

Easyriders

75p

March, 1978

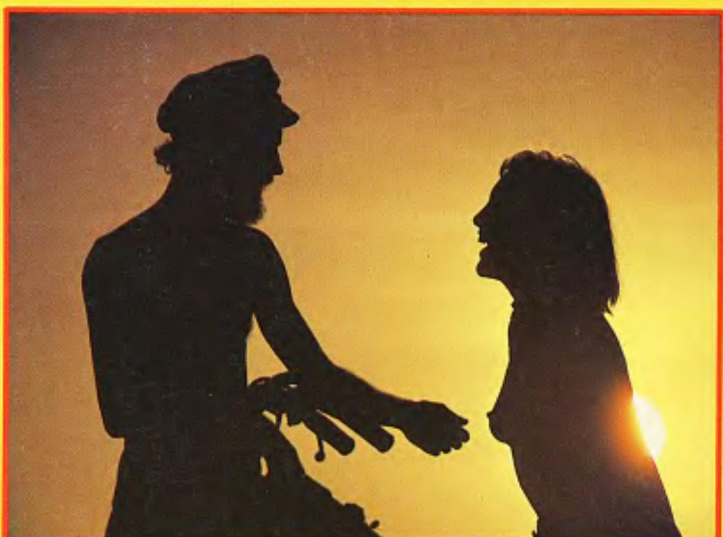
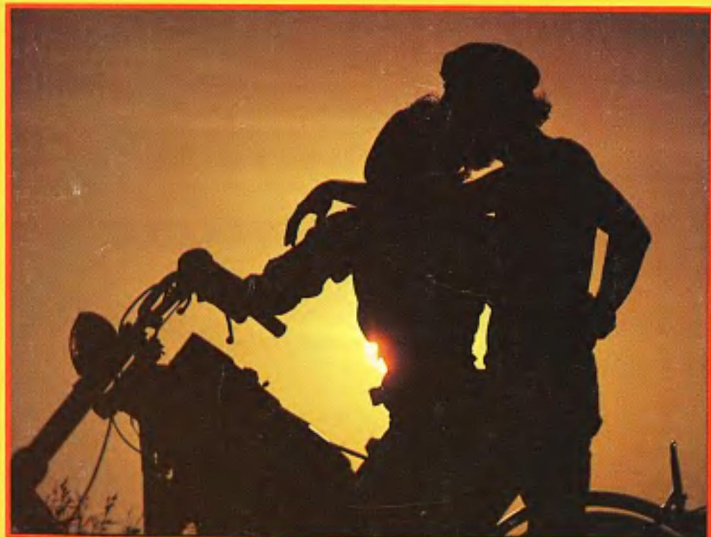
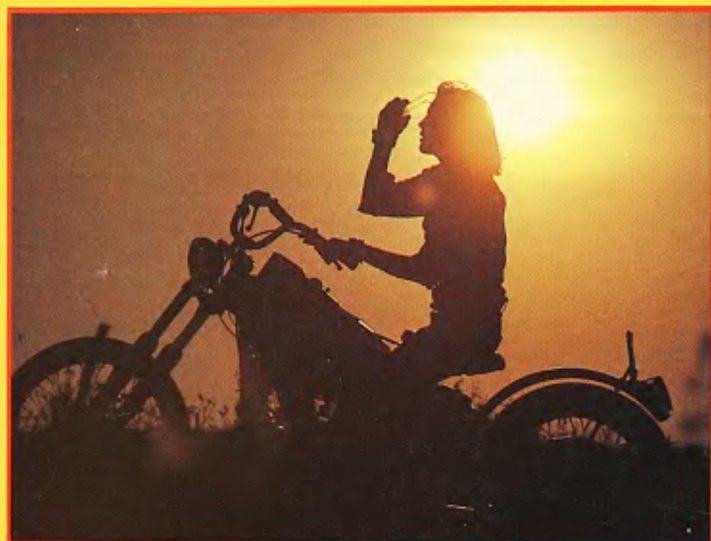
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FTW

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Membership Pending

COVER photos of Peach and Bones by Billy Tinney

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 28th.

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'.

9.95
we pay
postage

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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.

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\$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



Leg-wettin' fact: It takes 1 hour, 21 minutes, 40 seconds for an average American to earn enough to buy a fifth of vodka. (Shit, ya can earn the stuff I drink after workin' only 15 minutes—that's when they don't pay me in raisin pie, ya understand.)

Dipshit of the month: A man walked into a Chicago bank, waited in a long line, then handed the teller a note demandin' \$6 million in unmarked bills. The teller told him—are ya ready?—he'd need to fill out a withdrawal slip for that much loot. So the clod goes to a counter, fills out the form, and gets back in line. (Stay with me.) When he gave the slip to a bank officer, the official pointed out that it was made out for only 6 grand. Ya got it—the cops arrived while the dork was still tryin' to get his figures straight.

Get a tight hold on your toilet bowls— I'm gonna give you a good laxative. Larry Flynt, publisher of Hustler, claims he's seen the light. Yep, he reportedly said, "God is so awesome, no one can understand Him." With tears in his eyes, he added, "There's more people who believe in God than in pornography." So he's switchin' Hustler to a rag extollin' godly livin'. Flynt explained, "I will no longer hang women up as pieces of meat. Moses freed the Jews, Lincoln freed the slaves, and I want to free the neurotics." (Okay men, let 'er rip!)

Now this leg-wettin' news: A Denmark cancer expert has discovered that tight shorts cause cancer of the balls. "Tight underwear inhibits the normal heat control mechanism of the testicles," the doctor said. (Okay, what I wanna know is whatdafuck is underwear?)

A new rip-off: A thief in Denver is

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



stealin' gold. So what? Well, this dude is grabbin' false teeth right outta old women's mouths. But he's nice—he gives back any dentures that ain't gold-filled. (All heart.)

Don't ask me how, but a research team has just discovered that 14% of all sea gulls (birds, dipshit) are lesbians. (Now I know why I get shit on so often by those birds—dykes—whatever.)

I guess you have to live in a "high fire danger area" to appreciate the stupidity of this ad agency's brainstorm. There's a new motorcycle exhaust collector system on the market (that's where all the exhaust pipes come together into one tube that rides close to the ground). Looks great—but the suede shoe department gave it the name Weedburner.

Fuckin' raises grades: Yep, according to a new study done on 1000 university students, regular ballin' means better marks in school. Students who said they screwed a lot showed up with better marks almost 20 percent higher than the poor slobs who weren't gettin' much. In short, the more ya screw, the better ya learn. (Must clean out your tubes, system—whatever.)

Dog pees, owner zapped: In New York, a 16-year-old girl was walkin' her mutt on a metallic leash when he stopped, hiked up his leg, and pissed on an electrified sign. The juice ran up the stream of piss, then on up the leash, knockin' the chick on her ass, stone cold. They brought her around, but Fido had just taken his last leak. (Whatta shock.)

Newlywed spat: A 64-year-old California man was arrested after he allegedly shot his bride of one day. It was the couple's first argument, and the ol' man plugged his 40-year-old ol' lady twice with a .38. She lived, but the romance went right out of the marriage. (Whatdafuck—he warned her about her smelly snatch.)

In Detroit, a guy was hit by a car and dragged 400 feet before the driver stopped. They had to use a jack to get the car offa the guy. But before the ambulance took him away, the cops gave the poor slob a ticket—for interferin' with vehicle traffic. ■

WORDMONGER

We Goofed

□ Regarding your great Michigan Mob story (Dec. '77), you stated that the MCM was the largest biker organization in Michigan. I just wanted to tell you that there are even larger ones than the MCM. Other than that, the article was terrific.

Sam
Detroit, Michigan

■ Our reporters are known to get a little loose now and then. At such a great party, whatdaya expect—accuracy?

Didn't Dig Mustangs

□ Really dig your rag, but if someone doesn't say that the Mustang article sucked, I'm afraid I'll be reading about a fucking Cushman, just because it was made in the United States.

I am looking forward to your WWII Indian article, but please lighten up on shit bikes. Like Spider says, they have their fuckin' rags.

Kraut Berkheliser
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Or What?

□ How come you've got the same shit on every cover of your rag? Do you guys get to ball the cover girls or what?

Red
Dubuque, Iowa

■ Or what, what? I asked Spider. He said we'd do anything—even whatever what is. What's what? Ya fucked up our whole day. Don't ask us questions like that—we're human, ya know.

An Offer

□ In the January Issue you had an ad for a free E-Z Wider rollin' paper offer. All you had to do was to mail a coupon and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to E-Z Wider for

a free sample. Hell, the stamps and envelopes would cost 30¢, and you can buy the papers all day in the store for 19¢ each. Big fuckin' deal.

Sniveler
Houston, Texas

■ Snivel, snivel. No matter what ya try to do, some-one'll snivel.

A Letter from Sonny

□ Well, I am sure that by now you all know that on November 3, I was released from Folsom Prison after five and one-half years of incarceration.

I want you all to know that I realize it was through all of your efforts that I was released. With the dollars sent to the fund, an attorney, Kent Russell of San Francisco, was able to prove my 15-years-to-life sentence illegal and have the federal courts reduce it to 28 months to 15 years, which is why I was released.

I just don't know how to express my thanks to everyone who helped, so what I am going to do is say, very sincerely, thanks very much to everyone of you who was involved!

Although I am now home, I have many brothers still in prison and I want to try to keep the fund going to help obtain the release of every Hells Angel in prison. I only hope that all of you will continue to support the Hells Angels as you have supported me.

Again, I wish to say thanks to everyone who was involved in obtaining my release from prison and I hope you will all become involved in our efforts to gain the release of my brothers who are still incarcerated.

Sonny Barger
Hells Angels M/C
Oakland, Calif.

Better View?

□ I subscribe to your magazine every year. I enjoy reading Miraculous Mutha, Spider, and everything else. I have just one complaint about the chicks—that is, I and many other readers would like to see better close-up views of healthy chick snappers, beavers, bushes, twats, clits—you know what I mean.

Vanderbilt
Flushing, New York

■ We figure you see 'em everywhere. It's the touchin', smellin', tastin', and feelin' that's missin'. We're tryin' to figure a way of puttin' that on paper. We're figurin', we're figurin'—oh, are we ever figurin'.

We're Wrong

□ I must tell you that I think your stand on helmet wearing is all wrong. Being an avid rider since 1971, I have logged somewhere between 40 and 50 thousand miles. Personally, I wouldn't get on any machine without a helmet. You see, I was involved in a rather serious accident, and had it not been for the \$40 Bell surrounding my brain, I would not be here to bother you with this shit. Oh yes, the old salt salute to the old/new uniforms was cute, real cute.

AN. M.R. Napert
New York, N.Y.

■ Yeah, and if ya hadn't got outta the sack that day, you coulda taken your turn in the barrel.

Red-Eyed Readers

□ When the fuck are you assholes gonna stop havin' your stories continued 80 pages after they start? I mean, the last thing I need is to start countin' pages when I'm dazed and confused on some kick-ass stash, trying to find the

second part of a good bike story. Either keep the stories continuous, or at least number more of your pages. Shit, by the time I finally find where a story begins again, I forget what's already gone down—so I start all over. It's a vicious circle. Let's have some consideration for your red-eyed readers!

Fly
Lakeland, Fla.

Digs "The Hit"

□ My congratulations to R. Finem, who wrote "The Hit" in your December Issue. Here I am, on a lazy and high Saturday afternoon, sippin' on a can of suds while I read the story. I'm expectin' righteous fuckin' hell to break loose, when all of a sudden I find out the story's about a turkey. Never laughed so fuckin' hard—got to be the best piece of material I've read in a long time. Truly a bitchin' yarn—fuckin' great.

Rocky
Bummerton, Wash.

Questions

□ I'm often asked why bikers are always pictured with Nazi crosses, dope, and all that other evil stuff. How am I supposed to answer a question like that?

P. Antonik
Buffalo, N.Y.

■ Tell 'em to fuck off.

Some Old Advice

□ I just thought your readers might like some advice on impotence from the 1500's and I quote:

"It may be that it is the virile member which is too short. If so, it can be lengthened by frequent use, followed by extended friction, and by the application of an unguent compound of castor oil, spikehead seeds, earthworms, and fermented goat's milk, which has the faculty of

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%.*



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Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mugs.

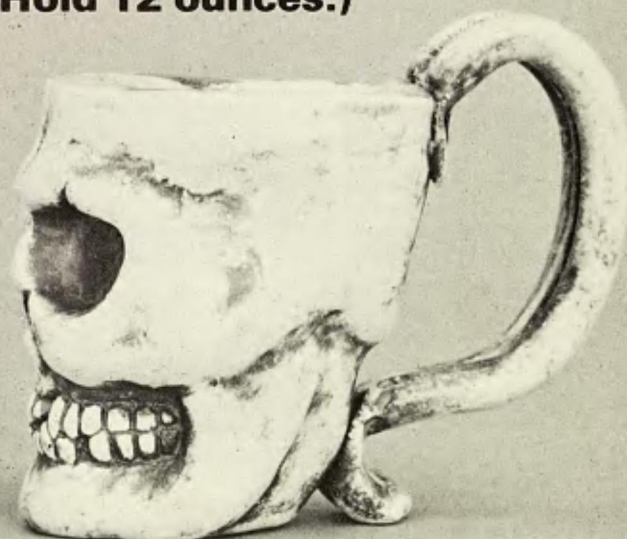
Heavy! (Weigh two pounds!)

They're Big! (Hold 12 ounces.)



\$9.95

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California residents add 6%.

Massive mugs that are something special. Expensively handcrafted out of bone china. High fired (2300°). Top quality—a functional conversation piece if ever there was one.

They cost bucks, but remember, these are not mass-produced, plastic cheapos—these are individually made—outta fine bone china. Quality guaranteed.

Mackenzie
Company

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Gold or
Silver**



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

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heating and exciting the explosive urge. Those members which are too long cannot be easily shortened; the most efficacious method is to prevent nourishment from descending to the site, an objective which can be achieved by the application of green hemlock leaves all around it For those members which are curved or crooked because of a shortened ligament, it is most useful to employ compresses containing an ointment of fresh butter, linseed oil, and sweet almonds. For those which are soft and flaccid, it is useful to employ meats which generate heat; to apply leeches to the buttocks and groin; and to anoint the os sacrum, the hips, kidneys, groin, lower belly, and genital member with oil of chervil to which has been added a powder reduced from the procreative parts of a bull or stag, as well as fine grains of onions and dandelions."

From Jean Liebaull's **Thésor des Remèdes Secrets pour les maladies des femmes**, 1536. It seems the French would try anything.

Amy
Huron, Ohio

Here To Stay?

□ Since helmet laws are here to stay for a while, why doesn't someone design a helmet with a built-in radio so that we can at least tune in to good sounds while wearing the damn things?

B. Palmer
Joplin, Mo.

■ Who says they're here to stay?

Knuckle Mistakes

□ In that article about the 1937 knuckle (Dec. '77), you come on like an old wise man, revealing all these well-kept secrets about 1936 knuckleheads. Well, you came off looking pretty dumb.

The "lightning" cam you claim special to '36's was carried on through half a year of '37's also. The "special" timing cover and funny pinion shaft were standard equipment on 1936 through 1939 knuckle-

heads. And as for the exposed valve springs that "some" of the 1936's carried—all of the 1936 and all of the 1937 knuckleheads came equipped with them. And they had small oil-return lines brazed into the small cups that surrounded the valve springs—as did all the following knuckleheads. This explains the miracle of cylinders that weren't drilled for oil return! There is no such thing! So how did this guy convert to the top-end oil-drain system?

And if those weren't enough dumb lies, the air cleaner you listed as "early knuckle" was first used on the knucklehead in 1940 (which was the fifth year), and then carried through the early fifties on the panhead. And since when was a 61-in. or 74-in. Harley-Davidson equipped with an optional tachometer? In 1936? You show me a '36-'39 cam cover that doesn't have that boss, and I'll give you fifty bucks for it. (I guess a lot of early knuckles ran tachs and speedos.)

I don't see how you clowns can take unresearched rumors and pass them along to your loyal readers as pure gospel. Bone up next time you go quoting the Bible.

Dave ("Junkman")
Member, Antique Motorcycle Club of America
Detroit, Mich.

■ Just goes to show ya—there's always older wise men.

No Pool Player

□ That lady Joan (Dec. '77) may have been hustling, but it sure wasn't pool. Her big mouth may have been right, but ya can't make no money with a bridge like that!

Lady Shooter
Portland, Ore.

■ Give her some slack—with all that scooter trash hangin' around (with cues), she was watchin' her back door, the camera, and tryin' to look pretty all at the same time.

Miraculous Mutha

□ Could you enlighten us with a sea story or two of the series of events leading up to and including the U.S. C.G. tattoo on Mutha's left arm on p. 25 of the November issue? There are many civilians, active, reserve, and retired servicemen who spotted, understood, are curious about the tattoo, and are anxious for your reply.

J. G. Patrick
Detroit, Mich.

■ Her first ol' man was in the Coast Guard. So was Robinson and yours truly.

Felt Good

□ Well, you guys did it again—you printed a great spread in the Dec. '77 Issue. "Michigan Mob" is fuckin' breathakin'—it shows us how us brothers can live free and get along like one big family. It made me feel good to see bros from different clubs get together and get down on some great partyin', drinkin', and puttin'. Let's all show the stiffs how to live free.

Inch
Long Island, N.Y.

The King

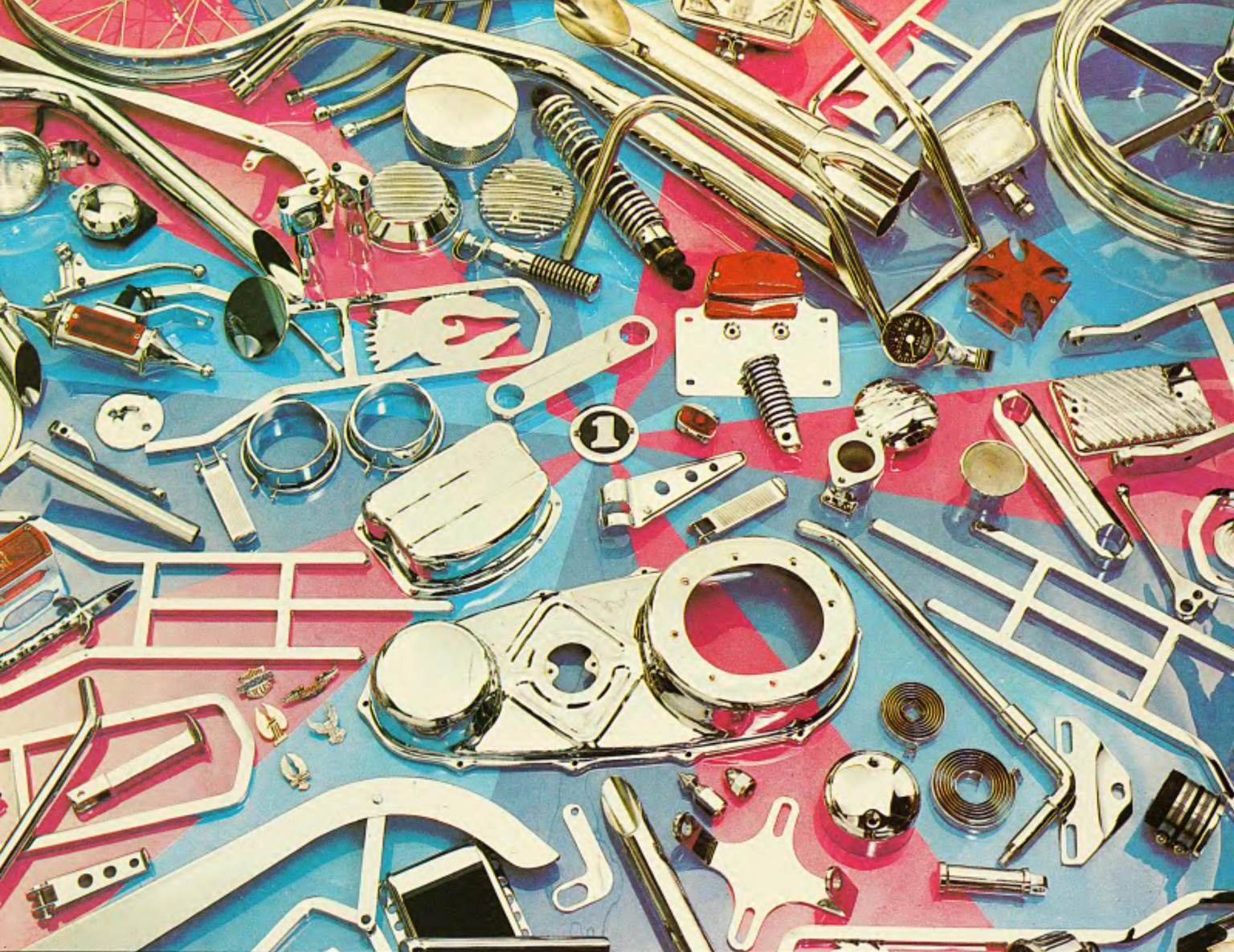
□ There is a bike made in the British Isles. Its movements are quick and stable. Its coat gleams with a sheen of self-assurance and a soul breathtakingly pure. Men who love it and respect it are rewarded with glorious flight. They know in their hearts that there is only one breed of animal which will shriek and snort out its name in the cold still night. Long live the king! Long live King Norton!

J. W.
Kansas City, Mo.

Novice Biker

□ I'm a novice biker. I've had a bike for only six months. But look—we all have to start somewhere, so don't pull any elitist crap on me. I've fallen in love with bikes and I can't imagine living without one now. In fact, I don't know how I ever lived without one before now.

Anyhow, I'm sure I'm not the only beginner, so I'll speak up. Fill us newcomers in on what's happening. What is ABATE? Who's Sonny Bar-



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.



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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! (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.

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Calabasas, California 91302
California residents add 6%

ger? why are bikers harassed so much? What other things should I be aware of? What should we be warned about?

Since I have had my bike, several things have happened to me. I was harassed by cops for wearing a german helmet. Mein Gott! How absurd! It's better than most helmets on the market! A car deliberately ran me off the road. I was travelling at legal speed at night in a residential section. I had not even been drinking or carousing. Then some car coming towards me pulls into my lane and comes at me head on! I swerved, ran over the curb, busted my front end, and before I could get back up, the car sped off at top speed.

Fred
Tampa, Fla.

■ You're learnin'.

Finally

□ Well, you clit-eaters have finally written something an ol' lady can relate to. I just got the Jan. '78 issue and read the article "How to Live with a Biker." It's one of the best sets of rules I've ever seen. It took me a while to learn the rules (a lot of mistakes, ya see). So I hope all the other ol' ladies read it—it'll help. I cut it out and have it tacked on my wall for a reminder.

Cooke
Monterey, Calif.

Wants Advice

□ I am writing in response to the juicy item of good news published in *Easyriders*, March '77. One of your roving reporters provided information pertaining to how the natives of India had been able to achieve incredible gains in cock size by using some type of ointment. This ointment has been used for over 2,000 years and can possibly double the size of one's crank! I would like for you to provide the complete formula for this ointment. Thanks a bunch.

Robert Poole
San Francisco, Calif.

■ Spider says a chick's

soft, wet lips and lotsa tongue action, with a little suckin' and pullin', will do wonders for the enlargement of a dude's crank.

Shit For Brains

□ As to your allegations and implications concerning riders of BMW's and Harley 45's, let me pithily point out that you have offal in the cerebrum.

My father rode as courier for the 80th Texas Division in WWI. He would have put it more succinctly by saying you have shit for brains.

I trust you won't take this personally.

John Gottberg
Fairfield, Iowa

Mandatory Readin'

□ *Easyriders* should be mandatory reading for the President of the United States and his Cabinet members. If I had the bucks I would send all of them a year's subscription. Maybe you guys could arrange it.

Loner Mike
Ocean Beach, Calif.

■ We've got enough feds readin' us already.

Tattoo Removal

□ In your November '77 issue, I read your article on tattoo removal and used it myself.

I'd like to thank you for printing the article and I'd like to thank Ripper of Granite, Oklahoma, for his contribution. I'll be a son-of-a-bitch if it doesn't work.

Leslie
Fresno, Calif.

Best Biker Fiction

□ I bought your book, *Best Biker Fiction from Easyriders*. As long as you fuckers put out shit like that, I'll keep buying it.

You've fucked up from time to time, but that's to be expected from a bunch of pussy-eatin' bikers.

Big Dave
Georgetown, Texas

Poor Spider

□ Just wanna thank ya for bringin' me and the most fantastic dude in the world together. I saw his name in the "Male Call" section, wrote to him, and now things are A-OK. Tell Spider he's #2 now.

Lover
Southeastern, Pa.

■ Why drop a lug on poor ol' Spider?

From the Joint

□ Just a line to let you know that we are receiving your rag here at F.C.I., Oxford, and to say that all the bros here appreciate the free subscription. It brings us all a little closer to the life we live and helps promote unity among bikers behind prison walls.

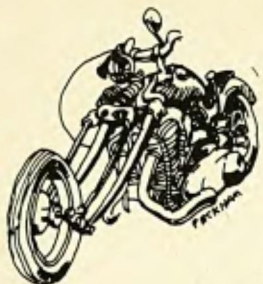
Crank
Oxford, Wis.

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. ■



"Goddamn it, Martha! I told you one day your sleepwalking would get you in a world of shit!"

Biker's



Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Broads and bikes . . .

Fact: there are more women in this country than men. Fact: there are thousands of women riding bikes all over the place and more coming along each year. Fact: there is not a single motorcycle on the market that's advertised specifically as a woman's bike, yet there are several that are pitched as real "men's machines." What gives?

Looking through the pages of most any of the other bike magazines on the stands each month, one would get the idea that a woman's place is on the buddy seat or back at home washing the dishes. Not true. We females have just as much right to hold the handlebars as you men do, and we intend to continue to take advantage of that right. Just one problem, though. Most of us ladies are of a slightly more delicate build than most of you mugs, and finding a bike to fit us is a difficult task. Not that there aren't any, mind you, just that they are few and far between.

—P. Zeitgeist
Big Bike

seem to have missed in their rush to print.

Remember back in July when our steamed editor's article "Not Safety — But Politics" voiced some concern about the objectivity—not to mention the purpose—of that UCLA study of motorcycle accidents being conducted by Dr. Hugh "Harry" Hurt? Well, Dr. Hurt has offered to prepare a visual presentation for the National Motor Vehicle Safety Advisory Council (an advisory group to the DOTies) which could be "used in assisting legislators in preventing repeal of motorcycle helmet laws." The Council thereupon recommended the same to Secretary of Transportation Brock Adams—who gave



the go-ahead on the project on July 13, 1977. The reason we specify the date is that on July 1—just a dozen days earlier—Adams reported to the Congress of the United States that his department's insistence on mandatory compliance with highway safety program standards would be replaced with a more flexible stance. We see. Uh-huh. Well, anyhow, things looked like a change in policy for damned near two weeks there.

Look for more creative statistics to come from the pseudo-studies funded by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration to examine the increase in fatalities in four states (Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma and South Dakota) where helmet laws have been repealed. Highway traffic "experts" in those states already are predicting big increases in fatalities because of the repeal of the helmet laws.

Same sort of grim predictions are coming in from Oregon and Indiana and we found a fascinating comment from Indiana State Police Superintendent John Shettle who said, "I was not in favor of repealing the mandatory helmet law for fear it would cause additional fatalities and, from the statistics I've seen, my fears were justified." The reason Shettle's remark is so interesting is that, at the time he made it, Indiana's repeal had not gone into effect; the helmet law was still being enforced there.

—Road Rider

Clean up data . . .

Gary Winn, AMA legislative analyst, continues to pursue the question of motorcycle safety statistics in an effort to "clean up" misleading and inaccurate data which are often used as a basis for legislation, establishing insurance rates and other activities which rely on statistical information.

Winn's appearance at the AAAM meeting represented quite a contrast to that organization's annual meeting two years ago, when Albert B. (Ben) Kelley, a senior vice president of the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, recommended motorcycles be banned from the nation's roads and highways. That attack by Kelley raised the ire of motorcyclists throughout the country.

"The AAAM has a sincere desire to promote safety in America for all highway users," Winn commented. "Obviously, it is difficult to improve any situation if accurate data are not available. That is our basic goal at this time: We must generate accurate data on motorcycle accidents, injuries and fatalities so that we will have an objective look at the current situation before recommending specific measures."

—American Motorcyclist

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



The Legacy of a Flathead 80

By Whisper'n Red

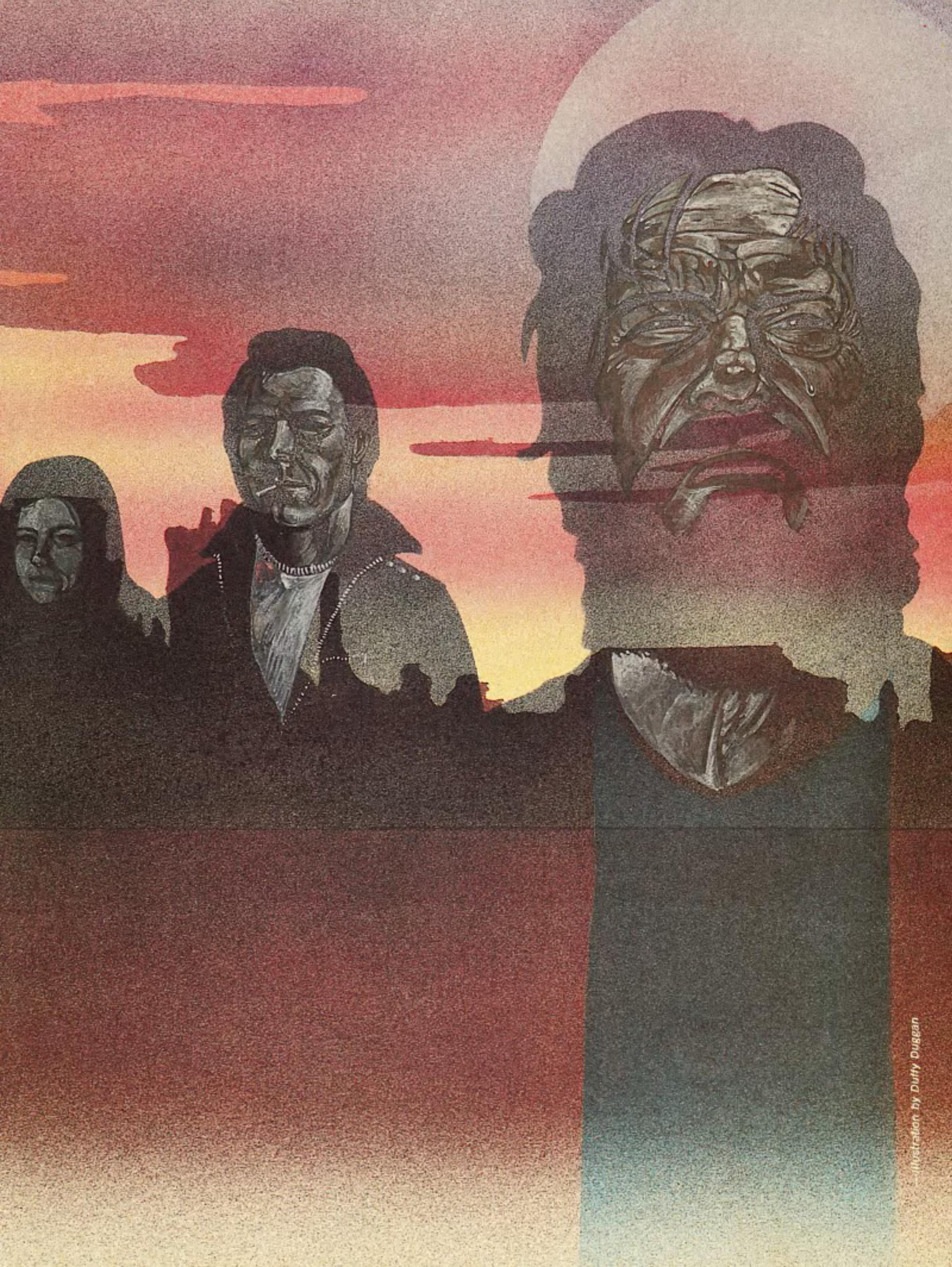
In a garage as dilapidated and weather-scarred as he himself, an old man knelt on damp earth by a machine. And as he checked the machine's timing in the glare of a bare bulb hanging on frayed cord from a rotting rafter, the old man softly cursed his failing eyesight. Upon finishing the task, he stood, slowly straightening his bent body, grimacing as his stiff joints protested the movements. But as he stepped back and gazed upon that motorcycle, a cherished family heirloom, a smile creased his drawn features and all his pain was temporarily forgotten.

The flathead 80 was once again ready to fly along the blacktop and once again feed the dreams of a young man. Although it sat quietly in dusty confinement and was secured by rusting chains, the bike's gleaming beauty and arresting power were evident. With tomorrow's first light it would slip its bonds and yield to a new master, a rider of the same blood as those who'd gone before.

Wiping the last trace of dirt and grime off the gas tank, the old man noted with pride the still glossy black paint his son had tenderly laid upon her thirteen years before. A small hole punched clean through the headlight housing was the only blemish on the scooter. He remembered, with a slight chuckle, his small boy's reaction when he had first brought



—Continued on page 92





MIND BLENDING

By R. Finem

For the tenth time since arising, Jim pulled the window shade aside and looked into the morning haze. The trash-strewn street was barely visible in the early morning fog. Once, when he peered out into the semi-darkness, he caught sight of a rat as it scurried along the gutter, its huge gray back visible above the curbing as it made one last foray into the world of man, searching for food.

Another time, upon hearing a sound and thinking that it might be his bros arriving, he looked out in time to see a black and white patrol car, lights out, drifting through the haze like a silent vulture, cruising an aimless route that would end at its nest—the all-night doughnut shop—there to tend to its bosomy chicks.

As he packed his bedroll, checking each item that would be needed on the long trip he was about to take, he listened intently for sounds of the companions he hoped would soon arrive. He heard instead the clatter of trash barrels as they toppled under the weight of scrounging dogs and cats. He heard the slamming of doors, voices cursing, and the rasping, gargling sounds of men clearing their lungs and throats after a night of drink and smoke. And there was the first, distant, rumble of traffic in the city.

Outside, the sun began to rise, taking away the mist. The dirty, blue-white curtain lifted away from the streets, exposing the filth and ugliness from which even vermin hid by day. Across the street, a pasty-skinned fat woman, clad in a flimsy, torn kimono, came stealthily

out onto the front steps of her house, hungry eyes searching the vacant street for the dealer she desperately awaited. She bent over to pick up a cigarette butt, and the kimono parted, exposing enough meat to stock a butcher shop.

They're not coming, Jim thought as he stood by the door. If they were, they would have been here long ago. Lately, they'd all been taking so many pills and smoking so much weed that time and appointments, plans and promises, had come to mean nothing to them. Jim steadfastly maintained the desire to escape from this place and head out west, but his bros had grown more and more reluctant to discuss leaving, even though they had once loved long-distance rides and the freedom of the road. Jim had felt himself sinking into a quicksand of pills and smoke because of the city living, a bike that was down for a long time, and nothing to do but chase away the loneliness and yearning by sinking into the oblivion of narcosis.

Fuck it, he thought. I'll go alone.

His bike was ready and packed, sitting beside the window inside his one-room apartment, each item of gear neatly tied in its proper place for travel. His head was clear. He had laid off taking anything for two days, waiting to get started, but now, nervously, he dropped a couple of whites, chasing them with a swallow of wine. He was going to kiss off this filthy ghetto once and for all and go with the only thing he loved—his bike. He had worked on it, slept with it, until he felt

it to be a part of himself and he a part of it. The bike was his love. It was truer to him than any broad had ever been. It was an extension of his very self. California, here I come, he thought as he muscled it out through the door and down the steps of the building onto the street.

The Harley fired quickly and easily. It should have—after all, hadn't he worked on it for over a year, planning this trip? He stood beside the loaded bike, listening to its throaty chugging as it idled smoothly. He touched its sleek surface and murmured softly, "I wish I were you. You're perfection. You'll last forever. We are each other."

He took a last look at the apartment and spit on the steps. "Fuck you!" he said aloud. "The rats and roaches can have you now." And he rode away. Papers and dirt swirled in the street and gutters as he passed. Empty beer cans and bottles rolled in aimless circles, their pleasures gone.

Gentleman Jim, as his brothers called him because he was always polite, kept himself reasonably neat in appearance, from shoulder-length hair and neatly combed beard to his scuffed, thick-soled riding boots.

Tested a few times for mud, he'd proven his worth. There had been another Gentleman Jim, once. A fighter. This Gentleman Jim was a fighter, too. He'd proven to be lightning fast and quick on his feet, and it hadn't taken him long to show some class against the asshole who'd taken him for a pushover. The loud-

—Continued on page 87

Cooking With Grass

By Nasty

Chili Pot: 2 lbs. pinto beans, 1/2 clove garlic, 1 lb. bacon (cut in 2-inch sections), 1 cup chopped grass, 2 cups red wine, 1/2 cup mushrooms, 4 tablespoons chili powder. Soak beans overnight. In a large pot, pour boiling water over beans and simmer for at least an hour, adding more water to keep beans covered. Now add all other ingredients and continue to simmer for another 4 hours. Salt to taste. Makes enough to serve you and 8 bros.

Spaghetti Sauce: 1 can (six oz.) tomato paste, 1 can (six oz.) water, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 1/2 clove minced garlic, 1/2 cup chopped onions, 1 bay leaf, 1/2 cup chopped grass, 1 pinch thyme, 1 pinch pepper, 1/2 teaspoon salt. Mix in a pot, cover and simmer with frequent stirring for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve over spaghetti.

Pot Loaf: 1 package onion soup mix, 2 lbs. ground beef, 1 16-oz. can whole peeled tomatoes, 1 egg, 1/2 cup chopped grass, 4 slices crumbed bread. Mix ingredients and shape into a loaf pan. Bake for one hour in 400° oven. Serves six bros.

Boston Bean Pot: 1 large can (1 lb. 13 oz.) pork and beans, 1/2 cup light molasses, 1/2 cup grass, 1/2 teaspoon hickory salt, 6 slices bacon, 3 pineapple rings. Mix together in a casserole, cover top with pineapple and bacon, bake in 350° oven for about 45 minutes. Turns you and 4 bros. on.

Banana Bread: 1/2 cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup mashed bananas, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 cup chopped grass, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped nuts. Mix shortening and sugar, beat eggs and add to mixture. Mix bananas with lemon juice and add to first mixture. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder together, then mix all ingredients together. Bake for about 1 1/4 hours in 375° oven.

My ol' lady may not be the best-lookin' chick around, but she gives good head, keeps the house clean, and if she doesn't always want to fuck when I do, she compensates for it by cookin' the best meals in town. Whenever I'm feelin' low, she knows exactly how to get me high, and since there are a lot of you bros out there who share the same problems, I'm gonna share twelve recipes with you so you can get a lift too.

So the next time the ol' lady says she doesn't feel like givin' ya some head, have her whip up a meal. It'll make your dick tingle and her pussy wet.

Acapulco Green: 3 ripe avocados, 3 tablespoons wine vinegar, 1/2 cup chopped Spanish onions, 3/4 cup chopped grass, 2 teaspoons chili powder. Mix vinegar, chili powder and grass. Let stand for one hour, add avocados and onions, mash and mix well. Serve with tacos or as a dip for your ol' lady's tit. Good eatin'.

High Tea: 2 tablespoons seeds, 2 tea bags, 1 or 2 tablespoons grass, honey, oranges, and cinnamon sticks. Boil 4 cups water with seeds and grass for 15 minutes, add tea bags and honey to taste. Serve in cups containing chunks of oranges and a cinnamon stick.

