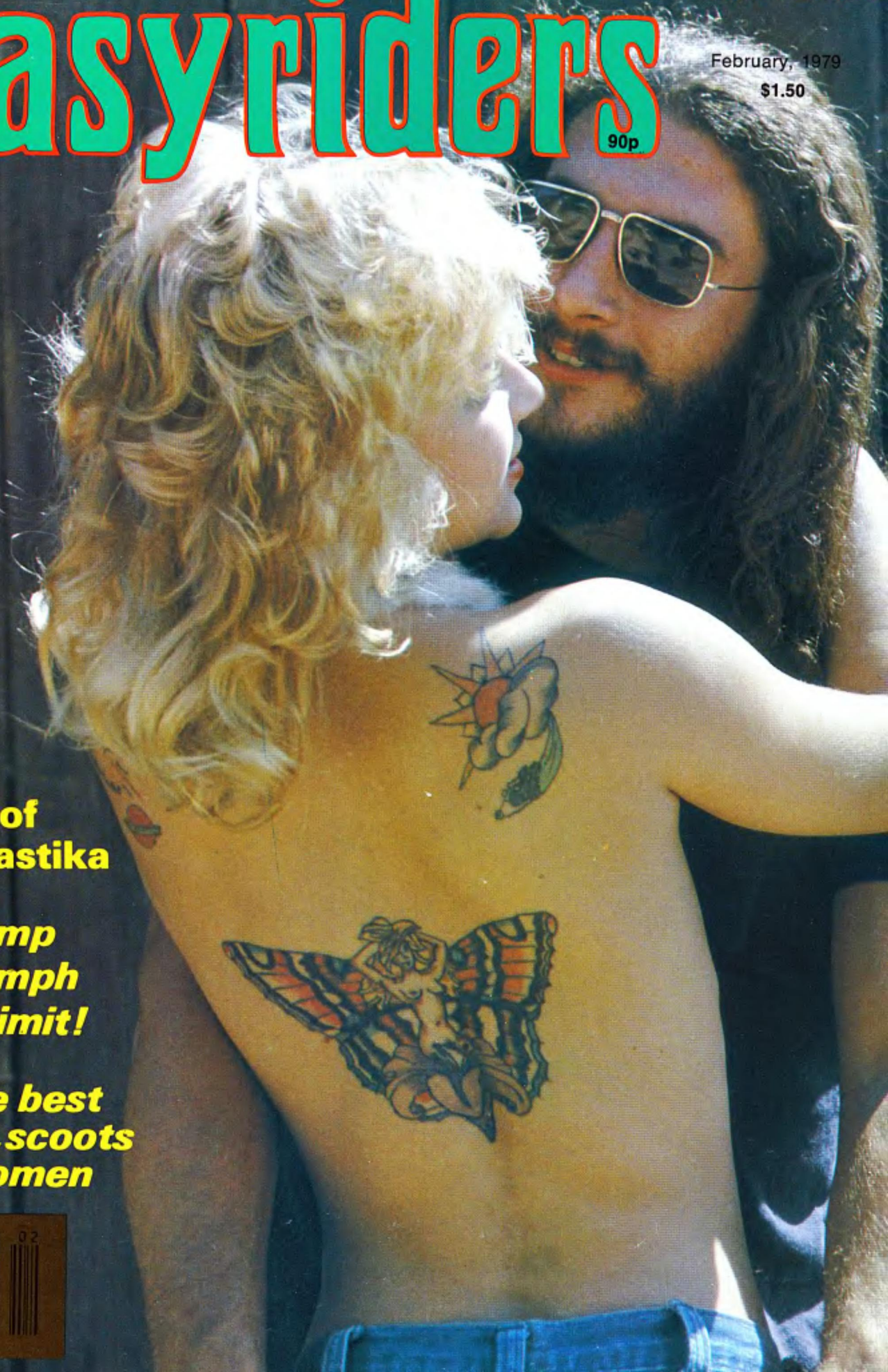


Easyriders

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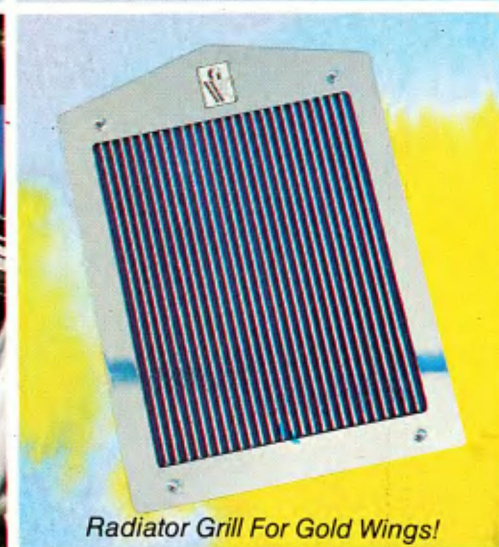


**History of
the Swastika**

**Let's Dump
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Speed Limit!**

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in fiction, scoots
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Easyriders

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



Number 68

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MTW

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COVER photo of Jackie by Ralph Hampton

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale January 29th.

Who Sez You Can't Smoke at 60m.p.h.?

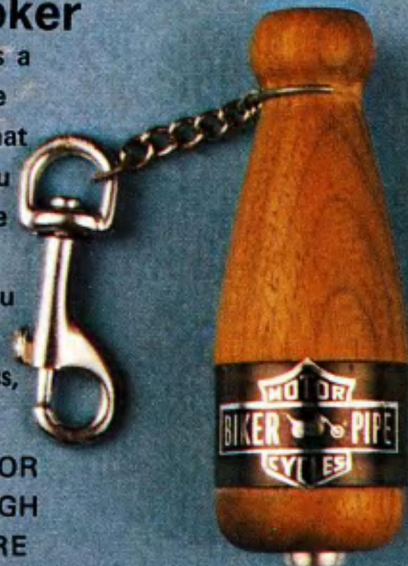


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Stick your doobie inside . . . fire it up and smoke on . . . No smoke lost — means that bag goes farther. Hev. and guess what . . . no more ashes in your eyes.

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This little jewel is a "hang-by-your-side pocket rocket" that is ready when you are. Opens in the middle . . . just load and light thru the little hole in the end. No muss, no fuss.



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Are ya ready? Well, there was this big coke bust ((13 grams) in a small village in Vermont. After a month-long investigation, the small police department had to get a "discreet" cash loan from a private citizen in order to finance the big purchase. After the bust, the police chief apologized to the village citizens for "not having more police on the streets during the past month" and went on to explain that the investigation was more important than directing traffic. "I'd much rather stop somebody from smoking cocaine than I would speeding," the police chief stated. (Speeding on what? In what? What?)

Then there's the Denver cops who gave a guy \$450 to buy some coke. The last the officers saw of the dude, he was running down the street with the money. They're still waiting for the evidence—and, oh yeah, for the dude to return, give 'em a kiss, send a note—whatdafuck—do something—four hundred-fifty big ones is a lot of bread!

Did ya read about the woman in Jersey who picked up her dog's shit after he relieved himself while taking his nightly walk with her? After picking it up, she deposited the do-do in her purse. (It's against the law for dogs to crap on people's lawns there.) Guess what—she was mugged with the robber grabbing her purse and hittin' down the street. Surprise, surprise when he opened the purse.

Or how about the dude in San Jose, California who locked a huge padlock around his nuts? But he lost the key or somethin' and the fire department had to be called to the rescue. They used boltcutters to get the lock off. When asked how the dude had gotten the lock stuck there in the first place, a fireman replied, "I didn't ask."

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



No respect: A foot complete with a shoe attached was found in a hospital parking lot in New York. Where da fuck did it come from? After checking around, it was discovered it had formerly belonged to a biker who had lost it in a motorcycle accident. It was thrown into a trash container in the emergency room at the hospital. How'd it get from the emergency room to the parking lot? They're still trying to figure that one out. Do you think the nurses collect those things? A doctor with a foot fetish? A big dog strollin' through? His buddies wantin' a keepsake? What? (I'm goin' crazy!)

Paid Your taxes? The Massachusetts Transportation Administration spent \$625,000 to find out if more people ride free buses than those you have to pay to ride on. Guess what? Sure as shit, they discovered more people use free buses than when they have to pay. (Amazin'!) If they have any money to spend, the non-elected bureaucrats sure as hell will figure a way to spend it—they gotta eat too, ya know. Get after your elected legislators in every area to cut back on city, state, and federal wasteful spending. It's your bread they're spending—they're just hangin' on to useless jobs.

Did you know that in 1977, government regulation cost us more than 100 b-i-l-l-i-o-n bucks? That's \$450 from each person in the U.S. That's 5% of the gross national product. 25% of the entire federal budget. Nearly 75% of all annual private investment in plants and equipment. Where'd it all go? \$5 billion went for administrative costs—including federal, state, and local. \$5 billion was spent on the federal level alone. \$7.5 billion went for auto safety and pollution. (Don't just sit there—do something!)

Weird world file: A dude in Wisconsin has filed a \$100,000 damage suit. It seems he was shot while attempting to hold up a gas station with a knife. The gas station attendant (not havin' any of that shit) whips out a pistol and plugs him. Now that's unfair in anybody's book—what's a gas station attendant doin' with a gun? So sue him!

The married couple gets into a fight. He accuses her of "fooling around" with someone else. She denies it. He shoots her. So what's so unusual? He's 72 and she was 73 years of age.

WORDMONGER

Tech Tip

□ Had the old tip-slip-off-the-clutch-cable trick pulled on me by my Sporty a while back. Luckily, I was about twenty miles or so from a service station and, after digging around in a junk box, I found a little screw cap off the top of an old spark plug. I slipped it over the end of the cable where the original tip was and beat the little fucker nearly flat with a brick, assembled it back in the clutch lever, and she's still holding after about 1,000 miles. I'll probably replace the cable soon—but I'll damn sure keep the old one for a spare.

Jeffery "Doc" Poole
Jacksonville, N.C.

New Purpose

□ I finally found a good use for **Easyriders**. My ship tied up at this dock in the boonies down near Port Arthur, Texas and I went out in search of two things—an **Easyriders** and some partyin'. Got the rag right off and put down two brews flippin' through the pages. Then I came across this place called "Tiger's" (a great hangout if you're ever stuck in Port Arthur) and had to shit. With the mag in my pocket, I headed for the head, sat down, read some shit, smoked some shit, and left some shit—only to find there was none of that rolled leaf to wipe with so I ripped a Jammer ad out and gave it a new use.

T. Coker
Brownwood, Tex.

Colorado Grumble

□ In your article titled "Killerado," you did our fine state a big disfavor as well as misled many bikers. The media here are not paranoid about gang wars. They have already sold many newspapers with imaginary "wars" that they

and the local heat cooperatively conjured up to discredit bikers.

You have inadvertently added to the damage done. And as far as the helmet law is concerned, you have again been misled by the local media and reported in error that the Colorado helmet law is only a two-year relief. It was and is a permanent repeal.

The C.A.H.L. (Coloradoans Against Helmet Laws) worked diligently supporting the Cranston amendment and secured **all five** of Colorado's votes, defeated a headlights-on bill in Denver and in Colorado, and worked closely with State Sen. Ray Kogovsek, who successfully spearheaded the helmet law repeal in the legislature. Kogovsek is currently running for U.S. Senate in the 3rd congressional district in Colorado.

Al Mewborn
Vice President, C.A.H.L.

Good Thinkin'

□ I just want to say thanks for thinking about us bros in the joint. You eliminated guns from your rag so we could still get it here in prison. I think you guys have the best rag around—and it would be a fucked deal if we couldn't get it in prison.

R. H.
Lebanon, Ohio

True Love

□ Back in October, '76, I picked up your rag, turned to Male Call, picked a name, and wrote a few lines to make a man less lonely. Things got heavy and in July, '77 I flew out to California, the day after he was released from the joint. We got hitched, worked together, got our scooter up, and finally had all the things we had only dreamed of while he was down. If it weren't for you, I might never have known

what true love is all about.

Lazy's Lady
Jackie "Patience"
Burdick
Mesa, Ariz.

No Dicknose

□ Well, you guys did it again! You're definitely no dicknoses.

I left Alaska and had to come to fucked-up Rantoul, Illinois. When I first got here, I looked everywhere for an issue of **Easyriders**, but couldn't find one anywhere. Finally, while at a local store I looked at the farthest row of mags and clear on top was a bunch of **Easyriders**. I moved them so everyone could see them. Now every month I go to get your mag—and it sits right up front!

Zipper & Rosco
Rantoul, Ill.

Bein' a Cunt

□ All these chattering cracks that write in bitchin' about all bikers bein' male chauvinists should remember that the opposite of a male chauvinist is a cunt.

HyGene
69 Dodge Van Drive
Anywhere, U.S.A.

Fast Talker

□ In answer to "Another Fuck-up" (Nov., '78 issue), the letter dealing with the story "Fox in the Weeds" in the Sept., '78 issue—if Art knew as much about cars as he does bikes, and you assholes had done a little research, you both would know it is the Olds Toronado **not** the Cadillac Eldorado that has front-wheel drive.

Duke
Delray Beach, Fla.

Duke, Meet Tough Guy

□ You can tell Art Raymond from Chatsworth, Calif., to take his pen and stick it where the sun don't shine. If this dude knew what he's talking about, he'd know that the Caddy

Eldorado's been around since the fifties and didn't go to front-wheel drive till '68. Some scooter people know about 4-wheelers, too!

Tough Guy
Portland, Maine

Retarded Laws

□ I gotta reply to Martini's letter about the no helmets on mopeds law in Massachusetts. Most states don't require helmets while you are riding a moped—a bunch of states don't require 'em on **any** bike until they clock ya at more than 30 mph. Now they didn't just think all this up overnight—it all came about after extensive federal investigation and research. They found that by jerking the legs out from under somebody so he lands on his head, speeds almost doubling 30 mph are attained and rarely is hospitalization necessary afterwards. The feds tried this for months, using thousands of volunteers, and you can do it with your friends, too—ain't much gonna happen to ya at 30 mph, anyhow.

What mystifies me about Martini's letter is that it sounds like he **wants** helmet laws for mopeds, instead of gripin' about how retarded our present laws already are.

David Molenaar
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Piss Power

□ Please inform the letter writer who was interested in a device that would allow motorcycles to run on piss that such a device exists. A crude form of this device was first patented by a Frenchman, Jacques Jacques, in 1925. However, several problems with this first design caused its early demise. Not the least of these problems was the fact that the scoots of that era were low compression jobs, and most Frenchmen drink

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%*



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Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's
Trash now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Book

Easyriders Magazine

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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

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California residents add 6%

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

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

Cost is only \$9.00 each or \$17.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off scooter folk. CA res. add 6% tax.

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



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wine of a comparatively low alcohol content.

In the thirties, another device was invented by the Germans, which they used on their Junkers bombers during World War II. This design was superior to the French one, and gave the bombers enough power to evade the British Spitfires — mainly because the Limey pilots could not handle the smell left by the Kraut bombers, and would turn away before they were in a position to attack.

The German responsible for this design, Herman "Leakey" Shultz, defected to the American side before the end of the war, and continued refining his device. On August 7, 1951, a Harley 74 was run at Bonneville, Utah on pure urine, using "Leakey's" device, now called the "Urinator." The engine exploded at 150 mph, killing the rider. Thus the strange smell in the area of the salt flats.

The oil companies bought the patent rights to "Leakey's" device, and so it is highly unlikely that you will ever see one on your average scooter.

Duncan Earl, Jr.
Merced, Calif.

From Holland

□ I've just bought your "In the Wind" special edition. It was very hard to find it here in Holland. It took us about a week to get a copy!

My bros and I want to thank you all for this pictured bikers' bible.

Schwein, Mouse Prez
The Iron Crusader M.C.

In The Wind

□ Just put down the first copy of "In The Wind." Good photos — but how about slipping in a few color photos for the dudes who spent some bucks on paint?

Joe Marek
Houston, Tex.

■ A color version will be on the newsstands in March.

Dug Interview

□ I think the W.S.P.M.A. Interview (Nov., '78) was just farout!

Helping out those brothers like that is a beautiful thing, as was letting all out-

siders know what's going on inside and how these wonderful human beings are accomplishing a helluva lot of good shit. But the way all the outsiders helped those brothers get started is just indescribable — I can't even think of the words to say how I feel.

May God bless you all for printing this article and letting everyone know you care for other real people. Keep on printing all the truth and help.

Patricia
Sunnyside, N.Y.

Ol' Ladies

□ I wrote to let you boys know you've been fuckin' up. I was checking out the Ol' Lady Contest in the November issue and I discovered this chick with a damned moped in the back-ground. I've seen some shit before, but ya'll really stepped on your dicks this time.

Hal D.
Ft. Bragg, N.C.

■ We love chicks — on anything, anywhere, anytime. Got it?

Gun Laws

□ Keep drinking Coors. They don't give shit to gun control. I'll go pink slips against a new Harley if you can prove me wrong. You lose and you buy.

Paul
Brownsville, Tex.

■ We didn't say it—read on.

□ This is regarding the letter "Gun Laws" in the Wordmonger section of **Easyriders** for November, 1978.

While letters like these are sometimes the result of misinformation on the part of the writer, more often they are from professionals who are deliberately misstating the facts while trying to appear like your average reader. At no cost to themselves, they promote personal causes by presenting their arguments as if they came from the ranks of your usual readers. They write these letters, that they probably know are untrue, hoping someone will print them and thereby provide free support for their causes.

If you will note the attached denial, it will show you that the Adolph Coors Company does not support anti-gun legislation, and this "Gun Laws" letter was in total error.

We enjoy your magazine and hope that when this sort of thing comes in you will consider that the writers may be professionals attempting to use your magazine for the free support of their personal causes.

Coors is accused of supporting everything that is unpopular at the moment. We've checked these rumors out and they have all proved to be bunk or outright lies—take your choice. R.T.
Love our Coors Club
Bakersfield, Calif.

□ Dear Mr. Coors: We are sending letters to every gun club in California and Nevada. These letters retract the statement made at our state shoot and state your true position on firearms use and ownership. We are also working with the Editor of "Gun Week," a nationally circulated newspaper, to correct the false and malicious rumors that have been circulated about your company over the past few years. Perhaps we can help turn a bad situation into a more favorable one by using all the channels open to us.

L. M. Scott
California Golden State
Trapshooters Assoc., Inc.

□ William Coors and the entire Coors family have been steadfast supporters of America's gun owners' rights and of the National Rifle Association. We, the NRA and the nation's gun owning public, could have no finer or more loyal friends than the Coors family.

Robert J. Kukla
Executive Director
NRA Institute for
Legislative Action

Calling All Bikes

□ Ever since the two-way radio hit the market, The Man has been using it to our disadvantage. Well, now we can listen in on him while we ride. I'm referring to the four-channel pocket scanner. It can be bought at any radio or television shop for \$40 to \$150.

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	8001	Wanna Fuck? Pillowcases	Regular	7.95 (PAIR)	
	8001	Wanna Fuck? Pillowcases	King Size	9.95 (PAIR)	
	7032	Helmet Law Sucks T-shirt		4.95	
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	7031	Great Am Freedom Mach		4.95	
	5051	"Ripped" Van Winkle		4.95	
	7006	Hashish T-shirt		4.95	
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	7028	German Flag T-shirt		4.95	
	7010	Smoke Opium T-shirt		4.95	
	7017	Coke-Snow T-shirt		4.95	
	7029	Skull Bike T-shirt		4.95	
	7016	Swastika T-shirt		4.95	
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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.)

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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*

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It comes with a "rubber ducky" antenna and an earphone, which is of utmost importance. Once you get the scanner, you'll need crystals for the frequency of The Man in your area. (The place where you buy this scanner should have the crystals you need.) Then you insert four AA-size batteries and put the scanner in your shirt pocket or the inside pocket of your leathers, plug in the earphone, and you're ready for the road. One more thing—the earphone shouldn't be the new style, which just plugs into the ear, because at high speeds the wind will pull it out. Try to get the older style with the wire loop that hooks around the ear. All I can say is, if it works as well for you as it has for me, it will be well worth your investment.

Mike Peters
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Likes Us

□ This is the first time I've ever written a letter to a magazine, but I'm doing so because I really am impressed. I just subscribed to your rag because I got tired of looking all over town for it. Out of all the subscriptions I've ever had, yours is the only one that ever sent anything besides the basic rag. I'm referring to your letter explaining the mailing label and whatever else was in the letter. The decal came in pretty handy, too. Once again, I appreciate your interest in the really free people of this country, the bikers.

Bob Szafranski
Warner Robins, Ga.

German Bro

□ I just got the October issue, and sure enough, another dipshit had to write in and bitch about the new Sportster. He must be a descendant of the fuckers who bitched in '66 when the shovel came out, the jerks who farted, groaned, and moaned in '57 when the "K" became the O.H.U. Sportster, or those who thought the world was ending in '48 when H-D dropped the big flathead and brought out the pan. I wouldn't admit to remembering, but there were probably bikers who sniveled when Harley went from belt drive to chain drive (way back). Well, fuck ya—Harley ain't in business for nostal-

gia's sake. If they don't keep up with the times, they'll fold, and all us snatch-eatin' Harley riders will be in the same situation as the Limey riders are now—no fuckin' parts and no future to our world. Besides, I hear (from some bros who have ridden them) that the new Sporty corners like a raped ape (so all you hotrodders can get your rocks off on the mountain roads). In other words, cut H-D some fuckin' slack.

Pappy
Deutschland

Surprise

□ Well, I thought I had seen my last issue of *Easyriders* when I got on the plane for Okinawa, but much to my surprise, there was your rag in all its fuckin' glory right in front of me. I should have realized your rag was internationally known.

The Midnight Rider
Okinawa, Japan

Bitch Blabs

□ My ol' man buys your rag every month, and when he gets done reading it, he hands it to me to read.

When I read your rag, I find it egotistical, chauvinistic, and unrealistic. Some of your so-called bitches are really dogs, and I can't see how any male in his right mind could get off on such shit.

"Entertainment for Adult Bikers?" No — more like "Entertainment for Assholes."

K.S.R.C.
Cuy Falls, Ohio

■ Are you sayin' your ol' man's crazy?

Needed Help

□ If you want help, don't come to Omaha. Last year I bought a basket case XLCH. I knew nothing about two-wheelers and even less about Harleys, but I wanted to learn and put a little love into my bike. In my search for parts and advice, I encountered good parts but bad advice. I also encountered jeers and put-downs from experienced bikers who considered this novice worthy of nothing. I finally got my bike together and I'm on the road and lovin' it—but with no help from the "bros" who have all the knowledge that could have eased my labors. I'm sure not all bikers go around blowin' smoke up some newcomer's ass, but I hope this letters will compel those same elitists to lighten up on us no-mind, shit-nothin' greenhorns.

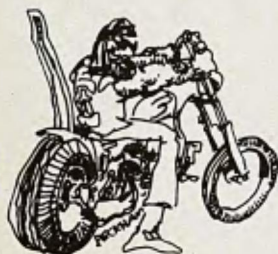
Cripple
Omaha, Neb.

■ You just asked the wrong men. Don't judge all by a few.

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



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Here's how . . .

Get ready, folks. Nelson-Hall of Chicago is about to publish a new book by one Patricia Zonker (honest!) titled "Murdercycles" which, to quote the press release, "blasts motorcycles as they have never been blasted." It's supposed to include a "guide-line for action"—to get rid of the horrible things. For this we're supposed to pay \$9.95?

—Road Rider

Not a bike rag, but . . .

Whips, chains, and studied bad manners are some of the more savory qualities of motorcycling's outlaw element. Because their dress is bizarre, their machines weird (not to mention ill-handling and dangerous), and they're frequently meaner than Wolverines with hangovers, these people attract attention all out of proportion to their actual numbers. Ever since Honda revolutionized the industry with its easy-to-live-with machines and snappy slogans—"You meet the nicest people on a Honda"—motorcycling has become more and more a solidly middle-class pastime. The outlaws represent only a tiny fraction of cycledom. Other cycling enthusiasts refer to them as "one percenters."

—Apartment Life

AMA activities . . .

In terms of activities on behalf of AMA members, conducting or influencing legislation is not the only way we spend our time. On the contrary, a large part of our work is conducted with those who enforce or implement legislation: the bureaucrats who function on the executive level in federal and state governments. Furthermore, many of the

laws we face are established by the regulatory agencies which act upon broad congressional mandate, but which are for all practical purposes far removed from any electoral accountability.

—Ed Youngblood

American Motorcyclist

With liberty and justice for all . . .

Your image as seen through justice's jaundiced eye: In Newfane, Vermont, a woman turned left, collided with a motorcycle going the opposite direction. She defended herself at the damage suit trial by arguing that the cyclist had assumed a certain amount of risk by operating a motorcycle in the first place; therefore, she should not be held liable. The jury decided that she was only 25 percent right and awarded the cyclist three-quarters of what he was asking . . . In North Pole, Alaska, charges are pending against a police officer who accidentally shot himself and then came up with a wild story about a high-speed chase involving two motorcyclists with a semi-automatic weapon—claimed it was them what did the foul deed . . . In Buffalo, New York, a driver who turned in front of an oncoming motorcycle and killed the rider was charged with making an improper left turn, fined \$25 . . . In Omaha, Nebraska, another cyclist was killed in the same way—only this time the driver claimed he had a green left turn signal at the time. Thing is, that intersection has no such traffic control. He was charged with felony motor vehicle homicide and released on his own recognizance after the judge warned him to "watch it."

—Road Rider

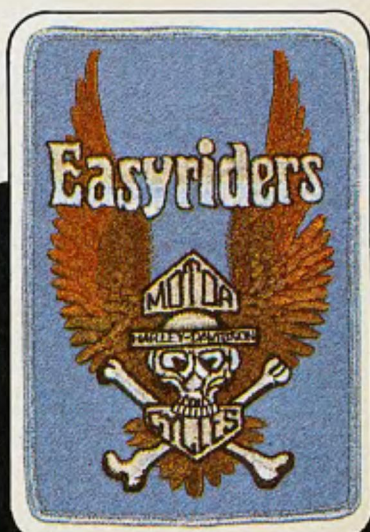
More bike restrictions . . . For your Tweedledee and Tweedledum meet Wheedle-dumbdumb file: The Department of Transportation (DOTies) and the Environmental Protection Agency (Eepies) have been joined in their anticycle stance by the Department of Energy (DOEdads). Recently announced gasoline rationing proposals (the feds expect to drop that little mobility restricter on us in a couple of years) classify motorcycles as recreational vehicles and limit a cycle to one-tenth of the fuel allotted to passenger automobiles. What's more, gasoline coupons will come in five-gallon increments on a use-it-or-lose-it basis, so if your cycle won't hold more than five gallons at a filling, your supply will be further diminished. So far, the DOE-dads' response to cyclist objections has been—in effect—tough! Your complaint should be directed to U.S. Department of Energy, Public Hearing Management, Room 2313, Box UP, 200 M Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20461.

—Road Rider

Lights-on danger . . .

You haven't seen one recent study on headlights-on because—so the whispers go—the results could mean legal problems for those manufacturers who have complied with California's requirement that all new cycles be wired so that the headlight cannot be turned off. The study results, described as inconclusive but indicative, reportedly show that drivers tend to judge the speed of an oncoming, headlight-on cycle as being slower than it actually is—which is exactly what RR's been warning about for years.

—Road Rider



Easyriders Patch

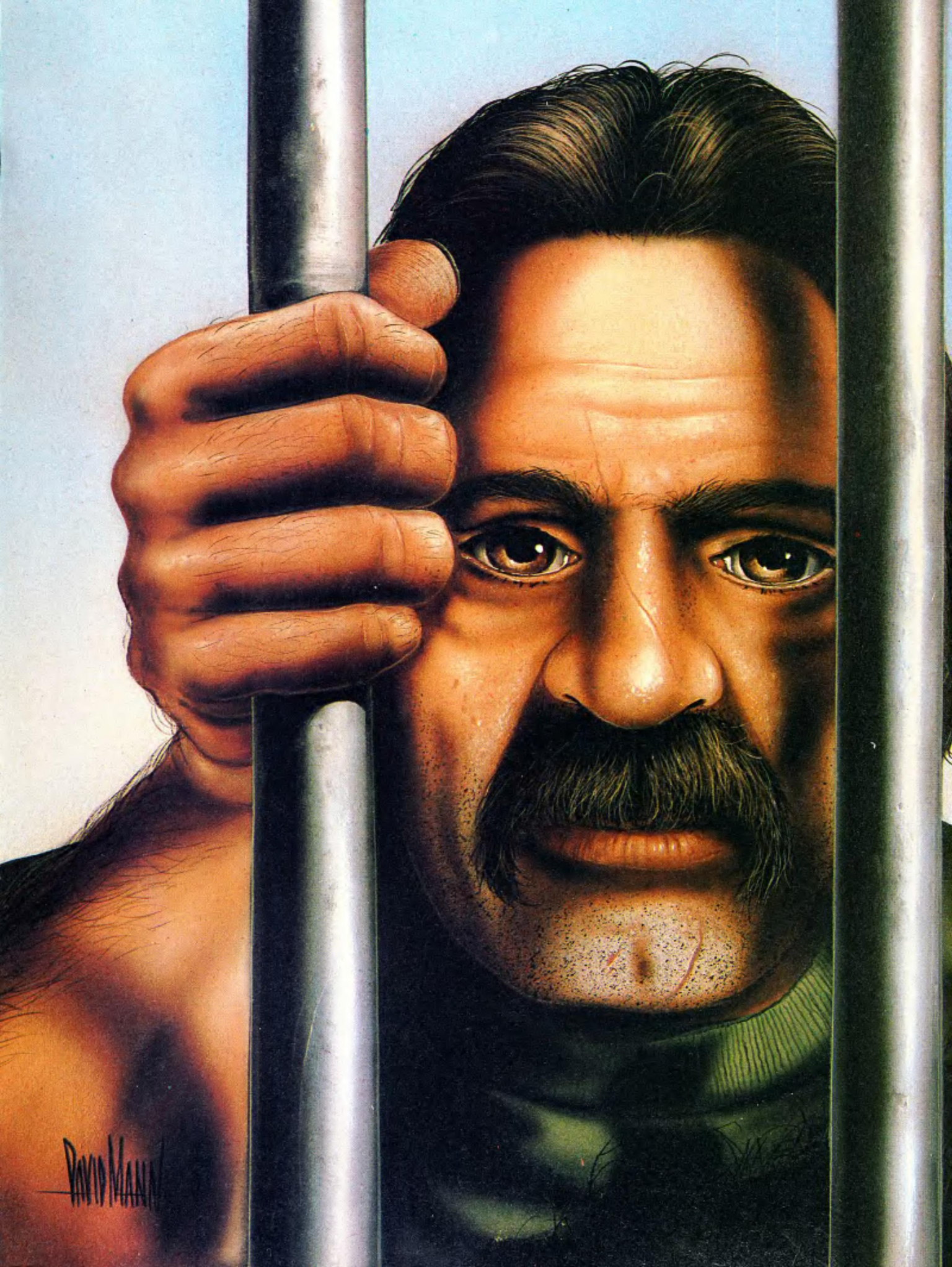
Here it is. Like everything else, it took seven years to get it together. But this patch is definitely worth it. It's 6 inches by 4 inches and we broke some skulls to get the colors just right.

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

Large Enough
To Make Into
A Pants Pocket!

California residents add 6% sales tax.



David Mann

Big Harley and Little Rebel

By The Rabbit

Big Harley was a fuckup. There's no other way to put it. Some people blamed it on his size, and standing around six feet four, he did look down on a lot of people. And when you take into consideration that he packed 284 pounds on that frame, well, obviously he could be called one monstrous scooter tramp.

Still, his size didn't have that much to do with the fact that he was a fuckup. Harley was very slow

to anger. This often encouraged some assholes to press things a bit too far. If some joker pushed his luck, Harley soon caught on to the fact that the clown was laughing at him, instead of with him, and Harley would lose his temper. And when Harley got violent, his anger was comparable to that of a lion who had been kicked in the ass with a steel-toed boot.

With that in mind, it's easy to see why this otherwise gentle giant did,

on the fourth day of January, in the year of our Lord 1970, literally stomp three loudmouths to death. You see, it's not a good idea ever to talk about Harley's mother. The three dudes, now deceased, found that out too late.

While a lot of people would justify Harley's action to some degree, some things are hard to explain to a superior court judge. Old Judge Whiteman was no exception. Some say he came down hard on Harley

—Continued on page 97





The Swastika

Its Origin And History

By Tex Campbell

Editor's Note: In the September, 1978 issue of *Easyriders*, we published an article by David S. Mangeim titled "Wearing the Swastika: A Viewpoint." In an accompanying editorial preface, we explained that, while we did not agree with each and every point made in the article, we were publishing it because it was well-reasoned, thoughtful, and provocative. In his article, Mr. Mangeim stressed that he was not making a general accusation that the popularity of Nazi paraphernalia among bikers meant that they were sympathetic to Nazism. His basic point was that the average observer, rightly or wrongly, would come to that conclusion, however. Accordingly, he urged that the wearing of Nazi paraphernalia be abandoned so that the image of bikers would not suffer by the association with Nazi principles.

Reader response to the article was remarkable. We received a great volume of mail, much of it offering alternate interpretations for the popularity of the swastika among bikers. There were almost as many different interpretations as there were letter writers. Without re-opening the question of how to interpret this phenomenon, we present the following history of the ancient symbol known as the swastika in the hopes that a better understanding of its origin will prevent further misconceptions of its significance to bikers.

Even today, thirty-three years after Hitler's suicide and the end of World War II, the swastika remains a symbol charged with emotionalism and surrounded by controversy. For millions of people, the swastika still conjures up images of the mass hysteria generated by Hitler's impassioned rhetoric—images of extermination camps, of jackbooted troops goosestepping through the streets of Paris, of the devastation of the blitzkrieg. This reaction is hardly

surprising; indeed, it is virtually inevitable for anyone who experienced, directly or indirectly, the unforgettable reality of the Third Reich. But the association of the swastika and Nazi Germany is, of course, a historical coincidence. Few people are aware of the history of the swastika, nor of the many diverse interpretations of this ancient symbol.

The swastika, an even cross whose arms are bent at right angles and all point in the same direction (clockwise or counterclockwise), doubtless derives from the simple cross made with two sticks or marks, dating from prehistoric times. Its precise origin is forever lost in antiquity—there exists no historical identification either by era, country, or people. Equally unknown is the meaning given to the earliest primitive cross. Later, various forms of the cross were known under certain names and carried specific significations. This differentiation is too great to allow enumeration of each one here, but a few examples will serve to illustrate the family to which the swastika belongs.

Figure 1 is the Latin cross, the **crux immissa**. While this style of cross is traditionally associated with Jesus and Christianity, it can be found on coins, medals, and ornaments which considerably pre-date the Christian era.

Figure 2 is an example of the Greek cross which, like the swastika, has arms of equal length which intersect at right angles. This cross may be found on Assyrian and Persian monuments and tablets, as well as on Greek coins and statues. The St. Andrews cross or **crux decussata**, shown in Figure 3, is identical to the Greek cross, except that it is rotated to stand on two legs.

The ankh or **crux ansata** (Figure 4) was celebrated in ancient Egyptian mythology as the emblem of Ka, an entity which lived within man and survived his death, much like the soul of Christian belief. Accordingly, this

cross symbolized (among other things) enduring life.

Since the exact origin of these crosses is impossible to ascertain, there is no way to know their chronological relation to the swastika. Nevertheless, it is clear that the swastika is one of the most ancient symbols known to man, having its origin long before the earliest historical records. For thousands of years it has been used as both a symbol and as a decoration in North and South America, China, Egypt, Greece, Scandinavia, and other areas throughout the world. The swastika has appeared in virtually every civilization in history, having been found on textiles made by the Incas, on relics excavated from Troy, and in the catacombs of Rome. In addition, the swastika is a mystic figure used by a variety of religions and disciplines all over the world. Most of the inscriptions in the Buddhist caverns of western India, for example, are preceded or followed by the holy sign of the swastika.

It has been asserted, and with convincing evidence, that the swastika is indeed the most ancient form of the cross (i.e., as a distinct figure in its own

—Continued on page 81



Figure 1.



Figure 2.



Figure 3.



Figure 4.



Doin' It Up In

After we featured the Michigan Mob (Dec. 77), we received a few calls from other bikers in that state. They informed us that the Michigan Mob wasn't the only group of motorcycle clubs in Michigan. And pride being what it is—natch—they felt they had it more together than the MCM. So what the hell—we sent Billy Tinney and his bro Woody to check out the annual event you see pictured here.

They arrived like Billy always arrives, with fifty cameras slung around his neck, thrown in various directions. Looks sorta like a dude buried in a watchmaker's junkyard with only his head above ground. Woody looks like a farmer with a camera instead of a rake. And they showed up in a car—it's a bummer, but you can't carry a hundred pounds of delicate camera equipment on a bike and expect to do the job right.

Anyway, they stumbled out of the car just in time to be jammed with forty questions as to who the fuck they were, what they were doin' there, and how in ever-lovin' hell they were gonna prove that they were associated with **Easyriders**. In short, an over-brotherly atmosphere. Billy knew a couple of presidents in the area, so while security kept them from taking flicks, he just cooled his heels. The presidents, Lenny and Wink, eventually rode in, the



Michigan



vibes immediately changed, and the party began.

The Detroit Federation of Motorcycle Clubs consists of 25 Detroit-based clubs. They have monthly meetings and require at least two members from each club to attend. The federation is dedicated solely to brotherhood, and one indication of their success is the fact that they haven't had one serious incident or problem between two member clubs in three years. They began with nine clubs, and

now have vowed that no new clubs will start in Detroit.

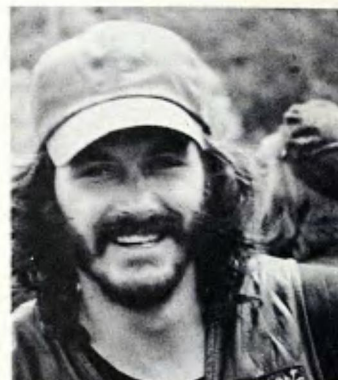
Nine thousand bucks went into this party. There was a whole cow for chow. One club brought seven cases of whiskey. The party site consisted of one hundred acres of land belonging to one of the clubs. There's a stone church on the land, and they partied there for three days.

Nine events were scheduled, including a tire race, potato search, turkey pull, and a

destruction derby. These were no lightweight events. The tire race began with brothers on bikes pulling brothers lying on tires across a field. Few stayed on the tires as the scooters raced for the finish line. Each club contributed one car for the demolition derby. After the junk fourwheelers were beaten to scrap, they were all set on fire, filling the sky with oil smoke.

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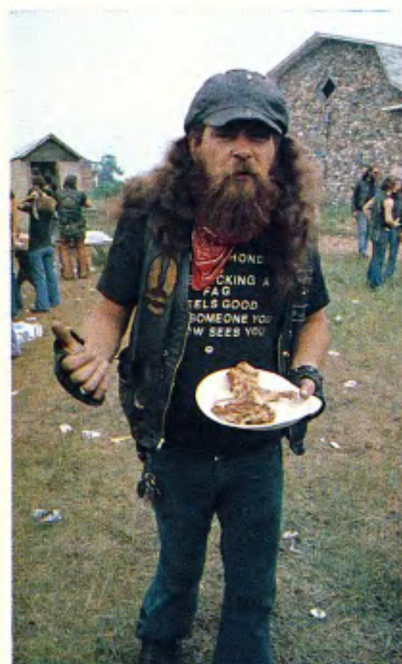
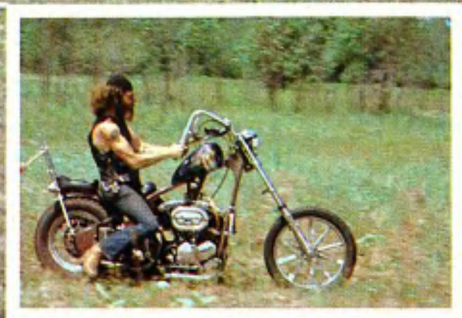


The potato hunt was the best, though. Ol' ladies packin' behind their ol' man circled a pile of hay in which potatoes were hidden—fewer potatoes than ol' ladies. When one of the brothers blew the whistle, the ol' ladies dived off the moving bikes and quickly scrambled for the potatoes. After each bout, there was a fight for that last potato.

Not to be left out was the train that lasted three days—but we won't go into that.

