

Easyriders

90p

August 1978
\$1.50

**Positive Prison
Reform Plan**

**Interview with
DOT Muckity-Muck**

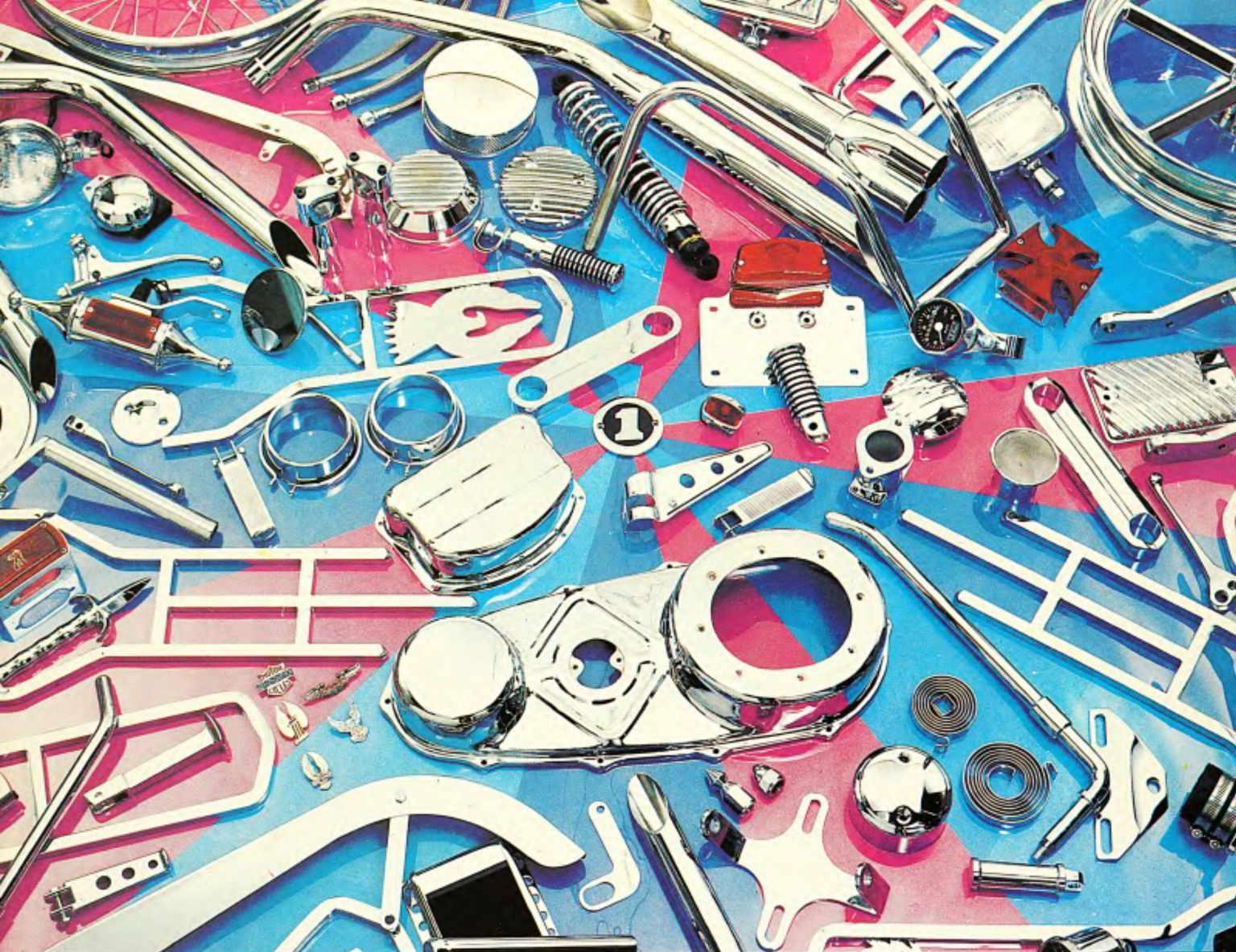
**New Price
More Pages
Better Rag**

—see page 12

**Why Men
Wear Beards**

**Sweeties,
Jokes,
Best Bikes**





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.

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6868 Washington Avenue South, Eden Prairie, Minnesota 55343 ■ Telephone (612) 941-6380
New 1977 Catalog available for \$6.00. Refundable on first order over \$25.00



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FTW

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COVER photo of Nancy and Spider by Ralph Hampton

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale July 27th.

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.

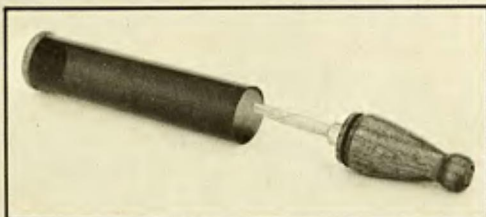
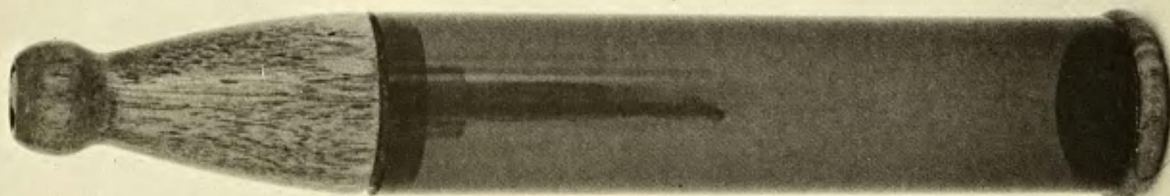
Send \$11.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

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



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

***Who Sez
You Can't Smoke
at 60mph?***



All you do is insert your doobie (whatever) into this **Biker Pipe**, light it, put the cover over it — and you're ready to puff. Even pass it from scooter to scooter while blasting down the road.

No wasted smoke either — if it goes out, smoke stays inside container. Unbreakable. Completely disassembles for easy cleaning.

Smoke the 50% that floats away!

California residents add 6%.

Send \$5.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to:

***Mackenzie
Company***

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

Yeah, we know—they're workin' their asses off—but whatdafuck—if ya wanna know what the Feds have on ya, all ya gotta do is write to Chief, Disclosure Staff, P.O. Box 388, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, D. C. 20044. Tell 'em ya want to know if the "Intelligence System" has a file on ya in a specific Internal Revenue district. Ya gotta tell 'em that you're willin' to pay for their efforts (for searchin', copyin', and all that good shit), and that you're willin' to pay the goin' rate of \$3.50 an hour for the search, and that you'll also pay an additional 10 cents per page copyin' costs in addition to the \$3.50 searchin' rate. I guess they'll bill ya—what the hell, it's our tax dollars they're spendin' to keep 'em alive. So, in other words, you're feedin' the system that's watchin' ya—or somethin' like that. Tell 'em Spider sent ya—then duck (fast).

Now this is callin' it quits—in style: Walter parked his car, walked over to the railroad track, laid his gourd on the rail, and calmly waited for ol' 99 hittin' it to San Fran. As the train squished his nog, ol' Walter muttered, "F. T. W."

Think you got some tattoos? Well, it seems that sailor Joe Simmons has the record. He had 4,831 tattoos on his bod when they threw it into his grave.

Can ya believe it? The lawmakers are once again tellin' us (or attemptin' to tell us) what we can wear. In California, a senator has introduced a bill to forbid anyone from wearin' a Nazi uniform. Now, Nazi uniforms are not my thing, but fuck it, if I want to wear a red shirt, a do-wah-diddy shirt—damn it, it's my business. Is this really a free country or isn't it? If I want to pick my nose

in public, I wanna do it. Why should the Feds, or any "authorities"—be they city, state, or whatever—tell us what to do, when to do it, where to do it, at what time to do it, if we should, why not, don't, shit! New York already has such a law. Fuck, they've got all kinds of laws—laws on laws—when will it stop? I'll ask again—is this a free country or isn't it? Right is right and wrong is wrong.

By the way—there's a lot of so-called "Spiders" runnin' around this country sayin' they're the Easyriders Spider—me. All I gotta tell ya is the real Spider has press credentials and if anyone says he's me, ask to see his press card—numbered and signed in ink by the editor of Easyriders. That also goes for anyone else who claims to be with Easyriders. He must have a signed, numbered, official press card. Be aware. Don't be used. Call us if you have doubts about anyone who claims to be with Easyriders.

The liquor industry is hurtin', folks. It seems us weed fiends (pot smokers) are hurtin' their business (more smokin', droppin', and sniffin' than drinkin'). Now do you suppose some of that tall-dollar grease is financin' some politician's holier-than-thou laws against the killer weed—while joy juice is the leading cause of all kinds of sins? (Think, man, think.)

Different strokes for different folks—or, while we're on the subject of weed: An Australian movie distributor was sentenced to life imprisonment and ordered to receive six strokes of the cane after bein' convicted of traffickin' four pounds of the green weed. In the slammer for life—wonder what the goin' rate for child molestation is there?

Speakin' of sentences—you can now get a year in the can and a \$300 fine for blasphemy in Massachusetts. Blasphemy (had to look it up) is makin' profane comments about God or about other "divine" things. (Now, don't you think that King Kong in the Sky will do in anyone who insults him? Do we really need legislators passin' such laws? Well, they gotta earn their bread—I suppose.) ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Who? What?

□ How come you guys print a lot of articles on Hondas and Kawasakis? I haven't seen a decent article on Triumphs in a long time. In fact, I haven't seen many T-shirts, novelties, or anything about a Trumpet. What's wrong? Ain't a Trumpet better competition for a Hog than a fuckin' Honda or Kawasaki?
Jeff (Stinky) Collier
Lowell, Mass.

■ What day is it, Jeff?

Relativity

□ Just thought I'd send you Einstein's Theory of Relativity. I hope all of you will get off on it.

The angle of the dangle decreases with the angle of the bod and increases with the heat of the meat in proportion to the mass of the ass and the beauty of the cutie.

Kraut
Sidney, Ohio

■ And how about the flip of the clit?

Dresser Reply

□ In the Wordmonger section of your May issue someone wanted to know why you don't feature any dressers in your rag. You implied that even though a dresser is an H-D, it isn't good enough for a feature. Your reply was "We leave dressers to Road Rider mag."

Well, you are nothing but a bunch of burnt-out, son-of-a-bitch, perverted tit fuckers. Your reply is a lot of shit. A Harley is a Harley. Some may look better than others, but they are still Harleys. My reply to your answer is that if dressers belong in Road Rider mag, then your featured choppers belong in Street Chopper mag.

Cool Hand Luke
Westfield, N.J.

■ We implied nothin', dipshit — we just specialize. Sounds like you've been playin' with your cool hand too much, Luke.

Countin'

□ No gripes intended, but why not put some numbers on your pages for us who can't count?

Feo de Dallas
Dallas, Tex.

To Our Defense

□ I really can't see how people write to you all and tell you that you fucked up or something of that sort. I guess they've never made mistakes in their lives.

Ed Reefer
New Castle, Pa.

Warning

□ Let me tell ya: Whatever ya do, don't get fucked-up in Butler, Pa. Woooo-oooo! There ain't no fuckin' constitutional rights in Butler. It's Butler County and J. C. Dillon's Law from the git-go. Don't ask the judge for your rights. He'll tell ya like he did me: "We don't do things like that here. This is Butler." If ya can, bypass the asshole of the world.

Chet
Butler Co. Prison
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Mistake

□ Just been reading the article "Gun Laws State By State" in the June issue, and you guys goofed in regard to Arizona.

You stated, "A firearm is not concealed if it is unloaded and carried in a belt holster . . ."

Well, bros, I just telephoned the Arizona State Department of Public Safety and talked to the head honcho in the Armory Section. He said anyone (not convicted of a felony) can carry a handgun loaded—

as long as it's plainly visible (in a holster as you're puttin' down the road or on the seat of your car, etc.). I verified this with the local branch of the BATF (Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms).

Naturally, I was kinda paranoid when I read the incorrect info on Arizona gun laws in your magazine, since I tote my piece around occasionally — always in the open.

Sonny Cisco
Tempe, Ariz.

Second Chance

□ Just droppin' a line to say the story "Second Chance" in your May '78 issue was well timed for my ol' man to read. Ride on!

Sunshine
St. Clair Shores,
Mich.

□ It's not always easy being a biker's wife, but stories like that can help a lot.

Barbie Jo Viens
N. Attleboro,
Mass.

Swap Meet Thanks

□ Just recovered from your swap meet here — it was pretty okay. You guys definitely have your shit together.

I would like to thank all the brothers who attended for having such excellent attitudes; it goes to show we can all be bros without hassles.

Thanks to the Denver Police for being cool—as they usually are at biker happenings.

See you all at the 2nd annual Colorado Motorcycle Festival.

Ride to live—live to ride.
Brother Harley
Lakewood, Colo.

■ We've had only two minor hassles—and they were with uptight police who

couldn't or wouldn't believe that it was truly possible to have biker meets without problems. They simply wouldn't trust us and you, even though we've never had any problems at any swap meet—except with them — the police.

K Model

□ Been going through some past issues and haven't noticed a "K" model yet. How about getting off your ass and diggin' one up?

Cartoon Face
Dearborn Hgts.,
Mich.

■ Send one in—we can't be everywhere.

We're Improvin'

□ Your rag is better than balling a ten-dollar Texas whore.

Big Sam Ramirez
Pusan, Korea

■ Now that's sayin' somethin'.

Compliment

□ You've got a good mag. Keep it that way. Everyone's entitled to a mistake now and then.

Ferrett
W. Australia

■ Move along, folks.

Goatshit?

□ Why don't you print sumpin' true instead of yer usual bullshit like the goatshit that Spider writes in Taking It Easy. You fuckheads can't do nothin' right, can ya? Suck a raccoon's right nut.

Chaca, Zigfreed,
Laraby, Max
and Craw
San Francisco,
Calif.

Likes Us

□ I just got done reading your latest issue. It's the best fucking book I ever

SPEND A LITTLE TIME READING THIS BEFORE YOU SPEND A LOT OF MONEY ON NEW HEADERS:

First, you have to decide what you're looking for. Better looks? Lighter weight? More performance? All good questions to which there is only one answer: Alphabet.

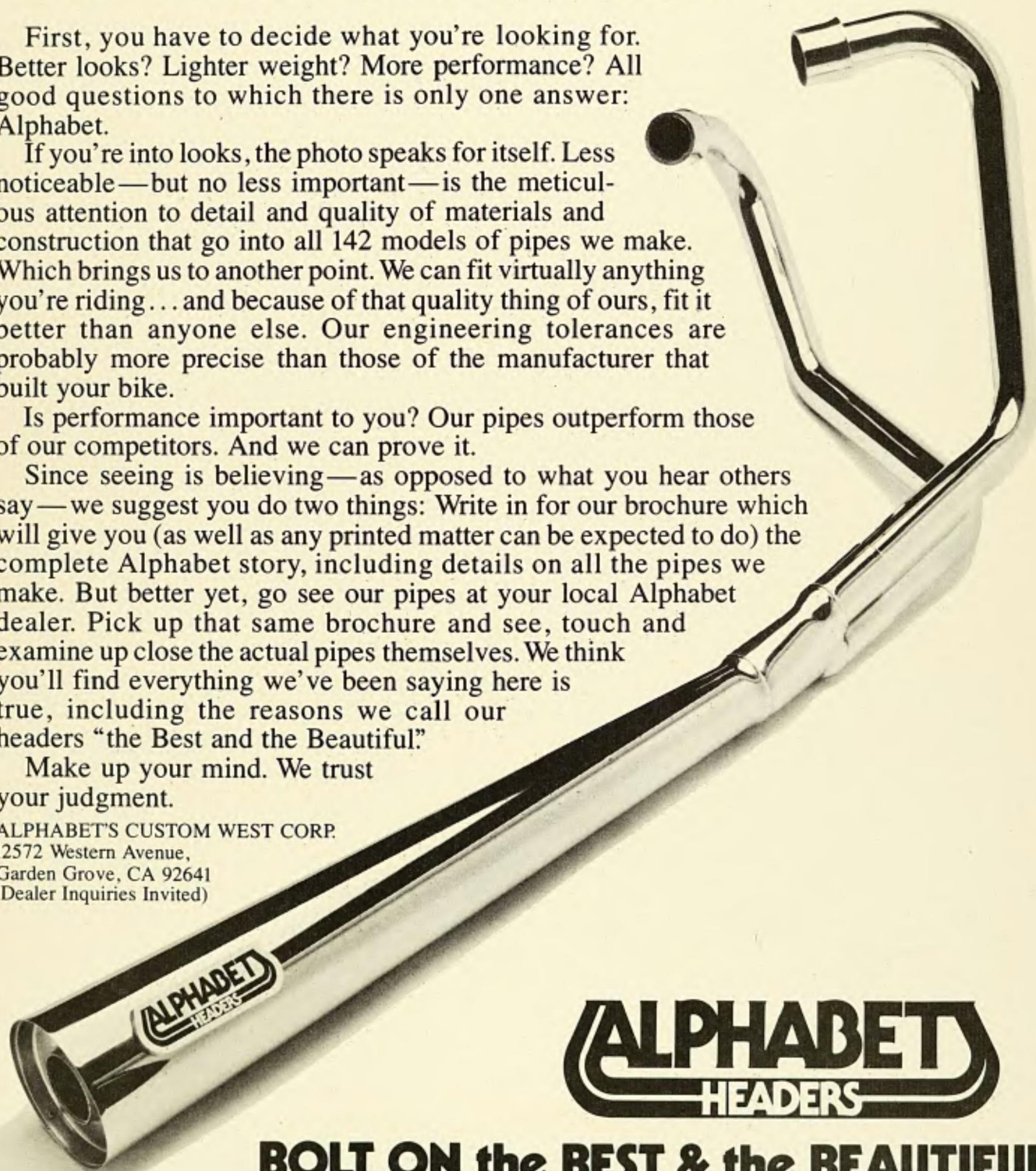
If you're into looks, the photo speaks for itself. Less noticeable—but no less important—is the meticulous attention to detail and quality of materials and construction that go into all 142 models of pipes we make. Which brings us to another point. We can fit virtually anything you're riding... and because of that quality thing of ours, fit it better than anyone else. Our engineering tolerances are probably more precise than those of the manufacturer that built your bike.

Is performance important to you? Our pipes outperform those of our competitors. And we can prove it.

Since seeing is believing—as opposed to what you hear others say—we suggest you do two things: Write in for our brochure which will give you (as well as any printed matter can be expected to do) the complete Alphabet story, including details on all the pipes we make. But better yet, go see our pipes at your local Alphabet dealer. Pick up that same brochure and see, touch and examine up close the actual pipes themselves. We think you'll find everything we've been saying here is true, including the reasons we call our headers “the Best and the Beautiful.”

Make up your mind. We trust your judgment.

ALPHABET'S CUSTOM WEST CORP.
12572 Western Avenue,
Garden Grove, CA 92641
(Dealer Inquiries Invited)



ALPHABET HEADERS

BOLT ON the BEST & the BEAUTIFUL

HARLEY EARRINGS

Genuine
Gold or
Silver



Enlarged 300% to show detail

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

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

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

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



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

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



got my paws on. Read it every month. If I can't find it in stores, I find a bro who has it. I even gotta fight my ol' lady for it.

Laid-back Lenny
Alpena, Mich.

Really There

☐ Solari has outdone himself this time. I nearly busted a fuckin' gut laughin' at "An Important Discovery." I had to read it twice just to make sure it was really there.

Trip
Schenectady, N.Y.

More On Coe

☐ I don't read too much bullshit in any mag. Because that's what it mostly is—bullshit. I just look at the ladies and close the fuckin' book. But your interview with David Allan Coe was the most truth I've seen in any mag. Especially his story of prison. You can't know what it's like until you've been there.

David Allan Coe is one righteous motherfucker and a true brother.

W. McKoy
Sumpter Prison,
Fla.

☐ He's been there and back again and seems to know where it's at.

If a lot more people from Joe Straight Citizen to Freaked Out Hippy to Bad-ass Biker (and all those in between) would take his advice and stick it in their shit-for-brains heads, this fuck-your-bro-before-your-bro-fucks-you world would be a hell of a lot better place.

Wild Bill Bush
Schweinfurt,
Germany

☐ I read the David Allan Coe article, and I'd like to say it was the best interview I've ever read. I'm just sorry that bikers are the reason he can't play the road for fear of putting someone in danger. Man, it's hard enough out here without bikers fighting and killing bikers. Sometimes I wonder if it will ever end.

A Troubled Biker
Houston, Tex.

☐ How come you can walk into just about any hippy record shop and buy David Allan Coe records?

But if you call any radio station, FM or AM, and request they play his music, they refuse.

I think that's pretty fucked up, especially when the bro's talented and sings it like it is.

J. C.
Joliet, Ill.

☐ Not only was it a waste of space that could have been used for a nice scoot feature, but you forgot to ask what his favorite color is and what his beauty secrets are.

Gonad
Warren, Pa.

☐ The interview was brilliant. It told of things the way they are. Brotherhood is where it's at. The interview keeps a locked-down bum's head in the air. Shows you what you can do with yourself if you're just about to get out. To all my brothers in tight I would like to say watch a good bro move through the lines of conformity—David Allan Coe. He's an inspiration. Lay it on, **Easyriders**.

Crazy Dave Hotfoot
Hollywood, Fla.

A Poet

☐ Hey, you fuckups, I got a little prize for you. Put it wherever ya think it fits best in your disgusting but cool rag.

To Our Non-biking
Friends in Washington:

Two wheels and a motor is all we live for.

Some have some coins but most are quite poor.

So snort a few lines or smoke a few joints.

But whatever you do, remember these points:

Ride to live and live to ride; Keep your ass out of trouble and you won't have to hide.

It's the wide open road and the wind in our face;

Smoke dope by the bale and drink beer by the case.

We follow no rules but those of the free;

We mind our own business, but you won't leave us be.

So go suck a hot one, you white-collared pigs,

And stuff all your flashy big Cadillac rigs,

'Cause we don't need all your dictator rules.

So stick your heads up your

asses and breath deep, fools.

We're the last of the cowboys and love open space,

So find something else to gripe about and get off our case!

Charlie "Turd" Moore
Monroeville, N. J.

■ Thanks, Turd.

Same Name

☐ How did you jerks come up with the name Roger Lyons for your police brutality T-shirt advertisement? Roger Lyons is very much alive and doing as well as can be expected. I should know—he's here with me now in Mansfield. But this time he's not the victim of a beating. It's even worse. This time he's the victim of a bum murder rap.

Paul Foreman
Mansfield, Ohio

■ There are a lot of people with the same names. How many Pauls do you know, Paul? Hey, Paul . . .

Freedom

☐ Your magazine strikes a blow for freedom — except for one thing. In Chopper-shopper you've accepted an ad from the Ku Klux Klan.

Bob the Cob
Minneapolis, Minn.

■ Freedom is freedom is freedom.

Wrong Again

☐ You're all wrong. The fact is that ear-piercing goes all the way back to when Moses laid down all the laws of the people. If you get down your trusty Bible, you can read for yourself in Exodus Chapter 21, verse 5: "If . . . the slave declares 'I am devoted to my master and my wife and children; I will not go free,' his master shall bring him to God and there at the door or doorpost he shall pierce his ear with an awl, thus keeping him as a slave forever."

Ear-piercing means you are a slave forever. Macho? Hardly.

A biker's ol' lady
Rapid City, S.D.

Simple Answer

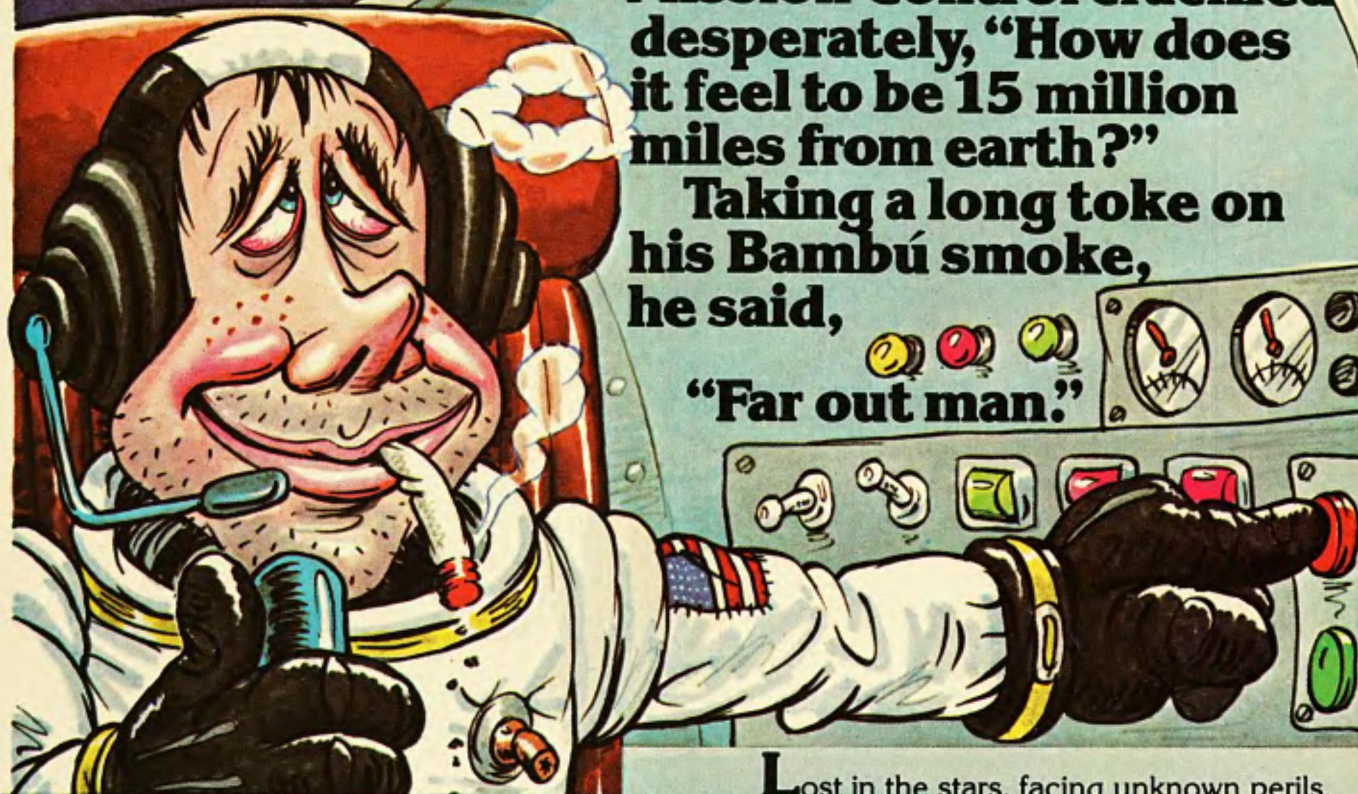
☐ In your Toy Run story (Apr. '78) you stated that it

BAMBÚ THROUGH HISTORY.#3

As Neil Strongarm's craft hurtled uncontrollably out into the vast universe, Mission Control crackled desperately, "How does it feel to be 15 million miles from earth?"

Taking a long toke on his Bambú smoke, he said,

"Far out man."



Lost in the stars, facing unknown perils, Strongarm had but fifteen choices: Regular

Bambú, Big Bambú, Blanco y Negro (regular and long), Marfil Wheat, Marfil Rice, Indio Rosa, the six Bambú flavors: Banana, Cannabis, Cherry, Coconut, Grape, Strawberry. Plus Bambú Rollers and a Bambú Metal Case.

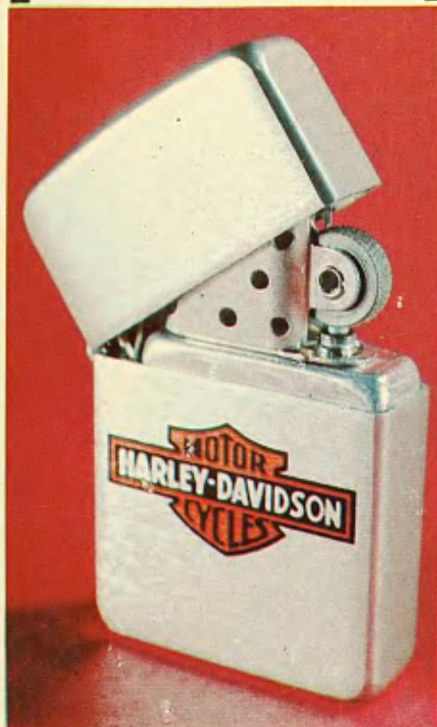
Neil Strongarm's Far Out Offers: #1: A Bambú Roller and Bambú Metal Case and any pack of regular size paper or **#2:** 10 packs of any paper for just \$2.00. (Postage and handling). Send \$2.00 per offer to:

BAMBÚ SALES INC., Dept. R, P.O. Box 691
Westbury, New York 11590 (516) 333-4080

Since 1764, more high fliers, grounded space cadets and just plain people have rolled with Bambú than any other paper.



ROACH LIGHTER



American Made

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

Lifetime Guarantee

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

An ideal gift! (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. California residents add 6% sales tax.

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

was a far cry from last year's run when the toys were turned down by the Marine Corps. I like bikes and I am presently a marine. I had an argument with a sarge about the Corps turning the toys down. I was on the biker side and he was on the Corps side. My question is this: Why did the Corps turn down the toys? Was it for some safety reason or just because the Corps considered itself too good to take them from bikers? I would appreciate an answer, if possible. If not, I'll just have to go along with the reason the sarge came up with.

Marine
Symco, Wis.

Two and two are four.

Not A Vehicle

□ After this truckdriver cuts me off and I have to bring down my bike (\$1,500 damage to my ride and a little more to my ass and pride), The Man finally shows up and gives the trucker a ticket for running a red light. After all this shit, I find out that they passed a law in Massachusetts that your insurance company is responsible for your medical bills and compensation for lost time from work. When I went to get the form from my insurance company, I found out that when this law was passed, they (who the fuck is they?) decided that a motorcycle is not a motor vehicle.

If it's not a motor vehicle, then why do these fuckers keep sending me excise tax bills for my bike that are higher than the ones they send me for my car? My insurance is higher too.

Leo Phillips
Boston, Mass.

Turnin' Pages

□ I was reading "Second Chance" (May '78) and I turned fifty-seven pages to continue the story. At this particular moment I thought about that guy who wrote you a couple of months ago complaining about all the pages he has to turn to read a story.

So what I did was close the magazine, open it back up, find the first page of the story, turn to the page

it continues on, and went on my way.

I could find nothing physically tiring, mentally tiring, or confusing about doing this either.

I just think that a magazine as good and as well done as *Easyriders* is worth the effort of page turning—if you can call page turning an effort.

Flashback
Seattle, Wash.

Advice

□ Writing a letter ain't my style, but I gotta tell ya about this shit. I just spent six months in jail for fucking around with the feds. I got back home, picked up a copy of your rag, sat down, and got all fucked up and sloppy. Opened the sonofabitch up and a piece of paper fell out saying, "Get Saved." Whatdafuck?

Shoeleather
Lincolnton, N.C.

■ Someone was tellin' ya something.

15-Buck Boxes?

□ Now chrome is chrome and metal is metal, so that sure as hell can't be why the Harley parts cost so much, right?

Anyway, a bro of mine used to work for the printing company that makes those little fucking boxes and plastic bags for Harley, so take it from me—this is the straight shit here. That cardboard, ink, and plastic is A number one shit and expensive as all fucking

hell. That's why your asshole feels a little sore every time you walk out of your local Harley-Davidson dealer's with an armload of parts.

Don't believe it? Well, why else would a 5-dollar part cost 20 bucks? It's the box, numbnuts—it costs ya \$15. Shit, I can hardly get my bike into my garage any more 'cause I got so many of those fucking bags and boxes in there.

Another thing, if you save up enough of them fuckers, you can trade 'em in for a new Low Rider—honest.

Bolt
New York, N.Y.

Fuckin' Wow

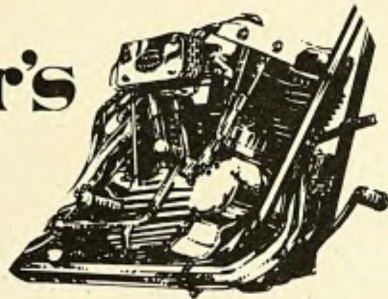
□ Just jerked off eye-ballin' Mystery Sled on page 17 (still had to count 'em, you fuckers), June edition. That's gotta be the most bitchin' ride you've ever slid into your rag. Two more sleds like that in this lecherous literature and I'll quit ripplin' this shit off and buy a copy. You're lookin' better every month. Get some good smoke?

Dan Hamlin
Norfolk, Va.

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.



Biker's



Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

More diatribe . . .

Recently, the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety made headlines again with a report that driver education programs led directly to increased teenage fatalities. The study states, "At least 2,000 fatal crashes per year that would not otherwise occur are attributed to increased licensure of 16-17 year-olds because of driver education." Though the Institute's report primarily focused on automobile operators, it also sideswiped motorcycle education. It stated that motorcycle training in high schools "would likely worsen the present situation substantially."

Fortunately, a chorus of indignation has greeted the report's publication. The AMA's legislative analyst Gary Winn commented, "By leaping to conclusions about motorcycle education in the absence of any data, the IHS has demonstrated a level of irresponsibility which is typical of that organization's continuing vendetta against motorcycling." Winn's remarks were supported by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation's dismissal of the report as a "diatribe" because of a total lack of data on motorcycle education.

In effect, the Insurance Institute suggests that the only way to reduce teenage fatalities to its satisfaction would be to simply prevent young people from operating vehicles. The Institute clearly prefers that the public walk rather than ride. As a result, it faults driver education because it makes operator licenses possible for a segment of the population that might otherwise be safely pounding the sidewalks.

Still, the IHS may have founded its sensational claims on suspect statistics once too often. Even the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, which sup-

ports the Insurance Institute on helmet and seat belt issues, found in the IHS report no factual basis for the claim that driver education causes traffic deaths.

—Cycle Guide

Whatsa motorcycle? . . .

Andy had come to grips with some of the emerging realities of today's changing market and had changed the direction of his store to go where the market is going. Andy had selectively broadened his recreational product line and changed the name of his store to appeal to families now that the U.S. birth rate is again on the increase.

Of course, this "family fun store" concept is an evolutionary type of change that we've for years been pointing out and urging you to crank into your planning and purchasing. Now, however, it appears that this line of thinking is accelerating within the motorcycle manufacturers—in fact, the motorcycle manufacturers are no longer calling themselves "motorcycle" companies. They are now referring to themselves as "recreational products" companies, and the growing diversification of their product lines reflects this revised reference to themselves: scooters, bicycles, mopeds, outboard motors, generators, water scooters, go-karts, three- and four-wheel all-terrain vehicles . . . oh, yes—and motorcycles.

One topic which this all brings to mind again is the question: "What is a motorcycle?"

—Dealer News

ABATE complimented . . .

It's our pleasure to do anything we can to help work for the general good of all motorcyclists. ABATE and the MMA are to be complimented by all of us for their efforts, and I hope our readers will lend these groups their support.

Putting this publication together leaves little time to keep on top of everything the politicians are up to, so just keep those newsletters coming.

—Bob Clark
Street Chopper

Harley Moped?

The very idea is enough to give every iron-bottomed hawg lover the cold sweats. Harley-Davidson has long been associated with big motorcycles, up to and including 80-cubic inch V-twins of some years ago. So is it possible that America's favorite motorcycle manufacturer would really stoop to the production of those little putt-putts that are so anemic in power output that they have to come equipped with a set of pedals? What is the world coming to?

Well, fellow enthusiasts, if you've heard that rumor, it just ain't true. Harley is *not* going into the production of mopeds. In fact, their future seems to lie in the opposite direction: bigger models than ever.

But Harley's parent corporation, AMF, is going into the production of mopeds, since the huge leisure equipment manufacturer sees a big future market for the little basic transportation two-wheelers.

The new hybrid bicycle-motorcycle will be produced at the AMF Wheel Goods Division plant in Olney, Illinois—not at any of the Harley-Davidson facilities.

—Swede Carlson
Custom Bike

Passive stand? . . .

From the show we moved out to the KOA campground where ABATE was hosting a number of meetings and week-long party. It's good to see this group is taking more than a passive stand on the rights of motorcyclists.

—Street Chopper

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTeous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



Yes, This IS a Free Country! (Damn it!)



Yes, we had to increase the cover price once again. Why? Simply because the large advertisers will not support our magazine; they don't like the image it projects—that is, the image it projects in **their** eyes.

As you probably noticed in the last issue, AMF has forbidden Harley-Davidson to advertise in **Easyriders**. Can you imagine a company not advertising in a magazine with a readership so loyal to that company's products that many of them even wear the name tattooed on their bodies? But this same company that **won't** advertise in **Easyriders** will advertise in **Penthouse**—with all its photos of nude women with their fingers on their clits, with their mouths open, eating grapes and bananas—all intended to be provocative to the magazine's readers. Obviously, we see nothing wrong with nudity. But we can't understand why a company will

advertise in other magazines regardless of title and contents—magazines that have to be sold on the newsstands with blank sheets obscuring the actual covers, because they will offend certain people. Yet these people won't advertise in our magazine, a magazine that projects life as it really is—people as they really are.

But, of course, sometimes windows in Rolls Royces are too thick for people to see through—to see their own market riding right alongside them on the expressway, on their motorcycles.

Some people are so high up in ivory towers that they can't see the people on the street and therefore don't understand the people on the street—in short, don't care for the people on the street other than for the dollars they have in their pockets.

As we've said before, it's the old case of

"Buy your beer here, but go down the street to drink it, 'cause if you stand in front of the store, you're gonna scare off other customers."

These people would rather see us all wear T-shirts, shorts, and tennis shoes—expensive ones at that, as demonstrated in a recent **Playboy** magazine feature. The article concerned biker fashions and portrayed women on motorcycles, wearing hose and high-heeled shoes. The feature was full of pussy-looking men with their slicked-back hair, \$140 shoes, \$200 pants, and \$70 shirts. All this indicates what the ivory tower advertisers want the biker to look like, but of course can't force on him.

If you ride a motorcycle, common sense dictates that you wear boots, that you wear sturdy pants, that you wear a leather jacket, that you wear gloves, and that you wear some type of cap, knitted or otherwise, to keep your hair from being tangled. Furthermore, you must wear goggles or glasses to protect your eyes, and you should wear something to cover your mouth so you don't inhale all the bugs and road dirt. With all this common-sense riding gear on, to the ivory tower executive you look like a monster from outer space—when actually you're dressed to keep yourself warm—and protected, should you accidentally go sliding down the highway on your back.

If you care for your woman at all, she should also dress accordingly. So when the two of you—or the six of you—walk into a restaurant, obviously you're going to blow the straight citizen's mind because you're not dressed like him and because you're not using his approved method of transportation.

It's incredibly hypocritical of the advertisers to want to sell you the product and yet object to the way you look, the way you comb your hair, the fact that you wear a beard, the fact that you're different from their image of propriety.

But why can't you just be yourself? Damn it, this **is** a free country—at least, it's **supposed** to be. And if this is a free country, you can do as you damn well please.

Now, **Easyriders** firmly believes this **is** a free country and that we can do as **we** damn well please. So we don't give a damn if Harley-Davidson or any other company ever advertises in our magazine again. If you go back and look in our early issues, you'll see

that we stated this position then—and it's equally true today.

The Harley-Davidson ad agency may also be a little miffed at us. When they did decide to give us **one** ad, we in turn told them we didn't care if they advertised or not. And if they **did** advertise, we said, they could not show people standing around with helmets tucked under their arms like security blankets. The ads could not promote helmets **per se**, and we would not accept any of their advertising that knocked after-market manufacturers—that is, manufacturers who design products and accessories that you can **add** to your Harley to enhance its appearance, should you not like the way the factory did things and want to personalize your bike **your** way. This is a free country, you paid for your motorcycle, and you should be able to do anything you damn well please with it. No manufacturer should be able to tell the buyer what he can or cannot do with the motorcycle after the buyer has laid down his own hard cash for it.

Does it really come as a surprise to you that the government has passed a law or is about to pass a law that will prohibit you from making changes to your brand-new motorcycle, i.e., to prevent your making any alterations to it—does it really surprise you?

It shouldn't. Powerful manufacturers have gotten to the bureaucrats' and lawmakers' ears and have sold them on the idea that the **only** safe motorcycle is the one built **only** by the factory—and that's pure bullshit.

It's up to all of us to tell the government once again, as we did with the mandatory helmet laws, to get off our fucking backs, to quit looking to the high rollers of this country and start paying attention to the people who put them in office. Otherwise, we, as a huge, powerful force, are going to start electing officials who enact laws that we, the dumb, common, ordinary citizens want.

Yes, as I said in the beginning, we had to raise the cover price again, but this is our way of telling the advertisers that, to repeat, they are **not** going to tell us what to do and that we don't need them—in short, to go play with themselves. As a matter of fact, if they had a fucking brain, they'd probably play with it.

— Lou Kimzey



THEY KNOW ME

by Michael Burke

Hooooooya. All right, now. Time to get my shit together. Just got done with the best goddam laugh I ever had. A belly laugh that released six years of gut-squeezin', asskissin' tension in one fabulous rush.

I've just realized what the fuck lies ahead of me. And ya know what? For the first time since I slid out of the chute, I'm sure it's right. I even feel *good* about it! That's a new one for me, man.

Ya see, bros, I just walked down to my garage from my Early American livin' room, 'cause my wife and her Early American friends were makin' me uptight (as usual). Pulled my Country Squire station wagon out on the driveway, came back in, and closed the door. Then I was able to move the stupid-ass garden tools and pull the old canvas army tarp, along with about two and a half years of dust, off my treasure.

There she was in front of me again. Waitin' quietly and calmly—yet still bold—as usual. I guess she always knew I'd come back to her someday. Ya just don't amputate a part of your soul and forget about it forever. You may try like hell, but ya can't do it—not if it's in your blood. The only thing you can do is pretend you're happy like all the other dumb slobs wearin' ties and buyin' ulcers in their Early American office buildings.

Anyhow, there I am, gazin' at what I've come to realize is the most important thing in my life. My black-lacquered beauty. A 1949 pan enveloped in a slightly molded wishbone frame. An old Bates solo for my tired ass and a short sissy, curved back right at the tip to make it look slicker'n shit. Up front she's pushin' an old "K" model wheel, hooked up to a stock-length springer, black with chrome springs. Her horns are an old pair of butterfly bars that a good bro gave to me just before he high-sided and got himself snuffed. The peanut tank finishes her off.

But there were some other "extras" on my baby that I hadn't noticed before—oxidation marks cloudin' the chrome, even some surface rust on the wheels. The molding up around the neck had popped open in a couple of spots, along with some cracks and bubbles in the paint around the gas cap. Damned seat even had some fungus on it. Add about four pounds of

dust and you've got one sorry-lookin' Hog.

She would never have looked like this when I was ridin' her. That's what I get though—leavin' her sit for all these years. Man, she ain't seen the light of day for two and a half years! Even before that, I don't know how long it's been since I was out on her. Oh sure, I'd pull her out every summer and work on her just long enough to get her started. But no ridin'. Then back in a dark corner of the garage until next summer.

Hell, now I remember the last time she was started up. It was when ol' Burner came to see me that summer. Came all the way from up north to see his old childhood buddy. 'Fact, it was me what gave him that nickname. That was way back in the days when we were ridin' Honda 90s and dreamin' about Harleys. Swearin' to each other, as blood brothers, that someday we'd each own one and ride together forever.

Just as we were makin' that famous pact, ol' Burner dropped a match he'd just used to light his cigarette. It landed on his gas-soaked jeans and they went up in flames. Neither of us was too good at smokin' at the time, but the name has stuck ever since. I'd always rib him about it. Still do—when I see him.

Yeah, I remember that last time Burner was here. He couldn't believe my Hog was sittin' stashed back in the garage. Then when we started to work on her, he wanted to know why I pulled the garage door down. Just couldn't understand how the sight of two customized motorcycles in my house might ruin my reputation in the neighborhood, or that word of it could get back to my boss and co-workers. He was really shook by all this. I've never seen him so sad as when he left my place a few hours later.

But just before splittin', while he was sittin' there on his glitterin' knucklehead, he dug deep into the small duffel strapped to the bike's bars and threw something toward me. It looked like an old blue rag flyin' through the air.

As I caught it, Burner yelled above the bark of his engine: "I don't know where the fuck you're at, man—but you got some of my blood in ya; and as long as I believe in myself I'll believe in you."

He raised his left wrist toward me, showin' the small scar on his

hairy arm that had united our lives in brotherhood so many years ago. Then suddenly he was gone in an explosion of noise and a flash of chrome.

I unfolded the cloth Burner had tossed me. The blue rag turned out to be a sleeveless denim jacket that looked as if it had gone through a war. Imbedded in that vest was dried blood, grease, beer, puke, and who knows what. But what really caught my eye was the patch on the back. It read "Prospect—Evil Deeds M.C." in bold red letters on a white felt rocker. This was the club Burner and I had wanted to join years before. These were the same colors he was wearin' on his back now, except Burner's wasn't a prospect's patch—and he had the word "Prez" embroidered over the left pocket of the cutoff.

I didn't really know why he'd returned the vest to me. Thought about it while I pushed my scooter back into the garage and covered her up with the old army tarp.

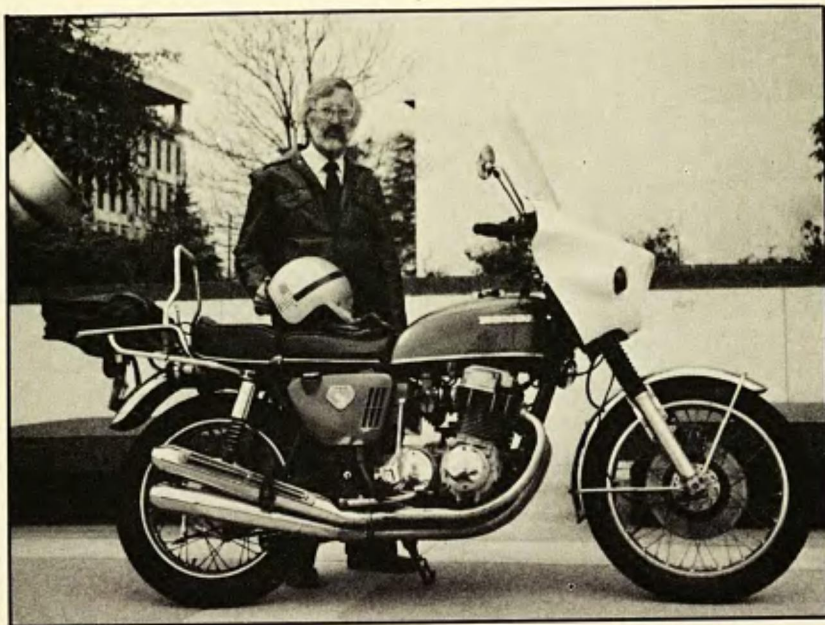
All that happened a long time ago and here I am, workin' on my bike for the first time since. Ya know, I've thought about that last meetin' with Burner probably a million times in these past few years, and every time I do, somethin' seems wrong. Somethin' seems to be out of place in the picture. Makes me uneasy—very uneasy.