Meat Balls: 2 lbs. hamburger, 1/2 cup bread crumbs, 1/2 cup chopped onions, 6 to 8 tablespoons chopped grass, 2 cans cream of mushroom soup, 4 tablespoons India relish. Mix it all up and shape into meatballs. Brown in a frying pan and drain. Place in a casserole with soup and 1 can of water, cover and cook over low heat for about 30 minutes.

Pot Soup: 1 can condensed beef broth, 1/2 can water, 3 tablespoons chopped grass, 3 tablespoons chopped watercress, 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Combine in a saucepan and bring to a boil over medium heat. Place in refrigerator for 2 or 3 hours, reheat and serve.

Apple Turn-Ons: 4 apples (cored), 4 cherries, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup grass, 1/4 cup water, 2 tablespoons cinnamon. Powder the grass in a blender. Mix grass with sugar, water, and cinnamon. Stuff cores with this paste, top each apple with a cherry, and bake for 25 minutes in a 350° oven.

Thanksgiving Day Bird Stuffing: 5 cups bread crumbs, 1/3 cup chopped onions, 2 tablespoons poultry seasoning, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 cup each: raisins, almonds, celery, grass, 2 tablespoons red wine. Mix it up, then stuff it.

Brownies: 1/2 cup flour, 1/4 teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons shortening, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons corn syrup, 1 egg (beaten), 1 square melted chocolate, 1 tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3/4 cup grass, 1/2 cup chopped nuts, pinch of salt. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together. Mix shortening, sugar, honey, syrup and egg. Blend in chocolate, then the other ingredients. Mix well. Spread in an 8-inch pan and bake for 20 minutes at 350°. Take some to work—they'll love you for it.



We try, folks—yeah, we try . . .

Between issues we have this meeting, ya see. But unfortunately, after an issue things get kinda loose. So the meetings consist of Snake passed out under the table, Renegade loaded on reds, wantin' to argue or fight over anything, and the rest of the crew equally blitzed with one foot out the door. And the fuckin' meeting is supposed to be about the bike features for the next issue.

But when Weed comes in with a dozen bikes and presents each one, explaining in great detail the merits of each machine, the meeting springs into mass confusion and all hell breaks loose. A couple of bros slip out the door and the remaining die-hards go round and round into the night. It's a bummer, and often bikes get cut just cuz the photography isn't right, or isn't complete, or there aren't enough pics to choose from.

I've seen ol' Weed fight, scream, jump up and down on the fuckin' table for a bike until he's blue in the face—to no avail. But this meeting

Photos by Tom Dermott



Sober up and look again . . .

How could we pass up featuring this unique Sporty? It's not every day a bike is built with the gas tank going the wrong way. And it doesn't look half bad. 'Course, I'm seein' double about now. Maybe the builder, Ed Williams, put the tank on backwards so the artwork would fit the line of the tank. But shit, if he's like me, he doesn't know what's gonna happen when he's finished wrenchin' in the garage. Anything's possible.

He could have had one of those harsh Monday mornings, when he wished the whole world was still asleep. Or maybe he stumbled into the shop, slapped the tank on the frame and, while half on the nod, stirred the bono and molded the tank into place. Imagine the look on his face when the painter returned the frame— "Did I do that?"

—Spray Paint

Owner: Ed Williams, Lake Worth, Florida.
1967 XLH Sportster



was different. Weed came loaded for bear—and anyone else who might give him a hard time. His spiked gauntlets were strapped tightly to his wrists, a baseball bat was tucked under his arm, and he was holding only two features.

He broke up some of the furniture, yellin' that he had hung up these bike owners long enough. Then he demanded, smashing a large ash-tray with the bat to emphasize his point, that we use these bikes, good photography or bad. Even Renegade sat quietly and listened.

So here you have it—a combination article consisting of a series of bikes that, for photographic reasons, we couldn't feature separately. We like to share beautifully constructed bikes with everybody. But sometimes with bros who live three thousand laps from nowhere, it's a bitch to get enough good material to make up a complete one-bike feature. We keep tryin', though. So this feature is made up of the scraps we could put together on each scoot.

—Ride Safe

Photos by Rick Gariye



Bound to feature . . .

Don sent us shots of his bike almost a year ago. As you can see, it's definitely a nice scooter. Since he lived so damn far away, we had to tell him that his bike was nice, but the last photographer we sent out there was never heard from again. What could we do?

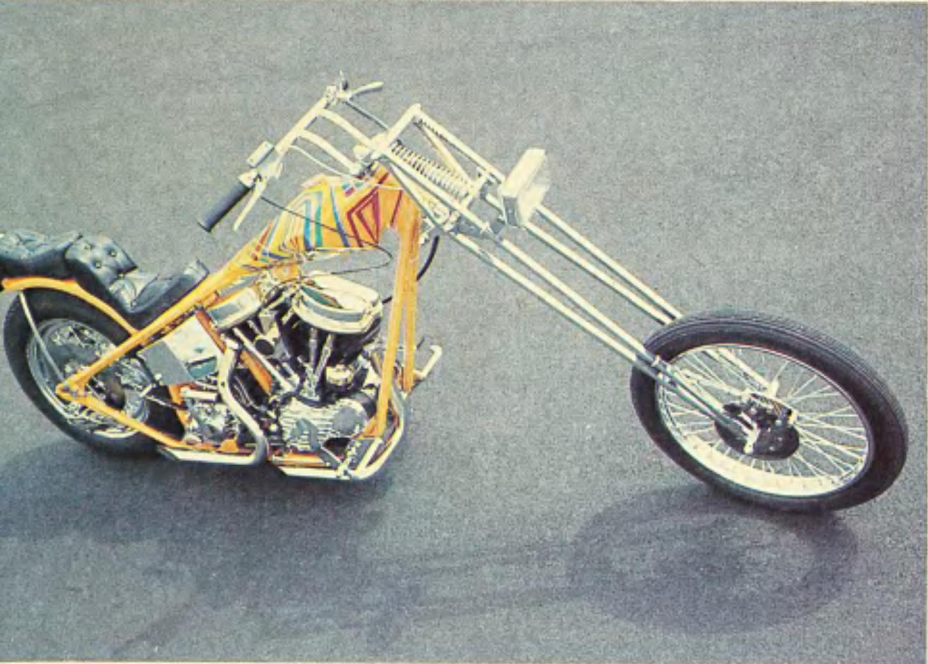
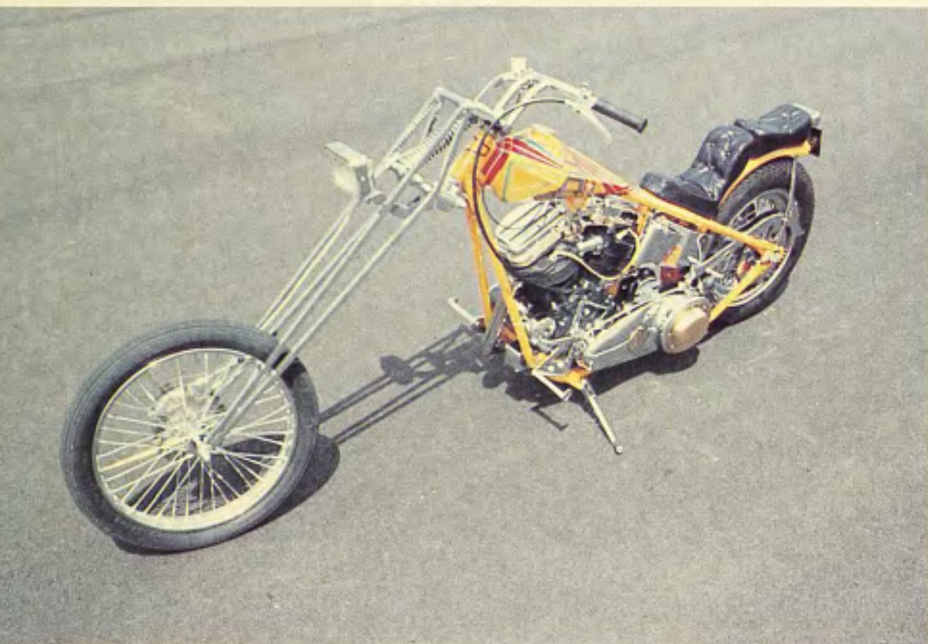
But Don didn't take no for an answer. He found Rick, a camera freak, to take the flicks for him. Don was determined and the photographer was spaced out, but they managed to get a few shots out to us.

Bummer—I had to send them back. There weren't enough even to start a feature. But I sent off some inspiring words to motivate Don. Like he should pound on Rick until he got it right. So when we received another package, the material improved 100%, but it still wasn't enough to do a full feature.

Anyhow, here are the results of the whole exchange. Shows ya what a little poundin' will do.

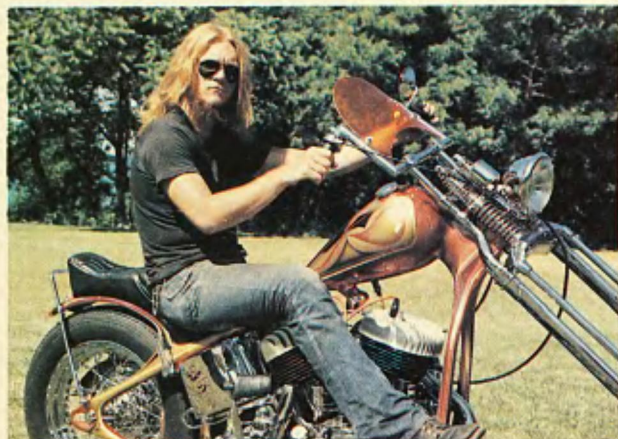
—Punch Happy

Owner: Don Coffey, Rochester, New York.
1958 FLH Panhead



We try...

Photos by Mike Lange

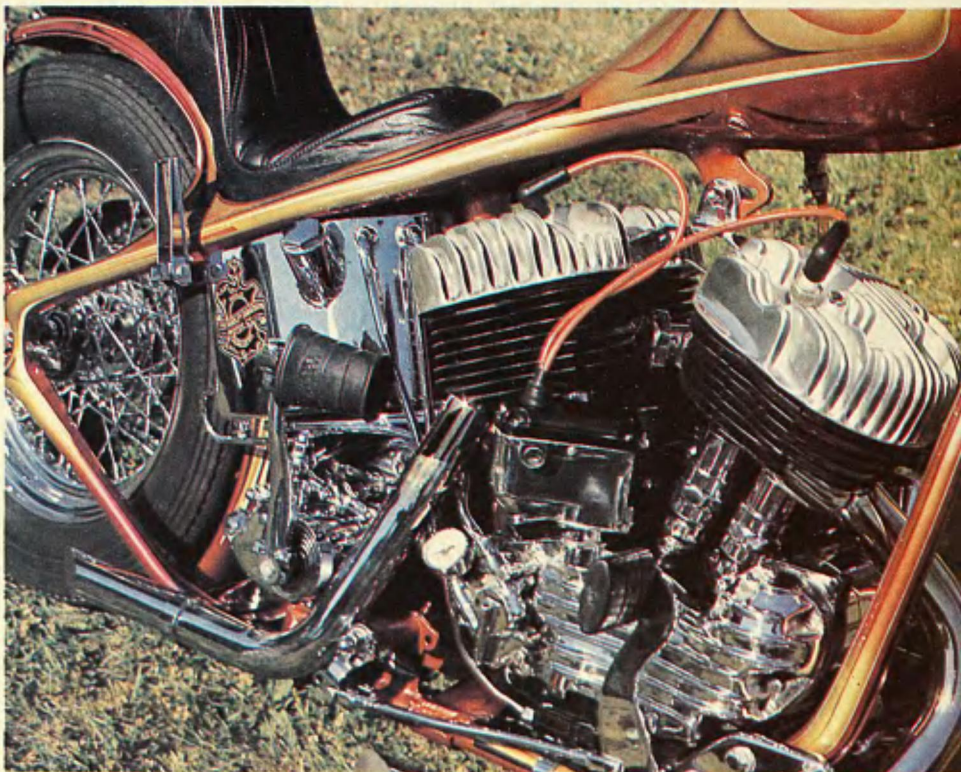


Some people get the breaks...

That's no shit. One bro may build a putt and dump eight grand doing it. The next dude will get stumblin' drunk and run across a pissed bro tryin' to start his uncooperative scooter. The frustrated bro blows it at his putt and hands the stumbler the pink slip for twenty bucks.

Michael dished out only \$650 to start this slick flathead. Some creeps may contest his deal as not so hot. But read on. Through a connection, he came to meet an old bike dealer who had retired and was now offing what was left of his private stock.

It was like goin' through Granny's trunks (not the ol' gal's swimmin' trunks) and findin' a couple of grand. Michael stumbled onto a new 74 flathead motor still sealed in its crate. And to top it off (like picking up the most beautiful chick you've ever seen and then finding out she has a million bucks comin' to her when her 92-year-old dad croaks) he also scored a brand spanking new 1965 transmission. Damned if some people ain't born with a ratchet-top—uh, I mean silver spoon—in their mouths. —Creep



Owner:
Linda & Michael Lange,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Another tasty putt . . .

Well, here's another tasty scooter that we couldn't get out to for additional photos. The majority of our hassle gettin' good flicks is the distance from our photographer to the bike.

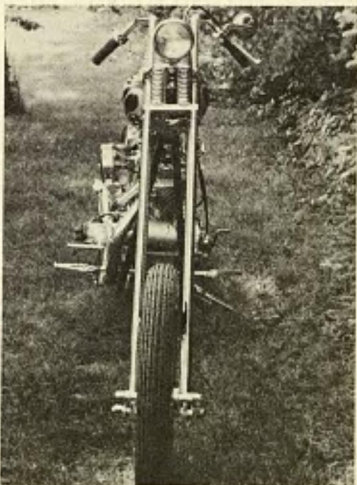
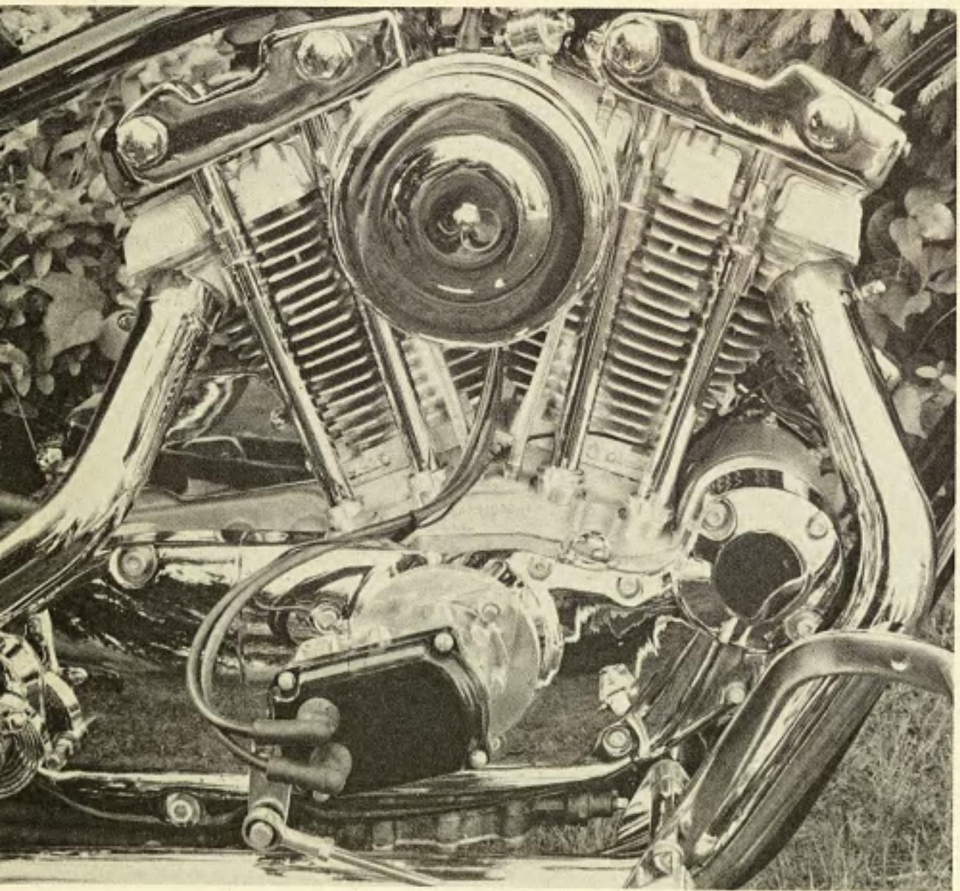
It's a bitch when we receive a couple of sample shots of a dude's putt from New York. Especially when the bike is something out of a bike builder's dream—fuckin' beautiful. We once sent a photographer 3,000 miles to shoot a bike. But when he got there, there was a note on the dude's door—"Gone puttin' (warrants). Be back in two weeks." The photographer went berserk and we never saw him again.

And I don't mean to snivel, but that's our other big problem—connectin' with people. About as bad as bros tryin' to connect with us. Five times a year, we move—whether we get kicked out or not. And about twice as often, we change our phone numbers. So if someone wants to catch one of us and they manage to get all the current info, they can either pitch a tent on the front porch or collect blisters dialin' the phone till they catch us home.

It's a wonder anything ever gets accomplished.

—Snake

Photos by Rick Stickley



Owner:
Steve Drake, Nitro, W. Virginia,
1971 XLCH Sportster

We try...

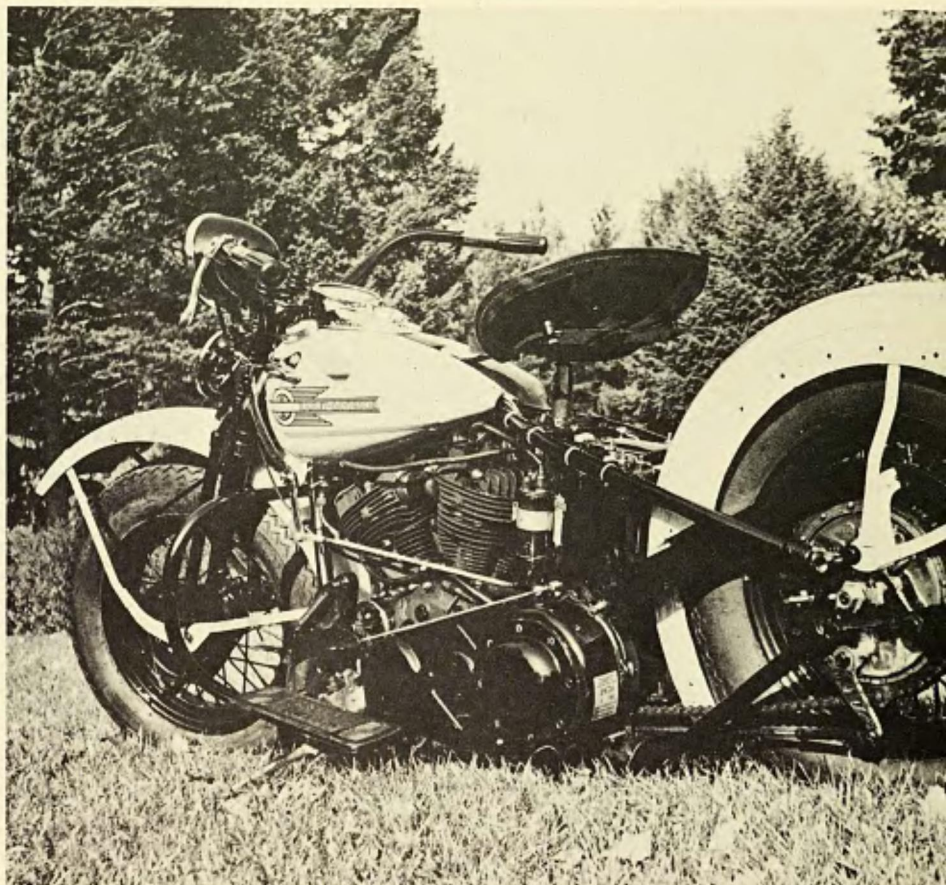
Another strange motorcycle feature in the making...

While these pictures were being taken, a passing patrolman, discovering Scott's pretty blue antique with his keen legal vision, decided to check it out. See, it's not every day a big ol' Hog stumbles off the smooth surface of a highway for the comfort of some soft, rolling terrain. Before long, John Law drew his "biker hassle guidebook" and, with a determined air, proceeded through the numbers. And Scott was caught without his all-important day-glo inspection sticker.

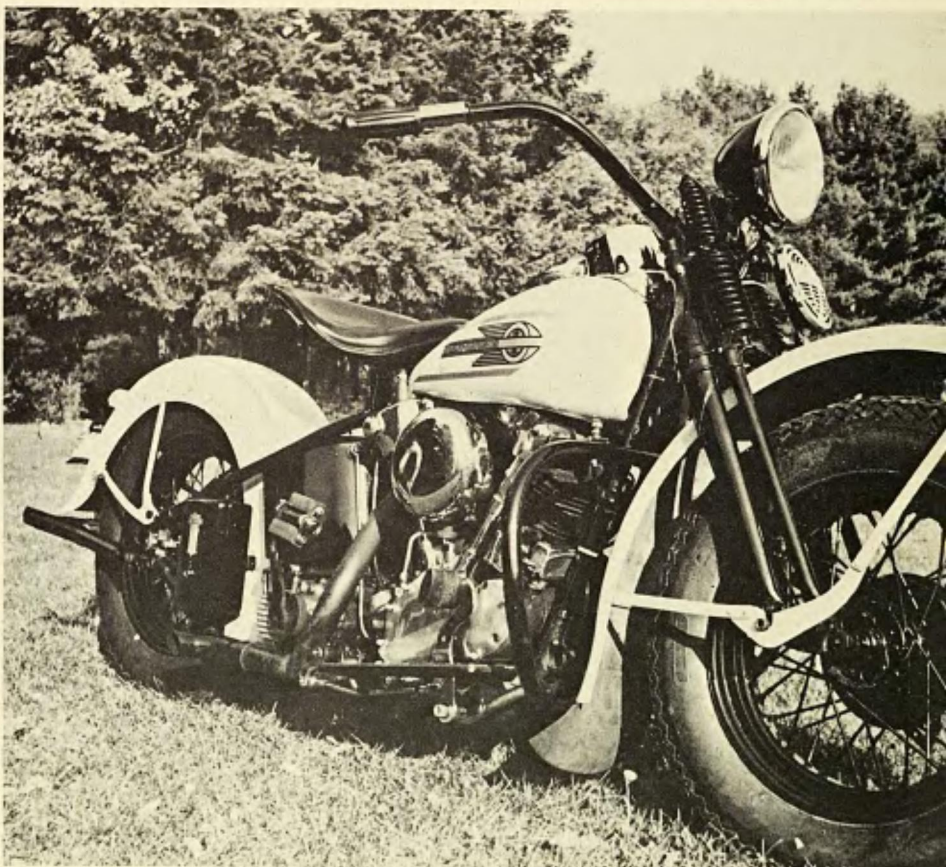
Nothin' for the impersonal Man to do but follow the precise letter of the law. Impound said vehicle, charge the brother for towing, and leave him to think about it while he walked thirty miles home. Ah, but they didn't take his film box or the precious film. So, what we have pictured here is a fugitive from justice just before it was apprehended.

We don't know if his bike was ever returned, or if it's rusting in some damp impound yard. Nor do we know if he told the quick-thinking officer that he was in the process of taking extremely important shots of his antique for **Easyrider**s—a dangerous statement. Anyhow, this is definitely another weird one for the annals of **Easyrider**s history. But above all, we hope the bike is returned to me—er, the owner.

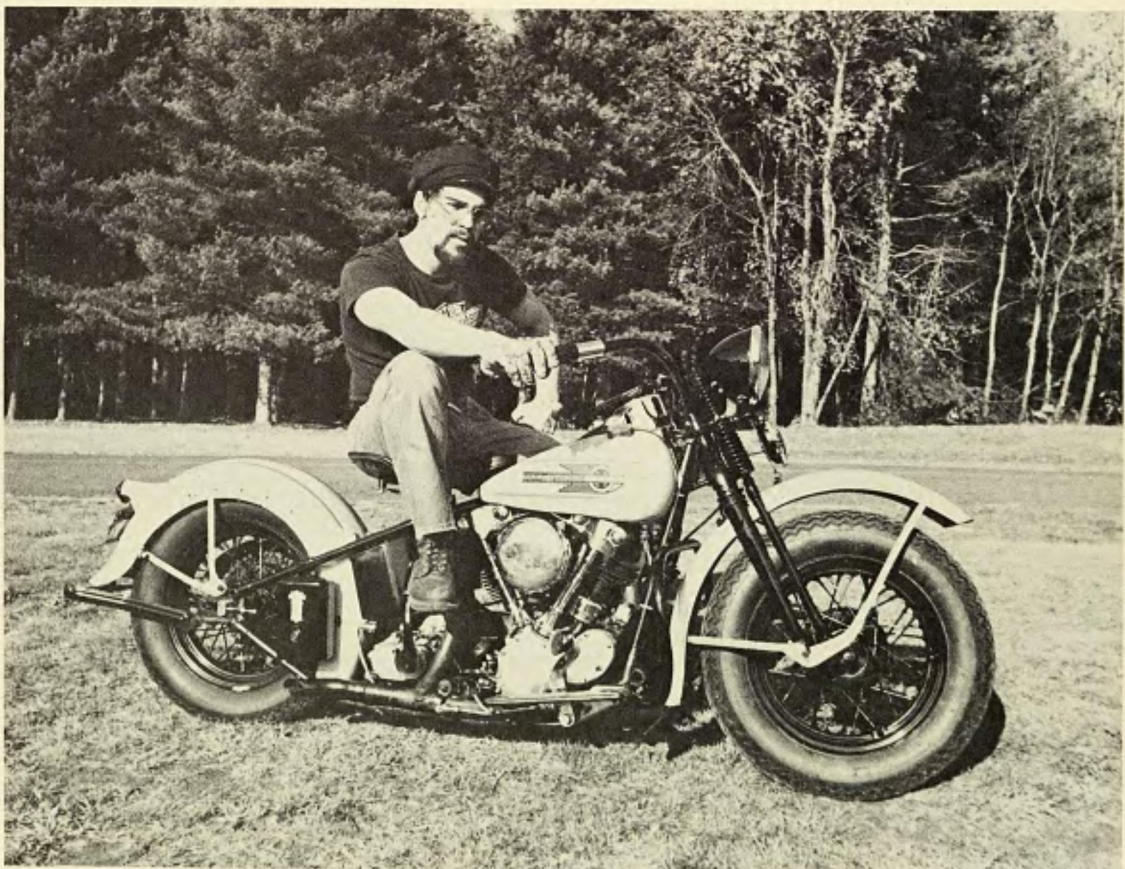
—Stranger

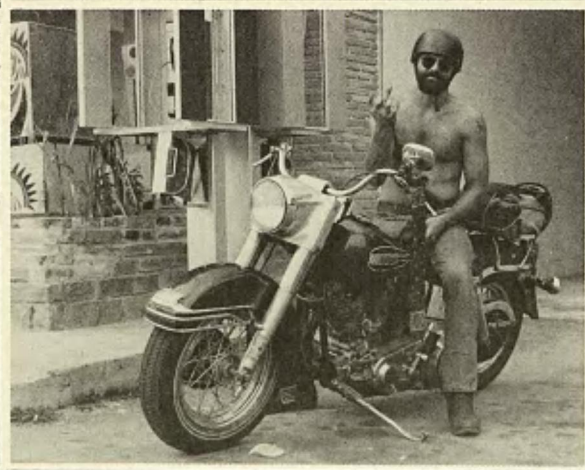
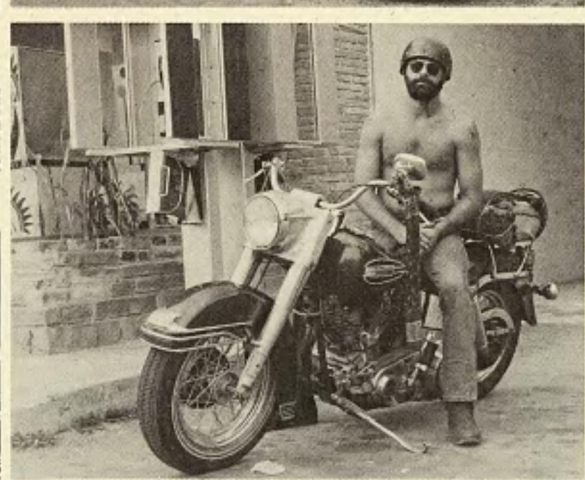


Owner: Scott Anthony,
Warwick, Rhode Island.
1937 to 47 Knucklehead



Photos by Barry Quimby





What started out to be a casual cruise through the countryside on a warm, sunny July afternoon didn't turn out so well. But it did lead to a series of events which should prove of interest to any biker who's ever heard the phrase "I didn't see the motorcycle."

Knowing how small towns can present problems, I was holding it well within the 30 mph speed limit, but I still had to lay it down when some asshole in a new Corvette decided to preempt the right of way. I was lucky enough to get off before the two machines collided, totaling mine and doing about \$2,000 worth of damage to the Vette.

As I picked myself up off the pavement, I heard them again—those five words which constitute the most asinine, infuriating statement in the English language: "I didn't see the motorcycle."

I'd heard those words before. Once, when my buddy Moose-crotch Morris got snuffed near Fresno, and again when I came pretty damned close to cashing in myself. This time I was lucky enough to get by with asphalt rash and a sprained ankle.

The wreck resulted from just another of what seems like a half-million similar situations. I had survived innumerable close calls, having been crowded damn near and sometimes entirely off the road by everything that has a motorcycle outweighted—and what doesn't?

As most of us are aware, life on two wheels is a never-ending succession of confrontations with maniacs who seemingly drive with the dual objective of causing bikers to become prematurely gray and making damn sure we don't live long enough to get that way naturally.

And the excuse—when you can stop one of the cunts to get an excuse—is always the same: "I didn't see the motorcycle."

Our benighted bureaucrats seem convinced that there really is a visibility problem where motorcycles are concerned. After giving us the helmet laws, they've got us keeping our headlight on during daylight hours so that we'll be easier to see. Fine. Maybe we should go a step further and mount a 5,000-watt, rotating carbon-arc beacon on every motorcycle.

A LOGICAL STANDPOINT BEARS NO RESEMBLANCE TO A BUREAUCRAT'S STANDPOINT

By Hog Jaws Hamilton

Parting with my mangled mess of Milwaukee metal was like losing an old friend, but at least I got a fairly decent settlement from the other guy's insurance company. I guess they appreciated the fact that I didn't get up off the pavement yelling *Whiplash!* because they settled up fairly promptly.

A couple of days later, I was sipping suds and discussing the situation with a bro who works as a mechanic in the local Harley shop. He told me about how his boss had gotten into a beef with the chief of police. It seems the chief had decided to phase out routine motorcycle patrol, which meant getting rid of six or eight of the department's bikes.

"The boss told him hell no, he wasn't gonna buy 'em back," Stoney related. "The chief called Frank a stubborn, insolent sonofabitch, and Frank called the chief a fucking misfit who ought to be in some small town operating a one-man speed trap. I got the distinct impression they won't be doing any business any time soon, which means the cop shop probably has some used bikes which can be had for a reasonable price."

Stoney was right. Unaccustomed as I am to making appearances in police headquarters of my own free will, I bathed, shaved, dressed like I was going to court, and headed on down to the big brick building downtown.

"What the hell have you done this time, Jaws?" the desk sergeant demanded. I assured him that I was there for the sole purpose of dis-

cussing a business proposition with his superior.

The chief wanted to sell those bikes in the worst way. I found out later he'd already ordered prowl cars to replace them and was about to get his ass in a crack with the city fathers for exceeding his budget. I got me one with 12,000 easy miles, regular maintenance, and clean as a whistle for about half what Frank & Jesse's Cycle Shop would have charged me for something with a cracked piston.

The boys at the motor pool removed the word *Police* and other official insignia, and of course they pulled the two-way radio, the siren, and the "bubble gum machine." But other than that, the bike still looked pretty official when I rode it home. Made me feel kind of self-conscious.

I figured I'd wait until that evening to take my new machine on its maiden tour of the local bistros. Meanwhile, I was sitting there sipping on some brew and watching my snake, when I got this really wild-assed idea.

My snake, by the way, is eleven inches long, about as big around as a ball point pen, brightly decorated with rings of red, black and yellow. And no, Gloria, I'm not talking about my crank. This is a scarlet king snake and it's kept in a small terrarium, not in my pants.

What is special about the scarlet king snake is the fact that, while it is non-poisonous and otherwise harmless to everything except the small lizards it eats, it very closely resembles the deadly little coral snake. For this reason, the big snakes, the alligators, the bears, the gnomes, and the other forest creatures do not fuck with the scarlet king snake.

I immediately got up off my ass and beat it down to Radio Shack, where I picked up a cheap CB transceiver, whip antenna, and a large aluminum "construction box" for mounting the rig on my luggage rack. Next stop, the liquor store, where I bought half a gallon of Mogen David wine.

I'll go on record right now as saying that, for my money, a CB radio on a bike is strictly a third tit, but if you've already figured out what I was up to, you'll realize that it was just part of the Master Plan.

—Continued on next page

The wine? This broad who is an art major loves it, and she's also kind of overweight and ugly as shit, so for sharing the vino and a little hanky-panky, she copied the Star of David off the label onto my bike. It was legal, because that isn't the *official* police or sheriff's department insignia, except maybe in Miami Beach.

After sobering up on a couple of six packs, I paid a visit to a uniform shop, where I purchased boots, leggings, shirt and jacket of the type worn by motorcycle patrolmen. The helmet was just a matter of touching up a cheap, three-quarter coverage model with the department's unimaginative blue and gray color scheme, which my artist broad did for a pint of muscatel and a fast feel.

Naturally, I couldn't wear a badge and a gun, but so what? On the road, nobody ever got close enough to tell the difference anyway.

You would not believe the courtesy I was shown by motorists—some of the same ones, I feel certain, who make a habit of crowding every bike they see. Nobody tried to pass me at all, let alone in a discourteous manner. When I drove 55, *everybody* drove 55. Tailgaters? I could have dropped my scooter in the middle of the busiest freeway at rush hour and I doubt that I'd have caused anybody to panic-stop, let alone run me over. To wipe out in this getup, I'd have had to bash my brain on cheap wine and hit a light-pole, overpass abutment, or some other stationary object, because nobody operating a moving vehicle was about to give me any shit. My calculated subterfuge had made suckling piglets of all manner of obnoxious road hogs. It was absolutely unfucking-believable!

On the other hand, my attire did pose certain disadvantages when I got off the bike and began mingling with the public at closer range. Like, can you imagine walking into the Hairy Armpit or some other biker hangout dressed like a defrocked detective? A fag in full drag wouldn't have gotten as many strange looks and off-color remarks.

Bartenders who once appreciated my patronage began serving me warm beer and requesting

that I park my official-looking machine in the back so that it wouldn't scare off their customers. Broads who used to act interested now merely snickered in my presence. When I wanted to shoot pool, either the tables were stacked asshole deep with guys waiting to challenge, or else nobody wanted to play.

It occurred to me that perhaps I was no longer relating to my peer group.

Just about the time I was getting tired of the game anyway, I came out of a saloon one evening to find a squad car parked next to my vehicle and two gendarmes scrutinizing it with a great deal of interest.

"This your bike?" one of them asked. I could see that explanations would be in order. Fortunately, I wasn't too juiced and I had all the appropriate paperwork on my person. The cops still didn't think it was too damned funny and hinted that, were I to persist in displaying the colors of John Law, they could probably dig up some obscure statute through which to incarcerate me in the municipal slammer for a long weekend at least.

I took the hint. Next day, off came the windshield, the crash bars, the saddle bags, the CB, the Star of David and assorted extraneous crap. The monkey suit I contributed to Goodwill Industries. Back on the highway, it's the same old shit. That big beam burns every time the Harley rolls, and all it does is waste electricity.

Visibility? Shit! That was never the problem to begin with.

From a purely logical standpoint (which, of course, bears no resemblance to the bureaucratic viewpoint), a motorcycle and its rider cast a silhouette in the neighborhood of five feet high by three feet wide by seven feet long. A small compact car is shorter in height and only marginally wider and longer, yet doesn't experience a tenth of a bike's "visibility problem," even though headlights are not kept on during daylight hours.

The real problem, of course, is one of attitude, as our little experiment illustrates rather well, I believe. Out there among those respectable, middle-class makers of monthly payments lurks a hard core of "one percenters" whose

thoughts and deeds are so evil as to make any one percenter bike club look like an aggregation of cherubs by comparison.

Because motorcycles are uniquely vulnerable, they often become the object of everything from careless disregard to malicious flirtations with mayhem by frustrated motorists trying to rid themselves of their inhibitions. On the rare occasions when they are called to account for their behavior, these types almost invariably come up with the stock excuse, "I didn't see the motorcycle"—but for some strange reason they can see a *police* motorcycle (or what they think is one) just fine.

Another problem, of course, is the legislators and bureaucrats who refuse to confront the situation and instead put the onus on the biker in the form of helmet and headlight laws. I was just reading about a 16-year-old kid who got snuffed when some pickup jockey who was changing lanes forced the kid's bike into on-coming traffic and a head-on collision. The motorist responsible was charged with "improper lane change," which is good for a slap on the wrist. By the way, guess what his excuse was?

Now, if this same Portnoy-in-a-pickup had been cruising this same stretch of pavement, had not gotten anybody hurt, had not committed any other infraction, but had been stopped for a routine check by the fuzz and discovered to be driving with three beers under his belt, *then* his ass would have been in some kinda serious trouble!

With this set of priorities, is it any frigging wonder that a lot of guys who race motorcycles for a living won't ride on the street because they consider it too dangerous?

An experiment born of curiosity and coincidence proved that a mere approximation of police-type regalia can make motorcycling safer than a steel-reinforced chastity belt with a combination lock.

Burning your headlight in the daytime, on the other hand, can only cut down on its life expectancy—without doing a damn thing to improve yours. But who gives a shit about your life expectancy anyhow? ■

Fine Tickler

You and your fuckin' cucumbers! I'll bet you've got your own special cucumber farm that grows those big, extra-lumpy ones. I just want to know what's in those vegetables that's so fine.

Bunny
Bristol, Tenn.

● It's not what's in them—it's what's on the outside that counts. As you said, they're huge and lumpy—and the best damned tickler you can find.

Big In Texas

Mutha, would you fly to Germany to suck a twelve-inch crank on a horny sergeant in the Army?

Tommie L. Goggin
APO New York

● Why should I when I can go into the next office an' sit on Tex's desk? He hadda get a special passport just to get his crank outta Austin.

Good For You

A while back you printed a letter concerning the calories in cum. I'd like ya to know that there's also seventy-five different ingredients—including vitamins D and E3, iron, and, of course, acid. Many more.

The Wolf
Waupun, Wisc.

● Yummy! I know—I know. Why do you think I'm so healthy?

Sex Education

The ol' lady and I have two sons, ages eight and nine. We think it's time to lay a little sex education on their heads. So they'll get the best idea of sex, we've decided to expose them to us while we're fucking. I think this is the most natural and honest way. What do you think?

Prez
Muscle Shoals, Ala.

● Well, ya'd better start with the square couple next door—biker sex might be too heavy at first. Then let them watch you two freak out. Then for a graduate course, send 'em to me for the ultimate lesson. (They'll never be the same—and you'd better tell your ol' lady to watch out for them after they catch me in action.)

College Boys

I hear you're one of the horniest chicks around. If this is true, why don't ya come on down to our college during club hours and see if you can take us all on?

Dave "Tombstone" Kohn
Jamaica, New York

● College boys? Oh, yeah, they're kinda like M and M's—take one mouthful an' it melts away to nothin'; eat 'em all night an' ya sill ain't full. Besides, there's a law against kiddie porn.

