

Easyriders

90p

November, 1978
\$1.50

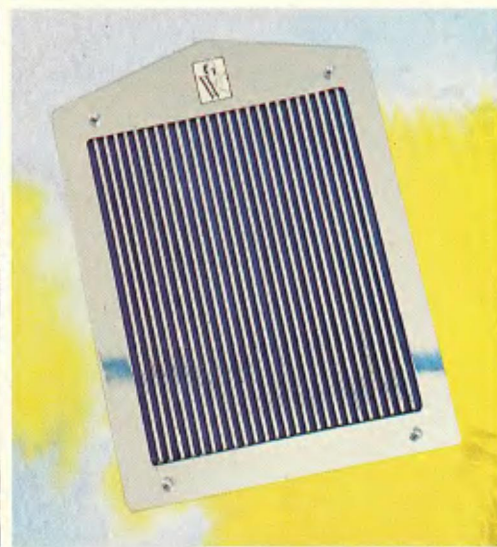
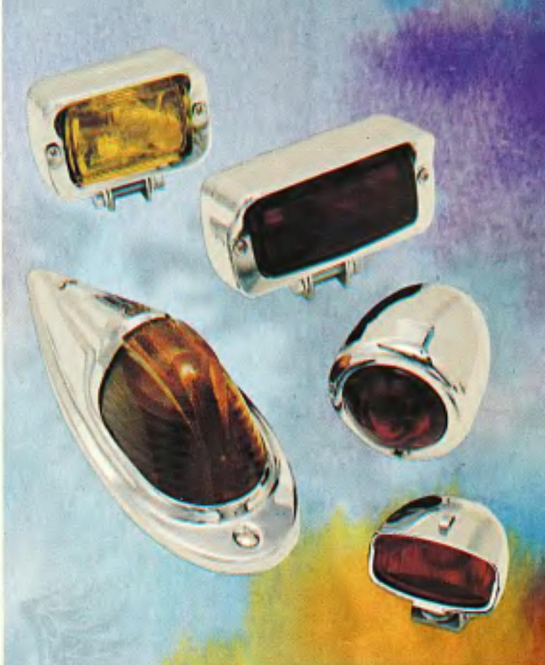
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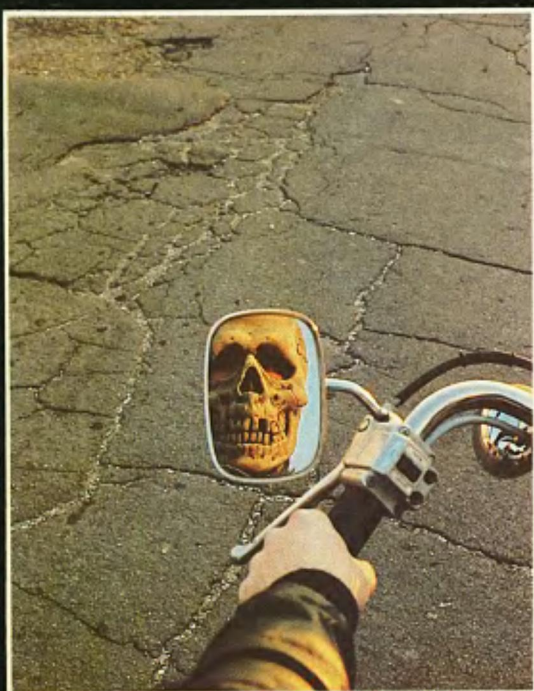
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Easyriders

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



Number 65

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FTW

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COVER photo of Dane by Kim Peterson

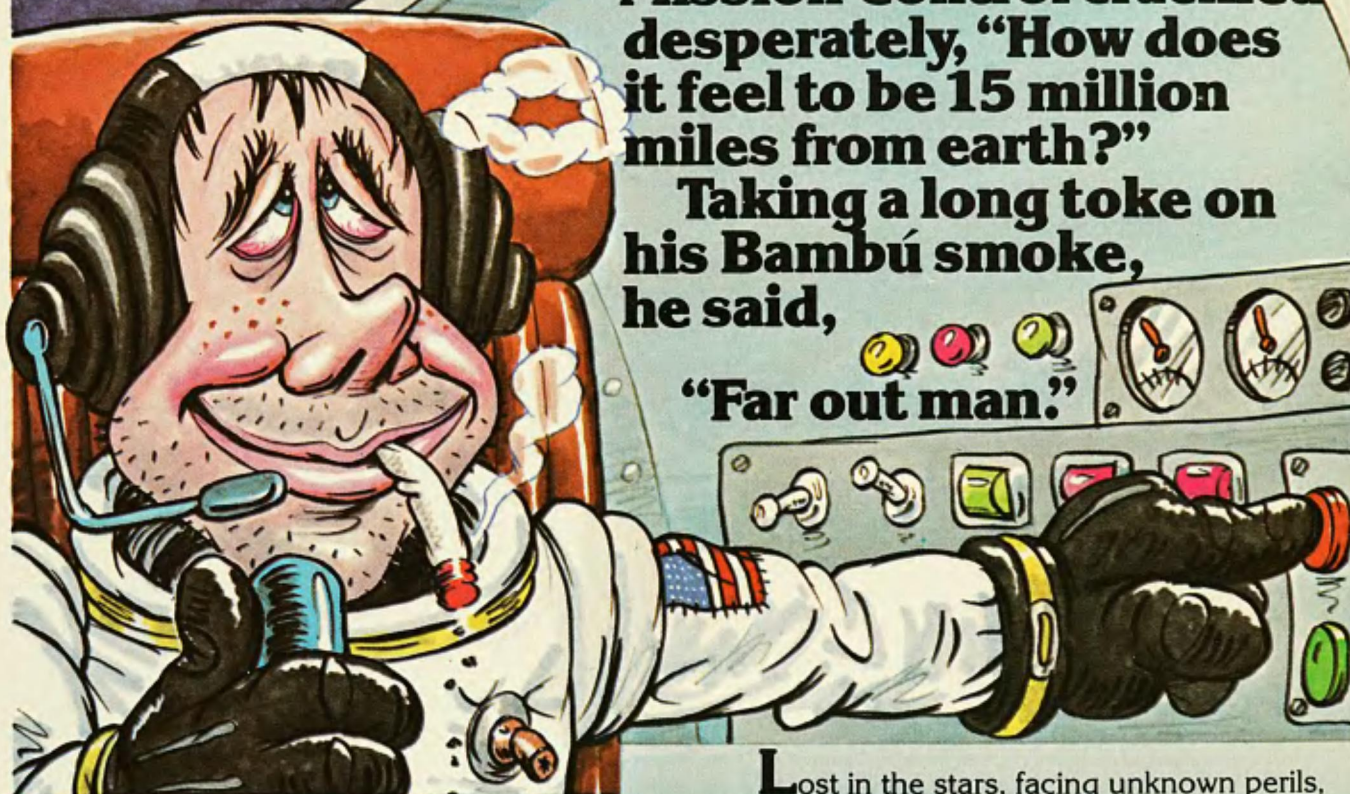
The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale October 31st.

BAMBÚ THROUGH HISTORY.#3

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

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

"Far out man."



Lost in the stars, facing unknown perils, Strongarm had but fifteen choices: Regular Bambú, Big Bambú, Blanco y Negro (regular and long), Marfil Wheat, Marfil Rice, Indio Rosa, the six Bambú flavors: Banana, Cannabis, Cherry, Coconut, Grape, Strawberry. Plus Bambú Rollers and a Bambú Metal Case.

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



Now this one is gonna get ya. This dude goes into a gas station and says, "Stick 'em up!" The attendant freaks, gives him all the money, and the robber splits. So what else is new, you're askin' yourself, right? Wrong. The robber had a fuckin' five-foot-long python snake stick-'em-upper. Now I ask ya—would you have forked over the bread?

You're gonna hafta hang in there with me on this one, because you're gonna want to know what's the beef. An 18-year-old is raped by a woman. The woman's ol' man forces the kid (?) to submit to his ol' lady's latest trip—with a threat that he's gonna get his gourd blown away if he doesn't submit to his ol' lady's wishes. But what the cops (and me) are tryin' to figger out is —what's the crime? Did he get soiled? Maybe a hard-on when he didn't want one? I've never heard of any guy complainin' about that. Am I right or am I wrong?

The word's out. The Pentagon has just admitted they want more dumbfucks to join up because most of the people who have joined up thus far are too bright and don't want to do the dumbshit work like swabbing out shitters, urinals, and stuff like that—to say nothing of their unwillingness to become cannon fodder. There's no surer way (they said in so many words) to undermine morale quicker than to get a dude with smarts to do the dumbfuck jobs—or words to that effect. I didn't say it—the Pentagon did, but it really doesn't take a rush to the brains to figure that out. Does it?

New popular sport: 100,000 (count 'em—one hundred thousand) turned out to see the public flogging of four dudes convicted of raping a chick in Pakistan.

He showed up for the final signing of his divorce papers at his ex-wife-to-be's attorney's office. They whipped out the pens for the signing. First the wife, then him. But when his turn came to sign, he reached into his pocket and set off a bomb he had rigged to his body, thereby blowin' the office, the attorney, his wife, and him into biker heaven.

The Houston Police Department wasn't able to practice shootin' at people on their firing range recently, due to an invasion of—now get this—fleas. A jillion of 'em! Cat fleas, dog fleas—yeah, they even said there were sand fleas. Think it was a convention or somethin'?

Ya gotta eat, ya gotta eat, dept.: It seems that this dude died inside his locked-up house. So what? Well, it just so happened he was a dog freak—had fifteen of them in the house with him when he croaked. Eventually, the dogs got a bad case of the munchies and ate the hand that fed them. Plus the rest of him. (Well, shit, it did save funeral expenses—whatdafuck?)

I don't know what category of punishment this is—but some pretty angry people in Mexico stormed into their city hall and forced the mayor to eat 12 pounds of bananas because a city cop had accidentally snuffed an innocent bystander. Oh well, it's better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

Did you see where Sen. William Proxmire said that \$103,000 of our tax dollars was spent to study whether fish who drink tequila are more aggressive than fish who drink gin? And that \$46,000 was spent to find out how long it takes to cook breakfast? And that \$27,000 of our hard-earned bucks was wasted on determining why inmates want to escape jail?

Now we all know marijuana is good for glaucoma, but did you know the government is giving a dude with glaucoma 70 joints a week in a Fed research program on eye diseases? 10 joints a day! How many do you consume each day—for medicinal reasons, of course? ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

He Tried

☐ I started writing this letter because I had something to say, but now I can't remember what it was. So, if I remember again, I'll write another letter to let you know what it was I wanted to say in this letter.
Road Dog
Aldan, Pa.

■ Can't wait.

Brief Comment

☐ Lewis Buchanan is full of shit.

Hank
New Orleans, La.

☐ That interview with Lewis Buchanan was a crock of shit. That's all we need—more shit from the D.O.T. about what they think is right for us. If it's not them, then it's the E.P.A. Why don't they give up?

To the D.O.T. and E.P.A.—you can have your helmets, your flashy clothes, your fuckin' glowing headlights and silent pipes and whatever else you can dream of, and cram it up your ass. Just because it's right for you doesn't mean it's right for others.

Gary
Redondo Beach, Calif.

☐ I've ridden for four years and have only 25,000 miles on my bike, but I know when someone is trying to snow me.

Richard P. Kawucha
Detroit, Mich.

How-To Features

☐ Hey, man, I just thought I'd write and let ya know that your article, "Lip Etiquette" in the September issue had me and my bros in stitches for a week. That's what your rag needs, man, more how-to features. As a matter of fact, we can't wait for the article on how to let a broad know that she's got three weeks of dead insects in her, or a

draining infection in her snatch.

Minstrel
Anaheim, Calif.

SS Bike

☐ My eyes really got misty when I read the story that went with the great pictures of your SS feature in your August, '78 issue. My ol' man and I have known quite a few bros in our time, but those guys are number one people. I'll bet there are few, if any, four-wheelers who would devote their time, money, and talents to helping get a ride together for a peer in similar circumstances. Every one of them is as beautiful as that bike!

Valerie L. Patches
Enon Valley, Pa.

Another Fuck-up

☐ My addled head was caved in by George Powers's story, "Fox In The Weeds," in the Sept., '78 issue. Great idea, great continuity, and then he shits all over himself by trying to tell us about a driveshaft on an Eldorado! Come on—even you Harley morons whose toolbox consists of a six-pack and a sledgehammer have got to be smarter than that. The front-wheel-drive Eldorado has got about as much driveshaft as you've got dick—in other words, none.

Art Raymond
Chatsworth, Calif.

■ Hey, Art, us Hog riders don't know shit about Eldos.

A Question

☐ I'm hoping to find out why my ol' man dips his bullets in garlic when he's after a scooter thief. He says it's to make up for his bad aim, whatever that means.

Connie Mac
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

■ Ask him—when he's in a good mood, of course.

Same Name

☐ I was just going through an issue of your rag someone gave me and was told my name was in it. Well, I checked, and, sure as hell, there I was.

My name is Roger Lyons and I'm doing time at Mansfield, Ohio. I saw your issue on his funeral and I wish to send my best wishes to his ol' lady and to the Outlaws.

The only difference is that his name is Roger F. Lyons and mine is Roger D. Lyons. As you said, many people have the same name.

Roger D. Lyons
Mansfield, Ohio

A Thought

☐ Here's a thought that came to me while I was stewing over AMF's immature attitude toward your great mag—if only I could purchase an old Indian or a Vincent or an Ariel Square Four or a Matchless or a BSA or even an old Harley.

Easyriders may be outrageous to some, but hell, at least you say what you want.

The 'Cuda
Utica, N. Y.

☐ AMF—get the fuck out of Harley country if you can't stand the image! Remember, you brought it on yourselves. And it's no wonder, with all your bike products saying "Made In Japan" more and more each year.

Sgt. Rock
Utica, N. Y.

Gun Laws

☐ Let's stop drinking Coors. A lot of you bros don't know this, but a lot of Coors money supports anti-gun legislation. I like Coors myself, but as soon as I learned what my money was being used for, I quit drinking it. And so did all my

bros. So, pass it on to your bros.

B. C. & Lady Luck
Boise, Idaho

Complaint

☐ In reference to the Theory of Relativity bit in the August '78 issue and your response, flip and clit don't rhyme, assholes.

Puffin'
Whittier, Calif.

■ Who said we're poets, asshole?

Buy American

☐ Tell me why Governor Thompson of New Hampshire just spent 40 grand of our tax money—not on American-built Harleys, but on five new Kawasakis! Shouldn't support for American labor start with federal and state governments? After all, it is our money they're spending (and spending and spending). Or am I wrong?

Ken Berthiaume
Winchester, N. H.

■ They did it probably because every other police department seems to be doing the same thing. Either AMF's been asleep or the foreign bike companies have better salesmen.

Our Future

☐ For a better "in the wind" future for all bikers, we had better get our shit together and write to the E.P.A. and all elected government officials before (if they have their way) all scoots and riders are just a memory. Bros, if we don't do it, who the fuck will?

"Blue" Byrd
Connersville, Ind.

"Instant Bikers"

☐ I see the image of a biker being abused again and again these days. "Instant bikers," as a friend puts it, are invading and ruining the right to ride

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

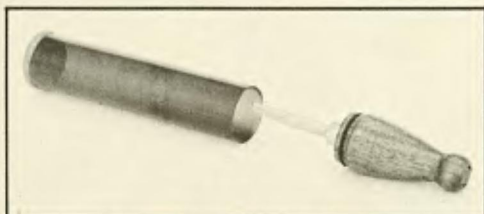
Send \$11.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

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



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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



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

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

Smoke the 50% that floats away!

California residents add 6%.

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

***Mackenzie
Company***

**Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302**



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.



RIGHTIOUS
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 _____

free. The government is an enemy, yet now this "instant biker" looks like he may be the #1 enemy to the true biker.

After going to Bowling Green last month, I could see that AMF's fucking bullshit advertisements were paying off and have created the "instant biker." This "instant biker" not only appears not to know how to handle his scooter on or off the road, but also seems caught up in trying to project an image of uncontrolled power. Burning haystacks and barns were fucked things to do. Where's the respect gone?

Destroying property, not being able to handle the scooter, running off at the mouth without thinking, these fucked "instant bikers" will ruin the right to ride free, and those politicians will get the excuses and statistics they need to do away with all bikers.

Aware
Luttrell, Tenn.

■ They're also called "wanna-be's" and "side-walk commandos."

True Love

□ I had to rob a parking meter and do six months in the slammer in order to buy issue #32.

Maggie
Princeton, W. Va.

Letter Gets Response

□ In answer to "Some People in Illinois" (Sept., '78 issue), we appreciate your bringing this matter to our attention. We can't control our brothers' choice of jobs, unless it hinders us as a club. We are taking care of the situation, however. Any further bitches should be directed to us personally.

Mad Dogs M.C.
Terry W. Denton, Pres.
R.R. #2
Ramsey, Ill. 62080

Politicians

□ Just a comment or two regarding Spider's "Free Country" article in the August issue. The California senator's bill to forbid the wearing of a Nazi uniform has nothing to do with freedom. The senator represents a group of people who resent Nazis and these

people are among those who return him to office every election. The senator, who draws a fat check and who has several chicks on his staff, knows he can be reelected by proposing a stupid bill once in a while. Hell, you can't hate him for that. Politicians are just doing their own thing. The tough part is that now and then, when no one shows up to vote, some of these idiot bills pass.

The only defense against this is to elect people who can represent all people. Bills of this nature cost all of us money and, sometimes, freedom.

Jim Babcock
Holcomb, N.Y.

■ Did you know that eleven laws are passed by non-elected bureaucrats to every single law passed by elected representatives? Like D.O.T., E.P.A.—non-elected people are really the ones to watch.

AMA Ad

□ Man, it's a hell of a shame. I never thought I'd see it. You people are really fucking up. I mean, I can understand your reaction to losing the big Harley ad, but do you have to take ads from the fuckin' A.M.A.?

Hell of a shame. What's the world coming to?

Mike Wallace
Hagerstown, Md.

■ We tried to start a free page for all bike organizations—and all we got in return was shit. So fuck it—no more free ads, no more nothin', except tryin' to put out a good rag.

Amazin'

□ It amazes me that AMF/Harley-Davidson is worried that advertising in *Easyriders* could hurt their image. Yet they have some nut in a white suit covered with stars, who beats reporters with a ball bat while promoting their bikes and pushin' the wearin' of helmets!

Strange world.

Jim and Norton
On the Road

No Mutha

□ You fuckin' guys really blew it, losing Mutha. You bunch of perverts must have put her on the wagon

or taken away her cucumber. But don't worry — I found the scrungy cunt. She's working for the **National Star**, growing dildos.

Franko
Penn Wynne, Pa.

■ Spider wooed her back. The only bad thing he did was to include me in his weird deal with her. But the ol' twat's worth it (I guess).

Pissed Mom

□ I'm a mother, 43 years old. My kids (two boys, ages 12 and 16) know that I at times indulge in the pleasure of grass, though they themselves disapprove of the activity.

Last summer, my ex-husband and my two boys went to a midwest state for a visit. At some time during their stay, they rented a canoe and floated down a stream (or whatever). My ex-husband suddenly stopped the canoe, looked at the surroundings, and said to the boys, "Your mom would really get off on this." The banks were covered with marijuana, growing wild.

So here you have a right wing state, growing this farout shit and doing nothing about it. Where's the justice? Where's it all going? It just doesn't make any sense. But then, does anything? Even the people who think they're right — fuck 'em. There's no such thing as right. Right is a man-made word, and the definition is man-made. Maybe man is attempting to be God. We should never judge, and must make an effort to be objective in our judgments towards others. Even those people most loved.

A Mother
Southern California

■ Ya said it beautifully, mom — I'd like to know ya.

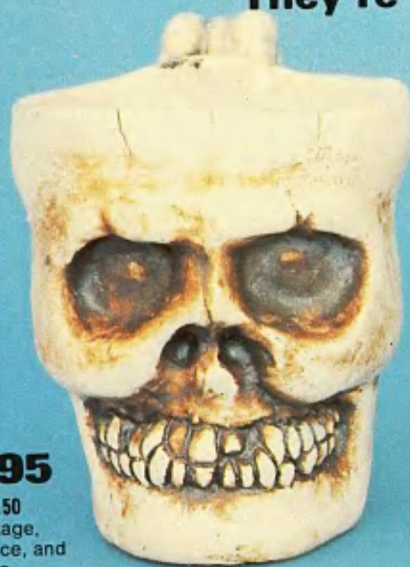
Yeah—Sez Who?

□ I found out today it's better to save old issues of *Easyriders* than to use 'em for asswipe.

I was replacing the top end of my scooter, and to get the jugs on, I went out and bought a shiny newfangled ring compressor. When I got back, I found out the

Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mugs.

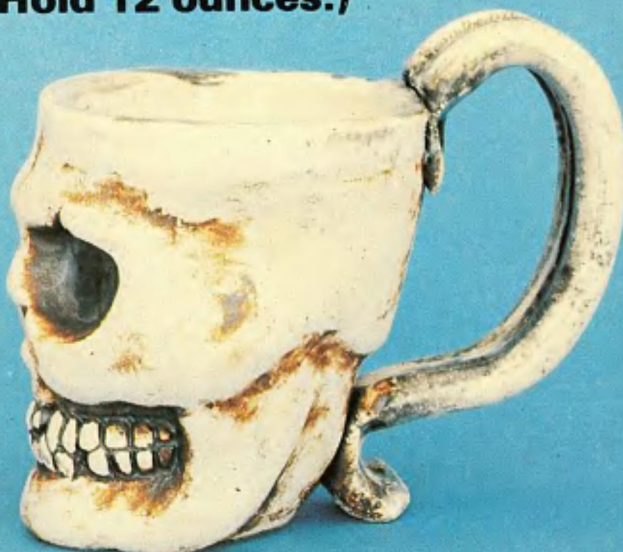
**Heavy! (Weigh two pounds!)
They're Big! (Hold 12 ounces.)**



\$9.95

Add \$2.50
for postage,
insurance, and
handling.

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



California residents add 6%

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

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

Get ready for winter

Do you hate looking like a cop when you put your leather jacket on or do you feel like you're in a Fonzie look-alike contest, that Hollywood trick bag, then check out the most bonaroo jacket going. Six pockets (two huge pockets on the inside which will leave your hands free to operate your motorsickle if you happen to drop by the grocery store and pick up a couple of steaks). They come in 2 colors **Casual Brown & Beyond Black**.

Only \$60.00 each plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.



Star Wars Gloves

Heavy gloves, tough enough to take the abuse of damn near anything. Either the five-finger job or mittens with the trigger finger cut out. Especially good for hunting possums or coons.

Stars can easily be removed with a Buck Knife.

Real leather, not cheap plastic — with heavy insulation on the inside.

Only \$15.00 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.



Ball warmin' Chaps

When riding on a cold & frosty morn or evening, freezing your balls off, next to your ol' lady's or your house mouse's warm hands, these chaps will keep your balls & legs as warm as two crispy critters.

The pockets on the chaps are large enough to hold 1/4 pint of your favorite beverage.

Only \$70.00 each plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

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*Made in America by Americans
from the finest American cows!*



Jackets Regular jacket sizes 38 to 48
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Order today from

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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

fucker wouldn't work. So, after a short but loud cussin' session, I remembered readin' about usin' hose clamps for compressors.

I started diggin' through old copies, and sure as shit, there it was in the Feb., '77 issue. I figured what the fuck, so I tried 'em, and I'll be damned if they didn't work better than the trick fucker that I bought.

Who says you clowns ain't got your shit together?
Weasel
Chula Vista, Calif.

Tough Readin'

☐ I just read the August issue and it's righteous — except that jail therapy bit. Why in the fuck didn't you assholes print it in everyday language? I didn't even understand what I read.

Crabs
Camp Hill, Pa.

Friends

☐ Just got home from two weeks of partying to find a bro had run out the rag that was feeding my mutt, which was cool, and the sonofabitch let some whore's rugrat flood my bed, which was cool. But the cocksucker used all my fuckin' toilet paper, and I didn't find out till I was done takin' a big one and couldn't find any. (Know the feeling?) So I used a pair of the fucker's socks. What I want to know is why should that asshole be mad at my ass? Payback is hell, right?

The Riddler
Taft, Calif.

More On Lyons's Death

☐ I'm pissed! Read the attached article and you'll understand. It seems they just don't give a shit. What if Lyons hadn't been an Outlaw? Would it have come out the same way?

The news item said, "Milwaukee policemen have been exonerated in the death of Outlaw motorcycle gang member Roger Lyons, U.S. Atty. Joan F. Kessler said Thursday."

"Lyons died at a hospital last Sept. 30 after police ejected him from a tavern, arrested him, and took him to a police station."

"Several witnesses charged that police used too much force in ejecting Lyons from the tavern and

putting him in a police van. The county medical examiner ruled that death had been caused by blows to the head."

"Kessler said all policemen who might have been involved have been cleared after lie detector tests and an exhaustive investigation."

"She refused to answer questions about who might have been responsible for the death."

Joe (Bloomer) Wager-Smith
Appleton, Wis.

☐ No one really believed deep down in his heart it'd turn out any other way. No matter how hard ya try, the power is on the other side.

Swap Meets

☐ Hey, Double Ugly, let me know when your swap meets will resume again.

Ron Chiavetta
McKees Rocks, Pa.

☐ Had to call a halt to the **Easyriders** swap meets — things were gettin' outta hand. Not with you people, but with local police departments, civic officials, etc. So many bikers gettin' together in one spot freaks out a lot of policemen and straight citizens.

A Real Bummer

☐ Here's an example of the word "bummer" as used in the modern vernacular. Your scooter gently decelerates down the expressway off-ramp, coming to a stop at a red octagonal sign. As you prepare to go, your front wheel rises up into

the air and you feel the G force of acceleration as you hear the clash of metal on metal and realize you are being propelled forward by the grill of a car. The bike does a half turn in the air as you are thrown head-first over it. As you strike the pavement, you fervently hope the driver will hit the brakes. Two seconds after this thought clears your shell-shocked brain, the woman actually says, "I didn't see you."

That, bro, is called a bummer—as it happened to me after 19 motorcycles and a lifetime of riding.

Jim and
400 miles from home
Klamath Falls, Ore.

Who's Confused?

☐ Well, you dudes fucked up again! On the the contents page of your August, '78 issue, you said the chick's name was Nancy. But in the feature on page 76, you told us her name was Nicky. It's the same chick, so don't try to bull-shit us. How about it — what's her real name?

Bill Schwan
Offshore, La.

☐ Shit, don't ask me — I just work here.

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.



"Oh, honey, I'm so glad you're okay!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Most convenient . . .

You remember the Interstates. They're the brainchild of Washington's illustrious bureaucracy. Years ago, we were told that construction of Interstates would provide the American public with the world's safest, fastest, and most convenient highway system. So, every April 15, we dutifully sent our checks off to Washington, secure in the knowledge our investment would bear fruit.

Along the way, thousands of homes fell before wrecking crews. Farms were dissected to make room for the Super Slabs. Those who lost out would just have to find somewhere else to live and raise crops. After all, progress has its costs, and the ability to zip from Point A to Point B at 70 miles per hour was a prospect most Americans relished.

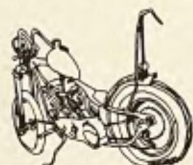
Now the era of efficient private transportation—which reached its peak with Interstate construction—is nearing an end. Our tax dollars have been soaked up and the bureaucrats have run out of places to build roads, so the rules have been changed.

Once a showcase of transportation innovation, the Interstates have become a multi-million dollar playground for inane cops-and-robber games. On one side is Smokey, dispatched with an elaborate array of Buck Rogers radar equipment. On the other side is the American public, unhappy with the 55 mph national speed limit. The people are "arming" themselves with CB radios, Fuzz-busters, everything but an electronic kitchen sink. Once again, millions of consumer dollars are being spent, but this time we're paying for both sides! In the battle over the double nickel speed limit,

hordes of enforcers try to take our pictures in "speeding crackdowns" financed through our taxes. Then, we go out and buy electronic gadgets to warn us that their electronic gadgets are watching us! If it weren't so ludicrous (and expensive), it might be funny.

—Bill Amick

—*American Motorcyclist*



More noise . . .

It will come as no surprise to bikers to hear that the MIC studies show most public complaints about motorcycle noise concern modified bikes. So, a federal law making the original production bike even quieter will not solve the problem for the offended public. It's just as easy to modify the quieter new bikes to crank out as much noise as the owner desires.

It should be obvious to even the most prejudiced officials that the new standards would not really change anything. The problem is always going to be a local one, in every locality where the bikes are modified and then ridden. Controlling the original noise level at a few factory locations won't make any difference. What is needed is local enforcement of a reasonable noise standard that almost everyone can live with, including the manufacturers of replacement parts, especially exhaust systems.

—Swede Carlson
Custom Bike

EPA Hassles . . .

Indeed, the very existence of the problem is one of our points of disagreement with the EPA. Sure, we know that

some people ride noisy motorcycles, but the EPA itself admits that new bikes are quiet and only about 10 percent of the nation's motorcyclists modify their bike's exhaust systems. Consequently, we view the EPA's proposals as misdirected knee-jerk reaction to a very minor problem.

We have strongly objected to federal regulations that will add \$200 to the price of your motorcycle by 1985, and industry-wide will cost \$200 million every year—all so the EPA can run its tests, affix its stickers, and generally harass motorcycle owners, 90 percent of whom don't deserve the hassle.

—*American Motorcyclist*



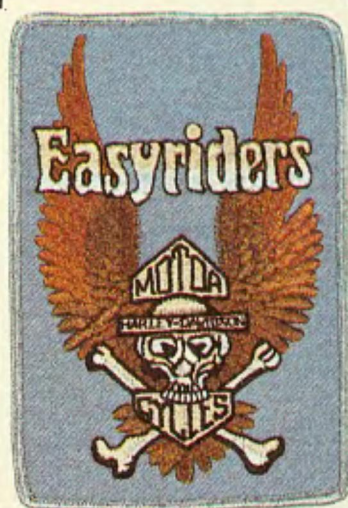
Tire safety standards . . .

Here we go again. The California Highway Patrol Engineering Section has announced that they are attempting to determine the extent of the problem of motorcycle accidents caused by loss of air pressure in tires. Their statement reads in part:

"In the standard motorcycle tire and rim configuration, a flat or blowout causes the tire bead to become unseated from the rim, resulting in loss of vehicle control. Only a few tires and rims are designed so the operator can better maintain control and stop the vehicle after loss of tire pressure."

The CHP wants to determine whether it's necessary to develop safety standards for motorcycle tires and rims.

—*Big Bike*



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 slipping away quick: *Easyriders Patch*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

California residents add 6% sales tax.

By Carol Iulow

He Taught Me Well . . .



I met him entirely by accident during the summer of '68. I was sitting in the park, behind a bush next to a tree. It was a secluded spot, a good place to think. I was thinking about my future. A mere child of 17, I was, and, like too many young girls, I was already engaged to be married. I guess it was a kind of status symbol to be engaged at 17. I can't think of any other reason I would have gotten myself into such a stupid predicament. The guy I was engaged to was all right, I guess. I suppose I loved him — but I love my father, too. We never made it through a day without arguing about something. He never let me do anything without telling him first. When I used his car, he always checked the mileage to see if I'd gone farther than I was supposed to. If I did — and I usually did — he'd give me the third degree about where I'd been and what I'd done. He was always making me make promises we both knew I couldn't keep. When I think back on it now, I realize how stupid I must have been to be engaged to him in the first place.

This guy, the one I was supposed to marry, was away in the army that summer. Joined up, that turkey did, and became a fucking M.P. Wanted to be a cop when he got out.

I'll Always Remember

His absence gave me time to think, and I had become quite terrified at the idea of marriage at any age. I was sitting there, wondering how I was going to get out of the entanglement gracefully, when I was interrupted by the sound of water splashing on the ground almost next to me.

I looked up and there he was, emptying his bladder on the other side of the tree. He was a handsome man, about six feet tall, solidly built, and, I might add, very well hung. He had a full beard and long, dark hair. His eyes were brown and heavy-lidded.

"Need any help with that?" I asked, impetuously. I startled myself with that question — almost as much as I startled him with my presence. He nearly jumped right into his own puddle of piss.

"Where'd you come from?" he demanded.

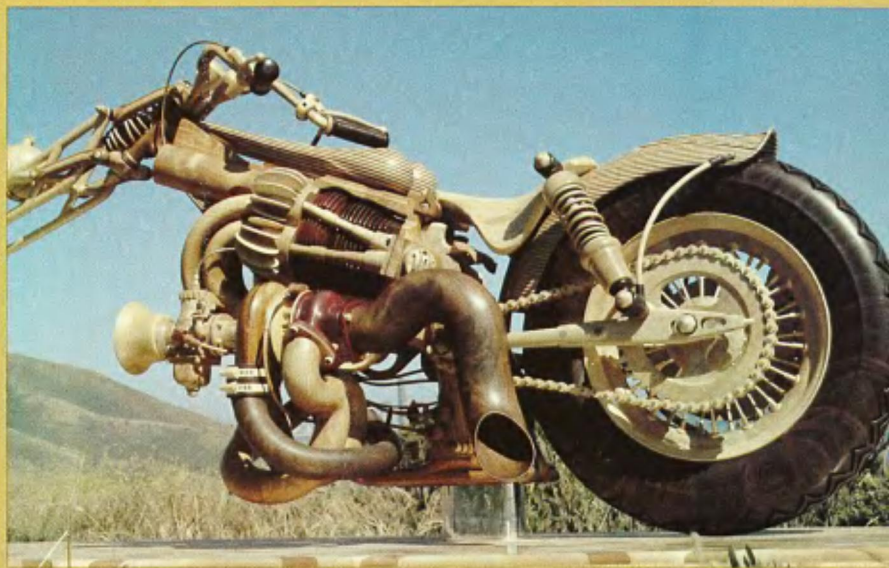
"My mother says she found me under a rock. Actually, I was conceived by a bush."

It was a strange way to become acquainted — seeing the size of a man's meat before you even see his face. Not something most people would write home to mom about, but it did have some class.

What followed was the most unforgettable summer I ever experienced. He was a biker — rode a beautiful black panhead. As soon as I saw it, I just had to ride it, and as soon as I rode it, I never wanted to quit.

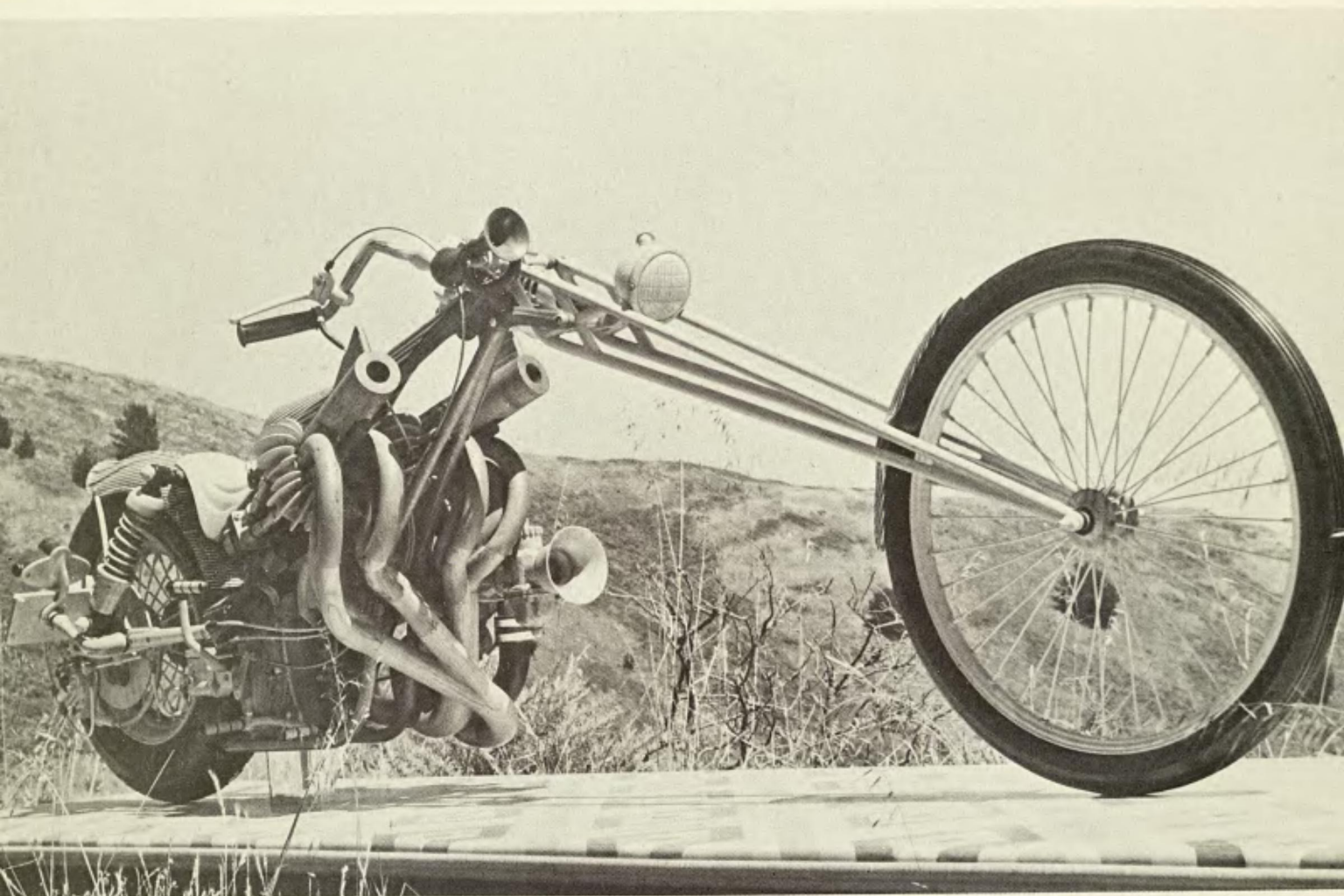
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MADE FROM TREES

One hundred three inches, axle to axle



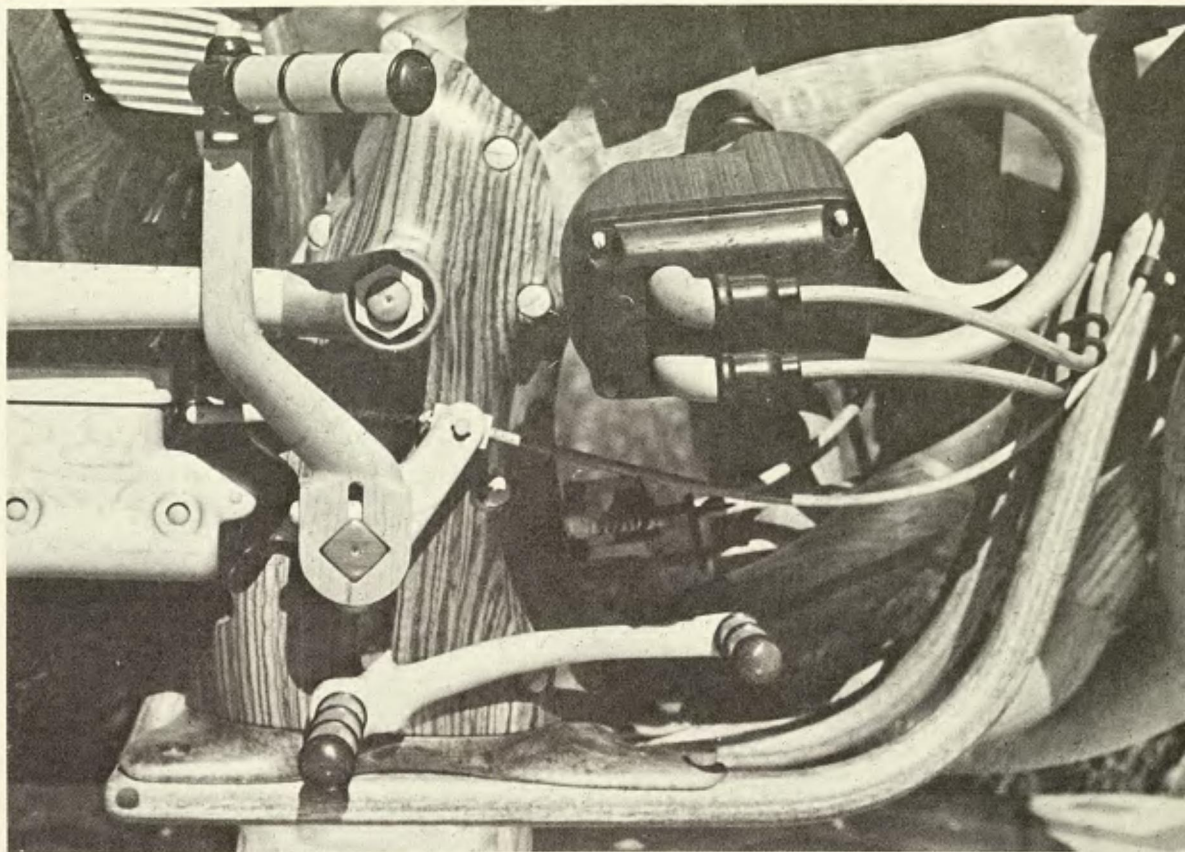
In all, twenty-two trees went into this project. There's no way to display this creation properly here—to really show it off right—other than to plaster it to the page. It's beyond anything we've ever seen molded, chromed, or anodized. And no shit, the damn thing is constructed entirely from wood.

