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Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Easyriders

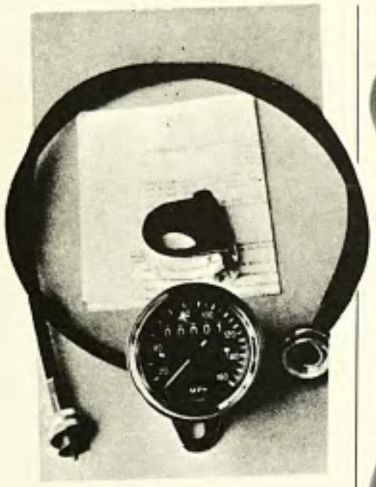
Easyriders

December, 1975
One Dollar
40p

Tasty Choppers and Women

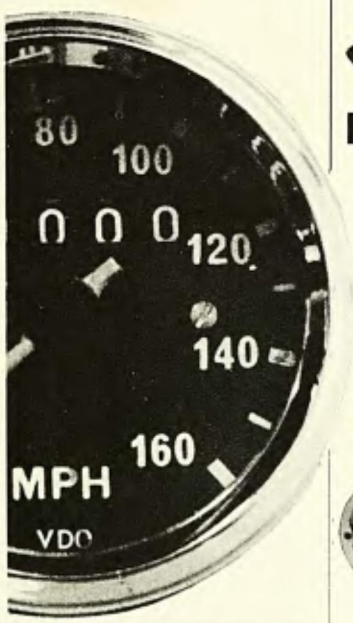
Scooter Tramps Model Latest Biker Threads!

How To Get a Great Tattoo



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

Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2⅜" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer



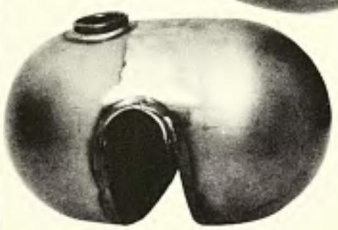
Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light. **$44.95**

Specify 74 or Sportster when ordering.

FOUR GALLON AXED HARLEY

4 gallon capacity; 13½" wide, 16" long, 9" deep. Frisco style tunnel.

#816A SINGLE CAP **42.50**
#817A DUAL CAP **44.95**



AXED HARLEY
GAS TANK

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

#818A Single cap **44.95**
#819A Dual caps **49.95**

SHIFT BRACKET LEVER

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

#203B **7.50**

HD 74 Extended Kick Stand Chromed

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

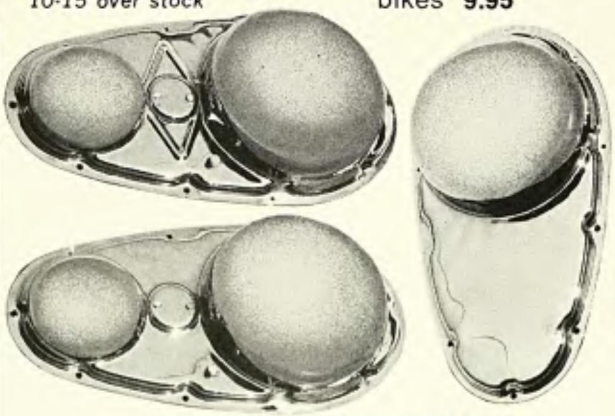
SHIFT BRACKET

Chromed stock replacement. Fits 1936 to 1954 with foot shift assembly, will fit 1955 to 1973 with ⅜" spacer on bushing.

#203A **14.95**

Oil Gauge (Chromed)

Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs. A must for long rides. Fitting supplied for 74s and Sportsters, but you must specify which one when ordering. Can be modified to fit other bikes **9.95**



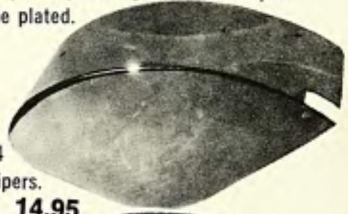
OUTER PRIMARIES

HD XLCH Sportster 1958–69

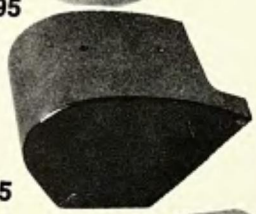
#761 DIAMOND STYLE **33.95**
#762 SMOOTH STYLE **33.95**
#763 SUPER SMOOTH **33.95**

DISC BRAKE COVERS

Dress up and protect your brake caliper! Chrome plated.



#737
Fits 1972 to present HD 74 with large calipers. **14.95**



#737A
Fits 1974 HD 74 with small calipers; front only. **13.95**

CUSTOM OIL TANK

FOR ELECTRIC START 74's

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

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#526 **3.50**

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

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Entertainment
for Adult Bikers

Easyriders

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Number 33

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Cover photo of Sharon Kelly by Pete Chiodo

This Christmas gift has class!

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

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Order now and mugs will be mailed in time for Christmas!

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Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

My kind of dog: Two Norwalk, California, cops came back to their patrol car to find a huge, growling German Shepherd sitting in the front seat. They tried to coax him out, but all the hound would do was snarl. They poked him with their nightsticks. The dog snatched them out of their hands. Next they tried a burning flare tied to a 10-foot pole and waved it in the dog's face. Now get this —the dog ate the flare! Bit the fire right off! The cops freaked and ran to the phone for help. Finally, the dog (apparently figuring he'd had enough of this shit) merely trotted off.

You won't believe this dept.: A biker was busted for hiding inside an outdoor toilet. A female tourist went into the crapper and saw a man's face peering up at her from the hole. She wet her pants and ran out, while the man fled through a trap door used in cleaning the john. Witnesses said he leaped over a fence, tumbled down a hill, and landed in the Muskegon River. (He probably needed it.)

Wanna supplement your food stamps? A Brockton, Mass., District Judge decided "that a man cannot commit the crime of prostitution." Only females can be charged with that offense. Whoopie!

Government is spending $38.5 million to build the nation's first plant to produce synthetic—now get this—bat shit! Don't ask me why—maybe it's a new secret (secrete?) weapon.

Dipshit of the month: A dude in Georgia slipped the bank teller a note demanding all her money, but something happened and he split without the money or the note. After he fled the teller noticed that the demand note was on the back of an envelope that had his name and address printed on it. Yep, he was busted.

Clorets sales are up after the Nevada Supreme Court ruled that a policeman may search a person if he detects the odor of marijuana on his breath. Can you believe that shit?

Dude buried with his chopper. George Holyfield was accidentally electrocuted while at work. He had one final wish: to be buried with his Hog. They were both placed in the same grave.

"The Grabber" has been busted. The New Orleans police called him The Grabber because he went around parking lots and, for over six months, sneaked up behind women and grabbed their tits, "fondled them," and then ran away. (Probably to pound his meat.)

Too horrible for birds: An inmate of the Louisiana State Pen has complained to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that 50 birds are trapped in prison and are forced to eat the same shit the prisoners eat. He asked the SPCA to have the birds released or "have some sort of guarantee that they will be served food that is not dangerous to their health."(Several prisoners suffered food poisoning recently after eating a roast beef dinner in the prison dining hall.)

Well, he tried: This 89-year-old dude shot his 92-year-old ol' lady in the head, but the bullet ricocheted off a hair curler. He then put the gun to his right ear and fired, but the bullet got stuck in his ear. It seems his .22 calibre ammo was 50 to 60 years old and had lost its strength.

Wanna kick back? Well, there's around 27,000 unmarried broads worth at least one million dollars, and there's about 2,000 worth over five million dollars! They're probably in wheel chairs—but you know what I always say: anything between eight and eighty!

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Pappy

☐ I read about Pappy. Sorry to see a dude go, but I got my shit together long enough to type up (with one finger) five letters, all the way from the Pres. and Gov. on down to help carry on Pappy's (and our) fight against the helmet law.

The sideways rider
Hayward, California

☐ Just wanted to say thanks for the **fine** two-pager on probably the hardest-workin' dude who ever fought Connecticut's fucked-up laws.

Snip, A Conn. Biker's Chick
Bristol, Connecticut

Ol' Ladies Speak Out

☐ This is to all you asshole who leave your ol' ladies home when ya go on a run: May gravel get in the head of your dick, may your teeth rot out of your mouth, may a tarantula crawl down your pants and eat your balls off, may Miraculous Mutha trap you in a bathroom and sit on your face, may your bike quit in the middle of a crowded freeway, may all your beer be green, may some smartass beat the shit out of you!! Other than that, we hope you enjoy the run!

Ol' Ladies (who are getting sick of being left home)
Cudahy, California

Poster Is Meaningful

☐ I just got the September issue of your mag. The center painting was great. I was in an accident awhile back. Crashed the bike good. And you know, the first thing she said was, "I didn't see the guy on the motorcycle." And also the first thing that left me was my helmet. The laws on helmets are a bunch of shit. We had an excellent Helmet Protest a couple of weeks ago. About 3000 bikers. We should all get together like that more and get something done.

K. Steine
Somewhere

Gawddamn Letter

☐ Next to the worst cursing you can do is to take the Lord's name in vain. I will not read any article with this curse in it. Whoever takes the name of the Lord in vain will not be found guiltless. I got saved on August 22, 1973, in San Diego off 58th Street.

George Hagood, Jr.
Tallapoosa, Georgia

Not Porno

☐ I can respect that dude for wanting to cancel his subscription to your rag 'cause he turned to Christ. I know God too, and if I thought my only sin was reading a magazine that voices people's honest opinions, then I would quit too. But since I don't consider **Easyriders** as porno, you can send the rest of his subscription to me.

Delaine
Elberton, Ga.

Good For Sales

☐ I usually buy two **Easyriders,** one to shit on, the other to cover it up with.

Bear
Wappingers Falls, N.Y.

Saw The Light

☐ I just bought the July issue and read "Death Of A Chopper." Now to me that is a down article in the sense that it puts forth the idea that someday choppers may be outlawed. My friend, that's blasphemy! On the other hand, I liked the article and would like to see more along these story lines because it put a scare into me and woke me up to the fact that that story could become reality. It made me decide to support ABATE.

Tuna
Visalia, Calif.

Helmets

☐ I recently read the short story in your magazine entitled "The Uselessness of Helmets." Two days after reading the article, I had a very bad bike accident. I was lucky to live, but if it were not for my helmet, I would surely have been killed. I am sure that helmets have saved more than just a couple of lives. If this is true, then the law is a success. The story should not have been printed.

Terry J. Hawn
Flat Rock, Mich.

■ Gimme a kiss.

An Open Letter

☐ On June 5th, 1974, in Albuquerque, New Mexico, Richard Wayne Greer, upon being convicted of first degree murder, told the Court, "We may be the kind of people you don't understand in this town, but you've got the wrong people, you've got the wrong people this time."

On April 1, 1975, Judy Weyer, the eyewitness upon whose testimony the four California bikers (the Vagos) were largely convicted, told the Court, "I couldn't hold it inside of me, the lie that I told. I didn't see any of this. I didn't witness the murder. I made everything up."

On April 4, 1975, the **Detroit News** Managing Editor told the Court: "We set out to see how they could have committed this murder. We went to check on their movements and on what they had said, and it checked so solidly that I cannot see how those men could have committed this murder."

District Judge William Riordan denied the four California men a new trial because, he said, he did not believe the eyewitness's recantation.

While the men wait on Death Row, their attorneys continue to prepare appeals from the two motions for a new trail, and await a New Mexico Supreme Court decision on the appeal from the original trial. Funds are totally depleted. They must be raised to pay the expenses entailed in preparing these appeals and, should the New Mexico Supreme Court give a favorable ruling, a new trial.

We feel the facts in this case make clear that these men are entitled to a new trial. For that reason, we do not interpret a contribution to their defense an opinion as to guilt or innocence, but a desire to see justice preserved. You never know when you'll need it.

No contribution is too small: it all adds up.

The Vagos Defense Fund
Box 40020
Albuquerque,
New Mexico 87106

Banned in England

☐ You're not goin' to believe this, but your rag has been banned over here! Yeah, those bastards who call themselves politicians have decided that I shouldn't read your rag any more. Exactly what happened I'm not too sure 'cause no one seems to know, but no one I know seems to be able to get **Easyriders** any more. Shit, it was bad enough when they made us all wear helmets (urrgh) and then they put 16-year-olds on mopeds (double urrgh), but now the fuckers stop us readin' the immortal **Easyriders.**

Dirty Dave
Warrington, England

What The Fuck?

☐ If the federal government can blackmail the state of Connecticut into having an unfair, unjust, and unconstitutional helmet law by refusing the state money from the federal highway

Don't give a cheap copy for Christmas, give the original—not a hack copy!

Give 'em the Righteous buckle

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

—absolutely the very best! Ask the man who owns one.

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

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

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

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

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

Now you can get a universal buckle. It will fit any 1¾-inch wide belt. All you gotta do is say that's the one you want when ordering. No extra cost.

They say that the sincerest form of flattery is imitation—well bullshit. An imitation is just that—an imitation. Copies have been reproduced from our buckle, but in doing so they lost all the fine, crisp detail contained in our buckle.
The imitations are also produced more cheaply and show it—but the only way you'll know is by comparing the copy with an original.

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

GROW YOUR OWN!

Right On!

BOOKS

☐ Complete Cannabis Cultivator — Explains in detail how to plant, grow, harvest and cure, with sections on plant diseases, soil problems, etc.
B1 $1.00

☐ Super Grass Growers Guide — The modern method of growing supergrass with information on hydroponics, lighting, special nutrients, how to produce more females, and other information.
B2 $1.00

☐ Marijuana Consumers and Dealers Guide — Tells how to extract hash from marijuana, LSD from morning glory, mescaline from peyote and other discoveries, clearly explained.
B3 $1.00

☐ D.M.T. Guide — Drug manufacturing for fun and profit. Tells how to make the powerful smokeable psychedelic D.M.T. and much more.
B4 $1.00

☐ The Pot Book — The story of pot: history, cultivation, and preparation; many useful facts.
B5 $1.00

☐ Herbal Highs — A guide to natural and legal narcotics, psychedelics and stimulants; includes illustrations. Over 60 plants discussed.
B6 $1.00

☐ Supermother's Cooking With Grass — 15 recipes designed for the sensual culinary connoisseur. These recipes are guaranteed to produce inspired dinner conversation.
B7 $1.00

☐ Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana — This extensive 45-page guide contains complete information about growing marijuana, step by step, from the first stages of selecting seeds, soil information, germination, selection of best indoor and outdoor sites, transplanting, care of the plant through to harvesting and curing.
B8 $1.00

☐ Herbal Aphrodisiacs — A fascinating guide on natural and mostly legal substances which excite erotic desire; also includes a section on nutrition for sexual potency.
B9 $1.00

☐ 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.
B11 $1.00

☐ Psilocybin 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.
B12 $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.
W6 $2.00

CLIPS

☐ Unique roach clip earrings fashioned in brass with gold earwires and a brightly colored bead slide. Approx. 2".
H1 $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.
H2 $1.50

☐ A mini-roach clip in brass, attached to a gold colored chain to be worn as an attractive neckpiece.
H3 $1.50

☐ A mini-clip necklace, same style as the mini-clip necklace only with a full-size roach clip on the gold-colored chain.
H4 $2.50

☐ The spoon and stash: a silver spoon attached by a small silver chain to a pocket-size sturdy little screw-cap stash jar that will hold up to one gram of your favorite snuff.
H5 $2.50

☐ The Kaleidaclip is a well-made roach clip in brass with a detachable brass slide. When removed the square side doubles as a kaleidoscope. Approx. 2".
H6 $1.50

☐ The Cosmiclip, also a brass clip with a round slide that doubles as a kaleidoscope. This clip is beautifully made. Approx. 2½".
H7 $1.50

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funds unless they force this asshole helmet law upon us bikers, then am I correct in assuming that blackmail is becoming legal now? I mean if the federal government can do it, so can we.

Ronald J. Letis
West Haven, Conn.

Uptight Conservatives

☐ I read **Easyriders, Screw, Hustler, Smut,** and **Horseshit** magazines. You are the straightest, most conservative, and sexually uptight of the bunch. If **Screw** starts buying bike pictures from me for publication, you guys might as well shit in your typewriters.

Cunnilingus Kid
Zanesville, Ohio

■ What's a typewriter?

Wants Bicycle

☐ An old bicycle freak will give a 2-year **Easyriders** subscription to anyone who can get me a bike like the one on page 12 of the April 1975 issue. Send a photo of it to Don Steffan, 681 Rose, Des Plaines, Illinois 60016.

He Dug It

☐ I'd like to comment on what the sluts said about fuckin' the exhaust pipe on my bike. It was great! I am now married to it.

Low Dog
Tracy, Calif.

Jesus Who?

☐ I can't believe you snappin' assholes actually said that. I'm not much of a Christian, but at least be fuckin' human.

Polack
Canton, Mich.

■ That's what my mommy said.

I Am A Woman

☐ I'd like to say that I love the wind in my hair, all the bugs in my teeth, the feel of a bike's heartbeat under my ass, kicking back and looking at the sky, and having my ol' man keeping the inside of my thighs nice and warm. I love puttin', but I'm also a woman. Now don't jump to conclusions. I'm not saying that if you ride on the back of a bike you're not a woman. I have the same wants and needs as all women regardless of their interests. Some of you might think I'm just another sweathog. Hate to disappoint you, I'm not. I'm not liberated, nor am I only on earth to clean, cook, and fuck. I'm just a person who is woman enough to admit I like to putt, clean, cook, and care for my man, and yes, fuck. Now some may say I've contradicted myself; not really, for that is not all there is to me. I respect other women who ride and own their own bikes. But I myself feel much better sitting behind my ol' man. Don't get me wrong, I've felt the pleasure of riding a scoot all alone. It's a rush to have that wonderful pulsing machine under you and you in control. I love my ol' man, and I love his Harley. They go together. It's like a hand and fingers, not much good without each other. He doesn't take any shit from me, but then I don't give him any shit. Now some are going to say he's molded me into his perfect woman. Wrong again. Experience has taught me. You see, my three brothers (one's a prospect) and, yes, my father all fly club colors. My father is semi-retired now but still wears his colors. You're probably saying, "This broad's full of shit." Believe it or not! Maybe one of these days you'll be so lucky as to see a man in his early fifties, gray beard, gray ponytail, puttin' down the freeway. Yes, I learned from experience to be a good biker's ol' lady. You know what they say: "Like mother, like daughter."

Dawn, Crazy Horse's M/C
Ol' Lady
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Young Stuff

☐ I'm a 16-year-old chick who is crazy about bikers, and my brother-in-law is in a club. But the whole thing is, once they find out I'm 16, they say, "Fuck off." I'm as good as any other big-titted chick; the only thing is my age. I haven't been living at home for two years, and I'm as mature as anyone twice my age. If you know any biker who is interested in a 16-year-old chick with big tits, tell him to write ya a letter. I can't give the address through the mag 'cause my sister and brother-in-law are hiding from the heat.

Wild, wicked,
but too young

■ You're jail bait, baby.

That's A Trip

☐ What I like best about your mag is the freedom of it. It makes you almost want to get naked and run forever.

Ol' Faithful
Marysville, Calif.

■ If you're a chick, run in this direction.

Good Question

☐ Are there any bikers out there who would appreciate an ol' lady who doesn't like to act harsh or ignorant, doesn't believe in fucking anyone else but her man, believes that makeup and glitter is absolute bullshit, and feels that a good, honest relationship with a biker is the only kind worth havin'?

Shaneyn
Upper Darby, Pa.

■ Yeah, if she can give good head.

Pissed At Us

☐ When I received the September issue of **Easyriders,** I spent five or ten minutes before opening it just thinking how good that cover girl's tits were going to look inside. But there wasn't a single picture of her. It bothered me so much during the next two days that I threw the damn rag in the shit can. I still can't forget about it. Were you guys too stoned to put the pictures in or are y'all keepin' them for yourselves?

Bronson
Ft. Pierce, Fla.

■ We shot (photographed, that is) her at the last minute and didn't have time to put her inside the mag, but look for her in a future issue. We will do features on all cover girls, commencing with this issue.

Down On Prisons

☐ I'd like to register a complaint about California state prisons. My ol' man was just givin a date after serving 5 years for attempted robbery and was getting out in February 1976. Why do the asshole guards get their kicks locking down the

Give a mindblower for Christmas!

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!

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guys and then letting them out feeling mean with people of other races so they can have a rip-roaring helluva fight? Thanks to them, my ol' man, Big Red (James Walker) was killed June 1 in such a fight just when he was getting gassed on the idea of coming home and jammin' with his scooter. Here's a tribute to Red, one helluva man and biker; love to ya. wherever you are.

Dee Hammack
Roseville, Mich.

Where's The Tits?

☐ I have just finished reading your September issue of **Easyriders** and was very unhappy with it. I get your mag every time it comes out and have always been pleased with it. But what a fuckin' letdown. Where the hell are all the bare-titted women?

Horny
Graniteville, Vt.

■ Does this issue make up for it?

Why? Why?

☐ We, the motorcycle owners and riders (and/or herders) of the Loners M.C., have a question. We pay our taxes (on gas, booze, beer, etc.), support our local police (bribes, fines, etc.), and back our politicians (letters for the anti-motorcycle and helmet laws). The question is: Why is it that just because we don't belong to the A.M.A. (All Mighty Assholes), we are considered an outlaw association or club?

Big Bob
Gulfport, Miss.

Another True Love

☐ You want to know what true love is? True love's taking all your money out of the bank just to buy your ol' man a Harley. How's that!

Don's Ol' Lady, Thumper
Sacramento, Calif.

■ Where were you when I needed you?

He Thought It Was Funny

☐ It took a lot of damn gall for you even to print the letter from the wise-ass punk who calls himself Mojo who "didn't know it was against the law to rip off a Beezer." He thought it was funny; you thought it was funny; I didn't. He ripped off somebody's wheel. I don't give a shit if it was a 250 Gilera or an Allstate Moped, being locked up is better than he deserves. That letter was low class and bad taste.

The Yellow Baron
Kozmic City, Missouri

Pasadena Run

☐ I thought "No Class Chick" would be a tough act to follow, but when I read "Pasadena Run," I got a double hernia from laughin' and I wasn't even stoned. My compliments to J. J. Solari and **Easyriders.** (You busted my guts, you assholes.)

Trish
Hilton, N.Y.

Easy To Get

☐ Personally, I don't think you should waste valuable space in **Easyriders** on bullshit. For example, these chicks who are all fucked up in the head about being #2 or #3. There are millions of easy-to-get chicks, but just try to find an easy-to-get Harley.

Bow
Indianapolis, Ind.

The Greatest

☐ I couldn't believe it. After sittin' for hours with the ol' lady, smokin' and drinkin' good California Red, we stumbled down to the local booze merchant for another half-gallon, and lo and behold, there on the porno book rack, the September **Easyriders.** After getting home and cracking the jug, I wasted no time in getting into your rag and the wine. All the usual good shit, but I happened upon the greatest, most expressive centerfold ever. It was on my wall immediately. I've only seen it happen once, but that was once too much.

Boz
Long Beach, Calif.

Knob Job Instructions

☐ In the July issue of **Easyriders** I noticed that a chick wrote in for advice on giving good head. Well, I'm no expert, but I know what to do. I thought it just came naturally to us chicks. But anyway, in case she doesn't take your advice, maybe this will help her out. Tell her to go out and buy the book **The Sensuous Woman,** by J. Turn to chapter 11 ("How To Drive A Man To Ecstasy"). On page 116 of this chapter there is a portion called (now dig the name of this part because it speaks for itself) "Nibbling, Nipping, Eating, Licking, and Sucking." (Sounds good, huh? If she can't learn this way or your way, she'd better give up.) This part gave me some ideas to make giving head a little better for me and especially for my man. He really digs it, as do most men. But of course you men still have to give some good ass too.

Hooker
Somewhere

Digs Solari

☐ Us three heads were just sitting here partying and reading our favorite mag. "Pasadena Run" by J. J. Solari is without a fucking doubt the craziest, most fucked-up story we've ever read. So good that we're highly recommending the piece to fellow friends and bikers. Keep up with the get-down, funky shit!

T.A.K.
S.E. Cleveland, Ohio

Good Guy

☐ I was going to send you a joint, but I smoked it while writing this letter. Oh yeah, I laughed my left nut off reading "Pasadena Run."

Bagworm
Charleston, Ill.

■ Thanks a lot.

Laconia Is A Loser

☐ I went up to Laconia Saturday and them fuckin' pigs and the state of N.H. were treating our brothers up there just like the U.S. Government treated the Indians. They put them on reservations too. I think Laconia will end up a memory just like the days of no brain bucket.

Rick Dery
Dover, N.H.

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

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Interesting statistics . . .

Remember when Kansas reinstated a helmet law in 1973 and the cycle accident rate went up 15% while the fatality rate went up about 90% with only a 12% increase in bike registrations? Well, the 1974 figures are in and the Kansas cycle fatality rate is up another 9% in spite of a 7% *decrease* in bike registrations last year. Perhaps the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration would care to explain that . . . And we discovered an interesting fact in the South Dakota accident figures for 1974, too. South Dakota divides their accident statistics according to the origin of the rider involved. With their short riding season and with all those 12,000-plus motorcycles which came into Sturgis for the Black Hills Rally from all over the country, there were 351 motorcycle accidents in South Dakota last year. Keeping in mind the huge touring bike invasion of that state, would you care to guess how many of those 351 accidents involved an out-of-state (read: experienced) biker? One. *Only one.* Still another indication that experienced riders don't have the same traffic problems that inexperienced riders do — so why won't the "motorcycle experts" start dividing the statistics accordingly? Because they're afraid they'll find out cycling is safer than they want people to know, that's why!

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Very practical . . .

There is something implicit about choppers—chopping a bike makes it look like a machine stripped to bare essentials. With nothing around it, that engine looks even larger than it is. Great. So there's the little ego-shot of having a bike with such a huge engine that it takes a real he-man (read Me, the Owner) to handle it.

Of course, a lot of types are now up in arms. "Horrible long front ends, and tall sissy bars, and so on and so forth." They're right — but they're wrong. They're looking at the extreme, the showbike. The bike that was built to be a chopper by someone who really doesn't have much idea what he is doing. If you want to see what a chopper should be and is, take a look at your local hard-core outlaw motorcycle gang.

Ah-hah. They're choppers. But they're also inherently practical. A little extension, to raise the Harley up so it doesn't scrape under hard cornering. A sissy bar to lean back against. And an eminently nasty-looking machine.

So, very practical.

—Chris Bunch
Big Bike

Splitting lanes . . .

Before there can be peace in the valley and safety for two-wheeled vehicles on the road the automobile driver must get over resenting the superior maneuverability and the macho symbolism of the motorcycle, and the biker should make a conscious effort to avoid doing the things that irritate the motorist. They include cutting in and out of traffic, holding traffic up, especially as it happens when bikes travel in a pack, acting rowdy and mannerless, and most of all, lane splitting.

Apparently, nothing puts a car driver on edge quite as much as being startled by the sudden noisy passing of a bike between lanes. This unnecessary and particularly mindless act has caused many accidents . . . bikers should clean up their act. They should avoid doing those things which irritate the motorist. And above all, in spite of its handiness to the biker, I think best biker interests would be served if lane splitting were outlawed for all but cop vehicles. We may save a little time, but we lose goodwill and maybe our life. What kind of an advantage is that?

—Larry Kumferman
Custom Chopper

Young rider accidents . . .