Anyhow, here I am today pushin' my beauty out into the center of the garage. Maybe there's some slight chance she'll start up for me. I'm thinkin' about Burner again as my hands automatically start pullin' off the fuel line to drain out the old gas.

That's when it happened, bros. I noticed that I'd gotten grease on my \$45 leisure slacks and on my hands. The first thought that passed through my mind was: I gotta take care of this grease before it stains my pants worse and I gotta get it off my hands so none will show at work tomorrow.

Just then a flashback hit me like a right hook. I remembered the old days when I'd put a couple of six packs and a bottle of wine next to my partially completed scooter and work on her all night long, only to wake up the next morning lyin' beside her. A swig of wine, a fresh joint, and I was back to work. That would go on for two or three days till she was done, then back on the road with Burner.

—Continued on page 88



THE CZAR SPEAKS

Interview with Lewis Buchanan by Leslie A. Glass

The following is a verbatim transcription of an interview with one of the DOT's authorities on motorcycle safety. We present the interview without editorial comment, in the belief that it speaks for itself.

Q. Let me ask at the outset why you are so centered on helmet issues.

A. Well, the main reason is that in every motorcycle magazine you pick up, that seems to be the biggest topic. I myself ride a motorcycle and I wear a helmet all the time. I think it's something that bothers most motorcyclists, and the funny thing is that it bothers a lot of people in states that don't have mandatory helmet laws.

Q. What do you think is the major cause of motorcycle accidents?

A. I'm not sure that we know the answer to that. We're conducting a multi-disciplinary motorcycle accident study in California to help us answer that question more clearly. I have some personal views, based on my experience with motorcyclists as a safety specialist. A lot of motorcycle accidents happen because of inexperience on the part of both motorcyclist and opposing auto drivers. The motorcyclists aren't able to anticipate and avoid situations in which motorcycle accidents occur. Or, opposing motorists say they don't

see motorcyclists. It's very probable that they see the motorcyclists, but that they don't perceive the motorcyclist. In other words, their eyes see the vehicle, but the message doesn't get through to their minds, so that a lot of accidents happen because opposing motorists don't see and perceive the accident. To me, this means two things. One is that a motorcyclist has to try and make himself or herself as visible as possible to other traffic, and two is that the motorcyclist has to try to anticipate the situations in which accidents occur and both know how and be able to execute maneuvers to avoid such situations.

Q. Has DOT conducted any studies to investigate the possibility of rider impairment caused by helmet limitation of vision and hearing? If so, what were the results?

A. We did a study measuring restriction of visual fields caused by motorcycle helmets and most people who have claimed any sort of limitation in peripheral vision. In terms of peripheral vision we found that the typical motorcycle helmet, the jet pilot type helmet, reduces a motorcyclist's field of view less than 3% from what the person would see without a helmet. We tested the people with and without the helmet, and reduction was less than 3%. Even the worst case of the full facial coverage racing helmet like

the Bell Star provides a 180° or greater field of view and we don't believe that there is any significant limitation in vision caused by helmets. In terms of hearing, we also have published a paper discussing that issue and we don't believe helmets impair hearing in any way that would be detrimental to the motorcyclist. In fact, in some situations the motorcyclist can hear better, because at higher speed there's a great deal of wind noise and the helmet tends to eliminate a lot of the wind noise.

We know from our personal experiences that motorcycles create certain noise—its engine noise, chain noise, tire noise and wind noise. And in our study we refer to the signal-to-noise ratio. The signal is what you want to hear—another vehicle, a horn, a siren, and the noise created by the motorcycle as it moves along. The noise is less when you're going slow or stopped and it's more when you're going faster. What a helmet does is reduce sounds of interest—what you want to hear—and the noise by the same proportion or ratio. So while the helmet reduces the sound that you want to hear, it also reduces the noise, and it doesn't change this relationship. So if you can hear the sound without a helmet over the noise that the motorcycle creates, then you're also going to hear it with a helmet on,

An Up-Front Interview with Lewis Buchanan, Highway Safety Management Specialist for the Federal Department of Transportation

because the helmet's going to reduce noise. Now at higher speeds, where you have a lot of wind noise, the helmet reduces this very significantly; and at higher speeds you're probably more likely to hear sound with a helmet on than without a helmet.

Q. What percentage of motorcyclists favor a mandatory helmet law?

A. Several studies on this have been made at the state level—Wisconsin, Idaho, Missouri, and Utah have done studies. The first study in Wisconsin, in 1967, found that 62% of the motorcyclists and 98% of the automobile drivers favored compulsory helmets. In a second study, done in Idaho during 1975, I guess, they surveyed accident-involved riders—all persons involved in motorcycle accidents during '74. Of those who replied, 85% indicated that their helmet had reduced the injury and 9% voluntarily added that it saved their lives. The study also found that 77% of these accident-involved riders were in favor of the state's helmet law. There was a study in Utah during 1975 which found that 46% of the 550 motorcyclists questioned favored the current state law requiring helmet use only by persons driving on roads with speed limits above 35 mph, and an additional 29% favored a law requiring helmets at all times. So if you take the 46% and add it to the 29%, it shows that more than half the motorcyclists in that state favored a helmet law. Only 20% of the Idaho motorcyclists questioned believed that the law should not require helmet use.

A fourth study was done on 191 motorcyclists randomly selected in Missouri during 1976 and it found that almost 70% of the motorcyclists favored a state helmet law. I have heard of a study recently done in Colorado and it is my understanding that less than half of the motorcyclists in that state that were questioned favored the helmet law. It's the first state study that I've seen, or any study that's reported to be a random sampling of motorcyclists, in which the majority of

the people did not favor the helmet law.

Q. What safety standards must a helmet meet to win DOT approval?

A. We have federally published Standard #218, specifically written for motorcycle helmets, and that's the only helmet standard under which a DOT seal of approval can be put on a helmet.

Q. Are helmet laws constitutional?

A. Yes, I believe they are. More than 25 state supreme courts addressed the issue, and in only one, Illinois, was the law declared unconstitutional. The helmet law has been appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court in at least four or five cases, and in each case the court has refused to overturn helmet laws. And in the most recent case, which was in 1972, the court upheld the Massachusetts helmet law, and this is generally considered to be a precedent for the lower courts, so we feel that the helmet law constitutionality issue has been well resolved.

Q. Have your studies shown a decrease in accidents in states with helmet laws in force or an increase in states which have repealed their helmet laws?

A. Well, we don't think that helmets affect accidents one way or the other.

Q. I was speaking of death-related accidents.

A. We have done some analyses, using preliminary data from the states. You have to understand that it takes a while for accident and fatality data to filter down, so our evaluations aren't as current as we would like. One thing we did was to look at the eight states in which helmet law repeal became effective in 1976 and we compared the months in '76 after repeal with similar months in '75 before repeal, and in seven of the eight states the fatalities went up. For the group of states, the fatalities went up some 19%, and we think that is an indication that the repeal of the laws increased fatalities. But we don't consider it conclusive evidence because there are a number of factors that affect fatalities other than

whether or not the person was wearing a helmet—increases in registration, weather, training, and that sort of thing. What we are doing in four states that have repealed the helmet laws is conduct in-depth studies, much more detailed, and these would involve analyses of non-fatal as well as fatal injuries. These studies will be completed in a few months. We have some preliminary results from one of these studies which suggest that head injuries for non-helmeted riders have increased very dramatically in that state.

Q. What is the reason that insurance carriers refuse to offer coverage to helmet manufacturers against liability in helmet-related deaths?

A. Well, you're talking about product liability and I'm just not familiar enough with the issues to talk about it. However, I can refer you to a man at the Safety Helmet Council of America who could provide that sort of information.

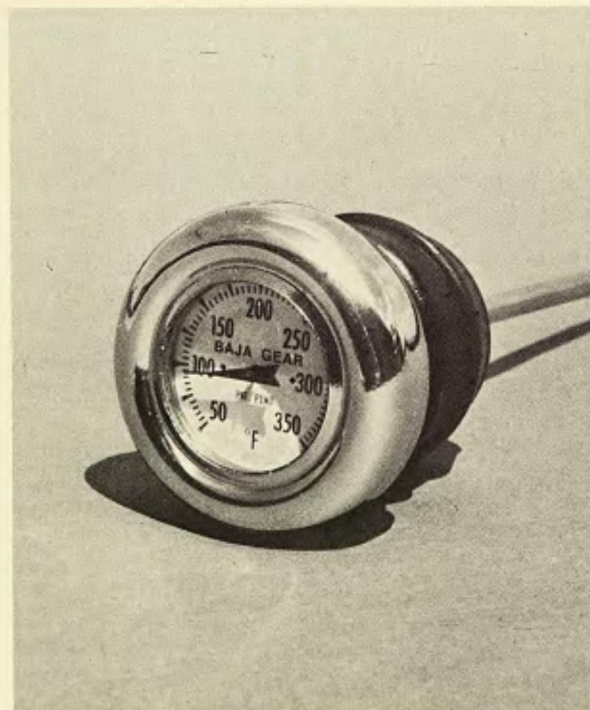
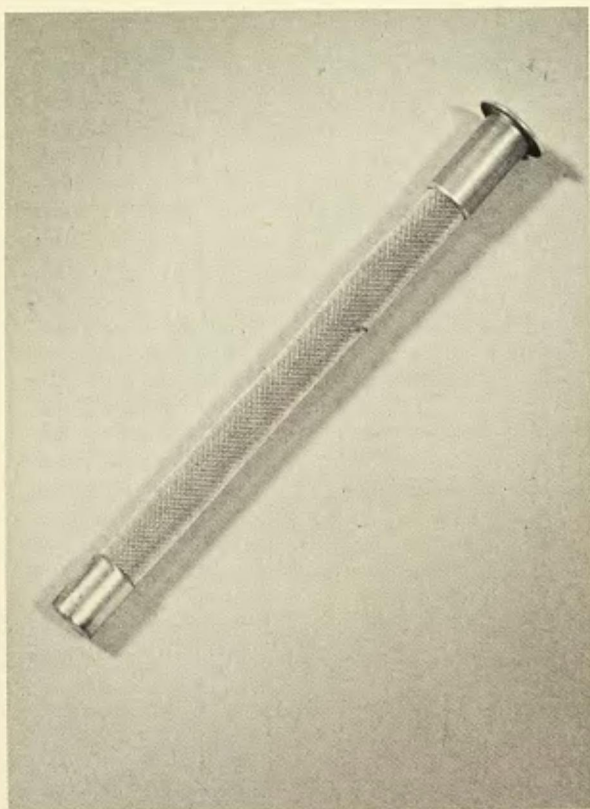
Q. In regard to head injuries, which have more accident-related deaths, cars or bikes? And what is the number of deaths for each?

A. Is what you want to know the percentage of fatalities from head injuries in motorcycles and automobiles?

Q. Yes, but also whether more people are killed from head injuries riding bikes or from head injuries driving cars.

A. Well, I haven't looked at the data recently, but it's my understanding that about the same percentage—some 70%—of both motorcycle and car drivers or occupants who die, die of head injuries. But the thing to keep in mind is that when you're in an accident in a car, you're much less likely to have any kind of injury at all. Less than one out of ten reported auto accidents results in any sort of injury or death, but when it comes to motorcycling, if you're involved in an accident, you have to expect some sort of injury. And the rate of reported injury-accident motorcycle

—Continued on page 96



OIL

Keep it clean 'n' cool

This is one of the few products I think is worth a fuck. Most likely, 'cause it costs less than five bucks. Shit, anything less than a five-spot is worth looking into. So we did. They didn't have a photo of the damn thing in their ad, so we wrote.

And sure as my shovel is hard to start in the mornings, it turned out to be a legitimate filter. It's probably worth its weight in gold if you clean it at least every five hundred miles. If it clogs, oil will start puking out the breather. Or if it's an early model, it may spill the dirty oil into the primaries. And if it's used on a new or rebuilt motor, it should be cleaned at least every **hundred** miles. But it's easy to check, so it's no problem to keep an eye on.

This other slip-in doodad is another item worth summer day evaluation. It's probably the best and simplest way to watch your oil temp. Check the reading on a warm evening. That will give you a standard to judge by, and if you're suddenly confronted with a strange reading, you'll know if things have gone the extreme route. Also, if it drops in a hurry, you'll know you're extremely low on oil. May save that mill. They're about twenty bucks from Baja Gear Inc. in Costa Mesa, California. Stay on the road, bros. ■

—Weed



SS

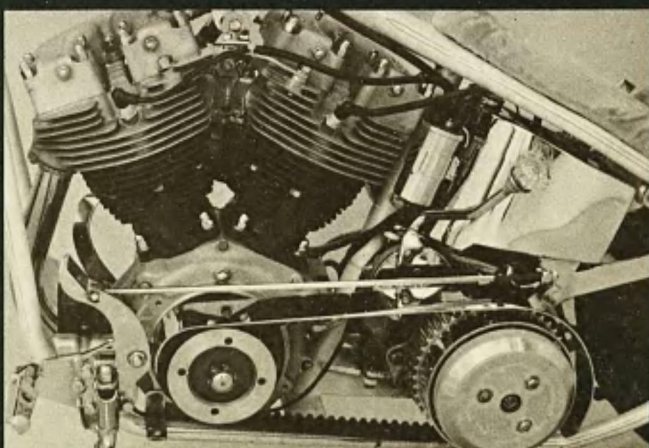
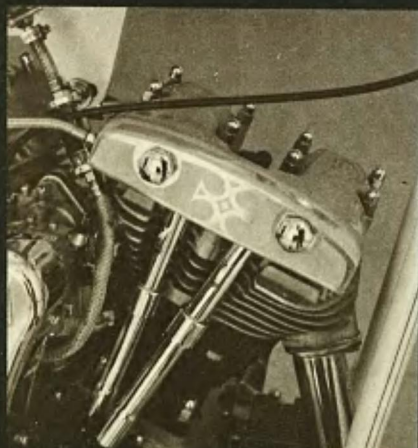
**To a bro in the joint:
We love you—from your bros**

Ya know, it's a bummer, but too often when a bro—even a very good one—gets the establishment shaft and is shipped off to the joint, his past loves, bros, and possessions start

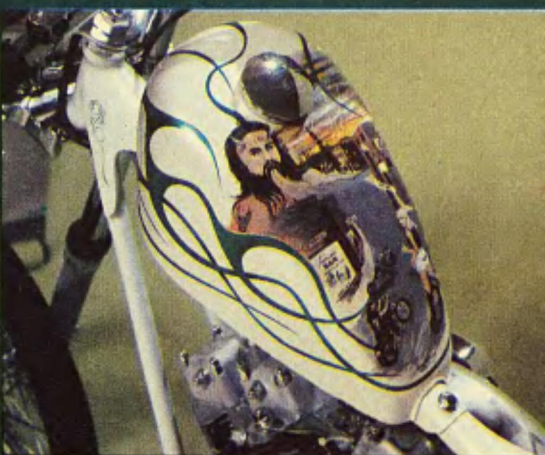
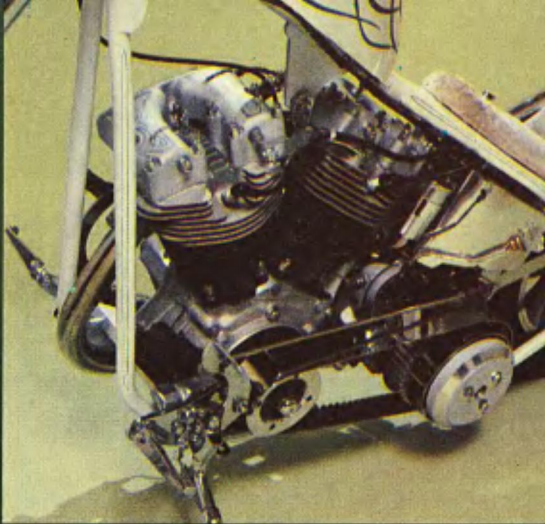
to disappear. But that wasn't the case with SS, even though he caught four years for tryin' to get an ATF agent high on a kilo. That's right, a kilo of the high 'n' mighty—cocaine.

After the bust, the usual expensive bullshit went down. Bail money, attorney fees, and bills got so high SS was forced to sell his putt. But his bros didn't sit back floatin' on a cocaine high and rationalize that it was too bad about their bro but that's biz—they would never deal.

Instead, they got together with SS and they assembled this scooter in four weeks. They felt that it was bum enough to do time—but to have to sell his putt, then sit on his ass until it came time to begin his







stretch was downright fucked. He didn't have much time left.

The story doesn't end there, though. They worked with their bro and built a beautiful bike, then partied a bunch with him the last few weeks he had on the street. But about a week before he headed for the gray gates, SS was standin' on the velvet seat, stylin' at nearly 70 mph when he lost it. He came out all right, but the rowdy shovel did an end-o and pushed the front end back to the frame. A week later, SS left to do his time. And once again, his bros didn't take the easy way out, or the back door, or divide and sleaze the parts. They knew he wanted the bike featured, so they painstakingly rebuilt it and, as you can see, took care of it for him.

Couple of his bros might be ugly as hell, but it sure is decent to find some MF's around with a lotta heart like these guys. It's too bad that SS couldn't be with 'em when we shot his bike. But SS definitely has some solid people lookin' after him on the outside.

—Bandit

—Continued on next page



Owners: Stanley "SS" Speck **City:** Atwater, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner & Zonk	Year: 1978
Year and make: 1978 H-D	Builder: owner & Zonk
Model: FX	Type: rigid
Value: \$5,700	Rake: 4°
Assembly by: owner & bros	Stretch: 6 inch
Time: 4 weeks	Other alterations: 3 inches in backbone
Chroming by: Modesto Plating	

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1978	Bars: custom
Model: FX	Risers: none
Rebuilder: none	Fender(s): fiberglass
Ignition: coil	Headlight: C.C.I.
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Taillight: custom
Lower end: stock	Speedo: none
Balancing: H-D	Front pegs: custom
Pistons: stock	Rear pegs: custom
Cases: cleaned	Electrics: 12V.
Heads: sandblast engraved	Gas tank: Sporty
Cam: Andrews	Oil tank: wrap-around
Lifters: Sifton solids	Oil system: stock
Carb(s): Keihin	Primary cover: Primo
Air cleaner: custom	Seat: owner
• Pipes: fish fins on up sweeps	Sissy bar: owner
Muffler(s): none	Height: 8 inches
	Material: 3/8 in. round stock

Transmission

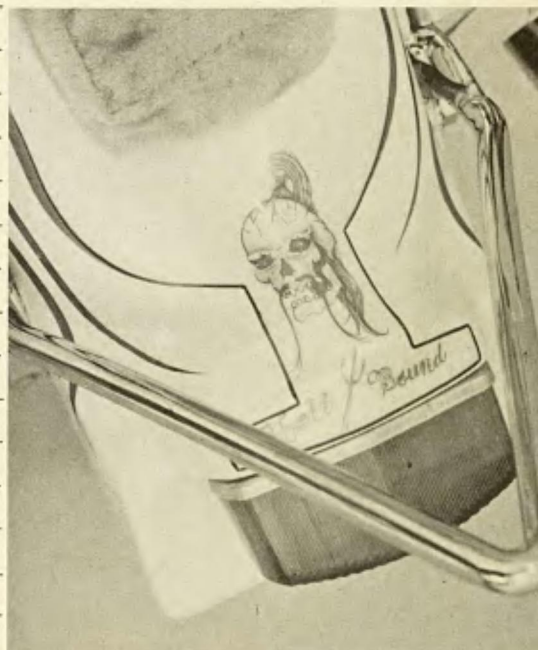
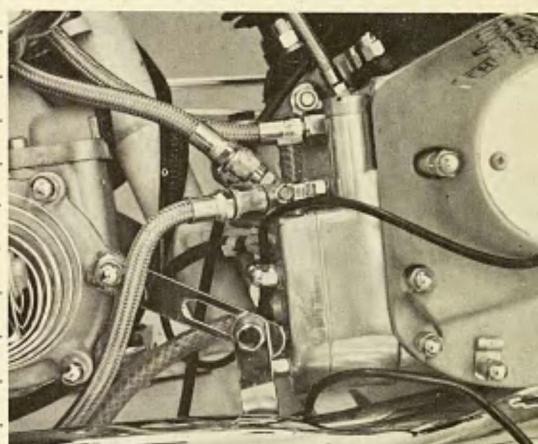
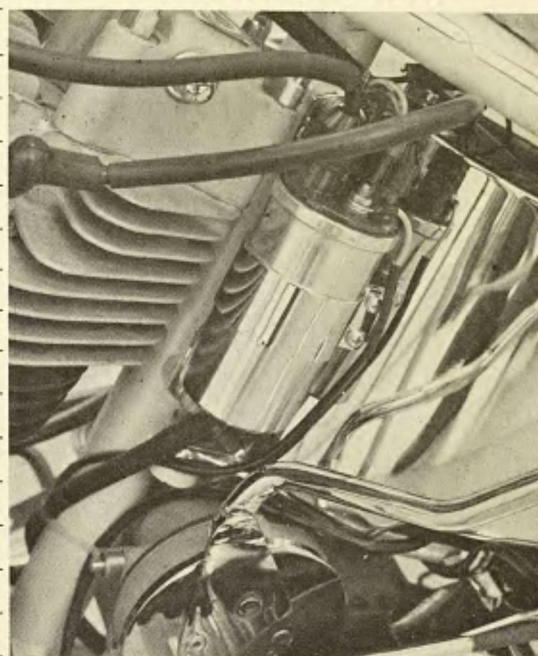
Modifications: belt drive	Type: wide glide
Year: 1978	Extension: 12 inches
Shifting: ratchet suicide	Builder: owner & H-D
Engine sprocket: 23	Special features: legs scrolled
Trans sprocket: 25	

Wheels

	Front	Rear
Wheel sprocket: 51	Size: 18	Size: 15
	Hub: H-D	Hub: custom
	Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
	Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
	Brake: disc	Brake: disc

Painting

Molding: 2 a.m.—owner
Painter: Forrest "L.S.D." Pratt
Color: pearl white
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: by L.S.D.
Other special modification: Sandblast engraving by Thompson's bike shop in Atwater.





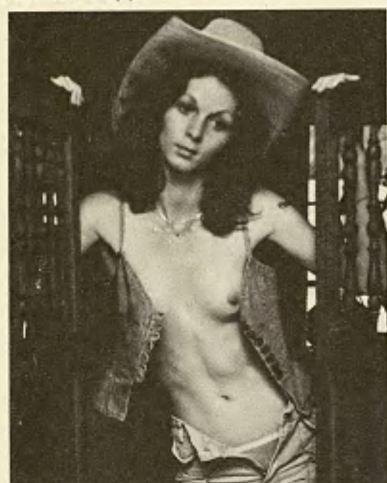
Juanita Lopp



Linda Bruno



Lisa A. Herrmann



Angel Arsenault



Francine Ferris



C.C. Ryder



Karen Wakefield



Jo-Ann Ruby



Carol Stroshein "The Cuz"

The Ol' Lady Photo Contest



Joanne Novie



Karen L. Homeyer



Dale Meyers



Here she is, folks—Red Snapper, the fourth winner in the **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Phyllis Jellel, Liana R. Cook, and Nancy Kerr.



Cindy Walker



Diana Riggs

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 (ol' man, photographer, pimp, whatever) will receive \$10.

After the twelve monthly winners have been chosen, we'll put it to you, our readers, for the final selection. Your votes will select **Easyriders' 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.

Remember, we can use only good, in-focus, black and white glossy prints or color slides—nothing else (no color prints).

IMPORTANT! A blank model release appears on p. 81 of this issue. This release must be completed in full, must be signed and witnessed, and must accompany each entry. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified.

All models must be 18 years of age or older. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of **Easyriders**. Decision of the judges is final.

The votes are in and here you see this month's winner. But this is only the beginning—there are lots more honeys and prize money in the months to come. So if you've been sittin' on your ass instead of snappin' some far-out flicks of your foxy sweetie, get it in gear and enter the contest.

In case ya haven't heard, here's how the contest works:

We decided to make you, the readers, the judges. You'll decide each month's winners. We aren't gonna say anything! Each month we'll publish all the entries we receive that are of good technical quality. That doesn't mean your entry has to be a professional photo—just that it has to be in focus and properly exposed. You readers will select the winners and runners-up from those entries we publish.

So send us your votes for this month's contest and we'll print the winners in the October issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be July 31, 1978. Send us a postcard or scrawl on the back of an envelope—all ya gotta do is indicate which contestant gets your vote. Send all votes to #62 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

More contestants on next page

The Ol' Lady Photo Contest



Janie Pitts



Debbie Marsters



Tish



K. T. Francis



Lorie L. Heisey



Paulette Hanna



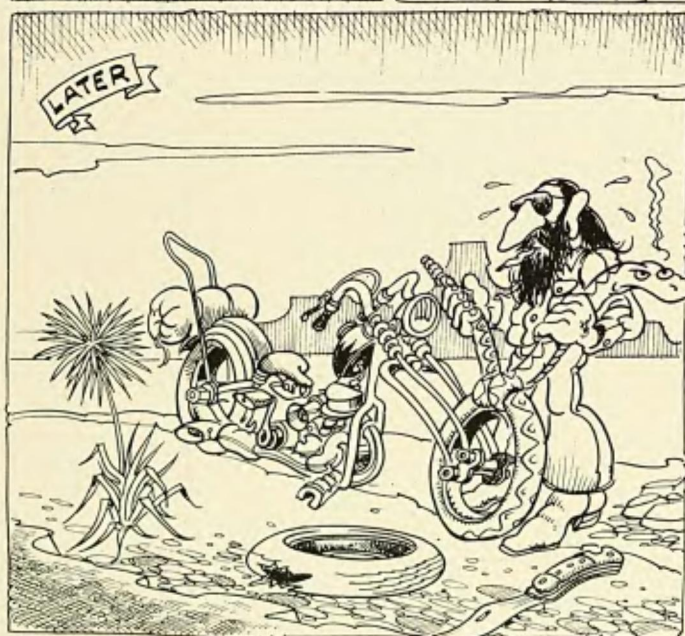
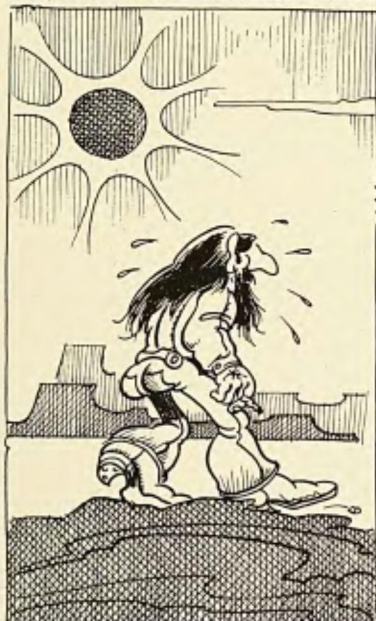
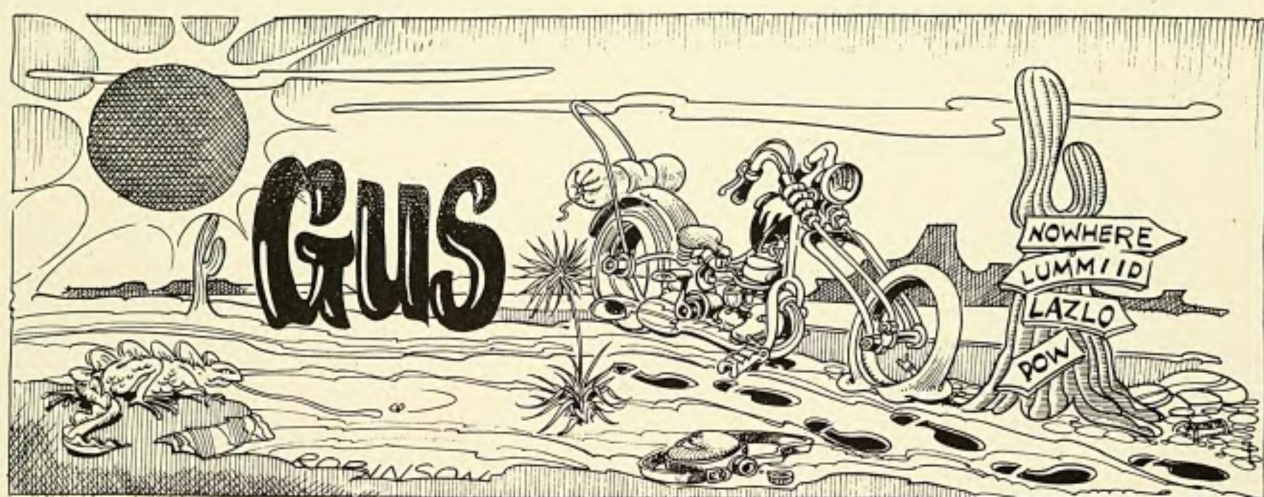
Pamela Doss

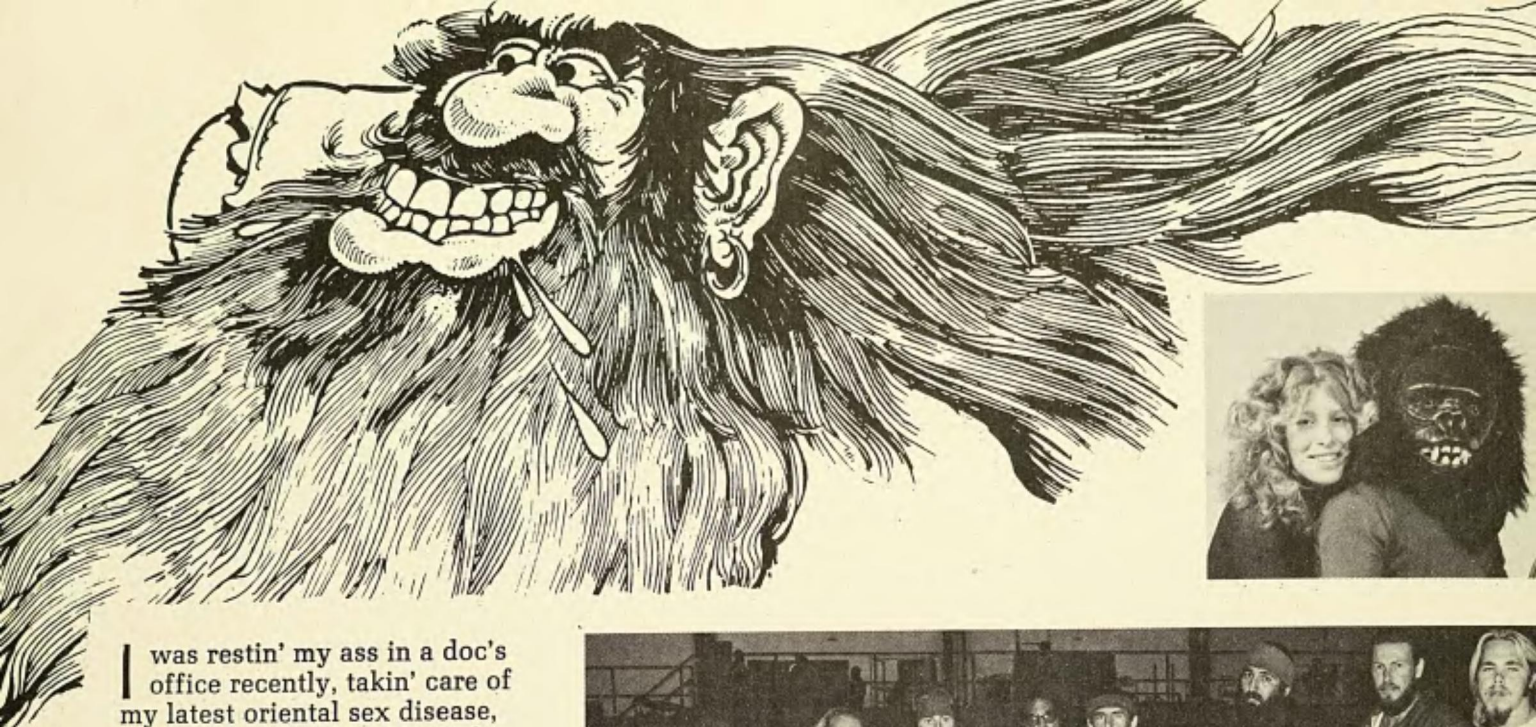


Terri Hays



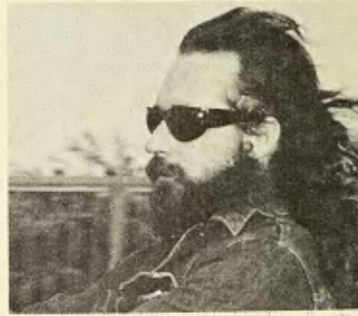
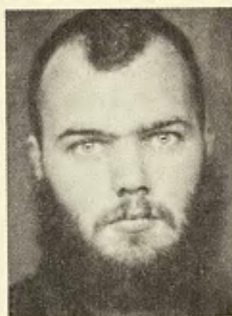
Jane Kneer





I was restin' my ass in a doc's office recently, takin' care of my latest oriental sex disease, when I came across an article on beards in a very high class publication. Like a good boy, the author ran down the dignified history of face-fuzz and presented the reader with a distinguished testimonial list of all those famous weirdos who got drunk and were wasted enough to get up and say ridiculous shit in front of a bunch of folks takin' notes—thereby to be forever plastered into history books.

Then the author delved into his vast knowledge of psychology. For instance, if a dude is endowed with a massive amount of frizzled hair climbin' all over his mug and down his chest, he's afraid to go outside. More likely, he's clumsy and needs protection when he stumbles and falls. Then there's the dude with a long, stringy, pubic hair goatee. His problem, ya see, is that he's got a short-peter complex. In reality, he waxes the thing until it's as hard as any plastic dildo made and gives his honey head she'll never forget. Never thought beards could be so handy, did ya? He continued to ramble about how aloof and distinguished a man with a mouth that looked like a chick's cunt could be. If ya can't grow one of these wonder-workers, just cut the hair off yer balls and plaster it to your face—you'll get the job. If you're the janitor at Sears, all ya gotta do is follow this intellect's hype on peach-



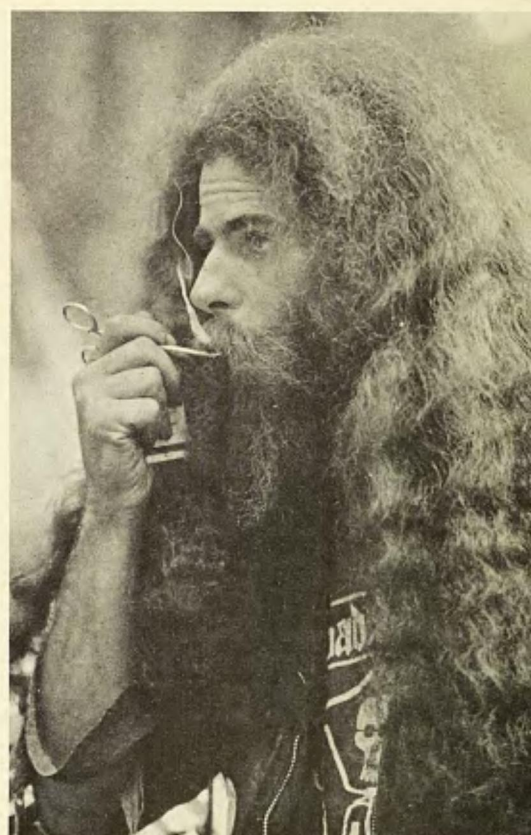
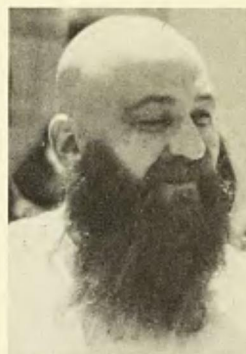
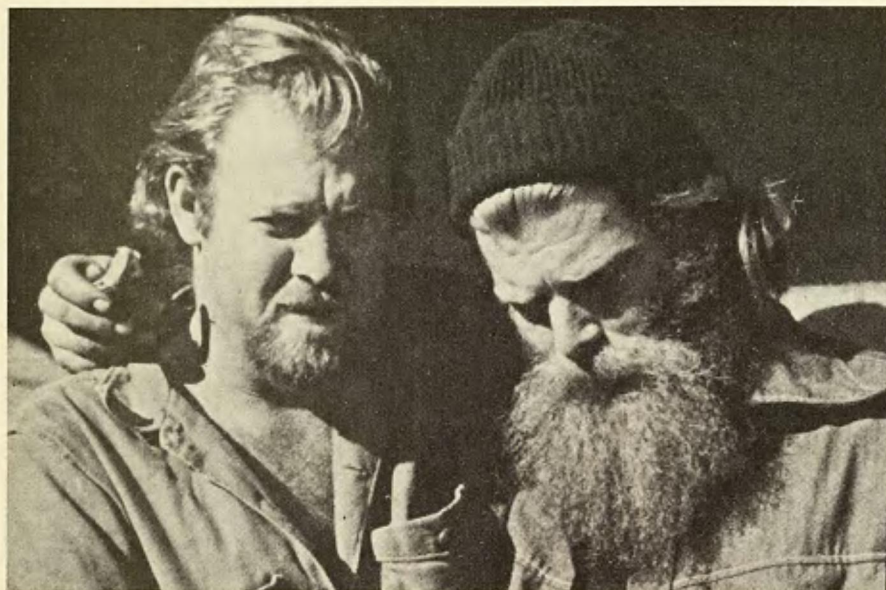
fuzz, grow a bug-strainer, and you'll be runnin' the joint in no time.

Then, after all the pushin' of kinky hair around yer face, the dude had the balls to say that it ain't too cool to have a beard in certain circles nowadays. Ya get an executive position at Mattel Toy Corp., forget it for forty years, then if ya become president of the whole damn company, then, and only then,

can ya grow a beard. 'Course, ya can also jack off in the executive washroom if ya can still get it up, or ya can have a heart attack and die—nobody will give a shit. Also, it's not too cool to have a tumbleweed bush growin' outta yer face and be a brain surgeon. But what's the patient gonna say? He can take his brain somewhere else if he don't like face shrubbery. Then there was somethin' about bein'

Womb Brooms

Well, I'd hafta be weird
To grow me a beard,
Just to see what the rednecks would do
—from "I'd Have to Be Crazy"
by Willie Nelson



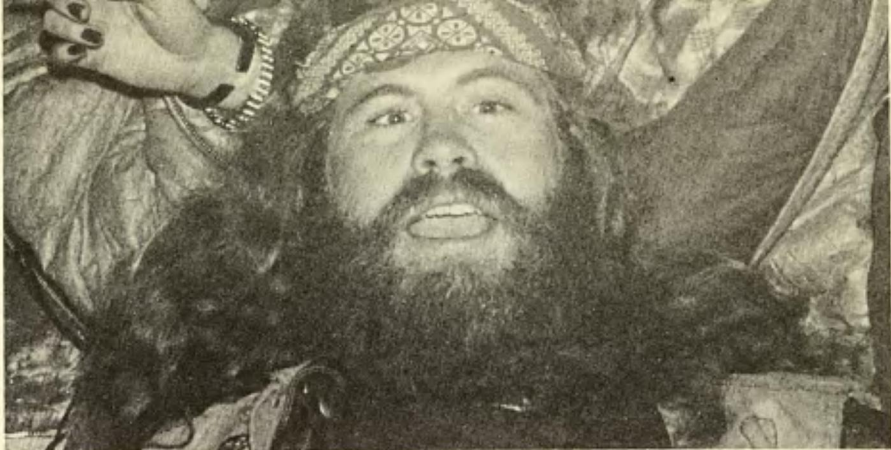
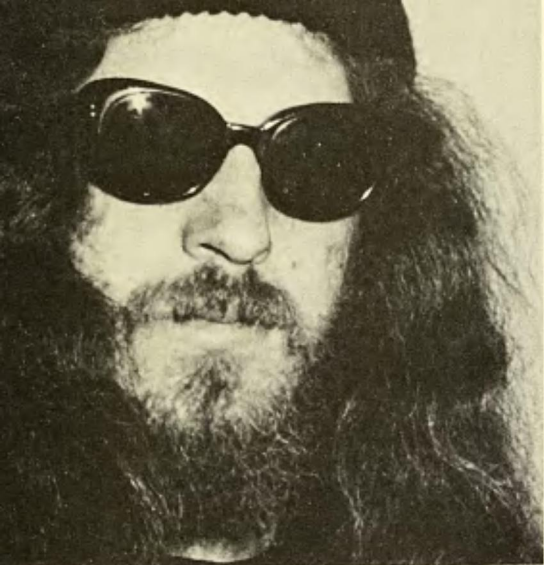
a politician with too much hair anywhere. Shit, even the author wouldn't vote for a candidate with hair in his mouth. I would though—maybe the fuzz would shorten all the talk, and he'd put that extra energy into action.

After all the gibberish psychology and the whens and wheres, it finally got down to the nitty-gritty. 'Bout as nitty-gritty as how to take a shit. That's right—when it got right

down to it, the article was a tech piece on how to grow a beard. It was complete with instructions—like go outside and lay on the lawn and let your ol' lady water yer face. A golden shower makes it grow blond. Or, you've heard of the technical term *blow job*? Well, if ya want yer beard to grow fast, instead of havin' her suck that joint, tell her ya want a blow job. If she's real savvy, she'll know that ya

want yer beard to grow out real fast. But be careful—if she blows too hard, yer eyeballs may pop out. No sweat, though—just pop 'em back in and tell her to ease up.

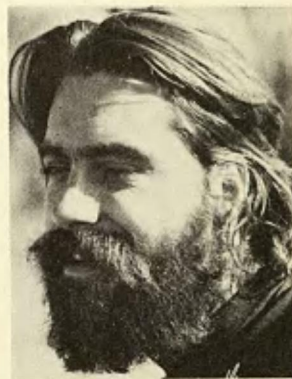
After a couple of days, ya may be in trouble if you're in one of those certain uptight circles mentioned before. 'Cause yer gonna start lookin' like the middle of a five-day drunk. And before that itchy wire brush has



worked its way out of yer face for three weeks, ya may have lost yer job an' yer ol' lady, an' yer long-haired kid might be rollin' ya joints. So, like the author said, ya better start trimmin', shapin', cleanin', dyin', an' generally doin' anything to it to make it look invisible—like a toupee or a full-blown van dyke (very stylish). And when I say van dyke, I don't mean the chick your former ol' lady is livin' with now.

And be sure to enhance yer entire flabby mug with this twisted hair. If you're ugly, grow it all over yer head. Even have some transplanted to yer nose. If you're great lookin' (ain't we all?) but some thug flattened yer chin, just grow a bush on what's left of it. If ya got a bullet hole in yer cheek, comb yer muff over it. And if ya got blond hair on yer head, or a black one, and yer beard dashes out onto yer face shiny red—well, get a golden shower or Miss Clairol. Or fuck it—look weird. Who gives a shit? Ya ain't got a job anymore, and yer family split. So make it look good, so that at least ya can pick up chicks who fall for old, broken-down winos.

Lastly, the author told how to care for this pride and joy—a task which has me broke, lonely, and cops chasin' me all over town callin' me a fuckin' biker. Beard care goes something like this: first, ya brush it while it's wet, to give it that lovely shape and to take out one or two of

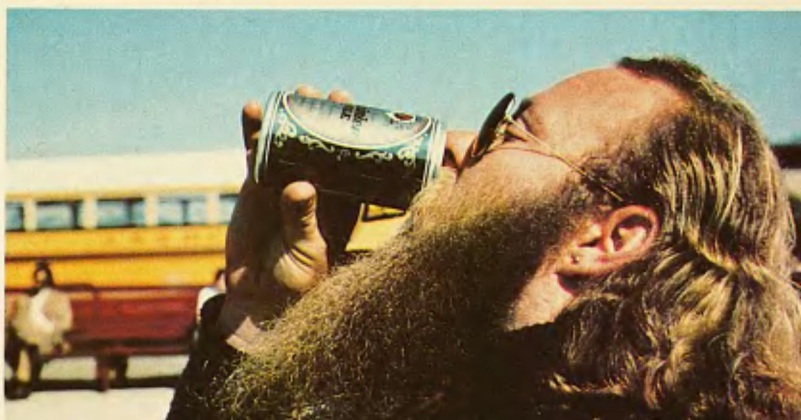
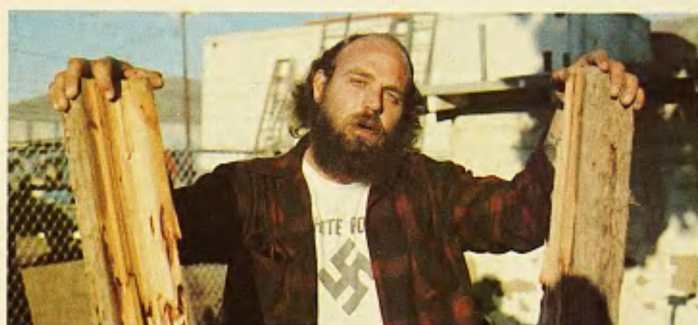
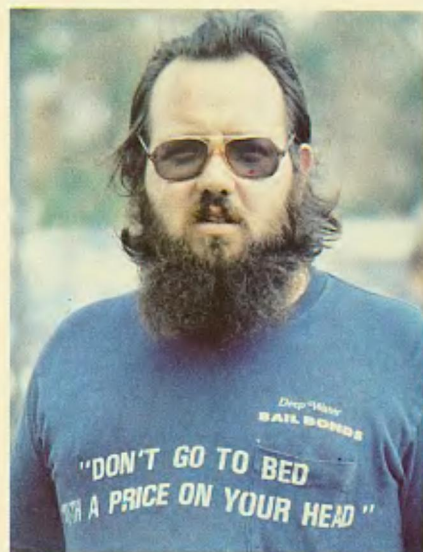
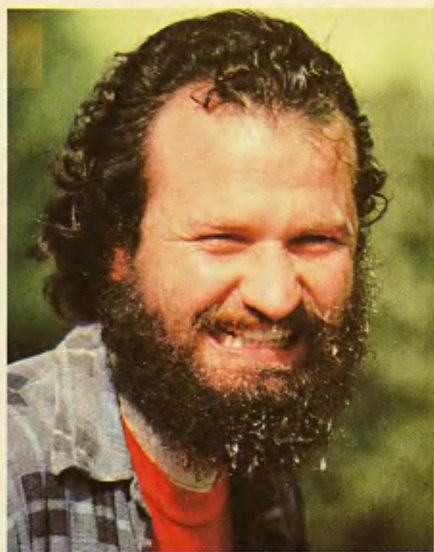


the three thousand tangles left from the ride the night before. Sleep with a Shell No-Pest Strip to kill the bugs. An' wash it with a gentle shampoo or Lava soap—who cares? And when ya do wash it, don't forget that the face underneath needs to be washed too—unless you grew the pubic hair mop to forget that mug in the first place. And if it starts to flake, don't use dandruff shampoo. But ya better

shave it off fast, before the maggots turn into flies. Or just spray the flakes brown—it'll make yer beard look thicker.