Billy and Woody 'bout burnt their minds and cameras to the ground that weekend. We didn't hear from them for two weeks after the run. When, at last, we finally got Billy on the phone, all he could push out of his tired face was, "These guys don't preach brotherhood, they practice it."

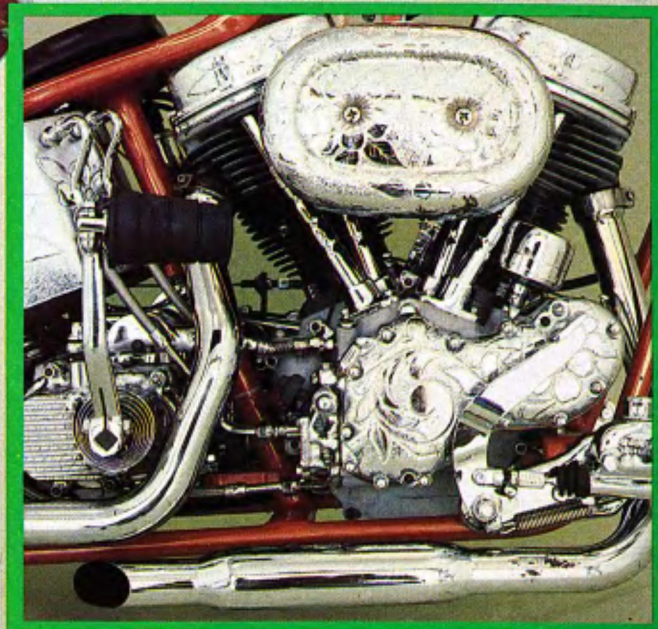
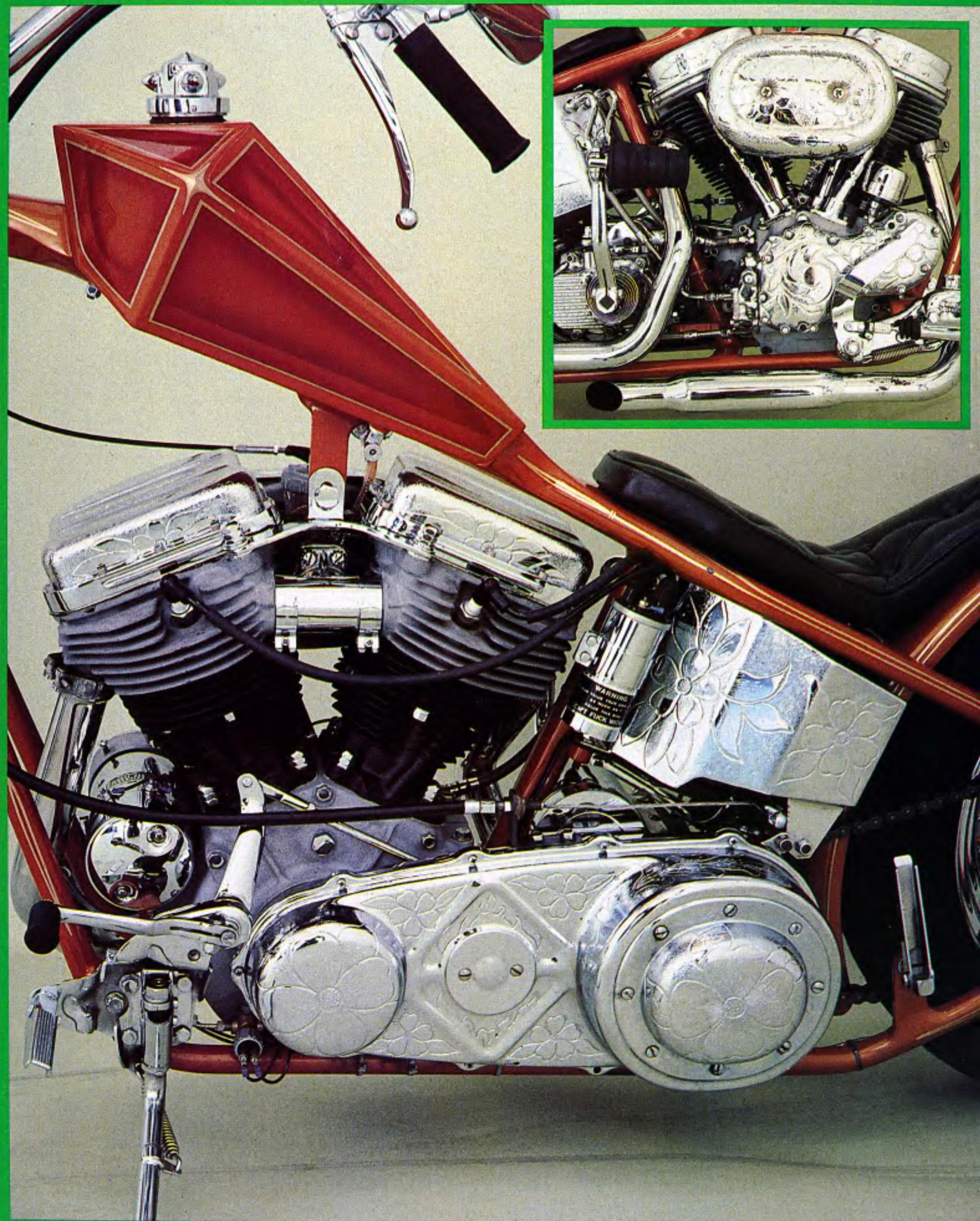




Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody









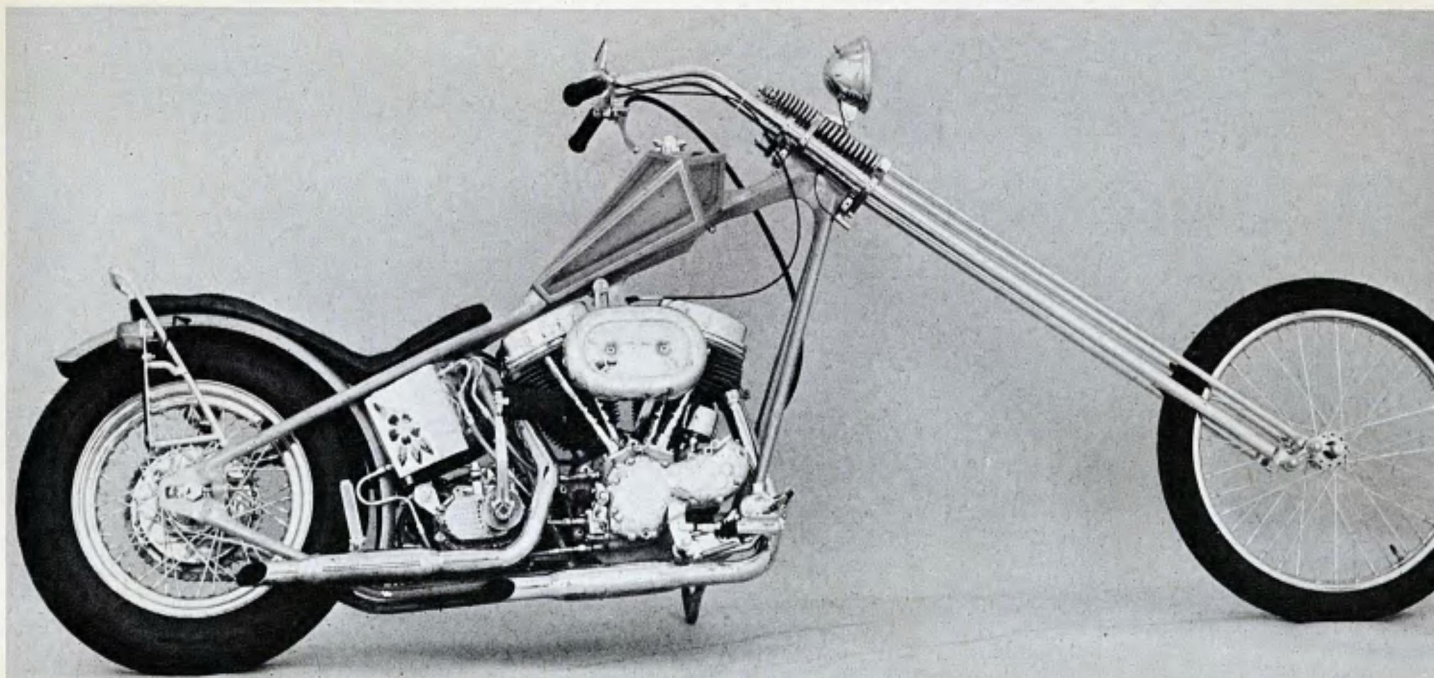
INSURANCE

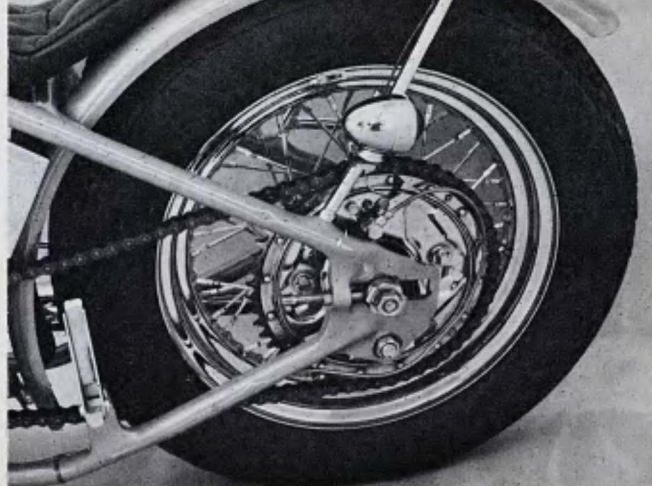
Once in a while
it ain't bad

Remember all the insurance hassles, bills, and zero payoffs you've encountered? And don't forget the time you crawled out from under your putt only to find that the sonova-bitch who caused you to go down didn't have a dime's worth of insurance. Either you broke his neck on the spot or spent a couple of evenings a month chasing the bastard down after payday

Maybe you squeezed, threatened, and shook enough money out of the jerk to repair your putt—but in the meantime, you spent half the summer rebuilding in your smoldering hot garage while your bros putted from one helluvatime run to another.

But don't swallow that roach. This feature bike is a high-time example of the other side of the coin, bill, or check.





Photos by Pete Chiodo

A bro out in Berdoo got his motorcycle run over by (you got it) a drunk. This creep had insurance and, like the one or two slot machines in all of Vegas, it paid off. He collected five—one more time in case your vision is blurred—*five* grand. Consequently, the dude had enough green to buy almost any bike that turned him on. He bought this panhead the day we shot the flicks for the feature.

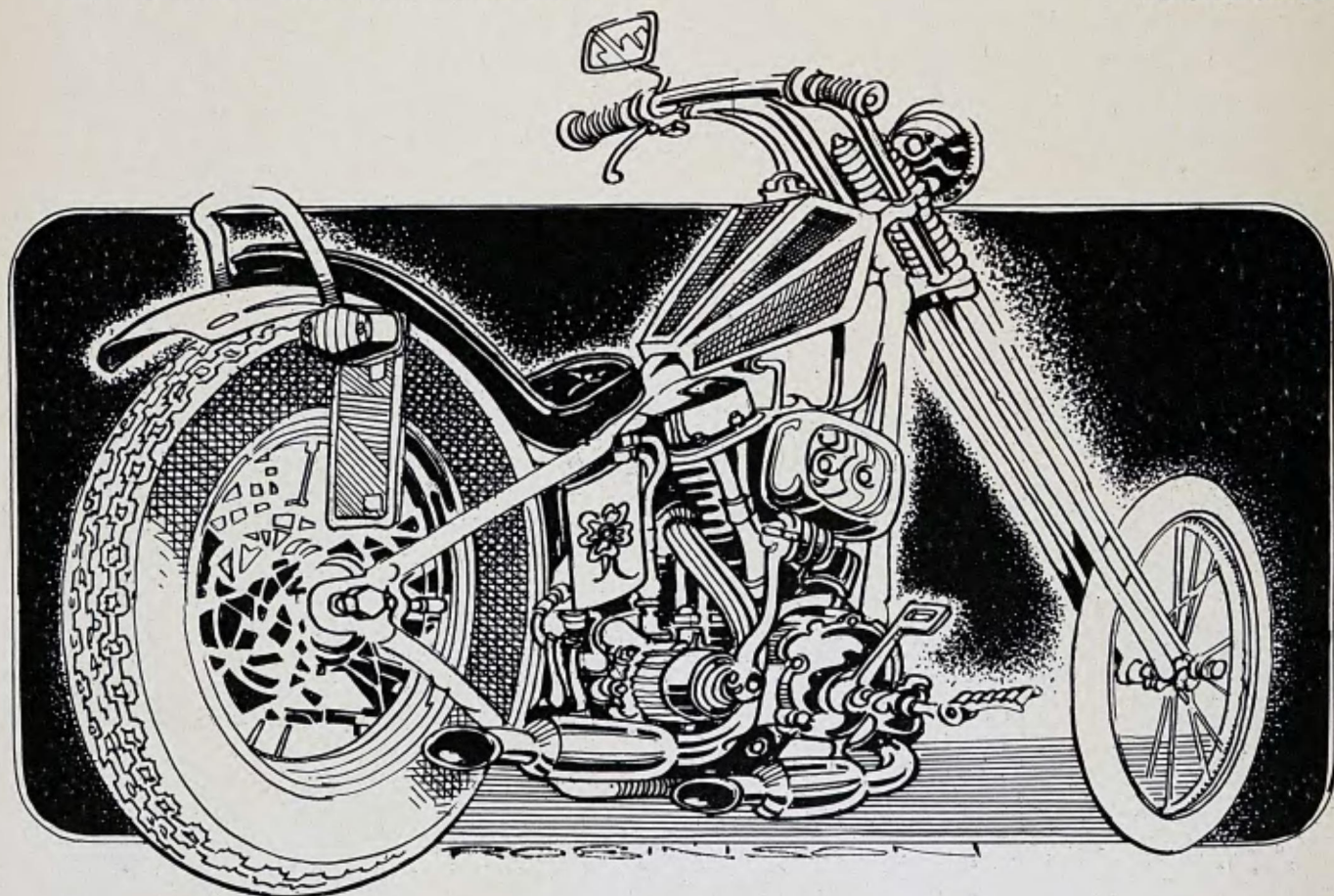
It took Fred Ruiz, the original owner, four years to build this clean putt. It

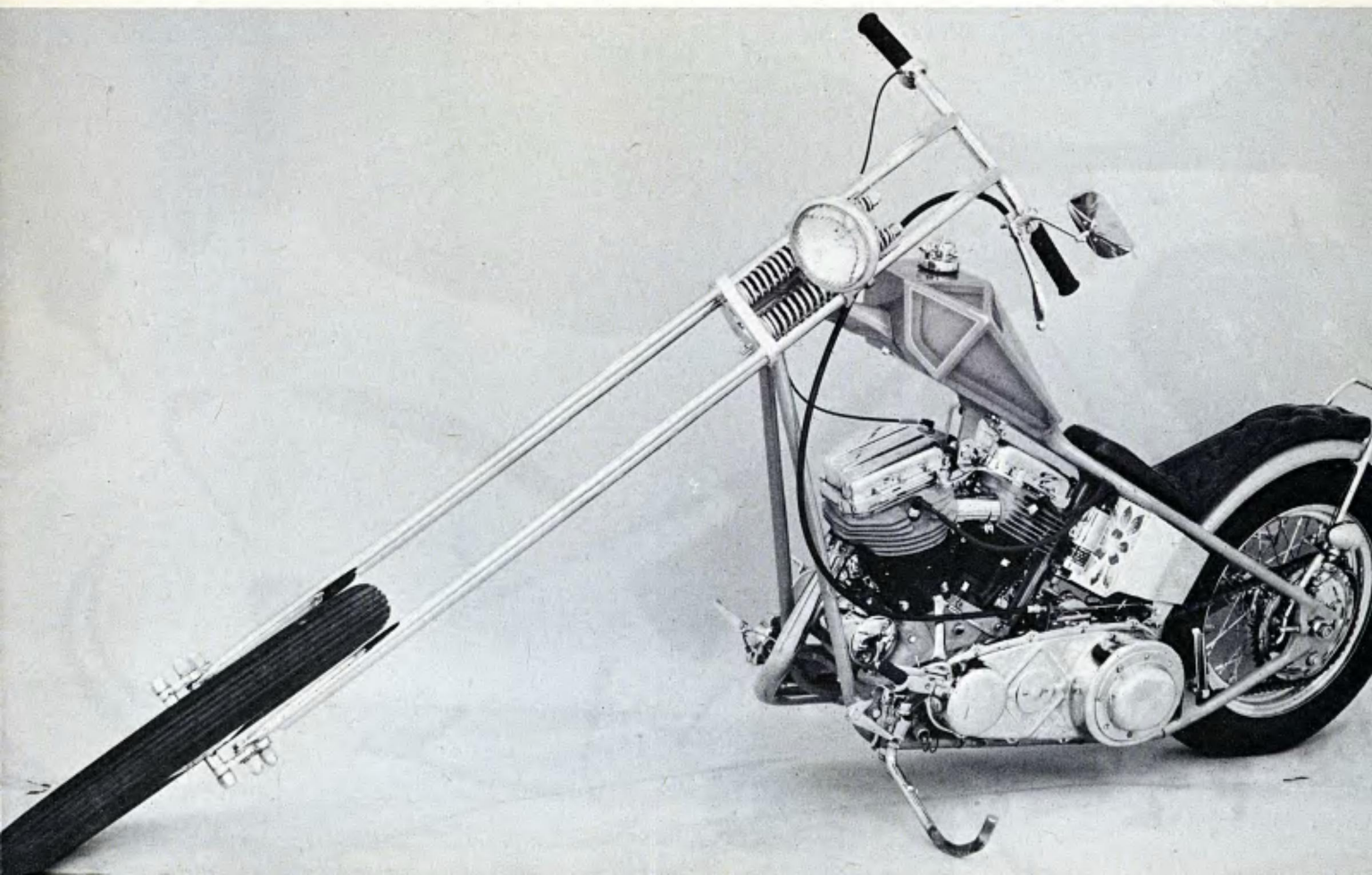
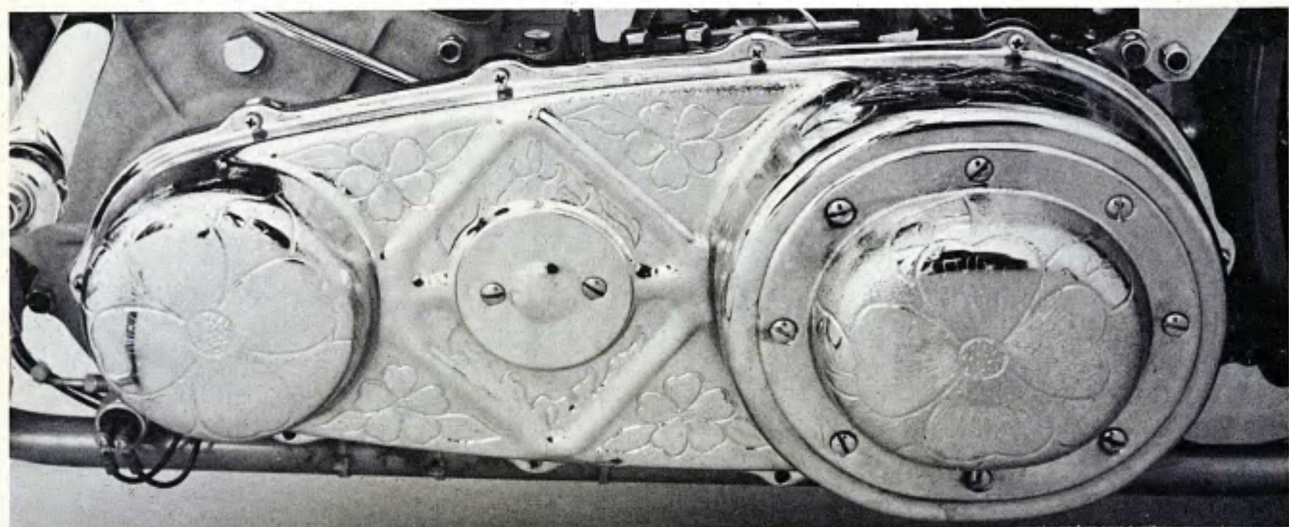
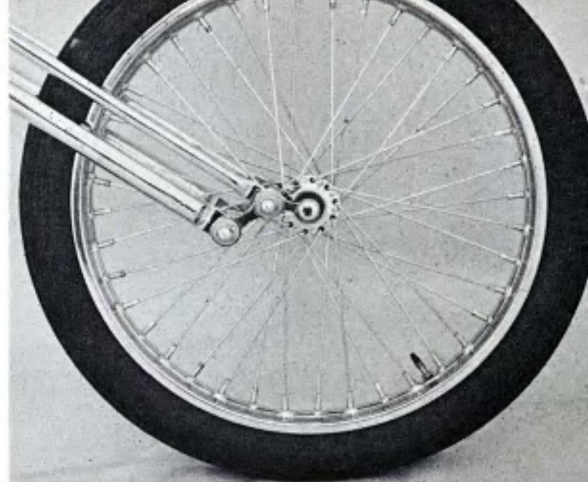
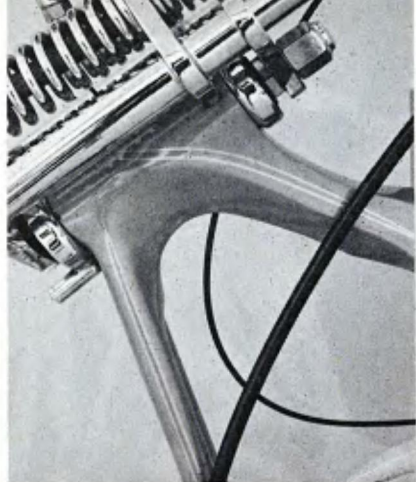
took six months for Art the Engraver to etch each intricate, artistic design on the covers and oil tank. Fred has been building scooters since 1957. He estimates this engraved pan to be his 75th custom bike.

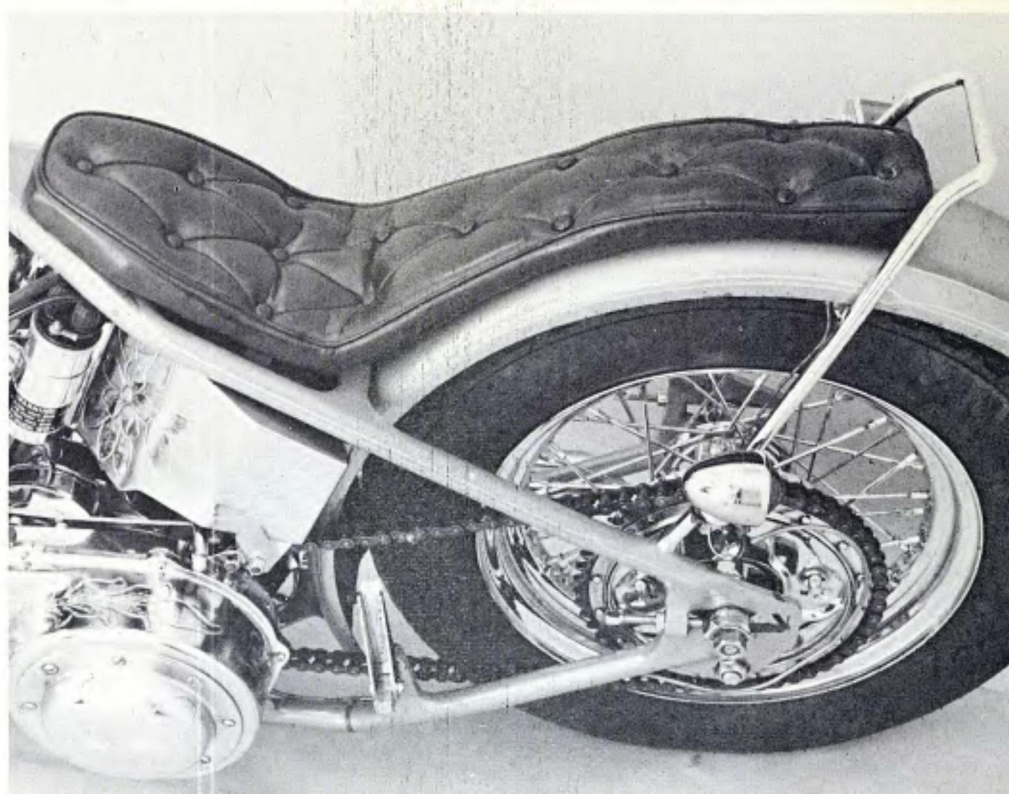
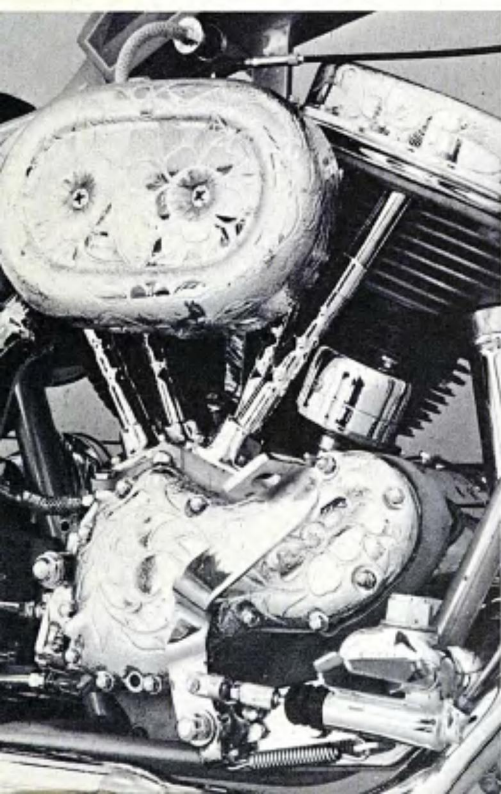
The dude who bought Fred's pan made out all right. It's a good feeling to know of a tramp who had a mishap and afterwards had things go right—for once.

—Bandit

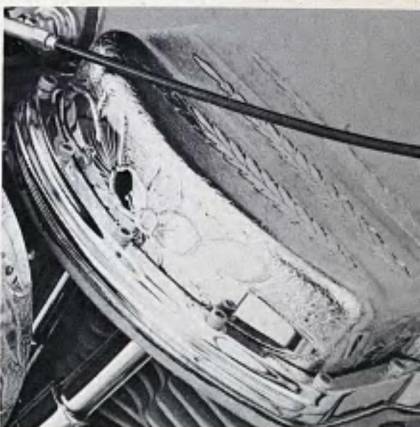
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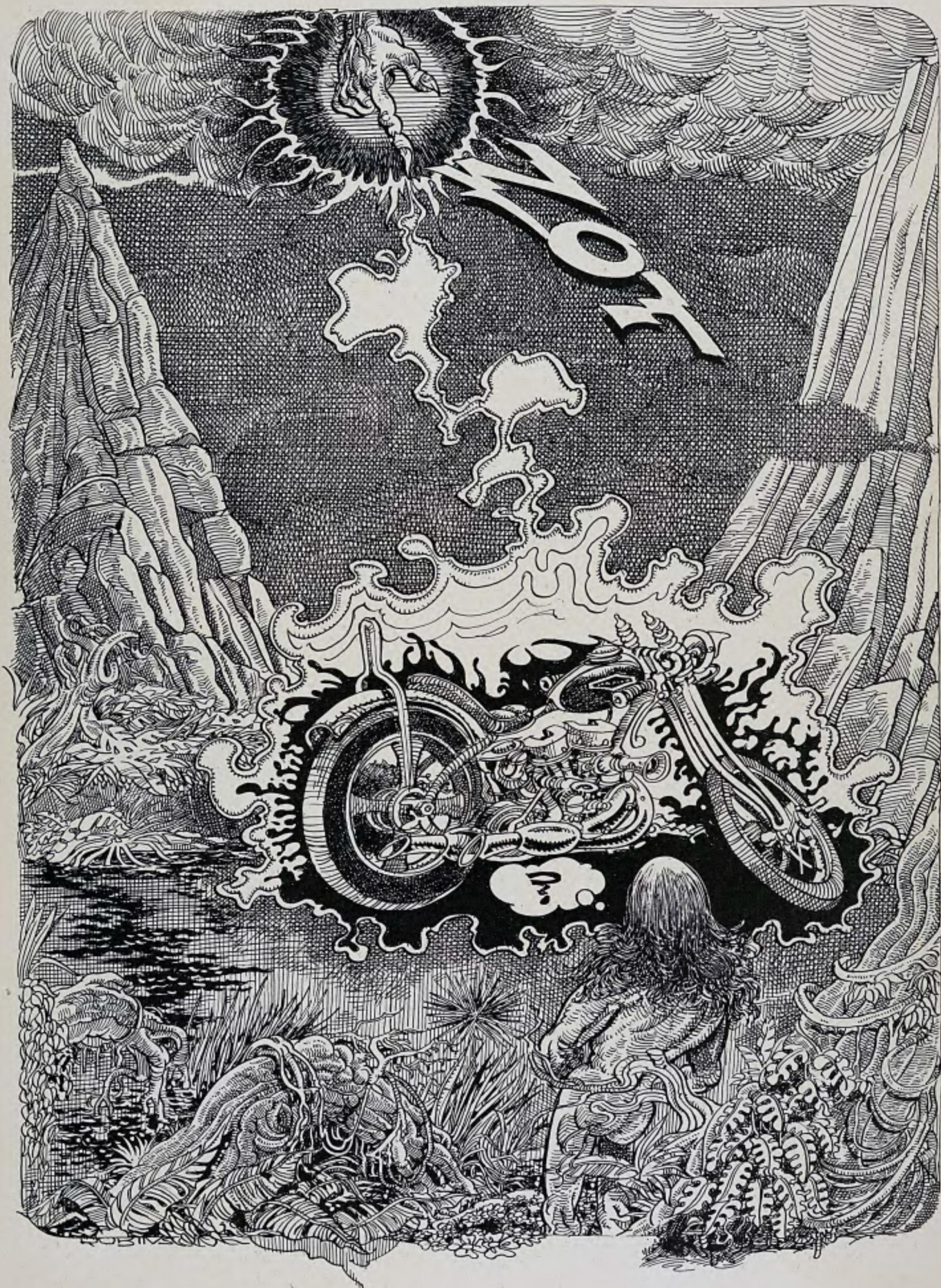






Owners: Fred Ruiz		City: Berdoo	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1973	
Year and make: 1959 H-D		Builder: Denver's	
Model: FLH		Type: stretched rigid	
Value: \$6,000		Rake: 10° over stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4 inches	
Time: 4 years		Other alterations: tank to frame	
Chroming by: Swanson		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: rigid drag	
Year: 1959		Risers: one piece	
Model: H-D		Fender(s): 4 inch flat	
Rebuilder: Motorhead		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: automatic advance		Taillight: KD Lamp	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: balanced true		Front pegs: custom	
Balancing: Motorhead		Rear pegs: custom	
Pistons: forged		Electrics: generator/reg.	
Cases: sandblasted		Gas tank: 2 1/2 gal.	
Heads: bronze guides		Oil tank: center	
Cam: Sifton 412		Oil system: steel lines	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: engraved	
Carb(s): Mikuni		Seat: Bates	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissy bar: Denver's	
Pipes: one piece drag		Height: 5 inches	
Muffler(s): shorty		Material: 5/8 in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Jammer cover		Type: springer	
Year: 1959		Extension: 18 inch.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Denver's	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: none	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: Swanson		Hub: spool	Hub: stock
Painter: Denver's		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: pearl orange		Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: Carlisle
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: hydraulic
Special paint: Denver's			





In The Beginning

by the Rev. (revised) ALCH

In the beginning, as the story goes, God was really busting his celestial omnipotent balls creating everything. I mean, that dude had his hands full, what with having to create all the heavens and planets, the stars and moon by night, the sun by day, the firmament, the waters, the trees, meadows, the fish in the newly created waters, and all the things that creepeth and crawleth on the face of the earth. You know — the whole frigging picture. To make things more amazing, he set himself a deadline of six days to complete the whole mess. Granted, he had no clock to punch or badass supervisor on his case; he just woke up one Monday morning and thought to himself, in whatever terms you thought in before there was anything to think about — gee, I feel creative this morning.

Just imagine trying to get one microscopic bit of this task done these days. Why, it would take forever — what with rising labor costs, material shortages, the quality of workmanship — and to top it all off, it probably wouldn't last as long. Now don't go sniveling to God about material shortages. Back in those days, he couldn't just run up to the hardware store on the corner of Nirvana and Cloud Nine to pick up a three-eighths inch nut. No siree bob, all God had to work with was the void. Back then, if he wanted something done, he had to do it himself. If for nothing else, you have to respect God for his creative mind. After doing all this in only six

days, on the seventh day God, smiling like a newly created possum eating newly created shit, sat back in his easy throne, opened a bottle of cheap wine made from his newly created grapes, lit a reefer made from his newly created weed, and said unto himself, "Hot shit!"

Anyway, somewhere during those six days, he created Adam in his own image to be sort of a PR man and watch over all the earth. At first, everything went smoothly. Adam dug his job. It was easy enough. There was plenty of cheap wine, coco leaves, and grass around. You can bet your left nut that grass was heavy by anyone's standards. And just think, no fucking police to hassle you! Everything went smoothly until Adam started experiencing cosmic boredom in its heaviest form. After all, what did he have to do all day? He'd wake up in the morning, look around, and see everything was just as the Old Man had created it. So he'd probably roll up a joint and go watch the yaks screw or whatever. You can imagine that even an existence like this could be less than exhilarating after a while. Then one day God, who had been away on a celestial business trip of sorts, decided to look in on his favorite creation. That's when he found Adam stoned out as usual, choking his chicken under the apple tree.

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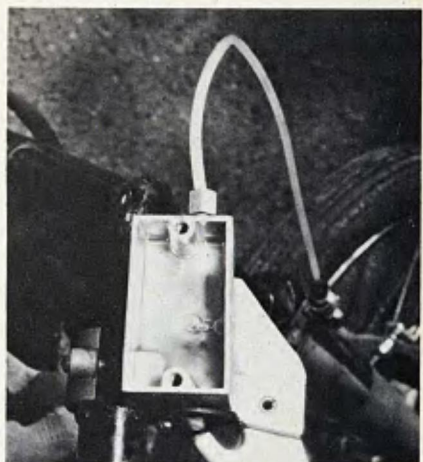
TECH TIP:

ON BLEEDING

Custom disc brakes usually work all right if the calipers float properly. But once everything is mounted in place, getting the fluid to flow from the master cylinder on the handlebars to the wheel cylinder can be a bastard.

Now wait. Before you start biting holes in your hydraulic brake line, here's a solution. Generally, the idea is to pump the brake fluid into a bleeder nipple (just one) on the calipers, through the wheel cylinder, up through the line and into the master cylinder—backwards.

Start by bleeding the master cylinder. Make sure there is no air in it. Take the cap off the master cylinder and protect your paint job with rags. Open your lowest bleeder nipple and attach a three-inch section of quarter-inch I.D. hose to the open bleeder with a hose clamp. Attach the other end of the hose to a clean pump oil can filled with new, heavy-duty, hydraulic brake fluid. Gently pump the fluid into the caliper and watch it climb up through the hose into the master cylinder. If you notice air bub-



bles lingering in the hose, tap it with your finger to work the bubbles loose. Be sure the line is free of all air, and no more bubbles are popping to the surface in the master cylinder. If you pump the oil up through the line too quickly, it may squirt and overflow out of the handle reservoir, so take it easy. Once the air is completely out of the line, close the bleeder nipple. And finally, to remove any air that might be trapped in the wheel cylinder, bleed the line once the conventional way. But be careful not to create new bubbles in the line adjacent to the master cylinder while you're at it. Button the system up and you're on the road again.

—Weed

DOWNTIME

By The Deviate

music ("Louie, Louie," people falling out of the place, a 200-year-old front, and hell being raised inside. The tanned, overweighted Dorfman likes this fat. It's full of "students" who are more interested in staying out to the draft than in any grade point average.

Enter John Belushi, as Bluto Butzski, chief animal of the unabashedly degenerate Animal House. Every gag you've ever seen—from Laurel and Hardy to Martin and Lewis—was low key compared with these off-the-wall (and through-the-wall) stunts. In fact, Belushi's genius is that he can do things you know he's gonna do, but still ya go nuts. The main ploys of the fat are "tun is good, better an animal than a vegetable," and "don't get mad—get even." Right arm!

This was the first non-fuck film I'd seen in quite a while. I thought they dropped this kinda comedy with the Marx Brothers. I don't wanna spoil the story, but ya can be guaranteed of some fit shots—no beav, but it's strong enough without 'em. The gist of the plot resembles any of a million runs you've been on where the straight next to ya in the campground get a little worried about their sweet daughter's virginity being lost forever to the beer-soaked load-baited bikers in the next camp. Get it?

Don't feed the animals: As it ya didn't already have a zillion things to do, here's one more to keep ya behind the pace. Get all the brothers, broads, cats, dogs, hang-around, and mistle ya can come up with, load up the run truck, and jam out to the nearest drive-in theater to feast your eyeballs on **Animal House**.

I'll tell ya straight—I'm thinkin' of workin' my ass off so that someday I'll have enough scratch to buy a Betamax to tape the damn thing. Then I can kick back at the shack and laugh my stomach sore whenever the luck I please. I love it. I was a full thirty seconds into the flick before my cheeks started puffin' out as I tried my best to control myself. It was no use. Shortly thereafter, the laughs were coming out the nose and I knew I'd suffocate if I didn't let go and whoop it up. Fortunately, the rest of the audience was in the same state. I mean, ya gotta see these characters to appreciate what the luck I'm blatherin' about. The first one ya see is Kent Dorfman, a fat, rich momma's boy who's leaving home for the first time and visiting the Faber College fraternities. The scene opens with Dorfman's going to the jocks' first—stuffy broads, sports heroes, and eggheads on the side. From there it's next door to the Delta house, which resembles quite a few party pads we've seen. There's blasting



Live Review—Sammy Hagar: We'd never seen this Sammy Hagar dude before. We were lookin' for a brain-joltin' good time, due mostly to a month of listenin' to Hagar's album *Musical Chairs*. We weren't disappointed.

This Bay Area bomber with the lungs of steel gave one of the rockin'est performances this burned-out bro has had the pleasure to witness. Sammy Hagar is positive energy right from the beginning.

About the time the warmup band behind Eddie Money cleared away their gear, my 714 kicked in and I was Rorering to go. I sat there dazed, when on came this beautiful noise—"Turn Up the Music". It came on like a herd of H-Ds in heat. Simply sonic.

"It's Gonna Be All Right," sort of a patriotic anthem to hang-in-there, led off, followed by "Boozin' and Cruisin'," "Red," "Urban Guerrilla," and "Rock and Roll Romeo." They all flashed by faster'n ya could say "Rickenbacher"—blistering, with bassist Bill Church and lead guitar-shredder Gary Pihl forcing Hagar to work harder just to keep from gettin' passed up by his sidemen.

Hagar had a guitar duel with Pihl, coming away with a draw at best. That ain't a cheap shot at Sammy—just a tribute to Gary.

Sammy Hagar doesn't write bullshit songs. None of that "pout, pout, I can't find a cunt" crap. He said, "I'm gonna do a song for where your heads are," and got right into "Someone's Out There," a ten-minute ditty about extra-terrestrial life. I don't know if that's where my head was, but he took it there before he was through. Alan Fitzgerald was the dude playing a board with a shitload of fuckin' knobs, makin' plenty of brain-stretchin' sounds. Worth mentionin' also was the drummanship of Dennis Carmassi.

Throughout the night, the music never lowered its intensity or volume. And no meaningless chatter between songs. Hagar's singing never lost its punch—every time the rhythm picked up, so did his voice. I thought sure I'd see him spit his larynx right into the first row.

Anyway, he finally made book by lashin' out on, of all things, "Get on Your Bad Motorsickle and Ride." Now that's guaranteed to get us in a good mood.

