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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

April 1979
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Brotherhood For Bikers In Prison

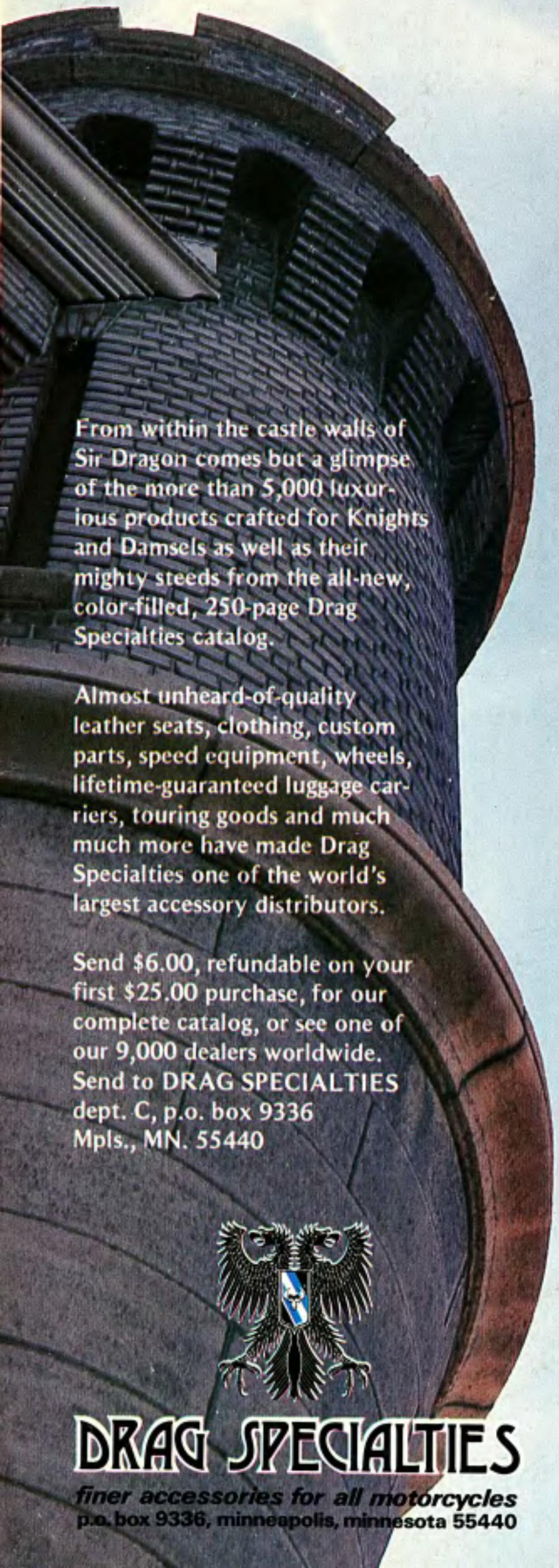
Who To Call On A Cold And Windy Night

A Slender Chance For A 1915 Harley

Lotsa Wicked Women And Wild Motorcycles

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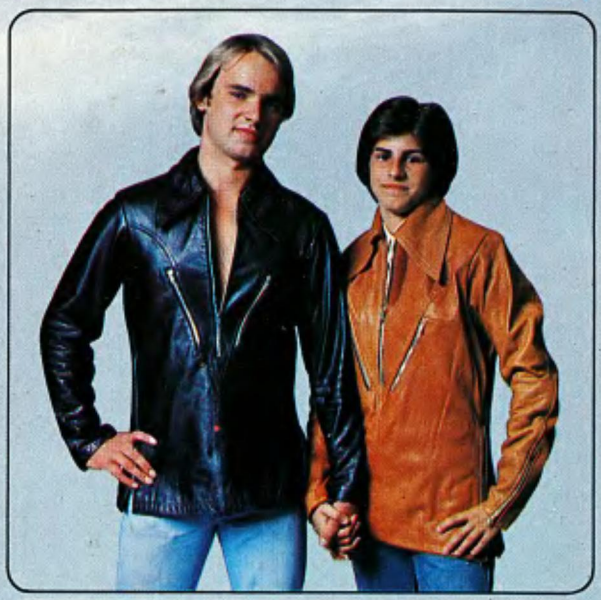
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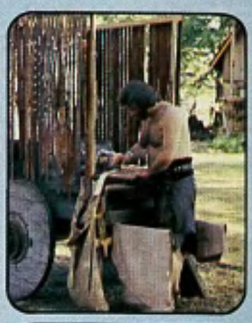


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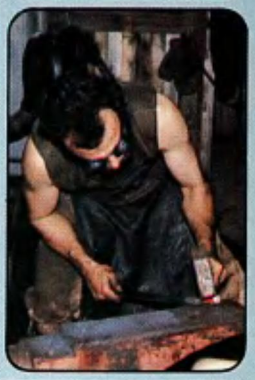
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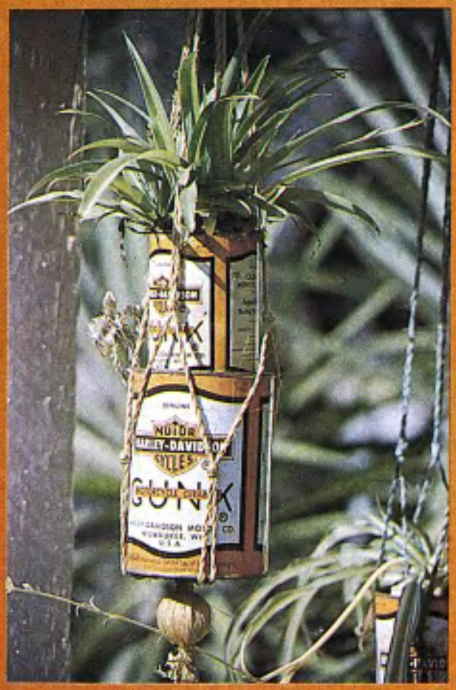
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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Number 70

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FTW

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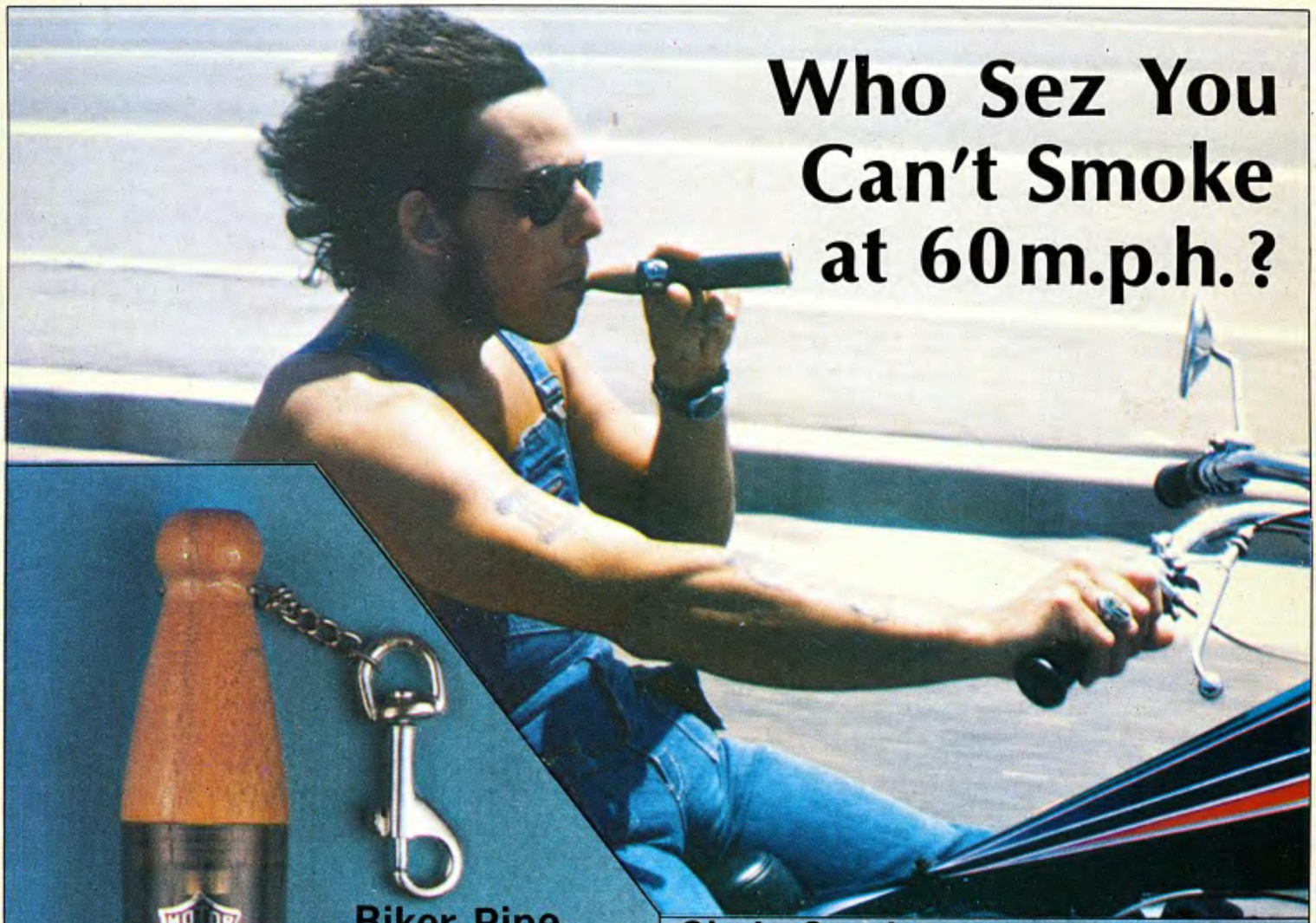
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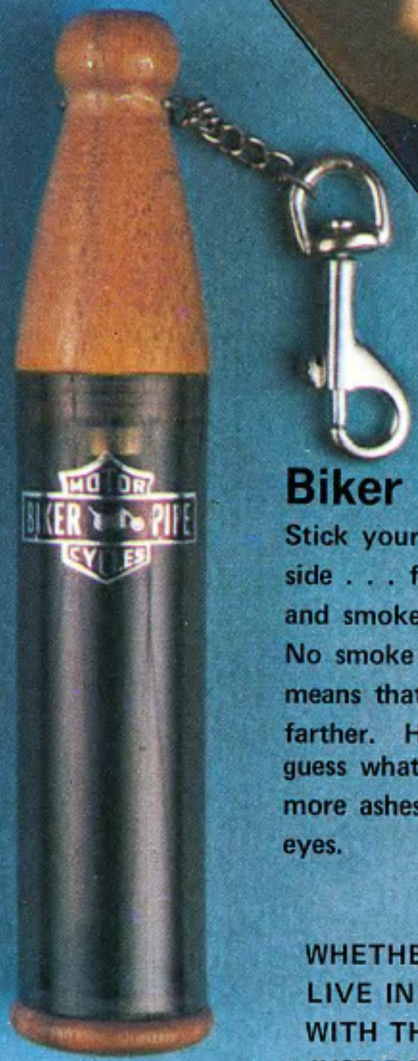
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COVER photo of Kandi by Pete Chiodo

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

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



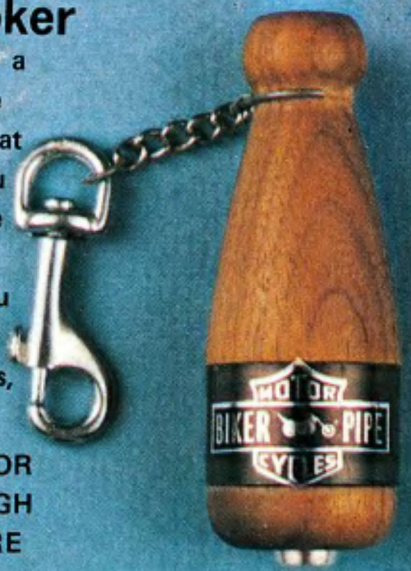


Biker Pipe

Stick your doobie inside . . . fire it up and smoke on . . . No smoke lost — — means that bag goes farther. Hey, 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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TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Did ya hear about the robber in New Jersey who shot off his stink finger while jumping over the counter in a bank heist? Yep, blew it right off. Then he grabbed three thou, hit it for the expressway—but wait, he left his fuckin' finger behind, cops got the fingerprint and busted him—all on the same day. Ya wins some and ya loses some, folks. (Some days just go like that. Right? Right.)

Then there's this dipshit in New York who went to the police complainin' about how he was robbed of 600 bucks worth of pot and 200 bucks in cash (they even took his 20-dollar scale). Now, in dumb New York they will send ya to the slammer for seven years for havin' that much grass. So what happened? Well, the cops are lookin' for the grass, and when they find it, they're gonna arrest the complainin' dude for havin' that much stuff—but first they've got to find the thief who took it in the first place. Ya got all that? I'm still tryin' to figure it out—maybe in the mornin' (early) when my head's clear.

How about the five people who, after havin' car problems, were standin' beside their car on an icy, unlit bridge in Washington? Here they are, huddled, waitin' for help, when another car appears to be slippin' on the icy bridge and comin' right at th m. They all step over the guardrail to get out of the way. But wait. What they apparently thought was ground on the other side was nothin'. All five of 'em fell 50 feet through space to frozen rocks below—one survived to tell about it. (Talk about a rush.)

Some cops in Maine see this car weavin'. They pull it over to test out the driver's coordination to see if he was drinkin', smokin', or droppin' too much good stuff. As one cop said, "We usually have people close their eyes, touch their nose, count backwards, things like that." But all of a sudden, before they could ask 'im all that trick shit, the dude has a mess of balls in the air, jugglin' 'em. The dude asked, "Is that coordinated enough?" They said yes and let him go. Now all ya gotta do is figure out how to do all that before you're pulled over the next time and ya might have a chance of convincin' the cop you ain't on any of that kinda shit. Don't tell 'em about crank or speed though—ya understand? (Snicker, snicker.)

Are ya ready? A gunman stuck up this bar in Michigan. But before splittin' he holds ten of the customers as hostage and announces, "Drinks are on the house—give everyone a drink—this is no holdup -I've just got problems." Then, during the next eight hours, while everyone gets juiced, he tells them his problems. After a while he lets five go. The SWAT team comes. His brother also arrives to convince him to give up, but after a while even his bro comes out and says, "They're all drunk in there—nobody's leavin'—they love the guy." One guy passed out. Finally booze took its toll, the cops took over, and peace returned as they dragged everyone outta the bar and the gunslinger off to jail.

My good friend Grace tells me about this guy in Germany who has a beef with his ol' lady and winds up with (count 'em) 22 bullets in his ass. She said she couldn't figure out why he stood around long enough to get 22 different holes in his ass—maybe he couldn't get the lead out. (And then, maybe he liked it. More! More!)

Private enterprise dept.: Did ya hear about the pot-dispensing machine in Denver? Yep, it seems the police busted some dudes for dispensing grass through a high school vending machine. The bread was put in the front and, mysteriously, someone behind the machine, through a hole, would drop weed to the students who put the right amount of coin and pulled the right knob. (It's true, it's true—would I lie?) ■



Honesty

☐ Nobody's gonna get **Easyriders** off newsstands because its honesty is what made it the best.

Mouse
Minneapolis, Minn.

A Request

☐ I just want to ask one thing — how about rerunning in your next issue the article "We're All Bros" that was first printed in issue #34, page 31?

Believe me, we need to be reminded!

Little Ron
St. Marys, Ohio

Hopin'

☐ Hope you will print my letter in your mag. Keep up the good work.

Numbnuts
Onley, Tenn.

■ If we were keepin' up the good work, we wouldn't print your letter.

New Dope?

☐ A synthetic marijuana derivative may be on sale within two years, according to the Food & Drug Administration. It's called "Nabilone." It's supposed to be a variant of THC and can put yer years out. An ophthalmologist is said to have tested it already on twenty patients. Also, a psychiatrist says it's a quick acting anti-anxiety drug, and very potent. Ask around or consult the F.D.A. for the answers.

Lewellyn
Boise, Idaho

■ You consult — we'll wait.

Hurrah For Women

☐ You guys really fucked up when you told Tally Blaine of Honolulu, Hawaii to buy a woman's mag and get outta your hair (Jan. '79). Apparently you guys don't realize how many ol' ladies buy your rag just for themselves. I can't get mine away from my ol' man, so I usually end up buying my own (and sometimes his, too).

What I'm trying to say is that you guys better stop and think just how many fans you would lose if all us ol' ladies did start reading women's mags. Just try and show us a little appreciation once in a while. After all, we aren' all that bad, are we?

Memphis Queen
Memphis, Tenn.

■ **Never** hear us sayin' women are bad. Maybe rank, but never bad.

A Prayer For A Bro

☐ I would like each and every one of you bros to join me in wishing one of my closest bros (Buck) a speedy recovery from a severe and critical beating from some unknown assholes.

Little Stinky
Lowell, Mass.

Iron Horse

☐ I thought maybe **Easyriders** would slowly roll down the hill because you'd hafta work harder with the new rag and all. I am relieved to see that you can still handle one responsibility and straddle another — not to mention partying hearty.

Trina Magnusson
Mention Headlands
Swamp, Ohio

Leakin' Bikers

☐ Hey, come on. Give us biker chicks a chance. We want to see more dudes with their pants down, taking leaks.

Sweet Betty
Mount Olive, Ill.

■ Send us your address, Sweet Betty.

Tech Tip

☐ Would like some information on how to start a publication—you know, handy hints. All's appreciated.

Trump-it
St. Petersburg, Fla.

■ First ya gotta be nuts. Then grow a vineyard (for lotsa raisin pies), then find yourself a rich bitch who'll support ya, apply for unemployment — and then pray a lot.

An Atonement

☐ I am an ex-biker and mining prospector from the Superstition Mountains of Arizona. I was convicted of second degree murder in July 1977, and I received 10 to 30 years in the Arizona State Prison (which I feel was justly given to me). I'd like to make a plea to you and to my fellow bikers and ex-bikers to help me gain permission from the Arizona Department of Corrections to donate one of my kidneys to a child (any child) in the state of Arizona. To help save his or her life, I'd like to donate a part of myself to give back a life for the one I took away. Address all your replies to Mr. Ellis MacDougal, Director, Arizona Dept. of Corrections, 1601 West Jefferson Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85007.

Joseph Cote
Box B-#37341
c/o Arizona State Prison
Florence, Arizona 85232

How Come?

☐ One question: How come you always put your "In The Wind" section (which is really bad) right on the back of Dave Mann's poster every month?

Cool Breeze
Kingston, N.Y.

■ Don't ask me — I just work here.

Digs Dusty

☐ I just read the "Asstrology" column in your Jan. '79 issue. I must say if Dusty hadn't said she was a Capricorn too, I'd have thought she was describing me, 'cause that description fits me perfectly. Big deal, all I wanna know is if she's good looking and if so, how can I eat her pussy by mail?

B.O.
Wichita, Kansas

■ Ask Spider.

Ain't It The Truth

☐ What I want to know is why the majority of people who want to enforce the helmet law are the ones who don't even ride. If they worried about themselves as much as they do other people, the world would be a considerably better place to live.

Aoan Grothman
FPO, N.Y.

Words For Spider

☐ I hope Spider gets some good window pane to do for me.

Dave Novak
APO, New York

■ He did, hedidhedidhedid.

Outta Business

☐ I just read "Problems, Problems" in "Wordmonger" where it said to put more in your rag for women. You replied that she should buy a woman's mag. But fuck, if we women bought women's mags, you would be out of fuckin' business!

Lisa
Onawa, Iowa

☐ In response to the letter titled "Problems, Problems" in your Jan. '79 issue, the chicks who fuck, suck, and ride the way guys say they want chicks to fuck, suck, and ride are not reading women's magazines. They read the same stuff men read!

If we all read women's rags, there wouldn't be a decent fuck among us. We'd all be too worried about messin' up our frizz-perms. To the chick who complained about all the titties — the more tits my ol' man sees, the better he knows he's got the best ones at home.

Balcony Babe
South Jersey, N.J.

Loin Lickers

☐ Why did I have to read the article about "Animal House" in "Downtime" (Feb. '79 issue) by holding the print up to a mirror? Is Helen Keller your Quality Control Supervisor or did you think it was a big fuckin' laugh imagining people having to hold your rag in one hand, a mirror in the other, trying to suck on a cold one, smoke a number, and yank on their doonies all at the same time?

New lower price!

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



Photo shown is actual size

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Righteous Products

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It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.



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

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

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

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

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

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

Book
Easyriders Magazine
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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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

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What in the name of God is wrong with you loin-lickers?

Rollin' Cone
Milford, Ohio

■ Just funnin' around.

☐ I know you guys are entitled to a few fuck-ups, but shit, you could really screw up some heads with this one. Here I am stoned as a muthafucka and I look at "Downtime" (Feb. '79) and whatdafuck — half of it is backwards. It took a while for me to realize I wasn't having hallucinations. What a way to fuck with a dude's head.

Mike Johnson
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

☐ Hey, man, if you can't handle your drugs, don't do 'em. I tried to read your "Downtime" dribble on the flick, "Animal House." Got my eyeballs all twisted up. Took me twenty minutes of tryin' to figure out that I needed a mirror — I ain't used to that heavy scientific stuff! Do it again and I'll ride up to L.A. and eat your fuckin' desk!

Hammer
Spring Valley, Calif.

☐ Golly gee, you scooter tramps think of everything. Now in the mirror I can pick my nose, pop my pimples, and read **Easyriders** all at the same time.

Larry the Jew
Rossville, N.Y.

☐ I read it sittin' on my Hog, reflecting the article in my mirror. Try it, it works.

Krazy Kranz
Queens Village, N.Y.

■ No shit.

Free-Spirited Veins

☐ I've had just about enough of this shit with people who say they're free and then let these shithead bureaucrats fuck 'em around like they ain't got no sense. Well, I'll tell ya right now, ya ain't kiddin' nobody but yourselves unless you get off your butt and show these assholes that we ain't fuckin' stupid. It seems that true patriotism in our blood ended when we thought we had it licked in the American Revolution. I was born and raised in Boston, Mass. and I know that the same blood that ran through the free-spirited veins of our forefathers runs through mine or I wouldn't be writin' this.

So listen, bros, if we ain't the last of the patriots, I don't know who is. And we all know when we're gettin' screwed, just as our forefathers did. But the only thing is they did something about it. I just thought I'd let ya know I'm thinkin' about our right to ride and party without any fuckin' bullshit rules made by screwballs who do more fuckin' up than they can make rules for. So let's give a big FTW, hop on our scoots, and ride forever free.

D-Day
Boston, Mass.

Hang In There

☐ Dig this shit! In February, 1977 I got creamed. A stupid shit pulled out in front of some dude on a highway doin' about 50mph. I got hit broadside, rolled across his hood, smashed the windshield, busted the support beam on the passenger's side, pushed his roof back four inches, and proceeded to fly 70 feet until I hit good ol' mother earth again — then rolled for another 30 feet or so.

Ya know what I got out of it? A fucked-up leg that took me a year to get over and now I only have one bone put back together in it. So much for those fuckin' doctors who wanted to take if off — I don't even limp!

F.A., "Speed"
Stowe, Pa.

■ Ride safe, bro.

Jelled Grey Matter

☐ In regard to the letter, "Mentally Ill" (Feb. '79), I am completely laid back and breathless to discover that there are such (we shall call them people) who can actually maintain an attitude like that of one Diana White. It's obvious that the frustrations of being a prude have caused her grey matter to jell.

This type of person would even try to make chastity belts mandatory for girls under the age of thirty.

Helmets, seat belts, air bags or any of the rest of the so-called safety devices contrived to stimulate economic growth but result only in mayhem are and should be used only if so desired by the individual involved.

As for that mentality bullshit about us who choose not to burden ourselves and obstruct our hearing and impair our vision, it would appear to me that it takes a rational mind to know when a person is really safe as he can possibly be — especially when it could be a life or death decision.

My own opinion is that Diana White is a very lonely and frustrated flap who would give her left tit to be able to feel the freedom that we all know and live for. Her hatred for bros is in reality a cover for her deep desire to feel the wind in her face and have miles at her back.

So here's to you, Diana White, you sorry pathetic person. My ol' lady and I are off on another run — this time to Oklahoma City where frustration must breed with inactive minds. See ya there?

Hard-On Vaughan
Denver, Colo.

Right On

☐ I've sat back in my easy chair too long again. I keep readin' this bullshit about the death rate and head injury rate goin' up. Well, I am a statistic. I wrecked my putt without a helmet on and had to go to the hospital where the doc put on his report that I wasn't wearin' a lid — nothin' about the fact that I was in a dirt lot, standin' up on the seat. So it just crossed this injured head how many other statistics didn't take place on a paved road or on a registered bike. Face it, the government is padding their reports with statistics like mine or from accidents involving kids in the backyard on mini-bikes. So fuck the numbers — let's see what caused the wrecks. They'll be surprised to see most wrecks are caused by Joe Citizen in his widowmaker. If it ever falls on you that the doc asks if you were wearin' a lid, just say "Yeah — it cracked."

Kid Blast
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

☐ In the Jan. '79 "Biker's Digest," a Mr. Ben Kelley said the governor of Maryland vetoed the helmet repeal bill because of the "state's overriding interest in protecting its citizens." How can one person talk for an entire state population when he was never elected by the people to be governor? The previous governor of Maryland was convicted of racketeering and forced out of office. He appointed this asshole to office to take his place. When he ran for re-election, he lost. Maybe with a lot of help from bros writing letters to the new governor, he'll help us repeal the helmet law in Maryland. After all, he was elected by the people.

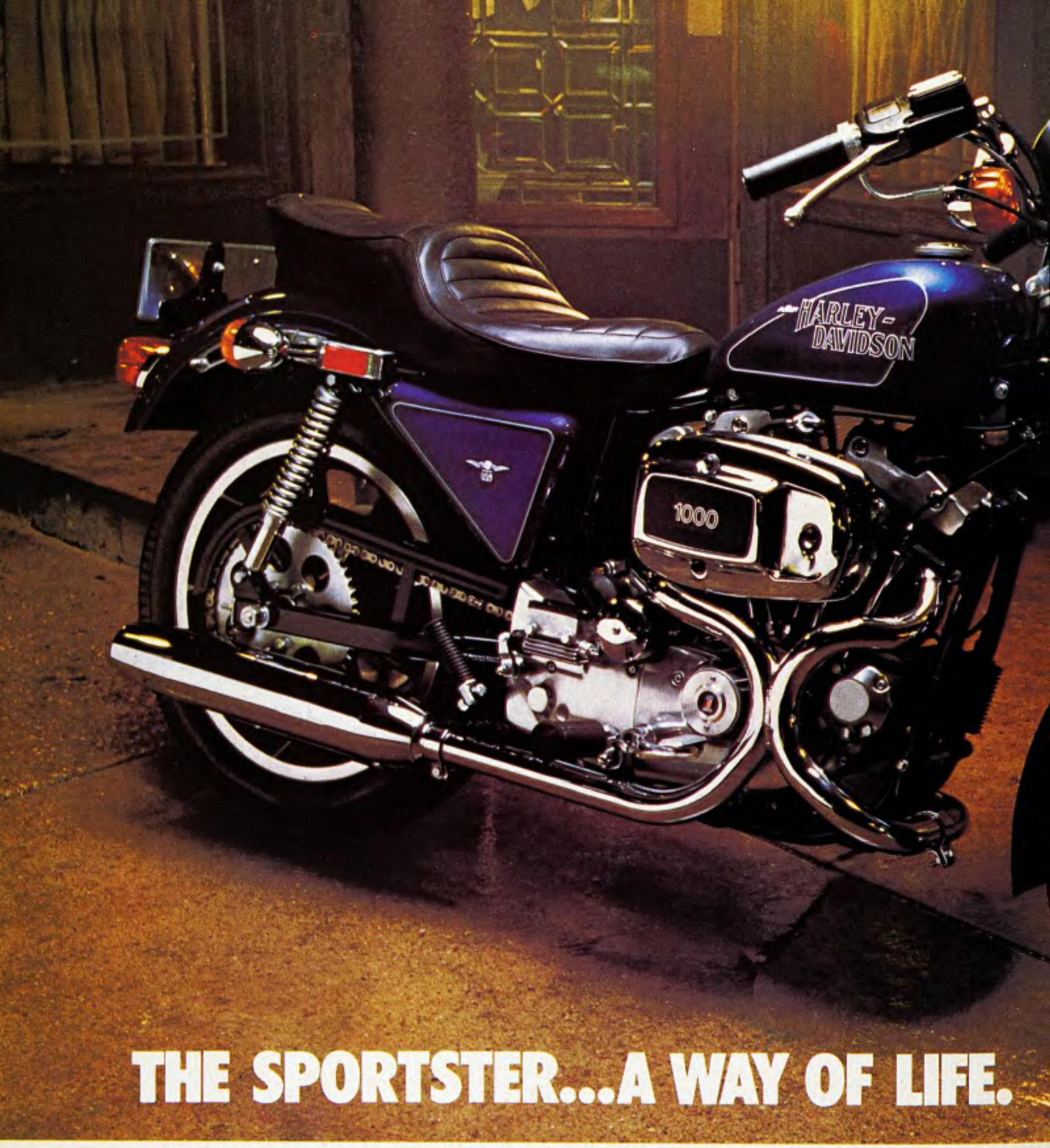
Voter
Lexington Park, Md.

—Continued on page 53

Special
160-Page
Newsstand Edition
Now On Sale



Well, bros, Spider finally got off his ass and put together a 8½ x 11 book (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, whatever, can reproduce well) of motorcycle memorabilia. He's collected for the first time all the old-time advertisements ("1939 Harley $215.00 fully equipped"), the old photos, the old fashions—the boots, caps, clubs, the post cards, the hill climbs—you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called **Earlyriders.** Here's a book any motorcycle bum, scooter tramp, or straight citizen would give his left nut for. It's yours for only $2.25.



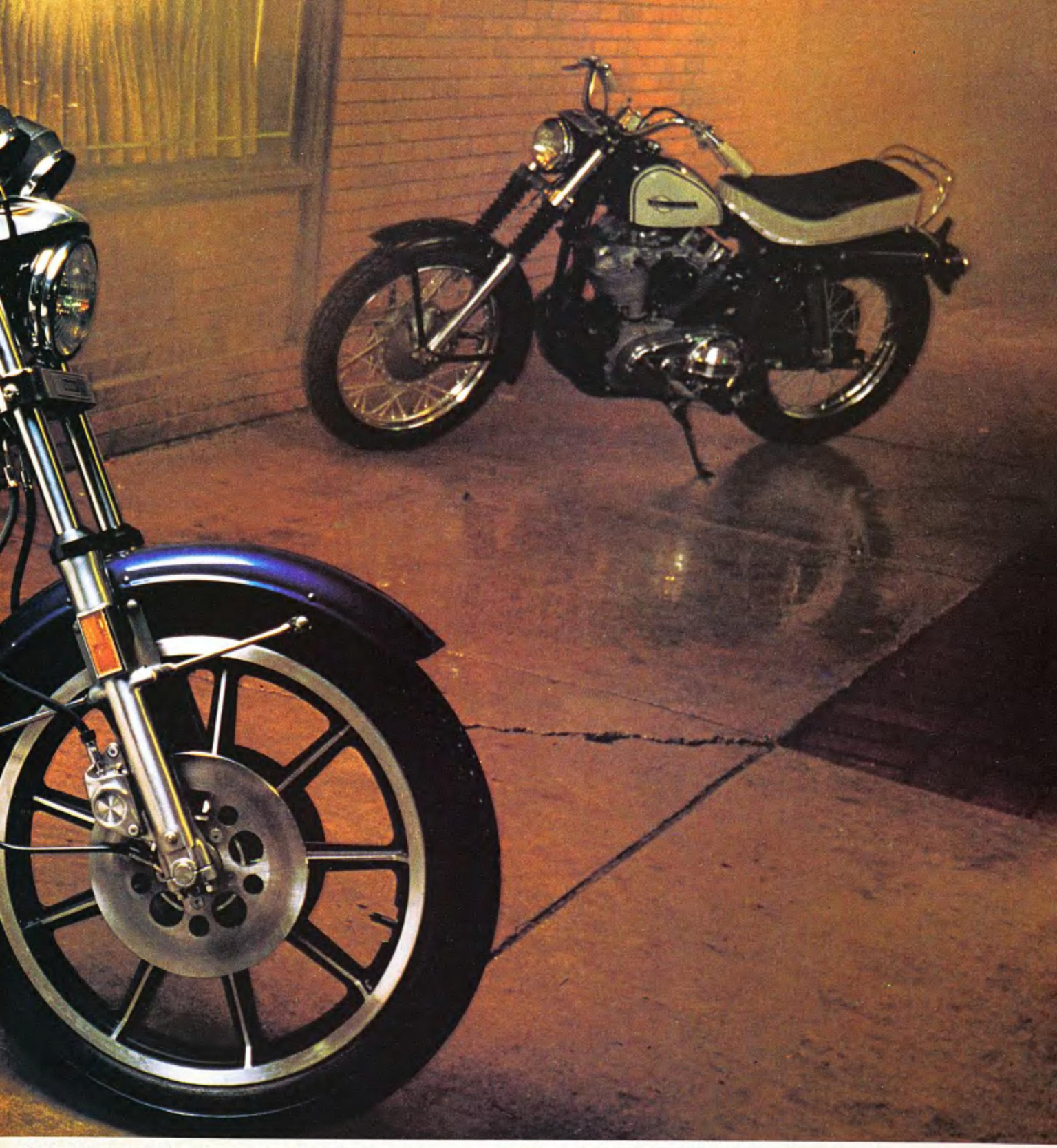
THE SPORTSTER...A WAY OF LIFE.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON® HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN THE BASIC RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MAN AND MOTORCYCLE.

Nothing has ever come as close to the pure spirit of biking as the Harley-Davidson Sportster.® It is the look... the sound... the unique power to turn owners into fanatics.

And what has been right, always will be. The only changes that reach the Sportster are selective, thoroughly tested improvements. Features like solid state V-Fire™ ignition, tuned pipes, beefed up disc brakes and a tough new frame adapted from our

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XR-750 racer. The kind of touches that make the '79 edition the best handling, best performing Sportster in Harley-Davidson history.

But step back. What stirs the soul more than the changes is what remains: 1000 cc's of raw V-Twin torque delivered with classic Harley-Davidson styling. A bike that, for 22 years, has stood proudly above the invasion of the assembly line look, and always will.

So nestle into a legend. Notice that eyes follow with respect. Then find a stretch of twisting backroad and discover what biking was always meant to be.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON DEALER NETWORK

Help keep insurance costs down; lock your bike. Follow owners manual for maintenance.



"Unhesitatingly, Terry opened the throttle to the limit, felt the bike leap beneath him, and saw the bay under the front wheel."

A SLENDER CHANCE

By Tex Campbell

Terry regarded the old man with open- mouthed astonishment. "Professor Ward!" he exclaimed, "You can't mean it!"

Thaddeus Ward, Director of Advanced Physics and Professor Emeritus at Baxter College, peered over the top of his reading glasses and silently gazed at his agitated companion. Slowly and deliberately, he removed his wire-frame spectacles and laid them carefully on the sheaf of documents resting on the cluttered desk in front of him. Wearily, he massaged the red indentations left by the nosepiece of his glasses and exhaled a resigned sigh.

"I'm afraid I do mean it, Terry," he said in a low, even voice. "As soon as the blueprints disappeared we notified the police, the federal government — everybody. They combed the city, but there was no trace of Hammersmith — or the plans he stole. Either he got away or has somehow managed to find the perfect hiding place. At any rate, unless we can flush him out quickly and prevent those plans from falling into the hands of the Kaiser, the war in Europe is surely lost."

Terry's steel-grey eyes glinted in the mahogany gloom of Professor Ward's study. Unable to contain his nervous concern, he leaped to his feet and began pacing back and forth in front of the lofty bookcases that lined the room. Twisting his tweed cap in his hands, Terry strode from one end of the room to the other. Then he halted abruptly and turned to face the old man.

"And there's nothing we can do?" Terry asked, unbelievingly.

The old man remained silent, staring vacantly at the pile of papers on his desk. Behind him, a brass pendulum swung within the ebony case of a large grandfather's clock, the regular ticking seeming especially loud in the expectant silence following Terry's question. Just as Terry had concluded that his companion was lost in reflection and had failed to hear the query, the Professor raised his head, riveting the young man with his eyes.

"That's right, lad," the old man said slowly in a voice that seemed to crackle dryly in the dark room. "There's nothing we can do."

/ / / /

The east of town, near the waterfront, was a seedy conglomeration of warehouses, lumberyards, and dives. The storefronts and flophouses bore a grimy film of dirt, bonded to the wood and paint by the salty air that wafted the rancid stench of the docks through the muddy streets. The slate skies seemed perpetually overcast and a faint chill hung in the air even in summer. The overripe smells of the shipyards mingled with the seaty odors of poverty to wrinkle the nose of any stranger who might accidentally stray that way. But few strangers ever did, for the denizens of this nether world shared one common characteristic — they were desperate men, and more than one outsider had reason to wish he'd never left the familiar sidewalks of his own neighborhood.

A burly man of indeterminate age strode purposefully through the almost empty streets. His shadow preceded him a good twelve feet, made long by the hazy, late afternoon sun hanging low in the sky. He stopped at the unmarked door of a dilapidated warehouse and surveyed his surroundings through narrowed eyes. Satisfied that he had not been followed, he opened the door quickly and disappeared inside.

At first he could see nothing in the gloomy cavern of the shuttered warehouse. He paused uncertainly, one hand still resting on the handle of the door he'd just closed behind him. From a black corner about twenty feet to his right, he heard the creaking protest of a cane-bottomed chair as someone shifted his weight. From out of the darkness came a quiet, disembodied voice.

"Over here, Bart."

The large man turned and walked toward the unseen speaker. The sound of a match being scratched was followed immediately by a small burst of illumination. The seated man raised the glass chimney of a kerosene lantern resting on the table before him and held the match to the wick. He adjusted the wick carefully so that the glow of the flame cast only a small circle around the table, an island of yellow light in a sea of darkness. The chair creaked again as the smaller man leaned back to address the newcomer.

"I'll get right to the point," he said, simultaneously gesturing his visitor into the chair on the opposite side of the table with a wave of his hand. "I need help. As I told you yesterday, the plans must be in the hands of German engineers before it's too late. After three years of war, Germany is feeling the strain — and now that America has joined the Allies, Germany's only chance is to bring Europe to its knees before the U.S. can swing the balance of power. We don't have much time."

He paused as if awaiting some response. But Bart made no sound, staring impassively at the smaller man whose features took on a satanic cast in the dancing light of the lantern. At last, Bart cleared his throat and spoke.

"So where do I fit in?" he asked gruffly, glaring distastefully at the man across the table.

The smaller man frowned momentarily. "Only three people know the full significance of these plans and they won't make that knowledge public for fear of spreading panic. One of the three is an old man and one is a girl — I'm not worried about them. But this one — " he pitched an 8x10 photograph on the table — "will be trouble. I have reason to believe he is still on my trail even though the authorities have given up the search. His name is Terry Malloy."

Bart stared at the picture. It showed Terry just after a race, smiling broadly behind dirt-encrusted goggles. He stood next to his 1915 Harley-Davidson 11-F. His racing overalls were covered with dirt and one mud-caked leather legging drooped from its torn strap.

The smaller man tapped the photograph with his index finger as he continued. "Malloy is Thaddeus Ward's protege — something of a prodigy, I'm told. When Ward began working on his invention, he brought in young Malloy to assist him. Later, I was brought on the project as technical advisor. When the plans disappeared from the safety vault, they knew immediately that I took them. Except for Ward and young Malloy, only I had the combination."

A twilight chill permeated the warehouse and, unconsciously, both men drew closer to the small source of warmth that separated them. Beyond the flickering circumference of the pale circle surrounding the two men was a pitch-black void. They spoke in low voices, lest the impenetrable gloom

—Continued on page 76

Illustration by Greenup



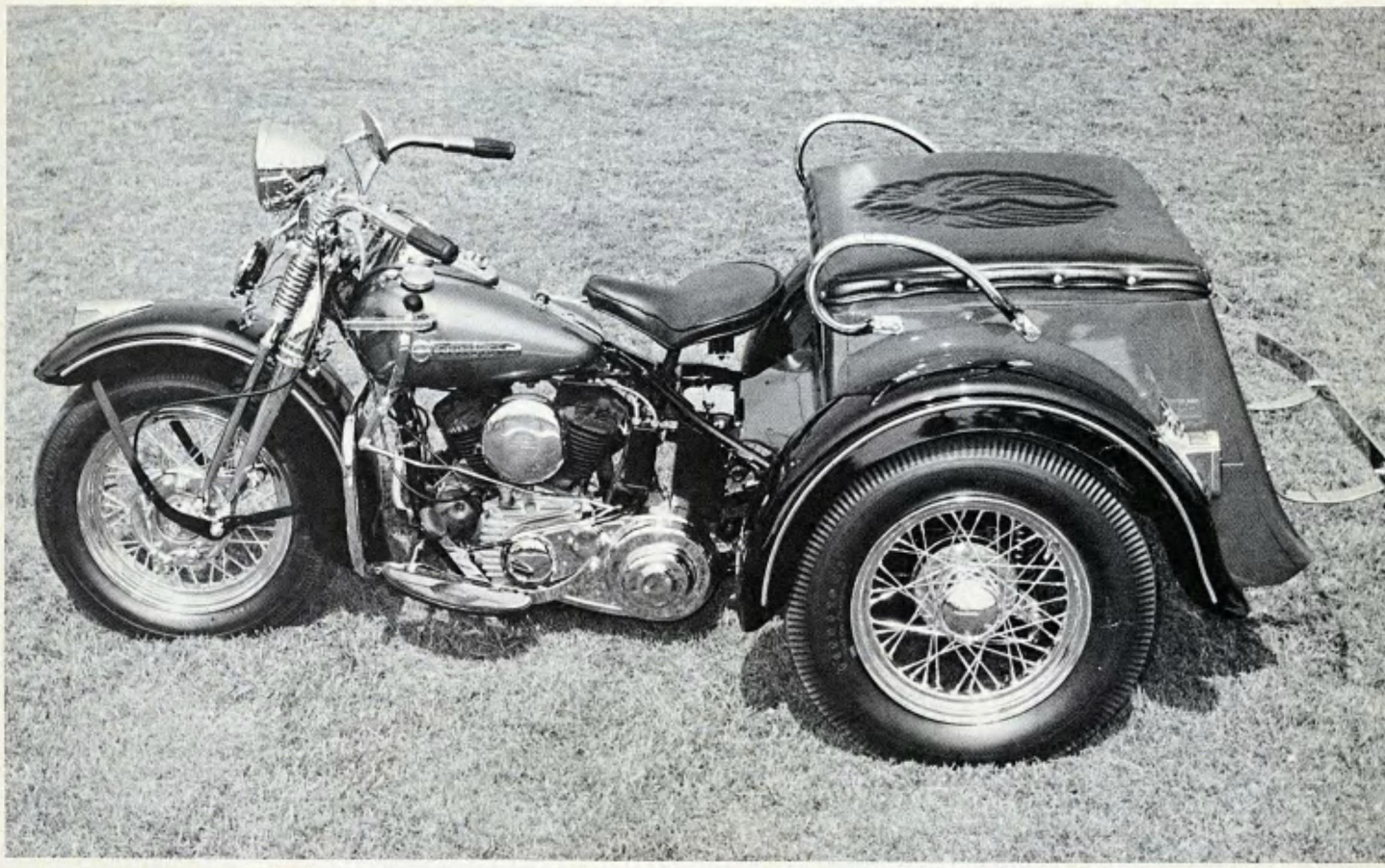


Coke Runner

Would We Put You On?

Fuck no, we wouldn't. Back in 1947, after all the H-D assembly line wrenches slapped this flathead farmer's firefighter together, it didn't meet with a city beat when it hit the street. This particular three-wheeled turd-haulin' trike got a civilian job instead of flashin' badges, markin' tires, and writin' tickets.

