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Entertainment for Adult Bikers

June 1980
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On Helmet Cases*****Brotherhood,
Beautiful Bikes,
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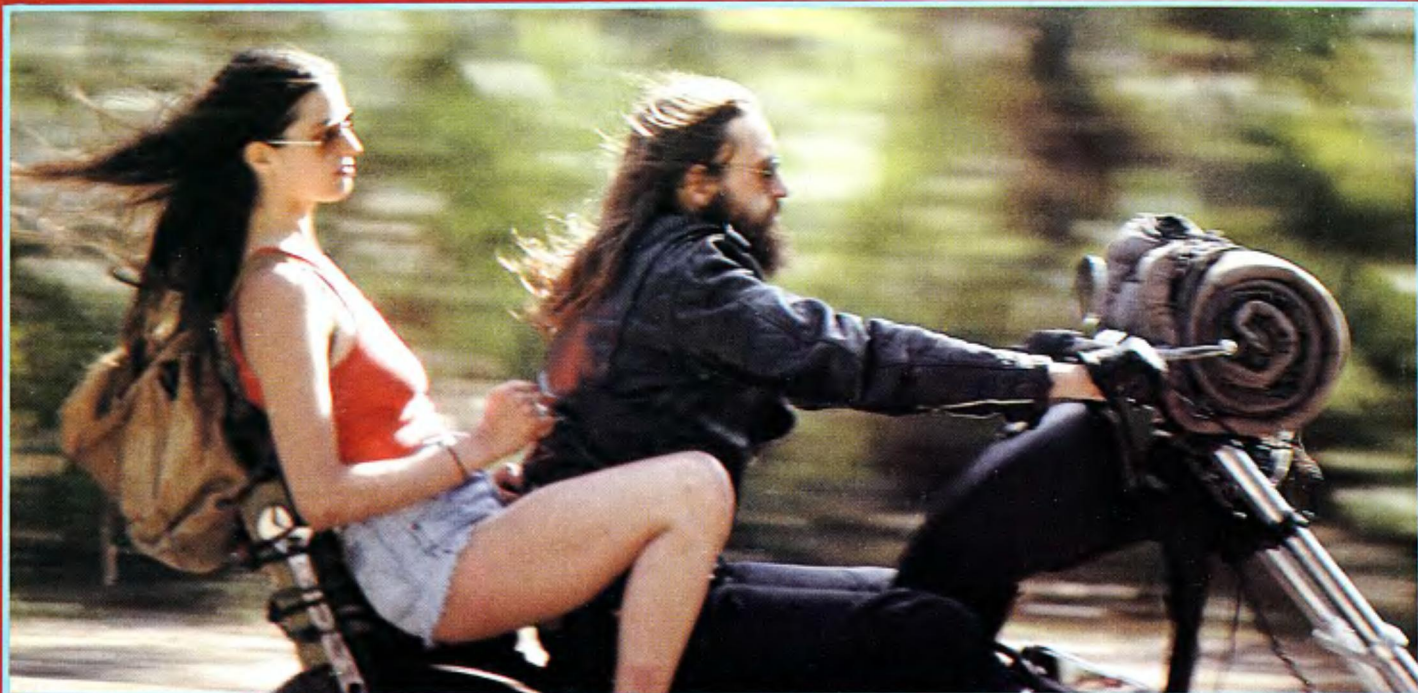
IN THE WIND

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In The Wind, Enjoying
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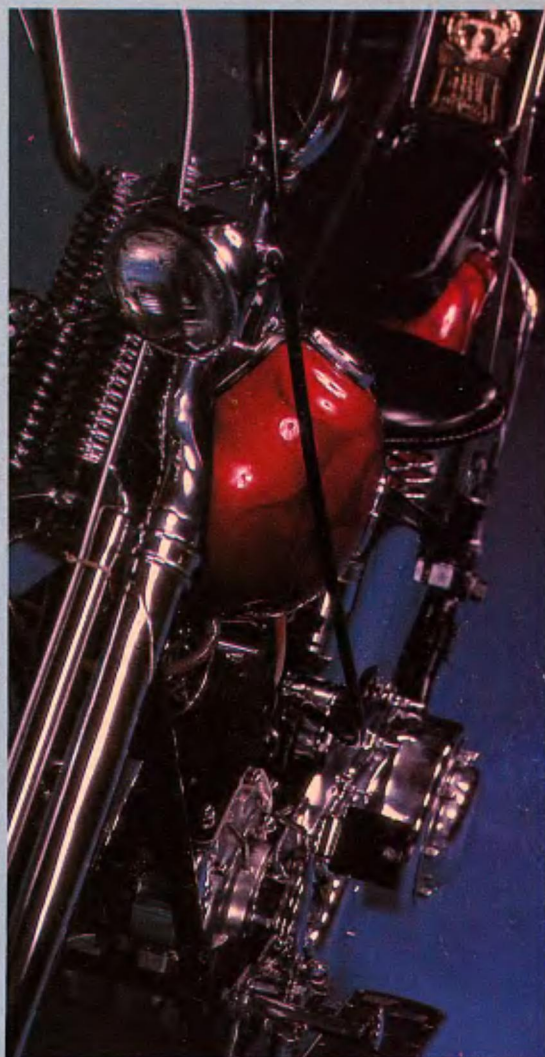
Even... with
...eties, Runs—
...life of a Biker

Easyriders®

Number 84

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Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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Cover photo of YaVaun and Toby by Kim Peterson