Accident studies have consistently revealed that the majority of injury producing motorcycle crashes occur during the rider's first few months of experience. A study done in Charlottesville, Virginia, showed that 72 percent of motorcycle crash victims in that area had never received *any* rider instruction. The U.S. Department of Transportation reports that 70 percent of all motorcycle accidents involve riders with six months or less experience, regardless of age. A California study placed the percentage of involvement by young riders—ages 15 to 24—in fatal accidents at 67 percent. These statistics reveal the unquestionable need for motorcycle safety education programs for beginning riders.

—*Motorcycle Dealer News*

Top selling accessory . . .

In this year's Motorcycle Dealers News Survey a not-so-surprising fact came to light. The top-ranked accessory was the *helmet*. Numbers 2, 3, and 4 were touring accessories, luggage racks, sissy bars and fairings. Then came tires, wearing apparel, eye protection, exhaust systems and safety bars. Number 19 was the tire tube. It just goes to show that a tire is not as important as a helmet, or do you think the helmet law might have something to do with it? Sure would like to see the same survey just in the states without the helmet law.

—Bob Lipkin
Biker

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 2⅛" in diameter, and almost ¼" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1¾" wide and is available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

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CHIPS

By Judd Boyle

Two Easy Rip-Offs

It was the night before payday. There was gloom in my pad. Pissing and moaning, not a nickel I had. No beer in the cooler, no dope in my stash. I'd trade my own brother for five grams of hash.

Every Thursday night is the same dead scene. I clean the spokes and oil the chain, give in, and the tube does a number on my brain. If there's no bread to spend, there's nowhere to ride. Too proud to borrow and too dumb to save, I'm a hero on Friday, on Thursdays a slave.

Tonight is bad. I mean *bad*. I'm used to Thursdays that are bad and straight. But this hunger is a new number. I got a bad case of the munchies on Tuesday and ate the place clean. Now I'm broke and I'm starving with reruns on TV and three cigarettes left. Out back sits my scooter with a half a tank of gas, enough to take me nowhere with an empty wallet on my ass.

Fasting makes poets and I ate last this morning. Twelve hours without grease is fast enough for me. I can't crash on the couch, my stomach's growling too loud. Three gear changes from here there's all the chow and brew and women and grass in the world. For the first dude with money. I'm left out.

It's eight o'clock now and I'm sitting here like a fool trying to figure how many hours it will be until I can put my shaking hands around a fresh pile of greenbacks. I'm going to be more careful next week. I'm going to buy some groceries instead of takeout greaseburgers. I'll buy a carton of Camels, not this old one pack at a time from a machine shit. I'll change. I'll get smart. I'll shit, it will be the same way again. But just get me through tonight.

The phone rings. I know it'll be some dumb schmuck trying to sell me magazines or something. I answer it anyway. It might be the government to tell me they made a mistake on my taxes and they're sending a few hundred over right away, just to settle their accounts.

"Yeah?" I don't want to seem too anxious. Always talk to government employees like the public servants they are.

"Hey, Dave, it's me, Linda." Linda Barnes. Sometime dancer, sometime model, usually waitress; alltime sponge. This chick has a Thursday every day. No matter how much she makes, she spends it even faster, and any chump that goes with her has got to make up the difference or it's no go with Linda.

"Oh yeah. How ya doin', sweetheart? I thought you'd died. I haven't seen you in months." It doesn't cost anything to talk, just time. Time I got plenty of.

"I've been around. You know, here and there." Mostly there. This broad has been hired and fired by everybody in town. If she doesn't show up late, she doesn't show up at all. And she won't split her tips with no damn body.

"So what's up?" I'm not in the mood to fool around with small talk.

"Listen, Dave, I've got a problem." She's got a problem? I've got all the problems. "A girl I used to work with in Fresno just got into town today. She's only going to be here for a couple of days and I'd like to show her a good time. I guess you're doing something, but if you could come over and bring somebody with you, I'd sure appreciate it."

Now what the hell can I say to that? I'm down to one cigarette and she wants me to take her and some other broad out on the town. I'll just have to tell her straight. "Linda, doll, I see your problem, but I can't help you. I'm broke. I mean none. If it cost a quarter to go around the world, I couldn't get across the street."

"Oh." Did I sense disappointment? "Dave, could you just come over anyway? This is serious. She's in the other room now, so I can talk. The kid's in a bad way. She got busted in a raid at the joint she was working at in Phoenix. While

—Continued on page 70

Illustration by Barry Duggan

How To Get a Good Tattoo

By Chris Jordan

Okay, dude. For the past eighteen months you've been busting your chops working for that squinty-eyed asshole who laughingly pays you what he calls a salary. At night, in a garage that still leaks when it rains, you've been putting it together, and, lord knows, it ain't been easy. But there it sits, a truly righteous piece of machinery. Two months ago your ol' lady left with a kid selling whoopee cushions door to door. So fuck her. Pussy will be flocking to you now. You put on your cutoff, kick over the new monster, and you're off to putt. Five hours later you're back. Nice ride, but all the sweet young things couldn't have cared less.

Why? Because, shithead, you forgot the final touch that cuts you off from the John Blows and marks you as a man with the kind of primitive consciousness women appreciate. You don't have a tattoo. So, you better get one quick, before your baby sister beats you to it. This article will help you to get a good tattoo. You read twenty-seven different parts catalogues and fifteen bike manuals to get a good chopper, don't stop learning now.

1. The first step in getting a stylish tattoo, one that your partners will like and your mother will not cry too much about, involves thought. Stand naked before a mirror and ask yourself, "Do I really want to have a permanent mark put somewhere on my beautiful body?" If after careful consideration the answer is no, congratulate yourself. One thoughtful decision has saved you some money and helped you to avoid a little pain, which is not easy to do in this world of ours. If the answer is yes, congratulations, the primitive instinct is alive and well in your subconscious, and you are probably great in bed. You are ready to proceed to the next step. One warning: Never attempt to probe too deeply into your motivations for wanting a tattoo. This is a chicken-or-the-egg trap which could waste years. You could possibly die long before discovering a satisfactory answer.

2. The next step requires finding a tattoo shop to visit. This is not as simple as it may seem, since tattoo artists, like doctors, do not do much advertising. Ask a friend who has a stylish, good-looking tattoo where he got it. Do not ask anyone who has a rotten-looking tattoo anything. Consult the yellow pages. If you live in a large metropolitan area, there should be at least one competent artist. Generally, tattooists with locations next to bus stations are not very good (scratchers, in the trade). The same goes for those who work outside the gates of Army bases, with traveling carnivals, or at Sunday swap meets at the local drive-in. But there are exceptions.

3. Step three begins by actually going to the tattoo shop or shops that you have picked out. It is usually better to visit a shop in the daytime, since the best artists like to work when it is less crowded. At night tattoo shops tend to fill up with degenerate, perverse types looking for any kind of a cheap thrill. If you are degenerate, perverse, and indulge in cheap thrills, where's your tattoo?

Once inside the shop try to remain inconspicuous. Carefully look at the painted tattoo designs on the wall (flash) for ones that appeal to you. If you are in a good shop there will be many well-drawn designs. You should see several which strike you immediately, and which express your own sense of identity enough that you could want them adorning your body for the rest of your life. If you are in a bad shop you will not see any. Leave. If you have a relatively personal area you wish to have tattooed make sure the shop has a back room to accommodate such work in privacy. A woman especially could be in for a very erotic experience without it, since tattoo customers tend to be highly voyeuristic.

Be advised that it is not prudent for anyone of weak will to engage in conversation with a tattooist before he has pretty well decided his thoughts on the matter. A good tattoo salesman is seven times deadlier than the best used car man. The little red devil you wanted perched on your arm could well turn into a big black eagle soaring across your chest.

If the situation allows, always try to watch the tattooist working on someone else. If his hands shake, and he seems particularly eager to put the bandage over his finished product, then perhaps he is not your man. A good tattoo artist can be quickly spotted. His equipment is sterile, and his working area clean. The lines he tattoos are straight, sharp, and distinct. His colors are bright. And he speaks without slurring his words.

After you have finally selected the design and the artist, go home, since you were probably drunk or stoned at the time, and all good artists with good reason refuse to work on people in such exalted states.

The final step involves visiting the tattoo shop again, with a good night's rest, a clear head, and a bit of humility. Don't bother wasting time. Introduce yourself to the tattooist, and say that you have watched him work and especially want to get a tattoo from him. Show him the design you want, or, if you have decided to have something original, make sure to have a picture or a rough sketch of it for the artist to work from.

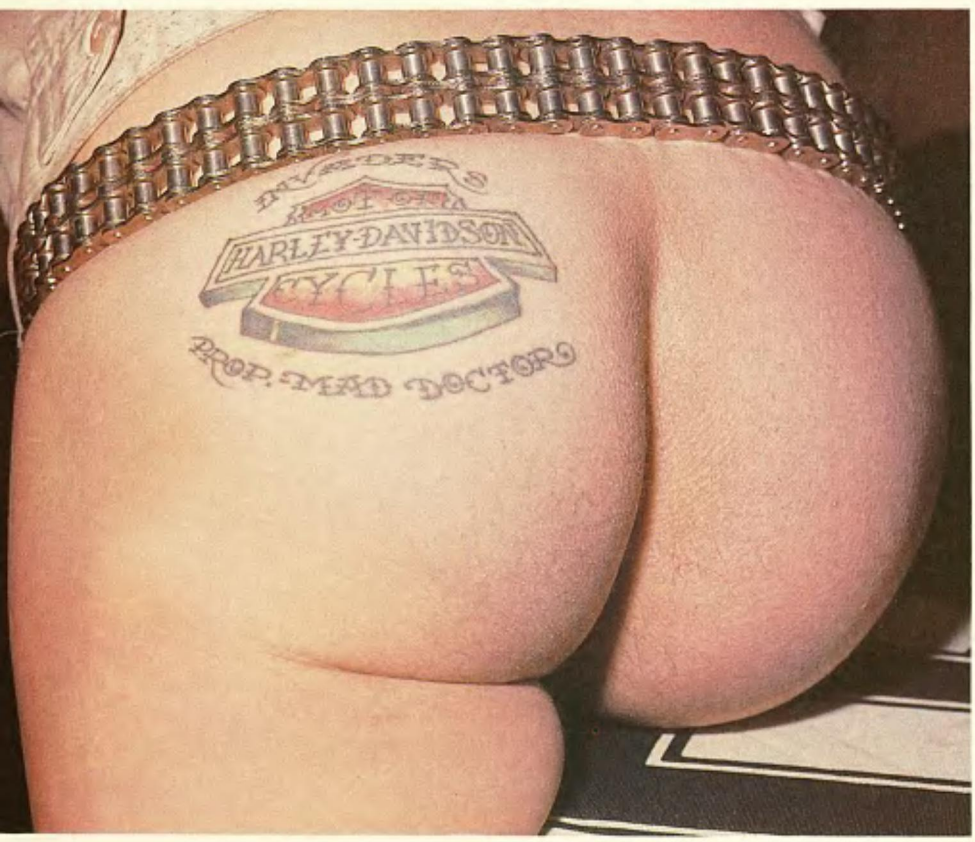
Tattooists, like all artists, are a bit deranged. They often feel that the world offers their work too little recognition. And it is true that of all artists the tattooist is the only one who never has the opportunity to own his own work, even momentarily. If a tattoo artist knows someone appreciates good tattooing, and has specifically come to him for it, he will work hard to make a stylish piece worthy of such good taste. On the other hand, if someone comes to him and doesn't seem to care, or, even worse, carries a superior attitude, then the tattoo artist is capable of extremely lax attention to his task. In other words, it behooves you to be friendly and courtecus to a man who is about to tattoo you.

During the actual tattooing process the operative word is stoicism. Be like a Roman soldier. It is not easy for an artist to work on a surface that moves unexpectedly, sweats, smokes cigarettes, and occasionally faints dead away. The better a person can maintain himself, the better will be his tattoo. Women usually take tattooing without much bother. Marines have a tendency to pass out.

The matter of pain always comes as a surprise. So the artist will first make a small, quick line to let a customer become mentally adjusted. The pain is bearable. It falls somewhere between walking barefoot through a room filled with marshmallows and having your fingernails ripped out with rusty pliers. Besides, you were told it was primitive.

When the tattoo is finished you will feel a certain lightheadedness, followed by a rush of . . . well . . . let's face it, triumph. You have given yourself up to the primitive, dealt with it, and have your badge of courage to prove it. You will notice that the way you look at the world has changed. When the three redneck truck drivers hassle you in the diner because of your seedy appearance you will no longer be content to flip them a casual finger. You will want a piece of them. Or rather, you will want to put them in as many pieces as possible. Those basic primal emotions that have always surged beneath the slick veneer of our civilization will have surfaced. You will notice a tremendous increase in self-confidence, especially with the opposite sex. And, most important, as you putt along a nice road with a long-haired lady dampening the back of your Levi's, you will feel complete. Which ain't bad. ■

FUCK YOU


HARLEY-DAVIDSON
CYCLES
PROP. MAD DOCTOR

Trip Canceled

Gordo's eyes shifted from the bikes displayed on the big Harley-Davidson showroom floor to the alarm tape running along the edges of the big plate glass window at the front of the building. From the window he gazed up at the swamp cooler vent coming in from the ceiling. The wide sheetmetal shaft was right above the center of the showroom floor. He judged the opening of the cooler shaft to be about fourteen feet from the floor. Not a bad drop if he hung by his arms before he dropped down.

As Gordo surveyed the building, other eyes were going over his huge body. Standing six feet six inches and weighing 270 pounds made him an imposing figure. But his 22-inch arms and the deep dent in his skull were what held the eyes of those looking at him.

The dent in Fred "Gordo" Boyle's head had been a gift of birth, though many thought it had been acquired in one of the epic battles he had engaged in as club enforcer. His concave skull gave him more of an ape appearance than human, and many mistook him for one without too much gray stuff in his head. This was a bad mistake, for Fred Boyle was a very intelligent dude. Those few who had got to know him well, knew him for the sly, bright giant that he was.

Having memorized what he needed to know about the building, Gordo walked out the front door. On the second kick, his two-year-old shovelhead roared to life. The bike was immaculate. Painted a glossy black, and with everything but the tires, chain and barrels chromed, it was the envy of anyone who ever owned or dreamed of owning a big 74.

Pointing the 8-inch-over, wide-glide front end east on Foothill Boulevard, he pulled away from the curb smoothly and headed for the Primary Cover, a bar located at the east end of town.

The odor of mildew filled his flat nose as he entered the back door of the bar.

What a dump, he thought as he let his dark gray eyes scan the bar and the tables stationed along the edge of the room. If I make this score I'll head on down to Mexico where they got some classy bars, and some good-lookin' dark women. Funny, when I was in the joint, all I could think about was gettin' out and comin' to this sty and drinkin' all the beer my gut could hold. Then havin' me a little chicky or two before I crashed. Now just the smell of this place makes my gut rumble.

Four years and ten days earlier, Gordo had been sentenced to five years hard labor for manslaughter. Now at the age of 32, the thought of the five wasted years made him grind his teeth. Funny how they'll go harder on a guy for killin' a woman rather than a man. If I'd killed a dude instead of a bitch, I probably woulda got just a couple years. He pushed the thought from his mind when he saw the friend he was looking for come out of the men's room.

Pinky was every bit as big as Gordo, but unlike the latter he had let himself get fat and sloppy looking. He'd got his name years ago from the club members. After a few beers his face always seemed to take on a pink glow. He'd been a member of the club for less than a month when the moniker "Pinky" had been laid on him, and it had stuck ever since.

"I want to talk to you for a minute, Pinky. Let's sit at the table over in the corner."

"I haven't seen you around for a while, Gordo. Figured you'd made a big score and was down in Mexico by now."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I need a couple of vans, big ones. I also need you to do a little drivin' for me. There's five hundred in it for you. Can you fix me up?"

"When do you need the trucks?"

"Tomorrow, before midnight."

"I should be able to fix you up with a couple of Fords by then. But I'll need a little help from you. All I got for transportation is my panhead."

"I can give you all the help you'll need."

"Okay, you know you can count on me."

"I thought I could. I'll pick you up here at ten tomorrow night. I'll have you back here a little after midnight."

"By ten, I'll have everything we need for gettin' the trucks."

"Fine, Pinky." Gordo pushed himself up from the table and headed for the bar. "Want a pitcher, Pinky?" he asked without looking over his shoulder.

"Sure," came the reply.

Pinky watched Gordo closely as the big guy walked up to the bar. In all his life he had never met a meaner, stronger man. Never would he forget the day at the club house when Gordo, by himself, had lifted a club member's 74 up on to a milk case work bench! It took Pinky and two other men to get it off! Gordo Boyle was not a guy you'd want to have after your ass.

The next day, Gordo walked into the front door of the Harley dealership to see if anything had changed. It hadn't. All the new bikes were still displayed along the edges of the showroom floor, while the cen-

By Bill Lance

—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

ter of the room remained bare.

With two big vans he should be able to load up at least six new bikes. And there were all the other parts he would be able to gather up. Gordo looked around the showroom one more time before leaving.

Though big and powerful, Gordo was not one to take any unnecessary chances. Especially when getting nabbed meant getting tossed back into the joint. Matters had already been arranged with a fence. With the bikes and parts in his possession, he had merely to park the vans in a garage three miles from the dealership. There he would be met by the fence and given $5,000 cash, along with a plane ticket to Mexico City.

He returned to his small apartment to pack up what few belongings he had to his name. A big hunting knife, his colors, and one extra pair of Levi's. He was glad Linda hadn't gotten home from work yet. She'd been okay for their first five months of shacking, but soon after that she'd got to be like all the rest of them, sloppy and nosy: two things Gordo could put up with only for a short period of time.

It took him a couple of short minutes to get his belongings stuffed into his sleeping bag.

* * *

Frank Goldstein was checking the Harley-Davidson dealership, making sure everything was secure. As owner and manager of the store for the past eight years, he had made it a habit to personally check all the doors and windows before closing up. Although his shop had never been robbed, that didn't make him become lax. But, had he paid more attention to the alarm tape rather than the windows, he might have spotted the thin knife cut where Gordo had sliced through the tape in the restroom.

Satisfied that all was in order, Goldstein went back to his office to set the alarm. To his dismay, when he inserted the key and turned it to the on position, the alarm went off. "Damn thing's screwed up again," he hissed through his teeth as he dialed the alarm company.

"This is Frank Goldstein over at the Harley shop on Foothill. The alarm's screwed up again. Could you get someone over here to fix it? No, I won't be here in a couple of hours, I'm closing the shop up now. Sure you could send someone over at nine, but there won't be anyone here to let him in. No, I can't be here. I'm flying to Vegas in one hour. All right, send someone over in the morning. One of my mechanics will be here at eight to let him in. If anything gets stolen between now and then, I'll be holding your company responsible."

Frank was a little worried when he left, but what the hell. The place had never been robbed before, and someone would be over first thing in the morning to fix the alarm. These comforting thoughts went through his head as he climbed into his white Cad and headed for home.

* * *

Gordo walked into the Primary Cover a few minutes after 10 p.m. He was glad to see Pinky sitting at the bar sipping a bottle of Coors. "Got what we need, Pinky?"

"Better than that, I already picked up one of the trucks. It's parked about a block from here. Stole it off a used car lot, so it won't be missed until morning."

"Great. We'll leave our bikes here and walk to the van."

The van was a white 1968 Ford. As Gordo climbed into the driver's seat he noted the ignition switch hanging down under the dash. "I've got another '68 spotted about two miles from here. We'll go pick it up, then go over to my place and sit tight until we're ready to go. That fit your plans, Gordo?" Gordo just nodded and Pinky started up the truck.

The other truck Pinky had located was parked behind a carpet store. *Jerry's Low Buck Carpets* was splashed all over the side of the van in bright yellow letters. "Sure that dude isn't loaded up with carpet?" Gordo questioned.

"It's empty, and best of all the door on the passenger side is open. You drive this one down the street, Gordo, and by the time you turn around at the next street I'll have that one runnin'. We'll make it over to my place." With these words, Pinky brought the van to a halt.

Casually, he walked across the street toward the carpet van as Gordo got behind the wheel of the other truck and headed up the street. Once inside the van, Pinky reached up under the dash and pulled the plug off from behind the ignition switch. Holding the switch in his left hand, he reached into his coat pocket and brought out another switch, only this one had a key in it. Matching the prongs up on the switch with the slots in the plug, Pinky pushed the two together.

The van came instantly to life as he turned the switch. Musta just had her tuned up, Pinky thought as he pulled in behind the van Gordo was driving.

* * *

Larry and Jim were a couple of no class punks. In all their thefts as a team, they had been very fortunate in that as yet they had not been caught. But this was due to pure luck and not skill.

"Now remember, Jim, it's a matter of getting in and out as fast as we can. We'll only have time for one bike. Once we get the scooter inside the truck, we'll drop it on its side and cover it with the tarp. Got that?" Larry liked to think of himself as the planner of the two.

As the pickup came to a stop in front of the Harley dealership, Jim jumped out and started throwing bricks through the 20 x 10 foot plate glass showroom window. With the window all broken out, both men hopped over the sill and grabbed the nearest bike, which happened to be a full-dressed 74. As they were attempting to push it through the front door, which they had kicked open, a patrol car pulled up in front, and suddenly the clumsy pair found themselves bathed in a spotlight.

"One move from either of you clowns and we start blasting. Ed, you shake 'em down while I keep 'em covered." Thus ended the career of Larry and Jim.

* * *

"Sergeant, we never could get hold of the owner. Seems he went to Vegas for the weekend. But we did find one of the salesmen. He should be coming over in a few minutes."

"Good, Ed, did you contact the alarm company?"

"Yes. They said that Goldstein had reported the alarm was screwed up. So until tomorrow morning when they can get some glass, the alarm people are going to board up the front of the place."

"Excuse me, officers. I'm Ray Berg, one of the salesmen here."

"Are you the gentleman I talked to a while ago on the phone?"

"Oh, then you're officer Nelson. Is it all right if I go in and check things out? Mr. Goldstein is out of town."

"You can go in, Mr. Berg, but you

—Continued on page 66

Hairy Nose

My boyfriend has rank-lookin' hair stickin' out of his nose all the time. How do I tell him to do something about it, or is there something I can do about it?

Sally Quinn
Salt Lake City, Utah

● Offer to light his next doobie for him. As you light it, pass the match under his nose a couple of times—and be sure to say "oops."

Sex Secrets

I've done everything sex-wise. And I mean **everything.** There's nothing I haven't done with a man. You seem to be a rounder. Do you have any secrets you want to share with another sex nut?

More, More
Chicago, Ill.

● You could try the dominance route. You know, the whips, chains, and shit like that. I knew a dude who had me shit on his chest for kicks —there might be something there. But I'm still working on all the "normal" variations and haven't reached the stage where someone dumping a load on my gorgeous jugs trips me out.

Hairy Problem

I dig a bald pussy. Do you think it's okay to ask a chick to shave her box? I'm getting tired of having hairs clinging to my palate for hours after an orgy.

The Coughs
Las Vegas, Nev.

● It's a two-way street, dipshit. Those stringy, piss-stained strands of steel wool you guys shed aren't exactly something to write home about. Personally, I dig hair —the more, the better. Diving into a bush is my favorite action.

Head Cheese

I've heard the expression "duck butter" many times. Could you tell me exactly what it means?

Curious
Mt. Morris, Ill.

● I suggest you check around and find a dude who isn't circumcised. He may or may not explain what it is. If you like your food spicy, you shouldn't mind the experiment.

Salty Dick

I've heard that a dude's dick tastes salty when you go down on him. Is this true, and why?

Salt Free Diet
Forest Hills, N.Y.

● Some dudes, after takin' a leak, flog the excess on the sides of the urinal. Some stuff it in their pants while they're still dribbling. Then there are others who wash up before letting you have a go at it. So it's a roll of the dice. If you go down on a dude who has a little wee-wee on his crank, it'll taste salty. But what the fuck?

Favorite Thrill

Is there such a thing as an ultimate thrill? Do you have a favorite? I was wondering if I was missing out on something.

Searching
Detroit, Mich.

● Every chick has her own favorite ultimate thrill. Mine's being ringed.

No Bush

I've been goin' with this chick for two weeks, and every time I'm ready to screw, she always says "Not now." I haven't had any bush from her yet. Should I dump her or what?

Yank
Bristol, Tenn.

● If you have to ask the question, you know the answer.

Coke Trip

I was fluffin' up some nut-numbin' coke for some bros of mine. When we got done snortin', I realized the razor I'd used had a double edge, and a lot of coke was stuck between the edges. I popped the razor in my mouth, knowing the coke would dissolve. This made my tongue numb, and when I finally got the blade out my tongue looked like the track of a snowmobile. What should I do?

Screwy Louie
Woodland, Wash.

● Keep up a steady diet of righteous coke.

Wants To Swing

How can a sweet young thing learn to be a finger-poppin' mama like you? I'm bored and want to swing.

Mimi
Houston, Tex.

● All you gotta do is drop by your friendly local outlaw club and tell them your problem. They'll gladly help ya.

Freak-out Bird

I just got my ol' lady's bird all fucked up. I blew smoke in his face for a couple of numbers. And guess what. He got the munchies. So I fed him a mess of bird seed, and now the sonuvabitch is swingin' upside down. What in hell am I gonna do?

Please Help
Denver, Colo.

● Why be a killjoy? Let him trip on out. Tell your ol' lady that she's now got a conversation piece.

Dog Fashion

I came home and found my ol' lady ballin' a German Shepherd, only she was on top. What should I do? Should I let her go to the dogs?

Worried
Land, Ohio

● He's your best friend, man, so share. Dogs need lovin' too, ya know.

Some Problem!

I've got warts on my cock —23 of 'em to be exact. What can I do?

Joe
Calgary, Canada

● Live it up, man—or I should say, let your ol' lady live it up.

Ripe Box

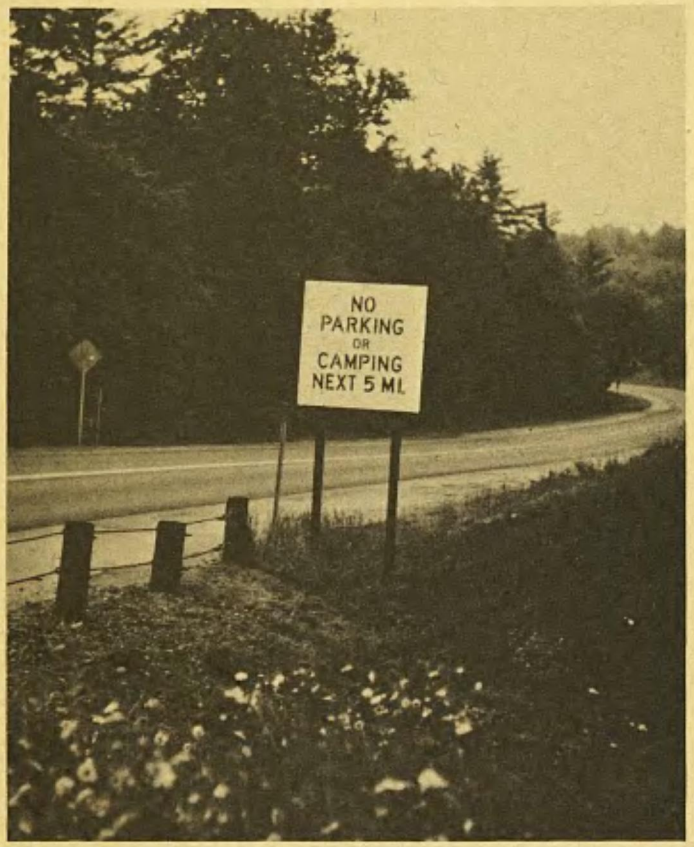
I think I've married a real sickie. My ol' man can't get a hard-on unless he sniffs something smelly first. It doesn't matter what it is— just as long as it's me or something I wear. My problem is that I want to please my ol' man, but I don't want to gross out my friends while doing so

Rotten Eggs
Detroit, Mich.