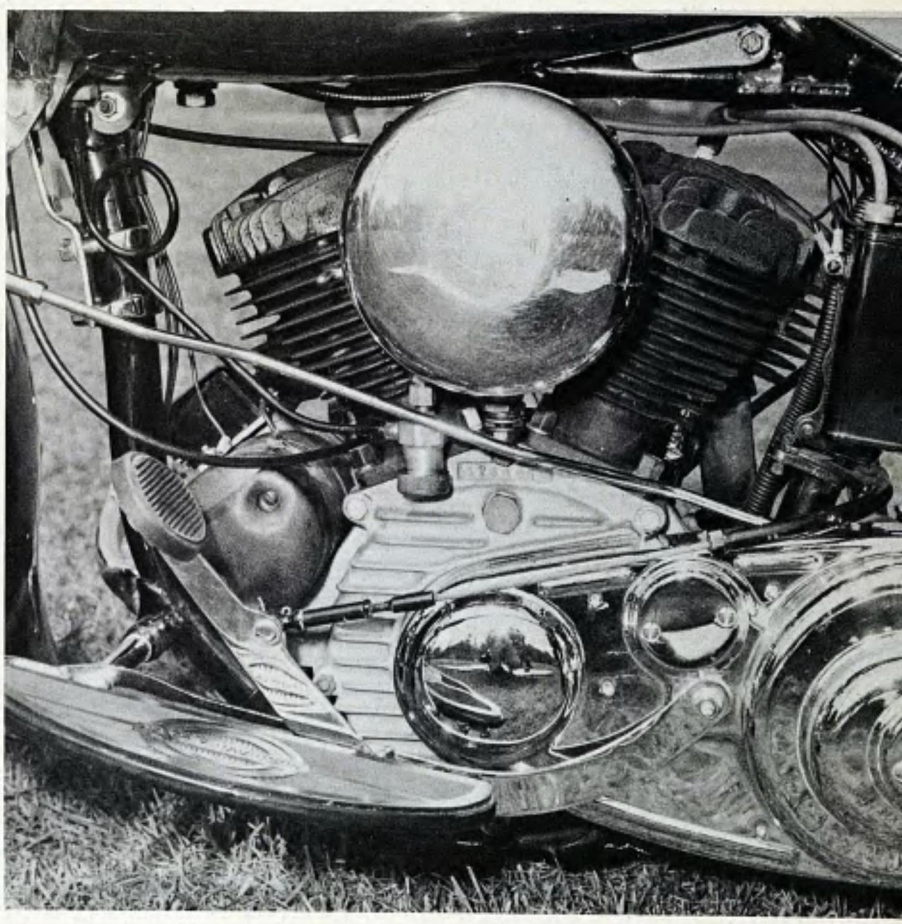
The rig was quickly enlisted into the Coke-running ranks by a heavy in the Coca-Cola empire — destined forever to shake over-carbonated bottles of dying-to-explode Coca-Cola around Northern California. It wasn't long, though, until soda fountain freaks came to the foam-spewing realization that it was dangerous to open even a year-old bottle of Servicar carted Coke without first donning galoshes and rubber raincoat.

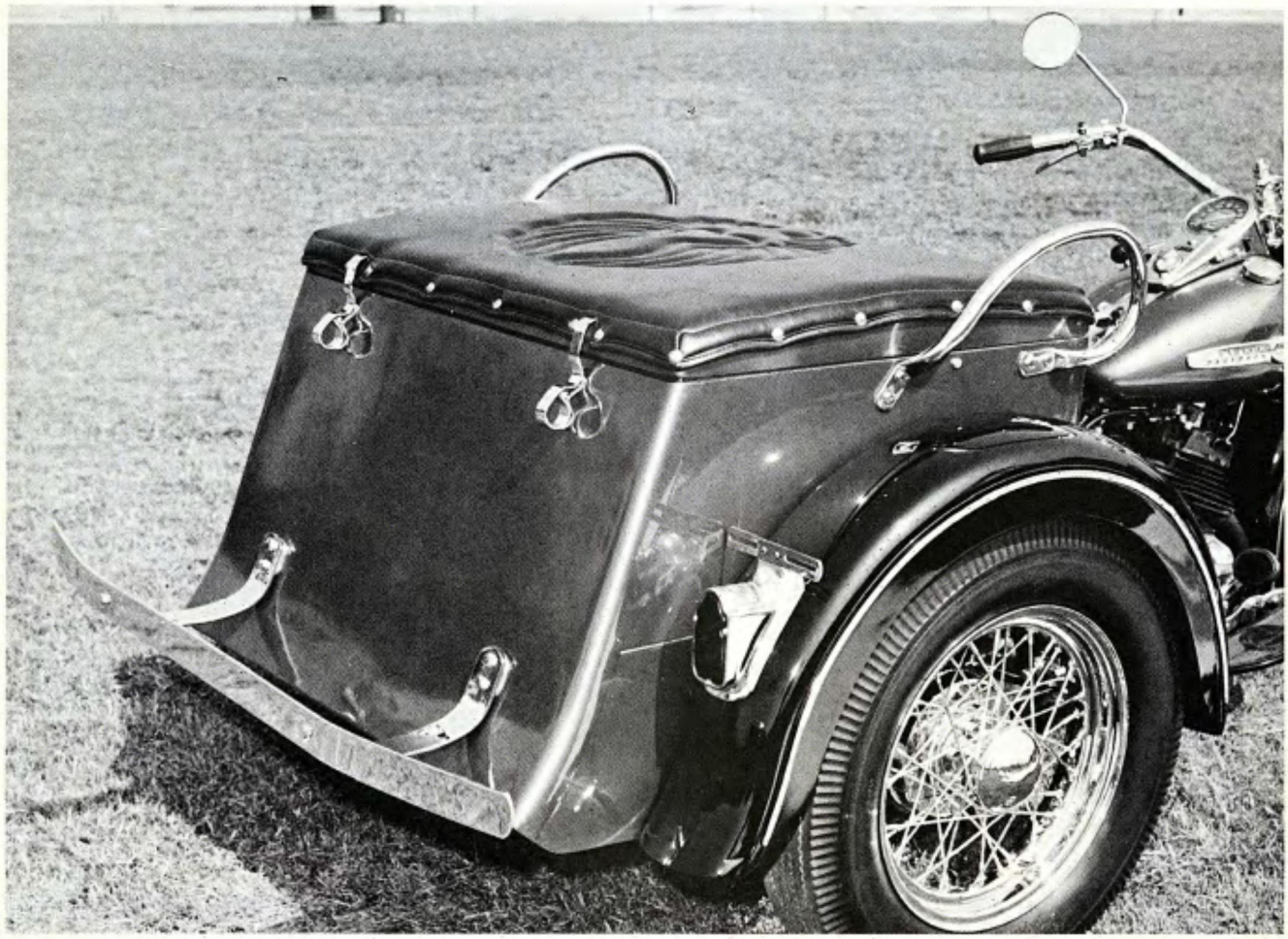


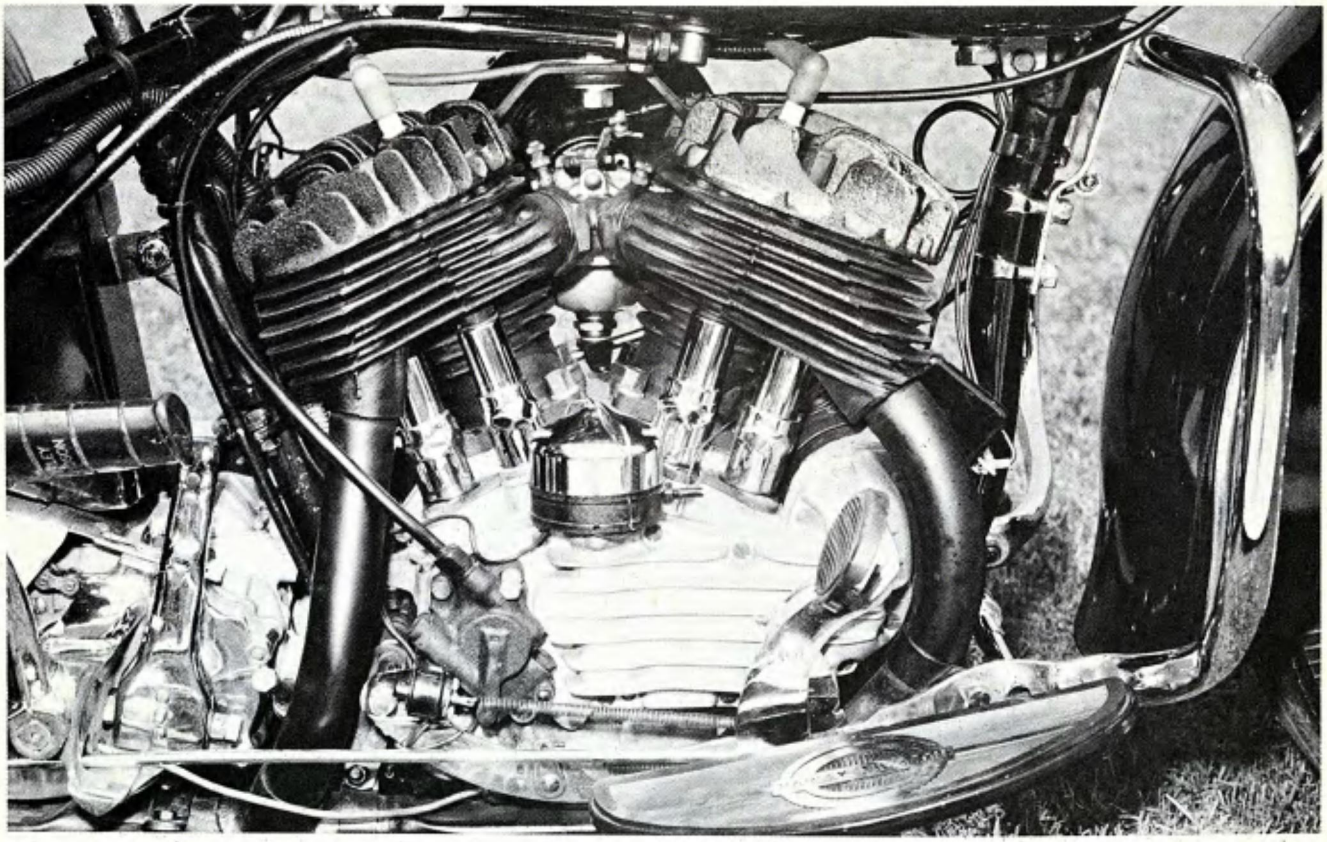
'Course, girl-hatin' brats would request trike-toted bottles of the captured effervescence, then nuzzle up to the teacher's pet and give her a present of a still capped, chilled Coke — knowing full well that when she released the straining lid on the future collector's item bottle, the calm brown liquid inside would instantly burst into foam and blow her sweet, little brownnose off. But after the mayor's wife, a cop, and a couple of big muthas had their nostrils, sinuses, and brains packed with coke that fizzed (but didn't give them the effect of the real stuff), the hierarchy of the Coca-Cola Company determined that they needed either to "Sell somethin' else to put in yer nose dat felt better dan an explodin' bottle o' suds — or quit distributin' da product in rumblin' flathead, noisy tappet, three-wheeled motorcycles."

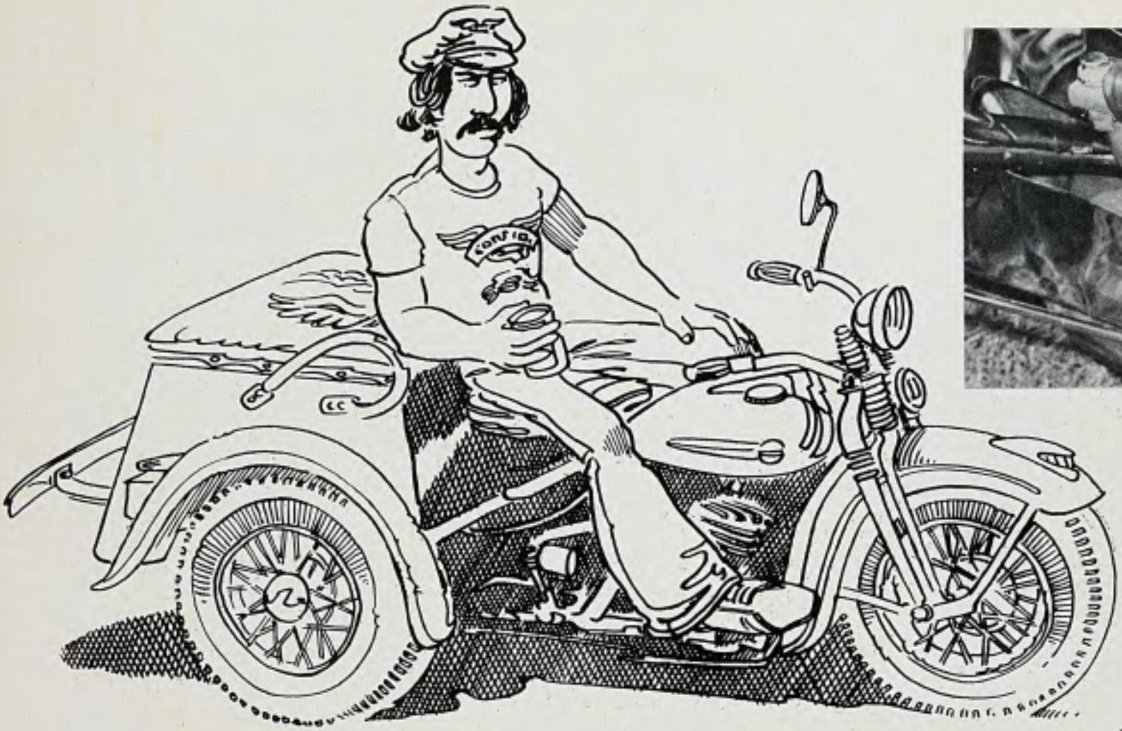
And so the ol' Coke Runner was sold to a Chevy 'dealer to be used and abused as a damn delivery device. Now you and I know that Harley-Davidsons were not designed to be slaves to the four-wheeled, factory, and financial faction that was forever forcing flea-brained fishtailers to run our masterful motorcycles off the road — so the trike broke down. All the amazing, amateur allies of the automobile at Alta Chevrolet attempted to repair the scoot — to no avail. Consequently, it sat in the Chevy showroom for nine — that's right, nine — years.

After those long, down years cooped up in a Chevy showroom, Mike and Bob came along, bought it and restored it—and that's it.





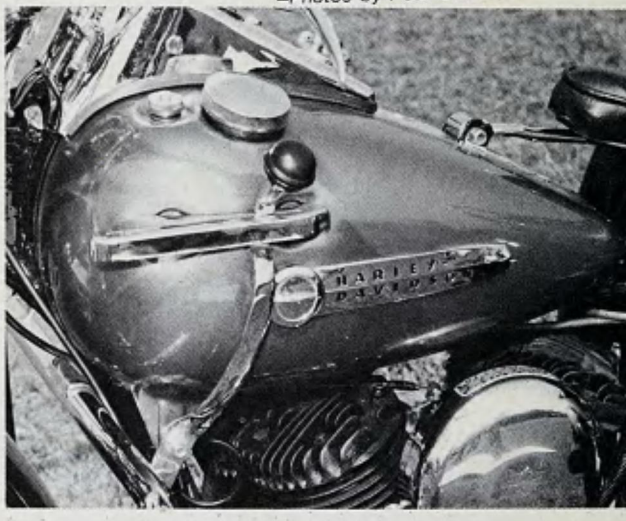






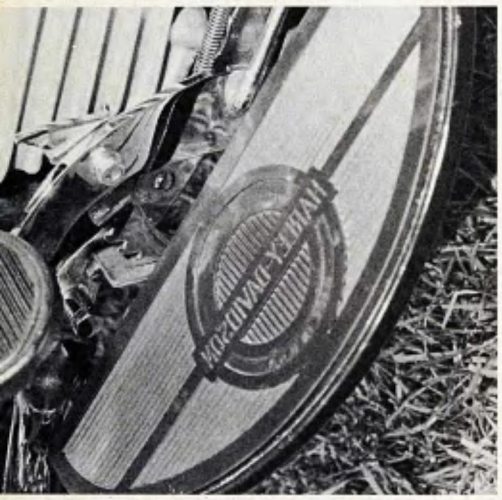
—Photos by Pete Chiodo

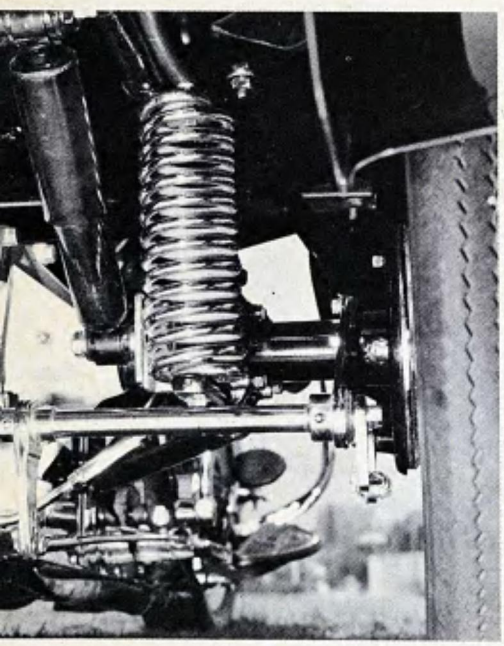












Owners: Mike & Bob Carrillo **City:** Dinuba, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: Mike & H-D
Year and make: 1947 H-D
Model: 45 Servi-car
Value: never give it up
Assembly by: Mike & Galen Olsen
Time: 1 year
Chroming: Valley Chrome, Fresno

Engine

Year: 1947
Model: 45
Rebuilder: Mike & Galen
Ignition: stock coil
Displacement: 45 cu. in.
Lower end: rebuilt
Balancing: left alone
Pistons: .040 over stock
Cases: stock
Heads: cast iron
Cam: stock
Lifters: H-D solids
Carb(s): Linkert
Air cleaner: original
Pipes: 1947
Muffler(s): 1947

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1947, 3 speed & rev.
Shifting: tank
Engine sprocket: 31
Trans sprocket: 17
Wheel sprocket: stock

Painting

Molding: Mike Cortez
Painter: Bernie's Body Shop
Color: black & dark blue
Type: Imron
Special paint: none

Frame

Year: 1947
Builder: H-D
Type: Servi-car
Rake: stock
Stretch: none
Other alterations: repainted

Accessories

Bars: stock springer
Risers: none
Fender(s): all stock
Headlight: stock
Taillight: two tombstones
Speedo: mint
Front pegs: running boards
Rear pegs: none
Electrics: old time battery
Gas tank: left fatbob
Oil tank: right fatbob
Oil system: stock steel lines
Primary cover: H-D chromed
Seat: stock solo
Sissy bar: hand rails
Height: 6 inch
Material: 3/8 in. round & rare

Forks

Type: wide springer
Extension: none
Builder: stock H-D
Special features: chromed

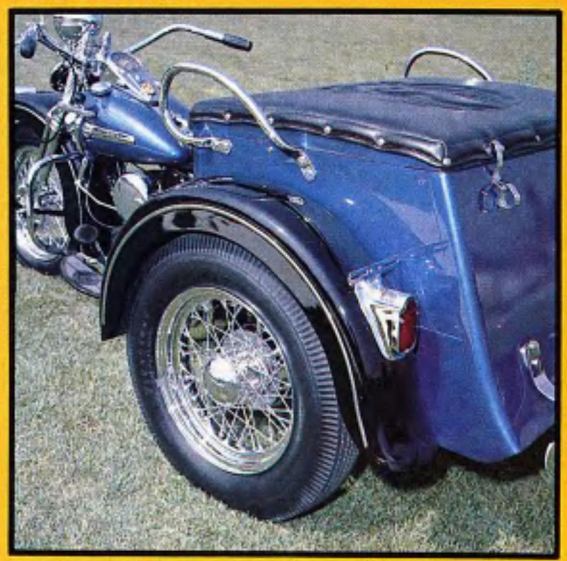
Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 16	Size: 16
Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 4½ in.	Rim width: 4½ in.
Tire: 5.00	Tire: 5.00
Brake: springer	Brake: mech.

Other special modifications: Custom naugahyde trunk lid.

Photos by Pete Chiodo





BROTHERHOOD

For Our People Inside

Brotherhood is not just a pat on the back in a bar on Saturday night. But what you see laid out across the next few pages **is** an expression of brotherhood.

Featured here are three prison bike shows from across the Midwest. They all began on the inside, but it took the support, loyalty, and love for fellow bikers on the outside to bring off each event. Putting together a prison show is not an intricate task but, depending on the prison officials, from the inside it can be as difficult as attempting to climb some of those tall, grey walls.

Basically, it's a PR job. A dedicated inmate must introduce the idea to a helpful official or the recreation officer and slowly convince him that a custom bike show would be a worthwhile endeavor and would not pose a threat to security, the official's position, other inmates, etc. The official must be assured of the event's positive effects, while also being satisfied that nothing will go wrong. At this point, there begins a long wait for permission from the warden to start the endeavor.

Once permission is granted, the brothers inside can begin making contact with shops, clubs, or bike organizations on the outside for their cooperation. Once this is accomplished and support promised, a contact man on the outside, the main man on the inside, and an assigned prison official will then get together to iron out the details of the show: time, date, prison rules, number of bikes, security checks on participants, and so on. It's just a matter of working together until the day of the show. Every show we have heard about was an immense success.

An' once all the pissin' and moanin' about security forms, deadlines, and prison regs are outta the way, and the bikes are rolling into the yard under the watchful eyes of the institution's chain of command, there's only one more obstacle and the show's a success. If the show comes down like all the others — without a hitch — then the gates have been opened for future bike shows and events.

It's a matter of dedication on the inside, a decent rapport with the necessary officials and brothers on the outside, and bringing it all together successfully. The result is one helluva good time for a lot of damn good people in the joint.

—Bandit

Moberly, Missouri



Waupun, Wisconsin



Stillwater, Minnesota



Moberly, Missouri

Bikers from Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas visited the Missouri Training Center for Men in Moberly, Missouri, to participate in the M.T.C.M. Bike Show, on October 1, 1978.

The bikers arrived at the back gate of the institution about mid-morning and, as dictated by prison policy, all bikes and bros were searched before entering.

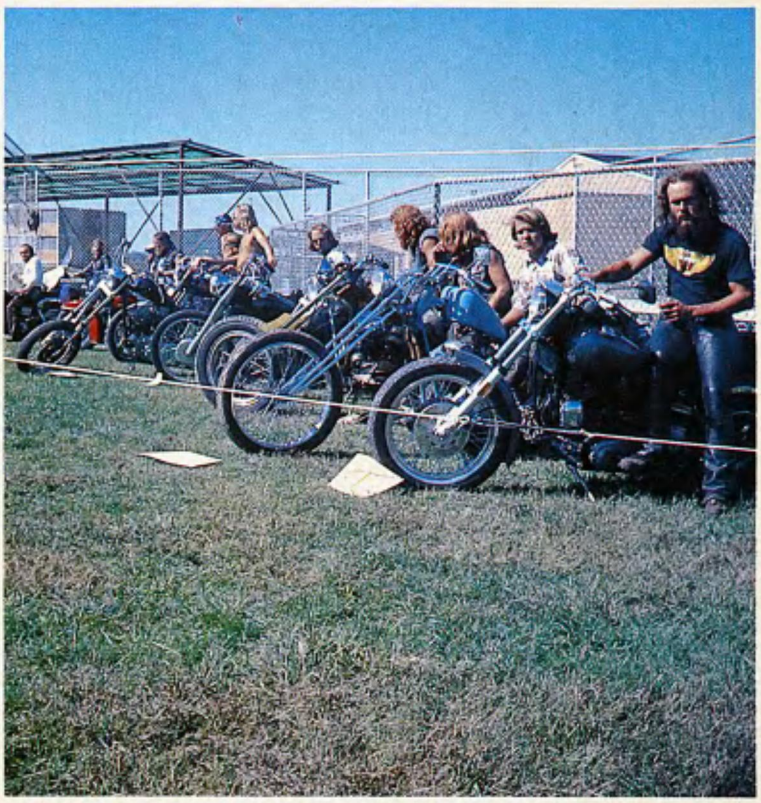
Inside the gates, Ken Bean (Judge Roy) of the Disbanded Breed (an inmate organization of temporarily fallen bikers) waited anxiously to greet his brothers. Awaiting this day for long prison months, Ken felt butterflies in his gut as he listened to the scooters rumble through the gates and onto the ball field for the show.

It wasn't until one o'clock, when afternoon yard time was called, that the inmates were allowed to rush to the grassy area to rap with the brothers and relieve some of that long-frustrated desire to be near motorcycles.

The bike show was a first at M.T.C.M. and a hard-earned rush for the bros inside. Even the people not involved with bikes got off on the brotherhood and the dedication to build and ride fine-looking scooters.

Occasionally, a biker would start one of the powerful motors — the rumblings of the engine immediately stimulated the desire to ride again. But most of all, it made brothers inside proud and helped give them the vital faith to go on, do their time — knowing that their brothers and even riders they have never met are on the outside waiting to help them get started on their next putt.

—Wheels



Photos by Judge Roy and Don Brauch










MISSOURI

Waupun, Wisconsin

Imagine 62 custom cycles roaring full throttle through a maximum security prison. Imagine the exercise yard full of residents — yet only a few guards walking around. Imagine a full dress stroker Hog doing burnouts. Imagine the inmate band playing tunes all day long while everyone mingles and raps. Sound like I took one too many tokes? No, this all actually took place last June 10 at Waupun State prison in Waupun, Wisconsin.

ABATE of Wisconsin set it all up, working with George Smullen, who is the activities director at the prison. We received full cooperation, and plans are already under way for a bigger and better show next year.

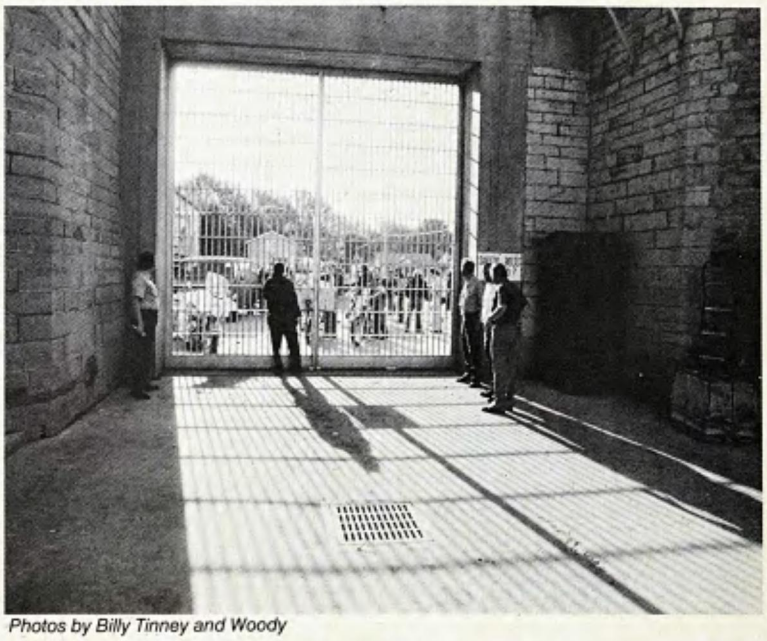
Bikers began to gather Friday night, June 9, at Bazaar Cycles in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, where John Barajas, ABATE coordinator, had beer and "treats" set up. After some heavy-duty partying, we set off for a farm where we camped out. The party continued, and nobody got more than 45 minutes sleep that night. As the sun slowly climbed in the sky, we hooked it to Waupun, meeting other bikers on the way.

At the prison we all submitted to a search and entered the walls, twenty at a time. After a routine speech by the head security dude, we cranked up our scoots and made one hell of a noise. We could hear residents cheering from beyond the gray walls that faced us. At a given signal, we dropped 'em into first and rolled into the exercise yard. The inmates were going crazy. 62 bikes isn't a big thing to us, but if sure made their day. And it's hard to believe how much noise scoots can make when surrounded by twenty-foot high walls.

The afternoon went down without incident with everyone taking it easy after dinner. We scarfed the same meal the inmates got that day, corned beef and cabbage — and it wasn't bad. Some of us out of shape muthas made the mistake of playing baseball with the inmates, and they waxed our asses. But there's always next year — we'll just have to practice.

The show was a helluva success, and everyone is looking forward to next year's gig. Before leaving, ABATE showed its appreciation to the authorities by presenting plaques to George Smullen, who worked with ABATE for months prior to the show, and to Warden Thomas Israel, who was willing to give the idea a try. He's even coming up with better ideas for future shows. ABATE also donated a check to the prison activities fund to be used in accordance with the recommendations of the inmate group leaders.

—An ABATE Brother



Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody






!!WARNING!!
THIS POWER CAUSES
YOU
A HEART ATTACK
OF WIS.







Stillwater, Minnesota

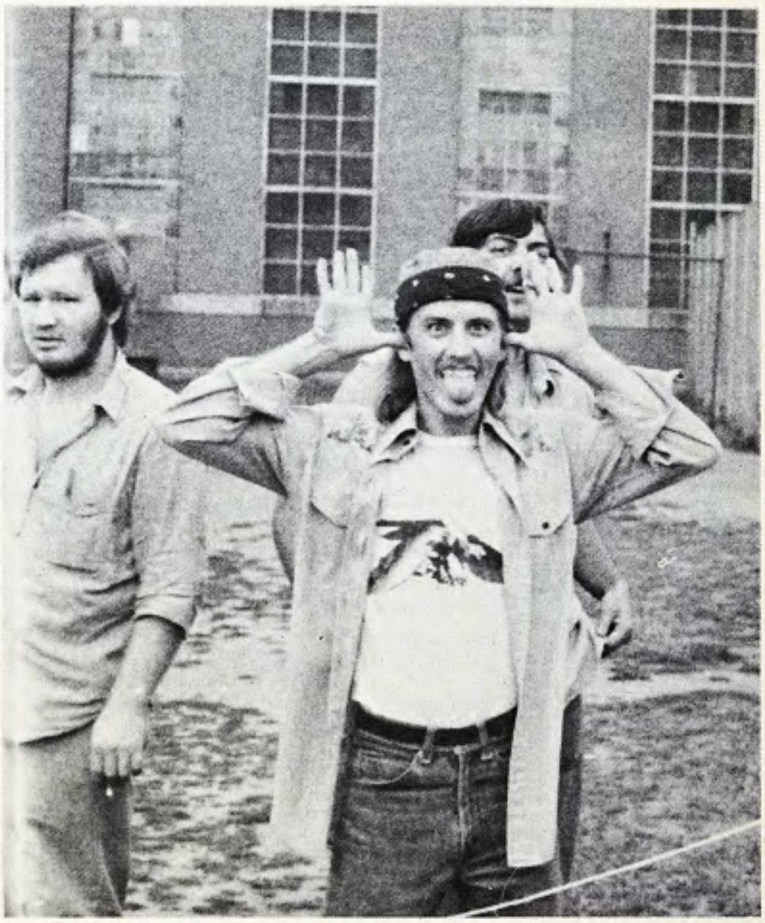
There wasn't too much for the bikers to do at Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater. There was hardly any kind of program or activities at all. So we decided that since we were forced to be in here, we might as well get off our butts and get something going. We formed the Minnesota State Prison Motorcycle Association, and the M.S.P.M.A. put this show together. The first thing to do was to get the permission of the staff, which was accomplished with the help of Officer James Duffy. Next on the agenda was getting in touch with all the custom shops in the area. With the help of the Rabbit, this too was accomplished. We didn't want to have all show bikes at this event, so I got my brothers in the Reapers to come down, and the Warthog called up to Grand Forks, North Dakota and invited his brothers from the Hog Fuckers.

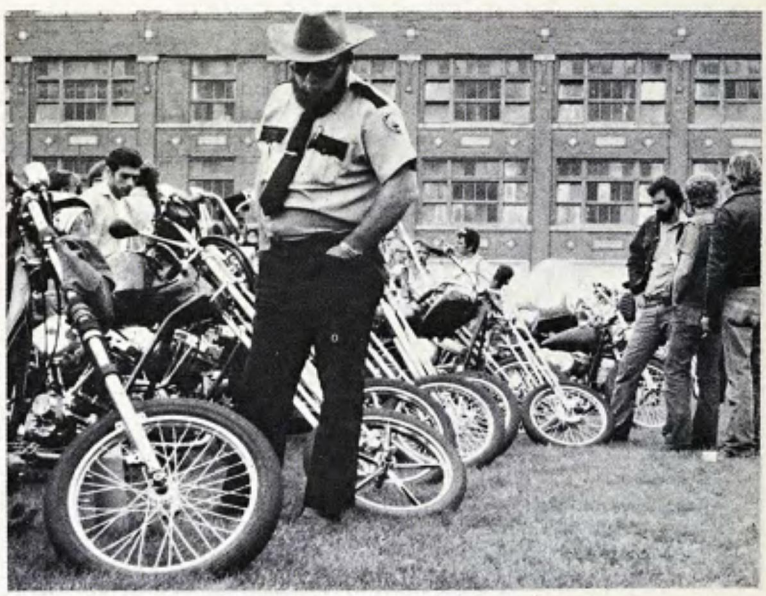
I was sleeping in my cell when I heard a sound that I hadn't heard in what seemed like a lifetime — the sound of several Harleys screaming their defiance at the world and telling me that this was going to be a day to remember for the rest of my life. It was early on a Saturday morning, late in July — time for me to quit feeling sorry for myself and get ready to welcome some of the people who would never let me forget who I really am. I'm a biker — and fuck anybody who doesn't like it!

The fact that brothers I don't even know came in from all over the Midwest to show their respect for a downed bro moved me like nothing had before. The Mad Hatter rode in on one of the finest looking pan/shovels that I have ever seen. Brother Maggot was there on the Gross Seplin, the rattiest of all the rat bikes. Several of the local shops came in with the best of what they had to offer. Smith Brothers and Fetrow had three mighty fine sleds there, led by the Silver Streak.

All in all, the show came down without a hitch and a good time was had by all. Brothers Gus and Leroy did all the work of setting up the yard so that the bikes would be separated from all the dinks who would be coming out to see them. Our thanks to everybody who had anything to do with the running of this show. We hope to have one again next year.

—Moose













Motorcycling Doc

Helmet repeals are Not the

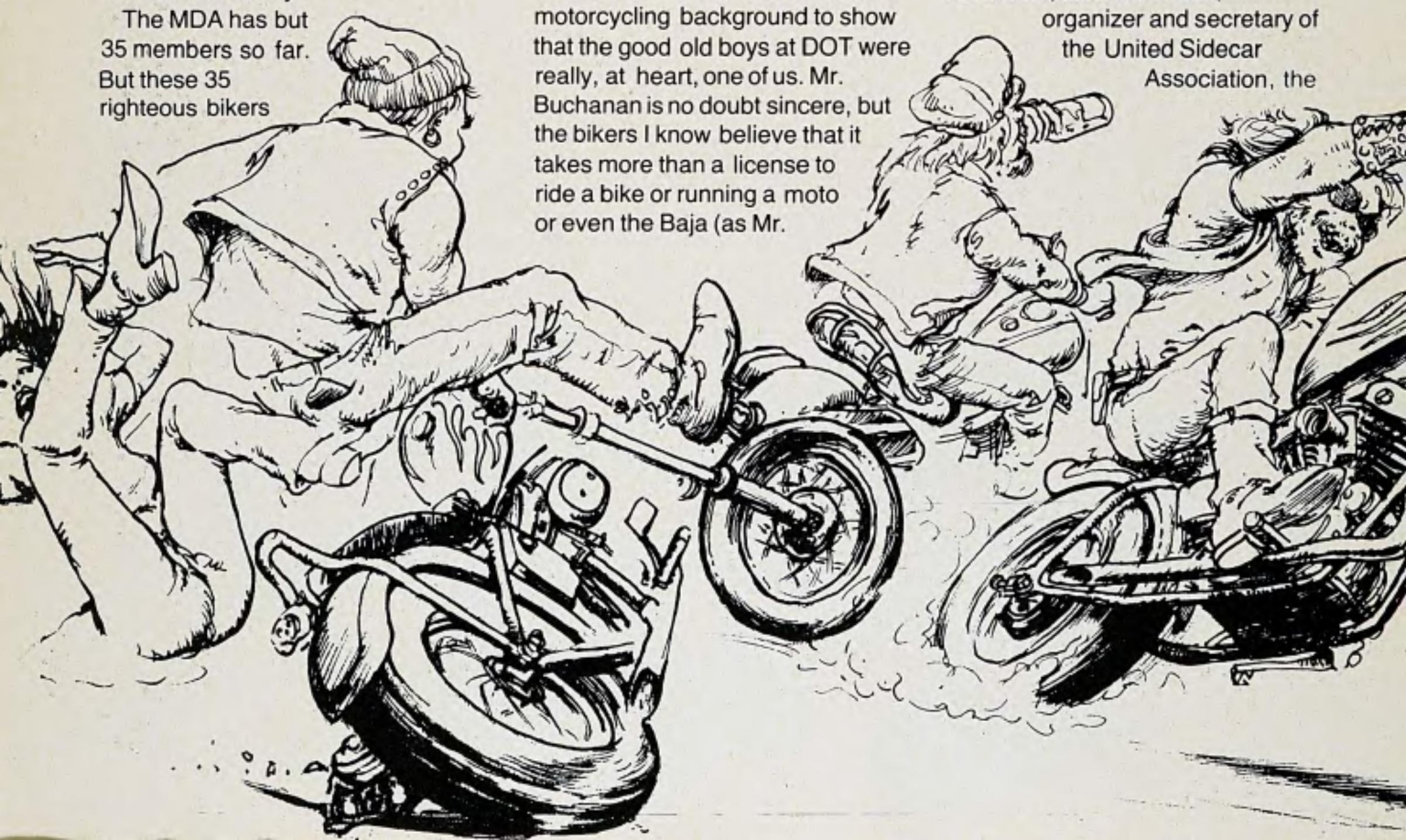
Up to now, bikes and bikers have taken a lot of criticism from the medical profession. But on August 25th in Billings, Montana, a group of medical people called the Motorcyling Doctors Association (MDA) held a convention with an entirely different outcome. This new organization is headed by Dr. A. Ranald Mackenzie of New York. To show you the kind of dude Mackenzie is, here is but one quotation from his recent letter to the *Schenectady Gazette* when the *Gazette* had run an anti-motorcyling editorial: "Motorcylists and the Abate organization, far from being 'maniacs . . . astride noisy machines' are gallantly, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, conducting a holding action against the hordes from Medyocrittae and Byurokracae who threaten to enslave and improvish this once rich land of liberty."

The MDA has but 35 members so far. But these 35 righteous bikers will be a substantive force against the Hollywood facade of the American Medical Association ranting in frightened, subservient chorus with NHTSA.

I became involved by accepting an invitation to speak in Billings way back in the spring. My talk was titled "Too Much dB(A) for the EPA." The material won't be reviewed here, as it is based on my article "There's No Way in Hell Brother" which appeared in *Easyriders,* Jan., '79 Bikers' old enemies, EPA, DOT, and the Insurance Institute were invited to give papers. Only DOT's traveling missionary, Lewis Buchanan, showed up. However, his flight schedule made it necessary for him to be the first speaker and then leave. Thus he didn't have to answer up or even listen to the voice of the outraged citizens. Convenient, huh?

Mr. Buchanan reviewed his motorcycling background to show that the good old boys at DOT were really, at heart, one of us. Mr. Buchanan is no doubt sincere, but the bikers I know believe that it takes more than a license to ride a bike or running a moto or even the Baja (as Mr. Buchanan says he has done) to make a real biker. A biker respects individual freedom, something the government bureaucracy knows little about. After upholding helmet and lights-on laws, Mr. Buchanan reported that there was a 16% to 22% reduction in reported accidents among the graduates of a San Diego motorcycle riders course. (I hope these statistics are more reliable than those used by DOT to uphold mandatory helmet and lights-on laws.) The DOT now has tax money to research an advanced riders training course. Presumably, after a year or two of riding, the rider could come back to learn some advanced riding techniques. If tax money is to be spent on bikers, this is better than mandatory equipment laws.

Hal Kendall out of Chicago was the next speaker. He is a Laverda 1000 rider, sidehack freak, organizer and secretary of the United Sidecar Association, the



ors Convention

reason fatalities rose in '77

By Ed Armstrong

Laverda Owners Club, member of AMA and Abate, and a Ph.D. His paper was titled "Effectiveness of Daytime Lights-on Laws". Hal had collected data from all states to demonstrate that the daytime lights-on law is either totally ineffective or worse, harmful. Out of dozens of slides and piles of raw data, here are some of his results for 1976:

Accidents-100 Registered Motorcycles.
Non Lights-on Law States 2.71
Lights-on States 3.04
Fatalities-10,000 Registered Motorcycles
Non Lights-on Law States 6.2
Lights-on States 6.8

Hal also noted that finally the DOT itself admits the law is useless. He quoted from DOT document DOT HS 803 186, January, 1978: "There is no significant difference in the percentage of a state's fatal daytime head-on motorcycle accidents among those states that have headlight laws and those that do not." (For you fighting the helmet laws, this document contains a similar statement regarding them — with the data to back it up.)

Charles Hartman, in charge of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF), presented a movie shot at their new facility in Maryland. The movie followed riders through the new motorcycle rider training course. The MSF is working to provide training in all states. The Foundation, he says, is officially neutral on lights-on and helmets.

Gary Winn, Legislative Analyst for the American Motorcycle Association, presented so much data demonstrating the ineffectuality of the helmet law and disproving NHTSA's claims, that space limitations here prevent using it. The best thing to do is join AMA and ask for the material.

If you're fighting the helmet law, his paper is indispensible. A brief example — Gary noted the recent NHTSA claims that states repealing the helmet law had increases in 1977 fatality rates of over 20%. He pointed out that NHTSA omits saying that of the 9 states with the worst fatality-to-registration ratios in 1977, 8 retained the helmet law. In addition, the average 1977 fatality rate of all helmet-law repeal states is 7.19, compared to the no-repeal states' average of 9.09. Auto deaths also climbed sharply in 1977, which is not mentioned by NHTSA. Gary asks if NHTSA's leader, Joan Claybrook, will claim auto deaths went up because of helmet law repeals.

I was the first speaker in the afternoon, followed by Mr. Pahl of the AMedA Legislative Department. I first met Mr. Pahl at a motorcycle swapmeet in Chicago this spring. Mr. Pahl's talk centered mainly on AMedA affairs, but his introduction is worth presenting.

