

# Easyriders

70p

March, 1977  
One Dollar

**Nitty-Gritty About  
The Freedom  
of Information Act**

***Gestapo Tactics  
Break Up  
Helmet Protest***

**Bucks Down?  
Why Not  
Hop a Train?**

***Lotsa Bikes,  
Fiction  
and Women***





# Black Easyriders T-shirts

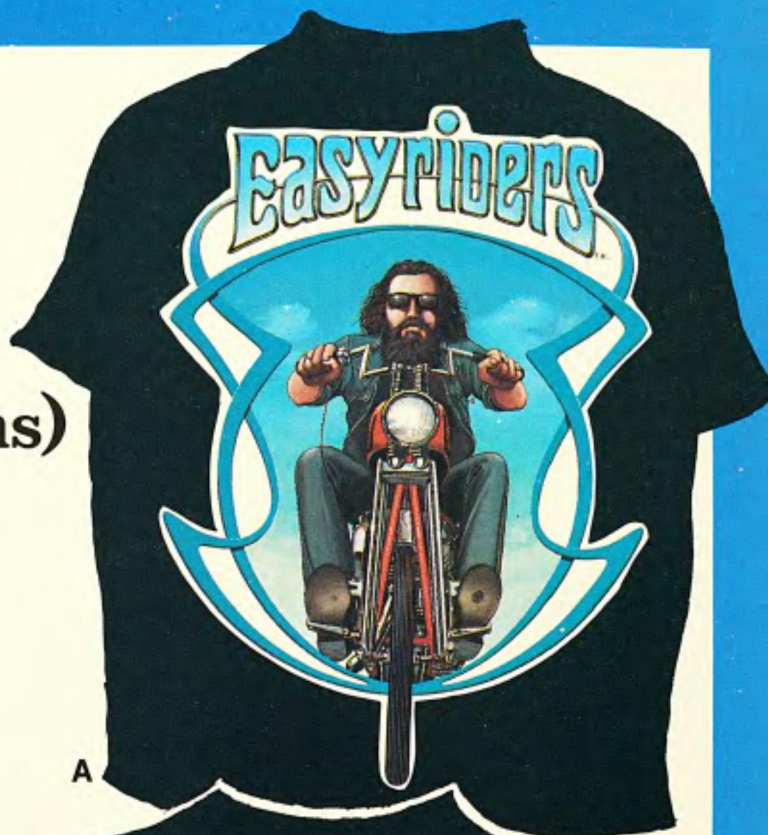
(with full color  
Dave Mann designs)

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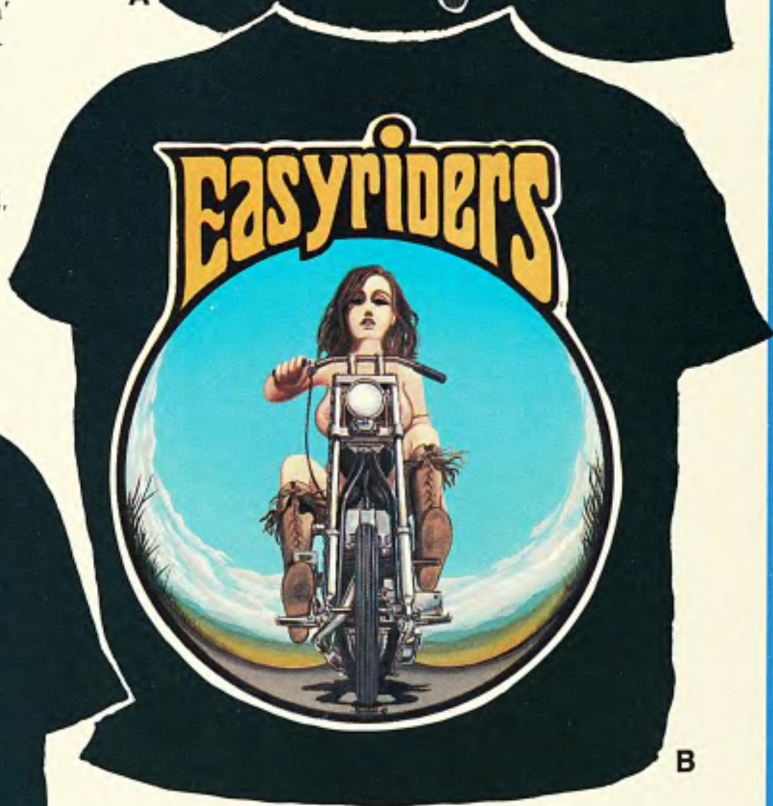
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A



B



C

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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.





# Easyriders

Number 45

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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FTW

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Cover photo of Sally Walsh by Alan Houghton

The next leg-wettin' issue of this miserable rag goes on sale February 22nd.



## Rap Sheet

Legal news in  
everyday language

By John Warren Giles

**D**anger invites rescue. The cry of distress is the summons to relief. The wrong that imperils life is a wrong to the imperiled victim; it is also a wrong to his rescuer. The State that leaves an opening in the bridge is liable to the teenager who falls into the river, unable to swim, but liable also to the Good Samaritan who plunges in to his aid. The law does not discriminate between the rescuer oblivious to peril and the one who counts the cost. It is enough that the act, whether impulsive or deliberate, is the child of the occasion.

During your life you may have rescued a child from a burning building, snatched an older person from the deadly path of a speeding

truck, pulled a victim of a disastrous crash of an automobile or an airplane from the burning wreckage, or you may, like the Levite, have passed by on the other side, believing that you had no legal obligation to help. And if you did accomplish the rescue and were yourself uninjured, you may not have received even a "thank you" note from the hapless victim, who might have died without your timely efforts. And even worse, you might, yourself, have been injured, paid a large hospital bill and were never reimbursed by the person you rescued. Such is the ironic way of American life.

These possibilities raise the whole question of whether a rescuer, a mere volunteer, has any legal rights of reimbursement if he is injured in the course of a rescue. There are many decisions on this subject, and the majority confirm the right of the injured rescuer to reimbursement. He not only may get his damages from the person he rescues, but may get them from the wrongdoer whose negligence caused the accident in the first place.

In a recent Connecticut case (171 At. 2nd 89), the defendant's house caught

fire due to the defendant's negligence. One of the defendants had negligently placed a ladder against the house. The plaintiff climbed the ladder in an attempt to put out the fire. He was injured in a fall of the ladder, and was allowed recovery for his injuries.

In Georgia, a policeman responded to a call to make a theft investigation on the premises of one who owned an automobile, and while he was on the premises in response to this call, the

*John Warren Giles is a member of the Bar in New York, Chicago, and Washington, D.C.*

owner's agent parked her automobile in the owner's driveway and failed to securely put on the brakes. The car began to roll down the driveway incline. The policeman, in response to the call of the owner of the automobile to stop the car, broke his leg in the attempt. The policeman recovered from the owner of the premises for his injuries.

In Iowa, a court points out that if a person should be standing beside the road

and see a truck come speeding down the wrong side of the street and a little child in its path, it would be the normal thing for him to do to try and rescue the child to save it from death or injury. In such a situation one would not pause to consider the possible consequences. The truck driver would owe the rescuer, as well as the child, the duty of driving his truck at the legal rate of speed and on the proper side of the road. And he would be liable for injuries to the child and to his would-be rescuer. 299 S.W. 2nd 157. We could multiply these examples.

Of course, not every rescuer of a person or property has been allowed to recover for his injuries or even his death. In New Mexico recently, the defendants operated and maintained a summer youth camp and locked the camp when not in use. After several incidents of burglary and vandalism at the camp, the plaintiff's husband, living next door to the camp, voluntarily requested deputization in order to protect the camp. The plaintiff's husband was killed while in-

—Continued on page 7

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Now I ask ya, what would you have done? A dude in Argentina named Amaro sat down for a dinner that his father-in-law said was roast lamb. But after dinner the father-in-law (ha-ha) advised everyone that the lamb they had eaten wasn't a lamb, but just a local run-of-the-mill dog. Amaro, upon hearing this, went bananas. He threatened to kill everyone in the house and was so pissed that he strangled 40 chickens, cut the throats of three mules and three cows, shot six more mules dead, broke 1,200 eggs, and set the father-in-law's farmhouse and truck on fire. Man, he was pissed. When he wants lamb, he wants lamb!

A dude in South Carolina was served a chicken sandwich, and the cook had left the chicken's neck in the sandwich by mistake. Well, that was totally uncalled for as you know—so the dude whipped out a gun, shot three people, set fire to the cook's store, set fire to the cook's packhouse, and then went and burned the cook's poor old mother's house down. Man—talk about a reds attitude!

Then we have the police chief in Kentucky who liked to boast about his 35 to 40 drug busts. That was before he was busted himself for growing pot in his backyard. It figures.

There's still hope, bros: A former Galloping Gooses M/C member, an ex-con, a dude who stole credit cards and motorcycles, and was busted for attempted murder and assault with a deadly weapon, was elected to a judgeship. Probably the only outlaw biker dude in California history, putting his past behind him, to become a lawyer and then a judge. He said, "I decided it was time to get my act together."

Here's a new one: A guy was busted for concealing evidence after he picked a fly from a bowl of cream—now get this—and tossed the fly into his mouth as the sanitation inspector came by. (Gulp!)

I haven't tried this yet, but a bro has advised me that some natives in India have been doublin' the size of their joints by rubbin' an ointment on them. The ointment is made from buffalo butter, eggplant paste, pomegranate and cucumber seeds, various herbs, and certain plant juices. It's been in use for over 2,000 years. No wonder they have a population of sixteen jillion!

Better watch out whom you rape. A judge in Chicago held that four dudes could be jailed for bangin' away on an admitted prostitute. Apparently, she has the right to pick and choose the dude she's gonna break the law with. She admitted that she was in the process of soliciting for a fastfuck-buck, "but not with them!" she screamed as she pointed out the bucks-down dudes in court.

At times nothin' goes right: Consider the dude in Tallahassee who decided to end it all. He checked into a motel and shot three .25 caliber bullets through his gourd. But nothin' happened, so he went home. Three hours later his ol' lady noticed that he was messin' up the pillows with his blood and took him to the hospital. All three bullets had gone through his head. One bullet entered between his left eye and ear and came out the other side. Another entered the temple and came out his forehead. The third went in one side of his head and came out the other—and he lived! Do you suppose there wasn't anything inside to hit? Weird, man, weird.

Did ya read about the dude who got tired of seeing his kids sitting around on their fat asses watching TV? Well, he connected a car generator and 12-volt battery to a bicycle and then cut off the electricity to the TV. Now if his kids want to watch the tube, they have to pump away on the bicycle while they do their watchin'—they feed their TV habit with their own energy! ■

# TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





# WORDMONGER

## Question

□ Some asshole wrote in and said how great helmets were for protection of carpenters, pilots, and ball players. All I want to know is what the fuck does that have to do with riding motorcycles?

Mac Marine  
San Francisco, Calif.

## seksatim

□ Took 3 weeks to cast a bloodshot eye past that fox on the December cover only to find ya'll screwed it up again. The throttle's on the left, clutch on the right. Yeah, bullshit. Too much coke does that shit. Well, she's still a fox and it's a fair rag, so fuck it. Sure wish summer was back.

Pig  
Bemis, Tenn.

## No Smiles

□ Scooter Lady Trisha's inability to smile really fucked up the shots of that pan-head she's hangin' all over.

Let's see more shots of Marci, 35-29-36, four-foot-eleven, ninety-pound stone fox.

Big Bear  
Big Bear City, Calif.

## Caught Us

□ I was kicking back, reading this miserable rag, when I noticed that you blew it again. On page 18 of issue 42 you assholes have a drawing of a biker with six fingers. Damn, you fucking dick brains better get your shit together.

Flake  
Fresno, Calif.

■ We were just checkin' on ya.

## Wearin' Levi's

□ I just picked up your issue #42 and was really grooving on some of the best readin' and rap I've run into in a long time until I saw the article reprinted from the Sierra Road Riders Association News and real-

ly flipped. To set the record straight, I have been a member of S.R.R.A. for four years, have worn Levi's the entire time, and consider the majority of the members of the Association to be hard-riding, hard-partying, totally outasight bikers. The S.R.R.A. has always had a policy that anyone is welcome on their runs or as a member, no matter what they wear, as long as they can maintain. It really pisses me off that one member with his head up his ass can write crap like that and have it end up in your rag where it makes us all look like assholes.

Juicer Jim  
Freedom Riders M.C.  
Hayward, Calif.

## Night Putt

□ Finally happened. November's centerfold comes to life under a black light. Light up and check it out.

Smokie  
Phoenix, Arizona

## A Word From Monger

■ Thanks a lot, Bo and Laure.

## Soap Opera Fuckups

□ This is to that chick, Sherrie, who's scared shitless of bikers. After my parents warning me and givin' me enough college to make me sick, I've come to enjoy being around badass bikers. These bros and sisters aren't killers. They're honest with themselves. Maybe honesty is a speed rush, but it's a relief and joy to be with real loving people and not soap opera fuckups.

Mogs  
Schnecksville, Pa.

## San Quentin Show

□ I would just like to give my thanks to Easyriders for your being here at San Quentin covering the first, and hopefully many more, bike shows. As for myself, I had a great time checking

out all the bikes and talking with all my brothers who came in here. I just want you to know that while all you good people were in here, I was "out there," and you can believe that I wasn't the only one who was in the free world for a few moments. It may have been just for a short time, but it's something that will stay with me for a long time to come. Thanks for the good trip.

4 Fingers  
Nomads M/C  
San Quentin, Calif.

□ Just wanna thank you people for the time you took to cover the bike show that my brothers on the streets put together and brought in to my brothers, myself, and the rest of the dudes on the yard. That's stylish, for sure.

Doug the Thug  
Hell's Angels  
San Quentin, Calif.

□ Just to let you know that all us brothers in the inside appreciate what you brothers did at San Quentin.

Mack the Knife,  
Elmira, N.Y.

## Emergency Room Doc

□ Regarding the article "Emergency Room Doc," first off, I would like to say the photo you printed almost made me puke. I've been there and was fortunate enough to live.

Second, I agree with the Doc's views, only I feel if we bitch loud enough, maybe some of those assholes who look you in the eye and still pull out in front of you may hear. Put that article in every car, truck, and hot rod magazine in the world. Just maybe one numb-nuts will be enlightened.

Gepsey Dan  
N.B., Canada

□ The article "Emergency Room Sounds Off" is by far the greatest article I've ever

read in your mag. That Doc really has his leather together. But I gotta know; is Bill Kaysing's picture for real? Man, it's a biker's nightmare!

Two-Stroke  
Milton, Wash.

■ It was real—too real.

□ Thanks for printing the Doc's letter. Especially the next to last paragraph. My ol' man has broken his shoulder, his wrist, and suffered road rash from taking turns too fast and just plain riding too fucking fast while under the influence.

All bikers should face the reality that cars either can't or won't see them. And if you're drunk, your judgment is shot to pieces.

To preserve your freedom and your life, face the realities the Doc described and don't let booze and beer distort your faculties. Don't further jeopardize a severely endangered species. Live to ride but ride to live.

Water Wing's Ol' Lady  
Somewhere

□ Thank God someone cared enough about you bikers to say it like it really is in your Dec. article by the Emergency Room Doc.

Please, all of you, read the article and think about it. God loves you and so do I.

J. S.  
San Diego, Calif.

## Poundin' Material

□ How in the hell am I gonna jack off, lookin' at some of your funky chicks? Ya'll should really do something about improving the chicks in your rag.

Dennis Woodward  
O.S.R., Okla.

## Owe Dog An Apology

□ Okay! You assholes did it again. In the "Taking It Easy" column (Jan. '77) Spider referred to a "Dumb-ass Dog." Well, that dog

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# Rap Sheet

—Continued from page 4

investigating an incident of vandalism at the camp. But no recovery was allowed under the rescue doctrine. The camp owners were not negligent in failing to foresee that harm might come to the deceased as a result of watching the camp. 529 Pac. 2nd 294.

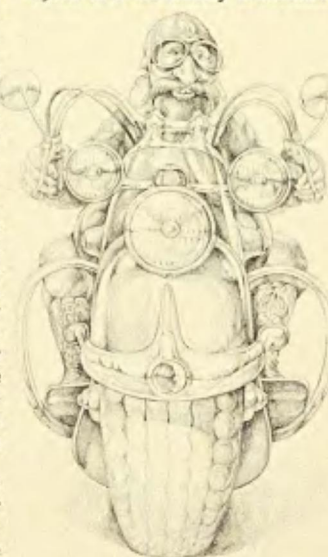
We believe that the public should be informed as to their rights of recovery if injured as rescuers, not in any way to discourage Good Samaritans, but rather to encourage them, knowing if the worst happens and they also land in a hospital, they have a reasonable chance of being reimbursed for the cost of their injuries. Even the ungrateful may sometimes need rescue, and the Good Samaritan of today, unlike that one of yesterday, may be in real need of reimbursement for his voluntary salvage efforts.

**M**ust a passenger riding on a motorcycle wear goggles, glasses, or a transparent shield? Recently in

Illinois a passenger was convicted under an Illinois statute of riding as a passenger on a motorcycle without glasses, goggles, or a transparent shield, in violation of the statute. He was fined five dollars and appealed. On appeal, his conviction was affirmed. The court noted that the State of Illinois has recently held that a prior statutory conviction requiring the operator of a motorcycle to wear protective headgear was unconstitutional. The Supreme Court of Illinois said, in the case of the operator, the headgear requirement was to safeguard the operator and involved essentially a matter of personal safety which is beyond the police power of the state legislature. It is unconstitutional and violative of the 4th Amendment.

But this Illinois court, in the case of the passenger without protective gear, rejected the argument of the passenger to the effect that the purpose of the statute requiring protective goggles was to protect only the passenger. The statute, said the passenger, is not in the benefit of the public health, safety or welfare. The state

argued that the statute was designed to protect the public health and safety. It based its argument on the conclusion that a motorcycle is a delicately balanced



vehicle, that a flying object (not a UFO) might strike the passenger in the eye; that the passenger might thereafter disturb the driver, and cause a loss of control of

the motorcycle, thus endangering the operator, the passenger, and, more important, the public. The court said that since the passenger here had not produced evidence to show that the statute was unreasonable, the court would presume that it was valid, and so affirmed the conviction.

The decision is very questionable. The statute would apply to a person riding in a motorcycle side car, although that passenger would have no access to the driving of the motorcycle. Common observation discloses that a passenger riding in a tandem position has his face behind the head or shoulders of the operator, or the passenger's face is turned to the side. The possibility of particles flying into the eyes of a passenger in such a position seems to be remote and the relationship of such a hazard to the safety of the public is notably obscure.

In spite of all these fancy arguments, if you have a passenger in Illinois, be sure that he is wearing goggles or glasses. Incidentally, 24 states now have protective headgear requirements for the operator of a motorcycle.

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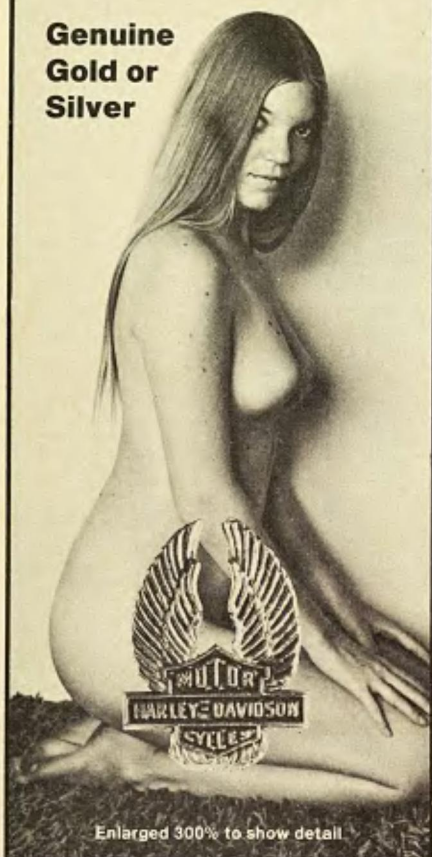
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was from right here in good ol' Rockland, Maine. His name was Shovelhead and he belonged to one of the bros who worked here at Stone Choppers. You think he bit that D.A. by mistake? Shit, bro, you know better than that. We think you guys owe Shovelhead an apology.

Sharkey  
Rockland, Maine

■ We apologize, we apologize.

### Fat Amazon

□ In your September issue you printed a letter from a Butch of Orlando, Fla., who wants to start an all-dyke outlaw-type club. Well, if she's the big fat Amazon lesbian named Robin who stole my ol' man's patch after turning informer to the cops, I'd like to know if she's got the balls to wear it in West Palm Beach, Fla. If so, come on down, honey.

Chris  
West Palm Beach, Fla.

### Hangover Cure

□ I want to let you know that indeed sometimes the material in your magazine has some use and sense to it, but at times you can't tell the bullshit from the facts.

I found the recipe for "Menudo" most interesting. I never heard of the stuff before and I thought at first it was a fake recipe, but after checking it out I found that indeed Menudo is a Spanish delicacy and it is available in small cafes as you said. I plan to go and try some or make it myself.

Richard Ludwig  
Santa Monica, Calif.

■ And it works too—just ask a Chicano bro.

### Creeps Up On Ya

□ There's been this thing in *Easyriders*, like letters and an article, about the matter of respect between bikers and women. The ladies seem to be saying it oughta be a two-way street, and I'm thinking, "Yeah, those fuckers do seem to have a pretty lame attitude about that. And you all would just keep on bad mouthing. But then in December I see Dave Mann's so fine Dragon Lady outlaw and start reading that feature about the Black Beauty shovel owned

by a lady named Lorrie, and I think, "Hey, they're just talking in the idiom, dig it?" Damn, you sure fooled me.

The other night I was replacing my fork tubes in the living room and a little puddle of oil ran off the newspapers onto the rug. My ol' lady suddenly wanted to know why the hell I was messing with the forks in there, and I realized—Jesus! Just like in *Easyriders*! Weird how that shit creeps up on you, isn't it?

Rob Campbell  
Berkeley, Sp., W. Va.

### No Messin' Around

□ You dudes there at *Easyriders* print some righteous shit once in a while, but I swear to fuckin' Christ, when you print shit, you don't fuck around. It's a cryin' fuckin' shame that, when I scoop a bike rag, right in the center I see a bitch tryin' to act like a man. That's what fills these ol' ladies' heads with bullshit. Wise up.

Lucky  
Lake Butler, Fla.

□ Are you turds women's libbers or something? That centerfold of a chick puttin' on a Hog really sucked. All that raisin pie is gettin' to you ducks. Shit like that will put you under if you ain't careful.

Road Hog  
Sikeston, Mo.

### Fried Minds

□ Something ran across my mind that I thought was a fair idea. This idea is for your own good. Put about half your rag in blank pages to give yourself some partying time. You deserve it since you're coming out every month. I'd say that would fry a lot of minds.

Professor Fish  
Dayton, Ohio

### No Guns

□ Well, here we go again. Brothers have written in sayin' they could buy *Playboy* and see the fuckin' broads you guys keep throwin' in your rag. But I feel the "Gun Nut Report" is even more out of place. I would probably look at a fuckin' gun book if I wanted to read about guns. I think the space in your mag could be used for a "Bike

Nut Report." That's what the fuck we buy it for.

Smokey  
Merritt Island, Fla.

### Tell 'Em

□ In the January '77 rag some asshole put down ABATE, the "Helmet Repeal Act," and even the rag itself because he claims a helmet saved his dear brother's life from a crash into a house while learning to ride in his yard.

Look, shithead, thousands of bros are tryin' to abolish helmet laws because they are unsafe under highway speeds and conditions, not because some little kid tries to push a house over with his fuckin' head!

Flash  
West Point, Va.

### Nazi Emblems

□ Regarding defense of Nazi emblems by scooter trash: Has it ever occurred to you that the first bikers to use this shit were returning WW II veterans? And that the reason it was worn was not because they admired the Reich, but because it was the most disgusting, mind-fucking, outrageous thing they could think of to blow out the brains of the citizens?

J. C. Diamond  
Valley Stream, N.Y.

□ Consider this: Symbols represent what the wearer of the symbol wants it to mean. I'm really tired of people who haven't the guts to put on the swastika, trying to lay their lame trips down on what it's about. You want to know what the swastika is about? I wear it, I believe in it, and I know what it means now, not yesterday or a thousand years ago, but now!

The first symbol of the American spirit was the snake! Remember, it was coiled to strike and written under it was "Don't Tread On Me!" The early Americans were White refugees and ex-cons from England, Ireland, and Western Europe. The message was clear: Don't fuck with us!

Another symbol America adopted a little later was the Liberty Tree. I don't know how many of you know that the Liberty Tree was the symbolic name for the



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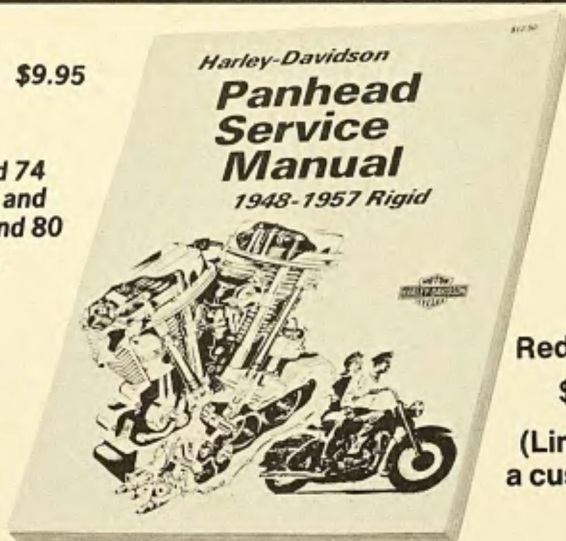
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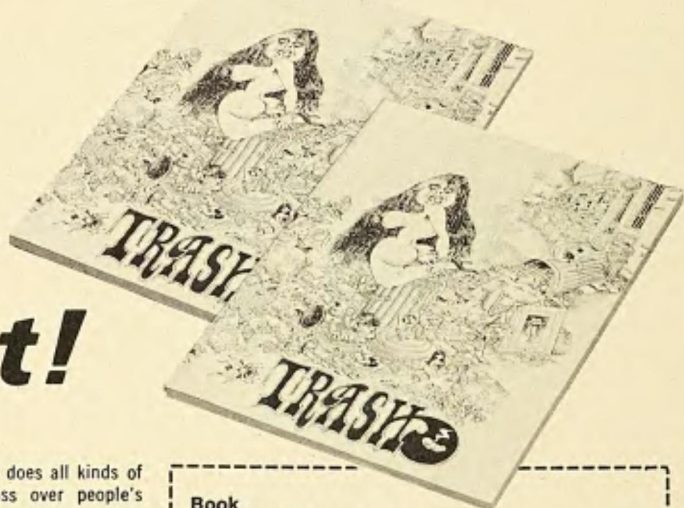
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it's gross—  
and it's great!***



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nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

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Immediate Delivery

tree we Americans hung  
traitors from. Finally, we  
adopted the Eagle for our  
national symbol, which  
came from Rome, as did a  
lot of our national institu-  
tions and symbols. The one  
thing they had in common  
was an indication of being  
willing to fight for our be-  
liefs and for what we are!

There are a lot of bikers  
and cons out there to whom  
the swastika (which was  
also used by Rome) is the  
new symbol of their belief  
in themselves and their race  
and their willingness to  
fight for that belief. The  
meaning of the swastika is  
just as clear as the early  
American slogan, "Don't  
Tread On Me!" We have an  
unshakable faith in our race  
and America, but we have  
lost faith in a system of  
government that allows 50,-  
000 American boys to die in  
Southeast Asia and then  
splits the battlefield be-  
cause of "public pressure." This new American symbol  
(the swastika) stands for  
courage, not cowardice,  
and standing shoulder-to-  
shoulder with your White  
Brothers through peace and  
war.

One last thing: If anyone  
out there has any questions  
as to what it's about or what  
National Socialism is (Na-  
zism), write and ask me,  
and stop showing your ig-  
norance all over nationwide  
publications like some tur-  
key calling himself "A Real-  
istic Head." Thanks a lot.  
David Rust, C.O.  
NSLF

P.O. Box 4168  
Panorama City, Calif. 91402

☐ The American people are

through with existing social  
and legal standards and  
now seek positive change  
within their particular  
sphere of influence. As a  
result of this disenchant-  
ment, various groups are  
emerging to claim for their  
members the rights and  
privileges they feel are due  
them. ABATE, NORML, and  
the Ku Klux Klan are three  
such citizen's rights organi-  
zations.

ABATE and NORML work  
within the legislative system  
to effect the repeal of un-  
just, illegal, and immoral  
"victimless crime" statutes.

"A Realistic Head's" con-  
tention that Klansmen seek  
to establish a new Nazi re-  
gime in America is (in his  
own words) "unrealistic." The Klan, like ABATE and  
NORML, fights for freedom,  
not slavery, and should be  
supported by anyone call-  
ing themselves an Ameri-  
can.

Armadillo  
Hastings, Neb.

#### Jail Bait

Tell Spider he sucks for  
losing touch with the little  
blonde with constantly hard  
nipples at Atlantic Beach,  
N.C., summer of '76. Get  
back in touch, "Hon!"

Ready for the wild life,  
Greensboro, N.C.

#### Searching

☐ Now I agree with most of  
what's presented in **Easy-  
riders** except the drugs, out-  
dated bigotry, and the  
seeming death wish put  
across in your stories.

I earned a degree in op-  
tometry and enjoy making  
people see better. However,  
I also love to drink, ride,  
cuss, and mess around with

girls. But you can't be a  
chopper-ridin' Hendrix freak  
doctor in N.C. Do you think  
I might have a shot at hap-  
piness elsewhere?

T.H.D.  
Raleigh, N.C.

#### A Compliment?

☐ You sure outdid your-  
selves by featuring Todd  
Hallowell's "Be Eyes For  
Me, Angie." What I want to  
know is, can he walk and  
chew gum? If so, how'd  
such a high-rent guy get  
mixed up with the rest of you  
dumb fucks?

Redeye  
Bethel Park, Pa.

☐ In your December issue  
you printed a real mind-  
bending story, "Be Eyes For  
Me, Angie." Why don't you  
fuckups print more shit like  
that?

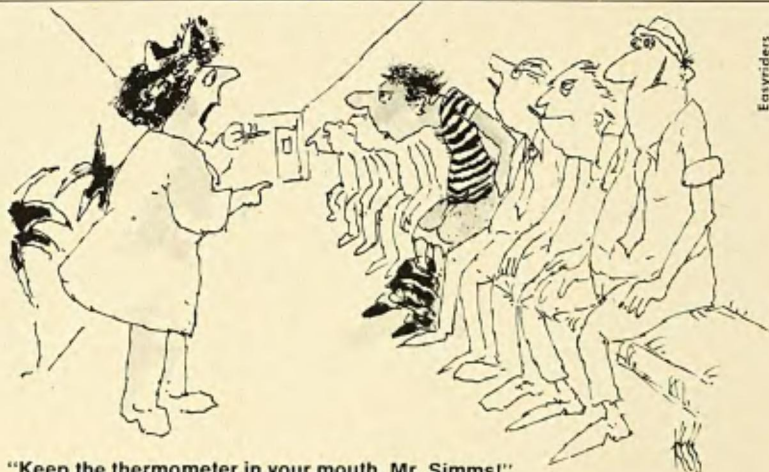
Super Man  
Reedley, Calif.

#### Digs Her

☐ The chick on the cover  
of your January '77 issue is  
the cutest little fox you've  
pictured yet. But I wonder  
if she's a natural blonde with  
those brown roots and lash-  
es. How about draping her  
across a scooter in the next  
issue so we can see if the  
collar matches the cuffs?

Kurt Spielmann  
Rochester, N.Y.

Have anything to say? Want  
to bug the staff about their  
mistakes? Want to give a well-  
deserved pat on the back?  
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threats of violence, love letters,  
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"Keep the thermometer in your mouth, Mr. Simms!"



# Biker's Digest



## Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

### Garden State Parkway . .

So first the good news. Statistics accumulated during the first 10 months motorcycle accidents were permitted to use the Garden State Parkway in New Jersey show that there were only 28 motorcycle accidents (25 of them reportable) with no serious injuries and no fatalities. There were summonses issued to 480 cyclists; 321 for hazardous and 159 for non-hazardous offenses (most frequent hazardous offense was speeding—82 tickets). State Police commented on the fact that no cyclist was cited for drunken driving and that none of the 28 accidents involved a cyclist who had been drinking. During that 10-month period some 90,000 cyclists used the parkway.

And now the bad news—New Jersey bureaucrats ain't satisfied with that sort of safety record and want to extend the experimental period another 6 months while they make up their mind if the Parkway will remain open to cycles permanently. —Roger Hull  
Road Rider

### Blood turn down . . .

The association between motorcycling and blood is usually not a savory one. Last weekend it was different—almost.

A group of motorcyclers, or "bikies" as some call them, came into Boston to donate blood. They drove to Mass. General Hospital to join in the donor program that facility has. Some were already card carrying members of the program. They were refused the opportunity to participate and give their blood.

It seems the bikies had driven in without helmets, in direct violation of Massachusetts law, which requires such head protection to be worn when riding a motorcycle. They were protesting the law by challenging it. According to the report, Mass. General Hospital de-

cided it did not want to get involved in such a controversy, so a decision was made not to allow the motorcyclists to give blood at the hospital.

Of course, Mass. General, by that very action, immediately did get thrust into the swirl of controversy. Considering the chronic shortage of blood in this state, it seems contradictory to refuse a bona fide offer of some. There is no reason for penalizing the sick or injured people who need transfusions, because hospital officials can not decide which side they're on with regard to motorcycle helmets.

—Avi Nelson  
Motorcyclists Post



### Honda noise . . .

Honda's research shows that the U.S. regulations for noise and emission levels can be met with existing technology and that meeting the rules will not bring more than a token loss in performance and efficiency. Motorcycles won't go the way of cars, for which we can all give thanks.

Motorcycle noise, says Honda, comes 50 percent from the exhaust, 25 percent from the intake, 15 percent from mechanical engine bits and 10 percent from other sources. The hum of the tires and the whistle of wind through the spokes are pretty hard to reduce, but the other areas can be muffled with larger pipes, air cleaners, thicker engine castings and like that.

—Cycle World

### Breaking more necks . . .

Since 1966 most of us have been forced to wear the so-called safety headgear because someone (who knows nothing about motorcycles) thought they were a good idea so we wouldn't suffer from excessive head injuries. No one ever told this someone that we could live with a fractured skull, but a broken neck would be fatal. And helmets are breaking more necks than they are saving skulls!

For the past year and a half, we've been trying to tell these same Washington, D.C., bureaucrats this, but they fail to listen.

We try and tell them that what is needed is a compulsory rider education course for new and young motorcyclists, not forced helmets for veteran riders, but no one listens. That is, no one listened until six months ago. Now everyone's listening!

Dr. James B. Gregory (Doctor of Chemistry), Chief Administrator of the NHTSA, and his wife (also a Doctor), firmly believe all motorcycle riders must wear helmets. Why? Because, she stated at the meeting, "All racing motorcyclists wear them, so all street riders should too." When asked why all auto drivers don't wear helmets, when all race car drivers do, she had no answer!

At the meeting she held aloft a group of papers that she claimed were the true statistics on how helmets have saved thousands from injuries, but when another member asked to see them, she claimed they were classified and could not be released. When she was asked to document some of the material that her papers contained, she admitted she had not had the time to study them!

Now, here was a woman that was speaking for the destiny of 11 million motorcycle riders in this country. It's a safe bet she has never been near a motorcycle herself, let alone riding on one!

—Bob Fink  
Motorcyclist's Post

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**L**ike the Arkansas traveler of story and movie fame, I still get a faraway look in my eye when I hear the distant whistle of a train, and a pleasant memory of hobo days comes flooding back into my mind. Recently, wondering if freight train travel had changed, I decided to give it another try, so I hopped a freight for San Diego, returning to Los Angeles the next day by the same mode of transportation.

Brakemen are different today. A lot of years back it was common to see brakemen tossing hoboes off the train, or beating them over the head with a stick, but today they are helpful and polite, once they learn that it is only a ride you want, and not the goods being transported. Of course, riding a freight through the southern states is not now, and never has been, safe, and travel there should be done with extreme alertness and caution, lest one winds up picking peas for several months.

The best way to travel by freight train is inside an empty boxcar. There are always plenty of them available, and a beforehand check on destinations and times of departure can be gotten from almost any friendly yard switchman. Careful selection is a must, however.

One of the first things to check out is that the car has two sliding doors, and that both of them work. Spending several days, or weeks, locked inside and starving on a siding can take all of the pleasure out of a leisure vacation by rail. Cars that have carried powdered chemicals should be avoided, since the stuff gets to blowing around once the train is in motion. Apparel that comes in handy for rail trips consists of bib overalls, or coveralls, a bandana, and a pair of cheap motorcycle goggles.

I once rode a freight into Denver, Colorado, during the coal burner days, and we passed through the Moffett tunnel, which passes under James Peak, fifty miles west of Denver. It is a seven-mile ride and the smoke and cinders got so thick that I was

## **If you're bucks down and ya gotta get across country without any hassles—why not hit the rails?**

By John Watson

nearly blind and unconscious when we emerged on the far side of the mountain. Goggles and a kerchief would have helped alleviate the suffering.

Jumping onto, or off of, a fast moving freight is something that should be enjoyed only in the movies. Trying to get onto a fast train can either jerk an arm out of the socket or whip the jumper under the wheels, ending any kind of travel or locomotion. Getting off while the train is going fast isn't quite as bad, if you don't mind running along at sixty miles an hour, taking twenty-foot-long steps and winding up with a face full of rocks and cinders. It's best to leave that kind of heroic shit up to the cowboys, and wait until the train slows to a walking speed, or stops completely.

Riding the rods, a system developed by hobos that put them out of reach of brutal brakemen, has a worse hazard. You must remain alert throughout the entire trip, because one slip means you fall off between the rails and get ground up into unidentifiable meatballs. Riding the blinds on passenger trains has a hazard too, even though passenger trains are faster and get you to your destination sooner.

To ride the blinds, you have to stand with a foot on the bumper of each of two connected cars. Turning one way, the gap wid-

ens. If you're tall, and have long legs, that's not so bad, although doing wide splits over eighty-mile-an-hour track gives one an uncomfortable feeling. When the train turns the other way, the pinch begins, and on extremely sharp turns it often becomes necessary to swing out and hold onto the outer stair railing. If there happens to be a switch station on the inside of the turn, you can wind up with a switch handle up your ass. A fall from the blinds, or rods, is nearly always fatal.

I rode a reefer once—no, not the kind you smoke—by climbing into the trap door on top, then settling down in one of the little rooms found at each end of a refrigerator car. Fortunately for me, a brakeman looked in and spied me just before several tons of ice poured in at the loading dock.

Not long ago, several Mexican nationals were found in a California railroad yard, impaled on pieces of steel that had shifted during the trip. The same thing can happen on lumber cars, so, obviously, these cars should be avoided, as should bouncing tank cars, since there's no way to sit down or relax.

Whenever I ride an empty boxcar, I tie off the door locking mechanism with a bit of wire, or lay a thin stick in the bottom door slider. That way the door can't be quickly closed, nor can it slam shut during humping operations.

One last word of caution: Don't be lazy and ride all the way into town, expecting to get off in the yard. Many cities still have a law that works like the old vagrancy laws, and you can end your trip with a stay in jail for trespassing. There is almost always a place outside town where the train either slows or stops. Take advantage of it and walk or hitchhike the rest of the way to your destination.

Lacking funds, bike or car, freight travel is the fastest, cheapest, most comfortable available today, and if you're lucky you can travel from Los Angeles to Chicago in just two days. ■



# Notes From a Crazy

By A. D. Winans



**W**y ol' lady once told me that I was sympathetic toward crazies. Hell, she should know; they don't come any crazier than her. But then this story isn't exactly about her.

I had just parked my Harley in front of this small neighborhood bar in the heart of the old Mission district when the first ugly drops of rain began to fall. Inside, the bar smelled of stale cigarettes and commercial cleaners, but it was as good a place as any to be on a night like that. All my biker buddies had left for the weekend to taste the country roads of Men-



docino. It was just me and my ol' lady, and she had the rag on and preferred staying home to watch tv.

I walked inside and eyed the pool table in the back room. The sign over the bar boasted of a roast beef sandwich and a 16-oz. glass of draft beer for a buck and a half. It had to be one of the best bargains in town. The walls were covered with old baseball heroes from the days of the San Francisco Seals, and one could almost sense the lost hopes and dreams of the people who had been coming here for years.