I may have forgotten a point or two the author made. But I also want to forget the broad that sent me to the doc and the two dull needles that pierced my butt. But maybe my ol' lady'll come back now—my beard is fallin' out.

—Scraggly



Helmet laws suck



STHS

Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

Speed Kills — But Not Very Often

Every fatal accident in the U.S. is investigated by a state police unit which reports the "primary collision factor." Blood tests are used to identify drunken drivers, and experienced investigators can reconstruct the events leading up to an accident with surprising accuracy.

The result? Typically, speeding ranks about eleventh as a cause of highway deaths, well behind such sundries as "improper turns" and "drivers being distracted by passengers." In 1976, only 2.3 percent of fatal accidents in California, and only 5.4 percent of fatal accidents in New Jersey, were caused by vehicles exceeding the speed limit, according to the respective state police Fatal Accident Investigating Units.

Even more interesting, these percentages didn't change much when the speed limit was reduced from 70 mph to 55 mph.

Surprisingly enough, there has been no NHTSA study on the causes of fatal accidents. These records are kept only on a state level, but, according to NHTSA, figures have been collected on a national level for drunken drivers and youthful drivers. And it's pretty well documented that over 50 percent of all vehicular fatalities are caused by drunks and 20 percent by drivers between

the ages of 17 and 24.

The moral of this story is obvious. Speed may kill, but drunks and inexperienced drivers kill about fifteen times as often. It's about time that the NHTSA rearranged its priorities.

1. Driving while intoxicated	1126
2. Driving with speed limit, but too fast for conditions	584
3. Pedestrian stepped into road	375
4. Driving on wrong side	237
5. Failed to yield at intersection	237
6. Disobeyed stop signal	190
7. Improper driving maneuver	141
8. Driver distracted by passenger	140
9. Improper turn	103
10. Pedestrian failed to yield	98
11. Driving over speed limit	90
12. Improper passing ..	53
13. Improper lane change	48
14. Under the influence of drugs	18
15. Improper parking ..	17
16. Brakes failed	14
17. Following too close	11
18. Other equipment failure	9
19. Improper backing up	7
20. Headlights failed ..	2
21. Undetermined ...	438
Total California 1976 fatal accidents	3980

Source: Analysis Section of CHP



Ohio Wins Helmet Repeal

Gov. James A. Rhodes allowed to become law without his signature Friday a controversial bill repealing Ohio's embattled, 10-year-old helmet law.

The new law, which will become effective July 7, lifts requirement for all riders and passengers on

motorcycles to wear protective helmets. It retains the requirement, however, for under-18 riders and their passengers of any age.

It also says that a person being issued a license for the first time, even if more than 18, must wear a helmet during his first year.

New York Doc Is Against Helmet Repeal

A concerted effort was made to oppose repeal of New York State's Mandatory Motorcycle Helmet Usage Law. A resolution was introduced and unanimously passed by the Medical Society of the State of New York House of Delegates at its annual meeting.

Prepared by the society's Orthopedic Surgeon Section, the resolution proposes a public relations campaign against the helmet law repeal and contains the following statements:

Whereas, the number of

motorcycle accident fatalities in New York has significantly increased in 1977; and whereas, New York State is one of 19 states of the original 44 which enacted laws requiring helmets for motorcyclists, and which are still in effect; and whereas, a vigorous, well-financed campaign is being waged to repeal the New York State Motorcycle Helmet Usage Law; therefore be it resolved, that the Medical Society of the State of New York make every effort to prevent repeal of the New York State Helmet Law.

Correlation Found Between Good Times and Traffic Deaths

In its campaign against traffic deaths, the safety establishment invariably falls back on statistics. It tries to find a correlation between an increase in fatalities (or a decrease) and some other trend or occurrence in society. But these correlations are hard to find. Traffic deaths don't automatically go up when the number of cars on the road increases. Or when the number of licensed drivers increases. Or when the average horsepower of the new models goes up.

To the frustration of everybody, traffic deaths seem quite unpredictable. That is why the NHTSA

has been so quick to credit the 55-mph speed limit with saving lives. On the surface, there is a correlation. But after checking through the evidence, it appears to be more of a coincidence.

There is, however, one correlation that seems unshakable. That is the relationship between motor vehicle deaths and the Federal Reserve Board's Industrial Production Index, a commonly used indicator of the strength of the economy.

Good times mean good feelings, ebullience, optimism, and a tendency to put your foot on the gas and go. Certainly the death

rate support this conclusion.

Interestingly, the death rate also suggests something else. Looking at the two curves, it's clear that their respective rates of increase begin to diverge about 1968. Even though the Industrial Production Index continues to climb, deaths start to level off and later decline. You will remember that 1968 was also the year in which federally mandated safety equipment (energy-absorbing steering columns and other occupant-protection devices) first became required on new cars. It would appear that this equipment is doing the job for which it was designed.

Nevertheless, it seems to be the economy that's calling the shots here, because, with or without the safety equipment, both curves rise or fall at the same time. ■

Proposed Motorcycle Laws in Australia

According to our bros down-under in Australia, there's an organization called "The Joint Select Committee on Road Safety" that's trying to put the following laws on the books:

1. Compulsory daytime use of headlamps.
2. Compulsory white or yellow helmets.
3. Motorcycles painted white or yellow.
4. Red or orange clothing worn when riding.
5. Grading of motorcycle licenses (for two years you can ride up to a 250 cc machine only).
6. No modifications on motorcycles (chops, etc., will be banned) and a host of other "safety measures."

Our Australian friends also point out, as far as they know, none of the committee ride bikes.



An End To The Harley V-Twin?

The following statements come from an Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) report entitled "Noise-Emission Standards for Transportation Equipment—Motorcycle Replacement Exhaust Systems" (Federal Register, Vol. 43, No. 51—Wednesday, March 15, 1978). They are listed in a section call-

ed "Proposed Rules."

The economic impact of the proposed '78 db standard on AMF/Harley-Davidson, the principal domestic manufacturer, is expected to be primarily manifested in terms of the ability of the firm to manufacture large displacement motorcycles which conform to EPA standards. For Harley-

Davidson to achieve an 80 db standard, it is apparent that, at the very least, major redesign of their current large engine types incorporating most known engine quieting techniques would be necessary. One attraction of Harley-Davidson motorcycles is a uniquely identifiable exhaust tone that must dominate other sub-sources to be heard. Engine redesign could exact tonal characteristics and performance penalties that might, in themselves, impact demand for Harley-Davidson motorcycles. ■

British Bikers Against Daytime Headlights

The British Motorcyclists Federation has come out against the use of daytime headlights for motorcyclists, compulsory or not, because they feel it would lead to a deterioration in driving standards and could mean a rise in accidents.

BMF chairman Harold Booty said: "It removes from the motorist his legal obligation to drive with care and attention and transfers the driver's responsibility on to the motorcyclists. Any driver who cannot see an unlit motorcycle in broad daylight should not be on the road."

He said it could mean a rise in accidents, because a motorist would no longer

have to look out for the motorcycle—only its headlight. And since 70 per cent of accidents involving a motorcycle and another vehicle are the fault of the other driver, such a law would pass the onus of care from the guilty party to the victim. Other reasons for BMF opposition to such a law are:

1. There is no evidence to suggest that a motorcycle headlight law is anything other than a fashionable road safety gimmick.

2. Evidence from the United States shows that after an initial drop in the accident rate in states that passed a headlight law, after a period the rate rose to an even higher level than before the law was put on the statute books. Some states are now repealing the measure.

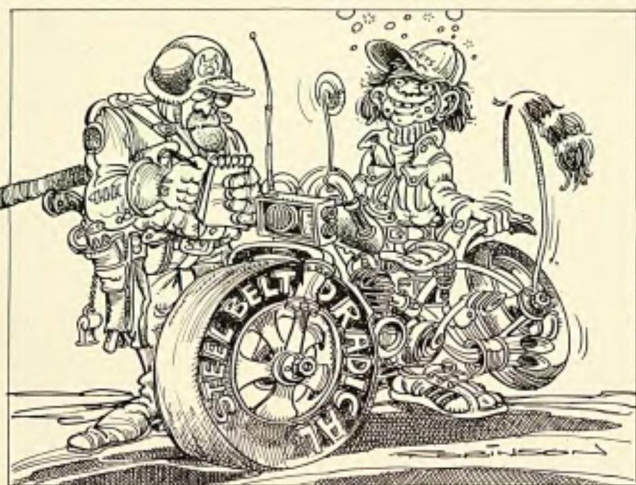
3. It could give rise to the preposterous situation of a rider being stranded on a brilliant summer's day because his bulb has blown.

4. It causes undue irritation to other road users.

5. In daylight—How is a rider to know his headlight has failed?

6. Older machines—and some modern ones—are incapable of running with headlights on all the time. ■

Proposed Laws in New Jersey



The following column by Jack Keating is meant to give New Jersey bikers an idea of pending motorcycle-related bills in their state legislature. Assuming most lawmaker/politician types think pretty much the same around the country, you may get some ideas about what's happening in your state capitol.

There are thousands of bills introduced each year. The bulk of them are introduced at the beginning of the year.

You as an individual can write to your state law-

makers to make your voice heard. To understand how they are put to you, the bill will have an Assembly or Senate number before the description of the bills' contents. The (S) is for a Senate Bill, and (A) Assembly Bill. The contents description is shortened to save space.

S-788—Dodd, Hagedorn: To provide that no person under the age of 18 shall operate or ride upon a motorcycle without a protective helmet of an approved type.

S-772—Graves: To estab-

lish minimum speeding fines in areas where speed limits are 35 mph or lower.

S-613—Kalik and two other sponsors: To require lighted headlights and tail lamps on motor vehicles when precipitation in the form of rain, sleet, snow, fog or other moisture dictates operation of windshield wipers.

S-592—Hamilton: To provide that a driver of a motor vehicle involved in an accident resulting in an injury or death to a person or damage to a vehicle or property, shall be presumed to have knowledge of his involvement.

A-594—Burns and two other sponsors: To require drivers who are involved in two or more reportable accidents within any 6-month period to submit to a further driver and eye test as a condition for continuation of driving privileges.

A-2090, Chapter 369—permits the Director of Motor Vehicles to issue special license plates for automobiles driven by members of a fire department. (Think that one over if you own only a motorcycle, and you're a fireman.)

S-829—Dodd: To provide for the confiscation of any automobile, aircraft, or motor vessel used or intended for use in the commission of a crime. (Just imagine how many cycles could be confiscated under this bill.)

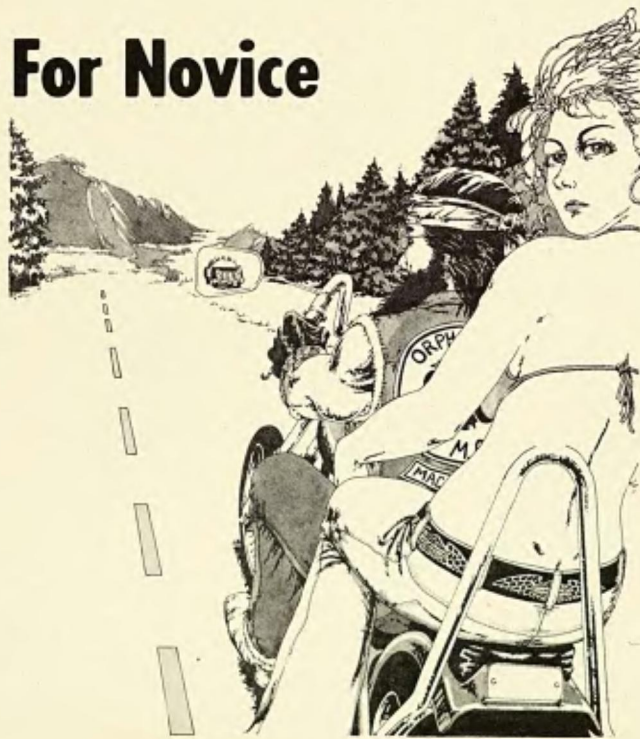
S-846—Parker: To grant physicians and surgeons immunity from liability for services rendered at the request of police officers in cases involving persons whose blood, breath, or other bodily substances are tested in cases of suspicion of operating a motor vehicle while under the influence of intoxicating liquor or narcotic or habit-producing drug.

Under this bill, the police could possibly use the doctors to say you're drunk or under the influence without tests, and they won't be held responsible for their accusations. ■

Test Range For Novice Bikers

A motorcycle riders' test range has been constructed in Sacramento, California as part of a three-year, \$1.2 million study to determine if intensified testing and training will reduce accidents among novice cyclists.

California Motor Vehicles Director Herman Sillas said a similar facility is planned for the San Diego area. Sillas also stated the study at the test range will involve improved skill and knowledge tests and remedial training for selected first-time applicants for motorcycle licenses.





HANGAROUND

Till ya find a way out.

By Walter (Stud) Naylor

Bent over the ancient sink, in tepid water up to his elbows, Hurtfoot Mojai scraped the greasy lumps and shreds of hardened food from the thick platters with his fingers. Beads of sweat glistened across his broad forehead. Glancing at the battered thermometer hanging from a nail on the wall beside the sink, he saw that the temperature in the cuttered kitchen was 107 degrees. *Which means, he thought, it's better than a hundred and twelve out there on the open desert.* For a moment he stared somberly through the dirty window over the sink, studying the glare reflecting from the barren sands and vaguely won-

dering why Moran had refused for six years to buy a screen so the window could be opened during the scorching summers.

Abruptly, the door behind him opened, bringing a heated gust of air wafting over his bare back. "You still messin' around with them goddamned dishes, ya lazy half-breed?" Gunther Moran's nasal voice lashed at him. "Get'cher useless ass out to that truck and hustle them supplies in here."

"There were three customers," Hurtfoot explained calmly, drying his hands on a filthy rag of a towel. "I can't cook and wash dishes at the same time."

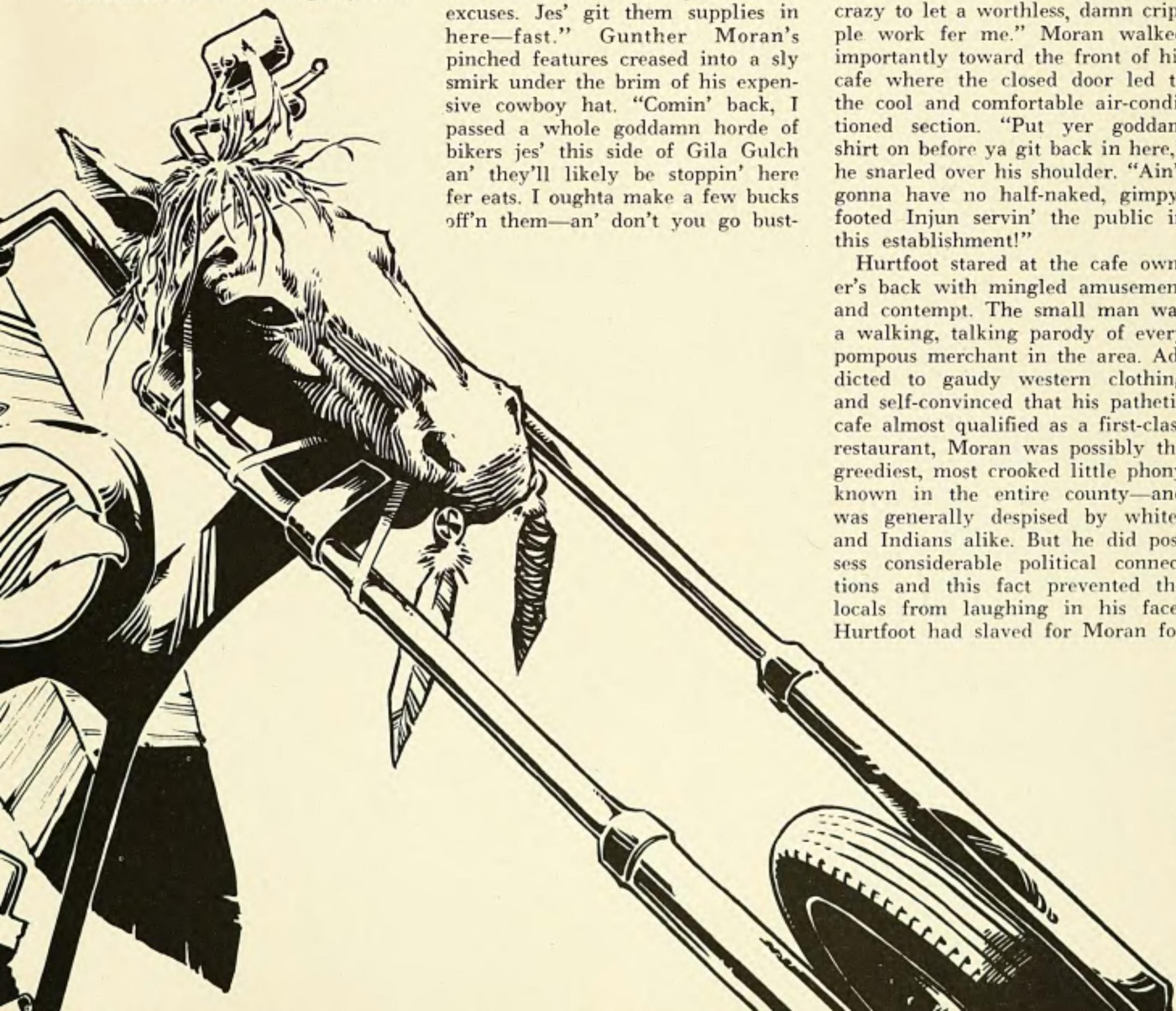
"I don't wanna hear yer bullshit excuses. Jes' git them supplies in here—fast." Gunther Moran's pinched features creased into a sly smirk under the brim of his expensive cowboy hat. "Comin' back, I passed a whole goddamn horde of bikers jes' this side of Gila Gulch an' they'll likely be stoppin' here fer eats. I oughta make a few bucks off'n them—an' don't you go bust-

in' any of them beer cases while yer unloadin' all that stuff."

"You can always deduct any breakage from my wages like you usually do." Hurtfoot rubbed wearily at his eyes. He had been on his feet and working since five-thirty that morning without a halt for even a cup of coffee.

"Listen, you dumbass Injun," rasped Moran, his watery eyes narrowing with anger. "You git smart with me an' I'll send you packin' right back to that reservation where ya probably belong! An' never doubt fer a goddam minute that I ain't got the clout to see that ya never get off it again, neither. Folks around here still think I was crazy to let a worthless, damn cripple work fer me." Moran walked importantly toward the front of his cafe where the closed door led to the cool and comfortable air-conditioned section. "Put yer goddam shirt on before ya git back in here," he snarled over his shoulder. "Ain't gonna have no half-naked, gimpy-footed Injun servin' the public in this establishment!"

Hurtfoot stared at the cafe owner's back with mingled amusement and contempt. The small man was a walking, talking parody of every pompous merchant in the area. Addicted to gaudy western clothing and self-convinced that his pathetic cafe almost qualified as a first-class restaurant, Moran was possibly the greediest, most crooked little phony known in the entire county—and was generally despised by whites and Indians alike. But he did possess considerable political connections and this fact prevented the locals from laughing in his face. Hurtfoot had slaved for Moran for



the past six years because his family—on the Zuni reservation—had needed the dollars he had sent them, and every working hour he endured was another \$1.45 to be shared. Now the old folks were dead and most of his brothers and sisters old enough to look after the youngest ones. Hurtfoot knew he was ready for something—hell, anything—better than these 16-hour days, seven days weewkly, labors in a nothing job that led nowhere. The big problem was just what could a 21-year old Zuni Indian with no education and a foot malformed from birth do to improve his scene—and where could he start doing it? The questions were familiar. Hurtfoot's head had echoed them for months now.

Sighing softly, he limped into the blinding midday glare where, the bunchy muscles of his squat body rippling smoothly, he began unloading the truck. *Something will show up*, he assured himself. *And when it does, I'm out of this shit-hole.*

A few miles northeast of the cafe a dead biker lay grotesquely in his sleeping bag, his glazed eyes aimed emptily into the brassy sky. Around the body stood all thirty-one members of the Satan's Scoots M/C, along with their women plus the two remaining prospects. The slowly stiffening figure on the ground had been the club's newest prospect. Beside him, kneeling with dull-eyed torpor, his woman—a chunky blonde who had discovered the death—endlessly ran a plump hand through her uncombed hair.

"Shit!" muttered Fat Jack, the club prez, rubbing a heavily-tattooed arm with an immense hand. "Jes' what every fuckin' run needs—havin' somebody eat the big banana out here in the goddamn middle of nowhere! He looked okay last night."

"Probably his heart," suggested Puttnose. "He was gobblin' more damn tabs than I've ever seen any five dudes drop. There ain't a mark on him anywhere. So I doubt that he was bit by somethin'."

Fat Jack lit a toke, squinting thoughtfully through the aromatic smoke. "Seems like I remember the fucker had no folks, no family. Right?"

Puttnose nodded. "Nobody at all, prez."

"Good. We'll bury him right here. It beats haulin' a fuckin' stiff

into the next town and goin' through all that hasslin' with the heat." Fat Jack gestured at the expressionless prospects. "Find some kinda fuckin' tools and dig the deepest goddamn hole ya kin gouge in this fuckin' sand."

"What about his sled?" asked Puttnose.

"Oh, yeah. Hey, Marti!"

The blonde raised dry eyes, staring numbly up at the man towering over her.

"What?" she mumbled.

"Think ya kin handle poor ol' Stitcher's panhead?"

Fat Jack smiled grimly. "Think ya kin ride it all the way back to the coast?"

"I can do it," she said flatly.

"So much fer that fuckin' problem." Fat Jack swallowed thirstily, handing the half-smoked roach to the sullen-faced redheaded girl standing beside him with her arm around his waist. "Once we got ol' Stitcher planted, we roll. Us livin' fuckers gotta go right on doin' our number. Right, cunt?" He grinned down at the redhead.

"Sounds right to me, hon," she agreed.

"Cold, wet suds is the next item on the list fer today," Fat Jack decided aloud. "So everybody git their shit together. I'm so damn dry I could spit hairy bugs. We'll toast ol' Stitcher's memory at the first fuckin' place that sells beer."

Hurtfoot stood behind the counter, watching them with fascinated envy. They were so free, so absolutely free. From the moment they had arrived—the big choppers roaring thunderously and spurning up clouds of sand—the bikers had brought a sense of their joyous freedom with them, and Hurtfoot ached with the wanting of it.

From where he sat among them, Moran suddenly motioned curtly. "Stop loafin' around, ya goddamn breed," he yelled, frowning. "These customers need more beer!"

Reluctantly, Hurtfoot pulled his attention from the mob of happy faces and began transferring chilled cans of beer from the cold box onto a tray. As he worked, he kept sneaking glances at the bikers lounging around the cafe. Although there was a girl for every man, nobody seemed to belong with anybody in particular. They gave the distinct impression of simply being there together—except for the small, chunky blonde who sat by herself

at a corner, her serious face turning toward the nearest window again and again.

"C'mon, ya ignorant Injun!" hollered Moran, winking at the bearded bikers surrounding him. "Git that beer movin' before I boot yer worthless, red ass back to the reservation!"

Laughter rippled around the room.

"Sounds like you kinda own him," said Fat Jack, sending a knowing look past the tipsy owner to his brothers who returned it silently.

"Hell, yes," babbled Moran arrogantly. "Every goddamn pound of that redskin is mine! Has been fer years! Lemme tell ya, fellas, there just ain't anything more fuckin' stupid and lazy than a damned Injun, see?"

Hardness seeped into Fat Jack's face. He was one quarter Indian and his Cherokee blood warmed with resentment. "Is that a fuckin' fact?" he asked with deceptive pleasantness.

Moran nodded solemnly. "None of the greasy bastards are worth shit. Course, I'm givin' this gimpy-footed moron a break, see? Gave him a white man's job with a good salary and everythin'. But he knows I got his permit to be off'n that reservation right here in muh pocket." Moran proudly patted his hip-pocket, chuckling thickly and gulping at his beer. "An' I kin send the muthafucker right back to them stinkin' hogans an' government beans the first goddamn time he gits sassy!"

"Never saw one of them permits," commented Fat Jack. "Let's have a look, man."

Moran dug the wrinkled, dog-eared slip of paper from the bulging wallet, handing it over with a vicious grin. Fat Jack studied it intently, his wide-spaced eyes stabbing back and forth across the official document. He stood up abruptly, gesturing toward Hurtfoot, who paused at the counter's end, holding the trayful of beers.

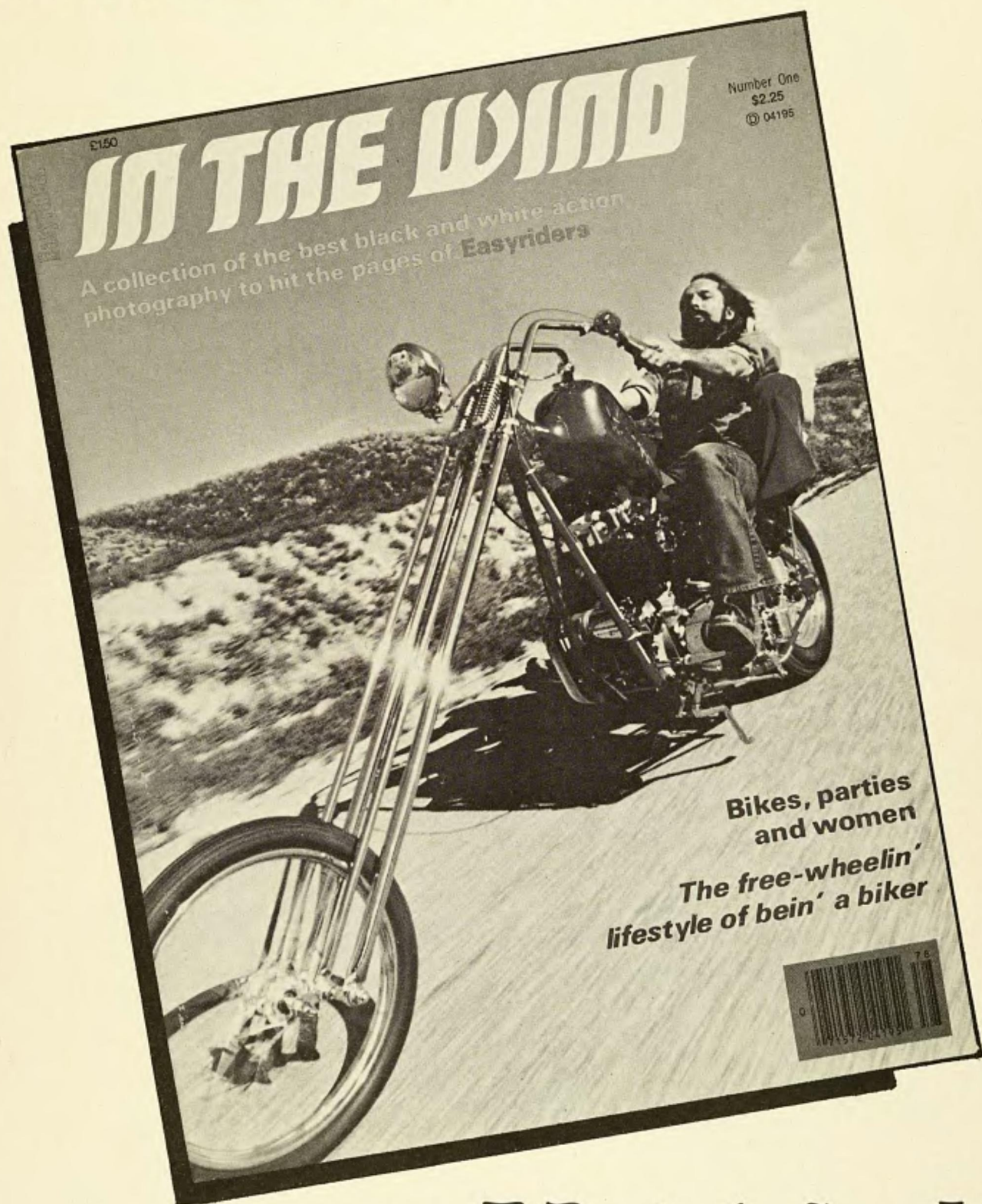
"C'mere, man," Fat Jack ordered. Hurtfoot walked to where the huge biker stood, looking directly into his eyes.

Voices and laughter faded into silence.

"Hey, what's goin' on here?" protested Moran, struggling to his feet. Fat Jack promptly shoved the smaller man back into his chair,

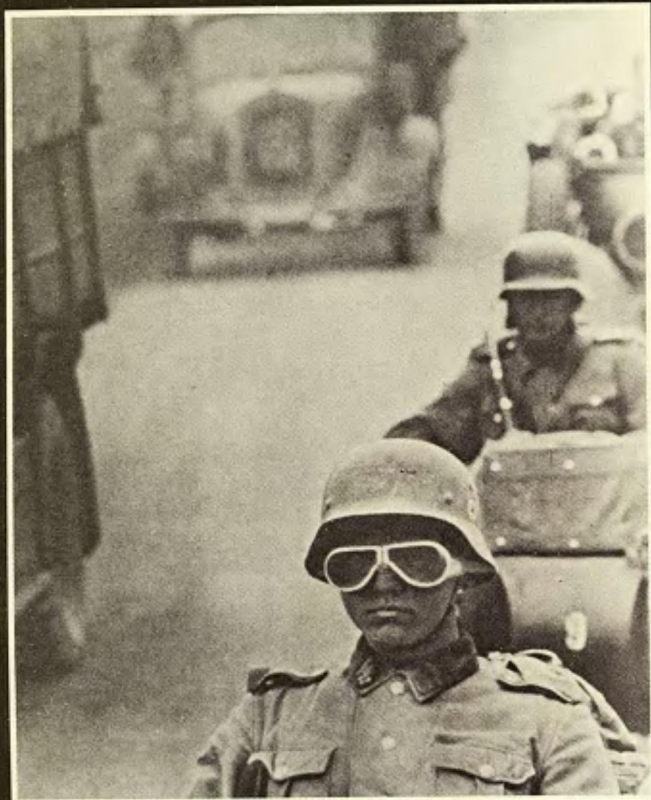
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In the Streets Now



Watch for it

Photos by Crisp Dietler



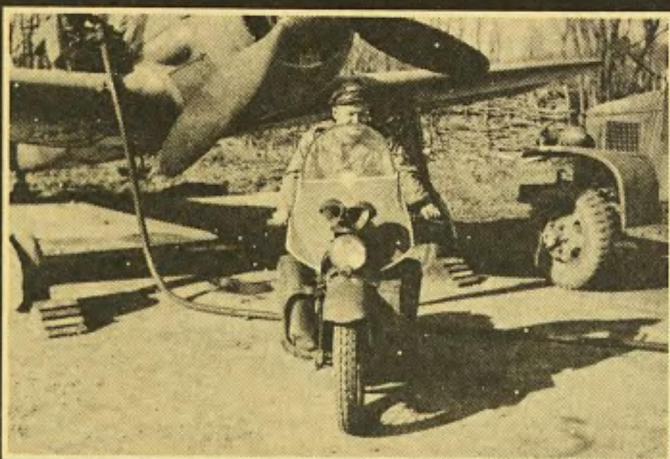
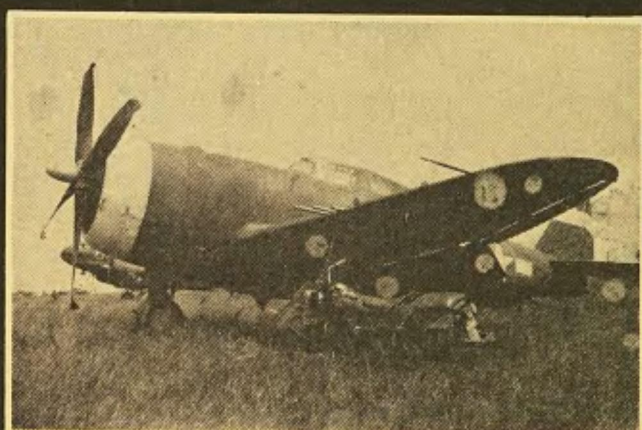
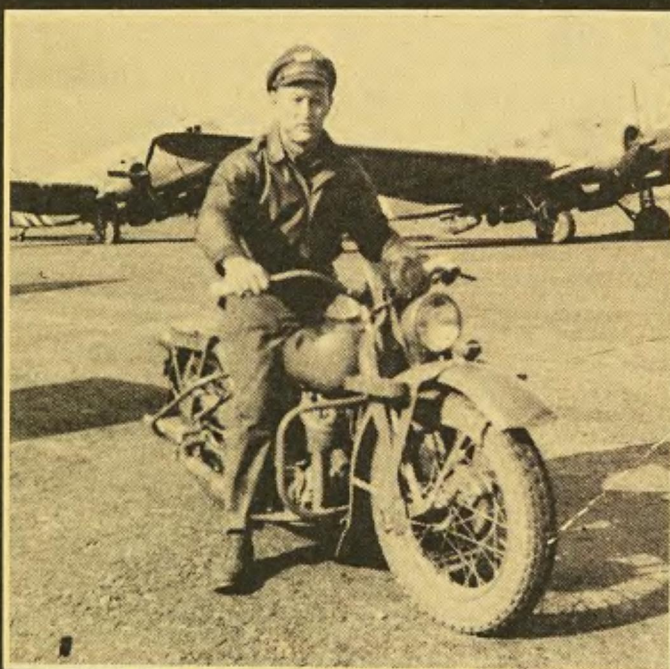
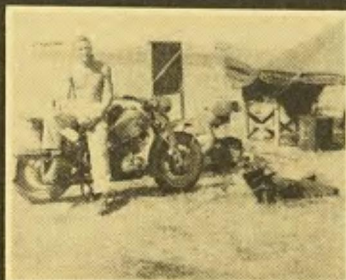
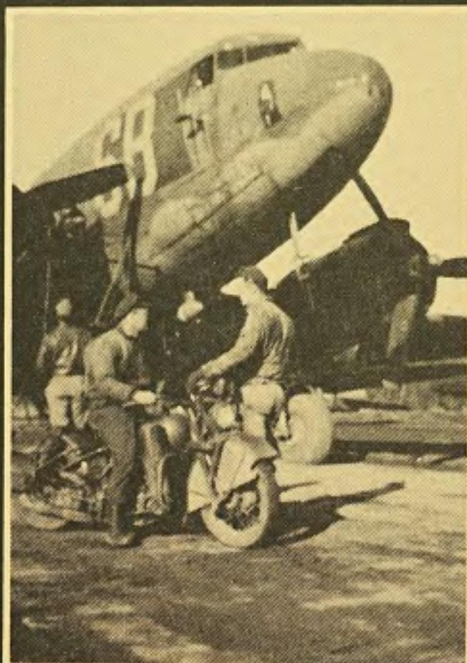
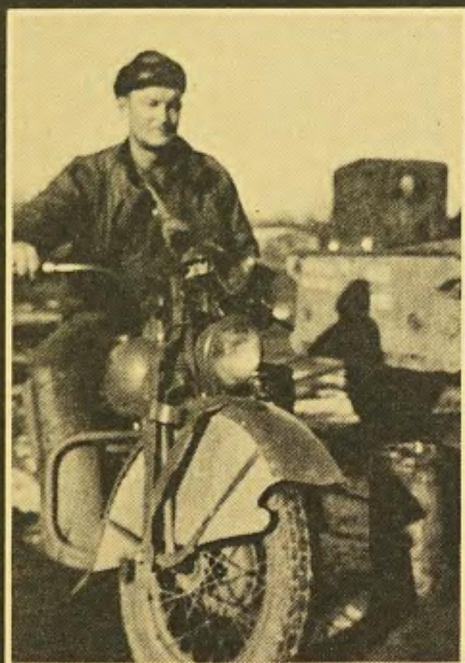
CLUBS AT WAR

Two Major Clubs Go At It Again

The world today: Flash! Through our undercover agent, we've copped these photos of rival clubs and their latest weaponry. Lucky enough to poke his camera at the warring factions' sophisticated terrain machines, our ace foreign correspondent risked his life. These photos came directly from the front. Our source cannot be revealed, but we commend him on his bravery.

And, as a closing thought as the bombs whistle over this very building, we sure hope these clubs get their shit together soon.

—Bobbin' and Weavin'



Photos by Gary Martin

Literally hundreds of bros and sisters are bitten each year by all kinds of bugs and spiders and snakes just because they carelessly choose the wrong place to crash for the night. Sometimes it's really a bad bust.

A bro stumbles through some roadside shrubbery and lays his sleeping bag over a den of diamondbacks or timber rattlers. Or a sister, drowsy in the morning, forgets to shake her boots out and steps on something twice as bad as anything they serve at the Sizzler. A hippie camps near a salt pond and wakes up the next day with a welt on his neck the size of a Safeway breakfast steak. Fuck him. What's he doin' there, anyway?

It happens hundreds of times over, and what's the option? Sleep in a sleazy motel? Forget it. Those places may have lice or bedbugs or some other dude's genital hairs that are simply impossible to shake off. Besides, there's nothin' like the great outdoors. The air is fresh and the accommodations are quite reasonable. But dig: just as motels have their hazards in the form of lice and strange-looking bellboys, so, too, does nature.

As one well-informed entomologist put it, "When you enter nature, baby, you have to pay the admission price." Keeping that price low means knowing where you are and what's out there, so the next time you stumble into some multi-colored, night-foraging creature—and it's not dripping pussy—you'll know what to do.

If you're camping or staying overnight in the Great Southwest, which includes California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and some hip parts of Texas, you're in bug country. There are all kinds of biting flies, skin-piercing insects and venomous reptiles. Not only that, but there's snakes as well.

There is the Mojave green rattler, who likes to make its home in the upper and lower regions of your thigh. This viper has a strike zone of eight feet, and venomologists say that the toxic level of this reptile's poison is worse than New York street sausage. It's so bad, in fact, that if you're hit in the morning and you don't get medical attention fast, you can be on a slab in the morgue by mid-afternoon. It's wise to know that they seek shade in crevices and under rocks, and that they like to lounge on ledges and under bushes. They dig chaparral country and hunt for food at night because it's cooler once the sun goes down. The same goes for the Pacific diamondback, whose scales and head are diamond-shaped. And don't forget the sidewinder, who does rope tricks with himself as he hurtles along the desert landscape.

Before laying down the bag, choose a plain, open area where there's not a lot of rocks and shrubbery. Look for

rodent life hopping around. Snakes feed on mice and their kin. If Mickey and Minnie are shootin' in and out of holes, the chances that a snake is in the area are pretty fair. Fresh mouseshit is a good clue that the little fellows are on the scene. If the lumps of shit are large and long, there's probably a hermit in the vicinity, babbling about gold in them thar hills. Stay away from him, too.

Always carry a flashlight with you. Wear loose clothing. If you get bitten, chances are whatever does the bitin' will hit the cloth, and the extra space can save you a lotta grief. Elevate yourself if you're not sure of the area. You can do it with either a cot or your bike, though the latter is tricky.

Wear boots that go well up your legs. Those hollowed-out fangs, once they hit the flesh, can jettison a poison squirt faster than a Squibb Water Pic. Leather can stop the fangs from reaching flesh.

BEDROLL BLUES

By Jiminy Chopper

Carry a snakebite kit, if it makes you feel safe, but doctors and hospitals no longer recommend them. Clumsy, panicky assholes do more damage with scalpel blades and tourniquets than the snake himself. A nervous dude can cut into an artery or sever some valuable equipment like nerves, muscles, and tendons.

But if you want one, you can buy a snakebite kit at any drugstore, and they don't take up that much space. They contain a constriction band so that blood will circulate slower, a lance to make a cut through the punctured areas, ammonia inhalant so you don't pass out, disinfectant to keep out other germs, a bandage ('cause things heal whenever you put a bandage on them—that's why they're working on a bandage for lung cancer), and a suction pump, which can also siphon gas.

Even if you don't have a snakebite kit and you get bitten, there are some things you can do. Like rip your cherished **Easyriders** T-shirt off and make a tourniquet. Wrap it above the bite, but not too tightly. Loosen it every twenty seconds. This keeps the venom from spreading too fast. Take

out your Buck and make a short cut with your blade, one fourth inch deep and one inch long (about the length of a citizen's cock) near or through each fang puncture. First, you should sterilize the blade with a match—then, if you choose, add salt and pepper and let bake for an hour. Or start sucking that shit out as fast as you can. If it's possible, get someone else to do the suckin'—an' hope you got bit on the joint. Make sure you or your friend doesn't have a sore or cut on his lip or inside his mouth. Keep sucking for half an hour. Don't ingest alcohol. Get medical help, try to remain immobile, and keep telling yourself you're going to be OK—'cause it's always somebody else that dies from snakebite.

Even though bug bites can certainly be dangerous, snakebites are much more serious, generally. A beer-drinking bro will succumb to the venom faster than a non-drinking dude, since alcohol in the bloodstream slows down rejection of the poison. But both dudes are likely to die if they don't get medical attention, and that's a fact.

Don't pick up logs or firewood without kicking them over first. Don't just reach out and grab a ledge without checking first. And don't believe that old bullshit about a horsehair rope keeping snakes away. A lot of superstitious dudes think that laying such a rope around your reclining bod will keep snakes from entering your sleep environment. But if anything, the snake tries to fuck the rope, realizes he's been tricked, and then—in a highly-pissed state—goes after you.

A lot of people think revving the bike keeps snakes away because the deep, guttural engine sounds signal a greater, intimidating presence. Looks good on paper, but the idea sucks, 'cause snakes are basically deaf, and the frequency area of their hearing is, for all practical purposes, unknown. Instead of sounds, they respond to vibrations and heat, and they move toward you in the dark. Also, if you're horny and ain't got no sweetie along, it ain't too wise to fuck a snakehole.

In the South, in states like North and South Carolina, Mississippi, and Florida, you want to watch out for water moccasins. No, they don't disguise themselves as Indian footwear floating in a pond. They're first cousins to the rattlesnake, and they kiss just like 'em. There are also copperheads and coral snakes in these parts of the country.

Coral snakes are pretty, and they look a lot like kingsnakes, but don't waste time tryin' to remember cute little poems remindin' you which is which. Coral snakes in the West have orange, red, and yellow bands, while eastern coral snakes have red and yellow, or white bands. These are separated by black bands. When you

see one, do the same thing you do when you see a turd on the sidewalk—don't pick it up. The coral snake's poison is a hundred times stronger than that of a rattler.

Scorpions are another deadly threat. You can find them in Florida and Georgia, but they can't terminate you the way they can in Arizona and New Mexico. The Southwestern variety of the species *sculpturatus* and species *durango* can sometimes be fatal. With a flick of their lobster-like tail, scorpions can inject a sack of venom that can have you in such instant pain that death—even though unlikely—will seem a relief. If you've never seen one, and need to be reminded, imagine a clawed, crab-like creature stretched out on a Harley with his tail curling over him. That's what carries the syringe.

Stay away from sandy areas and crevices. Sleep in an open area. Spray insect repellent around you as a kind of outer protective ring if it seems necessary. Shake your boots in the morning, before you put them on. They're like custom-made condoms for these guys. The same goes for your sleeping bag.

Don't panic. It's happened that a sleeping bro will suddenly wake and instinctively will brush the fuel-injected scorpion off his leg or chest—and that's when the pronged critter will sting. He interprets your sudden movement as an attack. Lie still and carefully lift the mutha off with a stick or the end of your Buck.

What a person goes through when he or she gets stung by one of these three-to-five-inch life forms could be mistaken as an Oscar-winning performance in buying it, except that it's horribly real. The victim becomes restless, the abdominal muscles become rigid. There are contractions of the arms and legs and drooling begins. The body temperature may rise to 104. Respiration eventually becomes difficult and involuntary urination and defecation begin. In short, the results are basically the same you'd go through when attending a Rolling Stones concert.

Most scorpions aren't deadly. The small, three-inch yellow scorpion is the one to watch out for. He's streamlined like a '72 Sportster. The other scorpions try to mimic him, but fortunately, they don't scuttle as cool.

If you get stung, there are some helpful things you can do, like place an ice pack on the site of the sting. If possible, the ice finely crushed so that later you can use it for a rum daiquiri. Cover twelve inches around the wound. This keeps the absorption of the venom down and stops the pain. If you're stung on the hand or foot, submerge that portion of your body in ice and water and get to some small, desert hospital if one is available. If you're stung on the back of the neck,

the backbone, or an area of deep flesh like your thigh, or if you're stung on the balls, give the scorpion a 9.9 for precision stinging and stagger to the nearest poison center. There's a vial of antivenin waiting there just for you.

With the exception of the Gila monster, who grinds poison into you, snakes and scorpions are the heaviest creatures around, as far as sleeping on the ground goes. When you get bitten by less-venomous life forms, it's more of an uncomfortable drag than a lethal bust. Honeybees, for example, are a menace of this kind. They can bug you from coast to coast. They're attracted to party-going picnic lovers, and especially to biker's ol' ladies, who give off the smell of beer and lusty perfume. Honeybees dig flowers, and because they're not equipped with a memory device that distinguishes one good smell from another, they automatically think your ol' lady's pussy is a flower, 'cause it smells so good. When your ol' lady starts flappin' her arms around an' screamin', the bee gets excited and redoubles his efforts, either because he thinks he's gettin' attacked or because he's gettin' horny. Your ol' lady gets stung—and so do you, because she won't be up for makin' it for a while. So tell her to cool the fumes.

Biting flies are another highway menace. These are the punky gnats and horseflies and deer flies who suck blood out of your face. There's not much you can do, except stay away from the areas where they hang out, like streams and salt marshes. There are a lot of them in the South, and a lot in the Great Lakes states. There are also a lot in New York, particularly in the early spring. About all you can do is wear long-sleeved shirts. They don't respond to sound, so if you tell them to get lost, you're wasting your breath—which brings up another point. These types of insects thrive on carbon dioxide. That's what our bodies give off, so when you're sweaty from a hard ride, they'll hit you in droves. They'll stay away from smoke and fires, but then, of course, you realize that you've got Smokey the Bear to contend with.

Not to get off the subject of bugs, but Smokey's one of the natural hazards of the West, particularly around Yellowstone Park. He's extra dangerous around females who are on the rag. Caution your ol' lady to dispense with her sanitary napkin before she enters Smokey's turf. His olfactory organs pick that scent up from fifty miles away—just like you did when ya found the broad. Once he gets a sniff of her cunt's delightful aroma, it's just a matter of time before he's at your campsite an' ready to go down on your ol' lady—from head to foot.

