

Easyriders

90p

October, 1978

\$1.50

Wild Time at Bowling Green!

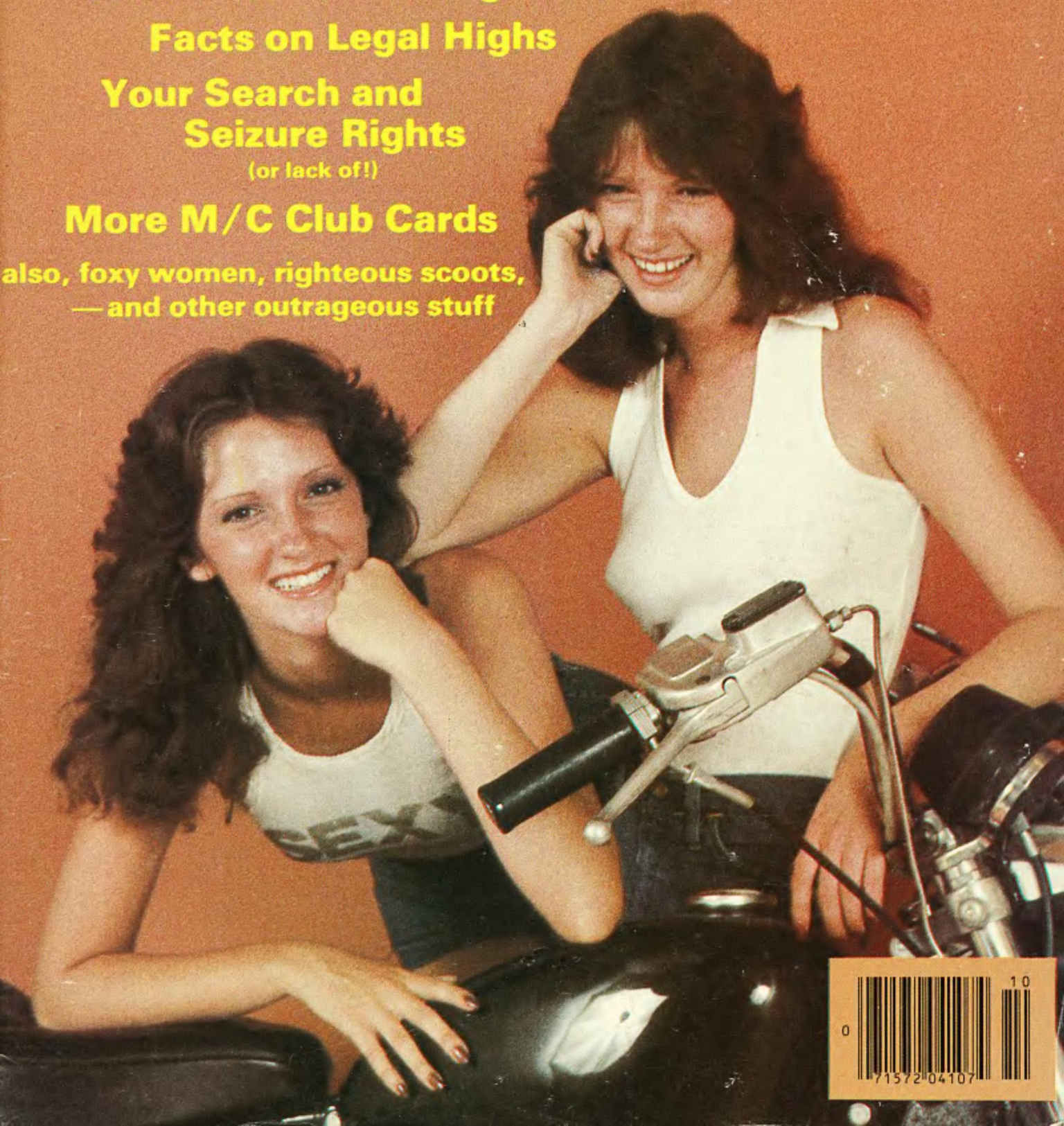
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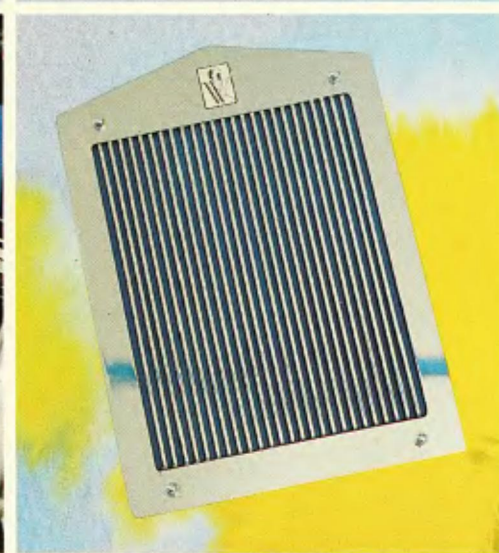
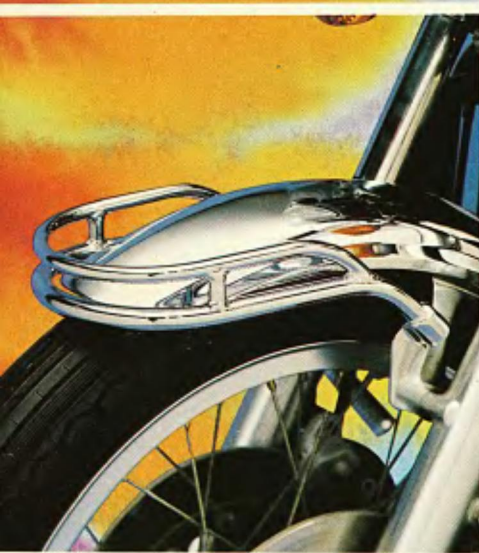
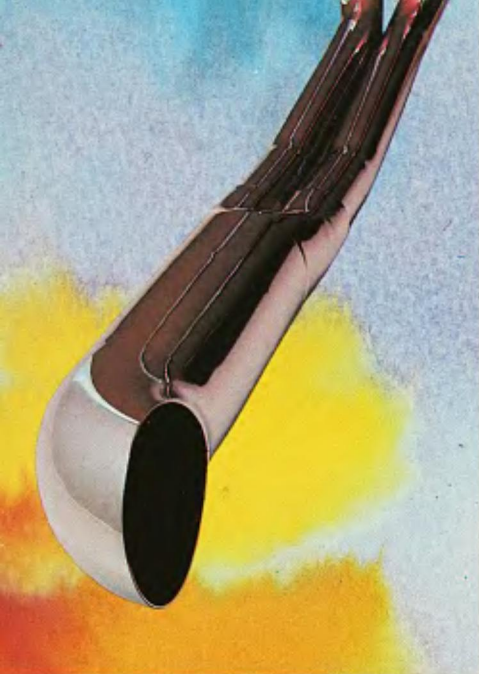
**Your Search and
Seizure Rights**

(or lack of!)

More M/C Club Cards

**also, foxy women, righteous scoots,
—and other outrageous stuff**





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Easyriders

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



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FTW

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Audit Bureau
of Circulations

COVER photo of Carol and Sheryl by Ralph Hampton

The next liver-quirvin' issue of this rag goes on sale September 26th.

IRON HORSE

Watch for It
On Newsstands Everywhere

Coming Soon

Well, they tried: The Arizona Dept. of Public Safety wanted a scoot they had confiscated when they arrested Tim for possession and transportation of killer weed. The arresting officer said he smelled the dope on a routine traffic check (inside Tim's bedroll). But get this—when the dude went to trial, the arresting cop had to sniff several packages with only one containing weed in order to prove he could actually smell the stuff inside a bedroll. He flunked the sniff test and Tim was set free. But it seems the entire hassle was caused by the Public Safety Dept. wantin' his scoot to use for undercover narcotics agents. They even tried to have him cough up the bike in a plea-bargain trip. He refused and went to court. (The officer has been sent to narc dog school.)

An Iowa county sheriff was hospitalized not long ago after bein' creamed by a toilet lid. A pissed-off prisoner tossed a 15-lb. ceramic lid from the jail toilet out his second floor cell, centerpunchin' the cop's skull. He was laid up for three days and the 19-year-old lid-flipper got stuck with an assault to commit murder charge. (No sense of humor.)

Read the fine print: A con in an Ohio slammer got threats on his life, so he bought a bullet- and knifeproof vest. While he was showing it off to his celly, they decided to test it. He put it on and his cellmate grabbed a shiv, stuck him in the gut, and wasted his liver. He flopped around on the floor while someone read the fine print on the vest. It wasn't bullet- and knifeproof—just bullet- and knife-resistant.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



A dog did it again! This time the sonof-a-bitch ran to the door waggin' his tail and jumpin' up and down and all over the police when they came to the door to ask a few questions on another matter—different, that is, from the one caused by the dog—the asshole with all his jumpin' and tail waggin' also had a kilo of grass in his mouth!

Are ya ready for this? An inmate in a prison in The Netherlands took his motorcycle license test. As part of the test he was allowed to ride unescorted around the block (outside the prison). Need I tell ya he didn't come back? They're lookin' for him—and a stolen \$2,000 sled!

Equal justice dept: A 23-year-old woman balls a 15-year-old boy, and a New Mexico judge ruled that it's "sex education" for the kid. Now what do you suppose it'd be called if it were a 23-year-old man and a peach-fuzzy little 15-year-old?

Keepin' busy—or trippin' out? A Colorado cop chased an inbound DC-10 jetliner down the runway, and when the plane stopped, the cop cited the pilot for taxiing with his flaps down. The same cop also cited two 737 jetliners before he got off his kick. Seems he was enforcing an old prop-era law requiring planes to taxi with flaps up. The cop said it was in the rule book, so fuck it, he was enforcin' the law—what else was he supposed to do? (Go to sleep—let it wear off.)

Dipshit file: He gets a 26-cent check from the District Attorney's office—a refund of some sort. Before he cashes the check, he changes it to read \$5.26, then tries to cash it and gets arrested (poor alteration job). Now when he goes on trial on a pending burglary and theft charge, da D.A. is gonna add a forgery charge to the list.

If you're ever in Spain, don't stuff your dead grandma in the trunk of your car. "It's forbidden to transport a corpse in one's own car trunk and a heavy fine results if one is caught at it," the local cop said.

WORDMONGER

From Inside

☐ I just received your check and the June '78 issue with my story in it—with a Mann illustration no less.

Dig it, I'm doing life with no parole, and it's little windfalls like this check from you that keep my legal beagle's nose to the ol' trail.

I appreciate it—no shit.
Jimmy Ferra
Florence, Ariz.

Future Ol' Lady

☐ I'm writing to tell ya that your magazine is so interesting that I read it by a flashlight. I'm a woman Marine and lights go out at 10 o'clock in the barracks. I'm new in California and have met three far-out bikers—I love them all. I've been riding with them every weekend and have never experienced such freedom and life. I feel I've found my place in this universe. I never thought I'd want to be a biker's ol' lady. Riding is where it's at, and now that's what I live for.

A future ol' lady,
"Lady Blue"
El Toro, Calif.

Prison Run

☐ On April 30, 1978, for the second year, there was a nothing-but-class prison run at the Iowa State Pen. For us bros who are downed here, it really showed us the love, respect, and pride that all biker brothers have for each other.

So to all you bros—Chosen Few, Guardians, Last Chapter, Grim Reapers, and Mid-West Percen-ters—you're some first-class bros.

Jackoff, Pecos, War Dance Iowa State Pen

Shit Flinging Record

☐ Y'all better get your chips together. In your July issue, Spider said the

longest cow chip throw was 170' 6". When I was in Salt Lake City at its cow chip throw, one guy threw a chip either 239' 4" or 279' 4".

Rodney
Phoenix, Ariz.

☐ Are you sure you were in Salt Lake City?

Digs Scoot

☐ This is from an Air Force cop stationed in Incirlik, Turkey. I'm a real bike freak and I really miss my scooter. I may be an Air Force cop and my hair may be short, but you sure can't take the motorcycle fever out of me!

J. W. Goodrich
Incirlik, Turkey

A Way Out

☐ What the fuck is all this shit in your rag about helmet laws? Down here in Oz, all we do is go see the local doc and tell him some shit like we get headaches from wearing a lid. He then gives us a doctor's certificate, which we take to the motor registry office and get a legal helmet exemption saying it is medically unsuitable for us to wear a helmet. It gives the pigs the shits, too.

Animal
N.S.W., Australia

Wise Advice

☐ From one bruised and battered ol' lady to another—never use an issue of **Easyriders** for a fly-swatter in your ol' man's presence.
Babe
Norway, Mich.

Lonely Lady

☐ I am tired of being a lonely, self-reliant adult. I am bored with liberation. I am up to here with sexual freedom. And sick to death of life without commitment.

I wish I had someone to take care of me when I feel

rotten, yet grant me independence when I need it. I want a man who has the good sense not to "confess" when he cheats, because I don't care to know.

I hate living in a world where love lasts only for an hour and the future is a dirty word. I am no longer able to live by the old rules, but I can't find any new rules that work. I'm beginning to feel too frightened ever to love again. I'm a lonely, self-reliant, liberated adult—and quite frankly, I despise it.

The Born Loser
Oakland, Calif.

Deep Throat

☐ Havin' my tonsils ripped out tomorrow and I wanna know if my lack of them will improve my knob-gobbling abilities.

Pag
Birmingham, England

☐ We're willing to give it a test and give you a certified statement of our feelings.

Fine Wine

☐ We just got a good buzz off the dandelion wine I made last year from your May '77 issue. Let's see more mind-fucking recipes like that—I know how to cook with pot.

B. C.
Rockford, Ill.

Other Uses

☐ I disagree with the guy who said (July '78) an ol' lady is just somethin' to eat and fuck. I think if he would look again, he would find that a lot of us do more than just lie back in bed to be screwed.

Dillinger's Ol' Lady
San Francisco, Calif.

It's Everywhere

☐ Here I am up in Alaska for the summer, trying to get rich on a fishing boat.

I figured I would have to give up your fuckin' rag for the summer in this town, Hoona, where the main street is a fuckin' dirt road and the biggest scooter is a 50cc Honda. Shit! But I walk into the only store with any reading material and what do I find? That's right. One copy left of your May issue. Far fuckin' out. It sure makes time go by easier.

Sunshine
Hoona, Alaska

The Sportster

☐ In reference to a letter in your July '78 issue, I totally fuckin' agree with the disappointed Sporty rider from Connecticut. What with all the goddam scumbag changes, Willie G. has sure fucked up and ruined a classic motorcycle.

Compared with previous models, the 1978½ Sportster is a real riceball. Go straight to rickshaw, do not pass Japan, do not collect \$3,500. What a major screw-up.

A man wants to ride a man's motorcycle, so why change a good thing? Guess when I die, they'll just have to pry my hands from my '76 Sporty.

Robin Hood
Albemarle, N. C.

Solari Slime

☐ I just thought that I would let ya know that I really got off on the article entitled "An Important Discovery" by J. J. Solari. It isn't very often that I start busting my nuts laughing while sitting alone reading some rag. But this dude's bit about Slime was something to laugh at. If I could just find some of this fine shit, I would conduct some of my own studies. Who knows? If this shit is any good at all, I could probably make a fucking fortune by publishing an illustrated

New lower price!

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

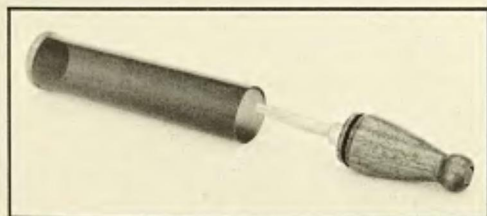
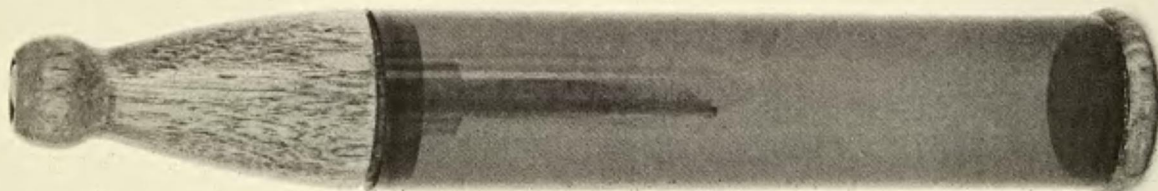
If you want only a buckle, just send \$6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. *California residents add 6%.*



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***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!

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

***Mackenzie
Company***

**Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302**



Old Style All Leather BIKER CAP

Here's an all leather cap that'll keep the scraggly mop you call hair in order and give your overall appearance some class — imagine. It's all black (also in dark brown) and it's bound to win over some broad.



**RIGHTeous
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach,
CA 90740

Enclosed is \$19.95 for each biker cap. I understand that I may return the cap for a full and immediate refund if I am not satisfied with its quality and workmanship. It is the same fine quality I would expect from Righteous Products.

Note: Canadian and overseas orders, \$1.00 for additional postage and handling charges. Add \$2.00 additional postage if you want it shipped air mail anywhere. California residents add 6% tax for Governor Brown.

Be sure to indicate size and color:

Black Brown
Sm Med Lrg. Ex. lrg.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

book—"1001 Ways To Get Off On Slime."

Chet
Bay City, Mich.

☐ I laughed so hard I thought my tits were gonna fall off my chest.

Cocaine Critter
Nova Scotia, Canada

☐ I really admire Solari for his social utterings. I'd like to talk to him sometime about a letter to the Pope.

Capt. Rice
Springfield, Ill.

☐ Usually, I dig the humor in your rag, but after reading that piece of shit by Solari, I had to think twice about you guys. What the hell inspired him anyway—going out and looking at smashed animals on the freeway?

Jon
Tucson, Ariz.

Like It Is

☐ So you assholes finally got around to raising the sub price! I can figure you're going to get tons of fan mail tellin' ya how fucked ya are and how your rag ain't worth the shit paper it's printed on, but not me. I've never read a rag before that stuck to its beliefs enough not to brown-nose the execs of each and every company that was willing to advertise—as long as you do it their way. Takes fuckin' balls to put up with all the hassles you assholes put up with and still be able to be the same up-front, tell-it-like-it-is, whatdafuck **Easyriders** ya always been. If ever there was brotherhood to bikers, you set the perfect example. Any shithead who doesn't agree is thinkin' out his ass. This scribble might be long, but to me it's not long enough—you deserve more. Now let me light up and get outta here before I start gettin' emotional.

Joe "Hung Gypsy" Tari
Chesapeake, Va.

Mystery Sled

☐ The article on the mystery sled (June '78) is nothing but good bullshit. The bike looks dynamite, but come on, guys. If this shit from N. Y. fooled you, you might as well hang it up. As plain as fuckin' day, that

bike on page 17 was cut out and pasted to those trees. And the following pictures of the scoot plainly show that the mystery bike is a good artist's careful work. Hey, the bike is very clean, but come on, you fuckers, admit it.

Lit
Conneaut, Ohio

☒ The bike was shot by one of the country's best bike photographers—he makes 'em look like paintings.

Short Note

☐ Just a short note to tell that fuckin' Lou Kimzey, "Far Fuckin' Out."

That article on advertisers (August '78) was so damn true.

T. L.
Omaha, Neb.

☐ Your article, "Yes, This is a Free Country," in your August '78 issue was absolutely the most righteous shit ever written. Because yes, this is a free country, damn it! And people better start facin' up to realizin' it. Please give Lou Kimzey my congratulations on a damn good article.

So keep the wind in your face, the pigs off your ass, and keep on ridin', because Harley-Davidson is forever.

Donna
Bridgeport, Conn.

☐ I can't seem to grasp the thought that the best fuckin' bike shouldn't be advertised in the best fuckin' biker's rag. I'll match them for brains any day with three lbs. of cowshit in a brown paper bag!

Little Lady
Houston, Texas.

AMF

☐ I have a question regarding the article on page 12, August issue. How in the fuck can you people run ads for Harley-Davidson when they went out of business in 1969?

Crasher
Williamsport, Pa.

A Non-Believer

☐ In the July issue, Tank and Rose dropped you a line asking to see some real bikes, not show bikes. They were referring to the June issue. Your reply (and

I quote) was, "All bikes in the rag are ridden or they don't get in." What a crock of shit!

Going back to the same June issue and looking at the Mystery Sled feature, I say, "Bull." Take a good look at those clamps on the exhaust pipes and the rest of the bike as well. Those clamps are aircraft hydraulic line and electrical harness clamps. These clamps come in two styles of lining, rubber and asbestos. Asbestos is light gray in color and has rounded edges. The rubber ones are black in color and have squared off edges. Nobody rides a bike every day with rubber-lined clamps holding up his pipes.

So when you all are back out of the clouds and on the ground again, take another look and then tell us how only ridden bikes are featured, shitheads.

Worm
Warren, Ohio

☒ We shoot some bikes before they hit the road—before they get fucked up with gore, rock pits, parts of dogs, and shit like that.

The Carefree Life

☐ I just finished reading "The Great Carefree Single Life" (July, '78) for the tenth or eleventh time, and I'll read it another ten times after I finish writing. I lost my ol' lady two years and one month ago, and I know where the lady is coming from—and it's hard.

McGee
On The Road

☐ I thought all the good women were gone, but your letter proves that a good woman is good to the end. Tell her someone out here loves her.

The Deacon
Sacramento, Calif.

☐ Any of you ol' ladies who don't understand what the biker widow was putting across in "The Great Carefree Single Life" must not have ever "known" love. I cried tears for my ol' man and hers, because mine is gone, too. I sold the 1975 Glide for \$600 and have never been on a righteous putt since then. Love your ol' man and be a woman.

I've got something for you...

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

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

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's Trash now.

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

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

Well now you can—in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published—only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the nitty-gritty detail—where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

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

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

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

Book

Easyriders Magazine

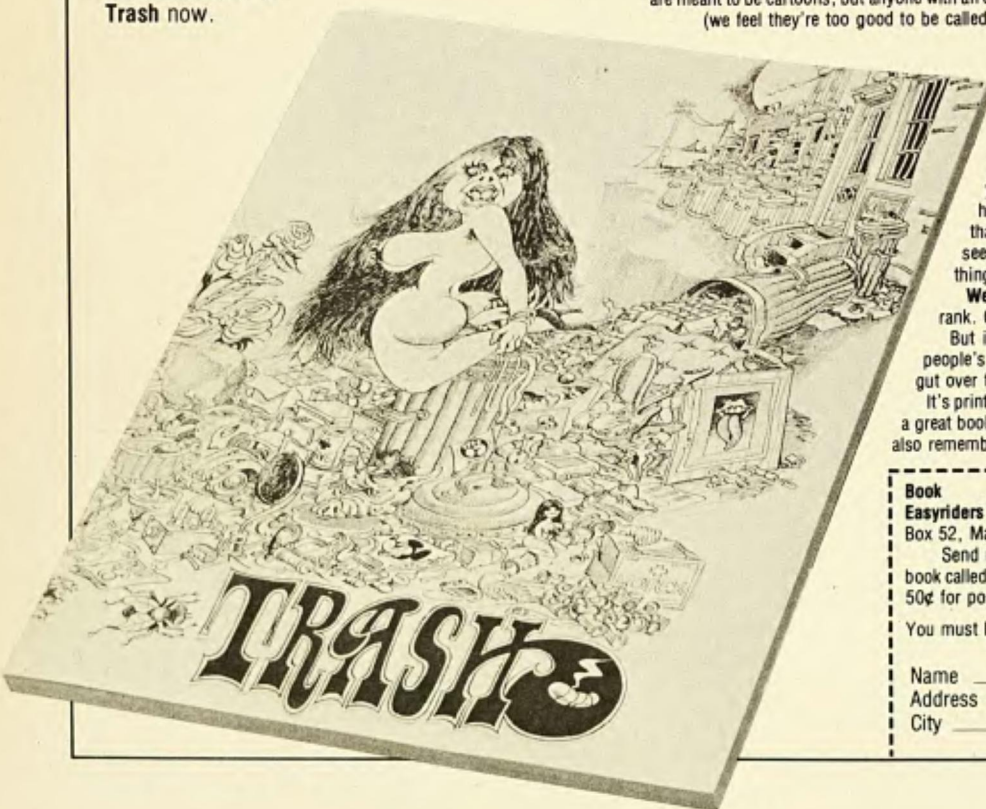
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

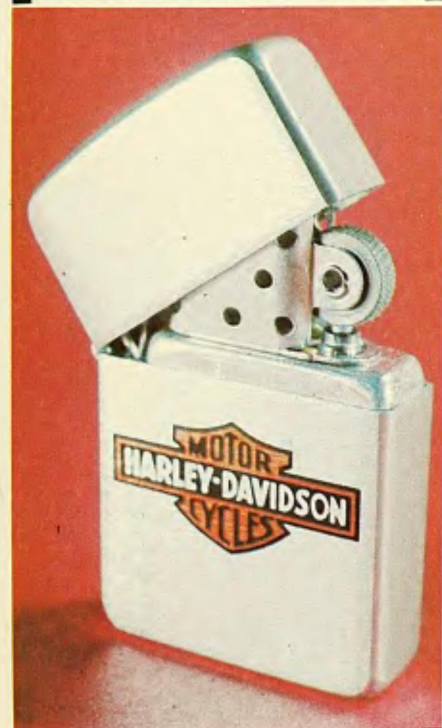
You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

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

California residents add 6%



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

Wrap those legs around him and say a kind word. His arms may not be the ones stretched out across that bike tomorrow.

Still Awaitin'
Houston, Texas

□ "The Great Carefree Single Life" was a great piece. All of us ol' ladies who bitch at our ol' men for everything should sit and think after reading it.

Changed Ol' Lady
Tampa, Fla.

□ For ten minutes after I had read "The Great Carefree Single Life," I was stunned by the lonesome, sad life that women have to face. I shook myself out of it, walked into our bedroom, and tripped over my ol' man's gas tank sitting in the middle of the floor. Now, I wouldn't go and call it an act of clumsy feet in the dark—it was the tears in my eyes. I am lucky my ol' man is around messing up the kitchen table with those great Harley parts—pistons, carburetors, and if I am lucky, a tranny to eat dinner with. For those who aren't so lucky, I'm sorry. But now I appreciate those inconveniences. I thank them because of the harsh reminder of what could happen.

Donna Allstaedt
Lynnwood, Wash.

□ That's the first time a letter gave me a lump in my throat.

The Wolf
Florence, Ariz.

No Joke Page

□ Hey, fuckers! Some dudes write you candy-assed bastards with serious questions and all you do is write some smartass remark. **Wordmonger** is not supposed to be the joke page, so get your asses in gear.

Redneck
Kankakee, Ill.

■ We've got it together. What did you want to know? Hurry, before that good shit goes past me.

Digs It

□ Just got your July issue and was flipping through it. I came to the **Easynews**

section and I'd like to say that the article "M.C. Patrolman Speaks Out Against Helmet Laws" was one of the best letters I have read in your rag in a long time.

Rocco
Upper Marlboro, Md.

In The Wind

□ I picked up a copy of that new, special edition "In The Wind" magazine you folks put out. Man, all those shots from the past really brought back some memories, and a lot of them gave me a helluva laugh. It was fuckin' great. Do it again sometime.

Bess
Seymour, Conn.

□ You guys are fuckin' all right. Your "In The Wind" book was unreal. I mean, it shows what I feel—freedom. I pity those who haven't found it yet.

Sandy
Fresno, Calif.

Swap Meet Beef

□ Why don't you assholes bring one of your swap meets down to South Florida? You know there are a lot of rowdy, dope-smokin', plunderin', rapin' bikers here, too. So get your shit together and get your ass down here.

A Pissed-Off Bro
Pompano Beach, Fla.

■ We've had to call off our swap meet program for this year. We simply drew crowds too large, and the locals freaked out to the extent that the National

Guard was called out. Next year we'll have 'em in larger quarters.

Bowling Green

□ Just wanted to say that thanks to a few non-biker assholes, probably the last great motorcycle meet in Bowling Green will be just that—the last.

Hope you fuckers are happy.

M. B. C.
Louisville, Ky.

San Diego

□ I became very offended when I read your opinion of San Diego in the July '78 issue. San Diego is a great town. Sure, we have our police problem just like any other place where bikers can be found, but San Diego has great puttin' weather, brothers that are dedicated to their clubs, beautiful women, and some of the best partying that can be found.

Debi Mulhall
San Diego, Calif.

■ Now if you're really from San Diego, you know the police are a hassle from the gate. We said nothin' against the city itself or the righteous people who live in the great town.

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

1976 statistics . . .

In the last ten years, 1967 to 1976, motorcycle registrations have increased dramatically by 280%. In 1967, almost 1.4 million motorcycles were registered in the United States. Today, over 5 million motorcycles are registered.

The number of reported accidents has increased by 89%. But the number of accidents per 10,000 registrations has decreased by 50%.

Corresponding figures also are available for motorcycle fatalities. Although fatalities have increased by 73% in the last ten years, fatality rates per 10,000 registrations have decreased by 54%.

—Dealernews

Noise standards . . .

So. The EPA has scheduled three public hearings on the noise regulation proposals. Because of the timing of the announcement and the hearings, we could not tell you about them before.

But we will be at the western hearing. We have asked to be on the agenda. We are opposed to the proposal as it stands now and we'll tell the EPA why.

The public is invited to comment. All letters should be sent to:

Motorcycle Noise (AW-490)
EPA

Washington, D.C. 20460

We strongly suggest that all motorcycle enthusiasts with an opinion pro or con the regulations described here write and comment.

One more thing, suggested by a reader who read the proposal: Don't just write. Tell your local dealer or shop about the noise proposal. It's going to affect him as much as you. Chances are the comment from a businessman and taxpayer will be better received than comments from a hobbyist. —Cycle World

More on helmets . . .

Some of the people involved in this storm in a tea cup claim they favor wearing helmets and oppose only helmet laws. But I find it difficult to trust someone who says that, and then distributes bumper stickers carrying the slogan *Ride Impaired—Wear a Helmet*. What's their next step? Get the health authorities to require helmets and helmet advertising to carry a statement to the effect that the Surgeon General has determined that helmet wearing is hazardous to your health?

It's all so negative and humorless. We've come a long way from Brando's Wild One of the early fifties. Our image has changed considerably. But emotional, inaccurate and carelessly contrived arguments trumped up to support the individual freedom issue will cause irreparable damage to our credibility down the pike.

—Stuart Munro
Road Rider



AMA views . . .

What do we think about motorcycle helmets? We think every biker should wear the best one he can buy, not because the law says so, but because we're smart enough to know it might help save our skulls from myopic little old ladies who turn left in front of us . . . then claim they didn't see us.

What do we think about marauding gangs of motorcycle-mounted criminals? We don't think about it much. That's an outdated stereotype foisted on the American public 20 years ago by a Marlon Brando "B" movie.

—American Motorcyclist

EPA bs . . .

An EPA spokeswoman, Jill Lucas, explained the EPA's strategy to a reporter in St. Petersburg, Florida. "Anaheim is the area where we expect all the Hells Angels to complain about the rules. In St. Petersburg, we're hoping all the people will come out and cheer us." She told the reporter that EPA officials "hope that Tampa Bay residents will raise a ruckus in support of the regulations so that state and local officials will agree to help enforce those laws."

To encourage the elderly population of St. Petersburg to protest motorcycles, Ms. Lucas was quoted as claiming "Studies by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency have shown that the sound of a motorcycle — along with other noisemakers — can ruin a person's hearing and contribute to high blood pressure, birth defects, and viral infections." Motorcycle noise might also cause cancer, the EPA says.

There were no Hells Angels at the hearings at Anaheim, California. Instead, there were motorcycle industry officials asking for more lenient standards and local government officials asking for more stringent standards.

—Road Rider

Cafe racers? . . .

It should be very apparent to all of you that the cafe style bike is here to stay. The so-called street racer or cafe racer for some time was thought to be a passing fad, but performance is the name of the game to the sports-minded, and their numbers have been catered to by the leading motorcycle manufacturers as well as a good number of after-market companies.

—Street Chopper

Easyriders



Easyriders Patch

Here it is. Like everything else, it took seven years to get it together. But this patch is definitely worth it. It's 6 inches by 4 inches and we broke some skulls to get the colors just right.

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

Get one now, they're slippin' away quick: *Easyriders Patch*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

California residents add 6% sales tax.



CLUB CARD COLLECTION

In our appreciation for the many club brothers who have assisted and contributed to the magazine, we present a card collection once again. Although the cards displayed here represent only a small percentage of all the clubs in the country, each came to us from a patch-holding biker—the organized custom bike riders who have fought hardest to retain freedom of the road.

—Here's to heart





—Illustration by Tom Kuntz

BEATER

By S

Karen closed the door of her eyes and opened the one inside her head and let it swing wide to reveal a wilderness, mountain-meadowed in a green expanse of grasses, swaying grasses, with the sweet, soft decay of fallen, scattered pines overgrown with tall and slender oats and blossoms, their fragrant, early-honey smells hanging in the air and sunlight.

The meadow jounced and shook, as though she were bouncing through it like a crashing boulder.

And then the sunlight went out, quick and Bible-sudden.

She lay in the living room darkness, numb and huddled—the moonlight and streetlights painted in rectangles and streaks across the overturned furniture and debris.

She lay like a full-grown embryo on the floor, slowly straightening and curling up her legs again through the parting, crackling glass and papers.

She hurt, finally. She hurt all over, and what didn't hurt just stayed numb.

Slith-slith-slith—somethingtwoleggedwasrunning across the lawn in soft shoes and thumped against the screen door trying to open it the wrong way. She heard it and then the door rattled properly in the right direction to open and something—

"Karen? Karen? Are you in there? Are you all right?"

Karen sighed in pained relief that it wasn't . . . that she didn't have to answer . . .

She said, "Carla . . . Carla . . ."

Carla moaned, "Oh no," and hurriedly came inside and worked her way, not over to where Karen was, where she knew from her voice, but to a light switch on the far wall and turned it on, and then she looked quickly over at Karen. Carla pushed her hair back from her eyes with both hands and began to step over things, and then got to Karen and moved some clutter away with her foot, and then reached over and got a cushion and brought it back. Carefully, she set it into the corner of the wall, and then straddled Karen and lifted her against it. Then she backed away and made a cautionary gesture to Karen with both hands before turning and running into the kitchen, where she wetted a towel, and then hurried back and got to her knees and lifted her friend up a little.

Karen tried to bring the grasses back, but they wouldn't come. The towel was there, blocking the sight of the mess from time to time, and some-

times bringing a darkness. And sometimes she'd bring the darkness herself by wearily closing her eyes. But they'd always open again, so she concluded she wasn't anywhere as near death as she felt like, so she decided to talk.

"He . . . I don't know why he . . . I don't know what it is I do . . . why I make him . . ."

"Hush," Carla said. She wrung a wet corner of the towel into splatters on the floor, and began to clean away Karen's hair, where it was sticking. "You be quiet and let me do this. You're all right." She worked and looked, trying not to see the face she was seeing, trying instead to see the pretty face underneath it that would probably come back in a month or two. Karen began to go blurry in Carla's moistening eyes. "You're all right," Carla said.

Karen placed her palms on the floor and closed her eyes and slowly pushed herself more upright, and then lessened the weight on her hands and closed her eyes even tighter while her body resettled. Then she was calm again and looked at Carla kneeling there.

"Do I look bad? How bad do I look?"

Carla looked at her and daubed and cleaned and thought, *Why would he do this? She's soft, and frail as petals and pretty as morning. Why would he do this? Why her face?*

"How bad?" Karen said.

"Come on," Carla said, lifting her and grunting. "Let's go in the kitchen."

Karen winced and held her breath while she was helped to her feet, and then she hung onto Carla as they walked through the mess toward the kitchen.

Past the dining room mirror hanging there, Carla pulled her more firmly, saying something about brushes and a comb, and some coffee too, and come to her house for tonight with her and Eddie, but Karen pulled back and stopped at the mirror and looked.

Then the little face—the face like something sparkling, the sunrays designed in the spray of plunging falls—Karen's face turned to Carla and looked at her like something small and furry gazing confused out from a decompression chamber window.

"My teeth."

Then her eyes, tumbling waters down the bluing cheeks, closed.

"He's knocked out my front teeth."

—Continued on page 102

She's soft as petals and pretty as morning.
Why would he do this?

SEARCH AND SEIZURE

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized." So reads the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States of America.

A couple of years ago in a suburb of Los Angeles, a dude driving a pickup truck was stopped "on suspicion" by members of the Tactical Squad. He was returning home at three o'clock in the morning, after attending a party, but he wasn't drunk or under the influence of drugs. While detaining him, one of the police undercover officers reached into the back of the pickup and took out several "girlie" magazines. The suspect was promptly jailed, and the reasons were as ridiculous as many of our laws today.

While it was legal to sell or possess the magazines in that suburb, it was illegal to transport them through

town. After spending a night in jail and getting out on his own recognizance the following morning, the dude hired a lawyer, and after he spent several months going back and forth between home and court, paid over five hundred dollars in attorney fees, lost hundreds of dollars in wages, plus losing his job for his many absences, the arresting officers apologized for their illegal search and seizure (they had reached into the truck and retrieved the magazines without his permission), and the charge was dropped. Unfortunately, there still remains on his record the fact that he was arrested and detained on a morals offense.

The phrase around which nearly all the law of search and seizure revolves is "probable cause." It is defined rather generally as evidence which would "lead a man of prudence and caution to believe that an offense has been committed, and that the accused committed it."

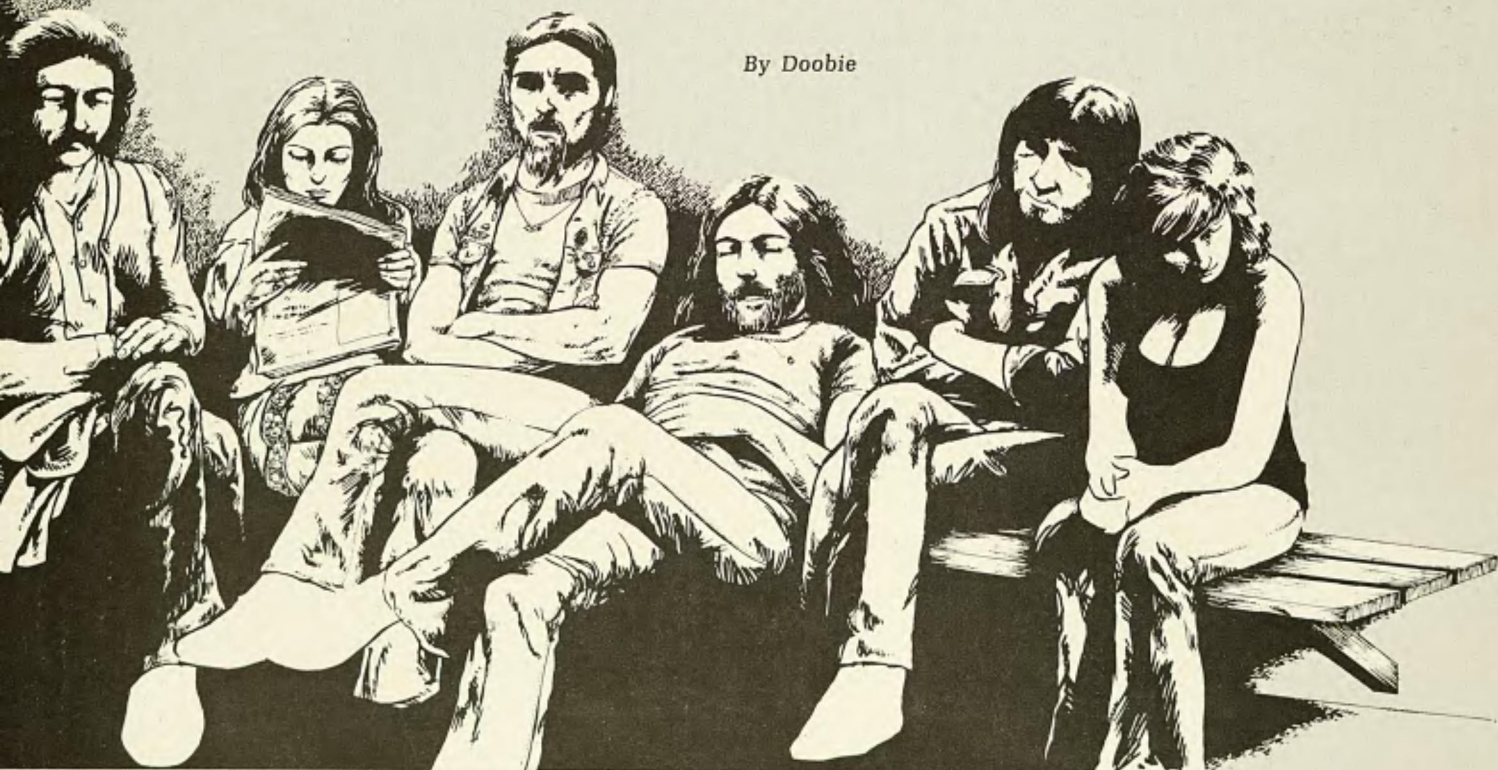
For all intents and purposes, "probable cause" refers to information or suspicions an officer must have before making an arrest. If he sees a marijuana seed lying on the floor of

your car, an empty beer can, .22 caliber shell casing, a pry-bar (burglar tool), or a pair of bloody panties your ol' lady left there the last time she had the rag on, it constitutes "probable cause."

