

Easyriders

70p

August, 1977

\$1.25

**Helmet Industry Is
Headin' For The Hills!**

***Easyriders* Makes
An Assault On The
Land Speed Record**

**A Rat Bike To
End All Rat Bikes**

***Are Ya Bein'
Bugged?***

***Scoots, Honeys,
And Other
Disgusting Stuff***

Machinegun BB Gun



Black Easyriders T-shirts

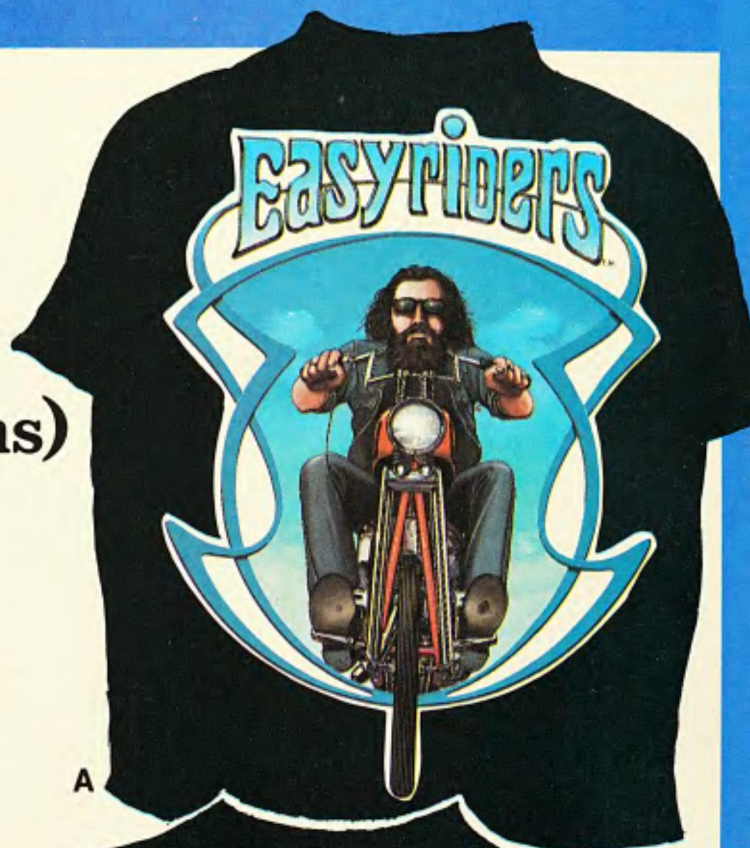
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

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

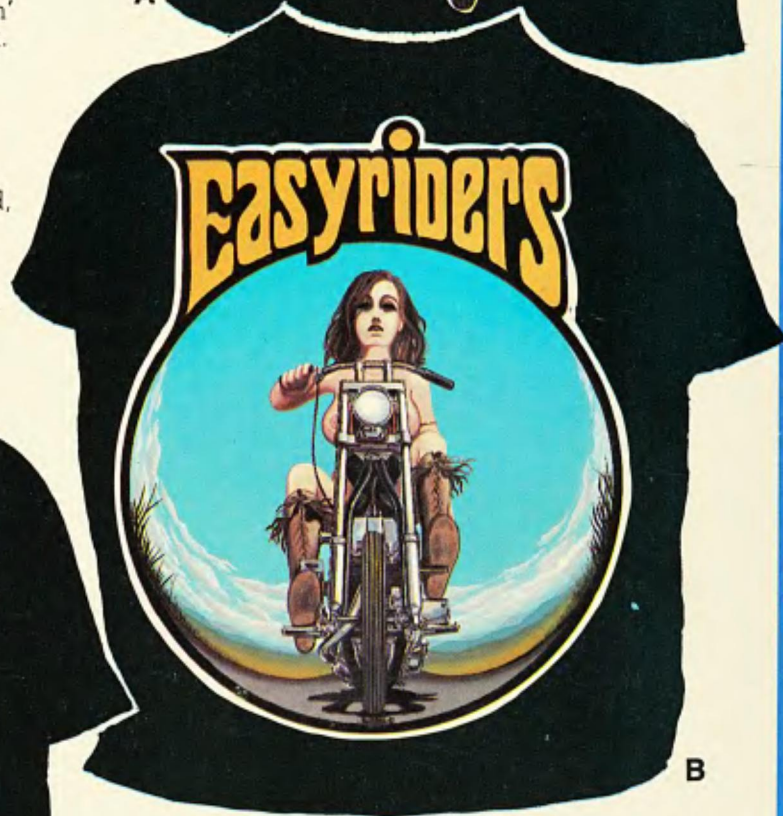
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

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

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



A



B

Send your order today to:

Easyriders Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

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

C

California residents add 6%



Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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ETW

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Membership Pending

COVER photo of Tellie Nelson by James Tinney.

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale July 26th.

Like to have "Miss Low Rider" on your Chest? And the dealer of your choice on your Back? **YOU CAN!**

Get this regular \$4.95 value T-Shirt for **ONLY \$2.50**,
postage prepaid, from the dealer of your choice listed below.

Alcon Harley-Davidson
5210 San Mateo N.E.
Albuquerque, N.M. 87109

Fargo Harley-Davidson Sales
Harley-Davidson Shop of the Dakotas
590 36th St. So.
Fargo, North Dakota 58102

H.E.L. South, Inc.
9250 S. South Chicago Avenue
Chicago, Ill. 60617

Hannum Harley-Davidson
U.S. #1
Media, Pennsylvania 19063

Harley-Davidson Freedom Center, Inc.
220 Boston Road, Rt. #3A
Billerica, Mass. 01862

Harley-Davidson of Fullerton
2635 W. Orangethrope Ave.
Fullerton, California 92633

Harley-Davidson of Miami
7701 N.W. 7th Ave.
Miami, Florida 33150

Harley-Davidson of Wilmington, Inc.
2102 N.E. Boulevard
Wilmington, Delaware 19802

Harley-Davidson of Wilmington, Inc.
6502 Market Street
Wilmington, N.C. 28401

Hugo's Harley-Davidson
2822 East 31st Street South
Wichita, Kansas 67216

John's Harley-Davidson
2135 E. Mulberry
Fort Collins, Colorado 80521

Knoxville Harley-Davidson, Inc.
4725 Clinton Highway
Knoxville, Tenn. 37912

Modesto Harley-Davidson
1208 9th Street
Modesto, California 95354

Southeast Harley-Davidson Sales
23105 Aurora Road
Cleveland, Ohio 44146

PLEASE SEND ME

_____ T-Shirts at \$2.50 each.
Postage Prepaid.

Size: ☐ Sm. ☐ Med. ☐ Lg. ☐ X-Lg.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail coupon with check or money order to the
dealer of your choice. Approximately 5 day
delivery from receipt of coupon.



MISS LOW RIDER

Here's a switch: A dude in prison is on one of those school release programs. He's let out of jail during the day to go to school, and he returns at night. He has all the grass he wants inside the jail and decides to take a doobie to school with him. He gets busted outside at school with the grass and gets sent to jail. No more school.

Did you know that Davy Crockett claimed that correct spelling was "contrary to nature" and grammar was "nothing at all," certainly not worth the "fuss that is made about it"?

Can you believe this shit? A recent study has found that 50% of the crime lab reports have been wrong! As one newspaper put it "Many of the nation's crime laboratories score no better than a flip of a coin in analyzing crucial physical evidence . . . There has been an uncritical, almost child-like acceptance of the reliability of scientific evidence in solving crimes."

Good news! The Feds say that marijuana smuggling has become so widespread and open that they don't bother to chase smugglers with less than a ton of marijuana nowadays.

Okay, so he was paintin' the joint for a measly \$28.50 a month while he was doin' his time. Then they had to parole him. But—they still needed a painter so they hired him back at his old job—only this time at the civilian pay scale of \$18 per hour. (It happened at San Quentin.)

Remember "The Wild One" movie? It was about the Hollister incident, as ya know. Stanley Kramer, the director of the movie, in a recent interview, said,

"Once I made a film The Wild One, based on an actual incident in northern California where a motorcycle gang terrorized a town. The truth was, many people welcomed the motorcyclists' presence because they brought a lot of business to the community. But just when we were ready to start shooting the film, the Production Code office—a forerunner of the present rating system—threatened to withhold its seal of approval unless we changed the premise of the story to absolve the townspeople of any guilt. I caved in shamefully because I wanted the movie to be made." (So much for history.)

Another example of equal justice: A college president gets drunk and kills two women when he rams into the back of their car while they are waiting at a stop light. He gets straight probation. A few months later a poor dude is driving while drunk and runs into the back of a car in the same city. No injuries at all. He gets 45 nights in jail. Why? Well, it seems he ran into the back of the police chief's car.

Did you hear about the dude in Florida who called his ol' lady to get \$5,000 outta the safe to bail him outta jail? He gave her the combination so she could get into the safe for the bread. She got into the safe and then split with the \$25,000 he had stashed there. He's still waiting for her to pick him up. So long, buster, see ya later. (She even took his car! Man, that's cold.)

Did ya hear that the famous actor Bob Cummings "settled out of court for \$4,500 in telephone tolls for the alleged losses of revenue caused by Cummings in making illegal long distance calls"? Other down-on-the-bucks dudes who used the "blue box" went to jail.

Did you know that one out of every twenty-five motorcycles is sold to a woman?

Beware—you can get high on herbs. Such herbs as spearmint, gigantic swallow wort, thorn apple, holy basil, marjoram, sour orange, and papaya are mind benders. Dr. Ronald Siegel says, for example, "thorn apple contains two sedative agents contained in some sleeping pills and cold preparations." (Check out your favorite health food store.) ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

From Russia No Less

□ The Institute of Scientific Information of the USSR Academy of Sciences publishes a series of the Abstracts Journal dealing with the major fields of science and technology. We receive more than 25,000 journals published in 130 countries of the world. We are trying to supply our readers with maximum information about the latest achievements in science and technology. Therefore we kindly ask you to send us free of charge a specimen copy of your publication **Easyriders** direct to: The Institute of Scientific Information, Baltiyskaya ul., 14, Moscow, A-219, USSR.

Your journal will be studied carefully with the view of reviewing it in our Abstracts Journal. This will give your publication widespread publicity.

Thank you in advance.
The Institute of
Scientific Information
The USSR Academy
of Sciences

■ Gulp. Well, ya see—we figure the FBI, CIA, INTERPOL, various state, city, and local police agencies are enough people readin' our rag. We think we'll pass on this request—if it's all the same to you. (Damn it, Mutha, here's another mess you've got us into!)

Deep Throat Beef

□ Thank you so much for your generous contribution to my legal defense fund. I'm grateful for your help and concern.

As you may know, it appears that my legal hassles may be over now. The judge in Memphis granted me a new trial, and the District Attorney's office has indicated that it intends to dismiss the indictments against me—although not against the others involved in the

case. This is a victory for the creative community, but nevertheless an indication that Memphis will continue to be a forum for obscenity prosecutions.

Thanks to your help, and the other wonderful people who have come to my assistance, the incredible bills in this case have been substantially reduced, and I am very grateful to you.

Harry Reems
New York, N.Y.

Funny Funny

□ I was at this fuckin' bar when two long-haired, bearded, pussy-lookin' biker faggots came in and started throwin' me their shit. After I beat the holy hell out of both of them, they split, leaving behind one of your rags. While reading it, I couldn't stop laughing. I hate you biker bastards but I think your rag is funnier than shit.

D.J.
Las Vegas, Nev.

■ Send us your address, D. J. We'd like to come over and tell ya some jokes.

Hard Time

□ Why don't you fuckers quit putting so many words in your rag and use more pictures? I have a hard time reading.

The Burgermeister
Cleveland, Tenn.

Busted

□ Well, bros, I'm in the slam. Me and my friends got caught with a 30-lb. box of raisins before we could make any raisin jack. But whatdafuck—the dope is still good.

Pete
Goldsboro, N.C.

Another Mistake

□ It isn't bad enough that it took five months to get the tribute to one hell of a righteous dude, namely Phill Clemente, into this rag.

This you had said might happen.

But what the fuck, you could have at least printed the message I had written right! What I wrote and what you published were two different things. You even spelled his name wrong—twice—assholes!

Chris A. Carlson
Middlefield, Conn.

■ We try, man, we try.

Congratulations

□ This letter is to congratulate two bros in their separate, so far successful, escapes from here, Ft. Leavenworth. The first was Ron "Speedy" McNally, who got away in late January of this year. The other was Jim "J.J." Jones, who made his break a couple of days ago. Wishin' ya both luck—keep yer faces in the wind and don't look back.

Drawer A
Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.

Short Supply

□ I think I've finally got a legitimate question to ask you phony bastards. Why has issue #26 sold out so fast? In your back order ad you have #1 thru 16 sold out and 26. In fact, it was sold out by issue #28. What the hell happened? Did you guys just make 20 copies for family and friends or what?

Crazy Tracy
Arcadia, Calif.

■ Hell—don't ask us. That was a long time ago.

A Bummer

□ What a fucking bummer. All of us Nevada scooter freaks played it real cool like real citizens and got the Nevada Assembly and the Nevada Senate to pass our helmet law repeal bill. Cool move, huh? No fuckin' way—our Governor vetoed the bill, which will

keep us wearing those piss buckets at least another two years. Bikers please take note. There's only one sure way to get justice for the biker—that's to register to vote and vote out the fuckheads who are against us.

Coalminer John
Reno, Nev.

Jesus People

□ Hello in Jesus! Praise His name. Jesus has really used your magazine to reach those who would never read a Christian magazine.

We do not know where you stand in regard to the Lord Jesus Christ. We are sending some material—please read it with an open heart. We pray for you.

Jesus People
Mesquite, Texas

■ Mutha says "Hi" to you too.

Warm Garage

□ Well, you guys finally did it! The fine chick featured in "Warm Garage" just made my gonads shake. You're gonna have to find some more mamas with tattoos.

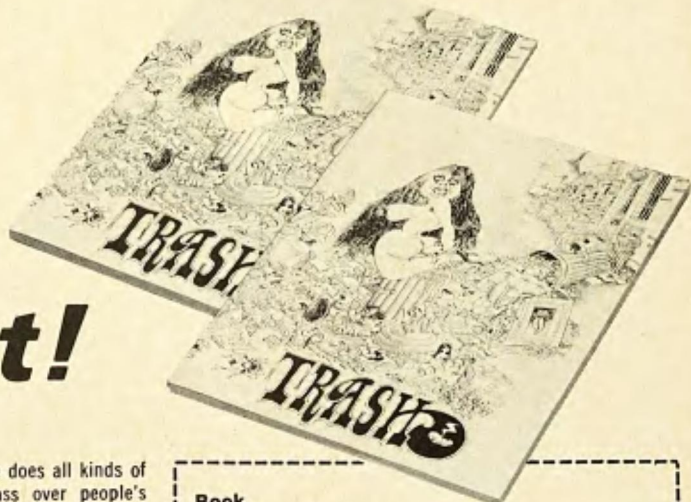
Slim
Ionia, Mich.

□ The chick in the article, "Warm Garage"—are those real tattoos? A friend and I have a bet going and I say they are.

Sunshine
Mt. Dora, Fla.

■ The tattoos are real. The featured lady is Lisa Henley (we forgot to print her name with the article) and she's also a tattoo artist who will soon be opening a shop in El Monte, California. We'll be doing a feature on her shop and more on her in an upcoming issue. We think she's outasight—a beautiful woman. You'll be seeing more of her.

It's rank, it's gross— and it's great!



If you have read *Easyriders* for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even *Easyriders* couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the

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

We want to warn you — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Order Robinson's *Trash* now.

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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

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

California residents add 6%

New lower price!

—but still *The Original*—made from steel dies—not from a cheap, low-quality rubber-mold process!

The expensive cost of the dies has even amortized (paid off) and so now we can sell the best die-stamped buckles as cheap as the rip-off, rubber-mold cheapos that you see sold and advertised elsewhere.

We have the nitty-gritty detail that any comparison will bring out — ask anyone who owns one of ours — there is a difference — the others are cheap-ass copies of our original. (Satisfaction guaranteed.)



A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—

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

Each buckle comes with 1¼"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send \$11.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

If you want only a buckle, just send \$6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. California residents add 6%.



Robinson's
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



Enlarged 300% to show detail

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

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

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

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



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

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

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Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



"Good Types"

□ I was reading a newspaper article about a helmet protest that took place in Raleigh, North Carolina, and was sponsored by CBA of North Carolina. Someone from CBA stated that there was low participation because they couldn't advertise in several cities. He also stated that they didn't want any "Hell's Angel" types and said, "We had a good type here today. We're concerned." Now just what the hell is a "Hell's Angel" type and a good type? Wish someone would let me know, 'cause I sure as hell don't.

It's been proven countless times before that peaceful protests can be planned and executed where different clubs and factions of the motorcycling world can participate together. This has been evidenced numerous times by the large turnouts at runs in California and other states. The only way we can beat the system is by strength and unity—and that means forgetting about the petty squabbles for a while (permanently, if possible) and getting our shit together. That means all members of the motorcycling community. You've probably heard all this before, but how about letting it sink in for a change before it's too late and we all end up in the same boat? Like the total outlawing of motorcycles and our way of life. Wise up, people.

Deutsch
Oak Harbor, Wash.

■ It's time that manufacturers, do-gooders, Holy Rollers, white sockers, AMAers, do-it-in-the-dirters, motoers, hill climbers, flat trackers, drag racers, two-strokers, proflers, tourers, party-timers, lovers—bikers one and all—wake up to the fact that we're **one**. That we have one common enemy—the EPAers, the DOTers, the bureaucracy, the fuckin' feds. We're bikers—they're the other side. We're together, goddammit. We're **one**—or else.

Chicks in Joints

□ A bunch of us guys in the joint would like to know something, if possible. Why

don't you have a Female Call column?

Oz
Elmira, N.Y.

■ We print letters from chicks in the joint when we get 'em.

Harley on Hit List

□ Being a biker, thief, convict, and all that shit, I'd like to comment on Chris Bunch's "Digest" bit in #48 about Harleys being #18 and #33 on the ripped-off list.

The Harley rider usually has enough sense to keep his machine outa places where it's likely to be ripped off. The 750-four thief most likely will worry only about the fuzz, whereas a Harley thief had fuckin' better pray that the fuzz catches him before the owner does. Most 750-fours are lost in the crowd—two blocks from home—while most Harleys show owner-built pride; you never see two alike in the same state.

Last, the bank-owned 750-fours are usually heavily covered by insurance, so thefts can be "arranged" to pay off loans. Just try to insure a '49 or '59 Harley for actual value.

So get your shit together, Chris. The fact that a thief is too chickenshit to steal a Harley doesn't mean it's not the Number 1 bike in the whole fuckin' world. and besides, stealing any bike is uncool, but stealing a Harley means the death penalty!

Rick Brown
La Grange, Ky.

Pop Rocks

□ There is a new candy on the market called Pop Rocks. It explodes and crackles in your mouth. Last night my ol' lady was eatin' 'em and I decided to get some head at the same time. Wow! What a trip.

Mark Adams
San Jose, Calif.

Road Rash

□ Just thought I'd write and tell you that your mag is responsible for two minor cases of road rash. I took a bro down to pick up the latest issue and on the way home the asshole went through it and copped a rush and fell off the back.

Shit—as he fell, he grabbed me around the fuckin' neck and took both me and my bike down. I just hope that this road rash shit is only a once-a-year thing.

Tanker
Bakersfield, Calif.

Ashes to Dust

□ "To Ashes to Dust" was one of the most touching stories you've ever printed. Some of your stories have made me cry, others have made me laugh, but after reading this one, the only thing I could do was take a hell of a slug of tequila and say "Adios" to a bro I wish I knew. Keep puttin'.

Big John
Sapula, Okla.

Bullshit Is Past?

□ People, in past issues I have read that the outlaw clubs (so-called) are improving their image to society. I think the clubs here in Orlando must be ignoring the plea. It's bad enough a club fights with another, but when brothers of the same club start fighting among each other, one begins to wonder what the hell is going on around here. Know it or not, Big Brother is laughing his ass off at you, me, us, and whomever. Just a plea for all our brothers to stop this bullshit before it's too late.

Pissed
Orlando, Fla.

□ Sorry to tell you fools, but your "This Bullshit Is Past" article is bullshit. It may be good in some parts of the country, but not for a lot of these east coast states. It's still survival out here. Christ, we can't go on one run without some kind of hassle. It ain't to the degree of killing bros, but a lot of shit still gets kicked outa guys over here. Patch-holding guys gotta watch out for groups of "dogoodie" bikers who think they're ridin' to protect the world from long-haired freaks with tattoos. I can tell you we are in need of some badass clubs to help our cause. Lemme tell ya, this type of bullshit ain't past.

Grease
Vineland, N.J.

□ Maybe some of you can come up with an answer



HARLEY-HONDA-KAWA

That's right!! Jammer has just put together the biggest & best handbook package yet . . . All the tech info, how to's & bikes from Jammer Handbooks 1, 2 & 3 condensed into one book (just look at the table of contents). Plus we've increased the number of products we carry from 1,000 to 2,000!!! 130 pages!!! Best of all it's **FREE** when you purchase \$20.00 or more (we refund your purchase price on first order).

Send **\$2.00** for yours today (\$1.95 & a measley nickle for postage) to:

Jammer Cycle Products
801 (ER) S. Main St.
Burbank, CA 91506

or:

Jammer Cycle Products
858 (ER) Decatur Ave. North
Minneapolis, MN 55427

Jammer

Call **toll free** Monday-Friday 1-800-423-2455

Handbook will be sent C.O.D. for \$1.95 + approximately \$1.75 for C.O.D. fee & U.P.S. charges.

-Ask us for the name of the nearest dealer who stocks Jammer parts.
Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

**Now! on
sale at your
newsstand
for only!
\$1.95**



**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist**

**For
\$31.50**



**Two Year
Guarantee**

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

To: Rapid Mail, Unlimited
3835 Broadlawn Dr.
Hollywood, Calif. 90068

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

or reason why some bikers seem to get off on beating the shit out of and killing members of other clubs. Or threatening to do so to other bikers who would like to start a new club.

It would seem to me the more united Harley riders are, the better, as they already have three strikes against them just for owning a Harley. They shouldn't have to contend with other bikers just for wearing different colors.

Cher
Coos Bay, Ore.

☐ Whoever wrote that crap entitled "This Type of Bullshit Is Past" hasn't been around the Toledo-Detroit area.

There are still some assholes around here who haven't heard the good news. Would-be badmen, "outlaws" who claim to be bikers are still fucking things up around here. Small clubs are hassled all the time in Toledo and Detroit by jackoffs who wouldn't make a pimple on an outlaw's ass.

I'll give power to the real ones I've met—Barons M. C., Utah, and Outlaws M. C., Tampa, and the west coast clubs that have their shit in order and have made bullshit wars between bikers a thing of the past.

Reddog
Toledo, Ohio

☒ It's gotta be past—the only ones we're fuckin' over are ourselves. A bro is a bro, goddammit!

Choosin' a Good Ol' Lady
☐ I just want to say that

the article "Choosing a Good Ol' Lady" really sucked. All that person thinks a chick is good for is sucking, fucking, and errand-running. Well, we're great for that, but there's a lot more we can do. I mean, shit, you bikers never turn away a good challenge, yet when it comes to an ol' lady, you want a mindless machine. And you call yourselves hardass bikers. Ha!

Carol O'Hagan
A biker's ol' lady
and fellow biker

☐ American women are now "out." They are all libbers now, so who needs them? There are literally thousands of excellent, beautiful, and sincere females wanting to come to America. I'll soon be going overseas and will marry one and bring her home with me. As far as I'm concerned, it's the only way to fly. There's just millions of female sows in America and they can all stuff it.

Rick Charles
Gladstone, Mo.

☐ You dudes always printed good stuff until this shit came down. How 'bout cuttin' us ol' ladies some slack?

I ain't never seen a fuckin' biker yet whose attention you couldn't get if you stick a fine cunt in his face. That dude must have been fuckin' blind. Whoever wrote that shit must have had his head up his ass when lookin' for material!

Goat's Ol' Lady, Swede
Norfolk, Va.

Snow Time

☐ I was reading "Fact & Fuckology" in a recent issue and I was astounded that you turkeys have never heard of the aphrodisiac commonly known as cocaine. You see, snow or coke does cause an otherwise useless man to keep a hardon for hours at a time. Sorry I didn't enclose any with this letter, but if you started snorting, maybe the next issue of *Easyriders* would never be printed on time.

Dallas Alice Downen
Long Beach, Calif.

☒ Oh (sniff), we'd (sniff) man(sniff)age. (sniff)fff

He's Alive

☐ Adolph Hitler is alive. I should know—he's my grandfather. Check it out.

Bo
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

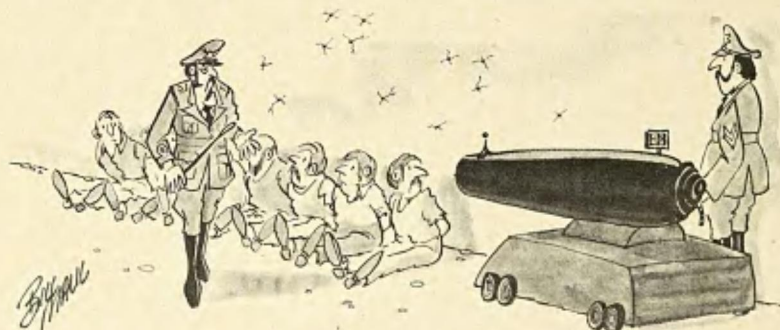
☒ Who do you think buys our raisin pie?

Almost Bearable

☐ The chick on the April cover has to be the best-lookin' broad I've seen in my entire life. She made readin' your magazine almost bearable.

Straggler
Aurora, Ill.

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



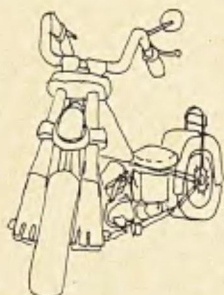
"Due to the financial crunch, we've been forced to dispense with a few of the ceremonial frills."

Biker's Digest

Sic 'em . . .

There are many states with mandatory helmet use laws, maybe because the federal government imposes its own penalties on states which don't have such laws, and maybe because the various state legislators et al believe helmet laws are good. Also present is a trend against such laws, following rulings that say the state may not impose these rules on citizens.

Fine. There is no longer any doubt that helmets work, as noted in this issue. As a



sidelight to that, research shows that in non-compulsory states such as California, about half the riders on public roads wear helmets. They do it because they want to.

The federal Department of Transportation is now conducting a campaign. It's aimed at states which either are or may be considering repeal of mandatory helmet laws.

How odd. While this is going on the outgoing Secretary of Transportation has issued a report saying that (1) unless there are laws requiring seatbelt use, the percentage of use will not rise above 40 percent, repeat, 40 percent, no matter how much clever advertising is done. (2) "I have concluded that a federal requirement that states enact laws to increase to a specified level seatbelt use would not at this time be publicly acceptable."

In other words, if 60 percent of the drivers won't wear belts, let them alone. No sense making trouble. If 50 percent of the riders don't wear helmets, sic 'em.

See how highly they value us? And you thought we

were second class citizens.

—Cycle World

Some wise words . . .

We are now in a time when too many of the individuals who act as their company's representatives to the MSF or the MIC or the AMA are not leaders but lesser executives. Examine their backgrounds and you'll find an inordinate number whose primary occupation has to do with marketing, sales or advertising. Company management seems to slough off active participation in favor of mere public relations, an indication of just how little regard they have for the very organizations they claim to support. Apparently there is no realization that this lack of a sincere concern for motorcycling's best interests leaves those associations (and therefore the entire industry) vulnerable to accusations from the general public and wide open to attacks from the "ban motorcycles" activists.

This dearth of policy-making representatives shackles the efficiency of those organizations. When a problem comes up, action must be delayed pending reports to the bosses at the companies. Not only does this retard the action, it also lends itself to misinterpretations and enhances the chance that the company's decision may well be based on biased or incomplete information. If the person who represents his company is just a messenger—if he cannot speak for his company—then he should be replaced with somebody who can.

Another source of consternation to me is the fact that so many motorcycle industry executives simply do not ride motorcycles. This, in turn, means a scarcity of riders serving as company representatives. Take the MSF for example. Here is a group dedicated to motorcycling safety and yet the majority of the board members who determined MSF policy have not been men who ride the roads on motorcycles. How, then, can they

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

presume to advise those of us who do? (Fortunately, most MSF staff members are riders.)

Or consider the basic structure of the AMA. It consists of a membership made up of consumers governed by a board composed mostly of individuals from industry. Again, many of them are not consumers of their own products. I find that strangely puzzling.

Even more ominous is my conviction that among those who guide motorcycling's organizations are those who don't much like motorcyclists. A few go so far as to subscribe to many of the same misconceptions held by the non-riding public. They don't get out and do it—therefore they don't understand what it's really all about.

Recently while in the company of some of these people I used the phrase "a road riding philosophy." One asked me to define that. My resulting mumblelog went on for several minutes and I think about all I succeeded in defining was the limits of my own ability to articulate. I tried to get across the idea that it was a feeling—an attitude, a spirit, an appreciation of freedom coupled with a sense of belonging. I don't think I made my point. But how can you define "a road riding philosophy" to non-riders? . . . to outsiders? I've thought about it since and decided it amounts to about the same thing Louis Armstrong once said when he was asked to define jazz—"If you have to ask what it is, don't mess with it."

Yet among those who currently control motorcycling's destiny we've got a lot of people who are, in effect, messing with it. Instead we need people who are both decision makers and motorcyclists—people who don't have to ask what it is.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTeous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
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CLUB CARDS

Here are more cards sent in by our righteous bros. This time we thought we'd make your liver quiver by presentin' 'em in full flamin' color. Some are pretty tasty. Some lay it on the line — like the one "We Eat Pussy" — others are symbolic, sacred, powerful, funky, straight — you name it. They all ooze the personality of the club. It's theirs and theirs alone (remember that). It's their statement. They're bros, one for all — all for one. It's brotherhood, pure and simple. (We'll print more in future issues after we accumulate enough to do so — so keep sendin' 'em in.) ■

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The Helmet Industry's Achilles' Heel*

Hear me out. You'll be damned glad you took a few minutes to absorb somma the stuff I'm gonna lay on ya.

First off, let it be understood that I'm not against helmets. There sure as hell are places and times that a person should, and must, use a helmet—and that person knows when it is. He doesn't need Big Brother to hold his hand.

He also knows that if he has a 9 to 1 chance of pulling something off, he'll do it. It's his decision—he doesn't need anyone around to remind him where, when, and how he should do something. He's got a mind of his own—so leave him alone. As my dear ol' mom useta say, "If he wants to stick his head in da toilet and flush it, let him—it's none of your business!" (She was a great lady.) In short, if a dude wants to wear a helmet, so be it. If he doesn't it's his decision—pure and simple.

We at **Easyriders** (me included) have been preachin' this principle from Year One—so what I have to say from here on is not against helmets, but rather against Big Brother, the do-gooder, the fast-buck artist, the I-want-to-be-elected official, the I-want-to-keep-my-job bureaucrat, the manufacturers who lie awake at night and worry about me for a buck, those assholes who lobby, influence, pass laws, and force me to do something against my will that I'm perfectly capable of deciding for myself.

I'm speaking against **mandatory** helmet laws—got it?

Okay—so if we're forced to put up with these professional hand-wringers, if they **really** feel that the helmet is such a goddam cure-all,

then should the helmet not work, fail, crap out, kill me, doesn't protect me, doesn't do all that it's supposed to do—then shouldn't someone be held accountable?

If I'm forced to wear a helmet and the fuckin' thing kills me, and it's proven in court the fucker breaks my neck, the thing shatters into a jillion pieces, doesn't do a damned thing—then someone should cough up. Right?

Ya fuckin' A!

The insurance companies are head-in' for the hills—and in many cases aren't insuring the helmet manufacturers and dealers any longer at all—under any circumstances, at any cost. And the insurance companies that do continue to insure against product liability are doubling and tripling their insurance rates. Why? What do they know that we don't know? Why are they running scared?

Here's what an official of the Safety Helmet Council of America wrote to a manufacturer last year:

"Thank you for your letter of March 17th regarding your concern over your company's increase in Products Liability insurance premiums.

"You are not alone. One other major helmet manufacturer informs me that his annual premium now is \$180,000. That manufacturer builds less than 200,000 helmets per year; therefore, he is looking at \$1.00 per helmet as his basic cost.

"At this point in time, it looks like we have about 30 products liability cases against dealers and manufacturers for a total dollar value of about \$50,000,000.

"Since the Riddell football helmet

case hit the wire services in mid-December, 1975, I now receive at least three phone calls per week from products liability attorneys. This is going to get much worse before it gets better. I think that products liability suits against the helmet industry will equal or exceed the medical malpractice situation that is receiving so much publicity.

"I would like to assure you that I am making every effort to locate an insurance carrier to grant a group products liability policy for the SHCA. Unfortunately, over the past six months of trying, I have learned that **most** carriers, regardless of premiums, will not under any circumstances insure dealers and manufacturers of motorcycle rider helmets.

"I will continue to try to interest a major insurance carrier in the rigid Safety Helmet Council of America Quality Assurance Program and will keep you informed of the results."

Well, it seems that at last we can tell the eager beaver helmet law promoters—private, federal, state, city, whatever—to put up or shut up. Back off, baby. We'll wear helmets when we want to, but if you force them on us, ya better be sure they work—and we don't think you are. If we're forced to wear a helmet and because of it one of us dies, our heirs are gonna sue, baby, they're gonna sue. They're gonna sue the state, the feds, the manufacturers, and the dealers. If the product is the cause of death—then someone should pay—right? Two and two make four. Get outta my hair.

So let's tell them once more to back off and leave us alone. Let those who ride, decide—goddammit!

—Spider

*Achilles' heel: "Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel; a vulnerable point."—Webster's Dictionary.

ASSIGNMENT

By Garbage

Workin' my fuckin' way around the goddam eleven-car accident on the expressway made me late for the weekly meeting. When I finally reached The Suds Shack, I parked and chain-locked the scooter before goin' into the bar. Pickin' my path carefully through the bros—all forty-two of the big, mean-lookin' muthas representin' the Cranksmen M/C membership—I gradually realized they were all grinnin' at me, watchin' me as I finally found a place and eased my ass down.

Then I spotted Slobber Hoxe, the prez. His fat face was creased into a shitty smirk, and the big bastard was aimin' it right at me. Cross an IBM machine with a sex-mad whore and ya'll get a fuckin' know-it-all like Slobber every time. We never liked each other when we were prospects, and the dislike was still mutual. In fact, ever since the big smartass was elected prez I've seriously considered goin' back to ridin' as a loner. Mainly because the over-sized mother-fucker has never stopped leanin' on me about my size. I know I'm short. I've learned to live with it. Most of the bros I've met in the seven years I've been bikin' make a good-natured crack or two about my size and let it go at that. Those who didn't are probably still astonished at learnin' how fast a little dude can move when it comes to kickin' the livin' shit outa tormentors twice his size and weight. Which is how I earned my club name, Meanstreak.

"Glad ya could make it to the meetin', runt," chortled Slobber. "We just about gave up on ya."

"You talkin' to me?" I asked evenly.

"Right, runt."

"Use my name, man."

Slobber's shitty grin stayed in place but his tiny, close-set eyes hardened. "Oh, excuse my fuckin' lack of formality. Sorry about that."

"Don't let it tear ya up none," I advised him.

The others laughed uneasily.

"Well, we're jes' tickled silly that ya got here, because we jes' finished takin' a fuckin' vote, and yer elected!"

A chill ambled up my back.

"Elected for what?" I asked.

"Hognose, clue the lucky little runt to what we voted while the rest of us get another round of suds goin'," ordered Slobber nastily, his grin pure malice now.

I swung my attention to Hognose, who sat near me, his beefy hands rubbin' thoughtfully at his tawny beard as he grinned nervously. He seemed to be havin' trouble lookin' me straight in the eyeballs.

"Okay, so clue me, bro," I demanded. "What the fuck's happenin' here with this election shit?"

"Yeah . . . uh . . . well," he mumbled, "ya ever heard of them Amazons, man?" His squinty eyes darted everywhere.

I nodded curtly. "The all-doll bike club rumored to be somewhere up north around Eureka."

"That's them."

"So?"

Hognose gulped at his beer. "Yeah . . . uh . . . well, we figgered . . . uh . . . that is, Slobber figgered it might be real fine if we got together with them cunts and like that, dig? Fresh meat and all like that, dig?"

"All right. When do we leave?"

"Uh . . . well . . . shit!" Hognose groaned softly and shame glimmered in his bloodshot eyes. "Slobber says it'd be better to send a kinda scout up there instead the whole club riskin' a goddam wild goose run, dig?"

I was beginnin' to dig the plan, all right.

"I'll bet the big dipshit even had figures to show how economical it would be to send a dude alone instead of the whole club ridin' until it was a for-sure deal. Right, man?"

"Hey, was you already here, listenin'?"

"And just what fine fuckin' logic did that asshole use to suggest *me* for the gig?"

"Oh . . . uh . . . well, he reminded everybody of how fuckin' tough them Amazons are supposed to be, and how maybe our best bet would be sendin' a handsome li'l—excuse it, Meanstreak—a handsome bro who wouldn't make them twats feel threatened, dig?"

I nodded grimly.

Mentally I was hearin' what that lard-ass bastard had really said. "*We kin send Meanstreak because the runt kin handle any situation and them cunts probably wouldn't kill a little fucker, jes' in case they're as bad as all the goddam rumors say they are—unless somebody wantsta volunteer takin' the fuckin' risk of gittin' his fuckin' balls kicked outa his crotch or his fuckin' head pinched off if them Amazons is a buncha badass dykes.*"

Glancing around the room, I wasn't surprised to see that every pair of eyes dropped or flickered away the minute I stared into them. The chickenshits had really strapped it on me. I was gonna be the test bait. If I survived, the others were safe.

"Brotherhood!" I snorted. And at that moment, something down deep inside me just fuckin' well curled up and was wasted by the resentment seethin' through my guts, although I wasn't clearly aware of it at the time.

"Ya gonna go, ain'tcha?" Hognose peered worriedly at me over the beer can raised to his maw.

"The fuckin' club rules gimme no fuckin' choice," I muttered, gettin' to my feet. "You know that as well as I do, numbnuts. And since the closest thing to a fuckin' choice is gettin' stomped for refusin' an elected assignment or gettin' stomped by those Amazons, I'll take the goddam chance that they *ain't* a buncha badass dykes."

I started for the door, figurin' on ridin' around until I'd cooled down some. Suddenly Slobber stepped into my path, still grinnin' like a possum eatin' shit.

"Ya clued, runt?" he gloated.

