

Easyriders

70p

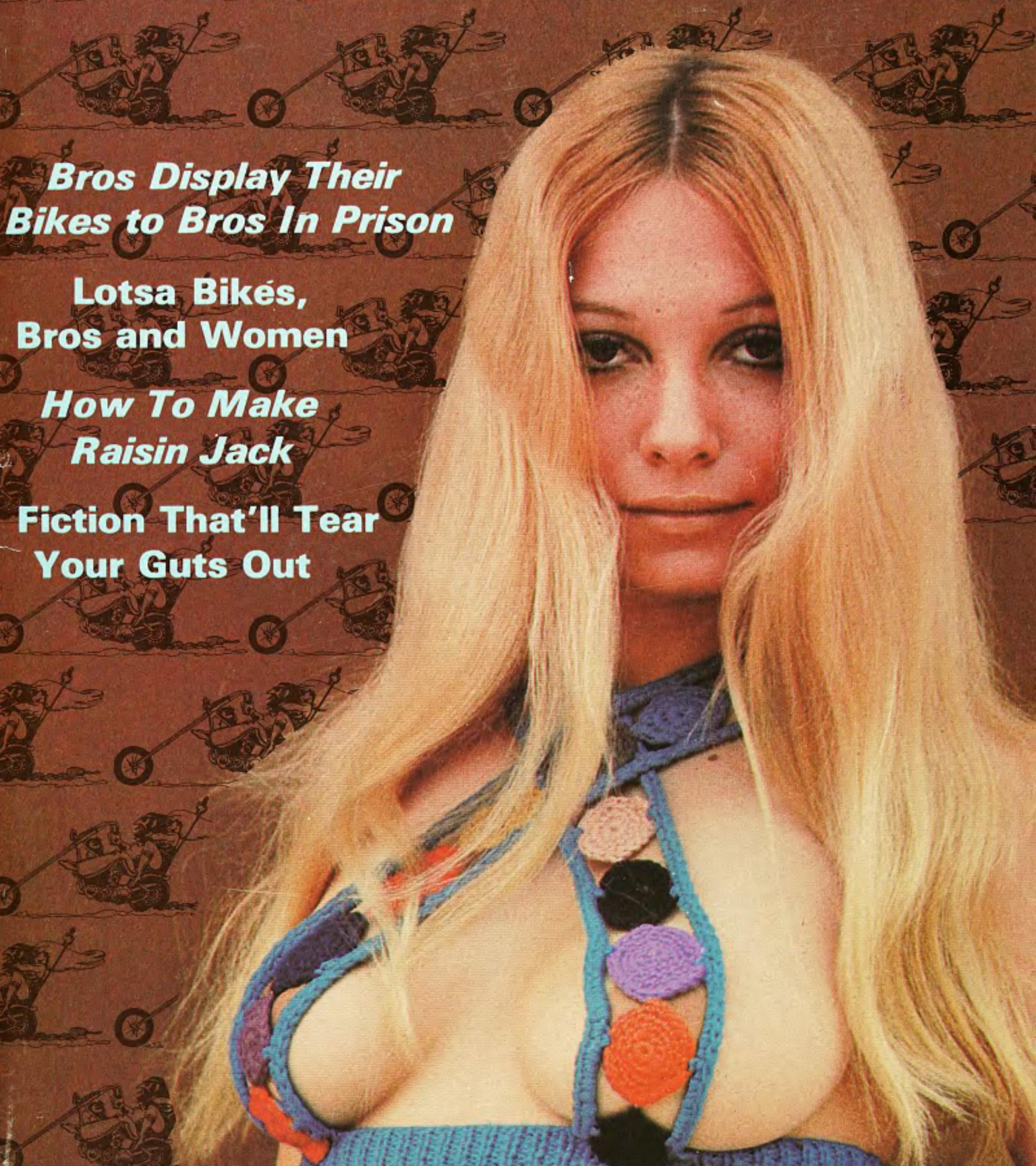
January, 1977
One Dollar

***Bros Display Their
Bikes to Bros In Prison***

***Lotsa Bikes,
Bros and Women***

***How To Make
Raisin Jack***

***Fiction That'll Tear
Your Guts Out***



Black Easyriders T-shirts

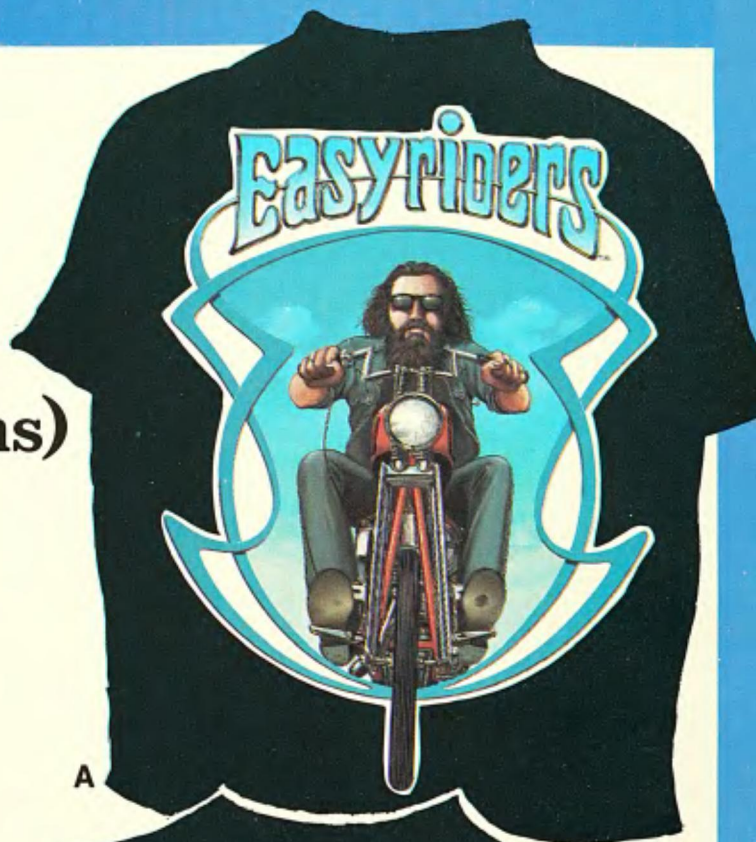
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

Hell, everyone knows the advantages of wearing a black T-shirt—why, it's like wearing your own wipe rag! Just think, now you can wear your shirt longer (won't show crud), and in emergencies you can wipe your hands on it, sop up blood, or whatever—shit, you could even clean your chrome with it.

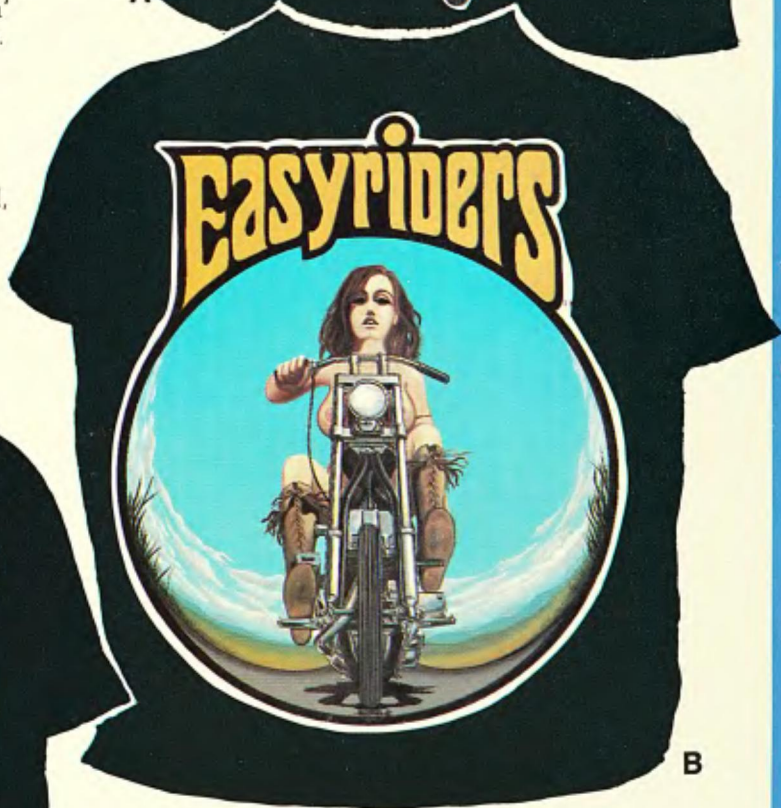
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wetlin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

You'd expect to pay \$25.00 for this 100% cotton T-shirt, but we restrained ourselves, and we'll let you have one for only \$5.45, plus a paltry 50¢ for postage and handling.

So get off your ass and fire us the bread, and we'll send you your shirt so fast you'll wet your pants.



A



B

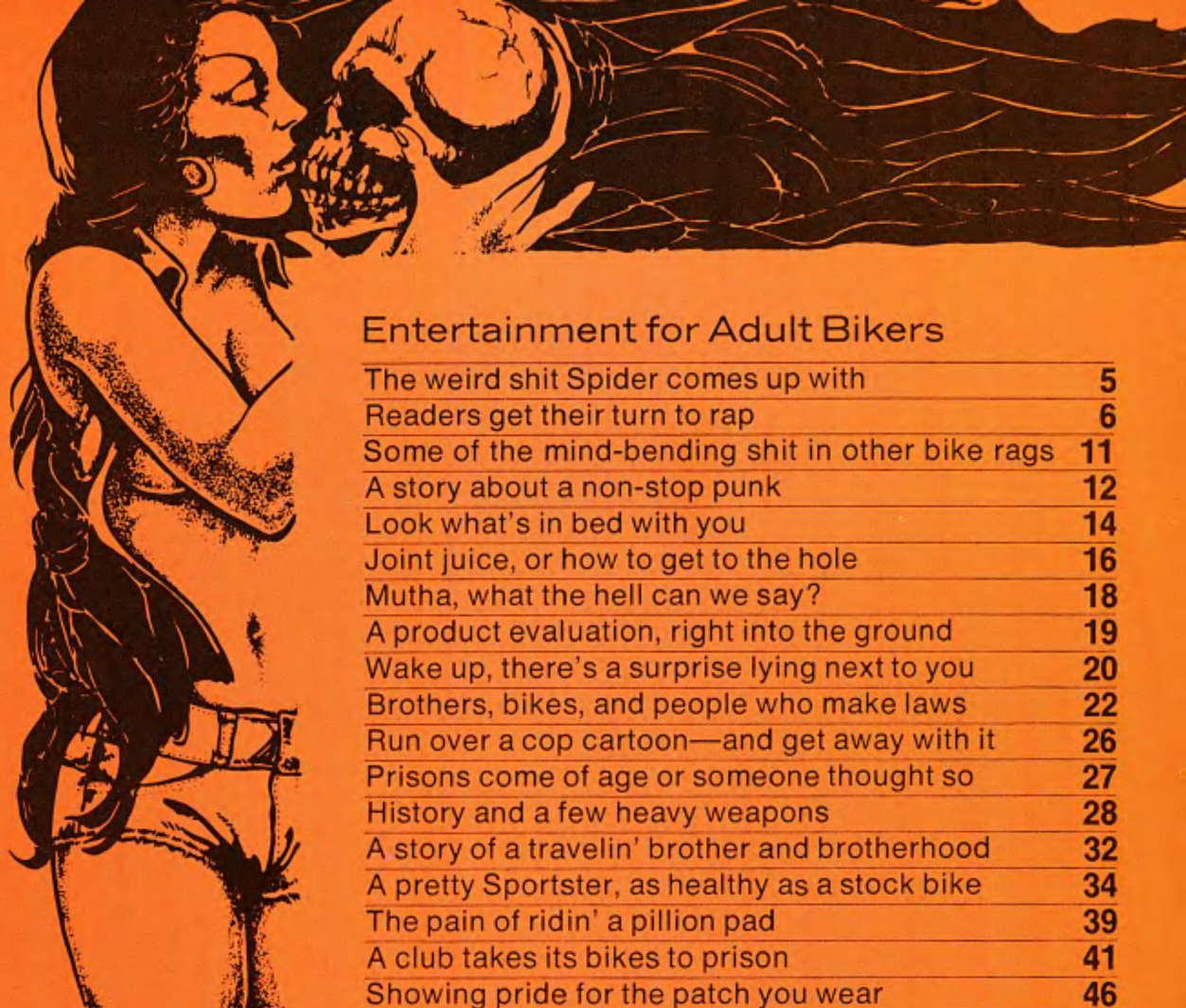


C

Send your order today to:

Easyriders Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me _____ shirts. I have enclosed \$5.95 for each shirt ordered. (\$5.45 plus 50¢ for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.



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Easyriders

Number 43

FTW

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Cover photo of Dorit Henke by Alan Houghton

This bundle of shit paper we call a magazine goes on sale December 28th.

Order in time for Christmas!

This Christmas gift has class!

And it's man-sized too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. 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.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$18.95 plus a measly \$3.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$4.85 over the single mug price.)

Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



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

Whatdafuck dept.: A broad left her five-day-old rug rat under the supervision of her huge German Shepherd, who was starving (hadn't eaten in six days), while she went out to get some money for food for the three of 'em. When she came back, the dog had gotten the munchies and had eaten the baby. She was charged with negligent homicide. The hungry dog was snuffed for making a pig of himself.

Public Service Dept.: Did you know that aspirin and alcohol, when combined, could be deadly? Ya gotta watch what ya eat or drink when you're takin' any kind of medicine (or drugs). So, as a favor to my bros, you can get the facts free from the FDA in a brochure titled "Mixing Medicines" by requesting it from the Consumer Info Center, Dept. 50, Pueblo, Colorado 81009.

Thought you'd like to know that your taxes are financing a two-year study of male and female fags over the age of 60. (I guess it's to see if they're getting any after the age of 60—don't ask me why.)

Can you believe it? The police chief of Bunnell, Florida, is only 19 years old. But under the law, he cannot buy a gun or shells until he's 21!

You can believe this: A former cop in Chicago ran up a total of 943 parking tickets with fines totaling \$235,000, but with a little dealin' the tickets were reduced to 269 and he was fined \$13,500. That's still gotta be a record.

Leg-wettin' fact file: Some researchers at Cornell University, for one reason or another, spent 18 months watching

rats run in a treadmill, and would you believe that female rats ran 2,818 miles each on the average while the male rats ran only 360 miles each? It doesn't prove a damned thing except that the male rats were more prone to ask, "What is this shit?" and shined it on. The dumb broads just kept runnin'.

Good God Almighty! Did you know that the Feds have revealed that we are wasting 3,480,000,000,000 (read trillion) pounds of shit a year? Bullshit is 85%, including cows, hogs, sheep (none of that figure is horseshit). Bet ya couldn't have got through the day without those fantastic facts—right?

Male chauvinism lives! In Istanbul, Turkey, a dude blew away his ol' lady with a shotgun because she didn't set up the breakfast table fast enough.

Hey, chicks—if you want to play it safe, sleep easy at night, and be certain of the ol' man you hook up with, remember a murderer has few, if any, tattoos, as compared with your run-of-the mill scooter tramp, who's loaded up with 'em.

Miscellaneous ramblings: You can get a \$22 ticket in Denmark if you don't hitch up your safety belt. The Chinese Communists sell pot seeds for a few pennies a pound—they recommend pot as a constipation cure over there. A woman was busted for putting out a contract on a dude because he repeatedly made offers to buy her property. Some chicks would be interested in the results of a research project to determine if girls still start their first period at the same age. They do. The average is still 12.8 years. It took ten years to find this out. (Oh yes, fatter girls start earlier.) Laser beams are now being used to get rid of unwanted tattoos. Dumbass dog: A dog was on trial for viciousness, and he goofed. When the district attorney walked past, the dog took a chunk out of the dude's ankle. The judge immediately said no further evidence was needed and ordered that the dog be chained in the future. (Shit—just because he didn't dig the D.A.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Deviates

□ I just got home from work, had a couple of beans and a joint, and was looking at some old **Easyriders**. This chick in one of your mags looked like I had seen her somewhere else. Sure enough—I remembered. Got my porno mags out, and on page 112 of **Hustler** (August 1976) there she was showin' her pussy off.

Nuthin' but a bunch of perverts and deviates read your mag. It's neat.

Roger
Lawndale, Calif.

Tossed Rocks

□ To the pigs who got hit with the rocks while totally screwing up the recent bike swap here in K.C.: We are really sorry that the rocks weren't bigger!

Rude Dude, Rat, Tarzan
Kansas City, Mo.

Ahhh, Thanks

□ Every time I see a literary critic puking in the street, I rush out to the local magazine rack to pick up the latest issue of **Easyriders**.

A Reader
Topeka, Kansas

Turd Brains

□ It's not too often that I feel inclined to write to a magazine editor, but I think it's about time you pulled your fuckin' head out of your ass. There's one thing that concerns me more than anything else and that's freedom. Publishing a rag such as yours, you should be concerned with it too. On page 17 of the Oct. issue you printed the calling card of the NSWPP—the Nazi party. Don't you realize that the Nazis are the short-haired, goose-stepping turd brains to whom liberalism is a dirty word? If you value your freedom, man, how can you associate with this? I'm sure that the American Nazi Party has little use for

bikers other than to further their political ambitions. One thing for sure, NSWPP does not mean freedom.

Rudy
Milwaukee, Wis.

■ We believe that true freedom is letting everyone have his say—even you.

Loudmouth

□ This is to all the ol' ladies out there who are constantly moaning and groaning about being left at home while your ol' man is out on a run. I see it this way—if you bitch about being left at home, it's probably not the only thing you're bitchin' about. Who the hell wants a loudmouth chick on the back of his bike while making a run? Think about it.

Mushroom's ol' Lady
Virginia Beach, Va.

Helmet Testimonial

□ A couple of months ago my father bought the June '76 issue of **Easyriders**. In the ABATE section I learned about the bro who was killed by his helmet. I own a Honda XR-75 and was teaching my brother to ride when he ran into the house. If he had not been wearing my helmet, he would probably have been killed. Luckily, he escaped with a concussion and a couple of days in the hospital. So print this and show the other side of wearing a helmet. If you don't print it, you know what you can do with your whole damned magazine.

Jumpin' Jack Flash
Walpole, Maine

■ Yeah, stick it up your ass.

Response To Knuckles

□ In reply to Knuckles in P.A. and Murf in Calif., I happen to be one of those titless wonders, and you'd be surprised what us little

wonders can do with our tits—things those big-boobed broads could never handle. And what about you small-cock bastards?

Sherrie
Presque Isle, Maine

Prison Aid

□ My ol' man brought home your Aug. issue. As always, I read it from front to back. I came across a solution someone had for tired meat beaters in jail, called Aunt Molly. Well, I have an even better one. It's called a Fee Fee Bag. You can use any plastic bag filled with shaving cream. Fill a sink with hot water and let the shaving cream filled bag soak until it's hot. Put it on your dribbling cock and get your rocks off.

Debbie G.
Van Nuys, Calif.

Picky Picky

□ You guys must have your brains up your ass. In your Oct. '76 issue you used the same joke in "Sick Tilly" you used in your April '74 that you used in your April '74 issue.

Roach
Unity, Maine

■ Cheap dope does screw up a dude's memory, ya know.

Down On Broad

□ Your magazine would be well worth reading the good articles if it weren't for the trashy broad pictures. There are lots of nice-looking, decent girls still around—and besides, women have been here as long as men. Why act like you've never seen one before? Don't degrade your magazine. I like it.

Smitty
Hamilton, Ohio

Shitfaced

□ Here I sit reading page 6 of your fuckin' Sept. '76 rag on August 21, and you meatheads stick in an in-

itation for a three-day party in Alpha, Mich., on July 16. Those fuckers must be some fuckin' shitfaced by now.

Boogying Bush
Boston, Mass.

■ Keepin' our shit together is a problem at times.

Fuck Flick

□ Where did you cock-breath assholes find the skaggy whore you used in your October rag—out of a 1933 fuck flick? I wouldn't let her lick my fucking hemorrhoids!

Bro Mosca
Skaggs Island, Calif.

Wacky Weed

□ Your staff should get an extra piece of raisin pie, an extra case of Bud or Coors, and an extra ounce of wacky weed for putting out a damned good mag.

Chipmunk
La Rue, Ohio

■ The only extras we get around this rockpile are extra hours and extra work.

All Right Chick

□ In your November issue, page 56, tell the dude he has an all right chick. She's the best thing I've seen in a long time.

P. Kovack
Solon, Ohio

Banned In Michigan

□ I'm sending you a letter sent to me by the Book Screening Committee of the Corrections Dept. here in Michigan. It bans your rag from the readers here in prison.

I hope you will print it so people all over the country can see who and what kind of people are running prisons and just how perverted these people's minds are. I hope that people will look at other magazines and see that the very reason given to ban your

**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.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



**Righteous
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HARLEY EARRINGS

Genuine
Gold or
Silver



Enlarged 300% to show detail

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

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more. They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

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

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



**ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY**

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



magazine can and will be found in every mag (almost) being sold. You can print my name and address with this letter, for I'm maxing on this blt anyway. And I really don't care what these people think of me.

Tony Bones Wannager
Marquette, Mich.

And here's the officials' letter:

Easyridders is being returned to the Publisher with a request for refund for one or all of the following reasons as stated in Policy Directive R-6.

1. Specific information regarding manufacture of weapons, explosives, incendiary devices, poisons or dangerous drugs.
2. Clearly inflammatory writings advocating disorder, violence or insurrection against the Department of Corrections or any of its facilities.
3. Pornography that has as its dominant theme an appeal to prurience in sex or concerns itself with sadism, violence and/or unlawful sexual behavior.
4. Publications whose major subject is detailed instruction in the martial arts such as judo, karate, aikido, kindu, kung fu and similar self-defense techniques.

■ Shit, we don't fit any of the categories.

A Certain Mystique

□ When I see a man mount his machine and fly down the open road with the wind in his hair and freedom in his heart, I just have to smile. There is a certain mystique that surrounds these present-day outlaw men. It gives me a feeling of nostalgia—souls akin to the rugged frontier men who carved the old West out of rock with their bare hands. Ride on, bros—fast, far, and proud, and always together.

J. P.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

More On Carls

□ How about more on Maria Carls on the cover of your Sept. '76 issue?

She's got the most beautiful, innocent-looking eyes. I think I'm in heat.

Joe Hammack
Homer City, Pa.

■ So are we.

Sturgis Run

□ Once again our annual run to Sturgis, S.D., was a righteous happening. Lotsa booze and assorted party goodies. There was plenty of organized shit for those who wanted it, and freedom and space for those who wanted to do their own thing. In short, it was one hell of a week-long party with everyone getting loose and doing what he wanted to.

One sour note, however: The Man was really bending over backwards to let us have our fun. Then a couple of dumb bastards with their heads up each other's ass wouldn't let it go at that and started tossing bottles at squad cars. Those fly-speck turds know who they are, and if they fuck up a righteous party with their second-grade mentality again, they're going to be taken care of.

Troyd
Excelsior, Minn.

Pissed At AMF

□ I'm really pissed, man. I've read most of the bike rags lately, and they all seem to be sayin' the same thing. "AMF-Harley is improvin' their help, quality control, and service." Bullshit! I bought a new Sporty and it broke down in three and a half days (defective swingarm). The parts were ordered from the factory but didn't show. After two weeks I got pissed and called the factory direct. Then they still screwed up and misplaced my order!

The Redman
Madison, Wis.

Profiling

□ What I'm writing about is something that bothered me lately about your mag, and this time it ain't the sexism. It's about all those assholes profiling with guns you've been featuring. I suppose they think they're projecting a real badass image, down to the surliest tough-guy scowls they can possibly muster up. Listen, I'm a gun owner and dig

'em too. Hell, my ol' man uses his to kill a lotta the meat for the table. But to profile with a gun only shows a guy to be a punk. Phygaro Ramos
Colima, Mexico

Best Wishes

□ To that snatch sucker who stole my ol' lady: Her box tastes like dried fish. I hope you choke on it.

Roach
Unity, Maine

A Suggestion

□ Why don't you guys do a sports feature, something like the art of wife beating? Uncle Meat
Ontario, Canada

■ We figured our readers didn't need lessons.

Sayin' His Piece

□ I hope that "O.D. For A Brother" really happened to some clown, because that's what the punks deserved. Anyone who has been around at all knows that real bikers don't fuck with needles!

I said my piece because I don't want any of the weekend warriors to think that's what it takes to be a biker.

B. J.
Belton, Mo.

A Favor

□ Do us just one favor—don't ever fold up.

Cat
Laurence, Kansas

■ Christ, we'll try not to.

An Offer

□ I'm going to make an offer nobody can refuse. Anyone bringing proof of a one-year's subscription to your rag into my shop gets any parts that I'm able to supply him at 10% above my cost. If he (or she) brings along a copy of **Easyridders**, it's 10% off. Obviously, I dig your rag and agree with your life-style.

Tommy Waldrop
B & T Speed
107 Parker Street
Abbeville, S.C. 29620

A Flash

□ Hey! I've got a flash. A few days ago I overheard a conversation about the "scratch and sniff" photos. They're photos of fruit, pizza, and other crap like

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!

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

Book *Easyriders* Magazine

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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

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

(California residents add 5% for tax)

**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist**

**For
\$31.50**

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A fine quality
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movement. Shock-
resistant! Genuine
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dial with red, white, and
blue chopper, speeding
ticket, and M.P.H. speedo design.

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Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid
_____ watch(es) price: \$31.50 each.
Calif. Residents add 6% tax, \$1.58.
Enclosed find ☐ Money Order
☐ Check for \$_____. Please,
No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

that. When you scratch
the picture, you smell the
fruit or whatever it is.

Okay, now for my idea.
How about a monthly fold-
out of a scoot with a foxy
cunt doing a spreadeagle
on it. Of course you'll have
to make the foldout
"scratch and sniff." Then
all of us rotten fuckers can
read our **Easyriders** and
spend the rest of the day
sniffing our fingers. You're
the only magazine I know
that would have enough
guts to try this. I bet there'd
be a lot of brothers who'd
get a shit hemorrhage
out of it. The only problem
I can see is that you might
have to sell your magazine
in sealed plastic bags.

Larry
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Beef About Wind

☐ In your November issue
your "Wind" feature was
actually a protest run in-
stead of the usual good
stuff. We want the regular
feature—with bike photos
from **everywhere**. In short,
don't fuck with your usual
"In The Wind" section.

Tony Sundley
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ From time to time we
want to feature runs, and
there are only so many
pages in this rag—so some-
thing has to give. Besides,
the run features (as with
the Quentin spread in this
issue) show all types of
dudes and scoots, as the
"Wind" section does. So
we figure it's a way of
showing runs and "Wind"
photos in one feature. Be-
sides, we don't do it all
the time—only when we
come across a good run

feature. The regular "Wind"
section is our favorite too.
All that us poor scooter
tramps are tryin' to do is
please our bros. Let us
know what ya think.

Thanks

☐ Hey, thanks for recog-
nizing the "Foxy Riders" in
the November Issue. It's
about time you asshole
chauvinists acknowledged
the many chick bike riders.
How'd it happen? Did
someone slip up?

Janey
Hollywood, Calif.

■ We get loose every once
in a while.

Centerspread

☐ The November center-
spread was farfuckingout.
It said it all. I was so freak-
ed out that I wet my leg.
Scoot Tramp
U.S.A.

Decent

☐ Your stories never cease
to amaze us, especially "A
Mama In A Million" in your
October issue. It was
decent as hell. Keep up the
good work.

E-Z Wider & Dusty
Arvada, Colorado

☐ After reading your fuck-
ed-up story "A Mama In A
Million," I came to the con-
clusion that you're all a
bunch of baboons. I
wouldn't give you fuckers
two pints of piss for the
shit you print.

Pissed off ol' lady
Conneaut, Ohio

■ Gimme a kiss.

☐ Just finished reading "A
Mama In A Million." It was

beautiful. I laughed my
fuckin' ass off. But it seems
to me that the least the
dude could have done was
chain her other leg so The
Man could have cut it off
too, and she wouldn't have
to walk around lopsided.

The Mayor
Harrods Crk, Ky.

☐ I thought your rag was
really fuckin' righteous. I
usually sit down, smoke a
couple of joints, read it
front to back, and laugh my
nuts off. But that fuckin'
shit you turkeys called a
story, "A Mama In A Mil-
lion," really sucked camel
cock. I wasted a gram of
good tokin' blond Lebanese
hash on that fucked story
and had to smoke another
'cause that shitty story
brought me so down.

Russ
Detroit, Mich.

■ Depending on where
your head's at, a sick story
could be a trip once in a
while.

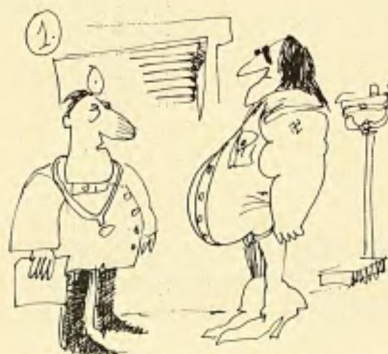
More Goofs

☐ You dudes seem to be
making more mistakes in
your mag lately. What hap-
pened? Run out of good
dope?

Bruce Wayne
Tyler, Texas

■ Nope, ran into some.

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.



"Okay, get that shirt off and we'll
have a look at that beer gut!"



Biker's Digest

It figures...

A poll of the Blue Knights M/C chapters (made up of law enforcement personnel) shows that the organization favors repeal of mandatory helmet and headlight laws. However, International President Wayne LaBree reports that some chapters chose not to vote and in one case it has been disclosed that the reason for one chapter's failure to make known an opinion on helmet/headlight laws was that a Chiefs of Police Association pressured the Blue Knights members into not taking a stand—or else they would lose their jobs. There you go, folks. Democracy in action.

— Roger Hull
Road Rider

Helmet tests...

Even today there is only one headform size available to test helmets to the federal standard. Thus, while average-size helmets can be tested, about one-half of the helmets manufactured, those larger and smaller—for example children's helmets—go untested.

Only recently has the DOT begun to test helmets to its standards. However, it does not distribute the results of those tests. Thus, the motorcyclist has absolutely no guarantee that the helmet he purchases with the "DOT Standard" sticker attached actually complies with that standard.

Standard Number 218—Motorcycle Helmets—depends on a system of "self certification" by the manufacturer, subject to evaluation, testing and penalties. It is possible, under the existing system, for a manufacturer to make a helmet, apply a DOT sticker and market a product which does not conform to Standard Number 218. The burden to establish compliance is dependent on the DOT to test the product as time allows. The motorcyclist, in turn, may pay the ultimate price.

We would urge the adoption of a system, to be incor-



porated into the Standard, which would require compliance testing prior to product marketing and penalties for retailers offering inferior helmets for sale to the cycling public. In addition, the Standard should be revised to include provisions for periodic publication of the manufacturers of DOT-approved helmets.

— AMA News

Last good one...

Harley fanatics will differ in opinion from point to point, but most agree on one thing: the last good shovel Harley made was in 1966. We are not Harley buffs enough to know if this is real or fancy, we only know the seasoned H-D believer will nod his head sagely and pontifically declare it to be true.

— Custom Bike

Helmet statistics...

For your so-that's-where-they-got-those-statistics file, consider the strange conflict of opinion which took place in Santa Fe, New Mexico, recently. A biker who had taken part in a helmet protest rally was hit by a car and killed. The police report said the biker was not wearing a helmet at the time and that a helmet might have saved his life. The doctor who treated the biker before he died said the cause of death was not head injuries but "face injuries" and that he could have snapped his neck if he had been wearing a helmet. Seems to us that if law enforcement officers can render such medical decisions then the doctors oughta be giving out traffic tickets.

— Roger Hull
Road Rider

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Where'd the bikers go?

I should like to point out that even though Laconia is thought of as a vacation hot spot for the area, the beach is very small and the water is oftentimes too cold for swimming.

Other than that, you had better dig on the scenery, or just looking at other bikers and their creations. Along with the limited attractions which must keep you amused before the weekend and races, bikers have to contend with the local police and a lack of facilities. To take one step at a time, last year there wasn't any camping allowed along the eighteen-mile stretch of roadway between Laconia and Loudon. Years ago, both sides of the roadway literally became one big campground as clubs attended the meet in full force. They also made up the majority of choppers which were ridden to the event. We only noticed two clubs the whole weekend, and they were of limited numbers.

Why didn't the bikers come?...

Sure, the No Parking signs still lined the streets in the center of town and the No Camping along the roadside was still enforced, but there is a reason why the cops were relaxed.

Number one on the list was the absence of clubs. Word has it they all went to Bowling Green, Kentucky, where bike drags were being held the same weekend. Needless to say, that removed a lot of the custom bikes from the Laconia weekend also. The local merchants and townspeople haven't forgotten the Laconia Week back in the early '70s when the clubs went wild, and the small town looked like a war had broken out complete with burned-out cars and littered streets. They won't miss the biker clubs.