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

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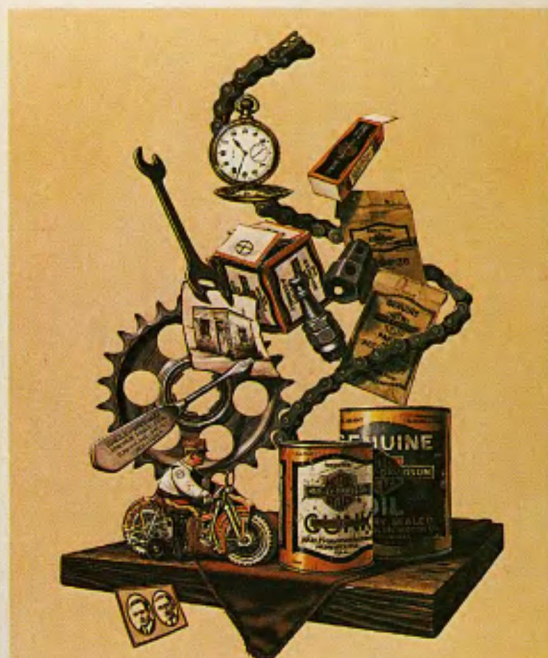
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A.



C.



B.

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Sneaky, sneaky file: A Mexican-American was in the local slammer on a felony theft charge, when the Border Patrol hauled a group of illegal Mexican aliens into the same slammer to wait for deportation. The dude on the theft charge noticed that he looked like one of the dudes waiting for deportation, so he swapped I.D.s and was deported and set free in Mexico! When the cops found out, they had to deport the other one, too. So now both are free--south of the border.

This limp thought it was strange that his puppy never barked--he was thinkin' he really had a weirdo on his hands when the puppy was strong enough to break its leash at four months of age and have at him--sending him to the hospital with gouges chewed outta his arms and legs. It turned out that the puppy was actually a lion cub. (Who didn't dig dry dog food.)

This tit freak was busted in California when officers noticed a foot sticking out from under a dirty blanket in back of his van at a "routine" traffic check. They pulled back the blanket, revealing a dead chick with both breasts missing. The cops asked him, amongst other things, about the missing tits. His response was--"I believe I ate 'em."

This funeral hearse was parked in a no-parking zone. The cop looked into his rule book--yep, it should be towed away--which he did. Meanwhile, a funeral was held up a few hours while they bailed the hearse (with the casket inside) outta the police impound yard.

Life in the city: Three turds beat up a guy in Florida with a tire iron and then drove off with his cage. But wait! Before they sped off, they ripped off both of his artificial legs and took 'em with them.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Then there's the fast talker in Indiana who got busted with one million dollars in bogus \$100 bills. He said he had 'em printed to wallpaper his bathroom with. And how about the dipshit who just got outta prison and was immediately thrown back in--for what? Well, it seems he made off with his old prison uniform. (They had grown attached to each other.)

She watched as they pulled the casket outta the hearse and started carrying it to the grave. Then all of a sudden, the bottom falls outta the casket and out flops her ol' man's bod onto the cold ground along with a buncha rags, shredded newspapers, and some pantyhose. She, of course, had a shit-fit and is suing everyone due to her heart doin' a flip-flop at da grave.

Speakin' of coffins--five hitchhikers were sharin' space in the back of a fast-movin' truck along with a casket. The driver's partner was sleepin' in the casket with the lid closed to protect him from the rain. When he woke up, he flipped the lid open--all five hitchhikers, seein' the lid open and the body sit up, freaked out and jumped outta the speeding truck, killin' themselves--all five of 'em--as they bounced and rolled offa the highway.

Wanna be in the Guinness Book of World Records? Well, the 368-pound Frenchman who held the record for having gulped 144 snails in eleven minutes was practicing for a new record, when, after gulping down 72 snails in three minutes, he was rushed to the hospital--where he croaked with indigestion.

The biker was in front and a car was between him and a huge gravel truck. The light turned green. The car turned right and the gravel truck drove straight ahead right over the motorcycle, munching it and the driver and then dragging both 144 feet down the street until someone flagged the asshole down. Now get this--no charges were filed against the truck driver--yep, he didn't see the motorsickle!

He was awakened by a noise. Thinking it was a burglar, he called the police. The police arrived. He thinks the policeman is the burglar and picks up a shovel for protection. He goes out the door with the shovel in hand. The policeman sees him with the shovel, thinks he's the burglar, and shoots him. ■



WORDMONGER

Careful With Those Mags

☐ Here's some advice to all you ol' ladies out there—don't even roll up your ol' man's issue of **Easyriders**. I accidentally rolled up Bear's issue to kill a fly. Let me tell you, Bear had a fit. If I had been any closer to him, I would have been tossed out the window. I'd hate to think what would have happened if I had destroyed one of his mags.

Harley
Cleveland, Ohio

A Dare

☐ How can you men exploit women like you do and then, when we want to see some men, you very quickly turn us down? Don't you guys have any balls? If you think you do, prove it by posing for us; and I am directing this to all you hot shots at the top—mainly Tex Campbell, Mil Blair, Joe Teresi, Keith Ball, and Lou Kimzey. Let's see your naked bodies. Consider this a dare.

Li'l Hustler
La Habra, Calif.

☐ We've got all the balls you could handle, but we're not exhibitionists.

Not As Terrific

☐ I'm not much on writing to magazines. But since I've started reading **Easyriders** I just have to say it's a terrific magazine. But it's not as terrific as my man is in bed.

A reformed biker's ol' lady
Cheyenne, Wyo.

☐ Shit, just when we were thinkin' we had a compliment.