"I'm clued," I said, my teeth clenched

—Continued on page 86



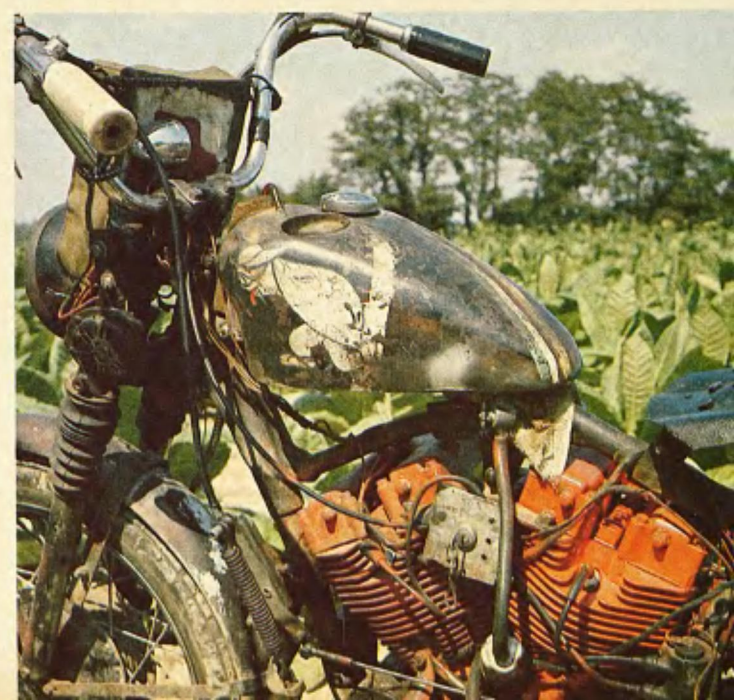
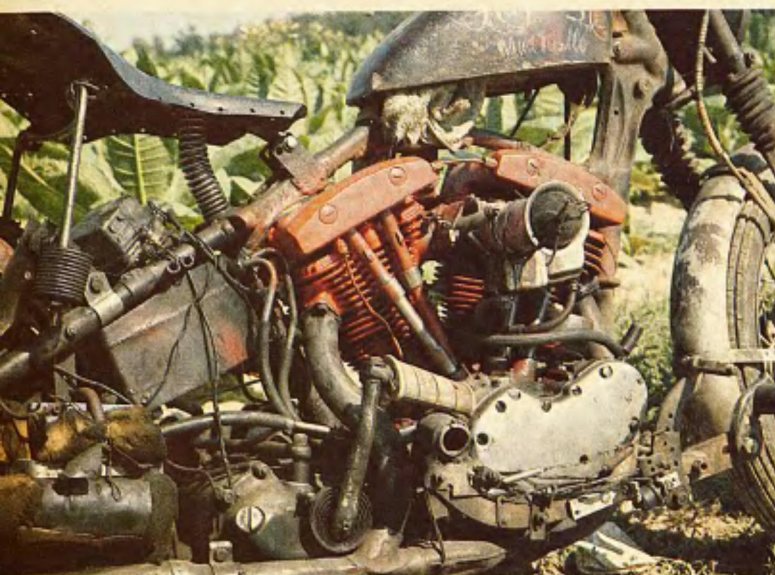
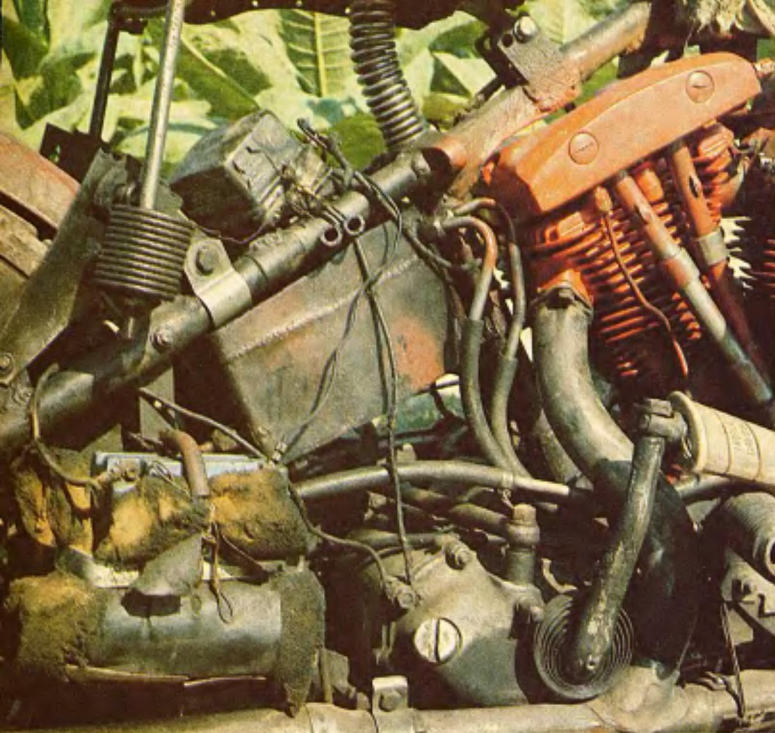
NOTICE

No it's not farm equipment—it's a shovelhead (honest)!

TOBACCO RAT







Three of us were stoned on some well-rolled joints of New Orleans Colombian while headin' north—or was it east? Anyway, we were runnin' amok all over the highway, weavin' 'n swervin' and in general having one helluva time—lost like three scooter tramps in a computer plant. Finally, we found ourselves surrounded by what looked like miles and miles of cabbage.

One of the more astute members of the group informed the other two that the greenery was tobacco. If they had been healthy marijuana plants maybe we woulda been interested. But bein' too blasted to do much of anything 'cept keep our quiverin' scooters upright, we kept spinnin' on down the road.

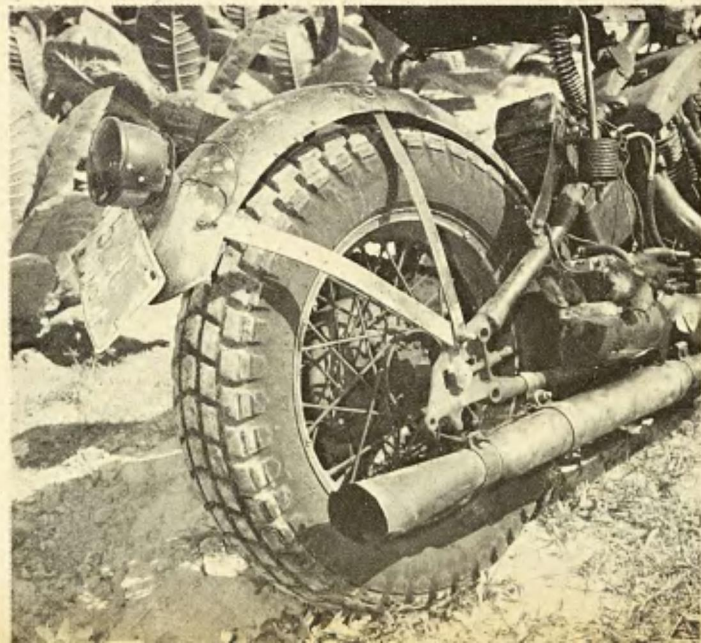
We putted through what seemed to be a hundred miles of green before spottin' something different. From a distance it appeared to be farm equipment. But once we were upon it—Christ, you wouldn't believe the commotion.

"It's a shovelhead," Spider screamed and hit the binders. Snake was so loose he went off the side of the road and down in the soft shoulder tryin' to avoid Spider's crossed-up pan. We parked our bikes and sat down together in the moist soil to check out the rat. Like the three wise men, we inspected every distinguished feature of the classic. And since Snake had packed a camera for a thousand miles, we set him to work clickin' shots of this one-of-a-kind.

Drinkin' some good juice and smokin' joints until Spider passed out and Snake couldn't hold the camera any longer, we soon crashed alongside the sea of tobacco plants. The sun had about scorched our eyes permanently shut when we heard a scooter fire. Tryin' in vain to make our diluted minds function, we were showered by the dirt flung at us from the knobby rear tire as the rat just disappeared into the tobacco fields. No one ever saw the owner. So we named the mysterious rider "Farmer" and the chart came from what we could determine with our sluggish brains while we inspected the tobacco rat.

The scooter was never seen again as our putts took us from Marlboro country. But this article is livin' proof that the farmer and his tobacco rat are out there. Will the legends of the highway ever end?

—Hangover



Owners: Farmer

City: Upper Marlboro

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1933

Year and make: 1967 H-D

Builder: H-D/ol' man Jackson

Model: tobacco

Type: VL single bar

Value: priceless

Rake: skimpy

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: never-endin'

Other alterations: relief for motor

Chroming by: none

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Sportster speeders

Year: 1967

Risers: big twin

Model: shovel

Fender(s): Wassel alloy

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: dim knuckle

Ignition: spark

Taillight: '44 knuckle

Displacement: 88 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: S & S flywheels

Front pegs: 14EEE shoe size

Balancing: S & S

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: TRW 11.5:1

Electrics: cracked wires

Cases: VHT red

Gas tank: 125 H-D Hummer

Heads: ported

Oil tank: H-D cut in half

Cam: Norris

Oil system: leaks

Lifters: S & S solids

Primary cover: '57 H-D ventilated

Carb(s): 1 7/8 in. S & S

Seat: early knuckle

Air cleaner: S & S stack

Sissy bar: fell off

Pipes: dresser

Height:

Muffler(s): blown out

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Mods.: shaved dogs, cut gears

Type: 1954 Sportster

Year: 1967

Extension: none

Shifting: added mousetrap

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features: oil's gone

Trans sprocket: 26

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 63

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 19

Size: 16

Molding: crud

Hub: Sporty

Hub: H-D

Painter: none

Rim width: WM2

Rim width: WM4

Color: mud

Tire: 3.50

Tire: Goodyear

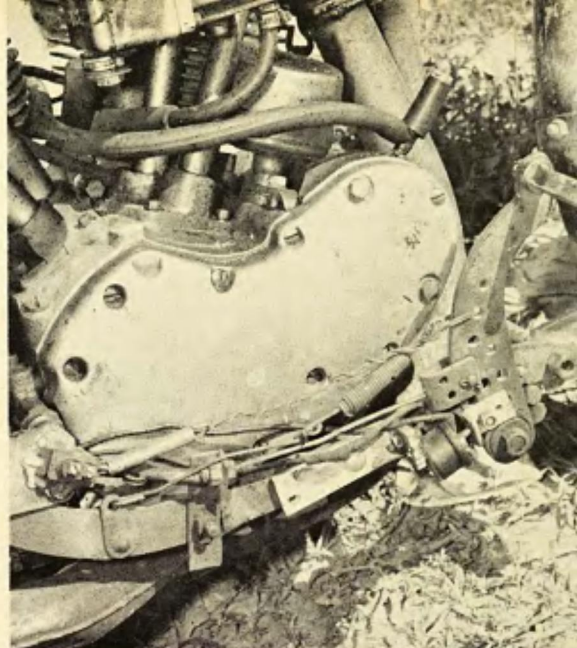
Type: rust, rot & 60 wt.

Brake: Sporty

Brake: H-D drum

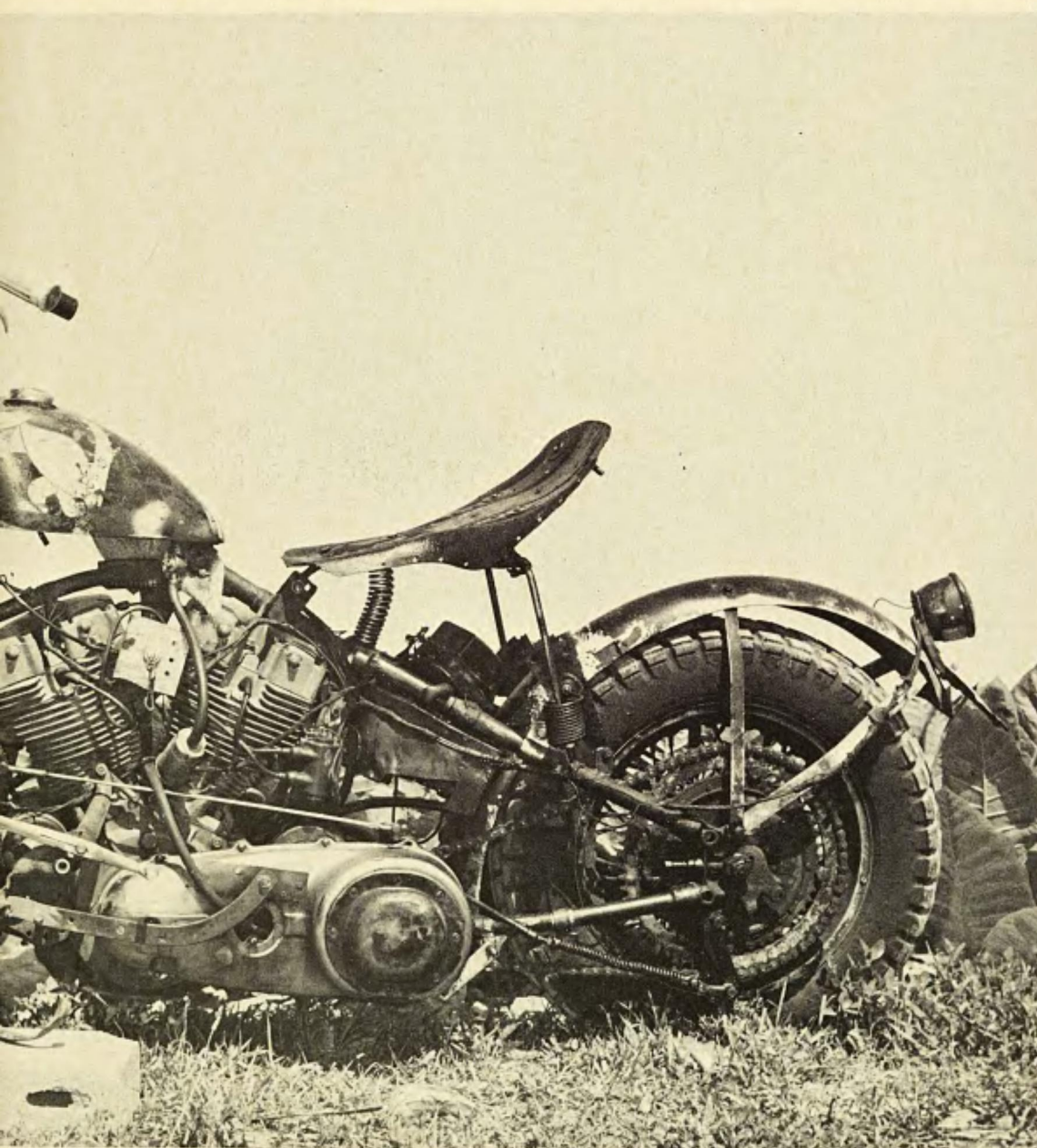
Special paint: Flyin' mud turtle by Joe in D.C.

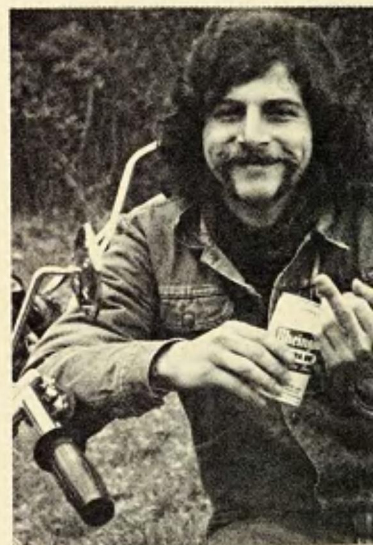
Other special modifications: Gas tank and battery shock mounted, special brackets everywhere.





Photos by Jake







Flippin' Da Bone!

A twenty-five-year-old chick living in Austin, Texas, was standing in front of a store in a run-down neighborhood when a car loaded with "hippie-looking" dudes drove by. One of the hairy fuckers leaned out the window and whistled, making an accompanying suggestive remark. The neighborhood was one where the sidewalks were littered with old, new, and used prostitutes. Not belonging to that sorority, and pissed off by the insulting remarks, the lady pointed her middle finger heavenward and made a familiar gesture in their direction. The car screeched to a halt and out jumped half a dozen vice squad cops, dressed in rags. They thumped her melon, handcuffed her, and tossed her in the slammer.

Under Texas law, a person is subject to arrest if he—she—makes an offensive gesture in a public place and the act is intended to incite a breach of peace. A misdemeanor, it carries a fine of from twenty-five to two hundred dollars.

Flippin' somebody off can be done in anger, in a real effort to incite some physical violence, or it can be done in playful jest, the latter being the most common reason for the gesture. A former Vice-President of the United States flipped off a group of noisy, protesting students and made the front pages of newspapers and magazines all over the world. Nothing at all was done to him for his act. When it was brought up in court trials in numerous cases where such a precedent-setting act might have been helpful to achieve dismissal, no judicial notice was taken of the photograph, even though it was made in an overtly hostile manner.

Shooting the finger, giving the bird, flipping the bone, or the dubious digit supposedly originated when the ancient Greek Diogenes flipped off orator Demosthenes during one of the latter's speeches. Since then it has been used by politicians, soldiers, and some very proper citizens as a method of expressing dislike for someone's actions or words.

A female newspaper reporter, in Saratoga Springs, New York, was fired

by her boss when she gave the finger to a group of protesters during a meeting of the town board. Her boss based his decision to let her go on the presumption that she had "destroyed her credibility as a reporter."

Jimmy Connors, the champion tennis player, made headlines and front-page news when he flipped off news photographers covering a tennis event in England, where such an act is done with the use of two fingers. The British make the obscene gesture by holding up two fingers in the old "V for Victory" sign, but with the back of the hand facing their intended victim. It is an infuriating gesture, yet with the palm of the hand facing onlookers, the same sign becomes one with an entirely different meaning of both **peace** and **victory**, the latter being popularized by the late Winston Churchill.

Remember Vice-President Agnew, whose rhetoric was so flashy that no one knew what he was saying until it was too late? What he was saying in effect, was, "I'm really givin' you folks a fuckin'," and he emphasized it in a famous photograph where he appeared to be scratching his nose with the middle finger of one hand. Most dudes were doing that to their school teachers when they were in the second grade.

When Commander Lloyd Bucher and the crew of the **Pueblo** were prisoners of the North Koreans, during the Johnson administration, they fooled their guards into believing that when they gave them the finger they were committing an act of friendship, and that the gesture was commonly known as "The Hawaiian Good Luck" sign. When the Reds found out what it really meant, they beat the fuck outta the crew members.

Flipping someone off is not, as has been supposed, a sign of "the new morality." It has been around for centuries, and its main use is for giving a long-distance answer to someone whom words can't reach, or by persons who are struck with temporary inarticulateness.

Personally, I have given the finger to hundreds of people while driving on

the freeways. I especially enjoy giving it to fuzz who are traveling in the opposite direction and to bankers and stock-brokers early in the morning, because I know it fucks up their day. It's just a little streak of meanness I have.

Once, a pretty little girl stopped me on the street and hustled me for some bread "in the name of Jesus" 'cause she was taking a collection for her religious group. Naturally, I tried to put the make on her, and when she wouldn't cooperate, I told her to buzz off. I walked a few feet, then turned quickly, just in time to see her giving me the finger behind my back. Another time, I pulled up to a stop sign behind a compact car that was being driven by a chick. She had a bumper sticker that said, "Honk If You Love Jesus." I honked. The cunt whirled around, a mean look on her face, mouthed, "Fuck you!" and gave me the finger, assuming, I suppose, that I'd believe it to be some new religious sign.

There have been moves to make the gesture illegal, but none of them have worked because, as Janet Stockard, a Texas attorney, stated, "One man's finger is another man's free speech." In Germany it was once the custom of those angered by someone to tap their forehead with a finger, indicating that the recipient of the gesture was mentally incompetent. After many lawsuits, the gesture was declared illegal. Sound silly? German lawmakers also made it illegal to use the word **Jawohl**. It simply means "Yes, indeed," but since it was used by Nazi soldiers during World War II, it's now a naughty word. Giving the Nazi salute fell under the same ruling.

Every once in a while I catch my kid giving the finger to his mother after she nags at his ass for not making his bed or for leaving his toys lying around. But I can't blame the kid. I give her the finger all the time when she pisses me off. She hasn't caught either of us yet, thank God. She's a big, mean cunt. She won't even turn out for the troops unless I'm real nice to her.—Wet Balls

Crazy Joe let his foot slip off the suicide clutch of his powerful Hog and it sprang forward with a newer and more violent burst of speed as its meaty Dunlops found traction on the asphalt highway that he had finally reached in the darkness.

Two hours of fighting ruts and unseen potholes in the desert road, over which he had been traveling at the highest speed he dared, had nearly robbed him of all his strength, and riding fast over unknown territory at night without lights was not Crazy Joe's favorite pastime. Smuggling was, however, and the warmth he felt, knowing that the goods in the bundle tied to his sissy bar would buy him all the comfort he needed, he shrugged off the fatigue and chill that racked his tired body.

Now, at last, he was on the asphalt, and even though there were still many miles to go and a lot of back roads to take in order to skirt the many small towns between here and L.A., Crazy Joe began to feel pretty good.

The dudes had tried to short him on the sale in the little town south of the border, but when Crazy Joe had let them see that he was packing his multi-load twelve-gauge shotgun, sawed off short, they had made jokes as if it were an honest mistake, and he had gotten away with a very good buy. Just the same, he had watched his back for many miles until he reached the border.

Booking along the road now, with dust and pieces of sagebrush flying from the spokes and lower parts of the Hog frame as he accelerated, he was still in darkness. He would not turn on his headlight for many miles yet, in order to escape notice from any distant border patrol cars that might be lurking on hilltops in the areas through which he must pass. The moon furnished enough light for him to see by for the time being.

He knew he was suffering from fatigue and eye strain, and several times, when jackrabbits or coyotes ran across the road ahead, he thought he was hallucinating. Later, when he reached the safety of his pad, he would sample his wares and get a good night's sleep, but in the meantime he knew that he must remain alert and clear-headed. This was business, and Crazy Joe was one hell of a good businessman.

Far ahead the lights of a small desert town glimmered, and Crazy Joe thought of steaming hot coffee and warm food to ease the pain of the cold night air that stabbed like

Crazy Joe

By John Watson

a knife into his throat. The road swooped and turned, and there were spine-tingling dips, black as the devil's heart, into which the Hog would plunge as it raced along the narrow, two-lane road. He followed the white line with precision.

Far ahead, the lights of a vehicle showed briefly, coming his way, but as it drew near Crazy Joe recognized it as another of the small pickups used by dry farmers and squatters in this part of the country. And then they were within yards of each other.

For a moment, Crazy Joe heard drunken voices singing in grating disharmony, and then the truck was swerving, crossing the road toward him. His feet up on the high pegs, he did not have time to react before he was hit. He was beginning to dive over the handlebars when he heard the harsh, metallic scream of metal on metal, and then it was darker even than the night.

Without a movement, without a sound, he finally awakened from his long sleep. Perhaps some desert creature had touched him in passing, recalling consciousness. Perhaps the desert wind had whispered some awakening song in his ear. Whatever it may have been, Crazy Joe opened his eyes and gazed at the sky. He knew, or perhaps merely sensed, that time had passed. Evening was drawing near: there was no wind, only the hot, dry desert, and the afternoon sun, low in the sky, sent down its final rays of heat.

His mouth felt dry; his tongue rasped against his teeth. He rolled over slowly, feeling his bones creak and hearing his own strange, dry, rustling movements in the silence of the desert. He was quite a distance from the road, in high brush, and crawling on hands and knees at first, then rising to a painful, stooped position, he made his way to the road.

Marks of the collision were still visible: a long, deep gouge in the asphalt; some broken bits of glass on

the shoulder; a few brown rags, torn from his sleeping bag. But his Hog was nowhere in sight.

Painfully, his skinned hands searched the pockets of his Levi jacket and trousers for a smoke. Everything was gone.

Well, he thought, at least I know which direction they were going, and as drunk as they sounded, they had to be locals.

He started to limp along the paved road, south again, from where he had been. The sun was down, but it remained light enough to see well for quite some time as he stumbled along the road in painful determination.

An hour more, and the night came down on his creeping form like old age descends on a Vietnamese woman. One moment the beauty and light is there. The next moment it is gone.

He struggled ahead through the moonless night, hurting, anger building up in him. Anger over losing his Hog, anger over losing the expensive purchase he had made, and anger over being abandoned. The hours dragged by, the moon rose—and far away he saw the lights.

A small house, not much more than a shack, sat alone in the desert, far back from the road at the base of a small hill of rocks. In the light from an open door, Crazy Joe saw the shape of a battered pickup parked in the yard. Vengeance began to boil in his veins, urging him to rush forward to reclaim what belonged to him and to punish those who had done him harm. But the wisdom of years of survival in city slums and the combat knowledge he had accumulated in Viet Nam suppressed such foolish action.

Creeping nearer to the house he heard a dog bark, and he crouched suddenly, freezing statue-like as he had so many times in the jungles of Nam. Now the coolness of the professional jungle fighter calmed him. Suddenly he saw a big man fill the open doorway.

"Shuddup, you goddam dog. Crazy bitch. Eet's only a fuckin' coyote." The man's arm swung in an arc, and a bottle shattered somewhere in the darkness, accompanied by a yelp.

Crazy Joe sat for a long time in silence, watching, listening. He heard a rustling sound, and in the moonlight saw the dog sniffing its way toward him. He held both hands out before him, a foot apart, palms facing and breathed softly as the dog approached. She saw him, and bristled.

The huge black bitch growled

—Continued on page 92



Holdin' Your Oil

Anyone who runs a Hydra-glide front end, especially an extended one, knows the frantic hassles of trying to keep oil in the damn things. Everything's fine for a few miles after replacing the seals and boots, but then you start to see that familiar oily substance everywhere on your forks except inside the sliders.

This cure will by no means fix the little buggers forever, but it will keep you soakin' up the bumps about four times as long as the stock setup allows. The oil kept inside your forks will make for a much more comfortable long-distance machine and will also make your wide glide last a helluva lot longer.

First, you want to score four of the rubber and metal oil seals located at the top of the slider tubes. The stock setup calls for only one in each leg, but I ain't your local Harley-Davidson representative. If you want

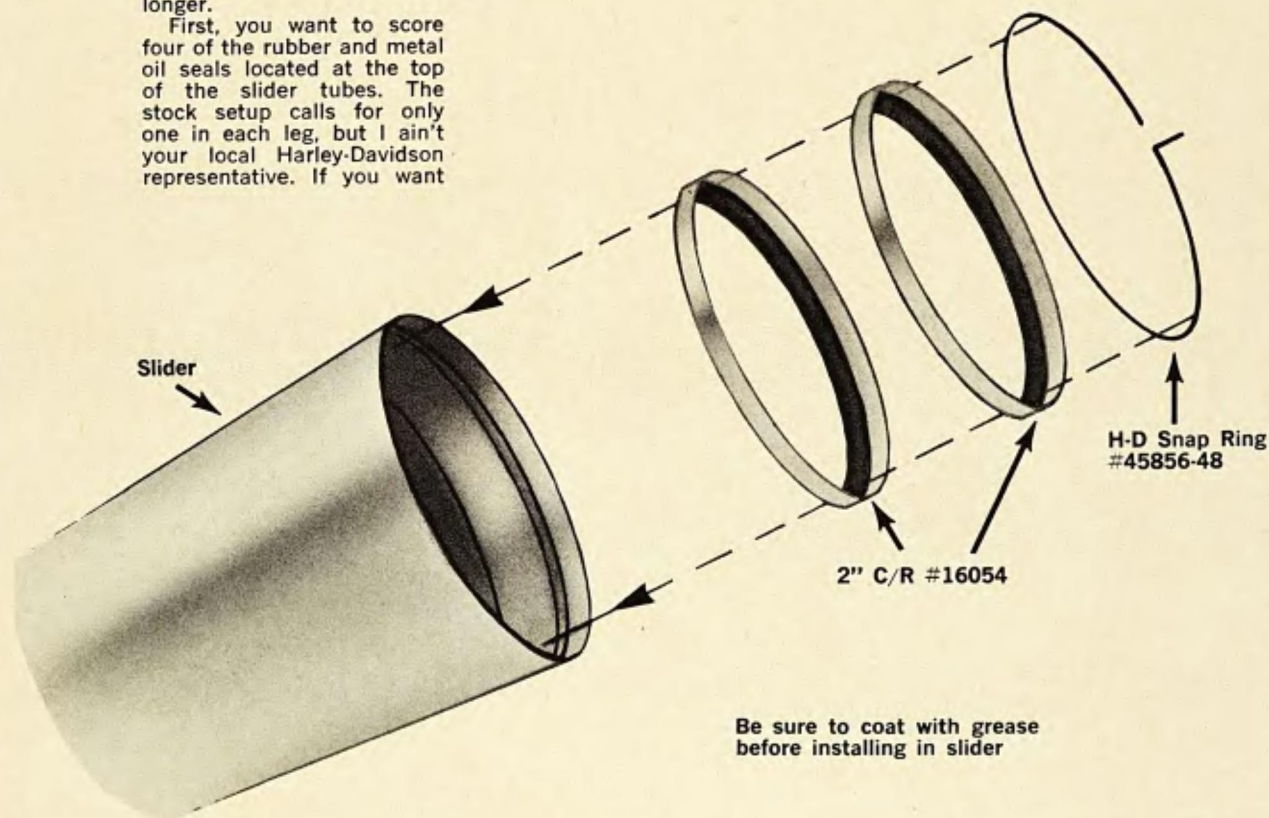
to save some cash, the Harley seals are made by Chicago Rawhide, and the C/R number is 16054. At a bearing and seal house, these little fellas sell for about two clams apiece. Harley-Davidson sells theirs for \$3.10.

Now that you've picked up seals, take your sliders and clean them up a little. Now the stock seal setup uses a seal, a felt wiper, a retainer for the felt, and a snap ring at the top. What we're gonna do is eliminate the felt wiper and its retainer. In its place we're gonna tamp another seal (#16054) piggyback style.

Then we pop the snap-ring into place, just to finish up the job a little.

Remember, before you put your seal in, rub some grease on the outside of the seal and some on the inside of the slider. Then, when you go to put your tubes in, coat the rubber sealing surface with some good grease or heavy oil. To top it off, throw a set of slider boots on and you'll be ready for a lot of comfortable, carefree miles. It rides and it glides — right? ■

By Tim Kast



Lunch Time

My ol' man wants a sandwich. I refused unless you were the other piece—then we'd all have fun. But he's not sure. I think he's afraid I'd like your talents better than his. Do you think he has cause for concern?

Dizzy
San Francisco, Calif.

● You'd better believe it. You'd **both** fall in love with me and would be throwin' rocks at each other. I'm president of the Home Breakers Society—didn't ya know?

Calorie Question

We were wondering how many calories were in come. Do you think there's very many?

Spider & Pistol Pete
Ottumwa, Iowa

● I've read where there's very few. With my snortin' and droppin' I don't eat much food so I must be gettin' calories from somewhere, 'cause I sure put on the weight—and it sure ain't from eatin' food.

Replaced by Snake

My ol' lady says my cock ain't big enough, so I went out and got her a snake. Now she's thrown me out and lives with the snake. Any suggestions?

Slim
Scullyville, N.J.

● Go back to molesting little girls, ya creep.

Deep Throat

I don't have a problem now. I just want to let other dudes know how I solved my problem, which in turn will turn them on.

My problem was that my ol' lady didn't mind givin' me head—she wanted to please me because I make sure I please her (I dig the shit outta her), but she gagged

when I let her munch on my tool. I explained to her that it was all in her head—that if she concentrated, she could take the whole thing. I even took her to see "Deep Throat" where Linda Lovelace learned to overcome gaggin' and was able to take any size thing into her mouth. So my ol' lady, bein' a good ol' lady, agreed to practice. Whatta trip. She practiced and practiced and practiced. Needless to say, I dug the shit outta her tenacity. Slowly but surely she overcame her problem, and I can tell you it's somethin' else. In exchange, she has her favorite trips and I return her love. Life is beautiful.

Gorilla
Fort Smith, Ark.

● I hear ya—the kid next door taught me when I was in grammar school.

Needs Tongue

My ol' man loves it when I give him dynamite head, but he won't stick his hot wet tongue up my box. What the fuck is wrong with him?

Waiting to get it
Bronx, N.Y.

● You're askin' me? He must be some kind of a weirdo—I'd shitcan him if I were you.

Lump

Last week I was goin' down on my ol' lady and I started gaggin'. Ever since then I've had somethin' caught in my throat that keeps chokin' me. I tried garglin', thinkin' it might be a hair, but it won't go away. It feels like a lump of somethin'. Got any ideas what it could be?

Big Jim
Roanoke, Va.

● I've heard of the symptoms. You missed, bro. That's a dingleberry ya got caught in yer gullet. Go outside an'

hang by yer knees from a tree limb till ya hear from me.

Musical Sex

Not only does my ol' lady have an incredible knack for givin' head to three guys at the same time, but she can hum The Dead's "Truckin'" while she's doin' it. Her problem is that she can't fart with the rhythm, and it really pisses us off. Generally her farts are two or three notes off. Got any tips?

Manny, Gitty and Fanny
Waupac, Wisconsin

● Simple. Keep time with the music, and when you want her to fart, kick her in the gut. Train her, man, train her.

Gettin' Off

The only way I can really get my rocks off is to have my ol' lady blow me. She says I'm selfish. I tell her that if she really got into givin' good head, she'd climax at the same time I do. Isn't that right?

Snake
Flushing, N.Y.

● That's right, man. If she gets into it—really gets into it—she'll get off too. But it can't be done if she's doin' you a favor. If you just stand there with your crank dangle, then it ain't goin' to happen. Sex is love. Ya gotta treat her right too. If you love her body, she'll love yours, and someday you'll be one. You'll be doin' all kinds of things that neither of you thought you'd do. Get involved—It's great.

Frightened

You hear about all the bad VD shit goin' around. How can a dude be sure his face isn't goin' to get all fucked up with some strange disease, the mung, or something like

that, after he drags his nose through a chick's monkey?

Concerned
Detroit, Mich.

● Shit, man—it's a roll of the dice. You wins some and you loses some. Use your fuckin' head. If her hole's community property, whatda-fuck—you should know it. But if she's a bank teller type—a sweet thing—and her skivvies don't have any hash marks and her box smells like Kool Aid or a hint of some expensive, hip perfume (just a touch—not too much) or if she smells just plain good-ol'-female—smells and tastes just plain ol' natural—not put-on—no games—just good, warm, clean, natural female smells—just good clean female skin, hair, warmth, closeness—the natural scent of female sex is what it's all about. Lovin' each other's body, flesh, skin, hair—inside and out—really gettin' into each other is what it's all about. Soft music. A little wine, soft conversation, pinchin', pokin', tastin', softly lickin'—slow and easy—nothing frantic—no rush. Sit, lie—whatever, nude, touch, kiss, explore each other's bodies—completely open, completely relaxed. Even stop just before a peak so you can start the build-up all over again. Take hours. Enjoy. Build up to the crescendo. Build. Build. Build over hours until you turn into animals—you're on a trip. You're not here. You're built up to a freak-out—anything goes—you're loose—all inhibitions have slowly washed away—you are one. It's nirvana. A four-hour session and at the end you'll know each other like you've never known each other before. That's what I call real sex. No whiff-bam-thank-you-ma'am bullshit. Just a slow, soft, mellow, suck, fuck, sip, toke, snort, b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l session, and after all that, if you by chance wind up with a nose-dose—what da fuck—It was worth it. (Whew—I think I'll find Spider for some release.)

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. ■

EASYRIDERS MAKES ASSAULT ON THE WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD

While *Easyriders* is a rag primarily devoted to street riders, we don't overlook the many facets of motorcycle riding for pleasurable achievement. In October 1972 and again in December 1974, we featured Bob George's twin-engined Harley, **Twice the Rat**. Riding this machine, Dave Campos became the fastest man in the world on an open bike. Dave has also been AHRA and NHRA national champion in drag racing.

More recently, Bob George decided to tackle the World's Land Speed Record. Since *Easyriders* had sponsored his open class bike, we decided to back him all the way, sponsoring his double 91 cubic inch, water-cooled streamliner in an assault on the world's record.

Jammer Cycle soon entered the picture, since some very heavy cash was needed, plus a place to work where equipment and supplies were readily available. Furthermore, the owners of Jammer are two ex-racing crazies, planning, at that time, on moving into the performance field. A special shop was set up and Bob moved in to become head of Research and Development for Jammer.

A team was assembled to aid in the project, and their names read like a **Who's Who** of racing—Bob George, Dave Campos, Leo Payne, Paul Larquier, Dennis and Tim Wetzel, Tonto Bob (who tears apart beer cans with his

teeth), and Travis Goldsworth.

Bob George is a genius who stands above all others in the field of motorcycle racing. He is a big, heavy cat—serious at all times because his mind is constantly busy thinking up new ways to go faster. His mind has seldom produced an illogical method and his methods usually work. It's as though he has a sixth sense about racing—and when he gets a hunch, he plays it. So far, his hunches have all paid off. And they are expected to pay off even better in the near future, because Bonneville's Speed Week is fast approaching.

The streamliner featured here was the result of thousands of hours of hard work by a group of dedicated men who have devoted themselves to a dream—a dream of becoming the builders of the fastest two-wheeled vehicle on earth and holding the World's Land Speed Record.

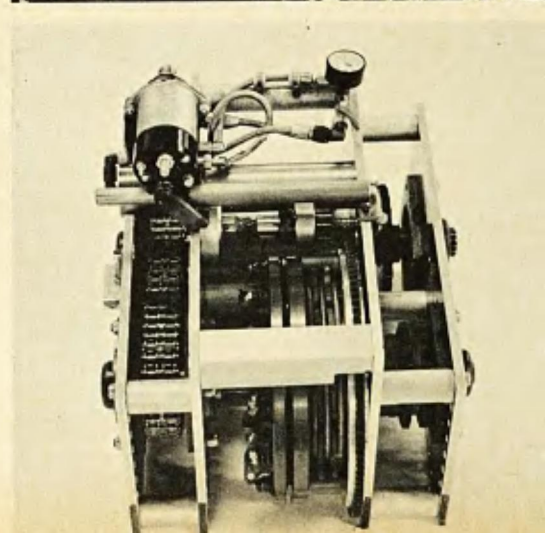
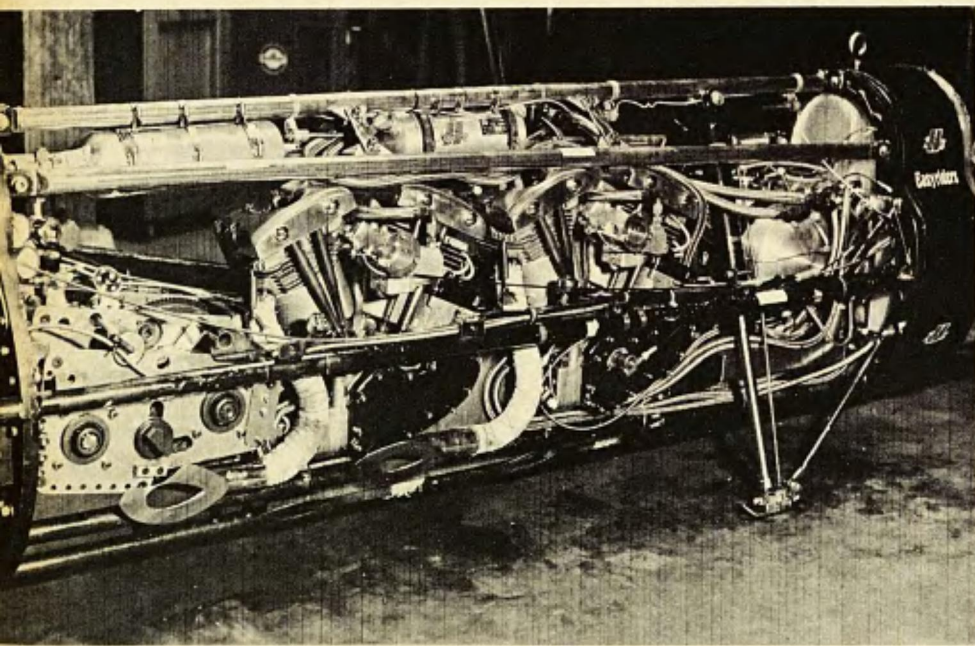
Rider Dave Campos showed up at Bonneville with a severe case of road-rash, suffered in a spill a few days earlier. But in spite of his injuries he was eager to get into the streamliner and begin the workups. A muscular, handsome dude, Dave didn't look as if he'd fit into the small compartment designed for the pilot of this outsize machine. But it soon became evident the cockpit was tailored for him. Getting in was like putting a hand in a glove, and with the handlebars folded

back against his chest he looked as if they had molded the machine around his body.

Leo Payne, the tuner, toiled constantly during the workups, always checking and adjusting, striving for perfection. Leo came to California in 1965 after becoming famous in Iowa, where he ran the championship dragster **The Turnip Eater**. He has since moved back to Iowa, where he owns a shop and does trick speed work for the locals.