Generally speaking, before an officer can legally make an arrest, a crime has to be committed in his presence, but it's pretty obvious that acts committed in the home can hardly have been committed in the officer's presence. Unless, of course, he's been in there tokin' with you or gang-bangin' the neighbor's fourteen-year-old daughter. Under most circumstances, that would make him an accessory, but lawmen have a way of wrigglin' outta such fixes.

One of the greatest dudes goin', D. C. Jack, an' some of his bros, were ridin' down a lonely stretch of country road, a couple of years back, mindin' their own business, when they saw a shiny new suitcase sittin' on the curb beside the road. They stopped and looked around, but there was no one in sight for miles. No houses, no cars—nothin'. Just the suitcase and the tree it was sittin' under. They sat there and waited for

By Doobie



half an hour, and when nobody showed up, D.C. Jack got off his scooter and picked up the suitcase to have a look.

Immediately, a plainclothes cop dropped out of the tree and arrested him, along with his pals. On a portable radio, he called for help, and in seconds a squad car arrived on the scene.

Jack, having some illegal substances on his person, took them out of his pocket, placed them on the seat of his scooter and sat down on them. It then took four cops and a lot of tugging to get him off so they could see what it was that he was hidin'.

The result was that the cops were charged with entrapment and illegal search and seizure—but not before Jack spent a lot of days in jail, paid tremendous lawyers' fees, impound fees for his bike, missed work, got his ol' lady pissed off at him, and was finally rewarded "by an apology from the officers."

Before stopping and searching a suspect, a police officer, we are told, must have "reasonable cause for suspicion." New York law states its policy as follows:

"No precise definition of 'reasonable cause' can be provided, other than that it is such a combination of factors as would merit the sound and objective suspicions of a properly alert law enforcement officer, performing his sworn duties. Among the factors to be considered in determining whether or not there is 'reasonable cause' are:

1. The demeanor of the suspect. (Demeanor means 'outward behavior,' so if the dude is tap-dancing on a street corner while listening to organ music from the local church, he's gonna get arrested for moonlighting as an organ-grinder's monkey.)

2. The gait and manner of the suspect. (A dude who limps because he once broke his leg fallin' off his Hog is bound to get arrested for impersonating Chester. If he lists to port, he's a wino.)

3. Any knowledge the officer may have of the suspect's background or character. (My brother-in-law is a cop, an' that spongin' motherfucker would arrest me every fifteen minutes if he could, 'cause he knows about my background an' character.)

4. Whether the suspect is carrying anything, and what he is carrying. (Usually a helluva hangover—although it would be suspicious if the suspect were seen to be carryin' two dead frogs, a turkey leg, the hood ornament off a 1929 Essex, and a bag fulla dog-shit.)

5. The manner in which the suspect is dressed, including bulges in clothing—when considered in light of all other factors. (Shit, man, all bikers would get busted because of the bulges in their clothing. They always got hardons.)

6. The time of day or night the suspect is observed. (That's really stupid. What other kind of time is there?)

7. Any overheard conversation of the suspect. (Just think, you could get arrested for commenting on the city streets, such as, 'I went down on Olive and thought it was Grand.')

8. The particular streets and areas involved. (Mean Street, frequently — Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, never.)

9. Any information received from third persons, whether they are known or unknown. (Next time ya see a cop, point him out to another cop an' tell him ya think he's hidin' dope in his holster—an' see who gets arrested.)

10. Whether the suspect is consorting with others whose conduct is 'reasonably suspect.' (But, officer, that was Richard Nixon I was talkin' to.)

11. The suspect's proximity to known criminal conduct." (The easiest way to get arrested. Stand in front of a loan company or bank.)

According to lawmakers the stop and frisk law was designed to fill a shady area in the law of arrest and detention. A cop has the right to stop a person on the street and ask him a question, just like anyone else. The only trouble is that a genuine problem arises when the person refuses to answer and tries to go on his way. Cops don't like bein' turned down—ask my sister.

To illustrate the hazards of a stop and frisk law, I'll cite the case of two college students who were jogging up and down a path in Central Park. They were stopped by officers and questioned for their peculiar behavior. When they were asked to put their hands on a nearby wall to be searched, both students refused. They were promptly arrested and fined for annoying people on park property. Their arrest, it seems, justified the search; a conviction was unnecessary.

The worst thing that can happen to the individual policeman for an illegal search is loss of a conviction as a result of the exclusionary rule. Superiors within the police organization will, however, be in sympathy with an officer, provided the search was administratively reasonable, even if the officer did not have legal "reasonable" cause to make an arrest. So says the Oakland, California, police department.

But what about the worst that can happen to the private individual who undergoes illegal search and seizure at the hands of the police? Houses have been literally destroyed by officers who not only engaged in illegal searches and seizures, but who went to the wrong address in the first place. In 1969, several narcotics officers, enjoying their night out on the town in drunken revelry, decided to raid an apartment that one of them said he knew to be inhabited by a dope dealer.

Arming themselves with an assortment of weapons, they went to an area completely outside their jurisdiction, broke down the door of an upstairs apartment and burst in, awakening a twenty-year-old dude and his mother. It was the wrong place, of course, and when the young man held out his hands to protest, one of the narcs struck his hand with the barrel of the machinegun he was carrying. The gun went off, fired through the floor, and the bullets passed into the apartment below.

Downstairs, awakened by the noise above, a father was walking his crying baby, trying to soothe the child. One slug hit the father in the head, exploding it like a melon.

The narcs were suspended from the force, and after six months it was determined by the judge that the narcs were right in carrying out their raid. All were reinstated. A lawsuit by the father of the dead man proved fruitless.

There is no protection against illegal search and seizure by law officers, so the best thing to do is act in an innocent manner and avoid coming in contact with law officers. All the safeguards of due process, all the best intentions of the courts, can't prevent acts of illegal search and seizure. The courts can only insist that a search be made upon probable cause. Only the police can see to it that it's not carried out in a degrading or brutal manner. After rules are made and put into writing, it is the police who make or break the proper criminal processes. It is they who destroy due process by distorting facts, or by simply ignoring the requirements, as they have done so many times in the past. Their efforts to humiliate and brutalize those whom they dislike because of their way of life or the way they dress are as effective in destroying due process of law as would be corporal punishment without a trial.

One of the classic stories in illegal search and seizure has to do with a biker in northern California. One afternoon, he was hurrying through traffic on his Hog, splitting the lanes in an effort to save time and reach his destination. He was spotted and pulled to the side of the road, where he was spreadeagled over the hood of the squad car and threatened into silence. While one of the officers held a pistol to his head, the other went through his pockets, coming up with a small vial filled with milky fluid. Suspecting it to be some kind of narcotic, the officer uncorked the tube and took a little taste.

"What the fuck is this stuff?" he asked, smacking his lips. "It tastes familiar, but I can't place it."

"I had a vasectomy a few weeks ago," the biker answered. "I'm taking some semen down to the doctor to see if the operation was a success."

WE'RE BACK

This kind of feature may never end. But what the hell—it's only right. If a bike builder puts together a fine machine, but can't find one of our hermit photographers, we can't put him down. That's what this is all about. Keep buildin' 'em, bros; we'll keep showin' 'em off whenever we get the chance.

—Snake

ONE EXTREME TO THE OTHER

Can ya imagine kickin' back with yer bros at a bike show, listenin' to the winners bein' announced and findin' yerself slapped with the rat bike trophy? Ya didn't even enter. Strong indication that a couple of people think yer bike is a fuckin' mess.

That came down on Steve, the owner of this tasty shovel, while he was sippin' suds one Sunday afternoon. After receivin' the award, he figured he'd better take another look at his putt. He gazed at it so hard that five months later it popped up lookin' like this.

Was it that he didn't know his bike was a rat? Did he get off on the trophy—or was he embarrassed? Any way ya look at it, the bro definitely changed his image.

—Snake

Owner: Steve Gissin, Miami, Florida
84 cu. in. 1959 pan/shovel

Photo by Steve Gissin

SWEDISH TRIKE

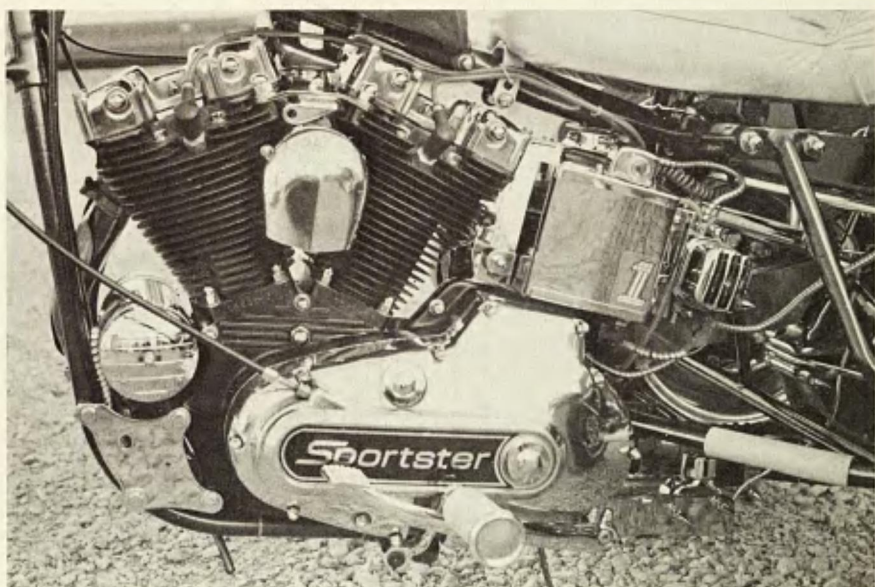
We receive a number of letters requestin' info on buildin' trikes out of 74s and Sportsters. Then recently, this example of those hard-to-find, hard-to-build trikes popped up from across the Atlantic. Here it is—a bolt-on, three-wheeled Sportster from Sweden.

The builder used a 45 trike rear end. Then Leif and Bertil, a bro who helped him put it together, set the bike on blocks, lined up the rear end, and proceeded to connect the two.

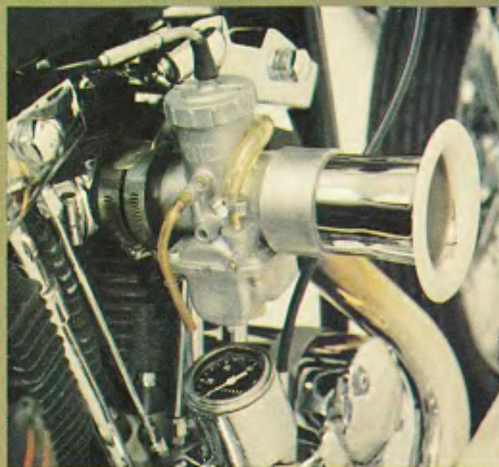
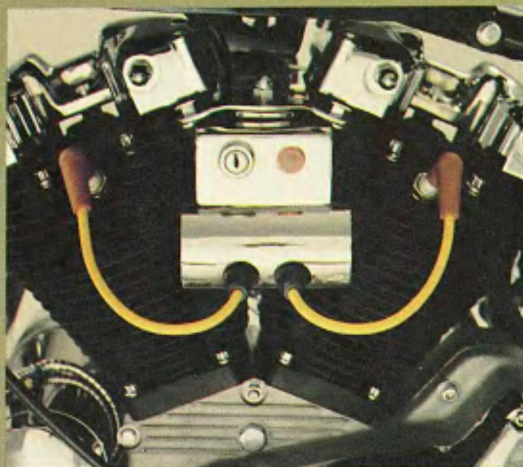
Take the attitude that if a man can find the parts and build a trike in Sweden, then sure as Edison invented the electric can opener, ya can do it here in the States.

—Lost

Owner: Leif Persson, Slite, Sweden
55 cu. in. Sportster trike







SPORTSTER BLUES

Until the owner built AMF's bike
into a Sportster

Owner: Frank J. VanLoon, Southfield, Michigan
75 cu. in. Sportster

I'll let Frank, the owner, run it down to you. "The bike was bought in 1974, and from the first moment I ran into problems. I was unable to take delivery in Detroit and had to go to Escanaba, because that was the nearest place where a Harley-Davidson dealer had the bike for sale. The distance was 1,000 miles round trip. At the end of the first riding season, unknown to me, my Milwaukee special was broken. Upon routine inspection of the motor, it was found that the case was

cracked. The bearing cage, crankpin, and rods were all shot—along with assorted bullshit like two left-hand flywheels in the same motor. The motor was reassembled properly by G. M. Cycle. The only variance from stock was a .010 overbore and a 38mm Mikuni. It was amazing what a Harley-Davidson would do when properly assembled. The best time on that motor was 12.69 at 104 mph." Need we say more?

—Shorty



BIG MAN'S RIDE

Photos by Dave

Owner: Dave, San Diego, Calif.
74 cu. in. shovelhead

Even if it was pink, ain't nobody sayin' no

It was a Monday morning. The entire staff was still shakin' from the Wild Turkey weekend. We were all tryin' like hell to pretend we were awake when Dave walked into the building. He wanted to rap to someone about his bike bein' featured. Someone volunteered Shorty and told him to go look at the dude's flicks.

Now, Shorty ain't the biggest dude ever to roam the halls of **Easyriders**. And when his blood-alley eyes connected with Dave's six-foot-six and about-the-same-width bod, Shorty just sorta glanced at the envelope Dave handed him and mumbled somethin' like "Sure we'll feature it, man. It's fuckin' beautiful."

Anyway, the bike turned out to be a very clean road machine—even if Shorty himself never opened the envelope. Dave is gonna be doin' time soon, so it oughta be a rush to see his bike doin' its thing on the streets while he's inside. And he'll be able to point out to the people inside with him the style of bike he's capable of buildin'.

—Bandit





Owner: Terry Brown, Pineville, N.C.
74 cu. in. 1954 panhead

Owner: Phil Barker, Charlotte, N.C.
55 cu. in. 1974 Sportster

OLD INDIAN

This feature is about the flicks again. And flicks have about as much to do with bikes as a Ford does. But it's the only medium we've got to get a bike from its owner to you—ya can imagine what a bitch it would be to cop a bike from the bro who built it and paste it to a page. Fuckin' magazine would weigh a couple of tons—and there'd be only one of 'em.

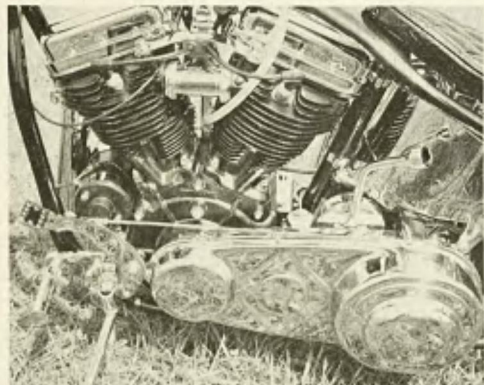
Movin' right along—we've had these flicks for a long time. I'm not gonna say how long. Just look at that Indian—it's beautiful. However, we received only a handful of shots, and most of them were unsatisfactory for technical reasons. But we held on to 'em 'cause the bike was—well, see for yerself.

Then, recently, when I caught one of the resident freaks jackin' off on the pics, we decided we'd give you a look at 'em. Shit, if they're good enough for the five-finger fever, they've got to be good enough for the rag.

—Pervert

Owner: Stan Webster, Polo, Illinois
1947 Indian Chief

Photos by Bob Clark



SOUTHERN SLEDS

We didn't forget you bros down under

Well, here's livin' proof that out of the Southern state of North Carolina come some very decent bikes and broads. We don't see many Southern bikes and we know that our Southland bros would get off to a couple of bikes from around home. And the girl—well, no complaints at all. Who cares where she came from?

We get a lot of mad mail from people complainin' that they haven't seen bikes from their area spread out across the mag. Well, ya already know how we feel about complaints. And besides, we don't have a photographer in every fuckin' state clamoring to take flicks of every bike that jams past. We work hard, so a little slack once in a while—please.

But every now and then, from out there where our cameras can't reach, come some good flicks. Ya see, ya don't have to work for a magazine to take good photos. And this industrious bro from N.C. proved that by gettin' the film in the box right and havin' a nice girl with loose clothes to brighten the shots, North Carolina bikes could turn up on the pages of this rag. Big fuckin' deal.

Anyway, Southern bros, we know you'll be proud to see these fine scooters representing the South. And now the rest of the country knows there's something down there worth going to touc—see.

—Nasty

Photos by Terry Brown



Legal Highs Legal Ripoffs?

By Falcon

If I have a basic philosophy of life, it's a very simple one: Anything that I enjoy straight, I will probably enjoy even more if I'm stoned. Oh, I know that some tightasses aren't going to like that statement. They'll most likely come out and say I had a rotten childhood, or I can't accept the world as it is and I want to escape, and that

those are the reasons I dig getting high. But I take these amateur shrinks with a grain of salt as long as they don't get too outta hand, because I know every man has his weaknesses, and every man has his sources of happiness. And mine just happen to be tied up in one neat little bundle—I like drugs.

In fact, there are very few things I wouldn't do for a good high, and when somebody turns me on to a new one, I'm generally pretty thankful. And if somebody came over and laid a pound of

some outrageous smoke

on me and told me the whole thing cost him only a few bucks I'd be the first to ask how to get in on the

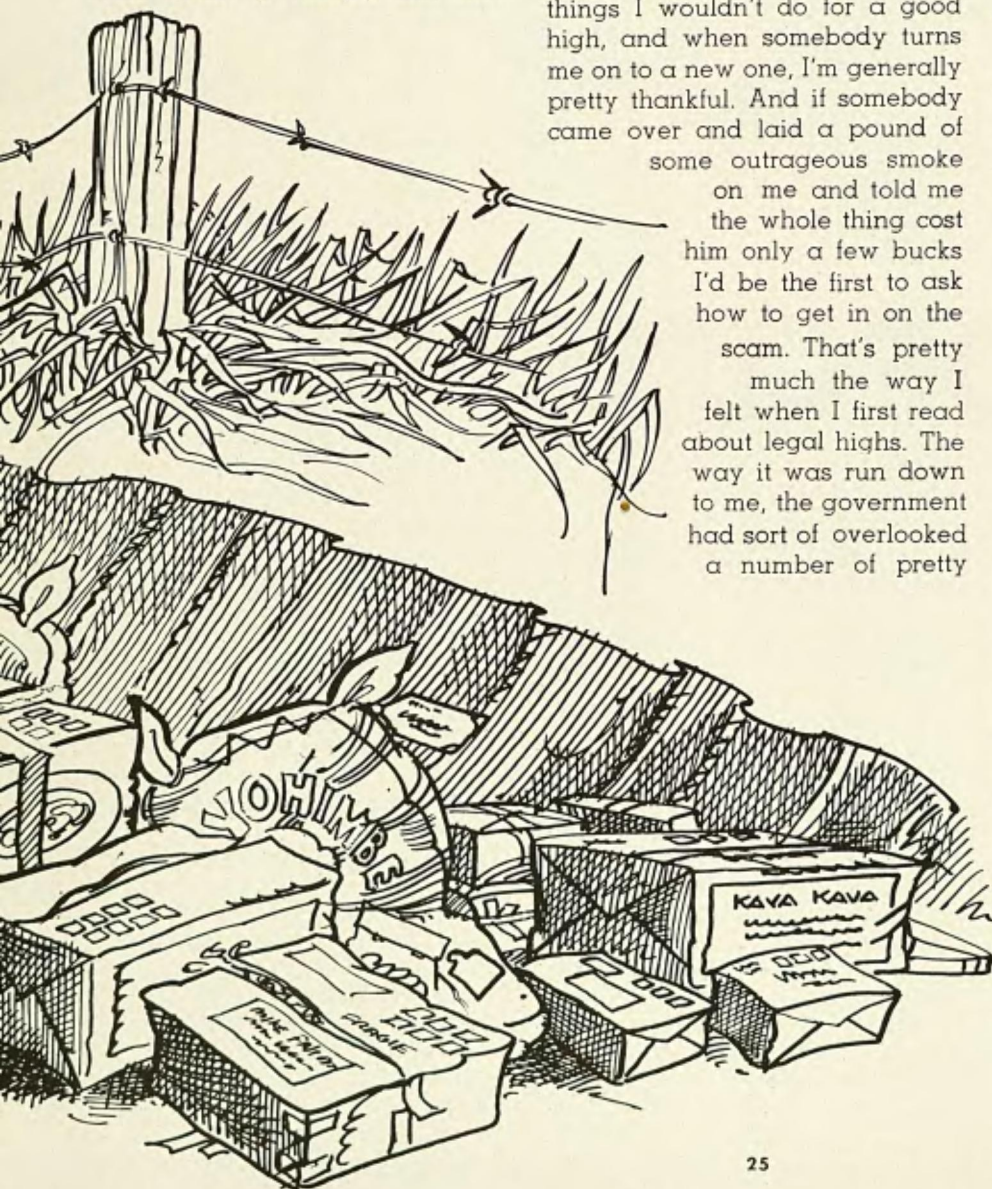
scam. That's pretty much the way I felt when I first read about legal highs. The way it was run down to me, the government had sort of overlooked a number of pretty

potent plants when the drug laws were passed. And these mind-benders were, I was further informed, to be had almost for the asking. The buddy who turned me on to this plot even brought out a copy of a pretty reputable magazine which had all sorts of advertisements for legal highs. Most of these firms that dealt in mail-order drugs were offering money-back guarantees too, so it looked to me like a pretty good thing. After all, I figured, what's a few bucks? Decent commercial weed was going for about fifteen bucks in my neck of the woods at that time, and Colombian was selling for anywhere between thirty and sixty an ounce. Compared with the couple of dollars per ounce these companies were charging for their goods, the other seemed like a lot to me then. And to tell you the truth, it **is** a lot.

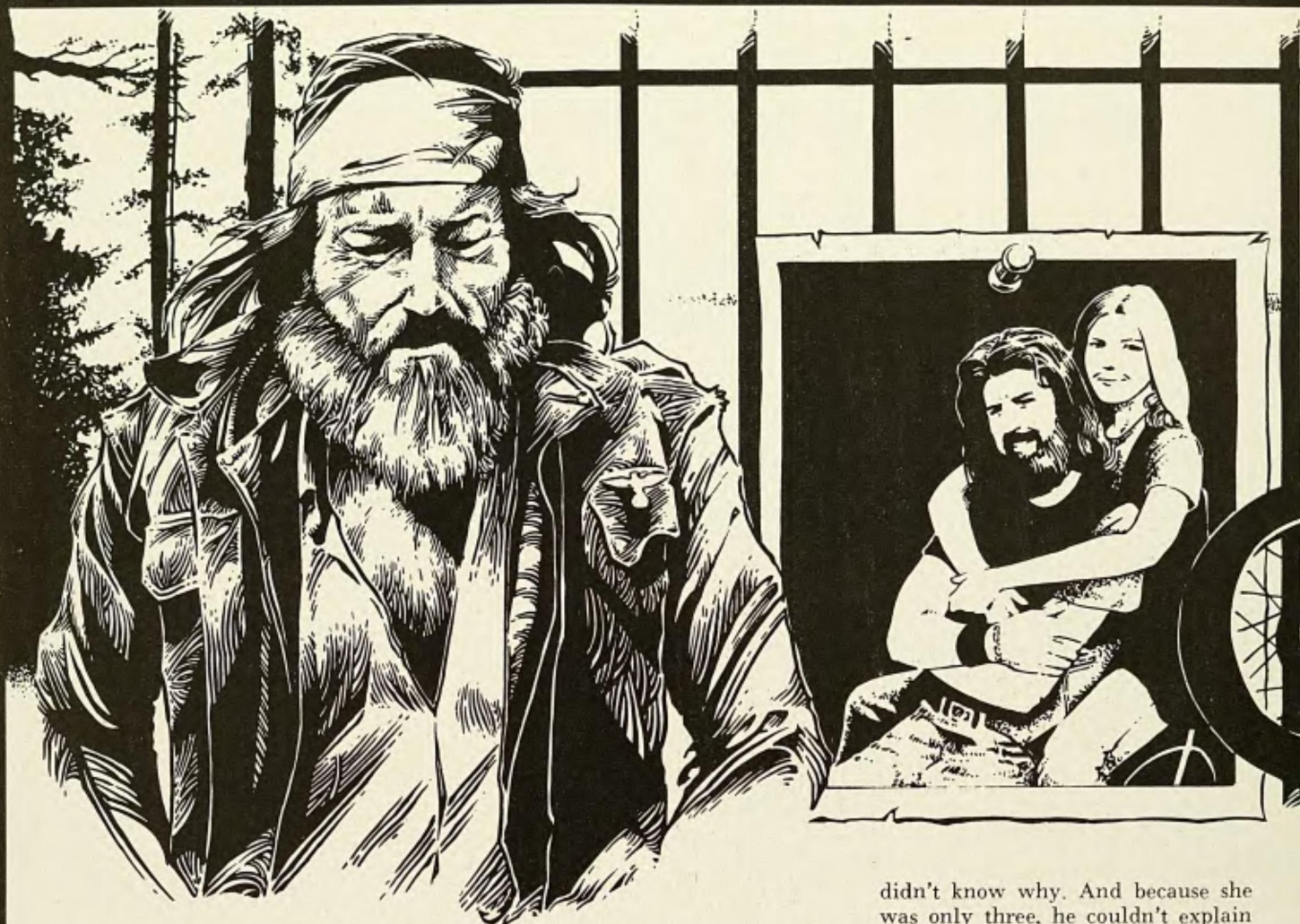
Well, this urge to get something for a good deal less than what I had been paying for some smoke definitely weighed on my feeble mind. No doubt about it—I was set to be stoned for life, and for just a few cents a day. Sounded almost too good to be true.

There are all sorts of psychoactive herbs you can order through the mail, so I sent in my unemployment money as fast as I got it. The way I read it, there were legal substitutes for almost anything that was frowned on by the feds. There were substitutes for grass, speed, acid, and hash—or so the ads said.

Needless to say, I spent the better part of every day waiting for our dipshit mailman to show up. I even managed to smile at the old fart a couple times when I saw him reach deep into that musty, oversized purse he carried around with him, hoping that he had finally brought my packages. He had this chickenshit way of nodding his head that began to piss me off after a while, but I held my temper, knowing that when the shit came in I could turn my bros onto some righteous



—Continued on page 96



A RUN OF GUILT

By Rabbit

Rebel found himself checking the shelf for the twentieth time in less than an hour. "It's all packed, stupid!" he muttered aloud to himself.

He sat down on the lower bunk and reached for his cigarettes. After firing one to life, he leaned back and stared at the wall of his cell.

Well, he thought, in a few more hours I'll give the muthafucker back to them. Then it'll be their cell. Or some other poor soul's cell. He laughed without humor.

Yeah, he thought, someone else's cell. That's so fucked. How many times, he pondered, have I closed my eyes and escaped the cell? In a way, that is. Nobody ever really escapes this place. The dimensions are in the mind forever. And maybe

that's best, he thought. Maybe it's best not to forget.

He lay back and covered his eyes with his arm. Slowly, the shadows became images, images of other times, other places. Familiar, yet unfamiliar—perhaps because of the long span of time.

She would be seventeen years old now. He had often tried to picture her in his mind, but it's hard to take the memory of a three-year-old and transform it into the fact of a young lady, especially when you have nothing to go on—no pictures, no letters, nothing. Nothing except the memory of a little girl with jet-black hair and sky-blue eyes, standing there, staring, hurt and not truly understanding it all. Daddy was leaving, she knew that. But she

didn't know why. And because she was only three, he couldn't explain it all.

How do you tell a child that you'd been indirectly responsible for her mother's death? What do you say?

"Well, you see, kid, we'd been on a long run and your ol' man was tired. But he decided to try and make it all the way home instead of stopping for a coffee break. Then, out of nowhere, a car. The deathly scream of Avons as they tried violently to bite into the asphalt. Then, the crash, sending the big Harley through the guard rail and down the jagged cliff. And your mother's scream—that echoes in my head even now. And the silence. When I woke up in the hospital, they told me she had never regained consciousness.

"Well, that's what happened, kid. One mistake, one tiny error in judgment, one small miscalculation. And since your daddy is an eighth grade dropout and a stupid fucker that can't hardly read or write, I can't support you the way a daddy should. So I'm leaving you here with your aunt and uncle and I'm splitting outta state. 'Cause you see, kid, this



—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

town has too many memories for me. I gotta ride, somewhere, anywhere, to try to lose the memory of her dying screams."

Rebel rose from the bed and sent the cigarette stub flying through the cell bars in a shower of sparks.

"But it didn't work," he muttered aloud, sadly. "It didn't work at all."

He'd spent the next four years just burning the highways—a party here, a run there, then on to another state. From Ohio to the tip of Florida and across Texas to California, never staying anywhere very long. Until he hit Los Angeles, that is. The City of the Angels. What a laugh. What a fuckin' laugh.

The place was in full swing when he got there. The small bar was crowded with people. He had stopped for a beer and a chance to down some bennies before hitting the road again. As it turned out, he was stopping for a ten-year piss break.

The first thing he noticed was a big, fat, very loud fucker at the bar—one of those assholes who tried to intimidate everybody in the place with his size.

Someone to be ignored, thought Rebel, wearily. But fate can't be ignored.

As Rebel stepped around the big man on the way to the john, he stumbled over a big foot—a big, fat foot—that had been intentionally stuck out there to trip him. Only by grabbing a table was he able to regain his balance.

"Why don't you watch where you're walkin', cycle boy?" boomed the fat man.

Rebel stared at his red-faced tormentor for a moment. Fuck this clown! he thought, and turned toward the restroom once again. But the big bastard wouldn't drop it.

"Hey," he yelled even louder, "I'm figurin' to stomp your ass for kickin' me, punk!"

Rebel's shoulders sagged a bit—not out of fear, but rather from that certain feeling you get when you have to do something you really don't want to.

Obviously, there was no way out. The beef couldn't be avoided. The bar abruptly got quiet as everyone in the place realized that a fight was inevitable.

Rebel had a couple of simple philosophies for times like these. Number one: No sense arguing with the wall, and since this fucker was as stupid as a wall, he went

straight on to rule number two. If it can't be avoided, hit the mutha-fucker with all you got. And so he did.

He woke up in a jail cell. Pain shot through his head from temple to temple, and he pressed them hard with his hands. That's the way he was sitting when the sheriff walked into his cell.

"What happened?" asked Rebel.

The sheriff let the question hang for a moment before answering.

"You don't remember?" The seriousness in the cop's voice made Rebel look up.

"Naw, not really," he said. "Only thing I recall is a big, fat fucker talkin' 'bout kickin' my ass."

"Hmmm," replied the sheriff, "that's too bad, boy. You see, that big, fat fucker is dead."

Rebel sat in shocked silence for several moments. Finally, he found his voice.

"No way, man! No fuckin' way!"

The sheriff shook his head and picked at a loose thread on his shirt sleeve.

"Well," he said at last, "whatever. But he is dead. Stabbed with a broken beer bottle—in the back."

—Continued on page 76



ALMOST A BIKER'S

Picture this small southern town in Kentucky. Three decent bars—well, make that two and a half. A town in the middle of hundreds of acres of alfalfa—man, there's nothin' in any direction.

The town has the sweetest, nicest, homiest trailer campgrounds you've ever been in. Local church groups rent out the entire grounds at times. Now I mean to tell ya this place is spiffy—got it? (Bikers aren't allowed in parts

of the grounds—they're put out in the back 40. But it's okay—the back 40 is great for bikes.)

The town's name is Bowling Green and the campgrounds are called Beech Bend. In fact, Beech Bend is in the dry county and that's the reason ya have to run into the wet city to buy beer.

We first heard of Beech Bend about the time we were bitchin' editorially about not supporting cities where bikers aren't welcome. The town we

were attacking at that time was Laconia when they first fenced off the highway to camping bikers. We said, "Fuck 'em, let's take our money elsewhere."

We have a drag bike nut on the staff, and he suggested Bowling Green (Beech Bend) because of the drag bike races that were gonna be held there the same time as Laconia. So in **Easyriders** we mentioned Bowling Green as an alternative to Laconia. A lot of bikers agreed with us and



Photos by Kim Peterson

WOODSTOCK

decided not to spend their money anywhere they're harassed or not liked. So they went to Beech Bend and liked the hospitality and reasonable prices.

Each year the event has grown, but now it appears that the dam has broken.

The headline from the **Louisville Courier Journal & Times** says it all: "Celebrating Bikers Were Too Wild For Bowling Green!" The sub-head coulda said there were too damned many

bikers celebrating in a small town at one time.

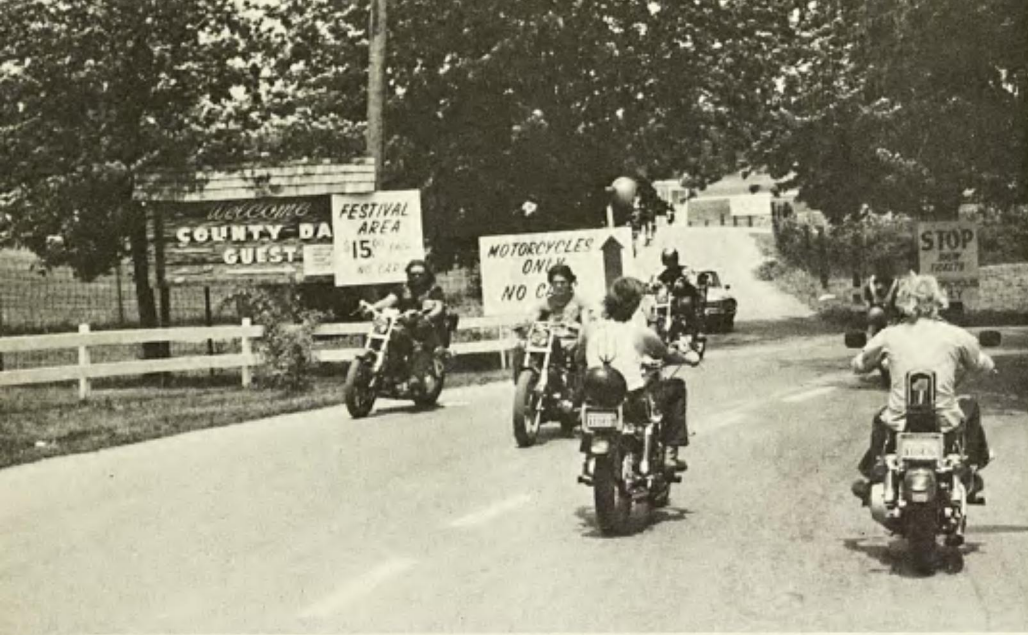
30,000 to 40,000 motorcyclists descended on the small town, but the town enthusiastically welcomed them. Every effort was made to accommodate the huge influx of bikers, most of whom had done some hard and steady travelin' to get there. The marquees in town had "Welcome Bikers" on them.

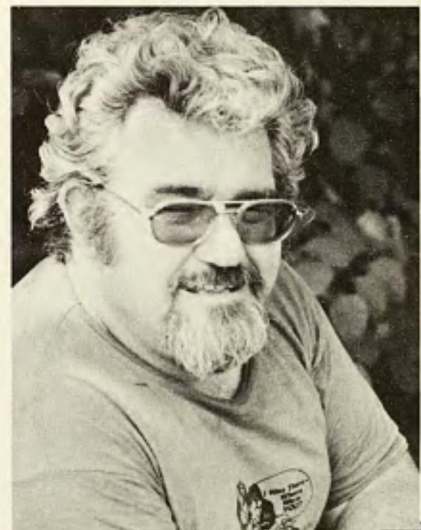
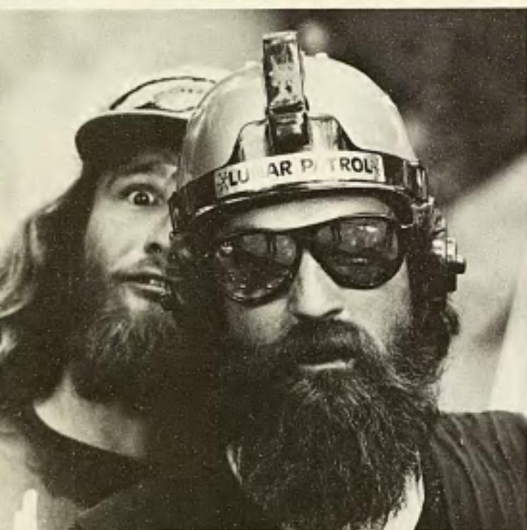
One waitress told me they couldn't close the cafe at the usual 2 a.m. hour

because so many bikers were sitting on the floor, waiting to be fed. She got off work at five, but no hassles—they were just hungry and she sold food.

The police were hopelessly outnumbered, so they let the bikers take care of themselves, especially if they stayed down in the motorcycle camping area. The police hassled no one about helmets—and would you believe it?—there was not one arrest!

There were two deaths caused by some impatient dudes going across and up the opposing lanes. A head-on collision, two deaths, and a lost leg were the result. There were 62 serious motorcycle accidents, two non-fatal shootings, and one stabbing. Taking into account all the partyin' goin' on





and no police, those are small figures.

In town, it was mainly the business people who accepted the bikers—for obvious reasons. But when it came to Mr. and Mrs. Straightarrow of The Bowling Green Straightarrows, you can bet your ass there was some kinda starin' goin' on.

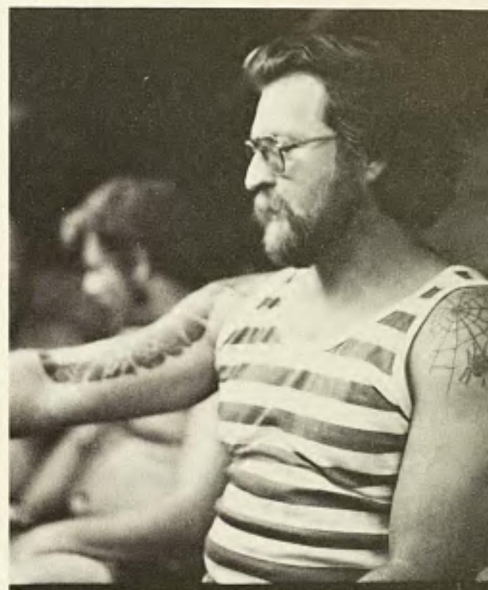
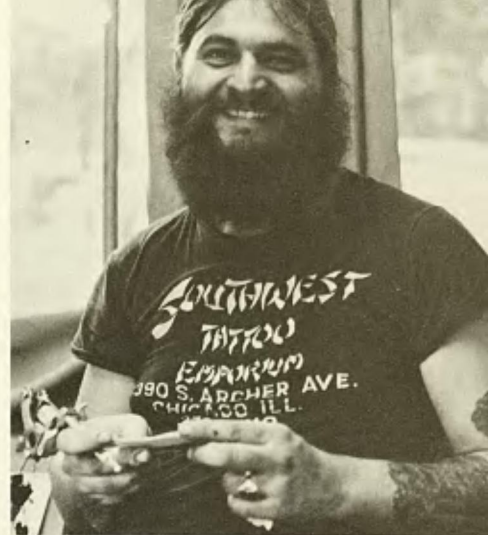
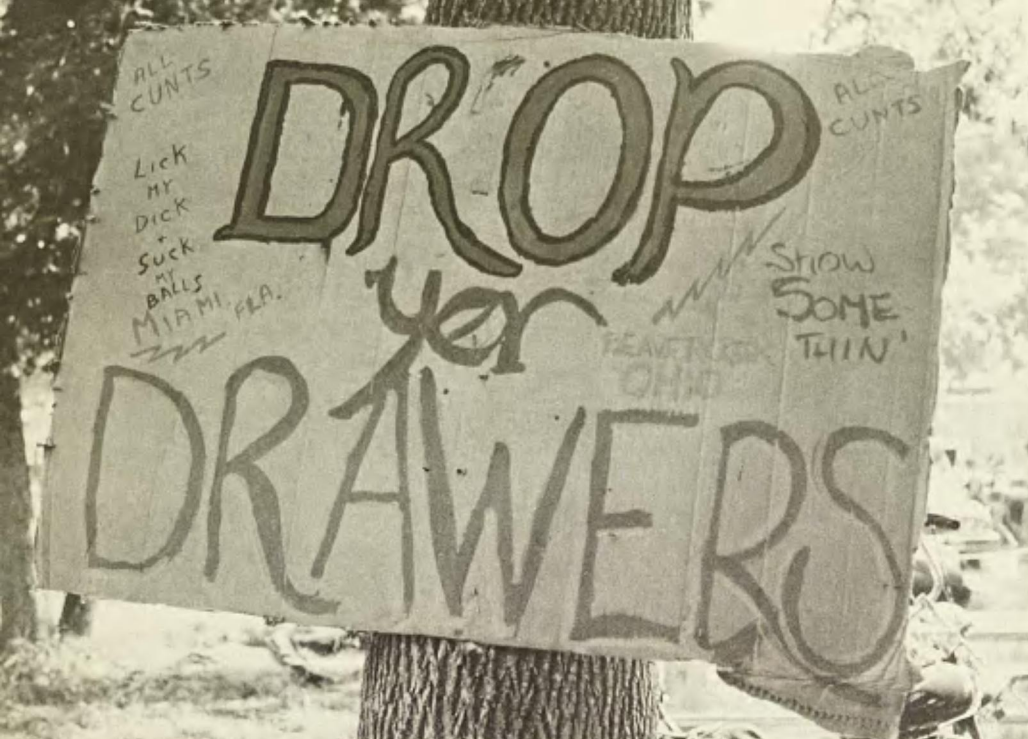
You can also bet your ass there was some hollerin' going on afterwards too. A circuit judge has requested a Grand Jury investigation. Sheriff Gaines has been quoted as saying that if he had gone in there (the bikers' camp), "They'd have thrown me in the river." The latest news we have is that there won't be another Bowling Green event.