● Just tell your friends that there's nothin' wrong with a rank-smellin' box — and if they don't like it, brush your teeth and give 'em some head.

—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



Bikers Have Muscles—Let's Start Using Them!

As you all know by now, Laconia, the first big biker happening of the eastern riding season, died—or we should say, was snuffed.

The old fogeys, the handwringers, old ladies with dusty twats, and professional downers (the police), have all conspired to put an end to the annual event, primarily by outlawing camping along the highways leading into town.

They have their familiar spoken and unspoken reasons: The cop, while diggin' the overtime pay and the opportunity to ogle and/or manhandle the chicks, must by habit complain about his rotten duty and the scum he has to come in contact with to earn his weed. The old fogey has blown his own chance at life and now can't stand seeing youth having a good time. Other people recoil in moral horror and physical fear at the unfamiliar smell drifting from the campsites along the highway, while they hit their bottle of grape and resolve to do something about that terrible situation.

What it really boils down to is that there is a vast number of people who simply can't stand anyone living a life-style different from their own. The various causes of this attitude could fill a book. The point is, our lifestyle is different and **they** ain't part of it, and **they** feel that it is their duty to legislate morality. Through laws **they** try to reinforce what **they** consider right and good, and to restrain or suppress what **they** consider wrong and bad.

So they did it.

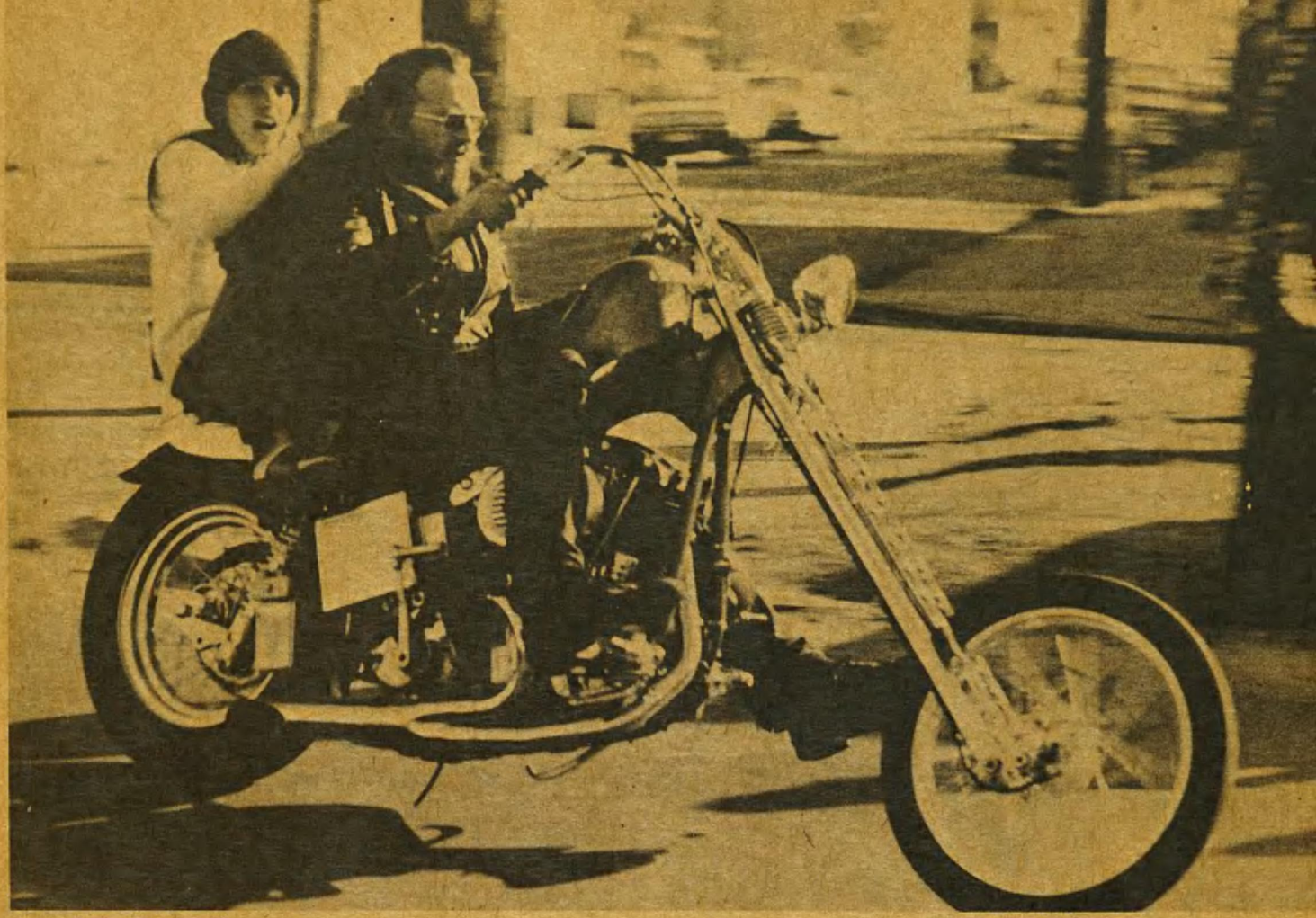
According to their standards, bikers having a good time, dressing the way they did, camping along major highways, profiling through their town, crowding streets and welcoming in the new riding season—all that was wrong.

They passed laws against it—they snuffed it. So what should we do, roll over and play dead?

Hell no! Hit 'em where it hurts—right in the bank account! We must boycott the area. **All** bikers who are sick of being shoved around should—should hell, **must**—stop buying anything in and around the Laconia area. They may not like bikers, but they sure as hell dig all the money we leave there. So shut it off—**completely.**

Avoid the area all through the year. Gas up before you go through town. Stay and eat in other cities. Don't even buy a pack of gum. Avoid the motorcycle races held there. Let's start showing them the power of the biker's buck. If we stick together, maybe they'll start being more tolerant toward lifestyles different from their own and recognize that it's not necessary that all lifestyles conform to those in power who pass the laws.

—Easyriders



Are your brakes going south?

Sooner or later the rivets on any brake shoes start turning down the inside of that rear brake drum. That's about the time they need some work. And there are three or four ways to do the job. You could purchase the parts from H-D and do it yourself. Or if you have mechanical brakes, custom shops may have linings. Then again you could have a Harley dealer do the work or find somebody else to do it—which we did.

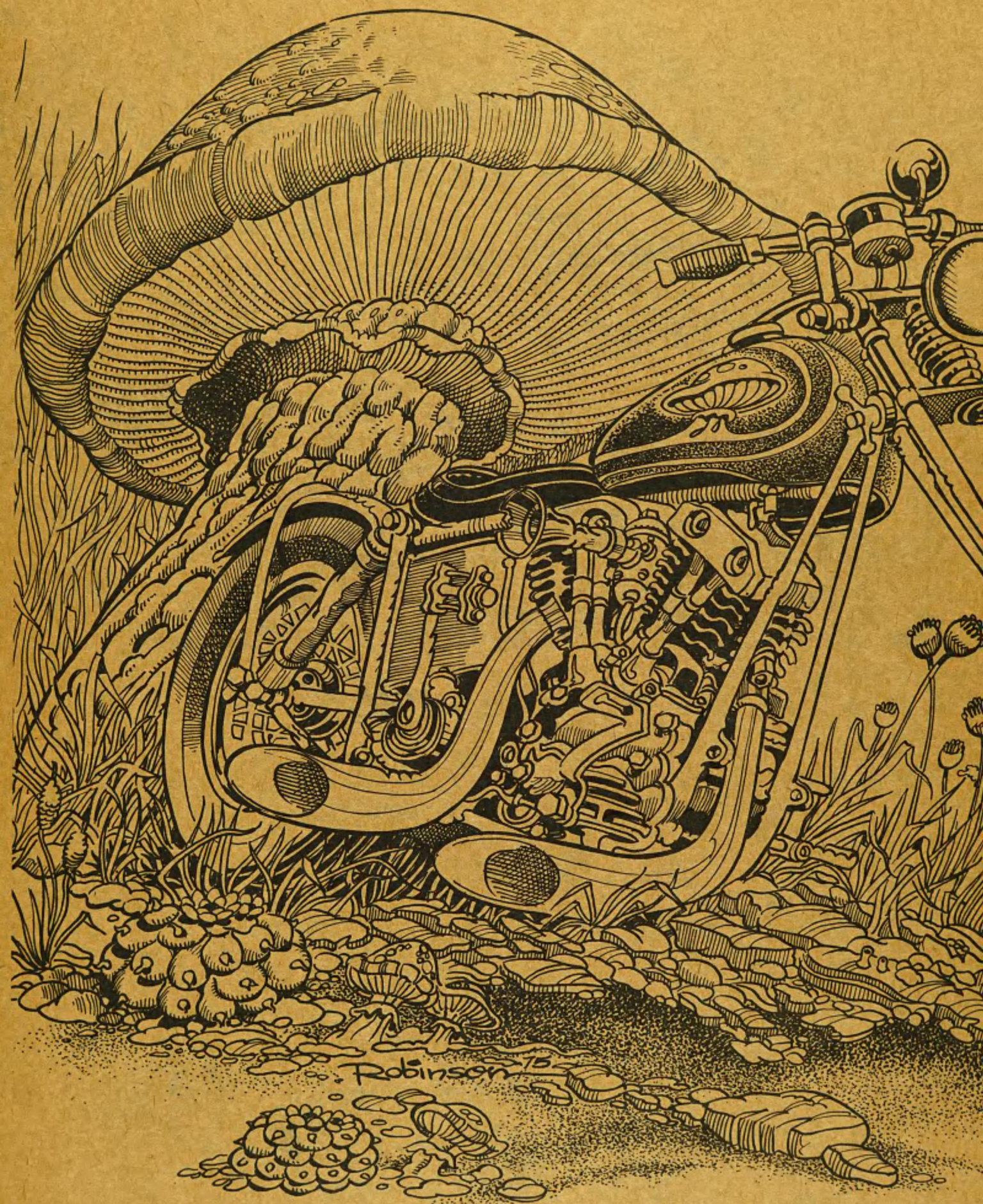
The project we were working with consisted of replacing the linings on a set of H-D mechanical shoes, and a set of juice brake shoes for a 74. The drums needed to be turned, and the rear juice brake hub was due for a new set of sealed wheel bearings. The H-D prices, for just the parts, without Uncle Sam's cut, turned up a bit strange. The 1967-to-present wheel bearings were $11.95 apiece (part #43577-65). Brake parts included: juice brake linings (bonded type, by themselves), $5.95; one set re-bonded juice brake shoes, $11.95 exchange (part #41801-63); one set of riveted mechanical shoes (exchange), $11.95; a set of juice brake linings with rivets, $12.95; outright replacement juice brake shoes, $37.00.

The money situation got out of sight of the budget. And three wheel bearings were needed. The drums had to be turned and that was another $8.50 to $15.00 (labor) for each drum, depending how bad they turned out to be, at the dealer's. If only the mechanical brake shoes had needed linings, the price would have decreased to $4.35 (at a chop shop) for a set, and we could have done the work. But the work had to be more extensive to see that the job was done right.

In the past someone had suggested an automotive machine shop or brake shop to perform the labor, so that was the next step. It didn't take long, even in a small town, to find a shop that could and would do the labor **and** had the parts. The linings were replaced (mechanical and juice), both drums turned and even the shoes remounted on the backing plates in less than five hours. And they would bond or rivet the pads—whatever the request. The total cost for labor and parts came to $8.69, and that included the government's 6%. They also pointed out the way to a bearing house, where the wheel bearings were ordered and received in a week at $4.31 apiece.

Not all automotive or brake machine shops can or will do the job. But if there isn't a dealer in the area (if you have old mechanicals), the linings can be had by mail or at a chop shop. Or possibly the auto shop downtown can do more than just adjust the points on a Ford.

—Weed


Robinson 75

Wild Mouse And His Devious Bros

It was that goddam Mouse who came up with the idea. So let's get that shit straight from the get-go!

Only two days after he got outta state prison and the fucker ain't learned nothing.

Let me set the stage for this particular escapade pulled off by none other then Wild Mouse and his devious brothers, and related to this author while serving time for parole violation!

Mouse owns a bar. Not only that, he's a patch holder of a well-known bike club, which shall remain nameless.

However, he appeared extremely respectable this particular evening, due to the fact that state prisons insist on short hair on the head and no hair on the face. Mouse, being out only two days, was clean, a fact that brought a smile to the faces of his bros when they saw him.

Hungover from two days of partying, and counting money from the register, he was accosted by a customer.

"Uh, excuse me?"

Turning around, Mouse struggled to focus on the speaker.

"Huh?"

"I said, excuse me."

"Why? You fart or sumthin'?"

"Oh no, no! Uh, my name is J. Egar Robinson, Junior. I ride a Yamaha 125!"

Having run a bar whose main clientele was bikers for some number of years, Mouse was not too surprised by what happens when you leave your front door open. Still, this left him a bit speechless. Before he could recover, the dude went on.

"Uh, well, you see, I'm having this party at my house and, uh, well, we need some beer and stuff."

Mouse was still speechless.

"Yes. Well, you see, uh, we can't find a place to sell us beer."

Mouse just looked at him.

"Anyway. The old guy at the gas station said that this was a biker bar and that I could find *anything* here."

The way he said *anything* made Mouse wonder if maybe one of his bros hadn't shit in the middle of his pool table. Unconsciously, he glanced at the green felt just to make sure. It was clean, except for the dark spot where Animal had earned his red wings.

"Well, will you?"

Mouse shook his head, just to make sure he wasn't having flashbacks from those group therapy sessions at prison.

"Will I what?"

"Sell me the beer?"

Mouse shook his head again, then rubbed his eyes, but the dude at the bar was still there. Too much rum, he thought, too much of that goddam rum. My head's in a fog.

"Of course we'll never say where we got it."

The fog refused to clear from Mouse's head.

"And I'll pay double the regular price."

The fog cleared up instantly!

"Double the price?"

"That's right."

"Then you must be under age, right?"

"Uh, yeah, right."

Paranoia tapped Mouse on the shoulder and the dimensions of that fuckin' prison cell raced in on him. This had to be a setup.

"Can't do it, kid. Bring me somebody with an I.D. saying he's 21 and I'll sell you the whole fuckin' bar!"

—Continued on page 47

By Larry (Rabbit) Cole

Next Season's Biker Fashions

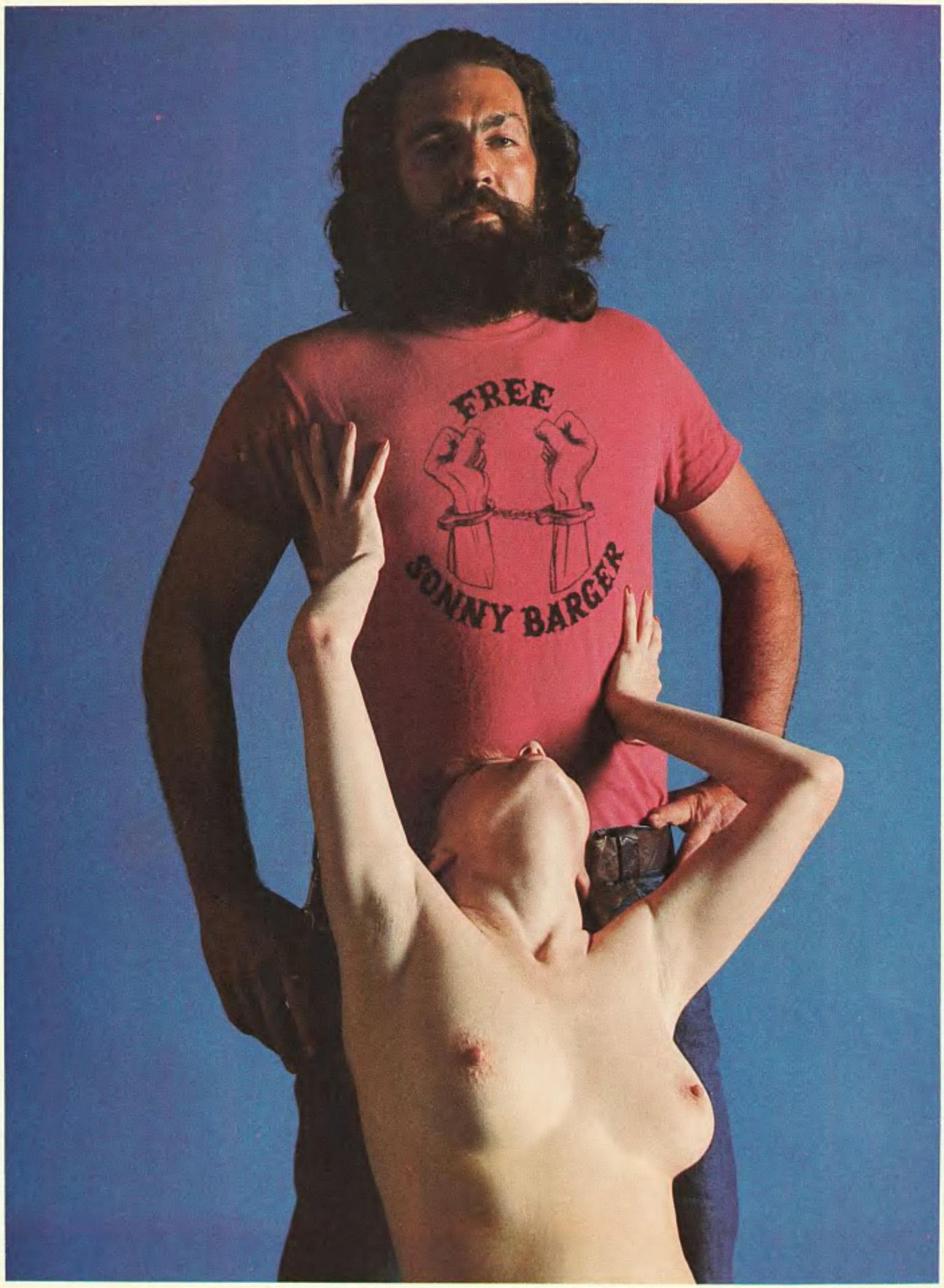
All the high-class rags have a fashion feature. You know—where they show the latest threads for the coming season.

They usually show a dude staring straight ahead while some far-out, big-titted chick with wet thighs hangs on him as if she hadn't had a piece in six months. But he couldn't care less; he's there to show off the clothes. It's tough shit if the clothes turn the chick on—she'll have to wait until the photographer is finished. Then they'll gang-bang her.

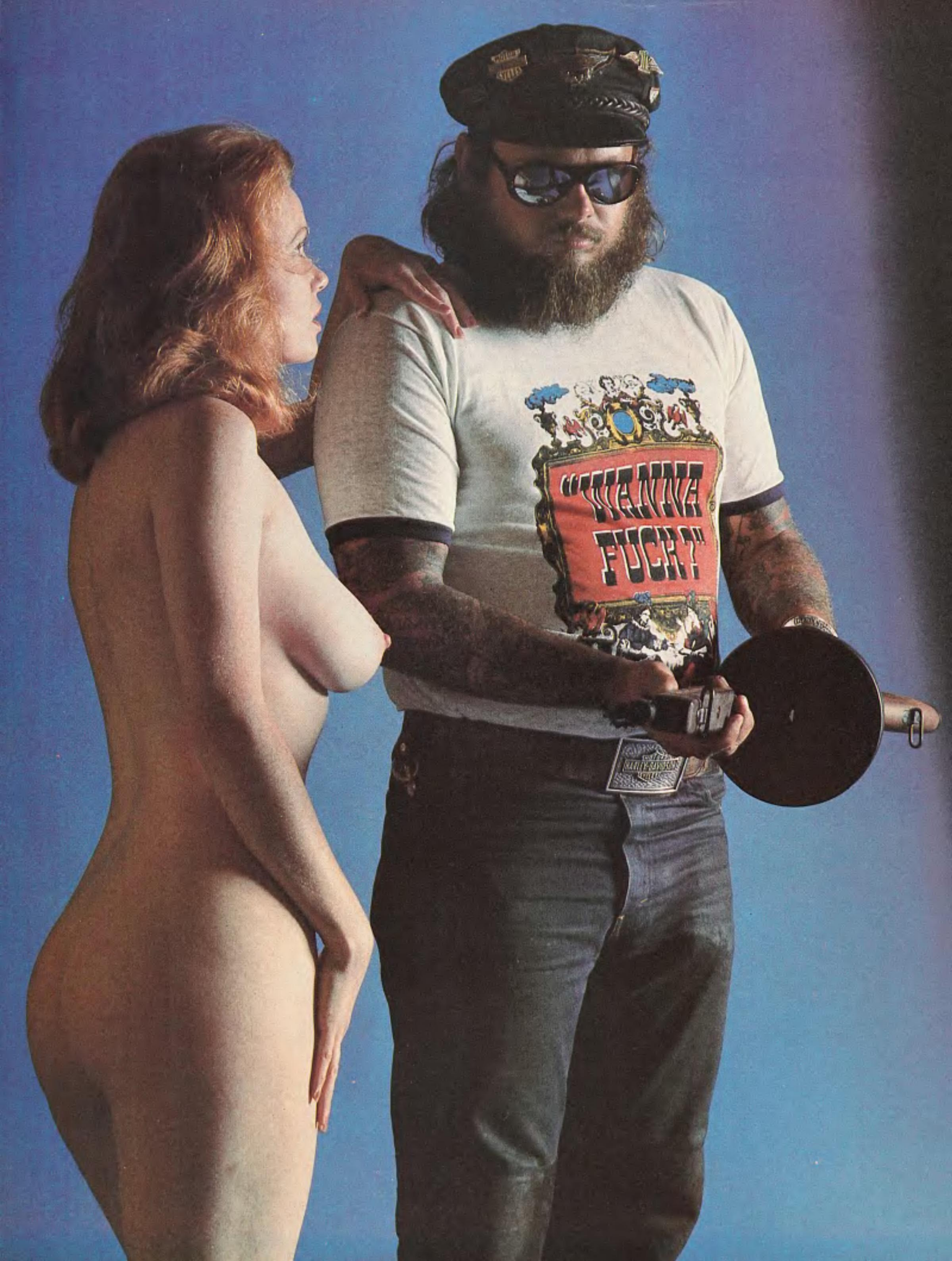
Well, Easyriders is not to be outdone by the big-time rags. On the following pages we're showin' you our version of a fashion feature. Because we're not on a commercial trip you won't find any spiel about how great the threads are, or where you can buy them. Besides, we figured you'd be hung up on the chick and wouldn't notice the other things in the photos.

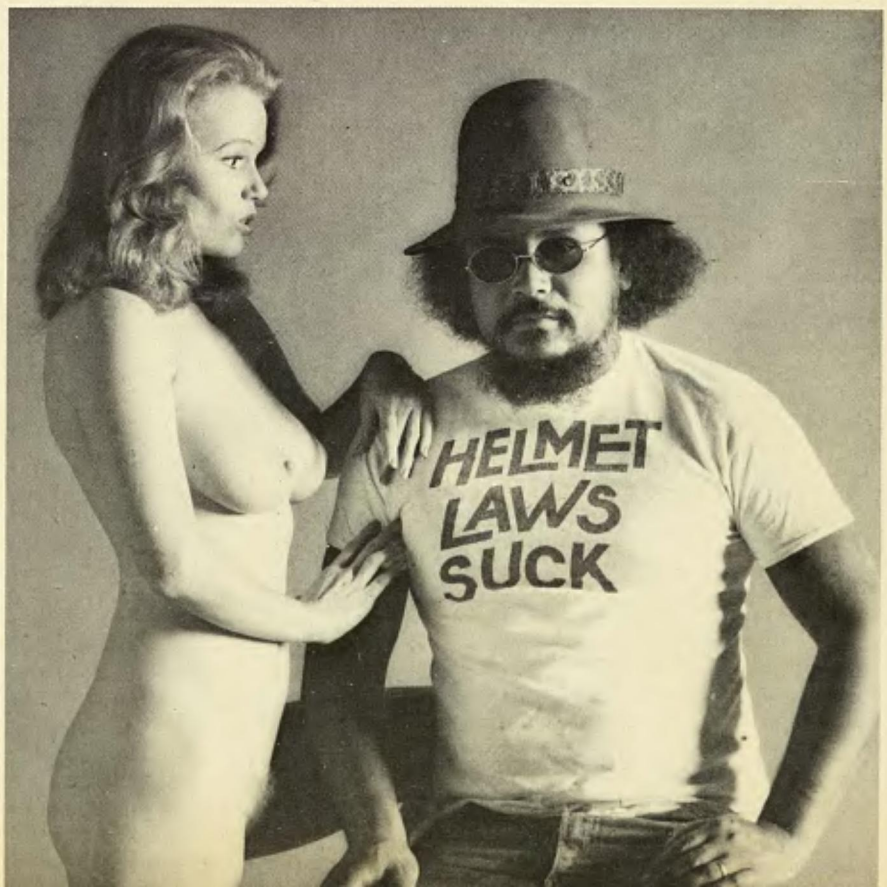
What'd you say? The chick? Oh. Well, she's Sharon Kelly, a firm 5' 5", 117 lbs, with a far-out 37D-25-36 figure. In case you're interested, she has green eyes and red hair. If you want to see more of her go see the x-rated movie Super Vixens—she's tooo much!

Photos by Pete Chiodo


FREE
SONNY BARGER

MIRACULOUS
MOTHA


"WANNA
FUCK?"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Bug All Your Friends! Bug 'em all year 'round!

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 2¼ x 2¼)—nothing else. As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.

