

Easyriders

75p

February, 1978

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LAWS
SUCK**





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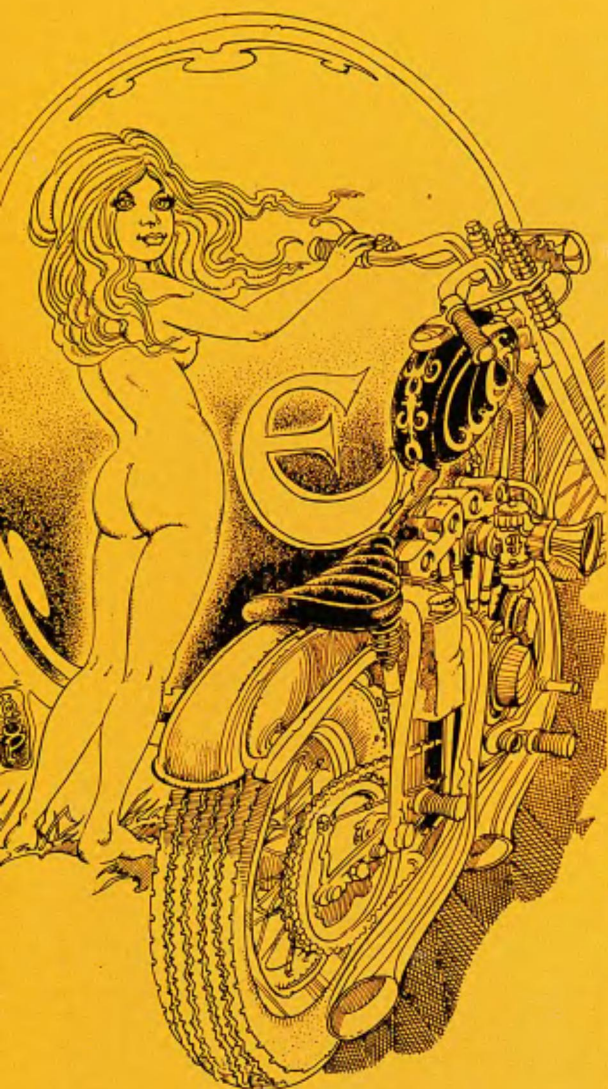
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on sale
for only
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FTW

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Membership Pending

COVER photo of Billy Jo by Billy Tinney

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale January 31st.

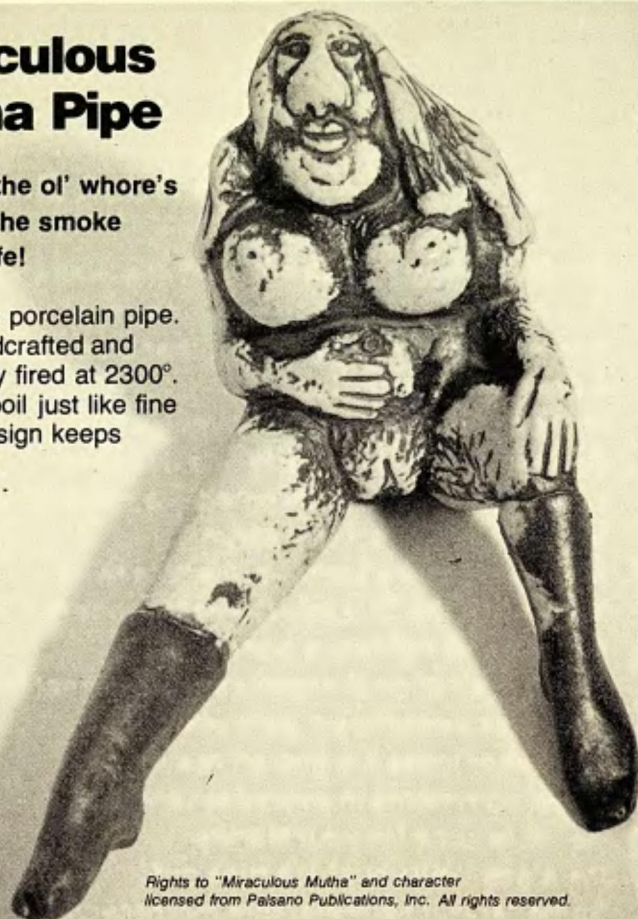
Miraculous Mutha Pipe

Suck on the ol' whore's boot for the smoke of your life!

A high fire porcelain pipe. Each handcrafted and individually fired at 2300°. Wash or boil just like fine china. Design keeps light goin'.

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we pay
postage

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Quality guaranteed or money refunded!



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

I've got something for you...

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

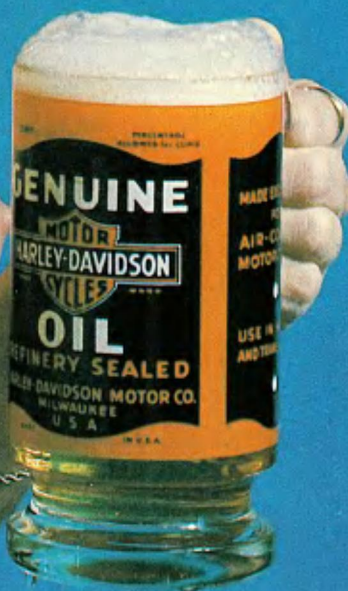
Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Dig this: This lover takes his pants off and starts to make it with this chick in her small sports car. But wait, he slips a disc in his back and he can't move—he's stuck on top of her. His bein' a 200-pounder and her being a little thing, along with the cramped quarters and all, made it impossible for him to get off her. So she desperately starts honkin' the horn, which brings the fire department, who in turn have to cut her car apart to get him off her and outta the car. (Stay with me, folks.) So here she is with her car demolished and a half-naked dude in pain. She cries out, "How am I goin' to explain to my husband what happened to his car?" (Ya win some and ya lose some.)

Flash! Doctors at the University of Missouri have reportedly come up with a prick that can be transplanted to chicks. The sucker can even get a soft-on. (Now doesn't that make your day?)

While we're on the subject of cranks, the third successful reattachment of a prick to a dude after it was cut off for one reason or another has just been performed. (This dude's dick had been mutilated by the outraged ol' man of a married chick he'd been makin' it with.) It's reattached, but the docs say it'll be a few months before he'll be able to start pokin' it around again.

Do you have "wake-up breath?" You know—that rank, smelly, dark brown, mornin'-after in your mouth that could peel paint? Well, the docs have discovered the cause of it—no, it's not that dirt bag you ate the night before—it's the lack of sulphur in your body. It's particularly strong if you've eaten onion, garlic, cabbage, or drunk a lot

of coffee before hittin' the sack. (Christ, I'm fulla medic's info this issue, ain't I?)

In case you're wonderin' what the Department of Transportation (DOT) has been doin' with our tax money (besides stuffin' helmet laws down our throats), one member of the Department was recently busted for rippin' off Department funds. At the last count he had systematically made off with 850,000 big ones.

Hang onto your seats—someone recently made off with eleven million worms. The sad thing about this theft, the owner complains, is that there is no way of identifying a stolen worm.

Are ya ready for this? Some dude in San Francisco is gettin' his kicks by sneakin' up to women with his tape recorder and shoving it up to her ear as he turns the volume up full blast. But wait—instead of music, out blasts a string of obscene words. She screams and he splits—as he probably starts comin' in his pants.

Meanest dude dept.: There's a guy in Los Angeles who was busted for shovin' a cerebral palsy victim in his wheelchair down the street—with his car. He got his kicks from bumpin' handicapped people in wheelchairs or tricycles with his Volkswagen bus.

Some more weirdos: They disrupt a funeral while in progress, run up to the casket, pull out the body, and order it to walk. As they dragged the dudes off to jail, they kept screamin', "It is the will of God!" (More than likely it was some powerful-ass shit they been tokin' or droppin'.)

Then there's this carrier pigeon that flies into this old lady's house and lands on the kitchen table. The old lady takes out the message from the container the pigeon had strapped to his leg. The message demanded \$128—threatening the old lady's child if she didn't put the bread in the pigeon's container. She called the police. They let the pigeon go. Ya got it—they followed it to its owner's pad where they arrested the 13-year-old owner of the bird. (Nice try, fella.) ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Dug Article

☐ Us good ol' boys from western Kentucky would like to thank you for the great article on Bowling Green (Nov., '77). Even if we do have outhouses, we still ride Harleys and we keep **Easyriders** right next to the Sears & Roebuck catalog. Rabbit, Don, & Tiny Shotgun Holler, Kentucky

Bad Numbers

☐ Just a line to let any of my east coast bros know that if you're heading west on a tour or whatever, run a check on your numbers and make sure your papers are in order. I'm presently jammed up in Colorado Springs, Colo. The man was getting ready to take my pan away and I wouldn't even have known except for a bro telling me. The reason? The numbers appeared altered, I lost my registration, no title with me. The man says it could be six weeks or more. Bros in town say it could be a year! Whadafuck!

Tony, the Flying Zucchini
Cleveland, Ohio

Thoreau's Disobedience

☐ Any of you fuckers out there who can read might get off on checking out Henry David Thoreau's essay, "Civil Disobedience." The man was definitely a champion of individual human rights. You can obtain a copy from your local library. This bro from the last century lived a no compromise, take-no-shit-off-anybody type of life. He was a dude who, in this century, would probably be a 1%er all the way! Check him out, bros,—you've got nothin' to lose but a few minutes of down-time.

Bones
Martinez, Ga.

A Goof

☐ The dudes we ride with took away some property belts that we ol' ladies had

made without their permission, the only reason being that we had the club's name on it. What shit.

How the fuck do we get 'em back?

Scheming
Nedlands, Australia

☐ Drop back ten yards and punt.

A Question

☐ Did you know the fastest motorcycle ever produced is the Dunstall Norton Commando powered by a twin-cylinder 810 cc engine developing 70 bhp at 7,000 rpm and capable of 135 mph? Ain't that a trip?

Bullet's Pal
El Cerrito, Calif.

☐ I'm comin'.

Feature Cover Chick

☐ Why didn't you fuckers feature the chick on the Nov. '77 issue in the mag? She looked good for what you could see, but you should have showed more of her. By the way, what's her name, phone number, and measurements?

Rocco
Hartford, Conn.

☐ Stay in touch. We have an article in the works.

Raisin Pie For Hitler

☐ You guys didn't have anything going for you. That is, until you started putting out this fine trash. Ha-ha-ha. I, on the other hand, have close family ties with my grandfather, Adolf Hitler, and my uncle Satan. How about selling Hitler some good raisin pie and not that cheap shit he's been getting. Ha-ha-ha.

Leader of Satan's Slaves
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

☐ We'd give it to him.

Down On Kaws?

☐ You muthafuckers really

pliss me off sometimes. You always bitch about people who get down on other people for doing their own thing. Why are you fuckers down on Kawsasaks? If someone wants to ride a Kawa instead of a Harley, let 'em have at it. What the hell, just 'cause it ain't a Harley don't mean it ain't a motorcycle.

Jim
Kingstone, N.C.

☐ We don't put down any bikes. A man's bike is his choice. We only feature Hogs because that's what we dig, but we're not gonna put down yours (or any other) scooter—never have. A dude's bike is his business.

Tough Times

☐ Me and my ol' man useta fight over your rag, so we made us a deal. If I wanna read it first, I gotta buy it. Whatta bitch!

Bugs' Ol' Lady
Northern Virginia

Solari and Gash

☐ It's true! If you let an asshole talk long enough, he'll tell you how big a fool he is—and you dudes have let Solari run down his shit enough to prove it. Do you really pay him for all that garbage he passes off as stories?

I been eatin' gash since I was 13, and when I got the first whiff of it I knew I'd be spendin' a long time buryin' my face in it. The only pussy that gets ripe is the one that gets screwed raw and is then left to soak all night (or day). Otherwise, pussy smells like pussy—the essence of woman—and there's nothin' more erotic than the scent of a horny female.

I eat it cuz I love it. Solari does it cuz he thinks he's doin' the chick a favor—and they can tell the difference. And it pisses me off to hear him talk about my favorite

meal. I'd be happy comin' from a visit with the finger-lickin' flavor on my hand—and he's snivellin' about the stink. Maybe it's his breath blowin' back in his face.

John T. Todd
San Quentin, Calif.

☐ He gets three pieces of raisin pie, and that's all. Give him some slack—whatdafuck.

Motorcycle Dealers

☐ That article titled "How My Motorcycle Dealer Turned Me Into a Faggot" was all right. I never laughed so fuckin' hard in my entire life. I know a couple of bros who got fucked that way.

Vince
Loring AFB, Maine

☐ That article reminded me (and I'll bet a lot of others) about when I was getting it in the ass. It's obvious the poor dude in the article was an H-D owner. We all know that there's only one scooter, and that's a good old genuine Harley-Davidson. I'm not gonna go into detail on why, how, and when I was getting fucked, because it would take up the whole rag. But what gets me ripshit the most is how these two-faced cornholers can be as sweet as peaches and cream when they're sellin' ya the scooter, and then when ya go back, it's "wham, bam, thank ya, ma'am." Then when ya finally do leave it for repairs, that's when ya get the best fuck of all—especially when the Memorial Day weekend and 4th of July weekend runs go by with no scooter. I know.

Crutch
Springfield, Mass.

Keep Tryin'

☐ Right on, dudes! I just picked up the October issue and what do I run across but one fantastic sled. That sweet knuckle was right on. I gotta hand it to you—

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

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

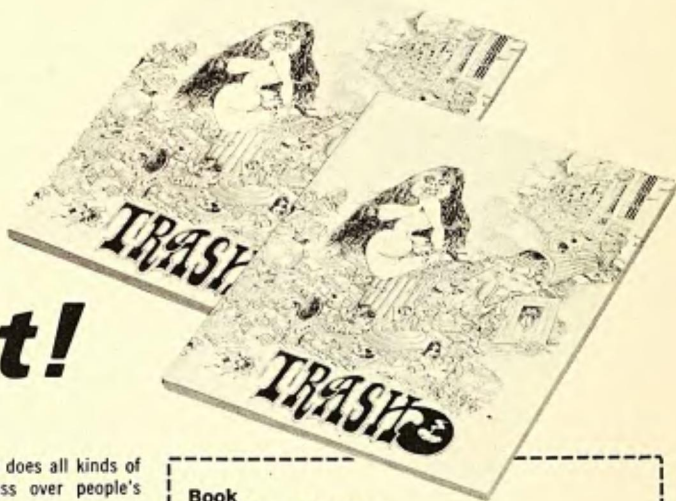
If you want only a buckle, just send \$6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. *California residents add 6%.*



**REJECTS
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

***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, 8 1/2 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 ads).

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%

HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



Enlarged 300% to show detail

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



you guys can do something right once in a while. And them pics of the joint show gave me a look at some dudes I ain't seen for some time.

Keep tryin'—you might become perfect yet.

Apache, Demons M.C.
Nomads
Rochester, Minn.

A Word of Thanks

□ Hey man, it's like this—I would like to send you a much-deserved thanks for sending your rag to our prison library here at Menard's Bug House.

Satch, Trash, Blues, Bugs
Menard, Ill.

Obscene?

□ Two or three months ago, me and some of the bros at the Wisconsin Correctional Institution at Fox Lake got together and went to see the librarian. Well, we told her that we wanted to get your rag. After making her understand what your rag meant to us, she said all right and took steps to arrange to receive it. Now the trouble is that they won't put the rag out to read. They told us (dig this) that your rag is obscene.

The bros at WCI
Fox Lake, Wis.

An Offer

□ If you guys are as righteous in bed as you are about putting out a dynamite magazine, then I'd fuck any and all of you—anytime, anywhere!

Paula Purfield
Blackwood, N.J.

■ We are, so send us your address.

Pussywhipped

□ Talking to my bros, I find that I'm not alone when I say that your mag is fucked. Most grumble in silence, but I'll lay it on you straight. By word of mouth, you're getting a rep for being pussywhipped, and bikers have a way of ignoring what they don't enjoy.

Bear
Columbus, Ohio

■ We'll never be pussywhipped. Never have been, never will. But we do fuck up now and then. Dope does strange things to your head,

but in the end we're just scooter tramps.

Nice Lips

□ I was wondering if you could resolve an argument I have with a brother about that luscious morsel of tender flesh on p. 77 of the November issue. I say that Dedicated Debbie has a nice set of plump cunt lips. My bro says those ain't fat cunt lips at all—only hair and soap-suds. So tell us who's right—there's a case of beer riding on this.

Mike Nelson
Santa Ana, Calif.

■ Those are righteous, plump lips.

□ Debbie has to be one of the foxiest ladies ever to grace the pages of your righteous rag. If Brow Beat finds out where all the Debbies are, put an order in for me!

Bro Bob
Fort Bragg, N.C.

From Denmark

□ We want to form a club here in Denmark and we'd like to be a chapter of an American bike club—same as the German who wrote you.

There's great interest here and all we need is a kick in the ass to get us started. Please contact us at this address: Frank Rasmussen (Street Rats), Bryggergarden, Kisserup, 4330 Hvalso, Denmark.

Weird Question

□ I'm a con—not in prison, but in a corrections camp in Willow River, Minnesota. I did 18 months in St. Cloud Reformatory for Men and I was asked a question from the staff for which I don't have the answer. You see, I got my left ear pierced when I was 17 in the Army. They asked me the reason for piercing my ear. Unless I come up with a story they like, they say I'll have to dispose of it.

Gary Josephson
Willow River, Minn.

■ First off, how do you get rid of an ear pierce? If you don't use the hole, it will grow back together. As to the reason—why does a person have to have a rea-

son? If you must state one, I guess the best one is that it's macho. Men with pierced ears are usually masculine types. I guess it started with the pirates. I suppose the bottom line is that it's a masculine trip. Nothing wrong with that—just wantta impress the women.

Wants Recipe

□ I'm not sure if I'm writing the right place or not, but I'll give it hell anyway. I'm looking for an individual who can give me the step-by-step recipe for "Blue Rock Meth." You're probably sitting there wondering if I've lost my marbles, but really, I haven't. I'll bet I've written 500 letters to every kind of dude, chick, and dog in America, but I don't ever hear anything back. Not even a "fuck you" or a "kiss my ass." Anyway, to cut this short, I would deeply appreciate any help you could give me.

Crazy Kelly
Granite, Okla.

■ I'm wonderin' Crazy—have you lost your marbles?

Burns It Off

□ Man, here's one for ya on tattoos. I'm in jail in Colorado (fuck) and the doc takes this electrode about the size of a pencil, turns on the volts, and zaps your tattoo out (no shit). Without any pain killer, either! Just burns the fucker off—and leaves a hell of a mess, too. Electrifyin'.

Todd Swanson
Buena Vista, Colo.

Tough Question

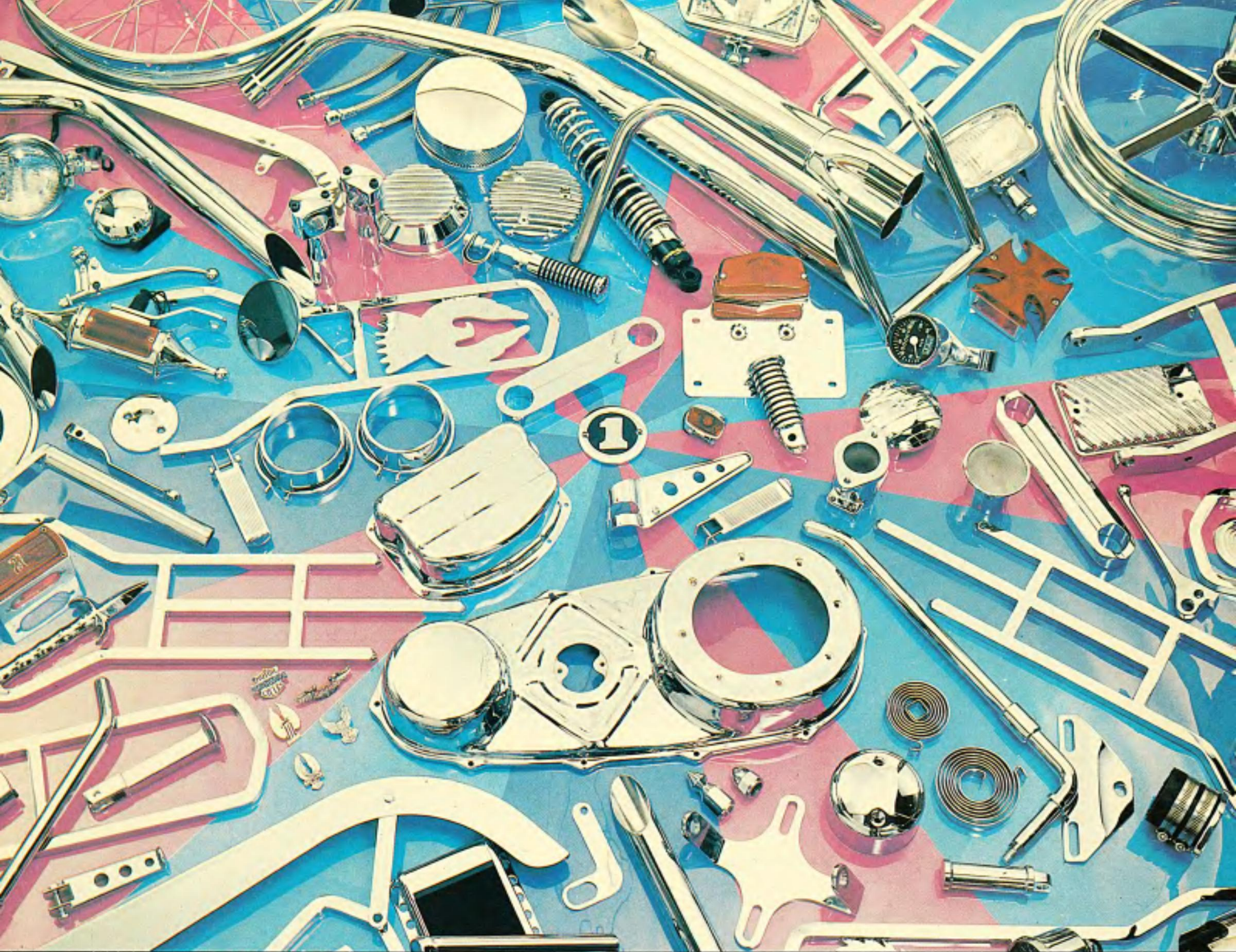
□ Tell Spider his *Earlyriders* book is fuckin' cool. Just one thing, though. I'm the kind of dude who likes to look like a 50's biker. Ya know, Marlon Brando-type leather jacket, pegged jeans, etc. What kind of wallet did them old bikers carry their bread in?

Squirly
Troy, Montana.

■ We asked Spider and his reply was, "Tough questions like that fuck up my head."

Dusty's Advice

□ Wow—just wanted to tell you guys that Dusty Sage really has her shit in one bundle with that Astrology column. —Continued on page 10



DEEP SKIN

They say that beauty is only skin deep. If that's so, these chrome motorcycle accessories from Drag Specialties have *deep* skin. Because they are magnificent.

Chrome won't make your mount run faster or handle slicker, but it will make it look eye-rubbing great. And we think the chrome parts from Drag Specialties are the best-looking you can strap on a bike. They're well-designed and well constructed. They're available for about every bike around (the photo shows only a peasant's portion of the chrome accessories available from Drag Specialties). And our parts fit. There's no need to take them to a blacksmith before you can get 'em on.

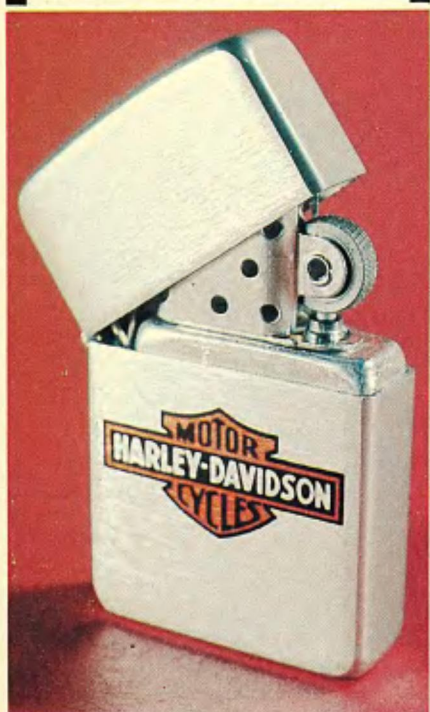
Make your bike look as tough as it runs. With some "deep skin" chrome from Drag Specialties.



6868 Washington Avenue South, Eden Prairie, Minnesota 55343 ■ Telephone (612) 941-6380

New 1977 Catalog available for \$5.00. Refundable on first order over \$25.00.

ROACH LIGHTER



American Made

This lighter is manufactured by highly skilled American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

Lifetime Guarantee

If your lighter ever fails to operate satisfactorily, return it to the factory with your name and address and it will be repaired and returned free of charge. (Driving over it with your scooter doesn't count, of course.)

An ideal gift for Christmas (and cheap too!)

To get your primo lighter with the Harley-Davidson insignia, all you have to do is send \$5.95 for each lighter. We pay all postage and handling.

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302
California residents add 6%

First I lose my wallet (much cash) and keys after reading that I'm gonna misplace something. Then she says bang yer balls at a slower pace and I go out and get a ticket for doing 85. Damn! I'm gonna start paying attention to that Astrology from now on.

A Cancer
North Hollywood, Calif.

Louis Bosque

□ After reading **Best Biker Fiction** from cover to cover, I figured something out. Louis Bosque is one writing sonofabitch. The dude really knows his shit and what it's all about.

Jeffrod
Newark, Del.

■ Louis sends you his thanks.

Life's Little Problems

□ I got so bored yesterday that I shaved my beard off, so now I don't have anything to pull on, chew on, save pussy juice in, or hide my little pets in. So what the fuck do I do until it grows back?

Buck
Anaheim, Calif.

■ Cry.

A Tidbit

□ Before I lose my buzz, let me drop this tidbit on you. A dude here at Ft. Carson, Colorado just got busted for tellin' another dude to get fucked!

Free
Ft. Carson, Colo.

Burn Forever

□ I think you have one of the most revolting and vulgar magazines on the market today. How do I, a Christian lady, know about your magazine? My stepson buys your garbage and smuggles it into my home. Of course, when I discover it, out it goes with the rest of the garbage—and that is exactly where your filthy trash belongs. You have no morals, do you? Or do you know the meaning of the word, "moral?" Your magazine has already helped to ruin my stepson's mind—do you have to keep ruining other people's minds also? It is a sick and sinful magazine. God loves you and Jesus died for you because

he loved you. He died for those sins you are now committing. Why don't you stop publishing your magazine, ask God's forgiveness, and then ask Jesus to become your very own sweet savior? Please don't burn forever in hell by refusing Jesus.

Mary Lue Powell
El Reno, Okla.

■ We're workin' on it.

Sneaky Bastards

□ About the farted salute for the U.S. Navy Spider mentioned in the November issue—you old salts better suck 'em back in. It was only for E-4 and below. They plan on using it, obviously, for a first-enlistment incentive. Sneaky bastards!

Brewster
South Pacific

Bad Image

□ I don't approve of dudes or chicks posing on motorcycles with shotguns or any other weapons because it tarnishes our image and any straight who sees it immediately thinks he's spotted another low-down, dirty, long-haired, biker bum. This bad image can hurt a lot whenever one of us has to appear in court.

J. W.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

■ We hear ya.

Liberty Bell

□ Just sealed a letter to

you and got to checkin' out the stamp. You know—the one of the "Liberty Bell" and the words, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land." Ever wonder why the bell cracked?

Weaver
San Quentin

Pretty Good Rag

□ Somehow you dumbfucks put together a pretty good rag. I'm even tempted to dedicate my next bottle of Mad Dog to ya.

Dusty
Biloxi, Ms.

Confused

□ Help! I've had a few bar brawls about my #1 earring on my left ear. Some say it means biker and others say it should go on the right ear. Around these parts, right ear means fag. I'll meet my match some day, so hurry before I get my ass kicked or I kill the next bastard that pinches my ass.

Rhinestone Cowboy
Lonesome Rider M.C.

■ Most of the bros I know wear it on the left ear. But fuck 'em—nobody should tell anyone what to do.

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



"I didn't hear no goddamn siren!"

Biker's



Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

For Helmets . . .

A few years back, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration empowered the Department of Transportation to withhold federal highway funds from states without mandatory helmet laws. The laws have been repealed in most states by now, but not for the reasons that some would have you believe.

The statutes were repealed on the grounds that threatening to withhold money that rightfully belonged to the states constituted a kind of blackmail. The laws were not repealed because anyone in the government sees anything wrong with making us wear helmets, and no one should be surprised if they try it again in the future.

The tactics were wrong, but the reasoning was relatively sound. It's a common and repeated practice for the authorities to intervene in cases where an individual has demonstrated the inability to take care of himself. Mental institutions are just full of perfect examples.

A few days ago, a group of us were sitting around the offices discussing the relative merits of helmet usage. It seems that the chopper riders as a group tend to look down their noses at people who choose to wear protective headgear.

Now right up front I'll admit that I have very strong feelings about wearing helmets. Almost fanatical. I have absolutely no sympathy for anyone who falls down and breaks his crown 'cause he didn't wear a lid.

—Chet Carman
Big Bike

Exclusive lane . . .

Why not have a lane that is exclusively for motorcycles? You don't have to enforce a "more than" occupants ruling which allows individual freedom. They

also can run along in tandem so you can get more motorcycles in the same space and help reduce congestion. Even better, if motorcycles only were using the lane, think of all the "I didn't see him" accidents that could be avoided.

It wouldn't necessarily even require taking a lane away from car traffic. It could be possible to use the divider area or shoulder area during rush hour. Results could be an increase in freeway flow and an equally significant decrease in fuel consumption.

—*Touring Magazine*

Lay off bikes . . .

Not too long ago, the custom biking sport began to look pretty dim. Besides suffering through an energy crunch and recession which had a tremendous impact on the economy, biking was dealt severe blow after blow in the form of legislation. The recession might be over for the most part and the recent repeal of many of the states' mandatory helmet laws is a plus, but the boundaries for bikes are still pretty strict and tough.

It's not just a tough road for the guys riding custom motorcycles though; the manufacturers are getting hit with stiff laws also. 1978 brings even more of a tightening of the belt with even tougher noise abatement and believe it or not, in the very near future exhaust emissions is going to be a big factor to consider. Seems to me our government gumshoes should be considering a lot of other elements in pollution and direct their time for positive improvements to aid society. The amount of smog created by motorcycles has to be pretty darn nominal.

. . . for the most part motorcycles are efficient and

to top it off, the volume of air which passes through a cycle doesn't even compare to that of a compact car, much less a big truck. Come on legislators, let's spend the money and time creating jobs, housing and the like and lay off the motorcycles for a while.

—Steve Stillwell
Custom Bike

Energy-saving hero . . .

How can Americans meet President Carter's directive to reduce gasoline usage 10% by 1985? One means is to adopt transportation that's cost and energy efficient and acceptable to large numbers of consumers.

That just about describes the motorcycle. Low initial investment and gasoline mileage rates of 40, 50 or more miles per gallon have become prominent selling points in the minds of shoppers investigating cost effective (and energy effective) transportation.

Of course, fuel efficiency has always been one of the pleasures of motorcycles. But not since the last national gasoline shortage in 1973 has the factor been foremost in consumers' buying decisions.

President Carter's energy program—whatever becomes of it—has caused consumers to look seriously at motorcycles once again as basic transportation.

Americans are discovering in 1977 what Europeans have known for years. Two-wheeled vehicles can provide reliable, inexpensive and enjoyable transportation particularly suited for movement within neighborhoods and around cities. As Americans begin to face gasoline taxes that rival the kind Europeans have been paying for years, the idea of converting to two-wheels increases in appeal.

—Dealer News

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



A Very Special Ol' Lady

They were about fifty miles south of Reno on U.S. 395 when the trouble began. Frank had carefully filled the small tank on the big 74 just before leaving there, and that would have been enough to get them to Sonora Junction in California under normal circumstances. That first fifty miles had gone smoothly, the big engine loping steadily without missing a beat. Violette leaning against theissy bar, her long, light brown hair blowing in the wind.

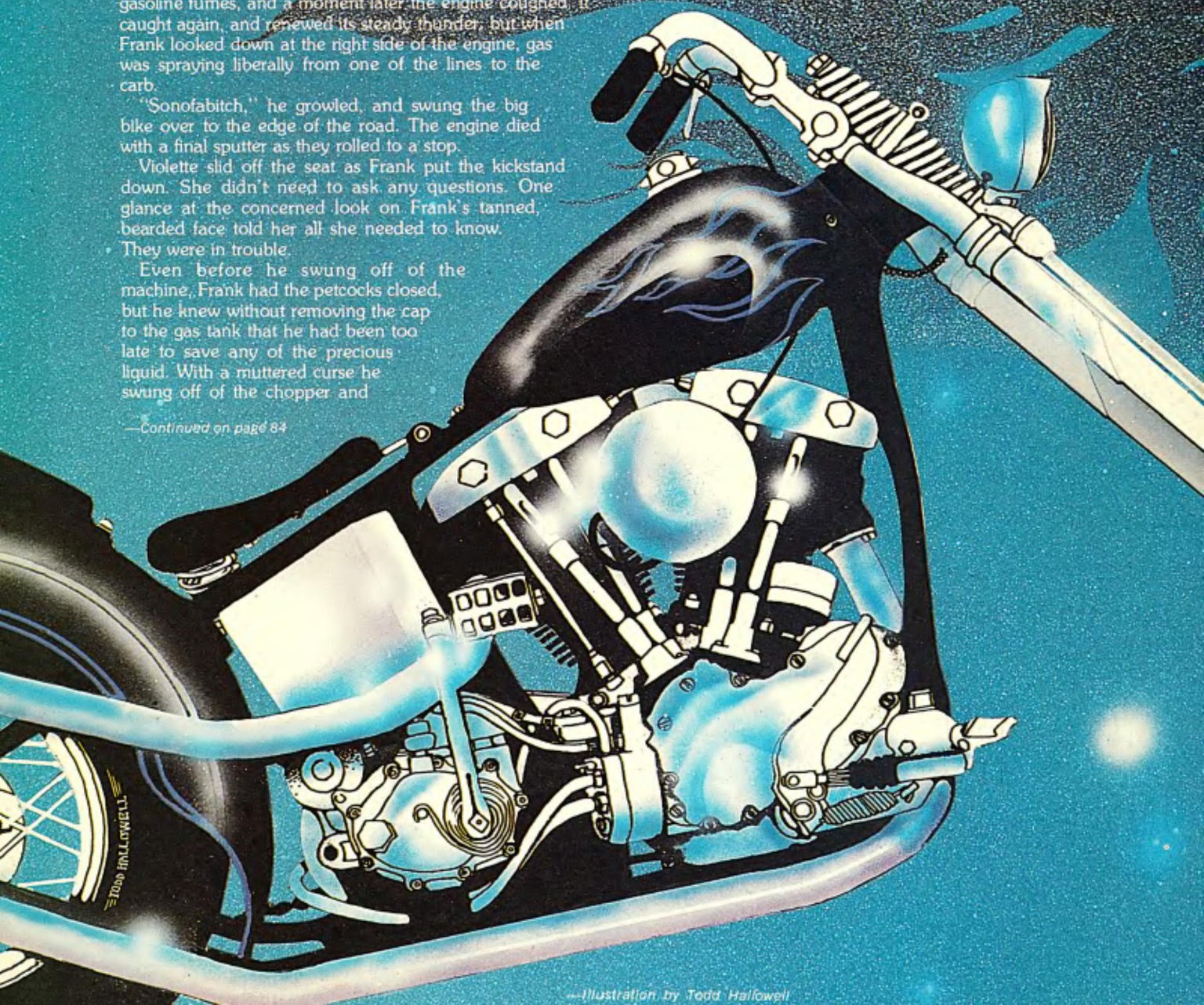
About seventeen miles north of the Junction Frank smelled gasoline fumes, and a moment later the engine coughed. It caught again, and renewed its steady thunder, but when Frank looked down at the right side of the engine, gas was spraying liberally from one of the lines to the carb.

"Sonofabitch," he growled, and swung the big bike over to the edge of the road. The engine died with a final sputter as they rolled to a stop.

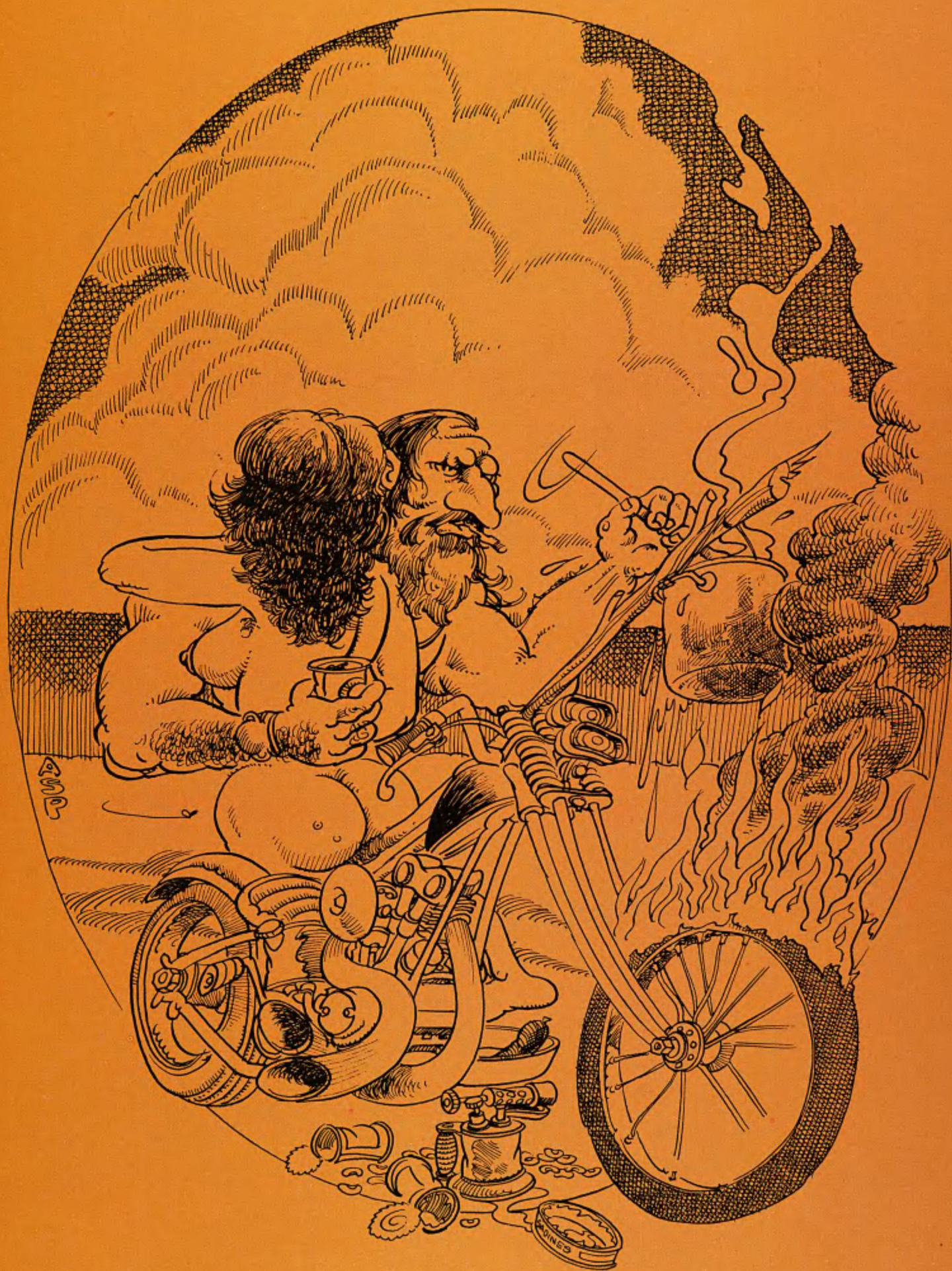
Violette slid off the seat as Frank put the kickstand down. She didn't need to ask any questions. One glance at the concerned look on Frank's tanned, bearded face told her all she needed to know. They were in trouble.