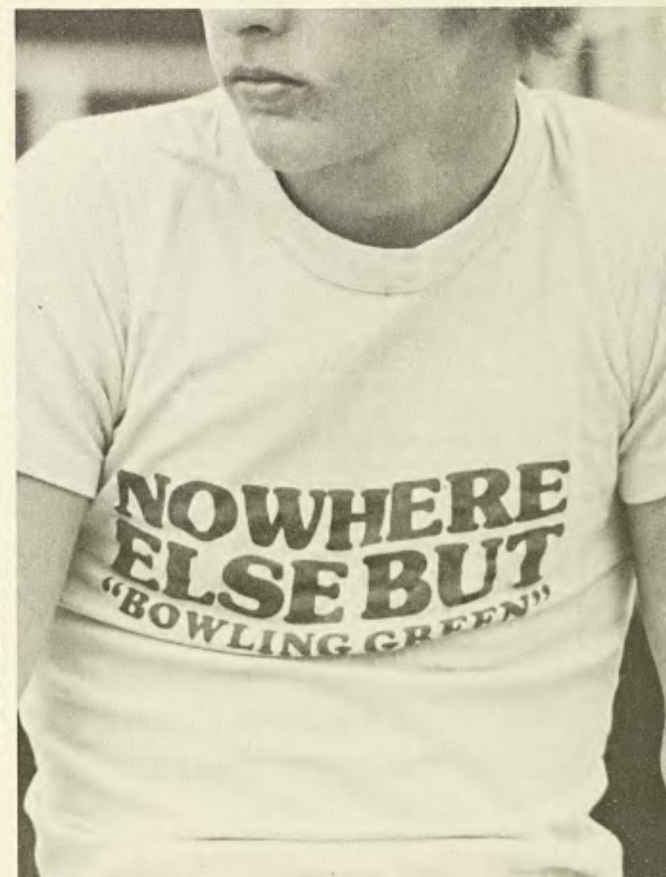
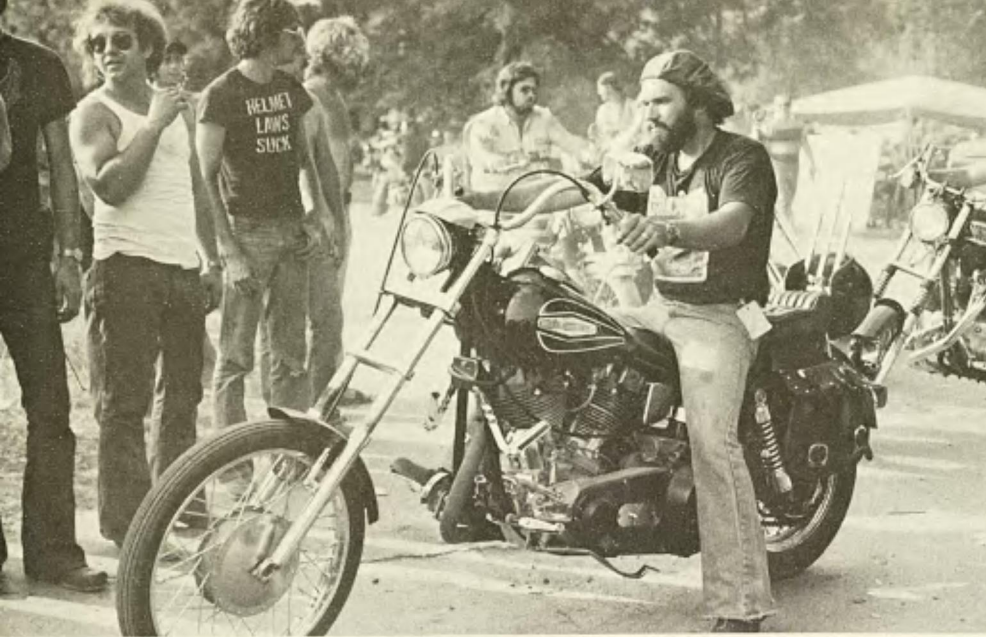
It will be too bad if we lose Bowling Green. There are too few righteous places to make runs to. The error at

Bowling Green this year was simply not knowing how many bikers to expect and consequently the town's not being fully prepared for 30,000 or more bikers to hold an encampment, a national drag race, and a 12-hour concert all at once. The business people made a good income, and it would seem that what is good financially for the city should be supported by the people of the city. We can only hope.

Oh yeah, there was also a drag race, but we were too hung over to attend. A lot of people had a great time—the accompanying photos will give you a small idea of the goings on.

—Continued on next page





CUSTOMIZED BUCK

The easy or the hard way

So we went both routes—the glitter/fantasyland stylish model and the right way. But not before we tackled our resident craftsman, promising him all the beer he could guzzle, all the barbecued chicken he could eat—and something to keep him awake. This wasn't the first Buck he'd modified, but usually he takes his own sweet time. This time, we planned that one way or another he would sit there and do the boring job from start to finish—with only one break for grub.

Our prisoner started about 2:00 in the afternoon and the tailored knife wasn't finished until 2:30 the next morning. By then, the rest of the stumbling crew had crashed from one end of the pad to the other. Meantime, the whittler ground steadily away at the knife and babbled about the run he'd missed, while the empties formed aluminum pyramids around his creaking chair. It's not the kind of job to begin on a hot Saturday afternoon.

Anyway, we brought it off—a miracle, considering. We can now open up the secret of this craft to the world of Buck knife owners. Without blithering on about the plastered party and the unbudging technician, we'll try to move this right along...

Fuck it—ya see, as he stared, uninterested in what was happening around him, we tempted him with Jack Daniel's (his favorite), naked sweeties, thai-sticks and gobs of food. There was plenty more to distract his tense concentration—bumbling drunks, puking women, flying furniture, fist fights, automatic BB guns—and the fact that his house was being destroyed. He mumbled something about sticking someone when the knife was completed, but went on working.

Anyway, our attempts to fuck up the project failed, so we'd

better get on with explaining how it was completed. He began by wrapping his hand around the knife, gripping it comfortably, and noting where his fingers touched the underside of the grip. He marked the location of each finger lightly with a pencil, then drew the basic outline on one side of the handle, outlining each notch, being careful to avoid drawing the line too close to the rivets that hold the hard wood in place.

Once the general design was drawn on the handle, he fired up his grinder for the rough forming. (If his washing-machine-motor-driven grinder hadn't been available, he could have used a series of metal files to do the rough cutting.) Moving right along, he ground the rough shape slowly so as not to create too much vibration, which could possibly loosen the structure of the knife. He was also careful not to cut too deeply into the meat of the grip, because there was much sanding to come. Still, the initial formation took less than 15 minutes. He worked one side, then the other, to keep them even and alike.

Then our bro began the tedious task of sanding and shaping. Beginning with coarse emery paper, he rounded the rough edges and worked on the striations left by the grinder. Through this process he put everyone to sleep, developed a one-inch blister on his thumb, and caught enough rays from the 95-degree sun to roast a pig. But, undaunted, he continued to smooth and shape up one side of the knife and down the other until it was ready for a finer grade of emery paper. He then repeated the process. When the blade handle was reasonably smooth, we hung a light from a tree, gave him another six-pack and a pot of water to dip the wet-n-dry sandpaper in, and went inside to party.

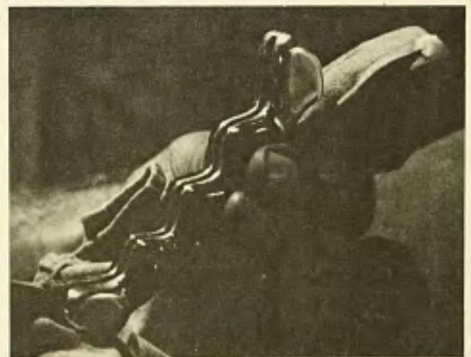
The sun had split. So, left alone outside, hearing the party going on in his very own house, he went through 500, then 600 grade wet-n-dry, until all the scratches from the previous abrasives were gone. It was about midnight when he entered the house for still another sixer, only to discover Kim, the photographer, blithered and crashed. One swift kick, and Kim returned to the garage with the master to view through the camera the task of buffing the brass and ebony to a brilliant shine, first with a coarse compound and then with jeweler's rouge (the finest compound around).

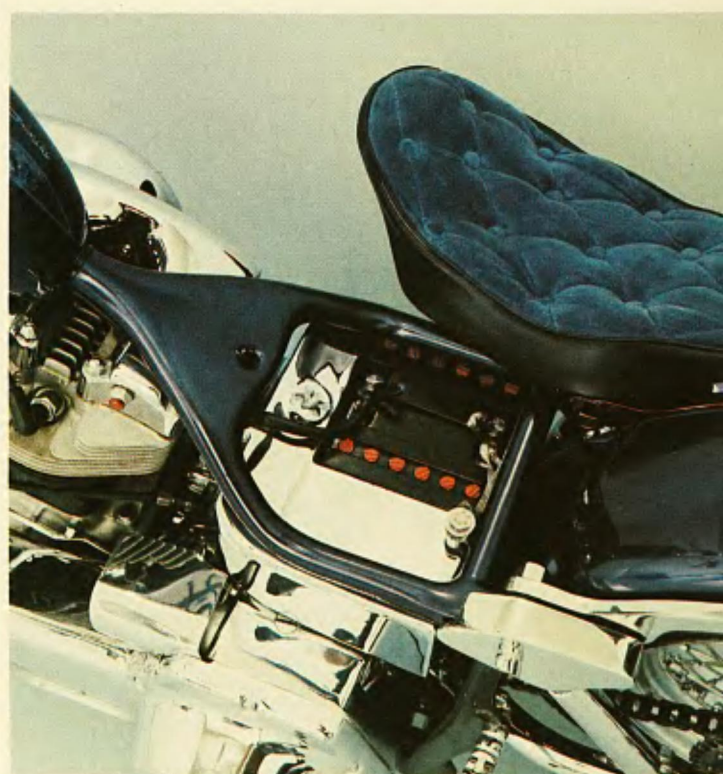
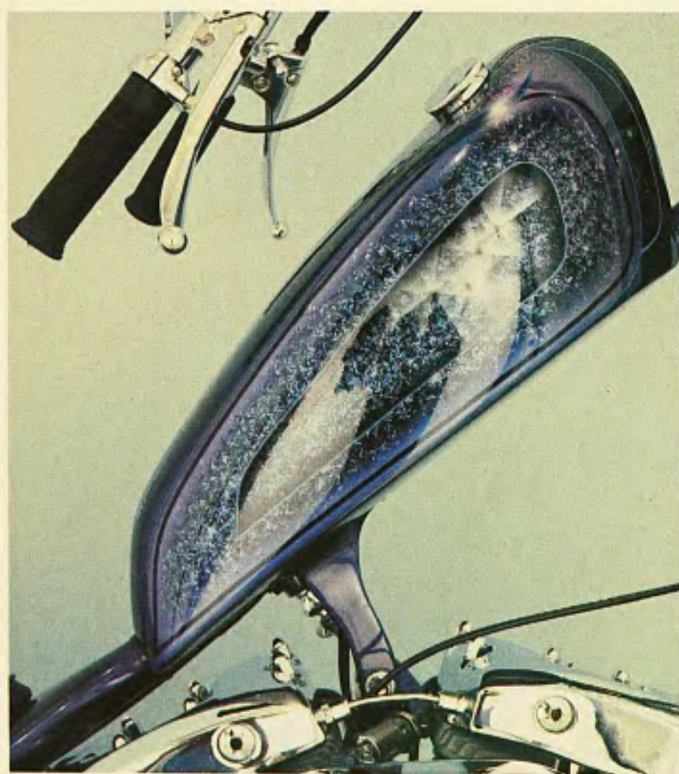
Our worker had copped a second washer/dryer motor and fastened a buffing wheel to it. (But if he hadn't been so lucky, he could've used rubbing compound, then various brass or chrome polishes to produce the desired luster. No big thing—just takes a taste longer.) As 2:00 a.m. rolled around, the knife was buffed to perfection, requiring only some protective waxing to keep the shine alive. But before applying the wax, he used the kitchen sink, detergent, and a scrub brush to wash out any abrasive particles that could rub against the working parts of the knife.

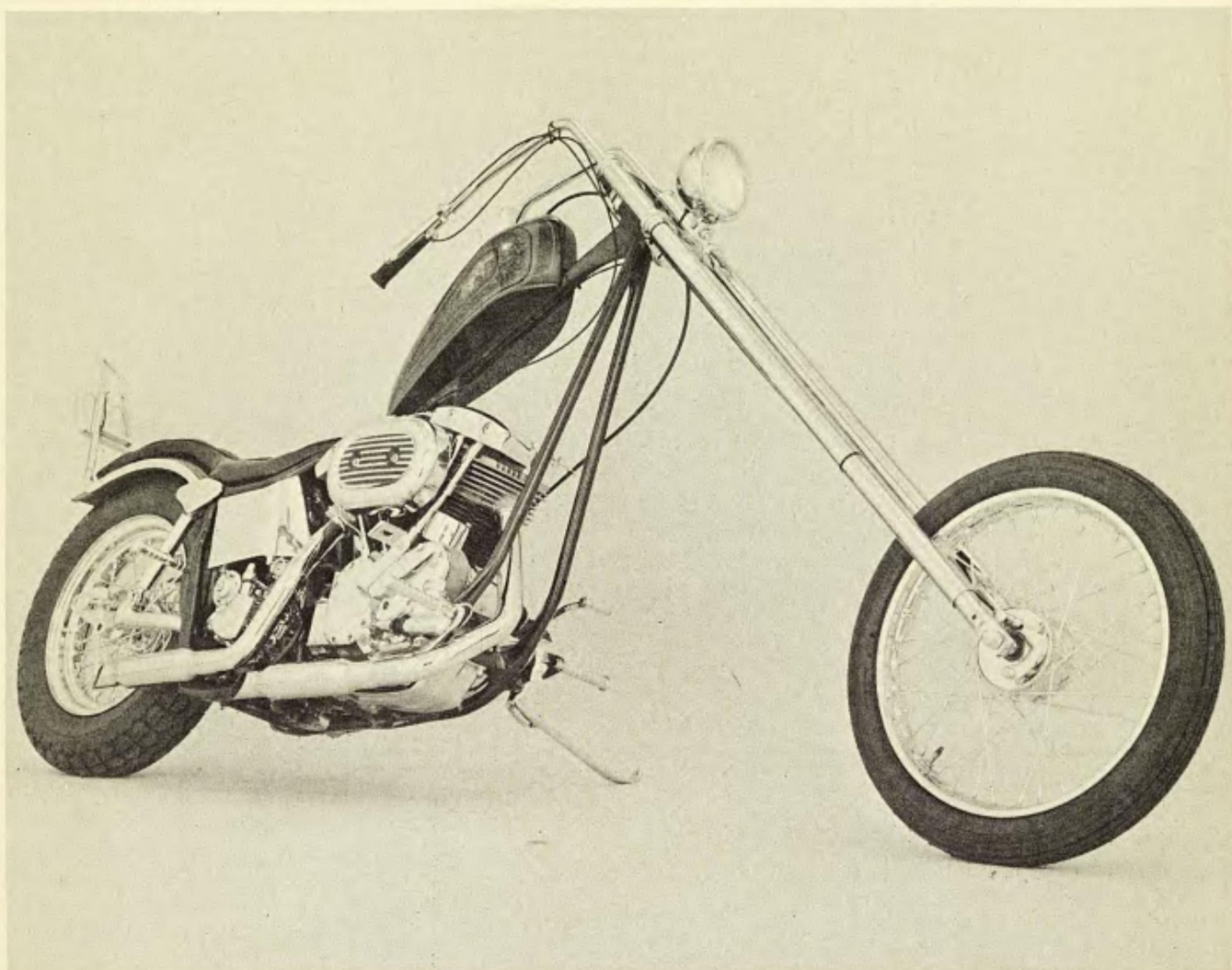
The man ended the project sitting on the crowded couch, amongst a half dozen wasted saps, applying a final coat of paste wax to the finished blade about 2:30 a.m. With his blistered and ground mitt, our bro casually passed the finished glistening Buck around the room. Most of the dudes went cross-eyed trying to focus on it. But it came back to him with a half dozen requests to modify more Bucks. The craftsman just nodded and broke the seal on his stashed fifth of Jack Daniel's and said, "Let's party."

—the crew







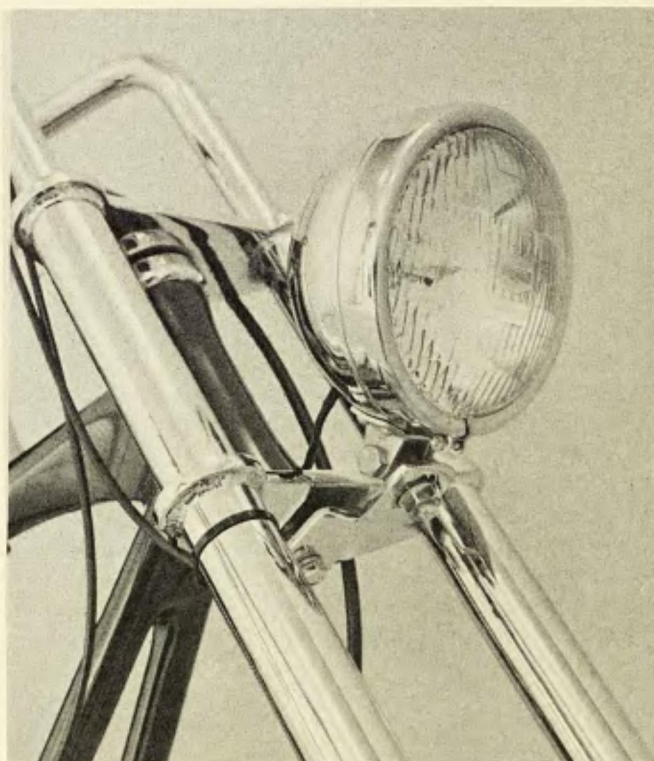


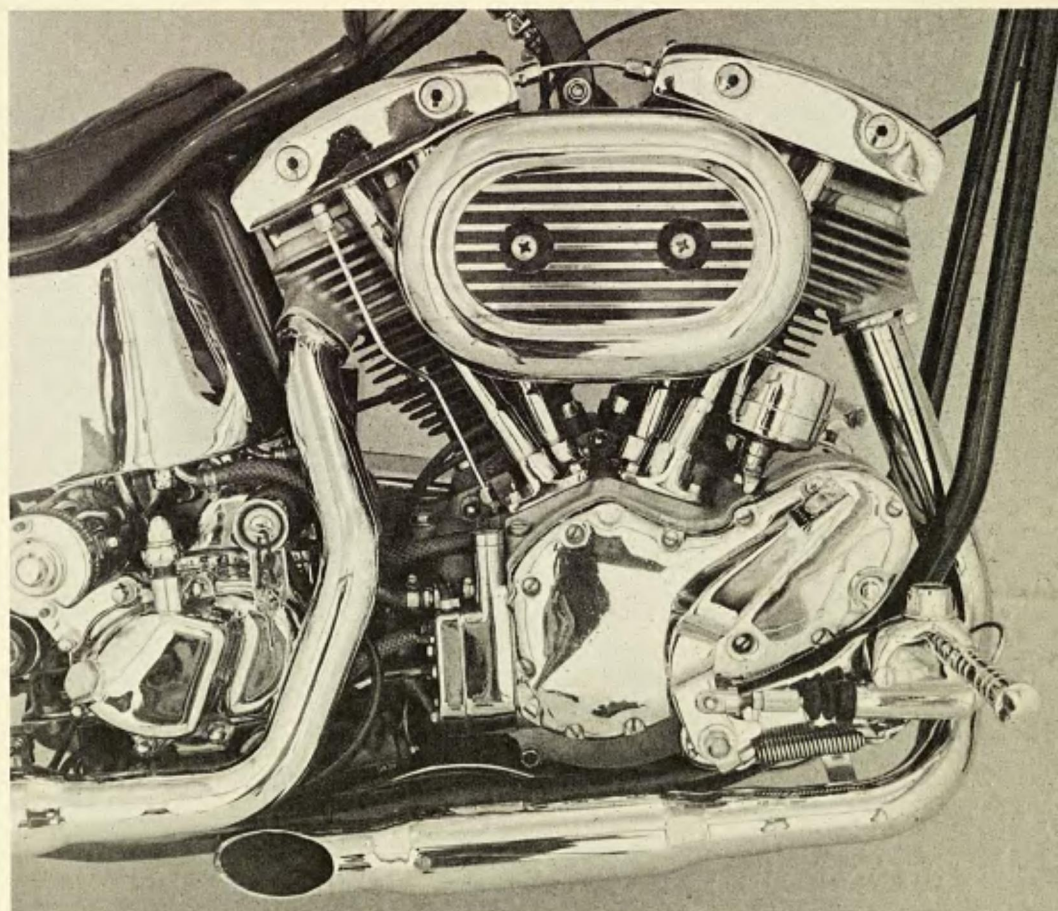
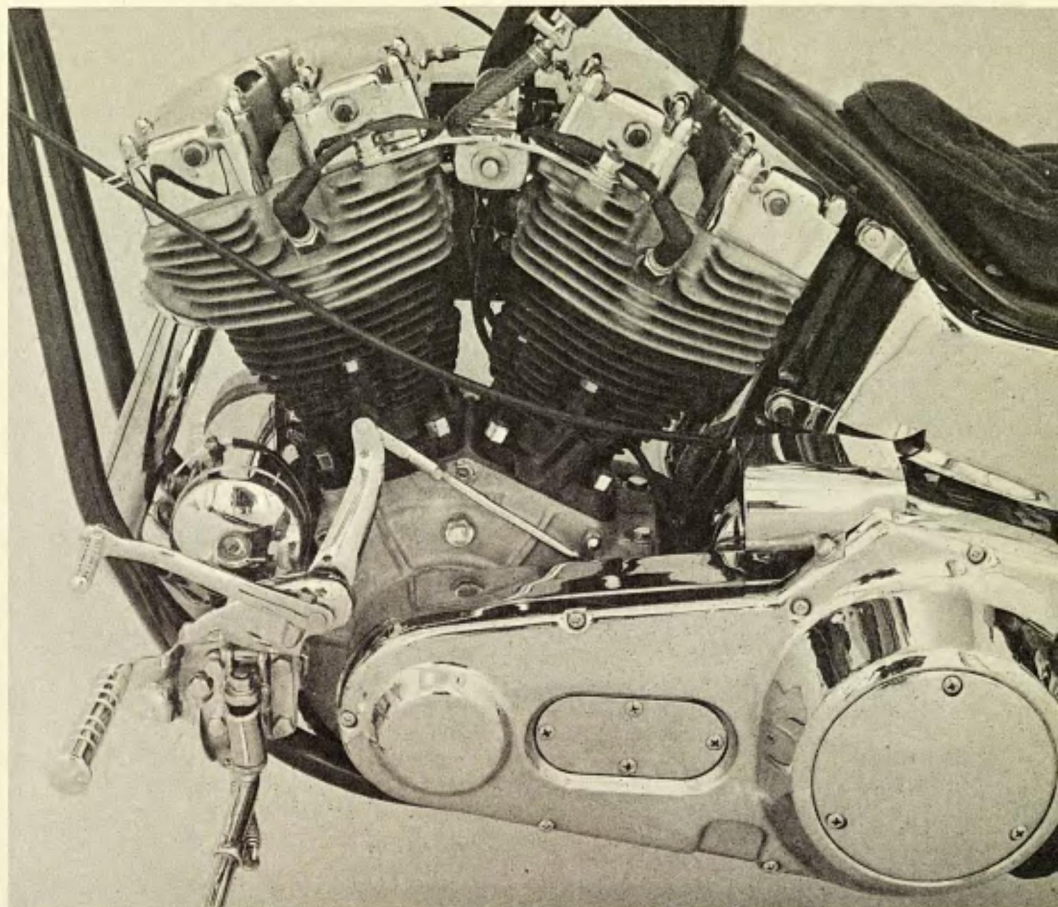
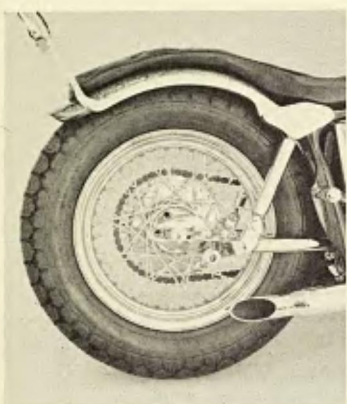
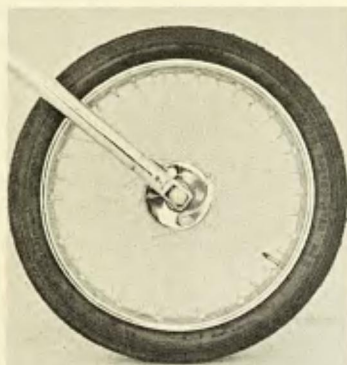
PORKY'S

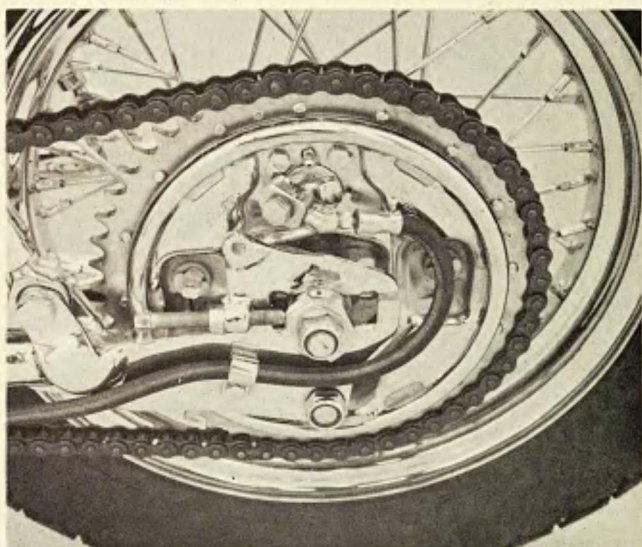
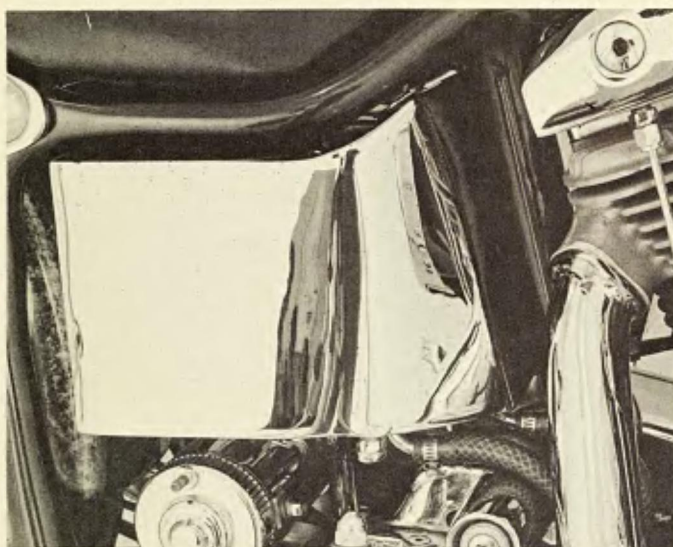
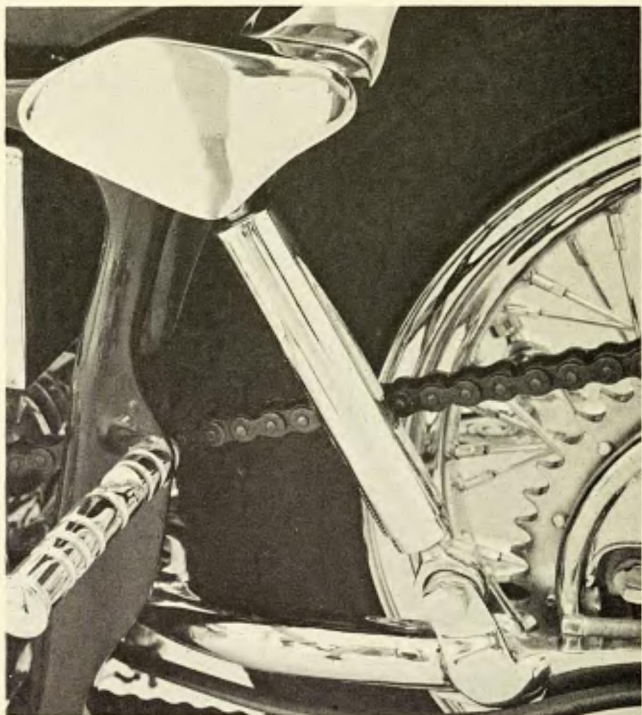
Believe it or not—he rides the hell out of it.

What can ya say about a bike as unique and clean as this one—except that a lot of thought and work went into its precise construction? In this case, the various talents belonged to two different scooter tramps.

Porky sent sample photos to us once before, back a couple of years ago. But before we could get it together, he up and got hitched. Now, don't blow it—we'll feature married bros' bikes. But during his honeymoon, while the newlyweds were cruising along the sheer precipice of the Grand Canyon, one of those not-so-popular oriental inner-tubes split up the seam. Without waiting around, the bike jumped at the chance to go out of control, threw his new missus off, and spun down the road—nearing the canyon's edge with Porky hanging







Photos by Pete Chiodo

on, his hands like vise-grips on the bars. They had been going 95. At the time, his bike looked pretty much the way it does now—except not as detailed.

Anyway, before I get into the marijuana/missing memory stage, I better move this tale along. Porky had a spare bike at home. He hadn't totally lunched the pretty one, but he decided to do it over and make all the changes he dreamt of at night—and do 'em right.

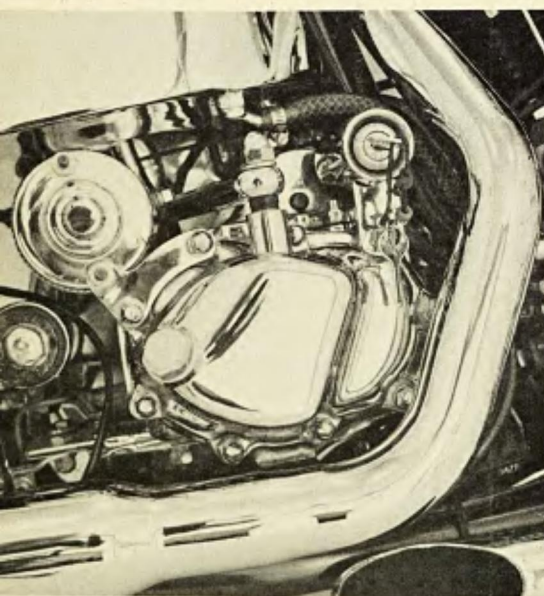
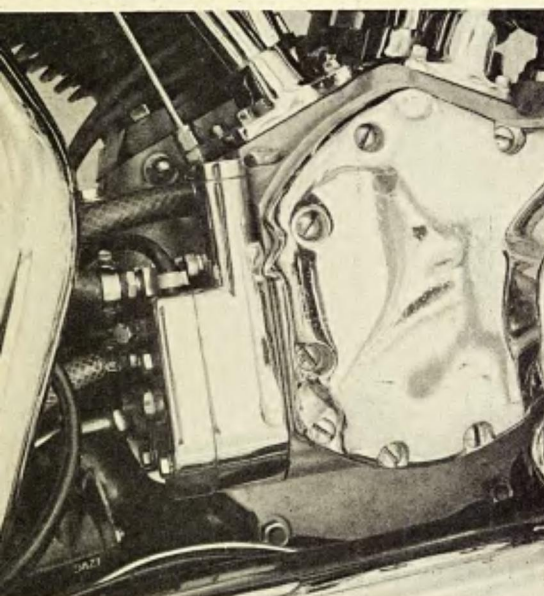
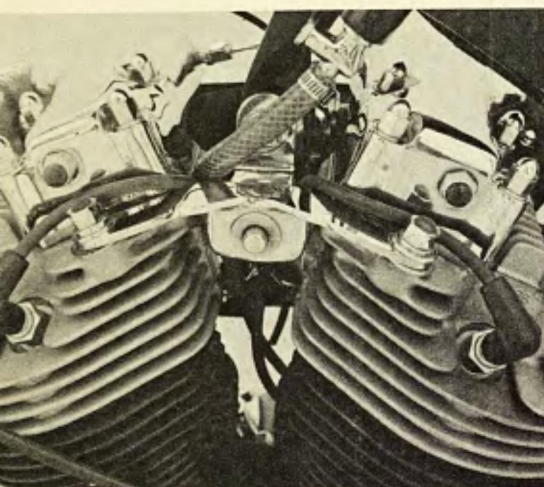
Take a close look at some of the things he did and notice his concentration on detail. Porky did all the design work and chose the material; then his brother, Randy Clark, carefully crafted each piece. The stretch in the frame was intentionally made with solid bar to retain weight on the front wheel. The front end works with internal springs.

He lowered the seating position by modifying the frame, then fabricated another oil bag so it would fit like a chicken in an egg. The same design used in the front end he also applied to the shocks—which work. The bike is unreal and smooth as glass.

There's only one thing I couldn't figure out. With such an eye for detail and such a capacity for precision in motorcycle construction, why did he wait until the bike was completely rebuilt before he went back to the Grand Canyon to pick up his ol' lady?

—Wilburn Roach

—Continued on next page



Owners: Porky

City: Oceanside, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: modified 1969

Year and make: 1969 H-D

Builder: Randy Clark

Model: shovelhead

Type: stretched swingarm

Value: \$8,000

Rake: 15°

Assembly by: owner and Bill

Stretch: 6 in. in downtubes

Time: 2 years

Other alterations: seat area

Chroming by: Lemon Grove

Accessories

Engine

Bars: custom

Year: 1969

Risers: none

Model: shovelhead

Fender(s): custom

Rebuilder: Kris Ward

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: owner, coil

Taillight: Drag Specialties

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: Kris

Front pegs: custom

Balancing: Drag Master

Rear pegs: custom

Pistons: MC Supply

Electrics: two batteries

Cases: clean

Gas tank: Kaw tank, modified

Heads: shovel

Oil tank: Randy and owner

Cam: FLH

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: stock

Carb(s): Bendix

Seat: Arrow Top Shop

Air cleaner: H-D

Sissy bar: Randy and owner

Pipes: Warner's headers

Height: 18 inches

Muffler(s): Paughco

Material: 1/2 in. square

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: glide

Year: 1969

Extension: 28 inches

Shifting: ratchet

Builder: Randy and owner

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features: internal springs

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 18

Size: 16

Molding: Hogfish

Hub: Hallcraft

Hub: H-D

Painter: Hogfish and John

Rim width: 3 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: purplish blue

Tire: Avon

Tire: Pirelli

Type: pearl

Brake: Hallcraft

Brake: juice

Special paint: urethane topcoat



BIKE ART

And I don't mean arty paint jobs, either. These aren't roadable bikes — they're replicas. Models carefully built in one-eighth to one-sixth scale by Mark "Speed" Davido-witz.

Speed's been into this eyeball-twistin' detail artwork for ten years, and he's scored best model prize three years in a row in New York City. If ya think about it, what could make a better subject than a smooth-lined Harley-Davidson?

Art, especially H-D art, is a good trip and we hope he keeps it up. Someday, maybe, he'll build one that runs — an' from then on, Mark'll be too busy rid-in' to make models.

—Weed



*See, I won't weigh the
bike down too much*



Easynews

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

More Meat for Helmet Law Opposition

In the July issue of *Traffic Safety* magazine, Mr. Robert Parenti of the Utah Highway Safety Division has turned the spotlight on an on-going motorcycle study that may have far-reaching effects on the future of helmet laws, as well as giving significant insight into the causes of motorcycle accidents.

In the study, conducted by Utah's Highway Safety Division, over 220 separate motorcycle accidents were put into a statistical format and analyzed by computer. The 220 accidents mentioned were chosen because of the availability of complete information about the crashes.

The study found that motorcycle driving experience was the most significant factor involved in a cycling accident. It was discovered that 85 per cent

of the cyclists involved in crashes had less than five years experience in driving motorcycles. Perhaps even more significant was the fact that 52 per cent of the cyclists had less than two years riding experience.

It was also found that experience on the particular motorcycle driven by the cyclist was less than one year in over 75 per cent of the crashes.

Another discovery was that cyclists may have a better overall driving record than automobile drivers. Over 76 per cent of the cyclists had never had a mishap before, over 90 per cent had never had their license suspended, and over 96 per cent had never had a DWI conviction.

Helmet Findings. Possibly the most interesting finding of the analysis con-

cerned the relationship of safety helmets and the severity of head injury. In the analysis, the helmet was investigated solely as a protective device that might affect the degree of head injury sustained in a motorcycle crash. Through a series of analytical procedures, "statistically verifiable" conclusions were reached that demonstrate that the helmet is not significantly (emphasis ours, Ed.) related to the severity of head injuries. This does not mean that the head is going to be injured with or without a helmet. It means that if you're going to get your skull crushed, a helmet may not prevent that crushing. If you wear that helmet, the chances of your head being injured are demonstrably reduced.

—from *Drivers' Magazine*

some time—buried in the correspondence. I noticed that they made a routing notation on each letter, which would indicate that they were not going into the circular file. Actually, by law, EPA must consider each and every comment that arrives prior to June 16 an official comment, and it must go into the permanent record. Following June 16, they can trash them if they like, but I'll come back to that subject later.

"The meeting itself was very tense and cold, and at several points, openly hostile. They stated that since we were in an official comment period, what was said would be considered testimony, and therefore they would talk with me only if I consented to be recorded. I agreed, and they taped what turned out to be a two-and-one-half hour meeting.