—from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio

—from Billy Tinney, Houston, Texas

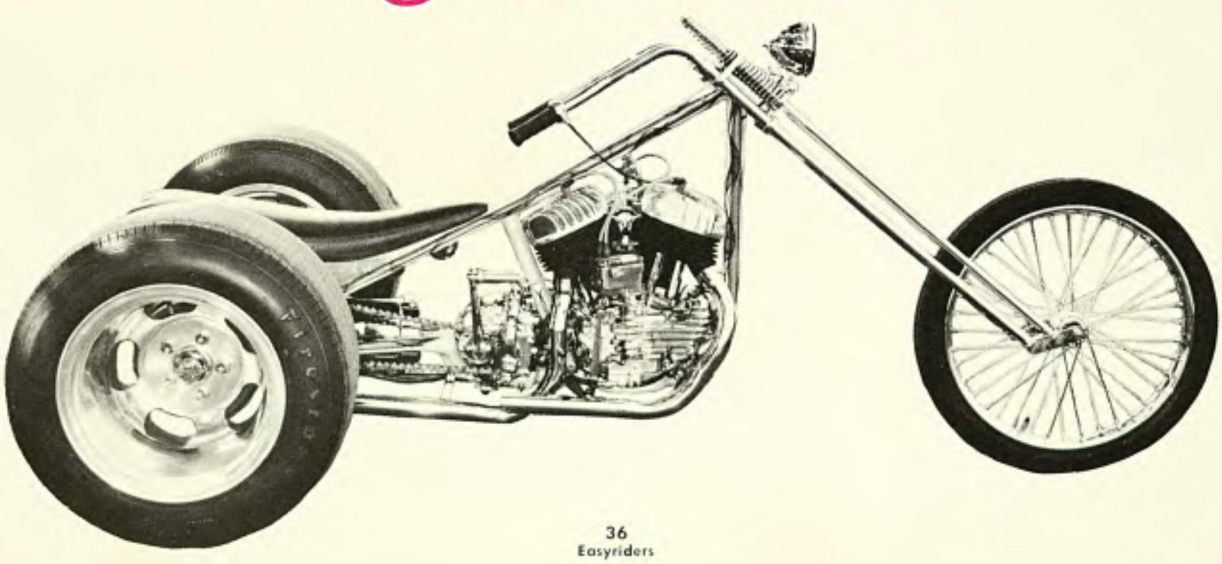
—from Major Greeves, Alexandria, Virginia

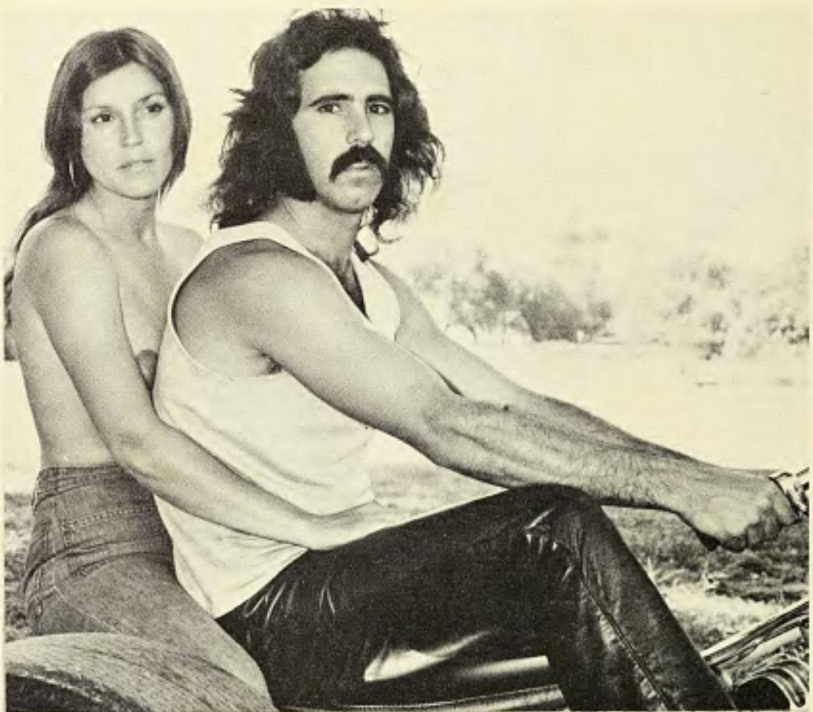
—from Gerard Perreault, Merrimack, New Hampshire

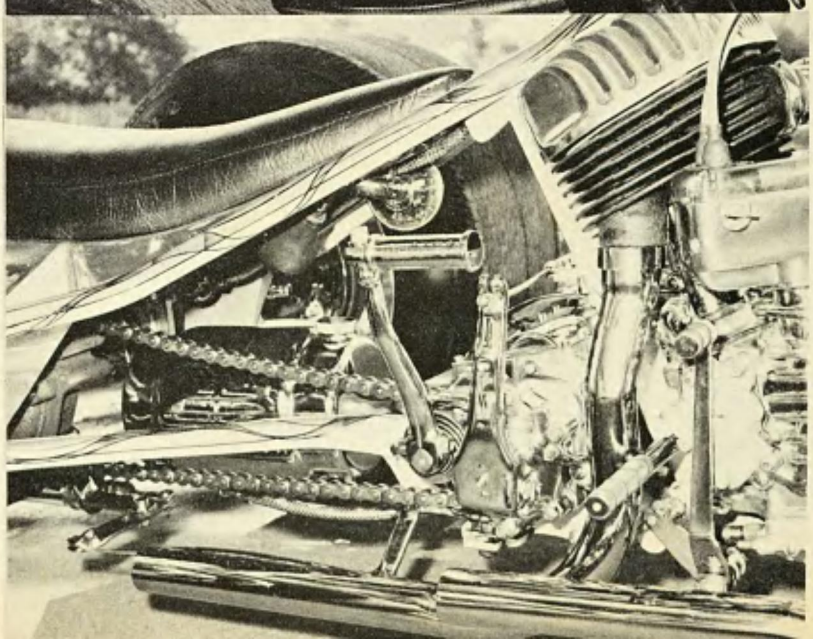
—from Don Engler, Thorofare, New Jersey

—from P. M., Minnesota

Even bros down on three-wheelers can dig this one!







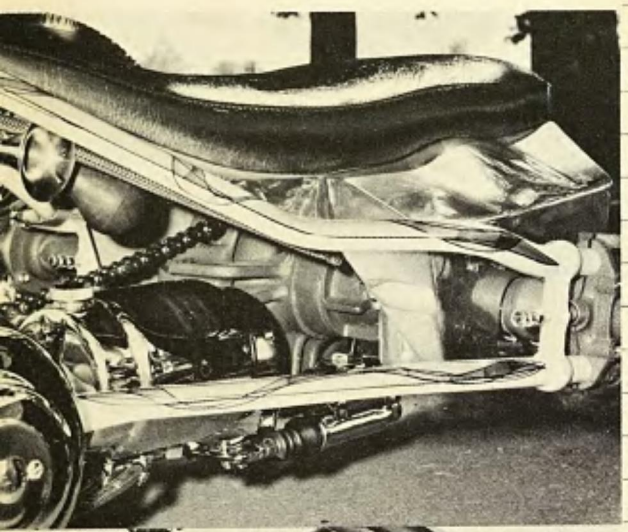
If you've been wasting those bleary blinkers on this dingy hunka toilet paper for the past few years, then you know that one of the freaks around the office has an attitude about trikes. Now I could never understand it, but then there's a lotta crap that don't git into this skull—like how I can part a crowda citizens better'n Moses and the Red Sea, or how Coors stock goes up 10 points on the Big Board any time I'm sighted within a half mile of a suds joint.

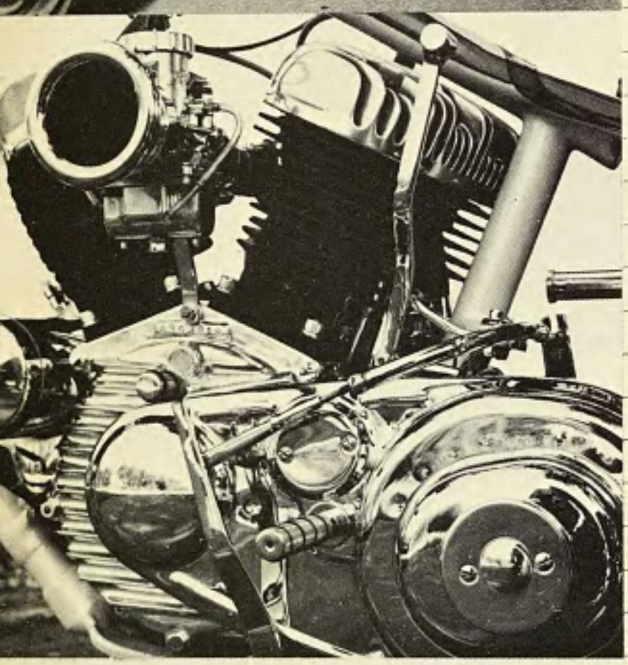
Anyhow, usually when the subject of a scoot with more than two wheels comes up, there's somethin' like a small war in this firetrap. It's brutal—there's such a rumble that all the locals think it's the big quake come at last.

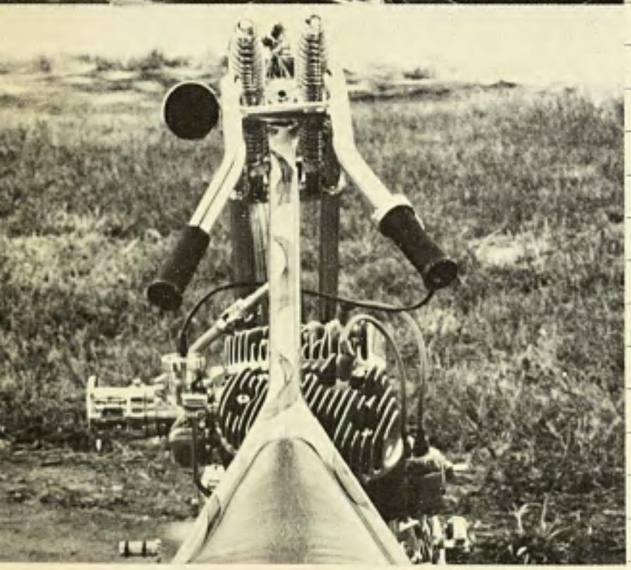
So when the photos of this bitchin' low-ridin' trike dropped onto the table at the last brew and boo session, I was expectin' the worst. But . . . not a sound. It was so quiet you could hear Mutha's mites harvesting toejam.

I was gonna check various throats for obstructions when I happened to lay a

Easyriders photography by Jake







Owner: Ken Randazzo **City:** San Jose, Calif.

General

- Fabrication by: owner
- Year and make: 1949, H-D
- Model: WR
- Value: $6,000
- Assembly by: owner
- Time: 2½ long years
- Chroming by: Reliable

Engine

- Year: 1949
- Model: 45
- Rebuilder: owner
- Ignition: magneto
- Displacement: 45 cu. in.
- Lower end: stock
- Balancing: stock
- Pistons: 50 over
- Cases: polished
- Heads: aluminum
- Cam: K model
- Lifters: stock
- Carb(s): 36 mm Mikuni
- Air cleaner: velocity stack
- Pipes: owner, 1¾ in. drag
- Muffler(s): straight through

Transmission

- Modifications: polished
- Year: 1949
- Shifting: hand, by owner
- Engine sprocket: 28
- Trans sprocket: stock
- Wheel sprocket: stock

Painting

- Molding: owner
- Painter: Arlen Ness
- Color: baby blue pearl
- Type: acrylic lacquer
- Special paint:

Frame

- Year: 1949
- Builder: Steve Arlington
- Type: trike
- Rake: ¾ in.
- Stretch: shortened
- Other alterations: wishbones narrow

Accessories

- Bars: owner
- Risers: none
- Fender(s): none
- Headlight: cop flasher
- Taillight: T.C.M.E.
- Speedo: none
- Front pegs: owner
- Rear pegs: none
- Electrics: Sportster generator
- Gas tank: two-gallon by owner
- Oil tank: 4½-qt. by owner
- Oil system: stock
- Primary cover: stock
- Seat: Pa Pa Dazzo
- Sissy bar: none
  - Height:
  - Material:

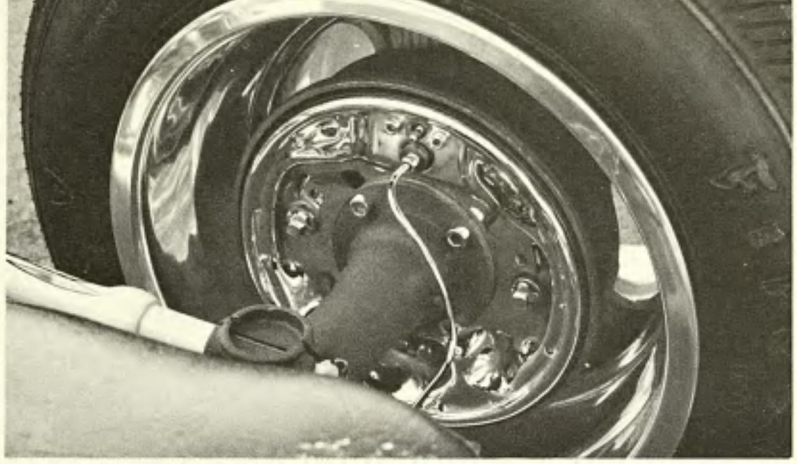
Forks

- Type: Springer
- Extension: 12 in. over
- Builder: Century
- Special features: chrome alloy

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21	Size: 15 in.
Hub: spool	Hub: Ansen
Rim width: 2¼ in.	Rim width: 14 in.
Tire: 2.75	Tire: 490.1390 F.
Brake: none	Brake: stock juic

Other special modifications: clutch pedal, brake pedal by owner

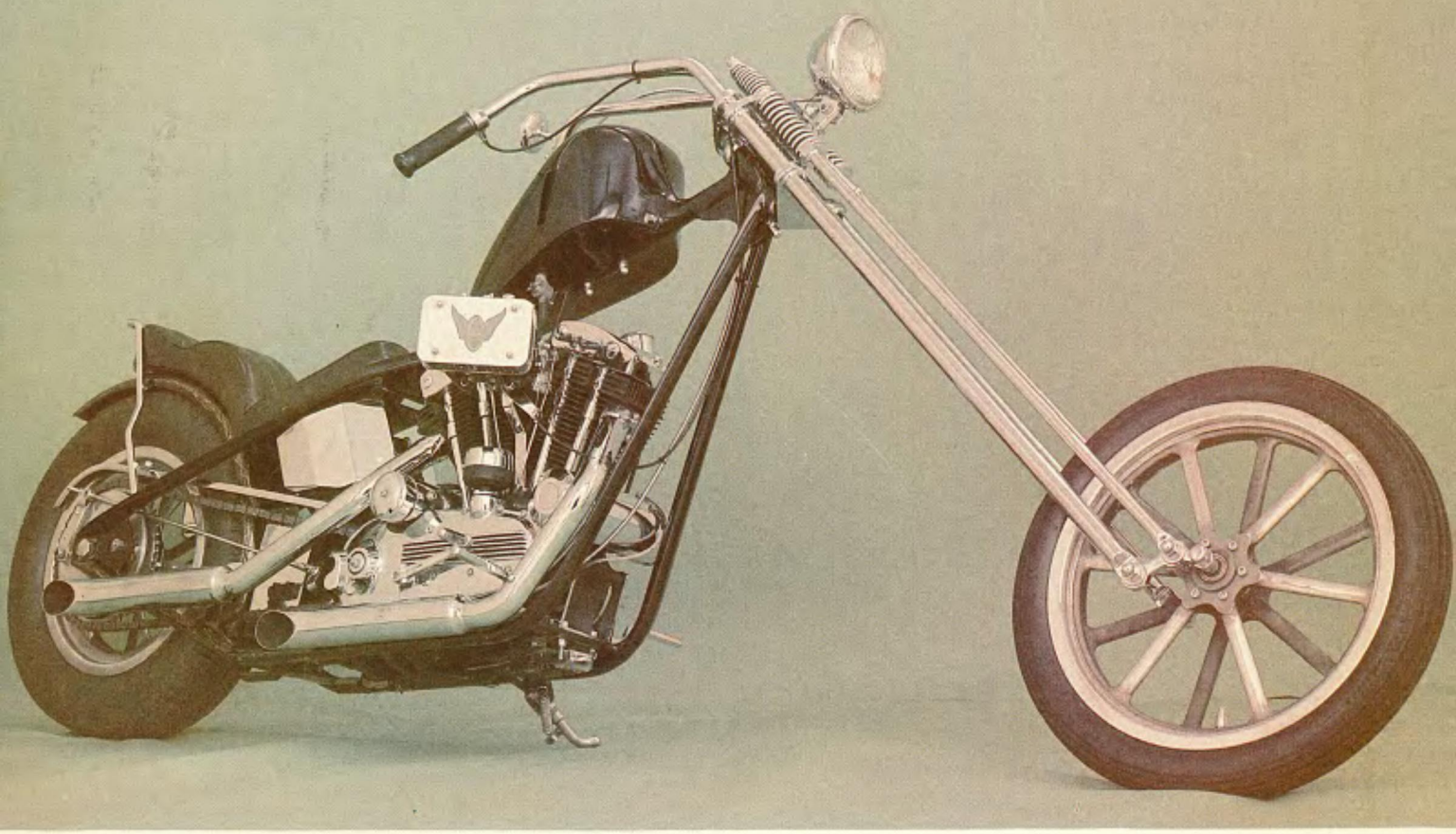


pupil on the flicks. No wonder—this sled was so simple, clean, and low that a snivel was out of the question, much less a whine or a bitch. I was gonna point out this spleen-splittin' fact to the rest of the bros, but I could see it was a waste of time—they were too busy appreciatin' the *rest* of what's in these pictures.

—Sniveler

HELPING HAND
OPEN 24 HRS.
MISSION
ROOMS 1175 FOOD
RED ROOM
DAVID MANN
Easyriders Magazine

Get-Down Sportster



It's fortunate I'm so damn loose. Like it wouldn't be no sweat off my bones to be outta work—almost. As long as I can look under the cushions of my partners' couches for enough gas coin to get me to the next bro's pad. 'Cause this feature just about got me the ticket back to the streets. Nothin' went accordin' to Hoyle.

Ya see, we got some flicks of this Sporty from Ken, the owner, not long ago. It was a somewhat local bike, which we could possibly shoot in the studio. So I gazed at his photos, but they were dark and the bike was at an angle, so I couldn't make out the detail. When Ken called a couple of days later, I asked him if he had any other flicks—no. I asked if he would be in L.A. some time soon, so I could eyeball it up close. He said he couldn't make it into the city. I was bummed, but I had to lay on him that I couldn't see enough of the

bike, from the photos, to set up a shootin' —downer.

No sooner had I hung up than I heard something bouncing off the walls, in the hallway, headin' in my direction.

"Ya gotta bike to shoot in da studio, SCUM?" The man's voice came into my closet like a tornado outta the WIZARD OF OZ.

"Well, ya see I had this pretty Sporty, but."

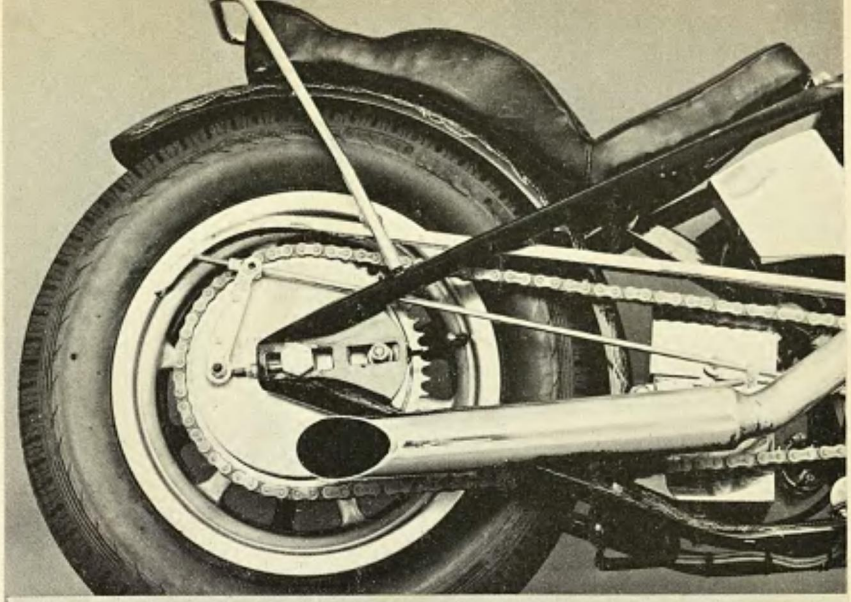
"But what?" He was gettin' close to my milk crate, and I was edgin' toward the window.

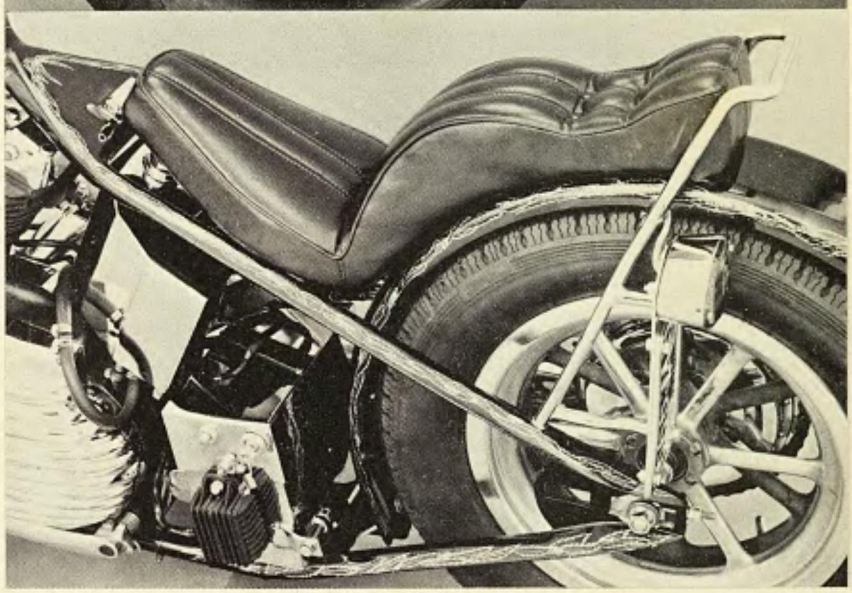
"I told him we couldn't use it." (The last time The Man and I got into it, we had to move to another office and I got fitted to several casts.)

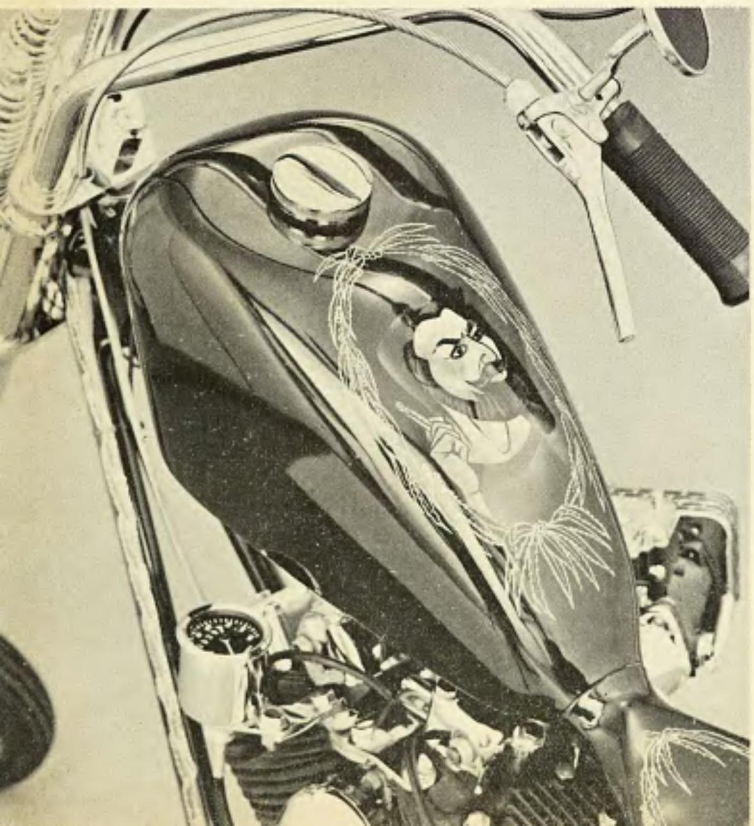
"What?" His foot started crushin' my precious dairy box and I knew the sheeeet was gonna fly.

But I was being a quick thinker, and I sort of got off on the thought of all my bones stayin' in one piece. I snapped up the phone. "I'll call the due back, okay?" Close, man!

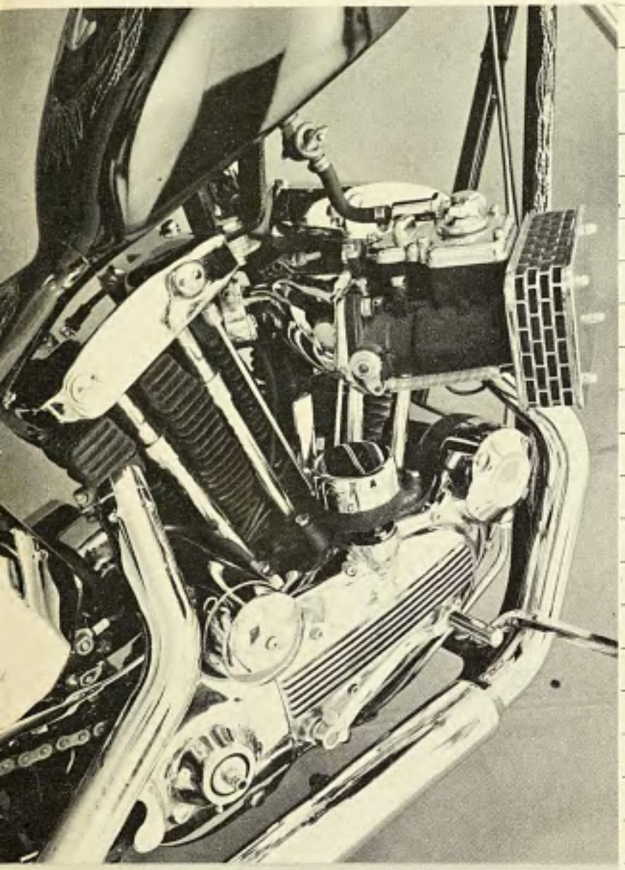
But the day of the shootin' rolled around, and it was hot as hell. So I ripped off a six-pack from the office ice chest, rolled a couple of joints from my private stash and headed for town. When Ken showed up, with his nice-lookin' ol' lady and a couple of bros, they also had a cooler full of beer and some out-of-hand Colombian screw-ya-into-the-ground dope.

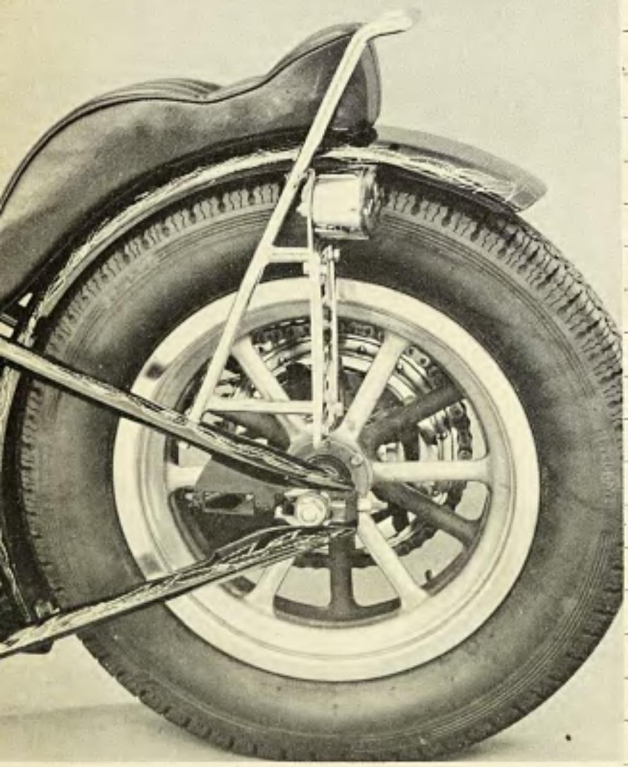






Easyriders photography by Peter Chiodo





Owner: Ken Tripp **City:** San Berdoo, Calif.