—Continued on page 112

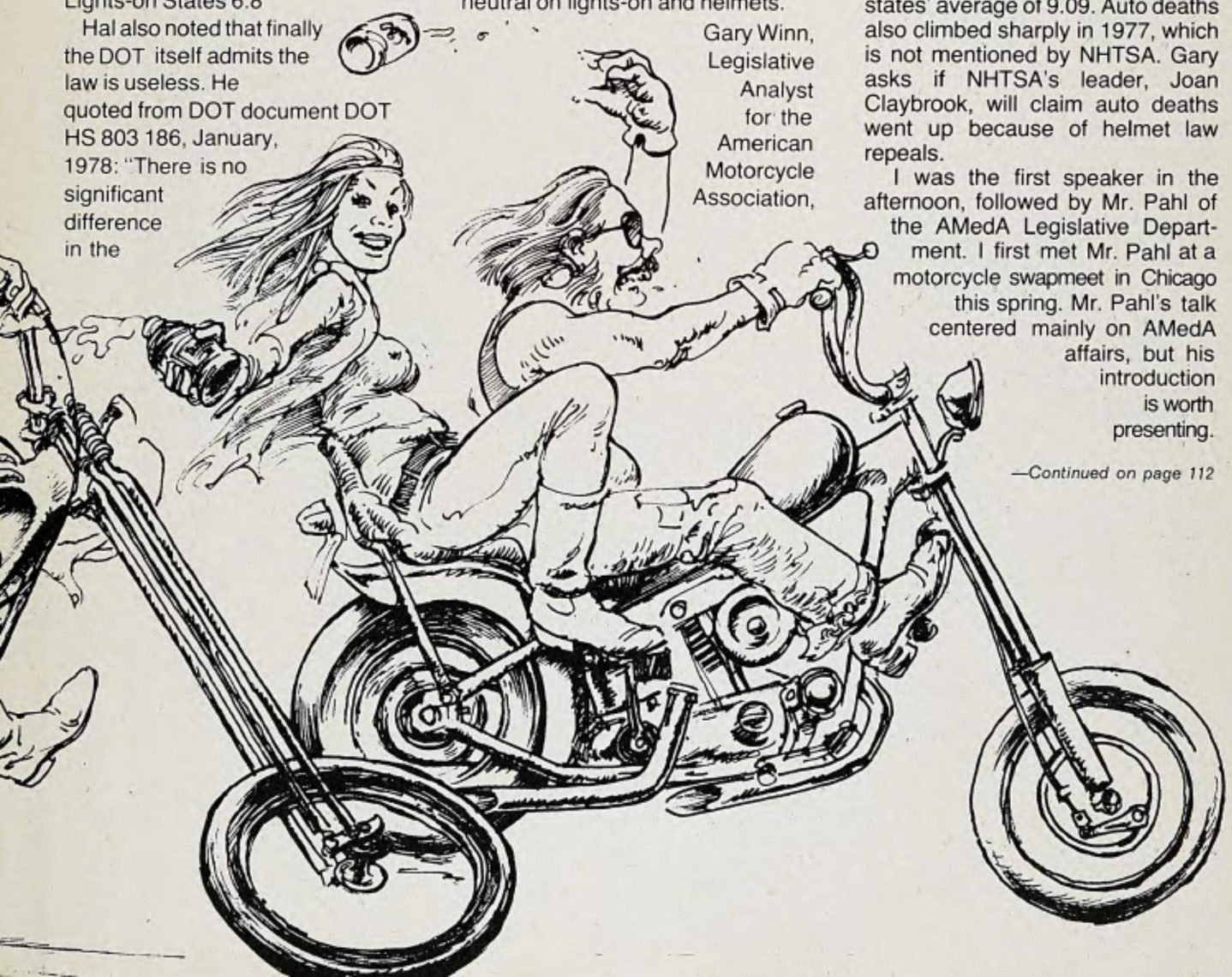


Illustration by Jodi Roberts

FOREVER YOUNG

Georgia Hurlbut

Recalls Biking's Early Days



Photo of Mrs. Hurlbut by Jim Schandler

These nice young men came 'round my place the other day and said they'd heard that I'd had some motorcycle experiences back in my younger days and would I please share some of them with the readers of their magazine. Well, I didn't know quite what to make of them at first — with their long hair and all. And I couldn't quite feature why anybody would want to read about me and Daddy (that's what I called my late husband, Homer) ridin' around on motorcycles such a long time ago. But pretty soon we got to talking about how much motorcycling has changed over the years and how a lot of young folks would get a kick out of seeing and hearing about how things used to be.

Now to be perfectly honest, I don't read much anymore and I just flat never heard of this **Easyriders** magazine. When one of the boys told me that they sometimes printed kind of racy pictures in their book and that some of the language might not be too nice, well sir, I was pretty sure I didn't want nothin' to do with it. But when the other fella — the handsome one with the nice beard — said that the magazine was strictly about Harley-Davidsons, I knew these boys were all right. Harley-Davidsons **always** were the best and I'm sure glad to hear they still are. Times change, I s'pose, and to tell ya the truth, salty language never did bother me all that much. But I'm still not so sure about the racy pictures. Still, I guess motorcycles and pretty girls have always gone together. Anyway, I'll do what I can to give you some idea of what motorcycling — what you call "bikin' "—was like back then.

To begin with, I was born back in 1892, which makes me 87 years old now, and I spent most of my growin'up years in a quiet little town in rural Missouri. I remember real plain one day in 1906, seein' Homer Hurlbut come puttin' down the little country road on his shiny new Harley-Davidson, trailin' dust clouds and barkin' dogs behind him as he come to pay me a call. Homer worked as a machinist in a Kansas City Harley-Davidson shop, so it was only natural for him to come courtin' on a motorcycle. I had been quite taken with him since I first laid eyes on him, but when I saw him on that Harley — well, I knew right then and there that he was the man for me.

Mother never was too pleased about Homer and me seein' each other. And I think she must have purt' near keeled over when she looked out the dining room window and saw me jostling off into the dust on the back of Homer's motorcycle.

I was fourteen at the time.

Homer and the Harley and I were almost inseparable after that day, goin' everywhere together. How I loved that man and his machine!

In October, 1913, we decided to get married. (We didn't believe in rushin' things back then.) We made plans with four other couples to ride over to Lawrence, Kansas, for licenses and then all get married together at a church in Lansing. We had to get everything done in one weekend, 'cause Homer couldn't take any time off from work — even to get married!

We got our licenses, but on the way over to Lansing a real bad snowstorm came up. Now back in those days, people who owned motorcycles rode them no matter what. I guess a lot of you kids still do, but then it was more a matter of necessity, since most folks couldn't



Antique photos courtesy of Georgia Hurlbut

afford cars. You saw a lot of cycles rigged up with sidecars doing service as utility and delivery vehicles, or as business transportation of one sort or another. In fact, it seems to me that more people rode motorcycles back then than drove cars. It was really quite somethin' in those days with cars, cycles, and even horses all dodging the same holes in the dirt roads — mighty different traffic hazards from what you're used to.

Where was I? Oh — this terrible blizzard came upon us and by the time we got to the small town of Bonner Springs we were just about done in. It was all we could do to make out the lights of a house near the road. The cycles were all bogged down — a six-horsepower Harley with two people on it couldn't handle much snow. So we pulled the bikes into the front yard and the others waited in the cold while Homer and I went up to the door. An elderly lady answered the door, and when she saw ten half-frozen young people and their motorcycles in the snow, she decided we just had to be "runaway kids" who were up to no good. I guess even today some people are just too quick to judge others.

We managed to convince her that all we wanted was to find a church to get married in and a place to spend the night. She directed us to the local church and we dragged the bikes around and pushed them down the street. The preacher was just preparing for his evening services when we arrived but he decided to postpone it when he saw us and heard our tale. His wife thought us so pitiful, all shivering and wet and looking like little ragamuffins, that she put Homer and me up for the night and found rooms for the others at a nearby boarding house. Some folks might not think that sounds like much of a honeymoon — but I'll tell you, I wouldn't have had it any other way.

After our marriage, Daddy and I continued to go everywhere together on his Harley and those years were some of the happiest of my life. Most of our friends rode and often we'd get together in big groups we'd call "go-out gangs" and head off on our machines for a weekend ride. We'd usually decide during the week on a startin' point and leave from there for wherever our imaginations and two wheels would take us. Sometimes the rides would be 40 miles or more over back roads, which was a long ways then. You see, all of the roads were dirt back in those days and the motorcycles had a pretty rough ride over the rugged country lanes. Of course, we'd kill a lot of time by makin' our own kind of fun as we went along. Sometimes we'd just take off across fields and pastures, chasin' herds of cows or horses and doing whatever struck our fancy. There weren't as many fences then — and that was nice.

Daddy always had the best lookin' motorcycle of the bunch. Workin' in a Harley shop enabled him to keep it in top shape all the time. There was a sense of pride that came from owning a Harley-Davidson then — I hope that's still true. There were Indians around as well, but they were cheap, little machines that didn't give you the feeling of power that riding a Harley did. I'd spend hours scrubbin' it with Bon Ami to keep it lookin' fine. Some of my fondest memories are of Daddy and me out in that dark, musty, old garage, motor parts spread out on a blanket an' me cleanin' bits and pieces in a tray of kerosene while Daddy put 'em back together.

I became pregnant with the first of our two children but that didn't slow Daddy down any. He just rigged up a sidecar to the Harley so's he could take the whole family along on his rides.

After working for several years at the Harley-Davidson shop, Daddy suddenly lost his job for bein' fifteen minutes late for work. Fortunately, it wasn't a big loss, 'cause he was immediately accepted as one of Kansas City's first motorcycle policemen. Being a motorcycle cop was quite an honor for a man in those days and he served on the force for fifteen years.

The police department furnished Daddy with a brand new Harley of his own and he was solely responsible for its upkeep. Since we still couldn't afford a car, Daddy kept the sidecar rig waitin' at home, ready to be bolted onto the Harley during off-duty hours. Daddy never left his family at home when he went on an outing. We kept his new cycle spotlessly clean, just like before, even though we could barely manage to pay the dry cleaning bills for his uniform.

We were eventually forced to move on to California because of my health and Daddy returned to his former trade as a machinist. But that wasn't the end of his involvement with motorcycles. He set up a motorcycle daredevil show that included his riding around a special spiral loop. He always amazed the spectators by lifting the front wheel in the air to end the show — a wheel-over, I think you call it now, or Steely Dan, or something like that. Only Daddy did it while at the top of the loop — upside down!

Well, the years passed and Daddy and me found ourselves growing older, but we never lost our love for each other or for motorcycles. Even after he had to give up riding, Daddy kept on working on other people's motorcycles. He was something of a local expert on Harleys, especially the early models. Right up until his death nineteen years ago, you could always find Daddy in his old workshop, tinkering and repairing, and entertaining all the neighborhood kids with his riding stories. He'd be right proud to see his picture here in a magazine that's devoted to his beloved Harley-Davidsons.

I guess what I really want to say is that some of the most enjoyable times of my life were spent on motorcycles. I hope the same is true for you today. ■

When We're Workin'

When wrenches turn
'Cause we've torn down,
When oil's seepin' and bolts are creakin' —
We don't need you around.

Bringing us chow
And booze till we're stewed,
Rippin' off your clothes
And standin' there nude,
Ain't gonna prevent the work from goin' on —
'Cause it's cotter keys and bike parts,
Not nipples and butts we're workin' on till dawn.

We love ya, babes.
We're not tryin' to be cruel.
But damn, when the bike's down, vises and drill presses rule.
When the sky is clear,
It's gonna be busted knuckles and grease,
TV and back issues for you, my dear,
Till everything sparkles and flywheels are turnin' with ease.

—Renegade

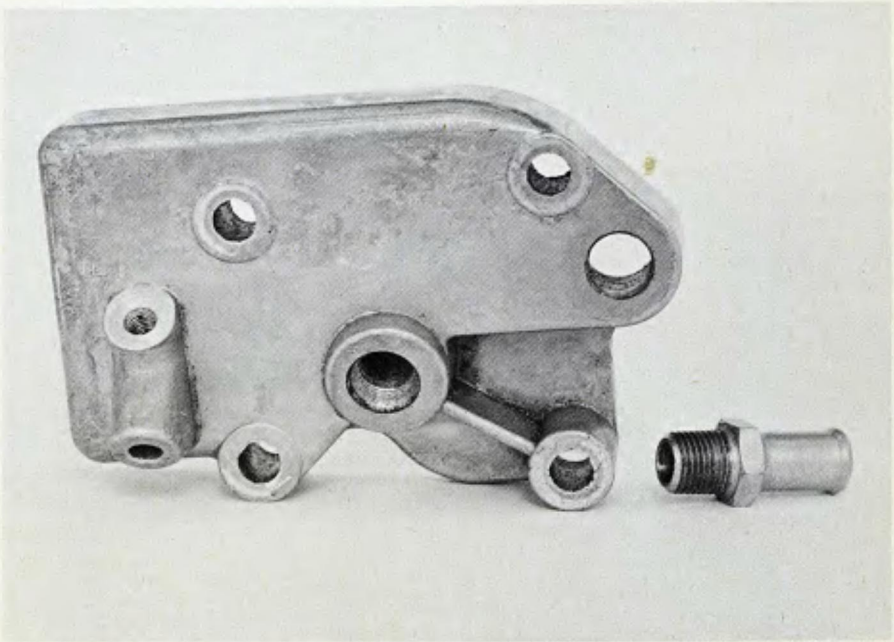


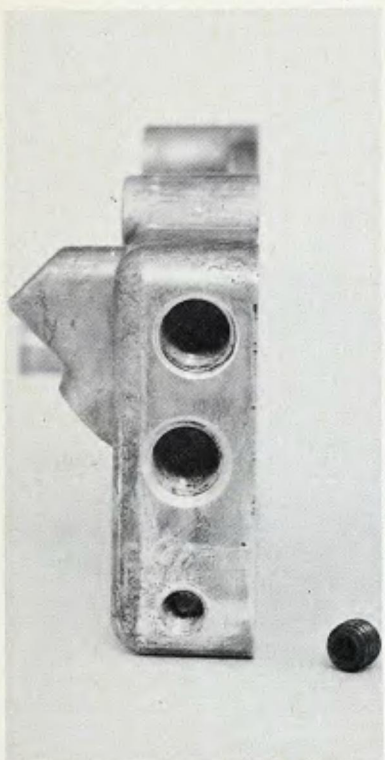
Tech Tip

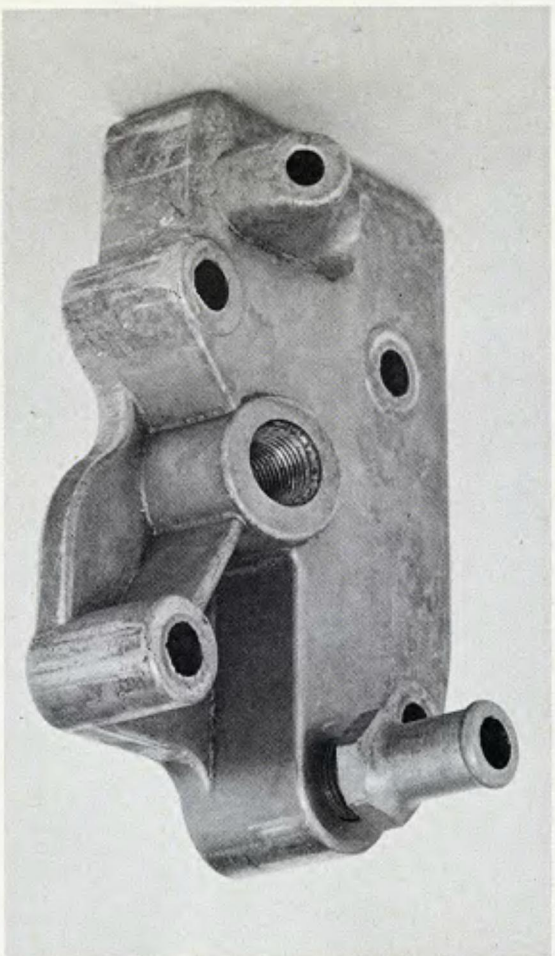
Improved Oil Pump Appearance

People make cosmetic changes to almost every part of a bike. But this is a tear-yer-engine-apart first. It does have its practical purpose, though. The oil pump you see here has been modified to enable one unsightly oil line to run under the transmission as did the earlier model cast iron pumps.

This modification is designed for '68 and later oil pumps. Remove the pump cover — this is what we'll modify. Notice how the feed (marked 'F') passage is routed. Oil flows into the top and then down to the bottom where it makes a 90 degree into the pump housing. Here is where we'll enter our new line. Drill and tap (1/8x27 N.P.T.) the cover at the intersection of the two passages. Don't run the tap too deep; you have only a quarter of an inch to work with. Now plug the original feed entrance. PN 87708-S is an allen plug and works very nicely.







After you've completed this job, you'll be able to run standard rigid-frame, stock-oil-bag braided-steel lines to your oil pump — or simply run a rubber hose under the tranny, keeping it out of sight and away from the rear exhaust pipe.

The next stage in Roy Engel's oil pump (it was his creation) modification series is to remove the primary chain oiler tube and replace it with an allen plug. This modification is all right if the bike has a belt drive or the owner has developed an alternate front chain oiling system.

Drill and tap 1/4x28 for a set screw H-D #3233. You needn't drill too deep; later you may want to use the passage again — then you can just remove the set screw and press in the tube again. It's deep enough. Make sure you put some sealant (Locktite) on the threads to prevent leaks.

Before the pump cover is replaced, buy a new gasket, clean meeting surfaces, and don't over-tighten an aluminum body or pump. The torque specification is 14 inch-pounds.

The Gift Horse

By Sam Starkey

It was spring and the moon was full. My ol' lady had split for greener pastures, in the form of a 140-pound puss engineer with a shag rug and a Bankamericard, may his front teeth rest in peace. Actually I regretted hitting him as soon as I did it, but one good thing about it: it made it look like I was sorry to get rid of ol' dieselmouth. He might have got suspicious if I'd started clicking my heels in the air and opening champagne. Also, it's good for him to start thinking in terms of self-defense, 'cause he's gonna lose something he values more than his pearlywhites if he lets that sweet lady have her way.

Anyway, like I said, it was spring and the moon was full. They'd been living happily ever after for three months and I'd been speeding (in both senses of the word) up and down the countryside on my '51 panhead, checking out the bars for wine, women and song, blessing engineers and Bankamericards at every turn in the road.

I stopped in at McBurgle's. I was horny, as usual, but it looked like I was gonna have to settle for wine (beer, actually) and song (the jukebox) because women were poorly represented by one embittered barmaid, two skinny dykes playing pool, and a 200-pound sweathog with the clap (never mind how I know). I wasn't that fucked up.

The sweathog, whose name was Marsha (never mind how I know) pretended she was gonna be cool and stay on her own side of the room. I went for it like a duck and ordered a pitcher at the bar. Marsha craftily waited until I was pinned down by the obligation to drink 40 ounces of brew and then started to waddle in my direction, batting the 34 pounds of mascara she calls eyelashes and yelling "Jake!" like she knew me or something.

I had 50 pounds on her, not counting eyelashes, and my pounds were muscle, not cellulite, and I hadn't found the man I'd run from yet, but suddenly my heart knew the meaning of fear. My eyes went for the door and my ass was gonna follow, but it was occupied (the door, that is) by an angel. I do not refer to a member of the motorcycle club but to the vision of uneartly loveliness standing there in boots and tight Levi's, her face frightened and determined and beautiful.

She looked like Liz Taylor back When Liz Taylor looked like Liz Taylor: big violet eyes, thick arched eyebrows, tits, everything. Except her black hair was waist-length and kind of curly and she wasn't ever gonna blimp out any more than an antelope is gonna blimp out. I kept on staring, expecting her 500-pound boyfriend to appear behind her, but she was alone.

She stayed there in the door, checking out the room (which ogled back, every man, dyke, and sweathog) and then she threaded past the pool tables and up to the bar.

It was my lucky day, so I thought. She sat herself down on the empty bar stool next to me, cheeks pink with stage fright. Marsha musta found herself another victim, or passed out in the head, or given the clap to a pool cue. I never even noticed. My dick leaped in my pants, my heart leaped in my chest, and I leaped into action.

"Wanna beer?" I asked. Not the world's wittiest opener, but a fairly safe bet in a bar. She hesitated. Those eyelashes had to weigh 34 pounds without any mascara. "No strings attached," I added, to give her a (false) sense of security. I turned on my best Brotherly Biker grin to support my words. She smiled back and shrugged, and those big tits bounced just a little under her embroidered Mexican top.

"Bring an empty glass for the lady," I instructed the barmaid.

"I'll have to see her ID." That barmaid reminded me of plain yogurt, which ranks somewhere between old tampons and new dog turds on the Jake Breener Scale of Delectability.

My little jewel didn't look a day over seventeen, but she dug in her purse and produced a draggled driver's license. Yogurtface studied it with a flashlight and an electron microscope, and slammed an empty glass onto the bar with that grace and sweetness which so endeared her to her patrons. I poured.

"My name's Jake," I said.

"I'm Annie." Her voice was light and throaty, like a new Miss America before the publicity turns her tough and actressy. "Thanks for the beer." I like manners in a woman.

"Anytime. Do you like bikes?" I had a vision of myself packing the little wet dream down the smooth highway toward my house, with me nestled between those long, silky thighs. We would go inside and I would pull off that bright little blouse and cup my hands around those big, warm —

"I've never been on one," she said. She took an alcoholicsize swallow of beer. "But I've always wanted to."

"I'll be glad to take you for a putt," said the spider to the fly. "That's my '51 panhead parked out front." She looked blank. "The one with the black tanks," I explained.

"Oh. It's pretty," she said.

Pretty? "So are you," I returned. It was a standard item from the Jake Breener Seduction Kit, but for once it was true. She blushed and swallowed more beer, a lot more. I refilled her glass.

"Do you like to get high?" Another standard item.

"Sure," she said. "Do you have any?"

"Not on me," I lied. "I got some Colombian at home." She was studying her beer like she was reading a fortune. I studied her tits like I was counting one. I prefer to count with my fingers.

"We could putt on down there and smoke a couple," I suggested. "That way you could see what it's

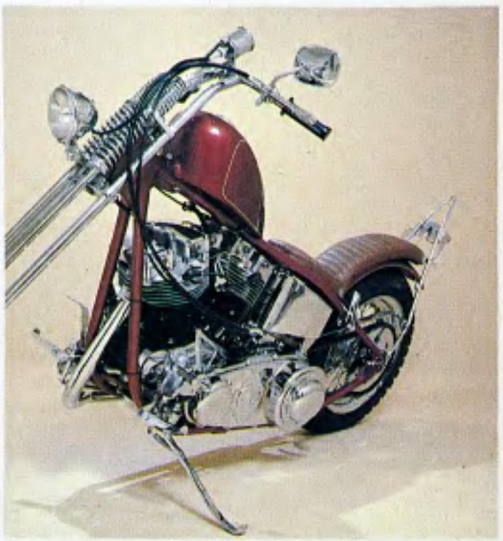
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—Illustration by Duffy Duggan



LONG DISTANCE

We All Don't Have Bike Shops in Our Backyards

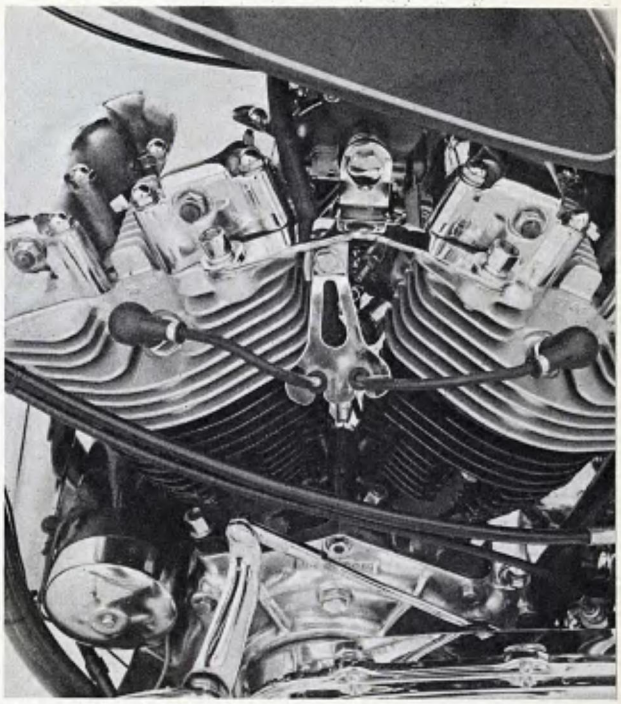




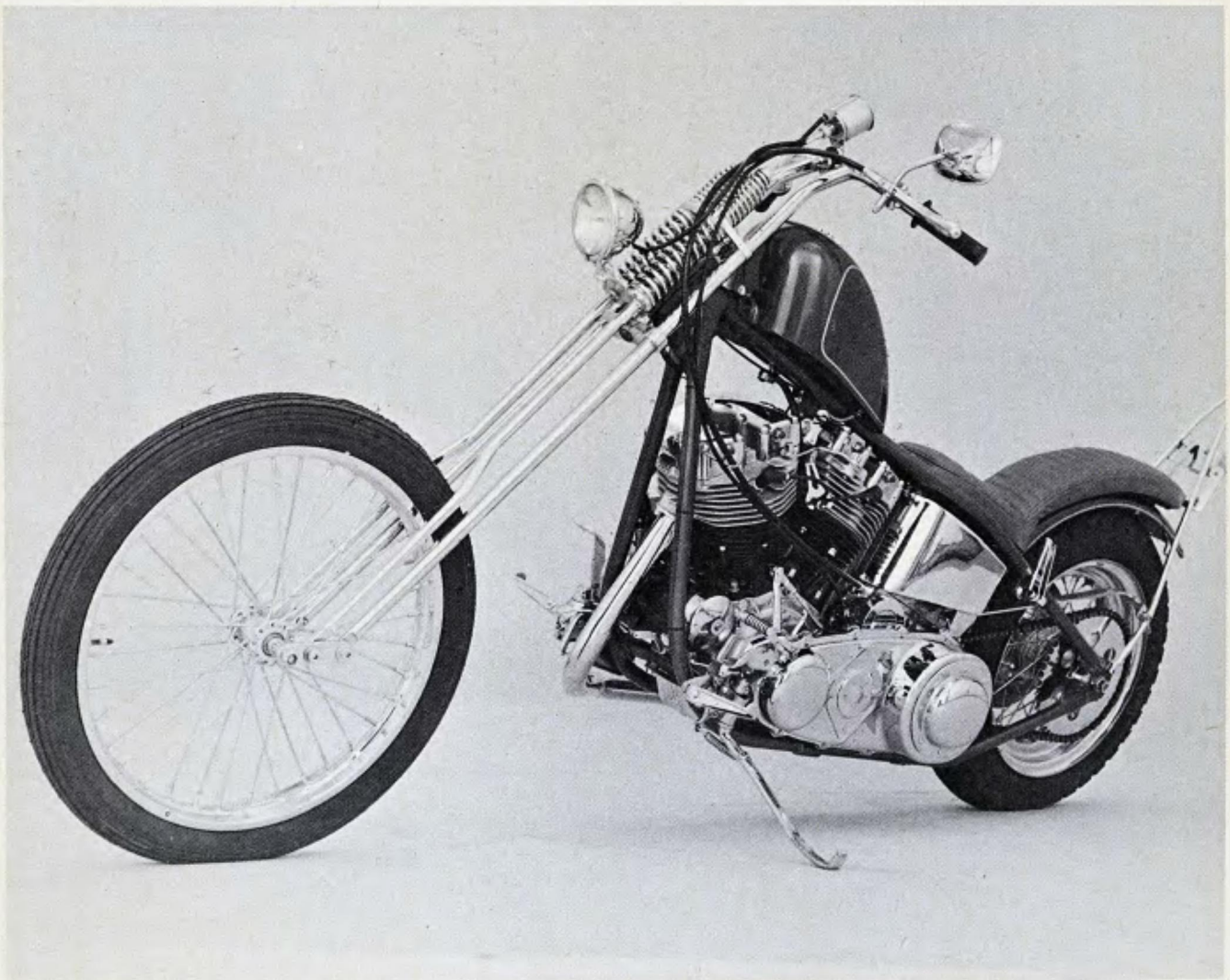
This may be sort of a far-fetched example of how to have a bike constructed, but it worked for Robert. Robert makes his bread as a deep-sea diver off the coast of New Orleans. He spends so much of his time under water that when he put enough coin together for a putt, he dialed an old ridin' partner in California who owns a bike shop and asked if he could construct the scoot. Michael agreed to put the bike together in the San Fernando Valley in accordance with directions from New Orleans.

Robert sent Michael detailed photos of a similar bike, specifications, lists of parts he wanted used, etc. Eighteen long months later, the machine was completed. Robert gazed happily at his new putt for the first time just two days before these fantastic pics were taken.

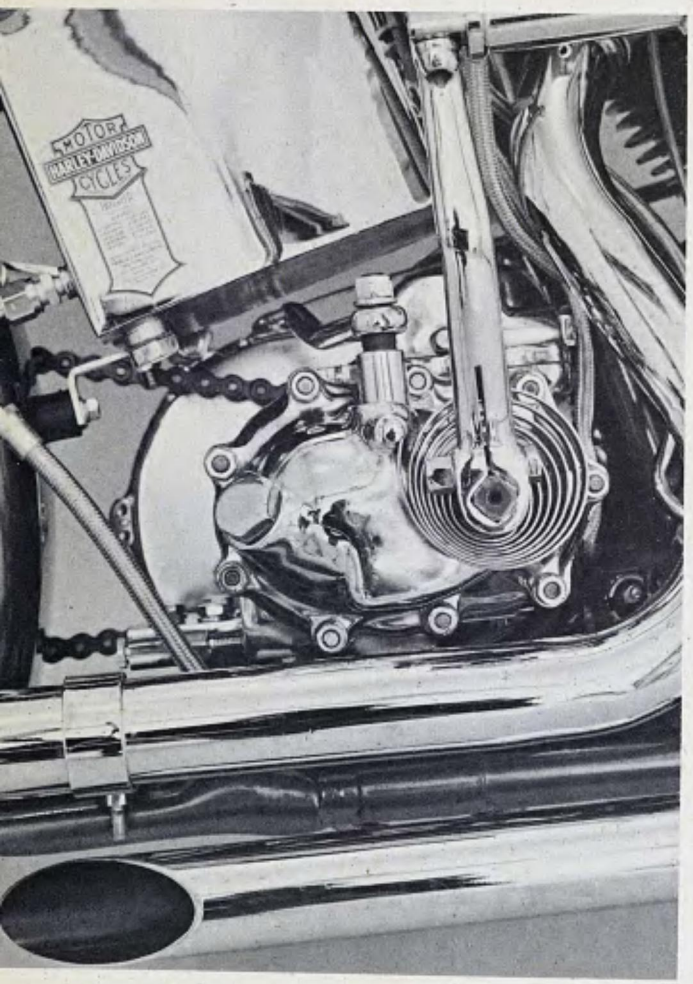
He was pleased with this creation built at long distance — even though having a bike constructed so far away can be a risky proposition. In Robert's case, however,

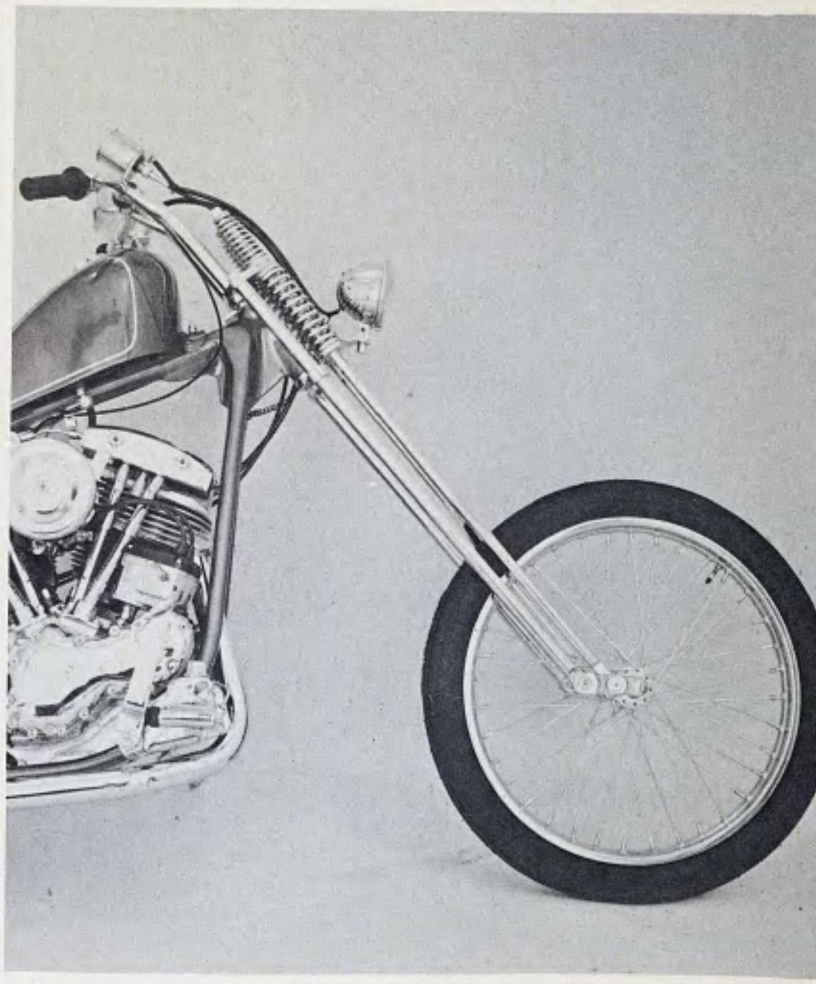


Photos by Pete Chiodo



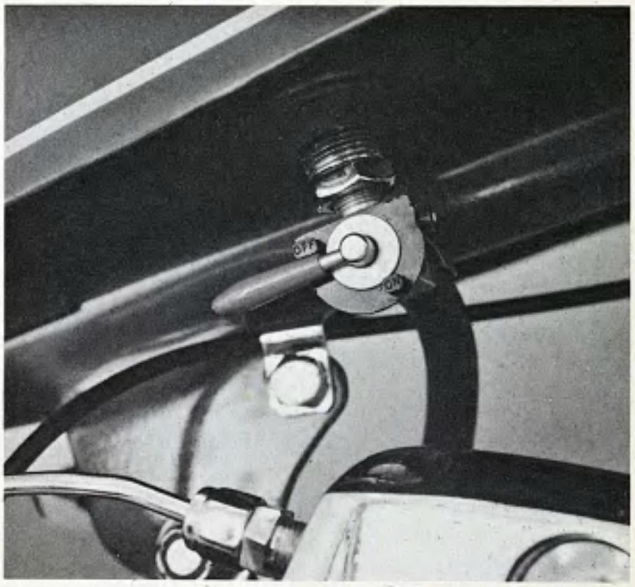


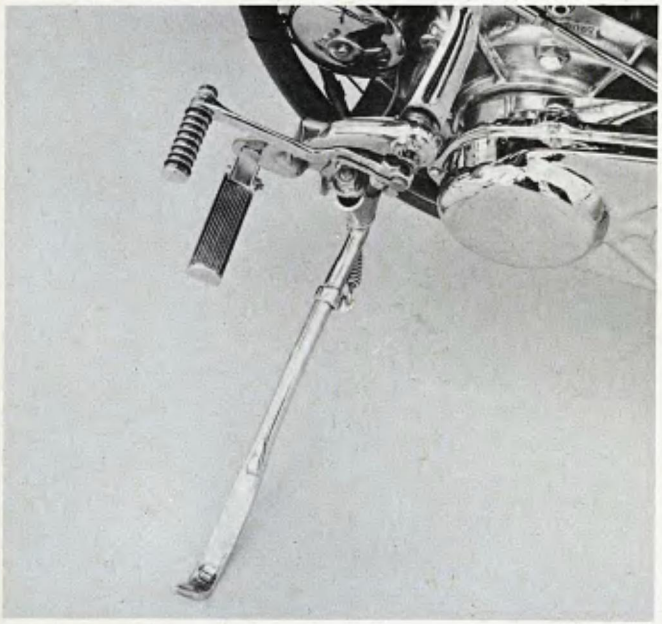

MOTOR
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
CYCLES



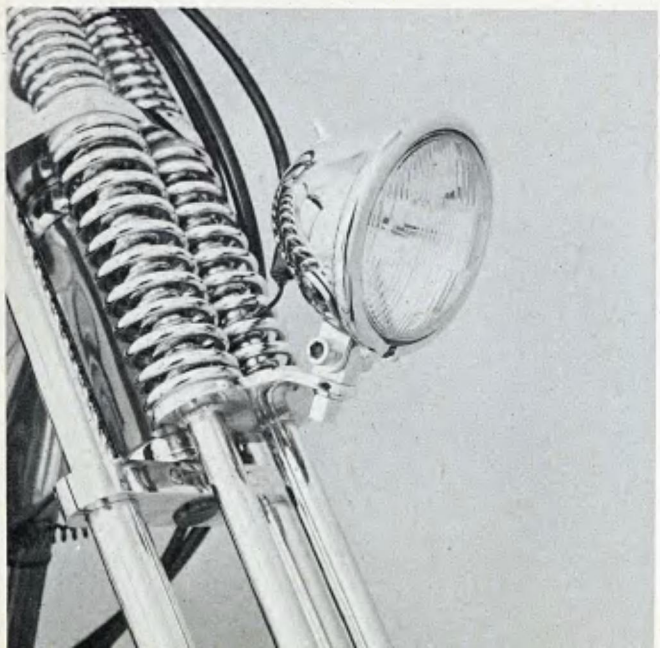
Michael was an old and trustworthy friend. Can you imagine what could have happened if that situation hadn't existed? Robert could have flown out here to find that Michael's was a vacuum repair shop, or even an empty building.

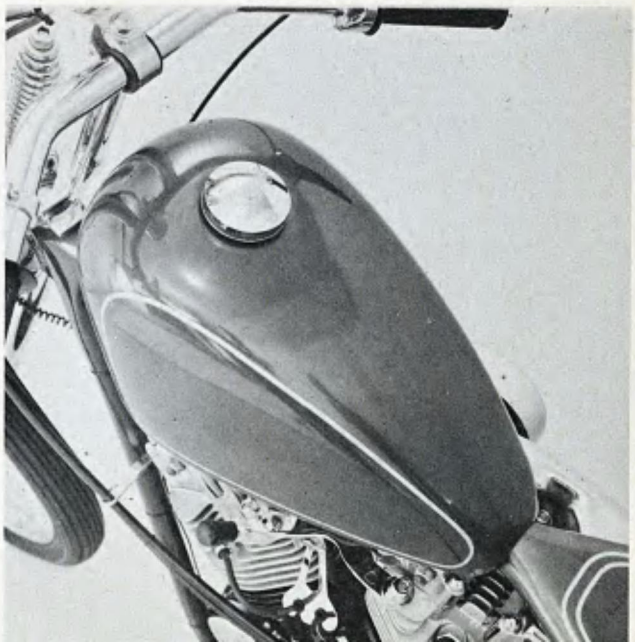
It's never a bad idea to ask around about a shop or company before you send your almost worthless but hard-earned currency away, especially when dealing with parts manufacturers. If you need a batch of parts, ask other riders if they've dealt with the company you plan to order parts from — or send for one inexpensive component first and see how long it takes them to respond and whether or not the part is satisfactory. Robert had good luck with his transaction — but unfortunately it doesn't always work out that way.



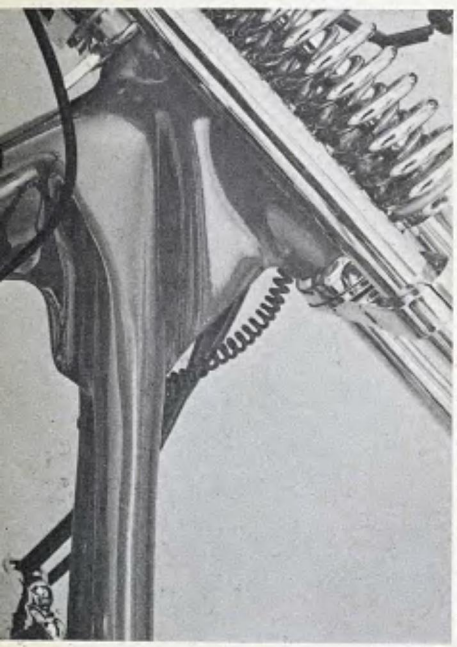


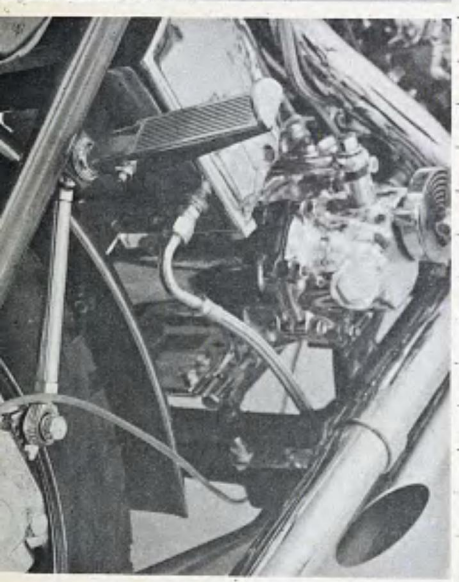












Owners: Robert & Sue Reed **City:** Harvey, Louisiana

General

Fabrication by: owners
Year and make: 1962 H-D
Model: FLH
Value: $5,000
Assembly by: Jessee (H.A.)
Time: 18 months
Chroming by: Dan's

Engine

Year: 1962
Model: FLH
Rebuilder: Jessee (H.A.)
Ignition: magneto
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: stock
Balancing: Casey's
Pistons: MC 10:1
Cases: pan
Heads: shovel
Cam: FLH
Lifters: hydraulics
Carb(s): Bendix
Air cleaner: Paughco
Pipes: drag
Muffler(s): none

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1962
Shifting: ratchet
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: 23
Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: Jessee (H.A.)
Painter: Jessee (H.A.)
Color: candy apple wine
Type: lacquer
Special paint: gold pinstriping
Other special modifications: none

Frame

Year: who knows?
Builder: H-D & Jessee (H.A.)
Type: rigid
Rake: none
Stretch: 2½ inches
Other alterations: none

Accessories

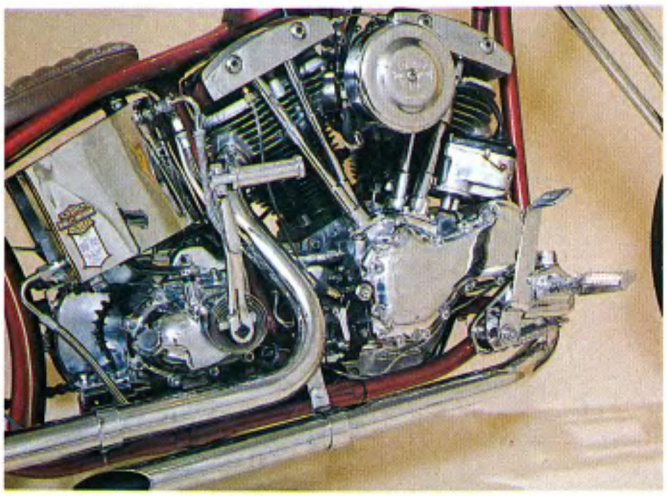
Bars: drag
Risers: one piece
Fender(s): 6 in. flat
Headlight: Jammer
Taillight: Jammer
Speedo: Jammer
Front pegs: Anderson
Rear pegs: Anderson
Electrics: 6 v. with mag
Gas tank: Sportster
Oil tank: Paughco
Oil system: braided steel
Primary cover: Jammer
Seat: custom
Sissy bar: custom
Height: 9 in. above seat
Material: 5/8 in. round

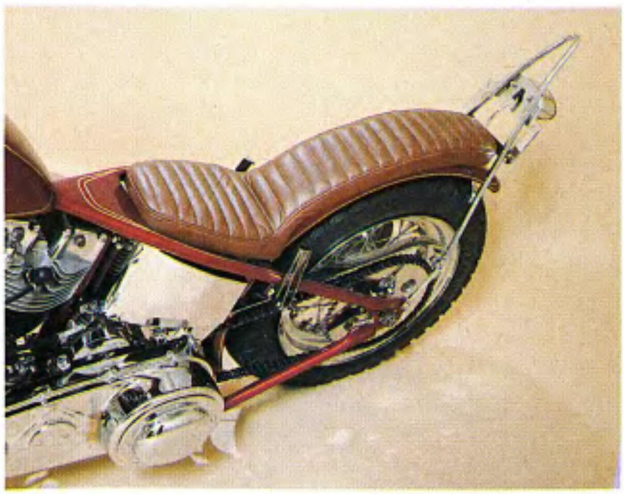
Forks

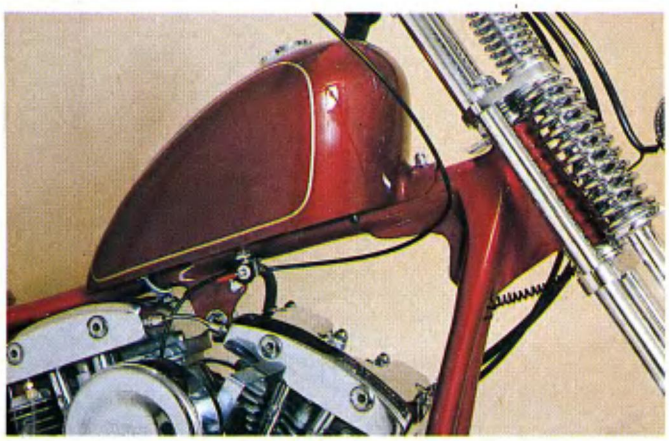
Type: springer
Extension: 10 inches
Builder: Arlen Ness
Special features: allen screws

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21	Size: 16
Hub: Mach. shop	Hub: Michael's
Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: Avon	Tire: 5.00 Arco
Brake: none	Brake: disc



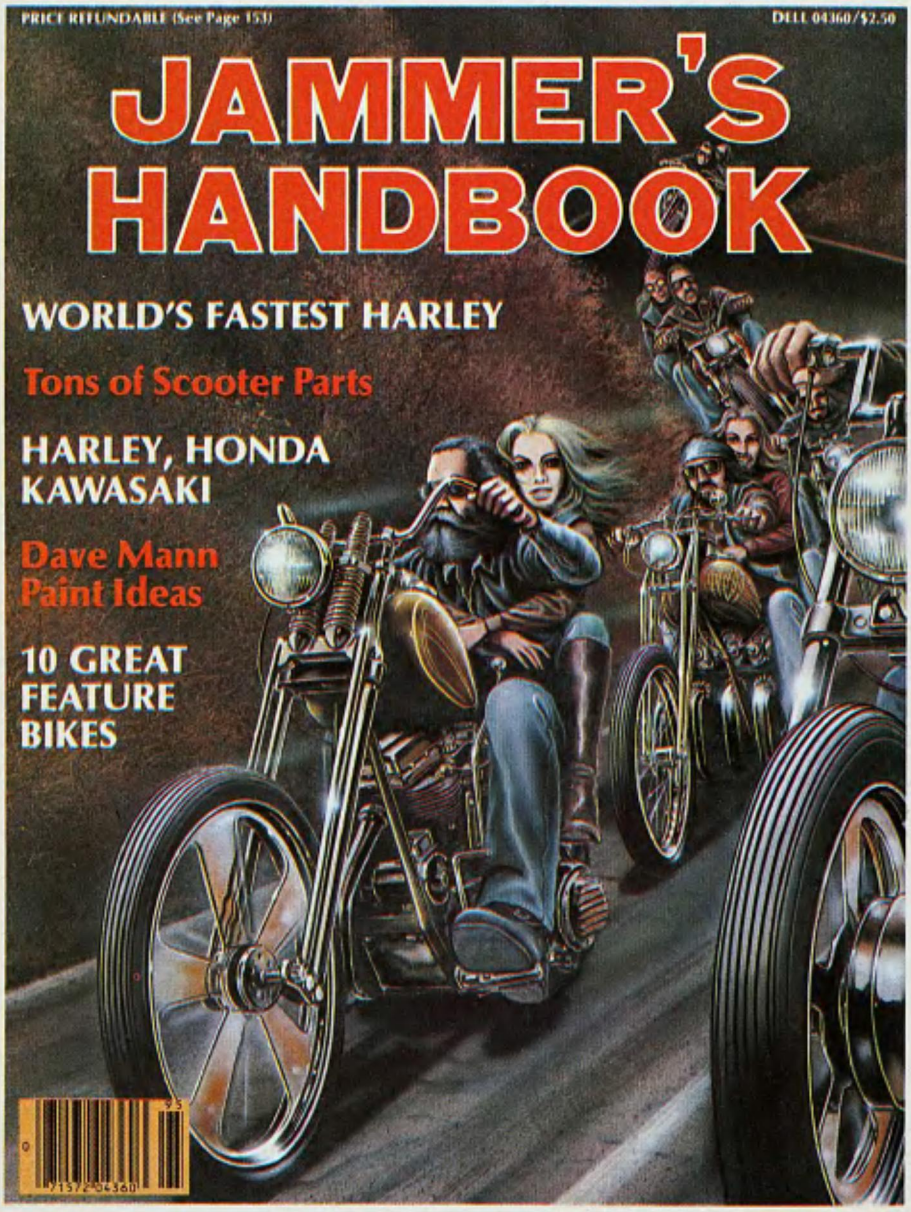








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CALM Information Kit (Communities Against Loud Motorcycles)

An Example Of The Ammunition The EPA Will Be Firing At Us.