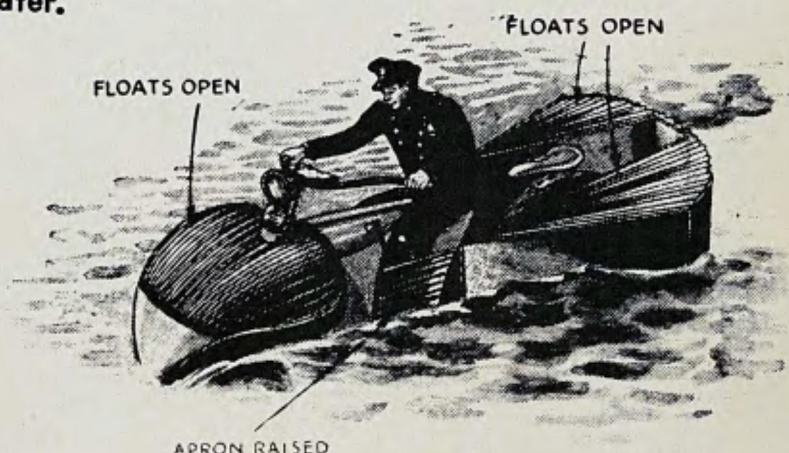


Amphibian Motorcycle

Machine runs on land or in water.

FREQUENTLY the readers of this publication have seen reference to boats capable of crawling out on land and automobiles which would take to the water like a duck. But this is, undoubtedly, the first time anyone has attempted to develop a motorcycle which can be operated on both land and water and in which the floating bodies are merely mudguards when the machine is traveling on land.

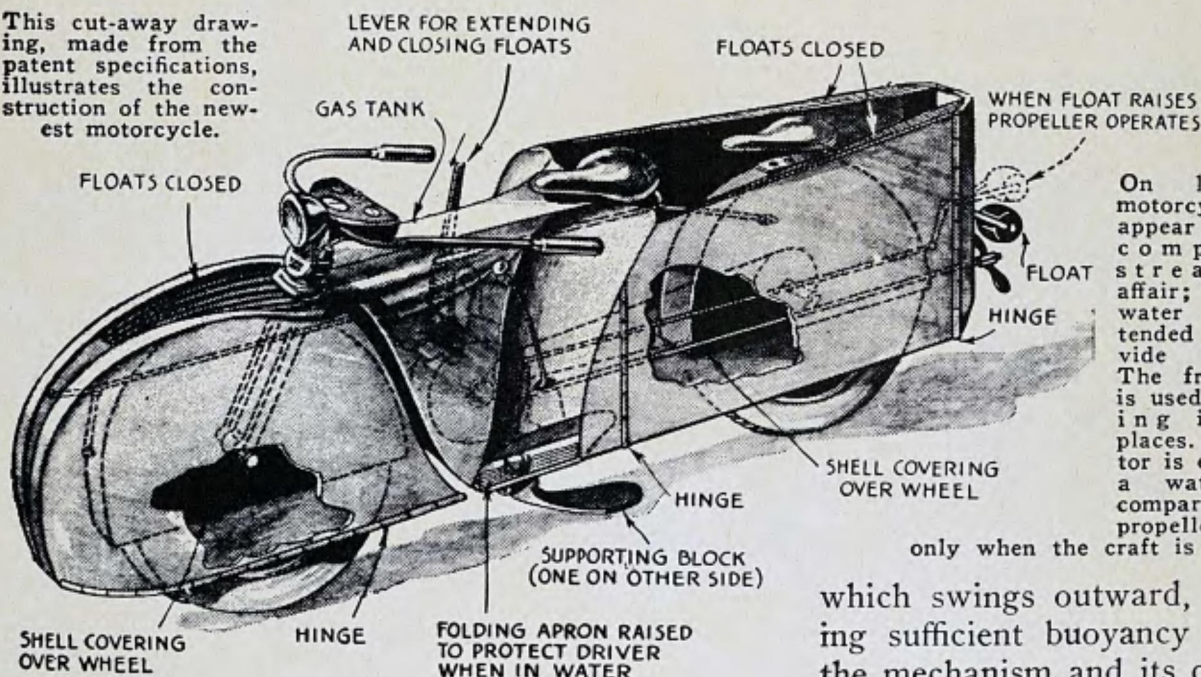
Invented by Achilles Eduard Freiherr van Caneghen of Berlin, Germany and patented in the U. S., the machine shows several startling innovations. Both rear



The motorcycle as it will appear under way in the water.

and front wheels are covered on either side with metal troughs, the rear ones being hinged to the body of the machine and the front ones hinged at the bottom. When these protective covers are opened they disclose an accordion structure

This cut-away drawing, made from the patent specifications, illustrates the construction of the newest motorcycle.



On land this motorcycle would appear to be a completely streamlined affair; in the water its distended sides provide buoyancy. The front wheel is used for steering in both places. The motor is enclosed in a water-tight compartment. The propeller operates

only when the craft is in water.

which swings outward, producing sufficient buoyancy to float the mechanism and its operator.

Garage Fight.

Photos by Billy Tinney

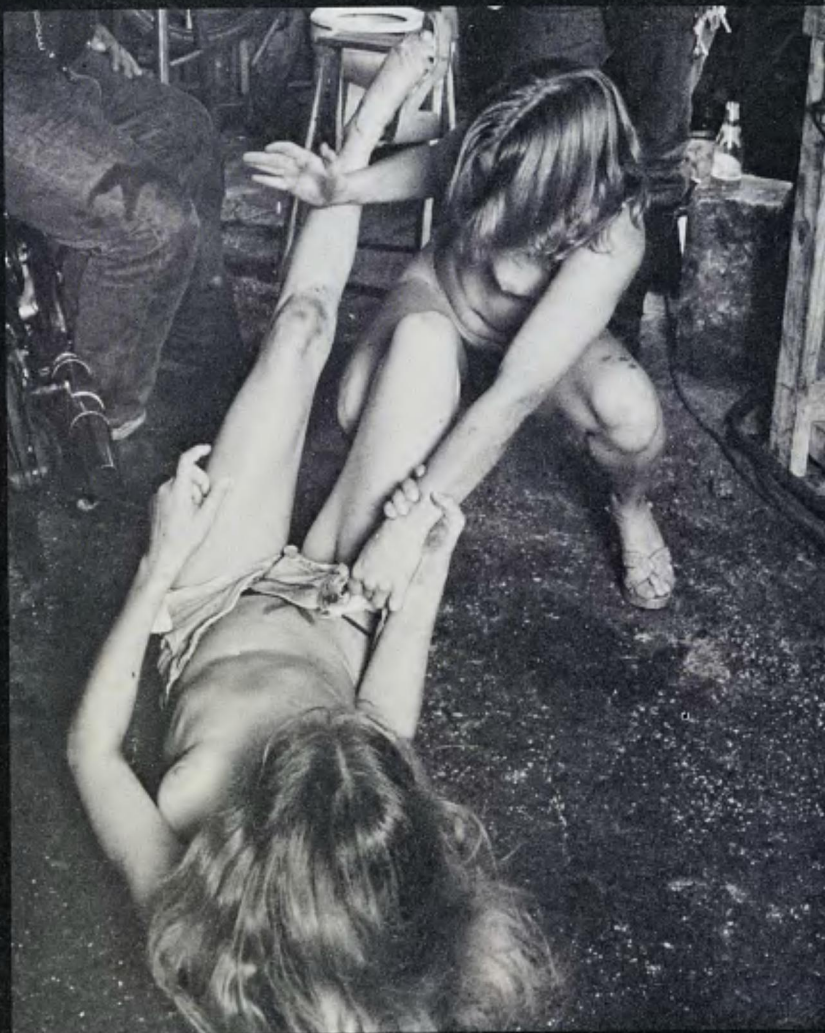


Happy's ol' lady lets fly

I woke up knowin' — since the house was too quiet and the bed was too cold — my ol' man had slipped away early. No tellin' where he might be. Strugglin' to open my eyes, I flashed to the dresser and saw that my cigarettes were gone — the last two in the house. Damn! And me with no grocery money.

Gettin' riled, I made it into some clothes and out to the kitchen for some instant coffee — for sure a piss-poor way to start the day. I'd had somethin' else in mind — if ya know what I mean.

I had to scrape the last of the coffee from the jar — not even enough for a decent mugful. Then I had to drink the swill standin' by the stove because that wrenchin' fool had covered every inch of available space with greasy bike parts. Without thinkin', I slugged that coffee down — and burned my damn



tongue. What a way to begin the goddam day!

Standin' there, I looked over by the back door and saw eleven bags of garbage neatly piled to one side so my ol' man could get out the door. I swear, that Happy would go up the chimney to avoid takin' out the garbage.

The bags were full and be-ginnin' to tear, so I had to carry them one at a time across the yard, past the garage, and out the gate to the alley. As I came back after the last trip, I heard faint noises in the garage — feet, wrenches, whispers, and soft female laughter!

I flung open the garage door and there they were. Happy, all chuckles and smiles, was foolin' with his scoot, while this long-stemmed, honey-haired bitch I'd never seen before was foolin' with him. That tore it — this chick was gonna get hers!

— Duchess

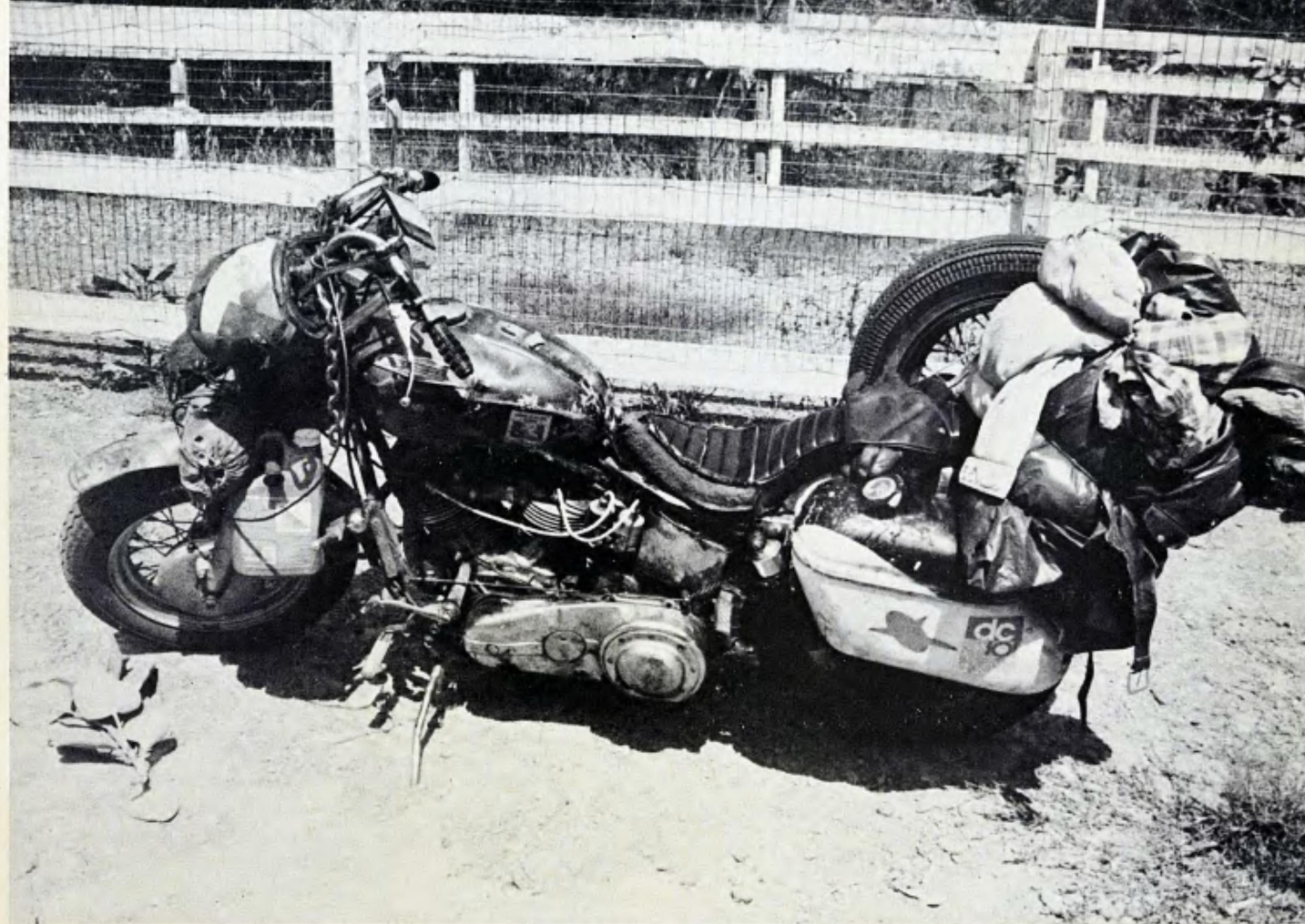






THE PINEY RIVER RAT

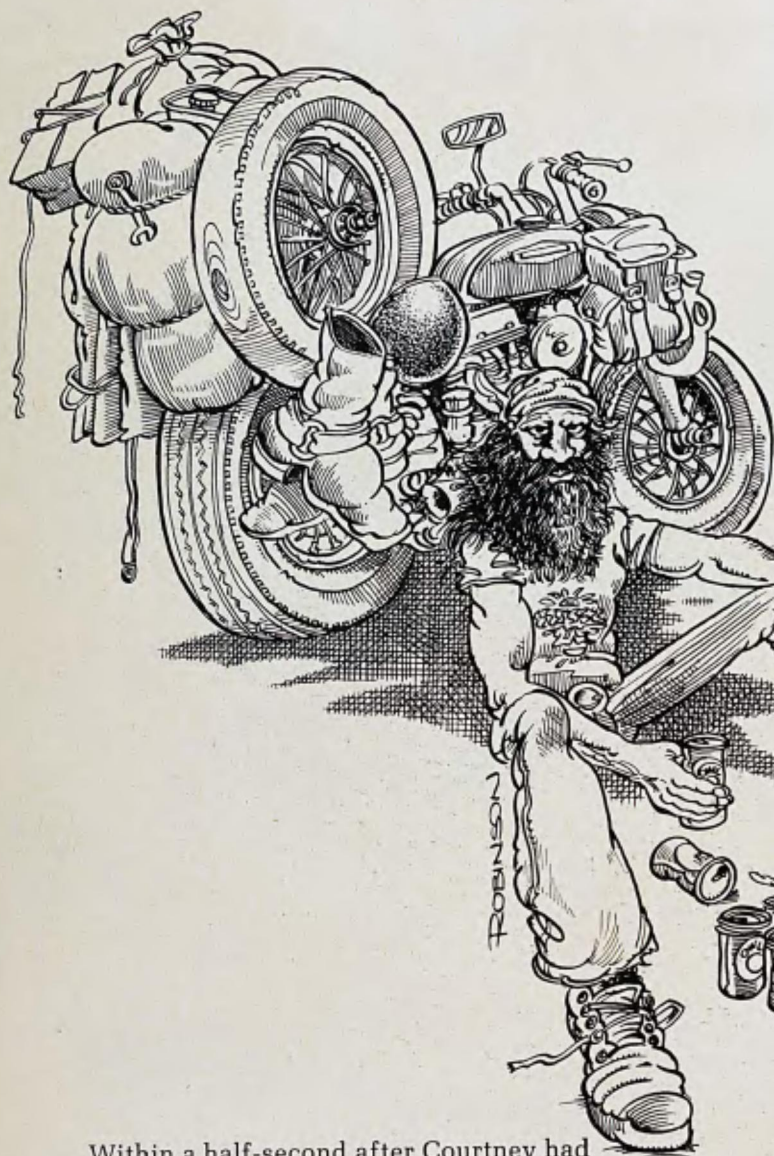
Photos by Kim Peterson



The voice at the other end of the line was now beginning to plead, "Man, ya gotta check this rat of mine. I jus' got here from Virginia, man, and I gotta show ya my rat." Right. Sure. I'll finish this roach, grab the gear and a beer and be right there. Dave had wandered into my cave of an office, so he became the technical wizard who would assist me on this adventure.

We'd passed up four sweetie pies hitchhikin' while waitin' for our hero-to-be, and our patience was on the borderline. Even the noise of the busy highway couldn't hide the roar of this panhead. "Shit, that must be them" was my first comment upon sighting this Salvation Army on wheels. Dave cracked a half smile (rare) and gave it a "yeah."





Within a half-second after Courtney had dismounted his beloved machine, I looked him dead in the eye and realized that this guy was a brother. Snap judgment? Maybe. But I go by vibes, and this dude had some good ones. Mounted on the back of this indisputable rat was a stunning cutie named Patty. Obviously, there was only one thing to do—well, maybe two or three—but we don't take advantage of our feature bike owner's ol' lady.

It was up to the store for more beer, then off to find a spot that would be perfect for homing in on the scoot and gettin the low-down on exactly what the fuck we were gazin' at. The corral at a bro's barn proved to be an ideal location. Courtney rolled the machine into place and we got busy.

I could tell that our travelers were a bit jangled by their first time ever in a city laced with freeways. Screaming lanes can be a real slap in the face to the innocent victim.

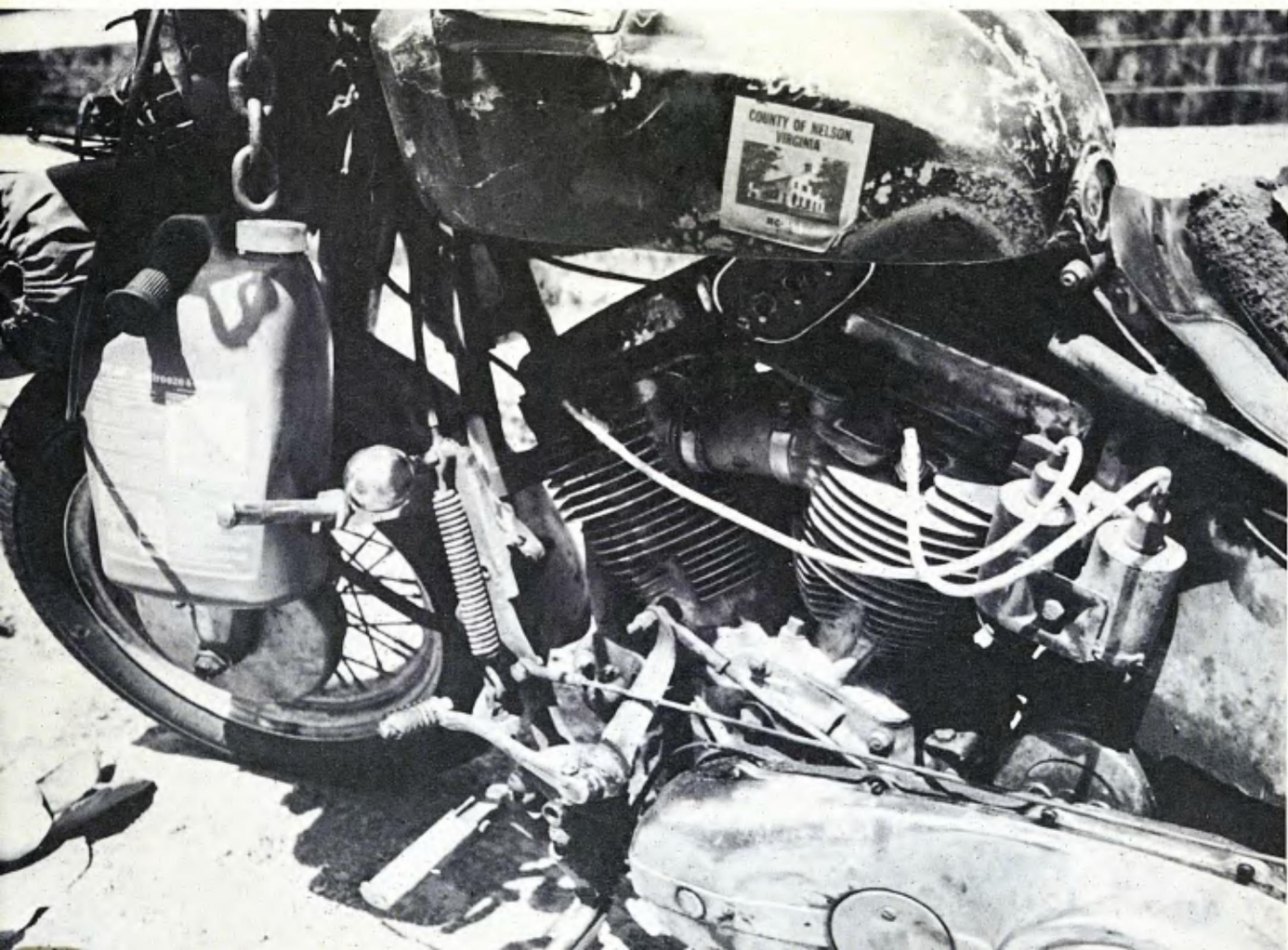
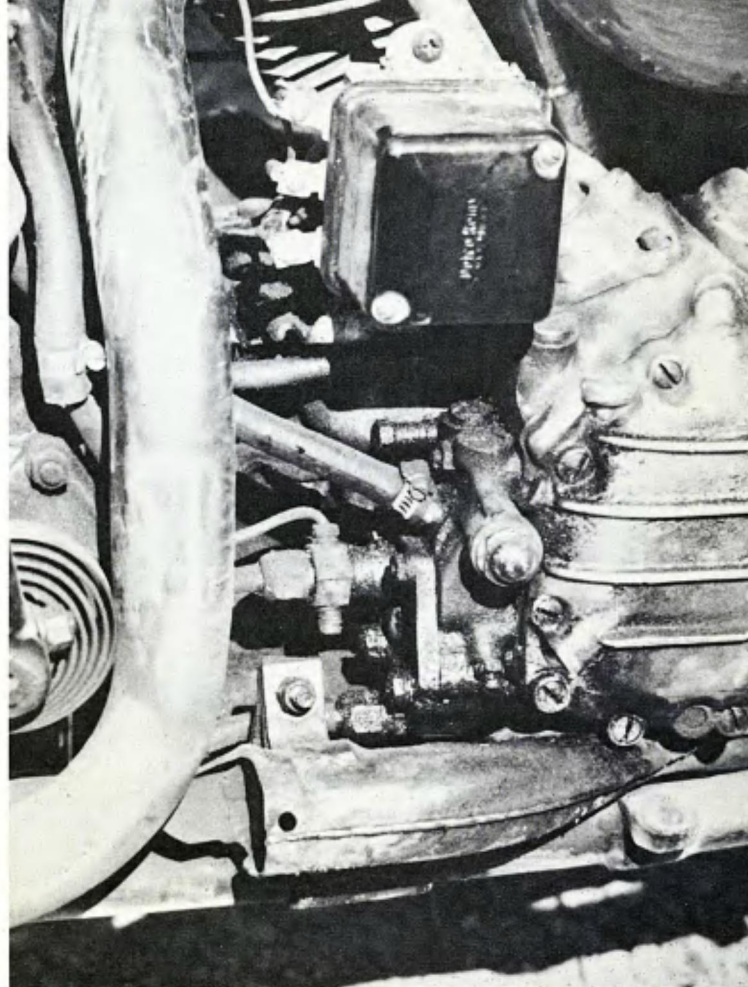
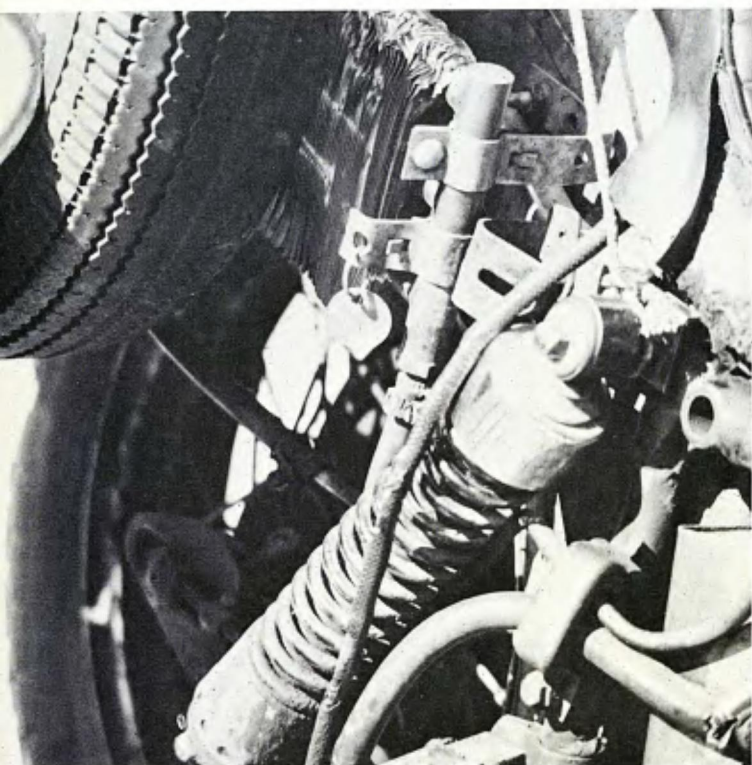
We mellowed out some and started getting the story of where they'd been, what they'd encountered, and how the bike had held up.

The fearless crew had left their home in Piney River, Virginia, about a month ago with the express machine that was to drag, pull, gulp, and get 'em to the west coast. That sounds good on paper, but before they could get out of the sticks, fffft, fffft, the bike was acting weird, and it was already time for repairs, not more than ten miles from home. Three days later, they were ready to give it another shot. Whatever magic wrenchin' they did must have worked, 'cause other than a routine flat tire in Kansas, there wasn't a harsh sound uttered by this monstrosity of a motorcycle. Days of riding turned into weeks, dirt thickened on the back of their necks, and chicken coops were used instead of high-roller hotels. They headed for Las Vegas, where a brother from back home was living, not to mention the lure of making a couple extra bucks at the expense of the slots.

Courtney decided that 25 bucks was enough to lose, so a few quarts of 50-weight and three days of Vegas later they were back on the blacktop heading for the legendary California. Well, sorta legendary. Courtney said, "How do they breathe? Seems like the plugs would foul just from the air." Another legend out the window.

From the barnyard, we hit it out through the smog to a brother's house. I was hesitant to make them do the freeway bit again, but like good sports they went along without a single gripe. We had our respective noses jammed with a mysterious powder that took us through the night swappin' stories. And in the next dawn they made a few adjustments on the machine and—poof—they were gone, heading up the coast in search of more dreams.

—the Cub





Owners: "C.G."

City: Piney River, Va.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: H-D & owner

Year: 1962

Year and make: 1962 H-D

Builder: H-D & owner

Model: FL

Type: swingarm

Value: none

Rake: 30°

Assembly by: H-D & owner

Stretch: none

Time: 8 years

Other alterations: you see it

Chroming by: oxidation

Accessories

Engine

Bars: homemade

Year: 1962

Risers: none

Model: tin can

Fender(s): stock & Triumph

Rebuilder: owner & Carson Little

Headlight: burnt out

Ignition: dual points

Taillight: Japanese

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: Bridgestone

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: L. C. Hopkins

Balancing: Carson Little

Rear pegs: owner

Pistons: Jackie Houtchins

Electrics: brand new

Cases: legal

Gas tank: Sportster

Heads: oversize intake valves

Oil tank: leaky

Cam: FLH

Oil system: very leaky

Lifters: hydraulic

Primary cover: four screws holding

Carb(s): Linkert

Seat: rags

Air cleaner: stock

Sissy bar: homemade

Pipes: short

Height: ain't measured it

Muffler(s): none

Material: 3/16 flat cold rolled

Transmission:

Forks:

Modifications: rounded teeth—old

Type: glide & slide

Year: 1962

Extension: 1 inch cut out of springs

Shifting: 1 down, 3 up

Builder: H-D & owner

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features:

Trans sprocket: ain't counted

Wheels:

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 16

Size: 16

Molding: sheepshit

Hub: stock

Hub: H-D

Painter: last owner

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: mud

Tire: 5.10 Egle

Tire: Pirelli

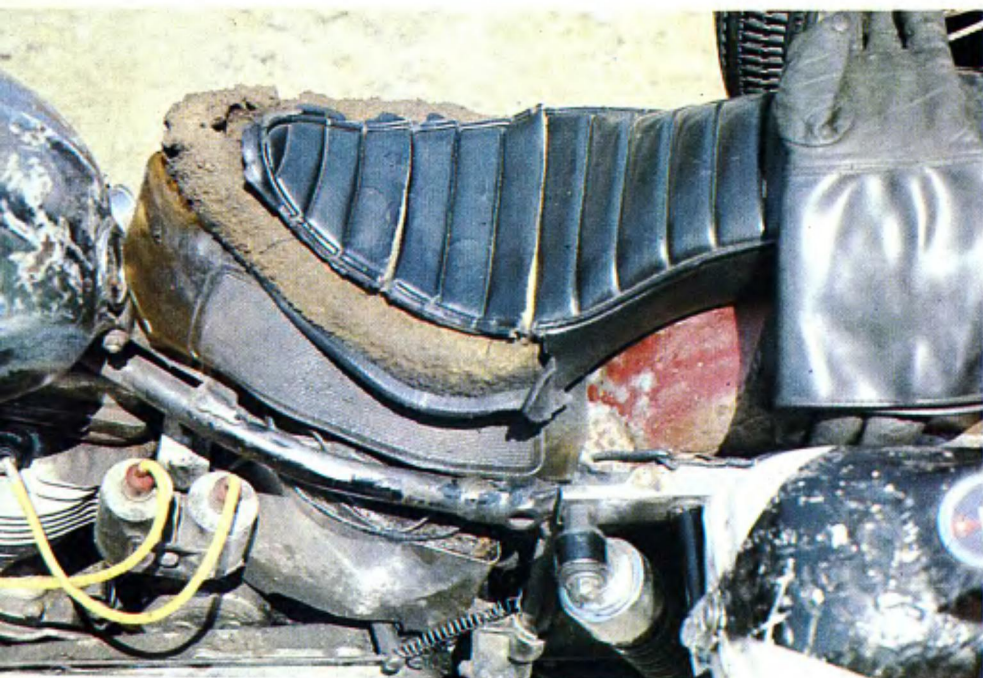
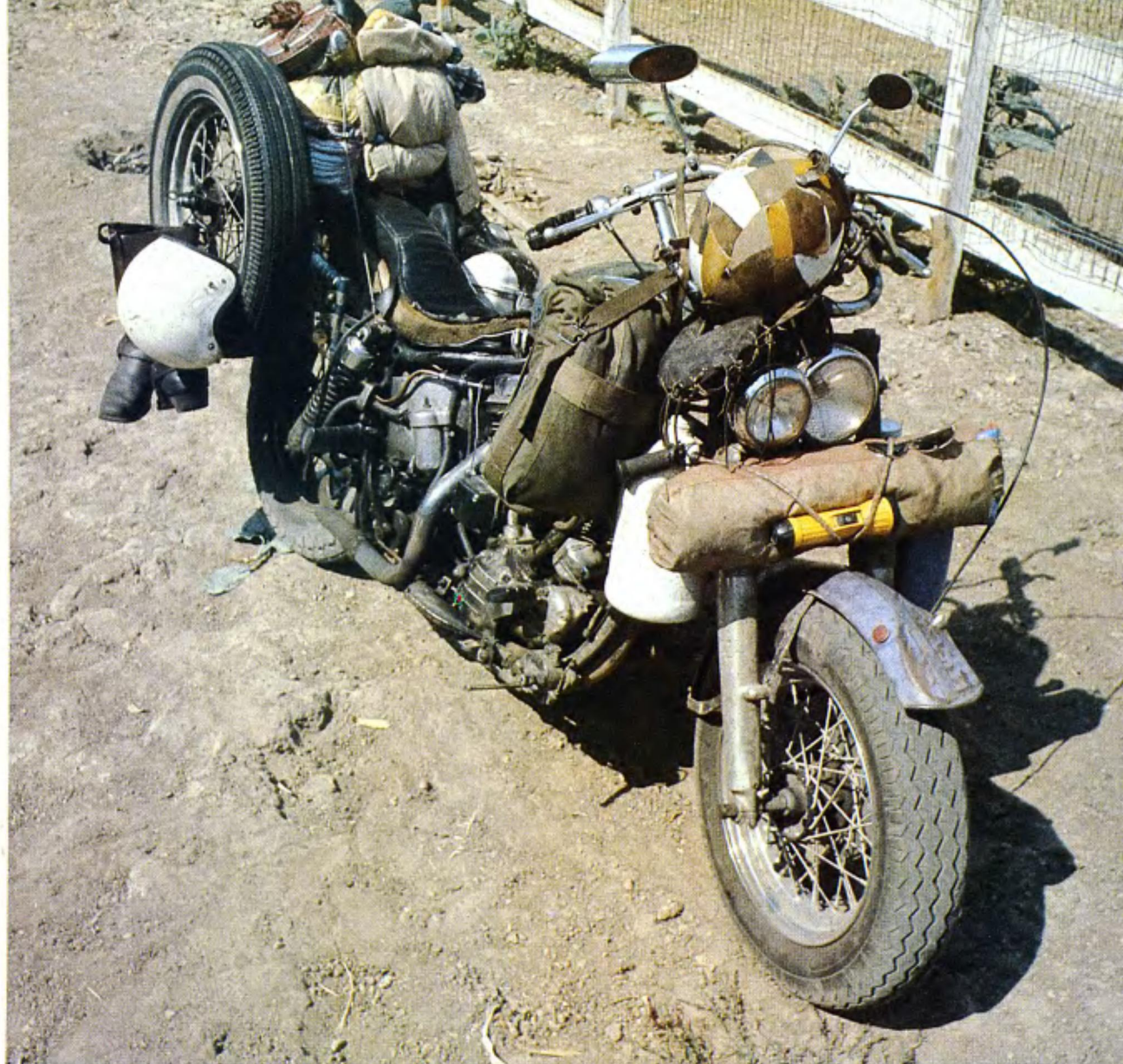
Type: spray

Brake: 1970

Brake: greased

Special paint: flip-flop by Crash

Other special modifications: One modification after another.



Joyride



By Timothy Kast

Lane sat turning the wrench in the twilight, unbroken except for the gas lantern hanging in the shed. Each turn of the wrench was slow, timed, and patient. The chrome made no crack in protest, for the bolts were always hand torqued with just the exact pressure. The knucklehead shone brightly, reflecting the care that a man of machines gives everything he touches. The metal in the scooter might have been vintage and the miles too numerous to count, but each piston hit a lick quite alive and crisp. Finished, Lane wiped the wrenches clean and put them away. The kickstarter came down clean and easy. The motor grumbled awake. Lane bent over low and listened to the pulse of the twin. His hand moved on the carburetor's air screw. The motor quickened, slowed, then began a steady, low throb. Lane shook his head, grinned, then pressed the kill button. A footstep, suddenly loud in the silence, caused him to whirl around.

"Nervous?" the girl smiled. It was Roxie. She stood in the doorway of the shop. He laughed and tossed a shop rag in her direction. She balled it up and shot it back to him. He had met Roxie about a month ago and so far she had proved to be the nicest sweetie he had ever had. She was almost as tall as he was and he had always thought that added a lot to a honey's looks.

He pulled on a pair of goggles, started the knuckle, and motioned for Roxie to climb on. Her long legs slid up behind him comfortably and she leaned back into the bike, snug and quiet. Lane gunned the bike briefly, then eased out the clutch lever.

Out on the street, the thoughts were coming back to him. Here he was, almost thirty, a scooter tramp all his life and probably always would be. He didn't have any more to his name than he could throw in the back of a pickup truck — including Roxie. Nothin' to snivel about, really — you just wonder sometimes. Most fuckers go through life never knowin' what kind of happiness they could get from a farm tractor/motorcycle and a long-legged brunette. All the same, ya just wonder sometimes, ya know?

Getting past the town traffic, the pair kicked back and took a back road. The moon was rich in the dark skies; it made a peculiar yellow shimmer in the

red paint of the tank. Somewhere behind them a fire engine wailed its cry of cities and civilization. But they were leaving that behind — this is where Lane's world began. In third gear, the engine mumbled its approval; a few seconds later, the transmission dropped firmly into fourth. At eighty, Lane leaned back against Roxie's tits and thought about what trampin' was all about. The other lifestyles have pretty much got it all — to hear people talk. But like John Sebastian sang, "It's like tryin' to tell a stranger 'bout rock 'n' roll." Sure, the other cats got color TV, two or three cars, several grand worth of furniture, a few more in stereo shit all tucked away in a Daddy Warbucks-type pad, but where's the joy in all that? Can you stay in that house forever? What about when the roof blows away or punks rip off your stereo?

It's true, scooters have problems, too, but to a scooter jock, that can be taken care of with more love than you'd deliver a baby with. Some chick once told him that he couldn't be Marlon Brando forever — jammin' the road, runnin' the cons. "Why?" he had asked in return. Then, "Why not?" She threw up her arms in disgust, and after about an hour of crying, her supper as well. Next day when Lane awoke, her shit was all gone. He knew he was subject to normal passage of time and aging, but to give up being a biker — he'd rather die. Besides, you just take what you need to get by. Just enough to get by. He rented a little frame house in the town and it had just enough room to be comfortable. It wasn't that they couldn't afford to rent a nicer place — they just didn't need it. A biker's code. The excess is for the fat cats with the limos.

The red knuckle jounced along the farm road, flitting in and out of the slits of moonlight filtered by the oaks along the roadside. As the road rose and fell, Lane felt the changes in temperature as they rode along. The night air hung in little pockets that felt like icy spring water dashed across your face. Lane turned his head to see Roxie's nipples stiff against the old shirt. Damn nice. How many men looked at a plain, haggard woman all their lives?

They slowed for a one-lane bridge. The springer reacted in a slow lazy rebound to each lift in the road.

Everything became mellower with each mile — the cares, the worries. The little trifles all ceased to exist. You noticed everything out riding — the wind, the sun, the howl of the tires when you get on the brakes. All the things that you missed in a cage, you noticed on a putt. The hum of the chain combined with the engine music swelled to a small symphony in Lane's head. The vibrations pulsed through Roxie's body, providing an altogether pleasing sensation in her thighs. She squeezed into the beat of the motor, feeling its power course through her legs. She felt the pleasant rush of the weed they had smoked before splitting. Soon they would pass the spillway, and the geese that had always remained there. An old deserted grist mill that had somehow lost its owner still retained the geese left by previous tenants. Lane had passed this same way in his truck, but it had never seemed the same.

They passed by a field of wheat, the golden stalks laden with the heavy grain swaying in unison, keeping time to the wind. The V-twin clattered a machine gun beat to the road, joined by Roxie's heartbeat. To her, riding was the essence of a good life; she liked to feel her thighs ache from a choice putt in the heartland and she felt closest to Lane on the scooter. She knew he was at his finest out here on the back roads. The marriage of man and machine was complete out here.

It was then that the thoughts flooded back to him. Larry had been Lane's brother, not only in spirit, but in blood also. Unfortunately, the little sports car had not cared about relations when it sped around a corner through a red light. They had been riding together and had returned to town when it had happened. The little yellow runabout had completely ignored the red signal light and cut through the intersection at a speed far beyond the limit. Larry had hit him on the left rear quarter panel, making the astonished biker a horrified human projectile. Larry and Lane both had heard and read accident reports many times, but none was as heart-stopping as that one instant when it all became too real. Larry became airborne and tumbled over the top of the sports car, finally slamming into the trunk of a large oak growing

—Continued on page 90

National
TO DECIDE
SEPARATED TO THE EDITOR
OF THE ROAD
Abate

Easynews

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

Attacking DOT Claims

"Helmet Repeal Blamed for Cycle Deaths" read the headline. That article set the education of people to the problems of motorcyclists back to the dark ages.

With scare tactics, the Department of Transportation study used half truths and innuendos to try to get repealed helmet laws reinstated.

It was reported that DOT blames the repeal of helmet laws in 22 states for the 23 percent increase in motorcycle deaths from 1976 to 1977. What was not reported was the number of deaths of motorcyclists who were not wearing helmets compared with deaths when helmets were worn. The agency only alluded to "other contributing factors" in a small sentence lost in the body of a large paragraph. Until the special studies are completed, DOT will not know the ratio of helmet versus helmetless deaths because the deaths were never categorized in that manner in previous years. Only then will any supposedly "official" statistics begin to make sense.