Even before he swung off of the machine, Frank had the petcocks closed, but he knew without removing the cap to the gas tank that he had been too late to save any of the precious liquid. With a muttered curse he swung off of the chopper and

—Continued on page 84







Food For A Run

By Tim Andrews

If you figure you're eating good, but look forward to doing a few months in the county jail to gain a few pounds, it might be the time to end your private war on poverty before you become a casualty. Good eating is as important as getting good head. Well, almost. If you are too regular, or you fart in the wrong color and it might be traced to bad eating habits, check out the following quiz.

True or False:

1. Your dog won't eat your leftovers.
2. Your bros won't stop by at dinner time.
3. Your soup makes a good paint remover.
4. You accidentally drank a cup of old Harley #50 oil, and thought your coffee was improving.
5. On a clear day there is smog in your kitchen.
6. When you dine at home, the cuisine makes you see double.
7. When you get the munchies, you would rather chew your beard than head for the refrigerator.
8. You haven't seen a rodent in the house for years.

If you answered true to any of the questions above and enjoy eating at Taco Turdo or the International House of Pukes, you are well on the road to shame, misfortune, and the chain gang. It is

time to curb this unwholesome behavior before it is too late. Here is a special recipe for the ultimate in social activity, various outrageous get-togethers, reunions, runs, and whatever gourmet bikers are known to do.

This dish is guaranteed to loosen the hemorrhoids, tighten the sphincters, and excite the gonads—as well as being a bona fide hernia refresher, and a positive cure for headaches caused by drug use and women abuse. Okay, here it is: High-steppin' Chili. It is certainly not a recipe to be taken lightly.

High-steppin' Chili

15 pounds pinto beans (dry)
15 pounds red beans (dry)
2 gallons kidney beans
40 pounds hamburger
1 pound salt
4 gallons tomato paste
4 gallons tomato catsup
1 pound cayenne pepper
1 pound chili powder
20 pounds onions
5 pounds garlic
1 pound good commercial weed
1 pound red chilis (dry)
1 gallon jalapeño peppers
1 pound black pepper
22 feet baling wire

In no time at all word will get out that you plan on making a pot of High-steppin' Chili. Com-

plete strangers will wave as you scoot by, lost relatives will magically appear, bros will show up at the door with their sleeping bags, and teenybop twats will line up to do all sorts of perverted things for a spot at the dinner table. Remember those ugly unfriendly cops on the vice squad that watched you for days just to catch you sodomizing those chickens? They will stop by with a rare inoffensive grin, hoping to get their share of the spoils. You will be pleased to note a spring in your walk and shuck in your shuffle as people start to call you mister. Before you can whistle a few bars of Dixie, you will be an honored guest at many an exotic social gathering, and you will owe it all to that weekend you brewed this potent concoction.

First, clean that old kettle that a few assorted critters have been camping out in. Hack the larger clods of catshit and old used rubbers off with a large axe, then work down the rough spots with an electric grinder—that should make the old chili pot about as clean as it is ever going to get. Put the pot on the stove, poke the garden hose in through the kitchen window and fill it halfway, and add a pound of salt. Locate at least fifteen pounds of dry pinto beans, fifteen pounds of red beans, and two gallons of pre-

—Continued on page 78

Death of 'Outlaw' Probed



Police, D.A. Clash Over 'Outlaw' Prot

Who Was Lyons Whose Death Has Disturbed So Many?

300 Outlaws, 300 Police at Funeral

Head Injuries Killed 'Outlaw'

Bikers and police in standoff

Bartender Describes 'Outlaw' Fist Fight

Doctor Claims 'Outlaw' of Head Injuries

Police on Edge

Make Police Rules Public, Judge Says



HUGE BIKER FUNERAL

Editors note: We got the call at 2:30 in the afternoon that there was goin' to be one helluva funeral the next day in Milwaukee and they wanted Easyriders to photograph it. Within a half hour we called our ace photographer, Billy Tinney (in Houston), wired him the money, and he was on a plane by midnight.

His account of what happened, along with the accompanying newspaper clippings, sorta says it all. The final chapter is still to be written, for the entire mess is now under investigation by the Feds. We'll give you a complete rundown in a future issue.

Every street biker, regardless of whether he is a club member or not, has run into some form of harassment—even if it's a "routine roadside check." A hassle is a hassle, no matter how minor. But this one was a big one, and someone seems to have been

caught with his pants down. We can only wait to see the outcome for proof.

Easyriders, as always, will play it as it lays, and whatever finally comes down will get printed.

—The Editors

When the call from Easyriders came, it was already late in the day. But I called my partner Woody at once and we were on the next flight to Milwaukee. The Outlaws met us at the airport and took us to their camp.

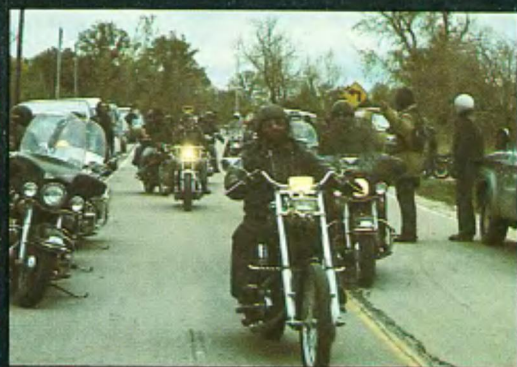
I could tell the brothers were pissed, but I didn't fully understand the reasons until Sledge ran down the story for me. This is what he told me. He and a few brothers had been drinking at a bar when a minor beef broke out. Someone called the cops, but everything was calm by the time they

arrived. The bartender told the cops everything was cool but the cops told the bikers to haul their asses out of the bar. Rocker attempted to chug-a-lug his drink before leaving, but the Heat came down on him, grabbing him by the hair and throwing him to the floor. Allegedly, he was beaten for five minutes—handcuffed and kicked down the stairs, then dragged across the parking lot to the wagon, being beaten with sticks all the way. Details of these events were corroborated by witnesses who had watched the whole affair, unobserved by the police.

Sledge said he was slammed against the wall while the cops thrust their sticks into his gut. One noticed his bandaged hand (injured when an engine fell on it) and said, "Got hurt?"

"Just a little," Sledge replied, cooling it and hoping to fade the rough stuff.

"This'll help," said the cop, and

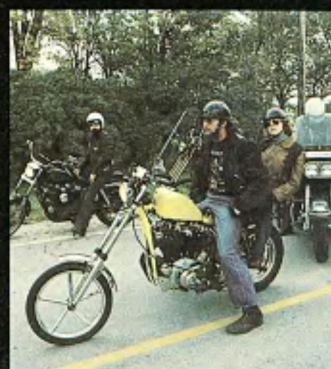




FUNERAL



FUNERAL





Photos by Billy Tinney/Woody

broke Sledge's wrist with his stick before tossing him in the wagon on top of Rocker, who lay face down in a pool of his own blood. Sledge felt Rocker's pulse—nothing.

The coroner ruled Rocker died from a heart attack. But shortly thereafter, the club lawyer flew in with a specialist and the dead biker's skull was opened in the presence of the D.A. The results of this autopsy showed death resulted from severe head injuries. This really opened up a can of worms—a federal investigation was launched, the D.A. began a verbal hassle with the police department, two cops took the fifth amendment, and the rest of them couldn't get their stories straight.

Meanwhile, Rocker's funeral took place. Outlaws rode in from chapters in Florida, Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Ontario, and other areas. As the number of out-of-state bikers increased, so did the tensions between the Outlaws and the cops.

Heat was visible along every section of the thirty-minute ride to the funeral home. Unmarked cars moved up and down the procession as the bikers rode in formation to pay their

last respects. As bikes lined up behind the hearse, the cops raced out front to lead the procession. Rocker began his final journey, followed by around 300 scooters and 500 brothers.

Each intersection along the route was blocked with six to eight cops in long coats, wearing face shields, and carrying black sticks—no guns (visible) and no badges showing. Once the Outlaws passed each intersection, that group of cops would jump into following vans and join the procession. By the time we arrived at the cemetery, the cops were a wall of blue.

Rocker's ol' lady sat on his bike in front of the grave, while the brothers lined up nearby. Cops were everywhere—in the cemetery, across the street, and on buildings, carrying rifles. There were vans with machine guns mounted on tripods and paddy wagons by the dozen. I couldn't help wondering what trouble these cops expected, why they couldn't allow this brother to be buried in peace.

Even as I wondered, another incident took place. The cops allegedly grabbed Gangrene and started beating him at the other end of the cemetery. Outlaws and Heat converged on the

trouble and it looked ominous, but a confrontation was avoided when the cops agreed to back off a few feet. One cop was so nervous he was crying.

Since Rocker was a vet, he had a National Guard salute coming, but not before the Heat jacked them up for I.D.'s and checked their blanks for lead. Rocker was buried without further trouble, but the cops harassed the bikers all the way back to their camp, busting at least twenty on dipshit violations in the blinding rain. A few were beaten, according to reports.

At the time of this writing, a federal grand jury is investigating the whole ugly business. The police chief (who, I understand, has no boss and is appointed for life) made a statement last week about the mess created by Rocker's pointless death. He was quoted as saying, "No bunch of leather-jacketed motorcyclists is going to run this town." With such enlightened ducks in positions of authority, it's no surprise that a simple bust turned into a federal case. If the Feds do their job right, somebody's ass is due to be cooked—good.

—Billy Tinney

BLACK 'N CLEAN

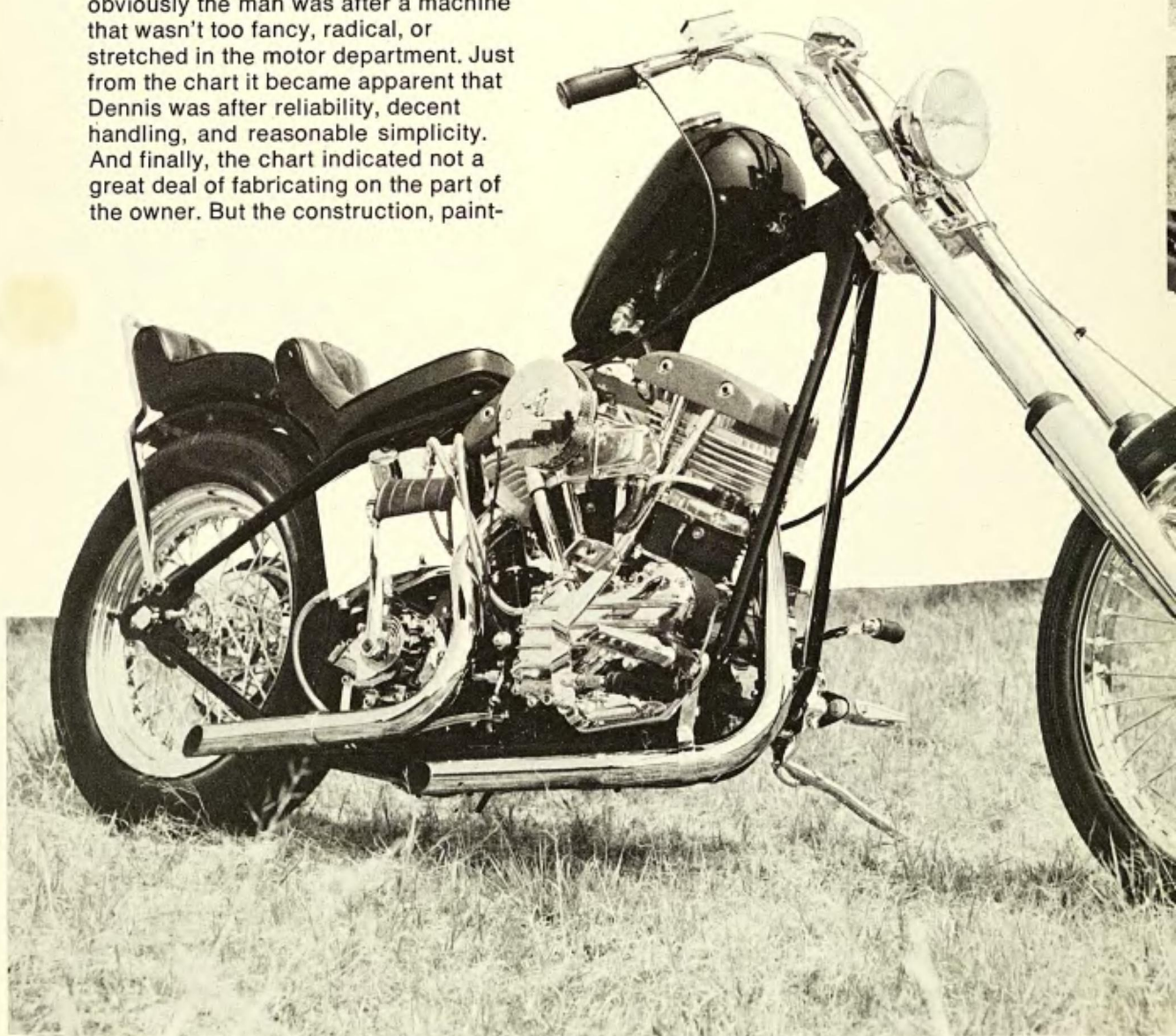
What we have here is a failure to communicate

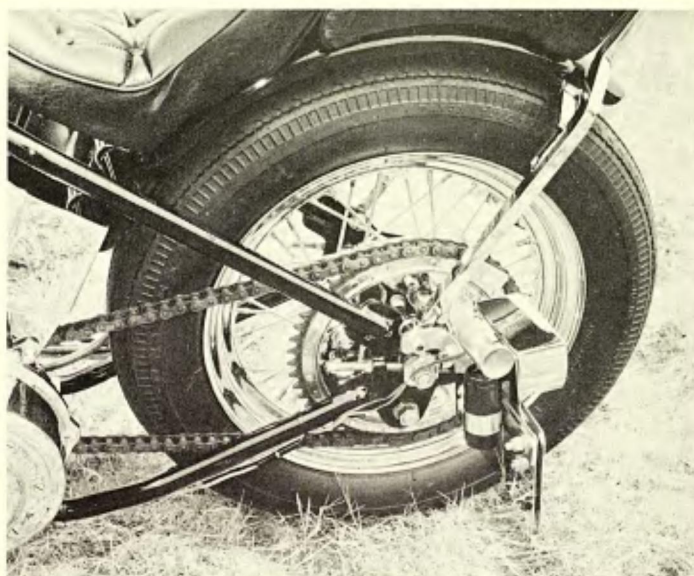
It was difficult to scribe a feature about a dude or his bike when the owner was fuckin' some broad three thousand miles away. What could I say except that he fucked?

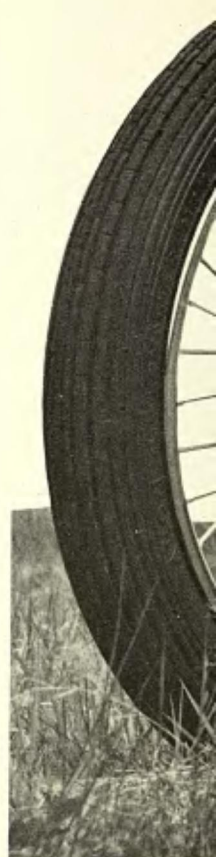
But I started to take a close look at the flicks, then refer back to the spec chart on the bike. And I began to learn something about the man and his bike. Two thoughts then rushed through my sorta sluggish head. First, I noticed that obviously the man was after a machine that wasn't too fancy, radical, or stretched in the motor department. Just from the chart it became apparent that Dennis was after reliability, decent handling, and reasonable simplicity. And finally, the chart indicated not a great deal of fabricating on the part of the owner. But the construction, paint-

ing, and choice of parts were all his doing. He may not have fabricated every detail, but he saw that the bike was well constructed—with care and the right materials.

The second thing that struck me was that I know many bros who are starting out or who have been building bikes for years study these feature bike flicks for appearance and to find out what dif-









Photos by Jake

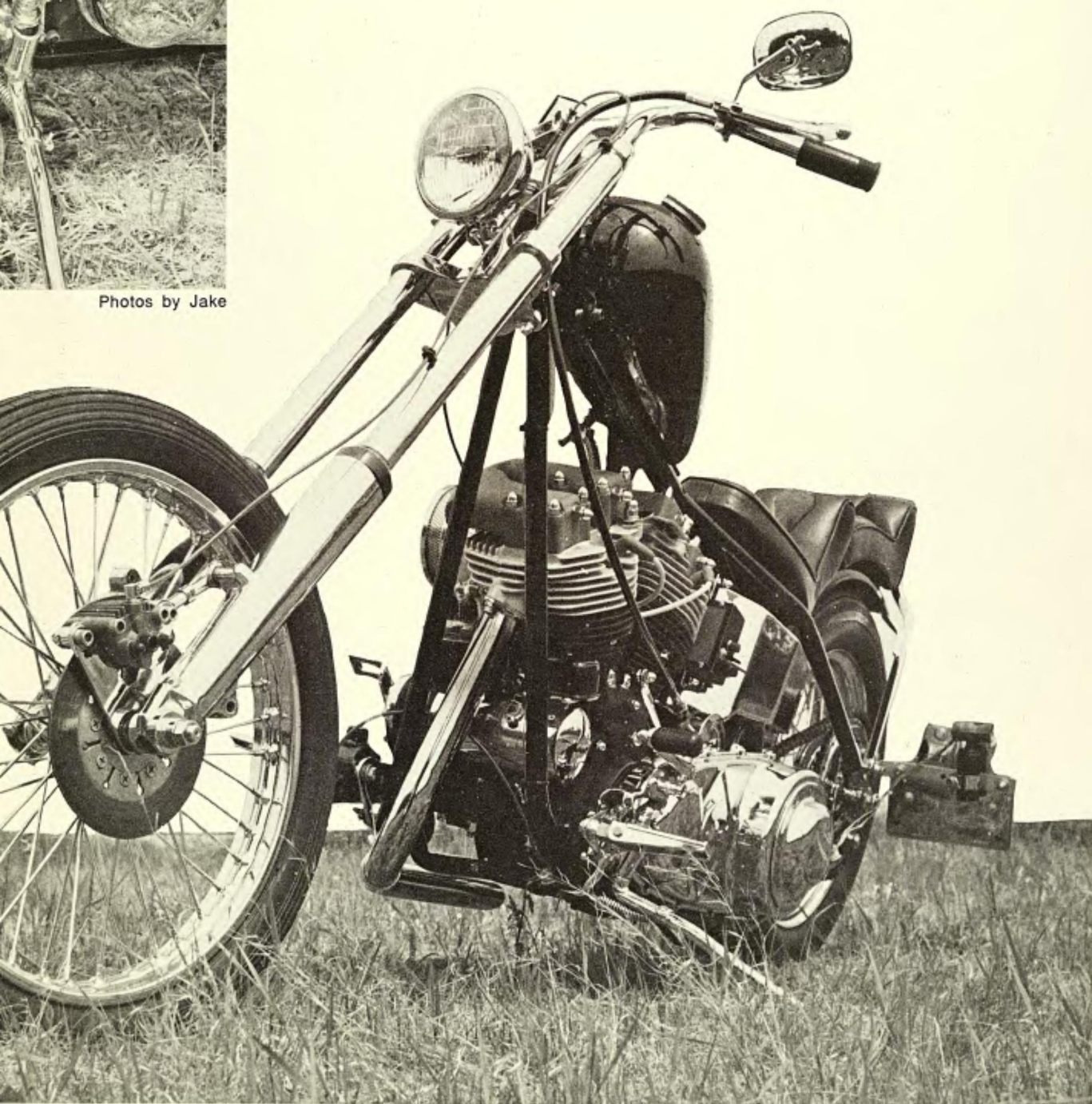
ferent parts and brands people use on their bikes. Although I'm hardly functioning today, it dawned on me that even though the chart may tell **me** a bunch about the bike, we may be missing something.

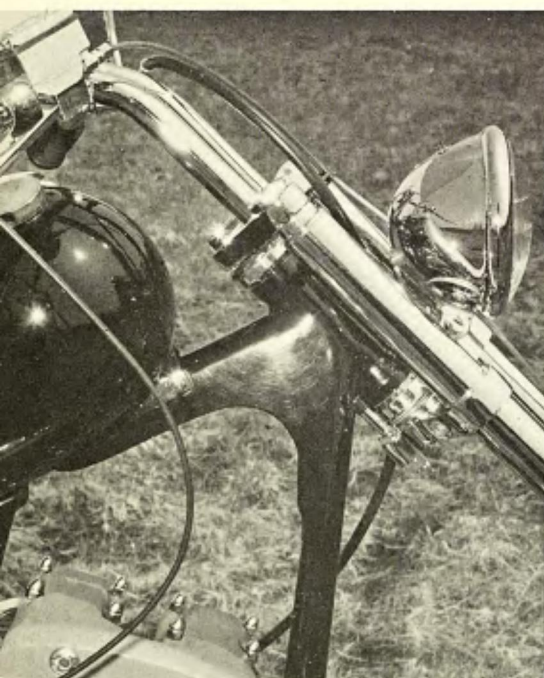
So, if you've checked out these putts from time to time, and you've noticed

information the chart lacked, let me know. We've updated it from the past, but it can always be changed, if there's room for improvement. We designed it for your reference, so if it needs something—gripe.

Now I can go home and fuck.

—Weed





Owner: Dennis Bourdon

City: Tewksbury, Mass.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: new construction

Year and make: 1960 H-D

Builder: Jammer

Model: FL

Type: rigid—cradle

Value: \$5,000

Rake: 1 in.

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 2 1/4 in.

Time: 2 years

Other alterations: seat & tank mounts

Chroming by: Alter Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Arlen Ness

Year: 1960

Risers:

Model: Big twin

Fender(s): flat—shortened

Rebuilder: Arlington Mtr Sports

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto

Taillight: Knightlite

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: wet thumb

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: Holy Pegs

Balancing: Lindskogg, Bedford

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: 10.5:1

Electrics: switch panel on coil mount

Cases: matte black

Gas tank: Jammer

Heads: 1975 shovels

Oil tank: side fill

Cam: 468S Sifton

Oil system: braided S/S lines

Lifters: Sifton solids

Primary cover: Paughco

Carb(s): S & S Cycle

Seat: Drag Specialties

Air cleaner: Dragtron

Sissy bar: Jammer

Pipes: drag

Height: 24 in.

Muffler(s): none

Material: 1/2 in. square

Transmission

Forks

Mod.: Andrews 1st & 3rd gears

Type: Glide

Year: 1960

Extension: 10 in.

Shifting: ratchet top

Builder: owner

Engine sprocket: 22

Spec. features: narrowed trees—Barney

Trans sprocket: 23

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 19 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: owner

Hub: Hallcraft

Hub: Harley juice

Painter: owner

Rim width:

Rim width:

Color: black, VHT red

Tire: 3.00 Avon

Tire: 5.10 Goodyear

Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: drum

Special paint: hi-temp on shovels

Other special modifications: battery & mousetrap eliminated, allen heads on kicker cover, Motorsport gas tap, Rensen dome nuts

A Watcher

I don't like fuckin' a chick. I like watchin' other people do it. I don't mean the movies—I like to watch the real thing—live action, if you know what I mean.

How do I go about askin' a woman to make it with another guy just so I can watch?

Tom
San Diego, Calif.

● You don't. Ya ask a biker if you can pay him to watch him fuck his chick. There's dudes everywhere wanting to pick up some easy money.

New Comer

I've never made it with a girl. I'm afraid I'll be laughed at. I just don't know how to start. Can you give me some instructions?

Stoney
Phoenix, Ariz.

● Well, son, it's simple. You buy her a drink. Take her to dinner. Dance with her so ya can hold her tight. Press your lump up against her twat. Pay the tab. Then hit her in the fuckin' head with a hammer and go at it—any way and any place you want. But be sure to split before she wakes up, 'cause her head might smart a little.

Poop Shootin'

How do you get your ol' man to stick his crank into your poop chute? My ol' man thinks it's nasty and weird. How do I turn him around?

Backdoor Route
Detroit, Michigan

● Whatdafuck. Get him loaded ass and tell him you're gonna help him guide his tamale in—only you throw your legs back a little further and guide his tube into the downstairs door. He'll think you're a little tight—but you can con him on how

big he is tonight. Or tell him ya been trainin' your pussy muscles—whatdafuck, once he's in there ya slam the door shut and he ain't about to ask any questions until afterwards, when he starts wondering where all the crap came from. Tell him he was so good ya let everything go—whatdafuck, right?

Fist Route

I just got into fist fuckin'. That's where my ol' man pounds my box with his entire fist. Christ, I can't tell ya where that kinda fuckin' sends me. Ya haven't lived until you have a dude plungin' in and out with his entire fist—Christ, whatta trip. Have you ever tried it?

Big Box
Philadelphia, Pa.

● I'm with ya babe. Went that route when I was thirteen. Now I'm into foot fuckin'—it's the ultimate—next best thing to summer squash or a gourd. But a foot's a little better—it's more flexible.

Face Train

When I suck dick, I swallow the head, shaft and balls, all at once. It doesn't matter how long the cock is either because I've got a deep throat. I suck for hours and have gone as long as six hours steady. I think that should be a world's record, don't you?

Deep Throat
Carlsbad, Calif.

● You beginners make me laugh. I was suckin' cock for six hours when you wuz

shittin' yellow. After you've done a face-train on the local chapter of You-know-who in Berdoo, you'll have somethin' to brag about.

Head Trip

I was just thinkin' how nice it'd be to stick my head in your snatch, wiggle my ears, and plunge my head in and out. Think you can handle a thrill like that?

Roach
Nuremberg, Germany

● While ya gotcher head in my snatch, check on my ol' man's scoot an' see if the chain needs adjustin'—light-weight.

Box Flavor

I'm eighteen years old and a pussy eater from way back. I've noticed that some pussies really smell bad while others smell good and have a nice flavor, like orange, apple, and even banana. What flavor is yours?

Mighty Mouse
Gallion, Ohio

● Tuna, mixed with some good ol' Harley transmission oil.

Proxy Sex

I'm a back-door man who is madly in love with you. I jerked off in the envelope this letter came in, so shove it in your ass and then write and let me know how you enjoyed bein' fucked by proxy.

Long Dong
Fairbanks, Alaska

● Not bad—but I prefer large manila envelopes—

with the clasp open—whatta rush.

Pin-Ups

I'm writing to tell you that my man and I really dig your style. Can I have a picture of you for his birthday?

Edie
Yorktown, Va.

● Sure ya can, honey. How about sendin' me a picture of his crank? I like pin-ups, too, ya know.

Nose Job

I'm sittin' in a fuckin' cell and ain't had no pussy for a long time. If you walked in here, I'd shove my dick up your nose and shoot a load that would blow your ears off.

Mad Dog Dawson
Holbrook, Ariz.

● I ain't had a good nose job in a long time, but I'm not about to walk into no jail to get it.

Dirty Dick

I got a problem. My ol' lady won't give me head 'cause she says I don't taste good. What can I do to make her give me head?

G.S.
Berdoo, Calif.

● Ya could always try washin' it every month or so.

Sexy Legs

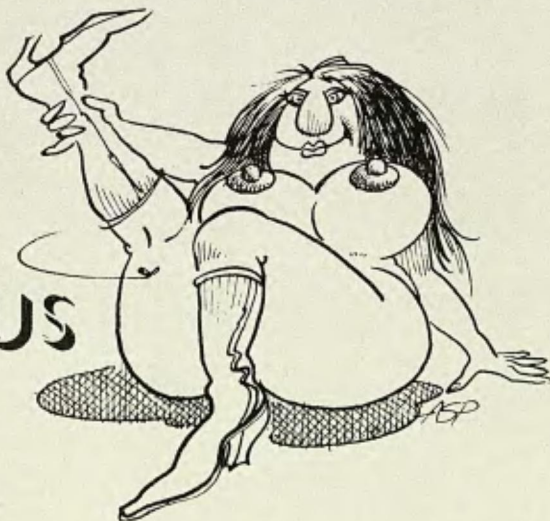
Do you think I'm weird? I am extremely sensitive to a dude touchin' his fingers lightly on the insides of my thighs. It really freaks me out. Should I be ashamed?

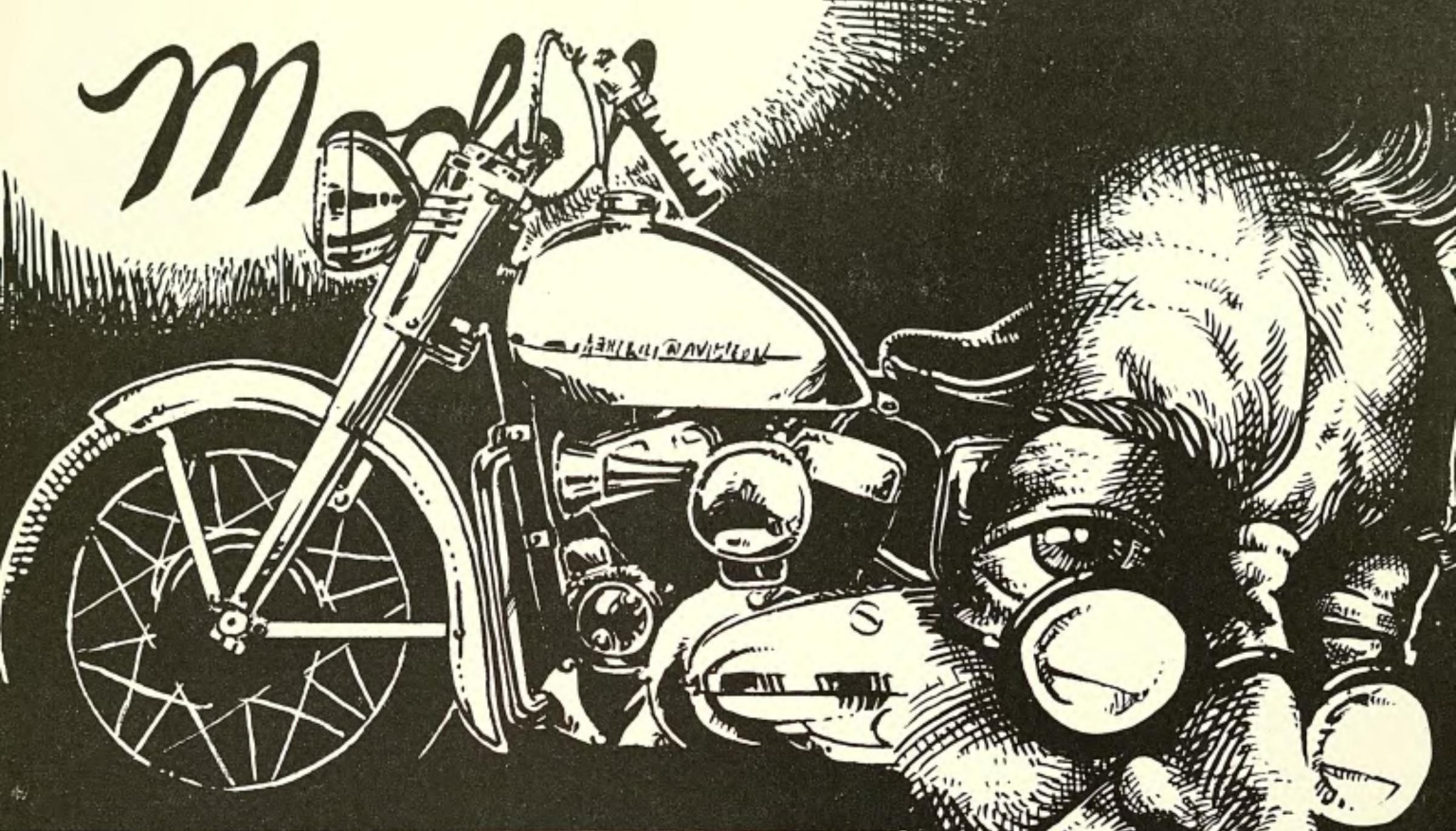
I. Spencer
Philadelphia, Pa.

● You're lucky. My most sensitive spot is at the very bottom of my pussy—and it takes some strange objects to reach that depth and find my secret spot. Run your tongue over his body, babe—it won't take ya long to find his favorite spot.

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

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL





The Farmer's "K"

By Rex Ayers

It had started out to be pretty much the same as any other day. Any other day, that is, when certain events prevent me from throwing on the nearest clothes at hand and riding as far and as fast as I can and still be back in time for work (most of the time, anyway). The "certain events" today involved a family dinner that my ol' lady and I had been invited to, and so we were wearing straight clothes and were in Karla's Chevy so that they might stay reasonably straight and unwrinkled. Anyway, we were driving along on a main road through the outskirts of a small town in central California. Karla had been playing with my fly up to the time we hit the city limits and I was looking forward to finding out just what she had in mind when she saw the sign: *Puppies for Sale*. It looked like it had been painted by someone with terminal palsy. You know how women are about kittens and puppies and the like, right? Well, Karla is no different.

"Let's stop and just take a quick peek," she says.

"Fuck a bunch of puppies!"

"Oh, please, babe," says she, and then her tongue went in my ear and her hand went around my crank. Naturally, the automatic response to this is to pull over and strip. Well, I pulled over all right—right in front of the barn with that damned sign on it! Before I could even begin

to unwrap Karla she was out of the car and walking toward the barn. I owe you one, slick, I thought as I climbed out after her.

An old farmer was raking leaves in the yard of a rundown house. At least, I guess he was a farmer—he had on an old hat, a pair of oversize overalls with the cuffs rolled up, and some funny-looking clodhoppers. All old farmers look alike to me. He and Karla had just finished saying hello when I walked up.

"Howdy," he said.

I nodded to him.

"The puppies are over this way," said Karla and she started off for the barn, followed by me and the farmer.

"Got some dogs for sale, huh?" I always ask brilliant questions like that when everyone involved knows the answer well in advance.

"Yup," said the farmer, as if he were asked stupid questions all the time, "Weimaraner pups."

We got to the barn just as Karla opened the door and went inside. The pups were in a chicken wire enclosure in the center of the floor. While the ol' lady checked out the critters, I wandered around the barn. Standing there thinking about what Karla would say when I told her that she couldn't have a dog, I noticed what looked like the front wheel of a motorcycle sticking out from under a tarp

back in a dark corner. I stepped over an old, battered harrow and pulled back the tarp. Holysweet-fuckinshit! Standing there in front of me, a little rusty and a bit dusty, was a mint condition KHK! I stared in fascinated disbelief for about five minutes until I realized that I was blowing it. Karla had been saying something about those damn dogs and the farmer was looking at me then at her then back at me. I pulled the tarp back over the machine and walked over to the wire enclosure.

"Aren't they cute?" Karla asked.

"Which one do you want?" I replied. I knew that I had to get next to this old man somehow, and right then I couldn't figure a better way than to buy one of his mutts.

"Oh, Drake, far out!" said Karla. Then, naturally, she picked out the ugliest little runt of the litter.

"How much are they?" I asked the old man. He told me they were twenty-five dollars, and as I was counting out the money, I was thinking that it would be worth it if I could get any kind of a deal at all on the bike.

It was time to steer the talk in that direction.

"Is that your bike?" I asked, still looking at the dog.

The farmer followed my glance and said, "Naw. Yep, young

—Continued on page 80

The Miraculous OL' Lady Photo Contest



Virginia Wootan



Cindy Johnson



Dirty Dee Dee



Tami Kuzmenko



Diana Cori

JUST THINK — YOUR
OL'LADY COULD BE THE
GRAND PRIZE WINNER!

Well, we all got together for a juice and smoke session to pick the first batch of winners — and we couldn't agree. Everybody argued back and forth for their favorites until finally Spider threw his beer can across the room in disgust and said, "Well, shit—who the fuck are we to decide if one bro's chick is better lookin' than another's anyhow?" That one stumped everybody, so we fired up another number, opened up another case of brew, and came up with a brilliant solution.

We decided to throw it on you, our readers. You'll decide each month's winners. We aren't gonna say anything!

OK—here's the deal. Each month we'll publish all the entries we receive that are of good technical quality. That doesn't mean it has to be a professional photo—just that it has to be in focus and properly exposed. Then you readers will select the winner and runners-up.

So send us your votes for this issue's contestants, and we'll print the winners in the April issue. Final date for voting for this issue's winner will be January 31, 1978. Send us a postcard, scrawl on the back of an envelope, or whatever—all ya gotta do is indicate which entrant gets your vote. Send all votes to #56 OL' Lady Contest, Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

A winner every month. All monthly winners will compete for a grand prize of one thousand bucks!

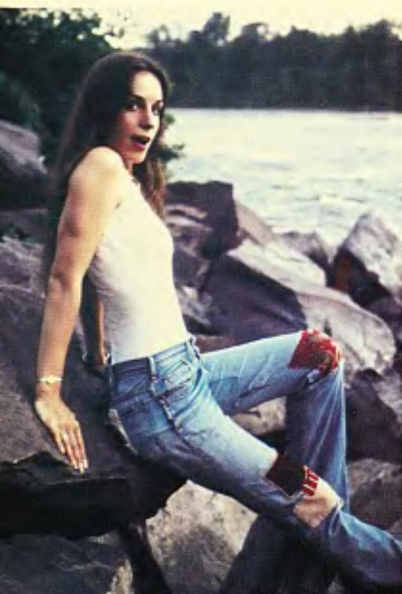
Each month *Easyriders* will print the monthly winner and runners-up chosen from the pictures you send us. The monthly winner will receive \$100 and each runner-up will receive \$25. Contributors (their old man, photographer, pimp — whatever), will receive \$10.

After the twelve monthly winners have been chosen, we will put it to you, our readers, for the final selection. Your votes will select *Easyriders'* MIRACULOUS OL' LADY FOR 1978 — and a cool grand goes to the winner!

Judging should be on looks, build, tattoos, and/or any other outstanding features. Models may be dressed or undressed — it's up to you. We're not looking for raunchy stuff — just good ol' lady photos you're proud of, whether she's wearin' clothes or not. Muff hair can show if ya wanna, but it's not necessary to win.

We can use only good, in-focus, black and white glossy prints or color slides — nothing else (no color prints). The model release as printed here must be fully completed and accompany each entry.

All right, ya got the idea — get yer cameras out and send us a shot of your sexy honey showing off her stuff. All models must be 18 years of age or older. And don't forget that the model release must be signed and the signature witnessed. Photos sent in without a release will be disqualified. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.



Wendy Harman



Susanne Chakan



Ann Lynn



Debbie Morris



Renee' Terenbaum



Vickie Parker



Camille Basch

Easyriders 'Miraculous Ol' Lady Photo Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Model Release

Model's Name _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

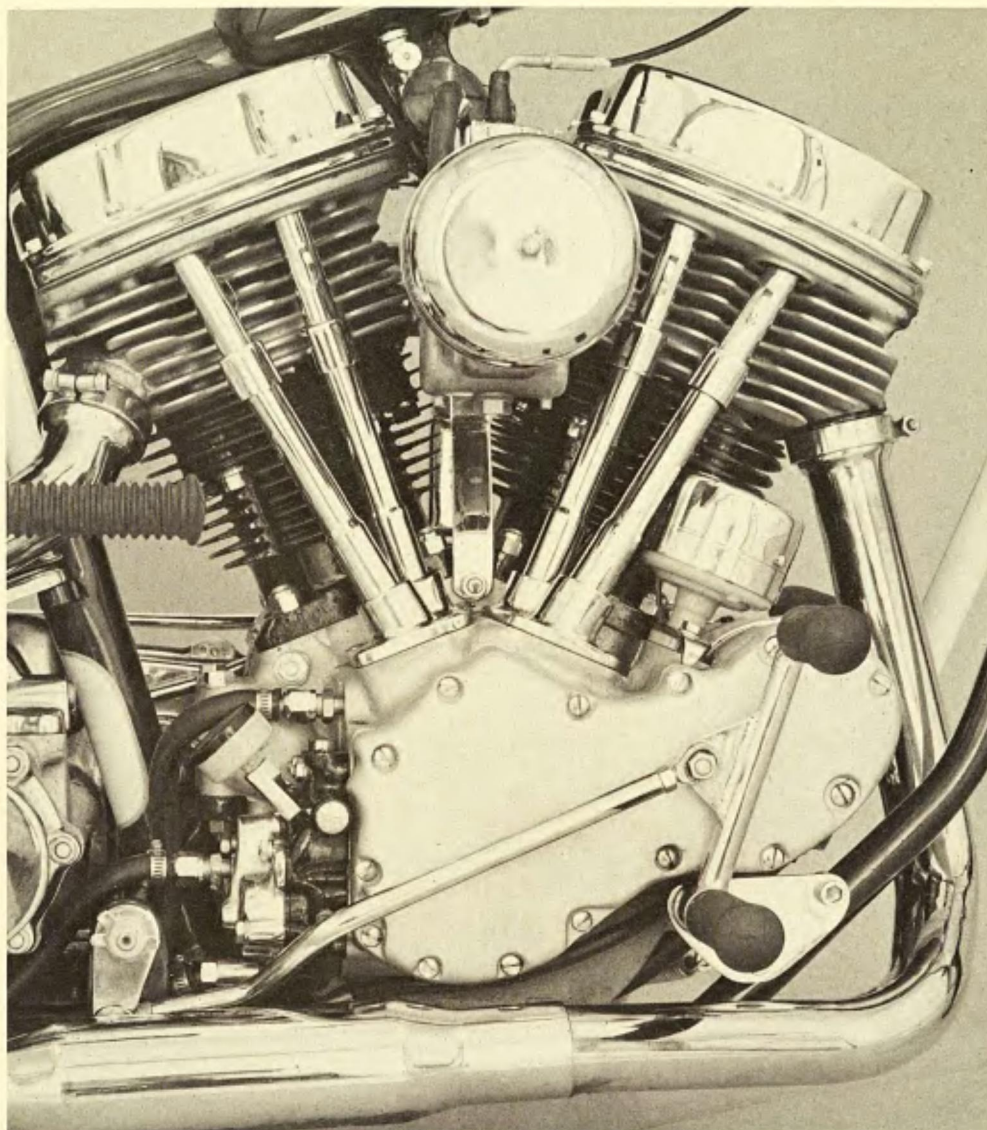
Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age.