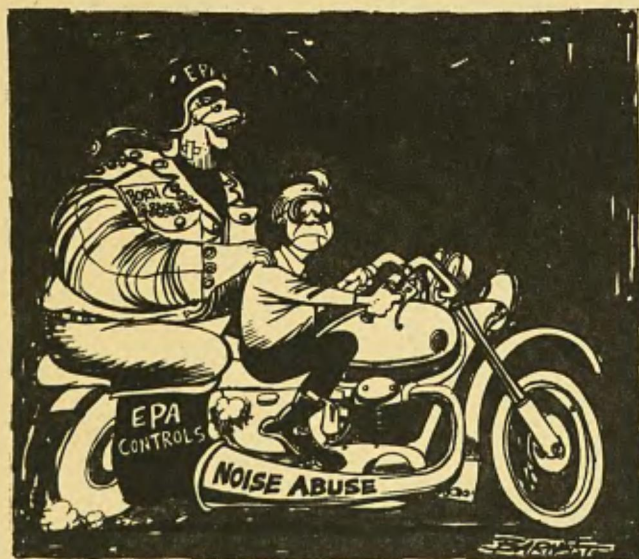
"They are furious about the letters protesting the Florida travesty. They also assured me that letter-writing campaigns and comments that were not of a strictly technical or financial nature would have no bearing on the final regs. They assured me of this point so many times, I got the very clear impression that they were pleading for me to shut it off. I have the feeling that the letters coming in and going on by them to the White House and the Council on Wage and Price Stability are in fact having one hell of a lot of impact.

"I did get them to admit that what could scuttle their boat more than anything else are the arguments about bad priorities and inflation. They are not impressed with the indus-

EPA Meeting

"It was a most interesting meeting, and I came away with the general impression that the EPA is not happy with the amount of pressure it is getting from motorcyclists.

"Before meeting with Henry Thomas and Scott Edwards, I cooled my heels for about ten minutes in the reception area. It was well worth it, because I got to observe secretaries opening mountains of mail. It all appeared to be from motorcyclists. There were no derogatory comments, but it was clear that they were—and had been for



'NICE OF YOU TO INVITE ME ALONG!

try's arguments, especially since they are aware that their ultimate boss, Jimmy, is on a kick-big-business campaign lately. However, they are very sensitive and vulnerable to the squeals from me and you and every other taxpayer who rides a motorcycle. My conclusion is that if anything is going to be accomplished here, only the user—AMA, ABATE, and whoever—will be in a position to do it.

Consequently, the following are my recommendations:

- A. No demonstrations. EPA has so far failed to get response from the general public, and this is what they very badly need. One guy on a noisy bike—and you can bet there will be one—at any sizeable demonstration will attract press and give EPA exactly what it wants.
- B. No need for further technical data. Those who are currently collecting more technical data aren't doing any harm, but it is questionable

whether they can do any good. The manufacturer's comments contain acres of technical data, and there is no need for more. Our best argument now is financial.

- C. More letters—many, many, many, more letters. Bury them in letters. All letters should go to:

Douglas Costle, Administrator
U.S. Environmental Protection Agency
Washington, D.C. 20460
and copies sent to:

Robert Strauss, Special Counsel to the President on Inflation
New Executive Office Building
726 Jackson Place, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20506
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20506
Council on Wage and Price Stability
New Executive Office Building
726 Jackson Place, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20506

"It is especially critical that copies of all letters be sent upstairs, especially after June 16, when EPA can start trashing them.

We've got to bring down heat from the top. The letters should contain arguments about inflation. We should put on the best beleaguered taxpayer act we can. The Feds may not be sympathetic to "rights," but they are sensitive to charges of inflation. Also, there are obvious related arguments, e.g., that the motorcycle is fuel-conservative, and that EPA could put lots of people out of work.

"So those are my suggestions. I can't over-emphasize my fear that demonstrations can only go off in our faces. I hope you will pass this on and emphasize the need for the right kind of letters.

"In the meantime, we will still seek a private meeting with Robert Strauss, and with Mr. Bosworth at the Council on Wage and Price Stability. Don't doubt that the EPA is powerful, and a scared cow with Congress. The only thing that will shut them down is pressure from elsewhere within the administration. That is what we have got to generate.—from Ed Youngblood

Battery Bombs

The ordinary battery is a potential bomb. University of Illinois eye specialists are seeing many eye injuries from exploding batteries. In an eight-month period, 62 injuries were treated as emergencies in the Eye and Ear Infirmary.

"Eye injuries are becoming common because the explosive potential of an ordinary car battery is poorly understood," says Dr. Harvey I. Minatoya of the department of ophthalmology.

The hydrogen and oxygen gases released by the ordinary lead-acid battery can be ignited by a spark or flame given off when jumper cables are incorrectly connected, by a match or cigarette lighter used for illumination, by smoking while working, by incorrectly connecting a battery charger, or by careless use of tools around the battery.

"The most common cause we found was the use of an open flame as a light source to inspect the fluid level," said Minatoya. "The second was the incorrect use of jumper cables."

The amount of eye laceration usually is extensive, but no eye has yet been lost immediately from injury. As a result of surgery to remove exploded particles, irrigation, antibiotics and patching, visual loss has been kept to a minimum.

None of the 62 patients was wearing protective eyewear.

Two patients were auto mechanics, one of whom has encountered three explosive battery experiences.

In one case, a 22-year-old man was helping a friend, when he connected the jumper cables improperly.

A man, 27, was trying to tighten a loose positive terminal connection. The handle of the pliers brushed against the negatively-charged car body, causing a spark. A man, 24, was checking the fluid level of his dead car battery using a cigarette lighter.

New York's Startling Record

New York is interesting, because often in the literature, reference is made to New York's dramatic drop of 39% in motorcycling accidents and fatalities the year the helmet law was in effect (1967), compared to the year before (1966). Indeed, the drop did occur, but factors other than helmets more logically explain the fatality trend. The N.Y. DMV wrote in Research Report, Motorcycle Accidents, 1969: "The reduction of 39% in the frequency of motorcycle accidents may be related to the general safety-oriented atmosphere created by the DMV in the driving population. Posters, bulletins, and pamphlets had been distributed concerning motorcycle safety and explaining the new safety equipment requirements. It is reasonable to assume that part of the reduction

in motorcycle accidents is the result of intensified law enforcement."

It is important to look at a few years following the helmet law. Notice New York's record over a longer period. Five years after the helmet law, the fatality rate increased to higher than before the law. It is necessary also to note that not only death rates dropped, but that the accident rate dropped an almost equal percentage.

Helmets can't stop accidents. In addition, the number of motorcycles

actually dropped the year of the helmet law (1967). This reduced the number of new riders, the high risk group. During this time, only two states had no helmet law, Iowa and California. For comparison purposes, the average Iowa and California fatality rates are shown with New York's. The two curves show that helmet laws are not creating better and safer riders. Perhaps it is overlooked that helmets do not prevent accidents, and do not prevent deaths.—from Ed Armstrong



Fight Big Brother

Easyriders magazine supports all bike organizations equally. Everyone riding a motorcycle should support the organization of his/her choice in order to keep Big Brother in line. Everyone must fight for the rights of motorcyclists everywhere. If we don't, we will be legislated off the highways by bureaucrats who don't know the front end of a bike from the back. They must be educated to the fact that, ecologically speaking, motorcycles use less fuel, take up less space, cause less pollution and damn it—that bikers are real people and they have voting power. Join the organization of your choice today. Do something before the bureaucrats do something to you. (All bike organizations are welcome here, to advertise free—and for freedom of the road—for everyone!)

Join the World's Only Organization for Street Bikers!



National ABATE
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, California 95816

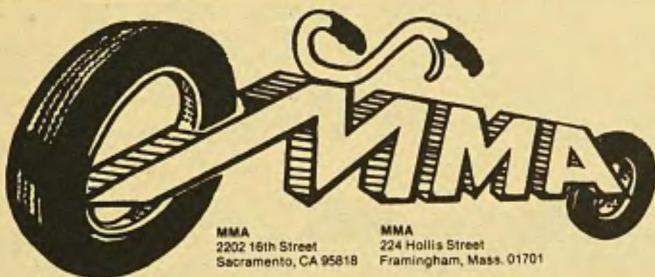
It is National ABATE's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory safety laws. It is also National ABATE's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area that are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National ABATE is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. Here's my \$10.00 contribution for 1 year's membership in National ABATE.

I understand that National ABATE will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast, and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest National ABATE chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—we never will.



MMA
2202 16th Street
Sacramento, CA 95818

MMA
224 Hollis Street
Framingham, Mass. 01701

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.

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ABATE stands for A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments, and it is just that. A brotherhood. A brotherhood of bikers from all over the United States that have banded together all across the country to fight the unjust laws that are endangering our free way of life.

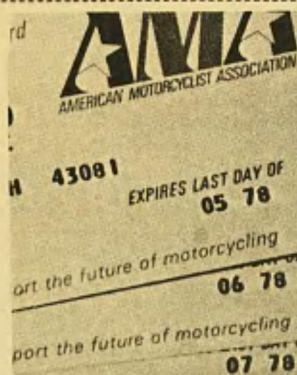
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Box 38094
Washington, D.D. 20020

Coupon

Enclosed find \$10 for my first year's membership []
I am also enclosing \$2 additional for an ABATE patch []

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Area code _____ Phone _____ Age _____



Is your number coming up?

Check your AMA card. If it expires on any of these dates, you should renew now. The membership gals will love you for it and we won't have to send you a special notice. To show our appreciation, AMERICAN MOTORCYCLIST will send you a special 5" AMA decal if you renew with this coupon. Mail with your remittance (\$12 full member, \$6 associate) to: Renewal P.O. Box 141 Westerville, OH 43081.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ ZIP _____
AMA number _____ ☐ check if this is a new address
Riding preference: ☐ Road and street ☐ Off-road and trail ☐ Racing



COOL DIP

By George Powers

Zeke grinned at the strength of the Harley's third gear, tugging his arms straight out. And he grinned at the cool touch of Hey Sweet's fingertips. She dropped her hand from around his chest to his groin. He sure as hell had it made.

The Sportster hurtled past two columns of recruits marching to a firing range. Zeke was using a short cut that involved an unwanted but necessary incursion into the Fort Polk military area. The skinheads thought it was great.

"Look at that lucky bastard, god-dam," one of them yelled. A ragged cheer went up. They had their eyes on the girl on the back of the Harley when a drill sergeant shouted, "Double time, harch!"

The bike disappeared around a bend. Fifteen minutes later Zeke and Hey Sweet were past the firing ranges and rocketing toward a clear-water bayou fed by a small river.

Zeke Lightfoot had a pocket stuffed with cash and nothing on his mind but diving into the bayou and then into Hey Sweet. A bro from down toward New Orleans had paid him cash for the finest canebreak rattler he'd ever seen. Zeke had put it under twelve coats of hand-rubbed clear lacquer just the way the bro had wanted it, with the rattler wrapped around an alligator. The bro had a thing for reptiles. He'd paid Zeke \$300 cash and a bonus of an ounce of weed "for the way ya got the red in the rattler's eye."

When they got to the bayou, \$11.26 was gone. It had been spent to fill Zeke's old Army duffel bag with beer and ice. There were also two pounds of barbecued beef and a quart of cherry ice cream on ice in the bag. Zeke figured he'd lick some of the ice cream from Hey Sweet's tanned, flat belly. He was looking forward to surprising her with that.

"Hey, baby. You c'mere," he ordered, when the tall, slender blonde ran to the bayou's edge and eased a slim foot into the water.

"It's so cold," she said.

"Aw shit. Git back up here. I got somethin' hot for ya," he said, snapping his fingers. "C'mon, unload this here stuff and pop me one. I gotta get cool." He kicked off his boots, tore off his jeans, and dropped his vest just before leaving the dry ground.

He hit the water in a bellyflop. The waves washed through the reeds near shore, stirring up the bayou's animal life. Little critters, frogs and salamanders, made way for the big, brown animal with the white stripe around his middle.

Zeke kicked around on his back and then yelled up to Hey Sweet. "Throw me a fuckin' cold one." The can landed a good ten feet from him. He followed it down through the clear water and snatched it from the sand.

Foam shot up when he ripped the pop-top off. Beer poured over his dark beard as he sucked the can dry. "It's fuckin' great. Fuckin' great," he yelled.

He let out a holler, "Yahoooo! Fuckin' world, fuck you!" Then he laughed and threw the can onto shore. The pop-top had slowly sunk in the ten feet of water, turning and twisting like a bait fish.

"You sure there ain't no alligators in this bayou?" Hey Sweet asked. She stood naked by the water's edge, testing the surface with the toes of one foot.

"Don't worry 'bout no damn alligator. Git yer butt out to here before ya find yerself drug out." Zeke started to swim back. Just a few feet behind and below him, a huge, unseen reptile stopped. Then it sank slowly back to the bottom.

"C'mon in. It ain't cold." Zeke tried to stand in the thigh-deep water by the shore, but sharp rocks

cut into the balls of his feet. Lowering himself back into the shallow water, he moved along on his belly. Hey Sweet backed away, suspecting she was about to be splashed.

Zeke leaped out of the water instead and ran toward her. He caught her halfway back to where the Sportster leaned on its stand. She fell and he pinned her on her back.

"Git up, you little mink. You ain't gonna git it yet. Now into the water." He slapped her bare buttocks. "I'm gonna have me another beer and watch you git yer tits wet."

Hey Sweet tried wading in, didn't like stepping on the pointed rocks, and gingerly squatted in the water.

"Go on, git in," Zeke shouted. She eased all the way in and swam strongly to the center of the pool. There, she was only 30 feet from shore.

Zeke put his jeans back on, opened a beer, and thought about whether he should lay her when she climbed out of the water or try-giving her a shot underwater.

"You got a nice ass," he shouted. "Looks real good from up here."

"It's standard equipment," she called back. That surprised Zeke a little. Hey Sweet wasn't known for her repartee. She was floating on her back, throwing graceful arms behind her head and kicking easily. A kingfisher swooped in over the bayou, grabbing Zeke's attention with its broken flight and raucous sound. He watched it perch on a nearby branch overhanging the water.

Then he saw them.

"What the hell?" he said. He pulled on his boots and drained his beer. Kneeling by the edge of a patch of black mud about the size of a pool table, he pushed a finger deep into one of the claw marks. He knew they were not the tracks of an alligator. Well, maybe a small one, he thought.

—Continued on next page

"Naw, that ain't the way they carry their tails," he said, thinking aloud.

"What you doin', lover?" Hey Sweet called out. "I'm gettin' lonely way out here all alone." She was still swimming on her back.

"Lookin' at some damn dinosaur tracks. Sea serpent or somethin'. It's gonna git ya," he said, still wondering what had made the deep claw marks in the tracks. As large as a collie's pad, and the thing had dragged a tail, but one relatively small for its body size. Not like an alligator's track, where the tail was an extension of the body and the deepest gouge resulted from the imprint of its sagging belly.

Hey Sweet was out of the water and opening the ice cream.

"Hey, love. What we goin' to eat this with?" she asked.

Zeke ignored her and kept staring at the tracks. They had emerged from just a few yards away in the bright, green grass that was well nourished by the bayou. The marks led into the water.

Hey Sweet, still naked as a jaybird, knelt beside him. She had a dripping handful of cherry ice cream and pushed it against his mouth. Zeke gulped it and grabbed her hand, biting down sharply on a finger. His beard was covered with the sticky pink liquid, and melting ice cream ran down Hey Sweet's firm thigh in rivulets that looked like Pepto-Bismol.

"We'll sure as hell get stuck

tighter'n shit less we warsh off," he said, grabbing her arm and dragging her back to the spot where they'd first entered the water. She went willingly, hoping Zeke would forget about the dinosaur tracks and get down to fucking.

This time, she dived in, landing in a smacking bellyflop. The sound was heard by the critters of the bayou, large and small, the swimmers and the flyers, and the ones that crawled through the mud.

Zeke shucked his jeans and leaped in feet first to wash the ice cream out of his beard. He quickly caught up to Hey Sweet, who was deeply browned all over her body except for narrow strips across her ass and tits. These were as white as milk.

Below, the reptile watched the white parts. They were the bellies of bass, moving in a frenzy. There was sound, the sound of thrashing. There were bubbles. The fish must be struggling. They must be wounded.

It swam powerfully, easily rising from its lair in the reeds, where it had remained motionless after having risen to the surface for air ten minutes earlier.

Its beak was closed as it swam unerringly to the waving bits of light-colored flesh, the bits that had tantalized it earlier. Before, it had stopped, backing off, frightened at the last moment.

It attacked with an evolved mindlessness at least as ancient as a shark's instinct to bite and tear. In

a split second it castrated Zeke with the efficiency of a band saw. Zeke felt as if he had been kicked in the crotch.

"Hey! Oh my God, goddam!" he shouted, feeling underwater, groping for what was no longer there.

"Help me! Hey, get me outta the water!" he screamed, kicking and flailing wildly. He found himself stumbling on the jagged rocks near shore.

Hey Sweet clambered onto the bank and reached down to pull him out. Zeke clutched her frail arm and pulled with both hands. When he emerged, purplish blood spurted with each wild beat of his weakening heart.

She stared at the spot she had been looking at as often as possible since Zeke had taken off his tattered jeans. She felt sick and started to scream. Zeke lost his grip and slumped back into the bayou.

For the second time in an otherwise deadly dull afternoon of rifle qualification, the men of the 2nd Training Battalion saw something quite out of the ordinary.

Hey Sweet was still screaming and still naked when they spotted her. She was soon covered with a rubber poncho torn from a field pack. They got enough bits of the story from the hysterical girl to be able to locate Zeke. He had managed to crawl out of the water, had attempted to kick over the Harley, and then toppled.

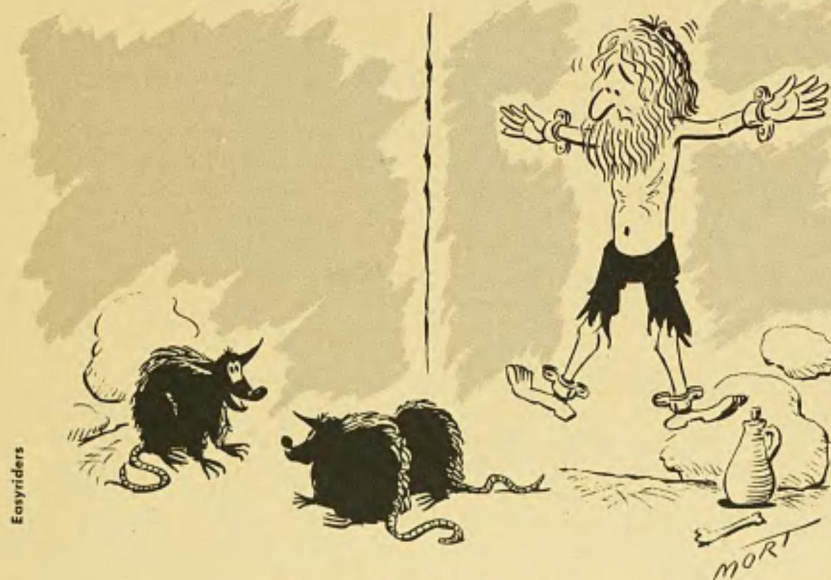
In the Public Information Office at Fort Polk, Lt. Gerald Crouse was amazed at the coincidence. "Look at this, sir," he said to his commanding officer, a pipe-smoking major.

"The same thing happened in Baton Rouge way back in fifty-six. A ten-year-old kid was swimming naked and a turtle got his balls. An alligator snapper, a big mother. They trapped one from the place the kid was attacked, and it weighed over a hundred and fifty pounds."

The major scanned the yellowing newspaper clipping. He took a puff on his pipe and announced flatly as he returned the clipping, "Only that case was worse. Much worse."

"Sir? How could it have been worse?" The major looked at him sharply, and then the lieutenant realized.

"Yes, of course," he said, putting the clipping down on the desk. The headline read *Boy Survives Attack*.



"Bless us, O Lord—and these, thy gifts."

Soft Problem

Every time I get my dork into a chick, the mother-fucker goes soft on me. It don't matter how much I want to fuck her or how beautiful she is, the same thing always happens. Do you think I'm a latent homosexual or is there some other reason for this happening?

Raymond Climber
Newcastle, Pa.

- You're climaxing and don't know it.

Paper Trained

I was watching my year-old rugrat sit on the floor, leafing through a copy of your mag. Then she dropped her diapers and shit all over it. Do you think little kids like that have some kind of intelligence we're not aware of?

George Ovinski
Salem, Oreg.

- Yeah, she sees you shit on the floor—at least she's paper trained herself.

Wants To Please

I have this terrific old man, and all I want to do is please him. But I try so hard I space myself out and don't climax very often. What can I do to improve my own sex life while making sure he enjoys his?

Pudder Ruxton
Manitou Springs, Colo.

- Get a whore to screw him while you sit on his face.

Green Weenie

You old whore. I know you're down on your luck and knees, but giving head to a turkey is the lowest of the low. We decided to come to California and stuff ya with a big green weenie. Seeing as how we get it every day and you've got

only Spider to fuck ya once a month, we figured it's your turn to get it, you bitch. Duffy and Pappy Higgins
Camp LeJeune, N. C.

- Spider takes better care of us women than that—so shove off, lightweights.

The Ultimate

This is serious. I've been wondering for a long time about how it would feel to get fucked in the cunt and the ass at the same time, sucking off a hard cock and jacking off two dudes while two more dudes suck my tits. Could this be one of the greatest climaxes ever experienced? I'm determined to try it and the sooner the better, but where can I find willing partners?

Annette Bijonne
Bayonne, N. J.

- Any motorcycle club.

Real Thrill

I'm sending you a pencil outline of the shape of my cock. After you enjoy looking at it, shove it up your snatch for a real thrill.

Joe White
Mansfield, Ohio

- There wasn't much on the paper—in fact, I used it to write my dear mom.

Digs Me

Just a note from a sister to let you know how much I admire your class. God, how I wish I had a mouth and a cunt like yours. What finessel!

K. Tina
Leadville, Colo.

- You do — it's just that mine have been well-used (abused.)

Not Only One

I'm a 100% biker. I eat pussy and raise hell, but I've got a complaint. You don't ever talk about anything but

Harleys and that ain't the only bike in the world.

Steve Torres
Oxon Hill, Md.

- I know—but it's the only kind I've ever owned.

Wife Beater

I wake up every morning feeling like beating the hell out of my ol' lady. The only trouble is that after one of my old ladies heals up, she runs, never to return. What's wrong?

Roger Himrods
Pensacola, Fla.

- Convince 'em that it's a new sex trip.

Missing Dog

I just wondered if you've seen my German Shepherd around, 'cause one of my bros showed him your picture in the rag, and he split out the door. I ain't seen him for two weeks.

E. A. Reefer
New Castle, Pa.

- Yeah, and the way he carries on in the sack, you're not ever gonna see him again.

For Spite

Do you think it's possible for a man to love a woman in spite of her cunt?

Jeanne Chips
Baton Rouge, La.

- Spider says you gotta—what other choice do you have?

Lover

My ol' lady wants me to fuck her seven times a day. Every time I go to sleep, I wake up to find her suckin' on my dick, so I jerk her lips off and just lick her snatch. What should I do?

Dick Hewitt
Ft. Worth, Texas

- When?

Needs Help

I'm dating this biker and he's really a far-out dude, but although I give him head, I can't get him off. I got him off once with his help. What can I do to make it better?

Ms. Sandy Jones
Columbus, Ohio

- Make him help more—whatever that means.

Four-Hour Man

I'm a foxy young chick and in love with this forty-two-year-old man. He said he loves my body, but he can get it hard only once every four hours. Do you think it's because I'm still in high school?

Rene Deutsch
Chewton, Pa.

- No, he's afraid your mother (and his wife) will come home unexpectedly.

Money Problem

I guess you won't answer this letter, but I'll write anyway. My ol' lady is such a poor piece of ass that I want to ask you to send me some money so I can go out and get some good pussy.

Robert Trueman
Michigan City, Ind.

- You're right, I won't answer it.

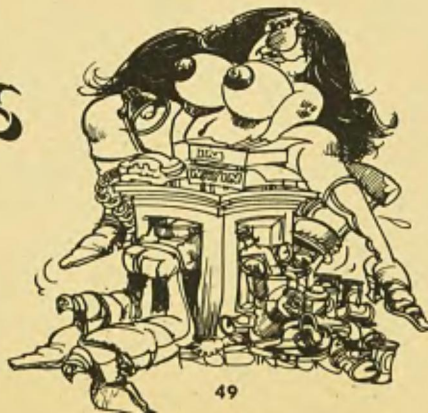
Blisters, Blisters

You chickenshit old-bitch. You're always talkin' about how good a fuck you are and what good head you can give. Now my old man expects me to be perfect and you're ruining my life 'cause he just wants to do it all the time and I've got blisters on my snatch, ass, and lips. Fuck off, you bitch!

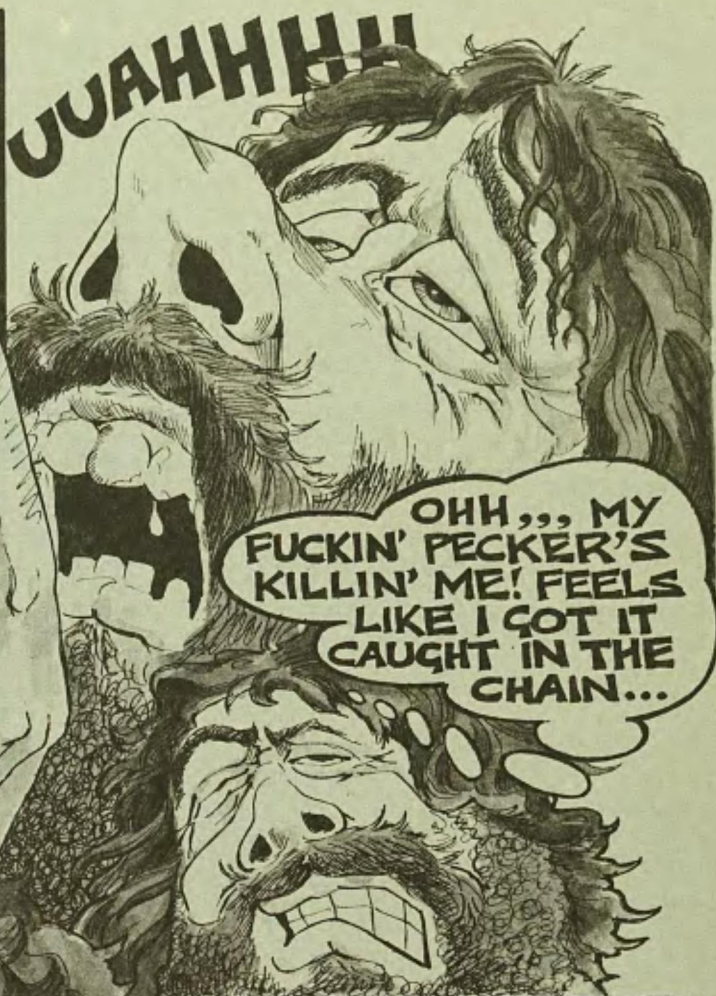
Red's Ol' Lady
Fairview, Texas

- Send Red to me.

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



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



AAEEHHH



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Watch for it



Ol' Humor

Bad jokes and old bikes



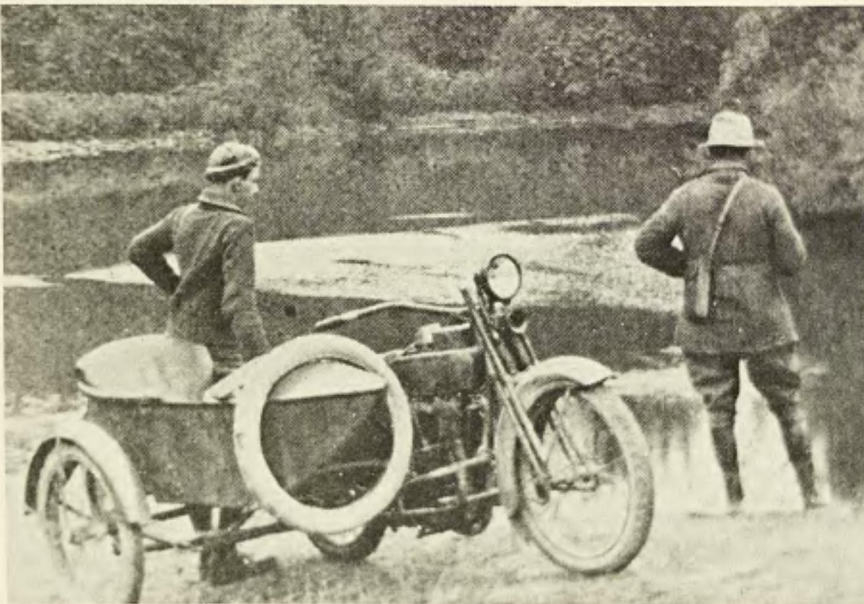
Play it agai—no, that's the wrong line.



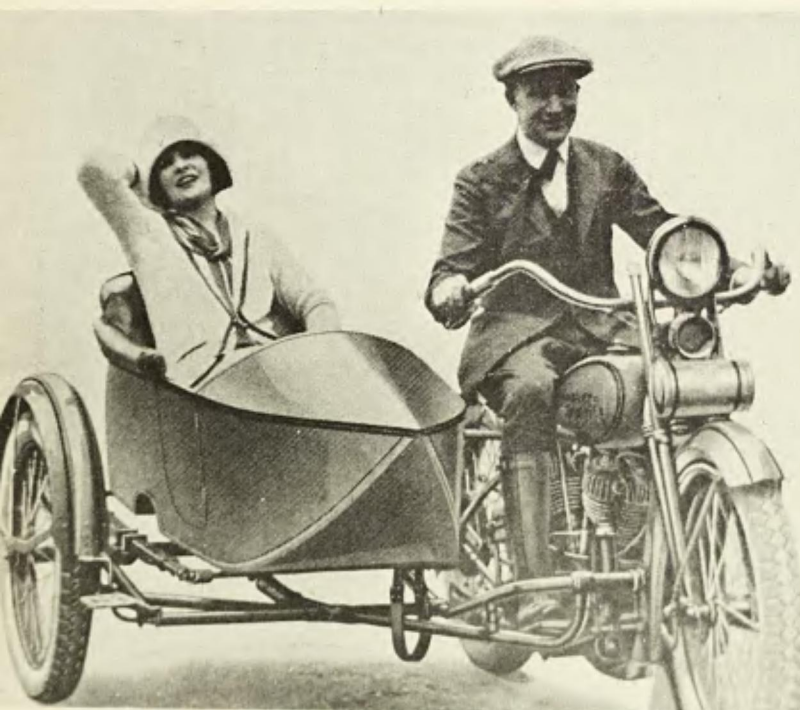
Hey, baby, wanna ride?



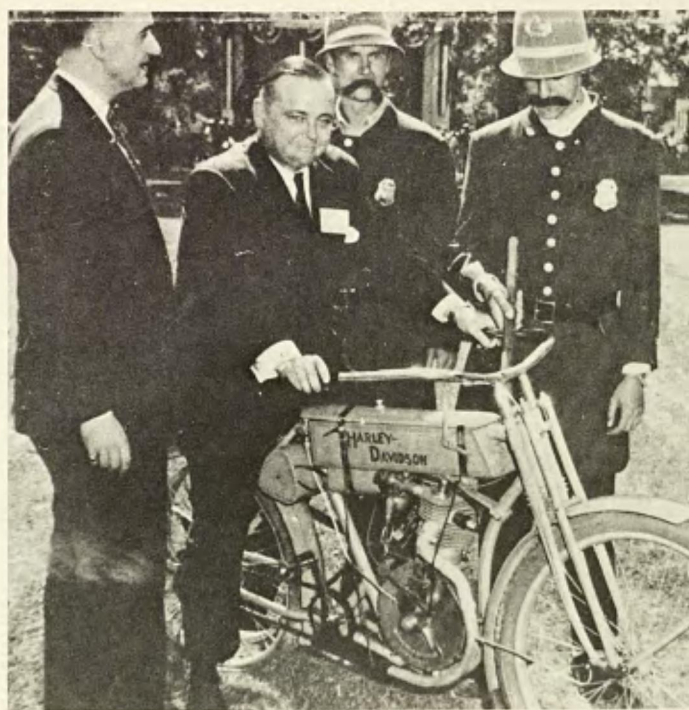
Hold on, boy, horses never did wheelstands like these things can.



Ya think we can take the side car off and row across?



Oh, if the girls could only see me now—
with a biker.



Can't park it on the lawn, Mayor.

DOWNTIME

By The Pinsetter

Starting Over (Instant Replay): In case you missed this page last issue (and how did ya manage to get that lucky?) the record review column is no more. Instead, we're gonna just talk about what's happening and get into a few records and a few artists and just generally bullshit about one of the most popular topics in the world—music.

Alternatives: What do you think of rock movies? Most of the ones they've made recently are in the toilet, which is an appropriate place for them. **I Wanna Hold Your Hand** and **FM and American Hot Wax** and, Jesus help us, **Renaldo And Clara** (a four-hour tour movie that's four hours too long) aren't making it big. But it looks like **The Last Waltz** is a money-maker. Personally I dug it. I like The Band, which sure helps, and for once the concert photography is pretty damn fine. The sound didn't have me whacking off in the aisle, but was laid down on a professional studio machine and well mixed. It was the best thing I've heard yet in a movie theater.

As you know, the concert was The Band's last personal appearance together (they say), held at Winterland in San Fran. The Band also plays host to a lot of famous "guest star friends"—from Muddy Waters to Dylan. One of the best moments onstage is with Ronnie Hawkins, who originally helped bring the group together in the early sixties as his back-up group, promising them not much money but "more pussy than Frank Sinatra gets." Dr. John's spot was especially good, and laidback, too. The concert is interspersed with Band interviews, and I could have done without some of the jawing, but it was mostly pleasant, and Robbie Robertson came off well.

It was also stony-time, and it's no rumor that one of the guests showed up wearing a marble of cocaine in one of his nostrils, footage which had to be edited out of the film at no little cost. My awards for Most Fucked Up go to runners-up Neil Young and The Band's Richard Manuel, with first place going to me. I'm not suggesting you should all leap on your scoots and blast over to see this flick, but I liked it, and its success may be the beginning of a new trend for concertgoers. I know you can take a good load into the theater with you and keep it cooking just fine for the two hours it takes to see a movie—and I happen to think these little things are important.



Tom Waits For No Man: After you're finished puking over that fucking lousy pun, let's bullshit about Tom Waits. He's been around L.A. for a hundred years, making albums that must have sold twelve copies in all. They had weird cover designs, and the insides were so far out, they sounded like a frog with his dick caught in the turntable. But what the guy was saying (or singing, if you can call that croaking singing) was pretty right on sometimes and sure didn't hesitate to draw blood. Well, Tom hung out and lived in a semi-seedy motel and dressed strange and chain-smoked and got drunk a lot, and kept on writing and recording. After a number of years of this, he became an overnight sensation and they started

writing about him in bigshit magazines and putting him on "Dinah." Well, his last album, **Foreign Passage**, sold a helluva lot more than twelve copies, and a whole lotta people are looking forward to his latest effort, coming out this fall. The question is, how has all this changed Tom Waits? Well, he still hangs out, lives in a semi-seedy motel, dresses strange, chain-smokes, and gets drunk a lot. When he was recently asked to choose his favorite restaurant for some big-time magazine article on the din-dins of the stars, Tom recommended the coffee shop in his motel, and went on to add he'd been thrown out of it a number of times. Now, even if you can't stand the guy's music, you gotta admit he's all right.

Sounds Heard Around: I like Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band and I thought **Night Moves** was a great album, especially the title cut. I feel the same about his latest, **Stranger In Town**, which has hot spots like "Hollywood Nights." I recommend it as for sure worth listening to. **Memory Breaker: The Singing Nun** is reportedly in the can overseas for a tax debt. I'm not too sure about Willie Nelson's ballad-packed **Stardust**, even if it is fulla the songs he played when he was coming up the hard way in those ratty clubs, but what's this about him and Gary Busey making a movie based on his "Redheaded Stranger" album? Bruce Spring-

steen is alive somewhere under the hype pile and as we all know, has an album out called **Darkness On The Edge Of Town**. John Prine also lives, despite rumor to the contrary, and has finally done another LP—it's **Bruised Orange**, on Asylum, and I haven't heard it yet, but it's produced by Steve Goodman, and that's a pair to draw to. The asylum may be the best place for Good Rats and their **Rats To Riches**, but they're long on producers, too, this effort being headed up by the lardassed, evil, wonderfully talented Flo and Eddie. Yep, there really is a record called **You Can Tune A Piano, But You Can't Tune Fish**.

Bitch Of The Month: No, I'm not talking about some good-lookin' twoofy I've dug up for you. I mean "bitch" as in piss and moan, and as far as I'm concerned, rock concerts are beginning to bite it. Concerts started out as a celebration—sort of—and now they're a multi-million-dollar operation. Promoters and artists have found out they can shove it right into the ticket buyer, and instead of charging reasonable prices to see people we dig, they gouge us for for high-buck tariff and then throw "festival seating" at us. That means no reserved seats; don't come late unless you wanta hang from a rafter; and if they run out of places where you can see the stage before they run out of people, tough titty.

This kind of seating allows them to get a better price for the worst "seats" than they should be charging for the best. Another great feature of today's rock concert is lying out there on the pavement in the rain for three days, in line, to get the fucking overpriced tickets in the first place. Eating Twinkies and shitting in your hat for three days isn't bad enough; to rub it in, you're the only person in the line who doesn't have acne. It's also a real thrill to have your sleeping bag three inches from a well-titted-out fourteen-year-old who's giving head to some undeserving jerklet who looks like an ad for Zit-o-Rama.

My favorite part is the way they frisk your ass coming through the gate or door, to make sure you're not bringing in anything sharper than a well-thumbed booger, and certainly nothing stronger to drink than a plastic (a must) jug of Goofy Grape. Shit. You gotta get right to listen to music, and if that includes getting feces-faced, you paid your way in, what you do shouldn't be anybody's business but your own.

I'm willing to go through this kinda crap very often, and I'm not saying you have to endure this for every concert. I went to see the Dead on their recent tour, and a lot of this shit didn't go down at the concert I saw. The place was Bliss City—one big illegal smile, and the band was first-class, as always. But too often, the scene is just like I've been painting it. If anyone out there has any concert stories, let's hear 'em.

Later.

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 Preacher, Pacific Grove, Calif.

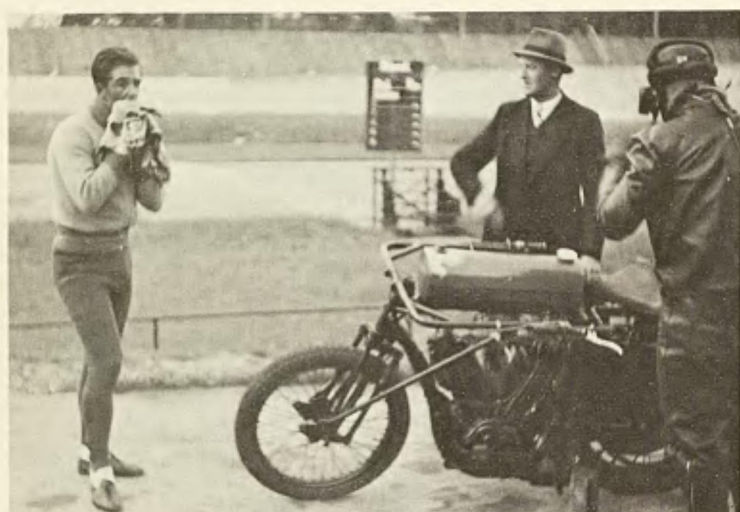


—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.