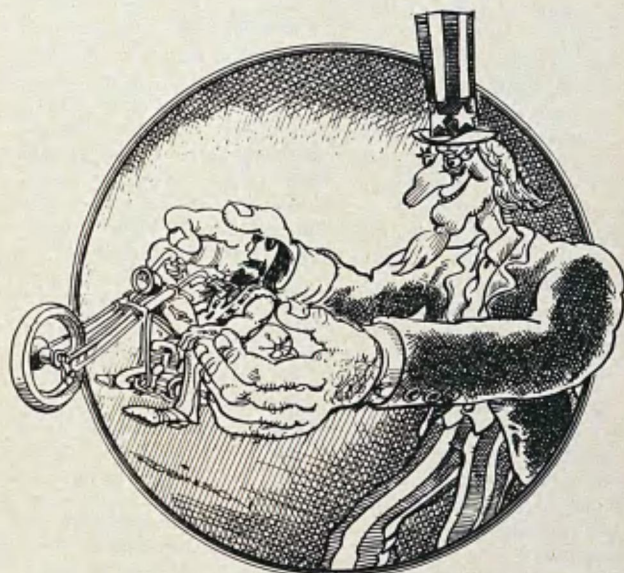
When I read the findings of the Colorado study, I found that they produced more questions than they answered. First of all, if only 60 percent of motorcyclists are wearing helmets now, how was this statistic determined? Were 20 cyclists surveyed or

were 2000? What questions were asked? Secondly, how was the 260 percent increase statistic in accidents involving head injuries arrived at? Did it take into account the large increase in registrations over the year mentioned previously and what percentage did or did not wear helmets? Thirdly, the increase in rider fatalities is misleading in that it does not take into account the increase in registrations, nor does it mention the experience level of those who died. Both of these considerations have to be taken into account.

The only statistic that is close to being accurate is the one reported from the Air Force describing the ratio of cycle fatalities in proportion to the number of drivers to the ratio of automobile fatalities in proportion to the number of auto drivers.

I hope that in the future more accurate and meaningful statistics are presented without scare tactics and half truths. Motorcyclists have had a bad enough time in the past justifying their existence. If only four-wheel owners would try to learn more about motorcyclists, they would discover that most cycle owners are real persons just like them and deserve to have their piece of the roadway too.

—M/Sgt. David P. Cushing, USAFR



Mentally Ill

Dear Editor:

Concerning the article about the tremendous rise in motorcycle fatalities in states not requiring protective helmets, I wish to commend the Oklahoma legislature for having the subtle foresight to repeal the crash helmet law.

What many people may not realize is how this action is helping to improve the overall quality of life for Oklahomans. It goes like this: The large majority (if not all) of the people who would ride a motorcycle without a crash helmet have relatively low IQs and/or little regard for their lives. Otherwise, they would not so flagrantly subject them-

selves to such inherent and obvious danger. Lack of headgear cannot be attributed to cost, since those having motorcycles can certainly afford the comparatively low cost of helmets. So, the reasoning is that as we provide more opportunity for the mentally deficient to kill themselves off, and they will and do, our average population will be more intelligent.

The benefits to our society are obvious. A brighter population will be more productive, have higher incomes and contribute more of their time, talents, and taxes to Oklahoma's benefit. This self-destruction of the stupid

among us will be propagated through future generations as well, thus making it possible for our forward-looking state to outstrip others economically, intellectually, and culturally.

Again, congratulations, Oklahomans. Let's continue to urge our legislature to continue this trend and even look for new and better ways to encourage our less desirable people to eliminate themselves.

Diana White—from the *Oklahoma Journal*

Caught Cops

After almost two months of testimony, the Ontario police commission has concluded its inquiry into brutality allegations against the Waterloo regional police force.

Commission lawyer Brian Johnston has urged the disbanding of the force's tactical and canine units and the dismissal of the heads of both units. He also asked the board to take a hard look at Chief Syd Brown's fitness to continue leading the 430-member force.

What began in mid-March as an internal investigation into brutality allegations by the Henchmen motorcycle club following a March 11 raid on their clubhouse ended in a full public inquiry into the entire force.

Henchmen members were not the only citizens to allege police brutality. A number of teenagers took the stand to tell of events that led to at least three people being bitten by a police dog during a disturbance at a Cambridge, Ont., theatre last May 28.

Chief Brown, 53, and S. Sgt. Joe Lederman, 42, former head of the tactical unit, were the central figures during the inquiry.

S.Sgt. Lederman was reassigned in July to field services commander in the force's traffic division.

Johnston said S.Sgt. Lederman who led the March 11 raid on the motorcycle clubhouse, should be fired.

The tactical unit headed by the 18-year police veteran should be disbanded because it had established a practice of commando-type raids, he added.

Johnston said the pointing of firearms by policemen at unarmed citizens and the use of handcuffs in the March 11 raid were inappropriate.

He called for the dismissal of Constable David Westwell, who, with his dog Basko, formed the force's canine unit. The unit should be disbanded because 18 people, including some police officers, were bitten during a 2.5-month period earlier this year, he said.

Testimony showed that Chief Brown, who took over the Waterloo force in January, 1977, after serving as president of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Association for 15 years, never rose above the rank of constable.

Johnston said Chief Brown's philosophy of giving more power and responsibility to constables was partly to blame for the use of force by some police officers. He also recommended that Sgt. Rick Hunt, who led a raid, be demoted or fired.

In his first year as chief, Brown established the region's police tactical squad, an eight-man detail whose members have been blamed for most of the rough stuff during the last few months. Its members are regular policemen trained to handle siege incidents and hostage-takings.

After the raid March 11 at the Henchmen's clubhouse and later, when they were taken to police headquarters, members allege they were:

- Handcuffed and made to kneel against a wall while police walked on their legs;
- Forced twice to run a gantlet of eight policemen who pummeled them with their fists;
- Bitten by a police dog after running the gantlet;
- Threatened, hit with billy sticks, shoved down stairs, and subjected to verbal abuse.

Testimony has shown that the club was badly damaged during the raid.

The inquiry also heard that about 20 policemen raided a teenagers party at a Waterloo house March 4. One youth said detectives punched him while they searched for drugs. No charges were filed.

Some teenagers attending an allnight show at a Cambridge theatre May 28 testified that they were bitten by a police dog.

Another youth related an incident at a March 22 house raid in Cambridge. William McNeish, 18, said a police officer slapped him, threw him against a wall, and held a gun at his head during the raid.

Sgt. Bryan Anthony, a London, Ont., policeman and former head of that force's canine unit, told commissioners the number of people bitten by the Waterloo force's police dog was unusually high.

He said only three people had been bitten in 6.5 years in London, where six police dogs are used.

He also testified that the Waterloo dog had hip

malformation that could eventually cripple the animal and affect its temperament.

Three policemen mentioned by witnesses at the hearing were reassigned to foot patrol early this month. Two weeks later, one quit the force.

The force's deputy chiefs, Harold Basses and Claire Kunkle, both testified they were bypassed in the decision-making process. They said Chief Brown's open-door policy for constables was causing low morale among senior officers.

However, Chief Brown said he set up a constable advisory committee to make sure his orders were followed.

"There are some people in senior ranks who will never accept me as chief or my philosophies.

"People at the top have no monopoly on brains," he told the inquiry. "It bothers me that someone not on the street for 35 years was issuing directives to a man on the beat who knew what was going on."



The First Attempt Ever

Roger Gangwar is making preliminary efforts in what will be the first attempt to cross the Pacific Ocean on a motorcycle.

"On June 19, 1978, a donation of a new Honda ATC 90 was made to me by Cheryl A. Davis. A very special thanks to her for helping me on my way. After a few weeks of

testing I found that excessive weight must be removed, three extra tires must be added for flotation, and the engine must be modified. The 90cc stock engine was sent to Powroll for installation of their Dino Pack II. The 130cc hop-up kit will be enough to power the motorcycle on the water."

New Brunswick Helmet Laws Headed For Appeal

The Department of Justice will appeal a decision by Provincial Court Judge Nave J. George that the motorcycle helmet regulation under the New Brunswick Motor Vehicle Act infringes on individual liberties guaranteed under the Canadian Bill of Rights.

Deputy Justice Minister Gordon Gregory said today that the department will take Judge George's decision to the Appeals Division of the New Brunswick Supreme Court. That court will next be sitting in November and Mr. Gregory said, "We hope the case will be heard in that sitting."

In Hampton Court Tuesday, Judge George acquitted George Calvin, 41, of Backland Road, Grand Bay, on a charge of not wearing a helmet while riding a motorcycle.

A second case involving Mr. Calvin on the same charge was adjourned by Judge Thomas Bell in Saint John night court Tuesday, pending the result of an appeal on Judge George's decision.

Mr. Gregory said that in the meantime the regulation will continue to be enforced.

Superintendent Russell Moore of the Saint John Police Department's traffic division, said, "We'll still be carrying on as we were, issuing tickets and summonses if the tickets aren't honored. We have no alternative at the present time." Sergeant Moore said that unless the Motor Vehicle Act is amended, "There's no alternative."

Sergeant Sonny Hirtle of the Hampton detachment of the RCMP said, "Are we going to pick them up? Sure we are. Just because he (Judge George) said that it's against the Bill of Rights doesn't necessarily mean that concurs with everyone's opinion. Right now it's the law (that motorcyclists wear helmets). He's not the final authority on it."

50cc Law Coming To Australia

The State Chairman of the Royal Australian College of Surgeons Road Trauma Committee, Mr. B. E. Edwards, and others discussed motorcycle accident rates with the State Director of Road Safety, Mr. T. Kelly.

The Road Trauma Committee wants the Government to consider making it mandatory for all first-year riders to use 50cc motorcycles.

Mr. Kelly said the Government had not supported this idea, but had later said that if the committee wanted to make a written submission to the Government, it would be considered.

Outside the meeting, Mr. Edwards said too many first-year motorcyclists bought powerful motorbikes.

While other road accidents were decreasing, motorcycle accidents were increasing in Australia.

Mr. Edwards said that between 1970-71, motorcycle accidents increased by almost 47 percent in Australia.

"In all states the vast majority of deaths are occurring because of young people riding powerful bikes," he said.

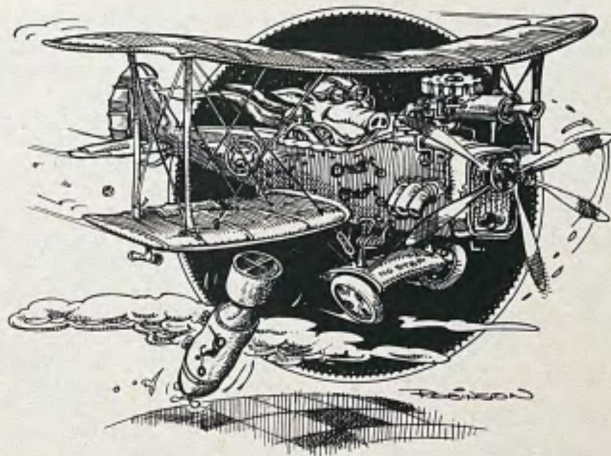
The Tasmanian Government's idea of restricting first year motorcyclists to under 250cc machines was a step, but was not good enough, Mr. Edwards said.

World studies showed 50cc riders had the same chance of getting injured as car drivers, whereas riders of more powerful motorbikes ran a far greater risk.

He said one in 40 motorcyclists were seriously injured or killed each year.

He said 50cc riders had an 80 percent less risk in accidents than riders of other machines.

Surgeons had taken up the case for the low-profile, low-speed 50cc motorcycles because of seeing the yearly results of motorbike injuries.



Posse In The Air

Prison escapees beware: The Wyandotte County Air Force will be in pursuit the next time you scale the walls.

Making low passes over convicts' heads won't be the only function of the Sheriff's Air Search and Rescue Squad, however. "It's kind of like a posse," said Sheriff Donald C. Long. "We could survive without it, but these people expressed interest and they can provide a benefit. We perceived it as a good idea. This is an outlet for people with aviation interests."

Long and Capt. Robert Smiley, squad commander, explained the 13-man group also will search for lost children, boaters, persons stranded in cars during floods, drop food to isolated residents and cattle during a blizzard, or trace the route of a rowdy motorcycle gang.

There will be no cost to the county for the squad, Long emphasized. He said most squad members have their own planes and will cover their own expenses. Funds donated by the Wyandotte County Crime Resistance Association, Long's special deputy organization, will be used to cover the cost of items such as the certificates of "grateful appreciation" that were passed out to squad members.

The idea for Wyandotte County's own air force to assist in tracking criminals and for use in case of disaster isn't new. The

sheriff's department had such a squad in the 1950s, but it folded, Smiley said. Other counties also have such units.

The fliers already have offered to give aerial tours of Kansas City, Kansas, to members of the Kansas Sheriff's Association, who will gather for their annual convention here in November, Long said.

Smiley, head of the department's investigative division and a pilot, pushed for formation of another such group after a rash of escapees from the state prison at Lansing and the U.S. Penitentiary at Leavenworth this summer. "I thought we should do something about it," Smiley said.

Long said the Kansas City, Kansas, Police Department's two helicopters weren't sufficient search equipment for the county because the down time of choppers (when the machines are not in use) is "55 times their up time" because of malfunctions.

Twelve other men in addition to Smiley—including two helicopter pilots, a National Guard captain, two sheriff's deputies and private pilots—volunteered. The sheriff's deputies, the only two who are not licensed pilots, will serve as observers, accompanying squad members who are not familiar with Wyandotte County terrain.

Although squad members all have been made special deputies and technically could make arrests,

Long said nabbing the criminals will be left to regular deputies on the ground. Nor will the squad be firing guns out of planes at fleeing felons. However, this policy didn't stop Dr. Alan Hancock, deputy county coroner, from quipping, "This does let me put a couple of machine guns on the struts, doesn't it?"—from the *Kansas City Star*

Reply To The Wichita Eagle

I fully expected your Oct. 5 editorial, "Death Toll Justifies Helmet Laws." In recent weeks, you have made a point of running Page 1 articles about the rising trend in motorcycle deaths.

As usual, the Eagle has substituted an ounce of rhetoric where a pound of prevention and good journalism is called for. As any good newspaperman knows, there is more to a story than statistics, and that story must be written, or should be, before the big jump is made to the editorial page. Seldom does your newspaper take that step without skipping.

Not once since the helmet laws were eliminated, have you done any stories

or written any editorials telling the real story or suggesting any positive alternatives.

Nothing has been done to meet the original objections of the cyclists—lack of definitive helmet standards and consumer protection against substandard protective gear; lack of rider education programs in the schools equal to drivers' education, no addition to drivers' education programs of defensive driving tactics and the teaching of alertness in looking out for motorcyclists and bicyclists; no improvement of the state's statistical breakdown process; continued threats of bureaucratic blackmail against individual freedoms, and on and on and on.

Why don't you, with your vast resources, tell how many of those accidents were caused by inattention of other drivers? Why don't you tell about discriminatory rate practices by insurance companies against cyclists?

Why don't you ask dealers how they are being economically squeezed by so-called fair trade laws that are a thinly disguised attempt to get motorcycles banned in the United States?

I thought newspapers championed individual responsibility and freedoms.

Your guys, and people like Farber, certainly holler when anyone tries to tell them what is best for them without due process and without an unbiased examination of all the facts.

Before you try to start a cheap crusade and trigger a legislative avalanche, why don't you try to present the whole picture? As for the tender consciences of the legislators, that's better than the bureaucrats, who aren't equipped with that human characteristic.

How about your newspaper? Does it have a conscience, or does it just shoot off its mouth? Print it all, or keep out of it.—Robert T. Burtch, ABATE member

Logged 1.5 Million Miles

Floyd S. "Dutch" Bucher of Reamstown injured his leg Sunday when his motorcycle collided with a truck at an intersection in Earl Township.

Bucher is 91 years old and, according to this indomitable oldster who retired as county farm agent in 1949, the incident Sun-



day was the first "real" accident he's had in more than 1.5 million miles of cycling.

It happened on his 43rd motorcycle, a 1970 Harley-Davidson with sidecar.

A full 15 years after he won an award at an old-timers motorcycle rally for being the oldest active rider, "Dutch" Bucher is still cruising around on the only means of transportation he's ever had any faith in.

A confirmed believer in motorcycles, Bucher is licensed to drive nothing else. In fact, he's driven only motorcycles since 1913.

"I had a car . . . for about three months. That was back in 1912 and 1913," he said.

Until recently, he made annual winter trips by cycle to Florida, and he has traveled all over the U.S., Canada, and Mexico.

In 1970, he drove to State College for the 60th reunion of his 1910 college class. There was one motorcycle in the parking lot—Bucher's.

On Saturday, the 91-year-old drove his Harley-Davidson as part of the honor guard for the Ephrata Baby Parade.

"I drive every day," he said Sunday. "But not further than Lancaster or Reading."

When Bucher was being taken to the hospital Sunday afternoon, the ambulance crew informed the hospital by radio that they were bringing in a 91-year-old man injured in a motorcycle accident.

Dead silence greeted the message, as the hospital radio operator apparently did a double take. Then came this calm question:

"Would you please repeat the age of that motorcyclist?"—Eugene Kraybill

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!



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

It is National ABATE's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory safety laws.

It is also National ABATE's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area that are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National ABATE is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

National ABATE will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice. Check here ☐ Give name here _____

Here's my \$10.00 contribution for 1 year's membership in National ABATE.

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

Name, nickname, or mark _____

Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—we never will.

Down With The 55mph Limit!

The reason we have a 55mph speed limit in all the states is the very same reason that, up until a couple of years ago, 49 states had a helmet law. The feds have a law that threatens to keep highway funds from any state that does not pass a 55mph limit. We got rid of a similar federal threat regarding helmets by getting Congress to take action. We first tried, but failed, to get the courts to back us. But our court cases were scattered and often were not adequately financed. The people of this country own every damn inch of highways and streets in this entire nation, having paid for them with their own hard-earned money. And the people pay for gas and for their vehicles. Accordingly, the people have the right to control the speed limit in their own state. Moreover, the feds take the gas taxes we pay and spend millions, maybe billions, on vague schemes for public transportation—something the people have repeatedly indicated they don't want.

What can be done about all this? A new organization called the National Drivers Association (NDA) is undertaking action against the feds on precisely these two counts. Right now, attorneys for the NDA are preparing two lawsuits against our old enemy the DOT, seeking to overturn the illegally imposed national speed limit and to block further public transportation raids on our gas tax dollars.

Bikers, in general, don't like the 55 at all. But right now, the feds are planning to grant the states millions of dollars to enforce it. Their goal is get a cop and a patrol car for each 25 miles of main roads in the states. This unit would be on duty 24 hours a day, with the express purpose of stopping all people driving over

55. President Carter and the DOT are pushing for this. In the Chicago area, where I live, five counties surrounding the city have already been hit with a special five percent tax on gas by the Regional Transportation Authority. The purpose of the tax is to force millions of people who don't ride RTA to pay for the ones who do. The logic of this escapes me. It would be like Harley having tax powers and levying a tax on gas to help pay for building motorcycles so those who buy one can get a better price.

Public Law 93-643, passed by Congress, gave the DOT the right to withhold construction funds from any state that does not have or does not properly enforce the 55mph limit. Maybe you should get your state to test the feds on this. Remember, they never withheld money from California over the helmet law. The NDA claims that the 55 limit is a national law and is therefore improper. I don't understand the legal point of this assertion, however. Maybe because it's a national law, it should require federal police on the highways to enforce it. But let's not push such a point too far—we might just wake up and find such creatures on our highways. In addition, the NDA will ask the courts to force the DOT to make public the precise numerical reduction in highway fatalities brought about by the 55 limit, and the precise amount of gasoline it has saved. As we know from our motorcycle experience, the feds rarely have hard statistics, so it is unlikely that these will hold up in court if the NDA has good lawyers.

The NDA needs members and/or contributions. Naturally, biker organizations also need members. But it looks to me as if NDA and bikers have a goal in common.

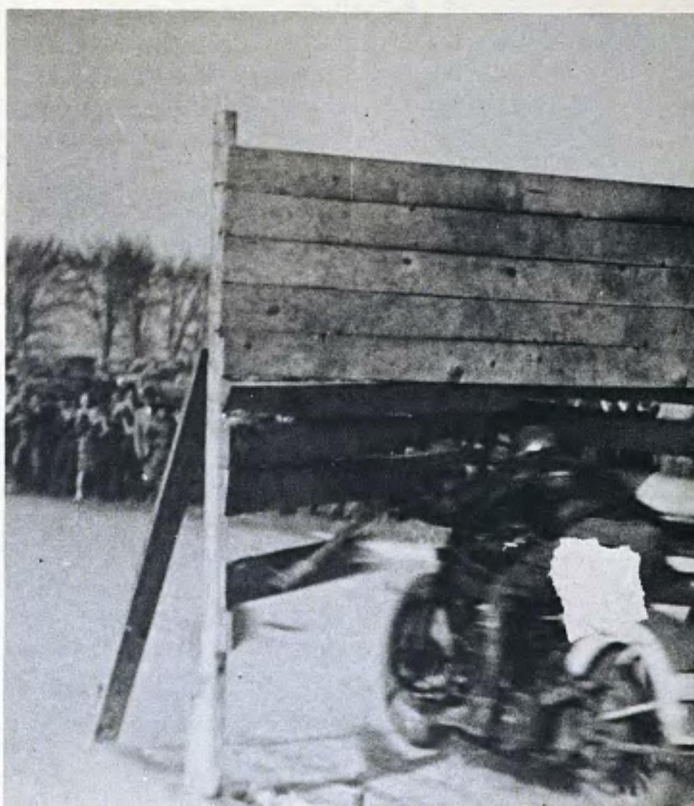


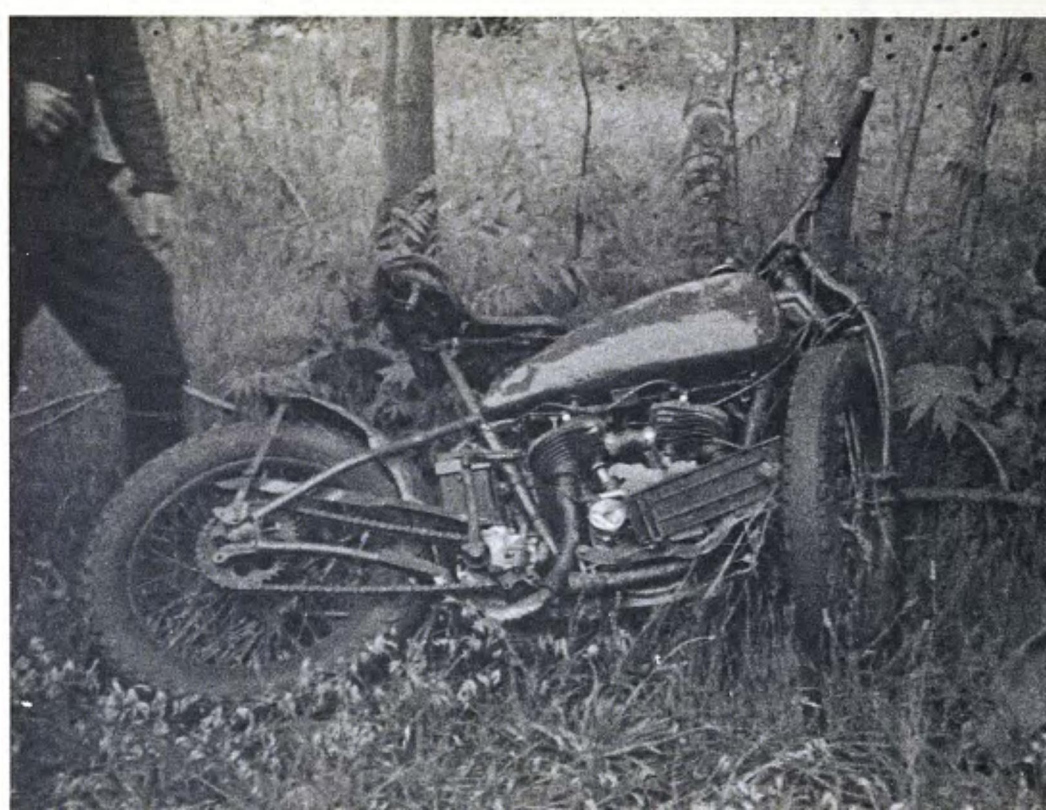
You can get info on NDA by writing to them at NDA, Box 1268, Arlington, Va. 22210. It costs \$10 for a year's membership. Biker organizations around the country can give NDA publicity in their state newsletters. Even if you don't want to spend the ten bucks to join NDA, you can send a buck or two to help out. Wouldn't it be worth a couple bucks to get rid of the double nickel? One lousy ticket will cost you a whole lot more. ■



Fun And Games From The Past

Treat your eyes to some great old-time photos from motorcycling's past. Some things never change, and one is the fun people have with bikes. These shots were sent to us by Andy Batsleer, a 66-year-old biker from South Bend, Indiana. Andy's mount is a restored 1927 Harley JD, and as you can see from these pictures, Andy knows a good time when he sees one. So, for your enjoyment, here's a two-page putt down memory lane.





CLUB 8

Behind this swirling mass of cosmic dual-exhausted thrills and spills lurks the truth —my ol' lady is trying to smother me. What else can I say, brother? It's always going to be that way, because that's the way it's always been. You have the basic itch to ride, to stay moving from scene to scene, with an occasional restup for the next assault on reality. But shit, there she is, hovering over your balls like a giant vampire bat, her claws already sunk deep in the testicles of mobile action, her fangs resting lightly against your neck, all snuggled up against you. But deep down, you know you make one move and she's going to sink those fangs so deep into your jugular that you'll never be able to get up again. She's after you, motherfucker, and if you ever forget it, that's because her fangs and claws have already sunk so deep and spread so much of her domestic poison that your brain has locked down and isn't worth a shit any longer, except to smoke in a screeching fury of bed-ridden frustration.

Good luck, brother. Few men have gone down and then risen from the dead to tell about it. Take a tip from Lazarus—his trip to

hell wasn't anything compared with the trip you'll go through if you don't remember to remember about being a man.

I woke up briefly from this type of poison-induced dream one day and discovered that I had really been into a deep, narcotized fog bank. I sat up in bed and discovered I was married and had been for the last five years. I couldn't remember how long Rip Van Winkle was out of it, but I knew that five years was long enough for me, that I'd better get cracking or I was going to slide over that big edge and never make it back up to the road again.

The wife was already gone for the day, thank God—already up and dressed and fixed breakfast for me and gone to work, so I had a little time to get myself together and take this rare opportunity to desert the bitch. I looked around the house and didn't find any kids, so that, at least, was cool. If we'd had any kids during those five sleepy years, the ol' lady would've deserved all the more to be left without warning. I gave thanks again that I hadn't been so far out of it that she'd put

—Continued on page 106





Streets

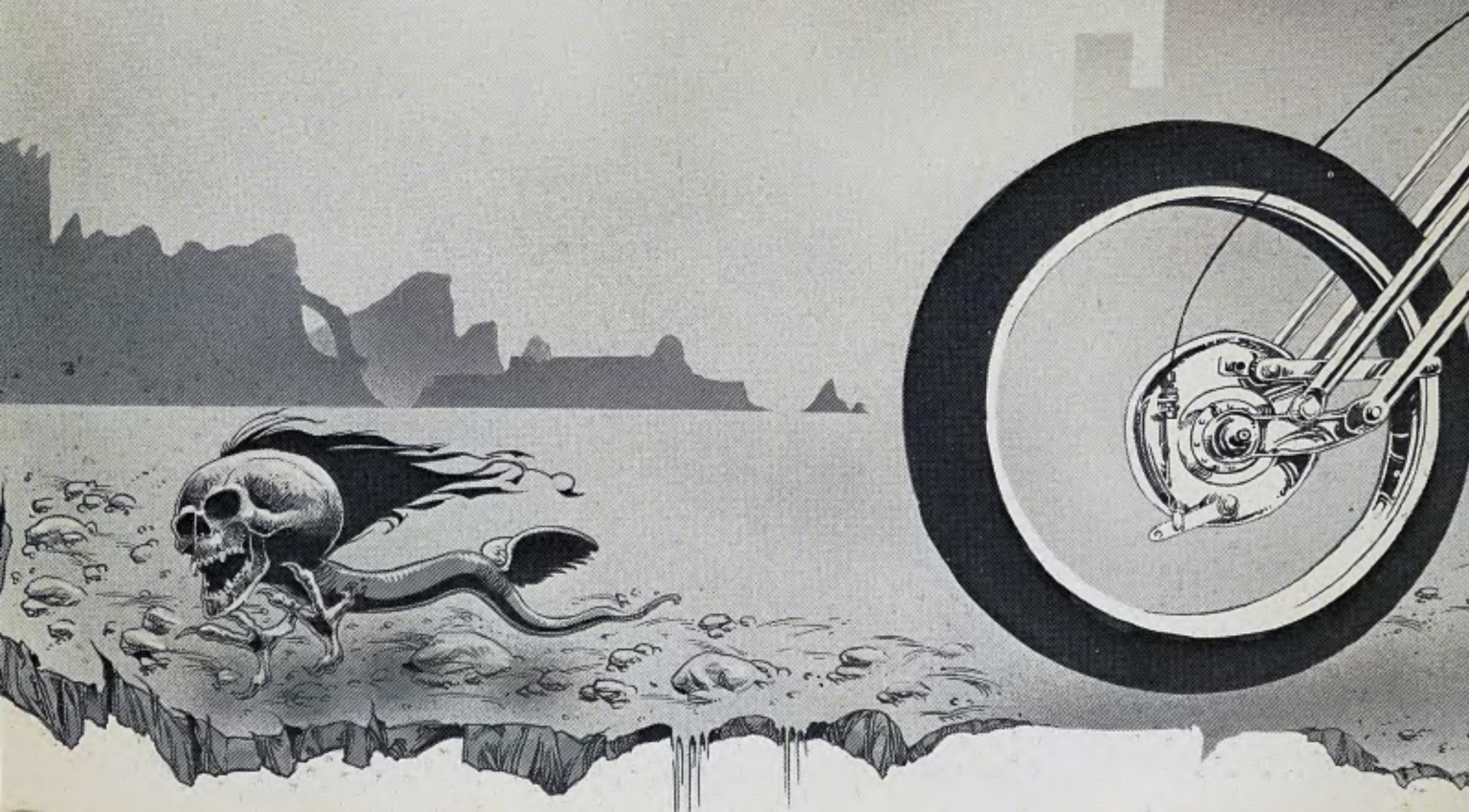
*What draws a man
to this kind of life
Of loud engines, loose women,
and emotional strife?*

*Is it the ups
outweighing the downs?
The unfettered feeling
of knowing no bounds?*

*Wind in the face,
hair streamed out behind,
Two weeks and an engine
and nothing but time.*

*Faithful to few,
a riotous band
Formed into a diamond
from stray bits of sand.*

—Guyron





A

Clockwork Space Filler

On a road ten miles from Tijuana, an American biker was stopped by a masked desperado who, brandishing a revolver, demanded in a thick Mexican accent that he get off the bike.

The biker obeyed, pleading, "Take my money and my bike—but don't kill me!"

"I no kill-a you," replied the brigand, "if you do what I say." Then he told the bro to unzip his pants and jackoff. The biker did what he was told.

"Good," said the masked stranger. "Now-a do it again." The dude protested, but the bandit cocked the pistol. So, with extreme difficulty, the biker repeated the act.

"Again!" commanded the desperado, "or I kill-a you." Summoning superhuman effort and resources, the exhausted biker did himself yet a third time.

The bandit then gave an order and a beautiful young girl stepped from behind some rocks. "Now," said the highwayman, "you can give-a my sister a ride to town!"

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

When Dirty Don got married, his bro's chipped in and bought him a thirteen-piece bedroom set—an old army cot and a dozen rubbers.

—Fenderburk
Amherst, Va.



A new stewardess was summoned to the office of the head of the airline's training program. "I've been told about that episode on your first flight," clucked the woman in charge. "Look, Miss Carter, from now on when a male passenger feels faint, I'll expect you to push his head down between his own legs!"

—Joe Smith
Abilene, Tex.

A sudden knock on the door startled the two lovers.

"Quick," the girl said, "it's my husband. Jump out the window."

"Are you crazy?" her lover asked. "This is the thirteenth floor."

"Jump," she said. "This is no time for superstition."

—C. Sanderson
Glendale, Calif.

A man in Ohio recently had himself cloned. The scientific endeavor was successful, except that the clone used excessive profanity, which caused the original a great deal of embarrassment. He decided to rid himself of his clone, so he took him up on a high mountain and pushed him off a cliff, thereby creating history's first obscene clone fall.

—V.D. Terkelson
Moroni, Utah

The newly hired female social worker interviewing an aging prostitute asked if the woman had any regrets about the life she led. "Indeed I do!" replied the old pro with feeling. "Most nights I take ten or twelve drunken men from filthy waterfront dives to my sleazy room in the cockroach-infested attic of a flea-bag boardinghouse."

"Gracious, that's terrible!" "It sure is. Those stairs are killing me!"

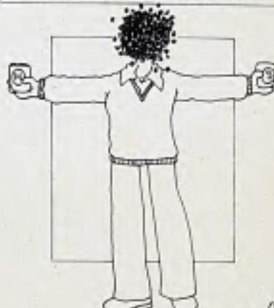
—Joe Livingston
Lancaster, Calif.

TV SCIENTIST



"In today's experiment, we'll discover which attracts more flies—honey or shit. Okay, Fred, turn loose the flies."

TV SCIENTIST



An engaged couple had gone to the same physician for premarital examinations, and the prospective groom stopped at the doctor's office after work to obtain the results. "I'm afraid that I have both bad and good news for you," said the medical man. "The bad news is that your fiancée has VD."

"My God, that's terrible!" gulped the fellow. Then, composing himself, he asked, "And what's the good news?"

"She didn't get it from you."

—Joe Livingston
Lancaster, Calif.



"I'm doing the laundry. Where's all your dirty underwear?"

"Hey, man," said the biker to his bro, "stay outta that town. It's really rough on bikers there."

"How's that?" asked the other biker.

"Well, last week they found a bro layin' in the street with 147 bullet holes in 'im."

"Shit, that can happen anywhere. Did the cops get who did it?"

"Get who did it? They called it a suicide!"

—Juan de Fuca
Seattle, Wash.

After driving for about five hours in an extremely desolate section of the Texas panhandle, a biker stopped at a solitary crossroads gas station. He studied the bleak surroundings and asked the attendant, "What do you do around here for excitement?"

"Hunt and fuck," the guy drawled.

"What the hell do you hunt?" "Sumpin to fuck."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

The young woman entered the greeting-card shop somewhat hesitantly. "May I help you, miss?" asked the clerk.

"Well, er—yes," replied the girl. "Do you have any Father's Day cards that say 'To whom it may concern?'"

—Susie Mary
Massillon, Ohio

The well-traveled dude returned from his trip to Italy and called a friend to meet him at the airport. "Did you do anything exciting over there?" asked the friend.

"Oh, you know the old saying," the dude said with a shrug. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

"Well, exactly what did you do?" the friend persisted.

"What else?" the traveler replied. "I fucked an American schoolteacher."

—Riki Kilapui
Honolulu, Hawaii

"It's fantastic!" exclaimed the pretty young motorcycle enthusiast. "My date tonight had this beautiful 1936 Indian, completely restored to mint condition." "Groovy!" giggled her roommate.

"But there's one hitch."

"What's that?"

"He's the original owner."

—Clyde Flunke
Amherst, Vt.



"Is there someone else, Harold? That's not my shade of lipstick!"

A biker's son was kicked out of gym class in school, so his perturbed father confronted the teacher, asking the reason. "Your son urinates in the swimming pool," said the teacher. "So? All kids piss in swimming pools." "Yes, but your son does it off the high board."

—Cheryl Sands
Glendale, Nev.



"Please, Martha not when I'm trying to meditate."

Two bikers were sitting in a bar drinking beer when one asked the other what his wife had done for him on Father's Day.

"Oh, I got the usual couple of presents," his bro answered.

"What'd she give you?" "A new pair of Levi's and a piece of ass."

"Hey, man, that ain't too bad." "It's all in the way ya look at it. They were both too big."

—Brenda Barebottom
Calabasas, Calif.

"Hey, look at that bitch," said the biker. "I'd sure like some of that."

"Oh, man," said his bro, "you don't want her. She's got a hole four inches wide."

"Oh, that's all right," said the biker, as he started walking toward the girl. "I'm sure it'll stretch."

—Loose Red
Stockton, Calif.

"We're newlyweds, and we'd like a room," the bro told the hotel clerk.

"Bridal?" the clerk asked.

"Hell no!" blurted the bride.

"I'll just hang onto his ears until I get used to it."

—Mushmouth Kight
Oxnard, Calif.

A biker was crossing a bridge when he saw a man about to jump into the river below.

"Don't do it," the biker shouted.

"Think of your mother."

"I hate her," the would-be jumper replied.

"Then think of your wife," the biker cried.

"I ain't got no wife," came the answer.

"Then think of Raquel Welch," the biker shouted, trying to generate some reason for living.

"Why the hell should I think of that bitch?" the man said.

"Never mind," the biker answered, starting on his way again. "Go ahead and jump, you faggot."

—Nancy Meadowmuffin
Reseda, Calif.

Shortly before closing time, the bartender distributed checks to the few remaining customers. "What's this for?" snarled one guy. "I already paid you for the drink."

Wanting to avoid a scene, the barkeeper politely said, "Excuse me, sir, my mistake."

Noticing the bartender's lack of resolve, the next dude also complained that he had already paid. Once again, the bartender apologized for the mistake. To the last customer, he dolefully explained how the previous two men had taken advantage of him.

"Well, everybody's got their troubles," said the sympathetic fellow. "Now if you'll give me my change, I'll be on my way."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

A furious pounding in a hotel room late one night awakened a number of guests. The house detective was called and he used his passkey to enter the room from which the noise was coming. Inside, he found an elderly man banging on the wall with both fists and cursing with every breath. "Here, stop that!" ordered the security man. "You're disturbing the whole hotel!"

"Damn the hotel!" roared the oldster as he continued to pound away. "It's the first hard-on I've had in years—and both my hands are asleep!"

—Marian Fink
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Quick," shouted a woman as she rushed into the drugstore, "do you have something to cure hiccups?"

The pharmacist dashed out from behind the counter, dropped to his knees in front of the woman, flipped up her skirt, yanked down her panties, and gave her a resounding public kiss. Then he looked up with a smirk and said, "There—that ought to do it. It's the best cure in town!"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the woman. "Just stay where you are until I get my husband! He's outside in the car, hiccupping his head off!"

—Gator Garth
Slidell, La.

Then there was the 97-year-old prostitute who got herself listed in the Yellow Pages and now claims to be the oldest trick in the book.

—Terry Lee
Richmond, Va.

Three stoned bikers decided to visit a chick they knew was easy, but the problem was that she lived with her parents. The first biker tiptoed up the stairs toward her bedroom, but the stairs creaked, awakening her father. He rushed out into the hall carrying a shotgun, and the quick-thinking biker said, "Meow!"

"Oh," the old man said, "it's just the cat," and went back to bed.

The second biker started up stairs, and when they creaked, out came the old man again, his shotgun ready.

"Meow!" wailed the biker. "Fuckin' cat," the father said, and returned to bed.

The third biker, Dumb Willie, was halfway up the stairs when they creaked again, and the old man came storming into the upstairs hall, shotgun ready. Using common sense, Dumb Willie said aloud, "It's the cat!"

—John Koogle
Reseda, Calif.

A man came home and told his not-too-bright wife that he'd bought a condominium. "That's fine, honey," she said, "but I'm still gonna take my birth control pills."

—Deane Becker
Forsyth, Mont.

"Can you put me up for the night?" the traveling salesman asked the farmer.

"Sure," the old man replied, "but you'll have to sleep with my son."

"Holy shit!" the salesman said. "I must be in the wrong fuckin' joke."

—G. Henderson
Joliet, Ill.

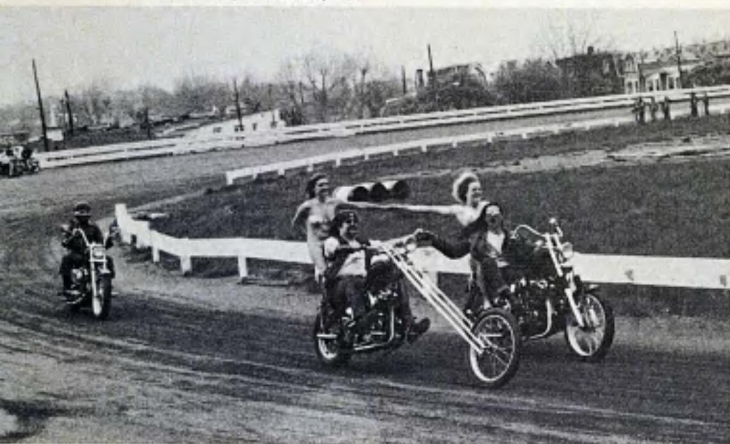


"I'll take bachelor number 3."



—from Mi Joe, Cresson, Pa.