— Jim Clark
Street Chopper

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

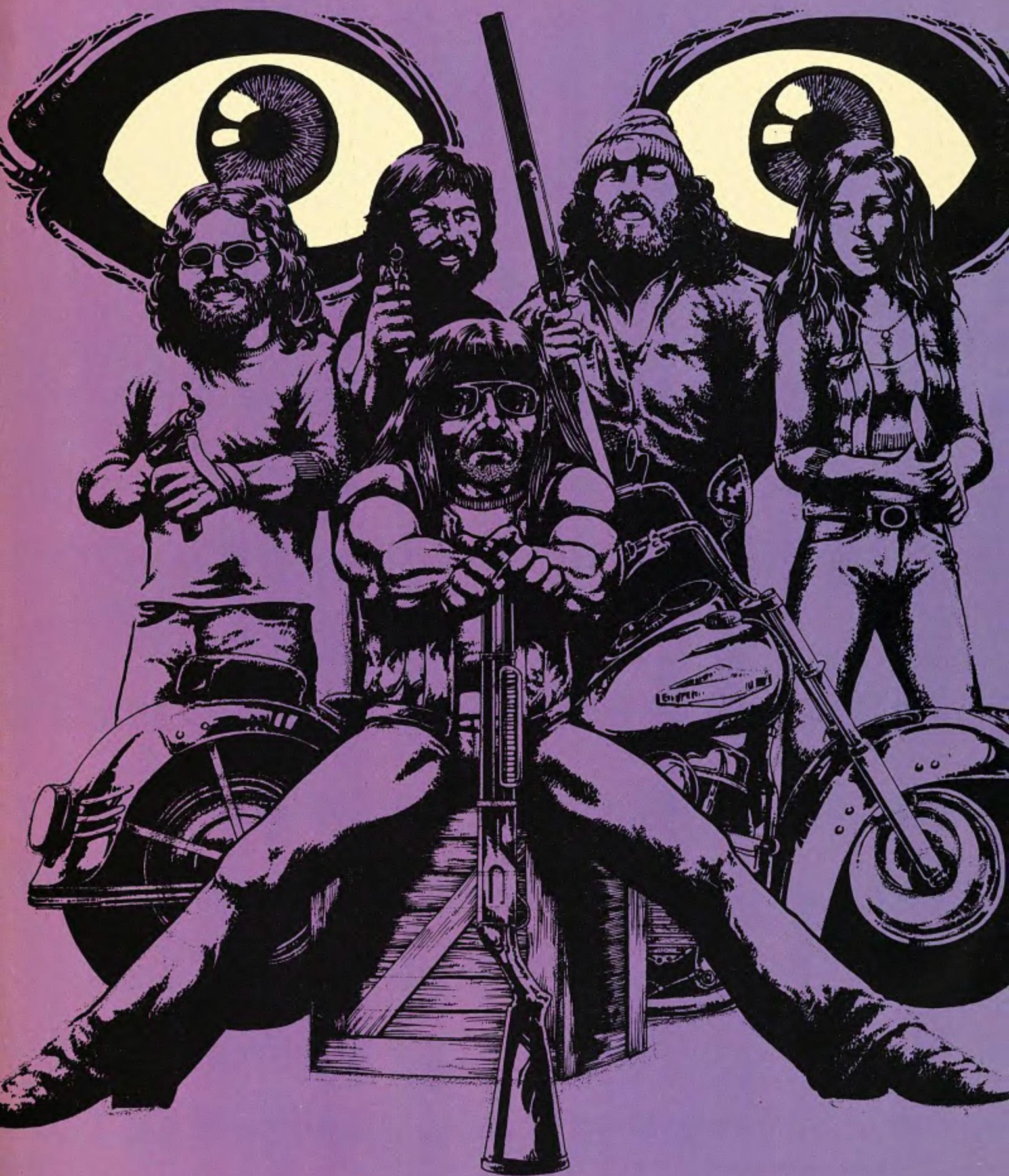
Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740





Carefully and quietly the pickup truck eased into the back yard from the darkness of the alley behind the house. Secure in the knowledge that the constant noise of partying within the brightly lit house was covering the muted mumbling of his truck's motor, Eustace Zale backed the vehicle to within a few feet of the haphazardly parked choppers gleaming with highlights reflected from the blazing windows. There he stopped, killed the engine and got out—a small, twisted figure who limped as he moved silently among the machines, searching for the familiar burnished copper panhead owned by a man whom he despised more than all the other bikers he hated.

Locating the panhead, Eustace laboriously began pushing it toward the waiting truck, his puny body straining with the machine's weight, his hideously deformed mouth quivering with mingled fear and excitement.

Got 'it! he thought exultantly. He'll shit hairy bolts when he finds his scooter gone! The great Marauder Reynolds, prez of the goddam Mile Lickers M/C, afoot and without his fancy, fuckin' two-wheeled dildo!

Thinly muscled arms aching against the heavy machine's ponderous bulk, chest burning with his gasping breaths, Eustace struggled to push the panhead around another chopper leaning arrogantly on its stand between him and the truck beyond it.

I'll set fire to the rest of their bikes and be outa here before they know what's happenin', he decided, glancing at the house that was now fairly trembling with the violent sounds of loud music, laughter, protesting squeals and occasional thumpings.

"Animals," Eustace whispered in a voice venomous with hatred. "Rotten, nasty animals! But I know how to hurt them!"

* * *

Inside the house, the two prospects had just finished proving their right to wear the new patches by performing a considerable number of strenuously sexual activities,

simultaneously, with the drunkenly jaded cooperation of the club mama while the rest of the members and their women watched. Reactions to the performance ranged from mildly contemptuous amusement to noisy enthusiasm.

While the panting new brothers were given fresh beers and the dull-eyed mama sat nakedly, sweatingly staring into space, hefty Marauder's beaming approval was interrupted by another brother—the lean and crafty-faced Grabber Jones—who sidled unhurriedly over to the hulking honcho with a wry smile.

"Man?" said Grabber.

"Yeah?" grunted Marauder, dreamily stroking his newest young broad's behind with a huge and greedy hand.

"It's Useless again," said Grabber.

"What's useless?" demanded the young broad in a resentful whine, balefully eyeing the intruder whose presence was costing her Marauder's full attention.

"Shut the fuck up," rumbled Marauder, pinching her firm buttock while she flinched with pain. "Y'mean *our* Useless?"

Grabber nodded, grinning.

"Oh, shit!" groaned Marauder.

"I went out to the back porch to get another case of suds to chill when I spotted the little prick. Same old drill. Truck and all." Grabber gestured toward the back yard. "He's so goddam busy he didn't see me watchin' him."

"Oh, fuckamighty!" sighed Marauder, shoving the pouting girl away. "Clue the others and let's nail the dipshit before he does any damage."

"Right, bro!" agreed Grabber, smirking maliciously at the shunted chick and making a mental note to have her—after Marauder was safely crashed—in retaliation for her rejection of him earlier in the week.

The stereo speakers blared on.

* * *

With the panhead winched nearly into the truck's bed, Eustace froze as the darkness suddenly exploded into blinding light thrown at him

Never Say Die

By Carl Kohler

—Continued on page 72



An Act of Mercy

By John Watson

A summer's day. The wind against Jesse's face was cool, now that he had risen above the smog and the heat of the city, traversing the winding road that led from Pasadena to Palmdale, over Angeles Forest Highway.

The smog had thinned, then disappeared at the one thousand foot mark, and now, at nearly three thousand feet above sea level, the air was clear and clean.

This morning, Jesse owned the road. There had not been a single car to pass, nor any in the opposing lane since he had begun the steep climb, and the coarse asphalt roadway sang beneath the tires of his Hog as he bent into every corner with the precision of a road racer, maintaining an even speed. He heard the voice of Freedom in the wind, felt her tender caress on his body.

To his left, the mountains rose straight up from the road, and, now and then as he rounded a turn, startled deer, standing in the roadway, leaped quickly and lightly into the forest, to disappear in its dense foliage. To his right was the precipitous downswEEP of the mountain, in some places more than a thousand feet almost straight down, while in others the angle was broken by terraced ledges covered with brush and stunted pines that had struggled for centuries to maintain their foothold on life.

Jesse grinned as he passed viewing points along the side of the road where passersby might pull off to park and gaze at the beauty of the valley far below, the valley that

was more often than not filled with smog that hid the city, but that, when blown away by errant winds, gave one the opportunity to see not only most of the Los Angeles Basin, but the faraway sea as well.

Jesse grinned, knowing that the hundreds of tire marks lacing the surface of the parking areas were put there not so much by sightseers as by lovers who parked there at night, high schoolers after the prom, dancers after the dance, or just boys out for a night with their girls in the old man's car. At one parking area he passed, a pair of bikini panties adorned the top of a stick, thrust into the ground like a flag atop Mount Everest, proclaiming success in reaching that difficult objective.

Passing through the long tunnel near Miller Creek Summit, Jesse's Hog rumbled out of the darkness and into the morning sunlight once again, and in a moment he was over the top of the mountains, heading down again, his engine taking on a newer, less labored sound as the road dropped toward Palmdale and Lancaster, his destination.

He had cruised easily down the mountain for a mile or so when the first car of the day appeared. It was a Maserati, long, low and sleek. It came toward him quickly, up a long stretch of road, flashing by in a red blur, the driver sitting low, his teeth gleaming white in a wide smile beneath dark glasses. It disappeared behind Jesse, and as he reached the turn at the far end of the straight stretch, a black and

white police car, siren screaming, red lights flashing, slid an erratic course around the turn and gave chase, fully half a minute behind its prey but with an apparent determination to close that gap. The black and white straddled the double line, forcing Jesse to grip the handlebars tightly and move over nearer to the shoulder of the road to avoid collision, and as the police car whistled by with its two cops, Jesse caught a glimpse of the driver, a man he knew well.

Jim Reed was a newsmaking cop. Even his fellow officers often complained that he was just a bit too gung ho for their liking. He had been on the force barely a month when he shot and killed his first man, and in the four years since, he had managed to either wound or kill several others, "all," he swore, and the newspapers verified, "in the line of duty." Twice he had been pulled off the street by his sergeant to work at a desk in investigation, and once the sergeant had made him work as jailor for a month, a boring job that had nearly driven the hyperactive crusader for law and order into a state of nervous exhaustion.

Reed had stopped Jesse, once, for no other reason than that Jesse had been wearing his colors, and the cop had played out the entire, dramatic, familiar routine of having him "assume the position" while going through his pockets and bedroll in search of something—anything—in-criminating. And he had found it.

—Continued on page 77



PRUNO PASTIME

(Or How to Make Raisin Jack)

By Squint

As Oscar Wilde wrote, "All we know, who lie in jail, is that the days are long." How right he was, and how well he knew, having served a lot of time there himself. But Oscar Wilde was a poet and a fag, and he spent his long days writing.

Long days, of course, give a man time to think, to dream, and to invent, but one of the greatest pleasures for a man in prison is to think up ways to outwit the authorities in charge without doing any real damage that might result in unwanted time in solitary confinement.

The next greatest pleasure is the carrying out of some plan that will bring personal enjoyment to himself and those around him, which in turn rewards the thinker, and doer, with the respect and admiration of his fellow cons.

I was in prison once, but because of

overcrowded conditions and my tender age, a beardless twenty-one, I was transferred to a federal reformatory.

For the average prisoner—one who did not require perpetual solitary confinement—half the reformatory was made up of regular cellhouses, while the other half was made up of dormitories housing a hundred men. Nearly everyone had a job to do. Those who lived in the cells worked at jobs within the confines of the joint. Those who lived in dormitories, for the most part, were able to work outside the main walls, on the farm or in the outer yards. My job was on the farm, taking care of cattle, and it took me only about a day and a half to assemble all of the paraphernalia necessary to launch a boot-leg operation.

My main asset was, of course, a friend who worked in the kitchen. Each day he would smuggle out some little bit of foodstuff, so innocent in appearance that, had he been caught, he would probably have been allowed to keep it anyway. He brought out small boxes of raisins, paper cups filled with honey, a piece of toast, and sometimes a few packets of yeast with which, he alibied, to improve his complexion. Cloves and cinnamon sticks often found their way into his pockets too.

These items, taken out to the farm each day and hidden away in a small box beneath the cattle fodder, soon grew to the proportions needed to begin my booze-making career.

For nearly two years I made raisin jack, pruno and mead, smuggling it back inside the prison in rubber gloves, hollowed-out oranges and small bottles. I became a very popular inmate, because I charged nothing for my efforts, the result of which was an occasional carton of cigarettes, candy bars and a whole lot of much-needed protection from big, horny bastards who wanted a chicken.

One day, following an escape, during which a very thorough search was made of the prison and its outlying grounds, my operation was discovered, and I was, uninformed at the moment, hauled into the warden's office.

The warden was a little old man, and, as is true of most wardens, was generally disliked by the cons, but I found in him that day a spark of humor that changed my opinion of him. (He was later transferred to become the warden at Alcatraz, where his reputation was not at all good.)

As I entered his office, there, sitting on the desk before him, were my enameled cooker, several jars and bottles containing raisin jack, and my store of ingredients. He did not allow me to speak in my own defense. Instead, he said, "I know this is your equipment, and your doing. You know that this is against prison rules, and, as a consequence, you can go to the hole for a

long time, should I choose to send you there. However, since it looks like your operation has come to an end, I'm going to do you a favor. Once! I'm going to take a drink of this stuff. If it's good, you may leave, and no charges will be made against you. If it's bad, you won't see the light of day for six months."

With that, he removed the wooden cork from one of my bottles, poured himself a water glass full, then turned about in his swivel chair. With his back to me, he put his feet up on the windowsill overlooking the prison compound and took a sip from the glass. He was very still, as was I, although sweat ran down and burned in my eyes. Then he took another sip. When he took his third, I turned around and walked out of his office, returning to the dormitory. The next day I was transferred to "A" cellhouse, the one reserved for prisoners who caused the least trouble, and for trustees. The warden seldom spoke to me after that, but in passing he would often give me a little smile.

Here is the recipe for the raisin jack that saved my ass, but since it is against the rules, I don't recommend that any inmate of a penal institution attempt following my example. The enamel cooker used was one requisitioned by the farm screw to prepare certain animal baby foods in, and was quite large. The recipe can either be added to or cut down in proportion, depending upon the size of container available.

You need three to six pounds of raisins, three lemons, two gallons of water, six to eight pounds of sugar and one-half ounce, or two packages, of yeast. The raisins should be washed in cold water to remove any chemicals that may be on them. Cut them fine or put them in whole, either way works, but I have found that cut raisins add to the flavor. Add the thinly pared rinds of the lemons. They aren't really necessary, but they make the shit taste better. Heat the water, or use hot water from the tap, and dissolve the sugar, then pour it over the raisins. Dissolve the yeast in warm water, and pour it into the mixture. Cover and let ferment for ten to fifteen days, when the fermentation should stop. Strain the liquid into glass jars (jockey shorts make a good strainer) and let stand for two or three weeks.

Siphon off the clear liquid, when it is ready. There will be a lot of dirty-looking shit in the bottom of the bottles, but don't throw it away. Toss in some broken egg shells and it will clear up. The older the shit is, the better it will taste. If you wait long enough, the reward will be greater. If you're impatient, drink it when you want; it can't hurt you. And if your pots and bottles aren't as good as mine were, keep your teeth together when drinking, to strain out the flies and cockroaches. They like raisin jack, too.

Pruno: For this one, you need five to eight pounds of prunes, two gallons of water, six to eight pounds of sugar, one slice of toast, and one-half ounce of yeast. Wash the prunes and put them into your container. Pour hot water over them and allow to stand, covered, for at least one day, then mash them up when they're soft. Strain them into an enamel pot, squeezing every drop of juice out of the prunes, but leaving some of the pits, some cracked open. Heat the mixture, if heat is available, and pour it back into the pot, dissolving the sugar into it. The more sugar, the sweeter the finished product. (Naturally, stupid!) Dissolve the yeast in a little water, then spread it on a piece of toast, floating this on top of the mixture. Cover and let stand in a fairly warm place until fermentation has stopped. About two weeks. Finish same as with raisin jack.

To make any of these mixtures taste better, toss in a couple of cloves, ginger, or some cinnamon sticks. Toss in your socks for all I give a fuck. Maybe some of the readers get off on feet.

Mead: Mead, or honey wine, is the traditional drink of the gods. It is just as easy to make, but the ingredients may be harder to come by. On top of that, it is good for your health and has been known to be used as an aphrodisiac. If you get a hardon drinking this shit, it ain't by accident. The required ingredients are ten to twelve pounds of honey, two and one-quarter gallons of water, three lemons, two oranges, the spices mentioned before (tied up in a Bull Durham bag), and lots of time.

Put honey in enamel pot, then add water. Slice up lemon and orange rinds and throw into pot, along with bagged spices. Heat the mixture to a boil and keep it boiling for an hour or more, clearing away any scum that rises to the surface. As soon as it cools down, put yeast on toast, as with pruno mixture, float on top, and cover. Let stand until fermentation stops, then toss in broken egg shells and put in bottles. Caution: Don't cork this shit too tight. Thin bottles, or fruit jars, will go off like a hand grenade, sometimes. The longer mead sits before drinking, the better. Six months is about right. Just hide, or bury, the bottles and forget them. When you get around to drinking the shit, you'll be glad you waited.

One last note: If you don't have and can't get yeast, don't worry about it. Add a little more sugar and let the mixtures stand longer. They will stink like hell, often leading to discovery of your stash and treating you to a lot of wasted effort.

Blow Job

Every time I go down on my ol' lady, her tits get bigger. What the fuck causes this?

Lips
El Reno, Okla.

- Suck, don't blow.

Fill 'er Up

Last night I was ballin' my ol' lady an' she started foam-in' at the mouth. Now she just lays there with her eyes bulgin'. What should I do? P.S. She never douches.

Slime
L.A., Calif.

- Get another ol' lady. That one's full.

Reamer

My ol' man keeps chasin' me around the house wantin' to bugger me. How can I get him to stop?

Becky
Tulsa, Okla.

- Whoa! Back up.

Jesus Freak

The Bible says you're not supposed to commit adultery. How come you're always promoting it?

Slide
Jerusalem, Pa.

- You've got sumptin' wrong. Adultery means that you shouldn't put water in good booze, or catnip in grass.

Complaint

A while back I went to a club meeting with a dude, and he turned me out. They whipped me, balled me, ate me (and vice versa), rammed it up my ass, and pissed in my face when they were through. Do you think that was nice of them?

Sunshine
Long Beach, Calif.

- When's the next club meeting?

Ass Zits

My doctor said I have pimples on my hemorrhoids. He recommended Preparation H. That didn't work and neither has anything else. Can you give me any suggestions?

Oozing Brother
San Jose, Calif.

- Quit shoving those Mound bars up your poop chute. Chocolate is bad for your complexion.

Slow to Come

I had an operation on my dork. Ever since, it takes me 20 to 30 minutes of good steady screwin' to get my rocks off. I wish I could speed things up. There's no such thing as a quickie for me.

Redbeard
Greensburg, Pa.

- We all have to live with one kind of imperfection or another. Just be grateful yours is the kind that'll keep the chicks standin' in line.

Good Head Complaint

I found this little chick who gives the best head I ever got. She licks it all over and does my asshole too. Then she takes all seven inches up to the root and swallows when I come. She even gave me head while I was taking a shit. My problem is that she wants to make kissy-face afterward and she doesn't even wash out her mouth. Whew! She can't stand the taste of mouthwash. It makes her sick. What do you suggest?

Head Hunter
Babylon, N.Y.

- If her head is all that great, play kissy-face.

Toothless

I work in central Nevada where there's nothin' but cows, coyotes, and snakes. Cows are too loose, coyotes too fast. So I'm thinkin' of extracting the fangs from a rattler and coaxing it to suck me off. Have you ever tried it?

Reno Red
Nowhere, Nev.

- I keep a boa constrictor around so he can hibernate inside me—whatta rush!

Farts. Again!

Every time I go for a muff dive, my ol' lady gets a really raunchy case of the farts. She never does this when I'm ballin' her. If a chick farts while I'm eatin' beaver, it usually doesn't bother me in the least. But my ol' lady's farts are so fuckin' rancid, they could peel the paint right off the wall. How do I get her to stop this? Should I get a cork?

D. W.
Boynton Beach, Fla.

- Maybe ya should ring her out instead of eatin' her box.

Blue Cock

A couple of months ago I had my crank tattooed. Now my ol' lady says she doesn't like a blue cock anymore. What can I do?

John Hathaway
Detroit, Michigan

- Keep a continual hardon. That way you'll have a little skin tone showing.

Cold Turkey

How long can you go without a big stiff dick stuffed somewhere in you before you start having cold turkey?

Reddog
Columbia, Mo.

- About ten minutes.

Voyeur

What do you think of a guy like this? His thing is to watch me ballin' other guys. But he gets pissed off at me if I give the slightest hint that I'm enjoying it, and then kicks the shit out of me. I really dig him for other things, but with some of the dudes he picks for me, I find it almost impossible to hide my ecstasy. Any suggestions?

Variety Pack
Columbia, Mo.

- Keep faking it. When your toes start to curl, cuss the guy out. Tell him what a bum lay he is. He'll probably get mad and jam you all the harder, and your ol' man will be happy because he thinks the dude's a bad piece.

Different Strokes

I pick up a few bucks from various men from time to time, but recently I ran into a strange one. He paid me to go nude around his apartment. No sex—all he wanted to do was watch. Have you ever run into this type?

Hooker
New York, N.Y.

- No such luck — I have to earn my bucks. Gettin' beat by a length of barbed wire was the worst trip I took. Another thing—it seems the dudes I run into always want to screw in the dark.

Same Ol' Way

We dig high-gear'd pee-hole poundin', but you're always rappin' about hot tongues. Would we turn you off?

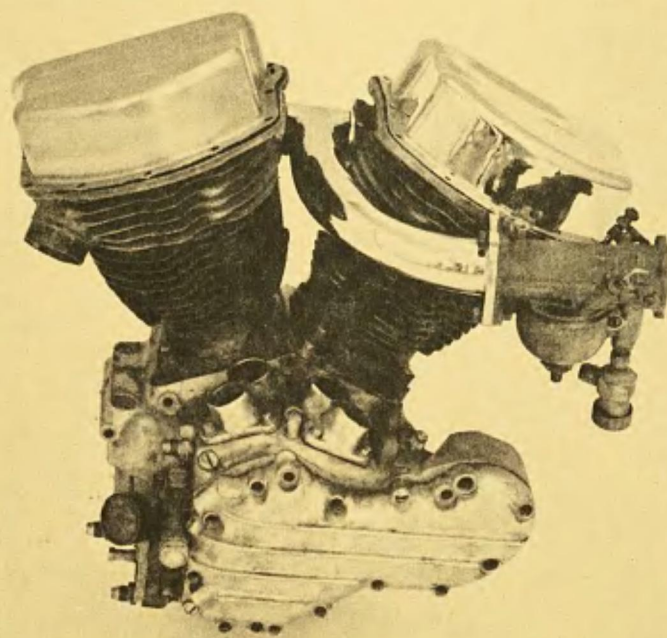
Sneak and Spider
Tucson, Arizona

- Nothing turns me off, baby.

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



—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. ■



The Latest

Normally, when we're not so toasted, we would never consider featuring a new product. We don't evaluate anything, including the latest bong, or try out the latest shipment of weirdo dust. Oh, we may indulge, but we ain't coppin' to it—especially if it's good. We're just not qualified to comment on anything any more technical than adjusting a rear chain. Road tests are out of the question. We'll only ride our own bikes or a brother's.

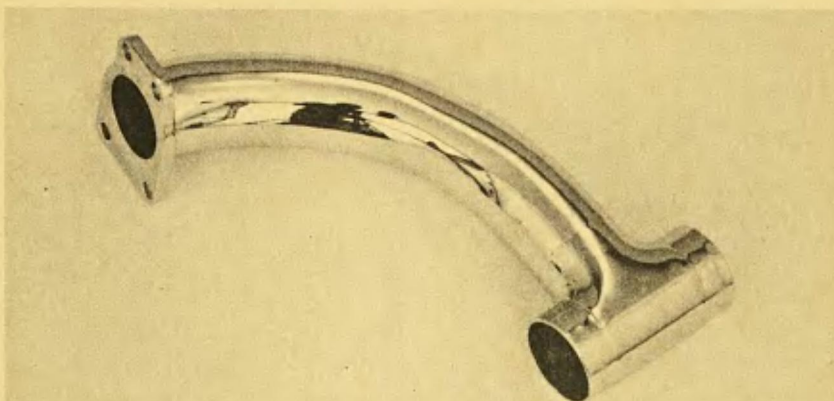
But since one or two of us think we have some savvy in the bike field, here's an exception to that staunch rule: a wraparound manifold for plumbing, intake mani-

folds on early pans and knuckles. And it only accepts Linkert carbs. It's a perfect gift for the brother who is constantly shelling out greens for the new "trick" item. Or it would be a nice gift for someone you don't ever want to see on the road again. Or an ol' lady who has sabotoge on her mind might just plop one of these gems under the Christmas tree for the ol' man.

The gig is that this hunk of used tail pipe has all the engineering involved in it that you might expect from a toilet paper roll hash pipe. And the dynamic flow testing involved was only through the acetylene gas torch

used to braze the turkey together. It sets the Linkert carb right alongside the pushrod side of the front head, thereby making valve adjustment impossible 'cause ya can't get the pushrod covers off. It also cuts about 90% of the wind off from cooling the front jug and head. And if the builder decides not to waste the bucks on an air cleaner, he'll burn his engine to the ground in less than a block. But what the hell, it might work. Just gotta find some sucker to try it.

We don't like to put down another man's product. But what the fuck, a piece of shit is a piece of shit, even if it is chromed. ■



A PRIZE

I came up out of my reds-induced sleep, and knew that I had just missed the little bastard. You know who I mean, the little cocksucker who shits in your mouth just before you wake up after being on downs.

Bright sunlight was pouring in the window, so I knew it was later in the day than I really wanted it to be and, without turning over in the bed, I knew there was something warm and half alive in there with me, 'cause I could smell the sour, stale breath on each exhale, and hear the adenoids rattle on each intake. Besides the breathing, it even managed a little wiggle now and then.

Since I knew I wasn't in my own crib, because for seven weeks I'd been on the road, I was damned near afraid to roll over to look at the "prize"

I'd won in the gin mill



IN THE BOX

By Hoss

I'd stopped in (I think) yesterday. I use the term "prize" lightly, 'cause after seven weeks of wakeups in strange places, I've come up with some real booby prizes. So, screwing up my nerve, I turned one bleary, scrunched-up, red eye toward the other side of the bed, figuring what the fuck, if she's really a Medusa maybe only half of me will turn to stone.

To my surprise, this one wasn't half bad. I say "half bad" because the other half belonged in the nearest SPCA kennel, but a lot better than some I'd woke up with. At least she had some teeth. A big, green blowfly was squatting on one of her front ones, taking a shit. She wore smeared mascara, and shiny hair spray residue sparkled in her hair. What I hoped was dried saliva stains, instead of head dribble, covered her chin. She wasn't too bad. I lifted back the well-used sheet to see what the rest of this mongrel bitch looked like, and the body didn't appear to be too bad, if you can stomach a thirty-car pile-up on the freeway on Friday afternoon.

It was then that my eye caught the three cherries, tattooed, just above her crotch, along with the words, "Here's mine, where's yours?" I gathered from that that she was neither a virgin nor a Catholic nun.

Turning back over, I decided it was time to go to the john and relieve some of the painful pressure from my beer-bloated bladder, and after two tries I finally located the pisser. I should have just followed my nose, 'cause it looked like somebody had taken a speed shit and had forgotten to jiggle the handle. The smell was rank.

As soon as my teeth floated back into place, I pressed the handle and sent a mess down to oblivion that would have given sewage plant workers a headache. Then, as an act of mercy to myself, I checked the medicine cabinet, found some reds, muscle relaxers, and dexies. It was like a treasure hunt, and in a few minutes I felt like a new man.

On rubber legs, I made it back to

the pig sty this rag called a bedroom, and after wading through various articles of rotten-crotched panties, discarded slacks, blouses, and grime-crusts bras, I found my Levi's. I knew they were mine from the smell, the chain belt, and the buckle that had my name, Wart, carved on it.

Putting on grease-crust Levi's ain't exactly easy, and I staggered around a bit, accidentally putting my foot on the bed and giving it a shake. The hassling movements shook the bed, and as I struggled into my black *Easyriders* T-shirt, I heard a sound straight from the depths of Hell.

A sleepy voice, so crust that it sounded like a frog dying of strangulation, said, "Hi, baby. Sorry I slept so late. Gimme a smoke, will ya?"

Now, there's nothing I hate worse than a lying bitch. We both knew she wasn't a bit sorry for sleeping late, 'cause, from the looks of her and the room, she hadn't been up before noon in years. But who the fuck am I to pass judgment, so I shook out two of my wrinkled, crinkled, and otherwise mashed Camels, smoothed them out, and tossed her one, as I lit mine.

"Fuck," the bitch croaked. "Ain't-cha got no goddam filter tips?" I looked her square in the red-rimmed eyes and said, as nice as I could, "What the fuck do I look like, a cigarette machine?"

Two drags on the Camel caused her to go into a convulsion of hacking and coughing, and with a swirl of sheets and the pad of bare feet, my "vision of loveliness" disappeared in the direction of the shitter. After a few moments of listening to the sound of running water, accompanied by gagging, puking and farting, the shitter door opened, and she returned. She did look somewhat better as she said, "Goddam! How do you smoke those motherfuckers?"

"It's easy," I said. "I just put one in my mouth, light it, and toke." She glared at me and got back under the grimy sheet.

I safaried through the place to the living room. There was a worn-out couch and chair, a cheap stereo set, and a well-worn album of Chet Atkins records, half hidden by ash trays, beer cans and trash. In the middle of the room was my Hog, with ten-inch tubes, and all of my possessions, tied up in my bedroll and attached to the sissy bar. I pulled out my pocket screwdriver and opened the point cover, then removed the safety device I install when in strange places: a piece of cellophane from a cigarette pack, stuck between the points so no one can start it. The fuckin' screws were a hassle, with loaded fingers. Pretty soon, the gravelly, frog voice brought me back to reality.

"Hey, hon, you want some breakfast?" she gargled.

"Yeah!"

"Whatcha want, beer, or sumpin to eat?"

"Both," I answered.

"Fuck," was her reply. "Now I gotta cook."

I struggled into what served as a kitchen and watched her as she wiped flyshit off a plate with a greasy rag, and I wondered which would make the food taste worse. She picked up a black, greasy frying pan and, turning it over, knocked some cockroaches out into the sink. Then, without washing the pan, she put it on the stove and tossed in some stale-looking sausage links.

While she was doing this, I opened a can of cheap beer and, after a couple of pulls, asked, "Why don't you clean this sewer up?"

Her reply was, "Look, my ol' man, Louie, got busted last year on number alterations, and before he left he said he wanted to come home to things just like he left them, 'filthy an' fresh fucked,' so I'm doin' what he said."

That shut me up real quick, 'cause there ain't nothing I like more than loyalty in a cunt, to her ol' man, so, after a breakfast of greasy eggs, burnt sausage links, six beers, and a pot of rank coffee that tasted like

—Continued on page 71



**Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road**

Law of the Land

The general misconception is that any statute passed by legislators bearing the appearance of law constitutes the law of the land. The U.S. Constitution is the supreme law of the land, and any statute, to be valid, must be in agreement. It is impossible for both the Constitution and a law violating it to be valid. One must prevail. This is succinctly stated as follows:

The general rule is that an unconstitutional statute, though having the form and name of law, is in reality no law, but is wholly void, and ineffective for any purpose; since unconstitutionality dates from the time of its enactment, and not merely from the date of the decision so branding it. An unconstitutional law, in legal contemplation, is as inoperative as if it had never been passed. Such a statute leaves the question that it purports to settle just as it would be had the statute not been enacted.

"Since an unconstitutional law is void, the general principles follow that it imposes no duties, confers no rights, creates no office, bestows no power or authority on anyone, affords no protection, and justifies no acts performed under it."

"A void act cannot be legally consistent with a valid one. An unconstitutional law cannot operate to supersede any existing valid law. Indeed, insofar as a statute runs counter to the fundamental law of the land, it is superseded thereby."

"No one is bound to obey an unconstitutional law and no courts are bound to enforce it." Sixteenth American Jurisprudence, second section, page 177.—ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, N.Y. 12205.

Planning a Protest? Read this—

If you've organized a protest only to be hassled by The Man or if you've been involved in a helmet demonstration and have been faced with the humiliation of being pushed around by cops while trying, within the law, to prevent people from losing their rights (even for cops), then this will come as a large sigh of relief and helping hand to many.

ABATE of Ohio has run into severe harassment by The Man while attempting peaceful demon-

NHTSA Issues Motorcycle Warnings

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration has issued two consumer advisory notices to motorcyclists.

NHTSA asked motorcycle owners "who have experienced problems with the gas tank filler caps on their cycles" to report these problems. The agency said it is "particularly interested in reports of gasoline leakage or fires due to dislodgement of gas tank filler caps," but would like to hear of any other problems that may affect

the safe operation of the cycle.

At the same time, NHTSA announced that it was "reactivating" its previously suspended investigation of gas tank filler caps on certain Honda motorcycles because of "a number of recent reports" of fuel leakage and possibility of fire.

In a separate notice, NHTSA issued a warning to owners of 1974 Tri-Sport, three-wheeled motorcycles manufactured by Alsporth, that their "vehicles may be subject to wheel separations, chain

failures, and control arm separations." The agency urged all owners of these cycles to immediately return them to their dealers for inspection and corrective action.

Motorcycle owners who wish to report problems relating to either notice should write to: Office of Consumer Services, N40-1, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, 400 Seventh St. S.W., Washington, D.C. 20590.

Safety Devices

Although the court decisions and the comments of Dr. Haddon below do not directly pertain to bikes, they do represent mandatory or standardized safety device utilization. And if they don't affect us now, they could in the future.

Failure to wear safety belts should not prevent motorists from recovering money for injuries received in auto crashes, according to two recent court decisions. The courts concluded that since most people do not use their belts, it cannot be claimed that non-use of belts amounts to negligence.

Last year, however, a New York court ruled that a person injured in a crash, who did not use an available seat belt, should not recover money for injuries that the belt might have prevented.

The two new decisions came from the California State Supreme Court and the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.

The California case involved a crash in which the horn cap came off the steering column and the unbelted driver struck "three sharp prongs that held the horn cap in place." General Motors and the GM dealer selling the car claimed that the driver's failure to wear her safety belt should prevent a monetary award for her

injuries. They argued, among other things, that they should not be liable for injuries since they could not reasonably foresee the driver's failure to wear belts. The court said that the "simple answer" to that argument "is that the driving of an automobile without using a seat belt is an entirely foreseeable use of the vehicle."

The D.C. case involved a crash in which an unbelted passenger received injuries when she was thrown against the dashboard and windshield in a crash. The driver of the other car claimed that the passenger's failure to use her belts amounted to "contributory negligence" and therefore she should be prevented from recovering any money, or at least money for injuries that the seat belt might have prevented.