It took eight months to complete. Working time averaged six and a half days a week, eleven to sixteen hours a day. It was Michael Jean Cooper's college project, and with the assistance of three wood-

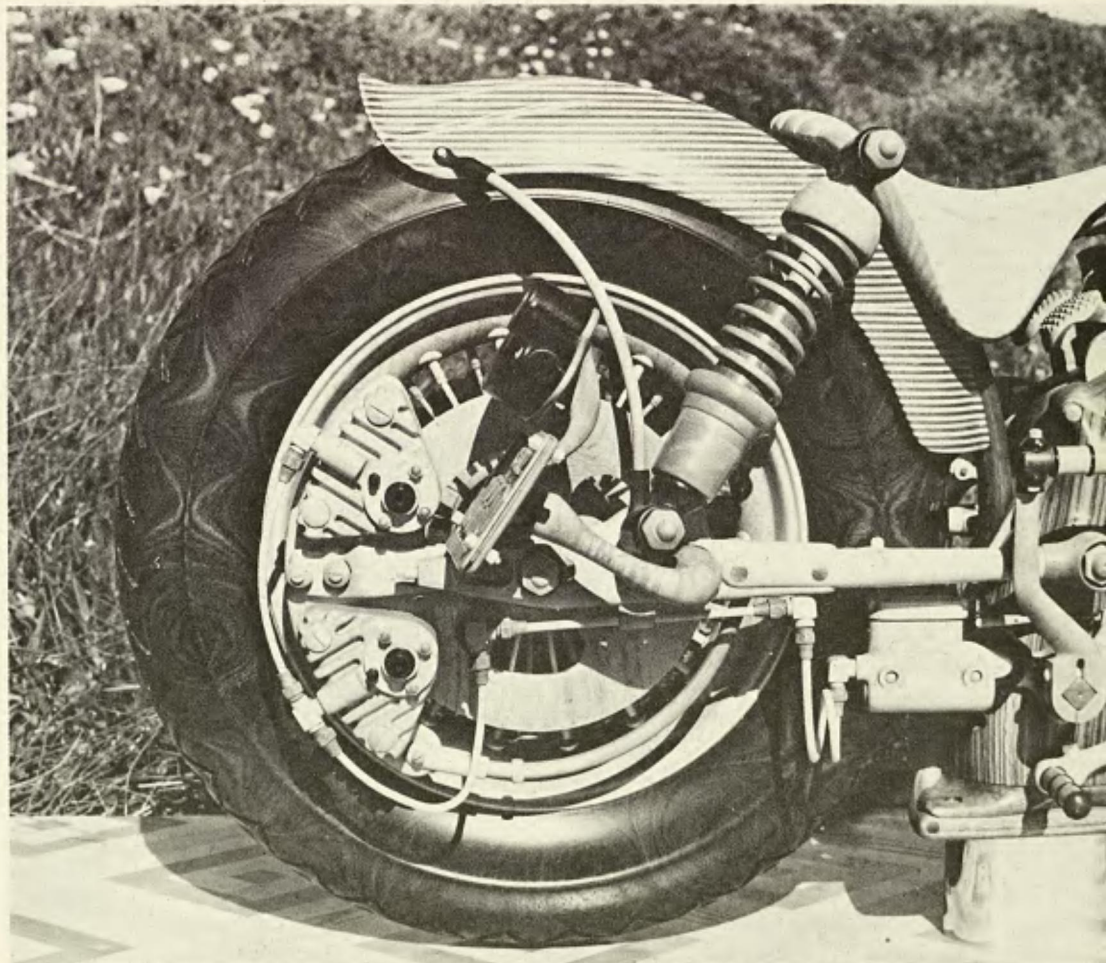
freaked students—Martha Rising, Paul Lafaille and Mike Wilk—the bike came together. The total work effort came to a sawdusting one and a half years of regular work weeks—no open fires allowed.

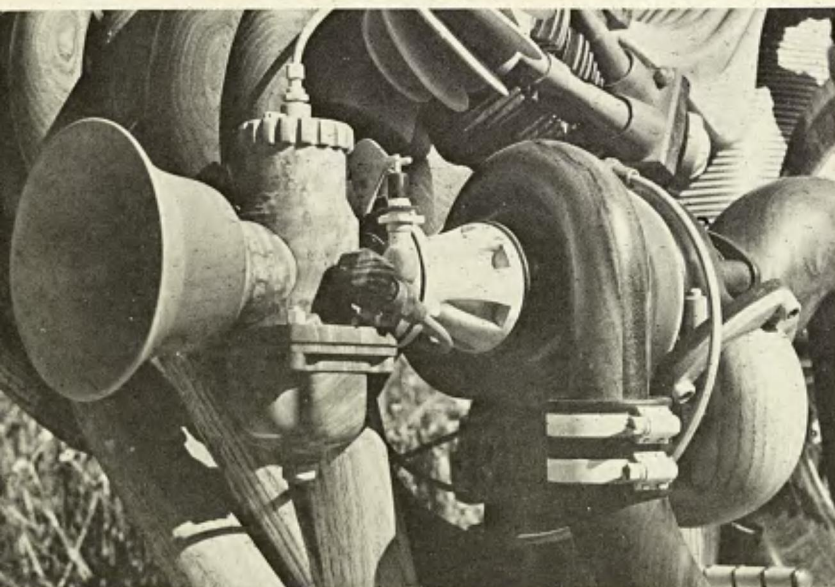
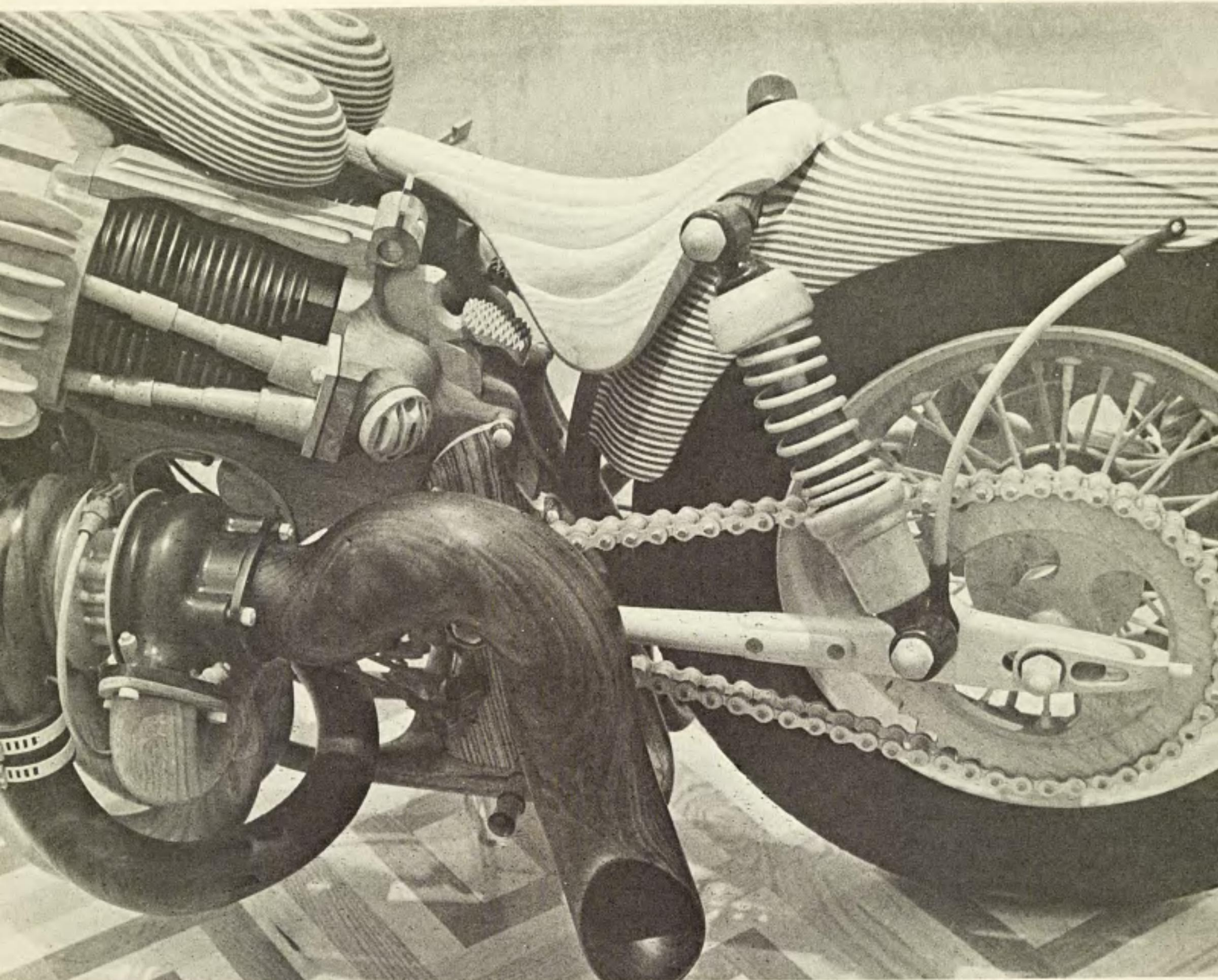
We could go into the bike's construction in detail, but it's too mind-boggling. However, we'll toss this table leg out for an example. The rear tire was made of 129 wedges of Indonesian rosewood glued to separate base plates. Each piece was milled round and flat, then glued around a central core of laminated hard rock





Photography by Roger Carol





maple (the wheel rim), which was turned to the correct contour and dimension.

After the tire was trimmed, a special mount was used on a vertical milling machine in order to rout the tire grooves correctly. Routing the tread took four days, setup took three. Total time on the rear wheel—one long month.

All the wood finishes are natural color, just shot with clear acrylic lacquer, a sealer, or hand-rubbed in oil. We could go deeper into the grain of this project all day. But we wanted to leave enough fiber for the photos.

—Weed

One-Eyed Jackie

Ever see a grown man cry? Ever see a big, tough, macho, lady-killin', head-bustin' outlaw biker break down and cry his heart out? It doesn't happen often, but on the night that Brutus put out Jackie's eye with a dart, you could have seen more than one tear around the Red Roost, where all the bros hung out.

Brutus wasn't to blame, and Jackie was quick to make sure everyone understood that, as soon as they got the bleeding stopped and took a look at her eye. Instead of its customary blue, it was all pale and empty looking, and had sort of collapsed in on itself, like a little balloon that's lost its air.

Everyone loved Jackie. Her real name was Jacqueline Lewis, or something like that, and the first time anyone saw her was when Smitty brought her by the Red Roost one summer afternoon a couple of years ago. He'd packed her into town on the back of his scooter after pickin' her up hitchhikin', and it didn't take the bros long to find out that she wasn't just another cunt. No, she wasn't like any other girl at all.

Jackie was tall and thin, with blond hair that, even when it was messed up by the wind, looked prettier and sexier than any movie star's. She had a thin neck and small breasts, and her hips were just enough bigger than her waist to remind you of comments made by older folks about young girls. "Just right for having babies."

Her face was thin, she had a cute little turned-up nose, sensuous lips that made a dude shudder and get bumpy all over when she kissed 'im, and she had the biggest, softest blue eyes anyone had ever seen. There was a little dark ring around the blue of each eye, and it made 'em seem even bluer. You could drown in 'em, and a lot of guys had to turn their heads away when she

looked their way, or every once in a while avert their eyes when facing her. I guess they were afraid she'd look right into their soul and steal away a piece of their heart, or maybe make 'em do something foolish like say, "Shit! I think I'm in love." Smitty did that, once, before he got dusted under the semi, out on 101. He said it with the ominous tone of someone declaring he was coming down with the plague. He tried never to look into her eyes again, and that trucker made sure he didn't.

The funny thing about Jackie was that she didn't *seem* to do things any differently than other broads, yet there was something special about her that set her apart. If she rolled up a dude's travelin' gear, it was done tighter and neater than ever before. And when he unrolled it, somewhere out there on the road, it always had a nice, new, fragrant something about it that made the guy sleep sounder.

There was another thing about her that was good, too. When anyone was lucky enough to have her invite him to her pad to spend the night, he got something he'd never had before. And for those who were never invited back, there was only a memory of a love they'd be looking for the rest of their lives. Jackie laughed in bed. She joked and played like a child, and dudes who always took their sex seriously or worried about maintaining their macho image never had to fret. If they couldn't perform, it didn't matter. Jackie would laugh and put them at ease. She'd stroke their hair and lace her fingers in theirs, and she'd curl around them in the night. She'd tell them how much she liked their smell, their feel and their taste. And when the dude left in the morning, he *knew* he was the best stud God ever put on this earth. Ten minutes in bed with Jackie could change a man's life.

—Continued on page 103



Fresno Flyer

All the detailed characteristics
of a classic locomotive

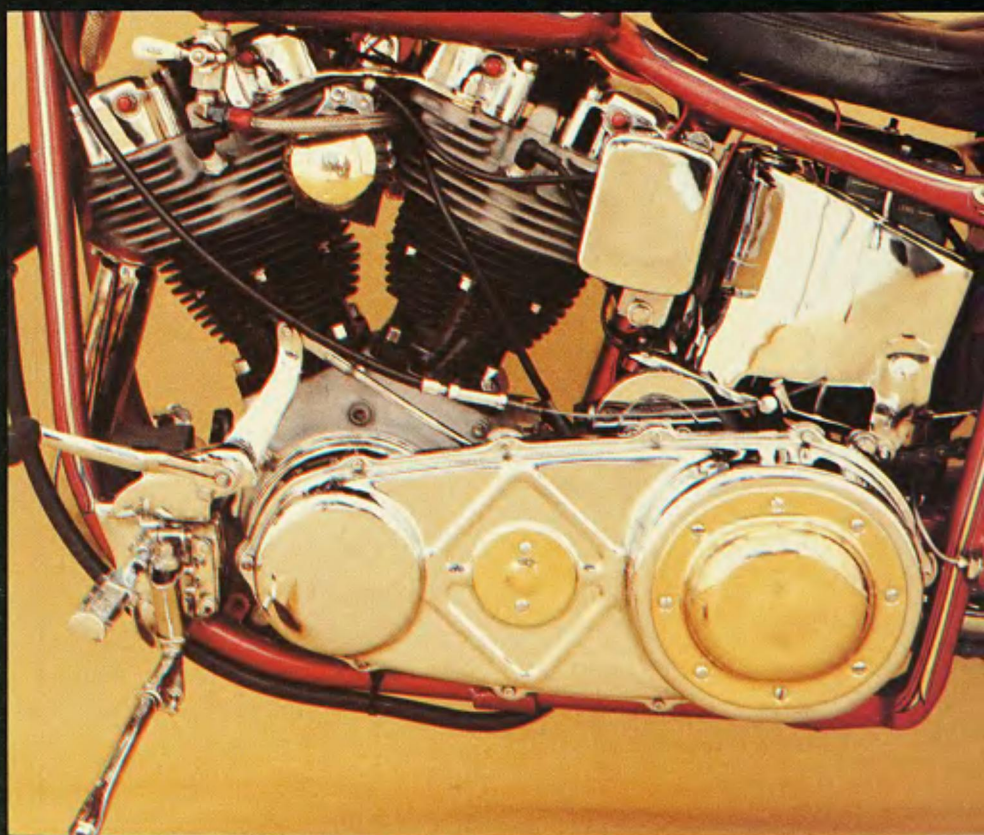
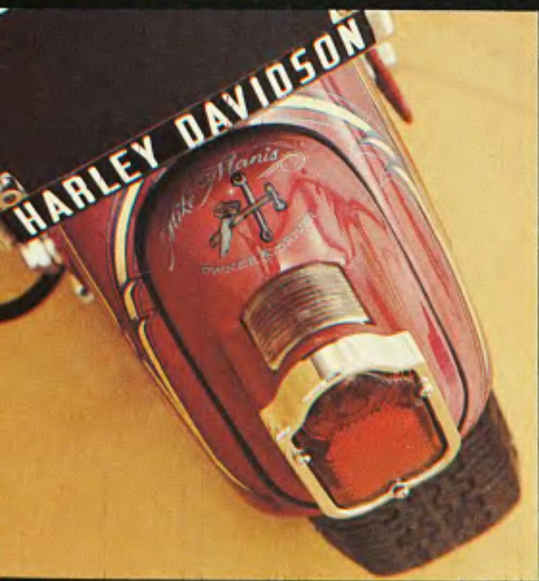




Before anyone starts pissin' and moanin' about show-bike shit or "built by a tall-buck shop for Rolls Royce prices," grab yer front brake. A couple of years back, Mike was in an accident that destroyed his putt. He rebuilt the entire bike in his living room—yep, in his living room. Gave the missus a solid excuse not to vacuum for a spell.

Anyway, you bros who are aware of the hardships of building a putt in the house know the hassles that you can run into, like the oil spills on the rug, not a tool within reach, no nuts and bolts stash, no vise, the folks comin' over, no torch, the landlord raisin' a stink, towels for rags, the screamin' ol' lady, no shelves for parts, the kid swallowin' some crank-pin bearings, no privacy, cartoon shows blarin' outta the boob tube, the dobie gnawin' up your seat—it's enough ta give ya an appetite for beer cans.

Workin' under some of the toughest conditions imaginable, Mike nevertheless managed not to lose critical parts in the shag carpet or to a Hoover. He managed to avoid nickin' freshly painted frame rails on Tonka





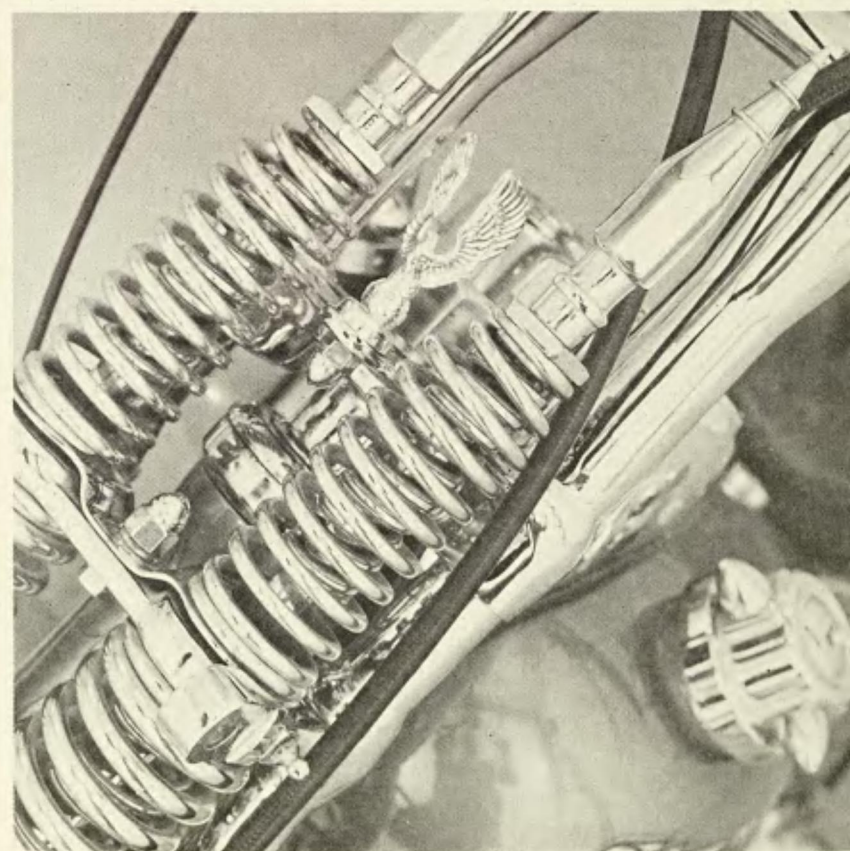
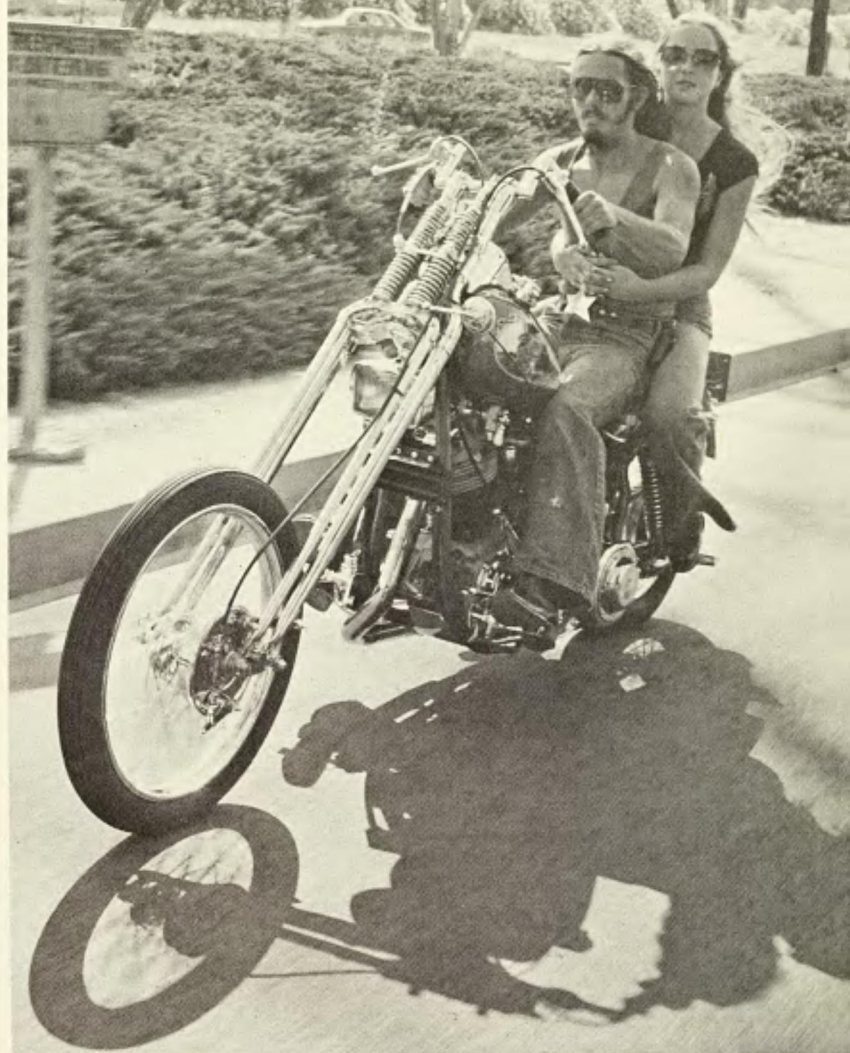
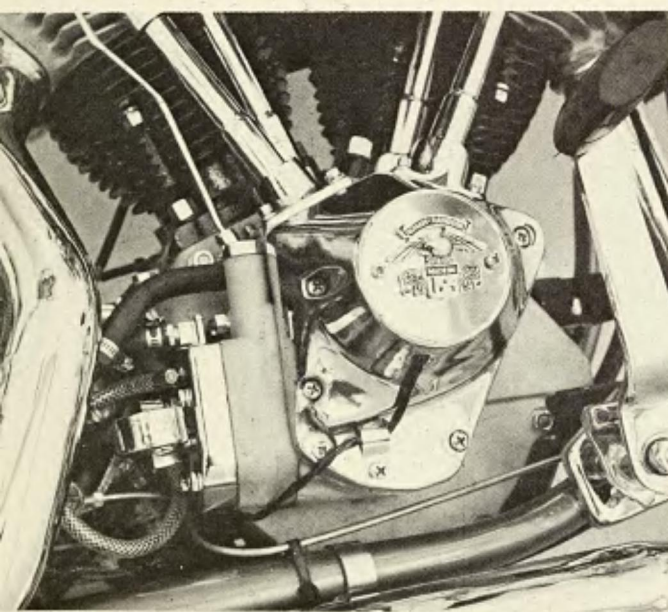
toys and he succeeded in keepin' chrome parts from becomin' pot holders, doorstops, lamp stands, and planters.

Can ya imagine comin' home from loadin' tires in trucks all day to find your newly chromed (or gold-plated, in Mike's case) brake drum cradlin' the stew on the dinner table? Or how about the shiny primary with its polished and expensive chromed side down on the coffee table fulla Halloween candy? Berserk! So, in addition to buildin' a fabulous machine, Mike deserves the "Give 'Em Some Slack Award" for buildin' a bike under insane conditions.

—Snake

—Continued on next page

Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owners: Mike Manis

City: Fresno, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1971

Year and make: 1971 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FL shovel

Type: swingarm

Value: more than you've got

Rake: 1 1/4 inches

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 2 inches

Time: 1 1/2 years

Other alterations:

Chroming by: Valley Chrome

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Flanders 2 1/2-in. Z's

Year: 1971

Risers: Flanders 3-in.

Model: 74

Fender(s): Superglide

Rebuilder: John's Custom Bikes

Headlight: Jammer

Ignition: hot coil

Taillight: Drag Specialties

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: H-D

Lower end: polished wheels

Front pegs: Jammer

Balancing: John's Custom Bikes

Rear pegs: Jammer

Pistons: .030 Robbins

Electrics: 12v alt.

Cases: sandblasted

Gas tank: H-D 3-gal.

Heads: ported, Manley valves

Oil tank: H-D horseshoe

Cam: Sifton 468

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: Paughco

Carb(s): 2 inch S.U.

Seat: Danny Grey

Air cleaner: Jammer

Sissy bar: Don't like 'em

Pipes: 2-inch Santee

Height:

Muffler(s): glasspack

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: polished gears

Type: springer

Year: 1964

Extension: 14 inches

Shifting: foot, Barnett clutches

Builder: H-D, Nick Carter

Engine sprocket: 8mm Primo belt

Special features: show chromed

Trans sprocket: 26

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 52

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 15

Molding: Ram Gonzales & owner

Hub: H-D

Hub: H-D

Painter: Neil Averill

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: candy red, blue pearl

Tire: 3.00

Tire: 145 Pirelli

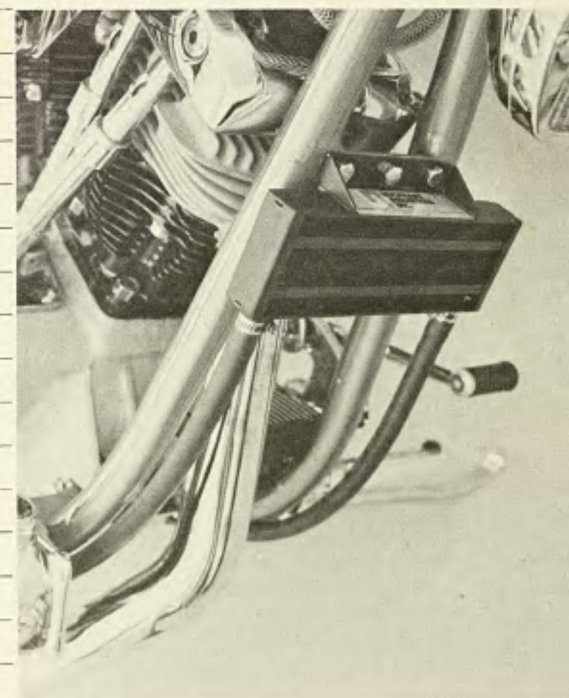
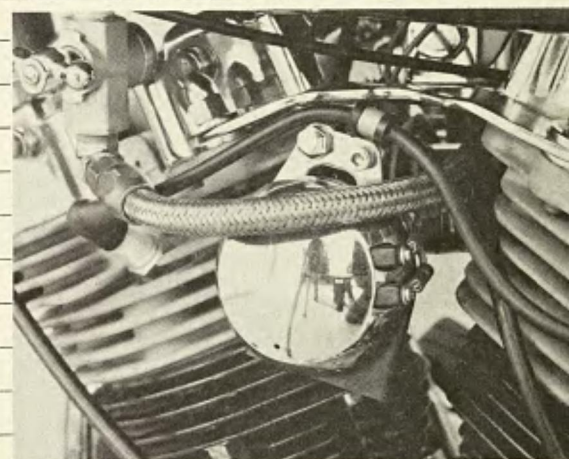
Type: emron

Brake: H-D

Brake: H-D juice

Special paint: murals by Averill

Other special modifications: Gold plating by Mecerlec, antique bathtub gas shutoff, cemetery tank ornament, Lockhart oil cooler.





ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

The following is directed at the handful of people (fewer than a dozen) from whom I have received obviously orchestrated letters, all saying basically the same thing, in slightly different ways.

They know who they are, so I'm not going to mention names—which would give them the publicity they apparently seek. Their motives, their goals, all the bullshit they've been spreading about me personally and *Easyriders* magazine is just that—pure, unadulterated bullshit—and they know it. I have no intention of wasting my time answering individual bullshit letters and accusations. These people know where I work, they see me in public, and if any of them want to make these accusations to me in person, eyeball-to-eyeball, they can have at it any time, any place. I've had it up to here—and then some.

I started ABATE. I created the name. I created the logo. I wrote and published uncompromising editorials when every other magazine (with the exception of Roger Hull's *Road Rider*) knuckled under to the Feds. There's no disputing what I did,

because I did it in public—right out in front of God and everybody. I printed what I believed had to be said in opposition to the helmet laws, the Feds, and phony advertisers. I have done so since the very beginning of this rag. Many of the people who are now making unfounded, horseshit accusations are the very ones I originally appointed as ABATE state coordinators.

I know what I've done in behalf of motorcycling, and the loyal readers of *Easyriders* know it too. It's a matter of record. All anyone need do is read this rag I and my staff grind out every month. The facts speak for themselves—from the first issue onward.

The first Daytona meeting I attended was botched up because I didn't assert myself. This was a result of having the job of chairman thrust on me at virtually the last minute, a few days prior to the meeting. I simply was not prepared, so some well-prepared loudmouths controlled that meeting.

I wasn't able to attend the next ABATE meeting in Kansas, due to illness. Accordingly, I tried to rectify

the problems at the Sacramento meeting. I paid the major state coordinators' air fares to the meeting, put everyone up in a hotel, and then attempted to explain how and why things had gotten out of hand. Basically, I intended to propose that all parties merge into one national ABATE organization. Unfortunately, certain loudmouths in the audience began unprovoked attacks on me and on *Easyriders*. A few uninvited people who had paid their own way to the meeting followed suit. I tolerated a lot of the bullshit flung at me and the magazine before deciding that we either had to take these motormouths to the floor or just call it a day.

So I simply said fuck it—I'd rather publish a magazine and not be part of what was becoming a self-interest political struggle. It was at that time that I threw the entire ABATE organization to everyone and anyone attending that meeting and walked out right then and there.

I wasn't about to take these unfounded bullshit trips from anyone, nor defend myself against these un-

reasonable accusations. I could have fought back, of course—I could have responded to their shit in this rag. There were any number of things I *could* have done, but I decided to say “Fuck it.” I walked out, determined not to become involved in *anything* from that point on, beyond the continuing attempt to put out a righteous mag. Since then, all kinds of crap has appeared in certain state ABATE newsletters, in mags, and in weekly newspapers. But, until now, I refused to respond.

Two national ABATE groups resulted from my relinquishing the organization to the people attending that meeting in Sacramento. The Washington, D. C. ABATE people have been active, but for the most part, what I’ve seen are just Johnny-Come-Latelys flinging shit at me, *Easyriders*—and at each other.

Meanwhile, the Sacramento National Abate people were working hard, getting their shit together. They formed a legitimate non-profit corporation, came up with rules and regulations, began publishing an organizational newspaper, didn’t say shit against anyone, and, in short, deliberately and methodically moved ahead, creating positive programs. During this time, the other national ABATE organization apparently did little more than hold meeting after meeting, and many of the top state coordinators have since quit, primarily because of all the petty bickering.

There are *many* ABATE state chapters who have always done their own thing in their own particular state, and continue to do so now—taking care of their own business and not participating in the other state coordinators’ power struggles. These chapters have never been involved in the shitflinging. None of my remarks is directed against any properly run state organization. All this wrath is aimed directly at the people who have been spending more time pissin’ and moanin’ than getting on with the *real* business—fighting unfair legislation. I even offered free editorial space to everyone at the Sacramento meeting, and the only people who took me seriously were the Sacramento Abate people.

While in Bowling Green recently, I drove 40 or 50 miles out of town to a secret ABATE meeting, of which I had been unaware until a

friend tipped me off. I went there in order to confront everyone face-to-face, hoping once and for all to answer their questions and dispense with all the shit that was going down. What happened? Their only complaint was against the Sacramento National Abate—that everyone was sniveling about it, and similar vague whining. I told them I had received only one letter, and that if there were any *real* problems, I’d be getting a lot of mail. I know my readers, and they really get in my face if they think *anything* is wrong. There were no other complaints, so I left after about ten minutes.

Immediately upon my return from that meeting, obviously pre-organized letters began coming in — not from the regular grass roots ABATE members, but from some of these same few people who attended the Bowling Green meeting, plus a few others they had managed to stir up in the interim with their organized writing campaigns. Shit, they even suggested people cancel their subs and run ads in our “Choppershopper” section. (See p. 92.)

The truth is that I have received fewer than a dozen letters in all, mainly from state leaders. And, at the risk of repeating myself, these are the very same complainers I encountered in Daytona, the same people my staff ran into in Kansas, the very same people who were so insulting in Sacramento—*no one else*. The same bullshit, month after month.

As I said previously, throughout this time, the Sacramento National Abate people were organizing, incorporating (non-profit), creating a newspaper, formulating bylaws, initiating money-sharing plans among various states — everything a professional organization should be doing. Meanwhile, even our attempt to run free ads for *all* organizations in the past few issues was the target of complaints at the Bowling Green meeting and in the subsequent hate-letter campaign.

NOW TO THE POINT

For all the foregoing reasons and more, from this issue onward, we are supporting the Sacramento National Abate. If there are any complaints, direct them to the

Washington, D.C. ABATE headquarters and certain state coordinators who have spent more time sniveling than getting their act together.

As always, we will continue to print *all* bike legislation news. *Easyriders* is and always has been a magazine that will fight unfair legislation, the bureaucrats, and the Feds — any injustice. Nothing has changed, except that we are *no longer* going to support the people who have been attacking us.

If you’re interested in the Sacramento National Abate, write to its headquarters. The coupon is in the back of our “Easynews” section. If you have any bitches about anything, write *them*. *Easyriders* has no affiliation with the group — we just believe they’ve got their shit together and that they’re working harder for motorcyclists’ rights.

You are all free people. *You* decide whom you’ll support. But before you decide, ask the organization what it’s doing with the bucks you’re sending in. *You* decide which way *you* want to go. We will not now, nor will we ever, tell anyone what he should do. We’re simply saying that we at *Easyriders* have decided that the Sacramento National Abate seems to have its shit together more than the Washington outfit. That’s our opinion. You form your own. But let the snivelers, the would-be leaders, all those who are complaining, either put up or shut up. It’s as simple as that. And remember another thing — a favorite trick of the Feds is to get people in organizations fighting each other. Check out people who seem to run off at the mouth a lot, always tryin’ to stir up trouble of *any* kind. We’re not making specific allegations, but it sure seems strange that there are so many hassles going on in so many different clubs and organizations. It’s an old and proven strategy — divide and conquer. Check out the loudmouths. You may have an infiltrator sloppin’ up your beer and runnin’ off maybe a little too much at the mouth. We don’t know, but we *are* beginning to wonder who’s behind all the shit being stirred up — and the motives.

As for us, we’re just gonna publish a righteous magazine.

Later,
Lou Kimzey



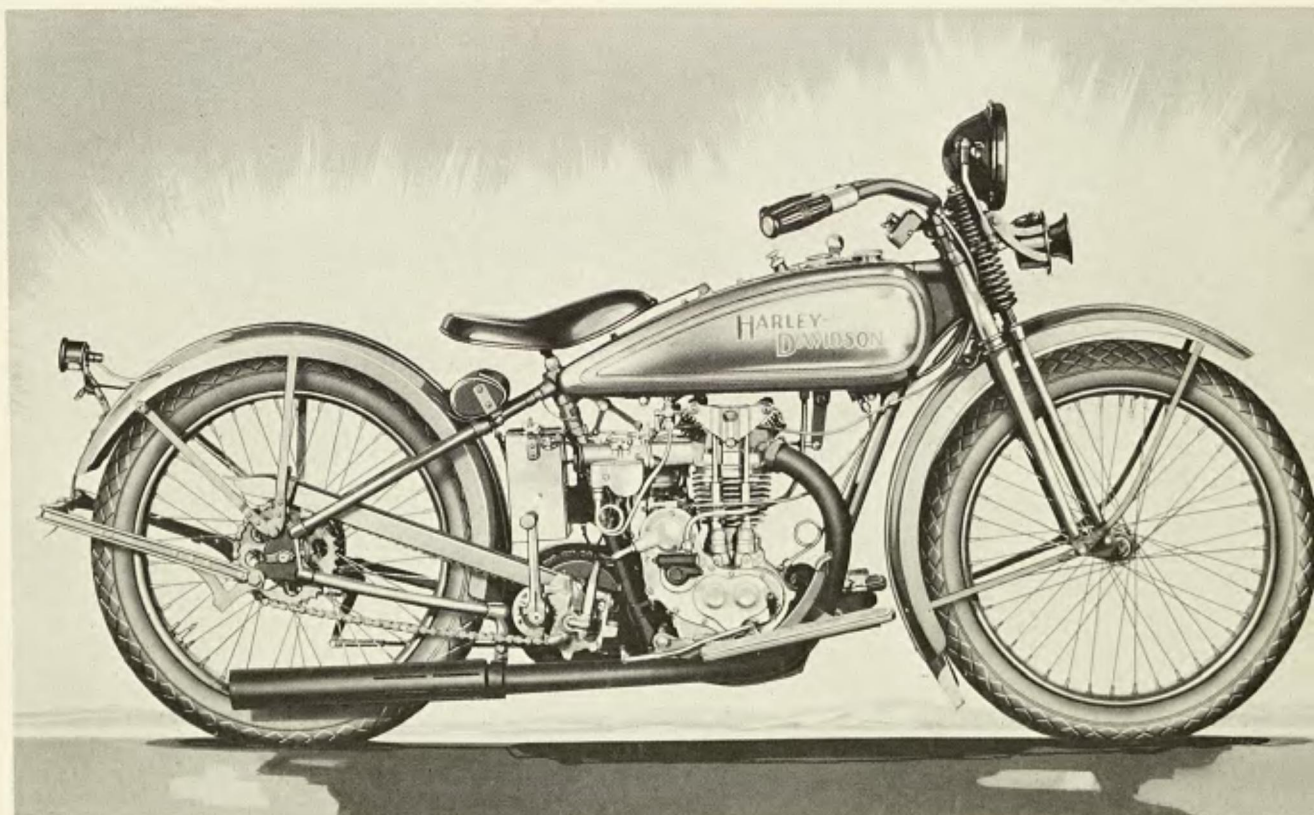
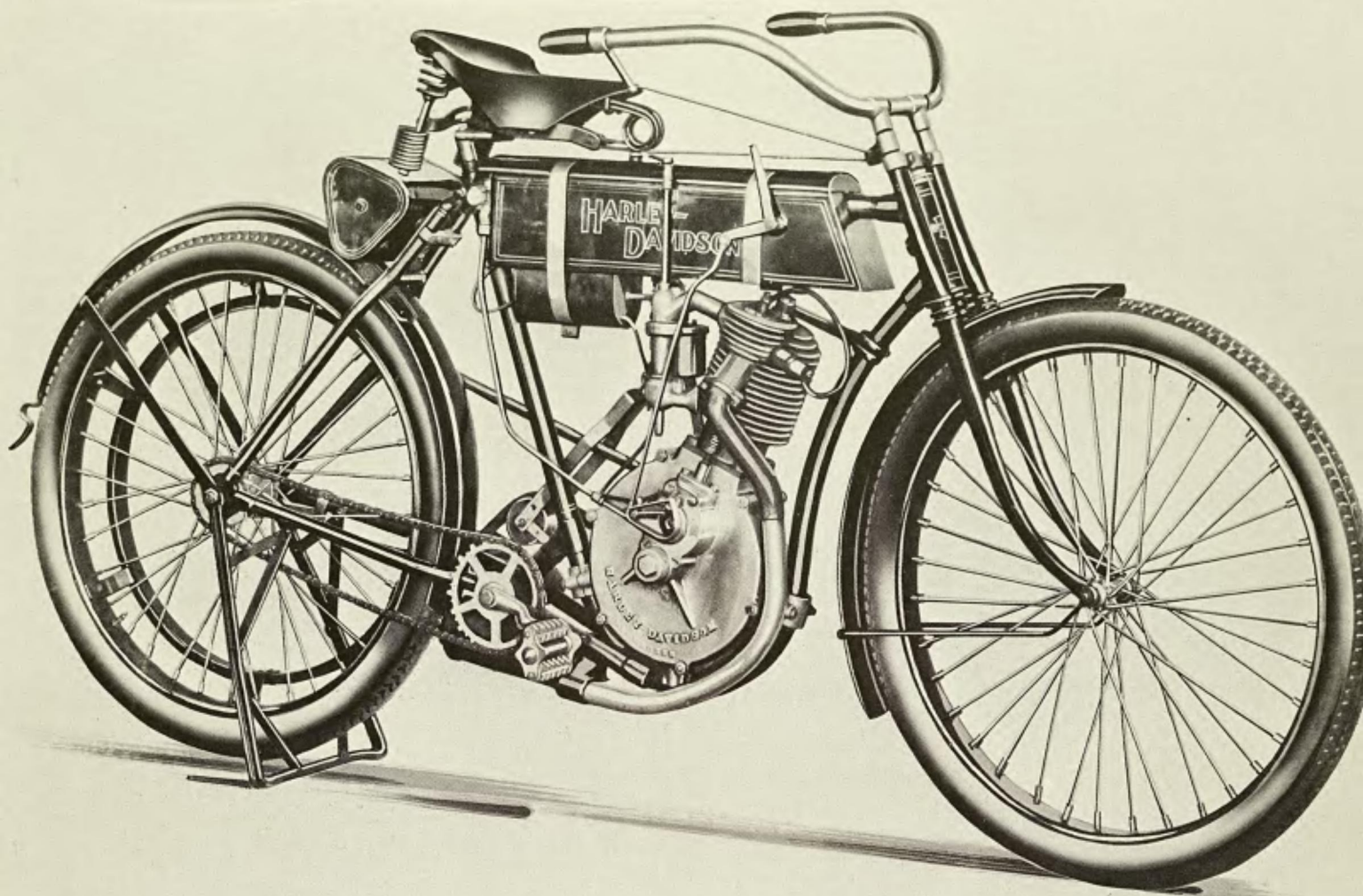
The surprises that come in the mail

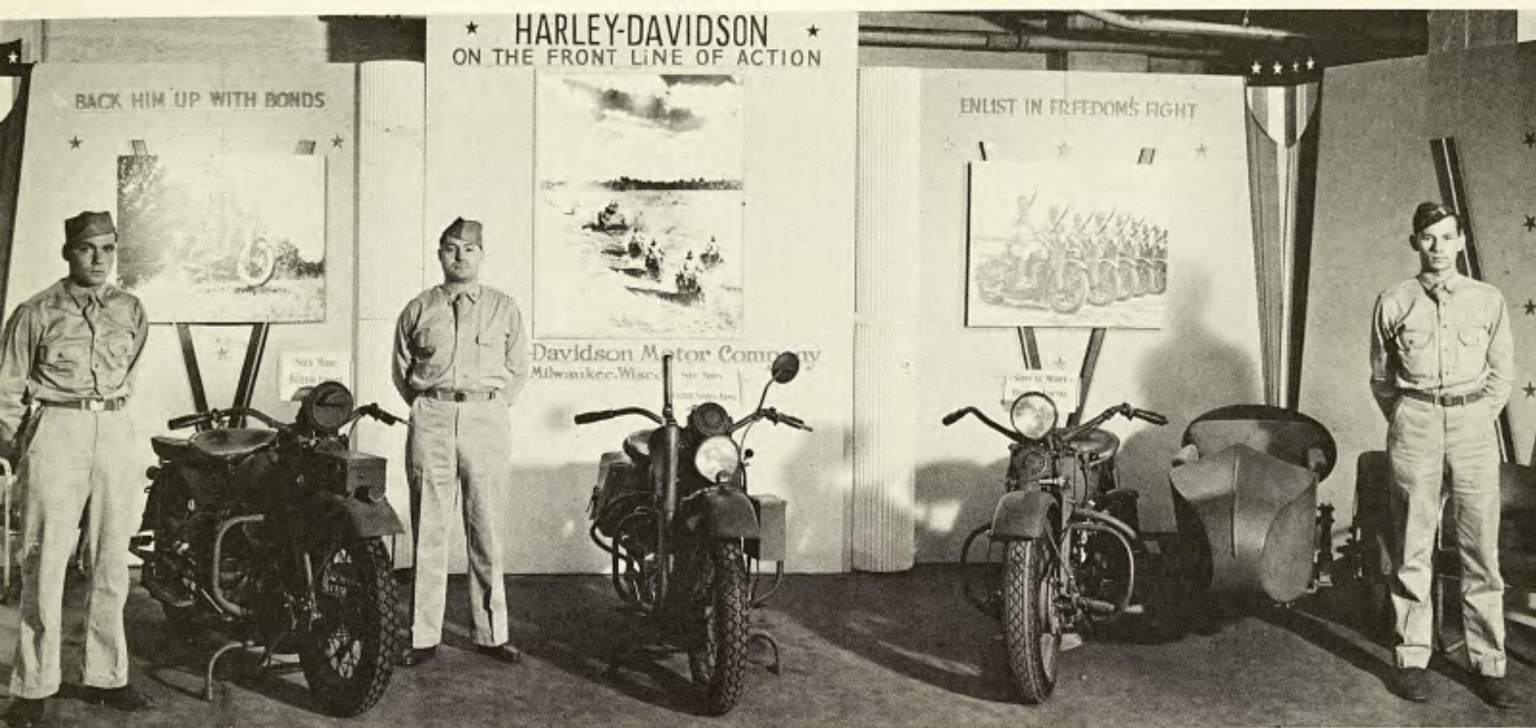
Even with all the bitchin' and moanin' over trivial bullshit ya hear from day to day, life can really be a helluva rush. And with all the naggin' and crap ya gotta swallow, there's some goddam good people out there.