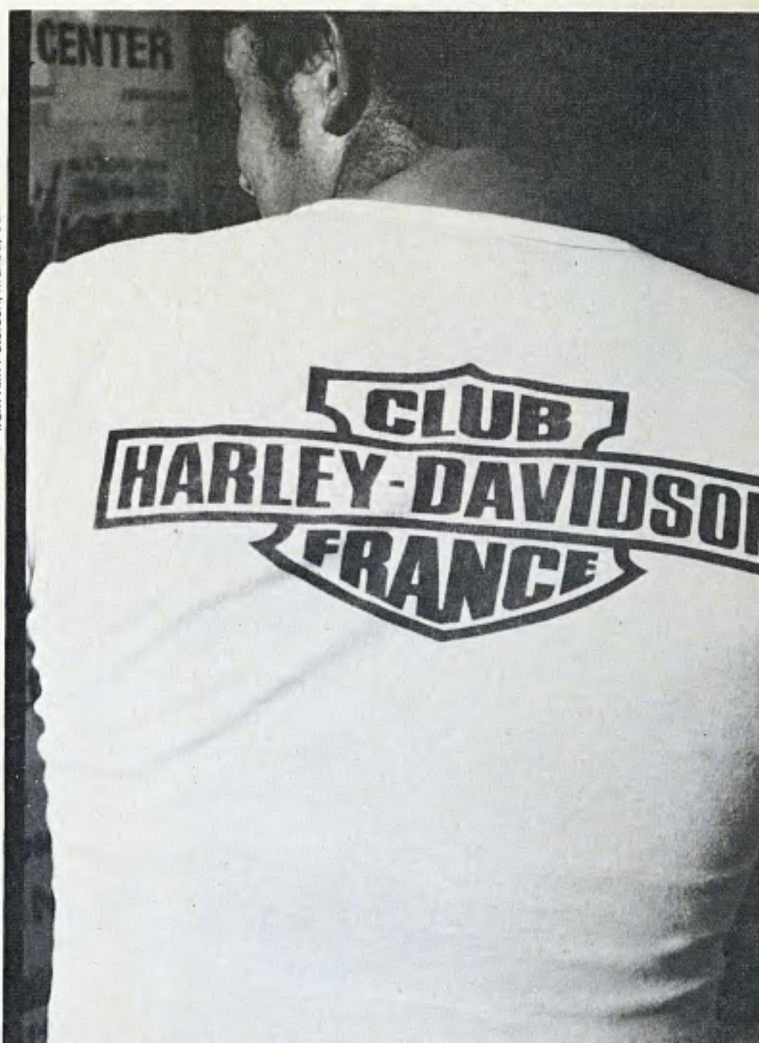
—from Ed. Westwood, N.J.



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Ca.

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 Herm, W. Collingswood, N.J.

—from Carlos, Clifton, N.J.



—from Preacher, Monterey, Calif.





—from Rich Parson, Bangor, Pa.

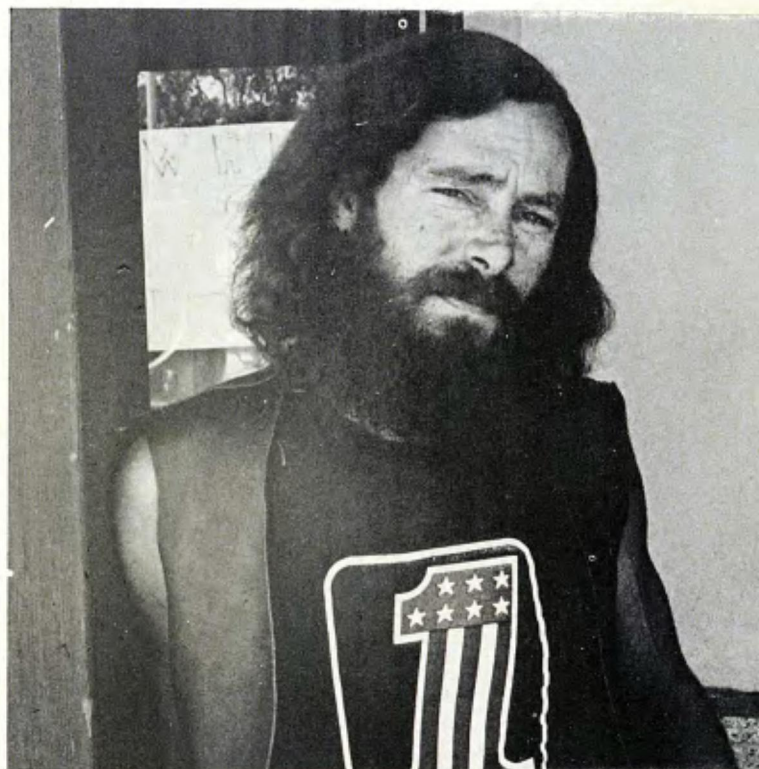


—from F. Motschko, Kelowna, B.C., Canada

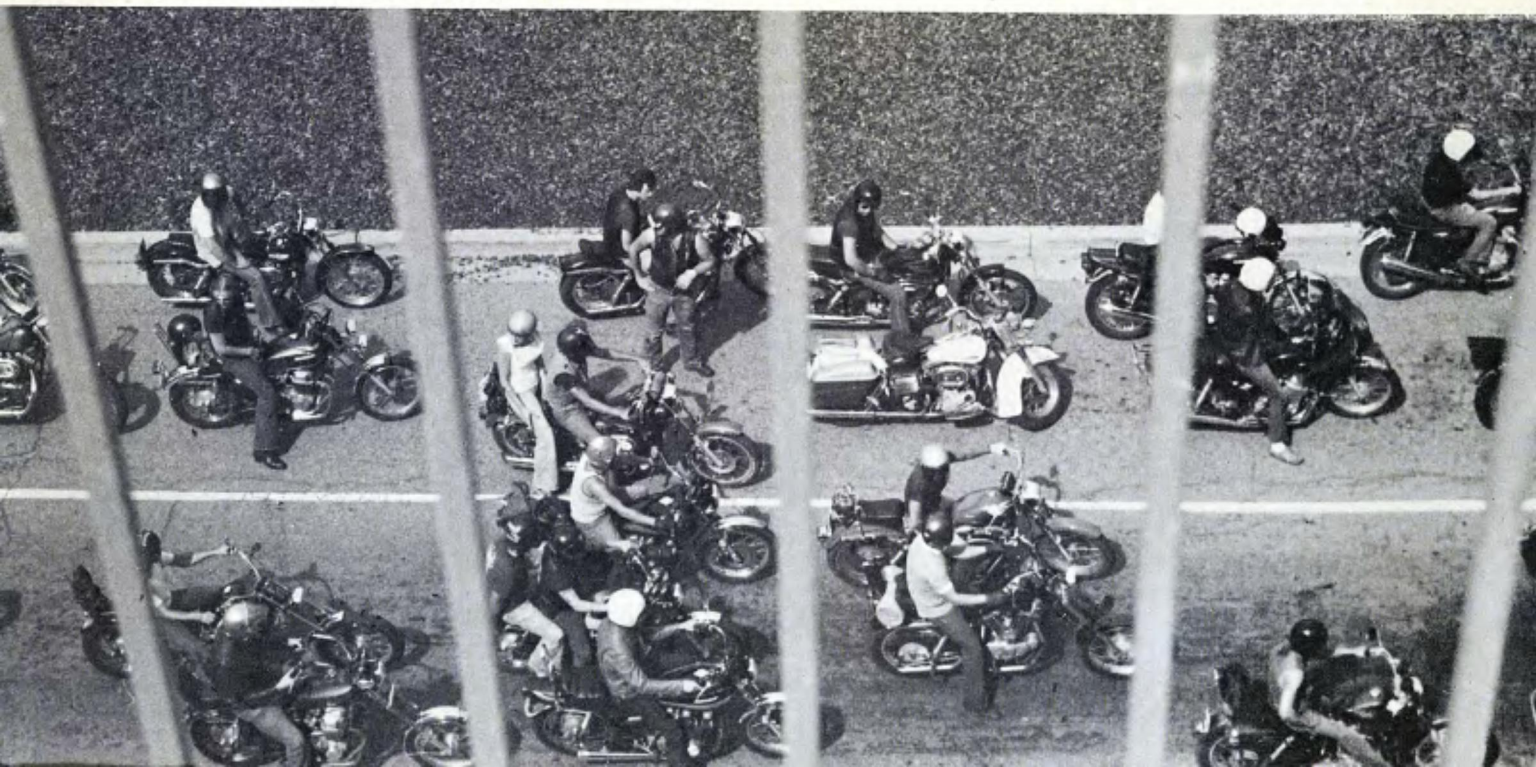


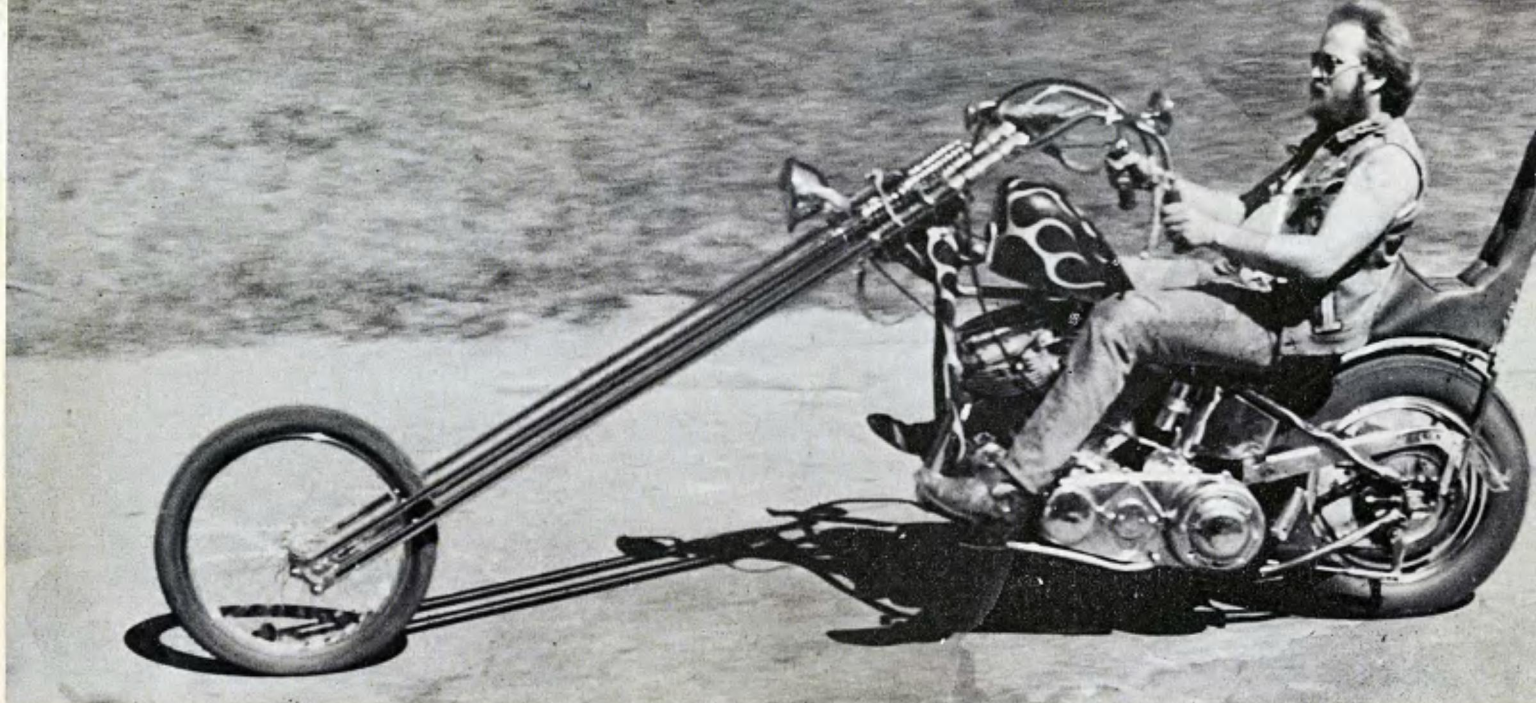
—from Scorpions M.C., Detroit, Mich.

—from Joe Greyzck, Carleton, Mich.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.





—from John Baker, Sandy, Utah



—from E. Garcia, Englewood, Colo.

—from Fat Man, Kent, Wash.



—from John Kimzey



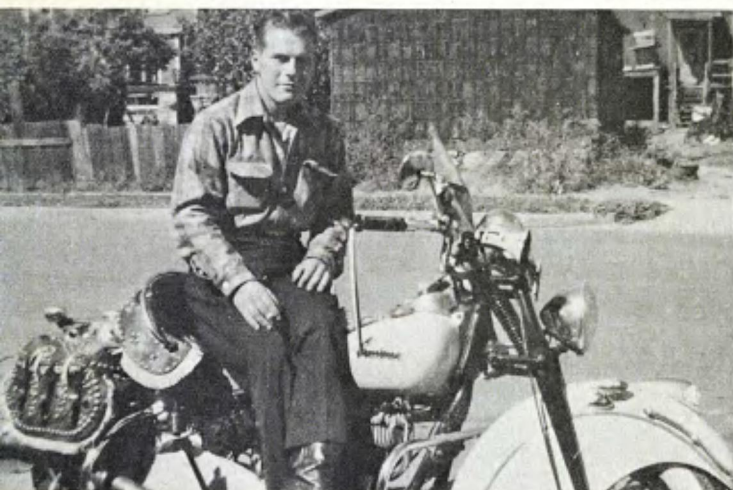


—from Kennedy, Franklin, Ky.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.

—from The Wild Bunch, Hickory, N.C.



—from Gary Malmquist, Muskegon, Mich.



—from Steve Gross, Princeton, Ill.





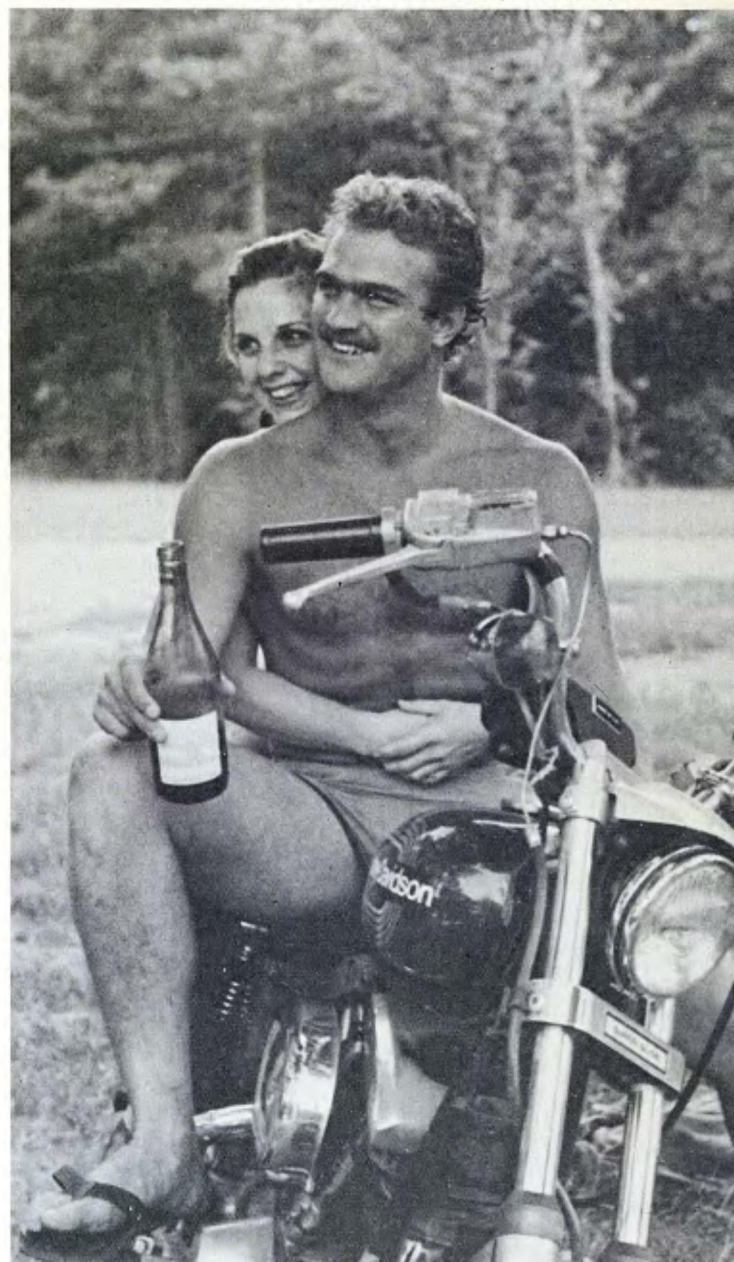
—from David Puie, Litchfield, Ohio



—from Murph, Las Vegas, Nev.



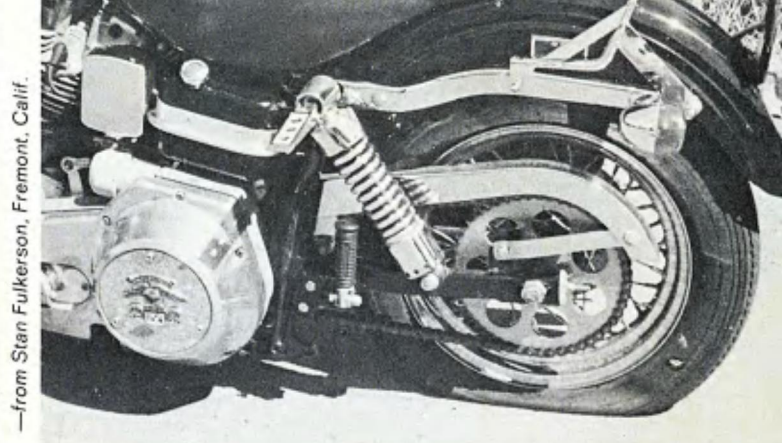
—from Alexander the Less, Greenville, S.C.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.



—from M.F., San Pedro, Calif.



—from Stan Fulkerson, Fremont, Calif.

—from Sleazy Rider, Middle River, Md.



—from Lynn Miller, Bellmore, N.Y.



—from Gwyn Viers, Mesquite, Texas

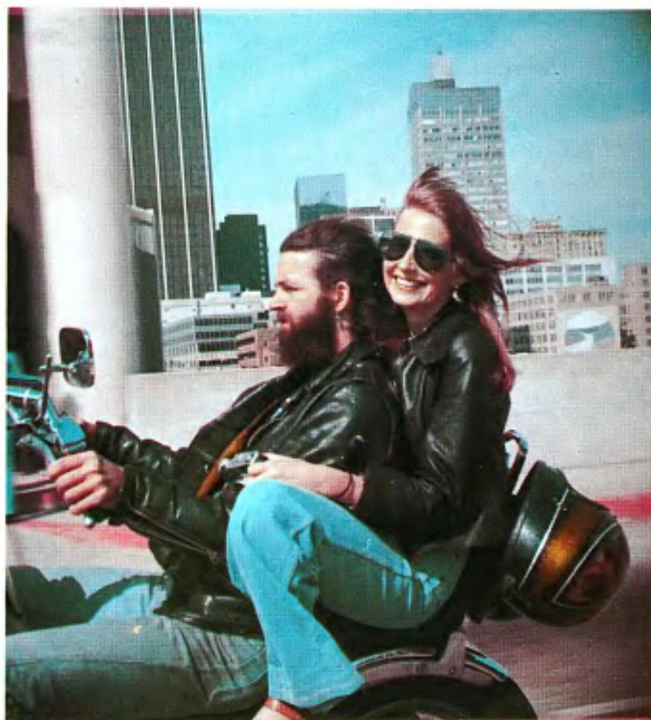




—from Steve Bonge, Massapequa, N.Y.



—from Mike Arnold, Yuma, Ariz.



—from Greg Anderson, Cincinnati, Ohio



IN
BETWEEN

NOW TUES - SUN
SNAKE EYE BAND

606



Easyriders



MISSING PERSONS

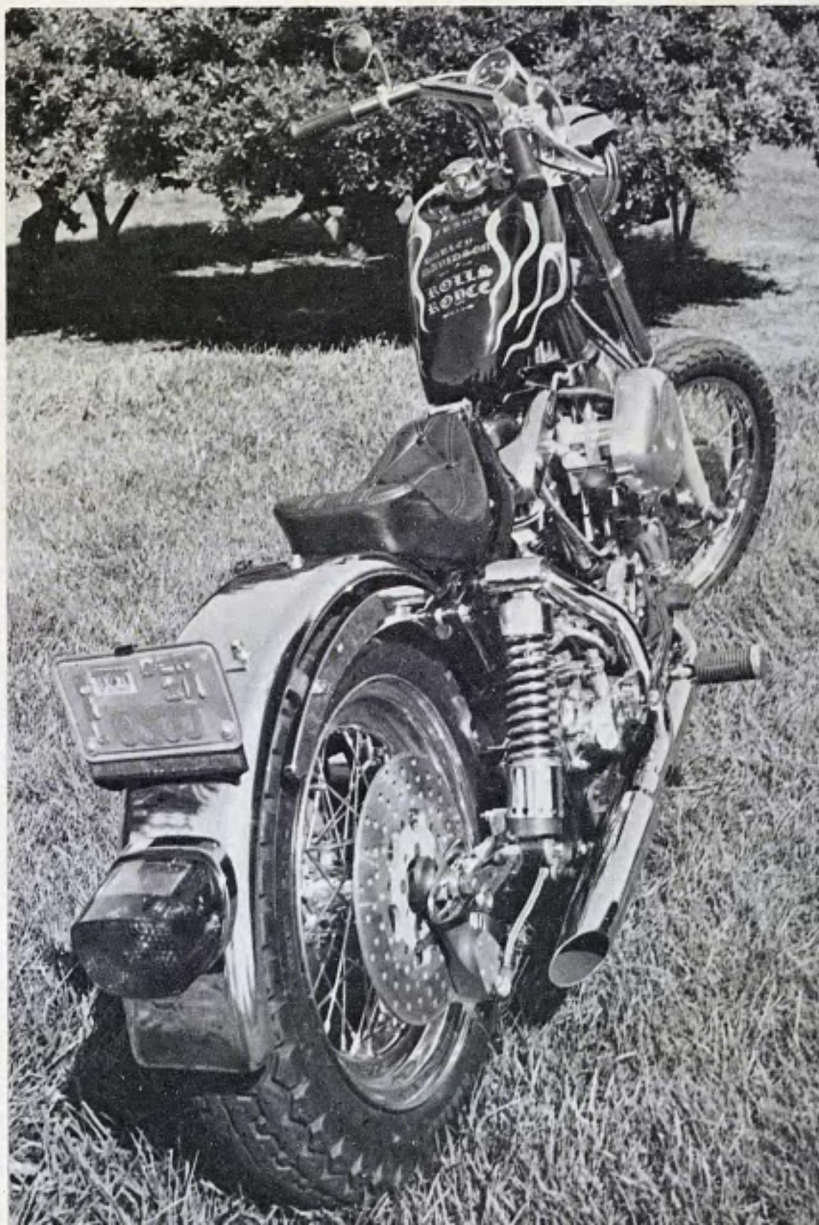
**He's gone, but his
bike's not forgotten**

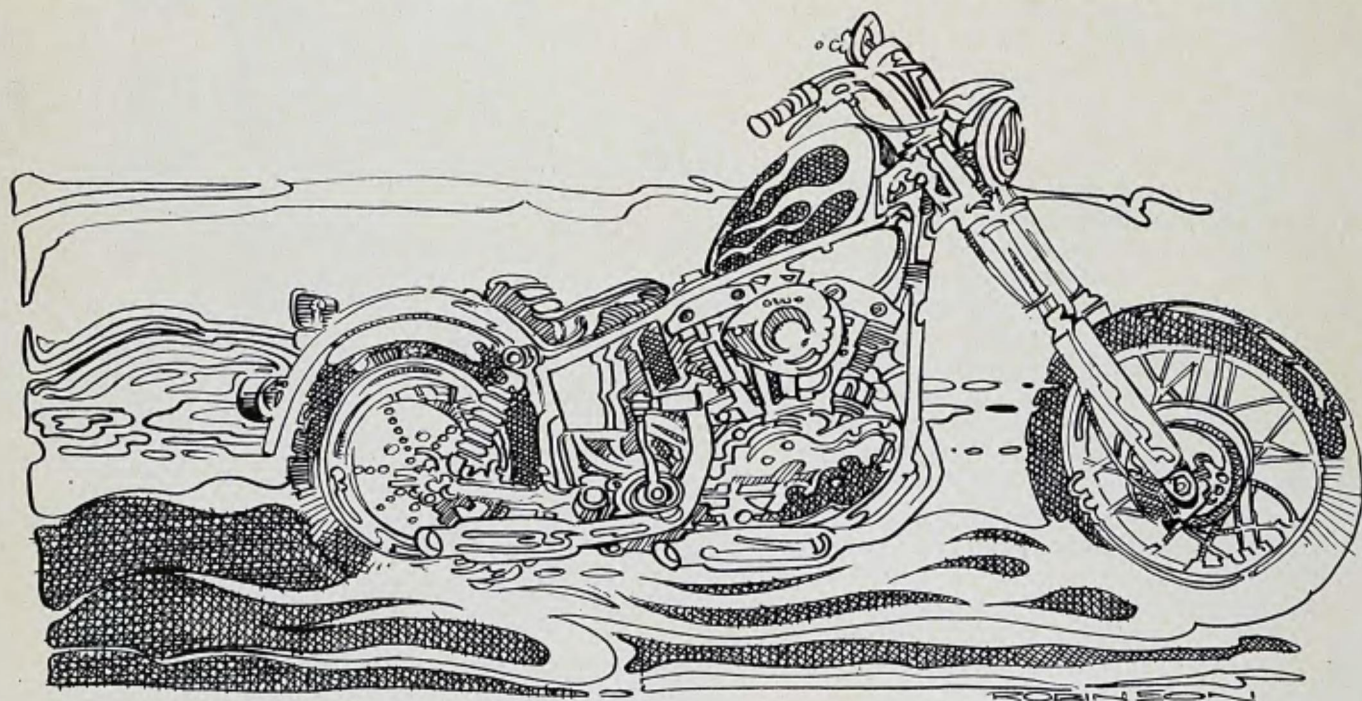
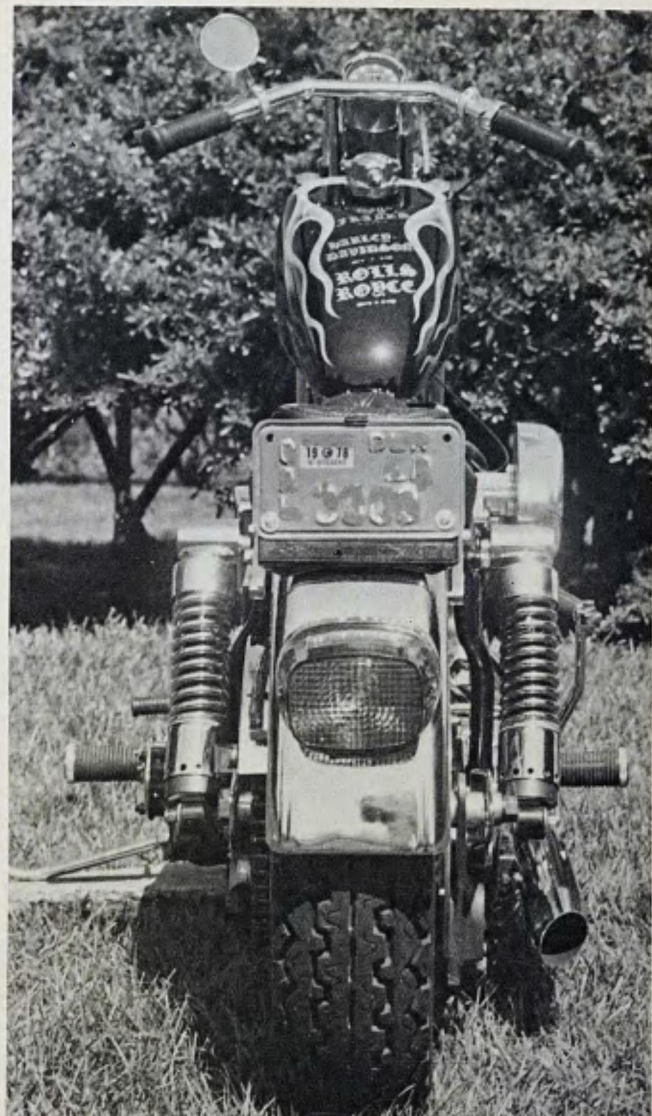
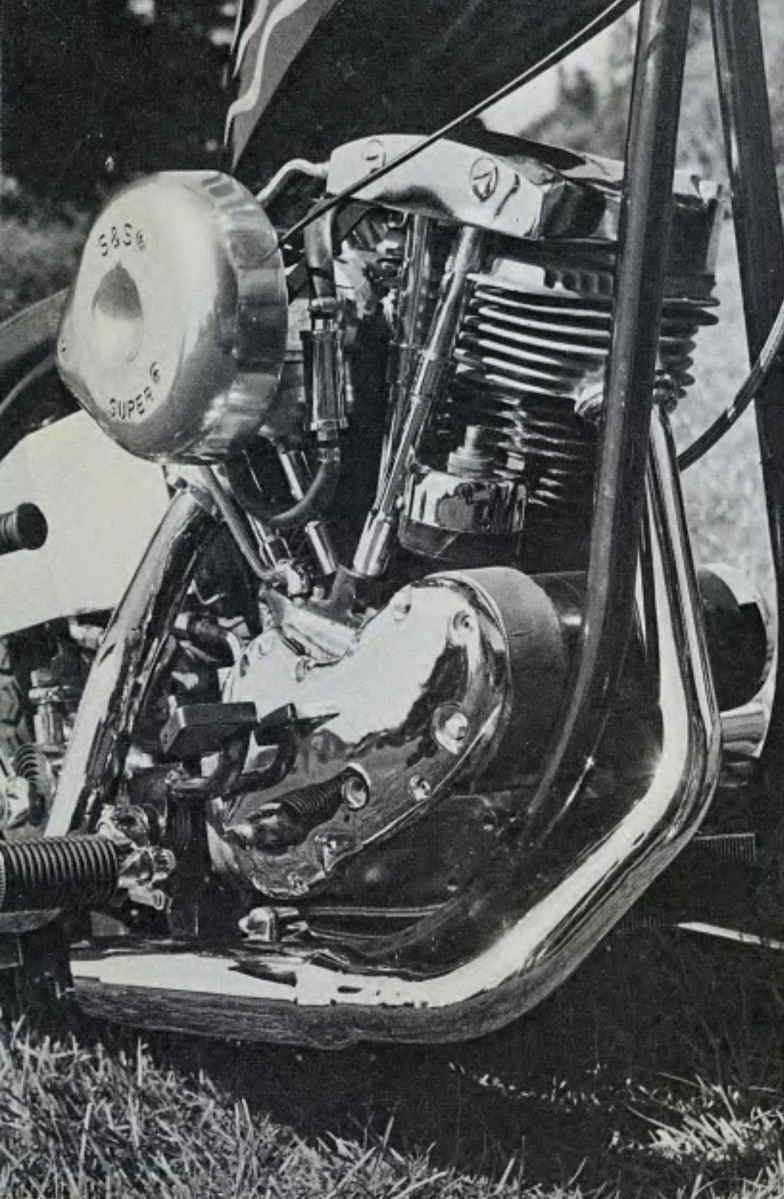


Whoever he might be. Want an explanation? Okay, the owner of this bike is missing. Not only is he gone, but we got in touch with the photographer and he isn't even sure exactly who owns the bike. He's not certain whether it's jointly owned, owned solely by Rick, or owned by someone else.

So a few of us got together over a joint to discuss our next move—only to nod out. The very next day we tried again, this time in the morning. You know how that wacky weed affects the brain. Well, we started speculating as to the whereabouts of the owner or owners. Maybe he (they) committed mass murder and is (are) on the east coast, hiding in the basement of a large apartment house. Then again, maybe two owners had a fight over the bike, beat each other to death, and are lying, still wearing their riding threads, beside the bike. Possibly the real owner took one too many racing pills and is in the middle of Georgia, flying down some highway. Then again, the real owner may be chasing that guy. 'Course, the two owners could be on the top of one of the Andes Mountains, making a deal. At that point in the discussion, Bandit threw a mug of beer in Snake's face and mumbled something about these fictitious owners not being violent dopers.

So we changed the direction of our creative speculations toward the straight life. Perhaps the owner's wife got uptight 'cause her hubby built a chopper—so she packed her shit and went back to her folks in Missouri. And he went after her. Then again, he could have "found it" and has been going to church ever



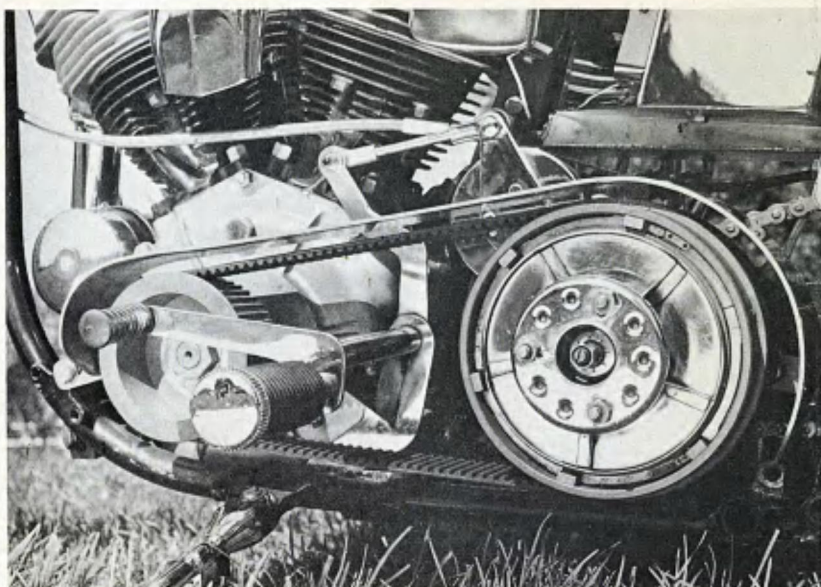


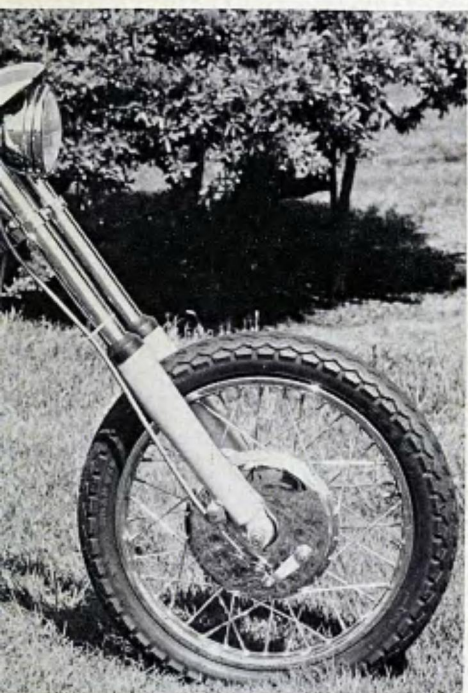
since. Snake and the beer-tosser were still rolling on the floor when the suggestion surfaced that perhaps the owner gave up bikes, got a straight job, and is working in a polished ivory tower somewhere.

We were beginning to nod out again when Renegade shouted, "Impossible! Who'd wanna be anything but a biker? Who'd wanna give up the free lifestyle, the parties, the chicks—the fuckin' blast of it all?"

Snake and Bandit got up off the floor. Someone passed beers to everyone else. We all stood pondering Renegade's question in pin-dropping silence; then Snake bent over, slammed his beer on the arm of his chair, popped the top, and yelled, "No one!" Snake's beer spewed over us all, and the discussion ended with foamy liquid and bros rolling around on the floor.

—Wilburn Roach





Owners: Frank Paparatto

City: San Jose, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Wheels & Deals

Year: unknown

Year and make: 1966 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FLH

Type: swingarm

Value: \$8,000

Rake: 30°

Assembly by: Wheels & Deals

Stretch: none

Time: 6 months

Other alterations:

Chroming by: S&C Valley Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Custom Chrome

Year: 1966

Risers: none

Model: shovelhead

Fender(s): 6-inch flat

Rebuilder: Big Bob

Headlight: H-D

Ignition: distributor/coil

Taillight: H-D

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: Sportster

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: H-D

Balancing: Action Auto

Rear pegs: H-D

Pistons: TRW, 9:1

Electrics: 2-brush, 12v

Cases: beadblasted

Gas tank: Sportster

Heads: Manley valves & guides

Oil tank: Jammer

Cam: Sifton 55Q

Oil system: stainless & cooler

Lifters: S&S solids

Primary cover: none

Carb(s): S&S Super

Seat: Dragon Mark I

Air Cleaner: S&S

Sissy bar: nope

Pipes: Wheels & Deals

Height: swingarm support

Muffler(s): Cycle Shack

Material: plate

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Andrews 1st

Type: 3-inch narrow glide

Year: 1974

Extension: 4 inches

Shifting: speed shifter

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: phase 3 belt

Special features: turned lower legs

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 19

Size: 16

Molding: owner

Hub: Sport.

Hub: Star

Painter: Tank, Tony Gilardi

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black

Tire: 3.60 H

Tire: K&L Supply

Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: 1/2 brake

Brake: Star disc

Special paint: Tony Gilardi, frame by owner

Other special modifications: Speedo bracket, belt guard, shifter all made of stainless steel by Jeff Netzel.

SCORECARD

By Mike Charles

Edna Henderson was mad at her husband. She was "not talking." He had made a fool of himself at her sister's earlier that day, as he usually did, talking at great lengths about politics, religion, economics, and sundry other subjects he knew nothing about. As usual, he was oblivious to his wife's anger, and was still expounding on the deficit in foreign trade as they drove down the highway. Coming out of Hendersonville, he missed the exit that would take them to Rockford and on to their home in Palmdale. Mrs. Henderson noticed the missed exit, but said nothing. She was "not talking."

"I think I'm on the wrong road," he said after twenty miles. "Get out the road map, Edna, and see where we are."

"You're on the way to Patterson," Mrs. Henderson said, breaking her silence. "You missed the Rockford exit about a half hour ago."

"Why the hell didn't you tell me sooner?" he demanded.

Mrs. Henderson said nothing. She opened the glove compartment, pulled out a Mobil map of the state, and began unfolding it. Mr. Henderson pulled the Cadillac to the side of the road and rudely yanked the map out of his wife's hands. He studied it carefully, using pudgy fingers to mark where he was and where he should be. "Looks like there's a small road a few miles up that cuts over to the highway a few miles past Rockford. It might even be faster."

"Don't you think we'd better go back the way we came?"

"And lose another hour? Not on your life." Mr. Henderson wheeled the car back onto the pavement, driving slowly, looking for the side road. He pulled onto a potholed, two-laned, narrow stretch of road that looked to Mrs. Henderson as if someone's great-

grandfather had last used it in a covered wagon.

"Chuck, this road looks deserted," Mrs. Henderson said. "Maybe we should turn back."

"Blow it out your ass, Edna—you got us into this."