General

- Fabrication by: Mongie's
- Year and make: 1970 H-D
- Model: Sportster
- Value: $4,500
- Assembly by: owner
- Time: 7 months
- Chroming by: El Monte

Engine

- Year: 1970
- Model: XLH
- Rebuilder: self
- Ignition: stock
- Displacement: 900 c.c.
- Lower end: stock
- Balancing: stock
- Pistons: 10½ to 1
- Cases: stock
- Heads: stock
- Cam: Sifton +
- Lifters: stock
- Carb(s): Weber
- Air cleaner: Magnusen
- Pipes: drag
- Muffler(s): shorties

Transmission

- Modifications:
- Year: '70
- Shifting: stock
- Engine sprocket: 20
- Trans sprocket: stock
- Wheel sprocket: stock

Painting

- Molding: Denver
- Painter: Ernie Colinga
- Color: black
- Type: lacquer
- Special paint:

Frame

- Year: '70
- Builder: Denver modified by Mongie
- Type: rigid
- Rake: 1½ in.
- Stretch: 8 in.
- Other alternations:

Accessories

- Bars: Denver's
- Risers: none
- Fender(s): 5-in. flat
- Headlight: Bates
- Taillight: cat-eye
- Speedo: none
- Front pegs: Mongie's
- Rear pegs: none
- Electrics: Mongie's
- Gas tank: Sportster
- Oil tank: Denver's
- Oil system: stock
- Primary cover: Magnusen
- Seat: Denver's
- Sissy bar: Denver's
  - Height: 5 in. above fender
  - Material: ¾-in. round

Forks

- Type: Springer
- Extension: 20 inches over
- Builder: Denver's
- Special features:

Wheels

American Mags

Front	Rear
Size: 18	Size: 15
Hub: 18	Hub: 15
Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: Gdyr. 2.75	Tire: Pirelli
Brake: none	Brake: stock

Other special modifications: Carburetor set up by Mongie's Motor Hav

So while Pete was clickin' photos of all the detail parts of the Sporty, we were gettin' down. It takes a lot of time to shoot a bike, so by the time Pete was ready for me to direct some shots of Ken, Ken's ol' lady, and both of them together, I could hardly focus on the john to take a leak. Needless to say, the photos lacked creativity and there weren't too many of them.

Well, I knew that by the next week, when the chieftain was gonna inspect the shots, I had best find a baseball bat and a pair of gloves like they used in the movie ROLLERBALL, and then enter his office like a gladiator. 'Cause I knew the way it was gonna be.

But ya know, it ain't too hard to bungie-cord my crutches to my packer bar after all.

—Snake

Right to Write

By Bob Collins

Reading and censorship of personal mail of California inmates violates the First Amendment because of overbreadth, vagueness, and failure to provide safeguards . . .
[Martinez vs Procunier, No. C-71, 543 ACW (N.D.) Calif. Feb. 2, 1973]

The problems of mail censorship are a growing concern in our California prisons, and in other prisons throughout the nation. The problem stems from the fact that the prison staff wants to know every man's move. Granted, there have been a few changes made, but none significant enough to mention here.

The federal courts have upheld the rights of convicts to have a degree of privacy in their mail, but all too often, due to the fact that there is no federal watchdog in the state prison mail rooms, the federal safeguards are ignored.

They will continue to be ignored until the inmate has the total and absolute right to seal his own outgoing mail, and to open his incoming mail, and write to whomever he damn well pleases—on the bricks, or in other joints.

There will have to be *some* concessions made in order to come up with a workable system. For instance, incoming money orders have to be recorded by the mail room, so in order to record that money order on the inmate's books, the letter has to be opened. A correspondent could write "MO" in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope—the concession being that this was a legitimate reason to open it.

In *Martinez vs Procunier*, the Northern District Court held that ". . . any prison regulation or practice which restricts the right of expression that a free person would have enjoyed if he had not been imprisoned must be related both reasonably and necessarily to the advancement of some justifiable purpose of imprisonment." *Gray vs Creamer, 465 F. 2d 179, 186, 3rd Circuit, 1972; Wilkinson vs Skinner, 462 F. 2d 670, 671, 2nd Circuit, 1972; Nolan vs Fitzpatrick, 451 F. 2d 545, 1st Circuit, 1971.*

A few courts have required that the states show a "compelling interest." *Morales vs Schmidt, 340 F. Supp 544; Baker vs Beto, 349 F. Supp 901.*

The Morales decision held that ". . . the state has no justifiable interest in censoring outgoing mail (personal) of inmates."

The federal courts have held that phrases in the rule books such as "defamatory," "otherwise inappropriate," "unduly complain," and "magnify grievances" include writings which are not obscene and do not present a danger to any justifiable state interest, and are not justification to stop correspondence between an inmate and any other party.

If the prison staff feel that a letter might contain material of criminal activity or escape plans, or contraband, they have a remedy: get a search warrant, and open the letter in the presence of the party concerned.

The court concluded in *Martinez:* ". . . no conceivable justification on the grounds of prison security necessarily requires such broad formulation of censorship standards. Such writings are protected by the First Amendment of the United States Constitution."

To those who are not familiar with legal prose and sophistry, what that means is that, theoretically, an inmate can write to anyone he wants to, provided that the writings do not include escape plans, criminal activity, or derogatory remarks about staff, inmates, and conditions. The mail room staff includes the members of the censoring group that has the power (albeit arbitrary) to stop mail. The federal ruling was written to stop those in the mail room from overkill. The law is plain. It is clear. It is settled. But yet, overkill in censorship continues.

Then we have the silly-ass regulation of not being able (or encouraged) to write to people who have "P.O. Box" numbers, because the department of corrections wants "full addresses." It is easier to locate you if you escape. That is one hell of a weak justification. And here in Folsom, in particular, it is against the Warden's Rules to contact clubs that will have a person write . . . for the reason that it increases the mailroom workload.

But the real injustice, which was curtailed by the federal courts, was enunciated in *LeMon vs Zelker, 358 F. Supp 554 (S.D. N.Y.) May 31, 1973).*

A lot of us in the can are from out-of-state, have lost our ol' ladies, recently gotten a divorce, etc., and try to catch a female type girl of the opposite sex to write to, and perhaps visit with. A lot of times, we will get letters from girls under 18 years of age, or maybe a broad in another institution. In *LeMon*, the court said: ". . . assuming for the moment that the minor whom plaintiff wishes to communicate with is indeed unrelated to him, we fail to see any governmental interest which requires approval by the minor's parents or guardian before prison officials will permit free correspondence."

The court went on to state: "Obviously, persons who are not prison inmates can communicate by mail with whomever they choose without written permission from anyone. Defendants (the state) *cannot* limit these First Amendment rights a prisoner would have enjoyed if he had not been imprisoned unless the restrictions are related both reasonably and necessarily to the advancement of some justifiable purpose of imprisonment." *Carother vs Follette, 314 F. Supp 1014, 1024 (S.D. N.Y. 1970); Sostre vs McGinnis, 442 F. 2d at 200;* and the *Morales* case cited above.

The court stated in conclusion: ". . . we fail to see how permitting inmates to correspond freely with unrelated minors would hamper prison order or the inmates' rehabilitation in the slightest. Prison authorities retain the power to intercept mail to such unrelated minors containing contraband, escape plans, or other criminal activity. The only conceivable reasons defendants *might* have for requiring parental approval for this correspondence is the fear that inmates will send threatening or obscene letters to these minors. But . . . this is not their function and they are not the protectors of the sensibilities of the public, which can protect itself. *Palmigiano vs Travisono, 317 F. Supp 776, 778 (D.R.I. 1970).* Parents can adequately intercept any mail from prison inmates they wish to keep from minor children."

The above rulings, read in retrospect, also apply to inmates writing to other inmates in other institutions. It also applies to writing to your brothers and sisters on the streets. So Angels, Hangmen, Outlaws, Hessians, Horsemen, Nuggets, and all the rest of the brothers, write to whoever you damn well want to, and if your mail is stopped or sent back, follow these steps: (1) Report it to your local postmaster; (2) write to the warden or the superintendent of the joint that shot back your letter; (3) go to the Civil Liberties Union and ask them to help you file a writ under United States Codes (USC) citing violations of the First Amendment.

You can file under Civil Rights Acts (USC) 28 USC 1343(3), 1343(4), 2201 and 2281, and 42 USC 1983, seeking Declaratory Judgment and Injunctive Relief.

The mail issue in prisons is nothing new. But recently, the volume of mail censorship has been magnified, by admission of the CIA and the FBI. The same principles apply in a prison. If there is something in a letter that the staff feel might, or could, prove to be incriminating, bet your sweet ass that a copy will end up in the file for the parole board to look at.

In conclusion, those of you on the outside are encouraged to write to us in prison. If you'll do your bit out there to get this together, we will do, or try to do, our bit in here. Just be cool in what you have to say, and don't give any justification for them to stop or send back mail. ■

Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

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

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

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

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

ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY
Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804

Wild Mouse

—Continued from page 23

The kid looked perplexed, then disappointed.

"There goes my party, I guess. My parents leave for two weeks on a vacation and I talk them into leaving me home just so I can have a real party. Now I can't even get any beer."

Mouse's heart was touched. Now whether it was genuine concern for the sad situation of the young lad, or whether it was the name that flashed in his head, well, who truly knows?

"Say, kid, you say your name's Robinson?"

"Yes. J. Egar Robinson, Junior."

"Uh, lemme guess. You any relation to J. Egar Robinson, Senior?"

"Yes, he's my father."

"I see. I see. Your daddy is J. Egar Robinson, Senior!"

"Right."

"*The* J. Egar Robinson, Senior, superior court judge of this fair county?"

"Yes. He's my father."

Sonofabitch! Mouse found his head cluttered with old memories. J. Egar Robinson, Sr., Superior Court Judge. Gray hair, neatly parted. Steel grey eyes, cold and unyielding. Peering from his lofty perch. His voice full of self-righteousness as he spoke the words "and so I have no other alternative but to sentence you to the State Penitentiary for the term prescribed by law." Five years to life! Jesus H. Christ! Mouse could remember the scene as if it were yesterday. I can do that five years, he told his lawyer, but how the hell do I do that fuckin' life? The bailiff offered a suggestion: "Try one day at a time!"

That remark got Mouse an additional sentence for assault on a police officer.

Now, at this time it should be pointed out that the young lad must have found someone who was of age. Because he did in fact purchase the beer he sought. And Wild Mouse, being rehabilitated to the fullest extent, obviously would not stoop so low as to violate the conditions of his parole, nor his liquor license. That much is a fact. I know it's a fact, 'cause Wild Mouse told me so.

Be that as it may, I do know that the young lad was so grateful to the Mouse that he invited him to the party that night. The boy actually insisted that Mouse, and a few of his friends, grace this particular party with their presence. The

—Continued on page 75

"ACHTUNG!"

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So you think you have it tough?

You're a biker's ol' lady and you've got to put up with a lot of shit, right? We all know the story, the pig and pony act that chicks on bikes have to put up with to get one lousy putt once in a while.

Let me sum it up for you. The dude isn't working. You are. There are Harley parts lying all over the place, in the living room, bedroom, kitchen, in the shitter and even wrapped around the one last pair of underwear you've got left that doesn't have the crotch rotted out.

All of a sudden that nice hunk of meat he's got hangin' between the asshole and bellybutton only gets stiff for any other bitch on a bike but you. He gets pissed at you because you try to pinch the clit off the fatassed, redheaded cow with zits on her chest that pass for tits. No reason, he says, no big deal. The fact that you caught her with her hand down his pants and him with his eyes rolled back and slobber on his chin doesn't seem to get through. Let him catch you havin' a little fun and watch how fast you get backhanded with an ax handle.

Okay, let's say he does get tight balls. You're all wet and all set. Then you find out the fart lost his toothbrush six months ago and just had Polish sausages today for lunch at the Dew Drop Inn. That place serves dog turds that look like wieners, if you wrap them tight enough in used rubbers. You decide not to kiss him anyway; I mean you do *know what he's had in his mouth lately! All right let's go on down. What's this! Ask him how long he's had the dripping sore the size of a silver dollar on his left nut. He says as he scratches his right nut, "Hell, I don't know. Ever since it started burning when I take a piss, I guess."*

Take my advice, honey, hand him a baby beef liver, tell him to pound his own pud and remember to write Miraculous Mutha to find out if you can borrow her giant cucumber.

Why do you put up with this? Might it be perchance that acrylic lacquered, midnight blue, 74 H-D Super Glide with the king and queen seats and the devil's fork sissybar? Hot shit, it just might be!

You see, I know as well as you that big Hog is gonna put a buzz on between your legs that no gold-plated pecker ever will.

Okay, go put on your high-heeled leather boots, blue bandana, low-slung levis, tight white tee-shirt, gold loop earrings; straddle that scooter and get set. Just then the ol' man comes out and tells you to get your buns off because he's puttin' solo. Wrong. By that time you've got the power comin' through straight up the backbone.

I'm no women's libber, but I know that's where taking crap ends. You've been sweating your armpits limp as a waitress in the local truckadero to make the bucks so the dipshit can have his beer, bikes and bitches, and he's rumblin' tandem or else! 'Bout that time the $ signs light up in his cute little red eyes and the next thing you know you're flipping off the nearest pig, who can never catch you through heavy traffic anyway.

Beautiful! The intoxicating smell of burning rubber, oil dripping, ear-splitting Hogs, and everything's right with the world. Right about the time you're about to have a teeth-grittin' orgasm, the fucker sittin' in front of you spits and the wad flies back smack in your face. By the time you've cleaned up, you're pulling into a pub. So it's going to be a t&t run. (tavern to tavern) That's all right though, because as soon as the s.o.b. has a belly full of beer you'll be makin' love to the Hog again.

So lick her tail pipes good-by and trip on in. Before you can get there you notice your man's buddy kickin' the piss out of some pimple-assed, soggy-dicked kid because he stuck his skinny butt up in some cunt's face that somebody was packin'. That didn't really start it, though. What did it was, the fool farted in that position and told the stupid pussy that's what she smelled like. You smile and go on in to have a brew. It's kinda funny to you. That chick does *smell like a brown-shirted, greasy, full-blown fart!*

Just as you chug your first Coors you hear the sirens and see red lights in the mirror behind the bar. Oh well, here we go again!

You throw a handful of change on the bar (you don't want to cause trouble) and haul ass to the scoot. So you're back on the blacktop and working up the hornies again.

I don't know if this kind of shit is typical for you other "ladies," but I know that kind of excitement is the best kind you'll ever get. No shit! You see, I traded it all in for a briefcase-carrying idiot who takes the bus to work every morning at 7:30 sharp. I've got a house in the suburbs, two snot-nosed, dirty-pants kids, a cockatoo that's a faggot, and a mortgage. My husband—that's right, you got it, husband—*takes a shower every night, wears a clean white jock strap, and drinks iced tea at dinner, which is always promptly at six. I drive a Ford station wagon and get wet pants every time I see a biker. Honest!*

If you promise not to let my mother-in-law know, I'll let you in on a little top secret shit. I got myself a manual and I'm putting together an old Sportster when hubby's not home. I've got parts hidden in all the old places. Sooner or later I'm gonna get my hide back on the road. Don't believe me? Well, next time you see a big-boobed, wide-assed chick puttin' on a slick little bike, give her a thumbs up. It just might be me. —Big Z

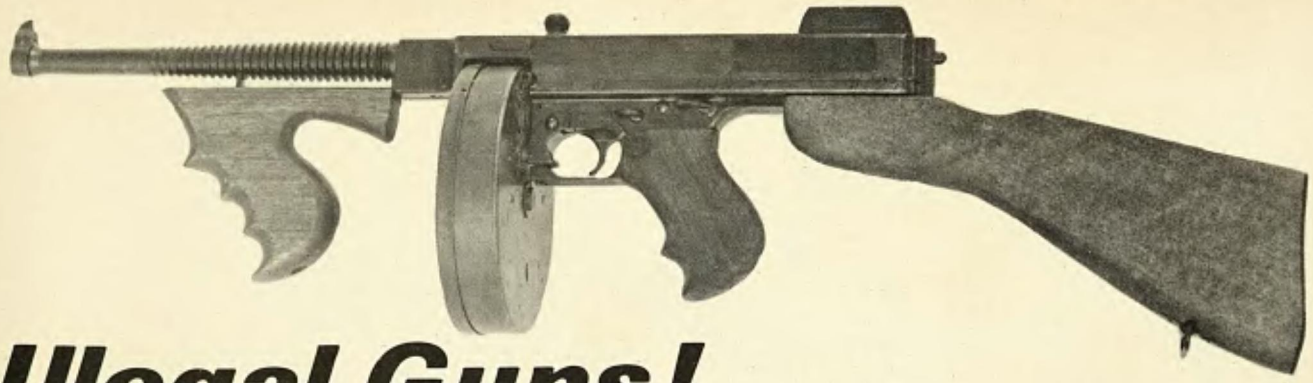
Bad and Beautiful

Wanna dig a trench for a sewer? Cut down trees? Show a Kenworth who's boss? Flash a piece that'll make the baddest of the bad fill his pants? Then drool on this beautiful masterpiece of an anti-tank gun.

It's an all—that's right, **all**—stainless steel .44 Auto Mag pistol. A semiautomatic, short-recoil mutha that fires seven rounds—about enough to create a new door in the side of a brick building.

It's so bad that the instructions that come with it say: "Use a very heavy backstop when target shooting." Say, something like steel plate! ■

The small shell is a .22 long rifle.



Illegal Guns!

(Well, almost!)

They would be illegal if they could fire, but they can't. They **look exactly** (every detail) like the real thing (you can even dismantle them like the real thing). They **feel exactly** like the real thing (they weigh the same). There is practically no difference between these guns and the real ones—everything works—except they cannot be fired. Because of this the Feds have classified them as "non-guns" and they are legal to own.

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

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

U.S. THOMPSON MODEL 1921—Cal. 45 ACP
Used by the FBI, British Commandos, and U.S. combat veterans. Complete with vertical foregrip and detachable wood buttstock; over 59 parts.
Length—35", Weight—9½ lbs.
MODEL #700 ..... $99.95

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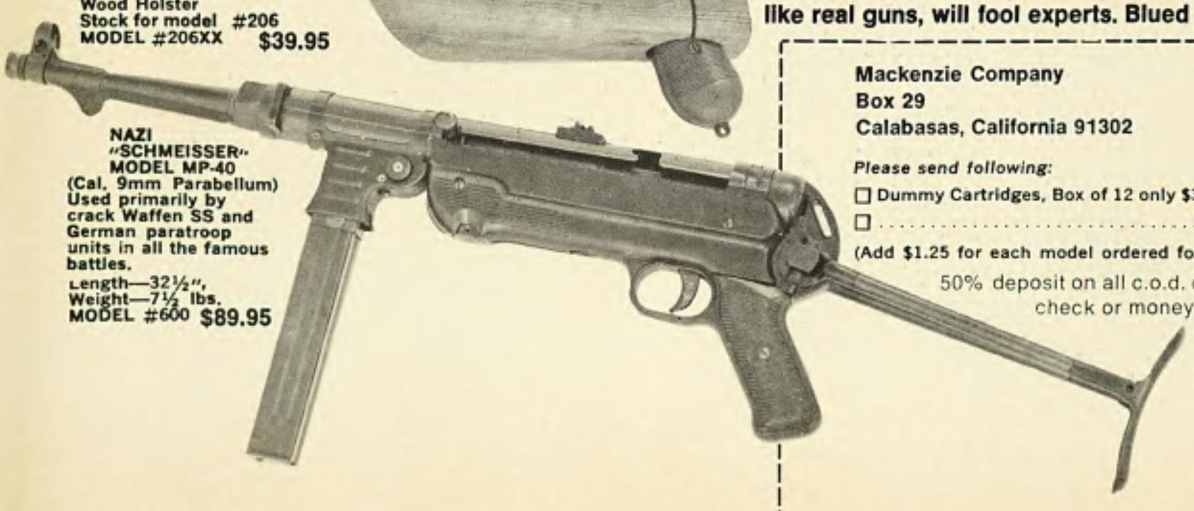

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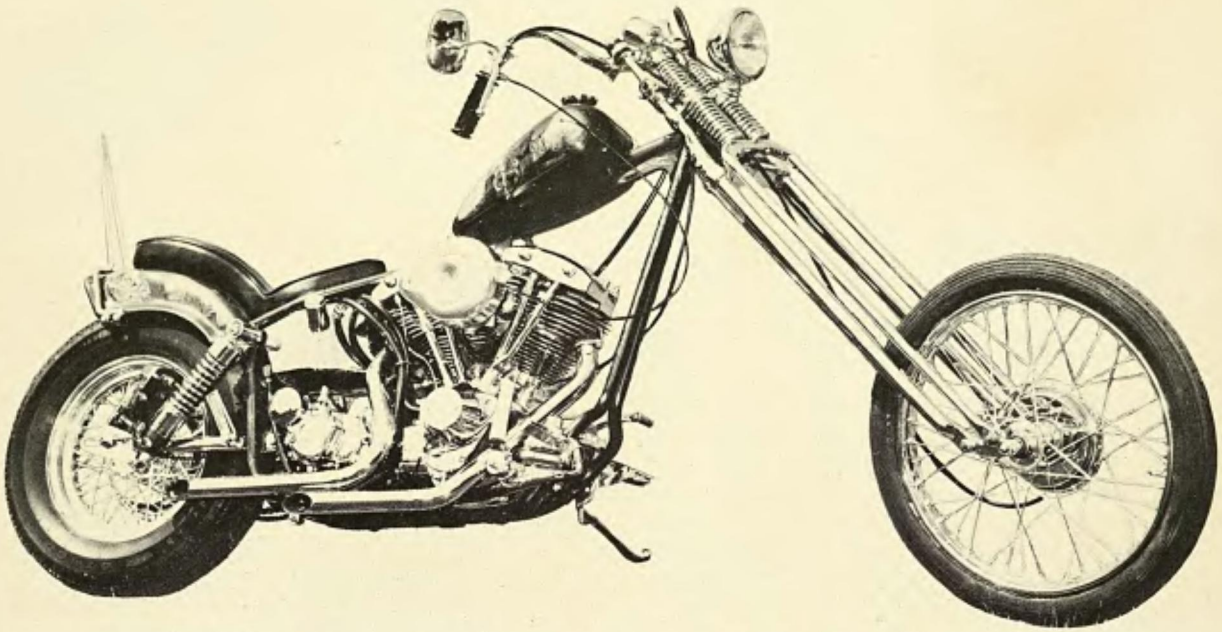
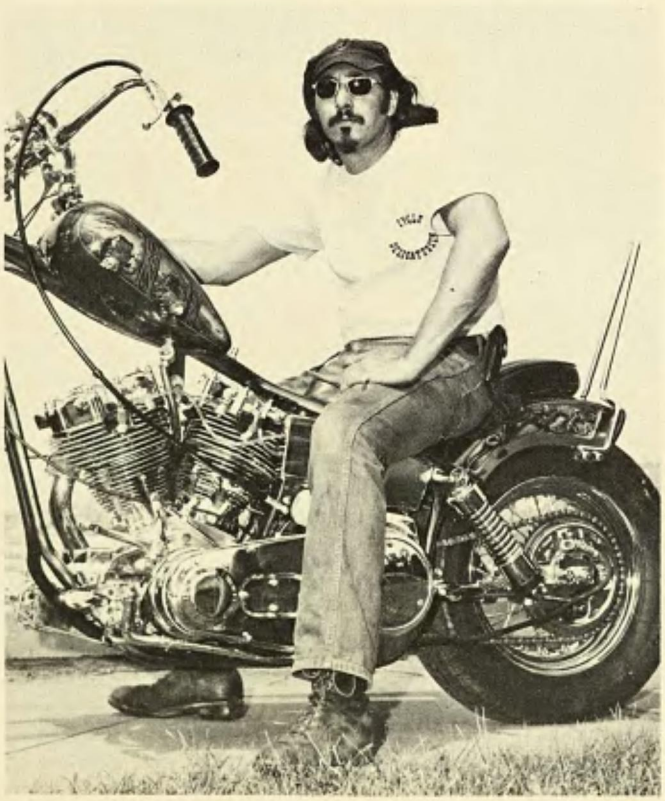


Hands Off The Scooter!

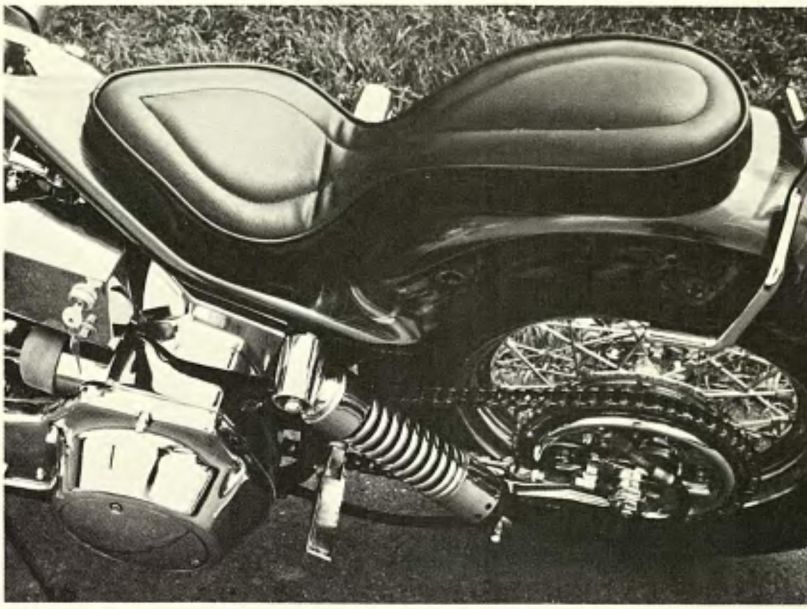


Ya know we all live on the same piece of dirt. But the people ain't the same from one pebble to the next. Maybe it's the climate that breeds rednecks, us bike freaks, whoever. But what the hell, we just ride, party and try to shine on other folks' attitudes, except when an attitude swings a Caddy in our path.

When I stumbled into John Rock, the owner of this masterpiece, he laid this heavy number on me. One that set me back so far that it kicked in some purple haze that had been hidin' somewhere in my spine.

It's fairly well known (I thought) throughout the country that ya don't go touchin', messin', or climbin' on someone's scoot. Even most citizens stay the hell away from choppers. But John told me people jump on and fondle scooters in Pittsburgh like so many rides at a carnival. He said kids and teenagers don't give a damn; it's just another flashy bicycle.

Get this: John saw some kid messin' with his putt while the punk's people watched. Instead of gettin' right down



CYCLE
DEW
SUPER

Easyriders photography by Jake

Owner: John Rock **City:** Wilkinsburg, Pa.