Beach Ballin'

Last week I dove dived on my chick at the beach. What a fuck! I think it had a little to do with the ocean roaring in the background and the idea of fucking out in the open in front of God and everyone. It just increased the degree of our climaxes so much, we couldn't stop. We fucked on that beach all day long. Have you ever had such an experience?

Spike
Galveston, Texas

● It's the grit from the sand (and the sand crabs) that does it—fuck the ocean sounds.

The Real Thing

My ol' lady caught me beating my meat while looking at your picture the other day. Now she's broadcastin' it all over the fuckin' world! Man, I don't know what to say to her. Any suggestions?

"Horse"
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

● Ya mean you let your ol' lady do that to you? Throw her in a well—and get out and get the real thing. Get some balls, lightweight—no wonder you're floggin' your dummy instead of gettin' the real thing.

A Steady Piece

I know you're some kinda sick bitch and all that. I just wanna know—haven't you ever had one steady piece of ass around? Just for a short while, anyway?

Kathy
Morrow, Ga.

● Yeah, there's my Irish Wolfhound—and, of course, Spider. But I'm in for a six-hour session when I party with him.

Speedy Sex?

Last night I did some speed before the ol' man and I balled. He was really gettin' into the downstroke when I started havin' chest pains. I clawed and punched and yelled my way out from under him, and all the time he's rammin' an' jammin' me like crazy.

My doctor said I'd had a mild heart attack and to lay off speed for the rest of my life. The ol' man doesn't know, an' now he's bltchin'

that it was the best fuck he ever had an' wants to do it again. Now what?

Debbie
Elkhart, Ind.

● Come ta think of it, every time Spider rams it to me with his pound of meat, I think I'm havin' a heart attack too.

What's It Like?

Every time I see your photo I want to stick my cock down your throat to see what it's like in real life.

Rican
Pendleton, Ind.

● Cut a hole in the mouth of the picture I sent ya, then lay it over a bucket full of hot gravel and liver. That's close, but there ain't nothin' like the real thing, babe.

Strange Trip

I've got a problem. My ol' man would rather eat raisin bran than my snatch. Shortie
Brooklyn, N. Y.

● Simple, shit-can him.

Spare Time

What do you do in your spare time? Or do you have any?

Mac
Houston, Texas

● Fuck an' suck—what else?

Long Dong

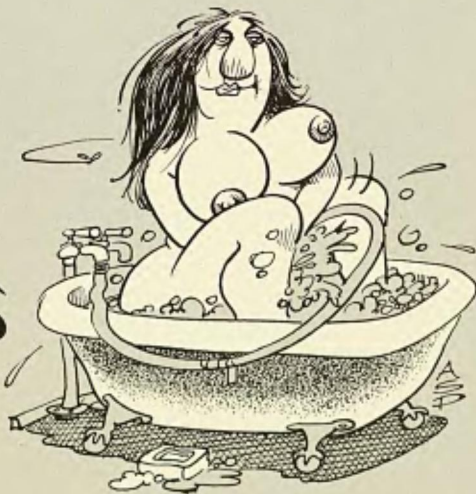
Even though my crank is only five and a half inches long, I could fuck you for hours. Then I'd wake you up and do it some more. What do you say to that?

J. J.
Jax, Fla.

● With only five and a half inches, why bother wakin' me up? I've got snatch hairs longer 'n that.

—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 UNEXPECTED

By John Watson



Frenchy heard Sandi coming when she was still some distance from his pad. The distinctive sound of her dilapidated old van's exhaust was easy to recognize, especially since she always downshifted each time she prepared to come to a stop, accentuating the sound. A fire started in his groin and coursed upward through his body. He found himself smiling with anticipation as he peered through the raised window blind, watching her get out of the van. He stared admiringly at her long, slender bare legs, topped by cut-off Levi shorts. She stood beside the van for a moment, adjusting the straps of the small halter top that strained against full breasts, then she hurried up onto the porch of the frame house where Frenchy lived. At the door, she tossed back her long golden hair, and with wide blue eyes glancing nervously up and down the dark street, she knocked.

Frenchy jerked the door open and grabbed her, pulling her into the house. She struggled for a moment, her body tense and frightened, then melted into his arms.

"Oh, God! Frenchy," she moaned, snuggling into his arms, bodies melting together, "don't do things like that. You know how afraid I am that Dick might be having me followed, or even be waiting here for me. Please. I've asked you before. Don't do that again."

Dirty Dick was Sandi's ol' man, and by biker rights and law she was his property and his alone—staked out, branded and tied—and unless he gave the word, no one dared touch. Her violation of the unwritten code was unfortunate for Dick, but it was the best thing that had ever happened to Frenchy. And it had all started when she'd accompanied Dick on the River Run the previous summer.

Frenchy and Sandi had met down by the water, while she was washing out a few things. He had been lying in the cool shade, resting. From the moment their eyes met, they'd been in love, and that love had grown to the temperature of a smelting furnace. Since that time, whenever she could get away, Sandi held frequent meetings with Frenchy, and during their stolen moments together, they crashed their hearts and bodies against one another with the force of a storm at sea. The second time they met, they talked about her

leaving Dirty Dick, and during the ensuing months the never-ending discussion dominated their conversation.

"I can't leave him, Frenchy. You know he'd kill us both."

"Not if he can't find us, sweetheart," Frenchy had argued. "Dammit! We can go away. We'll go on my bike. We can go down to Texas, or back to Maine, or anyplace far away. He'll never be able to find us if we're careful. His club doesn't have charters in the south or east, so he won't have any brothers to help him look for us."

"You don't know Dirty Dick like I do," she countered. "He didn't get that name from being a good guy or letting people take what's his. No way! He'd have his brothers out looking for us for the rest of his life. The only way we'll ever be safe is if we break up." And then she cried for a long time, hushed and held tightly in the arms of her lover. It was a tender moment. True love changes a man into an animal, then back still further into a child with an open heart.

* * *

The biker bar called Slim's was neutral territory—one of the few bars on the edge of town where bikers could assemble to drink and party without interference from citizens or the law. It had long ago been agreed that fighting on the premises was not allowed, although that rule found itself strained on occasion. Sometimes arguments necessitated an adjournment to a small woods at the top of a hill, out back, where difficulties could be ironed out, far from spying eyes, or from the eyes of anyone who felt it might be his duty to interfere. Such encounters were treated with respect, in that combatants were allowed to settle their disputes alone, without seconds or brothers who might jump into the fray. That, too, was an unwritten rule at Slim's place.

"You been eyein' my ol' lady," Dirty Dick said abruptly to Frenchy one night. "You're allus lookin' at her tits, an' I don't like it, see?"

"You're fulla shit!" Frenchy replied, as cold crept up his spine.

"I been watchin' you, mother-fucker, an' the way you're allus lookin' at her don't make me none too happy."

"Stick it up your ass," Frenchy

said, his face reddening. "I look at all chicks. There ain't no law against lookin'." And then he added, "Not even your fuckin' club laws."

"Don't mouth my club, asshole," Dirty Dick growled, stepping close and giving Frenchy a shove. "Keep shootin' off your fuckin' face an' we'll go out to the trees."

Frenchy stepped back and appraised his foe, weighing the possibilities of winning a one-to-one fight with him. Dick was not as tall as he, but he packed more weight and he had a reputation as one helluva fighter. No one had actually witnessed him fighting in single combat, since he was always surrounded by his bros, but stories existed of his strength, cunning, and ferocity. So many stories that he had risen easily to presidency of his club, and he was highly respected by all members. He had strong arms and a barrel chest, but he also had a pot belly. He'd been drinking a lot of beer this night, and Frenchy thought that to be in his favor, should a fight take place.

"You're a cocksucker," Frenchy said, "and you're on. Why don't we just go out to the trees and settle this? Maybe I'd like to punch your fuckin' head in an' take your ol' lady away from you."

Dirty Dick lunged at Frenchy, but bystanders grappled with him, holding him back.

"Outside, fuckers!" Slim called from behind the bar. "You know the rules. If ya got any iron or knives on ya, put 'em on the bar, then get the fuck outta here an' settle it out back."

Amid the agreeing rumble from the occupants of the bar, the two men emptied their pockets, took off their heavy rings, and left by the back door. They went up the hill toward the trees, Frenchy in the lead, hurrying, anxious to get at it and settle once and for all the only thing that kept him from Sandi. Soon they reached the small clearing in the woods where hundreds of bikers had slugged it out in times past. They stopped and squared off.

"Get at it, cunt," Frenchy growled, crouching. A few hard punches in Dirty Dick's fat, beer-filled gut, and he wouldn't want to fight anybody. A man can't drink beer all night, then get hit in the gut without something giving way.

"Hold on," Dirty Dick said. He

glanced around, as if expecting to see someone nearby, observing or listening, but there was no one. The rule was religiously obeyed. "Let's talk a minute."

"What the fuck about, asshole?" Frenchy said, relaxing—wondering what Dick might be up to. "Get your fuckin' paws up, mother-fucker."

"No—uh—listen, there somethin' you gotta know."

"Okay, spill it, then I'm gonna beat your fuckin' brains out, cocksucker."

"The truth is," Dick said, eyes downcast now, assuming a quiet and innocence Frenchy had never seen before, "that I'm not really as tough as people think. I been fakin' it for a long time now. Ever since the doc . . ." His shoulders slumped. "Ever since the doc told me about my heart."

"Your *what*?" Frenchy asked, amazed. His curiosity was really aroused now. The badass dude standing before him looked soft and totally subdued. He looked beaten, and the fight hadn't even begun.

"About a year ago I found out I got a bad heart. The doc said I got a little while to live. Probably less than a year. Well, my year's almost up, an' I really ain't been feelin' too good lately. I just wanna get through my last days without losin' class. You see what I mean?"

"So?" Frenchy asked.

"So this," Dick said. "Let's stay here for a while an' smoke a joint, then you go on back down to the bar an' tell 'em you whipped my ass fair an' square. I'll roll around in the dirt an' get messed up, then follow you down in a few minutes. You can be the winner without us goin' through this bullshit—that okay?"

Frenchy thought it over, considering all possibilities. If what Dirty Dick said was true, he'd soon have Sandi without having to fear reprisal—or death—at the hands of Dirty Dick and his bros. Christ! he thought, this was more of a blessing than he'd dreamed of. He could already imagine Sandi in his arms on a permanent basis.

"Okay, man," he finally agreed. "No one's gonna say I ain't got no heart. Sure. I can dig it."

They stood in the moonlight and lit up, taking turns passing the joint and inhaling deeply. When the

buzz was on, Frenchy said, "I'm goin' back." He took a few steps, and then, without turning around said, "Listen, man. I'm really sorry. I'm sorry about your—you know—what the doc told ya. If I can do anything . . ."

"Thanks, bro, for bein' so understandin'," Dick said. "There is somethin' you can do. You can take this!" Brass knuckles in place, he smashed Frenchy in the back of the head, driving him face down in the leaves and dirt among the trees. Frenchy's fingers convulsed momentarily in unconsciousness, then he lay still, with only an occasional tremor shaking his body.

Snearing, Dirty Dick kicked him in the ribs several times—hard—then rolled the inert form over and carefully, deliberately, stomped on his face. When he was finished with the mayhem, he pocketed the knucks and scraped his hand against the rough bark of a tree, wincing at the pain, in order to give the appearance that his bare hands once again had done their fabled deed. He went down the hill whistling. What I did was all right, he thought to himself. After all, I've got my reputation to protect.

* * *

The healing process was slow. Broken ribs and split lips heal slowly, and it was weeks before his swollen eyes returned to normal. Sandi came by his pad as often as she dared, parking her van on a nearby street in case she was being watched, cutting through a neighbor's yard to Frenchy's place.

* * *

"Get me another beer, bitch," Dirty Dick shouted at Sandi as he sat watching television. "An' then go get my sleepin' bag an' roll up my gear. There's a run tomorrow night."

"Oh, wow!" Sandi exclaimed. "Where we goin'?"

"We ain't goin' noplac. I'm goin'. It's club business an' there ain't no ol' ladies goin'. You're stayin' here, but you gotta get your ass out an' stay out till after we leave. Don't come back till after eight o'clock. We'll be gone by then. We're havin' a war meetin' here at the house, an' it's members only. Got it?"

"But tomorrow's my birthday," Sandi wailed.

"So fuckin' what?"

"It isn't fair. You said you'd take

He had been called Fish Hook by his brothers ever since the day he explained the jagged scar that puckered his upper lip into a permanent snarl. On his ninth birthday, his uncle had taken him fishing. The uncle was a heavy juicer and had worked on a quart of Ezra Brooks all day. It was late afternoon.

"Ya gotta get way out deep to catch the big ones," the uncle had explained to his nephew, breathing warm whiskey fumes into the boy's face. "Watch this cast."

Giving the boy a wink, the man had turned back toward the water and whipped his casting rod over his shoulder. The lure, designed for largemouth bass, struck his nephew in the face. For a brief, agonizing instant, the hook buried itself in the child's upper lip. Then his face erupted in blood and pain as his drunken uncle's cast tore the lure free.

His befuddled uncle had placed the screaming boy in the 1947 Buick station wagon and numbly driven the 27 miles into town. The boy's parents—both alcoholics, like his uncle—were poor and ignorant. The three adults surveyed the child's ruined face and concluded that "it ain't as bad as it looks." Consequently, Fish Hook received no medical attention beyond the bath his mother gave him. To this day, he could vividly remember the bathwater turning pink as she rubbed him with the bar of soap and lathered out the dried blood.

Without stitches, the jagged wound grew together in an irregular pucker, leaving an ugly scar that permanently distorted the boy's features. As his lip healed, the severed muscles drew it upward, exposing his teeth. Fish Hook wore a perpetual expression of rage. When he tried to smile, he succeeded only in looking even more menacing.

He was a smart kid and at once realized it was going to be hell growing up ugly. He could hear the

other kids taunting him through the long years ahead. He knew he could either surrender to his ugliness and be the doormat for the next nine years of school, or he could make them surrender to his ugliness by making them afraid of him.

Fish Hook grew up into a big, mean kid. Driven by his burning resentment, he became a legendary brawler, the most-feared hood in high school. Girls withdrew from him in fear and disgust, though he scored now and then because of his fearsome reputation.

Over the years, Fish Hook's personality grew into accord with his face. His snarling visage came to mirror his true self—he felt and acted as he looked. Taking up motorcycles while still in high school, he bought his first Harley, a used

*And if that don't teach ya a lesson,
He just might show ya his Smith
& Wesson.*

*—"Headknocker"
by Foreigner*

Sportster, when he was 20. One year later he got his first 74 and began to hang around other Harley riders, gaining first their attention, then their respect, in a series of bar fights. He soon gained renown for various little feats he could perform. For example, he could tear a license plate in half, bite a chunk out of a dime, and bend a church key in the palm of one hand. Before long, he won his patch in the Mad Dogs M.C. and quickly became its enforcer.

As a club member and well-known asskicker, Fish Hook now found women easier to obtain. Still, no woman had ever really reached him, ever calmed his raging fury or softened his snarling face. There were plenty of women—angry, drugged fucks, casual beatings, and occasional ol' ladies who loved and feared him simultaneously, and who

were cast aside the moment they ceased to amuse him. Women, as far as he was concerned, were to fuck. He was a brute, snarling in spirit as in face.

And then, as the song goes, along came Mary. She was the sister of a guy Fish Hook knew at work, not a biker at all. They happened to meet at a party, and the Hook was captivated. She was slim and graceful, with small breasts and a dancer's lithe figure. Her warm brown eyes were set above high cheekbones, and her smile and soft voice made him dizzy.

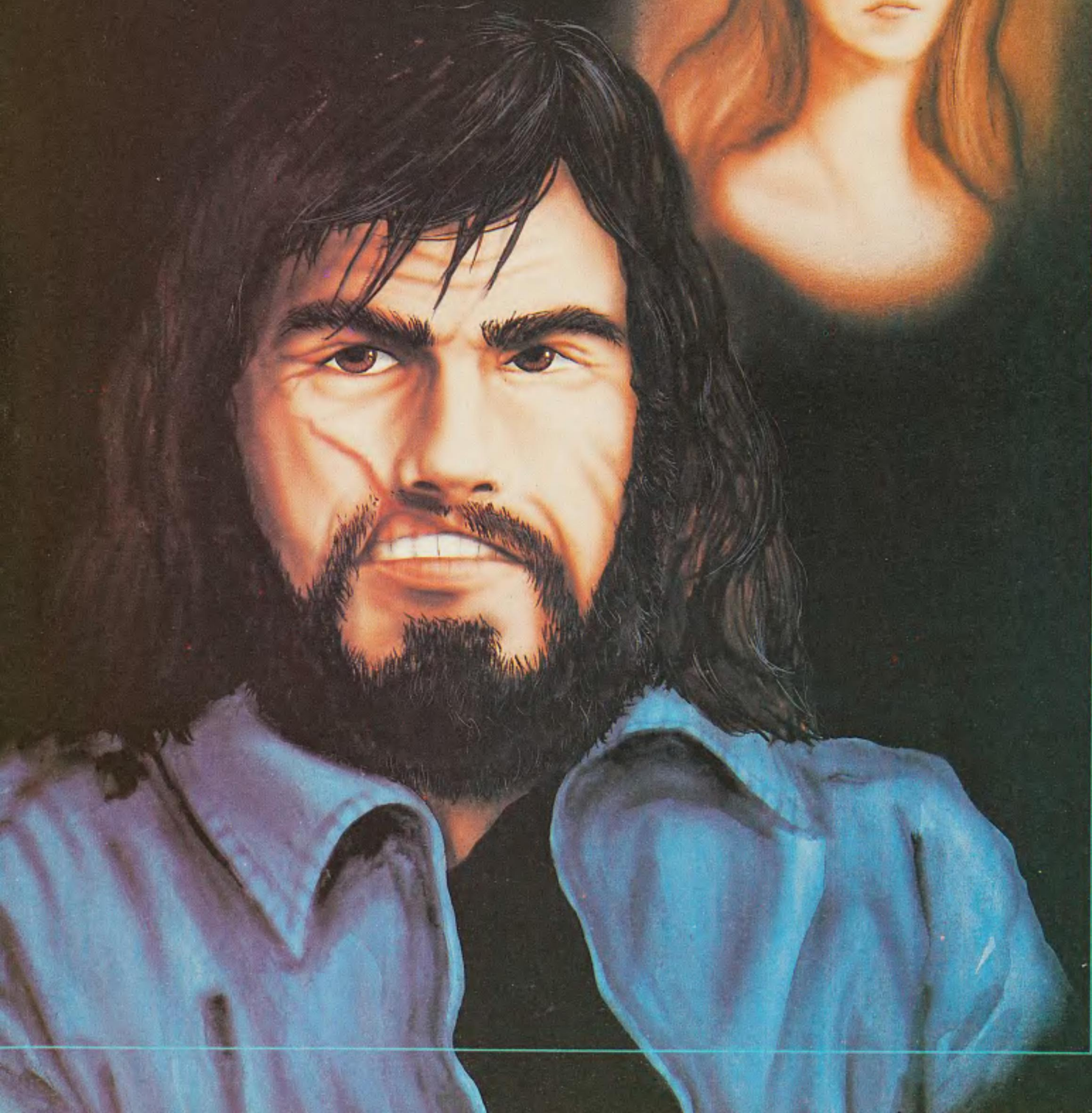
Fish Hook became a changed man. Oh, he still rode with the boys and guzzled beer and all. Even today, I can still recall his laughter booming out across a barroom, cutting through the pounding din of the jukebox with its insane energy. But imperceptibly, he became quieter and slower to anger. If Mary was present, he would no longer engage in the brutal horseplay or fearsome intimidation for which he was legendary. It was as if he was ashamed to let her see this other side of himself. Instead, he stood contentedly next to her, dwarfing this slim girl whose mildest rebuke he feared more than any biker's fists.

Well, I had always been the closest thing to a friend Fish Hook had ever known. I don't mean the rest of his brothers weren't his friends of course. But he and I went a long way back, and . . . well, you know what I mean. I was as blown away by his transformation as anybody. And it was funny, in a way. I mean, here's this huge mother with a mean streak in him as wide as his patch, just fuckin' overpowered by this small, quiet girl. All of us were amazed, and we even took to calling the two of them "Beauty and the Beast." Never in Fish Hook's hearing, of course—we weren't crazy. I mean, some-

—Continued on page 66

Ladies Love Outlaws

By La Bête





Heather Heidepriem



Victoria Parker



Karen Crow



Susanne Chakan



Rita Eveland



Karen Nichols



Jeri Lane



Trisha Safran



Elaine Johnson



"Babe" Gregoire



Sandi Venables

The Miraculous Ol' Lady Photo Contest



Barbara Moretti

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

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 February 28, 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 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.

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.

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

Model Release

Model's Name _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

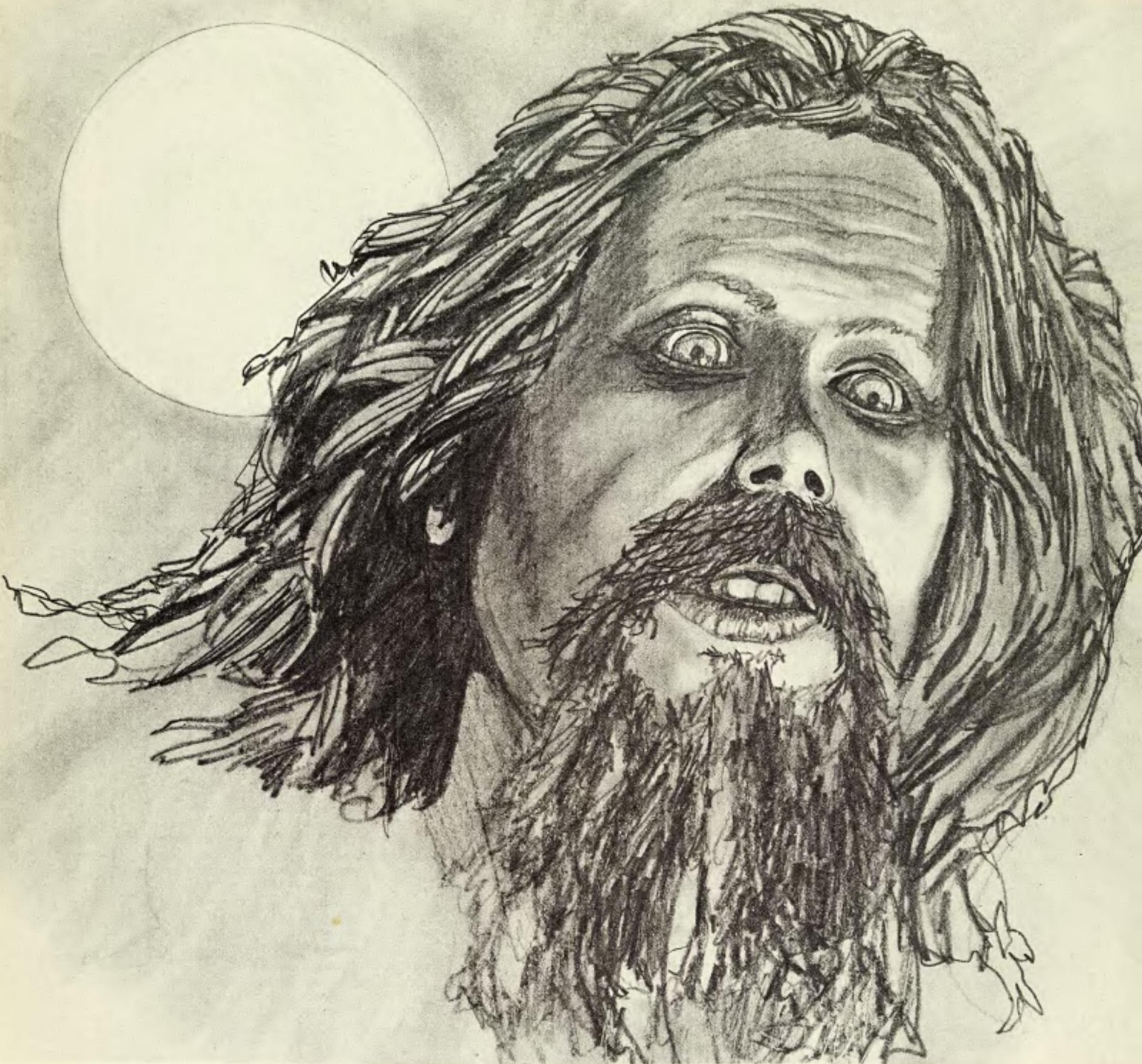
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I am _____ years of age.

Witness to Signature _____



By Pogy Hooper

The distant glow of the campfire looked good—even if it was a couple of miles off to the right of the highway. Slowing the powerful shovelhead to thirty-five, Chugger Smith eased the machine to the road's shoulder and stopped. Now the numbing wind was only an icy breeze sweeping across the New Mexico night. Reaching around, he fumbled the binoculars from the duffel lashed to the sissybar. Holding them to his narrowed eyes with fingers stiff from the bone-chilling cold he fooled with the focus until,

abruptly, the campsite leaped at him with clarity.

It consisted of one man huddled beside a small fire. Swinging the glasses, Chugger spotted the panhead leaning on its kickstand near the flickering blaze, highlights dancing on the chopper's chrome. Looks peaceful and safe enough, Chugger decided. One bro. A warm fire. Maybe he's even got some scarf

Lowering the glasses, he returned them to the duffel and a moment later was carefully maneuvering the machine across rough ground,

heading toward the enticing brightness that promised warmth.

* * *

"Man, ya ain't never met no fuckin' loser until ya meet me," said Spasm Dunn, his monkey-like features somber as he skillfully sliced another thick chunk of sizzling meat from the roast spitted over the crackling flames. "Here. Ya better have some more. Ya look damn near starved."

Gratefully, Chugger accepted the third helping of succulent meat, feeling its hot grease oozing over

LAST MEAL

his gloved hands, warming them a bit. "Where the livin' hell didja ever find pork roast out here?" he asked, swallowing ravenously.

Spasm gazed emptily into the darkness beyond the fire's light. "Aw, shit, deserts are swarmin' with javelina. Little wild pigs, y'know. I grew up out here in the middle of noplace. Maybe that's what makes me such a nothin' case."

Wiping his greasy, bearded mouth with the back of his gloved hand and belching contentedly, Chugger sipped steaming coffee from the tin cup, regarding the other man with open curiosity. "Why put yerself down like ya do, man?" he asked, belching loudly and leaning back with an elbow dug into the cold, dry sand as he found cigarettes and lit up, offering the pack to Spasm, who shook his head. "Christ, ya got a fine sled. Ya sure as hell act like a real brother—sharin' yer food an' all with me. I've met worse dudes.

"Oh, yeah?" The simian face smiled crookedly as Spasm's teeth tore at the dripping hunk of meat he held with both hands. "Know any who've been turned down by every club across the fuckin' country?"

"Well, I guess not," Chugger admitted hesitantly, "but—"

"Yer lookin' at one, man. Nobody wants me. Not the clubs. Not the broads. Nobody. An' I guess I can't really blame'm."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm nuts," Spasm said harshly, staring across the dying fire into Chugger's eyes. "Not all

the time, y'unnerstand. Just now and then. I git these goddam attacks. Medics claim it's caused by my fuckin' messed-up nervous system. It ain't wired right or sumpin' when it gits to my fuckin' brain. Every now and then it shorts out, kinda. Then I go berserk. But I never remember the rotten things I do while I'm sick, see?" He picked a sliver of meat from his teeth. "Shit, I've been in more fuckin' funny farms than any one man should oughta hafta know."

Chugger eased up to a sitting position, a tingle of fear rippling through him. I better get outa here, he thought, jist in case this character ain't shittin' me fer laughs. Aloud, he said: "Christ, that's a fuckin' shame, bro. Maybe ya'll find a cure fer it yet."

"The fuck I will!" Eyes suddenly glinting with fury followed Chugger as he got to his feet. "But I ain't goin' back to them loonybins, see? Never no more. You hear me, man? *Never!*"

Chugger moved toward his bike, nodding and watching the frantic biker whose face twitched with rage, spittle flecking his lips as his voice rose shrilly.

"I'll fuckin' well dust myself, first, before they ever haul my ass away again!"

Reaching the shovelhead, Chugger swiftly straddled it. "Take it easy, man," he crooned soothingly. "That's no way to talk. No shit."

"Don't tell me what to do!" shrieked Spasm, his face contorted. He was struggling to rise. "Get the

fuck outa here before I—"

The rest of his words were lost in the thunder of the machine's engine as Chugger hastily shifted into gear—lurching forward with the rear wheel spurting sand as he bent low over the bars. Hearing the sharp explosion behind him, Chugger desperately flung himself free of the bike, sprawling into a thick patch of greasewood. For a moment, the Harley's engine raced madly, then he heard it stutter and die. Twisting around, he peered through the bushes at the fire, fear and anger throbbing wildly.

Spasm lay awkwardly beside it, motionless.

Wasn't aiming at me! Chugger thought with relief. Little crazy, snuffed himself—like he said he would!

Still shaken, he got to his feet. A pale, naked foot nearby caught his eyes and he stumbled a few steps toward it, seeing the girl's nude body lying face down on the sand. The back of her blonde head was dark with dried blood. Her right buttock had been mutilated, almost all of it cut away—and nowhere to be seen. But—

Slowly, Chugger's horrified eyes went to the remains of the browned roast still spitted over the dying fire. He heard the dripping fat hissing onto the glowing bed of coals.

"Gawd!" he groaned, nausea churning up from his gut, spewing into his throat.

Retching and coughing, he began vomiting. ■

Good Ol' Hill Climbin'



Note from Spider:

Hill climbin' is somethin' ya don't hear much about these days. But back when I was a kid with more guts than brains, we'd get together on a Sunday run, get loose as a goose on juice (these were the days before dope), pick out a hill, and dare each other to ride up the fucker. The one who went the farthest won a goat (the local hang-around dirt bag), or a jug of wine, or a six-pack of cheap brew. Nobody had any money those days, ya understand.

Then the AMA'ers got into the act—with chains, nitro, go juice—the whole shot.

But nowadays, there's still a few crazies around who try to make it up a hill for some half-assed, two-bit trophy. So the other day J.T., from our staff, took a ride out to a local get-together to see what the Harleys were doin'. Here's a report on two events that he attended. Sure as shit, there's still hogs, Nortons, and Triumphs tearin' up the hills. One dude called Crash Baker caught his eye, and what follows is J.T.'s rundown.

(By the way, keep your eye out for some Easyriders-sponsored, run-what-ya-brung, good ol'-time hill climbin' events comin' to your area in 1978.)

In my opinion this dude, Chuck "Crash" Baker, is one crazy mutha with more heart than respect for his bruised and beaten body. When we first met Chuck, we found him and his out-of-hand Sporty in Riverside, California, at a small hill climb in the middle of the desert. The hill was about 300 feet straight up, with timing lights at the top and bottom. The object was to see who (with about a 20-foot running start) could make it over the top the fastest.

In Riverside, Chuck had the only Harley entered, and when he fired his scooter there was no doubt that it was a Harley. He runs a Sporty that burns 60% nitro.

We watched Chuck handle last-minute adjustments before his run and, as he eyed the hill with determination, up came the revs, and he blasted out of the hole and hit the bottom of the

hill so fast the bike seemed to want to go through the mountain instead of over it. Chuck creamed himself on that one. We thought that fucking Sporty was going to eat him alive before it cut him loose and let him slide unconscious down the hill.

He and his bike were helped back to the pit area to regroup. About this time, thinking we had had a short day, we asked directions to the nearest bar. When Chuck got his second wind and said he was going to make another ride, we checked his knee out and found that it had swollen up to the size of a small watermelon. To top it off, he had to replace his handlebars and was busy turning a wrench with his bad leg raised so that when it finally started to stiffen up on him it would be bent in the riding position (believe it or not).

His next attempt over the hill came

off without incident. But on the way down, the dirt chain on his rear tire cut loose as he was returning to the pit area and just about ripped out his backbone. This was just too much for one dude to endure for a Sunday afternoon, so we left Chuck to lick his wounds, found our bar, and proceeded to down a few cool ones.

It was a month or so later when Chuck called to invite us to cover another hill in Hollister, California (Campbell M.C.). This one had three Sporties entered and the hill was longer and looked meaner than hell. It was 380 feet from the bottom to the top. We watched the smaller-class bikes attempt to scale this bad hunk of real estate without much success. It wasn't long before the big heavies were lining up for their turn. Chuck was late for his first attempt and was bypassed in the first run at the hill. It seemed that he had crashed earlier in the month at an MMA drag race and was still trying to get everything bolted back together. So while we waited for Chuck to get his shit together, we settled down to watch some of the other riders do their thing.

Our attention was distracted from drooling over a couple of fine-lookin' hard bellies to the sound of a nitro-burning Sporty that was makin' ready for the hill. Its rider was a giant that everyone referred to as "Hog Body" (Bill Harrison). He was well over 6 feet tall, weighing in at around 280 lbs. His huge frame dwarfed the lightweight Sporty, which shook the ground as he kept it cleaned out. Bill tore the hill apart, going up the 380 feet with a time of 5:93 seconds. It was a good minute after he had cleared the top before the dust lifted. (I was impressed.)

But what's this? Here comes Crash not long after Hog Body had made his run. Crash lined up at the bottom and once again blasted out of the hole, only to have that fuckin' Sporty flip him on his ass! Everyone thought he had broken his neck, but I was gettin' to know this crazy fucker better every time I saw him. And I knew it would take more than a broken neck to keep him down. Sure enough, it wasn't long before he had it together enough to try again. This time he flew up the hill like a raped ape, only to lose it at the top just before the light. The bike went down in a cloud of dust, but Chuck's body flew through the light, giving him a time of 12 seconds.

That was the last run for him for the day. So, as the sun set in the west, we again said so long to Chuck "Crash" Baker, told him to heal up his wounds and throw more speed equipment on his beloved Sporty. Best of luck, Crash. (Ron True won the hill climb on a snortin' Norton. His time was 5.61 seconds. Ron makes it look easy.)

—J. T. McGarry.





COW ART

Tough, pliable, and artistic

Recently we featured El Crow's cowhide covered bike. The furry coating had to be the toughest, most durable protective layer applied to a frame, tank, and fender we've ever run across. It had every polyurethane, plastic, lacquer, or enamel spray beat right down to the bare metal.

And more and more cowhide is being used on scooters for more than just transmission seals. On top of the tough protection leather affords seats, the material has excellent artistic potential. The combination of the two has made leather work on bikes a natural—and it's (so what?) organic.

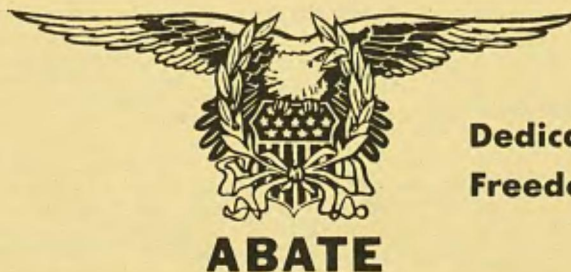
We have here for your eye-pleasin' enjoyment an example of leather art and its use on another bike.

The work, which has traveled from coast to coast for three years, was patiently applied by Mike Butler, bro of Sherlock, the scoot's owner. Cowhide may not be a tramp's first choice for a tank covering, but Sherlock feels that it has held up better than any spray paint.

Leather has about as many uses as women and is twice as tough (quiet, too). It's just about as right for our style bikes as rigid frames. And it reeks with class. Wish I owned a cow factory.

—Weed





Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road

Insurance Companies Working Against Us!

Editor's note: The fight isn't over—we must remain alert. The following is from the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, a publication (propaganda) mailed out to all insurance executives, do-gooders, legislators, police departments—all those forces that are against our fight to eliminate the mandatory helmet laws.

Their axe to grind? Less deaths (from their point of view and slanted statistics), thus they make more money—but do they ever reduce insurance premiums? You bet your ass they don't—the name of the game is money.

We must fight together for all states—join National ABATE today.

Both the number of states repealing their helmet use laws and the evidence that such repeal will result in more deaths and injuries continue to grow.

In 1975, Congress eliminated financial penalties for states that do not have motorcycle helmet use laws. Since then, 23 states have amended their laws in order to allow helmetless riding, according to the American Motorcycle Association. Three other states—California, Illinois and Nebraska—did not have or did not enforce helmet laws even prior to the Congressional action. (See *Status Report*, Vol. 12, No. 3, Feb. 14, 1977.)

A preliminary study was carried out under NHTSA contract in Kansas, one of the states which eliminated the helmet use requirement, to measure the effects of the repeal. Preliminary data from Kansas show that following repeal of the helmet law:

- "The incidence of head trauma increased by 70 percent . . .
- "The incidence of head trauma is 81 percent greater for those not wearing a helmet at the time of accident, than for those wearing a helmet.
- "The severity of head injury is 56 percent greater for those suf-

fering head injuries without benefit of helmets, than for those who are wearing a helmet at the time of injury.

• "The crude death rate for those not wearing a helmet at the time of accident is 310 percent greater than the crude death rate for those wearing a helmet at the time of accident."

The results of the study, "Impact of Motorcycle Helmet Law Repeal," were presented at a recent meeting of the American Association for Automotive Medicine by Michael Lummis and Norman McSwain, M.D., of the University of Kansas Medical Center.

In the Nevada veto message, Gov. Mike O'Callaghan cited studies regarding helmet use and the financial cost of head injuries, and



then said, "So much for statistics and dollar signs. Let us address the essential issue: the preservation of human life. When we come down to it, we cannot measure this precious gift by any numeral."

"In my judgment, motorcycle helmets help to preserve the lives of those who wear them."

Quoted Without Comment

Six and a half weeks after South Dakota repealed its motorcycle helmet law July 1, ten cyclists were dead. Nine wore no helmets, and the tenth, required by law to wear a helmet if he's under 17, was wearing a helmet that wasn't strapped on.

National Highway Traffic
Safety Administration's
National Traffic
Safety Newsletter
September 1977

Editorial

Well, I suppose your first reaction is gonna be, who's Big Ruffles—where'd he come from? Well, pal, I was raised under a rock on a pebble beach till the sand got so thick in my craw that I had to hit the highway. Me and my bike have been travelin' round this country for 17 years. I've ridden across these states five times—north, south, east, and west.

You know, that high country's good, but damn the sand—it's like grit in a belt drive. It just wears you away—like the fuckin' laws they try to cram down our throats. A man's hardly got a chance 'less he's related to God—and everyone knows what they did to Jesus when he claimed that.

Some states out there got it pretty good, some got it better—and some are really gettin' it in the butt.

So what's to do? You either give it up or you fight back. Can't hardly go behind the barn like the old days—gotta get right in there where they make the laws now and hit 'em with facts and figures and the voice of the people. That voice of the people—that's what it takes, 'cause it affects 'em like a kick in the dick.

So what's new? Lemme tell you what's new—National ABATE. Now I'll have to admit I was a little skeptical at first. I mean, you hear all these fuckin' rumors. Hey! Who's tryin' to rip us off? How we gonna function with no bread? Who the hell are these National ABATE people? What's this shit about everything's gotta be sent to California? Man, I've heard every fuckin' story you can imagine about the new ABATE—from tales of Big Brother to yarns about Santa Claus.

Sure, everyone involved is concerned, and I suppose the program's gonna need a lot of help to make it work—but it sure as shit don't need all this sand in the belt drive.

Nobody wants to rip off the states, get all the bread, or take all the power—that's all a buncha bullshit! Look, here's how it works.