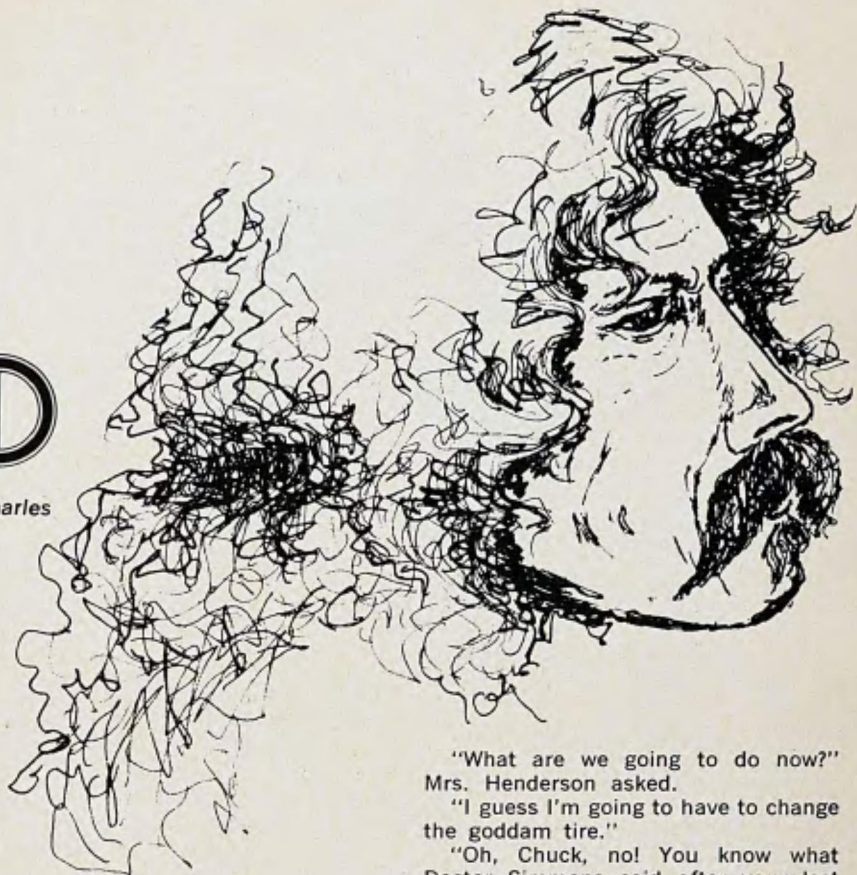
Mrs. Henderson vowed not to talk to him for a week.

The road got narrower and bumpier. Potholes were larger and more numerous with every mile. Rusty bullet holes punctuated the few road signs they passed. They saw no other cars, only lizards sunning themselves on roadside rocks in the hot afternoon sun.

The left front tire waited an hour and a half before it blew. Mr. Henderson thought it was a gunshot until he felt the violent shuddering of the Cadillac's rim hitting the holes in the dusty pavement. He forced the car off the road and onto a rocky section of the shoulder.

"I think we blew a tire, Chuck," Mrs. Henderson said.

Henderson looked at her in amazement and shook his head. "Sonofabitch," he moaned softly. "Goddam brand new Cads aren't supposed to have goddam flat tires out in the middle of goddam nowhere."



"What are we going to do now?" Mrs. Henderson asked.

"I guess I'm going to have to change the goddam tire."

"Oh, Chuck, no! You know what Doctor Simmons said after your last attack—no physical labor at all. You'll have another attack, especially in this heat."

Mr. Henderson sighed. "Well, what do you suggest we do?"

"Somebody will come by, sooner or later, and we can flag them down. There wouldn't be a road here if nobody used it."

Mr. Henderson leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes. "We'll wait until dusk. Then I'm changing the tire."

An hour passed and the couple saw no signs of a car. Henderson turned the motor on every fifteen minutes to regenerate the battery, which was being taxed by the air conditioning. Mrs. Henderson silently mopped at her brow with her handkerchief. Henderson swore periodically, but did not speak to his wife.

Mrs. Henderson cocked her head to one side. "Do you hear that?" she asked.

Henderson shut off the air conditioning and powered his window half way down. A rumbling growl, increasing by the second, vibrated the car. He arched around in his seat and looked down the road. A billowing cloud of dust was racing toward them. "Holy Christ," he rasped, "one of those motorcycle gangs is coming."

"Do you think they'll stop and help us?"

"Help themselves to my money," he said as he rolled up his window. "Lock your door, Edna. These people get high on drugs and don't care what they do or who they hurt."

The roar was deafening. Mrs. Henderson watched the motorcycles speed past, fifty or sixty in all, with extended front forks and bars rising from the back of the seats. She knew the bikes to be choppers; she'd read all about them in the newspaper. The motorcycles were ridden by a variety of young men, most with beards and long hair. Not one rider was wearing a helmet. Many of the men had girls riding on the seats behind them. The bikes without girls carried cases of beer strapped below bedrolls. She had to hold her ears until the last of the bikes went by. Not one of the bikers gave the car more than a cursory glance.

Henderson shuddered involuntarily. "We were lucky. They passed us," he sighed.

"Look, Chuck, one of them is coming back." She pointed up the road. A lone figure emerged from the cloud of dust and cruised to the car on the wrong side of the road.

"We're in for it now, Edna. Don't say a word."

The young man made a U-turn in front of the Cadillac and expertly snapped the kickstand down with the heel of his boot. He dismounted and walked to the car, pulling off his sunglasses and wiping the dust from his eyes. "You folks in trouble?" the man asked.

Henderson's heart pounded wildly as he eyed the man. He had long, wind-matted hair, a wide brown mustache, and an almost reddish beard that matched his sunburned forehead. He wore faded jeans and a vest with numerous patches and embroidered inscriptions, mostly having to do with Harley-Davidson. He had a tattoo on his right forearm that read "Da Nang, 1969."

"I said, do you need some help?" the man yelled as he tapped the window.

"Maybe we should let him help us," Mrs. Henderson said.

"Shut up," Henderson whispered sharply. "We don't need any help," he said, loudly enough to be heard through the rolled-up windows.

"You folks sure took a wrong turn," the man yelled. "The only place this road leads is a washed-out gulch about thirty-five miles ahead. There ain't nothin' in between. Why don't you roll down the window so we can talk?"

"We don't need any help," Henderson shouted.

"You afraid I'm gonna rob you?" The man sat on the fender and shook a

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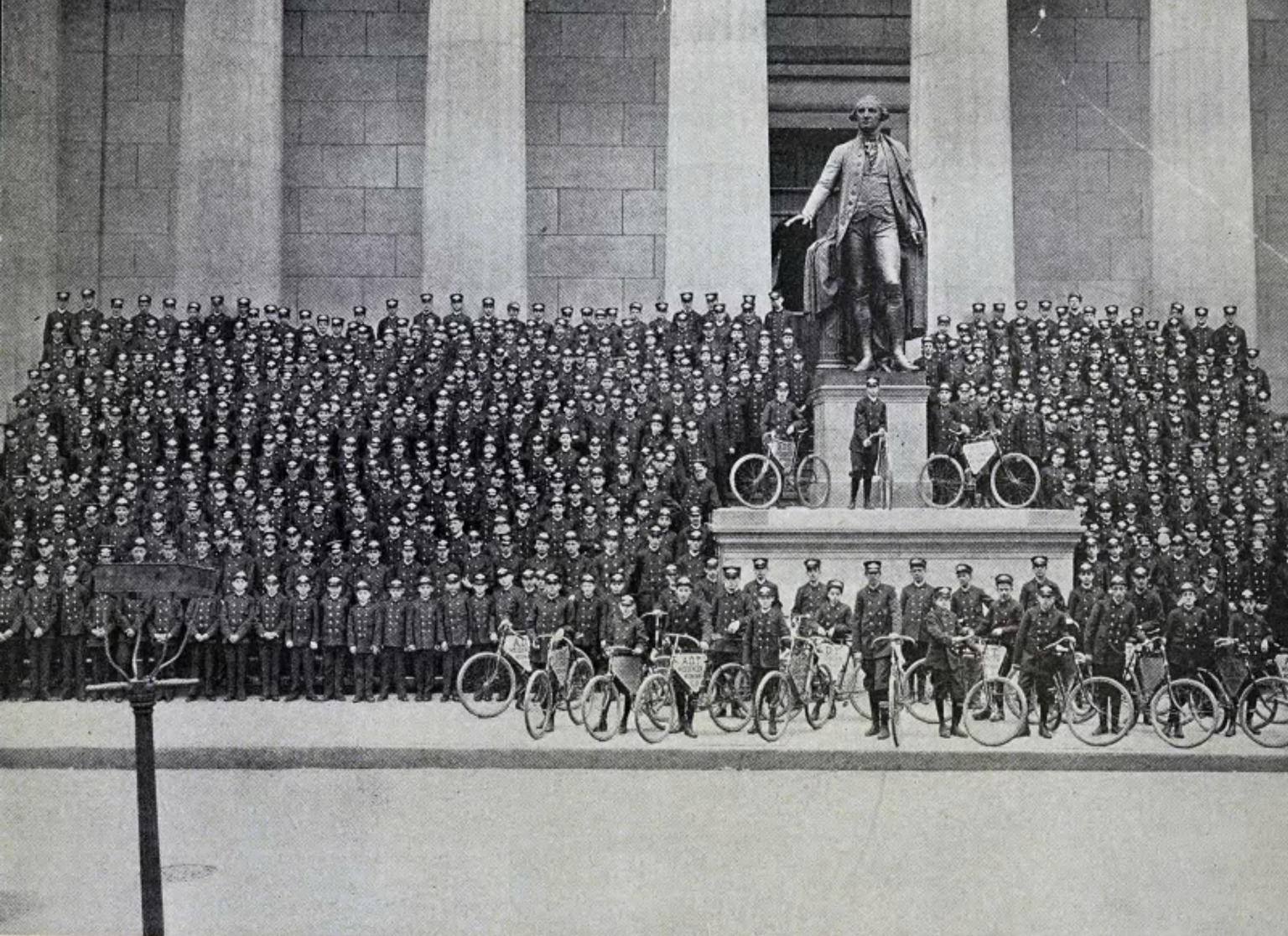
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—Continued on page 80



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These youngsters have been kidnapped from jr. highs and high schools all across the nation, then forced to attend our training school for 14 years. Then, after—and only after—they have completed their 500-page dissertation on the art of delivering **Easyriders** to our loyal subscribers are they allowed to touch the magazine.

We bust our asses to put together a fine biker rag, so we want to be sure it gets to the right people at the right time and in the right shape. And we even throw in a free decal.

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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 90265.

Our hearts will be with **Red and Rusty** forever. From **Geno, HAMC, Conn.**

In memory of **Paul**, I'll miss you very much, and you'll never be forgotten. Love, **Adele**.

In remembrance of **Vern "Grubby" Ellis**, who rode hard and died with pride. We all loved ya, pumpkin. Your old lady, Lou, and brother **Grady**, Orange, Calif.

In memory of **Mike "Butch" Moore**, We'll never forget you. Sister Jo, Beaver, and Sharon, Fosteria, Mich.

In memory of my brother, **Big Mick Cotley**, who rode his sled into eternity on **Tungana Canyon Road**, Stump, S.F.V.

In memory of our brother, **Bordie Holtermann**, Thanks for being in our lives. We love you. Your brother **Irv** and sister **Jan**.

In memory of **Brian Von Wolfe**, To know him was to love him. From Nancy Baker and all his friends in Sylmar.

In memory of **Priest**, He went down hard. **Alexandria Pagans**.

A good friend, **Tim Kistner**, died riding in the wind on a Suzuki in Japan. **Tim, Cheryl**, and the rest, Bristol, Tenn.

In memory of **Mark Peterson**, There were not enough hours in the day for you, old friend. Have those gates opened for us. **Mark, Jim Bob, Keith**, and all the bros.

To **Big Debbie**, You lived hard and loved hard, and you'll always be remembered. **Crazy Charlie**.

In memory of **Cheese and Chris**, father and godfather to us. **Chris, Jim, and Becky Cunningham**.

In memory of **Porterville Bill**, Your death will not be forgotten. From all who loved you. **Mark Hardesty, Lomita, Calif.**

In memory of **Buck Alan Christie**, gone but not forgotten. **Barbara and Wendy, S.F.V., Calif.**

In memory of **Sleepy**, who was stabbed to death by a long-haired hippified motherfucker. May you putt forever. **Vickie and Maggie**.

In memory of **Smoke**, We will meet again. **Red Rider, Redding, Calif.**

In memory of **Rot** from **E. Hartford, Conn.** A true hero to the end. You'll always touch us. **Mark, Erika, and family**.

In memory of **Leon Allen**, Your murderer will burn in hell. You were a true friend. **Libby, David, and Linda**.

In memory of **"Ponthead" Vic Kopp**, You'll never be forgotten and you'll ride free forever. **Diane Gealy**.

In memory of **Deano and Mabel**, It's been a long, cold Minnesota winter without you. **Sue Ottersen, Denison, Minn.**

Roger the Dodger, a partying fool who left us on coffee break, thanks to a dumb-ass semi driver. **Grub, Dan, Rob, and Chris, Grand Haven, Mich.**

In memory of **Greek**, a 100% Hun. See ya home soon. **Tramp, Worcester, Ma**

In memory of **Uncle Joe**, He was hit for \$300, a cheap price for a brother I know. Long live his memory. **Bob, St. Petersburg, Fla.**

In memory of **Windy**, who rode forever and will keep on riding. **Mel, Janie, Nancy, and Judy, Detroit, Mich.**

In memory of **Ronnie Rose**, We know you made a chapter of Iron Mustangs, wherever you are. **Iron Mustangs M/C**

They died as they lived, **Detroit Highwaymen, Sam, Joe, Cus Ball, Detroit Highwaymen M/C**

Male Call

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

Note: some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write in you after reading your ad in **Male Call**. Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

Slim and need help. Dave Mack #060680, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

I'm doing fifteen years, so have plenty of time to write to foxy ladies and look at the pictures they send me. **Larry Robinson #112703, D.C.C., Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.**

I'll be out this year and will need a lady. **Brian Clements, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.**

Serving a sentence in the chain gang, but I'll answer all letters. **Jim Mathis, Box 10427, Prichard, Ala. 36610.**

I need some human emotion sent my way, ladies, so please give me a play. **Larry Wallace #B-27241, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. #5376.**

Would like to get letters and pictures from any foxy ladies. Will answer all. **Top C. Wright, 835 W. Morgan Street, Raleigh, N.C. 27603.**

All you nasty mamas write to me. **Sleepy, D. #99404, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.**

Waiting for letters from good ladies and bad ladies. Send photos. **Hackett, D. #102217, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.**

Any chicks who are into cunnilingus, write me and find out what good is all about. **Eugene Watts #C-51227, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.**

Blue eyes, brown hair, and no sweet ladies to write to. Change that for me, please. **Larry Cribbs #060243, H1-B1-299, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.**

I'm a bro doing twenty years, and I need letters from foxy ladies who'll send pictures to brighten my life. **Dave Robertson #057388, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959, H1-B4-247.**

Seizer doing time in prison would like to hear from get-down biker chicks. **Carl Bleda #78-A-1525, C.C. Facility Annex, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.**

I'm 22 yrs. old and want to hear from ladies 18-27. I'll answer all. **Sam Marbury #31239-120, Box PMB, Dorm B-5, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.**

No family, no friends. Badly in need of letters and photos from foxy ladies who'll take the time to care. **Darryl Richardson, Doc 7273, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.**

You don't have to be a star to be in my show. Just be righteous and for real. **James Arthur #29078, Box 500, East Bldg., Grady, Ark. 71644.**

I am going to relocate in Arizona after release, and would like to hear from chicks in that state. **Mike Mattly #11710, Ind. State Prison, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.**

Doing time for a crime, so ladies please shoot me a line. **Bruce Huffman #068308-B-32-B, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.**

I will answer all letters from ladies ages 18-27. **Richard Beale #31435-120, Box PMB, Dorm B-South, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.**

Please write to this lonely biker who's doing time. **Thomas Barwick #061576, H2-A2-211, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.**

Lonely bro needs sweet young honey to bring sunshine into his life. **Dave Fahsoltz, Box B-45335, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.**

Retired from Horseman doing five in the pen, needs letters and pictures from bros and of ladies. **James Hall #38406, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85322.**

I'm looking forward to someone's response to this letter—anyone's. **Michael Boothe #74-A-1142, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y.**

I'm a con and I want to write to interesting people. **Henry L. Jones #C-71428, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.**

Lonely 23-yr.-old bro, down for second time, needs to hear from anyone, especially females. **Rick Elson #151-882, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.**

A brother is in need of mail from pink-skinned ladies of the fox variety. **Mike Vrean, 0-335, Box B-92346, Soledad, Calif. 93960.**

Write to this downed brother, foxy ladies, and you won't be sorry. **Mike Buchanan, 0-235, Box B-83657, Soledad, Calif. 93960.**

A downed tramp stuck in prison could use some mail from all you fine pussies. **Ricky Visser #B-38536, Represa, Calif. 95671.**

Hoping to hear from sweet young ladies who will take time to write. **Jack R. Fuss #161979, 301 San Jacinto, Houston, Texas 77002.**

Been locked up for two years and need a foxy lady to write to. **Conrad Marlosica #C-3062, Housing Unit 14-2, Box 307, Beacon, N.Y. 12508.**

I would like to correspond with anyone. **Robert Baldwin #7-A-1542, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.**

Pagan brother down and in need of a good woman to help put this time behind me. **Jimmy Rubis #55438, Station A, Vroom Ridge, Rt. Trenton, New Jersey 08623.**

If you're pretty and got your shit together, send me your letters and pictures. **Bobby James, Box 618, Gila Bend, Ariz. 85337.**

Young dude doing time needs letters from sweeties. **Kevin McCloud, Fir Cottage, Box 600, Chehalis, Wash. 98532.**

22-yr.-old inmate needs letters and friends. **Robert Moore #000718, Box 221, Baldwin, Fla. 32083.**

Baldwin Park biker needs a few notes from foxy chicks. Send photos. **Ron Gower #29037, Y.T.S., Box 800, Ontario, Calif. 91761.**

I want to correspond with beautiful chicks, so please write and make time shorter. **Sly Sims #C-73908, Box 711, SCH 1-9, Menard, Ill. 62259.**

Downed brother needs fine lines from down-to-earth chicks and brothers. **Dave Moore #144704, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.**

My old lady took the rugrat and split, so now I need a new chick. If you can handle it, write **Ben Henderson #B-8310, 3-E-92, Tamal, Calif. 94964.**

29-yr.-old biker has lost contact with his people and needs letters from anyone. **John Centeno #88883, Box 788, D.C.I., Dorm 5, Jackson, La. 70748.**

Looking for some correspondence with anyone willing to write a lonely convict. **Steve Quiriconi #13364, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.**

Lonely lady doing time. Single, 25 yrs. old, foxy bitch. Would like correspondence from interested males. **Sherry Mitchell #2069-171, Box 1000, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.**

An all-the-way, peach-complexioned lady needed for an all-the-way biker dude who'll be in prison for a while. **Ron L. Murphy, Box B-91817, Tamal, Calif. 94964.**

A good-looking smuggler doing a couple of years needs a foxy chick to write to. **Don Woodbeck, Box B-93330, Represa, Calif. 95671.**

Would like to hear from chicks 18-35. All letters will be answered. **Maurice Miller #20465, 1701 Fairfield Way, Richmond, Va. 23223.**

I will answer all letters from mamas who want to write to me. **Jay Culverhouse #20466, 1701 Fairfield Way, Richmond, Va. 23223.**

Doing time and need letters and photos from ladies who care. **Mack Elliott #20665, 1701 Fairfield Way, Richmond, Va. 23223.**

An ex-Pagan from Norristown, Pa., needs letters and pictures from ladies. I'll answer quick. **Dan Spurlin #204112-2, Box 316, Fort Madison, Iowa 52627.**

I'm a 24-yr.-old sexy lady who needs letters. I'm lonely and doing time. **Betty Ford #20758-170, Box 1000, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.**

Wanted: Pussy-smellin' letters from chicks, for contest. The winner gets me. **W. Thomas #8778, C-341, K.S.I.R., Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.**

Hip biker needs a lady. **Jim Welch #8914-A-327, Box 1568, K.S.I.R., Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.**

20-yr.-old, blond, green-eyed biker doing time and in need of letters and pictures. Getting lonely after two years. **Patrick Nestlebusch #062672, H1B-238, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.**

I like loving and can do it all day, but not in here. Foxy ladies, write and check me out. **Curtis Strickland #60616, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.**

Lone scooter tramp would dig letters from ladies who like bikes. **Eugene White #20837-101, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.**

Hungover, red-eyed, and dog-tired. Need some sweet chicks to write and help me do this time. **Billy Underwood, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628.**

Lonely, independent biker could dig some rap and pics from ladies to brighten his days. **Terry Underwood #062084, H1-E1-60, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.**

21-yr.-old inmate sifting in jail without letters and pics of ladies. **Bruce Hockenbury #K-4108, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.**

Doing time with women on my mind. Send me letters and photos and I'll never forget you. **Terry Highhouse #20170-148, Box 1000, Englewood, Colo. 80110.**

21-yr.-old bro, doing time for a stickup, needs letters from ladies. **Mark McMullen #C-67775, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.**

Lonely downed brother, brown hair and beard, would like to have a chick to write to. **Kevin Norton #C-74173, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.**

I'm a young man 23 yrs. old, and want a woman 25-40. Be good to me and I'll be good to you. **Guthrie Danowski, Box 81055, Tamal, Calif. 94964.**

Palm Springs sun and an old biker looking for a skinny of lady. All letters with photos answered. **Doc, Box 1592, Palm Springs, Calif. 92263.**

My wife left me and I need a new girl to ride on back of my panhead. Send picture. **Bill Miller #149930, Camp Lehman, Box 3838, Rt. 3, Grayling, Mich. 49738.**

I would like to hear from foxes. **James Coats #87532, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.**

I'm 32 yrs. old, with three years to go, and I need letters and photos from women. **Michael DiOrto #74-A-1851, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13002.**

I need letters and photos from chicks. **Chuck Curtis #B-89573, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.**

A good bro needs to hear from chicks. **Rich Lisenbery #B-90081, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.**

Write to this good brother and send pictures, and I'll answer all letters. **Bert Keach #B-86344, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.**

I'm 21 yrs. old and want to hear from California girls who will be ready to ride early in 1979. **James Colberg #44774-23, Box 3535, Corona, Calif. 91720.**

Doing one to ten and I need letters from ladies. **Bob Bates #12699-Y-F, Box 76, Greencastle, Ind. 46135.**

Here's a bro who needs your letters and pictures, foxy ladies. Will answer all. **Bob Dickey #2918-Y, Box 76, Greencastle, Ind. 46135.**

I'm confined in prison without family or friends. **Gary Thompson, Box 4000-R, Fort Grant, Ariz. 85643.**

Lonely Calif. scooter tramp needs lovely ladies to write to. **Chris Liggett, #95566, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.**

I've got blue eyes and black hair, and I need your letters. **Jack Reifford, Box 511-151-635, 4.1.16, Columbus, Ohio 43216.**

22-yr.-old inmate needs foxy ladies to write, so get off the rag and drop a line. **Marvin McBride #060329, Mail No. 442, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.**

I have no family or friends, and I need letters from ladies. **Bill Brooker, Marion Corr. Inst., Lowell, Fla. 32663.**

I'm 30 yrs. old, a biker, and I love to party down, so write and send pictures. Will answer all. **Glenn Graham, Jr., c/o 320 Washington St., C-6, Traverse City, Mich. 49684.**



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HERE'S the ruggedness and spirit of the cow-pony combined with the grace and speed of the racehorse.

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Drop in at your Harley-Davidson Dealer's — swing into the saddle of one of these super motorcycles — and picture yourself streaking down the highway, leaving traffic far behind. Ask about his convenient payment plans that make ownership so easy. See him today.

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Address _____

My age is () 16-19 years, () 20-30 years, () 31 years and up. () under 16 years. Check your age group.

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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.

All handmade brass buckle. Something I designed and make in my garage. People around here dig the hell out of them, so I'm offering them for ten bucks. In fact, my ol' lady was wearing one when she posed for the current T-shirt ad. Each one is different. If you send a flick of your bike, I'll try to stylize your buckle. Send cash or money orders only, made out to Weed's Ol' Lady, Melanie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (74)

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 \$0.60 shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. "Property of Harley University" black sweatshirt with "Hogs" imprinted on back, only \$10, plus \$0.75 shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. Calif. residents add 6% for state's sales tax. 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)

To Herb and Dave: One Time and One Time Only. Your friends always. Jack and Shelle. (68)

Happy Birthday, Splitter—Love ya! When you're out, we'll have a real party, and until then, I'm waiting for you. Your ol' lady, Babe. (68)

Don't die without a will! Legal form, \$1.50—Guaranteed. A. Werner, 1317 Elm Street, Dept. B11, Peekskill, New York 10566. (68)

Wayne (#018211): Soon you'll be out and we'll be together. Happy 25th Birthday. Love ya, Brenda. (68)

California biker with short term left. Down in Louisiana prison. Upon release, will go anywhere with the right ol' lady. Paul Daniel #82380, D.C.I. Dorm C, Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (68)

Jeff: Happy Birthday. Let's spend a lifetime together, all right? I love you. Your ol' lady, Sandy. (68)

Good-looking biker from Spain (29) looking for a slim woman with class (17-29). Write and send picture to Gabriel, Box 843, E. Lansing, Mich. 48823. (68)

Jima: Happy 21st pantload. Stick around. Your crazy ol' man Keith. (68)

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.

For sale—Harley-Davidson side-car bodies, etc., 1940-53. P.O. Box 203, Citrus Heights, Calif. 95610. (68)

Wanted—Easyriders 1-18. Contact G. Kemesles OE02, USS America CV-66, FPO, N.Y. 09501. (68)

Wizard: Sad to hear the '64 lost the fast lane and its ass end. Freedom's just another word for knockin' on heavens door. Happy Birthday, 1/79. Always with love. Punkie. (68)

Kop Kuffs—standard handcuffs (for your ol' lady), \$11.95; custom (24" chain for your bike), \$14.95; both, \$25. Cash, check, money order. Postage paid. Texas Enforcement Supply, P.O. Box 19062, Austin, Tex. 78760. (68)

Be legally ordained. Perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church. Worship your own way, tax-free. Send \$10 donation to Rev. Robert T. Dunn, First United Biker's Church, 14651 Carfax #D, Tustin, Calif. 92680. (69)

Fantastic stickers for your scooter, car, truck, ol' lady's ass, or whatever: "Warning: If You Value Your Own Life As Much As I Value This Harley, Don't Fuck With It"; "Ass, Gas Or Grass—Nobody Rides For Free"; Harley-Davidson Wings; "Protected By M.F.D. (Mean Fuckin' Dog)"; and "Mustang Ranch Parking Permit No. 1-69." 50¢ for each sticker or all five for only \$2. Send cash only and include self-addressed, stamped envelope to Stickers, P.O. Box 466, Calabasas, California 91302. (71)

Join MMA: 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)

I like your style. Let's get together. (68)

Incarcerated: Cherokee-Afro-American dirt biker into custom-made vans, 6'1", 160 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, fair complexion, medium-bronze tan. Twenty-two years young, to be released '79. Desires to correspond on a one-to-one basis with a one-man, level-headed bikin' babe—one who is willing to share her patience, understanding, and love in developing a truly beautiful relationship. My love is limitless; neither age nor nationality has any priorities. Kid okay. Appreciate plx first letter; will answer all. Only serious at heart need write. Eugene Love Peterson #055300, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (69)

Harley-Davidson Parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 43 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, toolboxes, much more. Price list, \$2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor Street, Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 699-1849. (72)

"Merry Christmas and a Happy Ridin' Year": Shark's tooth earring, the kinda class you want and need, just 4 bucks each. Shark's tooth pin, 1 1/4 inches long—has a lotta style for \$4.50. Last, but not least, shark's jaw pin that's three inches of absolute sheer fuckin' class, for just 5 bucks apiece. Teeth and jaws are genuine shark and are powerful enough to stop a fuckin' train. It's the kinda class we all like to wear. Your satisfaction guaranteed. Order them now. Send cash or money order to Profilian, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Rick: Come back to me, babe. I need eat. Karen. (68)

Eye-glass cleaner: Wipe it on, wipe it off, and your glasses are sparkling clean! Order now! Low price—\$1, postpaid. E. Henry Johnson, P.O. Box 37296, Los Angeles, Calif. 90037. (E). (68)

Marty "The Poet" Horton: Something's come up. Call (703) 836-3873. Babes. (68)

Squash: You're my lover and my best friend. We'll pack it coast to coast one of these years. Wait and see. Spot. (68)

To my Wizard-Happy Birthday from your everlovin' Brat. (68)

Mike Skowera, Sanchez to my loaf of bread. Melt me, you fucker. Love, Butter. (68)

New, Get your "She Eats Me" T-shirt with hand pointing to your right side. Send size (s,m,l,xl), color (black, white, orange, green), and \$7.50 to Greyhound, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (70)

Anyone knowing the location or condition of Maria Angela (Gypsy) Chiantelli, please contact Dan Mason, 170 Oak Manor Ct. #B, Ukiah, Calif. 95482, or call (707) 462-2184, collect. She has serious mental disorders. I'm worried sick. Has "Property of Dale F. Ward Sr." tattooed on right buttock. Call after 2 a.m. (68)

Girls: If you're feeling lonely, and life's at its end, write to Reggie and make a friend. I will answer everyone. Reginald Holloway #76-A-3133, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12129. Send photos if possible. (68)

Wanted: New Goodyear Grasshopper tires. Top prices paid. Send letter to Grasshopper, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Fur-lined aviator-type goggles to go with your Snoopy hat. These were bought 30 years ago by now-retired Harley dealer. Lightweight and shatterproof lens. \$12, postpaid. Dave Norgaarden, 920 10 1/2 St. S.E., Rochester, Minn. 55901. (68)

Easyriders T-shirt iron-ons: Daytona, Bowling Green, Sturgis, Easyriders Swap Meet. Whether you were there or not, now is your chance to have any one of these four great iron-ons. Each one buck or all four for \$3.50. David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (69)

German war goodies and biker paraphernalia. Catalog \$1, refundable with first order. G&H Enterprises, 309 Lawton St., Mason, Mich. 48854. (68)

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)

New white racist magazine—bladesmanship, weightlifting, barbarian fiction, paganism, anarchism, much more. For whites who'll fight for our race. Caucasias, Box 382, New York, N.Y., 10040. (68)

Anyone involved in a recent motorcycle accident contact Greyhound, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (70)

Bear: I need to see you before November of '78. My life is in danger. No joke. Home all the time. The fucked-up Indian. King City, Calif. (68)

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. (70)

Wanted: Windshield with apron and all parts for old-style Harley sidecar. Also need stock windshield with leg apron and fittings for a 1942 Harley 74 side-valve. Will pay top dollar to complete restoration. Send info and price to Tom Ballew, PSC 3, Box 15967, APO S.F. 96432. (68)

Dear KRS: All I wanted for Christmas was to hold you in my arms. Maybe we can celebrate Feb. 28 together and include Christmas, Valentine's, two birthdays, and Easter. Missing and still loving only you, babe. Hoping you'll be back soon. Need you! Kathleen. (68)

Young shapely gals seeking exciting guys! Addresses, delightful pictures, \$5. Miss Marshall, 608-EC East Dale, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903. (68)

Tattooed Women Photos: 20, \$5. Step-by-step tattooing and removing instructions, \$15. 300 different designs, \$18. #12 Needles (old smaller size), \$22 per 1000. Steele, Box 242-EE, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (68)

To all my bros and sisters and all you lonely ladies. How about dropping a line to a bro? Jerry "Can Opener" Rupe, O.P.F. D-4, 2800 Gravier St., New Orleans, La. 70119. (69)

Duck, Lake City: Thanks for all the great puts! You're GIB! Love ya, Wendy, Rochester. (68)

F.T.W. patch \$1.35. Ride to Live patch, \$2. Dresser earrings, \$3 each/\$5 pair. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (68)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (68)

Pen pals, swingers, friends. Big list, phone numbers, addresses. Send \$5 cash, m.o., or stamps and save to Box Holder, P.O. Box 594, Simpsonville, N.C. 29681. (68)

Wanted: Easyriders #1 through 17, 19, 29, 30, 31 and 35. Send price and condition to B. Baidsen, SR 1, Box 1477, Wilsontale, W. Va. 25699. (68)

John Daniels, Ohio: I know this is late, but Happy Birthday. Keep faith in yourself, for it shall be your freedom. Lotsa love. Friends always, Vivian. (68)

Sandy: Please send pictures, negatives too, asap, please. Delila, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (69)

Biker looking for woman to build a future together. Harley for right lady. Chuck, 1203 N. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (69)

Long Chain bros everywhere: Let it be known that the Long Chain M.C. is alive, kickin', and here to stay. Take it light. Love and respect, Brother Buckshot 1%. (68)

Eagle: Ride the wind. Thank you for everything you taught me about your sky. Connie, let me be your sister in love. Peace forever to all Eagles. Shadow. (68)

Nickali: To all the good times we shared in Lancaster. From one Aquarian to another, Happy Birthday. D.K. (68)

Choppershopper

Here's a chance to show people where your heart's really at. Club mirrors are available to those who wish them. Address all inquiries to Von Himmeler, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Ray: Just to let you know I'll always love you! Your Honey. (68)

I'm 37 and alone in life. I'll be released from the penitentiary July 4th and need a sincere, loyal, attractive ol' lady. Write if you are looking for the same in an ol' man. Montana Jaffe #C70213, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995. (68)

Southerners. rednecks, whites, KKK. Real bootblack available to help out white men (financially and otherwise). Jailed bikers, too. I know my place. Send descriptions, needs to Sam, Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St., New York, N.Y. 10011. (68)

Bumper stickers—"Free the leaf—marijuana is not guilty" and "Don't need no laws 'cause I'm righteous." \$1 each. G. Roberts, P.O. Box 23303, Phoenix, Ariz. 85063. I'll send one free to anyone sending his M/C card for my collection. (68)

Rico in Wisconsin: I turned down the smoke, the coke, and the poke in Sept. Went back to collect in the morning, but you were gone. Another chance? Still energy flowing between us after years. Far-out! "Lady Will Power." Tucson. (68)

Julie young fox (39C-23-36 cross-country bound. Want easyriding contacts. Send \$1 cash sase for nude (pink shot) photo and travel schedule. Lorelei, Box 522, North Hollywood, Calif. 90603. (68)

Southerners: Read White Carolina, published by the National Socialist Party of America. Sample packet \$1. Box 27406, Raleigh, North Carolina 27611. White Power! (68)

Don: As long as I believe in myself, so I shall always believe in you. Thank you for being my friend. I love you. Just "Puss." (68)

Send me one dollar cash or more and I will send you a nude photo of my lady or ladies. Bob H., Box 277, Lake Villa, Ill. 60046. (68)

Madman's Book of Formulas: How to make, step-by-step, goodies like knockout drops, explosives, silencers, poisons, letter bombs, and many others. A must in completing your library. Second printing at \$9.95. Act now. Trisha Ostrowski, Box 04769, Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. (73)

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 West Tenth, San Bernardino, Calif. 92410. (69)

Wanted: Two righteous biker bitches, club oriented. Must be able to relocate. Send photo and thoughts to Don and Skip, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Make your own speed—99.7% pure meth crystal. How to make hashish; make inferior pot into high-quality superweed. For formula, send \$10 cash or money order to John Maicum, Box 732, Port St. Joe, Fla. 32456. (68)

Harley patches our specialty. Motorcycle patches our business. Discounts to clubs. Catalog, \$1. Patchworks, 5600 Monroe Concord, West Milton, Ohio 45383. (69)

Three great 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, \$1 to Big C. 7131 Owensmouth, Rm. 66a, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (72)

Anything with tits and splits write Willie Oyer #101144, and Dirty Dave #90899, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901. (68)

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

Young, white southern lady, good figure, nice-looking, strawberry blonde, one bad eye. Looking for white, no-game, fair-looking, thinking biker. I want to learn the lifestyle, the parties, and the pitfalls of bikers. I want a good man to experience, protect, and teach me this life. Write and send photos. No prison people. If you want my photo, send \$1 to cover development and postage. Mature white bikers, please—no phonies. Leann, 12264 Queensbury, Baton Rouge, La. 70815. (68)

Lookin' for a foxy ol' lady who loves Harleys. One-man woman only, to putt and party with. Willin' to relocate? Letter and photo (nudes are neat) for fast reply. Allow 4 weeks mail delay. Harley Red, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Harleys—Best Deals. 250,000 parts inventory. Sons Harley-Davidson, 815 Copley Road, Akron, Ohio 44320. (216) 535-1535. (68)

Free details on becoming a motorcycle mechanic. Box 3244E, Reading, Pa. 19604. (71)

Giant black and white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, scout, favorite nude, you and the ol' lady gettin' it on—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. 7131 Owensmouth, Rm. 66a, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (75)

German Motorcycles of WW2—8x10 highest quality paperback. Ya get 52 pages jammed with action photos, detailed color illustrations, diagrams, and technical info on all the motorcycles, sidecars, equipment, and markings of the Nazi army, plus a closeup look at the weird "Kettenkrad" motorcycle half-track. This is one ya gotta get! Only \$4.95 ppd. from Deathdream, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Nazi Stormer Magazine—magazine of white revolution. Literature, booklist, \$2. NSWWP, P.O. Box 1981, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Wanted: K-model or stock 45 solo. Good running condition. Puff, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Joey: Keep on counting. Dec. 7 isn't so far away. Love, Bren.

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)

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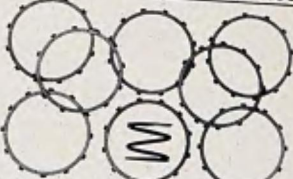
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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Aquarius

Most Aquarians are the eccentrics of the zodiac. They are so far ahead of their time that they often ride that fine line between genius and insanity. The world once considered Aquarian Thomas Edison mentally retarded and laughed at Aquarian Fulton's steamboat.

Aquarians are not only unique, but they are often the trend-setters of the world. They have style and class with a special magical quality. Two Aquarians, Telly Savalas and Farrah Fawcett, created new looks with (and without) hair. Burt Reynolds, John Travolta, and Kim Novak prove that Aquarius is a sexy sign, while James Dean and W. C. Fields prove that Aquarians are special and unforgettable.

Female Aquarians are usually just as rugged as the males—and just as difficult to tie down. A female Aquarius will help her ol' man tear down his scooter, party hearty, and still maintain her femininity. She is both lover and buddy.

The male Aquarian's middle name is "freedom." He never tolerates anyone who tries to tie him down. He is curious about everything in life and ready to try anything new.

Aquarians seldom tell outright lies, but they'll fool you in very subtle ways. They have a tendency

to stretch the truth sometimes. (Who doesn't?) 'Course, lying to an Aquarian is a no-no—besides, they'll catch you in the act every time.

Aquarians are open-minded toward changes in society and government, but their minds are closed when it involves their own behavior. They aren't gonna change for anybody—and they don't mind saying so. They are not impressed by tradition or authority, and they will abide by rules only when there is no alternative.

Aquarians' thoughts are like shooting stars and just as hard to reach. Aquarians are original, with an uncanny degree of intuition. They are full of surprises and impossible to figure out—which is one reason they make great bed partners. They are always trying new ways of gettin' on, gettin' off, gettin' in, and gettin' the hell out!

Aquarians are susceptible to circulatory problems, varicose veins, and hardening of the arteries in old age. Their ankles are often weak and they sometimes get leg pains from lack of exercise. Otherwise, they are quite healthy (horny) and have strong recuperative powers.

Aquarians are casual, indifferent to approval, and not overly concerned with making an impression. They can be very cool and detached. Their general attitude is one of extreme independence.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

This month is a real ball-buster any way you look at it. You're in the mood to gamble and take chances. Travel and people met through long distances are key financial contracts. Some important documents can be signed now, to your advantage. An infatuation (the urge for a strange piece of ass) could cause you to risk a current relationship or blow your bucks foolishly. Use your head and take advantage of this lucky period.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

The signs are right for breaking out of ruts. On the other hand, eagerness to escape past obligations could cause you to shun responsibilities and get you knee-deep in shit. For you typical Taureans who've stashed away some bucks or have a second source of income, full speed ahead. You can now better yourself by chancing a long-desired change of occupation. This is the right time to form partnerships in business ventures.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

This is a month full of the unexpected. If you're accident-prone, take this warning to watch it while driving or when around electrical equipment and machinery. Some of you will also become involved in heavy legal contracts that will require you to make decisions involving the lives of partners or mates. Pressures are on you now, but will ease up at mid-month. Your ability to make fast decisions will save your ass.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Sorry, but you may have a touch of the biker blues during this period. You could feel loss, or a sense of finality, with someone close. An ol' lady (or ol' man) may be secretly insecure about the future—and if you're fuckin' around, she (or he) may find someone else who cares and can be depended on. It could well be your loss, so think twice about it.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

Time to cut your ego a little slack and listen to partners and experts for a change. You'll only be hurting yourself if you don't. Impulsiveness, desire for emotional gratification, or a headstrong and rebellious attitude could fuck up an otherwise groovy month. There's lots of romance on the agenda now—so get it on! At least one horny honey could set a bonfire in your balls that would be hard to put out. Kick back and enjoy!

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

You're a shrewd operator this month. Mentally, you're way ahead of yourself—but the enthusiasm to get original ideas rolling may be overwhelming for a few people. Tone it down a taste. Some very important VIPs could be eyeballing you—to your advantage—so play your cards right. The only fly in the hair pie is unexpected repairs on your wheels. Hell, nothing's perfect!