The court said "to hold that failure to use a seat belt amounts to negligence, assumes that the usual practice of car drivers and passengers is to use these devices." Observing that belt usage in the U.S. was only 20 to 25 percent, the court said that to characterize the passenger's "behavior in this case as lacking in ordinary prudence would be paradoxical, as it did not differ from that of 75 percent of the motorists in this country with respect to the use of seat belts."

The decisions are: Horn v. General Motors Corp., 131 Cal. Rptr. 78 (1976) and McCord v. Green,

Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, Civil Action 7307, decided August 5, 1976.

In the August 3 hearing, William Haddon, Jr., M.D., first director of the federal motor vehicle safety program created in 1966, told the Secretary of Transportation that automatic protection for vehicle occupants in crashes was the original goal of the nation's vehicle safety effort and that the proposal for automatic restraints "is consistent with that long established intention."

Haddon noted that the National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act of 1966 requires standards that protect "against unreasonable risk of death or injury to persons in the event accidents do occur." From the standpoint of the public's health, Haddon said, "a risk becomes unreasonable when, despite the development of practicable automatic (passive) ways to substantially reduce that risk, members of the public are forced to rely on non-automatic (active) ways that are less effective, that interfere with people by requiring them to do something over and over again in order to be protected, and that fail through non-use to reduce the risk for many people... Government must be concerned not simply with providing individuals with the opportunity to take action to protect themselves, whether or not that action is taken."

strations. Recently, they planned another protest only to run into a maze of hassles, until most of the Ohio chapters backed away from a possible confrontation with the local law enforcement.

One chapter decided to stick it out, though, and in looking for a political speaker to run a few eloquent lines down to the dedicated bikers at the capitol, they went to the Libertarian Party for such a speaker. The Libertarian Party not only agreed to furnish a speaker, but they also offered a legal escort for any and all packs riding in the protest. A lawyer would actually ride or drive ahead or behind the line of scooters, to be on hand if the Man protruded an illegal arm-of-the-law into the event.

Not only did they volunteer this healthy support for our Ohio brothers, but they wish to extend the offer of speakers and law escorts to any chapter of ABATE organizing a helmet protest—an offer we can't refuse. Contact the Libertarian Party through the McBride for President Committee, 908 West Bury Lane South, Columbus, Ohio 43228 or ABATE of Cincinnati, P.O. Box 9006, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209.

ABATE, the Organization

ABATE now has chapters in over 36 states, a total of 45 chapters across the country. Every chapter was formed and is run by bikers who are tired of restrictive laws and want to do what they can about them.

We don't pound our chests and spout off about what we've done 'cause we're working for our own freedom, as well as the freedom of all bikers.

If you're interested in our vigil on legislation and the development of safe, responsible and unrestricted, accident-preventing laws, write ABATE, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265 and we'll put you in touch with your nearest ABATE chapter or motorcycle rights organization. Contribute to your life-style and country by backing the fight for freedom on two wheels.

Judge blocks helmet dispute

A Bay State Road man's protest against the state's helmet law for motorcyclists went unheeded in Pittsfield District Court, and cost him a \$10 fine as well.

George Haywood, 36, of 89 Bay State, pleaded not guilty to a charge of riding without protective

headgear. He told Judge Frank W. Cimini he wanted to read a prepared statement about the law which requires operators and passengers to wear helmets, and is opposed by many cyclists.

The judge, however, would have none of it. All he wanted to know, he told Haywood, was "whether or not you were wearing a helmet."

Haywood admitted he was not when stopped by city police on North Street, but said nevertheless he would appeal his conviction for a jury trial.

Police said Haywood would be back in court again on the same charge in the near future. He was ticketed since the June incident, again when seen riding without headgear, they said.

If you would like to assist George in his court battle, contact him at 89 Bay State Rd., Pittsfield, Mass. 01201.

ning Rider Course," which is in the process of being revised. MSF says since the BRC package was adopted in 1974, research has been done that will be the basis for a new plan, "Motorcycle Rider Course," which will be available in the fall. The MRC package will replace the BRC and consist of a textbook, instructor's guide and AV aids.

MSF, incidentally, has been instrumental in the new California motorcycle driver license testing going on now. The state received federal and state funds to develop improved testing methods, and a three-year study is under way—the final report on the project and effects of improved licensing process on accidents will be submitted to the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration in December, 1978.

MSF has also helped other states improve motorcycle safety. The

regional workshops for motorcycle safety education instructors.

Motorcycle drivers ed is on the grow, with more and more studies reaffirming that the cyclist most prone to have an accident is the inexperienced cyclist. The AMA recently wrote letters to legislators who in the past have shown an interest in motorcycle safety to get their views on motorcycle drivers ed. In Ohio, Rep. James Baumann had already written a rider education bill. In Indiana, a rider training bill had already passed the House of Representatives and is being considered by the State Senate. Michigan has a bill in the House. Maine and Minnesota now require successful completion of a cycle riders ed course before they issue the license. 38 states require special licensing procedures for cyclists, and 27 states issue learners permits.

The AMA says, "As motorcycling has become more popular as inexpensive, efficient, fun transportation, both riders and public officials have begun to look for good traffic safety programs. Motorcycle rider education is a logical approach."

American Honda also has an interest in cyclist ed—the firm has developed a motorcycle loan program for communities interested in motorcycle safety. Honda dealers can purchase up to eight motorcycles at a "substantial discount," Honda says, for use in approved rider training programs either at the dealership or in the community.

A Honda dealer in Russellville, Ala., helped the school there develop a program where students began studying motorcycle driver ed in 1971, according to Honda's March "Safety Zone." The course uses the BRC manual, as well as Honda safety films and a driving simulator. The school has a 2½-acre driving range, and the course incorporates three hours of exposure to various motorcycle-car problems with communications via a CB radio—63 percent of motorcycle-car collisions are caused by the auto driver, Honda says. The school also offers a dirt course.—
Cycle Age

A Dangerous Hot Vehicle Policy

With a grinding crunch, the California Highway Patrol has emphatically demonstrated how it plans to show car thieves that their livelihood has gone into a marked decline.

The CHP, employing a monster tractor of 55 tons, smashed a usable \$1000 motorcycle into so



At last—Bike Education

Motorcycle World's February issue in an excellent article entitled "The Last Chance" points out that "the most important safety device on a motorcycle is the rider's head." The article includes tips on how to be prepared, and if that fails, how to survive in an emergency.

We suggest that you suggest it to your customers, and read it yourself. It tells some ways to avoid accidents that you may not have thought of.

It also recommends the Motorcycle Safety Foundation's "Begin-

BRC has been implemented in school, military and community programs across the country. MSF directed two seminars in New York a year ago for state licensing examiners and supervisors, and similar programs in Wisconsin, Montana, Kansas and Tennessee since. In Wisconsin, MSF worked on a new Motorcycle Manual and off-street skill test scheduled to go into effect statewide in July. Montana and Kansas are already using both, and Tennessee plans to require that applicants pass both the off-street skill test and a new in-traffic skill test shortly.

The MSF has also hosted an International Technical Conference on Motorcycle Safety, and held

much garbage yesterday and left its compacted entrails ground into the dirt of a San Quentin dump.

That, the CHP said, is the way they plan to put a dent into the state's \$100-million "commercial" car theft industry.

The law, said the officers, now permits the CHP to obliterate any and all vehicles whose legal ownership cannot be established.

Previously, all a crook had to do was take a hot car to the CHP after defacing the vehicle's identification number, produce forged documents that the car was his, then receive an entirely new ID number which enabled him to get the car legally registered.

Now, as it was explained, if scientific tests show that a vehicle's ownership cannot be discovered, that's the end of those wheels.

"No longer will the professional bad guys have the option of eradicating ID numbers," said CHP Lt. Richard O'Brien. "Destruction is the only way to get into the car thief's head that these vehicles simply won't be in circulation any more."

Helmet Laws Downed

For the bro trying to putt across the country without wearing a helmet, we're going to run an update on the states that no longer have helmet laws. We would also like to mention that we would not now have this freedom if it weren't for the bike organizations who fought and are fighting so hard for us. Helmet law or not, these groups still need your support. Write ABATE, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265, for the address of your nearest bike organization.

Illinois: Helmet law was declared unconstitutional.

Kansas: Just repealed, effective date July 1, 1976.

South Dakota: Just repealed, effective date July 1, 1977.

Nebraska: The helmet law is not being enforced due to a court injunction.

Iowa: Helmet law was repealed the day after President Ford signed our bill.

Rhode Island: Law was repealed May 19th.

Connecticut: Repealed June 1st.

Montana: No longer enforced.

Wyoming: No longer enforced.

Oklahoma: Amended May 3.

Utah: Their helmet law states you must wear a helmet on roads posted 35mph or more. It is no longer being enforced.

Arizona: Repealed May 28.

Alaska: Just repealed, effective June 23, 1976.

Louisiana: Act #671 was signed by

the Governor August 6. The repeal goes into effect October 2, 1976.

Canadian Incentive Program

In 1976 it is expected that upwards of 100,000 motorcycles and mopeds will be sold in Canada. The motorcycle industry recognizes the need for safety and is offering a financial incentive to new owners.

A discount of up to 10% on new motorcycles to 250cc in size is being offered to graduates of the Canada Safety Council's Motorcycle Training Course. The discounts are just a part of the almost one million dollars that have been committed to motorcycle safety in Canada by the motorcycle industry and the Federal Government through Transport Canada.

—Canada Safety Council.

Tips to keep You from Getting Busted

Have you ever been tooling along on your scooter and seen a flashing red or blue light in your mirror? It happens all too often to most scooter people and usually with little or no probable cause, just routine hassle. This can be avoided sometimes if you get your hair cut and dress like Joe College with double-knit slacks and a sport shirt and ride a 50cc moped. But if you dress in jeans and a cut-off and ride a chop or even a big bike, then look out for The Man.

Below are just a few tips on what to do if you are ever busted. They are very simplified for reasons of space, but maybe they can be of help sometime. First we suggest you get a piece of thin cardboard and cut it to fit your wallet; normally 3x5 will do nicely. On one side tape two dimes, and write the name and phone number of an attorney you know or have used before. Also the number of a bail bondsman, and a couple of friends you could call in an emergency, who might be able to help in raising funds and getting your bike. On the other side write these rules and follow them to the letter; not doing so will usually make things worse. 1. Do not argue with the officer. 2. Do not physically resist, stay cool. 3. Do not admit anything. 4. Ask the charge, get witnesses' names. 5. Get police officer's name. 6. If he does not read your rights, do not correct him. 7. After identifying yourself, talk only to your attorney or wife, and never on the phone. 8. Do not give police permission to search your pockets, purse, vehicle, or home. 9. You are

entitled to complete two phone calls within 3 hours of your arrest. We hope you never need to use this information, but if you do, good luck. —ABATE of North Florida, 5941 Joy Drive South, Jacksonville, Fla. 32210.

Sometimes Strange, Legislative News from Around the Globe

New Jersey: The lights-on bills (A-1817 and A-1872) will not be released from Committee for a vote. In other words, no lights-on law for now. Thanks to the combined efforts of ABATE of North and South New Jersey, the Motorcycle Industry Council, the Jersey Motorcycle Association, Mark Rosen of the AMA, Jack Keating of Union Beach, and all of you whose efforts in the form of letter writing helped attain this victory.

But don't kick back yet. Now is the time for all of us to pitch in and write again. There are two helmet law repeal bills cooking, and if we write now and keep the pressure on, our desire to ride free will become a reality.

There are two separate committees to contact in Trenton. One is the Assembly Transportation and Communications Committee. This committee will vote on Assembly Bill A-2199, which is a repeal bill sponsored by Assemblyman Robert Burns, District 38, and Assemblyman Richard Visotcky, District 36. The members of the committee are: Chairman, Assemblyman Michael P. Esposito; Vice-chairman, Assemblyman John F. Cali; Assemblyman Robert Burns; Assemblyman John N. Dennis; and Assemblyman C. Gus Rys. The other committee is The Committee for Labor, Industry and Professions. Chairman, Senator Eugene J. Bedell; Vice-chairman, John J. Fay; Senator James H. Wallwork; Senator Frank J. Dodd; and Senator Edward J. Hughes. This committee will deal with Bill S-1556 sponsored by Senator Frank J. Dodd, District 26, and Senator Raymond H. Bateman, District 16.

These committees will deal with each bill separately. They will make them or break them. Let's show them how we feel about repealing the law. Write bunches. You can write any of the committee members in care of the committee they're members of at the State House, Trenton, New Jersey 08625. —ABATE of North New Jersey, TDA Cycle Shop, 4 South Ave. West, Cranford, New Jersey 07016.

A bill has been introduced in the State Assembly that would modify a 1975 law on mopeds. The

proposal would require a valid driver's license, helmet, and application of rules which apply to motorcycle riding. Another bill in this state proposes that the State Department of Environmental Protection set noise standards for all vehicles on public roads. It suggests that standards should be patterned after those initiated on the N.J. Turnpike last year. —Cycle Age.

Florida: In a talk with the Director of the Jax Police Department recently, he was asked why scooter cops did not wear approved helmets. He in turn asked the Captain of the MC division, who stated that they impair hearing, and because of the cost factor. We learned also, while in court with Chester Sweat, that cops do not have to comply with the letter of the law, so long as it is in the line of performing their duties! (Writing tickets.)

Florida brothers have another chance to have a repeal initiated. A sister in Daytona spoke to the Daytona Beach Senator, and his response was positive. Consequently, with Senator Dunn, Jr., we might just have another sponsor. Change the oil in your pen and write Senator Edgar Dunn, Jr., 444 Seabreeze Blvd., Daytona, Florida. —ABATE of North Florida, c/o Jim Harris, 5941 Joy Dr. South, Jacksonville, Fla. 32210.

Canada: A bill to repeal the mandatory helmet law in the Canadian Province of Nova Scotia has been filed with the lawmakers.

BMW-Triumph dealer Harold Salkin of Glace Bay led the successful fight to repeal the law in 1964. It was first forced on the Canadians in 1961. Salkin is the driving force behind the group that has now filed the new measure. This year, according to Harold, many more bikers and police officials (even some of the city mayors) are also sympathetic to the motorcycle cause, and indications are that it will pass. The current mandatory helmet law was enacted in Nova Scotia in 1972.

Maryland: A bill to repeal the Maryland mandatory helmet law for persons above the age of 18 was "pre-filed" by Senator Bozick on July 1.

An appeal was made to all motorcyclists of Maryland to write to their senators or delegates urging support for the modified helmet law bill.

The Maryland legislature adjourned this past spring and failed to act on an earlier repeal bill, putting it over to a "study committee."

Gary Zager (ABATE of Maryland) is the person to contact for further information. 12307 Windbrook Dr., Clinton, Md. 20735, (301) 292-2330 or (301) 743-3075.

Virginia: We've gotten the word out pretty good and now Delegate Frank Slayton's repeal bill has 10 co-sponsors and we're not thru yet. More letters from delegates are still coming in, so we expect several additional co-sponsors before the bill is pre-filed in December.

Senator William Fears of Accomac is the only member of the Va. General Assembly who is a biker, and he informs us he strongly opposes the helmet law.

We've asked him to introduce a repeal bill in the senate but haven't received an answer yet. An interesting side note about Senator Fears is that he is also a doctor.

Most of these reps are beginning to see our side of the helmet law argument as a result of the letters and phone calls they're getting from you and me. Those of you who haven't written yet . . . What the hell are you waiting for? —ABATE of Virginia, c/o Fuzzy Davy, P.O. Box 138, Vienna, Va. 22108.

Pennsylvania: The WPMA, also now ABATE of Pennsylvania, has recently discussed a helmet repeal with the Vice-Chairman of the Senate Transportation Committee. Senator Orlando avidly agreed with our brothers and would like to see a helmet repeal passed.

Now it's up to you puttin' fools in Pa. to spread the word until the entire legislature feels the same about the helmet law. Write! And if you need to get the addresses of your representatives, the WPMA will be glad to send you the info. —WPMA, Box 201, Oil City, Pennsylvania 16301.

UTAH: ABATE of Utah now has sponsors for their helmet repeal in the Senate and the House. Utah ABATE wants to hear from all you interested bike freaks out there. They need your support to see this thing through. —ABATE of Utah, c/o W. C. Wheelz, 857 Edison St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Louisiana: Act #671 was signed by the Louisiana Governor August 6, 1976, repealing the notorious helmet law. The repeal goes into effect October 2, 1976.

Perry Thigpen, the biker who worked extremely hard and for many years to see this through, notified us of his success. He grimly stated that the only opposition this year to the repeal was

the American Automobile Association. An odd opponent.

Ohio: Carl H. Miller, a Painesville lawyer, declared unconstitutional the state law requiring motorists to wear protective head gear and safety glasses.

Miller, who heard the case last fall as an acting judge, said he will file his ruling in Painesville Municipal Court.

He dismissed charges in court against Ronald S. Mosher, 41, of Perry Township. Mosher had been cited twice by Lake County deputy sheriffs for not wearing a helmet or glasses.

"It's my opinion that it's up to the individual to wear the helmet if he wants to as long as he hurts no one else," Miller said. "Let him do with his life what he wants."

Miller added that the law was too harsh on the rights of individuals, saying, "I don't think it's a valid exercise of police power."

Mosher argued that helmets can be hazardous because they block audible signals like car horns. He also said the goggles cut down on peripheral vision. —ABATE of Cincinnati, P.O. Box 9006, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209.

Wisconsin: In the past two years, Wisconsin has had five successful protest rallies and one beneficial public hearing concerning mandatory helmet laws in the state. In the beginning we had only a few legislators who were willing to listen to us. Now we have 56 lawmakers who have committed themselves to our repeal; 56 out of 99 —looks like we've got it beat. But don't lighten up yet. We have to make sure all our friends in government survive the November elections.

Keep checking with Smith's Cycles in Madison or PJS Cycle Empire in Milwaukee for the public hearing date. It hasn't been set yet, but most likely will be in late January or early February. —ABATE of Wisconsin, c/o Tony Sanfelipo, 5411 N. 92, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53225.

New York: ABATE of New York has encountered more roadblock problems from hard-headed politicians than any other state. The East Coast ABATE chapters recently informed us of a Senator who worked against their helmet repeal and blocked the lights-on repeal from entering his committee after it had passed the Assembly Transportation Committee. And he was the man to introduce a seat belt law last year. This heavy-handed individual is Chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Transportation, Senator John D. Caemmerer.

ABATE of New York hopes that many interested New York bros will write and convey their feelings toward the helmet law to this public official. His address is 374 Hillside Ave., Willistown Park, Long Island, New York 11596. —ABATE of New York, Box 512, Albany, New York 12205.

Illinois: ABATE of Illinois helped a bunch of very good people put together a memorial run for Dale Fiene, a bro who was downed recently. The Illinois ABATE chapter would like to acknowledge the brothers and sisters who helped put together a good thing for the family of a good dude.

The list is too long to get into, but ABATE of Illinois and ABATE's national office would like to thank all the scooter people who made this memorial run beneficial to the family of Dale Fiene. —ABATE of Illinois, c/o Bill Orce, P.O. Box 152, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070.

DOT: The Department of Transportation made a recent statement which claimed that driving is becoming safer and less confusing as a result of more states' acceptance of the Uniform Vehicle Code. Thirty-four states, plus the District of Columbia, have amended their laws on operation and equipment of motorcycles to conform with code provisions requiring safety helmets and other safety gear. (From Cycle Age)

Kansas: Bills to raise all motor vehicle registration fees have been sent to the governor for his signature. — Cycle Age.

Idaho: The state motor vehicle inspection program has been suspended. — Cycle Age.

Alaska: "A person who has reached the age of majority (19 years) as defined by AS 25.20.010 may not be required to wear a helmet while operating a motorcycle if he is the holder of a license which, under regulations adopted under AS 28.15.070(b), is classified singly as a license to operate a motorcycle."

This bill was sent to Governor Hammond on June 4, 1976; he had until June 28 to sign it. It was to become law immediately after his signature was put to the repeal. The Governor signed the helmet repeal into law June 23, 1976.

Also, Governor Hammond said the new motor vehicle inspection wasn't working out, and he suspended it, risking some \$10 million in federal highway construction money and \$600,000 in safety funds. — Cycle Age.

Connecticut: John "Rogue" Herlihy, once president of the Huns, then in charge of the Connecticut Motorcycle Association, is now into another gig. He's still working on Connecticut bikers' behalf through his own Connecticut Motorcycle Rights Organization, which is also ABATE of Connecticut, P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport, Connecticut, 06601.

In the short time he has had to begin his new organization he has made a connection in the legislature, so no motorcycle legislation will enter the Transportation Committee without his being notified. He has also started a motorcycle education program in his city as an example for the state.

He can use your assistance if you're willing to work for the bikers of Connecticut, freedom, and safety.

New Mexico: If you're having a problem reaching ABATE of New Mexico, here's their new address: ABATE of New Mexico, Box 656, Jal, New Mexico 88252.

Washington, DC: In local motorcycling circles, Lawrence Welch is known as "Rocket." His Harley-Davidson drag bike, which he put together himself in 1968, can race a quarter-mile in 9.5 seconds at 145 miles per hour.

Painted with a glaze he calls "lemon pearl," the bike runs on nitromethane fuel. Just about everything on that bike, Welch says, is something special.

One Sunday night, Welch's racing bike placed third in its class during an exhibition at the Capital Centre. Within hours after he picked up his trophy, however, the bike was sitting at a Prince George's County police station, confiscated along with five others from the exhibition because of alleged obliterated or removed vehicle identification numbers.

Welch said that the police still have not told him when he can have his bike back.

They have not come out and said they think his bike is stolen, Welch said, but that is the impression he has gotten. Under Maryland law, it is a misdemeanor to possess certain manufactured merchandise that does not have an identification number.

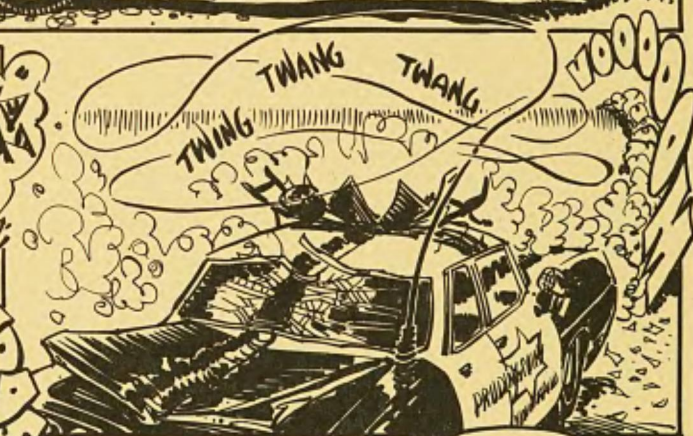
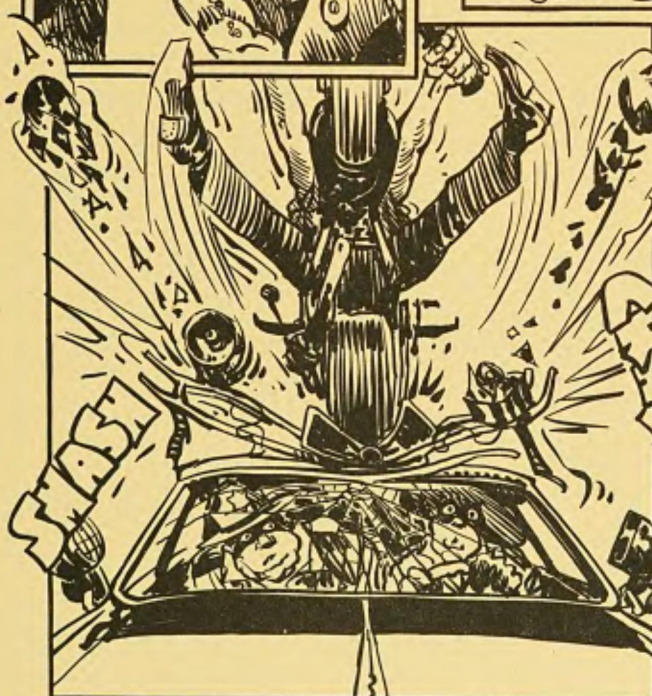
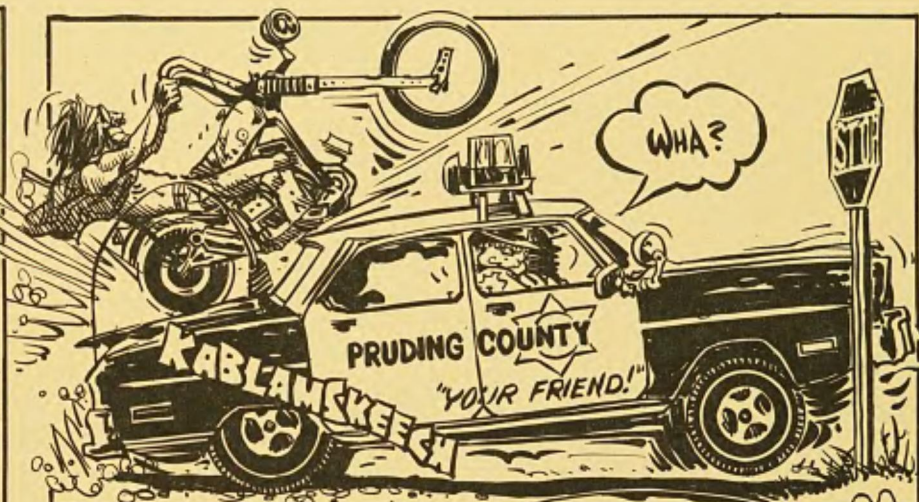
"Generally speaking," police spokesman John Hoxie said, "numbers are concealed because it makes it difficult to prove something has been stolen."

The arrests put a definite damper on the festivities for motorcycle enthusiasts and contestants at the show, a two-day exhibition of customized cycles and vans called "Vantasia." ■

'PUTTIN' WITH THE RAT

RIT AND DRAWN BY MAX

HIT AND RUN



NOW THE SON-ZA-BITCHIN' TROUBLE MAKER HAS GONE TOO FUCKIN' FAR! PUT THE PEDAL TO THE FIRE WALL, WILLARD!



The accompanying feature originally appeared in a magazine, printed in the early 1900s, concerning the latest advances in prison reform programs. It will either crack ya up with laughter or give ya the drizzlin' shits, because we know now, years later, that Warden Osborn's experiment was a miserable failure. The obviousness of the posed photograph illustrates the contrivances men will use to disguise the inhumanity of a prison.

Maybe Warden Osborn's dream of achievement was well-meant, but then again, perhaps he never walked through the prison yard alone, or saw prisoners beaten with whips and clubbed for minor infractions—a practice well-used in those years. White shirts and neckties? Knitting? Dare to try it now?

—Spider

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD



THE ADVANCE IN PRISON METHODS

While there are many who continue to declare that the convict should receive drastic treatment from the hands of those who administer punishment to offenders against the social system, others, and they also are many, are in agreement with the policies that have been carried out by Thomas Mott Osborne, warden of the penitentiary at Sing Sing, N.Y. In addition to the knitting class (which may seem a strange occupation for grown men), shown in the accompanying photograph, Warden Osborne has instituted other new features at the penal institution of which he is head. Among these are a brass band, swimming in the Hudson, baseball and tennis, a journal known as "The Star of Hope" and occupational clubs similar to that here illustrated. He has abolished the lockstep and the rule of silence during meals. The 1,200 men in the prison now eat in one large assembly hall and during the time food is served they are permitted to talk and laugh in the manner of men not under any sort of duress. Mr. Osborne recently issued a statement which presented some of his views on the subject of modern prison methods which are of interest.

Among these the following may be quoted:

1. The law must decree not punishment but temporary exile from society until the offender has proven by his conduct that he is fit to return.
2. Society must brand no man as a criminal, but aim solely to reform the mental conditions under which a criminal act has been committed.
3. The prison must be an institution where many inmates must have the largest practicable amount of individual freedom, because, as Gladstone said, "it is liberty alone that fits men for liberty."

It is on record that since the introduction of these notably humane rules at Sing Sing several convicts who have had opportunities to escape have refused out of regard for the man who has instituted the reforms. One prisoner even went to New York City, then voluntarily returned to the penitentiary. Great interest has been manifested by sociologists everywhere in the notable achievements of Warden Osborne.



Gun Nut Report

By "Powder" Burns

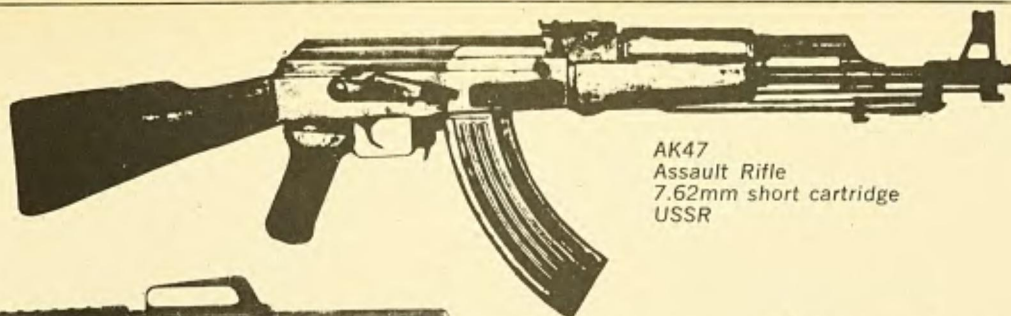
This is the first of a series of articles on weapons of interest to **Easyriders** readers. Now, before some of you closet AMA types start writing about the tragedy of America's number one scooter bum rag ruining the biker image, put your crayons down for a minute and hear me out. We ain't gonna waste space on "Saturday night specials" and that kinda shit. What we are gonna look at are items of interest to the student of bizarre weaponry — things that you can get off on 'cause they're kinda weird. We're gonna examine these oddities as pieces of engineering capable of performing what they were designed to do: puncture, fry, shred, or whatever.

All right, goddammit! I can see you startin' to scribble somethin' in your notebook about **violence . . . guns kill people . . . bad image . . .** That kinda shit. Look, you're missin' the point entirely, so read on.

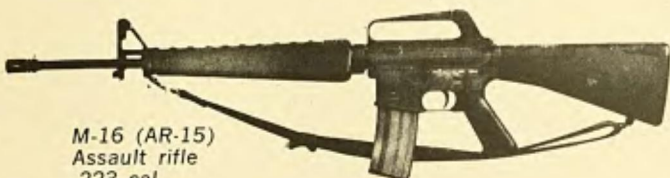
Where wuz I? Oh yeah, those of you who are still with us, let's plow on to the rest of my explanation and introduction. We're gonna talk to collectors, look in museums, armories and gunshops, to bring you closeup looks at military, sporting, and crackpot weapons in general. We will report on some of the history development—why and how a weapon was made in the first place. Then we will look at how the damn thing works, and if the conditions are right (am-

mo is available and we find a place big enough to send a few down-range), our staff of experts (usually whoever is loaded enough to pull the trigger on something that is probably gonna blow up in his face) will test fire the things at whatever is handy at the time. We will try for the appropriate targets: police shotguns will be fired at cutouts of little old ladies, tommy guns at model T's, and flame throwers at Col. Sanders' chicken places.

Well, that's enough of that. Before I go off the deep end, let me introduce the first of The Gun Nut Reports. This time we are gonna look at a little piece of plastic and steel in the true German tradition that you



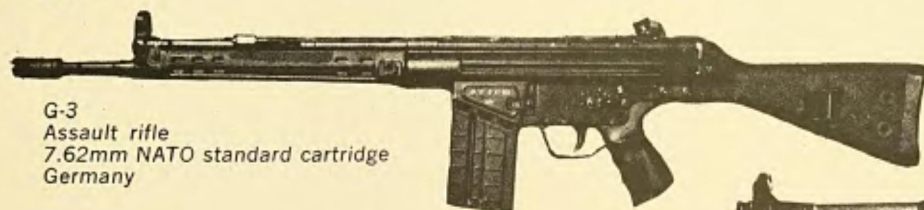
AK47
Assault Rifle
7.62mm short cartridge
USSR



M-16 (AR-15)
Assault rifle
.223 cal.
USA



"Kurtz Karbiner"
MP43/MP44/StG44
Sturm Gewehr
(Assault rifle)
7.92mm shortened
Kurtz cartridge
Germany



G-3
Assault rifle
7.62mm NATO standard cartridge
Germany



Heckler & Koch HK
93 W/Telescoping stock
Semi-auto rifle
.223 cal.
Germany



Schmeisser Maschinenpistolen
MP38/40
(Machine pistol)
9mm Parabellum cartridge
Germany

can buy right off the shelf almost anywhere in these old United States.

We have all seen WW II battle films of kraut troops running around the streets of Europe armed with their clumsy, bolt-action, WW I vintage Model '98 Mauser rifles. The krauts quickly found themselves outgunned in the worst way, facing troops of the Allied Armies equipped with the vastly superior semi-auto M-1 rifle. Trading shots with a foe that could send eight pills into your immediate vicinity while you were trying to get off that second shot meant the swift end of a lot of "supermen" who had been laboriously trained by the fatherland as expert single-shot marksmen.

This firepower gap wasn't due to the short-sightedness of the General Staff or the military development command. Nope, we can all thank Der Fuhrer himself for making sure that the good guys had the superior rifles. If you will recall for a moment, Hitler had spent a tour of duty with the Imperial German Army during WW I, winning an Iron Cross (2nd

class) because he had snorted up a wad of poison gas. We can only speculate that this may have screwed up his sanity—but that's another story. Anyway, the leader of the Master Race had a hangup for bolt-action rifles, and over the strenuous objections of the General Staff, the Wehrmacht was forced to retain their WW I rifle for yet another try at Deutschland Uber Alles.

I can tell that all of this is being greeted with cries of "Get to the point, goddammit!" Well, here's the payoff. At the beginning of WW II the krauts had under development a selective-fire semi-auto/auto rifle that was vastly superior to anything at the time and to anything to come along for the next twenty years! It was the kind of rifle that would be hailed in the 1960s as a major trend in the design of military rifles.