The accompanying photos speak for themselves. The behind-the-scenes action and the lives of the people involved in this project demonstrated that these men were worthy of the challenge they set themselves. *Easyriders* readers can rest assured that they are all bikers—from the ground up. Take Travis Goldsworth, for example. He once learned through the mail that a much-needed transmission was available for only ten dollars. The only trouble was, it was in Chicago. He was bucks down, so he devised a scheme by which he would ship himself to Chicago via air freight. Fellow crew member Paul Larquier went to work on a box large enough to hold Trav. He constructed a box with two hinged sides, fitted it with a flashlight, clock (which Trav lost during the first five minutes and was unable to locate for the rest of the trip), and a bottle of oxygen. He then locked Trav

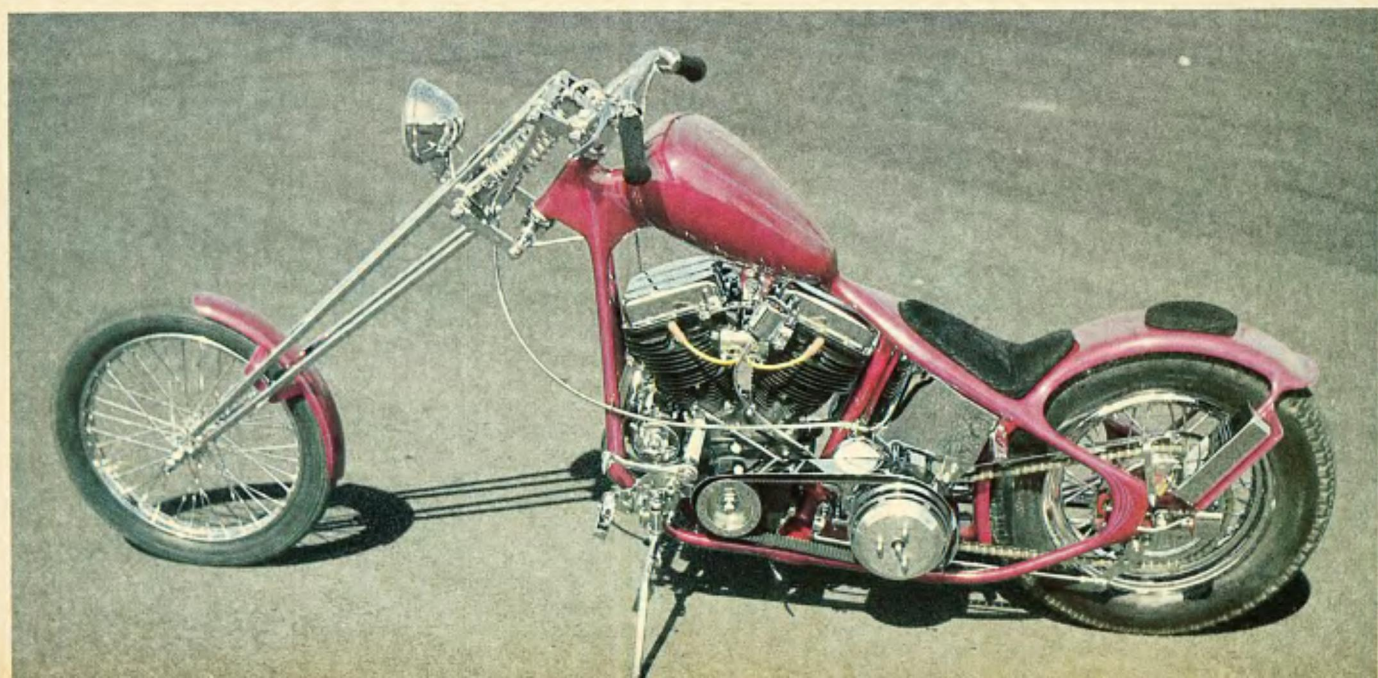
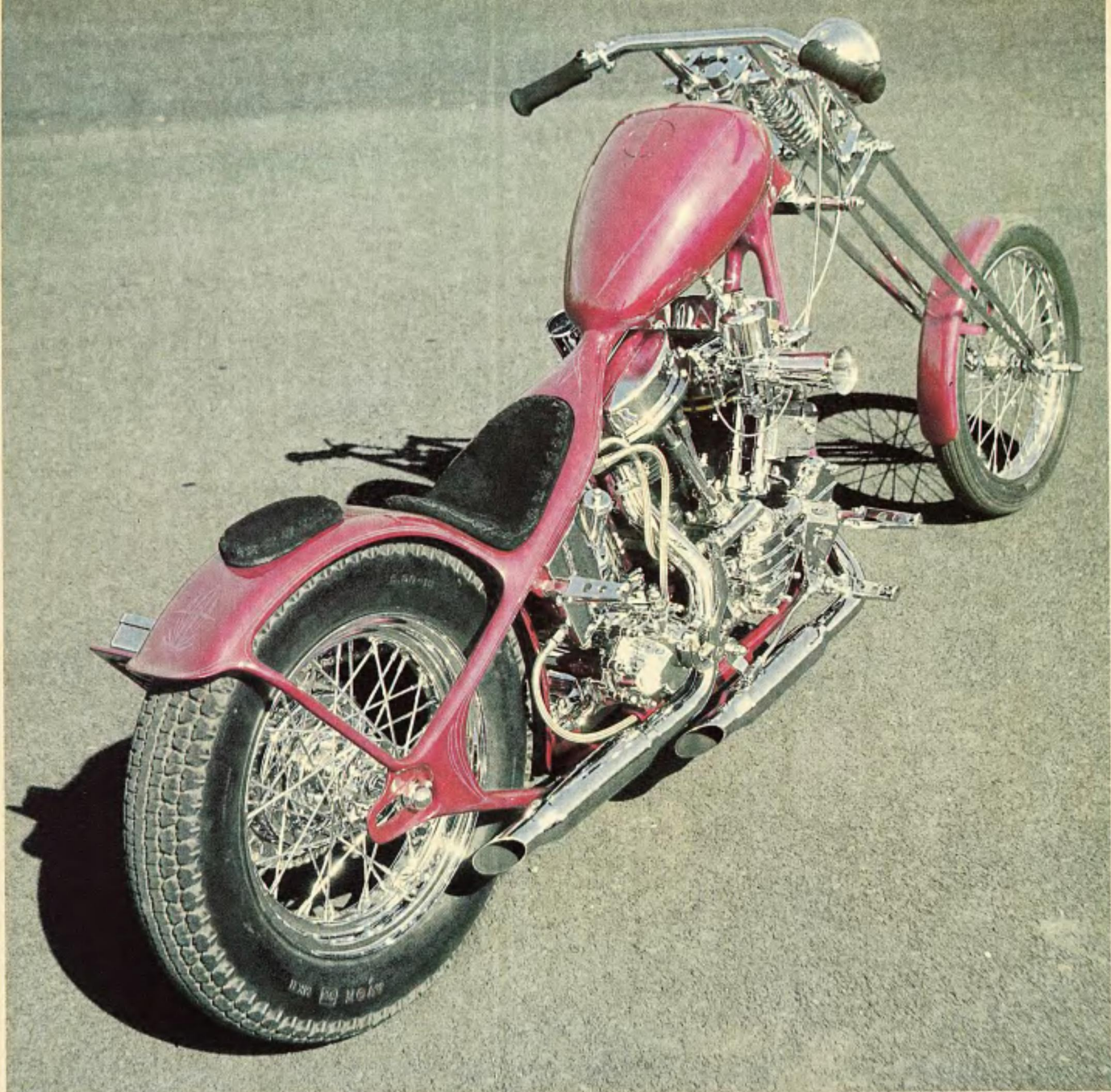
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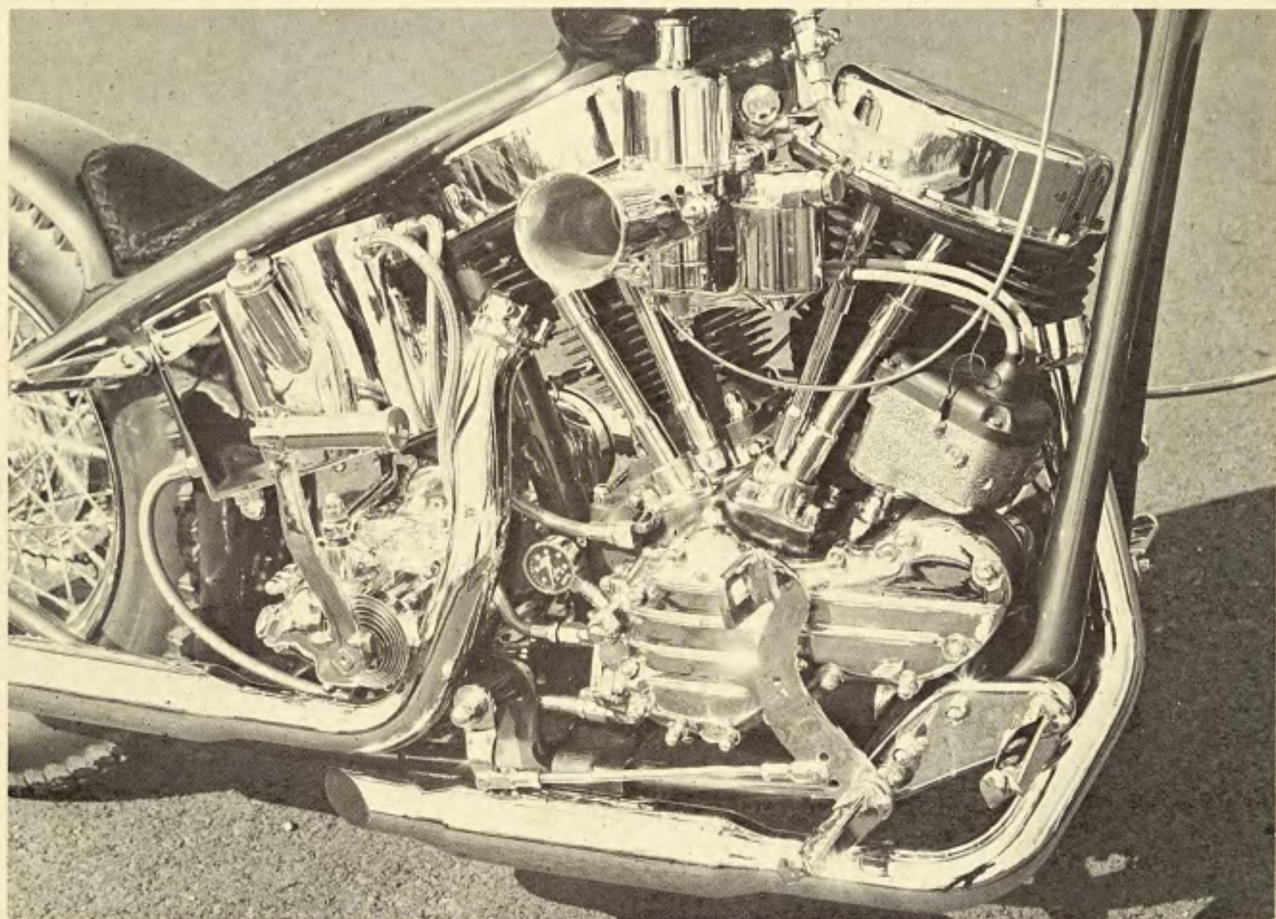


Photos by Phil Bowie and Pete Chiodo





J.C.'s Ride

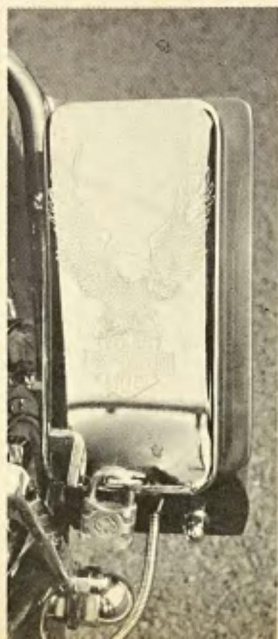


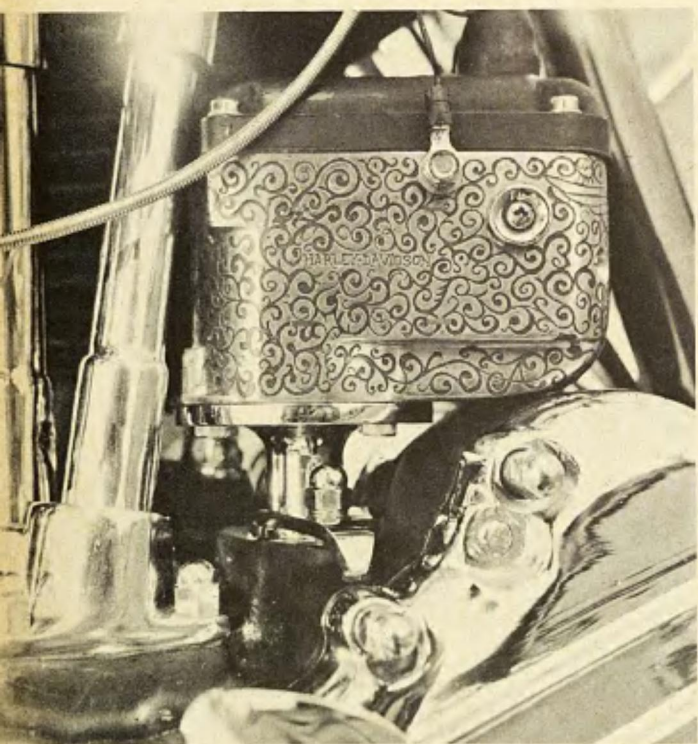
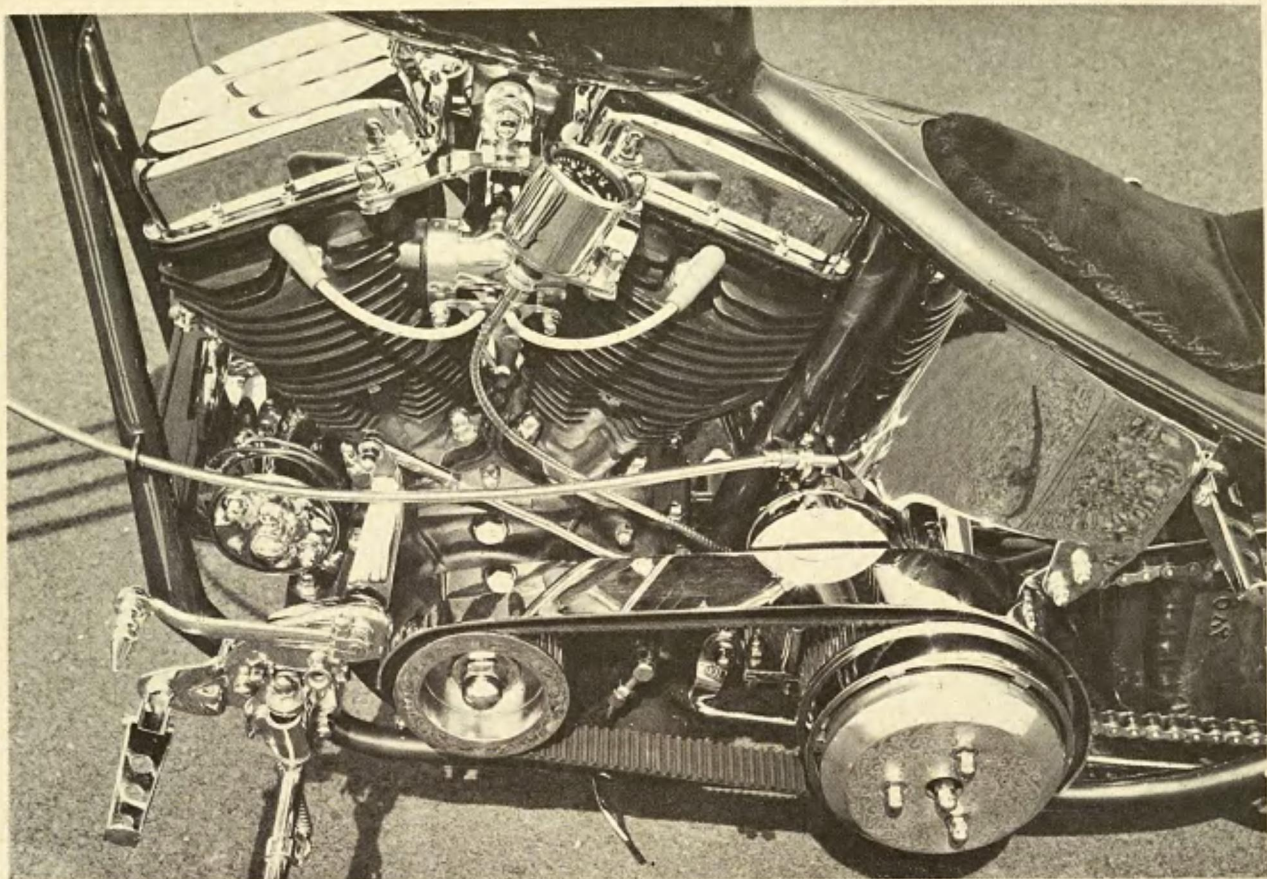
maybe 'cause this chump's initials are J.C. he thinks he's somethin' special. Possibly the guy has some wild vision that his shit is together. But it's doubtful, real fuckin' unlikely. He builds a pretty bike, but it ain't got nothing' to do with the dude's character.

Don't take my word for it. Look at the evidence. Can you testify to how sharp this J.C. is just 'cause he molded his tank, fender and packer bar to his frame and it turned out as slick as new chrome? Maybe he should be given an

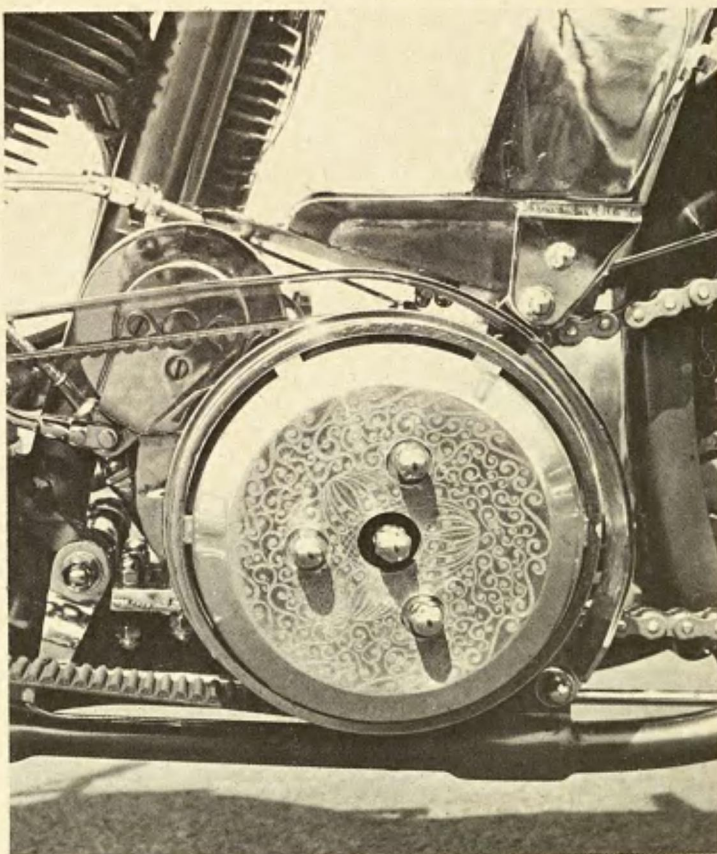
award for the sleek paint job, or for the way he hid the regulator in the oil bag. And he manufactured a one-piece intake manifold for the S.U. carb. Is that supposed to show us something?

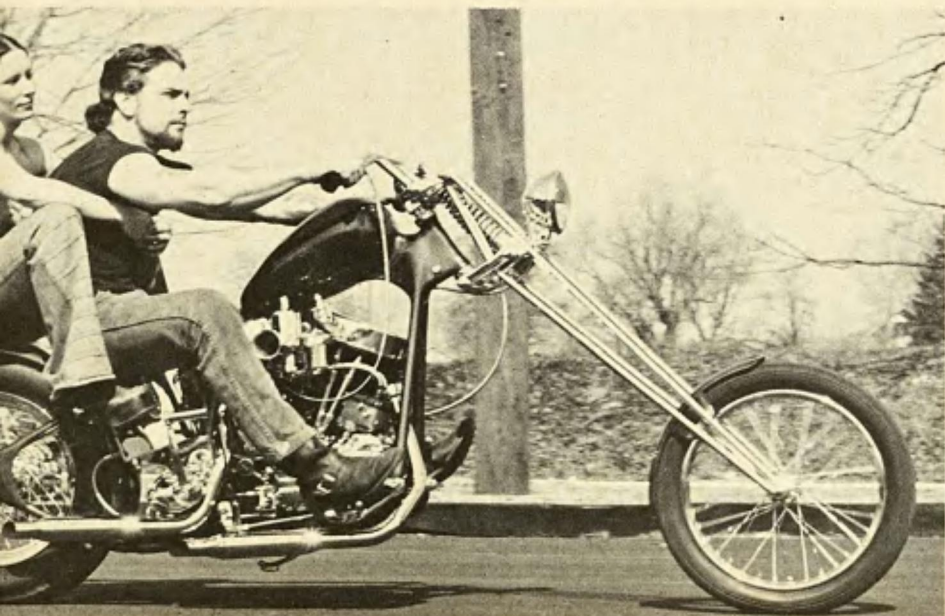
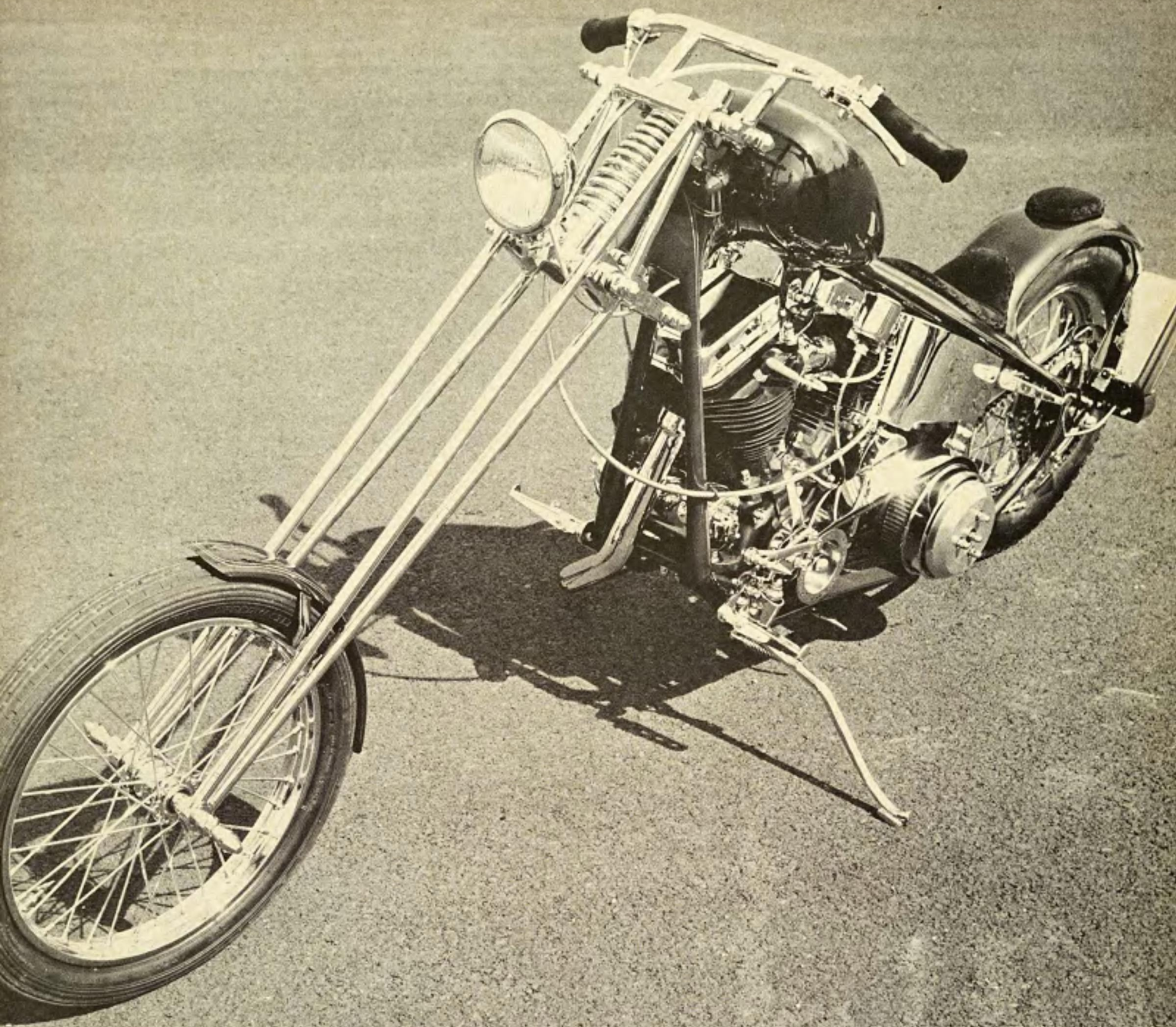
Okay, I'll admit the bike is clean. The fenders form-fit over the tires. The tool box he handmade and then engraved is a nice touch. Designing and working with a leather freak to create the unique seats is neat. And the acid etchings on the magneto, clutch cover, and inside the velocity stack are notable detail





Photos by Dennis McNamara



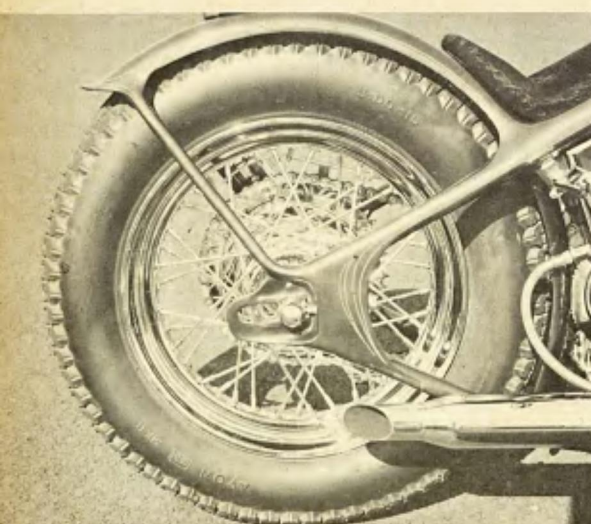


work. But all this creativity and ability as a bike builder has no bearing on his standing as a brother biker.

And so our lesson for the day is this: Just because the bike is red, that doesn't indicate that the owner gets loaded. And the fact that the bike can be rated far above the average custom doesn't mean that the owner won a popularity contest in high school. It all grinds down to this: Who actually gives a good god-dam if the bro with the initials J.C. has the clap or any other social disease? The bike has class.

—Snake

—Continued on next page



Owner: John Campbell

City: Phila., Pa.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1957 H-D

Model: FL

Value: unknown

Assembly by: owner

Time: 4 winters

Chroming by: Abbott's

Frame

Year: 1957

Builder: H-D, owner

Type: straight-leg rigid

Rake: stock

Stretch: none

Other alterations: fork lock restored

Accessories

Bars: owner

Risers: combined

Fender(s): steel

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: D & S

Speedo: V.O.

Front pegs: D & S

Rear pegs: D & S

Electrics: 6V. reg., 2-brush

Gas tank: Paugcho 3-gal.

Oil tank: custom

Oil system: braided steel

Primary cover: Phase III

Seat: owner & the Deer Skin Shop

Sissy bar: none

Height:

Material:

Engine

Year: 1957

Model: panhead

Rebuilder: owner

Ignition: Joe Hunt, Mallory

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Lower end: stock & balanced

Balancing: Harley dealer

Pistons: .030 stock

Cases: polished

Heads: early '63

Cam: mild street

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): 1 3/4 H.D.-6, S.U., chrom.

Air cleaner: velocity stack

Pipes: Paugcho

Muffler(s): combined

Transmission

Modifications: polished, ex. clut.

Year: 1957

Shifting: ratchet & eliminator

Engine sprocket: Phase III

Trans sprocket: stock 22

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: girder

Extension: 16 inches

Builder: A & A chrome & owner

Special features: built-in rake

Wheels

Front

Size: 18

Hub: spool

Rim width: 2 3/4 in.

Tire: Avon

Brake: none

Rear

Size: 16

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: Avon

Brake: mech.

Painting

Molding: owner

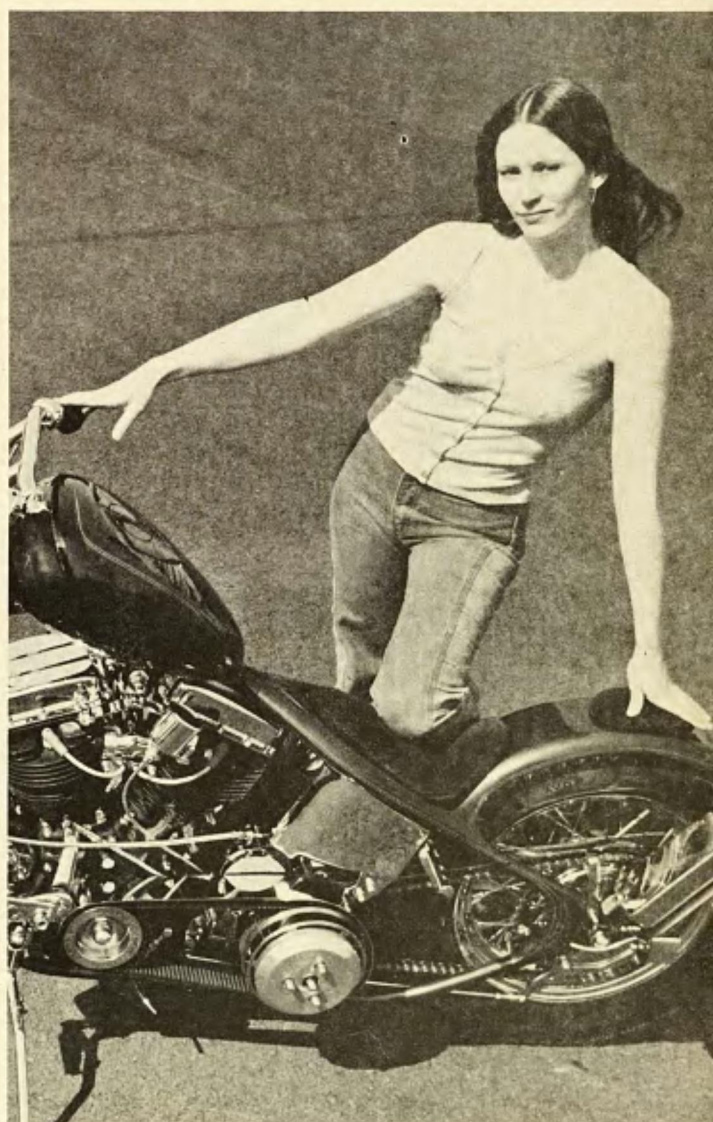
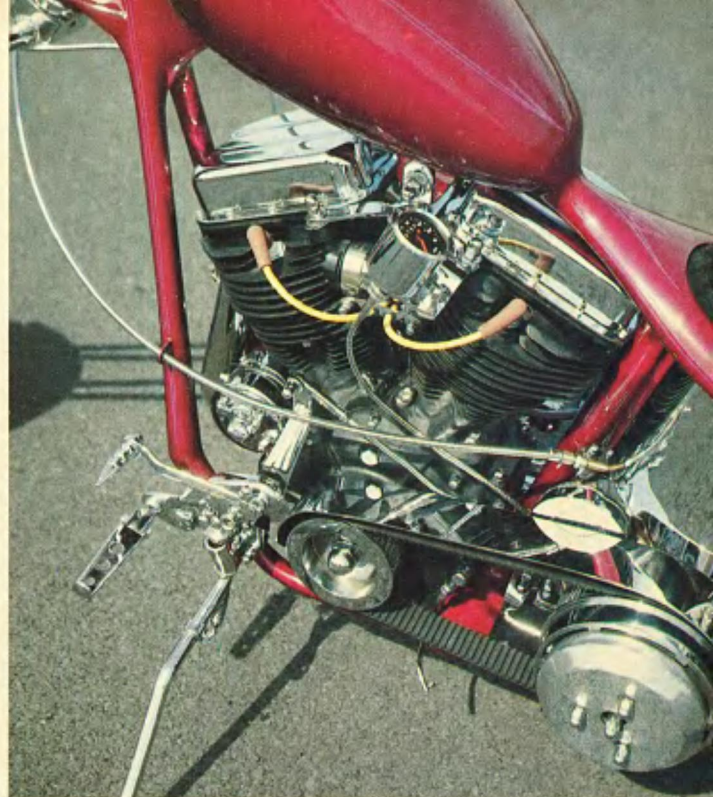
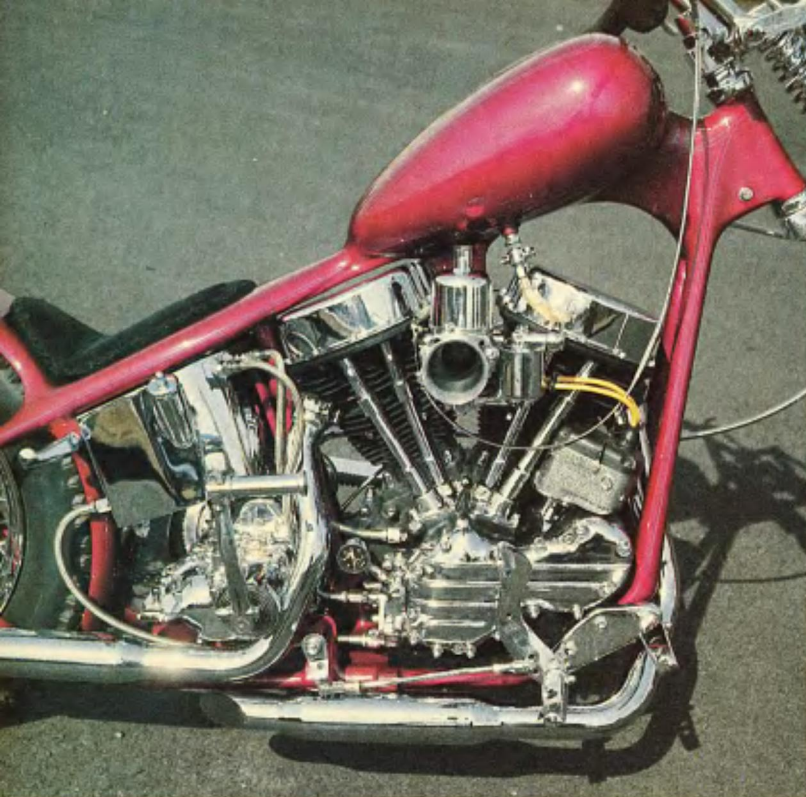
Painter: owner

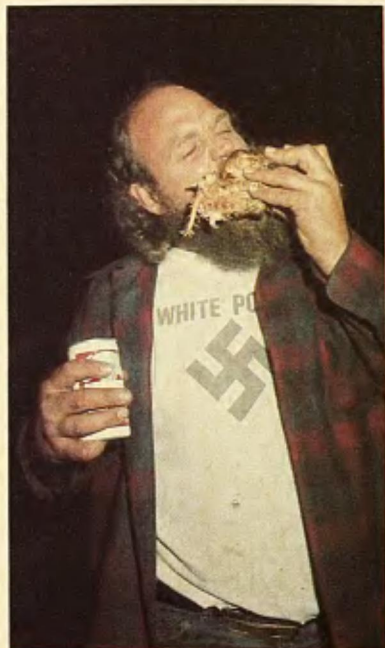
Color: candy purple

Type: lacquer

Special paint: Pinstripes by Jim the painter

Other special modifications: Oil tank hides regulator, acid-etched mag., combination tool box, license plate bracket, deer skin hand grips.





PIG ROAST

It ain't every day that ya can score a freebie—and with this in mind, I got on my pan and headed off to my bro's pad. Roasted pig, beans, baked spuds, and beer was all the invitation I needed.

We dug a pit three feet deep, built a good ragin' fire, and everyone went to work on guttin' the little porker—tossin' the innards to the dogs. Light the pipe. Toss the greens. Ya feel good. Righteous grub with no chemicals in it—real natural, like the days of old.

The pig took about five or six hours to roast while we got toasted. A table of sorts was covered with finger-lickin' goodies. In an instant, the porker was off the spit, carved, and served. Pigs that we are, not a morsel was left.

With a belly full of food and a head full of memories and stuff, we returned home to reality. When bros get together, they do have a good time. Later.

—Scar



Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road

ABATE

Here Are The Feds' Views On Helmets

The following is excerpted from a pro-helmet speech given by Lewis Buchanan, motorcycle safety specialist for the National Highway Safety Administration, before Wisconsin's Senate Commerce Committee, which was considering repeal of that state's motorcycle helmet use law. Lewis Buchanan is a paid bureaucrat whose full-time job is to look out for our safety. Our tax dollars pay his salary. Because a law was passed by some politicians who in turn had to hire some people to sweat out the enforcement of laws, he wakes up in the morning, goes to work each day, spends millions of dollars (our dollars), flies around the country giving speeches, shedding tears in our behalf — on our money — doing things and saying things we don't agree with—doing his job—so he can feed his kids.

If he didn't have a job that required him to worry about our lives, he'd have to earn a living just like the rest of us slobs.

Politicians pass laws for our own good, ya understand, and then dip into our pockets to enforce those laws. The people hired want to keep their jobs—want to keep a good thing going.

So here we have a paid official—paid with our money—pushing for things we don't agree with, a dude who is so concerned for safety, a dude who is so hip to what he is doing that he came out to California a few years ago, put on a gigantic helmet along with his boss at that time and proceeded to "test" ride a few choppers. Yeah—big bad chopper bikes—so bad they had to put on these huge space-age, full-safety helmets. They both straddled the various choppers, completely protected from all horrors with their helmets on—now get this—while wearing T-shirts, knitted pants, and tennis shoes. So much for safety. They didn't know their asses from left field then, and

they don't now. They are being paid to force us to wear helmets—they even went so far as to blackmail states into passing laws—for our safety. They are just dudes like you and me—only they're spending our money, telling us we should do something that we're perfectly capable of determining for ourselves. It's their job. They have the bucks. They slant the facts—they wanna keep their jobs. I ask ya—when will Big Brother get off our backs? (Read what a non-elected bureaucrat is doing to us.)

—The Editors

Evidence documented in this country, several European countries, New Zealand and Australia shows conclusively that motorcycle safety helmets are effective in reducing the likelihood and severity of head injuries in motorcycle crashes. . . .

It has been suggested that the National Motorcycle Safety Standard is being forced upon motorcyclists by certain bureaucrats who would not know a motorcycle if they fell over it . . . or off it. I assure you that this notion is not the case, and that motorcycle enthusiasts are well represented on the administration's staff . . . We in NHTSA have a first-hand knowledge of the problems that are faced by our fellow motorcyclists. It is the policy of the administration that our mutual efforts be focused on reducing some of the unnecessary risks in motorcycling without placing unwarranted restrictions upon the motorcycling sport or industry.

It is suggested by some observers that state laws requiring the use of safety helmets by motorcyclists may be unconstitutional. This question has been brought before the highest courts in at least 25 states. In all but one of these cases, the high state courts have upheld the constitutionality of safety helmet laws. The single dissenting decision

was rendered by the Illinois Supreme Court. The U.S. Supreme Court has upheld the constitutionality of helmet laws in all such cases it has reviewed. . . .

The use of safety helmets is challenged by some people who allege that helmets impair vision or hearing. Let us consider the assertion that helmets are a hazard because they impair hearing. Whether or not a given sound will be heard by a cyclist is dependent upon three factors: (1) the auditory capability of the cyclist, (2) the intensity and frequency of the sound of interest, and (3) the intensity and frequency of environmental noise that might "mask" or hide the desired sound. A given sound will be heard by a cyclist if it is loud enough when it reaches his ear to be above his hearing threshold, and if it is not "masked" or hidden by other sounds or noise present at the same time. Motorcycles create high levels of noise. For a rider to hear any other sound in the presence of this

stricts a rider's field of view in the horizontal plane (peripheral vision) by less than 3 percent from what the person would see without a helmet. All helmets provided a horizontal field of view of more than 180°, well above the 140° used by state driver licensing agencies for screening out drivers with possible vision problems that would warrant some type of restricted driving privilege. Add to this the fact that a skilled cyclist continually scans the environment, turning the head from side to side. This technique, coupled with the field of view provided by currently available helmets assures that peripheral vision is not impaired by wearing a helmet. . . .

The neck injury question has been used in opposition to helmet laws as an attempt to exploit an issue on which there is not a great deal of valid data. Consequently, the problem has been magnified far out of proportion. Motorcyclists have been wearing safety helmets for more than 30 years, and during



high noise level, the sound must be as loud or louder than that emitted by the motorcycle itself. Helmets reduce the loudness of both the sound of interest and the motorcycle noise by an equal amount, and therefore, do not alter the signal-to-noise ratio between the two sounds. Consequently, as long as the rider can hear the motorcycle itself while wearing a helmet, he or she can also hear any other sound with a favorable signal-to-noise ratio at least as well as a driver who does not wear a helmet.

A study of whether helmets impair vision conducted by NHTSA found that the typical full coverage helmet, representing almost 95 percent of current helmet sales, re-

this period a number of studies of injury patterns in motorcycle accidents have been made. Very few provide any support for the claim that helmets increase fatal or non-fatal neck injuries. Studies done recently in Nebraska, California, Canada, and Japan show that the incidence of neck injury of any type occurs in less than 2 percent of all motorcycle crashes. In other words, the incidence of neck injury in accidents is very low compared to that of head injury. An on-going multidisciplinary accident investigation study at the University of Southern California has found only two cases of neck injury in 471 cases it has investigated.

Motorcycle safety helmets are ef-

fective in preventing many needless deaths and serious injuries. In cooperation with the states of Michigan and Illinois, a study was made of more than 5,600 motorcycle accidents occurring in the early 1970's. In the study, special emphasis was given to the effectiveness of safety helmets. The major conclusions of the study published in May 1974 were:

In the state of Illinois, which does not have mandatory helmet usage, motorcycle accidents resulted in three times more fatal or serious head injury, twice as much head injury of lesser severity and, overall, two and a half times more head injury in general, compared to similar accidents in the state of Michigan which does have a helmet law.