I was sitting at the bar downing my fourth screwdriver, trying to mind my own damn business; I had come here to get away from it all, away from all those damn crazies my ol' lady complained about. A go-go dancer in her late thirties, beginning to show her age, was sitting opposite me. Her breasts were barely concealed by a thin wisp of nylon, and small signs of pubic hair could be seen protruding from her tight pants. She had just come off center stage, tired of performing for a non-existent audience. Small wrinkles were forming at the corners of her eyes, and she had lost much of the sexual energy she no doubt once had. Still, she was attractive enough that you'd have to be impotent to kick her out of bed.

A large and tough-looking man was sitting to the left of me. He was a typical Mission Street product. Hard telling his age. Heavy set; mean looking and grizzled features. Perhaps an ex-biker! You just knew you wouldn't fuck with him, unless you were drunk or a damn cowboy.

He exchanged jokes with the woman on my right, sometimes jabbing his elbow into my ribcage, when he thought it was funny enough to warrant laughter; I obliged him with some misgivings, and the best laughter this side of the funhouse. It was miserable outside, my broken finger was still in a cast, and I had no place to go but home.

At the end of the bar there sat a thin, hollow-faced man. He was obviously a homosexual. The man on my left referred to him as a fag and made sporting remarks about him to the dancer, who giggled nervously each time he spoke.

The homosexual at the end of the bar didn't like what was being said about him.

"That damn fag should try eating a little pussy instead of cock," the muscular tormentor went on. "It'd do him a world of good."

The girl in the dance clothes giggled on cue. "He can eat mine any time he wants."

"Yeah, you'd like that," the he-man continued. "I just bet you would at that."

"Why not," she pouted. "Business is slow and we can close the door to the outside. The bartender won't mind. Hell, it might even get a rise out of him."

I couldn't be sure whether they were serious or not. The bartender looked older than his years; he looked like Pa Kettle drinking his last beer.

Another, smaller and thinner-looking, man exited the men's room. He was the homosexual's lover. The weightlifter watched him sit down next to his friend, who tried not to look in our direction.

The go-go dancer kept giggling and laughing as the man went on with his jokes, which were just loud enough for the two men at the other end of the bar to hear.

"Let me have another whiskey," the he-man shouted to the bartender. "This bar is like a damn morgue."

The he-man drank it down with one quick gulp and then proceeded to walk to the rear of the bar where—without warning—he reached out and hit the manlier of the two men square in the mouth. The other homosexual tried to step between them, but was stopped by the knife in the muscular man's right hand.

"Back off, cutie pie; back right off into the men's room if you still want that cock and balls of yours."

The boy did as he was told, and disappeared into the restroom without further argument. The he-man reached down and helped the other man to his feet. He was bleeding at the mouth, and another punch to his head knocked him cold.

"I should make a eunuch out of the bastard," the hero laughed. "Yeah, that's what I should do."

The bartender looked the other way as the go-go girl walked over to the door and locked it.

The he-man went into the men's room and brought out the frightened, more feminine of the two men.

"Come on, boy. We got a private show lined up just for you."

"Please," the boy begged.

"Don't worry, son. Your friend is out like a light. He ain't going to know what you done."

The he-man motioned in the direction of the go-go girl, who smiled as she put a quarter into the jukebox and stepped up on stage at the sound of the music.

"Honey," the joker laughed, "warm up that sweet pussy of yours. Show him what life is all about."

The go-go girl smiled and shrugged her shoulders, stepping out of her clothes. She began a torrid number, the pink slit staring out at the audience. The muscular man was dripping sweat, eyeing the disgusted homosexual's reaction. And then the homo was being forced up onto the stage and thrown down at the feet of the dancer. She was circling her hips in front of his face, her pussy grinding against his unwilling lips.

"Go on, open that damn mouth of yours and give her some action. Use that tongue of yours, and use it right."

The homosexual ground his face into her pussy and attempted to please her, but it was obvious he did not know how. She got tired of the game and kicked him away from her, the he-man and the bartender laughing as he picked himself up and joined his now-conscious friend at the other end of the bar.

The music stopped as she climbed down from the stage. The he-man sat down and cradled his head in his arms. It had been a long night, and he quickly fell asleep. The two homosexuals took advantage of the situation to gather their belongings and leave.

It was just another one of those damn San Francisco nights that no one believes when you tell them. No one, that is, but another crazy.

I had finished my drink and started

to leave when I felt her bare leg moving against my thigh. She had not bothered to put her costume back on.

"Want to go home with me?" she asked.

"Maybe."

"You eat pussy?"

"What?"

"You know, give head. Go down on a woman."

"Sometimes."

"Better than that poor guy, I hope."

"No worse."

She smiled as she reached over and lightly kissed me on the cheek.

"You won't be sorry," she said. "I'm pretty good."

"At eating pussy?"

"Don't be a wise bastard."

"I'm not."

"I'll give you more than you can handle, especially if you're sincere about eating it. That damn creep has got me hot."

She reached down and slowly began to caress my penis; it shot up like a candle, and the smile on her face broadened.

"Tell me how you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Go down on a woman."

"Hell, everyone does it these days. Nothing sacred about it; those who say they don't are lying."

"Do you concentrate on any one spot?"

"You mean the clit?"

"That excites me."

"What, the clit?"

"No, the way you say it."

"You're really something."

"I have a large one. A meaty one. You like that?"

"I don't know. I'd have to see it."

"Come on," she said anxiously. "I'm taking you home with me."

"What about my bike?"

"It'll be safe outside. I live upstairs over the bar. You can watch it from the window when you're in a position to."

She put her coat on over her nakedness, and opened the door for us.

"Close up, Charley. I'll see you in the morning."

The old bartender nodded his head as the door swung closed behind us. I watched her swing her purse out in front of her. It felt like it had a gun inside.

"What the hell do you have in there?"

"A douche bag, honey. Comes in three delicious flavors. The only way to go. Hope you like chocolate; it's my favorite flavor."

We hurried upstairs. In the hallway she flung her arms around me and worked her tongue in and out of my mouth like a piston. At the same time she was kicking the door closed and leading me toward the bed, breaking loose only long enough to turn off the lights.

In the morning I'll wonder what the hell it is that makes me live the life of a crazy. It ain't easy, and it tastes like hell!



# Look what we got when we asked Solari to review some movies...

*As you know, we have been doing a Downtime Entertainment Section lately, and to give him something to do we asked Solari if he'd go around and check out some theaters and review some of the flicks. Look what the dude sends us.*

—Editor

## THE HORIZON

The four bastards at the entrance ticket-place get really cranky if you show up on a loud Harley, but they sure can't outrun you, and the money you save on a ticket gives you a fair excuse to loiter around in the snack bar all night long.

If you wait until the place is full you can zip right on into the middle of things, and if there's even one other asshole who has gone to the drive-in on a bike he no doubt has probably actually parked next to a speaker and is gettin' jacked off by some strange slut, and who's to say when the fuckers in the white coats and flashlights come around that it wasn't him that snuck in?

They won't let you take your bike into the snack bar, so you're gonna have to leave it somewhere. I either just leave it by a speaker pole or under one of the little lights against the back fence, depending on the mood I'm in: if I want the thief to die I leave it in the dark, but if I'm feeling charitable I leave it under the light so that he can actually see the rattlesnake on the seat. Do not tie the cord around the first one-third of his body or he can't strike, and don't make it so long that he'll have room to leave the seat. If you're especially vindictive and merely parking it in the dark isn't callous enough for you, cut off his rattles besides.

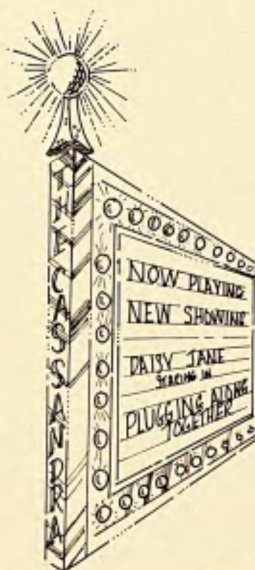
While you're in the snack bar waitin' for some completely destroyed, disgusting fat horny broad to show up so you can make love to her, keep an unfolded dollar bill between your fingers and they can't kick you out so long as you stare at the menu placards until your queen arrives.

The Horizon is good because of the large redneck population, and if you go up to some guy who's gettin' blown by his ol' lady and ask to buy a beer he'll usually sell you one, or even give you one if it means avoiding a one-to-one fair fight.

The swing set is in pretty good repair, and during the middle of the second feature you can go down there if you're by yourself and sit on the swing and do nothing for a while, or, if your queen appears, you can fuck, if there's sand (sometimes there is, sometimes there ain't. Don't ask me to explain it), 'cause there won't be anyone else there except some indigent man and his indigent wife and his fifteen indigent kids who are all asleep on the merry-go-round, for they go there not to see the show, but to exhaust the kids so they can masturbate each other later on in some relative peace and quiet.

At the Horizon the projectionist is a young kid, and if you pound on the door as hard as you can and scream "I'm gonna kill you, you fuckin' punk!" he'll usually tip the projector over, and that really pisses everyone off.

Toward the end of the second movie, you can get back on your bike and really wind that sucker up, and roar back and forth, up and down the aisles so that everyone who is just about to hear the climax of the movie will begin blowin' their horns and miss the whole thing, which makes the whole evening a pretty fair night's entertainment for free, ya gotta admit.



## THE CASSANDRA

This theater was built around 1935, and is considered high class by the stuffed shirts who go there.

The ticket girl is a real schmuck, and if you ask her "Can I get in for free if I let you blow me?" and show her your cock, she screams and calls the manager. He's a real nervous, whimp-doo type and you can deny anything, even that there's seven days in the week, and he'll believe it if you do it gooney enough to where you look like you're a member of his immediate family. But he's a real prick when he's refusin' admittance to people who are wearin' beaded bands around their heads and sportin' skulls on the back of their cutoffs, and he'll stand there and bar the way no matter how many tickets you buy.

The screen-side exit door that emerges into the alley is a double-door type with the handle on only one side, and if you bam the left side hard and hoist up on the handle just as fierce as you

can, the thing will unlatch and you can get in that way.

The people who go there are uptight enough so that they won't hoot and harass you and cause a lot of commotion if you come in the front exit like the clowns might at a lot of other shows, and once you're inside you can parade around for hours and no one will yell for you to sit down, but boy they sure do grind their teeth a lot.

The popcorn comes in round containers, so you can't flatten the things and fling 'em, but if you're wearing heavy boots you can stomp down on 'em and blow 'em up even if the floor ain't level, and everyone screams for a second and jounces around to look 'cause they ain't been broken in as yet, and this makes the place a fuckin' unexploited gold mine of opportunity for the right crowd of newcomers.

The butter and the popcorn are hot, so you don't wind up with a ball of cold slime five seconds after you grab your first fistful, but it costs a fuckin' buck and a half a box. However, if the girl whose name tag says "Barbara" on it hands you your popcorn and you just say to her "I am not going to pay for this" and look at her without smilin', she'll just swallow and do somethin' else, and it won't cost you nuthin'. I don't know what the other sluts will do.

## FLESH GORDON

Motion picture entertainment at its best.

*Tits seen:* two hundred and thirty.

*Tits touched:* forty-seven.

*Cunts reamed:* nineteen.

*Number of guys in theater jacking-off:* eleven.

*Number of girls in theater blowing their boy friends:* twenty.



Number of girls in theater blowing whoever was next to them: fifty-five.

Number of jokes in movie: three thousand and eight.

Number of good jokes in movie: three thousand and eight.

Quality of special effects: some really good, some really average, some really fucked.

Degree to which bad special effects made film less enjoyable: zee-ro.

Degree to which bad special effects made film more enjoyable: twenty-six and a half.

Quality of tits: fair. Maybe even poor. But the movie was so good I'll say fair.

Story: Flesh Gordon goes adventuring.

Movie's message: it's possible to make a good movie.

Concluding comments: It's interesting how a prolonged, prolonged, very prolonged view of a well-shaped cuntal region can slowly turn a not-very-pretty girl surrounding it into an extremely attractive creature after a while. Flesh's girl friend, Dale, is far from being Wonder Woman, and yet her pubic area is so trim and well-shaped that after you've more or less studied it very closely for an hour and a half, looking at the hairs and trace of slit and the way the muscles of her upper legs connected to her trim pelvis flex and soften as she walks, and the way her pubic fur draws your eye into where the hot wet trickles seep in the fresh jungle dampness of life's early mold, the whole of her takes on a growing worth.

And isn't there a lesson in this for all women? I think so. Lacking a brain that works properly, and sporting a body unsuited to any useful work, they still insist that their wondrous, gripping, slick and scent-rained vaginas—or twats, cunts, pussies, skunknests, rips, tears, gashes, lowlips, squirt-mines, winking Cyclopes, lovelatches, joymouths, southern dewlaps, meat-wringers, slots; the holes between their legs where the dick goes in—are their least important possessions . . . that they as women are "more than a vagina."

I would be the first to admit that a woman is more than a vagina. But a well-kept, tidy, trim vaginal and pelvic region can certainly make the acceptance of all the rest that a woman is an awful lot easier, especially if she has bananapeel tits. I think that's more or less all I wanted to say.



Alice is sitting in the library wondering why she is so uptight about fucking, when suddenly this giant rabbit

Tits: comes in and says "Come with me: 'I'll show you a land where fucking goes on day in and day out, non-stop, with vulvas, fallopian tubes, uterus, swollen nipples, tits, cunts

Scenes with heavy cleavage: twats and quivering vagina lips as common as fuckin' warts on a frog's nuts!" and Alice says "Oh, well all right," and off they

Number of nipples seen: go through the mirror, and the rabbit says "Those clothes will never do!" and bingo, she's completely nude, and he gives

Quality of nipples: her this dress made from a single sheet of toilet paper to wear for the whole rest of the entire movie, when suddenly, plop!—she falls in the water and two chicks and one dude

Size of tits: lick her dry, and not with no hickory sticks neither, but their tongues, man, and then she wanders off into the woods and this talking rock says "Put your fingers between your legs and rub your vagina for a real long time to this full orchestra of music and see what happens!" and so Alice begins to

Vaginas actually visible: masturbate herself, real slow, her whole face going limp, with her jaws dropping open and her shoulders grinding in great circles, her tits turning red, her cunt hair steaming until

Clitorises seen: she orgasms, and then presto!—Humpty-Dumpty can't get a boner, so she blows him and hooray!—his dick gets hard, and then the Mad Hatter

Tits actually fondled by bare hands: opens his coat and says "Do you like to look at my penis?" and Alice says "Oh my, yes," and then four nude girls dance and one of them has bitchin' tits and then she

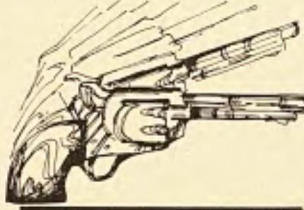
Blow jobs given: watches some fine woman fuck her brother for ten minutes, and then she eats

Comes per minute: the Queen of Hearts and gets an oil massage and then two broads, one of them the one with the

Amount of cunt-juice seen: ultra-fine, super grapefruit, jellybouncy shivering tits

Number of cocks licked: eat each other, and then Alice goes back home and fucks her boyfriend.

Concluding comments: uuuunnnnnngggghhh.



## SHOOT

This movie title is spelled wrong.

Tits seen: none.

Outlines of tits seen beneath clothes: none.

Tits felt: none.

Tits stared at: none.

Tits discussed: none.

Desperation-time tits: Calendar in Cliff Robertson's office appears to be woman with English Sheep Dog nursing off her, but it's too far away to see good, even if you jump up and lean across the head of the woman in front of you, spilling your Coke down her face like I did. Charcoal artsy-craftsy renderings in barber shop may be nude female form, or may be squashed briquettes, it's hard to say. Cliff's secretary sitting sideways in her chair seems to show portion of right bra cup, but by this time the ashtrays look like right bra cups.

Incidentals: Cliff's secretary gives a three-second blowjob to his index finger. Woman mentions that she is wearing no underwear beneath the ton of clothing on her body. Cliff almost kisses his wife.

Foul language: run of the mill, nothing spectacular. One good "motherfucker" though, well-delivered and appropriate.

Obscene gestures: none.

Miscellaneous: the remainder of the movie.

Story: five bumbling fools, supposedly the typical American sportsmen, crash through the forest in a pile, cracking jokes, laughing, belching, farting, and wondering why they can't find any deer. Eventually, five other hunters emerge into a clearing across a stream. The two groups look at each other for five minutes. Then they open up on each other and one of the strangers is killed and the other four run away. The first five guys worry for an hour and a half and decide that the other four are going to wait for them to go hunting again so they can attack them with an Army division. So the first five guys gather an Army division, and the two groups kill each other.

Violent scenes: opening shootout—fifteen seconds. Closing shootout—forty-five seconds.

Graphic level and/or quality of violence effects: One man killed in opening shootout; the brown crayon-mark is already on his forehead when he is shown and there is no splattering. Camera work typical razzle-dazzle cut-and-splice noise and muzzle blasts, and little if any bullet churning. Closing shootout is not too bad, but this is pretty subjective, because any movement of any kind after sitting through the dreary snoozings that separate the first shootout from the second is blessed relief. At the end of it all, Mr. Robertson sadly sits with his hand cupped over his eye. Soon, but not too soon, a wave, a veritable mudslide of "blood" oozes between his fingers, and it can only mean that a bullet has actually gone straight-on into the man's eyeball and gushed out again on the other side of his brain. But no, he is only nicked, and later gropes his way into obscurity, a bit of penciling around his lids and his complete eyeball still intact, but alas, he is blind, and must fumble his way through the dusky mist toward his next movie.

Movie's message: hunters and/or gun owners are unable to get hardons, so must find other avenues of excitement. And for the duration of the time that you are watching this movie, I think you will find this to be true.

Concluding comments: The movie's fucked. ■



**T**here are a lot of people in this world who go about playing practical jokes. Some of these jokes are quite funny, giving everyone, including the victim, a big laugh. There are practical jokers who paint big, pretty lips on some dude's vicious dog, giving the critter a comical look and leaving him looking forlorn when everyone laughs, destroying his tough guy image. The last thing in the world that a big, vicious dog wants is to look gay, pretty and comical.

And there are guys who put rubber snakes or fake spiders on bikers' bedrolls when they're out on a run, camping out for the night, creating lots of laughter when the hard guy goes scrambling out of his sack, thrashing and squalling and getting the hell out of there, bareassed in the middle of the night, waking everybody up so they, too, can enjoy seeing him brought down.

There are jokers who loosen spark-plug wires, then start a fight in a bar, causing everyone to split. Everyone but the guy whose bike won't start, and who gets his shirt torn off by bar patrons in hot pursuit.

Blinky was that kind of a joker. He ran hot and cold, depending on whether he had had a good day or a bad day, whether his bike was up or down, or whether or not he had had his melon thumped lately for indulging in his favorite pastime.

One time he stuffed potatoes up both exhausts of Freak's Hog. When the bike fired up, which it always did on first kick, the instantaneous pressure buildup shot those potatoes out like artillery shells. One of them caught Gink, the president of the Boozers M.C., in the back of the head,

knocking him endways. The other spud cannon-balled along and tapped Beau Jim on the shoulder in passing, causing him to spin around like a top, whipping out his snubnose .38 magnum and getting off four rounds before his ol' lady grabbed his arm and stopped him from shooting everyone and everything in sight.

Another time he stole a whole bottle of mercury from the loading dock at the scrap yard where he worked, and after letting the air out of Gink's tires, he poured the heavy, liquid metal in, then hand-pumped the tires back up.

When Gink took off from the bar he'd been in and headed home, he couldn't go over twenty miles an hour without his bike jumping up and down like a kangaroo. The mercury would only slide along so far inside the bottom of the innertube before centrifugal force took hold and put the wheels out of balance by about thirty pounds each. Gink didn't think stuff like that was funny. Especially since he was known to have a very hot temper and a noticeable lack of sense of humor. And if he had known that Blinky was the culprit, he would have pinched his head off. The fact that Blinky was a member of the Downers M.C. would have made matters even worse, because the two clubs were constantly having petty disputes with one another over everything from territorial rights to dope burns.

Now one of the things that made Blinky seem to play so many practical jokes on Gink was the fact that Gink had made off with Roxanne, Blinky's ol' lady, and while Blinky tried to pretend that it really didn't bother him, he was a little more than

pissed off by the theft. It gnawed constantly at him, sometimes distorting his wisdom of thought and action and putting him in some very precarious positions, more than a few of which were untenable. Like the time he had been in The Wipe Out.

It was one of those rare times when both the Boozers and the Downers were on a getting-along-together streak, and some of them were enjoying an evening of fraternal pleasure, drinking beer, going outside to take up, and shooting pool, just for fun. After a while, some betting started, with one player challenging another, then having a playoff to determine who was champion for the night, that person taking home the fifty-dollar pot that had accumulated.

Gink, a man of some renown at the game of eightball, had made it to the finals and had almost run the table, playing against Maxie. Gink was preparing to make his final shot, an easy one, since the eightball was about to fall into the corner pocket without assistance anyway, and the cueball was only a foot away. He had started to bend over the table, when Blinky suddenly whistled loudly and pointed toward the door, shouting, "Lookit them tits!" Naturally every eye in the joint turned quickly to focus in the direction to which their attention had been directed, and quicker than a cobra's strike, Blinky exchanged the white cueball for one that he had kept hidden in his jacket pocket all evening, waiting for the right opportunity.

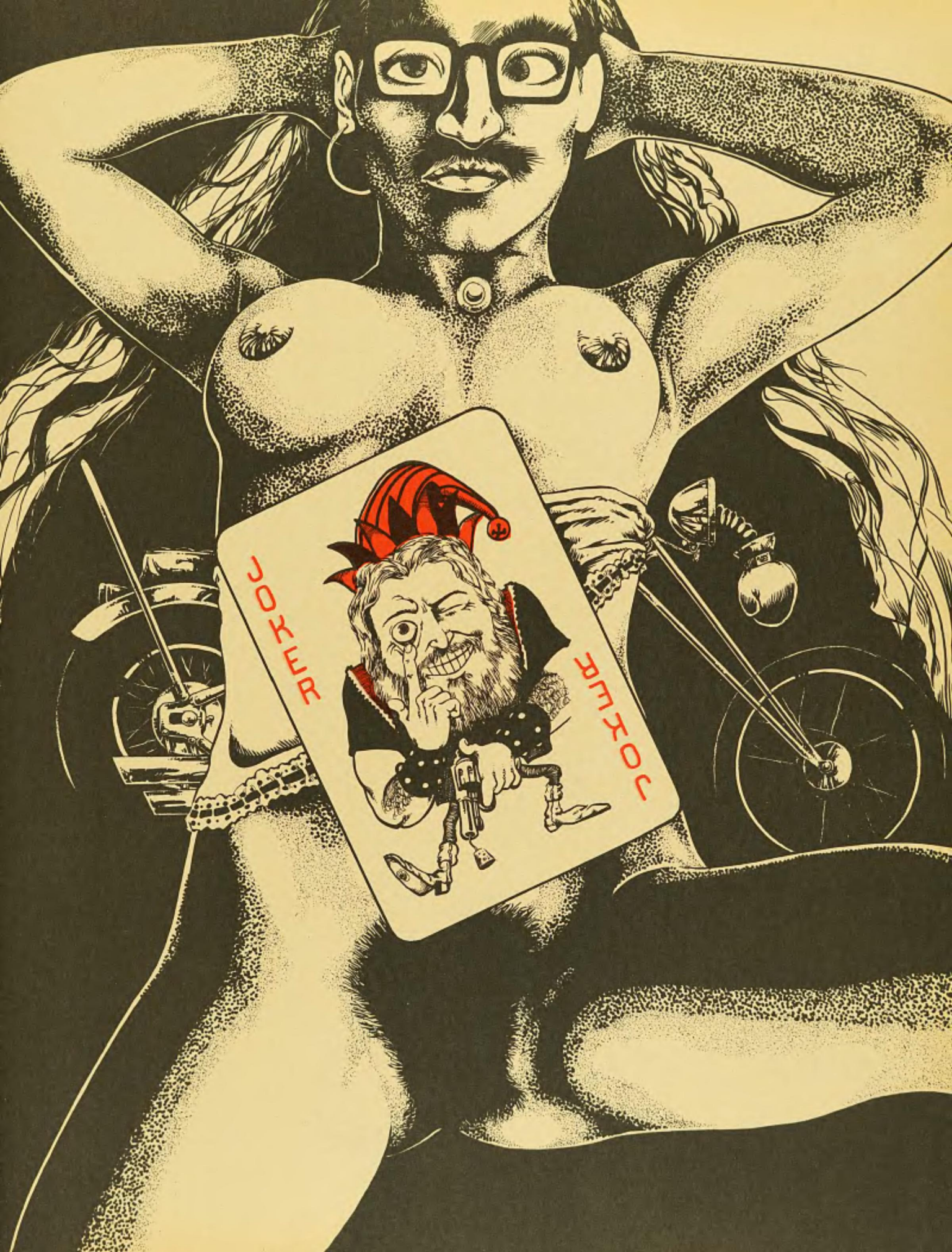
He had gone to a hobby supply store and purchased a clear glass ball, the type used by church ladies and other hobby freaks to make grape

—Continued on page 77

# THE JOKER

By John Watson







### Animal Lover

My ol' man caught me ballin' our big German Shepherd, and now he wants to try it with a dog too. He says girls shouldn't have all the fun. Do you think that's right?

Mary Ann  
Boise, Idaho

● Why not? My ol' man says he makes it with a dog every night.

### Dreamer

I'm doin' a stretch in the slammer and need something to put under my pillow at night to sweeten my dreams. How about sending me a couple of your pussy hairs?

Ray C.  
Huntsville, Tex.

● Sorry, honey. I'm bald as a baby. I turned out for a club last week, and the friction set my bush on fire. How about a hair off my ass, complete with dingleberry?

### Cold Head

My ol' man likes to fill my cunt with ice cream and then eat it as it oozes out. It's kinda cold, but a great turn-on. Did you ever try that?

Dixie  
Ames, Iowa

● My ol' man couldn't eat that much ice cream.

### Excited

What a trip! My ol' man read about putting a string of beads up a chick's ass, then pullin' 'em out just as she climaxes. He tried it on me, but we didn't have any beads, so he used an old motorcycle chain. It was fantastic. Is there a name for somethin' like that?

Linda  
Stanton, Calif.

● Yeah. It's called Sissy Stuff. Personally, I prefer usin' barbed wire.

### Hot Chick

I'm a biker's ol' lady and proud of it. I been checkin' out your rag, and some of those chicks look like they had to suck off Rufus to get featured. I also know how to tease, squeeze, please, and give my ol' man good head. So there!

Lori  
Canoga Park, Calif.

● You beginners are all alike. Suck one cock and ya think you're an expert. By the way, Rufus is pretty good head.

### B.O. Problem

I'm in the poultry business and being around birds all the time makes me smell so bad that girls won't let me get near enough to have relations with them. How can I overcome this problem? I'm gettin' horny.

Rooster Bill,  
Chicago, Ill.

● Hava go at a chicken, man—you don't know what you're missin'.

### Tit Freak

I'm a tit freak, and when I work on a pair of boobs, the fox either faints or comes. This really gets me off. The more she digs it, the more I do. By the time I push the pipe in, I'm in for one helluva ride! How can I tell if the chick I'm balling is faking or if she's really getting her rocks off when I got a lock on her jugs?

Magnum Wayne  
Gaithersburg, Md.

● If you don't know, asshole, I'll never tell.

### Excited Again

What a rush! Last night my ol' man screwed me with a big zucchini squash. We already tried bananas and cucumbers, but that was the greatest. Did you ever try anything like that?

Big Bertha  
Detroit, Mich.

● Would you believe pine-apples, bushy end first?

### Blow Job

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

Lips  
El Reno, Okla.

● Suck, don't blow!

### Horny

My ol' lady got mad at me 'cause I work on my scooter all the time instead of balling her. The other night when I wanted a little she told me to go fuck my bike. I did, and now I've got carbon on my dick. What should I do?

Perplexed  
Boston, Mass.

● Use a wire brush. That stuff comes right off.

### True Story

I hear you have a six-inch clit. Is that true? If true, how come?

Buckshot  
Paramount, Calif.

● 1. Yes. 2. If you had some of the slobos around this joint hangin' on yours, you'd understand why it's stretched all out of shape (but man, is it ever sensitive!).

### Commendation

While I do not personally care for the type of material presented by your magazine, I feel that it does have a place in our society, and you are to be commended for your efforts. Printing the truth about the use of marijuana, motorcycle gangs, and prisons is something other publications should have tried long ago. Most of the people who appear in your pages are quite good looking, but Miraculous Mutha is, I must say, gross and ugly in appearance.

David C. Lipschitz, Prof.  
Armstad, Vt.

● Dear Professor: If you don't like my face, fuck it. Miraculous Mutha is, M.D. M.S., C.S., D.G.F. and F.Q.

### Beginner

Hi! As an eighteen-year-old who is about to leave home and join the biker scene, I'm getting lots of static from my mom. She thinks smoking pot makes a person want to rape and kill. Will you say something to alleviate her fears?

Jimmy  
Newton, Kan.

● Dear Mom: Send your kid over to my house, and as soon as he rapes me, we'll kill a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

### Old Biker

I'm an old biker in my late forties who is still doin' everything the young dudes do. Been a biker all my life. My performance hasn't dimmed, but I can't seem to break the ice with younger chicks. They shy away from relationships with old dudes. What can I say to them that will ease their minds and help me get somethin' goin' in the way of sex?

Pops Collins,  
N.Y., N.Y.

● Let's fuck!

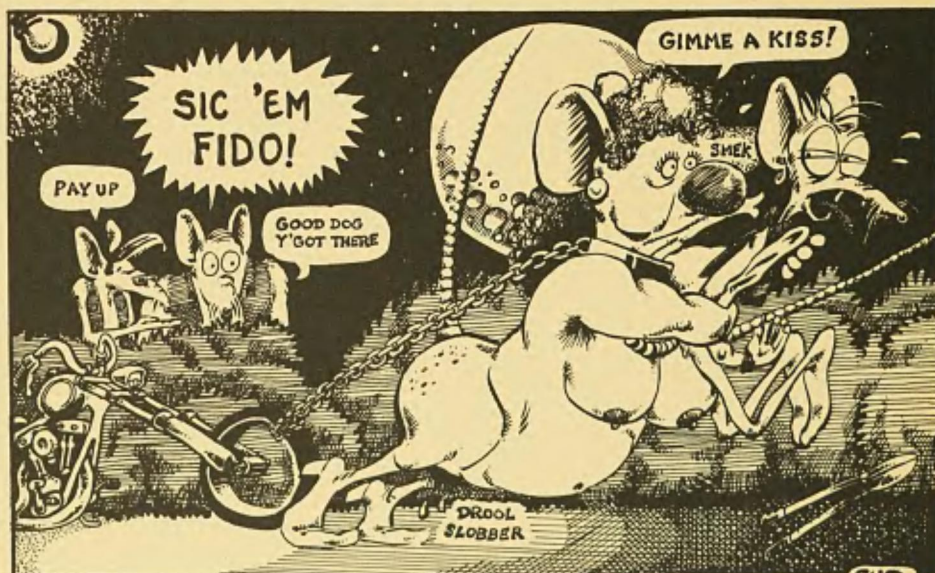
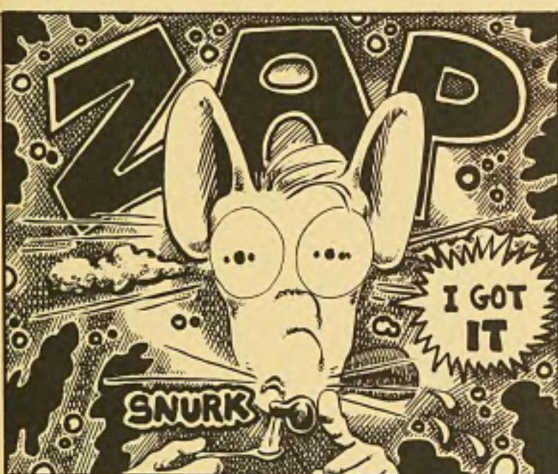
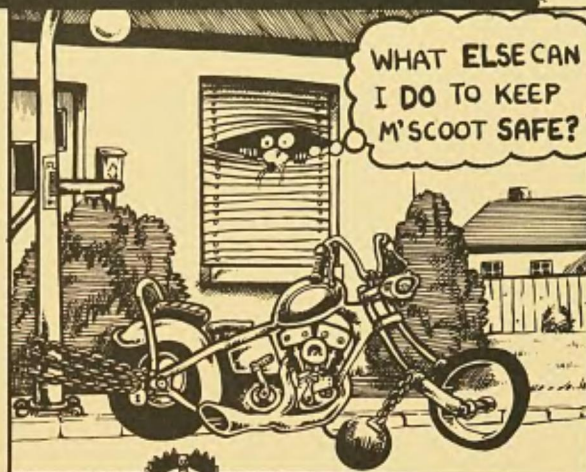
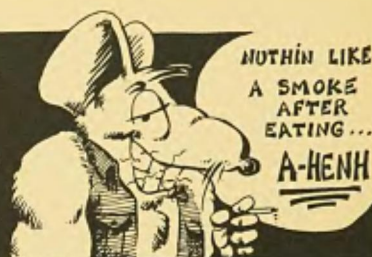
# MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



—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. ■



# STREET RATS



DUGGAN... END



# Nitty-Gritty About The Freedom of Information Act

—or how you can  
find out what  
Big Brother's got  
on ya!

By John Warren Giles

**P**resident Madison once said that a popular Government, without popular information, or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a Farce or Tragedy; or perhaps both. Knowledge will forever govern ignorance; and a people who mean to rule under their own Governors must arm themselves with the power which knowledge gives. You undoubtedly agree.

With this idea in mind, Congress has enacted the Freedom of Information Act (5 U.S.C. 552), which provides that government agencies shall make available to the public a broad spectrum of information, but exempts from its mandate certain specific categories of information. Like most laws and we give them to you at the outset, as stated in the Act.

You cannot get information con-

cerning matters which are specifically required by Executive Order to be kept **secret** in the interest of national defense or foreign policy. Nor can you get information related solely to the internal personnel rules and practices of an agency. You cannot get information which is specifically exempted from disclosure by statute. You cannot get information about trade secrets and commercial or financial information obtained by the government from persons and agreed by the government to be held in confidence. You cannot generally get information concerning interagency memoranda or letters between agencies. You cannot get information concerning personnel and medical files, the disclosure of which would constitute a clear, unwarranted invasion of personal privacy. You cannot get information concerning investigatory files, except to the extent available by law. You cannot get information contained in reports prepared by an agency responsible for the regulation or supervision of financial institutions. You cannot get geological and geophysical information, including maps, concerning wells.

A person seeking information must provide a reasonable description of the material sought which will enable a government employee to locate the requested material.

If the agency refuses to produce the identifiable records requested, you, the aggrieved person, have the right to file an action in the U.S. District Court where you reside, or where the agency records are situated. The U. S. District Court is given jurisdiction to conduct a hearing on your complaint and required to determine the merits of your claim. Aggrieved citizens are given a speedy remedy in District Courts and the burden is on the agency to sustain its refusal to give out the information. Non-compliance with court orders may be punished by contempt charges.

If you want information from the FBI, you will find that their policy is determined by the Act itself and the Regulations on information which the U.S. Justice Department has written. These regulations are contained in 28 C.F.R. Section (2) 1975. The FBI advises me that answers to inquiries to the FBI may be held as long as nine months because of the great backlog of requests.

The regulations for available infor-



mation issued by the U. S. Justice Department for releasing information relative to civil and criminal proceedings require: (1) The defendant's age, name, residence, employment, marital status, and similar background information; (2) the text of the charge, such as a complaint, indictment, etc.; (3) the identity of the investigating or arresting agency and the length or scope of the investigation; (4) the circumstances immediately surrounding an arrest, including the time and place of the arrest, resistance, pursuit, possession and use of weapons, and a description of the physical items seized at the time of the arrest. All these disclosures will include only factual matters and will not include subjective observations. There can be no disclosure of a defendant's prior criminal record. The Department of Justice will not make any observations about a defendant's character. They will not release any statements, admissions, confessions or alibis attributable to the defendant, or the failure of the defendant to make a statement. They will not tell whether the defendant has refused to submit to certain tests such as polygraph examinations, ballistics tests or laboratory tests. They will not reveal statements concerning the identity, testimony or credibility of prospective witnesses. They will not give any opinion as to the guilt of the accused.

These restrictions do not apply to a defendant who is a fugitive from justice.

As for civil actions, the Department will not release any information which will interfere with a fair trial. This includes evidence regarding the occurrence or transaction involved, the character, credibility, or criminal records of a party, witness, or prospective witness or information on results of any examinations or tests or the refusal of a party to submit to such tests. No opinion will be given as to the merits of the claims or defenses of a party or matter which would interfere with a fair trial.

You should always remember that

there is also a Federal Privacy Act which generally prohibits Federal employees in the various agencies from disclosing Federal records concerning an individual, without the prior consent of that individual. Willful disclosures by any such employees without the required consent, subject that employee to criminal penalties. However, the Privacy Act does not prohibit the disclosure of information required to be disclosed under the Freedom of Information Act. Congress intended that the Freedom of Information Act be construed liberally, and the exceptions to be construed narrowly.

Disclosing information about persons arrested or indicted for criminal offenses does not involve substantial privacy concerns. Individuals who are arrested or indicted become persons in whom the public has a legitimate interest, and the basic facts which identify them and describe generally the investigations and their arrests, become matters of legitimate public concern and interest. The lives of these individuals are no longer truly private, since an individual's right of privacy is essentially a protection relating to his or her private life. This right becomes limited or qualified for arrested or indicted persons, who essentially, thereby, become public personages. However, no one has a general license to obtain from the Department of Justice any type or amount of information about an arrested or indicted person as he may desire. The information is limited to the aforementioned regulations of the U. S. Justice Department.

If you are requesting information from the Central Intelligence Agency you should reasonably describe the records which you want. An estimate of the charges likely to be incurred may be obtained by requesting such an estimate. You should do this at the outset in order to avoid being faced with unanticipated sizable charges. Fees are not charged where they would amount, in the aggregate for a request, or a series of related requests, to less than \$4.00. Where it is anticipated that the fees chargeable will amount to more than \$25.00, and the requester has not indicated in advance his willingness to pay fees as high as are anticipated, you, as requester, will be promptly notified of the amount of the anticipated fees. In appropriate cases, an advance deposit may be required. The fees are as follows: for each one quarter hour spent by professional personnel in searching for a record, \$2.00; for a computer search, \$55; for copies of paper documents

in sizes not larger than 8½ by 14 inches, 10 cents per copy for each page. You will be required to pay search charges even if no records fitting the description are located or if any and all records which fit the description are denied to the requester. If you do make a request, the regulations require that it should be answered within ten days, but I would not count on it. If the request involves "unusual circumstances," the answer may not be sent for twenty days or longer. If your request is denied, you may appeal the denial to the Review Committee and you must make your appeal within 30 days. (1900 C.F.R. 32 (1975) All requests for information or records of the CIA should be addressed CIA Freedom of Information, Coordinator, Central Intelligence Agency, Washington, D. C. 20505.

California has its own Public Records Act which was modeled on the Federal Freedom of Information Act. The California statute generally favors disclosure of information. Support for refusal to disclose information must be found among the specific exceptions to the general policy that are enumerated in the Act. (127 Cal. Rep. 716) The California Public Records Act evidences a legislative policy of disclosure, yet one which is mindful of individual privacy. Complaints made to police agencies by individuals will not be disclosed, nor will complaints made to licensing agencies.

Of course, there are many other agencies of the government from which you may wish to seek information, and these are all governed by the Freedom of Information Act.

All requests for information to any government agency should be addressed to the Freedom of Information Division of the particular agency in Washington, D. C. To show you how far people will go to try and get information, in a recent case a pathologist sought to inspect the rifle belonging to Lee Harvey Oswald and the coat and shirt worn by President Kennedy at the time of his assassination, and various bullets and fragments of bullets. The court properly denied the inspection on the ground that these items were not "records." (460 Fed. 2nd 671) ■





**ABATE**

**Dedicated to  
Freedom of the Road**

## 35-State Poll Urges Helmet Repeal

The Blue Knights Law Enforcement Motorcycle Club has taken a stand on the controversial mandatory helmet and headlight laws.

Phil White, Press Secretary of the international organization, announced recently that a poll was taken of the 57 Chapters in 35 states and five Canadian Provinces. All chapters, whose membership totals in excess of 3000 police officials, voted to support the legal repeal of the mandatory helmet laws currently in effect in each state. One Ohio chapter voted to abstain from voting to avoid conflict with city officials.

"It has been proven by a Congressional investigation committee that motorcycle helmets have caused more death and injuries than if they were not worn," White stated. "Tests have shown that side vision is reduced by 50% and hearing is impaired and distorted by wearing a safety helmet while operating a motorcycle."

Each Blue Knight chapter will now encourage their respective legislators to support bills to take off the books all mandatory helmet and headlight laws (some states require motorcyclists to keep headlights on even during daylight operation) and they will

band together with organized groups to effect the repeal of those laws.