General

Fabrication by: Cycle Deli
Year and make: 1974 H-D
Model: FLH
Value: $5,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 6 mo.
Chroming by: Hercules

Engine

Year: 1974
Model: Shovelhead
Rebuilder: Tommerello
Ignition: battery/coil
Displacement: 86 cu. in.
Lower end: S & S flywheels
Balancing: S & S
Pistons: Venolia
Cases: polished
Heads: ported & polished
Cam: Sifton 468 S
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): S & S super
Air cleaner: S & S
Pipes: drag
Muffler(s): none

Transmission

Modifications: Andrews gears
Year: '74
Shifting: foot
Engine sprocket: 24
Trans sprocket: 23
Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: Animal
Painter: Animal
Color: green pearl
Type: acrylic lacquer

Frame

Year: new construction
Builder: Cycle Delicatessen
Type: swing arm
Rake: 3/8 in.
Stretch: 5 in.
Other alterations: rear end cut

Accessories

Bars: Larco
Risers: T & S rubber dogbones
Fender(s): owner
Headlight: Gary Bang
Taillight: Lucas side mount
Speedo: VDO instruments
Front pegs: Drag Specialties
Rear pegs: Drag Specialties
Electrics: thumb starter on coil cove
Gas tank: Cycle Deli
Oil tank: Paughco side fill
Oil system: vinyl lines
Primary cover: aluminum
Seat: Art Myers
Sissy bar:
Height 24 in.
Material: 1/2 in. mild steel

Forks

Type: Springer
Extension: 14 in.
Builder: H-D/Cycle Deli
Special features:

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 2 1/4	Rim width: 6 in
Tire: 3.00 Avon	Tire: BFG radia
Brake: mech	Brake: juice

Special paint: Tank and fender art, pinstriping

Other special modifications: cut-down rear shocks, narrowed down t
chromed top end, engraved rocker boxes

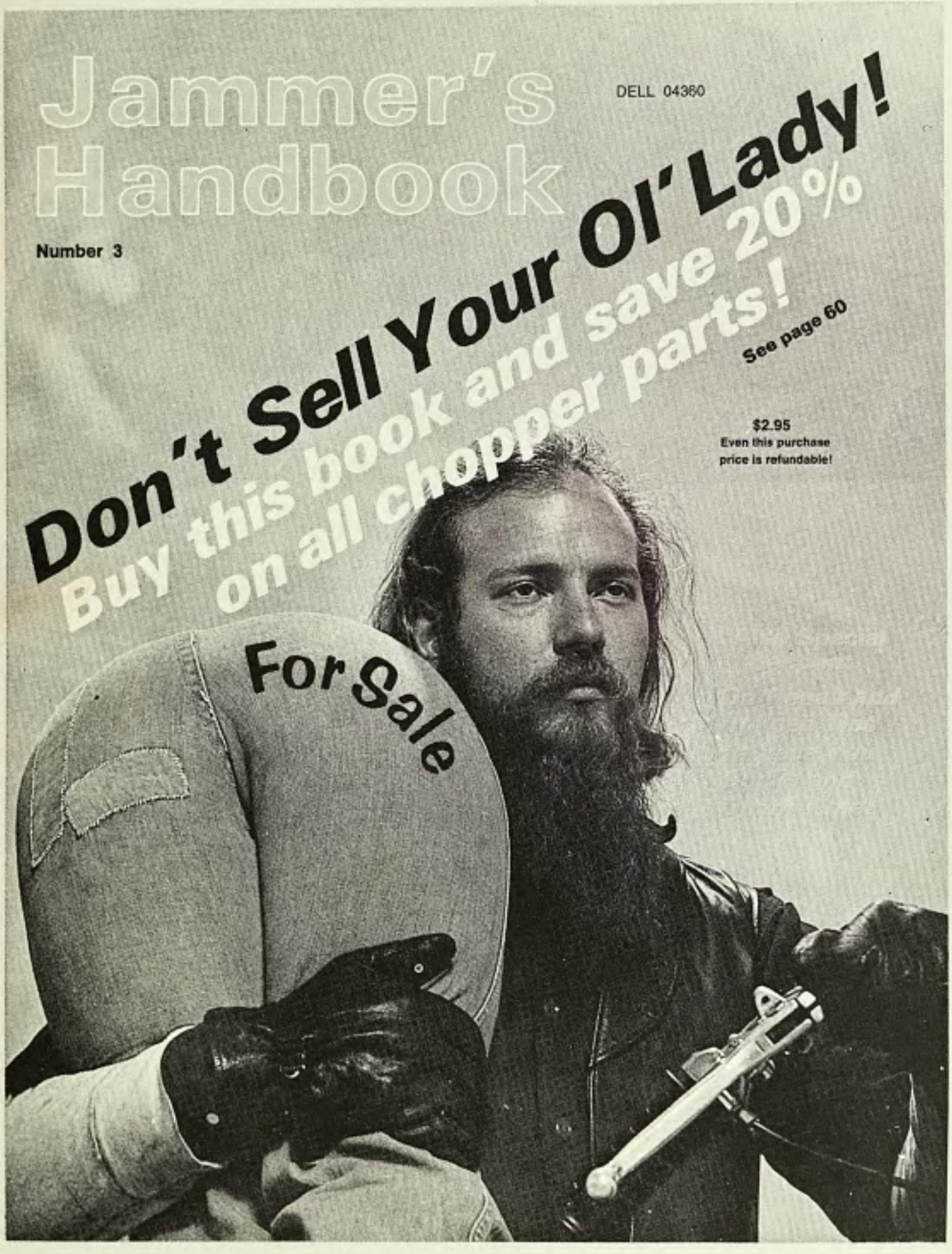
and tearin' the kid's head off, he told the snotnose's ol' man that besides not wantin' the rug rat thumbin' his bike, the mutha was hot and the curtain climber could get himself stung. The ol' man gawked at John like he was just another degenerate and ignored his warning. So the toddler grabbed a handful of exhaust pipe, and the chrome was so hot that the kid's hand stuck. Well, you can imagine the vocals the house mouse got into.

It was worth the rag work to clean off the chrome for John to grin at the yelpin' kid's ol' man and say, "I told ya so, sonovabitch!"

John is definitely not into torturing people to make them understand. But like a high-roller respects a flashy limousine or a Rolls, people should respect the craftsmanship, work, and **money** that goes into building a fine, unique bike. People may be different from one part of this land to the next, but respect for each other's ideas is what keeps the whole sand pile together.

—Renegade

New '75 Catalog!



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ABATE

State by State News

Idaho: We need a commitment from all clubs and folks who are serious about this helmet law thing. If you are with us, please write and let me know. 1. Can we count on your **active** support? In what way? 2. Will you contact your local state representative for support of a helmet repeal? 3. Will you get a commitment from him? 4. Will your representative sponsor a helmet repeal bill? 5. Will your representative agree to clear any motorcycle legislation with us? **Us** being those clubs and people with whom ABATE of Idaho is in contact, like yourselves. 6. Will you be willing to contribute time and money to this effort and try to get others to do so? Write me and let me know who to count on.

We have the petitions typed to go out for the repeal inititative. I.C.S. will be handling it. We have to get over 26,000 signatures of registered voters so if you are running one, be sure to only get voters' signatures. It would be a good idea to try to get everybody signed up to vote. Come the election, we'll need their vote.

—Grease, ABATE of Idaho

Pennsylvania: A Philadelphia-area "outlaw" motorcycle club has launched a public relations campaign to improve its image.

"We're an organization with a bad name," says Bruce Ettien, 28, of Glenolden, Pa. "We're not what people think we are. We're not the cream of the crop, but a lot of us are good human beings too."

So Ettien, a member of the "outlaw" group known as the Warlocks has had several thousand cards printed for the 350 active club members to hand out when they do a good deed.

One method of improving their image, Ettien said, is to help stranded motorists.

Some motorists who have had car problems on a Delaware County road reported that they have been helped by members of the club, who left them a business sized calling card reading:

"Warlocks M. C. You have just been helped by an outlaw motorcyclist. When we do right no one remembers. When we do wrong no one forgets."

Ettien said gang members will change tires, provide gasoline or any other service possible for stranded motorists—all in the interest of getting word around that Warlocks are good guys.

—Wichita Eagle

California: Assemblyman Paul B. Carpenter, author of a recent helmet law, was convinced by the Modified Motorcycle Association that education was the answer, not skid lids. And for once someone listened. Mr. Carpenter withdrew his helmet bill and told the M.M.A. to come up with a feasible education and testing bill. The M.M.A., in conjunction with the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and several bike magazine editors, put together the bill. The law, if enacted, will require more stringent motorcycle tests, conducted on the street instead of in a parking lot, and education required to be attached to high school driver education classes. The bill will also authorize television spots to raise motorists' consciousness levels toward the cyclist on the street.

It's a good idea for anyone or any group actively against, or for the repeal of, helmet laws to put together an education-testing bill to present as an alternative to helmet laws. Better education for cyclist as well as motorist should also be recommended to legislators looking for an answer to an increased accident or death rate. Contact the M.M.A. for a copy of their bill, and the Motorcycle Safety Foundation for their booklet on cycle education (6755 Elkridge Landing Road, Linthicum, Md. 21090).

Oklahoma: Through some shifty action, on June 5, the Oklahoma legislature passed HB1228 (helmet law). The law was scheduled to hit the streets ninety days after its passage (Sept. 5). After three such bills had been dusted, the feds got heavy and threatened the state with the loss of all—that's right—all of their highway funds, so regrettably the legislature let it pass.

The law that was already on the books made it cool to ride without a helmet after your 21st birthday. But the feds weren't going for it and forced the state to pass the law late one Friday evening. And so the state's bikers wouldn't notice, it wasn't tagged an emergency bill, so it wouldn't go into effect until after the riding season —a punk thing to do.

Well, Phil Becker (ABATE of Oklahoma) decided to be the first scooter freak to get a no-helmet citation on September 5. He has already begun to prepare his brief against the law and develop support for his fight. He will also lay his case before the American Civil Liberties Union. If they feel it has a chance they will furnish lawyers and bucks to see it through. Oklahoma bros should join ABATE of Oklahoma and support your bro to push this law back into the feds' faces.

Louisiana: The Lone Rider told us that the old helmet law was repealed! It has been replaced by a new law, stating that if you're over 18, you can putt without a bucket—in Louisiana no less!

Indiana: Wanda Hummel (ABATE of Indiana) researched and documented the motorcycle statistics for the state of Indiana. She got down and worked out all the percentages. 1967 was the last year the helmet law was not in effect. It is unfair to use only one year as a base, but until 1967 the state of Indiana did not keep statistics on motorcycle accidents. They kept only total numbers of registrations. In her findings, Indiana didn't show much, except that the helmet law has not changed the accident percentages whatsoever.

New Mexico: If this doesn't set you back, nothing will. At Holloman Air Force Base bicyclists are now forced to abide by the same regs as bikers while on base. Not only does this mean helmets, but they must also be adorned with gloves, leather jackets, **and** orange reflective vests! Get down Air Force!

Florida: ABATE of Florida recently staged a protest on a sunny weekend. Three hundred bikers showed, and everything came down smooth as rubbed-out lacquer. The cops were cool, and two television networks copped photos and gave good coverage.

But you skeptics who don't get involved 'cause you don't think a protest does any good, dig. The very next sunup, James Marrone, coordinator, received a phone call from a legislator willing to introduce a helmet repeal—the rep. called James! Now the next protest that happens—be there, 'cause it's doing us all good.

New Mexico: One thing we need for ABATE of New Mexico is Assistant State Coordinators. Someone in each area to do some foot work. People with time to devote to circulating flyers, information, petitions, etc. There are about 33,000 registered motorcycles in this state, and the last petition I sent in had only 500 names on it. Let's work together to find someone in each city who will help us. Let's get 33,000 signatures on the next petition. If you know someone in another city who will work with us, refer them to me so we can get things organized.—Chris Derrick, Director

NCUTLO and HR3869 news: Last July 24, 25, and 26 the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances voted in full committee on the motorcycle helmet law repeal. They voted 25 to 51 to retain the helmet law in the Uniform Vehicle Code. We lost. We talked to Mr. Edward Kearney, Executive Director, NCUTLO on the phone about this. Mr. Kearney told us that the committee voted 33 to 21 to enact a seatbelt law, after the motorcyclists left. However, he said it requires a two-thirds vote to get a requirement into the Uniform Vehicle Code, so the seatbelt proposal didn't make it. Well, no one is forcing NCUTLO committee members to wear a helmet.

—ABATE of New Mexico

Washington, D.C.: Something has come down from the Department of Transportation that could go either way for us. The DOT is using all its muscle to see that every state has a helmet law. This precedent could waste any chances we or **any** (including motorists) other groups may have against these people. Or it could be the example or last straw we need to show Congress that they must pass HR3869 and do away with the DOT's fund-withholding power.

The Dept. of Trans. has threatened California with a loss of 47 million, Illinois with 30 million, and Utah with 1 million bucks, if they don't pass bucket laws **now.** These little blackmail penalties come from portions of each state's federal highway construction grants and **all** of their highway safety cash. It's a giant squeeze to push these crash helmet laws on us **now.** Illinois is already try-to sneak the law through.

These people at the DOT have got to be bananas or have a Hitler complex. They're not only on our case. Dig this—they want to force all states to **prove** they have enforced the 55mph speed limit. And here's the threat: any state that

fails to do so will be prohibited from receiving approval for the federally aided highway projects.

If a state doesn't play by their rules (save lives the way they want it done), then they will force states to kill people by not giving them the bucks to keep and build our streets and highways safe.

It's coming down **now**, so write your congressman **now**. Ask him to support HR3869 and HR6211. Cite the above examples of overstepped power.

Hey—I don't care how anti-involvement your trip is, how much you hate to write letters or how many copouts you can come up with. If these states are going to tell the DOT to stick it, it's because they know the people **wanted** it that way. So it's up to us to tell 'em.

Publications available from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation

Safety Series Booklets: 1. **Questions About Motorcycles and Safety? Ask a Friend.** Answers important questions about cycle size and power, education, licensing, insurance, and protective gear; especially for those new to motorcycling. (Photographs) September 1974. 25¢ each. 2. **Get Into Gear** Concerned with the special needs of the motorcycle rider for protective gear, including helmet and clothing. (Illustrated) December 1974. 15¢ each. 3. **Riding Tips for the Motorcyclists.** Helpful tips for the motorcyclist already possessing some degree of skill and experience. Safe riding tips are offered in three subject areas: the motorcycle, the rider and the roadway. (Illustrated) October 1974. 25¢ each. 4. **Sharing the Roadway. Motorists and Motorcyclists in Traffic.** Suggests ways in which drivers and riders can cooperate to make interaction in traffic smoother and safer. Illustrations depict real-world situations. November 1974. 25¢ each.

Instructional Materials

5. **The Beginning Rider Course (BRC)** package is a complete instructional program for beginning motorcycle riders. Published in March 1974. **The BRC Textbook** (color, illustrated, 63 pp.) $1.50 each. **The BRC Student Workbook** (35 pp.) $1.00 each. **The BRC Instructor's Materials** includes a Guide (35 pp.), three evaluation instruments, and 76 ready-to-mount visual aids. $2.50 each.

6. **Motorcycle Safety Education Guidelines for Instructor Preparation.** Developed and published by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation. This guide will provide teacher-educators direction for developing and conducting motorcycle safety education teacher preparation courses. May, 1975. $1.00 each.

Research

7. **Instructional Objectives in Motorcycle Safety Education.** Prepared for the Motorcycle Safety Foundation by the National Public Services Research Institute, Alexandria, Virginia. Provides a comprehensive set of instructional objectives for use in preparing education programs for beginning and advanced riders. December 1974. $1.00 each. 8. **Motorcycle Task Analysis.** Prepared for the Motorcycle Safety Foundation by the National Public Services Research Institute, Alexandria, Virginia. Sets forth a detailed description of all performances, skills, and knowledges required for safe motorcycle operation. December 1974. $10.00 per copy.

Accident Reports and Statistics

9. **Analysis of Motorcycle Accident Reports and Statistics.** Reiss, M.L., Berger, W.G., Vallette, G.R., Bio-Technology, Inc. Falls Church, Virginia. Motorcycle Safety Foundation sponsored study designed to: (1) develop motorcycle accident causal factors; (2) identify voids in existing motorcycle accident information; and (3) provide motorcycle accident information to serve as the basis for future educational, accident data, and public information programs. Highly technical report. February 1974. $2.50 each. 10. **A Summary Report: Analysis of Motorcycle Accident Reports and Statistics.** Highlights of a study conducted to examine the quality and utility of national motorcycle data sources. Non-technical summary. December 1974. 40¢ each.

Licensing

11. **State Procedures for the Licensing of Motorcycle Operators.** Nathan, L.B.G. and Waller, P.F., University of North Carolina Highway Safety Research Center. Research effort sponsored by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation to determine the state-of-the-art of licensing procedures for motorcycle operators in the 50 states and the District of Columbia. June 1974. $1.00 per copy. 12. **Motorcycle Operator Licensing Plan.** Developed by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation in cooperation with the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Sets forth the requirements of a proposed licensing program for motorcycle operators. January 1975. $1.00 per copy.

South Dakota: S.T.OP., a South Dakota based group, notified ABATE of the following helmet repeal. Senator James Aboureck is the man who introduced bill (number S.2252). He needs the addresses of all the bikers in South Dakota for corresspondence purposes. He will also need your support. His address is 1105 Senate Office Bldg., Wash. D.C. 25105.

The bill is now in the Senate Public Works Committee. Get out the paper and pen and write the Chairman of this committee, in support of the repeal. The Chairman is Senator Jennings Randolf, Suite 420, Senate Office Bldg., Wash. D.C. 20510.

Crank it up and support your local State Association

Last issue we ran down a list of state groups that fight like hell to keep you on the road. This issue we will update the list with new active people, associations we left out last time, and new organizations. The purpose of this listing is to keep bikers, all over the country, up on the active groups in each state. So get off your buns; join and support these people. If you come in contact with new activities or organizations, contact ABATE (P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265), so we can spread the word.

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, 3638 N. 59th Lane, Phoenix, Arizona 85033.

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

Colorado: C.A.H.L. c/o Gwen Tepley, Box 12022, Alcott Station, Denver, Colo. 80212.

Connecticut: Connecticut Motorcycle Association, Box 1660, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601.

Fairfield County Motorcycle Association, Inc., 1 Islandbrook Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. 06606.

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

ABATE of Florida, c/o James Marrone, 2541 26th Ave. North, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33713.

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

ABATE of Iowa, William Rausch, 3506 Pierce St., Sioux City, Iowa 51104.

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

Minnesota: ABATE bro, Tom Hession, 307 S. Broad St., #6, Mankato, Minn. 56001.

Missouri: ABATE of Missouri, c/o Ralph Chambers, 520D No. Crysler, 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 Vermilion Rd., Vermilion, OH 44089

ABATE of Ohio, P.O. Box 426, Maumee, Ohio 43537.

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

ABATE of Oklahoma, c/o Phil Becker, 415 S. Wilson, Vinita, Oklahoma 74301.

Oregon: Lew Taber, 7457 S. E. 63rd Ave., Portland, OR 97206
ABATE of Oregon, c/o Luke Metcalf, 2424 S.W. Jefferson Rd., Portland, Oregon 97201.

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, 1437½ Hall Place, Houston, TX 77008
T.M.R.A., P.O. Box 552, Bellville, TX 77418

Utah: ABATE of 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, 6308½ 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 ■

"Fuck the facts!"

The top official of the U.S. Department of Hygienic Safety paced back and forth. "We must come up with a new plan, or we will all be out of a job."

Other DHS officials seated around the huge government office nodded in solemn agreement. One of them, a mousy-looking individual, spoke up. "Sir, the prophylactic industry has been in touch with me, and they have furnished me with statistics that prove that bikers should use prophylactics more than any other segment of the population. It has something to do with their promiscuity. Or, in the vernacular, they don't care where they stick their pricks."

"Great!" the chief exclaimed. "That's it. We'll pull the same maneuver the Department of Transportation did on them with the helmet law!" Warming up to the idea, he immediately started to fire off instructions. "Johnson, you get hold of all companies manufacturing rubbers . . . er . . . I mean prophylactics. Get all the statistics they have. Then give them to our P.R. department to send out to the media—as our statistics—that makes them more official.

"Jim, you start lobbying Congress for a law making it mandatory that all bikers wear prophylactics." He chuckled. "On their heads!" He laughed, and everyone in the room joined in.

Another flunky raised his hand for attention.

"Yes, Smith, you wish to add something?"

"Yes, sir. I think we should add other features to the law in order to keep more of us busy. I suggest we add that all bikers be forbidden from masturbating."

The chief's faced lighted up. "A great idea, Smith, simply great! Dig up all those old facts about masturbating being a health hazard—you know, zits on your face, hair on your palms, makes you feeble-minded—all that good stuff that will make the Silent Majority work on their lawmakers to pass the laws against the bikers. After all, it's for their own good!"

"What about biker complaints?" a voice from somewhere in the room asked.

The chief looked over at his secretary. "Is this being taped?"

"No, sir."

"Fuck 'em. You want a job, don't you? We have to spend our budget, or it'll be reduced next year, won't it? You all realize that we're appointed to our jobs, not elected for a specific term—so we have got to keep busy. We have got to prove our worth—and with the aid of the industry and other vested interests, we've got it knocked."

The chief was really getting worked up. He shouted additional instructions to his other aides. "We don't only want to protect our jobs, we want to expand them. So I want another department created that will test and certify that the rubbers are safe—with our official Government Seal of Approval. Ask the prophylactic makers who they use for testing—we want someone good."

He thought a moment, then continued. "To make this program really work, we have to take another lesson from the helmet law caper the DOT pulled off. The problem was figuring a way to blackmail . . . er . . . force states to enact laws compelling all bikers to wear helmets."

The mousy guy interrupted. "Why don't we withhold federal health services money from all states that don't go along? If the DOT can hold back highway funds, which are under their jurisdiction, then we could certainly hold back public health funds."

The chief's eyes glazed over with delight. "That would mean that health services for the poor and needy would be stopped—and **no** politician will stand still for that. Every state in the union will pass the law—and a helluva lot faster than they did the helmet law. **Our** blackma—er, pressure is stronger. Mr. Limpdick, I'm going to see that you receive a raise in salary. All of us in this department owe our jobs to your brilliant thinking."

Another yes-man stood up for recognition.

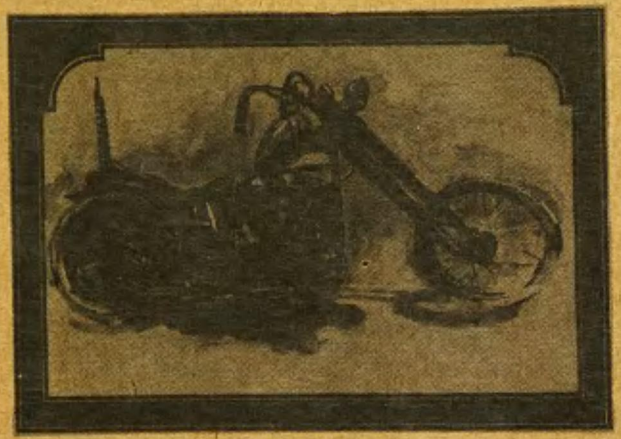
"Yes, Mr. Harding?"

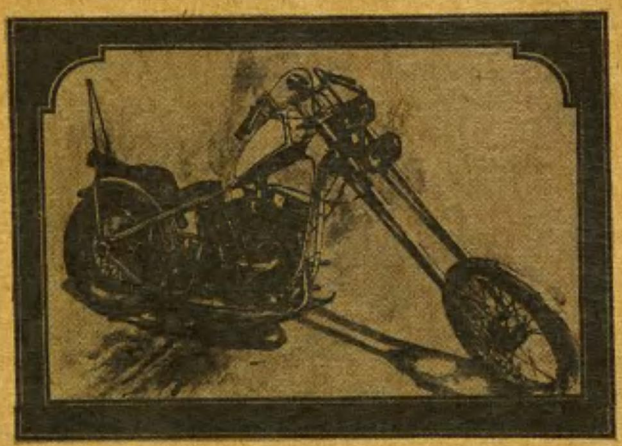
"Sir. I thought you should be aware of the fact that the statistics show that most masturbators are the very young—guys too young to know how to get a woman. Do you think the law should apply only to the young age group? And don't you think it would be smarter to start an education program to teach the young men the proper way to get a little?"

The chief's face hardened. His eyes bulged slightly. His mouth barely moved as he spoke. "Mr. Harding, we're talking about our jobs—fuck the facts!"

—Louis Bosque

RIGHTEOUS





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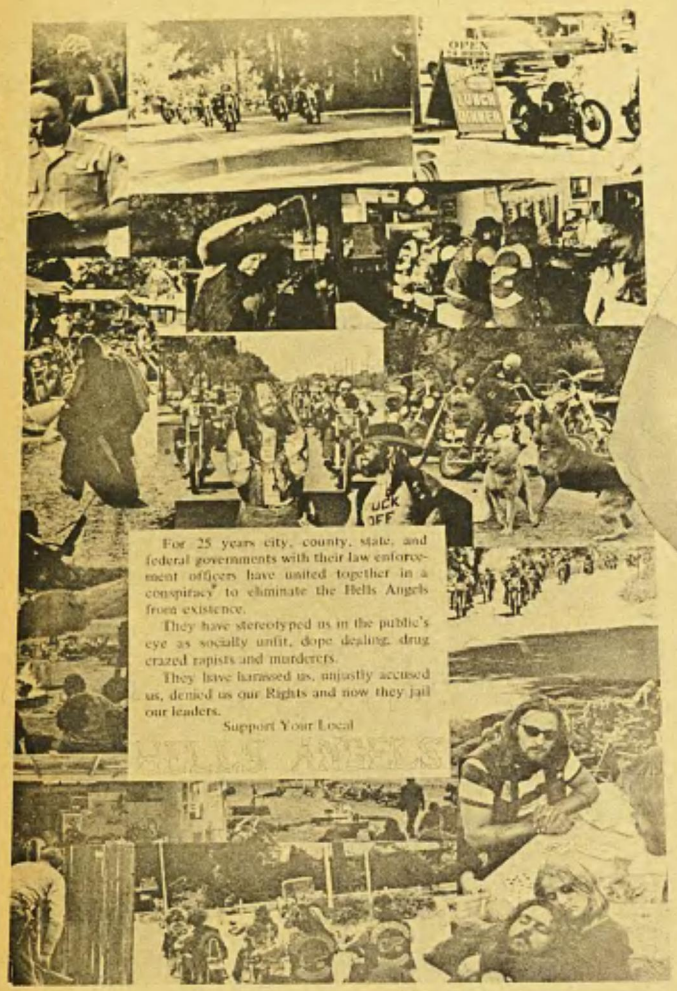

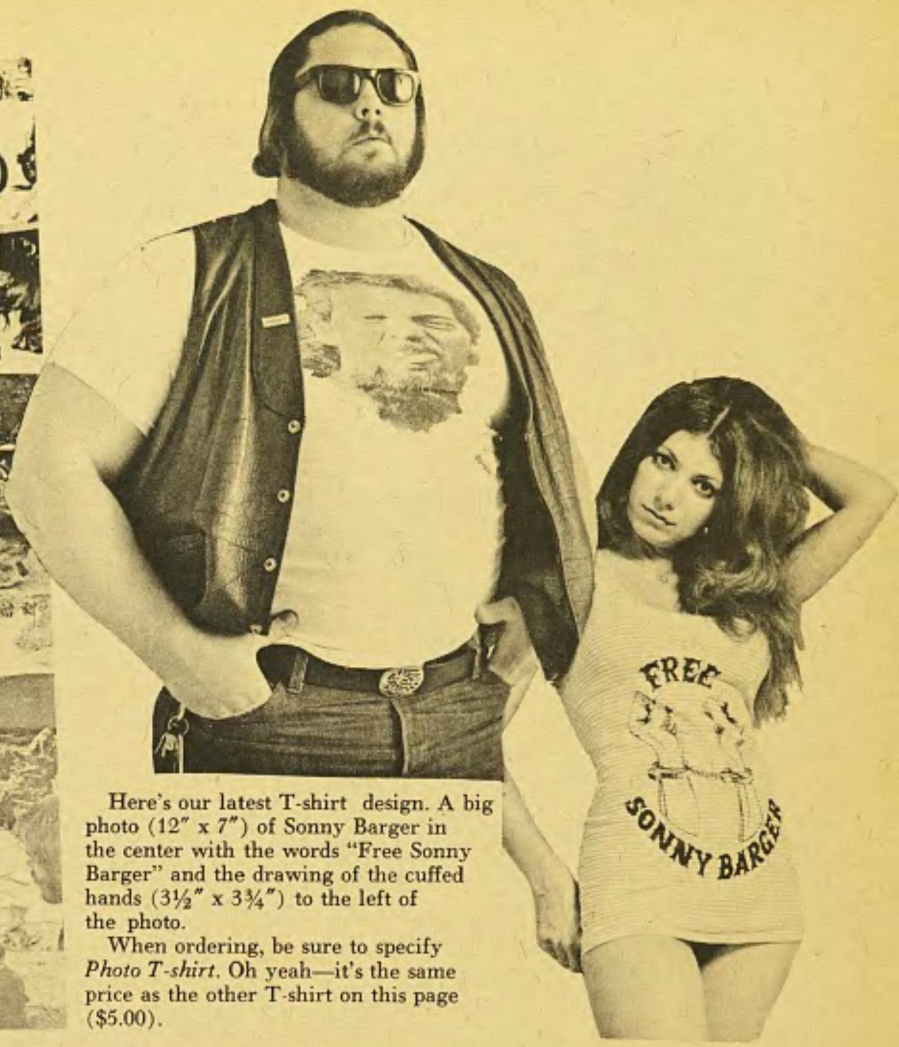

Here's our latest T-shirt design. A big photo (12" x 7") of Sonny Barger in the center with the words "Free Sonny Barger" and the drawing of the cuffed hands (3½" x 3¾") to the left of the photo.