As I said before, the krauts had this little item ready to go in 1940 and had already picked out a snappy-sounding name for it: "Sturm Ge-

wehr"—assault rifle. Its revolutionary application was to provide every German soldier with high-volume, accurate firepower over the relatively long range of the European



battlefield, and also to be a winner for close combat in cities.

Well, it looked good on paper, and the weapon did everything in field tests that it was supposed to do, but the Fuhrer said "Nein" and the Gen-

—Continued on page 66

—Gun supplied by B&B Sales, 11100 Cumpston St.,
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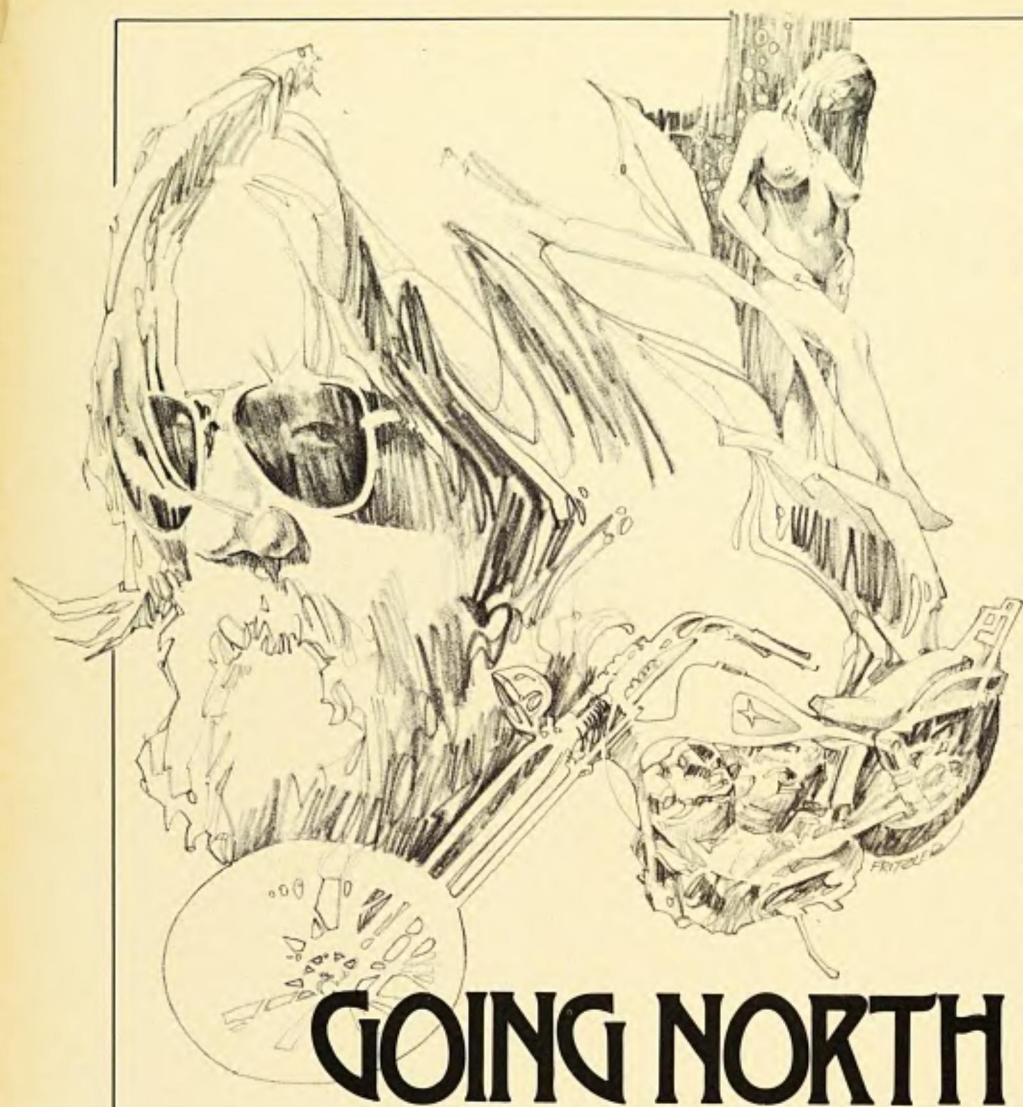
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Name _____

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



GOING NORTH

Bobo woke up on the greasy concrete floor of the all night garage. He rubbed sleep from his eyes and spat the taste of cheap wine and stale weed from his mouth. The rubbing helped; the spitting didn't.

He stood up from his bed roll and, feeling the need for a wake-up jolt, downed the last swallow from the bottle of Ripple that lay on the floor beside the work bench.

A large man with long, semi-greasy hair and beard, by straight standards he needed a bath. He had been kicked out of his apartment two months before because of non-payment of rent and a general dislike by his landlady. Since then, he had been staying with friends, when possible and, although this place had a working toilet, it had no shower.

Through hazy thoughts, he recalled part of the night before and, as memory returned, his fingers

reached out, sifting through the ashes of the overloaded ashtray on the work bench to dig out the roach he had put there before crapping out. Clipping it to the alligator clip he wore on a chain about his neck, he struck a match and touched it to the roach, drawing deeply with great satisfaction. Pain rushed out of his body.

He knew he needed some money if he was going to head for Oakland this morning, and once again he mentally inventoried his worldly possessions, trying to figure out which items could be converted into cash. Pawning his clothes—Levi's, jacket and colors—would only reward him with time for indecent exposure. His security was illegal any way one looked at it, for it was a switch-blade knife with an eight-inch blade that he had bought in T.J., and a single-barrel, sawed-off shotgun, its butt cut down to pistol-

grip size. One too long and one too short. He knew he would have to be careful if he sold either item. There was also the love of his life, his Hog. It was the one thing of real value that he had ever owned, an early model panhead that he had personally constructed with loving care. He discarded any thought of getting rid of that.

Mike came into the garage. He was a bro, and he ran the place. That's why Bobo was able to sleep there, now that he was temporarily homeless. Too bad this place doesn't sell gas, Bobo thought. I could fill up on the cuff and be off, but he discarded that idea, too. Credit for goods was one thing, but he would be damned if he would panhandle from his people.

"Hey, Mike," he said, "you know anybody who wants to buy a blade, or a cannon? I got to get up north. I hear they're hiring anybody who can walk, up there."

"Where you gonna stay, once you get up there? Housing is a real bitch to find."

"Well, Jimmy said I could stay with him till I get on my feet," Bobo said, smiling. "Besides, he owes me twenty bucks."

"I wouldn't trust that fucker any further than I could throw him."

"It beats hangin' around here, with no work and no prospects. Hell, I ain't had no pussy in two weeks, and no bread to spend lookin' for it."

"I wish I could hire you, but I just work here myself. The boss would have a fit if I hired you."

"I know you would if you could, Mike, so don't sweat it, man."

"I could let you have a little bread to help you on your way," Mike offered. "How much do you need?"

"I ain't Jimmy, man, I just need a couple of bucks, but I'll get it on my own," Bobo answered.

"Like shit," Mike said. "If you just need two bucks for gas, you'll take it from me, or we're gonna have the damndest fight you've ever been in. I'll get the bread while you pack up."

Bobo put his knife and gun in the center of his blankets and rolled them into a bundle, then tied the roll onto the back of his bike. He would pay Mike back as soon as possible. At least he hadn't asked for the bread.

Mike returned and shoved two

bills into the pocket of Bobo's colors, then went over and began working on a waiting car. There was no need to say goodbye. The understanding between friends was enough.

Bobo pulled out into traffic and then stopped at the nearest gas station and asked for a dollar's worth of regular. When he took out the bills Mike had put in his pocket, he discovered that there were two fives, wrapped around a couple of fat joints. He grinned broadly, thinking about what a great guy Mike was, and how sly he had been in tricking him into taking so much more than he needed.

Finally he pulled back out into the traffic, heading north, the wind whipping his face and colors as he moved swiftly along, riding the center line and passing the slow traffic. He passed a stalled Continental and grinned at the occupants in passing, his two missing front teeth, lost in a fight, adding to the humor of his smile. Ahead, at last, he screwed it on and disappeared along the freeway.

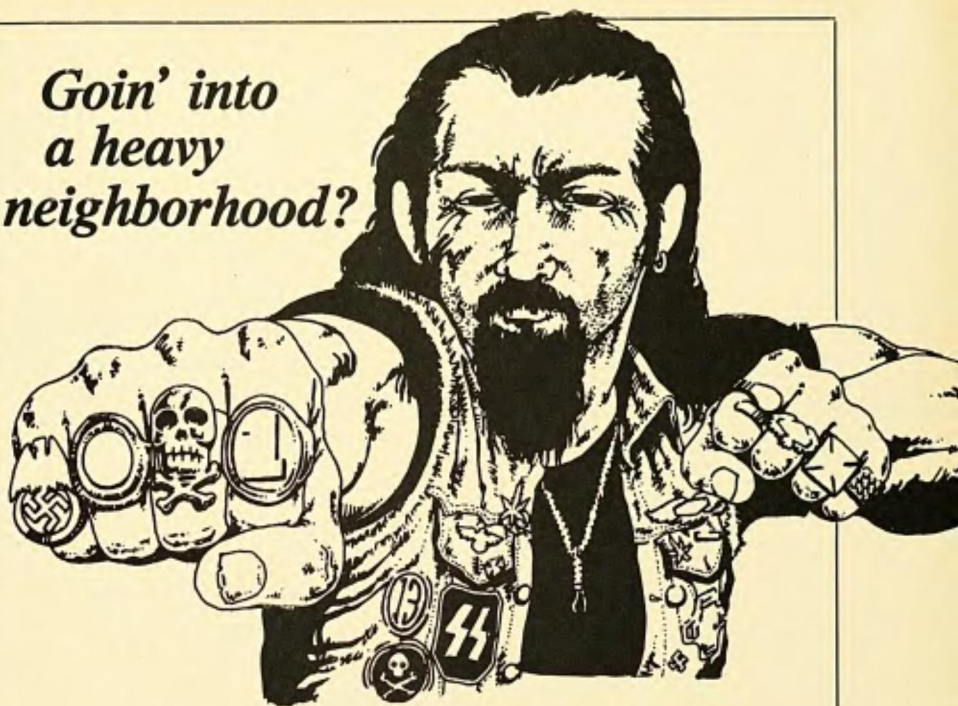
In the Continental sat a man of twenty-three. Bobo's age. He was an executive for a large company who had made his way through college by cheating in exams. He had just been promoted to executive vice-president by reporting that his predecessor was an alcoholic, thereby causing the man's dismissal. Now he was celebrating by taking his secretary, who was also his mistress, to lunch and a motel.

The man's secretary was twenty, and before becoming a secretary she had been through the mill. She had been a hippie, a hooker, and, for a while, a biker's ol' lady, until she had gotten tired of the life and gone straight. Now she worked for the man she was with and had improved her position, too, by becoming his mistress. She hated the man but respected the bread. Watching Bobo speed by, she had a pang of longing for the good old days, but she knew she would never go back.

Her companion snorted as Bobo passed his stalled car. "I never understood scum like that," he snarled. "Long-haired, dirty bastards." The girl put her hand in his and snuggled close, yet keeping her face turned away in the direction Bobo had gone.

"Don't try," she replied. "You never will!" ■

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a heavy
neighborhood?*



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Stock Custom

*Only custom shown
in H-D exhibit*



Stock Custom is sort of a shabby title for such a sharp and shiny Sporty. But it does have merit. And Dick's ovation for such a neat scooter came when his bike was chosen to be displayed in the Harley-Davidson exhibit at the Super Bowl of Moto-cross. His bike was the only example of a custom Harley-Davidson displayed at the show. So give Dick a clap, he deserves it—it's a fine scooter.

Okay, so some Sportster builders out there in two-wheeldom are gonna snivel, "I've built neater Sportsters than





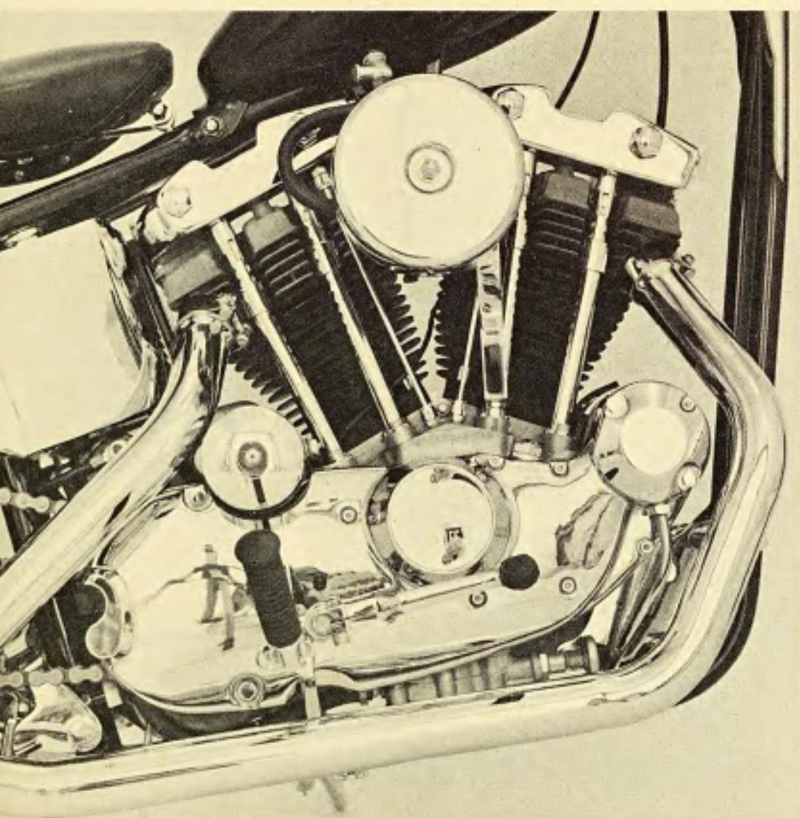
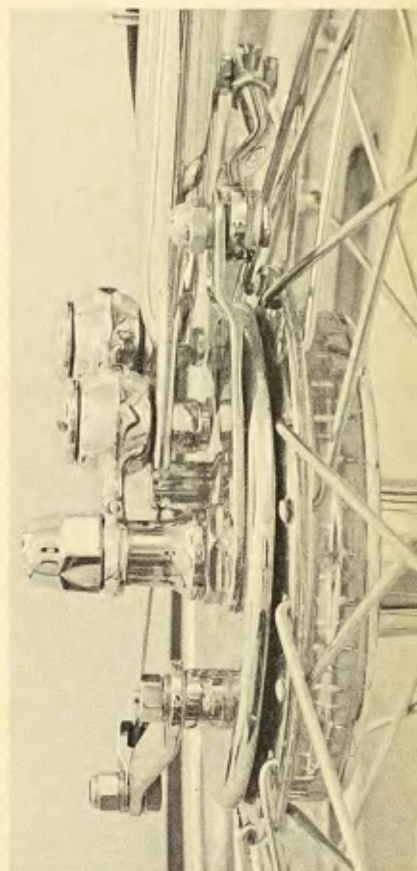
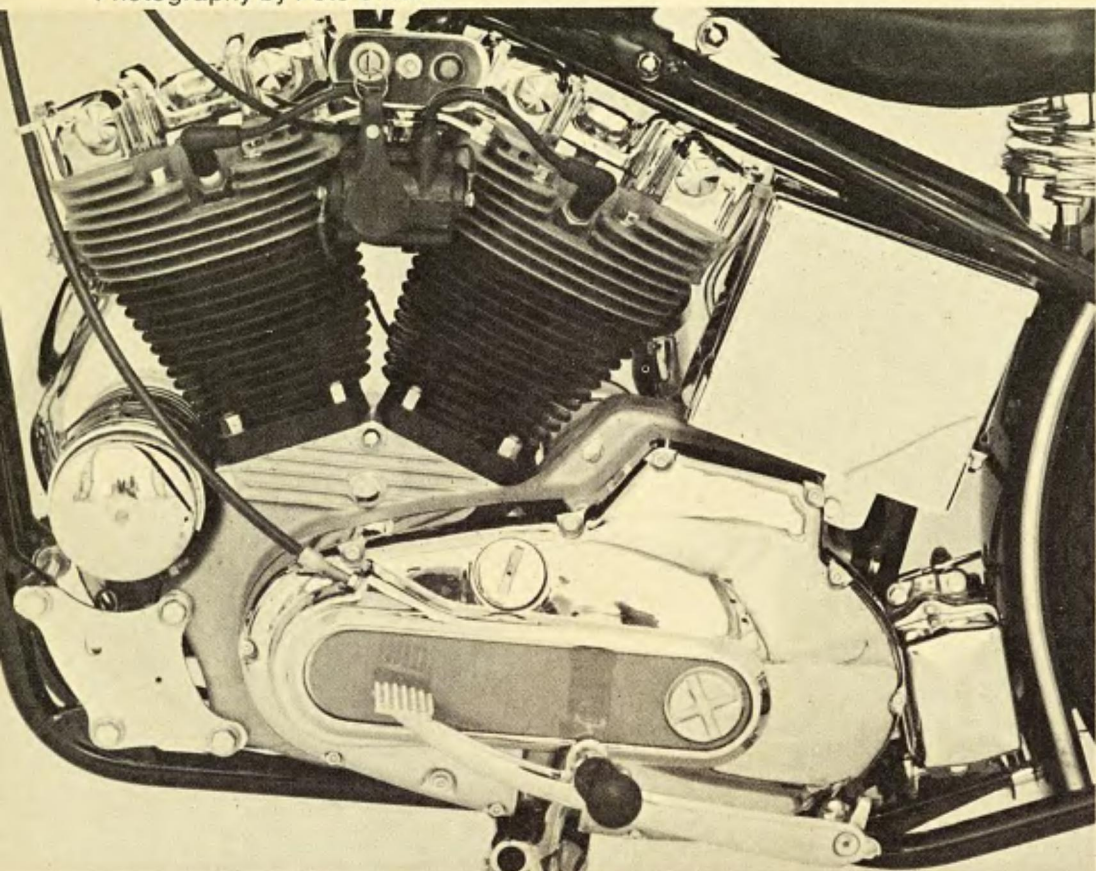
that." So cry us a river. The point is not that this bike is the most fantastic Sportster ever slapped together. It's not radical. It doesn't have a million new gadgets on it. It's not loaded down with thirty pounds of bondo. It's clean and probably safer and a better handling putt than a stocker—and the way it sits it's no doubt as durable as a stocker. It's not that it's sharper than any Sportster we've ever seen; there are definitely prettier Sporties around. (We don't want to put Dick on some kind of ego trip, ya know.)

But besides being a very sharp looking example of a Sportster, it's a good road scoot. In fact, although most of us around here are 74 fanatics, we agreed (a miracle) that it is our hazy opinion that if H-D manufactured this putt factory stock the way it is here, they'd sell more Sportsters. But no one ever gave us an award for our opinions.

—Weed



Photography by Pete Chiodo



—Continued on next page

Owner: Dick Fletcher **City:** Bellflower, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1973 H-D
Model: XLH
Value: a bunch
Assembly by: owner
Time: 1 1/2-2 years
Chroming by: Ferrier

Frame

Year: 1973
Builder: Jammer
Type: hardtail
Rake: 8°
Stretch: 2 inches
Other alterations: rear peg mounts

Engine

Year: 1973
Model: XLH
Rebuilder: Pat Lynch
Ignition: dis., coil
Displacement: 1000cc
Lower end: stock
Balancing: H-D
Pistons: stock
Cases: stock
Heads: stock
Cam: P-cams
Lifters: stock
Carb(s): Bendix
Air cleaner: custom
Pipes: collector
Muffler(s): collector

Accessories

Bars: owner
Risers: Jammer
Fender(s): owner
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Lucas
Speedo: none
Front pegs: owner
Rear pegs: owner
Electrics: reg. generator
Gas tank: owner modified
Oil tank: owner
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: stock
Seat: Bates
Height: 14 inches
Material: 9/16 sq. stock

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1973
Shifting: foot
Engine sprocket: stock
Trans sprocket: 21

Forks

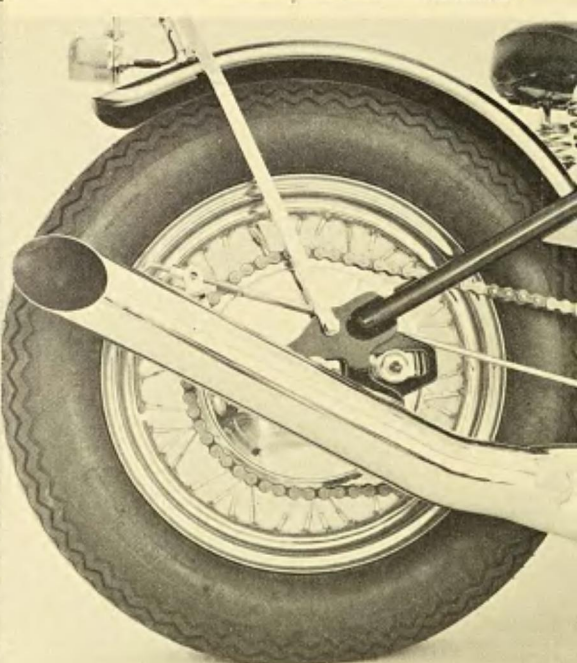
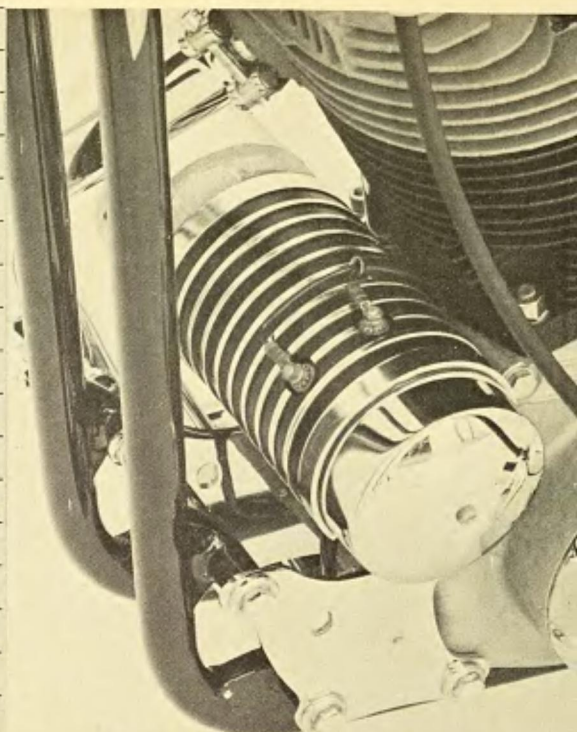
Type: D&D
Extension: 12 inches over
Builder: D&D and owner
Special features: crowns tig welded

Painting

Molding: owner, no bondo
Painter: Steve Johnson
Color: black
Type: acrylic enamel
Special paint: by Nat Quick
Other special modifications: Narrowed tank, rewelded frame and front end

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 19	Size: 16
Hub: '51 cub	Hub: Sportster
Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim Width: 5 in.
Tire: 2.75x19	Tire: 5.00x16
Brake: T-cub	Brake: stock



THE PEA PAD BLUES

By Cindi R. Martin

There is no other ass more scarred-up than the ass of a chick who packs on the back of a bike that has only a tiny pea pad to accommodate the passenger. Fuck! Why did Arlen Ness have to revive the Bay Area look, anyway?

Now, don't get me wrong, I think my ol' man's bike is one of the nicest-lookin' scoots around, but oh how I envy those chicks who get to ride with thick cushions under their asses, and tall back-rests to lean against, so they can enjoy their ride with comfort.

Meanwhile, as they go by on the freeway, a smile on their face and joy in their ass, there I am, hanging on for dear life, switching from cheek to cheek in order to relieve some of the pain. And to make matters worse, my ol' man has a fuckin' hardtail, and I've got no slack. Every time I see a bump on the road coming up, I have to raise myself up on the footpegs and let my legs act as a shock absorber, to prevent my spine from coming out through the top of my head. And when I look ahead and see smooth, freshly paved blacktop coming up, I almost have an orgasm.

Well, what the fuck's a chick to do? I know that I'm certainly not the only one with this problem, because you hardly ever open a bike rag anymore



and see a scoot with anything else but a solo seat. I tried bitchin', but you know how far that goes. The ol' man says, "If you're goin' to bitch about the seat, don't come for the ride. Stay home!" If your ol' man's a biker, you know better than to let him go on a run alone. Lord knows what the fuck he'll pick up and bring home, so, when he goes, I go, positioning myself on that little pea pad and bracing myself for the tor-

ture to come.

Let me tell you, I am not exaggerating. If you haven't ridden on a pea pad, you haven't felt pain. A ten-mile ride is fine, but anything over that is when you start biting down on your lower lip, thinking to yourself, "Grin and bear it, baby."

One weekend we drove seventy miles, one way. I spent the greater part of the weekend recuperating for the ride back. When I finally got home, barely alive and able to walk, I

jumped into the shower to clean up, and stood in shock as the water sprayed down and hurt my tender little ass. Talk about sting! When I got out of the shower, I bent over and looked at my ass in the mirror, and it had two raw, bright red spots on it, like the baboons in the zoo get from sitting around on concrete all day. Poor baby me!

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to be a complainer, because I'll keep on riding on that pea pad until either my tailbone breaks or my ol' man changes the style of his bike. There was only one time when I had it worse, and that was when I rode on the fender without a pea pad, or padding of any kind, because my ol' man didn't want to ruin that "solo look".

You know, sometimes I think maybe this is his way of getting another scoot, with all my blessings. Well, I'm still not bitchin'. He can go ahead and start building another bike, for highway and long-distance riding, any time he wants, and the sooner the better. I will be more than happy to help out in any way I can, which will probably be financially. Besides, one could never own enough Harley-Davidsons. That's the main thing that makes all the pain bearable: being able to pack on the back of a Hog, and getting to fuck the owner as well. All right! ■

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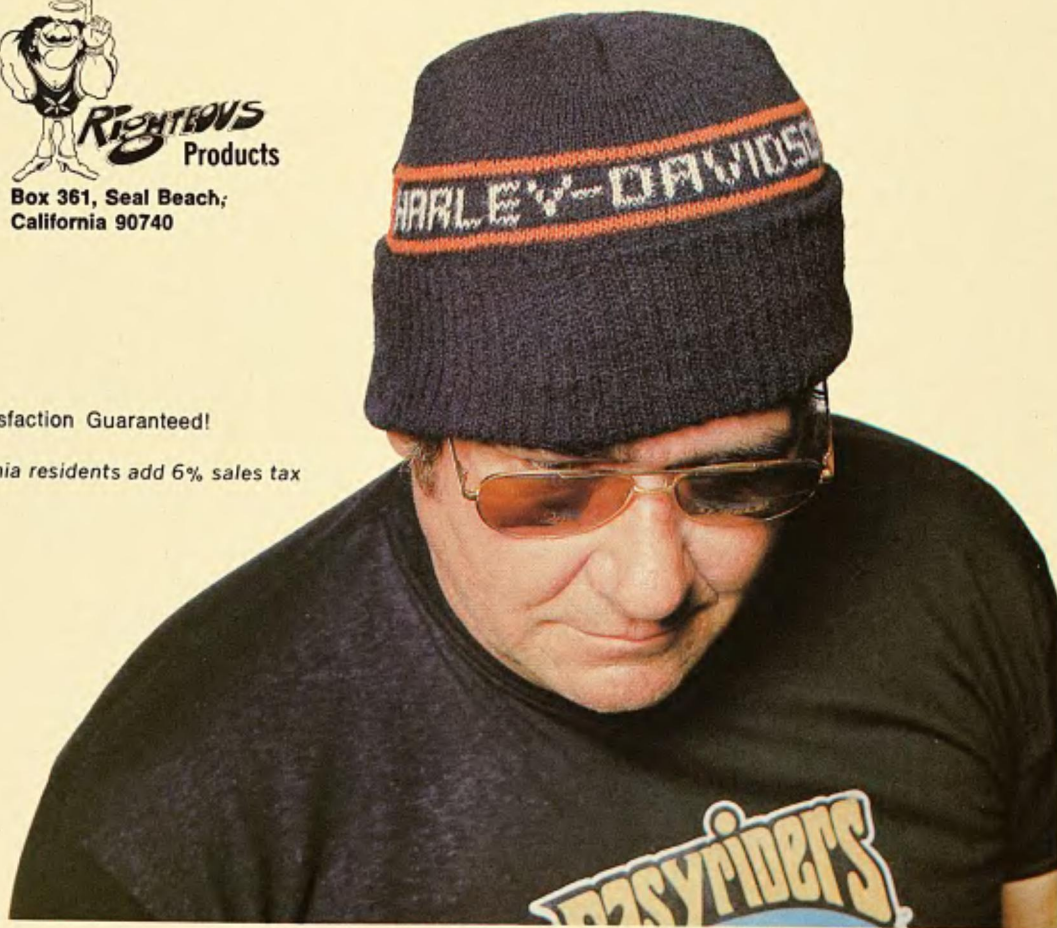
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In the Wind

San Quentin

There are a lot of scooter people in the slammer throughout the country. One figure we've heard is 2,000, but we think that's a little on the light side.

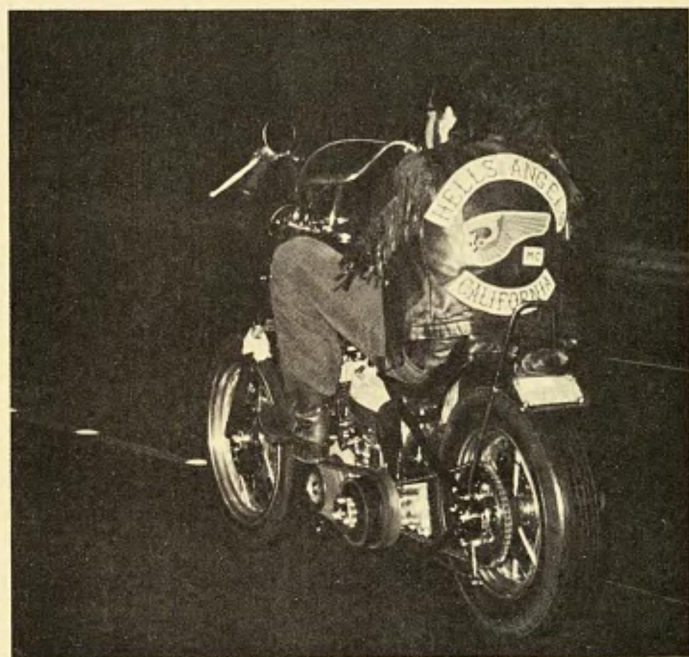
Anyone who's been on the inside knows how quickly they are forgotten once the iron door clangs shut. Tight bros, loved ones—even family—seem to drift away from the locked-down biker.

Scooter people are the exception. The biker brotherhood that has been bonded lasts forever. Some clubs are tighter than others, of course. With some clubs a bro is truly a bro, through thick and thin, from beginning to end. We have received letters from some guys complaining about their bros on the outside forgetting them—but these are

exceptions. Most maintain contact in one manner or another, and, depending on how liberal the particular prison is, the free bros are able to put on rock concerts and other activities inside the joint for the lock-ups—including shows featuring go-go dancers (not nude, but almost).

Now, for the first time, an outlaw club (Hell's Angels) has been able to put on a righteous bike show inside prison walls (San Quentin). They not only put on a far-out show but they were also allowed to putt their scoots right into the prison yard—now get this—with their colors flying!