Compared to similar accidents in Illinois, compliance with the helmet law in Michigan resulted in the following reductions in overall head injury: 65 percent in urban areas of the state, 51 percent in rural areas, 66 percent for motorcycle passengers, and 56 percent for operators.

Most motorcyclists are fully aware of the lifesaving value of safety helmets. I am often told by those who oppose helmet laws that "they never ride without a helmet, but they don't want to be told by the state that they must wear a helmet." However, the Michigan/Illinois motorcycle accident study revealed that less than 30 percent of the riders wear a helmet when it is not required by law. This view is supported by a California Highway Patrol study conducted during 1968 which reported that only about 28 percent of the motorcyclists involved in crashes were wearing helmets on a voluntary basis. A January 1975 study in Nebraska found that helmets were used in only 28 percent of the fatal crashes and 30 percent of the non-fatal crashes.

A survey of helmet usage conducted by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety during 1975 found that in two helmet law states, Georgia and Maryland, helmets were used by more than 98 percent of the 1,000 motorcyclists observed. In two non-helmet-law states, helmets were used by 62 percent of the 1,338 motorcyclists observed in California and by 25 percent of the 504 motorcyclists observed in Illinois. This data suggests that a state repealing or weakening its helmet law must anticipate a substantial reduction in helmet usage.

Those who oppose laws requiring the use of helmets by motorcyclists here in Wisconsin and in other parts of our nation are generally

well organized and extremely vocal, but do they reflect the views of most motorcyclists? During 1967, 400 motorcyclists and 400 automobile drivers were asked this question by the Wisconsin Bureau of Highway Safety Promotion, "Do you favor mandatory use of a helmet?" Sixty-two percent of the motorcyclists and 98 percent of the automobile drivers favored compulsory use of safety helmets by motorcyclists.

All persons involved in motorcycle accidents in the state of Idaho during 1974 were surveyed regarding their view of helmet effectiveness. Of those who replied, 85 percent indicated that their helmets had reduced injury and 9 percent voluntarily added that it saved their lives. The Idaho survey also found that 77 percent of the riders responding were in favor of the law. The study reported that there were seven motorcyclists strongly in support of the mandatory helmet law for every one strongly opposed to it.

The Federal Aid Highway Act of 1976 withdrew authority from the Department of Transportation to financially sanction a state which chooses not to require helmet use by persons 18 years of age or older. The full responsibility for deciding whether helmets will be required now rests with the governor and legislators of each state. It literally is a life and death question, for the motorcyclists in this state, and for motorcyclists in other states for which Wisconsin will help set a precedent.

We believe that the documentation on helmet use proves that helmets are effective in preventing or reducing the severity of head injuries. We also believe that it has been documented that helmet use laws result in relatively high levels of helmet use while voluntary programs result in substantially lower levels of helmet use.

Of course, there are other motorcycle accident countermeasures which we believe to be effective, such as improved driver licensing and improved motorcycle safety education programs. But these cannot be considered clear alternatives to helmet use; rather, they should be considered as complementary to helmet use.

Whether or not you decide to repeal your helmet law, we urge that you consider the need for more effective motorcycle operator licensing programs and provision for making safety education available to every novice motorcyclist. They will help prevent motorcycle crashes. . . .

Communication Improved in Oregon

Brothers, we all know the problems behind a lack of communication—wars between clubs, the wrong part for your bike, a beef with the ol' lady, etc. And recently the National ABATE office has taken steps to reduce the communication gap by hopping whatever means of transportation is available and hauling ass to the source of a possible problem. If it can't be handled over the phone, we have to be on the spot.

So was the case with Oregon. Easyriders proceeded with the planning of a swap meet, not knowing that a helmet repeal was close to completion. And a fist fight at the bike meet could have been a wrench in a lot of good people's work.

ABATE of Oregon was disturbed and concerned over the possibility of losing the only repeal bill ever to pass in Oregon—justifiably so.

Drivers "Favor" 55 MPH?

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration recently announced the results of nine surveys which indicate that "a continuation of the 55 mile per hour maximum national speed limit is favored by a majority of American motorists." At the same time, the General Accounting Office reported that, after a 5 m.p.h. drop in average speeds on primary roads between 1973 and 1974 (to about 55 m.p.h.) and a 7 m.p.h. drop on the interstate in the same period (to an average 58 m.p.h.), average speeds have been increasing since 1974. The report said that in 1975, "on rural interstate highways, 14 states observed that at least 75 percent of all vehicles exceeded the 55 m.p.h. speed limit. In 15 states, 10 percent or more of the vehicles on rural interstates were traveling over 65 m.p.h."

According to NHTSA, "support for the national speed limit was widespread among all age groups, sexes, income levels and geographic locations represented in the surveys" it analyzed. The agency cited "fear of arrest" and "public belief that slower speeds save energy and lives" as the reason survey respon-

And Easyriders was unaware of the problems bikers in Portland have with the cops and negative media. Consequently, bad vibes were thick. A problem. A large gathering of bikers could have turned their helmet repeal into just another piece of incompleted paperwork.

In an effort to solve the problem, ABATE's National Director, Lou Kimzey, flew to an ABATE of Oregon meeting. And through simple discussion with the members, it became as evident as a flat tire that Easyriders would have to postpone its swap meet until the legislative session had run its course and the bill either passed or died. Another swap meet is already planned for August 1, in Salem, which may also become a celebration for the passage of Oregon's helmet repeal—let's hope.

The only way we're ever going to succeed will have to be through working together, giving people a second chance. And through ABATE leadership being more closely related and available to the different chapters. It's all in an effort to keep our lifestyle on the road.

dents gave for their observance of the 55 m.p.h. limit.

The GAO report says, however, that although "increased enforcement nationwide has resulted in more speeding citations issued, (it) has not produced overall speed reductions since 1974." State enforcement agencies believe that "too many drivers exceed the speed limit for them to enforce it effectively." GAO's findings led that agency to conclude that "the nation's motorists do not think that the fuel savings or the safety benefits of driving slower are worth the inconveniences."

The GAO report explored a number of problems with the current national program for reducing speeds. According to GAO:

While the law requires the Transportation Secretary to withhold federal-aid highway funds from states which do not enact a 55 m.p.h. limit and which do not certify that the state is enforcing the limit, neither Congress nor the Department of Transportation has provided guidelines as to what constitutes adequate "enforcement." Without such guidelines, both the states and DOT believe it would be difficult if not impossible to impose the sanction on any state.

Any attempt by the federal government to define "enforcement" would be viewed by many states as

an intrusion into the states' historic role in traffic enforcement.

Many state and federal officials view the withholding of federal highway construction funds as an inappropriate and unusable penalty for non-compliance in this area: it primarily affects the highway departments, which do not have traffic law enforcement responsibilities; its heavy economic impact would make it politically dangerous; and it could have a negative effect on overall highway safety and fuel conservation efforts.

State News

National: National ABATE has sent in an application to the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances for David Kelly to sit in on their meetings. If this application goes through as expected, ABATE will be in a better position to help our bros keep up to date on the very latest news affecting us all.

Maryland: Helmet Repeal Bill SB 26 was killed at the last minute on the House floor after passing the full Senate and the House Judiciary Committee. Theodore Levin employed theatrics (putting on a helmet and having another delegate smash him over the head with a hammer), and other delegates in opposition to us got up on the floor and related personal experiences where friends were injured in motorcycle accidents. We did have Joseph Owens, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, on our side, but to no avail. ABATE is looking into reasons for the last-minute change in the minds of these delegates and will report our findings later. Maryland riders have to start working now to let the delegates know their outrage at being denied their rights. They should also write Owens and let him know their appreciation for his efforts. We would like him to keep up the good work. For more info, contact ABATE of Maryland, c/o Gary Zager, 12307 Windbrook Dr., Clinton, Md. 20735.

New Brunswick, Canada: We've been notified that there will be a helmet protest held on July 9th in Fredericton, New Brunswick. Concerned bikers should show up and give their bros their support. For further information, contact George Calvin, 1 Pokio Rd., St. John, NB, or Burton Clonei, 206 Sunset Dr., Fredericton, NB.

Michigan: Word has reached us

that a group of high school and college students has formed an organization called SMASH (Students for Michigan Attaining Safer Highways). The members of SMASH have taken it upon themselves to let the state legislators know that they oppose a helmet repeal bill. We continue to insist that people who want their helmets can have them—but it should certainly be up to each individual to decide if he should wear one. We don't need Big Brother's help. We've got to work even harder now to write and call the legislators to present our side. We understand that a helmet repeal bill, HB 4304, for bikers 18 years of age and over, was introduced into the house on March 10. It was accompanied by HB 4305, which prohibits cities from passing ordinances or resolutions requiring use of helmets by motorcycle operators or their passengers. For information on how to help out with the fight to get these bills passed, contact ABATE of Michigan, c/o Frank Johnson, P.O. Box 504, Dearborn, Mich. 48121.

Georgia: ABATE of Georgia has informed us that HB 819 died from lack of interest and is still in committee, waiting for 1978 to roll around. It would seem that Georgia bikers want to be called bros, but have no understanding of the word. ABATE of Georgia has been busting its ass to get legislation passed for all Georgia bikers, but can't do it alone. They need everyone's help. They are setting up a summer schedule of swap meets, protest runs, and other activities to get Georgia bikers together. With your support, a lot more can be accomplished. Write and join ABATE of Georgia, 317 Marshall St., Martinez, Ga. 30907.

Minnesota: Congratulations to ABATE of Minnesota for its efforts in getting that state's lid law repealed. Gov. Rudy Perpich signed the bill because of overwhelming support for it in legislative hearings, but was quick to add that he is concerned about an increase in head injuries because of it. He further stated that if future studies show that head injuries continue to increase, he will not hesitate to support legislation to put the helmet requirements back into effect. Joint ABATE of Minnesota in the effort to keep us riding free. Contact ABATE of Minnesota, c/o Roger Rollie, 2102 Eagle Dr., Stewartville, Minn. 55976.

Illinois: ABATE of Illinois is announcing that it is now going after the repeal of the light-on law. The members have already done a lot

of work on the problem. They've received word from about 30 reps and senators regarding their views, with only one opposed. But there's still plenty of work to be done. For more info, write and join ABATE of Illinois, 215 Grove Ave., Fox River Grove, Ill. 60021.

Texas: The mandatory helmet repeal bill has passed the senate. We've worked hard to get this one through, but it still has to pass the house. It's said that the bill was passed because of the support of motorcycle organizations. Our thanks to ABATE of Texas and to all you bros who did your part. Send your cards and letters now to the representatives in the house. For more information, contact ABATE of Texas, c/o Paul Hendley, P.O. Box 6065, Sta. A, Tyler, Tex. 75711 or ABATE of Dallas/Ft. Worth, c/o Dean Bennett, P.O. Box 2572, Garland, Tex. 75041.

Wisconsin: The helmet repeal bill was approved by the State Senate Commerce Committee, thanks to ABATE of Wisconsin and the biker bros in that state. The bill has just been sent to the full senate. If passed, the bill would also repeal the state's lights-on requirement. Keep writing. Send your letters to the senate and let them know how you feel about your rights to ride free. For more information on whom to write, contact ABATE of Northern Wisconsin, c/o Bazaar Cycles, John Barajas, 526 N. Main St., Fond-du-Lac, Wisc. 54935.

Indiana: On March 21, 1977, the Indiana senate passed the helmet repeal bill 38 to 9 and Gov. Bowen signed the bill when it reached his desk. A lot of people worked hard for the repeal, including ABATE of Indiana. The sponsors fought to keep the bill a straight-out repeal without any amendments or restrictions tacked on. ABATE of Indiana has a list of the specific sponsors who fought for our cause. I'm sure they would appreciate some thanks for standing up for us bikers. For their names and addresses, write ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Ind. 46514.

Missouri: There's been a lot of fighting going on lately regarding the helmet repeal bill. More and more people against it are speaking up, writing letters, and attending hearings. As it now stands, the house has buried the bill (HB 177) under 130 other bills, so it might not even come up for consideration this year. But we've worked together to get it this far, and if we keep it up we've got at least a fighting chance. Now is the time

for us to band together and let our side be heard. Don't let all the time and energy expended so far go to waste. Write Hon. J. D. Holt, House Post Office, State Capitol Building, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101, and let him know how many votes are supporting this bill. Join ABATE of Missouri, on its protest runs, and help by writing letters, etc. Contact ABATE of Missouri, c/o Joe Epper-son, 212 N. Baltimore, Kirksville, Mo. 63510.

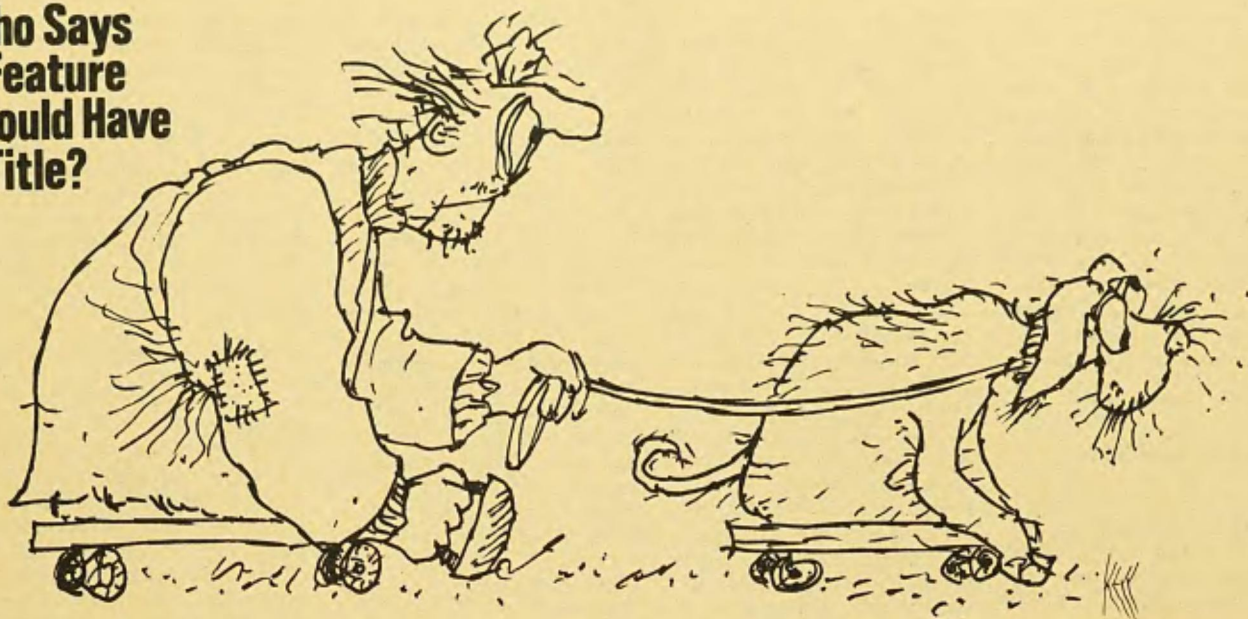
Florida: We received a letter from a bro in Florida that just about says it all: "I'd just like to say that all two helmet protest runs to Tallahassee ought to have their helmets jammed up their ass! I drove 200 miles, along with a few of my friends, with my top end half shot, from Ocala to Tallahassee, but I still made it because it was a damn good worthy cause. The turnout was only about 120 bikes, just like the last helmet run. That's a pitiful shame! In this beautiful sunshine state we have thousands of bikers—where were you? Everybody wants to play the role and ride around and act cool. Well, things could be a lot cooler if we didn't have to wear them buckets on our heads." ABATE of Florida is doing its part—would you like to join? Contact ABATE of Florida, c/o Eugene Roberts, P.O. Box 1503, Pinellas Park, Fla. 33565 or ABATE of North Florida, c/o Jim Harris, 5941 Joy Dr. South, Jacksonville, Fla. 32210.

Colorado: A bro in Colorado sent us an article from the *Wheat Ridge Sentinel* that we thought you might be interested in. "A Denver policeman who lives in Arvada is suing American Safety Equipment Corp., a New York firm which manufactures motorcycle helmets, on grounds the helmet he picked up from the Denver police supply room to use while riding a motorcycle was defective. Donald Winkler's District Court complaint, filed by his lawyer, Kim H. Peterson, asks \$5,000 damages for head injuries Winkler allegedly received in July, 1975. The complaint states that the snap holding the chin strap to the helmet was defective."

For info on whom to write to help our cause to ride free, contact ABATE of Colorado, c/o Randy Evans, Box 1643, Pueblo, Colo. 81002.

Wyoming: Congratulations to Pat Kish and Ed Iskra of ABATE of Wyoming for helping to get the Wyoming helmet law repealed. To join ABATE in their future efforts for free-riding bros, contact ABATE of Wyoming, P.O. Box 441, Rock Springs, Wyo. 82901. ■

Who Says A Feature Should Have A Title?



"As the days dwindle down to a precious few,
I'm not taking any shit off anybody."

A biker's ol' lady told him about a dream she'd just had. She said, "I dreamed I went to a prick auction. There were all shapes and sizes, some more than a foot long, and some of them going for a million dollars."

Her ol' man asked, "Was my prick there?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, how much did it sell for?"

"Yours wasn't for sale," she replied. "It was hanging on a nail, and if anyone could slip her wedding ring over it, she could have it, free."

The following morning, the biker woke and told his ol' lady about a dream he'd had.

"I had a dream I went to a pussy auction. There were some as small as thimbles, and they went for a million dollars."

"Was mine there?" his ol' lady asked, eagerly. "How much did it sell for?"

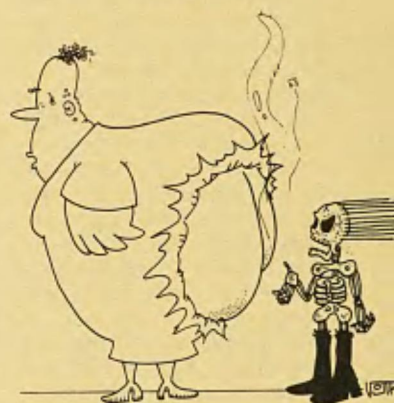
"Yours wasn't for sale, either," he replied. "It was a cold day, so, to keep his feet warm, the auctioneer was standing in it."

—John Lott
Englewood, Colo.

During an Alaskan sled dog race, one of the judges noticed that the scroungy dude had tied an extra set of reins to his lead-dog's testicles, so he cut the line.

"Hey, man," the scroungy one said. "You just fucked up my passing gear."

—L. H.
Montgomery, Ala.

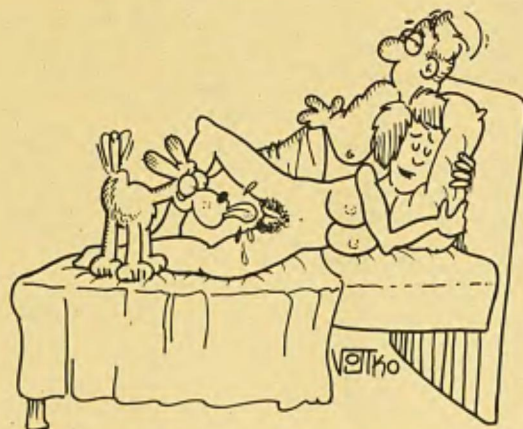


"Damn pig! I told you to warn me before you let off!"

"Times are really gettin' tough," the bro moaned. "My ol' lady's cut me down to fuckin' twice a week."

"It could be worse," his pal said. "I know two guys she's cut off completely."

—Chris Rehm
Las Vegas, Nev.



"Hmm . . . Not tonight dear, I'm too tired!"

Life is like a prick. When it's soft, you can't beat it, and when it's hard, you get fucked.

—Donna Janowicz
Daytona Beach, Fla.

It was his wedding night and the minister finished undressing in the bathroom and walked into the bedroom. He was surprised to see that his bride had already slipped between the bed covers.

"My dear," he said, "I thought I would find you on your knees."

She said, "Well, honey, I can do it that way too, but it gives me the hiccups."

There's a staffer with opulent globes, Whom a Congressman lewdly disrobes.

It's a question of lust, With political thrust, Since in Congress a Congressman probes.

—Kirk Kummel
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.



"That is not what I meant when I said, 'Whack 'em off!'"

Two bros were drinkin' when one turned to the other and asked, "What would you do if you caught someone ballin' your ol' lady?" "I'd break his white cane an' shoot his dog."

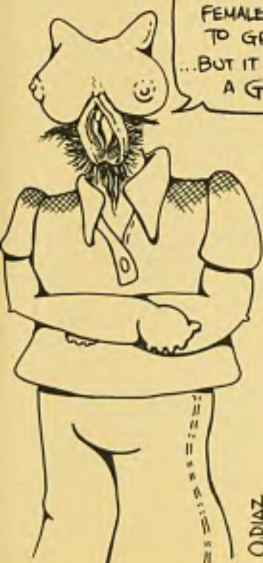
—Bill Vahlidal
Eighty Four, Pa.

"Do you know the difference between a cock and a corned-beef sandwich?" "No." "Good. Come over tomorrow for lunch."

Three nuns were walking along the street and one was describing with her hands the tremendous grapefruit she'd seen in Florida. The second one, also with her hands, described the huge bananas she'd seen in Jamaica.

The third nun, a little deaf, asked, "Father who?"

THE LATEST REPORTS ON POT CLAIM THAT SMOKING CAUSES FEMALE BREASTS TO GROW ON MEN... BUT IT GIVES ME SUCH A GOOD HEAD!



O DIAZ

"Nice pussy, nice pussy."

While walking through the jungle one day, Tarzan chanced upon Jane, whom he had never seen before.

Tarzan: "What your name?"

Jane: "Jane."

Tarzan: "What your whole name?"

Jane: "Cunt."

—Frizz
Tenafly, N.J.

Two stoned bikers were walking along the beach when a seagull flew over and took a shit, making a direct hit on one of them.

"Just a minute," his buddy said, "I'll get a rag so you can wipe up."

"Fuck it," said his ripped friend, "let him wipe his own ass."

—Ron Ashman
Toledo, Ohio

A biker chick came home and said to her ol' man, "Honey, I went to the doctor today, an' he told me I had the tits of a sixteen-year-old."

"What did he say about your asshole?" he asked.

The chick smiled sweetly and said, "He didn't ask about you."

—Frank DeVelez
Stockholm, N.J.

Two kinky bikers were comparing notes. "Where ya been?" asked the first. "I ain't seen ya around the playground lately."

"I been across town eyeballin' a seven-year-old at the park," said his buddy.

"A seven-year-old!" exclaimed the first with disgust.

The other biker leered at his friend. "Yeah, but she has the body of a five-year-old."

—Kirk Kummel
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.

Two bikers, driving cross-country in an old car, stopped along the way and stole a pig, and, having no place to hide it, kept it sitting on the front seat between them. The farmer saw them steal his pig and called to the next town, informing the police of the theft, and a roadblock was set up. Hoping to disguise the pig, one biker tied a bandana over the pig's head. They were inspected, then allowed to pass on their way. As they drove off, one of the roadblock cops shuddered and said, "Ain't it a stinkin' shame? Every time you see some nice-lookin' Polish girl, she's with a coupla damn bikers."

—Karl Boscia
Pittsburg, Pa.



"First the bad news—your kid is ugly as hell! Now the good news—it's dead."

A biker took his ol' lady to the zoo. They were standing by the gorilla's cage, and the biker told his ol' lady to show the ape one of her tits. When she complied, the gorilla began pacing up and down. The biker then told his ol' lady to show both tits. She did, and the gorilla got excited.

"Show him yer cunt," the biker ordered. His ol' lady raised her dress, and the gorilla began beating his chest and stroking the big hardon he'd developed.

The biker grabbed his ol' lady and tossed her into the cage, shouting, "Now, tell that mother-fucker you got a headache!"

—Mike Kitzmiller
N. Brighton, Pa.

Remember: a highway quickie is nothing but braking and entering.

—Kirk Kummel
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.

"While I was out with you guys last night gettin' drunk, a burglar broke into my house," Big Jim said.

"Did he get anything?" his friends asked.

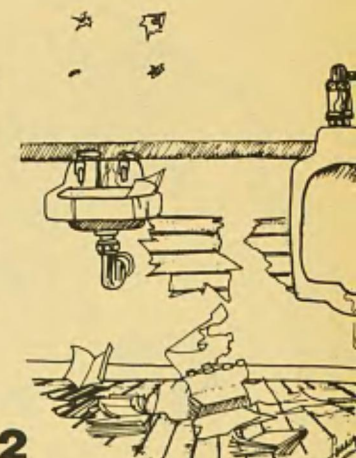
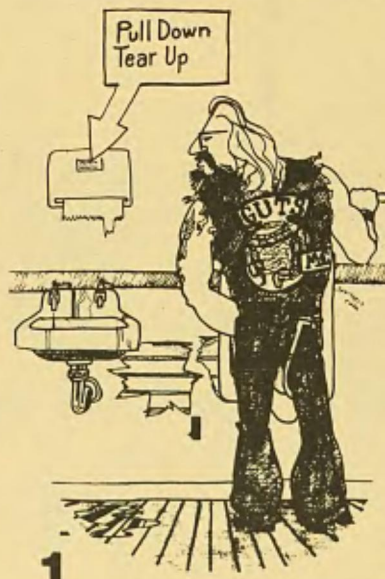
"Yeah, he got a piece of ass and then he got the shit beat outta him. My ol' lady thought it was me comin' home."

A gross-out is when you stand in a gang-bang line all night, only to discover when your turn comes that it's your mother.

—Thom
Kodiak, Ala.

I don't mind him being unfaithful," sobbed a biker's ol' lady to her mother. "It's just that I can't sleep three in a bed."

—Mark Craven
Ashtabula, Ohio



Are You Bugged?

By Bushwacker

Saying you're bugged can mean a lot of things. You could be pissed off at someone, something could be unsettling your brain, something could be wrong with your bike, or your ol' lady could be bitchy. But all of these things can be taken care of. It might be a hassle for a while, but you could handle it.

However, if you're being bugged by electronic listening devices—well, that's another story. And unfortunately, there's not much you can do about it. Of course, it all depends on who's doing the bugging. If it's Big Brother who's hornin' in on your privacy, you might never be able to detect it. The tremendous variety of devices and techniques used by Big Brother, and the complexity of them, makes it almost impossible to detect them even if you've got lots of bucks.

The most common of these devices is the telephone bug. If your phone is bugged by one of Big Brother's agencies—good luck. But if it's being tapped by some nosy asshole who hasn't got a lot of bucks, you have at least a small chance of finding the bug (or bugs). There are two major categories of telephone bugs: direct contact from the phone or the phone line to the listening post, or a wireless, which is a combination phone tap and mini-transmitter.

Direct taps are easy and it's said that they are often the best. All a bugger does is pick a spot on a phone line, locate the red and green hot wires, and attach a set of high-impedance headphones with a small capacitor (.005 mfd) attached to one side of the wires to keep out the phone power. However, he must be very careful not to cut through the hot wires or he may wind up on his ass. He can also add a transformer and tape recorder hookup to the basic direct tap so he doesn't

have to sit up on a pole or under a bush all day while he waits for your phone to ring. There are many variations on this form of bugging, each getting more complicated as they progress in sophistication.

The other approach, the wireless, is accomplished by hiding a small transmitter in the phone or along the phone line which will transmit directly to a nearby receiver or tape recorder.

Now, to find these little devices if you think you're bein' bugged. First, you could call the phone company and have them check out your lines (which they will do free of charge). But if it's Big Brother or Ma Bell herself who's tapping your lines, you've tipped them off. Of course, you can go on a search of your own. First, check your phone lines all the way from the phone to the telephone pole, including the junction box. Check for breaks in the wiring, extra wires attached to the line, or anything you haven't noticed before. Also, remember that your phone can be tapped by wires being placed next to your line, so you have to look carefully. Then check the phone itself. The inside should contain only a bell, a large coil called a sidetone coil, and a relay. If there are a few wires attached to a small device—battery, microphone, or other—you've found it. If not, keep on searching. Now check the mouthpiece to make sure a transmitter has not been added or a harmonica bug has not replaced your mike. The harmonica bug is technically a room bug, but also can double as a phone bug. (Details on the workings of this bug will be explained in future articles.) The only way to make certain that your mike is not a harmonica bug is to buy a new one at an electronics store and replace the other one.

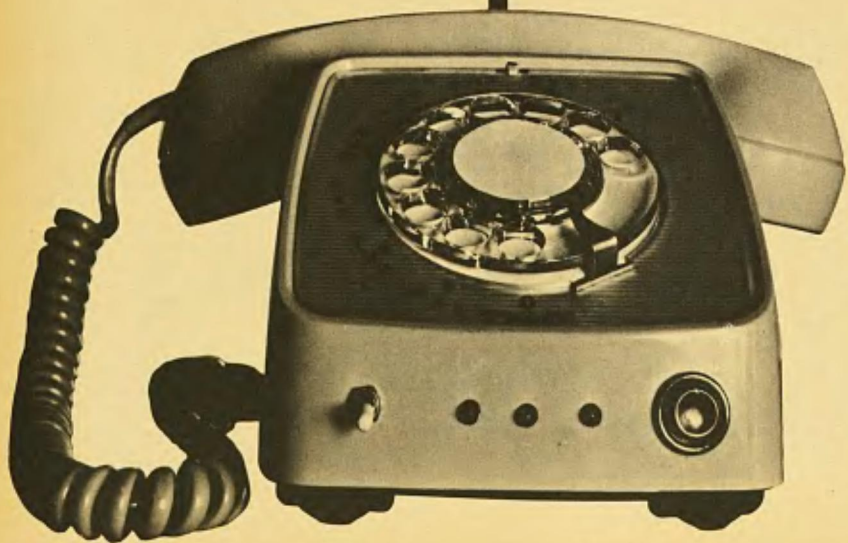
Be sure to mark it in some inconspicuous way so it can be identified as the real thing in future searches.

If, after checking all these possibilities, you still haven't found anything, you can attach a voltage meter to the lines and check for any loss of power. Other equipment attached to your phone line will create this loss. This way you'll at least know whether you're being bugged or not—even if you can't locate the device. Of course, if the bugger is an expert, he will be using equipment that cannot be detected in this fashion. But this method will detect amateur installations. To check much further than this would run into a lot of money and become extremely technical. There are many publications available for step-by-step instructions on how to bug and de-bug. You can write to me at **Easyriders** for names of these publications if you're interested.

It seems that nothing can really be done to be absolutely sure that you're not being bugged. You can check one day and be bugged the next; or you can check your lines and not find the bugs that are there. If Big Brother is listening in and has a court order to do so, you can be in hot water (if you've got anything to hide). If he doesn't have such an order, the information is inadmissible in court. Remember that. The best ways to overcome being bugged are: (1) buy an unbuggable phone (and even these aren't perfect); or (2) work with the rest of us trying to make it illegal for Big Brother to invade our privacy in this manner.

If we all stand together, we have the power behind us to change the legislation so that our rights will be protected. (Wouldn't that be a switch?) If we all write our legislators and let them know how we feel about protecting our privacy, maybe they'll get the message. The best time to write is, of course, just before elections, when they need the votes. They tend to be most cooperative at that time. But letters throughout the year help reinforce the fact that we mean what we say. Also, writing letters lets them know that we bikers are not just a bunch of inarticulate assholes who know nothing, but are instead people who demand freedom and privacy. And we'll fight for it. If we do succeed in getting the laws changed, Big Brother might still listen in, but the information can't be useful to him in court. And at least, that's half the battle.

I'll be writing more in future months about various other types of bugs. If you have any questions or if you want to know about any particular type of bug, write me and I'll try to cover it in my next article on bugs or write you back personally with the info. Ride free, bros. ■

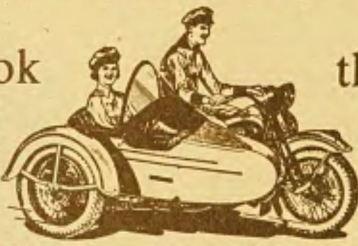


As everyone knows, Spider's a pack rat. He goes to all the motorcycle swap meets; he barter, he trades, he connives, he begs, he borrows—and he's been known to cop a thing or two. Any old collectable, and especially anything to do with Hogs. Then he'll grab any Indian stuff lyin' around. And after that, anything that has to do  with an American motorcycle. Toys,  advertisements, parts, books, catalogs, brochures, boxes —yeah, even string. If it has anything to do with a Hog —or with an any old scoot—he's gotta have it.

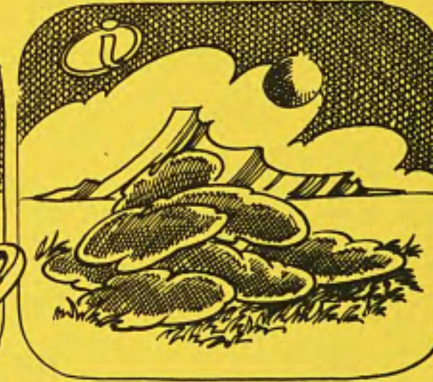
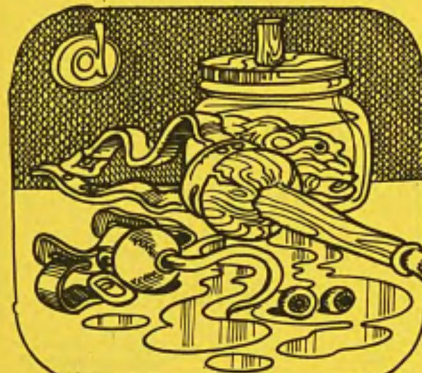
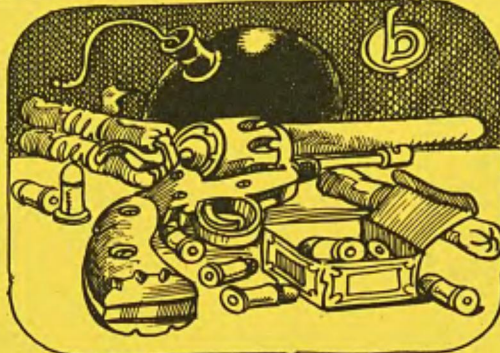
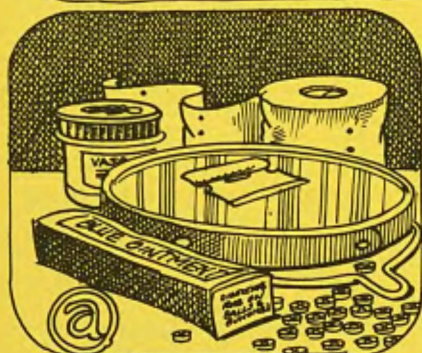
Through the years he has collected post cards, old magazines, advertisements, engravings, books, mailers, and even personal photographs from family albums—ya just gotta watch that dude.

Well, bros, he finally got off  his ass and put together a 224-page, 8½ x 11 book (on photos, drawings, artwork, well) of motorcycle memo- good paper—so all the whatever, can reproduce rabilia.

Spider's collected for the first time all the old time advertisements (“1939 Harley \$215.00 fully equipped”), the old photos,  the old fashions—the boots, caps, cards, the hill climbs —you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called *Earlyriders*. Here's a book any motorcycle bum, scooter tramp, or straight citizen would give his left nut for. It's yours for only \$8.95. We pay the postage.

If you dig iron horses, here's a book that'll bring back memories—a book that you'll read and read and read. It's got heart. You'll dig it—all 224-pages.  Send \$8.95 to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% for Governor Brown to keep the machinery workin' up  that'll you'll heart. in Sacramento.) Be sure to include your zip code.

Often motorcyclists and other holy men forget important basic equipment when making a run —perhaps due to the use of alcoholic beverages or even powerful opiates. Don't be one of these unfortunate dupes (or dopes, as they are sometimes called). Use this check list. Forewarned is forearmed, a stitch in time, etc., etc.



CHECK LIST

- A. Toilet articles
- B. Insect repellent
- C. Herbs
- D. Spare parts
- E. Wearing apparel
- F. Sports equipment
- G. Bag of tricks
- H. Cooking gear
- I. Buffalo chips
- J. Sleeping bag



I don't care whatdafuck
ya do to me
ya creeps ain't increasin'
the subscription price!



The subscription price remains the same! So there's more pages, more color, more everything—a buck's still a buck, and the heavies on the editorial staff aren't standin' for any more shit. So **there's no change in subscription rates**, and we're still throwin' in a free **Easyriders** decal!

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

A spectacularly colorful, fantastically designed, gigantic, super-tough, enzyme-free decal!

All this for less than ten measly bucks for a one-year subscription and less than nineteen lousy bucks for a two-year subscription. That's right—for less than ten bucks you get twelve issues, and for less than nineteen bucks you will get twenty-four issues of this unreal rag delivered right to your door by a uniformed messenger.



Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

50

Check one:

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's \$9.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$18.99 for a two-year subscription.

And quit flopping around on the damned floor,
it's only a lousy penny.

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's \$10.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ 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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____
Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like
best about Easyriders magazine? _____

April 27

I've decided to get off my ass and find my true slot in life. I think I'll give it some serious thought.

28

I've decided to become a badass biker. Gee, the ways them guys ride around on those bikes, girls hanging all over them, drinking and fighting all night, scaring the shit out of Joe Citizen just by looking at him—farout. I've decided Step One should be to buy a bike. I've never ridden one, but it can't be that tough. Got to be a chopper. Tomorrow I'll take a trip downtown to a used chopper shop.

29

Looked at a lot of bikes today. The guy at the shop kept calling me "Squid" for some reason. Bought a Harley-Davidson. Got 12-inch rakes or something like that. Guy at the shop said if it ever fell over I'd need a crane to lift it for me. Smart-ass. Buddy of mine brought it home in the back of his truck. Didn't want to ride it yet—figured I'd practice a little before I hit the road.

30

Tried to start it in the garage today.

May 15

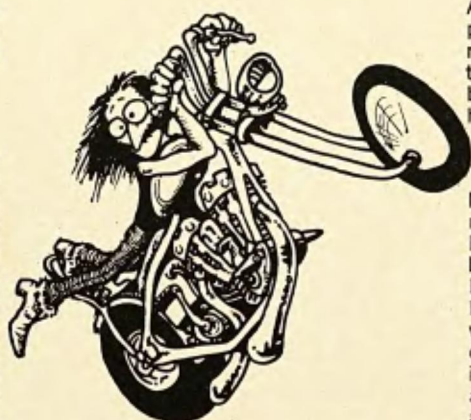
Got the cast off my ankle today.

21

Finally got the hang of starting the stupid thing, I think. Didn't realize it was this tough. Tomorrow's the big day. Take the old girl for a spin and "profile"—I think that's what us bikers call it.

22

Excuse the writing. I'm using my left hand because I sprained my wrist in the fall. Goddam thing was heavy, but I went down with the ship. Took about three hours to get going again but I'm a step closer to being an outlaw. I guess I got to work on my image now. Instead of cringing with fear, the locals just laughed and pointed.



DIARY OF A BAD~ASS BIKER

By Larry Stewart

May 25

Bought a magazine called "Easyriders" today. I guess a lot of outlaws read it. Might get some ideas from it.

26

Letting my hair grow, trying to start a beard, shaved off 400 zits. Jesus, got to be an easier way. Anyhow, I bleached my jeans some and spent three hours rubbing them in dirt and grease. Got a genuine chain belt and leather vest. Maybe I ought to shave my chest too—those three hairs ain't gonna impress anyone.

After hours of practice and pain, I think I'm finally ready. Gonna tool on down to the biker bar where a lot of bikers, hippies, and whores hang out.

Met a hell of a man last night. Dude called Mountain Man. Had a great-lookin' bike. That is, till I pulled a beautiful slide, right into him. Doctor said my nose will heal but will be a little crooked. But what the hell, it didn't hurt half as much as getting all those teeth set and having my jaw wired together. Biggest fists I've ever seen. Better do some work on my tough image.

Beginning to wonder about this biker shit. For some reason, the pigs keep hassling me. I'm a law-abiding citizen. That's what I told them, too — just before I got a billyclub in the crotch.

Tried to pick up some snatch tonight. Was going great till I tried to pull a super wheelie. She slid back on the tire and burned her twat off. Boy! Talk about a grass fire. But one thing for sure — these fingernail scars across my face make me look even tougher than before.

It's working! Boy, I can't believe it. Been hanging out at the biker bar and really getting into it. The guys even got one of those nicknames for me. Must be that my reputation for being a superstud got around, because when I walk in they say, "Here comes that fucker again." But a sweller bunch of guys you couldn't meet. For some reason, they're really interested in me. Ask all kinds of questions — where I live, what time I go beddy-bye, etc. Just trying to be friendly, I guess. Anyhow, I made it. I'm in. I'm a badass biker!