Long Piss

☐ I was just reading Spider's bit in the January issue about this dude that spit 31 feet. Well, I took a leak from the top of a drilling rig—it went 150 feet before it hit the ground.

Bakersfield Boo
Bakersfield, Calif.

☐ Far fuckin' out.

Nothin' But Harleys

☐ What's happening with you guys? You know I've been locked up for six months now, and I still haven't seen hardly any bikes in your rag but Harleys.

Super Hoss
Paris, Ill.

☐ No shit?

Outlawing Bikes

☐ I'm lying here in the rack, downed for eight weeks, left leg in plaster from toe tips to pecker—put in this sorry-ass, leg-broke-all-ta-hell, no-party position after gettin' tagged by a cage, while on foot, standin' still, at the end of the driveway at my own fuckin' residence! (There ain't no damned place that's safe!)

I've been ridin' Sporties an' Hogs for the past eleven years (ain't owned nothin' else) and been down my share, with and without a skid lid—luckily, with no more than the loss of a little hide and wet Levi's. I've lost several bros and I'm positive those who went did so doin' what they loved. The majority lost it to murderous, air-headed, cage pilots out flyin' blind.

Anyway, while I was propped up here, gazing half-assed at the Saturday morning tube, absorbed in the latest **Easyriders**, a feelin' bro brought over a couple of joints. This kid TV version of "60 Minutes" gets my attention, talkin' to America's unsuspecting youth with a ration of pro-helmet, anti-cycle shit! Fightin' the impulse to reach over and cancel the remainder of the fuckin' thing. I kept lookin' and listenin' longer, and then they start parading amputees and assorted brain-damaged basket cases in front of me, talkin' 'bout outlawing motorcycles! And these shitheads are makin' out like the cycles wandered out of showrooms, shops, and garages on their own, lookin' for folks ta bend, fold, spindle, and mutilate!

By now I'm swingin' a crutch around, foam-in' at the mouth, tryin' to stand up, cussin' and yellin' at the tube, "People ride cycles, cycles don't ride people!" Ignorant fuckers! I mean, hell, I can ignore most of the stupidity the shit-for-brains assholes come up with, tryin' to tell everyone what's good for 'em, but this outlawing of motorcycles shit is scary talk!

G.Z. Kelley
Colona, Ill.

☐ We won't stand for it, will we?

Nice Dream

☐ Just wanted to let ya know that I really got into that story called "Fantasy" in your Flathead 80 issue. The chick who wrote it really made it seem like a real dream, especially when the flathead that dude was ridin' turned into a fuckin' pan! (Right before he started suckin' her tit and tryin' to get into her bush.) Nice dream.

Iowa
Downers Grove, Ill.

Laughin' Out Loud

☐ The other day I was waiting in a store for some stuff, so I picked up your mag as I always do and started reading and cracking up. Man, people sure look at you weird when you're laughing out loud in public.

Tem
Alfred, Maine

More Class

☐ Your mag shows definitely more class than *Hustler*!

A former women's libber
Butte, Mont.

Red, White, and Blue

☐ I'm as redneck as you can get when it comes to bein' an American. I'm proud to own a Harley because it embodies the freedom that the American eagle signifies. An' it just burns my hide to see cops riding around on foreign bikes.

Tumbleweed
Alberton, Mont.

Owner's Manual

☐ Well, I was just sitting here, looking through my owner's manual for my 1980 KLH Sportster, and I came across something that might be some good advice to pass along to some other bros. In the safe operating rules section of the manual, the Harley-Davidson (AMF) company has printed: "Safe motorcycle operation requires mental awareness and good judgment combined with a defensive driving attitude. Don't allow fatigue, alcohol, or drugs to endanger your safety or the safety of others."

So, as a concerned biker, I wish you would print this for all the bros who never looked into an AMF owner's manual before.

Hatchet Face
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Male Call Worked

☐ You fuckers are okay with me. I put my name in "Male Call" and got hooked up with the best ol' lady out there! I'll buy this rag every fuckin' month as long as I can ride, walk, fuck, and see. I'm in the joint and they say jackin' off makes ya blink, so if I go blind, I'll make my cellie read it to me. Me and Skimples thank ya for your good-hearted, funny-ass rag. And I'd like to fuck Mutha but the fat, flea-bitten, stinkin', disease-carryin' bitch only lets Spider lick her snatch. He must be a hard-up fucker.

Dirty Dan Bellish
Mansfield, Ohio

☐ He is.

What Happened?

☐ All right, you guys. We deserve to know what happened to Robinson. In the slam? Ran off with some sweetie? Joined the Moonies? Dead? What? Fess up.

Willy
Colebrook, N.H.

☐ What happened to Robinson when?

Something new from *Easyriders*

Best Bikes from *Easyriders*

It's going to be a collector's item. 260 pages of some of the finest bikes featured in ten years of *Easyriders*—a cross section of motorcycle design over the past decade—enough custom motorcycle ideas to keep builders creating for years. Don't miss it!



On The Stands Soon

HARLEY EARRINGS

Genuine
Gold or
Silver



Enlarged 300% to show detail

Man, you've

got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

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

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

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



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

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

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Bad Image?

☐ After reading your February issue I couldn't help but wonder what kind of macho bullshit you are peddling. Articles like "The Old Man's Harley" and "Business" were some pretty bad fiction and don't do a hell of a lot for the biker image. On one hand, it seems like your magazine can do a lot to educate, and on the other, you set bikers back. "The Storyteller" in your January issue was certainly more entertaining than reading about some old bastard beating up his son and then his son getting to like it—a standard textbook illustration of child abuse. About three years ago you printed a great article, "This Type Of Bullshit Is Past," about gangs and clubs stopping the warring—and then you print "Business."