Get the picture—a pack of 1%ers, colors flying, putting through the prison gates at



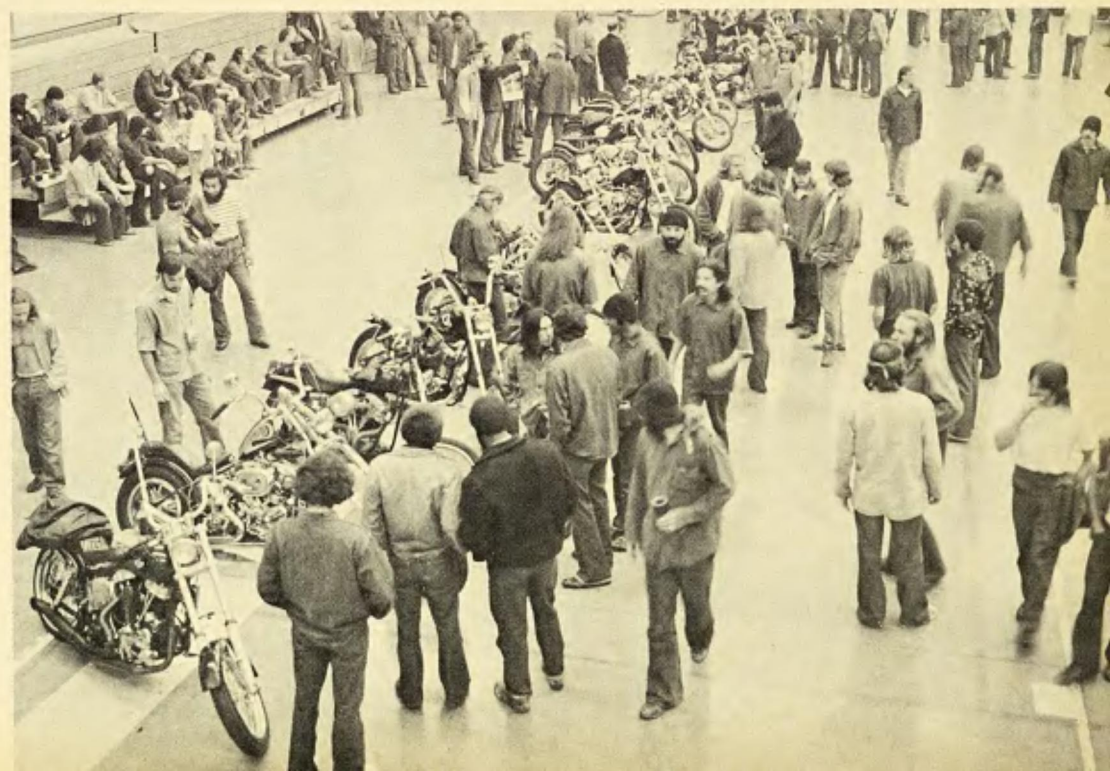
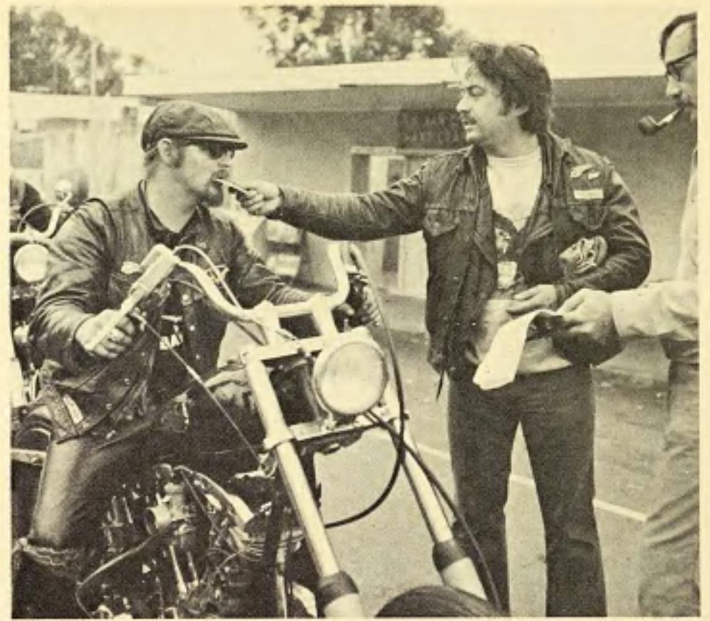


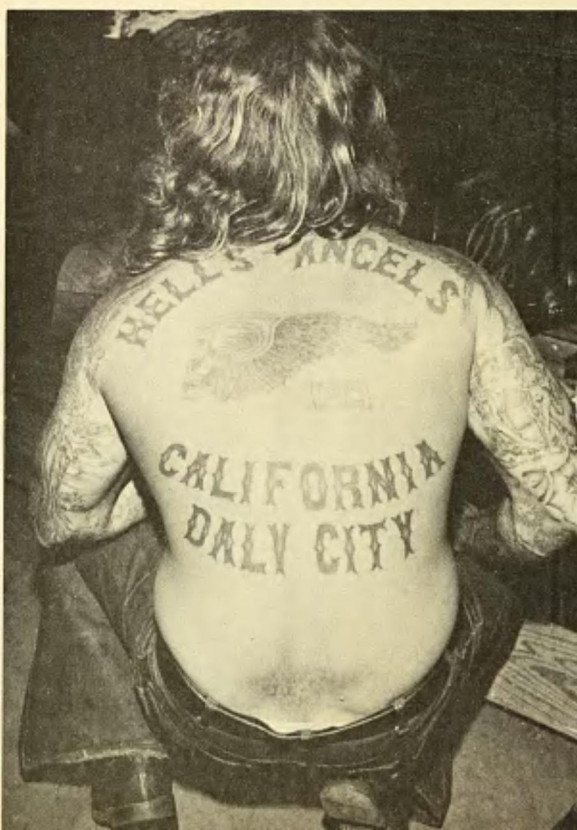
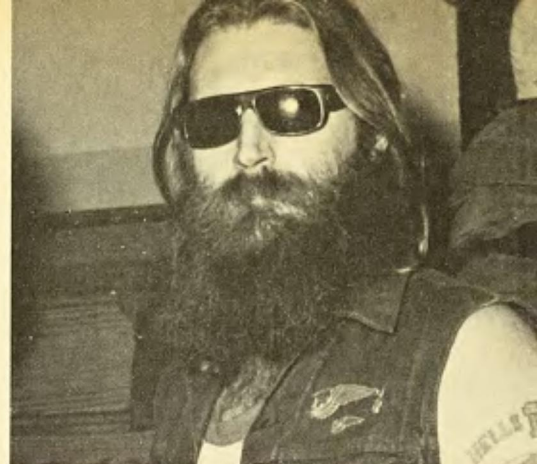
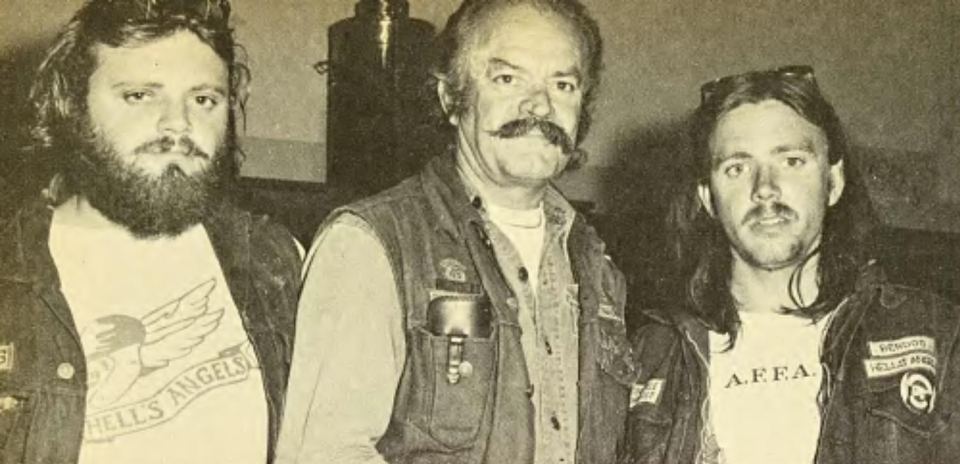
San Quentin. And they were let into the inside with only a lightweight shakedown. There were good vibes all around. The officers were really with the program—no bullshit.

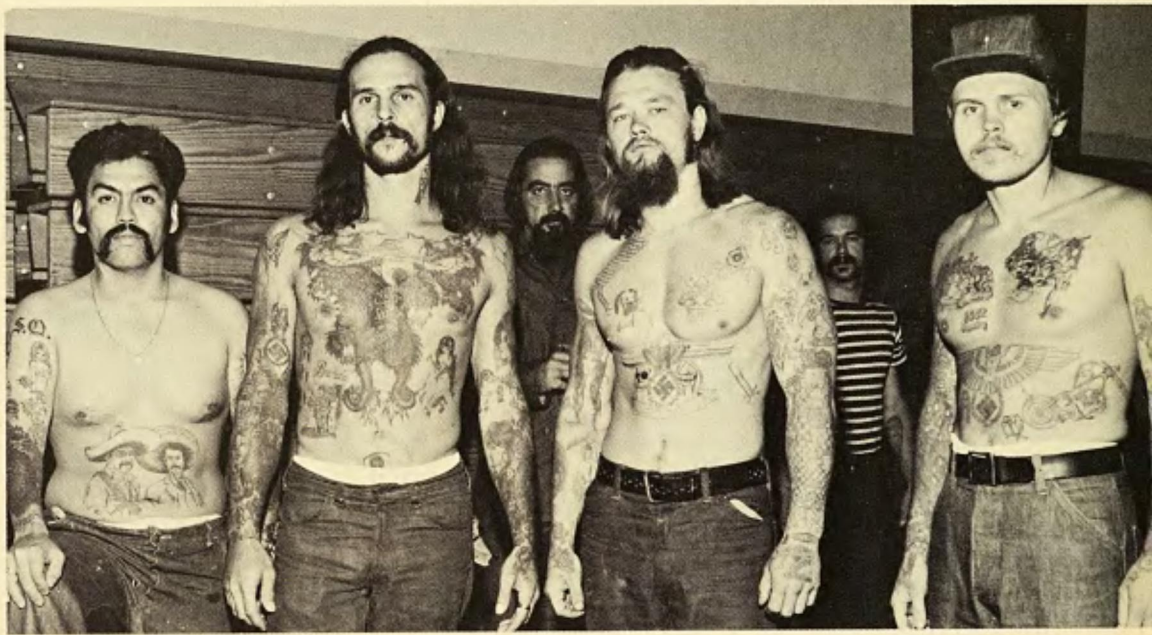
This isn't to say it wasn't a hassle getting approval. Most of the top brass were against it. But many officers were for it, and they were able to pressure the hardnose types to let it go on. In talking to the together officers, we found out that fifty-seven of them rode scoots and were behind the show completely. They blended with the outlaws, rapped, joked, and came off as genuine with-it dudes. As we've said, not all of the officials were in favor of the show. Spotted here and there were types just waiting for trouble to happen, but nothing—n-o-t-h-i-n-g—happened. It was an absolute groove, a perfect happening.

The idea was prompted by









the Hell's Angels on the inside and coordinated by the Daly City Chapter of the Angels on the outside, who sold the idea and worked out the logistics—logistics that were perfect; there wasn't one hitch—not one! Thirty bikes participated from eleven different chapters. One chapter (Berdoos) came 500 miles to be with their bros.

We're printing this feature to show clubs throughout the country that it is possible to turn your bros on inside; that it can be done with few problems; that the bros on the outside are obviously not going to do anything to fuck up the bros on the inside. It's as simple as that.

So remember the bros on the inside in your area. If you're a bro, you're a bro!

—Editor

—Continued on next page

CLUB PRIDE

Coutlaw clubs are no game. Once you're a member, there's no changing the name. You've got a patch to back, a club to build, and The Man constantly at your neck.

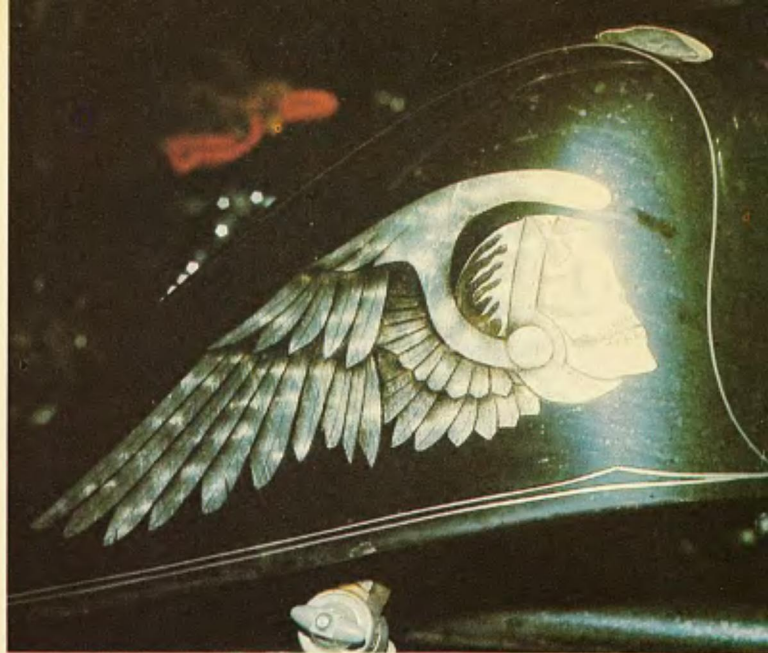
That's no bullshit. A brother prospecting for a 1%er club goes through an education. He is taught the meaning of his patch, of heart for his brothers, and what is needed to keep his colors proud. A 1%er lives by his patch and dies with that patch—a life of brotherhood.

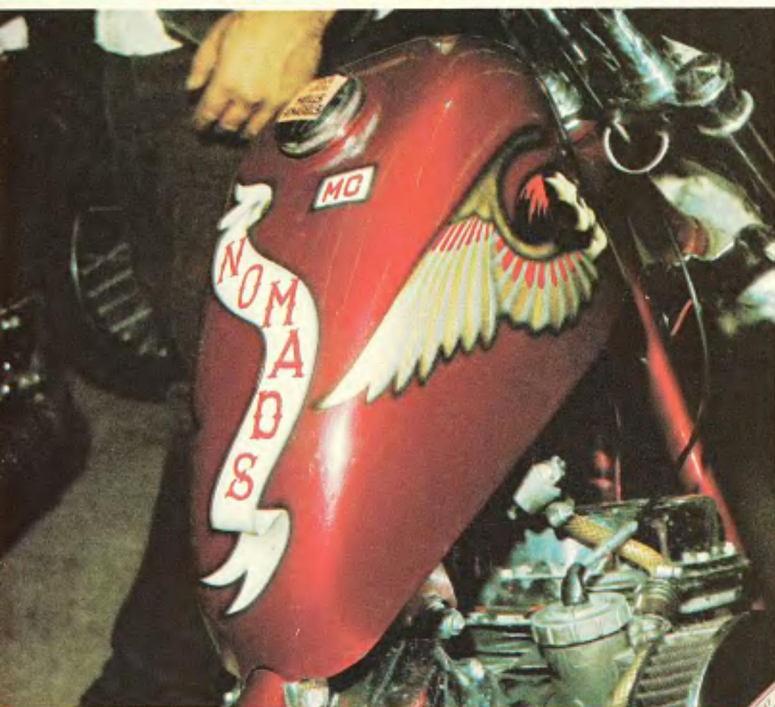
Consequently his pride, his whole life for his brothers and his colors, is often depicted anywhere he can show his club emblem, tattoos, rings, etc. And shown here are some examples of such pride for a man's club.

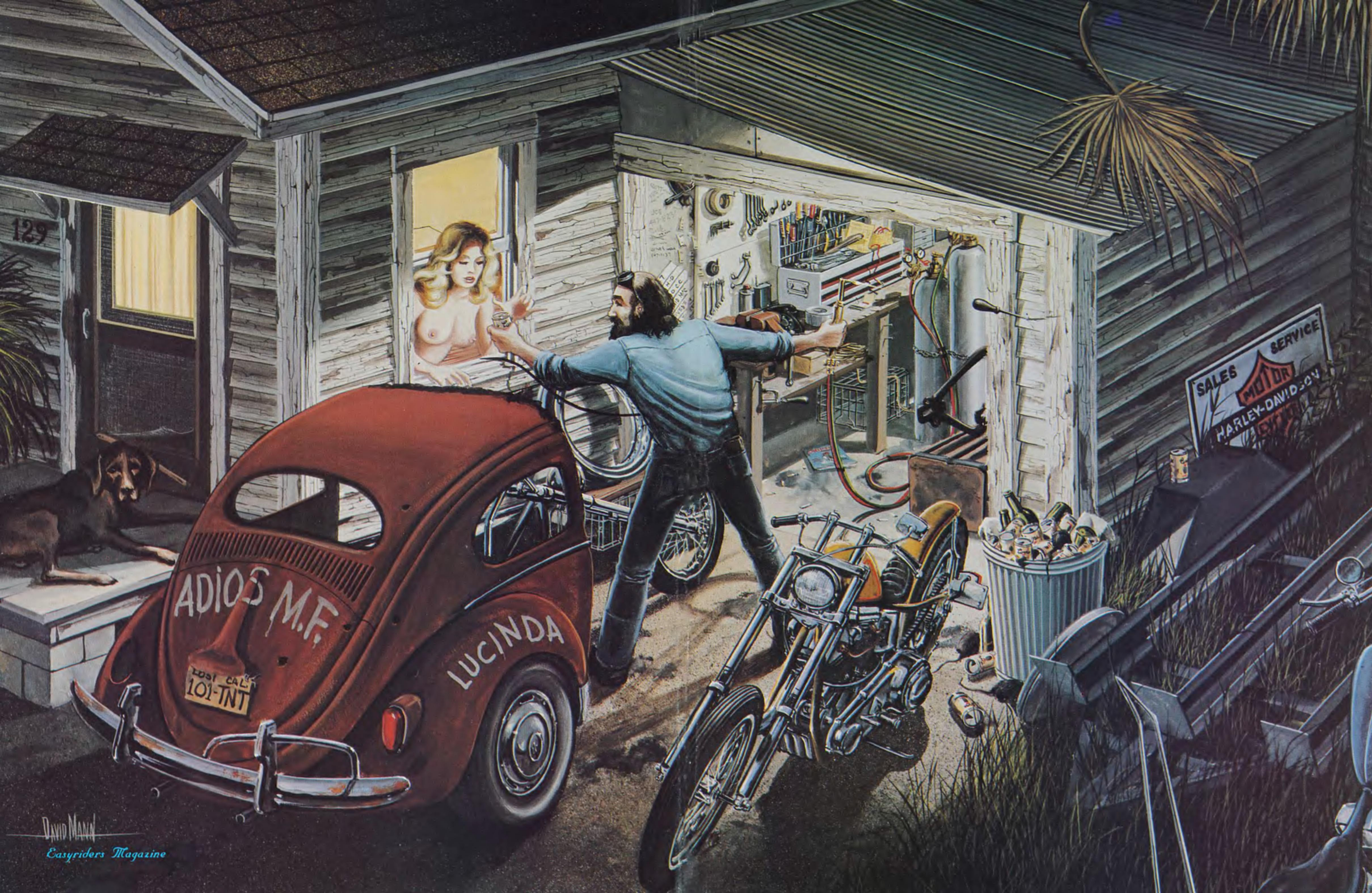
If any club has pride, it's Hell's Angels, and their death's-head is the center of that pride. Consequently many members have death's-heads engraved, sculptured or painted on their tanks. The photos shown here were taken at the San Quentin Prison bike show, where Hell's Angels came to show their brothers inside that they are always with them.

—Renegade

(Warning: Do not copy this club's (or any club's) patch or emblem. Doing so is frowned upon by all clubs and the consequences are heavy.)









EAST COAST CRUISER



Ya know, sometimes puttin' this mag together is like pushin' a 74 with a flat tire up a mountain—a definite bitch. Here I sit with this beautiful feature before me, the bike is fantastic, I wish his ol' lady was mine, and the photography is sharp.

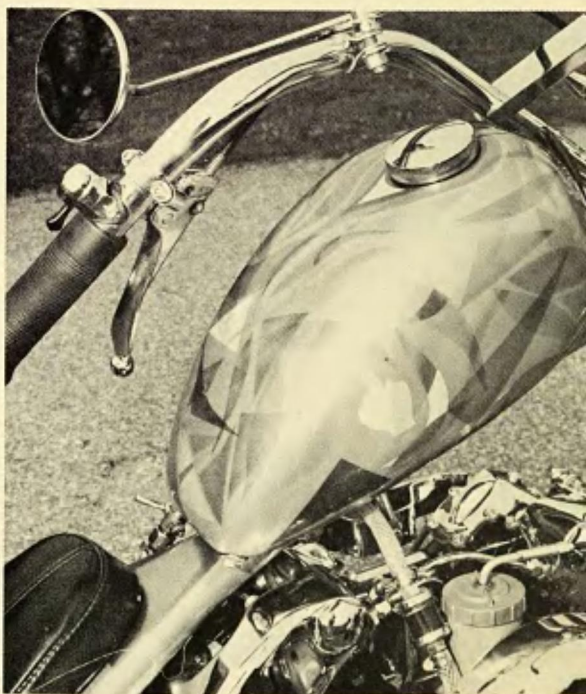
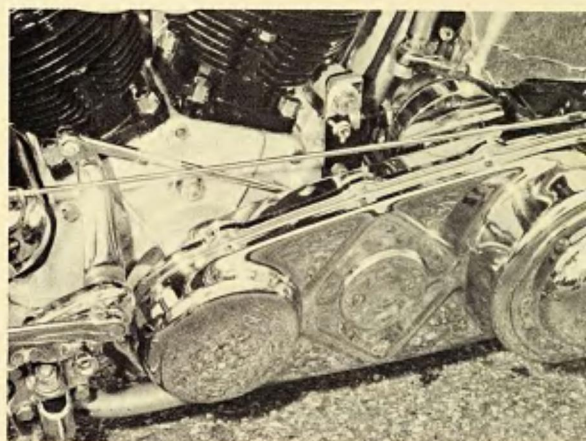
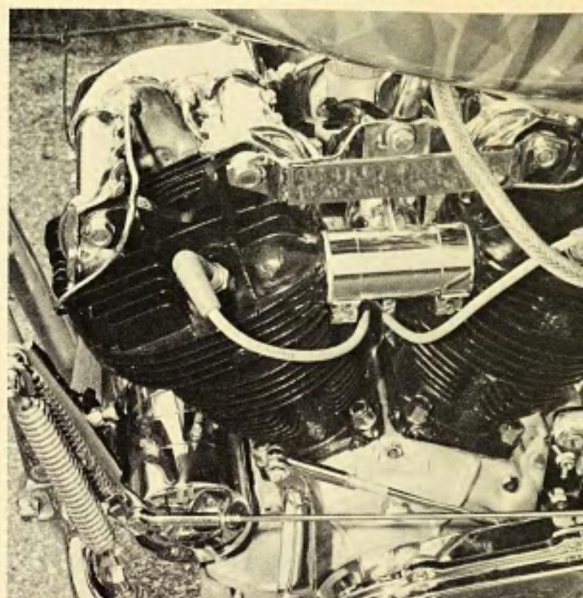
But I gotta write an article for the damn thing. And I'm here—wherever this is—and he's in Connecticut. His

phone is disconnected. And there's not a goddam thing with the flicks to tell me diddly-shit about the character in the shots, who I assume owns the bike. (I'd rather know more about his ol' lady.)

I mean ya gotta be creative in this vocation, but I ain't no fuckin' wizard. I've never even laid eyes on this tramp. For all I know his mother built the bike,



Another bizarre feature





Photography by Jake

his dad rides it a hundred miles to work every day, and he just posed with it so he'd be famous. And the chick—well, I'd almost go to Connecticut to check her out, but that's not the problem.

So what in hell can I do? Write the cat and sit here chewin' my nails till I get a reply? And the only address I have is the one where the bum phone is located. To top it off—somewhat like having a breakdown in the rain—the article has to be completed by tomorrow.

Ah, fuck it, I've got more important shit to rack my brain with, like the sweet chick flashin' at me in the flicks. Think I'll take a vacation, maybe to the East Coast.

—Later

—Continued on next page



Owners: Rudy Orkisz

City: Bridgeport, Conn.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Model: FL

Value: ?

Assembly by: owner

Time: 4 months

Chroming: J&J, Reliable Chrome

Frame

Year: 1947

Builder: H-D/owner

Type: early straight leg

Rake: 2 in. over stock

Stretch: lower top bar removed

Other alts.: special top motor mount

Accessories

Bars: pullbacks by owner

Risers:

Fender(s): rear 5 in. flat

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: Lucas

Speedo:

Front pegs: Gary Bang

Rear pegs: Drag Specialties

Electrics: switch panel behind engine

Gas tank: peanut, mod. by owner

Oil tank: wraparound

Oil system: pressure gauge

Primary cover: Paughco

Seat: Corbin Gentry

Sissy bar: SMC

Height: 18 in. above fender

Material: 1/2 in. square

Engine

Year: 1947

Model: knucklehead

Rebuilder: owner

Ignition: Joe Hunt mag

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Lower end:

Balancing:

Pistons:

Cases: bead blasted

Heads: Branch Flowmetrics

Cam: Sifton 45

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): 44mm Branch Mikuni

Air cleaner: early H-D

Pipes: drag

Muffler(s): none

Transmission

Modifications:

Year: 1947

Shifting: ratchet top

Engine sprocket: 24

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: Springer

Extension: 18 in. over

Builder: D&D

Special features: fender mounts

Wheels

Front

Size: 17 in.

Hub: Wheel Spec.

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Tire: 2.50 Avon

Brake: spool

Rear

Size: 16 in.

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Tire: 5.10 Goodyear

Brake: mech. drum

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: owner

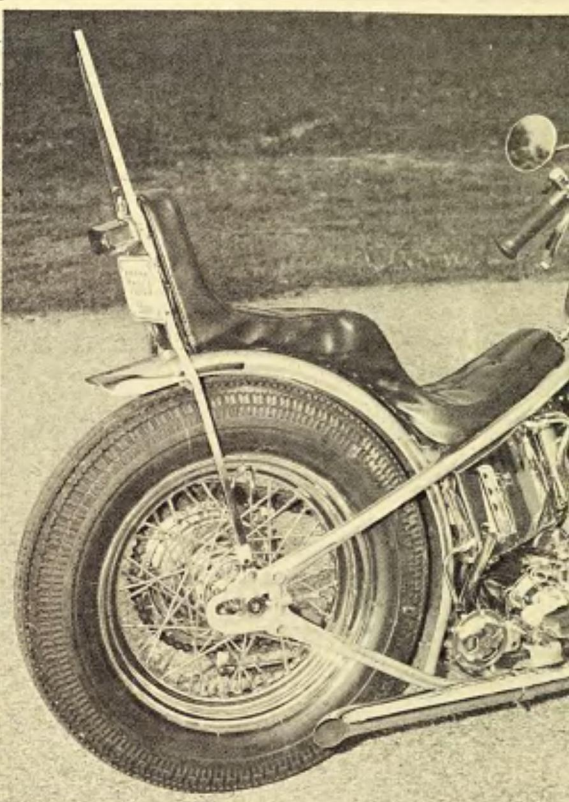
Color: orange pearl

Type: acrylic lacquer

Special paint: candy overlays

Other special modifications: heads reworked to take 14mm plugs,

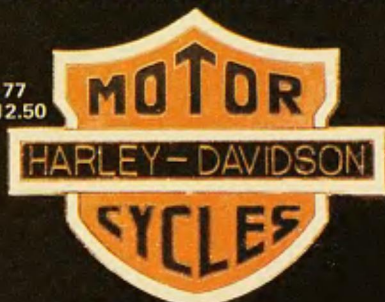
gas tank modified with lower tunnel to mount on frame, special backing plate to adapt H-D air cleaner to carb.



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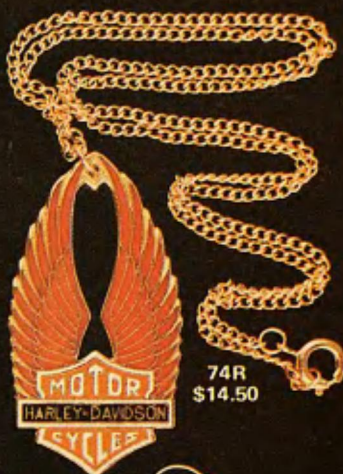
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PHYLLIS

Watchin' the Bike and Waitin'

It might seem odd to some people out there to see a scooter cuddled up to a bed. But not to little (5'6"-36-24-36) Phyllis. She once lived in a small apartment with her ol' man for a while. And like any good tramp he kept his proud





panhead within arm's reach at the side of his bed—no garage.

And if he happened to be out, without his scooter, she'd clean and polish his pretty putt and then crash next to it, making sure it stayed secure until her ol' man returned. So that's the way we set this gig up. So she could and would be in comfortable surroundings. Like the times when she waited longingly for her ol' man to open the door, take off his threads and commence to warm her lonesome bod.

She even removed her clothes like she used to after she finished making his putt look its best. The cool air felt good against her silky skin, like the polished surface of the glistening frame. She began to squirm in the bed in anticipation of her ol' man's muscular bod against her. She ran her sensitive digits over the slick





Photography by Pete Chiodo



chrome and her body went wild with the memories of the good biker who was once hers. His strong arms encircling her fragile figure, big, searching hands against her supple breasts and—she almost pulled the bike onto the bed, massaging it as if it was her lost ol' man.

The scene was too much for us to take. We were all hoverin' around the bed tryin' to take the place of her ol' man while Pete was doin' his damndest to get the shots. Even the owner of the bike, Bill, was fightin' his ol' lady just to get near the bed. It was a battle for Pete to do his number with Phyllis squirming all over the mattress while the rest of us fought to occupy at least part of it.

—Sex Maniac

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Dusty, your yummy and ours, proves she has more than a wicked body by creating this new feature. She's really an astrology freak, and what she writes here are facts.

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

Time now to clear the cobwebs out of the old noggin. If you're always getting lunched when you should be listening, you're sure to miss out on a terrific opportunity. One of your talents is up for grabs. One warning—be extra careful out on the highway, or you could get really creamed. Remember, too much tootin' and travelin' might put your lights out for good. Otherwise, you're in for lots of bangin' and a bonus!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

You'd better be able to read between the lines or be ready to bend and bare your buns. There is someone using that fine line between what is and isn't legal. So think twice before getting involved in some out-of-the-ordinary deals. Something bogus is in the air right now. Not only could you get the shaft but you'll be left licking your wounds.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

You're in the driver's seat now. Don't let any loud-mouthed motherfucker push ya around. This is your chance to get your balls in an uproar and get away with it. You've even got some hot pants chasin' after you. One is a boneyard broad, and the other is a prune-breasted nympho. You have the green light now. So drop your drawers and get out to stir up a stink!

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Have you noticed you're having to back-comb your hair to keep your pants up? And your bros are starting to refer to ya as "fart breath"? You may be feeling about as flat as a pair of tortilla tits this month. Poor you—too much romping and stomping has left your lizard limp. So get off your ass and have a well needed checkup. Who knows

—maybe the ol' sawbones will write ya out a neat script. Better hurry before your stools start spelling "help" in the pot!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

After last month your ass is draggin' so bad your nut sack looks like "the lone pancake." Now is the time to jingle your jollies to the sound of clinking coins! Remember last month when you were going down for the third time and your ol' lady tried to give you mouth-to-ass resuscitation? Return the favor now—get her a couple of cans of gunk or surprise her with a box of odor eaters for her box!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

It's time to watch out where you're dangling your dingdong. Some motor-mouth poop butt is puttin' your business in the streets. Maybe it's some honey you've been hangin' your honker in. About the only safe move you can make this month will be your bowels. Except for several bunsions on your boner (leave 'em, they're neat), you're healthy and horny. Save your strength for some serious crotch hopping!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

You're in for some weird happenings this month! First, you'll run into a strange little man who will turn you on to some strange little pills (did he say his name was Rumpelstiltskin?). Then, after you drop 'em, you'll be so messed up, you won't know where you're at. You may even wake up in Geritol Gardens beside some oldie but moldy who has a case of the dying quivers. What the hell—it might be a dynamite piece of ass!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Has your ol' lady been treating you like ya got a case of the uglies? Has she even stopped applauding while you're fartin' and belchin'? Well, numbnuts,

she may have found out about that tunnel twat you've been bangin' lately. Guess you're not such a slick dick after all. You'll get it back together again toward the end of the month. That's when you will share a trip to the free clinic. Shit—she can't say you never gave her anything!

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

You lucky suckers—looks like you're gonna coast through this period like a champ. You'll probably get turned on to some ball-bustin' goodies that will curl the hairs on your ass (if they're not already). By the way, peckerheads, don't bogard all that good shit, turn on some of your bros. Start knocking your nuts together with a whole month of buzz-ons and hard-ons!

Libra (September 22—October 22)

This month you're in a real lazy-ass mood. There's one thing for sure—you're the last one to catch a case of athlete's ass now. You may not be too tired to putt or fuck, but the only other exercise you'll do will be tipping a bottle of brew or rolling a joint. Perhaps you'd better load up on vitamins before you have to start askin' your ol' lady to spread your ass cheeks so you can pass gas.

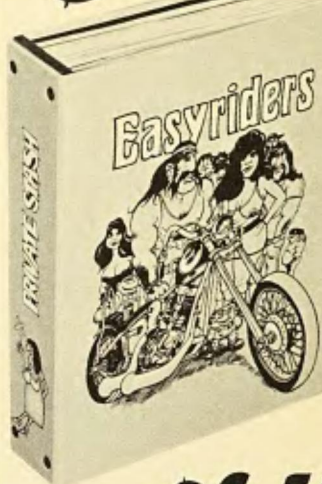
Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Woe is me—this is the time when you're up to your ears in shit! First off, some sleazy snatch with a case of vaginal itch beds down with you. Then you catch it on the head of your dick. Even worse, you contract an invasion of creep crawlies. But the climax of it all comes when The Man keeps fuckin' with ya. Just before you hand him your driver's license, pick your nose and put a booger on it!

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

You are the dudes who are adventuresome and also very fucking weird at times. The sight of a plucked chicken might excite the hell out of ya, especially one with varicose veins. Or maybe even the sound of diarrhea makes your peter pulsate. (You would be perfect for Mutha.) Seriously though, you do find some inventive way to get your rocks off, and this month you'll outdo yourself.

Class



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DOWN-TIME ENTERTAINMENT

BY ZOM

SOUNDS

"MOVING TARGETS"—FLO AND EDDIE: Back in the '60s Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan begat the Turtles. Returning to their shells after several hits, the



Turtles begat Phlorescent Leech and Eddie, who begat Phlo and Eddie, who became Flo and Eddie and who are, of course, Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan. Whatever the fuck that was all about, this twosome is a winner. They're the best live act in music today: gross, irreverent, and such damn good singers it almost makes your leg wet to hear them after all the cock rock and shock rock crap. I only wish I could say this album is as good as they are. It's nice, but nice just ain't good enough. Is it possible that Flo and Eddie are caught up in the toughest rock trap of them all? The you-ain't-got-it-these-days-unless-you-write-your-own-material-blues has claimed a lot of professional lives in today's record business. Flo and Eddie are great performers but only good songwriters and the answer to that is obvious. Maybe it will have occurred to someone to buy top-notch material for them by the next album. As for this one, it's no waste of money. "Elenore" will bring back memories, and the title tune is what getting on a bike is all

about. You really can't catch a moving target.

"BICENTENNIAL NIGGER"—RICHARD PRYOR: Pryor may never top the shit-shaker album of all time, namely his "Was It Something I Said," but this one comes right up alongside. This is a funny, funny man with timing so sharp it has to be illegal, and he's fantastically foul. He starts with the album title, which is like music to the ears of those of us who have been bicentennialized into a stupor, and never stops. Plus, his ad libs slash like a straight razor. You see right away you'd a lot rather meet him in a dark alley than have to deal with him when he's got a microphone in his hand.

"TEXAS COOKING"—GUY CLARK: A first album for this country artist with too many ballads, but they're done in fire style with backup vocal help by biggies Emmylou Harris, Hoyt Axton and Waylon Jennings. The two hot numbers on the LP sizzle, and folks, it looks lak this boy gwine be a star.

"SILK DEGREES"—BOZ SCAGGS: If Boz Scaggs had a middle name, and with that monicker he could use one, it would undoubtedly be Quality. Enough said.

DR. BUZZARD'S ORIGINAL SAVANNAH BAND: Even if this record wasn't a hit we would have to say that, speaking of names, no group with one like this one could possibly be all bad.