You buy a \$10 membership and send it to the national office. Say you live in Illinois. National takes five bucks and sends the other five to Illinois ABATE. Say a dude from a state where no ABATE now exists buys a membership. National takes \$5 and puts the other \$5 in trust for the state. So you wanna know about that trust business? Well, when enough people see they got a chance to belong to an organization like National ABATE and show that they got a good solid program headed in the right direction, with help available to run it—well, we want ABATE here too. When that happens, National ABATE takes trust money and helps those states get organized.

OK, you say—but now the big question. What about the five bucks National is getting? What happens to that? Well, shit—just stop and think it over. They're gonna need office space, telephones, business agents, clerks, secretaries, mail service, travel money, not to mention printing costs. Figure it up and it comes to about 20 grand for three months—and that's cutting corners and using some volunteer help.

You people who have your states together know it wasn't easy. It took work, it took money. When you go national, it takes more of the same. You can't expect to have an efficient business agent who is going to drop everything and work six to eight hours a day, five to seven days a week and not get paid. You know what it cost to keep your state office open. Well, you can imagine that a national office just couldn't be successful if it relied solely on volunteer help or tried to do business outta somebody's garage. It takes bucks.

Nobody's gonna tell you how to run your state. States have their own boards and choose their own workers and pay them what they think they're worth—whether it's bucks or thanks. All National ABATE wants to do is coordinate the states and provide a uniform way of doing things. You know—keep us all together, headed in the same direction. We want to obtain the services of a federal lobbyist with

a strong backing, finance programs where there aren't any, and help to get a lobbyist in every state we possibly can. This is what will produce results.

Being national will open doors that have been closed to us. Sure, a few states already have a key and they are now opening doors. But there's still a lot of motorcyclists, on everything from Mo-peds to Harleys, who want to be heard and who want the same freedom of the road we're all after. We've got to help everyone—not just work in our own back yard. We need to cooperate to make the most of all the help we can get from each other—or we'll all be riding garbage wagons, wearing identical fluorescent jump suits, allotted two gallons of gas a week, and have to ride on the shoulder of specially-marked roads between the hours of 10 and 2.

Now if you're afraid that big business, with aid and support from Santa Claus, is trying to take over ABATE and play Big Brother to you, you better get off the pebbles

beach, shake a little sand outta your craw, and take a ride across four or five states. Then you'll get a look at the real Big Brothers and what they're doing to you right now.

The ones we got to worry about are the ones who will have you riding off into the sunset with your headlight on, your two mirrors reflecting the freedom of yesterday. Your specially-designed 4-way blinker/flasher lights will add to the brilliance of your pink jump suit, and you won't see what's goin' on around you 'cause your head will be stuck up inside a fuckin' helmet.

But you can always force a smile, look down your specially-marked shoulder of the highway, and tell yourself you've still got freedom of the road and that life looks OK through the federally-designed airbag goggles you got last week—only \$49.50, imported from Japan.

It's your choice. A \$10 membership or . . . ?

—Big Ruffles

The National ABATE Forum

Bike news from around the country

Every month we will provide this space for our membership to participate in a national newsletter through this forum. Anyone wishing to participate should address all letters to ABATE Forum, P. O. Box 162062, Sacramento, Calif. 95816.

New York: You wouldn't expect to see grandma risk life and limb roaring down the highway on a 150 mile-per-hour Harley.

But grandma might be tempted to hop on a 15 m.p.h. moped—at greater risk of injury than if she rode a more powerful machine, Dr. John D. States, a Rochester doctor, motorcyclist, and vehicle safety specialist, said yesterday.

Because of their economic practicality (up to 200 miles on a gallon of gas), and because there are no licensing or helmet requirements for the motorized bicycles, "Mopeds are going to appeal to many people," Dr. States said.

But as the popularity of the machines grow, doctors can expect to deal with more traffic injuries, he said.

New laws affecting mopeds in New York State go into effect October 1st. The biggest change is for the smallest moped—those that go under 20 miles per hour. They will, for the first time, be classified as motorcycles and must be registered with the Department

of Motor Vehicles. To get a license, you must pass a written test and be 16 years old. But neither insurance nor helmets for these smallest mopeds is required.

Illinois: If your headlight bulb burns out during the day and you are unaware of it, you get a ticket, and it's a moving violation. Three moving violations means you get your license suspended!

Isn't it worth the price of a stamp to write your senator and representative a letter to help get this unfair law repealed? Write now!

Indiana: The percentage of fatalities and personal injuries suffered in motorcycle accidents has increased only slightly since the mandatory helmet law was repealed Sept. 1, an Indiana State Police study shows.

The number of Hoosiers riding without protective headgear has increased dramatically the past two months, according to the study.

There also has been a startling decrease in the number of accidents—more than 50 percent—but police say that's normal for this time of year.

"It's a seasonal thing," said Sgt. James L. Mitchell, who compiled the statistics. "Summer is motorcycle season. As the summer season ends, the number of accidents involving motorcycles decreases."

The study includes only those accidents investigated by state troopers—estimated to be about 20 percent of the motorcycle accidents statewide—and covers the period from May 1 through Oct. 31.

State police investigated 175 motorcycle accidents—about 44 per month—during the four-month period immediately before the helmet repeal took effect. They investigated only 34—about 17 per month—from Sept. 1-Oct. 31.

About 86 percent of those involved in accidents before the repeal were wearing helmets. Only about 55 percent of those involved in accidents after the repeal were wearing protective headgear.

Of the 175 accidents before the helmet law was repealed eight, or slightly more than 4.5 percent, involved fatalities. In three cases, the riders were not wearing helmets.

About 146, or a little more than 83.4 percent, resulted in personal injury. Everyone riding without protective headgear was injured. Of the 151 persons wearing helmets, five were killed and 126 were injured.

Of the 34 accidents during the two months after the repeal, two, or about 5.88 per cent, resulted in deaths. Neither rider was wearing a helmet. Thirty, or about 88.2 percent, caused personal injury. Again, everyone riding without protective headgear was injured. Nineteen of those wearing helmets also suffered injury.

Mitchell said he will continue compiling statistics until next Sept. 1 to get a complete picture of the helmet repeal's effect on motorcycle deaths and injuries.—The Truth, Elkhart, Indiana.

Ohio: The stall is on. HB 115, the helmet repeal bill, will not be heard before the full senate until at least January, 1978. Our bill is still in the rules committee and since the senate will only meet one more time this year (for 3 or 4 days) it is very unlikely that HB 115 will come out of committee. There are two reasons: 1) HB 115 is not considered that important. It doesn't involve millions of dollars or affect millions of people. When the senate is in special session, only the bills considered most important will be heard—welfare, energy, education, etc. 2) The senators on the rules committee are stalling. To make sure HB 115 gets out of the rules committee in January, when the senate is in regular session, you know what you're going to have to do. That's right—more letters—let's flood the eleven members of the committee with mail. This has worked before and it'll work again—if you write to all eleven. These guys are tough to convince. We're 75% of the way there. Don't give up now. If you let your guard down now we're sure to get knocked on our

ass. These senators talk to people from the Department of Highway Safety daily and the only way to counteract their propaganda is through your letters. Let your legislators know what you want. Remember, the opposition has two or three months to convince our senators not to vote for HB 115.

All Ohio bikers and especially all ABATE members should know about the newest opposition to the helmet repeal effort in Ohio. This opponent isn't even from Ohio, but from Grand Rapids, Michigan! This newest opposition to our freedom is none other than Kawasaki Midwest Distributors, the Kawasaki distributors for Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee. Joseph Kirshgessner, the public relations man for Kawasaki Midwest, has sent letters to all Kawasaki dealers in Ohio urging that they contact their legislators and Governor Rhodes to urge them not to vote for HB 115, the helmet repeal bill. Kirshgessner has also sent letters to the AMA board of directors giving them hell on their stand for the helmet repeal and Gary Winn's efforts. Gary Winn is on the legislative staff of the AMA and has testified for the repeal in the Ohio House and Senate. More letters from Kawasaki Midwest have gone to Harley-Davidson, Yamaha International, Suzuki, Kawasaki Motor Works and even to Governor Rhodes. Kirshgessner has urged their support for his efforts. In almost all letters he refers to ABATE as being the bad guy. I understand he doesn't even own a motorcycle yet he sees fit to come out against our repeal.

It seems that Kawasaki Midwest's biggest concern isn't safety, but that insurance rates will increase substantially if the helmet law is repealed. We have a letter from the Kansas State Commissioner of Insurance stating that insurance rates have not gone up as a result of Kansas repealing the helmet law. The reason for high insurance rates for bikes is not the fatality rate. It's the theft rate, and Kawasakis are right on top of the list—way above Harley-Davidson (believe it or not). If Kirshgessner is sincerely worried about insurance rates causing a decline in motorcycle sales, why doesn't he ask Kaw to come up with a better system to keep Kaws from being stolen?

A little history for the new guys

Back in June of 1971, a new and exciting motorcycle publication was introduced, *Easyriders*, a motorcycle magazine for the entertainment of adult bikers. This biker dream came into existence through the hard work of Lou Kimzey, the Editor, Mil (Hog Expert) Blair, Editor-at-Large, and Joe (Super Hog) Teresi, Sr. Editor, who came up with some of the "green stuff" to get things running

smoothly. Joe was Vice-President of N.C.C. S.I., National Custom Cycle Safety Institute, which started about the same time as Easyriders did. This organization was for manufacturers and distributors, and is still in existence today. They are credited for keeping a lot of junk off the market and setting up safety standards for custom parts. By governing their own industry, they were able to keep Big Brother at arm's length.

Easyriders in the second issue, printed the following statement: "We are interested in your safety and will not knowingly allow any manufacturer or distributor selling unsafe products to advertise in our pages." That's quite a remark for a new and unproven publication to make. How many other biker rags would dare say anything like that and mean it? Most of us remember some of the cheap crap that was dumped on us from some of the other magazines, all for the almighty dollar.

In issue number 3, October, 1971, Easyriders started a non-profit organization just for bikers. It was called NCCA, National Custom Cycle Association. It cost only \$3.00 for a one-year membership. Remember, this was in 1971, back when it was a no-no for a publication to be fighting for motorcyclists' rights. All the other biker magazines were concerned with was what they could sell you—a big commercial rip-off.

It wasn't long till the NCCA changed its name to ABATE (A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments) and for the other magazines to become jealous and start criticizing the intent of ABATE. In the August 1972 issue, Lou Kimzey made quite a rebuttal to their remarks about ABATE.

Early in 1972, Keith Ball arrived on the scene. He became Associate Editor of Easyriders and also Director of ABATE, a position formerly held by Lou Kimzey. ABATE's founder. ABATE started area coordinators in different

states to help organize bikers so they could be better represented and to form a better line of communications. From this mushroomed a sophisticated network of 44 state and county chapters in 36 states and Canada.

Anyone who reads Easyriders knows the reason for its success—it has always told it like it is, because that's the only way to tell it. Easyriders' small office in California (the address is kept top secret so they can get some work done when they're not "partying or jammin'") is where it is all put together. Most of the articles in the rag are written by bikers from different parts of the country, (now you know why everything sounds so real). Just think where we would all be without them—from Warren Bennett, ABATE of New York.

South Dakota: The Governor's Medical Advisory Committee (GM-AC) is planning to reintroduce the lid law.

A note on writing

We recently received a letter from Janet James in Ohio. In her note, she explained that she has written every Ohio Senate member. And every senator who has replied has expressed support for the helmet repeal.

That may not be startling news; however, her brief letter did have a point—communication. By writing the political brass, she learned exactly how they feel. But she didn't stop there. She took the time to pass on the information to others, thereby allowing other people in her state and around the country to know the situation with the Ohio helmet repeal.

She ended her blurb with, "Keep writing, folks." And she's right—we not only have to keep in touch with the establishment, but also we can't neglect each other. Pass that information on.



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 exists.

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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- ☐ 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 _____
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Comments _____



"You forgot the whip? . . . Wow! Some second honeymoon this is going to be!"

A dude was complaining to his partner that he'd never been able to score with a chick, and was, therefore, still a virgin.

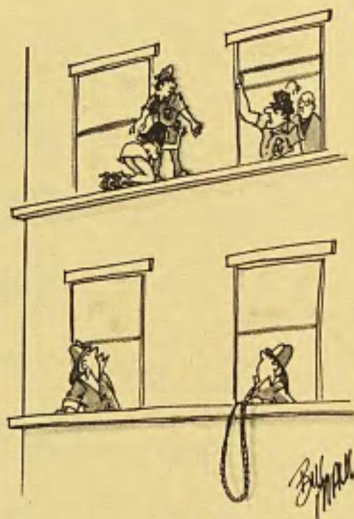
"Hell," said his pal, "I'll fix you up with a sure thing. Just come over to my pad tonight and get in bed with the chick you find there. But don't turn on the light—she'll get embarrassed."

He then went home and inflated a life-size rubber doll and placed her under the covers of his bed. Returning to the bar, he proceeded to get his virgin buddy just drunk enough to dull his awareness, lest he discover the trick being pulled on him.

The following morning, the dude asked his cherry pal how the night went.

"It was really weird, man," he replied. "I got into the sack, leaned over, and bit her on the tit. She cut a fart and flew out the fuckin' window!"

—Casey
Long Beach, Calif.



"That's not what I meant when I said, See if you can talk her into going down"

Two bikers were lying on the asphalt parking lot behind the biker bar. One of them had his index finger shoved up his bro's asshole, when a cop drove up.

Leaping out of his car, the astounded cop asked, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"My friend's really drunk, officer," slurred the biker with his finger up his bro's asshole. "I'm tryin' to make him puke."

"Well," the pig laughed. "you sure ain't gonna make him puke like that."

"The hell I ain't," the biker said. "When I take my finger outta here an' ram it down his throat, he'll puke up everything but his balls!"

—Mike Petetit
Lincoln, Neb.



"Well, I'm not cutting you down until you stop sticking your tongue out at me!"

Then there was the biker who was so lazy that he married a chick who was already pregnant.

—Spike
South Jersey

The reason there is no ice left in Poland is they've lost the recipe.

—John Lessing
Cambridge, Mass.



"Wow! Look at all the balloons!"

The difference between a beautiful girl and a bike is that the bike stops making noise when it gets oiled.

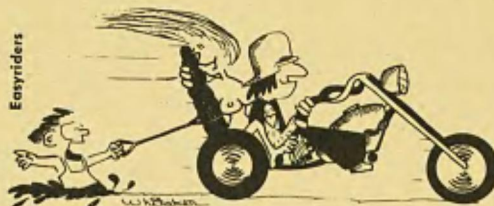
—Shelley Bassett
Lancaster, Calif.

Why does Evel Kneivel wear his crash helmet when he's takin' a shit? So he'll know which end to wipe!

—Ken Tasker
Burlington, N.C.



"Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman."



"Slow down, Maggot—yer kid brother just lost his skateboard."



"Hey! What kinda lousy pot pie is this? It won't even light."



"That's not what I meant by getting his attention!"

Close Encounters of the Space Filler Kind!

Know any funny gags? We'll fork over 20 bucks for each joke we use, so get off your ass and send 'em in to Space Filler, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



G&L

The small town zoo keeper wanted to breed the female gorilla, but lacked the funds to send away for a male gorilla.

"Why don't you just get one of those dirty bikers that's always passing through town?" his assistant suggested. "Offer him five dollars and a bottle of Ripple for payment."

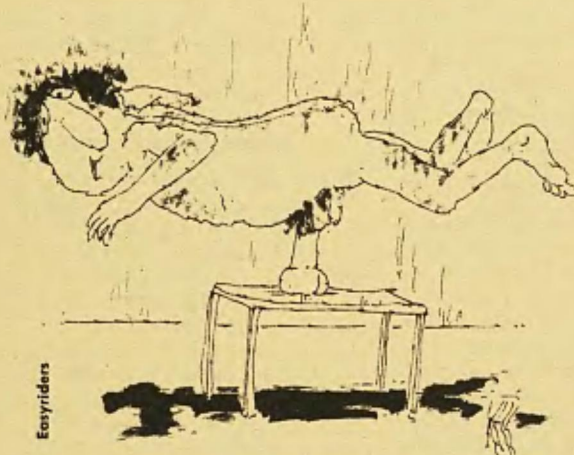
The zoo keeper followed the advice. He hired a thoroughly stoned biker, took him to the zoo, and pushed him into the cage with the female gorilla.

The female cooed and cuddled up to the biker, but when he got between her legs and started fucking her, she went berserk, screaming wildly and clawing ferociously.

Frightened, the zoo keeper grabbed his rifle and aimed. "Duck your head," he shouted to the biker, "I'm gonna shoot her."

Frantically, the biker yelled, "Wait'll I come!"

—Michael Corbin
Salem, Oregon



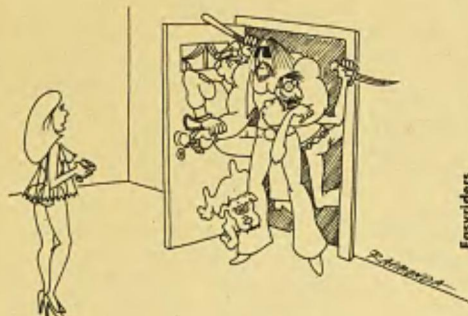
"Ta daaa!"

A fine lookin' fox went into her lawyer's office and said, "I want to sue my ol' man for every cent he hasn't spent on me!"

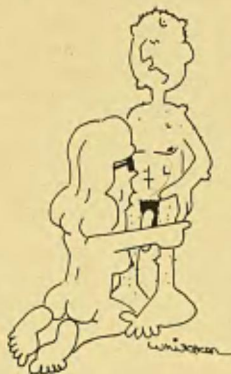
—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

Then there was the angel in heaven who spread her legs instead of her wings, and got an upright organ instead of a harp.

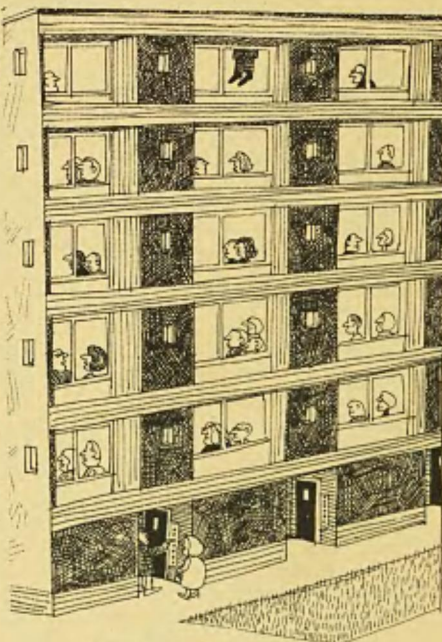
—Roger Quale
Miami, Fla.



"Rough night, honey?"



"Down and to your right a few inches, Gloria—that's just another boil."



"Out of order, I guess."

Legal news in everyday language

Livin' In Sin

Living together nowadays, without being married, is fast becoming a well-recognized custom, but what happens when you agree to separate—who gets the property? In Minnesota, two people lived together for 21 years, and upon separation, the Minnesota Supreme Court said that each was entitled to one half of everything. You can probably hear the squawks in many a break-up if this rule is invoked. If you are in such a deal, you might protect your interests by having each important addition to the “capital” clearly marked with your name, and a clear understanding that, in the event of a break-up, you get that particular piece of property, whether it be a car, a boat, or a comfortable arm chair. Better not leave these matters for an impersonal court to decide later. Minn. Sup. Ct., Carlson v. Olson, 5/13/77.

Ol' Lady Beaters

Recently in New York, battered wives joined in an action against the New York City police, and probation and court personnel for refusing to assist, or for providing inadequate assistance after being beaten by their husbands. The court said they had a good cause of action. For a long time, Anglo-American law treated a man's physical abuse of his wife as different from any other assault, and, indeed, treated it as an acceptable practice. Wife beating is still tolerated, if not condoned, by some of those charged with protecting its victims. In many cases, police officers called to the scene of a husband's assault on his wife uniformly refuse to take action, even if the physical evidence of the assault is unmistakable. Instead, they inform the battered wife that they are unable to render assistance or to make an arrest, solely because the victim is the wife of her assailant. They advise her that her only remedy is to obtain an order of protection from the Family Court. The police owe a duty, the action said, of protection to battered wives—in

the same manner that they owe it to any citizen injured by another's assault. N. Y. Superior Court, New York City, Bruno v. Codd, 7/6/77.

Poor Reputation

If some broad accuses you of rape, sodomy, unnatural acts, and assault and battery, can you defend on the ground that the woman has a very poor reputation for chastity? The Supreme Court of Massachusetts says you can. The whole point is that if the complainant's poor reputation is proven, the jury is less likely to believe the “horror” story. It is logical and sensible, and should you be in that spot, it might save you from a few years in the slammer. 328 N.E. 2nd 496.

Drunk Flyin'

If you are invited for an airplane ride in either California or Michigan, and the pilot is guilty of negligence and you are injured, you can recover from the pilot. Formerly, these states had airplane guest statutes which prevented an injured person from recovering unless the pilot was guilty of wilful misconduct or intoxication. We favor the repeal of all automobile and airplane guest statutes. A guest is entitled to protection if his host is negligent. If a person does not want liability, let him travel without guests. 106 Cal. Rep. 388, 524 Pac. 2nd 536, 232 N.W. 2nd 654.

Once Is Enough

Provincial government officials reacted without surprise following a recent ruling by the Supreme Court of Canada that two or more breath-analysis samples must be taken to convict a person of impaired driving.

The high court rejected a Crown appeal and upheld a lower court acquittal of Joseph Noble of Fredericton, N.B., in June 1976. In granting the acquittal, Judge James Harper of Fredericton ruled that a single breath-analysis sample was not enough to convict because of what he called muddled wording in 1975 amendments to the

Criminal Code. Parliament “mucked up the whole thing in their usual inimitable style,” he said.

Lawyers and justice officials in some provinces are studying the Supreme Court ruling to determine what it means to thousands of pending court cases based on only one breath analysis. In other provinces, where two tests are routine, persons charged with drunk driving still aren't off the hook.

Law enforcement officials in Prince Edward Island, Alberta, and Manitoba said the ruling would have no impact, since two tests are standard. A Manitoba RCMP spokesman added that certificates of analysis now presented in court make room for three readings.

Man's Best Friend

Although both state and federal courts have approved the use of trained dogs to detect marijuana and other drugs, the California Court of Appeal emphasizes that this approval is not carte blanche to conduct general exploratory searches which may actually intrude upon protected premises. Assuming that the dogs will be sniffing around protected areas, the officers must be able to show some kind of factual basis for bringing the dogs into play. Otherwise, the use of dogs is unconstitutional. So the court finds unlawful the use of two pot-sniffing dogs at a warehouse, which led eventually to a marijuana bust of two men seen leaving a rental compartment to which the dogs had reacted. The court concludes that officers' failure to show any basis for believing that marijuana might have been in the compartment rendered the use of the dogs unlawful. People v. Evans, Cal. Ct. of Appeals, 5th District.

FBI Beef

Can an FBI agent who is separated from his wife take another woman into his home if the neighbors object to the practice? The neighbors did object and filed a complaint with the FBI. The agent was invited to a hearing with his supervisors. When asked a question concerning the nature

of his relationship with the woman, the agent replied, “With all due respect, it's none of the Bureau's business.” That did it, as the Bureau thought otherwise. It suspended the agent without pay for four weeks, and placed him on probation. A letter of censure was put in his file, and he was notified that he was being transferred to New York City. The FBI Director wrote him a letter calling his conduct “inexcusable.”

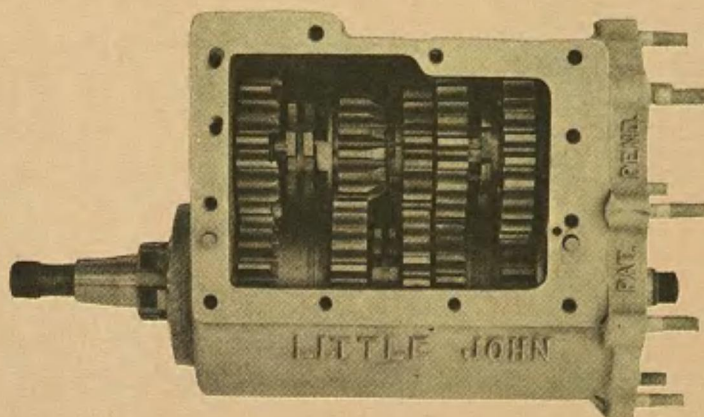
The agent then filed suit in the U. S. District Court in Virginia, requesting that his transfer to New York City be voided. His lawyer characterized the transfer as an attempt to “legislate morality.” The judge said that, while he does not “condemn or condone living with a woman not one's wife, the FBI has the right to condemn.” The court dismissed the agent's suit because it said the agent's constitutional rights had not been violated. The agent's lawyer argued that his client's privacy of mental thought process had been invaded by his supervisors' question, and the FBI's instructions to cease living with the woman were an intrusion on the agent's right of association. In a brief filed with the court, the lawyer said the FBI violated its own regulations when the agent's supervisors decided to transfer him to New York, which was a disciplinary action. The U. S. Attorney produced a memo from the late Director Hoover's office stating that the FBI has never relinquished its right to transfer, incident to agent misconduct.

The judge observed that there is no constitutional right in keeping one's job or in not being transferred.

“It is not the court's problem to inquire into the wisdom of regulations, but taking into account the fact that this is a law enforcement agency, the standard of conduct may be different from citizens not employed by the FBI,” he said. It is a nice constitutional question, but as a practical matter, if you are working for the FBI, you might better observe puritan standards lest you be transferred to Buffalo or even Greenland in December. ■

5-Speed Revealed

—Weed



A few months ago we received a call from John Peltz, who said he was the dude who was advertising the 5-speed transmission in our rag. He wanted to know if we'd do some kind of product evaluation on it. We told him no, 'cause as a rule we won't give our opinion about, test, or boost any product. Unless we find a dangerous doo-dad. Then we'll get the word out.

But we did tell him that we thought people would be curious to see one broken down, some specs, etc. At least we'd know it was real. It's risking a bundle

of cash to send away for something no one's even seen. We decided if he brought one out from Colorado and a bike with one in it, we'd let our people know the 5-speed lives. And that's what he did and what we've done. John's bike is featured in this issue (Big Red) and somewhere, around close, should be some photos of his mystery 5-speed and a chart showing some of the basic information and specs.

He volunteered to answer questions anyone may have regarding his creation. So if you have any, write or call John. Then take it from there.

5-speed specs

Cases: 319 aluminum. Their own cast and pattern; cases available— early or late.

Gears: All billet 6820.
Hardened to 60/62
on Rockwell "C" scale.
Drawn to .035 case.
Shafts and dogs the same.

Shifting forks: 1050 spring steel.

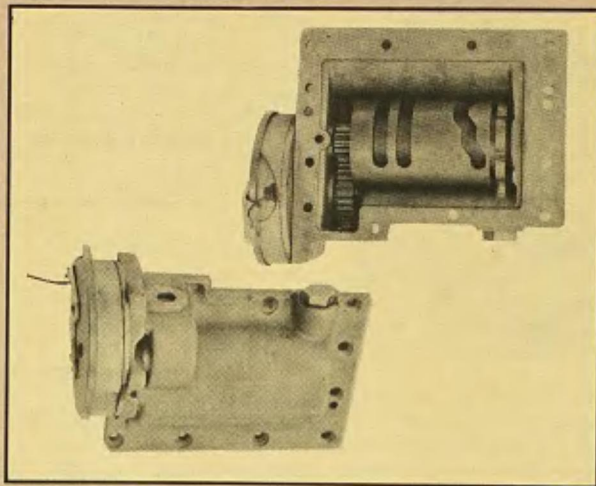
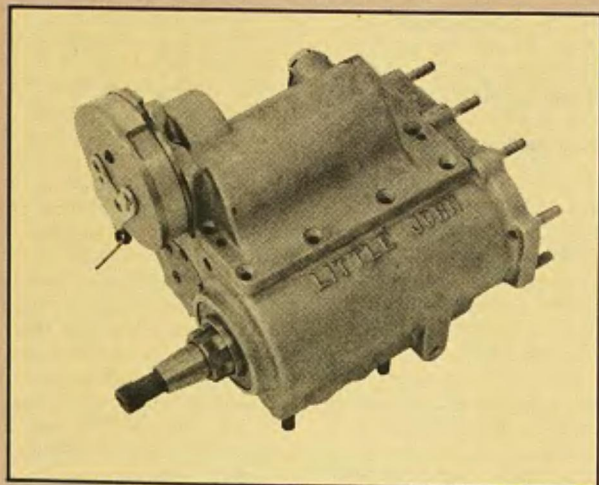
Shifting fork clamps: 4140 impact steel.

Gearings:

1st .33:1
or .42:1 close ratio (optional)
2nd .55:1
3rd .80:1
4th 1:1
5th 1.28:1 (overdrive)

Shifting: 1 down, 4 up. Bolts to stock mounts, no modifications.

Clutch: Accepts any clutch or primary setup.





Eddie Money/Eddie Money:

This 6'4" hot shit from San Francisco used to be a New York City cop. Presumably, Money got tired of fucking with people's heads and decided to work on their ears a bit. You've got to take into consideration that this is Eddie's first shot out of the blocks. How good were you the first time you straddled a scooter? In any case, this is a decent collection of straight-ahead rock, and Money's voice provides the rough edge which gives his own compositions some genuine raw power. The best cut on the platter is the opener, "Two Tickets To Paradise." At least this guy is thinking about getting his rocks off instead of ruining someone's day. Most cops would rather sing about tickets for riding without a helmet—or some other harmless offense like shitting in the street.



Not Far From Free/Don Harrison:

"Kick ass rock 'n' roll . . . it's my life." These are serious words from Harrison, a 33-year-old dude who has really hung in there. Since the first time he saw Elvis on the tube, Don knew he wanted only to put out heavy, mov-

DOWN TIME DISCS

By
Buster Duckbutter
and White Wing



Street Survivors/Lynyrd Skynyrd:

Unless you've been in a cave somewhere, you probably heard the bummer news: Ronnie Van Zandt, Steve Gaines and Cassie Gaines died in a plane crash. Their latest album, which barely made it to the stores before the accident occurred is probably Skynyrd's best effort to date. What's really heavy is that the album cover shows the group engulfed in flames and is called "Street Survivors." The future of the group, as of this writing, remains unclear, and you're bound to hear every sort of

rumor regarding its future—or lack of it. We say lack of it because one surviving member was reported as saying the group would never record again. Well, who the fuck knows? Not us. There's still a long recuperation period for the remaining players. In the meantime, you've got eight new tunes to keep you occupied. No surprises, just another solid step forward with tunes like "What's Your Name?" (a piece that could turn into one of their all-time greats), the raunchy, piano-flavored "I Know A Little," and the tell-it-like-it-is "Ain't No Good Life." Other than the distinctive Skynyrd sound, you'd be hard-pressed to say the album is characterized by one particular mood. But the variety of feelings, tempos, Southern rock, down home boogie, and ultraclean production quality make it a heavy. RIP, brothers and sister.

ing music. Things got so bad along the way that he worked as a janitor in a recording studio, just so he could keep his hand in some part of the industry. After cutting two moderately successful and highly underrated discs for Atlantic, he's got a new record deal with Mercury, and this is his first offering. This bro's got a lot of guts and a strong voice, which is especially evident on his version of the Beatles'

"Helter Skelter." This is the song that helped to uncork Chuck Manson's brain, resulting in a bunch of corpses and a whole lot of weirdness. Harrison sends up some other hot numbers on his album, most notably "Art School Credentials" and a tribute to well-placed bananas in "Funky Monkey." Not bad for a guy who once climbed in the ring with Muhammad Ali and got the shit kicked out of himself.

Spectres/Blue Oyster Cult:

We've gone to a few Blue Oyster Cult concerts, bought almost all their albums (with money most of the time, but none of them were for free) and generally dug the shit out of them—especially when they crank up the volume and the tempo. But "Spectres" is making us leave the Oysters and get back into digging the moist, hairy clams. This album is just not up to spec, and we hope the Oysters will be recycled and get to cook again (get it?). For you hardened fans, we recommend that you listen before you buy.



Livin' on the Fault Line/The Doobie Brothers:

This album signals a big turnaround from material presented in *The Best Of The Doobie Brothers*, which we covered here a few months ago. There was a hint of things to come in their last album of new material, *Takin' It To The Streets*, where the sound was more mellow overall than earlier Doobies, and some fans may be disappointed with the lack of power in the new release. Don't get us wrong, the stuff is still good, but it's the musical equivalent of the difference between coke and Quaaludes. Each of their previous LPs had at least a couple of rockers, but with the approach they're taking now there's simply no need for two drummers. But if you can get into a more mellow soft-rock sound with jazz flavorings, this may be your can of beer. Overall, we feel like we were let down by old buddies, just like when BTO and the Beach Boys came out with their recent attempts at elevator music. While *Livin' On The Fault Line* is a couple of giant steps above the new albums by those two groups, we're sorry to see this trend continuing. And if Aerosmith ever cops to this, we're going to have to hang up our musical hardons. ■

I'm in heat, man—gimme my *Easyriders*!



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

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Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like
best about *Easyriders* magazine? _____

THE UNEXPECTED

—Continued from page 29

me out partyin' on my birthday."

"Fuck fair. Just do as you're told." There was nothing left for her to say. Not aloud, at any rate.

Sandi left the house at six o'clock the following evening, saying she was going to go to a show and that she'd be back after eight, when the meeting was over and the house vacated. Then, knowing that the entire membership would be at the house and wouldn't be wandering about the streets to spot her, she made a beeline for Frenchy's pad. She parked her van in front for a change, confidently assured of safety from discovery.

"They're all in a meeting," she told Frenchy, when he let her in and she got her breath back. "I don't know how long they'll be gone, but I suppose they won't be back for a couple of days. Just the same, I'll go home when I'm supposed to. Some kind of club business. A war, I think. I hope the motherfucker gets killed."

"Yeah," Frenchy said, "and if he don't, then we'll be right back in the same goddam rat-race, sneakin' around an' worryin' about gettin' caught."

"Let's go to bed," she said, tugging him toward the bedroom. "Let's make it special, and then we've gotta talk."

When it was over, he felt exhausted, drained and barely able to move. Sandi lay beside him, her arms at her sides, staring emptily at the ceiling. Her luminous eyes filled with tears, and she began to cry softly.

"This is the last time, Frenchy,"

she said. "I wanted it to be special. I wanted this to be a time we would both always remember, because after tonight we're not going to be together like this again—ever."

"Sandi, I—"

"Don't! Please don't. My mind's made up. We can't go on like this." She dabbed at her eyes, sobbing. "I can't keep seeing you, worrying about getting caught, or him hurting you again. It's too much for me, and it's too much for you. Today was my birthday, and he didn't even remember it—after he promised—but I'm going home to him and never see you again. Not until he kicks me out or gets himself killed."

"That clever motherfucker will never let you go, and he ain't never gonna get himself killed," Frenchy said, shouting. He sat up in bed. Pain pounded in his head. His face felt hot. "Do you really mean it? You do, don't you? By God, I'll see you dead before I'll let you go back to him. I love you, but by God I'll kill you before I'll let him lay a hand on you again. I'd rather see you dead than know that motherfucker is touching you and laughing at me because he won."

"I mean it, Frenchy. I'm going, and right now."

"The fuck you are," he cried, leaping out of bed. He fumbled with his clothing on the chair beside the bed, as Sandi began dressing. She was bent over, pulling up her panties. "The fuck you are!" he shouted again, and the blade of his Buck buried itself to the hilt in her back, driven by a hand that wasn't his own. He felt that he was viewing the dreamlike scene from afar, watching helplessly as it took place before his eyes, and he could only stand by watching, helplessly, as it continued. Eyes closed tightly, he held her with one arm while the other rose and fell, each stroke

making a hollow, thumping sound. He let her slip to the floor.

Frenchy didn't cry, although he felt something inside him pushing to get out. He was stunned at the enormity of the thing he had done. He hadn't meant to do it, he told himself. Seeing her preparing to step out of his life, listening to her tell him she was leaving forever, hearing her tell him she was going back to that motherfucker—he had vividly imagined her in Dirty Dick's arms. Now there was only the thought of revenge on his mind. It wasn't his hand that had done the deed, but the brutal hand of Dirty Dick. He would get his revenge on the bastard after all.

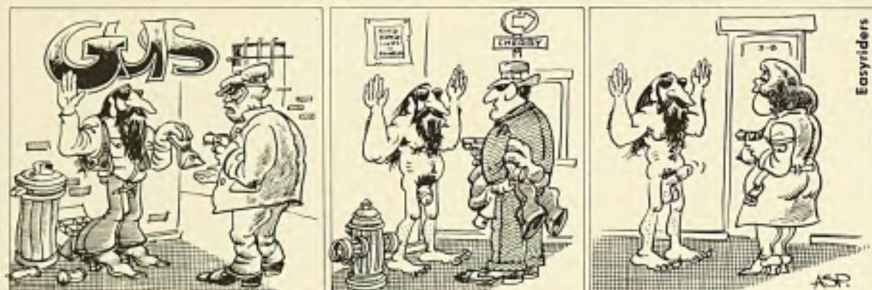
Frenchy stood on the porch and looked up and down the street to see if anyone was about. It was a moonless night. No one would be able to see anything. He carried Sandi's lifeless body out of the house and laid her gently in the back of her van, then closed the door. He would take her to Dirty Dick's house and leave her there.

With a sharpened screwdriver, he scratched Dick's name in the fiber handle of the knife he'd used to kill her. He would wipe his fingerprints off and leave it beside her body, then make an anonymous phone call to the police, telling them that Dick had murdered her. Then he'd come back home, pack up his scooter, and head east, or south—wherever safety and forgetfulness lay.

The street on which Dick and Sandi lived was dark and silent, with few cars and no motorcycles in view. Frenchy slowed down as he approached, then slowly pulled into the yard and stopped near the front porch, where Sandi always parked. The night was as silent as the death that hovered nearby. Death's shadow made the night even darker, and its chill crept into his soul as he lifted her limp body into his arms once again. He kissed her still warm cheek and whispered, "I'm sorry." Then he mounted the steps and opened the front door.

As he stepped across the threshold and into the house, lights suddenly flared. Before his startled eyes, confetti flew, ribbons or crepe paper, festooning the walls and ceiling, came into view, and the voices of Dirty Dick and his fellow club members shouted and burst into song.

"Surprise! Happy birthday, to you. . . ."



"Stick 'em up!"



—from Michael McArdle, Worcester, Massachusetts

—from Mr. & Mrs. Tom Thorson, Grand Rapids, Michigan



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 J. Ziggy Lang, Houston, Texas

—from Sgt. Jack Oaks, Cherry Point, N.C.

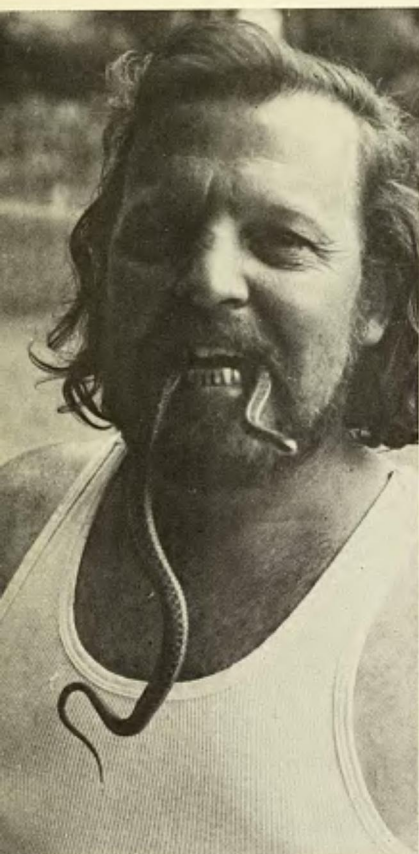


—from Edward Kirliz, Patterson, N.J.