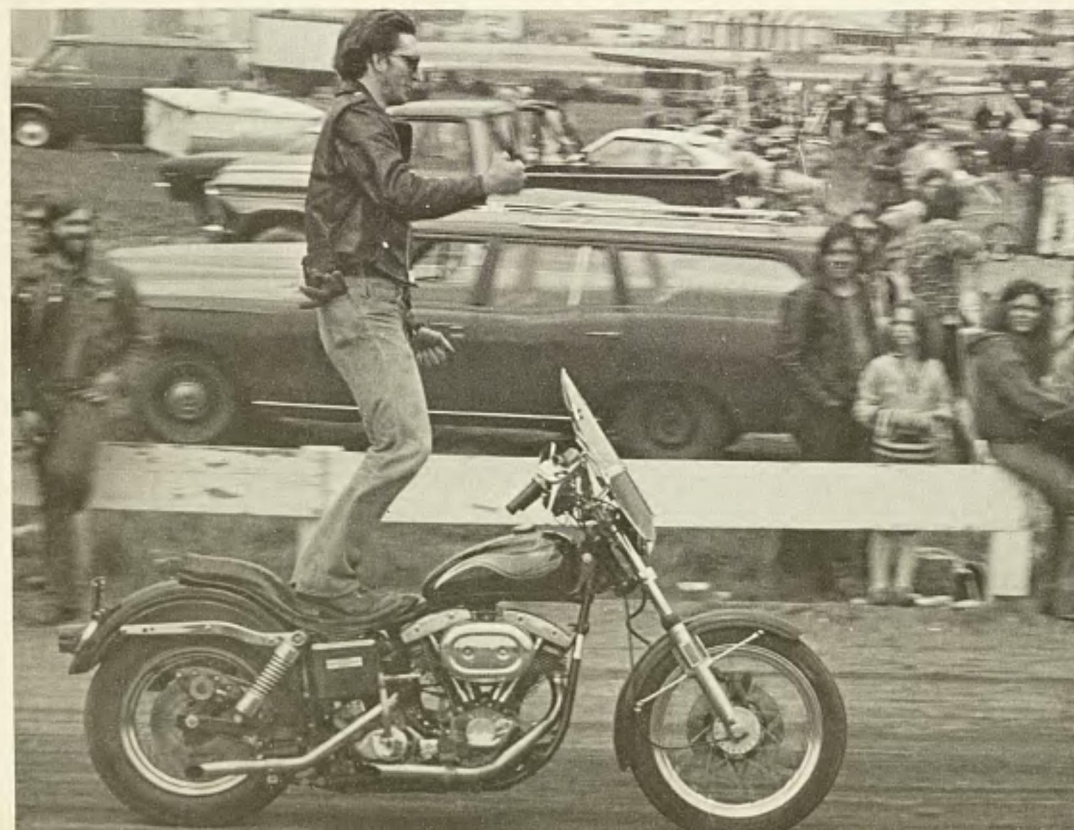
—from Animal Paul, Seal Beach, Calif.



—from Eva Pakenham, Fruitvale, Canada



—from Dale McDonald, Newalbany, Ind.



—from Ed Carcone, Westwood, N.J.



—from Robert Belisle, Wis.



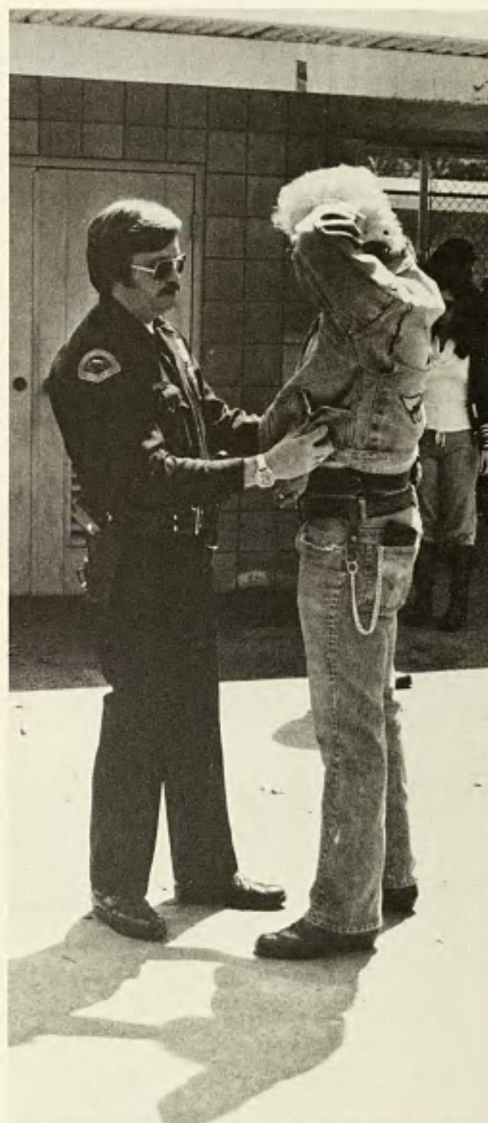
—from Lenny Sinnet, Venice, Calif.



—from Ellen Cabolong, Carson, Calif.



—from Big Bob, Grass Valley, Calif.



—from Lenny Sinnet, Venice, Calif.



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.



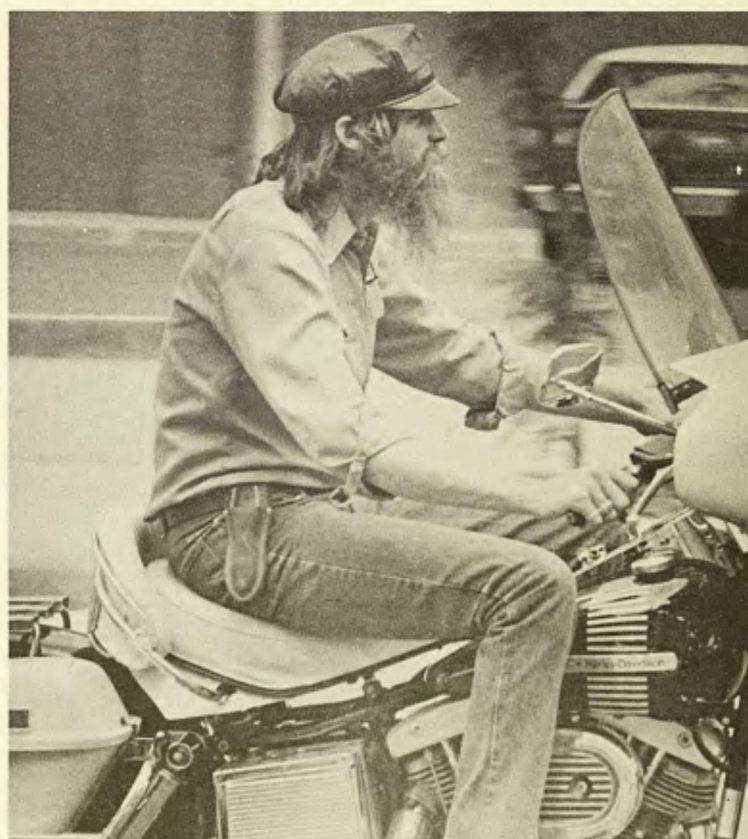
—from Bill Hamel, W. Warwick, R.I.



—from Jeff Huhtala, Mt. Shasta, Calif.



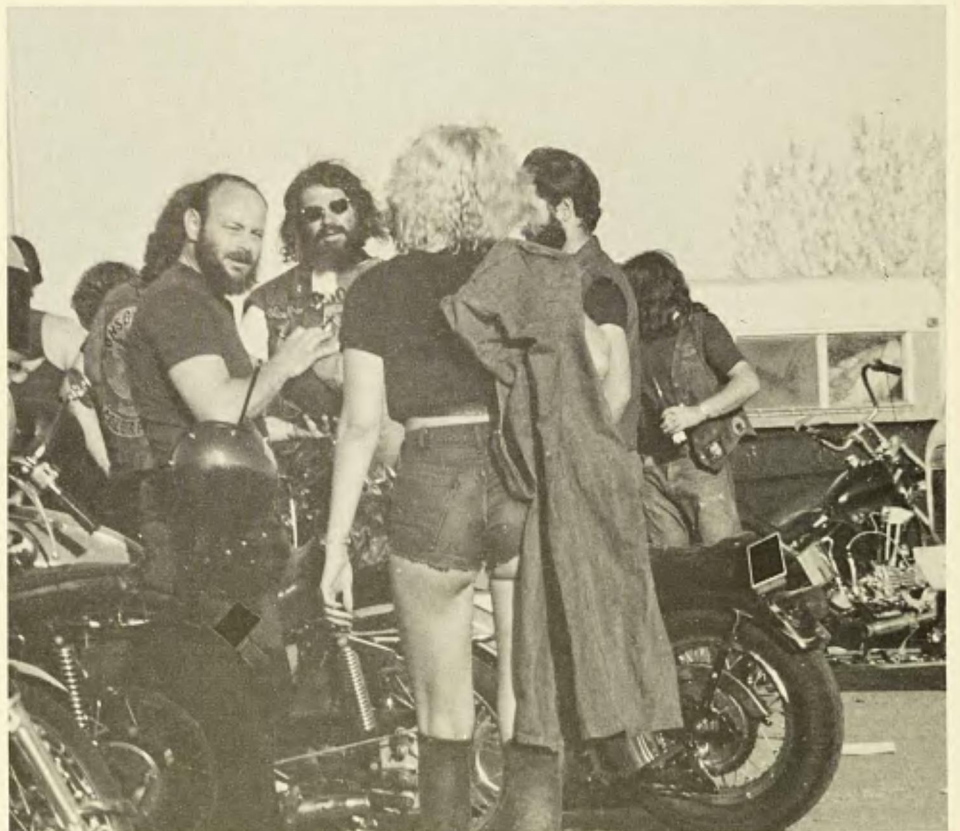
—from Dennis Westerman, Milwaukee, Wis.



—from Bob Burtch, Dodge City, Kans.



—from Ed Carcone, Westwood, N.J.



—from David Brandenburg, Aurora, Calif.



—from E. M. Joseph, Minevia, N.Y.



—from Donald Towne, Los Angeles, Calif.



—from Craig Stephens, Omaha, Nebr.



—from Jeff Huhtala, Mt. Shasta, Calif.



—from David Brandenburg, Aurora, Calif.



—from Riggs, Hayward, Calif.



—from Harry Dunn, Marlborough, Mass.



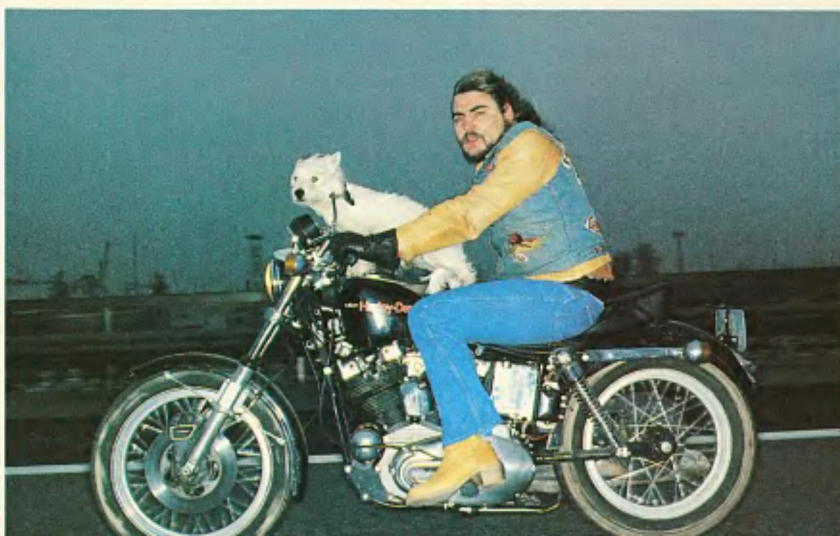
—from Gypsy, Ventura, Calif.



—from H. Marcelis, Leiden, Holland

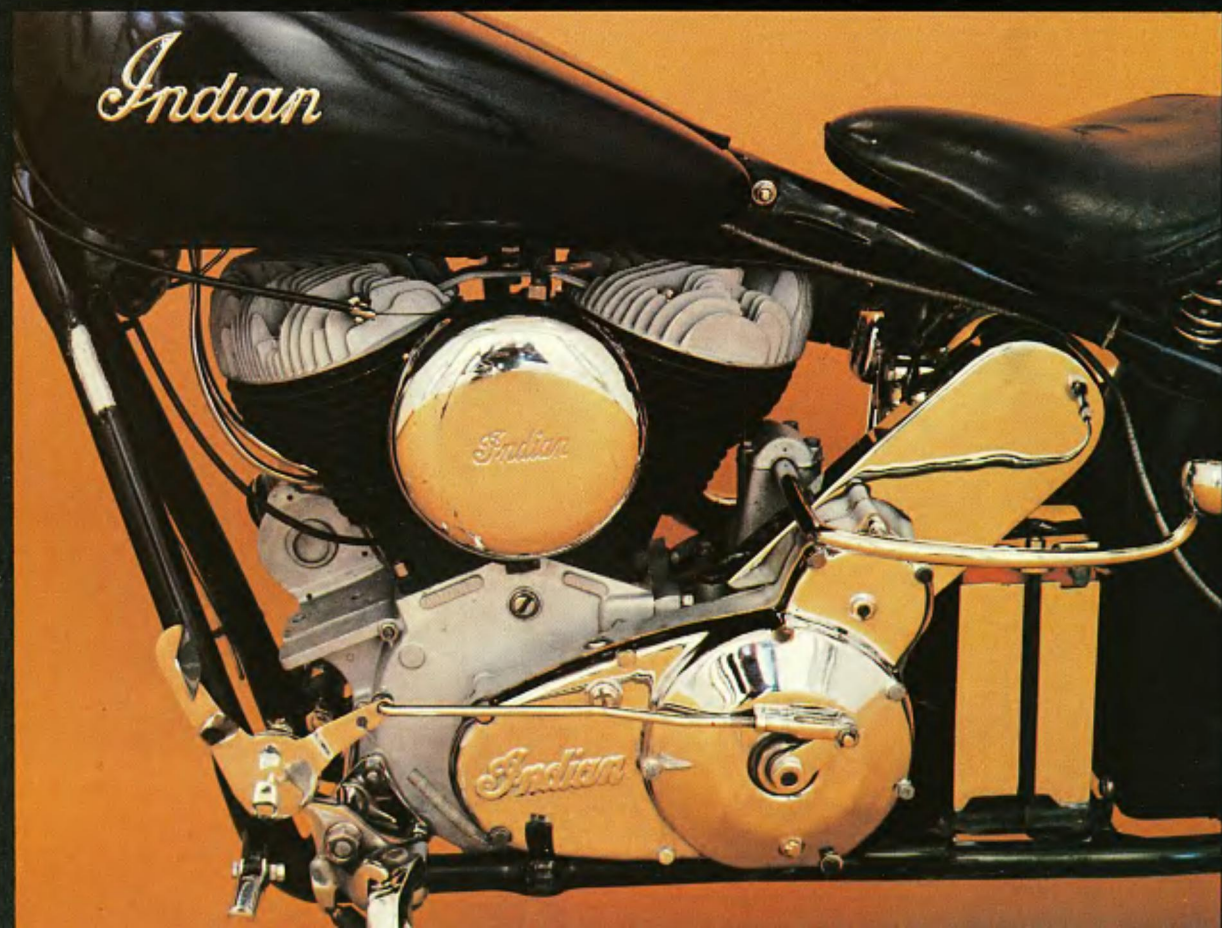


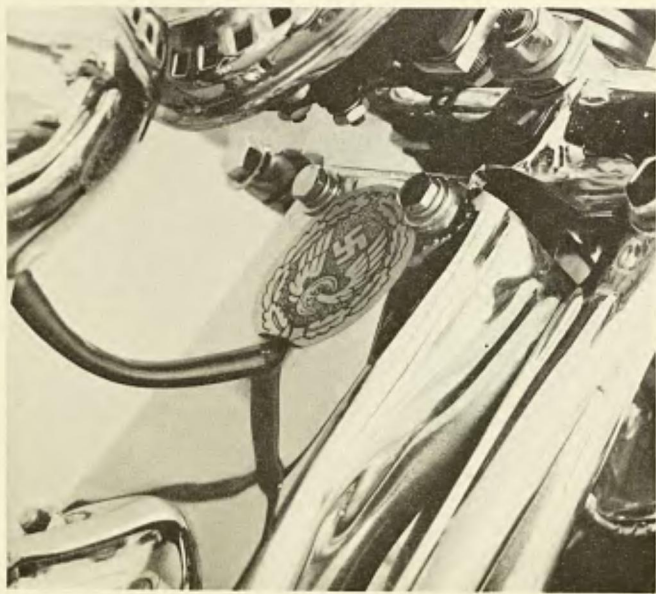
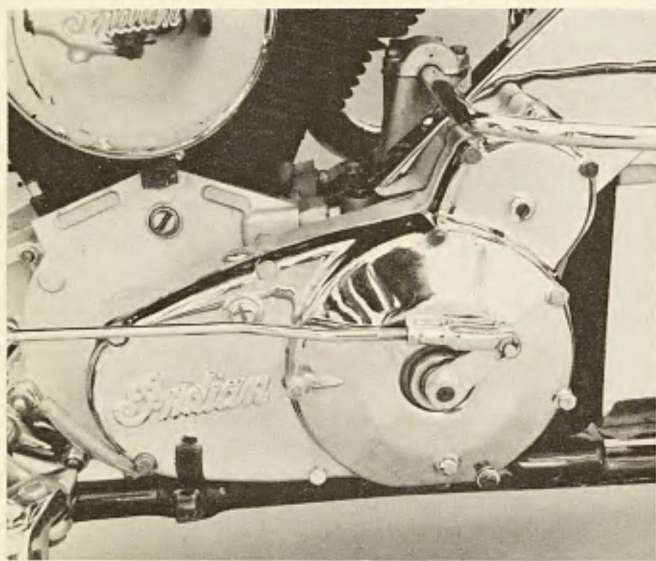
—from Tom Camiri, Villa Park,



—from B. Kopperschmidt, Hamburg, Germany







MADMAN MICAH

THE INDIAN LOVER

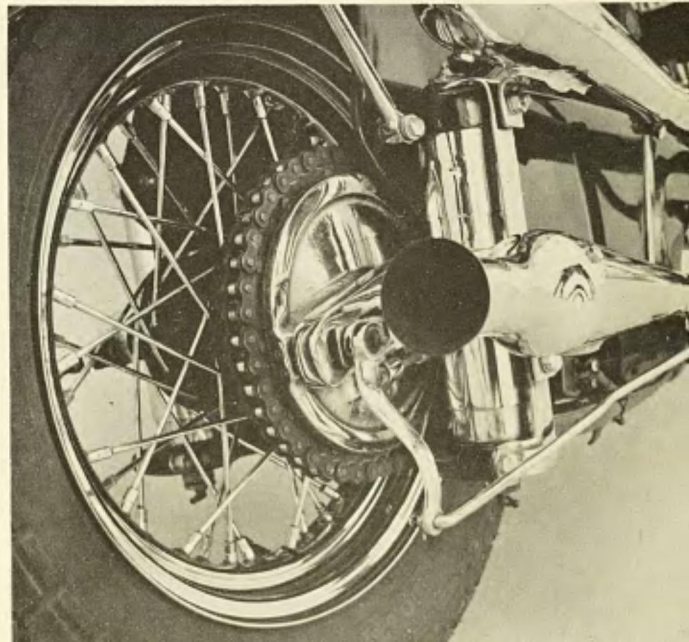
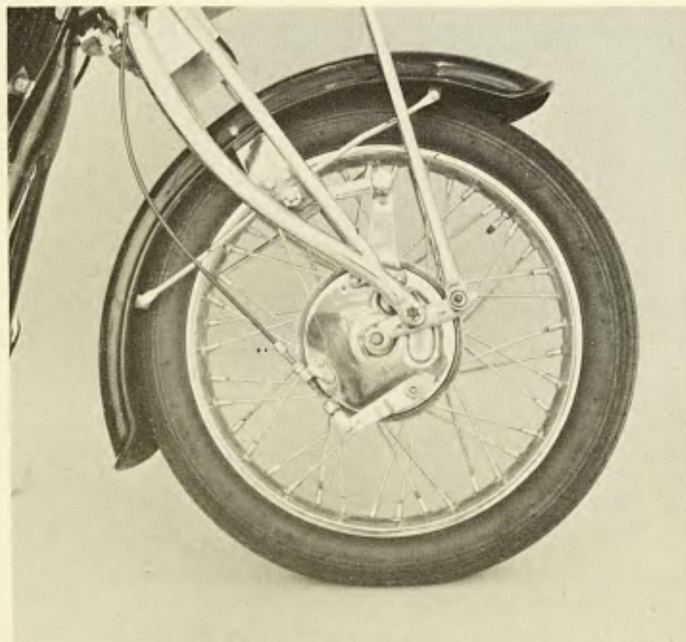
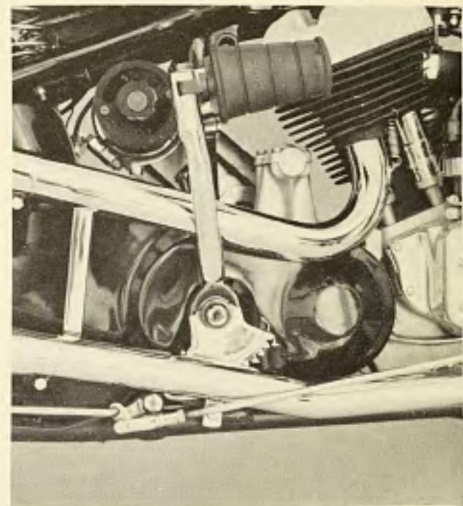
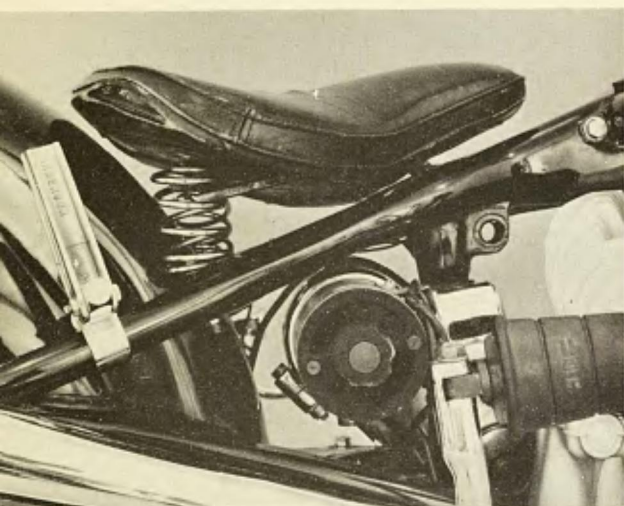
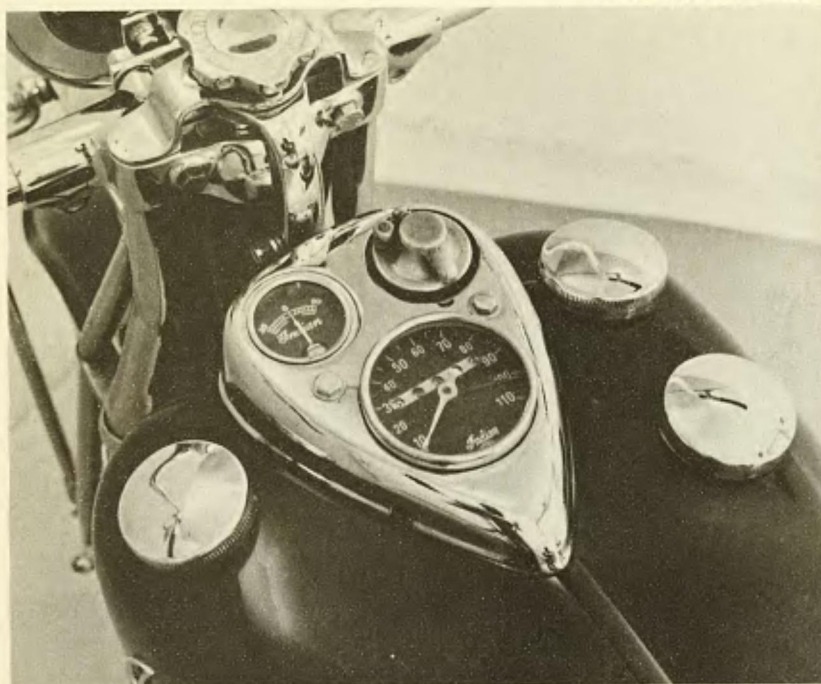


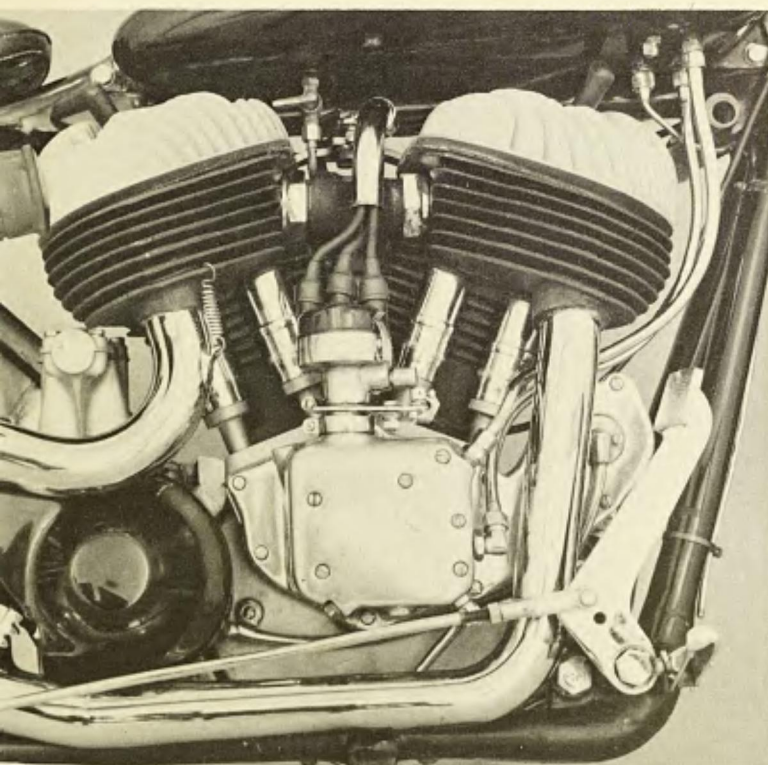
In the silvery night, when the full moon glistens against the black sky, if you dare ride the valley freeways, you'd best strain your throttle against its stops.

For somewhere in every bleak night rides Madman Micah, strewing empty ta-kill-ya bottles in his path of burnt rubber and carbon sparks. Streaking through the picturesque valley on his stallion—an Indian Chief—he may startle you. It's as if you found yourself tooling along a set of Southern Pacific tracks.

The night may ripple with a painful cacophony of screaming sirens, crackling police calls, and the flares of domestic quarrels, but undisturbed by city

Photos by Pete Chiodo





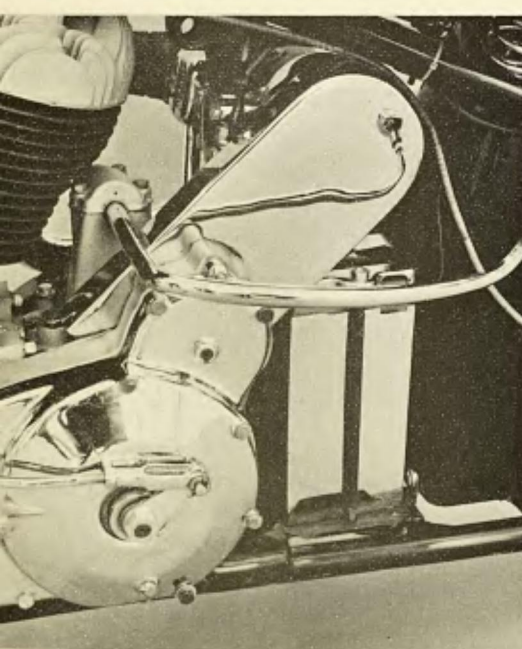
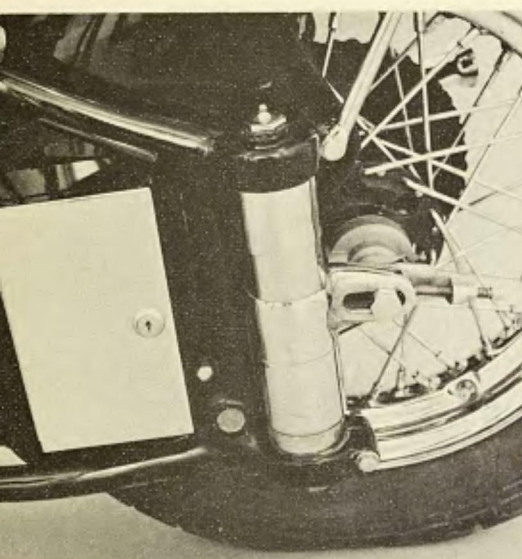
squabbles, The Madman and his machine concern themselves only with Micah's drenched state of mind and the rhythmic bellow of the Chief's up-sweeps.

If all is well, and the freeways don't collapse under the thundering vibrations of a quake, then the bike's trail is wide, endless—and the shiny black Chief was never taught to read speed limit signs. A locomotive unleashed on the expressways of the city. Micah's madness drives motorists to seek the secure shelter of the emergency lanes. His thundering black Chief causes citizens to imagine themselves driving on an airport runway while a 747 is landing. Like a cowcatcher removing debris from a cluttered track, Micah sweeps the cement lanes.

We're not wrapped in a gig to give Micah a heavy rep. It's just that he's been ridin' through these valleys as if he were a trail bike rider tooling the same dirt paths over and over for years. Besides, he's restorin' a shaft-drive Indian for me.

—Spider

—Continued on next page



Owners: Micah McCloskey **City:** Reseda, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: Larry Winkler
Year and make: 1940 Indian
Model: Chief
Value: ?
Assembly by: owner
Time: 6 months
Chroming by: Prestige Plating

Frame

Year: 1940
Builder: Indian Motorcycle Co.
Type: plunger ("spring frame")
Rake: none
Stretch: none
Other alterations: none

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1940
Model: Bonneville
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: stock Autolite
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: stock
Balancing: West Valley Bal.
Pistons: Robins
Cases: stock
Heads: stock
Cam: stock
Lifters: stock solids
Carb(s): stock (Linkert)
Air cleaner: stock
Pipes: Sam Pierce
Muffler(s): MCM

Bars: reworked Flanders
Risers: Indian/H-D
Fender(s): Indian (rear); H-D (front)
Headlight: Bates round (6 v.)
Taillight: Sportster
Speedo: stock (Corbin)
Front pegs: Indian
Rear pegs: Anderson
Electrics: Bosch gen./reg., 6 v.
Gas tank: stock (3 1/2 gal.)
Oil tank: stock (3 qts.)
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: stock
Seat: Bates solo & pad
Sissy bar: Larry Winkler
Height: 15 inches
Material: 3/8 in. round

Transmission

Modifications: needle bearings
Year: 1940
Shifting: jockey
Engine sprocket: stock
Trans sprocket: 25-tooth
Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

Type: leaf spring
Extension: none
Builder: Indian
Special features: rebuilt with new parts

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 18	Size: 16
Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Rim width: 3.25 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 3.25	Tire: 5.00
Brake: stock	Brake: stock

Painting

Molding: Bob Brouett
Painter: Bob Brouett
Color: black
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: 10 coats of clear lacquer
Other special modifications: Front fender from H-D FX; rear fender is chopped Indian with ribbing and struts by Larry Winkler.



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it's only a lousy penny.

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☐ Here's \$32.00 for a two-year subscription.
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- ☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
☐ Please extend my present subscription

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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? _____

THIEF IN THE FAMILY

By Jimbo

The old man was tired. He'd been through a lot in his time, and now he was just tired—tired of living, hanging on tenaciously to nothing. His children had abandoned him years ago, for reasons only they knew. The one thing he had to look forward to now was death. He sighed, and his old eyes moved sadly around the porch. He rocked slowly, and the only sound breaking the empty stillness of the hot afternoon was the sound of the ancient, creaky rocking chair in which he sat. The porch was as empty as the stillness, except for the other creaky rocker a few feet away from his own. That chair, too, was empty. The old man sighed again, and his eyes went to the dusty access road leading to the ancient house. The road was empty. So was the countryside when he let his eyes turn to it. Empty . . . Jesus, what he could tell them dictionary-makin' fellers about the meaning of the word **empty!** And **ancient!**—himself, the house, the chairs. The old man sighed a third time, and his eyes automatically went back to the access road.

Three months ago—or was it four?—or was it maybe that many or more years ago?—it was getting harder and harder now for his memory to work right—his grandson, Chuck, would come booming up that road at least once a month, broadsliding the black Sportster in the gravel, stopping in front of the porch with a flourish that always delighted the old man's heart. There they would sit all afternoon and into the night, rocking in the old chairs, sipping suds and talking about anything and everything under the sun. Or maybe they'd just sip and rock. Anyway, things didn't seem empty and ancient at those times. When they did talk, one of their favorite subjects was how the old man had "won the West" on his 1927 Harley. Maybe the kid was just being diplomatic when he listened so intently to those "war stories," but the old man didn't really think so. Chuck seemed

to be really interested . . .

Chucky . . . Now the old rocker creaked louder, moved faster, spurred by the old man's sudden flash of anger. "Chuck," he muttered. "That no-good hippie sonofabitch! How his dad coulda named him after me, I'll never know!"

Even with all his age and the wisdom of bitter experience, he couldn't see why the youngster would stoop so low as to steal his own granddad's motorcycle. They'd spent the day as usual, sipping and rocking, with the old man reminiscing of days gone by—days of wine, women, and motorcycles. Chuck had broken into the verbal dream to ask if he would consider selling the old Harley twin now rusting silently in the back of the barn. He'd put his grandson off, telling him that someday he planned to have the trusty old beast back on the road again. Yessir, he'd fix that two-wheeled rocket and blast down the road just like he'd done a million times before—or was it a million years before?

After the boy left the old man had gone to bed. Later, he'd awakened with a start to the sound of voices outside the house. Looking out the kitchen window into the darkness, he could make out two figures, loading something heavy into the back of a



pickup truck. In the silence of the night, he heard the sound of his grandson's voice urging his accomplice to hurry up and load the bike before they both found themselves with buckshot up their asses. He hadn't seen Chuck since that night.

The creaking and action of the rocker increased again. The old man stared in fury at a knot in the floor of the porch. "Fuckin' asshole!" he screamed at the unoffending knot. "Couldn't wait till I kicked off—you hadda have it now!"

The rocker slowed as sadness replaced rage. "Only one in the whole damned family I ever thought would turn out worth a shit," the old man mumbled bitterly. Emptiness returned to fill his soul. He stared blankly out into space. Then memories of that last night came back to fill the emptiness with more anger. His own flesh and blood! A thief! Goddammit it all to hell!

He sat forward in the rocker and shook his fist at the deserted gravel road.

"Fuck you!" he shrieked. His voice lost itself in the woods surrounding the old farm.

He looked over at the run-down barn where his old friend of bygone days used to sit, and he gritted his teeth.

"If I ever see that asshole again, I'll shoot out both the bastard's tires and teach him a lesson he'll never forget!"

Laboriously, he stood up and hobbled into the house. He pulled the tab off another cold beer and stood there sipping it, thinking about the threat he'd just voiced out there on the porch. That thought led him to take out the old Winchester rifle he hadn't fired in years, although he took good care of it and kept it loaded. Hmmm. Would the damn thing shoot? Just as important, could he still hit anything with it?

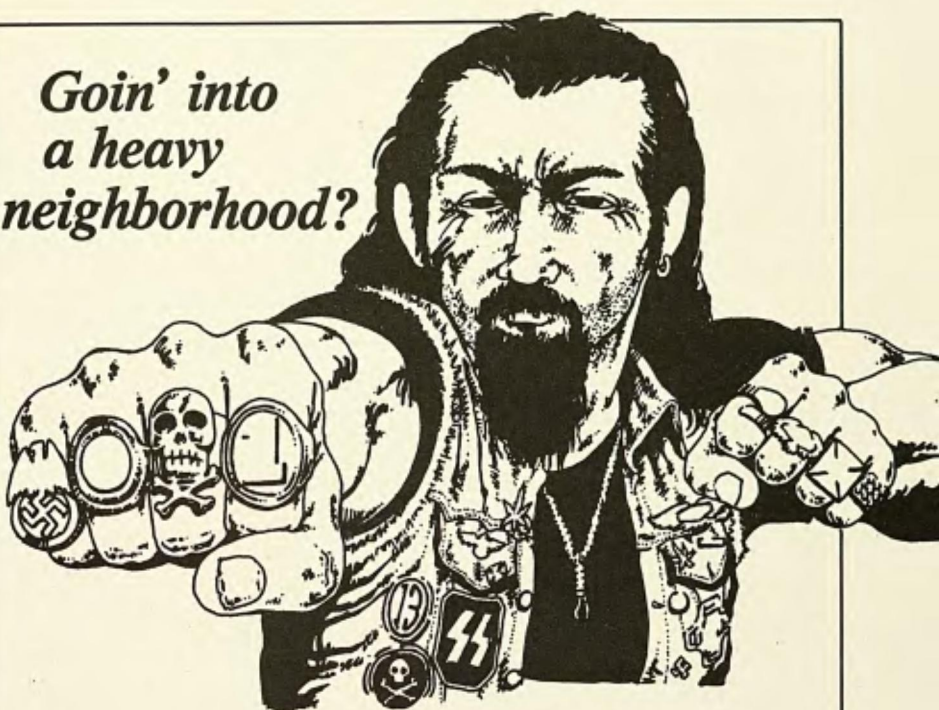
He took it out on the porch and started picking targets. Not bad, he concluded. Not as good as I used to be, but not bad for a man of eighty.

He went back inside to clean and reload the rifle—and to think some more about his grandson.