This kit, directed at local, county, and state government decision makers, the public, and motorcycle dealers, contains the following items:

CALM Brochure/Report—This describes the steps taken or currently being taken, by the federal government to reduce motorcycle noise levels. It also contains ideas for local implementation covering such areas as on-street enforcement, limited usage controls, testing/noise inspections, operational restrictions, etc.

Motorcycle Noise Fact Sheet—This gives government officials statistics and other information on motorcycle noise that can be used in speeches, meetings, testimony, and broadcast appearances.

Public Information Campaign Announcement—This part covers elements of the EPA-ONAC (Office of Noise Abatement and Control) campaign being aimed at the general public. It discusses campaign objectives, material developed for the campaign (with examples of print material, radio scripts, and TV photo scripts), and how the campaign will be implemented.

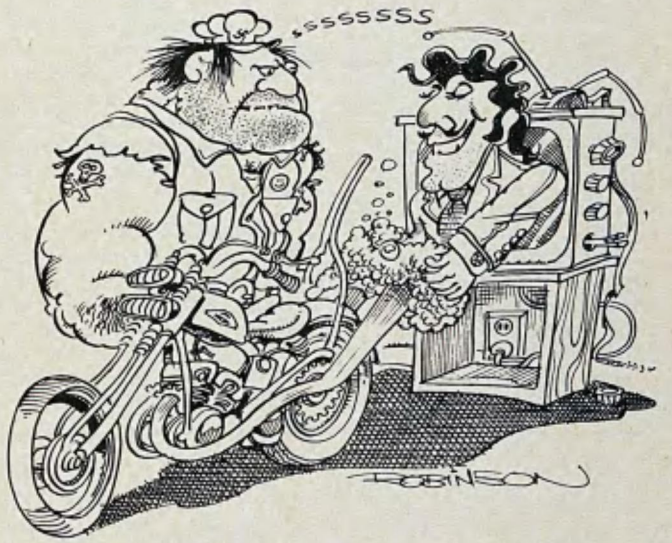
CALM Record—Included as part of the kit, the record, using actual sounds, makes a compelling case for local/state action. Professionally narrated with tie-in to general public broadcast material.

CALM Broadcast Fact Sheets—These provide radio and television station program producers with facts and ideas for programs on motorcycle noise as a community health issue.

Release for Newsletter/Newspaper—An 800-1000-word article on motorcycle noise that could be used in a state/local government newsletter or an article for a daily or weekly newspaper. The article gives pertinent background information on motorcycle noise, new federal regulations, and how some communities are dealing with the issue. Photographs, as well as suggestions for tailoring the article for local use, are provided.

Slide/Tape Presentations—A 15-20-minute, self-contained slide and tape presentation directed at state/local government officials. It introduces the issue, describes federal efforts including public information activities, and briefly offers options for local government consideration.

Easy (Quiet) Rider Brochure and Poster—Using the theme from the famous "Easy Rider" film of a few years ago, the brochure suggests ways that the motorcycle user can reduce noise and help his community at the same time. Graphics are bold, modern,



and feature a celebrity from the "Easy Rider" movie. The messages emphasize that the motorcycle rider is an individual who is not part of the crowd, but who is responsible about noise and its effects on the community as well as himself.

Easy (Quiet) Rider Radio Spot Announcements—Prepared in a format suitable for use on pop music stations, the radio announcements carry the same Easy (Quiet) Rider theme as the brochure and poster. Celebrity narration is used. Sixty- and thirty-second spots are prepared.

Signed Article in Motorcycle Media—An approximately 2500-word article is prepared in coordination with the editors of one of the leading motorcycle publications. The article, prepared in a style congruent with the publication, describes the EPA-ONAC program, noise regulation, and noise as a health issue. It offers suggestions on how motorcycle users can reduce noise, adhere to the new federal laws (tampering, etc.), and how readers can get more information.

Tabletop Display and Slide Presentation—Used in combination at national, regional, and major local motorcycle shows, the display and slide presentation, using the Easy (Quiet) Rider theme, convey messages regarding new federal regulations and the personal responsibility of the user to reduce noise. Both slide/tape and exhibit use hard-hitting visuals and sound to communicate the desired messages. The display is compact, capable of being easily transported, and has provision for a rear-screen slide projector with audio hookup.

TV SPOT Announcements—Using the theme CALM

(Communities Against Loud Motorcycles), these 30- and 60-second spot announcements raise general public awareness on the subject of motorcycle noise, noise regulation, and community initiatives to reduce noise. Viewers are offered the Easy (Quiet) Rider brochure for more information. Provision is made for local tagging.

Broadcast Appearances—Contact is made with leading news/information programs to schedule EPA-ONAC officials as guests of the "Today Show" and "AM America," and program ideas are submitted to "60 Minutes" and "20/20" on the subject of motorcycle noise (in the context of noise as a health hazard in general).

Print Articles—A 1500-2000-word article will be prepared working with "Parade Magazine" and/or "Readers Digest." The article will describe the general noise problem in the nation briefly, then zero in on motorcycle noise as a specific issue. In addition to informing the general public, the intent of the article will also be to stimulate interest and action among the readers to initiate motorcycle noise programs in their communities.

Dealer Fact Sheet—This provides in a succinct format the highlights of federal regulations and how the regulations will affect prices, performance, weight, and fuel economies. Detailed description of required exhaust systems (with appropriate illustrations) will be included. Regulation and non-regulation exhaust/muffler systems will be depicted. Anti-tampering rules will be clearly described.

Police Apprenticeship Curriculum — Using materials already prepared for the motorcycle noise project, packages will be developed for inclusion in the Police Apprenticeship Curriculum. Descriptive material on labels, how to identify non-regulation muffler systems and similar enforcement-oriented materials will be "piggy-backed" on this curriculum.

Noise Counselor — Packages of motorcycle material will be assembled for the Noise Counselor programs. Noise Counselors will be thoroughly briefed on regulations and public education regarding motorcycle noise.



Legal Grass

California: The California legislature recently introduced a law that may induce you to see your optometrist. The law, if passed, would allow glaucoma patients to smoke dope without being hassled, fined, or imprisoned by authorities.

Maybe if we wore Coke bottle bottoms for glasses and rubbed our eyes a lot, we could pass for glaucoma patients.

Cycle Deaths Up But Not Linked To Helmet Repeal

Deaths resulting from motorcycle accidents in Maine are already ahead of the total number of such fatalities recorded in 1977, but this increase cannot be traced directly to the state's decision to repeal the helmet law.

Maine State Police Sgt. Thomas Reardon said there have been 27 motorcycle fatalities recorded in the state so far this year with the most recent in Auburn on Oct. 28. For the entire year of 1977, Reardon said, Maine listed 25 motorcycle-related deaths.

Slightly over a year ago, the State Legislature repealed the law requiring motorcycle operators and passengers to wear protective crash helmets. Whether this has contributed to the increase in motorcycle fatalities is not known. Reardon explained that the data collected to date on motorcycle fatalities is inconclusive on this point.

"We did find the same trends in motorcycle deaths as last year," he said. "There have been similar ratios of persons killed as a result of internal injuries and the same percentage killed as a result of cervical spine injuries."

Although the information compiled is inconclusive as to the necessity of protective head gear, Reardon said, "There is evidence that one and possibly two people (killed in motorcycle accidents this year) would have lived had they been wearing helmets."

But he added that according to medical reports, these individuals would most likely have been "paralyzed from the shoulders down."

Reardon explained that the problem facing state offcials is that there is limited data available.

"Our problem is we only have one year's worth of data and a small base of data to work with," he said, and explained that it is difficult at this stage to say whether the elimination of the helmet law has contributed to the motorcycle death rate. Because information in hand is so scanty, one or two more accidents could change the picture substantially, Reardon added.

One encouraging item contained in State Police figures is the fact that the percentage rates of motorcycle deaths when compared to the number of cycles on the road has decreased substantially since 1970.

Sgt. Reardon said that in 1970 there were 1.1 fatalities per 1,000 motorcycles on the road. In 1977, the statistics show that there were .79 deaths per 1,000 registered motorcycles.

Reardon noted, however, that the 1977 figure was up slightly from 1976 when the death rate per 1,000 registered motorcycles was .69.

One reason attributed to the decrease in the death rate is that there are more motorcycles on the road. During the gasoline shortage days, motorcycles were a commodity hard to come by. Reardon said that in 1977 there were 31,590 motorcycles registered in the state.

—by Michael Carson

Pennsylvania Helmet Law Move

Harrisburg: A House-Senate conference committee gave its blessing to require the use of safety helmets by motorcyclists.

Legislation approved by a legislative conference committee still must be approved by the House and Senate when they return.

Sen. Eugene Scanlon, D-Allegheny, authored the move to require use of helmets by motorcyclists.

"I know they call us superfather," Scanlon said, "but I want helmets mandatory for the protection of motorcyclists."

"I'm interested in protecting the motorist who has an intersection accident at five or ten miles an hour with a motorcyclist wearing no helmet and the motorist winds up charged with homicide."

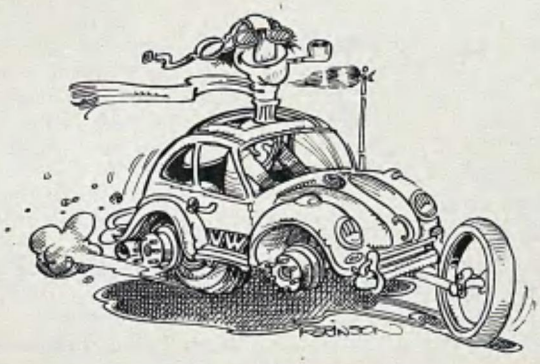
Sen. Clarence Manbeck, R-Lebanon, cast the only committee vote against mandated helmet usage.—from ABATE of Pa.

Become an Instructor—Save Lives

Increased quality motorcycle rider education and licensing programs are motorcycle accident countermeasures recommended by MSF and AMA. Both organizations support the concept that riders with proven riding skills—skills learned in a formal instructional program and proven during a comprehensive licensing test—will have safer riding experiences and a reduced possibility of accident involvement.

The 23-hour MSF-developed *Motorcycle Rider Course* is available for use by schools, communities, motorcycle clubs, and other interested organizations. A comprehensive motorcycle operator licensing program which includes a knowledge test, an off-street skills test, and an in-traffic test is available to the states as a countermeasure program. A federally funded research project is being conducted to determine the accident reduction capability of a portion of this motorcycle operator licensing program. —Write MSF, 6755 Elkridge Landing Road, Linthicum, Md. 21090.





VW Cycles

Volkswagen, best known in this country for its compact autos, is going into the motorcycle business in Brazil, where it already controls nearly 50% of the car market. In partnership with Steyr-Daimler-Puch, an Austrian corporation, VW will build a plant in Rio de Janeiro and turn out 60,000 cycles per year.

Not Giving Up

Tennessee: ABATE of Tennessee, 5512 Ringgold Road, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37412, has begun its attack on the Tennessee helmet law—pitting itself against Joan Claybrook and the tremendous amount of publicity in which repealed helmet laws in various states have been prematurely and severely attacked. Ron Tatum and his brothers are determined to beat the unjust restriction. By now, most bikers are aware that the recent helmet repeals are not directly related to the increase in bike fatalities last year—although the press and even government agencies have sought to reinstate some helmet laws on this unresearched assumption.

If you're interested in riding free with your head held high as a brother who stood with his people to obtain your freedom, then contact ABATE of Tennessee.

The IRS Gave Us A Break

Months of work with the Internal Revenue Service paid off in November when that agency ruled favorably on AMA's petition to allow deduction of sales tax on motorcycles. In the past, IRS has allowed deductions on personal automobiles, boats, airplanes, motorhomes, etc. but not on motorcycles.

While working with IRS, AMA found no intent at willful discrimination, but discovered that agency was working with outdated data which did not reflect the significant costs of current motorcycles.

GRD was especially pleased that the regulation change is effective with the 1978 tax year. Page 15 of the 1978 IRS form states, "You can add to the tax table amount the general sales tax you paid if you bought . . . a car, motorcycle, etc."—from the AMA Government Report.

Yellow Jackets and Helmets

California: The failure of motorists to see motorcycles in traffic is the major cause of motorcycle accidents.

Motorcyclists wearing protective helmets have received 23 percent fewer head injuries than unhelmeted riders when involved in accidents.

These are preliminary findings of a study at the University of Southern California Traffic Safety Center. The research project is headed by Harry Hurt, professor of safety at USC's Institute of Safety and Systems Management (ISSM).

The U.S. Department of Transportation announced the preliminary findings at a recent press conference.

Analysis of data collected by ISSM researchers from motorcycle accidents in the Los Angeles area over the last two-and-a-half years shows that 51 percent of the accidents were caused by motorists who failed to see motorcycles in traffic or saw them too late.

Joan Claybrook, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) administrator, in announcing the preliminary findings, urged motorcyclists to wear yellow jackets for visibility.

Appeal Court Overturns Decision; Man Convicted

The Manitoba Court of Appeal has overturned a lower court decision and convicted a man of dangerous driving in a van-motorcycle collision last year in which two men were killed.

Court was told Robert Nick Fotti was driving his van west on Dublin Avenue about 11 a.m. on Easter Sunday, 1977, when he drove through a red light at Border Street and collided with a motorcycle driven by Stewart Hochman and carrying Gordon Hochman as a passenger. Both men were killed.

A physician who testified at Fotti's trial told County Court Judge B. R. Coleman that Fotti was driving 44 miles an hour at most in a 40-mile-an-hour zone when the collision occurred. Fotti maintained the light his way was green but Judge Coleman didn't believe him.

But the judge acquitted Fotti on grounds he had a momentary memory lapse and because he doubted the Crown had proved its dangerous driving charge.

In a written judgment for the appeal court, Mr. Justice R. J. Matas said Fotti "purported to give an explanation for the collision but the explanation doesn't hold up. He approached and went through the intersection when the traffic signal was red.

"He had no reasonable explanation for not seeing a motorcycle with two occupants, at an intersection clear of obstruction, when nothing interfered with full visibility.

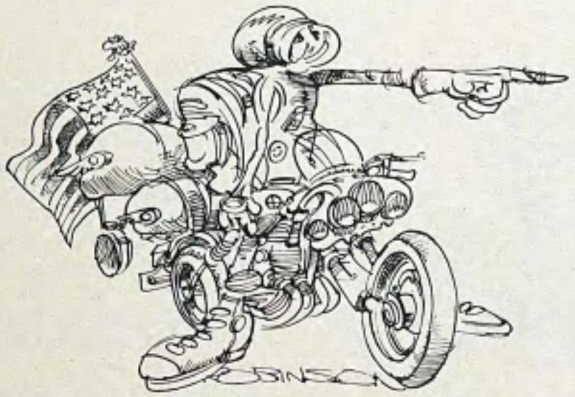
"In spite of not keeping a proper lookout he drove at a speed over 40 miles an hour. All of this lifts his conduct from the sphere of civil liability (the possibility of being sued) to that of criminal liability."

Sentencing is to be made at a future date.

Rye Cyclist Sets Sights On Record

A 44-year-old Rye man plans to start out after midnight Tuesday on an 11,000-mile motorcycle marathon that he hopes will set a world record.

If all goes according to plans, John Hutchinson of 1



Oakdale Ave., a free-lance engineer, will leave from Rye police headquarters and return to Rye—after traveling through 32 states.

The trip will take him around the outer edge of the continental United States starting north and heading west. Hutchinson said he has been told by publishers of the Guinness Book of World Records that the feat has never been accomplished—at least on record.

Why does Hutchinson want to take leave from his free-lance engineering practice and risk the elements, possibly including snow, to travel around the country on his 1979 Yamaha?

He says he is motivated by more than the chance of setting a world record.

One factor, he says, is "a desire for a little good old-fashioned adventure."

Also, Hutchinson says he wants the trip to demonstrate the use of several "simple, attainable and relatively inexpensive" motorcycle safety devices.

His motorcycle will be equipped with Goodyear tubeless tires, special quartz-halogen lighting, horns that "really can be heard," tire-patching gear and a "pulsing" rear brake light. His safety-designed clothing will include a bright yellow jacket and boots, a highly visible white helmet and a silverish nylon, all-weather suit.

To complete the 11,000-mile marathon in 16 days, Hutchinson will have to cover almost 700 miles a day, which he estimates will take him 12 to 14 hours a day to accomplish. He will send a postcard home to his wife and two children every day to let them know where he is.

Hutchinson says he is confident that the training he has done in the past two months and the packing of 70 pounds of gear for the various climates and road conditions he expects to encounter will enable him to make a success of the 11,000-mile trip.

To train, Hutchinson says he has done a lot of bicycle riding. He has even sat on his motorcycle for several hours at a time while watching baseball's World Series.

Besides the safety devices, Hutchinson also is taking along several other items that he hopes will enhance his comfort and convenience. To avoid needing a "bionic behind transplant," Hutchinson says his Yamaha will be equipped with a "water seat," similar to a water bed.—Laura Abbott

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
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Sacramento, Ca. 95816

It is **National Abate's** goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws.
It is also **National Abate's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.
National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.
National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.
Give Name here _____
I understand that **National Abate** will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest **National Abate** chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

☐ **National Abate** membership and favorite organization, $10.00
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☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Gary Tables Proposed Helmet Law Until April

Indiana: Motorcyclists worried that Gary may become a "helmet trap" won't have to worry—at least not until April.

The City Council tabled a proposed helmet law ordinance until its April 17 meeting, giving the state legislature a chance first to pass a law prohibiting cities and towns from enacting such a measure.

About 40 motorcyclists jammed the council's Public Safety Committee meeting to protest the helmet law, then attended the regular council session to continue fighting it.

State Rep. Rayfield Fisher, D-Gary, opposed the measure, which was introduced by Councilman Roosevelt Haywood Jr., an insurance agent.

Fisher said that passage of the proposed ordinance would create a "helmet trap" in Gary that would be an "unfair burden on intrastate commerce."

He called the proposal "an effort in futility," and urged its defeat, to the cheers of the motorcyclists.

The council first, at the motion of Councilman Gerald Hayes, D-2nd, simply tabled the measure, then tabled it to the April meeting.

While Council President Robert Freeland Jr., D-at-large, wondered aloud why Hayes and the other councilmen didn't defeat the measure instead of tabling it, the action indicates the helmet law is dead.

Prefiled Bills Indicate Lively Session

Texas: The 1979 Legislature should be far from dull if bills offered in the first three days of advance introductions are any barometer.

Motorcycle helmets, a definition of death, warning labels on liquor bottles, a sales tax cut and new classroom discipline power for teachers are among the subjects.

Legislators began prefiling bills Monday. By late Wednesday afternoon, there were 52 House measures and 11 Senate measures, including constitutional amendments, on file. The 66th Legislature convenes Jan. 9.

Reps. Bob Close, R-Perryton, Henry Allee, D-Houston, and Frank Hartung, R-Houston, filed bills (HB11, HB36) that would restore the requirement that all motorcyclists wear protective headgear.

The 1977 Legislature said only cyclists and riders under 18 must wear helmets.

The above means once again we must take pens in hand to protect our right to decide concerning mandated helmet usage. If we don't start *now* protecting our freedoms, we will lose them this spring. Write your views to the sponsoring representatives listed below. Letters, or copies, should be sent to our new governor, Bill Clements, c/o Capitol Station, Austin, Texas 78711, and to our Representatives, Bill Clark, P.O. Box 761 Tyler, 75710, and Fred Head, P.O. Box 2910, Austin, 78769. Be polite—please. H.B. 11 and H.B. 36 sponsors are Frank E. Hartung, P.O. Box 3975, Houston, 77001; Henry Allee, 10202 East Freeway, Suite 210, Houston, 77029; and G. R. (Bob) Close, P.O. Box 1066, Perryton, 79070.

DOWNTIME

By Ferret



Jethro Tull, Bursting Out: Ever have an urge to spend some cash, waste some time, and go see a rock concert? Once? Yeah, well here's a hot tip on savin' ya some hard-earned greenbacks on at least one rock group—Jethro Tull.

Now ya can check out a mind-fuckin' rock show in the privacy of your own home, or garage, or wherever the hell ya set up yer tunebox. Tull has come up with their 15th record album in ten years—a double disc live affair that'll for sure set ya straight in case ya have any doubts as to what they are about.

If you're still in the dark about this bunch, here's a little info. Jethro Tull was an 18th century English farmer. His main achievement for mankind was inventing a new way to plant seeds—heavy, huh? Well, where would you fuckin' pot farmers be without this guy? Hold it—looks like I'm gettin' a little deranged. Back to the subject.

Like I was sayin', everything that has always made Tull a mainstay at the turntable is here in one neat package.

The leader of the band for the past decade has been Ian Anderson, a multi-faceted musician specializing in dramatic one-legged flute playng. He also works out on acoustic guitar and various types of saxophones. Anderson has often been at odds with the prima donna rock press due to the fact that he doesn't stay in a groove (or rut) that can be easily deciphered or predicted. Two of the groups' albums, **Thick As A Brick** and **Passion Play,** come under the heading "concept" music—which, in this case, simply means Anderson was writing about his own idea of religion.

The music was widely criticized as too self-serving and heady. But a lot of music fans thought otherwise, buying enough copies to make **Thick As A Brick** a platinum record and **Passion Play** a golden.

Though Anderson is without question the leader, spokesman, writer, arranger, and general captain of the pack, he's not doing everything on his own. Perhaps the most underrated guitarist of the past decade is on his team—Martin Lancelot Barre. He's been with Tull since the second album, **Stand-Up,** in 1969.

The whole band has been reorganized several times. Only Anderson remains from the original lineup. Former lead guitarist Mick Abrahams got tired of the monotony of touring and went home early to think things over. After a short hiatus he formed Blodwyn Pig. Glen Cornick was the original bassist but had a falling out with Anderson over women. He recently was in a group with Bob Welch, called Paris, now defunct. The rock lifestyle drained the band's first drummer, Clive Bunker, who was replaced by a fine upstart percussionist, Barriemore Barlow, now a proven veteran. Currently Jethro Tull consists of Anderson, Barre, Barlow, Jon Glascock on bass, John Evan on organ, and David Palmer, handling string synthesizer. This new record, **Bursting Out,** does the group better than live discs generally do. Twenty-two songs are on it, so it's not just one big jam scene. The dollar stretches a bit, and that's a break, seein' as how the record companies have decided to up the ante on their wares. They're real socially conscious, ya know—what's inflation?

Grateful Dead, Shakedown Street: For the few who know what the fuck we're talking about, you don't have to stick bobby pins in your nose, slash your wrists, or pummel people into oblivion to dig the sounds. Yep, it's actually possible to relax to the music. What music? Who else—The Grateful Dead.



This legendary band from the Bay Area refuses to rest on past laurels. In addition to staying on the road, taking their special sound to the people, they capped last year with a new studio album.

It's called **Shakedown Street** and the world's most down-to-earth rock band is hittin' on all eight here. Not a shabby song in sight. The major complaint is that it's just not long enough. If you are familiar with the Dead, then you know that it's mighty tough to compare their albums, each being a singular statement. That's the case here on **Shakedown.** It offers new material, as well as a couple of tunes that you've heard before if you've ever caught their brain-bustin' act live.

"Good Lovin' " was first popped out by The Rascals (remember them?) years ago. The Dead have performed it live numerous times and it usually tears the house down, with Bob Weir singing about the advice his doc has come up with, namely, get some good lovin'. It opens up the album and sets a good pace.

The Dead like to take you to the ceiling as they crank that monster sound system up, then just as quickly steer you into a new state of consciousness as Jerry Garcia goes on a stroll into the outer limits with his axe talking in tweaks, squeaks, and shrieks. Ya sit there and think, "Now what song is this?" or "What did this start out as?" Well, they've arranged the tunes on this album this way—the teeter-totter effect.

The other number that appears here for the first time but has seen extensive action on the concert circuit is a dilly—"All New Minglewood Blues." It's labeled as a traditional tune on the record, and with Mr. Weir doing the arrangement and vocals, "Minglewood" is the crusher. An outlaw song, it describes a dude's rough upbringing, tangles with the law, and the value of whiskey as an aid in pickin' women.

The remarkably clean sound on this platter can be attributed to Lowell George, the genius behind Little Feat. He has brought out the true sound of the group as a whole. Take Phil Lesh, for example. He has always been an innovative bassist, receiving far too little recognition. He is the standout performer on all the cuts, as he makes the bottom drop and the songs flow. Mickey Hart, one half of the drum corps along with Bill Kreutzmann, has a great segment on "Serengetti," using what could be a glockenspiel to create an incredible effect of dings and dongs that will make you wonder what was in that last brew. It would be sacrilegious not to mention the typically fine jobs turned in by singer Donna Godchaux and her ol' man Keith, on piano.

All in all, **Shakedown Street** contains some of the most pleasing melodies, harmonies, and lyrics these tired old ears have had the pleasure of experiencing in quite a while.



A "tough biker" is a dude who puts his rubbers on with a tire tool.

—Terry Raske
Madison, Ohio

There's a new deodorant on the market called Umpire. It's for foul balls.

—Jim Lagel
Richmond, Va.





The entire courtroom sat in stony silence as the accused biker offered his explanation: "Your honor, I wasn't within a mile of where this dame says the assault took place. Besides that, it wasn't an assault because she asked me to do it. And besides that, this ain't the dame I raped."

—Bobby Gines
Patrick Henry, Va.

The biker walked into the clubhouse sporting a huge black eye. "Where'd ya get the shiner?" one of his friends asked.

"From a cough," he replied.

"A cough?"

"Yeah, man. I was hidin' in a closet an' I coughed."

—C. Sanderson
Glendale, Calif.

The population explosion would be less of a problem if lighting the fuse didn't feel so good.

—Frank Smith
Reno, Nev.

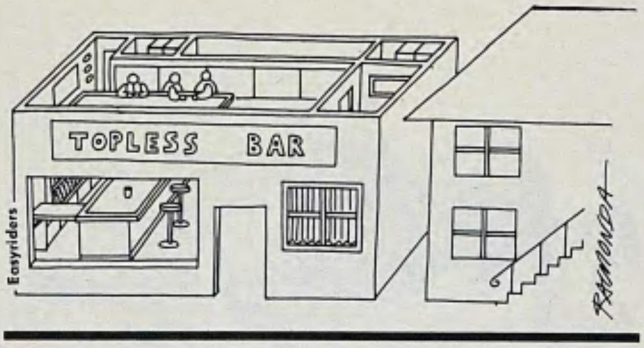


Sam had just been informed that the club was going to take him in as a prospect, so he stepped into a bar and ordered a drink to celebrate. "Gimme a whiskey sour," he said to the bartender. "And give that guy at the end of the bar a drink, too!"

When Sam finished his drink, he called, "I'll take another one! This time leave the fruit out of it!"

"You brute!" screamed the man at the end of the bar. "I didn't ask for a drink in the first place!"

—Art Lynley
Delta, Utah



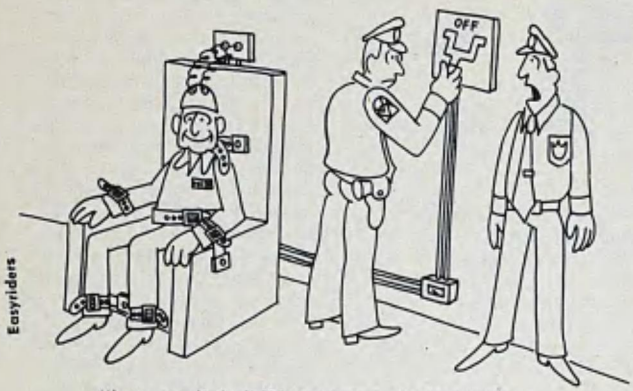
Two old dudes were talking about sex. "Tell me," said the 82-year-old, "how often do you try it?"

"Once a month, every month," answered the older dude, "Except in July and August."

"Why not then?"

" 'Cause that's when the man who puts me on an' off goes on vacation!"

—Biff Summers
Anacortes, Wash.



"I wouldn't do it if I were you. Chauncey's a bedwetter and he's likely to blow out all the fuses."

The attractive young thing was about to go to bed with her blind date for the evening, when she burst into tears. "I'm afraid you'll get the wrong idea about me," she sobbed. "I'm really not that kind of girl."

"Don't worry," he comforted her, "I believe you."

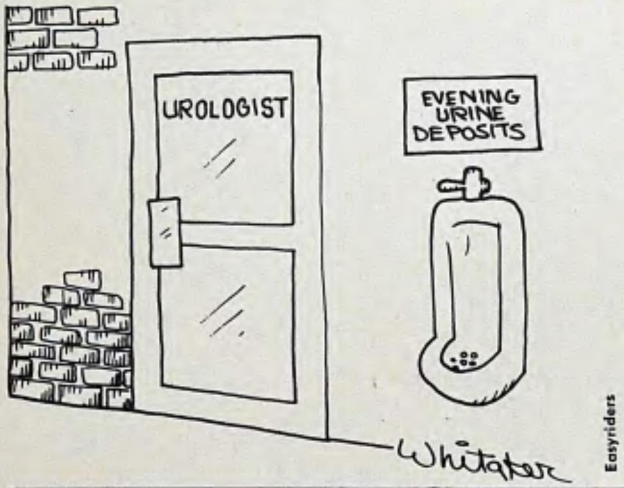
"You're the first one," she gulped.

"The first one to make love to you?"

"No, the first one to believe me."

—Jack Elder
El Cajon, Calif.





After a wild freeway chase, the cop waved the speeding sports car over to the curb. When he walked up to the driver's window, he was surprised to find a very attractive redhead behind the wheel. "Ma'am," he said, "I'm afraid we're going to have to give you a Breathalyzer test to see whether or not you've been drinking."

The test was taken, and as the officer eyed the results, he said, "Lady, you've had a couple of stiff ones."

"That's amazing!" the girl cried. "You mean it shows **that,** too?"

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.



"Yeah, he's a helluva lot more fun since I took him off milk and put him on booze."

A man with a new hearing aid was telling his friend about it. "This ain't no cheap job. It's the best made, and it cost me fifteen hundred dollars."

"What kind is it?" the friend asked.

"Three-fifteen."

—Tim Eksar
Thornton, Ida.





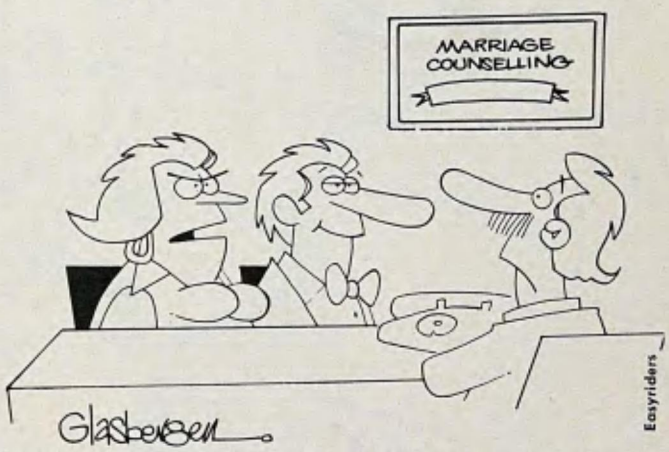
"Excuse me, sir, but I think you're trying to inflate our cashier."

Then there was the midget who entered a dancing contest in a nudist colony and was clubbed to death.

—Bill Connly
Chicago, Ill.

Then there was the limp-wristed young fellow who cut himself while shaving. Gad! His legs were a mess.

—Bob Goodman
Phoenix, Ariz.



"At parties he does bird imitations — he shits on my head."



"I'm sorry — I thought you were someone else."

Betty Lou allowed herself to be picked up at a bar by a biker, and after a few drinks went to the guy's pad. While he was in the kitchen getting them something to drink, Betty Lou was intrigued by a large button marked **push.** She pushed and a secret panel slid up to reveal whips, handcuffs, and leather straps. Frightened, she became more so when she noticed that the windows were barred and the door bolted. She stepped into another room, hoping to escape, and saw that this room had guns and animal heads hanging on the walls.

Suddenly, the biker came back from the kitchen. He put the drinks down and began slowly taking off his Levi's, an evil leer on his face.

"W-w-what are you going to do to me?" she asked, trembling.

While she cowered in fear he looked at her intently and said, "I'm gonna rape you!"

"Oh, thank God!" she sighed audibly.

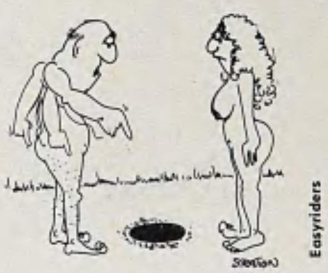
—Joe Moore
Franklin, Mo.

The farmer was showing the biker and his chick around the place, and explaining that his prize bull "serviced" a cow a day, six days a week.

"There!" said the biker's ol' lady. "Five or six times a week is nothing to a real champion!"

"Yeah," sighed the biker, "but don't forget, the bull never has the same cow twice!"

—Frank Larson
Evanston, Wyo.



"...and that's a hole in the ground — no, that's my ass and this is a hole in the ground — no, this is my hole in the ground and that's my..."


TOP SECRET
UP

Freedom of Information Act, Part 2

By John Watson

In a recent issue (Sept., '78), we published an article dealing with the Freedom of Information Act. The FIA was established so that individual citizens and groups could break the secrecy/corruption cycle by making available the means to find out what the government was doing and how to go about finding out whether or not certain government agencies had assembled files on them. A portion of the FIA reads: "Matters of official record shall in accordance with published rule be made available to persons properly and directly concerned except information held confidential for good cause found." In short, it became the right of a citizen to know how his government works and, if there was any doubt, the government could not favor itself over the citizen in matters of secrecy.

Basically, the FIA was established with good intentions. But somehow or other a bit of doubletalk, accompanied by phrases such as "unusual circumstances" (and the stipulation that an agency "may delete identifying details") gave the government agencies some loopholes by which to withhold the information from the citizens. Those who read the original article and then attempted to obtain copies of files known to be held by government agencies soon came to find that red tape renders good intentions worthless.

A great number of citizens fear contacting certain government agencies — like the IRS — figuring that, should the agency not have a file on them, it might start one, followed by tax audits and other investigations. The thing to remember is that government officials are more afraid of citizens with the law behind them than a citizen should be of an agency.

One dude we know — let's call him Mac — decided to write to every agency he could think of in order to satisfy his curiosity about the workings of the FIA. The first to answer his request for information was the Secret Service. Special Agent Thomas A. Trombly answered Mac's request for information within the allotted ten days, saying, "There are no records or documents pertaining to you in Secret Service files." Why should there be?

Some years ago, Mac served a year in a federal penitentiary. He paid his debt to society, although since that time he's managed to spend a night or two in jail on drunk charges and has paid a dozen or more traffic fines. What it all boils down to is that the Secret Service is really too busy to be fucking around with little fish of no consequence, and the same applies to most average citizens in connection with most government agencies. It's pretty egotistical to think that the Secret Service or the Central Intelligence Agency is going to keep a file on a dude for getting busted for possession of a small amount of grass, coke, or any other substance.

From the Internal Revenue Service Mac received a letter, along with a large document filled with "revisions" to the FIA. The IRS suggested that he revise his request, giving a clearer description of the records he was seeking. One of the revisions to the Act states: "The amendments provide that disclosure will be made of any portion of a requested record which conveys meaningful information after any exempted portion of such a record has been deleted." Another tricky amendment states that, at the discretion of any Internal Revenue service official, any records determined to be exempt from disclosure can be held back from the citizen, which brings him right back to where he started — no information at all.

From the Federal Bureau of Investigation Mac discovered that he had to send a notarized letter verifying that his signature was indeed his own

—Continued on page 98

Illustration By Gordon Harrison

rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

Breathalyzing

If you refuse to take a breathalyzer test in Alaska, can this fact be used against you in a trial for drunken driving? The Supreme Court of Alaska says no. By statute, refusal to take the test can result in the suspension, revocation, or denial of a license, and the suspect must be so advised. Since the required warning does not advise that a refusal will be admissible evidence at trial, it cannot be so used. The court says it would be unfair to have a driver believe that a refusal has one consequence and then permit the state to assert an additional one. (Puller v. Anchorage, 2/24/78)

This Window Closed

If you receive a letter in Florida that was mailed to you in a window-envelope in which, directly above your name, appears the word "debtor," can you collect from the collection agency? You can in Florida, if you allege that the sender was a collection agency, engaged in the collection of debts. The Florida court says that the use of the word "debtor," exposed to view, may have been a calculated attempt by the collection agency to embarrass you. The word "debtor" is loaded with unpleasant associations and emotional overtones. It is an ugly word when it appears in conjunction with your name. This decision will probably be followed in other states as protection against the reckless activities of collection agencies. (348 So. 2nd 608)

Dangerous Parolee

A woman may not be safe from a vicious attack of rape and murder by a parolee who has a history of attacks on women. The U.S. Court of Appeals sought to mitigate the damages of such an attack by rewarding the father of the victim the sum of $100,000. The court awarded the damages to the father of a young woman who was raped and murdered by a District of Columbia parolee, who had been assisted by the District of Columbia Department of Corrections in obtaining employment in the apartment house where the young woman lived. The parole agents failed to warn the managers of the apartment house complex, when they were considering hiring the parolee, of the parolee's prior history of violent sex-related crimes against women. (Reiser v. District of Columbia U.S. Court of Appeals August 15, 1977)

One Plus One Equals

Can a teacher who is unmarried be dismissed because she becomes pregnant? The Supreme Court of New Mexico says "no." That court has recently held that the dismissal of the certified teacher on the sole ground that her state of unwed pregnancy evidenced conduct which was considered immoral in the community with potentially adverse consequences for her teaching effectiveness, was arbitrary and illegal. (Supreme Court, New Mexico, New Mexico State Board of Education v. Stroudt, 12/7/77)

Clipping Her Wings

If your girl friend is a stewardess on an airplane and says she cannot marry you because she will lose her job, she is right. Can an airline which hires only women as stewards insist that they remain unmarried during their employment? The U.S. Court of Appeals in Georgia says "Yes." Such a policy by the airline is not sex discrimination. It is discrimination based on marriage and not on sex. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 does frown on sex discrimination in hiring. Since only women held positions as stewardesses, the no-marriage rule did not discriminate on the basis of sex, but simply on the basis of marriage. (544 Fed. 2nd 892.)

Tree vs. Car

The U.S. Court of Appeals upheld a $975,000 award to a Washington, D.C. man severely injured 10 years ago when a tree fell on his car, and said the District and federal governments have a duty to carefully inspect the tens of thousands of trees overhanging public roadways here.

The injured man was a 24-year-old graduate student at Georgetown University when the 90-foot, 10-ton tree section fell on his Volkswagen as he was driving in Rock Creek Park on a clear and calm day.

He was paralyzed by the accident and faces future kidney failure, according to doctors, who predicted shortly after the accident that he would live only a few years.

Forging Along

If your mother forges your wife's name on a 1040A federal income tax return filed jointly by you and your wife, does your wife have a right to recover damage from your mother? The Internal Revenue Code requires that tax returns be verified by written declaration under penalties of perjury. The court pointed out that the mother-in-law had subjected the wife to the possibility of criminal liability for the contents of her return and held that the use of a person's name on a legal document for personal benefit is actionable as an invasion of the right of privacy. (361 N.E. 2nd 1347)

A Sobering Experience

A municipal police force's rather informal policy of dealing with boisterous drinkers—leaving them to sober up and fend for themselves on an abandoned golf course outside of the town—may prove extremely costly. The New York Court of Appeals holds that a cause of action in both false imprisonment and negligence has been stated by one such hapless drinker whose night on the town culminated in disaster. After the plaintiff and his two drinking companions were picked up, the officers, pursuant to what apparently was a department policy, deposited the trio at the golf course, on which were some lean-tos. The plaintiff and one of his companions were attracted by the sound of automobiles on the state thruway nearby. They wandered onto the thruway and were hit by a car. The plaintiff was badly injured and his companion was killed. (Parvi v. City of Kingston, N.Y. Ct. of Appeals, 4/5/77.)