These photos are a perfect example of what I mean. Out of the goodness of his big goddam heart, bro Orville Trentzsch sent us these unreal flicks. Considerin' all the usual shit that comes down on a Monday morning, you can believe that when this package fell on my desk, it made my day. The flicks yer gazin' at were like discoverin' a gram of coke you'd hidden so well you'd forgotten you had it. They couldn't have come at a better time. And believe me, we appreciate the shit out of 'em. Ain't life wonderful?

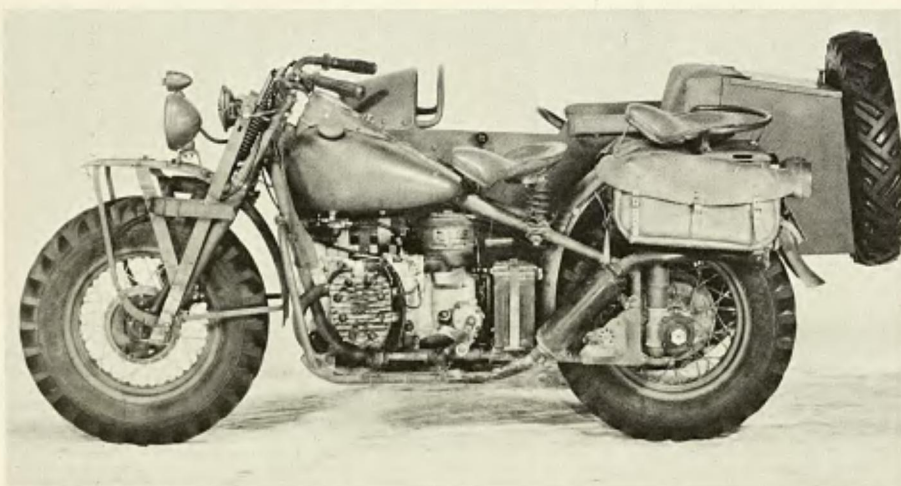
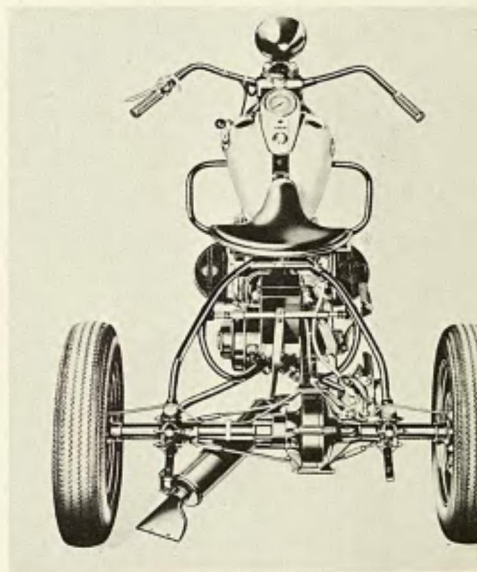
—Spider

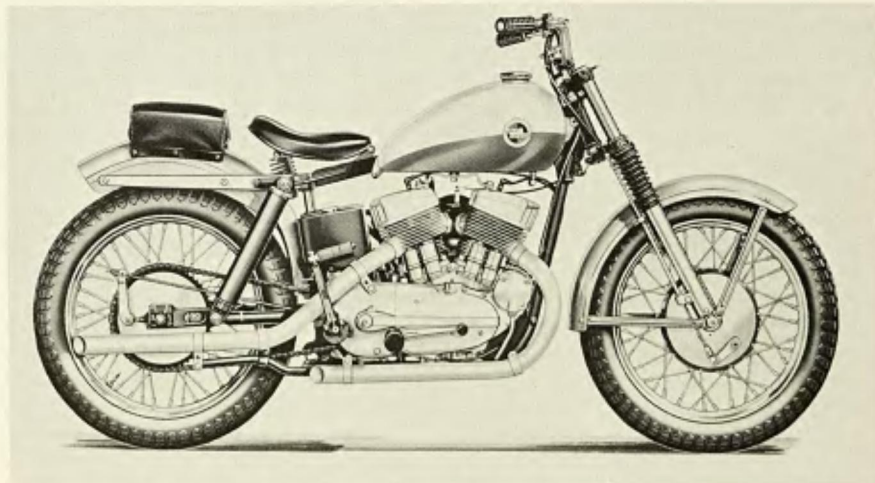
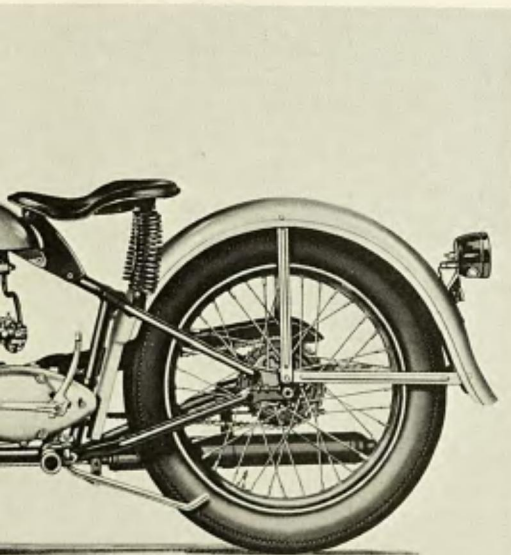
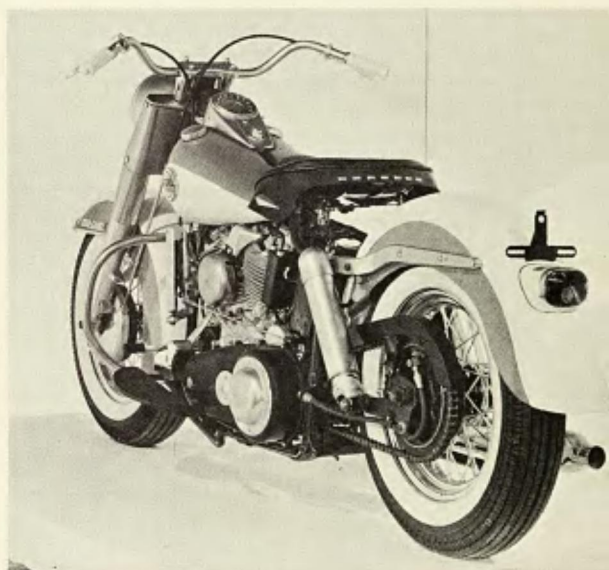






Photographs from Orville J. Trentzsch







An Interview with the W.S.P.M.A.

By correspondence, we interviewed the only motorcycle association inside a penitentiary

Q. What is W.S.P.M.A., exactly?

A. The Washington State Penitentiary Motorcycle Association is a resident-controlled and supported organization, operating within the walls of the Washington State Penitentiary. Resident members are supporting the Association through action, as well as by words and thoughts. Financial support comes from members through monthly dues. In addition, we receive donations from business firms and citizens concerned about maintaining progress in a relatively negative situation, such as exists in a penitentiary.

Q. What are the different functions of the organization?

A. The Association serves several purposes. Internally, it is a place where people with common interests can exchange ideas, and build a brotherhood with strong bonds. This dedication to the shop and brother members builds inner strength in each participant. The members help each other with mutual support, and the Association provides educational assistance with the school program helping the members obtain jobs as motorcycle mechanics.

Externally, the Association serves the general population as a stabilizer in an unstable environment. We offer people a lifestyle and a way of thought that allows them the opportunity to keep in touch with reality. When members of the Association line up five or six Harleys, and even ride them in an area behind the

The following correspondence interview with the Washington State Penitentiary Motorcycle Association is a first. And it's something we've wanted to get together for bros in the joint for a long time. We're hoping that this interview will give downed bikers incentive and information on how they can start similar programs in other institutions across the country.

—the editors

kitchen, it's a sight that many haven't seen in years. These people can see that the Association offers them a way out, if they are willing to follow the lead the Association has set. We have gained our success through hard work and determination, and when the others see this, they realize they too can do it. The success we have enjoyed can be obtained by others if they have the determination and desire.

Q. When and how did the organization begin?

A. The Association was founded in 1970 and 1971 by bikers in the penitentiary who came together as a group to help each other in their confinement. Prison reform was just be-

ginning, and many power plays were taking place. Problems that existed on the streets were forgotten as patch holders from different motorcycle clubs got together inside.

Q. How many bros were involved originally? How many now?

A. When W.S.P.M.A. was formed, there were approximately 15 bros responsible, and of these, six were patch holders. The remaining nine members were men who could identify with bike riders and had a strong desire to learn about the biker lifestyle. The patch holders taught respect and brotherhood to the entire membership, and classes were started for those who were learning. The brothers who had lived the biker life became the teachers, and the entire shop got involved. At one point in our history the membership was around seventy; however, the shop has pretty well stabilized with forty-five members. There is no limit on the membership.

Q. How did the establishment react at first?

A. At first, the only thing the administration officials knew about bike riders was what they had seen on TV, and they were very reluctant to have the Association inside the walls. It's been a long, hard fight to prove to these people what bikers are really about—building, riding, and brotherhood. It took a long time to get around the image created by movies and TV, and the officials are still a little unnerved by us, but they are be-



ginning to realize we are people too.
Q. What were your biggest hassles?

A. The first bike to enter our shop belonged to one of the original members. And the only way the administration would allow the bike to enter was if the member agreed to donate the bike to the shop. They probably wanted to see if the members of the shop were really as serious as they said they were. The bike was donated and the shop had its first training aid. Later, Snap-On Tools donated a complete set of their tools, Harley donated a Sportster engine, and various other companies sent small engines for the shop. The biggest hassles now are getting supplies into the shop—gas, oil, paint, thinner, lacquer, and other flammables such as that. Getting bikes in and out of the shop takes a lot of time and hard work from members and outside sponsors. Even today, the administration doesn't like outside people coming and going as freely as we would like.

Q. Do people drop out because of harassment and threats from the administration? Are many members in the hole?

A. Not many members drop out because of administration threats. Usually such people never become members. We have a process of "hang around" and "prospect," and people who are not sure of themselves, or why they want into the shop, usually don't make it to the prospect status.

The members usually have enough

work to keep them busy, so they don't have time to worry about the administration. The shop also helps members with parole board and minimum custody hearings.

At one point in our history, a large percentage of our membership was in and out of the hole, some for several months at a time. In the last two years, we have pulled all of our people out of the hole. Today, not one member is in segregation.

Q. What advice would you give to guys in other joints who would be interested in starting a project like this?

A. Our shop has been in operation since 1971, and in just the last twenty months we have started what was originally planned seven years ago. When starting with just the idea, the process is long and a person may have to learn how to work with people he doesn't like—and that's an understatement. Bike riders should seek out other bikers and form a planning group, then establish contacts on the streets and begin working with the administration. A new group must get a building to use as a shop area. And the group should start writing letters—hundreds of letters. Get manuals, books to learn from, and set up a classroom area. And most important, be serious, or it will fail. Sidewalk commandos don't have a place.

Q. Are there a lot of politics involved with prison officials?

A. Yes, a great amount of politics is

involved in our situation. Most of the time, it is the administration coming to us for help when critical problems arise and they need a respected resident leader. Of course, we have to use politics and bargain with them. This is their prison—they still run the place.

Q. Did they try to stifle the project with rules?

A. No, I don't think so. As a matter of fact, they gave the shop enough rope to hang itself with, but we didn't, and now the administration is doing what it can to help us in our projects. We have made our own rules, and believe me, they are much tougher than any rule the police could have forced on us. Discipline keeps the shop running smoothly and helps each of us in our job.

Q. Since the group has been together, have you ever come close to losing everything because someone broke a rule?

A. Yes, we've come close to losing our shop because of conflict between administration rules and our members. Our answer to the problem was to stop members from abusing the shop through personal actions. "Breezeway commandos" and people who had no real interest in motorcycles or the smooth running of our shop were eliminated from membership. As a group, we haven't given up anything that keeps us together and strong. We've just stopped the petty and personal activities that endangered the

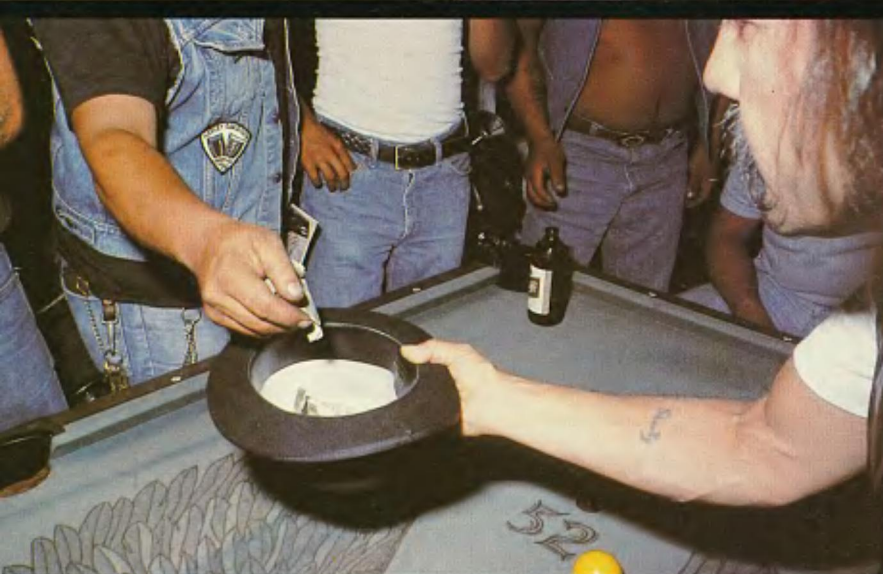


A Class Establishment

When it's all ya got—dat's class

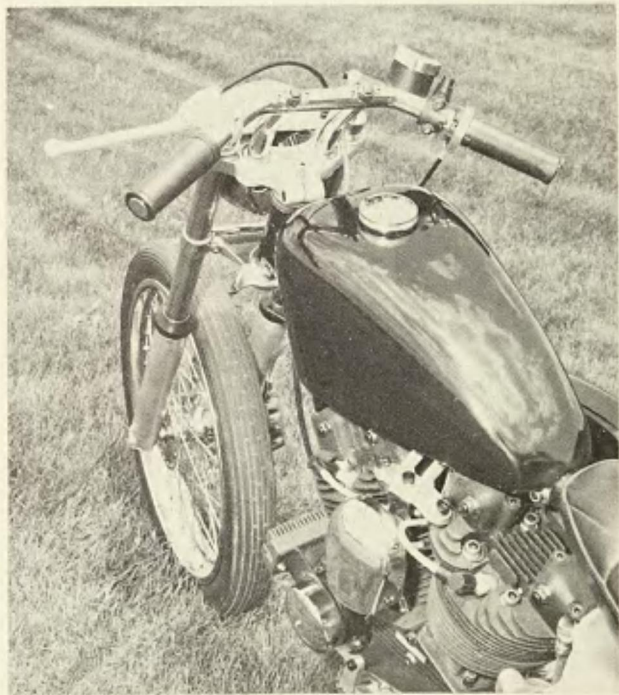
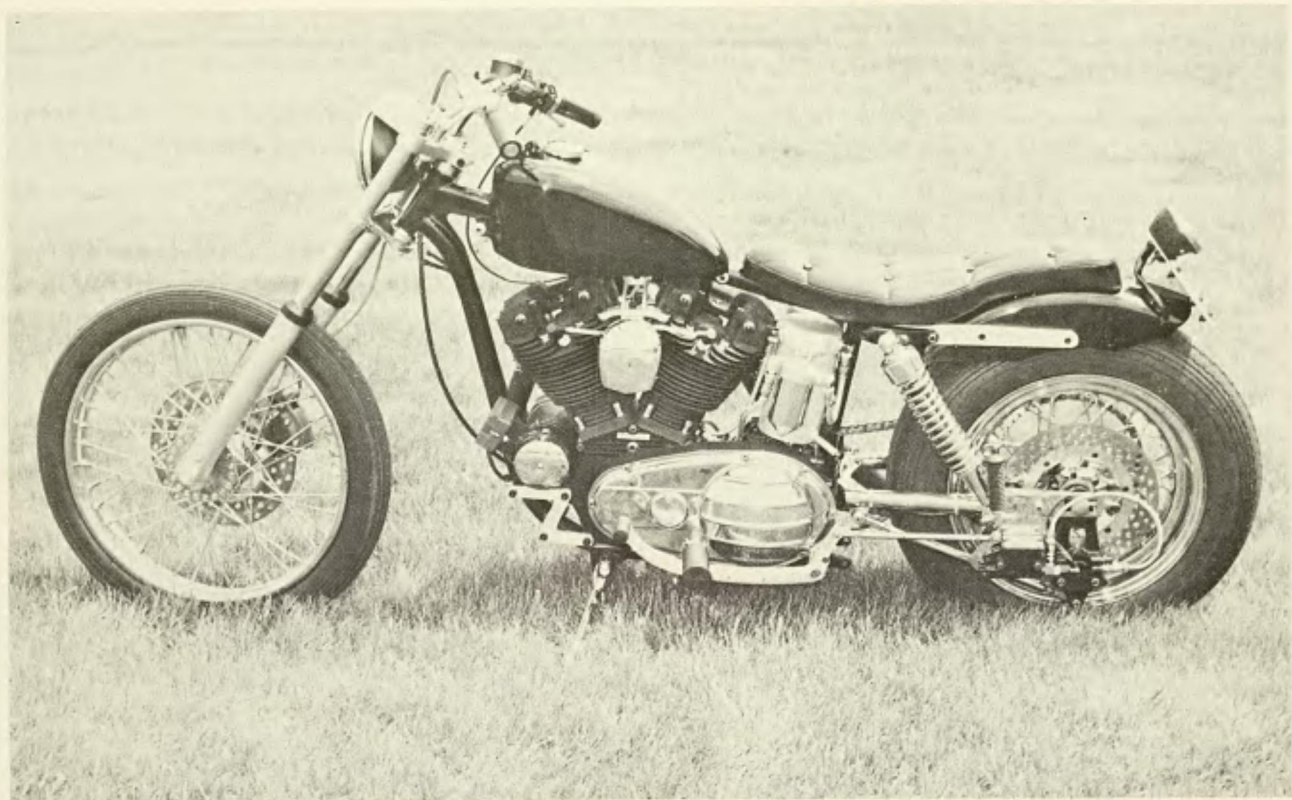
Ya'll have ta excuse me, but I'm a li'l unda the weatha 'bout now. See, we ... uh ... skidded over ta Mario's pad an' they ... uh ... were tokin' some rank sheeit. Stumblin' ain't the word for all them dudes fallin' all over each other like so many dominoes. We got down so far that we forgot what it was we went there for. Ta this day, I can't finger out what attracted us sophista, sophis, sop—ah, fuck it—stupid tramps ta go out there.

—Snake



SERIOUS SPORTSTER



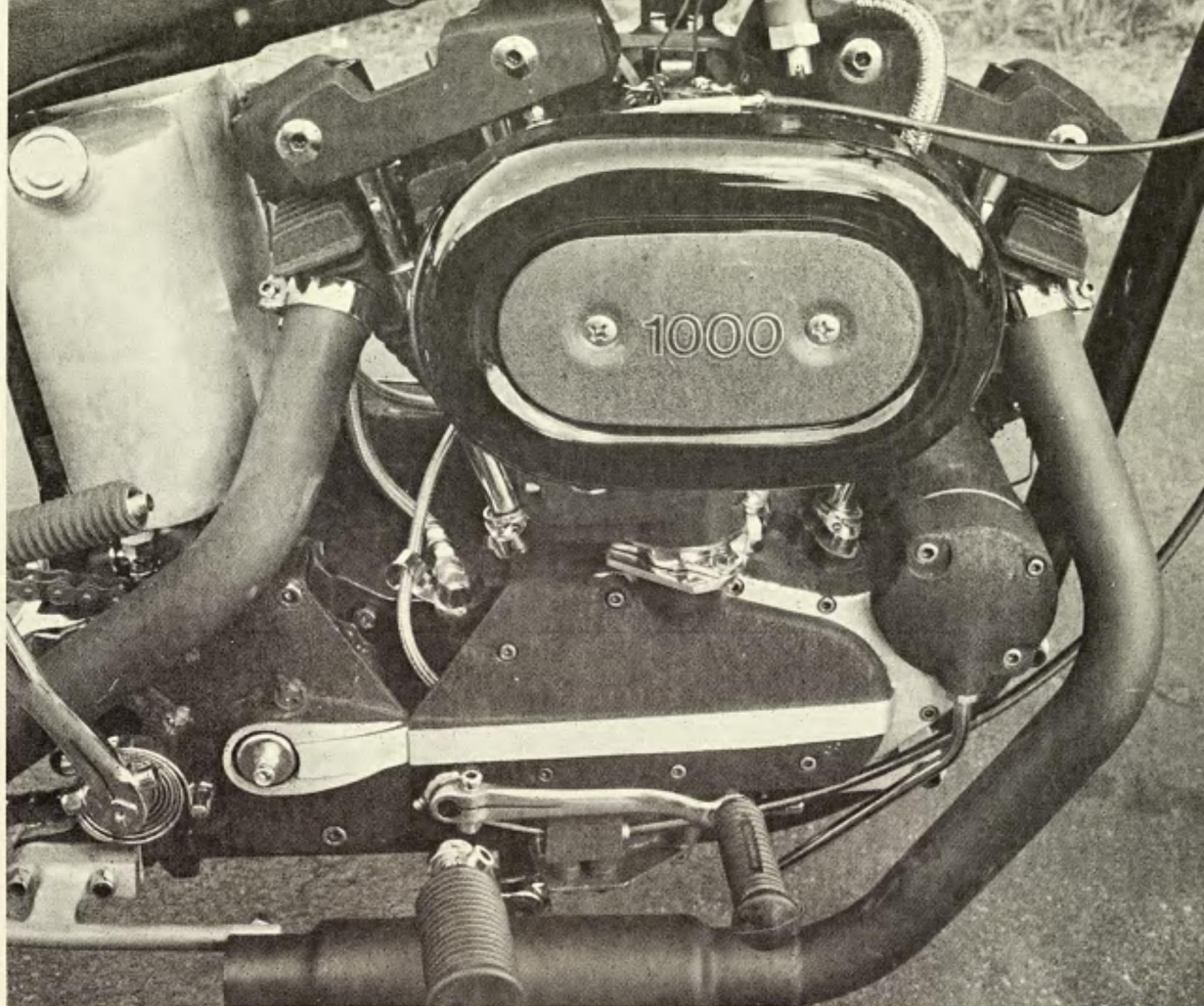


Okay, okay. In response to the blimp-sized pile of letters we've received recently, complainin' that we don't feature enough Sportsters, here's one that's tasty and serious enough to keep everybody quiet. For a few seconds, anyway.

It wasn't an easy war, mind ya. First, we had to send someone out into the darkest reaches of prime Sporty territory—the East Coast. And findin' a bro in

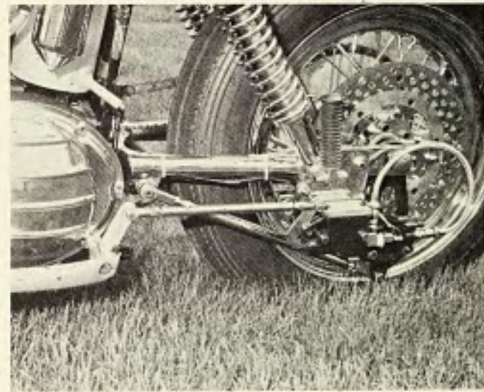
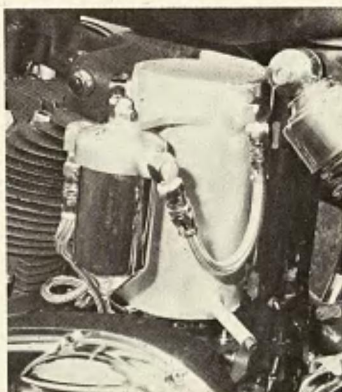
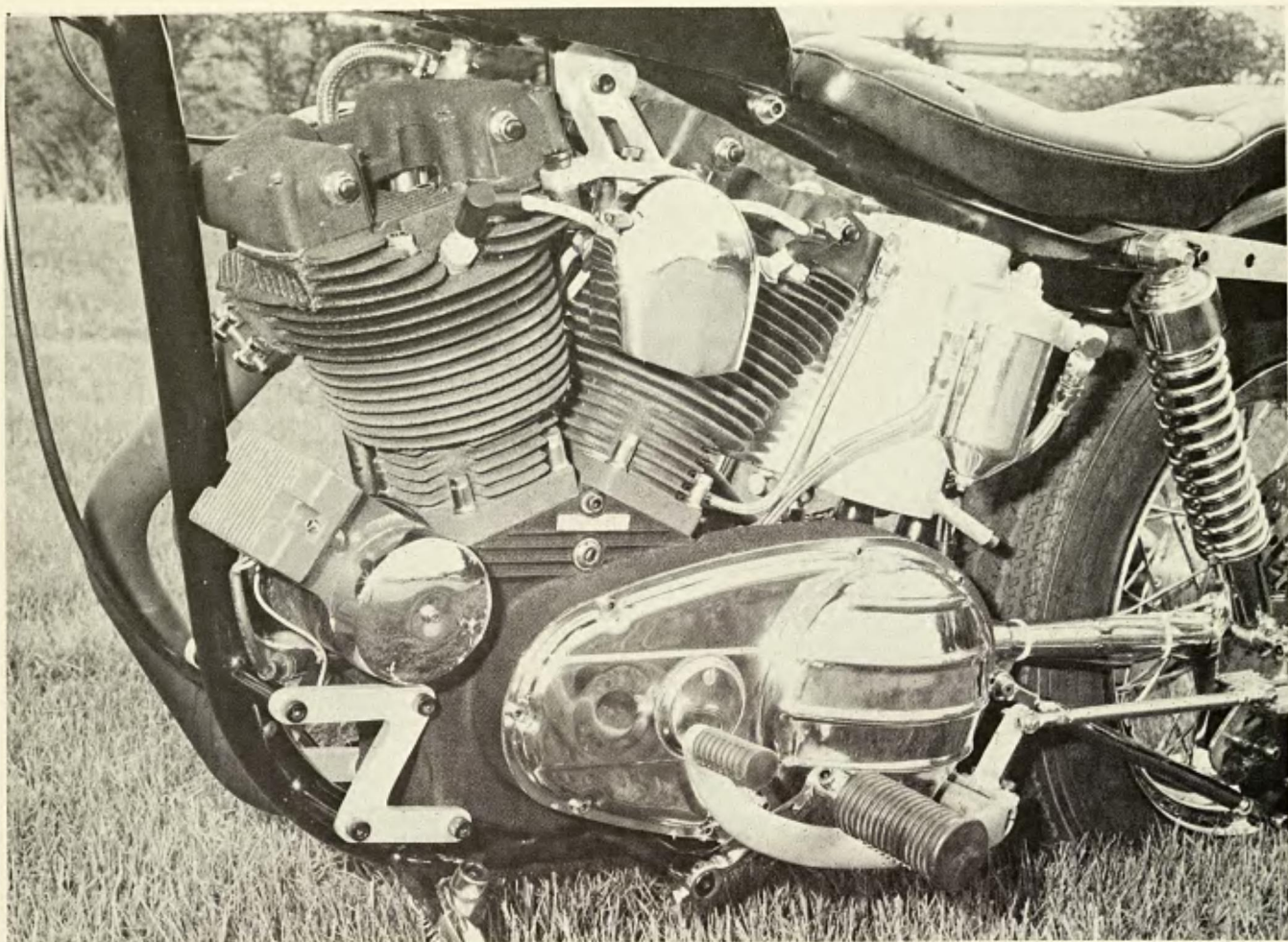
this sorry gang of idiots who was willin' to take an airplane trip out there—and straight-lookin' enough to pass that Big Brother search at check-in . . . Well, it was about as easy as gettin' Mutha to take a bath in A-200.

Then there was a smoke-and-juice session that came close to tearin' this crab motel into a pile of Weyerhaeuser rejects. Seems there's a coupla diehards around here who take the attitude that



Photos by Jake





the XL is a recent development in Harley-Davidson history, and that it oughta be dumped over the fence along with all the rest of the imported trash. (It might be a coincidence, but these are the same bros who eat Sportster dust every payday on the curvy mountain roads between here and the local gin mill.)

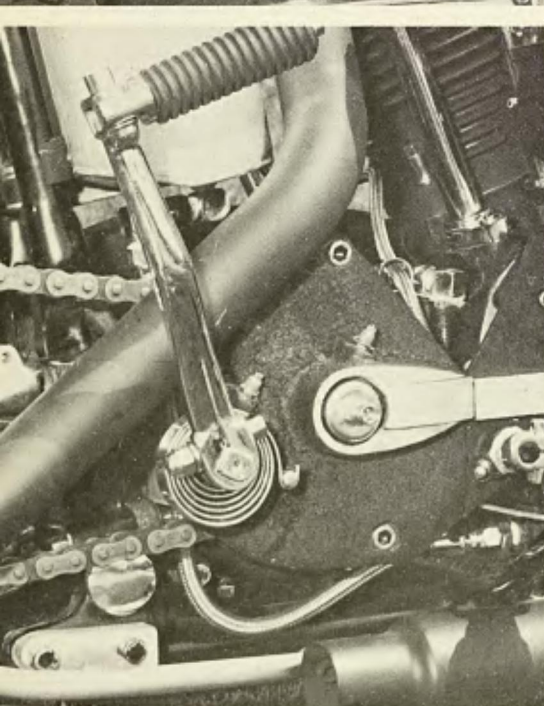
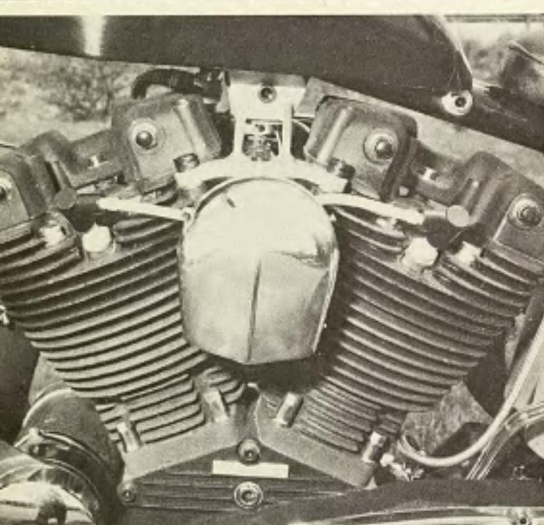
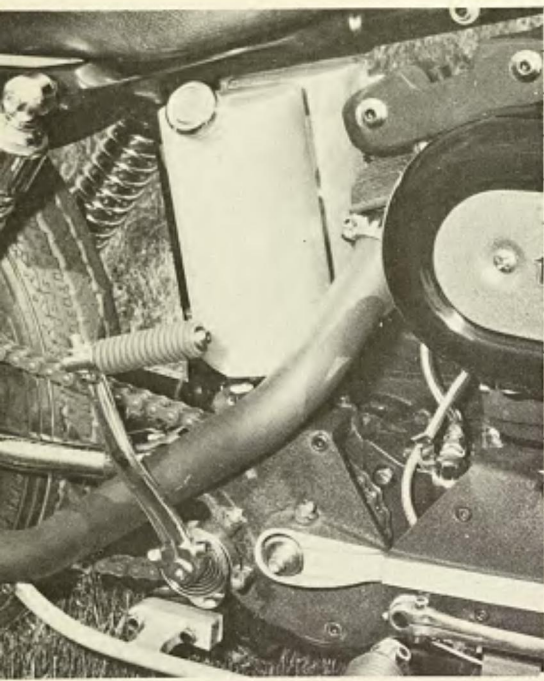
But after all, an H-D is an H-D—as long as it ain't a goddam AMF mop-head. So, after a few hours of rappin', and a couple of swift ones to the appropriate cojones, reason prevailed. There was certainly

no way we could refuse this sled, either. It's outfitted with enough custom aluminum parts, handmade by the owner and Ed Gillies, and enough sockethead hardware to outfit the space shuttle and half the big twins west of the Mississippi.

So, Sportster bros, don't say I didn't go to bat for ya. Now, could some of ya help me get this knucklehead piston outta my mouth?

—Tape-leg

—Continued on next page



Owners: Walter Kieseling

City: Dedham, Mass.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner, Ed Gillies

Year: spec. construc.

Year and make: 1964 H-D

Builder: Ed Gillies

Model: Sportster

Type: single loop

Value: \$4,000

Rake: 1/4 in.

Assembly by: owner & Ed

Stretch: 3/4 in.

Time: 2 years

Other alterations: fork stops

Chroming by: S. Shore Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Arlen Ness

Year: 1964

Risers: none

Model: XLCH

Fender(s): owner, Ed Gillies

Rebuilder: Walt, Ed, Jim T.

Headlight: H-D

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: Ford, Model A

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: late model XL

Front pegs: H-D

Balancing: stock

Rear pegs: H-D

Pistons: H-D

Electrics: owner, Action Chopp.

Cases: H-D

Gas tank: H-D, front closed in

Heads: late Sportster

Oil tank: aluminum, owner

Cam: P's

Oil system: filter, braided lines

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: early XL tin

Carb(s): S&S

Seat: stock

Air cleaner: stock

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: owner

Height:

Muffler(s): one piece with pipes

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Trock forks

Type: Sportster glide

Year: 1964

Extension: stock

Shifting: foot

Builder: H-D/owner

Engine sprocket: stock

Special features: shaved legs

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: owner

Hub: H-D

Hub: C&G

Painter: owner

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Color: black

Tire: Avon 2.75

Tire: Goodyear 5.10

Type: straight lacquer

Brake: Perf. mach.

Brake: C&G/owner

Special paint: red wrinkle—engine & air cleaner

Other special modifications: top engine mount by Ed Gillies, aluminum front motor mounts, custom brake pedal and fender struts, aluminum brake brackets, engraved gas cap, Tro-Cy fuel shutoff, braided stainless gas-oil-brake lines, aluminum regulator and exhaust pipe mounts. Reversed brake on front forks.





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

Didn't hide cycle data?

The director of the Governor's Office of Highway Safety denied a report Friday that his office had withheld information relevant to motorcycle helmet legislation scheduled for consideration by the Assembly next week.

Don Gehrman said his office was providing lawmakers with collections of studies conducted in the 24 states that had repealed laws requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets, but was neither supporting nor opposing a bill to repeal the requirement in Wisconsin.

"We are not taking a

public position on this," Gehrman said. "We are just supplying information to the legislators as requested."

Republican Representatives George Klicka of Wauwatosa and James Lewis of West Bend said Friday that Gehrman's office had had information for six weeks indicating that the motorcycle accident rate in the state had increased almost 50% since helmets were made mandatory for cyclists.

"This information has tremendous bearing on the decisions we must make regarding a mandatory

helmet requirement for motorcycle operators," Lewis said. "To have these facts withheld from us is very disconcerting."

Gehrman said the Office of Highway Safety's information package for legislators included studies done by medical groups, the federal government and the National Safety Council. The package also includes the survey referred to by Lewis and Klicka, which was a personal one performed individually by a supporter of the helmet repeal, Gehrman said.

The bill up for consideration would repeal the law requiring motorcyclists to wear safety helmets.

Helmet safety standards—where?

A thorough presentation of Pamela Huth's problem to the City Council in Canton, Ohio won her a reprieve from arrest for wearing unconventional motorcycle helmets.

The cyclist, who described her background in clothing design and mechanical engineering, told the Council she feared being cited for wearing the leather-shelled helmet she designed after suffering a neck injury while wearing a conventional helmet. And she wasn't even in an accident.

"I have been detained by officers who told me my helmet is not regulation," she said, "but everyone has refused to tell me what the safety standards are."

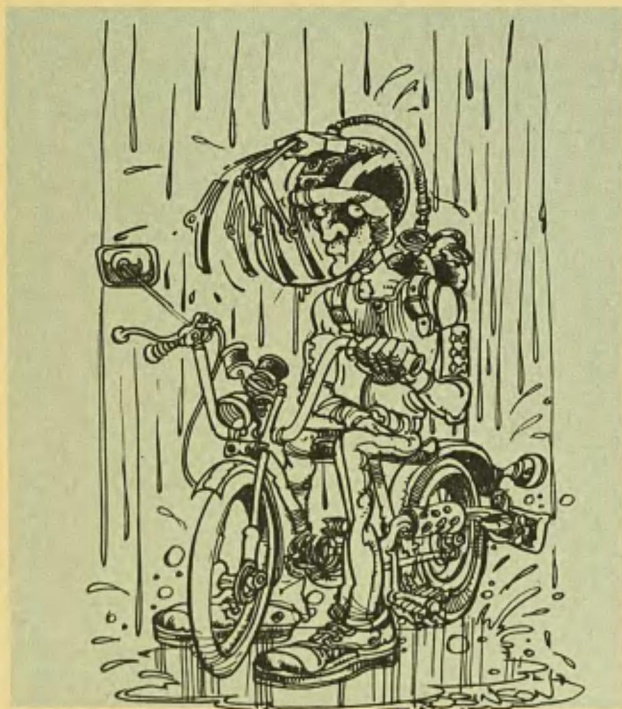
Mrs. Huth told the Council she had the helmet, which has a lining that hardens on impact, approved by the Ohio Safety Council and Ohio Department of Transportation. Also several Canton police officials had given her the OK to wear it.

"Canton motorcycle officers' helmets," she noted, "are not in compliance with federal safety regulations, and yet they stop me."

Mayor Stanley A. Cmich and Chief Legal Counsel William Hammann assured Mrs. Huth that she will be given immunity to arrest until later this summer, when repeal of the Ohio law requiring use of motorcycle helmets goes into effect.

Look Out—A Wiper Shield

Franklin A. Davidson, of Statesville, North Carolina, has taken a universally-recognized safety device—the mechanical windshield wiper—and logically applied it to outdoor safety and cycling helmets. The prototype Wiper Shield is for cyclists, and is a transparent plastic shield with a built-in wiper blade. The shield snaps onto a conventional helmet to protect the wearer's face and neck, provide optimum visibility, and keep his hands free at the same time. Mr. Davidson is now seeking a manufacturer for his Wiper Shield.—from Franklin A. Davidson Rt. 10, Box 4, Statesville, N.C. 28677



A Doc Takes a Shot

The following letter was written to the editor of the *Schenectady Gazette* (New York) by A. Randal MacKenzie M.D., Ch.M., F.A.C.S., President of the Motorcycling Doctors Association.

"The article entitled 'Safety Unit Head Rips Helmet Foes' merits preservation and public display as an example of archaic bigotry seldom observed in this age. Do we actually pay this fellow from the public treasury? Does Joseph Kusaila dare insult us as motorcyclists merely because we exercise our rights as citizens in the Land of the Free by petitioning our elected representatives?"