FLICKS

GATOR: With any luck, this film has already disappeared back into the swamp, but it needs to be discussed. Burt Reynolds isn't a bad actor (note that I didn't say he's a good one) and he isn't an idiot. But he evidently thinks we

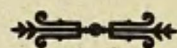
are. Some people happen to like speed and wheels with a little violence and blood and guts thrown in. So they must be idiots. Therefore why not find the dumbest, stupidest script in the world and direct it yourself? Well, Spurt must



have learned directing via a correspondence course, and he must have flunked it because, most of the time, the cast stands around looking as if they're wondering who farted. If the script didn't suck so badly, Jerry Reed might be good in the role of Bama McCall, but he doesn't have anything sensible to do or say. Lauren Hutton provides the puke love interest and looks just like every other titless high fashion model who has sunk to making a fool of herself in grade Z movies like this one. The movie does have a few mad moments, and they at least had the decency to hold the camera steady, but Burt, how could you?

A MAN CALLED HORSE: Richard Harris is once again horsing around with the fate of the Yellow Hand tribe, but somehow this sequel just doesn't have the bite, or the grace, of its predecessor. Still, it's worth seeing. Visually, it's beautiful and the violence is inventive (Harris builds a bonfire on the crotch of his enemy, etc.) The Rites Of The Sun have been toned down considerably, but still look as though they'd definitely smart. Harris is starting to really show his age and, God, it's sad to see a hell-raiser beginning to wind down. But his acting remains only superb. ■

GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS



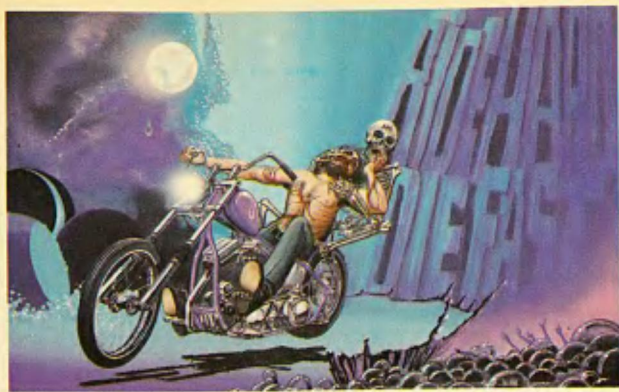
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M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-7
"Run Heat"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

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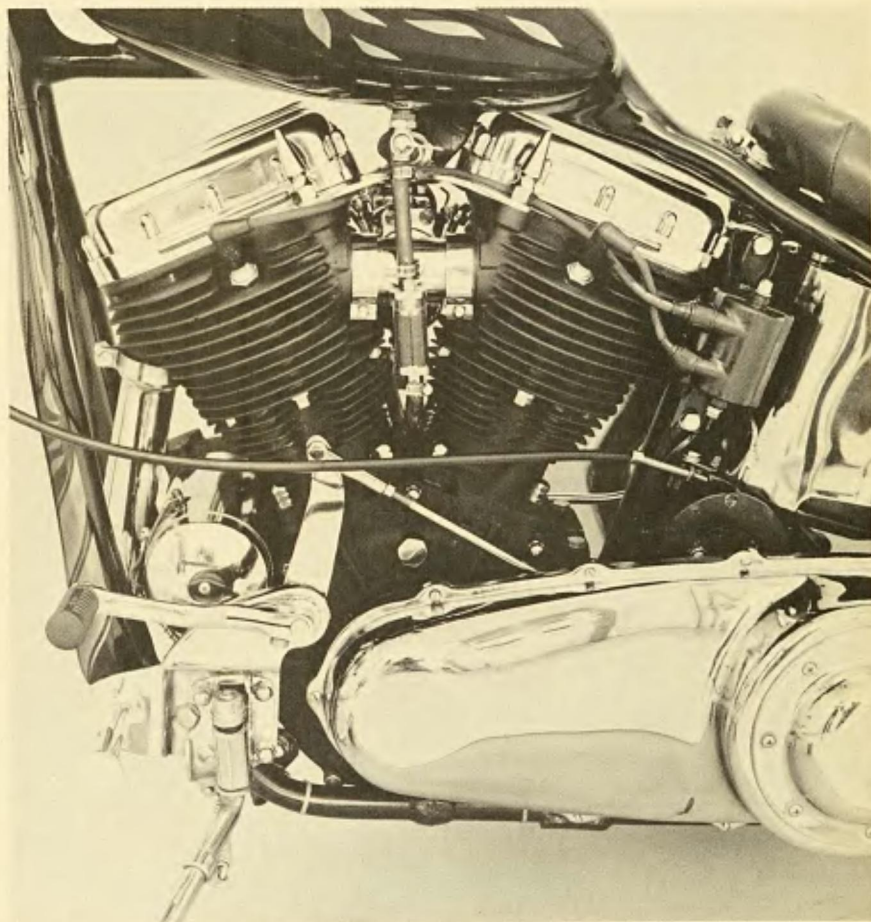
"You're never satisfied." Sounds like something an ol' lady might utter out of her snivelin' mouth when she's on the rag and you need a little. But that phrase does apply to one helluva lot of bros who build one style of bike after another just to find out, when they think they've built the ultimate rat or show bike, that there's another style or alteration they'd like to have a go at. Or they look at their new creation and think about the next time and the fast bike or low rider they're gonna build.

Lennie has that problem. While he was watching us take photos of his fast, pretty bike he started describing his next one. He sniveled about the flashy stroker as being too snazzy. How it might not hold together, and he'd sure hate to see it marred or have to go through the disillusionment and grief of abrading the putt through some slippery curve on its side.

So I inquired as to how many stages his ol' pan had seen. Lennie ran down the history: When he bought it, it was a dresser with every H-D gewgaw ever nailed to a dresser all over the bike. (That quickly changed.)

Since he lived right dead center of the town where stretched frames originated, that was the next design. He put together a super stretched scooter, complete with a Denver frame and a 25-over front end. But the flex in the frame and front end was too much on the freeway and he had to bring the bounce to a stop.

So he dug out the old frame again and built almost the opposite style bike. From a new, innovative design back to an old traditional configuration. A 10-inch-over



springer, apehangers, and upsweep pipes. That was all right for a while, but it didn't last.

He got tired of the apehangers, and drag bars seemed to be the coming craze. So, not to be outdone or behind, he modified his sled with drag bars and stacks—gave it that mean look. That



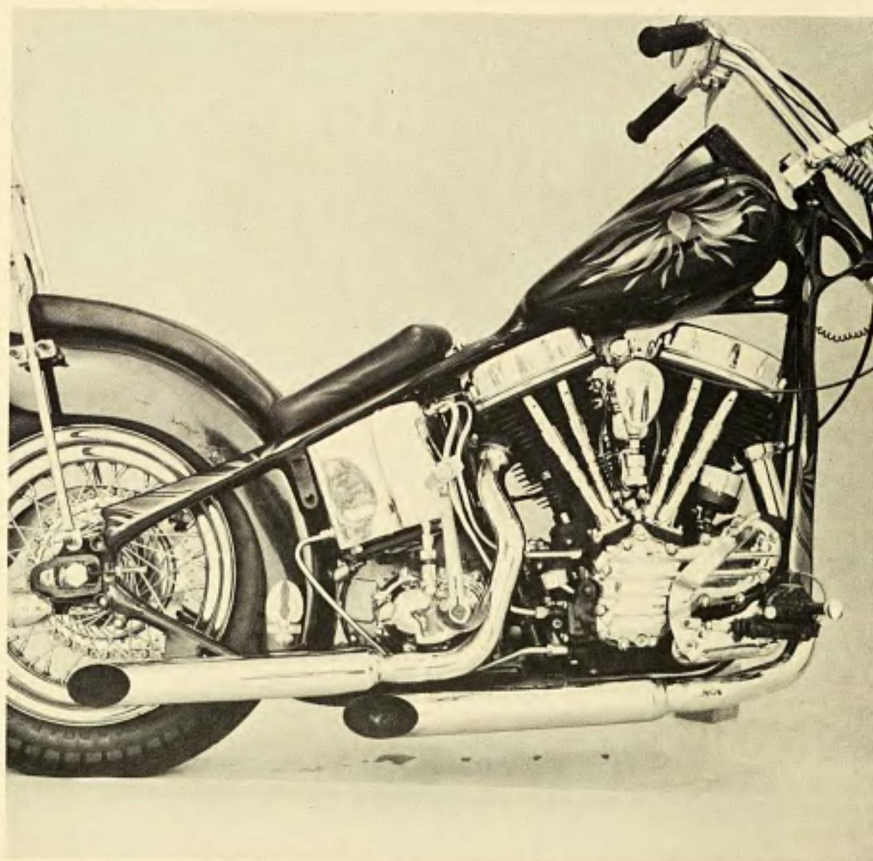
Photography by Pete Chiodo

would've been cool for a spell, but the road got to him and he needed a putt that would get him there and back. No flash and no breakdowns. So all the unfunctional bullshit was removed and his once-stretched girlie catcher evolved into a rat bike—hear, hear!

It remained a rat pan for quite a few years while he built pretty scooters right and left, out of the shop where he worked. But as time progressed the people riding the sharp bikes **he** was fabricating started gettin' to his head. He built their bikes, and then they were embarrassed to be seen with him and his ratty 74.

They finally made enough derogatory comments that he tore his runnin' rat apart just to build this show wagon and demonstrate to 'em that he still had it in him. He's proud of it all right, but it'll soon change again.

—Bandit



Owners: Lennie Green **City:** Riverside, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1949
Year and make: 1959 H-D	Builder: H-D
Model: FLH	Type: rigid
Value: \$4,000	Rake: 40°
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none
Time: 2 months	Other alterations:
Chroming by: Cates	

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1959	Bars: drag
Model: FLH	Risers: 8 inch
Rebuilder: Kenny, Chopper Pl.	Fender(s): fatbob
Ignition: dis. coil	Headlight: Bates
Displacement: 92 cu. in.	Taillight: square
Lower end: 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " stroke	Speedo: none
Balancing: Kenny	Front pegs: bolt heads
Pistons: .060 Axtel	Rear pegs: almost none
Cases: black wrinkle	Electrics: Action Pack Reg.
Heads: ported/polished	Gas tank: narrow fatbobs
Cam: 468+	Oil tank: H-D wraparound
Lifters: hydraulic	Oil system: heads outside oiler
Carb(s): Linkert	Primary cover: smooth
Air cleaner: none	Seat: Henry Toro
Pipes: American Motor Sport	Sissy bar: Don Cates
Muffler(s): American Motor Sport	Height: 18 inches
	Material: $\frac{5}{8}$ " round stock

Transmission

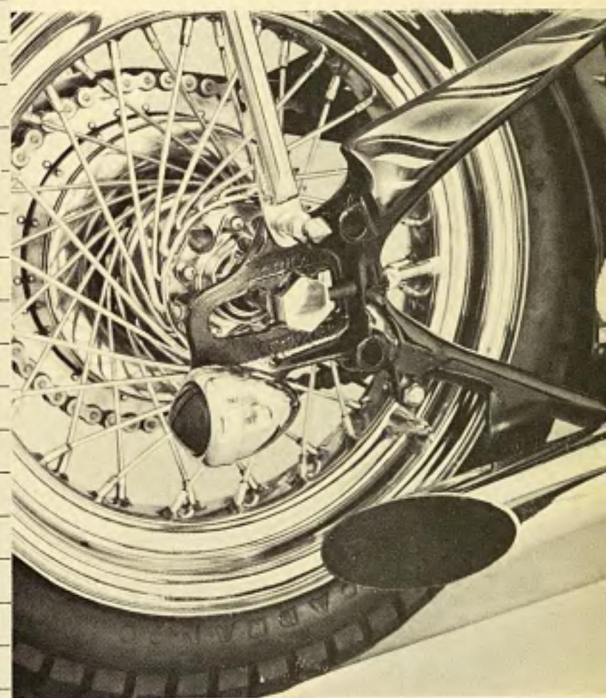
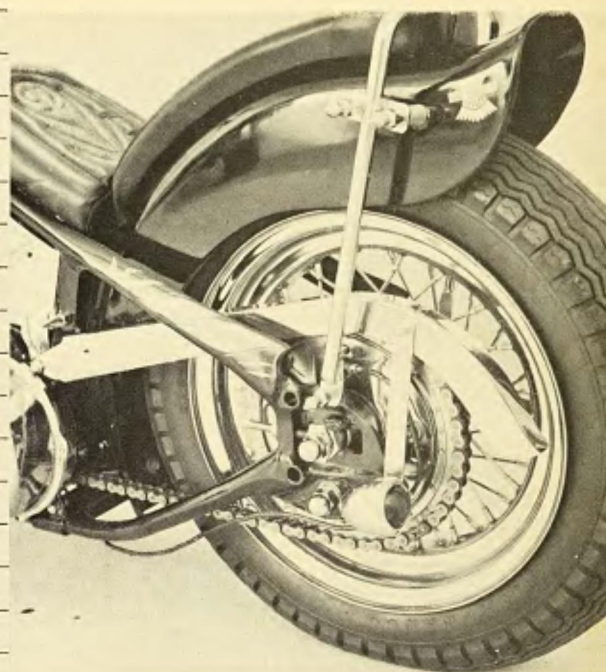
Forks

Modifications: none	Type: girder
Year: 1959	Extension: 8 in. over
Shifting: ratchet top	Builder: Calif. Cycle
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: narrowed top tree

Wheels

Painting

	Front	Rear
Molding: Calif. Clyde	Size: 18	Size: 16
Painter: Calif. Clyde	Hub: Kenny	Hub: H-D
Color: black lacquer	Rim width: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Rim width: 6 in.
Type: lacquer imron clear	Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: Adran
Special paint: turquoise designs	Brake: none	Brake: H-D juice



Gun Nut Report

—Continued from page 29

eral Staff (they weren't dumb) re-designated the weapon from assault rifle to machine pistol and made some of them anyway behind the Fuhrer's back. Now it's lucky for us that large numbers of this superior weapon weren't in general use until 1944, when it was redesignated from machine pistol back to Sturm Gewehr StG44 and flooded the market along with its identical twin brothers, MP43 and MP44. By that time even the Fuhrer was willing to try anything. Prior to 1944, however, most infantrymen still carried the bolt-action MOD98 Mauser, and if it hadn't been for the Sturm Gewehr's cousins, the MP38 and MP4 (those ever-popular Schmeisser Maschinenpistolen in general use throughout the war), the krauts would never have been able to flush the enemy from the close-in confines of house-to-house fighting.

Because all three variations of the Sturm Gewehr (MP43, MP44, and StG44) were chambered for a short-



ened Kurtz 7.92mm cartridge, they were usually known by the nickname Kurtz Karabiner. In spite of what the Fuhrer had to say on the subject, the troops in the field knew a good thing

when they saw it and never missed a chance to pick up a Kurtz left behind by a fallen comrade and throw away their clumsy MOD98s. Interestingly enough, there are reports of American GI's using them over the objections of their officers, much the same way a lot of guys picked up AK47s in Nam.

Now that brings us to the second part of our story—the design ripoff of the Kurtz by the Russkies. That's right, folks, the AK47 is the Russian copy of the MP43 and its variations. Because the design is such a winner — get this — **more AKs have been made than any other military weapon in the twentieth century!** Which just goes to show that if you've got a good thing, don't fuck it up. As a lot of guys will tell you from facing them in Korea and Vietnam, that Kurtz Karabiner, aka AK47, is the wrong thing to be on the business end of.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, it took the U.S. Government a while to flash on the AK47, get their shit together, and start issuing a comparable weapon to our GIs. I think that after a few Congressmen had stopped in Saigon to check in at the brothels and helicoptered in to look at some

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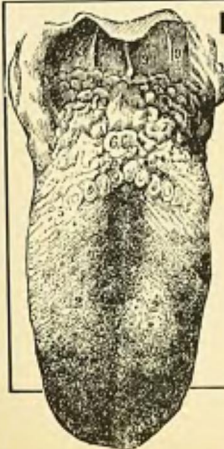
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**—Whatta
bummer!**

of the "front line" action, they may have heard a few gripes about the M14 which was a current issue at the time. They may have seen news photos of our guys using the AKs, so they asked some embarrassing questions at the Pentagon.

Naturally, the brass replied, "Glad you asked that. We just happen to have this snazzy little gun that is just right for jungle war and we have been waiting for enough of them to send 'em over to Viet Nam to try out." You guessed it again, the U.S. copy of Kurtz is the M16, only we weren't as smart as the Russkies—we were gonna "improve" the design and have a "superior" weapon. Well, those "improvements" resulted in a lot of guys getting their asses shot off while they sat with M16s in their laps trying to unjam the fuckin' things. It seems that in the jungle climate they had to be cleaned every few hours after firing. I'm sure that the VC and the NVA thought that wuz real funny as they fingered the triggers of their AKs and blew our guys away.

To be fair, it didn't take very long for us to develop an improved version—the M16A1—with a chrome-plated bore and bolt-assist handle that allows you to slam the bolt shut and fire the weapon even with dirt and shit in the mechanism. I keep reading that the current weapon is "... the culmination of design improvements in modern military weaponry." Ain't that terrific!

Now, to get back on the track and trace the continuing development of the "Kurtz Karbiner" Sturm Gewehr. The last Nazi version was designated the StG45(M) and basically was a simpler, cheaper-to-manufacture version of the MP43/44 and remained in use to the end of the war. Following the surrender, a lot of guys got very rich from exporting all the captured kraut weapons and selling them to the highest bidder. And don't think for a minute that all these guys were on the same side of the Iron Curtain as us. A lot of Kremlin-shipped small arms of German origin have turned up around the world in the hands of Communist "Freedom Fighters."

Meanwhile, back in Germany, they were trying to rebuild the Fatherland, which had been almost totally destroyed by war. Some things remained intact: the Wehrmacht is still running around in field-gray uniforms, there are still Iron Crosses on their tanks, and—lo and behold!

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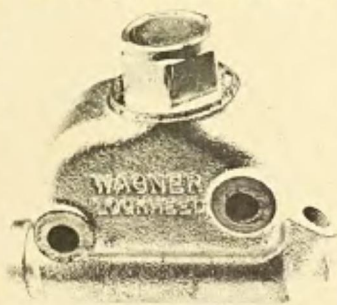
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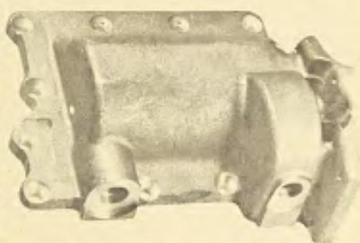
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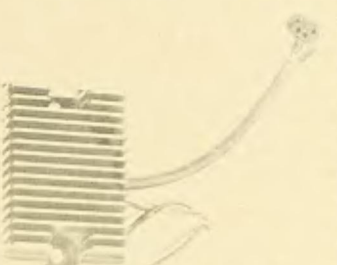
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In firing, it uses what is called a delayed roller-locked blowback action. Here's what happens when you pull the trigger: The gases from the exploding cartridge force the head of the bolt backward, overcoming the friction of the two rollers that hold the bolt in place (an intermediate locking piece secures these rollers in special grooves in the barrel extension), but for a micro-second the rollers hold until the bullet is clear of the barrel; then they release and the action slams back, ejecting the empty, picks up another cartridge, locks shut, and we're ready to go again.

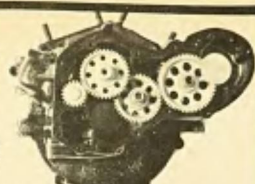
Believe me, this system is much simpler and more reliable than conventional gas-operated or straight blowback designs when accuracy, ability to function reliably with various types of ammo at a high cyclic rate, and low maintenance needs are considered. In other words, this is just what you need if you're going to be in a foxhole for three weeks holding off suicide charges in the rain and mud, and you forgot to pack your cleaning kit. Now, I don't know how much of a hunter's weapon this is, but probably with soft-point loads and a scope (it comes with military sights), it will bring home the bacon, so to speak.

As I mentioned before, the accessories offered for the rifle include bayonet, 5-, 20-, and 40-round magazines, retractable metal stock (that knocks the overall length down by seven inches for you compactness freaks), and an interesting tidbit—a 22-cal. LR conversion kit for those of you who aren't into shooting .223 at thirty bucks per hundred rounds. Also, for big-bore freaks, the weapon comes in a 7.62mm (.308 cal.) version designated HK91.

In all, the newest "Kurtz Karbiner" is well made and is a valuable addition to any weapons collection—not to mention a fine shooter!

— "Powder" Burns

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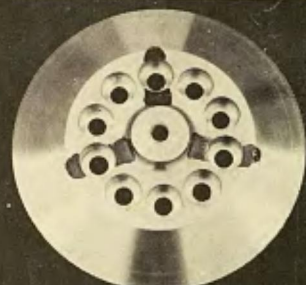
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A Prize In the Box

—Continued from page 21

cardboard, I belched, lit up a Camel, and reflected on how much more food like this I could handle before dying of food poisoning.

"Gee," she said. "It's sure good to see a man enjoy my cooking again. You look just like Louie did, after he'd eat." I wondered if Louie worried about food poisoning, too.

Looking in the icebox, I took out the only can of beer—an opened can of stale Oly—and started to drink it, when she let out a scream. "No, not that. I'm saving that to wash my hair in. I'll go to the corner store and get some more." I handed her two bucks and watched her disappear out the door. Now I realized why her hair looked so sick.

While she was gone, I looked through her photo album. Some of the same old shit. Pictures of her and some ragged dudes, a few news clippings about fights, and of the bust of a Louie Smith. There was an old Valentine's Day card, inscribed "With love, to Crackerjack." It was signed with love, from her ol' man. I wondered where she had ever picked up the name Crackerjack, but figured it wasn't none of my business. I had just put the album back on a shelf when she returned from the store. She had a six-pack of beer, and she handed me back my two bucks.

"The dirty old man was working," she said, grinning, "so, for a feel of my tits, he gave me the beer." Maybe this rag isn't really so bad, I thought, and after all the beer I'd been drinking, she looked even better.

All good things come to an end, they say, and that job offer in Tacoma wasn't going to last forever, so, three days later, when I woke up to the discovery that there were no reds left, I decided to pull out.

I told Crackerjack I was leaving, and her reply was, "Yeah, well, write when you get where you're goin'."

Her name, Crackerjack, bothered me as I pulled out of that little Colorado town, and it bothered me for another ten days. But here I am in the free clinic in Tacoma, and the doctor says, "Stay off beer, don't have sex, and one more shot and you'll be fine." Now I know why they call her Crackerjack. She's got a surprise gift in her box. ■

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P.O. BOX 3377, CULVER CITY, CA 90230

	CIRCLE SIZES WANTED				QUAN.	PRICE	TOTAL
STYLE A	S	M	L	XL		\$5.50	
STYLE B	S	M	L	XL		\$5.50	
STYLE C	S	M	L	XL		\$5.50	

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PLEASE.
ALLOW 2-3 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.
PERSONAL CHECKS TAKE LONGER.

TankART

BY... DAVID MANN

THE INCREDIBLE HAND OF DAVID MANN AND WILD COUNTRY CUSTOM, BRINGS YOU TANKART BY MAIL! CARTOONING • PIN-STRIPING • LETTERING & SURREALISM • YOUR IDEAS OR LEAVE IT TO OUR IMAGINATION • ALL ART WORK DONE OVER YOUR LACQUER BASE PAINT ONLY! • ALL JOBS SEALED WITH CLEAR LACQUER • FOR MORE INFORMATION SEND \$1 TO.... WILDCOUNTRY CUSTOM 610 HAROLD COURT • CLEARWATER, FLA. 33516 (813) 443-7578

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Send a buck for the complete brochure to:

IRVING PENKETHMAN Box 950-BD, Pocasset, Ma. 02559

Never Say Die

—Continued from page 13

from three directions by powerful spots catching him in their beams. Dismay and terror rippled up his spine at the sight of the entire club spewing from the house into the yard, coming and coming until their outraged faces surrounded him where he crouched at the winch.

His horrified eyes roamed from hostile face to hostile face, finding no trace of mercy or pity. He shuddered, knowing exactly what was going to happen now—his already crippled body feeling the pain that would soon be anguished reality, the sweat oozing from every pore despite the night air's coolness. His disfigured features scrunched into a grimace of fear, the shapeless mouth gaping as he mewed the despair surging through his twisted mind.

It had happened before. Many times before. Now it would happen again. Eustace shivered as memories of the beatings, the flesh bruised and torn, the bones snapped and splintered, relived their remembered torture in his head.

Then his eyes stopped at Marauder's bearded face with its baffled expression.

"Why, Useless?" Marauder asked evenly. "It's been a whole fuckin' year now since you tried this old shit on us. Since then, three other clubs have put you into the goddam hospital every four months—and still you keep right on tryin' to destroy private property. Cherished property, ya little bastard! Why, f'Christ's sake? Answer me that, will ya?"

"I—I wanted to ride," stammered Eustace harshly. "I wanted to have them girls and be like you. Be free and big and not afraid—just like



"Okay—when do I get my Sodomy Badge?"

Chrome

PLATING

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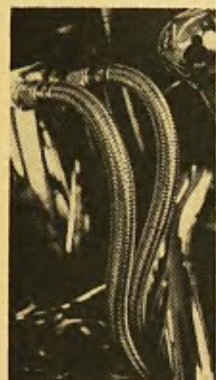
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Steel Braided Oil Lines

Super strong—and
reinforced where
it counts!

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

29.95



Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201

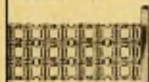
SUNDAY LTD. — CHAIN BELTS

Sizes available up
to 40 inches, add
75¢ for each addi-
tional inch.



\$18.95

#45



#54



\$21.95

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#80



\$30.95

#100

Send for your chain belt today care of Sunday Ltd.
P. O. Box 111, Dept. R, River Forest, Illinois 60305
Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back.
Dealer inquiries invited

CHROME PLATING

STEEL & ALUMINUM
PARTS
CHROME PLATED

Quality Plating Since 1945

GRAVES PLATING CO.

P.O. Box 1052, ER, Florence, Ala. 35630
Phone (205) 764-9487

you. B-But I—I c-couldn't . . ." His
quavering voice faded into silence.

"You weren't born big enough or
strong enough to handle a bike,
dammit." Marauder's tone went flat
with logic. "Now that's not your
fault. And it sure as hell's not *our*
fault. Shit, it ain't nobody's fuckin'
fault, Useless. Can't you dig that
simple fact, asshole?"

"Jesus," said a brother standing
behind Marauder, his face somber
with unease. "This little creep's
crazy, bro."

"Tell me about it," sighed Ma-
rauder without taking his eyes from
the puny figure huddled over the
winch.

"Let him go, man," urged the
brother.

"No way," said Marauder firmly.
"We tried that—for a while. Every-
body tried that with Useless. It
don't work worth shit, does it, Use-
less? Naw, he goes right on tryin'
to burn bikes and boost sleds every
fuckin' chance he gits, don'tcha,
Useless?"

Eustace nodded, a strangely ex-
cited expression giving the scarred
and deformed features the undeni-
able cast of defiance. "Yeah, well, it
ain't fair, see? It just ain't fuckin'
fair at all for you big bastards to
ride and get them girls and be
happy while—w-while I . . ." His
voice trailed into silence again, the
mouth working madly but produc-
ing only long strings of gleaming
saliva.

"Shit!" breathed one of the newer
brothers. "We oughta just snuff the
poor little ugly and put 'im outa his
misery!"

"Oh, dandy!" Marauder turned
scathing eyes on the new dude.
"Sure, waste the shithead and bring
the heat down, not to mention stir-
rin' up a lotta crap for bikers right
at a time when we're fightin' for
survival. Yeah, that's a real bright
solution, man."

The brother shrugged, blank-
faced.

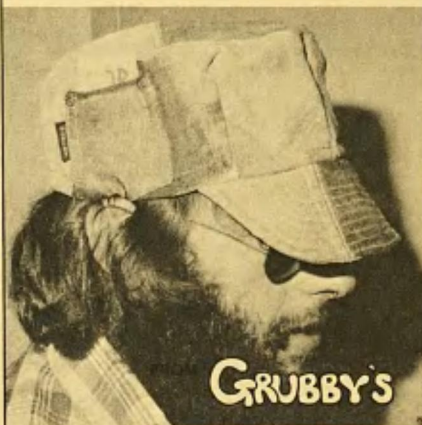
"Well, stop tormenting the poor
little dude," shrilled a female voice
from the crowd, "and *do it!* Some-
times you clowns really—"

"Somebody get that cunt outa
here," ordered Marauder softly. "I
mean, like right now!"

The girl was hauled, protesting
obscenely, back into the house—her
escort's fist thudding persuasively
into her gut as he dragged her
along, changing her cursings into
muffled retchings as they went.

"All right, Useless," said Ma-

THREADS FOR HEADS



PATCHWORK DENIM TRUCKIN' HAT!

Sewn together with patches made from usable pieces of
discarded blue jeans. Each hat individually handmade . . .
no two ever alike!! Riveted stash pocket built right in,
with heavy duty double stitching throughout. A really
bitchin' piece of headgear that's rugged, comfortable,
and washable (not that you'll want to wash it). Sizes S
(22"), M (23"), L (24"), & XL (25"). (Measure your head
W/string or tape to insure correct size.) Only \$8.95 plus
75¢ postage & handling.

GRUBBY'S

P.O. Box 4186 Huntsville, Alabama 35802

*It Wasn't meant to
be an
earring
but who's
going to tell him?*



Are you tired of getting ripped off on pot
metal and plastic? Then check this.
GENUINE SCRIMSHAW ON SOLID IVORY.
That's right. Each piece is completely
made by hand and includes your name.
If you want cheap
junk, then don't
bother. If you
deserve the
best, then
get it.

\$22.50
post paid



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CAP Enterprises,
109 West 10th, Hays, Kansas 67601

Hey, All You Pot Smokin' Dudes.

These machines burn more than the usual!

Custom painted, Hydra-Cal sculptured smoking pipes.

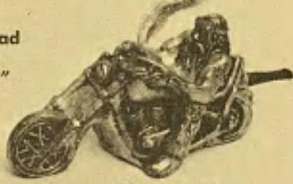


Harley Eagle
\$6.95
6" x 4"



Ride to Live
Live to Ride
\$6.95
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Panhead
\$5.95
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Chopper Jr.
\$6.95
7" x 3"



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\$5.95
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Harley Wings
\$5.95
6" x 4"



Satisfaction guaranteed!
We pay postage!

Send check or money order to

Heritage Creations
16265 Lindbergh,
Van Nuys, California 91406

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

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

Made of high quality leather. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it.



\$19.95 Plus \$1.00 for postage

Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

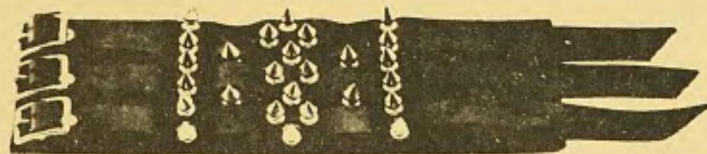
HERE IT IS! OUR FAMOUS

"Don't fuck with me"

\$14.50 postage included

WRISTBAND

COD REQUIRES \$5.00 DEPOSIT



THIS 3 INCH WIDE BAND IS HAND-CRAFTED OF BLACK TOP - GRAIN LEATHER AND HAS 26 CHROME PLATED OVER BRASS SPIKES AND IS MADE TO BE ADJUSTABLE TO BE WORN FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES ONLY

You've seen them at our shop in Daytona Beach for the past 9 years on bikers from Coast to Coast



THE SANDAL SHEAF

811 Main St., P. O. Box 3337
Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018

PLEASE ALLOW 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

rauder pleasantly, not smiling. "Here's the drill. You ain't had enough. So you get more. Only this time it's every goddam bone in your fingers, arms, legs and toes. Plus we burn your fuckin' truck. If nothin' else, you'll be outa circulation for a while—and maybe, just maybe, you'll snap to the fact that you're a loser all the way everytime you mess with biker property. I doubt that it'll do much good but maybe it'll give ya somethin' to flash on while you're mendin' durin' the next few weeks."

Eustace pressed himself harder against the truck's cab, whimpering angrily. It would start now and there was no way of stopping it. He knew that from past experience.

"You—and you," decided Marauder, jabbing a finger at the newest brothers. "No vital spots. And not in my fuckin' back yard. Take him and the truck outa town. Maybe out to the city dump. And don't get caught, dig?"

"Shit!" hissed one of the elected brothers, "I ain't so fuckin' sure that I—"

"You're what?" rasped Marauder, stepping over rapidly to the smaller man, glaring down at him with deadly intent.

"Okay, I'm sure!" pleaded the brother.

Marauder shot a glance at the other one. "And you, numbnuts?"

"Loud and clear, prez," he said calmly.

"Right," grumbled Marauder with satisfaction. "Now get that silly little abomifuckination on his way. He's interrupted enough partyin' for one night."

The brothers moved toward the truck.



"Someone you know, dear?"

"Wait a minute!" shrieked Eustace, holding his shapeless hands out as though to fend off fate itself. "I'll quit! No shit, man! I'll never do it again! Never!"

The brothers paused, looking at Marauder.

Marauder shook his head. He wore an expression that was almost sad. "Go ahead, goddammit! He's as fulla shit as a politician's promise. This is a tired old act with the little monster!"

"Somethin' tells me it might not be a bad idea to put the dude away permanently," murmured Grabber. "Intuition. Y'know, man?"

"Fergit that plan."

"Well, he's gettin' worse all the time. Hell, he started out with sugar in the fuckin' gas tanks, and look how far he's come since then!"

"Get the fuck outa my face," warned Marauder.

"Okay," sighed Grabber.

Eustace flailed weakly at the hands that were reaching for him, his resistance a token effort as he was yanked from his feet and dragged over the edge of the truck's bed, still ineffectively swinging clenched fists at the powerful, hard-muscled arms that kept pulling him down.

"No!" Eustace howled. "Don't do it!"