The state of Rhode Island has already repealed its mandatory helmet laws and several other New England states have legislation pending to remove similar laws.

"No one is more concerned for his own safety than the average motorcyclist," White argues. "He knows that he is operating a vehicle which is hard to see and very difficult to hear."

"What really gets you is the fact that a helmet will protect the head in accidents occurring at under 30 mph and now our chosen leaders are permitting mopeds to travel the roadways without head protection, eye protection, proper driver training and with no insurance."

## Pollution Control on Motorcycles

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency has turned down appeals by manufacturers and decided to allow California to impose tough, new pollution control standards on motorcycles.

The decision allows the California Air Resources Board to implement its hydrocarbon emission standards and test procedures for motorcycles produced after January 1, 1978, and in subsequent model years.

The standards are expected to increase the cost of some 1978 model motorcycles by five to ten per cent.

Because California's controls were tougher than those proposed by EPA for the nation, California had to get federal permission to implement them.

At a hearing earlier this year in Los Angeles, motorcycle manufacturers asked EPA Administrator Russell Train to deny the state's request on the grounds that there is neither adequate

technology nor sufficient time to meet the standards.

California's standards require 1978 and 1979 models to emit no more than ten grams of hydrocarbons per kilometer (.6 mile)—a figure that drops to five grams per kilometer for 1980 and 1981 models and to one gram per kilometer for models constructed in 1982 and beyond.

Hydrocarbons, which are part of a motor vehicle's exhaust, combine with sunlight to form smog.

In approving the state's standards, Train noted that only mo-

torcycles with medium to large two-stroke engines would have difficulty meeting the 1978 standard, and that compliance could be achieved through installing existing pollution control devices or changing to four-stroke engines.

"Essentially all four-stroke motorcycles already meet the (1978) standard in their present uncontrolled state," Train said in a written opinion. "The major manufacturers of large two-stroke motorcycles are aware of this option of converting to four-stroke engines and they have already initiated the implementation of this approach."

Train estimated that the cost of meeting the 1978 standard for manufacturers of two-stroke engines would range from \$40 to \$90 per unit.

## Helmet Liability Suit

**Can a  
helmet law become  
co-defendant?**

Not long ago we published correspondence from a product liability insurance company. The author stated the problem helmet manufacturers are having procuring liability insurance. It seems that lawsuits against faulty helmets are so prevalent that helmets, a safety device, are a bad risk. Below is another example of the problem.

"Mrs. Wanda Hughey, 35, of Elkhart was named as the plaintiff in a \$2,250,000 suit filed Friday in U.S. District Court in Tyler.

"She is seeking damages from American Safety Equipment Co. of Encino, Calif., which the suit alleges made a faulty motorcycle helmet which failed to protect her late husband, John Hughey, 37, who was involved in a fatal motorcycle accident in April near Frankston.

"Hughey died of a fractured skull when a rear-tire blowout caused him to lose control of his machine.

"The suit alleges the helmet had 'one or more faults' in workmanship which caused it to crack upon impact.

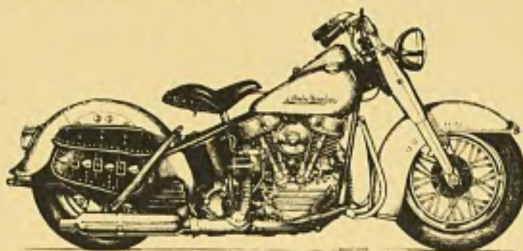
"Hughey, father of four children, was an employee of Shell Oil Co. at the time of his death.

"American Safety Equipment, since it is an out-of-state firm, will be cited through the Texas Secretary of State's office.

"American Safety Equipment, registered in the state of Delaware, conducts most of its business through Encino, according to the petition.

"The plaintiff is seeking damages under the Texas Wrongful Death Statutes."

Now it has come to our attention that in states that still have helmet laws, the states could also be sued as co-defendant in such instances. If a rider is forced to wear equipment that does him harm, we see no reason not to sue the origin of the law.



## Harassment Report

Washington: A couple of years ago the Modified Motorcycle Association in California designed a report form to tally police harassment. The report is reasonably



simple, so we can have them copied and carry them. Then when we're pulled over for seemingly no reason, we can fill out this form, ask the officer to sign it, and return it to the organization. If they receive enough complaints against a particular officer, legal action can be taken.

Well, the members of ABATE of Washington recently felt that their state was in need of a similar program. Consequently, they developed the form below for the same purpose. If you're harassed unnecessarily, fill it out in the presence of the officer and ask him to sign it. If he won't sign it don't push it and don't be abrupt with the man in blue.

So have your ol' lady type out the below condensed form and make copies. When one has been used, send it to the local bike organization. If you don't know your local group, send it to ABATE, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. We'll send it along to your nearest group.

Time, Date, Location, Reason for stop, Your name, Officer's name, Badge #, Your Lic. #, Police Lic. #, Your signature, Comments.—ABATE of Washington, P.O. Box 85, Auburn, Wash. 98002.

## State Law News

**New Mexico:** Senator Eddie Barboa will introduce a helmet repeal bill in the New Mexico legislature this January. We are trying now to get a group of informed people together to meet the committee when the bill is heard. Senator Barboa said that personal letters from people in his district carry more weight than petitions. Letters take only a few minutes to write, but show a lot of concern. Write your local senators and representatives for their support.—ABATE of New Mexico, Box 656, Jal, New Mexico 88252. Phone (505) 395-2928.

**Pennsylvania:** Good news for Pennsylvania bikers. There's a helmet repeal in the house and senate. HB3730 was sponsored by Rep. Kenneth Brandt and Rep. Joseph Zeller. The house bill will read that only younger drivers on learner's permit privileges will be legislated to wear helmets. Bikers riding with driver's licenses will not have to wear the so-called safety device. Senator Clarence Bell is the strongest supporter of Senate Bill 1638. This repeal is the standard over-18 repeal and is attached to an omnibus bill now in the senate. And Pennsylvania bikers can thank Senator

Opake for its introduction.

All right brothers, it's up to us to see this bill to a successful end. If you'll just take the time to write a letter once a week to your local politician and back this helmet repeal like you'd back a brother in a fight, we'll beat the helmet law in Pennsylvania. We can only make it together—write letters.—WPMA/ABATE of Pennsylvania, Box 201, Oil City, Pennsylvania 16301.

**South Carolina:** Lotsa news, brothers. First, there is now an area ABATE coordinator for bikers in the northern area of the state. Get to know Rick Morrison by

And an interesting note is that S.C. does not have a motorcycle helmet law, but a law that states "two-wheeled motorized vehicles." However, moped riders don't have to wear helmets!—ABATE of South Carolina, 116 Beaufain St., Charleston, South Carolina 29401.

**Maryland:** Due to the number of letters the Senate Constitutional and Public Law Committee has received, the lid law repeal could become a reality in 1977. It is a must that all concerned Maryland bikers attend the Feb. 4, 1977, ABATE meeting at the Adelphi Mill Rec. Center at 7:30 p.m. This is a Friday, so bring your girl

horn\*; William S. Horne; Jerry H. Hyatt; J. Edward Malone; Richard C. Matthews\*; Arthur G. Murphy, Sr.; Lloyal Randolph; David Gray Ross; Frederick C. Rummage; Thomas A. Rymer; Lorraine M. Sheehan; Steven V. Sklar; Joseph F. Vallario, Jr.; C. Clifton Virts. For more info. contact ABATE of Maryland at 12307 Windbrook Dr., Clinton, Maryland 20735, or call (301) 292-2330 or 743-3075. Also write Governor Mandel at the above address.

\*Indicates legislator is a strong supporter of our cause.

**Indiana:** This summer State Representative Michael M. Balsbaugh from Marion bought a bike, but soon discovered he didn't exactly appreciate the helmet law. Not only does Representative Balsbaugh support the helmet repeal, but he has taken it upon himself to sponsor a repeal bill in our 1977 General Assembly.

A long-time supporter of ours, Representative Joseph P. Harris will be co-sponsoring our bill along with a number of our other representatives. But there is a catch to all of this good news. Governor Bowen has stated that he would veto a helmet law repeal bill. We must flood the Governor's desk with our letters explaining how we'd feel if he did veto our bill. We have the support of the General Assembly, but we've got to convince the Governor to listen to those who ride.—ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, Indiana 46514.

**Georgia:** ABATE of Georgia (or the Georgia Motorcycle Rights Association) is in the process of breaking the state up into eleven areas. If you're a dedicated biker and feel you would make a good area representative, contact ABATE of Georgia, 317 Marshall Street, Martinez, Georgia 30907, for more information.

**North Dakota:** Recently ABATE of North Dakota held a helmet protest led by brother Wes Erickson. It was a smooth success; they were met at the capitol by the Governor's administrative assistant. And the Bismarck police officer in charge that day said, "We can't believe it went off that smooth."

ABATE of North Dakota has also mailed its bros lists of their senators and representatives. They now need the bikers in their state to start writing these people in regard to a helmet repeal and better M/C legislation. If you're not a member of ABATE of North



contacting him at 117 White Oak Rd., Spartanburg, S.C. 29301.

ABATE of South Carolina now has legal counsel. Robert B. Clark, Attorney at Law, 120 N. Main St., Sumter, S.C. 29150, is a member of the very helpful Libertarian Party, and he has volunteered to defend any biker with a helmet ticket, as his schedule permits.

ABATE of South Carolina is looking for some information to support a repeal. They need to know if any involved bros out there, who have been writing letters, have received any positive responses to a helmet repeal. And they would also like to hear from bikers who have been ticketed for not wearing a helmet.

and all your bros. The Center is on Riggs Road one mile north of University Blvd. This is located inside the Capitol Beltway. For those of you who can't make it, please drop a letter to each of the following House Judiciary Committee members so they will know that there are many people in support of a repeal. The address for all delegates on the House Judiciary Committee is: Delegate's name, State House, Annapolis, Maryland 21404. Chairman, Joseph E. Owens; Vice Chairman, Carter M. Hickman; George B. Adams, Jr.; Arthur S. Alperstein; F. Vernon Boozer; Andrew J. Burns; Joel Chasoff; Elmer F. Hagner, Jr.; V. Lanny Harchen-



Dakota and need a list of your legislators, contact Wes and help see the helmet repeal through in '77. —ABATE of North Dakota, 1111 North 28th St., Bismarck, North Dakota 58501.

**Ohio:** A helmet repeal bill has been completed in Ohio. And the bill will be publicly announced at a press conference in January. We have ABATE of Ohio and Rep. Mike Stinziano (Columbus) to thank for this freedom measure.

Below is a letter from the Toledo police after a recent helmet protest.

"On Saturday, September 18th, the city of Toledo granted a permit to ABATE to hold a rally and parade to protest the mandatory helmet law. This rally and parade took place as scheduled with approximately four hundred motorcyclists driving through downtown Toledo in mass formation. There were no problems with this group. They were orderly and law-abiding. No arrests were made nor tickets issued. There were no confrontations. When the parade was ended many of them stayed in town for some time and comported themselves in a respectable manner." (Signed) Captain W. Burnside, Shift Commander, Toledo Police Department. —ABATE of Northwest Ohio, c/o Lee Weiss, P.O. Box 7222, Toledo, Ohio 43615. ABATE of Greater Cincinnati, c/o Preacher, P.O. Box 90006, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209.

**West Virginia:** The bad word in West Virginia is that you can be busted for wearing a chain belt and/or Buck knife on the streets of that state. Seems the belt constitutes a concealed weapon. And the knife—well, they got something up their sleeve for that. Beware! —Apple's Ol' Lady.

**Montana:** It may be too cold to ride in many parts of Montana now, but it's not too cold to write your legislator about the impending helmet repeal. While you have the spare time, do a little work for biker freedom.

The legislators listed below will consider sponsoring a helmet repeal if they feel the people (bikers) are behind them. Terry Murphy (sponsor), Mulligan Canyon, Three Forks, Montana 59752; James R. Courtney, 2003 Argyle, Butte, Montana 59701; Dorothy Bradley, West of Bozeman, Montana 59715; Robert L. Marks, Clancy, Montana 59634; Tom A. Rassmussen, 731 Stuart, Helena,

Montana 59601. —ABATE of Montana, 725 South Arizona, Butte, Montana 59701.

**Virginia:** The helmet repeal must be going down the road toward the capitol in Virginia. 'Cause ABATE of Virginia is pushing to get you people to write the Governor—the last stop before a repeal goes into effect.

So it's up to you, bros. Write Governor Mills E. Goodwin, State Capitol Building, Richmond, Virginia, 23219. —ABATE of Virginia, P.O. Box 138, Vienna, Virginia 22180.

## The Battered Wife Syndrome

First of all let me explain a little about myself. I am a "housewife." I'm 5'5" and weigh 105 lbs. I'm married to a biker. He is 6'2" and weighs 205 lbs. Also, he has a very bad temper (of course).

Now I know the government is for the people and has their best interests at heart, but this time they've made a big mistake. Why are they taking such good care of all those scroungy, greasy, no-good, heartless bikers when us

sweet, good little housewives need protection and need it badly?

I will now give some examples that may help our "great" government to see the light. (Speaking of light, this may be kind of hard to read, since I am holed up down here in a little room in the basement with no windows, hoping that my ol' man won't find me and kick the shit out of me for writing the truth.)

Just last week my husband got upset with me because I didn't feel well and wouldn't go get him a beer. Thank God he was only mildly upset. He grabbed me and threw me down on the floor—head first. Now, if I'd had on a helmet I probably wouldn't have seen stars, and I know I wouldn't have had a headache that lasted two days.

Not only would a helmet protect a housewife physically, but I also believe it would give her some much needed advantages.

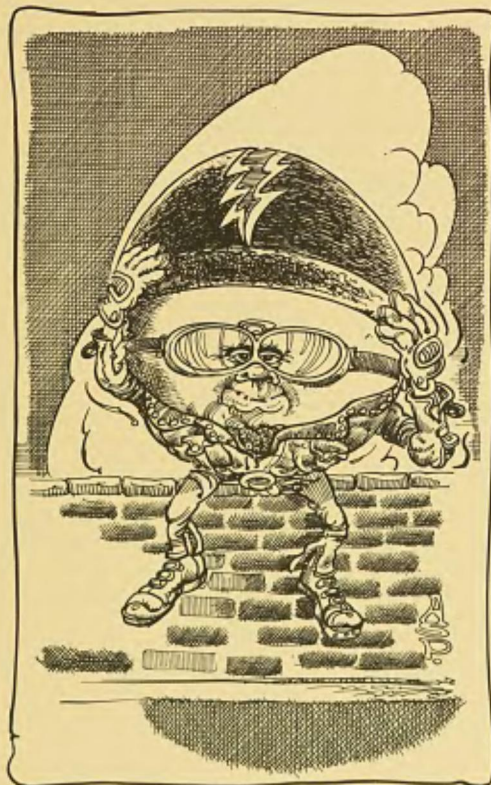
Just think how nice it would be if you had on your helmet and your ol' man called for a beer. You wouldn't have to go after it because you wouldn't hear him. Your ol' man couldn't get angry either because he knows himself from experience that a helmet cuts your hearing almost in half.

Also, if you stayed on one side of him and slightly towards the rear (where he keeps you anyway, right?) he couldn't motion for you to do anything either, since the helmet cuts down on peripheral vision.

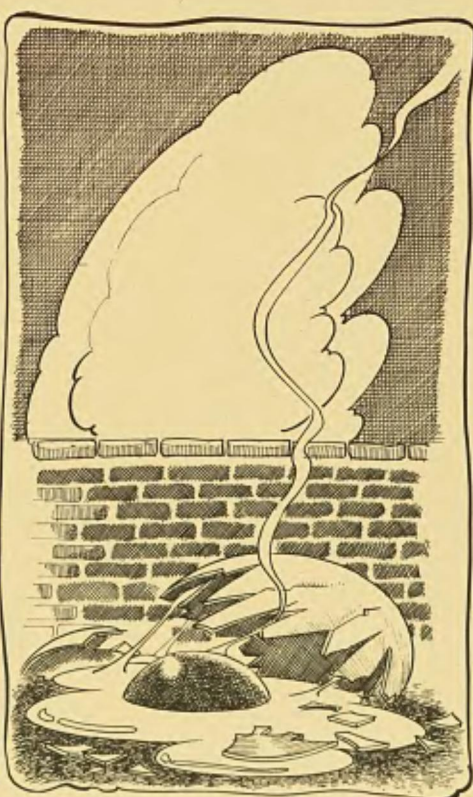
It would have to be mandatory for wives to wear helmets though, because if you chose to wear it on your own you would be wallowing in an unrealistic sense of false security. The reason being that it would be very simple for your ol' man to knock the helmet off your head (illegal, if the helmet was mandatory) and then proceed to knock your head off your shoulders.

I believe the government could enforce this law by either having a pig—excuse me—policeman—make a daily stop at each biker's home (they're always there anyway) or by installing electric eyes.

There are a lot of advantages to wearing a helmet in your home. I'm sure all of you have even better reasons than mine. Sisters, it's time we unite and force our wonderful government to place protection where protection is needed. It's time they stop looking after all the dirty, lowdown bikers, and start—Oh my God, he's found me!—Vickie, ABATE of Greater Cincinnati, P.O. Box 9006, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209. ■



Testing 1... 2... 3...







## ***Easyriders wouldn't feature my scooter!***

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- ☐ Here's \$19.00 for a two-year subscription.
- Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

- ☐ This is a new subscription      ☐ This is a renewal
- ☐ Please extend my present subscription

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Do you own a bike? \_\_\_\_\_ Make? \_\_\_\_\_

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



# **In the Wind at a Brother's Funeral**

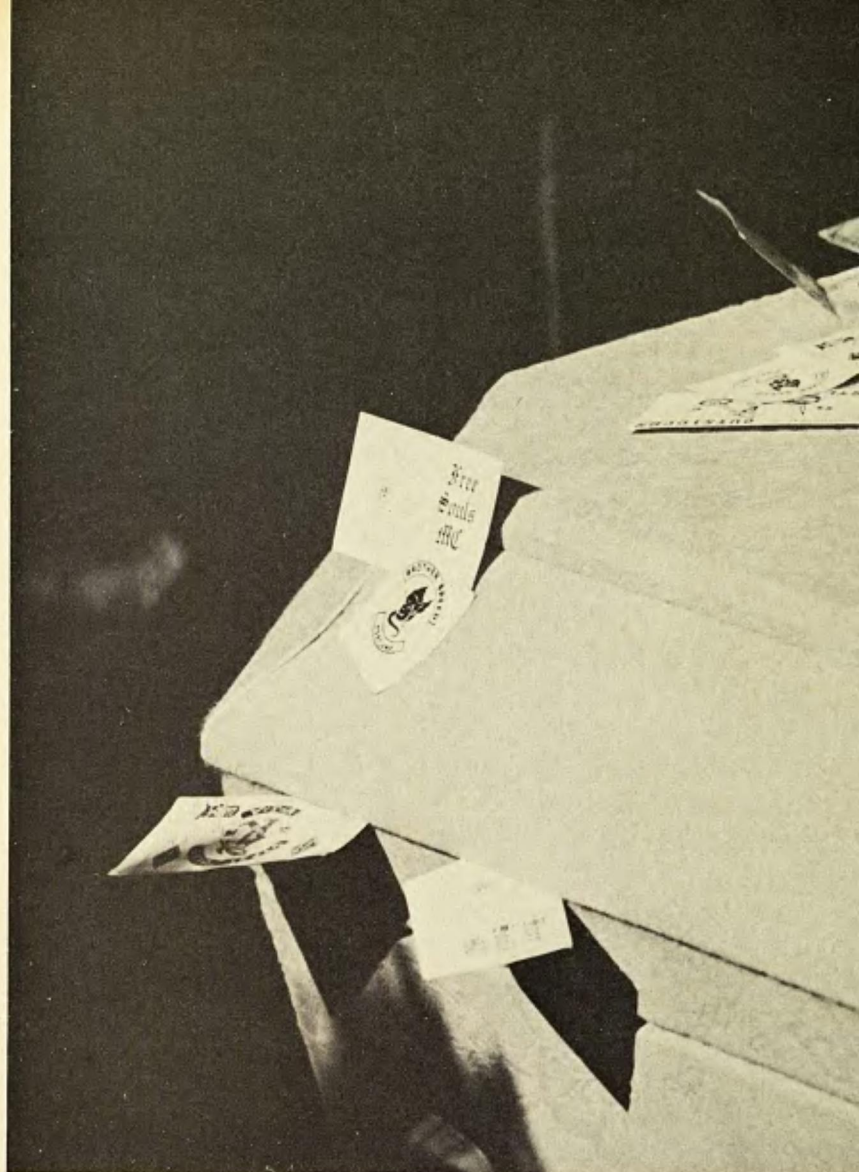
**I**t's always a bummer to lose a brother. No matter how he goes down, we're left with a feeling of emptiness when a brother of the road gets dusted. But we're all aware of the hazards we face, as we're chased through life by our personal demon, and we know that—from time to time—we may be confronted with tragedy. We learn to own up to it; it's part of our lives.

For that reason, we haven't printed a funeral coverage in the past. As our "In Memory" column illustrates, we would be filling the book with memorials. There'd be a bro's funeral in every issue, and every month you'd be gettin' dismal vibes instead of the happy stuff we want to be layin' on ya.

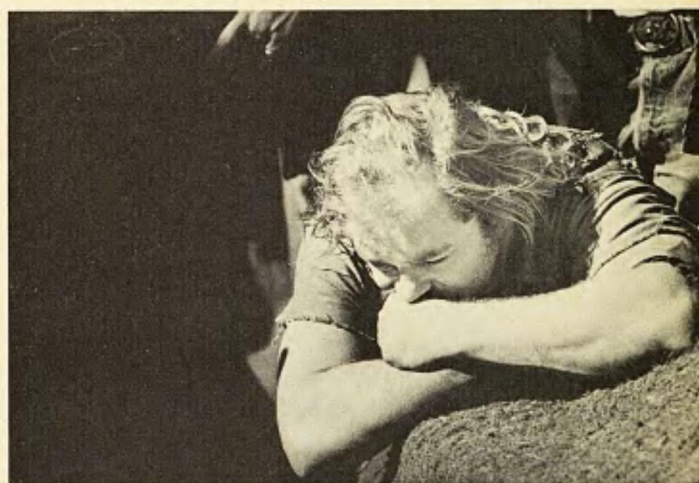
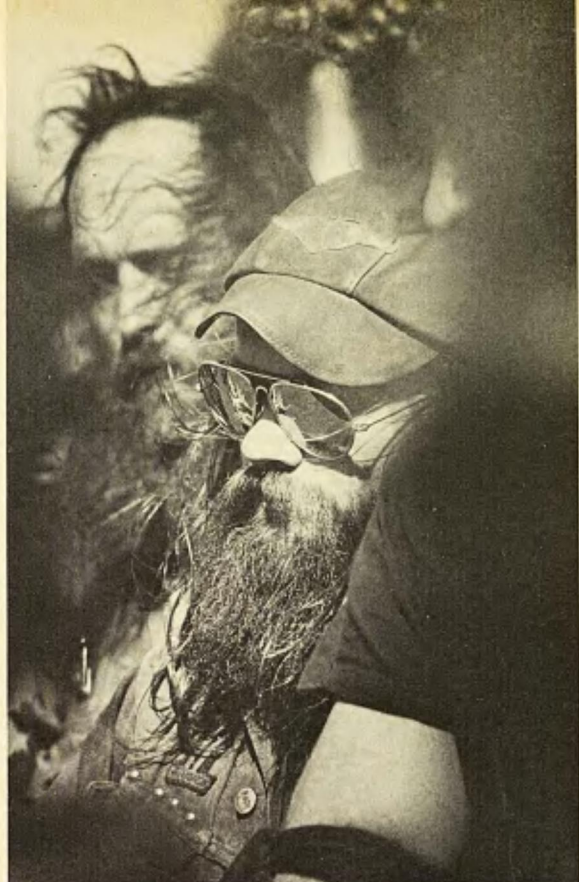
These photos, sent in by a bro who attended the funeral, were exceptional. They show more than just the religious formality of a funeral—more than a long procession of cycles going to a ceremony. Shown here are ties that bind brothers together—together now, and for as long as the patch is there as a bond. Together, and stronger than many blood relationships.

These photos also show that a biker, like a citizen, too often leaves behind a family—a family who admired his free life as an outlaw biker, and accepted him as he was.

Hobbs was a member of *our* special breed. He was a member of the Brother Speed M.C., in Oregon, and their attendance at his funeral was a tribute to a man they loved and respected, in life and in death. ■









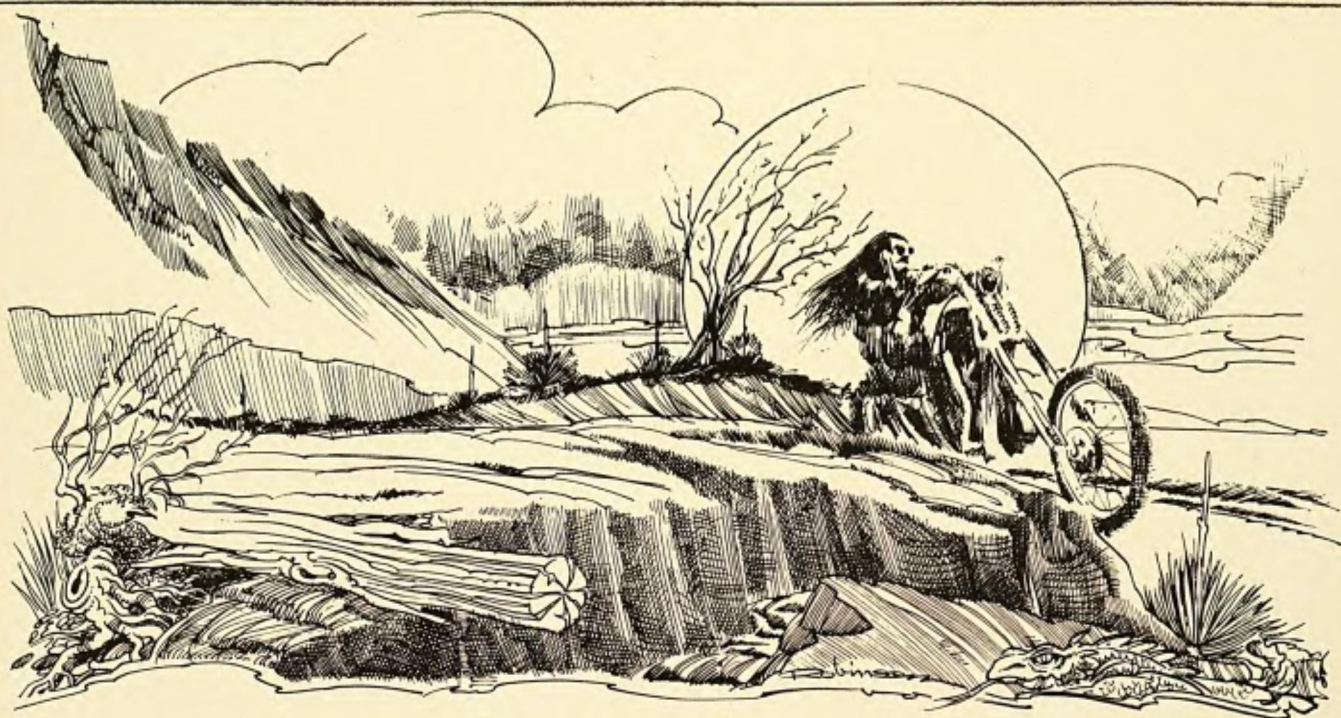






Photography by Dave Olson





# Makin' Up One Last Run

"We had a pretty restless night," the nurse told me as we walked down the hall toward Boots's room. Boots, my ol' man, was in the burn ward of the hospital, and had been for several weeks, while doctors struggled to save his life. In the collision with the truck, the gas tank of his chopper had burst, and using him with gasoline. Sparks ignited his clothing, and he had lain in the street, burning, screaming, for over five minutes, before the flames were extinguished. Now he lay near death, and he'd barely been able to speak or recognize anyone.

"I thought I heard him talking to someone a while ago," the nurse said, as we stopped at the closed door of his room, "but when I looked in, he was alone. Just talking in his sleep, I guess." She went away down the hall, and I entered his room.

To my surprise, Boots was sitting up in bed and, although his face had ragged pieces of skin hanging in little tatters, exposing shiny, pink flesh, he was smiling. For the first time in two weeks, there was no pain in his eyes, and he didn't flinch, as before, when I kissed him

lightly on the cheek and sat down beside the bed. Before I could speak, he held up his bandaged hand, asking silence.

"I had a dream just now," he said, "and I want to tell you about it before it slips away. I don't know what it means, but ever since I woke up all of the pain has been gone. Look." He held up his bandaged hands and flexed the fingers, to show that they would move again. "I feel like I'm going to get

better now." His hands had been badly burned and too painful to touch, but now he reached out and grasped my hand with a firm grip.

"I went into a very sound sleep, somewhere around midnight," he said. "I had been hurting so badly, and the morphine wasn't doing anything at all for the pain. Then, all of a sudden, the pain went away. It disappeared so suddenly that I woke up, and when I opened my eyes I was in some place I had never seen before.

"My legs were healed and I could walk on them again. I was wearing my rags, you were there, and my scooter was by my side. I looked around, and there were thousands of bikes, all lined up as if they were getting ready to go on a run. There were bikes and colors from every motorcycle club that ever put two wheels on the road: Harleys, Indians, and bikes of all styles and vintages.

"I left you sitting on the bike, and started walking up toward the front of the pack, and after walking for nearly an hour I could see the leaders, far ahead.



"The sky was red and yellow, and in the distance I could make out some kind of ruins. It looked like buildings that had been burned down, or been destroyed by a storm, or nuclear war. Everything was as warm as summer, and there wasn't a breeze blowing. It was very quiet.

"I looked around and saw all of my brothers, including many who had been gone for a long time. They were standing around in little groups, drinking beer, toking, or working on their bikes. The red and yellow light shone on all their faces, and glistened on every piece of paint and chrome in sight.

"When I reached the front of the pack, I saw—and knew immediately who the leader of the run was going to be. He looked like he was eight feet tall, with tanned skin and huge, muscled arms, covered with tattoos. He was smiling, and he had black eyes, with flecks of gold in them, and he was naked to the waist. His back and chest were covered with scars. When I got close to him, he stood up and looked down at me.

"I've known your ol' lady for a long time," he said. "She's good." He pulled a piece of paper from his belt. It was folded twice, and when he handed it to me I opened it up so I could read what was written.

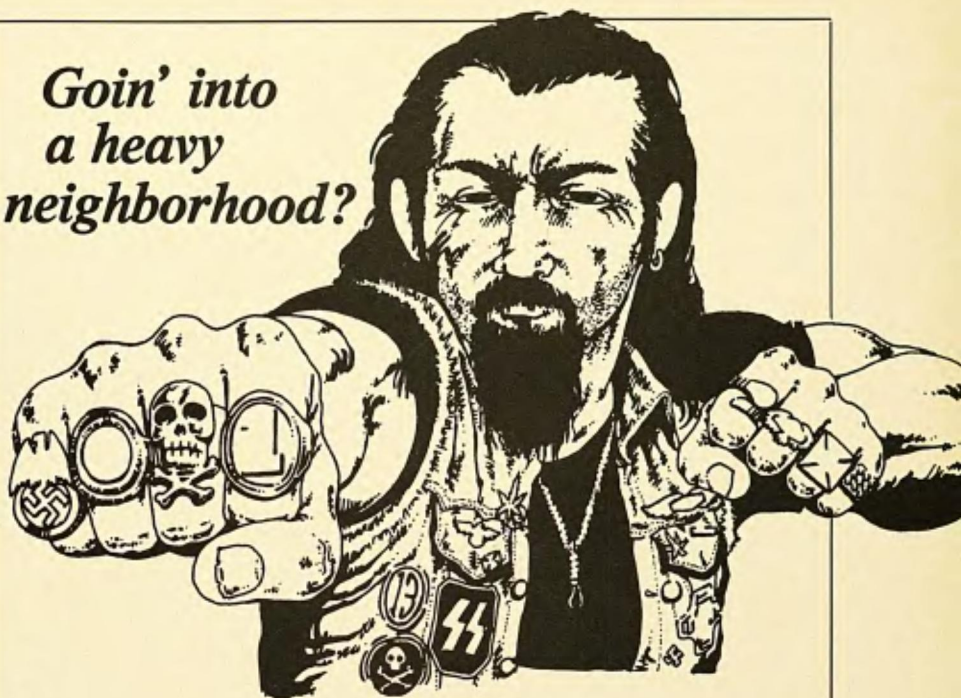
"As I looked at the words, they melted as if they were made of wax, and they simply flowed from the paper. I handed it back to him and turned around, walking back to where I had left you and my bike, and I wanted to hurry and tell you that I had seen the King of Hell, and that we were really in Hell. That's when I woke up, and you were sitting here beside me."

He closed his eyes and fell asleep, as if he was exhausted from the ordeal of telling me about his dream, so I kissed him again and went home. I was just opening the front door when the telephone rang. It was the hospital. Minutes after I left, while making a routine check, the nurse discovered that Boots had died in his sleep.

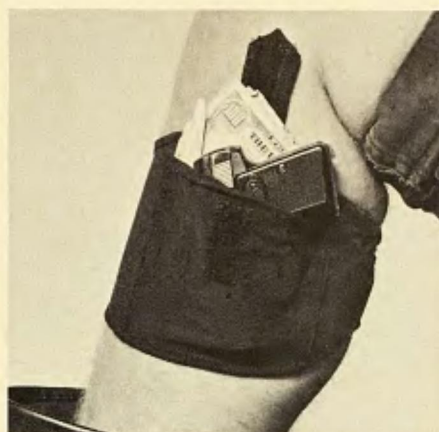
—By his ol' lady.

*Editor's note: The above story is true, told exactly as it happened. Dale "Boots" Vandeman died in February, 1975.* ■

*Goin' into  
a heavy  
neighborhood?*



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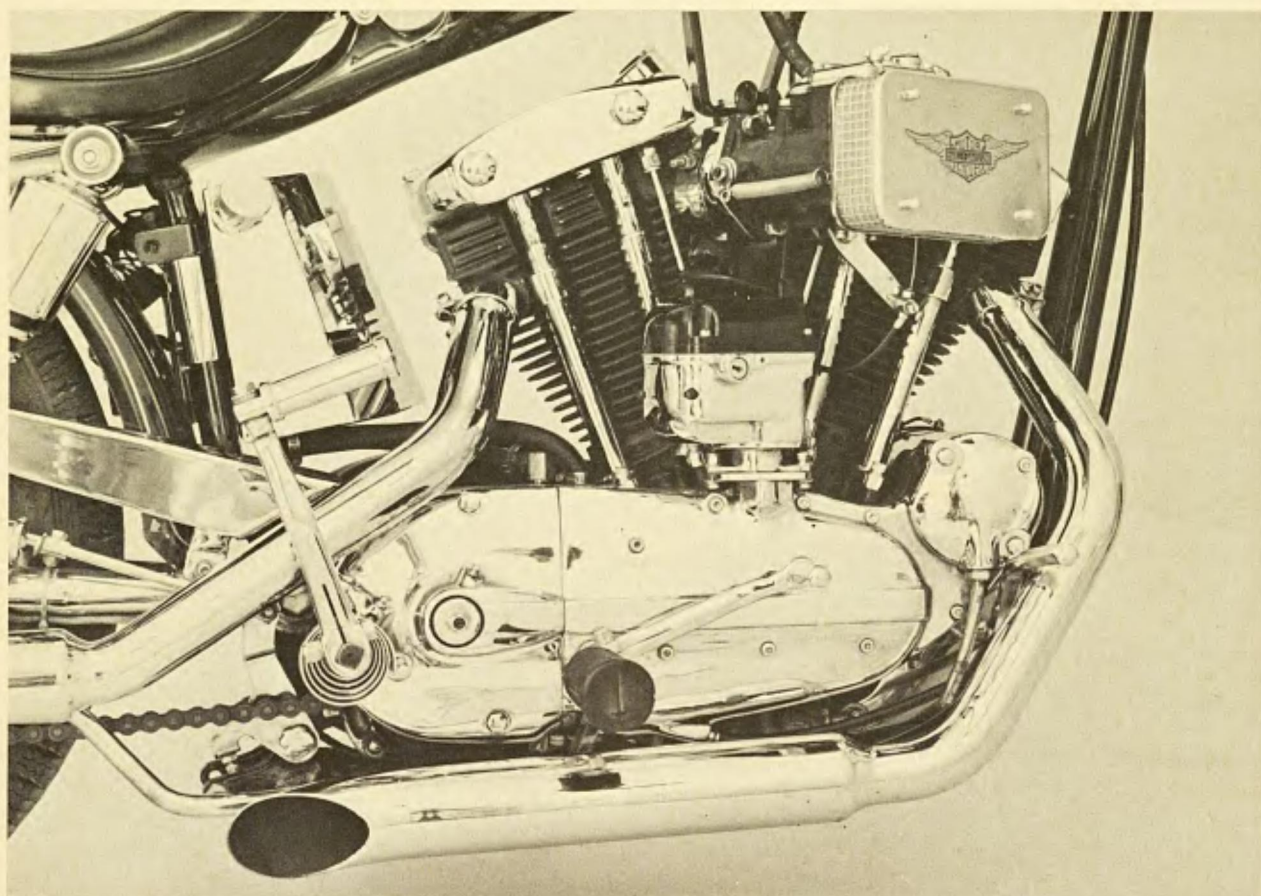
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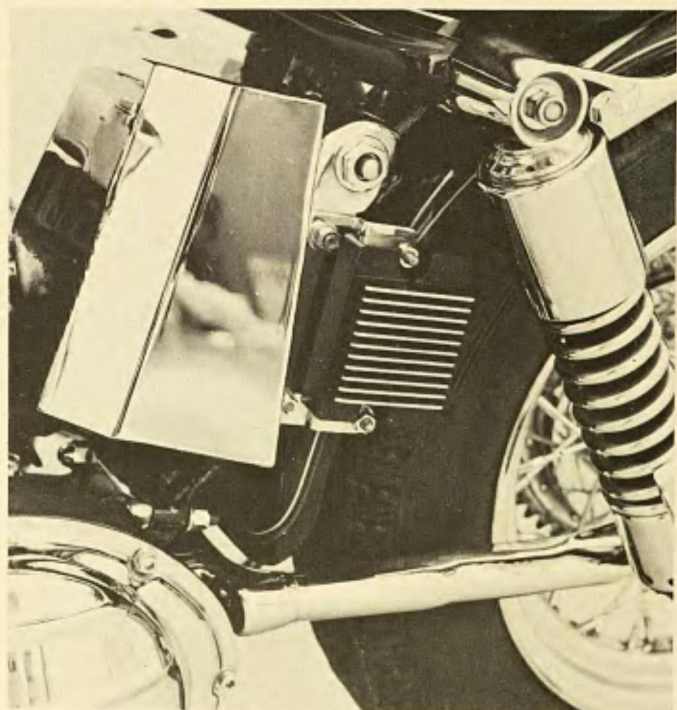




# SPORTY REBORN

**K**en, the owner/builder of this clean scooter, had a nasty bumper smack him in the mug, not long after he built his first Sporty. We featured Ken's first creation in our December '75 issue. No sooner did it appear on the stands than some sonofabitch ripped it off.