Someone stole my bike last night.

1 June

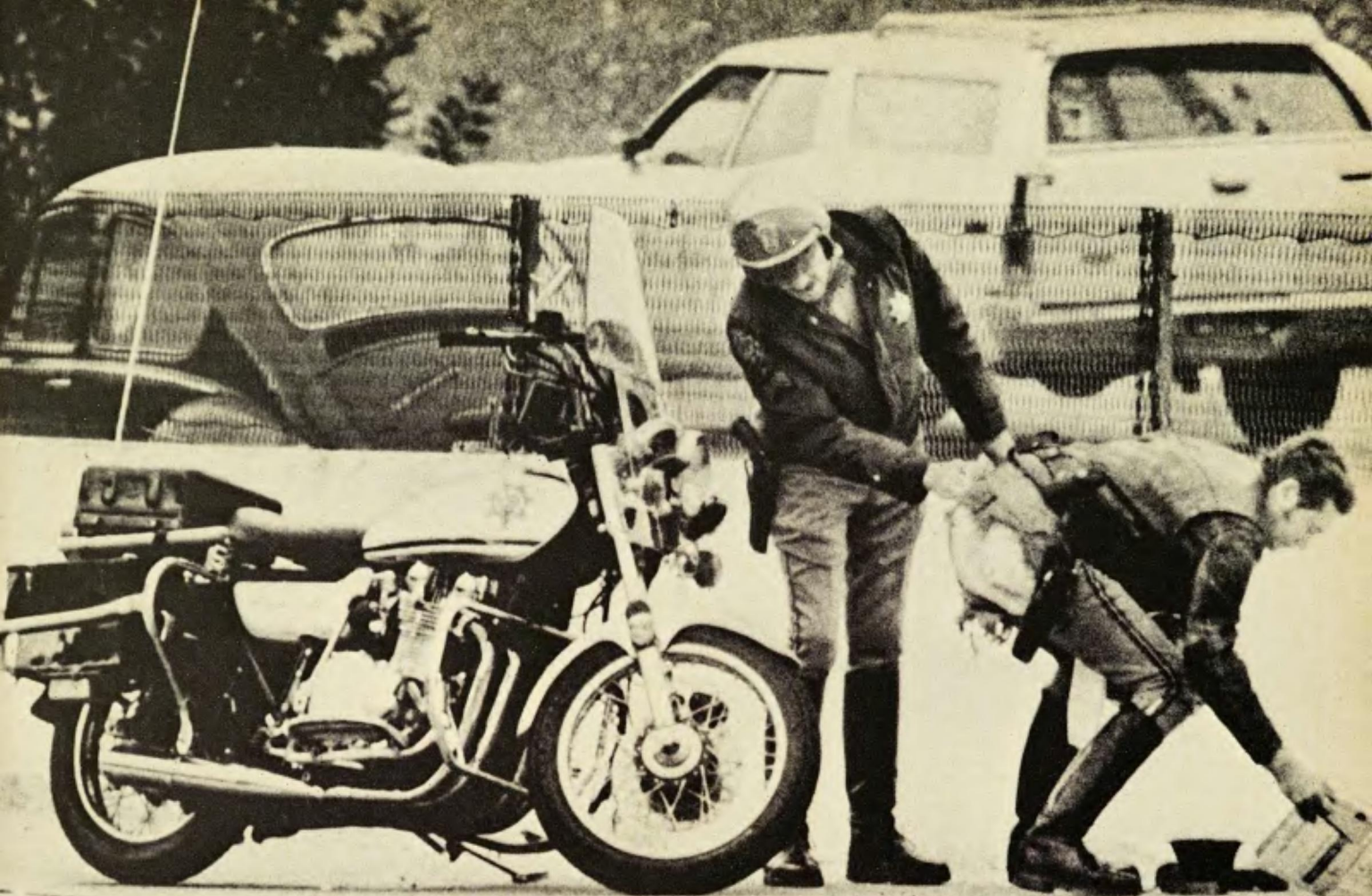
2

6

10

25

26



—from Wide World Photos



Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we pay \$10 for every black and white photo we use and \$20 for every color slide we use. It's better than a poke in the eye, ain't it?)





—from Robert E. Handley, *Bloomington, Illinois*



—from Robert E. Handley, *Bloomington, Illinois*



—from Michael E. Smith, San Jose, California



—from Jim Ruymen, St. Petersburg, Florida



GEE!!
SURE WISH I WERE
A GUY*

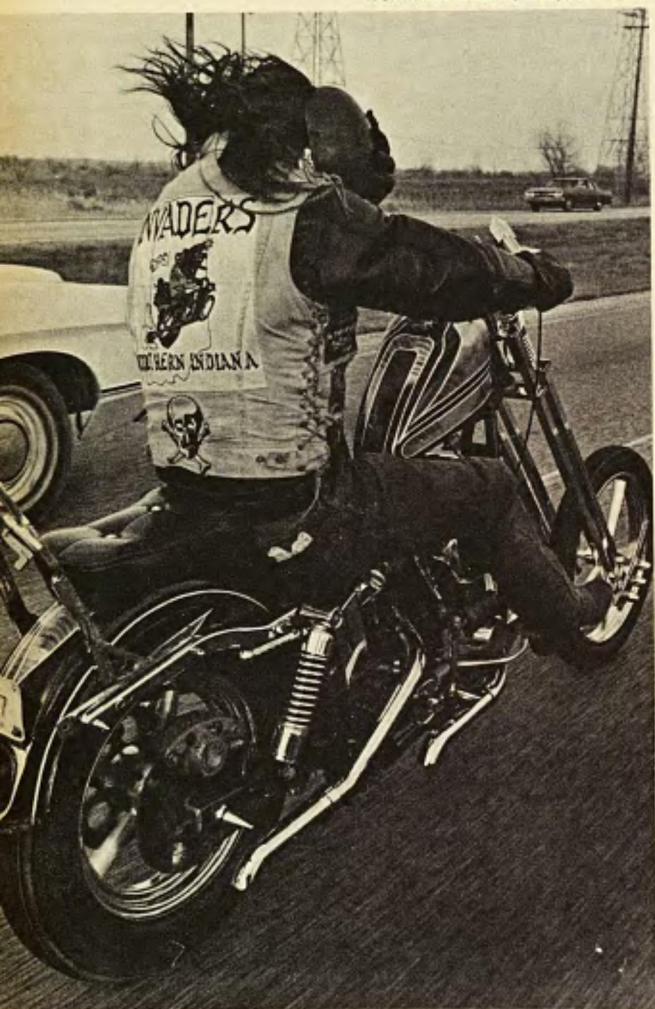
I'D BECOME
A PRISON
GUARD

BE A MAN WHO LIKES TO GUARD PEOPLE
STATE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY
RECRUITING STATION

VISIT YOUR STATE

*AND OVER 4 FT.

—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Indiana



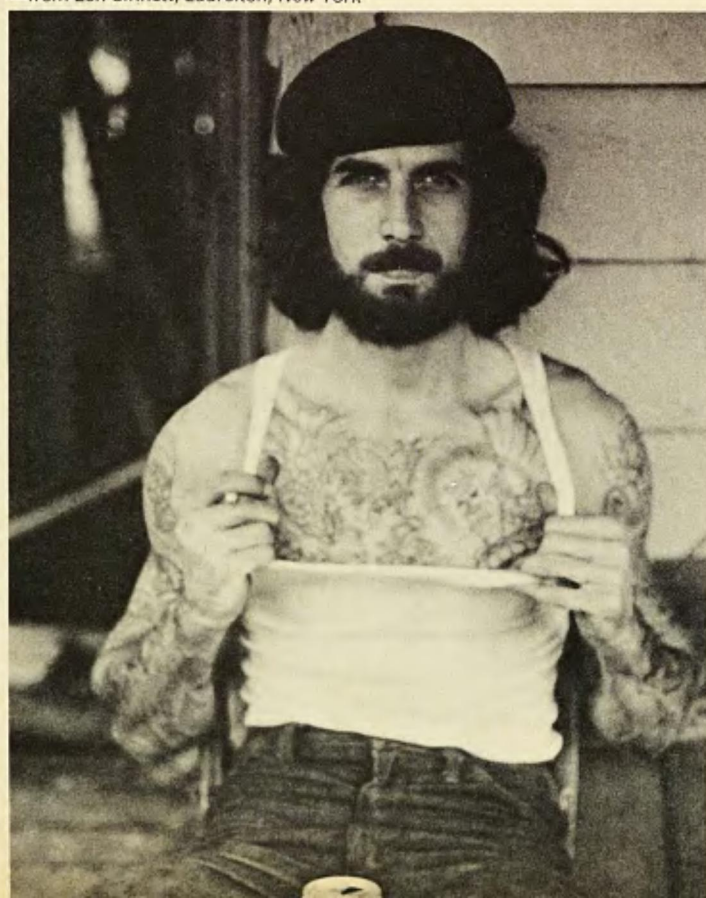
—from Len Sinnett, Laurelton, New York





—from Len Sinnett, Laurelton, New York

—from Phil Turner, Omaha, Nebraska



—from Rabbit, Free Wheelers M/C, Weaverville, California



—from Duncan Earl, Jr., Merced, California

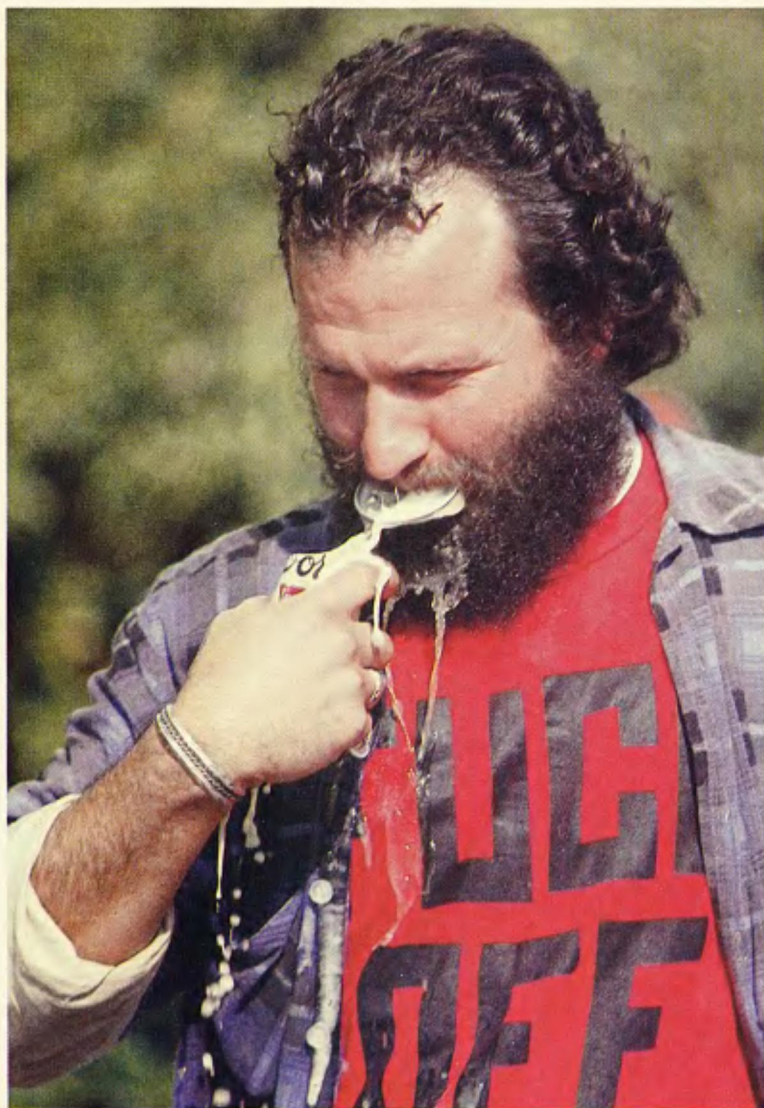


—from Sweet Locust, Berkeley Springs, West Virginia





—from T, Pompano Beach, Florida





BEER

CORNER LOUNGE

KELLY'S BAR

417

OPEN

415 1/2

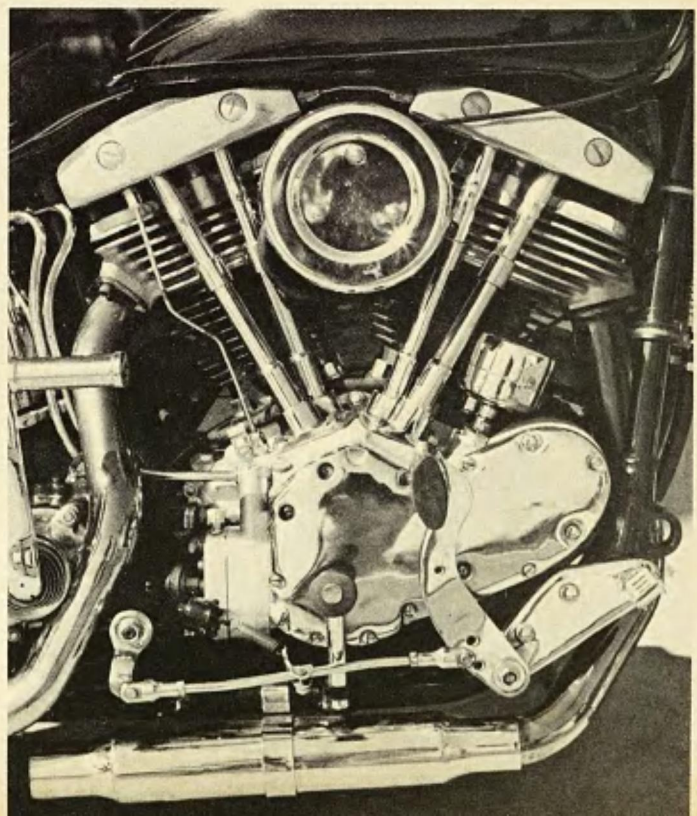


BADLAND BIKE

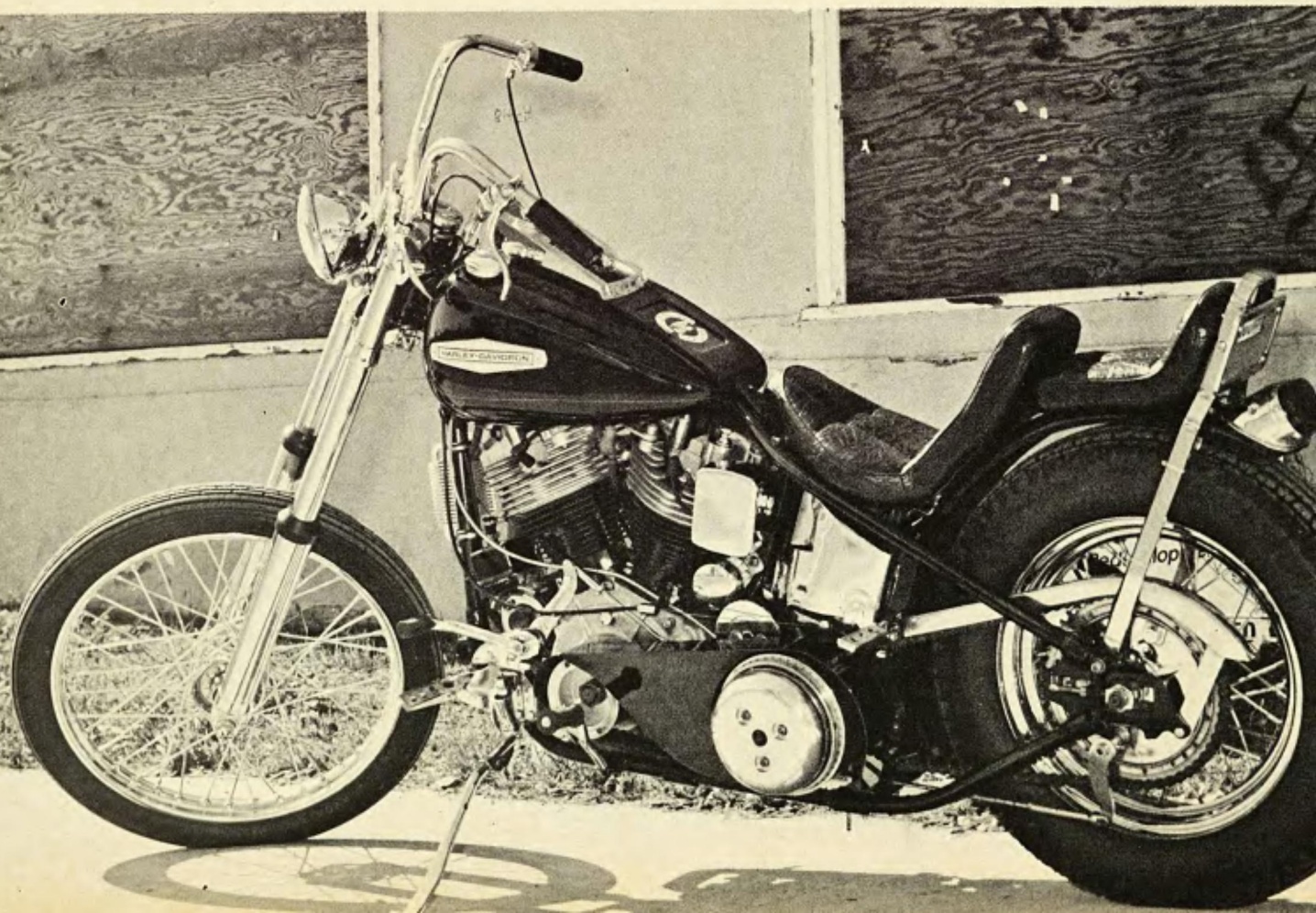


This is a buncha goddam bullshit. I let a couple of punks look at this Hell's Angel's bike, and they figure the damn thing ought to be a fuckin' rat. Their comments fall somewhere in the lame category of stereotypes. In other words, they think an outlaw is supposed to wear grease-soaked Levis and torn rags and ride a mechanical disaster glued loosely together with grime and hot parts.

The crap, impressions, rumors, and stories Hell's Angels like Cisco have to put up with are as thick as the puke published in movie star rags. Well, here's living proof to all the citizens

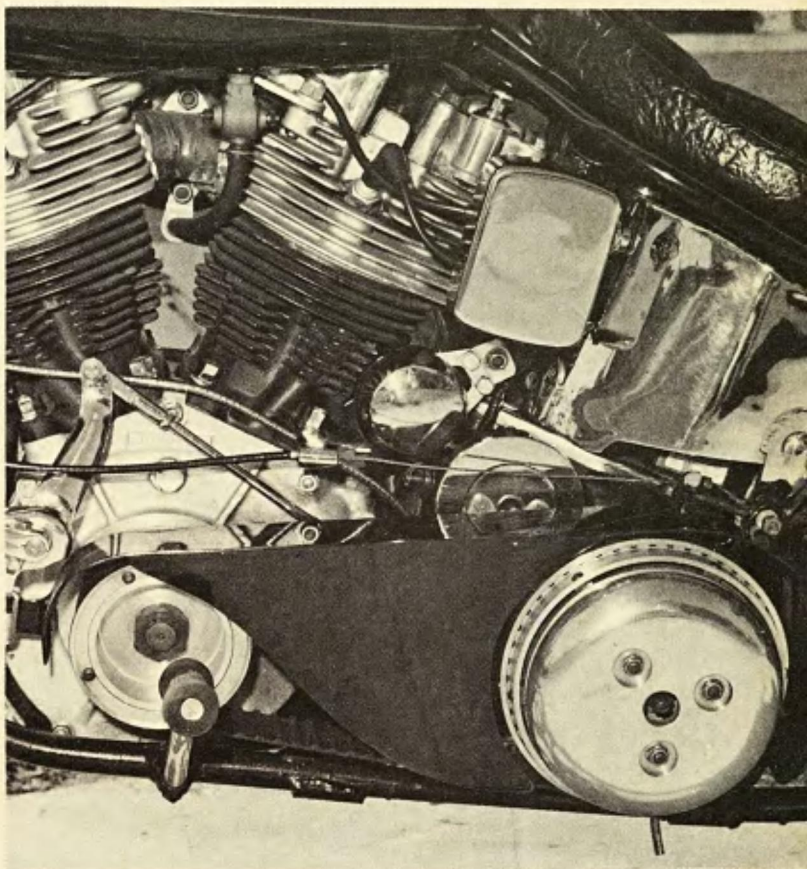


ALLS ANULLED
AKLAND





Photos by Pete Chiodo



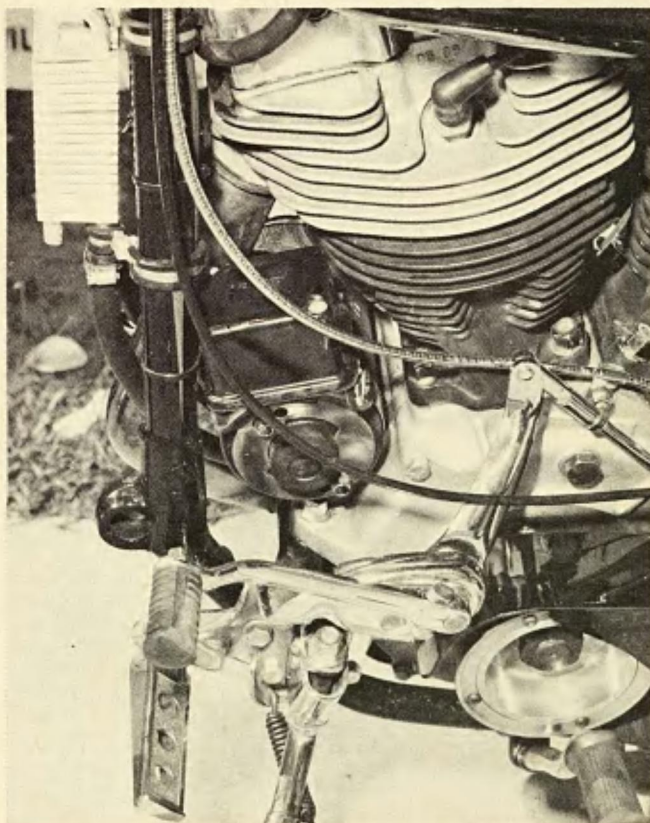
who feel Hell's Angels or any other outlaws are too deranged to be successful at anything besides doing time. Indeed, they may find the opposite to be true.

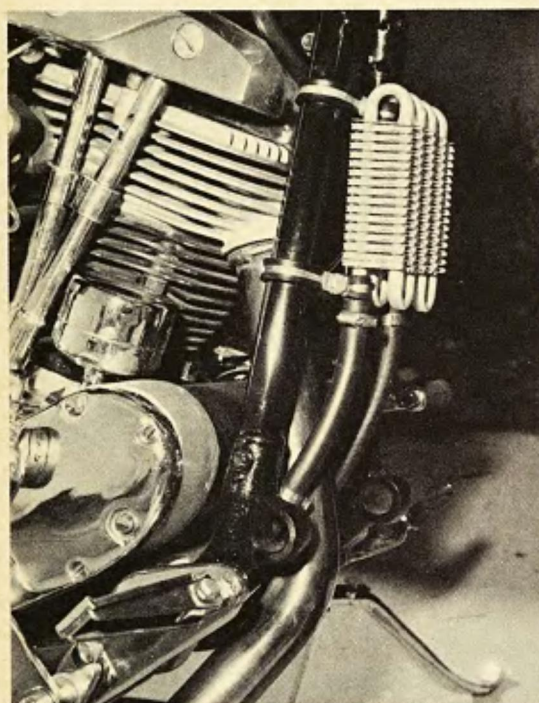
Besides the necessary ability to build his own two-wheeled transportation, Cisco also restores and re-marks the towering, castle-like homes San Francisco is famous for. Shit, Cisco's bike is beautiful, his home is a masterpiece, and he has a proud family. He also has a sense of humor, naming the bike "Grease" after the title of a play he recently took his family to see.

Cisco's top priority is his good standing as a member of the filthy few, Oakland's Hell's Angels. And any man who is man enough to be a member has only to be proud of his place. It all boils down to the bullet point that an outlaw doesn't have to shit in the streets, or ride a motorcycle that looks dangerous and repulsive, to be bad or an outlaw. He has only to be a true brother.

—Renegade

—Continued on next page





Owner: Cisco

City: Oakland, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1957

Year and make: 1960 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FLH

Type: straight leg

Value: priceless

Rake: stock

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 3 months

Other alterations: stock tabs untouched

Chroming by: Electro Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: #3 Flanders

Year: 1960

Risers: stock

Model: FLH

Fender(s): flat

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: kick

Taillight: stock

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: original

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: custom

Balancing: H-D

Rear pegs: custom

Pistons: standard

Electrics: battery, 12V. gen.

Cases: clean

Gas tank: 3-gal. fatbobs

Heads: shovel

Oil tank: center

Cam: H-D grind

Oil system: oil cooler

Lifters: solid

Primary cover: owner

Carb(s): Tillotson

Seat: Calif. Choppers

Air cleaner: custom

Sissy bar: owner

Pipes: drag

Height: 6 in. above fender

Muffler(s): Sweet 16

Material: 1-in. flat

Transmission

Forks

Modifications:

Type: glide

Year: who knows?

Extension: 6 inches

Shifting: ratchet

Builder: H-D, owner

Engine sprocket: belt

Special features: shaved crowns

Trans sprocket: pulley

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: none

Hub: stock

Hub: stock

Painter: Len Barton

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black

Tire: 3.00

Tire: 5.10

Type: epoxy

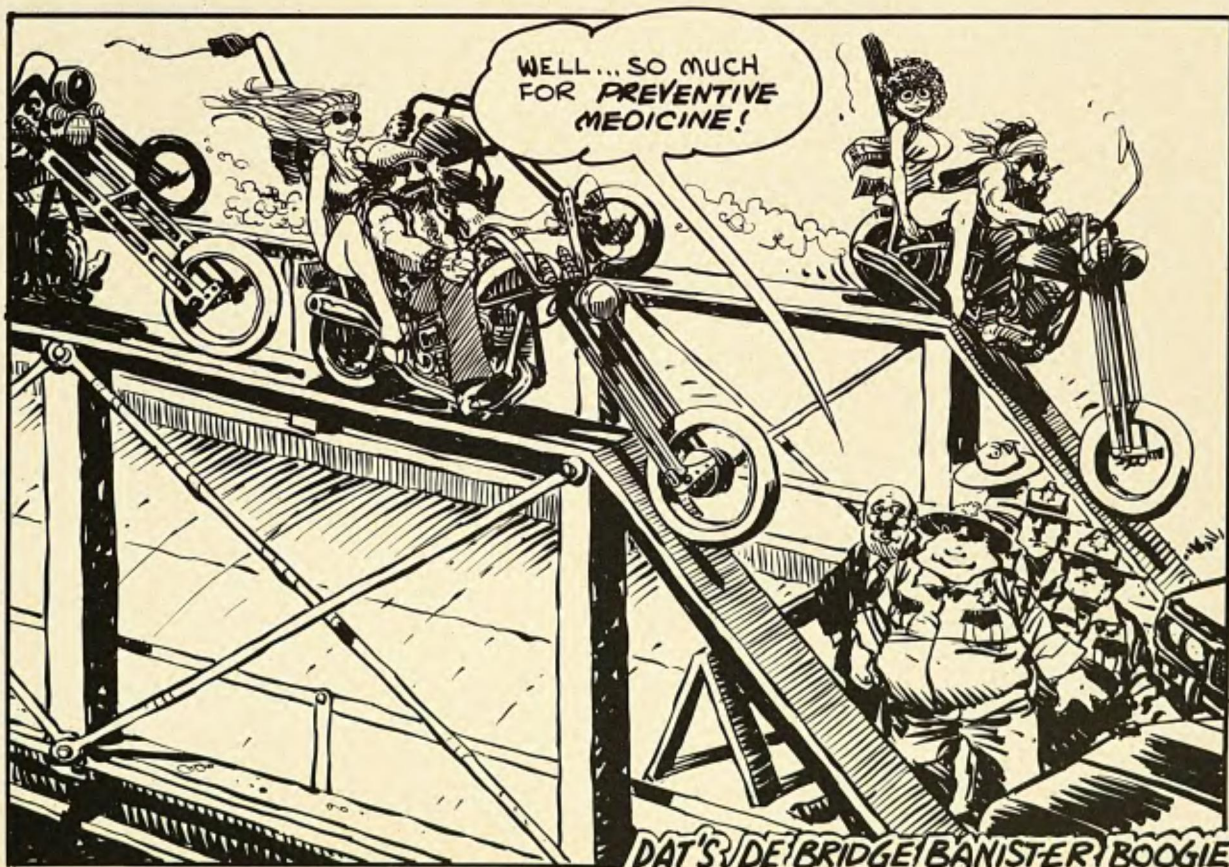
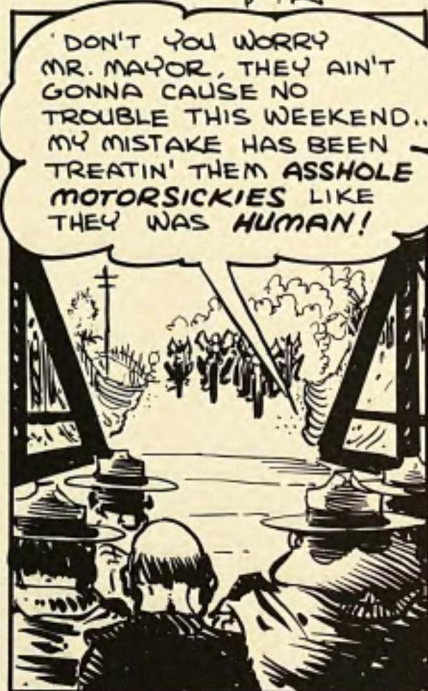
Brake: none

Brake: mech.

Special paint: striping by Len

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION... ...IS WORTH A KILO OF DOG SHIT!

Words in Pitchers by



I had seen enough. I turned off the television set and watched the picture fade out slowly into nowhere until there was only a tiny dot in the center of the crackling, lackluster specks. And then nothing.

I sat there in that damn hotel room drinking a glass of beer and staring at the photograph of my Harley on the broken-down side table with the grotesque lamp and tattered shade.

It was a sultry evening, and even unbuttoning my shirt and drinking the second of a cold six-pack didn't help. I kept thinking of how I only had ninety days to get that damn bike back. Ninety days to pay off that gambling debt or lose it forever. But that meant three big bills, something I was short on.

San Francisco is not a city to be alone in. It is a city of loneliness and despair. I had been out of work for more than two years, following a bum arrest on Saint Patrick's Day for felony auto theft and drunk driving. The misfortune of being arrested by two Italian cops on an Irish holiday. There should be a law against cab drivers leaving their keys in the ignition. F. Scott Fitzgerald had done the same thing in Paris, but that was in the thirties and these Frisco cops had never heard of him. They only saw it as an easy arrest and conviction. So a simple drunk driving, crazy Saint Patrick episode became a nightmare charge of felony auto theft, complete with cocked gun at my head and the words, "Shut up, you sonofabitch, if you know what's good for you." San Francisco cops only need a high school education and a considerable amount of brawn. These cops had both.

The Great American Justice Machine never stops moving; it keeps right on rolling down track number nine. In North Beach, you don't even need the tracks. The result was that I lost my job and took to drinking, moving from the world of reality into the beyond and revolving door of madness. I took up residence in a series of rundown hotels on the fringe of Grant Avenue, where the "beats" made their home in the '50s. Places like the Eagle Hotel and The Entella. They all had one thing in common, a bare lobby with an upstairs manager's booth. Behind the booth, an old man with a stained

shirt, who watched his TV set, collected the rent, and bitched about too many late night visitors and being behind in the rent. Unlike New York, cheap San Francisco hotels are only two or three stories high. Too run down and poor to have elevators, the halls smelling of urine, cleaning compounds, and spilled booze. The rooms are bare and have chipped paint and low-wattage bulbs with a broken string hanging down from the middle of a cracked ceiling. No rugs on the floor. Sometimes, as was the case with The Entella, an icebox and an illegal burner to make life a little easier.

I lay on the bed on this particular night smoking grass and thinking of Vicky. Vicky who drank too much and smoked too much and fucked too much. Vicky who was always tired, so tired that she found it easier to piss in the sink rather than go down the hall to the community toilet. Not that I blamed her; I was guilty of

the same offense on more than one occasion. But Vicky wasn't here this particular night. She had gone off to Mendocino to try the cure. It was just me and the sweltering night. I kept on thinking of the better days in New York, and could almost hear the steady hum of the air conditioner. But there wasn't any air conditioner at The Entella. There was hardly any air. Just the all night echoing sounds of arguments. The old men wheezing and coughing, the tapping of canes against the steps, funeral arrangements of the future. Hotels filled with the damned.

I shut myself off to these things a long time ago. It was the only way to survive. I seldom talked to anyone, nor they to me. Not even the manager. Only on occasional nod, a quizzing look, but no one talking, except for the whispers. "I hear he's a writer." "I hear he used to be a biker." "No, I hear the law is looking for him." "He's dangerous, man!"

By A. D. Winans



—Illustration by D. Clafin

Hotel Entella

"No kidding? Hey, how about changing the channel? Who the hell cares? He pays his rent like the rest of you bums, and he doesn't bother anyone."

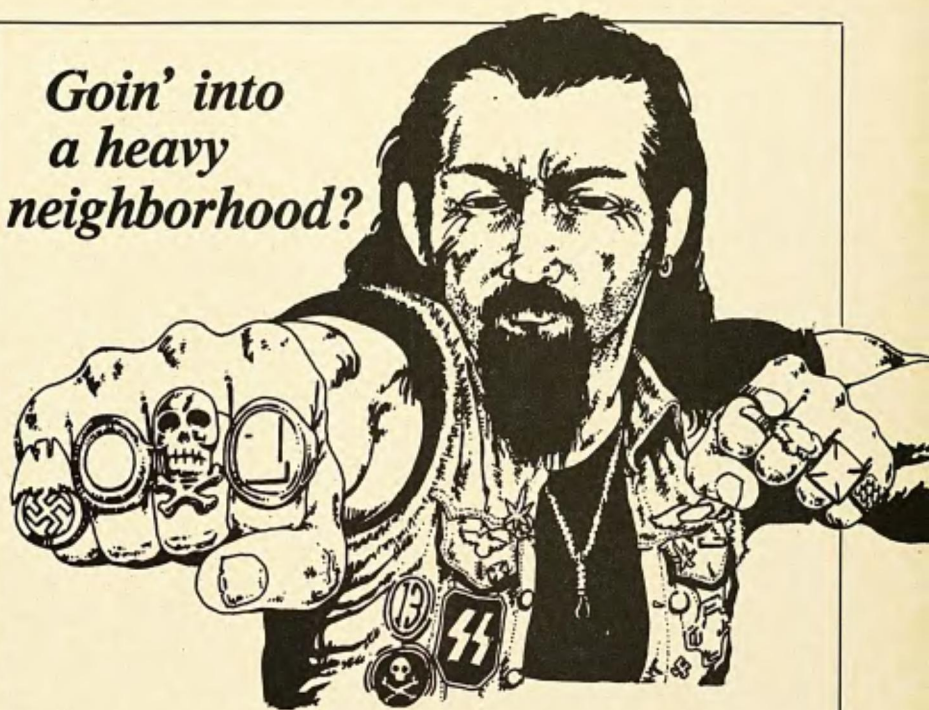
That was the secret, not bothering the neighbors. I would leave my room in the early afternoon, the hallway dark as night. It was always night there. Vicky walking the halls naked, sometimes in bra and panties. Carlo, the old Italian, in his faded robe and slippers. Corpses moving silently through the halls like a submarine homing in on an unsuspecting victim. An assassin could live here, strike in the middle of the afternoon, and earn no more attention than the manager's side view away from the television.

The hang-out place for us all was the Doggie Diner. A home for insomniacs. A refuge for dopers and alcoholics and black coffee freaks. I would sit here for nights at a time, close to the mirror, looking at myself and then at the people passing by. It was feeding time at the zoo. Madmen chasing clouds across the sky. It can make the sanest of men crazy.

On this particular night, I scanned the place for a familiar face and found one. She was middle-aged, not bad for her years. Matronly, but her figure somehow staying younger than her years. She had bought me a cup of coffee one night, so I knew that she was living off her dead husband's insurance policy and taught three times a week at a private school for retarded children. She was like a lot of the lonely stiffs at the hotel, only with more class. I couldn't figure out why she didn't go to a singles bar or advertise in one of the underground papers for someone to meet her needs. She was obviously cruising. But she seemed to prefer the streets, and everyone knew she had the money to pay for what she wanted. It gave her the upper hand in a bottom-handed deck. She acted accordingly and picked her studs carefully. They were always the more intellectual of the misfits. The ones who could have made it, and would have if it hadn't been for the booze or the drugs. The ones who still managed to carry a spark of hope and talent inside them. She had shown an immediate interest in me, and was the only woman I had ever allowed to keep me. I tried not to show my contempt for the situation, but it

—Continued on page 72

*Goin' into
a heavy
neighborhood?*



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Won't slide down when jumping or running



Won't open until you open it

With this *Stash Pouch* you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the *Stash Pouch* will stay in position—it does not slip down.

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Don't be ripped off—put your valuables in a safe, secure *Stash Pouch*.

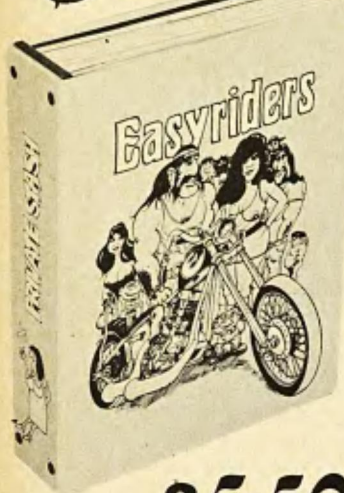
To protect your valuables send \$3.95 for each *Stash Pouch*. We pay all postage and handling.

*Mackenzie
Company*

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Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%

Class



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Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribbles by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the available past issues at our regular back-issue price of \$1.25 per copy! See back-issue ad in this issue for issues that are still available—some have sold out.

Mail to: Back Issues
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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Look now for a taste of the unexpected and strange. Maybe ya better watch who and what ya eat. And, if ya value your crank, be sure to check out the cracks before ya bury your bone in them. There might be some irritating things that keep ya pissed off for a few days. For instance, ya could catch some sleazy ass pickin' his nose over (or worse yet, in) your stash. Relax—go out and tie some pussy's tail in a knot!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

If you've been lookin' around for a new slave to cook, clean, polish your machine, lick your boots, take care of your meat, buff your bottom, or whatever perverted shit you're into, this could be a ball-bustin' time to find one. (If you're lucky, she may even work two jobs.) Try hangin' a little tag on your dork that reads "One size fits all or instant replay." Remember, when you're "satisfaction guaranteed," it pays to advertise.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

This month will sure keep your ol' bowels movin'! A lot more of your bros than usual will be dropping in and falling out at your crib. Looks like your pad's the main rompin' and stompin' grounds all month. If it gets too hectic, park your pork on your putt an' boogie off for a few days or plug yourself into some pussy an' lighten your load. Just don't overdo an' blow a fuse.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

This month should be mellow compared with last month. You'll still be doin' your usual reamin', cream-in', and gettin' crazy in general. It's just that the fog should have lifted from your gourd by now. Try to keep the cobwebs out long enough to check out a get-rich scheme ya just might run across under weird conditions. If you're in tight with the source, it's worth lookin' into. In fact, it'll blow your mind!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

My advice is to slow down

before ya end up in an emergency room lookin' like a road map. Takin' off like you're headin' out after your first piece of ass will get you a lot more than pucker prints on your seat. You're accident-prone now. So if ya must move fast, do it in a warm womb. Just whip it out an' work up a lather. There's some ass with class, clinkin' some coins an' wavin' her clit your way.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

If you're still stashin' away your cash to rebuild your ride, why not get down with some of your partners an' cook up a batch of raisin jack (recipe in **Easyriders** #43). It'll get your head bent cheap so you can use the extra cash for "medicinal purposes." Ya may be draggin' your dong during part of the month. Could be you're too burnt out to take your crank out of its crate. Ya need some tender loving care. In other words, "Get fucked!"

Libra (September 22—October 22)

So you've got a real mean case of the badass an' ya just can't wait to whomp on someone's head, especially your ol' lady's. What's the matter—did ya drop a shitload of whites an' ya can't find your thing? Ya can always use it for a pull toy until ya come down. Remember, after ya drop those nut-shrinkers for a few days, your ol' lady will have to blow up your ass just to get your honk hard!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

You'll barely have the time for pokin' your private pleasure pits. Ya may have to pass up the lickin' an' smellin' part for a while. You're into some heavy wheelin', dealin', and passin' the buck a lot more than the bone. Don't spread yourself too thin or run the ol' bod down. Stay away from shit-stirrin' or you could end up on the stick yourself.