"I pity Senator Caemmerer in his 'lonely uphill fight' that he has to depend on the support of one whose prejudice and ven-

om are an affront to all decent people. An agent provocateur from the ranks of ABATE could not have more effectively sabotaged Senator Caemmerer's already unpopular stance.

"As far as the catalogue of so-called facts cited supporting the need for helmet use, they are derived largely from biased sources—namely, the Federal Department of Transportation and its allies and dependencies, all of which are bent on establishing the precedent of compelling Americans to protect themselves. The ultimate target is the motorist who will have passive restraints and air bags foisted on him at his expense in due time.

"While there are lies, damped lies and statistics, employed by the axis of government agencies, insurance lobbies, medical hirelings and government-grant recipients, their data are invariably selected or based on small, unrepresentative samplings. Most

government-sponsored reports have been discredited in motorcycling literature, but the same tired data continue to be fed to an uncritical press and public as if they were gospel.

"Those who ride motorcycles too have an ax to grind and the Motorcycling Doctors Association aims to assist to this same end—namely, to determine to what extent helmets, lights-on laws, licensing laws, training programs, leathers, and other factors affect the accident and injury rates in motorcyclists. We are, after all, not motivated by a need for self-destruction, but by the universal and basic concern of self-preservation.

"The long view of the question shows that from 1948 to the present there has been a steady decline in the incidence of motorcycling accidents and injuries if one factors in the variation from year to year in the number of new registrations entering the field. This gentle decline has

been interrupted only by the introduction of mandatory helmet laws and lights-on laws, both of which have contributed to increase the number of accidents, injuries, and fatalities.

"While common sense would expect helmet-wearing to reduce head injuries and deaths, their use is accompanied by an overall increase in accidents and fatalities which more than negate the protective value of a helmet.

"My advice to the good senator is that he quietly permit consideration of the Helmet Repeal Bill by the Senate in this session rather than risk identification with his bigoted champion.

"Otherwise we may have to say he, and he alone, has crippled the democratic process."

Freedom in Delaware

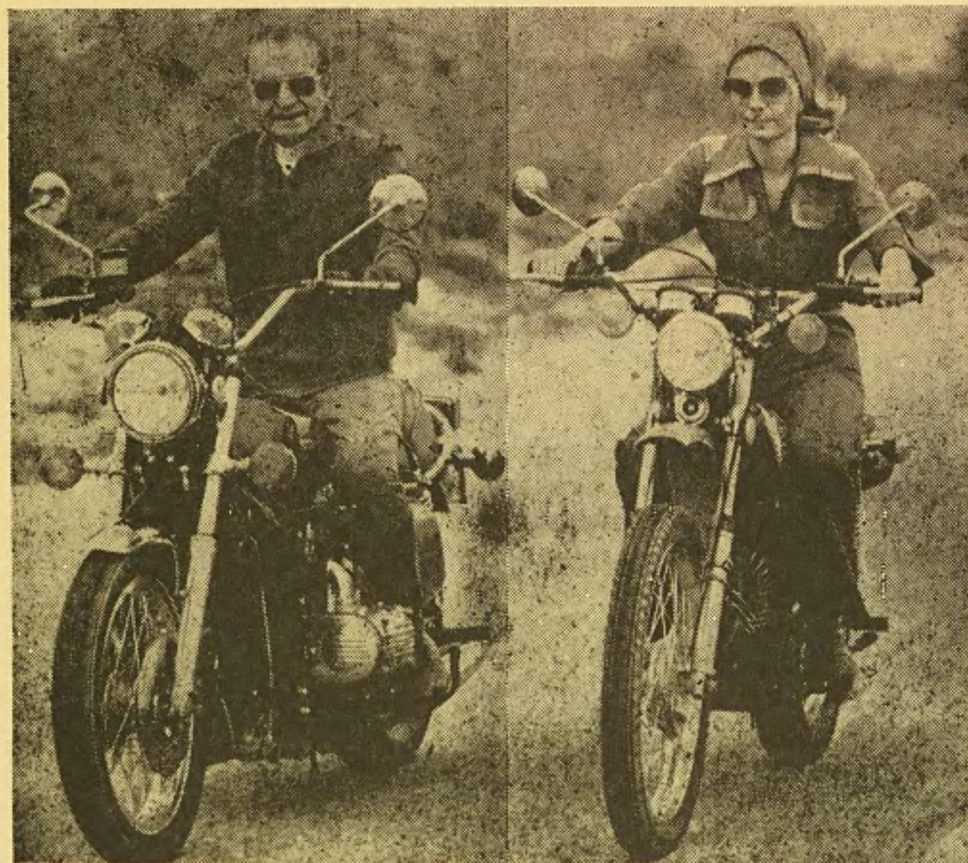
Legislation allowing motorcyclists to ride without protective helmets was signed into law Saturday, June 10th, by Governor Pierre S. du Pont. The legislation becomes effective immediately.

The bill, however, requires motorcycle riders and passengers under the age of 19 to wear helmets and eye protection. In addition, the bill requires that a helmet be carried on the motorcycle for each rider. — *State News*

New York bill would ban motorcycles

Bill #A-12663, if signed by the Governor, would ban motorcycles from the streets of cities with a population greater than one million from 9:00 p.m. to 8:00 a.m. every day. Unreal. It's on the Governor's desk as this issue goes to press.

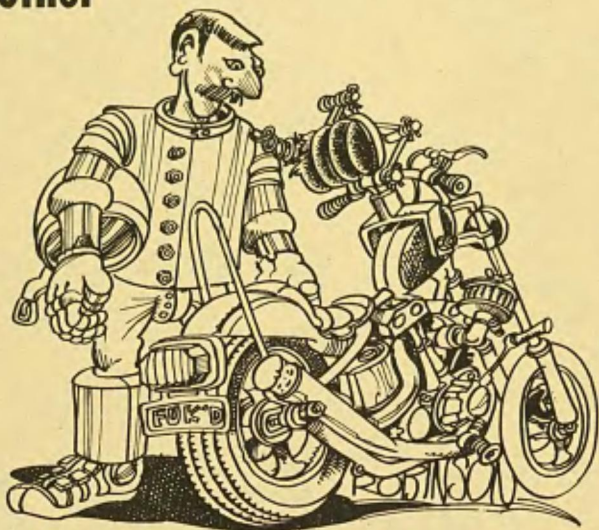
The AMA legislative staff knew about the bill when it was first introduced. But they never dreamed it would ever get through the legislature to the Governor. Consequently, they didn't tell anyone about it. Bad news, but it just goes to show how laws can slip by — stay alert.



In the news: The adjacent photo is of the Shah of Iran and his wife putting while on vacation. Just goes to show that even the Shah doesn't always wear a helmet.

Oh my God—another safety device

Rider Saver is what the Transport and Road Research Laboratory is calling its experimental protective chest pad for motorcyclists. In case of a frontal impact, the rider's momentum carries him into the pad. The arm holding the pad pivots on the main frame and acts on an energy-absorbing unit that extrudes plastic. TRRL says production models of the pad could be made less conspicuous.—Great Britain



New Jersey legislation

The legislative No-Fault Study Commission has recommended that motorcycles be excluded from no-fault insurance coverage again this year. This will certainly help keep the insurance costs down to semi-reasonable levels.

The Motor Vehicle Study Commission has concluded that modified motorcycles are not involved in any more accidents than stock motorcycles. Therefore, starting in 1979, modified motorcycles will be allowed through N.J. Motor Vehicle Inspections (hear, hear). Both ABATE and AMA people helped influence this conclusion.—Mark B. Rosen

National Update

There has been a raft of controversy centering around bike organizations. From a time when the only motorcycle organization, the AMA, came out in favor of helmet laws, there's been constant skepticism towards whomever has been running organizations. The skeptics question the groups' ideas, whether the organization is making money or not, and what's happening to the money.

For a while, we at Easyriders thought it best not to be involved. But we can't stay away—we ride motorcycles. And the country needs a strong national organization—one that is legal and non-profit, one that will support all other motorcyclists' rights organizations which are also incorporated and non-profit—and are oriented towards membership participation.

We were also interested in the club affiliation factor. But, during our investigation, we've discovered something which we suspected for years—that so many organizations and bikers' rights movements have been supported by clubs, that it

really isn't a factor. Any organization that is a non-profit corporation is watched heavily by the IRS and various other government agencies.

After a few months of investigation, we have discovered that one body, new to the national scene, has really gone to a lot of work to form a legitimate, nationwide voice. National Abate sees no reason to call on past accomplishments as far back as the early seventies or throw stones at other organizations. These people want to bring all organizations together, unifying them toward the goal we all seek—bikers' rights. They've endeavored to put that into action right away by offering to donate half of a ten-dollar membership fee to any legal, non-profit motorcycle rights organization the member specifies. If there is no local chapter or if the organization designated is not a legal entity, then National Abate will hold that money in a trust for state organizations or chapters, to go only to an incorporated, non-profit, membership participation-

oriented organization, or to assist any local organization in becoming incorporated. In other words, when a motorcyclist joins National Abate, he is assured that 50% of his ten bucks is going to be used exclusively in his state or only by a legitimate organization. It works similarly to the government's checks and balances. The government is watching National Abate and compelling it to watch the state organi-

zations. Incorporated, non-profit speaks for itself.

Rather than bicker, which never did anyone a damn bit of good, we're hoping that someday all organizations will merge together—not for money, a name, or any other shallow reason, but to be united for freedom of the road. We recommend that you write to National Abate, P.O. Box 162062, Sacramento, California 95816, and find out. ■

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 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 motorcycle laws. It is also **National Abate's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. **National Abate** will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

Give Name Here: 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.

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Thanks for not giving up—We never will.



By Mike Skvorzov

THINKING BIG

I took a sip of the Chivas and let the quality liquor disinfect my throat. As the waitress passed by I felt the urge to reach over and pat her on that plump, but firm, satin ass of hers. Running on high octane scotch, I grinned and stuck my hand out.

With an agility rivaled only by one-legged runners, Roger lunged for my hand. In the dim light I could see his normally pale face take on an even whiter shade. While trying to save the barmaid's virtue, Roger bumped his knees against the small round table where we sat and did an excellent job of liberating his Harvey Wallbanger all over the floor.

That caught the waitress' attention — though I thought my hand caressing her dangerous thighs would have been the proper way to go about it. She turned around to find Roger still holding on to my wrist and staring into his lap, where some of the sticky drink had detoured on its way to the floor.

"I keep telling him to try girls." I grinned at the waitress. "But he's afraid of trying anything new."

That took care of the facial anemia. Roger's cheeks filled with blood as he dropped my hand. The waitress giggled and bent over to pick up the glass. I saw all the way to Utah and considered becoming a Mormon.

"I thought you said this place didn't have a floor show," I whispered to Roger.

I could see the muscles in his jaw begin to twitch. I really enjoyed watching my stepbrother squirm. It

wasn't much — just lightweight payback for the years he treated me like shit when I was a kid. And, although he wasn't quite the prick my stepfather was, he gave it one hell of a try.

"Better let us have another round," I told the black-stockinged waitress. She gave me a smile. Roger did an imitation of a disgusted scowl. He was paying.

"Christ, did ya see the size of her tits, Roger?" His cheeks stayed the color of Rudolph's nose. He hated talk like that, even as a kid.

The waitress came back and put our drinks on the table, bending over low enough to give me an eagle shot that would have been banned in a cardiac ward. I studied her magnificent left tit while reading the name tag — Roxanne. She was about thirty-five — just on the verge of spoiling, beautiful in that funky, false-eyelashed, intricately-eyeshadowed, desperate-to-stay-forever-young way. I love 'em like that.

She accepted my curiosity as casually as if it were a well-worn pair of jeans and read my T-shirt in return — *If you ain't a biker you ain't shit*. She didn't say anything, but I detected a hint of promise in her brown eyes. But, then again, I detect that hint in every lady's eyes. I've lived through a lot of broken promises.

Roger waited for me to take a sip of my fresh drink. He pushed his own away — a gesture of disapproval.

"Are you quite ready now, Vincent?" His voice was low and controlled, and I took this as an indica-

tion that I wasn't doing a good enough job in raising his blood pressure.

"Sure, Rog." He hated to be called Rog.

With a deep sigh, Roger adjusted his wire-frame glasses, which he no doubt thought made him look very "today."

"Vincent, the reason I asked you to meet me here is that I need someone who isn't . . . ahh . . . how shall I put it? Someone who isn't afraid to step outside the boundaries of the law."

I took another swallow and said nothing.

"I mean, I know we haven't kept in touch, but I've been hearing about you." He stopped, reached for his drink, and then thought better of it.

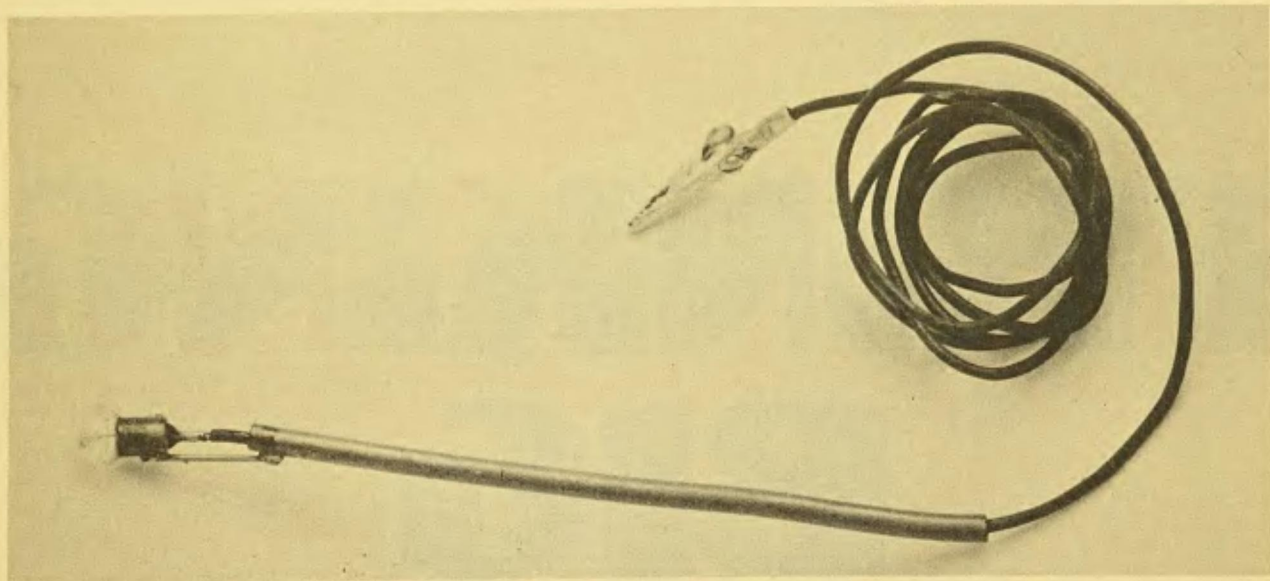
I scratched my scraggly beard.

"But to tell you the truth," Roger continued, "I never expected this." He waved a well-manicured hand at me — a gesture that was supposed to take in my appearance. "I didn't know you went that route."

I wanted to laugh, but I had just taken a drink. Mirth took second place to good booze. My "that route" consisted of a clean pair of Levi's, my T-shirt (which I bought just to irritate Roger), medium long hair, and a fifth or sixth attempt at a decent beard.

"It looks like you're going to follow right in his. . . ." He stopped. He must have seen the look in my eyes, though I did my best to hide it. He was talking about my old man. My real father. My old man was a bike

—Continued on page 74



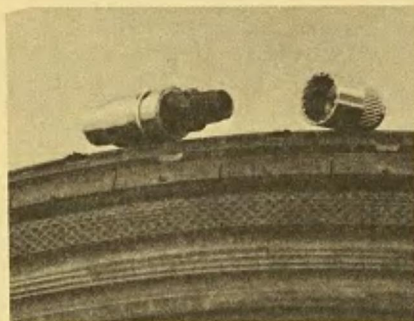
TECH TIP

COUPLE O' ITEMS

One can be purchased; the other can be made with a soldering iron. They're both handy.

The tire pressure gauge seconds as a valve stem cap. It's a bitch trying to find a gas station that has working gauges, so even if this little item isn't the most accurate measuring device, it will give you a ballpark reading and may save some unnecessary wear on your tires.

The other doodad can be constructed with a piece of copper tubing, a roach clip, a yard of 14, 16, or 18 gauge wire, a soldering iron, solder, a bulb, and a paperclip. 'Course, that ain't sayin' what the damn thing is, but to cut short the suspense, I'll tell ya that it's a cylinder light—or a light that can be used to illuminate any dark area on your bike. With the roach clip connected to a hot battery lead and the base of the bulb connected to the tubing (which also works as a probe handle), the bulb will light up any time the tubing touches a metal part on the bike. This one was specifically designed to be inserted



through the spark plug hole. When the tubing touches the rim of the hole, the operator can view the top of the piston and cylinder walls for evidence of excessive heat, abnormal carbon deposits, or striations. But the light also comes in handy when you need to find a dropped screw between the engine and the tranny. It would work as an emergency light on the road too.

Construction takes maybe five minutes if you have the parts. I cut a piece of copper tubing about a foot long and ran some 16 gauge wire through it. With the wire stripped, I soldered it to the tip of the bulb (use a dash or high/low beam bulb). Then I connected the tubing to the bulb base with a one-inch segment of paperclip (you can use a couple of lengths of paperclip, if you want it stronger). I completed the project with a roach/alligator clip fastened to the end of the wire. Finished, I could view the guts of the engine with ease. Almost wish I hadn't—now I gotta replace a piston.

—Weed

Some Problem

I have this problem, and it's gettin' to my head. I'm attracted to bikers, but I just can't seem to get one. Them dudes simply don't wanna mess around with me—how do I go about gettin' me a biker?

Brandie Galicia
Cut Off, La.

- Maybe you should use some soap an' water.

A Freebie

Can you send me a pair of your panties that you've been wearin' for more than a week or two? I want to jerk off while chewin' on the crotch.

Jim Lotman
Jessup, Md.

- Sorry, I don't wear 'em.

This Is a Letter?

I just read in the July issue where the dude says he likes to hit chicks in the ribs. He should be glad he doesn't have to jack off, because people were made for one another.

Little Jay
Riverside, Calif.

- I read what you said, but I don't know what ya said.

Some Contest

A buddy and I went out last night and got into a contest to see who could pick up the ugliest broad. He won. Where the fuck were you?

Chazz
U.S.S. Agerholm

- With your buddy, dipshit.

It's Catchin'

My ol' lady and I have a perfect fucking relationship—except for one hangup. She can jack me off with her toes and I love it, but I'm afraid to get my toes near her luscious pussy, 'cause I still have jungle rot from Vietnam. My question

is, can a pussy catch jungle rot? We figured you'd know.
Wizard and Goldilocks
Butler, Pa.

- A sweet pussy can catch anything—anytime.

No Trust

Will you please tell my ol' lady that it isn't perverted and it doesn't hurt to be fucked in the ass? She doesn't trust me anymore since she lost her hearing from letting me fuck her in the ear.

Gordy Schnorer
Hiram, N.Y.

- Just slip it to her easy one night—and then she'll be hooked.

French Pussy

I was wondering if a French broad's pussy was better to eat than the ones in Ohio. The pussies in Ohio taste badder than snakeshit.

Herman Begeat
Youngstown, Ohio

- Snatches taste good anywhere, anyhow, anytime.

Slow Ol' Lady

My ol' lady is sorta slow. She's given me head only once, and as soon as I shot my load, she pulled away. What the hell is wrong with her? Will you please explain to her that it will not kill her or make her sick?

R. Omac
Los Angeles, Calif.

- Shit, I can't speak for you—I don't even know you.

A Lover

No matter how bad my downs are, just reading your column makes my cum supply build up. Is there any truth to the rumor that when you climax on a bro's face, it sounds like a double-cunted cow fuckin' on a flat rock? I'd love to bite the

warts off your brown-eye.
Jersey Jake
Cancer Alley, N.J.

- Them warts are for special services. I'd never let them be bit off, ground off, filed off—nothin'. For my special men, they're the ultimate sensation.

Snotty Questions

Baby, I don't know what's goin' on, but I always heard that eatin' pussy would put hair on your chest. Well, you've got more hair on your chest than I've got, so what does that mean? Have you been fuckin' around with the wrong sex?

Russell Reed
Lipton, Kans.

- Is there such a thing as the wrong sex?

Needs A Mama

We're tryin' to start a club in this town, but we can't get no mamas to come to the clubhouse. How do you go about gettin' mamas?

D. A. Hood
Del Rio, Calif.

- Can't answer that one—never looked for one.

Some Offer

You're the light of my life, so how about coming back to Saudi Arabia with me? If you'll do it, I'll get rid of my seven-woman harem and it will be just you and me—forever.

Kine Che
Saudi Arabia

- But what would I do with mine—and all da dogs and animals?

Prostrate Problem

My ol' man digs what is technically called a prostrate massage. However, I believe he's getting to like it too much. In fact, he doesn't even want a blowjob without

it. What's even worse. I get off doing it to him. Are we sexually perverted?

Big Mama Simpson
Dallas, Texas

- What's perverted?

Limp Dick

Do I have a problem? I want to make love twenty-four hours a day, but my ol' man can't keep his dick hard long enough to satisfy me. Is there something wrong with me?

Tits Roman
Buttonwillow, Calif.

- A tongue is always hard. Teach him somethin' new.

How? Why?

How the hell does Spider put up with an ugly cunt like you? By the way, who the fuck is he, anyway?

J. L. McCulley
Tamal, Calif.

- I'll never tell. I won't share him with anyone or anybody—or any animal.

Hair Freak

I've got a fetish that really turns me on. When I get a chick who doesn't shave her legs or armpits, I go nuts and can fuck all night. Do you know of any really hairy chicks who are available?

Charles Agerholm
APO New York, N. Y.

- There's a lot of 'em at the zoo.

Strange One

I've got a new ol' lady who's a virgin. She loves to give head, but when I start to play with her box, she stops me and says it hurts. What can I do?

D. D. T.
Long Beach, Calif.

- Are you sure she ain't a she-he?

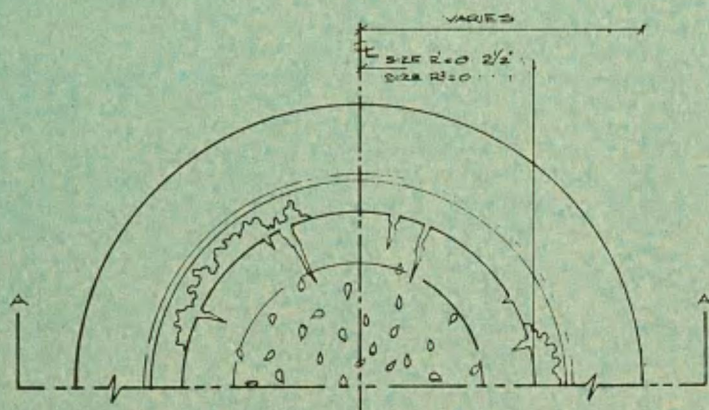
MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



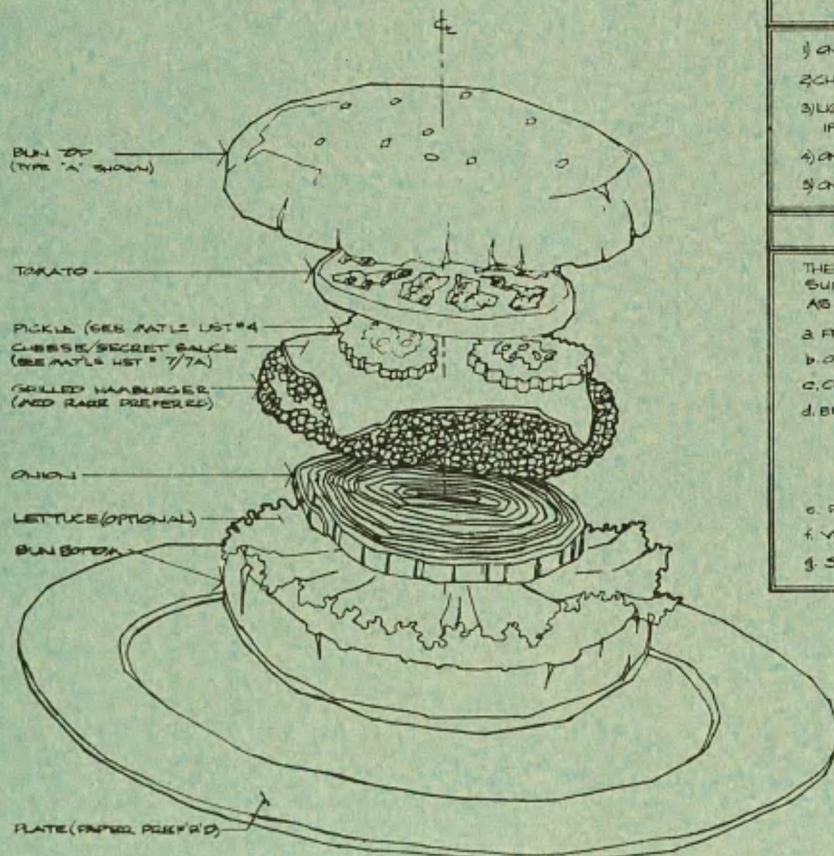
—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

[illegible]

TYP. DETAIL SECTION A-A'
 3/4" SCALE



ONE HALF TOP VIEW (TYPE "A" SHOWN)
3/4 SCALE



EXPLODED PERSPECTIVE VIEW
FULL SCALE (APPROX)

MATERIALS LIST

- 1) BUN - 1. REQ'D TYPE "A" - SESAME SEED
TYPE "B" - ONION
- 2) HAMBURGER PATTY - 1.3 REQ'D PER STORE
- 3) SLICED TOMATO - 1. MIN REQ'D
- 4) SLICED PICKLE - NO # & TYPE (SALT / SWEET)
REQ'D TO BE AT DE-
SIGNERS OPTION
- 5) ONION (SLICED) - 1. MIN REQ'D
- 6) LETTUCE FRESH (IN SEASON ONLY)
BUILDER TO VERIFY AT SITE
- 7) SECRET SAUCE - IF AVAILABLE ONLY
- 7A) OPTIONAL SUBSTITUTIONS FOR SECRET
SAUCE AS APPROVED BY OWNER
 - a. MAYONNAISE - REAL
 - b. "
 - c. CATSUP
 - d. MUSTARD - PLAIN
 - e. "
 - f. BUTTER / MARGARINE
 - g. CHEESE SLICE - w/o
 - SECRET SAUCE

NOTE: ALL MATERIALS USED TO MEET
U.S.F.D. A.M.N. STANDARDS OR BETTER
AS SELECTED BY OWNER

EQUIPMENT TO BE SUPPLIED
BY OWNER

- 1) ONE GRILL (CLEAN)
- 2) CHARCOAL OR EQUIVALENT FUEL
- 3) LIGHTER FLUID (TASTELESS TYPE ONLY)
IF CHARCOAL IS USED
- 4) ONE KNIFE (FOR SLICING/SPREADING)
- 5) ONE EA PLATE (SEE PERSPECTIVE VIEW)

GENERAL NOTE

THE BUILDER (OR SUB CONTRACTOR) TO
SUPPLY ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING
AS SELECTED BY OWNER (N/C.)

- a. FRENCH FRIED POTATOES
- b. ONION RINGS
- c. CHEDDAR MAC & CORN PUFFS
- d. BEVERAGE - ONE
 - 7-UP
 - MILK
 - BEER (DOMESTIC FOREIGN)
 - OTHER APPROVED
- e. POTATO SALAD
- f. VEGETABLE STRIPS - CELERY, CARROT TYPE
- g. SOUP - TYPE VARIES

BUILDING PLANS	<u>GRILLED HAMBURGER</u>	
DESIGNED FOR:		DATE
DRAWN BY: <i>CP</i>		1
DATE: 1976	CHECKED BY	OF
		4

Want To Sleep Securely At Night?

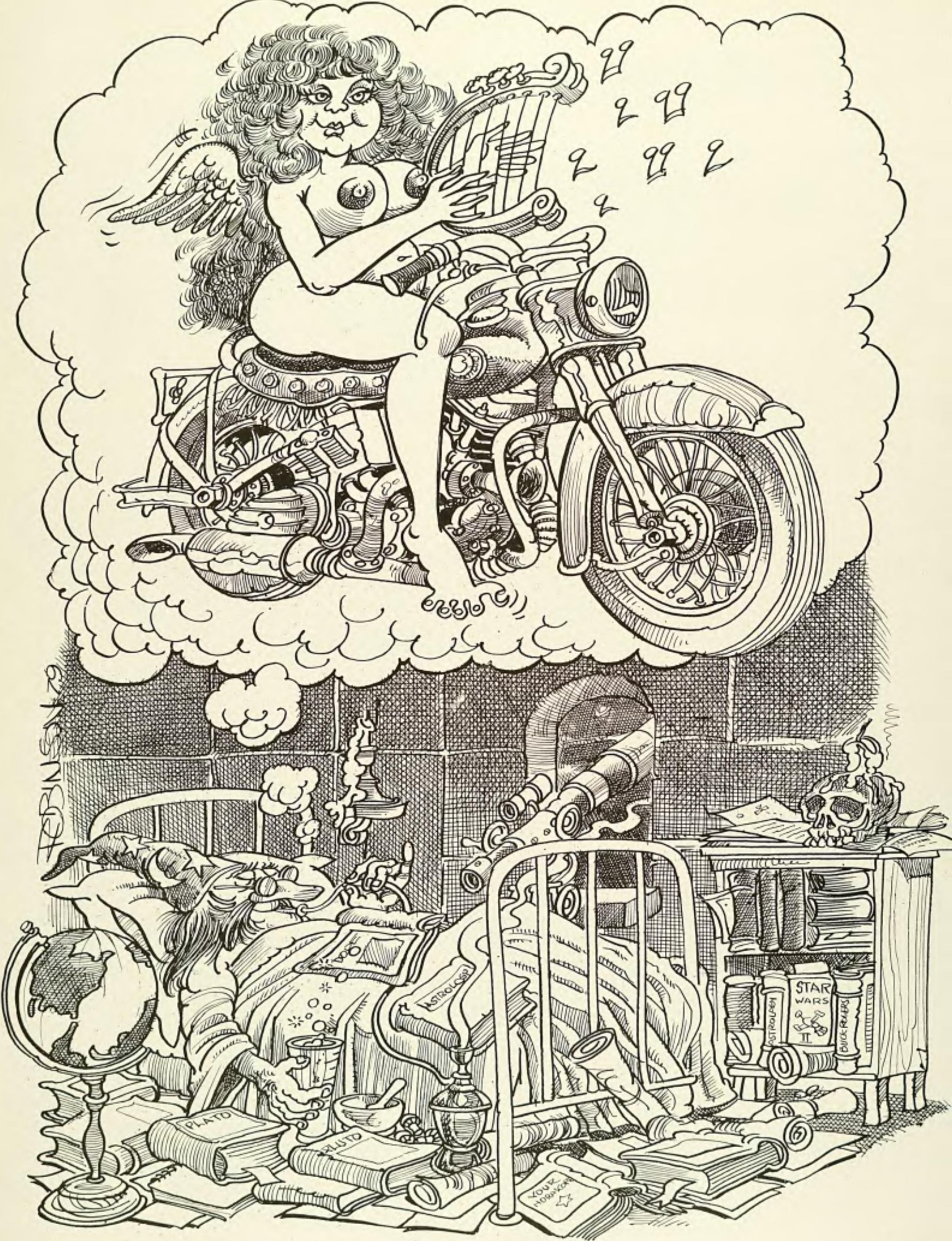


There was suddenly, at three in the morning, a commotion on the front porch. But before I had time to react, a deep, guttural growl flashed past the bedroom door, accompanied by a multitude of tiny pats lightly touching the floor. Just as the sound reached the living room, an attacking snarl filled my ears as my Doberman pinscher leaped, open-jawed, against the front door. The intruder was last heard beating feet down the dark street.

If you can stand the temperament of a Doberman pinscher, the dog will outdo any alarm system made. An alternative is a pit bull, a vicious beast that, once of age, is almost untouchable. Bro J. T. has a couple of each. Knock on his door 'bout four in the morning, and you'll feel as if you had just fallen through a trapdoor into a lion's lair, awakening 15 starving kings of the jungle.

So what happened? The Doberman fell in love with the pit bull and they now have babies. Can you imagine a dog—I should say monster—half Doberman, half pit bull? J. T., and his ol' lady may sleep secure at night with half a dozen pups and three or four of those full grown animals runnin' around, but what if the mutts get hungry?





Cuckoo Science

By Dr. Twatburger

When it comes to pissin' somebody off an' gettin' your head bashed in for fuckin' with what he believes in, the best way is to tell him that there ain't no such place as Harley Heaven and that motorcycles are symbols of immaturity and insecurity. The second best way is to attack a treasured belief in some bullshit "science." When you're ready to get your face turned into something that looks like a sailcat, follow Doc Twatburger's advice and start preachin' that the following "sciences" are all fake: astrology, graphology, phrenology, palmistry, fortune telling, dream analysis, ESP and acupuncture. I'm tellin' you that they ain't nothin' but pseudo-sciences (that's smart people talk for cuckoo shit) and that there ain't now and never has been any real evidence to prove the validity of these "sciences." No one has ever come up with anything to prove categorically that these so-called sciences work—and **that's** a fact. Don't believe me? Well, lemme lay some textbook shit on ya.

Astrology is supposed to be an ancient science that deals with the influence of the stars on Nature and mankind. A horoscope is a map or diagram of the heavens representing a particular moment in time, and read according to well-established rules. "Well-established rules" is the key to the whole farce. Those who skim over that phrase or ignore it are the ones who believe that the stars affect their lives. And of course we all know that when the moon is full, Lon Chaney turns into a werewolf and goes around bitin' chicks on the ass or eatin' their

snatch—from the head down. Any biker who's into fuckin' around with broads in the moonlight has got hair on his ass already, and he don't need no horoscope to tell him about what he's been an expert at for years.

Since the dawn of human history, the world has been inhabited by billions of people, and with odds like that it's only natural that history has gotta repeat itself. Given that, it's been pretty easy to predict what might happen from one year to the next—human nature bein' what it is—by lookin' at the stars and puttin' the blame on them. Just don't try usin' that as an excuse the next time ya get busted on a dope rap, 'cause the judge probably knows all about this cuckoo astrology shit, too.

Cicero, the Greek orator who was born a hundred years before Christ, said that the ancient Chaldeans had kept records of the stars for 370,000 years, and that they'd compared them with man's behavior and the general trend of things universal. That gave 'em a pretty good start on figurin' out what was gonna happen next, since they'd already figured out that history was in the habit of repeating itself. In fact, history has repeated itself so well that men have been able to predict the outcome of elections, when wars will occur, and even foretell some of the perpetrators of those wars.

In the sixteenth century, Nostradamus predicted World War II. He even went so far as to name the culprit, although he was a little bit off when it came to the correct spelling. Nostradamus

—Continued on page 96

DOWNTIME

by Whitewing & the Pinsetter

One Of Those Days: If it hadn't been for the music, today could have been a total waste. Started out with the sun trying to fight through some rain clouds, which isn't a great scene to wake up to. Then the rain shorted out my ignition. And to cap it all off, I damn near had to break the ol' lady's arm before she'd give me head. I mean, who needs this kinda shit?

Luckily, I got hold of a few albums that managed to make me mellow out some, plus a couple that put me in a good mood—hard as that is to believe. One of the groups is a definite asskicker, no doubt about it. Let me roll myself a joint and we'll see what's going on. Thank God for small favors—my Harley lighter works.



Been spending some time listening to the radio for a change, since my putt's been giving me a little grief. That explains why I'm hearing so much of Gerry Rafferty's "Baker Street," which is off his recent album, "City To City." It's been played in every hole in the woods, so everybody's heard those sad sax wailings that start the tune out. What's funny, though, is that that one cut is the best thing on the album, and there's a better LP with Rafferty on it, called "Stuck In The Middle With You—The Best Of Stealers Wheel."

We heard "Stuck In The Middle With You" as a single a few years back, but damn if it doesn't sound better than ever. The other tunes on the album include a few ballads, the prettiest things I've heard this side of a Sunday morning church choir. (And you know I'm never one to spend time anywhere but on the road when it comes down to the seventh day.) Rafferty sounds a little like The Beatles' Paul McCartney, and that raggedy piano work on "Blind Faith," another hit Stealers Wheel had some time back, helps the album balance the mellow stuff out with a little raunch.

If you're into The Eagles, you might get off on Chris Rea and "What Ever Happened To Benny Santini?" The title's a bit lame, but overall it's definite Eagles material with a hot sax thrown in. "The Closer You Get" is pretty good pre-fuck music, a rough-edged tune with a good beat, and the album is generally solid—only two numbers out of twelve are flushable. What ever happened to Benny Santini? Hey, what ever happened to all that nose candy I heard record companies dish out to help that slow record player crank around a little faster? That's what I'd like to know.

No secret that I'm a fan of those midwestern bands with their simple approach to rock music: turn it up and crank it out. And the Michael Stanley Band's "Cabin Fever" is one of the best, second in my warped mind this year only to REO Speedwagon's, "You Can Tune A Piano, But You Can't Tuna Fish." Realize that most of my buddies think I'm tone deaf, but sometimes you gotta stick by your guns. "Who's To Blame," "Misery Loves Company" (ain't it the truth?), and "Baby If You Wanna Dance" all grab me by the hairy parts. It's not like Aerosmith or anything that hard, just a strong



beat on the bottom with some good bass lines, with great harmonies and melodies you can actually remember on top. If you were an early fan of this working stiff who slaved away behind a record store counter for years until he could get it together, you'll shit in your pants when you hear the new one.

Whew. Talk about flashbacks—check out a two-record set called "The Essential Jimi Hendrix." It brings me right back to those days when I used to eat acid and turn my brain into cheese on a weekly basis. Miss that purple haze for sure. And if you're still stuck in the 60's and miss those big-titted hippie girls who used to fuck you blind in San Francisco, this vinyl time machine may take you right back. Damn—I could swear I left a hit of blotter in my old toolbox just twelve years ago, and now I can't find it.

Tired of that pussywhipped neighbor pounding on your walls late at night when you're getting into vintage Dead? Got a great solution: take your speakers, put 'em right next to his fucking pillows, crank the stereo up till you blow the fuses, and slip on an

album by a group that's gonna kick Led Zeppelin's ass in their own home town. UFO's "Lights Out" will straighten your socks. If you don't wear any, you'd better be prepared for what those sex doctors call "spontaneous erections." This is a bunch of relentless, head-bangin' shit that's good for just two other things: background music for hate fucks or for keepin' all forms of animal life out of your ol' lady's vegetable garden.

Wet Willie: There's a damn good group by that name, but I'm really talking about Willie Nelson. Did you hear about how he had his annual picnic rescheduled, with no little amount of hassle, just to please his fans? Because July 3 wasn't a legal holiday in Texas, Willie's people didn't have the day off. But they wanted to party, so Willie came through and changed the date to July 2.

In the Quotable Quotes file, Willie had quite a comment to make about songwriting. He thinks it's good therapy—"sort of like taking a shit," he observed. Well, Willie's certainly dumped out some top-notchers.

Downtime Suggestions: If you're into the music of the '50s or you'd just like to get wasted and go see a movie, "The Buddy Holly Story," though sappy in parts, is damned good, mainly because of an excellent fucking actor named Gary Busey. The soundtrack album is good, too unless you have your own Holly collection. Busey does the singing and plays guitar in the flick. Programs on the tube suck even worse this year than last, so why not go to a movie?

Good Ol' Boys: The Marshall Tucker Band now has eight gold records under its belt, as well as

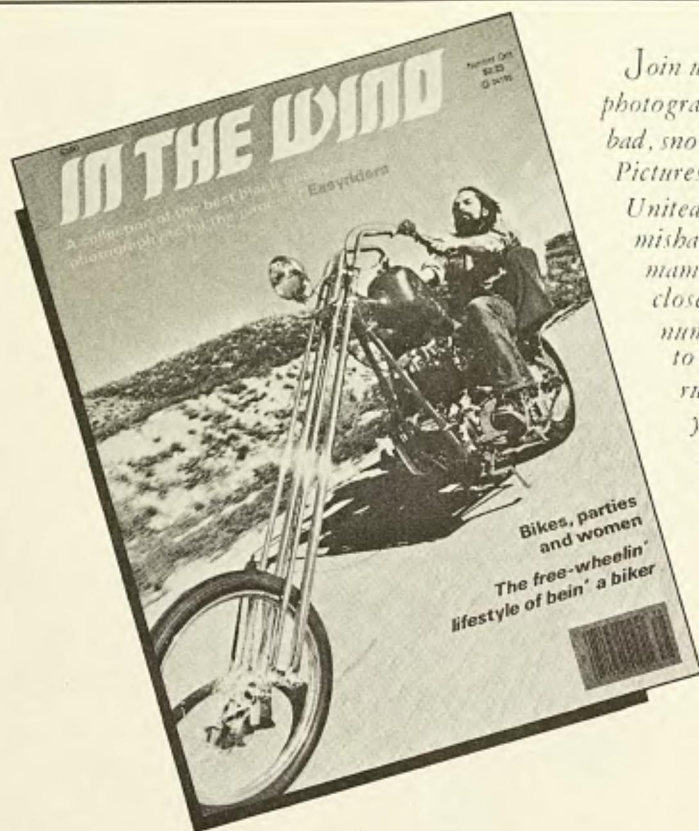
two platinums. (A gold record means the disc sold a million dollars worth, and a platinum means the record sold a million copies—to the tune of around seven million bucks.) The last to go platinum was "Carolina Dreams," the one that had such a great Charlie Daniels solo on it.

Nose Candy: Remember when nose job used to mean having a couple of pounds of your snout removed? These days, it's a euphemism for the operation so many record and movie stars are having to reconstruct their coke-raised snorters. So, while the AMA goes on pumping and stumping for a

drugless society, they keep right on pouring the legal pills down ya and repairing tender nasal tissues for big bucks.