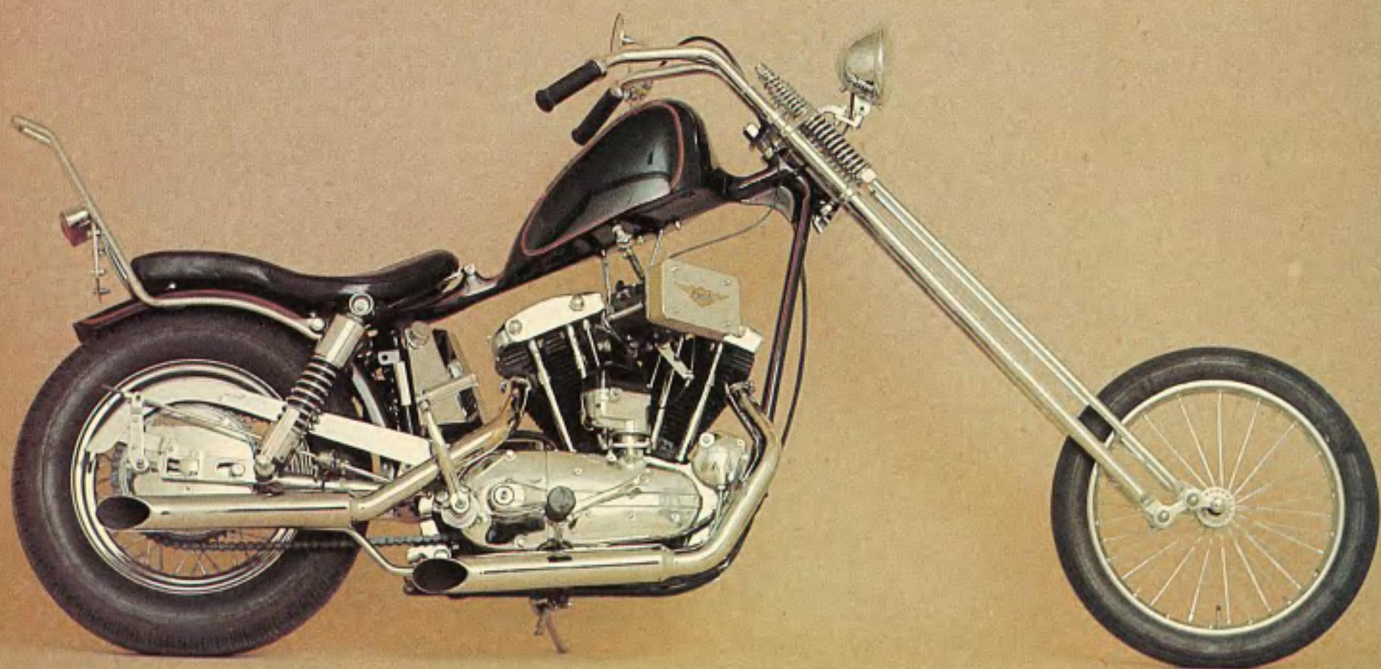
To many bikers that loss would've been devastating. Some dudes could've even copped an attitude, vowing never again to own and build a custom



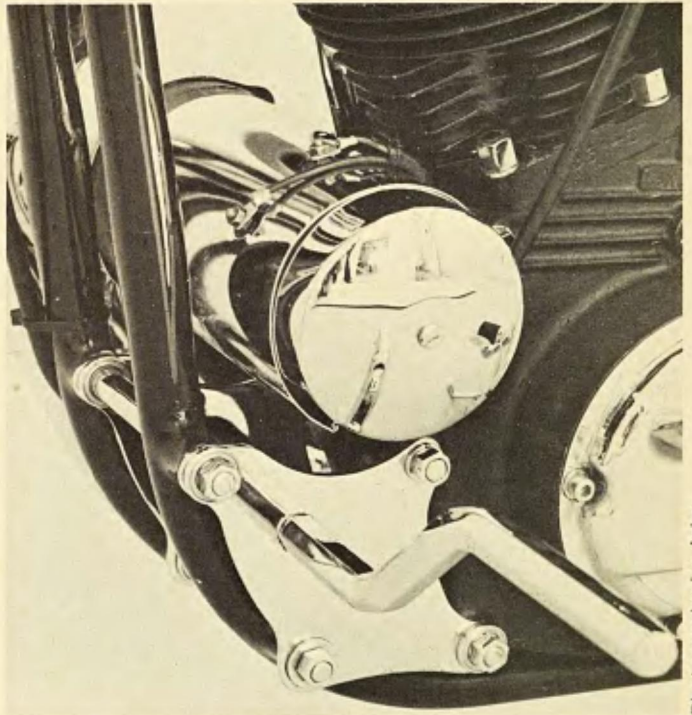
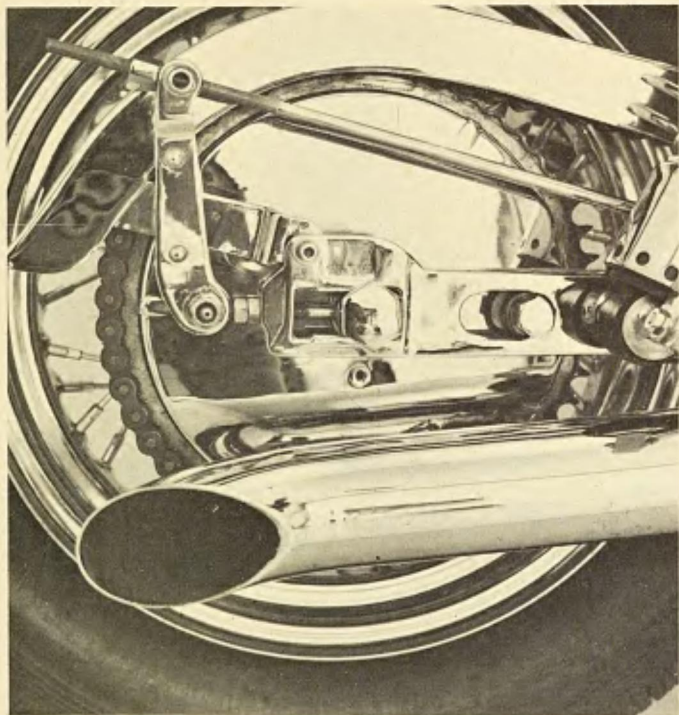
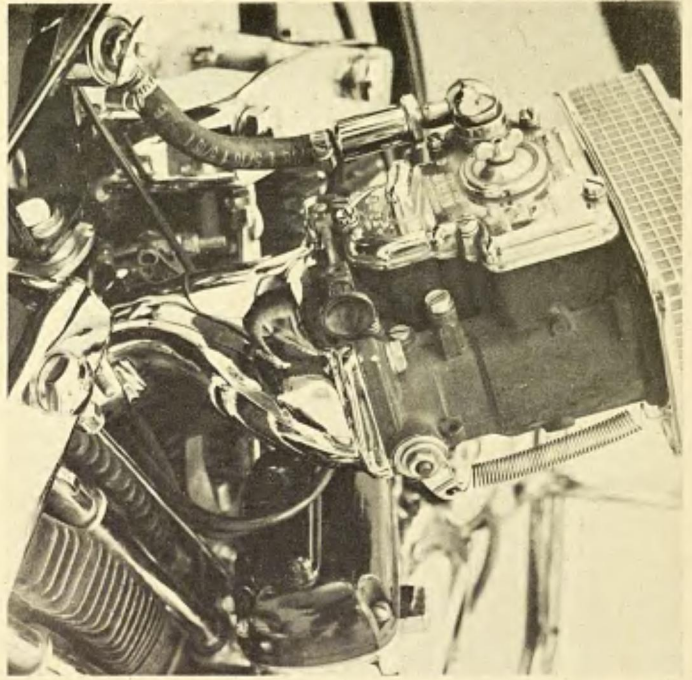
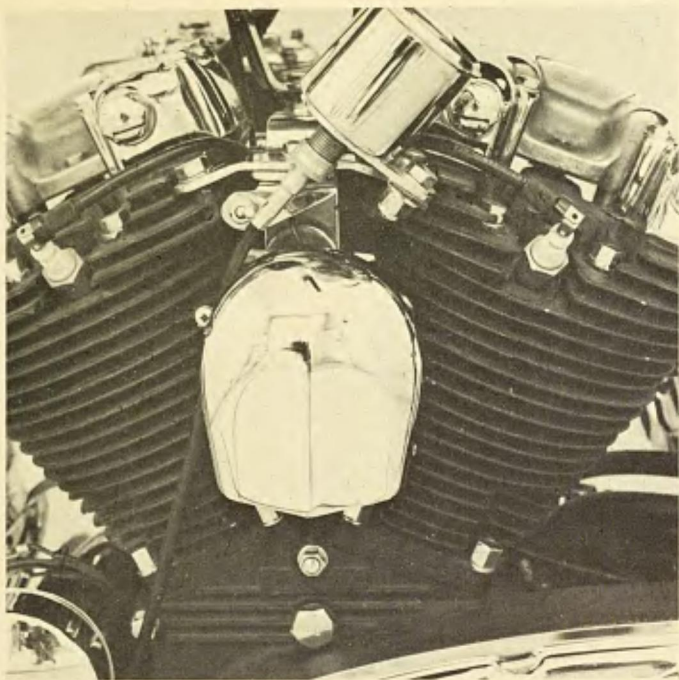












Photography by Jake

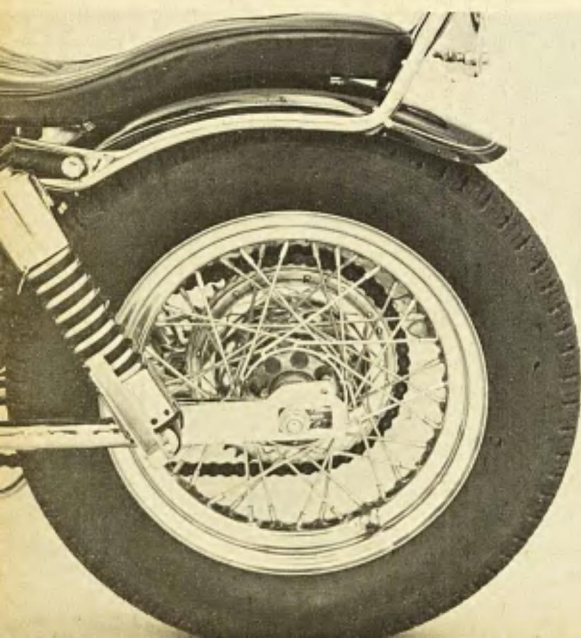
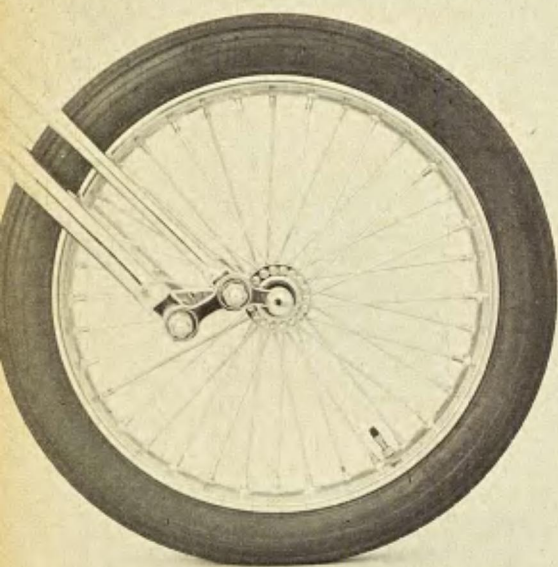
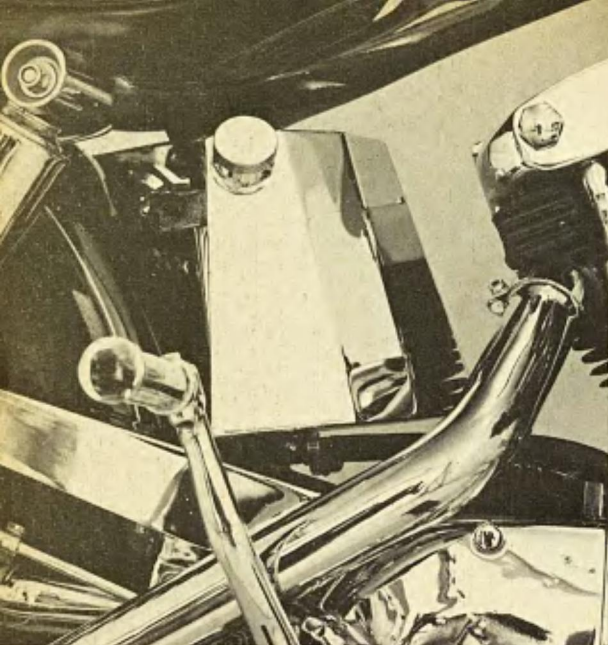
Harley—because of the risks of losing it. Some might even get the idea that the biking brotherhood was non-existent, and go back to sky-divin', skate-boardin', or hitch-hikin' as a hobby. But not Ken. His people proved to him that a true brotherhood does exist, and, with their help, he built the Sportster you see here.

Because of incidents such as this, we've adopted a new scheme around this dump. If there's one thing we can't

handle, it's hearing about a biker who's been burned for his scoot—and we've discovered, recently, that license plates make good direction finders for ripoff artists. Consequently, from this issue on, no more license plates will be displayed in this rag. It may not get Ken's first Sporty back, or eliminate bike thievery completely, but if it prevents just one bro from getting burned, we'll be happy to have helped.

—Bandit





**Owners:** Ken Tripp

**City:** San Berdoo, Calif.

**General**

**Frame**

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1965

Year and make: 1965 H-D

Builder: Denver

Model: XLCH

Type: modified stock

Value: \$3,500

Rake: 3/4 in.

Assembly by: Ken & Mongie

Stretch: 4 in.

Time: 9 months

Other alterations: fabricated front se

Chroming by: Gums

**Accessories**

**Engine**

Bars: Denver

Year: 1965

Risers: none

Model: XLCH

Fender(s): 6 in. flat

Rebuilder: Ken & Mongie

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: transistor

Taillight: cat's eye

Displacement: 900cc

Speedo: none

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: stock

Balancing: H-D

Rear pegs: Gary Bang

Pistons: stock

Electrics: by Mongie

Cases: black wrinkle

Gas tank: Sportster

Heads: stock

Oil tank: Action Choppers

Cam: stock

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solid

Primary cover: stock

Carb(s): Weber

Seat: Cobra

Air cleaner: Weber

Sissy bar: owner

Pipes: drag

Height: 18 inches

Muffler(s): none

Material: 5/8 in. round

**Transmission**

**Forks**

Modifications:

Type: Springer

Year: 1965

Extension: 15 inches

Shifting: foot

Builder: Denver

Engine sprocket: 19

Special features: none

Trans sprocket: stock

**Wheels**

Wheel sprocket: stock

**Front**

**Rear**

**Painting**

Size: 17

Size: 15

Molding: Shadow

Hub: spool

Hub: stock

Painter: Denver

Rim width: 3 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: Black

Tire: Pirelli

Tire: Pirelli

Type: Lacquer

Brake: none

Brake: stock

Special paint: Ernie Colunga



# Sopher to house mouse



**I** don't know exactly how to put this. It's rather a unique situation, one many of us would rather—well I better try to explain. Remember the last cross-country you went on? Well, when my brothers or I travel, we're grateful to find a bro who will let us crash in his spare room, garage or back yard. Any free spot to sack out in for the night and secure the bikes is a rush and a relief on the finances. So much for the logic, now the details.





Photography by Alan Houghton





Joan, the sweetie in the flicks, is a friend of my brother's ol' lady. And not long ago she popped up at Duffy's pad while he was at his shop workin'. He lives in a small pad, so his ol' lady told Joan she could flop out in the warm back yard for the night. The situation didn't get weird until Duffy putted home and found the gopher in the back yard laying out her camp site. The problem was how to turn the patio gopher into a house mouse.







Well I won't go into how he handled his ol' lady or Joan. Or how he got these snaps of this scene. But the last time I was at Duffy's pad, his ol' lady was in a tent in the back yard and Joan was rolling a joint in a bathrobe in the living room.  
Hmmm . . .

—Snake





By Leon Russell

# Thinkin'

Ten months! Ten lousy, fuckin' months to go, an' then I walk. Fuckin' guards. What the hell am I doin' in South Dakota? I got no business here. Shit, the good citizens of this fair community think a chopper is somethin' you cut corn with. I remember when I was twelve years old, me an' three other guys pushed my ol' man's Hog to start it. Goddam near got my ass beat off. Now I know why. Cut my fingers off before I'd beat a kid for that. I bet I could get that shovel on the road in six months. You fuckin' right. Jammin'. These dumbass farmers probably got a few valuables layin' around their barns someplace. Shit. I remember once seein' a sodbuster in Minnesota. He was a real fuckhead. Had an old eighty-inch flathead hooked up to a fuckin' irrigation pump. Man, that's a disgrace. You think he'd let it go?

Hell no! "Best damn pump I ever had," he says.

Goddam! I need some ass. When I get outta here I'm gonna find me the most rotten-smellin' cunt I can find, an' bury my face in it for a week. Then I'm gonna fuck every broad I can get my hands on, from daughters to grandmas. What a bitch! I bin here just long enough to lose every last one of my ol' ladies. Gonna hafta walk outta here an' scare up some new cunt while I'm workin' my ass off gettin' bucks up for my baby. Goddam, that shovel is gonna feel good. As good as walkin' outta here is gonna feel. Maybe even better.

Fuck you, screw. I'll be done when I'm done. I'm writin' a story. So what, so fuckin' what? I already bin to th' hole. It ain't shit.

Well, back to this here story. You know, nobody gives a fuckin'

damn about me until I get my ass in a jam. Then they jus' keep tellin' me what a horrible person I am, an' gimme the ol' what-shall-we-ever-do-with-you routine. They must have a little camp somewhere where they specialize in raisin' prison guards, parole officers an' DAs. Kinda like the Boy Scouts, or the Hitler Youth.

Fuckin' A it's gonna feel good. Jus' movin' on down Highway 101. That fuckin' shovel is gonna look downright nasty! Meanwhile, back in cell thirteen—that's right, cell thirteen! Out of six hundred cells, I gotta get number thirteen. Fuckers did it on purpose, I'll bet.

Back to reality. Sittin' here smokin' a roll-your-own. Ten more lousy months. I'm halfway out th' fuckin' door. Goddam light! They shine that fucker in here on purpose, I bet. Goddam, that shovel is gonna feel good . . . ■



# Columbus Cops Use Gestapo Tactics to Break Up Peaceful (and legal) ABATE Helmet Protest!



Well, folks, while the child molesters molested, the purse snatchers snatched, the gunsels gunned down, the stick-up artists stuck up, the rapists raped, and the heroin addicts addicted, Columbus, Ohio's Finest busied themselves in another part of town by bustin' up a peaceful helmet protest.

With eyes bulgin', adrenaline chargin', and asses puckered, they swooped down on the ABATE helmet protest. Helicopters were flyin', radars were zingin', red lights were flashin'—and for what? All because some bikers decided to protest Big Brother's zeal to protect people from themselves.

"It's Kent State going down," one brother cried as he saw the hordes of police descend on the demonstration from every direction. It was an unreal scene. Bikers who were given a traffic ticket for whatever reason were thrown into prison buses, and their bikes were impounded and put into huge city trucks. "Helmet unstrapped," "Motorcycle spitting too much oil," "Goggles out of place"—no matter how chickenshit the charge, the biker was mauled, shaken down, and thrown into the bus while his scooter was impounded and hauled away. Keys were taken from some bikers and thrown far away into the

weeds. One bike was pushed, tumbling, over an embankment.

Man, when the cops are confronted with a mass protest, they *do* go bananas.

\* \* \*

It all started with a statewide helmet protest—a run to the Ohio state capitol in Columbus from all over the State.

The Highway Patrol was advised in advance, but they weren't prepared for the fantastic turn-out. The procession was miles long! It was impossible to see from one end to the other—thousands of bikers all puttin' to Columbus without helmets.

At first the Highway Patrol freaked out, but after advising the protestors to desist—even threatening arrests—they finally saw the enormity of the situation and decided to slide with the protest and even escorted the run to the city line. Okay, everything was fine until the protestors reached Columbus—then the city's "Finest" took over.

Bikers were flyin' into the city from the north and south — they didn't break their procession—just like a long, unbroken funeral procession, they passed through the city streets toward the capitol with hair flying free.

Brothers stopped traffic at intersections so the procession could pass through. But then—now get this—they were busted for "impersonating an officer" because they directed traffic! Eighteen bikes were impounded. The cops were caught off guard and so were unorganized. As a result, they went ape—writing tickets for any reason—picking off stragglers at the end of the procession—dangerously forcing the bikes to the curb with their cars by cutting off groups of four or five bikes at a time—like so many cattle. While these groups were being picked off, the main body relentlessly continued its way to the capitol and then to the vacant county fairgrounds.

At the fairgrounds the bikers assessed all the unnecessary hassles that had come down, and they decided to have another protest a month later but this time *with* helmets. No procession, obey all stop lights, give The Man *no* reason to bust them.

The second protest got under way with the ABATE coordinators once again advising the Ohio Highway Patrol of their intent and making certain they were aware of the legality of the protest. Everyone would wear helmets, etc., etc.

The Highway Patrol cooperated completely, and the run came off without a hitch until they reached the Columbus city limits where, once again, the city police went bananas—only this time with a vengeance. This time they were prepared and did their number as I mentioned at the beginning of the article.

It was this second run—this entirely legal run—when the police impounded 28 bikes and arrested 33 people—throwing people into buses and scoots into trucks; all this because bikers are fed up with the we-know-what-is-best-for-you government that rules this land.

Again, the bikers met at the vacant fairgrounds, licked their wounds, and collected money to get the busted bros out of the slammer and the scoots out of the impound yard.

At this point they decided to hold the next State run to the fairgrounds—only this time on the fair's opening day in order to attract as much publicity to their cause as possible. They felt that only in this peaceful, legal manner was it possible to wake up the politicians to the fact that we are supposed to live under a Constitution that seeks to protect us from laws designed to protect us from ourselves—just as it guarantees us the right to a peaceful protest of our grievances.

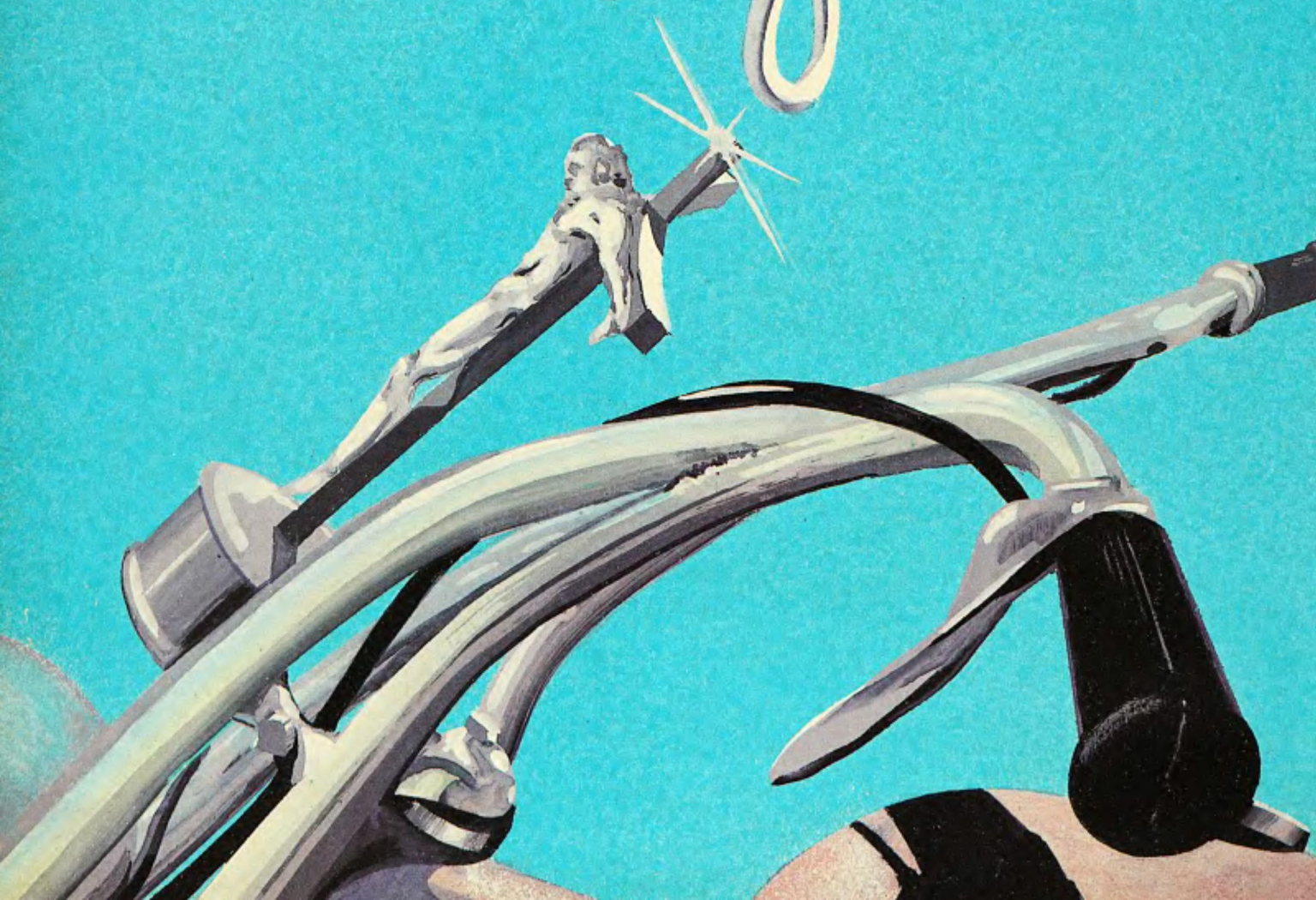
—Spider







Close-up





Many people claim to be many things, and there is always that small percentage of people who fritz out and claim to be someone totally unrelated to themselves. Napoleon Bonaparte in midtown Manhattan? Abe Lincoln husking corn in Lincoln, Nebraska? Jesus Christ in the City of Sin? Hollywood? It happens all the time and Jesus is probably a favorite. It's almost possible. A resurrection, though I'm sure Ma Bell wouldn't grant him service and he'd probably not qualify for travelers checks. I'm not Ma Bell and I do get my share of Peter Pans, etc. I have one rule regarding this type of clientele. If you can't get rid of them, soak them. That is, try and make it worthwhile, momentarily. And that's just what I was planning when he came through my office door at the Hollywood Video Date Match Service, which I'd started almost a year ago. He looked like anyone else in Hollywood—conscious of the jet-set look. Styled hair, trimmed beard, Yves St. Laurent shirt unbuttoned halfway down, or halfway up, depending on your point of view. I motioned with my pencil for him to sit down.

He sat erect in the chrome and leather chair, his hands clasped in his lap, leaning slightly forward on the edge of the chair. Having one of my more memorable hangovers, attributed to staying up late drinking gin (though I favor Black Label) with my new wife who was half my age as well as half my I.Q., my patience was nil and I had no anxiety over another client. Still I asked, "What can we do for you?"

"I am Jesus Christ," he replied, and I know he must have noticed the change in my facial expression as I thought, another looneytune, just what I need. "What's the matter, Jesus? Can't you get a date?" This is what is known as the insult for result ploy. The result being his immediate exit, in outrage, from my office, leaving me to more important tasks, like making money.

But he didn't rise to the bait, so I tried to insult him some more. "Where have you been trying to score? Discos? Night clubs? Bus stations?"

"I haven't," was his timid reply.

"No offense, Jesus, but maybe your problem is those nasty scars on your forehead. What happened? Did you take a wrong turn in a Jewish ghetto?" I spoke, of course, of the scars left from the crown of thorns. Scars that he did not have. Of course, after this long I couldn't expect them to still be there. But I don't often expect people to walk into my office claiming to be Jesus Christ either. At any rate he obviously wasn't going to leave. I imagined he was used to insult. He took it quite well, unmoved, still erect, hands clasped. I decided that if I had to suffer it would at least be lucrative.

"Well, we have three types of programs here, Mr. Christ. One: you submit, included in the charge, a videotape of yourself, and the girl will choose you; two: you can choose from the girls who have submitted tapes; or three: a combination of plans one and two. Plan three is the most expensive at sixty dollars, so if you are on a budget, say you're not getting the kind of money you used to get from the Catholics, plan one or two would be better at half the cost."

"I would like program two."

"All right. I'll need a few questions answered. Just for the record, you understand. Ah, I have your name, how about your age?"

"1976."

"Oh, of course—that way you wouldn't be B.C." No matter how insolent I could be (my only source of entertainment in such matters), I still had the hangover and was in no mood to handle the situation for any longer than I had to. On top of that, in about a half hour the repossession men would be here to reclaim the chrome and leather chair he was sitting on as well as the rest of the office furniture.

"Do you have an occupation?"

"I am the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Yeah. Right." I wrote down unemployed savior as a joke to myself. Let me tell you I really put up with some clowns to make a buck, but this guy was exceptionally annoying, sitting so nicely erect, hands clasped in that irritating way.

"Place of birth?"

"A manger in the Holyland."

That I believed. It had to figure

this character was fresh off the boat. The boat from where, I don't know.

"Oh, you're Jewish. Right? Do you have any reservations about dating a girl of another religion?"

"No, all people are my children."

"Well, let's hope not or else you're asking us to help you commit incest."

"Is there harm in that?"

"No, if that's what you're into." Kinky too.

"How about hobbies? Do you have any?"

"I have devoted my life to my work."

"Would you like your date to have any?"

"It is of no matter."

"Tell me, Mr. Christ, what exactly are you looking for? What do you hope to find in this girl?"

"She will have my child."

"Oh, really?"

"It shall be a boy. He will follow in my work."

"How quaint."

"I have tasks elsewhere. He shall lead the flocks here."

"You have this all mapped out, have you? He'll be born here in Hollywood. That would be fitting. It's a great town for spectaculars. For what you are proposing you'll need someone who's top of the line. Yes, Mr. Christ, I think I have just the thing. Just what you're looking for. Why don't we step into the projection room and I'll show you the tape." Motioning toward the door I was a little surprised that the tone of my voice and the satanic grin on my face didn't alarm him. I had promised the best, but I didn't specify what she was the best of.

"I'll be in the projection room if anyone calls, but if the interior decorators come about the office furniture, I'm out." We walked past my secretary, who at one time was an applicant, but was too good to pass along to clients, so I gave her a job and what she gave me was heaven-sent though she'd been a little squirmish since my wedding.

The projection room was down a paneled hall. A carpeted room, the cheap stuff from the hardware store, with shelves upon shelves of what had to be the homeliest people. It

—Continued on page 71









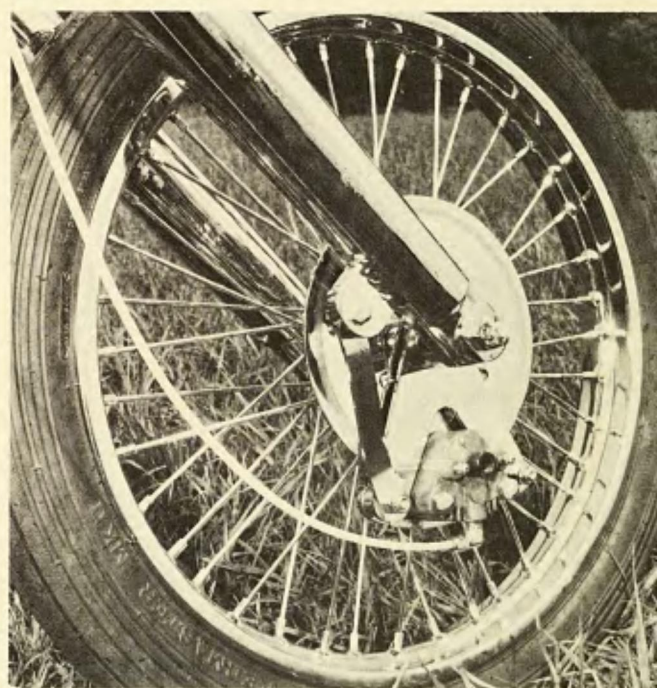
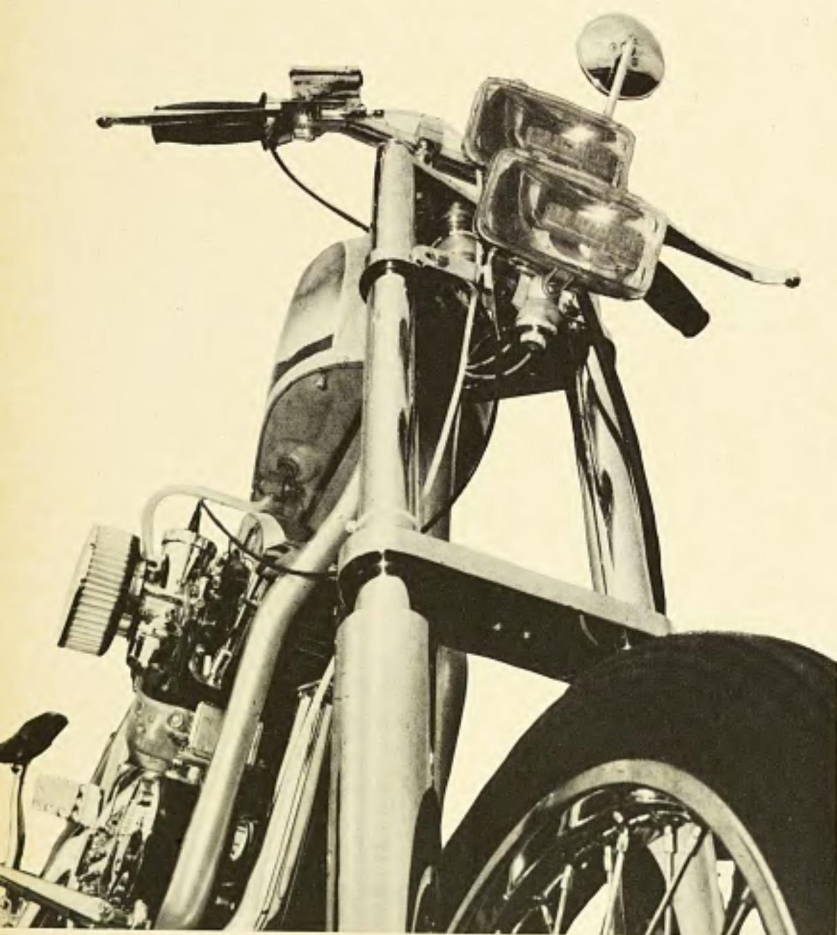
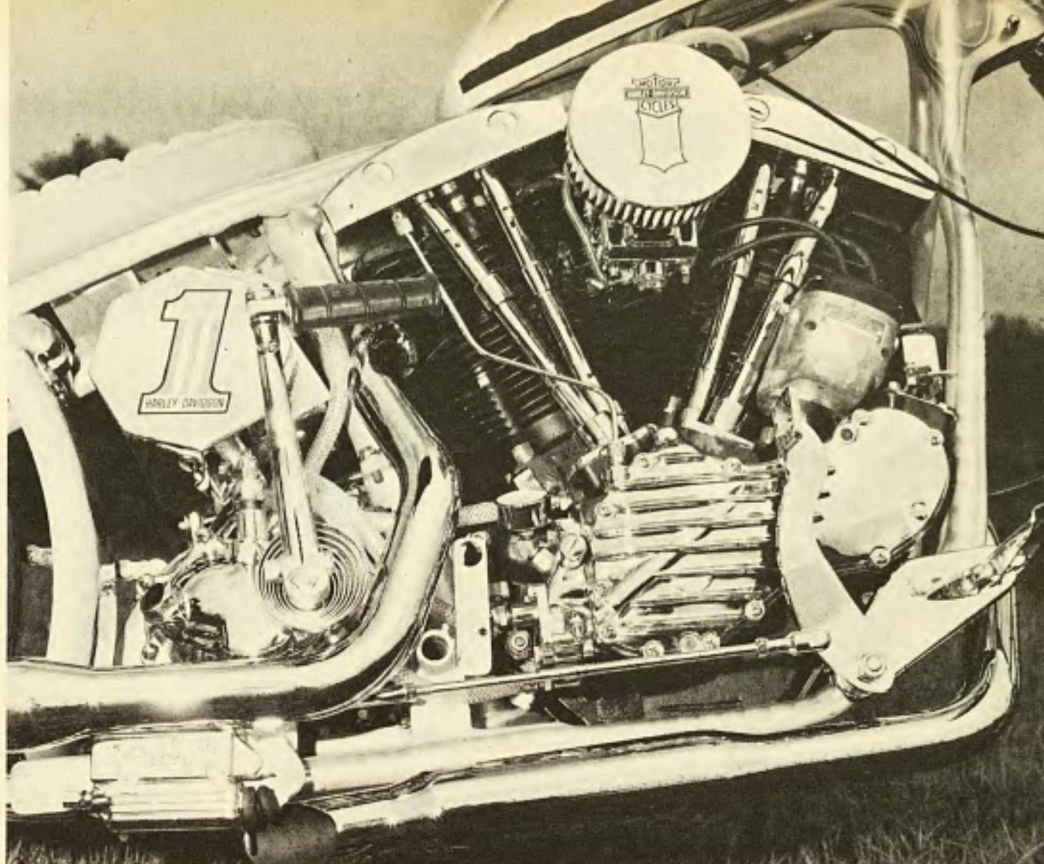




# At Last! Some Time For Puttin'

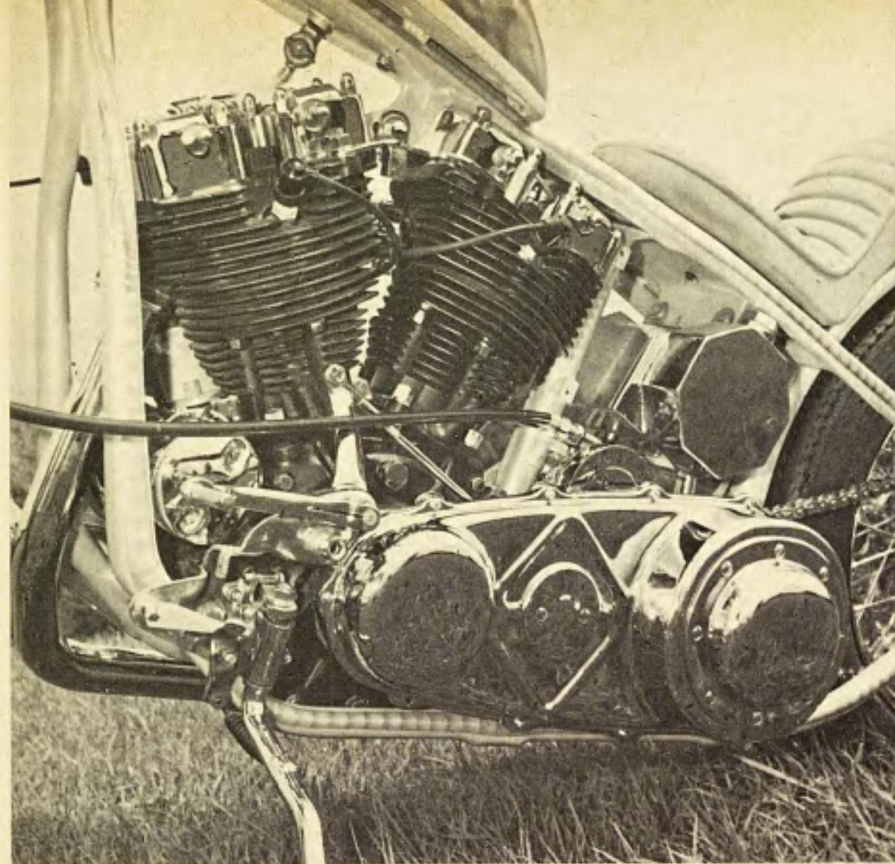
**T**he merchant marine gig is a heavy bucks trip, but all that ocean overtime sure takes it outta the carcass. I mean, no bikes, no runs, and no ol' ladies is tough even if you got all the rum, pieces of eight and seawater ya want. John Webster just came offa four-month-straight workout on the salty and back home to some normal (?) livin'. Without even crashin' for the night, he jammed out to Ohio to pick up some vintage tin he'd been hankerin' for ever since the last layover. Good thing he did it right away, 'cause when he got back it was the Uncle on the phone sayin' to get his butt back to the ship in two days for the next go-round. Some blasted vacation. To put a capper on it, some idiot busted into his shack and detached the chromed gas cap and vinyl lines from his scoot. Some dildos gotta hardon for weird things—in that time they coulda latched the whole scoot. Guess that's one of the advantages of puttin' a sled together in an out-of-the-way place. No way the crooks coulda driven that machine anywhere in the whole state without word gettin' back to John—and real quick.