The Great Southwest is the proving grounds for all these life forms. There, they see which is the coolest and

which survives with the least amount of pressure. Some of them, like a certain variety of scorpion, say, "Fuck it! Who needs this shit? I'm goin' to Miami. There are a lot more Cubans there." But for the insect who stays, there's always pressure. One of the classiest who sticks around is the violin spider, otherwise known as the brown recluse. He has the clear markings of a violin on his head and chest, but he can't play worth a shit. Watch out for him. He carries a case of poison that can sicken even a dude from Chicago. He hides out in trees and shrubbery, is light brown in color, and he'll sting you if you pester him. The violin marking is the tipoff. Put it out that you're in the neighborhood and he won't pester you, 'cause he'd rather hide out than fuck. Above all, don't joke around with shit like, "Hey, man, fiddle for us," or "We need an extra for the square dance." It's an act of aggression, and he'll know it.

As for the other spiders around, don't worry much about the tarantula. His bite is mild and he rarely bites anyway. It's his looks that scare the shit out of you. Jewelers sometimes put them in the showcase window as a deterrent to crime, but when a fist comes crashing through the glass and rips off a sapphire worth four grand, they stroll to the nearest corner and laugh their asses off, 'cause the jeweler just got bit.

The spider **really** to watch out for is the black widow. It sports an hourglass shape on its belly. Smack it to fuckin' death if you have to. Don't sit on campground toilet seats without checking underneath. They love to bite cock.

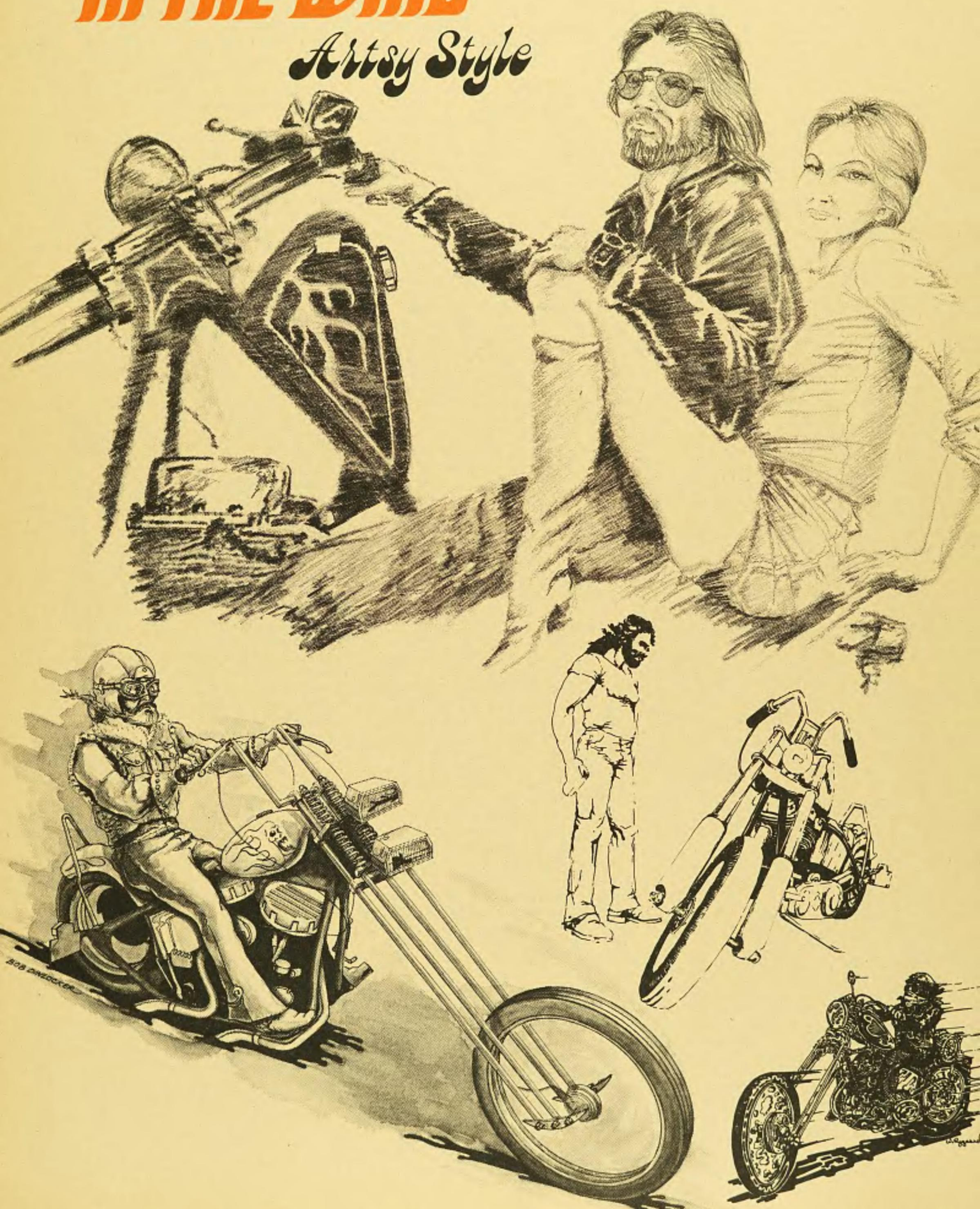
Another big problem is ticks. A lot of them hang out in the Rockies, but really they're everywhere. They suck your blood and transmit infection that they picked up from rodents. Check yourself each night, especially around the balls or snatch and ass.

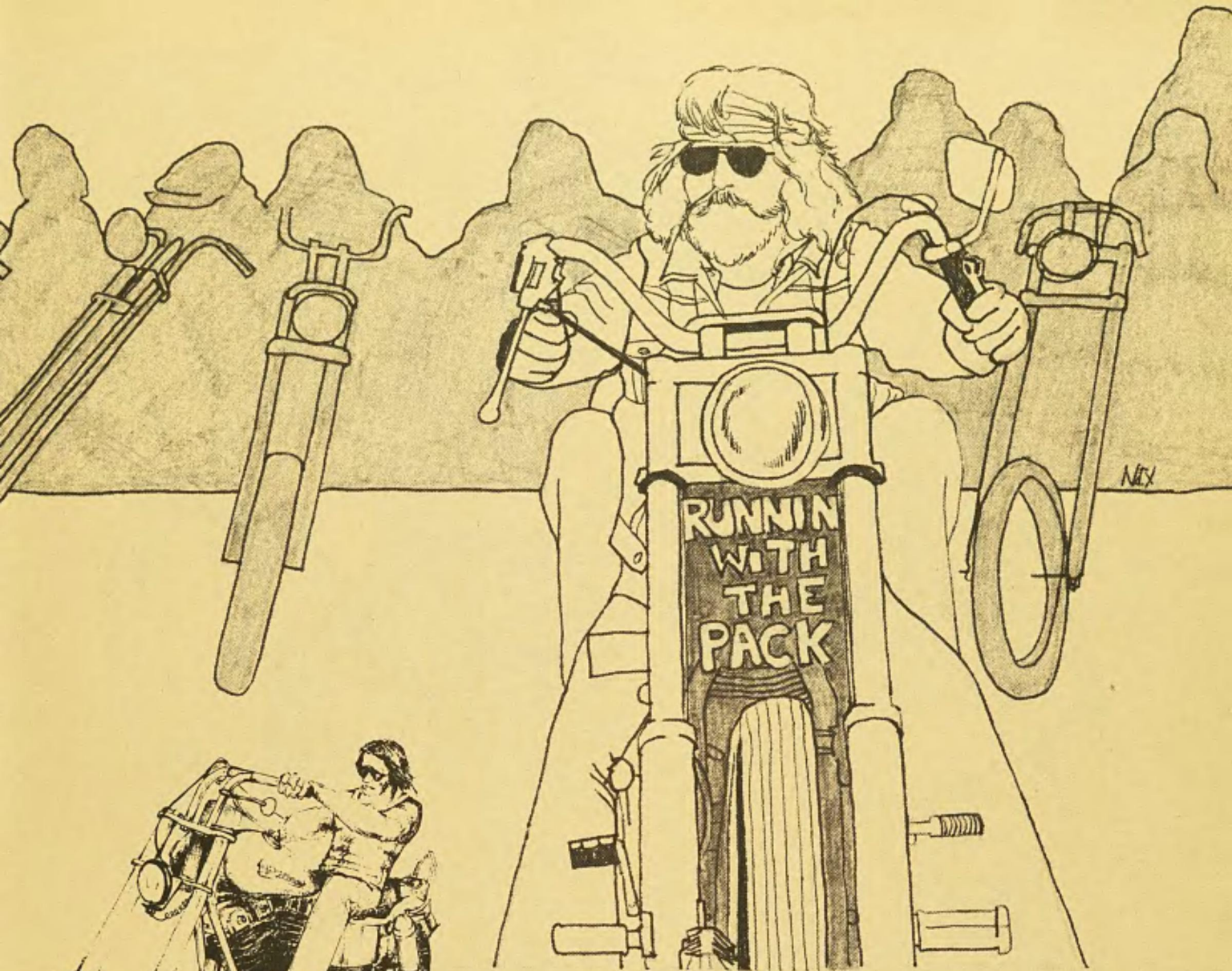
If you've got one (or he's got you), an' want to get him out of your skin, try anything you like. You can burn him. Or you can pour gas on him, or alcohol, or turpentine, or whatever. He will resist letting go until his death do you part. Entomologists have studied and tried every known method of removing ticks, and they (as you will) finally say, "Oh, fuck it!" and pull the little bastard out. Sometimes his head comes out, and sometimes it doesn't, leaving the sucking part in your hide.

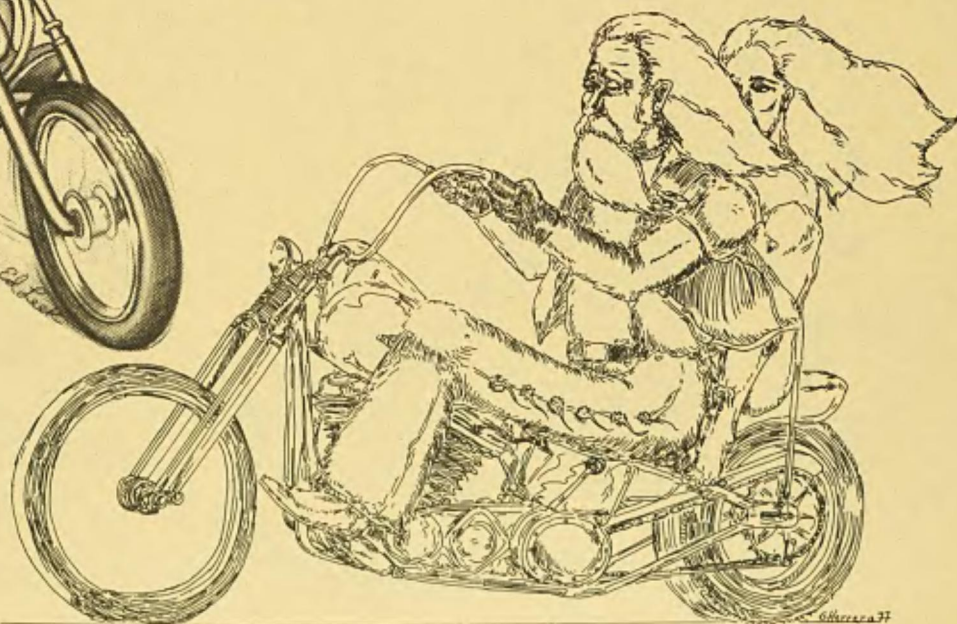
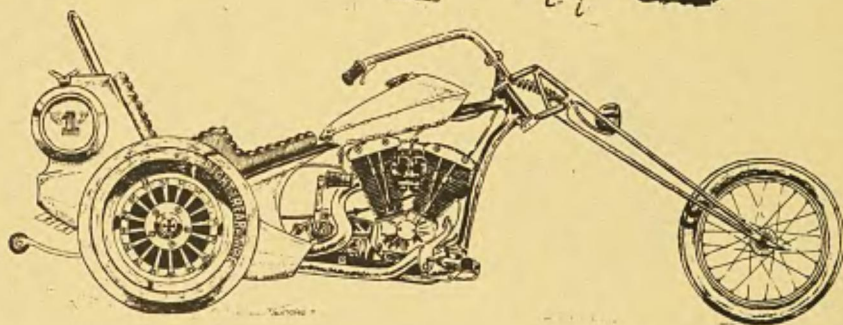
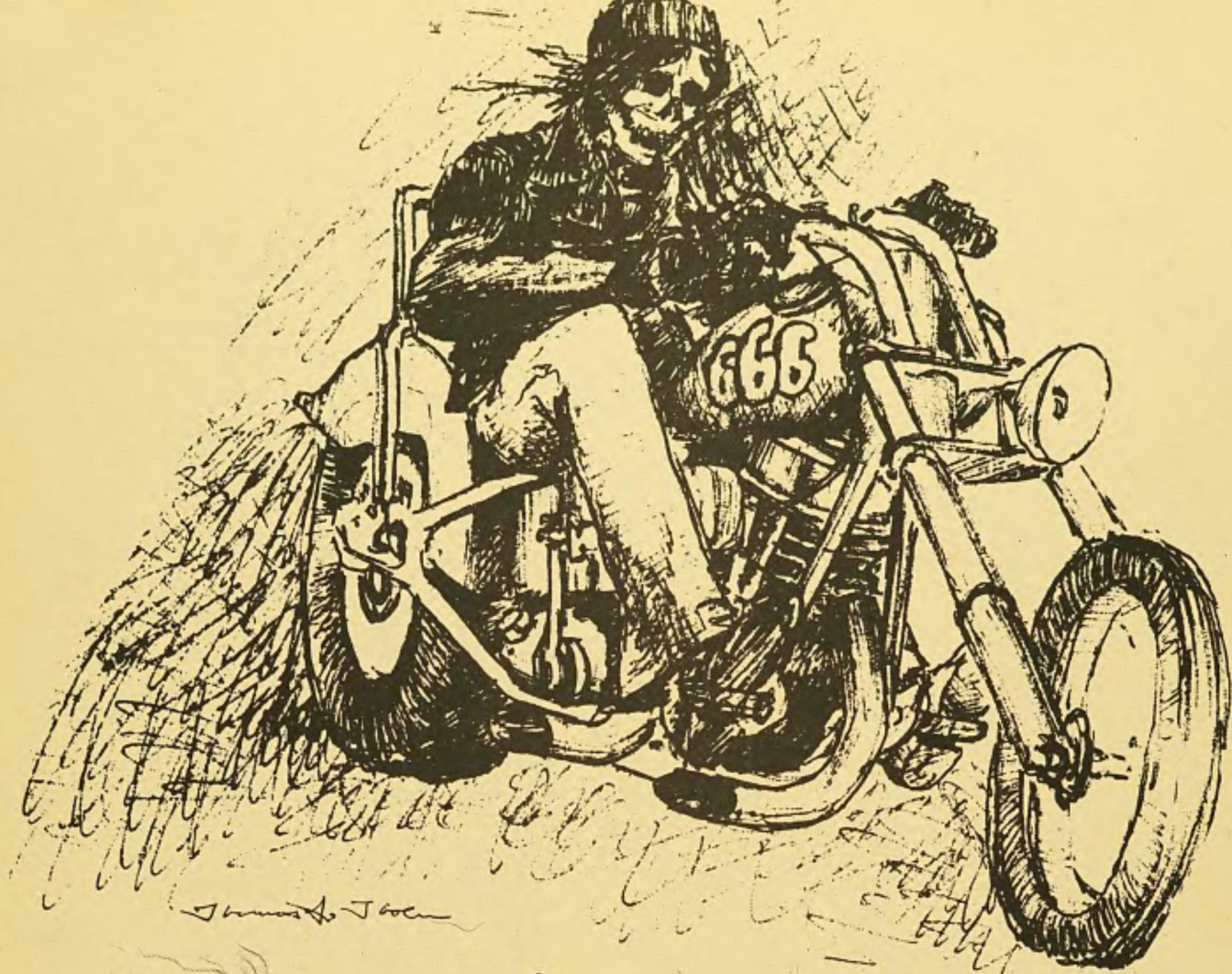
That's about it. Just know what's out there. Poisonous creatures will respect you if you respect them, and the only thing they worry much about is people. **Those** mean fuckers can **really** rile 'em up. Especially city freaks who don't feel comfortable in the woods unless there's Astroturf nearby or a golf course in the area. But don't let them bug you. ■

IN THE WIND

Artsy Style

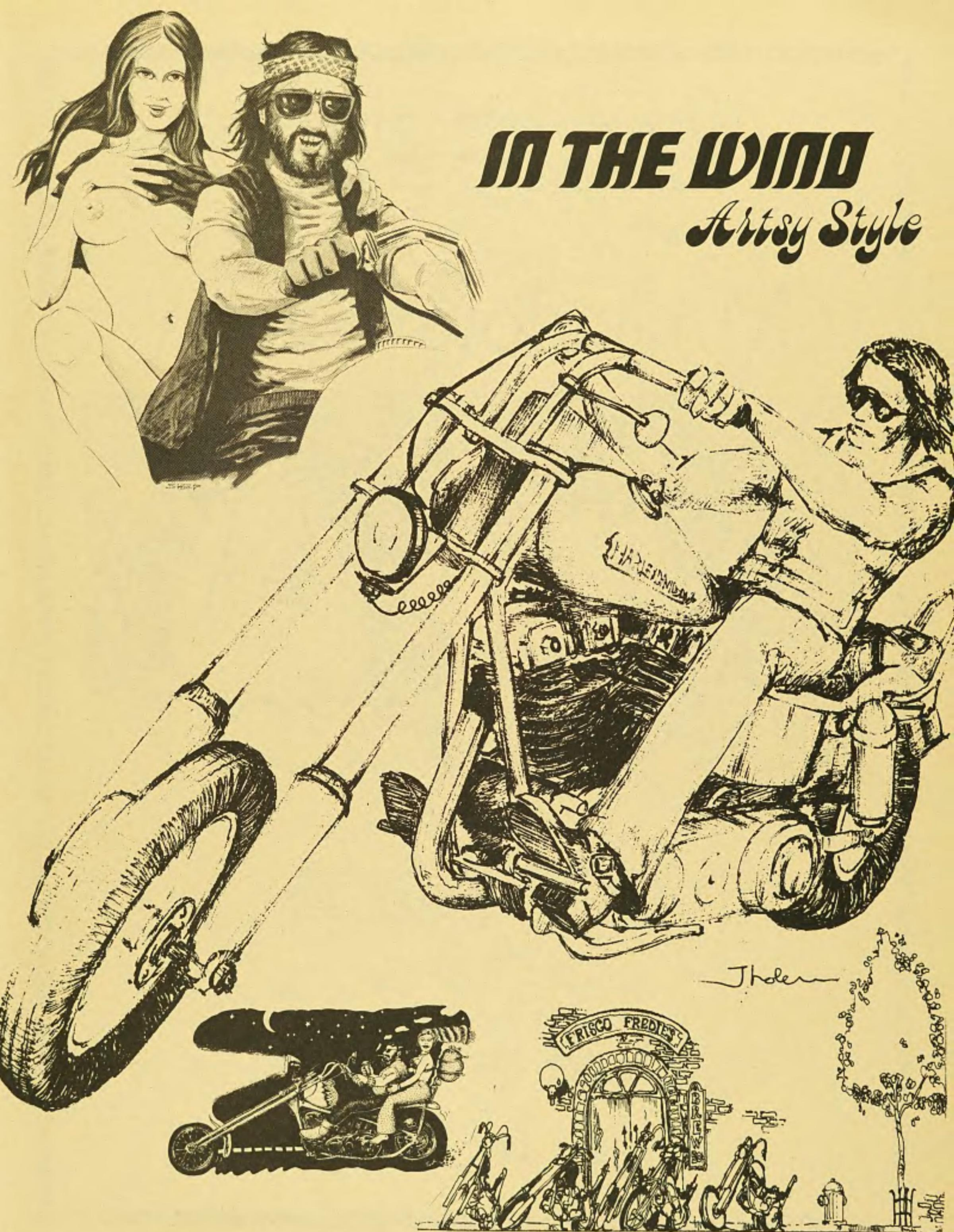






IN THE WIND

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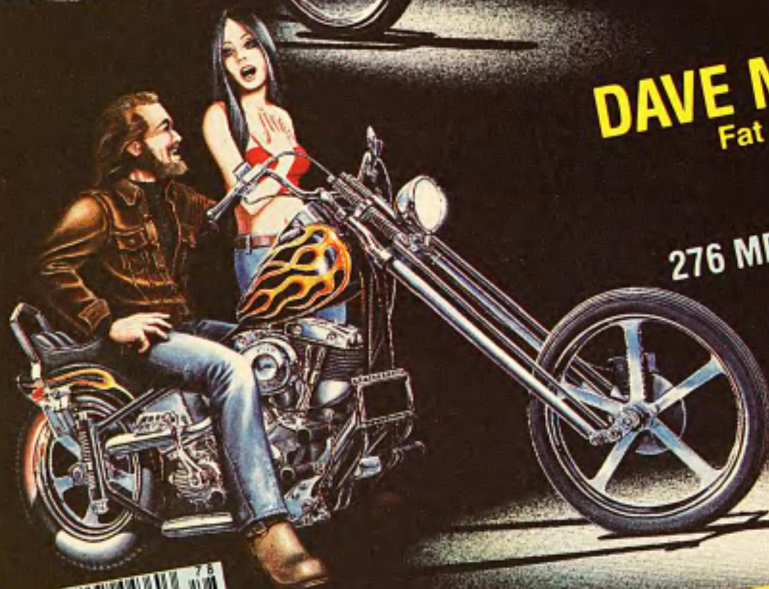
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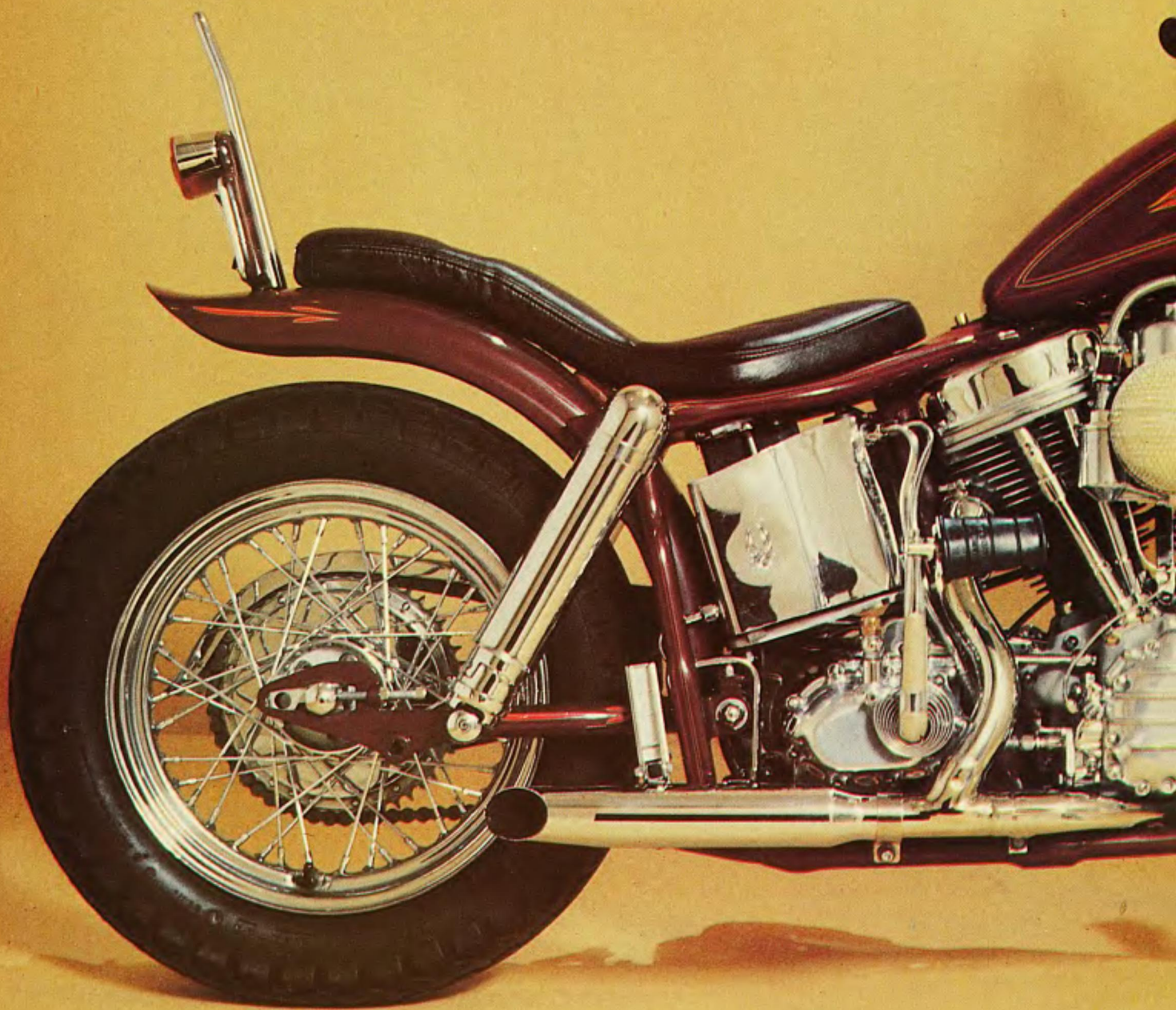
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SWINGARM PAN

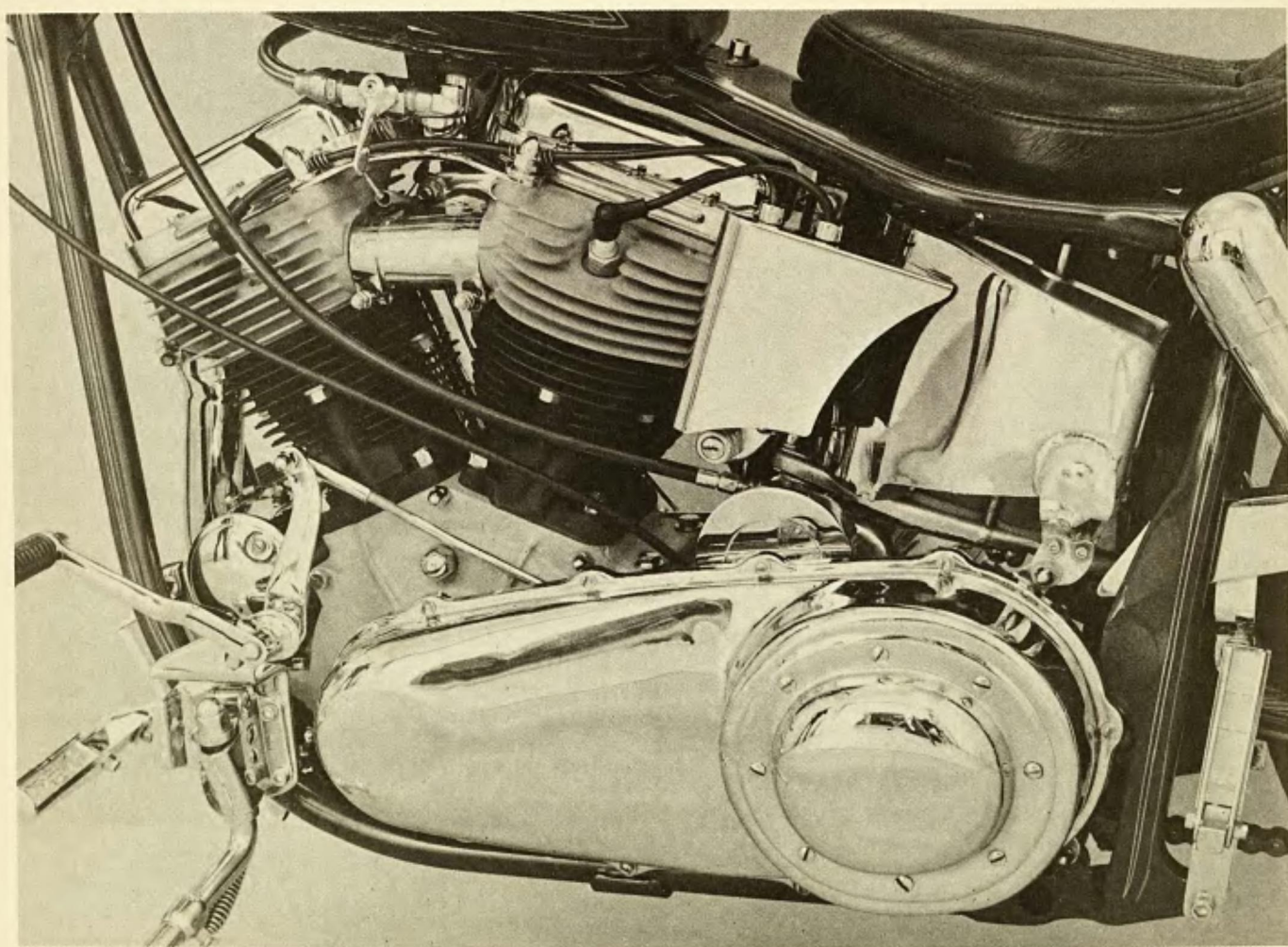
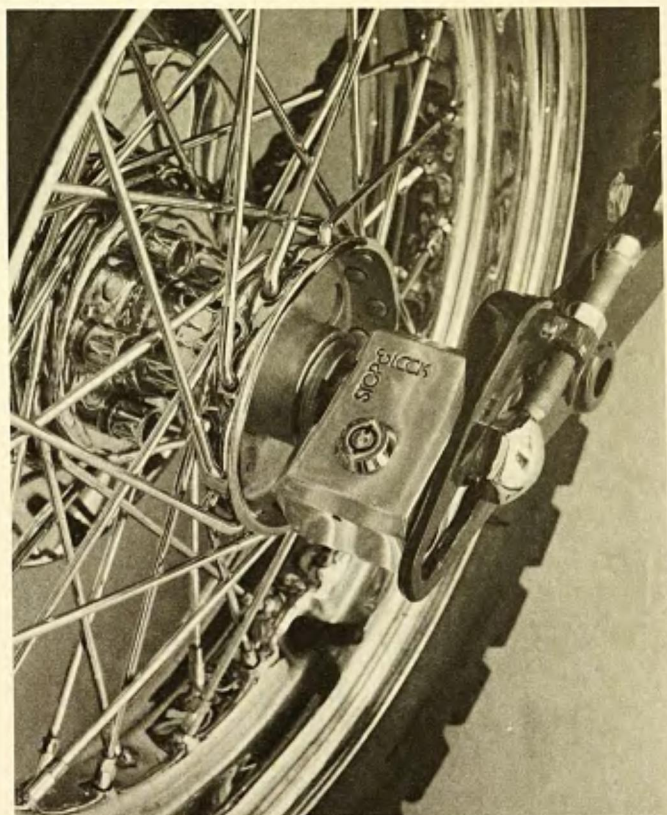
It'd be great if every bro could ride a bike as nice as this one . . .

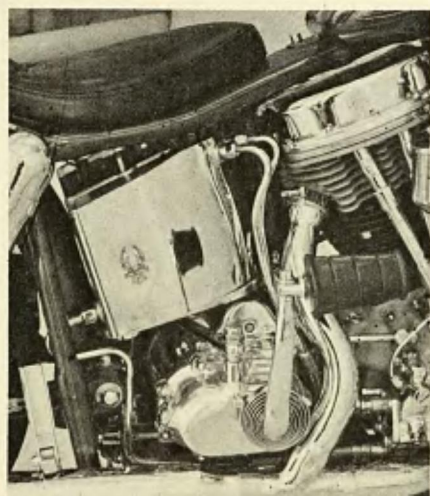
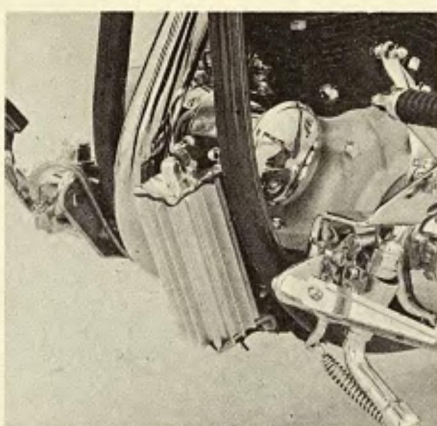
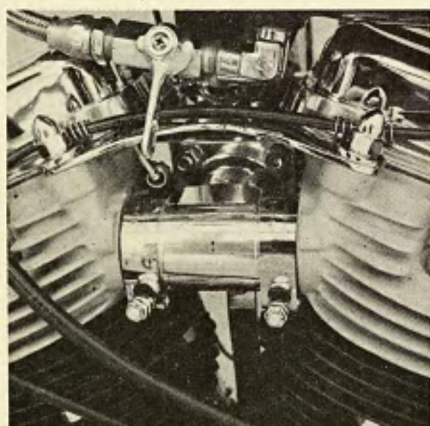
We wouldn't have any use for new bikes—just spare parts. We're not tryin' to tell anyone what's neat—who gives a fuck? But some bros think that buildin' a sharp.scoot takes thousands of bucks. So when we get the opportunity, we try to show bros some ways to build a bike without sellin' their sister to the pimp in the gold-plated Caddy.

Craig here built one helluva good-lookin' scooter using mostly stock parts. In some cases, they were the only parts he had around, or they may just have been in accord with the style he was after—whatever.

This is a good example of what can be accomplished with a swingarm frame. It's been raked and molded, and stock exhaust





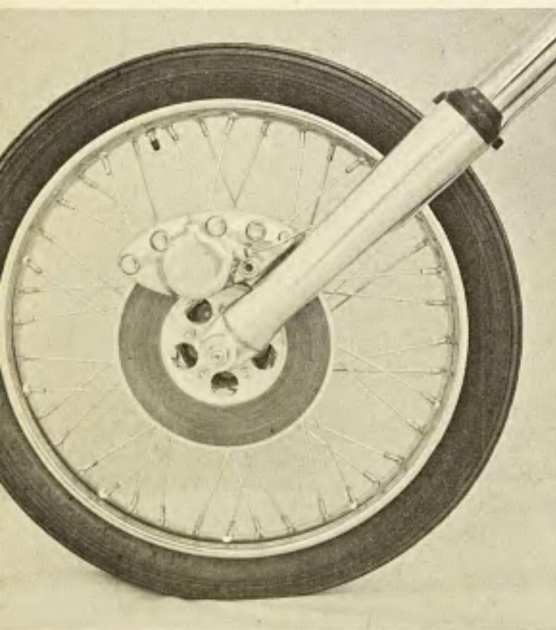
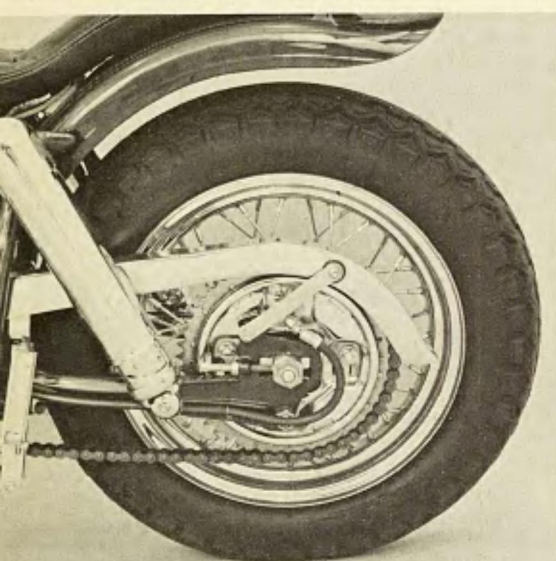


system joints were welded and rechromed. The stock fender's been reworked, and the stock front end had the lower tree reversed. The oil tank and lines are stock, except for the filter-cooler system. And the license plate bracket is wood. Except for the paint and chrome, most of these major modifications could have been accomplished by the owner, at home. And no bushel basket of green would have gone out the door. Even the S.U. could be copped from a junk yard and rebuilt.

Course, Craig did a decent job of detailing the bike, giving it that finished appearance. But, with a taste of elbow grease and ingenuity, we can all ride nice bikes. That's what it's all about.

—Weed

—Continued on next page



Owners: Craig Jensen

City: Fresno, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1955 H-D

Model: FLH

Value: \$5,000

Assembly by: owner

Time: 9 months

Chroming by: D. Turner

Frame

Year: early shovel

Builder: H-D

Type: swingarm

Rake: 1 inch

Stretch: none

Other alterations: stress bar removed

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1955

Model: FLE (modified to FLH)

Rebuilder: owner

Ignition: distributor

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Lower end: FLH (John's Customs)

Balancing: Ditronic, Inc.

Pistons: stock FLH

Cases: sandblasted stock

Heads: ported '65, shovel valves

Cam: stock FLH

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): 2 in. S.U.

Air cleaner: stock S.U.

Pipes: modified stock by John

Muffler(s): hollow

Bars: Drag Specialties

Risers: built into bars

Fender(s): original fatbob

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: oval

Speedo: small Jammer

Front pegs: custom

Rear pegs: custom

Electrics: 6 V., 3-brush gen.

Gas tank: mustang

Oil tank: stock

Oil system: cooler/filter

Primary cover: plain

Seat: Danny Grey

Sissy bar: owner

Height: 12 inches

Material: 3/8 in. solid

Transmission

Modifications: polished gears

Year: 1965

Shifting: foot

Eng. sprocket: 23 1/2 (belt drive)

Trans sprocket: 24 (belt drive)

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: wide glide

Extension: 8 inches

Builder: H-D & owner

Spcl. features: trees modified by John

Wheels

Front

Size: 21

Hub: stock H-D

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Tire: 3.00

Brake: disc

Rear

Size: 16

Hub: stock H-D

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: 5.00

Brake: juice drum

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: owner

Color: maroon, blue pearl

Type: acrylic enamel

Special paint: striping by Neil Averal

Other special modifications: custom brake pedal by owner, belt primary drive, 6 V. relay eliminator, lowered tree reversed by John, wooden license plate bracket.

STREET
RATS

FREAK McGEEAZE

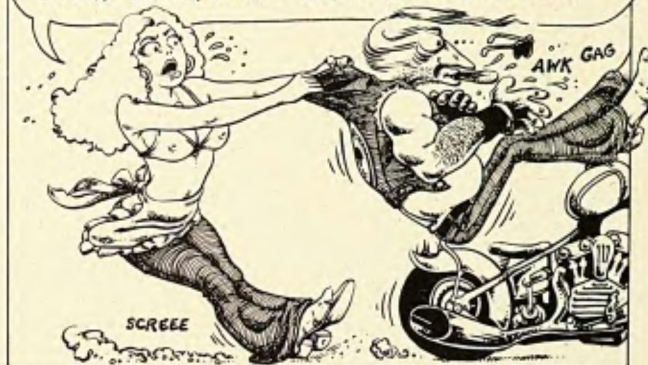


WHY 'N HELL DON'T YOU GET OFFA YER ASS,
AN GET SOME MONEY SO WE CAN HAVE SOME
FOOD! BLAH BLA BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH



SHIT! THAT TIME OF
MONTH AGAIN. TIME
TO BOOGIE...

HOLD IT! WHERE THE HELL DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING? YOU NEVER TAKE ME ANYWHERE!
BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH...



ANK GAG

SCREE

AND DON'T PISS ON THE
SEAT! AND QUIT BEATIN'
OFF IN THE TUB! I HATE
FINDING THAT SHIT BETWEEN
MY TOES EVERYTIME AFTER
MY BATH!... NAG NAG
NAG NAG NAG NAG NAG



HOLY
SHIT...

BAM
BAM

... AND YA NEVER HELP WITH THE
HOUSEWORK AND YOU LEAVE YOUR
BEERCANS ALL OVER! AND YOUR STUPID
FRIENDS ALWAYS LEAVE GREASE ANYPLACE
THEY SIT!... YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP



KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

AARRGH

MEOW

HEY, OH
I'M KINDA
BUSY...

HO-HO, LIL TROUBLE WITH
THE LIL LADY? SHIT, GIVE
'EM A GOOD SCREW, THAT'LL
SHUT 'EM UP EVERYTIME!



THAT NITE...

C'MON BABY,
LET'S FUCK...

WAITAMINIT!
WHAT THE HELL IS
THIS?! GET OFFA
ME! YER ALWAYS
ON TOP! I AM
GETTING SICK OF
THIS SHIT!
I WANT MY
RIGHTS!



BAM!
CRUNCH!
POW!

WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!

THERE'S YER RIGHTS BITCH!
JUST BE GLAD I DIDN'T GIVE YA
FEW LEFTS!



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IN-AND-OUT JAIL THERAPY: A PROPOSAL FOR NONTRADITIONAL CONFINEMENT

David E. Clement, University of South Florida

The criminal justice system wavers among several goals, depending upon current fads, whims, and salencies of public outcries. These goals include the prevention of crime in general, the prevention of repeated crime by individuals, protection of citizens from identified criminals, and the punishment of criminal behavior. Treatments of criminals likewise seem to reflect differing attitudes, including deterrence, rehabilitation, community protection from known criminals, and punishment. The specifics of such treatments range from custodial confinement in a variety of institutions to community-based learning and therapy experiences. The results of many studies, using varied criteria and subject populations, indicate that confinement, *per se*, does not appear to reduce subsequent criminal activities by offenders. However, it does serve to keep them out of circulation for the term of the sentence, and does appear to be perceived as punishment, at least by youthful and first-time offenders. Special treatment programs during confinement may reduce criminal activity after release, and community-based programs not involving confinement may likewise inhibit subsequent criminal behavior, but the data are ambiguous and difficult to interpret. There is some indication that programs involving partial release from confinement (e.g., work release and study release) have positive effects due to continuation of societal contacts and desirable work/study habits during the time under sentence. Total non-confinement with minimal performance criteria, such as probation, on the other hand, has produced no more positive results than the best treatment programs in confinement, and is constantly attacked for failure to provide punishment (though

supervision itself is often considered punitive by probationers).

What, then, should we do to achieve the criminal justice goals enumerated earlier? I shall suggest a program of nontraditional treatment which meets many of the requirements and avoids many of the objections attributed to more traditional ways of processing convicted felons and misdemeanants. First, however, I wish to specify the kinds of objectives I see as reasonable for a treatment procedure.

Any attempt to deal with individuals violating societal rules must consider at least three basic factors—social-political, psychological, and economic. Society (or, more specifically, *we*) wants to stop criminals from repeating criminal acts. We also want to prevent crime from occurring, and at least some of us want to have vengeance upon law-breakers. However, the prevention of crime awaits some cataclysmic change in society, and vengeance belongs to the Lord—or at least to the specific victim of the crime—so I shall not speak of those desires. Rather, focusing upon individuals who have already committed a crime, we want them never to do so again. I choose this as the only practical objective. Political necessity requires that whatever we do to accomplish this objective not greatly violate the public need for safety from attack, and therefore any specific program must include constraints which will make it acceptable to the majority of law-abiding citizens. Psychological research in changing the behavior of humans provides further constraints upon any proposed system. To oversimplify, we must provide some unwanted consequences for undesired behavior, and wanted consequences for desired behavior. Furthermore, the connection between behavior and its conse-

quences must be clear, consistent, and effective under circumstances approximating the environment of the offender *after* the offender is released from special control of the criminal justice system. Finally, the system must make economic sense. We cannot simply assign one observer to each offender for any extended period of time; we cannot terminate the employment of all current correctional personnel, whether we replace them with a different type of employee or not; we cannot provide expensive special programs for offenders that exceed any benefits available to law-abiding citizens (for political as well as economic reasons). Therefore, a suggested program should consider making use of as much of the current system as possible, should not scare the hell out of the public, and should have some reasonable expectation of success, given what is known about changing human behavior.

The program I am suggesting is a nontraditional type of confinement which I term "in-and-out jail therapy." It is based both upon the principle of making punishment as specific as possible in response to bad behavior, and upon the motivation of people to avoid punishment insofar as possible. I suggest punishing the behavior rather than generally punishing the individual. Specifically, an offender convicted of a specific crime would be given a contingent sentence. The total amount of confinement would be indeterminate in the technical sense, but the amount of confinement contingent upon behavior by the offender would be absolutely fixed and specified in advance. As an example, a nineteen-year-old man convicted of a first offense of breaking and entering initially might be sentenced to a total of 39 days of confinement, using the

—Continued on page 82





—from Gypsy's ol' lady, Ventura, Calif.



—from Keith Schriener, Youngstown, Ohio



—from Andre Watteel, Cambridge, Ontario, Canada



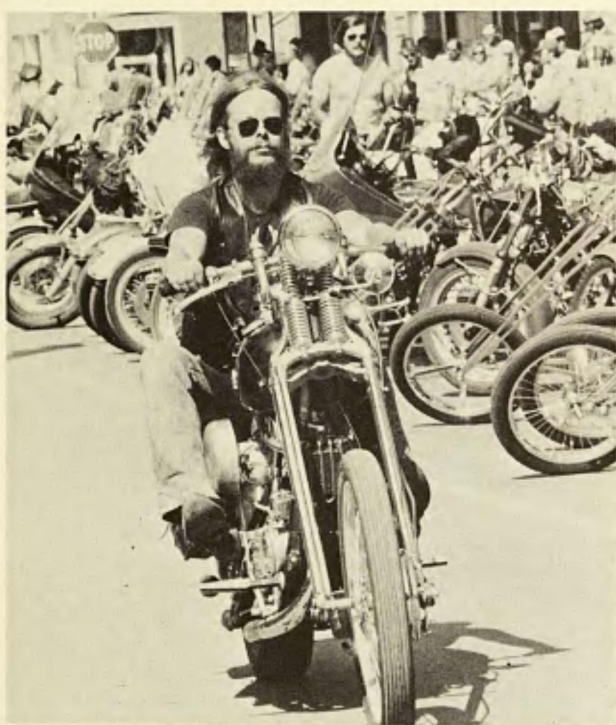
—from Kat, Omaha, Neb.



—from Keith Schriener, Youngstown, Ohio



—from Cliff Fortune, Glen Falls, N.Y.