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

If you've been slippin' the meat into your ol' lady's

sister (mother?), better be careful 'cause all she wants to do is spread her legs and then blab her brains out. If the tired twat starts running off at the mouth, shove a dog turd in her mug. Then just explain how she accidentally gave you face a few (maybe only 60) times. Is it your fault the bitch is a klutz an' keeps fallin' on your joint—face down?

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

Sorry, but The Man will be checkin' ya out a little heavy for a while. Best keep one eye on the rear view mirror and one hand ready to shitcan your stash. In case ya do get pulled over an' fucked with, hold your mud. Also, refrain from such remarks as "Fuck you, ass picker" or "What did I do now, motherfucker?" Cool off instead by tinklin' your treat in your ol' lady's treasure twat.

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

Ya sure won't be satisfied with just a little of anything for most of this month. You're gonna make a hog of everything ya do. Not only will ya eat, drop, and booze it up too much, but ya might even sprain your spout! It's one thing to party for days at a time or scarf up everything in sight (all bikers do that), but to bang a broad all night an' then ask her for a crotch bag to go may be carryin' things too far. Anyway, the shit would spoil before ya could eat it!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

Before ya go on any runs this month, ya best check and double check your machine out good. There's a strong possibility of problems in this area. Ya should be in the bucks an' be able to handle any added expense for your scoot. Don't worry if ya can't, 'cause you're sure to run into some shit-breath broad with a snatch to match who will be more than thrilled to front ya the bread. Just be careful unless ya got a wooden dick. Even then she might give ya a case of termites of the tool!

Legal news in everyday language

Police Brutality

If police officers of a municipality violate your constitutional rights and engage in police brutality, do you have a cause of action against the municipality? Can you collect damages in a federal court? The latest decision on this subject in a federal court in Pennsylvania says no. However, there are decisions to the contrary and if you find yourself in this situation and want to sue, we suggest that your lawyers carefully examine a valuable note in 89 Harvard Law Review 922. We agree with the idea that it is highly desirable that persons injured by unconstitutional government action should be afforded genuine financial relief, through damage remedies against the municipality. It very often happens that suits brought against individual police officers are totally ineffective because any substantial judgment against them cannot be collected. These police officers are agents of the municipality and act, as such, for the municipality. It is probable that this Pennsylvania decision will be overruled on appeal. The door is still wide open for legitimate claims against the municipality in this field where the legal views are extremely divergent. U.S.D.C. E. Pa. Crosley v. Davis, 1/27/77.

Retaliating Against the Law

One of the most exasperating experiences that you can have is to be hauled into court and fined for what appears to you to be a trivial infraction of the law. When this does happen, you may have a great desire to retaliate against the strong arm of the law. However, your method of retaliation may be highly ineffective and cause you more trouble and expense. Recently, in Virginia, a young man in Virginia Beach was convicted of having an invalid inspection sticker on his car and was fined \$28. He decided to pay the fine with a one-dollar bill and a glass jar containing \$27 in nickels, dimes, pennies, and a few quarters. The court clerk said she could not accept the payment in this form and offered to let him package the coins. But the young man had

other ideas. He dumped the coins in a trough underneath the window and started to walk out the door. But the young lady was too quick for him and called for help, claiming that the coins had been flung at her and scattered all over the floor. The young man ended up in custody and was cited by the court for contempt. The judge agreed to suspend the contempt citation if the prisoner would apologize to the clerk. But he refused and they locked him up for the night, after fining him \$25. When the young man appeared to apologize the next day, the judge suspended the fine and the five-day sentence for contempt. This all adds up to the fact that when you are wrong, take the consequences and save your ability to toss coins for a friendly game of pitching pennies.

Minors and Bikes

Oddly enough, one of the most important recent cases in California concerns motorcycles and the American Motorcycle Association. The case is extremely important, and if you should be involved in a motorcycle accident we urge you to call this case to the attention of your lawyers. A minor, through his father as guardian, filed an action against various parties to recover for injuries sustained when he participated in a cross-country motorcycle race. One defendant, the American Motorcycle Association, moved for leave to file a cross-complaint against the minor's mother and father, claiming that they had been actively negligent in allowing the minor to enter the race. The trial court denied the motion, and the American Motorcycle Association appealed. On the appeal, the court held that liability among wrongdoers acting concurrently must be apportioned according to the degree of negligence of each one of the wrongdoers, and each is liable to the plaintiff only for his portion. Therefore, the American Motorcycle Association should have been granted leave to file its cross-complaint. The court said that in such a case, and in all negligence cases where a number of wrongdoers are involved, it is essential that all persons whose fault has con-

tributed to the injury be brought before the court in one action. One set of jury verdicts can then determine the entire matter as to the liability of all who are involved, and multiple litigation can be avoided. We urge you to bring this valuable and very recent opinion to the attention of the lawyer who may represent your motorcycle club. American Motorcycle Association v. Superior Court, etc. 135 Cal. Rep. 497, Jan. 6, 1977.

Feds and Local Police

If FBI agents, together with local police, force their way into your apartment without probable cause, do you have a valid claim against the United States under the Federal Tort Claims Act? A recent federal case in Virginia says that you do. Prior to 1974, the doctrine of sovereign immunity and the explicit exclusion of intentional torts from the Federal Tort Claims Act precluded a victim of an illegal search and seizure from obtaining a remedy against the U.S. government. But in 1974, the Federal Tort Claims Act was amended to include claims for abuse of process. Congress thus removed the shield of immunity from the government in cases where persons are harassed by the illegal acts of FBI agents, if the agents act either in bad faith or without probable cause. Victims of illegal searches and seizures should have a remedy against the United States regardless of the motivation of the government agents. The decision is excellent and puts money damages within the grasp of persons who have been illegally treated by FBI agents. U.S.D.C. E. Va. Norton v. Turner, 1/28/77.

Hidin' from the Feds

Where are your securities and other valuables safe from seizure by the Internal Revenue Service? Is your safe deposit box a safe place? Under a recent decision of the U.S. Court of Appeals, apparently not. In this case the IRS thought the collection of back taxes from the taxpayer was in jeopardy, so the IRS served notice of levy and seizure upon certain banks with respect to safe deposit boxes leased by the taxpayer. When the banks refused entry

into the boxes, the government initiated summary proceedings for enforcement of the IRS levy. The court refused the taxpayer's attempt to intervene and allowed the IRS to open the boxes and remove the contents. The court held that neither the Fourth nor Fifth Amendment gives the taxpayer the right to oppose an Internal Revenue Service levy upon the contents of a safe deposit box leased from a bank prior to seizure of the contents of the box. The court said that the taxpayer's Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination was not violated by the government's search of his safe deposit box because the taxpayer did not have possession of the contents of the box.

We disagree with this decision. If you have securities in a safe deposit box which you have rented, you certainly have actual possession of those securities under your own lock and key. The answer seems to be, if you want privacy, put your valuables in a safe deposit box in a bank in Canada. There was a dissenting opinion. C.A. 2 U.S. v. First National Bank, 2/4/77.

You Can Lose Your Car

Trafficking in illegal drugs may get increasingly expensive because of a recent federal decision. The defendant may lose his expensive car even though the illegal drugs are not found physically present in the automobile. In the case in question, the car was used to transport the drug dealer and his confederates to the scene of the sale. The same rule would be invoked if the car was used to take the dealer to a meeting where a sale is proposed. The court, in upholding the forfeiture of a Cadillac automobile, pointed out that extremely small amounts of narcotics may be worth considerable sums and may be carried on the person in his pocket or even in his hatband. (We never thought of that.) Vehicles, therefore, may be employed by such persons not only to facilitate the transportation of drugs themselves but also to transport the suspect and his confederates. U.S. v. one 1974 Cadillac El Dorado sedan. U.S.D.C. 2nd Circuit, 1/13/77.

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

That's right, now you can show style as you pepper the cat crossing the street. Or give the rug rat a toy that'll destroy him and waste everything in the house. No shit, slap a can of freon to the pot metal body and pour a few hundred BBs into its belly and it'll throw the little brass balls like water from a shower head.

But beware of the nasty freon. Too many long bursts, and the hand that holds the freon may become frozen to the icy can. Ya see, once you fight the

one-pound propellant container into place, it becomes the forward grip. But the magazine is easily filled with BBs which are sucked out, then launched down a tube inside the protective barrel.

It has decent range and works like you wouldn't believe. One problem, though. The freon cans don't last long. But you can't miss if you're after the mouthy dog next door (or if ya just wanna keep the ol' lady in line).

—Spider



AUTOMATIC BB GUN!

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.

High? Wish I was. Your letters will help. Steve Sample #9054, Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Write me, sweetheart. I'm feeling lonely in here. Kittrell Moore #C-70087, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

The right chick won't be sorry. Write and send photo, preferably nude. Girl must be 18 to 37 yrs. old, five to five feet five, 140 to 200 lbs., must like bikers and sex. Bob "Grumpy" Lookingbill #133068, Rt. 3 Box 3333 MCTC, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

I would like to hear from ladies with something on the ball. Archie Porcher, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Thirty-two yr. old inmate wants to hear from chicks 18 to 28 yrs old. Dalmaine Harding 40901, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Tramp with lots of down time wants to hear from freaky ol' ladies. Danny "Monk" Wing, Box WR, Green Bay, Wisc. 54305.

A letter would lift my spirits. James D. Phillips 051896, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Six foot, full-blooded Italian badass biker that's been down for five, would like to hear from some foxy mamas. Tired of wear-in' this ball and chain. Joe Pizanie #38608-115, Box PMD, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Doin' time in Kansas, with no one to write to me. Jim Foster #20529, Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Dirty ladies, help this time fade away. Thomas G. Cooper YA#-94938, R.R. Box 6, P.S.I., Ione, Ca. 95640.

Candy left me, so will some righteously chicks write me? Loneliness is a bummer. Gary Schoolcraft 85097, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Sex-crazy lifer needs letters from foxy mamas. Roy McGuirk, Box 43, Norfolk, Ma. 02066.

Pervert needs palabra. Tim "Tattoo" Cain #76-B-960, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Two dudes need ol' ladies. Just let us know where you're at. Eddy Grey #128-899 and Ronnie Mackert #131-641, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Two white bros from San Fernando Valley. Doin' time, drop us a line. Steve Wood #N-40557-18 and Dave Vander Decker #N-38183-29, Box 3535, Corona, Ca. 91720.

Two good white brothers under the gun at Soledad. Need postal intercourse. Mike Ladigo #B-58218 and Chris Dalton #B-76342, C.T.F.N., Soledad, Ca. 93960.

Brother down a long time. Needs someone to write to. Keith Webb #052169, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Foxy ladies, this ol' boy needs attention. Richard "Corky" Ellefson B-67698, Box A Rm. 5378, San Luis Obispo, Ca. 93409.

Lookin' for love and friendship. Robert C. Boyer #8162, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Will answer all letters. Have no one to write to. Jessie Myles, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Sure would like to hear from ya! Barry Cutlip #75416, Box 188, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

Down but not out. Still open. Dan Hanson #38806, 2605 State St. Salem, Ore. 97310.

30-yr.-old bro in prison would like to hear from some good ol' ladies. Lawrence Carlson, Box B-32392, Florence, Arizona 85232.

I would like some mail from females. R. H. Malasky 117890, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Scooter tramp needs some scooter chicks to write to. Drop me a line. Bill Test 00157-164, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

Righteous dude that's been down for a while needs some mail. Sweet ladies, drop a line or two. Charles Huffman B-72974, Box 686, Soledad, Ca. 93960.

I've done seven years and would like to be reminded how sweet a young lady's words are. James Meeks, Box B-31398 C.T.F.N., Soledad, Ca. 93960.

Taurus the Bull. 6'9", tremendously hung and into it all. Bitch, why are you readin' this ad when ya oughta be writin' to me? C. O. Dukes #22266, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Girls: We've been locked down so long we forgot what you look and smell like. If you're heavy enough to know the square root of 69—ate something, write We'll eat it up. Dennis Lehman #36136 and Joe Donaldson #36250, Box 1000, Stellacoom, Wash. 98388.

A good woman needed. John Good B-012896, R.J.C.I. Box 37, Chattahoochee, Fla. 32324.

We've been down so long, and need some understanding babes. Hurry! Joseph Potocki M-1565 and Jake Keefer K-2559, Box 200, Camp Hill, Penna. 17011.

Six locked down Harley lovers, got to have some women. W. Kulick, R. Werts, R. Zigler, C. Clark, M. Hayes and J. Anselmo, Box 250, Draper, Utah 84020.

I would like to correspond with some foxy ladies. Dwight Kelly #115165, Rt. 2 Box 38, Holman Station, Ala. 36503.

Would like to hear from a far-out chick. Robert Whitehurst #2124, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Been down for two years in this snow-hole, and still no letters from my bros in Orange County, Ca. Bear and Carlos, if you read this, don't write me. I hope your fuckin' legs grow together. Roger Karl #142794, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd. Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

We need foxy scribes. Bill Kounanis #95910, and Doug Gardner #90801, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Kid is down and needs some lines from nasty ladies. James Ross R-4034, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Outlaw bro with one year to go. Have scoot but no mate. Leo Harper B-59519, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Would like to hear from some ladies who are looking for a real man. Orville Little 129745, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

In jail, no bail, no tail, need mail, so write to me, ladies. Tom Richter, B.C.M.S.J., Pemberton-Browns Mills Rd., Box 268, New Lisbon, N.J. 08064.

Looking to correspond with chicks about sexual fantasies. Ron Clark 54889, Lock Bag R, Rahway, N.J. 07065.

Party, putt and fuck. Send sexy photo and letter. Ron Hotchkiss 88-850, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

It's lonely as hell in here. Send a puttin' dude some mail. Johnny Smith 98929, C-Unit, 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33177.

Jersey biker doin' time in Florida and could dig hearing from some foxes. John Dilatash 046481, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083, SWU-64.

Downed biker needs to hear from you. Pump me some sunshine. Larry Kidd, Rt. 2, Box 412, Ridgeway, Va. 24148.

Need to hear from chicks who like bikers. Ron Taylor 74-B-398, and Hal Bronson 74-B-563, Attica Corr. Fac., Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Calif. biker, busted in the midwest. Pete Schmidt 30979, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

Come on, mama, write to me. I'll answer hogs, dogs, frogs and pollywogs. David B. Myers, 14793, Box 7309, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Foxy chicks, please write. D. C. Thomas 6753, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

We need angels to take us from hell to heaven. Perry Gaidurgis, Richard Ivey, Marc Rapczynski, U.M.D.C. Box 429, Upper Marlboro, Md. 20870.

Have three yrs. to go. Would dig hearing from chicks. Rick Snarke #76-A-3311/C-6-16, Box B, Danemora, N.Y. 12929.

White male, age 30, doin' five yrs. Want mail. Jerry Blank 93298, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 23051.

Help a broken-down biker bum get some sunshine. Gary Reiss A-012267, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Ladies needed. Please write Steve (Injun) Manning #137975, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

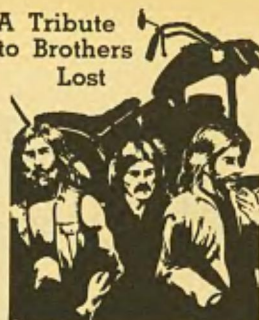
Life without freedom is no life at all. Write if you dare! John E. Benoit #42994, Box 1010 CH-5, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Snitches got me again. Need some foxy ladies with good heads on their shoulders to write. Ken Weeks #249182, Cedar E-6 Box 900, Shelton, Wa. 98584.

Need aware ladies to share thoughts and vibes with. William Johnson #30629, C-370 Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Like to hear from a chick with some heart. Alan Salhus, B-72844, Vacaville, Ca. 95688.

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column will be published on a first-come, first-serve basis. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **Rat**, the best of all. Moose and P.J., Detroit Highwaymen M.C.

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

In memory of **Charlie Lingard**, whose Saturday night ride was ended by a careless motorist. N.J. Desmanais, R.I.

In memory of **Vicki**, with love from your sisters in Ventura.

In memory of **Scarecrow**. Gone but not forgotten. Derelict.

In memory of **Mike "Mad Dog" Watson**, a number one bro and one hell of an outlaw. Your bros from Vallejo ad Benicia.

In memory of **Fat Bob Jeffreys**. We'll remember you and your knucklehead forever. Duck and Lori, Modesto, Calif.

In memory of **Skinner**, state pres. Devil's Disciples M.C., California. Remembered by all your bros. Jungle and Eileen.

In memory of **Kirk**, who lost his head to a .357 mag. Al Senseng, Pa.

In our hearts he will be remembered, riding free forever. **Rodney "Fuzz" Stewart**. From Lyn and bros, Sydney, Australia.

In loving memory of **Curt Wittig**, who took his last ride. Never will I forget you. Sadly missed by Terry.

In memory of **Brother George**. We know you're still with us. Ride on. Boomer, Runt, Jay and Red.

A tribute to **Moon**. Long gone, but never forgotten. Root, La Jolla, Calif.

To **Randy "Let It Ride" Hedrick**. When the smoke clears, you'll still be with us. Ascension Animals M.C.

For **Bruce "Wildman" Barillo**. Shot to death by a punk. Gone but not forgotten. Ms. D. Barillo.

To **Big H. Dixon**, from all the guys and girls, and from your ol' lady. Ride on. Connie, Rockford, Ill.

My man's got it made. He's gone far beyond the pain. **Sal Lo-Schiavo**. Rest easy. Steve, Marcia, Zoti.

To **Cowboy**, one of the best bros. From Rimsky, Soul Sinners M.C., Ariz.

In memory of **Shorty**, who rode hard and died fast. Motor Mothers M.C.

In memory of **Dennis "The Dazzler" McDade**. Satan's Angels, Vancouver, B.C.

In memory of **Bobby Cotton**, a bro to the end. Little Red.

non slip!

Sure, you want to prevent rot and dry-out of the vinyl and rubber on your bike. Certainly, you want to regain the original gloss and color, but you don't want to slip on your ear in the process!

You've tried the "greasy kid's stuff," now try our Non-Slip Vinyl and Rubber Armor.

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Bakersfield - Bakersfield Cycle Supply
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El Cajon - Challenger Moto Sports
Escondido - Honda-N. County/Escondido
Eureka - D & E Cycle & Marine
Fresno - Action Cycle
Fresno - Wilson Kawasaki
Gilroy - Honda of Gilroy
Kerman - Holland Honda
La Puente - D & G Cycle Parts
Thousand Oaks - Thrill Seekers

COLORADO

Denver - Denver Vespa
Denver - Harry's Motors Inc.

CONNECTICUT

South Norwalk - R & M Cycle

DELAWARE

Dover - H-D Dover

FLORIDA

Boca Raton - Boca Honda Kawasaki
Bradenton - Honda of Manate
Fort Walton - Cycle Center
Orlando - Per-4-Mance Cycle
St. Petersburg - Cyclorama Inc.
Sarasota - Performance Cycle
Titusville - Spaceport Suzuki-Moto Guzzi
Winterhaven - W H Cycle Works

GEORGIA

Albany - Potter Motor Co., Inc. (Harley-Davidson)
Augusta - #1 Cycle Supply
Decatur - Cycle Saloon, Inc.
Tifton - 4-D Enterprises, Inc.

ILLINOIS

Aurora - Aurora Cycle Factory
Bourbonnais - Rays Honda Service
Charleston - Furry Bros. Kawasaki
De Kalb - Pierce's Harley Davidson
Elgin - Al Steier's Kawasaki
Manteno - O. C. Shreffler & Son
St. Charles - Champion Motorcycle
Teutopolis - O'Leary & Vogel Suzuki

IOWA

Des Moines - Motorcycle Clinic
Waterloo - House of Honda

INDIANA

Bedford - M & E Honda
Decatur - Honda of Decatur
Fort Wayne - House of Honda
Fort Wayne - Rainbow City Motorcycle
Terre Haute - Honda of Terre Haute

KENTUCKY

Frankfort - Capital Honda
Lexington - H D of Lexington
Louisville - Derbytown Suzuki
Louisville - Honda of Louisville

LOUISIANA

Bossier City - G & C Honda
Lake Charles - Richard Barras Imports

MAINE

Dresden - Dore's Sports Center
Kittery - Kittery Cycle

MARYLAND

Brooklyn Park - Honda City
Timonium - Cycle Warehouse

MASSACHUSETTS

Hyannis - Cape Cod Motor Sports
Orleans - Serenity Cycle
Westport - The Trails Inc.

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor - Suzuki Ann Arbor Inc.
Ann Arbor - Nicholson Enterprises
Battle Creek - George Danke Motorcycle
Bay City - Euclid Lawn & Sport

Grand Rapids - McGovern Cycle Sales
Greenville - Yamaha of Greenville
Monroe - South End Suzuki
Muskegon - Ed's Cycle Accessories
Redford Township - Bob's Cycle Shop
Walled Lake - P & P Cycle Products

MINNESOTA

Apple Valley - Wes Fallstrom

MISSISSIPPI

Hattiesburg - Traders Junction

MISSOURI

Villa Ridge - Bourbeuse Valley Sport Center

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Claremont - Hoods Suzuki

NEW JERSEY

Nutley - Dees Cycle Accessories
South Hackensack - Kawasaki Corral
Westwood - Westwood Suzuki Inc.

NEW YORK

Binghamton - Stahl Motors
Clarence - Don George's Sports Center Inc.
Copiague - Sunrise Suzuki
North Tonawanda - Frontier H-D

OHIO

Akron - American Cycle Inc.
Batavia - Double M Indian Cycle Sales Inc.
Cleveland - Pro Cycle & Van
Cuyahoga - Fuggi's Mini Bike Fix-It Shop

Nirvana Protect-It dries to a Hog-Hide tough finish in minutes, and lasts many times longer than the "greasy kid's stuff." Nirvana Protect-It really prevents dry-out and fading without work. Just spread it on . . . dries in a few moments-no buffing or rubbing necessary!

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or
P.O. Box 7557, Daytona Beach Shores, Florida, 32016

Medina - Klein's Customs
Massillon - Freedom H-D Inc.
Newark - Jeff's Motorcycle Specialties
Perry - Lane Cycle
Perrysburg - The Road/Racer
Swanton - Motorsport Sales
Wooster - G & D Boring

OREGON

Eugene - Honda of Eugene

PENNSYLVANIA

Butler - David's Cycle Sales
Butler - Dimension Metal Inc.
Erie - K-K Speed & Sport
Lancaster - P & H Cycle
McDonald - Track-N-Trail
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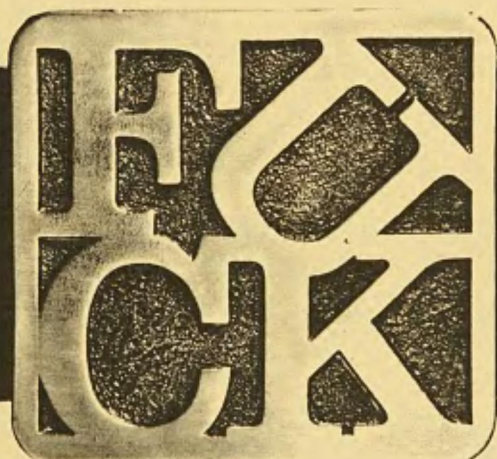
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Hotel Entella

—Continued from page 65

must have shown. It just didn't hit me right when she started the initial conversation with:

"You live across the street, don't you?"

I nodded, waiting for the next question.

"You write poetry?"

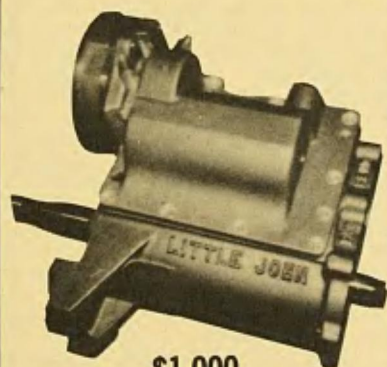
"Sometimes," I replied. "Mostly fiction."

This resulted in her buying me a beer at the corner bar, followed by her coming up to my hotel room. She insisted it be at the hotel, even though she admitted to owning a home in Pacific Heights. Perhaps it was her way of debasing herself. She declined the joint I lit up, preferring a regular filtered cigarette. She sat on the edge of the bed and watched me get high, trying to fill the space with her words. She talked of her dead husband, the school where she taught, the children she never had, and then she was removing her clothes without a smile, looking almost embarrassed, almost the part of a school girl making it for the first time. When she was naked, she reached down and undid my belt buckle, sliding my pants and shorts down past my feet and off to the floor. She didn't bother with the shirt. I remember thinking that she wasn't bad for her age. Not fat, just a trace of middle-age sag, almost desirable in her own way.

The first time for money is the worst, and there was no doubt in either of our minds that it would be for money. Call it a silent understanding. A meeting of the minds. It was something that was expected.

—Continued on page 78





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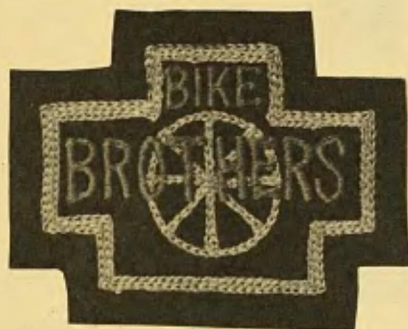
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LET'S STAND UP AND BE COUNTED AS PROUD MOTORCYCLISTS

The biker image is changing and we want your help in making that change be one for the better. The image in the past has been one that hasn't always been acceptable by all groups of society, but with the trend toward fuel conservation and more people needing an outlet from the pressures of everyday living, motorcycling is becoming an ever increasing hobby and sport. No longer is the motorcyclist always clad in Levis and leathers, but in anything the cyclist feels comfortable in wearing, including business suits. Thus the conclusion is made that motorcycling has reached all aspects of society.

Now is the time to start to become involved. Stop bike rip-offs, fights, mistrust, discontentment between bikers of different social classes. Organization is the way to solving most of these problems. Bike Brothers realize that they can't change the world, but with the support of their members throughout the United States, people with common beliefs and interests in motorcycling, we feel that they can enlighten others in their way of thinking and possibly make motorcycling a little bit better for all those involved.

May all the people welcome the Bike Brother as a friend, not a stranger. Befriend him instead of fearing him.

Respect for those who share the beliefs that brought you to join the Bike Brother Organization.

The need for organization is now, and the Bike Brother Organization is the one to join. You'll get an identifying Bike Brother Patch, Identification Card, and a Newsletter full of national trends, parties and letters from others in the Brotherhood to keep you in communication with people of common interest: The Motorcycling Family.

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It seems the word **dung** has come under criticism lately from hardline bikers as being too formal for everyday swearing. At the same time, there is a growing number of pro-dungers who claim that it is one of the best cuss-words to come along in quite a while.

What follows are excerpts from a recent polling of random bikers, which have been reproduced here as an aid to help you form your own opinion on the matter. Or, if you're a prospect, as an aid to help someone form an opinion for you.

Geckofingers, The Sloths M.C.: "I don't like it. You start sayin' 'dung' and pretty soon you're sayin' 'stools,' 'feces,' 'droppings,' then 'sir,' 'madam,' 'Officer,' 'please'; there'll be no end to it. My brother Frank, ya know? . . . he took a notion to start sayin' 'draught' at the bars and shit. Instead of sayin' 'Gimme a beer,' or 'Gimme a cold one,' he'd say—it just kind of took hold of him one day—'Gimme a draught.' He's a faggot now. Blows anything that bulges. I seen him suckin' the exposed bladder on a football recently. Dung is fucked, man."

Looney Mo, Boneyard's Agents M.C.: "Well, ya know, like, dung's a good word, man, but there's always some asshole who likes to abuse it, ya know? They take the sting out of it by usin' it the wrong way. Like they say, 'I started a hour ago, but now I'm dung.' Or, 'Did he say to leave his kickstand up or dung?' and just really stupid shit like that, ya know? 'Dung get up, I ain't gonna sit there,' is another one that really pisses me off."

Fuzzeyes, Fuck You M.C.: "Take yer fuckass recorder and jam it up yer mother's syph-sump twathole 'fore I kick yer fuckinass teeth atayer stupid shitass head."

Dead Eddie, Rat From Wrong M.C.: "Hey, you've come to the right mother-

fucker with that one, Jack. Ok, here's the deal; if you tell some waitress, 'Hey! This looks like shit!' you're gonna have the whole place down on ya. But if you say, 'Hey! This looks like dung!' you've offended just as many people, but they're gonna take the time to actually look over and see if your food really does look like dung. And if enough people start discussin' it, one way or the other, like 'You know, it does resemble dung just a little,' or 'I don't think it looks like dung at all,' you're still gonna get your dung for free, 'cause everyone's discussin' the restaurant's food and dung in the same sentence, and that sort of thing's really a bummer if you own a restaurant, ya know? And you could never get away with that if you said somethin' else. If you said 'turds' they'd throw you out, just like 'shit,' and if you said 'doo-doo' they'd laugh in your face, but 'dung!' . . . why it's damn near poetic. But disgustin' as hell too."

Big Bernice, Ducktail Dykers M.C.: "What's dung?"

Looney Mo: "The other day my own kid said he was 'dung-king' his toast in his milk. I batted him off his chair."

Professor, Fourth Reich M.C.: I vill tell yu zomsging: ven I vass in Chermany dyuring de vavr, in mein Panzergruppe vee get so hungry vee haff tu ach-chualy eet daang. Den, ven I kom tu Ah-may-ka, zombotee get matt att me unt I tell him 'Eet daang!' Ha! He don't know vat tu du; he don't know if tu eet daang, staht lahfing, get matt att me, ron avay, get a dik-chyunary, click heels unt salute, say achtung, or say gesund-heit. Ya. Yu tell som-von 'Eet daang!' unt dey get goot unt fahcked-ahp."

Custardteeth Lannigan, The Bozos M.C.: "We had this sixth grade woman teacher ain't nobody could bug. Kids told her to eat shit, her pussy, her

mother, the girl in the second row; nuthin' fazed 'er. She'd just whip us and carry on as usual. One day she asked me some question I didn't feel like answerin', and I just looked at her and said calmly, 'Eat dung, Miss Hollo-way. Eat dung.' That woman, that concrete wall, just stood there and looked at me for about a minute. Finally she just turned and left the room. She didn't come back for an hour.

"Years later I ran into her at a fair or something, and I asked her why she left that day. She said, in a pretty frank sort of way, 'I don't know. It was like I'd been pissed on by a platinum cock; I felt insulted . . . and yet strangely honored. I think.'"

"Dung's a class-A piece o' garbage, man—if it's said with dignity and respect."

Puka-Shells Randy, Gay Caballeros M.C.: "I just love anything that has to do with the anal canal. Are you new in town?"

Leftfield Lofferty, The Thugs M.C.: "Dung's fucked. I heard all about this dung business. I decided to give it a try and make it a part of my cuss vocabulary. Some cop pulls me over, so I looks at 'im and says 'Yer face is dung, yer head is dung, yer nose is dung, yer belly's dung, yer backbone's dung, yer legs is dung, and yer flat feet is dung. Eat it.' He looks at me and says, 'What about my ass?' I says, 'Yer ass is dung too.' He says, 'That's still better off than what your ass is.' I says, 'What's that?' He says, 'Arrested.'"

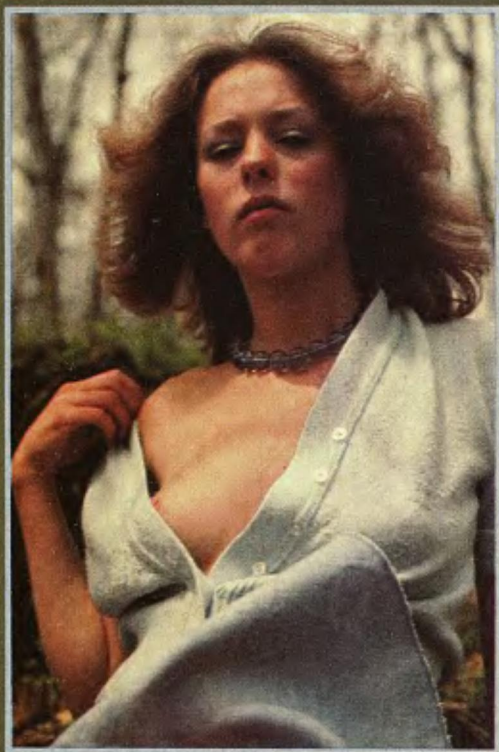
"I did six months for tryin' to show some class."

Looney Mo: "One time I actually heard my cat . . . Hey, watch it with that fuckin' tape recorder; ya dung near bashed my fuckin' brains into fuckin' . . . hey, I dung like that look in yer eye, pal . . ."



A Controversy Polled

By Lazlo Clone



Soft in the Woods

Terry's a local college girl who studies hard so she can finish her education in a hurry. That's so she can spend more time ballin' and bikin'. Not long ago she got the opportunity to fulfill one of her favorite fantasies.

Terry





Photos by G. Wells

After a hard day of school, she was hitchin' back to her pad when one of our outstanding bros putted by on his chop. He offered her a ride and she quickly deposited her outasight bod on the passenger seat. It was a sunny afternoon and, feelin' that she was with an understandin' biker, she suggested a putt to the woods. A brief second-gear wheel stand that lifted her dress slightly in the warm air, and they were on their way.

Terry isn't a forward chick. But she is single, and when she found herself alone in the woods with a good-looking dude, she couldn't help herself. She **had** to get naked, and since our bro was packin' a camera, she suggested the flicks. Her soft beauty and the balmy day combined perfectly to produce the shots you see here. After a relaxed session with the camera, they **both** got naked and enjoyed themselves in the warm atmosphere of the mountain woods.

If Terry had her way, a forest would be her bedroom every day. Making love in the moist leaves on a summer afternoon, she says, is the only way to love and live. And if the mountains aren't within walking distance, the only way she wants to get there is on a Harley.

—Mountain Man





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

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BUCK KNIVES

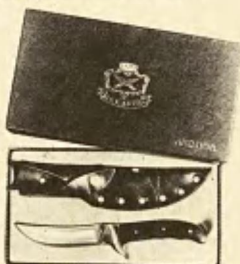


Famous for holding an edge

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

ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **\$24.95** plus **\$1.75** for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.

Model #402, **Akonua**, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **\$54.95** plus **\$2.50** postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



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

Small Bike Wallet

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



Trucker Wallet

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



Hotel Entella

—Continued from page 72

She didn't waste any time on preliminaries; she believed in getting right down to business. She just leaned down and took it in her mouth and began to work on it as if she were born for that single task in life and nothing more. And when it was finished, after the climax, she didn't want anything in return. She just got up and stuffed those two twenty-dollar bills in my shirt pocket and left without saying a word.

We began to meet twice or more a week, never pre-arranged, just a happening of the bodies, and always it was the same scene. Sometimes she would surprise me by asking me to lie in a certain position, my hardon poking up at the sky, while she fingered herself to a fast climax, but mostly it was just being allowed to blow me that pleased her. She said it was the sweetest meat she had ever seen. And she was damn good, too. One of the best. And sometimes she would ask me to read her poetry, either before or after. It was a bore, the poetry bit; but she seemed to like it and she paid well. I just wanted to get it over with and have her on her way. So, I would begin playing with it and watch her eyes move with fascination until she got her mind off the poetry and back on business. For the most part it worked.

And then one day something strange happened. She began to read me her own poetry. It wasn't the usual run-of-the-mill thing. She was a female Bukowski. Her words and images were alive and hard-hitting, with a sustained energy that jolted me back from the dead. She saw the change in my eyes, and I couldn't begin to describe the good feeling it gave her. I had shown her respect. She had gotten through to me and she knew it. It had turned from a \$40 visit and a suck of the cock to a relation between two minds. The affair began to take on a new dimension.

She looked a little tired on this particular night. Perhaps it was the heat in the air. Her hair wavered in front of her eyes. But she tried to smile, motioning for me to sit down.

"You ready," she said?

I nodded, telling her that we would leave as soon as I finished my cup of coffee. The diner was filled with the usual crowd. Two look-alike youths sat near the entrance door, long black hair and beards, and

California residents add 6% for The Man

eyes that bored into you. A young girl on uppers, wearing dark glasses and pretending to read a newspaper. An old man glancing nervously at his wristwatch. I decided it was better news at the hotel, took her arm and started to guide her in that direction. But she surprised me by telling me that she wanted me to go home with her. We hopped a cab and didn't say a word from the time we got into it until the time we arrived at her place. She tipped the cabbie a fiver and I consoled myself with knowing that tonight would put me beyond the three-hundred-dollar mark. The bike would be mine, and I could be back on the road again.

We walked into the living room, and she showed me a photograph of her late husband hanging over the fireplace.

"He was a kind man," she said. "But he wanted a child in the worst way. I'm barren, you know. I sometimes think he died early because of that. He always wanted to have oral sex too, but I denied him that. He looked a lot like you when he was younger." And then she was pushing a scrapbook at me and showing me photos of his childhood and early manhood, and of course he looked nothing like me at all.

And somehow it all began to make sense. Like a jigsaw puzzle. The pieces just falling together. The eagerness for oral sex. The whole damned warped trip. But she had been responsible for making me feel alive again. She had gotten me back into my writing, into other people's feelings, away from that speeding train of death that stops for passengers at the Hotel Entella.

"I like you." She smiled. "You've been good to me. Good for me too. You have enough money to get out

—Continued on page 83



"Hey, ma, didja know it ain't good to stand in the meat grinder when it's on?"

Nazi Knife



Here's a knife. German made. German craftsmanship. Been used by the Germans in two wars. It's a simple knife—a lock blade knife that can be hung from your key chain. The blade is exposed just enough so you can get a casual grip on it and slowly slide it open while it's hanging at your side—while you're talkin' (scratchin' your hip, ya know). Then you release your keys and the knife is ready in the flick of an eye. The blade locks into place, ready to whittle, chop coke, or whatever.

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SOUNDS



NIGHT MOVES/BOB SEGER:

Every time we hear Seger's sawblade voice we end up ripping the panties off the nearest crack. This guy gives everybody gash fever. The album is aptly titled. Sometimes it glides around in the shadows. Often it moves like a motherfucker. The vocals are nasty, and the relentless rock attack should give you a real rush, particularly an all-time ass-kicking rouser called "Rock and Roll Never Forgets." Put this one on for those marathon eat-outs, especially when the meat is rare.

GALE FORCE/GALE FORCE:

Len and Ken Gale have been playing with other people for years. Now they're playing with each other. Before you quick-witted bums get the idea that these brothers are limp-wristed, let us make it clear that the Gales are studio veterans who have finally gotten the chance to do an album of their own. The results are really promising. There is plenty of versatile hot guitar propelled by some screaming horns. "Waiting For A Love" ably demonstrates that these two can let their macho balls fly in the breeze when they want to. The rest of the selections aren't quite as compelling, but you should dig the updated versions of two R&B standards, "I Was Made to Love Her" and "Fever."



BURNIN' SKY/BAD COMPANY:

These four raw rockers have an impressive high-energy track record with such gut-level statements as "Feel Like Makin' Love" and "Can't Get Enough." This new album adopts a more laid-back mode as the group takes a musical look at its roots, from rhythm and blues through Hendrix. The searing guitarwork and sandpaper vocals for which Bad Company is known are generally softened throughout. There is one extremely strong selection, however, that all bros can get off on entitled "Man Needs Woman." Well, no shit. On second thought, it's obvious these guys have never been up against it on a long cross-country ride without the ol' lady. Otherwise some of these songs might have been about those warm and wonderful sheep.



HERO/HERO: This is another virgin effort which you should pick up and play loud. All the cuts are short and sweet, vigorous mainstream rock and roll. Recommended bands are "You Are the People," "Runaway," and "I'm the King."

THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU

THE BEACH BOYS: After the first listen to this latest offering, which heralds the resurrection of Brian Wilson, we were a bit confused. We sent the turntable out for new plugs and points, bored and stroked the amplifier, and had a lube job done on the speakers. A few more spins and we figured that the record company must have fucked up bad. Either that or



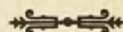
Brian Wilson is plodding around at 33 and 1/3 rpm in a 45 rpm world. This was such a tired bunch of pussy-whipped shit that we finally jacked the stereo up to 45 and grooved on the whole album. At this hopped-up speed it sounds like Neil Sedaka in electronic heat. At 45 this record could become an underground stoner classic. Flip that selector and save this one from an early grave.