Grandson. A thief! A fuckin' thief, for chrissakes! That's what happens when a kid's dad won't whale his ass once in a while. But the goddam brat

—Continued on next page

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a heavy
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Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty 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 spoked 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, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

Need help! Birth certificates, HS diplomas. Sent blank with gold seals. \$2.50 each or both for \$4. The Ground Floor, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (64)

Azoobides Instant Hashmaker! Free details: Bleak, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. (65)

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)

Bumper sticker: I'd rather eat worms than ride a Jap motorcycle. Send \$1 to Owl Motorcycles, Suite ER, 56 Park Ave., Bayshore, N.Y. 11706. (66)

Guaranteed State Photo Identification Card (Polaroid Process). Full color. Sharp looking. Plus 3 free novelties (birth record, social security, fake driver's license). Send photo, signature, height, weight, eye color, Rush \$7 (3/\$14). J. Chevrone, Box 1033-EZ88, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (64)

I've been down three years and I'm tired of doing time by myself. Need someone to share this last year with. 28 and handsome. Patrick Kane #C66101, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (65)

Wanted: First four issues of Colors Motorcycle Magazine. Top dollar paid. Write David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (64)

Hot, swinging broads wanting correspondence with cool studs. Pictures, descriptions — \$5. Artist. 508-E South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (64)

available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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)

Photos of tattooed women—20. \$5. Step-by-step tattooing instructions and removal formula. \$15. 300 different designs. \$18. Illustrated literature. \$1. Steele, Box 242-EA, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903. (65)

Denis: Happy anniversary 10/21/78. A hard year, but love you always, Donna. (64)

Nevada pleasure guide: Beautiful girl playmates at low cost! Names, addresses, many different towns. Wowee! Only \$5. Artist, 508-EA South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (64)

Tiny: I love you. I'm glad I married you (6/24/78), and Happy Birthday (8/22/78). I'll always be yours. Your lady, Karen. (64)

Young, shapely gals seeking exciting guys! Addresses, delightful pictures—\$5. Miss Marshall, 608-EA East Dale, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903. (64)

Steve (Funky) Wendell: It's been an awfully long time. Good times and memories are forever. Drop a line, send an address. Sandy Holmes, C-4-4, Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo. 65473. (64)

American Nazi newspaper — For free copy of American Nazi newspaper, White Power, write National Socialist White People's Party (NSWPP), Box 5505, Arlington, Virginia 22205. (65)

Ohio, seeking parole board for third time, January. Looks excellent. How will it be, lady? Photos answered first. Am of Prussian descent. Write R. T. Stover, Jr. #98433, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036. (64)

\$1,000 reward for recovery of the following stolen motorcycles: 1937 Indian Chief (Eng. #CCH155, Ser. #338455, color gray), 1946 Indian Chief (Ser. #346369, color black), 1941 Indian Chief (Ser. #134115, color black), 1940 Indian 4-Cylinder (Ser. #440358, color black), 1937 H-D (Ser. #37UL, color red), 1946 H-D (Ser. #6U3400, color red), 1949 H-D (Eng. #49FL6088, color blue), 1977 H-D (Ser. #2F-11222H3, color silver gray). Send info to Box 300, Tribune Star, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808. (63)

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. (65)

D&B Cycleworld, Alta, Iowa 51002. Ph. (712) 284-1542. Hours—Mon., Wed., and Fri. 9-9; Tues., Thurs., and Sat. 9-5; Sun. 1-5. Custom parts for all motorcycles. Frames, bars, seats, wheels, tires, etc. (66)

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

Pat Walsh, Kenneth Rooks, Arnold Coachman—where are you guys? Mitch Malone, R.R. #1, Newaygo, Mich. 49337. (64)

Bugs: A little late, but Happy 23rd, babe. You're one of a kind and that's what makes me love you. Your lovin' ol' lady always, Glna. (64)

Happy 26th birthday, R. J. 10/9/78. I'll always love you. 1 1/2. (64)

Harley-Davidson Parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sporster 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)

To Tricky Mickey in Florence: Don't let this fucked situation change you, babe. You know I'll be waiting and wanting you 500 years from now. I'm keeping cool and saving bucks. I won't let you down. Crazy Lady Sandy. (64)

Coke: Happy Birthday and many more great years together. David. (64)

I am building a trike and would like to get ideas and advice. Tony Stoffo, P.O. Box 3654, Evansville, Indiana 47735. (64)

Big Joe: To let you know I love you. Just because. "C." (64)

Vern H.: I miss you a lot. The "spark" is still there! Love you only, Elke B. (64)

Easyriders magazines 1-35, except 3, 5, 6, 7. Call (404) 638-3010, Lafayette, Ga. Ask for Henry. (64)

Chick, 22, looking for biker ol' man to putt and party with. Must be 23-27 yrs. old and must live in Michigan. Write Jean, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (64)

Fat Cat: Happy 31st, babe! I'll always love ya! Deb. (64)

Ku Klux Klan: Authentic literature and membership information. Package, \$1. Klan, Box 624, Madera, Calif. 93637. (66)

Trade: 1951 Pontiac 2-dr. hardtop for early-late '40s H-D 45. Must be stock condition. Forget-Me-Not Car Farm, Boro Hall Station, Jamaica, New York 11424. (64)

Be legally ordained, perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church, worship your own way, tax free. Reverend Marshall, c/o Faith Gospel Church, 855 W. Tenth, San Bernardino, Calif. 92410. (65)

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

Of interest to all: How to put more zest in your life. Invest in a Playaqui. Send \$2.69, and the spirit of a Playaqui is on the way. Richness knocking on your door—own a Playaqui. Playaqui, P.O. Box 63, Tracy, Calif. 95376. (64)

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)

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

Looking for Easyriders #1-19, also a book by Outlaw Danny Lyons called The Bikeriders. S. F. Hochschild, 75 Lyman Ave., Medford, Mass. 02155. (64)

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 Chevrone Identification Company, Box 1033-EZ88, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (64)

Boot Knife, Gerber Mark I. 5 inches of double-edged cold steel. Quick-draw black leather sheath with spring metal clip for either boot or belt carrying. Easily concealable. Protect yourself. Just \$37.50, plus \$2 postage and insurance. Survival Research Laboratories, Drawer 1819-E, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80901. (64)

Tattoo! Setup for complete shop: drawings, stencils, stencil engraver, inks, needles, guns, sterilizer, sonic cleaner — \$600. (614) 421-1094, Columbus, or (614) 593-7048, Athens, Ohio. (64)

Evard: The happiest 12 tennie and many more years of happy tennies together. Love ya. Your Lady. (64)

Happy Birthday, Jimmy, from your ol' lady, Lydia, Berlin, Germany. (64)

Sell: Easyriders 1 through 59, missing #26. Best offer over \$250. D. Cramer, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (64)

Bashful and Brutal: You made it the best. Happy Birthday. Your ol' ladies, Cat and Patooty. (64)

Guaranteed identifications: For 5 blank age IDs plus free birth record rush \$3. Triple order \$6. Plastic covers 50¢ pair. Chevrone, 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)

Wanted: Sincere housemouse, tired of bullshit, for partying, putting; love Harleys; no trade offs: one-man woman; live in; one rug-rat okay. Send pic and age. Write Lil Bill, 1531 Sunnyvale Ave., #16, Walnut Creek, Calif. 94596. (64)

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

Gary Deuley and Barbara Slaughter, or anyone knowing their whereabouts — still possibility of setting things straight. Contact me, Sal "Raisan" Leo, Outlaws M.C. 1¢er, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

Another lost soul lookin' for those first elusive issues of Easyriders. Need #2 through 19, 25, 26, 29, 31 and 35. Gotta be in good shape—nothin' cut out or chewed up. Send info to J. Morgan, 13 Randolph Circle, Waco, Texas 76705. (64)

wasn't too old yet to learn a good lesson from Gramps!

He'd just reloaded the rifle and pulled another cold one from the refrigerator when he thought he heard something . . . Yes, he sure as hell **had** heard something! He was still hearing it. From the distance came the familiar roar of a powerful motorcycle engine! "That asshole has the balls to show up here? After what he did!"

The old man grabbed the rifle and ran out onto the porch as fast as his worn legs would take him. He gripped the Winchester, squinting down the road. He thought of all the times the boy had come to see him—even after the rest of the family had forgotten him. He thought about how he'd always looked forward to the visits. But now all he felt was the hurt, the need to teach the boy a lesson in respect. There would, by God, be no thieves in the family!

But wait a minute. That wasn't the bike Chuck always rode—the old man could tell by the sound. Was he going crazy? Who else would be riding up here like that?

The bike and rider came into view of the old man's squinting eyes, and a new flash of rage tended to blur his vision. It was his grandson, all right—riding a fully restored '27 V-twin Harley! The kid had stolen his granddad's machine—and then had the brass to show up riding it!

The old man took a shaky but determined aim at the front tire. The rifle exploded. And the vintage machine was suddenly riderless. It slowed in the gravel and toppled over

in the soft sand in front of the house. But the old man's unbelieving eyes had no time for the machine. They were fixed in horror on the dusty figure sprawled on its back in the gravel of the road.

The old man dropped the rifle and tottered off the porch, groping his way through empty space like a blind man through a cluttered room, until he stood over the supine figure. The first thing his streaming eyes saw was the gaping hole in the center of Chuck's forehead. He collapsed over the body, cradling it in his arms and crying like a baby. "Chucky! Chucky!" His eyes tore themselves away from the hole and the blood, and they immediately fell on a piece of brightly colored paper that had evidently fallen from the pocket of the bloody denim jacket. The old man read what was written on the paper, and a final, harsh sob tore from his throat. He laid the body back down on the blood-stained gravel and somehow got to his feet. He stumbled back to the porch and picked up the rifle. A few seconds later, another shot broke the stillness, echoing through the trees.

In front of the house, a bright red ribbon danced lazily in the wind, tied in a bow to the handlebars of the restored Harley. Eighty years ago today the old man had choked in his first breath. Today he had choked out his last. Blood and tears mingled, and both dried on the old man's body. In his hand, held in a death grip, was the brightly colored piece of paper, a home-made card, reading simply: Happy Birthday, Gramps. ■



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 1/8" 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:

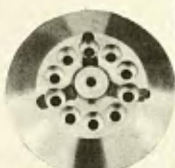
(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

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Products
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California 90740



H/E/S
PERFORMANCE
PRODUCTS

LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's



1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.
 2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area.
 3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.
 4. Smooth clutch action.
- Complete with instructions; installs in 1/2 hour

\$21 (Add \$2.00 for shipping cost)

Hi-flow Pinion Shaft Bushing for Harley 74's (1936 - 1972)

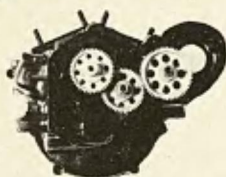


Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

Hi-flow cam bushing sells for \$7.95 plus \$1.50 for shipping and handling. If you wish, H.E.S. will press this bushing in your cam cover for \$4.00, which is labor and return postage.

When ordering, state year:
a. 1936-1953 (splined pinion shaft)
b. 1954-1972

Lightening Gears for All 74's



1. These gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. And they're sold in exchange for your gears. If you've put in light valve collars and pushrods, these are a must to insure that the entire train is light and responsive.
 2. The brass bushings will also be fitted and honed to fit standard size shafts.
 3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.
 4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright, send for price list.
- The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$39.50 exchange, plus \$2.50 postage and handling.
1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.

Dealer inquiries invited.

For immediate delivery, send certified check or m.o. Personal Checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S
PERFORMANCE
PRODUCTS

Box 2794 • Culver City,
California 90230 Dept. C
(213) 397-3195
After 5 p.m.

Aw, well, the salesman thought, fuck the boss. He shook hands with Rebel.

"You got yourself a panhead, buddy."

The bike was set up just right for Rebel's intended use—a glide front end, eight over, and fatbobs. The cobra seat was comfortable; he could tie his sleeping bag to the thirty-six-inch-high sissy bar and lean back against it when he rode. It was perfect for long runs, and he was about to make a very long run.

At first, he rode without tiring. Then he used the bennies. He rode slowly, even on the deserted stretches of the expressway, savoring the run and the feel of the big bike beneath him. It had been too long between runs, that was for sure. And as he rode, the old feeling came back—the wind, the vibrations, the sounds of a well-tuned engine, the whine of Avons, singing a song. The song of freedom. He wanted to ride forever on an endless ribbon of concrete, ride to the ends of the earth, and laugh at those who didn't know the feeling as he did. Ride forever—forever free.

The lights of a truck stop broke through his thoughts and snapped him back to reality. His stomach growled out the message of hunger, and the bike needed gas, so he pulled into the station and filled both tanks. Then he headed toward the restaurant.

Taking a booth where he could see his bike from inside, he began to formulate a plan. For the past ten years he had thought only of his dreams, never really taking the time to map out a detailed scheme. As he sat there, a great sadness welled up inside him.

I'll get a job, he thought. If I'm

—Continued on page 86



"I'm quitting, sir. I've had six involuntary ejaculations during the first feature."

Class

Easyriders



\$5.50

plus 50¢ for postage and handling

Now, for the first time, you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peak with ease.

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

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

Mail to: Back Issues
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

- ☐ Enclosed is \$15.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders** that are still available.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$5.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zip _____
State _____



WRIST/WATCH BAND

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

SCOOTER WALLET



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

TRUCKER WALLET

Here's the original truckers' wallet, made extra wide to fit checkbooks.



Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Foreign orders must include International Money Order

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery

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I-R-S-LIMITED

California residents add 6% for The Man

BUCK KNIVES



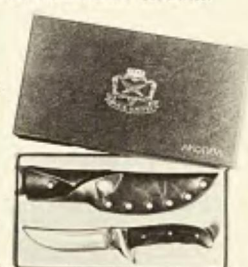
Famous for holding an edge

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

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

Model #402, Akonua, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade.

\$54.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



SMALL BIKE WALLET



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

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

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

model release

This model release must be completed in full and must accompany each entry. Be sure that the release is signed and witnessed. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older. (See page 92 for additional information.)

Ol' Lady Photo Contest

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

Model's Name _____
Age _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I hereby give Easyriders Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such

photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____
I am _____ years of age.
Witness to Signature _____



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Libra

Libra is a natural-born charmer—even Libra rug rats can charm the pants off ya. Libra can throw his drawer droppings at Granny, or bust Mom upside the head, as long as he's smiling while he does it. He knows from the gate how to get his way. Later on in life, Libra is the only dude I know who says, "I hate ya, Shitlips, an' I'm gonna knock your lights out," and get away with it. 'Course, he's smiling all the while. Libras can pick their nose an' put it on your clothes, an' make you like it. (Very decorative!)

To show you an example of how versatile and hard to detect Libras are, here are a few famous ones. Former President Dwight Eisenhower shows the positive Libran diplomacy. Then, there's the baseball hero, Mickey Mantle, who charmed all the sports commen-

tators. I can't leave out sexy Librans Charlton Heston and Charles Boyer. Another Libran is Al Capp, the cartoonist who created all those voluptuous broads in his "Li'l Abner." Truman Capote reveals the intellectual side of Libra. (That's about all he's got going for him.) Last, but not least, is Libran Bela Lugosi. What can I say, except he knew where to score?

Librans should beware of over-indulgence in alcohol. At least douse it with plenty of water to keep your kidneys flushed. Otherwise, you're prone to both kidney and bladder problems—also boils (sorry).

Librans always tend to see both sides of a situation and are basically fair-minded. They are ruled by logic instead of emotions.

On the negative side, Librans are a bit lazy and hate making decisions. Sometimes deciding whether to piss or shit is a major effort (especially if they're consti-

pated). They can't decide which side of the bed to get out of. (Getting in is no problem.) They're also fickle as hell!

The older Libran biker is known for the cute dimples around his poopchute. To him, the whole world is a giant pussy and he refers to it as the "edible earth." He can't manipulate several chicks at a time and get away with it.

Note to Women:

How to catch a Libra? First of all, keep your problems to yourself. He doesn't want to get bummed out, and couldn't care less if you've been on the rag for two weeks. He figures there's no hassle as long as ya grin and bear it. (Your ass, that is!) He may be as sloppy as six pigs, but he expects you to keep your buns in gear picking up after him. Get down on your knees and worship him. Above all, don't argue with him, or he'll walk an' keep on truckin'.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Holy Fuck! Not only do ya have an overabundance of semen, but the old creative juices are flowin', too. Your mind is so sharp it might even lower your ears a taste. Seriously, ya got an angle to dangle at every prospective financial contact ya come across. Don't waste this ball-bustin' period diddlin' your dipstick. Instead take a flyin' fuck directly into those money-makin' deals. Remember, you're ridin' on top now.

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

This could be the month when ya have to fess up to bein' a real prick lately. If you've been takin' your ol' lady for granted (like wearin' cleats to bed), or bummin' off your bros, it's time to rectify your wrongs. Otherwise, you're gonna be dropped like a pair of shitty shorts and land in a messy plop. Ya can't go on bein' a mother-fucker forever, so lighten up and get off the rag!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Lucky you! Aries is not the only one on top of things—you're in

the missionary position all month. While some other poor assholes are likin' or lumpin' it, you have some successful, stimulin' situations comin' at ya. In addition to a few extra jaw-jobs, parties, and general good fortune, you're double horny and healthy. A friend could very well supply ya with an original idea that solves a future work hassle. Watch for it!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

This is the time to heed your partners' advice, unless you want to end up a basket case. There's a strong urge to blow your head on bumfuck financial ventures. You're better off fingerin' your foreskin than riskin' a bundle you boggled your brain to acquire. Wait until next month to decide on monetary problems, or suffer the consequences. Spend your spare time gallopin' from gash to gash with your goody stick.

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Caution! Don't let self-gratification (not masturbation, either!) cause you to overplay what is potentially one of the best hands

you've been dealt in years. Lots of goodies are comin' your way—just refrain from gettin' overly cocky about it. Takin' on more than you can handle (includin' beavers) to impress your partners and favorite pussies can backfire. Right now, even your meat is in rare form. Enjoy.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

If ya got an ol' lady (or two), sneakin' snatch could put a pinch on your nut sack. Beware of secret affairs, unless you enjoy explosions. This is one month you'll either be busted in the wrong bed, or drag home some of that "stick 'em an' spread it." Face it, spreadin' the clap will never get ya a standin' ovation (pun). Month's end brings a little bonus to boost your morale an' smooth things out on the home base.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Now's the time everyone's layin' a birthday bang on ya. If you're into gamblin', you have lady luck behind ya, strokin' ya on. Don't go overboard, though. Watch out for too many fingers in your honey's

hair pie. You may have to stand guard over your private honey pot. Get up your nerve an' take a chance with your cash, then spend a little more time with the piece of tail ya' love to tickle.

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Success! Somethin' you've been plannin' for quite some time begins to bone up. Be patient until mid-month, then keep your ears peeled for subtle indications. After that, hustle your buns to keep one step ahead of competitors. Remember, if ya snooze, ya lose. So don't let this nutcrackin' opportunity slip by. Along with a hot deal, there's some hot boxes to cool off. Use your swizzle stick to make 'em sizzle!

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

This month, the accent is on mindfucks you thought were cleared up or forgotten. To add insult to injury—you're slightly accident-prone this month. (What, again?) In other words, don't get your balls in an uproar over some lightweight shit and hop on your scooter. There are safer ways to relieve tension—like wear a trail to your favorite tits and tail, then whip out your wacker an' wail!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

Sorry! There's nothin' spectacular on the agenda. Still, mundane happenin's can easily get blown out of proportion. If ya must let somethin' get blown up, let it be your crank—it's safe and more fun. Try to keep things down to a low roar (or at least a silent hummer). Stick to plans and previously arranged schedules. It's important now to keep your act together, 'cause next month is a biggie!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

This could be a hectic month, and it's also a veritable testin' period. Try not to let temporary upsets throw you off balance. Relax! Even if you have to crawl on all fours, draggin' your dong in the dirt, you'll make it. In fact, you'll probably come out a champ. Just hang in there. One problem might turn out to be a pair of jealous jugs ya juiced up with your joy joint. Gettin' rid of her ass won't be easy.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

The only shitty srag to contend with this month is a legal problem you don't even need. Be double sure to take care of old violations, and don't carry any more drugs than ya can down in a flash. Bein' fucked with by The Man is out to lunch an' then some. But forewarned is forearmed. Also, don't knock your knockwurst, but give your worm a rest before ya wear it out. Remember, use moderation in everything ya try now.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING SPACE FILLER!

Walking along a dimly-lighted street, the man was approached by a stranger who slipped from the shadows.

"Please, sir," the stranger said, "would you be so kind as to help a poor unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work, and who has nothing in the world but this gun?"

—Mike Petrocelli
South Gate, Calif.



Then there was the secretary who was so dumb she thought a penal colony was an all-male nudist camp.

—Jim Fielding
New York, N.Y.



"What wine goes with being on the rag?"

A newlywed couple established a household routine that included having sexual relations each evening at 5:15. After several weeks, the bride contracted the flu and received a shot that killed all but three of the germs. The three survivors frantically discussed how they were going to escape. "I'm moving to the tip of her ear," said the first. "They'll never get me there."

Thinking for a moment, the second chirped, "I'm going to the tip of her toes."

"You guys do what you want," retorted the third, "but when that old 5:15 pulls out tonight, I'm gonna be on it."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.



"Must be one of those rat bikes."

"Once I start kissing you, babe, I never know where to stop," the biker told his lovely girlfriend. So she set him straight by taking a firm grip on his ears.

—B. Kinnane
Avon Park, Fla.

When the surgeon came to see her on the morning after her operation, the young woman asked him somewhat hesitantly how long it would be before she could resume her sex life.

"I really haven't thought about it," gulped the stunned surgeon. "You're the first patient who's asked me that after a tonsillectomy!"

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.



"Your usual?"

If you could measure intelligence by the length of a biker's cock, you'd have to call him a natural-born genius.

—James LeGate
Denver, Colo.



"I'll say this for you, Phil—you're no quitter."

An entire club membership went on a run. They wanted to camp on the far side of a lake, but there was no way to cross. A solution to the problem was achieved when one of the bikers, fully clothed, swam across. The rest walked across on the dead fish.

—V. Terkelson
Long Beach, Calif.



"Hiya—my name's Snake. I'm supposed to pick up your daughter for a date tonight."

A biker, having started his motorcycle and preparing to leave on a run one morning, left the bike idling and went back into the house to get his gloves. He no sooner got inside than his ol' lady screamed, "Someone's riding off on your scooter!"

The biker shot out the door in hot pursuit, and ten minutes later he returned, panting and exhausted from the chase.

"Did you catch the bastard?" his ol' lady asked.

"No," the numbnuts biker said. "I chased him for half a mile." Then his face brightened. "But I did manage to get his license number."

—Jack Steven
Tulsa, Okla

"What would you like for your birthday?" the parents asked their young son.

"I wanna watch," he answered. So they let him.

—H. R. Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

Did you know that the reason women write more graffiti on shithouse walls is that they have both hands free?

—V. Terkelson
Long Beach, Calif.



"One more peep outta you, an' your ass has had it!"

After going through the line at a crowded cafeteria, the three bikers found they were forced to share a table with a kindly-looking old lady. One of the bros decided to have a bit of fun at the woman's expense and, nudging one of his buddies under the table, suddenly remarked, "Did your folks ever get married?"

"Nope," replied his tablemate, picking up the put-on. "How about yours?"

"They never bothered," answered the first dude.

"That's nothing," interrupted the third, "my mother doesn't even know who my father is."

The elderly woman looked up from her coffee and said sweetly, "Excuse me, but would one of you little bastards please pass the sugar?"

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.



According to a doctor, the three stages of a man's life are Tri-Weekly, Try Weekly, and Try Weakly.

—Joey
Lancaster, Calif.

A 80-year-old woman walked up to the sergeant's desk at the police department, and in a shaky voice declared, "I was raped by a bunch of bikers."

The concerned officer picked up his pencil and asked, "When did this happen, lady?"

"Oh," she said, "about thirty years ago."

"Why the hell did you wait till now to report it?"

In the same shaky voice, she replied, "Oh, I don't want to report it. I just want to talk about it."

—D. B. Lee
Shreveport, La.



The policeman was walking his beat when he saw two men fighting and a little boy standing alongside them crying, "Daddy, Daddy!"

The officer pulled the two men apart and, turning to the boy, asked, "Which one is your father, lad?"

"I don't know," the boy said, rubbing the tears from his eyes. "That's what they're fighting about."

—George Lester
Lansing, Mich.

"I'm beat," confessed the pretty party girl to her friend. "Last night I didn't fall asleep until after three."

"No wonder you're tired," her friend replied. "Twice is usually all I need."

—H. R. Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

This bro I know just got out of the joint and he went into a bar for a few beers. While he was sitting there, he noticed a dude with long hair and a beard. The bro started staring at him because he'd never seen a hippie before. The hippie turned and asked him what the fuck he was looking at, and the bro replied, "Well, I was in the joint for 15 years for fucking a buffalo and I was wondering if you were my son."

—Dave
Calabasas, Calif.



"Ya know, they have a law against bestiality in this state!"

After checking into a large motel complex, the self-styled evangelist read in his room for several hours, then sauntered over to the bar, where he struck up a conversation with the pretty hatcheck girl. After she had finished working, they shared a few drinks and then retired to his room. But when the evangelist began removing her blouse, she seemed to have second thoughts. "Are you sure this is all right?" she asked. "I mean, you're a holy man."

"My dear," he replied, "it is written in the Bible."

She took him at his word, and the two spent a very pleasant night together. The next morning, however, as the girl was preparing to leave, she said, "You know, I don't remember the part of the Bible you mentioned last night. Could you show it to me?"

In response, the evangelist took the Gideon Bible from the night stand, opened the cover, and pointed to the flyleaf, on which someone had inscribed: "The hatcheck girl fucks."

—Hammerin' Hank
Jamestown, Calif.

When one of the prostitutes passed away, the girls moped around the house. "Good ol' Marie," lamented one. "She could handle twenty men a night, drink a fifth of whiskey, and still have the strength to roll five drunks."

Hearing this, one of the others burst into tears. "Why is it," she sobbed, "that a girl has to die before anyone says anything nice about her?"

—Big Bill
Ft. Worth, Texas

"Gimme a double whiskey!" the little boy yelled to the barmaid as he entered the bar.

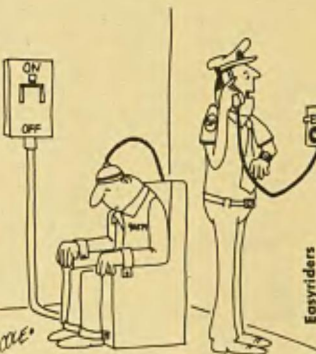
"Do you want to get me in trouble?" she asked.

The lad replied, "Maybe later. But right now, I just want a drink."

—H. R. Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

Then there was the single-minded miss who finally got fed up with her shy boy-friend's fumbling advances and decided to put him in her place.

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.



"Well, Warden, if you ask me, I'd say your watch is five minutes slow."

A lot more college co-eds would sign up for a course in sex education if the final exam were oral.

—Larry Marks
Seattle, Wash.

rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

Kids And Cars

Here's a piece of good advice. Do not allow your children to play in a lot where old automobiles (or any automobiles) are stored. Children are curious, and they love to open glove compartments, trunks, and doors in an automobile. The case in question occurred in Pennsylvania and the Supreme Court could not help the half-blinded victim. He and some companions were playing around an automobile stored in the lot of a service station. He opened the glove compartment of an old car and found a box of .22 caliber bullets. Each boy in the group took a number of them. After leaving the property, the boys tossed the bullets against walls as they walked to a nearby tunnel. Once inside the tunnel, one boy placed some of the bullets in a matchbox and set it on fire. When he blew on the flame, they exploded and he was blinded in his left eye. The car owner had placed the bullets in the glove compartment before the car was stored. The owner of the service station knew nothing of this fact. The court absolved the owner of the station from any liability, on the ground that he was under no duty to search the stored car for property which might prove harmful to trespassing children. The garage owner had no right to search the cars of others brought into the garage. (378 At. 2nd 420, 1977.)

Feedin' Prisoners

A prisoner in Louisiana collected \$75,000 because the prison refused to feed him a bland diet. The prison physicians had prescribed such a diet for his stomach condition. The prison failed to furnish that diet and because of this the plaintiff required an operation during which 70% of his stomach was removed. The high degree of liability in a case like

this is rather unusual, but the Louisiana judge thought that such a disability caused by negligence must be compensated. The decision indicates that some prisons, at least, are legally responsible for the health and well-being of prisoners, beyond minimum necessities. (354 So. 2nd 633.)

Cuttin' Up In Cuba

In the unlikely event that you are planning a trip to Cuba, don't imagine that anything goes in that sunny country. Castro has changed the scene, and crime is dealt with severely. The death sentence may be meted out to those convicted of having carnal relations with a girl under 12, committing violent pederasty with anyone under 16, committing rape, piracy, genocide, terrorism, robbery, or hijacking.

A man found guilty of seducing a single girl under age 18 can be sentenced to nine months in jail unless he marries the girl. Public displays of homosexuality are punishable by a \$400 fine and nine months in jail. Possession of marijuana can bring an eight-year jail sentence; so too can the conducting of any gambling enterprise for profit.

Loony On The Loose

In this unusual case, a twelve-year-old boy was attacked by an escaped inmate of a mental hospital and severely injured. The attack took place 100 miles from the mental institution. The court refused damages. The escapee had previously attacked hospital inmates and attendants with a chair. He was placed in restraints, consisting of leather arm bindings and leg irons, apparently attached by leather thongs. The leg irons prevented him from running, but allowed him to hobble or hop. He was placed in the institution's maximum security area, an unbarred room or dormitory,

with windows enclosed by shutters. The hospital has no barred rooms or cells because the authorities in charge deem such an environment harmful to the best interests of patients, who are received primarily for treatment for mental disorders rather than for incarceration. By means of a razor blade which the inmate had on his person, or which he had obtained from another inmate, the patient freed himself from the restraints and fled the institution at night.

The hospital seems to have been negligent in permitting the escape of an inmate known to be dangerous. The more we see of cases like this, the more we believe in the wisdom of carrying accident insurance. (354 So. 2nd 602, 1977.)

It Ain't My Gun

If you are charged with the possession of an unregistered firearm, can you defend on the ground that someone else owned the weapon? No, says the U.S. Court of Appeals. The weapon in question was found in the bedroom of the defendant's home, which he occupied with his wife. There was evidence that the weapon belonged to a friend, but the defendant had placed the shotgun in the closet adjoining his bedroom. That evidence was sufficient to show possession, and since possession, rather than ownership, is the activity which is proscribed, this was sufficient to sustain the conviction. (U.S. v. Polk. CAS April 19, 1978.)

EPA Beef

The Environmental Protection Agency on April 25, 1978, said it has assessed civil penalties against four car dealers for tampering with automobile emission control systems. The dealers were charged with tampering with exhaust recirculation valves, which control nitro-

gen oxide emissions that contribute to smog. Under the Clean Air Act, a person tampering with emission controls can be subject to maximum fines of \$10,000 per violation.

Many tampering cases are now under investigation, with 76 cases to date referred to the Justice Department for action. Civil penalties have been assessed against 20 dealers so far. EPA is actively working with several state agencies charged with enforcing their respective anti-tampering laws.

Knocked-Up Blues

According to a recent ruling, parents who had a healthy child after the wife underwent an unsuccessful sterilization operation have cause for action against the doctor who performed the operation. They sued for damages as measured by medical expenses, pain, and suffering incident to pregnancy and anticipated cost of raising the child. The woman who became pregnant after the sterilization operation had no obligation to mitigate her damages by procuring an abortion, according to the decision. Doctors may now begin requiring written agreements that if the operation is unsuccessful, they shall have no liability. (NY Ct. Cls. Rveis v. New York, 4/28/78.)

Searchin' Threats

In this case, after the defendant told a hostile inspector that he would not consent to a search of his home, the inspector told the defendant that a search warrant would give the inspector the authority "to tear the paneling off the walls," but that a consent to search would allow the inspector to look only into the areas authorized by the defendant. The evidence supported the conclusion that the defendant's subsequent consent to the search was given under the threat that the home would

be ransacked if the inspector was forced to obtain a search warrant. Therefore, the incriminating evidence obtained as the result of the search was properly suppressed. (U. S. v. Kampbell (C.A. 8) No. 78-1056, 4/20/78.)

Rapin' Your Wife

A Medford Lakes, N.J., man has been convicted on charges of kidnapping and raping his estranged wife in a case that could prove to be a legal landmark in New Jersey. The jury of ten women and two men returned the verdict against Daniel Morrison, 34 years old, on the second day of deliberations.

Although state law says it is not rape if a husband forces his wife to have sexual relations, Judge Paul R. Kramer ruled that the law did not apply to Mr. Morrison because he had been separated from his wife for eight months before the offense occurred on Nov. 29, 1976.

Mr. Morrison, who had pleaded not guilty on the ground that he was insane at the time, was also convicted of simple assault. However, he was acquitted of charges of atrocious assault and battery, and threatening to kill a police officer.

Mr. Morrison was charged with kidnapping his wife from the Voorhees, N.J., train station and taking her to his home, where he repeatedly raped her.

Ya Can't Win

The defendant in this case was between the devil and the deep blue sea. Should he try to escape? He did, but his defense was not sustained. He was charged with escape from the custody of his probation officer. He admitted the escape, but sought to show that he did so in order to avoid being returned to the county jail, where he had been beaten by other prisoners and forced to commit oral sodomy. The court ruled

against him, and said that in cases involving a charge of escape, whether from a penal institution or a probation officer, conditions of confinement do not generally justify the escape, and that for a defense of necessity or compulsion to lie, there must be a showing that the harm which the defendant is seeking to avoid was present and imminent. (State v. Turner 575 Pac. 2nd 1005, 3/13/78.)

Deadly Weapons

Is an assault with "bare hands" an assault with a dangerous weapon? A Michigan court says no. In this case, a three-year-old girl had been playing with a seven-year-old girl outside the apartment complex where they both lived. The defendant allegedly approached the girls and told one of them that her mother wanted him to take the girls home. Defendant walked both of the girls inside the apartment building and down the stairs to the basement, where he grabbed them and shoved them inside a dark room. The defendant allegedly placed his hand around the mouth and nose of one of the girls so that she could not breathe, and with his other hand held the other girl. He told both girls to be quiet or he would kill them. The two girls struggled and one succeeded in freeing herself and running into the hallway. The girl escaped and quickly found her parents. The defendant was subsequently apprehended. He claimed at the trial that he did not have a knife, a gun, or any other weapon. He was charged with felonious assault and found guilty. On appeal, the court held that, since he had no weapon, he was guilty of simple assault only. Courts in other jurisdictions have ruled on this question and have reached varying conclusions. Some courts have held that a bare hand or fist can never be classified as a dangerous

or deadly weapon, while others have held or implied that, under proper circumstances, a hand can be a dangerous weapon. (263 N.W. 2nd 370, Dec., 1977.)

Badmouthin' Cops

Can you say, "Fuck you, pigs," to police officers, and get away with it? Two fourteen-year-old girls did in this case.

About 9:30 p.m., the girls were questioned by two police officers who had just apprehended some teenage boys for paint sniffing. Based only on a hunch that the girls were somehow involved in either the original crime or the taking of the boys' bicycles, the girls were questioned about the bicycles and their own identities. One of the police officers, they said, threatened to take them to the police station, and then advised them to hurry home as it was past curfew. After starting down the alley, at a distance of twenty feet from the police, the girls turned and said, "Fuck you, pigs." The girls were arrested for disorderly conduct.

But they got away with it. The court said the words "Fuck you, pigs" did not constitute "fighting words" and therefore could not be grounds for a conviction of disorderly conduct and a finding of delinquency. The spoken words did not tend to incite an immediate breach of the peace or provoke a violent reaction by an ordinary, reasonable man. But if you try it, don't count on going free. (236 N.W. 2nd 412, 2/17/78.)

Marriage In The Joint

It turns out that a state prisoner has a fundamental Constitutional right to marry while he is in jail. In this case, the prisoner's fiancée was suspected of having smuggled contraband into the jail, and so the prison said he could not marry. But the court said otherwise. The rule

is that there is a difference between the right to marry and the right to visitation. The right to marry may not be impinged or delayed unless security is endangered at the time and place of the marriage. Visitation rights are another matter. (143 Cal. Rep. 848, Feb., 1978.)

Wooden Bullets

Wooden bullets in a pistol is no defense if you attempt to rob a bank. This defendant went to jail for five years. Here, the defendant entered the bank wielding a pistol, and his brandishing of it constituted its use as an offensive weapon, capable of inflicting death or great bodily harm. The mere fact that the bullets therein were incapable of being discharged did not make the pistol any less deadly, within the meaning of the Virginia statute. To hold otherwise would place an intolerable burden of proof upon the Commonwealth, the court ruled. (240 S.E. Rep. 2nd 524, 1978.)

Gettin' Screwed

If you buy a motorcycle and the title documents are insufficient, can you recover punitive damages against the seller? In this case, the plaintiff did not recover, but there are several cases where the plaintiff did. Here, a Missouri court said that you have to show that the seller intentionally committed a wrongful act, without just cause or excuse. However, in two other Missouri cases, recovery of punitive damages was allowed. In one case, sale of a motorcycle without providing title to the purchaser was involved. The seller was shown to have had no title to the motorcycle he sold. If you run into this situation, you should immediately contact a lawyer—do not wait for the seller to take action. (559 S.W. 2nd 67, 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. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of "Buckwheat," who proved the hard way that speed kills. We miss ya. The Wizard.

In memory of "Roger Ramjet," a good dude gone but not forgotten. Pagans M.C., Lewisburg, Pa.

In memory of Ronnie Van Zant, who everyone in the world knew and loved. You said, "I'll be back again this way," and we know it's the truth. From Viki Alden.

For Charlie Burt, a true Harley rider and a good friend. Clarke, Kane, Russ, and Bros. Deerfield, N.H.

In memory of Tommy Richards. He had a lot of friends and isn't forgotten by any of them.

To Gary "Reaper" Werman. You are gone, but we won't forget you. Brothers M.C. and others in Pa.

In memory of Clinton Metcalf, who came and went as a man. Gene Safrit, Raleigh, N.C.

In memory of Phil Hawkins. May you ride the big Glide in the sky. Your ol' lady, Calif.

In memory of Bob "Lerch" Rodgers. There will never be another like him. Gary Vogel, Clinton, Iowa.

In memory of Linda Fox. I'll be with you forever and a day. Your ol' man, Meatball. Rest in Peace.

In memory of Dennis "Kinky" Baker, who rode hard, lived fast, and died young. Chubby Chopper and his ol' lady, Addis, La.

In memory of "Crazy Ed" Choate. You really lived up to your name by drowning. What a way to go. Rest in peace. Sis and all your ridin' bros.

In memory of Zack "Little Anthony" Reyna, who was one helluva good brother. Hayward, Calif.

In memory of John "Eggman" Vowels. Gone but never forgotten. Everyone at the Village Inn, Taftville, Ct.

To "Groovin' Benny," who lived and died in a blaze of glory. Thanks for the memories. Renegades M.C., Buffalo, N.Y. and Columbus, Ohio.

In memory of our brother, Jesse, who was killed by some punkass chols. May you ride and rest in Harley Heaven forever. Hole-In-The-Wall M.C., Calif.

In memory of Jerry "Pappy" Methvin, murdered by a bitch in a sled. We'll ride together again. Dusty.

In memory of "Chink." Even though you ride the skies of darkness, you're still with us in our hearts. All the boys.

In memory of Bill "Willy" Sprague, who rides in the hearts of his brothers forever. One for the road. Stonecold M.C., Ohio.

In memory of "Slim." We love you and miss you. Ride high in the sky. Little Slim, Jake, and Mrs. Slim. Your properties.

In memory of "Titchy," lover of life, riding, and partying. May you ride the skies forever. We still feel the loss. All your bros, Amityville, N.Y.

In memory of Ronnie Martin, Conquistadores M.C., Houston, Texas. A good bro and a helluva biker. "Cherry Chopper" Chuck.

In memory of Johnny Jackson, "Jack-rabbit," and Carol Bentham, who rode with the Los Vegas M.C. Va. Chapter. Their memories live and ride in our hearts forever. Donald Jackson.

In loving memory of "Pomhead Ron." I love you, and I'm building my stairway to heaven. Your ol' lady, Karin.

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.

Lonely biker con wants to hear from chicks. William Barrow #00049-125, FPS, 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33177.

Need upstate New Yorkers and New England chicks to write to. David Cadoret #71-D-17, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Ladies, care about your bro's persecutions. James Berge #C-72935, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Need someone to share future life with. Gino Colon #15100, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Scooter tramp down four years and in need of mail. Kenneth Bean #31966, Box 2, 3-D-911, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

If you'll write to me, I'll answer all letters. Stephen Daley #110577, Southampton Corr. Ctr., Capron, Va. 23829.

I am very lonely and will answer all letters. Linton Wilson #027256, West Unit #1, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Inmate desires letters and visits from someone who knows the force of loneliness. Christopher Harris #142-881, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Looking for someone to write to and occupy my mind. Albert Fleming #113-658, S.C.C.A., Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

30-yr.-old dude been down for ten and getting out soon, needs letters and visits from chicks. John Edwards #36836-115, Box 7, Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif. 90731.

Another scooter tramp down and in need of mail. Bill Hobbs #28521, Box 7, ABD-11, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

I am an inmate with brown hair and blue eyes, and I'll answer all letters. Anthony Lewis, Box 69-145-667, London, Ohio 43140.

To all you lovely ladies, next time you have a spare minute, write to Ron Tyler #12854-02 (Kt), Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Looking for ol' lady to put and party with. Bill Walsh #76-A-2592, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Sincere male looking for healthy and meaningful correspondence from people on the outside. Reggie Bridges #149-828, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Looking for some loving. Been down three years and need females to write to. Charlie Lang #88855-132, Unit 7, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Lonely con needs you foxy ladies. Sincere chicks send photos. David Fahsoltz, Box B-45335, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Doing hard time in the hole and need mail from girls, guys, or anybody. 24-yr.-old Italian, Steven Waura #00421-192, Box 1000, Stellacom, Wash. 98388.

I'd like to hear from chicks of any age. All letters will be answered. Send pics if possible. William Carlson #B-34698, CMC, Box AE, Rm. 2310, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

San Quentin inmate needs mail from ladies. James Pifer, Box B-86791, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Inmate doing life, needs mail from anyone who cares to write. Duane Fuller #30520, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

27-yr.-old brother is looking for a good ol' lady who'll write and send photos. Bill Lyday #40081, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Let it all hang out and write me for a surprise. Robert Washington #74-A-3483, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

If you've got the stamps, then write the tramps. Cecil Brow, Jr., Box B-81808, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Send letters and pictures to an inmate bro who needs correspondence. D. L. Zucco, Box B-82226, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Ladies with good vibes, send your thoughts. Michael McCarter, Box B-79654, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

19-yr.-old inmate needs letters from good ladies in Calif. I'm 6'3" with blond hair and brown eyes. Jeff Green #B-84706, CTF-N, WA-244, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Hi, pretty ladies. Help me kick my penitentiary blues by writing and sending flicks. Eddie Kalwara, Box B-87391, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Detroit Yankee Harley rider forever, needs mail from ladies. Nelson Kowalczyk #056816, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Inmate looking for mail from foxy ladies. Walter Rekinski #059632, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

I want to hear from chicks of any age. Larry Elsworth #052910, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

New Yorker needs to hear from sweeties. John McGinnis #059330, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Whatzit? Cantcha write? Keith Webb #052169, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Michigan dude in southern prison needs to hear from ladies anywhere. Kenneth Nickelson #013097, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

If I don't hear from some hot-blooded, foxy chicks soon, I'll go nuts in this place. Jason Dolny #058750, Box 1100, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Ex-biker will answer all letters from ladies. Brown hair, black eyes. William Green #8255, Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

Downed biker needs chick who likes clubs and partying. Also want to hear from any Grim Reapers M.C. members. Gary Childers #32789-138, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

Prisoner who'll be out in two years needs lady with need for a real man. Mike Silverstein, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

I'm a biker, so any girls who are interested, please write. Thomas Surline #151318, Box 171, Kin Ross, Mich. 49752.