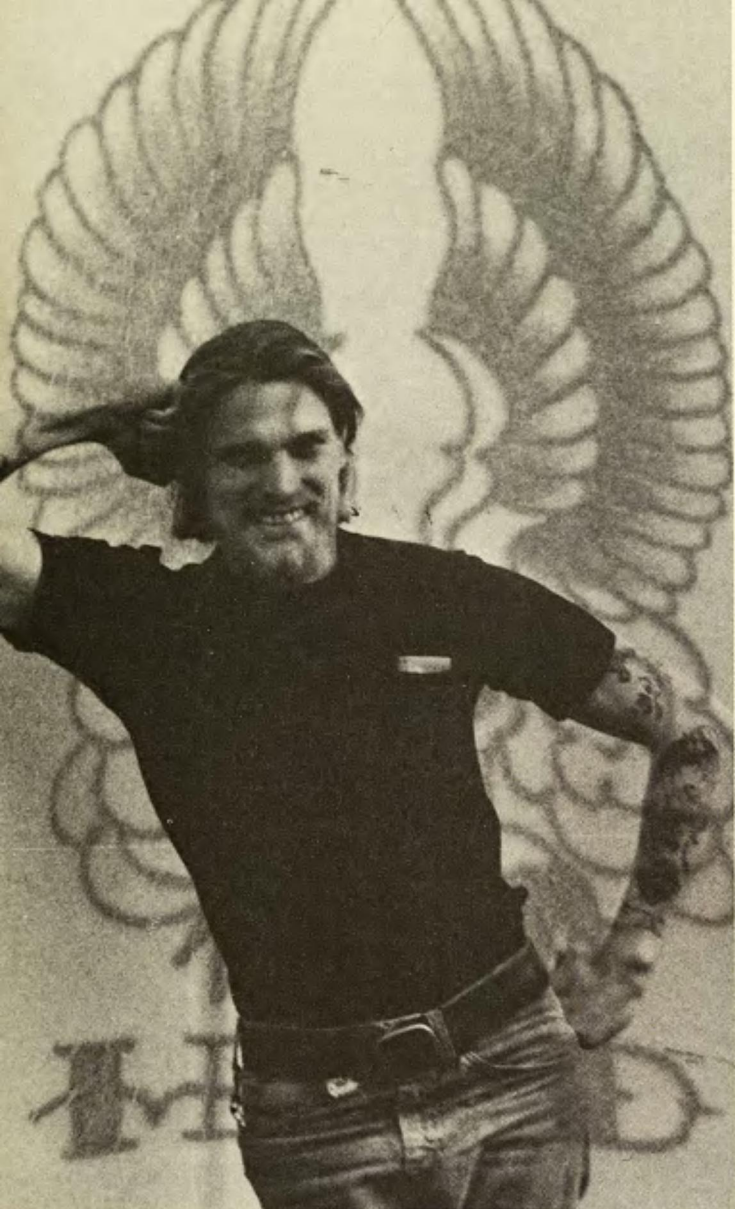
—from Fred Fernandez, Denver, Colo.

IN THE WIND

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

—from Melanie Howard, Graham, N.C.





—from Mike Abraham, Commerce City, Colo.

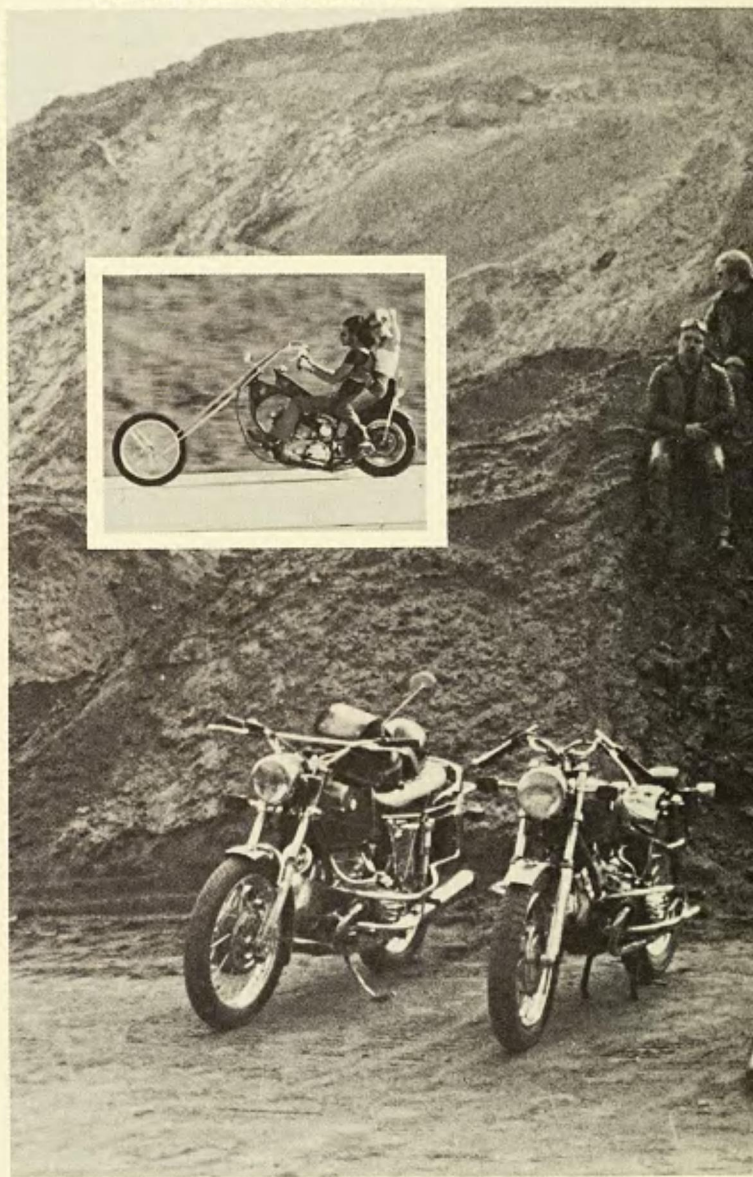


—from Outlaws Haven, Nicholville, N.Y.



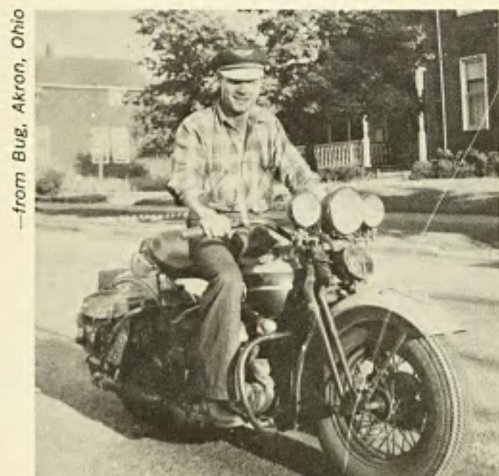
—from Keith Schriner, Youngstown, Ohio

—from Fred Fernandez, Denver, Colo.



—from Wolfgang Ruhl, Hamburg, Germany

—from J. M. Russell, El Paso, Tex.



—from Bug, Akron, Ohio



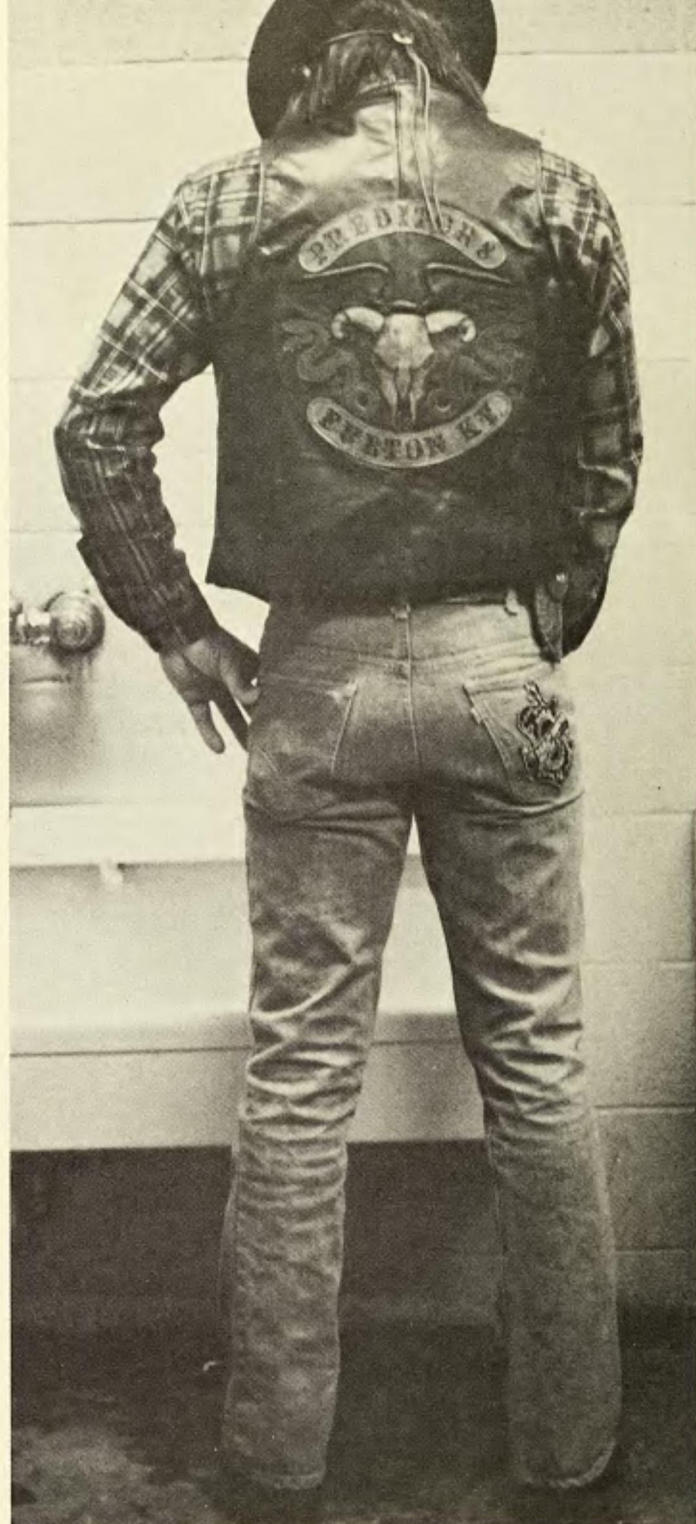
—from R. M. Baggett, Ypsilanti, Mich.



—from Wayne McAllister, Centralia, Wash.



—from Fred Fernandez, Denver, Colo.



—from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.



—from Tom Govocent, Minneapolis, Minn.

—from David Paul Simmons,
Pawtucket, R.I.



—from Joe Scarfo, Queensboro, N.C.



—from Fred Fernandez, Denver, Colo.



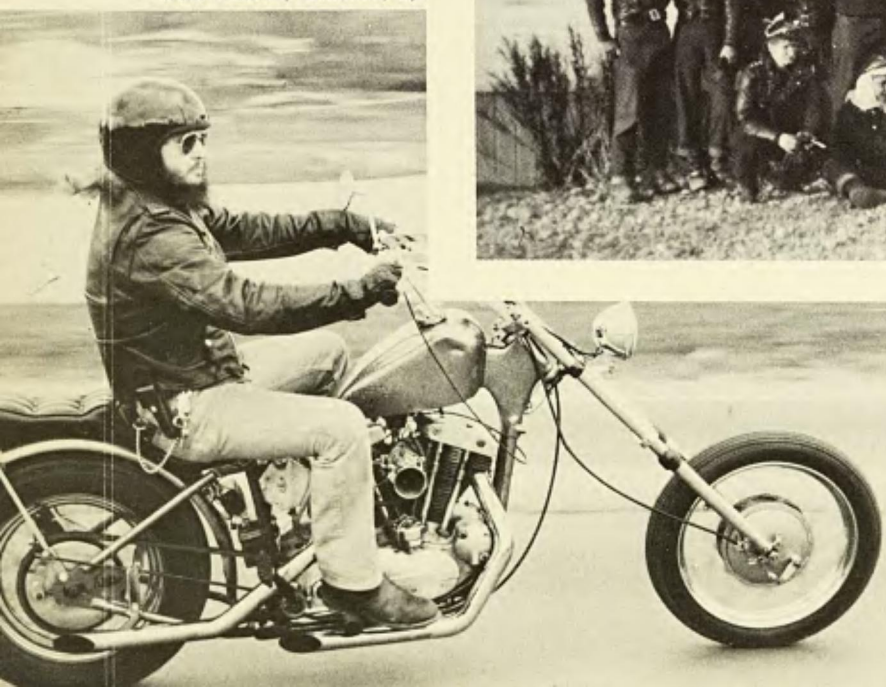
—from Dave Petrouich, Jefferson, Pa.



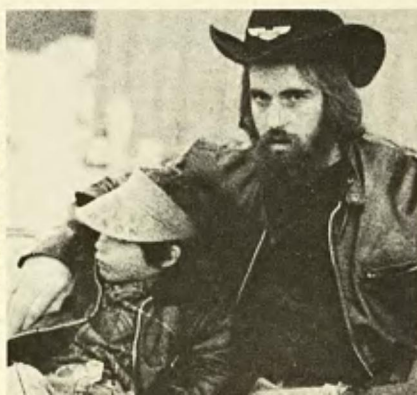
—from Wayne McAllister, Centralia, Wash.



—from Richard, Louisville, Ky.



—from Melanie Howard, Graham, N.C.

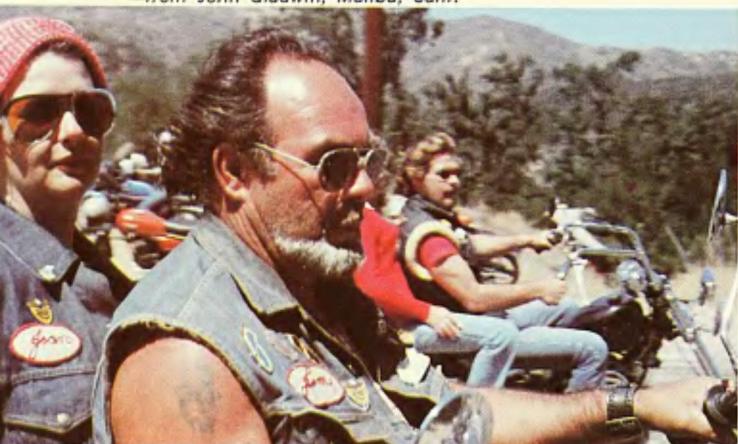




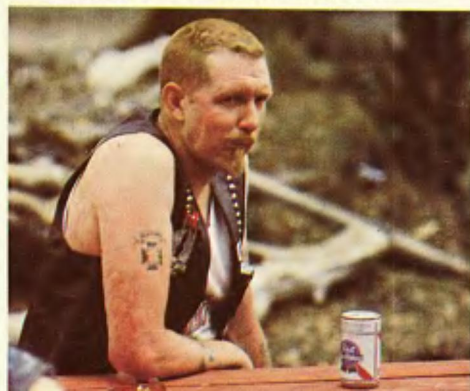
—from John "House" Bentley, Baldwin Park, Calif.



—from John Gladwin, Malibu, Calif.



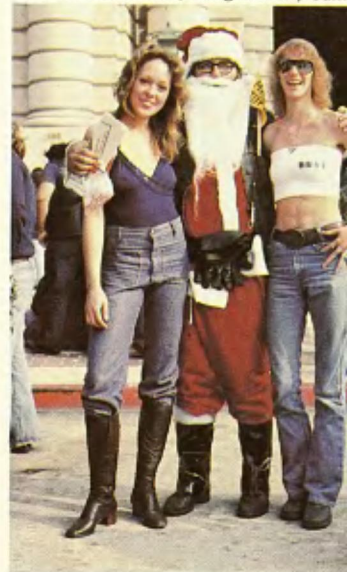
—from Fred Fernandez, Denver, Colo.



—from Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.

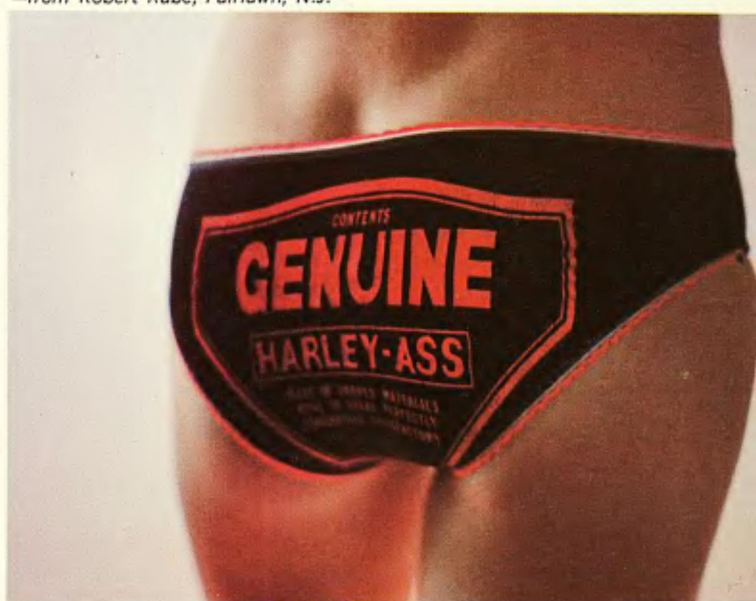


—from Paul Basch, Long Beach, Calif.



—from Tony Railsback, Hutchinson, Kan.

—from Robert Rabe, Fairlawn, N.J.



—from Larry Newcomer, Great Mills, Md.





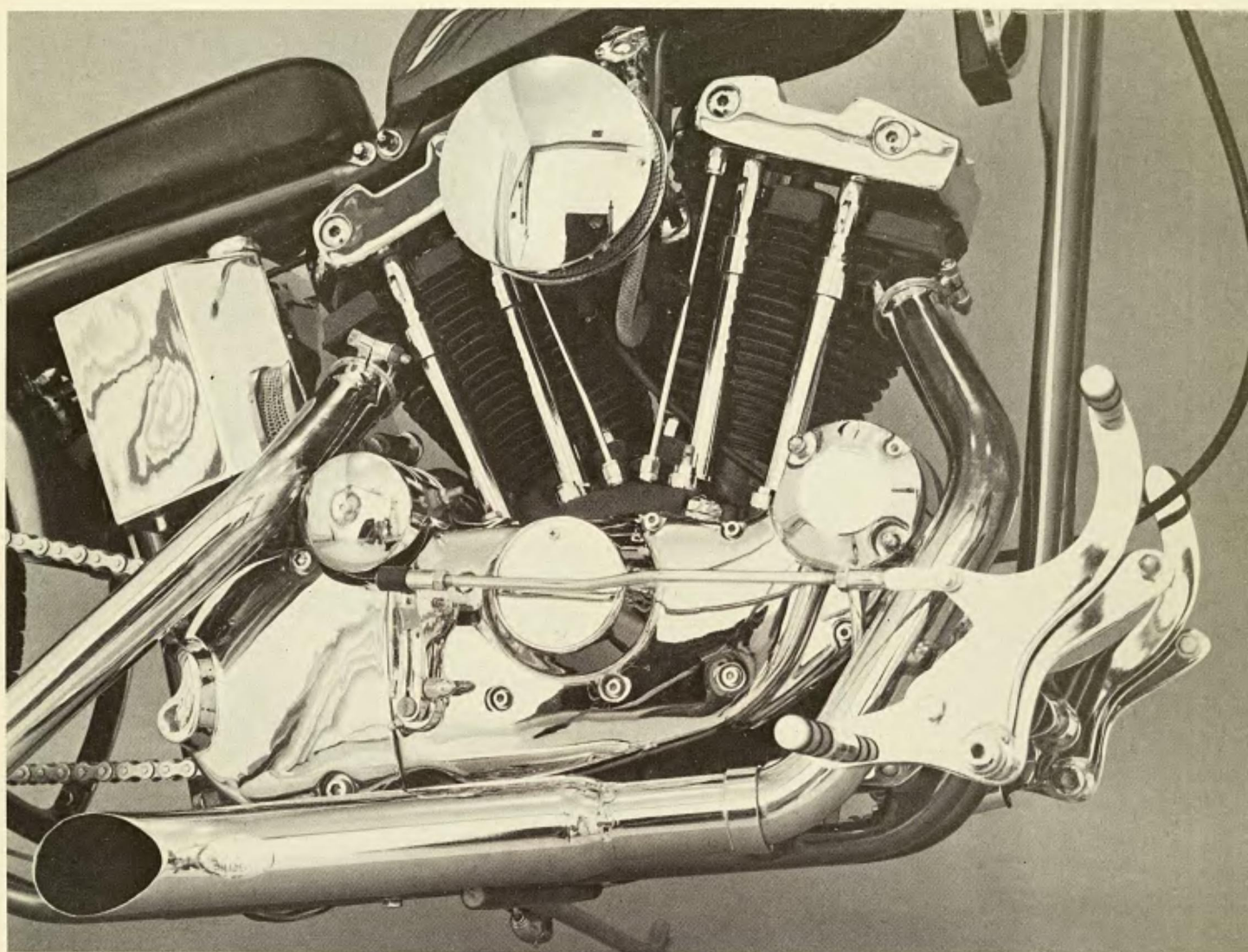
Casper's Magazine



SPORTSTERS FOREVER

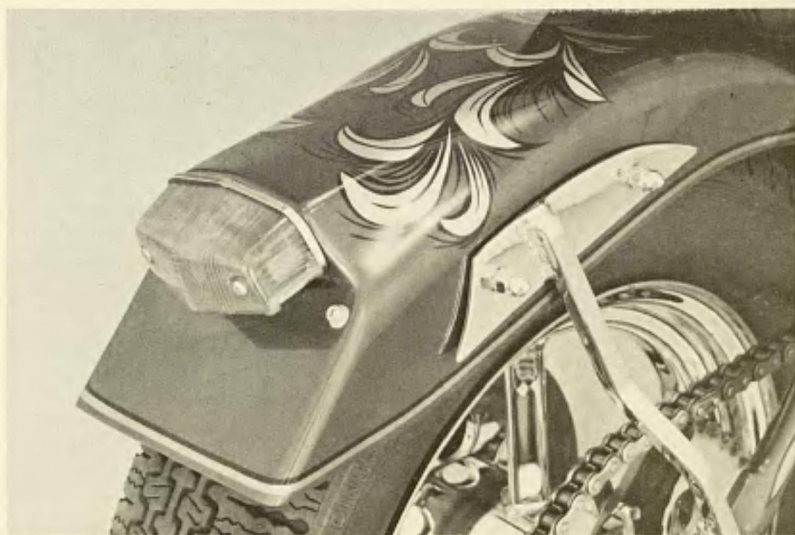
Which may not be long—have ya seen the new one?

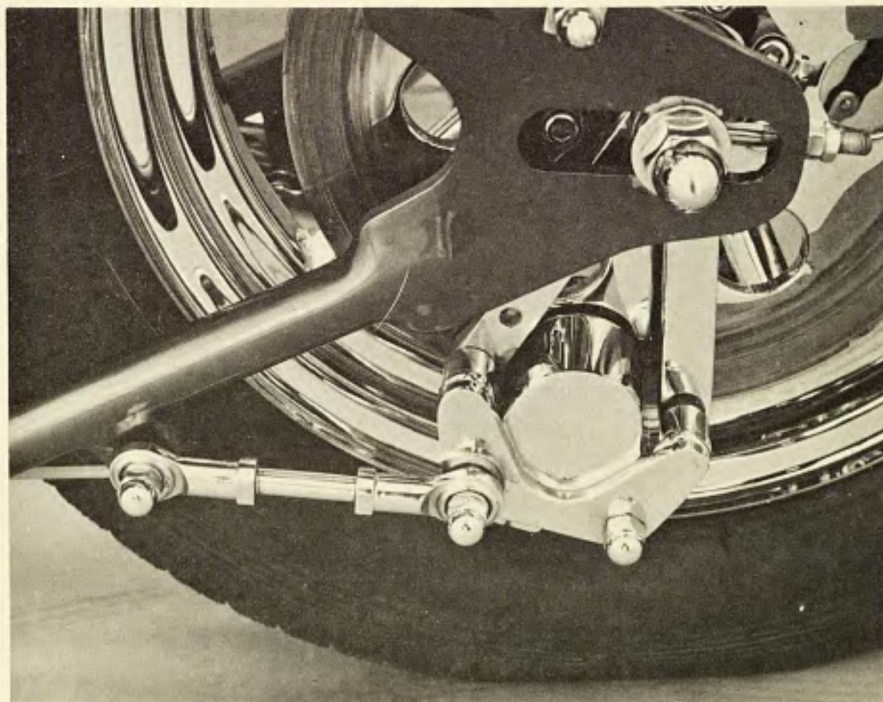
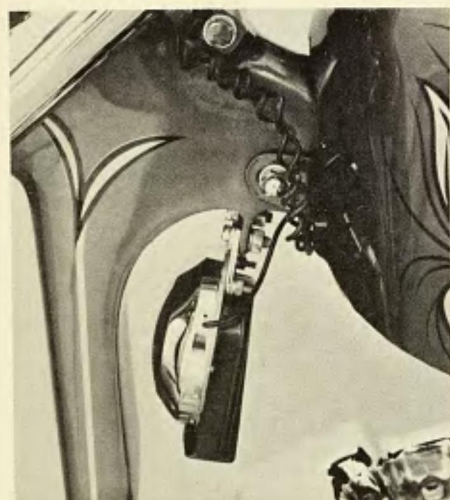
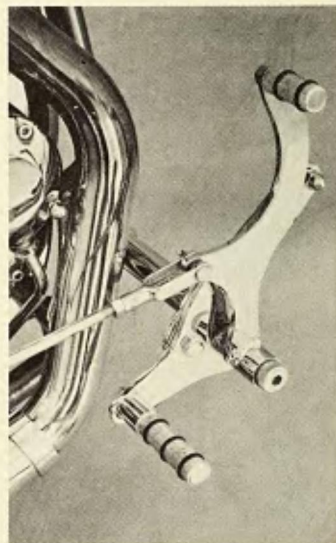
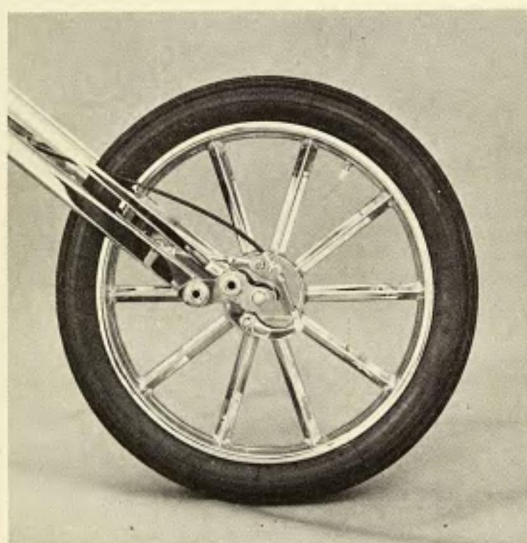
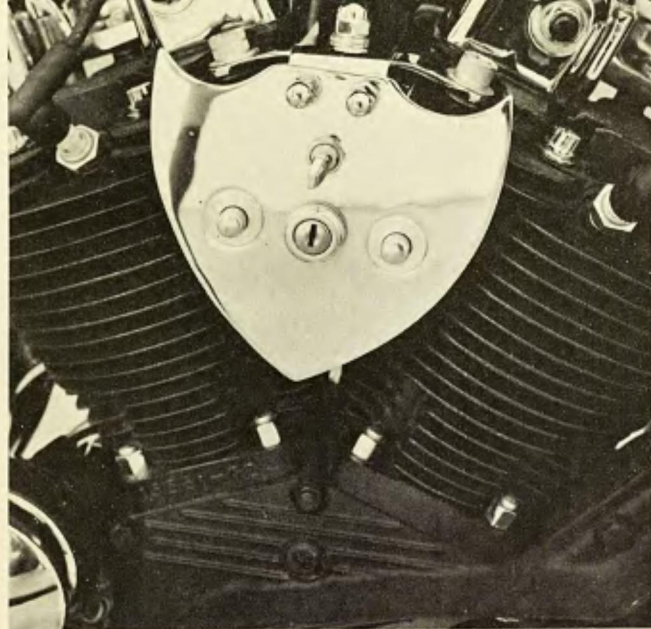


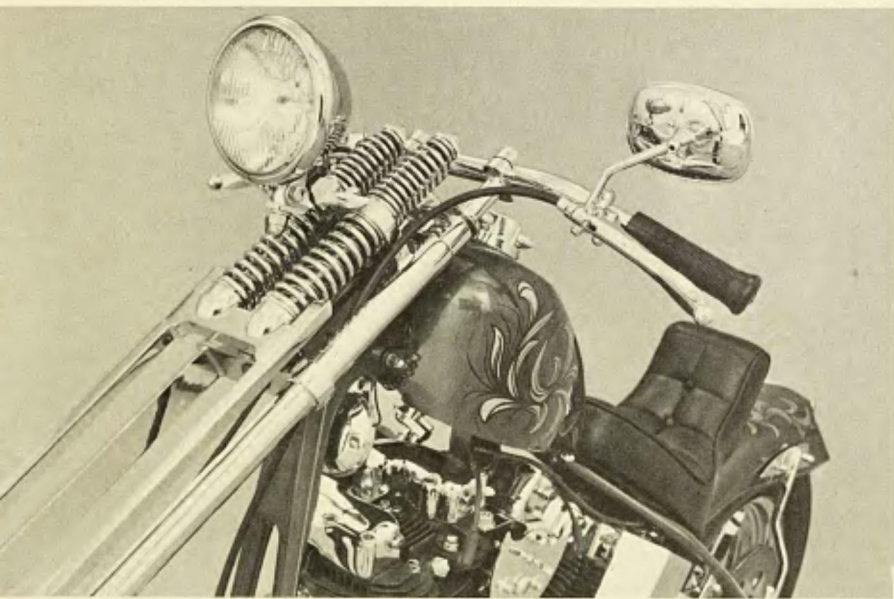
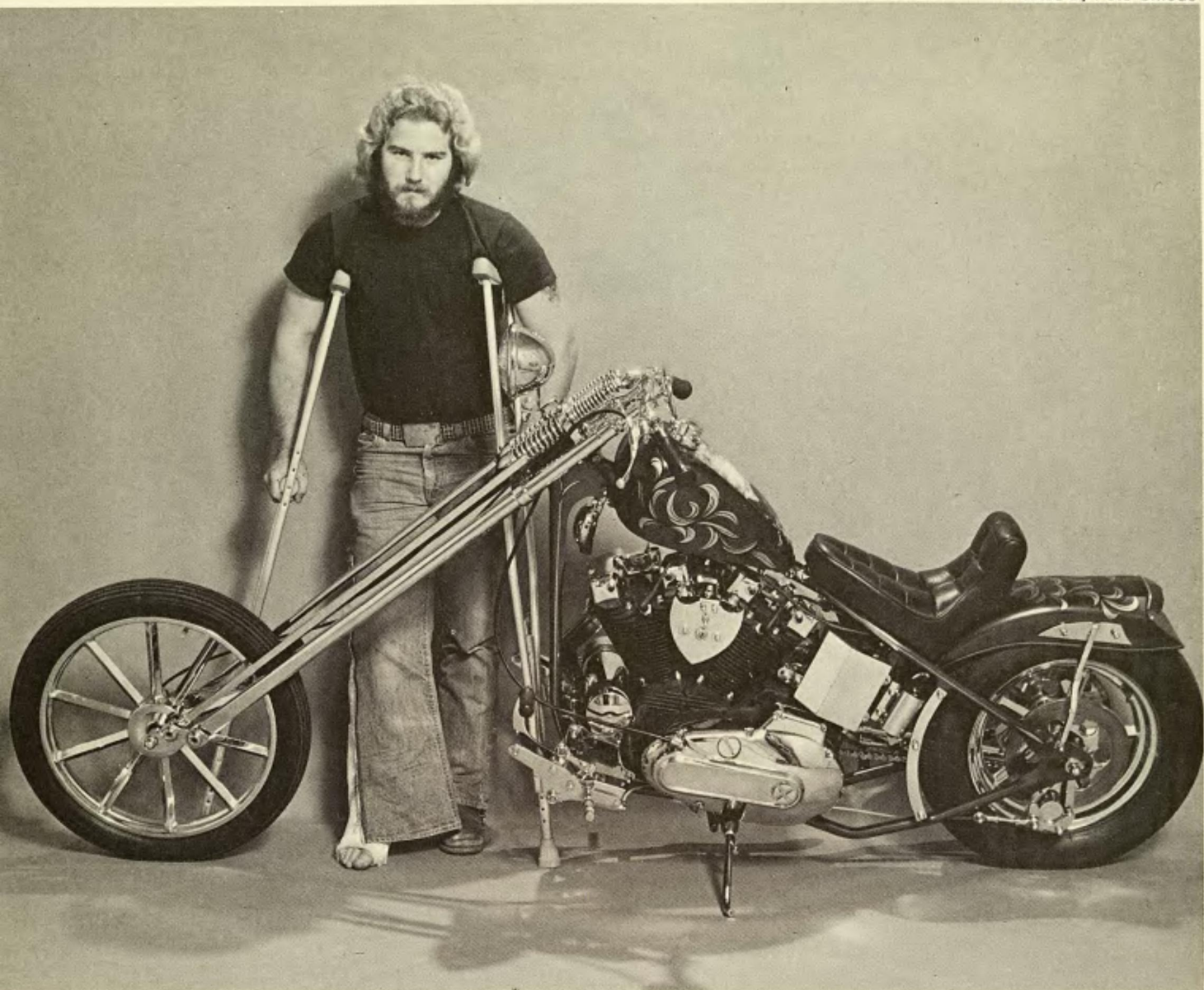


All right men, we don't mean to get in your shit. But goddamit, where the fuck are all you Sportster freaks? Before that hard-to-start mutha becomes part of H-D's ancient history and is turned into a sleek bowling pin, let's show off what's left of 'em.

The Sportster is a compact, proud machine. I always got good service from mine. It was my first H-D—just wasn't big enough. But this is the first pretty Sporty we've featured in many moons. Now we know that there are bros out there who can start their nine hundreds or have electric starts. One of the key members of this rag's staff has a Sportster and we'd feature it—'cept it looks like shit. But we know there are





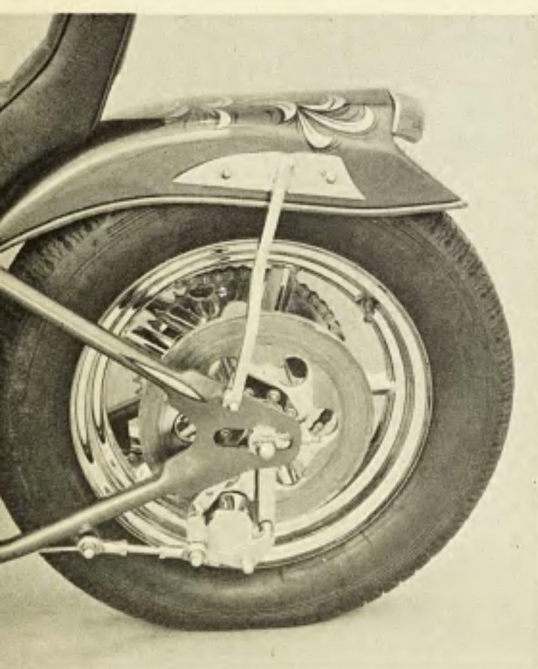
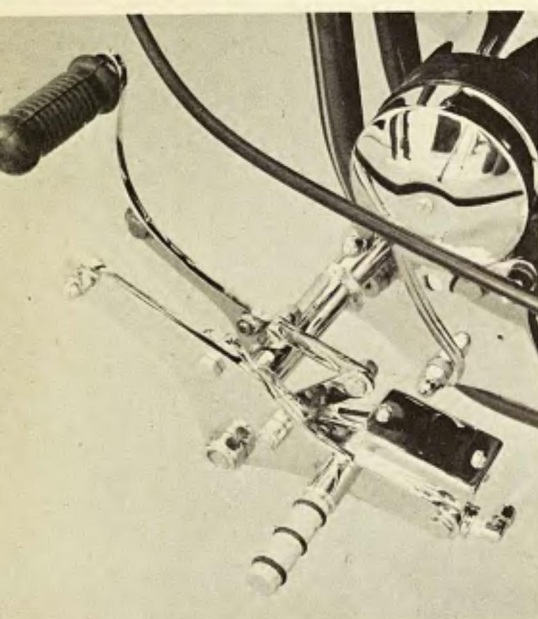
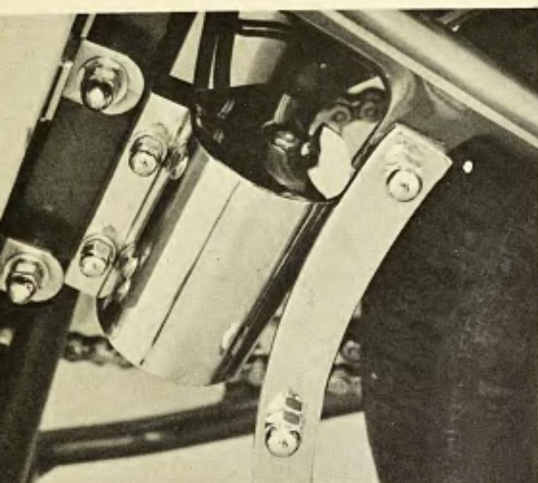


unique, good-lookin' ones out there—somewhere.

An old palm reader told me last week that we had better demonstrate to AMF and H-D that we aren't about to let them eliminate or modify any of our old die-hard models. Besides, we like the looks of well-built Sportsters. By the way, the ol' palm reader lady once owned a K model, and she's been snivelin' ever since H-D discontinued them.

—Flathead

—Continued on next page



Owners: Steve Kuehl

City: Manitowoc, Wisconsin

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner & Dave K.

Year: 1976

Year and make: 1976 H-D

Builder: Jammer

Model: Sportster

Type: rigid

Value: \$6,500

Rake: 48°

Assembly by: owner & Dave K.

Stretch: none

Time: 1 1/2 years

Other alterations: custom hardtail spts.

Chroming by: Brown Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Jammer

Year: 1976

Risers: Jammer

Model: Sportster

Fender(s): Ness fiberglass

Rebuilder: Cycle Dynamics

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: points, coil

Taillight: Ness

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: Cycle Dynamics

Front pegs: Ness

Balancing: Cycle Dynamics

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: stock

Electrics: 12 V. gen./battery

Cases: black wrinkle

Gas tank: stock

Heads: black wrinkle

Oil tank: Jammer

Cam: stock

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: stock

Carb(s): Keihin

Seat: Drag Specialties

Air cleaner: Drag Specialties

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: Fubar

Height:

Muffler(s): Fubar

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: springer

Year: 1976

Extension: 18 inches

Shifting: Jammer fwd control

Builder: Jammer

Engine sprocket: belt drive

Special features: none

Trans sprocket: stock

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 19

Size: 15

Molding: Butch Gerovitz

Hub: Invader

Hub: Invader

Painter: Bob Ulrich

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: burgundy wine

Tire: 3.00

Tire: 155

Type: lacquer

Brake: drum

Brake: disc

Special paint: artwork by Bob Ulrich

Other special modifications: custom fender struts by owner; wiring routed through frame members; Graveyard Belt Drive

You vil finish the article!



**... or we vil not only
cut off your raisin pie,
but ve vil also
cut off your tinger!**

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62

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- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
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☐ Here's \$24.99 for a two-year subscription.
 And quit flopping around on the damned floor,
 it's only a lousy penny.

- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
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 Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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 3	 4	

HANGAROUND

—Continued from page 38

nearly tipping it over backward.

"Sit tight, lardass," barked Putty-nose.

"B-But I—" began Moran, looking outraged.

"Ya were in trouble the minute ya set the price of suds at a buck a can," Puttnose told him, shaking his head sadly. "Ya better jes' shut up and hope fer the fuckin' best, shithead."

Moran subsided, fear roiling over his bloated face.

"Ever ride a bike?" demanded Fat Jack.

Hurtfoot shook his head.

"Ever wanted to?"

"Yes."

"Like to split this sewer?"

"I'd give just about anything to get the hell away from this shit-hole."

Fat Jack's eyes darted around the silent room. "Time to vote, ya assholes. Raised hands mean we found a prospect. Whoever stands up sponsors the dude. Got it?"

"Yer already standin', prez," said a voice.

Fat Jack grinned approvingly. "That's a fuckin' fact! Okay, I sponsor Gimpy, here."

"Gimpy?" said Hurtfoot, peering with astonishment at all the raised hands.

"Gimpy," repeated Fat Jack firmly.

"Ya won't git five miles before yer asses will be stopped and slammed," hissed Moran between clenched teeth, his contorted face frenzied with rage. "I'm a big man in this area. I'll be even bigger after the folks around here know I've cleaned the highway of biker scum!"

—Continued on page 74



STOMP ON HER FACE ...

SLAM IT IN HER CROTCH, AND SHE'LL WHIP THE FUCKERS RIGHT OFF.

Cast From 100% Solid Brass Class (Not Plated).

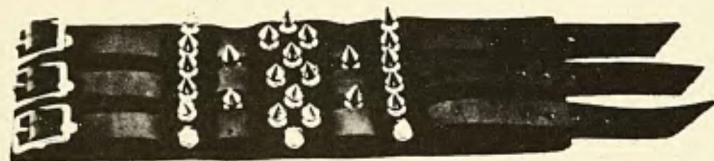
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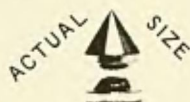
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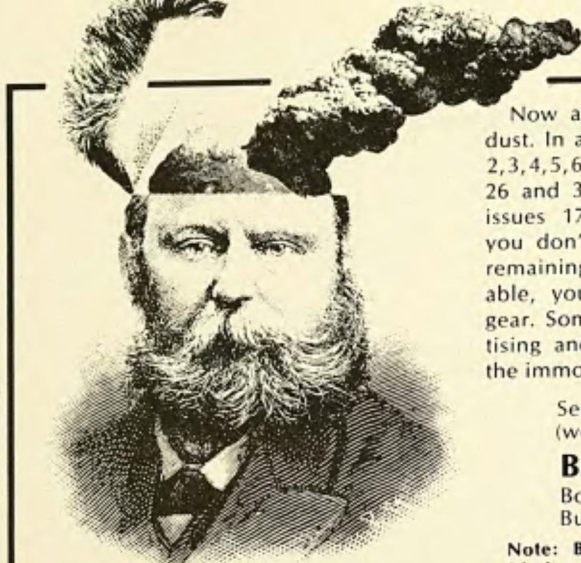
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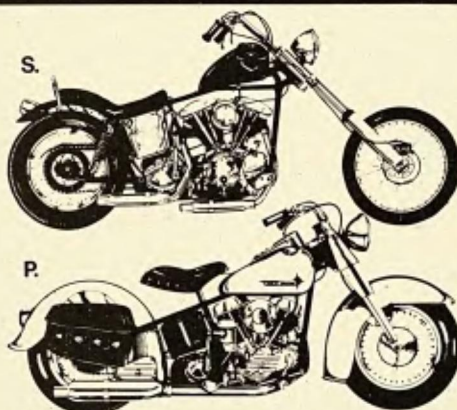
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"Jesus," whispered Fat Jack somberly. "I'm so terrified I might wet my own goddam leg if I didn't know it was jes' all that overpriced beer in my fuckin' belly!"

"The phone, prez?" suggested Puttynose.

"Out by the roots, bro!"

"An' that truck out back?"

Fat Jack nodded, pleased. "Oh, sure. Mangle the fuckin' wreck's mill a little. Can't let no injured man loose on the public roads. He'd be a menace to passin' traffic."

Moran's face paled.

"It ain't right, lettin' this dipshit use Stitch's sled," said Marti in a tight, shrill tone from where she sat glaring at the group. "Piss on bein' packed by the fucker!"

Fat Jack stared coldly at her for a long moment. Then he turned to Hurtfoot. "Ya gotta earn the right to ride with us. The sled's jes' a loan until we hit the coast. We'll work out sumpin' that'll keep spools under ya, Gimpy, but, meanwhile, yer goddam initiation is gonna hafta be a little different from our usual routine, due to . . . uh . . . these here fucked-up circumstances. Ya dig?"

Hurtfoot nodded, smiling slightly.

"First," said Fat Jack thoughtfully, "yer gonna stomp the shit outta yer ex-employer here. Since he's an old fart, ya'll do the number with yer best hand tied behind yer goddam back, see? After that—" his frosty blue eyes swept over the meanfaced blonde huddled in the corner, "—we expect ya tuh teach that mouthy little ginch her proper place. Right out there in the fuckin' sunshine, in fronta God an' everybody. Got that, prospect?"

Hurtfoot nodded, glancing at the blonde.

"He can be the steamin' choo-choo," added Puttynose gleefully, "fer the whole, fuckin' train she oughta pull! Real mama material there, prez!"



Easyriders



Female laughter followed the suggestion.

"Brilliant," agreed Fat Jack.

With a hysterical sob of fury the chunky blonde shot away from her corner and was halfway to the door before eager hands intercepted her and forced her to a halt where she sagged, panting and moaning.

"I've—I've never done this kinda shit before," said Hurtfoot uneasily. "I mean, I might not be too damn good at it."

Fat Jack patted his coppery cheek lightly. "Ya jes' give it all ya got, Gimp. That's all we kin ask of ya, man. Now we're gonna soak up some more suds while—" his thumb jerked twice at the nearby prospects who responded instantly, rising, "—you an' you go outside with Gimpy an' give him some pointers about handlin' a panhead on pavement, fer openers."

"Listen, fellas," whined Moran hoarsely. "Can't we work out something reasonable?"

"We jes' did, shitface," chuckled Fat Jack, popping open another beer and easing his bulk back down in a chair. "Ya weren't listenin', shitbrain. We're gonna cure ya of that bad habit!"

Gimpy followed the others to the front door.

"Hold it, prospect!" boomed Fat Jack, waving the soiled, creased slip of paper aloft. "Ya ferget this fuckin' permit, didn't ya?"

He went over and took it, realizing that it was the first time since it had been issued that he had ever touched it. Carefully, he put the refolded permit into his wallet.

"Thanks, prez," he mumbled.

"Until ya've earned the right to belong to us," Fat Jack said evenly, "ya belong to yerself, asshole! We let only free men prospect fer us, see?"

It figured, Gimpy decided gratefully.

* * *

Now, three days and two nights later, Gimpy was able to lay back and control the machine with confidence and enjoyment, hearing the meaty tires humming constantly against the rushing asphalt. He glanced from the scattered bikes ahead into the jeweled night sky above as the panhead carried him mile after mile.

Already the edges of the memory of that violent afternoon's experience were beginning to blur in his mind. Moran had made the whole thing much easier when he had

suddenly lunged—holding a wickedly-gleaming switchblade that seemed just suddenly to grow in the desperate little man's hand. Kicking the blade into the air and punching Moran to the ground with his free left hand, pounding steadily with the fist until Moran's lacerated face was a bloodied, blinded maw, Gimpy released years of stifled rage. The final kick that sent Moran sprawling awkwardly into oblivion drained most of the venomous hatred from Gimpy's festering mind.

Then, with the ribald, enthusiastic urgings and shouting of the bikers and their women nearly deafening him, he had almost to force himself to subdue Marti—ripping her clothes from the firmly rounded body and hearing her muted gruntings as he stabbed himself into her warmth and wetness—relentlessly jabbing his excitement home until it exploded in a spasm of pleasure, leaving him weak and satiated with triumph.

Afterward, sprawled on his side with a beer and a toke shoved into his hands by approving comrades, he smoked the heady, unfamiliar cigarette and cooled his parched throat with gulps of chilly suds, indifferently watching the brothers take their ruthlessly lustful turns between the beaten blonde's opened thighs, oblivious to the helpless sounds that dribbled from her gaping mouth.

A brightly-lit section of freeway ahead yanked Gimpy's attention into the present and his hands gripped the angular bars more tightly. They were thundering into the edges of the city now and it would be a totally different world from anything he had ever known. Fear licked at his guts and he laughed into the rushing wind. The others were accepting him. They would show him how to survive in this overwhelmingly fabulous new world. He could never go back to New Mexico. Already he was partially outlaw in fact and mind.