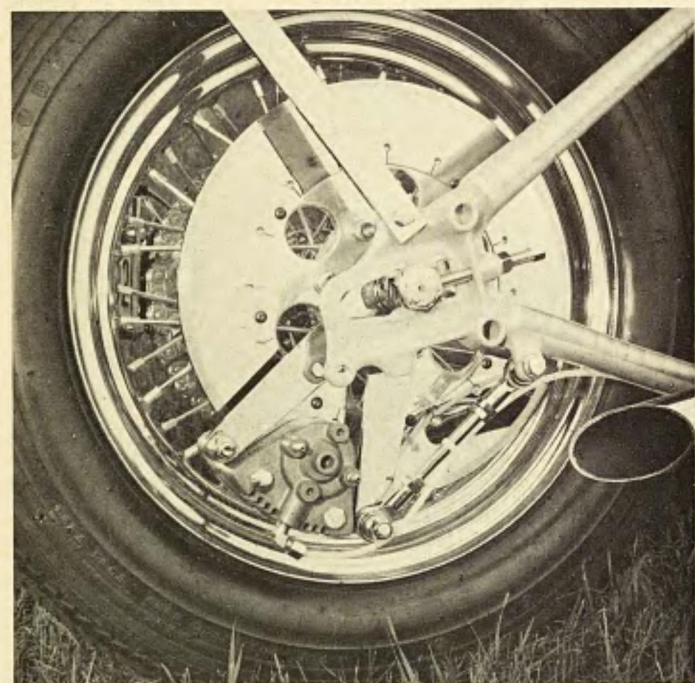


So you detail freaks out there who love to watch us fall flat on our prosciscis (gotta make sure we keep up the class in this rag with them \$9.95 words, ya know) will no doubt check out the unchromed cap—and those brand new lines that ain't turned color yet from the dye that's in the camel piss these days. John pirated (Christ, what d'ya expect on the high seas?) the stock





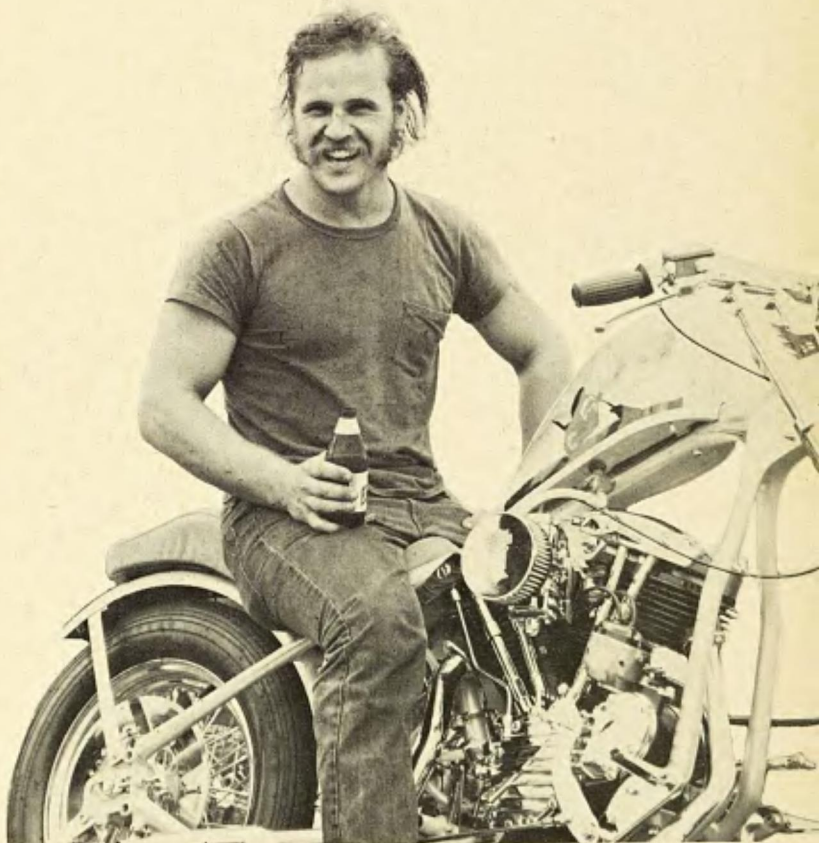
Photography by Jake



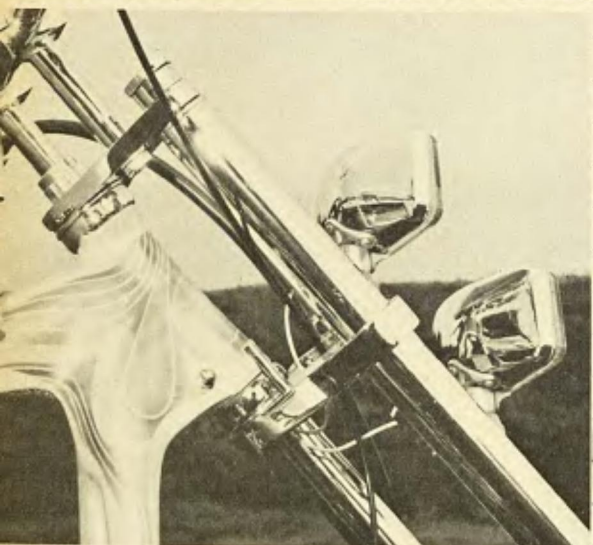
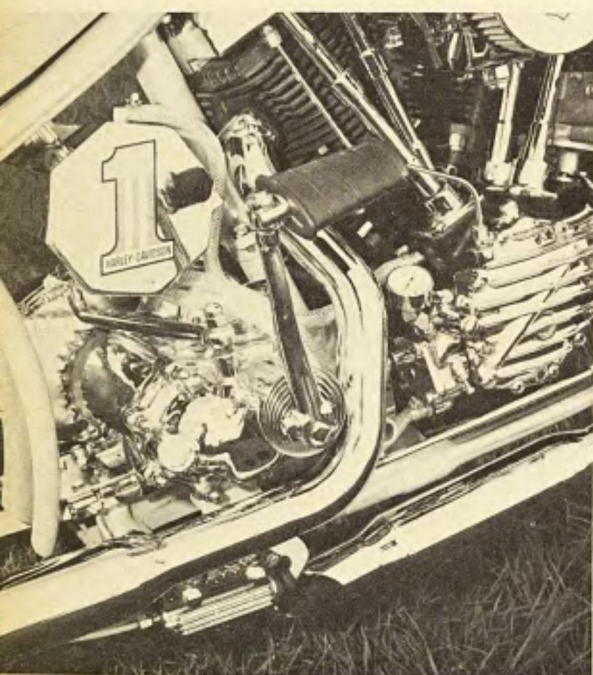
shutoff from his Sporty to get this thing back in runnin' shape. Now if he could only find the time to kick 'er over and go for a while. It's amazin' enough he waited a few spare hours for us to take these flickerin' shots before hittin' the road. But after all, we were doin' our part by kickin' the photographer's ass as fast as we could ta hurry him up.

—Sniveler

—Continued on next page







**Owners:** John Webster

**City:** South Berwick, Maine

### General

Fabrication by: owner  
Year and make: 1950 H-D  
Model: FLH  
Value: \$5,000  
Assembly by: owner  
Time: 1 year  
Chroming: Alter Chrome

### Frame

Year: 1950  
Builder: H-D  
Type: rigid, cradle  
Rake: stock  
Stretch: none  
Other alterations: tabs cherried

### Engine

Year: 1950 lower  
Model: pan/shovel  
Rebuilder: owner  
Ignition: Joe Hunt mag.  
Displacement: 96 cu. in.  
Lower end: S & S stroker wheels  
Balancing: S & S  
Pistons: S & S big bore stroker  
Cases: Vapor honed  
Heads: 1972 shovel  
Cam: 468 S Sifton  
Lifters: solids  
Carb(s): 44mm Mikuni  
Air cleaner: Mikuni  
Pipes: Brothers Choppers  
Mufflers: 1-piece w/pipes

### Accessories

Bars: drag  
Risers: 4 in.  
Fender(s): 5 in. with rib  
Headlight: Carello quartz  
Taillight: Dixie  
Speedo: VDO 1.65:1 ratio  
Front pegs: steel  
Rear pegs:  
Electrics: owner and friends  
Gas tank: Paughco Sportster  
Oil tank: hex, Brothers Choppers  
Oil system: gauge, new lines!  
Primary cover: early diamond  
Seat: suede, by Ashline  
Sissy bar: none  
Height:  
Material:

### Transmission

Modifications: Andrews gears  
Year: 1950  
Shifting: ratchet top/foot  
Engine sprocket: 30  
Trans sprocket: 32  
Wheel sprocket: 52

### Forks

Type: H-D glide narrow trees  
Extension: 12 in.  
Builder: owner  
Special features: tweak bar

### Wheels

#### Front

Size: 18 in.  
Hub: Hallcrafts  
Rim width: 2 1/4 in.  
Tire: 2.75 Avon  
Brake: disc

#### Rear

Size: 16 in.  
Hub: Hallcrafts  
Rim width: 5 in.  
Tire: 5.00 Goodye  
Brake: disc

### Painting

Molding: Brother's Choppers  
Painter: Mo's Custom Paint  
Color: candies & pearls  
Type: Acrylic lacquer  
Special paint: hand painted murals by Mo  
Other special modifications: knuckle cam cover, chromed carb body and trans case, big-bore barrels, mousetrap eliminated.



Another fine product from Righteous

## HARLEY KNITTED CAPS

Here ya are—for the first time, a heavy Bronson-type knitted cap with style. The cap is a warm rush on cold nights, and it'll keep your locks from tangling into a Brillo pad during the day.

The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

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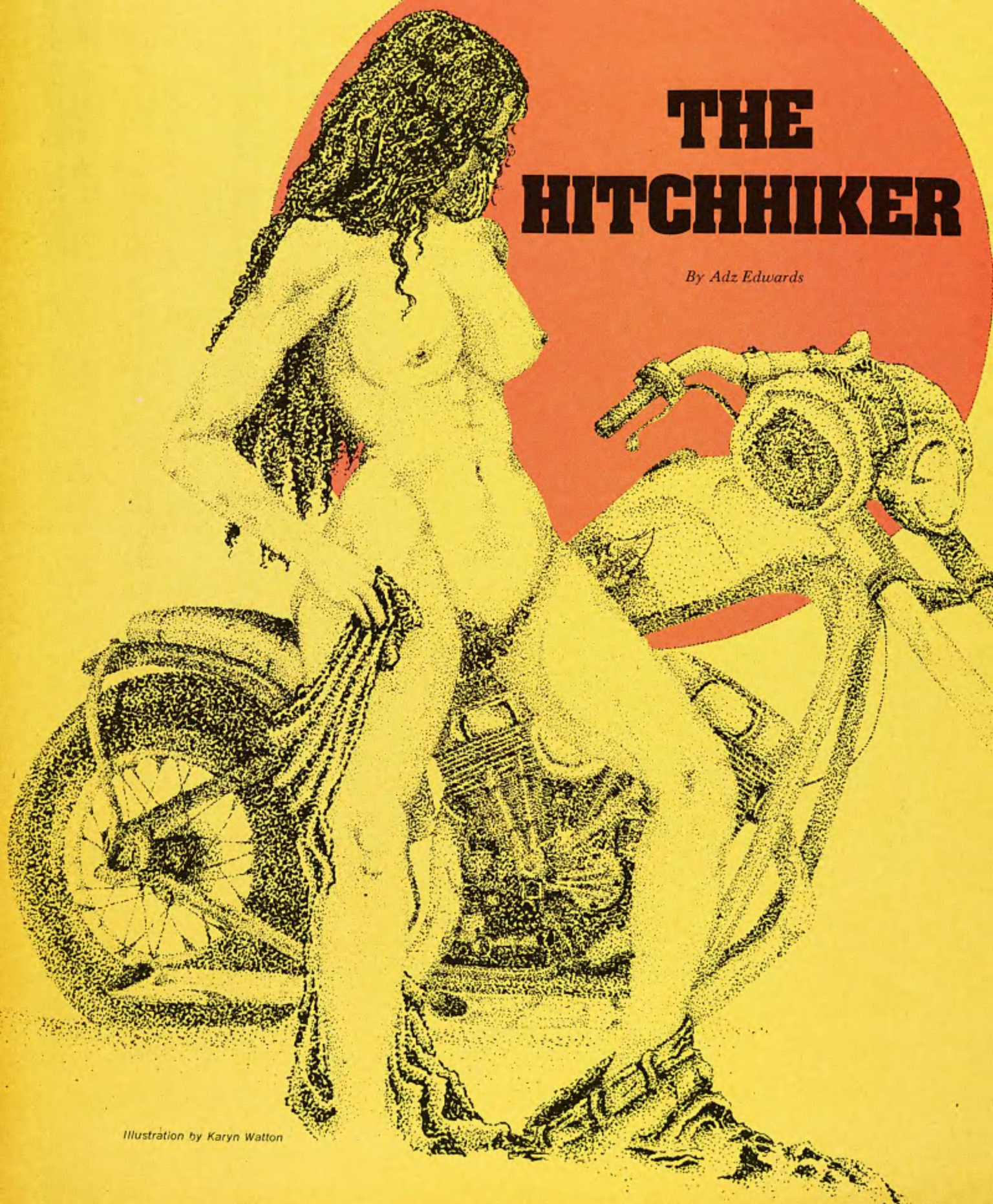
California residents add 6% sales tax





# THE HITCHHIKER

*By Adz Edwards*



*Illustration by Karyn Watton*



**M**attocks would tell you why he was there if you asked, but you don't ask. You wonder how come he's just sitting on that long, black and chrome contraption with the flat back tire, his arms folded, his eyes looking back at you while you go by him as he sits, just waiting, on the side of this long stretch of desert highway. Mattocks would have told you why he was there. Only you take one look at him and at his motorcycle and you are afraid to ask.

If you'd have stopped, and if you'd had the guts to ask him what he was doing way out there alone, he would have told you about his ol' lady and the fight they'd had and how every time they battled it out he'd get on that bike and ride until he didn't want to ride anymore. Then he would tell you how he'd always stop somewhere, far from her, and drink beer and whiskey until he didn't want to drink anymore. Then he would tell you how he'd sleep next to his bike and get up and go back; when she'd be all over it, like a little kid who hates you one day and forgets it the next. But you didn't stop. You kept on going. You were afraid of a man and a motorcycle way out there alone in the desert. Besides, it's getting dark and you have to get home for supper,

and you saw something like this on TV last night where this nice insurance salesman picks up this long-hair punk and the punk kidnaps him but the FBI kills the punk and the salesman lives. Only you might not be so lucky. Mattocks wasn't that kind: He's too crazy to be insane. But you didn't know that. So you kept on going.

\* \* \*

The two boys, Tim and David, saw Mattocks and decided to stop. Tim was eighteen and David was fifteen. They'd been out in the desert with the dirt bikes that were tied to the sidewalls of the pickup they were driving. Tim had been stranded before, himself. They stopped and David rolled down his window.

"How far's the next town?" Mattocks said.

"Forty miles," Tim said from the driver's side.

"Can't leave her out here," Mattocks said, jerking his head toward his bike.

"Put her in the back, between ours."

They got out a plank and the three of them rolled the big scooter into the pickup bed. Mattocks worked it over next to one of the dirt bikes and put it down on the kickstand so it almost leaned against the other one. They roped it down tight. They climbed into the pickup with David in the middle. The boys wanted to ask the stranger a lot of questions. Finally David couldn't wait. "What kind of a cycle is that?"

Tim answered for Mattocks, "You dumb shit, that's a chopped Harley-Davidson, ain't it?"

"Yeah," Mattocks said.

They'd gone about five or six miles when they saw her. She was just standing there by the road with nothing but her ass showing around the edges of cut-off jeans and her tits tightening the knot holding her shirttails together.

"Pick her up," Mattocks said.

"Hi, boys!" she said when she was inside and sitting on Mattocks' legs. It was a tight squeeze and she had to put her arm around his neck and he could feel her big left tit against his chest and she could feel his long hard dick against her ass. He'd gone without for two days now and having an ol' lady around was a hard habit to break.

"What's your name?" Mattocks said.

"Debbie, what's you boys's names?"

"I'm Tim. This is David." David was getting red. So was Mattocks, this bitch was trying to ignore him. He reached around her back and squeezed her right tit, just to get her attention. She shot back a "fuck off" look and dug her nails into his back. He didn't move.

Farther down the road Mattocks said, "Stop, I gotta piss." They pulled over and got out and left her sitting there. They walked behind the pickup. They could see the road was empty for a long distance each way. While they were pissing Mattocks said to the boys, "I think we can have some fun with her. You two wait here and I'll break the ice for ya."

"We don't want to get in trouble," Tim said.

"You won't. Just stay right here." He walked around and climbed into the pickup and the two boys stayed where they were. It was getting dark and they couldn't see much through the dirty back window and between the bikes. David thought he could see two heads apart and then two heads together and then they sank like a torpedoed ship. Soon the pickup started squeaking and rocking and squeaking and rocking and this kept up until the boys heard some high and low pitched moaning coming from inside the cab. A minute later Mattocks stepped out, buckling his belt.

"Says she's from Vegas, and that she's the best. It ain't true, but we all might as well have a whack at her anyway. Who's next?"

Tim and David looked at each other. Tim swallowed and walked toward the front.

Mattocks looked at David. He was just a little shithead. "You been around many women?" Mattocks said.

"Sure, lots of them."

"You know how easy it is then, nothin' to it."

"Sure, I know."

Mattocks knew the kid was lying out his ass but it didn't matter; Debbi knew what to do.

The pickup door shut and Tim came back to them with a big grin on his face. "I could do that all night," Mattocks knew that at eighteen the kid probably could too.

"You're next," he said to David.

David looked at Tim. "Go ahead,"

—Continued on page 69



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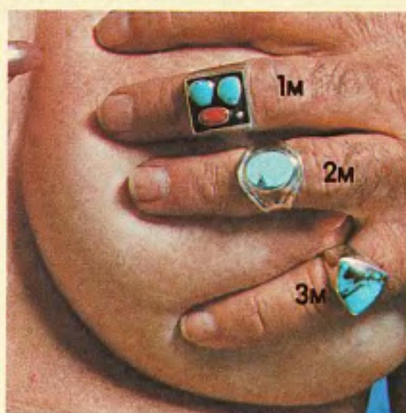
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# Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

## Pisces (February 19—March 20)

You're in an on-the-rag attitude and may develop an allergy toward work. Now is the time to give the ol' fuckface at your job any excuse for some time off. So you're not really going to the Mayo Clinic for some orthopedic underwear—who cares? Get away for a while—stir up some of those cowpies and road-apples.

## Aries (March 21—April 20)

It looks like you have a big case of the meanies now. Your temper will be eruptin' like a ripe pimple and just about as ugly. You'll regret it if you bully your way through this month. You could even end up with your lights knocked out. Release some of your shitty attitude with extra fuckin'. A few pokes in a twat might save ya a poke in the mug. It's up to you whether you want to be hard or scarred!

## Taurus (April 21—May 20)

Most of the time you're as strong as the proverbial bull. But too much juicin' it up and stayin' out late, knockin' your nuts together, will catch up with you now. (Hope it ain't the piggie flu.) Better take care of the ol' bod before ya run out of jizz and have to spend a week in bed (alone). Besides, there are easier ways to get yourself a prescription—or maybe ya go in for rectal thermometers?

## Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Don't mix business with pleasure now. Unless ya make decisions while you're all gumbied out or blabbin' like you have diarrhea of the mouth, better coast this month. Do you really need two uppers and a downer (I prefer two downers) to get up every day? You don't have to go cold turkey but lighten up or you'll blow a damned good opportunity. Otherwise, don't let your meat loaf!

## Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Ya just may come up with some money-makin' brain

storm that will add another bulge in your drawers. It might not be enough for a Lear jet but ya can finally make those changes on your putt. Strange fact: It has been said that Cancers hold the record for layin' the longest turds. (I've been checking this out and it's true!) Only one out of five comes out broken. And that was attributed to a box of goobers.



## Leo (July 22—August 21)

This month your golden gonads are in for a royal fling! What you'll be flingin' will be your tool in a fuck festival. You'll barely get your pee shooter back in your britches, when some horny honey will be pullin' it out (with her teeth) again. You're so busy giving (ya might even gift wrap it) everyone a shot between the sheets, ya could neglect somethin' important now.

## Virgo (August 22—September 21)

You're not the one to sit back and twiddle your pud. Ya take care of business and even find time for some stray poontang. But even you supercocks need rest before your balls drop off. Get yourself some good weed and kick back with the tube awhile. After ya scope out on "What's The Name of This Pill" and "Emergency Douche," why not catch "Harley-Davidson, Harley-Davidson."

## Libra (September 22—October 22)

Ya may be in for a month of unusual action. Could be you're in one of those rare moods to get crazy. Before ya get toasted and decide on some vulgar vengeance like puttin' in the raw or asking some ol' bat to hold her poodle still while ya ream it (just an example), make sure The Man is not around, 'cause the judge may not have the same sense of humor.

## Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

If you're getting a case of itchy feet and have the urge to boogie off on a short trip, be careful during this period 'cause you're accident prone. Besides that, it might be the freak type—you could fall out of bed and bend your wee-wee out of shape. Sorry to say there aren't any prick banks yet—although I did find one in a box of popcorn (it tasted salty, but the butter was good).

## Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

Look forward to at least one bizarre happenin' this month. You could win a lifetime supply of blow jobs from the Girl Scouts or find out your pillow's stuffed with pubic hair. Perhaps Howard Hughes left ya a matched set of urine samples from Siamese twins in his will. In other words, it's gonna be a weirdie!

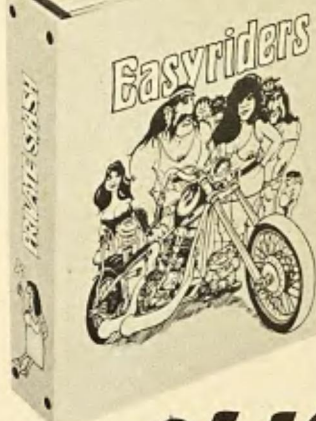
## Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

It could be that all that guzzlin' and doper's munchies have finally caught up to ya! If you're startin' to feel like ya have a brewery in your belly, this is a ball-bustin' time to get rid of it (unless ya get paid by the pound). Don't wait until ya need a side car to keep from runnin' over your own body. Try out the fuckin' man's diet—every time you're hungry, grab a piece of ass.

## Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

Sometimes your sex life borders on disgustin', degenerate, or deformed (normal biker), 'cause if it's different, you'll do it. Better back off if ya don't want "diseased" on your list. If ya have to fight the flies for it, forget it. You'd be better off dumpin' your kumquats in a jar of liver! Except for the flies between the thighs, it's a good month.

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# DOWN-TIME ENTERTAINMENT

BY ZOM

## SOUNDS



### THE BEST OF THE BAND

This album is aptly named because it includes their biggest biggies such as "Up On Cripple Creek," "The Shape I'm In," "The Weight," "Tears Of Rage," "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," and my special favorite, "Ophelia." There's also a new song therein, "Twilight," by Robbie Robertson, of course.

There isn't much that can be said for this particular effort because it's already been said. All of these songs come out of acclaimed past albums, and represent some of the finest rock music available. It might not have come together in package form were it not for the 1976 Band tour, their first in two years. This not only fucked up their immediate plans for a new album, but they also got an idea of how hot their old stuff still was with old and new Band nuts. They are putting a new one together now, due out this spring. In the meantime, crank this one up, get down and let it take you someplace you can't go on your own until they take the cast off.

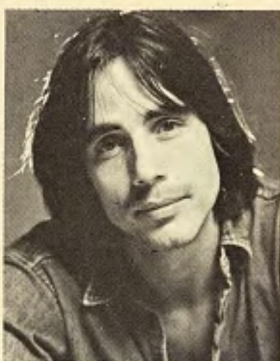
By the way, in case you've never read a record company artist biography, you may not know it's advisable to keep a barf bag handy when reading. In case the purple prose makes you puke. But I didn't even gag at the line "The Band . . . no other name has ever been necessary."

### ERIC CLAPTON: NO REASON TO CRY

In the beginning was Cream. Cream begat qui-

tarist Eric Clapton. Eric Clapton's guitar-playing begat bumper stickers that read "Eric Clapton is God." Eric then set out to prove they were wrong. Put he's back again, and this time he may just prove they weren't so wrong after all.

Now, wait. There's no "I Shot The Sheriff" shit on this album. There's reggae, on such cuts as "Car-nival," but it's not dumb, it's good. In fact, the whole album is good, even the Bob Dylan cut called "Sign Language" where it might have been easier on the ear if that's what they'd used instead of their voices. But all in all, Clapton is in top form and there's excellent electric guitar on both sides, from the guy who can play rings around the present superstar Peter Frampton. He just ain't as pretty.



### JACKSON BROWNE: THE PRETENDER

If they renamed this album "The Contender," they wouldn't be far off because Browne is right up there with the heavyweights. He has a way with words that'll give you thumbs in lots of different places. But, in this long-awaited album, something isn't quite right. And I'm such an admirer of his, I almost hate to conjecture as to what it is.

But since that's what I'm here for I can only suggest that while he is for sure the poet laureate (and all that garbage) of the rock world, he's beginning to ramble as a musician. The

tunes aren't rock and roll songs anymore. Some of them aren't really songs, period. They're more like poems displayed against an all too predictable background. I can only further suggest that on his next album, he think about joining forces with someone with less of a tendency to wander.

On the otherside of this coin, Browne is so talented he reeks of it, and is an honest and appealing performer. He is definitely not a one-wad artist like Elton John who despite the burden of lyricist Bernie Taupin still managed to create a classic rock album in "Yellow Brick Road."

At worst, this album could have been better.

### MARY KAY PLACE

Well, hyar she is, that little sweetheart from "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," Miss Loretta Haggars, D.D.S. (No, Loretta hasn't become a dentist — that stands for Delectable Dumb Shit!) Although some of the material on the album is thinner than Loretta's pink nightie, the two tunes Mary Kay wrote personally ("Baby Boy" and "Vitamin L") aren't bad. They're full of twang and corn, but they're fun, and the folks a-singing with her ain't bad either. No wonder, since some of the voices belong to Emmylou Harris, Anne Murray, and Dolly Parton. The lady also does a good version of Dolly's "All I Can Do." And even if you hate the whole thang, you'll have to get a laugh out of "Coke And Chips." You guessed it, that's coca cola and potato chips, folks. (So much for the other side of life.)

P.S. (and mighty personal) to Loretta: If you're still looking for a transplant for poor old Charlie (he lost a dangler in an accident and can't get his unit reactivated), take mine, I'm yours. ■

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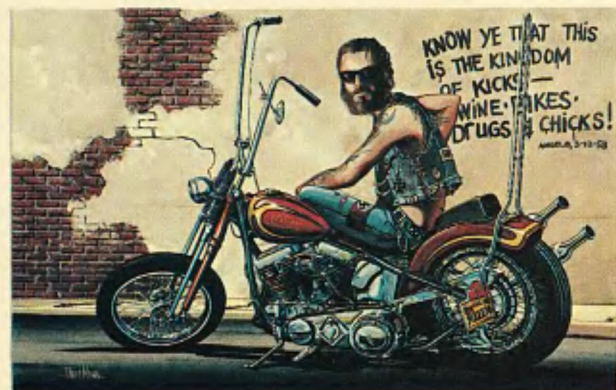
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M-7  
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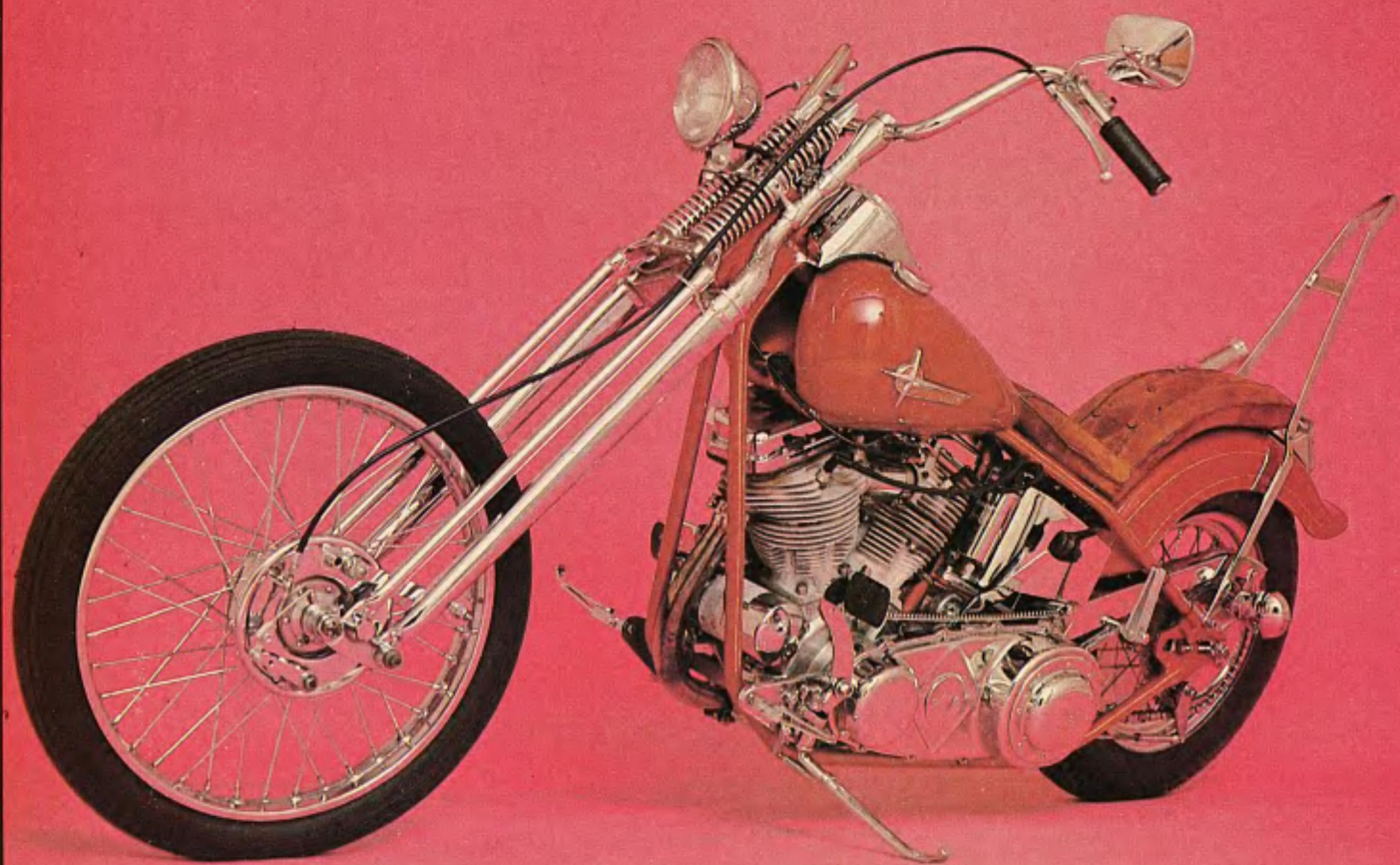
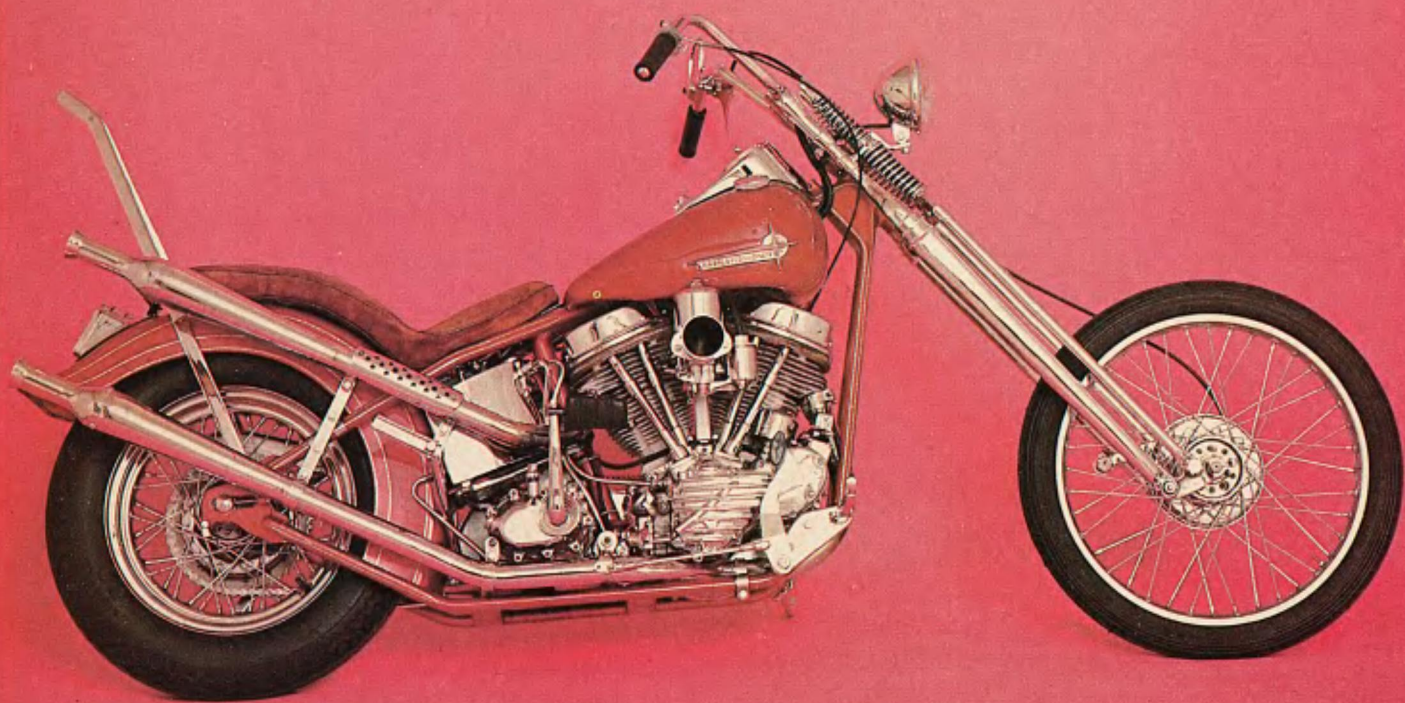


M-4 "One for the Road"



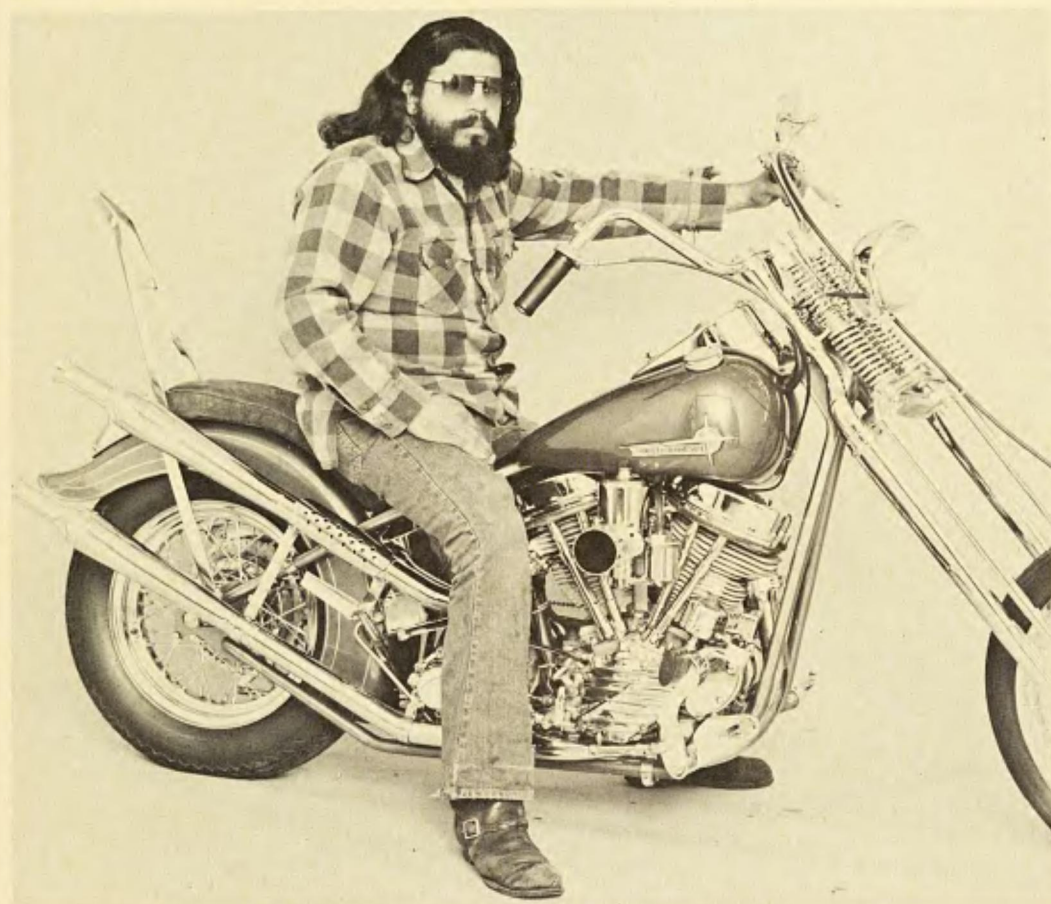
M-9 "Hollywood"







# Carlos' Pan



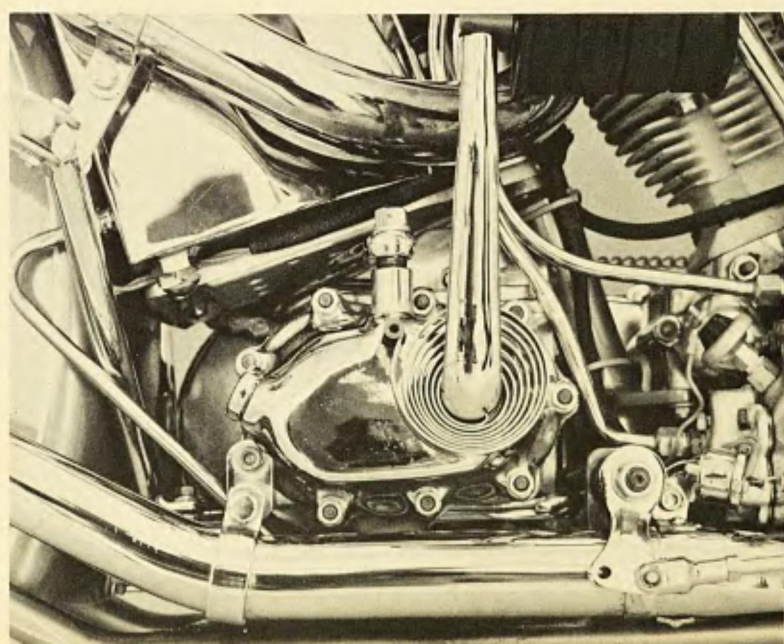
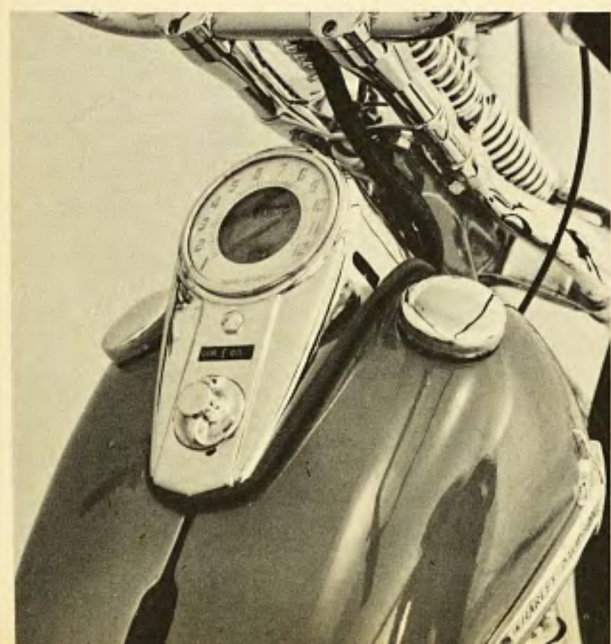
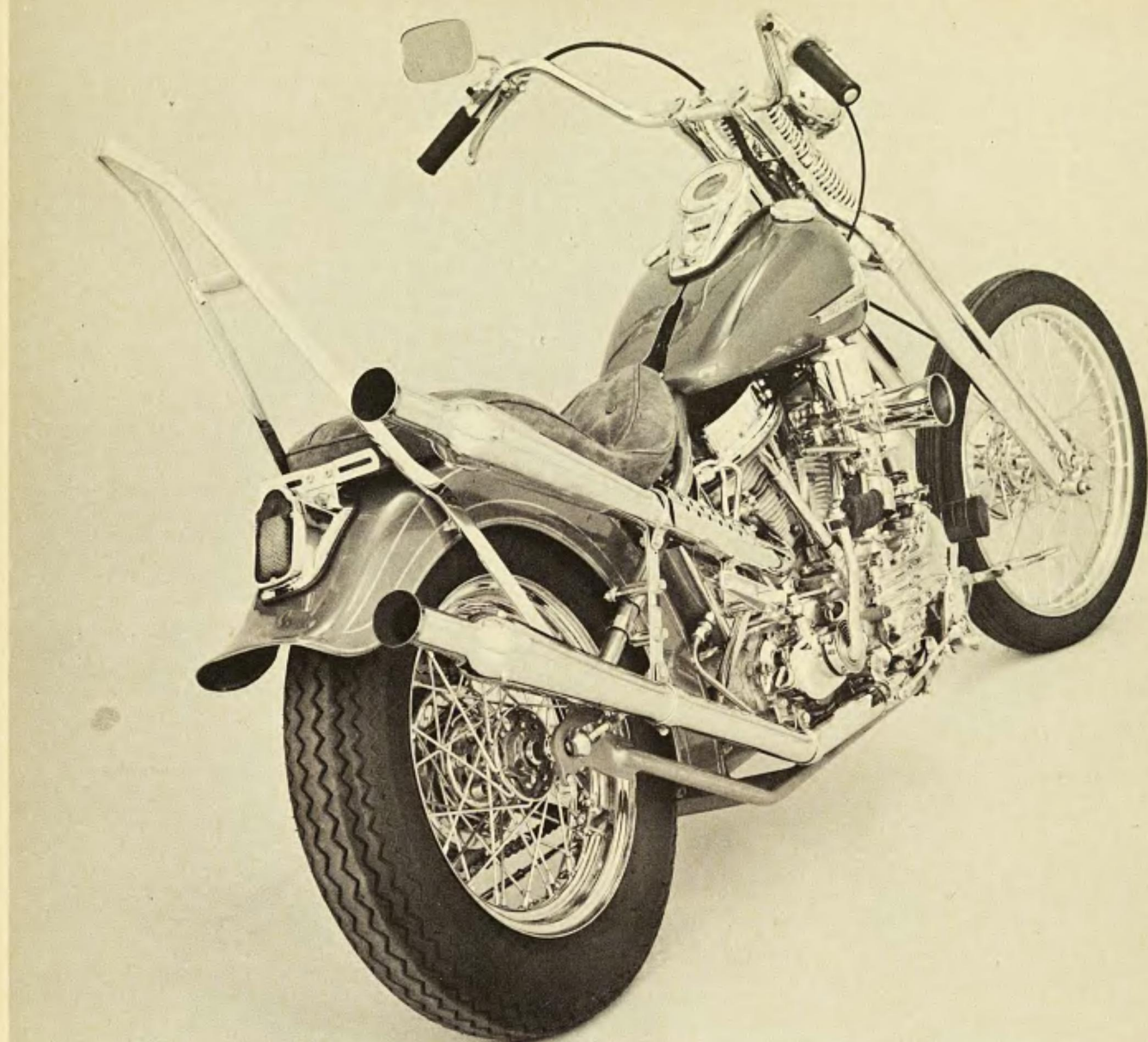
In past feature stories, we've sniveled about some of the hassles we've had in settin' 'em up. We've even bitched about how wasted we got, doin' 'em. Now for a twister. It was the owner of this pretty fatbob who had the bitch, for a change, an' not us.