Music This Month: There's a lot of crud belching forth from the recording studios, as usual, and sometimes I think it's getting steadily worse and worse. The one-wad artist has always been a regular on the scene—you know, the guy who's been writing songs all his life and puts them all on one album and then does nothing but suckos from then on. Now something new has been added, and that's the one-cut album. You buy the album because it has a

dynamite song on it, and break your ass in your eagerness to get it home—only to discover that everything else on it stinks. There's a lot of disco music coming out, and that entire trend can kiss my nuts, and there are your usual lightweight offerings, but here are two suggestions I recommend as being worth a listen: "Flying Dreams," by Commander Cody, which all CC fans should at least give a try just to see what's happening; "Sleeper Catcher," by the Little River Band, because they're a damn good outfit; then there's Bob Dylan's "Street Legal," which is his strongest album in years.



Join us on a trip through nine years of *In The Wind* photography. Through every season—good weather and bad, snow, rain, and the intense Daytona summer sun. Pictures from garages, bike shops, and bars all over the United States and the world, depicting everything from mishaps to melees, from mayhem to maliciousness, from mamas to what it's all about—*motorcycles*. Look closely at a lifestyle loved and lived by good people too numerous to mention. Study each flick and you're sure to spot a party you attended, one of your bros, or a run that brings back outlandish memories. Compare your bike with bikes on the roads all the way from the west coast to Europe. And the chicks—well, nothing needs to be said. Without them, we wouldn't jam as we do to get to parties.

A collage of sample photos from bros' scrapbooks across the country. *In The Wind* photos are proof that being a biker is one of the last free lifestyles around. We may be nuts but we have a helluva good time.

\$2.50

Copies may be purchased by sending \$2.50 for each copy to Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

IRON HORSE

**Watch for it
on newsstands EVERYWHERE**

Coming soon

IN THE WIND

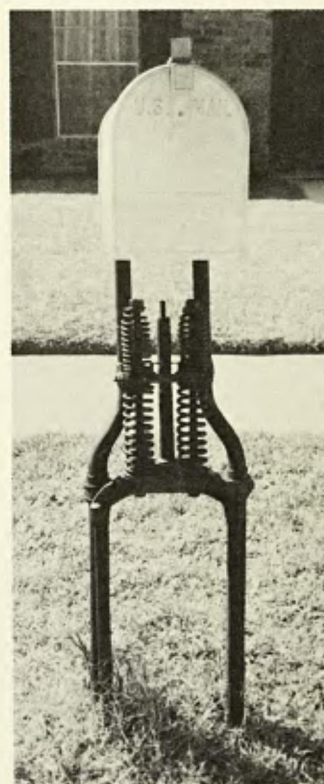
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration 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 Dan Richards, Martinez, Calif.



—from Kathi Patchen, Poway, Calif.



—from David P. Cutler, Kenner, La.



—from Carl Matzelle, Cleveland, Ohio



—from Alex Sabol, Berwick, Me.



—from Dennis Locke, Wayne, N.J.



—from R. Mares, Orangevale, Calif.



—from Thomas Jurasin, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Calvin C. Holting, Yukon, Okla.



—from Crud, San Luis Obispo, Calif.



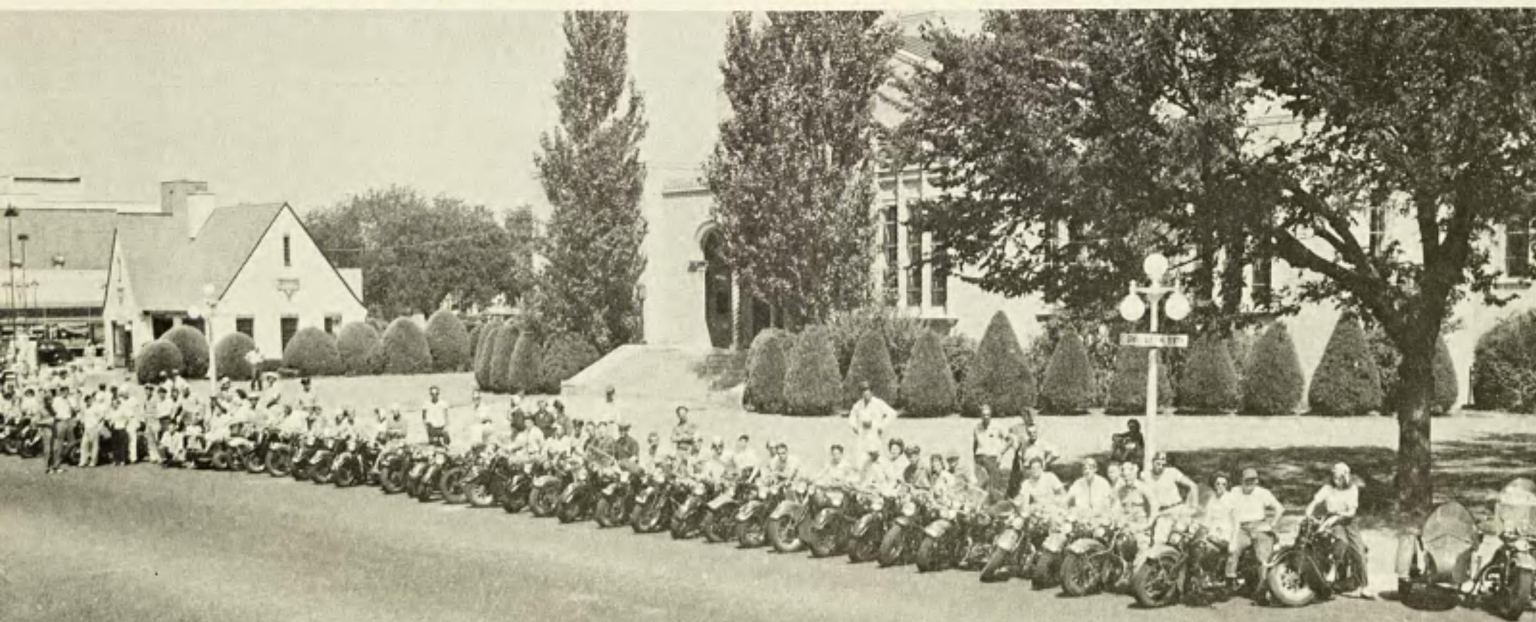
—from Thomas Schottler, West Germany



—from Frank & Marty Smith, W. Terre Haute, Ind.



—from Dan Richards, Martinez, Calif.





—from Rev. Carl, Sacramento, Calif.



—from Gruber, Rancho Mirage, Calif.



—from Donald Towne, Los Angeles, Calif.





—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.

—from J. O. Irvine, Alberta, Canada



—from Alley Oop

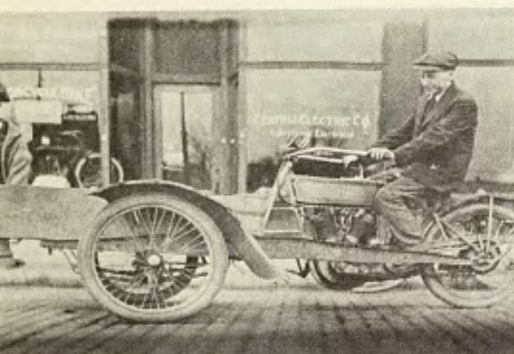




—from Jane Cockerham, Huntsville, Tex.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



—from Faith L. Rumford, Tampa, Fla.



—from D. L. Day, Hagerstown, Md.



—from S. P. Budney, Ivoryton, Conn.



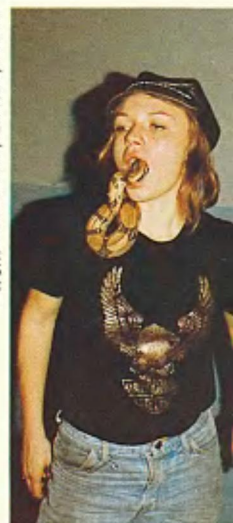
—from R. Mares, Orangevale, Calif.



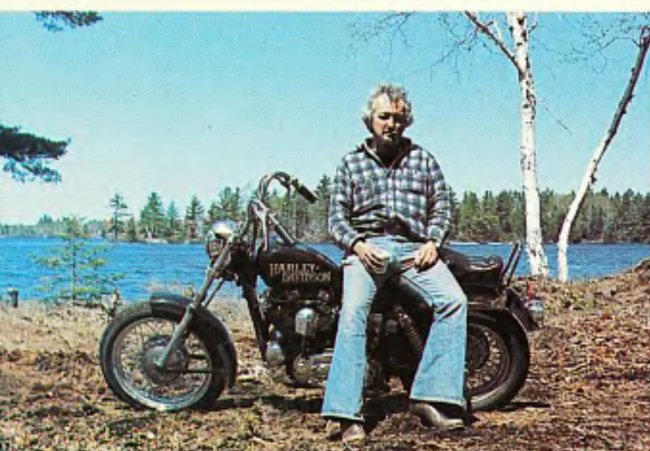
—from R. Mares, Orangevale, Calif.



—from Doc Schim, Livonia, Mich.



—from Norman Reeves, Clemson, S.C.



—from Nork, Mississauga, Canada



—from Magic Mike, APO New York, N.Y.



—from Dean Rappan, Laconia, N.H.



—from Bob Norman, Wellingborough, Canada



—from Bill Paine, Gainesville,

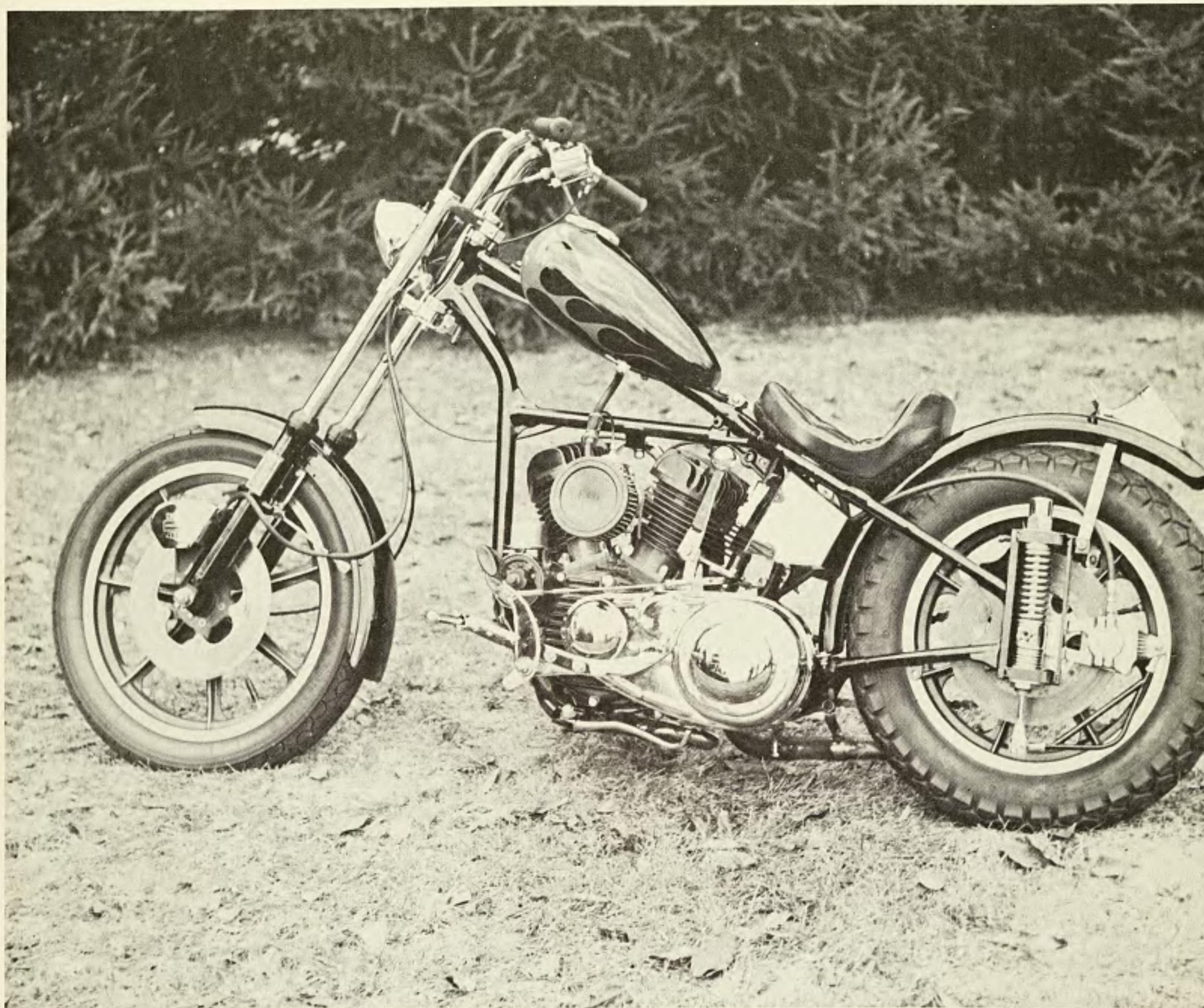


DAVID MANN



RAIN RUNNER

Waitin' for the sun

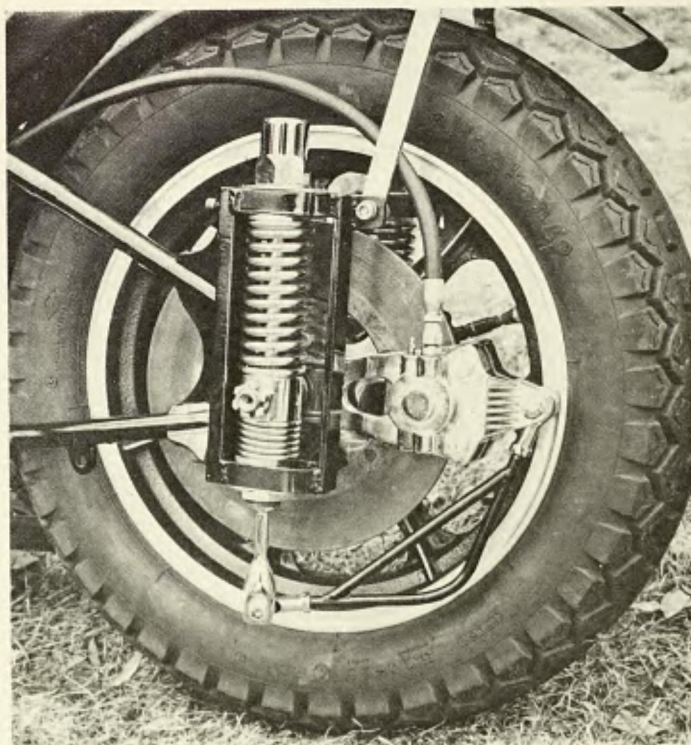
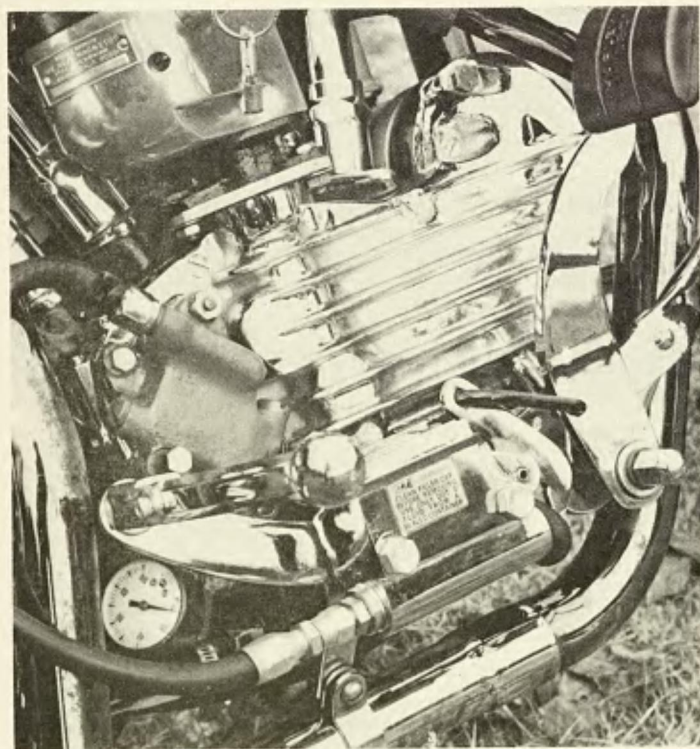
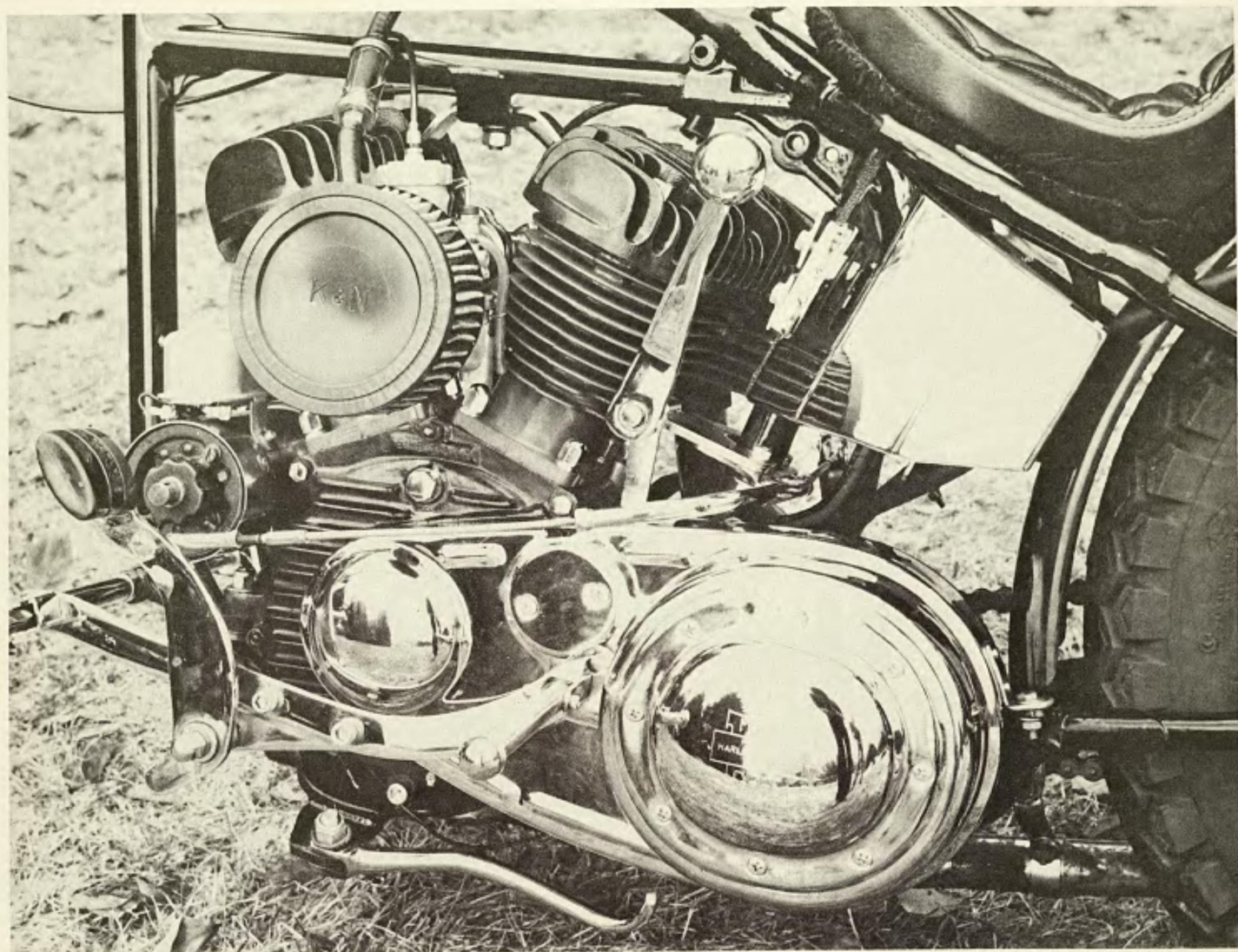


Expectin' a lotta sun in the damp and dreary northeast corner of these colonies is one way to get bent outta shape real fast. Between the meltin' snow and the summer downpours—with a hurricane or two thrown in—it can sometimes be like livin' in a tube of Vicks Vaporub. Soggy and sticky, to say the least.

But once in a while the clouds will part like some kinda Moses miracle to make it all worthwhile. And if you look carefully during those rare intervals, you'll see all kinds of well-crafted

scooters flashing by on the frost-split and rain-rutted roads—putts like this 45 that Mark Mal built during the rain and snow season, holed up in a warm, dry basement while the elements beat against the door.

And you'll notice a coupla moves that make this sled suited for the climate. Instead of hasslin' with air-dry lacquers and constant humidity, this bro used a catalyzed urethane for paint that sets up glossy whether it's steamy or bone dry outside. Also, the anodized aluminum wheels are coated in a clear epoxy to





Photos by Jake



protect them from rain, dirt, and mutts lookin' for a hydrant.

So ya see, in this part of the country you gotta groove with the weather. Go ridin' when it's decent, and scrounge parts for the next run when it ain't. And if you happen to run into some precip on the way—well, a little water never hurt anybody. After all, it's the sunshine in your head that counts. Now, if I could just convince my camera to work in this cloudburst. . . .

—Sniveler

—Continued on next page



Owners: Mark Mal

City: Tewksbury, Mass.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: spec. construc.

Year and make: 1959 H-D

Builder: Haulin' Chassis, Haverhill

Model: 45

Type: Savior tail

Value: sold

Rake: 28°

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 1 in. downtube

Time: 9 months

Other alterations: Timken steering bear.

Chroming by: Waltham Ind.

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Arlen Ness

Year: 1959

Risers: none

Model: W

Fender(s): 5 in. flat

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt mag

Taillight: knuckle

Displacement: 750cc

Speedo: VDO

Lower end: rebuilt

Front pegs: Cheatah

Balancing: stock

Rear pegs: Cheatah

Pistons: C.C.D.

Electrics: VW generator

Cases: black enamel

Gas tank: Paughco 2.8

Heads: ported, polished & relvd

Oil tank: A&J Mfg.

Cam: Webcam 62

Oil system: pressure gauge

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: Paughco

Carb(s): 34mm Mikuni

Seat: Corbin Gentry

Air cleaner: K&N

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: Paughco straights

Height:

Muffler(s):

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: chromed lid

Type: 76 Sportster

Year: 1969

Extension: 4 in.

Shifting: jockey

Builder: owner

Engine sprocket: 31

Special features: custom trees

Trans sprocket: 17

Wheels: Morris mags

Wheel sprocket: 36

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 19 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: owner

Hub: anodized

Hub: anodized

Painter: owner

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Color: black and red

Tire: 3.50 Cont.

Tire: 5.10 Nankang

Type: polyurethane enamel

Brake: H-D disc.

Brake: Hrst/Cir. Ind.

Special paint: clear epoxy on wheels

Other special modifications: Oversized valves, fork stops, wires run through

frame, self-lube chain, progressive fork springs, 74 clutch & brake controls.

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

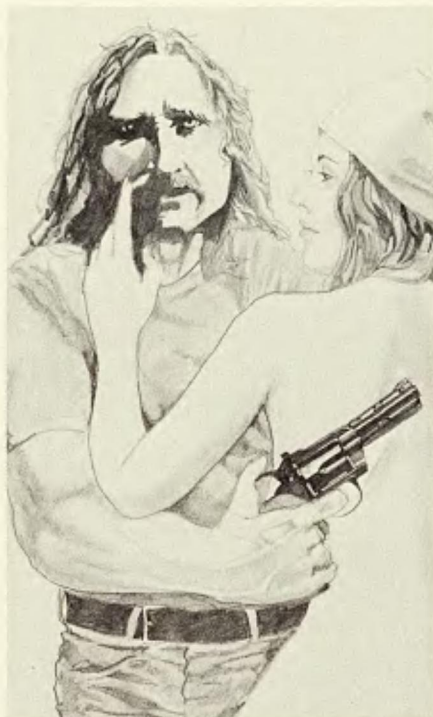
POWDER BURNS

Smitty wasn't a badass, but any strange noise from his garage made his tall bod jerk. "Sonovabitch," he snapped, as he sat up in his warm bed and put down the joint of good Colombian he'd been smoking.

Something had made a noise. It was colder than a witch's tit outside, and nobody would be outdoors unless he had to be—or was up to no good. And his ol' lady wasn't home yet, or sure as the moon comes out at night, she'd be on her way to investigate with a flashlight. He listened carefully by the window until he was convinced that the noise didn't represent a threat to his scoot. Relieved, he kicked back against his nicked and scratched wooden headboard, turned up the sounds coming from the stereo, and relit his number.

He finished the joint with one long, lingering, lung-filling hit, dropping the small remnant in a Mason jar a quarter full of leftover roaches saved for hard times. Snapping off his stereo, he slipped down further into the bed and soon began to nod out. But he'd hardly begun to drift away before something pulled him back to wakefulness. Damn! He could swear he detected noise and movement outside again. He'd been into scooters for a dozen years or better. He'd known too many brothers who'd lost bikes to thieves, and he was grimly determined not to lose his. He never left his bike unchained anywhere he couldn't see it, and even if it was bolted to a lightpole, he'd constantly check on it.

Somebody or something was stepping on all the fucking leaves strewn around his garage. The leaves made it a bitch for even him to cross the yard in silence—and he knew every inch like the back of his hand. The light out in his room, Smitty leaned his heavy carcass against the window frame and lifted the shade slightly. Checking out the stucco garage, his loaded eyes tripped over every familiar inch that remained visible in the dark shadows.



But there was nothing. He couldn't even spot another termite working its way into the frame garage that sheltered his beloved pan. Unless—wait! Something caught his eye below the window. Crushing an occasional leaf as it light-footed across the driveway, a carousing alley cat darted up and over the picket fence separating his castle from the dump his neighbor called home.

"If my window was open, I'd blow your ass all to hell," Smitty mumbled grumpily. "That'd give that fuckin' sniveler somethin' to clean off his lawn."

Lowering the shade, Smitty looked down at his proud enforcer lying in a felt-lined box beside the bed. The blued Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum gave off a subtle reflection in the dark room. Smitty's entire bedroom could be wasted with dirty clothes, bike parts, and beer cans, but the .357 could always be found clean, shiny, and loaded. Next to his real treasure—the panhead—this was his pride and joy. He spent hours

making his own loads, packing them tightly into the used brass. He got a special rush from double-loading the already devastating .357 shells. Weren't *nobody* gonna stop the piece of lead fired from the blued barrel of his piece.

He relaxed and sank deep into his bed, grabbing a handful of covers and blankets as he went. But it wasn't long before his night was interrupted again.

"What the fuck?" he growled with mounting anger, pushing the covers aside. He sat up and rubbed his eyes with his callused palms. He was suddenly aware of human footsteps in the driveway. There was no mistaking the sound. Not even bothering to look out the window, he grabbed for the Magnum just as he heard the movements stop. Moving carefully, he silently got up and confirmed the footsteps' intentions when he heard a metal squeaking noise from his rickety garage door—the hinges. Almost running, he dodged furniture and bike parts, dashing through the obstacle course to the front door of the darkened house. It wasn't that he'd been blowing people away for years, but after more than a decade of security measures involving his various bikes, his moves against a thief had been mentally practiced hundreds of times.

Easing outside through the screen door, he crept to the corner of his house. At the end of the driveway, one of the two wooden garage doors stood open, and he could hear someone moving inside. But he couldn't see what the hell was going on. His hands were sweaty and he could feel his whole body tremble slightly as his heart pounded heavily in his dry throat. Determined, he raised the cannon into position, resting his two-hand grip against the fender of his battered pickup. He was as nervous as anyone faced with the prospects of blowing away some curious kid, or possibly having a shoot-out with one or more armed pro bike thieves. But from his position, he

could easily sight up the driveway and fire on anyone trying to take his pan.

Aiming at what he felt would be the ripoff's chest, he cocked the tightly sprung hammer. He was impatient, and fought the urge to start blowing holes in the door so the cocksucker could piss his pants in fear before he died. But Smitty didn't want holes in his panhead, so his trigger finger simply held against the curved metal, itching to bring about the end of a bike thief. He couldn't stand motherfuckers who took scooters, and as the nervous sweat beaded up across his forehead, his anger increased. He had never lifted a bike, and the thought of *anyone* leaving a biker without a ride was twisting his guts. He bore down on the slick metal trigger, and as he heard the footsteps move toward the door, he tightened his grip even more.

A form appeared in the doorway, and Smitty squeezed the hard trigger. The hammer dropped. In a flash, the dark night lit up in an ear-shattering explosion and vivid powder flames. A terrified shriek erupted simultaneously with the pistol. The gun jerked to the right and fire shot briefly and painfully around the chamber and over Smitty's hand. The finely machined revolver instantly turned red hot.

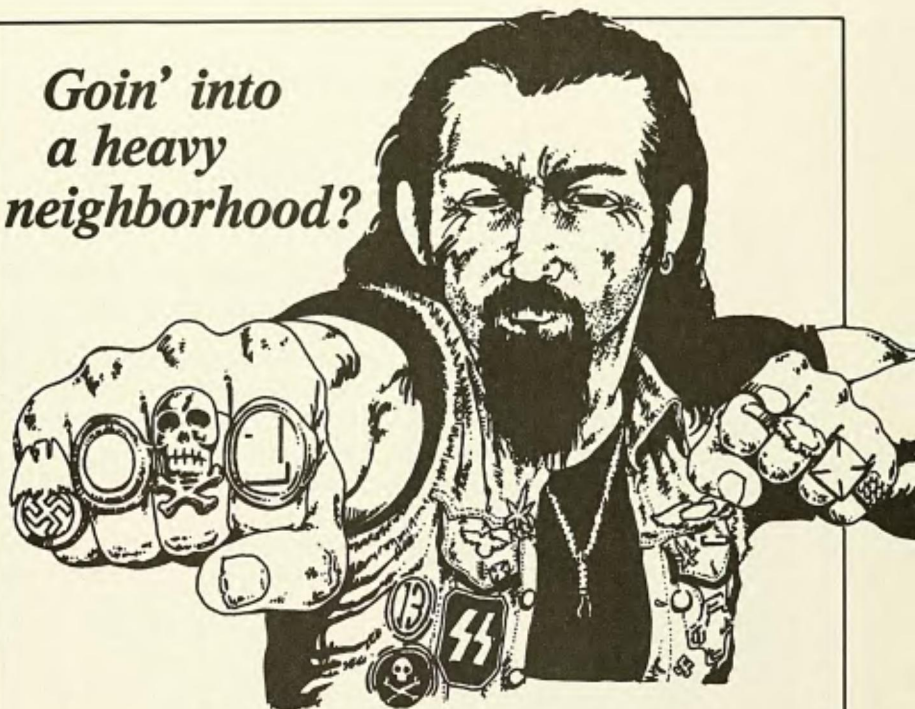
Stunned and unable to hold his scorching beauty, Smitty flung the big-buck weapon to the dirt driveway. Still unable to see the hated form as more than a dark shape in the garage doorway, he grabbed a discarded two-by-four lying in the oil-soaked dirt and charged the unharmed intruder.

But just as he began a lunging swing, the dark form became familiar. "Jesus Christ!" Smitty shouted as he recognized his terrified ol' lady quivering in the doorway. She rarely went into the garage even when he was working on his bike. Tossing the makeshift club aside, he grabbed his one and only, thanking God that, this once, the heavy weapon couldn't hold the load he'd put in it.

Smitty felt her frightened tears against his chest, and over her trembling shoulder he saw the gaudily wrapped birthday present she had set alongside his still secure panhead.

—Renegade

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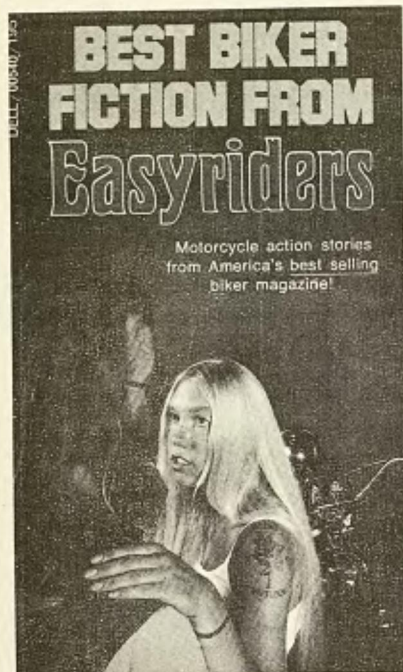
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THINKING BIG

—Continued from page 47

bum before people even knew what that was. He was a for real, up front biker. Full time. Not like me — a dude who just likes to ride. My old man *lived* to ride. And in the end, he died riding. I was seven. And now, at 26, I don't remember much about him except that he was the biggest person I'd ever seen. And the kindest. He never hit me. Not like that sonofabitch stepfather of mine.

Roger's throat must have gone dry on him, because he took care of half his Wallbanger in one desperate attack. Maybe he remembered the last time we discussed my old man. I was 11 and he was 17. I had found an aging photograph of my old man sitting on top of this monster motorcycle. My father had a smile that spelled freedom and a goatee like a raging forest fire. In his arms he held a very small boy. Roger tried to take the picture away from me, saying that my old man was nothing but a drunken bum. Roger was bigger than me — then. But a baseball bat made me his equal. Later that night my stepfather whipped me till Mom made him stop. But I held on to that crumpled picture and wouldn't cry.

It was with these fond memories that we looked across at each other now in the cool darkness of the V.I.P. Lounge.

I ordered another round. Roger avoided my eyes. He let some time go by.

"You know, Vince, we've had some bad times between us. But there have been a lot of good times, too. After all, we *are* family."

I didn't remember any good times,



"I don't care how
big your tits are—we
can't use you in our magazine!"

but if he wanted to buy me drinks and tell me fairy tales, so be it.

Roxanne, bless her bouncing jugs, skipped over with the drinks. She touched my hand when she put down the cold glass, and I gave her two dollars from the pile of bills in front of Roger. Hell, a working girl's entitled to a good tip. With a slow intake of breath Roger tried again.

"Vincent, I know you probably think of me as a square, mousey person."

"Why Rog! Whatever the fuck gave you an idea like that?" I asked the square, mousey person in front of me.

Roger looked puzzled for a moment, then plodded on.

"Vince" — he looked around the deserted lounge — "I'm going to trust you because we're family." He even took a drink — a welcome-to-the-family drink. He looked around again and dropped his voice to a whisper. "Vince, I've come up with a way where we both can make a lot of money — more money than you can imagine."

As it stood, I was tapped out; and talk like that didn't come too often. I gave him my warmest smile. When it came to brains, Roger had 'em — precise, analytical brains. He was a senior computer programmer for Morrison Savings and Loan.

"Vincent," he said, as I watched the sweat pop out of his forehead like a magic trick, "we'll be rich. I've got it all figured out, but I need a partner." He narrowed his eyes. "I need somebody who can think big. I hope you've matured enough to be able to do so now."

I fought the urge to look around for Roxanne and see what I could catch from her. And then Roger leaned over close enough for me to smell the English Leather he wore. I could see the veins in his neck bulge as he began telling me his plan.

As I listened, I had to admit it was a great plan. Roger had come up with a way to fuck up the main computer at Morrison. Morrison, like most top financial institutions, was on complete computer accounting. The computer did everything except give the president blowjobs. (That's why they still kept secretaries.) The computer kept track of deposits and withdrawals; it audited itself and was failsafe. Except to Roger. Ol' Rog had figured out a way to get the computer to credit an account with \$18,000 a month automatically, then erase any record of the transaction.

Anyone could see where it would arouse suspicion — to say the least —



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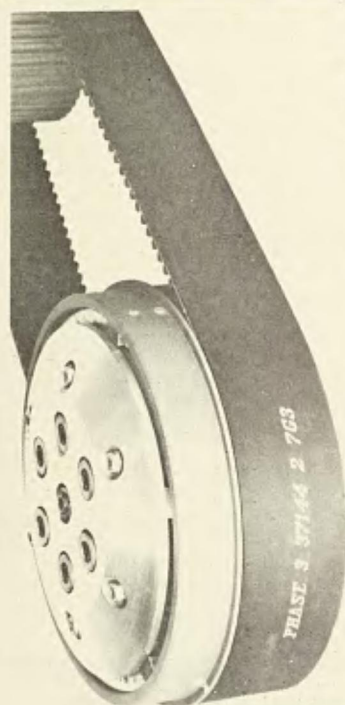
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if it were Roger's personal account that, all of a sudden, started growing faster than Jack's beanstalk. He needed a partner.

"What has to be done" — Roger's eyes were glassy with greed — "is open a new account for \$10,000. After that, we just sit back and wait. I have the ten thousand. All you have to do is open the account. Then, after three or four months, start drawing out sums of \$12,000 per month. There are enough branches in this state alone so that you won't have to go to the same office for two years."

I stared at Roger with open admiration. Who would have ever thought? The sonofabitch had his act together there. I hate to admit it, but I was impressed.

Roger must have sensed this. His manner cooled, and he looked at me as if seeing me for the first time.

"But I don't know, Vince. Look at you. I don't know if you're able to think big enough for this operation. You're what — 26? 27? And what are you — some kind of motorcycle hoodlum?" It was my stepfather's voice. "Like Dad always told us: You've got to think big."

That was when I made my decision. It would be a shame to let an opportunity like this go by.

I put down the drink. "Maybe you're right," I said slowly, enunciating carefully with a scotch-swollen tongue. "Roger, I knew you were smart, but I didn't know you were this smart. And you know what? I'm gonna show you — I can, and I will think big."

That seemed to satisfy Roger. He nodded, an aristocrat again. "But listen." He was in control and he knew it. "You can't walk into Morrison looking like that and expect to pass yourself off as a big money man."

I agreed, and he was pleased.

"I half expected some kind of pro-



"Oh, nothing much, mom. I'm just callin' you while Harold's gettin' shitfaced, as usual."

Easyriders

test from you." He reached inside his jacket and came out with a long, thin wallet. He gave me four hundred dollars.

"I want you to go buy a suit. Clean yourself up."

"Agreed," I said.

Roger stood up and held out his hand as if he expected me to kiss it. We shook. I was to meet him tomorrow — Friday — at one o'clock sharp. He would give me the money and the last-minute instructions.

When my stepbrother left, I called Roxanne over. She made her way to the table, and I could hear the swish of her nylon-encased legs.

As it turned out, her eyes didn't make promises that her body wasn't willing to keep.

Friday, at five minutes to one, I was ringing Roger's doorbell. The afternoon sun was shining on my clean-shaven cheeks. My hair was cut in a style the limp hairdresser called "young executive."

Roger opened the door and his surprise mounted in stages. I thought he was either going to wet his pants or weep with joy.

"You actually did it," he gasped. To make sure, he put on his glasses and squinted.

"I sure did, Roger. And you know what? It feels good."

Tearing his unbelieving eyes from my charcoal suit, Roger gave me the money.

"You won't have any problems," he assured. "The computer's been programed. Just use your name; our last names aren't the same. No connection."

He looked at me and grinned. Then he moved closer, reached up, and threw his arms around me in a bear hug. It was a clumsy bear hug, because I stood about six inches taller than him. I returned his hug anyway.

The plan worked perfectly. One hour after I had the money I was stretched out in United Airlines' first-class section. The plane and I were flying to Mazatlan; I heard it was supposed to be great there this time of year.

Oh, sure, I could have stuck it out. Probably would have made a whole lotta bread. But, shit, something could have gone wrong. This way, I had a little under ten grand sitting in my wallet. Keeping the money company was a crumpled photograph of a man, his motorcycle, and a little kid.

Maybe Roger was right. I never could learn to think big.

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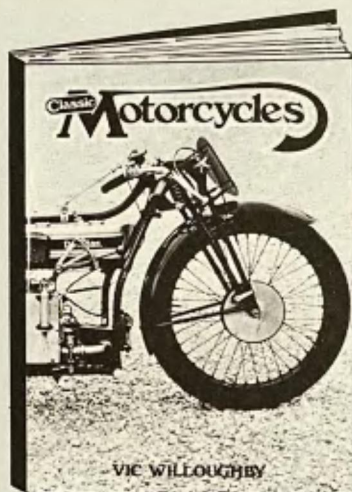
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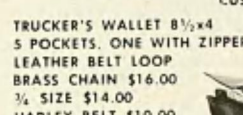
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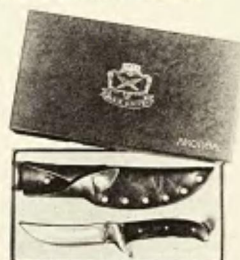


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This wallet goes for **\$6.85** plus 75c postage and handling.

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 _____
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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Scorpio

Most Scorpio children are miniature sex machines. They may even be a taste kinky, like when they try teething on pop's crusty socks. They always enjoy a good scrap an' don't mind using a few unfair tactics to win. They're also piss-poor losers who'd resort to puttin' dog dung in the winner's peanut butter sandwiches.

Even when bloodshot, Scorpio's eyes are penetrating and magnetic. They can outstare ya even when they're so toasted their eyes are crossed. Scorpions have such powerful physiques that some can break bricks with their dicks.

Scorpions are susceptible to sore throats and nosebleeds. Worse yet, they're prone to strains of the ol' gonads. In addition, they tend to overeat, overbooze, and outfuck most other dudes.

Scorpions may appeal cool, calm,

and collected (Scorpio Generals George Patton, Douglas MacArthur, and Teddy Roosevelt) on the surface, but inside they're boiling hot all the way down to their bunions.

Scorpions get what they want, and playin' with a Scorpio is playin' with fire. If someone borrows bucks, they'd best not fingerfuck around about paying it back. Remember, Scorpio doesn't want any lame excuses or bullshit compliments—he prefers cash.

A few famous Scorpions are Richard Burton, Johnny Carson, Mike Nichols, Jonas Salk (who was in to the needle), Robert Lewis Stevenson, and Will Rogers.

On the positive side, Scorpions are very secretive and will resort to loud laughing to cover up their farts. The smell they blame on the dog.

On the negative side, Scorpions are always ready with their stingers and don't give a big rat's ass about your side of an argument.

So never step on a Scorpio's tail.