It sure as hell beats bein' a fuckin' slave, Gimpy thought jubilantly, carefully holding his allotted position in the group as they weaved skillfully onto the now-widening lanes cluttered with masses of ruby cage taillights ahead.

Throwing his head back and opening his mouth, he let the greedy wind snatch the Zuni cry of joy which went swirling raucously into the dark and hopeless past behind the sissybar.

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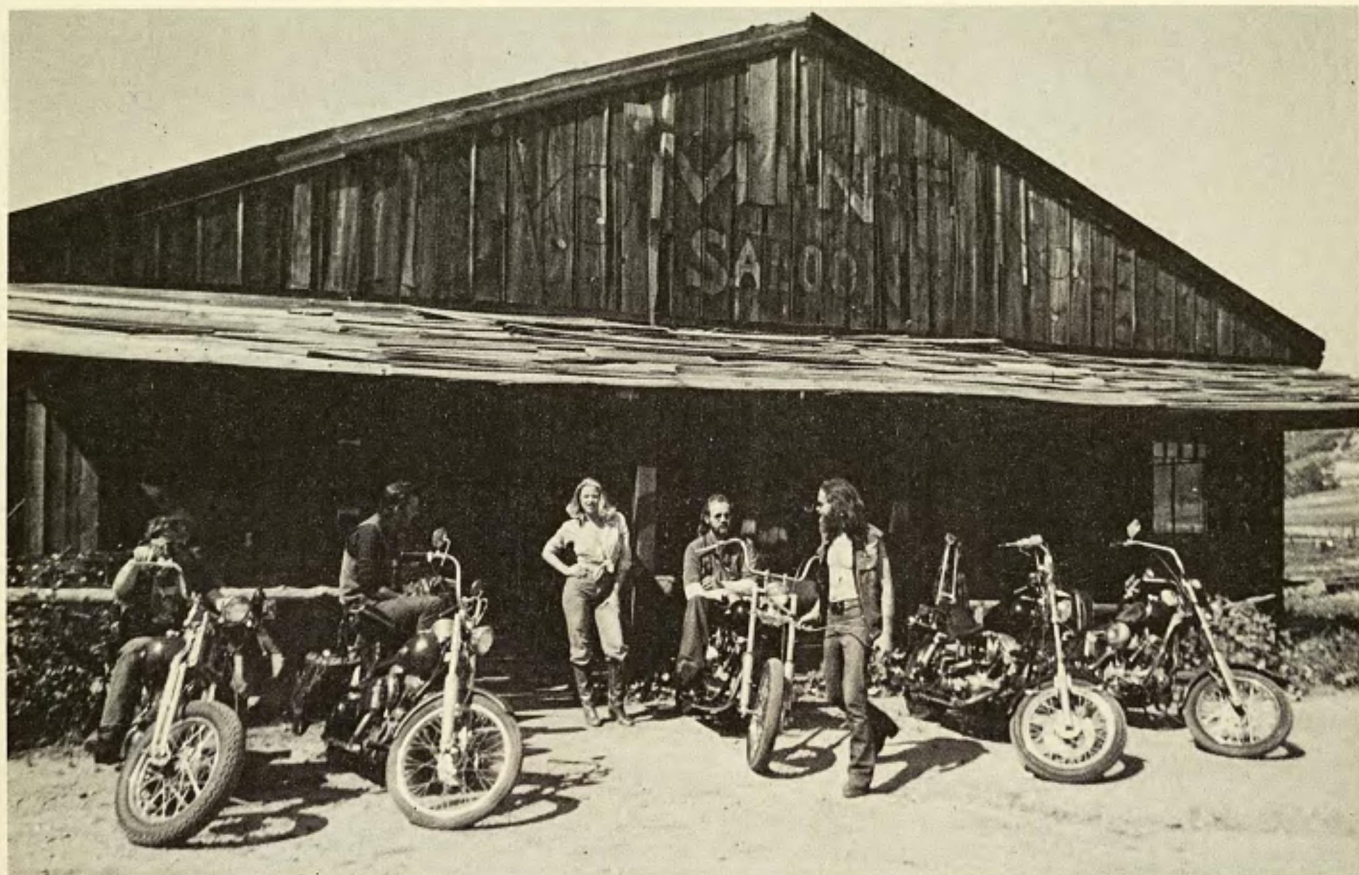
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The Mint Saloon

And the morning after

After I got so bombed yesterday that I'm still seein' double, somebody asked me to write this feature. I'm about as motivated as a shovelhead owner watchin' the heli-coil peel outta his rear spark plug hole.

Sure, the blonde was a blast to anyone's eyeballs. And we had a great time tryin' to strip her of her threads with the whip. But Jesus, that was yesterday, and 'bout now my head is just short of meltin'.

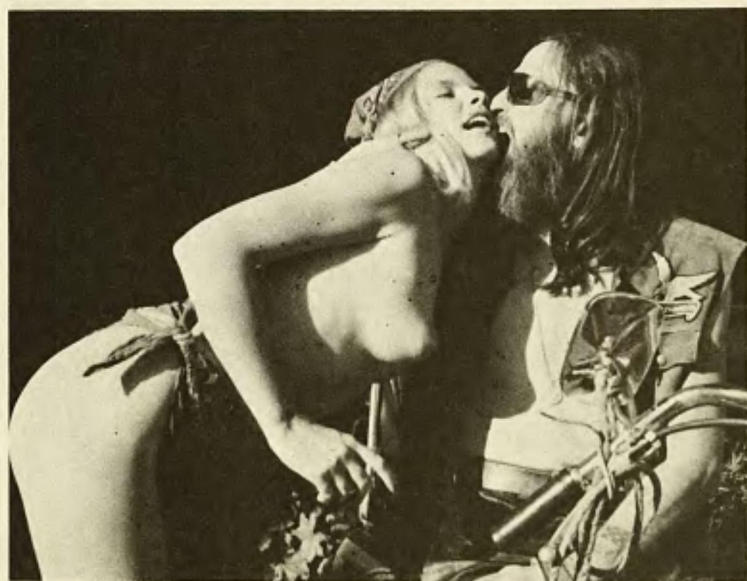
After three cases of beer and enough road dust up my nose to gag a horse, the entire party appears to have taken place in a dense fog. I do somehow remember the old movie set at the Paramount Ranch and the Saloon. The only thing that's distinct, though, is the vision of Nicky's

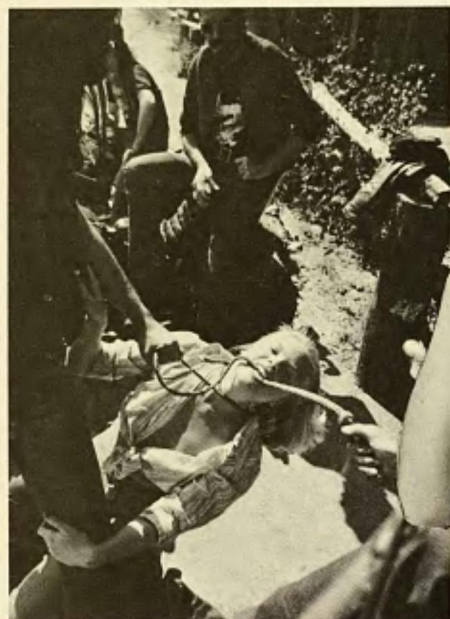




Photos by Ralph Hampton







nipples, ass, and legs. Oh, and her hair. And come to think of it, her lips were pretty fine too. Maybe it's just that I didn't focus my soggy eyes on anything but the softness between her legs.

Something else now seems slowly to sift into my memory. Oh yeah—that fuckin' Spider. He crawled around, over, onto, and into the broad's bod just as a . . . well, just as a spider would, if given half a chance. If he coulda wrapped her into a web, no doubt he would have. Nobody else could get near her.

No wonder I got so bombed. Spider glommed onto Nicky before she and I were introduced and I got a chance to run a few of my lovin', catch-all lyrics on her. And it came down either to gettin' fuckin' frustrated, jackin' off in front of my bros, or gettin' wasted. What could I do? God, I hope someone around here has some aspirin.

—Snake



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Leo

Every Leo thinks he was born with a star on his ass, an' he's more than eager to bend an' bear it. If he had his way, he'd go through life with his regal balls fluffed up on a velvet pillow. In fact, Leo often dreams about kickin' back an' enjoyin' life's goodies with a harem of broads takin' turns nibblin' on his royal rump an' strokin' his staff.

Damn, Leo, if you'd stop being such a pussycat when someone injures your pride or deflates your ego, you'd be almost purr-fect. Face it—when it comes to roarin' an' scorin', you're at the head of the list. An' you're good at lappin' up the cream, too.

Leos are born leaders. For instance, Napoleon, Castro, and Mussolini are all Leos. (I didn't say

they were all winners.) Furthermore, a Leo is often generous to the point of being a show-off. Blowing his bread is one of his trips for attention. On the other hand, he's a loyal friend who's always willing to help out a bro. 'Course, Leo hates ingratitude an' expects to have his ass kissed a little in return. Otherwise, he'll tell ya to take a flyin' fuck and may even show ya how.

Negative traits? Well, when Leos' feelings are hurt, they become either turtles or tyrants. They also blow their own horns too much, they'll leave all the crappy jobs to others, and they're bored by repetition and petty details. Failure leaves 'em with a deflated ego—an' a pair of balls to match.

Positive traits? Leos can show real class and will fight for what they believe in. Also, their tactics are usually fair and aboveboard.

Leos' constitutions are generally strong, and they have great re-

cuperative power. They're prone to heart trouble, injury to the spine, back, and shoulders, and may suffer from poor circulation.

Older Leo bikers are still sexy as hell—even if they're bald (Yul Brynner is a Leo, and that golden oldie Leo, Mae West, still keeps 'em up an' comin'). Even their orthopedic hernia aid can send shivers between the sheets.

Note to Women:

How to catch a Leo? First off, if you're a dog, either have plastic surgery or forget it. Otherwise, you couldn't catch him if you were a greyhound. Always let him be the center of attention (even if his rap is knee-deep in bullshit), or he'll dot your eye. Never flirt with anyone else (he'll do enough for both of you), and flatter him on everything he does. Tell him his farts don't smell and are music to your ears. Remember, ya may have to bow down a little, but he's worth it.

ing your ragged ass on others. (I don't mean rape.) Let others do their own thing—if they want any advice, they'll ask ya. Remember, the accent this month should be on makin' yourself feel good. (Hell, you're a pro at that.) So kinda kick back an' coast for a while. Take some time off an' spend it in the wind, jinglin' your jollies to the sound of your scoot. An' while you're at it, squeeze in some layin' and playin'.

Sagittarius (November 22—December 21)

Ya may feel like you're going nowhere fast during the first two weeks, but your shit will be together by the end of the month. Your head's screwed on right—it's just that your mind's moving too fast. So slow down before you overlook some important details. An' speakin' of "tails," try to use your head for something constructive—like warmin' up your ol' lady's awhile. Some extra squirtin' an' squeezin' will keep the kinks out of your noggin.

Capricorn (December 22—January 19)

You're ridin' high this month (what else is new?) an' have everything ya need to set a couple of lames straight an' get your act together. The past few months have been the turkey trots, but now it's time to cash in on some good fortune. Ya finally got the Midas touch, so use it. The only real friction now is your gonads gallopin' across the bed sheets. It's about time too, 'cause without bad luck, you ain't got no luck at all. Enjoy!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

Your good luck this month could possibly drop its load on ya' while you're travelin'. Whether it's in the form of a new ol' lady to cradle your crank or in the form of a money-makin' mind blower, it will be right for ya. Remember that very important contacts can be met on trips, an' they can often change your whole outlook. You'd best be damn sure your connections are legal, though. You should pole-vault through this period like the leader at a gangbang!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

During this month the ol' creative juices will be freely flowin', but ya won't be able to get anyone to buy your ideas. If you're not careful, you'll end up draggin' your ass so bad your nut sack'll look like "the one pancake." Even though you may be more than a taste confused over whom to trust right now, don't sell yourself short by taking less than you're worth. If you're too down to have a wet dream, start droppin' some vitamins. Then ask yourself, "Have I had a diddle today?" If not, how come?

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Don't mix business with pleasure, no matter how strong the temptation. If ya do, it'll backfire—and the results could blow your socks off! Also, your health may still be a bit slack this month, leavin' ya pasty-faced an' pooped out. Or, puttin' it in layman's terms, ya might have picked up a milder strain of the creepin' crud, complicated by a severe case of Montezuma's Revenge. And this is one problem ya can't wipe out!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

Hold down your temper, 'cause black eyes come in pairs these days, an' actin' too hastily could bring about irreversible damage. Plus, ya still have some mind-bogglin' problems to solve at your pad. Otherwise, though, the only fly in the pie this month is your own. So don't let this hair-raisin' period drag your dick in the dirt—you're still just as healthy an' horny as ever. All ya need to do is get out an' boogie—or raise a little harmless hell.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

It's time for a mature analysis (whatever that is) of your financial situation—even though it might leave ya about as frustrated as a whore on the rag. This month's also a great time for

gettin' back in the red—an' even for stashin' away a few extra bucks. But this doesn't mean ya should go right out an' bounce a few rubber checks, either. Remember, ya now have the potential to earn more, so take advantage of the opportunity. An' be sure to get in the wind more—it'll clear the cobwebs out an' ease what ails ya.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Ya still might be recuperatin' from last month's fiasco, so you'll probably end up flim-flamin' your way through this one. (Ya might even be able to lay one or two on your ol' lady an' get away with it. Your mind is pure gold the first two weeks, making you a silver-tongued devil! Just don't let your mouth overload your ass, or take chances on the road. This month's also a good time to wrench the kinks outta your machine again.

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Your birthday month is ideal from the standpoint of bucks, fucks, or general party-down time. You've got the world by the balls now. Just don't let those "I can do no wrong" feelings go to your head. Ya can get away with only so many fuckups before your partners start shinin' ya on. So be careful while out raisin' hell and

hardons. An' remember, too much tootin' an' travelin' can put your lights out for good!

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

Most of the potential hassles this month center around your crib. Even though you'll most likely be knee-deep in nookie, you'll also have some neighborhood mindfucks to contend with. They could be caused by an overflow of friends an' noisy all-night parties. By the end of the month, ya might even have to give a few of your bros the boot—mainly because you'll need a bulldozer to clean up the 'old homestead. If possible, try to keep it down to a low roar.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

This month will be a real ball-buster! Look out for those low blows an' be ready to eat humble pie along with your usual hair brownies. Your job could put ya through a few head trips, but hang in there an' keep your lip buttoned. By the end of the month it will pass—like a bad case of gas. Money's still tighter than a virgin's pussy. (Rare species.) Relax a taste; point your prong at some clits and tits.

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

The only possible jam you're into this month comes from forc-

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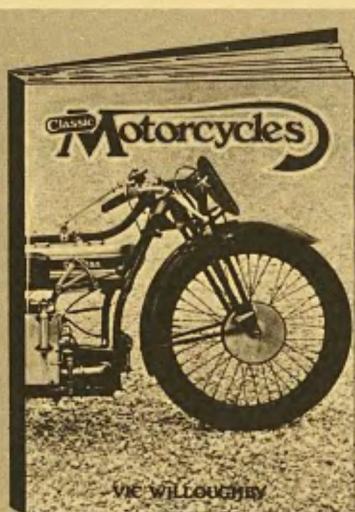
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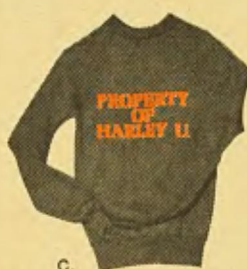
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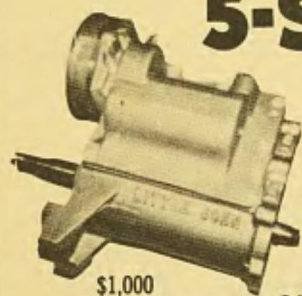
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JAIL THERAPY

—Continued from page 57

following schedule: one week of confinement, followed by two days per week for the next two months, two days every two weeks for the next two months, two days per month for the next two months, one day per month for the next three months, and one day during the following three months. Thus, confinement would extend over a one-year period of time, but on a decreasing frequency schedule. The contingency would be that the offender not perform any proscribed behavior during this period of time. If the offender did something wrong (e.g., was arrested for loitering in a residential neighborhood at 3 a.m.), this would be *immediately* followed by two weeks of straight time, and the schedule of partial confinement would be extended, with increased duration of each confinement (e.g., three days per week for four months, etc.). If the offender again violated the contract, more severe confinement schedules would be used, and if the offender exceeded agreed-upon terms more than some fixed limit (e.g., committed a felony, violated other conditions more than three times, etc.), then he or she would receive a fixed straight-time sentence comparable to the initial crime's severity (in addition to any sentence for a second crime).

In more general terms, a convicted criminal meeting criteria I'll speak about later would be given a schedule of confinement, an agreement as to the types of behavior not allowed during release from that confinement, and certain knowledge that more severe schedules of confinement (up to and including straight time in prison) would result from any breach of the partial release agreement. This procedure assumes that jail confinement is considered punishing (and certainly most first-time offenders corroborate this; even multiple offenders often prefer prison confinement to typical jails), makes use of the saliency of the contrast between the normal community environment (release) and jail, makes the punishment specific to behavior, and provides a means for an offender to avoid such punishment if behavior meets some agreed-upon standards. This is based upon well-documented effects of punishment, the process of avoidance learning, and a procedure called "time out from reinforcement" which is essentially punishment by removing the in-

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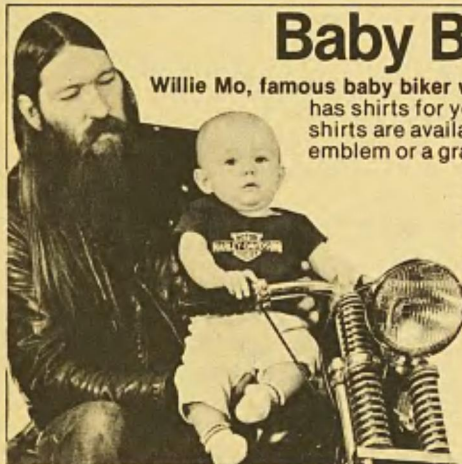
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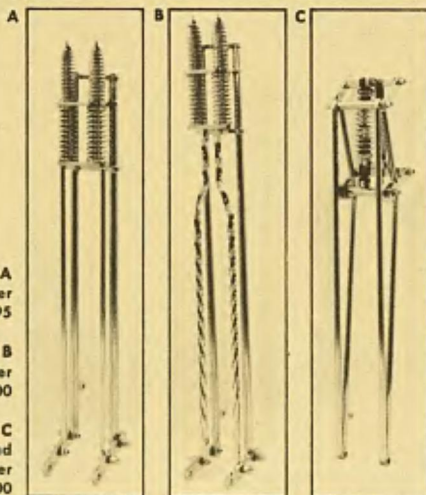
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dividual from the opportunity to get some kind of reward. For this procedure to work, jail should be as undesirable as possible, physical-dungeons as possible, with minimal comfort and sanitation, and food which is as unpalatable as possible, while maintaining necessary minimal nutritional standards. No TV, radios, books, etc. You get the idea. We just need to be sure that no one finds the jail a neutral or pleasant place, compared to their prior situations, or their situations during release. This contrast should serve to make release from confinement a rewarding experience, and thus provide the appropriate kinds of reinforcement contingencies. This procedure furthermore could be used for all first-time offenders, meeting the criterion of certainty of punishment for conviction of a crime. The criminal would, if conforming to the sentencing agreement, be able to maintain family and other normal social relations, would be able to continue employment, education, and so forth, while serving the sentence, and thus would avoid the possible trap of completing a sentence with no apparent way to adjust to outside life without resorting to additional crime.

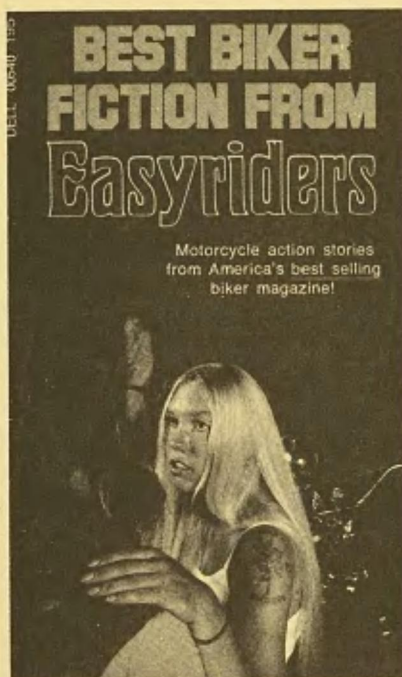
Given this general overview, specific questions must be dealt with. What criminals would be eligible for such treatment? Is the avoidance of further confinement during this specified period enough to generalize months or years after completion of the sentence? What about physical facilities and personnel required? To what extent would surveillance be required? I shall deal with each of these questions in turn.

Eligibility. Initially, this approach might best be used only with first-offenders, and only with those first-



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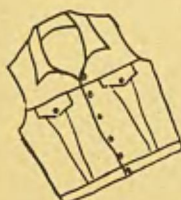
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offenders not convicted of some heinous crime. This would make use of the probable initial lower likelihood for criminal activity by first-offenders, and also avoid the public outcry occurring if child molesters, etc. were to be given such apparently mild sentences. Furthermore, if the offender were considered eligible by the system, the offender would have to agree to the special procedure. Conceivably, an offender might prefer, for example, to serve one year of straight time, rather than 40-60 days spread out over a longer period of time such as two years. I wouldn't, but some people might, and this proposed system should not be implemented over the objection of an offender, since the "rewards" and "punishments" would not serve their anticipated roles. At this point, it might be well to indicate another benefit of the process, and that is the avoidance of ethical issues inherent in non-voluntary treatment. Unlike those rehabilitation programs which most of the public identifies with "behavior modification," in-and-out jail therapy would have no stigma of possible coercion except the accepted societal coercion of imprisonment for misdeeds. Furthermore, without greatly swelling the population of prisons, initial probation would be totally eliminated, and this should strike a responsive chord in the most stringent "law-and-order" hearts.

Generalization. Would a year, or two, or more, of in-and-out jail therapy succeed in generalizing to subsequent behavior? I argue that on behavioral research grounds alone, we know it would generalize better than programs operating totally in confinement. Furthermore, unlike standard probationary or parole systems, the threat of confinement maintains saliency because of the occasional required jail stays. But other means are available to extend this "cue fading" of the jail threat as desired behavior is maintained from month to month, and from year to year. The initial sentence schedule might include an arbitrary period (say, five years) after the last day in jail, during which any subsequent crime would reinstitute a straight time sentence for the original crime. This would be similar to parole, but no special supervision would be required. Furthermore, if the original conviction were punishing in and of itself (e.g., a felony conviction

which prevented the offender from obtaining certain types of employment), a clean record of behavior for the specified five years might automatically lead to a pardon, with conviction record then purged or sealed. This type of reward might be especially effective in promoting legal constraints on behavior after the sentence has been served.

Facilities and Personnel. I assume that multiple offenders currently in existence won't disappear, and thus the need for current prisons and their staffs will remain as at present. The program should reduce the number of jail inmates serving continuous sentences of one year or less, and thus free the necessary beds for people under the in-and-out regimen. The jails might be terribly crowded on weekends, for example, but if this makes them even more uncomfortable, so much the better. Personnel additions necessary to cope with the maximum surge in jails would be available at other times to deal with other criminal justice work, and thus be less expensive than the addition of new prison personnel anticipated in many states at present. Confinement supervision would, in fact, be made easier, since no special programs would be allowed for inmates, and custodial staff would not have to deal with such programs.

Surveillance. Implementation of this program would naturally lead to greatly decreased use of parole, while increasing the need for some type of supervision of those in the in-and-out jail therapy group. Current probation and parole staff could serve this function, as straight probation would be eliminated, and at least at the start, those chosen for the in-and-out group would probably be the same ones who currently receive probation. My own inclination would be to utilize the probation staff primarily for monitoring of behavior, rather than in a counseling or investigatory function, but that specific change would not be a necessary one. Especially because many offenders perceive surveillance and reporting under probation as punishment, it would be wise to minimize contacts of offenders with probation officers, so that the release period would be more rewarding. After all, the offender must show up for the "in" part of in-and-out jail therapy as one of the conditions of the sentence, so contacts will be made without extra effort on the part of any sur-

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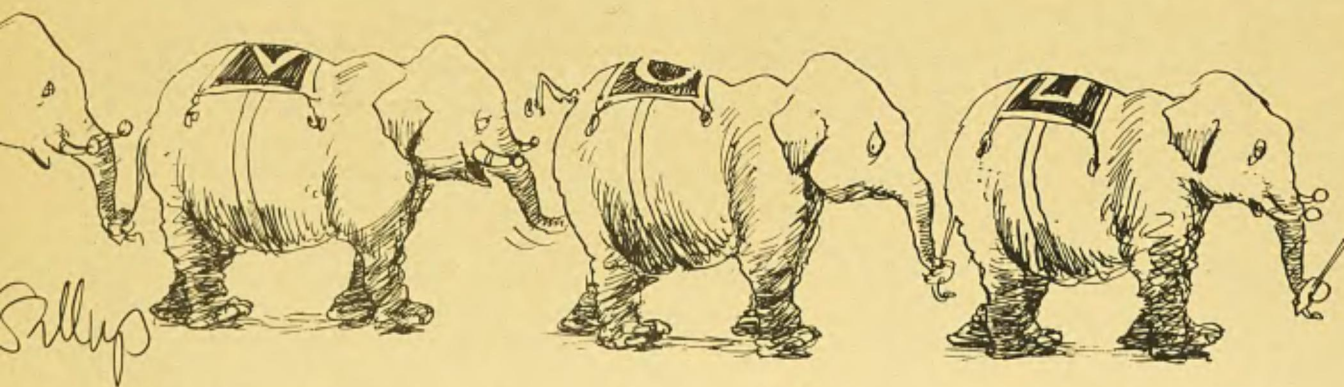
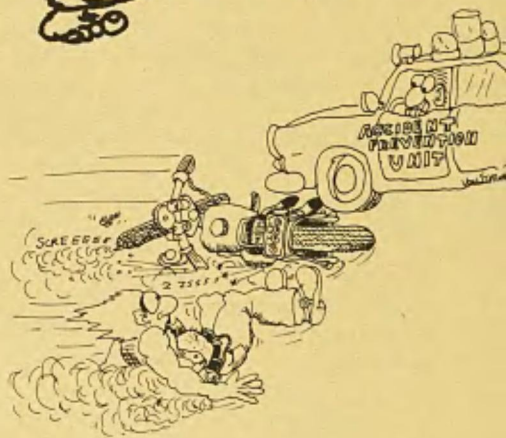
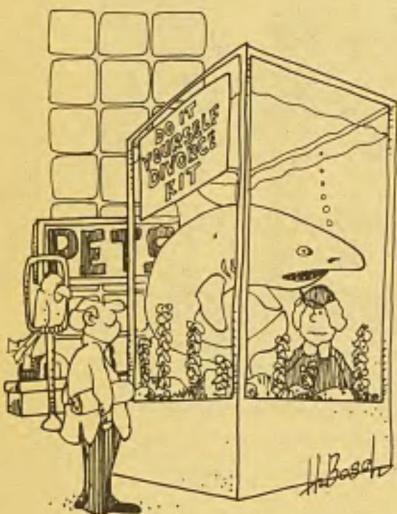
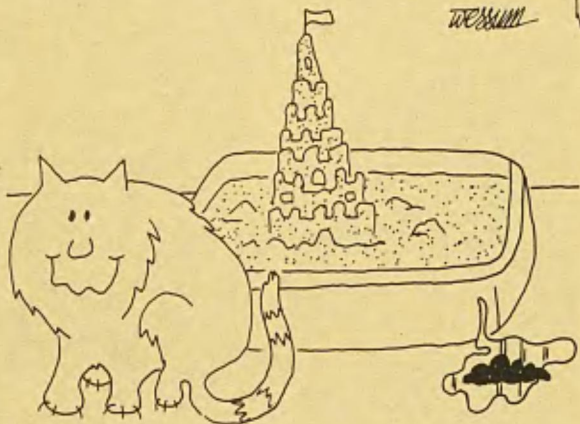
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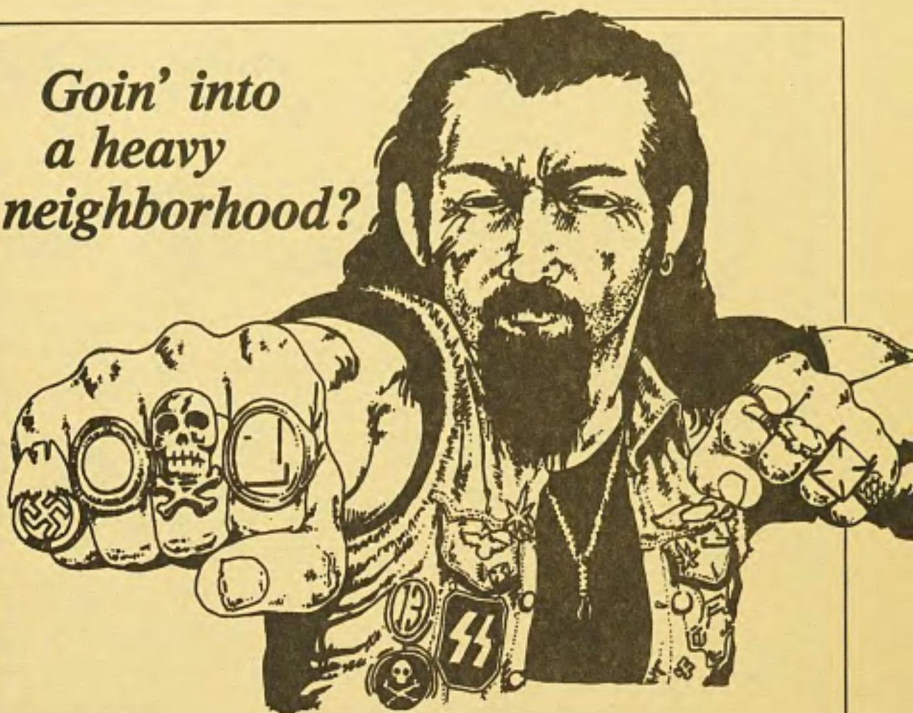
veillance system.

In summary, in-and-out jail therapy could work. It might be anticipated that eventually as much as 90% of initial convictions could lead to this approach, with perhaps only 10% of the offenders not being eligible for reasons of type of crime, etc. If Martinson and his associates are correct in their findings that under almost any program only about 25% of those convicted of a first offense commit additional crimes, then we might expect under any treatment, 75% of first-offenders would not repeat criminal activity. And this would mean we are guaranteed an 83% success rate (75%/90%) for in-and-out therapy. Eighty-three percent success without therapists, expensive equipment, special treatment programs, or anything other than the use of societal involvement and eventual pardon as rewards. But all offenders would receive some kind of punishment, thus meeting the desire for certainty of punishment (at least for those who are caught and convicted). Furthermore, the conditions of the sentence could be broadened to include *prescribed* behaviors (such as victim restitution) as well as *proscribed* behaviors. At any rate, I find it delightful to conceive of society at large as an effective correctional system, and I suspect many prison authorities would be relieved to have their explicit responsibility limited to maintenance and supervision of confinement for those people society can't change. In-and-out jail therapy makes sense economically, psychologically, and politically. Now, if only we could convince someone to try it. ■

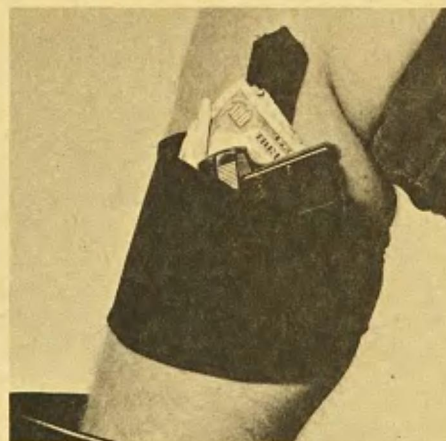


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THEY KNOW ME

—Continued from page 15

Now I look down at my fuckin' hands and worry about gettin' 'em dirty.

I musta sat there in awe for a full five minutes with the old memories of parties and jammin' and brotherhood passin' through my mind like a speedin' train through a dark tunnel.

At first, it was just a chuckle. Then, with a rumble startin' way down deep in my guts, I laughed like I've never laughed before. I laughed and shook so hard and so long that tears came to my eyes.

Right then I reviewed my life for the past six years. Workin' my way up through a good-for-nothin' company that's in the business of rippin' people off. Yours truly kissin' ass all this time just to make more bread and have a bigger house than anybody else in the community. What a life.

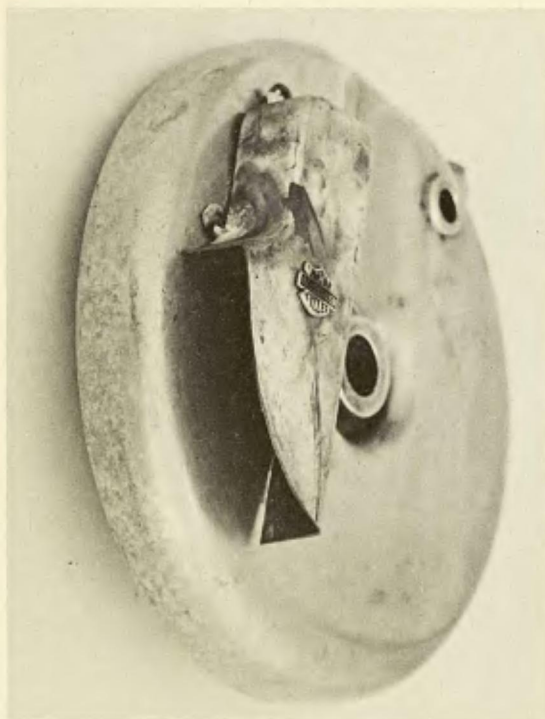
My decision was made even as I thought about those wasted years. I stood up and wiped my hands on my pants, and I started thinkin' about where I'd stashed that old beat-up vest and the great jammin' I'll have on the trip up north.

I'm gonna ask the ol' lady to come with me—she's got a good head. Hell, when she met me I was a biker. She'll probably come. If so, I'll sell all my Early Americana and we'll live a couple of years on the bucks. If not, she can have the house and the whole fuckin' scene. But I'm goin' back where I belong.

Goddam that old Hog and Burner. They know me better than I know myself. ■



Keep the Smoldering Shoes Cool with a Front Brake Vent



I owe this brain hurricane to an old biker who still rides a sanitary, stock, rigid-frame pan. His name is Shorty, and for years every time I saw his bike resting on the antique center stand, I studied the vents on his front drum brake.

I'm in the process (long and expensive) of building another scooter. And since, after years of faulty rear brakes, I won't be without a front one, I dug up a drum brake for the glide. But the bastards are so fuckin' ugly I had to do something to help it. That's when Shorty's vents came to mind. Off to the trash heap I call a garage and before long I had the drum drilled for air passage and the pieced-together scoop to gather the smog.

Presto! An air vent to keep the smoldering shoes cool and give the blank-looking backing plate some detail. One thing though—when does a front brake overheat?

—Weed

While attending an engagement party given by his bros, the young biker bragged about his past sexual exploits. "You know," he said, looking over the assembled guests, "I've fucked every girl here, except my sister and my fiancée."

"That's interesting," his friend responded dryly. "Between the two of us, we've fucked 'em all."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

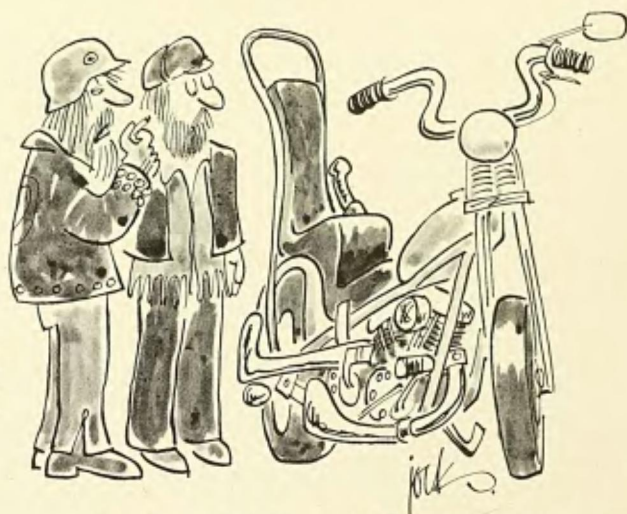
A perspiring biker walked up to a farmer and asked, "How long will it take me to get to the next service station?"

"Goin' as the crow flies," the farmer answered, "it'll take ya 'bout half an hour."

After thinking a moment, the biker asked, "Well, how long will it take if the crow is pushin' a Harley with a flat tire?"

—Arch Spires
Reynolds, Ga.

Easyriders



"Yeah—well, it stopped her from snivelin' 'bout wantin' her own scoot."

Having leased an apartment to an attractive young woman, the landlord appeared promptly on the first of the month and rapped sharply on the door.

"Who is it?" a feminine voice called out.

"It's the landlord," he shouted, "I've come to collect the rent."

"Could you come back in an hour?" she asked. "I'm still paying my grocery bill."

—S. Bassett
Lancaster, Calif.

Suspecting her husband of infidelity, the woman attempted to put an end to it by arousing his jealousy. "What would you say if I told you that I've been sleeping with your best friend?" she asked provocatively.

"Well," he mused, "I'd say that you're a lesbian."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

The sexy young chick listened patiently as her married sister extolled the benefits of the quiet life.

"That's not for me," she commented. "I once tried to give up drinking, pot, and sex—and it was the longest twenty minutes I ever spent."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

We know a young thing who had been married three times and was still a virgin. Her first husband, a psychiatrist, only talked about it; the second, a gynecologist, just looked at it; and the third was a gourmet.

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

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Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

Ol' Lady Hassles

If your ex-wife in New York secures a garnishment order against your salary for arrearages in support, will the state of New Jersey recognize this order and garnish your salary? You are safe, according to the Supreme Court of New Jersey. The court says every state is entitled to enforce in its own courts the policy of its own statutes on subjects properly concerning residents of its jurisdiction. But it finds no need to recognize and enforce a judgment which is against the public policy of New Jersey and therefore invalid in the state. (Supreme Court of New Jersey, *Mock v. Mock*, 1/14/78)

Broken Glass

If you order a glass of wine in a restaurant and it shatters while you're sipping from it, thereby causing you injury, can you recover from the restaurant? A Washington Court of Appeals says no, but it's possible that this case will be appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. The court of appeals held that the plaintiff could not recover from the restaurant, basing its decision on the theory of strict liability or breach of an implied warranty of fitness of the glass to contain the wine. The plaintiff's case in this instance was dismissed on the pleadings, and the plaintiff was not afforded a jury trial. If this kind of accident happens to you, try to pursue all possible legal remedies to the fullest extent. When you order a glass of wine, you should get not only good wine, but also a safe glass. (542 Pac., 2nd 737, 1977)

Who's Fat?

How fat is too fat? Who is too fat to be licensed to get behind the wheel of an automobile and drive it? The plaintiff here claims that the 320-pound driver of the car (only 5 feet, 1 inch tall, by the way) in which he was a pas-

senger, was so fat that she should not have been granted a probationary license to drive an automobile, even though she passed the road test. The plaintiff sued the road test examiner for negligence in causing the accident to happen. But the Supreme Court of Wisconsin held that the plaintiff could not recover against the road test examiner. The court said that the act of the examiner in passing the driver was not a ministerial act, but was a discretionary act for which he could not be held personally liable. (259 N.W. 2nd 537 Nov. 14, 1977.)

Tipster Problems

Can you be frisked for having a gun, merely because of a telephone tip to the police? The New Jersey Supreme Court says "Yes." In this case, the tip was the only reason the officers had for thinking the young man described by the informer was armed. Although he was at the place where the informer said he would be, and he fit the informer's description, nothing else about him would have aroused any suspicion that he was armed. The court noted, however, that the national handgun problem is serious and growing worse every day. It also considered that a large number of officers have been assaulted and killed every year, and that the handgun danger is particularly acute in urban communities such as Newark, where this frisk took place.

The court found that the frisk was a brief, limited intrusion. The informer did supply considerable detail as to the youth's appearance and his clothing, and this was corroborated by what the officers saw when they approached him. Moreover, there was the threat of danger to the uniformed officer. (N.J. Sup. Ct., *In re: interest of H.B.*, 12/2/77.)

Unemployment Bread

If you have a job and realize that you are not either physically or emotionally able to continue working at it, and you voluntarily quit, can you get unemployment compensation? You can in Pennsylvania. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that if an unemployment compensation claimant asserts he left the job because of compelling circumstances, realizing that physically or emotionally he was unable to continue working, and he offers competent testimony that at the time of the termination adequate health reasons existed to justify the termination, the claimant is not required to prove, in addition, that he was advised to quit his job in order to render himself eligible for compensation. In this case the claimant was under a psychotherapist's care for over a year before terminating his employment with his employer. The psychotherapist testified that at the time of the termination, the claimant would have suffered a nervous breakdown had he continued his employment. This opinion was based on the results of over one year of analysis prior to the termination of employment. Generally, you must be able to show by competent medical testimony that continuation of the job by you would result in serious medical problems. (281 At. 2nd 132 Dec. 1977.)

Sellin' Your Pad

If you want to put a "for sale" sign or a "sold" sign on your house, can you do it? The U.S. Supreme Court has recently said that you can. A township ordinance in New Jersey recently forbade such signs for the purpose of stemming what the township perceived as a flight of white homeowners from a racially integrated community. The court said the prohibition of

the signs violated the first amendment of the Constitution. The court said that persons desiring to sell their homes are just as interested in communicating that fact as are sellers of other goods and services. Would-be purchasers of realty are just as interested in receiving information about available property as are purchasers of other commodities. It makes no difference whether the product is real estate or automobiles or drugs. 97 Sup. Ct. Rep. 1614.

Bum Buy

If you purchase a brand-new automobile, and it becomes inoperable within one month, can you demand and get another new car? "Yes," says the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. Here, deposits of ice were found in the transmission, water was found in the trunk, and considerable rust was also found. It appeared that the car had been flooded or submerged. The seller offered to install a new transmission with a new 12-month warranty after installation. "Nothing doing," said the court. The buyer must have a brand-new car.

The buyer had paid for a new car and expected to receive a vehicle that he could rely on. Instead, he received a "lemon." A new automobile is more than the sum of its various components; it is the integrity of the vehicle as a whole that is the essence of the consumer's bargain. Every buyer has the right to assume that a new car, with the exception of very minor adjustments, is mechanically new and substantially free of defects. This car was rendered wholly inoperable by a defective condition that permeated one of its most essential systems. Under such circumstances, revocation of acceptance is justified. The same reasoning would, we infer, apply to new motorcycles. (N.H. Supreme Ct. *Asciolla v. Manter Oldsmobile-Pontiac, Inc.* 1/31/77.)

Man Against Dog

A motorcyclist brought an action against the owner of a large dog to recover for injuries sustained when he was thrown to the pavement as the dog grabbed the front wheel of his motorcycle, causing it to overturn. The plaintiff did recover \$9,000 for personal injuries and \$1,000 for property damage, which was affirmed on appeal. On the appeal, the defendant claimed that the city ordinance, which made it unlawful for an owner to permit his dog to run "at large," was unconstitutional. The court said the term "at large" in the statute meant permitting the dog to be off the premises of the owner and not under reasonable control of the owner or a member of his immediate family. The owner here had clearly violated the city ordinance at the time of the accident. No leash or other restraint was being used on the dog, which was 3½ feet tall and fully capable of taking a bite out of the front wheel of the bike. (539 S.W. 2d 330.)

Thief's Defenses

If your motorcycle is stolen, you may run into a lot of difficulty in successfully prosecuting the thief. The thief's lawyers may raise all manner of technical defenses—as is illustrated by a recent case in Maryland. The defendant here was convicted of possession of a motorcycle whose serial number had been removed or altered. On appeal, the defendant raised various defenses, the most cogent of which was that the police had violated his constitutional rights by their actions at the time they stopped him. At that time, the thief gave the officer a "completely obliterated" District of Columbia driver's license, a driver's license from Virginia, and an Alabama registration slip in the name of some other person than himself.

The police then compared the numbers on the registration slip with those on the motorcycle frame and engine housing of the vehicle. These numbers were visible on the outside of the motorcycle. The numbers on the registration slip were identical with the numbers on the motorcycle, but the police noticed that the numbers had been stamped in a die not usually found on

Harley-Davidson motorcycles. Harley-Davidson stamps its vehicles at the factory with a "posident" die not generally available to the public. The police later testified that the die used on this motorcycle seemed to be the kind available in a hardware store. When the police checked the license status of the suspect, they learned that he had been refused a license to operate a motor vehicle in Maryland.

Further examination of the motorcycle revealed that the registration number was not enclosed with a star in front of the number and a star at the end of the last number, as was the practice of Harley-Davidson. There was also evidence that the original number on the vehicle had been obliterated. The police also checked a "secret" number located near the crankcase of the motorcycle and obtained from that location a different identifying number. The investigation disclosed that the true owner of the vehicle had reported a motorcycle owned by him, bearing that secret number, to have been stolen.

The important point in this case is that the thief's attempts to suppress all this evidence against him on the ground that it was obtained without a warrant, were in vain, and rightly so. The thief claimed that the search and seizure of his motorcycle was illegal because of the proscriptions of the Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments of the U. S. Constitution. The U. S. Supreme Court has ruled that the warrantless examination of a vehicle was not an illegal search (417 U.S. 583). The court said there is a definite distinction between the warrantless search and seizure of automobiles and other moving vehicles, on the one hand, and the search of a home or an office. Less stringent requirements have been applied to vehicles. A citizen has no constitutional expectation of privacy in the exterior of an automobile or motorcycle. Thus, the Maryland court concluded that an owner of a motorcycle has no reasonable expectation of privacy regarding serial numbers stamped on a motorcycle readily visible by a cursory inspection.

This case illustrates the importance of your keeping a careful record of the "secret" number on your motorcycle, as further evidence of your own-

ership if it's stolen. In case of the theft of your bike, the case will also serve to assure the police that they are acting properly in making a thorough examination of the exterior of your stolen bike to obtain legal evidence that it has been stolen. (Conner v. State, 366 At. 2nd 385.)

Screwin' Okay

Fornication is no longer a crime in New Jersey. The New Jersey Supreme Court found that the state statute prohibiting all sexual relations between a man and unmarried women constitutionally infringes upon the fundamental right of privacy. The court said that fornication may be abhorrent to the morals and deeply held beliefs of many persons, but any appropriate remedy for such conduct cannot come from legislative fiat. Private personal acts between two consenting adults are not to be lightly meddled with by the state; the right of personal autonomy is fundamental to a free society. And although persons who view fornication as opprobrious may seek strenuously to dissuade people from engaging in it, they may not inhibit such conduct through the coercive power of the criminal law. There are still some states which hold fornication between a man and an unmarried woman to be a crime. (State v. Saunders, N.J. Sup. Ct., 12/13/77.)