Witness to Signature _____



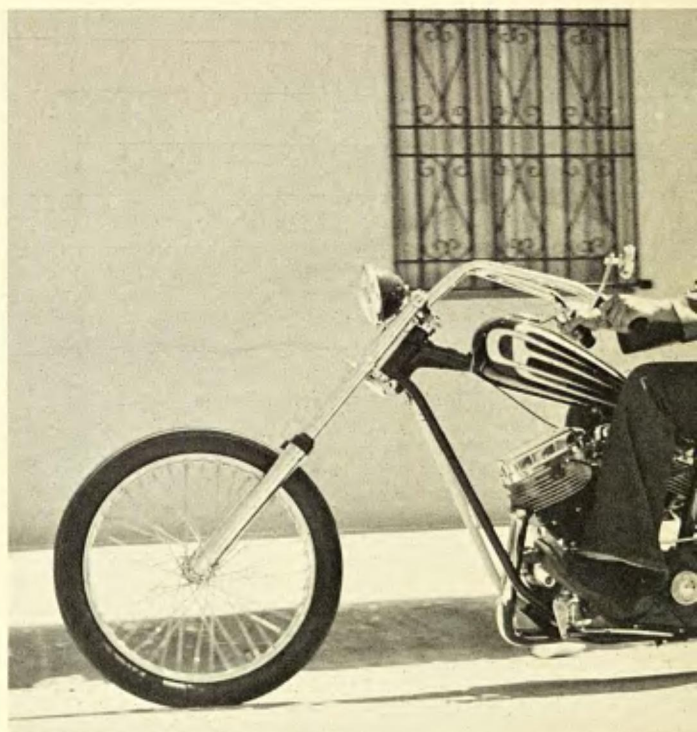
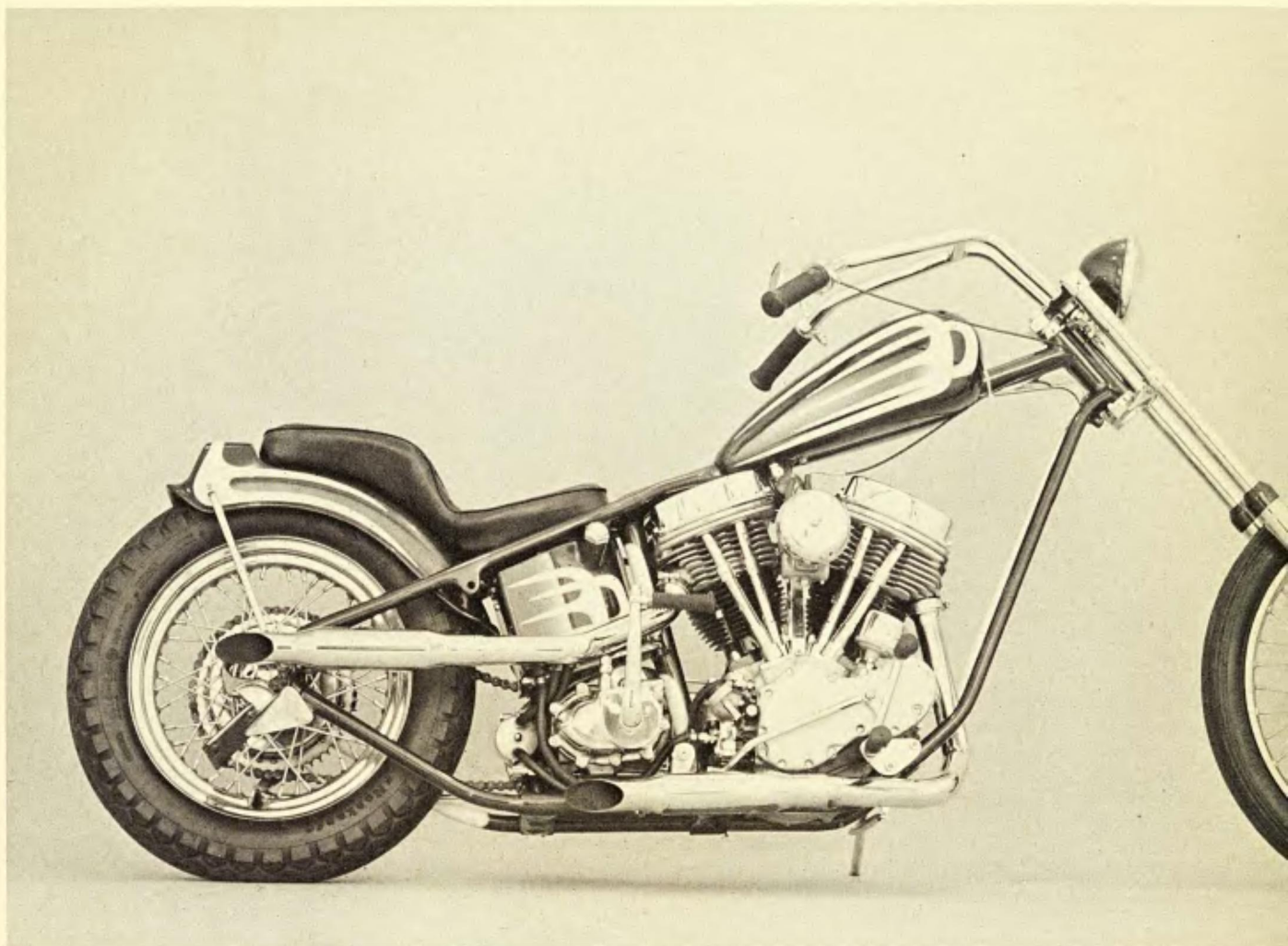
BOOK'S PAN

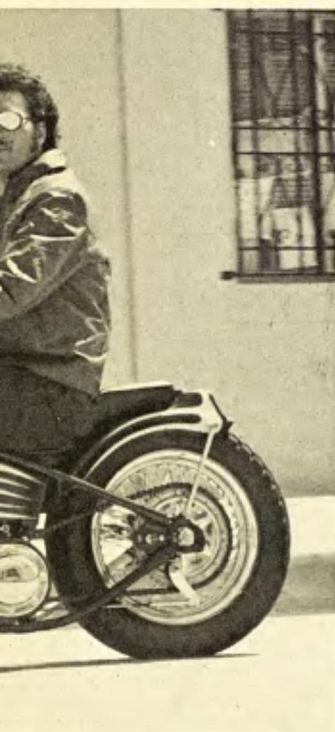
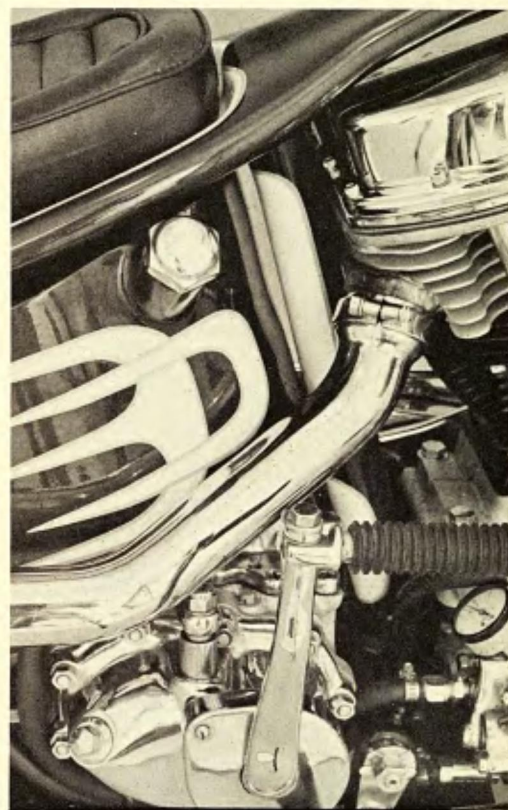
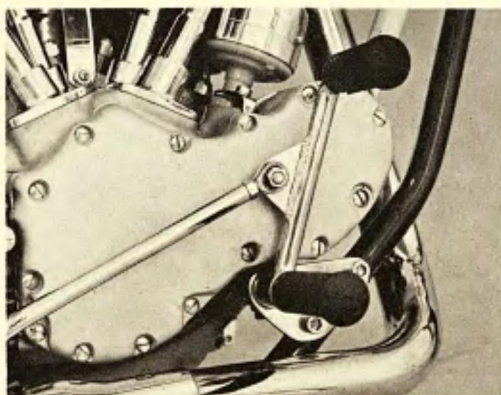
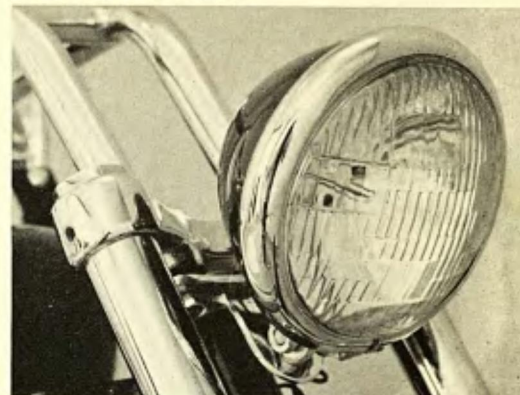
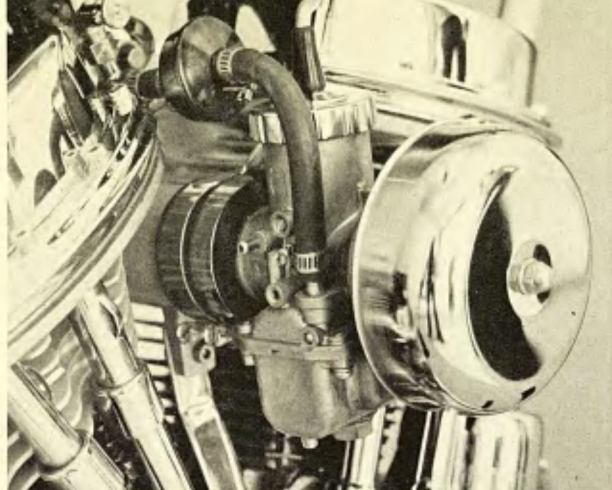


**Does
anyone
read these
things?**

I was smokin' a joint, tryin' to write a feature and trip on my next bike about two in the morning. As it happened, I was sitting in my garage at the time I got this flash. I thought to myself—I wonder if I beat my feeble brain out to write these things only to be upstaged by the shiny photos surrounding the words.

When I started buildin' putts I never read bike features in other rags. Maybe one or two, but they were so much bullshit. Besides, I can't read worth a fuck anyway. So I quit with the fine print and was satisfied plastering my eyeballs to each photo, trying my damndest to figure out what went where, or why in





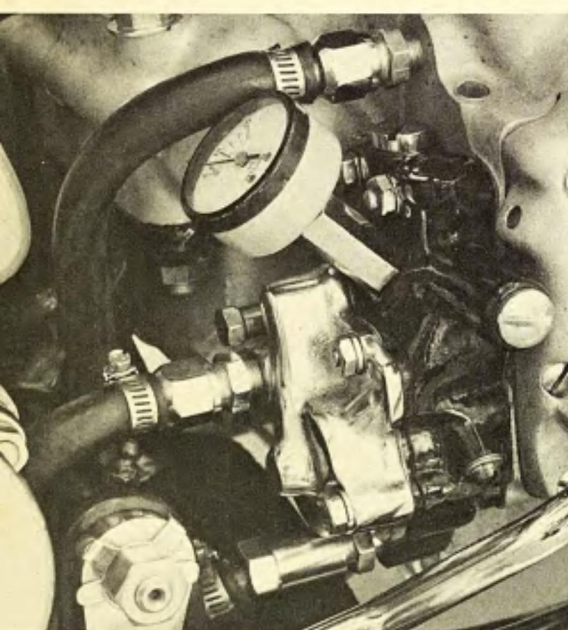
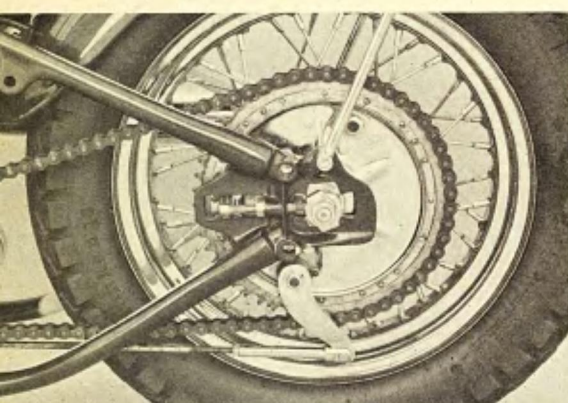
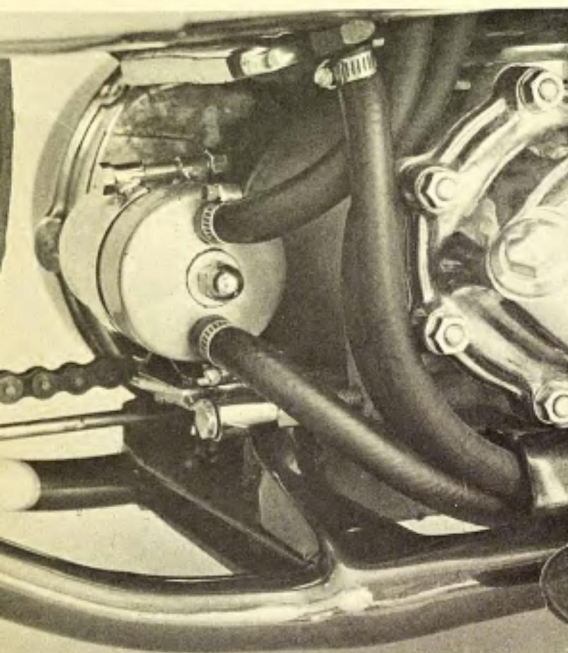
hell the owner did one thing or another. The photos did the job for me—I didn't need to read where he bought each nut and bolt.

Of course this snivel doesn't have a damn thing to do with George's sleek pan. But what the fuck—ol' George just bought this putt from a brother of his. His brother spent almost a year fabricatin' and stylin' the bike, then couldn't bear to ride it—didn't want to nick it. So he put it up for sale. George couldn't bear the thought of some novice yahoo puttin' such a fine machine, so he bought it. That made George's collection of bikes include a pan, an Indian, and a forty-five he's buildin' for Marci,

his ol' lady. There's nothing really fantastic about their story. They're just good people with a fine motorcycle and they wanted to share it with all the half-nuts who read this trash.

So I took this excellent opportunity to snivel, gripe, bitch'n' moan. But do me a favor if you do read this crap—don't let those jerks at the top know I did this. They'd can my ass for sure. Snivelin' ain't allowed. So if they don't find out, I'll keep gettin' enough bread to keep the payment up on the garage and enough to put my next scooter on the road. And I'll keep writin'—whether you read it or not.

—Snake



Owner: George Book

City: Bellflower, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Steve Atchison

Year: 1949

Year and make: 1949 H-D

Builder: Steve & H-D

Model: FL

Type: rigid

Value: \$4,500

Rake: $\frac{5}{8}$ in.

Assembly by: Steve

Stretch: 3 in. down tubes

Time: 8 months

Other alterations: 5 in. in backbone

Chroming by: Custom Chrome

Accessories

Engine

Bars: handmade

Year: 1949

Risers: none

Model: FL

Fender(s): front reworked

Rebuilder: Geno at Barney's

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: late distributor

Taillight: handmade

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: shaved wheels

Front pegs: Super Glide

Balancing: Geno

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: MC 10.5:1

Electrics: 6 volt

Cases: stock

Gas tank: modified Sporty

Heads: FLH

Oil tank: stock

Cam: 412 Chet Herbert

Oil system: stock

Lifters: Sifton solids

Primary cover: brown

Carb(s): Mikuni 38mm

Seat: handmade

Air cleaner: custom

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: handmade by Steve

Height:

Muffler(s): glass packs

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: rebuilt

Type: Super Glide

Year: 1949

Extension: 3 in.

Shifting: jockey by Steve.

Builder: Steve & H-D

Engine sprocket: stock

Special features: legs turned

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: Steve

Hub: K-race

Hub: stock

Painter: Steve

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: brown & cream

Tire: Avon

Tire: Goodyear

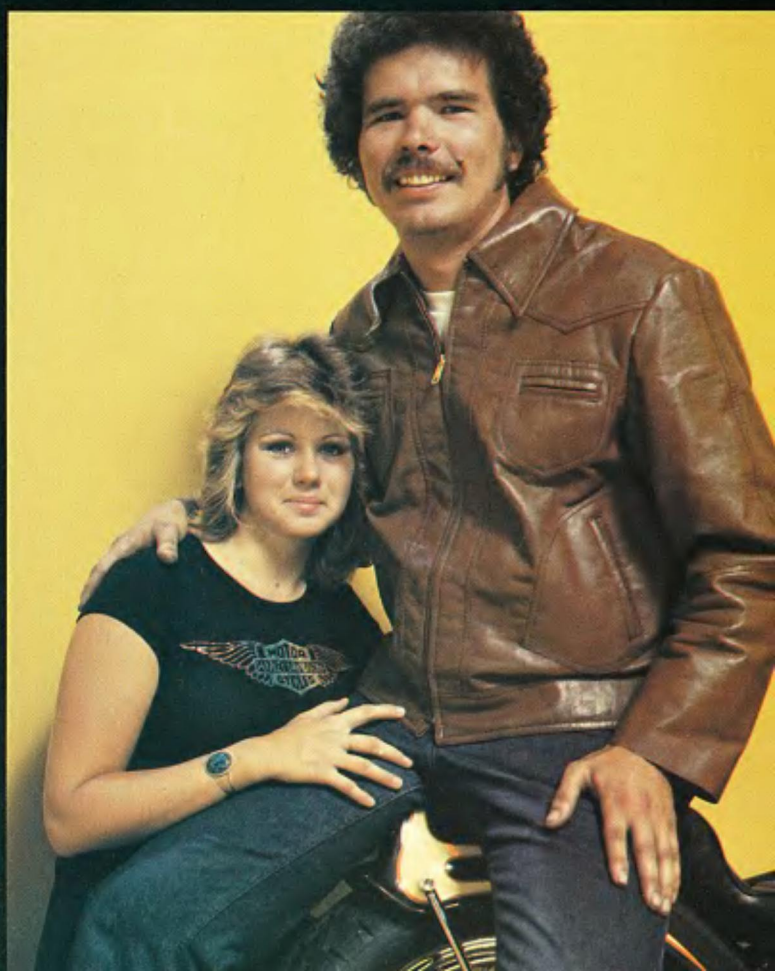
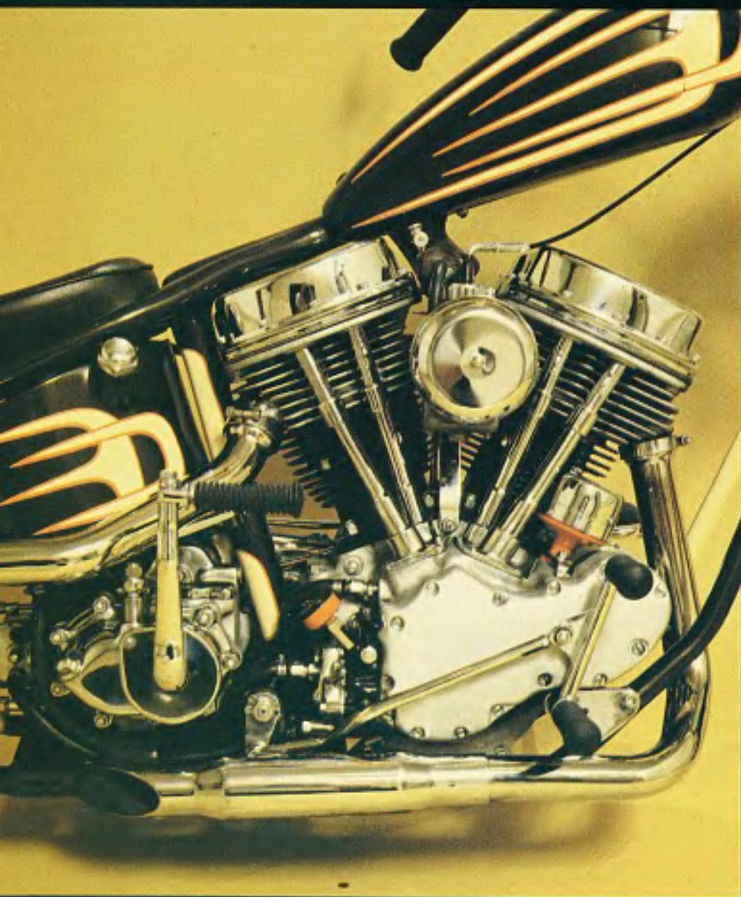
Type: acrylic enamel

Brake: none

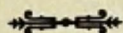
Brake: mech.

Special paint: by Steve

Other special modifications: Sportster gas tank stretched 2 inches, handmade bottom piece, oil tank has internal lines



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☐ M-7 ☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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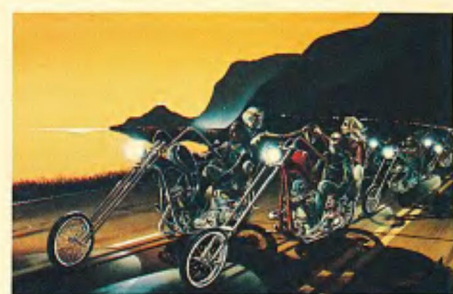
M-10 "Starburst"



M-9 "Hollywood"



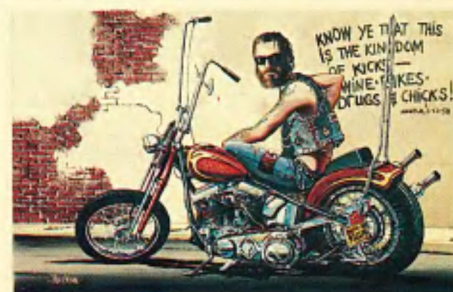
M-7 "Run Heat"



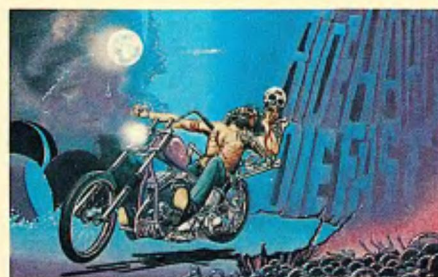
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



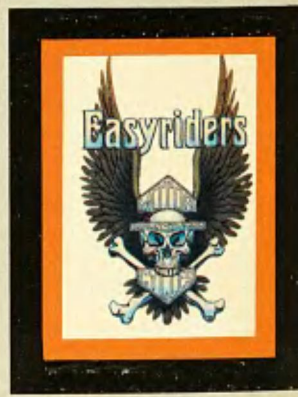
M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



M-4 "One for the Road"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"



Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road

ABATE

Tall Dollar Types Fight For Helmet Laws!

The battle is on. The manufacturers, the big-buck distributors, the high rollers, are gettin' in on the act. They are usin' their power and bread to fight for helmet laws. Why? Well, because they think that motorcycle sales are dipplin' and insurance rates are risin' because of the number of fatal motorcycle accidents — and the bad press that the spectacular deaths bring about.

And not bein' bikers, they think the simple cure is that everyone must wear helmets. By the simple fact that if everyone wears a helmet, lives will be saved. And by some miracle, assholes will no longer pull left turns in front of you, won't run you off the road, will instantly teach numbnuts to slow down and ride a high-powered bike with zero previous training. Like instant coffee, ya pay your bucks, straddle a fire-breathin' monster, and become a professional paranoid biker merely by signing your name to a contract (which includes the almighty helmet).

What they don't stop to think about is what we've been preachin' for seven years: Ya can't put an uneducated punk on a powerful bike, wish him well (as the dealer stuffs the bucks into his pockets), and think everything is hunky-dory by merely strappin' on a helmet. (Buy the bike, ya turkey, give me the bread, and get the fuck outta here before ya kill yourself!)

No, the novice biker must be educated. Passin' a dumbfuck helmet law isn't gonna solve anything. The turkey has gotta learn once and for all that he is invisible and everyone is out to kill him. Helmets ain't gonna do a damned thing except serve as a placebo for the tall dollar businessmen—so he can attend his businessman's luncheon with a clear conscience. Make them wear 'em—whatdafuck, he's done his bit for humanity, his pocket-book, and he will sleep well to-

night. He doesn't know shit about the actual hazards of riding a bike—that there's more to ridin' a bike safely than wearin' a brain bucket.

Ya gotta know how to ride. What to watch out for, what to be prepared for—be ready, baby, or you've had it. It's as simple as that. No sham plastic bucket is a cure-all. Fuck politics, high rollers, and non-bikers. It's up to us!

Now kick back and read some of the paper that's been flyin' around the country.

The dude from Kawasaki Midwest, in his own words, says where he's at. His spiel says it all—you know him by his words. You can picture him. There's no need to say any more.

Then read Roger Hull's words. You know he's right on. A straight-ass dude. He's all right. Read, and form your own opinions. I'll bet ya a beer that the pro helmet people are snafu (situation normal, all fucked up!).

We'd better get together. And I mean now! Join ABATE National. Support the battles in every state from the centralized office. Do it today—or else.

—Spider

Editor's note: Here's one of the letters mailed out by Kawasaki Midwest.

Mr. Merle Karst
Yamaha International Corp.
6600 Orangethorpe
Buena Park, California 90620

Dear Mr. Karst:
For the past two years, we have set back and watched groups such as ABATE grow not only in membership but political influence. Who could have imagined the influence a small but vociferous group could obtain? Because of their efforts, many states have repealed or amended their helmet laws. On the surface this does not seem to be any real problem for the motorcycle manufacturer; however in the long run, this will be a giant step backwards for all of us. The havoc being created in many states is causing legislators to look at the motorcycle industry in a very unfavorable light.

Although helmet sales contribute a small portion towards profits, this is not what Kawasaki Midwest is concerned with. Rather we are concerned with the motorcyclists' image and welfare.

In a survey made over a two year period by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, figures show an increase in fatal accidents in those states that have repealed their helmet laws. While the states that still have mandatory helmet laws have had an insignificant decrease during this same period.

As you and your dealers are well aware, one of our major enemies is bad press. When a person is killed on a motorcycle, the effect is felt at the retail level.

Several insurance companies have testified before legislative committees in various states that they will be increasing insurance rates from 3% to 6% if riders are not required to wear protective helmets.

Can our industry long survive when insurance costs approach or surpass 25% of the cost of the motorcycle? Will mothers or wives allow their sons, husbands, or daughters to ride a motorcycle when they repeatedly read of fatal accidents?

We are asking for your support and your dealer's support in fighting the repeal of helmet laws. Together we can save the industry or we can sit and watch the laws and the insurance companies peck away at it until we are back in the dark ages of the 50's.

The state of Ohio is on the verge of repealing their law and Kawasaki Midwest has encouraged their dealers to write their governor and the legislators asking that they do not repeal the law.

Shortly, I will be forwarding a copy of our letter to Governor Rhodes which points out many of the reasons for not repealing the law. Enclosed you will find a copy of our letter to Gene Wirwahn. Please join in the joint efforts by asking your dealers to do likewise.

Sincerely,
Kawasaki Midwest
David P. Mehney
President

Editor's note: Here's another letter sent out by Kawasaki Midwest.

Governor James A. Rhodes
c/o Governor's Office
The Statehouse
Columbus, Ohio 43215

Dear Governor Rhodes:
As the distributor for Kawasaki motorcycles in the five state area of

Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Michigan, and your fine state of Ohio, we are very concerned with the shortsighted move to remove the mandatory helmet laws in many states.

The purpose of this letter is to urge your support for the defeat of House Bill 115. As you will see, this is based on research, not emotion and the statements are documented.

Helmets as a protective device have been around literally for thousands of years. In more recent times, they have provided head protection in areas such as contact sports, racing, cycling, and particularly in industry. However, our concern here is with their use in motorcycling only.

Helmet design is not the result of arbitrary decisions, but rather, the result of historic, scientific techniques for the sole purpose of protecting the head inside of it. In 1957 a comprehensive testing program was established. The outgrowth is the American National Standard Institute's 290.1 requirements and the Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard No. 218 which was adopted on March 1, 1974.

Motorcycle crash studies are not new. Vulnerability of the unprotected head to serious injury has been researched in England since prior to World War II. This research indicates that the fatalities occur in more than 90% of crashes involving head injuries. By 1960, motorcycle usage and the usage of helmets had increased greatly. Yet the fatalities from head injuries had dropped 50%. A general research of the current scientific literature indicates that about 80% of all motorcycle crash injuries are to the head, and that the chances of sustaining a fatal head injury is 2/3 greater for an unhelmeted cyclist.

This alone must be a concern of society both from a human and a financial viewpoint. Particularly, since the majority of the motorcyclists are teenagers and young adults.

It has been claimed that helmets do not reduce head injuries, but cause them, and that the helmet increases the likelihood of crashes by interfering with vision and hearing. Such claims can only be proven or refuted by medical research from a completely scientific viewpoint.

Under the direction of Professor Hurt, the University of Southern California is currently conducting a multi-disciplinary accident investigation. Thus far, of the 471 cases studied, there were no injuries to the head in the approximately 40% of cyclists who wore helmets. The two helmet fatalities were caused by severe injuries to other parts of the body. The heads were uninjured. More definitive research is needed in

the cervical spine injuries. However, based upon currently available literature, helmets do not of themselves contribute to or worsen the injuries. Based upon currently available evidence, the likelihood of neck injury caused by the helmet is almost impossible, but where it has occurred, the resulting injury has been a minor sprain. If the forces are strong enough to result in such an impact with a helmet, they would very likely cause fatal head injury to the unhelmeted cyclist.

Opponents of helmets claim that peripheral vision is seriously reduced. A recent study by the National Highway Safety Administration has proven that full coverage helmets, the most common in use, restrict horizontal peripheral vision by less than 3%. Furthermore, all approved helmets tested exceeded 180° which far exceeds 140° total peripheral vision in the horizontal plane required by state licensing agencies.

Allegations have been made that helmets seriously impair hearing capabilities. Obviously, it is necessary that sounds heard by a motorcyclist must be louder than those emitted from the motorcycle itself. Consequently, as long as the rider can hear the motorcycle itself while wearing a helmet, he can also hear any other sounds with a favorable sound signal to noise ratio.

Helmets do reduce the loudness of both the sounds of interest and the motorcycle noise proportionately. Critical traffic signals are not lost but, in fact may be helped, since wind noise is minimized.

After reviewing several research papers, there seems to be no doubt as to the safety benefits of approved helmets.

The AMA and ABATE argued that the mandatory helmet law is an infringement on personal rights. This has been struck down by the Supreme Court when it upheld a lower court of Massachusetts decision. Whether it is right or wrong that both the State and Federal government have the obligation of protecting its citizens from themselves, will be a point that is debated throughout civilization until the end of time.

We sincerely hope that you will take these considerations in mind and we urge you to defeat House Bill 115.

Sincerely,
Kawasaki Midwest
Joseph M. Kirshgessner
Government Relations

Editor's note: Here's a rebuttal letter:

Mr. Joseph M. Kirshgessner
Public Relations Manager/
Government Relations
Kawasaki Midwest
5080 36th St., S.E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan 49508
RE: Distributor stand against helmet law repeal.

Mr. Kirshgessner:
I have finished reading some of your correspondence to the AMA, Yamaha, Governor Rhodes, Ohio Kawasaki dealers, etc., concerning your stand against the repeal of Ohio's MANDATORY helmet law.

I can only assume that you are not a biker, if you were not as far removed from the mainstream of American bikerism as you obviously are, you would know that the majority of bikers in this country do not favor mandatory helmet laws.

ABATE has not grown to 70,000 members in seven short years by favoring such anti-bike legislation as helmet laws. On the contrary, that's what ABATE is all about. We are for the biker, his freedom of the road, and his motorcycle. ABATE is against all anti-bike legislation. At the same time, we support all positive motorcycle drivers' education, motorist awareness programs, etc. I would also like to stress that ABATE is not against helmets; we are against the helmet LAW. When certain individuals call for a complete ban of all motorcycles, it seems to me that you, of all people, would support the efforts of organizations such as ABATE and the AMA.

While you point to the life-saving value of a helmet, which is baloney (they don't make one damned bit of difference), I would like to point out that in a study of the last 26 motorcycle fatalities in Hamilton County, Ohio, virtually all of the victims were dead two or three times over! Their skid lids did them no good at all. While this study is very small in scope, it does reflect the story nationally.

The references you've used as a basis for your opinions are largely incomplete and/or outdated, not to mention biased in some cases.

I certainly hope that the views you've expressed do not reflect the opinions of the hierarchy of the Kawasaki Corporation. I can't see a company of Kawasaki's size and magnitude letting the tail wag the dog. Your comments strike me as being very irresponsible for a man in your position. It may also prove to be bad for business. I feel that what you are attempting to do will backfire. With 70,000 paid-up members, we are definitely not a "vocal minority," as you may well find out. We are not a "vocal minority" when you consider all of the bikers' rights organizations around the country who are after just what we are. Some of these groups you may have heard of—AMA, COOL, MAUL, MMA, ACOM, Buckeye Motorcycle Association, not to mention ABATE. I repeat, collectively speaking, we are NOT a "vocal minority."

Also, I would like to confirm your suspicions. This is to verify that ABATE did indeed support (and continues to support) "a strong mail and telegram campaign in support of the helmet law repeal." We're the ones. ABATE is the culprit! I could go on and on but I think I have spent enough time on someone like you. Someone who is obviously indifferent to the wishes of his own customers.

Very, very sincerely
Greg Anderson
Director-ABATE of Ohio
P.O. Box 9006
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

Editor's note: Here's a rebuttal from Roger Hull:

Mr. Joseph M. Kirshgessner
Kawasaki Midwest
5080 36th St. S. E.
Grand Rapids, Mich. 49508

Dear Mr. Kirshgessner:

RE: Your paper blizzard of August 25, 1977

I wish to tell you'd have spread word of Gary Winn's speaking "in favor of the repeal of the helmet law" to the road riding motorcyclists in your area. I think that definitely would help increase the A membership of the AMA.

You see, there are still a lot of

people who believe the AMA has supported helmet law legislation (which is probably why the ABATE membership figures are larger than the AMA's road riding membership).



If you'd bothered to acquaint yourself with some of the facts (as opposed to merely absorbing NHTSA/IIHS propaganda), then you would have known this. The AMA has always opposed mandatory helmet laws while supporting voluntary use of protective gear.

In fact, I find it appalling that an individual in your position would take such a strong stand based on such ignorance of the facts. In 1975 a survey of more than 5,000 road motorcyclists around the country indicated that only 12% of them were in favor of mandatory helmet laws (today I suspect that figure would be down to 5% or less). The AMA membership made their views on this subject known long ago. Unfortunately for you, that opinion is in direct opposition to your own.

Also, I question your right as a member of the motorcycle industry to try to force your views on an organization made up of consumers. I suggest you enroll in a good motorcycle rider education course, learn how to ride, get yourself a Z1000, attend a few gatherings of motorcyclists, and find out for yourself just how wrong you are.

Apparently your major concern is that insurance rates are going up. Hell, yes, they're going up. The insurance industry wants motorcycles banned from our roads. Where were you in 1975 when a spokesman for the industry made headlines all over the country with just such a proposal? The implied constitutional precedent which would have been achieved if all states had adopted helmet laws would have provided the government with the "right" to have done just that. (Yes, I know—the government "can't" ban a vehicle because of "safety" reasons... so let's see you go out and buy a brand new American-made convertible.) Frankly, as a member of the motorcycle industry, you ought to thank this country's motorcyclists for having had the guts to speak up and get that amendment to the 1976 Highway Act through Congress.

If you'd bothered to study the situation, I think you'd have discovered that the entire issue of mandatory helmet laws deals not with safety, but politics. It just so happens that phrase is the title of a recent editorial I did and I enclose a copy for your information.

I am not—at this moment—aware to what extent your opinion reflects the official view of Kawasaki Motors Corporation (but I intend to find out). It seems likely that your major concern is the effect that increasing insurance rates will have on decreasing motorcycle sales. But did you consider the effect it might have on the sales of Kawasaki machines should your letter—on Kawasaki Midwest letterhead—be published in the motorcycle press and/or otherwise become common knowledge among this country's cyclists? (And I'm just the bastard who would consider doing exactly that.)

Admittedly this letter is being written in anger. But let me sum up my present mood with this comment: If you're a Public Relations Manager, then I'm Carmen Miranda and the rest of the AMA Board of Trustees is the Baja Marimba Band.

Most sincerely,
Roger Hull
Editor/Publisher



The battle is not over. The unshaded states still have a helmet law and it's up to all of us to help our bros in every state to defeat the mandatory helmet law. And don't kick back in your state if your law has been repealed—there are forces still at work to get the law reinstated. We must remain alert. We must fight together for everyone's good—no matter where the unfair anti-street biker laws exist.

States Fight For Helmet Laws!

Editor's note: The battle is not over. Look at the map. The unshaded states still have a helmet law and some states that have repealed the law are working to get it back!

The following article appeared in the Autumn, 1977 issue of the Virginia Police Journal. On its cover was the following headline: "How Virginia Saved Its Motorcycle Helmet Law." The article pretty well tells what bikers in Virginia and elsewhere are up against. So be prepared. The battle is not over. Read and see what faces us as street bikers. And keep on fighting. Let's help the states that still have the law to get rid of it and work to keep the states without it from reinstating it. It's up to all of us!

A loaded dump truck strikes a young Virginia motorcyclist. When the five-ton truck stops, the motorcyclist's head is pinned beneath it. Before the injured cyclist can be extricated the truck has to be jacked up to free his head.

Another tragic motorcycle fatality?

Not in this case. A dislocated hip was the motorcyclist's most serious injury. A motorcycle helmet was responsible for minimizing head injuries.

The attending physician, an orthopedic surgeon, said: "The cracked helmet resistance and the patient's skull strength were enough to preclude any significant extra-cranial or intra-cranial injury to this particular patient. Without this helmet the patient would definitely not have survived."

Hard evidence

This graphic example of the life-saving possibilities of motorcycle helmets was one of the case histories used by the Highway Safety Division of Virginia in its recent fight against repeal of its mandatory helmet use law. The division solicited such examples, then used them in publicity to show the value of helmets, making a strong case for retaining the law requiring their use.

One of the 13 federal standards established by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) in 1967 was motorcycle safety, giving each individual state the responsibility to decide whether or not to require riders to wear helmets. However, NHTSA had the power to refuse highway safety funds to

states that did not have mandatory helmet laws. But in the 1975 Highway Safety Act, Congress deprived NHTSA of this power.

Since 1970 all Virginia motorcycle riders and passengers have been required to wear helmets of a type approved by the Virginia Department of State Police. But, when NHTSA could no longer require helmet laws as a condition of federal funding, those opposed to Virginia's helmet law mounted a campaign to have it repealed. They succeeded in having a repeal bill introduced before the 1977 Virginia General Assembly House Committee on Roads and Internal Navigation.