It's cool for brothers to help one another, but once in a while their assistance can border on downright destructiveness. Ya see, Carlos's bros were so proud of his efforts in buildin' this scoot that they set up a shootin' without lettin' him know about it. It was to be an auspicious

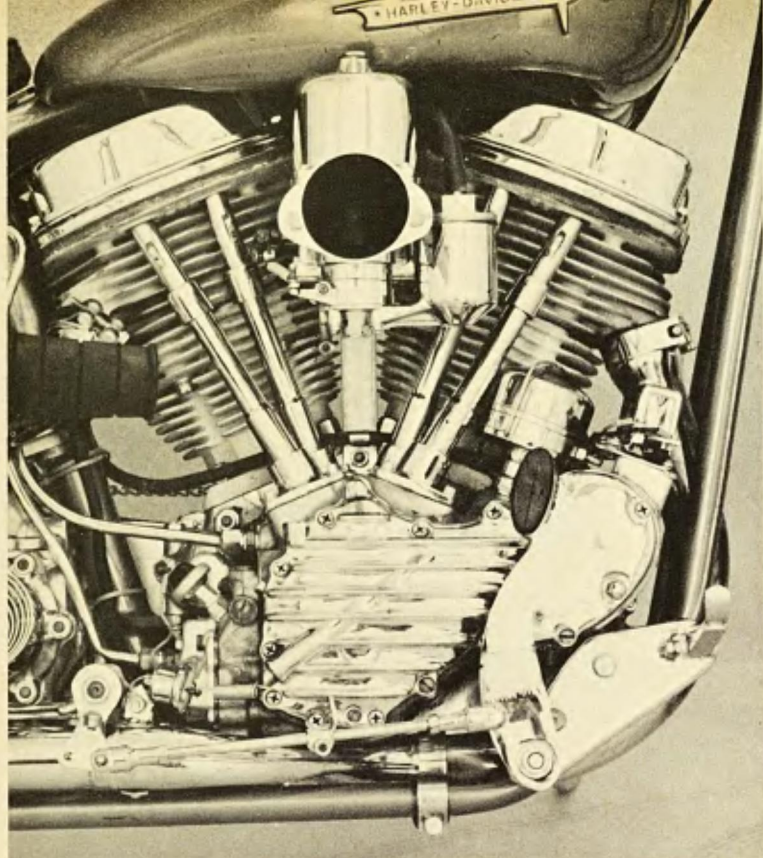
occasion, but Carlos was unaware of their plans, so havin' nothin' better to do at the time, he came down with a bad case of gut-wrenchin' flu, the very morning they came to pack him off to the studio.

When they busted in on him with their big surprise, Carlos was glued to his bed, pukin' in an old beer crock, but the shootin' was scheduled, so they packed him off to do this feature. They expected him to be happy about the event, but Carlos wouldn't've been excited if he'd been confronted by a dozen naked teenage chicks.

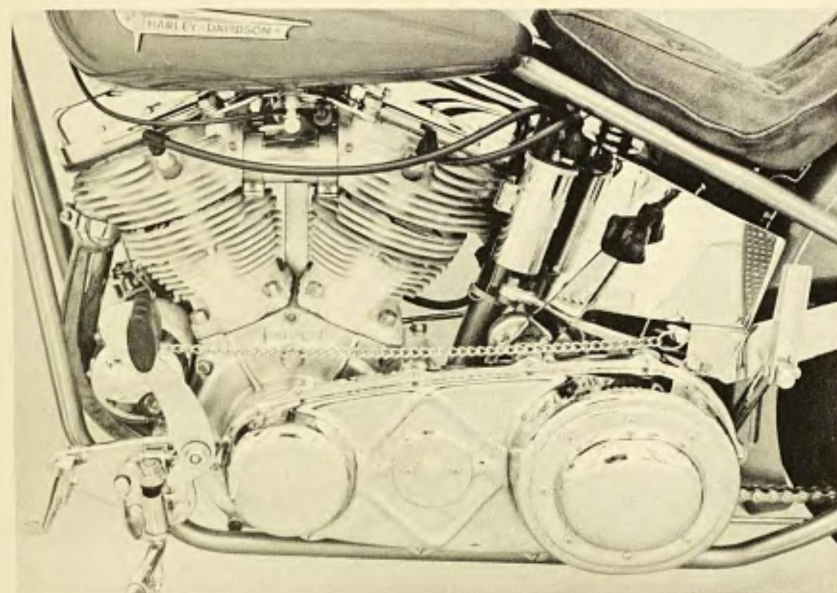
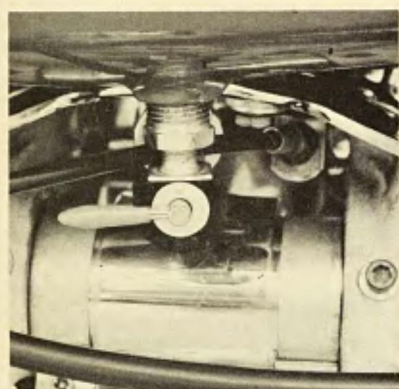
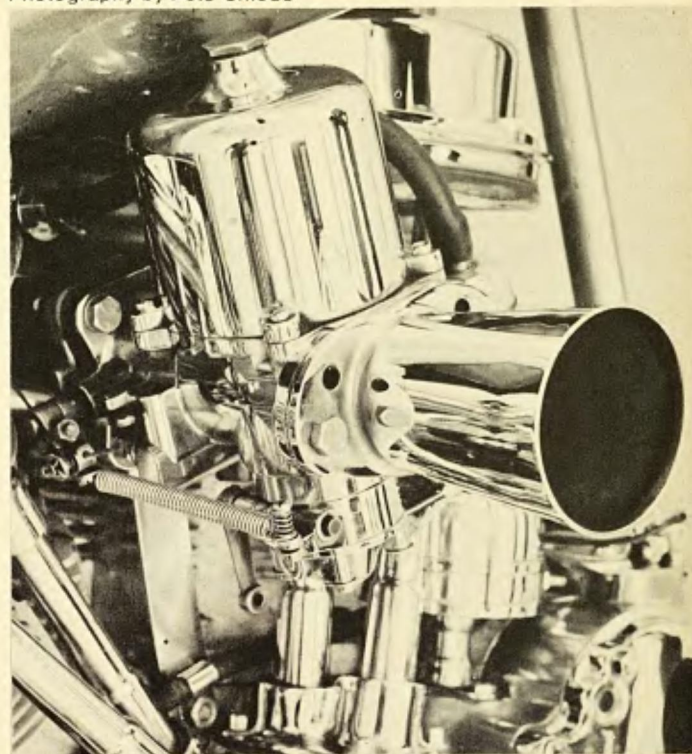








Photography by Pete Chiodo



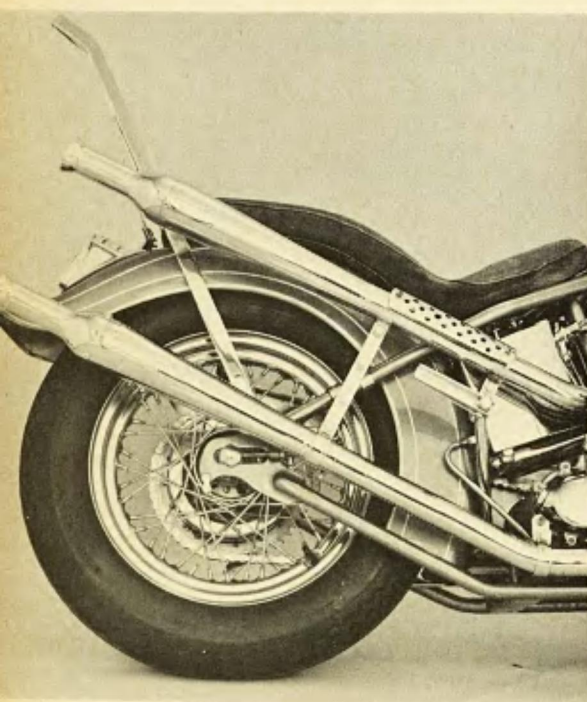
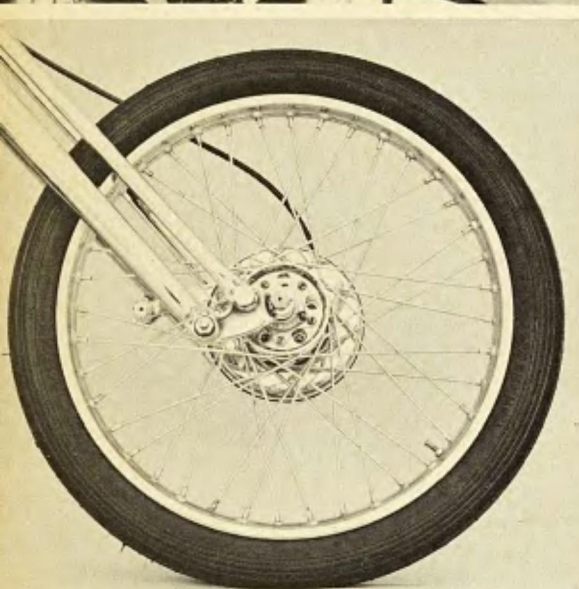
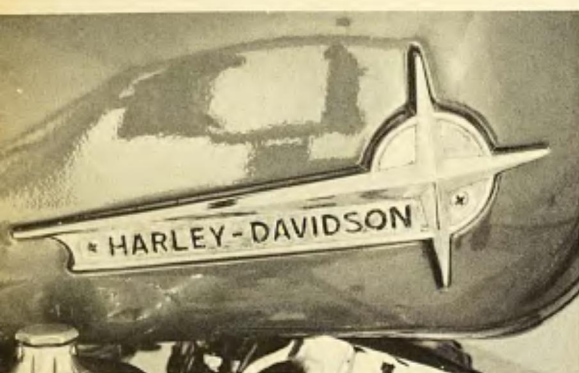
Well, you can imagine the green-faced Carlos who staggered into the studio and plonked himself down in a chair, pretending to be alive. Pretending, too, that he didn't smell like puke, Vicks and Koapectate.

The shootin' went off on schedule, while Carlos watched, through bloodshot eyes, miserable to the end, and his bitch was justified. All through the session, he let his bros know exactly where his head—er, stomach, was.

—Snake

—Continued on next page





**Owners:** Carlos Navarro

**City:** Maywood, Calif.

#### General

Fabrication by: owner  
Year and make: 1950 H-D  
Model: FLH  
Value: \$3,500  
Assembly by: owner  
Time: 2 months

#### Frame

Year: 1975  
Builder: Jammer  
Type: rigid  
Rake: 8°  
Stretch: 2 1/4 in.  
Other alterations:

Chroming: Christenson Plating

#### Accessories

#### Engine

Year: 1950  
Model: FLH  
Rebuilder: Larry  
Ignition: distributor  
Displacement: 86 cu. in.  
Lower end: S & S Wheels  
Balancing: S & S  
Pistons: MC  
Cases: polished  
Heads: stock  
Cam: FLH  
Lifters: solids  
Carb(s): S.U.  
Air cleaner: velocity stack  
Pipes: upsweeps  
Muffler(s): baffles

Bars: Flanders  
Risers: 4 in.  
Fender(s): 1950 H-D  
Headlight: Bates  
Taillight: 1950 H-D  
Speedo: stock  
Front pegs: custom  
Rear pegs: Anderson  
Electrics: battery, gen.  
Gas tank: fatbobs  
Oil tank: stock  
Oil system: stock  
Primary cover: Paughco  
Seat: Ernie  
Sissy bar: Spider  
Height: 18 in.  
Material: strap

#### Transmission

Modifications: Andrews gears  
Year: 1950  
Shifting: jockey  
Engine sprocket: 22  
Trans sprocket: 23  
Wheel sprocket: 52

#### Forks

Type: Springer  
Extension: 10 in.  
Builder: H-D, Mass. Chassis  
Special features:

#### Wheels

##### Front

Size: 21  
Hub: H-D  
Rim width: 2 1/2 in.  
Tire: Avon  
Brake: mech.

##### Rear

Size: 16  
Hub: H-D  
Rim width: 5 in.  
Tire: Arco  
Brake: mech.

#### Painting

Molding: owner  
Painter: owner  
Color: candy red  
Type: Lacquer  
Special Paint: gold leaf striping  
Other special modifications:



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**IDAHO**

Hell Cycle 414 Maryland Ave., Wilmington

**FLORIDA**

Black's Shop 207 Backroad Rd., Ft. Walton Beach  
Herald Cycle Parts Inc. 2418 Robinson St., Orlando  
Harley Davidson of Palm Beach 1331 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach

**GEORGIA**

Madison Lee's MC Repairs 5955 Lee St., Hollywood  
Hatcher's Harley-Davidson Sales 2500 S.W. 1st Ave., Largo  
Cycle Builder 515 24th Ave. N., Lake Worth, Fla.  
L&L Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 NE 44th St., Ft. Lauderdale  
H&H Shop 88 13th St. 94 A., Ocala, Fla.  
Pamper's Parts 17200 US 41, Lutz  
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C.C. Cycle 514 S. Dixie Hwy., West Palm Beach  
Florida MC Rebuilding 1254 Dixie Hwy., Hollywood  
Trien Cycle Works 200 Westshore Rd., Lakeland  
Cycle Maxis 523 Volusia Ave., Daytona Beach

**HAWAII**

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Iron Horse Bikes 570 Ala Moana Blvd. 4, Honolulu  
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**ILLINOIS**

Big M Cycle 1740 W. 34th St., Chicago  
Rog Enterprises 25 W. 15th St., Chicago  
C.C. Cycle 514 S. Dixie Hwy., West Palm Beach  
Florida MC Rebuilding 1254 Dixie Hwy., Hollywood  
Trien Cycle Works 200 Westshore Rd., Lakeland  
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**INDIANA**

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**ISRAEL**

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**JAMAICA**

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**KANSAS**

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**KENTUCKY**

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**LOUISIANA**

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**MAINE**

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**MARYLAND**

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Cycle Maxis 523 Volusia Ave., Daytona Beach

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Chick's Cycle Center 10705 S.W. 2nd Ave., Birmingham  
Rider's Bike Shop 1234 Tusculum Ave. S.W., Birmingham

**MICHIGAN**

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**MINNESOTA**

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**MISSISSIPPI**

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**MISSOURI**

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**NEBRASKA**

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**NEVADA**

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**NEW HAMPSHIRE**

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**NEW JERSEY**

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**NEW MEXICO**

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## A Tribute to Brothers Lost

Death winds a sorrowful trail

On the panhead of reality, the expressway of life

By whatever means he beckons "come ride my way"

And to our sisters and brothers dismay on any day when death may touch another brother's shoulder

We wish our brothers well in the hereafter

In memory of **Ben Mattana**. Rest in eternal peace.

In memory of **Teddy Bear**. One of the real people. Stabbed by a toad.

In memory of **David Yakey Vaughn** and **John Weasel Outter**, Renegades M.C., So. Cal. You'll never be forgotten. Putter Pat, Renegades M.C.

In memory of **Steve Arnold**. May you and Red Dog ride the skies forever. Doc and Joker, Cleveland, Ohio.

**Kenny E.** A young bro and a bitchin' biker. Carrie, Hampton, Va.

For **Denver**. A bro who was all heart. One with us and countless others. From Hippo, Lebanon, Ohio.

My man's got it made, he's far beyond the pain. **Larry Serwin**, your bros and sisters miss you. From Velardi, Montclair, N.Y.

To **Billy**, a great bro. Killed by a fucking train. Scott.

Righteous memories are all we have left of brothers **Sonny**, **Lance** and **Doug**. Orphans M.C.

In memory of **Dave Boogie Gilbert**. You were loved by all, and your pan will run forever. Mac Marine, Frisco.

**Brother Rieman**. We told him not to ride a fuckin' Suzuki. The wind blew him to his death, on a piece of shit. Pit and Uwe, Taftingen, W. Germany.

**Collin Scottie Beam**. Lost my ol' man to the wheels of a fool. Catch ya later, babe. Helen, Rome, N.Y.

In memory of brother **Harpo**. I miss you. Ride on. I'll see you soon. Crud.

In memory of **George Anskate**, who made my sister happy. Valerie, El Paso, Texas.

In memory of **Gary Knapp**, who died in his sleep, leaving his bike behind. Walter Knapp, Pa.

In memory of Dagos Hell's Angel **Gary Robels**. Hell's Angels, U.S.A.

Remembering **Ernie Grubb**, Centralia, Wash., a bro who wore his heart on his sleeve, and always will. From Prez. Lucky, Revenging Breeds M.C., Washington.

In remembrance of **Phil Diller**. He and his pan were always free in the wind, till the very end. From Phil Berend, Hereford, Texas.

In memory of **Jerome**. Sadly missed by all of us in K.C. From Jake.

In memory of Sgt. at Arms **Little Joe**, Mike's best friend, who died with a smile on his face.

In memory of **Roger and George**, lost with all hearts. They lived fast and died hard. Rest in peace in Harley Heaven. From Richard Bush, Lebanon Corr. Inst. Ohio.

In memory of **Michael Spider Serio**. A guy who rode hard, died young, and will always be remembered. Gall Chichester.

In memory of **Swabby Heider**. The lady didn't see him. Tell us about it! From bro Mike, Lorain, Ohio.

Two sisters, shot to death by one motherfucker. **Rainy** and **Donna**. Every time I ride behind my ol' man, I'll ride in your honor. Ajax, Fresno, Calif.

In memory of **Brad Scott**, sadly missed by the cottage gang. From Bill and Michele Comstock, N.Y.

**Pat Stitch Berglin**, one fuck of a brother. Later, Stitch, from Greg and Wendy.

In memory of **Tom Wetzel**, known from Illinois to California. From Eric and Carla, Torrance, Calif.

To a biker who's gone but not forgotten. **Scott**. From your bros in Wheeling, Ill.

In memory of **Peach and Morgan**, Cavemen to the end. Keep jammin', bros. Hombro, Cavemen M.C., N.Y.

**Dax**, dusted by a four-wheeler. Where are you? I'll see you someday. Irish, Independence, Mo.

**Dickhead**. You were the first dog to blind himself to colors. Remember the good times. Lou the Jew and Michele.

In memory of **Fast Eddie**. We'll party with you forever. Birds Of A Feather M.C., Fairmont, W. Va.

In memory of **Billy Colonel Lynn**. Gone but not forgotten. From Mental Case, Durham, N.C.

In memory of **Rev. Goldie**. You will ride with us forever. R.I. Bob and Robin, Tucson, Ariz.

In memory of **Pat McKinney**. No time to hit the brakes. The wind's in his face forever. From Pothead Thomas.

In memory of **Ronnie Hicks** and **Terry White**, the greatest bros you could hope to find. From Janice Brantley, Memphis, Tenn.

To **Jimmy Lee**, Trojan Warrior turned FTW. There'll always be a beer and a toke for you. In memory. From M.F. Arnold, K.C.

To **Silvertip**, a bullet in the head from a moron with a different rag on his back. From Hog, Portland, Ore.

In memory of **Bernie P.** Fuck dope! Ride to live. From Ricky and Anthony P., Arlington, Mass.

The Renegades are grieving for bro **Duke**. When will all the killing stop? Karen and Kelly, Norfolk, Va.

Rest in peace, brother **Wayne**. Brothers M.C. Detroit, Ill.

In memory of **Dale Boots Vandeman**. Your ol' lady will always love you. Dianne Nitsche, Brea, Calif.

**Rathird**, we love and miss you. bro. Ride on! Ken, Billy, Mike and Coffin Tank. Santa Cruz, Calif.

Remembering **Crazy Bull**. May the Great Spirit be with you always. Bull Brothers, Quinault Nation. Hoquiam, Wash.

**Dancing Deloy**, lost to the wheels of a cunt in a car. To know him was to love him. His people, Cleveland, Ohio.

**Chico**, who rode with the Las Vega Bondos. A beer and joint to ya, bro. From Spirit.

In memory of **Clarence E. Jordan**. From Commander Wolf, Confederate Cavalry, Winston Salem, NC.

In memory of **Dale Fiene**. Why does it take a death to bring us together? Jo, from Ill.

In memory of **Jeff LaRose**. Too fast to live, too young to die. From your big brother. Loner, Knoxville, Ill.

In memory of **Gordy Boettcher**, who loved me. We can't be separated, for our love will never die. Sherry.

In memory of **Troll** and **Hillbilly Joe**. From all the bros. Hell's Henchmen M.C.

A bro who loved his scooter. Died unjustly, trying to stop a fight. The legend of **Runt** will never die. Funky, Cath, Russell. From McKenzie Bridge, Ore.

In memory of **Dirty George**, a righteous man, buried with his good-lookin' '57 pan. Ride forever, bro. Rex Thompson.

In memory of **One Eye and Bill Tyler**. Wasted by a hotrod-drivin' punk. Crazy, Baltimore, Md.

In memory of **Coffin Pete Montero**, who lived, loved and died outlaw biker. Stormy, Golden, Colo.

In memory of **Cactus Jack**. Why, man? The Little Man, Florence, Ariz.

In memory of **Rannie Beaver Baldwin**, from all his bros in Denver, Colo.

**Crazy Quinn**. Rode hard, died fast. We'll all remember. From Stitches Freeman, French Camp, Calif.

In memory of bro **Mike**, who rode hard and died fast. From Silder, Exiles M.C. Bangor, Maine.

In memory of **Snake**. Struck down, but not forgotten. From Gangrene, Bros Feuer Gotts M.C., Georgia

**Texas Tom** went on down the road. Straights, be glad there's only two of us left. Uncle Tom and Dave, Houston, Texas.

**Jerry Brown** rode to live. Ride in peace, now. From all the bros in Asheville, N.C.

You rode out hard and fast, partyin' in the wind. We miss you. **Rick**, George and Sharon, Cleveland, Ohio.

In memory of my ol' man, **Rich Motzler**. You'll be with me forever. We're fightin' that fucked-up pig who was chasin' you. L.P. Dee and bros. Vandergrift, Pa.

In memory of **John Heer**. 21 years old, and tasted the heat of Hell too soon. From Pete, Pocatello, Idaho.

In memory of **Bruce Barillo**. He taught me how to love and live. In my heart forever. Sis Lorna, Brooklyn, N.Y.

In memory of **Kenneth O. Olson, Jr.** We knew him as Stub, Big Foot, and Our Brother. Free Riders MC, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

**Dutchy**, a real 1% brother. Still with us on every run. From brothers. Perth, West Australia.

To a number-one ol' man, **George A. Walls, Jr.** He's ridin' high in our hearts forever. From his ol' lady, Hollie, K.C.

A partner, **Big Who**, killed while bein' chased by the pigs. He got away at last. Thumper St. Germain.

**Platapus**, Satan's Tramps M/C. I love you, baby, and I wish I were riding behind you right now into eternity. I'll join you when my time comes. Janet.

In remembrance of a one-of-a-kind brother, "**Snoopy**." He will ride on forever. Spanky and Hot Lips.

In memory of **Tim Nye**, who rode hard, died fast, and is now free to ride forever. Later, bro. Jerry and R.Z., Taylor, Mich.

In remembrance of brother "**Fenny**," from his brothers. Kalamazoo, Mich.

In memory of **Eddie Bable**, a badass bro who died too soon. From Iceman, Beaver Falls, Pa.

In memory of **Ronnie Baker**, Hanford, Calif. Over tall mountains we'll ride, till our hearts are filled with joy. Flo Baker, Hanford, Calif.

In memory and love forever, to brothers **Sal** and **Long Island**. From Hell's Angels, U.S.A.

To a brother of brothers, **Dale Harlowe**. From ABATE Bros.

Everything's cool now, **Bugs** and **Patty**. We all miss you. From Hessians, L.A., Calif.

Thanks to another fuckin' asshole club, **Reb** rides with us only in memory. Fall and bros of Satan M.C., Cleveland, Ohio.

**String Bean**. One hell of a bro. A Saint forever. Saints M.C.

In remembrance of "**Crazy Larry**," a 1% motherfucker who went out in style and who will ride through Hell yelling his last words, "Suck a wild man's dick." A few brothers, Chain and Blue, Battleground, Wash.

In memory of **Spider**. We love ya, bro. You're gone but not forgotten. From all your brothers in Central Islip.

In memory of **Tamoose**. May you ride forever and a day. From Goober.

Living with the memory of the best brother there ever was, **Wing**, ya shoulda stuck around. Steve and Deb.

In memory of **John Carooto**, who died on his Hog, the only way he wanted to. From his bros, Waltham, Mass.

In memory of **Dirt**, a biker and a bro. From Gunner, Wmtown, NJ.

Rode hard, died young. Later, **Gregg**. You'd have been a good bro to have around. From Stoney and his ol' lady.



# The Hitchhiker

—Continued from page 57

Tim said. "It's lots of fun."

David walked around slowly and got in.

Mattocks and Tim were standing there quietly when they saw the headlights coming. They both figured silently that the car would go past. The lights came closer and a highway patrol car stopped. The patrolman climbed out and said, "Evening, what's the trouble?"

"No trouble, officer," Tim said. "We just stopped to look at the stars."

The cop shined his flashlight on Mattocks but didn't say anything and Mattocks didn't say anything either. Then the cop walked to the front of the pickup and shined his light inside. He walked back to the patrol car and said, "Have a nice evening," when he passed Tim and Mattocks. He swung the patrol car onto the road and drove away.

Mattocks and Tim ran up and looked in the cab. There sat Debby and David as prim as church. Mattocks and Tim got in. They wondered how clothes could be put on so fast. Or maybe they hadn't come off at all. They didn't bother to ask.

Nobody said much the rest of the way to town. On the outskirts Debby told them to stop at a restaurant and let her out. When she was out they said goodbye and thanks, except Mattocks. The boys took him to a station and unloaded his bike. They'd started to fill the flat when Tim said, "My money's gone!"

Mattocks felt in his jacket. "Mine too. That dirty fuckin' whore!"

"Mine's gone too," David added.

"Let's go back and get her," Tim said.

They jumped in the pickup and raced back to the cafe where they had left her. She was gone, of course. They drove around a little but it was no use. They took Mattocks back to the station and left him with his bike. "If I ever see her again her tits'll be in a wringer," Mattocks told the boys when they pulled out. They'd talked about telling the cops, but how would they explain it?

Mattocks finished replacing the air in the tire and took off. He was thinking about getting back to the restaurant and getting his ol' lady out of her hiding place in the women's can. He wanted to find out how much the boys had been carrying.

Check or M.O. must accompany order, minimum delivery 2 weeks. Prices subject to change due to leather costs. Add \$2.50 for mailing (Mich. residents add 4% sales tax).



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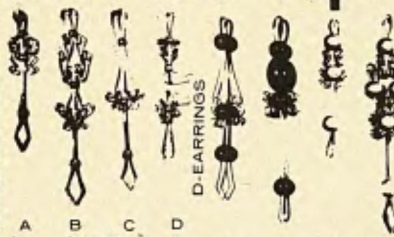
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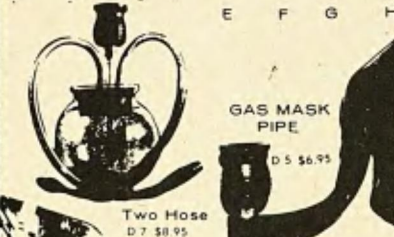
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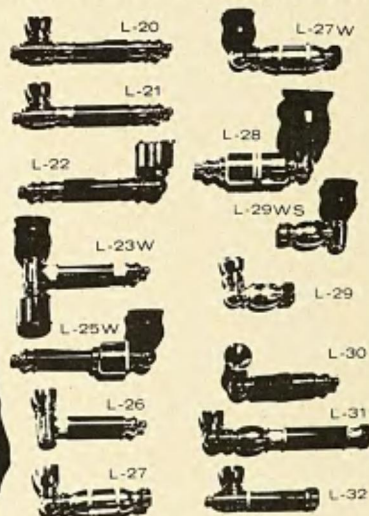
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#### MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

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| D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means<br>Samples, complimentary, and other free copies | 310                                                      | 335                                                                   |
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| F. Copies not distributed                                                                             |                                                          |                                                                       |
| 1. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing                                         | 1,200                                                    | 1,200                                                                 |
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Louis L. Kimzey  
Editor



# Christcycles

—Continued from page 47

would make a carnival barker shudder. Not that they all were homely; my secretary was a testimonial to that. We projected onto the north wall, which was white like the rest, opposite the door, with a regular Kodak projector. Our name was misleading in that respect. There was no video machine. Just a movie camera and a regular Kodak projector, so there wasn't any sound. We just kept a record of each person taped to their film canister to refer to as the movie was running.

"Why don't you just sit down on the folding chair over there and I'll put the reel on the projector." He even walked with his hands clasped. Maybe it's a birth defect like Siamese twins, I thought, as I threaded the projector, repeating the usual sales talk I'd used so often it was second nature. "Yes sir, Mr. Christ, I think you're really going to like this one." I switched on the small beam of the reading lamp, turned off the overhead lights with the table control, and switched on the projector.

"I don't like her. She looks odd."

"Wait until I focus it, Mr. Christ. There she is. Quite a looker, eh?"

"She has a nice face. What does that say on her arm? I can't make it out."

"Oh, yes. That says Harley-Davidson. It's a religious group that has its base in Milwaukee."

"And what are the wings around it for?"

"She's an angel. It's an honor given her. Sort of like a merit badge."

"I see. Is she gainfully employed or does she devote her life to her work?"

"No, she doesn't have a job. It says here she's a mama. Probably a rank



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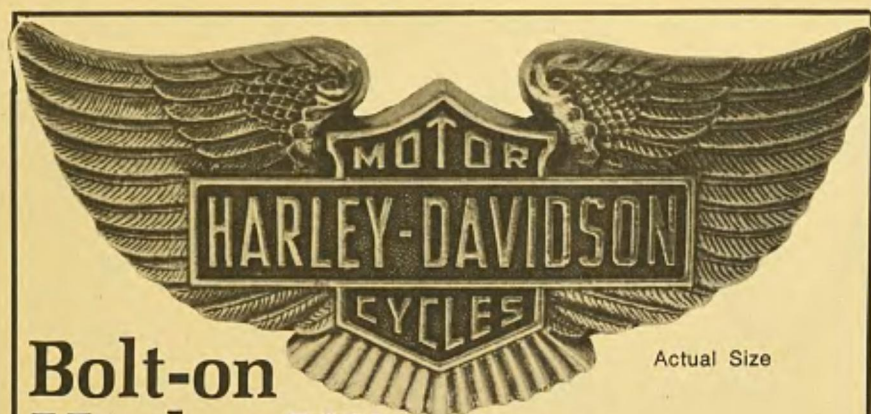
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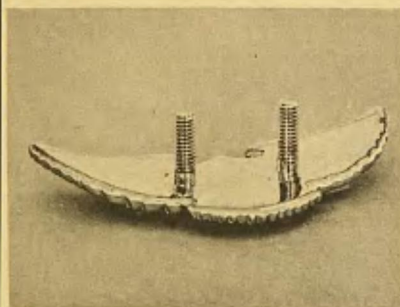
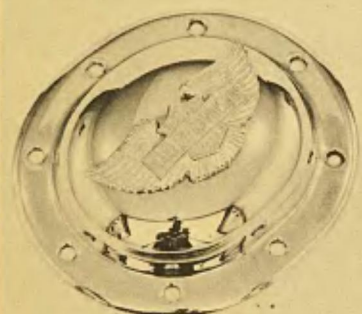
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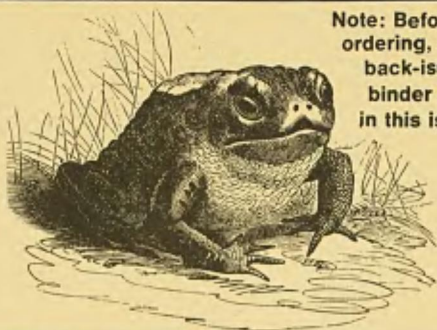
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Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,5,6,7,8,9,11,12,13,14,15,16, and 26, we are now sold out of issue number 10. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get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

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**BACK ISSUES**

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

in her group, like Reverend Mother or something."

As my daddy, the wholesaler, used to say, "The sap ate the rap." Daddy always did have a way with words. Daddy was crude, but he wasn't naive. Not like this jerk in the folding chair. I felt almost cruel, like I was killing the last of a threatened species. That kind of idiot doesn't exist anymore, which actually made it a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I was obligated to carry it through to the end. The film ended and was flapping on the reel. I turned on the overhead lights. He was still staring at the now blank wall like the cartoon had ended and he was waiting for the main feature. I get a little nervous when people seem to be thinking.

"House lights are on, Mr. Christ. Any questions?"

He turned very slowly to face me, swiveling on the seat, hands clasped. His left brow was lower than usual so that his eye squinted. The way he stared took me by surprise.

"Ah, Mr. Christ, any questions?"

Still nothing.

"What is it, Mr. Christ?"

Eye squinting a bit more while he opened his mouth, he said very hesitantly, "I would like to meet her."

"That can be arranged. I'll need the money first."

"When may I meet her?"

"Tomorrow, but I'll need the money first."

"When tomorrow?"

"Oh, I'd say about two p.m., but, of course, I'll need the money first."

"Where shall I go to meet her?"

"Here. I'll make an appointment with my secretary. Do you have a checking account?"

"Should I bring anything? Flowers, perhaps?"

"If you like. Master Charge?"

"Will I then court her tomorrow?"

"If she agrees. BankAmericard? Diners Club?"

"Then I shall be here tomorrow at two p.m."

"Pacific time. And, Mr. Christ—"

"I shall bring the money tomorrow."

After calling a new office furniture dealer, one of the few I could still get credit from, I had to call Victoria Fintangle, the girl Mr. Christ was to have amorous relations with, though he hadn't even asked her name. I had done some candy-coated talking in my life, but this put me into an entirely different league. I have some ethics. I won't lie, or rather I won't always tell the truth,



but at least I do try to avoid telling lies. There is a difference. I'd told Vicky as little as possible. She probably wouldn't go out with Jesus, but I had fulfilled my part of the contract by having her meet him. I never guaranteed that my clients would get dates, only that they'd meet people.

She agreed to be there at 2:00 p.m., and at 2:00 p.m. sharp she showed up wearing the same clothes she had worn when she first came in as a joke; the same clothes she had worn when we filmed her; the same clothes she wore when she was arrested for beating a gas station attendant with an oil funnel. She wasn't overweight, she was actually svelte, and she knew how to handle herself, and like I said, at 2:00 p.m. sharp she was there where Mr. Christ and I had been waiting for about a minute and a half. We hadn't had a chance to say anything to each other, which was fine with me. She walked from the door to the Danish sofa that had just been delivered that morning, falling into it as she spun on her black leather heels, her silver star spurs ajingle, jangle, jingling.

"Mr. Christ, meet Miss Fintangle."

"That's Ms. Jack," Vicky retorted, unimpressed by any connotation of her acquaintance's name. "I hear you got the hots for me, Christ."

"You are the woman in the film?"

"Yeah, that's me. See." She twisted



Easyriders

"Goddamnit, Fred, we can't go on meeting like this!"



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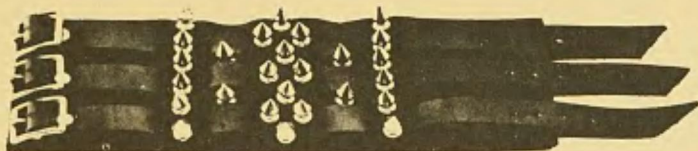
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her body to show him the tattoo.

"You are the one I've been seeking. Come with me."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Christ," I broke in. "What about my money?"

"You come also."

"I'm not going anywhere! What about my money?"

"Be silent and come!" He motioned with both hands, the first time I'd seen them unclasped, shifting his attention from Vicky to me, then back again. Puzzled by his behavior, we followed. I was going because I wanted my money, and I must admit, a certain amount of curiosity had gotten the better of me. Vicky, I was sure, was just going for kicks.

We walked through the outer office and I really didn't notice that my secretary wasn't at her desk until I heard a commotion coming from the hallway. Christ did not open the door. It opened for him, and as it did I caught sight of my secretary fending off a pack of reporters and cameramen who went wild when the door opened. Every major news service was there, as well as the locals, shouting questions. I heard Dan Rather, at least I thought it was Dan Rather, start his broadcast just as we got out of the elevator. "The man who claims to be Jesus Christ is now coming into view, followed by a woman and another man. Earlier today, you might recall we broadcast that while ABC, CBS, and NBC were transmitting their scheduled programming, this man, the man who claims to be Jesus Christ, appeared on the studio monitors advising us to be prepared to cover this event. He appeared only on the monitors, not on privately owned television sets."

None of us said anything in the elevator as we traveled to the roof on the third floor (the office was on the ground floor), and when the doors opened the same crowd of reporters, in the same chaotic state, were just coming out of the stairway, cameramen following closely behind. Christ strode to the edge of the roof—we followed—and looked down, raising his hands to the uproarious crowd below. As he did, they fell silent. The newsmen stopped shouting questions and the only sound was the whir of the cameras and the distant Hollywood freeway, crowded with people who would hear for the first time on the evening news what had happened. He stood there awhile, hands raised, eyes closed, and seemed to be concentrating as the sun faded behind a cloud, casting an eerie twilight. It might have been just the anticipa-



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tion, but he appeared almost iridescent.

Then he spoke. "It has been many hundreds of years that I have walked among you. Walking among you anonymously, I have seen your changes, your revolutions, your metamorphosis. I have seen the rise and decline of many empires, political and otherwise. I have seen the freedom that you cherish abused and even denied. You have selfishly constituted your lives on yourselves. Denying brotherhood of peoples. I have heard your discussions of faith and your prejudices against those not of your faith. I have said that when all men believe, I would again walk among you. You have asked proof before you will believe. Proof in the form of a miracle. You have not recognized the miracles already given you. Your own evolution is that miracle, but you are blind to that. Today you shall have your miracle in the form you have grown to accept through your media."

As he finished, his words still resounding through the valley, he turned his face to the sky. Through the clouds came one beam of light directly onto him. Christ. His face shone brightly, tears came to the corners of his eyes, and as he spoke the corners of his mouth drew down like those of a man in agony. "Oh God! My father!" was all he said. We were blinded for a moment, and when the light faded he really looked like Jesus Christ. His beard and hair were long. His clothing had turned from Yves St. Laurent to sacking with a rope around his waist. His arms were still raised, but his palms were turned upward like those of a beggar, and I said "Oh God" as I fell to my knees.

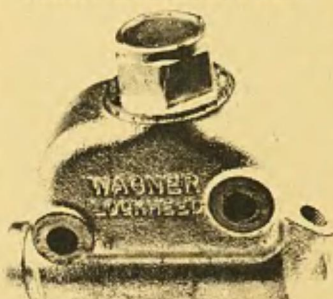
"Yes, I am the Lord Jesus, and this is how you've worshiped me. This is how I've come to be recognized. This is how I am portrayed on every cross, every painting that man has made. But I, Jesus Christ, am contemporary. And so is this."