The image of the "I'm just a dumb biker" has got to go, and you can help.

Concerned
Buffalo, N.Y.

☐ The people who write, publish, and contribute to your magazine are sick. I realize that to try to reason with such primal mentality is futile whether from a religious, moral, or just plan decent standpoint.

I would, however, like to draw attention to the use of children in your articles and advertisements. The damage, mentally and spiritually, that you are doing to these defenseless and innocent children is irreparable. You may take my admonition lightly but there will come a time when you will all stand before Him from whom there is no escape.

"It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."—Luke 17:2

John Farley
Savanna, Ill.

☐ In response to the article entitled "The Old Man's Harley" by William Simpson in your February issue, I have to tell you that this type of garbage not only makes Easyriders look hard-up for material, but portrays a rather ridiculous image of what one dude apparently thinks biking is all about.

I find it difficult to accept the story as truthful, but if indeed it is, Simpson's old man was obviously in need of psychiatric help. If the author feels his old man did him a favor by setting an example of unnecessary

physical violence, the scars left by this upbringing have no doubt seriously warped his way of thinking, also. I hope only that he does not treat his own children in the same manner, if and when he has any. To do so would not only perpetuate this illness, but could result in serious legal hassles for himself, or even the serious injury or death of an innocent child. There is no excuse for child abuse.

The whole philosophy of biking as I perceive it is to be different from this sick society in which we live and to be free of its hangups, one of which is physical aggression. Simpson apparently thinks he's a big macho man, a real tough guy. It's really sad that he's so obsessed with proving his "manliness" (whatever that is). He obviously hasn't learned to free himself of such hangups.

Space Lady
Tempe, Ariz.

☐ Obviously, you never went to boot camp or lived in a tough neighborhood.

Lookin' For MMA

☐ I was wondering if you could help me out. Where in the Bay Area can a guy join the MMA? I've been looking in all the rags for a place to write, but there ain't no address.

Bill Robley
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

☐ Write to Modified Motorcycle Association, 2202 Sixteenth Street, Sacramento, California 95818.

Biker Disrespect

☐ The other day I was cruisin' round on my scooter when some screwed-up old bitch ran into me—claimed she didn't see me, or some fucked excuse. She fucked my bike and my knee. She said she would pay for the repairs and hospital bills. After the wreck, I'm lying up in the hospital and the cops search me and give me a ticket for driving without a license.

The moral is that some people treat bikers like shit.

Jeff Luman
Center, Texas

Inside Readin'

☐ I just want to thank you for sending copies of your rag to state joints. If it weren't for your rag and remembering the good times out on the street, I would have beat my brains out on the walls long ago—so, thanks.

Whit
Lincoln, Ill.

Contest Idea

☐ The Ol' Lady Contest is bitchin', but why don't you guys have an Ol' Lady Clit Contest? Just have those foxy ol' ladies send pictures of their clits and the biggest, prettiest, and juiciest one wins.

Freak
Gary, Ind.

☐ Yeah, but look at how many rank ones we'd have to sift through searching for good ones—give us some slack.

Another Question

☐ Did you know that a seven-course meal for a biker is a six-pack of Bud and a bag of potato chips?

Rick
San Diego, Calif.

Knuckles Forever

☐ Glad to see you guys are trying to help knucklehead riders in your March issue Tech Tip, "Knucklehead Oil Control." However, you forgot to mention this procedure is used only on 1936 to early 1939 motors. All late 1939 and later motors had fixed oil control with no adjustment and vacuum suction return.

So, before all knucklehead riders start trying to adjust the rocker oil flow, remember that it is unnecessary on later model knuckleheads.

Anyone really interested in knuckleheads and their many changes should write to me. Knucklehead Bill c/o Knucklehead Owners Club P.O. Box 10043 St. Petersburg, Fla. 33733

Roger Lyons

☐ I would like to know what ever happened with the Roger Lyons incident. The last I know is what I read in your mag. Some people may have forgotten (like the grand jury wanted them to) but not all of us. Please fill me in on any further developments.

Big Jim
Redding, Calif.

☐ As far as we know, the grand jury is currently at a standstill. And the cops continue to deny any wrongdoing. As soon as something breaks, we'll let you know.