—from Dave, San Francisco, California





—from R. E. Smith, Noxen, Pennsylvania



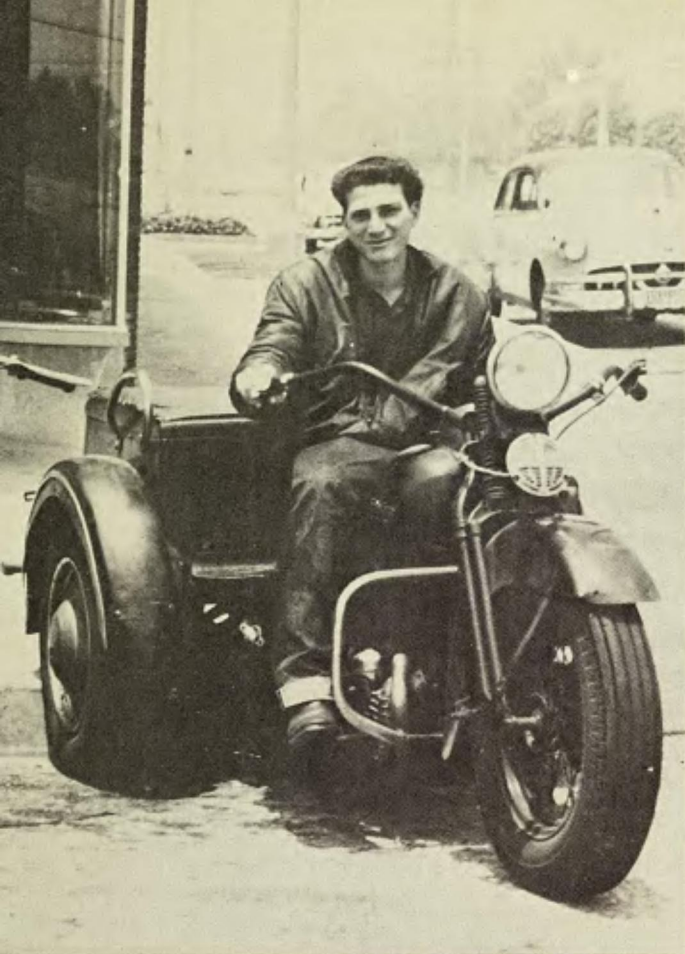
—from E.P., Chesterfield, Virginia



—from Glenn Donaldson, Peoria, Illinois



—from Dave, Calabasas, California



—from Robert Parker, Bell, California

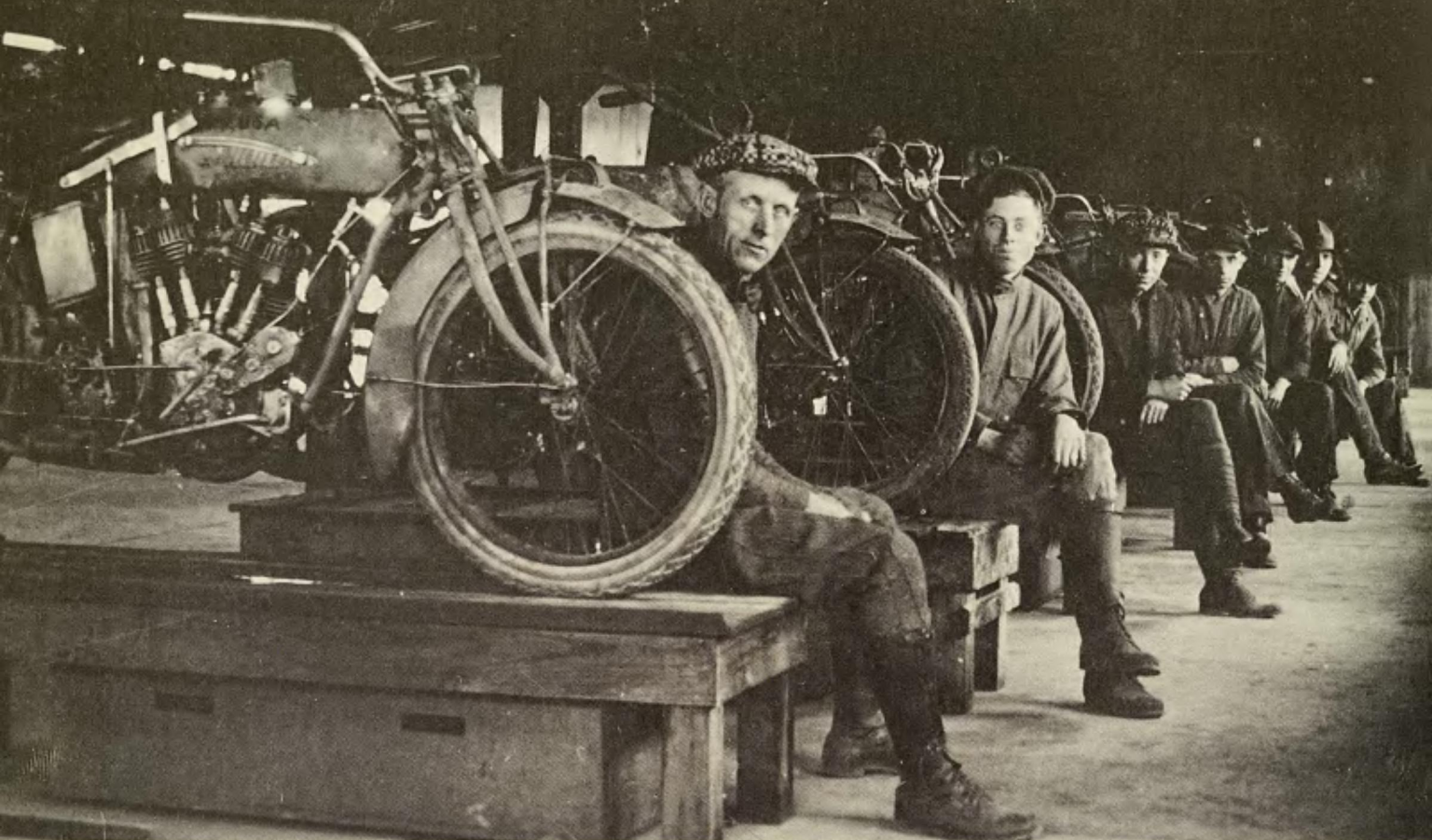
—from Kathi Kurelich, Canon City, Colorado



from Richard Morgan, Colbert, Oklahoma



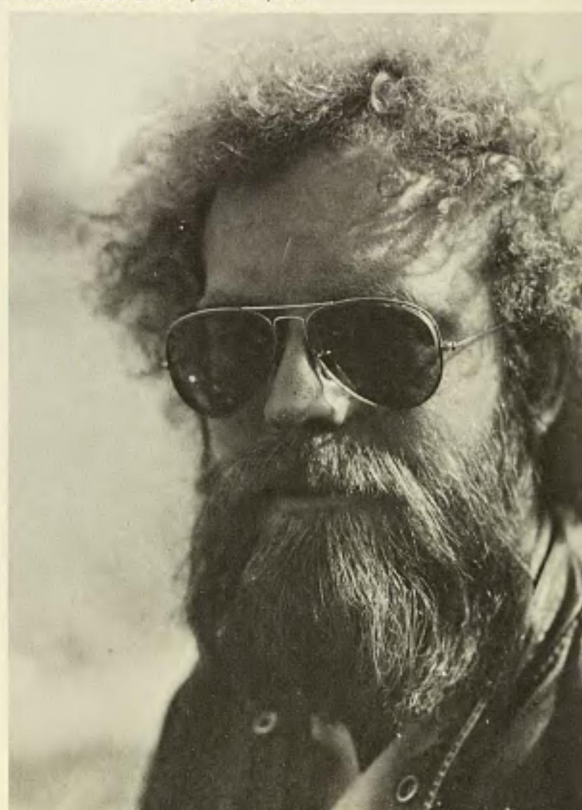
—from Chuck Flett, Middlesboro, Kentucky



—from Ronald Wockenner, Reno, Nevada

—from Steve Bucell, Elkhart, Ind.

—from Larry Hill, Baraboo, Wisconsin





—from Anne Grey, East Rosanna, Australia



—from L. K. Pickett, Chatham, Massachusetts



—from Rick Ralston, St. Louis, Missouri



—from Gary Gulig

—from Wilbur Kerns, Lorain, Ohio



—from Truett & Osborne Cycle Inc., Wichita, Kansas

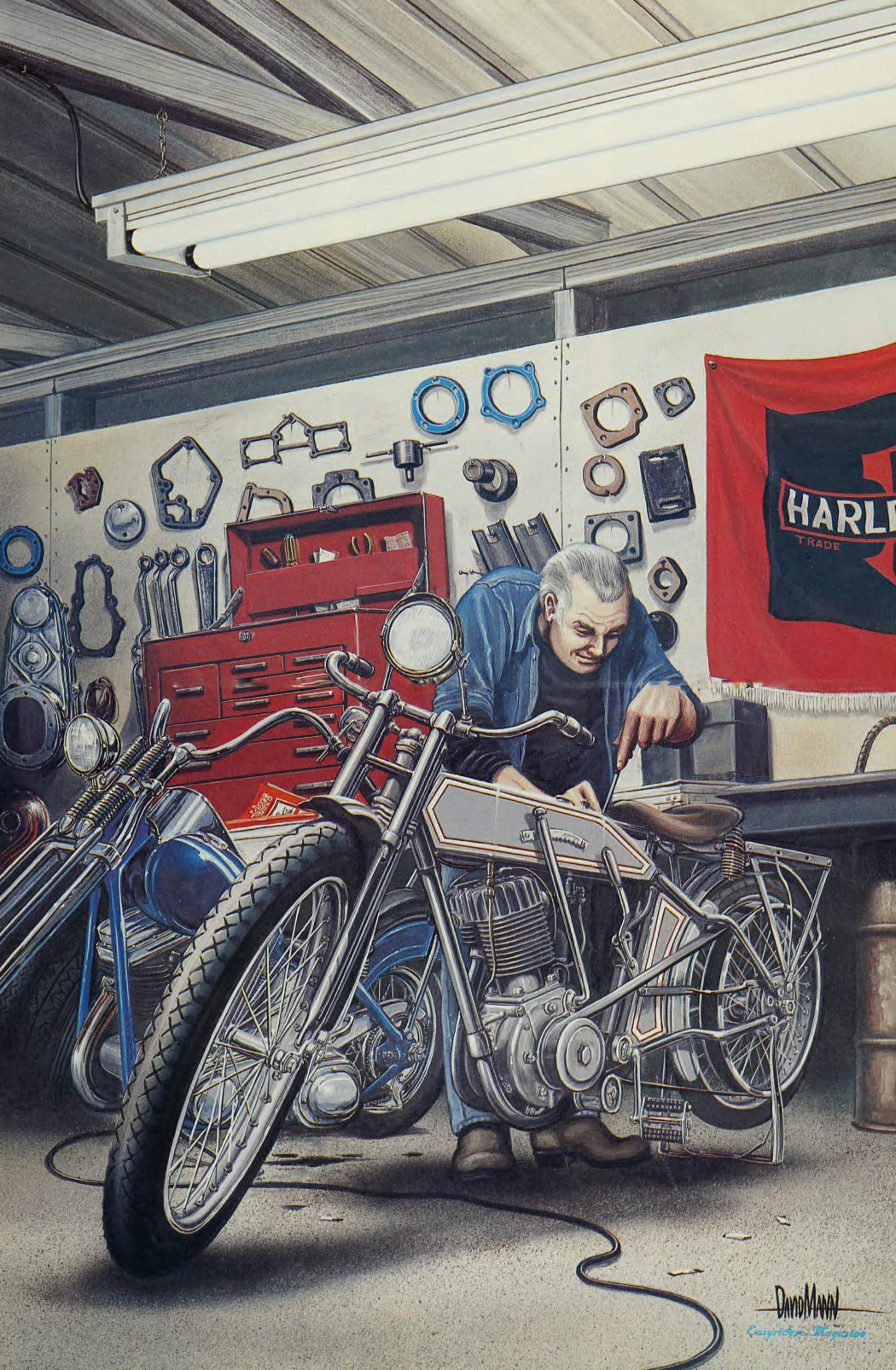


—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, California



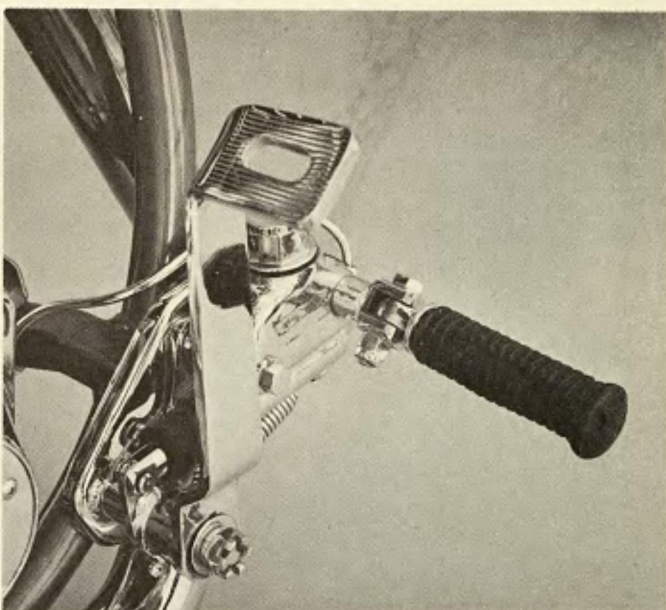
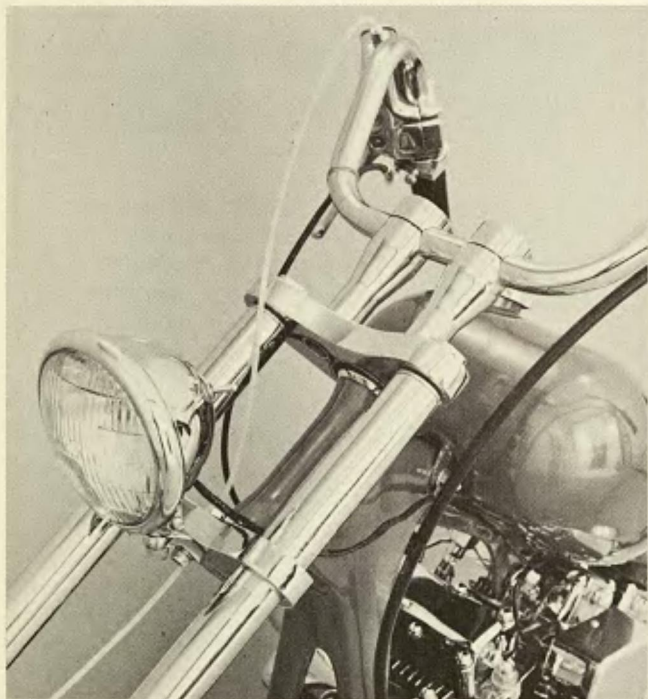
—from Van Leister, Wollaston, Massachusetts





David Mann
Easyriders Magazine





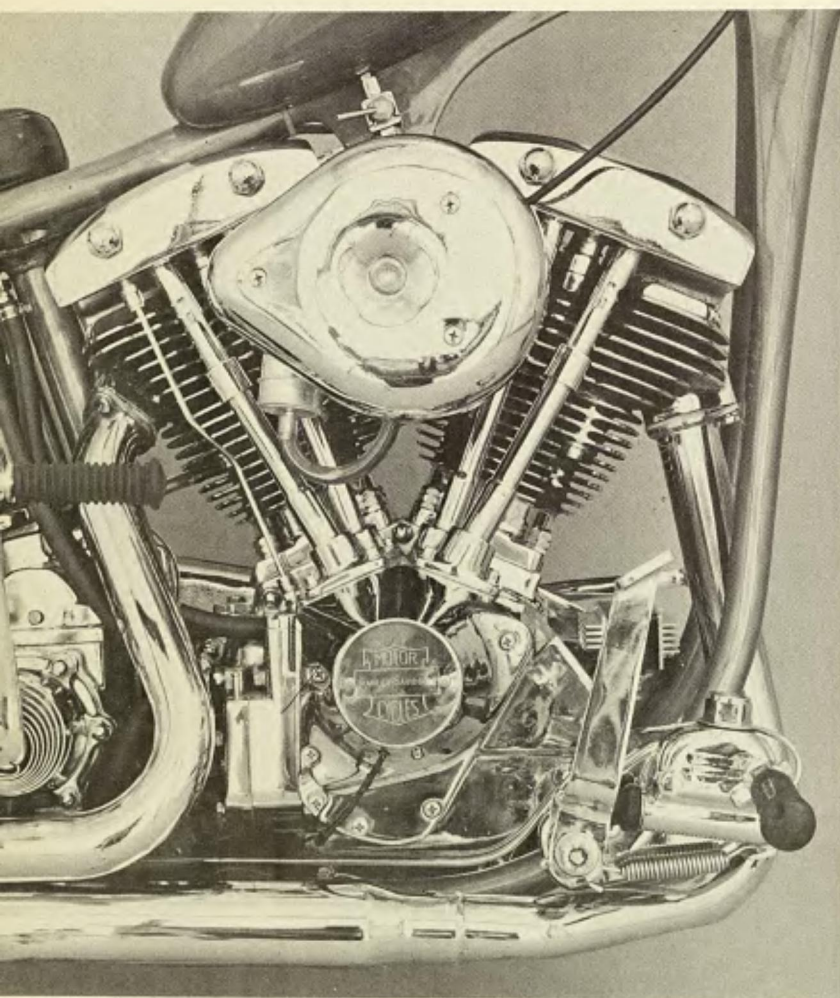
BIG RED

Another biker who thinks for himself

I don't know if this is true everywhere, but law enforcement against bikers has stepped up another gear around the area where I putt. And I've heard it before, but recently the three-part rationale behind it was again put to me: biker's attitudes toward politics (if it's wrong they'll fight it), their free lifestyle,

and basically the fact that bikers, tramps with heart, think for themselves.

Think about it. Of the tramps I know, not a one works or lives by any rules that don't suit his lifestyle. Either they run their own business so they can come and go as they please (and still are responsible enough to keep a successful



thing going) or they work where they definitely won't be encumbered by rules, ties, or time clocks. Not every puttin' fool I've ever known has been able to live out of a garage, swappin' and sellin' bike parts. But the majority aren't trapped by the status quo, working eight to four, and living in a stamped-out condominium. They think for themselves—rule their own lives.

What I've just stumbled through was an effort at a description of how most of us are fortunate to live—nothing new. But I brought it up to get you thinking, and because the owner of this bike is a prime example of the biker who thought for himself and followed it through. I'm not doing this to shape his head into an over-inflated balloon. But his story was sort of a mind snapper. John and a handful of bros are the men who dream together, calculate possibilities, dig up the tools to build, and make from nuts-up the five-speed transmission.

John started thinking seven years ago, as he jammed up an expressway on-ramp, about the time he hit the second lane and tried to shift again. When he discovered he was already in fourth, he decided that his seventy-four needed an overdrive. So he studied a trashed, but complete, transmission—still couldn't figure out what he could do to shove another gear into the ol' standby,

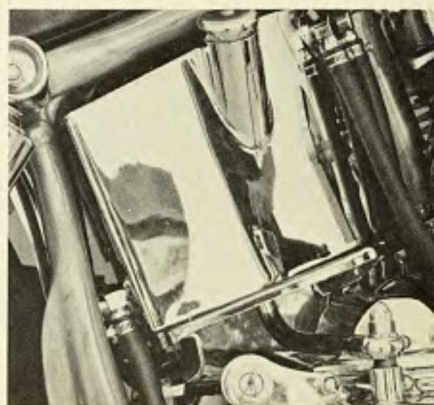
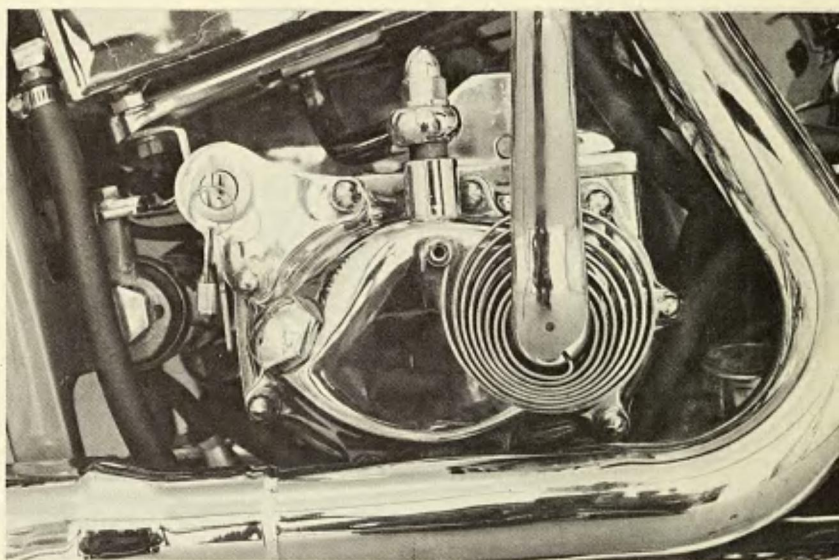


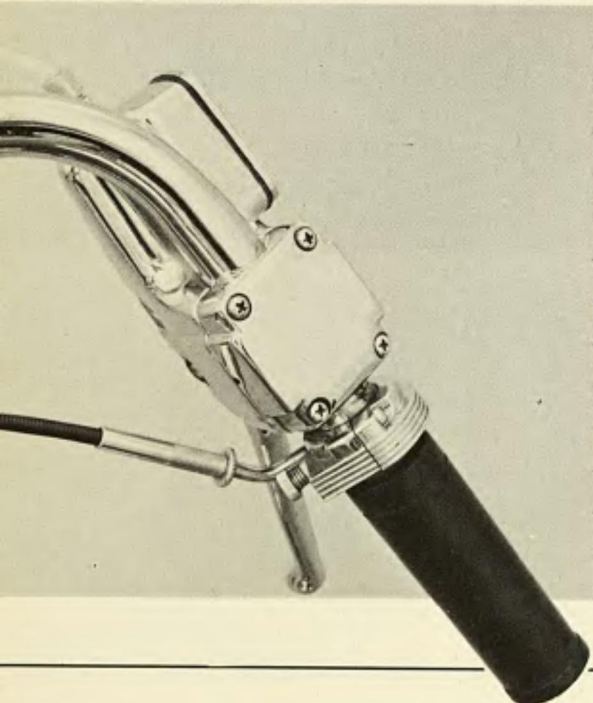
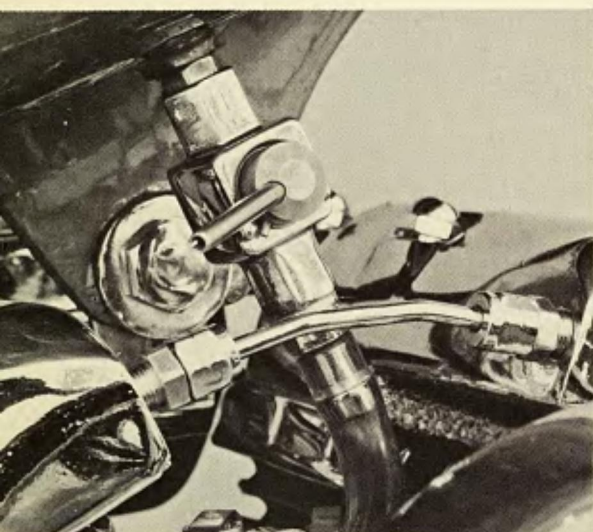
forever four-speed. After years of beating his straining brain against a wall, he just up and cut a stock tranny in half. Something had to give and the stock case wouldn't accept another tooth—let alone another gear and everything it would take to make it work. After re-manufacturing almost every part in that trans, including the ratchet top and extending the case $\frac{5}{8}$ inch to the kicker side (solving the problem of kick pedals mashing pipes), he had himself a 5-speed gear box. After seven years of tripping, dreaming, thinking, and planning, the prototype was completed. It was laced with problems but it worked—roughly. He still has it and it still works.

I'm not going to go into the tools he had to find to manufacture every shaft and gear and all the stages the 5-speed has been through up until now. It would be mind-boggling. But the man thought for himself (imagine how many people told him it couldn't be done), created, then dedicated everything he had to put it together. The obstacles he had to find solutions for must have been unreal. But the point is that every man who builds his own bike, the way he wants it, and rides, with or without the hassles of being a biker, is an individualist in the true sense of the word.

—Weed

—Continued on next page





Owner: John Peltz

City: Denver, Colorado

Fabrication by: Owner

Frame

Year and make: 1972 H-D

Year: 1972

Model: FLH

Builder: owner & H-D

Value: \$5,000 without tranny

Type: swingarm

Assembly by: owner

Rake: $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Time: 4 months

Stretch: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Chroming by: General Metal Fin.

Other alterations: lowered 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Engine

Accessories

Year: 1972

Bars: pullback

Model: FLH

Risers: 4 in.

Rebuilder: owner

Fender(s): by owner, chrome

Ignition: Sebring

Headlight: Bates

Displacement: 92 cu. in.

Taillight: rectangular

Lower end: S & S, 5-in. stroke

Speedo: none

Balancing: Harley Motors Ltd.

Front pegs: H-D

Pistons: S & S, Carrello rods

Rear pegs: H-D

Cases: chrome

Electrics: Sebring

Heads: port. & pol., Manley val.

Gas tank: Mustang

Cam: 525 Andrews

Oil tank: 5-quart

Lifters: solid

Oil system: stock

Carb(s): S & S super

Primary cover: aluminum

Air cleaner: S & S

Seat: owner

Pipes: custom

Sissy bar: owner

Muffler(s): Sportster-type

Height: 10 inches

Material: $\frac{1}{4}$ x 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ mild steel

Transmission

Modifications: everything

Forks

Year: 1977

Type: narrow glide

Shifting: 5-speed

Extension: 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Engine sprocket: 24

Builder: owner & H-D

Trans sprocket: 23

Special features: trees custom made

Wheel sprocket: 51

Wheels

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: owner

Color: candy red

Type: lacquer

Special paint: flames

Front

Size: 19

Hub: 7-spoke

Rim width: 2 in.

Tire: Badyear

Brake: Hurst

Rear

Size: 16

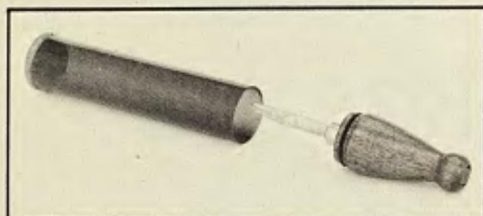
Hub: 5-spoke

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: Goodyear

Brake: H-D

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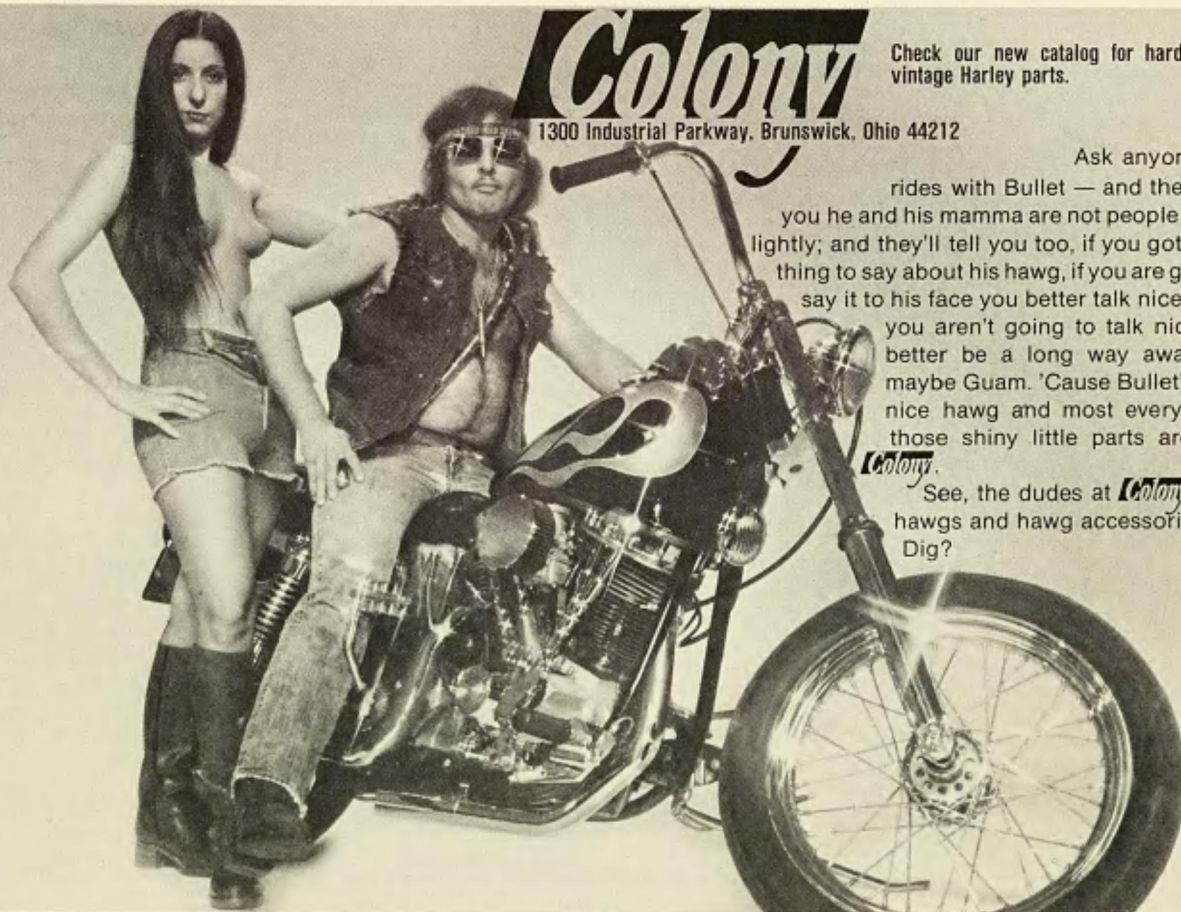
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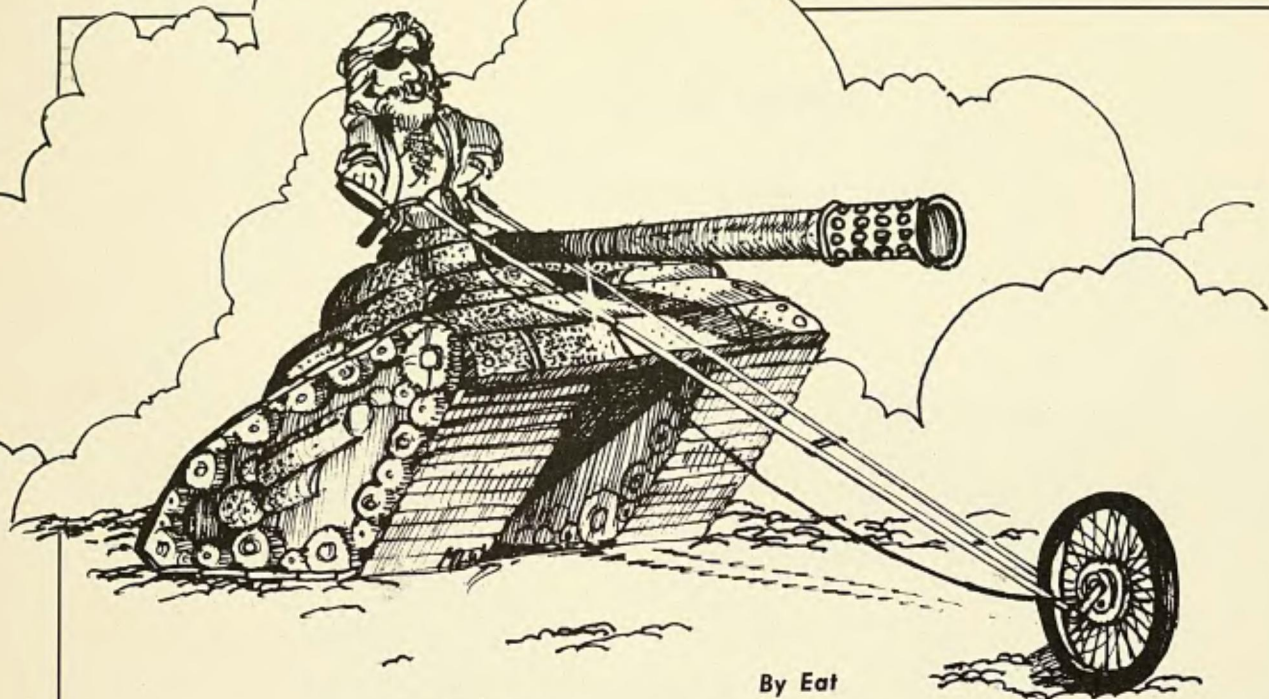
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By Eat

What Makes the D.O.T. T.I.C.K.

I barged into his office and stood upon Miss Twit.

"Hey! I can't ride with all this gear and armor plate and shit!"

The D.O.T. man looked at me and yawned a yawn this wide.

"You're standing on my secretary," his mouth said, from the side.

"Oh," I said, and made a little leap upon the rug.

"Now, about these girders, braces, joists. . ."

"You like my coffee mug?" he said to me for God knows why, displaying something round.

"It sings, tells time, hangs by its legs, plays checkers, spells renowned . . ."

"Hey, jerk," I said, "I don't want tours, or chats, or lectures here—just some dee-partmental slack on all this motherfuckin' gear!"

You got me more festooned in steel than Germany's next tank!

I just wanna putt the roads, not ram a column's flank!"

"So putt, so putt!" he said bright-faced, while gesturing outside;

"The highway calls! It's yours to claim! Hop on your bike and ride!"

"Who can ride with all this crap? I feel like I'm in chains!"

Why . . . look at this required thing—a broom for sweeping lanes!"

"A clean street is a safe street—so every mile you stop, and brush debris off to the side—and then you once more hop

onto your little 2cc . . ."

"The newest rule is 1."

". . . onto your little 1 cc for another mile of fun—and then you stop and sweep some more—why, son, it brings me tears;

bikers neat and tidy, like I've dreamed of all these years."

"Bikers! There won't be no bikers with too much more o' this!

You've got us regulated out of everything 'cept piss!"

"You still have piss?" he said real soft, his hand rubbing his chin—

"A little tube-attachment could, I think, help to hold it in."

"Hey, clown," I said disgusted, "I ain't here to field your jokes.

There's so much bullshit hardware now, it's crippin' biker folks.

For all the fun a ride now gives, we'd just as soon stay home

and diddle with our one choice left—to use, or not use foam."

"Oh come now," he said sighing, "you

exaggerate and seethe.

The Air of Freedom's still abundant for you biker-types to breathe."

"Who wants to breathe the Air of Freedom if to do it you need first, plates, beams, rails, a weathercock, a screen of liverwurst. . ."

"That last," he smiled, "was quite a touch, a tough one, too, to get.

I had to blackmail pretty hard. Three judges—my most yet."

"Well, with this meat-screen . . . an' the foglights, 'course . . .

an' the training-wheels . . . this anchor . . .

why not call it square, an' rest your pen, an' spare your thumb a canker?"

"Desist? You mean not regulate?" and his hands went to his throat.

". . . an' then I thought you might repeal a bit o' what you wrote."

"My pills! My shots! My charts! My nurse! I think my heart has stopped!

Miss Twit!" he buzzed. "The janitor! My brow needs to be mopped!"

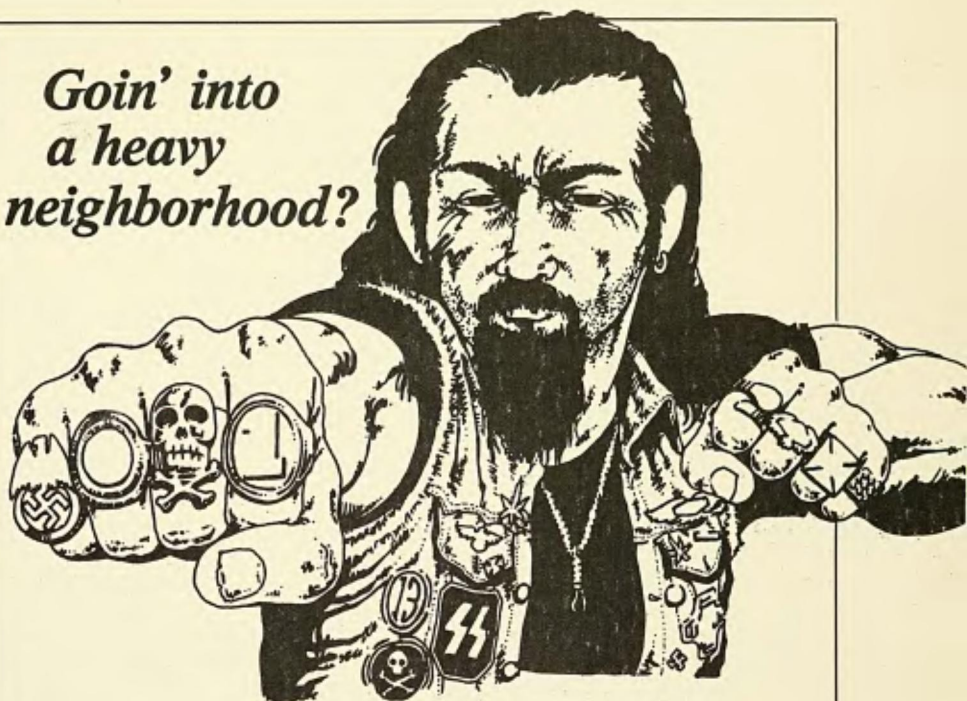
He slumped within his chair and shook his eyes back into place.

"Don't ever talk like that," he wheezed, "I go blue in the face.

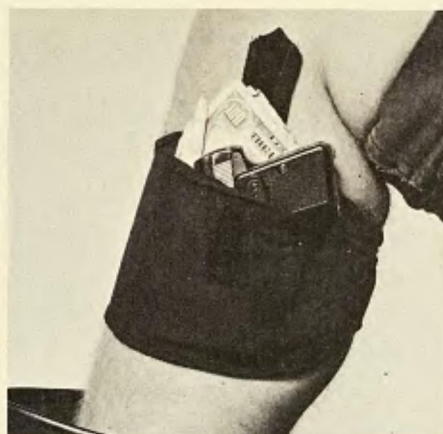
Me? Cease to make things safe?" he

gasped. "So safety-poo at last? . . .
 . . . a doctor? . . . no, I need a drink."
 And he poured himself a blast.
 "Safe? What 'safe' is that!" I said,
 from behind a bomber-flap.
 "We can't get up enough speed now
 to need this safety crap!
 We're encrusted now in so much shit,
 we—fuck, my arm is stuck . . .
 we could ride the surface of the sun
 . . . uh! . . . overturn a truck . . .
 (this goddam wetsuit!) . . . but we've
 lost the zip to beat a street-parked
 Nash!"
 "When will you learn it's for your
 good?"
 "When D.O.T. spells dash.
 We're so entombed in rubbish, it's like
 ridin' in a vault.
 Let us move, ya frump. Just grind the
 legislation to a halt!
 We're encased, enveloped, and en-
 tangled so deep in . . . (what's
 this? . . .
 my mandatory spare tire, fine) . . . we
 barely can . . . (what's this? . . .)"
 "Is it like your spirit's breaking?" he
 asked, settling in his chair. "Is it
 kind of crushing all your zest to
 drink the open air?"
 "Well, frankly, yes it is," I said, ad-
 justing some cement.
 "'Cause these rules ain't got no
 Easter. They only got the Lent;
 there ain't no hope—no great reward
 that goes with all this load.
 To most of us, our bikes is just a
 memory we rode.
 Our bodies? . . . great—no cuts, no
 scrapes. Our souls, though—where
 are those? . . .
 safety-ed into dungeons where the
 glow-thing never glows."
 "The what?"
 "The sun! The light of day! The
 sparkly ball of heat!
 The thing that even snakes are some-
 times privileged to greet!
 But not souls of biker-slobs—they're
 strangled, squeezed, and wrung,
 and our empty bodies stay behind to
 wade through all this dung.
 So where's the safety, Jack, the safety,
 when your legislatin's through?
 Where's the safety when it's just a
 corpse you're legislatin' to?"
 "Where's the safety?" he said, quite
 amazed. "You honestly don't know?
 You don't understand what fears and
 dreads these laws-laws-laws make
 go?
 You can't see the nightmare terrors
 that these balls-and-chains erase?
 Where's the safety when there's some-
 one keeping everyone in place?"
 He leaned forward, softly chuckling—
 for a long time, nothing said.
 Then he hissed, "The safety's here . . ."
 and touched a finger to his head. ■

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Ladie's Love Outlaws

—Continued from page 30

times the Hook got the joke and sometimes he didn't. And if he didn't think the joke was funny, you'd better not be laughing.