The highway safety division, the state agency responsible for educating citizens on highway safety laws and techniques, is a strong advocate of the mandatory legislation. The division was faced with the task of organizing public and legislative support favoring retention of the law. Opposition was expected not only from civil libertarians who questioned the legality of requiring helmet usage.

Requests for information began to filter into the division office. News media, anti-helmet groups, legislators, doctors, safety officers, private citizens, motorcyclists—all wanted the latest information on the pros and cons of helmet wearing. To answer their questions and state the division's position, a position paper on the mandatory motorcycle helmet law was prepared in early November 1976 and distributed to interested persons.

A statewide news release to alert the public to the repeal attempt and to publicly state the division's position was released to radio, television, and newspapers in late December 1976—about a month before the scheduled public hearing.

Incorporated with the division's position paper were resolutions by the Virginia Association of Chiefs of Police and the Patrick Henry Medical Society, Virginia Medical Society, supporting the division's stance.

The paper discussed motorcycle fatality rates in states and countries that have mandatory motorcycle helmet use laws—both before and after the legislation was passed. It also answered several basic arguments that are offered repeatedly as reasons for repeal.

Resistance to government-mandated helmet usage is often voiced even by groups recognizing the safety value of helmets, on the grounds that it violates constitutional rights. The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that mandatory helmet usage does not violate an individual's constitutional rights.

Several state courts had answered challenges concerning the individual's right to wear or not to wear a helmet as he chooses by stating motorcyclists are using public roadways and are therefore subject to state police power. Requiring helmets was compared to hardhat regulations and eye protection for construction workers and safety belt usage during take off and landings in airplanes.

Exploding a myth

It is sometimes alleged that neck injuries are increased as a result of wearing helmets. Research from several regions (Nebraska, Canada, Australia) indicates that only two percent of all motorcycle crashes involve neck

"Requiring helmets was compared to hardhat regulations and eye protection for construction workers and safety belt usage during take-off and landings in airplanes."

injuries. Neither coroner's nor multi-discipline teams' investigations have linked helmets to an increase in neck injuries.

Some 560 motorcyclists involved in crashes were surveyed in one research study to obtain the opinions of experienced riders. Of the 15 respondents who suffered neck injuries in their crashes, all stated that helmets reduced the total extent of their injuries.

Is hearing ability reduced by wearing helmets?

Ability to hear a particular sound depends on whether the sound is louder than the motorcycle engine noise. Helmets reduce both the sound of the engine and any outside noises by equal proportions. Anything loud enough to be heard over engine noises when not wearing a helmet will still be heard with a helmet on.

Anti-helmet groups argue that vision, especially side vision, is

reduced by helmets. Wearing a full-coverage helmet, the type used by most motorcyclists, the motorcyclist has only three percent less vision than the helmet-less rider.

Racing helmets, which more severely restrict vision, are not generally used on public roadways. To meet state licensing requirements helmets must provide at least 140-degree peripheral view horizontally.

Helmets may also add a visual safety factor by making the rider more visible to other vehicles.

To persuade legislators that most constituents opposed repeal, the division acted as the agent to solicit and organize this opposition.

Ask physicians' help

Medical opinion verifying the safety benefits of helmets were an essential part of the promotion. Emergency room physicians, neurosurgeons, and orthopedic surgeons were notified of the impending legislation and asked to send statements of opposition to the helmet law repeal to the division.

One of the members of the Virginia Highway Safety Commission (the division's 11-member advisory board appointed by the governor) is Dr. Robert W. Waddell, an orthopedic surgeon from Virginia Beach.

Dr. Waddell initiated the letter to physicians asking for their support. Doctors also were requested to look for helmets damaged in motorcycle crashes which probably resulted in saving a life.

Three of these helmets were displayed during the House Roads and Internal Navigation Committee's public hearing on repeal of the mandatory motorcycle helmet legislation. The division offered to replace or return the helmets, whichever the owner desired.

Attached to each helmet were the details of the crash in which it was involved, authenticated by either the attending physician or investigating police officer.

Helmet 1 — The motorcyclist wearing this helmet was part of a line of traffic passing through an intersection on a green light. A motorist approaching on an intersecting street failed to heed a stop sign. The car struck the motorcycle, throwing the rider over the hood of the car. The motorcyclist landed on his head and right shoulder. A heavy nylon riding suit he was wearing was damaged on the right leg where the pavement ground into the fabric.

Helmet 2 — This helmet was worn by a motorcyclist who was

Join the World's Only Organization for Street Bikers!

You can take a giant step toward protecting your rights and personal freedom. You can stand up and shout that you've had too many anti-bike laws. You can demand that the lawmakers stop the enactment of discriminatory laws passed "for our own good." Each of us has this power through our individual right to vote. But each of our

voices, joined together in the ABATE organization, forms a unified loud cry that politicians can't ignore. We have the power to be heard. We have the weight and the strength behind us. Join us in our fight for freedom of the road. Join us in making all legislators let those who ride decide. Join your brothers in ABATE. Join now!



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Today!

ABATE
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, California 95816
Phone: (916) 446-5271

- ☐ Here's my \$10 contribution for a year's membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card and decal. I understand that **Easyriders** will publish all information regarding legislation that affects me as a biker and will publish current bulletins for the ABATE chapter in my area.

Name _____
Age _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____
Comments _____

thrown from his bike after being run off the road by a car. The motorcyclist sailed approximately 30 feet through the air before landing on his head and skidding on the pavement.

Helmet 3 — The motorcyclist who was wearing this helmet hit a patch of ice and was thrown onto the pavement, receiving multiple lacerations and contusions to arms, hands, and knees and a fractured skull, even though he was wearing a helmet.

Prestigious endorsements

Committee members also received a list of medical, volunteer and professional groups endorsing retention of the law. Support came from such groups as local highway safety commissions,

"I am proud to state that no Norfolk motorcycle officer has been killed since the wearing of helmets became mandatory."

—Norfolk police chief

Virginia Highway Safety Commission, Virginia Association of Women Highway Safety Leaders, Virginia Association of Driver Education and Traffic Safety, and regional safety councils.

Selected quotes from these endorsement letters were submitted to the legislative committee to illustrate the groups' justification for retaining the law.

A comment from the City of Norfolk chief of police was typical of remarks sent in by law enforcement officials:

"The Norfolk Police Department has a squad of 12 motorcycles and 24 officers assigned which ride daily doing all types of traffic enforcement duty. Since these men have been wearing helmets, the injuries they have received have been greatly lessened, and I am proud to state that no Norfolk motorcycle officer has been killed since the wearing of helmets became mandatory. They have been involved in accidents when the use of helmets undeniably saved their lives."

Voice of Experience

The chief of neurosurgery at a Virginia hospital, who had practiced medicine both in states that did and did not require helmets, endorsed retention of Virginia's mandatory legislation.

He said, "I was fortunate, or unfortunate as the case may be, to be a resident in neurological surgery in California at the time California did not have a helmet law—and I understand [it] does not have one to this date. At

least 9-10 percent of our injuries seen at the Long Beach VA Hospital at that time were head injuries incurred on motorcycles. You may be sure that I am in favor of the mandatory motorcycle helmet law."

The author was the principal speaker in favor of retaining the law at the public hearing. Others prepared to testify in support of the bill were: Highway Safety Commission of Virginia, the Medical Society of Virginia, Virginia Association of Women Highway Safety Leaders, Virginia Association of Volunteer Rescue Squads, Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs, Virginia Association of Driver Education and Traffic Safety, supervisor of driver education and safety from Chesterfield County Public Schools, and an orthopedic surgeon from the Medical College of Virginia.

As we enumerated the lifesaving ability of helmets, refuted the basic arguments that are repeatedly offered as reasons for appeal, and cited the precedent of other protective equipment that governments have mandated for workers, the members of the committee listened attentively. They also tried on motorcycle helmets provided for their inspection.

Our hard work paid off. The repeal bill was killed in committee without ever reaching the floor of the general assembly.

Those of us who have worked to save the helmet-use law in Virginia feel amply rewarded for our efforts. We know that because we vigorously fought the repeal movement, many lives will be saved in our state.

Some other states have not been as fortunate. Since the NHTSA removed motorcycle helmet-use legislation from its list of requirements for federal funding of state highway safety programs, helmet-use laws have been repealed in several states. In other states, campaigns are underway to do away with them.

We hope Virginia's experience will encourage those who are fighting repeal and those who are trying to re-enact laws that have been repealed.

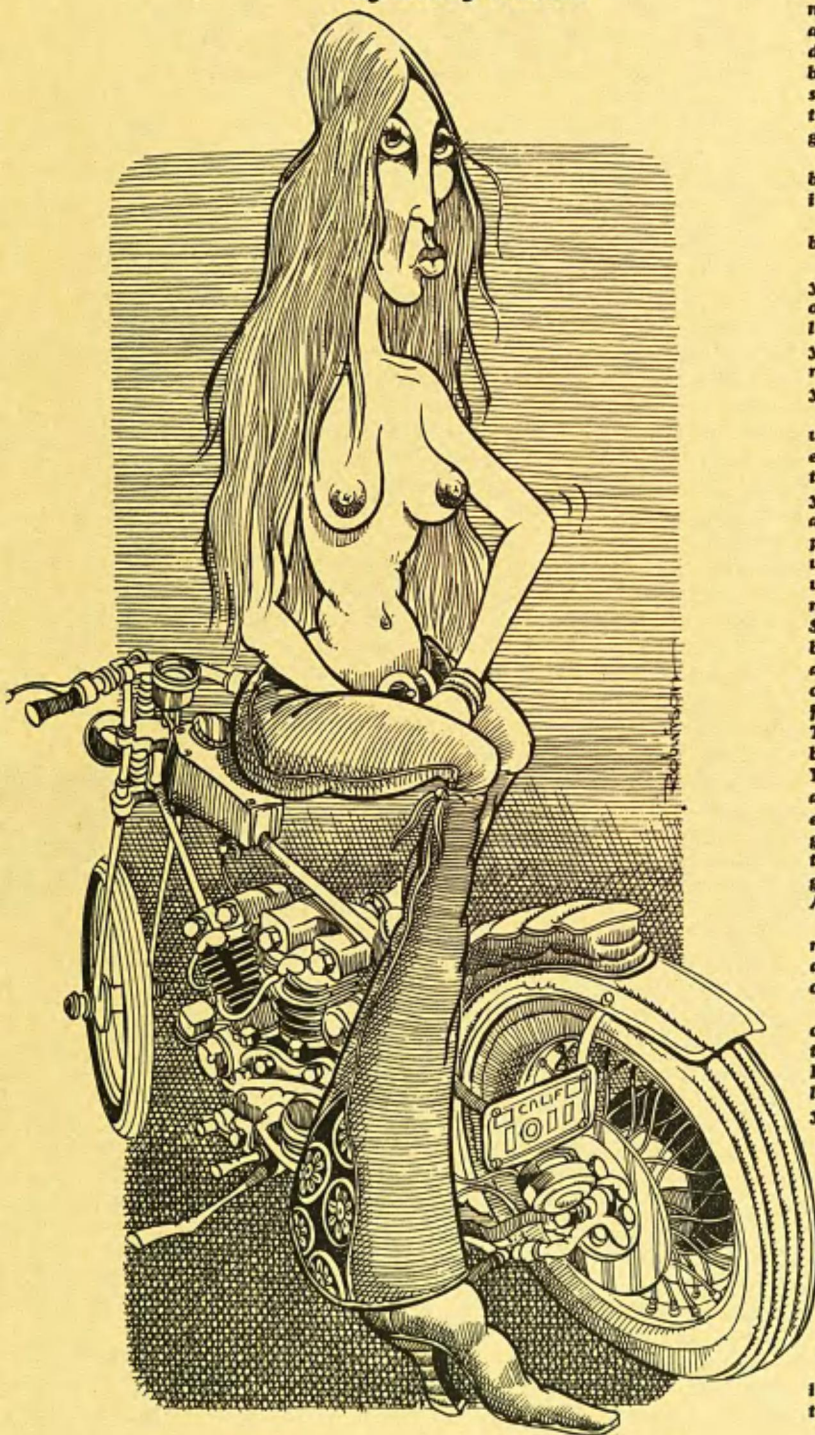
We have proved that the anti-helmet forces can be defeated. But it takes dedication, careful planning, and plenty of hard work.

By JOHN T. HANNA

John T. Hanna is the director of the Highway Safety Division of Virginia.

Badass Sweetheart

By Cindy Martin



Gonna get me a Harley some ol' day, gonna have my own scooter is what I say. Think I'm dreamin'? Well, that's where you're wrong. Can't get it today, but it won't be long. I have every detail stored in my head, from her girder front end to her black cherry red. Gonna have a solo seat and a coffin tank, lots of chrome and nothin' rank. She'll be clean and fast—you wait and see—dependable as hell and belongin' to me. "Ol' man, speak up, what have you got to say? Help me get it together and be on my way."

"Biker bitch, get your ass back on that pea-pod where it belongs!"

"Ol' man, you've held me back just a little too long."

"Little cunt, do you think you can handle a 74—or kick over a Sporty without your leg gettin' sore? You say you're gonna do it, well, go right ahead—the day I see you up I'll fall over dead."

"Okay, ol' man, I'll show what I can do—you'll be eatin' your words before I'm through. No more shinin' your chrome for a fuck now and then—got my own polishin' to do, and you can wonder when. I still can't wait to be by your side, but now it will be on my own Superglide. Can't handle it, baby? Your ego deflated? I always thought it was a bit overrated. Now I'm gonna feel that wind in my hair. To hell with the kitchen, but don't you despair! You've got something I want and will always need: your eight-inch cock doin' its good deed. But our ballin' time's gonna be even less—gotta go get a part from Arlen Ness."

"Girl, you've shot off your mouth for these last few days—either show me a bike or come outta your haze."

"Ol' man, come with me out to the garage—get ready to shit, it ain't no mirage. Bought it just yesterday, laid down the cash (hope you don't mind, but I threw in your hash). Look her over and say what you think—it's a '66 Sporty, quick as a wink. Now that I have it you'll take second place—you understand, I never got on your case. Ownin' a scooter takes time and money—it's gotta be ready when the days are sunny."

"I'll try to do the wrenchin' on my own scooter—your tools will be handy (along

with your loot). You get the credit for all that I know—from why Harleys are best to what makes them go.

"Remember the bar where you picked me up one night, took me to bed and found me so tight? Now I own my scooter and it's ready to putt. Thanks to you I'm out of that ol' lady rut. Why, your eyes are buggin' right out of your head? Did you think I was useless outside of the bed? How do you like my fine clean machine? What's the matter, babe, you look pretty green."

"Ol' lady, your bike may look clean and new, but when I break your face they won't look at you. Don't talk to me like I'm some kinda chump! Get in the house and clean up this dump! Think you've got the leg to make this bike start? Well, ain't you a little badass sweetheart! If you can't handle this scene (and I doubt that you can), get your ass in there and polish up my pan."

"Ol' man, wise up, this isn't a joke—I'll kick over the Sport when I finish this smoke. I don't want to compete with your skill—just enjoy myself on this fine mill. Don't go away, please stick around—I'll fire her up and you can listen to the sound. Well, here it goes, the very first kick—I knew this bike was the one to pick. I can feel the rush buildin', the envy felt by some—been a long time waitin' for this day to come. Now's the time, the big moment is here—gonna start this baby and go get a beer. Won't they all freak when they watch me pull in: Big Mama Vikki with her shit-eatin' grin. Some will be impressed and some will shoot me down—call my ol' man an asshole if he keeps me around, I don't give a shit what they may say—gonna ride my scooter any ol' way. I'm in for some hassles but worried I'm not—gonna keep this Sporty if she's the last thing I've got."

"Okay, bitch, kick her over, let's see how she sounds—and whether you've got the guts to really get down."

Well, I still have the bike and she's lookin' quite fine—and my ol' man's havin' a hell of a time. But here I am in that fuckin' bed—with a broken leg, givin' the ol' man head.

I Wonder What It Felt Like

By Bobby G. Wheeler

It was a small story set in the lower right-hand corner of the local paper that so impressed Pete Carroll's ol' lady.

"Listen to this," she told him, the muscles in her forehead tightening in concern. (Pete was constantly noticing such subtle reactions, and therefore considered himself an excellent judge of character.) "Judge Richard V. Thomas today sentenced Jason Hoyt, 18, to 12 years in prison for possession of a controlled substance. Several times during the course of the trial, Judge Thomas verbally expressed his dislike of Hoyt's 'disgusting long hair, Lenin-like beard, and membership in an outlaw motorcycle gang.' In pronouncing judgment and sentence, Judge Thomas was quoted as saying, 'I realize you have done nothing worse than many people your age, most of whom receive no punishment whatsoever; I have no personal grudge against you or the others, but I believe it is time that lawbreakers—especially those of you whose lifestyle contributes to the problem—learn to respect the laws governing their country. In my opinion, there is no better way to begin than to show that criminals will not always be pampered. I am going to use you as an example, and I sincerely hope that others will learn from it.'"

Pete's ol' lady looked up from the newspaper. "Have you ever heard anything so fucked?" she asked, frowning. "I mean, this is American justice, and that man is supposed to be a judge."

As usual, Pete had at first been paying little attention. His ol' lady had recently become something of a political activist and was forever calling his attention to small items that, in her opinion, indicated something was wrong with the country. Normally, Pete had little use for his ol' lady's opinion, and was rarely interested in anything she talked about. This particular subject, however, excited him more than even he himself could understand.

How did that biker feel when his sentence was pronounced? thought Pete. He found it impossible to wrench his thoughts away from the trial just described by his ol' lady. In his mind he pictured a courtroom in which stood a worried young man, fearfully awaiting sentence by a malevolent-looking, wizened old judge. Pete realized, of course, that the setting was only his own concept; it could be entirely different. Nevertheless, the image persisted, and Pete tried to delve deep inside his fantasy-defendant's soul, tried to feel the hatred that Hoyt must have felt for the judge.

Suddenly, another question presented itself, and Pete could not keep from wondering, *and how did the judge feel when he realized that such overwhelming hatred was being directed towards him?* Perhaps, thought Pete, Judge Thomas felt a sense of sadness, even of regret; he did not like to pronounce such a harsh sentence, but he felt obligated, under the existing social structure, to punish the guilty adequately. Maybe the judge was given a per-

verse thrill by placing the man in prison; perhaps he relished the power he exercised and used it to the fullest extent merely for his own pleasure. Or, it could be that Judge Thomas was immature and had recently been offended by a biker, and was getting his revenge by imprisoning another.

"I guess that's life," Pete said to his ol' lady. He had hoped to provide her with some indication that he had been listening, but she only glared at him and he knew that his response had not satisfied her.

"Is that all you've got to say?" she demanded. "What if you were arrested and it happened to you? What would you say then?"

"I'd say the same thing I'm about to say to you—Fuck you and shut up!" replied Pete. He was fascinated by the possible emotional reactions of the judge. *How does it feel to be hated, to do something really cruel or foul and to be despised for it?*

The question didn't leave him during breakfast, nor did it leave him as he rode to work.

Riding along, he saw a small boy, no more than five or six years old, playing with a toy truck on the sidewalk. Pete pulled his bike to the curb and stopped. He felt compelled to ease his mind of the troublesome question; he also felt a small twinge of guilt, but realized that what he was about to do would not harm anyone seriously.

He quickly walked up the side-

—Continued on page 91



Legal news in everyday language

No Helmet

The Supreme Judicial Court of Maine has held that the statute requiring motorcyclists to wear head gear does not violate the constitutional guarantee of due process of law, does not invidiously discriminate against motorcyclists, does not abridge the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech, and does not violate the constitutional-ly protected right of travel.

It appears that Maine has covered the waterfront in this decision and it is doubtful if the U.S. Supreme Court would take a different view. The claim of violation of the right of freedom of speech here is unique, but it got nowhere with the court. (367 At. Ind 1032.)

Radical Rag

Can you publish and sell a radical and revolutionary newspaper without a license? The U.S. District Court in New York says you can. Here the municipality had a hawking and peddling ordinance, which gave the town clerk virtually unrestricted discretion to grant or deny licenses. The Court said such an ordinance violates the First Amendment when it was applied to require sellers of a radical newspaper to obtain a license before distributing the paper to others. The paper in question is the "Call." The "Call" is a weekly revolutionary newspaper with emphasis on recent events having an impact on the working class in the United States and throughout the world. The United States Supreme Court has said that a law subjecting the exercise of First Amendment Freedoms to the prior restraint of a license, without narrow, objective, and definite standards to guide the licensing authority, is unconstitutional. The plaintiffs here were entitled to a declaratory judgment to that effect. (U.S.D.C. SNY Boe v. Colello 9/3/77)

Rapin' Your Ol' Lady

Can you be found guilty of raping your wife? New Jersey says "No." New Jersey's Essex County Court, while agreeing with neither the rationale nor the policy arguments advanced in support of the principle that a

husband cannot be guilty of raping his wife, has found that it lacked authority simply to ignore that settled principle of common law. Reluctantly concluding that the New Jersey rape statute does not permit a prosecution for rape where the alleged perpetrator, at the time of the alleged offense, was legally married to the prosecutrix, absent a judicial order of separation or divorce. The Court sustained the husband's motion to dismiss the count in the indictment charging him with raping his wife. Because of their uniquely personal and frequently violent nature, sex crimes, especially rape, are of great concern to our society. Whether young or old, the woman may suffer emotional repercussions and the psychological consequences for the victim are impossible to calculate. Even with today's so-called enlightened attitude regarding sexual behavior, the right of women to govern sexual access to their bodies is universally defended. Thus, the protection afforded to women by our law is basic to any society which deems itself civilized. (372 At 2nd 386 (1977).)

Bad Words

Guns can kill you and so can slander. A Texas jury has ordered the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company to pay \$3 million for slandering two former executives in 1974 and driving one of them to suicide. The jury found that a company investigation wrongfully drove T. O. Gravitt, Bell's Texas Vice-President in charge of 34,000 employees, to commit suicide in Dallas on October 17, 1974. The jury awarded Gravitt's widow \$1.5 million. James H. Ashley, who was fired from his \$55,000 job as San Antonio commercial manager two weeks after Gravitt's death, was also awarded \$1.5 million on grounds his company slandered him during the investigation. Ashley said he and Gravitt were harassed by Southwestern Bell for opposing illegal wiretapping, political contributions, and inflated rates. The lawsuits had requested \$29 million in damages.

Every day, millions of slanderous words are spoken. Few ever reach the courts, but sometimes such words can do irreparable damage,

more severe than physical injury. It is an American trait to call your enemy a "sonofabitch" and his wife a "lousy whore," but there can come a day when these expletives are very expensive.

Blue Box

While it might be momentarily exciting to use a "blue box" on your telephone, and thus make long-distance calls free, the telephone company may catch up with you. In a recent case in Illinois, the "blue box" was under legal analysis. The court held that the telephone subscriber implicitly consented to the telephone company's recording of any long-distance numbers dialed from his telephone, that non-random, non-service observing recording of long-distance numbers was necessary to the rendering of telephone service and did not amount to an unlawful interception under federal laws. It further held that the defendant's illegal use of the telephone system was not protected by a federal statute proscribing the unauthorized divulging of wire or radio communications, and moreover, that the telephone company's disclosure of the illegally-dialed long-distance numbers did not violate a state eavesdropping statute. (333 N.S. 2nd 241)

Tokin' at Home

Can you lawfully smoke marijuana in your home? Not in Florida, says the Supreme Court. Smoking marijuana at home is not the type of conduct protected by the constitutional right of privacy. There is currently no fundamental right to smoke marijuana. You may disagree, as the alleged harmful effects of marijuana have not been scientifically proved. It is questionable whether marijuana causes physical or moral damage, while the harmful effects of legal recreational drugs—alcohol and tobacco—have been well-documented. (342 SO. 2nd 962)

Illegitimate Brat

If a man marries a woman whom he knows to be pregnant by another man, does he acquire a legal responsibility to support the illegitimate child, even after

the couple divorces? Virginia says he does. Such an obligation can arise, notwithstanding the general rule that a man's status as a husband does not create a duty to support his wife's illegitimate children. The defendant was liable on the basis of an express oral contract. By promising to treat the illegitimate child as his own in exchange for the plaintiff's decision to marry him and forego her plans for the child's adoption, the defendant had undertaken an express contractual obligation to support the child. (224 S.E. 2nd 148.)

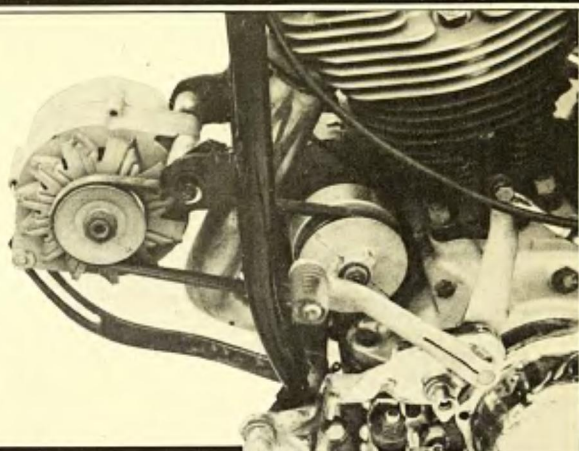
Sittin' Drunk

Driving while intoxicated does not always mean moving. The Supreme Court of Virginia ruled on what it means to be operating a vehicle while under the influence of intoxicants. Police discovered the defendant at 4:00 a.m., intoxicated and slumped over the steering wheel of his car, which was sitting in a parking lot with the engine running. When aroused by police, the defendant made a motion toward the gearshift and then turned off the engine. At the trial, the defendant claimed that he had not been "operating" the vehicle. He said he had no intention of driving and had the engine running only to heat the interior of the car. But his plea was unsuccessful. The Court held that actually moving the motor vehicle was not necessary. The defendant was in physical control of the vehicle and had activated its motor power by placing it in gear. He was therefore operating the vehicle. (217 S. E. 2nd 893)

Babysitter Beef

If your "baby" son, aspiring to be a Dempsey, attacks your babysitter and beats the hell out of her, are you liable? You are, unless you can show that the babysitter invited the attack by physically mistreating the child. There are a number of cases concerned with the liability of the parent for an unprovoked attack on a babysitter by a quarrelsome child and some older babysitters have sustained severe injuries. The babysitter's word is usually better than that of the child. ■

BOOSTIN' THE AMPS ON YOUR H-D



Think about the last four hundred breakdowns you've encountered. How many of them had to do with a lack of zots? Well, Jammer has an alternator solution for the old systems—

A gutted 3-brush generator works well for a jack-shaft. If not, a 2-brush may work. Simply remove the cap end for the brushes and adapt an aluminum plug countersunk for the same bearing as on the drive end of the generator. Both are 5/8 i.d. and a 3" pulley slides on the old armature so easy I couldn't believe it. A small spacer between the housing and pulley is necessary for proper belt clearance from front exhaust pipe. The 3-brush armature is threaded on both ends, and with a flat washer and lock washer, tighten the whole assembly together. You will have to drill holes and thread them to bolt the adapter and generator housing together just like the old generator is bolted together.

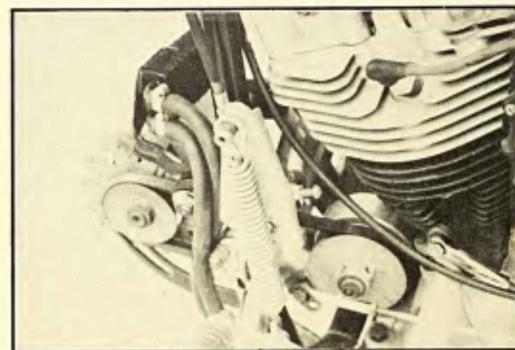
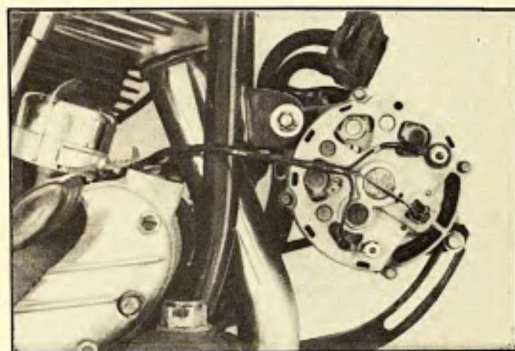
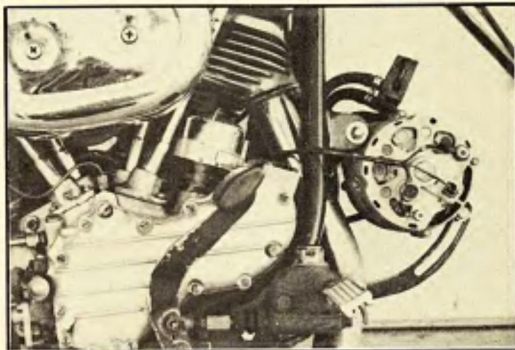
Now then, weld two tabs on your frame so that the alternator hangs upside down from how it would go in the car. An alternator will charge in either direction so it doesn't matter up or down, but hung this way the fan will still cool the alternator, even though it isn't necessary. The tightening bracket is from a '66 Chevy pickup and a twist in the end that is

bolted to the motor makes it easy to bolt to the front motor mount on your frame. Then a 26" belt like on a reel-type lawn mower, and your unit is set up. Then mount a Delco-Remy voltage regulator in a convenient spot and wire it just like it came out of the car. Here in Arizona an alternator can be bought for as cheap as \$20 rebuilt; the regulator is around \$13. Both alternator and regulator cost less than what a regulator for your Harley would cost and is \$10 cheaper than a 6v armature. The alternator works only when there is a demand, so it is easier on your battery and it doesn't need water as often. Any Jap 12v battery that will fit in the battery box in your oil bag will work. You even save money on the battery.

This unit has been on my bike for two years now without any trouble at all. No one has to mention how a Harley generator can be a pain in the butt. With this setup you can even charge the battery on the run truck in case everyone passes out and leaves the 8-track playing all night.

The big mess hangin' out front looks fucked-up compared with the compactness of a generator, but the whole idea of riding is to get it in the wind and keep it there as cheaply as possible. Besides, you can't see that mutha from where I sit.

—Dog Breath.



The sun had lifted its fiery body high in the sky each day when he returned to the city. Listening only to the deep music his V-twin made, he entered the downtown interchange. It was too hot to stop in the city, so the rider kept the wind rushing through the cooling fins of the engine as his scooter sped steadily through the midday traffic.

Through the slalom course, the shovel sat steadfast in the rigid cradle as the bike leaned, dodged, and maneuvered through the cars, trucks, and lumbering buses like good rock 'n' roll pouring off a stage, thundering toward thousands of anxiously awaiting ears. Lucky's shovel left its musical impression on the surprised spectators, the motley vehicles strewn along the freeway.

His gloved hand clasped the throttle and seemed like a guitar pick in the strummer's hand, making unrehearsed jerking movements, playing an impromptu set for the drab motorists. Both tires whistled leery blues as they sporadically made contact with the weaving rain grooves. He felt secure behind the massive wide glide, strong and large, but responsive and capable of handling chunks, bumps, and discarded car parts along the generally clean pavement.

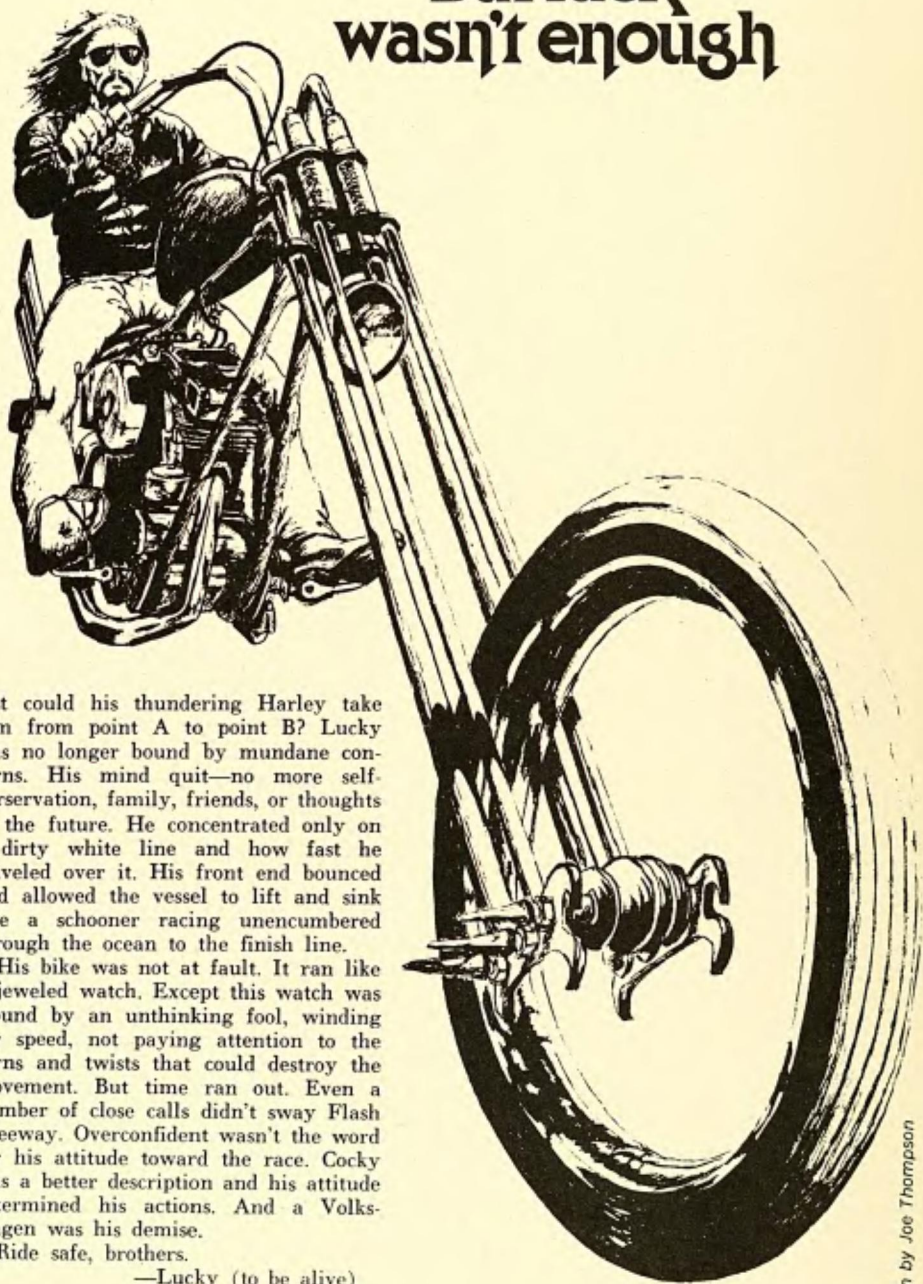
Occasionally faced with the domino effect of one car's erratic movements and the reaction of closely spaced following vehicles, his dark eyes, peering through oil-coated, bug-splattered shades, noted the panic—and with a slight change in weight distribution the 74 was two lanes away, while the hurried and half-asleep motorists desperately tried to make up for their lack of foresight and judgment.

At first awkwardly, the bike had made a jagged trail through the city traffic. But day after day his responses grew keener, quicker, and were sometimes touched with uncanny perception. As on a race course, his motions on the field of lanes grew to be a challenge to his skills. He felt like a jockey with only his toes lightly dancing in the stirrups, the bike becoming a steed with a racing, jumping, frantic rider resting atop its rhythmic back—demanding control and immediate response. It began as a ride, basic transportation from home to work, and eventually became a timed race. It wasn't enough just to survive through the maze of asphalt hazards. It became less than successful just to avoid smoothly an obstacle or collision.

Now, as if no other vehicles existed or by some inhuman force they became docile, unable to function unpredictably, perhaps even immobile, the municipal traffic system became a time test. How

Lucky

But luck
wasn't enough



fast could his thundering Harley take him from point A to point B? Lucky was no longer bound by mundane concerns. His mind quit—no more self-preservation, family, friends, or thoughts of the future. He concentrated only on a dirty white line and how fast he traveled over it. His front end bounced and allowed the vessel to lift and sink like a schooner racing unencumbered through the ocean to the finish line.

His bike was not at fault. It ran like a jeweled watch. Except this watch was wound by an unthinking fool, winding for speed, not paying attention to the turns and twists that could destroy the movement. But time ran out. Even a number of close calls didn't sway Flash Freeway. Overconfident wasn't the word for his attitude toward the race. Cocky was a better description and his attitude determined his actions. And a Volkswagen was his demise.

Ride safe, brothers.

—Lucky (to be alive)

Spider's Hang-Up

Spider suggests you read this page

when your head is in righteous shape.

A HELMET FOR EVERY OCCASION



FOR SUMMER EXCELLENT CLOTH

The newly improved Harley-Davidson Cloth Helmets are going to be very popular. Expertly tailored of Sanitized and mercerized gabardine. All seams are sewed flat and are taped; therefore these helmets have no ridges at seams but fit trim and snug. The chin strap is made up of several layers of helmet material, fitted with eyelets, and is therefore most easy to launder. A decided advantage over the leather strap. Available in either white or tan and in small, medium, and large sizes.

- 11060-37W—White with wing emblem . . \$1.00
- 11060-37T—Tan with wing emblem . . . 1.00
- 11066-37W—White less wing emblem . . .80
- 11066-37T—Tan less wing emblem80
- 11773-36 —Wing emblem only25

GENUINE LEATHER



You will find ready sales for this improved leather helmet. All seams are sewed flat. They will not pucker and gather in ridges but lay smooth and trim along the contours of the head, thus making a neater-appearing and more comfortable helmet. Made of soft, pliable leather. Have adjustable chin straps and handy goggle-retaining straps. Available in black, white or tan, and in sizes — small, medium and large. High gloss finish.

- 11065-XB—Black glove leather helmet (unlined) \$1.90
- 11065-XT—Tan glove leather helmet (unlined) 1.90
- 11065-XW—White glove leather helmet (unlined) 1.90

FOR WINTER MOLESKIN LINED

You will want an assortment of these fine, high grade genuine leather moleskin-lined helmets. They are well-tailored, form-fitting, and are designed to meet the requirements for warm headgear during cold and blustery weather. These helmets are made with close-fitting front to rear seam style. The moleskin lining is designed principally for fall and spring riding, although many riders prefer to use it for all year service. Supplied in black only. Sizes are small, medium and large.



- 11064-35—Black moleskin cloth lined helmets \$2.00

SHEEPLINED HELMET

Our sheeplined helmets with their soft, thick sheepswool lining throughout, are the favorites for real cold weather. Good grade of leather. Goggle straps and adjustable chin strap. Supplied in black only, in small, medium and large sizes.



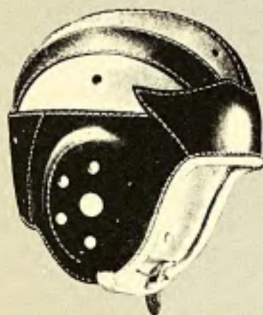
- Code
- 11063-35—Black sheep-lined helmet \$1.95 BYCVU

You will be delighted with the quality and "feel" of this really excellent black leather sheeplined helmet. Best grade of genuine leather, soft and pliable. Will not crack. Extra thick lining of especially selected sheepswool. Truly a deluxe helmet in every respect. Carried in stock in sizes: small, medium and large.

- 11063-39—Deluxe sheeplined black leather helmet \$2.95

CRASH HELMETS ARE VITAL FOR RACES & COMPETITIVE EVENTS

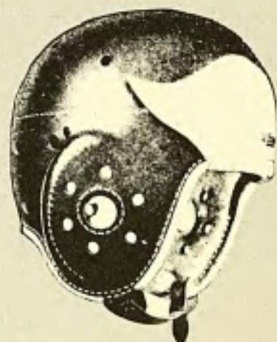
If your riders are interested in racing and competition meets they cannot afford to ride without one of these high-grade crash helmets. Their cost is nominal and they pay for themselves many times over by protecting the wearer from what might have been a serious injury. Either one of the two models illustrated is sure to please. The A.M.A. rules require crash helmets for all racing and hillclimbing. You will find these prices very nominal.



The Competitor type, illustrated on the left, is made up of a very tough fibre composition reinforced by wide bands of black strap leather securely stitched to frame. Lower half of helmet is of heavy black

leather properly fashioned to fit comfortably and give ample protection over ears and well down over back of neck. Inside fully lined and padded with a heavy layer of high-grade felt. Six wide suspension straps inside of crown permit ample space to top of head. Well ventilated. Adjustable chin strap.