Pot in the Home

Can you use marijuana in your home in Florida? A Florida Circuit Court says that you can. The court says that the statute in Florida providing for up to five years imprisonment violates the state constitutional prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment. And although the Florida court does not discuss the right of privacy question, it considers the testimony of at least four experts, including a message from President Carter on August 2, 1977, in which he said, "Penalties against the possession of a drug should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself, and where they are, they should be changed." The court concludes that the state has failed to show that public

health, safety, or welfare justifies the legislative prohibition of home use and possession of marijuana. Also, the defendant made a strong showing that the classification of marijuana with strictly-controlled drugs is irrational. Marijuana poses less danger to the user than some substances placed in lower classifications, and it is less harmful than alcohol and tobacco, which are not classified at all. (Florida Circ. Ct., Eleventh Circ. Dade County, State v. Leigh, 1/18/78.)

Losin' Your Cool

If your wife in California happens to be rich and has a lover, this is the wrong way to warn him that you do not approve of the proceedings. In the case in question, the husband, with good reason, suspected his wife of carrying on an affair with another man. Anticipating their coming to her home together, he preceded them there. He moved his wife's car from the driveway, drove his car into the garage, closed the door, and replaced his wife's car in its original position on the driveway. He then secreted himself in the sewing room and awaited the arrival of his wife and her lover. He saw them arrive and heard them enter the house and converse, the wife referring to her companion as "honey."

He took down, removed from its case, and loaded a double-barreled shotgun, stepped out into the entry hall, pointed the gun at his wife's lover and said, "So there's nothing between you and my wife." The wife's lover grabbed the gun and a struggle ensued, the gun waving back and forth. The wife came up behind her lover and as she did so, the gun discharged, hitting and killing her.

The husband and wife had been having marital trouble for a year and he had told her lover to stay away. He testified that he took the gun to show her lover that he meant business. There was no evidence that he intended to shoot his wife. Could the husband inherit his share of the wife's estate? The court said "No." The husband did not intentionally kill his wife but he did intentionally cause her death and therefore he could not succeed to her estate. Better forget guns in these situations and get a divorce. It's safer and more practical. 137 Cal. Rep. 826, 1977. ■

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Fuzzy**, Pagans M.C. He was a great guy who lived and died on his bike. Kitten, Va.

In memory of **Salvatore Lospenato**. Ride in peace forever, brother. From Weed and his bros in P-town, Ohio. The Weep.

In memory of **Ed Chaparral**, a face unseen but a relationship I'll treasure for eternity. Your Angel in French Camp.

In memory of **Dale**, a young bro wasted by a chickenshit punk. You're still in our hearts. Dawn and Doug, Mich.

In memory of "Little Toe" and **Mr. Nutt**, two Road Agents in Harley Heaven. Road Agents M.C., Detroit.

In memory of "Patches," a bro who taught me how to stand tall and be brave. The Chester, Newark, Del.

In memory of one-percenter "Rocker," a Milwaukee Outlaw, always an outlaw. Outlaws M.C. and the International Outlaw Association, one-percenters.

In memory of "Patches," one helluva biker chick and sister. Keep on keepin' on, wherever you are. Aries Gustafson.

In memory of **Paul Malhot**. You'll never be higher. Roger, Clinton, Ill.

In memory of "Priest," "Renegade," "Always," and **Nancy**, who rode to the skies because of a drunk asshole. Renegades M.C., Va.

To my man, **Dave**. I loved you then, I love you now, and I'll always love you. Dahlene, Pagans M.C., L.I.

In memory of my man, **Mick Parrott**. I was proud and honored to be your of lady. Denise Parrott.

In memory of **Ralph "Fuzzy" Wilson**, a dynamite dude who rode hard and died fast. Pack Rat.

In memory of **Howard Queen**, who was like no other. Gone on a fast Sportster. Your people in Holly, Mich.

For **Gary "The Reaper" Warmen**. He died as he lived. Brothers M.C., Pa.

In memory of my brother, **Fred "The Head" Spinning**. You'll find peace now. Mel, Bad Hersfeld, Germany.

In memory of **Rob**, who always rode in the shadow of Kathy's and Carmen's love.

In memory of "The Vec." Those wings will take you cruisin' through the clouds till we're together again. Dale, Frank, and Donna.

In memory of "Leprechaun." We'll always remember you. Huns M.C., Detroit.

Dedicated to **Hermie T. Moreno**. Too tough to complain, he froze to death on his bike. R. J. Tazelaar, Mich.

In memory of **Jerry Namcheck**. Ride hard, bro. Virgil Watson, Houston, Tex.

In memory of **Phil "Wild One" Day**, a true brother. We'll love you always. Angela and bros, Newport, So. Wales.

To "Seau," the best of man I'll ever know. I miss you. Jeanne.

In memory of **Clint Parrish**, who was killed only 90 days after doing six years in the slammer.

For **Chaos**. He rode hard and with the best, and a cop put a hole in his head. Tiger, Redwood City, Calif.

In memory of **Flash**, whose death was such a fucking waste. Trumpet Lady and Tony.

In memory of my bro, **Dean Turnbom**, a bad dude with a good heart. Leon Pollard, Okla.

Male Call

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

Two lonely sisters doing time in the slammer need to hear from righteous brothers. Must be between 29 and 100 years old—Single men only. Will answer all letters. Rose "Sassy" Taves and Claudia "Brandy" Pollard, Box 2247, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Been down for five and got five to go. Would like to hear from ladies. Thomas Walton, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 66027.

Chick needs to hear from any dudes. Will answer all letters. Sandra Clayton #2881-171, Box 2000, Lexington, Ky. 40507.

Beautiful Swedish girl wants mail from American bikers. Suzi Sellberg, Rommervagen 41, 78100 Borlange, Sweden.

Beautiful Swedish girl wants to hear from American bikers. Tina Ekhegren, Aspgaten 12, 78100 Borlange, Sweden.

26-yr.-old brother down and in need of letters from sweet ladies. "Stine" Celestine #7701, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Looking for an old lady 18-27 to ride and party with when I get out. Little ladies, write and send pictures. Terry "Wildman" Kirby #32515-138, Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

I'm 6'3" and ain't had enough of nothin'. Ladies write and make me happy—mentally and otherwise. Bobby Freeman #1992135, Box 1000, Marion, Ill. 62939.

Lonely and need mail and photos from some long-legged ladies. Will answer all letters. Terry Werber #32985, Box 7, 2D-361, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Biker, 22 yrs. old, been in two years and needs letters from funky chicks. Jerry "Stickup" Fahy, C-3-67 C.S. 1072, Hicksville, N.Y. 11802.

Male, 25 yrs. old, 6'2", 200 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Down and out. Help me fill time by dropping me a line. Joseph Pennell, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Doing sixty years. I have no friends on the outside and would like to hear from any women. Will answer all. Larry D. Beamer #040198, Box 747, Starke Fla. 32091.

Four brothers from Pa. doin' time and needin' mail from ladies. "Sinner" Venny Weinheimer #K-3534; "Zeke" Lloyd Pond; "Animal" Bill Reineke; "Troupe" Charles Troupe #M-1334; S.C.I. Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Aries male from Ohio, 29 yrs., 6'1", 185 lbs., and single. Needs correspondence and will answer all letters. Jimmie Coney #018161, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I'm 32 yrs. old and very lonely. Would like to get to know someone with a wild imagination who has had some experience with God. William Vining #83760, Cypress 3, Angola, La. 70712.

31-yr.-old inmate needs letters from sexy chicks. I'm 5'10" with brn. hair, grn. eyes, and I'm doin' six years. Pls. send a picture. Joe Byram, Box B-3760, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

23-yr.-old blonde, blue-eyed inmate, 5'9", loves sports, dreaming, and girls. How about some letters? Alfred R. Klein #962263, B.T.U. 23-40, Reception and Medical Ctr., Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

In need of some good-lookin' babes to write. I'm gettin' frantic. Dennis Hager C-73085, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Get your heart right, mamas, and drop two brosome letters. Will answer all. Rodney Gamble #95735 and Sam McKee #94558, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

Inmate wants to correspond with women 26 to 30 yrs. Seeking friendship with open-minded, mature women. Gerald B. King #15494, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Help me make the time go fast. Letters wanted from anyone. Karl Rolling #049986, Box 667, D-142-T, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

All fine, foxy females write to me, please. J. B. Bergant #W-3509, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Two lonely males seek correspondence from any ladies. Terry Bremer #B-64810 and Ron Mozingo #B-81469, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960 M.C.U. #213.

Inmate wants letters from ladies. Mike Kraus, Box 1100-1444, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

29 yrs. old and doing five years. Need to hear from foxy ladies. Travis Colville, Box 1100-1564, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

I'm 25 yrs. old and would really dig hearing from ladies. Wm. A. Thomas #8778, C-341, K.S.I.R., Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Inmate seeks correspondence from anyone. Tommy Van Buren, Box B-760-227, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Lonely and in the pen. I need a woman friend. Harry Shriner #K-1876, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

How about doin' a good bro some justice by writin' to him? Chicks only. John Bird Smith, Box B-34725, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Brown-haired, brown-eyed Harley man doing twenty years. Would like to hear from all young ladies with style. Jiri Newport #69-C-33, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Another bro down in Attica with twenty-five to go. I'm nineteen and need to hear from chicks. Jimmy Zientek #76-B-1899, Box 149, Attica, New York 14011.

I need letters from anyone, especially Rosa Christina Benavidez. Henry G. Montana #43857, CH-3, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Need correspondence from women or men who are into occult practice. George Phelps #42809, CH-3, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

All pictures and letters I receive will be answered. Clarence Stout #74347, CH-3, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Lonely dude would like to hear from anyone, anywhere. David Beck #C-63875, M.S.U., Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

43-yr.-old biker wonders if there are any mature ladies left, after eight and a half years. William Wood #026497, Box 221, Ralfo, Fla. 32083.

I would like to correspond with some foxy chicks. Richard "Chopper" Wagner #44143, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Doing seven and could stand to hear from some ladies. Pete Dell'Orto #057750, 69-119, Box 221, Ralfo, Fla. 32083.

31-yr.-old inmate would like ladies 18-40 to write and visit. Roy C. Holmes Jr., Box B-2712-A, 1W74, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Lonely dude in prison wants a little sugar and spice. Ron Crichfield, Box 28-4149, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Just put away for fifteen and need someone to write to. Mark Yelle, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Down and out and in need of mail. James E. Post #A-051012, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628, Apt. B-6-C.

Would like to receive letters from anyone. Carl Rose #A-08780, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628, Apt. B-6-A.

Forgotten bro from Idaho needs mail and visits. John Horn, Unit 10, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

People everywhere, please write to me—especially you chicks. Carl Erhard, Wood County Corr. Center, 300 2nd St., Parkersburg, W. Va. 26101.

In for four years and in need of mail. Robert Marino #75-A-0217, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

Matt, it's been a long, hard run. Send your address so I can write. Donnie Silcox #23152-175, Box 4000, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

Downed and forgotten bro doin' time for the patch, needs of lady. David Hart #11493, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Lookin' for foxy lady to drive away the blues. Dave Rollins #B-81372-2705, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

My problems could be eased by letters from ladies. Dan Stagg #133836, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Scoter tramp in the slam and in need of mail from ladies. Charles Burnside Jr. #147-935, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Need some mail from foxy ladies. Gary Nemitz #10497-1478, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

Settling-down bro needs settling-down lady. Marty Martin #A-059445-B-33-A, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Chicks: Write and send pics. Frank Buxton #024231, Box 221, Ralfo, Fla. 32083.

Letters and photos needed from chicks. Garry Pires #056940, Box 221, Ralfo, Fla. 32083.

Busted deadhead needs mail bad. Scott Eckhart #82846, Cheshire Corr., Cheshire, Conn. 06610.

Would love to hear from fine, foxy ladies out there. Richard Short, 25 yrs. old, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

A year to go and I'd like to hear from a lady who has her shit together. Thomas Bray #01856-284-ATU-2-A-1, Box 35, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Serious young man looking for a serious young lady. Rudolph Dempsey, Box B-76-A-3182, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Females, write to cool dude. Duane L. Henderson #150-374, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

28-yr.-old biker interested in family lifestyle. Clarence Stout #74347, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Lonely bro needs letters from sexy ladies. Gene Search #15332-8/15, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

25-yr.-old biker with his throttle temporarily disconnected would like to hear from freaky ladies. Rick Patterson #423604767, Box 91, Cudahy, Wis. 53110.

Cherokee Indian wants to hear from ladies of any kind. James Lloyd Wolfe #20626-101, B-Dorm, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Lonely dude would like to hear from sweet ladies with long hair and lots of curves. Rich M. Murphy #B-53488, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

25-yr.-old inmate would like to hear from understanding ladies. Jeff Reynolds #C-50460, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

Write this lonely on a letter and make him feel better. Steve Davis #C-62048, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Doing fifty-five years. Getting lonely and in need of letters from ladies. Mark Blanton #037127, S.W.V. 72/116, Box 221, Ralfo, Fla. 32083.

One lonely bro been in jail too long without letters. Jerry Schierschmidt #152693, Cassidy Lake Penitentiary, Chelsea, Mich. 48118.

Old scooter tramp needs a few letters. Jerry Watson #32686, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

20-yr.-old horny convict needs some scribes from ladies with good vibes. Tim Holloway #B-89590, #811, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

26 yrs. old and in need of foxy ladies, but will take all letters and photos. Ron Sole #96583, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Displaced Texan mighty lonesome for good female rap. Kenneth Graham #94673, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Lonely man, 36 yrs. old, needs a woman from the San Francisco area to love, visit, and write. Charles Sparks, Box B-78550, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

I would like a nice young lady to write to. Robert Stull #A-048564, Mail #445, DeSoto Corr. Inst., Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

25-yr.-old inmate needs letters from anyone, but mostly from young ladies. Thomas Meek #060677, Mail #071, DeSoto Corr. Inst., Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

26 yrs. old, slender realist who enjoys meeting people. I need mail. Albert Wales #143-478, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Lookin' for a young lady who'll write and visit if things pan out. Richard Andersen, Box B-31479, Folsom Prison, Repress, Calif. 95671.

Puerto Rican inmate wishes to correspond with anyone. George SanInnocencio #76-B-0502, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

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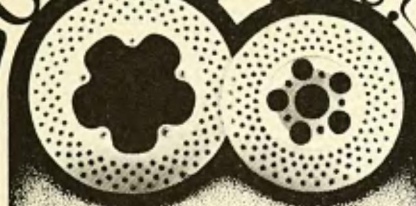
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THE CZAR SPEAKS

—Continued from page 17

accidents is 80 to 90%—in other words, 80 or 90% of the reported motorcycle accidents are injury accidents, compared with less than one out of ten for the automobiles.

Q. How does DOT feel about helmet laws for motorists?

A. Well, we have not considered helmet laws for motorists. We have considered seat belt laws for motorists and—when you're riding in a car you have a great deal more protection than you have on a motorcycle. In a car you have a padded dash, collapsible steering wheel, safety glass, safety door locks, reinforced doors—you just have a lot of protection that you don't have on a motorcycle, so that you can't make direct comparisons between what protects a person in an automobile and what protects a person on a motorcycle.

Q. Do you think that helmets might give motorcyclists a false sense of security?

A. No, I don't think that there's any indication in the literature of something like that.

Q. Has the percentage of neck injuries increased in accidents where the cyclists were wearing helmets?

A. We have no data that indicate that. In fact, the data indicate that there's very little difference between neck injuries with a helmet and without. We're currently working on a study that I mentioned earlier—a multi-disciplinary accident investigation. It's being done at the University of Southern California now and they made on-site investigations of 900 motorcycle accidents and they have found no cases where the helmet has induced or increased neck injuries. But we don't have that report and won't have it until sometime during the summer. But there is just no valid evidence that indicates that helmets either cause or increase neck injuries.

Q. What percentage of motorcycle deaths can be attributed to helmets?

A. I don't think that any deaths can be attributed to wearing helmets.

Q. Do you feel that driver concentration is lost due to the discomforts of the helmet?

A. I don't think so. I'm a motorcyclist and I ride every day—weather permitting. Sure, helmets are hot in the summer, but if you're

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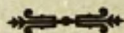
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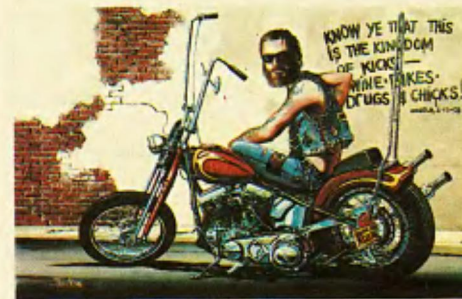
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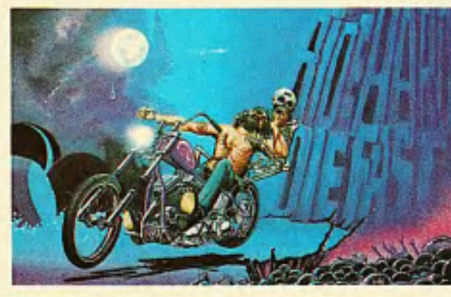
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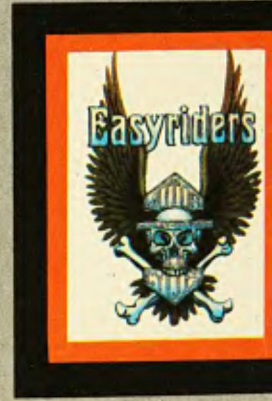
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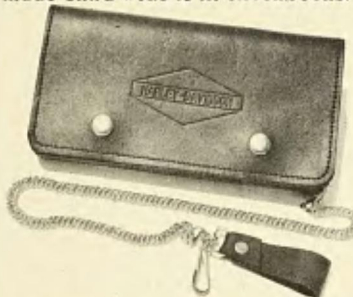
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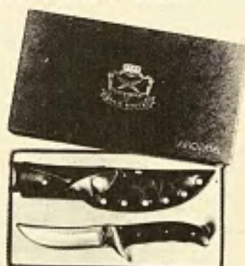
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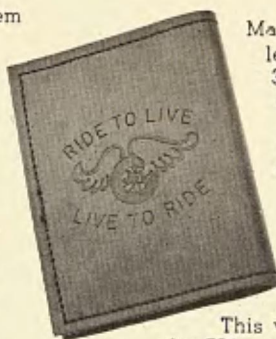
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going to enjoy the sport, that's just one of the trade-offs that you have to make. You have to be a little uncomfortable. They're hot when you're standing still or moving at very slow speeds, but when you're out on the road, you get a nice cooling breeze and I don't think there's any discomfort that causes loss of concentration due to the helmet.

Q. Do you consider it strange that, while the law requiring a seat belt interlock system was repealed after only one year of protest by automobile drivers, most helmet laws are still in force after many years of protest by motorcyclists?

A. It wasn't an interlock law. It was an administrative act by this agency, and it was overturned by the U.S. Congress. The helmet laws are individual state laws and I would say that the data we have still suggest that the majority of motorcyclists are not opposed to helmet laws. And certainly, the majority of the general public is not opposed to helmet laws and I think in most states the legislatures have been responsive to the wishes of the public.

Q. Is the helmet law doing its job by today's standards?

A. I don't think I really understand what you mean by that question.

Q. Well, I guess there'd be another way to ask it—are they saving lives like they're supposed to?

A. I think the helmets are definitely saving lives. Indications are that the risk of serious or fatal injury when



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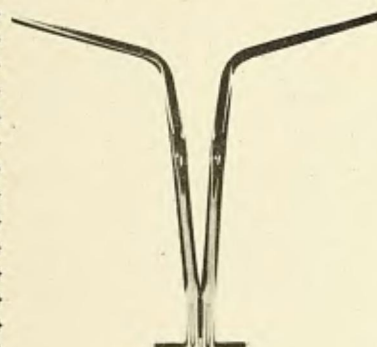
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you're involved in an accident is about one-third the risk when you're wearing a helmet, compared with your risks when you're not wearing a helmet. I think that helmets are doing a good job.

Q. How much revenue does the government obtain from helmet sales?

A. To my knowledge, the government doesn't obtain any revenue.

Q. What is the future of helmet laws, in your estimation?

A. I think it's probable that some more helmet laws will be repealed. I think it's very unlikely that we'll ever see a situation where most states have helmet laws. I think that fatalities will go up in some of the states that repeal their helmet laws and that some legislatures will reconsider the issue and perhaps will readopt helmet laws. But I don't think that the majority of states that have repealed helmet laws will readopt them.

Q. How much money is presently spent on helmet studies, modified bikes, and other safety-related factors?

A. I can't really give you a dollar figure on it, because we have several studies in progress relating to various areas of motorcycle safety. We have the University of Southern California study, which is funded at over \$300,000. That's the most expensive study that we have going. I can't answer your question with any degree of accuracy, but it's between a half million and a million dollars.

Q. To what degree are DOT decisions influenced by industry and state government representatives?

A. Well, we're influenced by people who are knowledgeable about problems and are able to provide documentation justifying administrative actions by this agency. It doesn't matter whether the person represents industry or state government. If the person presents persuasive information and arguments showing a need for a safety standard or revision or deletion of a safety standard, then we respond to that sort of information, regardless of whether it comes from a state government representative or industry or the public. We want to respond to the issues and the valid data that bear on the issues.

Q. Is DOT affected by public opinion?

A. I think that everybody is affected by public opinion. We certainly are — both as individuals and as an agency. We certainly don't like a

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negative image of the agency, but we feel that our work is important, and that for the most part, we're doing good work. And we sincerely regret that the image that we have in the motorcycling press has been a negative image. I think that if the motorcycling press took a closer look at the things that we are doing, they might have a little different opinion.

Q. What is the effect on legislation from insurance companies?

A. Well, are you talking about legislation or actions by this agency?

Q. Actions by your agency.

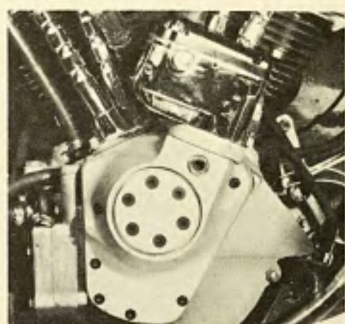
A. As I said earlier, we respond to expressions of opinions and requests that are supported by valid data and information. I've not had any direct dealings with any insurance companies. They certainly haven't talked to me about any of the motorcycle issues. The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety has a general interest in highway safety, and has spoken out on some of the issues, but they are not individual insurance companies. It's an association that does not directly represent the insurance companies.

Q. What is the DOT position on the daytime lights-on law?

A. We think that such a law is an effective way of motorcyclists making themselves more visible to other motorists, and we think that's an important safety concept that all motorcyclists should practice. We did a study in 1970 that showed that the daytime use of motorcycle headlights reduced daytime crashes between motorcycles and cars by about 4%. Very recently, the state of North Carolina did an analysis of their experience before and after their headlight law, and

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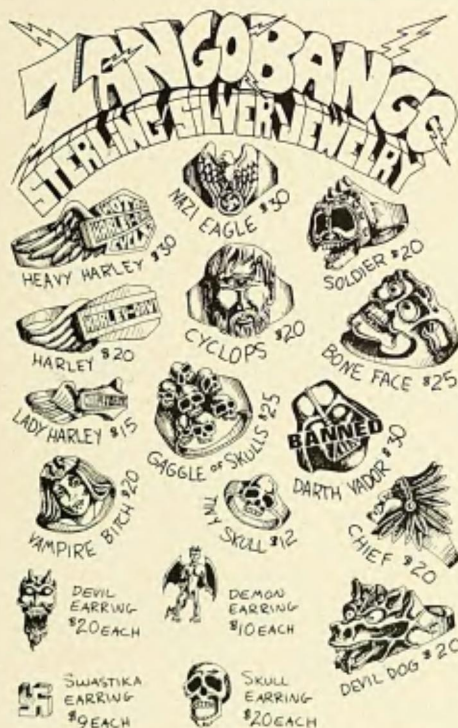
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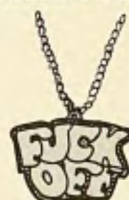


"Better be gittin' off
the street, ma'am. Ah'm a-foxin'
to have a shootout with Slick Sam."

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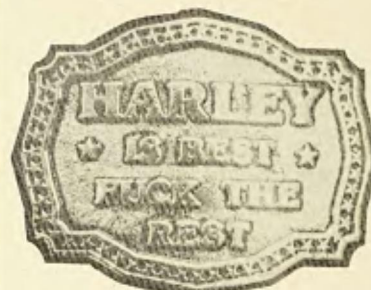


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they found a very similar crash reduction during the daytime. We recognize that for some of the older motorcycles there are electrical problems and that the generating capacity isn't great enough to handle the draw that the light makes on the electrical system. If we're asked by the states, we say that we endorse that type of safety practice, but we have not actively promoted the adoption of the laws because of the problem with the electrical capacity on some of the smaller and older machines. In terms of new motorcycles, it's going to become a moot question because the state of California now has a law that says that all motorcycles sold in that state after January 1, 1978, have to be equipped in such a way that the headlight comes on automatically, and I've heard from some of the motorcycle manufacturers that they are not going to build two different types of motorcycles. In other words, they will build motorcycles to comply with the California regulation and they will sell the same kind of motorcycles in all the other states. So over the years, we will reach a situation where motorcycle headlights are on all the time, as the older and smaller machines are junked.

Q. What is the DOT view on extended front ends and/or modified frames?

A. We don't have strong views about that. There are just not enough accident data to make a judgment. From our personal experience, short extensions of the front end don't seem to affect handling very much—where you're talking five to seven inches. But where you start extending the front ends further than that, it does affect handling and it does affect front wheel braking, and we feel that that is undesirable. We've not written any standards that would apply to that, because our standards on vehicles apply only to new motorcycles and automobiles. Regarding modified frames, I don't know exactly what you have in mind there.

Q. An extended front end or altered frame.

A. Well, I guess our main concern would be that on a modified frame the work be quality work and that you have not significantly weakened the frame by alterations. I've ridden choppers a number of times and I found them really uncomfortable—

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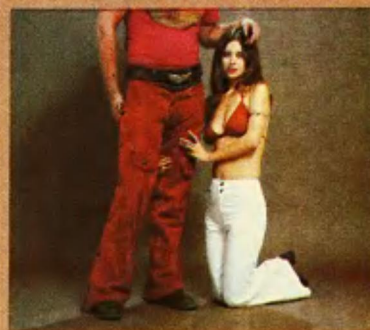
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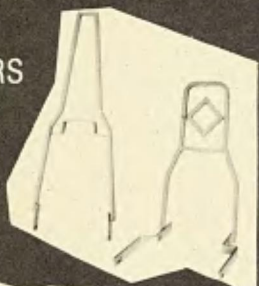


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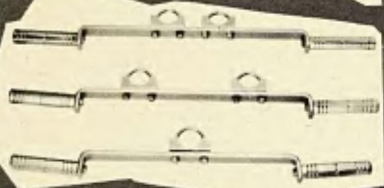
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especially those with rigid frames and girder front ends. It's just a really uncomfortable ride. If somebody wants to ride that way, fine, but it's certainly nothing that I've ever enjoyed. So I would summarize by saying that we just don't have enough data really to make any sort of a decision. But at this point, as long as the modifications are well done and are relatively moderate, I don't see any real problems from a safety point of view.

Q. Are studies being made on reflective equipment for motorcycles and are there any plans for its mandatory use in the future?

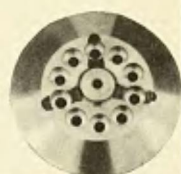
A. We're doing a study under contract at the University of Michigan in which we're looking at ways to make motorcycles and their riders more conspicuous to other traffic, and as part of this we will be looking at the use of reflective material on the motorcycles and on the rider and rider's equipment. In terms of its mandatory use, we may eventually write some modifications of our current reflector standards for the motorcycle in order to make the motorcycle more visible if that seems warranted by the research. But in terms of reflective equipment on the rider, or other devices to make the rider more visible, we would not make a requirement for that sort of thing. We would make public the findings of our research on the fact that certain pieces of high-visibility clothing or reflective material are effective, and we would try to promote the voluntary use of that reflective material. We have recommended to the states that helmets be required to have four square inches of reflective material on each side and in the rear of the helmet. And we are considering the possibility of requiring the manufacturers of motorcycle helmets to put

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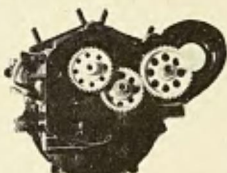


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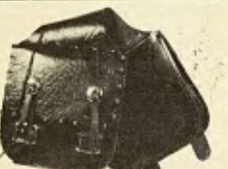


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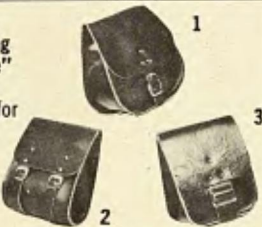
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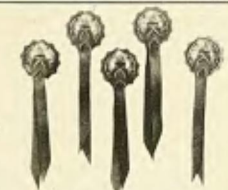


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that material on the helmet at the
time of manufacture.

Q. Is it true you're experimenting
with reflectorized tires?

A. I don't know whether we're
looking at reflectorized tires or not.
It was one of the initial concepts,
I know that. The problem with re-
flectorized tires is that they're good
from a side view, but from a front
view you can't see them. So they
have somewhat limited application,
but I think they're good in some
situations. What we're looking at
is a reflective device on the tires
that would make them more visible
from the front, and what I think
they're going to use is a little pad
that fits on the round part of the
tread wall. This would be a little
patch that would fit into the rim
and would have a reflector that
would stick out on either side so
that when your wheel turns, this
thing would be sitting out there
and a car's headlights would re-
flect off that—both front and back.
That's an idea that we're looking
at.

We're looking at reflectorized hel-
mets, and we're doing both day and
night studies. The applications are
quite a bit different for day and
night. At night, you have to use
reflecting material or lights, because
bright colors and fluorescent colors
just don't show up at night. So we
had to divide up between daytime
and nighttime experiments, and
consider applications to the motor-
cycle as well as applications to the
rider. For daytime riding, we're
considering brightly colored clothes,
the use of fairings, the use of head-
lights, and I think we're looking at
some other lighting configurations.
And at night, it's reflective material
mostly—and some different lighting
configurations. The researchers want
to look at some pulsing lights—
several lights placed on or near the

—Continued on page 110



"You sure do have a way with
dogs, lady—he usually bites strangers."

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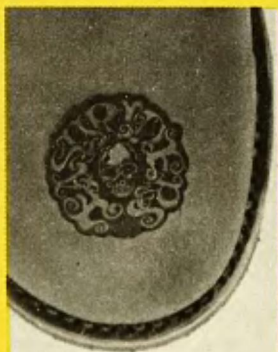
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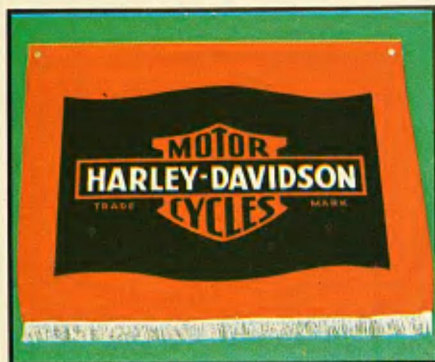
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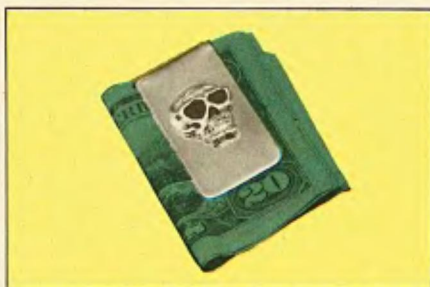
H-D Banner

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handlebars, and they would flash on at different times.

Q. Giving a strobe effect?

A. Well, it would be about the intensity of a turn signal flash. The two out there are flashing, the two in here are flashing, and it looks like you've got a little motion on your handlebars. I don't like the concept, but it's something we're looking at.

And I'll add that as part of the study, we're also looking at mopeds and we're going to be running a moped during the day with a bicycle-type flag and a moped at night with a reflectorized bicycle flag.

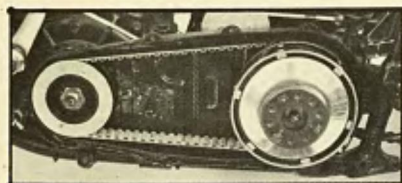
Q. I've read that some states are attempting to enact mandatory sissy bars. Their argument is that the bars keep passengers from sliding off. Do you have any comments on this issue?

A. I'm not aware that states are passing sissy bar laws. The only concern I've got about sissy bars is that very often when there's a crash the motorcycle will hit the rider after he comes off the motorcycle and I am a little concerned about the sissy bars that have very pointed edges or pointed ends. These can inflict injury on the rider or pedestrian, if a pedestrian was struck by the motorcycle. But other than that, I don't have strong feelings about sissy bars. I know from my personal experience that I'd rather have my passengers sitting up close to me and holding on to me, so that they couldn't lean some way other than I do. Also, if a passenger sits toward the back of



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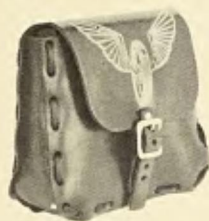
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the motorcycle, where the weight is over the rear wheel, then there is going to be some influence on the handling of the motorcycle.

Q. Have DOT officials ever discussed the possibility of requiring seat belts for motorcycles?

A. We never discussed the possibility of requiring seat belts on motorcycles. A number of years ago, when we were very early into crash investigation, what we did was run a series of controlled motorcycle crashes—instrument motorcycle crashes. One of the crash configurations that we ran was a motorcycle with an anthropomorphic dummy seatbelted onto the motorcycle, and it was found that this was not a practical safety measure. We anticipated that it would not be, but we felt that we needed the data on that type of crash. We have never held any views that motorcyclists should use seat belts.

Q. Are there any planned new motorcycle recommendations coming out of DOT in the future?

A. Are you talking about state legislation?

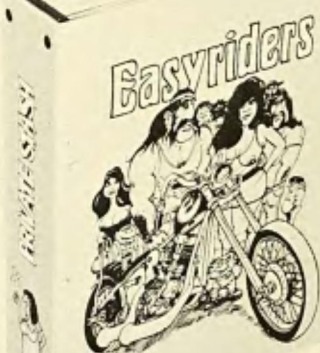
Q. Yes. That is, your recommendations to the states. Do you know of anything that is being planned for motorcycles?

A. I don't anticipate advocating any state legislation that we don't already advocate. For instance, we advocate that each state require a special test and license for motorcycle operators. There are some states that still don't require them, so we will continue to advocate that sort of thing. We are developing some recommendations for how we believe the states should regulate mopeds and we will be transmitting those recommendations to the states sometime this year in the hope that that will help them in deciding how they want to handle the moped problem.

Q. Why does DOT have, in effect, lawmaking authority, though it is not an elected body?

A. We have the authority because that's what Congress wants us to do and Congress felt that there was a need for a safety agency and it set the ground rules under which we operate. We feel that we're being responsive to the Congress and we believe that the Congress is responsive to the public and the Congress enacted this legislation and we think the great majority of the public

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favors highway safety acts and legislation.

Q. How does DOT feel about government intervention in citizens' lives by telling them what to drive and what to wear?

A. Well, we don't believe that we're intervening in people's private lives. We believe that we're providing a service to the public. The death rate is substantially lower now than it was when this agency was started, and a lot of people are alive and/or uninjured who would be dead or injured if this agency had not undertaken the programs that we have. And this applies to automobile drivers as well as motorcyclists.

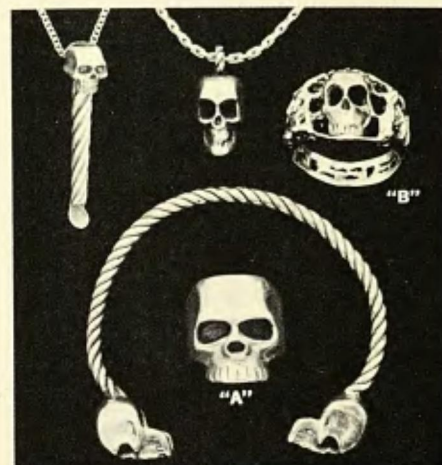
Q. Do you feel that public participation in DOT should be strengthened? And if so, how?

A. We would like more public response to the things that we do. Whenever we make a rule, it is published for public comments in the Federal Register, and a news release is put out to all the publications that wish to be on the mailing list for the news release. And we open a docket in which every comment that we get on a proposed rule is entered. Our staff reviews our rules and the responses to them, and in many cases our proposals are modified by this public comment, and we encourage the public to take this opportunity to comment more often.

Q. Do you think that the agency has adequate information-gathering and enforcement powers?

A. Well, you're talking about two different things. The only enforcement powers that we have are over the federal motor vehicle safety standards, in terms of setting standards for new motor vehicles and seeing that the vehicles meet these standards. I assume that our enforcement powers in those areas are adequate—it's not my end of the business. We probably don't have the manpower to do all the enforcement work that we need—for example, we can't go out and buy motorcycles and have them tested to make sure that they meet all the standards. I mean, we can't go out and buy one of every model and that sort of thing—things that we would like to do if we could.

In terms of adequate information gathering, I think that we aren't able to get enough accident data because there aren't enough thorough accident investigations made.



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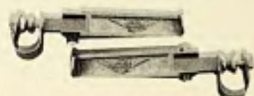
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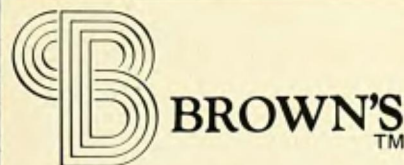
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It's very difficult to try to base safety-oriented decisions just on statistical reports that we get from the states or police accident reports. They just don't have the level of sophistication and information that's needed to make a lot of decisions. Many times, we're faced with not having adequate data to make the decisions and we're trying very hard to develop those data. And I again go back to this very detailed study of motorcycle accidents that we've got going in California. It's the most detailed study of motorcycle accidents that's ever been done in this country and we're hopeful that the information will be very helpful to other people who are concerned about motorcycle safety and helpful to the millions of riders in the country who are looking for safety-related information.

Q. This next question concerns both you and the people you work with. Do any of you ride motorcycles regularly or consider yourselves to be motorcycle enthusiasts?

A. We have a number of motorcyclists in this agency. We have probably twenty-five or more who are motorcyclists. I consider myself a motorcyclist and a motorcycling enthusiast. I've ridden for a little over twelve years. I competed a lot on motorcycles. I rode TT scrambles, I rode motocross, I rode a number of enduros, and I raced the Baja 1000 twice and finished both times. So I consider myself a motorcyclist. I know that some people in the motorcycle press have indicated that's not the case, but they're mistaken. We have conducted three courses in motorcycle riding for our staff, in which some fifty or sixty of them were given an opportunity



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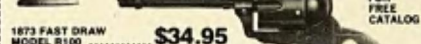
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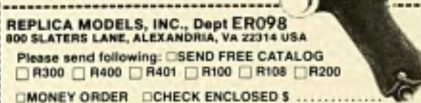
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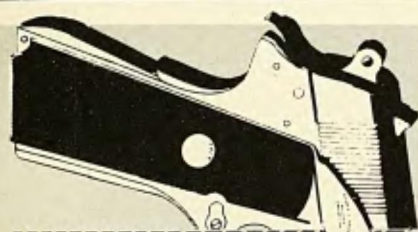
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to learn to ride motorcycles. We felt that this was important because we wanted our staff to know the enjoyment of motorcycling as well as what the safety-related problems are. We felt that the best way to do that—to get them to appreciate those factors—was to get them out and let them learn how to ride a motorcycle. Most of the people who went through the training program did not end up being motorcyclists, but some of them went on to buy their own motorcycles. I'm sure you've heard of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation. Well, Dr. Charles Hartman, who is the president of that organization, was an employee here. He was Deputy Administrator, and he learned to ride a motorcycle in this training program that we conducted.

Q. Are there any closing statements that you'd like to make?

A. I think that the questions you posed are pretty typical of most motorcyclists and motorcycle publications—that there's a great over-emphasis on the helmet issue. We feel that helmets are important, but they're only one part of our comprehensive motorcycle and safety program, and only one of the things that we're doing here. We've got some really excellent programs going on in driver licensing and driver education, as well as the research programs that I was talking about. We have developed what is probably the best motorcycle driver licensing test in the world, and this is being conducted in a demonstration project in California. More than 20,000 riders have gone through it, and we're following their accident experience to see how much this driver licensing program will reduce accidents for the people who went through it. In cooperation with the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, we've been doing some things in motorcycle safety education. In 1973, the Motorcycle Safety Foundation did some research and developed what is called a motorcycle task analysis. This is a body of all the knowledges and skills that a motorcyclist needs to ride a motorcycle. Our driver licensing tests that are being used in California are based on that task analysis. We studied that and developed a skill test and a knowledge test, but we also used the task analysis to have a contract written for us. These tests concerned curriculum

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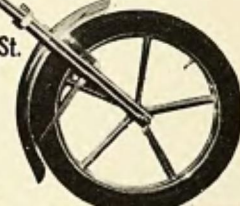
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specifications for motorcycle education force, and the Motorcycle Safety Foundation in turn took these specifications and rewrote their motorcycle training course into what is called the Motorcycle Rider Course. This motorcycle rider course is now being conducted in a project in Denver, Colorado, in which we are working out any administrative problems with the program and finding any changes in the curriculum that need to be made before the program is more widely used. We're also working on a large-scale project to evaluate the crash-reduction effectiveness of motorcycle training. In other words, if you train people, does it reduce their crash involvement? And more than 35 of the states have used or are using our funds to develop motorcycle education projects—either curriculum specifications, or teacher preparation, or actually conducting the training program.

I would say that people think DOT has an anti-motorcycling position. That's not the case at all. Many of us are motorcycle enthusiasts and we would like to see the public be able to do anything it wants, as long as it's safe, and we view our role as one of taking some of the needless and unwarranted risk out of motorcycling, without placing burdens on enthusiasts or the manufacturers. I think that people have to keep one thing very clearly in mind—that motorcycling is a dangerous way to travel. You have a much higher risk of having an accident and being killed or injured, and you're just going to have to accept that when you ride motorcycles, and you're going to have to accept efforts to try to develop safety programs for motorcycles.



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Phone (205) 764-9487



Pacific Island girls want men to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW, SEND \$2 TODAY. CONTINENTAL PACIFIC PO Box 3546 — Dept. ER Thousand Oaks, CA 91359



TATTOO REMOVING

WITH THE TATEX METHOD
The Chemical "Do-It-Yourself" Kit

The TATEX METHOD will remove any tattoo, regardless of age! Use safely in your home. ASK FOR FREE FOLDER NO. 07

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REAL SWITCHBLADE... COMB! (9 INCHES LONG)



This is a REAL SWITCHBLADE. The blade is a COMB!!! Terrific gift item. Novel and practical. Protects comb in pocket. Fine tooth comb is great for sideburns and mustache too! Satisfaction is guaranteed. Complete with Lock. Only 4.95 + 50¢ Postage. Two for 10.00 Postpaid.

S&W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 EZ Chicago, Ill. 60635

CHROME PLATERS OF HOUSTON

Quality Plating on all motorcycle parts. Aluminum or Steel. Our work is guaranteed, our prices reasonable. For more information write or call; no collect calls accepted.

404 Broadway
Houston, Texas 77012
Phone (713) 921-0236



WHITE POWER PATCH!

This quality, multi-colored Swiss embroidered patch adds class to your rags! The nazi style W. P. patch is also still available, whichever you choose...

WEAR IT PROUDLY

Send \$2.50 for each patch ordered (specify nazi or confederate style) to:

Scooter Trash Dept. E.R.
P. O. Box 1383
Dearborn, Michigan 48120

Dealer Inquiries Welcome

Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear. Michigan residents add 4% sales tax

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; 75¢ per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available with

mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Mailbu, California 90265.