Naturally, word got around that Fish Hook was a different man. And inevitably, someone mistook his transformation, his subdued behavior, for a loss of nerve, a sign of weakness. It had to happen, and I was there when it did.

It was a hot Texas night. The earth and pavement seemed to radiate back the heat it had stored during the blistering day. Seeking relief, Fish Hook, Mary, and I took the half-hour ride to the lake and the funky old beer joint there named Lester's Hideout. Around midnight, we left the humid fog of the bar for the warm but fresh air of the parking lot. We leaned against our bikes and leisurely drank from the cold longnecks we'd brought outside. While we were shootin' the shit, I happened to glance over the Hook's shoulder and spotted Frog, standing with two of his buddies at the edge of the parking lot. Immediately, I knew there was going to be trouble.

Frog had washed out as a prospect for our club and he'd never forgiven us—or himself. He eventually won his patch with another club, but he still burned with a desire to show us Mad Dogs what a badass we'd passed up. I knew he was going to do something foolish—he had to show off for his buddies. Also, he looked fuckin' crazy—like he was wired to the gills.

"Hey, Fish Head," he called.

Fish Hook leisurely pivoted from the waist to look behind him, then completed the turn to face the trio advancing toward us. They stopped an arm's length from us, and the

way Frog was clenching and unclenching his jaws, I was certain he was amped up on meth, a drug I knew he favored. He had an enormous tolerance for speed, and once at a party had blown everybody away by shooting an entire spoon at once.

"So how are ya, Fish Face?" Frog taunted, drawing his taut, bloodless lips away from his dry, clenched teeth.

Fish Hook glanced at Mary, fighting to control himself. With a sort of desperate calm born of his determination not to show Mary what a beast he actually was, the Hook spoke in an even, measured voice.

"Do yourself a favor, Froggie," he said. "Get away from me."

As I watched Frog's face break into a speed-contorted smile upon hearing Fish Hook's reply, I could read his features like a book. *So it really was true! Fish Hook really had turned into a pussy!* I could see the newborn confidence in Frog's face, and there was no stopping him now.

For all I knew, Fish Hook might have stood there all night and listened to Frog's insults rather than show Mary his other side. But ol' Frog couldn't leave well enough alone, and he blew it bad the next time he spoke. He committed the unforgivable sin.

He gestured toward Mary with a blunt thumb. "So this is the little cunt that's got ya so bent outta shape, huh?"

Well, the Frog shouldn't have said that, because in an instant the old Fish Hook returned. It's funny how you remember some scenes from your life with a particular vividness. As I heard Frog's words, every detail of that scene burned itself into my memory as if photographed there. For an instant, it was all frozen, like a painting: the hot,

crank-saturated beads of sweat shimmering on Frog's forehead, the stark, brittle mesquite trees beyond the parking lot, the mixed fear and anger in Mary's widened eyes. I remember the glaring light that illuminated the dirt parking lot from atop a 20-foot pole. Rapidly circling the hot bulb in silent flight were a dozen or more bats, feeding on the moths drawn to the light. The jukebox carried out to us through the bar's open doors, flooding the night with Steve Miller and "The Joker."

In that same brief instant, I caught a momentary glimpse of Fish Hook's scarred face, even further distorted from the fury triggered by Frog's daring to insult Mary. His face filled with rage, and the angular scar stood out ghastly and pale against his blood-red skin. His mangled lip drew back from bared teeth, and he lashed out with a bone-hard fist that caught the offending biker high on the cheekbone, smashing him to the dirt. The blow caught Frog's buddies by surprise and they stood paralyzed before the Hook's wrath.

Frog lay motionless for a moment. The thin flesh along his cheekbone had split like a melon and thick blood dribbled down his nose to mix with the dust and form a brownish mud. Frog should have stayed down, but he slowly pulled himself to his hands and knees. His head hung down between his shoulders as he struggled to regain his senses. Every few seconds he would exhale loudly through his nose, clearing his nostrils of the blood that continued to fill them.

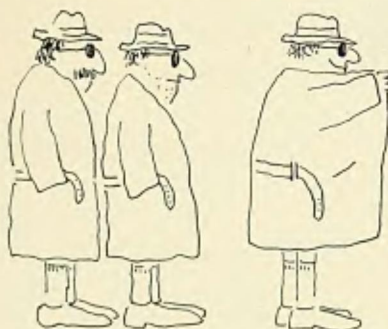
I considered telling him to stay down, but Frog was too far gone to reach. His cheek was caked with crusty dirt and he knelt panting in frothy gasps. When he finally spoke, it had to be the speed talking—or else Frog had a death wish.

"Cunt!" he spat through lips covered in dirt and blood.

Fish Hook howled with rage and grabbed the fallen man by his colors, dragging him across the parking lot to an old '53 Ford pickup. Opening the door, he threw Frog across the running board so that his head fell across the door frame. Then he slammed the door with all the force of his blind fury.

While Frog's two dumbfounded brothers tried to ascertain whether or not he was still among the living, Fish Hook was in a frenzy of shame

Easyriders



and anger, apologizing repeatedly to Mary for the guy's remark and for having to kick his ass in her presence. I couldn't believe it; he was beside himself. Mary was too stunned to speak, but instinctively she reached out in shocked disbelief to stroke the Hook's tangled hair. Her petting calmed the beast at once.

We didn't know it then, but stomping Frog's butt was the real turning point for Fish Hook. Frog's thick skull had somehow remained intact and he was out of the hospital in a couple of days. But the Hook couldn't seem to forget about the beef. In the days that followed, it seemed always to hover at the periphery of his presence, though he never said much about it, really. Frog and a few of his hothead friends were mouthin' around that Fish Hook had a payback comin', but they were cunts and nobody took them seriously. No, Fish Hook wasn't scared—but something was bothering the shit out of him.

It was about a week after the fight that Fish Hook blurted it out. It was a warm Sunday afternoon. He had just finished tightening the drive chain on his '60 FLH. I pulled another Lone Star out of the filthy styrofoam ice chest and leaned back against the door of the garage. The Hook steadied his scooter as he pulled the long arm of the bike stand toward him, easing the rear wheel to the concrete. He stared at the oil-encrusted floor and wiped his hands on a soiled rag as he spoke.

"Ya know, Professor," he said, "I gotta quit the club."

"What?" I replied in disbelief. I thought he was kidding. "What the fuck are you talkin' about?"

Fish Hook's distorted mouth looked strangely relaxed and his unfocused gaze never left the garage floor. "It's this Frog thing, man," he said reflectively. "I gotta quit."

I'd had all I could take. My voice took on the cutting edge of exasperation. "Just what the hell makes this Frog scrap such a goddam big deal?" I growled through my teeth. "It was nothin'—why the shit did it rattle your cage so much?"

My smoldering anger failed to penetrate Fish Hook's distant calm. "Well," he began, "it's hard to explain. Not long ago I coulda stomped his shit-eatin' skull into oatmeal and never thought about it."

—Continued on page 72

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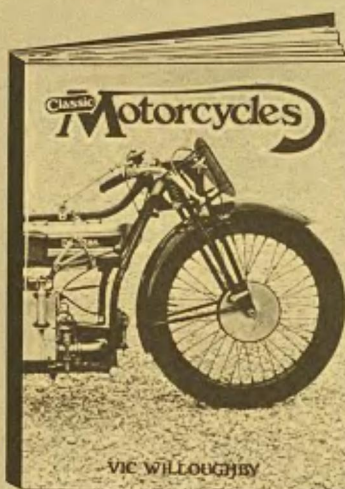
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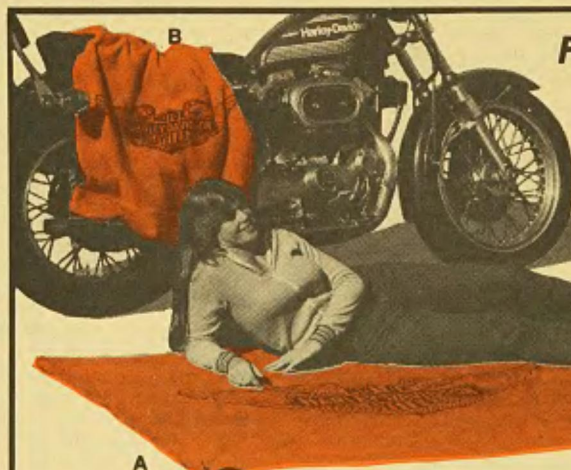
This book will appeal to the purist, for the bikes featured are guaranteed turn-ons for the dude who prefers the old machines—large or small, simple or complex, two-stroke, four-stroke, single engine or multi.

A few of the bikes featured: the Triumph, for its commercial success; the Ducati, for its audacity; the Velocette Roarer, for its enterprise; the Ariel Square Four, for its individuality; and the Moto-Guzzi single, for its inspiration.

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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Pisces

Pisces begin utilizing their artistic capabilities early in childhood. Which is the main reason they are easily housebroken. They will go right to a newspaper, squat, and do their duty—which they often dabble in, thus creating patterns in their poop. The famous Pisces Michelangelo may have created his first mural in feces (a small Italian village). He just may have acquired a taste for sculpture during potty training, which stuck to him. Later in life, the Pisces will use his artistic talents to create a paint job on his tank, full beautiful and intricate details.

Pisces are sensitive to those unfortunate, crippled, or maimed, and often prefer their company. Pisces Jerry Lewis is a good example. Pisceans are dual-natured; therefore, their characteristics are contradictory. For example, Pisces Albert Einstein, a genius, couldn't tie his own shoes. They are the best excuse-finders in the zodiac. They have an excuse for every fault. A Pisces will always manage to place the blame on someone else. It's not his fault he was born—someone else fucked up!

On the positive side, Pisces are good-natured, humane, and have a great sense of humor (Jackie

Gleason, for instance, is a Pisces). They are thoughtful and affectionate. Sometimes their good deeds backfire—like eating pussy with a mouthful of chewing tobacco.

Pisces have small assholes and can often whistle tunes with them, filling the air with the sound of love birds and the smell of fish. They often keep time to their own music by clanging their nuts together—a regular one-man band.

On the negative side, Pisces tend to overindulge in their use of drugs. This trait is in part due to their selfish side. Pisces are susceptible to accidents or abnormalities of the feet. They also catch colds easily and should be careful they don't develop pneumonia, as they tend to have weak lungs.

The older Pisces will still keep the young things coming. They never get too old to mold their meat to fit the treat! They may have to bundle, but they'll never bungle—not when it's time to boogie or ball!

Note to Women:

How to catch a Pisces? Run faster than he does, baby him, be gentle (even if it means filing your teeth down—better yet, have them pulled). Have an open-minded doctor who gives ya good scrips. Put M&Ms in your underwear, 'cause this one has a sweet tooth. Go in for finger-painting on the bathroom walls.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

If you've exhausted yourself with last month's string of pecker checkers, I'm not surprised. Ya may have run low on semen, but your scheme machine is sharper than ever. Luck is on your side this month, especially in a calculated risk. Just be sure not to give your plans away. Remember, while your enemy's shakin' your hand, he's holdin' an enema for ya in the other!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

It's time you were thinkin' of a course to take besides intercourse. You're in a mind-expanding

cycle that has nothing to do with droppin' acid. Someone ya least expect will steer ya into an ideal position (get your mind off sex). But you'll have to make a move besides your bowels. It's prime time to approach key persons who are waiting for you to make the first move. So get yer balls rollin'!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

This month brings on another pain in the anal area, besides a few punctured puckers. The pussy you've been rubbin' the wrong way is so perverted she digs it, and now ya can't get rid of her. The

problem is ya have another pussy to please at home. Just hope ya don't take home any bugs or slugs to help out with the clit chompin' or ya may find some bugs in your teeth that didn't come from the road!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Ya won't be in the mood to do any asskickin' the first couple of weeks. It seems you've been pigg'in' down and the old pipes are pooped out from overwork. Every time you have to strain, just be sure to take good aim—or ya could end up in a lot of shit! It's not the time to be cuttin' up by cuttin' farts, either—unless you enjoy sittin' in your own juices. By the end of the month, the butt burns should be long forgotten, so hang in there!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Leos, you do tend to overplay yourselves at times. I don't mean jerkin' off, either. You've been lettin' it all hang out, and might get it stepped on—especially while draggin' your dong home late at night with telltale lip prints on it. Be a little sneakier about snitchin' a little extra snatch, or the next roar you hear will be your own! Give yourself a ball-bustin' break, quit braggin' so much.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

This month ya should be bringin' in the bucks in between the sucks. You can ram, cram, and slam your rod into an oil slick and you'll still come up with a dollar sign on the head of your crank. Don't beat around the bush—be direct, and don't pull any punches, either. You're sure to come out ahead if you bypass any red tape and go straight to the people in charge. Good luck!

Libra (September 22—October 22)

One word of advice—don't depend on others to bail your buns out of a situation you bungled yourself. Even your bros may throw up their hands in despair this month. Your experience, charm, and plain old guts will see you through a ball-bustin' mind fuck. Slow down on the juice for a while, unless it happens to be the juice of a pussy—then go a-head!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

It seems you're still at it, bangin' your balls against every broad who'll stay still long enough. Which could be quite a long time, 'cause once you get started, you don't want to stop. Take time

out from havin' your gonads gargled long enough to get some wrenchin' done on your machine. That way, you still putt and pump your peter up, too. Hell, ya may need the bike to get to the free clinic to undo the damage to your dong!

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

If ya took my advice last month, you're probably still wired up. Best not to overdo a good thing or slip back into part of the fixtures. You always tend to go from one extreme to the other. Right now is the time to mellow out and hold your mud. Another thing—don't be so frigg'in' frank the second part of the month. Use some tact, even if you do think the situation's fucked. Otherwise, ya could wind up with a dotted eye!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

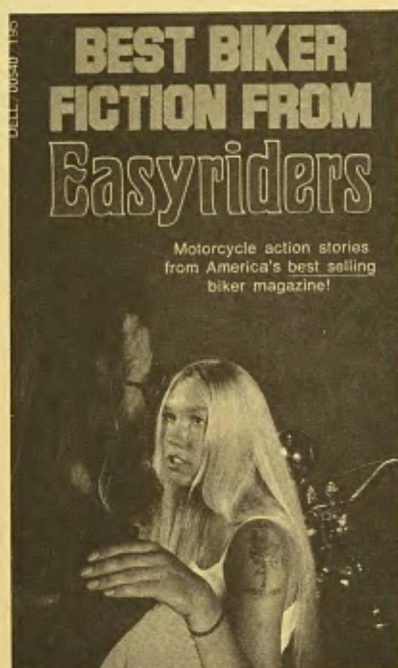
You could possibly have damned good reason to celebrate this month. It appears you'll finally attain the status you've been honkin' your horn for. You still could find a few kinks to work out, and one of them is in the end of your knockwurst. So loosen up your belt and relax a little. Take a load off your mind and your meat, with some grease relief and a hot twat!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

This month holds a hangover from last one, and your patience is wearin' thin as the hair on a whore's hole. A lot of little mind fucks are bogglin' your brains now. Maybe you shouldn't be so cocksure of yourself—take someone else's advice for a change. Speakin' of change, that's about all you'll have in your pockets now, unless you count jinglin' your jollies. At least ya can always count on your bros to cheer ya up with some goodies!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

This month is a piece of cake (birthday, of course), a piece of ass, and a piece of shit! One thing you can count on is your fingers, the other's your toes (unless you're an amputee). Otherwise, you're in for some strange surprises, so don't get caught with your pants down. If you can flow with the fuckups and not get flustered, you must be smokin' some heavy herbs. Keep it together, 'cause next month's a goodie!



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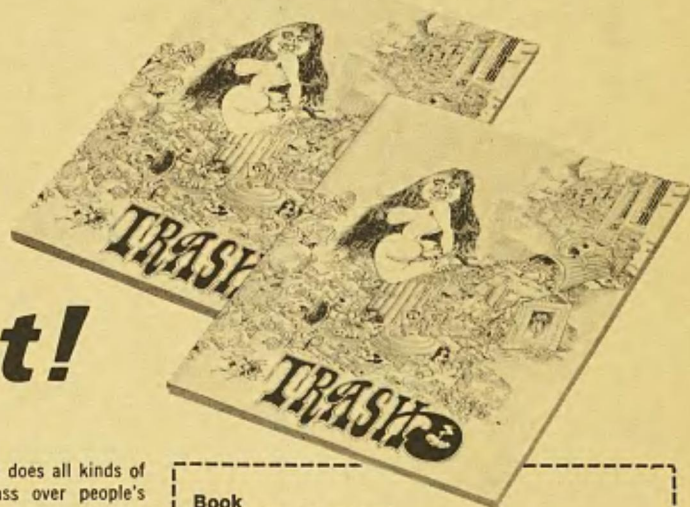
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nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's ads).

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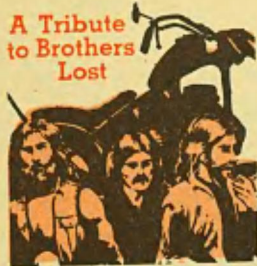
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Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers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

In loving memory of **Uncle Rugs** a one-pen center who had more heart than many. Brothers Two.

In memory of **Bob Kelso**, from all his bros in Illinois, and from the bro who rode with him, Little Glenn.

In memory of **Steve Hamilton**, one hell of a bro who was loved by all. Lon and Deb. Clyde, Ohio.

In memory of **Ken Wilson**, who died in vain and whose death will be revenged. Randy, George, and Dee.

For **Joetta**. You rode well by my side, now you ride in my heart. California Babe.

To **Steve Allen**. Ride on forever. They can't fuck with you now, brother. Bill and Kathy. Tucson Ariz.

To **Crow**, who high-sided on his pan. We'll all ride together again some day. Dean, Great Falls, Mont.

In memory of **Angel** and my ol' man, **Porky**. We'll all join you one day, to ride forever. Mouse.

To our bro, **Amazon**. We'll never forget. Ride free, brother. Jeff, Texas City, Tex.

In memory of **Brother Mac**, stabbed to death by a punk. You're gone but not forgotten. Ralph and all the bros. Long Beach, Calif.

In memory of **Kid**. Those who knew him, knew him well, those who didn't can go to hell. Buena Vista, Colo.

In memory of **Claude** and **Crip**. We loved you, brothers. Ride forever. Dingbat and Dingbitch. B.F.F.B., Houston.

In memory of **Ray Rubber Watson**. Ride on, bro, you live on in our hearts and memories. Gary, New York.

In memory of a real bro, **John T. Sheehan**. We all loved him. From Triangle, N.Y.

In memory of **Andy The Greek**, a biker through and through. There never will be another like you. Bernie, Ch. Wood, Eng.

For **Mickey Mouse**. A jug of red wine and some fine dope. We're all waitin' for ya. From Terryoso and Company, San Jose.

His name was **Stretch**, and he gave his life to clubbing and partyin' with his bros. Pig. Kingsmen M.C., New York.

In memory of **Dave "Bear" Melton**, who did more for biking in this area than anyone I know. Sheriff, LaCrosse, Wis.

A tribute to **Popeye**. We all loved and cared. Righteously remembered. He still lives in our hearts. Silver, Ariz.

In memory of **Red and Vick**, from your brothers and sisters. We'll always remember you. Ron Bates, Iowa.

To **Eddie Noble**, Snoopy. We drank and fought together. When that car stopped you dead, you took a piece of me with you. Big Jack, Beaver Falls, Pa.

For **Bob Hadden**, from Auburn, New York. Gone but not forgotten. George "Slammer" Wheeler.

In memory of **Quack**. The world lost a lot when it lost you. A.B. Joves and misses you. Richie, N.Y.

In memory of my dad, **Shirel Wolfe**. May we be together to know each other when my time comes. Love, Cher Wolfe.

In memory of **Beth**. A true Valkyrie. We will ride again in Valhalla. Poet.

In memory of **Alley**, a Warlock. Loved and missed by all. Ride like hell, till we meet again. South Jersey.

In memory of **Pace**, President of the Devil's Disciples, So. Calif. From all of his brothers and friends, nationwide, who knew and respected him. We will never forget you, brother.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easysiders** 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 newspaper price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easysiders** Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Forgotten brother doing time. Age 31, white. Will answer all letters. Bill Green #02925-164-A, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minnesota 55072.

Looking for a sincere woman who'll help make time a little easier. Charlie Kahlchaler #A-039653, Mail #338, P.O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Down but not out convict needs mail from biker chicks who love the unusual. How about a picture too? Robert Lee #90890, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Downed Aryan brother wants to hear from ladies 17-30 who share same ideas. L. W. Phillips #22346-149, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kans. 66048.

Lonely brother down and would like to hear from all you outrageous people. D. L. Jones #138-288, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Two dudes need ol' ladies waitin' for 'em when this run into hell is over. Don Jollymore and Tom French 032501, Box 221, Ralford, Fla. 32083.

Would like to hear from ladies in Washington State. Bill Turner #246130, Cedar Hall A-11, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Please write to this con. I've got the blues. Junior McGee #74399, CH-7, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Write to me, foxy ladies. I'm lonely and white. Dallas Hall, Box B, CB4, H-16, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Road tramp lookin' for sincere ol' lady. Don Patterson #B-70730, Box A-E, Rm. 4206, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Been in prison a long time and need mail. Leo Robbins, Box B-33146, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Down for the count, but letters will get me up. Tim O'Neil, Box B-35153, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Girls, girls, Cowboy is down and needs a lady to write to. Bill Pancoast #B-69139, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Ex-biker who would like to correspond with persons to share and enlighten the spirit. Gary E. Alvord #041482, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. R-2-S-13.

I'll be here for ten years and need mail from ladies. Please write. Raymond Jones #148-068, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43002.

Do'n' nine so drop a line. James Hammond #439988, Box 1010, Ch. 1, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Two white males would like to hear from liberal women. Mike Shoultis #01145-282 and Irvin Campbell #20468-101, Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

Lookin' for ladies eight to eighty. James MacDonald #35429, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Foxy ladies. I'm lookin' for your lovin'. Glen Seawell #36448-186, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Foxy ladies, young or old, write to me please. Larry Conley #35544, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Southern Calif. tramp down in Washington. Could use love and affection. Dean Wagner #130-122, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Foxy ladies, convicts need lovin' too. Greg Wagner #00130-122, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

To any chicks who can lift a pen: Please write to me. George Blackman #C-60172, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

I'm down with a bad disease called prison. Please write to me. Randy Osborne #32962-138, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Looking for girls 25-32 to write down son. David D. Dowdell, 1000 SW 84 Ave., Hollywood, Fla. 33023, Monroe I.

Calif. biker needs to hear from ladies. Paul DeVore #251763, Spruce B-9, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Lonely male needs foxy lady to write to. Bruce Piedler, Box B-83769, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

I'm a hot mama who needs a one hundred percent biker to write to. Debra Koch #C-77073, Box C, Dwight, Ill. 60420.

Lonely biker down again because of a snitch. Could dig some letters. Robert Voss #3816-2, Ind. State Prison, Box 41, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

I'm 22 and have no mail coming in. Please write. Rick Luttman #4406, Box 28, Ind. Ref., Pendleton, Ind. 46064. A/S Unit, Cell 8-2R.

I'm sincerely seeking correspondence with any chick who cares to write to a 28-year-old prisoner. David G. Brooks #134643, Box H-5699, Lucasville, Ohio 45609.

Foxes and freaks. I'm down. Help me smile instead of frown. Phil Pietrowicz #77B-128, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14802.

Down, lonely and horny. Send revealing photos and letters. Wayne Johnson #8452, Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

Good-lookin' Folsom con needs letters from ladies. Thurman Patterson, Box B-68643, Repressa, Calif. 95671.

I'm lonely and need a lady to write to. William Harris #25269, Green Haven, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

Foxy lady, I would really like to read your letters. Ed Chezem #B-73836, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Big John needs to get married. 18-30. Any takers? John Arch, Box 2000 G-313, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

White brother down in the pen and needs letters from ladies. Richard Compton, Box B-37104, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Aquarian gentleman, age 23, would like to correspond with ladies 20 and over. Jerry L. Wynn #64267, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Need a fine ol' lady to help me do my time. "Tramp" Mark Reeves #B-84781 V-261, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Do'n' time in the ashole of the world. Would like to hear from freaky chicks. Joe Conversano #75-A-3863, Box 13, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

All long-legged, foxy chicks write to me. J. D. Davis #043398, #455, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Would like to hear from Northern Calif. girl with heart. Carl Simons #B-78970 P-308, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Downed bro would like letters from Denver area chicks. Richard Leonard #23063-175, Box PMB 1000, Englewood, Colo. 80110.

Brothers and sisters, this second fall is a bitch. Richard Merrill #A-032306 02-0167, R.M.C. Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

Hey, baby, regardless of your bag, write to me. Wayman Harris, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Downed Calif. bro needs letters from any chick. Billy Barrett, Rt. 3, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Two bros serving five hundred years need mail from chicks. Bobby J. Bridger #234125 and Andrew M. Bogdan #23-5932, Rt. 3, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Write to William Saars #43616, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Would like to write to ladies who are in love with the natural things in life. Clifford L. James, Box 99, W.C.H. 143, R.N. C-61705, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

I'd like to hear from chubby chicks, heavy honeys, and fat mamas from the east and mid-west. Dig big girls. Turn me on. Jody Via #137279, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Two downed white bros need mail. Randall Sullivan #N-42760, Box 3535, Corona, Calif. 91720, and Billy Gosnell #4409-915, Box 54320, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054.

I would like to hear from all biking chicks and dudes. Samuel D. Duffey #031408, Box 158, A-Dorm, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Forgotten brother doing time. Age 31, white. Will answer all letters. Bill Green #02925-164-A, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minnesota 55072.

California bro down in redneck country would like to hear from foxy ladies. Send photos. If you're not white, don't write. Mike "Little California" Webb #132927, M.C.T.C. Box 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Colorado bro looking for open-minded chicks 16-30 to correspond with. Send photos to revive my memory and keep me company. Arthur "Duke" Perreault #141970, M.C.T.C. Box 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Doing time and need mail from fine, funky chicks. Gary Clark #MO-148/C4-9, Mid-Orange Prison, 900 Kings Highway, Warwick, N.Y. 10990.

Another grounded rider needs mail from foxy young chicks. Gary Martin #30387-120, 13501 137th Ave. S.W., Miami Fla. 33177.

Lost my lady, lost my freedom, lost my bike. Good white biker need lovin' too. Victor Maurus, Box B-75704, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Lonely redhead would like letters from nice white chicks. Al Irwin #P-1257, Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

Downed brother would like to hear from foxy ladies. Send letters and pictures. Tom Myers #39179, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

I'm looking for a sincere, down-to-earth ol' lady. Larry Martin #144-631, 254 West Spring St., Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Doing 3-8 years and want to hear from white chicks. Jim Johnston #P-2465, Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

Wanted: Chick or chicks to write and share a smile and some pictures. Jerry Bush #42963 CH-5, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Brother doing some hard time. Would like to hear from intergraded ladies. Eugene Fred #C-60947, Menard, Ill. 62258.

Another scooter tramp down and in need of letters. James D. Alred #28261, 3-C-794, Box 7, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Good-looking So. Calif. man, now down at San Quentin, needs to hear from young ladies. Dennis Jones, Box B-78822, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Would like to hear from anybody. Pictures to remind me of the good life would be wild. David Berg #138948, Box 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Down scooter tramp needs mail. Darrell Applegate, Box 41-1205, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

28-yr.-old white man doing federal time needs some ladies to read me a line. Joe Lapinsky #02225-284, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kans. 66048.

Been down since '75 and would like to hear from some young ladies; w/m 27 yrs. old. Robert Johnston #77A-1441, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Been down since '74 and would like to hear from young ladies; w/m 26 years old. Danny Johnston #75A-1105, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

White Calif. dude, down in Okla. prison, needs mail from chicks. Wayne Wrana #93765, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

White male inmate doing 12 yrs. needs letters. Bob Poole, Box 338, Las Vegas, Nevada 89101.

I'm lonesome and would like to hear from all the beautiful chicks in the free world. Tommy Barber #82501, Dorm G, Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748.

White, 28, and crazy. Could dig hearing from any chicks, any age, from anywhere. Danny Campbell #88544, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

This lonely, low-riding scooter tramp could dig hearing from some right-on white chicks out there. Mark Reeves #B-64781, Box 500, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

If anyone can fill this void in my heart, please write. Chris Mitchell #140-271, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Lonely downed Lord taking applications for an ol' lady. Release date August '78. Photo desired. Dennis "Tramp" Knippel #42785-A, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis.

Searching for an ol' lady. Age no hassle. Kids welcome. Photo desired but not necessary. Release Aug. '78. Verne "Minnesota" Wiegler #62716-A, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis.

100% biker down and needs to hear from ladies who have their heads to gether. Send photos. Dirty Dan, Box W, F-Unit, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Make me happy. Send dirty letters and photographs to K. Allen #94948, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

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Ladie's Love Outlaws

—Continued from page 67

He pulled his gaze away from the floor and looked at me. "But now I'm thinkin' about it."

He really meant it. He was looking me directly in the eye—unsmiling, troubled. "I gotta quit the club," he repeated. "I want you to understand why."

I thought I knew what was behind all this. Over the years, I'd known several bikers whose ol' ladies had finally driven them from the club and, in a few cases, even from bikes. There were plenty of reasons—she might resent the loyalty her ol' man showed the club, or the demands on his time. Sometimes there were kids involved and the ol' lady would hound the dude about his "responsibilities." Of course, a lot of guys confronted with such behavior just slapped the bitch around a little and that was that—for a while, anyway. But don't kid yourself—women are tough, in their own way, and pretty soon they were on the ol' man's case again. Now I knew Mary wasn't a nagging chick, but I still figured she, not Frog, was somehow the real reason behind the Hook's decision to hang up his colors.

I was careful to keep my voice neutral, unaccusing. "It's Mary, isn't it?" I asked. "She's behind this."

Fish Hook leaned against the workbench and stared at his bike as he spoke. "Yeah—it's her, I guess. But it's not what you think. She never said a word about it—not a word."

I was confused. "I don't get it," I said. "If she never mentioned it, why do you say she's behind it?"

The Hook pondered my question while he lit a joint. I watched its orange tip brighten as he sucked in the toke before passing it to me. "It's hard to explain," he began. "I don't exactly understand it myself—and I never was exactly great with words. But I've thought about all this so much maybe I can get it across to you."

He stood up and turned to the workbench, his back toward me. Nervously, he stacked and re-stacked a bunch of cork seals as he spoke. "Mary's all the things I'm not. I mean, she's gentle and decent and

—Continued on page 78

WRIST/WATCH BAND

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

SCOOTER WALLET

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

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

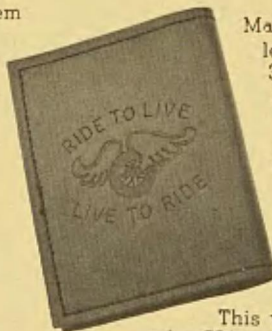
Model #402, **Akonua**, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **\$54.95** plus **\$2.50** postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



SMALL BIKE WALLET

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

This wallet goes for **\$6.85** plus 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.



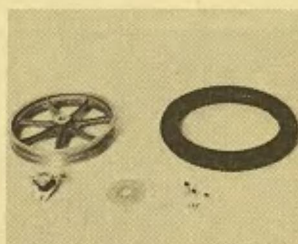


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Dual Disc

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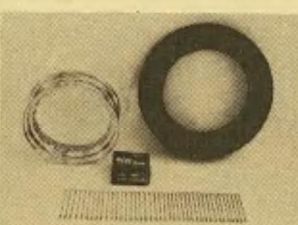


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*Add \$40.00 for Chromed Master Cylinder, Caliper, Sprocket, Carrier

\$259⁹⁵

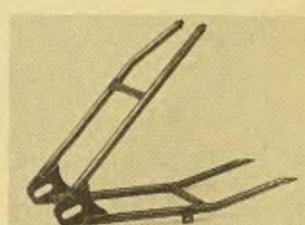


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WE HAVE KITS TO FIT ALL BIKES!

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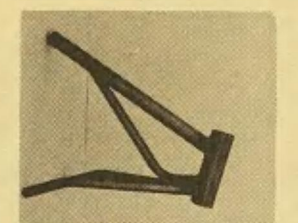
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Finding the key
to her
ol' man's heart

Shawn



Hey, ol' ladies, remember the time you bitched once too often and lost the best ol' man you ever had? Well, that was Shawn's predicament when she met one of the staff. Over a few beers, she cried her eyes out to Renegade. He was goin' for her bod, all right, but he couldn't bring him-

self to attack, so he discussed lovers' solutions with the tearful sweetie.

And what better way could a big-hearted ol' lady bring her ol' man's affections back than to find him another bike? Especially if it happened to be a cherry, stock knuckle buried in a protective coating



of hay in an abandoned barn. Shawn agreed that there couldn't be a more ideal solution to her problem. So Renegade helped her get it together. And to demonstrate her gratitude she agreed to pose for the accompanying photos.

They got together one Saturday. The sun shone

out of the blue like new chrome. They met outta town in the perfect barn with a cherry knuckle Renegade borrowed from some bros up north. So Renegade, Ralph (the photographer), and blonde and beautiful Shawn put these tasty flicks together.

Shawn was somewhat apprehensive of what





Photos by Ralph Hampton



might come down later in the day, 'cause, when Ralph was done takin' flicks, Renegade split to the nearest gas station and dropped a dime to Shawn's former ol' man. He convinced the bro that his ex had a little surprise for him, if he could putt out to meet her. The dude was fightin' a hangover but turned out to be a very decent guy, and within a half hour he pulled up alongside the barn, where Renegade and Shawn (still half naked) greeted him.

Their relationship improved as she showed him the knuckle and some more of her lucious bod—and, as they rapped, it became obvious that they shouldn't have been apart. Her ol' man dug what she had arranged and the idea behind the flicks. So Renegade and Ralph crept outta the barn and left the two lovers alone to ball in the hay.

Sure wish they'd return the knuckle, though.

—Hapie Inden

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Q. What is Wilmont Herbal Blend for the Stud?
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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Ladies Love Outlaws

—Continued from page 72

sympathetic and all that kinda shit."

He looked up from the workbench and shook his head. "I don't know. I began to admire those qualities in her, I guess—it takes a certain kind of strength to hang onto 'em. Like, it's not hard to act like an animal—shit, I been doin' it all my life. But does that make it right—just 'cause it's easy to do?"

He looked over at me and gave a little laugh. I guess my expression gave me away. "Look," he said, "I know you think this is all bullshit."

He walked over to stand in the garage doorway. A blazing summer sunset streaked the late afternoon sky. His voice was tinged with a weary resignation. "I gotta quit the club because I've lost my killer instinct. I think about stuff too much now. The other night I was gonna slam that fuckin' truck door on that bastard's head so hard his brains woulda squirted out his asshole. But just as I started to, I let up. I don't know why, exactly—I was so pissed and all—but something held me back."

I began to understand a little of this, anyway. "So you don't think you can live the life anymore, huh?"

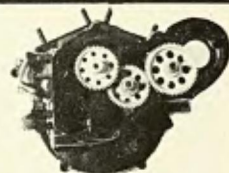
"Nope," he replied flatly. "I gotta figure things out and I can't be debatin' with myself if a brother is countin' on me in a tight spot. I can't let him down when it's time to act—I could get him killed."

He stretched, arching his back, then began to close the garage doors. "Anyhow," he concluded, "I just don't want anybody else's hassles. I just want to kick back with Mary and see what happens. We're leavin' in a few days and I want you to help me make it right with the brothers."

It was growing dark. Fish Hook's snarling lip was lost in the shadows on his face. "I know you don't really understand," he said, "and they won't either. I just want them to accept it and not think I'm an asshole for doin' it."

So I did what I could. The other club members expressed varying degrees of dismay or annoyance at losing a brother and formidable fighter. I was deliberately vague about the whole business when talking to the others, saying only that the Hook had his reasons for leaving and that he was feeling bad about it

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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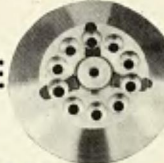


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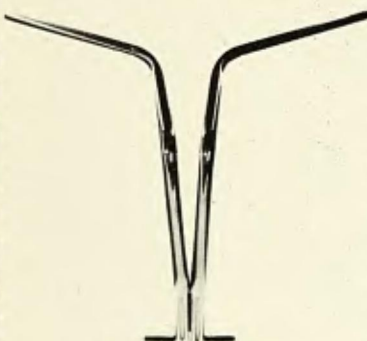
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too. Some of the bros had the same suspicions I had voiced when Fish Hook broke the news to me, but everybody agreed to show class and keep their mouths shut.

Fish Hook never told me where he and Mary intended to go, or what he'd do when they arrived at their destination. I hadn't seen him for a few days, knowing he was busy overhauling the engine on the FLH, getting it ready for what I guessed would be a long haul. He had forgotten the beef with Frog, and so had I—but we shouldn't have. Frog hadn't forgotten us.

It was Saturday and my bike was down. I had spent most of the day in a futile search for a set of valve guides for my knucklehead. Finally giving up in disgust, I drove home, tired and depressed. At that time I lived in a dilapidated old frame house in a neighborhood of white trash rednecks and small-time dope dealers. As I entered the house, I made my hundredth mental resolution to repair the glass in the back door, shattered during a party weeks earlier.

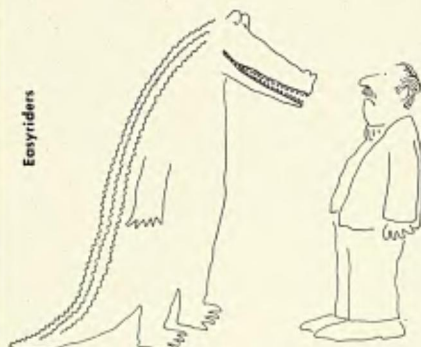
That's all I remember—entering the living room. The next thing I can recall is a dull pain in my head that throbbed in synchronization with my heartbeat. Opening my eyes, I saw the rug an inch in front of me. I pulled myself to a sitting position, leaning against the couch. Frog sat in a chair in the center of the room, leveling a pistol at me.

"It's about time, asshole," he said. "I thought you'd never come to."

His eyes were bright and he looked speed-crazy—worse than the night Fish Hook beat his ass. His jaws clenched convulsively and the atmosphere was lethal.

My head hurt like hell, but I struggled to pay attention to the

—Continued from page 83



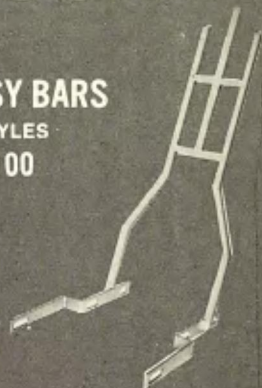
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A swap meet is a get-together where you swap and/or sell things—only in this case, our meets are restricted to motorcycle parts, accessories, and off-the-wall goodies a motorcyclist would be interested in.