Our Winner type is the "ace" of excellent and high-grade crash helmets. Crown is made of one piece of moulded fibre material that is really tough. Lower half is covered with high quality, well-tanned, maroon leather. Firmly attached to fibre crown piece. Inside is thoroughly lined with a heavy layer of soft sponge rubber covered with white glove leather. An eight strap suspension harness allows full comfort and protection. Air holes for proper ventilation. Adjustable chin strap. You cannot get a better crash helmet at any where near our low price.



- 11061-XA—Competitor helmet \$ 7.00
- 11061-XB—Winner crash helmet 12.15

Getting The Bugs Out

"PHONE SWEEP"

I'm sure you're aware that there are a tremendous number of electronic devices being used all over the world. But have you ever thought someone might be interested in **your** private affairs? We are all aware of the fact that the FBI, CIA, Secret Service and, I would venture to guess, almost every other government agency (foreign & U.S.) employs these tactics to find out what it wants to know. Some of us have even heard that it has been a basic method of "good" business for people like Avis Rent-A-Car, some hotel chains, life insurance companies, and even Walt Disney to use some type of bugging device. However, not too many of us have thought that Big Brother or another nosy SOB might want to know what we're up to. But Big Brother might want to know—out of curiosity or because they suspect you or a bro of something.

Even though—since Watergate and all that bullshit—the laws have become very stringent, any law enforcement agency can get approval to bug by means of a court order from a federal judge, and any federal agency can get a court order from the Attorney General. In addition to that, most cops will use a bug just for their own information, never getting approval for it in the first place. Even though it can't be used in court, some information they hear may lead to a bust on other grounds or they can keep listening until they reach a point where they could possibly claim they've got an informant—or informants.

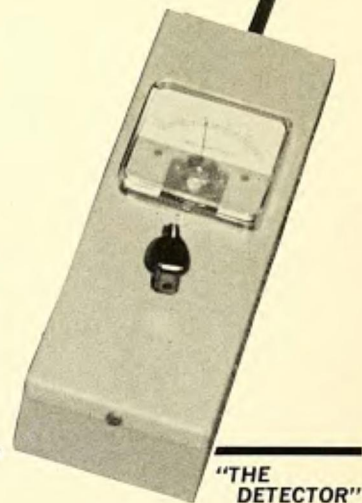
Ruling out Big Brother's watchful eye, you've still got your bros (rather, those who **claim** to be bros and aren't) to worry about. It's quite easy for an amateur to bug a room. All he basically needs is a good microphone and an amplifier. If he's good with his hands, he can make an acceptable bug for under \$10 or a damn good one for around \$25. He could even just go out and buy a couple of walkie-talkies and hide one behind a curtain or under your bed (especially if you're not a clean-freak and aren't likely to find it for a while).

If he does decide to build his own, all he has to do is pick out a mike. They come in a variety of types and sizes. A few of these include dynamic, magnetic, crystal (for bugs in a temperature-controlled room), condenser, or carbon (extremely sensitive, but touchy). He might choose a dynamic or crystal mike because they require no current. Although the condensers are more sensitive to a wide variety of sound, they require a current.

There are also mikes available which would make his bugging job a lot easier. He could get a mike with a long, hollow tube (flexible or stiff) which could be run through a crack in the wall, keyhole, or be mounted in the wall itself or on the other side of the wall. However, these mikes must have a small hole for air flow to be able to operate, so you'll be able to find them if you look hard enough. He could also get a contact mike, which directly translates physical vibrations into sound instead of just

responding to vibrations in the air, as does a conventional mike. This type of mike requires a sounding board (wall, window, electrical device, etc.) to operate. It can be hooked to a sensitive amplifier and placed against a thin wall or window and the effect will be clear reproductions of the wall's or window's vibrations. The mike can be glued with rubber cement to a window or taped to the wall with masking tape, so beware. He could also use a spike mike (if your wall is more than one panel thick) to get his job done. This will be a little more difficult to detect, because all he has to do is drill a small hole from the other side of your wall to the panel nearest the room he wishes to bug, push a spike through (tapping it into the wall a short distance), attach the mike to the spike and the amplifier to the mike. It's that easy, even though he must be careful that the spike does not come in contact with the sides of the drilled hole on your side of the wall. He must also be careful not to penetrate your wall with his spike (that would make it too easy for you to detect), and he must make sure the mike is in full contact with the spike. He must watch his step, but if he's careful, it's not that difficult.

Next, he will have to get his hands on an amplifier. Since mikes can be either high or low impedance, he'd probably get an amp with both high and low inputs or spend \$10 at his neighborhood electronics store and buy a little breadboard transistor amp. For direct amplification of a



"THE DETECTOR"



Don't tell me our son reads Easyriders!

Yeah, folks, would ya believe there's still some people out there who don't dig us? We can't figure it out. What-dafuck—us bein' a family rag and all. But you just can't please everyone. Yeah, we try, yes, bros, we try—shit, we even sell our subs at the old price of \$9.99 (\$5.01 less than the newsstand price), and we still throw in a free leg-wettin' full-color decal to boot!

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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? _____



—from Rita Hartmann, Glyndon, Maryland



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 35 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.)

—from Ruth Blewett, Santa Barbara, California





—from Dave Kelly, Calabasas, California



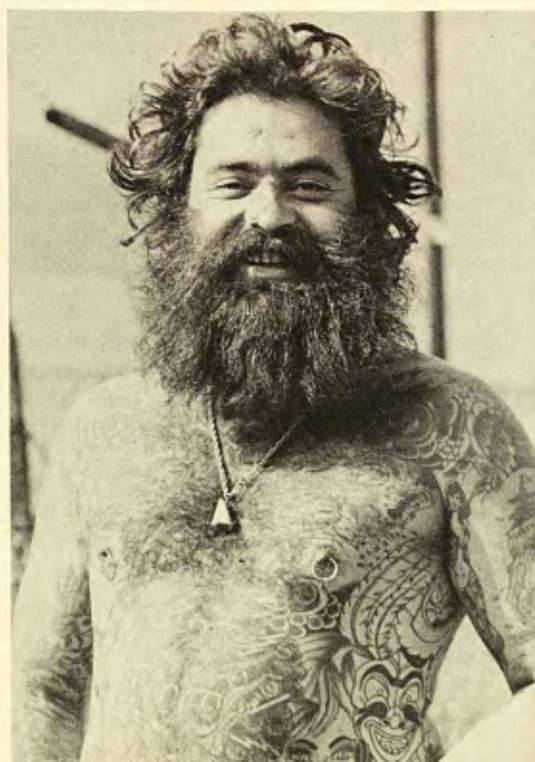
—from Ka-Boy, Phoenix, Arizona



—from Tommy Thompson, Whittier, California



—from Tracy Klewiz, Waupun, Wisconsin



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, California



—from Bill Watts, Cedar Rapids, Nebraska

—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California



—from Jim Balestrieri, Woburn, Massachusetts



—from Beth De Shazo, Pocatello, Idaho



—from Gary Gattis, San Luis Obispo, California



—from Michelle J. Wilson, St. Paul, Minnesota



—from Everett White, Taunton, Massachusetts





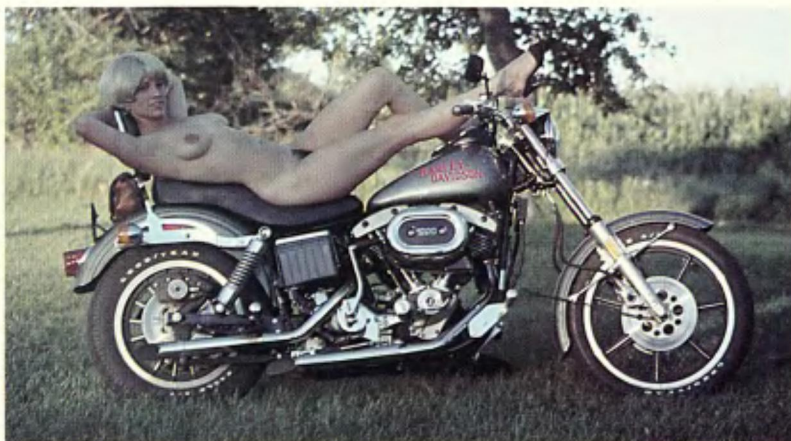
—from Dawn Grey Cloud, Staten Island, New York



—from J. B. Cody, Wyoming



—from John Thornton, Napa, California



—from Tom Luloff, Mosinee, Wisconsin



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, California

—from P. Mather, N. Dorset, England



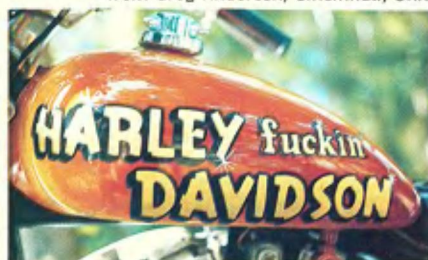
—from Greg Anderson, Cincinnati, Ohio

—from Keith Duren, Crump, Tennessee

—from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—from Mark Swidler, Hagerstown, Maryland

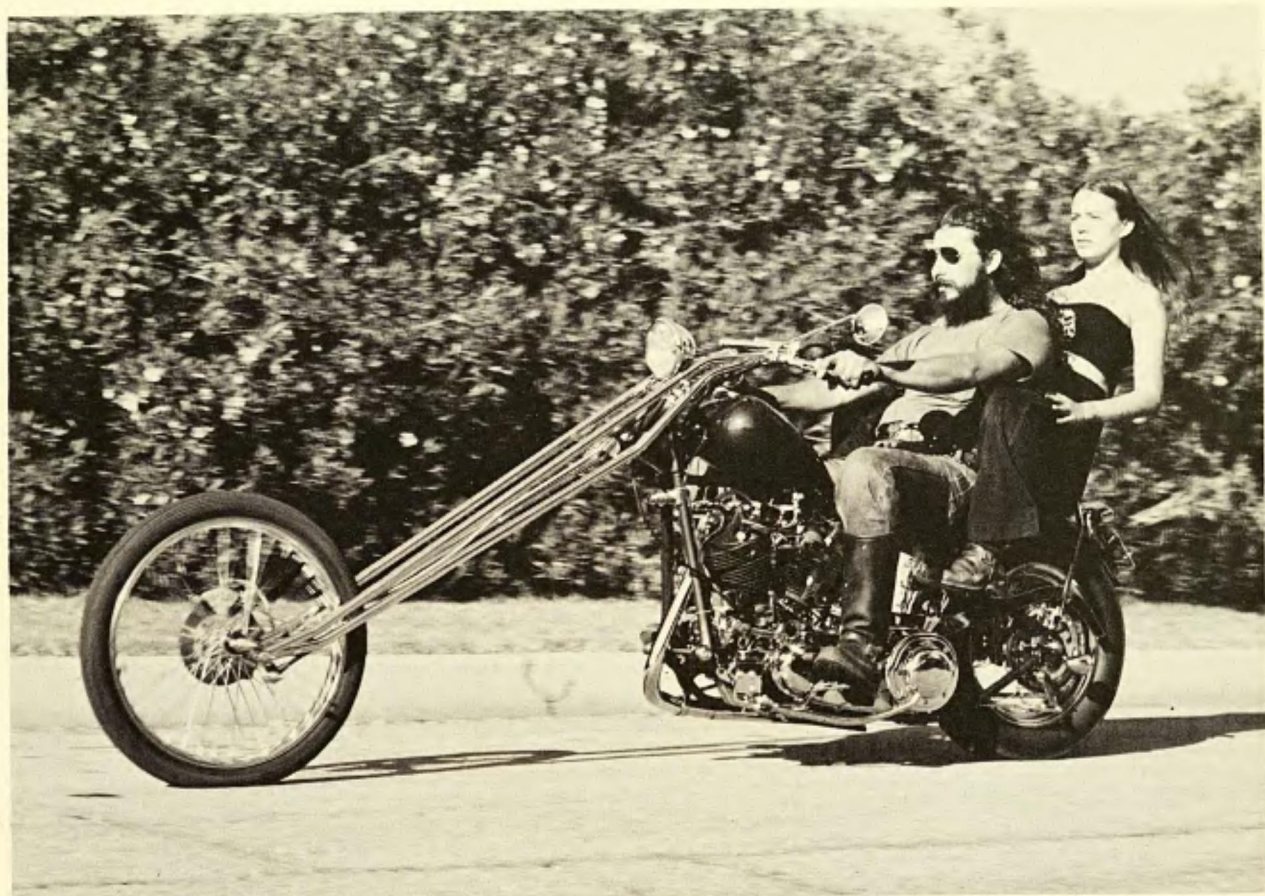




DAVID MANN

Easyriders Magazine





Gila Monster

Texas—one long, straight stretch

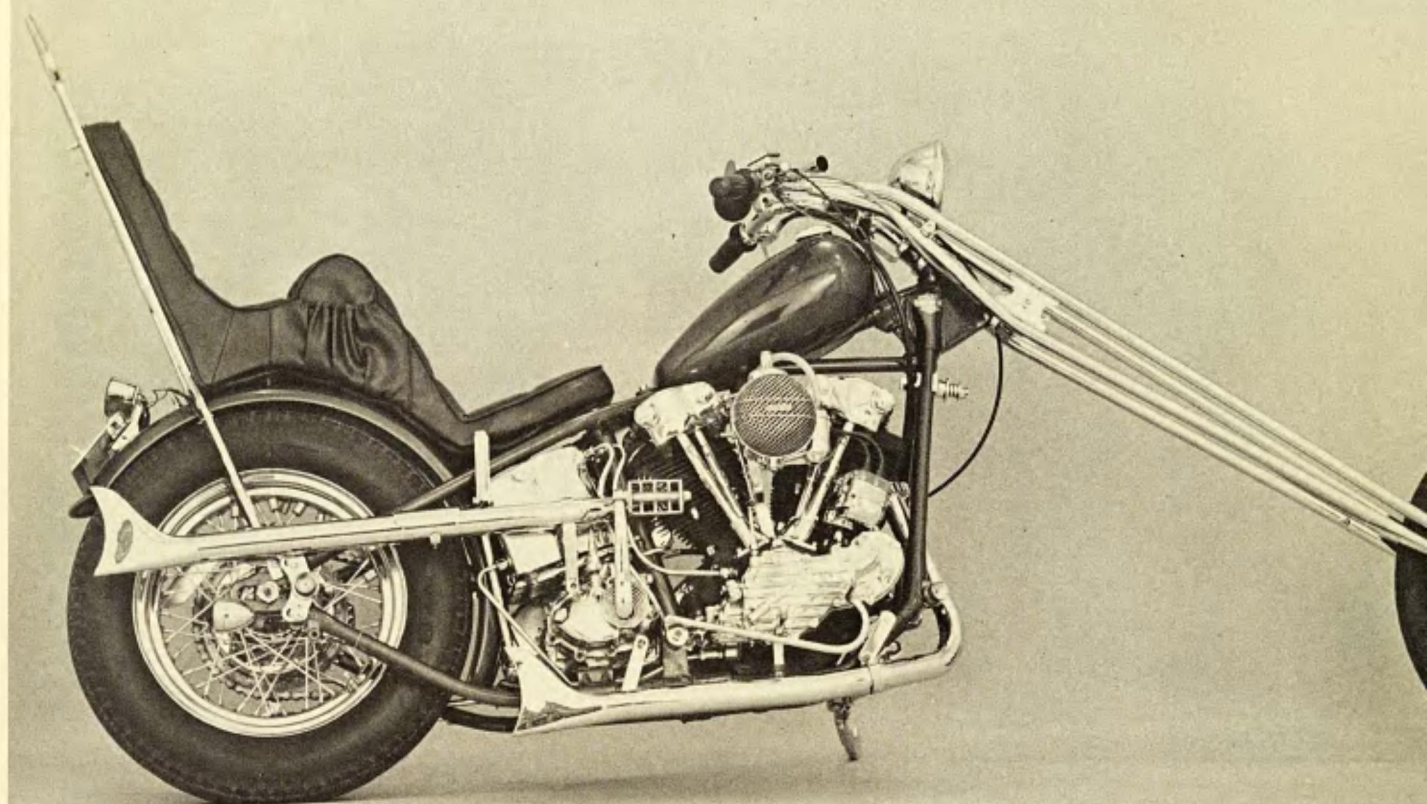
Here's a knuckle born and bred in the vast flatlands of Texas. But when it hits the streets of El Paso for a weekend run, it spins its wheels toward the New Mexico border.

Can ya imagine hoppin' your scoot for a five-hundred mile putt in a straight line? Could almost nod out, out of sheer boredom. That's Texas. So Ralph, the owner, and his bros take their shit and jam through the desert of New Mexico

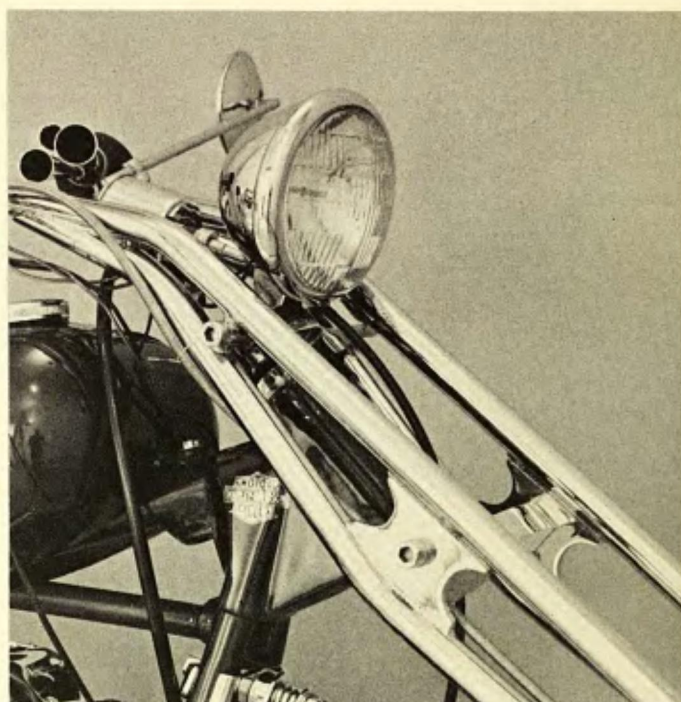
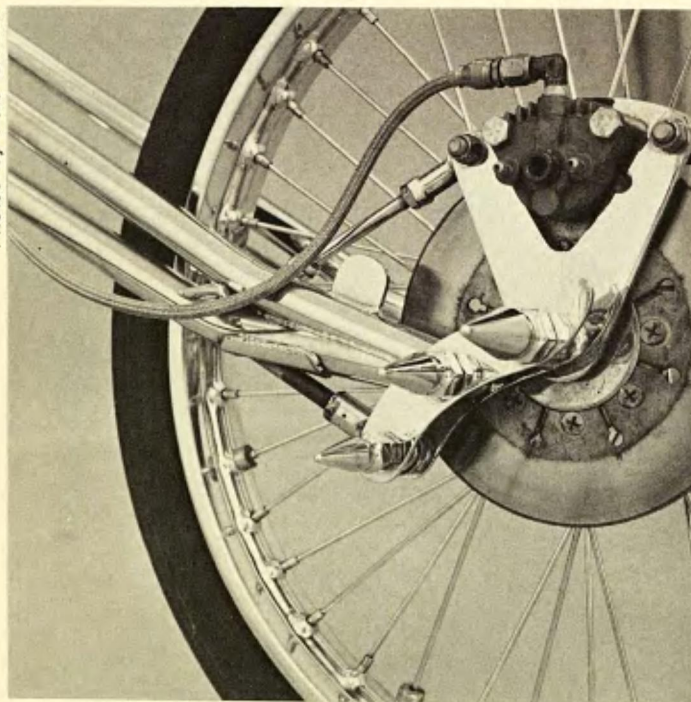
and into the mountains leading to Gila National Forest.

I asked Ralph if he ever ran into Billy Tinney, knowin' Billy's home base is in Houston. Ralph, with a laugh, let me in on a little secret. The distance to Houston is a longer, more gruelin', straight stretch than the winding, colorful path to California from El Paso. So no, he never met Billy.

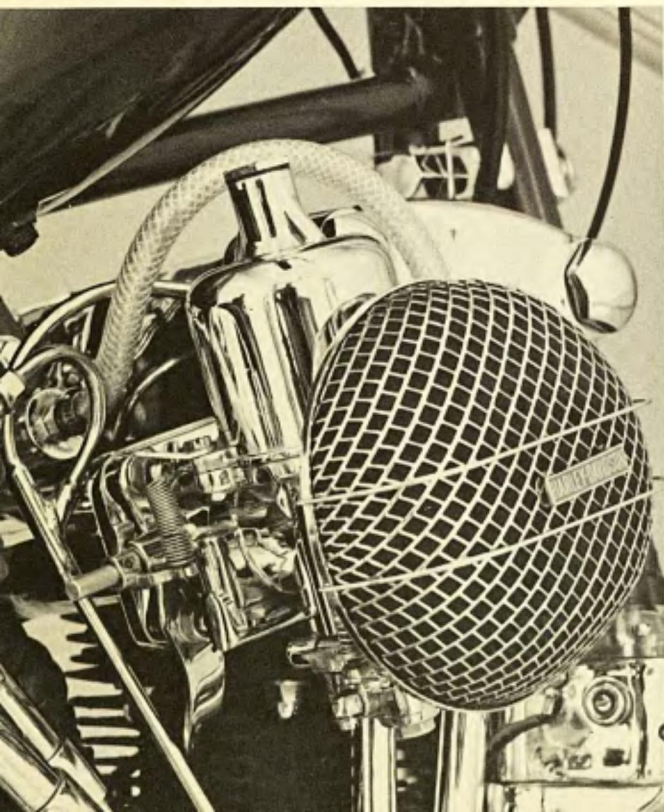
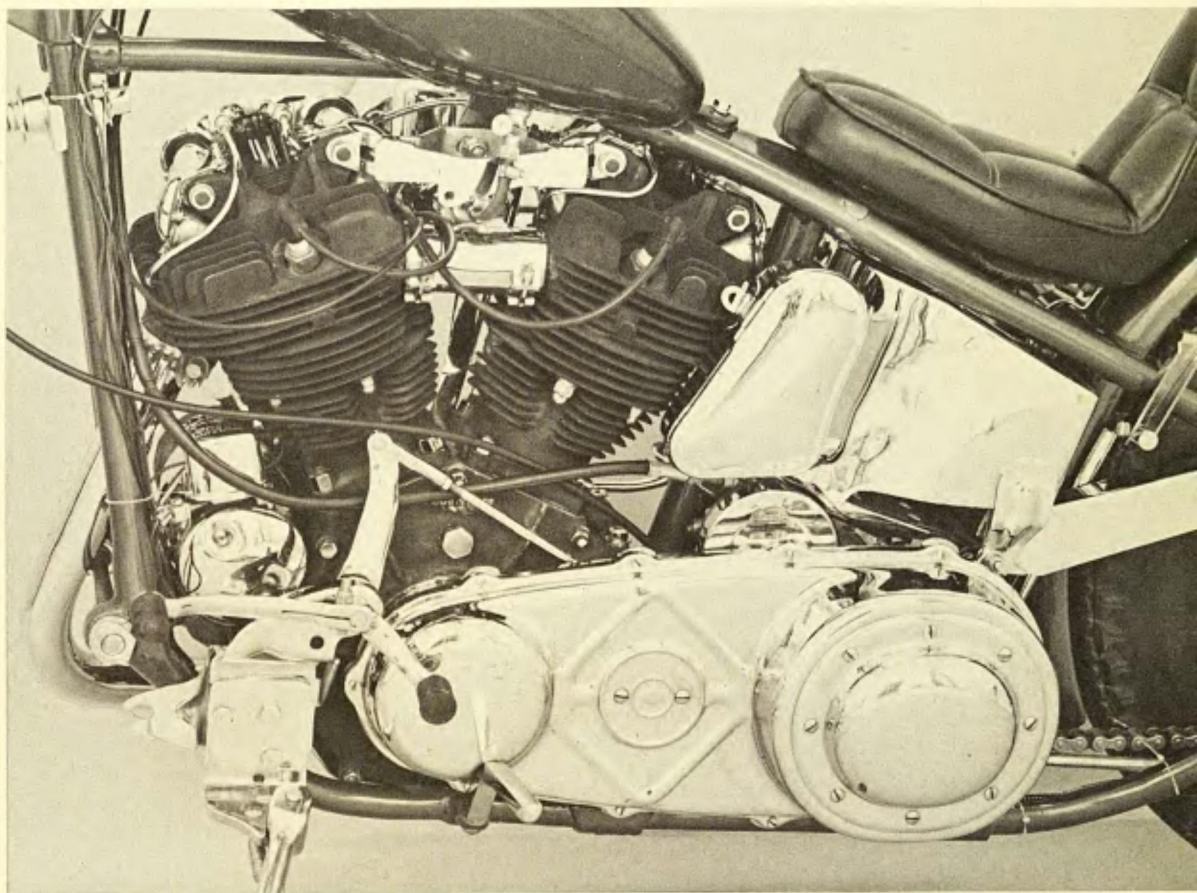
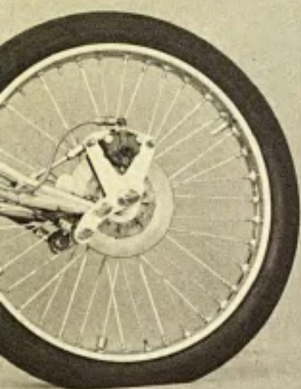
I've been through Texas only once. But



Photos by Pete Chioldo



Gila Monster

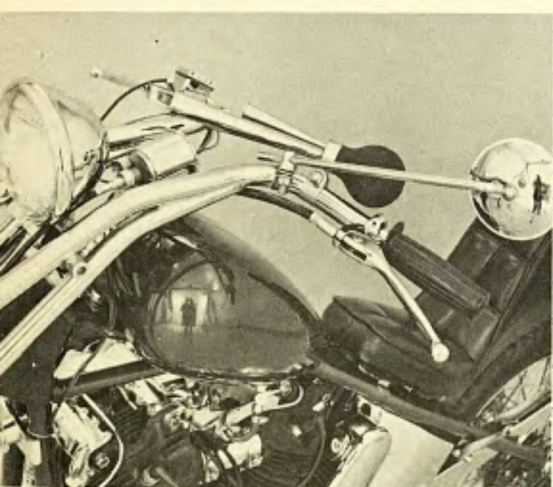
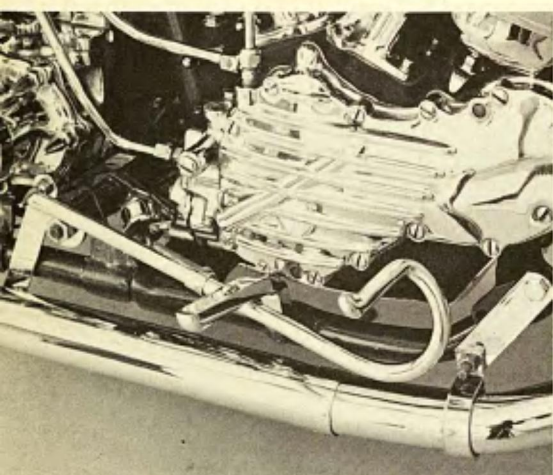
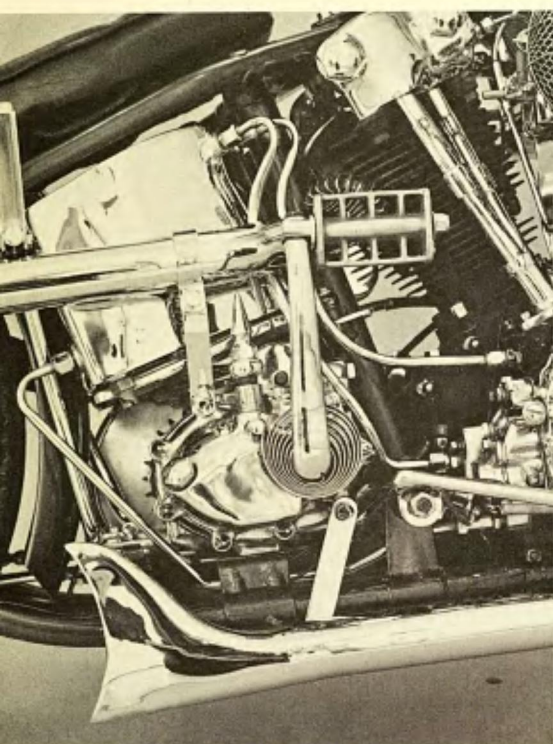


it's like goin' in a thousand-mile circle. If it wasn't for the highway signs lettin' ya know how far ya still gotta go, you'd think you were in the twilight zone in a race to nowhere. Of course, it isn't all that bad—once in a while ya get to dodge a fuzzy fuckin' tarantula creepin' across the highway.

No put-down on Texas, though. I've seen some Texas sweeties that'd knock your eyes loose. And when Ralph slaps his side car (note the mounts) onto the knuckle, I'm sure it's not to pack the first rattlesnake he spots sunning itself along the hot highway. Still the sight of a couple of diamondbacks and an occasional gila monster would tend to keep any Texas mama a mite closer at night.

—Pecos Bill

—Continued on next page



Owner: Ralph Zepeda

City: El Paso, Texas

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Bikers' Custom

Year: 1945

Year and make: 1945 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FL

Type: rigid

Value: too much

Rake: 1 5/8 in.

Assembly by: Bikers' Custom

Stretch: none

Time: 2 years

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: American Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: part of front end

Year: 1945

Risers: none

Model: FL

Fender(s): rib Triumph

Rebuilder: Bikers' Custom

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt mag

Taillight: cateye

Displacement: 80 cu. in.

Speedo: VDO

Lower end: 80 flathead

Front pegs: owner

Balancing: ET Balancing

Rear pegs: owner

Pistons: MC Stroker

Electrics: 6 V. no battery

Cases: black wrinkle

Gas tank: 2.8 gal. Mustang

Heads: stock knuckle

Oil tank: 1930 seamless

Cam: Lightning

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solid

Primary cover: diamond

Carb(s): Rivera S.U. 1 3/4 in.

Seat: Super Cruiser

Air cleaner: Wieland

Sissy bar: Spade

Pipes: Paughco

Height: 20 in.

Muffler(s): Fishtail

Material: hex

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: chromed

Type: Harmon Springer

Year: 1945

Extension: 22 in.

Shifting: ratchet

Builder: John Harmon

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features: shocks

Trans sprocket: 25

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: Bikers' Custom

Hub: Hallcraft

Hub: H-D

Painter: owner

Rim width: WM1

Rim width: WM4

Color: maroon

Tire: 2.75x21

Tire: 5.00

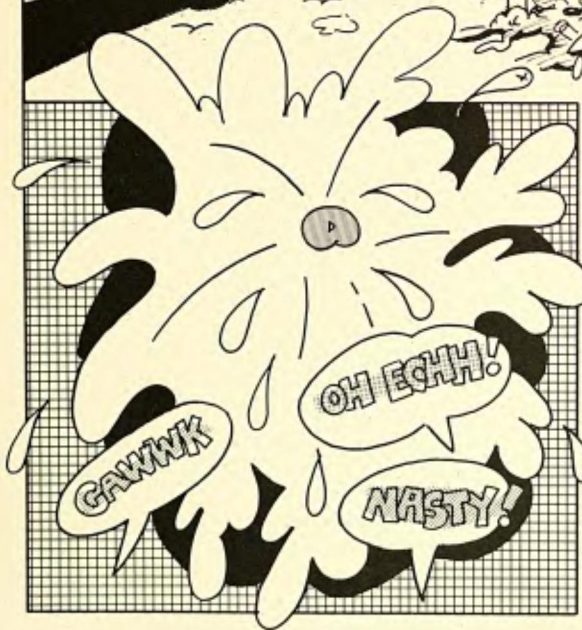
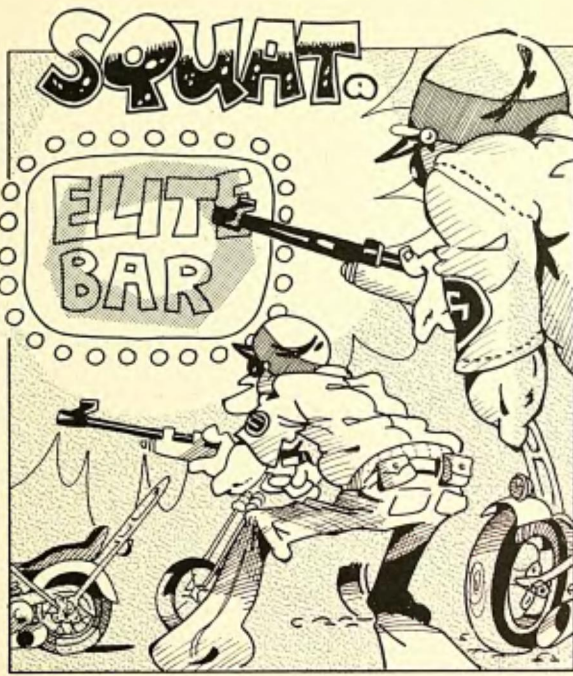
Type: lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: stock

Special paint: none, solid color

Other special modifications: Sidecar mounts attached, Hummer tool box, stomper brakes



I saw a braless woman in the supermarket the other day whose rosebud tips were looking back at me. On second thought, they were more like rosehips—something you might look at out of curiosity, but not want to put in your mouth. And her hips were like watermelons.

I might have stared a bit; I don't know—my mind often wanders into things and places where my eyes can't see. I think that's how it was, at least, for, a few minutes later a man grasped my shoulder from behind. "You were staring at my wife?" he asked accusingly.

"I might have been," I said, absently. "I meant no harm if I did, but I suppose you feel like you need to get even for it."

"Yeah," he grunted, turning me around.

I saw a strange, nice-looking woman about my age behind him. "Okay," I offered. "There's my wife. You can stare at her awhile." When he turned around to look, I sneaked away.

I know you've likely heard that story before. But, to guys like me, things like that really happen. I'm one of those long-haired, hippie dudes, you see—and women look upon me as a freak. I suppose it could be my own fault, but when I was a short-haired, clean-cut, straight dude, women still looked upon me as a freak.

And—then—I was a freak like all the other freaks. Now, at least I can tell myself who I am in the middle of the crowd. And when a bank gets robbed, everybody knows it wasn't me. I wouldn't dare do a thing like that, since anyone could spot me a mile away. Little kids still walk up to pull my beard, though. I think they're police agents, checking out my disguise.

But I suppose my days of shagginess are numbered. Little old ladies and preachers are carrying shotguns in times like these. I know they say it's for self-defense, but anybody as scared as that can't have all

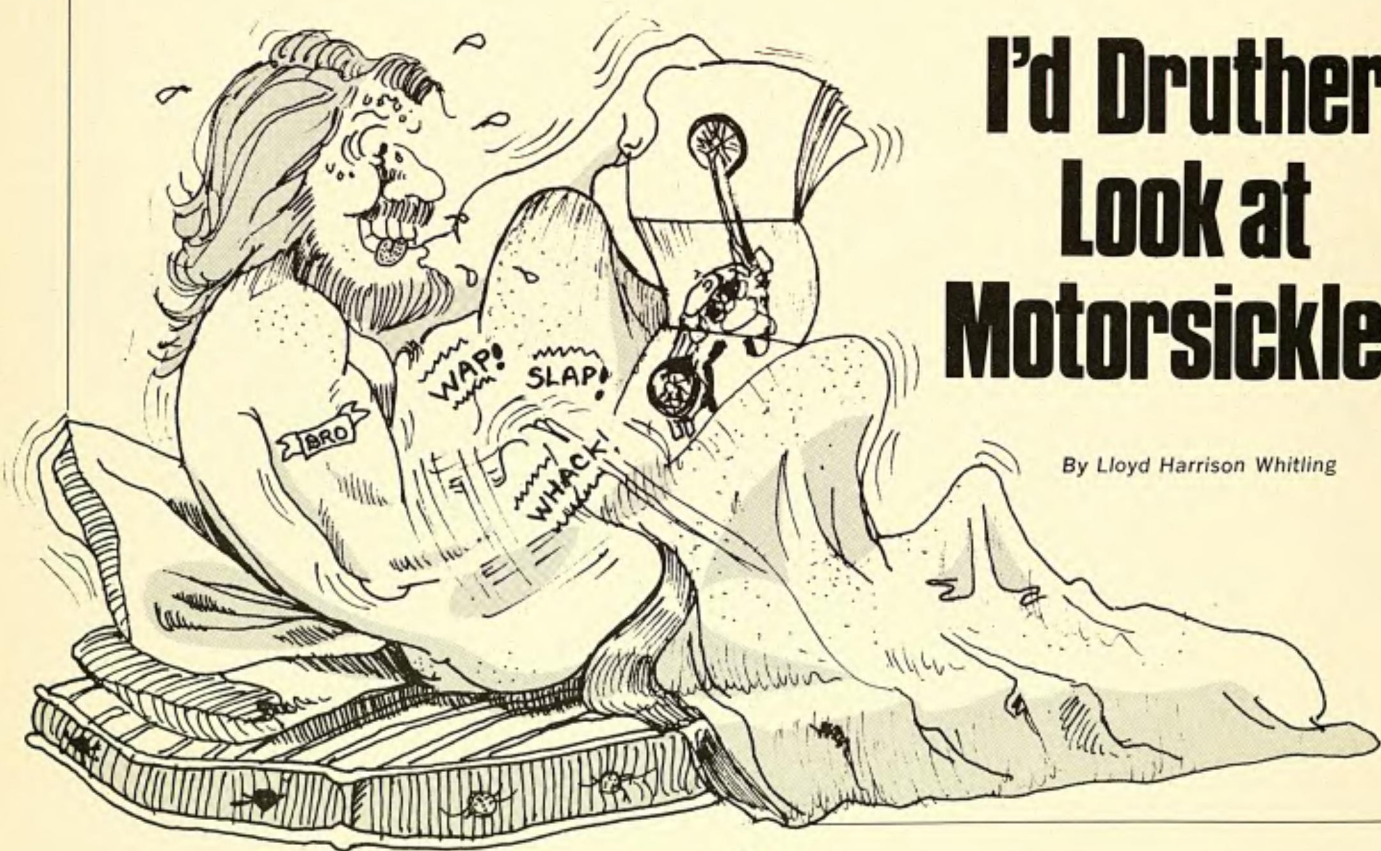
their brains about them. The way they look at me, I know they'd like to blow my guts out, just to ease their suspicions about my suspicious self.

So I try not to look back at them and just keep moving on in my own humble way. But, sooner or later, after all the nasty things they've said about us menfolks, I know I'll meet another one of those women's libber broads out showing the world how brave she is by going without her brassiere. I know what she's thinking, but I've seen a zillion boobs in my lifetime. Still, I can't help staring every time at the way she's hiding them behind her arms to keep them from bouncing, and the way she's trying to walk fast with her legs crossed. And I know she thinks I'm the one who's weird and perverted.

A lot of times, I'll lay my eyes on a woman who's really beautiful, but, of course, I ain't allowed to look. Well, fuck it, I say—sometimes I can see the

I'd Druther Look at Motorsickles

By Lloyd Harrison Whitting



mountains from where I live, and I can look at them and love them. Or, any time I want, I can go out in the desert, and it'll just lie there and let me breathe in its aromas and stare. Not so with women. I know they'll claim they have a mind, but when a critter's as afraid of me as they are, I know they can hardly use one. Or, if it does get used, it's like a computer programed for putting down a guy before it even bothers to find out he just plain ain't up!