Downed bro doing life in the hole would like to hear from ladies, 'cause I keep forgetting what's on the other side of the wall. Jack Deal #31546, Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

28-yr.-old, down for one more year, needs contact with ladies. A. E. Smallwood #25996, Box 7-ABD-16, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

I've been lonely too long. Someone special please touch my life. Dennis Hogland #42994, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Downed Virgo bro seeks mail from together chicks. I'm 31. Chuck Bruce #31184, Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Have been an inmate for a number of years and need mail from chicks. Donald Hockaday #11239-32, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

I would appreciate hearing from ladies. Richard Trotter #A-035714, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083, Dorm #61-220.

Would like a friendly hand to reach out and touch mine. Ronald Allen #146-771, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Calif. biker getting out in '79. With the right ol' lady would go anywhere. O. G. Trebell #82326, Dorm C, D.C.I., Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748.

I'll answer letters from any chicks who take the time to write. Rodney Morgan #152060, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Together guy looking for chicks to write to. Billy Walsh #76-A-2592, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Gotta have letters and photos from ladies. Baby Junior Negro #75-A-433, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

35-yr.-old, crazy Polack needs sleazy bitch in heat to write to. John Natlike #048101, W-2-S-2, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

All you foxy ladies, I need some mail. Gary Nemitz #10497-1478, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

24-yr.-old inmate with no visits or correspondence would appreciate mail from fine young ladies. John Ford #B-82838, Box 2000, Q-153, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

I wish to correspond with mature, sincere woman. Jack Campbell #A-003046, Box 747, Cell R-3-S-4, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Lonely bro needs some foxy chicks to write. Scott Broadhead, Box B-35145, I.E.R. Cellblock, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Lonely young man, age 28, would be interested in same fox chick dropping me a line. James Szczehowski #134-390, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

30-yr.-old inmate needs pen pals and friendship from women 30-40. I'm six feet tall with brown hair and blue eyes. Donald Reed #135-105, Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

25-yr.-old inmate needs pen pals ages 21-35. Leo, with red hair. Will answer all. Roger Kinnamoon #142-948, Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

Intellectual bro, downed without a chance, wants to hear from some hard-humpin' mamas. Walter Wlezorek #061-172, A-19-B, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Downed bro wants to hear from hot, sexy chicks only. Anthony Fox #064933, A-16-B, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Letters from sexy, mature chicks are what I'm after. I've got moves you won't believe. Byron Lewis #057540, A-15-B, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Downed in the joint and in need of letters from ladies. Jim Hogan #059757, A-19-T, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Down two years and lonely. I need letters, photos, and visits. Ladies only. Michael Gehman #B-79236, Rm. 3291, Calif. Men's Colony, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93408.

Looking for some real mamas, 'cause this bro is for real. Rabbit Tyra #A-90836, Box AE-6216, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I've got a bad case of the blues, and a letter from anyone would bring me out of it. Wolfgang Fifer #33263-138, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

Down and out, with no exit in sight. Roy Sutherland #76351, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I've been sitting for three years without mail. Will some nice ladies please write? Charles Messer #025822, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091, R-2-S-4.

I've done seven, got eight to go, and I need some letters. Johnny Wright #100-933, M.C.C., Box 500, Boydton, Va. 23917.

Well-endowed stud seeking good-looking fillies to give stud service to when I get out. Harry Lona #040579, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091, 52-001-2.

I'm looking for a lonely young woman who needs someone to write to. I'm waiting. Ronald Dotson, #C-15422, Cell 107, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

21-yr.-old bro would like to hear from any chicks for lasting friendship. K. T. Strack #B-74931, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Fucked up and lonesome. Could dig hearing from some chicks. John McCarty, Box PMB 23767-E, Texarkana, Tex. 75501.

Lonely prisoner would like to receive pictures and letters from exciting women. Jim Kershaw #B-90145, Box AE-6357, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I am doing twenty-five years and need to write to someone. Roy Howington #100179, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

I'm down and out and need letters from ladies. Tony Peoples #059650, Box 667, E-210, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Downed bro needs letters from chicks to brighten his life. Russell Pollard, Box B-84160-N, Soledad, Calif. 95960.

Lonely and in need of letters and photos from chicks. Charles Clark #A-023194, A-C, F-27, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Green-eyed con needs letters from chicks. Robert Sample #10852-70, Central Prison, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Inmate needs letters from chicks to lighten load. Donald Kimble #B-71210-A, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Stone tramp lonely for lady tramp. Write to Monty Taylor #B-88021, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

A RUN OF GUILT

—Continued from page 77



gonna raise a daughter, I've gotta have a job. I'll save my money and buy a house. Clean up my act. Sell my scooter. No use foolin' myself—if I have a scooter, I'll ride, and you can't do that if you got responsibilities.

With the last thought came even more sadness, and he had to fight it down with an effort of will. The old guilt rose inside him. He'd deserted his daughter. He had to make it up to her, even if it meant giving up the runs and the parties. Buying the bike was a whim, something he had to do, one last run before he hung 'em up for good. This change wouldn't have been necessary if she was like her mother—her mother had understood why he rode. But that was asking too much. Her mother was one of a kind. Fuck it—back to the highway.

* * *

The small town was like any other little burg in Ohio. Fourteen years had made only slight difference—a new shopping center here, a new apartment building there.

Rebel stopped the big bike across the street from his sister's house. The paint was obviously new. So was the chain-link fence surrounding the front yard. Not much else was changed, though; it looked pretty much the same as when sis and her new husband had bought the place twenty years earlier.

He rejected the desire to go up and knock on the door. His sister had never approved of his bike riding. No sense awakening old memories. Rebel wasn't in the mood to hear the same old bullshit.

Kicking the bike into life, he headed for the nearest coffee shop. He bought a newspaper and idly scanned the help-wanted ads as he waited for the waitress to bring him his coffee.

Suddenly, his eyes caught a picture and a name that made all the old memories flash before his mind's eye. He re-read the article over and over. There was no mistaking it—there she was. He stared at the small picture and read again the column underneath: *Mr. & Mrs. John Nash are proud to announce the marriage of their niece, Michelle Desiree Cole, to Larry Powell, on the fifteenth of February at St. Michael's Church at one o'clock p.m.*

The rest of the words became blurred and unimportant. Today was the fifteenth! Rebel glanced at the clock above the counter—12:15.

He left a dollar bill on the counter and went outside without waiting for his change. Ten minutes later he was sitting outside St. Michael's Church, trying to figure out what he should do—go inside, or stay out. The people entering the church gave him curious glances as they passed.

Then she appeared. There was no doubt in Rebel's mind that it was his daughter. Not because of the picture he had seen in the morning paper, but because she looked so very much like her mother.

To his amazement, the girl left her companions and walked directly toward him.

"That's a Harley, isn't it?" she asked.

Rebel looked into the deepest of blue eyes. They seemed to stare right through him and he was glad he was wearing his mirrored sunglasses. Without them, his daughter would have seen the shocked look that flashed across his bearded face.

Thoughts rushed quickly, one on top of the other. He never even realized he had failed to answer her question.

"A Harley, isn't it?" she repeated.

"Huh? Oh yeah, a Harley."

"My dad rides a Harley," she said hesitantly. "At least he used to. I guess he still does."

"You don't know?" Rebel forced himself to ask.

"No. He left when I was a kid. That was a long time ago."

"Where's he now?"

"Dunno. I heard he was in California somewhere. He took off after mom died."

Rebel pulled a nine-sixteenths out of his pocket and began going through the motion of tightening a loose nut on the panhead.

"You the one gettin' married to-

day?" he asked at last.

"Yeah—to a nice guy."

"You love him?"

She laughed softly. "Of course!"

"That's good."

Rebel tried desperately to collect his wits. Jesus fuckin' Keerist, he thought. Who am I kiddin'? I can't give up ridin'. It's me. Go to work every day? Clean up? I can't go through with this bullshit. I should fire this fuckin' Hog up and get outta here.

But he couldn't leave. He owed it to her, he told himself. She was his daughter, his responsibility, even if she was gettin' hitched. He had to tell her that he was her old man. He had to tell her now.

"Look, kid," he said, "do you ever think about your old man comin' back? Pickin' you up, gettin' a job? Supportin' you like an old man should?"

She hesitated a few moments before answering. A small cough escaped her lips.

"Are you kiddin' me?" she replied. "I know why he left. He loved my mom. After she died, he knew he couldn't take care of me." She hesitated, then went on. "Besides, I got my own life now, and he's got his. My dad's a biker. He'd never be happy workin' on some nine-to-five job. He's doin' exactly what he should be doin', and I'm happy for him, wherever he is."

Rebel felt the pride swell up inside him. He had been wrong, very wrong. She was exactly like her mother, a carbon copy. And he knew something else, too. There was no need to tell her who he really was.

"Michelle! It's time to go in now!"

She turned toward the door of the church and then back to Rebel.

"I gotta go. Have a good run." With a wave of her hand, she was gone.

Rebel let out a yell, and fired the big bike into life. He popped the clutch and sent the glide into the air. He was still yelling when he entered the expressway, heading west.

Michelle returned momentarily from inside the church. She stood on the steps and watched as bike and rider disappeared from view. She spoke aloud in a low, prayer-like whisper.

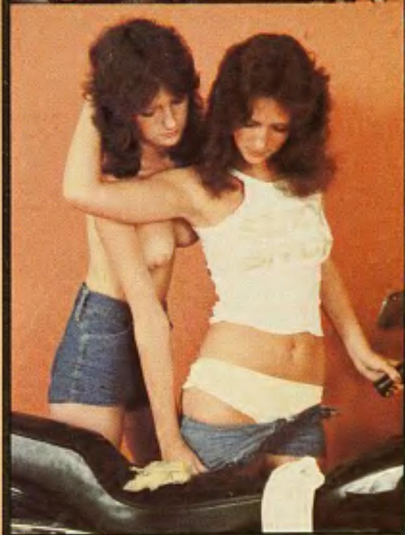
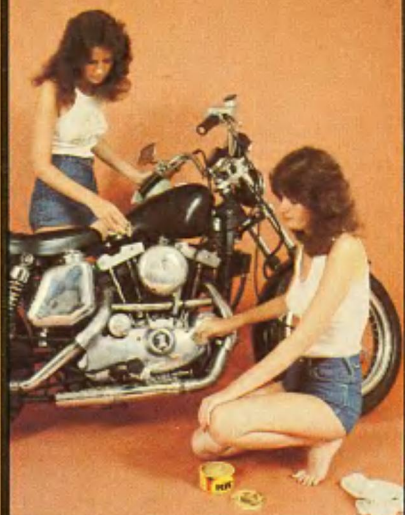
"God, take care of him, no matter where he goes." Then she raised her hand to wave. "I love you, daddy, I love you."

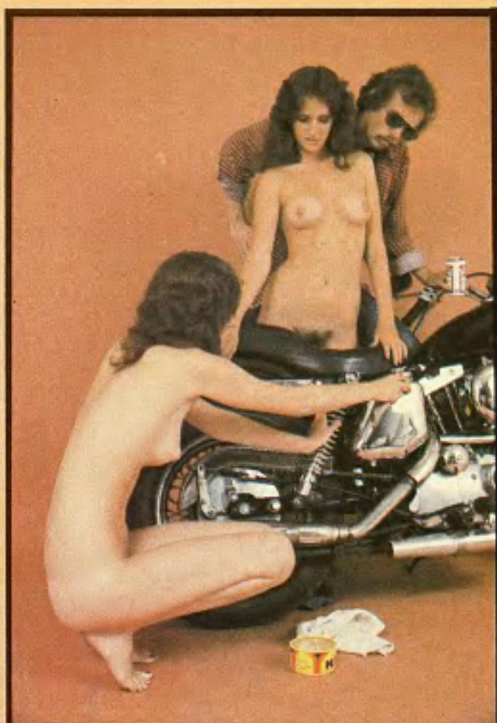


Try to polish a bro's bike

We've got this derelict Bud addict who hangs around the office sloppin' suds on electric typewriters and hot exhaust pipes. Worse yet, he owns a Sportster. Anyway, to the fuckin' story. He recently modified his bike—slightly. Had it repainted, a taste of chrome here an' there, and a sixteen laced to the rear hub.

The bike was jus' beginnin' to look worth a shit for the first time since he slipped the cash under







Photos by Ralph Hampton



the table for it. Ya know, after yer bros work on a bike and git the fucker lookin' halfway respectable, they ain't about to steal their ol' ladies' shorts and polish the damn thing. That's up to the owner.

But the only item Tex polished off was Budweiser cans. After the bike started lookin' like one of Bandit's rats, we began to get in his shit. Jesus, brand-new, hand-rubbed lacquer paint job, and it was already beginnin' to look like a bike left in a barn for fifty years. But every time someone stumbled into the mud drippin' off the cases and brought up the subject, he'd mumble, "Sho 'nuff, bro, jus' soon as I finish dis here brew."

'Bout the time he completed downin' that one and twenty or thirty others, he'd start slippin' into the art of rubbin' out a Bud label—and once in a while he'd shine up a pop-top. When he began to pour gas onto the seat 'cause he couldn't tell it from the tank, we all knew we had ta come up with somethin'.

We told 'im to show up at Pete's studio to check out a set of twins less clothes—needless to say, he went for it. When he pulled up out back, one bro jumped him and held him down while I gunked

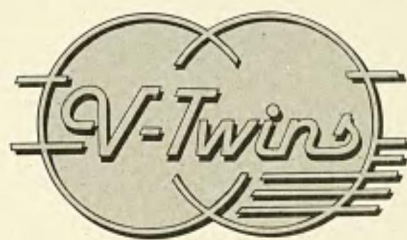




down his putt. We sprayed it off, took it inside and got the girls to do a little polishin' work, while we held him back. We ran it down to him—we didn't have no intention of cleanin' his sled. But we had to do this here girl feature. For some reason, he went for that too.

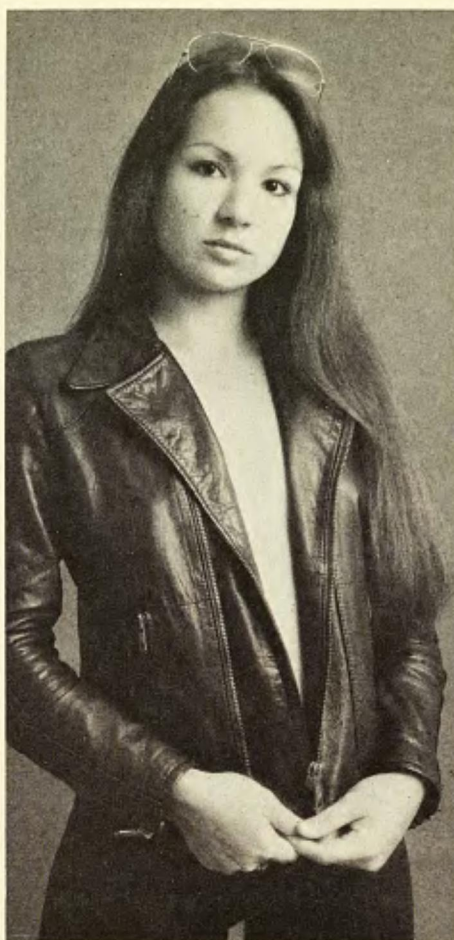
But goddamit if he didn't start in polishin' off a bunch of Bud cans again and distractin' poor li'l Carol 'n' Sheryl. Sure as my panhead won't start for shit on a cold mornin', the bike hardly got the high spots buffed before ol' Tex disrupted the fuckin' feature, messin' with the chicks. Screw it—next time the beauties can rub down **my** beast. We jus' don't look at Tex's bike no more.

—Snake





Laura Crawford



Carmella Di Sopra



Paula Radomski



Jeannette Stalnaker

The Ol' Lady Photo Contest

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. 78 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.

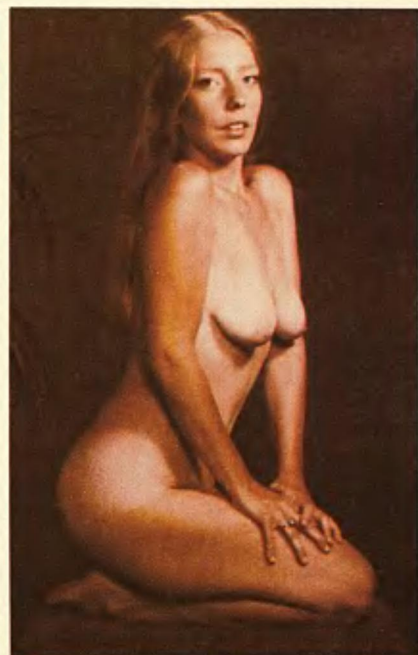
So send us your votes for this month's contest and we'll print the winners in the November issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be September 30, 1978. Send us a postcard or scrawl on the back of an envelope—all ya gotta do is indicate which contestant gets your vote. Send all votes to #64 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.



Doris Shopp



Melody Strickler



Tina Kenney



Dawn Summers



Here she is, folks—Debbie Smith, the sixth winner in the **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Anna Eloshway, Debbie Harris, and Kathy Kral.



Bonnie Saunders



Lynette Palmore



Suzi Brisbin



Van Bruno

The Ol' Lady Photo Contest



Cheri Wilson



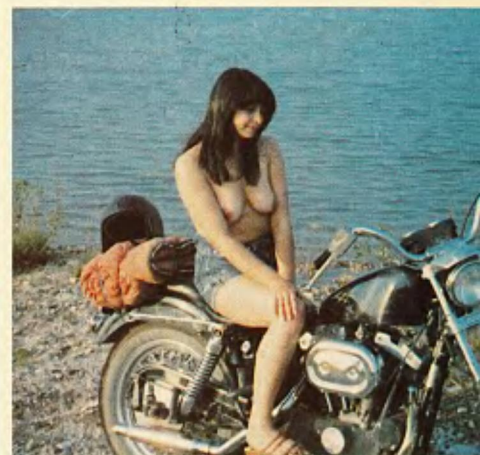
Donna Bennett



Karen W. Manthey



Vee Wagner



Paula Chopik



Donna Saulnier



Theresa M. Herold



Connie Aron



Nancy Chandler



Chipp Wiech



Christi McCormick



Ang Darling



Jade Johnson



Shirley Axtell

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Legal Highs

—Continued from page 25

smoke. And even though I sent in to four different companies, all I had dished out was a paltry twenty bucks. Man, was it ever gonna be good to see the expression on my kid brother's face when I turned him into a fucking raving zombie—and then told him he was doing it all legal! He was gonna shit, I could just feel it.

It took about two weeks before the packages started to come in, one after the other. I laid them in the corner of my pad, still wrapped, and made a few fast calls in order to get a party going.

I gotta admit I kinda laid a trip on the dudes when they finally came by. I didn't have any wine in the joint, and only a couple of brews graced the inside of my refrigerator. But I explained that I had ordered some outrageous crap that we had to test, just to make sure it was really as great as I had heard.

Before I go any further and tell you about the drugs, I should say a few words about my "little" brother. I sorta helped raise the overstuffed ape and he's always looked up to me, although he's about a half-foot taller, at 6'6", and 60 pounds heavier than I am. Like me, he doesn't dig work too much. Every chance he gets, he takes all the money he can beg, borrow, or steal and takes a plane to either the Mideast, South America or Copenhagen. Remember how I said I like drugs? Well, my brother fuckin' craves 'em. His old lady could walk out on him tomorrow and he wouldn't give a damn, but if she

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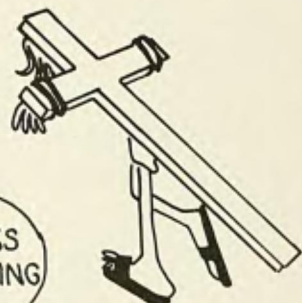
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Whitaker

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took the stash with her, she would definitely have to die. I mean, the man is crazy, and if he doesn't have his dope he just isn't happy. Figure it this way: Anybody who visits Lebanon during the war must have it bad for hash, you know what I mean?

But a new era was at hand. I thought I had found the perfect high—something that would screw me up and leave me hanging somewhere in the stratosphere—and my brother had to be part of the celebration. The guy put so much faith in me that it would have been impossible to say no, and after all, what's mine is his.

I remember the night like I was watching a movie right here in front of me. Horse Shiponski and my brother were sitting on the old oil-stained couch, and it creaked under their weight any time either one of them craned his head forward to take a look at the goodies as I was opening the packages. I decided to start with the light stuff and work my way into the unknown substances that were supposed to be similar to acid. That way we could sort of catalog the lighter highs as we went along, and the visions from the heavy numbers—if there were to be any—wouldn't interfere with our judgment. I started with the damiana leaves.

The damiana plant is a type of shrubbery that grows in parts of Central America, Texas, and a few spots in California. The instructions accompanying the ounce of leaves said to take a couple tablespoons and let them simmer in a pint of boiling water for twenty minutes. Then we were supposed to drink the foul brew and smoke a rolled joint of the crap at the same time. The ol' lady put on two quarts of water to boil, which made four pints—one for me, one for Horse, one for my little bro, and one for the cook herself. I especially wanted her to take some heavy hits, because a couple books I had read said it acted like a mild aphrodisiac, and because I love her turned-up, firm, full tits when I'm sober, I figured I'd double my pleasure when she and I had taken damiana brew.

Well, we drank that rank shit and then we smoked it; the entire ounce was cruising through our systems. After about a quarter of an hour my brother yawned. Horse was staring at the normal bulge in his pants, waiting for a giant boner

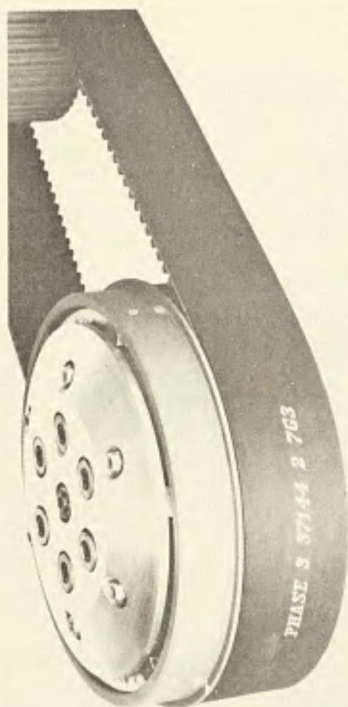
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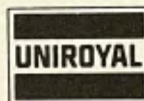


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to appear. I was looking at Brenda, waiting for her legs to part involuntarily—I knew the signal: After another fifteen minutes, I knew we had a nothing trip, so I went to the next grass substitute.

It's rumored that some Indian tribes used to smoke lobelia leaves to mellow out. Some people call it Indian Tobacco. We toked up again and dumped another half ounce in some water. Again, nothing.

"I want a fuckin' beer, man," said my brother. Well, it might interfere with our scientific testing system, but hell, he was entitled. Here I had a man who had so far wasted his evening on a totally worthless experience.

"Anytime you want it," said my brother between swigs, "I've got a dynamite joint in my pocket—northern California seedless." I raised my hands like I was stopping a truck, hoping that he'd have a little faith and patience in his older brother, now that I was unveiling the good shit.

By this time we had smoked several joints of our mail-order "highs" with no noticeable effects. The thing we were waiting for was that simple feeling which is entirely unmistakable. While we had been staring at each other like a party of bridge-playing candidates for a retirement home, all of us knew that if it had been marijuana we had smoked, we would have been out on our asses with just half the amount we had sucked into our wheezing lungs.

But, hell, the past is past. On to bigger and better highs, like the two heavies I had heard were a surefire bet to get a guy off. The kava-kava root sounded so goddam bizarre to begin with that I was immediately suckered in. I had visions of naked



Easyriders

tropical goddesses dancing in front of my narrowed pupils—well before I had even boiled the dark root into a bitter tea. According to what I had read, the kava-kava root would act as a mild stimulant and give us some increased sexual feelings, especially if we mixed our brew with alcohol. There are other techniques for getting the most out of this high, like combining the root with coconut oil, which is supposed to release some strong resins. But, even with the variety of methods we experimented with, we found kava-kava to be just another waste of time and money.

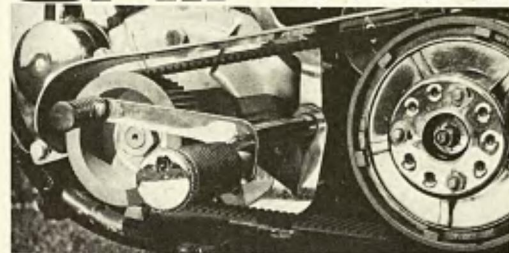
My brother made for the door. "I've been here five hours and I'm still not ripped," he complained. "If you're not going to smoke the joint with me I'm going to take a few tokes alone."

"Okay," I said, finally giving in. "But just let me try one more on you before you split." I reminded him that I had been saving the more powerful legal highs for later in the evening. Since this was the last of my mail-order highs, we both figured he had a fair shot at getting to a chemically good place, even though the earlier attempts had been a total waste.

Yohimbe is the bark of an African tree, grown only in certain tropical areas. According to both advertisements and books I had read, yohimbe bark tea should give me more than a few psychedelic quivers, some "spontaneous erections," and generally act like a hit of mild acid. Adding some vitamin C to the mixture was supposed to enhance these feelings.

Without a doubt, yohimbe bark tea is some of the most rank crap you'll ever drink. Its flavor is somewhere between that of camel smegma and that of your German shepherd's shit after he's eaten a diseased groundhog. But anything, I figured, for a high that was good, and inexpensive—and one I couldn't get busted for. I don't need to tell you this was a flop, too, do I? The erection came on no more spontaneously than it would have otherwise. And I'm positive it was the blowjob, not the bark of some fucked-up bush sold by pygmies, that did it. My brother had long since gone, too pissed off to speak. Hell, at least he had a joint, which was more than I could say. I found out he took a tramp steamer and wound up back in Lebanon just when the fighting

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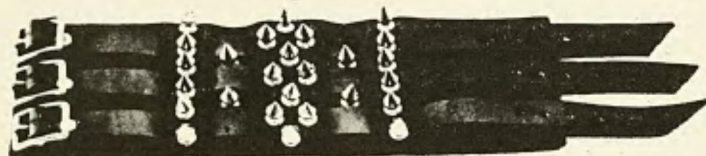
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in their civil war resumed.

In the next three months I tried every high available by mail, except for mushroom spores. If they grow up to be respectable mushrooms, I'd be willing to say there's a legal high, easily available, that works. In fact, there are probably some legal highs that are difficult to obtain that do work, but I haven't been able to put my paws on any.

One of the big problems is that seed supply houses add various types of toxic or semi-toxic agents to the seeds before they're sold. These either make you sick or make the high worthless. You can grow a second generation from the seeds that will usually be okay, but that takes a while, and who the fuck wants to play gardener anyway?

And then there's that rumor that even the seed supply houses are now being monitored by the Drug Enforcement Administration. That means, it it's true, that your name and address could be recorded and used sometime in the future by either the DEA or any of the government agencies that trade information with the Big Brother of getting high.

So what's a guy to do? Well, speaking for myself, I kept on going—trying even the wild lettuce opium that some writer had claimed was the only legal high that worked. It cost me six bucks for a gram and I smoked all of it in one night with my lady. Nothing. It was money I could have far better spent on one good bottle of tequila. I read that lettuce opium used to be used as an opium substitute, but it's hard to believe that a doctor could talk any



"And to think that at last
year's bazaar I was selling kisses!"

of my friends into using the stuff to relieve pain. If a doctor tried carving into a pal of mine after using that shit as a painkiller, the patient would take the doc's fucking head off with his own rusty scalpel.

There is an interesting book on the subject, and a few others that aren't so interesting. If you use a drug as a religious sacrament, in some cases you may be able to continue to use it after it's generally outlawed. The Church of the Tree of Life (which is a lot different from most of your usual churches, in that the members are basically into drugs), located at 451 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94133, will send you some information on this if you send them a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Because we're pretty sure the government takes a close look at them too, you might want to use a false name and address to receive your info. They also publish a book called *Legal Highs*, although it suggests that many of the "highs" we mention here work well. To each his own, but what you may find more interesting are all the off-the-wall plants that are hard to come by, but which, they say, work very well on your tired, tripped-out head. They also list suppliers. Write to them first; the price is under three bucks.

I'm still searching for the perfect legal high, and someday maybe I'll find it, but you can save yourself some trouble and disappointment by just smoking good old weed. The other day, by the way, I got a letter from my brother, inside a tin of Lebanese pastries called baklava. "Eat these, jerkoff," the letter began. "They're better than the shit you fed me, and they won't make you throw up your brains in the process." I smoked a number and waited for the stuff to take effect. But when the time came, I wanted some doughnuts, instead of the Eastern desserts, so I put the baklava in the freezer. When Mother's Day came around, my ol' lady gave 'em to her mom when she came over for dinner while I was away. Between the two of them, they ate all twenty of those little honey-covered balls before I had even a taste. And then all that was left were a few crumbs.

"Best hash you ever ate, wasn't it?" said my brother in his second letter.

I haven't got high through the mail yet.

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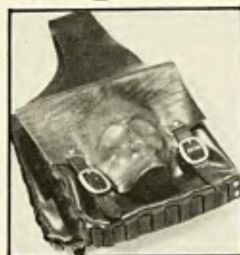
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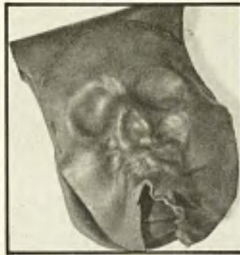


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BEATER

—Continued from page 15

Snahhan pulled onto Steve's driveway, stopped his machine, dropped his kickstand, and sat there and sulked. He lifted the knuckles of one hand and sucked on them while observing Steve inside working on his bike.

Inside the garage, Steve didn't hear anyone walking in, so he turned still crouching and saw Snahhan out there. He turned back, put down one wrench, picked up another, and worked.

There were bootsteps, finally, and Snahhan, as he entered the garage, said loudly, "Hey, you still working on that fucked-up pile o' shit?"

He went over to a sidewall workbench and leaned his back against it, his elbows placed amidst the confusion of parts.

"Still workin' on that thing, huh?"

Steve pulled his hand out suddenly and nursed a finger, then spit and put his hands back and said, "Yeah."

Snahhan reached over and poked through some stuff on the bench. "What a fuckin' mess you got here!" He laughed. "This has got to be the biggest eyesore I ever seen. What's this socket set here? This one o' them cheapass sets they been sellin' in the supermarket down the way for six bucks?"

"Yeah."

"Kee-riste. You bought one o' these?"

"Yeah."

"Man, these are the cheapest, most fucked-up misshapen abortions I ever saw. They musta seen you comin', man. You don't *never* buy no supermarket hardware! Don't you know that? It's *all* fucked. I bet you ain't even got *one* o' these things to fit anything right." He stood there, looking at Steve, holding a socket out in one hand. "Well, have ya?" He stood there, pleasant-faced. "Has even one of 'em been worth a shit?" He stood there. "Has one? I'll bet a buck they *ain't*! Has one? Have any of 'em?" He stood there. "Well?"

"Why don't you go get a beer

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or something?" Steve responded finally, still working.

"Hey, well look," Snahhan said, putting the socket down and picking up another one and examining it, "if these things are all right, I mean, I can dig it, ya know? I mean, if they're okay, this is some kinda bargain, right? Hell, I'll get the word around that you got a set that ain't all fucked and all, and that there's one hell of a sale goin' on at the market. I mean, a six-buck set that ain't fucked is news. That place'll be flooded with guys buyin' the things up, if you say they're okay."

Steve shouted, "All right—they're fucked! Go get a beer!"

Snahhan went over to the cooler, opened it, and took out a beer. "Yeah, you bet they're fucked," he said, slamming the lid, the can feeling like an award in his hand as he carried it back to the workbench. He popped the top and took a drink and then rested his elbows again on the edge and looked at Steve's bike. What a beautiful machine, he thought — blackened and silvered and flying headlong and roaring through the wind, unstoppable and thundering, even just sitting there, motionless and quiet.

It seemed to look at him. It seemed to look at him like not many people looked at him—who only looked toward him. But the bike seemed to look at him, and seemed to say, *Yes. I see you. You're there.* Snahhan straightened himself a little, to make himself more tightly compacted, but the bike looked patiently and patiently, and then finally went through and looked past him, at whatever it was he was standing in front of, and never looked at him again.

Snahhan looked at the bike and



"I'll have the frog legs.
Do you have female ones?"

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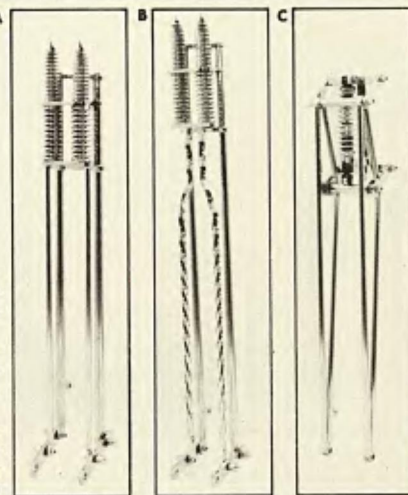
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turned sullen, and then took another drink and pointed with the can at something on the floor.

"What's that thing there?" he said, pointing and swallowing at the same time, speaking with difficulty. Swallowing fully, he said, "What is that thing, anyway?" Steve concentrated, ignoring the question. Snahhan tapped his finger on his chin, thinking: *What is that thing on the floor?* He studied and tapped his finger. "What is that thing there?"

"Fhuhk! Don't you ever shut up?" Steve snapped his head around at Snahhan. "What the hell do you want, anyway? Can't you see I'm busy? You here to help?"

"It's your watch," Snahhan said, but made no move to pick it up.

Steve looked behind him, on the floor. "What?"

"I'll get it," Snahhan said, going over. "Might have dropped something on it."

"Oh... thanks."

Snahhan picked up the watch and went over to Steve's bike and leaned across it to place the watch on a shelf. His belt buckle scraped on the tank, and they could hear the paint cleaving. They could feel it in their ears.

"Ohhh, fuck," Snahhan said, stepping back.

Steve was on his feet, murderous arms pushing Snahhan back across the garage, into the workbench.

"Hey, I'm sorry!" Snahhan said.

Steve's head was stretched forward, coming at him. "You better have your shit ass out of here by the time I get there," Steve said.

Snahhan glared at him and pulled his wallet out of his pocket and slammed onto the floor twice the amount needed for a new tank.

"There!" Snahhan said, pointing to the money, walking toward his bike outside. "Don't paint it! Buy another whole goddam piece, you're gonna be so fuckin' pussy! It was an accident! What the hell's the matter with you?"

Steve looked at the money. Snahhan wasn't rich, Steve knew that.

"Hey," he said, "look, I—"

"Fuck ya, man," Snahhan said, straddling his bike and crashing his bent body downwards to start it, revving it in a furious thundering.

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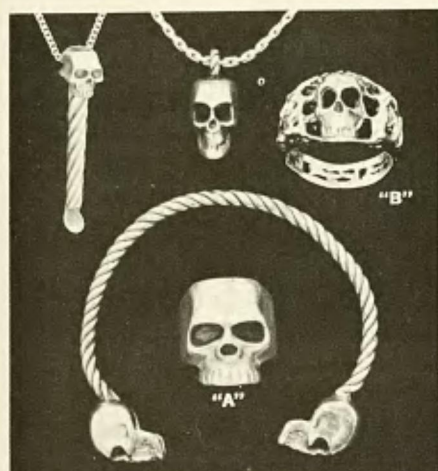
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"Just fuck ya!"

He screamed the bike in a small
and perilous half-circle and was
gone, down the street.

Steve kept looking long after he
was gone, then turned and walked
to the bench. He threw the box of
sockets through the garage door
window, and then stood there huff-
ing, looking around. A jagged shard
fell out of the wood and landed on
the concrete floor, tinkling softly as
it shattered. Steve kicked the pieces.

...

The Raunch House was a boister-
ous, happy bedlam of conversation
and slow jukebox dancing. Snahhan
came in smiling, took some of what
little was left in his wallet, slapped
it on the counter, said "Beer," and
turned his back on it. He wasn't
worried—no one would take it, not
here. He leaned his back against the
counter, reached his arm around
when he heard the beer come, and
lifted it once, blindly, to the owner
and barkeep, Skuller.

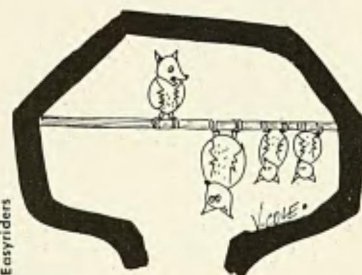
He drank. Marge was here. Yeah,
there she was. Barb. She was here.
Sandy, Rita. Hamfists over there
with Bobo and Evvie.

He turned to look down the other
way, and Vera, Skuller's ol' lady
came up to him from where he'd
been looking and laid her tray down
on the counter. She yelled into his
ear, over the noise. "When you
gonna pump me with some o' that
good lovin' I been missin' workin'
this madhouse?"

Skuller leaned forward. "Don't
listen to her, Snahhan! You'll get
lost in there!"

Snahhan twisted around. "Ain't
you fuckin' this woman, you fat
fart?"

Skuller presented the place to
Snahhan with a sweep of his arm.
"No time, man! Lookit this circus!"
"You got these huge tits all locked



Cause I can't shit upside down!"

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up for yourself an' you ain't even usin' 'em?"

"You can squeeze 'em if you want!" Skuller said, turning to the register and jingling it open. "Keeps the clutch hand limber!"

Snahhan threw his head back and laughed, and Vera punched him in the shoulder, smiling, and went off. Snahhan looked around and held up three fingers for three more bottles of beer and listened to them come while he drank. He turned around to say something to Skuller, but Skuller was already down at the other end of the bar, talking to someone.

Snahhan picked up the bills and left the coins and took the bottles and began to move. He peered through the wandering, tightly packed, milling bodies and the slowly turning, draped-to-music men and women and the noise and talking people and saw that the small booth near the back exit was empty. He side-stepped through everyone, getting bumped. "Hey, Snahhan, how's it goin'?" over and over, and telling them, Seeder, Daryl, Lila, Scurv, Janice, where he was goin', come on over when they got through grabbin' ass.

Snahhan sat and finished the fourth beer in a long tilt, and then lowered it and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and looked around. "Hey, Snahhan, good to see ya!" Locker called over happily, then buried his face in Celia's neck. Snahhan turned back to his empty bottles and put his elbow on the table and stretched and pressed his tight-closed eyes with his fingers, tiredly.

"Need a . . . a spare beer?"

Snahhan lifted his face out of his



"It's an Indian burial."

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Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha



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hand and looked up. Of all the broads . . . what the hell was she doing over here talking to him?

"Can I sit here?"

Snahhan sat there numb, and then said, presenting the slide-in across from him, "Yeah! Yeah! Hell! Sit! Homestead!"

She smiled and scootched in and set two beer bottles down.

"I been watching you in here for weeks," she said, smiling, her straight hair long and sunlit in the dinge and smoke, her skin smelling like new soap, her face looking like milk and vanilla wafers, like something on a white corn flakes box, the outdoor smells of her fringed, rough suede coat mingling in his nostrils.

Snahhan lifted the new bottle and drank some quickly and set it down, looking at her. "You've been watching . . . me?" "Shit, he'd been watching her—sometimes it seemed for hours on end — unblinking, thinking all the while, *No, no. Some killer's got this one all wrapped up good. I'd be fuckin' be-headed if I tried anything.*

She looked at him and then looked down and moved a tin ash-tray around and then looked up at him intensely and said, "You know, I could have any guy in this bar I want."

Snahhan stared at his bottle and rolled the base of it around on the table and laughed and looked at her. "Lady, you could have any guy in this *country* you want."