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

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

The Hell's Angels

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

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

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

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

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

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

★FREE SONNY BARGER★

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.

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

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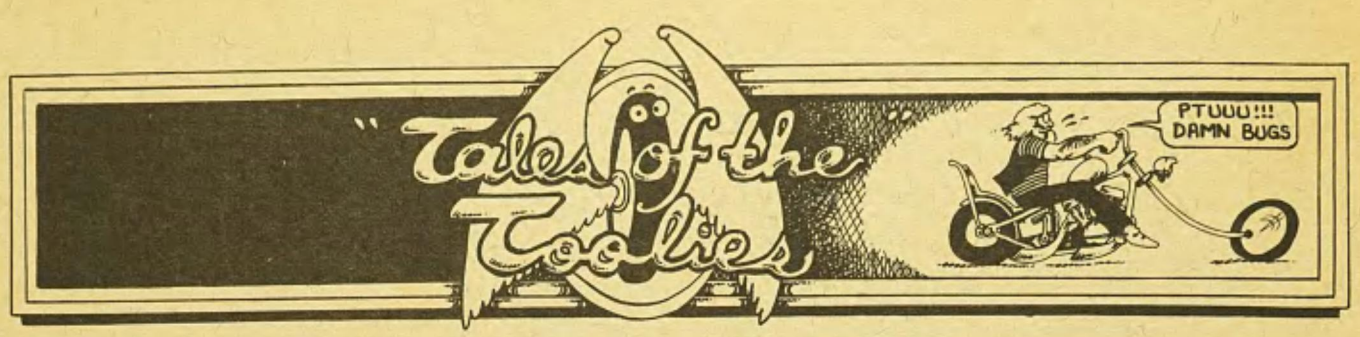
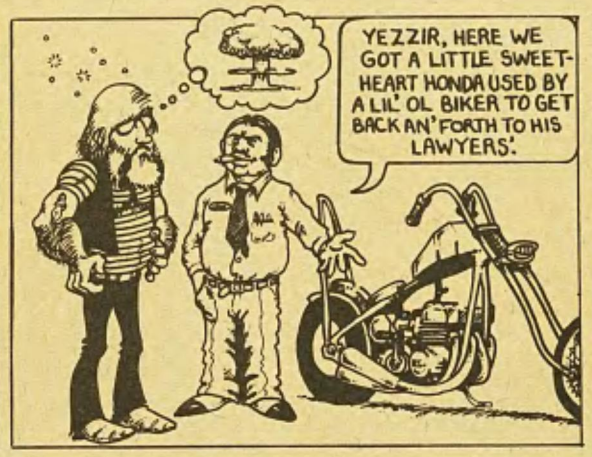
California residents add 5%

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

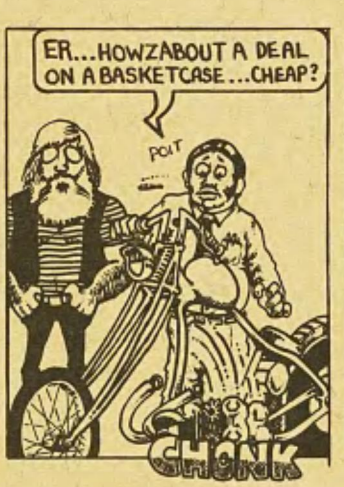

Tales of the Toolies
PTUUU!!! DAMN BUGS

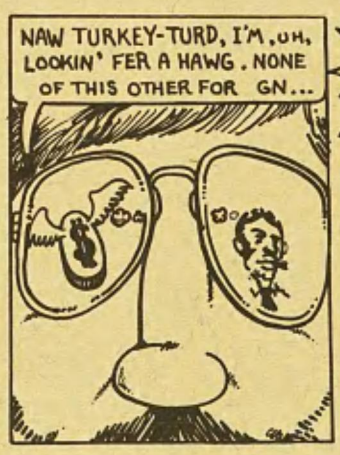
HAPPY HARV'S USED BIKES
OFFICE


YEZZIR, HERE WE GOT A LITTLE SWEET-HEART HONDA USED BY A LIL' OL BIKER TO GET BACK AN' FORTH TO HIS LAWYERS'.

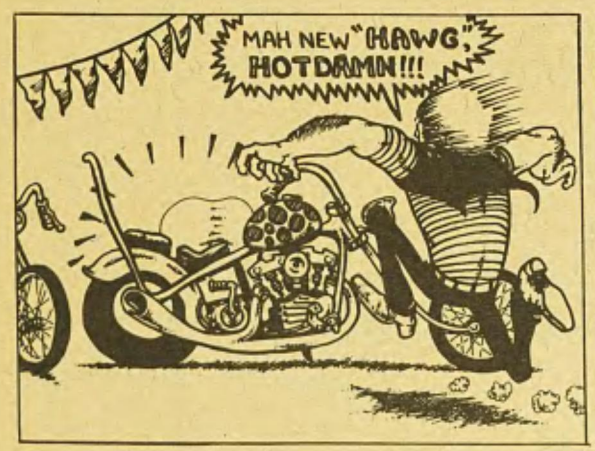
NO? WELL, HERE WE GOT A LITTLE ORIENTAL BIKE, YA KIN BEAT THE GAS SHORTAGE CUZ IT'S RICE PROPELLED... EH? EH?

OR HOWBOUT THIS TURK... ER, FINE BIT O' BRITISH DEPENDABILITY? YEP, SOLID AS THE PROVERBIAL ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.
GWUMP

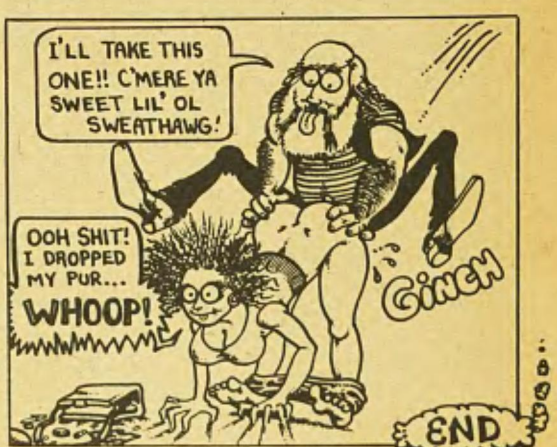

ER... HOWZABOUT A DEAL ON A BASKETCASE... CHEAP?
POUT
CHUNK


NAW TURKEY-TURD, I'M, UH, LOOKIN' FER A HAWG. NONE OF THIS OTHER FOR GN...

HOTCHA.. THASS IT!!


MAH NEW "HAWG," HOTDAMN!!!

LEAP
SPROING

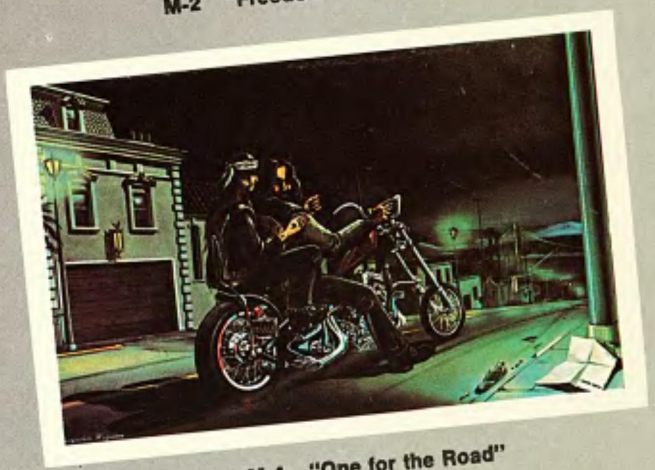

I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!! C'MERE YA SWEET LIL' OL SWEATHAWG!
OOH SHIT! I DROPPED MY PUR...
WHOOP!
GINCH
END

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

M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"

M-2 "Freedom of the Road"

M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

The best of the Dave Mann paintings in beautiful color on heavy art stock! (26½" x 38")

Easyriders Posters, Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
Burbank, California 91502

Enclosed is $_____ for the posters indicated below. (Plus 50¢ for postage and mailing tube on orders under $6.00)

_____ @ $3.00 each All four for $9.95

☐ **M-1** ☐ **M-2** ☐ **M-3** ☐ **M-4**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

All posters shipped in wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube

$3.00 each or all four for $9.95!
(On orders less than $6.00, please add 50¢ for postage and mailing tube.)

Printing quality will be even better than paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders,** for posters are custom printed specifically for much finer quality than a mass-produced magazine, and posters are printed on much heavier paper.

New Wing Design!

Now available in three new styles. White or black T-shirts and gold tank tops, all with new three-color Harley Wing Design.

Check off desired style, clip ad, and enclose correct amount, plus 50c for postage and handling. Cash or money order. No personal checks.

Sizes: Sm. Med. Lg. & X-Lg.

Style #1
☐
$4.00 each

Style #2
☐
$5.00 each

Style #3
☐
$5.00 each

A & P Enterprises P. O. Box 181, Wallingford, Connecticut 06492 Dealer inquiries invited.

HERE IS A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOUR SOCK!

DIRTY CHRISTMAS CARDS

Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends!

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

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

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

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

$5.00 per set Two sets $8.00

Price includes postage and handling costs.

Christmas Cards
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.
Set (B) is entirely new and even more gross.

Please send me_____sets of Set A (six different cards and envelopes per set).
Please send me_____sets of Set B (six different cards and envelopes per set).

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is_____. (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards.)

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Trip Canceled

—Continued from page 18

better be careful. There's an awful lot of glass in there."

"You bet."

The alarm company was quick in sending out two men, who used plywood to cover up the hole where the window had been.

"Well, Mr. Berg, that should hold things until morning."

"Yeah, thanks, fellows. If I hurry up and get this glass swept up I'll make it home for the midnight movie."

Once Berg had all the glass swept up into a huge pile, he turned out the lights and left by the back door. Sure glad nothing was stolen, he thought as he started up his VW.

* * *

The two vans pulled up behind the building just as Berg's car turned on Foothill Boulevard. Gordo climbed down out of his van and walked over to where Pinky had parked the other. "Start her up and park over on the other side of the alley. That way you can keep a better watch. Two vans parked here would draw too much attention. When you see me open the back door, get over there as fast as you can. After we've loaded up my truck, we'll back yours in and load it up. Any questions?"

"Yeah, how come you're wearin' them faggot-lookin' tennis shoes?"

"It's a long drop down from the ceiling and besides that I want to make as little noise as possible. Answer your question?"

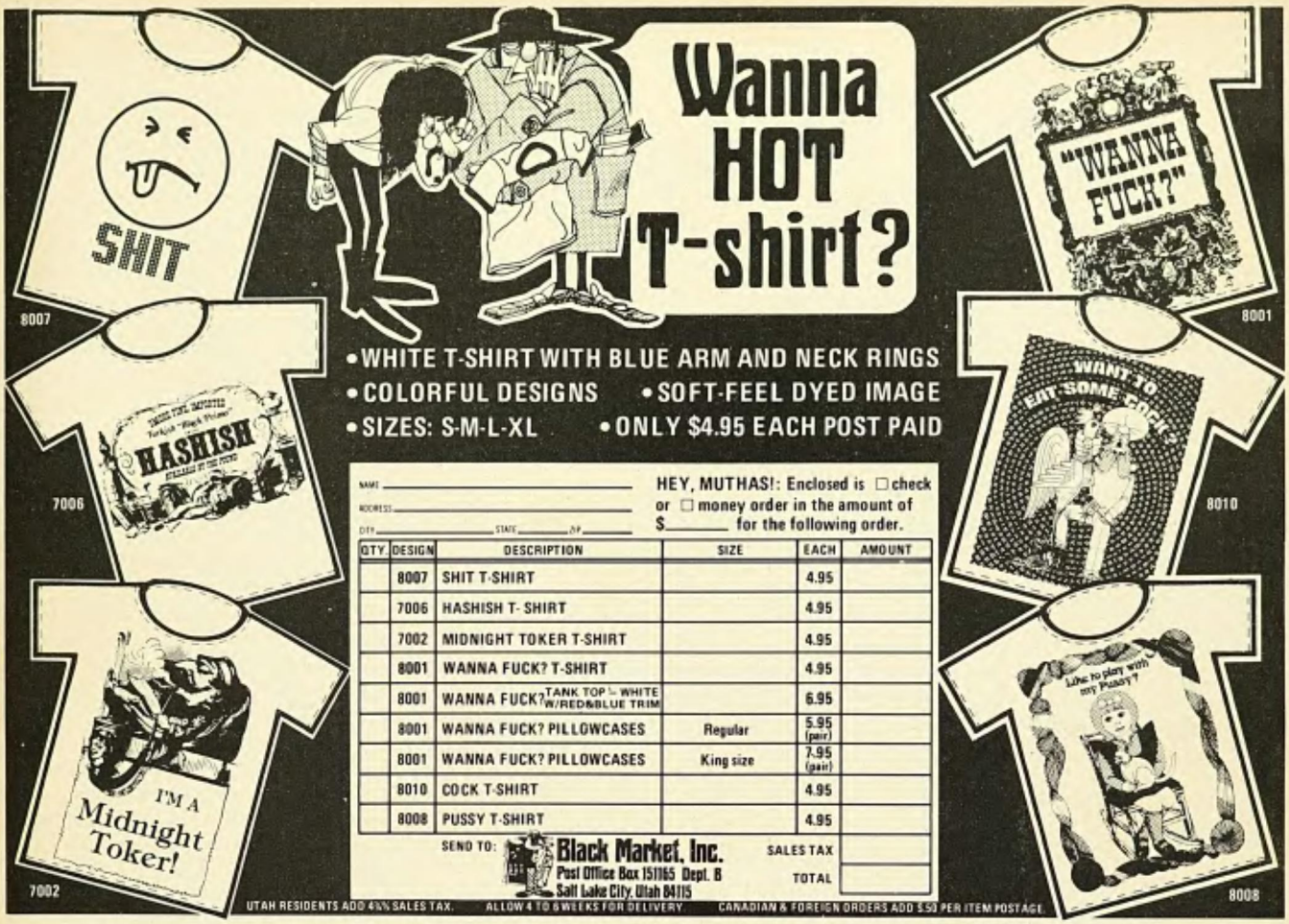
"Yep."

"Then park the truck like I told you."

Gordo went back to his truck and got out a coil of heavy rope. It took him six tries before he got the noose to catch over the support girder at the top corner of the roof. A badass he was, a cowboy he wasn't.

He went up the rope hand over hand until he reached the top of the building and pulled himself up over the edge, out of Pinky's range of vision.

Once on the top, he made his way over to the big swamp cooler. Wrapping his arms around the machine, he lifted it up off the sheetmetal chute that carried the cool air down into the showroom. As he lifted the cooler he tore the fitting loose from the pipe that carried the water to



Wanna HOT T-shirt?

- WHITE T-SHIRT WITH BLUE ARM AND NECK RINGS
- COLORFUL DESIGNS
- SOFT-FEEL DYED IMAGE
- SIZES: S-M-L-XL
- ONLY $4.95 EACH POST PAID

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

HEY, MUTHAS!: Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order in the amount of $_____ for the following order.

QTY.	DESIGN	DESCRIPTION	SIZE	EACH	AMOUNT
	8007	SHIT T-SHIRT		4.95	
	7006	HASHISH T- SHIRT		4.95	
	7002	MIDNIGHT TOKER T-SHIRT		4.95	
	8001	WANNA FUCK? T-SHIRT		4.95	
	8001	WANNA FUCK? TANK TOP W/RED&BLUE TRIM	WHITE	6.95	
	8001	WANNA FUCK? PILLOWCASES	Regular	5.95 (pair)	
	8001	WANNA FUCK? PILLOWCASES	King size	7.95 (pair)	
	8010	COCK T-SHIRT		4.95	
	8008	PUSSY T-SHIRT		4.95	
				SALES TAX	
				TOTAL	

SEND TO: Black Market, Inc.
Post Office Box 151165 Dept. B
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115

UTAH RESIDENTS ADD 4½% SALES TAX. ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. CANADIAN & FOREIGN ORDERS ADD $.50 PER ITEM POSTAGE.

HERE'S A PAIR OF CHOPPER STOPPERS

Find out how fast hauling ass really is. Put this pair of precision-made miniature instruments on your chopper . . . tachometer and 160 MPH speedometer. Illuminated dials. Show chrome. Takes stock cables and fits without hassles. Fits all Harleys, Hondas, 900 Kawasaki, Yamahas, Triumphs and BSA. Chrome brackets and all fittings included.
Send for yours today.

Send $2 for our full color catalog. A complete line of components and accessories to build with. In this catalog you'll find some of the best radical and show-stopper motorcycles in Michigan.

MICHIGAN MOTORCYCLE ACCESSORIES
3227 28TH STREET
GRANDVILLE, MICH. 49418
(616) 532-9088

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

YOUR FORKING PROBLEMS SOLVED

INC.

FORK TUBES-TWEEK BARS
OIL SEALS- BRAKE HOSE
SPEEDO CABLES- KICKSTANDS
FORK BOOTS AND MORE

WE ARE THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER
OF FORKS IN U.S.A.

EXPERT CYCLE

8756 VANALDEN ST. • NORTHRIDE, CA. 91324 • (213) 886-5349

Moving?

If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks **before** changing your address. **Important:** Attach current address label and fill in your name **and new address.** Your filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.

FX & SPORTSTER SISSY BARS SWING ARM CLEARS SIGNAL LAMPS

Show Chromed $29.00
Rigid Frame
Poor Boy Sissy Bar
Plain $20.00
Twisted $22.00

Dealers inquire on letterhead

CUSTOM HYWAY PEGS

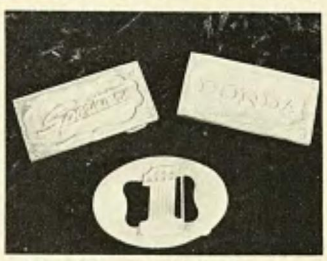
All Sportsters	*BSA*
750 Honda	*650 Yamaha*
500 Honda	*500 Yamaha*
450 Honda	*900 Kawasaki*
Triumph	*750 Kawasaki*
Nortons	*500 Kawasaki*

Specify year of above

Twisted $17.95
Plain $16.95

FX FOOT PEG ADAPTOR
Bolts to master cylinder boss.
1972 & up HD

BELT BUCKLES



$12.95 100% Pewter
Including shipping and handling
Actual size 3 7/8"X2"X1/4" thick

QUICK INDUSTRIES 579 Sunrise Hwy., West Babylon, N.Y. 11704

the swamper, causing water to spray up like a miniature geyser.

He swung his legs over the black pit below, lowered his body its full length, and then released his grip and dropped into the showroom. . . .

Half an hour had passed since Pinky had seen Gordo disappear on top of the building. He was about to get out of the truck and have a look around, when in the rear view mirror he caught a set of headlights coming into the alley behind him. Quickly he vacated the seat and climbed into the back of the van. The patrol car went by so slowly that Pinky thought for sure it must be about to stop. But much to his relief it went on to the cross street, turned and drove away into the darkness.

This was too much for Pinky: a stretch in the joint was not in his plans. Gordo would have to be happy with one truck load. He was strong enough to load it up with bikes by himself anyway. Pinky kicked over the starter and cautiously pulled out of the driveway and onto the street. Turning in the opposite direction from the one the police car had taken, he headed back to the Primary Cover.

* * *

At eight o'clock the next morning, Ray Berg pulled up in front of the store. As he was getting out of his car, Dave Bell, the mechanic, pulled up behind him on his panhead.

"What the hell happened?" Dave asked.

"Two dudes tried to rip off a bike last night, but the police caught them in the act," Berg replied. "The alarm company is supposed to send someone out to put in a new piece of glass. Guess we should go inside and double check everything before he arrives."

The inside of the showroom was dark, because of the boarded-up window frame. Berg ran his hand along the inside of the wall until it came in contact with the wall switch, which he flipped on. Both men's eyes focused on the horror in the center of the showroom floor.

With his legs buckled under him, lying in the center of the huge pile of glass, was the lifeless body of Gordo Boyle. Blood covered nearly every inch of the floor under the pile of glass. Both the main arteries in his legs had been cut and six huge pieces of glass had sliced into his belly. His trip to Mexico had been canceled. ■

18. Born To Ride (8⅝" x 13⅞")

16. A Taste of Honey (8⅞" x 13⅞")

14. Gas Stop (8¾" x 14")

6. Bike Wedding (8¾" x 13⅞")

1. Bike Heaven (9⅜" x 14¾")

3. Tijuana Jail Break (10" x 15⅜")

15. Booze Run (9¾" x 15⅜")

8. Ride Hard—Die Fast (9½" x 14⅜")

7. Motorcycle Funeral (9⅜" x 14¾")

13. Building A Chopper (9" x 14⅜")

17. Outlaw Motorcycle Parade (10" x 13¾")

20. Psychedelic Love Temple (8⅞" x 14")

9. Hollywood Run (10" x 17⅛")

21. Untitled (11¼" x 17¼")

10. Tecote Run (10⅝" x 18")

2. The Blackboard Cafe (12½" x 18⅝")

Original Dave Mann posters

Xmas Special! Any 5 posters only $2.00 each!

12. Bike Zodiac (8⅝" x 14")

We scored! We've located all of the original Dave Mann posters — and they're in absolutely perfect condition!

They are not reprints — they are the real thing — and they are as rare as tits on a bowling ball! They aren't for sale anywhere except through this ad.

Printed in full color on heavy slick stock.

A perfect gift! Mailed in sturdy mailing tubes to protect them — order yours today. The supply is very limited — after these are gone, they won't be available again. Do it today!

Mackenzie Company, Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302

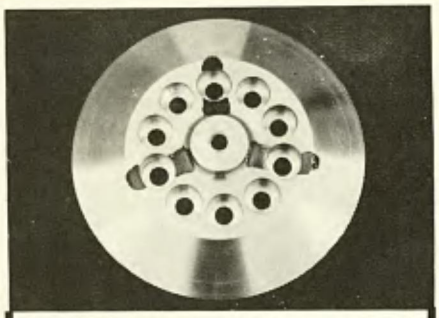
Send me special offer of 5 posters for $2.00 each (add 50¢ postage to total order). Must order 5 posters to get this low price. Single posters cost $3.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

Please send me posters numbered _____

_____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's

1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.

2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area, as pressure is applied to face of clutch plate.

3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.

4. Smooth clutch action.

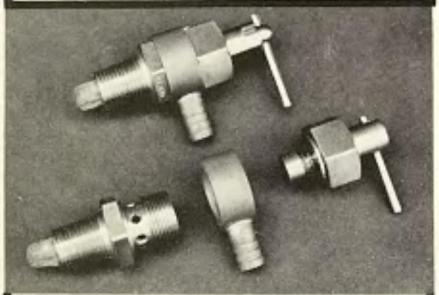
Complete with instructions, installs in ½ hour . . . $19.95 (Add $1.50 for shipping cost)

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C



Hi-capacity Fuel Shut-off

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

- **Large fuel capacity.**
- **Permanently mounted screen.**
- **Standard ⅜" pipe fitting (fits right in H-D fuel tank).**
- **No loose gaskets to break or lose.**
- **Precision machined surfaces.**
- **Banjo fitting for ease of fuel line to carb coupling.**
- **Uses ⅜" ID hose.**
- **Viton O-rings on shaft and fuel chamber seal.**
- **All brass construction, no corrosion.**
- **Heavy duty spring shut-off for rapid, sure-fire closing.**

COMPLETE . . . . $22.50 POSTPAID

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C

Easy Rip-Off's

—Continued from page 13

she was in the slammer her ol' man split with her money and her car. She doesn't show it, but I think she's real down."

"Well, I don't know how much good I can do. I'm pretty low myself. I'll see if I can get Red Burns and we'll come over. By the way, what does she look like?"

"She's a dynamite chick, Dave. Red will like her." Big deal. Red gets a few drinks in him and he likes everybody.

"Okay. We'll be there in a little while." I hang up. Won't this be great? I'm broke, the chick got ripped off, Linda's always hurting for money, and Red is usually borrowing from me.

I call Red. Sure as hell he's home. It's Thursday night for everybody. I fill him in and he agrees. What else is there to do? We might as well all be miserable together.

Even my bike is on a bummer. It doesn't want to start. I give it another kick. Nothing. I'm getting mad. I finished my last cigarette on the phone with Red, so, of course, I crave one now. I kick again, real kick. Ah, it understands.

I ride over to Red's place and we ride together to Linda's, about five miles. If she lived on the other side of town, I would have had to forget the whole deal. Not enough gas.

We arrive at Linda's and put the bikes under the street light. Got to be careful. Linda lives in a shitty neighborhood. Doesn't everybody?

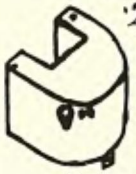
I don't know what kind of a deal this will be. The chick is probably a pig. Red must think so, because he looks like he's trying to scare her more than get friendly. He was working on his new trike when I called and didn't even bother to change his greasy Levi's.

Linda answers the door and lets us in. Her place hasn't changed much. Still too many posters and not enough furniture. I'll bet the refrigerator is empty as usual. Linda doesn't look bad though. She's a good-looking chick, but always too much or too little for what she wants to do. Too much ass for a fashion model, too little boobs for a nude. Too much mouth to be a waitress and too lazy to be a dancer. But I'm making her sound all bad. Actually she's not bad at all. Damn good-looking face and long black

-TRI-BSA-HONDA-CUSTOM

ANDY'S MOTORCYCLE SALES

1408 E LANCASTER STREET
FT WORTH TEXAS 76102
new-used-rebuilt-obsolete-?
(817) 332-0207



'45 oil tank
side fill-mounts easy
SHOW CHROME
comes with fittings
$69.95

all "harley"s

Clear plastic plug threads into crankcase timing hole for accurate ignition timing with strobe timing light. **$3.95**

harley 74 & 45 clutch hub puller $19.95

Used to remove and install piston pin lock rings (1972 and earlier).