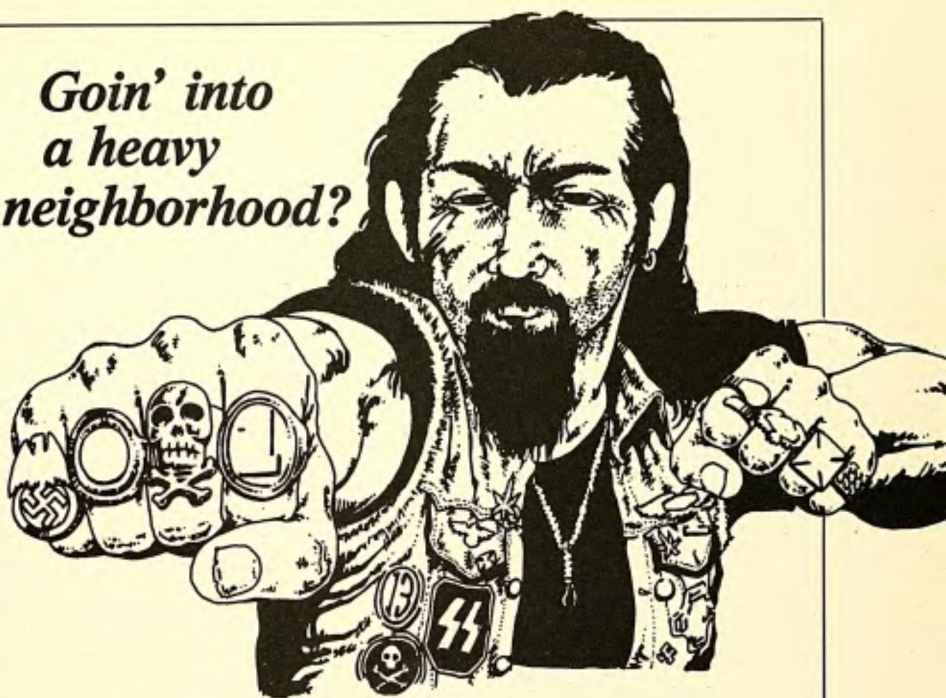
I guess you can see why I'd druther look at motorsickles. Some are ugly and fat, some are pretty and perfect—but none of 'em snap or bite or complain to their owners that I've been staring at their very private parts. If you can talk about an unperverted being that doesn't have a prejudice in this world, it's a bike!

What woman, I ask you, will let you try her on for size and then get off and walk away, without demanding you take a long ride? What woman would let you go for just a short ride without even knowing you, and without it costing you a small fortune? Women coat themselves with layers of paint and lacquer, just like motorsickles, but what one of them will stand still long enough to let a man appreciate the artistry? And what owner of one will sit with you, while you're appreciating her, and brag about how well she performs?

Now that I think of it, what motorsickle will scream at you for looking at another one—or at a woman? None! And none will ever complain because you touched her someplace that made your fingers dirty.

Of course, I know some women with a lot of sense, but scoots have more. That's why, as long as women refuse to be humane the way they want us menfolks to be, I'd druther look at motorsickles. ■

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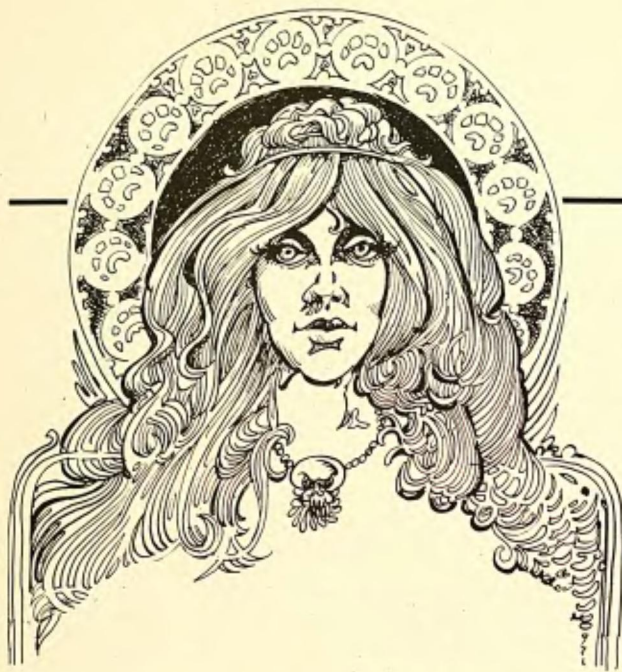
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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage



Astrological Profile for Aquarius

As children, Aquarians are extremely curious and proud, especially of their ability to shock people. They will do anything for attention. At school, during "Show and Tell," one little Aquarian pulled down his pants and exclaimed, "Look, Jane, see my dick! Watch my dick piss on teacher's desk!" And he did! Aquarians love to annoy conservative people. Tradition and authority leave them unimpressed and ready to barf.

The first impression Aquarians give is that of friendliness, although in reality they are next to impossible to figure out or tie down. They refuse to be forced into any responsibility that infringes on their freedom. The original nomad, the Aquarian may have been the first biker prototype. James Dean is a good example of the Aquarian's complex, rebellious, and eccentric nature. Of course, most of them don't give a shit if they are accepted or not. Another Aquarian in a class of his own was W. C. Fields—need I say more?

Aquarians bore easily, especially of the blabbermouthed broads who hang all over them. In fact, they can be quite blunt in expressing their disdain for a dumb woman. I once heard an Aquarian tell his girlfriend's mother either to shut up or suck his prick! (I think the

old bat passed out, shitting her pants in the process.)

On the more positive side, they are famous for their sense of comradeship and are group oriented (not excluding gang-bangs). Aquarians have a reputation for possessing pendulous gonads—some even glow in the dark! The only drawback to this trait appears during the summer, when their nuts often get caught in the crack of their ass! (Feels neat, though.)

Although Aquarians are athletic, they are subject to sprained ankles and poor circulation. They are also vulnerable to varicose veins (mostly on their cocks). Later in life they are prone to hardening of the arteries.

As Aquarians age, they become bikers known as "Dirty Old Men." Being original and generous, they will often disguise their peckers to look like Twinkies. Many girls fall for it (with the help of a few reds), until they get to the filling, and then—surprise!

Note to Women:

How to catch an Aquarius? Subtly ignore him—be cool, changeable, and always keep him guessing (about what you're gonna buy him for his putt next). Be independent (always have your own money). Be versatile in sex—he likes the unusual. One word of advice: if you don't go in for butt-bangin', hint to him that pinworms run in your family.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Remember I warned your sweet ass, and now here ya come, shootin' off just like Old Faithful. This month you're leavin' a trail of pecker tracks and a lot of satisfied

smiles. You're so hot to trot that your bone is blockin' your brain. Ya could wind up neglectin' an important negotiation, or your health could suffer a blow you're not ready for. Slow down a taste!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

Time to cut a few cunts loose. Too much dippin' may have left ya drippin'. Unless you're Mr. Clean and carry around a supply of Janitor in a Drum to douse out a dose, better have your personal plumbing checked. After last month, a worn rubber may have left your faucet leakin'. Neglect your nozzle for a while, and use the ol' noggin for something besides a hatrack!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Look out—some horny heifer could be tryin' to trick ya into a nuptial alliance (marriage, ya dunce) you're not ready for. Let the gaping gash know the only knot you're ready to tie is one in her tits! 'Course, every biker I know is already wed—to his scooter. Even so, a little pussy around the pad never hurt any dude, and it beats hell out of a big one!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

While you're out puttin' around, the bumps ya run into might not be on the road. They could be on the front of a classy chassis with enough dough to choke the biggest cocksucker around! If ya plant your prick right, she'll open both her legs and her bankbook wider than the Golden Gate Bridge. One drawback—watch out for her husband with the mini-meat!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Don't overestimate yourself this month. Instead of gettin' wasted, ya could be wastin' your time on unrealistic bullshit. Ya could really make a dipshit of yourself just 'cause you're too proud to admit ya don't know it all! Confine your activities to projects you're sure of, even if they consist of tokin', fuckin', and puttin'. You're better off exposin' yourself—instead of your ignorance!

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

This cycle is gonna be a strange one—and maybe even scary! Ya been coastin' too long, and your bro ain't lettin' ya slide anymore. They'll be fuckin' with your head and keepin' ya rattled. 'Course, it's just lightweight shit—like pissin' in your brew or crappin' in your boots. Hang in there and be a good sport—it's just their way of showin' affection.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Opportunities seem to fall into your lap now, but watch out for the overflow oozin' out the opening in your drawers. If ya can keep the bitches outta your britches long

enough, you'll come out ahead. There's a lot more to take advantage of besides some slippery slit, so get your ass out and hustle. Remember—if ya snooze, ya lose!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Let's face it—you're just plain oversexed! What are ya tryin' to do—set a fuckin' world's record? Ya been changin' bed partners so fast your feet never touch the floor. Better strap some safety belts on your rabbit rump before ya cause a big crackup. If ya keep up this strenuous pace of flyin' fucks, you'll end up with joint lag!

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

Ya could easily blow it this month and for a long time to come—if ya indulge your lazy streak. You're too kicked back to whip up a bunch of crank cream, let alone get any wrenchin' done. Get off your poopchute and take care of business before it's too late. Otherwise, you'll be boogin' down the road, leavin' a bucket of bolts behind ya!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

It's about time ya shake off your "I might as well hang myself by the balls" attitude. The past few months your ass has been draggin' so low you're leavin' pucker prints on the pavement! Things are back to normal now—whatever that is. All it took was a little dippin' and drippin', along with a lot of under-the-sheets snorkelin' in your hon-ey's muff.

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

The past is creepin' up on ya like a dozen homeless crabs headin' for your scrotum! Ya may need a can of Crisco to slide through this month. Best check for any old traffic violations that may have gone to warrant. Another thing—you're better off shootin' off your wad instead of your mouth. Save your mouth for the next pair of juicy jugs ya find!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

You're really in the mood for sports now, especially broad jumpin'! You'll be throwing your balls into any hole with hair around it. In case ya strike out, you'll be doin' a lot of dribblin'. In case ya don't score, watch out for the latest threat, jack-off elbow. Worse yet, if ya use a sock, you could catch athlete's foreskin.

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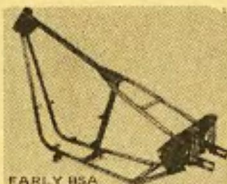
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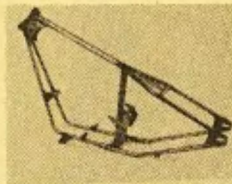
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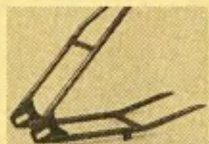


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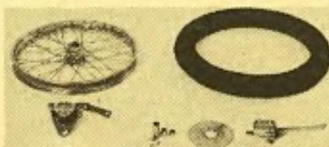
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"It doesn't destroy buildings, and it doesn't kill people. It just knocks the shit out of 'em."

"Oh, darling," she purred, turning over in bed. "I love you in the worst way."

"I know," he replied, "but maybe you'll get better if we keep practicing."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

A tough biker dude answered an ad that read, "Wanted, a human being to mate with female gorilla. The fee will be \$5000."

"I'll do it," he agreed, "on three conditions. First, I won't kiss her, second, I don't want anyone to watch, and third, ya gotta give me two weeks to raise the \$5000."

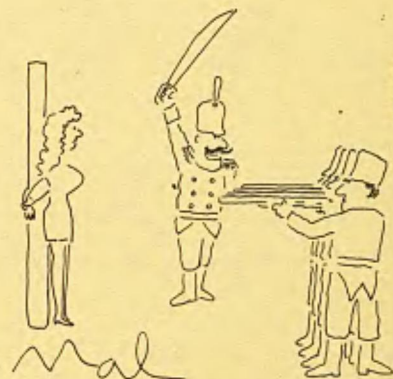
—Randy Hilst
Manito, Ill.



"He's a great surgeon, but he has a lousy sense of humor."



"Aw, bullshit, Arthur! I notice you conveniently forgot to mention that when I do let you get on top, you just fall off!"



"On second thought, men, instead of shooting her, let's fuck her to death!"

Then there was the prospect who ordered a pizza. He was asked if he wanted it cut into four or eight pieces. "Just cut it into four pieces," he replied. "I don't think I can eat eight."

—Steve Roy
Amesbury, Maine



A biker strolled into a drugstore and asked the pharmacist, "How much are your rubbers?"

"Three for a dollar," the druggist replied.

"OK, gimme three," the biker said.

"That'll be a dollar and six cents," said the druggist.

"Hey, man," the perturbed biker shouted, "You said they were three for a dollar."

"But the six cents is for tax," said the druggist.

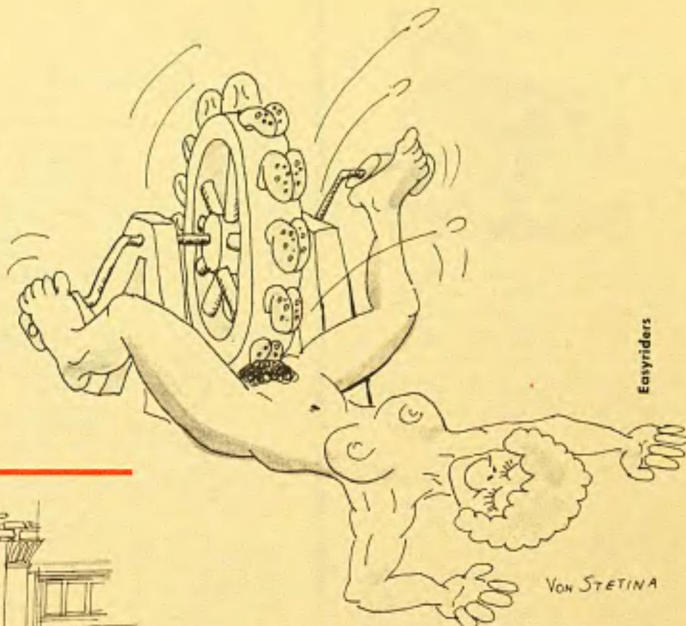
"Tacks," the biker said, lighting up. "That's a good idea. Mine keeps falling off."

—D. E. Thorsby
Belleville, Mich.



"We haven't had an opening for a mean sonofabitch in several weeks, sir . . ."

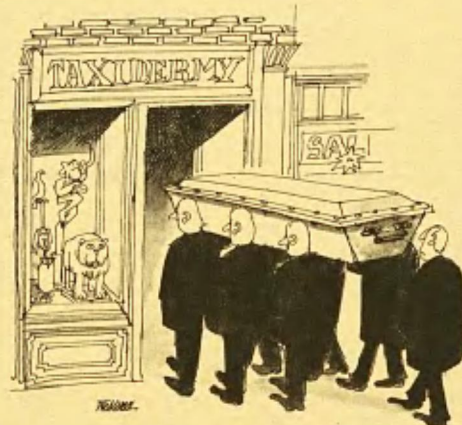
Island of Dr. Space Filler!



A biker's ol' lady was picking up three pounds of cheap hamburger in the supermarket when a broad in a mink coat reached across in front of her to grab a package of sirloin steaks, remarking as she did, 'My husband will only eat the best.'

"Oh, really?" said the biker's ol' lady. "Well, aren't you lucky that he married you anyway."

—Dave
Calabasas, Calif.



Two bikers were walking down the street when they met a priest, who had his arm in a sling.

"Hey, bro, what happened?" one of the bikers asked.

"I fell down in the bathtub and broke my arm."

The bikers walked on, and after a moment one said, "What's a bathtub?"

"How the fuck should I know?" his friend replied. "I ain't no Catholic."

—Steve Roy
Amesbury, Maine



A stoned biker stood in a police lineup, accused of rape. When the female victim entered the room, he pointed at her and shouted, "That's her, that's her!"

—Bart Fart
Storrs, Conn.

As part of his initiation requirement, the dim-witted prospect was ordered to blow up a police car. He returned later, claiming that he burned his lips on the exhaust pipe.

—Alton Roan
Dallas, Texas

Uncle Neil caught his fourteen-year-old nephew jerking off. He explained to the boy that he should save that stuff until he got married.

Twelve years later, Uncle Neil attended his nephew's wedding, and the boy said to him, "Hey, Uncle! Remember when you caught me jerking off, twelve years ago? You told me to save that stuff 'til I was married. Now I've got fifty-five gallons of it. What should I do with it?"

—Al
West Allis, Wis.

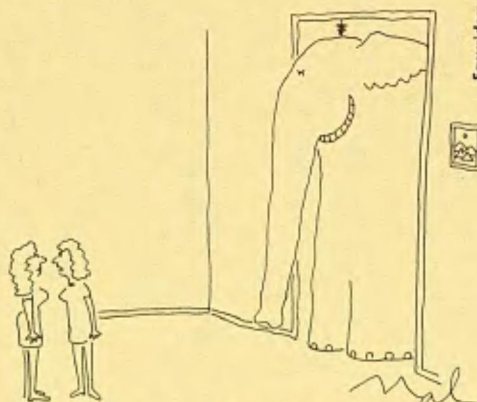
"Well, sorry, but it didn't work at home . . ."

As the young bachelor sat having coffee with a friend's stunning wife, she announced, "I think I'd better warn you—my husband will be home in an hour."

"But I haven't done anything wrong," responded the bachelor, somewhat surprised.

"I know that," she replied. "But I thought you'd want to know how much time you have in case you decide to."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.



"I know he's standing under mistletoe. But I still say we should just ignore him!"



"Hey, how about holding it down! We're trying to fuck next door!"



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of James "Stretch" Griener, a fellow member who has gone on his last run. Keep goin' till we can catch up with you. Tom, Kingsmen M.C.

We just lost a real, righteous brother, Herman The Silmehill. He went down hard. J.W. and The Bond, Westminster, Colo.

In memory of Mark "Captain Destructo" Glibbreath. A gentle dude who led a rough life. Dale "Hooker" Gallien.

In memory of Danny Mennix, from Crazy Fred and all who knew him. Pitts., Pa.

In memory of Bob Rich Welmer, blasted away by a bag in a four-wheeled iron. From Kid Butts, Canton, Ohio.

Remembering Ron MacLaughlin, one hell of a biker and a friend to all. Your friends in Missoula, Montana.

To Little Mike Madson. A true biker whom I love dearly. We'll put together again, soon. Toy Madson, Palatka, Fla.

Big John. I miss you bad, but the bike will live forever. Brother Ron.

In Loving memory of Weenie. You left us too soon, but you'll be ridin' an' partyin' with us forever. Nuggets M.C., Iowa.

Henry, Turtle, Dirt, Ali, Zappa and Skinner. All bros who went to Harley Heaven. Missed very much by sister Brandi.

In memory of T-Bone. We'll meet again later. From one-percenter Toot West, Pa.

In memory of Milbilly Joe, who lived and died a true Henchman. Rest in peace, bro. Huey and Tramp.

In memory of Dirty Dick, Roger R., and Free Soul John. We love ya always. F.S.F. From all your bros. Brian.

In memory of John Raymond Foote, a member of the Satan's Choice M.C. of Toronto, Canada. Ride in peace.

In memory of Ernie "Maggot" Leshar. He lived hard and died fast. From all your bros and sisters in Pa.

In memory of Chico and Whitley, true 1% Bandidos. Thanks for helping me be what I am. Pat The Mooch LeDoux.

In memory of my ol' man, Al Pritchett. Another true one-percenter. Burnese Pritchett.

In memory of Dennis Knalesy, who died on his scooter as he said he would. Doc West. La Mirada, Calif.

In memory of Terry "Gitzily" Goumer. Needlessly killed, missed by his bros and his wife, and always loved. Katie.

In memory of a bro, Bob Yeomen, from a brother who rode with him and will never forget him. John Griffin and all.

In memory of Cocaine Cole, the heaviest bro I ever had the privilege to know. Con Man, Wash., Ohio.

In memory of Gorgeous Georgie. Love always. Susie and Shorti, Kansas City, Kan.

In memory of Como. You will be in our hearts forever, bro. Ashtray, Iron Horsemen M.C., Hamilton, Ohio.

In memory of "Lucky" Brad Mashis. A fellow biker who will never be forgotten. From his very proud x-ol' lady, Jan.

In memory of Brother Dave. The colors you fought so hard to wear are with you always. Highwaymen M.C., Oconto, Wis.

To Donnie R. Bule, a brother to us all. His friends, Maiden, Mo.

For Brad Waggoner, whose life wasn't saved by a helmet. A part of us goes with you. Riders Assoc. of Texas.

Kinky. Gone but not forgotten. Sojourners M.C.

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, \$7.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

White bro, doin' time in Folsom, needs letters from foxy ladies and chicks who want to establish a permanent relationship. Charles Dunlap #36419-12-4-G-4, Box 1000, Stellacom, Wash. 98388.

White bro, born to ride and doin' time. Needs chicks to write to. Michael Livingston #89426-132 SU, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Downed bro wants to hear from chicks. Patrick Chaney #31010, Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Share your trips and vibes. Maybe we could achieve spiritual intercourse. Steve "Zodiac" Hamilton #27039, Box 128, Rm. 491, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Lonely prisoner wants to hear from ladies only. E. A. Jacobs #051981, Box 747, 18-2107, Starke, Fla. 32091.

We would appreciate hearing from women. Thomas Lineburger #B-81570 and Lee Rhine #B-77971, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

To all chicks who've got their act together, meet the "Koz." Write John Kozee #32893-138-A, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

Doin' time in Texas and need mail from ladies. Danny Hammack, Box 125-BA, El Paso, Texas 79901.

Down and deserted scooter tramp needs correspondence from foxy ladies 18-45. Photos, too. Paul Monroy, Box #B-82719, C-T-F North, Soledad, Calif. 95060.

Wanted: A righteous lady, 18 to 40, to carry this scooter bum through a badass life. Don Cox #P-2360, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Young ladies, for only 13¢ you can buy me a lot of sunshine. Ron Mason #31524-138, Box 1000, Oxford, Wisc. 53952.

Down, lonely, horny, and blue. Need some real funky chicks to write to. Wayne Johnson #8452, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Dell Hasty #B-79102-A, Rm. 4233, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Bro doin' twenty years. How about helping make it easier? Please write, Jerry Crews, Box 4000R, Ft. Grant, Ariz. 85643.

Lonely inmate would like letters from women to help pass the time. Robert Cardoza #52530-146-A-405, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

Ladies, I've been down five an' got three to go. Need a woman with a good heart. Richard Law, DOC #4413 ISR, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Two bikers need to hear from chicks who are built nice and juicy. Douglas Chelkizoff, Box B-32826 and Elvin Samuels, Box B-36806, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

White bro down in Ariz. pen, needs foxy ladies to write to. Richard Compton, Box B-37104, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

If there's any ladies out there, write to Troy L. Gregg, G.S.P. Box 65841, and T. Wesley McCorquodale, Box 69924, both 4th floor, Reidsville, Ga. 30453.

Bad bitches who live close to the prison, write to me. George Houbler #00004-716, Box 4000, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

Lonely an' doin' ten-c'mon girls, use your pen. Chuck Abel #02061-164, Oxford, Wisc. 53952.

Lonely biker in Folsom prison needs female friend to write to. Any age. I will be your friend for as long as you like. Freddie E. Wright, Box B-69788, Repress, Calif. 95671.

Two downed chicks need mail from together dudes who understand what's happenin'. Linda "Sunshine" Lina and Roberta "Angel" Smith, Women's Jail, Box 10, Valhalla, N.Y. 10595.

I need a woman who is right and white. Flash J. Willis #B-62734 RB-307 D, Soledad, Calif. 95060.

White bro downed for twenty-five years wants to hear from white chicks. I'm 18 yrs. old with lots of style. James Zientek #76-B-1899, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Would like to hear from women who like to write. 18-30 years old. Michael Taylor #B-78312, Box A-E, Rm. 4257, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Artist-biker seeks gentle and very foxy chick in Bay Area for letters and visits. Ronald Johnson, Box B-29039, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

White boy down in the pen and needs a friend. Lane Hoyt Box B-84187, MCU-305, Soledad, Calif. 95060.

32-yr.-old white male desires correspondence with ladies. George Fulmer #989-36, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41011.

All you long-legged, long-haired foxes, write to me. J. D. Davis #94338, Mail #455, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Help save an endangered species. Write this green-eyed hawk. Send photo, please. Terry Biserion #145038, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

White Pisces, 24, needs mail. Gary Ritter #B-85057, Box 2530, CTF North R-B-124, Soledad, Calif. 95060.

Locked down bro doin' 15-25 yrs., could use a lot of mail from ladies. Jack Laird #3639, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Texas tramp needs mail. Michael Sullivan #30541, Unit 2-C-16, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Lonely biker, no chick, desires someone. Robert Lee #93690, Rt. 1, Box 250, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

Doin' time's a bitch. Need letters from ladies. Don Stokes, Box B-36841, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

I need mail from anyone who wants to brighten this dark, ugly cell. Clifford McGee #20684, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Mountain-born-and-raised white boy needs smokin' letters from fine white ladies. Chris Crawford #B-76387, #1-62, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

German and Irish, lonely and white. 20 yrs. old with wavy hair and green eyes and six ten boots. Ron Meagher #169-61, Box 800, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

Two white boys stuck in the Oregon joint need ladies ages 18-29. If you're white, then write. Gary Warner #38944 and Terry Renner #38483, 2604 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Throw out your lifeline, sugar, and write to me. Larry Martin #C-2023, Unit 9-2, Fishkill Corr. Facility, Beacon, N.Y.

This ten to fifty is killing me. Help me live, with some mail. Jeff Brown #137-888, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd., Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

Young honky needs fuck notes from nice-looking dame. Steve Hughes, Box 5392, Redwood City, Calif. 94063.

Been down for three years and need a cutie to brighten my days. Ellis Gily #121400, Box 747 V-1-S-16, Starke Fla. 32091.

Need some scribes for a down-and-out scooter tramp. Dusty Stewart, Box B-371-23, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Pull nat doin' fifteen years, needs to hear from ladies. Dan Barnes #1020-76-779, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Hey! I know there's a righteous woman out there for me. Boh Schleiff, Box 368, Bridgewater BX Prison, Bridgewater, Mass. 02324.

So. Cal. biker downed in prison. If you ain't white, don't write. Al Simmerman, #36187, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

27-year-old biker, doin' ten, needs to hear from chicks. Darrel Williams, Mail #1206, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Lonely biker in the slam wants to hear from any chick who will write. Johnny B. Keathley #31227, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Stone white biker needs lovin'. Victor J. Maurus, Box B-75704-A, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Lonely female inmate would like letters from guys. I'm 26 and match my name. YN1 Looker #94877, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

To all chicks. Write a cool biker dude who's doin' time. Michael Martin #1115-40, Rt. 1, Box 7, Greenville, Va. 24440.

Waiting for letters from ladies. Henry Garris, Box B-75600, Repress, Calif. 95671.

A good white bro needs ladies and photo. "Jungle Jim" Coutts #B-20591, Cell #4203, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Tall, good-lookin' biker needs mail from ladies. Thomas C. Warren #20436-149, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

White male, 160 lbs., 5' 11", 24 yrs. old. Need mail from sweet ladies. Bernard E. Giles #058341, S-1-N-3, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Would like to write to girls who have it all together. Robert Johnston #77A-1441, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

White tramp in Quentin needs mama for visits and mail. Mike "Nasty Crow" Hodges, Box 76001 S-N-4, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Lonely bro in prison needs mail from ladies. Joe Bullock, #15258, Box 7309, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Stayin' high, but doin' it alone. Send letters. Steve Fink #8607, Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Undersexed, depressed, horny as hell, need mail and picture. James Jacobs #058493, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Lonely prisoner needs mail from single ladies. Mike Corbin #39565, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Lonely man in need of a friend for life. Allan R. Walton #38847-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Young, mature man looking for young, mature ladies to write to. Walter Lost #145867, 777 Riverside Dr., Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Seeking chicks willing to take part in my midnight fantasies. Any age will do. Steve Heaps #137-258, Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

I'm white, 21, crazy about pussy. Write to Stephen Shewan #00040-125, 15801 S. W. 137th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33177.

Downed long-chain tramp lookin' for righteous, sexy, devoted, petite mouse 18-30. David Drake #100063, Corr. Unit #22, 201 Greenbriar Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23320.

Biker needs woman to build with. Send pictures. Joe Hartwell #4242, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Down and out bro would like to hear from foxy ladies and brother Injun, in Vacaville. Frank Coffman, Box 250, Draper, Utah 84020.

Anyone interested in helping a bro start over again in a new place, write to Pat Miller #148-416, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

All-American white boys need letters and pictures from some real get-down partying females. D. Shannon #34466 and W. B. Deaton #97310, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Bro doin' twenty years could dig mail from chicks. Jerry Crews, Box B-34856, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Downed white bro needs mail from ladies. Michael Lusk #67446, Dan Wolgemuth #63201, and Rick Mathenia #56182, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Doin' time and need letters from ladies. Everhast #98634, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Down and need a touch of freedom. Dale Hazelwood #88966-132, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

Blonde, blue-eyed lady, doin' time and waitin' to hear from white dudes who are cool. Lana Dibble #2919-171, Unit A-1, Box 1000, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.

This biker tramp is doin' time and needs to hear from females. Bill Robinson #A-65840-C, Box 2000, S. Wing, Vacaville, Calif. 95588.

18-40, all you lovely ladies write a lonely prisoner. John Mercer #73552, Ch. 3, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

William Ward, age 24, desires correspondence with females of any age. Box 520, Newton, North Carolina 28658.

Robert Hite #134-316, Bill Bratcher #138-889, and Charles Pottle #142-922 all need mail from ladies. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Two downed and three to go. Will ride again, but need good ol' lady. Rick Patterson, Box B-35563, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Doin' five. Need letters from chicks. Al Vandebey, Box B-35618, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Wanted, chick to write and share a smile. Pictures, too. Jerry Bush #42963 CH-5, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

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Getting The Bugs Out

—Continued from page 50

spike mike, he'd have to use a high-gain, direct-coupled amp. This could have a gain of up to 100,000 times, and he'd be able to hear you much better.

If he wanted to reduce certain frequencies, while at the same time boosting others, he would then need an equalizer. If he's serious in his attempt to hear you, the equalizer will eliminate outside noises while retaining conversation.

Next, he'd need a tape recorder. He could be using anything from a small cassette type to a reel-to-reel, depending on what his needs are. The cassette is the most commonly used and would probably fill the bill nicely. They are small and easily hidden, and that's a big plus. They even make pretty good recordings if the tapes are no longer than 90 minutes (45 min. per side); tapes longer than that are very thin and tend to jam up the machine. Of course, if he's using a reel-to-reel, the tape would be of better quality and the listening time per tape would be considerably longer. And if the recorder is too close to you for his comfort and your nosy "friend" gets a little nervous about hanging around to turn the recorder on and off, he can pick up a remote control for around \$100. This will allow him to listen in when he wants to (with the help of a pair of binoculars or good eyes and a window) and turn off the machine when he doesn't think anything important is going down. This saves a lot of taping time and he doesn't have to be nearby.

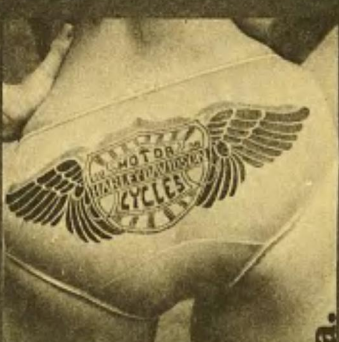
Now that you have an idea of what you're up against, let's discuss how you can go about locating and ridding yourself of these little pests. First, start by thoroughly searching every inch of every room in your home. This search should include walls, floors, ceilings, windows, and everything in the room. Since the easiest method of bugging is to hide one or more mikes and run wires to an amplifier and earphones, speaker, or tape recorder, and since it's very common in these instances to use the telephone cord for the wires, be sure to check yours very carefully. Also, remember to check picture frames, wastebaskets, drawers, drapes . . . everywhere. Keep your eye out for a small wire antenna; this sometimes helps you locate the little nuisance.

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When checking the walls, ceilings, and floors, be sure to look for small holes, small cracks, flaking of paint or plaster, or what look like new nails in your walls and ceilings. This could indicate a spike mike waiting patiently on the other side of your wall. If you do find one of these little holes, pound a tack, nail or stiff wire into it. If a spike mike was there, it won't be any more.

Now take a look at your floors and baseboards. Check for suspicious wires which could be run along the baseboard or even behind it. You don't have to go ripping out all of your baseboards to find hidden wires; you could simply search the total area, inside and out, for where they exit. If you don't find anything there, keep looking.

If you've searched and searched, found nothing, and still think you're being bugged, I would suggest that at this time you think about getting into the little goodies that can be purchased from the friendly neighborhood electronics store that probably sold your nosy friend some of the pieces for his bug. (Either way you look at it, whether you're the bugger

or buggee, the electronics store makes out like a bandit.) One of the items the dealer should have in stock is a field-strength meter. This meter will pick up any radio signals and register them on the meter. These meters are customarily used to check CBs, so they'll be easy for you to find. The only problem is that field-strength meters pick up all signals, including all nearby transmitters (radio stations, etc.). However, if you buy a tunable field-strength meter, this problem will be eliminated because all unwanted frequencies can be tuned out.

Another method is to perform a feedback-squelch search with a sensitive radio receiver. This receiver, however, must cover all bands from 30 to 120, including the 88 to 108 FM bands. A loud howl will sound off when you've hit the right frequency if there's a bug in the room.

You could also try using a metal detector. They can be purchased at almost any department store or rented from a rental service. They are best for sweeping the walls and ceilings for indications of metal. They will not, however, tell you exact amounts of metal or what kind of metal you've

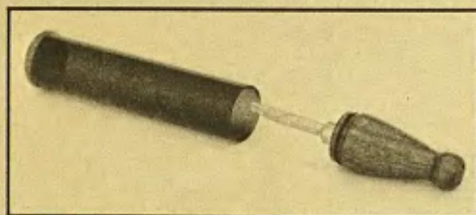
found, but they are helpful in finding buried bugs or spike mikes.

Let's say you do find a bug. What then? Well, if it's a wired bug, just follow the wires to the recording point. Then you may be able to bust a recorder and someone's head—not necessarily in that order. If it's a wireless bug, you can search for the receiver (usually within a few hundred feet). If you can't find the receiver, you could send a tremendously loud, piercing noise through the bug. You wouldn't hurt his recorder, but you might get lucky and bust his eardrum. In any case, he'll certainly get the message at that point that you know he's got a bug hidden (if he's got any brains at all). Then to make sure, you would, of course, crunch the mike itself into bits.

There are a few jamming devices on the market and a few that you could make yourself, but if you can find and destroy the bug, so much the better. The best method, naturally, is not to discuss anything of importance or else to walk around all the time with pen and paper in hand. Isn't that a bitch!

—Bushwacker

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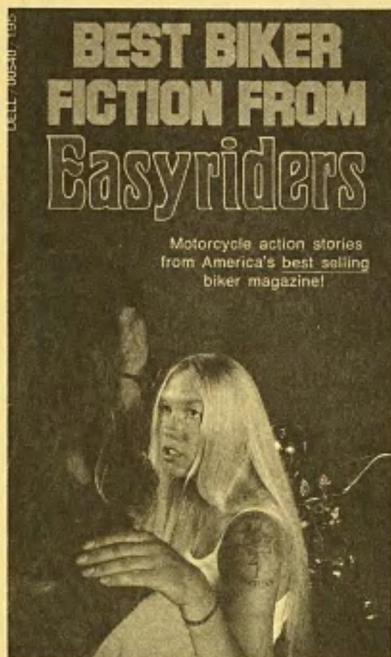
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Bonnie

Could turn any disaster into delight

Ever got bummed out by an untimely breakdown fifty miles from nowhere only to hear a mellow feminine voice out of the deep woods say, "Did your scooter take a shit, sugar?"

Well, that's not what happened here, but I thought I'd get your mind workin' from a downer to something out of a good bed-shakin' wet dream. 'Cause too many people are on bummers from the time their eyes unglue in the morning to the last bitch their ol' lady squeaks before she





falls asleep at night. Yeah, ol' ladies can nag a clear day into a tornado, the legislators can pass enough laws to stifle a new-born baby, and the man can bring so much heat down that bros will be afraid of gettin' speedin' tickets in their driveways. But that's life—like a nine to five, that's the game.

But fuck it! No shit. Even if it takes a little imagination, whatever you want to do is out there. There are more broads in the streets than ever before, there are more good scooter people to meet, anything you might need for your putt is available, and on and on.

As you gaze at the flicks of Bonnie's beautiful self making romance to that scooter and to nature, trip on this little tale of delight.

Ya see, even I've been out there alone, in a strange town, didn't know a soul. That's right, a couple of years ago I had this ol' lady who was 'bout as responsible as a hype. We lived in a strange town. I don't mean the town was weird. I hadn't lived there very long, ya see. Okay, so this ol' lady constantly took off to see her mama 'cause I kept tryin' to straighten up her act. So she packed her shit and left. Well, you know the trip—comin' home to an empty house, couldn't call anybody 'cause I didn't know a fuckin' soul. (Are ya bummed now?)

So one night I just hopped on my scooter and went to town. Bars are dismal fuckin' places, but where else does a guy go? So I hit all the biker bars—empty. It got to be around midnight and I sat, alone, hunched over a brew, starin' at the unreal tits on the barmaid, just knowin' she had fifteen ol' men and she hated bikers. But we exchanged a couple of idle words, and then outta nowhere she softly said, "Wanna go swimmin'?"

I didn't really feel like gettin' wet. It was cold as hell outside. But like I said before—it's out there. So why not go for it? And I did. We shut down the bar,

grabbed a bottle of wine at the local deli, and split out of town to a remote spot where we took a dip in the neatest stream anyone could ever find in the middle of the night. And we fucked. We did it in the water, in the dirt, and back in the water—until the next morning and then went at it again in her apartment.

So brothers, when times look real bad, right down to the disastrous, perk up. Never can tell—three big-titted chicks might come to your rescue in a camper. Or a pretty face like Bonnie's with an equally far out body attached might just brighten your day with a shimmering smile and some lovin' guaranteed to make your downed bod come alive. It's out there, brothers.

—Sad 'n' blue



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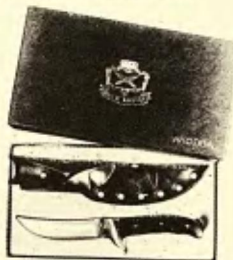


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This wallet goes for **\$6.85** plus 75¢ postage and handling.

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.

Food for a Run

—Continued from page 15

cooked kidney beans. If you can't find gallon cans of kidney beans, shame on you. High-steppin' Chili requires hustle, but in a pinch you can put in dry kidneys—five pounds ought to do it.

Boil the dry beans (save the kidneys for later if they are in the can). While waiting for the beans to start boiling, smoke a joint, pinch a broad on the ass, meditate on a few selected eternal truths, and start peeling the onions. Twenty pounds of yellow onions ought to keep you in line for a while. Chop the onions into the size of Las Vegas crap table dice. Then start on the garlic. Five pounds never hurt anybody. Peel away the dead skins, then hack the little fuckers into tiny pieces—careful of the fingers, now.

Throw all of this into the pot after the beans have boiled for about two hours. Then start on the hamburger. Forty pounds is a bare minimum—get as much into your chili pot as your food stamps will allow. The reason that chili tastes so bad in restaurants and such is that they boil the hamburger in the chili pot and serve you all that grease. In High-steppin' Chili, grease is **not** one of the prime ingredients! Brown the hamburger in a separate pan with salt and pepper, drain the grease, and toss it out the kitchen window. It kills the flowers and allows the weeds to grow, and the stuff that dribbles down the side of the window adds a rustic touch to your house. If you can get good, ground-pork sausage, brown it and add it to the hamburger.

By now your chili should have been boiling for three hours. You should keep adding water; as the beans cook they absorb it. Then add the meat, stirring it into the beans with a canoe paddle. Then get ready for the spices and some tomato sauce. Any respectable grocery store should have four gallons of tomato paste and four gallons of tomato catsup. The spices should be added to your



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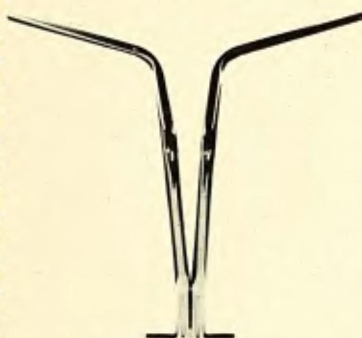
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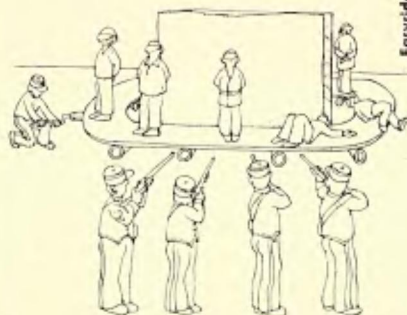
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own taste, but don't be bashful about mixing in the following in one-pound lots: cayenne pepper, chili powder, cumin (ground), good commercial weed, and dried red chilis. And don't forget the gallon of jalapeño peppers. After you stir in these heart-warming ingredients, let the pot boil for an hour, then turn your stove down to simmer. If you have the two gallons of kidney beans, add them at this time.