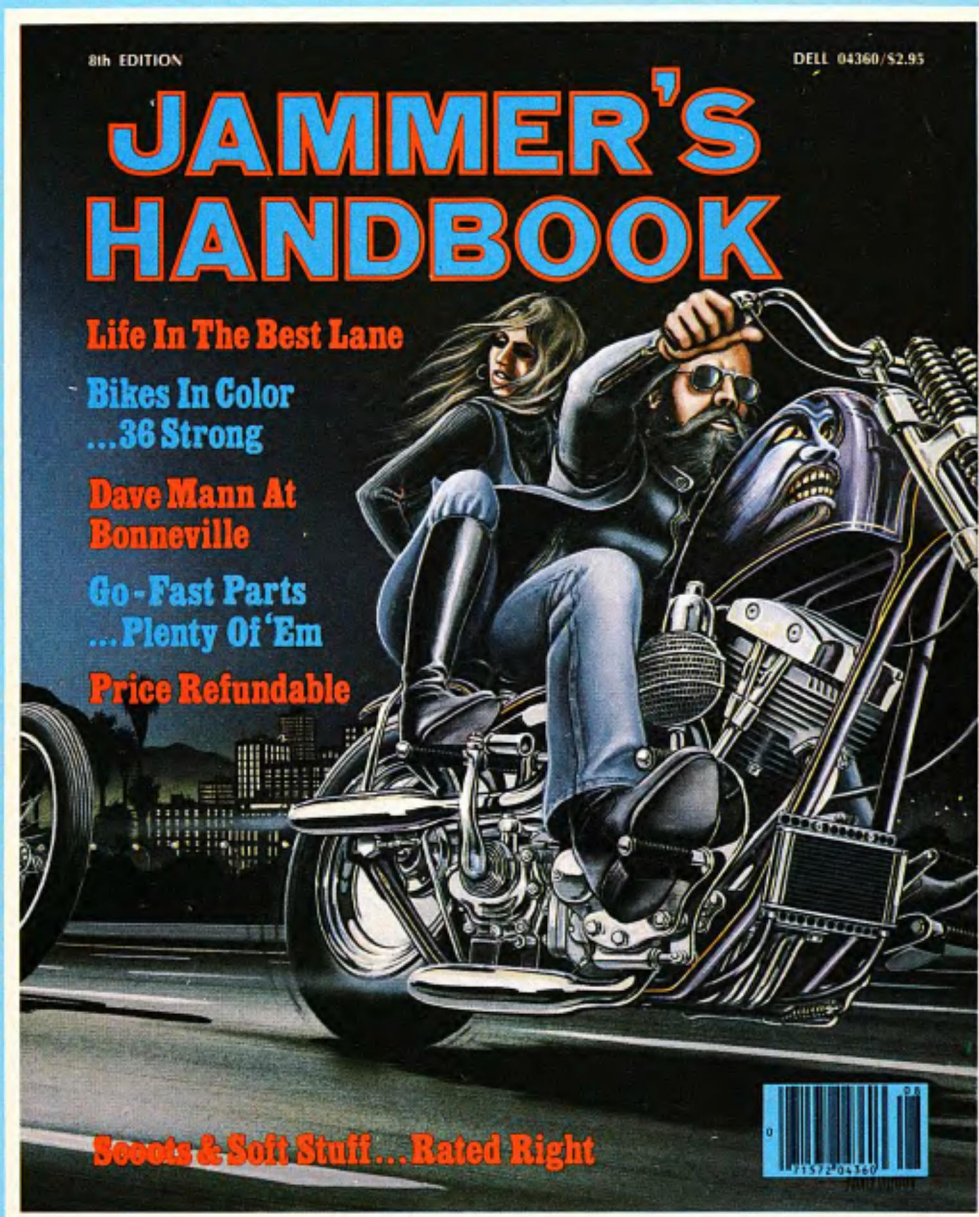
A Balance?

☐ Your mag's balance of raunch and beauty blows me away! Love it! Thanks!

Sunflower
Transfer, Pa.

At Your Newsstand!

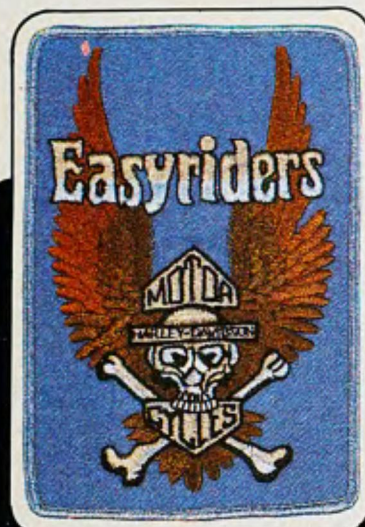
FOR YOU & YOURS



Life In The Best Lane

Reserved for you! A taste of everything, anytime and anywhere. Welcome to wheelin' in the wind. Thousands of good-lookin', go-fast parts . . . dealers showin' their stuff . . . color galore, scoots and sweeties . . . Dave Mann partyin' at Bonneville. Here at last, something worth taking . . . life in the best lane!

Begin at your favorite newsstand. If he's been picked clean send \$3.95 (a buck goes for postage) to **Jammer Cycle Products**, 801 (ER) South Main St., Burbank, California 91506.



Easyriders Patch

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

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

**Large Enough
To Make Info
A Pants Pocket!**

California residents add 6% sales tax.

A Bitch

☐ Love your rag (even if you are all sexist pigs!) probably because I'm also a bit of a fucking bitch and proud of it. It took years of hard work and dedicated practice to acquire the true art of being a damn good bitch!

R.
Baltimore, Md.

Now and Then

☐ I don't give out compliments that much, but I'm glad you guys do something decent now and then.

Mike Stanich
Whiting, Ind.

Ohio Roust Law

☐ Just thought I'd give a forewarning up here in cold Ohio. Johnny Law is trying to stop all us Dopin' Dans from dopin'. You see, the law is saying if you get caught with drug paraphernalia, you could get a \$750 fine and (dig this) 90 days in jail. You know what that means? If you get pulled over and are caught with papers, pipes, spoon, etc. and don't have any dope on you at the time, you still get busted. (I might mention that Ohio has "reformed" pot laws—a \$100.00 fine for having only 3 ounces of pot.)

Chico
Elyria, Ohio

Russian Bike

☐ Did you know that our Russian friends have a 650cc shaft-drive, sidecar-equipped bike? This machine, called "Dnepr," will be sold through Canadian Lada (Russian Fiat) distributors for \$3,000.

It started with a Fiat-designed and engineered Lada automobile (manufactured in Russia). They say it's a durable, efficient and combat-worthy motorcycle.

Timothy R. Williams
Ft. Stewart, Ga.

■ But it's Russian.