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

Partners (bed and otherwise) may act arrogant, impulsive, stubborn; they may insist on getting their own way. In fact, you could really get on each other's cases by mid-month. Use your Libran tact to iron out a few social wrinkles instead of blurting out how you really feel. This is no time for blowing bucks on financial speculation or extravagances, no matter how tempting.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Impulsiveness can turn out to be shitty—and costly—right now. Remember, the quickest way is not always the cheapest. A real itch to get out an' boogie could play havoc with work and home life. A promise of quick financial rewards could turn out to be a losing deal—check and double check those get-rich schemes. You have a restless rod now, so be careful where you dip your wick.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

You're a lot crazier than usual this month. Cutting loose can relieve tensions if you don't get carried away. Look for variety, fun, and travel during this period—great for those of you whose balls have been dragging lately. Watch out for juicy gossip and hairy-assed innuendos that can dent up some important relationships. That stuff's not worth the bad consequences.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 20)

Beware of a strong tendency to pig down this month. Overindulgence can have a bad effect on your health now. Erotic overreaction and restlessness can spell trouble and accidents (as well as dangerous arguments) during the second week. Keep your shit together. Investment or financial speculation should top your shit-list now. Stick with trusted and secure policies—keep a low profile and ride out this month. Hang in there!

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Happy Birthday! Enjoy, but don't get too loose. Remember to take care of business. You have a tendency now to go to extremes. Better maintain and get your act together. Until the 16th, look for the unexpected both at home and at work. Don't be excessively independent at the expense of partners—it could backfire on you. Enjoy yourself, but don't neglect commitments you've made.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

A minor health problem can require immediate attention before it snowballs into a serious illness. Unexpected changes on the job may boggle your brain and completely alter your point of view—or they could blow your mind by boosting you to a better position. So it pays to be alert to indications of changes at work. Don't let your temper flare up during the last week—you might get your eye dotted. ■

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SCORECARD

—Continued from page 73

pebble out of his boot. "If I was gonna rob you, I'd just pick up a rock and break that window. I could rob you easy if I wanted."

"Maybe I have a gun," Henderson yelled.

The man laughed. "Yeah. Maybe you do, maybe you do." The man grinned at Mrs. Henderson. "You got one of those buttons in the glove compartment that opens the trunk from the inside? Why don't you just push that button, so I can get at the jack and the spare? I'll fix that flat and be on my way. You won't even have to roll down your window. That way, your tire will get fixed and the nasty man won't gitcha."

"That sounds like a good idea, Chuck," Mrs. Henderson said.

"Will you shut your mouth, Edna?" Henderson croaked. "We have help on the way, young man. We don't need your assistance."

The biker shrugged his shoulders and jumped off the fender. "Just tryin' to help," he yelled as he walked back to his motorcycle. "I got grandparents your age. I wouldn't want to see them stranded in the desert." He climbed onto his motorcycle, started it, and roared away, throwing pebbles noisily against the Cadillac.

"We were lucky he didn't kill us, Edna."

"Hmmm," Mrs. Henderson hummed skeptically.

"I'm going to fix the flat so we can get out of here."

"Oh, Chuck, let's wait a few more minutes. Someone else will come."

"And give that bunch of hoodlums time to get back here and rob us? No way."

"I have an idea, Chuck. Why don't we drive the car the way it is. I know it will be slow going, but it's better than your having a heart attack out here."

"It will wreck the rim and probably the shocks."

"I think we can afford it, Chuck," she said.

Henderson thought about it for a second, and wordlessly nodded his head in agreement. He started the engine and hobbled the car around to the other side of the road. They had bounced a half mile when a late model station wagon approached from the opposite direction. Henderson stopped the Cadillac, got out, and waved wildly as the station wagon pulled up in front of them. A clean-cut man in his early thirties got out.

"Boy, am I glad to see you," Henderson said happily as the man approached. "One of those motorcycle gangs tried to attack us."

"How terrible." The man pulled a small revolver from his hip pocket. "Hands up," he said softly.



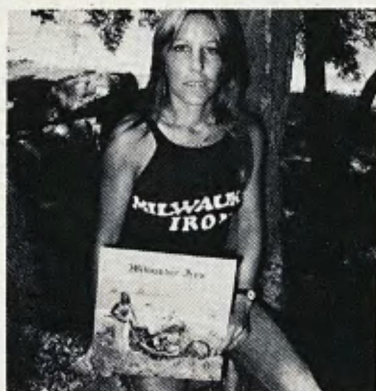
—Continued from page 15

right, as opposed to simple intersecting lines), the oldest Aryan symbol. The other symbols commonly unearthed in archaeological digs—the straight line, the circle, the cross, the triangle—are simple forms and it is altogether possible that these are independent inventions. That is, each of these forms could have been invented and reinvented repeatedly throughout the world in each age of primitive culture. But the swastika was in all likelihood the first symbol to be created with a definite intention and to carry a specific meaning. This meaning then became continuous or consecutive as knowledge of the symbol passed from person to person, from tribe to tribe, and from country to country until it spread throughout the world. The exact meaning of the symbol may have altered in this passage, but that doesn't change the fact that the swastika was the first such form to carry beyond the locale of its origin.

The actual sign of the swastika clearly antedated a word for the figure. This form has been called different names in different countries, but the ancient Sanskrit name of swastika is now almost universal. The Sanskrit word is a composite of three elements: "su," "asti," and "ka." "Su," the root component of the term, signifies good, well, excellent or, by association, prosperity. "Asti" is a conjugated form of the infinitive "to be"—the third person, singular, indicative present, to be exact. As such, "asti" is roughly equivalent to the phrase "he (she, or it) is." The final element of the word, "ka," is a suffix indicating the word is a noun. As its etymology clearly indi-



"Awww . . . you mean sex is only fucking?"



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

Milwaukee Iron

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.

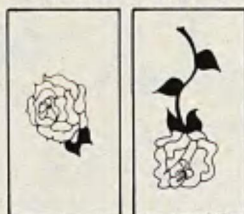
Because of Milwaukee Iron's lack of funds (and could it be that there is a little prejudice against a bunch of bikers?), it seems no record stores want to carry it. So they've decided to distribute the record through **Easyriders**, along with a little help from Uncle Sam's postal system (very little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

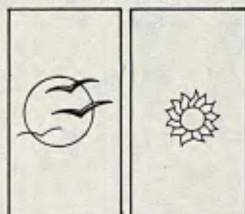
Checks take about 6-8 weeks to clear. Make all checks and money orders out to David, and mail your order to: David Record Offer, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

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.

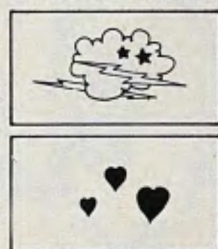
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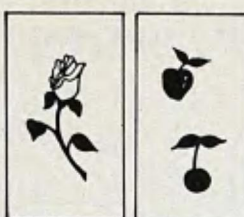
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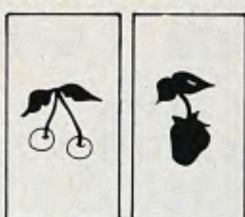
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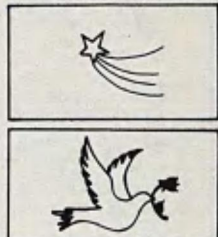
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cates, the swastika has traditionally been a symbol of benediction or good augury, a sign of long life and happiness.

If the origin of the swastika is lost in prehistory and is now a matter of scholarly speculation, the interpretation of this symbol is no less uncertain. Indeed, as will be evident from the discussion which follows, the swastika has carried such a myriad of interpretations that it is impossible to speak definitively about what this symbol means.

Various commentators on the swastika have suggested that it is the emblem of Zeus, of Baal, of the sun or sun god, of the sun chariot, of Agni the fire god, of Indra the rain god, of the sky or sky god, and—predictably—of the deity of all deities, the great God, the maker and ruler of the universe. In addition, it has been held to symbolize light or the god of light, forked lightning, or water. Its appearance in India and surrounding areas led to the suggestion that the swastika represents Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, the creator, preserver, and destroyer. It stood for Jupiter and Pluvius to the Romans and was an emblem of Thor to the Scandinavians. When it has not been associated with a specific god or religious figure, it has carried a phallic interpretation. Some authors claim the swastika represents the generative principle of humanity, thus making it a female symbol. Similarly, its appearance on various representations of such goddesses as Artemis and Hera has caused it to be called an emblem of fecundity. While any or all of these interpretations may be correct, it should be stressed that the use of the swastika in an ornamental capacity has always accompanied its symbolic use. Its distinctive form was used in all periods for decorative purposes independent of any religious or mystic symbolism it might have carried.

It is interesting to note that the swastika, in addition to its symbolic and ornamental manifestations, has also appeared in a utilitarian form as a fire-making device. Primitive cultures regarded fire as the gift of the burning sun, essential to the preservation and proliferation of life. And the swastika quite possibly was incorporated as part of a device to reproduce this gift. Such devices have been discovered in excavations from Asia Minor to China. The apparatus consists of two short pieces of wood joined at the center. Each of the four ends has an arm tied at right angles so as to anchor the cross to the ground. The fire was produced by the friction caused when a "lighting stick" was rapidly turned at the juncture of

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the arms. The fact that this practical device was in the shape of a swastika was indicative of the magic force attributed to the symbol.

Examples of the swastika are by no means confined to the Old World. The California tribe of Indians known as Chumash left behind swastikas they carved on rocks and cave walls during the early part of the 18th Century. Over nine hundred years ago in Arizona, the Apache Salado Indians carved stylized swastikas on rocks and on their dwelling places. Also in Arizona, in the Tsegi Canyon, petroglyphs of swastikas have been dated as far back as 2000 B.C.

The swastika, then, is a symbol that is virtually ubiquitous and one that originated so far back in history that it cannot be traced. Because it served as the symbol for Nazi Germany in the '30s and '40s, many people believe that Hitler invented this "twisted cross." Interestingly enough, this was a belief that Hitler himself fostered. One of Hitler's biographers, Konrad Heiden, claims that the swastika came to Germany by way of Finland and Estonia, where it was an official emblem, brought by some irregular German Free Corps, who later formed the nucleus of the early Nazis. In 1920, many troops wore the swastika on their helmets during the occupation of Berlin in their unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the German Republic. In his autobiography, *Mein Kampf*, Hitler claims to have "laid down, after countless attempts, the final form" of the official Nazi flag—a black swastika in a white circle on a red background. The red, so he claimed, stood for socialism, the white for nationalism, while the swastika, in Hitler's words, symbolized "the fight for victory of Aryan man and the idea of creative work, which in itself eternally has been anti-Semitic and eternally will be anti-Semitic."

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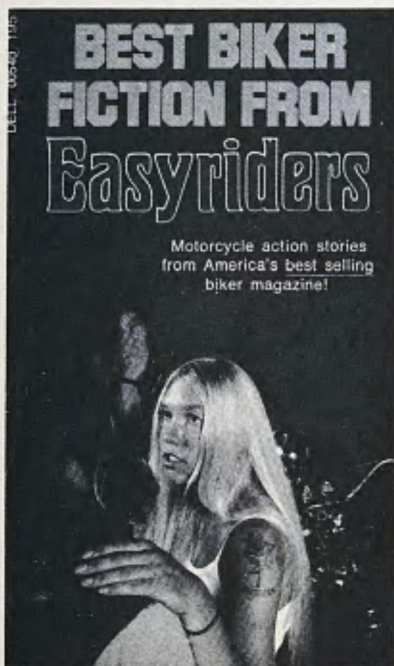
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Hitler's rise to power, the swastika flag was required to be displayed side by side with the national colors. From September, 1935 until the fall of Germany in 1945, it was the official flag of the Third Reich. As such, the emblem appeared on military uniforms and vehicles, as well as postage stamps and the like. The swastika also became a prominent motif of art produced in Nazi Germany during Hitler's regime. An aspiring painter himself, Hitler began an era of "social realism" in German art, an era in which art was to inspire the people politically and extol Hitler's doctrines of Aryan superiority and purity. Accordingly, the swastika was frequently incorporated in works of art from this period.

The swastika, then, is a symbol which has carried a multitude of meanings down through the centuries of its existence. This is equally true today, and any attempt to insist that its appearance on bikers necessarily means a sympathy with Nazi beliefs or anti-Semitism or the like simply ignores the history of the swastika. Clearly, what the symbol means is in the mind of the individual who wears it. That this is true is exemplified by a scene in **California Reich**, the 1976 documentary film about neo-Nazism in the United States. One segment deals with a man who is totally dedicated to the revival of Nazism—to the extent that he requires his young son to wear a Nazi uniform and attend Saturday meetings of the local Nazi organization. The boy is surrounded at all times by neo-Nazi influences and propaganda, yet the degree to which the swastika means something doctrinaire to him is indicated when one of the filmmakers points to the swastika on his uniform and asks what it means. The boy stares at the symbol for a long time, then replies, "I don't know. I just like it. It looks so neat."



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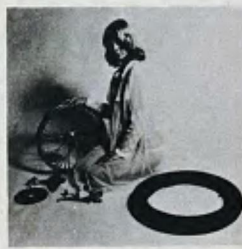
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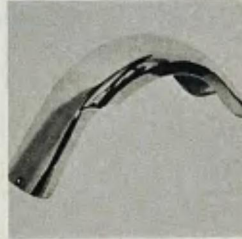
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Ever stumble into a bar and get shoved up against some minx who folds her arms gently under her tits and then raises them, pointing a couple of taut nipples in your direction, and blasts in restrained perversion, "Are you going to take care of me tonight?"

The nipples are aimed directly, as if two .38s had you for a target, while her

eyes are scanning the floor, carefully looking for her shoes, dodging the cigarette butts and bottle caps. Suddenly it dawns on you and the voice in your head says, "You scored, bro, and ya didn't have to wade through all the bars in town to do it."

Even before the casual affirmation coolly creeps through the beard sur-



rounding your mouth, she's already steadily straining to cover your leg with her hips, thighs, and steamy pie. Just to let her know that it's all right if she wants to hump your stiffening leg tonight, you cough out, as nonchalantly as possible, "Sure, whatda-fuck."

Her arms lock to your neck like bolt cutters, she hefts her thighs around your hips, and her legs become visegrips against your quickly deflating gut. About that time your hands, which have been checking out the terrain, have already traveled plumb around her peachy ass.

Your brain screams, "Let's get the fuck outta here!" And you invade her ear with your tongue, murmuring, "Hope

you live close, or it'll be all over in the parking lot."

Before you pull your pan into her driveway, less than a mile from the pub, she's naked, standing on your tank, tryin' to brush your face. And you and your lady (ya never caught her name) ball your brains out until the sky turns grey-blue about five o'clock the next morning.

Are you beginning to get the picture? Are ya already countin' all the spider-women, hyper, cock-hungry, gymnast broads you've spent a little time with? Aren't they fuckin' wonderful? Well, Jackie here is one of them kinda broads — only faster. If ya haven't spent a night with a wizard-woman, better hit the streets. ■



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Joyride

—Continued from page 49

near an old house on the corner. Larry's body didn't leave a mark on the tree except for the gouts of blood that exited from his eyes, nose, and mouth. The helmet that he had been wearing on impact had snapped his cranium from his neck. The hospital crew cut the helmet from his head to find the flimsy eggshell half full of blood. A steady stream ran from his ears. By all rights, the scene was so horrifying that Lane could have very easily given up riding forever, out of his mind with the fear of the ignorant assholes who roamed the streets, veering in the security of their steel cages. The driver of the car seemed shocked not by his actions, but that anyone should question his driving ability or sobriety. His fraternity shirt was soaked in freshly-spilled beer. He seemed more concerned about his stained letter shirt than the life he had just taken in stupidity. In shock, Lane could do nothing except gaze dumbstruck at his brother, then at the car, and then off into the distance from which they had come.

It had been a biker funeral with all the friends and scooters Lane could round up. He wanted to shout at every straight citizen he saw, to shock them and make them as uneasy as he felt now out on the road among the zombie-eyed idiots in cars. The many motors filled the air with a loud gravity and the faces of every biker bore hate for the casual murderers who could calmly snuff a life, then go home to a meat-and-potatoes supper and extra-dry martini. The hearse parked outside the gates, and Lane and five others had carried the casket into the cemetery, each one grateful that he still had a life to lead, a chance to ride.

Lane's thoughts whirled back to reality as an old farm truck teetered out onto the road. The bike slowed, checked the passing lane, and accelerated past the old pickup. He decided long ago not to let his brother's death stop him from enjoying scooters. Larry would have wanted it that way, and he also thought the citizens would dance with glee if they knew that another biker had yielded up his right to the road. Just the same, the memories would come back to him sometimes. He felt Roxie's slight movements behind him and heard the crisp pop of the exhaust and thought of the real reason he rode. No activity was as enjoyable as motorcycling; no other

motorcycle gave him the joy that the ancient old V-twin did when it cruised down the country roads. There was nothing like it. He knew that there was something about the antiquated engine design of the Harley-Davidson that sustained, no, generated youthfulness and joyousness. Oh, sure there were times after a good long putt that his ass and brain seemed numb. And there were times when he just didn't feel like working on a really critical part. But those times were part of the total experience and Lane knew they were a small price to pay in exchange for the joys of riding.

Shifting down into second gear, Lane pulled the bike up short to make a tight right-hand turn onto a gravel road. The road wound down a small hillside for a few miles, ending near an old deserted mill. Lane had come out before to camp and spend the weekend, but tonight it would just be a change of pace.

Lane throttled the engine up just a little to clear it out, then he shut it off. In an instant, the silence seemed unbearable, then the crickets began chirping, the frogs began croaking, and everything was normal once again. Roxie knew exactly what to do. She unrolled the blanket he had tied onto the bitch bar and spread it evenly over the dewy grass. Slowly and carefully, she then removed her sandals and jeans and unbuttoned the chambray shirt. The moonlight glinted off a silver necklace that lay in the cleft between her breasts. She pranced before him in obvious arousal and celebration. The moon and the clouds bathed her body in illumination like a spotlight on the leading lady. Opening night was never this good. Roxie very carefully and slowly walked over to the blanket and lay down suggestively. Lane had no trouble finding her in the darkness; he did, however, have some trouble keeping Roxie's moans of delight from becoming shrieks.

On the return trip, the knuckle's little headlight beam jounced merrily down the road; Roxie's tits jounced merrily also. Lane sat there holding on and grinning. He thought how very full this life was — full of real joy and heartfelt feelings. When you were riding, there was no time for sadness or bummers — just enough time for some real living. Once the motor started, you forgot all the shit of daily living. You just didn't have room for it on a scooter, only room enough for a sleek mink and a hell of a lot of high. It was then that Lane ran the knuckle up to seventy-five and almost split his lips grinning. Yeah, he thought, this is it — joyridin', just joyridin'.



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the twelve biggies

Here they are, folks — the 12 monthly winners in the 1978 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. Look 'em over — these are the dozen honeys our readers selected as the cream of the crop during the past year. Whether you like 'em lean and mean, sweet and shy, or big and buxom, there's a gal for every taste in this crop of monthly winners.

The time's come to pick **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the Year for 1978. To the winner goes our \$1,000 grand prize — and once again she'll be selected by the votes our readers cast. So check 'em out and vote for your favorite. Mail your vote to **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the Year, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. The winner will be announced in the May issue.



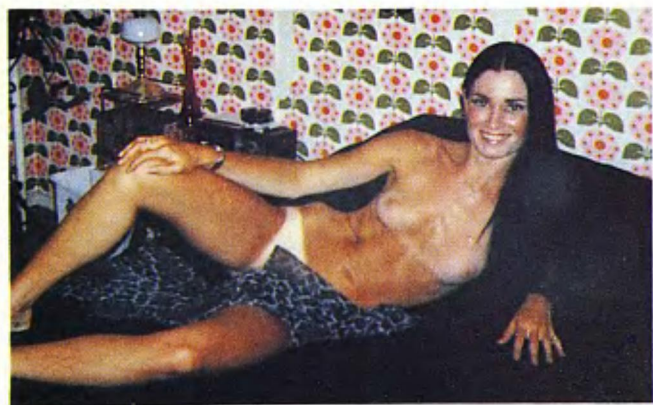
Veronika Nemmers



Sheila McRoy



Linda Moyer



Debbie Walters



Debbie Smith



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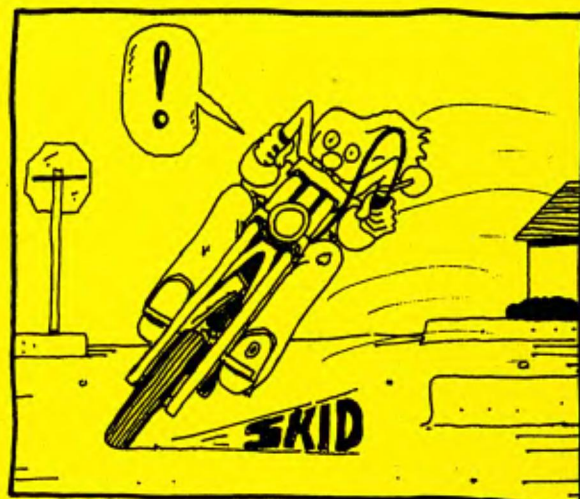
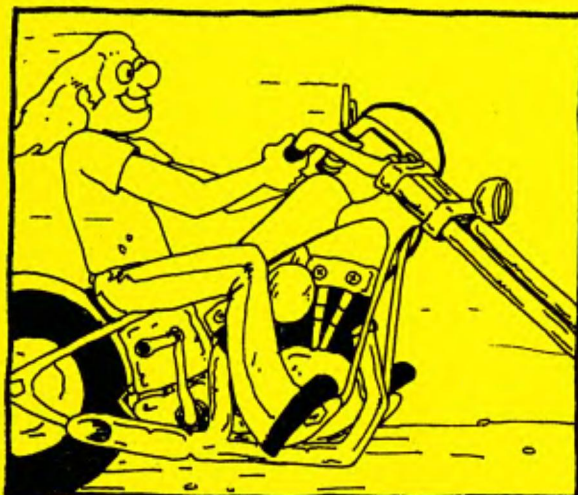
Babe Gregoire



Darlene Wise



Tish



In The Beginning....

—Continued from page 29

"Adam, my son," God boomed, "don't you have anything better to do than lie around the garden playing with yourself?"

Adam immediately dropped the object of his undivided attention and answered, "Gee, Father, there's just not much shaking down here in the old garden, and to be quite honest, I'm bored. You, in your infinite wisdom, have created everything with such perfection there ain't much for me to do."

"I see, my son," said the Lord, "and there is truth in what you say. I did do a damn good job, didn't I?"

"I would not shit you, oh Heavenly Father," said Adam with all respect.

"What you need is something to occupy your time and keep you happy. So be it!"

And there in a puff of smoke, or a bolt of lightning, or a clap of thunder, or some such theatrical show biz (God has always been into special effects), it stood in all its glimmering glory. The first Harley-Davidson! And believe me, gentle reader, it was a thing to behold. It was like unto his other creations — a thing of perfection. Imagine a scooter that never needed gas or oil, never broke down, and just to look upon was enough to make your peter drip. I mean, the paint job was out of this world.

Adam just stood there in a puddle of his own making and exclaimed, "For me?"

"Yes, son, to ride in remembrance of me."

Well, in two shakes of a lamb's tail Adam was astride his newly created Harley and with one kick (of course) had brought the new beast to life. The deep rumble emitted from those 2:1 freeflow headers was enough to make any modern-day enthusiast dirty his dungarees. So off Adam blasted, rear wheel smoking all the way. And he knew then, as we know now, the meaning of heaven on earth. This was it! This was all Adam had ever dreamed of and wanted for eternity — to be rolling free and easy over the hills and meadows of a yet unsold world. And so it would have been had he remembered his Heavenly Father's stipulation of riding in remembrance of him who had created the thing of Adam's joy on earth. But as it is so easy to do, with the wind ripping through his hair and the air blasting into his lungs, and his head feeling stuffed with the mind-expanding substances

at hand, pretty soon Adam himself was feeling like a god. He had all but cast God from his mind.

God, seeing this, thought unto Himself, this ain't cuttin' it. It's time to throw the proverbial monkey wrench into the works. So, early one morning while Adam was still crashed out from a hard night of cruisin' and boozin', God crept up on him and ripped a rib off him and — you guessed it — created woman. By now we're all accustomed to God's handiwork, him being a stickler for perfection and all. God's Eve was no exception. This number one piece of ass had it all. She stood five feet three and a half inches, with waist-length hair (color of your choice) blowing in the gentle pre-dawn breeze, eyes aglow, pert little nose, pouting quizzical lips, and a classic curve of neck down to her grapefruit-sized breasts sitting high and uplifted on her chest. From these admirable assets we travel down her flat stomach to the swelling mound of her lightly downed vortex. Let us stop here to scrutinize this region with the optical orbs of our minds. Her perfectly turned legs met, leaving about three fingers of visual space between which one could spy her ever-so-slightly distended pink inner lips, their edges glistening with the dew of her innermost desires. I'm going to stop this description now because I'm finding it increasingly hard to type with one hand. Let me just say she was so nice I would have gladly walked a mile barefoot in the snow just to stand in her shit.

Well now, remember all this was done on the sly, so Adam didn't know about Eve until one day he was blasting down Apple Tree Lane and there she stood like temptation itself. Adam just about threw his neck out of joint doing a double take. He stood on his brakes so hard it brought his scoot from 60 to 0 in record time, almost ripping the rubber from the rims. Eve just stood there under an apple tree, nibbling an apple in all her aforementioned beauty. Adam had never seen anything like her creepething or crawlthething upon the face of the earth before, that was for sure. He just sat there across his roughly idling Harley as Eve floated over and said unto him in her peaches and cream voice, "Hi stud. Eve's the name, and temptation's my game. Like my tits?"

Adam was elated, to put it quite mildly, with his new-found piece of tail. The drool and drips from the end of his peter sizzled sharply on the now overheated heads of his scooter. He articulated brightly, "Duh, I'm Adam. New in town?"

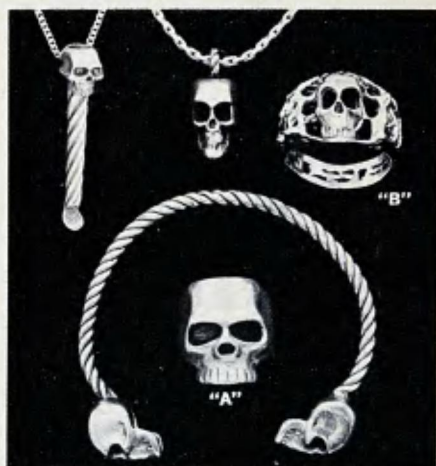
"Brand new, big boy. I've got a

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If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity. If he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

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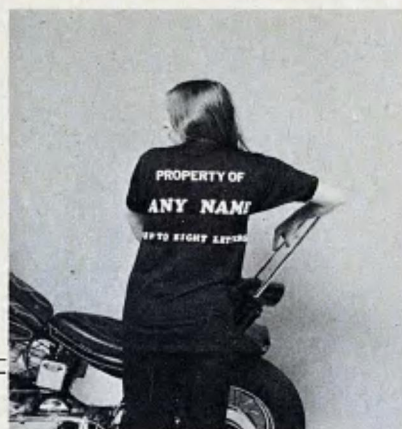
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question. What do you call that heavy hunk of steaming stuff between your legs? Don't you think my pink little asshole's cute?"

Adam, with great zeal, answered, "Oh, this is my fully-chopped, stretched-and-raked, 24-inch-over-stock, shovelhead Harley-Davidson."

"My, that's clever," Eve replied, "and what's that noisy piece of smokebelching junk you're riding around like a fool? Like to tongue my throbbing engorged clit while I take your Harley-Davidson deep into my throat?"

Now if Adam had been playing with a full deck and had not been rendered so moonfaced by Eve's outward beauty and gentle seductivity, he would have been astute enough to notice something was amiss and could have set things straight in the beginning by saying something like, "Wait a minute, hon. You got it backasswards."

The thing I'm riding is my Harley-Davidson and is probably the most beautiful piece of machinery created now and forever, and that heavy hunk of stuff between my legs is my dork."

But such was not the case. And with a come-hither look Eve was soon dragging a more-than-eager Adam into the bushes, where they proceeded to get to know each other much better. After an undertermined span of time, Adam had stuffed his steak in every orifice in Eve's velvet body that would accommodate it, sometimes stretching more than the imagination, and from that day on Adam had her in his blood. Now this all may sound super-groovy, but God's plan was working like a charm. For Eve had a mind of her own and was very jealous of Adam's scooter and the time he spent with it. She was constantly bringing him back to earth with such phrases as, "You going to be polishing that thing all day?" Or, "You love that damn Harley more than me."

Anyway, you get the idea. What Eve didn't understand way back there in the beginning was that just because she was a woman, that made Adam a man. But on the other hand, that old fire-belching Harley made Adam feel like a god. The trouble lies in the realization that quite often man can appreciate a feeling more than a reality. So bikers, please remember that ol' lady of yours is where your manhood lies, and when she's bitching at you, she's just bringing you back to the reality of life. And you ol' ladies, please try to appreciate what's going through that crazy sonovabitch's head when he's blasting down the highway smiling like a mental cripple with bugs in his teeth and the wind ripping at his hair.

Big Harley

—Continued from page 13

because the court got incomplete information on the fight. Some say the judge lacked understanding of the seriousness of putting down another man's mother. Personally, I think the judge just lacked. A mother, that is.

At any rate, Harley was sentenced to prison for twenty years. Big Harley was 38 years old at the time, and the thought of being 58 at his release really depressed him. He reacted to this fact like he did to most other things that upset him—with anger. And hate.

All the brothers tried to bring him out of it, but to no avail. He wouldn't answer letters. He wouldn't accept visits from the ol' ladies. He spent most of his time in prison either fighting or locked down in isolation for fucking up.

Five full years went by and Harley got so bad that we all decided he was on a crash and burn course that we could do nothing about. After a while, we stayed away.

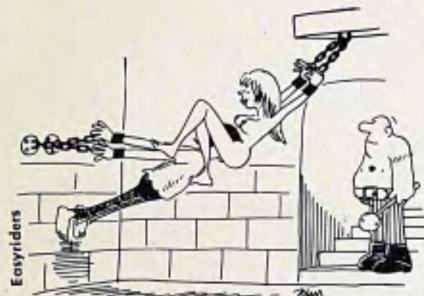
"Sergeant, there's nothin' else we can do!"

Sergeant Masterson drummed his fingers lightly on the desk top as he pondered the situation.

"You mean to tell me that I have an institution full of two-man cells and you can't find *one* fuckin' cell partner for Harley?"

The deputy shook his head sadly. "That's about the size of it, sarge. Nobody wants to take the chance of living with him. And hell, I can't blame them. He's kicked the shit outta six different cell partners and dared just as many to try and walk through the door!"

The sergeant was pissed. Harley was a problem, to say the least. Sending him to solitary didn't work at all. The rules said you could keep him there for no more than thirty days on a fighting infraction, unless he used a weapon. Harley never



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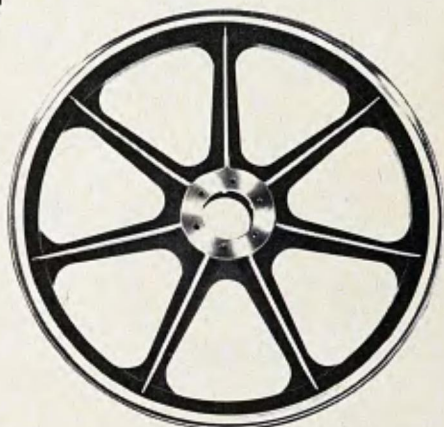


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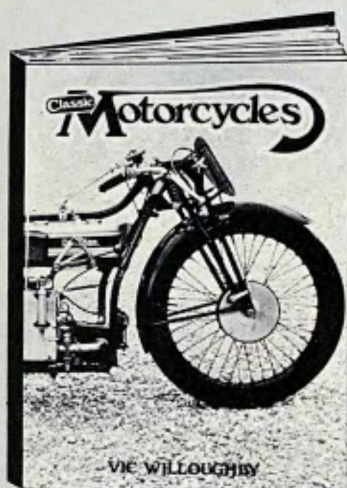
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used a weapon—he didn't need one. Now the lieutenant and the captain were on the sergeant's ass. "Keep Harley in line or explain why you can't." Those were the orders that had been passed down to the lowly sergeant. The question was how.

"Where is Harley?"

The deputy jerked his thumb in the direction of the office door.

"Outside, in the hallway."

"Send him in."

Harley's huge frame filled the doorway, and the sergeant stared in silent awe at the size of the biker. Gawd, he thought, I hope I got that much fight in me when I turn 43.

Harley slumped into the chair with a sigh and sat there glaring openly at the young officer. The sergeant tried to return the stare, but his eyes soon wavered and he shifted nervously in his chair.

"Harley, why do you fight?"

The big biker shrugged his massive shoulders.

"You don't know why?"

Another shrug.

The sergeant was annoyed by the prisoner's silence. A less formidable inmate would have received a shouted string of obscenities from the officer. But the sergeant was well aware of the fact that it would take at least two minutes for reinforcements to arrive. In that time the big monster before him could snap his neck with those massive paws. Fighting down his anger, he continued to speak in a slow, controlled voice.

"Harley, do you realize you could be killed in one of these fights?"

Another shrug.

"Do you want to be killed, Harley? Is that it?"

The biker sat silent, showing no emotion. The sergeant stared in disbelief.

"So that's it. You've given up, haven't you, Harley? You don't give a fuck one way or the other."

He slapped the desk with the palm of his hand. Harley barely reacted to the sound.

"Well, I'll be damned! And I thought it was because you had so much fight left in you. It's just the opposite. Physically, you fight. Mentally, you've given up."

Harley's gaze was fixed on the floor. When he finally spoke, his voice was a whisper.

"What do you know? Just what the fuck do you know about fightin'?" I'm a biker. A biker needs freedom. Freedom to ride. Freedom to be. To



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do. You don't understand that, man. You don't understand that."

Harley brought his eyes up to meet the stare of the sergeant. When he spoke again, there was emotion in his voice.

"That fuckin' judge, he didn't know either. He's just like you. I'm no fuckin' animal. You can't cage me up and expect me to act normal. So I get killed. So fuckin' what? I'd rather die than have one of you dipshits tellin' me to bend over so you can look up my ass for contraband. What the fuck you think I got hid up there—a fuckin' machinegun? I'd rather be killed than put up with that shit or sit in some fuckin' cell till I rot. I'll be close to sixty when I get out. Too fuckin' old to ride. And if I can't ride, then I'm already half dead."

The sergeant shook his head and spoke quietly.

"What about goals, Harley? A man's gotta have goals."

"Yeah? Well, I don't. Who the fuck wants to sit in an old folks' home and watch other dudes ride past on their bikes? Not me, man. Not me."

"But dammit, Harley, you could make parole. That's not impossible."

"Oh yeah? In what—ten more years?"

"With a good record, maybe five. Maybe less."

Harley smiled, not with humor, but with malice.

"Bull-fuckin'-shit!"

The sergeant started to reply but abruptly changed his mind. Instead, he drew up the movement slip and transferred Harley to E block, placing him in a one-man cell.

E wing was on the end of the main building, overlooking some hills and a narrow roadway. The sergeant thought that perhaps if



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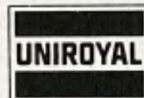


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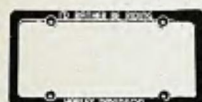
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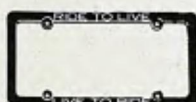
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Harley could see the outside world,
it might encourage him to try and
get out there again, even if he
would be too old to ride a bike.

That Saturday morning Harley
walked into cell 370 and threw his
few personal belongings on the bunk.
"Well," he said aloud, "at least I
got a cell to myself."

Suddenly, the sound of a motor-
cycle drummed in his ears. It re-
minded him of an angry bee that's
caught someone fuckin' around its
hive. Harley walked over to the
barred window and stared intently,
trying to locate the bike.

A ricegrinder, he thought. A
fuckin' ricegrinder.

His eyes grew accustomed to the
bright sunlight and he soon focused
on the bike.

It was a ricegrinder, all right.
And mounted on top was a kid who
looked to be about eleven or twelve,
trying his damndest to top the
steepest hill out there. The small
yellow bike kicked dirt from under
its rear wheel as it snaked its way
toward the top.

Harley shook his head and
laughed aloud.

"You'll never climb that mutha-
fucker, kid."

As if it had heard his words, the
little yellow bike suddenly swerved,
throwing the young rider to the
ground.

Harley laughed again and
watched as the boy rose to brush the
dirt from his riding leathers. Bend-
ing down, he righted the fallen ma-
chine and examined the damage.
Coasting back down the hill, the
boy turned around, gunned the bike
into the air and tried again—unsuc-
cessfully.

Harley spent the rest of the day
watching the boy ride. A couple of
times the kid made it about three-
fourths of the way up the steep in-
cline, but the result was always the
same. The back wheel would break
loose, the front wheel would wobble,
and down would go the boy in a
shower of dirt and dust. After a
while, the boy left, and Harley
thought he had given up the idea of
climbing that hill. When the little
guy failed to show up the next day,
Harley felt a slight twinge of sad-
ness.

"You're like me, kid—the hill is
just too fuckin' high and steep to
climb," he said aloud, glumly. Yet,
for some unknown reason, he found

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himself checking the window of his cell each day. The boy never showed.

The next Saturday the big biker decided to skip breakfast and sleep in. Nine o'clock found him sound asleep. Suddenly, his eyes flew open and he jumped to his feet with a start. Grabbing the bars of his cell window, he stared in disbelief, for sure as shit, the kid was back!

The little yellow bike bit angrily into the hill, and Harley felt excitement flood through him as he watched.

"You stupid little shit," he said, admiringly, "you ain't big enough to climb that hill!"

Still, the boy tried. Over and over he ran at the steep incline, stopping only to straighten a bent brace or wipe the dirt from his goggles. Harley looked over at the hill next to the one the boy was trying to climb. Several other youngsters were scaling it with ease.

"Go over to the shorter hill, boy!" Harley shouted into the distance. "You can climb that one!"

But his words fell far short of being audible to the young lad. Not that it would make much difference anyway. You could tell by the determined set of the boy's shoulders that he'd have gone right on trying to make that steep grade no matter what anyone said. Even the fact that several grown men had failed didn't seem to discourage the boy.

* * *

The weeks flew by. Harley spent his Saturdays at the window of his cell, watching the kid. The boy always finished the same way—unsuccessful.

Harley watched as the boy grew. He'd given him a nickname—Little



"Could have sworn I smelled fish around here someplace."

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Rebel. Even when the boy had grown bigger, he still spent his Saturdays trying to master the hill. And in the three years since Harley had first seen him, Little Rebel had yet to reach the top.

The aging biker would sit there, pulling for the kid, feeling despair when he crashed before reaching the peak. Then one day the boy went down especially hard and Harley let out a cry of dismay. Something was bad wrong. The kid didn't get up right away, as he always did. Harley's heart pounded and he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Help the boy! Hey, you out there! Help the boy! Goddammit, he's hurt!"

But the other riders were much too far away to hear the yells from Big Harley.

After what seemed an eternity, one of the other kids spotted the fallen biker. Another rider was summoned and he rode quickly to a nearby house. Eventually, an ambulance arrived and took Little Rebel away.

Harley was sick with concern for the boy. The local newspapers said nothing about a kid dying or even getting hurt on a bike.

The next five months went slowly, and still Harley kept his silent vigil. One Saturday evening, after standing at his window all day, Harley broke the silence. He looked up at the darkening sky and said a quiet prayer.

"Hey, Big Man! It's me, ol' Harley Davidson Jones. Guess you don't recognize me any too well, 'cause I ain't used to callin' on ya like this. I'm hopin' you ain't thinkin' I'm here to ask forgiveness or anythin' like that. I guess I ain't ready for that yet. And I ain't the kind to act that way, anyhow. I don't play the game like that. You see, Big Man, I'm here to ask a favor, and bein' as I ain't never asked fer none before, I figure maybe you might gimme some slack."

Harley stopped and rubbed one huge hand across his forehead. He chose his next words carefully, feeling that it was important that he get them just right. When he spoke again, his voice was almost apologetic.