74- $9.95

harley oil seal
SPROCKET SHAFT SEAL
send year model
$14.95 early
$19.95 late

(all C.O.D. require 25% deposit)
send $3.95 for catalog (over 350 pages)

WE BUY & SELL OLD WAR SOUVENIRS

Genuine Third Reich Battle flags!!

All with the original halyards and markings. Very good to excellent condition. Only $17.50 while available. . . . or send $1.00 (free with flag order) for our fully illustrated catalog of many other exciting military collectibles.

DELTA INTERNATIONAL Box 361, Dept. ER
Lafayette, Calif. 94549 (Dealers please inquire)

CUSTOM JOHN'S
Bike Painting and Accessories

GAS PROOF EPOXY RESIN

comes clear • used in place of clear lacquer glass like finish • durable • guaranteed not to crack, yellow or fade • standard spray application • also resin primer • both shipped in qts. and gals. • send 50c for our "How to PAINT with RESIN" catalog and price list

Also available: acrylic lacquer candies and pearls, new plastic flake, air brushes, stencil

CUSTOM JOHN'S (714) 956-9781
1100 So. Harbor, Anaheim, Calif. 92805

hair. She just keeps getting into things she isn't suited for. Damned if I know what she is suited for.

We no sooner get the door shut than the chick comes out of the bedroom. O-h y-e-a-h. She's dynamite all right. I didn't think she would be anything like this. This chick is about five foot six or seven. She's got light blonde hair to her waist, and what a waist! Her chest looks like a shelf. Pulled out. Even through the jeans her legs look good. And her ol' man split? Is he fucked up or what?

She introduces herself as Cindy. Red tries to introduce himself but his tongue is hanging out of his mouth so far that he can't talk. I know just how he feels.

We all sit down and start to get acquainted. I try to bum a cigarette from Red, but he's out too. So I settle for one of Linda's feminine menthols. The conversation is all going one way. Red and I are staring at and talking to sensational Cindy while Linda tries to get a word in just to prove she's still alive. It takes Red about fifteen minutes to get around to embarrassing everybody by asking for a beer. Linda tells him she's sorry but no can do. Cindy says, "Let's go get some."

I have to be the one to tell what the deal is. Unless she can spring for it we're out of luck. The well's dry. That doesn't even slow her down.

"Nobody's got any bread?" she asks.

I nod to the sad truth.

"That's no problem," she says. "My ex ol' man and I were always tapped. There's a way if you guys have the nerve."

Red and I agree that we have the nerve, but we aren't going for any smash and grab stuff. Too risky.

Cindy is all smiles. "Don't worry," she says. "I've got a plan that's foolproof. My ex and I did it all the time and we never had any hassles."

I tell her I'm ready if Red and Linda are. I tell her some chow wouldn't be too bad. Cigarettes too, if she knows how to get them. Cindy says to calm down. One thing at a time and we'll get everything we need. Well, I'm ready to hear this sure-fire plan.

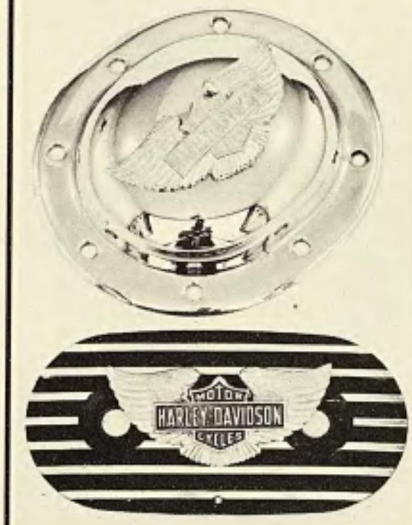
Cindy puts it on us. "It's simple," she says. "Dave, you and Linda just have to look straight and pick up what you want. Red and I will handle the other half of the plan."

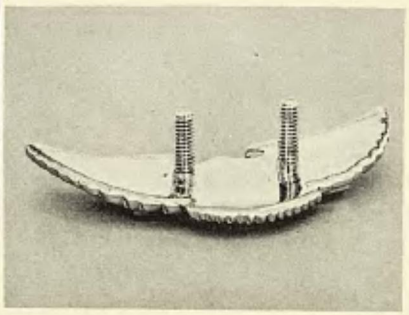
MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON CYCLES

Bolt-on Harley Wings

Actual Size

A Great Xmas Gift!





Now you can bolt these huge Harley Wings to your derby cover, sissy bar, or wherever you want—for we have designed expensive dies to include two ¼-inch bolts as an integral part of the wings—one solid unit—not soldered on.

Photos shown are actual size. They're solid metal, weigh almost a half pound. They're individually made and are either triple chromed or bronzed plated for a lifetime of rugged use.

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

BACK ISSUES

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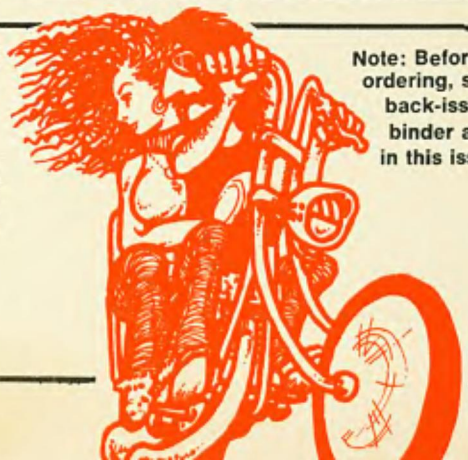

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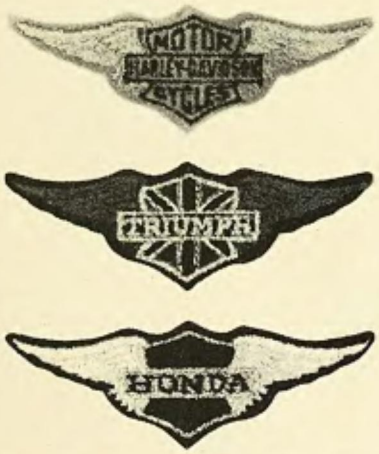

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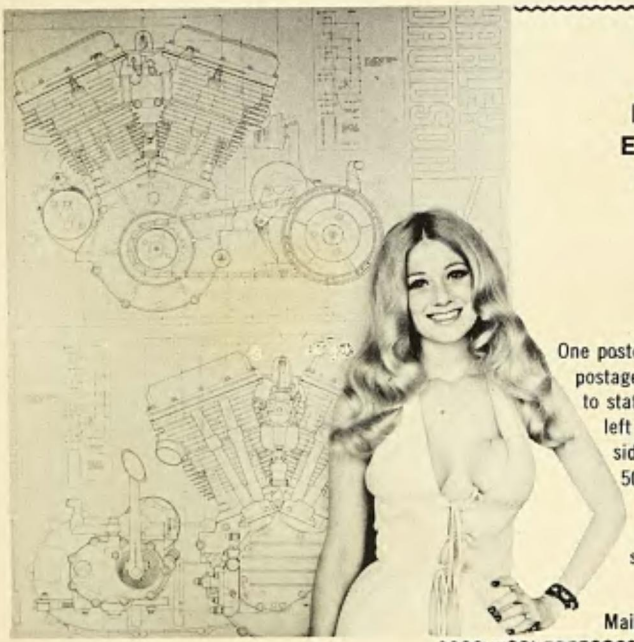

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"Sure thing," I say. "Linda and I just waltz in like we own the place and help ourselves? That's some plan. No, thanks."

She gives us all a sly smile. "Don't worry," she says. "Nobody's going to even see you two. You just go in the store, one of you wearing my knapsack, and put whatever you want in the pack. It's best to also buy something small, like a candy bar, and leave the money on the counter. That's psychology."

I tell her I still don't see how that's going to work. The clerk will see us putting the beer in the pack. But Cindy tells me to have faith. Just go in the Volkswagen with Linda and she and Red will go on his chopper. She then excuses herself for a minute to get ready.

While she's out of the room, Red and I start worrying. How is this going to work? Linda says that if Cindy says it'll work, then it'll work. I only wish I was as confident as Linda. I bum another one of those menthols.

Cindy is back in five minutes. "This is what will make it work," she says. "It's my diversion gear."

The way Cindy looks, she could divert the Sphinx. She is wearing a pair of washed-out cutoffs that ride right at the hairline. In the back they're cut down to show half her ass. And what a delectable ass! Even more interestingly, they have a wide gap on each side and are held together by rawhide lacing. On top she is sort of wearing a halter. It's more like a transparent bib, leaving the sides of her boobs exposed. Big old boobs that jiggle when she moves. Linda wasn't lying. She's a dynamite chick all right.

Linda and I climb into her Volkswagen while Cindy and Red mount his Hog. Cindy's put on an old work shirt for the time being. We drive over to a convenience store and approach from opposite directions.

Linda and I are supposed to go in first and mill around until Cindy gets the clerk's attention. We have to be careful because the place has those big panoramic mirrors on the walls. This may be a great plan, but I'm still nervous.

There're no other customers in the store. I guess you could call us customers. I am planning on buying a candy bar, with Red's last fifteen cents.

Cindy is approaching the door now. I wonder where the hell Red is. She walks in and makes the bell

on the door ring. The clerk isn't even looking up! I feel conspicuous as hell standing here by the beer cooler. Ah, Cindy's cool. She's walking over to the dude. What a walk.

He's looking up now. He drops his coffee cup! I start grabbing things and putting them in the pack. I stop. He could look in one of those mirrors any second. Jesus, my nerves are shot. Besides, I want to watch her too.

Red pulls up on his bike. What the hell is going on? He comes in the front door like a narc on a raid. He walks straight over to Cindy, who is bending over the ice cream box. He grabs her by one arm and jerks her up straight. What is this? She's standing there looking scared as hell. Her left tit has popped out from her top.

Red looks mean as hell. He's standing there holding her up on her toes. Filthy Levi's, greasy boots and cutoff jacket. He's yelling at her.

"What the hell you think you're doin'?" he roars. "I've been ridin' all over the damn place lookin' for you!"

I catch on now. I start cramming everything I can fit into the knapsack. The clerk has his eyeballs glued on the scene in front of him. I push Linda toward the door and walk over to the counter.

"Hey, fella. Here's the money for the candy bar." He doesn't even turn around.

"Okay," he says, and takes a gulp watching Cindy squirming around and Red jerking her arm and yelling at her.

I casually walk to the car and drive out of the lot. We stop a couple of blocks away to wait on Red and Cindy. Linda asks me, "What was that all about?"

"I think it was part of the plan. It sure got that dude's attention!"

Red roars up, laughing his ass off. Cindy is smiling too.

"I told you it was no problem." She grins as she pulls the work shirt back on. What a shame. "Did we get everything we need?" she asks.

"I'm not sure what we got," I answer. "We still need some food and cigarettes."

"Where's the next store?" she asks. My kind of woman.

We split up again and go a mile or so to the next store. This time Linda and I are a lot cooler, since we know how easy it is. Red and Cindy do their act again, only this

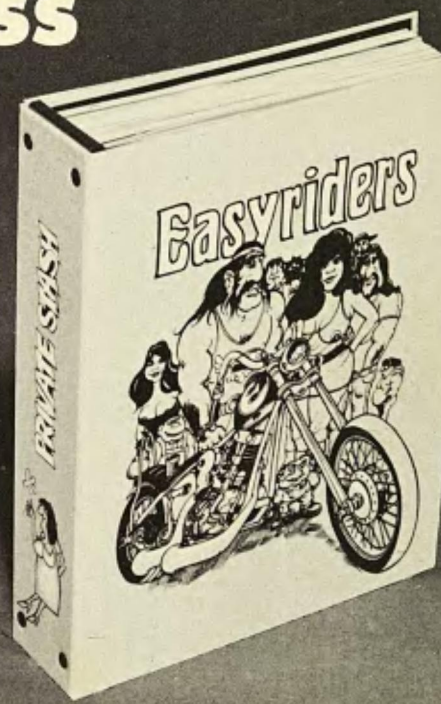
Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

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

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York — which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.

Class



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time she puts a lot more into it. She's screaming back at Red while I'm emptying the frozen food chest.

"You don't own me, you bastard!" she screams. This time it's the right tit that comes out.

"Cut the crap, woman. Get your ass on that bike right now!" Red is a better actor than I thought.

This time the clerk is so excited that I don't even bother with the candy bar. Linda and I just politely make our exit. I don't have fifteen cents anyway.

We wait down the street a lot longer this time. I'm starting to worry.

"What went wrong?" I wonder out loud.

Red and Cindy show up just then. She's smiling, but he isn't.

"What happened?" I ask.

"The bastard turned hero," Red says. "After you left he came over the counter and played the white knight savin' the lady. Pushed me against a counter."

"Really?" Linda asks.

"Yeah," says Red. "And Cindy wouldn't let me deck him."

"I just wanted to rip him off, not kill him," she says. "Besides, he looked hurt enough when I told him to mind him own damn business and rode off with Red here." We all laugh at the poor schmuck.

When we get back to Linda's place we go through the stuff like it was Christmas. I'd been grabbing things so fast I wasn't sure what I got.

The final count is three six-packs, two fifths of red wine, and a quart bottle of beer. I don't even remember seeing that one. We also got four frozen pizzas, two boxes of egg rolls, eight packs of smokes, a half-gallon of chocolate ice cream, and a candy bar.

We start drinking and burning the pizzas in Linda's oven. The meal comes with a floor show. Cindy never did change her clothes. I don't see how she could eat so much and still have such a flat stomach. Must be the active life she leads.

I'm on my fifth slice of sausage pizza when I say to Linda, "You ever notice how much better everything tastes when it's free?"

"Yeah, all the time," she says, with her mouth full. "You gonna take me out after you get paid?"

I take another look at Cindy's big boobs, wide hips, long legs, round ass—and finally I look back at Linda and say as enthusiastically as I can, "Sure, baby, naturally." ■

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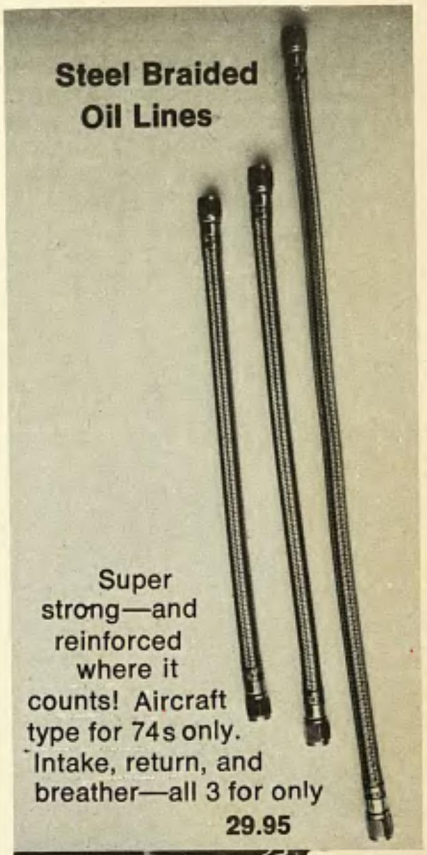

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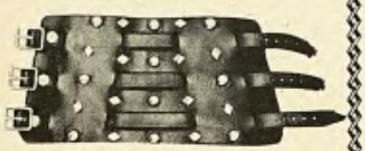

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Wild Mouse

—Continued from page 47

Mouse respectfully declined. The young dude pleaded, and Mouse, being soft-hearted, finally agreed to stop in for one beer. This is another established fact. Again, Mouse told me.

Now then, Wild Mouse sent out a call to his brothers. He informed them of the party and told them that the beer was not only twenty kegs deep, but was free. However, only a few responded to this temptation of the bubbly. A full half hour had passed and only 47 of the brothers had arrived! Jason and Booger Red assured Mouse they would have been there earlier, but traffic was heavy and as a result they were slowed down on their 60-mile trip from the valley clubhouse.

When one of the members said he didn't think it wise to ride their bikes to a superior court judge's home, some hesitated, then one spoke up loudly.

"If I'll ride into the fuckin' police station, I'll damn sure ride up there!"

"Right on, bro!"

"Fuckin' right!"

"I'm afraid, gentlemen, you don't see what I mean. If the police up there see our bikes, we're busted!"

"Yeah. Fact is, that's a high rent district and has its own police. They see us go up there, they call the National Guard!"

"Hold it, hold it!"

Mouse held up his hands to quiet the brothers down.

"I've got it! I got an idea!"

Since everyone else respected old Mouse, the place fell quiet. Then again, maybe it was because nobody else had an idea. Anyway, the place got quiet.

"Dig on this, bros! What say I get the kid's phone number. I call him up. Tell him to call the police there and advise them that two semi-trucks will arrive at their outpost at nine p.m. I tell the kid to okay the trucks through. I tell 'em me and a friend are takin' the trucks to Las Vegas, but wanted to keep our promise to stop in for a beer. Brilliant, huh?"

Mouse's suggestion was met with the kind of comradeship that always accompanies the holding of a patch.

"Fuckin' Mouse is nuts!"

"Crazy bastard!"

"That jail ruined his head!"

"Hey, Mouse. Share that shit you're smokin'!"

"Shut up! Shut up a fuckin' minute!"

The place got quiet. I mean, what the fuck, if old Mouse was gonna flip his lid, might as well listen to him as he goes. Right?

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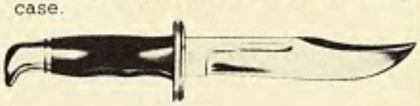

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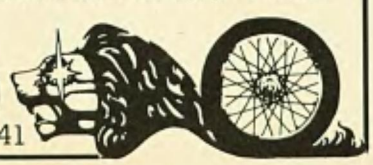

"Man. I gotta explain everything to you fuckers! We put our scoots in the trucks. We put ourselves in the trucks. Me and Les will drive. Once past that police outpost, we pull over up in the hills. Take out the scoots and ride up to the fuckin' party!"

At first there was no reaction to Mouse's plan. The first brother who spoke did so with utmost awe.

"Fan-motherfuckin'-tastic!"

"Right-fuckin'-on!"

Then the whole crowd began slappin' each other on the back, as if each one of them had thought of it themselves. But I'm here to say it was that goddam Wild Mouse who did it.

I wish to insert one fact here. The only reason the brothers rode inside the trucks was out of concern for the conservation of fuel. I know that to be a fact. That's right, Mouse told me.

So it was, then, that the two semis were waved past the small guardhouse and made their way slowly up the winding hill toward the party.

Pulling into a large vacant lot, Wild Mouse waved the bros out of the trucks and from there they rode to the party.

Young J. Egar Robinson, Jr., was pleased to see the Mouse, but did show a little hesitancy when he spied the scooters sitting on daddy's front lawn. However, his fears that his party was going to be crashed were put to rest by big brother Slob, who showed his peaceful intentions by hugging and kissing everyone in sight, including J. Egar's girlfriend, J. Egar's dog, and of course, J. Egar.

Ten minutes after the brothers had arrived, one sweet thing stood up in a chair and called for everyone's attention. Once she had their silence, she indignantly demanded information as to "who ruined the punch by dumping whiskey into it!" However, 25 minutes into the party, the same young lady was demanding information as to "who fucked up the booze by dumping punch into it!"

Knuckly Mike was making friends of the youngsters by sharing his cigarettes with them and finally managed to teach some of them how to roll their own.

Tombstone did his part for public relations by explaining that a muff diver didn't need an oxygen tank. And Animal got into the act by offering to show them the spider he had tattooed on his whammer.

It was about this time that J. Egar decided to show his ability at handling his Yamaha. Taking said machine from the garage, he pulled a wheelstand across the front lawn, up the front steps, through the open front door, across the living room,

into the dining room chairs and table, through the closed glass dining room doors, down the patio steps and right into the middle of the swimming pool.

At this Slob was heard to say, "Now that's what I call class."

"What?" asked Mouse. "You mean him riding like that?"

"No," replied Slob. "I mean throwin' that fuckin' two-stroke into the swimmin' pool!"

And so it was here that the brothers decided to leave. It took several minutes to round them up. Prospect Jason was the last to be found, but was finally located in the upstairs bedroom working on his scooter. When asked how he had gotten there, he quietly informed them that he had taken a right at the top of the stairs.

The next day the local newspaper carried the headline "Bike Gang Invades Judge's Home." The story went on with eyewitness accounts of how a bunch of those dirty, filthy bikers had literally wrecked the judge's home, ruined a social gathering being held by his teenage son, terrorized the children, then threw the boy's motorcycle into the swimming pool!

No reference was made concerning Wild Mouse's bar nor the beer purchased there. One witness said the bikers brought the beer and whiskey with them to the party.

"It was terrible," one young witness reported. "I was really scared to death! I caught them putting whiskey in our punch!"

But the best part of the story gave evidence that the Mouse had been really smart to suggest the right patch for the party. The police had issued an all-points bulletin using the description given by one of the youngsters:

"They wore levi jackets with the sleeves cut off," she told the police. "The club patch showed a picture of two mountain peaks with blood running down instead of snow. There was a bike balanced on the mountains and a full moon rising in the background. The tag at the bottom said 'Bear Mountain, New York.' But it was the top tag that really scared me 'cause it said the name of the club: THE BLOOD GULCH CHOPPER PILOTS."

Slob leaned back against the bar and addressed a few of the brothers who had remained after the party.

"That was a fantastic idea, bros! The Blood Gulch Chopper Pilots! The whole fuckin' police force is lookin' for the Blood Gulch Chopper Pilots!"

Mouse roared with laughter.

"Like I told you, bro, when you go to a party, you gotta wear the right patch. Never wear your own patch to a judge's home; *always* wear a fake one!" ■

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IN MEMORY OF AIRPLANE, who lived to ride. Mississippi. (33)

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Dealer liquidating Harley parts 1909 to date tools & equipment. Value $200,000.00 buyer takes everything for $54,000.00. L. J. Stehberger, 131 Island Ave., West Bend, Wisconsin 53095. (414) 338-0407. (35)

For Sale—cherry trike featured in this issue. Asking $4500. Ken Randazzo, 1775 Piedmont Road, San Jose, California 95132. (33)

Wanted: Inside primary chain case cover and repair manual for a 1958 650 cc TRG Triumph. Kyle R. Shirley, 109 Brooklea Dr., Syracuse, New York 13207. (33)

Financially secure, single, temporarily disabled biker needs a shack up or wife badly. Call 1-412-758-9692 or write Phillip T. Egan, 351 Virginia Ave., Ellwood City, Pennsylvania 16117. (33)

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

Out of slammer, just got bike back on road, look for ol' lady who wants to ride and be rode. Send photo. Big Jim, 108 Byers Street, Apt. #34, Springfield, Mass. 01105. (33)

WARNING—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike don't FUCK with it . . . Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each 3/$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-9, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (33)

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Perfect condition. First issue. The leg wetter. Send bids. Pirate, Box 39, Flagtown, New Jersey 08821. (33)

In the Marines, would like to hear from some chicks. P.F.C. Moses J.C., H.Q. Co. 7th Com. Bn., 3rd Marine Div., FPO San Francisco, California 94100. (33)

Wanted: '48 Harley-Davidson Panhead 74" late model cradle frame with springer. '48 Harley-Davidson Flathead 80" ULH. Basket case or full dresser. **All stock parts needed.** B. Leonard, 2006 Oak St. S.W., Warren, Ohio 44485. Phone (216) 339-2115. (33)

Mail Call

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

Would like to hear from females 19 to 25. Alan Wayne Shelor B-48711, P.O. Box 608, Apt. #8, Tehachapi, California 93561.

Are there any chicks left out there? Mike Quick, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Grab a pen and get with the program. G. J. Roberts, P.O. Box B-36227-C, Tamal, California 94964.

Con needs fox with good head to write. Brian C. Miller #90178, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Female con needs good vibes. Tommie Leverton #9761, Wilson PA-842, Frontera, California 91720.

Help! Could dig writing warm, affectionate ladies. Paul Acklin #13024, Box 100, Somers, Connecticut 06071.

I need to correspond with ladies who are on the for-real side. Bethea Matthew #47683, Box 100, Somers, Connecticut 06071.

Looking for any girl to write to me. Benjamin Morrow #25700, Box 100, Somers, Connecticut 06071.

Need to write some honky chicks. Tyrone Chopper Ashby #38054, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Indian bro needs lady to write. Harold R. Lamb, P.O. Box B-33636, Tamal, California 94964.

Write to me, girl. Joseph Talkowski #2683, Box 100, Vienna, Illinois 62995.

I promise not to bite! Carl Ables #64380, Inter. Reform. E-wing, Tucker, Arkansas 72168.

Any chicks who care to write, please do! Tim Rasmussen, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wisconsin 53933.

Send a kite tonight. Gary Hipp N-33856-A, P. O. Box 535-38, Corona, California 91720.

Tall black needs a letter. George H. Douglas #106022, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Could use some encouragement. Bob Collins, P.O. Box B-57231, Folsom State Prison, Represa, California 95671.

All mail accepted from crazy and freakie chicks. Larry (Bear) Egan #86426-132, Charles (Moses) Reecher #87836-132, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Desire warm and beautiful relationships. Write me. Skip Williams K-2138, Box A, RD #3, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania 16823.

Two California dudes stuck in Oregon. Craig Lieb #37345, Brian Farrand #35535, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

Stay loose and contact me. Bob Pack #142-146, Box 5500, Chillicothe Ohio 45601.

Mail it tonight. Joseph Hanf #03284-156, P.M.B. 1000, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

Drop a bit in the mailbox for me, will ya? Nick Jeffery, CTF-North, P.O. Box 52144, Soledad, California 93960.

Hey, all you slimy, slushy cunts, write us. Michael Gildemeister and Wesley Kuehl, Washington Co. Jail, 432 East Washington St., West Bend, Wisconsin 53095.

Sure would like to have some foxy chicks write me. James N. Cox (29407-120), Box P.M.B., (A Dorm), Tallahassee, Florida 32304.

In a strange state and know no one here! Robert Bradshaw #102430, Southampton Center, Capron, Virginia 23829.

God save letter-writin' chicks. "Freaky" Frank York, P.O. Box A-69850, Tamal, California 94964.

Chicks, drop me a line, will ya? Dennis Marcum #140428, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Need another ol' lady. Mike Ferguson, Box 37304, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

Would love to hear from ya. Rick Gammons #74972, Turney Center U-25, Rt. #1, Only, Tennessee 37140.

Want to spend some bucks on a girlie—dig? Billy J. Redden #23596, Dorm F, F.P.C., Maxwell A.F.B., Montgomery, Alabama 36112.

Write me, hungry mamas! Crazy Harry Ball, 1600 West 24th, Ward 4, Pueblo, Colorado 81003.

Two downed Virginians need scribes. Donald (Hater) Johnson #105105, Tom (Blue) Allen #105059, 701 Sanderson Rd. Chesapeake, Virginia 23322.

Gimme a rush, send a letter. Johnny L. Davis #102747, P.O. Box 27264, Richmond, Virginia 23261.

It'd be good to hear from anyone. Arnold (Stranger) Huskey, Box 500, B-7, 66244, Grady, Arkansas 71644.

I'm waitin' for a letter. Alan E. Aukland #10696, P.O. Box W, C-Unit, Lompoc, California 93436.

Waiting for a ray of sunshine. Tony Sottile, P.O. Box A.E., C6337, San Luis Obispo, California 93409.

We're doing time in a Koncentration Kamp. John (Badass) Koop #20735, Roy (Buffalo Nuts) Boyd #19030, Kansas State Penitentiary, Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

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