Playing Sick

If you have worked for a company for 32 years and then develop absenteeism, a serious illness, and are then discharged because you gave a fabricated excuse for being absent, can you collect unemployment insurance? "No," says a Pennsylvania court. Here, the employee had received two written notices and two oral warnings relating to his absences. The term "willful misconduct" is not defined in the Pennsylvania statute but other Pennsylvania courts have said that it means deliberate violation of the employer's rules and disregard of standards of behavior which the employer had a right to expect. When an employee has either fabricated a reason for a late arrival or has chosen not to report to work after the necessitous circumstances which had induced his employer to excuse a late arrival had ceased to exist, there is a definite showing of wilful misconduct. (366 At. 2nd 618.)

—Continued from page 8

Advice Column

☐ How the fuck can I stop my ol' man from pouring suds all over me when I'm reading his **Easyriders?**

Damp Skull
Adelaide,
South Australia

■ Kiss his joint.

No Need To Feel Threatened

☐ I'm writing to the lady who wrote (Jan. '79 issue) saying "there's no place in **Easyriders** for women except for the naked pictures in the 'Ol' Lady Contest section." I say she's giving dedicated biker women a bad name by wanting us women to be included in a biker's rag like **Easyriders.** It is a men's magazine because bikers are predominantly men.

Now, I ride a bike, but it's not a Harley. Some of my biker friends laugh a little, but they know I'm just being practical. Unless you're an unusually strong woman and have been riding most of your life, getting a Harley of your own is stupid. It's too heavy, the newer ones practically fall apart in your hands, some have Jap parts anyway, and they're just not worth the effort for a woman to own one — even though we all know it's still the best bike money can buy! So I'll ride a Jap machine until someone can talk AMF into building a lightweight Harley without losing all that power and meneuverability. Meanwhile, Jap cycles are easy to handle, parts are easy enough to get, and they're not hard to work on — though I'm not proud of having contributed to the Jap economy.

As for your ladies complaining that we're not getting enough equal attention in **Easyriders** I say we don't need it! We can have rights enough if we just think practically and do the best we can with the brains we have instead of tryin' constantly to compete with the scooter tramps we admire so much. After all, we all love to ride. If you're tired of waitin' for some dude to come pick you up for a "nice Sunday putt," then get off your ass and get a scoot of your own. And keep on riding until you've realized how much nicer it is to have all that power under your control instead of placing your life in the hands of someone who'll really feel bad if he loses control and you along with it.

If you're into makin' your ol' man proud of you, try doin' something besides fuckin' and showin' your tits. Let him know you're capable of somethin' besides givin' good head and supportin' him and his bike. You'll both have more fun together — and not feel threatened.

Tennessee Country Girl
Nashville, Tenn.

■ Amen.

☐ I can ride a scoot as good as any guy and have been for five years, so why the backshot? Granted, not as many girls as guys buy your rag, but that doesn't mean you can dump on us. Some of us ol' ladies and wives, like to fork a scoot too. So how about dumping the shit elsewhere, 'cause where would any male biker be without a wife or ol' lady? Lonely and hornier than hell, that's where.

Vampirella
Manhattan, Kansas

■ Amen. Amen.

ABATE Beef

☐ Say brothers, get your shit together. This fighting and arguing among ABATE organizations can only lead to bummer results. Have you dipshits forgotten what ABATE is all about?

Lou Kimzey put it all together (see **Easyriders** #65). Gang wars have become a thing of the past and bikers were able to unite. Let's keep it that way. Don't let us divide and be conquered.

Jim Dandy
Wichita, Kansas

■ Amen, again.

☐ I've been readin' your rag for about three or four years (who remembers?). I think it's a well-rounded mag dedicated to the betterment of biking. I'm all for the MMA., National Abate, ABATE, and all those other good clubs. I think I would get a lot more out of your mag if I could read.

Artscop
Sacramento, Calif.

Ho, Ho, Ho!

☐ There you go again, fucking with our heads. I'm talking about that story about the dude who dusted Santa. I wasn't sure I had the right story 'cause you asswipes can't count in a straight line. Good story, though. Hope this letter makes sense — we've been tooting peanut butter again.

E. C. Barnett
Birmingham, Ala.

☐ Get your heads out of your asses. I'm referring to your Jan. '79 rag — in particular, the story "Ho, Ho, Ho!" Where da fuck is the finish? I mean, did the fucker blow away Santa or was it just some weirdo in red leotards? I think that was pretty fuckin' drifty, and I thought I'd let you know that there are people out here that don't like that shit. I better read the finish in your next rag (I never miss any) or I'm gonna be even more pissed off. So stick that in your fuckin' ditty bag.

The Force
San Francisco, Calif.

Banned Again

☐ Just thought I'd tell you fuckers that your rag is barred from Drumheller Penitentiary because you showed how to make dandelion wine.

Pissed Off
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

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. ■



"Hmm, it's not very much to go on."



MOVING?

If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks **before** changing your address. **Important:** Attach current address label and fill in your name **and new address.** Your filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE
(If not possible, print your old address here)

Name
Street
City State Zip Code

PRINT YOUR NEW ADDRESS HERE

Name
Street
City State Zip Code

CAUGHT WITH YOUR NUMBERS DOWN



By David Kelly

It's three o'clock in the mornin'. You've been out partyin' with the bros all afternoon an' evenin' and you've finally come home. For a few minutes, ya hafta listen to the ol' lady bitch, but only until the sound is drowned out by your window-rattlin' snores.

In your dreams, you're ridin' down a long road with the sun on your face and the wind blowin' in your hair. Or you're chasin' some sweet young cunt around the clubhouse with only one thought in mind. You're havin' fun but your ol' lady's got somethin' up her sleeve. She lays there beside ya for a while, listenin' to ya give the call of a bull moose in heat. She nudges ya in the ribs to make sure you're asleep, and then slips out of bed, crosses the room, an' takes your wallet outta your Levi's. She goes out to the kitchen, turns on the light, emptys the entire contents of your wallet on the table and then starts lookin' for evidence to prove what she already knows — that you've been fuckin' around with another chick.

Boom! There it is. She finds, scribbled on the back of a book of matches, an underlined phone number with a message saying "Call me anytime, honey." By this time, you ol' lady's blood is boilin'. Even though it's three in the mornin', she decides to call that bitch an' give her a piece of her mind. With trembling hands, she picks up the phone and dials the number. A sweet, sexy voice answers, "Hello. . ."

★ ★ ★

"Book the motherfucker," the sargeant says. He hands ya over to the jailer and goes over to his desk, where your wallet and other personal property is lying. "Let's have a look through this stuff," he says to the property officer. "Maybe we'll find the number of his connection. We can make a call, then bust the prick."

While goin' through your wallet, he finds a hastily scribbled phone number written on the back of a club callin' card. Next to the phone number, the word "Connection" is underlined. The sarge picks up the phone and dials the number.

After a few rings, a look of triumph crosses his face as he listens to a suave voice asking, "Been wanting something lately? If you do . . ."

★ ★ ★

"Man," Benny says to his bro, Chopper Jack. "I ain't got an ol' lady an' I'm so horny I'm ready to fuck a bulldog. All the mamas are out on a run an' I don't know what the fuck I'm gonna do."

"Here, pal," Chopper Jack says good naturedly. "I got the number of this chick who'll blow your mind, among other things. Giver her a call, she's always ready."

Benny snatches the number out of Chopper Jack's hand and goes over three people as he runs to the phone booth at the back of the bar. While he's fumblin' for change he sees Chopper Jack get off the bar stool and casually saunter out of the bar.

He dials up the number and breathlessly listens while a wet, sexy voice purrs, "Want a good blow job?"

"Yeah, yeah!", Benny gasps, shaken by his good fortune.

The voice whispers on, "Want your body kissed and massaged and fondled like you've never had it done before? Then listen to my offer."

Benny is startin' to drip on the floor of the phone booth. But in a minute the drips are gonna be tears from his eyes, followed by angry froth from his lips. Ya see, Benny, the police sergeant, and the biker's ol' lady have all been victimized by dudes with a terrific (and maybe a little sick) sense of humor.

Later, they'll get over bein' mad, and turn around and give someone else a bum number to call. Maybe you'll get one some day. But just in case you don't, we're gonna give you a list of 'em right now. All ya gotta do is dial up some of these numbers to find out how the suckers in the stories felt. If ya don't get a kick out of 'em, ya ain't got no balls.

Snitch Line (612) 348-8543

Ever ride through Hennepin County, Minnesota, stop for some heavy partyin' or whatever, get in a little trouble and only get out by the hairs on your ass? If so, keep an eye out for the phone bill of that dude you suspect of being a stoolie. Check it closely and if you find this number listed, ya know he's called the sheriff's hotline there and has snitched on ya. You can take it from there.

Dial A Commercial (405) 843-7396

Shit! it ain't bad enough that ya get to watch five minutes of your favorite TV Show and fifteen minutes of commercials, now there's a number you can call if you're into masochism of the ears. These dudes will bore ya as long as ya wanna listen, and they'll tell ya about everything from Tidy Bowl to a douche bag that self-destructs while your chick is usin' it. They might even try to get your address so they can send over some cocksucker who wants to sell ya a rebuilt vacuum cleaner with an automatic vagina attachment.

New York City Blues (212) 999-1234

We don't know who could give a shit about a phone number like this, but if ya dial it — get this — you'll get the latest information on New York City, complete with a run-down on when the next garbage strike is gonna take place, how many stripped cars are parked in every block, and the last time a cop an' his horse fell into a chuck hole on Fifth Avenue an' disappeared forever.

Ever Hear of Dow Jones? (212) 999-4141

No, it don't mean some fucker is hooked on Dows, although they just might have forgotten to put an 'n' in there. It really has to do with the stock market, so if any of you raggedy-ass bikers are holdin' out on the club with ten thousand shares of AT&T, here's where to get the latest quotations. An' for you guys in Kansas an' Iowa, it don't mean you can take your cow to the grocery store, just 'cause the dude tells ya the market is bullish.

Universal Time (907) 752-3553

If ya wanna find out what time it is in Rome, so you'll know if the Pope is sayin' his beads or shavin' that little bald spot on top of his gourd, call this number. They'll also give ya the time in Boston, Paris, an' other foreign places, like Texas an'

Oklahoma. They'll also give ya navigation info in case you're boatin' to Tulsa.

Eruption Info (808) 967-7977

Has nothing to do with your teenage son's skin eruptions, your ol' lady's violent outbursts of anger, or that pimple on the end of your dick. When ya feel the house shakin', dial this number to find out if it's the fat lady upstairs makin' love with her ol' man, or Mother Nature rearrangin' the landscape under your pad.

Weather (213) 554-1212

Saves a lotta time and discomfort. Dial the number and maybe ya won't hafta put your bare feet on the cold floor and go down to the unemployment office or to work. Ya **could** always get up, raise the window shade and check it out, or have your ol' lady get up an' give ya the report. Sometimes the weather man will call **you** to ask for your advice, like the other night when he called me an' asked if the coast was clear. I hadda tell him, "How the fuck should I know, since I came home by the inland route."

Surfer News (213) 457-9701

This only applies in coastal areas, although there's been some pretty big waves in the grain fields of Kansas, the corn fields of Iowa, and there was once reported a six foot, six wave at the Naval Station in Farragut, Idaho. It was there that headlines were made a couple of months ago when a big wave sucked a sailor under the pier. Surfer news will tell ya how big it is, how wet it is, an whether it's hot or cold.

For the Rug Rats (805) 466-9902

This is a kid's phone service that's better at gettin' the little bastards to sleep than holdin' their heads over the gas jet on the kitchen stove. If the kid starts gettin' a hard-on while he's listenin', ya might put your ear to the phone to make sure ya dialed right. One dude listened in an' discovered his little girl was gettin' propositions for a bag of candy and a chance to play with some nasty fucker's dolly. If the bedtime story is about Little Red Riding Hood, listen close when the wolf lays his shit on her, 'cause he likes to eat broads, an' your kid might have a wet dream just thinkin' about it.

Fatty Fighters (504) 362-4357

Have all that good partyin' and all those munchies put a few extra pounds on your beautiful bod? Ya say the last time you let your ol' lady ride on the back of your bike, she flattened both tires? A little extra weight ain't so bad, but when that extra weight starts fuckin' up your bike, it's time to do somethin' about it. Tell your ol' lady to call this number whenever she gets the urge — not that urge, asshole, the urge to eat — or else you're gonna hafta find yourself a new ol' lady.

Meat Prices (800) 525-3056

Sorry, dudes, but this number won't keep ya from being taken on the price ya pay for your next piece of ass. This one's for findin' out what the latest prices for beef cattle are. Anyway, ya were close — you're gettin' screwed either way.

Dial-a-Joke (212) 999-3838 or (503) 238-7690

The jokes ain't great. They certainly don't fall into the **Easyriders'** jokes category, but they're okay. They're great if ya can con someone into unwittingly callin' them expecting' somethin' really good. Especially if you get to watch their facial expression drop when they find out it's only some asshole tellin' clean jokes.

Mexico City News (905) 591-2121

If, for some reason, ya have to leave the country really quick, it's nice to know what's goin' on in the place you're headin' to. (Note: sometimes it's safer to make your stand on your home territotry than to walk into somethin' that could get really hairy without your bros around.)

Biblecall (213) 988-7080

Pick any topic of discussion and they'll play a tape for ya. You've gotta hear it to believe it. Try askin' for no. 221. Unreal.

Tel-Med (213) 547-9911 or (617) 482-3333

Use this number to obtain free health information. They have a "by the numbers" list, but will help ya with any specific questions ya may have. Until ya get the hang of it, call the number, ask for information on No. 174 (which is a topic of great importance to many of us), and listen in on what they've got to say.

Sympathetic Condolences (213) 622-6760

Did your ol' lady die of a heart attack while you were eatin' her snatch? Did your cat get run over by a steam roller, leavin' ya standin' there with a long puss? Did your best friend crap out when he crashed his scoot into the side of a Highway Safety Division truck? If anything like the above happened, call this number an' a dude there will console ya with all kinds of bullshit Bible quotations an' sympathetic condolences.

Rubbin' Ya the Right Way (213) 997-0811

How many times have ya passed by one of those massage parlors and wondered what went on inside, but were too chickenshit to pay up to a hundred bucks to find out? Call this number and a sexy-voiced little honey on the end of the line will give ya the low down. She'll tell ya all about strokin' your dork, walkin' barefoot on your face and back — she'll do everything but promise ya a piece of ass, which ya probably won't get anyway. And since it's a recording, when she comes to the part about it costin' ya a month's wages to have some foxy bitch give ya the stonies, ya can call her all the names ya want without gettin' arrested for makin' an abscene phone call or threatenin' her fuckin' life.

White Power (703) 527-1069; (312) 863-8855; (216) 228-8613; (714) 630-2388; (209) 462-0551; (216) 631-6448

Verbal instructions on how to build wooden crosses, etc.

Cut The Clap (212) 269-5300

Got a dose of clap? Want one? Call this number and they'll tell ya where to go and what to do, so ya can hobble on down and get your pills.

Do Your Own Divorce (213) 974-5155

Most phone directories an' some of the throw-away advertisin' papers have a listing for lawyers and places where ya can get a divorce cheap. What they don't tell ya about is all the hidden red-tape an' bullshit ya gotta go through. Handlin' it yourself, ya can often get a divorce for as little as fifty bucks, but if ya got a house-full of dirty little ankle-biters, or if you an' the ol' lady are in partnership in a business, you'll need to dial up this number to get the straight dope. We don't know who the straight dope at the other end of the line might be, but stick your finger in the hole and give it a whirl.

Smokers Hot Line (213) 466-6720 or (312) 654-8900

One dude asked his pal if his ol' lady smoked when they got done fuckin'. His pal replied, "I don't know, I never look at her snatch." Well, if ya wanna get your ol' lady to quit smokin', or if you're tired of coughin' up those big, green, quivery oysters every mornin', call one of these numbers. They'll give ya a run-down on how many dudes cash in their chips because of smokin'. They'll probably also be ready to ask for a donation to the Heart Fund, so be ready to hang up as soon as ya find out what ya wanted to know an' it won't cost a cent.

Cheap Sex (213) 988-6509

Don't ask us, all we know is that if ya dial up this number, somebody is supposed to give ya some kind of information on the subject. It might be a job offer to work as a sheep herder or a chicken rancher, or it might give ya information on how to tie up an' fuck the neighbor's cat. This one ya gotta call cold, 'cause we ain't got the answer.

Let It All Hang Out (704) 375-8635

All ya voyeurs out there are gonna love this number. Dial it up and start talkin', cause there's a heavy-breathin' dude or chick on the other end of the line that wants to hear — and probably record — any kind of tale ya wanna tell, from how ya fuck to who ya ate last night. Don't give 'em your name, for crissakes, 'cause the story might appear in one of the sex rags with your name as byline, an' your front porch'll be stampeded by one of two groups — hot-blooded little honeys or vice squadders

—Continued on page 74

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 ¼ x2 ¼)—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 Jim Otto, Napoleon, Ohio



—from Ronnie G., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.



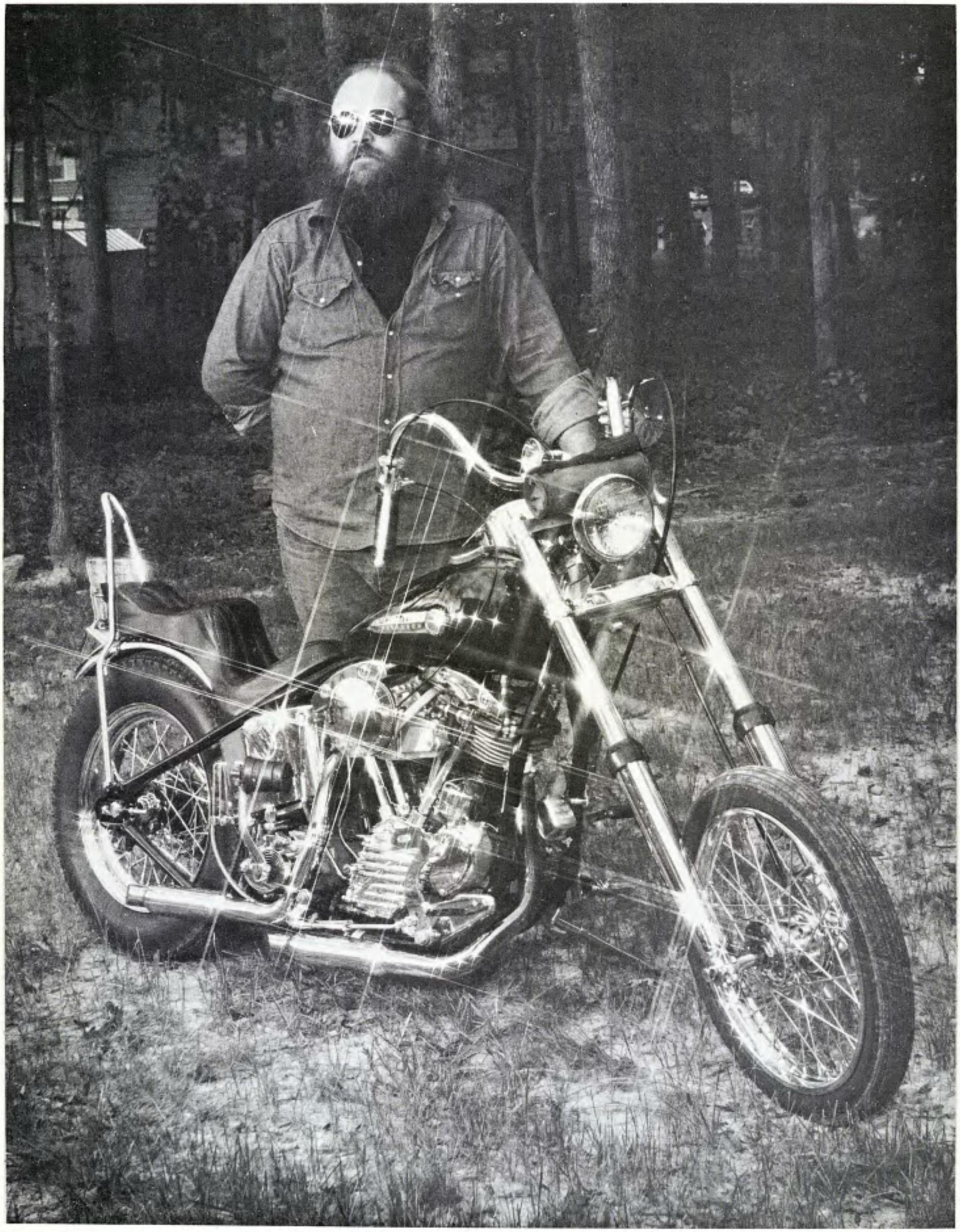


—from Julie Hussin, Franklin, Tenn.

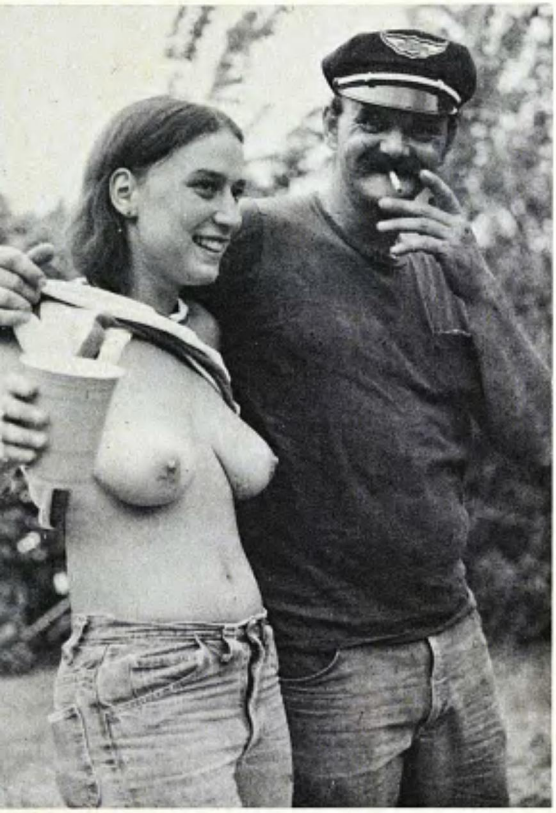
—from The Mad Crate Builder, Lake Stevens, Wash.



—from P. A. Boyd, S. Bend, Ind.



—from P. Samuel, Chester, Va.







—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.





—from Dan Smithberg, Caspar, Calif.

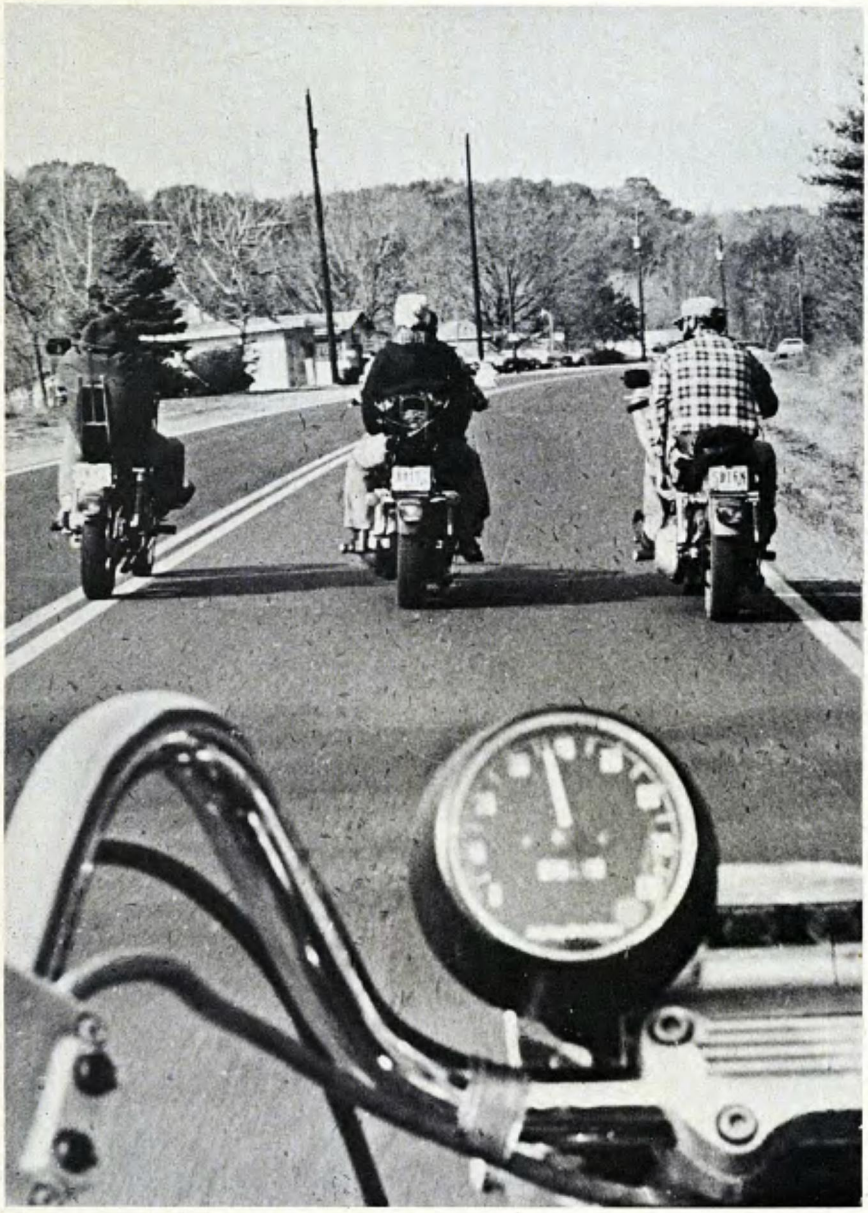
—from Mike Parlato, San Quentin, Calif.

—from Tom Shaw, Terre Haute, Ind.





—from Larry P. Webb, Meridian, Miss.



—from Tyra Ealy, Liverpool, Ohio



—from Bob Donley, San Leandro, Calif.

—from The Baz, Ralston, Nebr.





—from Jim Montgomery, Westernport, Md.



—from Darrell Cadwallader, APO, San Francisco





—from Ronnie G., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.



—from Jim Modesitt, Toledo, Ohio



—from Charly Long, Olmsted, Ohio



—from Jim Jones, New Castle, Ind.



—from Gypsy, Ventura, Calif.



—from Bruce Bolio, Peru, Mass.



—from Scott Anthony, Ankorage, Ak.

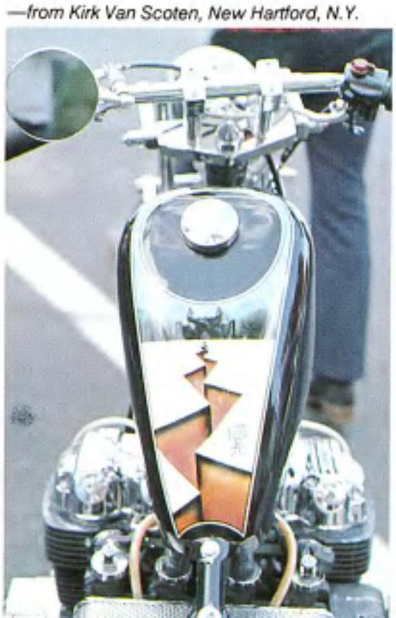


—from Ron Starvaggi, Waterford, Pa.

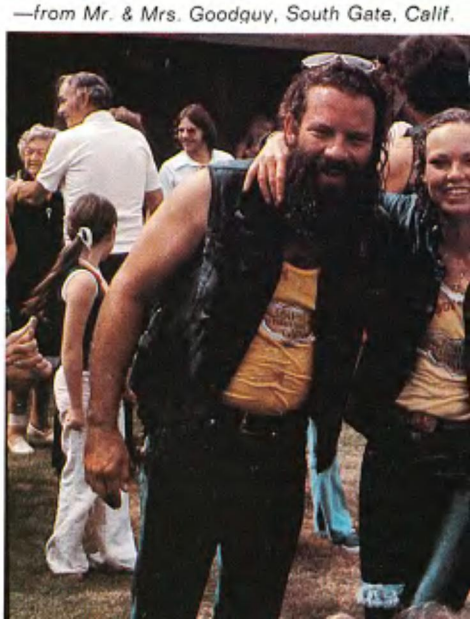
—from Craig and Luanne Crawley, Concord, Mich.



—from Kirk Van Scoten, New Hartford, N.Y.



—from Mr. & Mrs. Goodguy, South Gate, Calif.



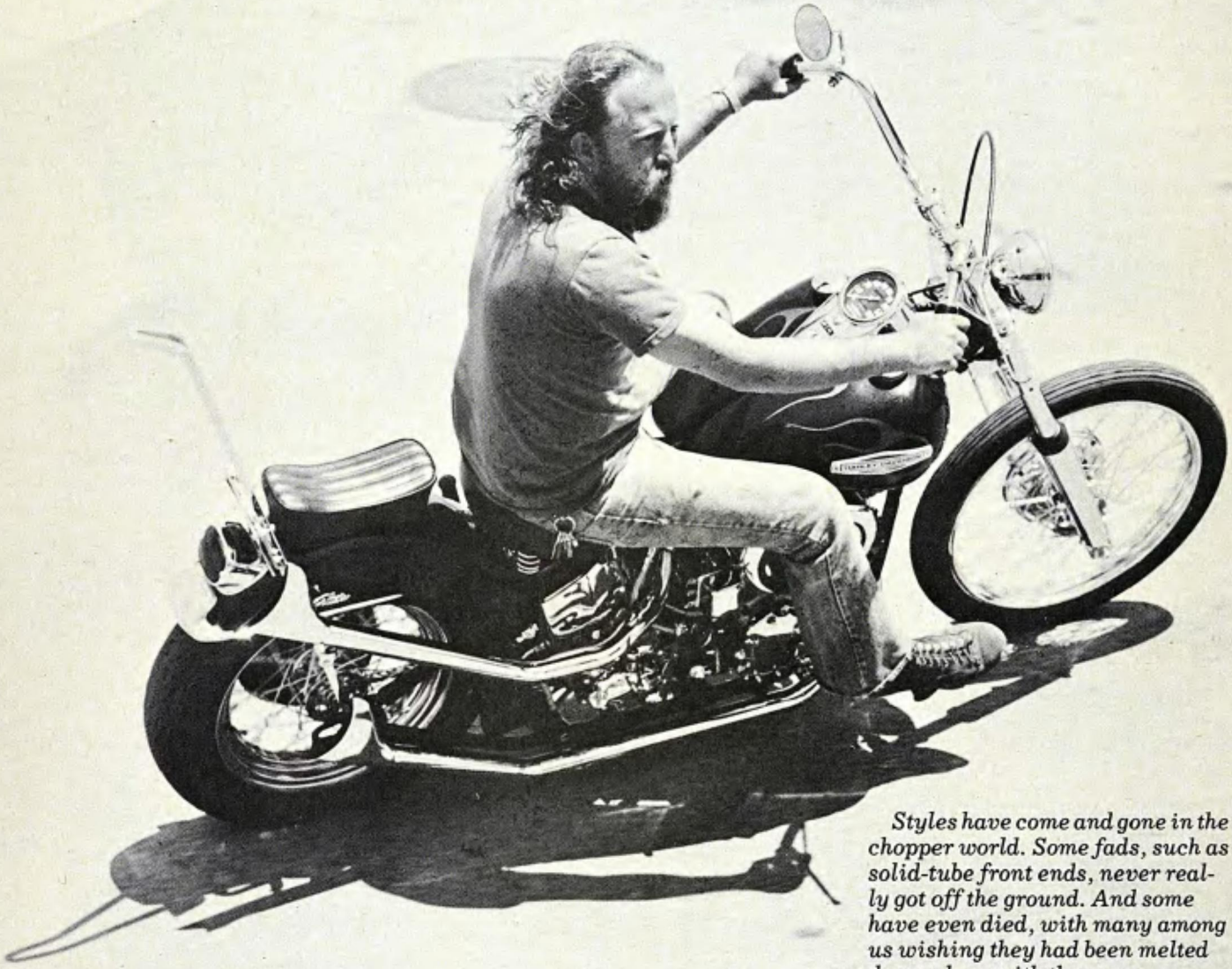

DAVID MANN
Easyriders



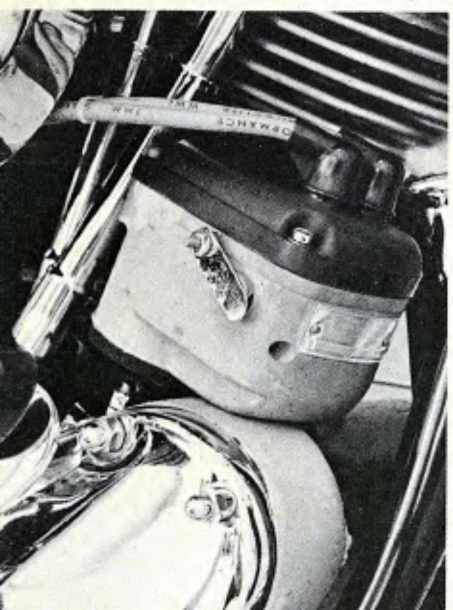


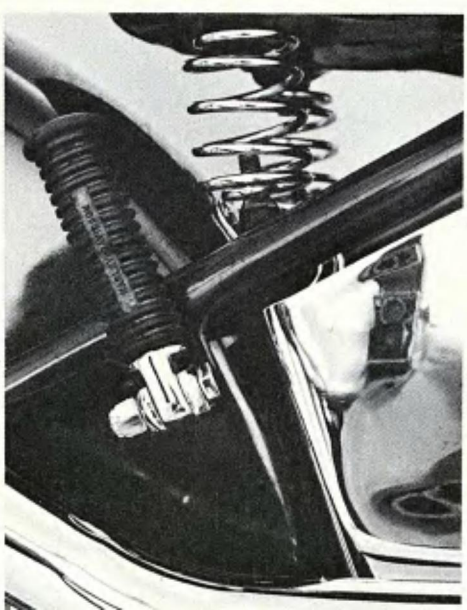
Road Bike

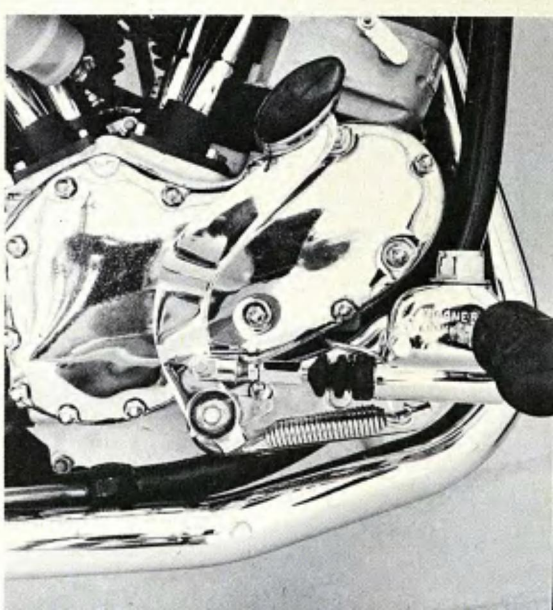
It's Not Fancy, But It's No Piece of Junk, Either



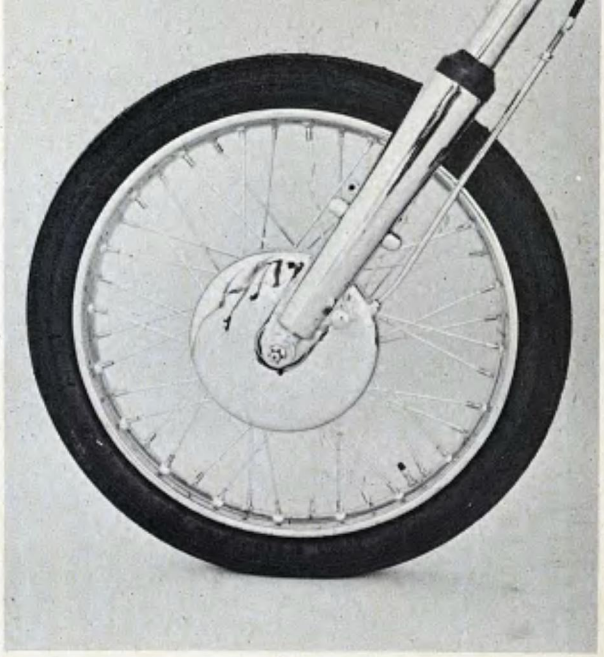
Styles have come and gone in the chopper world. Some fads, such as solid-tube front ends, never really got off the ground. And some have even died, with many among us wishing they had been melted down along with the manufacturers: raked triple trees, leaf-spring front ends, and the like.







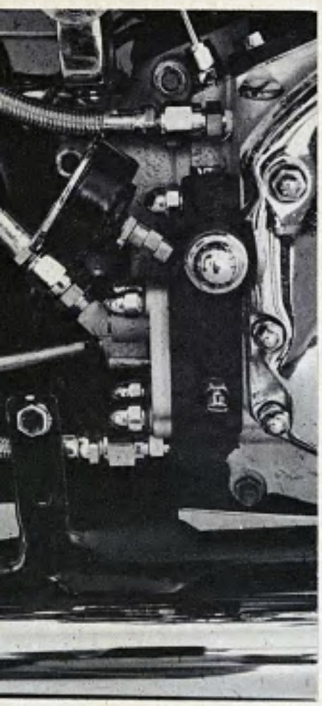


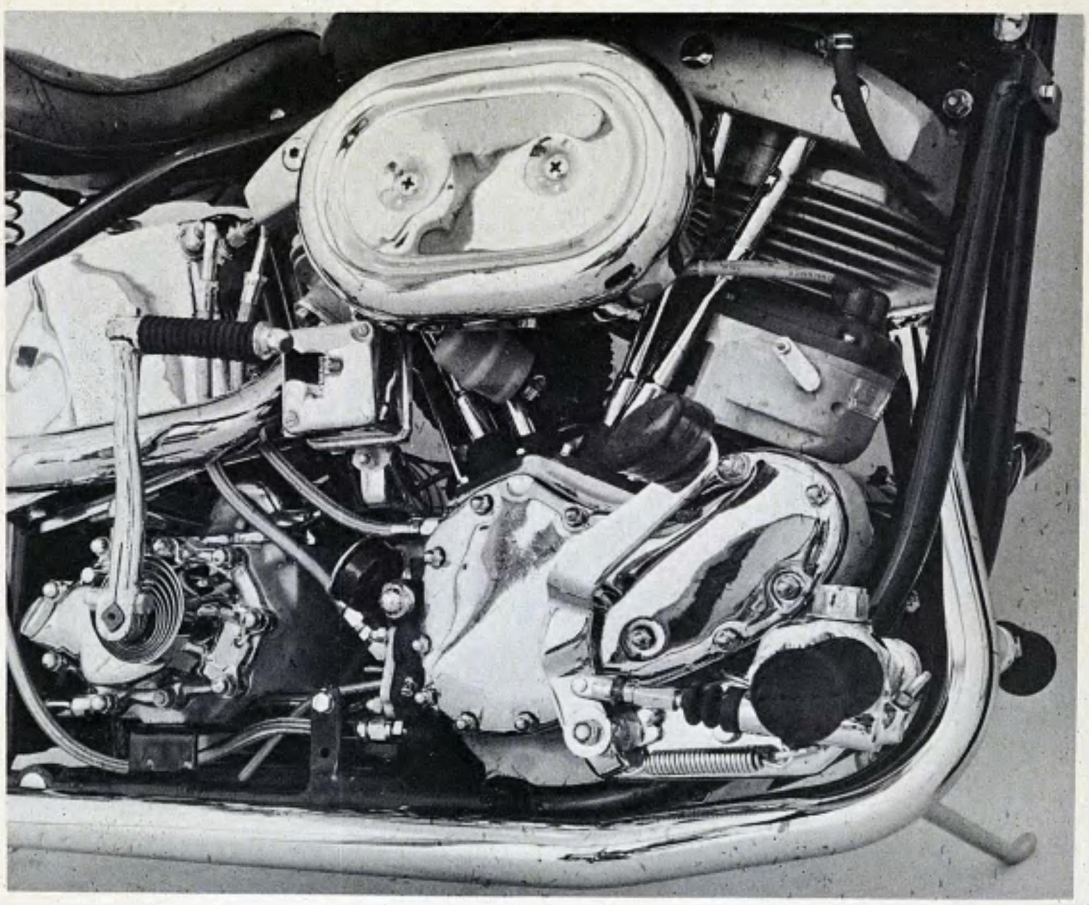


When custom scooters began to stick out from all the stock bikes on the roads, only a few modifications were apparent. Riders bobbed the rear fenders, mounted solo seats, and replaced the stock handlebars with flanders bars and flanders risers. One change brought about another. One bro extended his front end a little longer until we were trying to ride across the country with custom 25-inch-over front ends and custom frames that weren't designed for speeds over 40 mph.

Choppers went from custom bikes to radical bikes. But at the point where people began to have trouble handling their farther-than-farout motors, many bros reversed the trend.

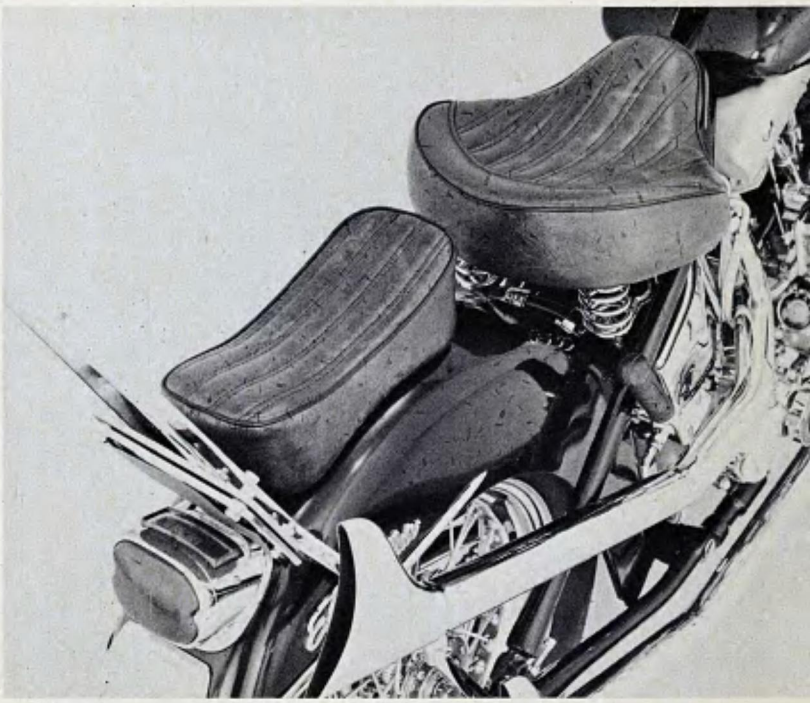
Remember when a 3/4-gallon gas tank was a sleek, trick modification? The gas starve took care of that. And modification laws began to stifle radical bikes in some areas. But then there was the bro who just wanted to ride — fuck all the fancy shit. He built a radical bike to keep up with the times, then discovered that it didn't hold all the gas it needed, it didn't corner as tight as he wanted, and when he had trouble with his rear brakes, there was no backup at the front — and the bros with long front ends and front brakes had trouble with front end handling when the brake was

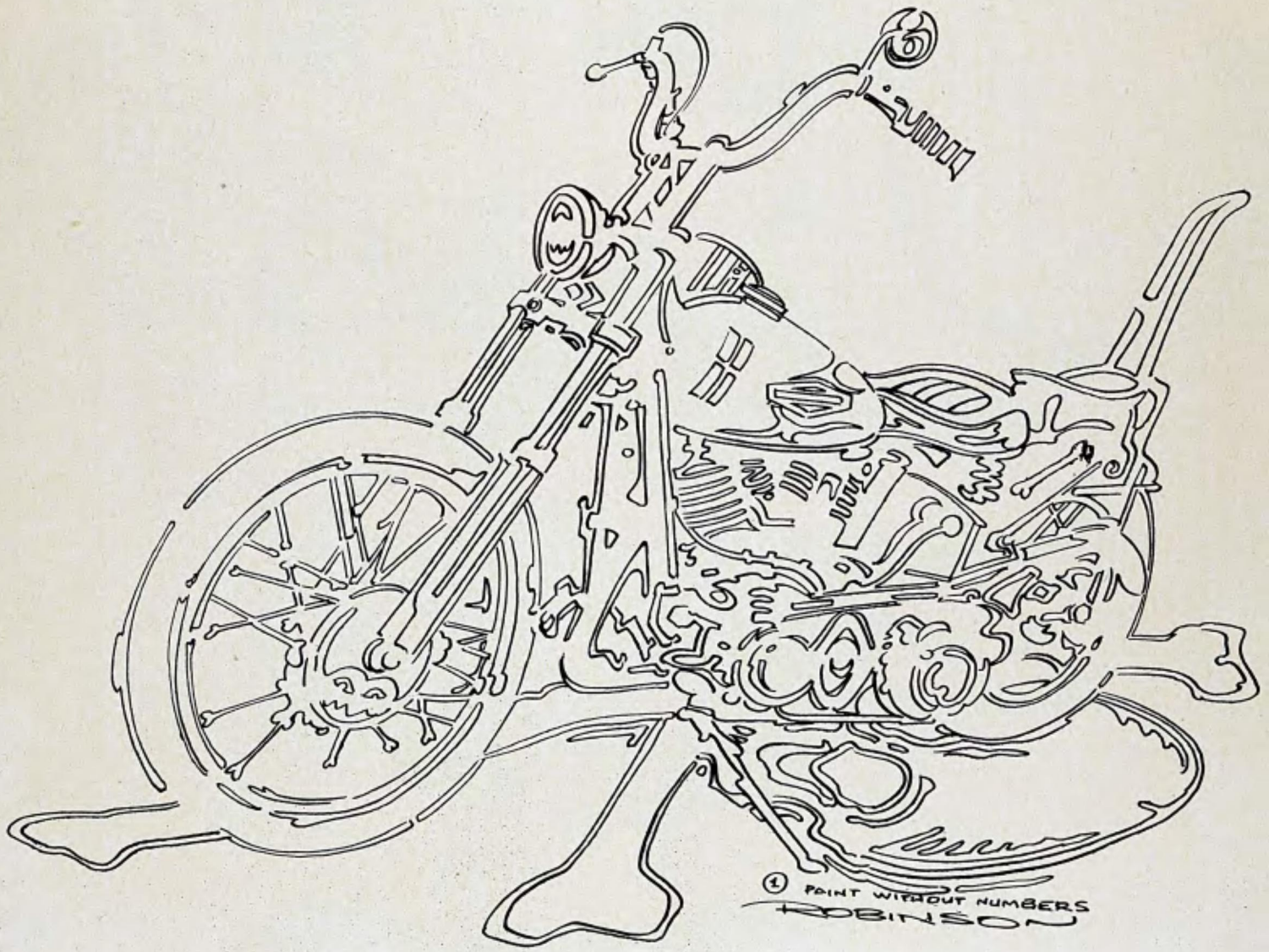




Photos by Pete Chiodo






1 PAINT WITHOUT NUMBERS
ROBINSON



applied. Bad roads, sand, and lousy weather became considerations.