"So I coughed up a few hair balls! That doesn't necessarily mean I'm going down on every girl in the office."

Made Her Stop

☐ Just wanted to thank you guys for printing "Advice From an Ol' Lady" (Feb. '80).

I was thinking of splitting from my ol' man 'cause it just didn't seem worth it anymore. That letter made me stop and think. I used to have my head in that same place. Well, I'm still here and I'm looking to be here for a long time.

All you ol' ladies feeling the same, read that letter and then think if it would be the best for you and your ol' man.

One Happy Mouse
Van Nuys, Calif.

Kick Some Ass

☐ Want to settle this U.S./Iran conflict? Don't send in the military! Stop the pussyfoot negotiating. All bikers should unite. This includes all motorcycle clubs, ABATE chapters, and independent bros. Uncle Sam could ship us and our beloved putts to do justice in Iran. Together we could ride in force and kick some ass!

Maybe we'll have to sacrifice our lives or miss out at Daytona—but let us kick ass now!

Disgusted
FPO N.Y.

She Saw the Light

☐ Okay, all you crazy, fun-loving people at *Easyriders*, listen up. I love you all. Before I met my ol' man two and a half years ago, I didn't know what a motorcycle was or what the good life was. I thought I had been living the good life, but when I met him, he took me putting and I didn't want to stop. But I still didn't fully understand. When I finally married him, the first thing he bought me was an *Easyriders*, and that was the final lesson. Now I know the best life possible is being with my ol' man and his scooter.

Beezer's Ol' Lady
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Bad TV Shows

☐ I was watchin' the boob tube the other night when I saw a preview of "Knot's Landing" (CBS) that pissed me off. The episode was about these so-called "bikers" who terrorized and kidnapped the innocent residents of the resort. It is this kind of media propaganda that is fuckin' it up for the rest of us. This bullshit can be stopped only by letters to networks who produce this shit. But you gotta be cool about it because if you're not careful how you say something, it will just make it worse. Remember, people who make laws watch the one-sided tube and believe what they see.

Paul Rash
Mandan, N.D.

☐ I was just wondering if anyone else out there noticed the direction network TV is going these days. Just in the past two weeks it's been "The Hulk vs. The Bikers" or "Knot's Landing is invaded by a gang of renegade bikers." The best of all was seen on "BJ and the Bear." Whatdafuck is going on? Have all the Hollywood script writers run out of plots? It's no wonder the straights are paranoid. After watching prime time TV and having their feeble minds bombarded by images of bikers whose sole purpose in life is plundering people like themselves, can they help it if they feel it is their solemn patriotic duty to run us down on the highways? After all, their minds have been poisoned by the media, right?

John T. Casey
Carbondale, Colo.

Another Long Putt

☐ Regarding the letter in a recent issue about the longest putt, I left Baton Rouge, Louisiana, at 9:00 on a Friday morning and rode straight through to Rochester, New York.

My mileage when I left Baton Rouge was 27,400.1 and when I got to Rochester it read out at 29,188.3—that's fuckin' 1,788.2 miles of straight riding in 35 hours.

Farmer One
Marion, N.Y.

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

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Ahh, So!

Lest anyone have any doubts that the legendary mechanical embodiment of Messrs. Harley and Davidson will go on forever, they need but consider that the most stone-crazy motorcycle enthusiasts in Japan, the fatherland of Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki, Kawasaki et al., are strictly H-D all the way.

—Denis Rouse
Rider

Early Influence

In 1968, a lot of people were taking a beating. Conversely, in San Francisco, they were handing out flowers and marching in armies of love, while just up the coast they were making an idealistic movie about freedom. Like it or not, when *Easy Rider* hit the silver screen a year later, the word *chopper* made a heavy pitch for dictionary status.

To be fair, the movies had capitalized on, not created, the image. Joe Citizen had invented the chop when he'd taken a sober look at the ridiculous amount of paraphernalia you get with a stock Harley and decided to junk some of it.

Art came in later, at about the time function phased out, the whole West Coast subculture of fantasy, folk art, and the aesthetics of cool developing from various and often conflicting influences. On one side was the law and restrictive legislation, and on the other was the outlaw with his standard piece, the Harley 74. Together they formed the legacy of Hollister. Then there were the performance aficionados: the rodders, dragster kings and street stars, whose allegiance to straight lines and subnines gave birth to the lowrider. Somewhere in the middle was a new breed, the artists. One of them, an illustrator named Dave Mann, has a

lot to answer for. Adopting a wicked perspective in his paintings of roadrunning Californian Harleys, he fed an artistic idea to the crowd, who turned it into a working, if not always rideable, reality.

—Superbike

Helmet Campaign

During the past year the Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF) has been "campaigning" for voluntary helmet use. This campaign has nothing to do with the issue of mandatory helmet laws. The goal is simply to increase the percentage of riders who voluntarily wear a helmet when they ride.

—Dr. Charles Hartman
Enthusiast



Moped Fans...

These small, automatic-clutch motorbikes, dubbed "no-peds" by our staff, are all quite capable of 100 mpg economy. In addition, initial purchase price is low and maintenance is very light. Construction is simple, parts are understressed, and these units are intended for light duty, so durability should be high.

But "fun"? Any self-respecting motorcyclist should reflexively sneer whenever confronted with such a black-sheep distant cousin as the no-ped. Fun? You couldn't get a real biker to approach one, much less throw a leg over one and ride it. Fun? These little critters ought to be so boring you could fall asleep in the saddle.