CHANGES IN LATITUDES, CHANGES IN ATTITUDES/JIMMY BUFFETT:

Sometimes when you're ripped you want to sit back and be mellow. We can't think of a better fucker to get mellow with than Buffett, author of the immortal "Let's All Get Drunk and Screw." Jimmy's new disc tells the story of a trip on his boat "Euphoria" where he lives between tours. Those of you who have spent some time south of the border will certainly get into "Wasting Away in Margaritaville," and "Tampico Trauma" is one of the best easygoing anthems to biker life we've heard in a while. You can sure get loose with this record's mixture of acoustic and electric sounds, not to mention some super harmonica. If you ever want to slide away from your woman with no hard feelings, put on "It's Been A Lovely Cruise." That says it all. ■



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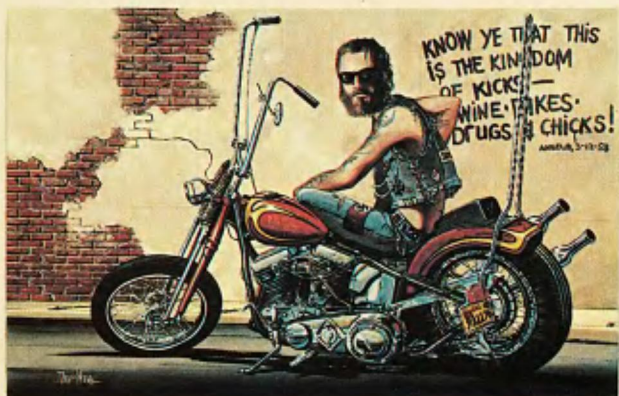
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M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



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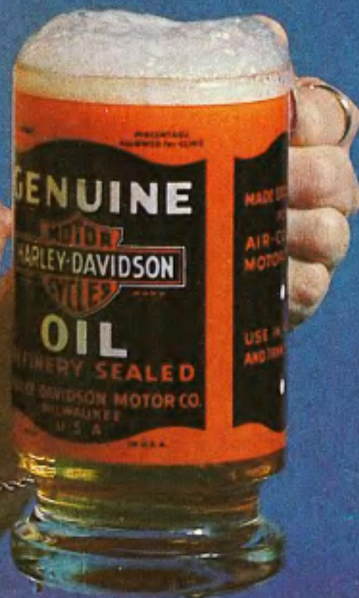
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Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Hotel Entella

—Continued from page 79

of that hotel now. You really should, you know."

"Yeah," I said. "Is this advice from a teacher to her pupil?"

"You've taught me more than I can ever hope to teach you," she replied. "It was a fair exchange. Will you do me one more favor?"

"I guess I owe you that much," I said.

"Then follow me."

I followed her into the bedroom. It was like a graveyard. Total darkness. My eyes took forever to adjust to the pitch blackness. Even the bedsheets were black. But I could hear her removing her clothes, and I soon joined her naked on the bed.

She settled herself down between my legs, resting her face on my navel, her hot breath trailing across my stomach as she said, "Beside you—on the bed—pick it up."

I reached over to the opposite side of the bed and was startled to find a flesh-like object in my hand. It was a two-foot doll with flesh like a human child.

"Please," she said. "Take it in your arms. Hold it."

I felt awkward, a little sick to my stomach, but feeling that I owed her that much, I picked up the doll and cradled it in my arms.

Immediately, she went wild, her teeth scraping against the head of my cock, moaning hungrily as she tried to work it deeper down her throat.

"Squeeze it," she sobbed. "Squeeze it."

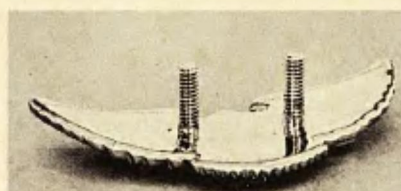
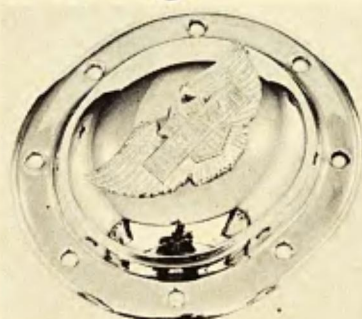
I did. And the sounds hit the wall like a Mack truck. "Ma-ma. Ma-ma."

"Yes! Yes!" she said. My cock was dancing wildly and climaxing at the same time. All the time the sounds of that doll: "Ma-ma, ma-ma."

And then I seemed to pass out. When I woke up, I was back in my room at the Entella. I had to ask myself if it had been true. Or had it been a dream? But in my heart, I knew it was not.

It was the last time I saw her. She never came back to the Doggie Diner. Weeks later, I forced myself to walk back to her house. It was empty. A for sale sign stood in the center window. And in the garbage can, high on a heap of trash, stood the doll. I squeezed it, but the sound box was broken. It was as dead as the silence of the streets that surrounded me. ■

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SPEED RECORD

—Continued from page 30

inside and hauled him off to the airport.

Once there, Paul fussed over the handling of the crate to such an extent that he aroused the suspicions of the men in charge of loading. They, in turn, notified Chicago officials that something was fishy, and when Trav arrived at his destination, the box was pried open. Which was pretty difficult, since while they were pulling to open the sides, Trav was pulling to keep them shut. The box finally came open and the officials nearly fainted when Trav came into view. They thought they had discovered a body. They hauled the "body" off to jail, and Trav made headlines for his escapade. In the meantime, the transmission was sold and the trip wound up a total fiasco.

The streamliner on which Trav and the rest of the crew joined efforts is powered by two 91-cubic-inch, water-cooled Harley-Davidson engines, and the entire structure weighs over two thousand pounds. Retractable, sled-like skids protrude from the sides, each operated by a unique nitrogen gas setup that keeps them in light contact with the ground. This allows the crew to move the machine about with ease and keeps the streamliner from toppling over on its side, which it has a tendency to do at speeds of less than 90 mph. Once that speed is attained, the skids are retracted and acceleration can begin.

Of course, there were problems. Once, while the bike was being started with the remote-control starting engine, the twin Harleys back-fired, ejecting the starter gear and sending it flying up through the canvas mechanics' shelter. The gear was finally spotted exactly one-half block away, where it had landed.

With Dave Campos sitting in front of the engines, it is difficult for him to detect heat. So the engines were equipped with heat sensors, idiot lights, and a CO₂ system that floods the engine should fire occur. Another device activates the stopping parachutes. These are vital since the disc brakes are effective only at speeds under 100 mph. At speeds in excess of 250 mph, the ten-mile strip is not long enough to allow coasting to a stop.

There were two trips made to the salt in 1976 to attempt to capture that elusive 303 mph motorcycle streamliner record and, with that done, to take the 406 mph World Land Speed Record (for wheel-driven vehicles, excluding rockets or jets) from the car people. The first trip was during Speed Week in August. That's when everybody comes and, for a reasonable fee (if you can pass a tough safety inspection), you can run your bike, car, or whatever. The streamliner passed inspection with flying colors, but naturally there were things that didn't work right—small things, but hassles nonetheless. Then it rained. Oh shit, did it rain! The salt flats looked like a fuckin' lake, so everybody had to wait for the water to dry up.

By that time there were only two days of Speed Week left. Everybody and his brother wanted to get some runs in, naturally, so the



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waiting line was about a mile long. To top it off, we had to do workup runs. This is a safety rule, and a good idea, since it saves a lot of crashin'. You begin at 125 mph and work your way up 25 mph in successive runs till you hit 275. Then you can pull out the stops and go for broke.

We logged the 125 mph and 150 mph runs and things seemed to be going smoothly. But time ran out. Since there were some things we wanted to change, just for insurance, we hauled back to Burbank bitchin' about rain and bad luck.

The second trip to Bonneville was on "private time," which means Big Bucks. That's when we called in Earl Flanders. That's right—the guy who used to make those great rubber-mounted risers. He still makes a lot of good stuff. He's a great sport, leaving his business to go up and make all arrangements with insurance companies, the Bureau of Land Management, the State of Utah, the local Girl Scouts, and everyone else so we could get out on the salt. Then he had the course dragged (for smoothness) and arranged for the timing lights, the ambulance (air and ground), police, and so on and so on. But then all was ready. 175-200-225 mph on gas and low gear the first day! What could go wrong? It's October and it sure as hell ain't gonna rain again, right? Right. Instead, the fuckin' wind blew for three days straight, and believe me, you don't run one of those muthas in the wind.

The wind stopped blowin' on the fourth day. Earlier, while waitin' for things to blow over, the crew decided to combine the big S&S fuel carb with their own special float bowls and start feeding those H.E.S.-built engines a light load of nitro. They talked it over and concluded that Dave should shift the two-speed automatic from low to high gear on the next run to make sure it was going to work under power. Everything went like clockwork—250 mph, fuel carbs fine, shift perfect. But after it passed through the traps of the last workup at 276 mph, the bike broke a primary chain. No one worried at first. It seemed simple enough—install a new chain, up the percentage of nitro, and go for the record. But three additional tries produced three more broken chains. The only difference was that they were snapping now long before the bike even got to the traps, since Dave was pourin' on the coals right off the line.

So, as you'd figure, Jammer is now working on something to replace the standard chains. It probably won't be a belt drive but instead may be something better—and something good for your scooter too.

Since Speed Week exerts terrible pressures on those involved in racing, the evenings are spent partying in Wendover, Nevada, at the Hideaway Motel. Boozing and gambling are the order of the evening. And those evenings are really enjoyed by the people who have spent the day under the scorching sun on the flats.

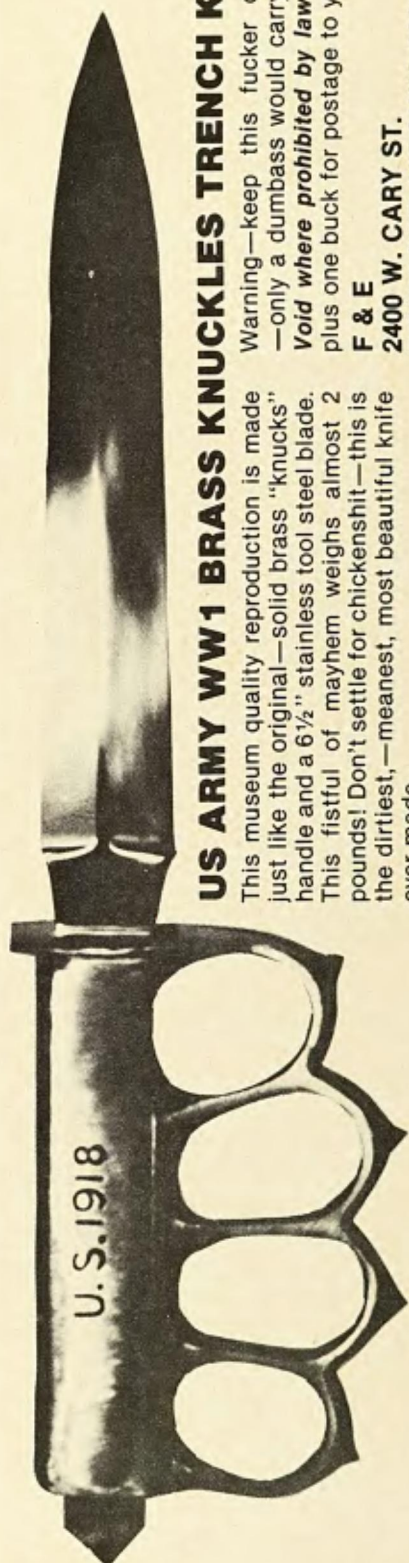
This year, as soon as the salt is ready, the crew will arrive again, eager to try once more in their determined assault on the World Land Speed Record of 406 mph. Bob George, Dave Campos, and the entire Easyriders crew will be on hand to claim the victory. So far, they have had no difficulty in reaching speeds just short of the motorcycle record of 303 mph. With luck, we'll make it in 1977. ■

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Assignment

—Continued from page 16

against the urge to gut-punch the big motherfucker.

"Here," he murmured, shovin' a goddam brown paper bag at me. "Never say yer bros sent ya off in the line of club duty lackin' fer anything! And ya gits first pick if ya kin con them broads into partyin' with us—here or there!"

"Shit!" I growled. "You're all heart!"

"Ain't we, though!"

Now speechless with restrained rage and frustration, I pushed the big bastard outa my way and trudged through the goddam door, clutchin' that fuckin' paper sack like my life depended upon it.

Waitin' for my scoot to warm up, I looked into the sack. The fuckin' thing was jammed with forty-two \$10 bills, several lid-size measures of weed, and enough reds and whites to last anybody clear to Alaska.

All the goddam goodies made me feel like a condemned man. I sighed and shuddered all the way back to my pad, most of the anger dissolvin' now that I was faced with actually goin' through with the stupid fuckin' drill. Knowin' damn well sleep was outa the question and thinkin' about all those long fuckin' miles waitin' ahead of me up the coastal freeway, I packed for the road that night and split—thunderin' northward outa town.

One week and easily half a hundred bars later I still hadn't gotten any real scam on the Amazons. Oh, sure, everybody I rapped with was a fuckin' gold mine of rumor and hearsay—all of it calculated either to scare the crap outa straights or provide colorful jaw time, but nothin' definite, factual, or helpful. Short as hell on sleep and knowin' the bucks were gettin' fewer with each hour spent tryin' to locate those fabled fuckin' snatches, I was just about ready to shit-can the whole trip, put together a likely-sounding bullshit story—in which I found a miserable quartet of ugly Libbers with hairy ankles who lugged firearms with 'em—and head south, hopin' the bros would buy the fairy tale.

Then luck hit me.

On the outskirts of Eureka I found this patchy-assed little excuse for a bar. The faded, peelin' sign over the saggin' doorway whimpered Hard-tail House. Thirsty and curious, I parked, locked up, and went in. The place was unreal. Even the fuckin' spider webs had spider webs. And the old creep huddled behind the dusty bar, readin' the thick, ancient Bible, looked like a rent-a-mummy.

I nodded to him, sliding onto a stool. "Beer?" he wheezed, reluctantly closing the Good Book.

I named a brand.

Movin' like he might crumble into dust any second, the old fart brought the suds.

"Business kinda slow?" I asked pleasantly.

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"You blind, kid?" he rasped.

"Huh?"

"Look around, fer chrissakes. There ain't no goddam business. Not until you dragged your ass in through the goddam door!"

"Ya got a point, gramps."

"Watch it!" he warned. "Watch that smart mouth or I might hafta stop your goddam clock!"

"Yeah?" I had to chuckle. Real feisty old poop. Had guts, too. I didn't wanna give him reason to get worked up to a heart attack because I was too fuckin' tired to go get a second brew for myself. "Well, I admire your attitude, man. No shit."

"Don't think I could hack it?" he challenged.

"Where ya gonna find the help?"

"Why," he cackled merrily, "one quick phone call to my girlfriends and you're practically a goddam name in the obituary column, sonny!"

"How goddam many girlfriends you got, you old fucker?"

His toothless grin was confident. "Well . . . let's see . . . damn near a hundred of the little darlings by now, I guess. Yeah! At least a hundred. Maybe even more! And every last one of the lusty little wenches ready to back up any move I make! S'fact, sonny!"

His confidence really broke me up. When I finished laughing, I shook my head. "Man, you're as unreal as the rest of this slum dwelling. And you're probably as fulla shit!"

"Not since they made me an honorary Amazon!" he chirped, pride twinkling in his bleary eyes.

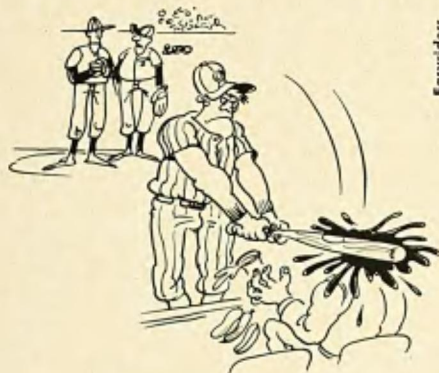
I damn near toppled off the stool.

"Amazon!" I croaked.

"When those juicy little wantons party in here, I allus post my grandkiddies a mile either way down the road near a phone so they can tell me if the heat is headed this way. Keeps them goddam lecherous cops outa here and off the sweeties' backs, see? So they voted me into the club on an honorary basis!"

"Th-the Amazons?" I knew my yap was hangin' open.

"The Amazons, kiddo." He shoved the dust into neat piles with a filthy bar rag.



"Watch this rookie—he swings a mean bat!"

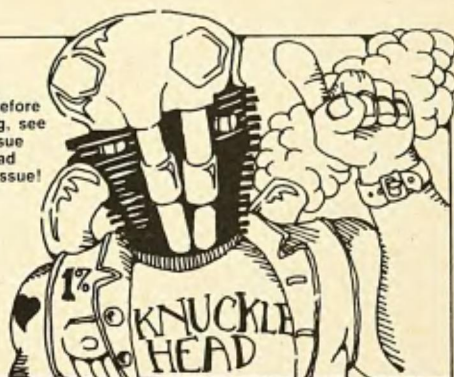
Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 26, and 31, we are now sold out of issues 17, 18, and 35. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wetting early issues

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

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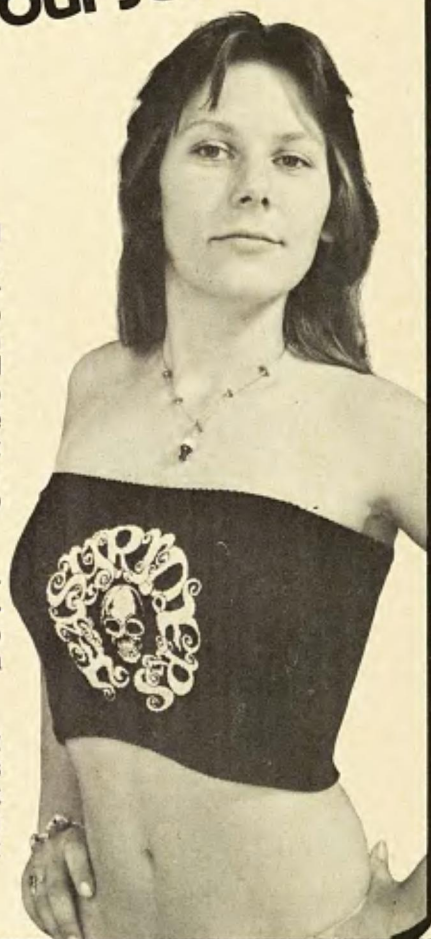
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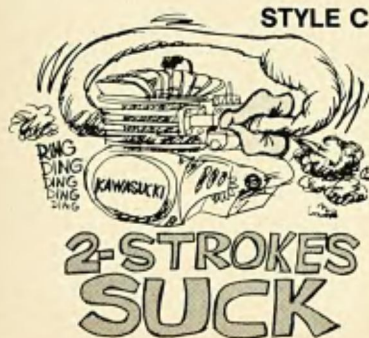


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Easyriders

"Just wished they'd party here more often. Those girls drink enough beer in one night to keep this joint goin' for a month!"

I fought to look cool, uninterested. "These chicks. They come from around here, do they?"

"Yup. Got themselves a real nice clubhouse down the highway about ten miles. On Limbo Lane. Third turn-off to your right—if you wanna hunt grief, sonny!"

"Grief? They're mean, huh?"

He shook his head. "Not a mean bone in all those curvy little bods! But the little rascals tend to play pretty damn rough, if ya know what I mean!" He went into a spasm of cackling.

"Like how rough?" I asked flatly.

"Well, they love to gang-bang any young fool who makes the mistake of rilin'em, see?"

"Heavy," I admitted.

"They might diddle you to death, son. I'd forget 'em if I was you. Now there's a nice old hooker who'll be in here soon and I'll be happy to—"

I left the stool.

"Mind one last question, gramps?"

"Shoot."

"You really study that Bible?"

He gumbled a grin. "Only the dirty parts! All that begattin' really starts my heart!"

"It figures, ya dirty old Amazon!"

And I left, headin' for Limbo Lane.

I had to park and lock at least a hundred feet from the three-story farmhouse set back from Limbo Lane in the grove of trees because all those choppers, already parked and locked, took up that much ground. I mean, there was just about every type of scooter known to the inventive and customizing mind of scooter-dom. I threaded my way through a gleaming fortune in bikes, reaching the solid stone steps and then the front door. Somewhere in the depths of the mammoth house I could hear chimes bonging softly as I pressed the button.

The massive door opened and I was facing a cute little number who smiled shyly and gestured me in. Redheaded, no bigger'n a New York minute and stacked like a tire display, she led me by the hand into a living room swarming with broads—all of them as gorgeous or more so than my silently smiling guide.

My eyes distended at the sight of the adjoining dining room, which swarmed with still more chicks. A fast check reassured me there wasn't even a plain one, much less an ugly one, in sight.

"H-Hi," I yawned to everybody.

It was then that I noticed none of them were smiling. They just stared—like I was sumpin' rotten that had been traced to my hiding place by my stench.

A leggy brunette with pointy jugs that undulated with each step slowly approached me, descending the stairs. More luscious Amazons followed her.

"Siddown, shorty," she said huskily, indicating a weird wrought iron chair nearby. I sank to a sitting position on it, watching her.

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Another mouth-watering little fox—a blonde who walked like she was ballin' the invisible man as she moved—brought a tall, foaming glass of suds, handing it to me without a goddam word. The whole scene was gettin' awful fuckin' spooky. One chill after another rippled the length of my backbone but I kept a silly fuckin' grin on my face as I gulped the beer down.

"I'm Slut Morgan," cooed the brunette.

"Club prez, right?" I guessed.

"Why, you're just all mind, aren't you?" She motioned to the blonde who had never stopped moving even though she was standing beside me. "Another very special beer for our friend from down south, Humpetta!"

"How did you—?" I began.

"We know everything, lover. Everything. Who you are, why you're here and who sent you. Everything!"

"Fantastic!"

"Not really, sweets." Her lips twisted into a rather unnervin' smile. "After all, you did make every fuckin' scooter-tramp bar in the area. And you did spill your story all along the route."

"Well, I been sent to—"

"We know, we know," she crooned.

"You're simply a messenger who was assigned to contact us. And we intend to respond with an undeniable reply, lover."

The blonde handed me another brew. I chugalugged it down feverishly. It tasted great.

The brunette touched a button on the chair's arm and a steel band swiftly encircled my goddam gut, pinnin' me securely into the weirdo chair. It clicked loudly as it locked into place.

"Hey!" I yelped. "What the fuck's happenin'!"

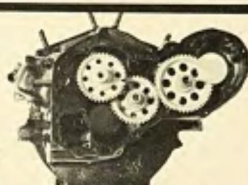
"Relax. It's your good fuckin' luck, man, to have arrived at just the right time!" She pulled her blouse off over her head, revealin' fabulous jugs. My head swiveled wildly. All those goddam broads were takin' off their clothes! Grinnin' wisely at each other, they busily stripped.

"You're outa yer fuckin' heads!" I hollered. "There ain't no way I can be



"That's right, ma'am. She was streaking when the bull elephant broke loose and raped her."

Lightening Gears for All 74's



1. These heat treated gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. And they're sold in exchange for your gears. If you've put in light valve collars and pushrods, these are a must to insure that entire train is light and responsive.
2. When you receive your lightened gears, they will be rehardened and new bushings installed. The brass bushings will also be fitted and honed by H.E.S. to fit standard size shafts, unless otherwise requested.
3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.
4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright send for price list. The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$39.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling. 1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

Dealers inquiries invited.

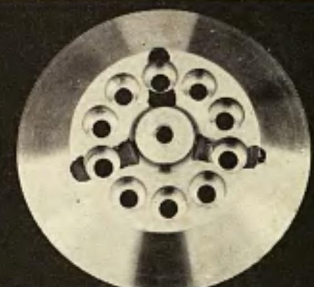
Free H.E.S. T-shirt with any order for a pressure plate or timing gears. Indicate size, small, medium, large or extra-large.

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

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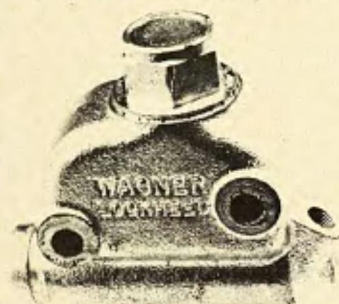
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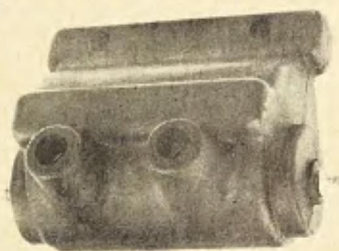
C.C.D. INC.

FIRST WITH THE MOST

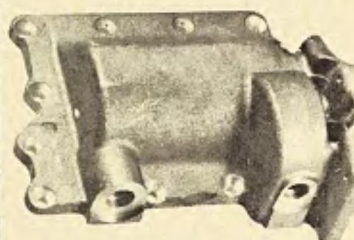
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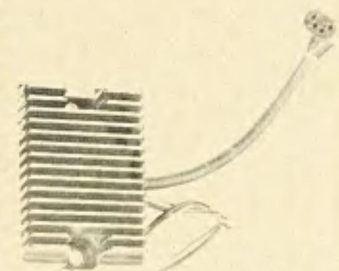
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forced to handle all of you. No way! It's a bitchin' compliment but—"

Slut motioned briefly and four of the chicks stepped forward, unbucklin' my belt and tuggin' at my boots and pants. A moment later I sat there, stark ravin' naked from the waist down.

"Listen," I pleaded. "Maybe three or four of ya—yeah. But not the whole goddam club! I never was that good—not in my best fuckin' hour! No shit, girls!"

"Stop worrying, lover."

"Goddammit, this is a shitty thing to—"

"You've heard of Spanish Fly?"

"Sure but—"

"Well, darlin', one of the girls took her doctorate in chemistry and she's concocted a delightful scientific triumph that makes old-fashioned, overrated Spanish Fly look like oatmeal by comparison."

"Yeah but—"

"We call it Horny Wiggleworm!"

"The hell with that shit!" I bellowed. "Ya can't make me swallow that shit!" I clamped both hands tightly over my goddam mouth, glarin' up at her.

She giggled. "You've already swallowed it, lover!"

Stunned, I sagged in the chair.

"The beer. We loaded the beer, lover!"

"Golly," shrilled the blonde, eyin' me hungrily and lickin' her pouty lips, "it sure works fast! Lookit it goin' to work on him!"

I didn't even hafta glance down. I could feel what was happenin' in my fuckin' lap. Talk about a hard way to go. Advanced chemistry was on the rise—and I mean going up with a fury.

"Awwwww, shit!" I wailed. "I'll never live through it! There must be a hundred of ya!"

"A hundred and seventeen to be exact," Slut stated calmly. "This is Poppa Night, lover, and you have the honor of being the Amazons' club poppa tonight!"

I was too busy makin' animal sounds of fear, despair and useless fuckin' protest to answer her.

"All right," she shouted, clappin' her hands like a kindergarten teacher. "Everybody line up! First time around is Bouncey-Bouncey-Peg-Time!"

The worst part of it was I didn't faint until the *third* time around, and when I partially regained a groggy consciousness, they had progressed to something called Lollypop-Time, thanks to that goddam scientific breakthrough.

I been in the county hospital a month now. I don't remember gettin' here but the night nurse says I was delivered in a cage by two tired-lookin' chicks who also unloaded my scoot.

I never knew the medical treatment was so fuckin' good in a county hospital. No shit. It's the finest in the whole damned area—and then some. The doc who operated on me is a fuckin' good guy. He's short and stocky like me. When he shot me up, puttin' me outa pain so he could explain the nature of the opera-

The Hells Angels



**T-SHIRT PHOTO
DESIGN No. 3**



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

are raising legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's unjust prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels also in need of legal assistance. To do this we are selling various shirts with "Free Sonny" designs on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers, one in red, white & blue states **FREE SONNY BARGER**. Another is printed red & white and says **SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELL'S ANGELS**.

Our newest bumper sticker is our own US flag declaring "Keep America Free - Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also offer the 2x3" black and white poster you see pictured at the top of the page.

There may be some of you who will want to aid us in our effort, but already have the above items. Contributions are gladly accepted. Your support has been helping a great deal, and we'd like to thank you very much.

T-SHIRTS SWEATSHIRTS TANKS



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(This design available in Kids' 6-8-10-12-14)



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DESIGN No. 4**

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Halter Tops @ \$5.00 ea _____ size _____ Design No. 4
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(California residents add 6%.)

Personal checks take four weeks to clear)

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

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

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

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

tion he wanted to attempt, I told him the whole miserable story, including that motherfucker Slobber's part in it. Doc knows what it's like being hassled for size all the time, and he agrees a guy should get even, not mad.

Although I'm still awful goddam sore, the transplant seems to be okay and Doc says it's a first in medical history. So I don't really mind all those interns and specialists and surgeons who've been droppin' by to see what Doc accomplished. The only thing that bugged me about the new crank was that bluish blotch along one side of the goddam monster.

"It's only tattoo work," Doc explained, yesterday.

"What's it say?"

"You'll have to tell us. We've never seen the lettering fully extended. I can tell you this much though—he was magnificently hung for a fellow who wrote poetry, and it's a shame he didn't wait for that signal to change. His contribution should improve your sex life."

Well, this morning I felt good enough to go to the can by myself and that fuckin' letterin' was totally expanded, all right. It reads *To The Victor Belong The Spoils*, which is pretty fancy language for a dude like me to be haulin' around but maybe I can learn to live with it. What the fuck else can I do at this point?

Next month, I'll probably be checkin' out of this place. Before I split for Arizona and the hometown scene, where I plan to do all my goddam jammin' like a loner, I'm gonna send a telegram to Slobber Hoxe, personal.

I've been workin' on that telegram message for days now and it's a fuckin' masterpiece, guaranteed to lure the big shithead up to Limbo Lane. He oughta arrive just in time for the Amazons' Club Poppa Night.

But what's gonna really drive the deal all the way in is my good buddy Doc's firm promise to pick this very special item for Slobber's transplant. Down in the lab's cold storage bin they got a miniature tool that belonged to a three-year-old midget.

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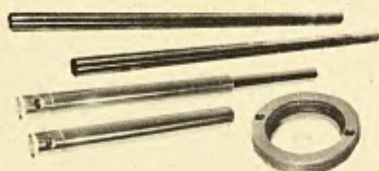
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J & L Enterprises
Box 318
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Crazy Joe

—Continued from page 26

softly, a rumbling sound, and crept forward, great fangs bared. Joe watched, unmoving.

The bitch came closer. She sniffed at his side, then gave a short bark. But Joe did not flinch. Her cold nose touched his cheek, and he remembered the time in Viet Nam when a small monkey had come down out of a tree to bite him on the hand as he lay in hiding under the nose of the enemy. The monkey had been easier.

The great mongrel moved around Joe now, circling him, and then she came forward cautiously to sniff once more. Faster than the strike of a cobra, Crazy Joe's hands closed around her throat. He bore down, squeezing hard, crushing her windpipe, feeling the blood surge in her neck arteries as death put out her lights. He held her for a long time.

"Hey, dog," the voice called from the doorway. "C'mere, you crazy bitch. I'll geev you some gringo dope to shut you up." There was laughter from inside the house, and when the dog did not respond the man went back inside.

Crazy Joe scurried forward until he reached the truck, one side of which bore the marks of a recent collision. Scanning the darkness, he saw his Hog leaning against the side of the shack, intact but for a broken headlight and pavement drag marks along one side. The left foot rest was bent up at a sharp angle where it had dragged along the asphalt to make the mark he had seen in the road.



"Awww, mom, can't I keep him? I found him in the street and he don't bark or whine or..."

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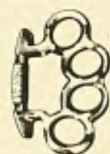
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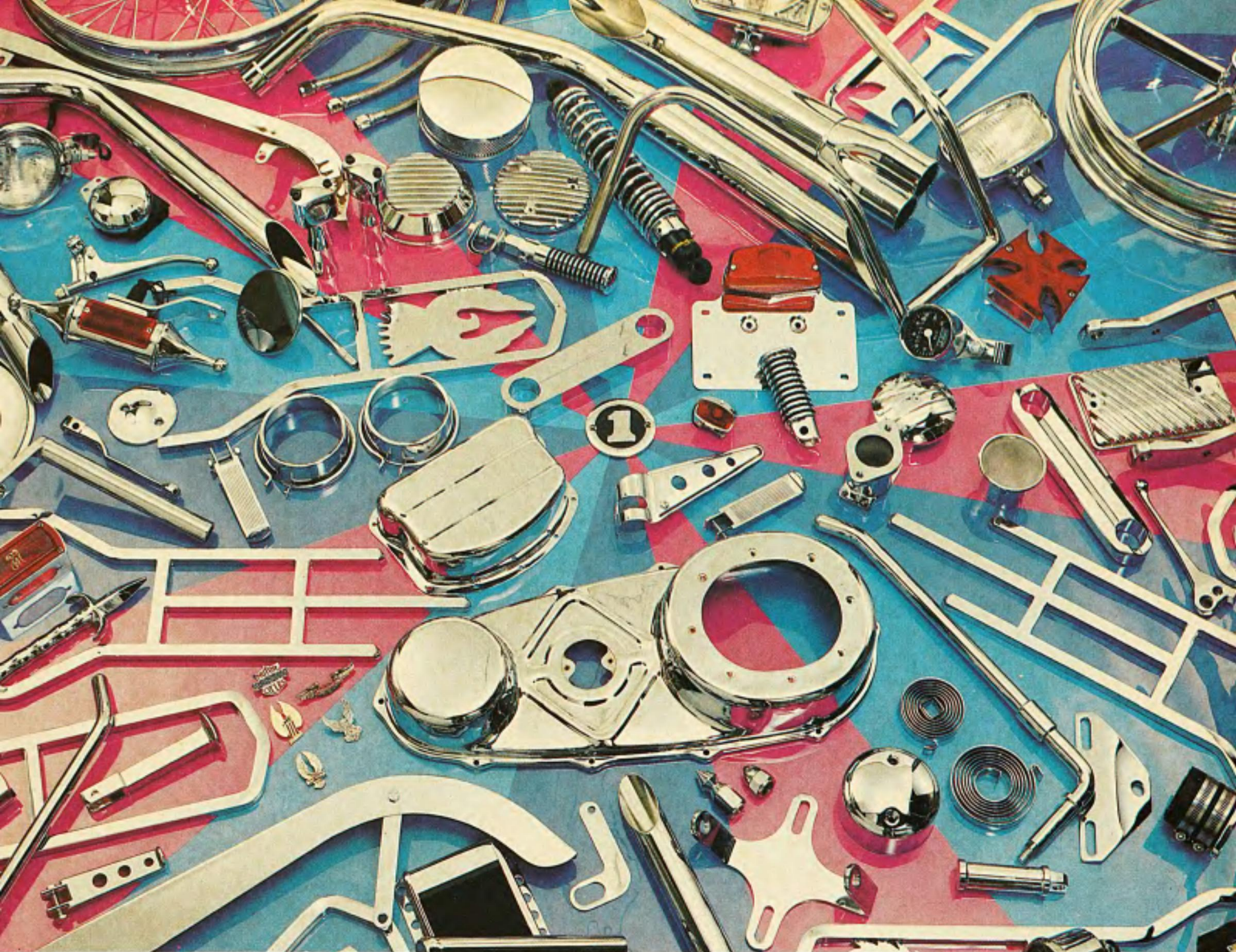
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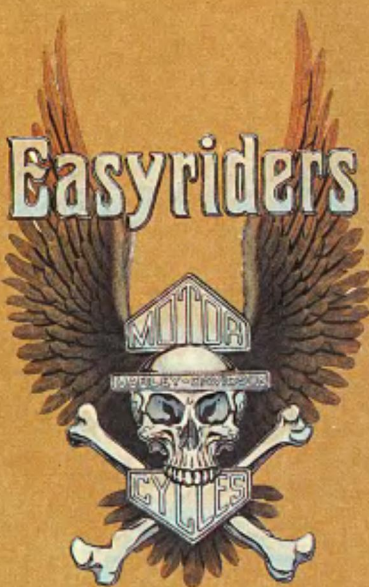
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Now these are different from the others. These are dark brown—to go with the brown feathers in the design. The rest of the design is sparkling chrome—I gotta tell ya, this shirt will really make your leg wet when you see it—and Christ, there's no tellin' what effect they'll have on your bros. They're gonna absolutely have a shit fit when they see it on ya!



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Send your bucks today to:
Easyriders, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

California residents add 6% for the Governor's stash fund

The forks were bent slightly, but still usable, and the gas tank was flattened and bare of paint on one side, while the bitch bar was bent back at a sharp angle.

Hunching over, Joe walked quickly across the yard to peer into a window of the shack. There were four men inside, all dressed in ragged clothing and wearing straw sombreros. They were sitting around a creaking table on which sat several open bottles of beer and tequila, a butt-laden ash tray, a large bowl of white powder, and there were numerous playing cards scattered about. The sawed-off shotgun was there too, lying beside the arm of the meanest-looking scar-faced dude Crazy Joe had seen in a long time.

The men alternated between guttural chatter over the cards and uproarious laughter, taking a drink from a bottle now and then or picking up a pinch of the white powder and snorting it up their noses. The moon was nearly down before they were silent. Three had crept off into corners of the room where they lay on the floor, sleeping, while the fourth, the scar-faced man, had fallen out of his chair and onto the floor to lie as if dead in the flickering yellow light of the shack's single lantern.

Crazy Joe rose and made his way around to the porch. He stepped onto the deteriorating wood, and as it creaked beneath his weight, Scarface stirred. The floor creaked, too, as Joe stepped into the room, easing his way toward the table, and his hand was just closing around the butt of the shotgun when an iron fist grabbed him around the ankle.

"Bitch dog," the voice growled in



"I actually didn't like him at first when I asked him how he'd like to kiss my ass."

Easyriders

Marble Plaques

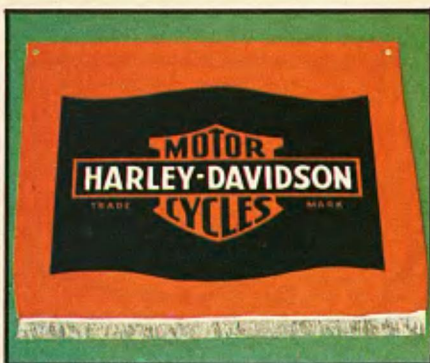
Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the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

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TOMS T & S • SEATS • GME

a stupor, and then, wide awake, his body beginning to rise, Scarface shouted, "Huero, gringo, cuidado!"

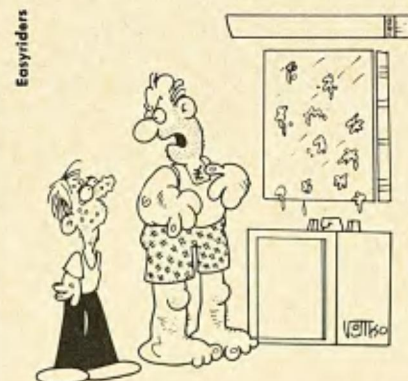
Joe swung the twelve-gauge off the table and down, not bothering to look. He thumbed the hammer back, praying they had not removed the shell he always kept in the chamber, and pulled the trigger. His arm leaped up as the magnum load discharged, the butt end of the stock striking him a sharp blow in the ribs. The floor danced and bucked at his feet. The hand let go, falling away from his ankle to slap, palm down on the floor, like a fish just thrown to the dock.

Two of the sleeping forms rose from the floor as if catapulted. They ran across the room to crash headlong into each other, and then they grappled, striking out in fear. The third sleeper rose and ran to a blank wall where he continued running, screaming in terror, his knees thumping, feet pounding as though he were trying to break an Olympic record as his hands clawed at the wall, seeking an exit from the hellish room. Joe blasted away.

Crazy Joe roared out of the yard, the sweet music of his Hog's engine urging him on. At the paved road, he glanced back briefly to see the first flames reaching fingers out through the windows in search of the roof.

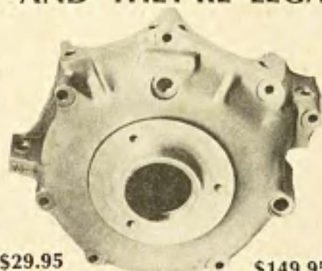
Along the road he thundered, in the wind again, the cool night air soothing his wounds and chilling away the pain from his bruised and skinned knuckles, the anger at his loss of goods and the misadventure that had followed ebbing as he ate up the road. Once again he approached the spot where he had been hit and where his troubles had begun. And once again he saw lights coming toward him, but this time they were red. He glanced back.

Far behind, the glow of the burning shack filled the desert sky, and



"Damn it! Can't you keep your problem away from the mirror until I've had a chance to shave?"

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Crazy Joe relaxed a bit, knowing that the red lights were only those of some small town fire department volunteers answering the call of the distant flames. He knew that he would be far away by the time the ashes cooled and it could be determined that there had been foul play.

Without his headlight, Joe had a difficult time staying on the road, although the white line showed faintly, giving him something to follow in the darkness. He watched the oncoming light as it rose and fell along the road, disappearing into the dips and hollows. And then they were near.