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contest where chicks get up on a stage and compete for cash prizes.)

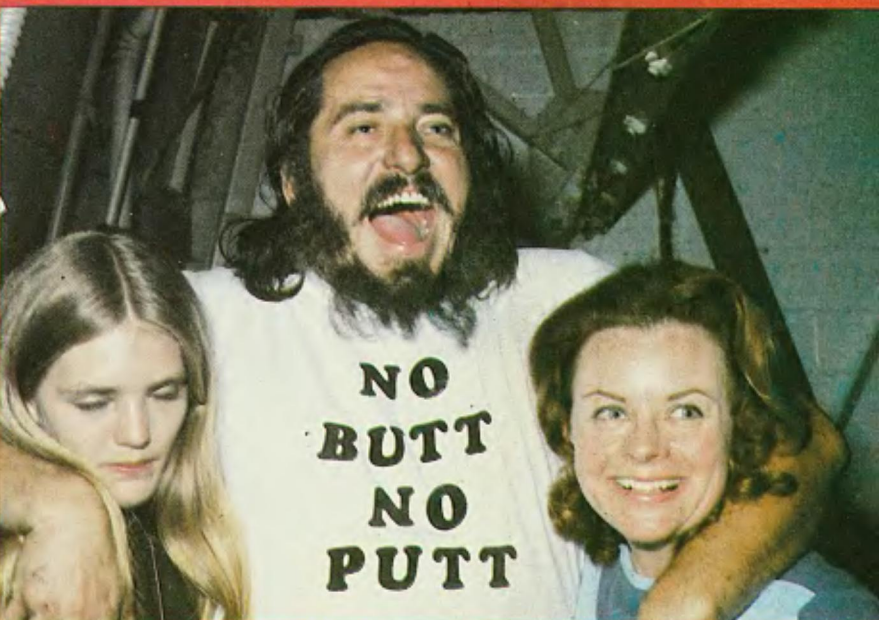
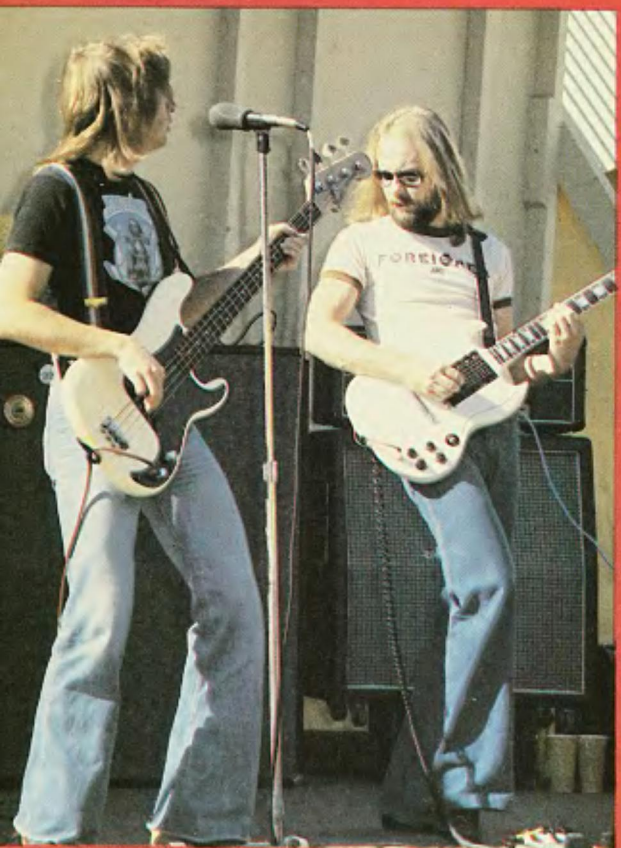
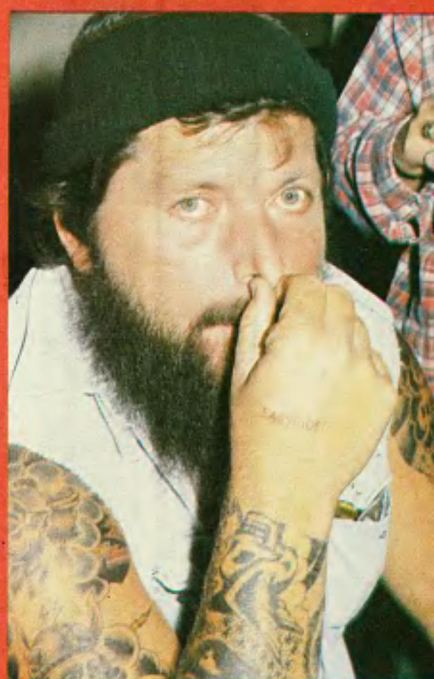
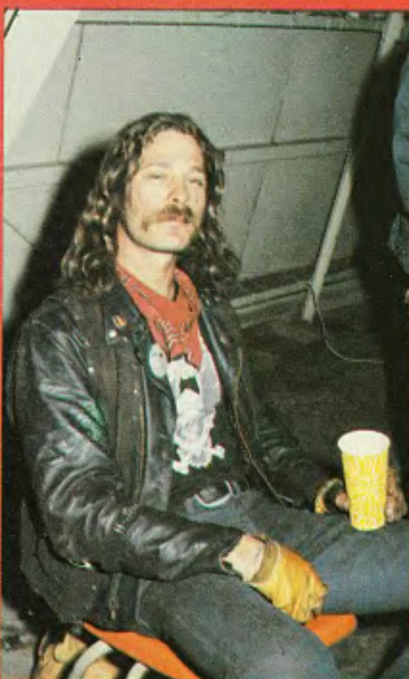
In future events we plan to have arm wrestling contests and far-out door prizes.

Watch for the **Easyriders Swap Meet and Happening** in your area. Following is the 1978 schedule as we go to press.

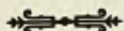
Atlanta, Ga.	February 5, 1978
Memphis, Tenn.	February 12, 1978
Nashville, Tenn.	February 19, 1978
San Diego, Ca.	March 12, 1978
Ventura, Ca. (evening)	March 18, 1978
Denver, Co.	April 2, 1978
Los Angeles, Ca. (Pomona)	April 16, 1978
Springfield, Mass.	April 16, 1978
Detroit, Mich.	April 23, 1978
Indianapolis, Ind.	April 30, 1978
Allentown, Pa.	May 7, 1978
San Diego, Ca.	May 14, 1978
Ventura, Ca.	June 11, 1978
Denver, Co.	June 18, 1978
Columbus, Ohio	June 25, 1978
Detroit, Mich.	July 16, 1978
Los Angeles, Ca.	July 16, 1978
Louisville, Ky.	July 23, 1978
San Diego, Ca.	August 13, 1978
San Francisco, Ca.	August 20, 1978
Ventura, Ca.	August 27, 1978
Phoenix, Ariz.	September 24, 1978
San Diego, Ca.	October 22, 1978
Detroit, Mich.	October 29, 1978
West Springfield, Mass.	November 5, 1978
Allentown, Pa.	November 12, 1978
San Francisco, Ca.	December 3, 1978
Ventura, Ca.	December 10, 1978



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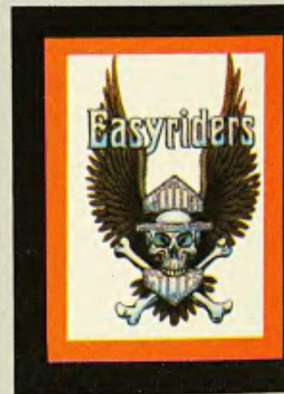
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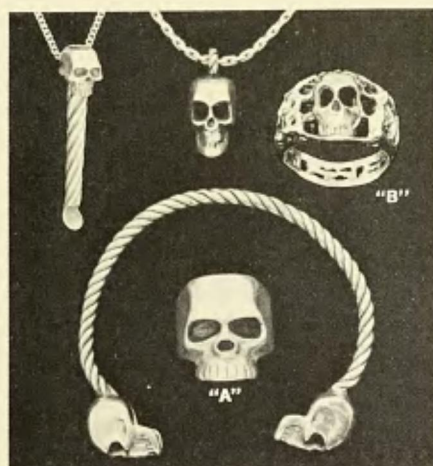
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Ladies Love Outlaws

—Continued from page 79

lunatic in front of me. I recognized
the gun he held on me. I should
have—it was the one I kept hidden
underneath my mattress. It was a
Charter Arms Police Bulldog—a .38
Special with a four-inch barrel.

Frog used the pistol to gesture
toward the telephone on the kitchen
wall. "Call Fish Hook," he said, "and
get him over here. Tell him you
gotta see him." He paused, running
a dry tongue over dry, cracked lips.
"And you listen up, shithead," he
spat through clenched teeth. "If you
get cute and tip him off, you're
gonna be the lead item on the local
TV news tonight."

I tried to stall so I could think.
"He's already left town," I lied. I
knew he was still overhauling his
engine. "He split this morning."

Frog said nothing. Instead, he got
up and walked across the room to
stand above me. I looked up into a
face devoid of emotion. The barrel
of the .38 felt cool when he placed
it against my upturned forehead. I
watched his thumb draw back the
hammer, heard it click into the
cocked position. He scowled down at
me. "Say what?" he snarled sar-
castically.

I made the call. I'm not proud
of it. Fish Hook was a brother and
a friend. But I made the call rather
than die. I prayed the Hook would
get suspicious or have a flat, but in
a few minutes I heard the sound of
his old Dodge van turning into my
back yard from the alley.

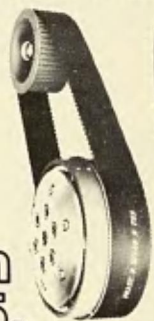
The instant I hung up, Frog had
produced a pair of handcuffs, and
I now sat on the floor rubbing the
swollen knot behind my ear with
my free hand. The other was se-
curely cuffed to a radiator.

Fish Hook, suspecting nothing,
had brought Mary with him, and I
felt even worse than before. Frog
waited behind the door (as he'd
waited for me), the pistol in his
left hand and a flexible, leather-
covered sap in his right. He de-
livered a vicious blow. Fish Hook
gasped, blinked for an instant, and
crumpled. Frog grabbed Mary by
the arm before she had time to
react and jerked her on into the
living room. She stumbled back-
wards and sprawled on the floor. Her
skirt flew into her lap, revealing her
long, graceful legs.

Frog leered down at the stunned

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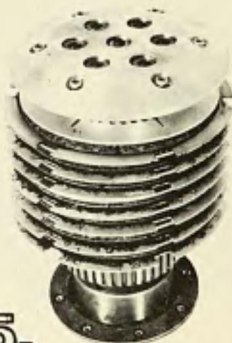


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girl's tanned thighs. "Nice," he said smirkingly. "Nice."

Frightened and confused, Mary struggled to rise. Frog shoved her back down. "You an' me'll get together later, honey," he grinned. "Right now, you just sit where you are."

Frog fumbled in the pocket of his cut-off and knelt beside Fish Hook. I watched helplessly as he cuffed the Hook's arms behind him.

"What are you going to do?" Mary asked.

"I'm gonna wait," he replied. "Just gonna wait."

* * *

Frog squatted in the corner next to the dazed biker.

When Fish Hook regained consciousness, he had thrashed around groggily, flopping convulsively on the floor in a fog. He now lay face down across the room from Mary and me, his head wedged into the corner and his knees drawn up beneath him. Frog addressed him in a taunting, vengeful voice.

"You got your shit back together now, stud?" he asked. "'Cause I don't wanna start till you can understand what's happenin'."

Fish Hook rolled his head toward the sound of Frog's voice. Resting his cheek on the floor, he directed his gaze upward. His eyes were still glazed, but slowly, with an effort, they focused on his tormentor above him.

"Good," Frog said evenly. "It's payback time. Now pay attention so you don't miss anything. See what I'm doin'?" Fish Hook's brow knotted as he struggled to penetrate the fog in his mind and comprehend what was happening.

Frog swung out the cylinder on the .38 and pointed the barrel upward. I heard the shells hit the floor as they dropped from the pistol.

"See?" Frog asked, holding the weapon a few inches from Fish Hook's eyes. "Empty." He paused to let the fact sink in. "And now," he continued slowly, "I'm puttin' one round back in." Fish Hook's unblinking eyes were riveted on the shell as Frog re-inserted it into the gun.

Frog spun the cylinder and jerked the pistol abruptly, snapping the cylinder in place. "Here we go, Fish Fart," he said.

He cocked the revolver and rested the barrel against Fish Hook's tem-

ple. I clawed desperately at my wrist, straining to pull free, to wrench my hand from the cuffs. Mary stared in wide-eyed horror. Frog pulled the trigger.

Click.

"Well, well," Frog mocked. "This must be ol' Fish Fuck's lucky day."

Deliberately, he again released the cylinder, spun it, and snapped it home. Again he cocked it. There was real fear in the Hook's eyes this time—the fog was gone.

"Okay, Fish Piss—take two," Frog said as he pulled the trigger.

Click.

Frog grinned. "Well, they say third time's the charm."

He was carried away by his enjoyment of the deadly game he'd devised for his enemy. His back was turned to Mary and me—we were forgotten. I glanced over at Mary and was astonished to see her unbuttoning her blouse, her unwavering eyes fixed on Frog's back. Reaching inside the blouse, she fumbled briefly. When her hand reappeared, it was holding a small, single-shot derringer. With heart-pounding relief, I suddenly recalled the day the Hook had given her the gun, a diminutive, nickel-plated .41.

I held my breath as Mary rose silently from the couch. Apparently she was aware of the gun's inaccuracy. Realizing we had just one chance, she advanced noiselessly on the distracted Frog.

"Well, asshole," Frog sneered, recocking the .38, "here we go again."

The revolver was almost touching Fish Hook's temple when Frog sensed the movement behind him. But it was too late. Just as he spun around, Mary lunged at him, jamming the small pistol into the soft flesh beneath his jaw as she fired. Frog slammed backwards across Fish Hook's huddled figure, splattering



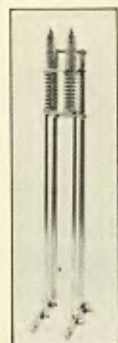
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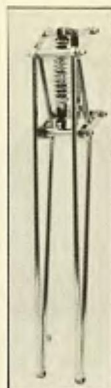
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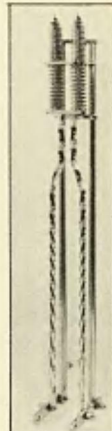
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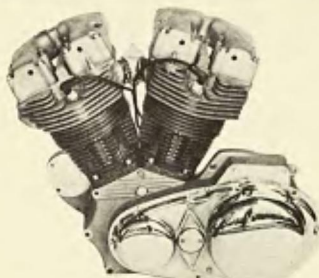
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bits of brain and bone onto the wall. Mary buried her face in the Hook's wild hair, sobbing uncontrollably. Needless to say, her stock had shot up a thousand percent with me.

There's not much more to tell, really. Once we got the cuffs off, I called a couple of brothers and told them to bring a panel truck. We wiped the derringer clean and tucked it into the Frog's shirt pocket before wrapping him in a plastic tarp and loading him into the panel alongside his bike, which we found parked behind a garage a few houses away. I don't know what they did with him—I never asked. But he was never found.

Two days later I watched Fish Hook strap the tote bag on his sissy-bar and kick the 74 to life. Mary climbed on behind. We fidgeted in awkward silence while the engine warmed up.

"Here's somethin' for ya," I said at last, dropping two small plastic bags into his palm. The members had voted to take two grams of coke from the club's stash as a going-away present.

"I won't forget you guys," he said, handing the bags behind him to Mary. "I owe you plenty."

Not as much as you owe your lady, I thought to myself as I watched him drop the bike into gear and pull out onto the street. In the confusion and haste following Frog's death, I had forgotten about my pistol until everybody had left the house. When I was alone again, I searched for it, finding it under a small table where it had landed when the .41 slug threw Frog into the wall. It was still cocked. Beneath the hammer, the cartridge was ready to be fired. Frog's words were right. The third time's the charm. ■



"It looks like the ol' lady did something exciting to the traditional peanut butter sandwich!"

MIND BLENDING

—Continued from page 15

mouth would never forget the suddenness of his defeat.

The cold hand of the city pressed against him as he rode, restraining him, trying to keep him a prisoner in its tenacious grasp. But he rode on, and before long it was all behind him, and green, open countryside lay ahead. The bike leaped forward with new enthusiasm. It became lighter and easier to handle. He felt light on the seat, intoxicated by the fresh air that surged into his lungs, washing away the smells and taste of the city. The power of the engine surged into his loins and through him, and his heartbeat blended with its throbbing. The wind caressed his face and body with the tenderness of a mistress. Freedom pushed him from behind, urging him on.

He stopped in Hagerstown and partied with some dudes he met in the local biker bar. He took more pills. Some of his new friends told him they were leaving for California soon, and might catch up with him along the way. As a going-away gift, each bro gave him a few packets to soften the hard days of riding that lay ahead.

At the outskirts of Knoxville, he had his first encounter with the law.

"You one of them New York fairies?" the fat cop asked, eyeing the license plate, kicking the tires, and spitting brown gobs of tobacco juice close to the bike. "Yankee, huh?" he accused.

"No sir!" Jim answered. "I was born in Memphis. My mama took me up north when I was just a kid," he lied, and it worked. "I'm gonna get me a haircut when I get home and go to work for my daddy." Then he added, "Farmin'."

"Well, y'all be careful, an' watch y'self, y'hear?" Fatso said, spitting again. "Folks don't like that there long hair an' motorcycle stuff much. Git along now."

My God, Jim thought, laughing inside. The asshole believed me.

When the cop pulled away, Jim took a couple of Valiums to calm his nerves, chasing them down with a slug of wine from his leather bottle. Popping four whites into his mouth, he decided to let them melt there—slowly, so the vile taste would help keep him awake. And then he rode



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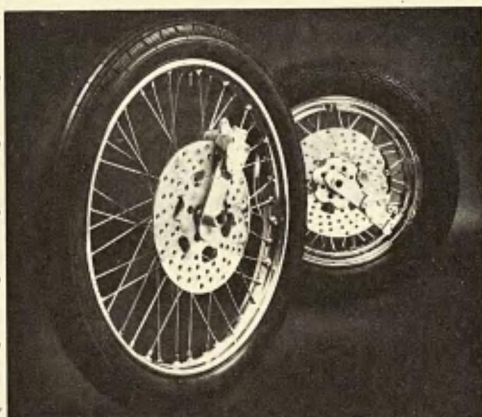
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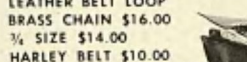
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on into Knoxville, feeling light and good. By the time he reached the city, he had smoked three joints and taken several snorts of coke from the hollow ring he wore. He was floating, and when headlights from oncoming cars gleamed on the chromed fork legs, they seemed to be extending themselves out from his face, as if he himself were the bike, and freedom the driver.

Gentleman Jim stopped off at the clubhouse of some bikers he had visited once before, and the brotherhood exploded in a mushroom cloud of friendliness and frivolity. Soon the place was crowded and a party was in the making. Word traveled fast. He had been to a lot of parties in the past, but never a party like this.

The clubhouse was remotely situated, with a good view in all directions for security. Everyone seemed to have an unlimited supply of booze, pills, and smoke, and they shared it eagerly. It seemed as if he'd been awake for days, but fatigue never bothered him, especially not in the company of so many happy brothers and beautiful women.

At one point in the course of the three-day party, during which he downed dozens of pills in order to stay awake, he watched through fog-shrouded eyes as a sleeping bro was stripped naked, painted with molasses, then carefully decorated with feathers. Several of the club mamas opened a pillow and laboriously glued the feathers to his entire body until he resembled a great, sleeping chicken. They took him outside and, after much grunting and laughing, managed to hoist him into the lower branches of a sturdy tree. Many hours later, Jim saw the dude as he staggered around the party, awake once again, but still loaded and still covered with feathers, his fuzzy dork hanging down like a frayed hemorrhoid, enjoying hell out of his new popularity as a bird.

Whenever Jim turned around, someone was handing him either a joint, a handful of pills, or small bits of paper that he popped into his mouth or simply dropped into his beer can. When he at last staggered outside to leave, he jumped up and down for a full minute, cursing as he tried to start his bike—before realizing that he was jumping up and down on the foot peg.

Now the road was nothing more than a black, wavering strip before

him as he sped along toward Memphis. The centerline writhed like a snake, and as he approached intersections they would suddenly race away from him, so that he had to accelerate in order to catch and pass them. Sometimes, horns sounded loudly in his ears, but he paid them no mind, nor the multi-colored blurs that brushed him in passing.

Memphis wasn't where it should have been. Somehow, during the night, Memphis had disappeared. He knew that he'd stayed on the right road, but the sign he had just passed had too many words on it. The only one he had made out was Little Rock. "Fuck!" he said, then laughed aloud in the night. "Somebody stole Memphis." He sang a song as he rode, tipped up his leather wine bottle to chase down half a dozen pills, then smoked another joint. "Try these," the bros in Knoxville had said, "and these," as they'd handed him part of their stash. He tried them all.

He looked at his hands on the grips. His fingers were longer. They were growing. They snaked around the bars. It was as if each finger were a wriggling snake. He laughed and held his hands up, riding along without guiding the bike, flinging gestures at the cars that honked at him in passing. He smoked a couple of numbers, then began watching for a road sign that would direct him to the city he sought, and whose name he'd forgotten. He took some more pills to help his memory, chased them with wine, and rode through the night.

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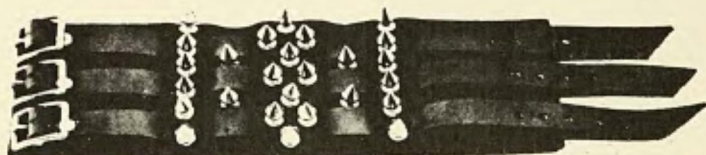
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gas stops. Usually, the attendants would watch him warily as he gassed up, taking his money and retreating quickly. At one station he served himself while the attendant was busy with another customer, and he missed the filler hole completely, pouring two gallons of gas onto the pavement, his pants, and his boots before the alarmed teenager came running.

As he rode along, the landscape changed. Trees assumed ghostly shapes, and houses and barns became lumps with no shape to them at all. His head felt as though it had swollen up, grown large and balloon-like—so much so, and so filled with gas, or something, that it threatened to lift him right off the seat and carry him away. Sparks danced on the pavement, but as he overtook them he realized they were millions of multi-colored capsules and pills, strewn there for his pleasure. He thought he saw a sign that read Gallup, and wondered if that was close to Little Rock, even though it really didn't matter. Not any more. He was free and he was riding, but something was happening that he couldn't understand. Everything was beginning to disappear. He was fused to his bike, and all he could see was the black strip ahead.

He tried once to move his hands off the bars, to wipe his eyes, but they were glued there. Another hand came from out of nowhere and dumped pills into his mouth. He laughed and rode on.

The sun came up, blazing hot behind him, lighting the road ahead, but it was split with his shadow. Fascinated, he saw himself stop. Now, instead of he and the bike racing forward, the road was speeding toward him. His body reeled the road in, like a spring-loaded tape measure when the button is pressed. He put the front wheel on the centerline, then watched as the road slithered up onto the tire. Like an escalator, it crawled over the handlebars and touched his lips. He tasted it, and it was good. Cars and trucks came toward him, but they leaped off the ribbon that was being reeled into his mouth and disappeared into the melting landscape, their horns singing.

He looked down and discovered that his body, too, was melting. It had fused with the chrome and paint. He looked up, eyes wide in amazement, knowing that he had always felt his bike to be a part of

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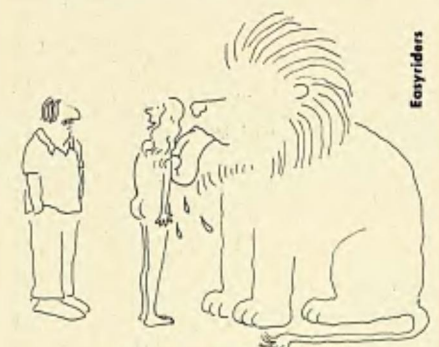
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him, but not realizing that such a blending could occur in fact. A hand dumped more pills into his mouth. His eyes grew large as headlights. The lids were gone, and they wouldn't close. He heard a cracking sound, and the pain in his head began to go away. There was a popping noise above, but he couldn't tip his head back to see what caused it because he had melted down onto the tank. Pills conveyed themselves along the road and into his mouth. Chrome flashed in his eyes. He tasted rubber and asphalt, smelled sagebrush, rain on the highway, burning wood and grass, dust, ether and formaldehyde. The road came toward him faster. He melted lower, blending into his machine—and he heard a humming sound begin. He was the motorcycle. He had at last fused with it completely. His heart was its heart. He gazed ahead, along the endless, ribbon-like road that sped away through the mountains of a strange land.

"Who's this one?" the new intern said, glancing through the small, screened window of the padded room. Inside, curled up in the fetal position on a cot, lay a naked man. He emitted a constant, low, humming sound.

"Let's see," the doctor said, thumbing through a sheaf of papers. "Here it is. James Blatchford. Found lying beside his motorcycle near Memphis, quite a long time ago. Decortication. Catatonia. You'll have a turn at him, although he's never any problem. Just lies there staring at the wall and humming. Record shows he was saturated with all kinds of amphetamines, LSD, barbiturates—you name it. Looks like he's gonna last a long time, too, poor bastard."

They passed on along the hall. ■



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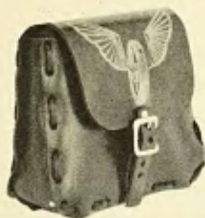
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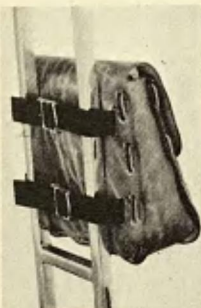
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Flathead 80

—Continued from page 12

the bike home. He was still hard pressed to say whose face, his or his son's, was exploding in more pleasure that morning. From the very beginning it was understood that some day, if the boy proved a worthy man, the machine would be handed down from father to son. And as the years slipped by, the boy grew into a man who understood his inheritance was much more than a motorcycle—it was, in fact, the legacy of a way of life.

So, on the son's 18th birthday the father walked up to him and simply stated, "Boy, if ya kin whip me, ya kin have her."

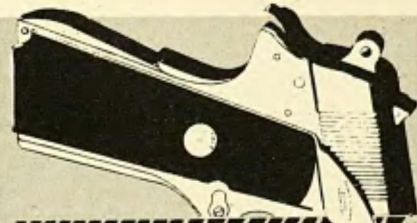
They squared off in the shade of the ranch house, circling like a couple of wary animals. The son let loose with a roundhouse right that never landed. In an instant the young man was on his back in the dirt and chicken shit. But without batting an eye, he jumped to his feet and swung again, only to find himself once again in the dust. He rose to his feet once more, a bit slower this time. Again he advanced on the man he idolized, lashing forth with a kick, with familiar results. While using the side of the house to pull himself upright, the lad stared his opponent straight in the eye and spit through broken teeth, "Ol' man, that bike is rightfully mine and I aim to claim her. I'm gonna keep gettin' up till you're just too damn tired to hit me!"

The sincerity in his son's voice rolled over him like the rumble of a summer storm. The old man placed his hand on his chin and grinned as he spoke. "Son, a man can't be lettin' no young'n of his whip him. So the question really wasn't whether ya could or not—only that ya had guts enough to try."

He reached into the pocket of his faded jeans, drew out the ageless keys and passed them to his son. And it was understood without further words that when the time came the 80 would in turn be handed down to the most deserving of the next generation.

The old man, still lost in his memories, turned from the garage and slowly moved toward the front porch. He shuffled through the gravel, favoring his bum leg.

It pleased him to think of his



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son—how he had spent hour after hour pampering the Harley and then would turn around and ride the living hell out of it. How much like he once was—the fighting, the loving, but mostly, the riding. At 20, his son had taken a bride. Although she was a sweet, pretty little thing, she didn't take shit from anyone. It amused him how she had reminded him of his own woman. The young couple rode hard and lived hard, as he and his wife once had. In time, they too had conceived a fine, strong boy.

Reaching the porch stoop, he rested his ancient bones upon steps worn smooth by the passage of thousands of footsteps and countless rains. He slipped deeper into the past. In the early hours before the dawn, the wind moaned peacefully through the poplars, the only sound disturbing the stillness. A stillness which not only conjured up the memories of days long past but also their bittersweet emotions. And a tear grew in each tired grey eye as he remembered that night long ago.

He was watching his grandson so the young couple could putt some miles together. He was relaxing on the front porch, sipping a little corn. While enjoying the welcome relief of a cool evening breeze after an August scorcher, he had been getting to know his grandson. He chuckled when he thought of his daughter-in-law's usual reaction to returning home and finding the little one up way past his bedtime. But then again, she probably would have been even more surprised to find Gramps had put him to sleep. He was bouncing the lad on his one good knee when the sheriff's car pulled through the gate and drove

—Continued on page 96



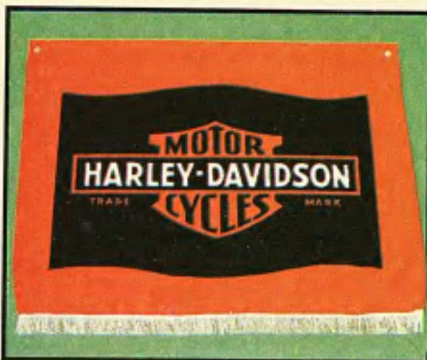
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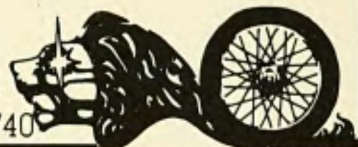
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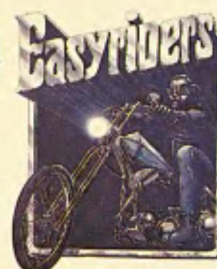
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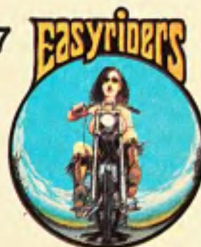
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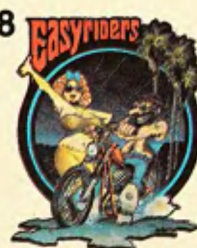
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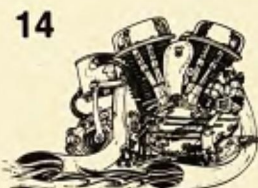
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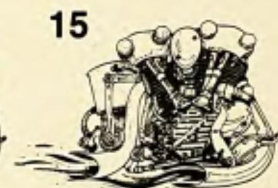
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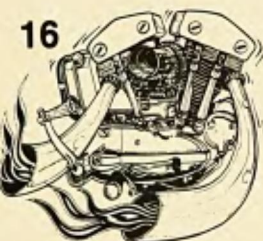
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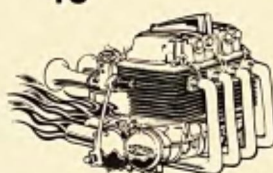
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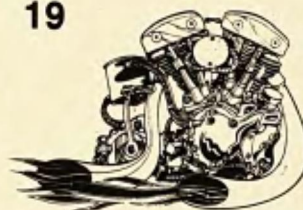
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Shirt "A"



A-Gold

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A-Blue

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Sizes S-M-L-XL

Shirt "B"



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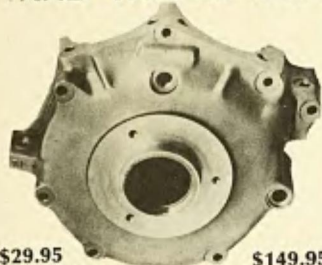
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Flathead 80

—Continued from page 93

slowly down the driveway. Having stopped the vehicle in front of the house, the young officer got out and walked to the foot of the porch steps.

"Sir, I think you should follow me. It's your son and his wife . . . they're . . ."

The old man remembered how his mind reeled from the impact, how his mental gears had failed to mesh and ground themselves into protective shock. He had nodded affirmatively to the sheriff, replying quietly that he had to drop the boy off at the neighbors' first.

He had followed the patrol car in his Chevy panel to a roadhouse out on the state highway. There he had found a scene he wished he'd never lived to see. Two crumpled forms lying next to a Harley, their blood staining the dry earth. Bastards! No one had cared enough to cover their bullet-riddled bodies from the gawking spectators. The old man turned and walked steadily to a sheriff's car that held two rednecks handcuffed in the back seat.

After taking a hard, long look at the men, he spoke with a voice as cold as the devil's heart. "Two of ya—and ya still had to use a gun. I'm sure you boys will be expectin' me around."

The old man, his son, his daughter-in-law, and the flathead 80 had ridden home together that moonless night. He buried them next to his wife, under an elm tree on a hill above the ranch. The 80 was parked in the garage.

The two cowboys were convicted of manslaughter and were back on the streets in thirteen months. The old man didn't mind, though. It enabled him to levy his own dues for damages done. But now, even the thought of sweet revenge collected years ago did little to console the ache that haunted his soul.



"Wow! These candy bars sure taste like cotton."

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A. Total No. copies printed (net press run)	391,955	406,560
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	233,470	243,046
2. Mail subscriptions	27,781	30,846
C. Total paid circulation	261,251	273,892
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	1,021	1,614
E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D)	262,272	275,506
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left-over unaccounted, spoiled after printing	8,734	4,600
2. Returns from news agents	120,949	126,454
Estimates—actuals incomplete		
G. Total (Sum of E & F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A)	391,955	406,560

- I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

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Running the ranch and raising his six-year-old grandson single-handedly had left damn few hours for riding. So the 80 sat, stored for the boy. However, those who knew him believe it was the pain of memories more than the lack of time which kept him from putting his mug in the wind.

And the years rolled by like a wheel on asphalt—fast and unbroken. He brought up the grandson as he had the son. The method proved successful once more. The lad grew and became worthy. And once again the old man had sat and waited for kin to come home.

The old man pulled a bandana from his jeans and wiped his hands while he forced his mind to happier subjects. Today was his grandson's 18th birthday. He silently hoped the morning sun would hurry to the horizon, for with the sun a young man would come to claim his gift of gifts. It would be damn good to hear the sound of the 80 around the place again.

His solitude was rudely interrupted by the sudden jangling of the telephone within the old house. As he moved toward the jarring sound, an eerie feeling crept over him. Reaching for the phone, he stopped, momentarily unable to command his hand to lift the receiver. Only after he had summoned all his courage did he finally answer the call, putting an end to the phone's incessant ringing. He put the receiver to his ear without saying a word.

"Sir—hello—are you there?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Sir—I'm sorry, but there's been an accident."

The receiver slipped from his grasping hand. He stood there for what seemed an eternity, staring out the dust-coated window toward the garage. All the life that had



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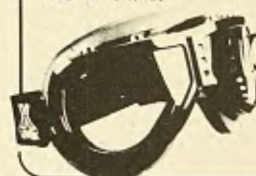
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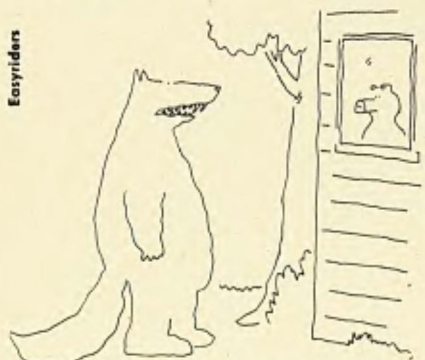
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sprung from his loins was gone—no young man would come to claim his inheritance, the flathead 80 and its way of life.

The sky was turning gray when the old man, walking with slow deliberation, left his house and walked toward the garage. It was strange, but it seemed that with every step, a little of the pain dropped away; with every foot traveled, he could stand a little straighter. No longer did he feel his arthritis, nor the weariness in his eyes. For a change, the creaking garage door opened with ease. He swung his leg over the bike and settled himself on the seat. He felt great straddling this beautiful machine. He felt—well, he felt at home. He remembered how his cares used to drop away when he rode this freedom machine.

He wheeled her out of the dank garage and down the dirt driveway. The sun was barely hidden below the purple horizon as his back tire grabbed pavement. He headed toward the cool green of the mountains. The engine pounded and the exhaust purred. Raw power flowed up through the frame and into his limbs. He was at ease, at peace. As the miles dropped away, so did the years, and the more he turned the throttle, the quicker youth returned. The tires hummed against the black-top and the old man sang against the wind. The sky was pastel, the air fresh and clean as man and machine slipped through the foothills. Winding out on the straightaways and jamming through the curves, a young man had come again to claim the prize.