"Cool the muthafucka," suggested Marauder impatiently, glancing at the neighboring houses with narrowed eyes, "before he wakes up the whole goddam neighborhood!"

The knuckles aimed at his chin missed their target as Eustace saw them coming and managed to partially duck his face—feeling the blow smash directly into his mouth, bringing gouts of blood spraying from the split lips and teeth bashed from their sockets. Coughing and gagging on the hot, salty liquid spilling over the ragged edges of the shapeless maw that had resembled a mouth, he gasped for air and emitted a long, trembling wail of despair. It hung on the night air in quivering thinness.

"Gimme that fuckin' crescent!" muttered a voice from behind him as he strained to free himself from the relentless hands.

Abruptly the left side of his skull exploded into momentary agony which suddenly began ebbing as quickly as it had hit, bringing a merciful darkness that closed about him—all the pain and fear and awareness dissolving as he felt him-

Dirty Christmas Cards

HO!
HO!
HO!

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!



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

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

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

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

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

\$5.00 per set Two sets \$8.00

Price includes postage and handling costs.

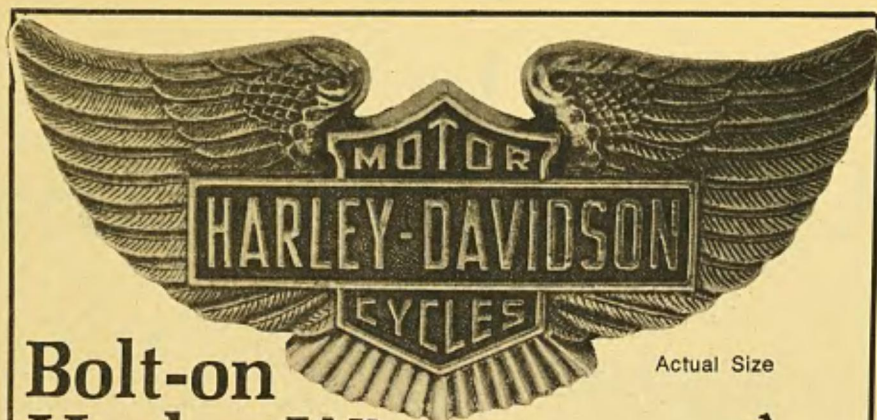
Christmas Cards
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

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.)

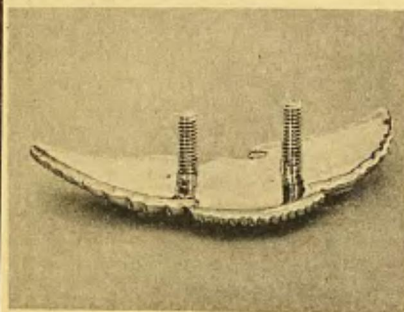
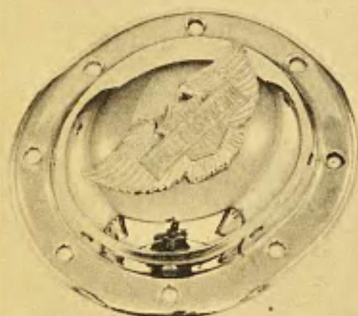
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



Bolt-on Harley Wings

Actual Size

**Plan ahead
for Xmas!**



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 1/4-inch bolts as an integral part of the wings—one solid unit—not soldered on.

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.

Each unit is of the same fine quality as all other Righteous Products—same high quality materials, workmanship, and intricate detail.

When ordering, be sure to specify that you want the bolt-on Harley Wings, and whether you want chrome or bronze finish. \$10.00 each (we pay postage).

Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund of your money.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,5,6,7,8,9,11,12,13,14,15,16, and 26, we are now sold out of issue number 10. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wetting early issues

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

BACK ISSUES

Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502



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

self sagging, falling into blackness.

"It's done just like you wanted," said Joey, between gulps of beer.

"Anybody see you?" demanded Marauder.

"Naw," offered Sweats. "I drove the truck a good mile beyond that quarry. The little dingbat never stirred once on the floor all durin' the trip. The few drivers we passed saw only a guy toolin' a pickup with another dude ridin' a sled behind him."

"Shit, he didn't even come around while we was bustin' his arms and legs and fingers and toes," said Joey thoughtfully, peering into the empty stein. "He didn't even flinch once."

"Hope we ain't never gotta do that number again, prez," added Sweats hopefully. "It was like manglin' a goddam teddy bear that's already bent into another shape."

"Maybe it'll stop the little bastard," mused Marauder. "He's been a real pain in the ass to all the bikers in the area."

"Don't count on it," Grabber said glumly. "I tell ya, Useless is gettin' damn near dangerous."

"Bullshit!" snorted Marauder.

"My intuition—" began Grabber darkly.

"—is all in your stupid, fuckin' head!" chuckled Marauder, winking at the new brothers good naturedly. "C'mon, let's get back to all that gash and stash—and consider the goddam problem solved."

They returned to the lusty party.

Eustace lay awkwardly sprawled watching the burning truck through an eye half-swollen shut. The other eye was entirely swollen. As was the rest of his battered body which, so long as he was motionless, was numbed by accumulated shock and physical outrage. The faint fingers of unbearable pain only flickered menacingly when he tried to move.

Distantly came the urgent sound of sirens.

It was the truck—engulfed in crackling flames—that unexpectedly gave him the idea when its gas tank erupted in an explosion that sent the heat waves pouring over him even though he lay a hundred feet from the fiery destruction.

Hell, yes! he thought, determination surging through his injured brain. Piss on their bikes. After I'm okay, I'll get a gun. Boom-boom-boom, you rotten, nasty bastards!

He smiled sweetly, contentedly ■

An Act of Mercy

—Continued from page 15

Small white pills in an unmarked, plastic bottle.

At the station, Reed had almost danced with glee at this bust, certain that he had caught a bad one and that another mark of success could be written into his record, but his glee had turned to redfaced anger when the results came back from the lab, verifying Jesse's explanation that the pills were merely an asthma prescription he carried with him at all times, for those infrequent attacks that burdened his life.

"Asthma my ass," Reed had shouted, pushing and shoving Jesse angrily as Jesse pocketed his property and prepared to leave the station. "That stuff has phenobarbital in it and you just take it for kicks. You haven't got asthma any more than I have!" Jesse, not one to argue his case when he knew he was right, was pissed because of the undeserved harassment. Right was right, and Jesse knew when he was clean.

"Don't push me, Reed. Don't touch me or talk to me or push me," he'd growled.

"Officer Reed, you scum," Reed had quickly snarled at Jesse, nose to nose.

"I said don't push me, and I meant it. And keep your ugly face and garlic breath away from me. If you didn't eat so many of those free burritos you weasel at the drive-in you might look and smell like a real cop."

Uncontrollably angry, Reed had hit Jesse, the blow catching him off-guard and knocking him down. Sergeant Harris had leaped up to intervene, struggling to hold the apoplectic Reed back and keep him from kicking Jesse as he lay on the floor.

"I'll kill you, Reed," Jesse growled, getting up from the floor and wiping the blood from his mouth. He spit on Reed's shirt and stressed each word.

"I'll cut your fucking heart out if you ever lay another hand on me."

It was almost a comic scene, next, as Reed danced in puppet-like anger, trying to get at Jesse but being held back by Sergeant Harris.

"Don't ever do that again, son. Don't threaten an officer. I can understand, this time, under the cir-



CHOP SHIRTS

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

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

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

If you want a bitchin' shirt, and are proud of the type of bike you ride, and don't want to wear the usual hokey mickey mouse shirts that you usually see—get yourself some Chopshirts and show the same amount of class that your bike does.



Send your order today to: ChopShirt, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

☐ HARLEY WINGS	☐ HONDA	☐ MIRACULOUS MUTHA
☐ KNUCKLEHEAD	☐ TRIUMPH	☐ KEEP ON TOKIN'
☐ PANHEAD	☐ SHOVELHEAD	☐ EASYRIDERS
☐ SPORTSTER	☐ SKULL	

Please send me _____ shirts. I have enclosed \$4.45 for each shirt ordered. (\$3.95 plus 50c for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____



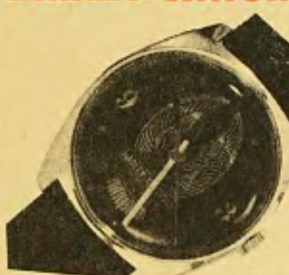
WRIST/WATCH BAND

It's a hand-made, two-inch-wide hunk of fine leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side, with the other side snapping shut over your watch for protection. The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), with a Harley emblem, or "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem branded in the thick leather. **\$8.50** plus 50c for postage and handling.

SCOOTER WALLET

A rugged wallet, hand-made from thick cowhide, small enough to fit into your Levi's, and it has brass rivets around the outer edge to hold it together for a lifetime. It also comes with a gold-finished chain and clasp. Upon request, we will stamp the Harley emblem or the "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem into the tough leather—no charge. Only **\$10.00** plus 75c postage and handling.

HARLEY WATCH



A watch with some class. The antique Harley emblem is traditional, orange and red, with a black background. It is a guaranteed 1-jewel watch with a simulated gold body, and it comes with a black leather strap.

It's a classic and it's yours for only **\$19.95** plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery.

I-R-S LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

California residents add 6% for The Man

BUCK KNIVES



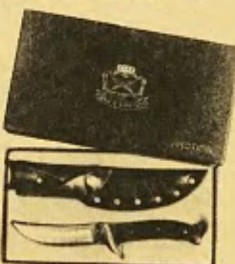
Famous for holding an edge

Model #110, the traditional biker's knife. Blade (4-inch) has positive lock in open position. Handle of golden-grain Macassar

ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **\$22.00** plus \$1.50 for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.

Model #402, Akonua, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade.

\$45.00 plus \$2.00 postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



Model #501, almost identical to the bikers' Buck, with locking blade and all the quality and craftsmanship of the Buck name. But this knife has a 3-inch blade and can be carried in your pocket if a sheath knife is a bust in your area. The knife has a Buckarta handle and stainless steel bolsters. It's **\$18.00** plus 50c postage and handling.

Small Bike Wallet

Made from thick Latigo leather, this wallet is 3 inches by 4 inches, compact, for a dude who doesn't like to carry much, for the ol' lady or for credit cards. It can be stamped with the Harley-Davidson, Live to Ride, or the I.R.S. lion at no extra charge. This wallet goes for **\$6.85** plus 75c postage and handling.

Trucker Wallet

Here's the original truckers' wallet, made extra wide to fit even checkbooks. It has three pouches, including one with a heavy canvas zipper. It's made from thick cowhide, put together with strong stitching, and comes with a double-link safety chain. We'll also brand the Harley-Davidson, Ride to Live, or I.R.S. lion into it—no charge. The complete wallet is only **\$12.95** plus \$1.00 postage and handling.



cumstances, but don't you ever threaten a police officer. And," he added, glancing at Jesse's belt, "you'd better get out of the habit of wearing that knife. We don't like you bikers packing those, and if yours wasn't out in the open we'd bust you good for it."

Jesse had received the word that he was free to go, and he had left, but at the door he turned and smiled at the sweet young secretary who had witnessed the charade while cringing behind her desk, and said, "See you again, sweetheart," and to Reed he had warned, "I mean it!"

Jesse bypassed Palmdale and rode on into Lancaster where he was going to meet his friends for an afternoon and evening of partying. Together, they all rode out into the desert to a remote area where there was a small creek with a pond, surrounded by trees. They swam naked and partied until long after midnight. One of his friends had driven an old VW bus out, laden with beer and girls, and they had a blast talking over old times, good times, bikes and runs. And then they slept beneath the stars, rising several times during the night to make coyote sounds to frighten the girls out of their wits, or to make love.

At noon the following day, Jesse packed up, ignoring his friends' pleas to stay for one more day.

"I've got to get back to L.A.," he apologized. "Work in the morning, you know."

He looked back, once, and those standing by the trees waved goodbye. "Shit," he said aloud. "I love this life!"

He bounced along the desert road to the highway, then turned and headed toward the mountains, passing through Lancaster and Palmdale again before turning off into the canyon that led up to the Crest Highway and home again. He passed the stretch of road where he had seen Reed in pursuit of the Maserati, wondering how the chase had ended.

At Mill Creek Summit, over four thousand feet above sea level, his Hog chugged a bit, having been tuned for lower altitudes, and then he started down again.

Looking through the tunnel as he traversed it, he could see glimpses of the smog, far away, into which he would soon descend. It was like looking through a telescope that magnified slow death.

There were skid marks at the end



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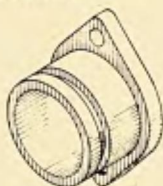
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of the tunnel, wide and black. Instead of ending, an indication that whoever had made them had slowed down and then continued on around the long, sweeping curve to the right, they streaked across the opposing lane and onto the dirt parking area, where they were accented by grooves in the dirt surface that ended at the low guard rail, now folded over and broken.

Jesse shut off his engine and coasted in neutral, enjoying the silence and letting his engine cool, risking overheated brakes in favor of non-fried pistons. When he reached the small rest area where Forest Service workers had installed a drinking fountain, serviced by a natural spring, he pulled off to have a smoke and contemplate the events of the weekend. He thought of the partying, the girls, and he listened to the silence of the mountains. And he thought of Reed, remembering the chase. He thought of the skid marks below the tunnel.

"What the hell," he grumbled, throwing down his smoke and grinding it underfoot, and, taking another drink from the cool fountain, he fired up his Hog and headed back up the road in the direction from which he had just come, toward the place where he had noticed the broken guard rail.

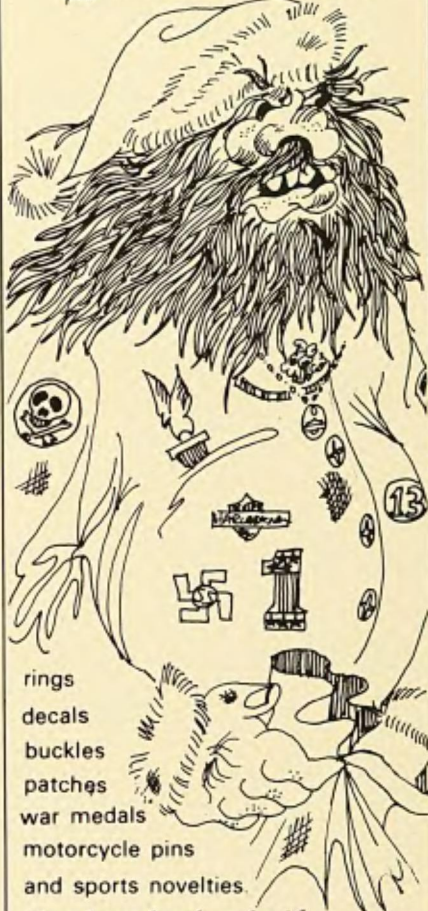
It was still early afternoon when he pulled to a stop in the parking area. He located a small, flat rock and put his kickstand down on it so the heavy Hog would not sink into the soft earth and topple, and then he walked over to stand by the broken guard rail, gazing down the sheer face of the mountain.

Below was a narrow canyon, and far away he could hear the rippling sound of a stream. The mountain fell away sharply below, swooping



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out for a few feet to form a ledge, then it appeared to drop straight down into the canyon. He sat on the broken guard rail and had another smoke as he surveyed what lay below.

The brush was broken in spots and lay down, as though something heavy had passed over it. On some rocks of the ledge lay a hubcap, some bits of glass that gleamed like diamonds in the afternoon sun, and a strip of red plastic.

Jesse flipped his butt away and began clambering down the steep mountainside toward the ledge. It was dangerous, and had he not had plenty of scrub brush on which to get a good hand hold, he would have gone down the mountain with a rush.

The footing got better as he reached the ledge. Here the ground leveled out for a dozen feet, ending with a rock platform upon which he could safely stand. He scanned the area below. It was choked with weeds and brush, and was no more than twenty or thirty feet wide at the very bottom. The sound of the flowing stream was louder. There were no other sounds.

Jesse was about to turn and climb back to the road above when something caught his eye. It appeared to be a dark, X-shaped something, and, squinting his eyes against the sun, he made out the bottom of an automobile chassis, its X-shaped, steel cross-member facing skyward.

There was a way he could get down, he discovered, although it was steep and dangerous, but, being strong and agile, Jesse took a chance and worked his way diagonally downward toward the bottom of the canyon, slipping several times and cursing as he nearly lost his hand hold on bushes, until he finally reached the bottom, far below. He cursed his stupidity as he gazed back up the way he had come, wondering whether or not he would be able to return, but, shrugging his shoulders, he made his way along the narrow stream in the direction of the car he thought he had seen down there. At a turn in the canyon, he caught a glimpse of black and white.

A police car lay in the silence and darkness of the canyon's bottom, its shattered hood and engine immersed in the stream, flattened wheels and twisted chassis facing the sky.

Jesse worked his way around the car, trying to peer through the win-

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dows, but those on the upstream side were flattened down until they were even with the door handles. Lying beside the car was a severed arm, sleeved and bearing the sewed-on patch of a police officer, while an assortment of bugs and flies worked on a congealed mass of blood that had flowed out through the cracks of the door and settled in little pools beside the stream.

Quickly now, Jesse scrambled around the car. The windows on the far side were not smashed down quite so far, and from the front window, the driver's side, the body of a man protruded, lying exposed from the waist and flat on the ground, its lower half pinched tightly by the smashed-down roof of the car. At the point where the body of the car had crushed the man's body, part of a pelvis bone protruded through torn clothing.

Jesse took a closer look. It was Reed. The upper part of his shirt was still intact, bearing both badge and name plate. His face, although torn and covered with dried blood, was still recognizable, though his lips were puffed, frozen in a sardonic smile, and several teeth appeared to be missing. Jesse touched the body, and it screamed.

Jesse fell backward into a sitting position, overcome with shock and fright at the sudden outburst, gazing at the mutilated man who lay before him. Reed's eyes fluttered briefly, his swollen lips moved in a whisper as a bloody froth appeared on them.

"My gun," he moaned softly. "My gun. Oh, God, stop this, it hurts, it hurts!" And then his eyes opened



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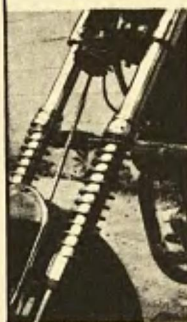
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A Tribute to Brothers Lost

In memory of **Junker Dave**, 1%er. Will meet you there. Your bro. Salem, Oregon.

In memory of **Jimmy Foster**, May 14, 1976. See ya someday, bro. Your brothers Knights M/C, So. Calif.

In remembrance of **Squirrel**. Never forget you. From all your buddies in Claremont, N.H. and Springfield, Vt.

In memory of **Joe Gzikowski**, a great guy, treasurer of the MMA. We miss you dearly. All your bros at MMA of Mass.

We'll miss you, **Runt**. Until we meet again. Claus.

To **Hooch**: All your friends wish you were still here. Pleasant dreams, brother!

Remember brother **Bernie (Sam) Sayman**, always a Nomad, forever hating goodbyes. Babe, you took it to the limit once too often. From his ol' lady, Lisa, W. Covina, Calif.

In memory of my brother, **Runt**. We all loved you and only you knew. I love ya. Karen. Reno, Nevada.

In memory of **John Hathaway**, Outlaws M/C. From a brother who rode with him in the Dracos M/C, Jim Lewis, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In memory of one hell of a biker, **Louie Castanzo** from College Point, N.Y. You will never be forgotten. Love you always. Mary Lopez.

Ride in the sky, **James**, Tacoma, Wash. From Danny Kinder, Mansfield, Mass.

In memory of a bro, **Squirrel**. It was a rough way you went out, but now you'll be riding on soft grounds with your hardtail. Missed by his bros and ol' ladies. H.D.M.C., Keene, N.H.

Ride to the highest cloud, **Tramp**. Someday I'll meet you there. Rick, Sudbury, Ontario.

"**Boy Blue**," we're thinking of you in bike heaven. Recco Newland and Wessel Hortells, Saints M/C, Va.

In memory of four brothers we'll never forget. **Russ, Poo-Poo, J.C. Banshee**. From brother Scraggs and all his bros, Lehigh Valley Warlocks M/C.

In loving memory of my ol' man, **Joe Cruz**. Oh, how I long to be with you. Ride on, babe, Barbara (Redwood City Rose) and all your people.

To **Chooch**, who bent double to help any biker but died in vain. Outlaws M/C.

In memory of **Gary J. Knapp**, one hell of a panhead freak. From brother Walter, Mahoney City, Pa.

In memory of a brother we lost. **Later, Dudley Guzzler**. Alias M/C, Memphis, Tenn.

Male Call

The following names and addresses are of bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from interested—and interesting—dudes and 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. **Bros**: We try to squeeze in as many requests as space permits. If your listing didn't make this issue, then send in another, for in order to keep the column up to date, we must throw out all requests that do not make the issue. We select the listings strictly on a first-come, first-serve basis.

Two bros in lockup could dig some foxy writing. Robert G. Reeves #60653, Paul Boudreaux #60707, 563-82-6450 Drawer "A", Ft. Leavenworth, Kans. 66027.

Sure would like to hear from a sweet, lonely lady. "Boogie" Dan Hines, Drawer "A", Atascadero, Calif. 93422.

Lookin' for a friendly, neighborhood, female fuck freak. Larry Lynch #42426, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Just turned 20; send me a birthday card. Leon Russell, #18051, Box 911, Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57101.

Sex-crazy; need women to write. John Donaldson B-7366-A, Nik Zvetkoff B-68922, P.O. Box 10, Camp #15, Crestline, Calif. 92325.

Goddam, I'm lonely! If you dig it, write. Thomas Knight A/S #29977-120, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Need to hear from some of you sleazy mamas. Bob "Smoke" George #42053, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Don't time; need a line. John "Tree Jumper" Dennis #04699, P.O. Box 667 F-136, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Need mail desperately. George (New York) Panek, K-2533, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Tell me how you feel, mama. John M. Burton III #39207, P.O. Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Two horny bikers want something from hip chicks. Don Hall #203640, Ed Paschal #203429, Box B, Anamosa, Iowa 52205.

I'd like to hear from some far-out chicks. Gary Prakek C-58026, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

If you read this, then please write. Mike (J.D.) Zahn, Box 911, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101.

This prisoner is lonely, can you dig it? Billy Riddle, P.O. Box 2247, Carson City, Nevada 89701.

Any Amazons out there looking for lasting hookup, write Tony "Bear" Martin, Drawer "K", Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Write two bros locked down. John Perotti #96939, Bob Nemeth #94670, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Born to ride but they have me sittin' inside. Donald "Arkansas" Owens #41705, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

All sexy and tender chicks please write. Lee Ginger #140-381, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

I'm down and very lonely; will answer all letters. Robert Dopkowski #137200, M.C.I., Route 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Lonely prisoner needs correspondence with nice ladies. Ralph Carr, P.O. Box 2247, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

If a lady with a heart would drop a line it would give my mind much pleasure. "Log" 42823, P.O. Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Give us your time, we'll return respect. Norman "Doc" Stagle, S.C.I. (047353), P.O. Box 667 (D-140B), S. "Captain Midnight" Cooke, S.C.I. (043590), P.O. Box 667 (F-203), Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Do me a favor, will ya? Write Danny Zachery #29623, Box 128, Cell 1-E-15, Eddyville, Kentucky 42038.

Outlaw woman wanted. Write to Bob "Smoke" George #42053, Box #711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Your letters would be a great lift for me. Randy Arwood, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, North Carolina 27603.

Ladies, don't be so tight; send me a kite. Randy Hurwitz B69223, Soledad Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm looking for a young lady to write or visit me. Mike Grace, P.O. Box 38182, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Cunts with class write. B. Monk Aquino #253583, Rt. 1, Box 1, Wynne, A2, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

Write, I ain't all bad. James (Papa) Ledford, 1 Emory St., Elliott City, Md. 21043.

Could write a lot of letters. Duane Eddie Murdock, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Writing ain't difficult, try it. Kangford Brown #118250, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Need some female tenderness. Bill Howe 140-355, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Sure could dig a righteous chick. James Higginson #7519, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Couple of long-haired bikers need long, loving letters. Vernon R. Stone #37785, Fred Long #37409, E-383, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

I'm young, white, and sure could dig some femal. Phil Cox, P.O. Box B-69510, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Biker needs chick to write him and visit him at Ionia reformatory. Lock Box 500, Ionia, Mich. 48846. Marvin Fritz, 135821.

Wish to correspond with mature women. MacArthur V. Dozier 130670, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

Lonely w/m 20 would like to correspond with sincere females. Jerry Cerroney, Route #1, Box 36, Jackson, North Carolina 27845.

Have a heart, will ya? Write Richard "Brick" Coleman #76-B-1067, Robert "Bobby Blitz" Parks #76-B-1063, Elmira Reception Center, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Been down too long, need some mail from outside these walls. Write, Frank (Popcorn) DiSomma, Drawer B (23743), Stormville, New York 12582.

Write me, funky mamas. James "Okie" Arthur #29078, P.O. Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Bike shop in Oregon pen needs parts. Rich Kapp #37510, O.S.P., 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

Write a bro who was snatched on. Michael J. Justus, c/o Pottawatomie County Jail, Shawnee, Okla. 74801.

Girls, let me hear from one of you. Mark DeWitt #20054, Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

What a rush a letter would be. Nathaniel Cartrell #435370, Lima State Hospital, Ward D-6, Lima, Ohio 45802.

Bro going mad, write quick. E. J. "Savage" Smith #30397-117, P.O. Box 1000, Petersburg, Virginia 23803.

Some of you white girls write this white boy. Benny Miller, B-20785 #4118, P.O. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

How about some lonely cunts writing a lonely convict? Bill Wood 026497, P.O. Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

I could dig hearing from some white militant chicks. Jerry Hillier, Box B25192-A.S.P., Florence, Arizona 85232.

Need sweet woman to correspond with. Bill Durham, Box 2210 B-52029, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Time is a drag—help me. Michael G. Dwyer #051999, Reception & Medical Center, Box 628, 20-2015, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

Get off your ass and write a couple of bros. Chester Shepard #66794, Everett Cox #68413, Box 500, Brks 6, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Lonely chicks of the world, be lonely no more. Write Philip W. Jones #2659, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

I need a woman to write to. Jimmy Rowe #133290, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Ladies, please relate to me with pen. Bill (Chicago) Kounanis #95910, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Tender lovin', easy ridin' women, write "Wild Bill" Monson, Box 8274-A.C.I., Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Need love and friendship. Write Max Steenberg, Rt. 6, Box 114, Glasgow, Kentucky 42141.

Could sure use some scribes from some foxy chicks. Bill Morrow M-1576, Geno (Luki) Frank Y-2396, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

Put a little sunshine in this cold dark cell. Write Jim "Flash" Sully, K.S.P., #20946, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Two downed bikers, doing five years for the feds, could really get off on some correspondence. Robert Surges 01858-164, Terry Bartimus 32339-138, Federal Correctional Institution, Box 1000, Oxford, Wisc. 53952.

Honky and horny, show some heart, girls. Ronald Fletcher, Box B-71296, San Quentin, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Convict wishes to write serious, sensual lady. Jimmy L. Walters, P.O. Box A-84009, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

wide, gazing deeply into Jesse's, and with a great effort he said again, "Please. Please, my gun."

Jesse looked about, panic stricken. The man who had suffered this horrible mutilation was barely alive, for the metal that had cut his body half in two had also pinched him so tightly that there was very little loss of blood. In his agony, his broken hands had torn up the ground about him, and even now, broken fingers grasped at twigs and earth. Jesse clawed through debris, looking for the officer's gun. He would find it. No one would know. With a mass of injuries received, who would know that one more had been added later?

Officer Reed's holster was empty, and there was no way of getting to the other officer, dead within the wreckage. He dug beneath broken glass, cutting his own fingers, moved rocks, and, finally, lying just below the surface of the stream, he found the service revolver belonging to Reed.

He placed the muzzle of the revolver to Reed's forehead, turned his own head away, and closing his eyes tightly he squeezed the trigger. The gun would not fire. It had been smashed, somehow, on impact, and the entire mechanism was useless.

"Please, oh, God, please!" came the barely audible request again.

Jesse took out his knife. It was long-bladed and razor sharp. Opening Reed's shirt, he placed the tip of the blade directly over the place where he hoped his heart would be, but this time he did not look away. He placed both hands on the hilt, and, leaning forward forced the blade into Reed's chest.

He had expected some resistance, but the blade entered the man's body with such suddenness and ease that Jesse fell face forward over the supine body with such force that he sprawled across it. There was one, last reflexive movement. Reed half-raised his head above the ground, his body shuddered, his arm encircled Jesse in a final embrace and then he fell back, still. Jesse quickly removed the blade, and it was accompanied by a sudden spurt of blood that spattered his clothing.

At that moment, three men stepped around a bend of the stream and came into view.

Two of the men were paramedics, bearing a stretcher. The third was Sergeant Harris.

Marble Plaques

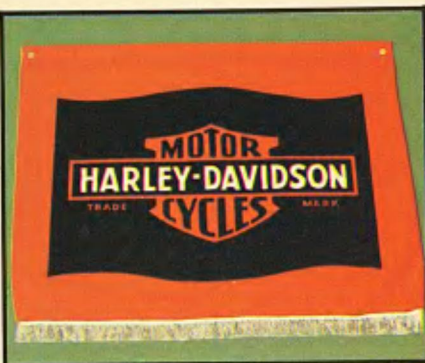
Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem. Then it is securely attached to a beautifully grained piece of wood. The plaque is available in black and white marble on a dark wood background, or brown and white marble with a light brown background.

The price for this everlasting marble image is **\$24.95**. Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

Also, if you are a member of a club or organization, we will put your group's insignia into the marble (minimum order of twenty). Send an excellent rendition of your emblem so every detail will show on the marble plaque.



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Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big, durable banner sells for only **\$10.95** plus 75¢ postage and handling.



black, or dark brown and in small, medium, large or extra large. Send your chest size and a measly **\$38.95** for this everlasting vest. The vest will be shipped postage C.O.D.