Older Scorpio bikers continue their secretive ways, but they love juicy gossip. They'll go around listening through a glass at whorehouse walls. They're still lickin' an' stickin', although too much muddling may give them inverted earlobes. Also, they can't keep from breaking wind every time they laugh.

Note to Women:

How to catch a Scorpio? Be sexy as hell. If you're not a one-man woman, run, don't walk—'cause you're better off playing Russian roulette. Never ever try to fuck over this one, or you'll end up with your twat lips stretched between the bedposts. Furthermore, you'll be left hangin' there while he goes off on a weekend run. Don't ever remind him of his bad points (especially if he has a teeny weenie). Refer to his crank as a dipstick and always need your oil checked. If he gets mad, run for cover!

in a reckless mood now, so don't get carried away by a pair of sweaty thighs or open up your machine to a dangerous speed. Otherwise, this period is a piece of cake.

Scorpio (October 23 — November 21)

Happy Birthday, you animals! Everything is both in your favor an' favorite flavor now. You have a strong influence on people an' they'll spread as wide as you like. So go ahead an' wade in—as long as you don't get in over your head. You're in for a lip-smacking surprise that'll make your cream rush to the top of your crank. Take advantage of this favorable period by seeking favor with influential persons.

Sagittarius (November 22 — December 20)

Problems you've been ignoring or have left unresolved will require attention this month. Re-evaluate your lifestyle an' eliminate waste. (I don't mean take a dump.) There's something strange shaking, an' it can make your liver quiver. Things just aren't as they seem right now. By the end of the month, you'll arrive at a logical explanation. Don't let it get your joint out of whack. Hang in there.

Capricorn (December 21 — January 19)

Full speed ahead! Right now, friends give your ragged ass more support than a hernia belt. Your bros will agree on all your ideas—even if it's a nose-picking contest. As long as ya keep friends and fucking separate, ya got no problems. Lots of get-down an' fucked-up partyin' ahead, along with righteous crack-hopping. This month is good for whatever ails ya, so go for it!

Aquarius (January 20 — February 18)

It's time to compromise and cooperate on the job. If you do, you'll receive some goodies. Be alert to new associations—you could form the most dynamic and rewarding one of a lifetime. This will give ya a much-needed shot in the arm. It's not so great buckwise, but you're still scoring fuckwise. You can still make ends meet in that area. Money may be loose, so hope for some tight pussy.

Pisces (February 19 — March 20)

Sorry, Pisces, but the ol' bod could take a beating now. You're busier than a dude picking critters off his crank. Too much working and party time can put your dong in a ditch. Your resistance is low and you're susceptible to a virus (which is better than VD). Take off for a weekend an' recuperate. Go for a long putt an' let your hemorrhoids flap in the wind awhile. If your boss insists on overworking ya, flip the bone!

Aries (March 21 — April 20)

Lucky you! Not only are ya headed for some heavy rammin' and reamin', but ya can also afford a few financial flings. The gears in your ol' gourd are still turning in the right direction. Just watch out for overly independent, stubborn, and temperamental partners on the job. They may be flashing ya a shit-eatin' grin, but you still got 'em by the gonads when it comes to making final decisions. Go ahead and call their bluff.

Taurus (April 21 — May 20)

You may still be picking up the pieces from your last case of the gorilla biscuit meanies. Bros might be avoiding ya as if you were a broad with cock breath. Get your ass in gear an' show some class. It's your turn to eat humble pie — along with your usual hair pie. It's prime time for a few ball-bustin' changes, including altering that "get screwed" attitude. Show 'em that pleasing personality, along with your pulsating prong.

Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

You're still going through some

heavy head trips which will eventually bring some changes for the best. (It's about time!) Ya can even do it sideways or upside down with asskickin' results. It's a constructive month if ya can keep that golden tongue of yours from waggin'. Be sensible; save your scheming for between the sheets. Mindblowing is a Gemini trait, but you'd better save it for next month. It could backfire now.

Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

This month you're hot to trot an' lettin' your horn overload your head. With a little luck, your zipper might jam long enough to take care of biz. If you use your head a little more instead of your ass, you can surprise a hell of a lot of people, including yourself. Don't let any broads get in the way when it comes to making bread. Remember, if ya snooze, ya lose, and if ya play, ya pay!

Leo (July 22 — August 21)

Good conditions from last month overlap to make you more cocksure than usual. It still takes more than a bowel movement to

flush away your last-minute mind-fucks. Look at 'em as a pile of bile and make a clean wipe of it once an' for all. Listen to partners with an open mind—they could lay some sound advice on ya now. Speaking of laying, you'll probably be in the sack a lot—with a variety of cracks.

Virgo (August 22 — September 21)

This month, ignore all that petty shit going on around your crib. All that pressure will constipate your ass and create another pile of trouble. Keep cool and put off major decisions until next month. Lie low, go slow, and don't blow it. You may have a minor legal matter to clear up, or it could be your insurance has run out on your wheels. Keep alert for important papers or neglected tickets. Be safe, not sorry!

Libra (September 22 — October 22)

You're certainly in a high gear right now. Something out of your past will be revealed to boggle a few brains. You'll tend to benefit by it. Keeping your nuts in one sack (financially) is better than blowing your whole wad. You're

The Eyes of Laura Space Filler!

"Hey, dad, what does 'fuck' mean?" the biker's ankle-biter asked.

"Well," the ol' man said. "I guess you're old enough to know. After all, you're almost ten years old." He took the kid into the bedroom, pointed at his naked ol' lady and said, "You see that hole between your mother's legs? Now watch daddy."

While the kid watched, his little sister came into the room and asked, "What's they doin'?"

"They're fuckin'," the boy answered.

"What's that mean?"

"Well, ya see that hole between daddy's legs? Now watch me."

J. Loper
Fort Wayne, Ind.



The biker had taken his ol' lady to the doctor because for several days she'd been whining and moaning about a pain in her pussy. Later, the doctor came into the waiting room and confronted the biker.

"I have some bad news for you," he said. "Your wife has acute vaginitis."

"I know that, man," replied the biker, "but what's wrong with her?"

Gail Rhinehart
Ridgecrest, Calif.



"Dianne, honey, your father and I think you should stop seeing that biker."

You can always spot a heavy biker. He's the one who enters a jackoff contest and comes in first and third.

Dan Jackson
Cambridge, Mass.

The biker and his ol' lady were riding through a small southern town. The local sheriff spotted them, pulled them over, and shook them down. Finding nothing, he took them to the local jail for investigation.

"You ever had any trouble with the law?" he snarled at the biker.

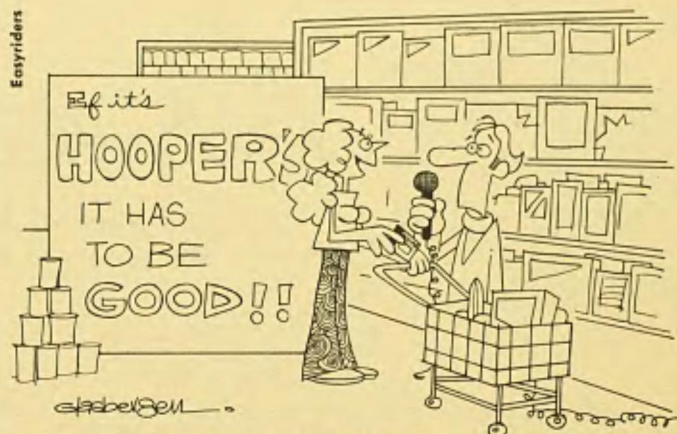
"I got busted with a little grass once, but it was planted on me by the CIA," the biker answered. "I didn't even know I had it."

"How much?" the sheriff asked. "Two hundred kilos," the biker replied casually.

Richard Bennett
Boise, Idaho



"Hey, Mildred, you wanna see something funny?"



"Oh, yes! I use Hooper's Instant Pudding all the time! My husband says it feels extra smooth and creamy on his testicles, and I like it because the super-rich flavor hides the taste of sour pre-ejaculatory semen!"

"That biker musta been horny and in a hurry," said the chick, gazing at the big letter mark on her friend's stomach. "Was he a Marauder or a Minuteman?"

"Neither," her friend answered. "He was a Wildman."

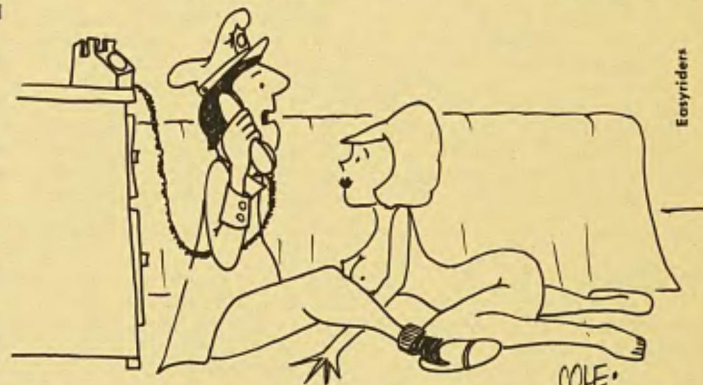
L. Martinez
El Paso, Tex.

"Do you know why a chick's cunt an' her asshole are so close together?" the bartender asked the biker.

"No, why?"

"So when she gets drunk you can carry 'er home like a six-pack."

Gonzales
Loveland, Colo.



"Yes, Sergeant, I did all that, and I did have a good case against her. Then she ate the evidence."

Two bikers were sitting in a bar, drinking wine, and one said, "I've got an awful problem. I keep shovin' cigarettes up my ass."

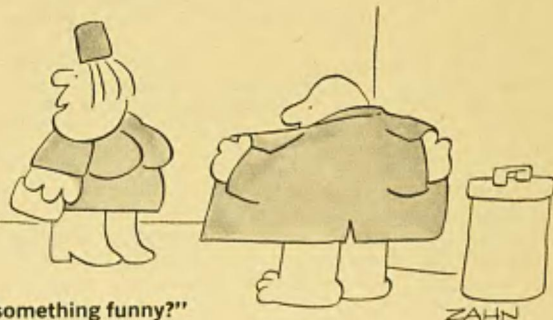
His friend looked at his butt and said, "You want a light?"

V. Terkelson
Long Beach, Calif.

"I've got an idea," said the wife to her husband. "Let's go out tonight and have some real fun."

"Suits me," he answered. "If you get home first, leave the light on in the hallway."

Shelley Bassett
Lancaster, Calif.





"You've heard of house sitters and plant sitters? I'm a face sitter!"

The best way to cut off a cat's tail is to repossess his Harley-Davidson.

Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

The doctor was trying to write a prescription. "Dammit," he said, "my pen doesn't work."

"But doctor," said his pretty young nurse, "you're trying to write with your rectal thermometer."

"Oh, hell!" the doctor said, slamming it down on his desk. "I wonder what asshole has my pen."

Louis Barnes
Stockton, Calif.

It was their first date. The biker had kept the chick out until five o'clock in the morning, and as he was kissing her goodnight, he suddenly had to go to the john.

"I can't wait," he moaned.

"But mom and dad will wake up when you flush the toilet," the girl replied, "and they'll kill me for bein' out so late." But then she said, "I'll tell you what. If it's that urgent, use the kitchen sink."

A few minutes later, the biker poked his head out the kitchen door and whispered, "Psst! Sweetheart, ya got any toilet paper?"

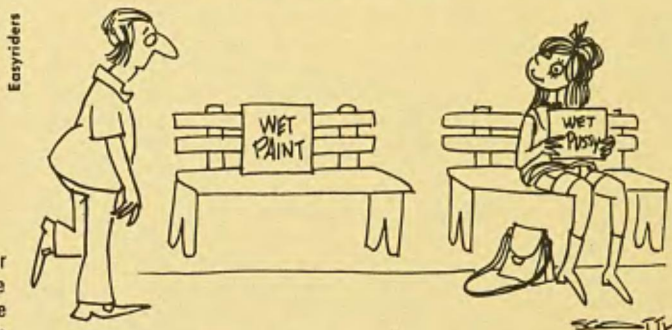
Tammy Walker
Wallace, S.C.



"Surprise!"



"Since I began visiting the zoo, having lice has become a beautiful experience!"



"Smart? Are you kidding?
I can't ever get him to use toilet paper!"

"What's the idea, lady?" the cop asked, "walking down the street with one of your tits hangin' out?"

"Oh, my God," she wailed, "I've left the baby on the bus!"

George Bowser
Frankfort, Ky.

The hooker got into the taxicab, hiked up her skirt, winked invitingly at the cabbie and asked, "How about taking the fare out in trade?"

The cab driver took a long, dubious look, then answered, "Lady, ain't ya got anything smaller?"

Jim Murphy
Tuscaloosa, Ala.



"Scram lady—I'm the only organ grinder on this corner!"

rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

Lookin' Suspicious

A California court has held that indications that a suspected drug user was undergoing drug withdrawal does not furnish a police officer with reasonable cause to arrest the suspect and request him to remove his coat so that his arms could be examined for tracks indicating the use of narcotics. The officer had observed two small brown scab marks on the suspect's right hand, and had noticed that his eyes were watery, that his pupils were pinpointed, and that he was sniffing and yawning. The judge held that such observations constituted reasonable cause for neither an independent search nor a search incident to a lawful arrest. He pointed out that there was no indication that the suspect was under the influence of a narcotic or a controlled substance at the time of the search so as to be guilty of the commission of a crime in the officer's presence. (140 Cal., Rep. 122.)

Givin' It Away

Here's an interesting legal matter involving a woman who did not file income tax returns for the calendar years 1969, 1970, and 1971. In 1969, she made the acquaintance of a married man whose home was approximately 120 miles from Atlanta, the residence of the woman. The woman went to the man's hotel room and had sexual relations with him. On that occasion, the man gave the woman cash. Thereafter, whenever the married man came to Atlanta, he would call the woman, who would join him in his hotel room and have sexual relations with him. On each occasion that he was in Atlanta, he gave her cash.

This relationship continued through 1972. On occasions, in addition to money, the man would buy shoes and other items of clothing for the woman. He also gave her a \$450

ring as a Christmas present. The woman maintained that the amounts she received from the married man were gifts, and not taxable income. The court said the funds which the married man gave her were not gifts within the meaning of the income tax statutes. He gave the money in return for sexual intercourse. The woman said that the married man was "getting his money's worth." The married man did not give the money to the woman from feelings of detached and disinterested generosity. Gifts must be given out of affection, respect, admiration, charity or like impulses, as is required under the rulings of the U.S. Supreme Court, in order for money or property received by a taxpayer to be non-taxable. (U.S. T.C. Jones v. Comm. T.C. Memo. 1977-329 9/23/77.)

Rape Victims Sue

Two Ottawa women may play important roles in moves now being made that could set a startling precedent in legal circles: suing rapists for damages.

The ground was broken in British Columbia recently, when a Vancouver real estate agent filed suit for damages three days after a prominent businessman was convicted of raping her in his home last year. The two Ottawa women are close to proceeding with similar action, an Ottawa Rape Crisis Center official has revealed.

The official predicted many more women will follow suit and tell their lawyers to proceed with damage suits. The center advises rape victims that the option for future civil action is there, but no one has ever taken it before. Chances of success in a damage suit are "excellent" if the man has been convicted, according to Ottawa criminal lawyer Pat McCann.

Why haven't rape victims sought financial compensation for criminal assaults before?

The emotional drain of testifying in depth at lengthy trials, and the attempt by defense lawyers to make victims feel guilty caused most women to hesitate, the crisis center official speculated. But the psychological shifting of female attitudes about rapes and the consequent reduction in guilt feelings may prompt them to adopt a more positive stance, the official believes.

"Women traditionally have been held responsible for rape—given the idea that it was their fault. But because of groups like ours, they're now starting to say this isn't so," the official said. "I think more and more women will be getting over the effects of the actual assault on an emotional level—and take action for damages."

Many persons convicted of rape are left without significant assets, and the launching of civil damage suits would therefore prove futile, said McCann. McCann, who has never heard of such suits being considered in Ottawa, agreed that the emotional toll exacted on rape victims during trials left them little or no energy to think about suffering through a court trial a second time around.

But, in cases involving convicted rapists like the well-to-do Vancouver businessman, he considered it wise to sue. "It would be easy to prove," he said.

McCann said rapists are rarely equipped with well-honed criminal minds, but are "fairly average citizens" with good job records, wives, and children.

One of the Ottawa women considering a damage suit was raped last year during a job interview in an office building.

Prisoners' Rights

Prisoners' rights have received close attention in recent years. Courts have recognized that inmates are entitled to due process of law in disciplinary proceedings. Pris-

oner-litigants have successfully attacked regulations and practices that impinge upon freedom of speech, freedom of religion, the right of association, and the right to receive medical care. Furthermore, courts have extended established rights, such as access to the courts, equal protection of the laws, and freedom from cruel and unusual punishment. In contrast, the right of inmates to be free from warrantless searches has never been guaranteed. When afforded the opportunity, courts generally have refused to extend Fourth Amendment protections to the prison setting. Inmates have experienced little success in challenging surreptitious interceptions of their conversations, physical searches of their bodies and their cells, and inspections of their mail.

Gettin' Covered

If any insurance policy of yours is canceled, don't take it lying down. A recent decision in California makes it clear that the right of insurers to cancel insurance policies is not absolute in that state. Sections 660-679.73, inclusive, of the Insurance Code deal with the subjects of cancellation and failure to renew particular kinds of insurance policies, such as those covering automobiles, motorcycles, and property loss. Section 661 sets forth and limits specifically the grounds on which an automobile liability or collision policy may be canceled, and Section 676 specifies and limits the grounds for cancellation of property loss policies. In addition, Section 679.71 declares that real or personal property loss insurance policies may not be canceled because of the insured's marital status, sex, race, color, religion, national origin, or ancestry. These sections reflect the legislative policy limiting the "absolute" right of insurance policy cancellation.

There is an implied cove-

nant of good faith and fair dealing in every contract that neither party will do anything which will injure the right of another to receive the benefits of the agreement. This principle is applicable to insurance policies. Conspiratorial conduct on the part of insurers to avoid the contractual liability they undertake is not countenanced in California. If an insurance company cancels your insurance policy for any reason, consult a lawyer to be sure that the company is within its legal rights. (138 Cal. Rep. 404 1977.)

Snuffin' Mutts

If your dog is picked up for running at large without a leash, and is subsequently destroyed by the town without personal notice to you, can you claim the ordinance unconstitutional? Have you been deprived of your property without due process of law? As it happens, there is nothing you can do about it. It has been held, with great unanimity by the courts, that regulations of the most stringent character and the most summary proceedings for the destruction of these animals kept contrary to such regulations, are entirely within the legislative powers, and perfectly constitutional. This is true even though the property of the owner is destroyed in the execution of the law without any notice or hearing. This has been held in Mississippi, Texas, and Colorado, and is the law generally. So, if there is a dog ordinance in your city, and you do not wish to lose the mutt when it's running at large, you must comply with the leash ordinance or take the consequences. (343 So. 2d 471 1977.)

Doctors and Dorks

Can a hospital employing a doctor be held liable for a sexual assault by the doctor on a female patient? Not in Illinois, according to recent court rulings. The court said that the Illinois decisions preclude liability. The Illinois rule is that the employer is liable for the negligent, willful, malicious, or criminal acts of its employees when such acts are committed during the course of employment, and in furtherance of the business of the employer. But when the act is committed solely for the

benefit of the employee, the employer is not liable to the injured third party. (366 N.E. 2d 927, 1977.)

Gangster of Love

Is it a crime to steal a kiss? Sometimes yes, sometimes no. Yes, for instance, if you're a meterman and offer to forget about a parking fine if you get smacked.

Traffic control agent Toby Wilkins, 30, has been on trial in Manhattan Criminal Court for official misconduct and attempted coercion. He allegedly told a woman motorist who was parked illegally that a kiss would square her with the law. Gail Baxter, 30, of Yonkers, testified that she was parked in a "No Standing" zone when Wilkins approached her car, ticket book in hand.

"Give me a kiss, and we'll forget about it," Wilkins said, according to her testimony. She further testified that he put his head in the window on the driver's side, where she was sitting, and that he had "an evil look" in his eyes, "a look of perversion." She was "stunned," Baxter said.

Untrue, retorted Wilkins, who testified that he and another traffic agent, Jerry Brady, approached the car after a truck driver had complained that it was blocking a loading zone. Brady testified that it was he, not Wilkins, who mentioned kissing, "jokingly," while Wilkins wrote out a ticket. Both men said the car window was down only five to six inches, so neither could have put his head through. They said she had asked permission to leave her car in the loading zone while she went to do an errand, but they refused.

Whatever stealing a kiss ranks in a moonlit garden, under these circumstances it is a class A misdemeanor. No verdict yet; the case was adjourned, pending further testimony.

What's Bail?

You hear a lot about bail. What exactly is it?

Release on bail is a method devised by the common law to allow you to remain at liberty after your initial arrest on a criminal charge and up to the time you are either acquitted or sentenced after conviction. To "bail" someone means to deliver him to persons who, in the manner prescribed by law,

become security for his appearance in court when required. The "bail" is the surety or sureties who procure the release of a person under arrest by becoming responsible for his appearance at the times and places designated. The legal effect of being released on bail is to transfer custody of the defendant from the jail to his bail, while keeping the defendant within the constructive custody of the court.

In order to be released on bail, defendant and his surety enter into a contract with the state. That contract consists of this agreement: if the state will release defendant from custody during the pendency of the action, defendant and his surety jointly and severally agree that the defendant will be produced in person before the court when his appearance is ordered. As a sanction to insure that they will keep their executory portion of the contract, both defendant and his surety jointly and severally agree that they are then indebted to the state in a specified amount of money, but if the defendant keeps all required court appearances, the indebtedness will be voided. This contract is formalized in writing by the bail bond or "recognizance." In that document, the state is the creditor, the defendant the principal obligor or debtor, and the "bail" is the surety or guarantor. The bail bond encompasses the terms of the agreement of the parties, the amount of the indebtedness, and the conditions for appearance which, if met, will void the debt. If the condition is not met, both defendant-principal and bail-surety become absolute debtors of the state. (380 At. 2nd 302 Aug., 1977.)

Robbin' Yourself

In a recent case, a Huntington, L.I., electrician said he discovered that his checkbook and his savings bank passbook had been stolen from his home. He closed his accounts at both banks and was opening new ones when the banks informed him that the \$3,200 in the two accounts had been withdrawn. A teller at one of the banks accused the defendant of making withdrawals himself.

The accused successfully passed a lie-detector test and

obtained testimony from a handwriting expert that the signatures used in withdrawing the funds were not his. But the banks insisted he had tried to steal his own money.

A six-member jury in Suffolk County District Court acquitted this defendant, who is 34 years old, of a charge of attempted grand larceny in the third degree.

Acquaintances of the defendant said that during the months that the charges hung over his head, great strain was placed on the family.

The man's attorney has served notice that his client intends to file a \$1.3 million suit against the banks, some of their employees, and the Suffolk County District Attorney's office.

Rug Rat Coverage

If your husband is given too much to drink in a saloon or bar and as a consequence runs over your child and kills it in the driveway of your home, can you recover damages against the tavern for such intangible elements as mental anguish, injured feelings, and loss of companionship? You can in Michigan and New Hampshire, but not in the other states. Your recovery depends on the phrasing of the statute. (220 N.W. 2d 397 78 ALR 3rd 1099.)

Bad Fall

Be careful of the trap at the top of the hill. Here a motorcyclist was injured when he was riding his motorcycle uphill on a path that culminated in a 25-foot precipice, which was not marked by the landowner. But he recovered nothing. The land was used by motorcyclists for recreation, with the permission of the owners. There is a statute in California which says that a landowner has no duty to keep his premises safe for manned recreational entry or use or to warn against hazards thereon, even where permission is given. There are certain exceptions. This is a good statute to keep in mind when you venture off the main road onto private property. The scenery may be great, but there could be a sudden precipice, and if you go over it you do not necessarily fall into a successful lawsuit. (136 Cal. Rep. 224.)

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 32, Malibu, California 90263.

In memory of William "Hippie" Bennett. Gone before seeing his bike finished. Tears gone, but still loved. Beth, Toconoa, Ga.

In memory of "Crazy Brenda" Eastman. Tiny dancer, you'll always be on our stage of life. Shawn and Chicks.

In memory of "Flex." He lived life to the very limit, as few others know how to do. Hammer, N.Y.

In remembrance of "Toad," a 1% motherfucker. Ride on in peace, brother. Grim Reapers M.C., Iowa.

In memory of Ralph Switalski, who spent months building his bike, and on the night it was finished, the law took his life. From Sharon and Sherry.

In memory of the late, great Stab Windie, who lived hard and died fast. Red and Kuckiehead.

In memory of George The Rhino and I Know. Rode hard and died fast. In our hearts and minds forever. Jackals M.C.

In memory of Indian Joe. Killed on the road. I won't forget. Your son, Rocky.

In memory of Keith. Snuffed by a four-wheeled machine. May your killer suffer. Rest easy. Huey and Tramp.

In memory of Frank the Painter. The good die young and senseless. Duck and Lori, Modesto, Calif.

In memory of Dougie Bradford, the Huddle Bum. At least he died happy.

In memory of Crazy Jeff, Ripper, and Stu. They will always be remembered. Rebels M.C.

In memory of Joe Cruz. So many things left unsaid and undone. My heart still lies with you, Barbara.

In memory of Dick Hartman, a brother loved by all. We miss you, Sandy and Scott.

In memory of my woman, Pamela Jean Leon. You'll ride with me forever. Jim "Creep" Leon.

In memory of Neil Brossard. From those he rode with on Highway 118, and then some. Joe H., Calif.

In memory of Trucker Don, Monks M.C. The bitterest thing in our today's sorrow is the memory of our yesterday's joy. Red and Jan, Monks M.C.

In memory of Fred Bradley and Gary Michaels. Your last ride took you along the road to Eternity. Fred left behind a son and wife. Denise Bradley.

In memory of Physco, Freak, and Snakey Jim. From all your friends, who won't forget. Phantoms M.C.

In memory of Ed Sall, snuffed by a car in May. You'll always be remembered by your bros. Grim Reapers M.C.

In memory of "Ozzie." Hang in there, bro. See ya soon. Glen. Pagans M.C., Marcus Hook, Pa.

In memory of L. D., father of the Delaware Valley Chapter. Pagans M.C., Delaware Valley.

In memory of "Billy Bones," one of the most beautiful dudes ever to straddle a scout. Ride free, and we'll be ridin' and partin' soon. Ghoul, G.G. Kelly, and The Green House.

In memory of Ronny "Easyriders" Dupee, a man, a biker, a friend, John and Jo, Birmingham, Ala.

In memory of "Homer," a beer drinker and a hell raiser who's sadly missed but not forgotten by his bros. Strings M.C., Ill.

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 32, Malibu, California 90263.

Downed biker needs letters and flicks from chicks. Bo Goff #149017, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

38-yr.-old con with educated tongue would like to correspond with chicks. Send photos—made preferred. Don Sommerfeld #39767, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

I would like to hear from foxes who like to suck and fuck. James Coats #C-87552, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.

Downed biker in need of letters from all women. Robert Denvers #112013, 500 Spring St. #311-W, Richmond, Va. 23261.

Good-looking Italian bro would like to hear from foxy bitches from northern California. All letters answered. Alex Gambino #7854472, Box 5547, San Jose, Calif. 95150.

I'm doing five and need mail from chicks in and around Salt Lake City, Utah. Send pictures. P. J. Hadlerie #16094, Unit 8, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Would like letters and revealing photos from ladies, 16-25. Terry Mann #K-3851, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

I'm from Riverside, Calif. Write and make me feel good. William H. Jones, Box B-38617, CTF Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

So, Cal. biker downed in Okla., needs letters and permanent relationship from ladies. T. Williamson #92747, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

A downed tramp needs to hear from good ladies. Spud Harris #77968, Brushy Mountain Prison, Petros, Tenn. 37845.

Take a little time and drop this lonely but handsome con a letter. Anthony Armstrong #96766, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

I'm pleading for letters from women who want a permanent relationship. John D. Scott #141913, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

I'm getting out later this year and I want a good woman waiting for me. Johnny Conti #76-A-4039, 135 State Street, Auburn, New York 13021.

35-yr.-old California dude needs letters, photos, and love from ladies. Robert Franklin #39298, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Who needs friends who won't write? I need friends who will. Patrick D. Willis #20000-101, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

I'm 30, incarcerated, and lonely. I need a lady who is true and trustworthy. An opportunity for the right lady. Send photo. James C. Hogan #00528-124, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

I've got a dime, but can't afford to call. Would like to hear from some ladies. Rick Farris #888-20860-K, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

21-yr.-old Pisces. I'm an appealing poet, so write to me, please. Jeffrey D. Moore #146-522, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

I need some chick who cares and would write to this lonely bro. Mike Fisher #15394, Unit 8, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

A downed bro needs mail. Wayne Rastellini, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821. Mail #590.

Down in redneck country. Need mail. Joseph Darby, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821. Mail #292.

Indian would love to hear from foxy ol' ladies and will answer all letters. I'm 34, 6' tall, with hazel eyes and dark brown hair. David E. Locklear #31043-78, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

A lonesome youngster needs mail. Gary Lunceford #B-66456, Box 686, CTF-Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Handsome young man needs someone to write to. Terrance Lee Kronk #Y-2789, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

To all ladies—young, old, and beautiful, without a chick, I'll be a horny lover when I get out, so write to Earl W. Sampson #A-059667, Mail #D-69, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Downed in redneck country with a broken heart. Chicks, please write. Walter L. Ball #044139, Mail #389, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Another biker down in the south. Daniel Gray #047783, Mail #550, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

21-yr.-old male, seeking correspondence with young ladies who may consider riding with me when I get out. Gary Lawrence #MN-258, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Perverted mail from sweet and perverted foxes wanted by dude who's doing a lot of time. W. A. Thomas #3778, KSIR, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.

Would like to hear from people in the outside world. Robert Henry #062596, B-61, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Another downed bro who is in desperate need of letters and flicks from chicks. Robert T. Harrison #163006, B-55, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

I need letters and photos from big-titted mamas. Dennis J. White #037797, B-63, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Say something, baby lady. Mathew W. Tidwell #C-61490, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

I'm 21 and been down for a few years. Need someone my age to write to. Mark Stephenson #93705, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Big ape needs chicks. First come, first served. Carl Smith #143-113, Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

I'm waiting for some mail. Will answer all letters. James Pifer, Box B-86791, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Hey, girls, if you're down and lonely, and you feel like it's the end, write to me and I'll make you feel better. John D. Kozee #32893-138, State House, Box 1000, Butler, N.C. 27509.

Bro, caged and lonely. Will answer all letters from chicks. Kolby Kristiansen, 120 S. Second St., St. Charles, Mo. 63301.

25-yr.-old Virgin would like to correspond with ladies who care. James T. Patterson #143-313, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

A down-and-out scooter tramp needs to hear from fine ladies. Will answer all letters. G. W. Sharpe #115061, Unit D, PCA, State Farm, Va. 23160.

Need to hear from foxy ladies. Myles Hilary #77-A-1546, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12029.

Are there any fine, foxy, and freakish young ladies out there who would like to write and visit this lonesome, handsome, badass motor tooter? I'll be waiting. Isaac A. Archer #100620, Mecklenburg Corr. Ctr., Box 500, Boydton, Va. 23917.

West Coast biker, broke down in the south. Would like to hear from fine ladies. Danny Robertson #67001, CR-2-25-2, 1515 Gist St., Columbia, S.C. 29202.

Locals preferred. Need mail and a loving relationship. Give me some relief from this hell-hole. Roger Floyd #15653, Box 14, ISMF, Boise, Idaho 83707.

33-yr.-old Scorpio with brown hair and blue eyes. Anybody and everybody, write. Peter Short #77-A-576, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12029.

Cat is in the zoo, so write and feed him some letters. R. A. "Cat" Ivey #141995, MHC, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Lonely con wants to hear from chicks who have more on their minds than just a bunch of bullshit. Will answer all who write. Joel B. Williams, 501 County Road, Harrisburg, Pa. 17111.

Wanted: Sincere lady to share thoughts and I hope love. Drop me a line soon. Harold Miller #06974, Box 128, 5 C.H. 2, D-17, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Here I sit in prison with no one to write to, so will some chicks please send me letters and photos? Robbin Alexander #30251-120, Delta Unit, PMB 34350, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Lonely biker, doing time, would like to hear from foxy single women around the Toledo, Ohio area. Tim Meyer, Rt. 2, Box 22, Whitehouse, Ohio 43771.

Would like to hear from biker chicks or dudes. Steve Clark, Box 2000, S-102, Vacaville, California 94988.

I would like to hear from Oklahoma women and others in the U.S. W. R. Mansfield #91366, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

All are welcome to write—and please hurry, because I am a lonesome man. Age makes no difference. Emory Newkirk #144083, MCTC, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740, S-B-7-L-1.

Loose ladies, fine freaks, horny honeys. I need some letters and visits. Straight time is hard. You can make it better. John T. Todd, III, Box B-45718, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Another scooter tramp down and in need of letters. Bill Hobbs #28321, Box 7, ABD-11, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Down and out and in need of mail from anyone. Danny Goforth #032929, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

I am looking for some righteous chicks who would like to write a lonely con. Robert Dison #01563-190, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

25 yrs. old, with gray eyes and brown hair, 5' 11", and weigh 160. I love to ride, and I need letters from chicks. Franz Schimpf #B-83370-D-8336, C.M.C., Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Been down for ten years and need young lady to write to. I'm Italian, with brown hair and eyes, 5' 10". John Logiudice, Box 38, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

Lonely brother would like mail. Haven't had any in three years. Gary E. Ciley, Box B-33803, Florence, Ariz. 85322.

Would like to hear from some foxy chicks to revive the spirit of a man in need. Terry Wylie #B-91329, I-205, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Love—let's share it, gals. Tender, sincere, with heart. Write to J. Frank Ferguson, Box B-37156, Florence, Ariz. 85322.

Didn't get out as planned, so let's get to know one another. Larry Ward #39845-115 #3, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Scooter trash doing time, in need of mail from ladies. Send photos. Gerald Barco #040851, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

I like petite women and will answer all letters from same. Maurice Ferguson #C-71764, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

47-year-old single gentleman with blue eyes and brown hair needs letters from ladies who care. Donovan Lyle Thingvold #C-70685, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

I want the meanest and loneliest chicks around to write to me. John Windh #627421, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 98362.

Ohio biker, downed in Florida, needs letters from anyone. George Sutherland #29151-120 D/S, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

In the slam and would dig hearing from wild, hell-raising, beer-drinking chicks. Randy Busha, Rt. 3, Box 295-A, W2, Selma, Ala. 36701.

You want some country sunshine? Write to Ricky Adkisson #C-73235, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

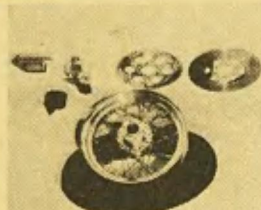
Inmate doing a lot of time, in desperate need of letters from ladies of any age who care about writing to a man in need of love. Steve Blais #B-77867, Box A-E, #5364, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Two down-and-out chicks doing time would like to hear from sincere and righteous bros. Vickie Blew #9437 and Dawn Stitz #9603, Drawer E, Conover, Clinton, N.J. 08809.

Two bros, both 21, seek big or small women to write to. Ron Mozingo #B-81469, Box MCU-213, and Terry Berner #B64810, Box MCU-212, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm doing three years and need some letters from foxes to help make the time go fast. Paul Wolsefer, Box PMB 00941-103, DI, Texarkana, Texas 75501.

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



15" & 16" SUPER STOPPER DISC BRAKE \$189⁹⁵

KIT CONTAINS: HUB • SPROCKET • DISC • HURST AIR-HEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • 15" OR 16" TIRE • TUBE • LINER • CHROME SPOKES AND NIPPLES • CHROME 15" OR 16" HOG RIM • NUTS • BOLTS • LINE • FITTINGS.

*Add \$40.00 for Chrome Master Cylinder, Caliper, Sprocket and Carrier / Laced & Trued — \$20.00



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KIT CONTAINS: HURST AIRHEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • DISC • 18" MAG WHEEL • 18" TIRE • TUBE • LINER • MOUNTING BRACKET • BOLTS • HYDRAULIC LINE & FITTINGS
Dual Disc
ADD \$100.00

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FRONT DISC BRAKE

18"
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21"
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18" FRONT DISC — \$169.95 / 21" FRONT DISC — \$189.95
KIT CONTAINS: HURST AIRHEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • HUB • DISC • CALIPER MOUNTING BRACKETS, CHROME RIM, SPOKES & NIPPLES • TIRE • TUBE • LINER, SPACERS, BEARINGS, LINE & FITTINGS • LACED & TRUED • Dual Disc Available — ADD \$100.00



15" & 16" MAG DISC BRAKE

KIT CONTAINS: HURST AIRHEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • SPROCKET • DISC • MAG WHEEL • 15" OR 16" TIRE • TUBE • LINER • BOLTS • HYDRAULIC LINE AND FITTINGS
*Add \$40.00 for Chromed Master Cylinder, Caliper, Sprocket, Carrier

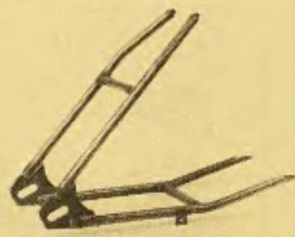
\$259⁹⁵



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WE HAVE KITS TO FIT ALL BIKES!

\$74⁹⁵



HARDTAILS

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4" OVERSTOCK AVAILABLE FOR THE FOLLOWING: Honda 305, 350, 360, 450, 500, 550, 750, Triumph 55-76 — 500, 650 & 750 (2 cyl. only), Yamaha 650, HD 74 elec. or kick (specify) and all HD Sportsters.



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Honda 750 and Kawasaki 900.

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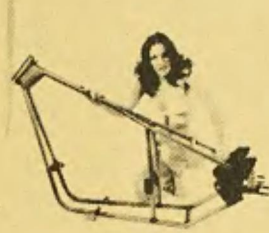
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5" Overstock length — 100% Guaranteed — Rake: 5° to 10° (1")
Honda 350, 360, 450, 500, 550, 750 • Triumph '55 to '78 750, 650, 500 and Trident • All BSA's • Yamaha 500, 650 and 750 • Kawasaki 500, 750 and 900 • Norton 750 and 850 • HD 74 • Sportster

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☐ Front 18" Disc Brake
☐ 15" Rear Mag Assem.
☐ Chrome
☐ Front Mag Disc
☐ Hard Head
☐ 15" Disc Brake
☐ Chrome

- ☐ 15" Wheel Kit
☐ 18" Front Dual Disc
☐ 21" Front Dual Disc
☐ 16" Wheel Kit
☐ Soft Tail Frame
☐ 21" Front Disc Brake
☐ 16" Rear Mag Assem.
☐ Chrome

- ☐ Lace & True
☐ 15 x 5" Superwide Rim
☐ Hard Tails
☐ 16" Disc Brake
☐ Chrome
☐ Springer
☐ Girder
☐ Spoke Set

50% DEPOSIT ON ALL ORDERS • PERSONAL CHECKS TAKE 30 DAYS EXTRA



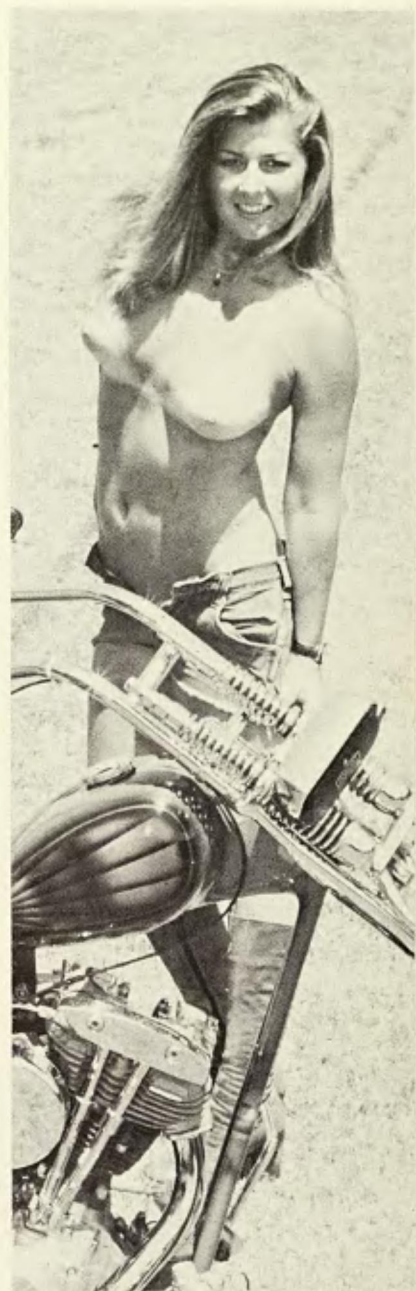
TERRY

HOT FUN IN THE SUMMER SUN

A couple of the crew drove out to Charlie's pad to do a feature on this trike. And what do ya suppose went down? We broke out all the clickin' camera shit and got started, but Pat, one of Charlie's bros, said, "Hey, you guys, wanna aim them things at a broad?"

A bit skeptical, we went for the proposition. But when Terry popped outta her towel, we about ate the film. A leisurely bike feature turned into eye strain, coupled with high fever. Her tits twisted the cub reporter's eyeballs loose in their sockets, Pete started sweatin' all over the imported





Photos by Pete Chiodo/Kim Peterson

cameras, and I buried my head in forty beers and a bottle of Jack Daniel's—couldn't handle the pressure.

Okay, so most of these ravishing girl features are accompanied by a titillating tale of touching tenderness. But this time you lose. I couldn't write about anything except look-but-don't-touch, feverish frustration. She had four bros watchin' over her every goddam second, so even the cub's attempt to slick his hair back, talk about strokers, and endeavor to lure her behind a palm tree with promises of who knows what didn't work. Pete negotiated all day with her ol' man to trade everything but his shorts for her, but to no avail. And as she gently and lovingly twisted her nipples to

make 'em hard, we all fell victim to massive attacks of sunstroke.