"Sorry to keep ya waitin', Big Man, but I don't think too fast sometimes. Now, lemme see, how do I say this? It's the kid—that's what I'm here for, Big Man. He's hurt, I know—or maybe even dead. Don't let him be dead, Big Man. There's

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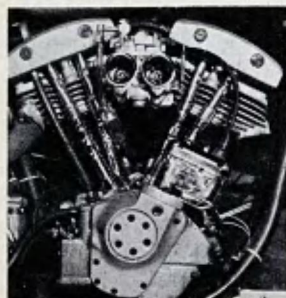


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others you can take. Maybe they deserve it. Maybe even me. But, hey, Big Man, not that kid. Not Little Rebel."

Harley gripped the bars in his massive fists and went on speaking softly.

"The kid's got heart, ya know? He's got class. That may not mean much to you, but it's the highest recommendation I can think of. Just let him be all right, Big Man. That's really all I'm askin'. Let the kid be all right."

He dropped his head and added in a whisper, "That's it—amen."

"Warden, I tell you it's true. Harley has changed so much these past three years that I can't believe it. He hasn't gotten out of line once, and that's a miracle. I say the man deserves a chance. What do you say?"

The warden listened patiently to Sergeant Masterson.

"Say I go along with that—it's still up to the parole board. You know that."

"Sure, I know it. I'll speak in his behalf and I'll even bring in the shrink to do the same."

Warden Parkes had never seen his sergeant get behind any inmate in all his years at the prison.

"Okay, Matt. If you feel this strongly about it, I'll see that Harley goes before the parole board."

Harley showed little enthusiasm at the sergeant's news. Masterson figured it must have been because of the old convict rule—"Expect the worst, hope for the best." The board was due on Wednesday and Thursday. The results would be known on Monday—so that the board members would be out of the institution when their decisions were revealed.



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(Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Title of publication: **EASYRIDERS Magazine.**
2. Date of filing: September 29, 1978.
3. Frequency of issue: Monthly.
4. Location of known office of publication: P. O. Box 711, Burbank, California 91502.
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6. Names and complete addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor:
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Editor: Louis L. Kimzey, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.
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Milford C. Blair, P. O. Box 711, Burbank, California 91502.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: none.
9. Not applicable.
10. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual No. Copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
A. Total No. copies printed (net press run)	435,870	562,772
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	285,068	365,717
2. Mail subscriptions	34,342	43,174
C. Total paid circulation	319,410	408,891
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means		
Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	1,403	1,600
E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D)	320,813	410,491
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left-over unaccounted, spoiled after printing	304	280
2. Returns from news agents	114,753	152,001
Estimates—actuals incomplete		
G. Total (Sum of E & F) and 2—should equal net press run shown on A)	435,870	562,772
11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.		

Louis L. Kimzey
Editor



"You bimbo! I said to wear a condom — not a condiment."

MUTHA PATCH



You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains—what-ever.

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Mutha



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CLUB 8

—Continued from page 50

that one over on me. I was lucky to still be alive.

I scratched around, munched on the toast and bacon the vampire had left, jerked on some new jeans, and split. Before the pan had even fired, I knew which way I was going, an old escape route I used to take to get away from Dallas, back in the days when the old biddies in high school were giving me clues that women were organized on a deep-down way-up-their-pussies level against any man ever tasting freedom. I knew it back then, but I forgot, for a foolish split second that led to the altar, what I'm telling you now. The Interstate felt good as I headed south, leaning into the wind, on the way to Mexico.

Some more advice, brother. When you get to San Antonio, turn to the west. Don't go straight on down the map to Laredo—too many flyboys with too much loose payday change driving prices up. Instead, head west through Hondo and Uvalde to Del Rio, then cross that magic bridge to Acuna—Mexican capital of fuck suck tequila hallucination caliche mud bright neon-lighted Club 8 pussy smells fried dog taco two dollars fuckee my sister mother brother donkey come under the crucifix bleeding Jesus picture of mother Mary over the cracked porcelain wash basin you gottee big dick you fulla come splash splash let's go fuckee for love cherry virgin twelve-year-old two-bit toothless hag in the dark doorway suck off in the night standing there laughing drinking cerveza wonderful heaven for pennies I love it. What more can I say?

I could already feel that first kinky black cunt hair in my teeth, behind Club 8, before I even cleared the suburbs of Dallas. I could already smell that dust and two-dollar pussy standing in the doorway of Club 8 before I even opened the pan up and really let it roll on down the map. I could already taste that fifteen-cent hit of



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106
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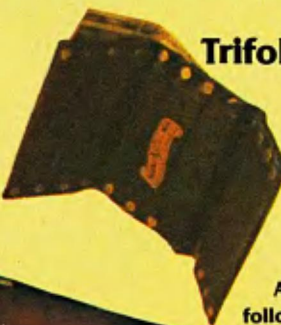
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salt, tequila, and lime at the bar in Club 8 even before I was stopped by the representative from our Department of Public Safety for going ninety miles an hour through Waco.

"Let's see your driver's license."

"Don't have one."

"Follow me."

All the way downtown to the county jail, I followed this asshole, this goddam woman in disguise. Anybody who has to dress up like that and hide behind all that badge and flag shit has to be asleep to his manhood. Metal dick resting at his side. Pussy for a mouth. So I ditched him two blocks from where he was going to lock me down, just like my ol' lady would've done. Who the hell are all these misguided souls, anyway?

I pulled into a parking garage and told the man in charge what was up. He was cool about it and said I could feel free to rest up here until dark.

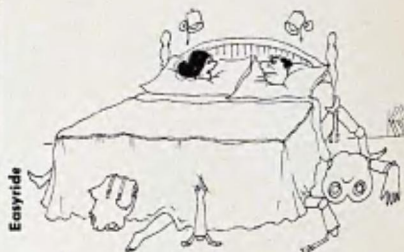
"Think I'll get a brew. Where's a good neighborhood bar?"

"Shit, man, you're in Waco. If you wanta go to church, there's plenty of 'em. But no bars in this burg."

I sat on my bike and smoked some stash he offered. As the afternoon ground away, I tried to think about it — pussy, police, Baptists. Somehow they had all gotten into cahoots, but how? Maybe after I got to Club 8 and got my drunken dick plugged in, I'd be able to get my mouth down on a big brown tit, relax, and chew on the dilemma awhile.

The sun went down and I got back on the road. The night air cleared my nostrils, my hair, and my mind as I rumbled on down Interstate 35, really awake as the miles rolled by, the L.A. turn-around freeing my poor brain and body from the disappearing clutches of all those traps behind me.

I kept twisting the 74 tighter and tighter, putting the screw to it until Austin rose up, then flashed by, spreading itself to the rear as I narrowed my vision down to getting into San Antonio. I was back into the dark night of the Interstate countryside when the Cadillac ran me off the road, down into the bar ditch, and I'm rolling along down in the waist-high grass, clipping through at 80 per, fig-



"Not tonight dear,
I have a headache."

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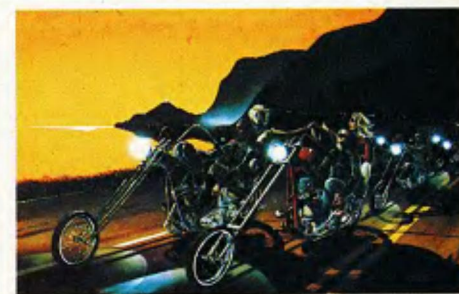
M-10 "Starburst"



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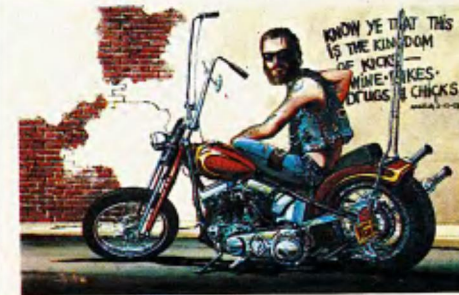
M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



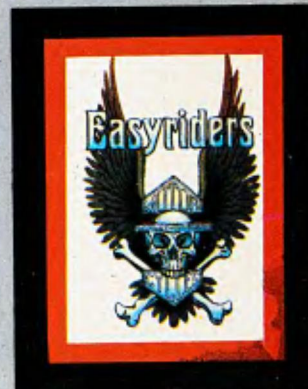
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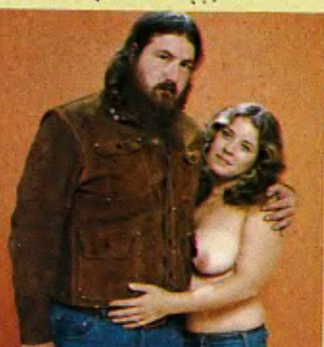
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uring I'm going to ease back up onto the super slab and get that mindless Cadillac motherfucker. But a concrete drainage pipe stopped all that. Wham! The Harley and I parted company, me to the front, my bike to the side, flung into the air, then landing nose down, its front wheel bent to shit—all of which I had to leave while I walked back into Austin, one sore sonofabitch.

I made my way to a good joint, the Broken Spoke, which I figured was just right for this situation, sat down, and drank hard for the hour remaining until closing time. I even got to go home with a chick who was sitting at the bar. She felt sorry for me in my sad condition, so she let me have a place to stay for the night, but wouldn't fuck me because she was a nurse and was afraid she might cause further damage to my banged-up flesh. She wouldn't even examine my body—because of the risk that I might sue her for distorting a bone structure or two. I appreciated the use of her couch, but my mind was bent out of shape as I lay there all night thinking about insurance companies, doctors, nurses, lawyers, and lawsuits, then added them into the mix with the pussy, police, and religionists. It all swirled together into a giant black whirlpool of mucky shit. I calmed down near dawn and began to dream of the simplicity of Club 8. Just as I got my first shot of Cuervo Gold down, my arm around a young chiquita, her soft, warm hand squeezing my crotch, and her tongue in my ear, Florence Nightingale shook me awake and told me my oatmeal was getting cold.

How much do you figure it should cost to get a new front wheel and tire, a ride for five or so miles back to my bike hidden down in the tall grass, a couple of gallons of gas to replace what was spilled on the ground, a helping hand to get the whole rig back up to the road, a bowl



"Ah-chool!"

NOW!

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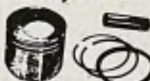


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of cold oatmeal, and a couch for one sleepless night? Well, tote it up in your head, then stand back and multiply times seven. By the time I was moving again, much slower now, trying to conserve some gas and checking the whole rig out, I knew I had been taken. They had me down, way down on my finances, but now at least I was on the move—with, at most, ten dollars left.

On the northern outskirts of San Antonio, I wheeled into a Texaco station to fill up again. Since I was really vulnerable now, the price per gallon of gas set me to thinking again about all that mucky shit and how the oil companies also had their finger in the entrapment-of-man pussy. I burned out of the station, really anxious now to get moving before all those pussies came together and grabbed me from behind. They were gaining from the rear and I wanted at least one asshole—mine—to remain undefiled.

As advised, I took Loop 410 West to get out of the city. Of course, it didn't go as planned; how could it at this rate? Some cocksucker named J. E. Wadshot was running for re-election as County Commissioner and had a two-mile, four-lane parade in progress which I got on the tail end of. The politician bastard was in control of the county road system, so he was taking full advantage of his position to move this large band of followers no more than five miles an hour all the way across town. Large groups of supporters blocked every exit ramp, so there I was, crawling along in another pussy's dream world, my engine swallowing enough gas to take me clear around the globe, overheating, and sounding off in protest against this whole mess of slow-moving shit.

To top it all off, J. E. Wadshot had apparently been very kind to all the farmers in his county, a land-locked bunch of domesticated bovines, a pack of whining, puling, puking dirt-dobbers who all threw a tantrum if they didn't net a hundred percent profit, the original fence-me-in crowd.

So I'm tooling along in the midst of this whole crock, surrounded by



"Miss, are you
trying to bribe an officer
of thmumph plumphmumph...."

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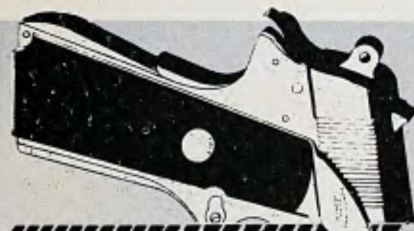
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pickup trucks, when some gap-toothed snoutnose lands an over-ripe tomato square in the middle of my forehead.

The fat fucker next to me yelled, "Get a helmet, you slimy creep!"

Everyone within a twenty-vehicle radius laughed.

"Buy two more wheels and be somebody!" a real wiseass screeched.

"Hey, boy! Look at this!"

I looked to my right and saw the double circles of a twelve-gauge lowered down on me. The green-and-white CASE tractor cap grinned and snapped the triggers. I flinched and damn near lost the bike, but the only sound I heard was laughter and hoo-rahing from the pickups.

"Get outta our parade, scrounge. You ain't no patreeeottt!"

They were right about that, and if I could've gotten out of their long line of bullshit, I would've sprouted wings and shit down on every one of 'em. Instead, I had to endure forty-five more minutes of being the butt of their redneck hysteria.

The road west to Del Rio didn't come a second too soon. The afternoon sun just about trashed me during the hundred and fifty mile trip across the hot, dry, mesquite-ridden hills to Del Rio. A cool six-pack of beer at the end of the road lasted about thirty minutes while I sat on my bike in the shade and figured my next moves.

I had arrived at the international doorway to my goal, but I was strapped, down to five or six dollars, rather than the three hundred I had when I started. It looked like I was stuck dead in the middle of broke shit, but the way I finally figured it, after finishing the fifth beer, was "Okay, I have five bucks—that's enough for two Club 8 fucks at two dollars a lay, and seven or eight drinks at a dime or fifteen cents a shot." At this point, that sounded good enough. Tomorrow was another day, and I could deal with it then—in a better frame of mind after having escaped all the shitholes I had fallen into on the way.

So I cranked the Harley and rode across the International Bridge into Acuna. A recent rain had settled the caliche, so I carefully made my way past all the curio shops, around the water-logged potholes, and through the crowds of people milling in the streets. Boy's Town, the warehouse district, was another mile or so, on the southwest edge of town. The neon lights of the clubs guided me like one firefly to another, both lit up and ready to get it on. My crotch ached and my throat was dry. I parked the bike near Club 8, paid a Chiclet boy a quarter to watch it, and strolled toward nirvana.

"Hey, guapo, you wanna fuckee?"

"Senor, you come here. We drink some tequila."

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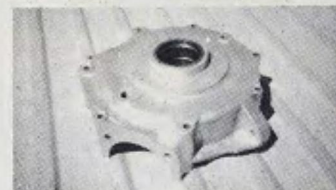


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"Hey, guera, you gottee cherry. Let's go to my room."

I was home.

Two hours later, after sitting in Club 8 and haggling over prices, after wandering in the night from club to club, up and down side streets and alleys, after being approached by men, women, girls, and boys, all proposing one pleasurable thing or another, I settled down into the realization that I was too late, that some kind of time warp had spun Acuna into the same inflationary spiral as that in the States. Pussy was ten dollars, drinks were a dollar—even shoe-shines had gone up. In short, I didn't have enough money to buy a cracked porcelain pot to piss in.

I sat on a curb in front of the B-29 Club and held my head in my hands for several minutes, trying to decide on a course of action. Finally, I pulled myself to my feet, determined to stay free and awake, maybe go back across the border into Texas, take odd jobs and at least ride alone. I trudged back to Club 8. The Chiclet boy was there and tried to get me to buy some gum or let him shine my boots, but he couldn't seem to speak enough English to tell me who might have stolen my bike. My goddam motorcycle was gone. The Harley had disappeared. My soul mate was no longer there.

"Hey, mister, you want I shine your boots? Jus' fifty cents."

I was more than slightly depressed while I walked the two miles onto the bridge over the Rio Grande. I paused midway, but it wasn't high enough to assure me of death if I jumped. I walked on, keeping one thought firmly in mind as I made the lonely trip on foot. "At least," I kept telling myself, "at least my asshole is intact. At least I'm still awake and have a small chance at staying free."

"Bringing anything back from Mexico?"

I told the Customs official that I was not only clean, but that I was bringing back less than I had taken over. The story of the stolen Harley seemed to be amusing to him. Then he clamped down hard on the cigar butt between his yellow teeth.

"Come with me."

I followed him into the building, trying to figure what I was going to say on the stolen vehicle report about the fact that the bike's engine had no visible serial numbers. We went into a small, brightly lit room near the back of the Customs building. He shut the door behind him, and motioned to the middle of the room. There were no chairs or tables in the room, just white walls and two fluorescent light fixtures.

"Strip."

I turned and looked at the man with the badge.

"Do what?"

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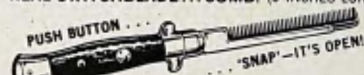
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"Strip," he said again, in a quiet sort of demanding drawl. He held out his right hand and pulled a rubber glove over it.

I didn't argue. What the hell, I thought. Here goes my pure asshole.

The trip somehow seemed completed, the circuit totally wired from one shitty end to the other, when he stuck that bureaucratic finger up my butt and probed for drugs.

I put my clothes back on, resigned now to my fate, and walked from the back room to the front, where I put a dime in the pay phone and called my wife collect.

"Come get me."

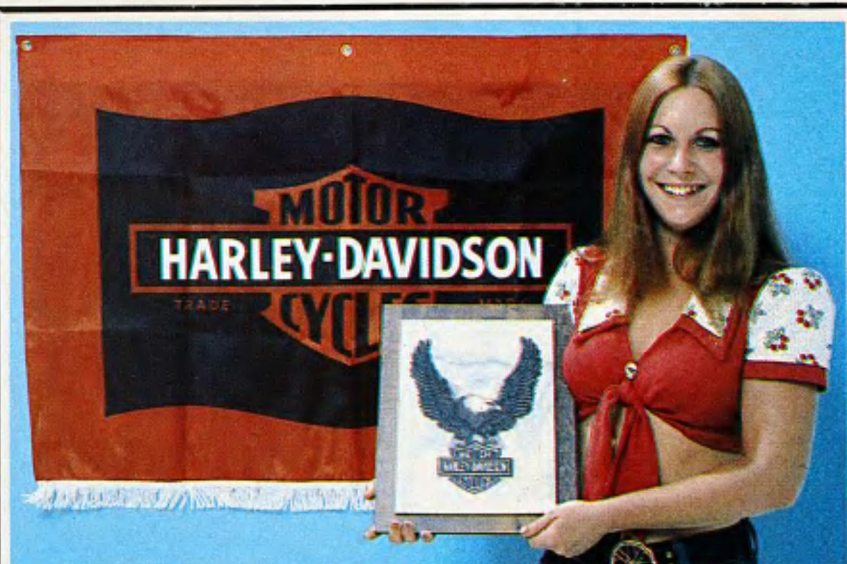
I listened to all the conditions she laid down before she would drive from Dallas to Del Rio and claim the corpse—get a job, dry the dishes, mow the lawn, buy a bigger house, shave, get a haircut, never again buy or ride a Harley-Davidson. She said I could get a Honda—provided it wasn't over 250cc.

I stood there speechless, peering into the little black holes of the telephone receiver. Suddenly, I was very glad I had made this call. I had almost knuckled under, almost given in. A brief vision flashed through my mind, a jumbled picture of me in a suit, kids squalling, dogs yipping, nights in front of the television, church on Sunday. Yes, I was very glad I had made the call, and even though I was flat broke, a kind of elated calm settled over me. I could still hear my wife squawking on the other end of the line as I gleefully thought of a buddy in Austin who would put me up for a while. My bike was gone, true enough—but I still had my freedom, and a little of that fine Austin pussy might take away a little of the sting of the loss of my pan.

Very gently, I laid the receiver down on the shelf beneath the phone. My wife's obnoxious voice still poured forth from the instrument in nasal, tinny squawks. I walked out the door of the Customs building, strolled across the street, and stuck out my thumb—headed east toward the future.



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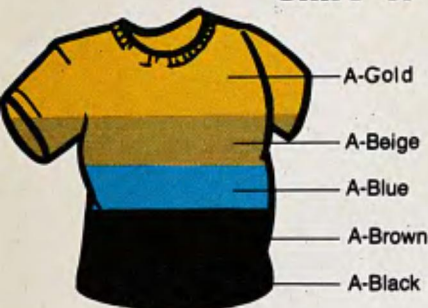
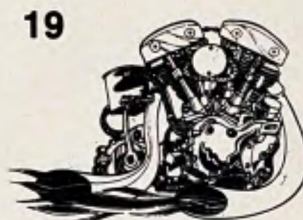
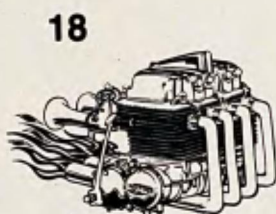
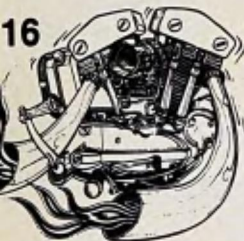
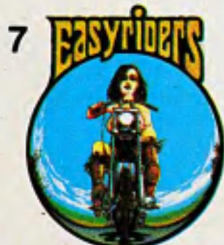
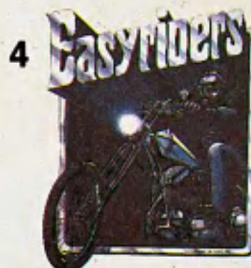


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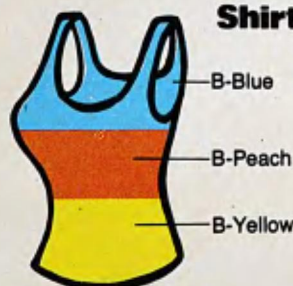
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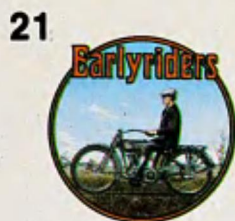
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11 Union Square, Phillipsburg, NJ

GT CYCLE SPECIALTIES (609) 935-3730

#4 New Market St., Salem, NJ

MIDDLESEX CYCLE (201) 238-2250

54 Madison Rd., Old Bridge, NJ

THE BIKE SHOP (201) 356-1343

81 Main St., S. Bound Brook, NJ

NEW MEXICO

SNELL HD (505) 327-3733
111 E. Pinon, Farmington, NM

NEW YORK

AL'S CYCLE PARTS (315) 336-8900
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, Longport Rd., Penn Yan, NY

PHYSIO CHOP SHOP (518) 584-6819
Rt. 50 South, Saratoga Springs, NY

SULLIVAN COUNTY HD (914) 482-4575

RT 52, Jeffersonville, NY

NORTH DAKOTA

BENNIE'S CYCLE SERVICE (701) 852-0874

3701 S. Broadway, Minot, ND

KUSTOM KOLORS & CYCLE SUPPLY (701) 746-7546

1321 1/2 First Ave. N., Grand Forks, ND

MIDWAY HD, INC. (701) 563-2220

3206 Memorial Hwy., Mandan, ND

OHIO

HD OF YOUNGSTOWN, INC. (216) 792-2002

1707 Mahoning Ave., Youngstown, OH

ROEDER HD, INC. (419) 465-2631

US Rt 20 W., Monroeville, OH

SPEED ENTERPRISES (216) 825-8157

923 Wooster, Barberton, OH

OREGON

METOLIS CUSTOM CYCLE (503) 546-6791

301 Jefferson St., Metolius, OR

SUNSHINE CYCLE (503) 779-3818

2609 Jacksonville Hwy., Medford, OR

PENNSYLVANIA

CHOPPER SHAK, INC. (412) 881-0433

2942 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh, PA

KOSMIC KOLORS (215) 253-4333

Filbert St., Easton, PA

PERFORMANCE CHOPPERS (215) 372-0254

528 Lancaster Ave., Reading, PA

RON'S SPEED & CUSTOM CYCLES (412) 445-2951

423 Main St., Chicago, PA

TENNESSEE

JAMMER OF MEMPHIS (901) 722-8524

60 N. Cleveland Ave., Memphis, TN

TEXAS

BIKER'S CUSTOM (915) 772-4827

7278 Alameda Ave., El Paso, TX

NORTHWEST CUSTOM CYCLES (512) 561-8511

6539 N.E. Loop #410, San Antonio, TX

VICTORIA HD (512) 575-7881

1410 N. Main St., Victoria, TX

UTAH

QUALITY M/C PARTS (801) 467-4834

3231 S. State St., Salt Lake City, UT

VIRGINIA

FAST EDDIE'S CYCLE WORKS (804) 399-9369

3614 Western Branch Blvd., Portsmouth, VA

LYNCHBURG HD/BANDITS (804) 845-5921

3235 Odd Fellows Rd., Lynchburg, VA

S & S CHOPPER SHOP (804) 799-5270

1800 Franklin Tpk., Danville, VA

SUFFOLK HD (804) 934-1476

911 N. Main St., Suffolk, VA

WASHINGTON

G.T. CUSTOM MOTORCYCLES (509) 545-6200

214 W. Lewis, Pasco, WA

HD OF OLYMPIA (206) 357-5703

3100 So. Bay Rd., Olympia, WA

HD OF WASHINGTON (206) 746-7070

14210 NE 20th St., Bellevue, WA

SKAGIT HD (206) 293-2217

1253 A. Christiansen Rd., Anacortes, WA

STEPS CHOP SHOP (206) 373-9944

2102 E. 11th St., Bremerton, WA

WEST VIRGINIA

ASHWORTH, INC. (304) 253-1110

100 Cohen St., Beckley, WV

J & S CYCLE (304) 592-1157

401 S. Pike St., Shinnston, WV

MIKE'S CYCLE (304) 426-6236

W 2 Box 162, Osborn, WV

WISCONSIN

HD OF APPLETON, INC. (414) 733-2258

2141 W. Wisconsin Ave., Appleton, WI

LEGEND MOTORS, LTD. (414) 923-0801

5905 Lake Shore Dr., Fond du Lac, WI

P.J.S. CYCLE EMPIRE, INC. (414) 482-2453

2459 S. Kirmack Ave., Milwaukee, WI

P.J.S. CYCLE EMPIRE, INC. (608) 221-2297

5916 Monona Dr., Madison, WI

CANADA

A.L. CHOPPERS (416) 545-5139

1119 Main St. E., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

CUSTOM CYCLE OF BRANDON (204) 727-5649

1433 Princess Ave., Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

PERFORMANCE PLUS ENGINEERING (804) 453-7653

33336 Robertson Ave., Abbotsford, B.C., Canada

RYDER CHOPPERS (804) 941-4744

2773 Shaugnessy St., Pt. Coquitlam, B.C., Canada

Jammer Wheels

Facing you are the all new, revolutionary Jammer wheels and hubs. There's no need to tell you that there are lots and lots of wheels around. Rather than stack the deck higher with more of the same type, we've come up with this realistic new idea—four different wheel patterns in five different sizes that are all interchangeable and will bolt up to any of our hubs, front or rear. That's because the center design of all our wheels is the same. And, to let you know we're serious about being realistic, check out the price—we know it's revolutionary!

1 SUNDIAL™

Part #	Description	Price
2011	16" Wide Sundial	79.50
2031	19" Medium Sundial	79.50
2041	19" Narrow Sundial	79.50
2051	21" Narrow Sundial	79.50

2 BLASTER™

Part #	Description	Price
2012	16" Wide Blaster	79.50
2032	19" Medium Blaster	79.50
2042	19" Narrow Blaster	79.50
2052	21" Narrow Blaster	79.50

All Jammer Wheels Are Designed to be Used Only With Our Jammer Hub Kits

3 PANZER™

Not Available At This Time.

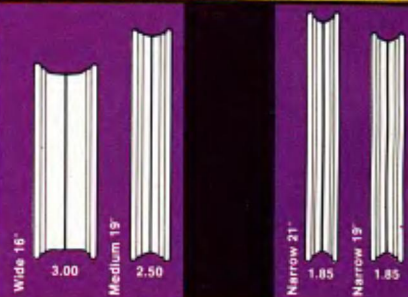
4 MIDNITER™

Part #	Description	Price
2014	16" Wide Midniter	79.50
2034	19" Medium Midniter	79.50
2044	19" Narrow Midniter	79.50
2054	21" Narrow Midniter	79.50

**COMPLETE WHEEL
WITH HUB
\$149.00
- MOST MAKES**

Jammer Hubs

Part #	Description	
2101	Harley 1941-1966 FL's. Fits front or rear.	69.50
2102	Harley 1967-1972 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1971-1972 FX. Fits rear only.	69.50
2103	Harley 1973-1978 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1973-1978 FX. Fits rear only.	79.50
2104	Harley 1974-1977 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50
2105	Harley 1978 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50
2106	Harley 1955-1978 Sportster. Fits rear only.	69.50
21051	Spool Hub. 3" wide, 5/8" bearing.	69.50
21052	Universal Blank Hub For other makes and custom brake setups (machining required.)	69.50
Honda and Kawasaki hub kits available soon		



Jammer Frames

2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame. Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes.

324.95

2801 74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame. Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. 339.95

2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame. You can bolt any year Sportster engine (1957-1976) kick or electric start into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped.

299.95

2803 750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame: Accepts any year 750 engine. 289.95

2805 Mechanical Brake Kit. Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required. 19.95

Rigid

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.



Velvet Ride

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.



28027 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2804 except with suspension) 399.95

28025 Sportster Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2802 except with suspension) 379.95

28026 750 Honda Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2803 except with suspension) 359.95

Fat Bob

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 30 degrees.



2807 74 Jammer Hydraulic Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame. Added stress bar. Clearance for strokers. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank.

349.95

2808 74 Jammer Mech. Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame. Same as 2807 except 2805 mech. brake kit installed. 369.95

28028 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame. Same as 2807 except with suspension. Hydraulic brake only.

419.95

PLEASE NOTE: All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start):
74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead and Shovelhead
61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead
74 and 80 Flatheads



*All Frames will be Shipped with a Manufacturer's Statement of Origin. However, this statement may not be required in your state, and probably is not, unless you are building a bike from the ground up rather than converting an existing registered motorcycle to a custom bike.

Fork Tubes

FORK TUBES. High quality fork tubes that fit. Centerless ground; show chromed. **Spacers and/or internal rods included.** Specify year and model of motorcycle. Use part number when ordering.

Part #	Length	Price
Glide-Early, 1948-1977.		
65073	4-inch	69.95
6501	6-inch	69.95
65089	8-inch	69.95
6502	10-inch	69.95
6503	12-inch	69.95
6504	15-inch	69.95

Glide-Late, 1978.

65094	4-inch	69.95
65095	6-inch	69.95
65096	8-inch	69.95
65097	10-inch	69.95
65098	12-inch	69.95

Sportster-Superglide, 1957-1972.

65074	4-inch	69.95
6505	6-inch	69.95
65090	8-inch	69.95
6506	10-inch	69.95
6507	12-inch	69.95

Sportster-Superglide, (Kayaba) 1973-75.

65076	4-inch	69.95
65057	6-inch	69.95
65091	8-inch	69.95
65058	10-inch	69.95
65059	12-inch	69.95

Sportster-Superglide, (Showa) Spst 75 up. Sg 76 up.

65065	4-inch	69.95
65066	6-inch	69.95
65067	8-inch	69.95

Honda 750/450 to 1972.

65075	4-inch	69.95
65025	6-inch	69.95
65092	8-inch	69.95
65026	10-inch	69.95

Honda 750 - K Models 73-78, F Models 77-78.

65061	4-inch	69.95
65062	6-inch	69.95
65063	8-inch	69.95
65064	10-inch	69.95

Honda 750 F Models (also 550F)

6601	4-inch	69.95
6602	6-inch	69.95
6603	8-inch	69.95
6604	10-inch	69.95

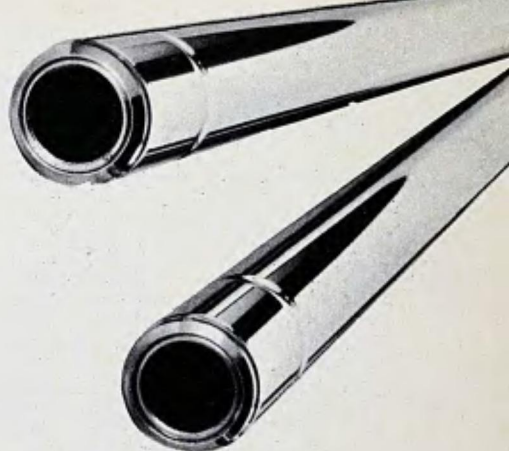
Honda GL-1000 (Gold Wing) All years.

6605	4-inch	69.95
6606	6-inch	69.95

Kawasaki Z1, KZ1000

65071	4-inch	69.95
65072	6-inch	69.95

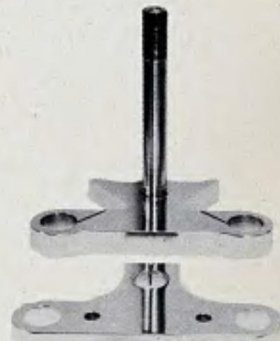
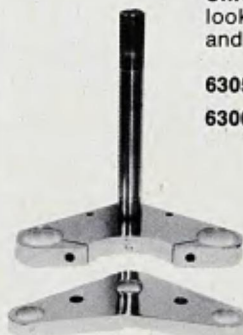
NOTE: SPORTSTER/SUPERGLIDE TUBES
1973-6 Superglides and Sportsters have come from the factory with either Showa or Kayaba fork tubes and sliders which are different. Showa front forks have two axle caps; Kayaba have one.



Chrome Triple Trees. Give your bike looks with these show chromed upper and lower trees. Perfect fit and safety.

6305 Standard Glide 105.95

6306 3" Narrowed Glide. 98.95

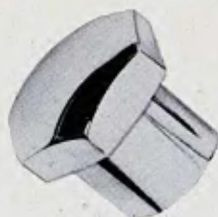


6307 Sportster '57-'72. 98.95

6308 Sportster '73-'78 98.95

6309 Honda 750, 550, 500. 98.95

**STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA**
See Pages 118-119



61026 Superglide Stem Nut. 6.00

61025 Sportster Stem Bolt. 6.00



65087 Superglide-Sportster

Fork Tube Cap to 1972. 8.00

65088 Superglide-Sportster

Fork Tube Cap, 1973-1978 9.00

65099 Wide Glide Fork Tube

Bolt, 1948 to 1977 6.00

Mini Fork Boots. High quality neoprene. Work well in keeping water and dust out of lower fork legs.

6203A HD 74 Glide. 3.00 pair

6203B Sportster 1964 and earlier. 3.00 pair

6203C Triumph 1964 and earlier. 3.00 pair



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

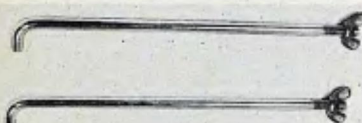
9809 Action Pak Battery.

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**



9804 Battery Mat. For wrap-around oil tank. **.95**

9603 Wing Nuts. Fits HD battery hold rods. 5/16 x 18. **20¢ each**



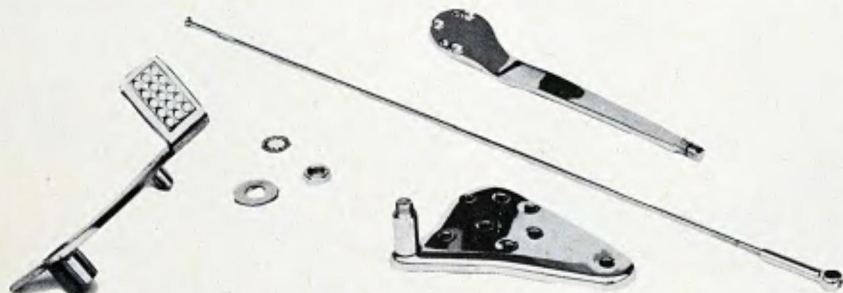
Only \$2.25 or
You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer
(See Order Blank on Page 126)



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	125T'NT, 175T'NT, 250T'NT	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, 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-9 JB-12

Harley Drive Train



14205 Jockey Shift Conversion. Converts late model Harley to jockey with foot-operated clutch. Show quality, chromed foot clutch, clutch rod and jockey lever. **44.95**

14204 Jockey Shift Conversion Lever. 13.95



14209 Quick Shift Harley Competition Foot Shift Kit. A must for quick shifting. Reversed shifting pattern for more positive shifts. Show quality chrome. **49.95**



14206 Clutch Lever Rod. For mousetraps, chromed. **4.98**



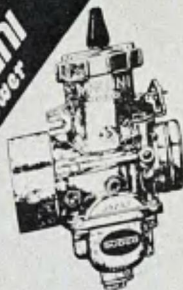
14207 Clutch Lever Rod. For foot clutch setups, chromed. **4.98**



142012 Shifter Rod and Clevis. Chromed. Fits all Harleys with foot shift; FX, 1971-1973. **9.95**

NEW!

mikuni
power



3 SUB266



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 126)

**JAMMER'S
HANDBOOK**



Fat Bob Gas Tank



NEW LOW PRICE

Fat Bob Gas Tank If you're thinkin' Fat Bob, this tank is a winner! A 3.5 gallon beauty designed to set on any Harley, Honda, Kawa, Triumph, etc. Just check out these outstanding features.

- Custom wrap-around chrome dash mount
- Built in coil and regulator mounts under dash plate
- Built in horn button, hi-low beam switches
- Chrome gas caps
- Accepts stock Harley type threaded petcock
- Three position key switch
- Custom oil gauge with fittings and line
- Designed to hold your stock FX or Sportster speedo or tach
- Mounts included to adapt to any stock or custom frame once your stock mounts are removed
- Tanks have a carb. vent tube in left tank and 2-1/4" petcock holes at rear of tanks for crossover or separate use.

36033

199.00

Cool N' Clean Oil Filters



STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Pages 118-119

Cool 'N' Clean Cooler-Filter You couldn't ask for a better combination. Just think, an oil cooler and filter all in one compact unit. What you get is an extruded aluminum cooler with a replaceable internal filter. This unit will remove contaminants from your oil and lower its temperature at the same time. The end result - longer engine life. Mounting Bracket included.

37056 Harley FX. 35.80 37058 Honda 750, Triumph
37057 Sportster 35.80 Honda GL-1000, Kawasaki 900/1000 35.80

37062 Filter Cartridges 2.63



CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

For fast service order from:
Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 So. Main St., Burbank, California 91506

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Date _____

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)

M/C/B of A number*

Signed

Expr. Date

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 12/26/78 ☐ CV FEB ☐ #68 ☐ AP



I've got something for you...

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

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

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

**Perfect
Ear
Warmers!**

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made—not a cheapass import.

Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

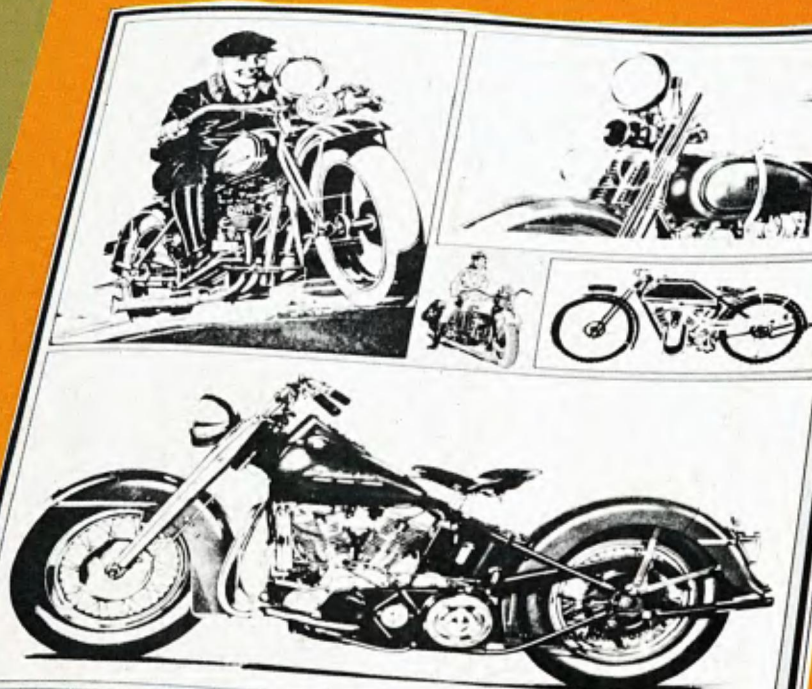


Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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Newsstand Edition
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Earlyriders



\$195 at the factory, is the low price of the Harley-Davidson Single—a completely equipped, speedy, sturdy motorcycle. And it costs almost nothing to run!

Ride a
HARLEY-DAVIDSON

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Coupon

Harley-Davidson Motor Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.
Interested in your motorcycles. Send literature.

Name _____

Address _____

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