The diminishing value of the dollar also dictated prudent choices when it came to spending money on modifications. About the only concession many road bike builders still make when building a scooter is the traditional rigid frame.

The bike you see featured here is a road machine. It has been to Canada twice, to Mexico, Arizona, and Nevada — all since the last teardown. Most of us have been down the road, over a few hills, and through an occasional creek, and when it comes to building bikes, the road machine is sort of the ideal in custom bikes, the traditional chopper, a functional, comfortable Harley. To many of us, it's the only way to go.

—Weed

Owners: Greg Stallard **City:** Reseda, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1966 H-D
Model: FLH
Value: not for sale
Assembly by: owner
Time: 3 months
Chroming by: a bummer

Engine

Year: 1966
Model: FLH
Rebuilder: Madman Micah
Ignition: magneto
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: Madman Micah
Balancing: West Valley
Pistons: FLH
Cases: stock
Heads: ported
Cam: "A" grind Andrews
Lifters: solids
Carb(s): Tillotson
Air cleaner: stock
Pipes: custom
Muffler(s): none

Transmission:

Modifications: stock
Year: 1948
Shifting: suicide
Engine sprocket: Phase III belt
Trans sprocket: 24
Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: none
Painter: Jeff
Color: black
Type: lacquer
Special paint: none
Other special modifications: none

Frame

Year: 1974
Builder: H-D & Freddy
Type: rigid swingarm
Rake: 30°
Stretch: none
Other alterations: hard tail added

Accessories

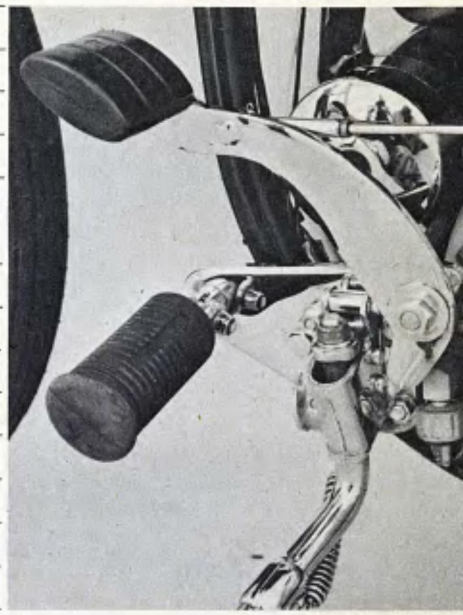
Bars: Flanders #1
Risers: Paughco 6 in.
Fender(s): stock front to rear
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: stock
Speedo: police special
Front pegs: glide
Rear pegs: Sportster
Electrics: 12 v.
Gas tank: 5 gallons
Oil tank: original
Oil system: Paughco braided
Primary cover: diamond
Seat: 1940-45 stock
Sissy bar: owner
Height: 1½ feet
Material: 5/8 square

Forks:

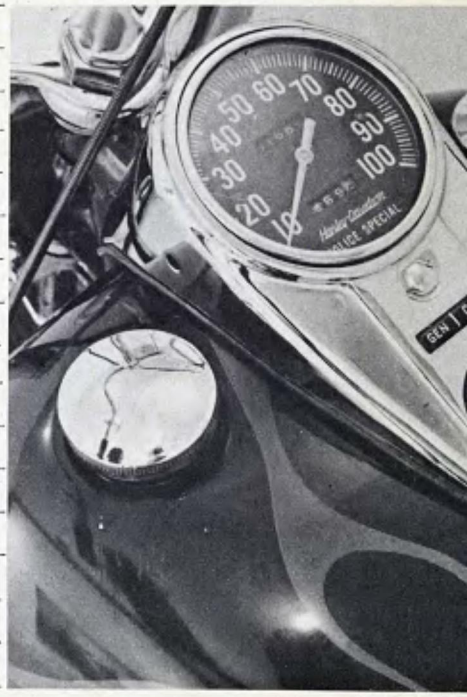
Type: glide
Extension: 3 inches
Builder: owner & H-D
Special features: none

Wheels: from Joe Scarber's

	Front:	**Rear:**
Size:	21	16
Hub:	H-D	H-D
Rim width:	2¼ in.	5 in.
Tire:	Avon 2.75	Carille
Brake:	glide	juice







Prayer

by Gentle Ben Kohler



The minute I heard that familiar distant thunder, I left the house, working my way down the asphalt drive until I had reached a flat place in the shade of the oaks beside the highway that twisted drunkenly into the upper heights of the canyon. There I sat, rigid with expectation as the sound became louder, its powerful vibrations announcing the impending arrival of a sight that I knew was going to squeeze my guts until my mind screamed with the joyous anguish already flooding my tensed body.

The first ones suddenly swept around the curve.

Bearded, longhaired, and arrogantly laid back aboard the gleaming bikes, they rode toward me, more and more of them appearing around that bend in closely spaced twos and threes, weaving expertly as they shifted positions in the run on the straightaway stretching briefly at the canyon's yawning mouth.

Soundlessly my mind responded with pride. Painfully my belly contorted with the excitement convulsing it. *You lucky bastards!* throbbed the envy within my skull. *You beautiful, lucky muthas!*

On and on they rolled, the leaders passing me now. One of them was a beefy giant whose flaming mane streamed wildly out from beneath a headband of folded, faded blue handkerchief. His gaudy whiskers encased a snaggle-tooth grin aimed directly at me when he swerved momentarily in my direction in a mock threat before guiding the thundering knucklehead smoothly back into his lane. I knew that I had been seen and acknowledged.

The biker beside him merely glanced at me — coldly and quickly — then yanked his grim-faced attention onto the curving pavement ahead, muscles rippling in his thick forearms as he throttled up for the climbing road.

Contentedly drowning in the deafening roar of the panheads and shovelheads now flashing by, I concentrated on the parade of faces, drinking in the varied emotions and mental states being displayed as they rolled past my avid eyes, some riding solo, others packing women. *Oh, God, what women!* sobbed my loins.

Twice, a haughty smile was hurled at me — once by the slender blonde doll clutching the waist of the snake-hipped dude packing her on the heavily chromed Harley sled, and again by a sweet-faced brunette fox who tauntingly shook her pointy jugs as she sped by, smirking cruelly from behind the wide-shouldered biker whose shadeless, pale eyes regarded me pityingly.

And I soaked up those smiles like a grateful sponge.

Still more of them shot from around that bend, and I estimated that better than seventy scoots had passed me, veering and swerving as they spun along on glittering spools in a slowly thickening swirl of exhaust gases on their canyonward course, bearing all manner of men and women from somewhere to elsewhere in a seemingly endless procession.

Hungrily, almost worshipfully, I watched each bike as it went grumbling and stuttering across my range of vision, aware of the strength and the vibrant life represented in the people astride those impressive machines. I was sick inside with the remembered sensations of exactly how it felt to be one of them, hurrying onward with the giddy freedom and ever-present fatigue rising and falling to the tempo of motor rhythms.

They'll be out of these mountains before dark, agony sang in my brain, and journeying across the desert's enchanted vastness where perhaps they'll halt beside a cool, spring-fed surface of shimmering water, there to dismount and stretch cramped muscles, to eat food roasted over a crackling fire, to laughingly quench thirst with

chilled wines. And, later, they'll writhe in pleasures with urgently greedy senses and sweaty flesh under the night's gentle mantle. The stars will wink knowingly at them and the warm winds will caress them into exhausted sleep because they are young and healthy, rich with reckless confidence and unmarred with evil or suffering. And by morning they will be speeding from the misted wilderness to the beckoning cities and excitements.

Deep within, my soul moaned with the knowing.

But then the last rider came hurriedly trying to close the gap between himself and the others, his startled gaze flickering upon me just before he grinned sympathetically.

He gave my presence the finger as he swooped by — a ribald salute of farewell. And now there were only the fading echoes of their throaty machines dying in the canyon's rocky belly until finally silence erased the fact of their brief passing and I was alone again.

My eyes glanced over the wasted, helpless body strapped into the wheelchair I had worn ever since that supposedly half-blind motorist had sent me and my panhead highsiding through the splintering guard rail, hurtling me into empty space and a long life trapped within a prison of flesh that was paralyzed from the neck down. The dull row of efficient buttons on the chin-control unit mercifully blocked my view of what had been a strong and useful body, now rendered into a parody of a man during its twenty-third year.

I closed my eyes, swallowing into a tightened throat.

"You, up there — or out there — or wherever You are," I whispered with trembling lips, "when You touch the ones that must go, be decent about it, dammit! Snuff them quickly and clean. Don't leave them here like me!"

Then I pressed my chin onto a button and the electric wheelchair hummed merrily as it carried me back to the house. ■

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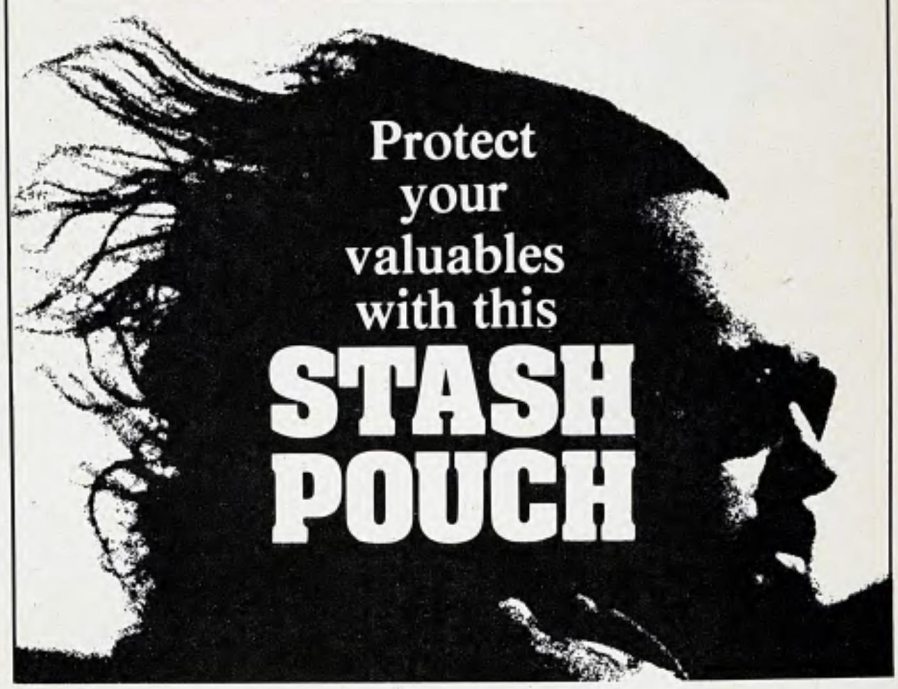
California residents add 6%



Won't open until you open it



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

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

SMALL BIKE WALLET



Made from thick Latigo leather, this wallet is 3 inches by 4 inches, compact, for a dude who doesn't like to carry much, for the ol' lady or for credit cards. It can be stamped with the Harley-Davidson, Live to Ride, or the I.R.S. lion at no extra charge. This wallet goes for $6.85 plus 75¢ postage and handling.

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California residents add 6% for The Man

NUMBERS

—Continued from page 55

Predictions? (Listed below under your Sign.)

Jean Dixon swore (after it happened) that she predicted President Kennedy's assassination. Maybe she did an' maybe she didn't, but she can tell ya who's gonna mess around with who in Hollywood. If you're nervous about takin' a weekend ride out to California, she'll let ya know when the next earthquake will occur, or in Florida — the next hurricane. But don't try no funny shit like holdin' your hand in front of the phone an' askin' her to guess how many fingers ya got. If ya can't count 'em yourself, take another toke an' forget about it. Call one of the numbers listed below and let Jean Dixon scare the shit out of ya by tellin' ya where an' when the next war or catastrophe is gonna occur, so's you can beat the draft by headin' for Canada — again.

Aries	(212) 936-5050
Taurus	(212) 936-5151
Gemini	(212) 936-5252
Cancer	(212) 936-5353
Leo	(212) 936-5454
Virgo	(212) 936-5656
Libra	(212) 936-5757
Scorpio	(212) 936-5858
Sagitarius	(212) 936-5959
Capricorn	(212) 936-6060
Aquarius	(212) 936-6161
Pisces	(212) 936-6262

Most of these numbers were given to us by friends (or ex-friends) or gleaned from the personals sections of newspapers' classifieds, throw-away advertising papers and the Yellow Pages of various phone books. We plan to do an update soon with even more outrageous numbers for you to fuck your buddies' heads over with so if you have some bum numbers of your own that we've missed, send 'em along to us and we'll try and get 'em in next time. Oh yeah, due to the unusual nature of these phone numbers, some of them may have changed by the time ya read this. So don't blame us if ya get Dave's Aunt Sophie in Detroit. ■



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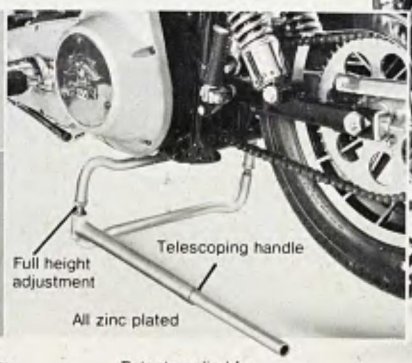
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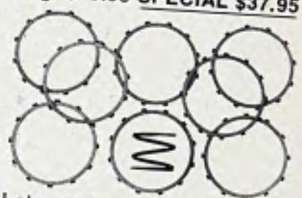
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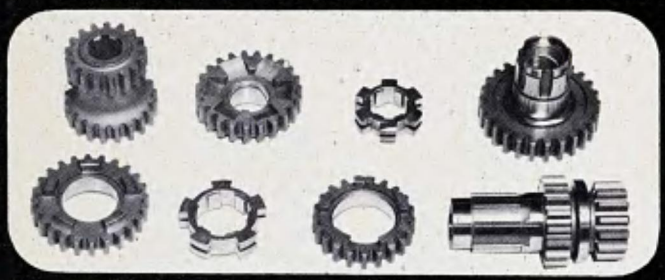


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SLENDER CHANCE

—Continued from page 13

echo back the sounds of their own evil. The smaller man broke the silence.

"Tomorrow evening," he said, "I am to be picked up at a small private airfield in Medford. Once I am on that plane, all is well—but I am in constant danger until I board it. I am taking the 4:10 train tomorrow and **nothing** *must interfere with my departure!"*

Bart peered through the dull glow of the lantern. The flame cast eerie shadows on the impassive face across the table. Bart frowned and his eyes narrowed.

"These plans," he growled, "what makes them so important?"

The smaller man smiled slightly. "Ward was doing research into high-frequency sound waves. He discovered a method of projecting an intense ultrasonic signal over large areas. With the aid of the documents I now possess, Germany will be able to cripple entire cities. No enemy population will be able to withstand the brain-splitting power of this awesome weapon."

Ordinarily a fearless man, Bart felt a shiver of fright ripple up his spine as he listened to the small man's doomsday scenario. For the hundredth time, Bart felt the anguish known only to the traitor. And for the hundredth time he forced it out of his mind.

"Get on with it!" Bart snarled, his voice filled with contempt for both this German spy and himself. "Give me the money and tell me what I've got to do!"

The smaller man sensed the larger man's contemptuous anger—and the danger it presented to himself. Hastening to comply with Bart's terse order, he shoved a manila envelope across the table.

"That's half the money," he said, placatingly. "You get the other half when the job's done."

Without so much as looking at it, Bart stuffed the envelope into the patched sweater he wore beneath his heavy pea jacket. "And the job?" he asked.

The smaller man leaned back in his chair. "Quite simple," he said in an expressionless voice. "Kill Terry Malloy."

/ / / /

The morning sun flooded the interior of Terry's garage workshop, brightly illuminating the three figures

—Continued on page 80



Editorial Smoke and Juice Session

We started working on the concept of **Easyriders** a lot farther back than people might believe.

And that's why it's such a fine rag today. That's why we never fuck up or use the wrong words. It's also the reason why we are so peculiar about the bikes we feature and the women we go out with. And our tech features are predestined to go down in history.

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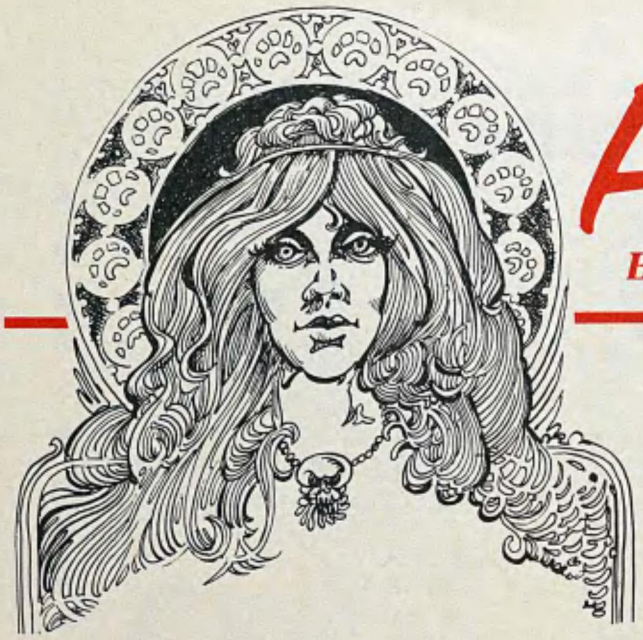
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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Aries

Aries are not only mentally agile, they are also energetic. They are natural leaders, impulsive, ambitious, full of enterprise and new ideas. And if that ain't enough—they are one of the sexiest signs in the zodiac. For instance: Marlon Brando, Steve McQueen, and our very own Spider are Aries, plus Hugh Hefner, who knows how to get it in, and Harry Houdini, who knew how to get it out. A few more Aries are Gabe Kaplan, James Garner, David Cassidy (who just threw away his training wheels), Warren Beatty (I sure wouldn't kick him out of bed!)—and more: Diana Ross, Julie Christie, Claudia Cardinale, and Howard Cosell (how the fuck did he get in there?).

Both male and female Aries hate taking orders and are inclined to be quick-tempered. They are at their best when at the head of things **(snicker).** They have a great love for freedom and justice and are likely to go to extremes, indulging in indignation, hasty speech, or lack of discretion. They possess strong will power, are persistent and not easily discouraged. They are independent to a fault. They do best in vocations requiring quick action, decision making, executive or mechanical ability, and responsibility. They are extremely self-reliant, fortunately, because they bore easily.

Aries are prone to aches or pains in the head. (They are also sometimes a pain in the ass!) They are susceptible to eye problems and fevers. There is also a danger of accidents due to recklessness (listen up, dudes). They have very strong recuperative powers and make the world's worst patients. They are far too active to remain in bed—alone, that is.

Both males and females remain youthful in appearance and actions long into old age; nonetheless, they should restrain their tendency to take precipitate action on the basis of momentary impulses.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

By the close of this mind-boggling month, some frayed nerves could jingle your jolly. Loosen up long enough to get crazy on your birthday. This is prime time for dumping alf unnecessary bullshit from the past, including people. There are lots of mixed emotions in store—maybe a good cry in your beer is called for (or whatever your preference.) But hang in there, 'cause you're about to head into a ball-bustin' cycle that will blow your mind.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

This can be a sentimental month, and getting too mushy can leave you with your head up your ass. Watch out for a fling with a flyin' fuck that causes you to neglect biz. Take care of important documents and past-due bills, or you'll be headed for a shitload of hassles. Be prepared for some delays and frustrations in communications toward the end of the month. If you lighten up on the fucks, you may be in for some surprise bucks.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

It's to your advantage to patch up a recent blowup with a tight bro. You're restless and fired up this month, and likely to shoot off your mouth at the wrong time. To avoid a fat lip, keep a button on it. (Besides, gettin' all bent outta shape can blow some good trips for ya.) Zero in on the facts before getting an attitude over a financial situation. Things aren't always what they appear to be. Keep an open mind and you'll come out ahead, especially if your zipper's open, too.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

It's time to hobnob with the bigwigs and rub rumps with influential people. It could be to your advantage to blow your own horn and set a few fuckups straight. Hell, if ya got it, flaunt it! (This don't mean pointin' yer prong in public.) A healthy ego is a good head trip—just don't get huffy if things don't come your way at the drop of a hat (or a hardon). Tell it like it is, then be patient, and this month will dump a few goodies on ya.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

Time to watch for some blubber creeping up on your usually beautiful body—all that partyin' and piggin' down, ya know. Unless you don't mind using a can of Crisco and a shoehorn to get into yer drawers, lighten up on that second helping (unless it's nooky). While your bod is dumping lard, your mind will be getting fat with creative vibes and your initiative will receive a beneficial boost. Jot down those far-out ideas for future use.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

If you feel like you've been wading barefoot through a pile of shit the past few weeks, relax, help is on the way. The only fly in yer hair pie is having to face an old adversary again. Don't let it drag your nuts down 'cause this time it'll be on your terms. It might be to your benefit and blow your mind. Keeping your usual cool is the secret now. Listen to both sides of a situation at the pad before cutting loose with any swift kicks to the rear entry.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

You're busier than a dude in a beaver-eating contest this month. The old Libra charm is working overtime this month and you're as popular as a fan dancer sans fan. Just don't be too gullible or overly generous 'cause someone could wipe you out financially. Party down, but don't neglect previous commitments. Remember, if you snooze, you lose. Take time out from your busy social calendar (what the fuck's that?) unless you want to land between the sheets and the shits.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov 21)

Hell, Scorpio, you're really on the rag right now—but with good excuse. For some reason there's some real rumpkins screwin' with your head. Furthermore, you're having trouble making ends meet (financially, anyway). You may feel like you're in the pits right now; but towards the end of the month you'll get your shit together. One word of caution: bucks and fucks don't mix.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

Some of you lucky muthas will go to the head of the class now—you'll be asked to take a leading role in a group enterprise. Don't let this bit of luck inflate your ego out of proportion; otherwise, you could trip on it and break your fuckin' bones. This is not the month to lend money to friends, and especially not to relatives. As I've said before, loaning money causes amnesia. It also fucks up a lot of friendships. Travel for business is on the agenda.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

You may be temporarily out of order this month. You are classically overworked and underfucked. Try aimin' for a happy medium. Take a break from strainin' your brains, go for a weekend putt, or lock yourself up with your ol' lady and give your gonads a gift. You have athletic support from your partners now—so slow down and don't work yourself into a case of jock itch. Hang in there!

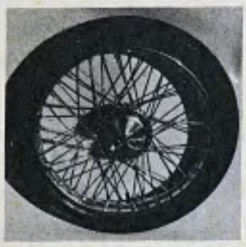
Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

The first half of the month, you're wired for sound and coming across like the **Daily Blab.** Furthermore, you're not sure if you're coming or going—and that is a problem! You're so confused that you could spray your pit power on your poopchute. Get your act together 'cause toward the last week you'll meet someone who rings your chimes and makes your dong ding. You'll spend the rest of the month getting something straight between you.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

Check and double check any legal papers you sign this month. It's time to buckle down and get serious, not the time to sit around belching and farting, or yawning and scratching your ass. The focus is on money matters and your ability to get financial backing. You could easily change your mind about a past business venture, and to your advantage. You'll also take an interest in your appearance now—huh?

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SLENDER CHANCE

—Continued from page 76

within. A pot of coffee bubbled on an electric hot plate in one corner as Terry, wearing a grease-stained pair of mechanic's overalls, crouched alongside his immaculate Harley-Davidson. Checking the play in the drive chain one final time, Terry tightened the locking nut and stood up. He paused to stare at his motorcycle in undisguised admiration.

"You really love that machine, don't you?"

Terry turned to face his questioner, a slim, dark-haired girl in her early twenties whose smile bespoke both her own good nature and her love for Terry. It was Laura Benson, Terry's girlfriend since they met in high school. Terry chuckled self-consciously.

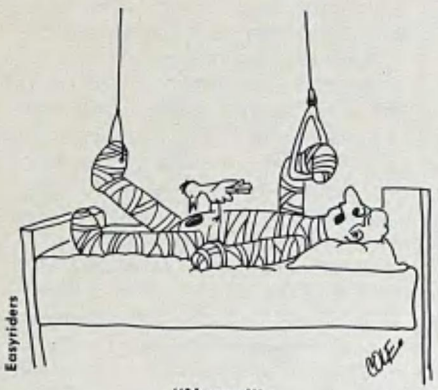
"Well, Laura," he replied, 'I guess I do, sort of. But it's a remarkable machine — it's the first three-speed Harley ever made and the crankshaft bearing is a special bronze and the oil pump is a new design and — "

Terry stopped abruptly, aware of the wry smiles on the faces of Laura and Professor Ward. Slightly embarrassed, he laughed at his own enthusiasm.

"I guess I was getting a mite worked up," he admitted. "But if you've never been on a motorcycle you can't imagine what you're missing — the open road, the wind in your face, the feeling of power and speed."

He ran a cloth over the engine's pushrods and checked the tightness of the spark plugs before speaking again. Tossing the rag on his workbench and unbuttoning the shop overalls he wore over his white duck pants and white cotton shirt, he addressed the old man.

"All right, Professor Ward, let's go over what we know. We're certain the plans were stolen by Hammersmith. And regardless of what anyone says, the inquiries I've made convince me



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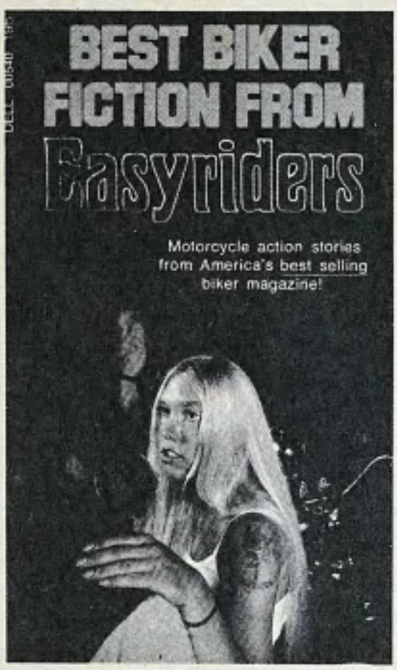
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he's still holed up somewhere in the east end of town. But unless I miss my guess, he'll make his move soon — and he must not elude us!"

With a grave expression etched on his features, the old man regarded Terry and nodded. "Yes," he agreed, "but time is running out. What do you plan to do?"

Terry gave Laura a brief kiss and straddled the machine before answering. "I'm going back to the east end," he said, bringing the bike to life with one forward kick of the pedal. He adjusted the spark and let the motorcycle idle.

"I have some pretty good leads," he shouted over the engine's even bark. "If I'm lucky, one of them will pan out. I'll let you know as soon as something develops. In the meantime, cross your fingers."

Terry dropped the bike into gear and with a final wave to his two worried companions, he eased the Harley down the driveway. Turning onto the street, he twisted the throttle and the bike shot forward. Laura and Professor Ward listened to the exhaust noise dwindle as Terry rode away on his critical mission.

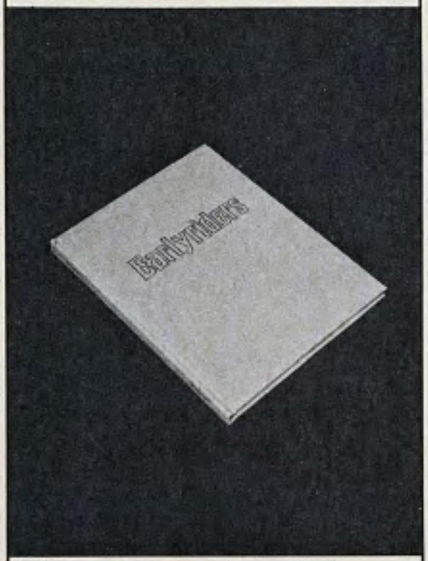
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Hours later, a dejected Terry Malloy rode slowly towards his home. In spite of an exhaustive search and dozens of inquiries, he had come up with little he didn't already know. Sensing that Hammersmith's trail was turning cold, he had decided to abandon his search in hopes that something had developed at home. But he wasn't optimistic and he dreaded having to tell the Professor and Laura of his failure.

In spite of his disapointment and the terrible prospects attendant on Hammersmith's theft of the plans, Terry found his spirits bouyed a bit by the ride. Once again, he thought, a ride proved to be good medicine. He found it a relief to put the worries of the moment aside and enjoy the refreshing breezes and watch the passing scenery tinged with gold by the late afternoon sun. Lost in his momentary enjoyment on the isolated road, Terry at first failed to notice the lone car approaching from behind.

Bart had been tailing Terry most of the day, always keeping a discrete distance behind, waiting for the right moment. Now, he realized, that moment had come. The burly man gripped the steering wheel of the Model T with white-knuckled intensity and gave the car more gas. He stared intently at his target — the white-garbed motorcylist growing larger in

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front of the speeding automobile. The gap between them narrowed and Bart readied himself for the final burst of acceleration that would reduce the rider and his machine to a jumbled tangle of flesh and metal.

At the last instant, a certain sixth sense, known only to motorcycle riders, brought Terry to a sudden realization of the danger. Perhaps it was some heightened sensory awareness as a result of many hours astride the bike. It may be that he noticed a slight change in the light caused by reflections from the car or perhaps he felt some almost imperceptible vibration through the ground or he may have detected some unfamiliar noise behind him. In any event, Terry's acute senses and quick reflexes saved his life. His head whipped around briefly in response to his inner danger signal. Then, in a single, fluid motion, he twisted the throttle and the bike sped into the opposing lane just as the Model T flew past. Bart's reflexes, however, were not so quick, and before he could react to Terry's evasive action, the car had run onto the shoulder of the road. The Model T's tires dug into the soft dirt and the car flipped over twice, bursting into flames and coming to rest upside down in a deep ditch that paralleled the road.

Terry left the bike on its stand and ran across the road toward the blazing automobile. Bart's crumpled body was partially visible through the smoke and flames and Terry unhesitatingly rushed into the ditch. Beating at the flames with his coat, he strained to pull the heavy man free of the wreckage. Using every ounce of his strength,

—Continued on page 90



"Dis, gentlemen, is what we at da E-Z School of Gynecology call de cunt."

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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 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **"Red,"** a brother who died too young, too soon, but lives in our hearts. Brothers forever. Gladiators M/C, Indiana.

In memory of **C. T. Hill.** Only the good die young. You'll always be with us. Carlos and Laura, Sophia, N.C.

In memory of **Bob Harris,** who rode hard and died too fast. Missed by all, but not forgotten. Mike Goodman, San Diego, Calif.

In memory of **Allen "Preacher" Parsons.** I know you're in Harley Heaven, and I'll never forget you. Gail Hunt, Newberry, Fla.

In memory of **George "Rat" Bordziuk,** who was forced off the road and into death by a car. Weed.

In memory of **Connie Kay Childers,** the best friend I ever had: I'll never be able to replace you. Becky, Grim Reaper's ol' lady, Iowa.

In memory of Gerald "Rags" Radcliff. He died with something exciting between his legs—his Sporty. Kitty and Arnie.

In memory of **Fly.** We miss you a lot already. Bushmasters MC, Ohio.

In loving memory of **James "Caveman" Hollingsworth,** from all your friends in Revelstoke. Ride easy in Harley Heaven.

To **John "Wolf" Byrnes, Jr.** Gone, but your bros will never let you be forgotten. Uncle Mike.

In loving memory of **Gimp.** Some people say you're dead, but to me you'll **always** be remembered and never forgotten. W. Mumbles.

In memory of my mother, **Pat,** a loyal mama who rode with pride, as I will. Vickie. Independence, Mo.

In memory of **Rags,** missed and loved by family and friends. Sherman "Duke" Sniegowski, Toledo, Ohio.

In loving memory of **Jon "Mr. Cool" Jeffries,** who will always be remembered by those who knew him. Sis, Buzzy, and the Sinnin' Sisters MC, Thousand Oaks, Calif.

In memory of **Big John Bates,** dusted by a knife-happy whore. Ride on forever. Moses, Li'l Mark, Toppy, and all from Capt's. Westminster, Calif.

In memory of sister **Linda Hale,** property of Jerry the Jew. See ya in Harley Heaven. Vagos, San Gabriel Valley.

In memory of **Poco.** His life and love will always be with us. Charlie, Les, Deb, Grubby, and friends.

In memory of **Mike Penny.** Missed and loved by us all. Susan, California.

In memory of **Little Man,** burnt on his scoot by a punk citizen. Shotgun, Charger, Moosey, East Coast M.F., R.I.

In memory of **Wayne Hicks,** who was wasted while I'm doing a life stretch. Loser, Iron Coffins MC, Toledo, Ohio.

In memory of **Craig Nelson,** one hell of a swell guy. You'll always be remembered. Karen Giles, Lakeville, Minn.

In memory of **Jake the Snake,** who died with Harley bugles in his head and Old Forrester in his stomach. Your buddy, Slick.

For my brother, **David,** who will always be loved and missed. Your sister, Lynda Nichols.

In remembrance of **"Big Mr. T,"** and **"Little Man."** May you rest in peace. Karen, Oxnard, Calif.

Male Call

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

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 to 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.

I need a girl in Florida who wants a man for her own. Dennis Ward #055261, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

30-yr.-old inmate with no one to write to would really appreciate a few letters and pictures from ladies. Larry Kyall #88082, K.C.I., Dorm 1-B5, 4344 Broad River Rd., Columbia, S.C. 29210.

A Canadian who loves to putt is down in Folsom and needs an ol' lady to write to. Dutch Voss, Box B-93423, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Shirley, from Jackson, Miss. I'm down in Idaho. Write to the drifter, Bob Jones #16181, Unit 8, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Male, 24 yrs. old and horny, wants ladies and letters. Ronald Fletcher, Box B-71296, Represa, Calif. 95671.

A lonely bro needs some cheering up from a woman who is beautiful on the inside. Looks aren't important. Vernell Wilson #115369, Deerfield Corr. Center, Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

30-yr.-old stud, into biking, loving and living, needs letters and photos from ladies. Charles Waldon, Box A.E., Rm. 6366, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Lonely and down, this bro needs someone to brighten his days and nights. Russell Pollard, Box B-84160/N, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Doing ten years and in need of foxy ladies to write to. Robert Esquivel #13656, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

I need letters and photos from foxy ladies. Ramarro Smith #142954, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Any good chicks out there, write to this downed and lonely bro. Greg Hiscox, Box B-87580, C.T.F.N., RB-230, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

40-yr.-old inmate needs letters from serious and sincere ladies close to own age. Bill Brewer #90037, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Downed tramp looking for a righteous ol' lady who has her shit together. Danny Wing, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Lonely biker with brown hair and blue eyes is in urgent need of letters and photos from ladies. Raymond Olund #B-91962, L-267, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Down and will answer all mail. I'm 21 yrs. old and looking for understanding foxes anywhere. Jim Petree #100080, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Caged bro needs letters and photos from understanding ladies. Greg Johnson #78-A-1781, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Wanting to hear from all you foxy ladies out there. Will answer all letters with photo. Donnie Bock #147-195, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Am looking for a sweet chick to love, who wants to be loved in return. Photos, please. Will answer all. Johnny Wagner #54240-146, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Downed bro looking to find young lady. Will answer all. James Forde #36594, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Sad, lonely, and down. Foxy ladies, how about some cheering up? Bill Pancoast #B-69139, W Dorm 2180, Box 600, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Locked-down bro needs letters from chicks. Paul Parks #19200, Cell 135-E, Box 911 North Drive, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Downed scooter tramp doing fifteen years needs letters and photos from foxy ladies. Archie McCrimmon #063290, 29-2-B.T.U., Reception and Medical Center, Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

Ladies of all sizes and ages, this lonely male needs your letters and pictures. Robert Betterton #B-86599, Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Inmate doing five years needs to hear from chicks. James Franklin #F-8183, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

A downed bro wants to hear from people who love this magazine as much as I do. Mark McLaughlin #104-616, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Lonely 25-yr.-old inmate looking for someone to share future life with. Kenny Harazak #C-08320, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61744.

35-yr.-old inmate needs letters and photos from any cuties who want to correspond. Laverne Pfeifer #44464, Box 999, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Been waiting a long time to get letters and photos from ladies. Millie Christensen, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Lookin' for a foxy ol' lady to share scribes and come visit me. Elmer Sisk #B-90325, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Downed bro needs some foxy young ladies to write and send photos. John Young #32461, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.

Been down for seven years and need some sweet young ladies to write to me and send photos. Richard Miller #29775-138, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

To whoever you are, I love you. I'm not a stone biker, but I need mail, too. Please write and send photos. Maybe I can learn. Brian Greco #75918, CCI Cheshire, Box G, Cheshire, Conn. 06410.

Lonely dude would like letters and pictures from lonely ladies who want to share thoughts. James Brewer #151-423, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

I'm single, lonely, and will be free in a few months. All lovely ladies write to me, please. William Brown #113597, Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

Ex-biker, now down and pumping iron, needs letters and pictures from ladies. I'll send pictures and answer all letters from sincere chicks. Tommy M. Brown #40434-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Looking for one pretty lady who will write and make my time go quickly. Barry Chaffen #40877-115, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

22-yr.-old doing hard time. Letters and photos would help ease the pain. Terry Quinn #104-679, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

To all chicks, crippled, blind or crazy. I'm doing thirty hard years and will answer all letters. Terry Drake #14162, Box 41, Indiana State Prison, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Bro doing three years needs to hear from fine ladies. For a surprise, write to me and send photos. Billy Hawkins #B-95097, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Another 22-yr.-old Italian down and in need of long loving. Frank Forgione #B-88176, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

31-yr.-old blue-eyed tramp looking for photos and mail from lady tramps. Jack Witter #B-83250-A, C.T.F.N., WA-254, Soledad, Calif. 43960.

The wall keeps me in, but it doesn't keep you beautiful women from writing to me. Richard Taylor #30484, Box 1568, D-208, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.

I need an ol' lady interested in becoming my house mouse when I get out in one more year. Bruce Wayne DeShane #30134, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

Redheaded ladies throughout the land, grab a pen and move that hand. Alfred Cotter, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kans. 66027.

Inmate, 25, with no mail or letters, needs to hear from anyone. Dennis Norton #062422, H1B3-137, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

Downed biker in prison would like to hear from some classy chicks. Wilburn Mansfield #91366, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

I'm 21 yrs. old with blond hair and blue eyes, and in need of letters from anyone. Raymond Goforth #061631, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

My people deserted me, and I'm in the joint and in need of mail. Send pictures. Bobby Rudd #253503, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

I'm down and out, without my scoot, so drop me a letter in the old mail chute. Steve Gray #20169-148, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Bro has been down for quite a while and needs correspondence from chicks 16 to 60. Jerry Gansemer #41414, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Biker with a boatload looking for a chick to help paddle. Send picture. Ed Loxton, 204 Bard St., St. Clair County Jail, Port Huron, Mich. 48060.

Attention any and all mamas. Dude in slammer needs letters from women. Randy Wolfe #12427, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

26-yr.-old fine dude wants to hear good vibes from some foxy ladies. Sincere is what counts. Pictures appreciated. Bill Bates #13485, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

I'm doing 25 to life and can handle it, but I'm tired of this affaire d'amour with an old sock. Need scribes from some foxy chicks to help me keep my head. Send photos. V. L. Hocker, Box B-82994, CTF/N, LA 248, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

No mail or tail, so all you foxy quail shoot me some mail. Larry Grass #B-86578, Rm. 4161, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Boston man, 25 yrs. old, doing time in California. Need correspondence from anyone. Steve Larkin #B-73324, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Young inmate wants letters from sweet young blonde ladies. Pictures too. Bobby Hull #C-57736, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I'd like to hear from any chicks who don't mind writing to a jailbird. Joe Cummings #B-032928, C-64-B, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Down for a spell, going through hell. You babes who wanna show it, write the poet. Danny Lawson #12500, I.S.R., Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Lost everything when I got busted—bike, ol' lady, and my dog. I need letters and pictures from ladies who care. Bob Pierce #44466, Box 999, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

I've been down for a while and need letters and pictures of ladies I can scooter with when I get out. Robert Anderson #31840-138, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

20-yr.-old inmate needs ladies to write to. Pictures would be appreciated. **Richard Freeman #B-89894, P.O.B.A. Room 8322, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.**

To all foxy young ladies. I need mail and pictures badly. Please hurry and write to me. Mark Burgess #30545, A-414, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.

Ladies, I have most of my bit behind me. I would now like to hear from you and receive your pictures. All letters will be answered. William P. Guild #00896-190, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind.

Solid dude looking to write to solid young lady. Mike Wilson #13937116, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Lonely biker behind bars needs hot letters from hot foxes. Bill Kwiatkoske #68399, Tucker Unit, Tucker, Ark. 72168.

Downed scooter tramp from Ohio would appreciate letters and photos of foxy ladies. Bill Ferguson #30900-117, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

I'd like to correspond with females of any race. Please write. Eugene Parker #123704, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Inmate needs letters and photos of foxy ladies. All mail answered and appreciated. Stephen J. Lezinski #76919, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Lonely bro needs gorgeous creature to ease his time. Sincere chicks send flick and letter to David Fahsholtz, Box B-45335, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.