But we gotta thank all the big-hearted sweeties who spring their bodies on us. They're good people and they help us make this a better rag. We couldn't live without 'em—not for one night. So here's to a bottle of whiskey and a sweet young thing: may she tempt us, tantalize us, and—occasionally—torment us. May she deprave us, deny us, and—more often than not—destroy us. And may she rile us, enrage us, and—once in a while—ruin us. All good reasons for the bottle of whiskey.

—Snake

—Continued on next page





Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$1.20 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly-written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are

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)

A monster-sized Harley orange beach/blanket towel (72"x45") with black Harley wings, only \$18.50, plus \$1.25 shipping. Matching companion orange bath towel (24"x48") with black Harley wings on both ends, only \$11, plus \$1 shipping. Black vinyl riding visor cap with orange Harley wings, one size fits all, only \$5.50. Graduate with class: Harley University T-shirt, gray with black rims, with orange Harley University crest, only \$7, plus \$1 shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. "Property of Harley University" black sweatshirt with "Hogs" imprinted on back, only \$10, plus \$1 shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. Calif. residents add 6% for state's stash fund. No C.O.D.'s. Checks require 4-6 weeks. M.O. shipped fast. Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Dealers inquiries invited. (70)

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"x1 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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

I'm a 24-year-old white dude, willing to write any babe interested in corresponding with an inmate. John T. Hawes #C10544, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (64C)

Cathy: To one foxy lady. I love you. Together forever, Gary. (64)

Guaranteed photo I.D. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. Process identifications-EZ108, Box 411, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (64)

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

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)

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)

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)

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

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)

To Sunshine: Love ya. Times were beautiful while I was on the street with you. After doing these few years in this fucked place, I'll be looking for an ol' lady to help me put this trike together for some puttin'. Think about it and write to me at this address. Rick Barrios, Plaquemines Parish Prison, Pointe-A-La-Hache, La. 70082. (63)

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)

Finally made it back to California, even if I'm still in the joint. How about some ladies writing this lonely dude? Richard D. Seibel 18977-148, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438. (63G)

Lonely, foxy blonde, new to San Diego, wants to meet scooter tramps in same area. Trainable, but not for trade. Send letter, pic, and phone. Mouse, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

As a state chapter of ABATE, we recognize only the true ABATE National in Washington, D.C. Wanda Hummel, ABATE of Indiana. (65)

Dewey: Happy Birthday, babe. Here's to us and our life together, wherever it may take us. You are the most beautiful person I've ever met. Love ya bunches, Terri. (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)

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)

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)

Guy looking for a slim, neat, charming housewife in Michigan; can work out living arrangement. Send photo and details of self. Jay, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

Acreage 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. (65)

ABATE National, Region 2 (Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kentucky, and Ohio) recognizes only the true ABATE National in Washington, D.C. Wanda L. Hummel, ABATE National, Region 2 Director. (65)

Unusual books: weapons, crime, self-defense, police manuals, money-making opportunities, living free—all kinds a good shit! Hundreds of titles! Unique catalog, \$1. Lompoc, Box 264A, Mason, Michigan 48854. (67)

Biker from Ohio, looking for woman to ride and live with. I'm 30 years old and have a steady job. Will pay all traveling expenses. Reply with photo to Box 906, Downstairs, 166 West 21st Street, New York, New York 10011. (66)

S.S. skull patch or swastika patch, \$1.75 each or 2 for \$3. Catalog of stuff, \$1. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (65)

Wanted: chicks to write and share a smile. Will answer all letters. Send picture, if possible. Robert Dopkowski #137200, Route #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740. (66)

After three years in Spain, I'll be back to "P" cola or Jack's in Oct. Look for my lowrider or the Starship. Gary Giltter. (65)

Canadian bikers: expert engine and transmission rebuilding for Harley-Davidsons. Performance work, head porting, flow bench work, stroker and big-inch engines our specialty. Wheel building, plus a full line of Harley, custom, and performance parts. Send \$5¢ for price sheet. Harley-Davidson of Winnipeg, 510 Corydon Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3L 0P1. (204) 475-7055. (67)

Jayhawk: Finally caught the freedom bird back to the world. Hit ground at El Paso. Denny's bringing the van down. Taking leave to Sierra Vista soon. Be cool and take it light, bro! Nasty Jack. (65)

Young English couple emigrating to the west coast of America. Seek work and accommodations from September onwards. Jeff and Jo, 58A Milton Street, Maidstone, Kent, ME16 8LD, England. (65)

Wanted: basket or rat knuckle, pan, or flathead 80. Will drive to surrounding states. Mike, (914) 434-3338. Impact Parts, Glen Wild Rd., Glen Wild, New York 12738. (65)

'47 knucklehead chop—stock engine, square tube frame, springer. Will send pic. \$3600. Kraut Berkheiser, Box 9193, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46899. (65)

Wanted: slim, good-looking, one-man female, 18-25, no taller than 5'7". I have a job w/r/r. and 3 wh. 45. If interested, write P.O. Box 74, Kelso, Calif. 92315. (65)

Hey, bro! Are you a real stud? Join IAMP—International Association of Male Prostitutes (novelty only). Become a lifetime card-carrying member. Your partner can join, too. Special introductory offer—two lifetime memberships. \$2. Send to IAMP, Dept. E, P.O. Box 2093, Sunnyvale, Calif. 94087. P.S. Please show this ad to a friend. (65)



Kris White



Jackie M. Clark



Elizabeth Williams



Shelley Ann Baker



Joan Lesaul

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.



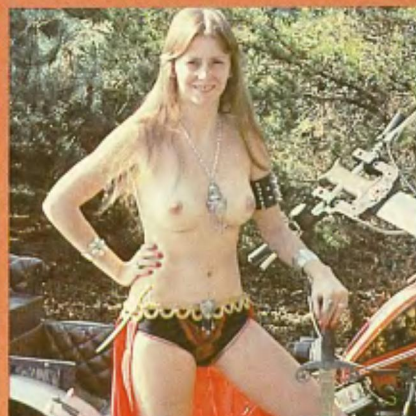
Candy



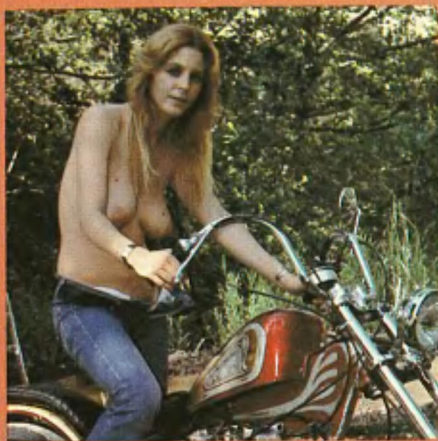
Blue Velvet



Here she is, folks—Tish, the seventh winner in the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Dale Meyers, Pamela Doss, and Debbie Marsters.



Teresa Ann Showwalter



Michelle Moely



Robin Willets



Donna Rose



Shannon Lemieux



B. B. Haase



Maryann Albrecht



Cheryl Clouse



Sundown



Sunshine

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



Kassi Waszk



Veronika Nemmers

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 December issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be October 31, 1978. Send us a postcard or scrawl on the back of an envelope—all ya gotta do is indicate which contestant gets your vote. Send all votes to #65 Ol' Lady Contest, Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.



Julie Steele



Candy Dugo



Gwendolyn McCrea



Diane Lyons



Elaine Wilson

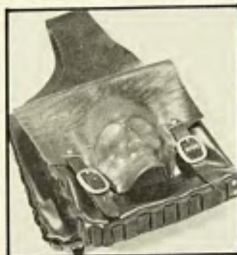


Deborah Coppala



Charlene Wilson

sculptured

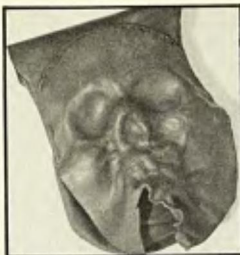


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Add \$2.50 for postage and handling.

leather



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\$20.00
(one of a kind)

Cuckoo Science

—Continued from page 65

said the dude would be named Hiller (it was Hitler, in case you'd forgotten) and he said that Hiller would be captured and carried through the streets of London in a wooden cage. Well, it didn't turn out altogether like that, although an **effigy** of Hitler was carried through the streets of London in a wooden cage. Of the more than three thousand predictions Nostradamus made, that's the only one that came really close. He also predicted eclipses of the moon, which any soothsayer of the day knew all about, and by practicing as a weatherman in private, he predicted upcoming storms, to the astonishment of the masses.

Marco Polo discovered that the Chinese practiced astrology, and that they were very skillful at their trade. He wrote that "very often their words come to pass, so the people have faith in them." But if the shit is so reliable, why isn't it more accurate than "very often"?

The Hindus also practice astrology, and they believe in it as strongly as do people from the western part of the world. The funny thing is, their charts have a discrepancy of some twenty degrees between two systems of the zodiac. How come both eastern and western charts "work"—given such a difference? Could it be that some things occur only if people believe in them strongly enough?

The philosopher Plato also believed in astrology, or so he claimed. He predicted that he would die only when he had completed the most nearly perfect number of years, namely, nine multiplied by itself. Sure enough, he crapped out when he was eighty-one.

Mark Twain was born when Halley's comet went shooting across the sky, and in later years he said that he would die when it returned. He was right. Twain was born in 1835 and cashed in his chips in 1910, the year the comet reappeared.

So fanatical are the believers in astrology that someone once compiled the following bit of inanity: On the fourth day of June, 1738, in the parish of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, at almost identically the same minute, two boys were born into this world. One was George the Third, King of England. The other was John Hemming, a blacksmith. In October, 1760, George came to the throne of England and John went into business for himself. Both men were married on the 8th of September, 1761. On January 29, 1820, both men died, less than an hour apart. Fuckin' amazin', ain't it?

There is only one kind of astrological prediction that is invariably true, and that's the kind printed in **Easyriders**

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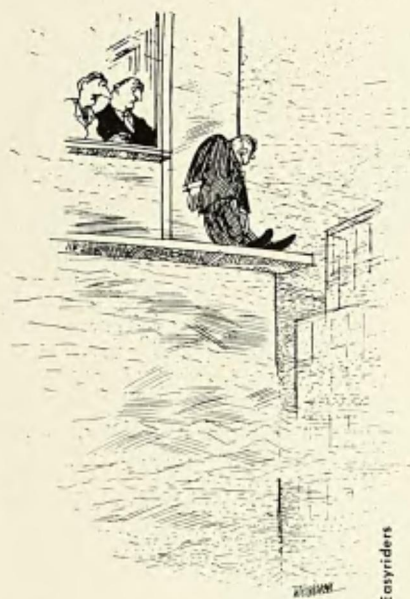
Free Shipping, Dealer inquiries invited

each month, figured out and written by Dusty Sage. If Dusty warns ya not to go fuckin' around or you're gonna get the clap, keep your crank in your pants; an' if she says your ol' lady is gonna get knocked up, ya better put a padlock on her snatch. If you're still not convinced that astrology is a buncha shit, here's somethin' else to think about.

Back in the 1930s, in Los Angeles, a religious cult leader said that the stars had told him that the world was going to come to an end on a certain date. Believing their leader, all of his congregation gave away their belongings, right down to their skivvies, and on the appointed day they went and stood on a hilltop in Pasadena. He had named the exact minute that the end would come, and, sure enough, when that time arrived, the world ended—for him. He dropped dead of a heart attack.

ESP (extrasensory perception) is sorta like atom bombs, soap powder, and rubber boots—it's subject to the laws of supply and demand. Thirty years ago, when the phenomenon was brought to public attention and promoted for its money-making potential, persons with ESP were as popular as baseball heroes. A few remarkable incidents occurred where persons claimed to have received messages from stranded or dying relatives or friends—or from total strangers—thereby adding greater mystery to their feats. Today, with the advent of better communication through C.B. radios, television, and so forth, there has ceased to be a need for such mystical hassles as sending thoughts through the air waves.

At one time, the mystery of ESP



"The foul air got him before he could jump."

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To order, send any size color or b&w photo, Polaroid, slide, magazine cutout, anything (returned unharmed) along with \$7.95 plus 75¢ postage, or 2 for \$15.50 plus \$1.25 postage. Be sure to include shirt size (S-M-L-XL). For additional print on reverse side add \$3.50.

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Style 401: White tank top w/green grass leaf. Sizes: 2 yrs., 4 yrs., 6 yrs.
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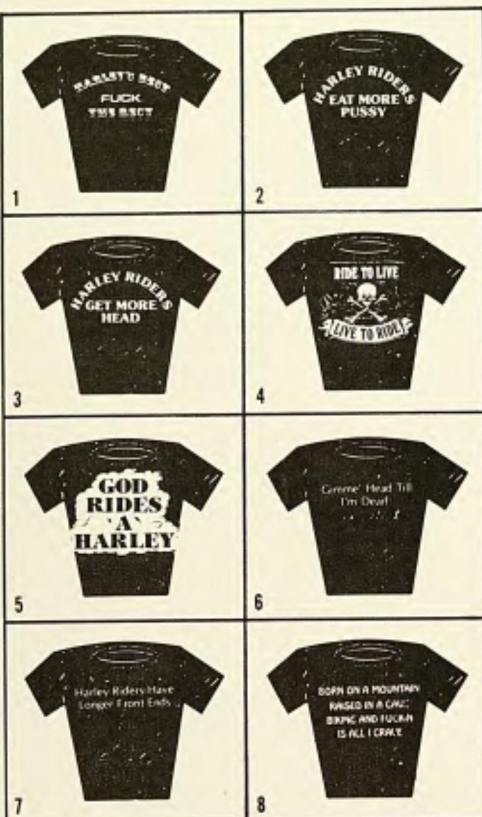
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became so popular that entertainers took to the vaudeville stages all over the country, proclaiming that they could read the minds of people in the audience. On radio, Dunninger, the greatest mentalist of them all, "read minds" over the telephone, from as far as three thousand miles away. Not only that, but Dunninger's thought waves were so strong that he could simply concentrate and shatter a wine glass on a table across the wide stage of the theater. 'Course, some people suggested that Dunninger used a confederate with a BB gun and a dead aim. Really, now!

Since it can't be applied to the everyday business of life, the value of ESP is very limited. ESP has no substance in fact, and there is not **one single case** on record demonstrating scientific proof of its existence. A test, conducted by the parapsychologists Rhine and Gibson, using 27,500 adults and 12,500 children, indicated only that the children were generally more precognitive than the adults, thereby proving nothing in particular.

Between 1943 and 1948, Gertrude Schmeidler, of New York City College, conducted experiments using sheep and goats. How the fuck she knew what they were thinking or doing is beyond my understanding, but she made a lot of bread before she declared the experiment a failure.

One of the most interesting visionaries, who claimed he foresaw the great fire of Stockholm, came under suspicion when he also stated that he saw angels undressing. Another time he swore he saw God, dressed as a working man. Since there are no factual accounts of ESP in action, it has to be dismissed with a laugh, although certain coincidences may seem to lend a false credence to the phenomena.

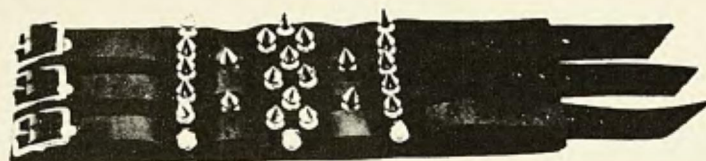
Acupuncture is another pseudoscience currently on the wane after a hearty popularity. While it has been a popular practice in the Orient for hundreds of years, recent scientific tests indicate nothing weird, occult, or phenomenal in its nature. Recent tests, conducted in a major American hospital, showed that a human being's physiological reaction to pain of the sort caused by acupuncture releases a chemical produced by the pituitary gland. This chemical is called endorphin, and it is one of the strongest painkillers yet discovered by doctors. Because of this "forced" production of endorphin, acupuncture may indeed help to relieve pain. But now that the discovery has been made, perhaps endorphin can be synthesized. Then instead of your going to an Oriental doctor to be used like a dartboard in an S-M parlor, a simple injection of endorphin will do the job.

Acupressure may fall into the same category as acupuncture, although this

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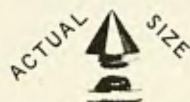
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method of pain relief is quite new on the American scene, and has yet to be thoroughly investigated. Acupressure consists of having the patient lie down—naked, of course—while the "doctor" presses his thumb and fingertips into vital spots of the body. I tried it on my chick, and she loved it. The truth is, of course, that the doctor's fingers are either pinching a nerve until it fails to carry the message of pain to the brain, or he's using ordinary chiropractic but calling it something else.

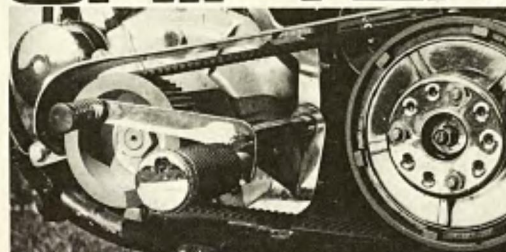
In 1785, a cat named Dr. Franz Joseph Gall announced the discovery of phrenology, which claimed that the shape of a dude's head, nose, and ears were clues to his personality. He believed this so strongly that he became a fanatic on the subject, and men in high positions all over the world followed his teachings. There's little doubt that people suffered because of this belief. Fat ears supposedly indicated a criminal nature, pointed ears meant a person was selfish, and long, thin ears came on dudes who flew off the handle a lot. A person whose lips turned up at the corners, as though he were smiling, was alert and had a good sense of humor. (Gall shoulda studied my idiot brother-in-law.) Thin lips meant a stingy bastard, and fat lips meant uncontrollable passion.

In a book on the subject of phrenology, published in the late 1940s, there was a photograph of Richard Nixon, showing him to have a square head. Such a head was said to show high ideals, reasoning power, and adaptability. Such people were supposed to be patriotic, cautious, and have a dominant safety-first attitude. Well, ya can't win 'em all.

Now, get this. Dr. Gall stated that a dude with heavy-lidded eyes was

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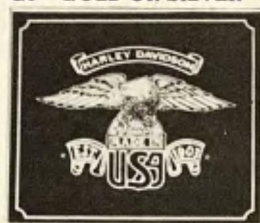
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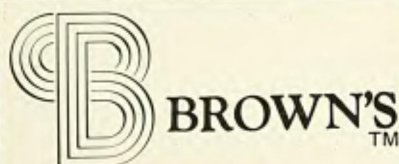
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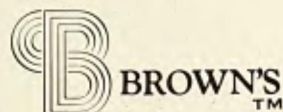


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Palmistry, card-reading, and fortune-
telling all come under the heading of
plain old fakery. Most people never
hear anything bad when they have
their fortune told by one of these
methods. Just think of the lawsuits a
fortuneteller would have on her hands
if she went around tellin' dudes that
they were gonna die in a couple of
days or that their bike was gonna get
ripped off.

Fortunetellers, whether using cards,
palms, or a crystal ball, all tell ya the
same things. You're gonna take a trip
or ya just took one. They never say
exactly when, and everybody takes a
trip sooner or later. The gullible custom-
er remembers the prediction and is
positive that it came true. They'll also
tell ya there's either going to be a
death in the family or there recently
was one (shit, everybody has an old
relative that's gonna die, sooner or
later). If the fake tells ya you're gonna
come into some money, you'll think
about it every payday. If she says
you're gonna lose some, you'll think
about that, especially when some bro
stiffs ya for some bread for parts for
his scooter.

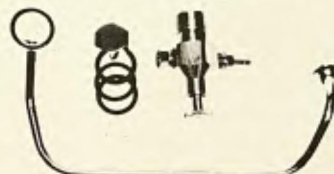
As for palmistry, a long lifeline don't
mean shit. When ya get to Harley
Heaven, ask some of the young bros
ya meet there about long lifelines. Ask
my kid. She had a long one, and she
got dusted when she was three.

In the world of dreams, Ptolemy, or
Claudius Ptolemaeus, was the father of
dream analysis. He lived in the second
century after Christ, and he published
a book titled **Tetrabiblos**. It was filled
with dream interpretations that are
still followed today. There haven't
been many improvements on his work,
so there's no tellin' what he'd say if ya
dreamed of fallin' off your chopper or
gettin' a dose of clap from your good-
lookin' next-door neighbor. But he had
a few analytical reports that were
whizzers. Check out these: Man beats
woman = faithful love. Rubbish pile
= marriage. Peaches = sexual inter-
course. Horses = many love affairs.
Spinning yarn = whore. Thimble =
marrying a whore. Squirrel = wearing
female garments. (That's squirrely, ya
gotta admit.) A nun = promiscuity or
seduction. Buttonhole = being kept out
late at night by men. (I must dream
about a lot of buttonholes 'cause my
bros keep me out all night.) Dancing
fairies = keeping company with
whores. (Ain't that the truth?) A white
mouse = pregnancy. Easter eggs =
a man with tits.

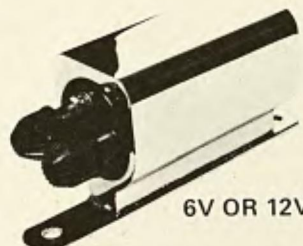
Freud commented on the meaning of
dreams by saying: "There can be no

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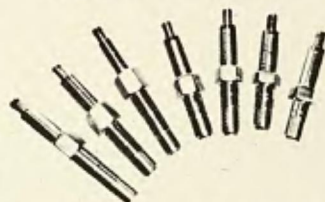
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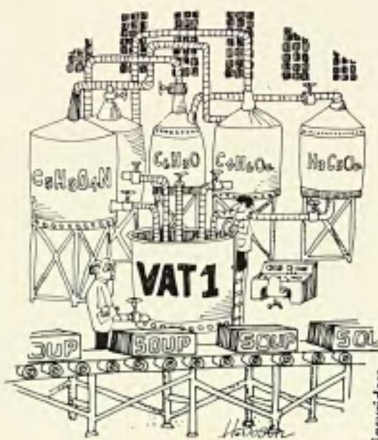
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\$20,000-a-year job and are fuckin' us taxpayers outta our hard-earned bread.

And now that we're finished pissin' off all you nuts who believe in such trash, here's one more bit of information that's been prophesied by members of the pseudo-scientific crowd: Murder—many cases of this crime occur in August, January, and June; few take place in February, November, and December. (Somebody better tell the Los Angeles Strangler, the Boston Strangler, and Juan Moreno. The L.A. Strangler dusted his twelfth victim in December. Infanticide (rugra? killin')—dangerous periods are February and May; very few cases occur in September and December. (Wait'll Santa gives 'em their presents—then dust 'em an' get a refund on all those toys.) Poisoning—May is the favorite month for criminals of this type; as a rule, during September they remain absolutely idle. (Probably got so fucked up in November, they couldn't remember where they hid the poison bottle.) Threats of death—many such threats are made in August, but few in February, May, and November. Perjury (what, me lie?)—December and February are the two months during which this crime is most prevalent. Forgery—during April, October, and December, forgers are most busy, and also during the first days of every quarter and the last days of every year. Theft—more crimes of this type are committed in December and January than other months of the year. (What the fuck—gotta steal back all them Christmas presents, don't we?)

There ya go, dear readers, and if all you astrology nuts get pissed at me, just remember what Dr. Charles Nordmann, the noted French physicist, said: "Celestial X-rays coming from the stars exercise influence on the life organisms of each of us. We therefore have good reason to ask ourselves whether the stars emitting celestial rays, which act upon us incessantly, are not the cause of human cancer."



"Is it soup yet?"

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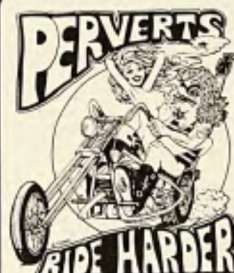


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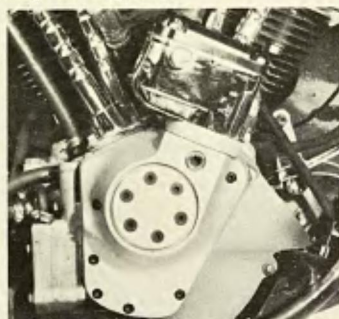
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One-Eyed Jackie

—Continued from page 18

There was a place where the club rode on special occasions, like holidays or somebody's birthday, when the bros wanted to party down in righteous style without interference. It was up the coast, right on the edge of a bluff that overlooked the ocean. Part of the old mansion had fallen into the sea years before, but there was still a lot of it left. A tiled fountain dominated the center of an ornate patio. Upstairs, although most of the roof had fallen in, there were plenty of little hiding places where the bros could sleep or get out of the sun or the rain. There was a balcony, too.

The balcony overlooked the patio, and if there were special announcements to be made, or one of the bros got drunk and wanted to sit up there and play his guitar, it was the perfect spot. The prez liked to stand up there and direct the goings-on below. He'd swagger around wearing his Fidel Castro cap, sporting a couple of crossed bandoliers across his chest, makin' his speeches. He always got applause 'cause he looked just like the head honcho that he was.

One time, Slimy Art—everybody called him Art the Fart behind his back—got wasted out of his mind at the end of a run to the place. It was on one of those special summer nights, when the moon was full and everyone was acting crazy to begin with. Slimy Art stood up there and started recitin' loony Shakespeare, 'cause he'd been a college boy before he got it together and took up bikin', and he knew all kinds of funny shit like that.

"What ho," he hollered. "Her hole is fulla soap. I'll kiss her snatch an' fly away." Everybody was crackin' up, and they threw beer cans and pieces of broken tile at him.

"Romeo, Romeo," he shouted. "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Jackie walked out of the lower floor of the old house and stood by the fountain. She looked up at Slimy Art and said, "Romeo is supposed to be down here, you duck." She looked up at him and the moon got caught in her eyes and made 'em sparkle gold. Slimy Art leaned over the edge of the balcony and said, "Oh, shit! I think I'm in love."

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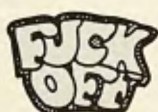
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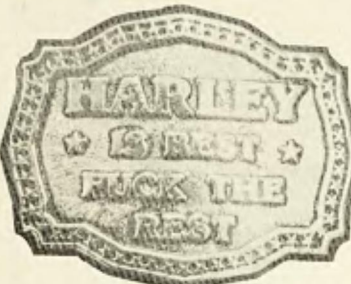


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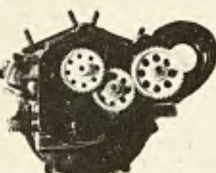


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Then he leaned further to get a better look, lost his balance, and over the edge he went. He held a can of beer in one hand and a half-eaten salami sandwich in the other, and he hit the patio like a turd out of a tall cow's ass. The salami sandwich got mushed to nothin', beer squirted all over everybody, and he sprawled there doin' the funky chicken till he came to.

When he finally woke up, Jackie was sittin' there holdin' his head in her lap, dabbin' at his bloody nose, and she was cryin' and blamin' herself. That night, she let him come over and sleep with her, under a little palm tree by the edge of the bluff, and the next day he smiled all day long. He didn't show any marks from fallin' off the balcony, and it was a thump that would have put most dudes in the hospital.

One weekend, when we were partyin' there at the old house, the Horny Heathens rode up—all fifty of 'em. We had a truce with 'em at the time, but things had been gettin' kinda shaky in the city, 'cause word was out that they were on some kind of power trip. We let 'em party with us just the same, and the weekend went pretty good—until one of their goons got to foolin' around with Jackie.

The dude's name was Switchblade, and I guess there ain't no sense in goin' into why he got that name. He had a rep for bein' a badass, and he started grabbin' at Jackie whenever she got within reach. She just smiled that pretty smile of hers and danced out of the way each time he did it, but after a while you could see that her patience with the asshole was growin' a little thin. When he came right out and invited her to sleep with him that night, she put him down—but in a nice way, sayin' she'd already made plans with someone from our club. But Switchblade wouldn't let it go at that.

The next day, Switchblade went around, braggin' to everybody that he was gonna kidnap Jackie some day. "I love that bitch," he said, "and whether she likes it or not—or whether any one else does—I'm gonna steal her." When the weekend was over and we all headed for home, there wasn't much friendliness showin' between them and us.

It wasn't long after that that Brutus threw the dart that put out Jackie's eye. The doctor had to remove her eye. He explained why

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to the prez, and he tried to explain it to the bros, but it was some kinda medical shit that nobody could understand. The one thing we did understand was that she had been blinded in one eye and was now goin' around wearin' one of those black eyepatches. What a darlin' she was. She acted happy as hell all the time, just like always, and talked about gettin' a blue glass eye some day. She even joked about gettin' a whole set of 'em. One was gonna be bloodshot, to wear when she'd been out partyin', and another was gonna have an American flag on it, to wear on the Fourth of July.

Switchblade and a couple of his bros dropped by the club one time, and he started his shit all over again, only this time he sounded mean and determined. "I'm gonna kidnap that little cunt and fuck her in the eyesocket. She thinks her pussy's too good for me. Well, I'll show her." We still thought he was just blowin' smoke up our ass, so we ignored his threats.

Just before Labor Day, Jackie came up missin'. Kathy, the prez's ol' lady, had dropped Jackie off at her pad on the way home. The next day, when she went over to pick her up, Jackie was gone. The manager of the apartment house said he'd heard a lot of noise the night before, followed by the sound of some bikes. Bein' used to the bros comin' and goin', he hadn't thought much about it, but word got out quick that Switchblade had made good on his threats.

Now, it ain't often that a bunch of bros will fight over a broad, 'cause most of 'em just ain't worth it, but in Jackie's case, there was a difference. We all got our pieces



"To make it all the more embarrassing, when I see a sexy girl, the blood rushes to my nose!"

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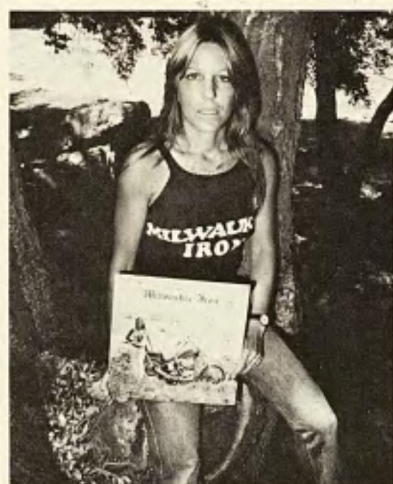
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Milwaukee Iron



It's good. No, it's **damn** good, and I like it.

During the past two years of listenin' to the FM almost constantly, keepin' up on current rock music, I haven't heard a true biker band — that is, not until I heard Milwaukee Iron. It's a first class production, put together, amazingly enough, with mighty little funds — almost no dinero, ya understand.

The album leans towards the country side of the music spectrum. Take a couple of banjos, add a mandolin, a pedal steel, bass, drums, and congos, toss in a rhythm guitar and a cabasa (whatever the fuck **that** is), and you have all the right ingredients. Check out right-on biker tunes like "Get Down Biker Music," "Turn Me Over, But Don't Turn Me Out," "Cheezy Rider," and "Shovel Man." These songs cut out the crap and tell it like it is. To give you a small sampling, here is an excerpt from "Get Down Biker Music":

I've got that get down biker music in my soul!
I wanna write, I wanna sing about a motorcycle,
Panheads, shovelheads,
knuckleheads, too!
Strictly biker music for me and you.
And it gets better as it goes on.

Because of Milwaukee Iron's lack of funds (and could it be that there is a little prejudice against a bunch of bikers?), it seems no record stores want to carry it. So they've decided to distribute the record through **Easy Riders**, along with a little help from Uncle Sam's postal system (very little help, usually).

The cost for this gem is **\$6.00**, plus 50c for shipping. If ya send cash or a money order, the album will go out the same day as the order comes in. Checks take about 6-8 weeks to clear. Make all checks and money orders out to David, and mail your order to: David Record Offer, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

If you're a bro in the joint and out of funds, we know what it's like. Have your librarian write us on library stationery and request a copy of the record — we'll send one copy out at no charge. Ya see, this ain't no snow job. Get the record. You'll either jump through your asshole or throw a party — maybe both. It ain't Ted Nugent, Led Zeppelin or anything that gut-wrenchin' loud, but whatdafuck's wrong with listenin' to some straightass biker music for a change?

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WAS HERE!

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Thanks,
Mutha



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and scattered around town, askin' questions and lookin' in likely places for her. We even managed to nail a couple of the H.H. members. We tied 'em up and dragged 'em over to the clubhouse. It seemed like none of 'em knew anything about the kidnagin', though. Switchblade had carried off the whole thing on his own, and because he had put his own bros in a pretty awkward spot, they weren't happy about it. We ain't no club to fuck with.

Well, to make a long story short, Jackie had sure as shit been kidnapped by Switchblade. He'd been waitin' for her at her apartment the night Kathy let her off, and when she came in, he grabbed her. She know what a mean motherfucker he was, and she was scared to death of bein' alone with him, with nobody around to help her, but she had her special way of handlin' rowdy dudes. She talked sweet to him, to calm him down, and pretended that she'd go along with him without a fight. He even let her go alone into the bedroom to pack a few things before she went with him. That's just one more example of what a jerk he was. He shoulda watched her closer.

Switchblade took her to his pad and locked her in the bedroom. Right away the clown tried talkin' her into movin' in with him, forgettin' any hard feelings she might have. Ain't that somethin'? The poor fucker was really in love with her, just like everybody else, and he was too proud to go about things the right way.

For a couple of days, he did everything he knew how to do, and he finally even got down to beggin' Jackie to live with him as his ol' lady. When he finally realized that



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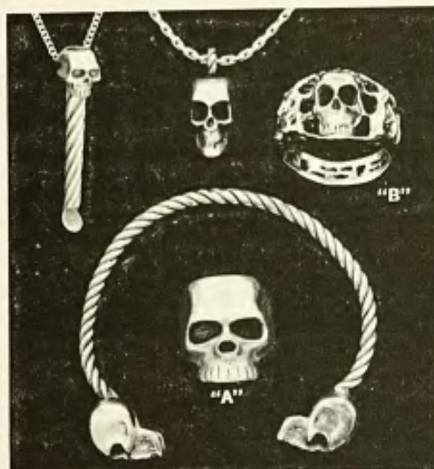
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there was no way in the world he would ever have her willingly, he got pissed. He locked the bedroom door while he got drunk in the kitchen. I guess he drank a fifth of Jack Daniel's, then downed a square or two of windopane before he unlocked the door and tried to fuck Jackie in the eye—to teach her a lesson. That was the second mistake he made.

Ya see, when Jackie went into her bedroom to pack some things to take with her, she raised the flap over her empty eyesocket and shoved in one of those little rubber snakes ya can buy at the dime store. When Switchblade, freakin' out on booze an' acid, lifted that eyeflap to stick his dick in, the snake jumped out an' flicked him on the end of his joint.

Me an' Wolfman were puttin' down through The Patch, a run-down area near where Switchblade lived, when all of a sudden we heard screamin'. We spotted Switchblade haulin' ass around the corner. He's naked as a jaybird an' he's runnin' for his life, screamin' an holding his joint in his hand.

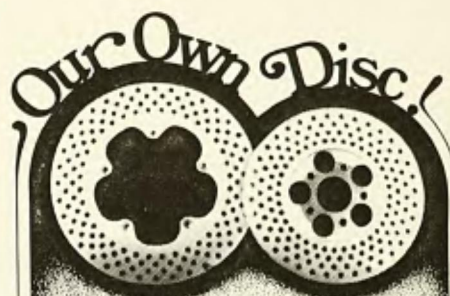
A few minutes later, Jackie came walkin' down the street, just as calm as could be. Her clothes were dirty, and her little tit-top was half torn off, but she was smilin' sweetly an' adjustin' her eyepatch.

That's all. Switchblade is still in the hospital, I guess. Nobody has ever bothered to check on him, but I don't think he'll be comin' around again. In fact, I don't really remember much about him.

But there's one thing I do remember, and that's the night I saw a grown man cry. Ya see, I'm Brutus.



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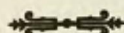


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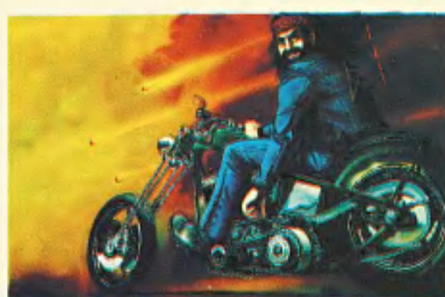
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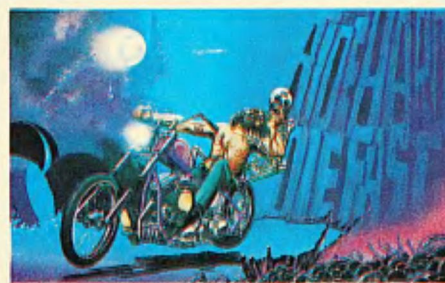
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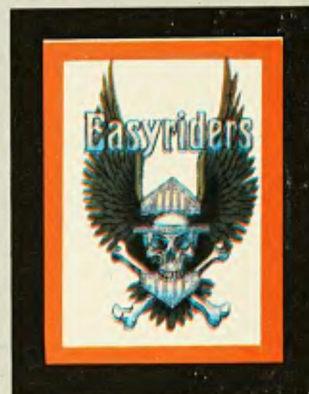
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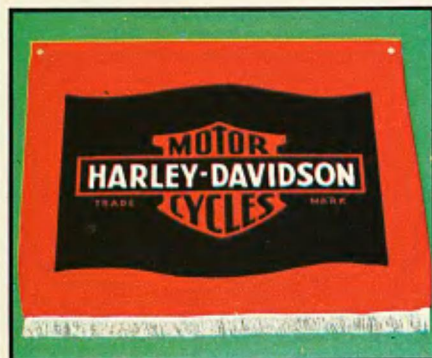
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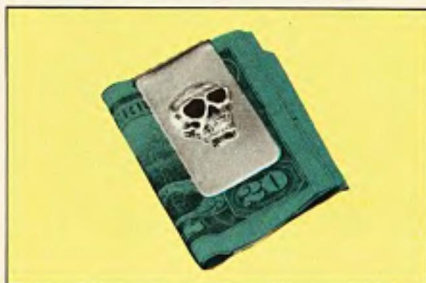
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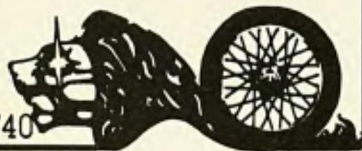
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He Taught Me Well

—Continued from page 13

He took me everywhere with him. For the first time in my life, I felt really proud. He made me feel like somebody important. I felt good when I was riding behind him and the sweet young things on the streets were eating their hearts out. I was the luckiest person in the world, and I knew it.

He treated me like a woman, but he treated me like a person, too. He taught me how to live my life without worrying about what the neighbors might think. Screw the neighbors if they can't take a joke. He taught me how to enjoy making love, and the whole world could stuff it if it didn't approve. He made me laugh when I was down and proved to me that the only really important thing in life is to live fully and try to be happy.

We spent the summer partying. I was a thousand miles from home, and there was nobody with any real authority to stop me from being myself. My roommate's parents tried to stop me. In the end, they threw me out of my own apartment because they didn't want the likes of him hanging around their daughter. He wasn't hanging around their precious daughter. He was hanging around *me*, and I sure wasn't going to blow a good thing and chase him away, so I moved into a place of my own. Got thrown out of there, too—by the landlord, because of what the neighbors would think. Near as I could tell, the neighbors he was referring to didn't do a hell of a lot of thinking—just talking.

Eight years passed, and we remained together. Through all those years, he never tried to tell me who I could or couldn't be friends with. He never asked where I was going or when I'd be back—or if I really went where I said I was going. He didn't have to. When I made mistakes, he never called me stupid or put me down. He'd just give me a hug and a kiss and let me know it was all right. I think I can honestly say I spent most of those eight years smiling—because he chose me to be his ol' lady, and that in itself was something to smile about.

I loved to watch him and his pan-head. They were made for each

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other, like the bike was part of him and he was part of the bike. Together, they were one.

It always amazed me how sharply he could turn that Hog, like when he made a U-turn on a narrow side street. You could swear he was going to scrape his nose on the pavement, he leaned the bike so far. But he never lost it. He told me once that he figured some day the ol' Hog was going to get a case of the Bendix Blues right in the middle of one of those turns. It was going to cough and die, and then he *would* be eating dust—not to mention what all this would do to his ego.

Sometimes, when he was getting ready to go somewhere, but wasn't in any real hurry, he'd start the pan and just listen to it run. It did sound good. God, they made a handsome pair!

He taught me how to take a motorcycle apart and put it back together again. He taught me how to ride, too. Even gave me my own Harley. I'll never forget my first riding lesson. He took me to an empty parking lot one sunny Sunday afternoon. He rode the bike to the middle of the lot and shut it off.

I protested. "Aren't you going to leave it running for me?"

"If you can't start it, you can't ride it," he said.

I kicked and kicked till I thought I'd fall over. When the bike finally did start, it scared the shit out of me and I killed it.

The second time I rode, I took the scooter around the neighborhood we lived in. I killed it several times, even forgot to put the kickstand up once. But I didn't drop it. I rode up into the yard with a big, proud grin on my face, stopped, and promptly fell over. He was just inside the house, cracking a nut over my performance. I asked him if he'd come out and help me pick it up. But I should have known better.

"If you can't pick it up, you can't ride it. Har! Har! Har!"

No slack at all, man. But he was right, and I knew it. He was always right.

The first winter I had my own bike, he made me tear it down myself. (Said if I couldn't take care of it, I couldn't ride it.) By then, I'd been around bikes enough to be able to figure a lot of it out myself. If I got stuck on something, he'd show me how to do it, but he wouldn't do it for me, unless I could prove I



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couldn't do it myself. He taught me well. I know my own bike inside out now—and it's a good thing.

I was in bed. It was a little after midnight and he wasn't home yet, but it was Saturday night. Nothing unusual—it was a good riding night. I couldn't get a babysitter, so I had just stayed home. Every time he was in some kind of trouble and I wasn't with him, I could sense something was wrong. It was an eerie feeling. The night he was run off the road by some jerk in a station wagon, I had been sound asleep for a couple of hours. But at the precise moment of the accident I was suddenly awakened. I listened, but didn't hear a thing. Still, something was wrong. I could feel it. The night he got his nose broken at the bar was the same. I knew something was wrong, because I could feel it. The night he had a flat tire, too. I hate it when I get those feelings. I never know what to do, so I just concentrate on hoping it isn't anything serious. I guess I always hoped that he would outlive me so I wouldn't have to be faced with life without him.