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740



California residents add 6% for The Man

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 20¢ per word for private individuals; 40¢ per word for businesses. 10 word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded, unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

Harley-Davidson parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list \$2.00. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. 301-699-1849. (51)

Biker is the publication for bikers. All the news from the street every two weeks. Subscribe for one year (24 issues) for only \$8.00. Biker, 2599 Cerritos Avenue, Long Beach, Calif. 90806. (47)

Halfbreed: I want to relay my lifetime commitment to you and spend the rest of my life with you. Will you marry me and make me your wife? I will love you forever. Leggs. (43G)

Machinegun freaks: Complete set of patented plans to convert .45 auto pistol into mini machine gun. \$5.00. Plans and instructions for conversion of Colt AR-15 into M-16. \$5.00. ORDCO, Box 2032, Santa Clara, Calif. 95051. (43)

John the Baptist, 1%, stay high. Booska. Moran, Loverline, Summer. (43)

Chicks to party and putt with needed. Send letter and pictures to J. Spidle, 1705 Madison, Peoria, Ill. 61603. (43)

To Tami (Sunshine) Silver of Naples, Florida: Hey, Dogooder, I can dig where you are coming from, and I dig it. Like why don't you or a couple of your girlfriends get together and write to me? Let's see what we can come up with about getting together when I get out of this hell hole. I need a good sharp chick to rap with. Don Anderson 9175, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (43G)

Professional photographers who are hip to the bike scene—Easyriders is always interested in purchasing professional photos of choppers, chopper type people, and chicks. Write on your letterhead for professional rates and requirements. Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (43)

The finest biker paraphernalia. Earrings, skull items and much more. Catalog \$1.00. M. C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (43)

To Bill in Sioux Falls: Ain't fucking around and am waiting for you. You are the only one for me. Love, Babe in Spearfish. (43)

Easyriders, other biker magazines. 1971 Triumph 650 Bonneville parts. 13¢ stamp for list. Lomas, Box 401, Trona, Calif. 93562. (43)

Daddy Bear, miss you here at the "Lazy Bear Dirt Farm." Fluffy. (43)

Mad Doctor, Invaders M.C.: Saw your courtesy card in Oct. Easyriders. I'm in prison now. Write me a letter. Thief, Vagos M.C., Dave Dupras, P. O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376. (43)

Brother Speed M.C., Boise chapter, please tell Krazy Karl to contact Earl Hastings, c/o 1446 So. Frisco, Tulsa, Oklahoma. (43)

Please help. I'm looking for a good woman to live with. If possible, send picture to Tim, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (43)

Bro Zuke, wish you'd get hold of me. Long time no see. J.R. (Shag-nasty). Perry, Ark. (43G)

Beer cans wanted from outside U.S. Will pay 50¢ U.S. for empty cans plus postage. Also will trade with collectors. Especially need Tennents Lager, Graengs (Denmark). Send list first for agreement. Bill Cottriss, Shelby Basin, Medina, N.Y. 14103. (43)

Attn. Steve Forrest: Drop me some scribes. Finally puttin' Rick Turner, 5106 Kenilworth Ave., Hyattsville, Md. 20781. (43)

Chicks: Lookin' for some good partyin', scootin', sex. Must be together. Should be from Cleveland or surrounding area but not necessary. Send picture and phone number to Fail, Pres. Jaws of Satan M.C., 4130 W. 58th, Cleveland, Ohio. 44109. (43)

Bro Rat: Get in touch with me at Fran's. (213) 328-3641. Call collect. Shovel. (43)

Lynn: Please call home. DYS file closed. Star Rt. 3, SR 486, Le-canto, Fla. 32661. 746-3500. (43)

Warlock: We love you. Please write. Belinda and Bobby Joe, 2207 South 5th, Apt. 103, Austin, Texas 78704. (43)

J. T.: Hey, you motherfucker, you can do ten years in that fuckin' prison and I'll still be your ol' lady and your wife. I told ya I love you and I do. Who's still left out of the whole fuckin' mess? Me. Right? Hey, I didn't get my name for nothin'. Don't worry, I never get a chance to use my "E.T.B." Your righteous ol' lady. Love you, J. T. Foxy Lady, S.L.C., Utah. (43G)

J. J. from Spokane, with the red hair and hazel green eyes and freckles: I'd write but ya forgot to give me your address. Charles Miller #86729-132, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048. (43G)

I wrote for two years to a jailed biker called Danny. I lost contact with him when he changed camps (last one was Jamestown). He should be free now. So write please, Danny, if you see this. Same address, Luv, Katy, England. (43G)

Mike Lanning, Oakland, Calif.: Germany not the same without you. Love and miss you much. Please write, let me know you're okay. Be in States June 18, 1977. See you then. Love, Rusty, Frankfurt, Germany. (43)

Spider will buy (cheap) any old Harley advertisements, Harley books, manuals, magazines, photos, goodies—anything old. He'll share them with the readers of Easyriders. Write him at Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Be sure to state price or what you want in exchange for goodies you have. (43)

To Critter, Cricket, Puppy, etc.: Drop a line c/o Kay Warren, 288 Stanton Way, Athens, Ga. 30601. Stick. (43G)

Nazi T-shirts, \$4.25, 3/\$10. Totenkopf, Box 2814, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401. (48)

Happy birthday, Yellow Bear! Love ya much. Kumquatt. (43)

Wanted! One real biker dude needed by a one-man woman (26) to putt, party and share life and love with. White only. Send picture, please, but I know that real beauty comes from inside. Familiar with N.Y.S. area? Write now to M.C., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (43)

Cruise! With the Miracle Light that requires no bulbs, electricity, switches, batteries, flame or heat. Safe in rain or under water and made for rugged riding. Special offer! \$2.25 Maleco Enterprises, Box 1283, E23, Spring Valley, Calif. 92077. (43)

Chick 17, loves to putt. Needs a dude. Send photos. Sandy, c/o Easyriders, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (43)

Complete front end off 1975 Sportster. All parts show chromed. \$200 or offer. Shipped anywhere in U.S. Indian, Box 471, Flowery Branch, Georgia 30542. (43)

I have close to an acre of land on 106 in Gilmanton, N.H., between the dog track and the Loudon bike track. It's commercially zoned but there was a house that burned down last year. It has a hand dug well and it's 500 feet from a pond. Asking \$2,500. Will dicker though. Taxes last year were \$23.00. Remember, they can't stop you from camping on your own land. Dorcas Hill, Box 216, Tilton N.H. 03276. (43G)

Lonely biker broad in desperate need to meet new bikers. Please write and send photo and info. Debbie Doright, 25724 Donce, Warren, Mich. 48091. (43)

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 \$3.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-18, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (43)

New to Sacramento area. Need a good, loving, righteous biker to party with and show me around this beautiful country. Francine, c/o Easyriders, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (43)

Sale! Quality tools. 216 pc. set—\$89.00. 155—\$69.00. 100—\$57.00. Maleco Enterprises, Box 1283, Spring Valley, Calif. 92077. (43)

Professional writers—Read a couple of issues of Easyriders thoroughly and decide if you can (or barf, are willing to) write for Easyriders. We want fiction pieces, short stories, and short features of interest to hip men. Be sure and read magazine first; don't waste our time with material aimed at Boys Life. Fiction Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (43)

Cheap ad rates—An ad on this page costs you only 20¢ per word if you're a private individual. Businesses have to pay only 40¢ a word. Damned cheap—especially when you consider that your ad will be read by people all over the world. Read top of first column for specific info. (43)

Need chick 18 to 30. Has to have shit together. Foxy. Send picture. Been in Corps 4 years come June. Putting and partying to catch up on. Need chick to do same from Canada to Mexico, coast to coast. Michael (Black Rat) Black, H&S Co, 2D Tank Bn, 2D Mar. Div., Camp Le Jeune, N.C. 28542. (43)

Wanted. Hooker skateboard. Write Colin Cummings, 1830 Hilltop, Quincy, Ill. 62301. (43)

Fuck Helmet Laws or Helmet Laws Suck—Pick from these two stickers to show your feelings for helmet laws. Stick them on your bike or helmet. 50¢ each \$3.00. R. Kautz, Dept. HL-14, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (43)

To JD, A-Head MC, Marquette, Mich.: The only thing that gets me down is not knowing if I'll ever see you again. JME. (43)

John "The Animal" Boutte, call Jerry collect. (207) 493-3935. (43)

Need out-of-town postmark? Remail Service, Box 34407, Dallas, Texas 75234. Enclose 25¢ and stamp. (43)

Hey, Shike! We're gone but we ain't forgot! So write and let us know how's the puttin' and the "Strip." Co B, 3rd, 7th, Fort Gulick, 2P, APO New York 09837, Arkansas and the Louisiana Kid. (43)

Butch, no one is mad. We all love you. Hurry home. If you need money, call. Remember, I still more than love you. Jeanie, Shelley, Richie. (43)

Foxy blonde girl, 24, seeks dudes any age for fun and games. Any area. Enclose stamp. Laura, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (43)

Willie, little fucker, how the fuck are you? Drop me a line so I know where to find you, as I left the cabin and am in jail. Moon. (Larry Moody, 19101-101, A-Dorm, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.) (43G)

Remember—The life you save may be your own don't fuck with my bike. . . . Amusing sticker, gets to the point. 50¢ each \$3.00. R. Kautz, Dept. R-11, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (43)

Mr. Foot, I love you very much. Jamey. (43)

Wanted: Harley-Davidson pan-head. Running condition, complete, cosmetics unimportant. Will pay up to \$1,000. Contact Tom Adrian, 9 Mill Street, Apt. 2, Brunswick, Maine 04011. (43)

Gay and bisexual bikers, contact Jim in Arizona, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Phone (602) 986-4174. (42)

To my ol' man: Since you don't always listen, I'm making this public for all to know: I love you, Chris, and I'll always stand by you. Your lady, Sundown. (43G)

Good-looking dude, looking for a good-looking woman. I have a Harley, like to go dancing and fly airplanes. If you're sexy and cute and want a together dude, write to Tom, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (43)

1972 XLH. Perfect for road or show. 3,000 mi., softtail, epoxy paint, disc brakes front & rear. 10" rake, 15" over, many extra parts, all new, worth over \$5,000. \$2,700 or trade. Must sell. Jaffe's Mill, Factoryville, Pa. 18419. (717) 945-5565. (43)

Nazi party pins \$3.25. Armbands \$3.25. Swastika earrings \$3.50 each. \$5.00 pair. Pirate's cross \$3.75. Catalog \$1.00. M. C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (46)

Easyriders Playing Cards

TWO decks \$4.95

We pay postage!



Here ya are—in blazing color, playing cards featuring some of the best yumies that have appeared in this rag.

Gonad bogglin', professional quality cards that will add a new dimension to your poker game. Cards you'll be proud of—as you fleece your bros.

They're not cheap-ass cards—they're the same high quality as professional playing cards.

Be first on your block to own these outstanding leg-wettin' cards. All you have to do is send \$4.95 for **two** decks. We'll pay packaging and postage costs. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send check or money order to:

Easyriders Cards, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

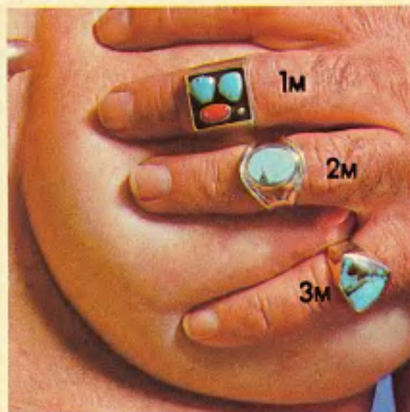
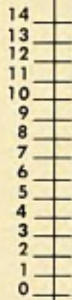
California residents add 6%

INDIAN TURQUOISE JEWELRY

Slapped together by our very own peyote-crazed Injuns in the back room. Each item is individually handmade. Turquoise is solid chunks—not bits and pieces glued together to look like solid pieces. Surrounding the solid chunks of liver-quiverin' turquoise is real sil-

ver (you won't believe how much ripped-off silverware we had to melt down in order to come up with this first-cabin jewelry). Warning: sit down before reading the prices, because they're so low you won't believe them. Money back guarantee.

To be certain that you get the correct-size ring, rip off this scale and wrap it around your finger; it will indicate the ring size you want.



MEN'S RINGS

1M - 39.50
2M - 29.50
3M - 39.50

LADIES' RINGS & PENDANTS

1 - 12.95
2 - 29.50
3 - 15.50
4 - 24.50
5 - 15.50
6 - 24.50
7 - 15.50
8 - 24.50
9 - 24.50
plus 50¢ postage & handling

Send check or money order to:

Turquoise Jewelry, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me ring or necklace number(s) _____

My ring size is: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

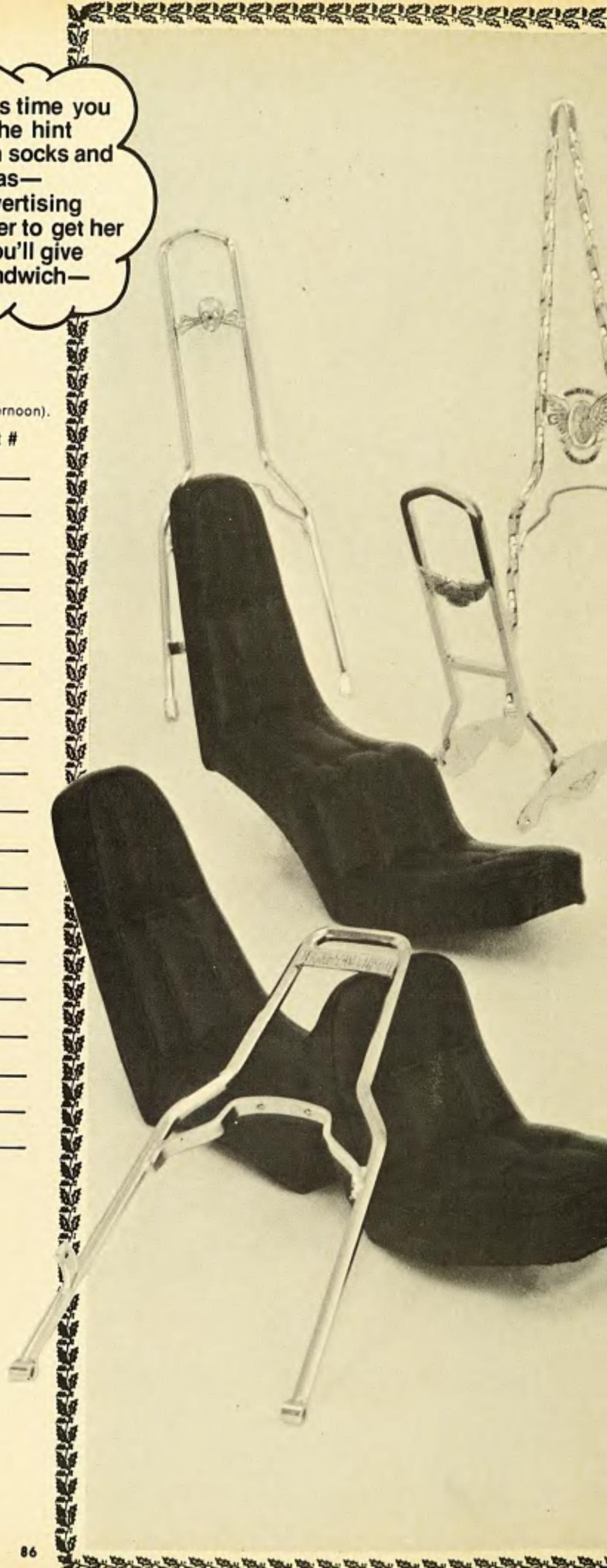
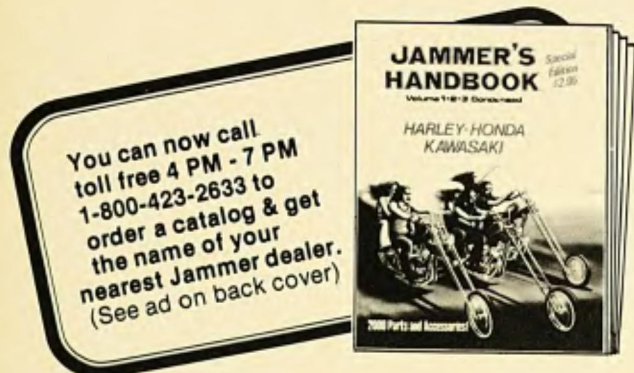
Zip _____

6% sales tax for California residents



XMAS HINTS TO THE OL' LADY

(If you mention a new seat we'll lay you odds it will be on your bike by Christmas afternoon).

[illegible]



Give a Biker a Break!
Together Chicks give chopper parts for Xmas.
(The next 8 pages of this section can turn you on to
some righteous ideas)

Chameleon

Ka-mel'-yan

The Chameleon - for Swing Arms.
The sissy bar with the interchangeable side plates and interchangeable emblems. This new Sissy bar with two side plates will fit all FX/FXE and Sportsters with or without turn signals. Nothing to remove - nothing is covered up. Just minutes from out of the box to on the bike. You buy the emblems separately. The Chameleon really fits stock H.D. and our seats perfectly. Lustrous chrome.



8101 Jammer 4.05
Chrome Purple and Orange



8102 HD Plain 4.05
Gold-Plated



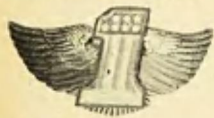
8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated) 8.95



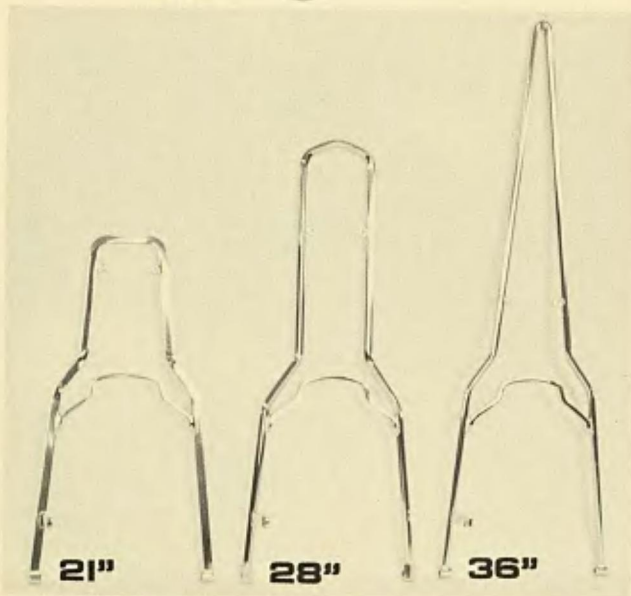
8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels Gold-Plated 8.95



8105 Skull and Crossbones Chrome 8.95



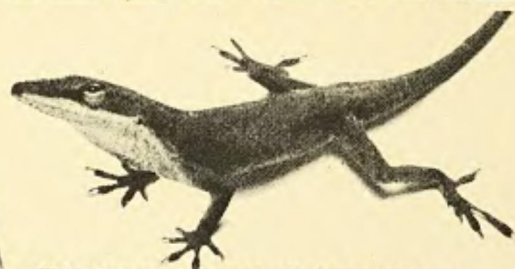
8106 Winged #1 Chrome, Red, and Blue 8.95



Rigid Frame Sissy Bars.

Part No.	Length	Type	Price
8301	36"	Twist	39.95
8302	36"	Round	39.95
8303	36"	Hex	39.95
8304	36"	Square	39.95
8309	28"	Twist	39.95
83010	28"	Round	39.95
83011	28"	Hex	39.95
83012	28"	Square	39.95
83013	21"	Hex	37.50
83014	21"	Square	37.50

SISSY BARS



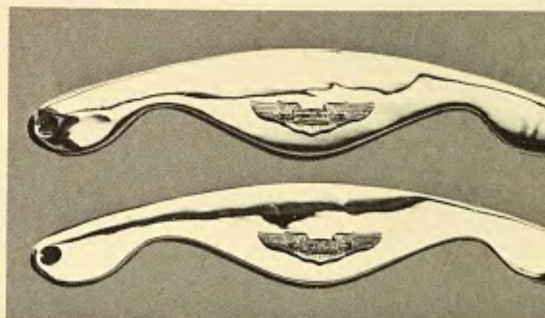
This sissy bar can actually be installed in 8 minutes—

TOTAL **\$49.95***

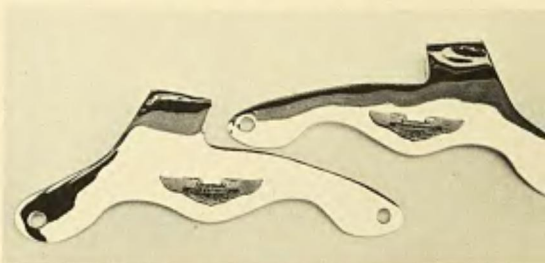
*with Jammer or HD plain emblem.

8201 Square Bar. One bar fits both FX & Spst. side plates. 19.95

Bar mounts to side plates "fast & secure" with roll pins & set screws. (All hardware included)



82011 Side Plates. Fits all Spst. with or without turn signals. 25.95



82012 Side Plates. Fits all FX's with or without turn signals. 25.95

SEATS



18"

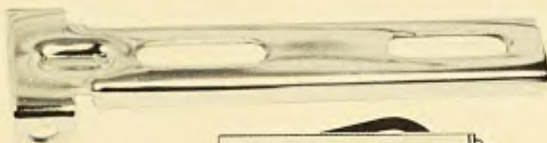
The 14" Elite has a built-in steel back support and needs no sissybar. (Tufted shown)

"Turn him on!
Give him a seat."

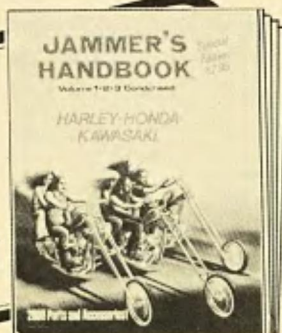


The Regal Seat. Hand-crafted from the finest leathers and naugahyde, using heavy steel plates and aircraft quality foam. Fully carpeted on the bottom, and the steel plate has beading around edges to prevent cutting of materials. Has holes tapped in bottom for easy mounting. The Regal is the same type as used on the Jammer. The finishing touch to a beautiful machine. The Regal is approximately 27" long, by 7" wide and 2" thick.

Part No.	Height	Type	Type of Frame	Price
11509	4"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	64.95
115010	4"	Regal Naugahyde	Swingarm	64.95
115011	12"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	69.95
115012	12"	Regal Naugahyde	Swingarm	69.95
115013	18"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	74.95



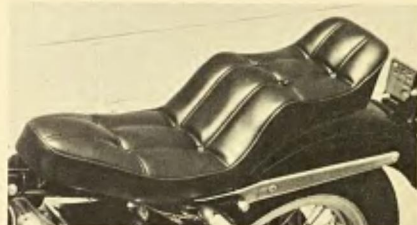
11706 Seat Bracket.
2.50



You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM
1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer. (See ad on back cover)

The Elite for Sportster and Super Glide. This new seat is designed for the ultimate in comfort and appearance. The carpeted bottom follows the contour of the bike better than stock. The seat lowers you 2" for easier handling and maximum comfort. Comes complete with all brackets, and mounts like stock. No welding or other alterations needed. Genuine black Naugahyde.

Part No.	Bike	Style	Back	Size	Price
115029	Sportster	Pleats	4"	24"x9"	54.95
115030	S. Glide	Pleats	4"	29"x9"	54.95
115031	Sportster	Square Tufted	4"	24"x9"	54.95
115032	S. Glide	Square Tufted	4"	29"x9"	54.95
115033	Sportster	Square Tufted	14"	24"x9"	66.95
115034	S. Glide	Square Tufted	14"	29"x9"	66.95



The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.

RIGID "TWO PIECE" II (Hump Seat)

115035 Square Tufted Black 57.95

RIGID "TWO PIECE" 14" BACK

(Built-in Sissy Bar)
115036 Square Tufted Black 62.95



Jammer

SPRINGER AND PARTS

ALL SPRINGER PARTS ARE CUSTOM CHROMED.



A



E

You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer. (See ad on back cover)

JAMMER'S HANDBOOK

HARLEY-HONDA KAWASAKI



F

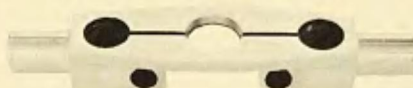
Narrow Springer.

Entire fork is polished before assembly. All welding is done by the heliarc method. All come with provision for brake anchor. For HD 74, Sportster, 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; 750 Honda, 450 Honda, 500 Honda and BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal 7/8-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimmying and spacing, for the 7/8-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. 289.95

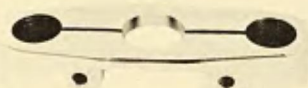
Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
6001	9-inch	Twist
6002	12-inch	Twist
6003	15-inch	Twist
6004	18-inch	Twist
6005	9-inch	Round
6006	12-inch	Round
6007	15-inch	Round
6008	18-inch	Round
6009	9-inch	Hex
60010	12-inch	Hex
60011	15-inch	Hex
60012	18-inch	Hex
60013	9-inch	Square
60014	12-inch	Square
60015	15-inch	Square
60016	18-inch	Square

A Top Nuts. For our springer on the following bikes:

- 6101 HD 74s 3.95
- 6102 Sportsters. 3.95
- 6103 45s. 3.95
- 6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 3.95
- 6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 3.95
- 6106 Honda 750. 3.95
- 6107 Honda 450. 3.95
- 6108 Honda 500. 3.95
- 6109 Universal neck. 3.95



B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears. Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. 26.95 each



C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears. For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2x20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. 26.95 each

D Crown Nuts. For our springer:

- 61012 HD 74s. 7.95 each
- 61013 Sportsters. 7.95 each
- 61014 45s. 7.95 each
- 61015 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
- 61016 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
- 61017 Honda 750. 7.95 each
- 61018 Honda 450. 7.95 each
- 61019 Honda 500. 7.95 each
- 61020 Universal neck. 7.95 each

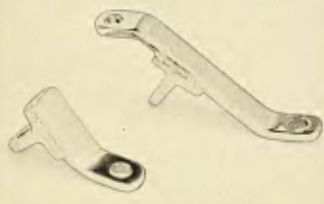
E 61021 74 Neck Bearing.

Can be used as a replacement for stock part on 1948 and later 74 HDs. Our 74 springer is designed for use with this bearing. The same bearing is used on both top and bottom. 4.50 per bearing (Not chromed).

F 61022 74 Fork Cups. This cup is also called a glide cup. It can be used for replacement of stock part. Can also be used on the Jammer frame when mounting springer. 10.95 each

61023 Honda Custom Fork Cups

Allows you to put stock Honda fork on our 750 Honda Jammer Frame or on any 74 frame. Chromed. 14.95 a pair



9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. 7.95

9102 Dual Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. 9.95

Jammer

(See order blank on page 93 for shipping time.)

AXLES

ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.



12107 Axle—Springer. Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings, 8" long. Spacers included. 12.50

12108 Axle—Girder. Fits our girder when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings, 8" long. Spacers included. 12.50

12109 Axle—Springer. Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings and 2-11/32" width. Spacers included. 12.50

121010 Axle—Girder. Fits our girder when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings and 2-11/32" width. Spacers included. 12.50

121011 Axle—Springer Single Disc. Spacers included. 12.50

121012 Axle—Girder Single Disc. Spacers included. 12.50

COLLECTOR PIPES

Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

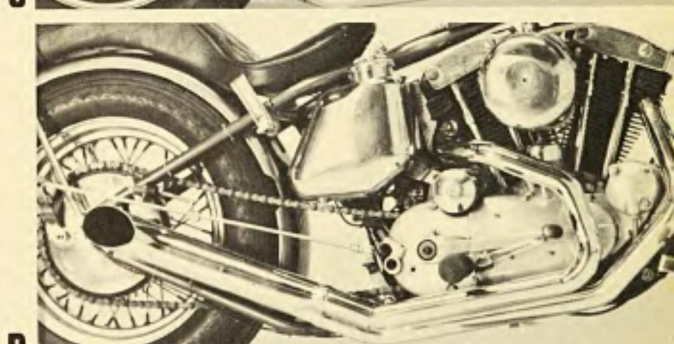
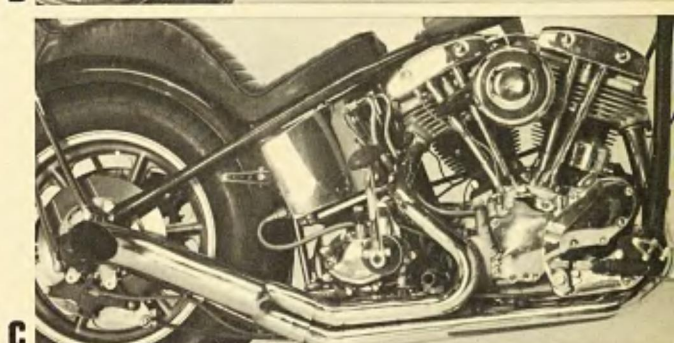
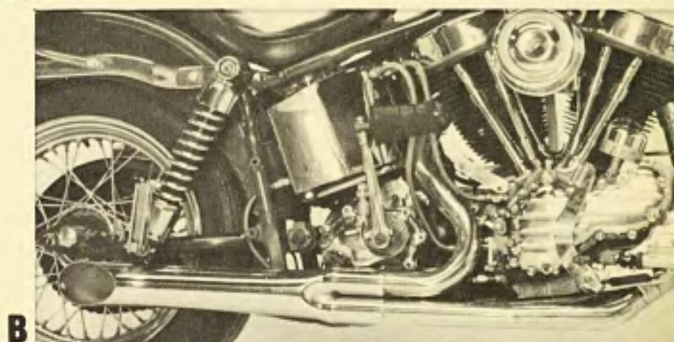
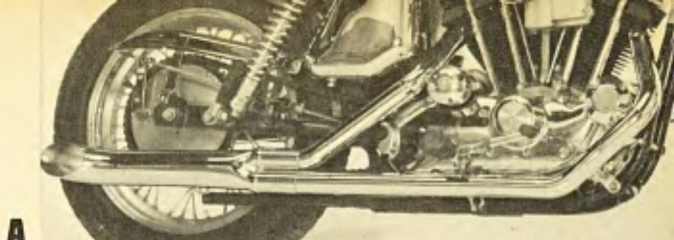
	Part No.	Model	Years	Description	Type of Frame	Foot-note	Price
	151011	Sportster XLCH	57-up	Kick start only	Rigid	1-3	\$110
A	151012	Sportster XLCH-XLH	57-up	Kick or electric	S/A	5-6 3-5	\$110
	151013	Knucklehead	36-47	Kick start	Rigid	1-3	\$110
	151014	Panhead	48-65	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3-5	\$110
B	151015	Panhead	58-65	Kick or electric	S/A	3-5	\$110
C	151016	Shovelhead	66-69	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110
	151017	Shovelhead	66-69	Kick or electric	S/A	3	\$110
	151018	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	70-74	Kick or electric	S/A	3	\$110
	151019	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	66-74	Equal length Kick or electric	All	3-4	\$110
	151020	Shovelhead	70-74	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110
	151022	Sportster-XLCH, XLH	57-up	Equal length Kick or electric	Sw/Arm	3-5-6	\$115
D	151023	Sportster XLCH, XLH	57-up	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3 5-6	\$115

HONDA

	151024	CB350 & 400 4 Cyl.	72-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	All		\$140
	151025	CB450 & 550-4 Cyl.	71-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	All		\$140
E	151026	CB750-4 Cyl.	69-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	All		\$140
	151027	CB750-4 Cyl.	69-74	4 in 1, w/Mega-phone Muffler	All		\$139
	151028	CB750-4 Cyl.	69-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	Rigid	1	\$160

Footnotes

- 1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- 2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- 3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- 5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- 6 It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.



Header Clamps. Stainless steel, aircraft quality. For Harley-Davidson 74's and Sportsters.

152017 HD 74, '48-'65 8.95 pair

152018 Sportster, '57 & up 8.95 pair

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Sure-Grip Gauntlet Winter Street Gloves! Features a vinyl gauntlet that will not collapse when pulled over jacket sleeves; the rest of the glove is high quality leather. These gloves have reinforced palms for added durability, adjusting strap, and are accordin pleated across the knuckle area for added comfort.



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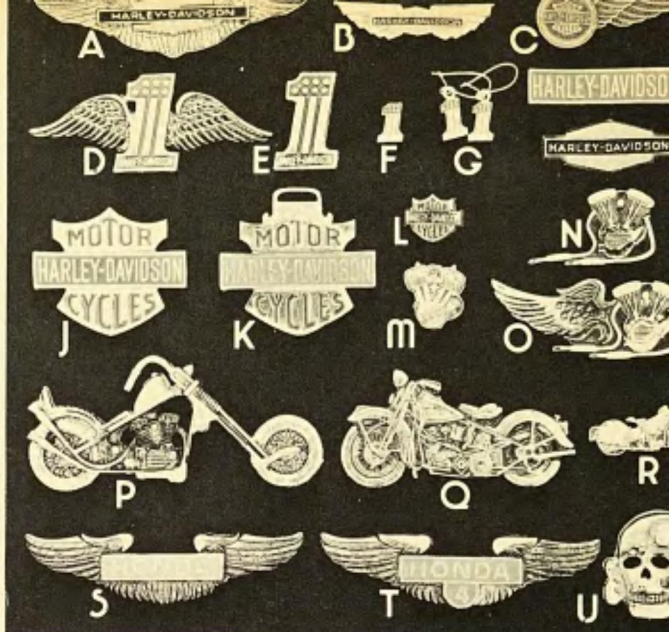
5105 Abus Chain Lock. Comes with 4 feet of heat-treated 5/16" chain. Two keys. Chromed. 19.95

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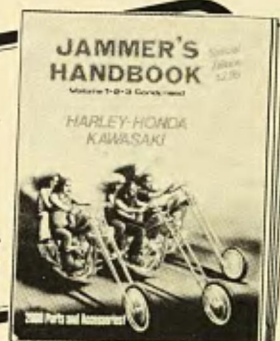
130031 Biker Pack. Canvas & Leather Get Away Bag. 12" x 24" Bag will strap to your Sissy Bar or your back. Has extra outside pocket for those items necessary to get to quick. \$24.95



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	129053 Large Harley Wings	2.95
B	129054 Small Harley Wings	2.75
C	129055 Harley Wheel & Wing	2.50
D	129056 Harley #1 & Wings	2.95
E	129057 Harley #1	2.50
F	129058 Small Harley #1	2.65
G	129059 Harley #1 Earrings	4.95
H	129060 Harley-Davidson Bar	1.95
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L	129050 Small Harley Shield	1.95
M	129064 Small Harley Motor	1.95
N	129065 Shovelhead Motor	2.65
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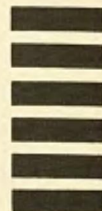




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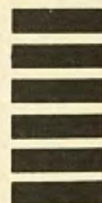
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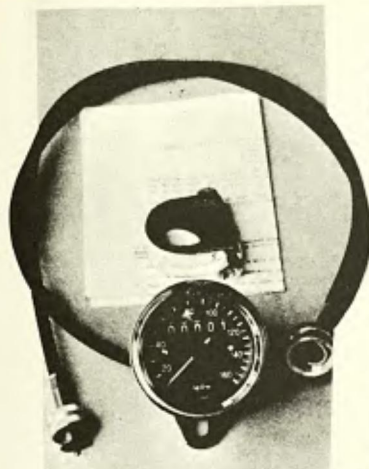
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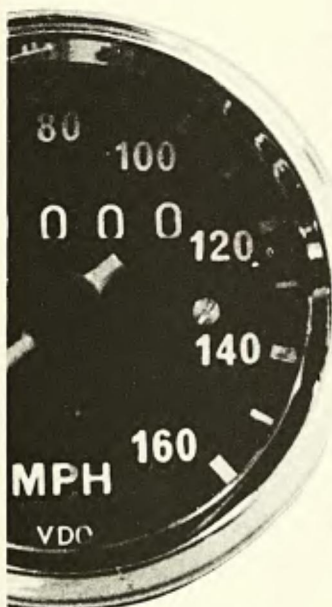


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Exclusively
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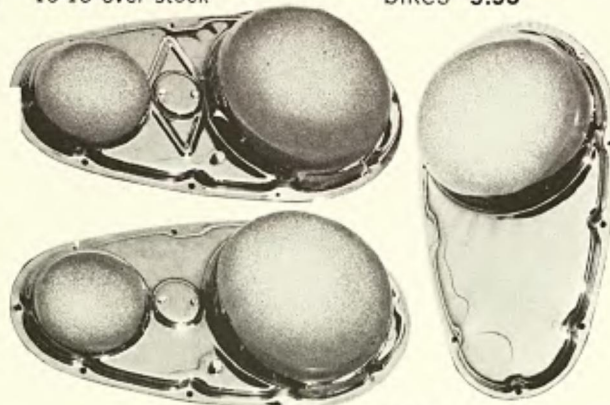
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Chromed. Stock
replacement; fits
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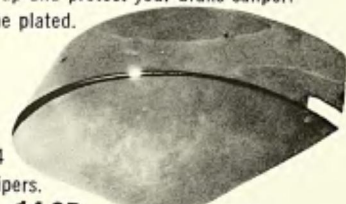
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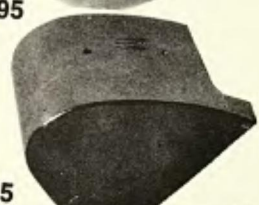
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Fits 1972 to
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**SHIFT
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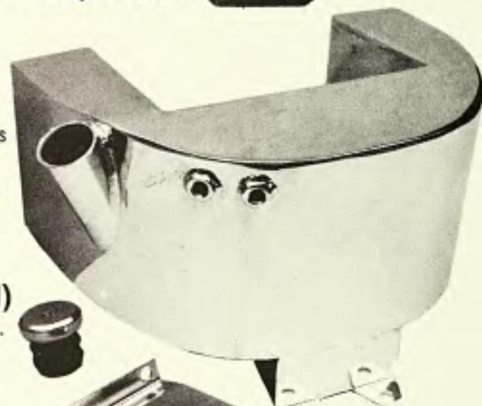
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