The next day, neighbors, having heard of his grandson's tragic accident, came to console the old man. They found him in the garage with a smile on his pale face. He was straddling the still chained 80. ■



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Natural woman wanted by tall Italian (Cancer) with destiny in own hands. Not interested in Farah Fawcett, Mary Hartman, overweight, or uptight types. Vince, Chicago. 327-5269. (57)

1948 Indian Roadmaster Chief. 99% restored, 10 miles. Best offer over \$3,800. Photo \$2 each, others available. Bill Knight, Rt. 6, Box 315, Lewisburg, W. Va. 24901. (57)

If you're into skull jewelry, look into our catalog. You'll find much more for only \$1. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (58)

Thad (Spider): Missed February's deadline. Happy Birthday! Your lovin' ol' lady, J. (57)

Ass, Gas, or Grass—Nobody Rides for Free. Tell it like it is with this beautifully designed T-shirt. T-shirt and design of top quality. On the front of the shirt is a picture of a biker and his ol' lady on their hog. "Ass, Gas, or Grass" is printed above the design and "Nobody Rides for Free" below the design. Money-back guarantee. For your T-shirt, send \$5 plus \$1 handling to Doug Stiltner, Box 67, Grundy, Va. 24614. State size—s, m, l, xl, and color—blue, yellow, or beige. (58)

"Dirty" Rich Adams: I'm really sorry about our split. Is there another chance? Please send address to P.O. Box 10582, etc. (57)

Phantom: Nobody can take away those times we had. Your lovin' is still the best. Your "Secret." Rock Steady. (57)

Black T-Shirts for true Harley Riders: "Harley's Best, Fuck The Rest." "Harley Riders Eat More Pussy." "Harley Riders Get More Head." "Ride To Live—Live To Ride." and "I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head." \$6.50 per shirt to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. One free T-shirt for person sending in best new Harley T-shirt saying. (57)

Leo, I'm free! Please contact me. 6804 Elkhorn St., Loves Park, Ill. 61111. or (815) 633-6925. Love ya. Buns. (57)

Louise: Uncle is not going to shoot, hurt, or cause you any grief. He loves you and knows Ellen lied about a lot of things. I can't find Jackie either. Hi D.P.? (57)

Slick of Satan's Lovers M.C.: Please notify me if the club is still together. I'm a retired member and would like to be reactivated. Roach, c/o ABATE, 5015 Millers Lane, Richmond, Va. 23231. (57)

Big Albert (Boss) Smith, National Pres., Lucifer's Own M.C.: All our love from your bros in prison. Robbie Little Brother, Outlaw, Baby Boy Chico, Bearcat, Toad Hopp, Mountain Man, Loco Buzzard, Mad Dog, Bilbo, and Bobby Jo. Lucifer's Own M.C. + 1%ers forever. We love you and are with you till the end. (57)

Hawk of the Louisville chapter Outlaws: I have lost the address, while on the run. I'm no longer in Butner, but rather Box P.M.B., Atlanta, Georgia. Write! I'm awfully close to release again (14 months) and ready to ride and fly the colors. Johnny Hughes #00027-177. (57)

To the ex-Joker bro in the Washington joint: I won't say your name, you know who you are. I lost your address, bro. Drop me another line before that 58 is up. Urgent I contact you soon about the Felons, but also some other matters. Dig it? Be Cool. R. M. Spivey #8858/c-142, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kansas 67501. (57)

Wanted: Easyriders issue #9. E. Woertz, 5941 Weymouth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19120. (57)

Notice: Shane was transferred to Leavenworth, Kansas 66048. New address is P.O. Box 1000. (57)

Kirk Crosswhite, where are you? Get in touch. Carol Coffman #38575, Oregon State Prison, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310. (57)

Looking to find a sweet young thing to shack up with when I get out. Send pic and notes to Robert "Butch" Nordone #A-041-447, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (57)

Make your own bumper stickers. Send \$3.50 for complete kit to S&S Company, Box 1312-G, Erie, Pa. 16512. (57)

Bob: Thanks for being such a fantastic person. And I didn't almost love a biker, I did love a biker and I still do. L.P. (57)

Outriders, Michigan: Looking for Jim Kendall (Englewood), Pam Karslake, Bay View Cabins, #10, 7821 U.S. 23 South, Ossineke, Mich. 49776. (57)

To Mark's ol' lady, Nancy Beckett or Bennett or whatever—known to the girls in C.J.-6 as "Little Panhandler": Mary from Chicago would like to get in touch with you. We were together around the first weeks in March. I'm back in Chi-town and would love to hear from you. Write Mary Hickley, 2919 N. Troy, Chicago, Ill. (57)

You've got a horny ol' lady at home. Hurry and get out so we can ride our Harley! Deb, Houston, Texas. (57)

Wanted: Good woman to settle with. 15 months left in prison. 24-year-old white biker. Women between 16 and 40 write to Tom Seaman, P.O. Box B-36221, Florence, Arizona 85232. (57)

Downed biker wanting to correspond with chicks. Gary E. Alvord #041482, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091. (57)

In loving memory of Ray Ray Greggs, who rode hard and died fast on 7-4-74. You will always be in our hearts. Peace forever in Harley Heaven. Happy Birthday 1-31-78, Dundalk, Md. Love, Mom & Dad. (57)

Tattoo professionally: 20-lesson course. \$2.00 for info. Gordy's Tattooing, 1228 East Mason St., Green Bay, Wis. 54301. (57)

In memory of our Prez J.B. and our Rd. Capt. Dusty. You'll be loved and remembered by many. Ryders M/C Kallispell, Mont. (57)

Sworn to fun, loyal to none, 6'3", 190 lbs. lean. '75 Superglide, lived and partied in Daytona 3 years, now Va. Bch. Tall, foxy ladies. Jersey to Carolinas, send \$1.00 for pictures and details. Tve. P.O. Box 6283, Norfolk, Va. 23508. (57)

Wanted: Lady 18 to 27. Must be foxy and of slender build. Have Harley and will treat the right woman better than I treat it. Send clear recent photo and phone to "Z" in upstate New York. c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (57)

Help! Anyone! If Earl A. Sibley, originally from Fargo, N.D., is in your phone book, tell him to write to his friend Harry Parshall in Wheeling, W. Va. 26003. (57)

Chuck Mackaline, you are the best lay I ever had, and nobody does it better than you, 'cause you're the best. So keep on doin' it to me! Love from your wife, Sam. (57)

Kegger: Please let me come home from Alaska. I love you. OR-Ran-da (57)

Uncle Vanya: Please get in touch. No hassles. I love you, that's all. Call collect anytime, from anywhere. Please, tovaritsch. Lil doesn't know. Joan. (57)

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 Multaier, 1858 West Arrow Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. (57)

Highest offer takes all: 1937 Harley flathead classic chop. 1947 Indian Chief (disassembled). 1947 Harley complete flathead motor. Write Bas. c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (57)

Jake, Highwaymen, Tampa, Fla.: I've been in prison a long time bro. I want to come home. Is there anything left there for me? Things change, and people forget, but I haven't. I'll never forget what you did for me. I lost your address, so I had to write this way. You're still my bro's Jake, Hobo, Carol and Carl. How's that broken leg? Where is Ann? Contact me. Bobby Bowman 04706-156-A, Box P.M.B., Texarkana, Texas 75501. (57)

Mouse: Happy birthday, my love. The story is for you—everything is for you. There's never been a day I didn't love you. Bete. (57)

Trans Trickery—H.D. transmission specialist, complete overhauls, blueprinting, blasting, welding, performance products installed, belt drives, discounts to clubs. Write for specific needs. 246-T Lanes Mill Rd., Howell, New Jersey 07731. (201) 367-6529. (58)

Get ready for winter

Do you hate looking like a cop when you put your leather jacket on or do you feel like you're in a Fonzie look-alike contest, that Hollywood trick bag, then check out the most bonaroo jacket going. Six pockets (two huge pockets on the inside which will leave your hands free to operate your motorsickle if you happen to drop by the grocery store and pick up a couple of steaks). They come in 2 colors Casual Brown & Beyond Black.

Only \$60.00 each plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.



Star Wars Gloves

Heavy gloves, tough enough to take the abuse of damn near anything. Either the five-finger job or mittens with the trigger finger cut out. Especially good for hunting possums or coons.

Stars can easily be removed with a Buck Knife.

Real leather, not cheap plastic — with heavy insulation on the inside.

Only \$15.00 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.



Ball warmin' Chaps

When riding on a cold & frosty morn or evening, freezing your balls off, next to your ol' lady's or your house mouse's warm hands, these chaps will keep your balls & legs as warm as two crispy critters.

The pockets on the chaps are large enough to hold 1/2 pint of your favorite beverage.

Only \$70.00 each plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

Leathers from High Pockets

Made in America by Americans from the finest American cows!



Jackets Regular jacket sizes 38 to 48
Chaps Send inseam & waist
Gloves Sizes S - M - L

Order today from

High Pockets

Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630



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:

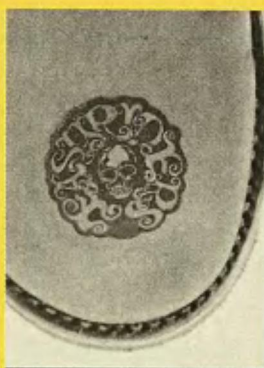
Upper leathers are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. Heels are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). Vamps, or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the

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
Size _____ Height 11 in. 17 in.
Width _____ Color Black Brown

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

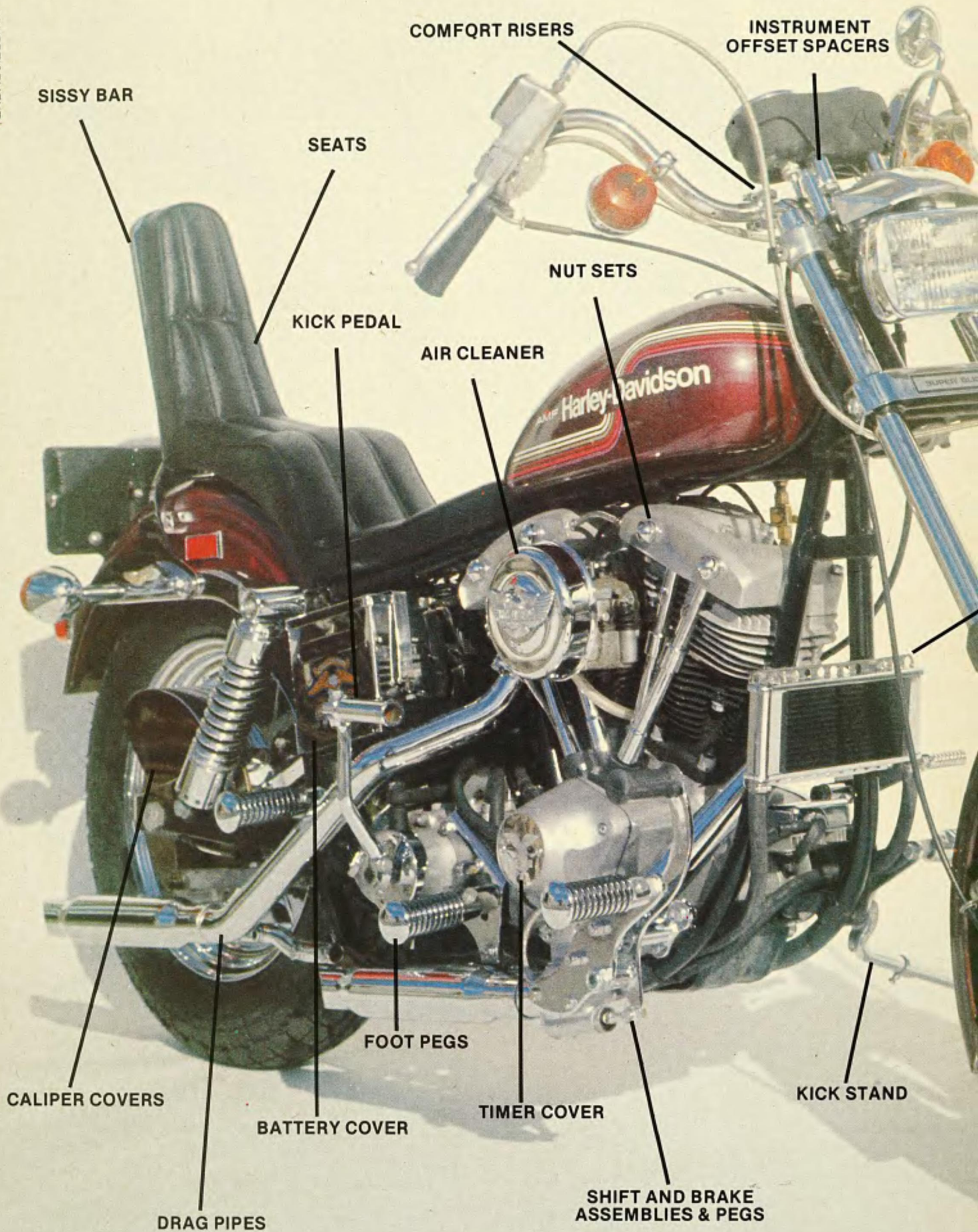
I have enclosed \$_____ for _____ pair(s)
(including \$2.50 per pair for postage & handling)
Write same info on separate paper for more than 1 pair

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%. Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead



Jammerize YOUR FX OR SPORTSTER!

HEADLIGHT
ADJUSTING BRACKET

HEADLIGHT

EXTENDED DISC BRAKE
HOSE (HANDLE BARS)

FORK TUBES

OIL COOLER

STOCK



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

CALIPER COVERS

WHEELS

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)

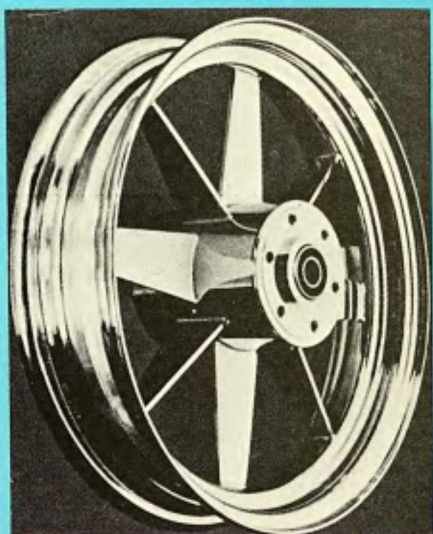


GALAXY

BOLT ON Hallcraft's WHEELS

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

SATELITE

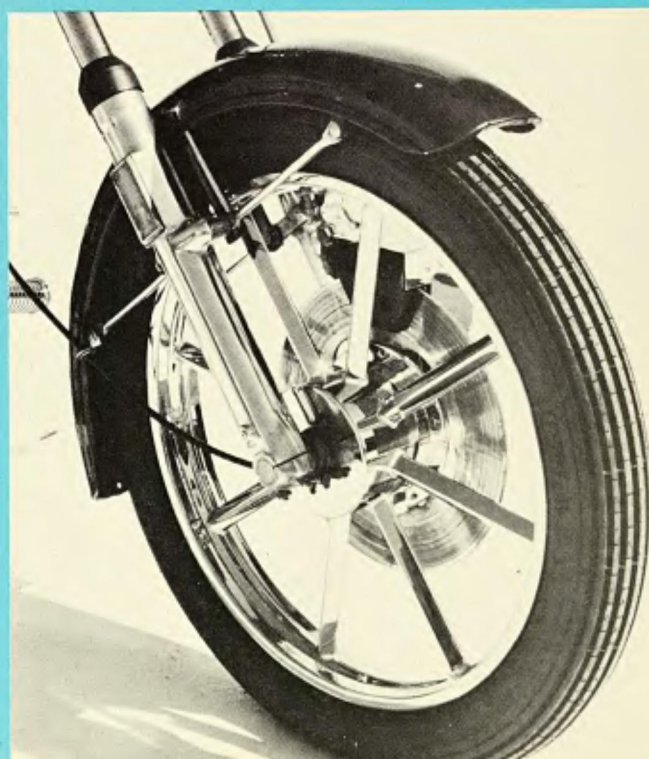


HARLEY-DAVIDSON Bolt on FRONT WHEELS

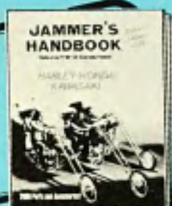
Part #	Description	
69034	18" Sportster/FX Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. '74-'76	222.30
69035	19" Sportster/FX Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. '74-'76	222.30
69036	21" Sportster/FX Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. '74-'76	222.30
69037	18" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	239.37
69038	19" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	239.37
69039	21" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL Models	239.37
69040	18" 74 (49 - 66) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel.	254.95
69041	19" 74 (49 - 66) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel.	254.95
69042	21" 74 (49 - 66) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel.	254.95
69054	18" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76	173.95
69055	19" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76	173.95
69056	21" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76	173.95
69057	18" 74 (67 to 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. FL Models.	186.19
69058	19" 74 (67 - 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	186.19
69059	21" 74 (67 - 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	186.19
69060	18" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	205.74
69061	19" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	205.74
69062	21" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	205.74

HARLEY-DAVIDSON Bolt on REAR WHEELS

Part #	Description	
68053	16" 74 '49-'66 Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	254.95
68054	16" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	239.37
68045	16" Sportster Disc Brake Galaxy Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	451.96
68060	16" Sportster Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	204.22
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
68038	16" Sportster Satellite Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	436.51
68050	16" Sportster Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	249.87

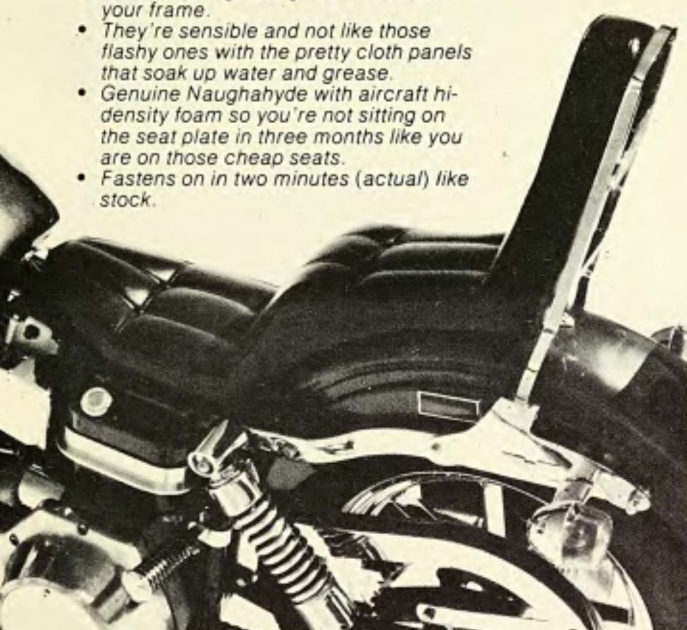


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You can now call
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order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Book on Page 110)

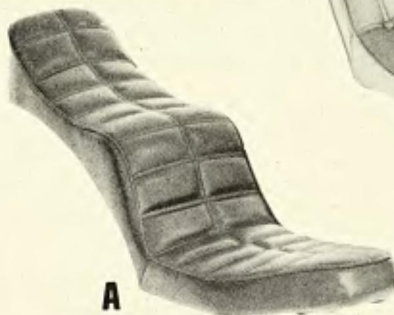


Elite Seats -

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



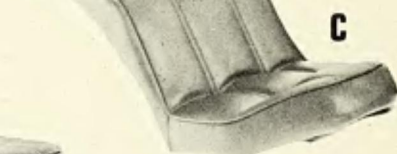
SEATS



A



B



C

ADVERTISEMENT

	Part No.	Bike	Style	Back	Size	Price
A	115029	Sportster	Pleats	4"	29"x9"	59.95
	115030	S. Glide	Pleats	4"	29"x9"	59.95
B	115031	Sportster	Square Tufted	4"	29"x9"	59.95
	115032	S. Glide	Square Tufted	4"	29"x9"	59.95
C	115033	Sportster	Square Tufted	14"	29"x9"	69.95
	115034	S. Glide	Square Tufted	14"	29"x9"	69.95

Chameleon SISSY BARS

TOTAL **\$59.95***

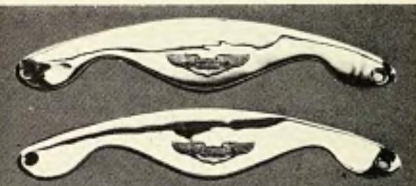
*with Jammer or chrome oval plate.

Chameleon Sissy Bars -

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



82011 Side Plates. Fits all Spst. with or without turn signals. 33.95



82012 Side Plates. Fits all FX's with or without turn signals. 33.95



8101 Jammer 4.05
Chrome Purple and Orange



8107 Jammer Wings
Gold-Plated 8.95



8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated)
8.95

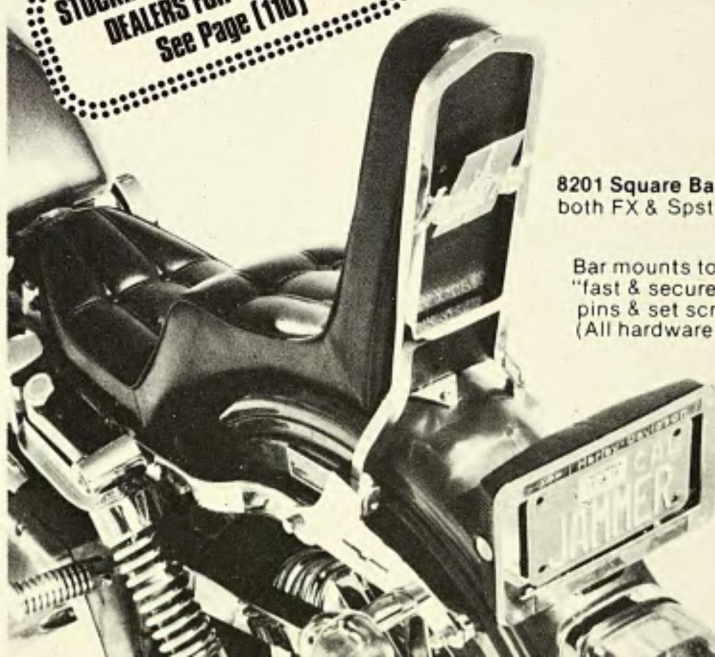


8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels
Gold-Plated 8.95



8105 Skull and Crossbones
Chrome 8.95

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)



8201 Square Bar. One bar fits both FX & Spst. side plates. 21.95

Bar mounts to side plates "fast & secure" with roll pins & set screws. (All hardware included)

SPORTSTER/FX BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES

141014 Shift Assembly - HD '74 36-73

Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. \$64.98

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

Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg.

141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74.

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

14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock.

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

14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster

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

Shifters come with hole pegs (Not Shown)

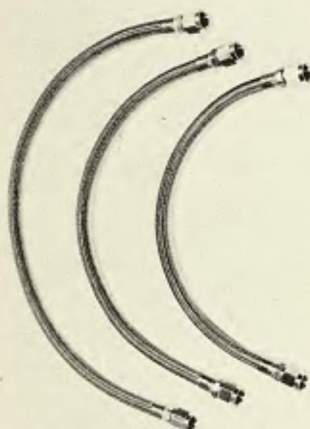
- Durable aircraft hardware, case hardened pivot bolt, aircraft lock nuts and oil-lite bushings, for long life and smooth pedal action.
- These shift units actually have more of a mechanical advantage than stock - makes shifting a breeze.
- Eliminates the need of removing your

feet from a comfortable forward position to shift or brake your bike.

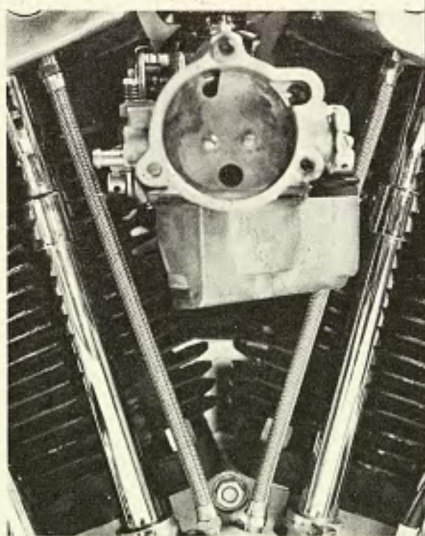
- Protects engine cases if you have to lay it down.
- Simple bolt-on operation to stock frames, not a major project.
- Chrome plated to perfection - No crummy imitations.



BRAIDED STEEL OIL LINES



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



External Engine Oil Lines

37035

1966 & later Shovelhead. \$14.95

37036

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

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

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

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

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

37032 1957 through 1961 Sportster XLCH. \$38.45

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

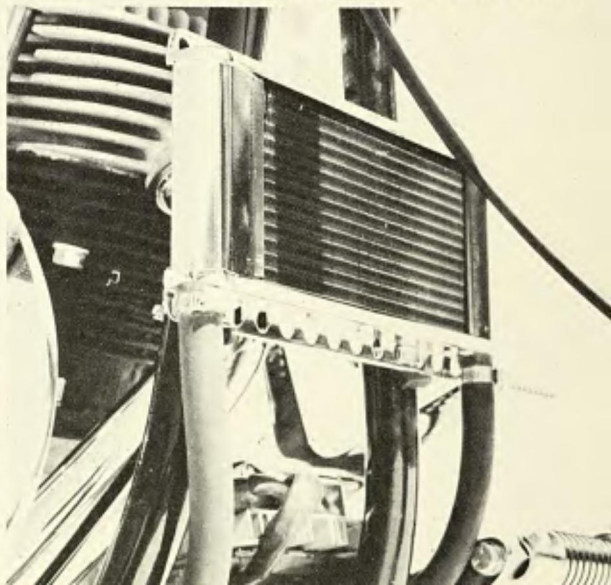
37034 1966 through 1969 Sportster XLCH. \$44.25



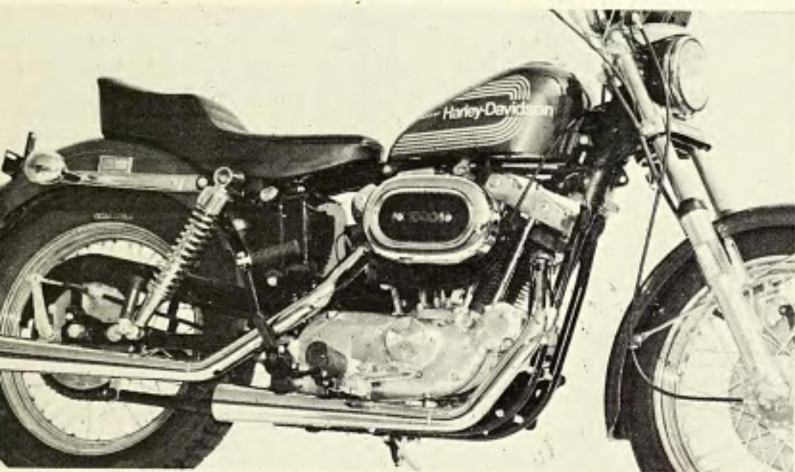
HAYDEN OIL COOLERS

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

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

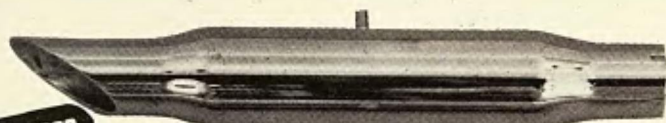


TWICE PIPES



151031 HD Shovelhead, 1970-76, FLH, S/Arm Frame.
(Not Shown) 89.00

151032 HD Sportster, 1957-76 XLH, XLCH, Rigid &
S/Arm Frame. (Shown) 89.00



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

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
(Main order blank is on page 110)

COLLECTOR PIPES

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

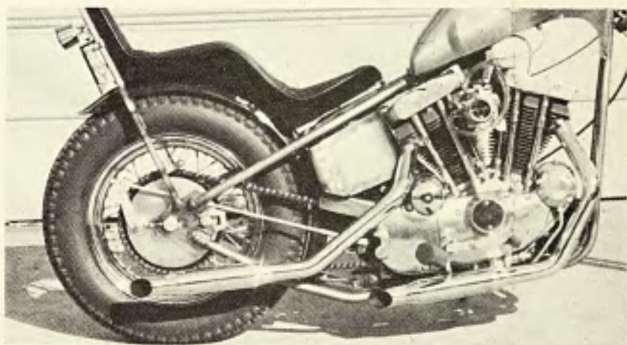
Part No.	Model	Years	Description	Type of Frame	Foot-note	Price
A 151012	Sportster	57-up	Kick or electric	S/A	3-5	\$110
151022	Sportster-XLCH, XLH	57-up	Equal length Kick or electric	Sw/Arm	3-5-6	\$115.00
151018	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	70-74	Kick or electric	S/A	3	\$110
B 151019	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	66-74	Equal length Kick or electric	All	3-4	\$110

Footnotes

- It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.

DRAG PIPES

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

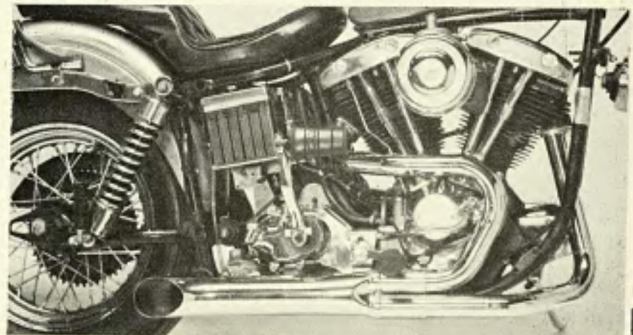
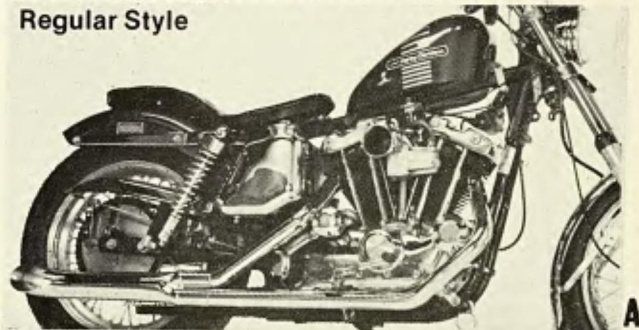


15002 Sportster Drag Pipes. Fits all years of Sportster — kick start or electric, swingarm or rigid. (Mufflers not included.) 35.95

15001 HD '70 up Drag Pipes. Fits all Shovelhead models — kick start, swingarm or rigid, juice or manual brakes. Will also fit electric start with oil tank and battery setup that allows enough clearance for rear pipe. (Not shown.) 35.95

Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

Regular Style



Equal Length Style

COVERS AND OTHER STUFF

- Here's some reasons to buy Jammer-ized covers -
- No worry or waiting while yours are sent to the chrome shop.
- Will it still work when it gets back?
- Ours are always a perfect fit for your bike.
- Triple chromed plating that doesn't chip and peel.

10608 1 3/4" SU 19.99

10609 Tillotson & Bendix 19.99

106010 Linkert 19.99

106011 38mm Mikuni 19.99

51011 Bolt-On Harley Wings.

Bolts easily to any part of bike.
Custom chromed. 9.95

122029 Rocker Arm Shaft
End Plug (1971-up)

Contains 4 chrome plated
plugs, giving the Knuckle-
head look to late model 74's. 7.00 Set

Custom Harley Air Cleaner -

- Stretch out leg clearance.
- They're washable.
- Assures maximum engine protection and minimum air-flow restriction.
- Can be installed quickly.

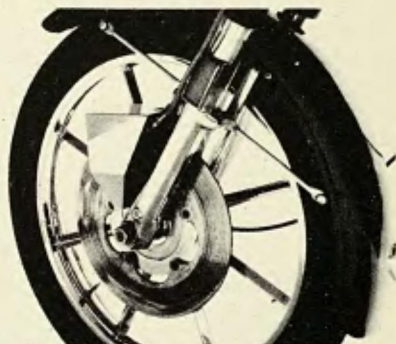


103036 Bicentennial Derby Cover - HD
Eagle. Fits HD FX, FL, FLH 71 &
Later. 9.95

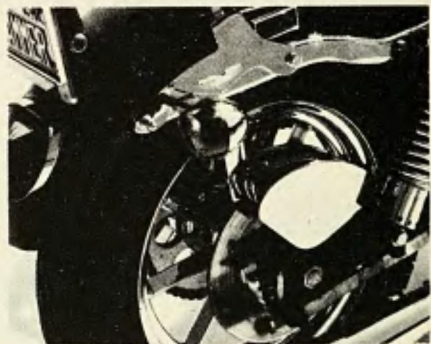
103037 Bicentennial Inspection Plate.
Fits Sportster 71 & Later. 4.95



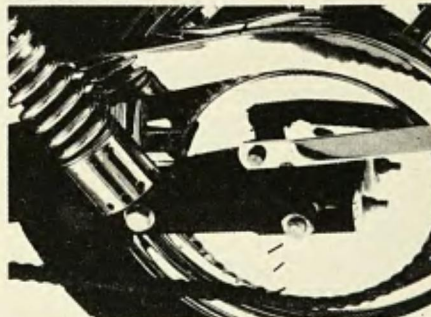
103038 Bicentennial Inspection Plate.
Fits HD 74's, 70 & Later 4.95



103022 Front Brake Caliper Cover.
Triple Chrome Plated Front
Brake Caliper Cover fits late
model XL, FX & FXE. 19.95



103023 Rear Brake Caliper Cover.
Triple Chrome Plated Rear
Brake Caliper Cover fits FX,
FXE and FL models and
1973 XL, FL, FX and FXE
Front. 19.95



Chrome Steel Sprocket Covers.
Easy Bolt-On over your Stock
Sprocket for Custom Appearance
Exact Fit.

104010 HD FX 1973 - 1976. 9.97

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DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)

Extended Disc Brake Hose -

- Resists vibrations - looks good.
- One of the more important parts of the brake system.
- Won't leak.
- Long forks and handlebars require extra length hoses.

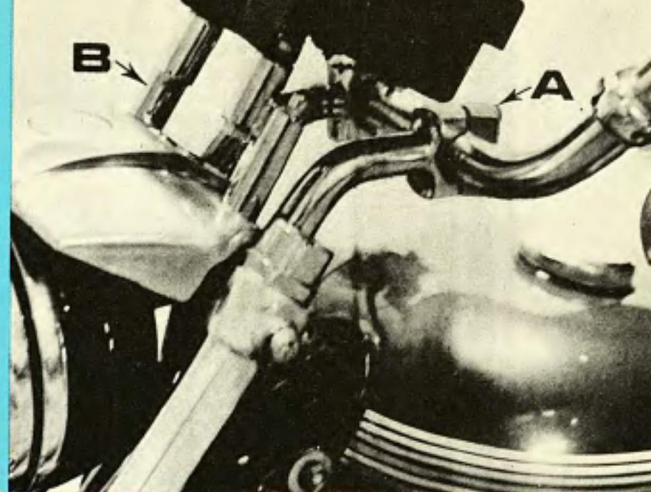
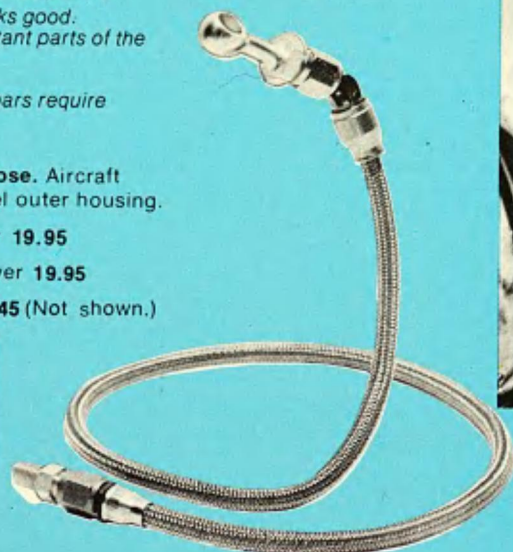
Extended Disc Brake Hose. Aircraft quality with braided steel outer housing.

53018 4" to 9" OS lower **19.95**

53019 10" to 15" OS lower **19.95**

53020 10" Handlebar **12.45** (Not shown.)

A 53018 - 4" - 9" hose was used on the FX to connect the Dan Boone controls to the stock rear/disc.

**NEW! Comfort Risers**

Chromed solid steel. 30 degree bend enables rider to get handlebars back in his lap for maximum riding comfort. Fits 1" bars and may be reduced to 7/8" by use of Jammer reducer sleeves #43015. Bottom drilled for 1/2" x 20".

A 44017 2 1/4" rise 2 3/4" lateral **34.95**
44018 2 1/4" rise 4 3/4" lateral **36.95**

B 44020 Instrument Offset Spacers

These spacers allow you to remove speed & tach from risers on FX models, allowing to run other styles of risers. All stock cables & wires still fit. Bolts included. **9.95 pair**

Fork Tubes

Fork Tubes. High quality fork tubes that fit. Centerless ground. Show chromed. Use part number when ordering.

Part #	Length	Type of bike	
65076	4-inch	Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75	59.95
65057	6-inch	Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75	59.95
65058	10-inch	Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75	59.95
65065	4-inch	Spst '75-up S/G 76up	59.95
65066	6-inch	Spst '75-up S/G 76up	59.95
65067	8-inch	Spst '75-up S/G 76up	59.95
65068	10-inch	Spst '75-up S/G 76up	59.95

Spacers. Use of these spacers will give normal spring action to extended tubes.

Part No.	Length	Type of Bike	
65083	4-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair
65033	6-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair
65084	8-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair
65034	10-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair

Internal Rods. Use of these rods will give normal spring action to extended tubes.

65077	4-inch	Sportster (Inside Rods).	4.95 Pair
65049	6-inch	Sportster (Inside Rods)	4.95 pair
65050	10-inch	Sportster (Inside Rods)	4.95 pair

All Fork Tube prices are per pair.



8907 Rectangle Seal Beam Headlight Bottom Mount 12V. **27.95**

8908 Side Mount 12V. **27.95**



9108 Headlight Bracket. Used on FX and XLCH H-D when extended front end is used. Lowers headlight for easy adjustment. **4.50**



103017 Chrome Solenoid Cover. **9.95**



154010 FX and Sportster Replacement Pegs (Pair). Complete with Rubber "O" Rings. **14.95**



155015 Kickstand Spring. Replaces Harley part #50011-30. Chromed. **2.95**

Kick Stands. Available in two different lengths: Don't forget to allow for your rake.

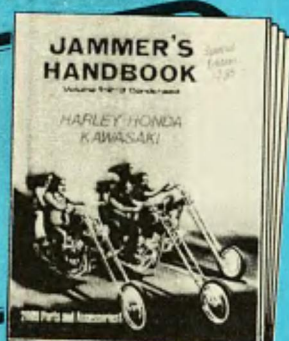
HD 74 Kick Stand. Fits 1937 and later. Use part numbers when ordering.

155017 HD 74 Standard Kick Stand
15503 extended **19.95** **19.95**

Sportster Kick Stand. (Fits all years.)

155018 Sportster Standard Kick Stand
15505 extended **19.95** **19.95**

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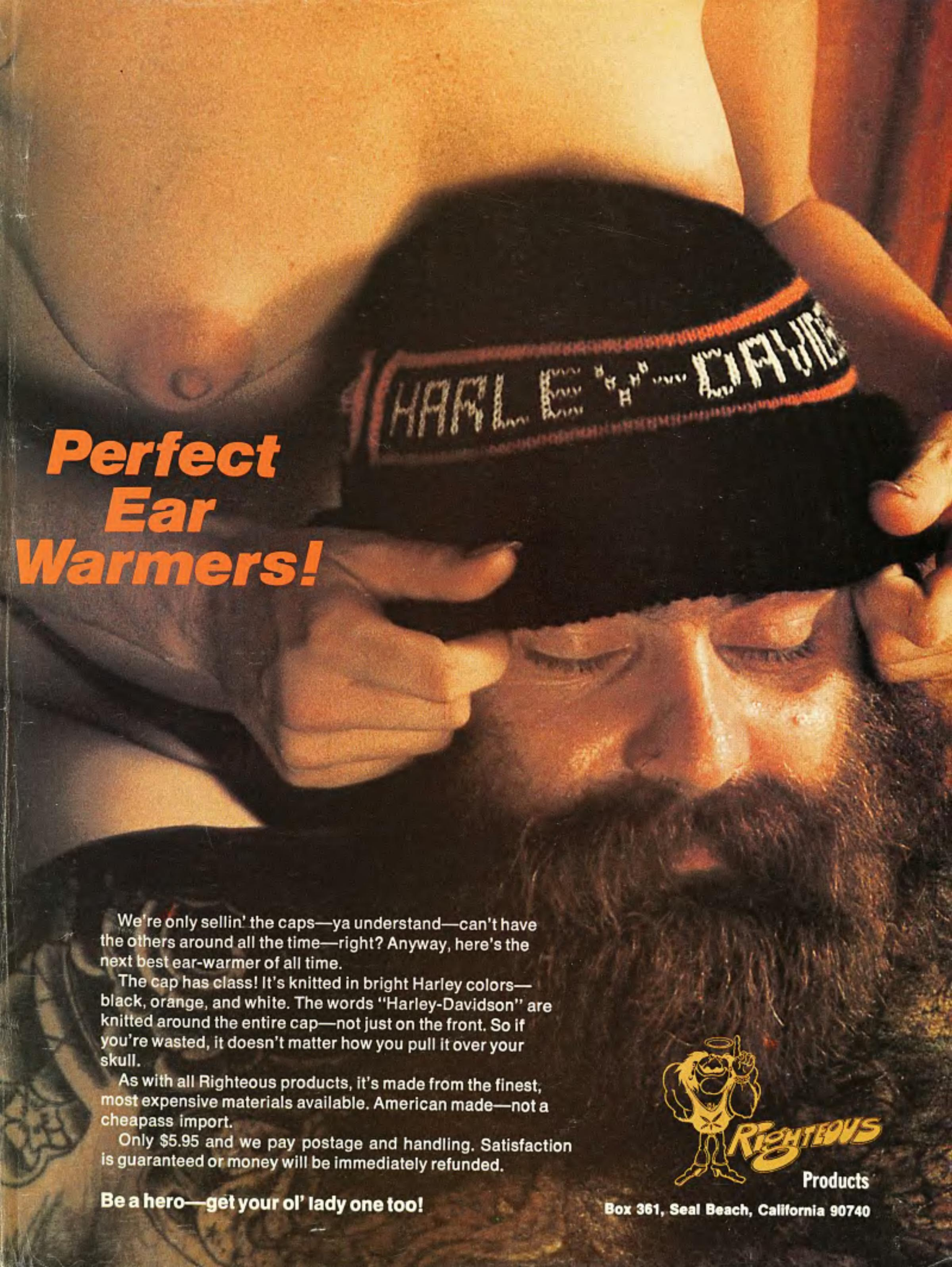
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The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

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