That night I didn't sense anything wrong. I went to bed and immediately dozed off. My brother woke me out of a deep sleep to tell me I was wanted on the phone. I should have felt it then, but I didn't. It was my other brother on the phone. He was stuttering and stammering, not knowing what to say. Then he told me he was at the hospital.

I think I died repeatedly in the next few minutes. I don't remember much of what my brother said to me, but I do remember that the most significant words in the English language at that moment were, "It seems to be internal."

When I got to the hospital, a



"It finally happened, boss
—they all say 'Go fuck yourself!' "

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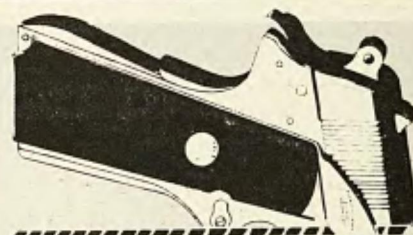
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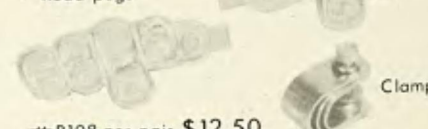


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bunch of his bros were sitting on the lawn. My brother was slumped on the ground with his head cradled in his arms. He was crying.

I suppose it's stupid, but I felt somehow responsible because I had slept through the accident. My sixth sense for trouble had failed me. I'd let him down.

I spend a lot of time now remembering. Every time I hear two people bickering over stupid little things, like how late one of them got home, I remember. Sometimes he didn't come home all night. But when he did come home, it was me he came home to, and I was always glad to see him, no matter how late it was. I never asked where he'd been. If he wanted me to know, he'd tell me. The only important thing was that he came home.

When I hear a woman telling her ol' man that he has to choose between her and his bike, I remember. I spent many nights sleeping in the same room with that old panhead—but I was the one who had shared his bed, and I remember.

It's been almost two years now. I've met a lot of new bros, and his bros are always there if I need them. I've done a lot of riding—on my own bike, as well as behind a lot of good men. I've had some good times, but I still find plenty of time to remember.

My mother thinks I spend too much time remembering the past and not enough time planning for the future. She says it isn't healthy to spend so much time thinking about the past. Maybe she's right. When I think about the times we had together and how much we meant to each other, I cry. But I feel better afterwards, because I remember the things he taught me—like the only really important thing in life is living it to the fullest.

The other day I heard one of my neighbors remarking that she thought what happened to him should be enough to keep me off that darned old motorcycle. Stupid people! They're all so afraid of dying that they're killing themselves with boredom. Life is too short to spend it worrying about tomorrow. Tomorrow may never come.

I got my bike together today. It started on the third kick. Ran like a dream. He taught me well. And I'll always remember—him.

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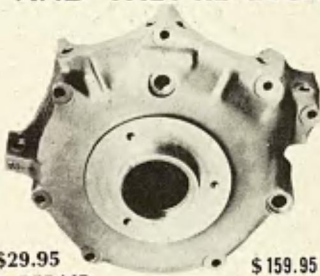
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Two So. Calif. tramps down. Would enjoy hearing from two sweet honeys who'd like to share our trip. Please send photos. Floyd Fabricant #83232, Box 10, Crestline, Calif. 92325. (65)

Join Sim-New motorcycle club in northern Calif. Also panhead, barrels, top-ends, flathead 74 cu. in. 1934 motor and more for sale. Write DA-Hood, 1030 Riverside Dr., Rio Dell, Calif. 95562. (65)

Toots: Did you lose or throw away the cover to the Colorado driver's manual? Guess that's the breaks. (65)

Ross—Happy birthday. Will love you forever. Cindy. (65)

Wanted: Easyriders #1, 19, 25, 29, and 53. Send price and condition. R. Taylor, Box 4642, Station E, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1S 5H8. (65)

Chromed allenhead bolts sets for 74s or Sportys. We got sets for cam covers, transmissions—what- ever. 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)

As a member of ABATE of Indiana, I recognize only the true ABATE National in Washington, D.C. W.H. (65)

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)

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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)

James "Putrid Pinball Pete" Puderhough: Heard you gave it back to them—Fla.—scooted to California and got our shit wasted. If not, please contact me through my aunt, Mrs. Gwendolyn Mills, P.O. Box 326, White Pine, Tenn. If so (may your soul never rest until it's been avenged). If any bro's know of his whereabouts or the truth about whether he's still alive or passed on, I could dig hearing from you or him. A better and truer bro I would not ask for. E. J. Mills #A-040690-52-0101, O Unit, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (64G)

Little Eddie, you're the greatest mom there is. Richard. (64G)

Birdog: Still love you, miss you. Your ex-ol' lady, Raggedy Ann. (65)

There will be time for our love, Nicki, and a scoot in the wind—soon. Tim. (65)

We need for a 1937 Indian in-line 4:2 solo seats (new), 2 dual seats (new), 2 chain guards, 2 battery boxes, 1 complete exhaust system. For Ariel Square Four (1951) 2-port—1957 4-port: 1 solo seat, 2 dual seats, 1 front fender (1951), 1 rear fender (1951), 1 horn (1951). Both of the bikes are being restored to stock. Also, do you know of any (at least one) H-D KH. (at least one) Vincent Black Shadow, early Henderson, another couple of Indian in-line fours? Red and Rufus Custom M/C Painting, P.O. Box 4921, South Edmonton, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6E 5G8. (63G)

Curley Joe, Brandy, Shakey Sue, Slack, Pack Rat, any of the old Dunedin and Clearwater people, can your brother get a letter from ya? Who, ya ask? Crazy George Cunningham #143-979, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699. (63G)

Hi, brothers in U.S.A.: We bikers from Denmark need some help to form a club, and hope it is possible to be a part of an American bike club. Henning Becker, Stationsvej 11, Hovslund, 6230 Rodekro, Denmark. (63G)

The Preacher is down again! This time in Quentin! So you biker trash shoot me some scribes. Lynn "Preacher" Bently #B-73831, Tamm, Calif. 94964. (63G)

Third Reich photos in Heinrich Hoffman's photo catalog! Hitler's personal photographer sold photos and paintings of all the top Nazi brass. Now you can purchase a top-quality reproduction of his entire catalog. A 9x12 book with 480 pictures of posters, postcards, photos, paintings, and more, of all the leaders of the Third Reich. A collector's item, and so authentic it can be used as a reference book. Perfect reproduction on top-quality paper. Not a cheapo book—this is it! Send \$7.95 to Deon & Co., P.O. Box 604E, Burbank, Calif. 91506. (70G)

Peter: Happy 26th. You're the one, and I'm still the asshole who cares. Love, "Ar." (65)

Looking for foxy blonde with slim body to live with me and go puttin'. Send photo, phone number, and letter to Joe, 7439 Portland Ave. S., Richfield, Minn. 55423. (65)

Hippie—Happy 27th from the one who loves you most. Your ol' lady, Gail. (65)

Happy birthday, Big Jon, from Tootsie. "Hiding in a Coors bottle" at the Brass Rail. (65)

It's lonely on the east coast. Need some mail and photos from hot chicks. Will answer all letters fast. Art, P.O. Box 2145, Pawtucket, R.I. 02861. (65)

Fiddler: Happy anniversary. Your ol' lady, Tan. (65)

Madhatter: Congratulations — on the road again! You and your pan. Your ol' lady. (65)

Avoid unwanted rugrats (also, unwanted diseases). Save \$\$\$ by buying your safes through the mail. All national brands at super-low discount prices. Send two dollars for condom sample-pak and catalog to Allegheny Hygienics, Box 4492, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205. (65)

ABATE of New York is not part of the National ABATE which is being advertised in this magazine. Bikers from New York state should send their \$5 dues to ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, New York 12205. (66)

Crowe: To our 1st anniversary! Sure proud you're my friend. Many more to come. Yours always, Deb. (65)

Sugarcane: You're so sweet-tasting and I just love your syrup. I want you forever and I'll always love you! Judy. (65)

Joey: I miss you and hope you'll hurry home. December seems so far away. Love you. Bren. (65)

As a member of ABATE in California, I recognize only the true ABATE National in Washington, D.C. Bob Lipkin, ABATE of California. (65)

Butch: Happy birthday! Let's spend a lifetime together, okay? I love you. Your ol' lady, Pam. (65)

To my very own D.S.P.P.M.F.B.R. Happy Anniversary! Love ya's, Nina. (65)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (65)

Happy birthday, Michael. You make me so proud. Your ol' lady, Beth. (65)

Hey, Joker (yes, yes). You got it all. You have filled every empty space. No. 1 in my heart forever. Yer lovin' mama, Sake. (65)

South-central Florida biker, 28, seeks sincere, one-man woman, 23-30, outdoors type, to share livin', lovin', puttin', and unique lifestyle. Send photo to John, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

Deb: As long as the Harley gods let me putt down the highway of life, you will be the one packin' on the back of my sled. Always your ol' biker, the Rev. Grub. (65)

Hot, swinging broads wanting correspondence with cool studs. Pictures, descriptions, \$5. Artist, 508-EB South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (65)

Guaranteed photo I.D. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. Process identifications-EZ118, Box 411, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (65)

ABATE of Queens doesn't support National ABATE of Sacramento, California. ABATE of Queens, Box 45, E. Elmhurst, New York 11369. (65)

Easyriders #4, #16 through present—\$100. All offers answered. Scott, 1525 Colonial Dr., Tallahassee, Fla. 32303. (65)

John: Happy 32nd Birthday (9-15-78). Life's too long to live without you. Please come back—I'll love you forever. Jane. (65)

Photos of tattooed women—20, \$5. Step-by-step tattooing and removing instructions, \$15. 300 different small designs, \$18. Complete outfit with designs, \$99. Illustrated literature, \$1. Steele, Box 242-EB, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (65)

Biasella, Ray, where are you? Call J. T. Cutler. (213) 333-7401. (65)

Neuy Babv: Happy 25th birthday. I'll love you always! Crazy Lady. (65)

Talk to me Silverbird. (65)

The Tattooists—an oversize, hard-cover book featuring color and black and white photographs of the artists and their work, along with interviews and examples of tattoo designs. "I think you did very well in covering the tattooists in your book. I know a couple of them personally, but found out things about them from your book that I did not know."—Sonny Barger. "We recommend The Tattooists without reservation. Its timely information about present-day artists and their work makes it a necessary part of every fan's collection."—Tattoo News. "Morse has produced a beautiful book. Colorful, informative, and different from any other book presently on the market."—Hustler. "An exploration of the genre of the tattoo in depth, along with the lifestyles of tattooists as businessmen and artists in an intriguing manner."—Los Angeles Times. "Spectacular photographs of spectacularly tattooed people!"—San Francisco Chronicle. "A bargain at the price."—Fetish Times. Photographs from the book were featured in June 1977 Easyriders. Send \$35, plus \$1 postage and handling to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Avenue, Dept. B, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. Money orders or cashier's checks, please. (67)

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, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush \$7 (3/\$14). J. Chevron, Box 1033-EZ118, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (65)

Texas ABATE does not recognize any ABATE National spokesman other than the Washington, D.C. ABATE National, which was elected by ABATE membership. Paul Hendley. (65)

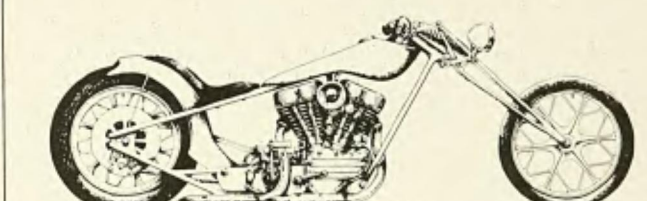
Lonely biker needs ol' lady to putt party, and live with. Send pictures and letter to Jammer, P.O. Box 492, Union Bridge, Md. 21791. (65)

Sexy Linda—doll radio with two knobs, guess where? Send \$24.95 to S and J Enterprise, P.O. Box 10786, Anchorage, Alaska 99507. (65)

Older (53), healthy, hardy, humorous, financially independent Easy Rider seeks small, sensitive, sensuous, special soul sister. Subject: sharing, sightseeing, sex, singing, and sports, while searching for semi-self-sufficient sustenance in secluded spot. Dale, P.O. Box 6358, Pacific Station, Long Beach, Calif. 90806. (65)

Wanted: lady, 20-40, to live and ride with Honda biker (40) in beautiful Ojai, Calif. Must be slim, attractive, one-man woman who digs honesty and country living. Send photo and letter to Bruce, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

58 issues Easyriders, 53 Street Choppers, 43 Choppers mags., 49 Custom Choppers, and 12 Big Bike. \$300 takes all. Frank Kostic, 7830 E. Palm Ln., Scottsdale, Ariz. 85257. (65)



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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

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Look 'em over and order yours today — and don't forget your ol' lady.

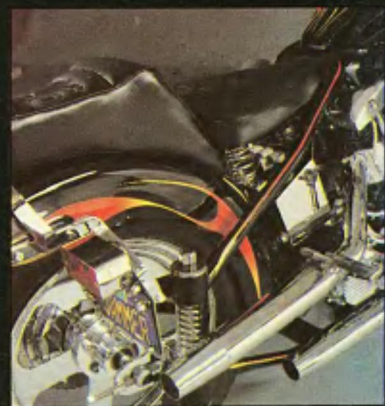
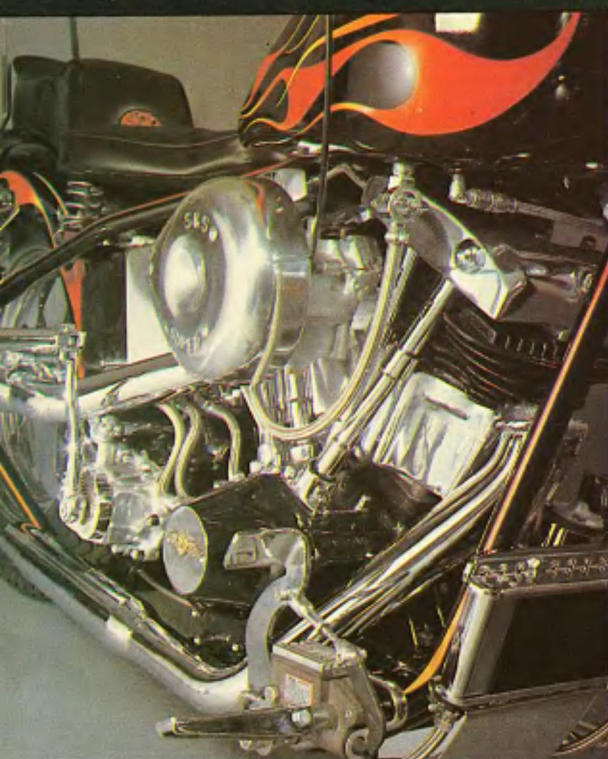


Some Things Change... Some Don't

Look around you. The passing of time brings with it change. In trying to cope with a changing world, man has created thousands upon thousands of new products, gadgets and gizmos. This creative genius has allowed many of us to change our lifestyle—the color TV, the CB; the sounds, the scenery; the clothes, and even the food we eat. Most everything around us has changed. So, it's pretty difficult to run across things that have been around for a long time, still make sense and, at the same time, feel good...good enough to make time that's passing a righteous event.

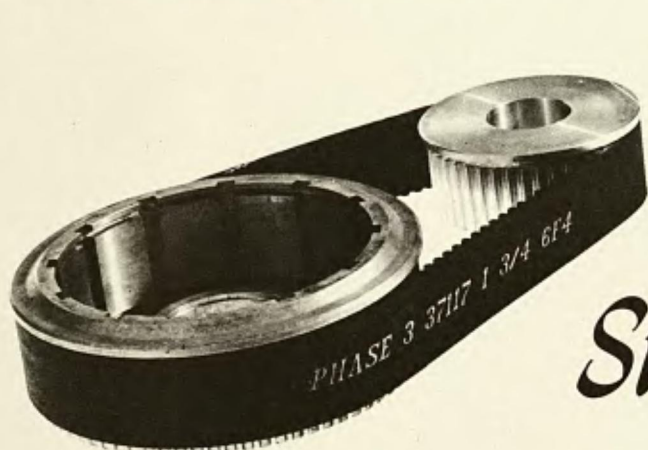
But bikers are still bikers, wrenchin' and ridin'. And Jammer is still Jammer, workin' and pushin' to please. Together, we have proven that you can still move on, live for and love motorcycles without getting short-changed! This common bond has allowed us throughout the years to dedicate ourselves to assuring the custom builder that he can still have a scoot which is his alone, an expression of his own tastes and times.

Bikers' needs may change but we have never changed our attitude towards fulfilling these needs. Sure, it would be a long list naming the different styles of custom applications that have sprung up over the past ten years. However, we have tried to make life easier by stocking what we feel are the finest products you want, all under the universally respected Jammer name. From Fat Bob to Stretcher, Harley, Honda and Kawa, over 2,000 of the most demanded products that bike builders love.



Phase 3 of America Belt Drives

Phase 3 and Uniroyal combine motorcycle and rubber technology for the finest belt drive available. The new high performance SUPER 8 belt is 60% stronger than previous timing belts. The pulleys are fully machined from billets (not castings) of high strength 6061-T6 aluminum alloy. A perfect mating is provided between the pulley and the belt. Engine shaft inserts are also precision machined from 4130 chromemoly — the ideal super combination for strength and light weight where it is most needed. The SUPER 8 is 60% lighter than the stock chain drive and will outlast a stock unit many times over.



Super 8

74

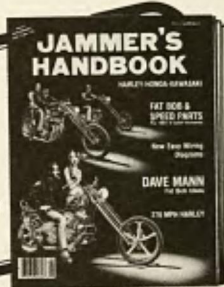
Sportster

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the name of your
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(See Order Blank on Page 126)



74 Belt Drive Open Primary. This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety for big inch "killer motors". It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown.

143060 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1937-1954. 195.00

143061 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1955-1978. 195.00

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor.

143062 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1937-1954. 175.00

143063 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1955-1964. 175.00

143064 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1965-1978. 175.00

74 Belt Drive — Electric Start. An electric start application, this unit can be installed in either an open or closed unit. Design concessions permitting the installation, dictated the use of smaller pulleys. Although the gear ratio remains the same as the other units, this unit is not recommended for big inch motors due to higher pulley speeds; it is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower.

143065 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1965-1969. 200.00

143066 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1970-1978. 200.00

Sportster Belt Drives These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available.

143067 Sportster Belt Drive. 1957-1968. 175.00

143068 Sportster Belt Drive. 1969-1970. 175.00

143069 Sportster Belt Drive. 1971-1976. 175.00

143070 Sportster Belt Drive. 1977-1978. 175.00

143071 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1967-1970. 200.00

143072 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1971-1976. 200.00

143073 Sportster Belt Drive. Electric Start. 1977-1978. 200.00

Belts The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain for five times. Designed and engineered by Uniroyal. Fiberglass and steel cord reinforced.

143081 74 Belt, closed primary & electric start. 22.00

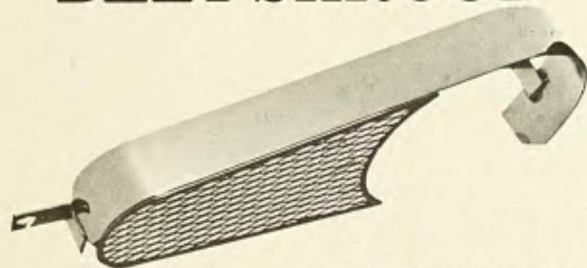
143082 74 Belt, open primary 22.00

143083 Sportster Belts, all models. 22.00



Belt Drive Accessories

BELT SHROUD

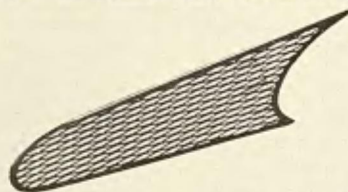


Recommended for all open 74 installations. Heavy steel construction and show chrome. Side guard optional at extra cost.

143074 Belt Shroud, 1937 to 1964. 34.95

143075 Belt Shroud, 1965 to 1978. 34.95

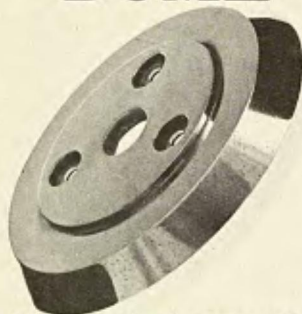
SIDE GUARD



The finishing touch and an added degree of safety is furnished by the show chromed expanded metal side guard. These units are designed to fit all of our shrouds.

143077 Side Guard. 22.50

DOMES



Harley 74 clutch domes give the custom finished look to our A-unit for open installations. It eliminates torn pants cuffs due to the spinning clutch. The highly polished aluminum dome looks great whether the bike is at rest or flashing as it spins.

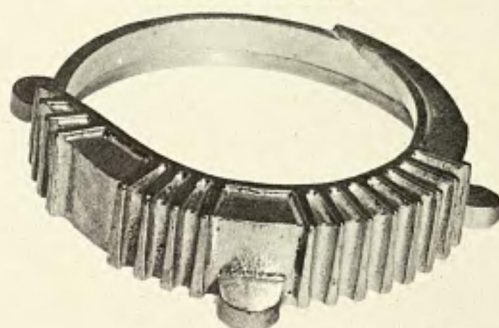
143084 74 Clutch Dome. 29.00



Pressure Plate. A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance and hard riding.

143021 Pressure Plate 29.95

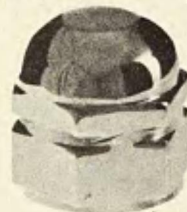
ALTERNATOR COVER



Replace the protection provided the alternator by the stock aluminum inner primary cover on 1970 and up 74's. Acting as a heat-sink, it helps cool the alternator, and registers the forward end of stamped steel inner primaries. Also recommended on alternator model open installations. Mounting lug for belt shroud is a built-in feature.

143076 Alternator cover. 28.00

ENGINE NUT



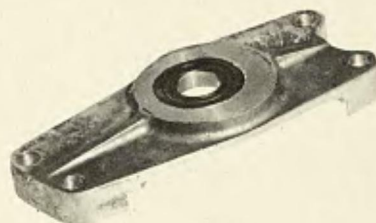
The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Lustrous show chrome.

143078 74 Engine Nut, 1937 to 1954. 9.95

143079 74 Engine Nut, 1955 to 1976. 9.95

143080 Sportster Engine Nut, all years. 9.95

**STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
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See Page 126**



Bearing Support & Bearing. Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent. This cast aluminum support bolts easily into place, providing all the support necessary. Order bearing and support separately.

10404 Bearing support 17.95

10405 Bearing 9.95

Harley Pipes

Muffled Drag Pipes

NEW!



2" Harley & Sportster Muffled Drag Pipes. With sleek tapered sporty mufflers. Polished welds. Triple nickle plating, bracketing and hardware included.

151043 Panhead, All years.	83.15
151044 Shovelhead, 1966-1969.	83.15
151045 FXE, 1972-1978.	83.15
151046 Sportster, All years.	83.15

Custom chrome clamps for that finishing touch.



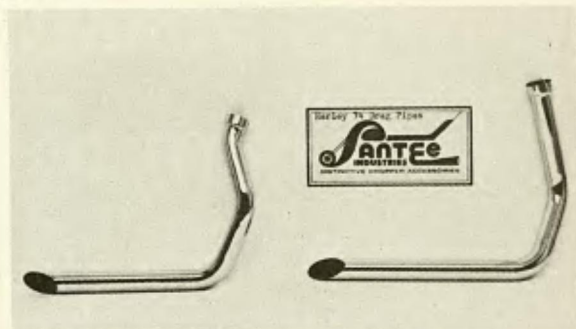
152022 Intake Manifold Clamps. Fits Harley/Sportster 1957-1978. 20.75 pair.

152023 Sportster Exhaust Clamps. All years. 15.55 pair.

152024 Panhead Exhaust Clamps. 1948-1965. 15.55 pair.

152025 Honda Exhaust Clamps. Honda 750. 1969-1974. Set of 4. 30.70

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

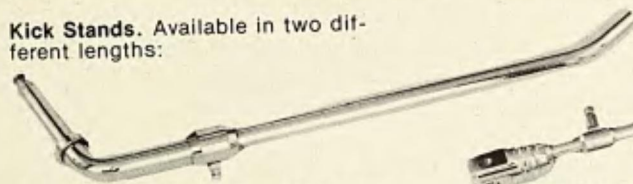
147014 Sportster, All years. 36.35



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 125)

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!

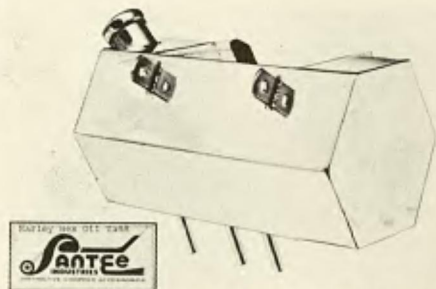
Glide Risers Solid cold-rolled steel. Riser cap held from below with Allen head bolts. Custom-chromed. Drilled and tapped for 1/2 x 20 bolts.

44014 4" High 36.35/pair

44015 6" High 38.40/pair



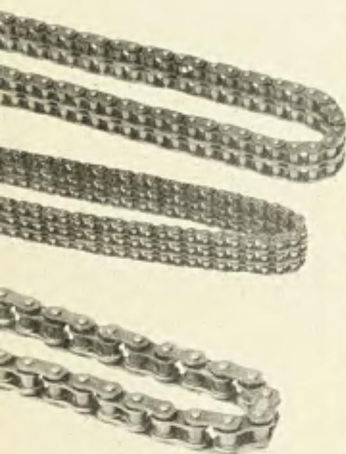
NEW!



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

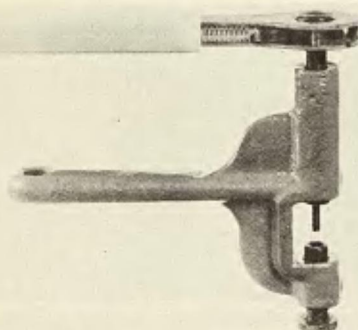
Hitachi Maxco Chains

CUT TO LENGTH DRIVE CHAIN
Includes Master Link

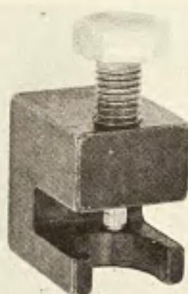


Standard Chain Size 530			Nickle Plate Chain Size 530			Heavy Duty 50S Chain Size 530		
Part #	Pitches	Price	Part #	Pitches	Price	Part #	Pitches	Price
144070	92	16.95	144078	92	26.95	144051	92	35.95
144072	98	17.95	144045	98	28.95	144052	98	35.95
144073	100	17.95	144044	100	28.95	144053	100	35.95
144074	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.**

**STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
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See Page 126**



Bulk Chain 25' rolls of standard and nickel plated chain are available from your Jammer Dealer. Ask him about it and save.

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-'67 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
530/100	CL72, '71-'76 CB750	530/107	T140V, TR7RV
530/90	A7, A7SS	530/108	'71-'72 T150
530/98	S2	530/110	TR5T
530/102	H1, H1B	Yamaha	
530/110	H2	530/91	RD250, RD350
630/92	Z1, Z1A, Z1B, KZ900	530/98	YR1, YR2, YR2C, XS1, XS1B, XS2

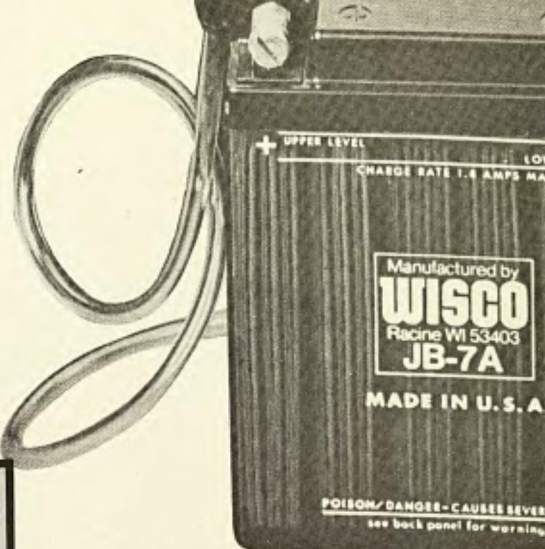
PRIMARY CHAINS.

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

Batteries



Jammer Part #	Price	Cross Reference Battery Type	Volts	Approx. Battery Dimensions			Approx. Weight Lbs - Dry
				L"	W"	H"	
9802	29.50	H-2	6	4 1/2	3 7/8	8 5/8	10
*9809	59.95	Action-Pak	12	7 1/2	3 3/4	6 1/4	12
98010	23.50	H-3	6	3 5/8	4 1/4	5 3/4	7
98011	42.95	H-12	12	8 1/8	5 1/4	6 1/2	19
98012	26.50	JB-10	12	5 13/32	3	5 5/16	6.5
98013	36.50	JB-9	12	5 9/32	3 1/2	6 11/16	9.7
98014	20.95	JB-3	12	4 3/4	2 7/16	5 3/16	3.8
98016	26.50	JB-12	12	5 3/8	3	5 5/16	5.7
98018	32.50	JB-7A	12	5 5/16	3 3/16	6 3/8	8.4
98019	45.50	JB-14A	12	7	4	6 1/4	9.9

*9809 Battery fits our Spst. #37021 & 74 #37022 oil tanks

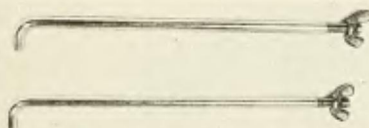
9809 Action Pak Battery.

If you're looking for a battery small enough to fit in a wrap-around oil tank and strong enough to kick over an electric-start Harley, this is it.

The Action Pak is designed to give 80 amps for five minutes at normal starting temperatures and will give 80 amps for three minutes at 0°F. This is enough power to start almost any bike in almost any weather. **59.95**



Battery Charger. An indispensable item, especially if your motorcycle has an electric starter. Get new batteries hot fast without having to wait for hours. For use on all motorcycle batteries, 6 or 12 volt. A must for your garage or work area, operates on house current. **98020 Battery Charger 13.50**



9805 Battery Hold Downs. For holding batteries in wrap-around oil tank. Plated. **3.85 pair**

9603 Wing Nuts. Fits HD battery hold rods. 5/16 x 18. **20¢ each**



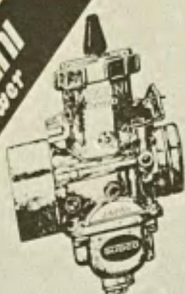
9804 Battery Mat. For wrap-around oil tank. **.95**



REFERENCE CHART FOR BATTERIES

Make and Year	Model	Battery Type
Harley-Davidson		
—	61, 74 O.H.V.	H-2
1937 & later	74, 80, S.V. Twin Service Cars, with 45 S.V. Twin	H-2
—	74 O.H.V. with Transistor Radio	H-2
—	165, 125 Sportster, K's	H-3
—	K (45 S.V.), KH (55 S.V.)	H-3
1953-59	ST	H-3
1954-64	XLH Sportsters	H-3
earlier	FL & FLH 1200	H-2
1965-77	FL, FLH 1200	H-12
1967-77	XLH	H-12
1970-77	XLCH	JB-10
1971-77	FX 1200	JB-10
1973-77	FXE 1200	JB-14A
1974	GE 750 (6 volts)	H-2
1974-75	Z90, TX125, SX125	JB-12
1974-77	SS175, SX175, SS250, SX250	JB-12
1975-77	SXT125, SS125	JB-12
Heald		
VT-8AE, VT-812AE		JB-9
Ducati		
1968-71	750 BIC Hindrico	JB-7A
1975-76	750 cc, 850 cc, All Except (Elec. Start)	JB-7A
Can-Am		
1973-76	125TNT, 175TNT, 250TNT	JB-3
Honda		
SL350K/K2, CJ360		JB-3
CB250, CD250, CL250, CB300, CL300, CD300, CB350 F/F1, CB350/K2-K6, CL350/K2-K5, SL350, CB350-4, CB350G, CB360G/G1, CB360T, CL360K1, CB400F, CB450/K1-K7, CL450/K2-K5, CB450P, CB500, CB500T, CB500/K1-K2, CB550/K/K1, CB550F, CB750/K-K5, CB750F/F1		JB-7A JB-9
Kawasaki		
KZ, KZ400D, KZ400-A1, KZ400-D3/D4		JB-7A
Z1, Z1A, Z1B		JB-9
B1, B1L, B1T, B1TL, B1M, B1LA, B8, B8T, B8S, F1, F1TR, F2, F2TR, F3, K2, W1, W1SS, W2, W2SS, W2TT		JB-12
Suzuki		
750cc (4 stroke)		JB-9
M15D, K50D, F90D, K90D, GT380A/B/J/K/L/M, T500/J/K/L/M/R, T500II, T500III, GT500A/B, GT380B3		JB-10
Triumph		
1966 (12-volt) T120, TR6, T100		JB-3
1964-65 6T early 1966 6T		JB-3
Yamaha		
XS2, XS360C/D, TX650		JB-7A
TX500/A, XS500B/C/D		JB-9
YG1A, YG1D, G5T, H2D, YG5T, H3E, H3ED, AT90D, YL1E, YL2C, L2C, L2CA, L5T, L5TA, L5TB, AT1, AT1B, AT1C, AT1E, AT2, AT3, DT125A/B/C, XS360-2D		JB-12

NEW!

Mikuni
power

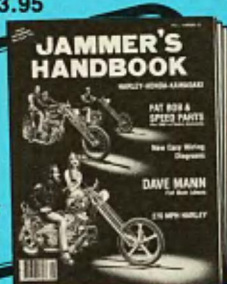
38mm Mikuni Carburetor Kits

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
 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 125)



Jammer CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

For fast service order from:
 Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
 801 So. Main St., Burbank, California 91506

Name _____ Address _____
 (Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
 (Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
Sub Total			

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

***Shipping Time:** Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post ☐ UPS
☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

Orders: shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Plus tax (California residents add 6%)

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. deposit

Balance Due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A
 number*

Expr.
 Date

Signed

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 9/26/78 ☐ CV NOV ☐ #65 ☐ AL



Stocking Authorized Jammer Dealers

ALASKA

HOUSE OF HARLEY (907) 272-0423
1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage, AK

ARIZONA

PHOENIX CYCLE ACCESSORIES (602) 943-4282
1826 W. Peoria, Phoenix, AZ

CALIFORNIA

BILL'S CUSTOM QUALITY CHOPPERS (408) 372-1416
250 Dela Vina, Monterey, CA
CYCLE SPECIALTIES (209) 524-2955
301 Maze Blvd., Modesto, CA
E.L.'S PACK (213) 588-3788
7924 Seville Ave., Huntington Pk., CA
GALEN OLSON'S M/C PARTS (209) 734-0398
15666 Avenue 296, Visalia, CA
M & M CUSTOM M/C PARTS (714) 658-8955
25798 Columbia St., Hemet, CA
QUALITY CUSTOM (213) 962-1612
15017 E. Ramona, Baldwin Park, CA
STUART'S CHOPPER CENTER (916) 365-6383
4976 S. Parallel Rd., Anderson, CA

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725 Pitkin, Grand Junction, CO
JOHN'S HD, INC. (303) 493-3137
2135 E. Mulberry, Ft. Collins, CO
SAKS 5TH CHOPPERS (303) 761-7285
3860 S. Jason, Englewood, CO
2 WHEELER'S M/C SHOP, INC. (303) 433-0564
1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver, CO

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NEW LONDON COUNTY M/C SALES (203) 445-9745
1416 Gold Star Hwy., Grotton, CT
RETEP ENTERPRISES (203) 376-0255
RFD #1 Box #214, Voluntown, CT

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HOG HEAVEN CYCLE ACCESSORIES (305) 261-5002
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MICHAEL'S CYCLE SERVICE (904) 249-3574
3232 San Pablo Rd., Jacksonville Bch., FL
SPACE COAST CUSTOM (305) 735-5095
2415 So. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne, FL

IDAHO

HANNA CYCLE SUPPLY (208) 233-5002
169 Warren Ave., Pocatello, ID

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CYCLE MANIA, INC. (312) 837-5657
7469 Jensen Blvd., Hanover Park, IL
PRECISION MACHINE & ENGINEERING (312) 479-9097
189N & Wolf Rd., Mokena, IL

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CHOPPERS UNLIMITED (812) 448-1058
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CYCLE EVOLUTION (317) 888-4346
Wigro Shopping Center, Greenwood, IN
JME CHOPPER SPECIALTIES (219) 845-2369
2832 169th St., Hammond, IN
RIGGIN & CASH CYCLE PARTS (317) 492-3750
N. Division St., Cayuga, IN

IOWA

CYCLESPOUT COMPANY (319) 322-7415
319 N. Pine St., Davenport, IA
LAKELAND SPORTS (712) 332-5630
Box #458, Okoboji, IA

KANSAS

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9 E. 4th Ave., Emporia, KS

KENTUCKY

PARKER HD, INC. (606) 478-9331
P.O. Box 220, Betsy Layne, KY

LOUISIANA

LOUISIANA JAMMER CYCLE PARTS (504) 279-0883
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MARYLAND

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4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville, MD
TRI-STATE HD, INC. (301) 658-6500
Rt. #273 East, Rising Sun, MD

MICHIGAN

CHOP SHOP (906) 475-9705
331 Iron St., Negaunee, MI
FINCH CUSTOM STYLED CYCLES (313) 391-0200
4480 Joslyn Rd., Pontiac, MI
ROCKY'S CYCLE SUPPLY (313) 742-5420
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HARLEY CHARLEY CHOP SHOP (406) 728-4979
3015 Railroad #7, Missoula, MT
QUALITY CUSTOM CYCLE (406) 259-0969
2323 Belknap Ave., Billings, MT

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CUSTOM WEST (402) 333-8686
14933 Industrial Rd., Omaha, NE
HD SALES (402) 564-8733
1053 27th Ave., Columbus, NE

NEVADA

CUSTOM CYCLE ACCESSORIES (702) 732-0442
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THE SPOKE & SPROCKET SHOP (603) 332-8800
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B & D MOTORCYCLES (201) 388-0414
Rt. U.S. #1, Rahway, NJ

NEW YORK

CYCLE SHACK (809) 882-9865
602 Bear Tavern Rd., W. Trenton, NJ
GT CYCLE SPECIALTIES (609) 935-3730
#4 New Market St., Salem, NJ

MIDDLESEX

MIDDLESEX CYCLE (201) 238-2250
54 Matawan Rd., Old Bridge, NJ
THE BIKE SHOP (201) 356-1363
81 Main St., S. Bound Brook, NJ

NEW MEXICO

SCOTT'S HD (505) 393-7936
318 S. Delmont St., Hobbs, NM
SNELL HD (505) 327-3733
111 E. Pinon, Farmington, NM

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311 E. Dominick St., Rome, NY

BRUNSWICK HD SALES (518) 279-1145
RD 1 Box 34 RT 7, Troy, NY 12180
JOHNCOX SALES & SERVICE (315) 536-3585
RFD #1, Longpoint Rd., Penn Yan, NY
PHYSICO CHOP SHOP (518) 584-5819
Rt. 50 South, Saratoga Springs, NY
SULLIVAN COUNTY HD (914) 482-4575
RT 52, Jeffersonville, NY

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BENHIE'S CYCLE SERVICE (701) 852-0874
3701 S. Broadway, Minot, ND
KUSTOM KOLORS & CYCLE SUPPLY (701) 746-7546
1321 1st Ave. N., Grand Forks, ND
MIDWAY HD, INC. (701) 663-2220
3206 Memorial Hwy., Mandan, ND

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929 Wooster, Barberton, OH

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301 Jefferson St., Metolius, OR

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(503) 779-3818
2809 Jacksonville Hwy., Medford, OR

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whole organization. We work within the system as best we can, but at the same time we maintain our identity and strength.

Q. Tell us some of the things your organization has accomplished.

A. In the last two years, our organization made great strides. In 1976, we set up our own school, with classes in tools, two- and four-stroke engine repair, custom painting, parts identification, and the A.M.I. course. We still take the school very seriously today. Also, in 1976 we started a massive public relations campaign, writing to people all over the state and the U.S. to let them know what we were doing. We wanted people to change their opinion about us, and until that time, our public relations had not been good.

Several of our members belong to one-percent clubs on the streets, and we gained their support when we convinced them we were serious about the shop. We are a non-profit organization, and parts started coming in through donations. Soon, we had motorcycles in our shop. From one Sportster and a BSA, we've grown to twelve Harleys, four Hondas, and a couple of small dirt bikes. Six of our bikes are in running condition and the others will be running soon. We've

W.S.P.M.A. Interview

—Continued from page 33

also started our own industry by doing paint jobs for people on the streets, and we have an upholstery shop that makes motorcycle seats. We have many plans for the future, but our main intention is to expand our influence through our work and to pay members a minimum wage so they can support their families or make restitution. In the last month, we've been allowed trips outside the joint for members to buy parts and pick up samples. This is a first.

Q. What effects have you observed on bros while in the joint and when they are going up for parole?

A. The effects on our bros are many and varied. First off, W.S.P.M.A. is a place with which they can relate and they don't lose sight of their freedom. The parole board is a different story. Of course, a man wants out early, so to a certain extent he must play their game. But most brothers in the shop work hard and they take that to the

parole board instead of a haircut and some shuck-n'-jive story that doesn't mean anything to anybody. The board recognizes the work and they act when they see the results. Most people have hopes when they go to the board, but seldom are they built up so high that they are crushed by denial.

Q. Do the members continue to work for the organization after they get out?

A. Our members remain members after release; however, not all of them are able to work actively for the shop. When people get out now, I think they will do more, or whatever they can, for the brothers still inside. Some have trouble outside, and maybe they have to get themselves together, but if any of them are ever called upon, they will do what has to be done. They never lose respect for the shop.

Q. Do you have an outside address bros in the joint can write to for information?

A. We don't have an outside address. This institution doesn't screw around with shop mail. Many letters are received from other institutions and we answer all of them, without hassles from the administration or joint. Interested people can write to W.S.P.M.A., P. O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362. ■



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