GIRL FEATURES

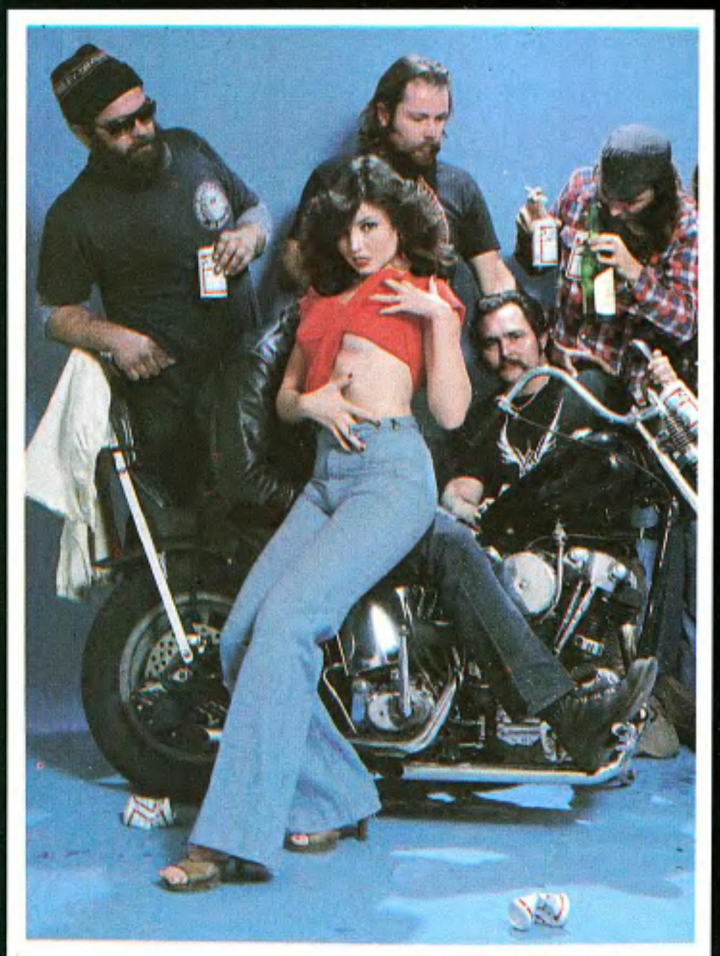
But Kandi Pulled Through

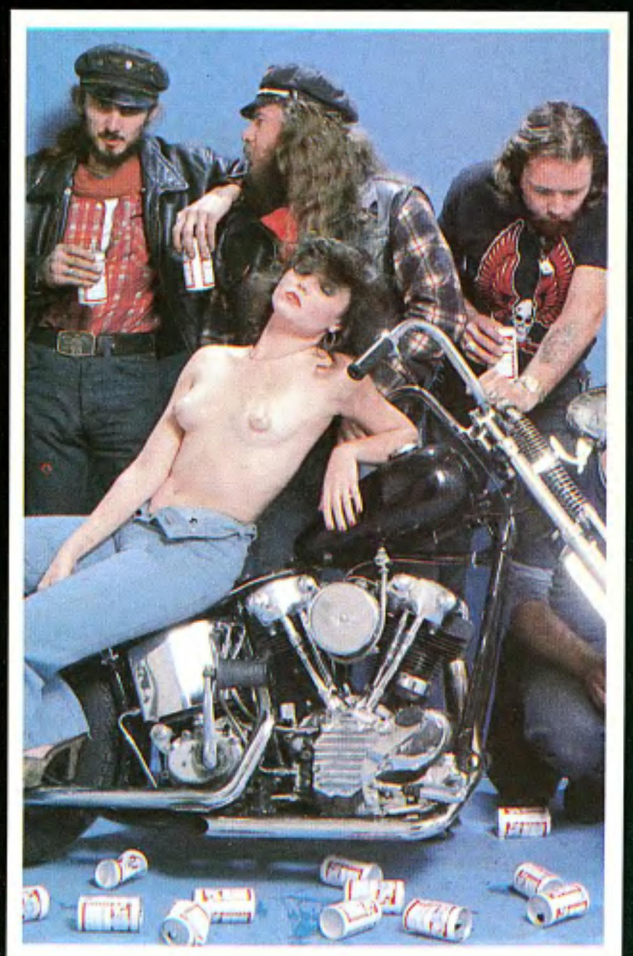
Ya know, when we do these chick shots, it ain't always easy. Sometimes we recruit a bro and he gets a case of "That film box is loaded with shotgun shells" and spends the entire feature tryin' to stay outta the camera's range. Once in a while, our cooperative bro falls in love with the chick and spends all of his time with his eyes glued to the broad. It's really a bitch when we tell the sweetie to strip and he won't let her do it. One bro up and stole the chick right from under Pete's lens — shit, we had to start the project all over again.

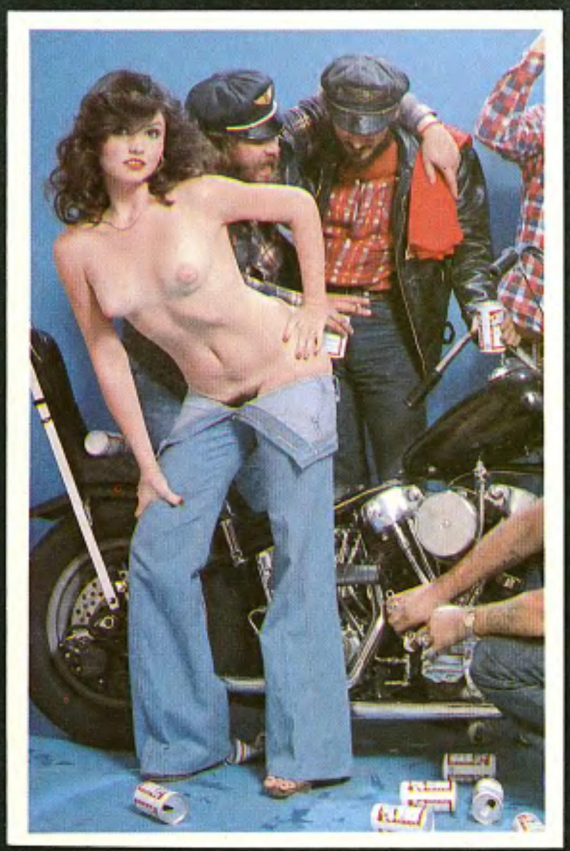
All right, so I bet you're wonderin' what the hell went wrong this time. And since I've been buildin' up to it all along, I'll go ahead and tell ya — no problem, 'cept my ol' lady just brought in a new set of Champions for my putt and I think I'd rather go out in the garage and change my plugs than finish this article right this minute. So, if ya don't mind, I'm gonna shelve this for twenty minutes.

Sorry — it turned out to be forty-five minutes 'cause I adjusted my clutch cable and, well, smoked a joint before I got back. Bip got this assignment 'bout two months ago (by the time you read this). He went into town to have a few and, after takin' in a dozen or so, mentioned to one of his bros that he was lookin' for someone who had the day off to putt with him to a girl feature. Well, after twelve or fifteen beers, Bip's voice got a taste amplified and a cunt hair distorted. Everyone in the pub heard it as if it were the civil defense announcing an imminent nuclear attack on the city, downtown, right where he was standing.















—Photos by Pete Chiodo





A few bros waved their hands in a sorta disgruntled fashion as if to mumble, "Ah, bullshit," in Bip's direction, and a couple started askin' questions. Well, ol' Bip started describing the chick-a-dee in intricate detail. The next thing ya know, he's got himself five hearty volunteers and one of 'em is Tiny — he'd like to see himself in every girl feature. So Bip says okay, 'cause he's a soft-hearted muthafucker. But he finds himself saddled with five bros on a buzz, sorta wantin' everything to start within the next hour — who wants to wait till the next day to see this cutie undress?

Bip herded the five fast-laners from one end of town to the other, hittin' every neon-lighted bar they saw. Then they rode to a bro's house not more than sixty miles from the last pub, two hundred miles from the first sawdust floor, and only two miles from the tenth. Anyway, the bro had a large, well-stocked refrigerator. They partied there until five, then rode seventy-five miles or thereabouts — no one knows for sure, 'cause even if they did have speedometers, no one looked at 'em. They wound up south of the border at a chick's pad. She whipped up the meanest batch of chorizo and eggs that could be had at six-thirty on a Wednesday morning.

Chorizo, eggs, and buttered corn tortillas for two hours washed down with Lin's four-hundred mile coffee. Finally, something inside this group of men started to stir.

I'm gonna end this now 'cause, as you can see, they made it. Besides, my woman just set a beautiful batch of tomato and meat sauce spaghetti under my nose — love it! But I don't want you to get the impression that these hardcore scooter people can carry on like that for a week 'cause two days later I stopped by Pete's studio to find our bros just wakin' up. But ya know what counts? They had a helluva time — 'bout tore the shitter loose.

—Snake

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SLENDER CHANCE

—Continued from page 83

Terry dragged the unconscious man up the sides of the ditch and deposited him on the shoulder of the road.

Bart's labored breath came in shallow gasps and thick dark blood oozed from his ears. Terry crouched next to the injured man, knowing he didn't have long to live. Bart emitted a long groan and his eyelids fluttered. He blinked, having difficulty focusing his vision.

"Malloy," he gasped to the form hovering over him.

Terry was taken aback. "How do you know my name?" he asked, peering intently into the man's glazing eyes.

Bart coughed painfully and licked his battered lips. "Never mind," he croaked. "No time for that now. Look, Malloy, I'm a goner — I know that. But I'm still an American and I don't want to die a traitor. Oh, Jeez . . ."

Bart grimaced in pain and Terry clutched the dying man's hand till the spasm passed. "I'm finished," Bart wheezed. "Hammersmith — he's on the 4:10 to Medford. He's got the plans and . . ."

With those words, Bart coughed one final time and breathed his last, expiring before Terry's astonished eyes. Overcoming his shock and horror at what he had just witnessed, Terry shot a glance at his watch. It read 4:30.

The 4:10, Terry knew, arrived at Medford at 5:30. The train had a 20-minute lead, but its route led through mountainous country away from the highway, which followed a more direct line to Medford. A few miles from Medford the highway again ran close to the mountains and a side road off the main highway dead-ended at a small railroad maintenance station. If he



Easyriders

could make it to that junction in time, Terry thought, he could intercept the spy and retrieve the plans. But the train was far ahead and making up the time would be a rigorous test for both Terry and the Harley-Davidson. A long shot, but he had to try it.

Terry was reluctant to abandon Bart, but there was no time to waste. Spinning around, he turned away from the dead man and dismissed him from his mind in the same instant. Leaping astride the waiting Harley, he kicked it over and squealed away in a cloud of dust and burning rubber.

Within two minutes Terry was speeding along the two-lane highway to Medford. Winding the bike to the fullest, he shot past the other vehicles on the road faster than their occupants could react — though he left many a startled or angry motorist in his wake. A mile or so beyond the city limits the traffic thinned out, then dwindled to a trickle. Terry kept the throttle to the stops.

The bike blazed over the concrete ribbon that stretched out ahead of Terry in a grey blur. His hair whipped itself into tangles and the cuffs of his white pants beat a frantic tattoo around his ankles. When a large bug splattered against his goggles and obscured his vision, Terry angrily tore them from his head and cast them over his shoulder. The wind blasted his unprotected face and he could feel the tears forced into the corners of his squinting eyes, there to stream past his temples in a steady flow.

The Harley cruised with a unbroken roar from its eleven horses, responding instantly to every touch of Terry' hands as he guided it skillfully through the turns. The highway now wound up into the mountains and Terry soon spotted the side road leading to the last junction before Medford. Braking slightly, Terry dropped the machine into second as he leaned it into the sharp turn for the side road. The rear tire slid in a jerky arc and threatened for an instant to break free, but with a slight shift of his weight, Terry brought the bike under control. He cranked open the throttle, then backed off momentarily as he shifted into third before pouring on the gas again. Bike and rider were a white blur in the afternoon sun.

Terry squinted against the stinging wind and smiled when he was able to make out the small maintenance station about a mile ahead. But no sooner did he spot the junction than he caught sight of the speeding 4:10. With a sinking heart, Terry watched the train race past the loading platform and

—Continued on page 95

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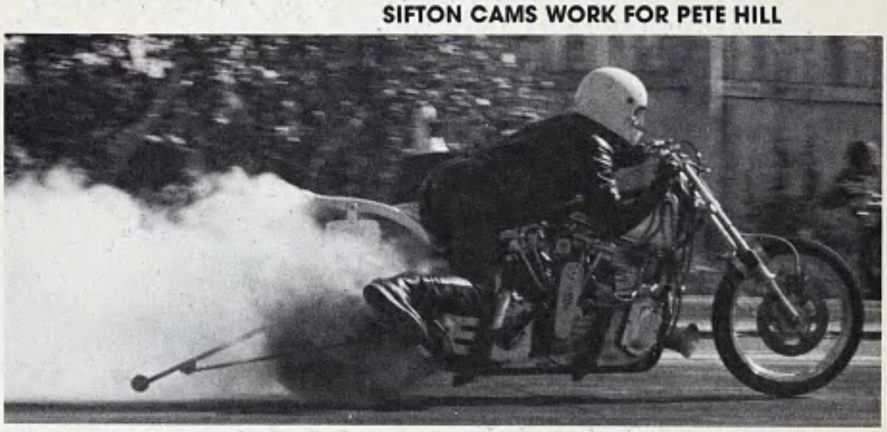
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The Ol' Lady Photo Contest



Susan Lenesen



Terry Cowell

Diana Darriel

Sue Kirstien



Rosalie Suffoletto





Check 'em out — this month's batch of sweeties in **Easyriders'** Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Last year's contest was a blockbuster and we're looking forward to an even better contest in 1979. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks.

In case ya haven't heard, the contest works like this. Each month, we'll publish as many entries as space allows from those photos that are of good technical quality. Now that doesn't mean you have to submit a professional photo — just one that's in focus and properly exposed. We can use **only** black and white glossy prints or color slides — nothing else (no color prints).

Each month, you readers will select the winner and runners-up from those entries we publish. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there will be a final voting to select **Easyriders** Ol' Lady for 1979 — and she'll take away a cool grand. Judging should be on looks, build, tattoos, and/or other outstanding features. The gal can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not looking for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya wanna, but it's not necessary to win.

Each monthly winner will receive $100, each runner-up $25, and the contributor will receive $10. So send us your votes for this month's contest and we'll print the winner in the July issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be March 31st. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Send your votes to #70 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Important! A blank model release appears on p. 78 of this issue. This release must be completed in full, **must** be signed and witnessed, and **must** accompany each entry. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified.

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

This is just the beginning of the new contest. There's lots of prizes to be won. So get up off yer dead ass an' start snapin' those flicks. Show off that foxy sweetie and send us her photo right away.



Cindy Land



Mary McBride



Yasashi Su

Diana





Pam Lamchops Shoemaker



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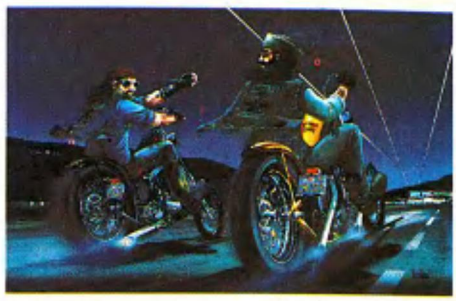
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M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



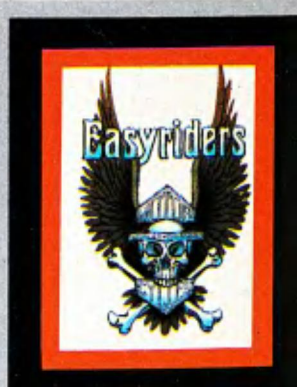
M-13 "Won't Start"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

SLENDER CHANCE

—Continued from page 91

disappear around the curve of the mountain.

Terry's mind raced as he sped onward toward the small station. As his eyes scanned the hefty stone slabs of the retaining wall that separated the railroad tracks from the sheer precipice of the mountainside, an idea began to take shape in his mind. With mounting excitement, he gunned the bike forward.

The wall had been built as a safety measure several years before, following a derailment that had sent several boxcars plummeting to the bottom of the valley. The construction of the wall had been the topic of much conversation at that time, and Terry recalled that the wall ran all the way from this junction to the Medford station. The wall was a good two feet wide and tapered to ground level here at this end. It was perfect — a built-in ramp!

After easing the motorcycle across the tracks and up the oblique slope to the top of the wall, Terry steeled himself for the ride ahead. Billowy clouds floated beneath him. Hundreds of feet below, the trees and rocks of the valley stood out with dizzying clarity. Terry shook off a momentary feeling of vertigo and let out the clutch.

First gear. . . 10, 15, 20 mph. *The wall wound its tortuous way around the mountain curves, the thin air made even colder on Terry's face by the speed of the bike.*

Second gear. . .30, 35, 40. *Terry knew that he must throw caution to the winds, that a few seconds might well be the difference between success and failure. His jaw clenched with determination, he opened the throttle wider and leaned into the twisting curves of the narrow shelf that*



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Milwaukee Iron

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

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

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

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

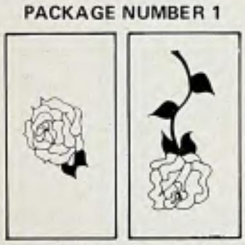
And it gets better as it goes on.

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

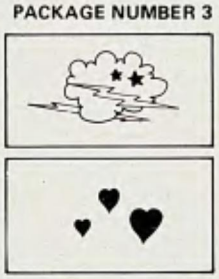
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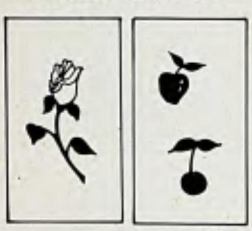
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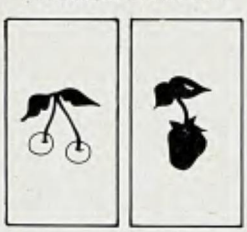
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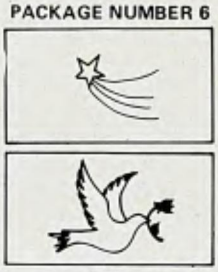
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separated him from certain death.

Third gear. . .50, 55, 60. *The wind tore at Terry's face and clothing as he hurlted onward in pursuit of the speeding train. To reduce the blast from the wind, Terry scooted back on the seat as far as possible and assumed the tuck position, his chin almost touching the sleek metal of the gas tank. Startled birds flew madly from their perches as he sped past. Mountain cliff to his left, blue emptiness to his right — each raced past his vision in a blinding blur. The tires made a rhythmic hum as they passed across the concrete interstices that joined the slabs composing the wall. One mistake now, one curve taken too fast, one slight miscalculation and . . .*

Terry's heart leaped to his throat when, through the blinding wind, his squinting eyes detected the train's caboose a half a mile ahead. To try and stop the train before it reached Medford would be difficult — and dangerous. His only hope, he knew, was to overtake the train and beat it to the station. Grimly, he gave the bike more gas and took each curve a bit faster, the rear tire inching over the edge of the wall on the tighter turns. The tracks now followed an upward slope, cresting a quarter of a mile ahead before a short downward grade that ended at the Medford station. The train was slowing against the grade and Terry knew this was his chance to pass it. The bike sped forward in resonse to his throttle hand and soon he had passed the caboose and several boxcars. He held the Harley steady as it overtook the passenger cars. From the corner of his eye, he could see the astonished faces and excited gestures of the people inside the train. Almost to the crest now, running directly alongisde the massive locomotive engine, Terry crouched atop the rocketing motorcycle. Exultantly, he watched the train recede to his rear as he threw the bike into the curve at the top of the incline.

Suddenly, Terry's heart froze. Directly ahead, the wall was interrupted by a four-foot break, a small bay built to allow railroad maintenance workers to stand clear of



the tracks in these close quarters. There was no chance to stop in time, and only a split-second to act. Unhesitatingly, Terry opened the throttle to the limit, felt the bike leap beneath him, and saw the bay under the front wheel.

Just as the Harley's front wheel left the wall, Terry jerked backward and upwards on the handlebars, giving the machine all the lift he could bring to bear. The speeding motorcycle cleared the bay by inches, the rear tire biting against the edge of the wall in a howling protest of abused rubber.

The springs inside the front forks bottomed out, causing Terry's chin to crack hard against the tank as he fought to control the handlebars and prevent the machine from plummeting over the cliff. The bike wobbled dangerously but then righted itself and sped down the descent leading to Medford.

Before long, with indescribable relief Terry sighted the black roof of the railroad station about a mile away. The train was well behind him. Just a few more curves and he'd be there. Terry shouted with joy — he had won!

/ / / /

The following afternoon, Terry sat in the mayor's office talking to reporters. At his side were Professor Ward and Laura, both beaming proudly at the young man whose bravery and skill was the topic of the hour all across the nation. On the mayor's desk a stack of newspapers gave evidence of Terry's sudden fame: "Daring Motorcyclist Captures Spy," "War Effort Saved By Cycle Rider," "Motorcylist Defies Death To Thwart Treason."

The mayor cleared his throat and the room fell silent. "My boy," he said, "the people of this country owe you a tremendous debt of gratitude. Because of your courage and your skill with a motorcycle, a national tragedy was averted. You stand as a model for young biking enthusiasts everywhere, and many new riders will doubtless follow in your footsteps."

Terry blushed slightly and accepted the framed citation extended to him by the mayor. He coughed nervously, then smiled. "Thank you, sir. I did only what any patriotic young man would do. Everyone has asked me how I found the determination to keep up the chase when everything seemed hopeless. Well, I'll spare you any long speeches and simply say that when I set out after the train I knew it was a slender chance—at best. But thanks to a little luck and hard-running Harley-Davidson, a slender chance was plenty." ■

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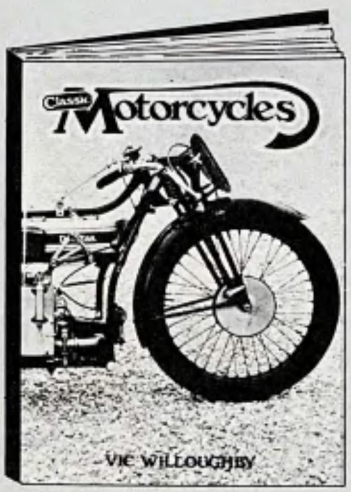
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These are just a few of the bikes featured— the book even includes the Indian vee-twin! And remember, these are not new or late model bikes—only the old-timers that have made motorcycle history.

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___ HT24 Honda Eagle
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Freedom

—Continued from page 51

and proving him to be who he said he was, since information can be released only to that person. No big deal, and no charge involved. The only bad part about the request was that the FBI asked for an extension of time in answering, since there were over fifty-two thousand names ahead of his on the list.

A reader in Michigan attempted to get copies of police investigative reports to aid him in fighting a charge of murder, for which he was currently being held in jail, awaiting trial. He received a letter from the county sheriff that stated bluntly: "In reference to your rights to freedom of information, you are not entitled to police investigative reports."

An Illinois reader wrote for his files and all he received was the runaround. Each letter he sent came back with a request for more time, or a statement that his signature wasn't legible, or that his letter needed notarization, and on and on until he lost interest and ran out of money to buy stamps.

Dr. Twatburger, that lecher, wrote to a local police station where he had once spent an evening after getting busted with a trunkload of porno flicks. Owning the flicks was legal, but transporting them through the town wasn't. He wrote the station requesting that they furnish him with arrest reports and anything else they had in their files concerning him. The sheriff answered his letter by telling him that in order to obtain the documents he would have to appear in person at the station, be fingerprinted, photographed, and booked, then wait there, in custody, until his identification was verified. Cute. Very cute.

He then wrote the Federal Drug Enforcement Agency. They answered by telling him that he would have to agree in writing to pay for the time it took an employee to conduct a search o.

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their records. The information itself was furnished free of charge, in accordance with the FIA, but the labor had to be paid for at a rate of thirty-five dollars an hour, the contract to be signed and promised in advance. Since Twatburger had never been busted on a drug charge, the agency could search for several hundred hours, to no avail, then legally charge him for the time involved.

The belief that obtaining one's records costs no more than a first-class stamp is a bunch of horseshit. The citizen's records are available to him, but those in charge of the files and records have a way of beating around the bush and tying everything up in so much red tape that it hardly makes the effort worthwhile.

The Freedom of Information Act guarantees that the citizen will receive information within ten days. Some do, some don't. If a letter isn't registered, it may not be answered at all. Sometimes, even the registered letters get no response, and one booklet on the subject says you should allow any agency a month and a half to reply. If no reply is forthcoming, an appeal is necessary. The agency may just be waiting you out to see if you persist. Most citizens get nervous and simply stop trying, fearing that, because of their request, an investigation against them has begun.

When an appeal is answered, the citizen is then put at the end of a long list, and the waiting can be interminable. Should you



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finally lose the appeal, and still be determined to get a copy of your file, the next step is to hire an attorney and have him handle the matter. And it's pretty disheartening to discover, after spending a grand or two on attorney's fees and waiting a couple of years for results, to discover they had nothing on you in the first place.

To satisfy your curiosity about the Freedom Of Information Act, you can get copies by writing to the following address (and enclosing $4.80):

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When writing to any agency, your letter, with notarized verification of identity, should be written as follows:

Director Date
Freedom of Information Unit
(name of agency)
Washington, D.C.

Freedom Of Information Request
Sir:

Pursuant to 5 USC 552, and the regulations promulgated thereunder, I am hereby requesting that the following described records be made available to me for inspection:

(describe material sought)

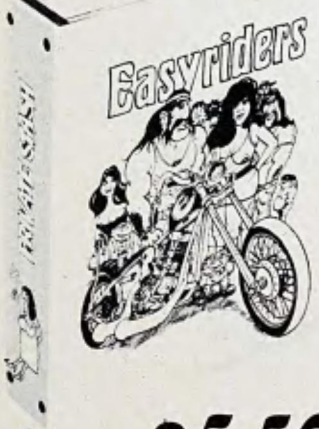
I would appreciate an estimate of the cost involved.

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Gift Horse

—Continued from page 34

like on a motorcycle and get loaded too. It's only a few miles. I'll have you back here in an hour and a half." Or three. Or ten.

Now she was studying me. Those eyes were really violet, no contacts even. I tried to look wholesome and trustworthy, yet dashing and piratical at the same time. It's a tricky combination but apparently I brought it off.

"Okay," she said. "It doesn't really matter when I get back."

The lady stood up. My dick rose like the gentleman it is, and Yogurtface gave my crotch a disgusted look from behind the bar, like she'd seen a snake. No tip for her. My pretty Annie noticed nothing. She gave me a violets-and-pearls smile and headed for the door. I followed like a trailer, watching the way her dark curls danced just above the sweet little ass. Home had never been so far away.

Annie wanted to stop by her car for her coat. It was parked a couple hundred feet up from McBurgle's. I shoulda got wary right then. The car was a brand new Mercedes SL, pea soup color, license plates ANNIE. Nice car for a young McBurgle's patron, too nice; but she was leaning into it getting her coat and giving me an extra special view of her ass, and I still thought it was my lucky day. "What the hell," I told myself, "it's no crime to be loaded." At that point I would have forgiven her for worse things than having money.

Therefore the coat didn't warn me either. I know a little something about fur coats, due to my ex setting her greedy little rock of a heart on one. I had got away with an item concocted of rabbit skins and rayon which I figured set me back about 500 cans of beer. Even I could see that this coat wasn't made out of anything as humble as rabbit. It was plush and silky and sort of smoky-violet colored, and when I held it for her it let out a smell of expensive lemony perfume that weakened my knees.

"I guess I should leave my hair inside my coat so it won't blow around," she said. "Ready?"

"Aren't you going to lock your car? This isn't the world's best area, you know." Responsible Jake.

She laughed at me. "You and everybody else! Why are people such paranoids? I never lock my car, and I've never lost a thing out of it, much less the car." She shook her well-shaped head sadly, hampered by the long hair tucked inside her coat. "It's

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the news media. They give people the wrong idea about society. Actually everybody is so moral, it's enough to make you sick."

I wasn't sure I agreed with her about society, but I resolved not to make her sick with my morality. We left the unlocked car on a nice dark section of street and headed out on my bike.

It was magic outside that night. The full moon glittered on everything all the way to the horizon. The moisture in the air was picking up the light, so that we seemed to be sweeping along in a different, brighter continent. Annie was stern and preoccupied, like some women are on bikes. Me, I had my ears buried in lemon-scented fur and was wearing my best shit-eating grin.

Once I thought I spotted a cop pacing me. I'd been keeping a firm rein on an inclination to speed, but I wasn't taking any chances that night. I pulled into a 7-11 to let him pass; it turned out it was only some dude in a black Cadillac with long antennae. As long as we were at the 7-11 I went on in and invested in a pack of cigarettes and three bottles of strawberry wine (might as well let her see how the other half lives). The clerk took one look at Annie and made up his mind to trade in his rat wife, 2.4 kids, and puss dog on a Harley. I agreed with him. It hadn't occurred to either of us that there was anything strange about a young Liz Taylor coming to McBurgle's in her rare coat and Mercedes to pick up one Jake Breener, disreputable biker. I knew it was unusual of course (in fact it was a first), but I didn't want to think about how illogical the whole thing was. Never look a gift horse in the mouth. I had some vague idea that Annie was a promiscuous young jet-setling, out spicing a diet of Monte Carlo race drivers and Cordoba matadors with a big, grease-stained biker from McBurgle's. If that's how it was, well, I was willing to be her salt of the earth.

★ ★ ★

At home I had performed the ceremony of locking up the bike in record time. The wine was in the refrigerator, except what Annie and I were sipping from plastic tumblers. I was next to her on the ancient cavern-like velveteen couch, watching the moist coral skin of her lips glide across the fresh white teeth as she exhaled the last of the joint. "C'mere," I said.

I put an arm around her neck and pulled her to my mouth. With my other hand I explored that taut young belly upward to where the smooth breasts

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swelled out, heavy and warm and too big for my hand. I found a nipple and teased it gently. It was as hard and erect as my dick. Annie made a kitteny little noise, half come-on, half ritual protest. I kissed her harder to silence her, pulling up the embroidered blouse and an overworked white lace bra as I laid her back on the couch.

Her tits were smooth and white as whipped cream, set with bright round nipples like cherries. I leaned down to take a bite.

Clink.

I circled her left nipple with my tongue. Her tits smelled lemony too. She twisted a little so that her pelvis ground against mine. A hot wave washed over me.

Clonk.

I sat up to listen. Annie lay panting, her long, dark hair strewn over the couch in every direction, her violet eyes full of questions.

Rattle . . . clang!

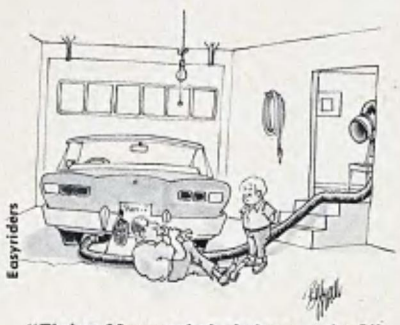
No doubt about it, somebody was in the garage. Some poor damn fool was trying to rip off my bike, and what beautiful timing. I would skin the sonofabitch alive.

"You stay put," I told Annie. "I'll be right back. I gotta check that noise in the garage."

"Right," she said, with unwarranted sarcasm. I was sorry to leave her hanging, but I didn't share her faith in society's sickening morality. I pulled my .38 from a drawer in the telephone stand and slid noiselessly up to the door between the kitchen and the garage.

Now I am a pretty good sneak. Not Hiawatha, but good enough to sneak professionally back in my rowdier days, without ever getting caught. If you know what I mean. Let's just say I knew what I was talking about when I told Annie to lock her car.

The lights in the kitchen were out and the lights in the garage were out. The door between was open a couple of inches, the way I always left it. I put my ear to the crack and listened. A minute stretched out, then two, then three. I was careful to keep my breathing



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noiseless and without rhythm. There was nothing but the dim wail of a siren somewhere and the mindless, ceaseless yapping of the old neighbor witch's poodle. Then I heard it, a tiny but unmistakable *clink*. He was in the far corner of the garage, by where I hang my tools. I slithered around the corner and groped for the light switch with my left hand, my right hand holding the .38 cocked and ready in front of me, my mouth open to bellow "Hold it!"

I never spoke. It happened so fast and strong it was like being caught by an explosion. A hand like a huge steel pincer clamped onto my wrist and jerked my arm painfully into the air behind me. My gun clattered to the floor. Simultaneously an arm as huge and muscled as a stallion's neck crooked across my windpipe and snatched my left hand out of the air. I was pinioned. I hadn't felt so small and helpless since I was a little kid. I was allowed only the thinnest whistle of air.

In the darkness I tried to size up my captor. I am big, six-feet-four, but this guy's garlicky breath was coming from over my head. I tried an experimental struggle but couldn't budge him. He flexed his biceps and cut off my air entirely until I gave it up. I pictured him as a Frankenstein's Monster, twelve feet tall and made of spare Kenworth parts, quick as a badnatured dog. We stood interwined and silent for what seemed like several minutes, me staring into the darkness wondering what was going to happen next.

"It's okay, Mr. Breener," said a voice from the far corner of the garage. "We just want to have a little talk with you about that young girl in there."

Annie. So she was the explanation for this extremely impromptu visit. Brother? Father? Husband? I thought of her on my couch with her whipped-cream tits bared for me and I groaned mentally.

"What about her?" I rasped. The Monster's biceps was still across my throat.

"You gotta understand." The Voice was coming closer, decoy duty over. "It's nothing personal. Anybody else but Annie, and I don't interfere no matter what you do. Do your own thing, right?"

He had come to stand just behind me, a little to the right. From the elevation of his spearmint-scented breath I guessed him at about 5'10", a mere peanut compared with Frankenstein's Monster but with an authority that snapped like the cocking of a gun. I could feel the monster grow attentive when he came



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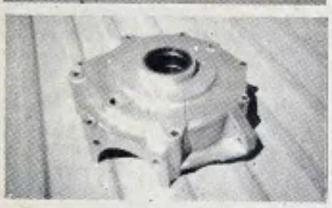
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That got my attention. I would have said something, but the Monster had chosen this time to asphyxiate me with his biceps again. I made the standard choking-to-death noise.

"Hey!" barked the Voice. "Lay offa him, Vito. He ain't done nothing. Yet. He does, it's a different story." I breathed again. "Listen to me, you. I like you, I think you been around some and know the way things are, I don't think I have to draw you a picture like what happened with that fool tennis player in Acapulco last week. A word to the wise should be sufficient between us, eh, Mr. Breener?"

I croaked my agreement, having no desire to be confused with fool tennis players alive or dead.

"You're smart enough to understand a situation, I'll explain it to you. I don't do this very often, it's a compliment."

I tried to feel complimented and only succeeded in worrying very vividly. That's cold, threatening a man's bike. And the word *body*, the way he'd said it, had a certain dead quality about it.

"Like I say, my boss is a big, big man in certain circles." Already sure of my cooperation, the Voice seemed glad to have an audience. I imagine it got dull with only the Monster around for conversation. "Now Annie's daddy, he's a big man too, in certain other circles. So my boss marries Annie, two circles get brought together, you see what I mean. More money, more strength for everybody." I heard a sound like the Voice had cracked his knuckles in the dark.



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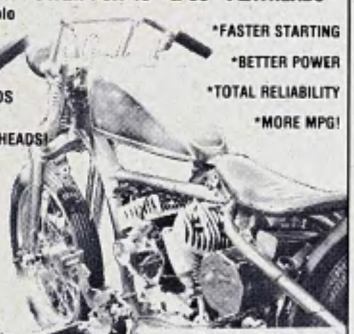
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I was astounded. I didn't remember this from the *Godfather*, and I saw it twice. I took advantage of the Monster's relaxed biceps to speak. "You mean you're his. . .er. . .harem manager?" Eunuch was the word I wasn't looking for, but it kind of hung in the air anyway.

The Monster didn't get it, of course, but the Voice did. "This is an important assignment," he snapped. "I get as many men as I need, handpicked men. Hell, I got two just to watch her



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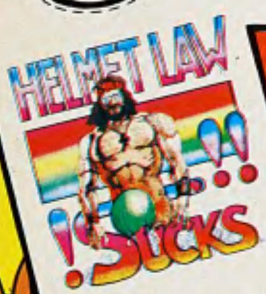
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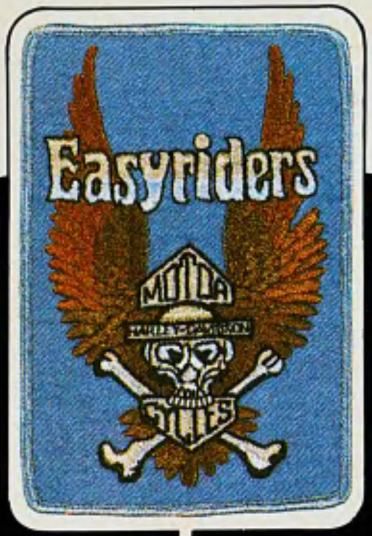
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car, two twelve-hour shifts. That's the kind of importance I'm talking about."

I'd hit a sore spot. I guess it would be a bummer, thinking you made it into the officer's ranks in a dread organization, going out and buying your black Cadillac and your spearmint mouthwash and your closetful of black shirts with white ties, then getting stuck on harem duty with Frankenstein's Monster. No doubt his colleagues in Arson and Execution gave him a hard time. It was tempting even in my predicament. I changed the subject.

"Well," I said, "that explains why she thinks she doesn't have to lock her car. How many people a night do you catch stealing it?"

There was a pause in the darkness and then an unexpected spearmint chuckle. "More than you'd think," he said. "This goddam country's going to hell in a handcar. But back to our situation."

I felt him pacing behind me. Three years of guarding Annie had made him a nervous wreck. "Okay," he said. "You go on back inside and you be nice to Annie. You drink wine with her, smoke your shit marijuana with her, kiss her like you kiss a lady so her feelings don't get hurt. You cooperate, it'll work out nice for you. But you get fresh with her, or you let on to her she's being watched, then I promise you I'm gonna hang the pieces of every bike you ever touch over my mantelpiece, with your head stuck on a board right underneath with a brass plate reading *Homo stupidus*. You hear me?"

The poor guy had delivered his little ultimatum so often he was getting creative with his threats. Still, I believed him. Annie was gonna have to go, whipped cream and violets and all. I'd almost as soon burn down a biker clubhouse as try to take on these people. I respect the pros.

★ ★ ★



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When I returned to the couch I found Annie, to my horror, stark naked and playing with her perfect coral clit. This was no ordinary teenage virgin. The violet eyes turned toward me half-closed. "Jake," she said huskily. "Make love to me, Jake. Don't be like everybody else."

However, now that I knew why everybody else was being so moral with her, I saw their point. "Honey, I couldn't take advantage of you like that," I said. I picked her bra from the pile on the floor. "I respect you too much. Here. Put this on."

She sprang to her feet, the long dark curls covering her like a cloak. She was as splendidly angry as Liz Taylor at her worst. The delicate face was an ugly mask of frustration. I was sorry for her, not to mention sorry for myself, but what could I do? I happen to love my bike above anything else, including whipped cream and cherries and their related goodies. To say nothing of my body. I held out the bra.

Annie snatched the bra from my hand and began whipping my poor unoffending couch with it. "You're all the same! You're all the same!" She was beside herself. I backed out of range of the flailing undergarment. "Cops and lawyers and surfers and poets and now bikers!" *Whack whack* with the bra. I noticed she left out tennis players, and probably grocers and cowboys and professors and rock singers and the boy next door.

She stopped abusing my couch long enough to pull on her Levi's. "Some sexual revolution! All the men are afraid of the women!" She put on a boot. I handed her the other one. I wished she'd put on her bra.

"Yes, afraid!" she screamed. "You're afraid to fuck me! You think I don't know?"

I hoped she didn't. I didn't want the Voice thinking I'd blown the whistle on him. "I try to be a gentleman," I stated stiffly. At last she was cramming her whipped cream and cherries back into the bra. I felt a twinge of regret but I wasn't tempted.

"Would you like more wine? Smoke a joint?"

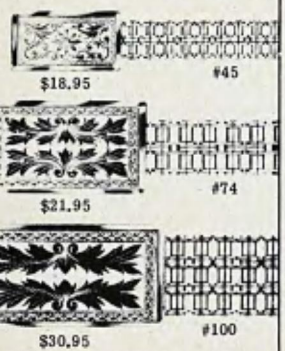
"Fuck you!" Her eyes were violet slits. Her hands shook as she did up the buttons of her blouse. "I'm getting out of this dump."

"I'll give you a ride to your car."

"Don't bother. I'll hitchhike." She shrugged into the fur coat and gave my couch a savage kick in lieu of my shin. It collapsed like an assassinated hippo, one stumpy leg folded under. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. She gave a hysterical high-pitched laugh and walked out, yanking the front door shut behind her with a bang.

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I stared sadly at my couch. I had to congratulate the Voice's boss on his strategy. By the time he made his move Annie would fall into his lap like an overripe plum, firmly believing that he was the only man in the world with balls enough to take her. I had to congratulate him on his luck, too. Considering he'd bought a pig in a poke, he'd done himself proud with Annie.

The whole thing made me sad. I don't give in often, and it left a bad taste. There was a subtle ache in my balls. My magic night had turned to shit and ashes. I rolled a joint. Almost out of pot too, wouldn't you know.

Pot always helps. Pretty soon I started looking at my capsized couch and grinning. Then I thought about the poor guy who would pick up Annie hitchhiking, and laughed out loud. Then I wondered how they'd got into my garage, and my laughter died in my throat.

I stopped by the fridge for a bottle of strawberry wine and switched on the garage lights. It was easy to see where they'd come in. A neat three-by-three-foot hole had been sliced into the side wall of my garage. Sonsofbitches. Now I would have to pay to get it fixed. I took a swig of wine and crossed over to survey the damage up close.

They must have done it with a laser. Something had cut effortlessly and silently through two-by-fours, lath, stucco, and one of my favorite wrenches that had been hanging in the way. Seeing that, I was glad to be rid of Annie. I drank to it.

I looked around for my gun. They'd left it on the seat of my bike, on top of a big manila envelope. What have we here? I thought. I peered inside.

Ten twenty-dollar bills, and that wasn't all. I'd thought it was extinct, gone the way of Haight-Ashbury and Happenings and LBJ, but there it was: two full ounces of Acapulco Gold. ■



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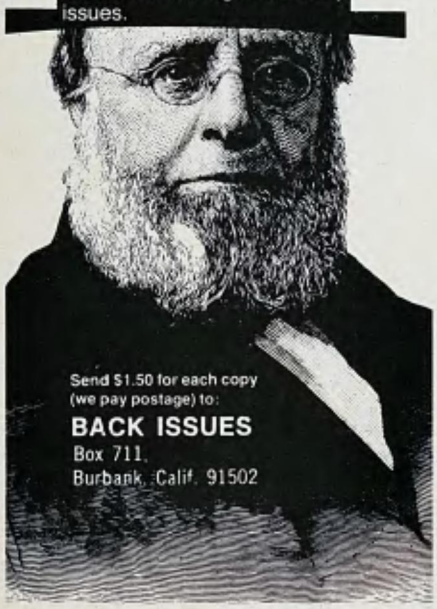
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Another issue has bitten the dust. Now, in addition to issues number 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 , 7 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 36, 55, 61, and issue 65 is no longer available. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already offering their left nut for the legwettin' early issues.



Send $1.50 for each copy (we pay postage) to:
BACK ISSUES
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Doctors Convention

—Continued from page 29

There are, he said, four universally discredited and disbelieved statements we frequently hear. They are, "I'll put my check in the mail tomorrow," "I already gave at the office," "Yes, I'll still respect you in the morning," and "I'm from the federal government and I'm here to help you." The third got laughs and the fourth received applause.

Dr. Mackenzie was next with "The Case against Helmets." He noted that Ralph Nader claims helmet wearing must be mandatory because of the expense to society of caring for accident victims. But what about the yearly 102,000 lung cancer victims — mainly due to smoking? Will smoking be banned to save society expense?