The fire engine, flat-bed truck with a huge, square water tank mounted in back, swerved and screeched as its heavy, unbalanced load of water sloshed around on the curves. It careened wildly, zig-zagging at high speed, and at the moment they passed each other in the dark, the truck swerved, the rear corner of the flat bed striking Crazy Joe just below the chin. Desert creatures were startled into flight as the riderless Hog sped by, bouncing across the desert.

"What the hell was that?" the driver of the fire truck exclaimed in surprise as he felt the thud.

"I don't know," the front seat passenger said, glancing back, briefly, into the darkness. "Probably just a damn range cow. Outta know better'n to git out on the road. Slow this sonabitch down, Carl. That's only Jose's shack. We ain't gonna miss much if we git there a minit late."

"You're right," the driver said, grinning. "Goddam squatter. Ain't this a nice night for a ride? Wisht I had me a good ol' Harley-Davidson motorcycle on a night like this. I'd jis ride an' ride an' ride."



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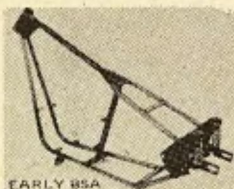
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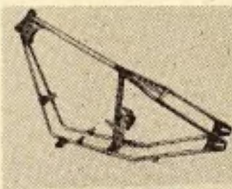
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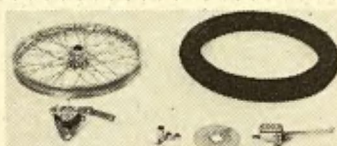
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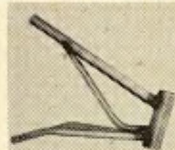
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Studied our constitution
Sought only a resolution
Lived daily within the law
Knew personally it's every flaw
Checked statistics more than few
Learned how interpretation went
askew
To confront the helmet law

Few tried their hands in courts
Seeking a precedent of sorts
State repeats a hill to climb
With apathy soaked into our
brothers' minds
If no support, the elected dismissed
All the efforts of a few seeking the
rights we've missed
To remove the helmet law

But Gary started a fight
For bikers to show their might
To show agreement in accord
To all two-wheelers went the word
The written word was on our side
Bikers as citizens had nothing to
hide
From the helmet law

So through knowledge and
interested brothers
The information and enthusiasm
spread to others
Outlaws, road-riders, dirt putters
and racers all learned
That for our rights all must be
concerned
And like any other block of
constituents
Under this government we have the
right to protest the incongruous
To show our feelings for the
helmet law

Our brothers rose to the occasion
Toiled and submitted to regulation
Negotiated with the establishment
Let the media know what our
wishes meant
With the lawmakers our silent
efforts went on
While through protests we showed
how strongly we were bent on
Attacking the helmet law

Through our protests and a con-
stant vigil
Our efforts have gone national
Through the many demonstrations
strong
We've found more and more who
go along
If our strength and arguments
continue to grow
Freedom of the road we may
soon know
Without the helmet law
—Renegade



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Choppershopper

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Crazy Joe Maseyko: Howdy, where the fuck are you? Drop a line or call Easyriders, 'cause that's where I work. Kim Peterson, Malibu, P.S. Remember Orleans '75? Say hi to York. (50)

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Biker (40's) seeking wife and mother for his 12-year-old daughter. Prefer 4' 6"-5', slender, must have license, dig bikes and kids. Please reply (preferably with photo) to Leroy Sell, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

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Butch: Stop running. Come home to the ones who more than love you. Jeanie. (50)

1939 Harley 45. Rebuilt—glide. \$1000.00. Dan (415) 593-9667. (50)

Wanted: Righteous chick with her shit together who wants a one-woman man to love, putt and party with. Must relocate temporarily in Syracuse, N.Y., area. Interested? Send clear recent photo (nudes are nice) with phone and address to Red, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

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Nazi SS ID cards, spaces for photograph, description, etc. Signed by Himmler. Send \$1.00 cash or \$2.00 check or m.o. to Deathdream, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

Wanted: Mail order mama, by California convict. Have scooter, job, under year to parole. Serious. Send photo. Write Aryan Brother, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

Happy birthday, Donna. We love you and miss you. Why not write us too. 13264 84 Terr., Seminole, Fla. 33542. Grandma Moore. (50)

Friendly Marty, contact Gypsy. 10118 S.E. Ankeny, Portland, Oregon 97216. (503) 254-9357. (50)

Warning—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it. Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each \$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-21, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (50)

Hey, Cisco, happy birthday. I love you. Your ol' lady. (50)

"Daisy": Congratulations. Please write. Heather has address. Shirley, Faith. (50)

Wanted: Honda mama lookin' for ridin' buddy. Must have own scooter. No riders. No fuckin' ol' man packs. So does lover. Eastern L.I., N.Y. Write & photo. Wicked Witch, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

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Rusty O'Neil of Miami, Oklahoma: Hurry and get your ass out of that shitty place. I take a coke for you each time I light up, and I'm beginning to get pretty burned out! Kenny Hopson (Hopkins), Pawhuska, Okla. (50)

Foxy-looking chick in Ohio, Pa., area, no children. Digs scooting, partying, live-in. Send writings & pix to: E.M., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

Gene Ray: I (still) care. Please call me. (213) 768-0735. D.J.C. (50)

Jude: Though we ride different realities, I love you. Please write. Luv, Lori. (50)

Motorcycle patches our business. Harley patches our specialty. Catalog \$1.00. Patchworks, P.O. Box 11506, Columbus, Ohio 43211. (53)

Wild Woman: Anytime you want to be a turkey, I will be your pilgrim. Love ya always, Berger. (50)

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23-year-old biker in Baltimore area looking for foxy lady 20 to 25 years old who is into riding, partying, and loving. Must be a one-man woman. Please send letter and photo to Moose, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

Produce your own speed. 99.7% pure meth crystal, easily and inexpensively produced from readily obtained materials. Instructions and formula for complete home factory setup, only \$10.00. Devco, P.O. Box 1143A, Groton, Conn. 06340. (53)

Mark, my love Hog: It's you I want to ride. I've got the October hots. See you in Hawaii. Karma. (50)

Michael John Donovan: Happy birthday, lover. You can have it forever if you want it. Luv, your secret admirer. Who else? (50)

Beautiful nude girl color photo on wood keychain. Beneath laminated plastic. \$3.95. Bradley Newsom, Route 7, Box 318, Lexington, N.C. 27292. (53)

Crazy Bill: It's been a hard year. You're still my ol' man and I care about you. We'll be puttin' together. See you soon. I love you, Crazy. Your Grizzly. (50)

Harley parts: Tons of new, used, obsolete. \$2.00 U.S. postal money orders for list. P.O. Box 3551, Schenectady, N.Y. 12303. (50)

Lonely? Big lists pretty girls. Send stamp. Michelle, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (50)

Three bros down looking for ol' ladies. Write and send pictures. Frank Christian, Room 3362; Ray Cottrell, Room 6202; Herman Deutschmann, Room 3383. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (50)

To my husband, J.C. Happy 8th month anniversary! To the best ol' man a lady could dream of. Your wife, Lina. (50)

Save Gas—Cycle Your Ass: These 3x7 plastic plates bolt to your license plate. They are attention getting and guaranteed against breakage. Here is your chance to let people know where you stand (or sit) when it comes to ecology. Only \$2.50. Cyglo-Signs, 99 Fox St., Owego, N.Y. 13827. (50)

West Virginia women have pussies that look like caves. Need a tight young snatch. Write the Loose Goose, Rt. 2, Box 29, Weston, W. Va. 26452. Send picture. (50)

Vibra-Massage Wand. Massage away aches and tension. Battery operated, 4" \$2.95, 7" \$4.95, 10" \$6.95, box-shaped facial massager \$5.95. Electric Massager five attachments for complete body massage, A/C cord \$16.95. 50¢ shipping. Catalog 25¢. One year warranty. Great American Gift House, Dept. ER-1, Box 4572, Springfield, Ill. 62708. (50)

Biker looking for petite, short, righteous chick who digs Harley dresser, lovin', and travel. Have 2 bikes—one for you, a smaller chop, Adam-3, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

Heavy-duty lighter case. Keep your lighter on your belt with handmade, all-leather belt lighter case. Black, brown, natural—\$4.95. Zippo, Bic, all lighters (specify model). Initials and/or scene (forest, sunrise, cannabis, or ?). Specify. Add \$2.00. Satisfaction or money back. The Hide House (custom leather products), 3023 Alameda, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025. (50)

Super Roach: Ya ain't gettin' older, you're gettin' fuckin' better! Happy birthday, lover. Foxy Lady. (50)

Ripped off? Send \$3.98 for extremely accurate grass scale. The same kind the narcs use. Small enough to carry in your wallet. Baird Co., Dept. E4, 9889 Alondra, Bellflower, Calif. 90706. (50)

BJC: Keep the faith, honey. I love you true, BJC. (50)

Hard-core pot smoker's dream! Save \$500/yr. in process. Send \$5.00 for details to L.N. Co., 541 16th, Longview, Wash. 98632. (50)

Crazy Ray Brown: Write me, fucker. Meatball: How ya doing? Ray, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

Buzz: Happy birthday, you silver-tongued Gemini! I'll always love you. Your Rabbit in Hutch. (50)

Need some fast cash? 2 to 3 grand in 3 to 4 weeks without repaying. Proven method. You'll shit when you see how easy it is. Send \$5.98 to K & M Products, Box 251, Raynham, Ma. 02768. (51)

Badass Biker Boots

All Leather Steel-Toed

Engineer boots in the traditional 11-inch and mind blowing 17-inch heights

Soles and Heels are non-skid oil-resistant Neoprene Cord featuring Goodyear welt construction for strength, flexibility and shape retention. Sole stitching is Dacron® polyester. Your heels are, of course, the broad driving or logger type.



Easyriders logo will be branded on your right, shit-kickin' toe if you check box in the coupon

If your ol' lady is goin' barefoot, you might break down and buy her a pair too—just remember women's sizes run numerically 2 sizes larger than men's (for example, a woman's 8 equals a man's 6).

- 11 in. — \$59.95
- 17 in. — \$74.95

In stock sizes 8½—11, D width
Special order sizes 6—8, 11½—14, B, C, D, E, EE widths (Add \$12 per pair. Allow 4 to 6 weeks.)

These are not your ordinary cheapos—they're your shit-kickers for life! All leather.

Send your order today to:

Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Circle/fill in your choice ■ Height 11 in. 17 in.
Size _____ Width _____ ■ Color Black Brown

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

I have enclosed \$_____ for _____ pair(s)
(including \$2.50 per pair for postage & handling)
Write same info on separate paper for more than 1 pair

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%.

Here's some of the nitty-gritty:

Upper leathers are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. Heels are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). Vamps, or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the uppers to surround the steel box safety toe with, again, two layers of leather and foam padding for comfort. Insoles are sweat-proof leather of the best grade. For improved arch support, you'll find combination fibre-board and steel shanks. Midsoles are all leather. Adjustable straps at the vamps and tops for the sound fit you demand. Your Super Boots meet the following government standard: ANSI Z41.1—1972/75.





JAMMER FRAMES

Solid, Safe Construction

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame:

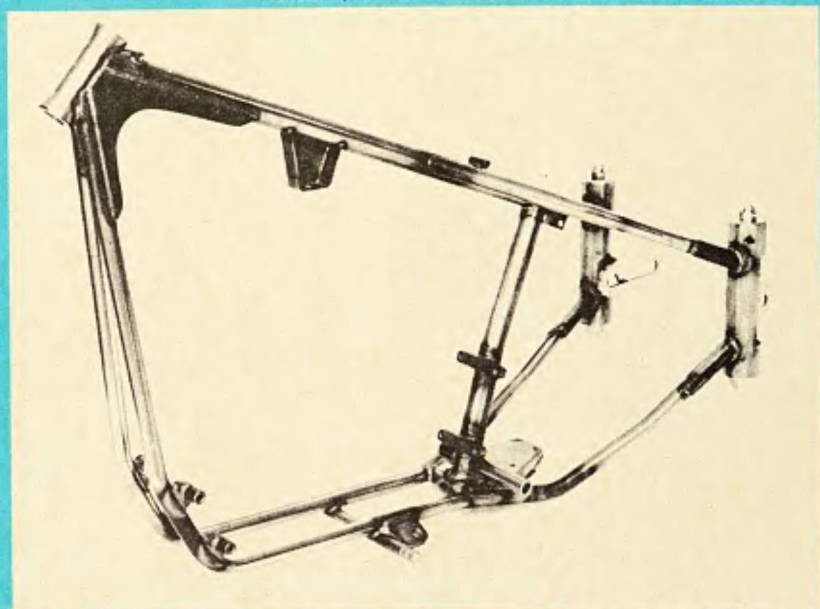
You can bolt any year Sportster engine (kick or electric start) into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, seats, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. 279.95

The New Sportster Velvet Ride frame is another way to build a complete chopper with all the same class and dependability of our rigid Jammer chassis. Sure, we know custom plunger frames have been around for awhile, we also know some of them don't work so great. That's why it took us three years to develop one that we would put the Jammer name on. So if you've been wanting the style of rigid and the comfort of suspension in a quality frame - your time has come. (Same as 2802 except with suspension.) \$339.95



2802 Sportster Jammer frame \$279.95

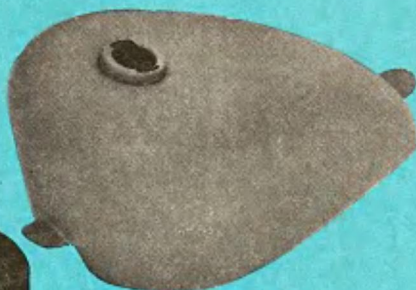
28025 Sportster Jammer Velvet Ride Frame \$339.95



OIL AND GAS TANKS



Call
1-800-423-2455
Toll Free to order by phone,
or to get the name
of your local Jammer Dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 110)



36024 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.5 gallons. Low tunnel. Made of steel. 39.95

3601 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.2 gallons. High tunnel. Made of steel. 39.95

3604 HD Type Gas Cap. 2.75



36017 Gas Shut Off. HD type. 3/8-inch pipe size. (Will fit stock Sportster tanks.) Has reserve and filter. 10.95



Fuel Line. Braided vinyl, double walled, nylon reinforced. Works well for gas line and oil line. Use 3/8" size for HD oil line.

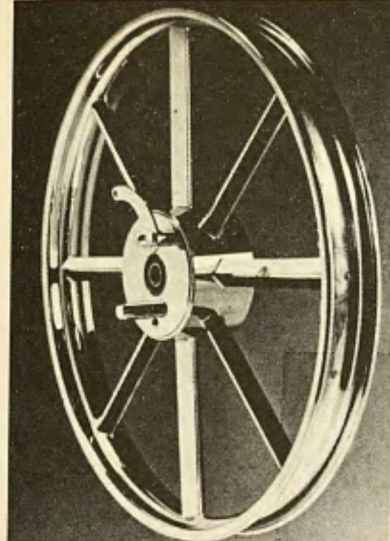
3606 Per ft. of 5/16". .75

3607 Per ft. of 3/8". .75



37021 Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank. Designed for 12 volt Action Pac or F battery. Fits stock Sportster swingarm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. 69.
9809 Action Pak Battery. 49.95

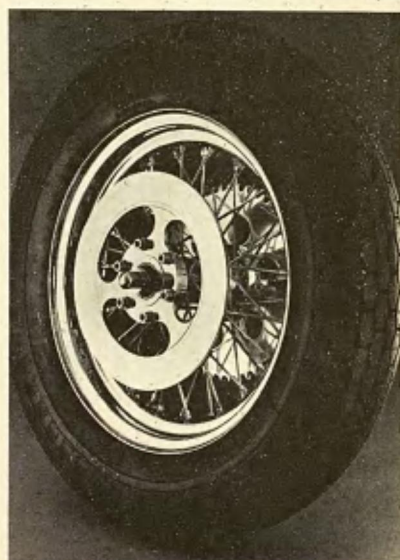
Jammer



Hallcraft's WHEELS



WIRE



GALAXY

FRONT WHEELS UNIVERSAL WIRE WHEELS

Part #	Description	
6803	18" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	302.35
6804	19" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	302.35
6805	21" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	302.35
6809	19" Dual Disc Brake Front Wheel.	450.95
6901	18" Small Brake Front Wheel.	178.05
6902	19" Small Brake Front Wheel.	178.05
6903	21" Small Brake Front Wheel.	178.05
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010	
69016	18" Spool Wheel.	105.05
69017	19" Spool Wheel.	105.05
69018	21" Spool Wheel.	105.05

GALAXY UNIVERSAL SPOKED WHEELS

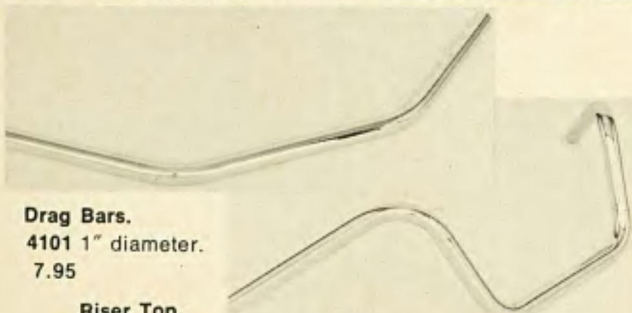
69022	18" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	219.80
69023	19" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	219.80
69024	21" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	219.80
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.	

69029	18" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	184.30
69030	19" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	184.30
69031	21" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	184.30
68041	18" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	368.10
68042	19" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	368.10
68043	21" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	368.10

HARLEY-DAVIDSON REAR WHEELS

Part #	Description	
	WIRE	
68012	16" Sportster Rear Disc Brake Wheel Wire Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	440.95
	GALAXY	
68045	16" Sportster Disc Brake Galaxy Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	467.10
68060	16" Sportster Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	225.65

RISERS AND HANDLEBARS



Drag Bars.
4101 1" diameter.
7.95

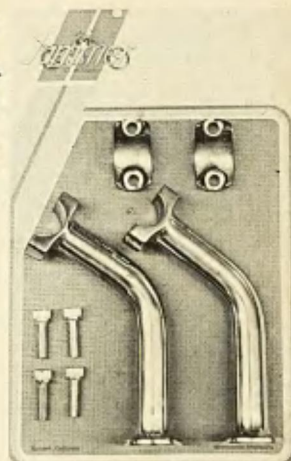
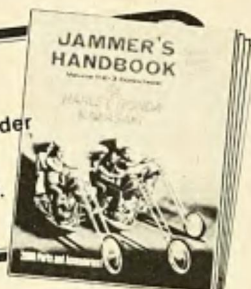
Riser Top.
4103 1" diameter. 11.95

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".

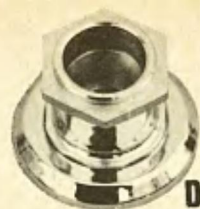
44017	2 1/4" rise 2 3/4" lateral	34.95
44018	2 1/4" rise 4 3/4" lateral	36.95

You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2455 to order
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 110)



SPRINGER AND PARTS

ALL SPRINGER PARTS ARE
CUSTOM CHROMED.



CAUTION: No alterations should be made to fork (such as reversing rockers etc.) that will affect the geometry and the handling of the fork.

Don't forget — when ordering a Springer, you will need a trip clamp, crown nut, and top nut.

- D Crown Nuts.** For our springer:
- 61012 HD 74s. 7.95 each
 - 61013 Sportsters. 7.95 each
 - 61014 45s. 7.95 each
 - 61015 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
 - 61016 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
 - 61017 Honda 750. 7.95 each
 - 61018 Honda 450. 7.95 each
 - 61019 Honda 500. 7.95 each
 - 61020 Universal neck. 7.95 each

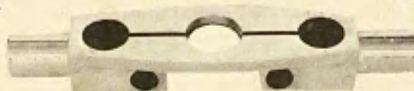
Narrow Springer.

Entire fork is polished before assembly. All welding is done by the heliarc method. All come with provision for brake anchor. For HD 74, Sportster, 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; 750 Honda, 450 Honda, 500 Honda and BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal 7/8-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimming and spacing, for the 7/8-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. 299.95

Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
6001	9-inch	Twist
6002	12-inch	Twist
6003	15-inch	Twist
6004	18-inch	Twist
6005	9-inch	Round
6006	12-inch	Round
6007	15-inch	Round
6008	18-inch	Round
6009	9-inch	Hex
60010	12-inch	Hex
60011	15-inch	Hex
60012	18-inch	Hex
60013	9-inch	Square
60014	12-inch	Square
60015	15-inch	Square
60016	18-inch	Square

A Top Nuts. For our springer on the following bikes:

- 6101 HD 74s. 4.95
- 6102 Sportsters. 4.95
- 6103 45s. 4.95
- 6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 4.95
- 6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 4.95
- 6106 Honda 750. 4.95
- 6107 Honda 450. 4.95
- 6108 Honda 500. 4.95
- 6109 Universal neck. 4.95



B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears.

Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. 29.95 each



C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears.

For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2 x 20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. 29.95 each

AXLES

ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.

12107 Axle—Springer. Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. 8" long. Spacers included. 12.50

121015 Axle—Widerider Springer. Fits our widerider springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. Spacers included. Chromed. \$12.50

9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. 7.95

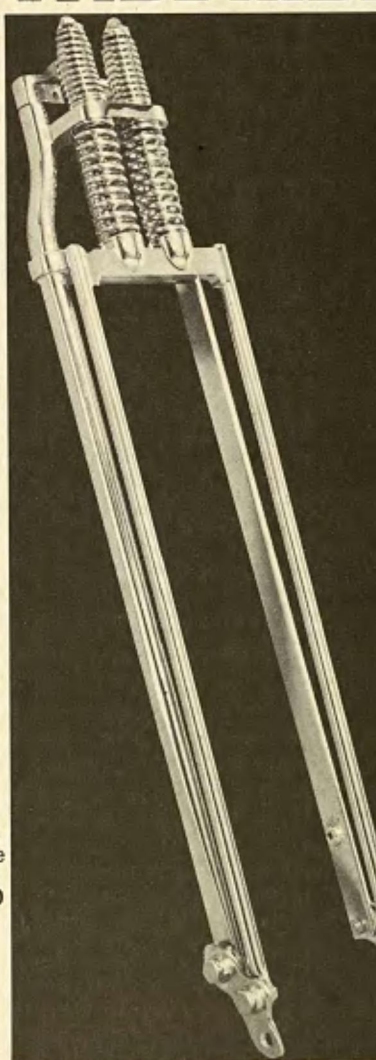
9102 Dual Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. 9.95

Wide Rider Springer

- | | | | |
|-------|-----------|-------|-----------|
| 60050 | 9" Twist | 60054 | 9" Round |
| 60051 | 12" Twist | 60055 | 12" Round |
| 60052 | 15" Twist | 60056 | 15" Round |
| 60053 | 18" Twist | 60057 | 18" Round |

299.95

NEW! WIDE RIDER

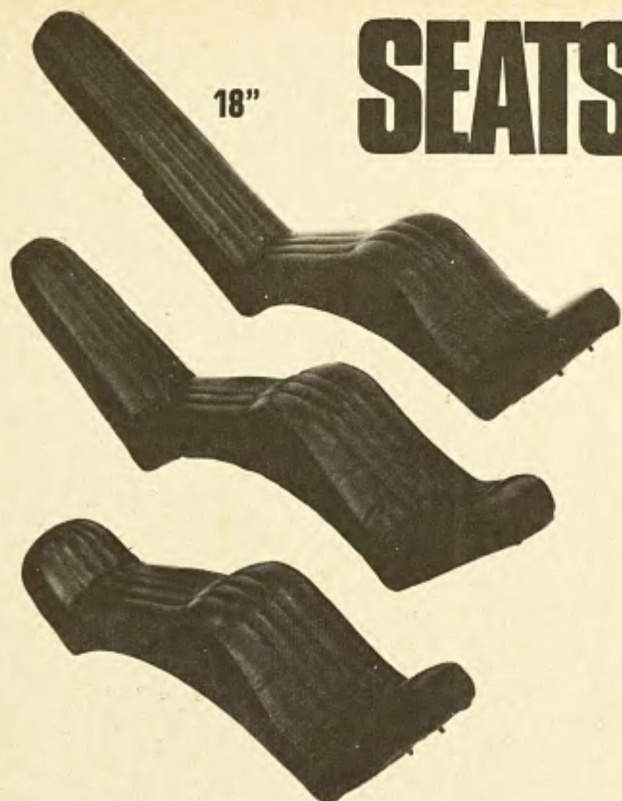


Springers are shorter than glide stock for stock by approx. 3" - (eg. 9" springer is equal to 5" - 6" glide type fork)



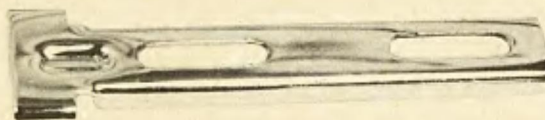
18"

SEATS



The Regal Seat. Hand-crafted from the finest leathers and naugahyde, using heavy steel plates and aircraft quality foam. Fully carpeted on the bottom, and the steel plate has beading around edges to prevent cutting of materials. Has holes tapped in bottom for easy mounting. The Regal is the same type as used on the Jammer. The finishing touch to a beautiful machine. The Regal is approximately 27" long, by 7" wide and 2" thick.

Part No.	Height	Type	Type of Frame	Price
11509	4"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	64.95
115010	4"	Regal Naugahyde	Swingarm	64.95
115011	12"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	69.95
115012	12"	Regal Naugahyde	Swingarm	69.95
115013	18"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	74.95



11706 Seat Bracket.
2.50



8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels Gold-Plated 8.95



8101 Jammer 4.05
Chrome Purple and Orange



8106 Winged #1
Chrome, Red, and Blue 8.95



8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated) 8.95



8105 Skull and Crossbones Chrome 8.95



8102 HD Plain Gold-Plated 4.05



The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.

RIGID "TWO PIECE" II

(Hump Seat)

115035 Square Tufted Black 59.95

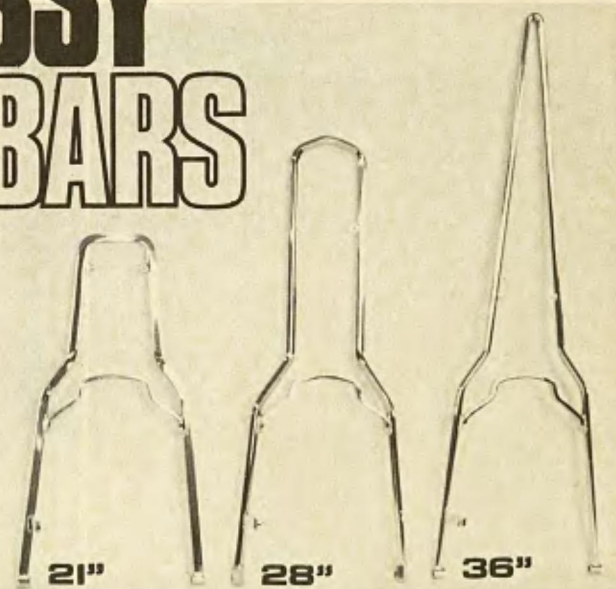
RIGID "TWO PIECE" 14" BACK

(Built-in Sissy Bar)

115036 Square Tufted Black 64.95



SISSY BARS



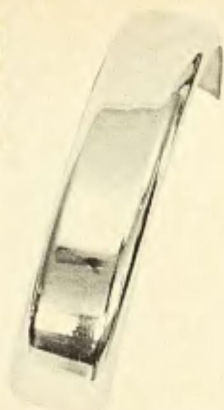
Rigid Frame Sissy Bars.

Part No.	Length	Type	Price
8301	36"	Twist	39.95
8302	36"	Round	39.95
8303	36"	Hex	39.95
8304	36"	Square	39.95
8309	28"	Twist	39.95
83010	28"	Round	39.95
83011	28"	Hex	39.95
83012	28"	Square	39.95
83013	21"	Hex	37.50
83014	21"	Square	37.50

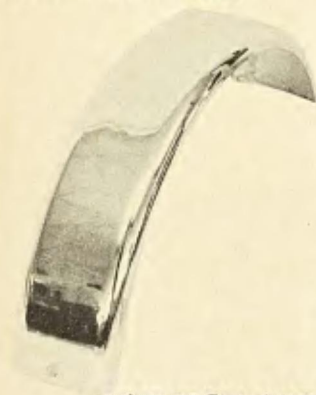
FENDERS



74015 Sportster Style Universal Fender.
Rear fender with no taillight cutaway.
All steel construction. 37.95



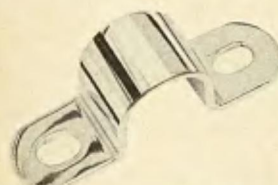
74016 5" Flat chrome fender 14.95
7404 Flat 5" 11.95



74017 6" Flat chrome fender 15.95
7403 Flat 6" 12.95

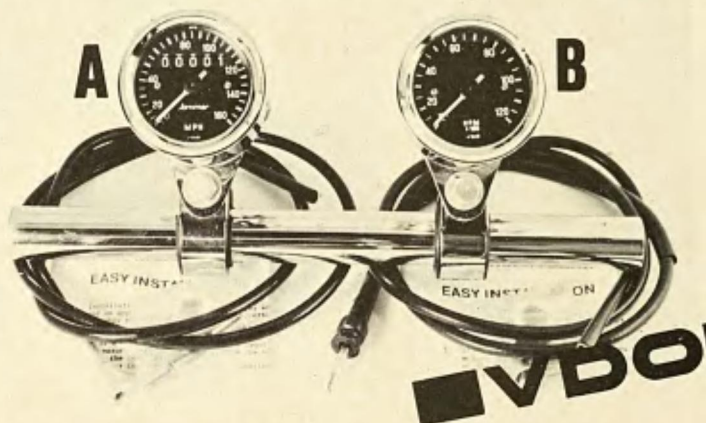


7405 Rib 5" 9.95



74010 "U" Clamp. For rear fender.
Can be used for all applications
where custom mounted fenders
should have maximum strength.
Chromed. 2.75 each

SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



A Chopper Speedometer Kit. Accurate to 160 mph.
Comes in handy when you're being followed by the
you know who. **12702** For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up
All Sportster to '73 54.95

B Chopper Tachometer Kit. Registers to 12,000 rpm.
Lighted face measures 2 3/4". Complete kit includes
chromed tachometer, cable, rubber dampened
handlebar mount and instructions.

12705 For Sportster without magneto 54.95

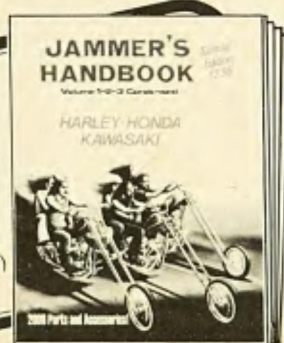
SPORTSTER BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES



14105 Brake Assembly - Sportster
Use our large master cylinder **\$69.98**



14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. 1954 - 1974. All Linkage included. **\$74.98**



You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2455 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 110)

Hallcraft Wheels
Purchased From
Jammer Come With
Large
Master Cylinder



141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster
'54 - '74.
All Linkage included. Use
Stock Shifter Peg. **\$69.98**

COLLECTOR PIPES

Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

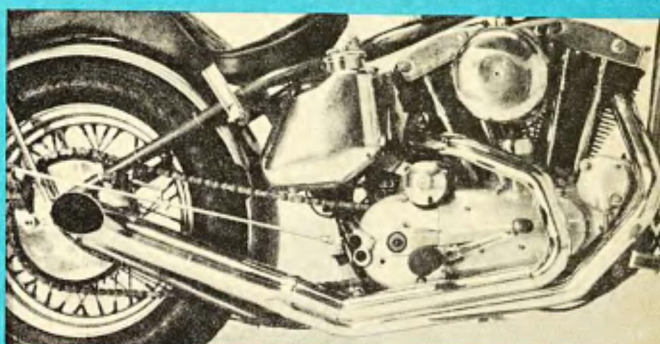
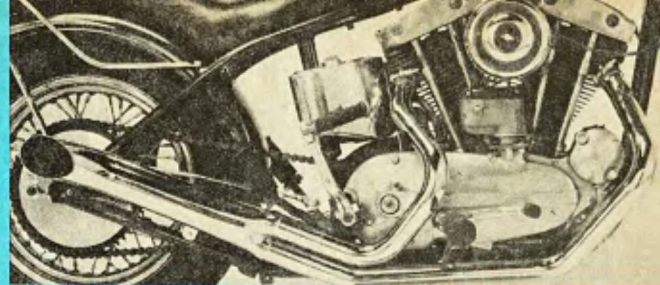
HARLEY DAVIDSON

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

Part No.	Model	Years	Description	Type of Frame	Foot-note	Price
A 151011	Sportster XLCH	57-up	Kick start only	Rigid	1-3 5-6	110.00
D 151023	Sportster XLCH, XLH	57-up	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3 5-6	115.00

Footnotes

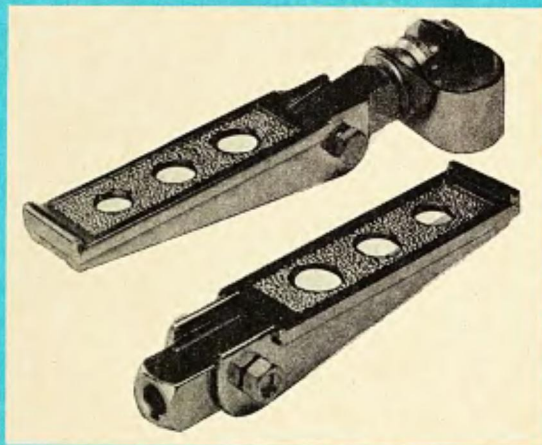
- 1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- 2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- 3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- 5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- 6 It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.



Header Clamps. Stainless steel, aircraft quality. For Harley-Davidson 74's and Sportsters.

152017 HD 74, '48-'65 8.95 pair

152018 Sportster, '57 & up 8.95 pair



15406 Hole Pegs with Clamp. Clamp fits all one-inch bars. Sold in pairs only. 10.95 pair

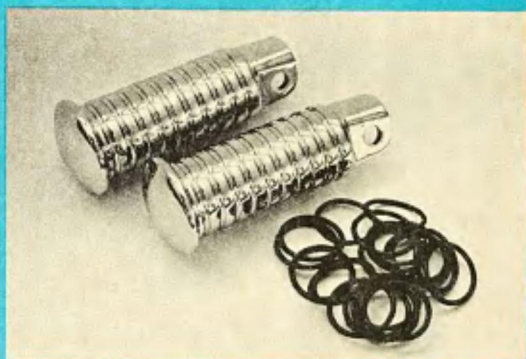
15405 Hole Pegs. Sold in pairs only. 7.95 pair



Kick Stands. Available in two different lengths: Don't forget to allow for your rake.

155018 Sportster Standard Kick Stand 18.95
15505 extended 18.95

PEGS AND STANDS



154010 HD Replacement Pegs (Pair). \$14.95



Call

1-800-423-2455

Toll Free to order by phone, or to get the name of your local Jammer Dealer. (See Order Blank on Page 110)

Jammer

O/S 6/28/77 CV AUG #50 A7

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.

As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made—not a cheapass import.

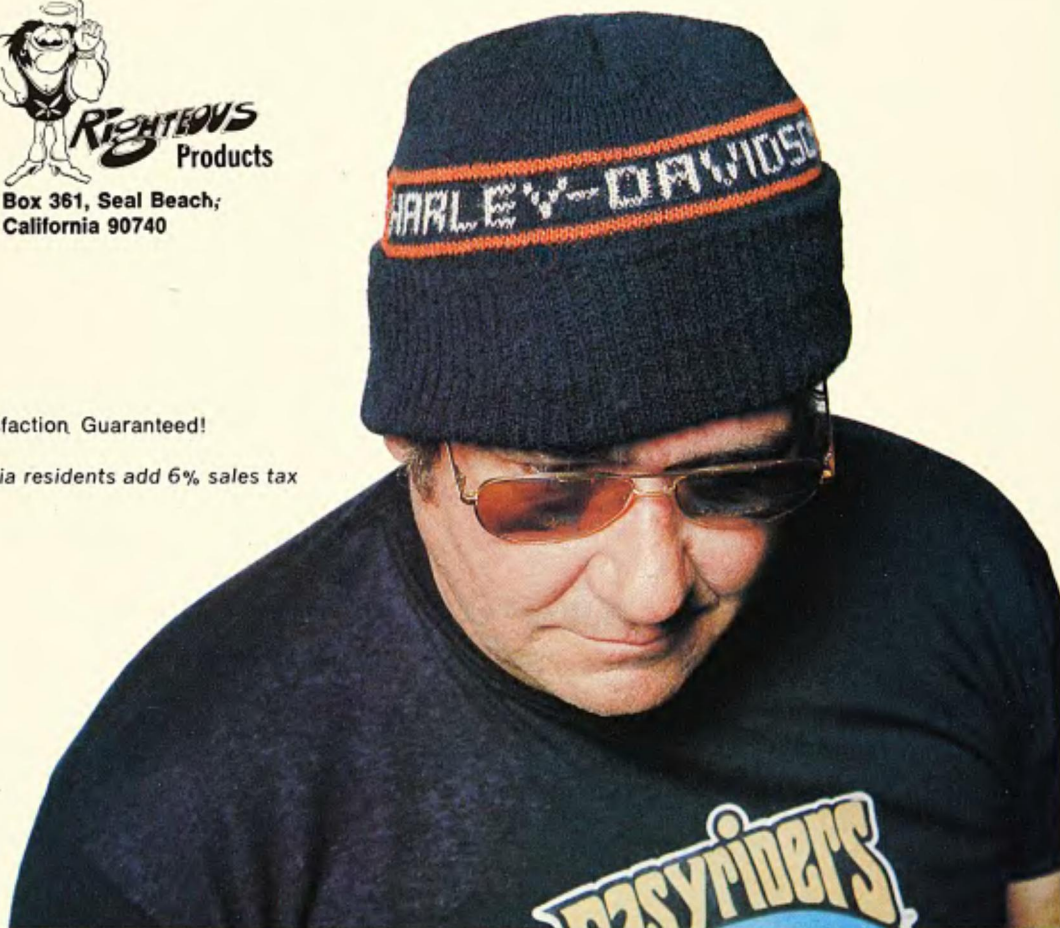
Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



Satisfaction Guaranteed!

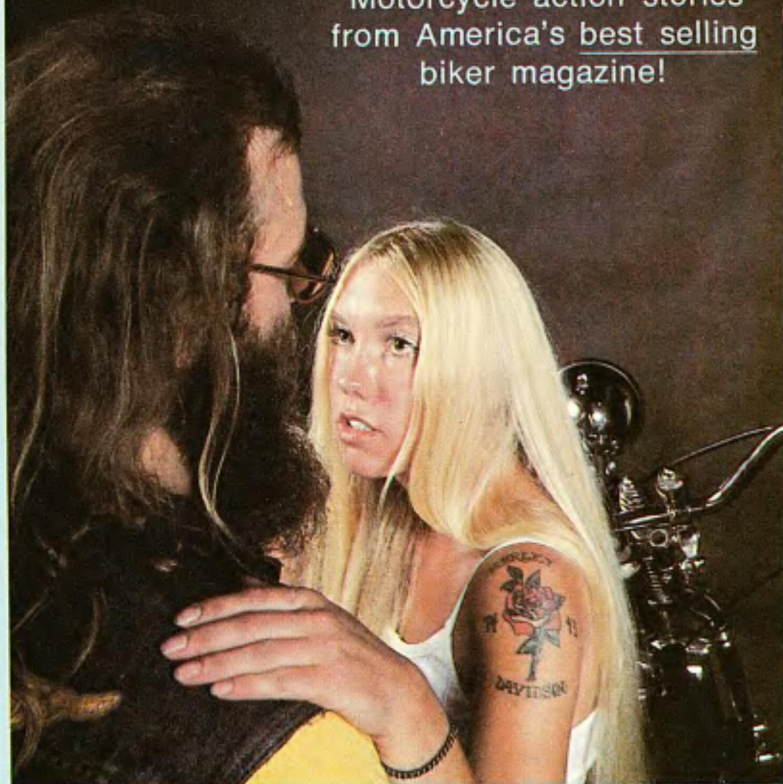
California residents add 6% sales tax



DELL / 00540 / 195

BEST BIKER FICTION FROM Easyriders

Motorcycle action stories
from America's best selling
biker magazine!



— at your favorite
newsstand, book store,
or wherever great
books are sold.

If not,
ask 'em why not!

Fifteen different stories packed into 320-page book. Stories from the early years of this miserable rag — the ones you may have missed or could get off on readin' again — especially in a paperback book. (Besides, they make great door stops, kindling for fires, or even a nice pad to put that kickstand down upon — when your ol' lady bends your ear about its tearing up the rug.)