Wrong. Upon arrival, the little bikes were seized by staffers who launched into wheelie and stoppie contests as well as impromptu parking lot races, drag races, slow races, etc. We found that no-peds do have a strange sort of attraction and are indeed fun as parking-lot playbikes. However, the strange attraction continued as we pressed the no-peds into everyday duties, such as runs to the bank, post office or lunch, and even commuting home.

—Cycle

Too Much Regulation

Certainly, much of the government regulation of industry and the environment is needed. We have seen improvements in air and water quality with the advent of government activities. It is the excesses that worry me. The excesses are manifest in a bureaucracy that feeds upon itself. In order to preserve their jobs, bureaucrats must come up with new regulations, which in turn need more bureaucrats to administer. The resultant barrage of complex and often meaningless regulations is imposed by a technical bureaucracy that frequently is only vaguely familiar with a product and its capacity to comply with standards, and often does not realize the full economic implications of the regulations it passes. I know first hand the red tape and other compliance requirements needed to bring only a slightly changed motorcycle to market. You can well imagine the number of products developed by smaller concerns that never go to market simply because the frustration in dealing with the government is too great and the return too small to make it worthwhile.

—John A. Davidson
Road Rider

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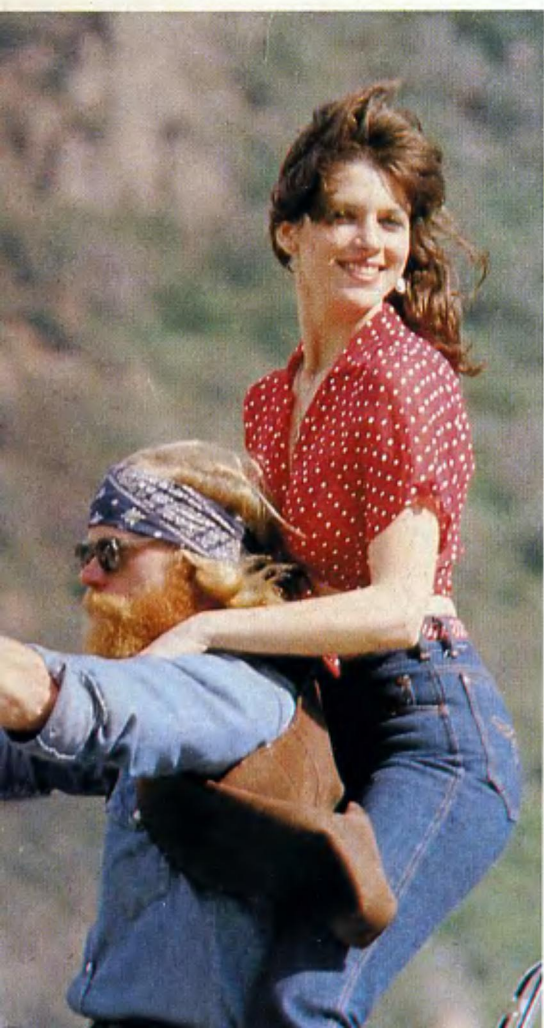


Ol' Lady

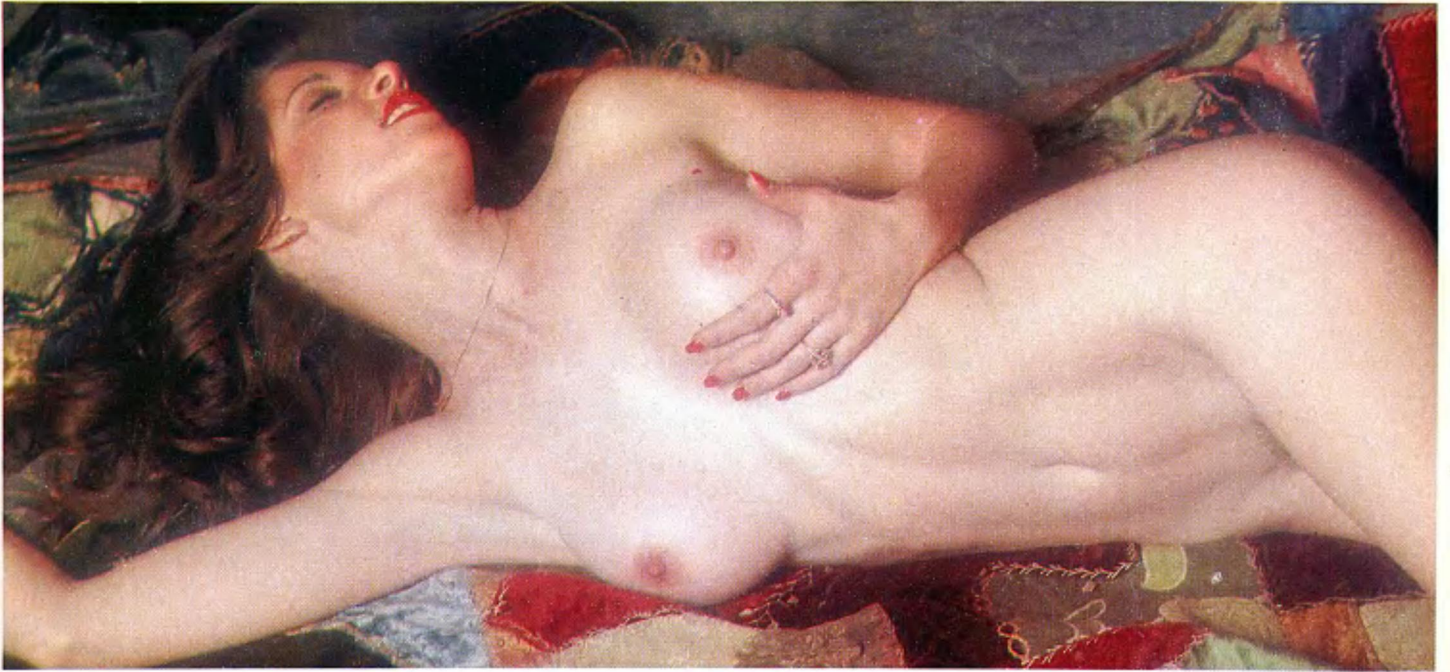
This year's winner by a close margin—for your delight—YaVaun