A doctor, Mackenzie reported, fell with his bike on a hot day for no apparent reason. He remained unconscious until his helmet was removed. He did not recall falling. Evidently he passed out from the heat trapped in his helmet. How many others pass out with no way to determine the cause of the resulting accident?

Mackenzie also quoted from a paper prepared by the Rhode Island Hospital Department of Orthopedic Surgery: "One of our neurosurgeons has commented that he has never before seen such severe head trauma without evidence of external injury as in recent motorcycle accidents." This was after passage of the helmet law. What's happening is that the helmet in these cases was sufficient to prevent a skull fracture, but the abrupt deceleration injured the brain. In a softer crash, the helmet could save the head but might contribute to a broken neck. In other words, the best thing to do is learn how to minimize the risk of an accident in the first place and wear or not wear a helmet depending on circumstances and according to the dictates of your own reasoning.

Philip Morrison, another doctor, talked about how to counteract police radar. He demonstrated the radar detector and mentioned that *Ham Radio* in its May, 1978, issue reported several methods to foil the radar.

This was a damn good meeting. Too bad it won't get the publicity that similar NHTSA-sponsored meetings receive. To end this summary, here's a quotation from Dr. Mackenzie's letter to the EPA: "About the only idiosyncrasy common to all motorcyclists is a spirit of independence and self-reliance which, I'm sure, is anathemata to certain elements in and out of government." ■

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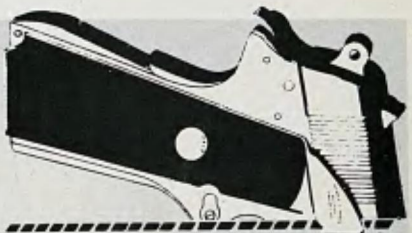
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Send to *Easyriders*, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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 50¢ shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. "Property of Harley University" black sweatshirt with "Hogs" imprinted on back, only $10, plus 75¢ shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. Calif. residents add 6% for state's stash fund. No C.O.D.'s. Checks require 4-6 weeks. M.O. shipped fast. Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Dealers inquiries invited. (70)

Western New York biker wants to hear from foxy ladies. Send letters and photos to Cuda, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Shotgun—Sacramento or Soledad: What is it? Sherry, Roanoke, Va. (70)

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Hillbilly (Goodman): Waitin' to hear how things are goin'. Call collect asap. (218) 496-2497 Debbie (Kerrick). (70)

Jake: Happy 35th, hon! Hope we spend many more together. Love aways, your ol' lady, Marianne. (70)

Billy: I'll wait 'cause I love ya. Your ol' lady forever, Kim. (70)

Duffy: come and see us. Love, Joe and Linda, Martinsville, Ind. (70)

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Biker, 30, looking for an attractive woman 18-28 to spend my off hours with, getting off and jamming. Anyone in S.F. Bay area who is interested, write Pete, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Fantastic stickers for your scoot, 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)

Unusual Books: Weapons, crime, self-defense, police manuals, moneymaking opportunities, living free, all kindsa good shit! Hundreds of titles! Unique catalog, $1. Loompanics, Box 264-A, Mason, Mich. 48854. (72)

Wanted: Blue-jeaned chick by ex-biker, now 4-wheeler. I'm top pro card player looking for a young ol' lady who enjoys casinos, night-life and travel. Best food, smoke, drink, fun, and first-class living conditions on and off the road. I'm white male, 40s. All with photo and phone contacted. Home base California. Travel coast to coast. Write Jerry B., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

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Dennis York—Where are you? No word since S.Q. Please write—I need you! Donna, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Count Dracula: No one has touched what is yours. No one ever will. Onion. (70)

Wanted: K-model, good running condition. Jeff Handy, Gen. Del., Stuart, Va. 24171. (71)

Sunny (Ray) of El Centro Calif.: If ya read this, or if someone who knows Sunny can reach him tell him to contact Betty from San Diego at (916) 544-1821. Would like to see ya again. Betty. (70)

Need military stuff for the 45 H-D. Ken, 316 W. Garfield Ave., Dubois, Pa. 15801. (70)

50-year-old biker, down and out on his luck, would like to meet ol' lady 40-50 who likes to party and ride Harleys. Send letters and photos to Frank, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Wanted: Cau. lady 21-32 to live and enjoy my Germany tour with me. One child okay. Financially independent U.S. Army sergeant. Please, only sincere answer; send letter and photo, Russell, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Need a new ol' lady real bad. Please write Tim, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Support the KKK. Box 624, Metairie, La. 70004. (71)

B.J.: You are one hell of an ol' man. Happy birthday. I'll love you always. Joan. (70)

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)

Biker paraphernalia. Most items made in U.S.A. Catalog, $2, with $1 refundable on first order. G&H Enterprises, 309 Lawton, Mason, Mich. 48854. (71)

Legalize Marijuana T-shirts. Beautiful leaf design. Send $7, and size to Progressive Enterprises, P.O. Box 5068, Jamestown La. 71045. (70)

In memory of Karl William Boscia, Sr. (Taurus), who flew colors for four different clubs, Taurus was wasted by a dude who hit and ran. You will live and ride forever, my son. Love, your mother. (70)

Rich "Press" Oliver or bro who knows how to contact him, write Shell "Montana" Jaffe #C70213, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995. (70)

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

Bumper sticker: I'd rather eat worms than ride a Jap motorcycle. Send $1 to Owl Motorcycles, Suite ER, 56 Park Ave., Bayshore, N.Y. 11706. (70)

Biker, 33, settled, good income, looking for sincere one-man woman. Should be slim, attractive, and intelligent enough to appreciate a good man. Prefer age 20 to early 30s. Must like quiet times as well as hot. Write to Larry, 1516 Hebron Rd., Hendersonville, N.C. 28739. (70)

Foxy house mouse, long brown hair, 5'4", 25 years old, likes to putt & party; looking for biker. Lynn Vaughn, 6600 Portage Lake Rd. #234, Munith, Mich. 49259. (70)

Loner, bored with Michigan snow, wants chick who wants to get it together. Will answer all. Bill Fisher, c/o 6600 Portage Lake Rd. #234, Munith, Mich. 49259. (70)

For sale or trade: '49 Indian Scout motorcycle. Jack Wren, Box 4127 B.A.F.B., Blytheville, Ark. 72315. (70)

Real biker—28 years old, white, good-looking. I'm tired, am looking for a one-man woman to move in and be my ol' lady. Live in Southeast Pa.; can help relocate. Must be a real fox. Send picture and letter explaining self. Write to Tired, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Harley: Happy Birthday. You're the best; stay the way you are forever. Luv ya, Eileen. (70)

Wanted: Ladies! Sincere, mature, lovable, honest, no-game-playin' tramp seeks correspondence from ladies with same nature. Age ain't shit! Will exchange flicks! Lanny D. Moorelynn #40778, age 33, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310. (70)

Thanks to all our Australian brothers and sisters who treated us as one of their own. You showed us a rage we'll never forget. Best of luck to A.M.L. Your Yank bros, Steve Workman and Dave Ogletree. (70)

Darlene: Happy Anniversary, Babe (1-7-79). This is the first and last one we'll have to spend apart. Love, Steve. (70)

Make fake IDs, documents, easily, cheaply. Complete instructions, $5. S.O.H., P.O. Box 3124, Pompano, Fla. 33062. (71)

Marco: You're a hard one—but I know that you got your reasons. Knock 'em dead in Texas, and above all, be happy. I'll be here for you if you ever need someone. All my love, Robin. (70)

One ounce pure silver bar, 999 fine on 18-inch chain; money back guarantee. Send $29.95 to L. Dunseth, 229 N. Prairie, Genoa, Ill. 60135. (70)

Bill: Happy birthday, big boy. Love always, Jo-Jo. (70)

Animal: Wherever you are, love ya. Your ol' lady, Marilyn. (70)

Schoolboy: You still have my heart. Bring it back. Woman. (70)

Two to six bikers headed for Tennessee from Chicago looking for partying places to stop, July/August. Write Larry Viles c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Choppershopper

Two Italians doing time. Need pussies to write a line. Photos get letters. Lenny Mezzacpo 77A 2112, John Lardizzone 77A 2715, 354 Hunter Street, Ossining, N.Y. 10562. (70)

Denver biker looking for mechanically inclined house mouse to share puttin', partyin', and life. Must be 21 or over, into Harleys, pot, brotherhood, Star Wars, and willing to move to Fort Morgan, Colorado, in August. Will answer all. Write to Denver, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Young shapely gals seeking exciting guys! Addresses, delightful pictures—$5. Miss Marshall, 608-ED East Dale, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903. (70)

Wanted: Tender, kind, loving and true, long-haired, blue-jeaned, slender gypsy princess to ride, camp, live, and love with clean-shaven, nature-oriented, blue-eyed gypsy prince free of material burdens except for bike, tent, and bread. Come join me to ride in the wind—north, south, east, and west, wherever the roads and the front wheel lead. Ideal age late thirties or younger, if mature. Pics and scribe to Gypsy Rose, 18810 Barnhart, Cupertino, Calif. 93104. (71)

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 Himmler, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Wanted: Pan or shovel engine with papers. Basket okay. Also 20"-over front end. So. Calif. only. (714) 347-8401 or write Dennis, 82660 Mt. View, Indio, Calif. 92201. (70)

Show your class! Write it on high-quality Harley-Davidson stationery (envelopes included). $3. Demographics, Box 7234, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46807. (70)

Harley Belt Buckle: Heavy "Jewelers Pewter." $6 covers expenses. Cash or money orders please. Fox, Silver Lake Road, Sharon, Conn. 06069. (70)

Jerry: Don't ever forget I love you and will always stand behind you and next to you. Forever yours, Linda. (70)

What? No papers? Amazing wallet pipe folds flat; carry in book, wallet. Reusable/disposable. 2/$3. Robcon, Box 115, Victorville, Calif. 92392. (70)

An open epistle to BLT & P.J. Witness of: Hanover, Maine: Crazy Linda Knuckles, Evangelina & Company of San Jose, Calif.; Sue of Macon, Georgia; & Silver Dollar Nipples of South Jersey, New Jersey: Please write me, I'd like very much to correspond with all of you. Hope to hear from you all. Krautan, P.O. Box 25003, L.A., Calif. 90025. (70G)

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)

Nudie playing cards, broadminded books, girlie magazines, wild cartoon booklets. $5, Artist, 508-EF South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903. (70)

Giant black and white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, scoot, 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)

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

LWN: Don't marry Jerry and I'll take you riding when I beat the time he hung on me. Bill. (70)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (70)

Selling my complete Easyriders collection, Vol. 1 to present, all absolutely mint & in binders. Need the bread, so first $325 takes all ppd. L. T. Osbourne, Box 71, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850. (70)

27-yr.-old biker dude would like to meet foxy women who want to get something together. Royce Mangum #131181, Route #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (70)

Scarecrow: Apart and together I will love you forever and always. Happy homecoming. Seal. (70)

Dago Danny, Deadeye, and Shovelhead: One of you write me. Alan, 508 W. 37th, San Pedro, Calif. 90731. (70)

Leo: Happy birthday, Bandit! Love you always and forever. Your babe, Connie, '79. (70)

Shadow and Psycho: Pyro wants to get in touch. Co. A 1st Bn. 64th Armor, APO, N.Y. 09031. (70)

1954 KH Harley, 55 cu. in., basket case, motor, trap door transmission, frame, 4 9/16" stroker flywheels and other parts. Also, original 1948 Harley. Call (703) 395-7124 or write Randy Davis, Route 2, Box 196, Coeburn, Va. 24230. (70)

Diana Rodriguez: You forgot to leave a return address for me to write back to you. Timothy King #11685, Indiana Reformatory, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (70G)

Goat & El Downer: I did it—I won the trophy for the judge's choice in the tattoo contest. Love ya. Sandy Buzzard Butt, Daly City, Calif. (70G)

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)

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)

Eustis, Florida: Little John Seyer ready for Florida; need an address, babe. Sharon Williams, 10201 Fairfax, Houston, Texas 77029. (70)

Getting a club card collection together. Swap yours for mine. Moe, c/o Road Knights M.C., 8851 Hiawatha Dr., West Olive, Mich. 49460. (70)

Book with instructions to synthesize LSD, STP, PCP, cocaine, mescaline, THC, speed—$25 cash. Essex, Box 2024 T.S., Detroit, Mich. 48226. (76)

Scott (Stillwater): I'm sorry for the bitchin' I pulled on ya. Please call asap and let me explain. (747-4631, after 6.) I love you and I'm not afraid anymore. Your ex-witch, Carol. (70)

Fat people, strike back. "Thin is in, but fatter don't matter." Available on bumper sticker $2, sew-on patch, $3. Black T-shirt $7. State size; send m.o.; no checks. Wayne Trinosky, General Delivery, Rock Face, Ga. 30740. (70)

Tattooed Women's Photos: 20—$5; step-by-step tattooing and removing instructions, $15; 2 non-spraying liner tubes, $16; 300 different designs, $18; #12 needles (old smaller size), 1000, $24; 40 11x14 sheets designs, $40; 6 different tattoo inks (4 oz. each), $40. Illustrated literature, $2. Steele, Box 242-EH, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (70)

Be your own boss! America's most unique income opportunities. Spare time or full time. Details, 25¢. Anderson Publications, Dept. 8, 232 S. Springfield, Virden, Ill. 62690. (70)

Hoghauler, Highway Hunters M.C.: You said before we started seeing each other, if something starts to come down and I hand you the keys, I want you to go home and wait for me to call. That's what I did. Hell, you handed me the keys and said you know what to do, so that's what I figured I ought to do. I'm sorry if I let you down. I love you very much and I care a lot for your "family." That's no bullshit. Shawni. (70G)

Ellen O'Gragy: The police are not looking for you! Tell my mom where you are. Love, Wayne Keune. (70G)

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)

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

Mike Skowera, Sancho to my loaf of bread. Melt me, you fucker. Love, Butter.

White South African in American prison wishes to correspond with other white persons who have an interest in and positive attitude toward both South Africa and Rhodesia. Frank Abbott—Sweeney, Box A, Thomaston, Maine 04861. (70)

Change Identity: Obtain authentic alternate I.D., disappear, create new past. "The New Paper Trip," $16.50. Survival Books, Dept. ER, 11108 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (71)

Bev: Happy tenth anniversary, March 29th. May we have many more. Hippo, Green Bay, Wis. (70)

A lady eagle waits with an empty nest for spring. Love, Shadow. (70)

"I Fall Down" button, 4" dia. with pin back, red lettering on silver, gray background. To be worn only by those who deserve it. Send $3 to Cardan, Box 33112, Coon Rapids, Minn. 55433. (70)

Katt in KC: Remember you always. Beezer Bob. (70)

Buck or Sammy, where are you? Call your bro, Rory (602) 732-7681. (70)

Kop Kuffs: Standard (for your ol' lady) $11.95, Custom (24" chain for bike) $15.95. Cattle prod (2-battery) $24.95, (6-battery) $34.95. Document pouch $4.95. Catalog $1.95. Texas Enforcement Supply, Box 19062, Austin, Texas 78741. (70)

A message from Germany: To my Schatz, somewhere out there on the road to find peace with himself. Just want to let you know that I can't find it in my heart to hate you. We still love you, now and forever. Take care—ich liebe dich. P. and E.T., Babenhausen, West Germany. (70G)

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





Nasty Feet by Easyriders

Made *exclusively* for us by Chippewa (the finest engineer boot manufacturer)

These boots are the cream of the crop. As if old man Davidson built you a bike by himself, we went to the best, then asked them to make us a better boot — and they outdid themselves.

Here's some of the nitty-gritty:

Upper leathers are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. **Heels** are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). **Vamps,** or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the uppers to surround the steel box safety toe with, again, **two layers** of leather and foam padding for comfort. **Insoles** are sweat-proof leather of the best grade. For improved arch support, you'll find combination fibre-board and steel shanks. **Midsoles** are all leather. **Adjustable straps** at the vamps and tops for the sound fit you demand. **Your Super Boots** meet the following government standard: **ANSI Z41.1—1972/75.**

If your ol' lady is goin' barefoot, you might break down and buy her a pair too—just remember women's sizes run numerically 2 sizes larger than men's (for example, a woman's 8 equals a man's 6).



Soles and Heels are non-skid oil-resistant Neoprene Cord featuring Goodyear welt construction for strength, flexibility and shape retention. Sole stitching is Dacron® polyester. Your heels are, of course, the broad driving or logger type.



Easyriders logo will be **branded** on your right, shit-kickin' toe if you check box in the coupon

Send your order today to:
Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

In Stock Sizes	Special Order Sizes – Allow 8 Weeks
8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 **D Width Only** 11 in. **$64.95** 17 in. **$79.95**	All Other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths 11 in. **$76.95** 17 in. **$91.95**

Add $2.50 Per Pair for Postage & Handling – Inside U.S. Only
Add $6.00 Per Pair for Postage & Handling – A.P.O./F.P.O, Canada, Alaska
International Orders Accepted – Inquire for Shipping Costs

Circle/Fill In Your Choice

Size _____ **Width** _____ **Height** 11 in. 17 in.

Color Black Brown **Easyriders Logo** Yes No

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.

Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead



Clean up your act — get an *Easyriders* T-shirt!

Yeah, even your mother will admit she was wrong when she said you were a tramp.

Our shirts make you look like a straight citizen. Just look at the shirts above. Now ya gotta admit, that's a good group — a little loose — but a good, wholesome group. Right?

So clean up your act. Order your shirt today. All kinds of colors and sizes available. Not cheapo Taiwan imports — these are all American made. Finest quality. Quality you'd expect from us tramps at *Easyriders.*

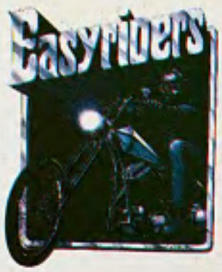
Look 'em over and order yours today — and don't forget your ol' lady.

Design

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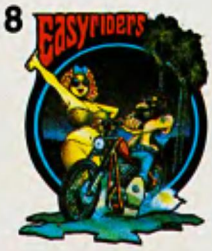
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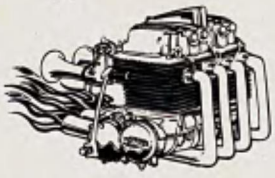
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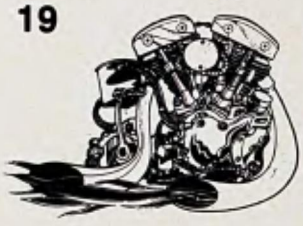
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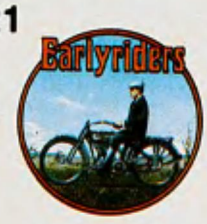
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Shirt "A"



Sizes **S-M-L-XL**

Shirt "B"



Sizes **Petite — Average**

If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dip-shit—not black lettering on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for **$5.95**, postpaid in U.S. only. Mix colors and designs to suit yourself—any design on either shirt in any of the colors offered.

Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	$5.95 each
				Sub Total	
				Plus tax (California residents add 6%)	
				Total	

Send your order today to:

T-SHIRTS, BOX 711, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91503

Make all checks and money orders *out to* ***Easyriders***

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

We pay all postage and handling on all tops. (In U.S. only)

Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

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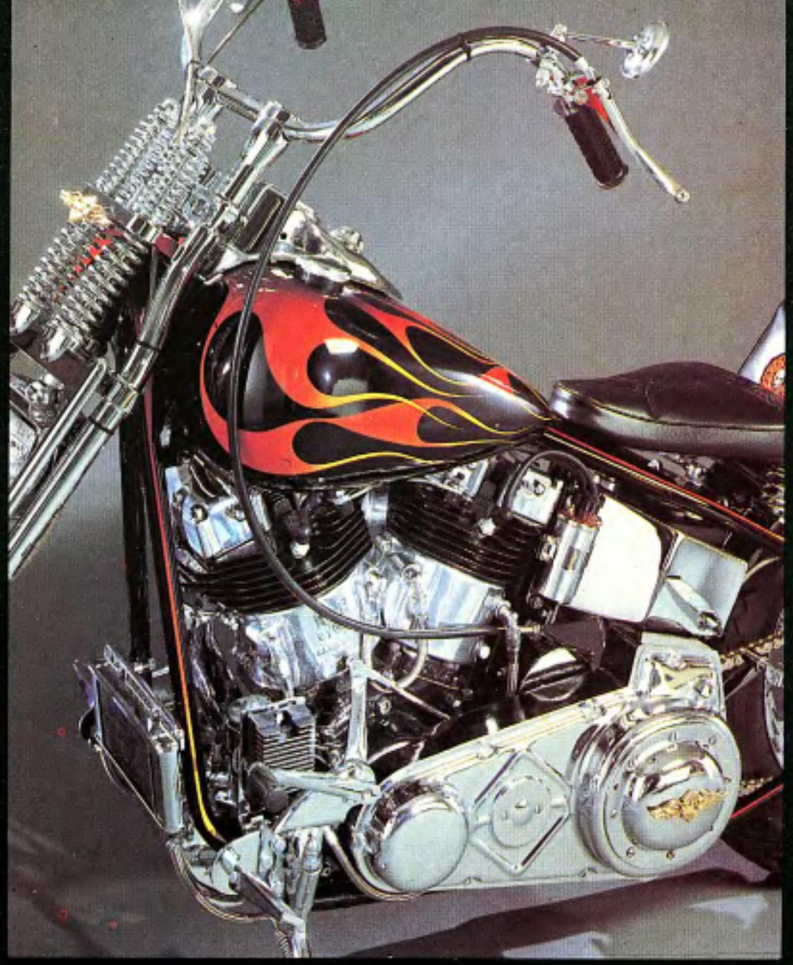
Some Things Change... Some Don't

Look around you. The passing of time brings with it change. In trying to cope with a changing world, man has created thousands upon thousands of new products, gadgets and gizmos. This creative genius has allowed many of us to change our lifestyle—the color TV, the CB; the sounds, the scenery; the clothes, and even the food we eat. Most everything around us has changed. So, it's pretty difficult to run across things that have been around for a long time, still make sense and, at the same time, feel good...good enough to make time that's passing a righteous event.

But bikers are still bikers, wrenchin' and ridin'. And Jammer is still Jammer, workin' and pushin' to please. Together, we have proven that you can still move on, live for and love motorcycles without getting short-changed! This common bond has allowed us throughout the years to dedicate ourselves to assuring the custom builder that he can still have a scoot which is his alone, an expression of his own tastes and times.

Bikers' needs may change but we have never changed our attitude towards fulfilling these needs. Sure, it would be a long list naming the different styles of custom applications that have sprung up over the past ten years. However, we have tried to make life easier by stocking what we feel are the finest products you want, all under the universally respected Jammer name. From Fat Bob to Stretcher, Harley, Honda and Kawa, over 2,000 of the most demanded products that bike builders love.

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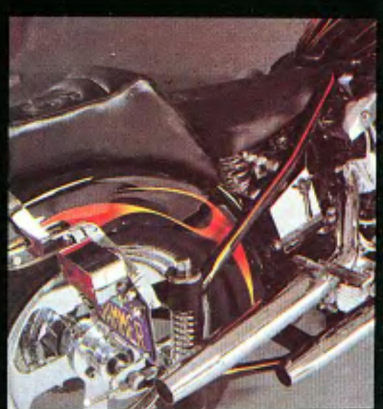












Seats

LE PERA ENTERPRISES, Inc.

When you buy a seat from this section you're buying pure comfort. A Le Pera seat is backed by people who are not only experienced but manufacture seats that are top notch in quality, stylish and above all, comfortable. We think they're the finest seats your money can buy. Each and every Le Pera seat is individually handcrafted using genuine Uniroyal Naugahyde, braided dacron thread, molded 4 lb. high density foam, and steel base plate. All seats mount like stock—no modifications are required. Invest in comfort and style. Le Pera . . . the only way to sit!

Super Glide Seats



Naugahyde® vinyl fabric

Super Glide seats include all brackets to assure mounting like stock and provide easy access to oil filter. All of these seats have steel base plates and carpeted bottoms.

A. Super Glide Elite II
115032 ..... Black 67.75

B. Super Glide Elite I
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.
115034 ..... Black 78.00

C. Super Glide Duke II
115039 ..... Black 72.95

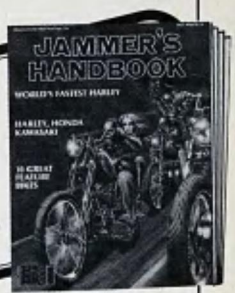
D. Super Glide Duke I
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.
115040 ..... Black 91.00

E. Super Glide Monarch Touring II
116031 ..... Black 99.95

F. Super Glide Monarch Touring I
14" back. Built-in sissy bar.
116033 ..... Black 117.95

G. Super Glide Monarch Touring IV
Double bucket styling provides that snug cushion support for the avid rider.
115043 ..... Black 130.00

Only! $2.50 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 124)



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CYCLE Jammer PRODUCTS

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SU Carburetor Kits

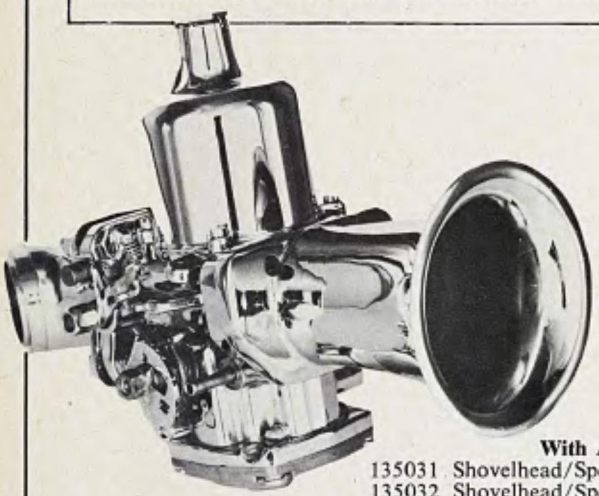
The one of a kind, classic looking carburetor that's known and respected for its dependability and superior performance. If you spot a great bike, chances are you'll spot an SU as its carburetor.



Home of the SU "ELIMINATOR"

Rivera Engineering

Rivera Engineering—A name that has been synonymous with quality & performance products since 1973. Recognized internationally as specialists in "high performance" carburetion for the Harley, Honda, and Kawasaki motorcycles.
On these pages you will easily find the right carburetor for your needs. All of the Rivera kits are designed for making sure you get only the maximum in performance and efficiency from a carburetor.



"Eliminator" SU Harley Kits

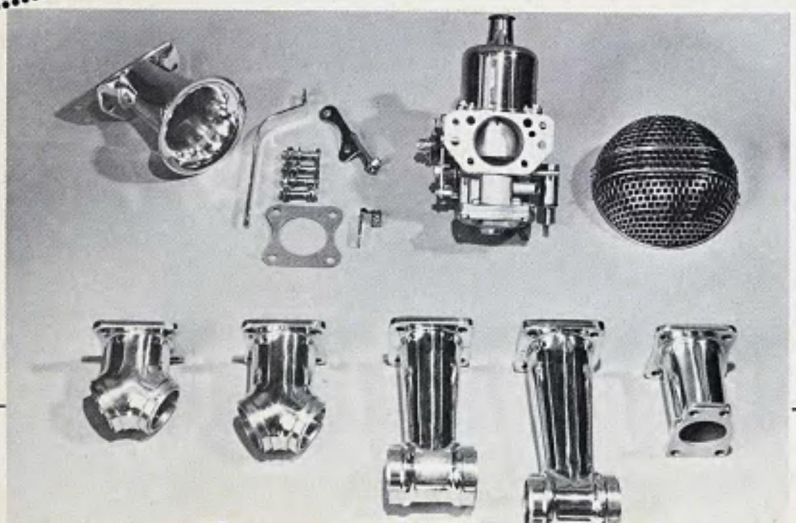
With Air Cleaner

135031	Shovelhead/Sportster	Short Manifold	199.95
135032	Shovelhead/Sportster	Long Manifold	199.95
135033	Panhead	Short Manifold	212.50
135034	Panhead	Long Manifold	212.50
135035	Knucklehead	Manifold Adaptor	199.95

With Velocity Stock

135036	Shovelhead/Sportster	Short Manifold	199.95
135037	Shovelhead/Sportster	Long Manifold	199.95
135038	Panhead	Short Manifold	212.50
135039	Panhead	Long Manifold	212.50
135040	Knucklehead	Manifold Adaptor	199.95

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA See Page (126)



All Rivera kits offer highly polished manifolds and piston domes. The body is cast aluminum. Included is either a breathable air cleaner or velocity stock. All carburetors will be set-up and ready to bolt on. The jetting will be for stock Harley engines. Included in the kits will be two extra needles, one slightly richer than installed, plus one slightly leaner to cover any installation from stock to highly modified engines, such as cams, head work, special exhaust. There will be no jetting for stroked engines included in any kit.
The hardware kit will include manifold gasket, all necessary nuts and bolts, leveling bracket, plus 2 separate cable mounting brackets. Any throttle cable may be used with the "Eliminator" SU, push or pull, front or rear. There will be no necessity of changing throttle cables.
All Rivera kits have a special 3.5 mm Viton tipped needle with oversize brass seat for adequate fuel flow.
Each carburetor is tested for proper fuel level, needle seating, and primer pump operation.
The primer pump, manufactured from brass, using an automotive type accelerator cup manufactured from Viton has been tested over 1,000,000 times with no wear factor. It is a press fit into the body, and will require no service. It will insure one kick starting for most machines that are in tune. Also featured is a choke system with an automatic kick down for easy cold weather starting.
Tuning instructions are included in each kit. We offer complete mounting and tuning information complete with pictures detailing most critical adjustments. Normal installation is less than one hour. Also included in the tuning instructions is a complete needle guide listing all needles available and their proper use.
Choose the proper kit for your bike by first finding the appropriate manifold from the listing below. No manifolds are available for 5 gallon tanks.

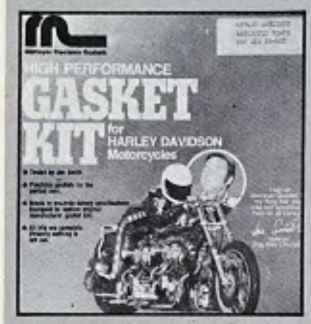
Shovelhead & Sportster—Short Manifold
For use on all XLCH and FX style tanks. Will fit all machines using a fuel tank of less than 3 gallons and most custom mounted high tanks.

Shovelhead & Sportster—Long Manifold
Designed for 3½ gallon fat bob tanks and all XLH 3.8 gallon tanks.

Panhead—Short Manifold
Designed for use on custom tanks. Will allow close to engine mounting on all high mounted fuel tanks. Makes for maximum leg clearance.

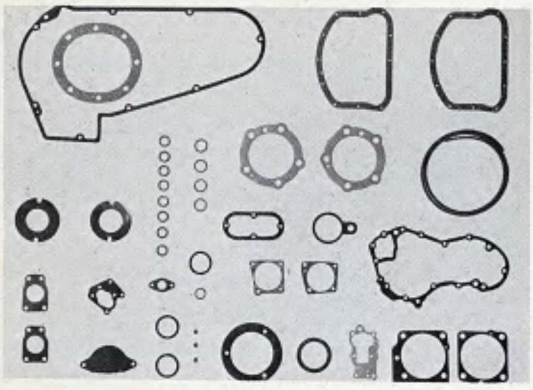
Knucklehead—Manifold Adaptor
One length adaptor designed for use with existing Linkert style manifold. Bolts directly on Linkert manifold.

Gaskets, O-Rings and Seals

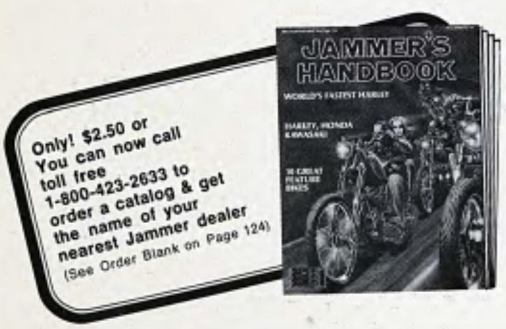


Milmeyer precision gaskets are designed to replace original manufacturer kits. They meet or exceed factory specifications and are guaranteed complete and without defect. Endorsed by Joe Smith, a household name in drag racing. Milmeyer precision gaskets are the result of manufacturing from expert advice and premium grade materials such as copper, high temperature asbestos-steel and asbestos copper laminates, nitrile asbestos, resilient silicone, neopreme-cork, acetate and a few trade secrets. Knowing that your gaskets are a product of all these materials insures high performance protection in areas where gasket failure is most common. Problem areas such as blown head gaskets, oil pump seizure and leakage become a thing of the past. Since all material is compression resistant, bolts will stay tighter. Avoid trouble, avoid failure—team up with a winning combination. Each and every gasket, o-ring and seal from Milmeyer will make you famous . . . for staying out of trouble.

Jammer #	Description	Price
	Complete Kits	
8401	Harley Shovelhead '66-'69	19.30
8402	Harley Panhead '55-'65	15.00
8403	Harley Panhead '48-'54	12.69
8404	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	13.97
8405	Harley Sportster '77-'79	14.64
8406	Harley Sportster '73-'76	13.97
8407	Harley Sportster '72-Early '73	12.46
8408	Harley Sportster '57-'71	17.88
	Top End Kits	
84019	Harley Shovelhead '66-'79	9.25
84020	Harley Panhead '55-'65	9.28
84021	Harley Panhead '48-'54	8.64
84022	Harley Knucklehead '40-'47	9.68
84023	Harley Sportster '73-'79	8.13
84024	Harley Sportster '72-Early '73	8.07
84025	Harley Sportster '57-'71	8.07
84026	Honda 750 K1-K5-Auto	23.00
	Bottom End Kits	
84037	Honda 750 K2-K5	12.50
	Transmission Kits	
84043	Harley Shovelhead/Panhead '66-'79	13.77
84044	Harley Panhead/Knucklehead '41-'64	7.10
	Oil Seal Kits	
84050	Harley Shovelhead '66-'69	9.62
84051	Harley Sportster '73-'76	10.51
84052	Harley Sportster '72-'73	13.85
84053	Harley Sportster '57-'71	25.38



Jammer #	Harley OEM #	Description	10 Pk. Price
		Cam Cover	
84059	25224-52	Cam Case Cover '57-'79 Spst.	9.00
84060	25225-70	Cam Case Cover '70-'79 SH	8.10
84061	25225-36C	Timing Cam Cover '36-'69 OHV 74	9.60
		Cylinder Head	
84064	16769-72	Cylinder Head '72-Early '73 Spst.	13.50
84065	16769-57	Cylinder Head '57-'71 Spst.	9.00
84066	16770-66	Cylinder Head '66-'79 SH	11.70
84067	16770-48	Cylinder Head '48-'65 PH	13.80
84068	16769-73	Cylinder Head '73-'79 Spst.	12.80
		Intake-Exhaust	
84071	27060-55	Intake Manifold O-Ring '48-'79 74, '57-'79 Spst.	5.70
84072	65834-68	Exhaust Port '66-'79 SH	3.30
		Primary Clutch	
84075	34955-67	Primary Cover '67-Up XLH, '70-Up XLCH	16.50
84076	60540-65A	Primary Cover '55-'65 PH, '66-'79 SH	18.50
84077	60540-36	Primary Cover (Steel PRI) '36-'64 OHV 74	11.30
84078	34955-75	Primary Cover '77-'79 Spst.	17.90
84079	60565-36	Clutch Cover '36-'64 OHV 74	11.80
84080	25416-70	Clutch Cover '66-'79 SH	7.70
		Push Rod	
84083	17955-36	Push Rod Seal '36-'79 Upper OHV 74	1.90
84084	17955-48	Push Rod Seal '36-'79 Lower OHV 74	2.00
		Rocker	
84087	17536-70	Rocker Arm Cover '57-'79 Spst.	4.50
84088	17540-69	Rocker Arm Cover '66-'79 SH	4.50
84089	17541-48B	Rocker Arm Cover '55-'65 PH	6.90
84090	17541-48A	Rocker Arm Cover '48-'54 PH	12.80
84091	11101	Rocker Arm O-Ring Shaft '57-'79 Spst. '66-'79 SH	2.40
		Transmission	
84094	33295-36	Starter Cover '36-'79 74	3.80
84095	35231-36	Cork Mainshaft Oil Seal '36-'79 74	3.30

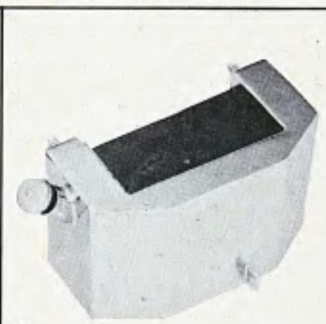


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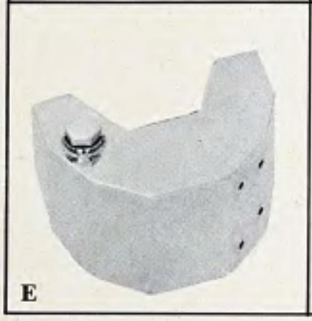
Oil Tanks

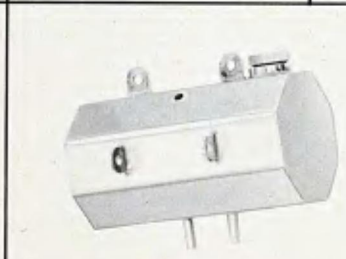

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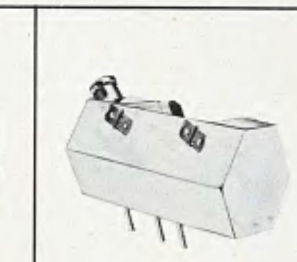

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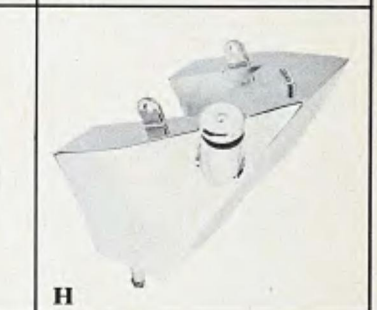

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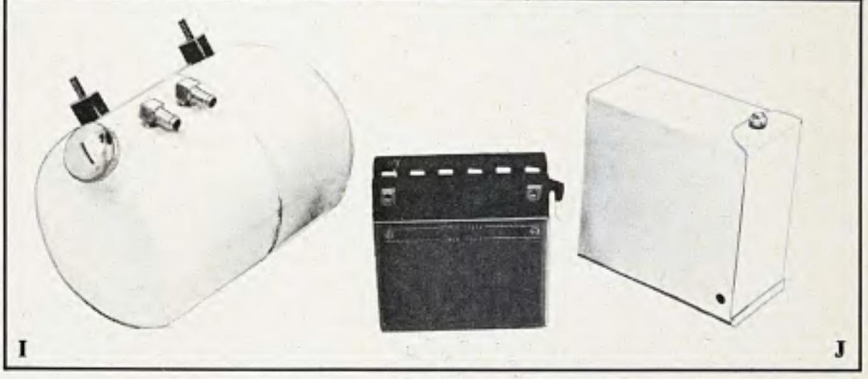

D


E


F


G


H


I J

A. Sidefill Oil Tank
Wrap around design for 74s. Holds same amount of oil as stock tank. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. Kick start only.
3702 ..... 83.95

B. Octagonal Sidefill Oil Tank
For 74s. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. Kick start only.
37014 ..... 83.95

C. Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank
Designed for 12 volt Action Pac or FX battery. Fits stock Sportster swingarm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. Kick or electric start.
37021 ..... 83.95

D. Hex Action 74 Oil Tank
Features hidden oil line outlets and needs no additional battery plate. Holds 3¾ quarts and will accept the Action Pac 12 volt or stock Harley battery. Fits all Harley 74s; swingarm or rigid frame; aluminum or steel primaries; electric or kick start. Includes cap.
37022 ..... 94.95

E. Octagonal Sportster Oil Tank
Top fill. Fits most Sportsters. Includes cap. Three quart capacity.
3804 ..... 83.95

F. Honda 750 Hexagonal Oil Tank
Holds 3 quarts. Mounts with minor modifications. Includes cap. Kick or electric start.
3807 ..... 76.50

G. Hex Tank
For Harleys. Stylish 3-quart tank will hold a battery. Fits swingarm and rigid Harley frames. 16-gauge steel, star-pressed ends, top/side filler spout, deep chrome. Kick start only. Includes cap.
37049 ..... 76.50

H. Honda Wedge Oil Tank
For Jammer 750 rigid frame. Kick or electric start. Includes cap.
37024 ..... 99.50

I. Light Weight Aluminum Oil Tanks
High performance, light weight spun aluminum oil tanks for Harley 74s and Sportsters. Complete with all brackets and fittings. 4 and 5 quart fits 74s. 4 quart fits Sportsters with late style frame. Aluminum oxide trin-blasted finish.
3706 ..... 5 qt. 6¾" x 9¼" 89.95
3707 ..... 4 qt. 5¾" x 9¼" 89.95

J. Aluminum Battery Box
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3708 ..... 39.95

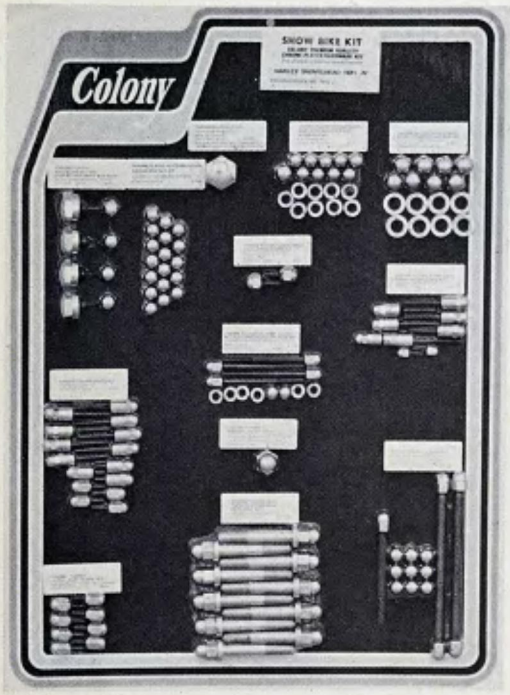
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Chrome Part #	Price	Description	24 Kt. Gold Part #	Price
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124032	115.00	Sportster 1965-70	124048	130.00
124033	115.00	Sportster 1971-73	124049	130.00
124034	115.00	Sportster 1974-76	124050	130.00
124035	115.00	Sportster 1977-Up	124051	130.00
124036	128.00	Knucklehead 1936-39	124052	145.00
124037	128.00	Knucklehead 1940-47	124053	145.00
124038	135.00	Panhead 1948-57	124054	150.00
124039	135.00	Panhead 1958-65	124055	150.00
124040	130.00	Shovelhead 1966-69	124056	145.00
124041	125.00	Shovelhead 1970-75	124057	140.00
124042	125.00	Shovelhead 1976-77	124058	140.00
124043	130.00	Shovelhead 1978 "74" & "80"	124059	145.00
124044	75.00	Honda 750	124060	85.00
124045	50.00	Gold Wing 1000	124061	57.00
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(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.

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***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)
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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.

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Total	
Less 25% C.O.D. deposit	
Balance Due (F.O.B. California)	

MC/B of A number*

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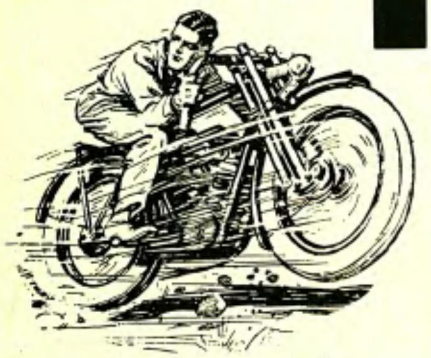
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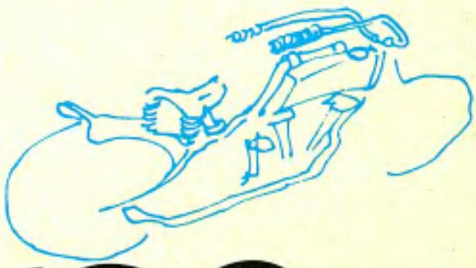
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