Punch holes on opposite sides of the empty gallon cans, about an inch down from the top. String two feet of baling wire through the holes and fasten securely. The High-steppin' Chili will have to be simmered for at least six hours. The crowd at your house may become a little unmanageable, so send the more able-bodied out for more beer. The friends that have the least class will require a gallon can with the baling wire strung around their necks so they can eat the chili and not slop it all over your house. The chili that dribbles down their chins will be caught in the chili pot. The pound of grass should provide a little high steppin' around the neighborhood and will also give your guests the munchies. As a consequence, they will head back to the chili pot to garbage down again—resulting in another bout of the munchies. This helps weed out the weaker prospects from your club, as many will not survive the weekend.

This should feed 300 assholes for a day or 150 for two days, or you for a year. And don't worry—the longer the chili sits, the better it gets.

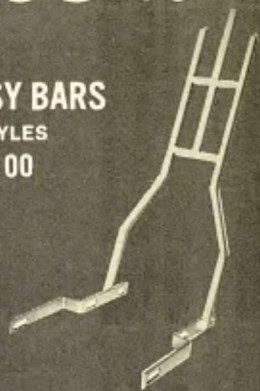


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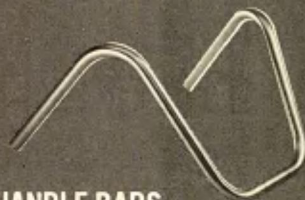
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A. It's 100% pure herb power! A stimulating mix of powdered damiana leaves, sarsaparilla root and kola nut.

Q. How does it work?
A. In three ways. Sarsaparilla root increases hormone levels. Damiana is a mild euphoric, a reputed aphrodisiac, and a tonic for the sex organs. Kola nut reduces the energy requirements of the nervous and muscular systems by promoting combustion of fats and carbohydrates.

Q. Why should I take Wilmont Herbal Blend?
A. The peak sexuality age for men is 18 to 20. After that our bodies produce smaller quantities of hormones. Disease, radical surgery, trauma, and the side effects of various drugs can also cause circulatory ills which interfere with normal sexual function. Wilmont Herbal Blend cleans and strengthens the urinary and sexual tracts so well that many customers tell us they achieve bigger, harder, prolonged erections with regular use. Other benefits are a higher energy level and increased sexual vitality.

Q. How long does it take?
A. Herbs, like vitamins, take a little time to work their wonders. Most men start feeling a renewed sexual vigor after 30 to 60 days. Thereafter, continued, regular use of Wilmont Herbal Blend will maintain the higher levels of sexual energy.



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The Farmer's "K"

—Continued from page 29

lady, like I said before, them's Weimaraners and..."

Eventually, the three of us were standing in front of the bike looking at it. The farmer was packing a well-used pipe and talking about the Harley-Davidson.

"Used to belong to my brother. Well, I guess it still does really, but he wrote me 'bout this time last year and said I could do whatever I wanted to with it. He's married now, down in Arizona."

Paperwork problems began to enter my mind, but what the hell—first steps first.

"Ever thought about selling it?" I asked, casually.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, sucking on his pipe. "I don't really know what it's worth."

I walked over to the H-D and looked at the odometer. Seven thousand six hundred twenty-five miles!

At my house, not forty miles from there, I had a Jap 750. *Personalized* would have described it better than *chopped*, but it was a healthy bike and dependable. Still, the only reason I wasn't riding a Harley was that I couldn't afford one. There were two hundred dollars hidden in a closet at home and I knew I could get twelve hundred for my bike in forty-eight hours.

"Well," I said, "it looks to be in fairly decent shape. I'll give you a thousand dollars for it."

"A thousand dollars?" asked the farmer. "For a motorsickle as old as—" He stopped. Probably thought I was a turkey. "Son, you got yourself a deal."

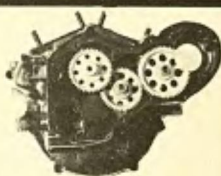
"I'll be back day after tomorrow with the money," I told him, and we left.

The next morning I was out tacking cards on bulletin boards as soon as the bike shops were open.

"For sale: immaculate 750, six-over tubes, four-into-one exhaust, sixteen in back, custom seat and paint."

—Continued on page 83.

Lightening Gears for All 74's



1. These 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 the entire train is light and responsive.
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 4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright, send for price list.
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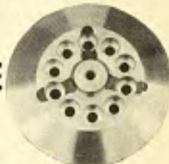


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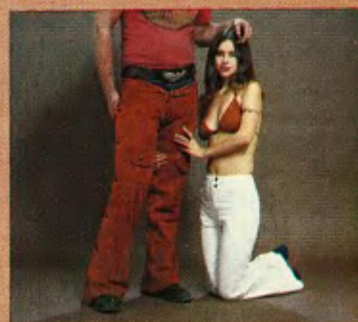


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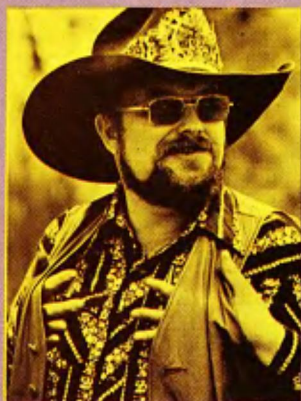


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Midnight Wind/Charlie Daniels Band: We always thought that a midnight wind was one of those monster farts that turn green when you light them after a big meal of pork and beans and Ripple. In any event, ol' Charlie has turned out a 10-tune set of home-grown, low-down hoe-downs—as funky and fine as anything he's done before. Daniels' fiddle work is as fast as ever and he gives a smoking demonstration on "Redneck Fiddlin' Man." If either of us had fingers as quick as his we'd say hello and have the ladies' pants down before they could say "pluck my G-string." There's a good mix of up-tempo and medium-paced selections here, with a couple of sad songs thrown in for you piss-faced, sentimental slobos who are irked 'cause your baby sister won't go down on you anymore. But this LP should be able to drag you out of it—if not, drop us a line and we'll loan you our chicken.

DOWN TIME DISCS

By
Buster Duckbutter
and White Wing



What a Long, Strange Trip It's Been: The Best of the Grateful Dead: Hoping to reap some profits from the Grateful Dead movie which has been doing really well around the country, and also hoping to benefit from the popularity of Arista Records' "Terrapin Station," Warner Brothers has come up with this two-album re-release set of old Dead favorites. The Dead haven't played a note for Warners for about five years now, but this collection brings back some heavy, fine memories. And if all your Dead records are worn to

shit, like ours are, then this is just the replacement part you need to get cranking again. Sides three and four of the collection showcase the Dead in concert, with selections including "St. Stephen," "Jack Straw," "Me & My Uncle," "Tennessee Jed," "Cumberland Blues," "Playing in the Band," "Brown-Eyed Woman," and "Ramble On Rose." The first two sides are equally heavy, and you get a chance to hear both sides of a pretty rare Dead single: "Born Cross-eyed" and "Dark Star," which, unlike the long versions you're used to hearing in concert, is a compact three-minute cut. Other songs include (and if it were anybody but the Dead, we'd tell you to look up this shit yourself) "New, New Minglewood Blues," "Cosmic Charlie," "Truckin'," "Black Peter,"

"Ripple," "Doin' That Rag," and "High Time," as well as "Speedway Boogie." Now, we know as well as you do that not all your favorite tunes are on this release, but it's obviously one helluva collection. Add to that some heavy-duty graphics on the album cover from Rick Griffin, the same dude who did the space-cadet mind-bender cover work on the Dead's "Aoxomoxoa" album, and what the hell can we say? What the fuck you waitin' for?



Cardiff Rose/Roger McGuinn: Roger McGuinn has been around the rock and riot scene since its inception. He and Dylan were compared to each other, and even did each other's songs; sound like we're looking back at the past? Well, hold your cock. It's 1977 and the two shit-kickers are still here. This time, it's Roger's gig. Cardiff Rose gets my vote as album of the year. Basically, the same dudes that played on Bobby D.'s Rolling Thunder Review, and subsequent "Hard Rain" TV show, are showcased here under the production hand of former glitter-geek-cum-Dylanite, Mick Ronson. McGuinn plays the rainbow here, coming in colors everywhere. From the opening "Up to Me," a scathing Dylan song where he declares, "in fourteen months I only smiled once. I didn't do it consciously..." through to Joni Mitchell's "Dreamland," his own "Take Me Away," a tribute to the headaches of the Rolling Thunder days, and the tune "Cardiff Rose," to me it's where bikers would be a coupla hunnert years ago—pirates, rapin', pillagin', sailin' in the wind. Christ! They even give ya the goddam lyrics, so's ya don't have to fuck your mind over figurin' out what they're sayin'. What a deal!



American Stars and Bars/Neil Young: Once again, Mr. Consistency comes through. Young has a flair for saying exactly what you feel. He is sad, sardonic, rude, and wise. Always has been, always will be, hopefully. Neil's had a busy time of it the last ten years, doing four albums with the legendary Buffalo Springfield group, three with Crosby, Stills, and Nash, and a whopping ten solo discs. No wonder his voice has split on him from time to time.

Now he is back on top of his game with a possible gold record on the racks. Ya gain a lot of respect for Neil on this album—mostly for his gutty tribute to the pot cause. "Homegrown" is an anthem for all to rally around. But don't get to thinking this is a one-song record—every cut is different, from the acoustic "The Will to Love" to the eight-minute-plus guitar extravaganza of "Like a Hurricane." There ain't a weak spot in sight.

The Farmer's "K"

—Continued from page 80

My partners all wanted to know why I was selling it so cheap.

"I'm tired of riding a foreign bike," I explained.

"Hell," they said, "any ride is better than none."

Little did they know.

I sold the bike at midnight that night to a friend of a friend and at seven the next morning Karla and I were on our way to get the putt. I'd change the oil, charge the battery, and ride the bitch home. Almost four hundred dollars would be left for new chrome here and there and a new paint job. Damn! Was I happy!

We finally arrived at the old man's house. He met us at the door.

"Hi, folks," he said.

"Howdy," I replied. "Are you ready to make a bunch of money?"

"Let me tell you somethin', son. I had that motorsickle out front here cleanin' it up yesterday, when a cattle truck pulled up. A couple of men jumped out and come on over when one of 'em seen what I was doin'. Well, he offered to trade me two good Jersey cows, right off the truck, for that motorsickle. Ya know, son, I just couldn't sell you a machine that old for that kind of money, so I took the man up on his offer."

Then the old farmer in his baggy overalls smiled at us as if he had just done me a great favor. I didn't have the heart to hit him, but if Karla ever wants to stop at an old barn again, she's gonna need a new set of teeth.



"Honest! I thought you said we were bidding on the hatchback."

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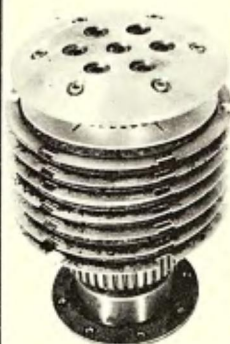


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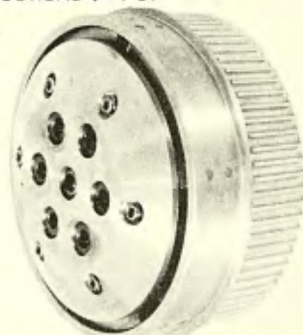
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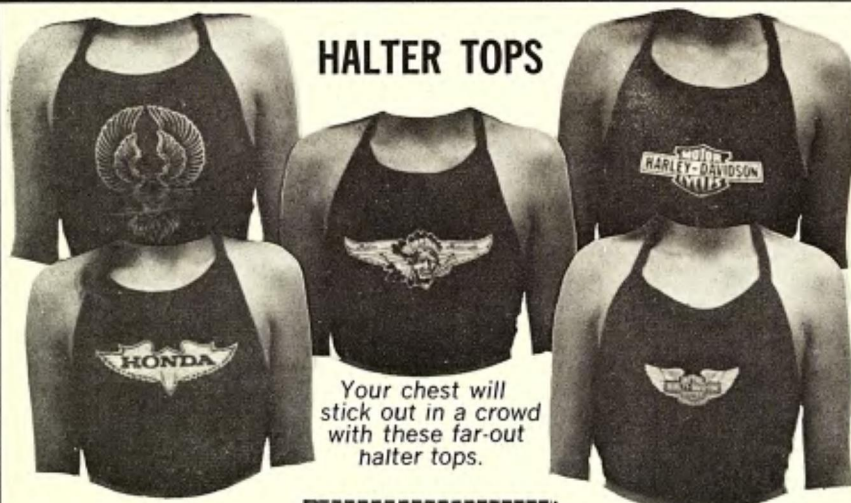
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Special Ol' Lady

—Continued from page 12

examined the fuel line. It had a hole the size of his thumbnail in its underside.

"Can you fix it?" Violette asked, her brown eyes searching his, a worried look on her pretty face.

"If I just had some tape," he said, and looked south down the highway. "But even if I had tape we'd still need gas."

A car roared by on the highway without slowing. Another followed quickly behind it. He had to make a decision. One of them had to hitchhike to the Junction, and one had to stay with the scooter. To leave it there unguarded would be like guaranteeing its disappearance. But which one of them would hitchhike and which would stay was the question that concerned him.

He looked at Violette out of the corner of his eye while he pretended to study the bike. She was beautiful with her bell-bottomed hip-huggers, tight halter, and that waterfall of light-brown hair cascading over one shoulder. But she was small. She didn't stand more than five three, and probably didn't weigh more than a hundred pounds. If ever he wished he'd picked a bigger, more unattractive chick to be his girl, it was now. Whether she hitchhiked or stayed with the bike, she might be in trouble. All kinds of people traveled that road, and some of them were not above raping a chick, especially in a deserted area like the one in which they now found themselves.

Frank toyed with the throttle on the Harley while he considered the problem. They had been riding together for almost six months, but he wasn't sure if he really, seriously cared for her. She was good in bed, took good care of their pad, and was always a willing hostess at the frequent parties that he threw. But he had never been sure if he loved her or not. His feelings of concern for

Easyriders



"That's for my secretary."

her now were limited by that doubt.

"Vio, you'll have to hitchhike to the Junction," he said, making up his mind.

She just nodded, concerned more by their situation than for her own safety.

He took their sleeping bag down off the sissy bar, unfastened the cords, and rolled it open half a turn, exposing a Colt Python revolver nestled there. This he handed to her, and she slipped it immediately into her large leather purse. She knew how to use it. Her father had spent twenty years in the Air Force as a security officer, and if he had never taught her anything else of value, he had trained her to use firearms at a very early age.

Frank had seen her shoot. Once when they had camped in a secluded spot in the mountains he had amused himself by breaking beer bottles tossed into the stream near their camp. He had missed a lot, and then she innocently asked him if she could fire the pistol. He couldn't conceal his surprise when she broke six bottles with six shots, and he began to view her with a new respect.

The sound of an engine jerked him from his thoughts, and he looked up to see a pickup truck approaching. It slowed as it came closer, the driver shifting down from high to second. Abruptly, it swung off the highway, and came to a stop about fifteen feet behind the Harley.

There were two men in the truck, and they both climbed out. They were both big, clean-shaven, with short hair. They wore jeans, T-shirts, and work boots.

"What's the trouble, buddy?" the driver asked, flashing a brief grin. He was the bigger of the two. Frank did not like the way they were both eyeing Violette.

"Fuel line rotted through," he explained. "Got any tape?"

"Yeh. Sure, we got some tape," the driver said, and flashed that grin again. This time Frank thought of a shark, and something told him he and Violette were in for big trouble.

"Yep," the driver of the pickup repeated, "we got tape — and gas, too. Ain't we, Dan?"

The other one, who had remained silent all this time while he stared at Violette, nodded without taking his eyes off her. "Sure, Charlie," he said, leering. "We got tape and gas."

Violette, sensing that the men were enemies, moved back in front

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of the bike, fear showing in her eyes.

"Well, do you think I could buy some of that tape and gas?" Frank asked, forcing himself to smile. His heart was beating faster. He sensed he was about to have to fight for his life, and the adrenalin was rushing into his system.

"Wal, now," Charlie said, folding his arms, "Dan and me had a better plan. We figured if your girl would lay us we'd give you the gas."

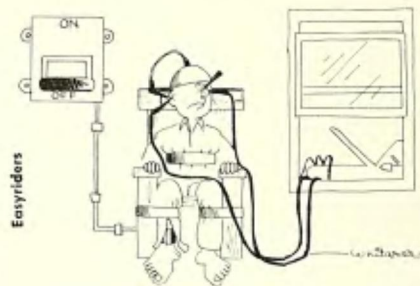
He was about three feet away, and Frank hit him with everything he could. The blow caught Charlie in the left eye and staggered him back against the fender of the truck. Like a cat, Frank spun to face Dan just as the other rushed him. He managed to clip Frank with a blow to the side of the head, but not before his nose broke under a slamming left hook, sending bright red blood gushing down the front of his T-shirt.

Frank might have handled both of them if he had cold-cocked Charlie with that first punch, but while he was busy with Dan, Charlie recovered, returning to the fight with a blow to the side of Frank's head that sent him to his knees. Both of them were on him in an instant, kicking and slugging him into unconsciousness. It was not until he lay on his back in the dirt that either of them thought of Violette.

When they looked up she was standing there with the Colt Python pointed at them, its chrome-plated, ribbed barrel looking as deadly as a rattlesnake. The tide of the fight had turned so suddenly against Frank that she had not reacted in time to save him from being hurt, but she showed no hesitation now.

"Okay, motherfuckers," she said, her voice trembling, "I know how to use this thing, and the first one of you that makes a move is going to get his ass blown off."

"Ah, come on, sweetheart," Charlie said, and moved to step toward her. His left eye was already closing from the blow Frank had delivered.



Charlie froze in his tracks when Violette thumbed back the hammer on the Python with a loud click.

"Don't tempt me," she said, and her voice wasn't trembling now, but was cold and steady. "Both of you just stay close together, and don't move a fucking finger unless I say so—understand?"

The two stared at the big pistol in her tiny hands and nodded in unison.

"You," she said to Dan, "get the tape and that can of gasoline out of the truck. And don't get any funny ideas or Charlie here will be dead before you've finished thinking about it."

"Get the fucking stuff for her," Charlie growled, never taking his eyes off the gun.

Without hesitating, Dan moved back to the truck and got a five-gallon jerry can out of the back, along with a small, grey toolbox. He walked cautiously to the side of the chopper and paused.

"Now tape the fuel line real careful," Violette said, never letting her gaze or the muzzle of the revolver drift from Charlie's chest.

Dan knelt beside the bike and opened the tool box. Three minutes ticked slowly by, and then he stood up.

"It's fixed," he said, wiping a hand across his still bleeding nose. The front of his T-shirt was splattered with blood.

"Okay, fill the tank with the gasoline," she ordered.

Dan picked up the gas can and took the cap from the bike's fuel tank. A moment later the "glug-glug" sound of gas from the jerry can sounded loud in the stillness.

Frank was stirring on the ground, groaning as he tried to roll over on his side.

"It's full," Dan said, putting the cap back on the tank.

"Okay, you move back by the truck, but don't try to get into it, understand me?" Violette asked, and her voice cut like a knife.

Dan nodded and backed toward the truck.

"Now you," she said, nodding at Charlie. "Get him up off the ground and put him on the bike."

"But, lady, he can't ride," Charlie protested. "He—"

"Goddammit, just do what I say," Violette spat, and Charlie moved quickly to help Frank to his feet.

Frank had some broken ribs, and he was too dazed to know what was coming down. He let Charlie help

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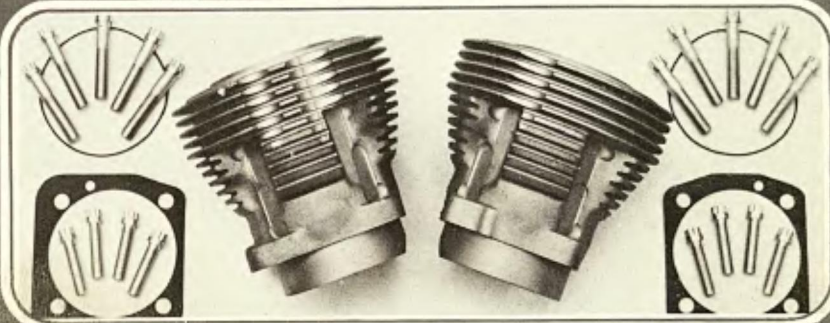
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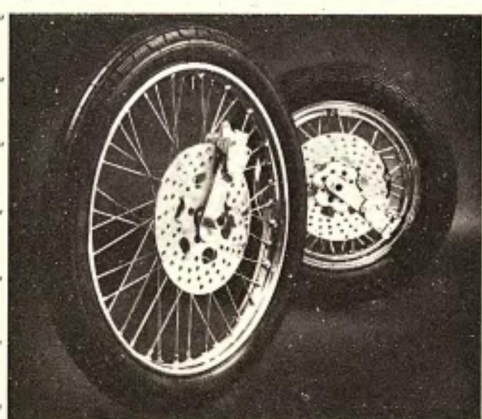
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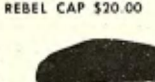
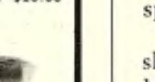
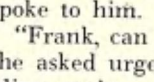
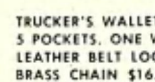
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him to the bike, instinctively swinging his leg over the seat.

"Now what?" Charlie asked as Frank sat back against the sissy bar with a groan.

"You ever start one of these things before?" Violette asked, watching Dan out of the corner of her eye while she kept the gun pointed at Charlie.

"Yeh, but—" Charlie stuttered.

"Okay, you're going to start this one for me," Violette said. "Move real slow, and do just what I tell you. First, turn the petcocks on."

Charlie leaned over the bike, and turned the little brass levers to the down position.

"Now turn the ignition switch on," Violette ordered, hoping that Frank would not become conscious enough to do something stupid like swinging on Charlie.

"Now turn the kick starter pedal out, and kick it without straddling the bike," Violette ordered.

"If that goddam thing kicks it'll knock me on my ass," Charlie protested loudly.

"Tough shit," Violette said. "That's better than what this thing I'm holding will do to you if you don't start that fucking bike—now!"

Charlie needed no further encouragement. He swung the kick pedal out and, standing on his left leg, kicked it downward with his right. The big 74 coughed, hesitated, and then caught. Frank stirred and opened his eyes at the familiar sound.

"Now back over there by the truck," Violette said to Charlie, and she moved up alongside the chopper.

Charlie stepped back near Dan by the front wheel of the pickup. Violette stood beside Frank and, still covering the two with the Python, spoke to him.

"Frank, can you understand me?" she asked urgently, her voice trembling again.

"Yeah, babe, I hear you," he said. "I'm awake. Just hurt like a sonofabitch, that's all."

"We're going to ride out of here," Violette explained. Tears were stinging her eyes now, and she had to fight hard to keep control of herself. "But you've got to help me until I get the bike rolling. It's too heavy for me to hold up with you on it."

"I'll ride it," Frank mumbled through broken lips.

"No! Frank, you're hurt too bad," Violette pleaded. "Just trust me, Frank, please."

Frank coughed again.

"Okay, babe, you've got the hammer," he said, nodding weakly.

Violette's eyes flashed at Charlie and Dan now as she steeled herself again for what she had to do.

"You motherfuckers run!" she yelled.

They hesitated, and the big gun roared, the slug ripping through the grill of the truck, shredding metal. Both Charlie and Dan spun around and ran for their lives.

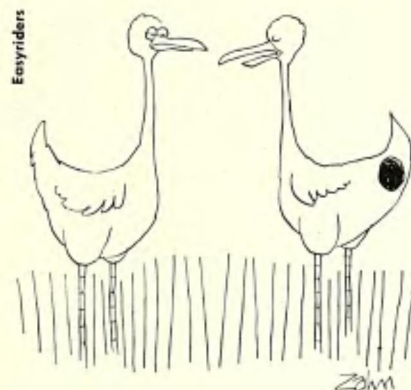
Again the pistol roared. This time the right front tire on the pickup blew with a loud bang and a cloud of dust. Charlie and Dan ran faster, thinking the girl was shooting at them. Violette squeezed the trigger once more, and this time the left front tire went. A pool of water gathered under the radiator and engine where the first slug had wrought havoc.

By now Charlie and Dan were a good hundred yards away, running faster than either of them had thought possible. Violette slipped the pistol into the front of Frank's jeans and swung onto the seat in front of him.

"Now, Frank," she said, shifting the big Harley into first and opening the throttle.

Through his pain-dazed senses Frank was aware of the bike swerving badly, threatening to go down, and he put his right leg out to brace it. Violette struggled with the handlebars, the big machine straightening out as it gained speed, and a moment later they were on the highway, rolling free. Just as Violette shifted into second, Frank had the presence of mind to reach down with his left toe and snick the kick-stand up.

He did not remember much about that seventeen-mile ride to Sonora



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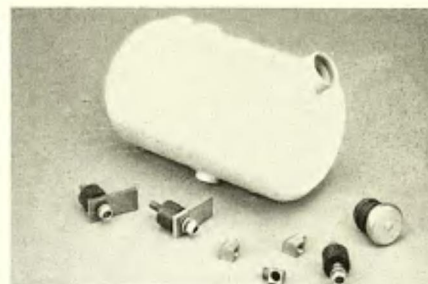
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Junction. He had four broken ribs, and every jolt of the bike almost caused him to pass out. He remembered the cold wind with Violette's long, brown hair mixed up in it brushing his face, keeping him on the edge of consciousness. For the rest of his life he would remember her petite figure in front of him, her small hands clasping the bars with whitened knuckles as she guided the big Harley over the crooked highway at seventy miles per hour. He was aware now that he really loved her, and the tears that ran down his face were not caused by the pain in his chest.

Then he passed out.

It was dark when he awakened. He was in a small, bright room. He could feel the tight bandages holding in his crushed ribs, and his groggy brain struggled against the Demerol to remember what had happened. He blinked against the blurred images as his surroundings slowly resolved themselves into recognizable shapes—the white sheets, the pale green walls, the tube running from his arm to the inverted bottle hanging above him. Violette smiled down at him.

"How do you feel, babe?" she asked.

With an effort, Frank whispered through puffy lips. "I'm all right, Vi," he began, only to find himself unable to continue, his throat constricting in a flood of emotion that left him confused and fighting back tears he couldn't explain. He wanted to tell her what he felt, to apologize for his former indifference—but the words weren't there. What do you say to someone who has saved your life?

"Listen, Vi," he tried again, "I know I've been a prick a lot of times, but I want you to know . . ." His voice trailed off once again in a flood of jumbled emotions that left him choked and inarticulate, straining to raise himself from the bed.

Violette laid her small hand lightly against his swollen cheek. "Later, babe," she said. "You don't need to say anything now. I'll be here tomorrow and the day after that and for as long as you want me."

Frank sank back into the warm pillow and relaxed. In spite of himself, sleep was overtaking him. Yielding to his own weariness, he gave up—he'd tell her everything later.

"Vi," he said, drifting off to a dreamless sleep, "you're one very special ol' lady."



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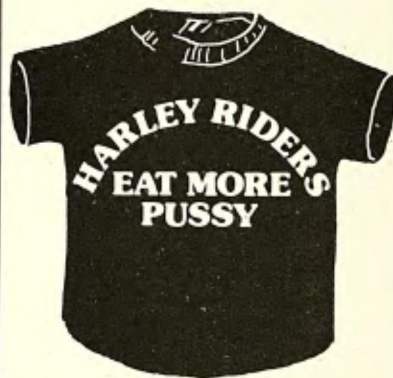
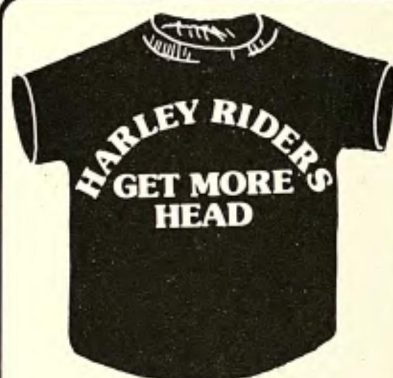
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What It Felt Like

—Continued from page 44

walk and snatched the truck from the little boy. "You like this little truck, don't you?" he asked, his mouth, in spite of himself, twisting into something between a smile and a sneer. He held the truck a few inches from the boy's astonished face, but it wasn't necessary; the frightened little kid made no move to retrieve the toy. He simply stared at Pete, wide-eyed and trembling.

The little guy finally whimpered and nodded his head.

"Too goddam head," said Pete, throwing the toy truck under his boot. Absently, he noted that the toys he had played with as a boy had seemed somewhat sturdier. "Oh, it broke," he said, sarcastically, retrieving the completely flattened truck and tossing it into the street. "Your little truck is broken. Poor little baby. Come on, little boy, let's see you cry."

The child looked up into Pete's face with eyes that were showing tears, and Pete saw the pure hatred coming through them. He could not stop himself from laughing, and at that final cruel touch the little boy turned, screamed, and ran down the sidewalk crying for his mother.

Pete was suddenly filled with an absurd sense of satisfaction—a sense of gratification he had not felt since the age of nine, when he had asked his babysitter to take her clothes off and to his amazement, she had done as he asked.

Still laughing, he walked back to his bike, fired it up, and rode away.

* * *

His ol' lady had been talking even more than usual the past few days, probably because Pete was paying less attention than ever. He believed that, like her vocal politics, this social conscience stuff was her business entirely, and he was not about to change his habits just to indulge her stupid peculiarities. In an at-



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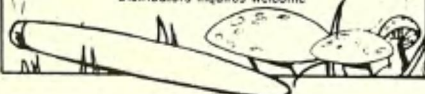
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tempt to reach out to him, or maybe just to break the silence, she had taken to reading various news items aloud during breakfast.

"Did you hear about the kidnapping?" she asked him one morning. "Some people kidnaped a rich man's son and every hour they called the parents, threatening to kill the child unless they paid a hundred thousand dollars ransom."

"No," replied Pete absently, not sure if he had been asked a question. "No, I haven't heard about it."

She read the story to him, but Pete wasn't listening. He had never been interested in the news and, for that matter, wasn't all that interested in his ol' lady.

However, even without listening closely he found he couldn't rid himself of the idea of kidnapping—nor could he erase the image of fear. Two scenes developed in his mind: *The kidnapers, making threats over the phone while in a corner sat the sobbing, kidnaped child; the parents, on the other end of the line, were desperate—nearly hysterical.*

What would it be like, wondered Pete, to be feared? To be really feared?

* * *

More than a week later, Pete stopped at an insurance company and waited until the daughter of Judge Thomas left for the day. He had studied her habits for several days, and when she left her place of employment, Pete followed.

The streets, as he had hoped, were deserted. Pete quickened his steps and the young woman turned around and saw him. He saw the instinctive fear on her face when he broke into a run after her. She ran a few steps, but Pete caught her at once and then she screamed.

He turned her to face him, holding her by the elbows. Her hair, which Pete imagined her carefully brushing every morning, now fell over her eyes. Her mouth was partly open and her nostrils were flared in terror.

"Don't struggle, babe," Pete said, with the grinning sneer that now came automatically. "I'm just going to have a little fun with you. I don't even want your money—just a good time."

He tightened his grip. The young woman squirmed and tried to scream, but her cry was cut short when Pete slapped her and clamped his hand over her mouth.

It was there, yes. The fear. The

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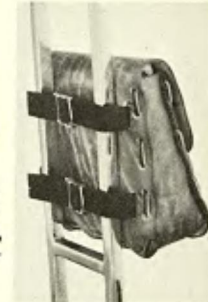
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vivid, unrepressed terror was obvious on her face and in her movements.

Pete grinned even wider as he abruptly reached down to her knees and jerked at the hem of her dress, pulling it upward to her slim waist. Methodically, he ripped away her clothes as she struggled and thrashed. Soon the velvet-like smoothness of her skin was broken only by the thin, white bra straps across her back and the flimsy pink panties that stretched tightly across her hips. She tried to struggle, and as she fought a bra strap broke and one full young breast spilled out. Pete pulled and squeezed the soft flesh momentarily, then rasped impatiently and slid his hands down to her panties. His fingers hooked the elastic waistband and with a sudden jerk ripped the thin garment away.

Naked, her body exposed like never before, the girl was wild with fear and desperation. She aimed a savage kick at Pete's groin, but missed.

"Have you ever been raped?" he asked. Pete chuckled and then released her. She ran for her life, stumbling, and shouting for help.

"Don't worry," Pete yelled after her. "I was only kidding."

* * *

The following morning Pete's ol' lady read yet another newspaper story. This one was about a murder.

While she read the story, Pete began to wonder what it felt like to kill a human being, wondered what emotions accompanied the spilling of human blood.

Later that morning, instead of going to work, Pete bought a hunting knife at a sporting goods store and rode to the home of Judge

—Continued on page 96

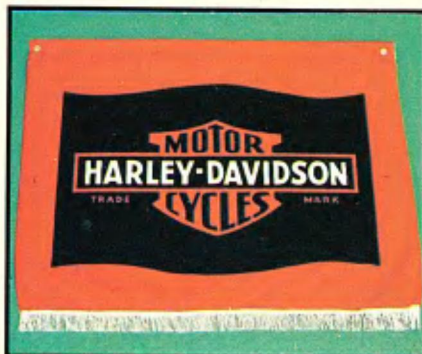


"Well, yeah, at first it looked suspicious to me too, Sarge, but then when I asked him if he was asleep and he didn't answer, I figured everything was okay..."

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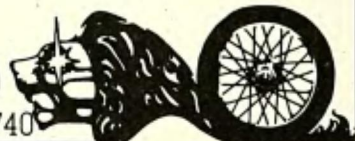


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ER-5

What It Felt Like

—Continued from page 93

Thomas. He was relieved to discover no cars in the driveway.

He left his bike a few blocks from the Thomas home and then walked back and climbed in through an open window at the rear of the house. Walking softly, his heart pounding against his ribs, he moved cautiously through the silent rooms of the luxurious house. He had no definite plan—only a vague scheme to await the judge's return and then confront him. His imagination wouldn't take him beyond the moment of confrontation, but the same question still haunted his obsessed brain: what would it feel like?

Satisfied that the house was indeed empty, Pete began searching the bedrooms for valuables. He worked with silent intensity for a half hour, during which time he discovered \$3,700 in cash, a handful of expensive jewelry, and a snub-nose .38. The money and jewelry was an unexpected windfall, and Pete was tempted to split immediately while he could leave unobserved. He had already taken the first tentative step toward the rear of the house when Mrs. Thomas walked through the front door.

"Scream and you're dead."

"W-w-w-hat do you want?"

"I just want to know what it feels like," replied Pete.

"What?"

"Just shut up, lady," said Pete.

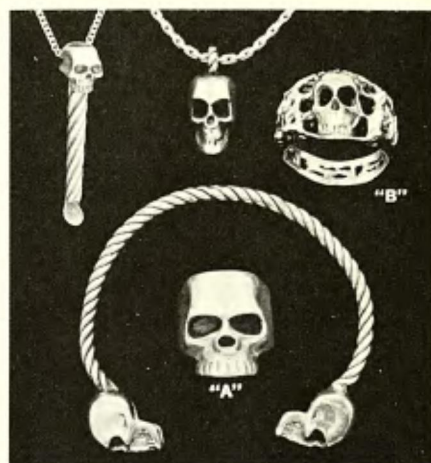
"I don't understand," she said, her eyes bright with fear.

"Your kind never do," Pete spat, "so just shut up."

She backed off, uncertainty showing on her face, and that uncer-



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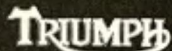


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tainty caused Pete's curiosity to get the best of him. He pulled the gun from his coat pocket and pointed it at her.

"My God," she said, stumbling backwards, her eyes darting from Pete to the pistol, and then back to Pete. "You're crazy. Completely crazy."

Pete was laughing menacingly. "No," he said, "not actually crazy. Just thirsty for knowledge, for experience. I want to know what it feels like."

"You're insane," she screamed. He laughed again. "Take off your clothes," he commanded.

"What?" she asked, bewildered. "Take off your fucking clothes!" screamed Pete.

His uncontrollable laughter reached a new frenzy as His Honor's wife removed her shoes, skirt, and blouse. She stood there looking at him, fear contorting her face.

"The panties and bra, too," he snapped.

When the judge's wife was completely naked, Pete shoved her into the bedroom and tied her to the bed with cords he cut from the drapes. Together, they awaited the arrival of her husband. It wasn't a long wait.

The sun was low in the sky when Judge Thomas entered his home and was met by Pete Carroll.

"Good evening, Your Honor," offered Pete. "Shut the door," he added.

"If you've hurt my wife I'll—"

"You're not in a position to make threats, turkey, so sit down and shut up," yelled Pete.

"Where's my wife?" asked the judge.

"In the bedroom, waiting." Pete fingered the gun in his hand, and then looked back at the judge. "Nice tits for an old broad," he said with a leer.

"I'll see you hang," said Judge Thomas.

"You're not going to see anything, asshole." Pete laughed, raising the gun slightly. "You know, none of this would have happened if you hadn't played martyr. You're not gonna shit on bikers."

"What are you talking about?" asked the judge. "You've never been in my courtroom."

"That's right," Pete admitted.

"Then why?" asked Judge Thomas.

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Pete laughed once more, then pulled the trigger twice. The first bullet went wild, imbedding itself in the wall. The next hit the judge just above his collarbone, spinning him around and driving him to the floor where he writhed in pain. Moaning and sobbing, the judge crawled behind a chair just as Pete was drawing a bead on his bleeding form.

Pete stepped forward and kicked the chair away. He held the gun inches away from the judge's pleading face. "Kiss your ass goodbye, old man," he whispered. Even as his finger tightened on the trigger, Pete heard a door slam next door, followed by the sound of running feet. Panic struck—they'd heard the shots! Pete whirled away from the blubbering fool at his feet and dashed toward the rear of the house. As he bolted through the window, he could hear someone pounding on the front door. He vaulted a hedge and ran in a crouch to a culvert behind the judge's house. Following it as it ran parallel to the street, he was soon astride his bike and pulling away from the curb. He could hear sirens in the distance.

* * *

The following morning Pete's ol' lady was again reading from the newspaper. "Listen to this," she began. "Judge Richard V. Thomas was shot and seriously wounded in his home yesterday. Judge Thomas is in the intensive care unit of Methodist Hospital and police have been unable to question him regarding the identity of his attacker. Mrs. Thomas is under sedation at the hospital and has also been unable to supply the police with a description of the individual responsible."

Pete tried to force himself to sound casual, to demonstrate his usual lack of interest. "Yeah? So what's so unusual about that?" he asked, keeping his eyes lowered. "It happens occasionally."

His ol' lady explained. "It's unusual because of the reason the judge's wife can't help. She was found tied to the bed and keeps repeating the same sentence over and over."

"What sentence?"

Pete's ol' lady frowned at the paper as she read. "Since being discovered by concerned neighbors yesterday evening, Mrs. Thomas has said nothing but 'I wondered what it felt like'."