He snapped the fingers of his right hand as his left arm fell to his side. At the edge of the roof near him an object appeared, hidden beneath draped cloth. He turned toward it, arm still raised, unsurprised at his own little miracle, and snapped his fingers again. The cloth flew from the roof, disappearing into the clouds like a boomerang never expected to return, disproving one of Newton's theories. (I'm not sure which one.) Hidden beneath the drapery was a beautifully chromed motorcycle. A

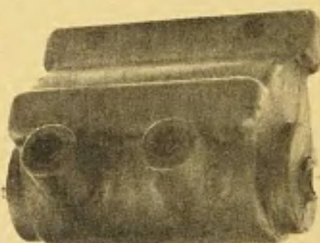
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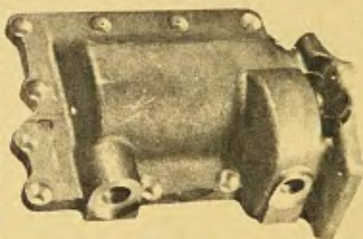
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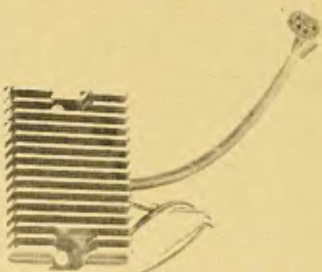
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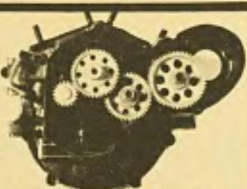
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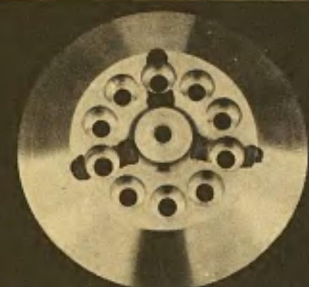
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lowrider delight, complete with the customary sissybar, squared dual exhaust and a quilted red leather seat. On the handlebars, affixed like a Rolls Royce hood ornament, was a chromed Jesus on a crucifix. The kind that adorned many dashboards in plastic.

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At the moment of the unveiling Vicky had screamed and run up to the bike. She nestled the chrome gas tank to her breast and interrupted her passionate caressing long enough to look up at Jesus and whimper "It's the bike I've always dreamed of."

"You bet it is, and that's why you're here. You are the first satisfied customer. A tribute to the love and devotion every owner of a Christcycle will experience. Look at her, folks. Have you seen anything like it since Timmy and Lassie?" He lowered his voice to a whisper just audible to the few people closest to him. "This one's on the house. Sort of a promotional thing. Know what I mean?" *This is Jesus?* "Yes, friends, this is a truly once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and I certainly don't mean my lifetime." *Jesus Christ?* "Imagine owning the bike you've always dreamed of. The kind you'd sell your soul for. The kind that could never be manufactured. Imagine it and it can be yours." *Jesus Christ doing a spot like a late night movie car dealer?* "If you've got a bike in mind, one as individual as this, you can't afford not to see me. Easy terms and no problem on a down payment. Sound fantastic? Too good to be true? As unbelievable as Jesus Christ? It was until today." *Lord, have mercy!* "So come and see what Christcycles can put together for you. Today and tomorrow I'll be at Northridge Shopping Center. See you there. And remember, Jesus saves . . . you money."

That was it. He faded away, leaving the crowd and the press in a state of turmoil, and though he didn't come back to the roof, I heard him say, as if he were standing next to me, "I'll deal with you later." Which he did, and I can truthfully say that hell is not what we on earth imagine it to be. It's like a giant motor inn, a Best Western, has no exit, no window, and like every good hotel or motel, it has a Bible. Only here the Bible is personalized on the cover in gold script and I picked mine up and studied it. Robert Judas, *Jesus Christ!*

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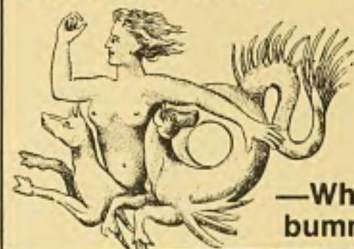
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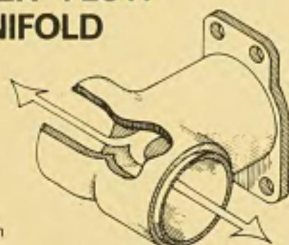
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## The Joker

—Continued from page 19

clusters by filling the balls with colored resin and then breaking the thin glass away. Blinky had painted his glass ball white, then filled it with garlic water and sealed the opening.

"Too late," he admonished the lookers, when they glared at him, for there was no broad by the door at all. "Man, she was a beauty. Walked right in, then out again."

"Fuckin' asshole," Gink growled, bending over again to take his shot. He eyed the cueball carefully, lining up his final shot, and poked away.

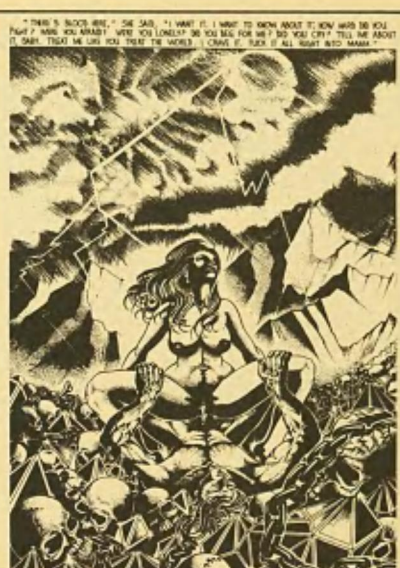
The tip of the cuestick went in one side of the white ball and out the other, and the glass shattered, instantly filling the room with the horrible odor of its contents.

"I seen him, I seen him," Goofy shouted, jumping up and down and pointing at Blinky. "I seen him do it, Gink. Blinky done it." His crippled finger pointed at Blinky, and before the rascal could move, Gink had him by the front of his jacket, lifted clear of the floor, while his fellow club members were covered by Boozers with an assortment of quickly drawn protective paraphernalia. A couple of shakes, a slap or two, and searching hands found the real cueball. The thump Blinky got on the forehead with the ball left him with a large blue lump and a headache that lasted for several days.

By coincidence, Blinky ran into Roxanne a few days later when he went to the store for beer. They talked a while and Roxanne sympathized with him because of the lump, admonishing him for his foolishness in antagonizing Gink. She still cared for Blinky and, deep within her, there was some guilt for what



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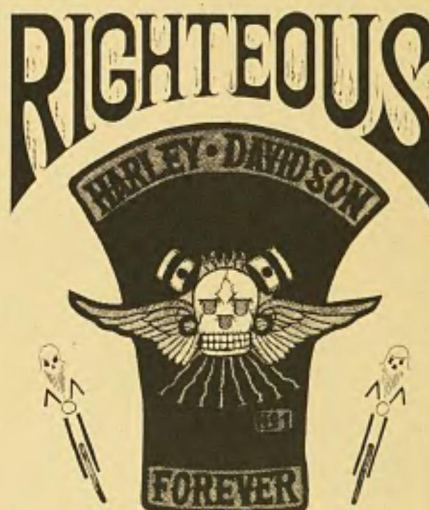
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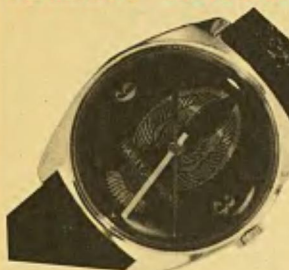
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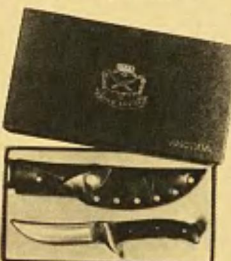
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she had done, leaving him after three years when he had treated her so well and had been such a kind and generous provider. So, with little effort, Blinky was able to get Roxanne to come over to his pad for a beer and, old-time talk being what it is, all filled with maudlin reminiscence and pleasure, he soon found himself singing that old cowboy song "Back In The Saddle Again."

After that, they met once or twice a week, and while it didn't mean that she was going to leave Gink and move back in with Blinky, it at least gave him a great deal of pleasure to love her and touch her again. Not too strangely, he found that it gave him a greater pleasure to know that he was playing his greatest of all practical jokes by making it with the ol' lady of the man who hated and despised him the most. But what good is such knowledge if it is contained within oneself and can't be shared?

Blinky managed to get word out, through casual mention to one of his bartender friends, about what was going on. It wasn't long before word reached Gink, and once Blinky knew that his enemy was aware of what happened he was very careful about the bars and bike shops he frequented. He carefully watched the road ahead, he double locked the door at night, and he kept a sharp eye on his scooter.

Nevertheless, Gink got a small bit of revenge. One morning Blinky rose to go to his job at the scrapyard,



Everything all right, sir?



Easyriders



where he worked as a scale operator, and fired up his bike. He rode less than a mile when it seized up solid, the cylinders making a batch of unwanted cotton candy because of the sugar that had been poured into the tank during the night.

One night, by mere chance, Blinky happened to be passing by a service station when he saw Gink gassing up his Hog. There were several cars filling up, too, and a lot of people standing around, giving Blinky the thought-stimulating confidence that Gink could not retaliate with violence, should Blinky choose to perpetrate another of his practical jokes.

Blinky turned around and passed the station again, taking out of his pocket the starter's blank cartridge pistol he always carried for fright protection when he became involved in some medium-duty problem where killing was not the solution necessary for escape.

Cruising by, he shouted Gink's name, then blasted away. People scattered in all directions, diving behind and under cars, knocking over oilcan stands, and there were several women who managed a stifled scream or two before voiding water all over their panty-hose and patent leather shoes. Too bad that Blinky did not know more about Gink's personality. How he had a total disregard for danger or apprehension.

Gink crouched, then came up with a very short, sawed-off twelve-gauge shotgun, emptying the three shots held therein.

The first shot, low because of the surprise element, blasted one dowager's diamond-collared, neatly curried French poodle into an orbit that caused it to land in the bed of a passing pickup truck, adding to the owner's amazement, no doubt, upon reaching his destination and finding such a bloody, curly-haired mess being toted around as unwanted cargo.

The second shot, a bit higher, ruined the service station attendant's trousers, taking a healthy lump of flesh along with it, and the third shot, unfortunately for Gink, passed out of the station, across the street, and perforated the door of a black and white car, whose uniformed driver and copilot were currently inside a doughnut shop, playing grabass with the counter girl and guzzling up free doughnuts and coffee.

The ensuing chase of Gink by the cops was both frantic and exciting, involving several leaps off loading docks in the industrial area, a couple

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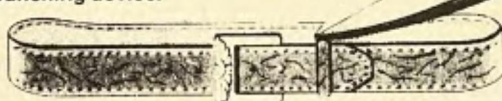
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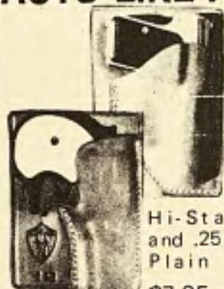
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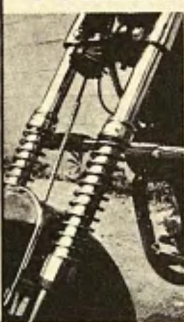
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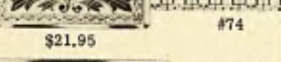
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\$18.95



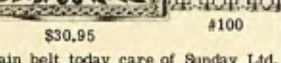
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Send for your chain belt today care of Sunday Ltd. P.O. Box 111, Dept. R, River Forest, Illinois 60305. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back. Dealer Inquiries Invited

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Phone 502/554-1146

of smashed dogs and cats, who were enjoying night-time defecation on neighborhood lawns, over which Gink passed, and his final escape by whipping along a narrow, one-way street, where the traffic jam created by his passing terminated the chase.

Blinky left town, but not before he had one more meeting with Roxanne, managing to get her very stoned in the process, so that she lost all track of time, returning home the following morning with several hickies on her neck, placed there while she was doing a frantic horizontal mambo. She had enjoyed herself too much to notice either pain or contact, other than that which was occurring below decks, by the man who was driven on by an insatiable desire for revenge against her for abandoning him, and against her hated partner Gink. Love and hatred, as with pleasure and pain, tread upon such closely paralleling paths that very often one can't distinguish one from the other. Especially if both are taking place at the same time. Now Blinky had come to hate Roxanne, in spite of her beauty, and sympathy for him because of his loss of her. She egotistically felt that she was just too wonderful not to share herself with others.

When Blinky returned from his trip out of state—a trip that found him in distant cities, where he avoided any physical contact by ceasing to practice his practical jokes—he learned through fellow club members that Gink had not forgotten for a moment and had, in fact, passed word around that he would wreak havoc upon Blinky's body, should he ever meet him again. Roxanne, pretending indifference, began to look around for Blinky, he having some renown in the area of cunnilingus, and apparently she located him by going to local bars, then hanging out in the ones frequented by the greatest number of women who walked



"Could I look at some of those cute drag bikes?"



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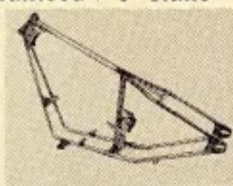
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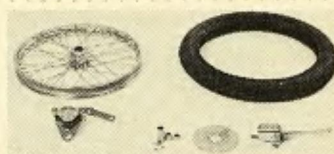
All Hondas 350, 360, 450, 500, 550, 750 • XL  
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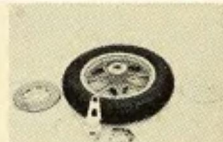
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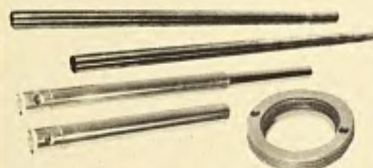
Dealers send for catalog All prices F.O.B. La Habra. Prices subject to change without notice

50% deposit on initial order; personal checks take 30 days extra. When ordering, please include bike year, model and make.



# ORIGINALS!

Barney's, one of the first to make long fork tubes, also made the original **Easy Rider** movie front ends, and is the inventor of the leak-proof, left-side engine seal for Hogs, and slim, steel, extended lower legs, popular in Calif. Lower legs come with or without fender and brake mounts. Specify when ordering. Cert. check or money order. No fuckin' CODs. All work and products fully guaranteed. Get discount by enclosing this ad.



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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.

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# Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant: it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$7.50 for twelve issues (\$4.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders Magazine**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Down and out without my scot. Write "D" Swan #00055-122, Box W-Unit F, Lompoc, California 93436.

Need a real woman to relate to. Mike Frohman, 13893 K. P.O. Box W, Lompoc, California 93436.

Hip chicks, write right now. O.J. Roach, B-72435, Soledad, California 93960.

Need some coxin'. For the strokin'. Write us. Tom Mitchell #88710, J. Petrotti #96939, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Need rich dame to write me. M. D. Reed, P.S.I.-TA, R. RT. Box 5, Ione, California 95640.

Bro dying from loneliness; rush life-giving letters to Paul (P.J.) Jennings #041288, P. O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083, S.W.U. 64-204.

Need to know some nice little fox from the Lansing area. Dusty #136499, Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Couple of snivelers need mail. D.L. Sims #87972, W.H. Gordon #80844, P.O. Box 128, Stringtown, Oklahoma 74569.

We are young and single. Come on girls, give us a tingle. Terry Patterson #50276, John (J.C.) Lantzy #50273, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pennsylvania 16652.

Downed Angel needs ol' lady to ride with. Bill Turner #246130, R-1-F-9, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Washington 98584.

We need a break and you could give it to us. Robert Neely #7145, William Anderson #8403, KS.2.R. Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kansas 67501.

Scooter bum downed, needs some femal letters. Larry Egan 86426-132, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Need some mail and an ol' lady with her shit together. Bruce Wallen 2171, Box 41, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

Busted and trapped; need to rap with a good mama, anywhere. James M. Boze 109550, Unit 7, White Post, Virginia 22663.

Been lonely too long; would like to write to some really down-to-earth chicks. Gary Fitch, P.O. Box 59223, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, California 94964.

Good white dude is down and needs a letter from a California chick. Michael "Sundance" Panarites, Box 65, Belber, California 96009.

Need scribes from ladies. John Hass, D-139-A047008, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

Arizona lovelies. I need your love. Stan Keswick, P.O. Box B-34243, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Need an ol' lady; write me soon. Michael Weber, P.O. Box 31, Plymouth, Wisconsin 53073.

Hey, over here, I'm the one you want to write. Bill Ellis #133005, M.C.I., Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.

A letter or two from a chick who might understand my situation would really help. Bob Dolan #42587-B/2, Box 500, Bordentown, New Jersey 08505.

Hey, how 'bout some good ladies scribblin' a line to me? Charles H. Proudfoot, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362.

Lonely northern California dude would like some sharp chick to scribble. Charles (Chuck) Tilley, D.O.C. #2630, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

Looking for a sincere ol' lady. Bobby Aernout B25460, San Quentin, California 94964.

Two bros, down a long time, need some lines from a fox or two. Mike (Country) Blankenship, Russ (Doc) Metzner, c/o Box 1497, Bismarck, North Dakota 58501.

Could dig writing any girl who would take the time to say hi. Billy Henry #67520, Tucker Unit Room 9, Bks #6, Tucker, Arkansas 72168.

I'm a lonely ol' man doin' time, lookin' for a fox of an ol' lady to write. John Leibham #57687, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wisconsin 53933.

Partying ladies, write and get me high. Bob Huff #30539, P.O. Box 128, Eddyville, Kentucky 42038.

Sad and lonely, please write. Robert A. Surges 01858-164, F.C.I., P.O. Box 1000, Oxford, Wisconsin 53952.

Could dig rap from some chicks. John Strickland #60426, Mike Murphy #10460, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Minnesota loners lookin' for caring ladies. LeRoy Kramer #26420, Gordy Johnson #26742, Box 55, Stillwater, Minnesota 55082.

Bro dying from loneliness; send life-giving letters to Paul E. Jennings 041288, Cell-S.W.U. 64-204, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

We've gotten short and we need some ladies to fuck. Jim Carroll, P.O. Box 72587, Mike Jenner, P.O. Box 47198, Art Ruffo, P.O. Box 67704, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, California 94964.

Make an Arizona biker's time a little easier. Write Mike (Flasher) Tyre, Box 1000, Oxford, Wisconsin 53952.

Need a sweet lovable chick to share my life. Brad Gardner #1355, P.O. Box 2000, Vacaville, California 95688.

Drop this bro a few lines. Eddie "Playboy" Howell #13576-116, Unit I, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, California 93436.

Chicks with heart, write. Duane Martin B-65429, C.T.F. North-299, Soledad, California 93960.

This pervert needs playmate. Barry Brown #146047, Camp Hoxey, Route #4, Cadillac, Michigan 49601.

Get down to the fine print, write Gary Wiseman, Box 1010, Rt. #75360, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Looking for a wild flower. Ray Miller 0-50182, Box 99, Pontiac, Illinois 61764.

All chicks, scribe to this busto bro. Lee Ginger #140-381, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

All you foxy ladies out there, like spiders and snakes drop a line. Ray Snake Woods, Rt. #75660, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Downed bro needs kite from you. Robert (Patches) Neely #714, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kansas 67501.

How about some of you fine ladies getting out your pens and papers and writing me some. Terry Pearce, Reg. #43152, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Two bros jammed in the joint. Our ol' ladies said later, J. (Crazy) Heeter #97314, Chus (Rabbit) Easterling #95943, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Washington area chicks please drop me a line. Bill Hoyt #25212, W.C.C., P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Washington 98584.

I need some letters, people. Larry (Big Red) Martin #144-631, P.O. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Are there any sweet foxes out there who would like to help a couple of lonely cons? Joseph "Dago" Darby #25, Carl Walker 424, P.O. Box Drawer 107, Arcadia, Florida 33821.

Two lonely cons need mail from serious-minded, lovable chicks. Earl Anderson #029601, Dennis Johnson #228416, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Washington 98584.

Brother lookin' for a little friend ship. Chris Harris #142-881, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Gettin' short, need a lady. Let's see what and when we can get together. "Loose" Eldon Sander, P.O. Box B47713, Tamal, California 94964.

Chicks: I will answer all letters. Ed Hoschover 01669, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Need a woman with heart who will give me part. Don Hollan #055059, R.J.C.I., P.O. Box 3, Chattahoochee, Florida 32324.

Give me the time of day. Dave F. McCreight #052026, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Need a chick or two to write. Sam Hewitt 126344, M.C.T.F. Box 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.

Ladies, write a few lines to help my time go by. Justus Sanchez 19729-101 Unit-C, 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Florida 33177.

Real blonde, slim chicks, write. Bruce Wayne Fox II 142-596, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Want to share experiences with females through the mails. Larry Ward #39845, Box 1500, El Reno, Oklahoma 73036.

I love Hondas and loose women. Write Andrew Strollo 30396-12, 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Florida 33177.

How about all you chickie sendin' us outlaws a gift of love. Charlie Mack 768325, Kenny Tisot 76B406, Eddie Tucciarone 76B560, Bob Miner 76B52, Elmira Correctional Facility, P.O. Box 500, Elmira, New York 14902.



funny and had the most beautiful, distant, satisfied smiles on their faces.

Gink, too, soon discovered the general area of Blinky's neighborhood, and, hiring several members of an outlaw club from out of town who were known for their violence and paying them in advance with an ounce of a particularly pleasant nose-balm, he ordered that Blinky be captured, tied up, then delivered to him in a large cardboard box.

Who is to say how word gets around? Certainly the wind can't carry messages, and information like this can't be broadcast over the CB radio. Therefore, it must have been a rat, because, before long, Blinky heard of the contract.

Gink had a few pals over one day. They were all working on their bikes, getting ready for an upcoming run, when a stranger drove into the driveway and made his way to the house and garage that sat far back from the road, amid a small grove of trees. Gink and crew stood and watched in silence as the street-clad stranger unsmilingly stopped and unloaded a large box from the back of his truck. He then got back behind the wheel, and with a wave and a smile he disappeared along the drive and out of sight.

"Get your pieces, boys," Gink said. "We're gonna have us a little target practice."

Everyone immediately whipped out a variety of shooting devices of diverse calibre and make, and they lined up before the box. All except Goofy, the club tagalong, who pulled out a knife with a two-inch blade and made slashing motions in the air.

"Get back, you asshole, before somebody blows the rest of your fish brain away," Gink growled. And then he said, "See that name on the side of the box?" They all looked at the large letters that read Kotex. "Startin' from left to right, let's all take a letter an' see who can shoot it away first."

Without further ceremony, each began blasting, the sound of Gink's shotgun drowning out all others. The box was soon riddled, although few slugs had come out of the opposite side of the box.

"Let's open it up, boys. I'll show you somethin' I bin waitin' to do for a long time. I only wish Roxanne was here to see this. That little fink Blinky has played his last joke on me."

Sure enough, Blinky *had* played his last joke on Gink. Roxanne was in the box. ■

## Marble Plaques

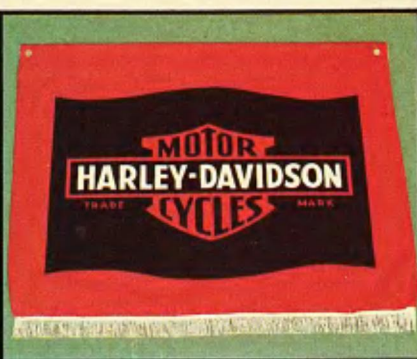
Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the 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.



The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches



## H-D Banner

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.

The skull on the wheel is almost an ounce of sterling silver and is inlaid with jet and turquoise.

The complete pin with the silver skull against the inlaid sterling wheel goes for **\$35.95**, or for the same price it will be made to hang on a chain.

The sterling silver skull ring goes for **\$14.95**.

And the sterling skull, by itself, made as a pin goes for a mere **\$13.95**.



More and more, brothers are wearing leather instead of Levi cutoffs. So IRS has put together a fine roughed-out, heavy leather cutoff. The cutoff comes



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.

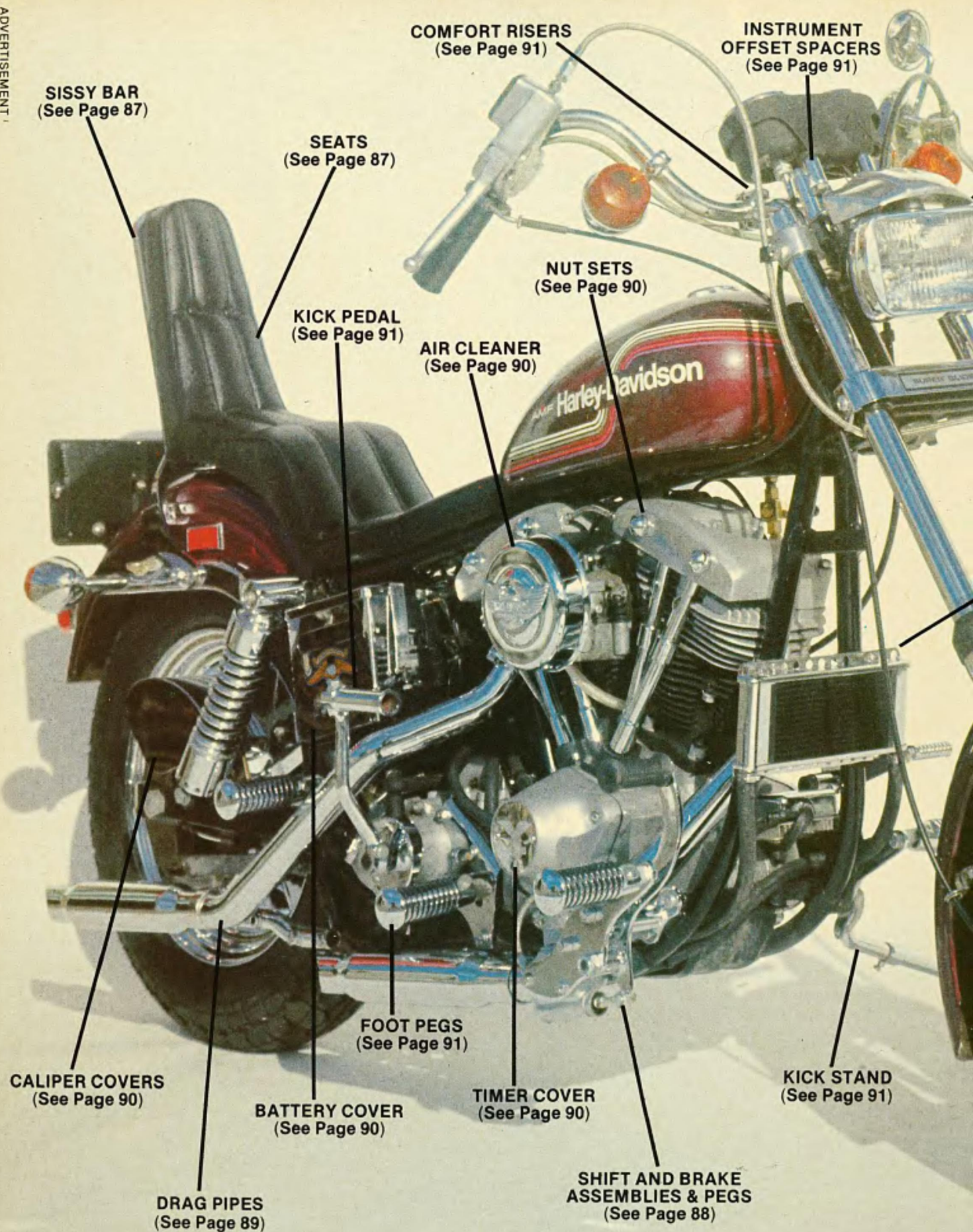
I-R-S LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740



California residents add 6% for The Man







HEADLIGHT  
ADJUSTING BRACKET  
(See Page 91)

HEADLIGHT  
(See Page 91)

EXTENDED DISC BRAKE  
HOSE (HANDLE BARS)  
(See Page 91)

FORK TUBES  
(See Page 91)

OIL COOLER  
(See Page 88)

# Jammerize YOUR FX OR SPORTSTER!

STOCK

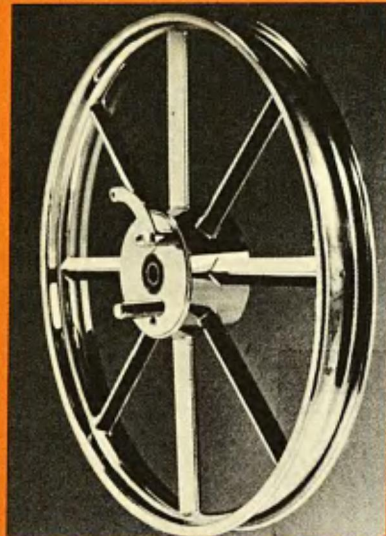


All bikes **shouldn't** look alike! We feel they should be Jammerized to the owners own taste. Perhaps a less than tolerant view point on **our** part.

CALIPER COVERS  
(See Page 90)

WHEELS  
(See Page 86)



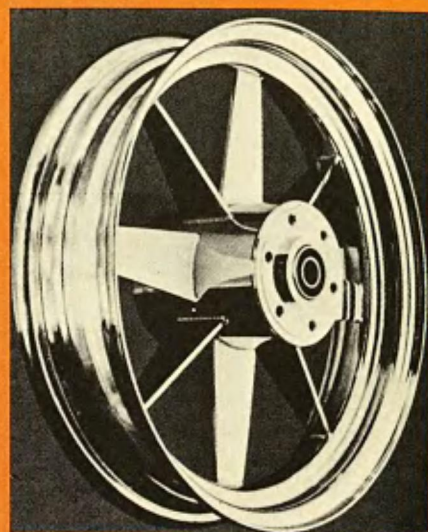


# GALAXY

## BOLT ON Hallcraft's WHEELS

- You must have these wheels on your bike to appreciate the design and quality. Three sizes of fronts to choose from - 18", 19" and 21" fronts - and 16" rears to match.
- Here's the reasons for buying the most respected name in wheels -
- Eight spokes rather than five, for more perfect balancing and truing.
- No more loose spokes to fool with or adjust.
- Extra sparkle and lustre when moving.
- The savings of bolt-on and the ease and convenience of using your stock disc brakes.

# SATELITE

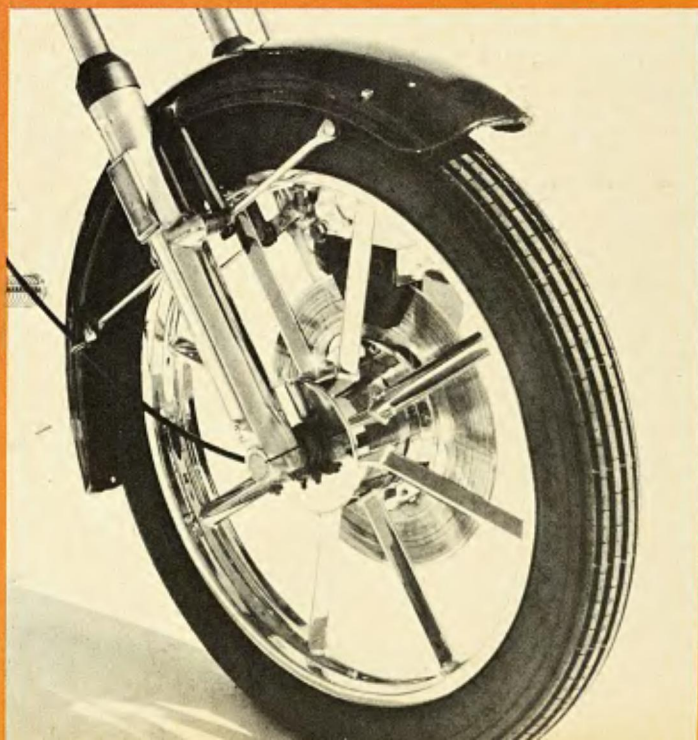


### HARLEY-DAVIDSON Bolt on FRONT WHEELS

| Part # | Description                                               |        |
|--------|-----------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| 69034  | 18" Sportster/FX Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. '74-'76   | 187.05 |
| 69035  | 19" Sportster/FX Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. '74-'76   | 187.05 |
| 69036  | 21" Sportster/FX Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. '74-'76   | 187.05 |
| 69037  | 18" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS | 203.70 |
| 69038  | 19" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS | 203.70 |
| 69039  | 21" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL Models | 203.70 |
| 69040  | 18" 74 (49 - 66) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel.           | 211.00 |
| 69041  | 19" 74 (49 - 66) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel.           | 211.00 |
| 69042  | 21" 74 (49 - 66) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel.           | 211.00 |
| 69054  | 18" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76      | 187.05 |
| 69055  | 19" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76      | 187.05 |
| 69056  | 21" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76      | 187.05 |
| 69057  | 18" 74 (67 to 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. FL Models.  | 203.70 |
| 69058  | 19" 74 (67 - 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS    | 203.70 |
| 69059  | 21" 74 (67 - 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS    | 203.70 |
| 69060  | 18" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.              | 211.00 |
| 69061  | 19" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.              | 211.00 |
| 69062  | 21" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.              | 211.00 |

### HARLEY-DAVIDSON Bolt on REAR WHEELS

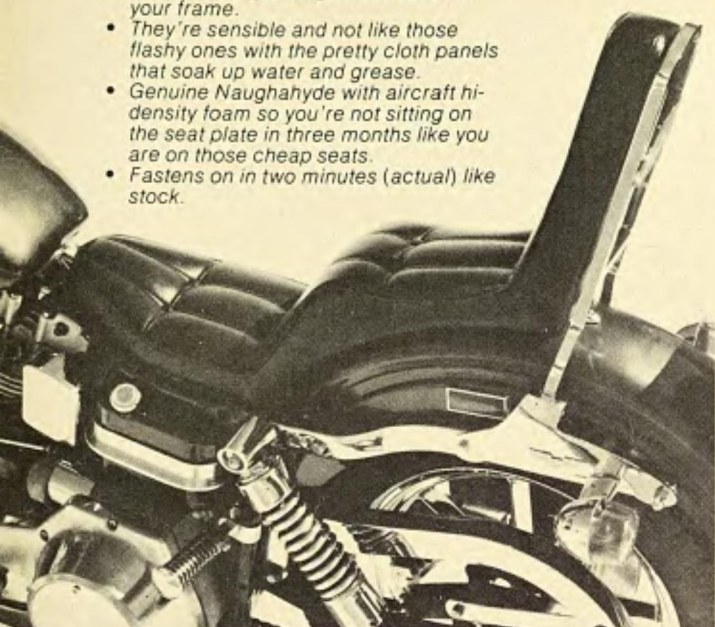
| Part # | Description                                                              |        |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| 68053  | 16" 74 '49-'66 Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.                             | 211.00 |
| 68054  | 16" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.                           | 203.70 |
| 68045  | 16" Sportster Disc Brake Galaxy Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024. | 399.95 |
| 68060  | 16" Sportster Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.                                 | 202.35 |
| 68061  | 16" 74 (73 & later) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.                           | 203.70 |
| 68063  | 16" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.                              | 211.00 |
| 68064  | 16" 74 (67 - 72) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.                              | 203.70 |
| 68038  | 16" Sportster Satellite Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.         | 399.95 |
| 68050  | 16" Sportster Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.                              | 202.35 |





## Elite Seats -

- Always the right length and width for your frame.
- They're sensible and not like those flashy ones with the pretty cloth panels that soak up water and grease.
- Genuine Naugahyde with aircraft hi-density foam so you're not sitting on the seat plate in three months like you are on those cheap seats.
- Fastens on in two minutes (actual) like stock.



# SEATS



|   | Part No. | Bike      | Style         | Back | Size   | Price |
|---|----------|-----------|---------------|------|--------|-------|
| A | 115029   | Sportster | Pleats        | 4"   | 29"x9" | 54.95 |
|   | 115030   | S. Glide  | Pleats        | 4"   | 29"x9" | 54.95 |
| B | 115031   | Sportster | Square Tufted | 4"   | 29"x9" | 54.95 |
|   | 115032   | S. Glide  | Square Tufted | 4"   | 29"x9" | 54.95 |
| C | 115033   | Sportster | Square Tufted | 14"  | 29"x9" | 66.95 |
|   | 115034   | S. Glide  | Square Tufted | 14"  | 29"x9" | 66.95 |

# Chameleon SISSY BARS

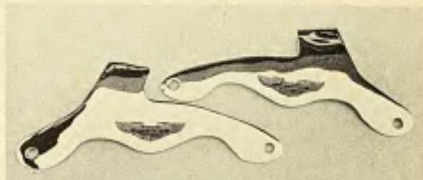
**\$49.95\***

TOTAL

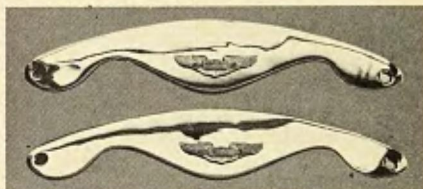
\*with Jammer or HD plain emblem.

## Chameleon Sissy Bars -

- Bolts right on - nothing to remove - nothing is covered up. 8 minutes (actual)
- Fits up against the seat on Sportsters & FX. No big gap between the seat and sissy bar.
- Never get tired of the same old emblem if they go out of style. (How many of you were stuck with peace symbols or hand grenades when the war ended?)
- Side plates fit flat against fenders. Doesn't stab your ol' lady's leg.
- Replaceable parts. You don't have to buy the whole sissy bar if you skin it up.



**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**



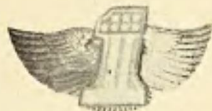
**8101 Jammer** 4.05  
Chrome Purple and Orange



**8102 HD Plain**  
Gold-Plated  
4.05



**8103 Harley Wings** (Gold Plated)  
8.95



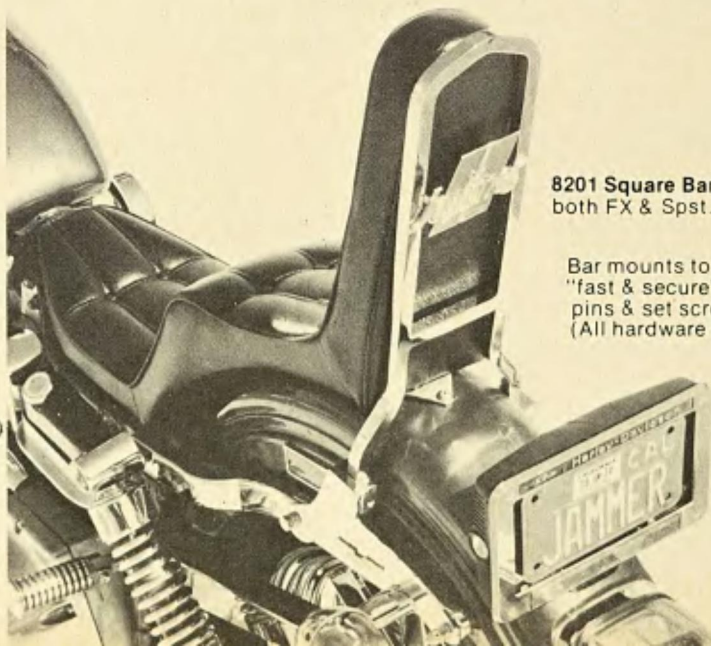
**8106 Winged #1** 8.95  
Chrome, Red, and Blue



**8104 Ride to Live** Wings & Wheels  
Gold-Plated 8.95



**8105 Skull and Crossbones**  
Chrome 8.95



**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)



# SPORTSTER/FX BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES

## 141014 Shift Assembly - HD '74 36-73

Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. \$64.98

## 141015 Shift Assembly - HD '74 '74 - up. \$64.98

Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg.