Note: Closing date is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately 60 days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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

Not just another buckle: That stamped-out shit doesn't do a thing for me, so I made my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoke wheel, and it's handmade—about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a righteous ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price was ten bucks. Send cash or money order (make M.O. payable to Weed's ol' lady, Melanie). Weed, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Mailbu, Calif. 90265. (65)

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. (62)

Fantastic! Photo I.D. card made to your specifications for any state. Polaroid, sealed in plastic. Send \$5.00 (cash or money order) with name, address, hair color, eye color, height, weight, and date of birth. Send color photo with face image 1 1/4" x 1 1/4" (photo booth picture O.K.) to Terry Weber, P.O. Box 205, Paramount, California 90723. (66)

Bound for Houston, Texas, or passing through? Stop at the "Neutral Zone" for a beer and biker info. One block east of I-45, north on West Mt. Houston (F.M. 149). (713) 447-9508. (70)

Last chance to get our Easyriders Swap Meet T-Shirt Iron-Ons. Whether you were at the 1/15/78 Phoenix, 1/22/78 Austin, 1/29/78 Charlotte, 2/5/78 Atlanta, 2/12/78 Memphis, 2/19/78 Nashville meet or not, these iron-ons with the Easyriders logo, city, town, and date of meet are yours for only \$1.25 each—or save \$1.50 and get all 6 for only \$6. Send cash or money order to David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Mailbu, Calif. 90265. Offer good only while supply lasts. (63)

Warning—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike, don't fuck with it. Clever and amusing sticker; put it on your bike; gets the message across. 50¢ each, 3/\$1. Discounts on larger orders. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-2425, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (62)

Have you gone absolutely mad? Then become a Hysterical Landmark. Join The Hysterical Landmark Society. 8 1/2 x 11 official parchment document. Lifetime membership and bumper sticker. \$4.50 postpaid. P.O. Box 7610ER, Santa Rosa, Calif. 95401. (62)

Join MMA: Become a Life Member for \$100, join the Family Plan for \$15, or become an Active Member for \$10. Send your name and address to Modified Motorcycle Association, 34 Clyde St., Somerville, Mass. 02145. (69)

Booze mechanics: Never bottle again—convert crocks easily for draft homebrew, raisinjack, and wine. Complete plans and instructions, \$5—recipes included. Make dynamite brandy from homemade wine and raisinjack—plans and instructions for three easily constructed stills, \$5—recipes and hangover cure included. Tedd, Box 454, Meadville, Pa. 16335. (62)

Black T-shirts for the true Harley Rider: "Harley Is Best, Fuck The Rest"; "Harley Riders Eat More Pussy"; "Harley Riders Get More Head"; "I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head". And some new ones for the ol' lady: "I'm His Because He Gives Good Face"; "I Love To Putt, Suck and Fuck"; "This Space For Face"; "Harley Riders Wanted—Inquire Within". \$7.50 per shirt to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (66)

Short on cash—but have good ass. Purchase nude photos. \$1 each to Holly Hughes, P.O. Box 25215, Houston, Tex. 77005. (62)

Young, shapely gals seeking exciting guys. Addresses and delightful pictures—\$5. Miss Marshall, 608-E East Dale, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903. (62)

Tattooing, professional artists. Clean, sterile, rainbow colors. 10,000 fancy designs. 4126 Erie St., Willoughby, Ohio. (216) 942-3567. (63)

Paul—ex-Satan Slave, L.A.: Please get letter left in Van Nuys, or call (707) 526-3446. Need to let you know, so please get in touch. Forever a friend. North of Frisco Lady, Dyan. (62)

Dancing Bear: Thanks for every second. Only you can rub it better. I miss your smile, and you're still the one. All you have to do is call, and I'll help you, or hold you. Love, Tuna Boat. (62)

Professional tattooing in Florida. Licensed. Sterile conditions. High-quality work guaranteed. Tatts Taylor, 18753 W. Dixie Hwy., North Miami Beach, Florida 33180. (305) 932-3023. (63)

For Sale: 1942 Military Harley-Davidson (described in Easyriders no. 53, Nov. 77)—Price U.S. \$4000; 1942 BSA 500 Twin—Price U.S. \$1500. Both bikes are original—in perfect working order. (prices are ex-Antwerp). For details write to J. Laurent, 5, Chemin de Froye 1360 Tubize, Belgium. (62)

Right-wing newspapers: Hate-oriented, redneck reading. Send \$1 cash for list to Grim Reaper, Box 159, Worth, Ill. 60482. (63)

Anyone interested in starting a Prison Motorcycle Brotherhood Chapter in their own prison please contact me, Mark F. Ponsalle #81351, Unit 3-6/8 Station A West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. (64)

Lonely Cheyenne Indian biker down in Va. Needs mail from all you chicks. Larry Wilburn #112694, SCCA Module-C, Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829. (63)

Holy Roller: Our 1st anniversary. Love you much, baby. Here's to us. Your Rebel Rouser. (62)

Turn your FL or XL into a Low Rider. Your shock absorbers reassembled with new heavy-duty short units, \$50 p.p. Show-chrome plating available. Complete details, \$1. Dave, 43 Timberlane Road, Matteson, Ill. 60443. (63)

Tattooing Outfit: Complete with two points (outliner and colorer), plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries. No electricity needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks, or for fun. \$99 plus \$3 postage. Send money order only for \$102 to S&W Tattooing Inc., Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (62)

Harley-Davidson Parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list, \$2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 699-1849. (64)

Stickers: "Warning: If you value your own life as much as I value my Harley, don't fuck with it"; "Ass, gas, or grass: nobody rides for free!"; Harley Wings; "Protected by M.F.D. (Mean Fuckin' Dog)"; and "Mustang Ranch Parking Permit No. 1-69." 50¢ each or all 5 for only \$2 (cash) with self-addressed, stamped envelope to Stickers, P.O. Box 466, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (66)

Two young biker chicks, short on cash, will send photos showing their bodies. Send \$1.00 for each photo wanted (cash only, please, guys). Kell, P.O. Box 261, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (66)

Wanted: H-D knucklehead with papers. Any condition. Contact Tim, Box 606, Shiprock, N.M. 87420. (62)

Make your own speed; 99.7% pure meth crystal. How to make hashish, and make inferior pot into high-quality superweed. For formulas, send \$10. John Malcolm, Box 732, Port St. Joe, Fla. 32456. (62)

Azoobides Instant Hashmaker works! Your eyes will bug out on that first toke. Free details: Bleako, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. (62)

Levi haltertops, small, medium, and large, \$8.50. Rattlesnake hats, \$18.50. Passion Flower Halter Co., Box 777, Jamestown, Calif. 95327. (62)

Ass, Gas, or Grass, nobody rides for free. Yes, sir, folks tell it like it is with this beautifully designed T-shirt consisting of a black silhouette of a bro and his ol' lady breezing down the highway—and printed right up front is "Ass, Gas, or Grass, nobody rides for free." Shirt colors come in yellow, blue, and beige. Sizes s,m,l, and xl. For yours, send \$5 plus \$1 postage to Doug Stiltner, Box 67, Grundy, Va. 24614. State your size and your favorite color for immediate delivery. (62)

Confederate—KKK: Paraphernalia, flags, literature, \$1. Americana-17, Box 10672, Jefferson, La. 70181. (65)

Disabled biker, now vanner, looking for chick 18-26 in southwestern Pa. for truckin' and partyin'. Could lead to more. Photo a must. John, P.O. Box 446, Zellenople, Pa. 16063. (62)

Make speed from common organic solvents. No more hassles getting P2P. Send \$10 for sequence of reactions to Schwartz Consulting Co., P.O. Box 278, Jericho, N.Y. 11753. (67)

Models needed worldwide by international model referral agency. Fee is \$5 a year. Write JMS 3 Models International, 681 Ellis St., San Francisco, Calif. 94109. (62)

Joe: Poor Do has a newsletter for you. Write us. (62)

C. C. Flower: Saw you last month. Contact Shitass at (707) 546-7388. (62)

Kitten: I miss you, and I love you. You're so much a part of us. Come home. I'll meet you anywhere. Your mom, Sugar. (62)

Flathead, Soap, Jim, or Johnny Winters: Let me know where you're at. Buzzard. (62)

Down and want out—Need someone from the Phoenix, Arizona, area to sponsor me for out-of-state parole. Micheal "Pistol" Travis #90540, Box 514, Granite, Oklahoma 73547. (62)

Tattooing outfits: Instruction manuals, designs. Illustrated literature free. Artist, Box 242-ET, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (62)

Guaranteed State Photo Identification Card: Polaroid process—authentic look. Send photo, signature, birthdate, and statistics. Free birth record. Rush \$7 each (3/\$15) to Jeno Chevron Identification Company, Box 1033-EZ88, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (64)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp to Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (62)

Loner lady, 23, 5'5", looking to get it together with easygoing biker from New Jersey. Into sharing living and puttin' with the right dude. Write Valentine, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Mailbu, Calif. 90265. (62)

Guaranteed identifications: For 5 blank age IDs plus free birth record rush \$3. Triple order \$6. Plastic covers 50¢ pair. Chevron, Box 1033-EZ88, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (64)

Warning—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike, don't fuck with it. Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each (3/\$1). Discounts on larger orders. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-26, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (64)

Give someone some shit! Horse-shit, Bullshit, or Chickenshit. We'll ship a 2 1/4-inch plastic paperweight containing your favorite flavor. Send \$6 check or money order to P&R Enterprises, P.O. Box 459, Hornell, N.Y. 14843. (63)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium (shop), 4390 So. Archer, Chicago, Ill. 60632. 376-8119. (66)

Wanted: Slim, good-looking chick, 16-25—a one-man woman who's interested in the occult and magic. Send photo and letter for information to "Marcs," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Mailbu, Calif. 90265. (62)

Frogg Eye candy pearls, brindisi, abalones, uncut murrina. Fantastic formulas—price list and chips available. Lockwood (RM Jabber), 3401 Troost, Kansas City, Mo. 64109. (816) 753-8055. (Closed 2 p.m.) (62)

Three great new stickers: "God Rides A Harley"; "Harley Is Best Fuck The Rest"; "Born on a Mountain/Raised in a Cave/Biking and Fuckin' is all I Crave." Each sticker only \$1 to Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (66)

Motorcycle patches our business. Harley patches our specialty. Catalog \$1. Patchworks, P.O. Box 11506, Columbus, Ohio 43211. (62)

\$2000 worth of hash from one kilo grass! Ordinary weed to "super weed." Both recipes \$3. Martin, Box 12302, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33713. (64)

Trucking in Chicago area: Can teach you to drive semi (D License). Two weeks on job training (diesels)—\$500. Call transportation services (312) 788-7847. Mention Easyriders for special. (62)

Electronic Fuel Injection: Increases horsepower, performance, and reliability. For complete information send \$3 to R. A. Fuel Injection, 205 Mountain Way, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060. (62)

To one special ol' man: "Se-ducer"—Need and love you always. Your lovin' ol' lady, Foxy (Suzette). (62)

Butch: It's you and me till the wheels fall off. Happy Birthday. Your ol' lady in waiting, Barbara. (62)

Wanted: Slender, foxy lady for 30-yr.-old male. One-man woman only. Live on 27-foot sailboat. Cramped but cozy. Looking to cruise the world eventually. Al Zapresko, 9555 Blind Pass Rd., Blind Pass Marina, Slip #27, St. Pete Beach, Fla. 33706. Bill Pearce, please write.

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

You're white because your ancestors were racists! KKK, Box 624, Metairie, La. 70004. (63)

Tattooing designs: 300 different \$18; 9 hand-colored (used) sheets \$27. Non-spraying liner tube \$10. Tattooing and removing instructions \$15. Steele, Box 242-EU, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903. (62)

Easyriders issues #1 through #57 (except #9 and #11). Send \$200, and I will pay parcel post. Send M.O. to Doug Kaufman, Box 264, Lomax, Ill. 61454. (62)

Hi, bros! We're a bunch of good-looking broads all stuck in jail on bum raps. If there is anyone who'd like to correspond, we'll be here or farther for a long time. The girls of PTI: Linda King Roberts PTI, J.C.C.C., 505 East 13th Street, Kansas City, Mo. 64106. (63)

Attention photographers and artists: We have models nationwide wanting to pose for you. We will supply you with pictures and info about them 4 times a year for only \$10, or \$4 per issue. JMS 3 Models International, Box 606, Wendover, Nev.-Ut. 84083. (62)

Rob: In the sweetness of our friendship, let there be laughter and the sharing of pleasures. Happy Birthday, babes. Love, Karl. (62)

Tattooing: New York City. Clean studio, quality custom work. (212) 475-6064.

Two down-to-earth sisters (20 & 24) from Sonoma, Calif., lookin' for some no-game, clean riders to ride with. We're new at bikin', and are one-dude chicks (not for trade). Mature bikers please, no phonies. Write and send photos to Startin' Out, P.O. Box 389, Sonoma, Calif. 95476.

Tattooing Supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Designs, inks, needles, machines, and tattoo books. Over twenty years of reliability. New 48-page color catalog, \$3. Our gear is like a chopper: it's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, New York 12186. (70)

Harley patches our specialty—Motorcycle patches our business. Discounts to clubs. Catalogs—send \$1 to Patchworks, P.O. Box 11506, Columbus, Ohio 43211. (63)

Talis: Happy Barfday—and Happy Anniversary, babe. I'll still be lovin' ya 2000 years from today. Skyla. (62)

Tattooing Colors: Large variety of beautiful colors that heal fast and extremely bright. Send for free color list to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (63)

Country: Get in touch. Harry, 739 23rd Street, Fairbanks, Alaska, 99701. (62)

"Cheyenne" Don Peterson: Happy seventh year! Your ol' man, Crow. 94062. (62)

Aardmark: uh, uh, uhuh, oh, oh, yeah! Sweet Stud! Aaoo-owww! (62)

J.T.: Happy first—I love your ass! Nobody does it better than you. Baby, you're the best. Becca. (62)

Motorcycle literature, mostly H-D parts, service, sales, 1915-65, 175 pieces. Motorcycle magazines 1923-1970 — 600 issues. \$800 includes shipping in continental U.S. Some Easyriders. \$1 for list. Kenney, Box 82, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

Hash from your stash w/o chemicals or screens. Free details. Bleak, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406.

How to get a sexy, obedient ol' lady. Details 25¢. Suzie, Box 501, Eureka, Calif. 95501. (62)

Junk: I miss you. Your ol' lady forever—love, Marie. (62)

Dudes: Don't die without a will! Blank will form protects your brothers. Only \$3—guaranteed! Order today! Longhorn Products, 716 Kellogg S.E., Dept. W2, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49503. (62)

Biker remailing service—completely confidential. Enclose 25¢ coin or two 13¢ stamps. Further details free. Ron, General Delivery, Gainsboro, Tenn. 38562. (615) 268-0902. (62)

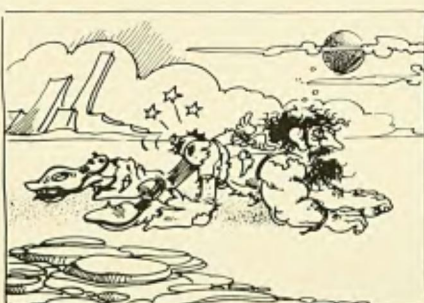
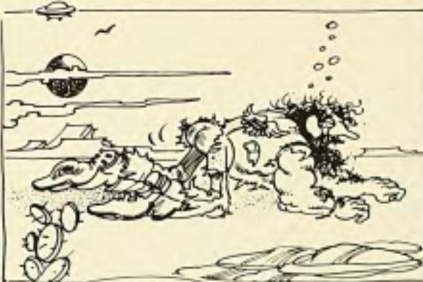
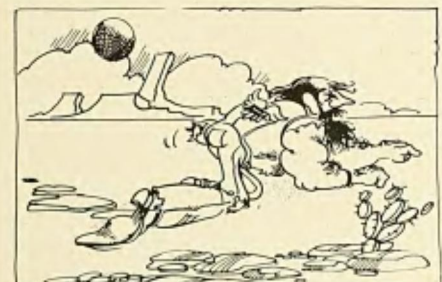
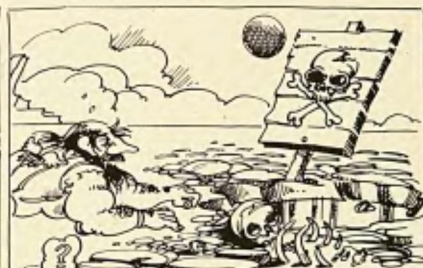
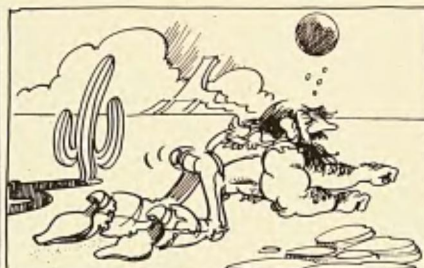
Rat: Happy first anniversary. Life with you is great! Maggie. (62)

Looking for woman in Seattle-Tacoma area to ride and party with. Long brown or blond hair with good figure—possibly live together. Send photo and phone. Angel, 37850 49th Avenue So., Auburn, Wash. 98002. (62)

Righteous biker, 29, in prison now, out soon, needs lady to write who can pump a little sunlight to a dark corner of the world. Looks unimportant—it's heart that counts. Try it once. Will answer any and all replies. Moon, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (62)

FTW patch, \$1.25. Swastika or skull earrings, \$3 each, \$5 pair. Swastika armband, \$3.50. Catalog of stuff, \$1. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

Tall Harley men: This low-rider-lovin' short chick wants to know your height, weight, and age, especially if you live on Long Island, New York, or in central Florida. Vikki, c/o Farm, P.O. Box 034, Oklawaha, Florida 32679.



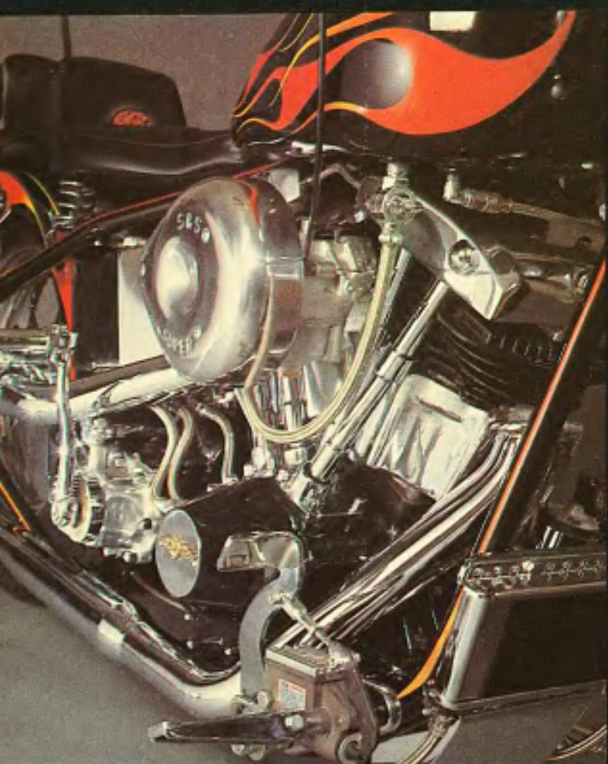


Some Things Change ... Some Don't

Look around you. The passing of time brings with it change. In trying to cope with a changing world, man has created thousands upon thousands of new products, gadgets and gizmos. This creative genius has allowed many of us to change our lifestyle—the color TV, the CB; the sounds, the scenery; the clothes, and even the food we eat. Most everything around us has changed. So, it's pretty difficult to run across things that have been around for a long time, still make sense and, at the same time, feel good...good enough to make time that's passing a righteous event.

But bikers are still bikers, wrenchin' and ridin'. And Jammer is still Jammer, workin' and pushin' to please. Together, we have proven that you can still move on, live for and love motorcycles without getting short-changed! This common bond has allowed us throughout the years to dedicate ourselves to assuring the custom builder that he can still have a scoot which is his alone, an expression of his own tastes and times.

Bikers' needs may change but we have never changed our attitude towards fulfilling these needs. Sure, it would be a long list naming the different styles of custom applications that have sprung up over the past ten years. However, we have tried to make life easier by stocking what we feel are the finest products you want, all under the universally respected Jammer name. From Fat Bob to Stretcher, Harley, Honda and Kawa, over 2,000 of the most demanded products that bike builders love.



Jammer Wheels



Jammer Hubs

Facing you are the all new, revolutionary Jammer wheels and hubs. There's no need to tell you that there are lots and lots of wheels around. Rather than stack the deck higher with more of the same type, we've come up with this realistic new idea—four different wheel patterns in five different sizes that are all interchangeable and will bolt up to any of our hubs, front or rear. That's because the center design of all our wheels is the same. And, to let you know we're serious about being realistic, check out the price—we know it's revolutionary!

1 SUNDIAL™

Part #	Description	Price
2011	16" Wide Sundial	79.50
2021	18" Medium Sundial	79.50
2031	19" Medium Sundial	79.50
2041	19" Narrow Sundial	79.50
2051	21" Narrow Sundial	79.50

2 BLASTER™

Part #	Description	Price
2012	16" Wide Blaster	79.50
2022	18" Medium Blaster	79.50
2032	19" Medium Blaster	79.50
2042	19" Narrow Blaster	79.50
2052	21" Narrow Blaster	79.50

3 PANZER™

Part #	Description	Price
2013	16" Wide Panzer	79.50
2023	18" Medium Panzer	79.50
2033	19" Medium Panzer	79.50
2043	19" Narrow Panzer	79.50
2053	21" Narrow Panzer	79.50

4 MIDNITER™

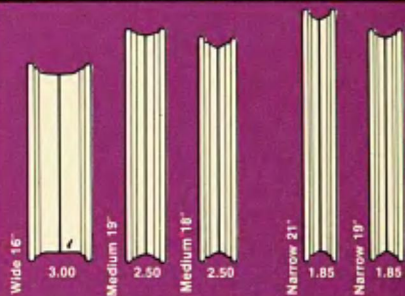
Part #	Description	Price
2014	16" Wide Midniter	79.50
2024	18" Medium Midniter	79.50
2034	19" Medium Midniter	79.50
2044	19" Narrow Midniter	79.50
2054	21" Narrow Midniter	79.50

All Jammer Wheels Are Designed to be Used Only With Our Jammer Hub Kits

**COMPLETE WHEEL
WITH HUB
\$149.00
- MOST MAKES**

Part #	Description	
2101	Harley 1941-1966 FL's. Fits front or rear.	69.50
2102	Harley 1967-1972 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1971-1972 FX. Fits rear only.	69.50
2103	Harley 1973-1978 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1973-1978 FX. Fits rear only.	79.50
2104	Harley 1974-1977 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50
2105	Harley 1978 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50
2106	Harley 1955-1978 Sportster. Fits rear only.	69.50
21051	Spool Hub. 3" wide, 5/8 bearing.	69.50
21052	Universal Blank Hub For other makes and custom brake setups (machining required.)	69.50

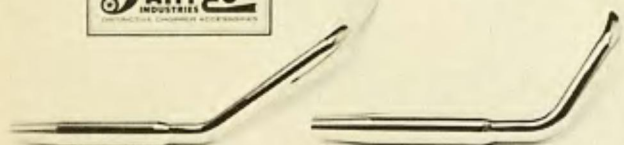
Honda and Kawasaki hub kits available soon



Harley Pipes

Muffled Drag Pipes

NEW!



2" Harley & Sportster Muffled Drag Pipes. With sleek tapered sporty mufflers. Polished welds. Triple nickle plating, bracketing and hardware included.

151043 Panhead. All years.	83.15
151044 Shovelhead. 1966-1969.	83.15
151045 FXE, 1972-1978.	83.15
151046 Sportster. All years	83.15

Custom chrome clamps for that finishing touch.



152022 Intake Manifold Clamps. Fits Harley/Sportster 1957-1978. 20.75 pair.

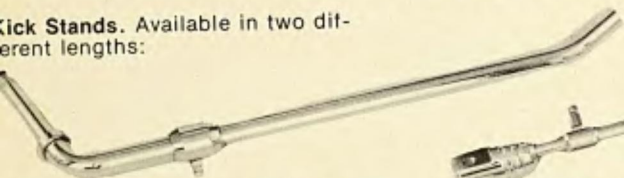
152023 Sportster Exhaust Clamps. All years. 15.55 pair.

152024 Panhead Exhaust Clamps. 1948-1965. 15.55 pair.

152025 Honda Exhaust Clamps. Honda 750. 1969-1974. Set of 4. 30.70

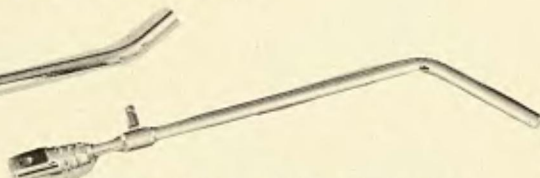
Stands, Risers & Tanks

Kick Stands. Available in two different lengths:



Harley 74 Kick Stand. (Fits 1937 and later. Use part numbers when ordering.) **Don't forget to allow for your rake.**

155017	Standard	19.95
15503	Extended	19.95



Sportster Kick Stand. (Fits all years.)

155018	Standard	19.95
15505	Extended	19.95



Honda Kick Stand. (Fits 450, 500, 750 models.)

155019	Standard	19.95
155011	Extended	19.95

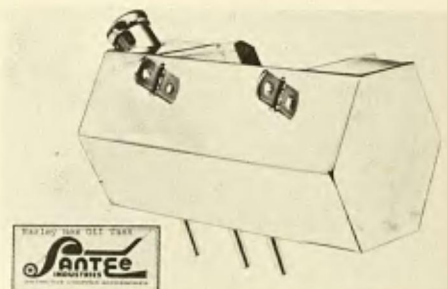
NEW!

Risers Solid cold-rolled. Riser cap held from below. Allen head bolts. Chrom-chromed. Drilled and ed for 1/2 x 20 bolts.

4 4" High	36.35/pair
5 6" High	38.40/pair

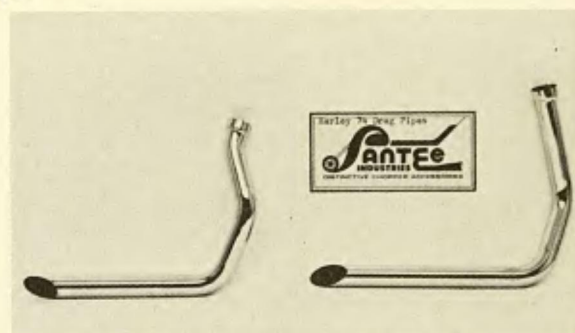


NEW!



37049 Hex Tank. For Harleys. Stylish 3-quart tank will hold a battery. Fits swingarm and rigid Harley frames. 16-gauge steel, star-pressed ends, top/side filler spout, deep chrome. 72.75

NEW!



2-inch Drag Pipes. New pipes for the 74 and Sportster. Slash cut and custom-chromed. Fit both rigids and swing-arms. Our Baffles (147018) may be used.

147015 Shovelhead, 1966-1969. 36.35

147016 Shovelhead. 1970-1978 36.25

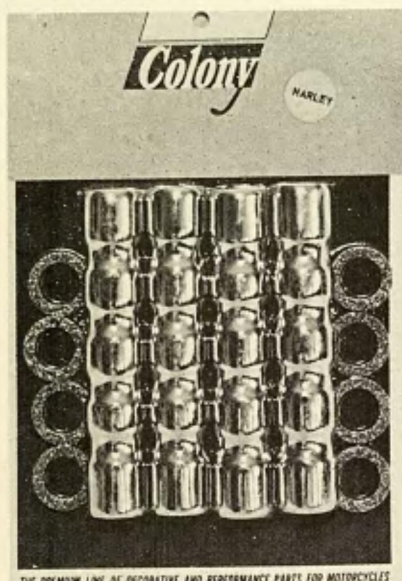
147013 Panhead, All years. 36.35

147014 Sportster, All years. 36.35



Only! \$2.25 or You can now call toll free 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer (See Order Blank on Page 126)

Pushrods & Covers



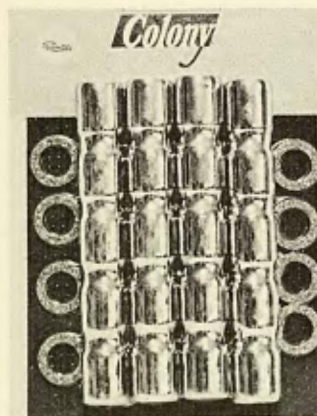
THE PREMIUM LINE OF DECORATIVE AND PERFORMANCE PARTS FOR MOTORCYCLES

Custom Pushrod Covers. These lightweight, highly polished and chrome plated aluminum covers will add a distinctive look. Packaged 4 covers per set with cork gaskets. Fits all Knucklehead engines 1936-1947.

103033 18.00

Custom Pushrod Covers. Contains four chrome plated tubular steel pushrod covers and eight cork gaskets. These covers will add a distinctive look. Fits any Panhead or Shovelhead engine.

103034 18.00



THE PREMIUM LINE OF DECORATIVE AND PERFORMANCE PARTS FOR MOTORCYCLES

Custom Pushrod Covers. Contains 4 chrome plated tubular steel pushrod covers and 8 cork gaskets. These covers will add a distinctive look. Fits Sportster 1957-up.

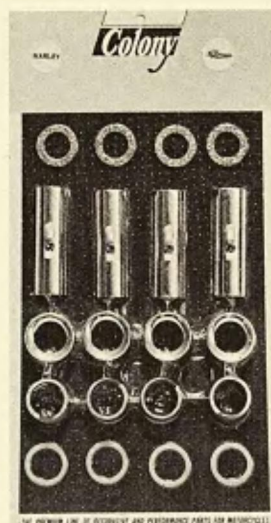
103035 18.00



Aluminum Alloy Tubular Pushrod and Hydraulic Lifter Conversion Kit. Contains 4 adjustable pushrods, 4 springs; and 4 hydraulic lifter adaptors. The installation of this kit will correct all problems at the same time substantially reduce valve train weight. Fits 74's

140015 1953-65 35.00

140016 1966 and later 35.00



THE PREMIUM LINE OF DECORATIVE AND PERFORMANCE PARTS FOR MOTORCYCLES

Replacement Upper Pushrod Cover Set. Contains four chrome plated retaining clips, four springs, four gaskets, four steel washers and four chrome plated cups. These are exact duplicates of the Harley part and are available for the following engines:

103031 Fits all Sportsters 1957-up & all Panhead engines. 18.00

103032 Fits all Shovelhead engines 1966-up. 18.00

103030 Fits all Knucklehead engines 1936-1947. Must use Jammer Part #103033 Covers on 38-47 Knuckleheads. 18.00



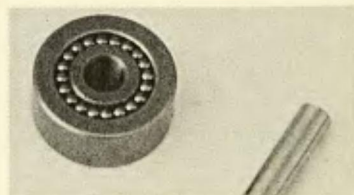
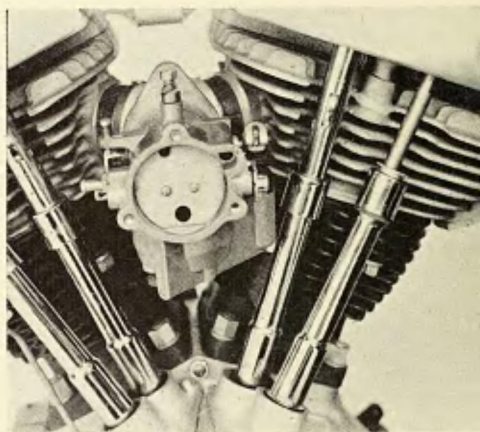
74 Aluminum Alloy Tubular Pushrods.

Contains 4 aluminum alloy tubular pushrods. These strong, lightweight pushrods are manufactured from the best materials obtainable regardless of cost. All parts are accurately machined holding tolerances as small as five ten-thousandths of an inch—(.0005). All steel wear surfaces are Carbo-Nitride heat treated for maximum durability and long life expectancy at high valve spring loads and high R.P.M. Fits all 74's & Sportster 1957-up.

140013 1936-47 15.00

140014 1948-52 15.00

140020 Sportster 1957-up. 15.00

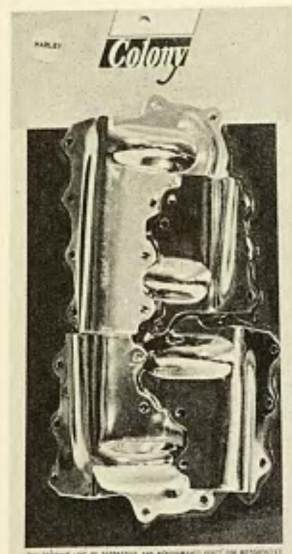


HD Tappet Roller Kit. Fits all 74s, all Sportster & K models and all 45 & 80 flatheads. Replaces Harley part #18534-29A. Meets or exceeds factory specifications. Set of four.

133060 21.20 set

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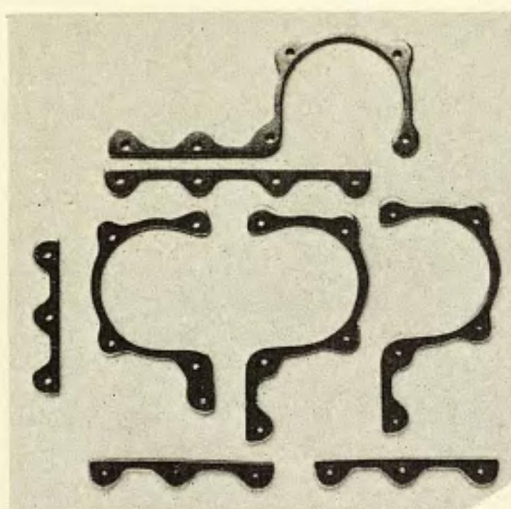
Miscellaneous Engine Parts



Knucklehead Rocker Arm Cover Set. Contains 4 chrome plated covers and 36 chrome plated mounting screws. These are exact duplicates of the Harley-Davidson stampings. Fits all Knuckleheads 1936-1947.

106020

32.00



NEW!

106025 Knucklehead Rocker Arm Cover Nut Strip Set. Contains 8 zinc-plated, threaded nut strips, 8 gaskets and 34 chrome-plated screws. Fits 1936 thru 1947. 16.00

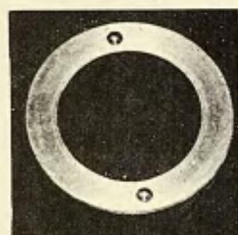


NEW!

NEW!

140022 Sportster 1957-up Aluminum Valve Spring Retainer Kit. Contains 4 valve spring retainers, made of 7075 aluminum alloy and 4 heat-treated split locks. 17.00

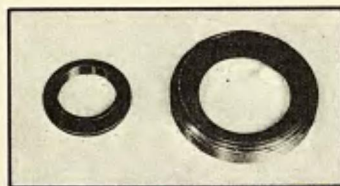
140021 '74 Harley 1936-up Aluminum Valve Spring Retainer Kit. Contains 4 valve spring retainers, made of 7075 aluminum alloy and 4 heat-treated split locks. 9.00



Sprocket Shaft Bearing Retainer With Lip Seal. Contains one bearing retainer with a lip type seal installed. This part replaces the stock Harley retainer perfectly but reduces oil leakage. Fits OHV Big Twin Harley engines 1955-1968

144037

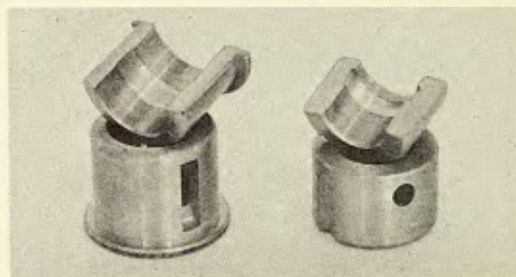
17.00



Sprocket Shaft Seal. Contains one lip type seal installed in a precision machined housing that replaces the "Slinger" type stock Harley component and one snap ring. Eliminates leakage. Fits OHV Big Twin Harley engines 1936-1954.

144038

7.50



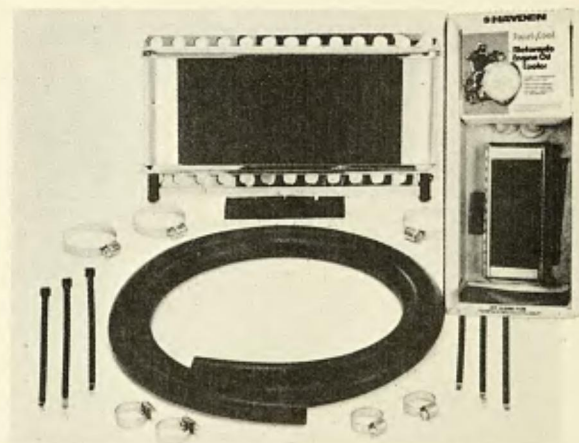
Hi-Flow Pinion Shaft Bushing. Adds miles to Harley lower ends by supplying a constant flow of oil.

140023 1936 thru 1953 7.95

140024 1954 thru 1972 7.95

Oil Coolers HAYDEN

Hayden Swirl-Cool Super Chrome Oil Coolers. The Hayden Cooler was designed for efficient oil cooling and easy installation on most bikes. Oil flows from engine to oil cooler and then to the oil tank where it goes back to the engine, completing the circuit. Oil leaves the engine while hot, is cooled down in the oil cooler and then returns to the tank at reduced temperatures.



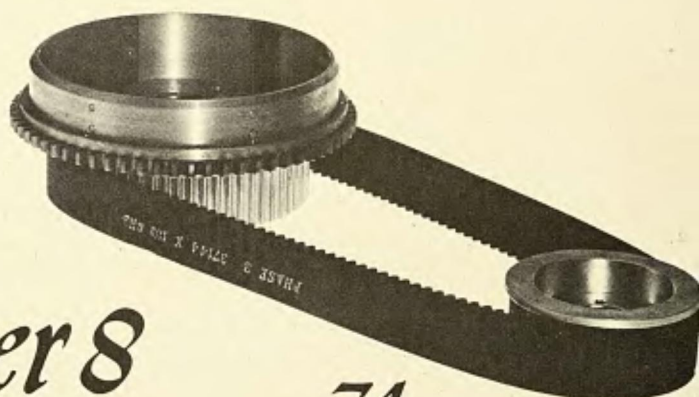
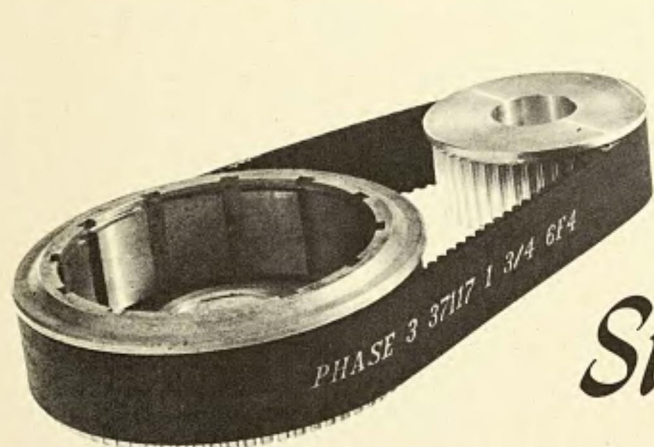
37042 H.D. 74 & Sportster
& All Dry Sump Bikes 59.90

37040 Honda
FOURS 750-550-500 76.25

37041 Kawasaki 900
76.25

Phase 3 of America Belt Drives

Phase 3 and Uniroyal combine motorcycle and rubber technology for the finest belt drive available. The new high performance SUPER 8 belt is 60% stronger than previous timing belts. The pulleys are fully machined from billets (not castings) of high strength 6061-T6 aluminum alloy. A perfect mating is provided between the pulley and the belt. Engine shaft inserts are also precision machined from 4130 chromemoly – the ideal super combination for strength and light weight where it is most needed. The SUPER 8 is 60% lighter than the stock chain drive and will outlast a stock unit many times over.



Super 8

74

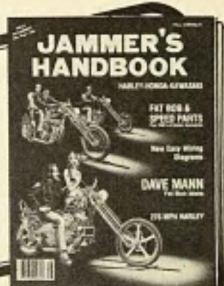
Sportster

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In addition a SUPER 8:

- Needs no lubrication
- Reduces noise
- Eliminates drive train vibration by 75%
- Increases top speed
- Increases all around performance
- Provides a quicker horsepower transfer to the rear wheel
- Does not stretch due to wear
- Needs no break-in
- Bonneville and dragstrip proven

Only! \$2.25 or
You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer
(See Order Blank on Page 126)



74 Belt Drive Open Primary. This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety for big inch "killer motors". It is an open unit – that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown.

143060 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1937-1954. 195.00

143061 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1955-1978. 195.00

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor.

143062 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1937-1954. 175.00

143063 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1955-1964. 175.00

143064 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1965-1978. 175.00

74 Belt Drive – Electric Start. An electric start application, this unit can be installed in either an open or closed unit. Design concessions permitting the installation, dictated the use of smaller pulleys. Although the gear ratio remains the same as the other units, this unit is not recommended for big inch motors due to higher pulley speeds; it is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower.

143065 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start. 1965-1969. 200.00

143066 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start. 1970-1978. 200.00

Sportster Belt Drives These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available.

143067 Sportster Belt Drive. 1957-1968. 175.00

143068 Sportster Belt Drive. 1969-1970. 175.00

143069 Sportster Belt Drive. 1971-1976. 175.00

143070 Sportster Belt Drive. 1977-1978. 175.00

143071 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1967-1970. 200.00

143072 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1971-1976. 200.00

143073 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1977-1978. 200.00

Belts The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain for five times. Designed and engineered by Uniroyal. Fiberglass and steel cord reinforced.

143081 74 Belt, closed primary & electric start. 22.00

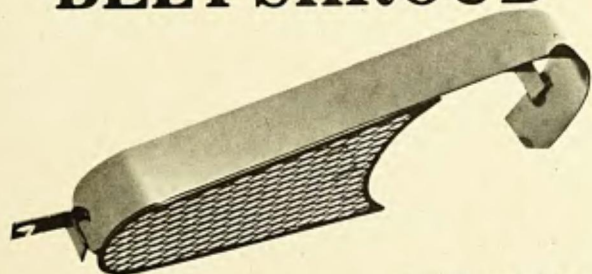
143082 74 Belt, open primary 22.00

143083 Sportster Belts, all models. 22.00



Belt Drive Accessories

BELT SHROUD

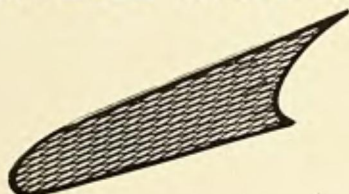


Recommended for all open 74 installations. Heavy steel construction and show chrome. Side guard optional at extra cost.

143074 Belt Shroud, 1937 to 1964. 34.95

143075 Belt Shroud, 1965 to 1978. 34.95

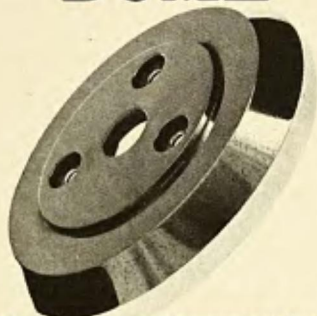
SIDE GUARD



The finishing touch and an added degree of safety is furnished by the show chromed expanded metal side guard. These units are designed to fit all of our shrouds.

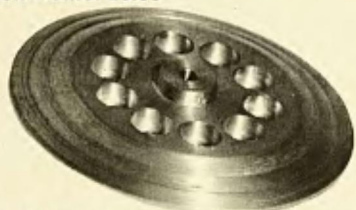
143077 Side Guard. 22.50

DOMES



Harley 74 clutch domes give the custom finished look to our A-unit for open installations. It eliminates torn pants cuffs due to the spinning clutch. The highly polished aluminum dome looks great whether the bike is at rest or flashing as it spins.

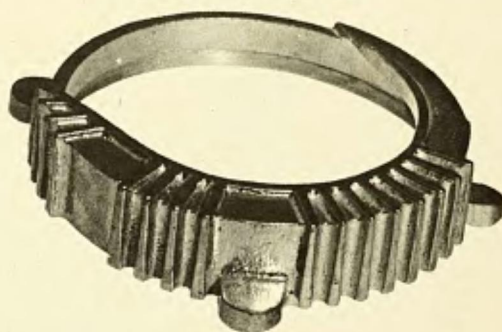
143084 74 Clutch Dome. 29.00



Pressure Plate. A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance and hard riding.

143021 Pressure Plate 29.95

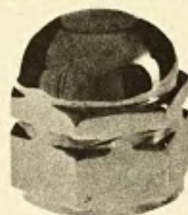
ALTERNATOR COVER



Replace the protection provided the alternator by the stock aluminum inner primary cover on 1970 and up 74's. Acting as a heat-sink, it helps cool the alternator, and registers the forward end of stamped steel inner primaries. Also recommended on alternator model open installations. Mounting lug for belt shroud is a built-in feature.

143076 Alternator cover. 28.00

ENGINE NUT



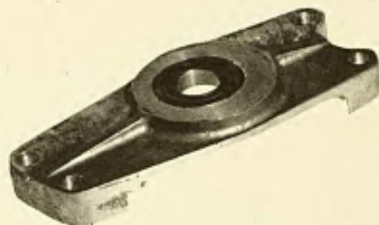
The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Lustrous show chrome.

143078 74 Engine Nut, 1937 to 1954. 9.95

143079 74 Engine Nut, 1955 to 1976. 9.95

143080 Sportster Engine Nut, all years. 9.95

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Bearing Support & Bearing. Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent. This cast aluminum support bolts easily into place, providing all the support necessary. Order bearing and support separately.

10404 Bearing support 17.95

10405 Bearing 8.95

A close-up photograph of a man's face, focusing on his eyes and beard. He is wearing a black beanie with orange and white stripes and the words "HARLEY-DAVIDSON" knitted in white. His hands are pulling the beanie over his head. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting the texture of his beard and the knit of the beanie.

Perfect Ear Warmers!

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

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

As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made—not a cheapass import.

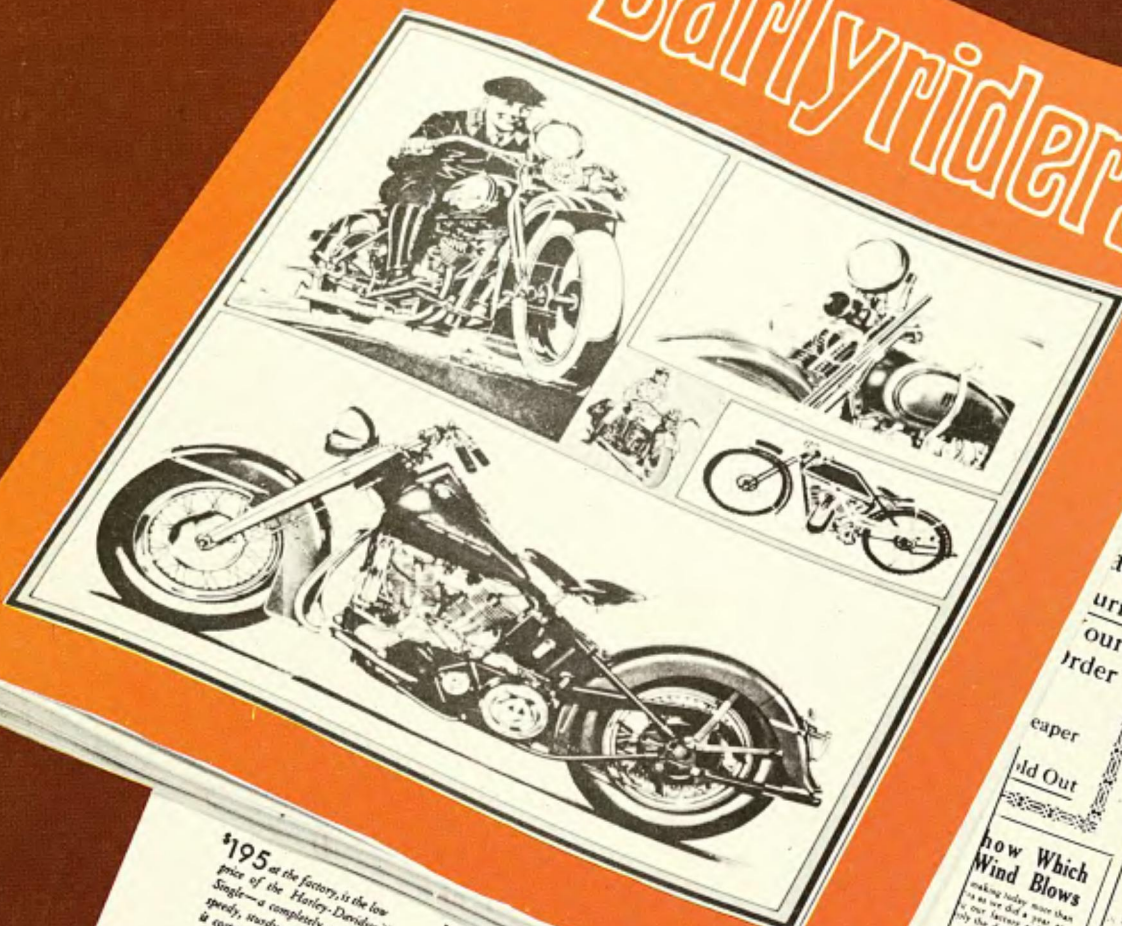
Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

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\$195 at the factory, is the low price of the Harley-Davidson Single—a completely equipped, speedy, sturdy motorcycle. And it costs almost nothing to run!

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If you dig iron horses, here's a book that'll bring back memories—a book that you'll read and read and read. It's got heart. You'll dig it—all 224 pages.

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Be sure to include your zip code.