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Willy—I love you and need you. Please come home. Sharon. (57)

Born on a Mountain/Raised in a Cave/Biking and Fuckin'/Is all I Crave. This sticker only \$1.00 to P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (56)

On vacation and thinking of my brothers OFFO Wheels 1%er. Florida Outlaws MC. (56)

Right-Wing newspapers: Be totally informed. Send \$1.00 cash for list to Grim Reaper, Box 159, Worth, Illinois 60482. (58)

Hand-carved Harley belts, plain or personalized. Custom work done also. David Cobb, Box 43, Norfolk, Mass. 02056. (56)

Fantastic! Photo I.D. card made to your specifications for any state, Polaroid, sealed in plastic. Send \$5.00 (cash or money order) with name, address, hair color, eye color, height, weight, and date of birth. Send color photo with face image 1¼"x1¼" (photo booth picture O.K.) to Terry Weber, P.O. Box 205, Paramount, California 90723. (66)

Muff: What the hell are you doing in North Carolina? Get that sweet little body back to California where it belongs! I'm going crazy without you. The Muffin Man. (56)

Houston (Tex.) bound, or passing through—stop at "The Neutral Zone" for a beer and biker info., 1 block east of I-45 north on West Mt. Houston (F.M. 149). (713) 447-9508. (56)

Debbie: After 5 years in the joint, we'll be making that reunion in OKC, soon. Until then, love you! Steve. (56)

Mad mad book of formulas: how to make, step-by-step, goodies like knockout drops, explosives, silencers, poisons, and many others. A must in completing your library—limited offer at \$9.95. Act now, second printing. Send today to Jim Multalar, 1858 West Arrow Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. (56)

Notice—Detroit and Virginia "Renegade" bros contact Crazy George #143-979 and/or Butch #143-962 at Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699. Important! (56)

—Continued on next page

Mexican Bob, Diablo, you and your family are righteous people. Ride hard, ride free. Kim from Easyriders. (56)

Attack-train your dog—secrets never before available. Teach your dog to attack on command, plus protect your property when you're away. The book tells everything. Simple, fast, and easy. Just send five bucks to Guard Kennels, Rt. 2, Box 394, Aurora, Ore. 97002. (56)

Star: Sometime in the future, somewhere beyond, somehow, some other time our dreams will come true. Always I'll love you, my beautiful blue eyes. Sunshine. (56)

Needed: Easyriders #1,2,3,5,9, 11,14, and 15. Krause, 602 Packard, Tomah, Wis. 54660. (56)

"Ass with Class"—just send \$1.00 for picture and letter—kisses! Lisa Misner, Box 488, Andalusia, Ill. 61232. (67)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp, Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (56)

Black T-shirts for the true Harley rider: "Harley Is Best, Fuck the Rest"; "I'm His Because He Gives Good Face"; and "I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head." Printed on black tit-tops for the ol' lady. \$6.50 per shirt to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (56)

Needed: scooter tramps, house-mouses, couples, teachers and mamas to have Caucasian male smell and taste your foot, Richie, 310 Franklin #111, Boston, Mass. 02110. (56)

Mellow ladies: Hearing from you could make all the difference. Have been down awhile, expect to rise in March. Lonely and seeking a serious, sensual lady. Tom Sullivan B-32151, Box 645, Springfield, Calif. 93265. (57)

Crazy bull, wherever you are. Red Ferrit told Crazy Cow that you've run off with her mother. She's coming after you with big June. Rosie, England. (54)

Young Indian girl is short on cash. No donations asked! Purchase nude photos, \$1 each. Thanks, guys. Mary Chambers, P. O. Box 1581, Rock Island, Ill. 61201. (60)

Open your knife in the blink of an eye! The amazing Flicker will attach to any locking-blade knife and allows instant, one-handed opening. Convenient and a life-saver in an emergency. Only \$2.95. Send make and model of knife, and state length of blade when open. Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, California 91360. (54)

To our partners in the Ghetto. Fullerton, Calif. Our scoot's down or we'd be back by now. Keep partyin' an' ridin' high. We miss the shit out of y'all. Booboo and Crazyman, 740 Bay Front Ave., N. Beach, Md. 20831. (54)

Debbie Gregory: If you read this, then you can see that I care for you and your words. Please write me. Bob Bontempo #95817, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901. (54)

Steve, I know ya tried to get in touch with me in jail, but I'm out and need to see ya. Get in touch. Ken Cray, 3rd LAAM (Comm), Cherry Pit, N.C. 28533. (54)

Chuck George (Hutchinson, Kansas): I've only had you in my dreams. When I'm free I'll have you in reality. Rita. (55)

To bro Cowboy and all the Ghost Riders out there, thank you just plain existin'. I've learned a much-needed lesson, which won't have to be taught again. Soon I'll be free to earn my patch back. Ghost Riders forever — forever Ghost Riders. Roach, Clemens Unit, Brazoria, Texas. (55)

I would like to make a base "swap" with anyone in New Jersey or the general New York area. My job specialty is MOS 11C20 and I can be contacted at Co.B, 2/17th Inf., Ft. Ord, Calif. 93941, D. Fobbs. (55)

Dog Leg: I give ya a place to hide and what happens? The jury found me guilty again. On the run. Someplace, U.S.A. Homebag John. (55)

Linda Lee (Bronson). I love you, miss you, and need you. I want your hot Harley patch on my face where it belongs. It was the Feds, and not a mama that took me away from you, so hurry back into my heart. Charles Dunlap (Mongol) #36419-136-g4, McNeal Island, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Washington 98388. (55)

Chopper-type parts at wholesale prices, catalog \$1.00 to: Parts Liquidators, Dept. E, Box 64, Champlin, Minn. 55316. (62)

Mary, you're fantastic. The memories will keep me going for a while, but not forever. Keep in touch, all right? I love you very, very much. Rick. (56)

Lonely prisoner looking for sincere ol' lady. Wayne T. Patrick B-78043, California Mens Colony, P.O. Box A-E/B4105, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (56)

Custom T-shirt with full color design of topless chick with big tits, mounted on chopper. Send \$5 and size to MCR Service, Box 210213, Dallas, Texas 75211. (56)

The Libertarian Party needs your support. Write: National Headquarters, 1516 P Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. (56)

Yardbird: Whenever you're ready, so am I. I love you. Your ol' lady in Nevada. (56)

Biker just hit 40 and loves it. Been ridin' a Harley 20 years and loves it. Lookin' for chick who knows how to ride and camp and loves it. It's you and me and a Sportster. Age and looks unimportant. Just let me share the freedom I have found with you. I ride to live and live to ride. Write Don Hunter, 23 Pinebrook Rd., Towaco, N.J. 07082. (56)

Lucky: Happy 30th! It's been 6 months since I've heard from you! My earth, my wind, my fire, my #1. I still love you. Your lucky lady, P.O. Box 663, Tolouana Park, Oregon 97145. (56)

Guaranteed Identification: Polaroid color photo identification with your official state/province etc. Rush \$7.00: (or), five blank flag. Plasticized, 1-day service. Send photo, signature, birthdate, age identifications. Fill 'em in yourself. Rush \$3.00. Double order, \$5.00. Plastic covers, 50¢ set. Free birth certificate with I.D. orders. I.D.s-EZ28, 934 Dodge Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60202. (56)

The members of the Prison Motorcycle Brotherhood would like to hear from all scooter trash, dudes, and chicks. Write Larry (Midnight) Allen #80124, Unit 3-16/S, Station A, West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. (56)

Inmate confined in state institution now preparing a civil rights suit 42 U.S.C. ss 1983 for deprivation of civil rights would like to hear from anyone who could offer views and opinions on the idea of conjugal visits. Write to him directly at the institution and, if an answer is desired, please state so in letter. Albert Libra Walentukonis #K-3832, Drawer R, Huntington, Pa. 16652 (56)

There are two chicks that I would like to get hold of, if possible. Sugar Shorts in Cleveland, Ohio, and Brown Eye in Phoenix, Ariz. Write Doc Savage #32959-138, P.O. Box 4000, Springfield, Missouri 65802. (56)

Hello, Coalburg Welding. When ya moving to Inglewood? Twiggy, Bear, Bowle, and Gaspard. (56)

Looking for a long lost lay. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Dennis Whenshel (Shark), please notify Karin Wiegand, Taylor Manor, Ellicott City, Maryland 21043. (56)

A promise: Tell Space Monkey I still love him and wanna sit on his face till death do us part. Bionic Jackrabbit, Panorama, Calif. (56)

To Karen "Kat" Krafft in Corpus Christi, Texas—Baby, I love you. I'm comin' to get you just as soon as I straighten out some shit. You're still my ol' lady. Don't forget it, Jerry in Alabama. (56)

Never before available—gigantic Harley-Davidson towel. (43x72 inch) bigger and better than a bedsheet. Black logo silk-screened on Harley orange background. Highest quality thick velour. Hundreds of purposes—use as towel, wall hanging, bike cover, etc. Compare our quality and price—only \$14.95 (postage and handling included)! Send check and m.o. to: Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas Ca. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks delivery. Foreign add \$1.50. Dealer inquiries on letterhead invited.

To the sweetest cunt I have ever had: Mary, you're the best. D.D.

Wanted: foxes to write Big Bad Wolf. Rewards offered. Tim Taylor #147-044, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. (56)

1978 SWAP MEET SCHEDULE

Easyriders magazine is putting on a motorcycle parts swap meets (off-the-wall scooter happenings — complete with rock band to soothe your gourd as you buy, swap, or sell your bike goodies). There will be thousands of new, used, and obsolete parts and accessories available.

Phoenix, Ariz.
Charlotte, N.C.
Atlanta, Ga.
Memphis, Tenn.
Nashville, Tenn.
San Diego, Ca.
Ventura, Ca. (evening)
Denver, Co.

January 15, 1978
January 29, 1978
February 5, 1978
February 12, 1978
February 19, 1978
March 12, 1978
March 18, 1978
April 2, 1978

Los Angeles, Ca. (Pomona)
Springfield, Mass.
Detroit, Mich.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Allentown, Pa.
San Diego, Ca.
Ventura, Ca.
Denver, Co.
Columbus, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.
Los Angeles, Ca.
Louisville, Ky.
San Diego, Ca.
San Francisco, Ca.
Ventura, Ca.
Phoenix, Ariz.
San Diego, Ca.
Detroit, Mich.
West Springfield, Mass.
Allentown, Pa.
San Francisco, Ca.
Ventura, Ca.

April 16, 1978
April 16, 1978
April 23, 1978
April 30, 1978
May 7, 1978
May 14, 1978
June 11, 1978
June 18, 1978
June 25, 1978
July 16, 1978
July 16, 1978
July 23, 1978
August 13, 1978
August 20, 1978
August 27, 1978
September 24, 1978
October 22, 1978
October 29, 1978
November 5, 1978
November 12, 1978
December 3, 1978
December 10, 1978



Nasty Feet by Easyriders

Made exclusively for us by Chippewa (the finest engineer boot manufacturer)

These boots are the cream of the crop. As if old man Davidson built you a bike by himself, we went to the best, then asked them to make us a better boot — and they outdid themselves.

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.

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).



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

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

■ 11 in. — \$59.95 ■ 17 in. — \$74.95

In stock sizes 8½—11, D width only

Special order sizes 6—8, 11½—14, B, C, D, E, EE widths (Add \$12 per pair. Allow 4 to 6 weeks.)

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%.

Got the 74 Urge? Jammer Can Satisfy It!

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)



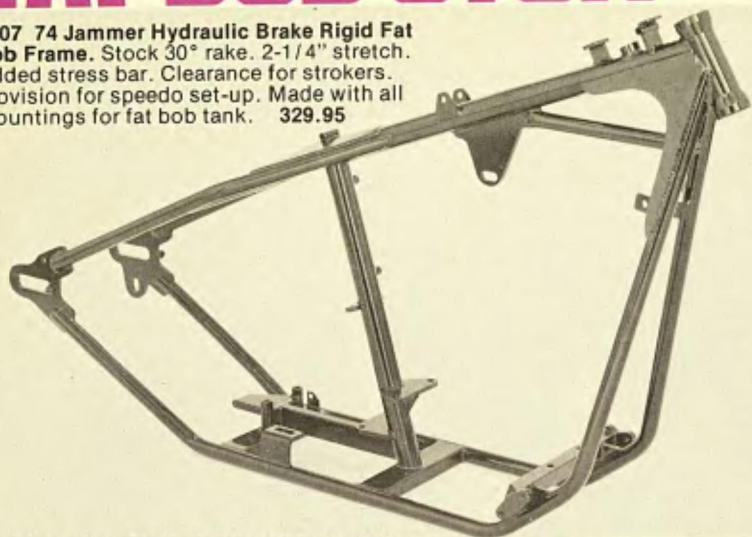
We have the largest assortment of quality 74 Chopper parts in the world - more than we show here - more than we can list in this advertising section. So if you've got 74 Fever - we've got the cure!
(There was not room in this section to list all the products shown on this page - please refer to Jammer's Handbook for these & hundreds more!)



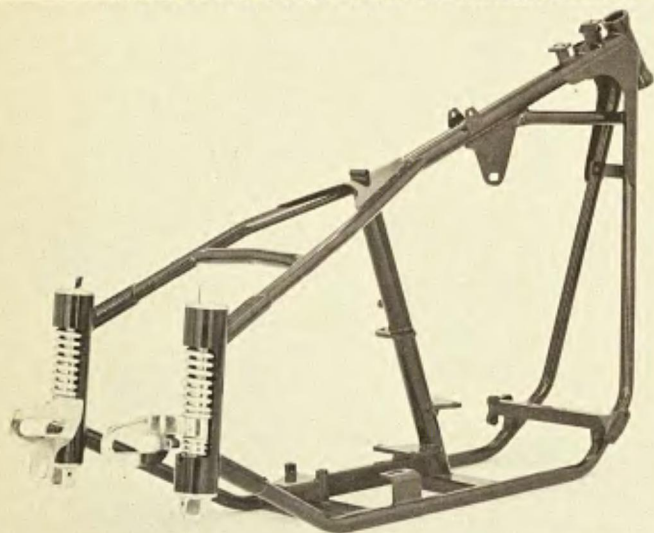
NEW!

FAT BOB STUFF

2807 74 Jammer Hydraulic Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame. Stock 30° rake. 2-1/4" stretch. Added stress bar. Clearance for strokers. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank. **329.95**

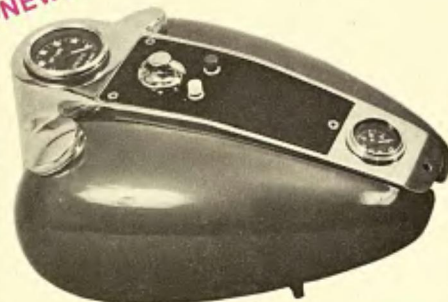


2808 74 Jammer Mech. Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame. Same as 2807 except 2805 mech. brake kit installed **349.95.**

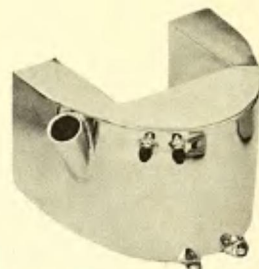
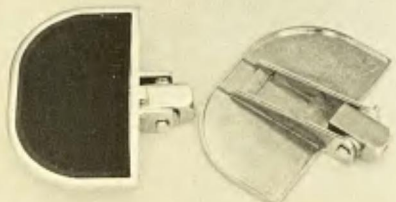


28028 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame. Same as 2807 except with suspension. Hydraulic brake only. **389.95**

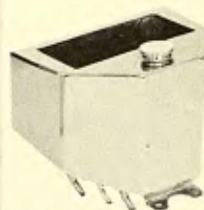
36033 Fat Bob Gas Tank For Harley, Honda, Kawa, Triumph etc. 3.5 gallon. Custom wrap-around show chrome dash mount. Built in coil & regulator mounts under dash plate. Horn button, hi-low beam switches built in. Chrome gas caps. Accepts stock H-D type threaded petcock. Universal key switch. Custom oil gauge with fittings & line. Designed to hold your stock speedo or tach. Mounts & tabs to adapt to any stock or custom frame with ease & speed. **269.00**



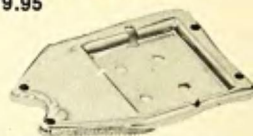
Custom H-D Floor Boards. Heavy non-skid rubber. All chromed edge. Available with or without custom mounting blocks for quick & easy mounting. Also fits rear Honda GL 1000 (W/O mounting blocks).
154021 Without mounting blocks **28.95 pr.**
154022 With mounting blocks **33.95 pr.**



3702 Sidefill Oil Tank. For 74s. Four quart capacity. **79.95**



37022 Hex Action 74 Oil Tank. Features hidden oil line outlets and needs no additional battery plate. Holds 3-3/4 quarts and will accept the Action Pac 12 volt or FX battery. Fits all HD 74s. Includes cap **97.50**



3703 HD Oil Tank Mounting Plate. Chromed. **16.00**

3704 Battery Plate Bracket. Heavy Chromed. **2.50**

2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame. Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes (see 2805 below). **299.95**

2801 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame. Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. **324.95**

2805 Mechanical Brake Kit. Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required. **19.95**

28027 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2804 except with suspension) **359.95**

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)

NEW!



36036 HD Wing Gas Cap. The finishing touch for your Harley. HD wing logo raised from surface of cap. Superb chroming. Fully vented and adjustable to show off HD wing just the way you want it when cap is tightened down. Fits any tank using HD type gas cap. **7.25**

NEW!

74025 Fat Bob Fender Brace. All chrome. **14.30**



Fat Bob Fender. Heavy gauge steel stamping. No ripples or die marks—easy to prime and paint. Fully beaded edge and cut-out for chain. 37" x 7-1/2".

74012 Left side chain **34.95**
74013 Right side chain **34.95**



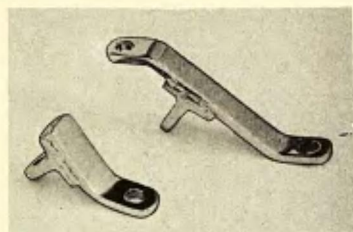
SPRINGER AND PARTS

ALL SPRINGER PARTS ARE CUSTOM CHROMED.

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



9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. **9.95**

9102 Dual Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. **12.95**

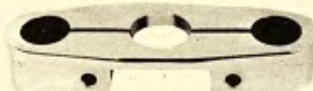


A Top Nuts. For our springer on the following bikes:

6101 HD 74s	5.95
6102 Sportsters	5.95
6103 45s	5.95
6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier	5.95
6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier	5.95
6106 Honda 750	5.95
6107 Honda 450	5.95
6108 Honda 500	5.95
6109 Universal neck	5.95



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**

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

CAUTION: No alterations should be made to fork (such as reversing rockers etc.) that will affect the geometry and the handling of the fork.

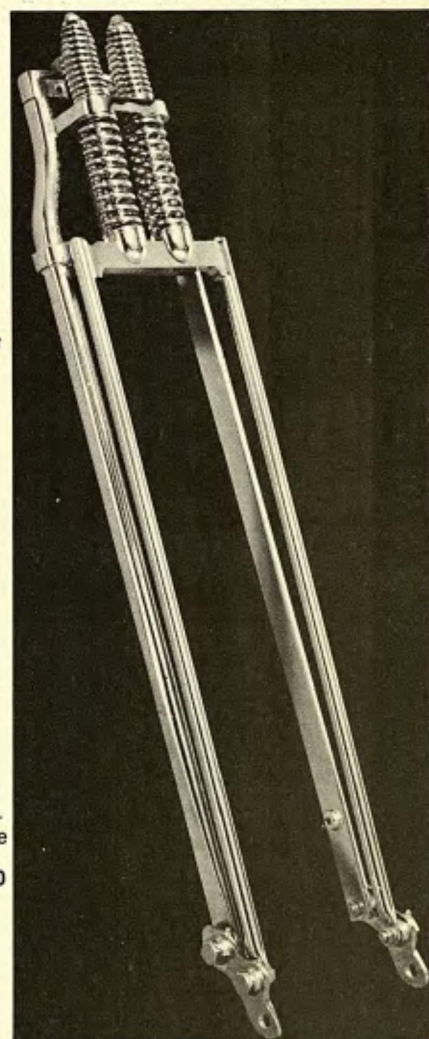
Don't forget — when ordering a Springer, you will need a triple clamp, crown nut, and top nut.

D Crown Nuts. For our springer:

61012 HD 74s	7.95 each
61013 Sportsters	9.95 each
61014 45s	9.95 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	9.95 each

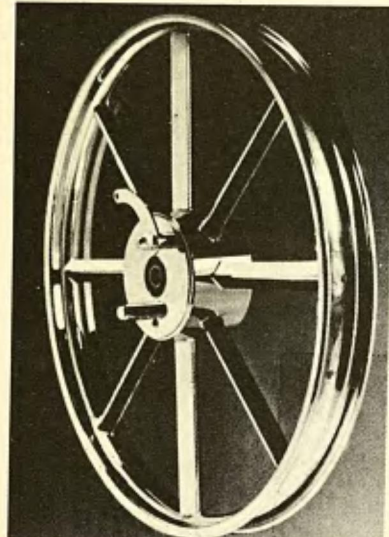
NEW!

WIDE RIDER™



Springers are shorter than glides, stock for stock by approx. 3" - 4" (eg. 9" springer is equal to a 5" - 6" glide type fork.)





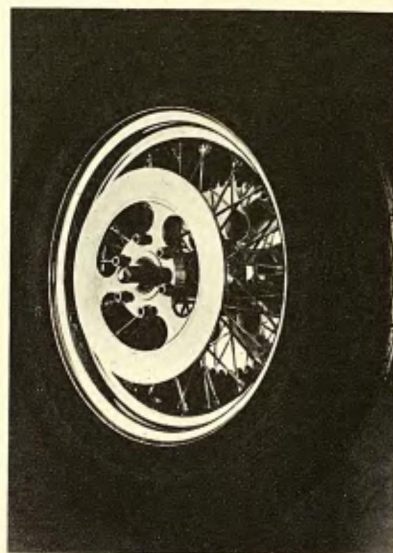
Hallcraft's WHEELS



GALAXY

Only \$1.95 or
You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 100)

JAMMER'S
HANDBOOK



FRONT WHEELS UNIVERSAL WIRE WHEELS

Part #	Description	
6803	18" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	284.99
6804	19" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	284.99
6805	21" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	284.99
6809	19" Dual Disc Brake Front Wheel.	434.47
6901	18" Small Brake Front Wheel.	129.95
6902	19" Small Brake Front Wheel.	129.95
6903	21" Small Brake Front Wheel.	129.95
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010	
69016	18" Spool Wheel.	96.65
69017	19" Spool Wheel.	96.65
69018	21" Spool Wheel.	96.65

GALAXY UNIVERSAL SPOKED WHEELS

69022	18" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	211.03
69023	19" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	211.03
69024	21" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	211.03
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.	
69029	18" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	151.37
69030	19" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	151.37

69031	21" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	151.37
68041	18" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	334.00
68042	19" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	334.00
68043	21" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	334.00

HARLEY-DAVIDSON REAR WHEELS

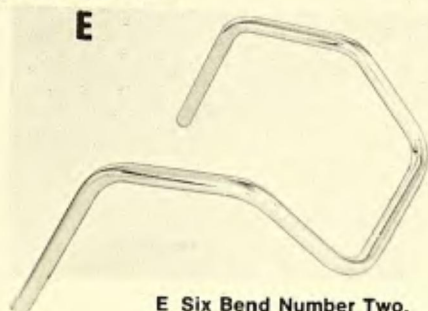
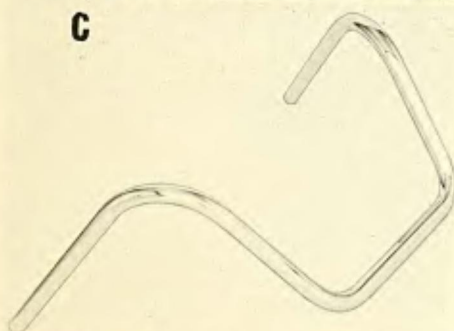
Part #	Description	
68018	16" 74 Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Wire Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023	427.12
68047	16" 74 Galaxy Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023.	451.95

Spacers For 74 RDB Wheels. Fit HD 74 rear disc brake wheels—either standard or satellite design.

68020	For Rigid Frame	15.98
68021	For Swingarm '58 to '66	15.98
68022	For Swingarm '67-'72	15.98
68023	(HD 74) Linkage	29.95
68044	For Swingarm '73-'76	15.98
68061	16" 74 (73 & later) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	202.23
68063	16" 74 (49 — 66) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	203.20
68064	16" 74 (67 — 72) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	185.27

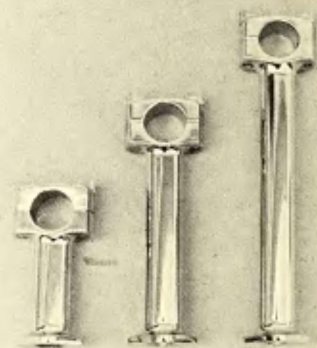
RISERS AND HANDLEBARS

43015 Reducer Sleeves. For reducing 1-inch-diameter risers to 7/8-inch bars. They are knurled on the inside and outside. Set of four halves. .90 (Not shown.)



E Six Bend Number Two.
41011 1" diam. 16.95

C Pullbacks. Two sizes available, 18 inches or 24 inches between grips.
4105 18" between grips. 1" diameter. 12.95
4106 24" between grips. 1" diameter. 12.95

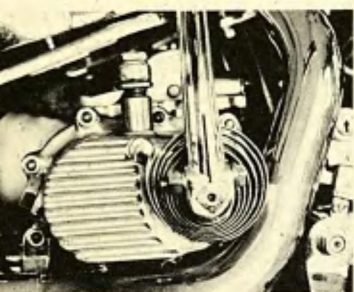


Custom Risers (Glide Type).

For 1-inch bar. Drilled and tapped at bottom for 1/2 x 20 bolts. Works well on our springer.

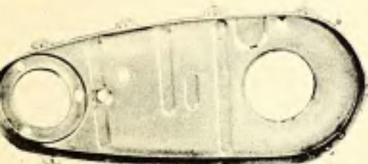
4401	3 inches high.	29.95 per pair.
4402	5 inches high.	32.95 per pair.
4403	7 inches high.	34.95 per pair.

COVERS



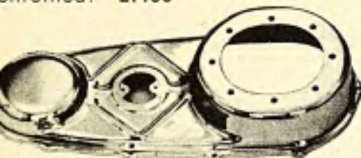
D Kicker Cover. Solves the problem of the broken kick starter cover. Made of special aircraft aluminum with an additionally reinforced bushing area. Super strong. Fits all HD overhead valve 74 and 61 models and all flat-head 74 and 80 twins. Comes in natural finish.

10308 Finned 34.95

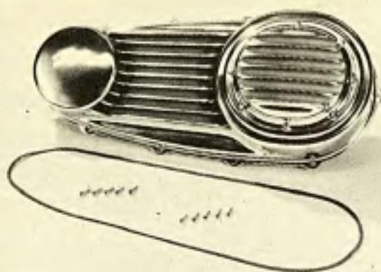


10401 Inner Primary. For HDs 1955 to 1969. Made of steel and chromed. 27.50

10402 Inner Primary. For HDs 1937 to 1954. Made of steel and chromed. 27.50



10501 Compensator Diamond Primary. Fits all inner steel primary covers, 1937 and later. 49.50 custom chromed.



Aluminum Primary Covers. These beautiful chrome plated cast aluminum primary covers are for those riders who are looking for quality and appearance. Included are the screws and gasket.
105013 H.D. '74 79.95



HD Custom Air Cleaner. Includes washable filter. A must, where there's dust. Chromed.

10608 1-3/4" SU 19.99
10609 Tillotson & Bendix 19.99
106010 Linkert 19.99
106011 38mm Mikuni 19.99

10504 Derby Cover (Plain). Fits perfectly on our outer primary covers. Custom chromed. 7.95

10508 Inspection Plate. Fits on outer primary covers. Custom chromed. 2.50

10506 Derby Screws. Set of 10 chromed screws. 1.00

10507 Primary Screws. Set of 10 chromed screws. 1.00

COMPLETE KITS

9701 HD Shovelhead 1966-76, 74" OHV
Kit includes 51 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17029-66.

\$19.95

9702 HD Sportster 1957-71 Kit includes 55 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17026-71.

\$16.25

9703 HD Sportster 1972-early 1973 Kit includes 42 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17026-71.

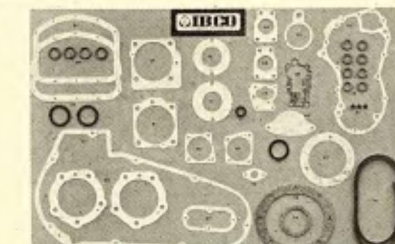
\$12.95

9704 HD Sportster late 1973-1976 Kit includes 42 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17026-71.

\$12.95

9705 HD Pan Head 1948-1954 61" and 74" OHV Kit includes 43 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17028-48.

\$11.25



9706 HD Pan Head 1955-1965 74" OHV Kit includes 33 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17028-58.

\$13.25

HARLEY-DAVIDSON TOP END KITS

9707 HD Shovel Head '66-'76. 74 OHV Top End Kit.

\$8.50

9708 HD Sportster 1957-71 Top End Kit includes 33 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17030-72.

\$6.95

97012 Pan Head 1955-65 74" OHV Top End Kit includes 26 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17034-48.

\$9.25



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



STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA See Page (110)



GASKETS

The IB CO Gasket line is specially designed and engineered for the performance and street motorcycle market. Our highly-trained engineering staff and stiff manufacturing standards assure you of the highest quality gasket product line in the industry.

9709 HD Sportster 1972-early 1973 Top End Kit includes 29 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17030-72.

\$7.25

97010 HD Sportster Late 1973-76 Top End Kit includes 29 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17030-72.

\$7.25

97011 HD Pan Head 1948-54 61" & 74" OHV Top End Kit includes 20 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17034-48.

\$8.25

COLLECTOR PIPES

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)

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 151014	Panhead	48-65	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3-5	\$110
B 151016	Shovelhead	66-69	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110
C 151020	Shovelhead	70-74	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110

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.

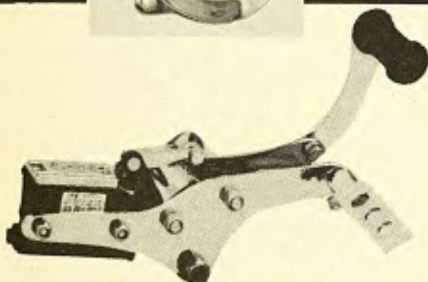


Header Clamps. Stainless steel, aircraft quality. For Harley-Davidson 74's and Sportsters.

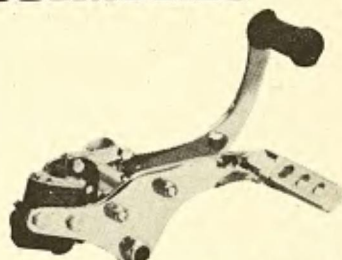
152017 HD 74, '48-'65 8.95 pair

152018 Sportster, '57 & up 8.95 pair

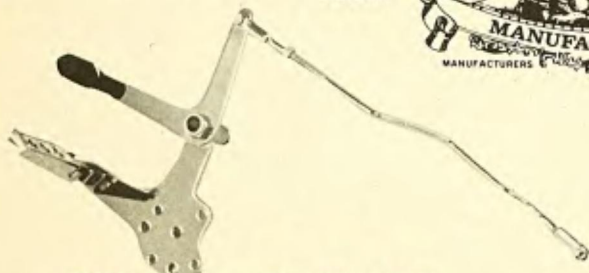
HD 74 BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES



14102 Brake Assembly - HD '74
Use our Hurst-Air-heart large Master Cylinder.
\$69.98

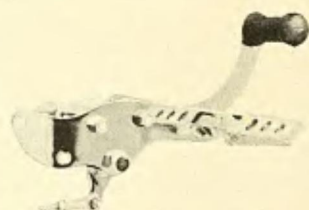


14103 Brake Assembly - HD '74
Use our Hurst-Air-heart Small Master Cylinder.
\$69.98



141014 Shift Assembly - HD '74 36-73
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. \$64.98

141015 Shift Assembly - HD '74 '74 - up. \$64.98
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg



14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock.
Use Stock HD Master Cylinder.
Fits all HD 74's Using Hydraulic or Rear Disc. \$69.98



14104 Brake Assembly - HD '74
Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. Linkage Included. \$69.98

Hallcraft Wheels
Purchased From
Jammer Come With
Large
Master Cylinder

Call 1-800-423-2633
Toll Free to order by phone,
or to get the name
of your local Jammer Dealer
CALIF. 213-843-1522
(Mail order blank is on page 110)

NEW FROM *Jammer* TOMBSTONE & OVAL CHROME PLATES



8108 Tombstone Plate Chrome 6.95
(Decals not included.)



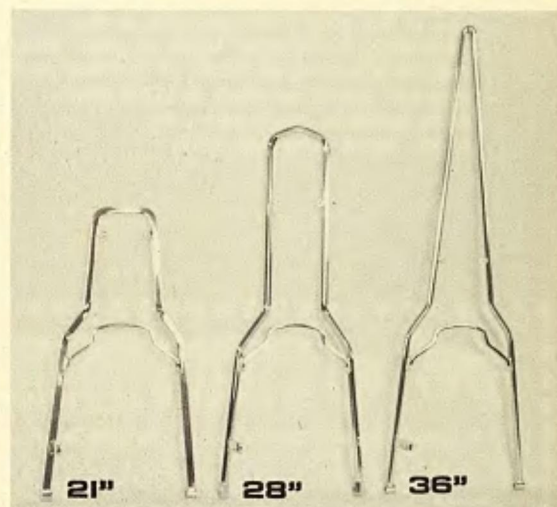
8109 Oval Plate Chrome 4.05
(Decals not included.)



(These plates mount to bar with "O" rings
& clips same as emblems do.)

Can you believe your eyes... Now you can mount our mirror-chromed Tombstone and Oval Plates on our Jammer Sissy Bars. Since they're unmarked and untouched, there's no tellin' what you'll come up with. We really got off designing the ones on this page. Use a decal, drill some holes for a pin, paint 'em... whatever turns you on. Any way you cut it, the Tombstone and Oval make fine company for our emblems and bars.

Rigid Frame Sissy Bars



8301 36" Twist	49.95	83010 28" Round	49.95
8302 36" Round	49.95	83011 28" Hex	49.95
8303 36" Hex	49.95	83012 28" Square	49.95
8304 36" Square	49.95		
8309 28" Twist	49.95	83013 21" Hex	47.95
		83014 21" Square	47.95



8101 Jammer Gold-Plated
Purple and Orange 4.05



8104 Ride to Live Wings &
Wheels Gold-Plated 8.95



8103 Harley Wings
(Gold Plated) 8.95



8105 Skull and Crossbones
Chrome 8.95



NEW!

8107 Jammer Wings
Gold-Plated 8.95

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS

It's for real! Here's the first list of Jammer's stocking authorized dealers (in time for this printing deadline). If you've got the hots for any of the over 2,000 goodies in the Jammer's Handbook, head on over. Since they're stocking all kinds of Jammer stuff you can count on them to bend over backwards to cover you...try them, we're sure they will!

A.L. Choppers
119 Main St. E
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
(416) 545-5139

Biker's Custom
7278 Alameda Ave.
El Paso, Texas 79915
(915) 772-4827

Custom Cycles Accessories
2960 Westwood Dr. #21
Las Vegas, Nevada 89109
(702) 732-0442

Custom Cycle Parts
9 East 4th Ave.
Emporia, Kansas 66801
(316) 342-2934

D & C Enterprises
725 Pitkin Dr.
Grand Junction, CO 81501
(303) 245-0812

G.T. Custom Motorcycles
211 1/2 W. Kennewick Ave.
Kennewick, Washington 99336
(509) 582-5252

H.D. of Youngstown, Inc.
1707 Mahoning Ave.
Youngstown, Ohio 44509
(216) 792-2002

Hog Haven Cycle Accessories
7254 S.W. 40th St. (Bird Road)
Miami, Florida
(305) 261-5002

Legend Motors, Ltd.
5905 Lake Shore Dr.
Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin 54935
(414) 923-0001

Louisiana Jammer Cycle Parts
3517 Paris Rd.
Chalmette, Louisiana 70043
(504) 279-0883

Middlesex Cycle
54 Matawan Rd.
Old Bridge, New Jersey 08857
(201) 238-2250

Midway Harley-Davidson, Inc.
3206 Memorial Hwy.
On the Strip
Mandan, North Dakota 58554
(701) 663-2220

Performance Choppers
528 Lancaster Ave.
Reading, Pennsylvania 19602
(215) 372-0254

Ron's Speed and Custom Cycles
423 Main St.
Chicora, Pennsylvania 16025
(412) 445-2591

Sunshine Cycle
2809 Jacksonville Hwy.
Medford, Oregon 97501
(503) 779-3818

The Custom Bike, Inc.
Rte #211 East
Middletown, New York 10940
(914) 482-4575

2 Wheeler's MC Shop, Inc.
1433 W. 30th Ave.
Denver, Colorado 80211
(303) 433-0564

For
franchise
information
call 1-800
-423-2633

Jammer CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

For fast service order from:

Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 South Main Street Burbank, California 91506

Name _____ Address _____
(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
(Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Year _____

Make _____

Model _____

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
		Sub Total	

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

*Shipping Time: Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

- ☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post
☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

Orders: shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Plus tax (California residents add 6%, and Minnesota residents add 4%).

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. deposit

Balance Due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A number*

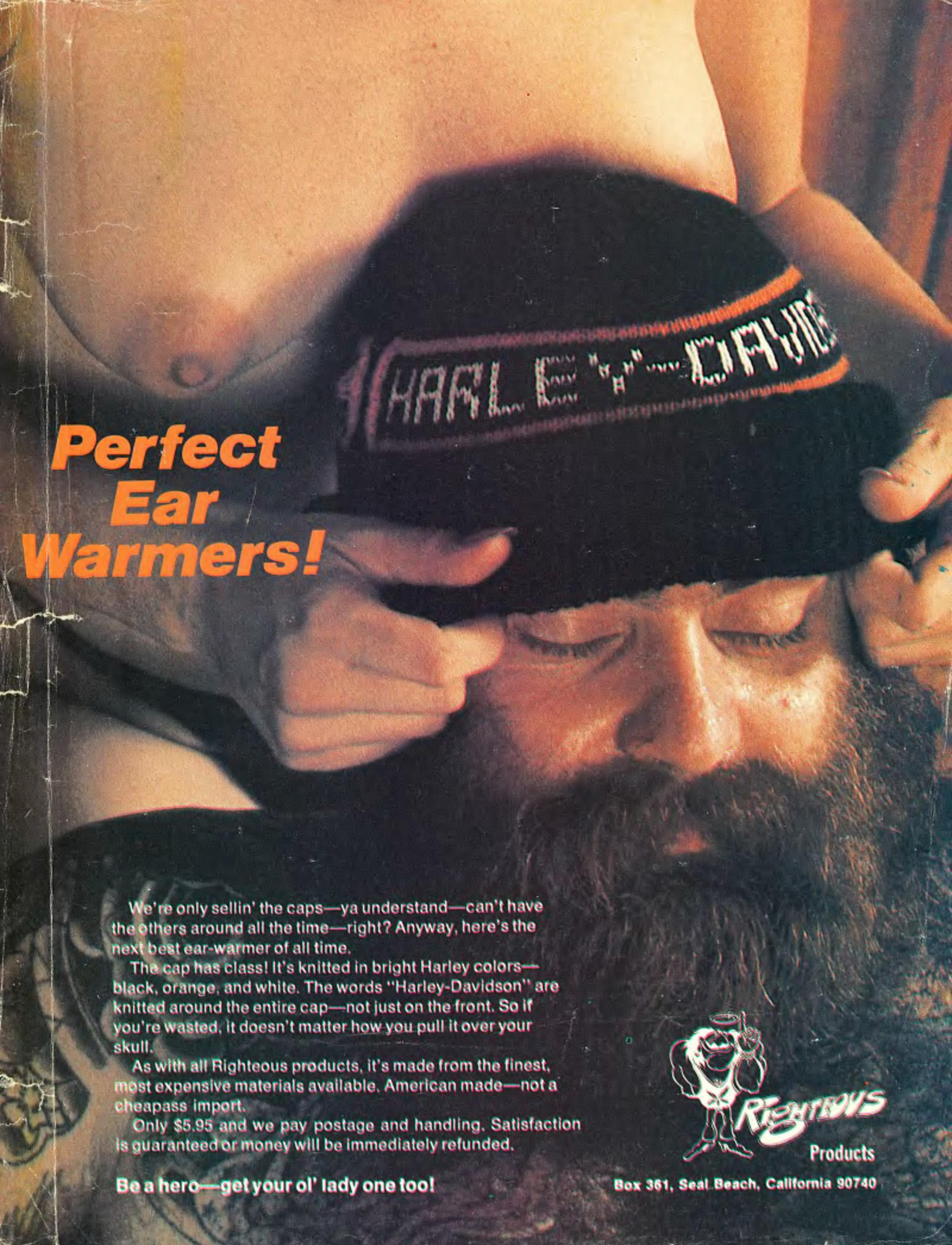
Signed

Expr. Date

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 12/27/77 ☐ CV FEB ☐ #56 ☐ AC



A close-up photograph of a man with a full, dark beard and visible tattoos on his arms. He is pulling a black beanie with orange and white stripes over his eyes. The beanie has "HARLEY-DAVIDSON" knitted in white letters. The background is a warm, orange-toned image of a person's torso.

Perfect Ear Warmers!

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

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!



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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 scooter—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 good paper—so all the photos, drawings, artwork, whatever, can reproduce well) of motorcycle memorabilia.



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, clubs, the post 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 *Earlyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% for Governor Brown to keep the machinery workin' up in Sacramento.) Be sure to include your zip code.