## 141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74.

All Linkage included. Use Stock Shifter Peg. \$69.98

## 14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock.

Use Stock HD Master Cylinder. Fits all HD 74's Using Hydraulic or Rear Disc. \$69.98

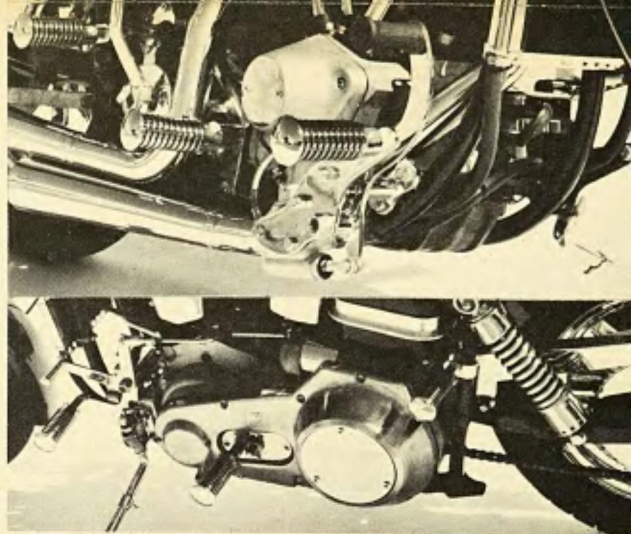
## 14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster

Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. 1954 - 1974. All Linkage included. \$74.98

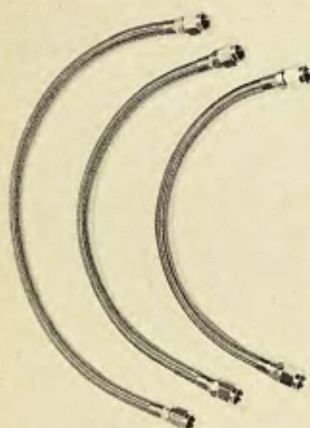
Shifters come with hole pegs (Not Shown)

- Durable aircraft hardware, case hardened pivot bolt, aircraft lock nuts and oil-lite bushings, for long life and smooth pedal action.
- These shift units actually have more of a mechanical advantage than stock - makes shifting a breeze.
- Eliminates the need of removing your

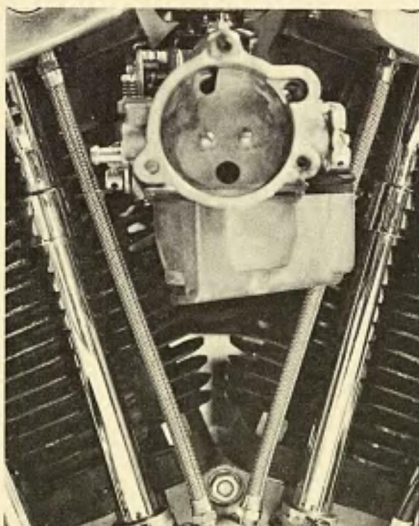
- feet from a comfortable forward position to shift or brake your bike.
- Protects engine cases if you have to lay it down.
- Simple bolt-on operation to stock frames, not a major project.
- Chrome plated to perfection - No crummy imitations.



# BRAIDED STEEL OIL LINES



- If you've ever had a cracked oil line in the middle of nowhere, you'll appreciate the quality of these.
- No hassle replacing them and never get oil on your grubbies or your ol' lady's leg.
- Just good engine insurance.



External Engine Oil Lines

37035  
1966 & later Shovelhead. \$14.95

37036  
H.D. Sportster External Engine Oil Lines. \$15.95

Custom Oil Line Sets for H.D. Big Twins [using wrap around oil tank].

37029 1968 through 1975. (using stock aluminum inner primary cover). \$49.95

37031 1968 through 1975. (using stock aluminum inner primary cover and stock oil tank). \$48.95

Harley-Davidson Sportster Oil Line Sets [using "Horse-shoe" Oil Tank].

37032 1957 through 1961 Sportster XLCH. \$38.45

37033 1962 through 1965 Sportster XLCH. (Using stock "XLCH" Oil Tank). \$38.45

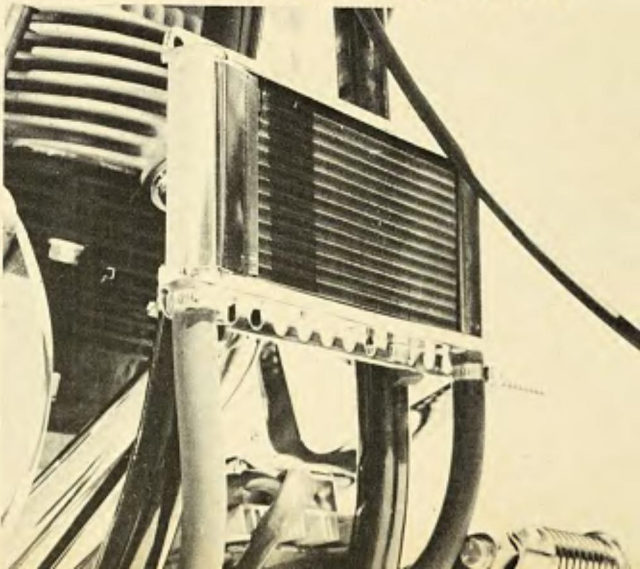
37034 1966 through 1969 Sportster XLCH. \$44.25



# HAYDEN OIL COOLERS

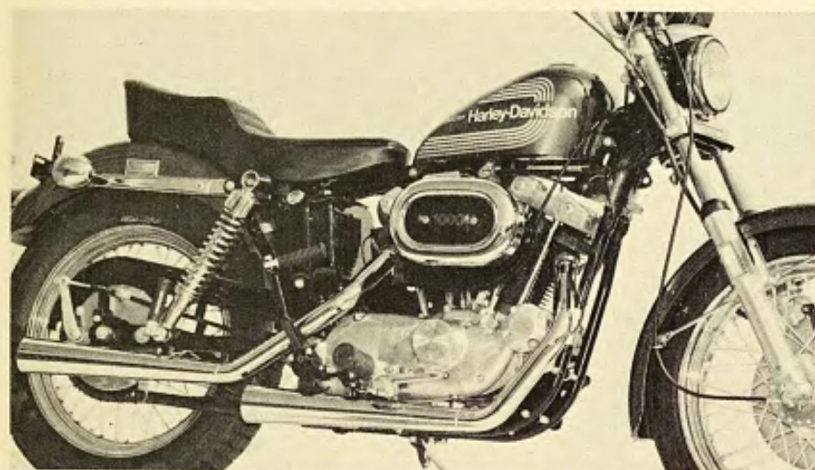
- Increases engine life.
- Increases transmission and clutch life.
- Prevents premature oil breakdown.
- Adds to appearance of bike.

37042 H.D. 74 & Sportster & All Dry Sump Bikes \$54.95



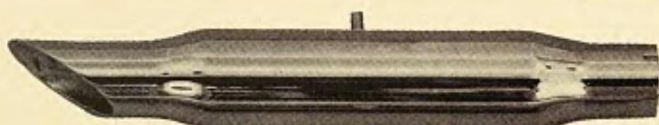


# TWICE PIPES



151031 HD Shovelhead, 1970-76, FLH, S/Arm Frame.  
(Not Shown) \$80.00

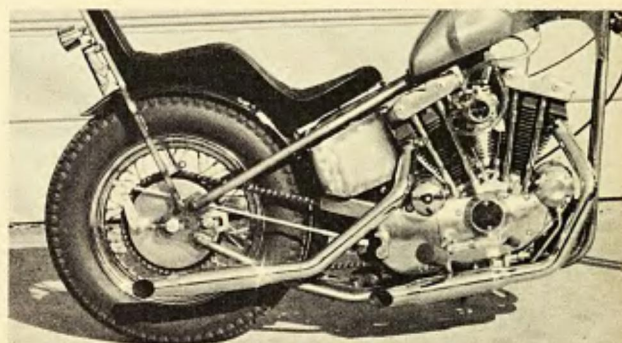
151032 HD Sportster, 1957-76 XLH, XLCH, Rigid &  
S/Arm Frame. (Shown) \$80.00



149017 Muffler. 1 3/4" opening. 16-gauge steel. 17" long. Chromed. 17.95 each  
(Meets 1969 92-decibel noise level standard on Harley Davidsons with stock air cleaner.)

# DRAG PIPES

All drag pipes on this page are 1 3/4" mandrel bent for custom mounting. All are made of 16-gauge steel and are slash cut on the end. They are not baffled — 1 3/4" pipe silencers may be used or muffler 149017.  
Not legal in California without approved muffler.



15002 Sportster Drag Pipes. Fits all years of Sportster — kick start or electric, swingarm or rigid. (Mufflers not included.) 24.95

15001 HD '70 up Drag Pipes. Fits all Shovelhead models — kick start, swingarm or rigid, juice or manual brakes. Will also fit electric start with oil tank and battery setup that allows enough clearance for rear pipe. (Not shown.) 28.95

# COLLECTOR PIPES

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

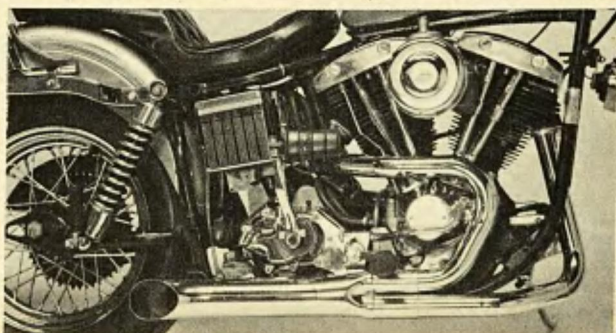
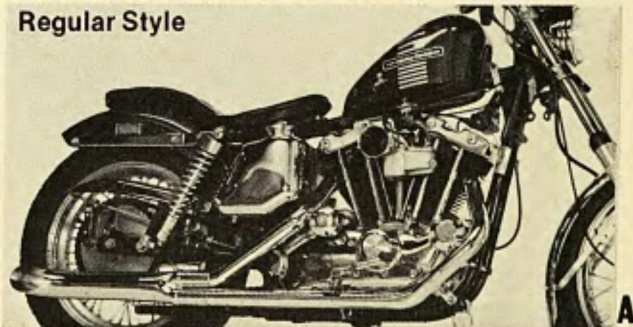
| Part No. | Model                   | Years   | Description                   | Type of Frame | Foot-note | Price |
|----------|-------------------------|---------|-------------------------------|---------------|-----------|-------|
| A 151012 | Sportster               | 57 - up | Kick or electric              | S/A           | 3-5       | \$110 |
| 151022   | Sportster-XLCH, XLH     | 57-up   | Equal length Kick or electric | Sw/Arm        | 3-5-6     | \$115 |
| 151018   | Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE | 70-74   | Kick or electric              | S/A           | 3         | \$110 |
| B 151019 | Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE | 66-74   | Equal length Kick or electric | All           | 3-4       | \$110 |

## Footnotes

- It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 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.
- We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.

**Collector Pipes.** Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

## Regular Style



Equal Length Style



# COVERS AND OTHER STUFF

- Here's some reasons to buy Jammer-ized covers -
- No worry or waiting while yours are sent to the chrome shop.
- Will it still work when it gets back?
- Ours are always a perfect fit for your bike.
- Triple chromed plating that doesn't chip and peel.

10608 1 3/4" SU 19.99

10609 Tillotson & Bendix 18.99

106010 Linkert 18.99

106011 38mm Mikuni 21.99

51011 Bolt-On Harley Wings.

Bolts easily to any part of bike.

Custom chromed. 9.95

122029 Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug (1971-up)

Contains 4 chrome plated plugs, giving the Knuckle-head look to late model 74's. 7.00 Set

## Custom Harley Air Cleaner -

- Stretch out leg clearance.
- They're washable.
- Assures maximum engine protection and minimum air-flow restriction.
- Can be installed quickly.

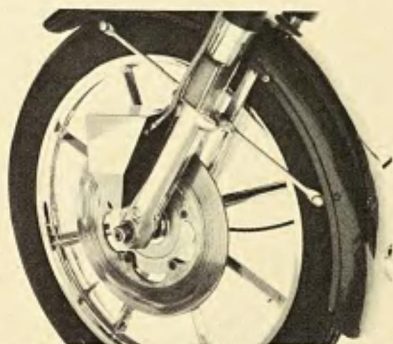


103036 Bicentennial Derby Cover - HD Eagle. Fits HD FX, FL, FLH 71 & Later. 9.95

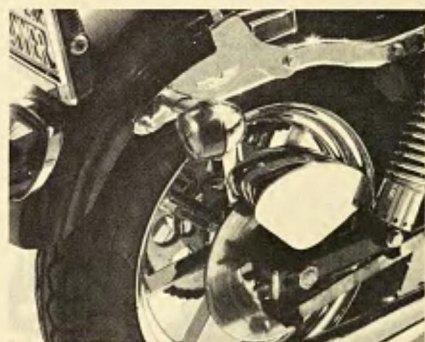
103037 Bicentennial Inspection Plate. Fits Sportster 71 & Later. 4.95



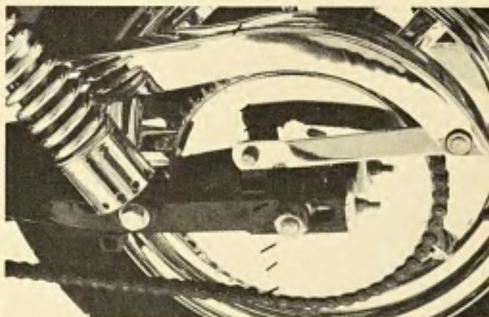
103038 Bicentennial Inspection Plate. Fits HD 74's. 70 & Later. 4.95



103023 Front Brake Caliper Cover. Triple Chrome Plated Front Brake Caliper Cover fits late model XL, FX & FXE. 19.95



103022 Rear Brake Caliper Cover. Triple Chrome Plated Rear Brake Caliper Cover fits FX, FXE and FL models and 1973 XL, FL, FX and FXE Front. 19.95



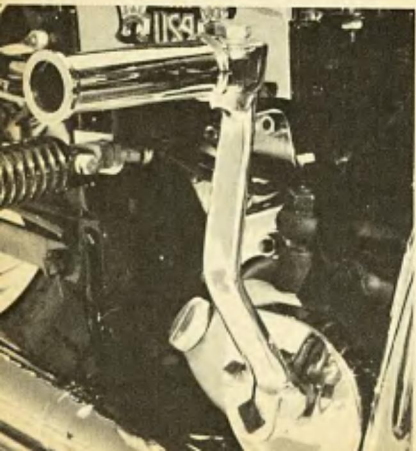
Chrome Steel Sprocket Covers. Easy Bolt-On over your Stock Sprocket for Custom Appearance Exact Fit.

104010 HD FX 1973 - 1976. 9.97



103018 Battery Cover. This Triple Chromed Steel Cover features viewing window for Viewing Acid Level, fits HD XL, FX BSA and Triumph. 8.95 Decal not included

14301 Custom Kick Pedal. Made of heat-treated steel and then custom chromed. Favorite of the custom builders. 9.95



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the name of your  
nearest Jammer dealer.  
(See ad on back cover)

JAMMER'S  
HANDBOOK

Volume 1 of 2 Series - 1970

HARLEY-HONDA  
KAWASAKI





### Extended Disc Brake Hose -

- Resists vibrations - looks good.
- One of the more important parts of the brake system.
- Won't leak.
- Long forks and handlebars require extra length hoses.

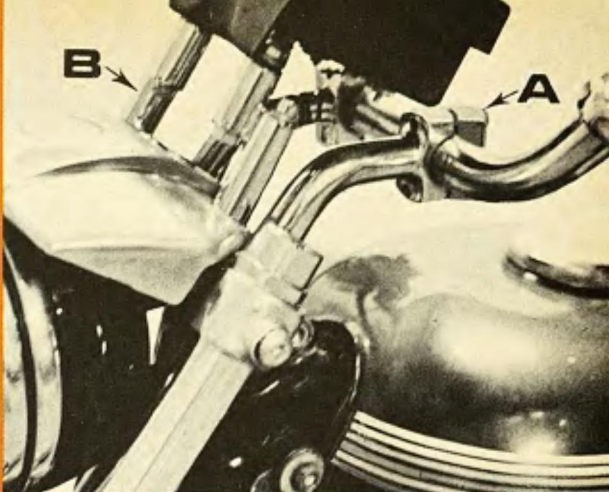
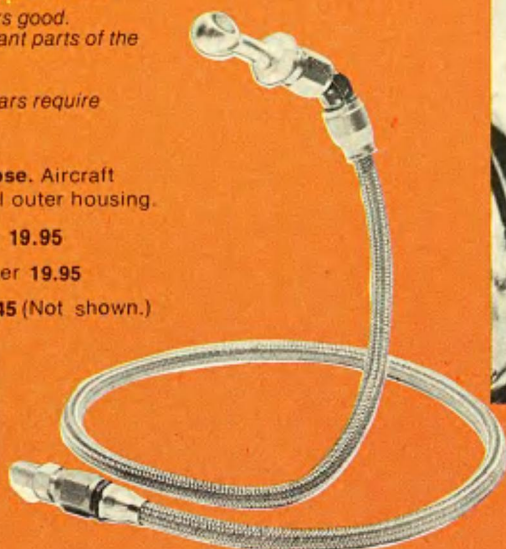
**Extended Disc Brake Hose.** Aircraft quality with braided steel outer housing.

**53018** 4" to 9" OS lower **19.95**

**53019** 10" to 15" OS lower **19.95**

**53020** 10" Handlebar **12.45** (Not shown.)

A 53018 - 4" - 9" hose was used on the FX to connect the Dan Boone controls to the stock rear/disc.



### NEW! Comfort Risers

Chromed solid steel. 30 degree bend enables rider to get handlebars back in his lap for maximum riding comfort. Fits 1" bars and may be reduced to 7/8" by use of Jammer reducer sleeves #43015. Bottom drilled for 1/2" x 20".

**A 44017** 2 1/4" rise 2 3/4" lateral **34.95**  
**44018** 2 1/4" rise 4 3/4" lateral **36.95**

**B 44020 Instrument Offset Spacers**  
 These spacers allow you to remove speed & tach from risers on FX models, allowing to run other styles of risers. All stock cables & wires still fit. Bolts included. **\$8.95 pair**

### Fork Tubes

**Fork Tubes.** High quality fork tubes that fit. Centerless ground. Show chromed. Use part number when ordering.

| Part # | Length  | Type of bike             |       |
|--------|---------|--------------------------|-------|
| 65076  | 4-inch  | Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75 | 49.95 |
| 65057  | 6-inch  | Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75 | 49.95 |
| 65058  | 10-inch | Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75 | 49.95 |
| 65059  | 12-inch | Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75 | 49.95 |
| 65060  | 15-inch | Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75 | 49.95 |
| 65065  | 4-inch  | Spst '75-up S/G 76up     | 49.95 |
| 65066  | 6-inch  | Spst '75-up S/G 76up     | 49.95 |
| 65067  | 8-inch  | Spst '75-up S/G 76up     | 49.95 |
| 65068  | 10-inch | Spst '75-up S/G 76up     | 49.95 |

**Spacers.** Use of these spacers will give normal spring action to extended tubes.

| Part No. | Length  | Type of Bike              |           |
|----------|---------|---------------------------|-----------|
| 65083    | 4-inch  | Sportster and Super Glide | 4.95 pair |
| 65033    | 6-inch  | Sportster and Super Glide | 4.95 pair |
| 65084    | 8-inch  | Sportster and Super Glide | 4.95 pair |
| 65034    | 10-inch | Sportster and Super Glide | 4.95 pair |
| 65035    | 12-inch | Sportster and Super Glide | 4.95 pair |
| 65036    | 15-inch | Sportster and Super Glide | 4.95 pair |

**Internal Rods.** Use of these rods will give normal spring action to extended tubes.

|       |         |                          |           |
|-------|---------|--------------------------|-----------|
| 65077 | 4-inch  | Sportster (Inside Rods). | 4.95 Pair |
| 65049 | 6-inch  | Sportster (Inside Rods)  | 4.95 pair |
| 65050 | 10-inch | Sportster (Inside Rods)  | 4.95 pair |
| 65051 | 12-inch | Sportster (Inside Rods)  | 4.95 pair |
| 65052 | 15-inch | Sportster (Inside Rods)  | 4.95 pair |

**All Fork Tube prices are per pair.**



**8907 Rectangle Seal Beam Headlight Bottom Mount**  
 12V. **27.95**

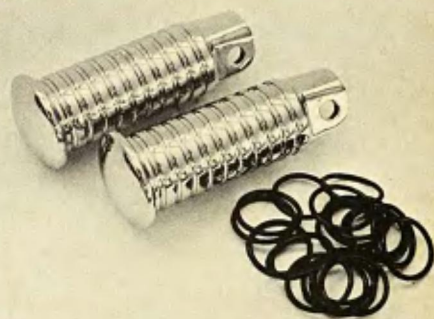
**8908 Side Mount 12V.**  
**27.95**



**9108 Headlight Bracket.** Used on FX and XLCH H-D when extended front end is used. Lowers headlight for easy adjustment. **4.50**



**103017 Chrome Solenoid Cover.** **9.95**



**154010 FX and Sportster Replacement Pegs (Pair).** Complete with Rubber "O" Rings. **14.95**



**155015 Kickstand Spring.** Replaces Harley part #50011-30. Chromed. **2.95**

**Kick Stands.** Available in two different lengths: Don't forget to allow for your rake.

**HD 74 Kick Stand.** Fits 1937 and later. Use part numbers when ordering.

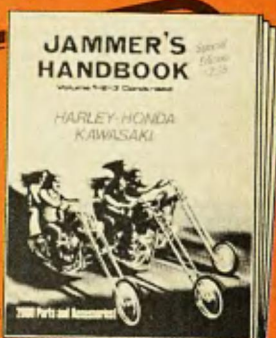
**155017 HD 74 Standard Kick Stand**  
**15503 extended 19.95 19.95**

**Sportster Kick Stand.** (Fits all years.)

**155018 Sportster Standard Kick Stand**  
**15505 extended 18.95 18.95**



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)





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# Choppershopper

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**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)

**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)

**"Death or Glory" neck pendant,** silver plate \$5.25, 24k gold plate \$6.50. Cap badge \$5.00. Blue Max neck chain \$10.95. Nazi winged wheel motor sport badge, pin-back-black \$10.00, silver plate \$10.50, 24k gold plate \$11.00. All postpaid. 32-page illustrated catalog of repro Nazi items, skull pendants, etc. \$1.00 Saxony House, P. O. Box 575, Havertown, Pa. 19083. (46)

**Tattooing Outfit:** Complete with two points (outliner and colorer) plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries. No electric needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks or for fun. \$99.00 plus \$3.00 postage. Send money order only for \$102.00 to S & W Tattooing Inc., P. O. Box 263, East Northport, N. Y. 11731. (45)

**Bumper stickers in Day-Glow, "Bikers Make Better Lovers," "Helmet Laws Suck." Warning stickers in chrome, "If you value your life as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it." Same for van and car. Also "Helmet laws suck." 50¢ ea. or 3/\$1.00. Roach clips to fit bike wheel, \$2.00 ea. & 50¢ handling. As always top quality. Chicago Ray's, 5730 W. 87 St., Burbank, Ill. 60459. Dealers, Letterhead please. (49)**

**\$250 per thousand, stuffing envelopes. Free supplies, rush stamped, self-addressed envelope to T/P-A, 1301 S. Pearl St., New London, Wis. 54961. (46)**

**Col. Pumpkin:** Leave cold Muscatin, come to Florida where you can putt. Good home cooking too. Linda Craig, Mick Scott. (43)

**Looking for people who always treat you right, who give you all they can, who always stand with their bros. These people are everywhere with help and a place to stay. They are the true Christians. For more info write: Jesus People, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)**

**For sale:** S. Arizona 45 H.D. molded frame, lots of chrome, needs pistons and front end. \$600 Write Ber, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)

**Woody:** I love you so very much, baby. Please call me at Ma's. We all miss you. Love always. April. (45)

**Need ol' lady who likes to travel south:** Old Mexico, Costa Rica, and Panama. Should know how to handle scooter or ready to learn. Any age. Send picture. Write B. P., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)

**Motorcycle chain!** Tired of being ripped off? Check this out. Complete motorcycle chain, only \$13.75. A deal you can't refuse! Price includes postage and handling. Money back guarantee. Please include type of bike and, if not standard, length of chain desired. Ron Rubacka, 1074 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn. 06106. (45)

**Dale:** Please come back to Tennessee. I miss you. Peggy. (45G)

**Toilet Rat Mark:** Send me my parts, fuckface. Gary. (45)

**Wanted by amateur photographer:** Interested in purchasing amateur photos of choppers, custom vans, people involved in same, especially revealing chicks. Also starting info for swingers club for same type people. Send info and photos to: Mr. T.S., P.O. Box 246, Denison, Texas 75020. (45)

**Dirty Dave in Panama:** Colombia Jack says everything okay. Colombia Jack, Bogota, Colombia, S.A. (45G)

**American Indian Motorcycle Company.** Parts, accessories, and books. If it's for an Indian v-twin, we probably have it. (209) 286-1232. Rt. 1, Box 98, Moke-lumne Hill, Calif. 95245. (45)

**Needed:** "I" lean and clean foxy chick. Have pad in country and new Glide for adventure. Will accept one small child. Serious one-man woman only. Fast Eddie, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)

**Firecracker materials available,** often locally. Gun control worthless. Crooks can make guns from pipe, matches, etc. Details \$2. Sanford, Box 41003-E, Washington, D.C. 20014. (45)

**Crazy Bill:** Too much I have wished, but I still dream. Merry Christmas! (45)

**BSA-A-10 chopped, black & chrome, rigid, extended tubes, light molding, polished cases \$575. Send \$2 for pictures and specs. P. Arneemann, 158 Second Street, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. (45)**

**Become a minister!** Do all the things that priests, rabbis or ministers do 100% legally. Make a donation of \$10 and receive your minister's card and further helpful hints. Donation will be used to help bikers. Make checks payable to Rev. John Herlihy, c/o Bikers Church, P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601. (55G)

**Looking for foxy biker chick in Capitol District area of N.Y. who loves and lives for Harleys, partying and good loving. Marriage-minded okay. Please send letter and photo to James, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)**

**Hang in there, Leo, I'm waitin' for ya! Buns. (45G)**

**Doof, get in touch with your bro in the Navy. Gather your shit up and write. (45)**

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

**Crusaders of the Crosswheel,** an organization for white people. Write Box 3104, Flint, Mich. 48502. (45)

**I'm trying to get my case back into court, but I can't do it without money and help from you people. If anyone knows a lawyer who's willing to help, give him this address and tell him to write me. I'll tell him more about it. Michael Colby, Box 00, M.C.I. Concord, West Concord, Mass. 01742. (45G)**

**Lookin' for foxy chick who loves puttin' on Harleys to be one-man house mouse. First ride, Daytona. Must be willin' to relocate eastern area. Letter & good photo bring instant reply. S.F., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)**

**People: Need Easyriders #14 (Vol. 3, #4). Will pay \$3. Jim Hamer, 5152 S. California, Chicago, Ill. 60632. (45)**

**Two lonely bikers in prison would like to hear from you. Ron Pal #141-378 and Paul Smith #142-592, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648. (45)**

**To my ol' man, Marv, happy birthday! I love you for eternity. Your ol' lady, Jan. (45)**

**Tippy Tom:** You will always be on my mind, Ex-ol' lady, Patty, Annandale, Va. (45)

**Genuine leather rolling paper holders with your name engraved on the cover flap. Keeps moisture away from your papers. Prevents them from getting crushed in your pocket or purse, and if you don't like it, send the damn thing back and we will refund your money. Send \$3.50 to Paper Holder, Box 67, Grundy, Va. 24614. (45)**

**I would like to thank Widewarp Scrooge and Howler for looking after my bike when the Hog came after me. Thanks, friends, and Merry Christmas. Swanny River, Huntsville, Ont., Canada. (45)**

**I'm in the penitentiary for bank robbery. Two years ago my ol' lady and I had to part company when I went on the run. Her name is Grace Strimple, and anyone knowing her whereabouts, please contact me. Steve Fink #8607, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Ks. 67501. (45G)**

**Help: 33-year-old biker dude, good looks and build, looking for foxy lady to live with long term. Must be in warm area. Carl, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)**

**Susie:** No more long putts or speed runs. I hope you're happy, bitch, 'cause I am. Bobby, San Antonio, Texas. (45G)

**Angie:** Please come home. I have learned my lesson. I miss you more than the Hog. Love, Kurtis. (45)

**45 trike, chopped, 1965, \$2,300 invested. Sacrifice. (309) 663-1109, Tony Thompson, Box 153, Merna, Ill. 61758. (45)**

**1938 Harley posters. Government surplus parts, V.L. & knucklehead exhaust pipes. Fishtail mufflers. Parts for all Harleys. \$1 for catalog. Antique Cycle, Box 153, Sparta, Mich. 49345. (45)**

**Need issue #5 Easyriders. Have old ones for trade. Jenko, 51 Narr. Ave., Jamestown, R.I. 02835. (45)**

**Lady Sweetness:** I love you. Why won't you ride my Sportster? Traveler. (45)

**Maltese Cross earrings \$3.00 ea., \$5.00 pr. Nazi party pin \$3.25. Swastika armband \$3.25. These and much more listed in catalog. \$1.00. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (46)**

**Unique vacations! Make your fantasies come true. 3 days, 2 weeks. \$1 for info. Dave, P.O. Box 6609, St. Paul, Minn. 55106. (45)**

**Animal, H.A.M.C.O., don't know how to get in touch with you. Write. Max, Port Heiden, Alaska 99549. (45)**

**Taser Electronic Stun Gun:** Designed to immobilize—not to kill. Send \$1 for brochure and order forms. C.M.A. Enterprises, 5679 Manchester Road, Akron, Ohio 44319. (45)

**Attention: T. Taylor (Maryland):** Which one of you is it? Rog and Homes. (45)

**Ski, you polack mutha! Send me an address to meet you at or get in touch with you. I'll be free on Nov. 24th. You know my address. You were in this hell hole once yourself. Myron (Cocoa Loco) Lowe, Mannheim, Germany. (45G)**

**R.I.P. Brother Irish, 12/28/75. Missed by brothers and friends. Old Stylers, Chicago, Ill. (45)**

**JAB: DFFL. Wolf. (45)**

**Booger #2: Am dying. Need to see you soon. Remember I love you. J. E. Relvens, Booger #1. (45)**

**Sportster freaks:** Tired of losing your balls every time you grease your cups? Now Timken taper bearings for the Sportster. One-piece taper bearing saves cussing and fussing. Set includes 2 chromed cups, 2 bearings and races. Only \$24.95. Richardson Brothers, 1900 W. Colonial Dr., Orlando, Fla. 32804. (45)

**Pin: Happy Birthday! Love ya, Linda. Smile! (45)**

**Ricky:** No matter how long it takes, I will be waiting for the only one I love. Glo. (45)

**The legendary "Raven" is very ill. But to all who knew her she'll live forever. For 24 years she's put and fight beside you like a brother and was still a hell of a woman! Send a get well card to The Raven, 4839 W. Compton, Lawndale, Calif. 90260. (45G)**

**Thumper:** What we have is great. Thanks for the bash in '76. Let's have a puttin' stompin' '77 all together, baby. Snortin' Norton & Dr. Pervito, Lansing, Mich. (45)

**In memory of Douglas J. Dolney. A better bro there never was. Left us July 31, 1976. The good die young. Your brothers from Warner Road, Cleveland, Ohio. (45)**

**Eliminate overnight condensation. Keep bike dry and clean with huge 9 ft. x 12 ft. plastic tarp. 79¢ each. 2 for \$1.50. Zorro Products, Box 4261, Hamden, Conn. 06514. (47)**

**Mature biker with job who travels a lot planning on Mardi Gras. Wants girl with a good head and a big heart between ages of 18 and 30, who likes to ride Harley, slim and trim, can't be over 125 lbs. Lick, 390 Robert Ct., Pontiac, Mich. 48057. (45)**

**'59 Harley Sportster H. immaculate, 8,000 original miles, hi-fi red, \$2,800. '57 Ariel Red Hunter, 500cc. V.H. immaculate, 2,400 original miles, \$1,995. G. Johnson, 26 Aspen St., MAFB, Mont. 59406. (406) 727-6493. (45)**

**I get 100 Miles to a Quart of Beer: These 3x6 attention-getting, guaranteed-against-breakage plastic plates bolt to your license plate. Bikers, here is your chance to let people know that you get more out of beer than just high. Only \$2.00. Cyglo-Signs, 99 Fox Street, Owego, N.Y. 13827. (45)**

**To Blu, Stick & Family:** Hope you're enjoying Key West, fuckers. See you in February. Drop a line! H.H.M.F. Mac, J.J. & Cooper, P.S. What the hell you say! (45)



Jamey: If you are serious, write. Mr. Foot, Box 2046, Marysville, Calif. 95901. (45)

Wanted: Sidecar box and hook-ups, or information on same, for Harley. Write M. J. Gaglioti, R. D. #2, Canastota, N.Y. 13032. (45)

Rudy, Bullit, Ty, Chip, Sam & Cathy, Jake & Jesse, Brent & Cathy, "Okie" Jim, "Crazy" Jim, Ron, Steve and Digger: Havin' a good time. Wish you were here. Merry Xmas, motherfuckers. "Barefoot." (45)

Super vixen chick wanted for companion to lonely biker. Must be one-man chick (315) 923-5481. C. C. Ryder, 242 Glasgow, Clyde, N.Y. 14433. (45)

Terry, hope you made it to Arkansas okay. Drop me a line. Donald, 54565 Hwy. So. East, Boone, Colo. 81025. (45)

To Gypsy, the one I met in Miami, Fla. Get in touch. Jerry Malolie, 1425 E. 11th St., Eddystone, Pa. 19013. (45)

Four ways to make money fast. For details send \$1 to M.C.R., 431 Dimm St., Richmond, Calif. 94805. (45)

Bleue: I hear you're riding Angel. Write me. Chris, Box 1029, Middlefield, Conn. 06455. (45)

Patches, where are you, bro? Let me know something. Gut (Randy), where the hell are ya, bro? Still in Calif? David C. Henry (Deach), D-114-050862, 500 Orange Ave. Circle, Belle Glades, Fla. 33430. (45)

Bros knowing whereabouts of Buck Coffee, John Kotlowski, or Jimmy Harris, contact Ray Hudson, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)

Deal, happy birthday! I love you. Your ol' lady, Martha. (45)

Free home to a good kitten. Sagittarians given preference. Fringe benefits include exclusive packing rights on one-lung mini-bike. Write: The Hermit, Box 42, Katy, Texas 77450. (45)

Angel Jimmy "Baron" Reed: Contact Little Ron, 602 Hendricks, Saint Marys, Ohio 45885. (45)

Ass or Gas. No one rides for free: 2 sew-on styles, #1, 2-1/2" x 2" black on blue denim 75¢ ea. 3/2" #2, red on white satin 50¢ ea. 3/\$1.00. K. King, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)

Custom, replacement parts, boring, sandblasting, chrome & brass plating, painting. Bikeworks, 327 Hudson St., Hackensack, N.J. 07601. (45)

Need slim, quiet honey for warmth at night and cruising in the sun. Not interested in bullshit or hassle—just good times. Send letter and photo to Gar, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (45)

"Gas or Ass? Nobody Rides Free!" Colorful stickers for cycle or dashboard, 10 for \$1.00 cash plus self-addressed, stamped envelope. Atlantic, Box 12627, Charleston, S.C. 29412. (45)

Royal Enfield: Engines, transmissions, gasket kits, and various other good shit. Call or write Mike Gordon, 627 Kennerly Rd., Springfield, Pa. 19064. (215) 534-5749. (45)

Richard: Saw your message in Easyriders. Lost your name and address. Write Kathy, 3903 Pony Express, Kearney, Nebraska 68847. (45)

Gypsy: You deserve the best. Get a job, marry me and support me and my bike for the rest of your life. I'll love you till the wheels fall off. Get in touch! Love ya! Here's my new address. Jerry, P.O. Box 132, Kelsey, Calif. 95643. (45)

30-year-old biker. One handed from Viet Nam. Seeking right lady who understands. Paul Pierre, Rt. 1, Box 80, Folsom, La. 70437. (45)

Send \$2 to P.O. Box 3663, Lawrence, Kansas 66044. (45)

Pisano: All your bros think this belongs in Boy's Life, but I just want you and everyone else to know I love you even if I am not first in your life. Luv ya, Ed. Barb. (45)

Joe W.: Happy birthday (12-2) to the best man I know. Here's to ya, bud, I'll love ya for another 29. Patty. (45)

Hey, Savage: I could dig seeing your sweet ass again. Drop me a line . . . or else. Little Honda Rider, Rt. 1 Box 487-A, Ashland, Va. 23005. (45)

Notice: Easyriding loafers, bike chicks particularly. I need back issues of Easyriders magazine Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, and 14 in good shape for which I will pay \$3 cash upon receipt and \$5 cash if from a biker chick accompanied by buff-ti photo mailed to G. R. W. Foot, Box 269, Lake City, Minn. 55041. (45)

Are you man enough to wear "Linda Lovelace choked on mine"? S-M-L-XL. Red, blue, white \$4.50 (includes postage). Check, cash, money order. Flash T-shirts, 715 South St., Roslindale, Mass. 02131. (45)

For sale: Easyriders issues 1 thru 24 with 2 binders. Complete. \$100. Firm. "Cass" (815) 432-2054 after 5:00 p.m. No collect calls. (45)

Chopper goodies at wholesale prices. Catalog \$1. Parts Liquidators, Box 64, Champlin, Minn. 55316. (52)

Merry Christmas, brothers: A brother isn't always right but he's always your brother. Lucky Loser, 1%er, O.F.F.O. (45)

Two Harley pan choppers \$1,200 each, both solid. Send stamped envelope to Phillip Shoemaker, Lot 29, Fowlkes Trl. Pk., Columbus, Miss. 39701 for more information. (45)

An open letter to the Vulcans Motorcycle Club, Tustin, Calif.: I'd like very much to get in touch with your president. Please have him call me when he can. Phone: (213) 477-5814. Just ask for Krifshah. I've some business to discuss with him. The best time to reach me during weekdays is 10:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., and evenings 6:00 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Weekends: 11:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., evenings same as during the weekdays. Thanks. (45)

Tattooed people: Join the International Society of Tattooed People. Receive a certificate, membership card, and newsletter. Details to follow about discounts, conventions, etc. Send two color tattoo photos of yourself and \$2.00 to cover postage and handling to: George Mitchell, 347 72nd Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11209. (45)

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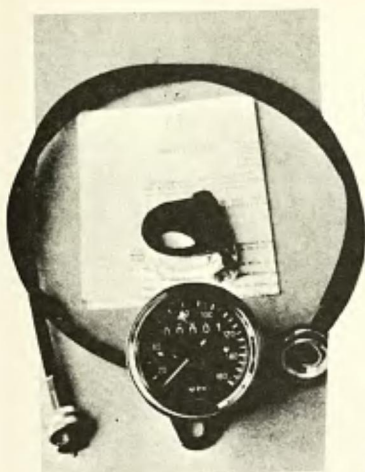
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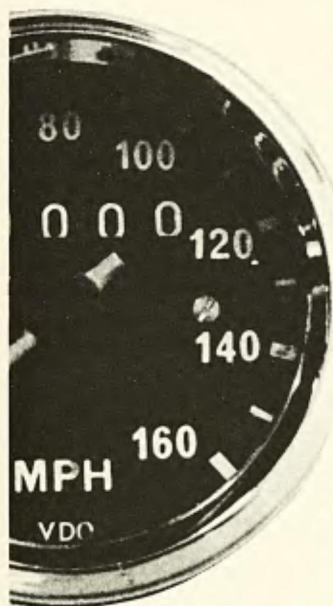
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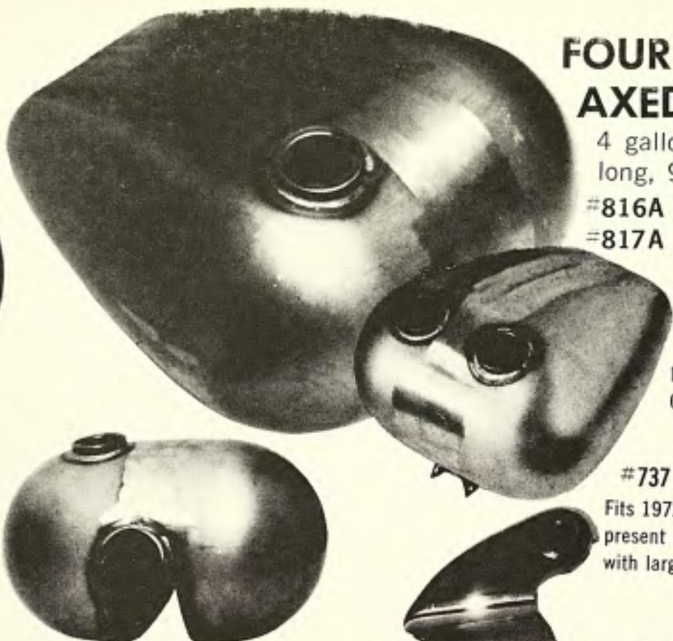
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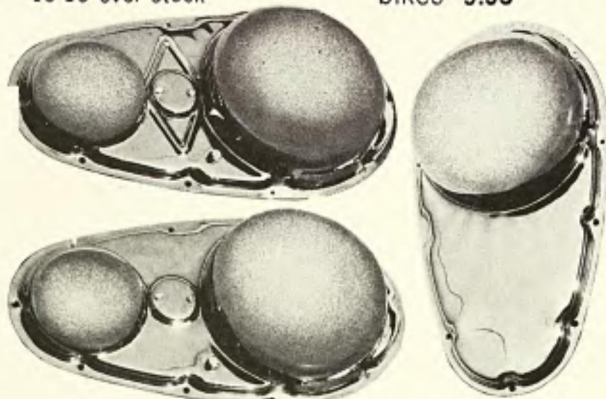
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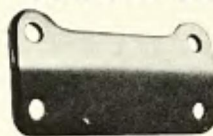
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