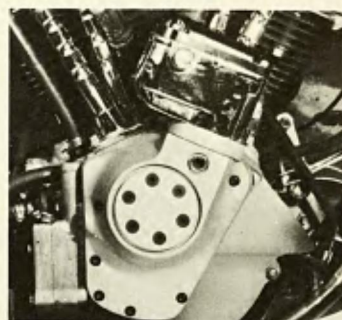
She broke into the freshest, healthiest smile he'd ever seen. His



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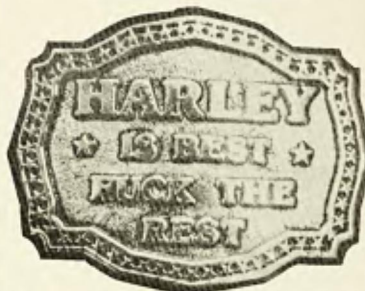


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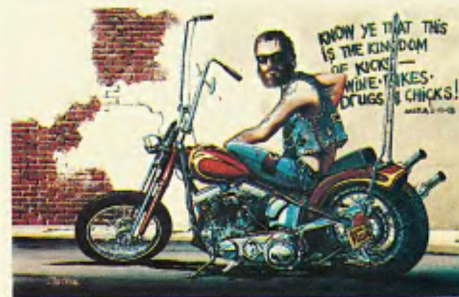
M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



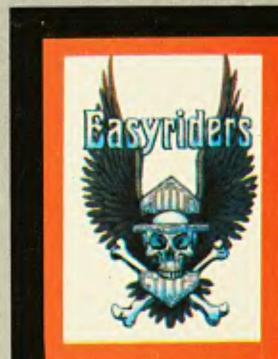
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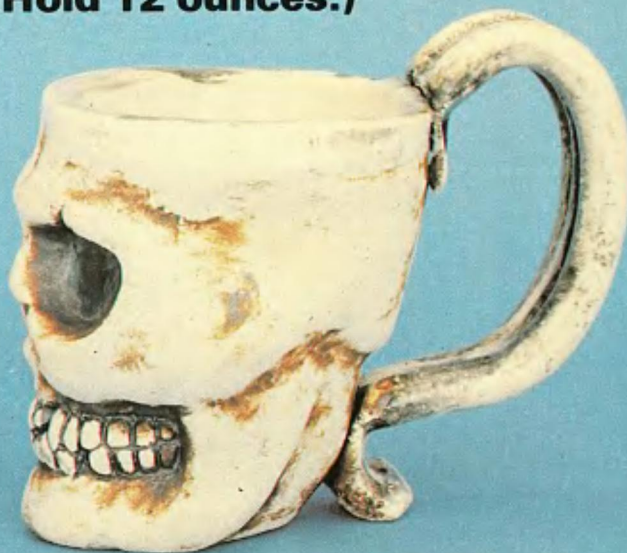
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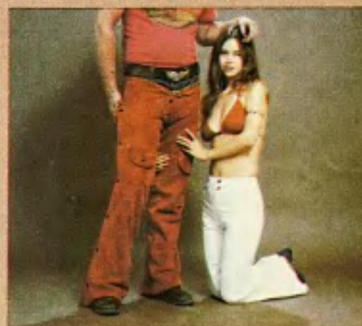
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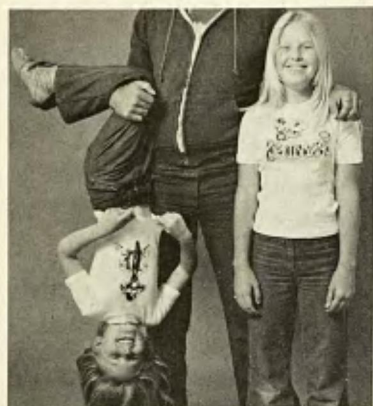
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own Karen was no skag, but this
... he'd never seen anything like it.

Her face bright, her eyes began
to dance and she said, "I wanted to
talk to you sooner, but I was afraid
I might be fouling something up. I
heard you had a girl named Karen,
and they say she's a sweet—"

"She's a whore." It was out of his
mouth before he could stop it. Why
couldn't he have just said she's a
waste, or a ... kid? Yeah, that
would have been it. She's a good
kid, he could have said, someone
he was just minding for the time
being until she got squared away—
two people who got on fine, but
who had different plans up the road
and understood that. He could have
said anything. But no, he said a
whore. W-h-o-r-e. Why couldn't he
just say let me fuck you in the
mouth, you fox-eyed queen, let me
fuck you till your ears leak, instead
of sayin' fuckin' "Whohhrrr"?

She looked at him, a little sur-
prised.

"You mean she. . . ."

Well, you run-of-the-mill old
flooze, Snahhan thought, smiling in-
side. You're about as stunned as an
ox hit with a pillow. I could bad-
mouth my fuckin' delivery nurse
and you'd make sorrowful noises.

"Yes, she . . . well, she . . ." Snah-
han grabbed the bottle with both
hands and rubbed his thumbs up
and down, staring at it. "Oh, what
the hell," he said, relaxing his
hands on the bottle. "I probably
caused it. Women don't start doin'
other guys right under your nose
unless you've . . . I don't know.
Something." He thought even as he
spoke—there was about as much
chance of Karen doin' someone else,
given the way she felt about him,
as there was of daisies shittin'.

"Do you love her?"

"What?"

"Do you love her?"

What was this "love" shit, Snah-



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han thought, looking at her. She was just supposed to say, "Hey, tough break, man. How about I suck your cock and make it all better? Let's boogie, baby." And they were supposed to get the hell out of there and start whomin'.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

The bottle spilled, right out of his hands, but he righted it immediately, staring in surprise at the foaming, hissing little puddle, the liquid now rising out of the bottle of its own accord and making another puddle around the bottom.

"I guess you do," she said, extracting a few napkins from the holder and daubing them around on the table.

"Guess I do what?" Snahhan asked, taking the napkins from her hand and wiping all around with them, thinking, *Fuck, I go and spill this goddam thing like a fuckin' jerk, with this mink raisin' ready-noises in my achin' balls.*

"Love her."

"Yeah? Love who?" *Oughta be drinkin' fuckin' somethin' more than fuckin' beer, then I wouldn't give a fuck about this mess.*

He lifted the bottle and got to that spill.

"Karen? Is that her name?"

KarenKarenKarenKaren—why the hell does this slut keep sayin' Karen don't she have nuthin' else to talk about don't she have no lacy brassiere she wants to tell me what kind of laundry soap she uses on it what's with this damned—he rubbed the table and saw Karen's face frozen with his fist crunching into it, his other hand holding her sweatshirt, with her face turning back and forth trying to dodge, her hands motionless, wanting to shred the skin right off his snarling face but not doing it, because this couldn't be him hitting her, not the one she loved, it must be someone else she turned him into by doing something, some terrible thing no woman who truly loved a man would ever do, only someone malformed, his fist pounding into her in fast, infuriated punches I'll ugly you here at least . . . "Why don't you just get the hell away from me! Look at the fuckin' mess you made me make!" he snarled at the chick across the table.

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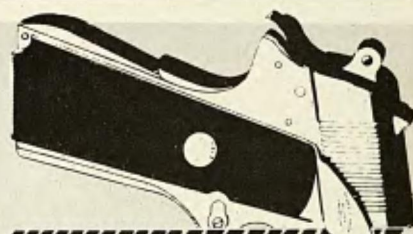
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She opened her eyes wide and
looked at the table, back and forth,
and looked up at him, now on his
feet, and stammered, "I didn't know.
I—"

"Yeah, you didn't know, you
didn't know."

He plunged into the crowd and
turned and shoved his way through
the clamor of music noise and
laughter, and went on and on,
turning, going sideways, trying to
get the hell to the front door. He
crashed headlong into Millie, good
ol' "you-talk-about-chyer-this-and-
that" Millie, drinking whatever the
mop don't get to. Millie, smashed as
hell, waving a quarter-empty gin
bottle everywhere, and laughing her
head off.

"C'mon, you sickening skunk, let's
go," Snahhan said, grabbing her el-
bow and pulling her with him.

"Why, Snahhan, I haven't seen
you in a week o' Sundays. You want
meeee? Well, I just do not believe
this. Why, you have never even
said 'Well, hi-dee-doo' to me, you
cute li'l ol' cute li'l ol'," she said,
stumbling and laughing stinkfaced
along after him.

He drove her into the hills and
fucked her in an abandoned pigsty.

Snahhan leaned against the front
door and pressed it closed with his
back, then stood there against it,
relaxed.

The dawn light was coming in
the kitchen window, silhouetting
Karen, who was sitting on a stool,
the front of her dark, the back of
her a sheet of phosphor, gray and
blue. Her hair was combed and
fluffed, tumbled and curtaining
down, gathering the fogcolor light.

Snahhan lifted the empty gin
bottle to his nose and tentatively



"Fill 'er up—
and check the air in my date."

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inhaled from it as if it were perfume, and then looked over and set it on the first landing of the stairs. He went even looser against the door and felt a pleasant calmness going through him.

"What did I do?" he heard her say.

What did she do, what did she do? Did she do anything? I don't remember her having done . . . oh that. He remembered, like something years ago.

"I, uh . . . I guess I just . . . I don't know—forget it." Hell, he didn't know what it had all been about. Today's a new day, what the hell.

She got up and came into the hall and slowly, hesitantly approached him, then suddenly ran to him and wrapped her arms around his ribs, burying her cheek in his shoulder and holding on to him. His arms hung at his sides, and he moved his palms outward, wondering what to do with them, her arms interrupting where he would normally be. Then he smiled and gripped her shoulders and stood her away a little and said, "Hey. How about a little breakfast? Would that sound good? Can ya," he chuckled, "find your way around the kitchen this hour o' the morning? Ya want me to help ya?"

She rushed back to him and wrapped her arms around him again.

"I just want to hold you," she said.

"Heyheyhey," he said, gently standing her away again. "Let's see a little hup and hustle here," he said, smiling. He put his fingers under her chin and started to lift it. She pressed downward against them,



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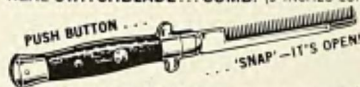
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but he said, "Hey, c'mon, let me see some enthusiasm in that face."

"I don't want you to see my face," she murmured.

"Hey, lemme see, lemme see," he said, father-like.

She allowed his hand to raise her chin. He looked at the swollen eyes and the bruised cheeks and ran his finger softly down her nose. "You're still my girl," he said, easily. "Nuthin' will change that."

She lowered her eyes and said, "I'm all swollen, an' . . . I'm a mess."

He lifted her chin again. "Not to me, you're not. C'mon, lemme see a smile."

A smile. She thought of what her smile was now . . . a wino woman's leering and imbecilic grin—a toothless, crazy lady on the sidewalk, talking to traffic.

The tears began to brim over her lower lids and down her cheeks and she said, her voice breaking, "I don't want to smile. I don't ever want to smile again." The corners of her mouth jerked down suddenly, seeming to surpris her, and then she began to sob uncontrollably, and she fell against his chest and wrapped her arms around him and cried and cried. He stood there, the smell of her hair, the smell of the wind off the spring canyons flowing into him. Her body shook and made a soft noise against him, and he stared and gazed over her and in back of her, unblinking and troubled, and then finally lifted his arms to her and made small pats against her back from time to time, unblinking, and listening to her crying against him and feeling her holding him tightly.

For a long time they stood there, and finally her sobs died away, and she lifted her head off him and touched her thumbs against the sides of his ears and laid her fingers softly on the back of his head and held her face—the beauty, the fawn-in-the-distance beauty of it glowing through what briefly occupied the surface—she held her face inches from him, her eyes closed in sweetness, her lips slightly parted in their delicacy to drink against his own.

He lowered his face to hers and gently pressed into her accepting, yielding thirsts. His upper lashes fell slowly to meet his lower ones, the pupils of his eyeballs running around in unison against the insides of his lids like ricocheting siamese marbles as he puzzled over the suction. ■

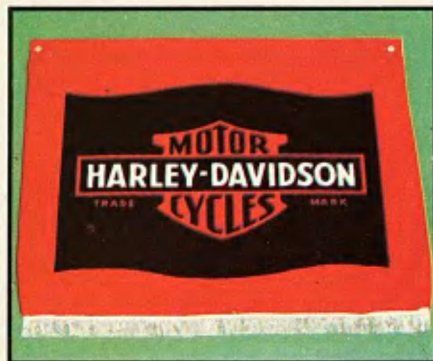
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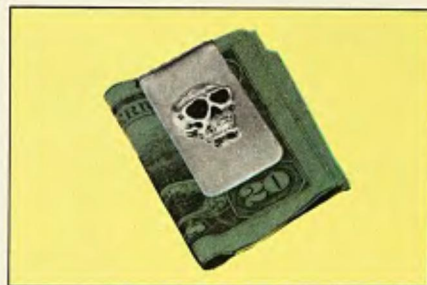
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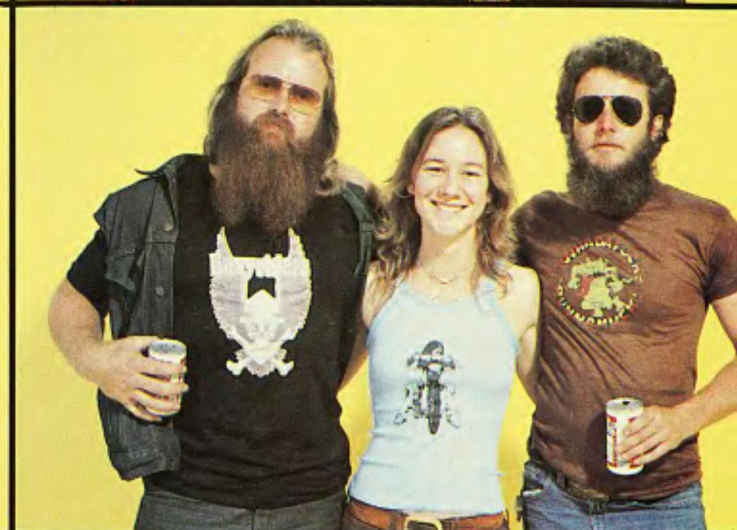
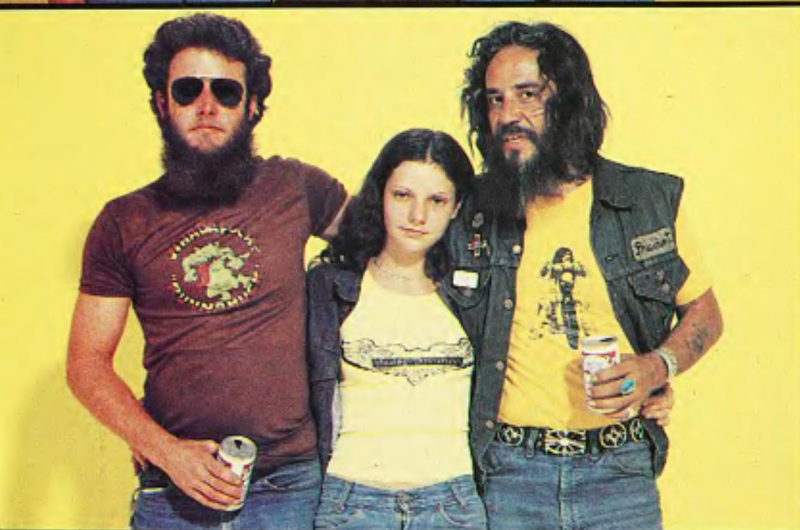
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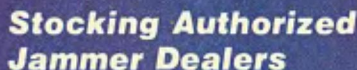
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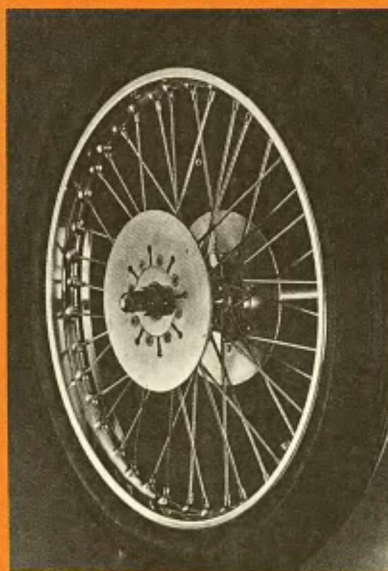
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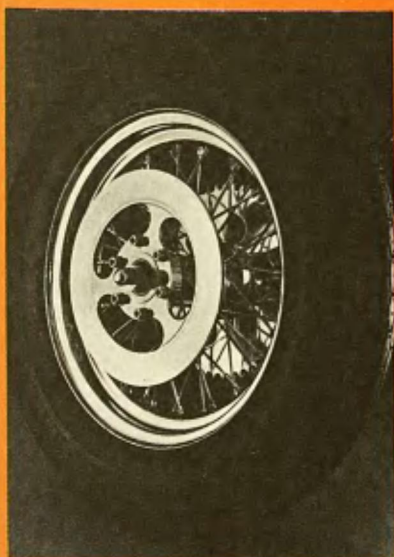
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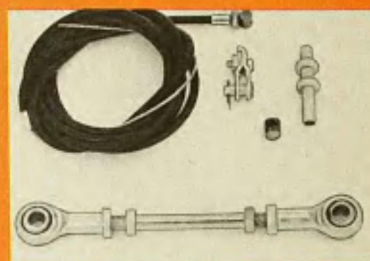
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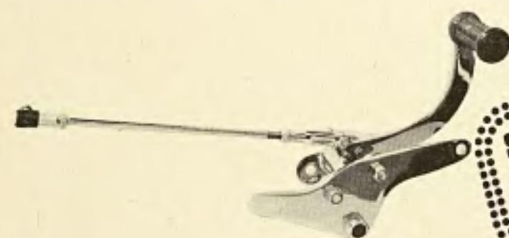
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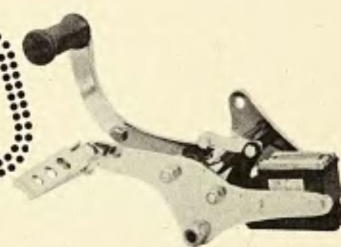
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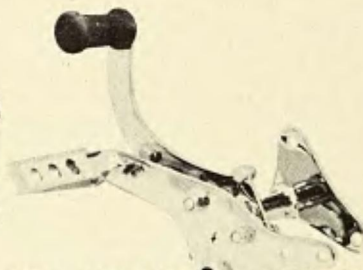
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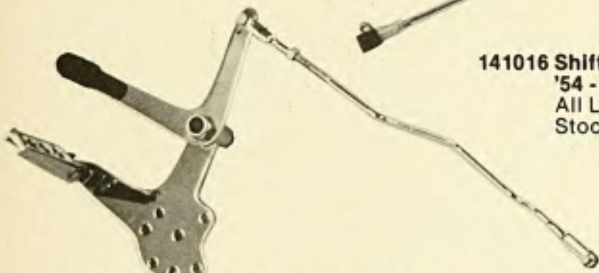


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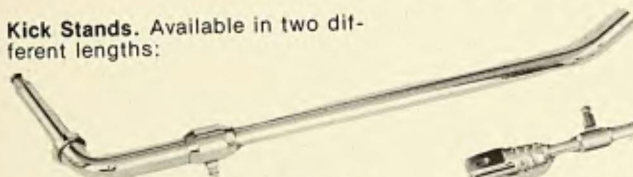
152023 Sportster Exhaust Clamps. All years. 15.55 pair.

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:



HD 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

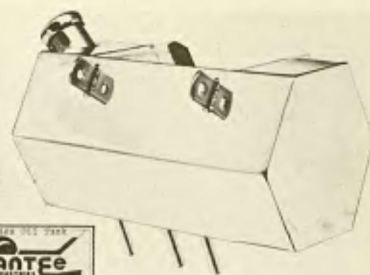
NEW!

Glide Risers Solid cold-rolled steel. Riser cap held from below with Allen head bolts. Custom-chromed. Drilled and tapped for 1/2 x 20 bolts.

44014	4" High	36.35/pair
44015	6" High	38.40/pair

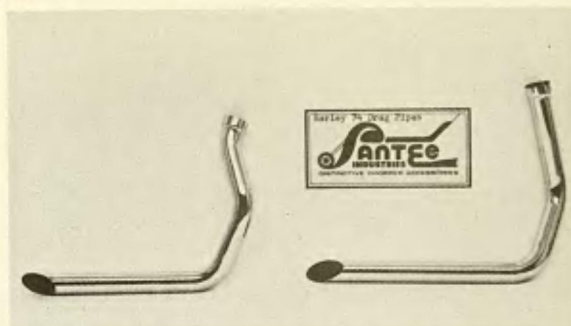


NEW!



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. 36.35

147013 Panhead. All years. 36.35

147014 Sportster. All years. 36.35



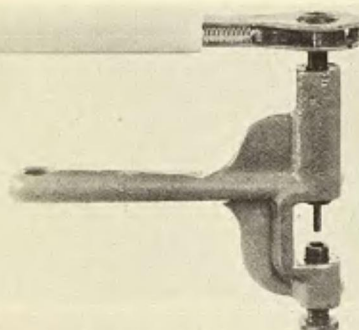
Hitachi Maxco Chains

CUT TO LENGTH DRIVE CHAIN

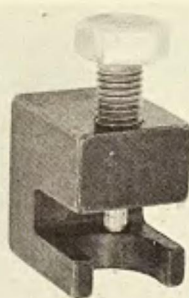
Includes Master Link

Standard Chain Size 530			Nickle Plate Chain Size 530			Heavy Duty 50S Chain Size 530		
Part #	Pitches	Price	Part #	Pitches	Price	Part #	Pitches	Price
144070	92	14.95	144078	92	26.95	144051	92	35.95
144072	98	17.95	144045	98	28.95	144052	98	35.95
144073	100	17.95	144044	100	28.95	144053	100	35.95
144074	102	18.95	14405	102	29.95	144054	102	36.95
144075	104	18.95	144046	104	30.95	144055	104	37.95
144076	106	18.95	144079	106	30.95	144056	106	38.95
144077	110	19.95	144080	110	32.95	144057	110	39.95
144067	Master Link	.65	14401	Master Link	.85	144060	Master Link	1.10
			14403	Offset Roller Link	1.60			

Chain Accessories



144061 Max Chain Breaker. The heavy duty tool for all motorcycle rear drive trains. Features built-in reversible ratchet. **32.95**



14407 Pocket Chain Breaker. A handy little breaker for on the road. **5.95.**



Bulk Chain 25' rolls of standard and nickle plated chain are available from your Jammer Dealer. Ask him about it and save.

**STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA**
See Pages 118-119

REFERENCE CHART

Chain Size	Model	Chain Size	MODEL
Harley		Suzuki	
530/92	Pre-'70 FL, FLH, '70-up Sprint ERS	530/102	GT550J
530/96	'70-up XR	530/104	GT380J
530/100	'69-up FL, FLH, '71-up FX	530/108	GT750J
530/102	Pre-'67 XLH; Pre-'70 XLCH; Pre-'68 GE, '70-up XLR	530/110	1500
530/104	'67-up XLH, '70-up XLCH, '68-up GE	530/102	Triumph
530/106	New XLH, XLCH	530/103	'66-'72T100C
530/92	CL/CB 450, K1, 2, 3, 4, CB72, CB77, CB350	530/104	'66-'72T100R
530/94	CB350F, CL350, K1, 2, 3	530/106	'66-'72 TR6, '66-'70 TR6R, '66-'70 TR6C, '66 T120, '66-'70 T120R, '68 650TR6
530/96	CL77, SL350 to 1999999, CB500, CB750 Early	530/108	'71-'72 650 TR6C, '71-'72 T120R, '72 T120RV, '72 TR6CV, '72 TR6RV, '71-'72 TR6R, '69-'70 T150
530/98	CL72, '71-'76 CB750	530/107	T140V, TR7RV
530/100		530/108	'71-'72 T150
Kawasaki		530/110	TR5T
530/90	A7, A7SS	Yamaha	
530/98	S2	530/91	RD250, RD350
530/102	H1, H1B	530/98	YR1, YR2, YR2C, XS1, XS1B, XS2
530/110	H2		
630/92	Z1, Z1A, Z1B, KZ900		

PRIMARY CHAINS.

Harley Primary Chains		
14404	Harley 74, all years.	32.95
14406	Harley Sportsters	31.95

ENDLESS CHAIN

ENDLESS CHAINS				
Part #	Size	Pitches	Application	Price
144066	630SO	88	Honda CB750K/F III	96.95
144064	630SO	92	Kawasaki Z1, Z1A; Z1B, KZ900	99.95
144065	630SO	96	Kawasaki Z2	104.95

Girders

The Spirit Girder. Superior quality with versatility that you have never seen before. It can be put on most popular motorcycles; by using the Wide Girder kit you can switch to the new, popular "wide look". Custom wheels and brakes can be used by selecting the appropriate axle kit. Use our brake mounting kit or make your own. A truly custom girder. Show chromed throughout, with integral light bracket and brake tabs, it is available in four lengths, from 4" to 16" over, to give your motorcycle exactly the style and ride you demand.

Standard Spirit Girders

5909 4 inches over stock length. 349.00

59010 8 inches over stock length. 349.00

59011 12 inches over stock length. 349.00

59012 16 inches over stock length. 349.00

Wide Girder Kits

59023 Extends Spirit Girder width 2 inches to add the wide look. 12.75

Stems

59017 Harley Davidson 74 17.75

59018 Harley Davidson Sportster. 17.75

59019 Honda GL-1000, 750, 550-500, 450 and 350. 17.75

59020 Triumph 650 pre-1969. 17.75

59021 Triumph 650 and 750, 1969 and later. 17.75

59022 Kawasaki 1000, 900 and 750. 17.75

Spirit Girder Axle Kits

121021 Harley 74, single disc. 25.75

121022 Harley Sportster, single disc. 25.75

121023 Honda GL-1000, 750, 550, 500, 450 and 350, with single disc brake. 25.75

121024 Kawasaki 1000, 900, 750, single disc brake. 25.75

121025 Triumph 650 and 750, 1969 and later, single disc. 19.25

121026 Hallcrafts, single disc brake. 16.25

121027 Hallcrafts, dual disc brake. 16.25

121028 Hallcrafts drum brake, 3" spool wheel. 16.25

Spirit Wide Girder Axle Kits

121041 Harley 74, single disc. 25.75

121042 Harley Sportster, single disc. 25.75

121043 Honda GL-1000, 750, 550, 500, 450 and 350, with single disc brake. 25.75

121044 Kawasaki 1000, 900, 750, single disc brake. 25.75

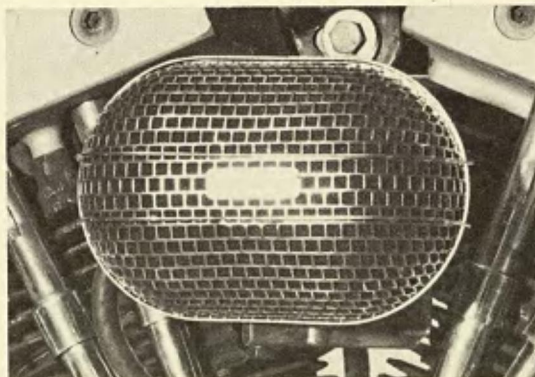
121045 Triumph 650 and 750, 1969 and later, single disc. 19.25

121046 Hallcrafts, single disc brake. 16.25

121047 Hallcrafts, dual disc brake. 16.25

121048 Hallcrafts drum brake, 3" spool wheel. 16.25

Air Cleaners



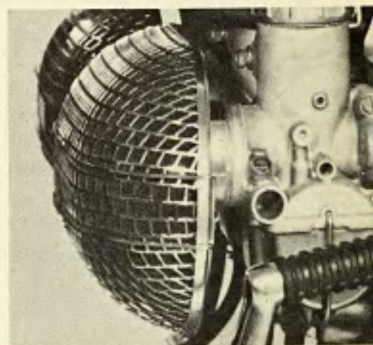
Harley Davidson Air Cleaners. Beautifully chromed. All metal construction. Does not require oil—foam is designed to be used dry. Flame retardant.

106031—Harley-Davidson, Tillotson, Bendix & Keihin, S&S 22.95

106032—Harley Davidson Linkert 22.95

106035 Mikuni 36, 38mm. 19.95

106036 Mikuni 40, 42, 44mm 22.95



106033 Honda Ram Flow Air Cleaner. For 500-550 K & F and 750 models. 39.95

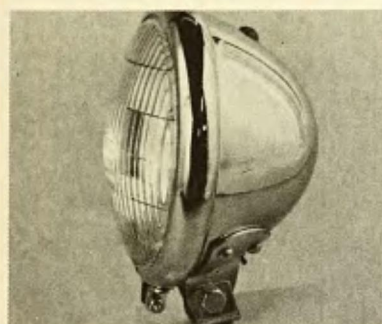
106034 Kawasaki Ram Flow Air Cleaner. For Z-1, 900, 1973-1975 and K-Z, 900/1000, 1976-1977. 39.95

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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)



Headlights & Brackets



Custom Headlight. California approved. Has red indicator light for high beam. Sealbeam type. 5 1/2" lens. Chromed.

9009 6v bottom mount. 19.95

90010 12v bottom mount. 19.95

90011 6v side mount. 19.95

90012 12v side mount. 19.95



8907 Chrome Rectangle Seal Beam Headlight. Bottom Mount 12V. 30.95
Has High Beam Indicator Light.



8098 Chrome Rectangle Seal Beam Headlight. Side Mount 12V. 30.95
Has High Beam Indicator Light.



90013 6v sealbeam replacement. 7.95

90014 12v sealbeam replacement. 6.95



92010 License Plate Bracket Assembly. Chrome plated duplicate of original equipment used on 1955-up Harley Davidson Big Twins & Sportster. 13.00

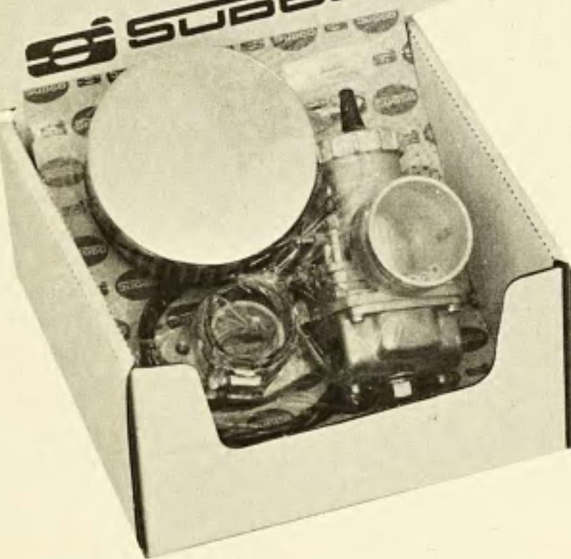
38mm Mikuni Carburetor Kits

NEW!

Mikuni
power



SUPER



Jammer now has Sudco-Mikuni carburetor conversion kits for Harley-Davidson. Complete kits include: 38mm Mikuni Carburetor, high quality cast aluminum manifold adapter with press fit o-ring, rubber flange, necessary clamps, throttle cable, chrome air cleaner and extra jets for fine tuning. These easy bolt on kits are available for Harley-Davidson Sportster 900 and 1000, Shovelhead 1200, Knucklehead 1200 and Panhead 1200.

135021 Shovelhead and Sportster 99.95

135022 Knucklehead and Panhead 99.95

112013 Mikuni Carburetor Parts Manual. Recommended for anyone who has, or is contemplating using a Mikuni. 3.95

Only! \$2.25 or
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(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

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(Please print or type)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
(Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Year _____

Make _____

Model _____

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Sub Total

Plus tax (California residents add 6%)

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. deposit

Balance Due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A
number*

Signed

Expr.
Date

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 8/29/78 ☐ CV OCT ☐ #64 ☐ AK

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

*Shipping Time: Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

- ☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post
☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

Orders: shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Choppershopper

—Continued from page 74

Daniel Lee, Washington: Hi babe! Just wanted you to know I was thinking about ya. Love ya. Sally, North Carolina. (64)

Are you seeking friendship, marriage, or just correspondence? Whatever you are looking for, we have it. List of 100 names and addresses for \$2. No personal checks. Mike Stedman, 113-156 S.C.C.A., Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829. (64)

Giant black & white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, bike, favorite nude — any photograph you want enlarged. You name it—we blow up anything. All you have to do is send us your snapshot, Polaroid, color print, whatever, along with \$7 to Big C, 7130 Owensmouth, Box 66A, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (70)

Balance your own engine—Sports-ter or 74. Complete instructions, all details explained. Send \$2 for booklet to T&K Enterprises, 529 Grand Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45205. (65)

The Lazy Nickels. We are into the ceremonial aspects of marijuana and magic. For information, send \$2 to BGDP, P.O. Box 39436, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039. (74)

Solo biker has huge hunger for loyal, loving chick to have, hug, and care for, to share riding, traveling, and maybe life. Location and age no problem. I'm financially secure and free to travel or can bring you to me. Solo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (64)

Roger: Happy Birthday. I love you dearly. Your ol' lady, Wendy Brock. (64)

Acres For Sale: 12 acres, \$3,900. Massena, New York, St. Lawrence County. All wooded, high, level land. Paved road frontage. Utilities. Surveyed. Warranty deed. Accessible, yet secluded. \$900 down payment; balance \$79.01 monthly, 4 years. Contact Owner, Box 604, Stratford, Conn. 06497.

"Motorcycle Trader": Twice-a-month ad sheets. The quick, sure way to buy or sell cycles, hard-to-find parts, and other goodies! Sent first class! No waiting! Your ad free with subscription. 7 issues \$3.50; 24 issues (year) \$7.50. M/C Trader, Box 73, Folly Beach, S.C. 29439. (64)

Rocky: You are my friend and always will be. Susan. (64)

Halter Tops: Your chest will stick out in a crowd with these farout tops. Tops are 100% cotton. Black shirts with white designs. One size fits all. 13 to choose from: H-D Uplift Wings; H-D Eagle; Honda Wings; H-D Broken Wings; Indian Wings; Small H-D Wings; Ride to Live, Live To Ride; Sworn To Fun, Loyal To None; Kawasaki Eagle; H-D Patented; H-D Shield; Triumph; Honda Eagle; No Putt, No Butt. Send \$6 for each top ordered to: Big C, Box 66A, 7130 Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (70)

In memory of Pa. Only the good die young. You'll ride in our hearts forever. Ponderosa M.C. (64)

Down in New York. Need to hear from foxy ladies. Joe Massamillo #77A776, Box B, Dannemora, New York 12929. (64)

Junk: I miss you. Your ol' lady forever. Love, Marie. (64)

Happy Birthday, Duke. I love you. Forever yours, Munch. (8-18-78). (64)

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)

Single, financially secure, lone-some biker needs nature-loving, sincere, attractive ol' lady in mid-thirties who knows how to please her ol' man and is free to travel. I'm a one-woman man and expect the same from my ol' lady. Age is not a big issue. Write Sea Gull, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

Bob—Faith will give you freedom. Happy one year. 8/16/78. Still your lady, Coffee. (64)

Guy looking for a slim, neat, charming housemouse in Michigan; can work out living arrangement. Send photo and details of self. Jay, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (64)

Hey, Booger: Somebody loves you in Fresno! Take care. (64)

Floyd: Down at Pam's, doing okay. Wish I were beside you now. I'll always love you! San Ti. (64)

Girl 25-40, slender, must relocate to Kansas, help 34-yr.-old American Nazi build trailer park. Want good-lovin', hard-workin', ex-biker gal. You ready now for action? Write Kansas Jim, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (64)

Phil: Happy Anniversary! Hope the next five are as great. Looking forward to more puttin' and lovin'. Love you, Pat. (64)

Harley rider is lookin' for a one-man American or Canadian chick to putt and party with now. Movin' to states soon. Send scribbles with photo (nudes appreciated); photo in return. Harley, P.O. Box 3492, Station C, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada L8H 7M1. (64)

If yer down on yer luck and ya wanna make some bucks, send \$2 for details. P.O. Box 141, Pacific, Wash. 98047. (64)

Jesse: Life is so beautiful with you. Happy 21st Birthday. Love, Debbie. (64)

Easygoing touring for street bikers. Tom's Touring Tips. \$4. Piccolo Press, Box 27068-E, Cincinnati Ohio 45227. (64)

Chromed allenhead bolts sets for 74s or Sportys. We got sets for cam covers, transmissions—whatever. Or, you can spec out your own set for custom mounting that key switch. All bolts chrome plated—not vanadium plated. For more info write Brothers C&C, 49 Longfellow Ave., Westbury, L.I. 11590. (65)

A new black t-shirt for true bikers only: "Gimme Head Till I'm Dead." White letters on a heavy black t-shirt. Send \$7.50 to Big C, Box 66A, 7130 Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. Send size wanted s/m/l/xl. (70)

Daytona week Easyriders T-shirt Iron-ons. Whether you were there or not, now is your chance to have this great Iron-on. Send \$1 to David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

Join MMA: Become a Gold Card 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)

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.

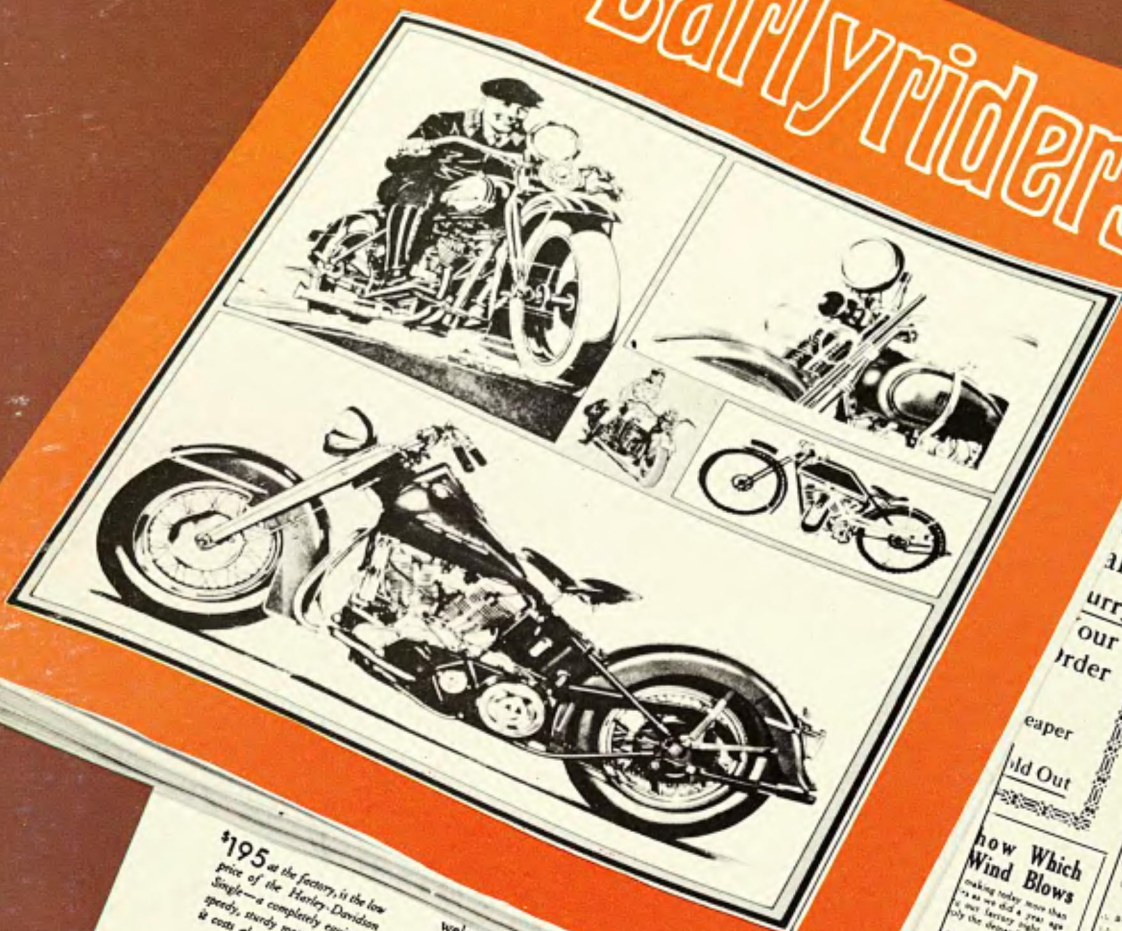
Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

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Well, bros, Spider finally got off his ass and put together a 224-page, 8½ x 11 book (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, whatever, can reproduce well) of motorcycle memorabilia. He's collected for the first time all the old-time advertisements ("1939 Harley \$215.00 fully equipped"), the old photos, the old fashions—the boots, caps, clubs, the post cards, the hill climbs—you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called **Earlyriders**. Here's a book any motorcycle bum, scooter tramp, or straight citizen would give his left nut for. It's yours for only \$8.95. We pay the postage.

If you dig iron horses, here's a book that'll bring back memories—a book that you'll read and read and read. It's got heart. You'll dig it—all 224 pages.

Send \$8.95 to **Earlyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% for Governor Brown to keep the machinery workin' up in Sacramento.)

Be sure to include your zip code.