YaVaun came from nowhere, trailed by no one, tied to no one. Blessed with a body obviously built by a crafted bricklayer, resplendent in hair that glistened just right, and possessing eyes that sparkled in the night, she's nothing less than a vision. And we have the voters to thank for little YaVaun's coming into our lives.

Every bro on the staff had the rompin' hots for those protruding nipples and rosy lips. Slow me down, somebody—even scribin' a few thoughtful, succulent words about the sweet young thing who captured the eyes of so many votin' bros is makin' my head reel. Call my woman quick—I need relief.



of the Year-1979







Maybe I shouldn't run this down, but I'm hooked-up—got me an ol' lady, ya know. But I got saddled with bein' YaVaun's escort. That term is a bit formal, but the bros were workin' on their putts, plannin' for the Daytona run and such, so when the project came to the table, I was nominated. But I'll never forget what the bros told me in choir-like unison, "Take good care of her, sucker, and keep yer fuckin' hands off her—you got a good ol' lady."

They paused for a moment, red eyes dartin' back and forth across the spool-top table. Then, with more zeal and expressed determination, as if threatening their beloved bro, they all jabbed fingers at me at once and together ordered, "She's mine at the party!"

And the arguing began. I hit the back door since I was about to be chosen for mediator—not me, no way. But my eyes went through changes and temptations the next



Photos by Grant Edwards, Kim Peterson and Spot



few days—I was the first member of the crew to meet YaVaun.

Well, let me tell you about it. I met her at a studio where we decided we'd have our first look through, over, and around a camera at YaVaun. She arrived in the most destroyed Ford I'd ever seen—looked as though it had smacked a telephone pole at eighty and bounced into a railroad track just in time to be catapulted back into the street by a passing locomotive. But the Ford still ran. I knew, as she drew her sweet ass outta that wreck, looking like the one sleek chrome part amongst a basket case of broken, rusted, and trashed parts segments, that the chick had class. With no ol' man—but every thread, curler, and make-up bag to her name thrown over her petite shoulders, she sauntered up to me, grinnin' from ear to ear. "Hi, I'm YaVaun," she breathed huskily.

I couldn't quite remember my name—I was too busy taking in the sights at first.

Then I started in. "Do you ride?"

"Sure."





"Will ya pose in the nude?"

"Never have, but sure."

"Ya married?"

"Nope."

"Ya got an ol' man?"

"Once in a while."

The conversation wasn't exactly striking up the band, so I dropped the hunt 'n' peck routine. "Listen, what *is* your thing, anyway?"

Without battin' a pretty eye, she smiled and said, "Gettin' crazy." And so she did, through shootin' after shootin'—no snivelin'. Through dinner with this strange crew, meeting one bizzare bro after another, her smile stayed in place. She even returned a week later, when the weather was clear, for some afternoon puttin'.

She knew astrology like a palm reader knows hands, and her love for people was overflowin'. Guess what I'm tryin' to say is that you people didn't make a bad choice—at least, my people didn't think so.

—Wilburn Roach

Collector's Item

by John Watson

Carl awakened from the dream, thrashing his arms and shouting. He sat up in bed and looked around the dingy room.

"Christ!" he said aloud. He looked at his hands and they were trembling. What the hell was it, he wondered, the dream fading into the distance as he realized that he was safe from whatever horror had invaded his sleep. He crossed his arms and rubbed his shoulders, shuddering.

"What the hell *was* it?" he said, gritting his teeth and shaking his head to rid his mind of sleep.

Ralph opened the bedroom door. He had a can of beer in one hand, and he was grinning.

"What the hell you been hollerin' about?" he asked. "Sounded like you was doin' battle with a banshee. I thought for a minute you'd sneaked that sleazy Margie in here after we sacked out last night."

"Shit!" Carl said. "I don't know what the hell I was dreamin' about, but somethin' was sure after my ass. Musta been them re-fried beans I ate last night, or maybe somebody put the wrong kind of dust on that shit we was smokin'."

Ralph crossed the room and quickly raised the window shade. The bright sunlight bored into Carl's eyes like red-hot pokers, and he covered his face.

"Have some mercy, you fucker," he wailed. He got out of bed with a sheepish grin on his face and looked around for his boots. He had come home so wasted that he'd gone to bed wearing his riding clothes.

Ralph laughed. "Well, at least you went to bed dressed for Margie."

"What the hell you doin' up this early, man?" Carl asked.

"Early," Ralph grunted. "It's past noon. Look out the window. The rain's stopped, the sun is shinin', and today's the day we split."

"Aw, man, c'mon. Let's pack our stuff today. Tonight we can get a good night's sleep

an' take off early in the mornin'. Them little honeys can wait for one more day."

The little honeys that Carl referred to were any young and tender chicks who came their way as they went on their annual cross-country putt. It was a ritual the two friends celebrated every year, at the end of spring and the beginning of summer, when the choicest riding weather finally arrived.

Each year, Carl and his friend and roommate Ralph loaded up their scoots with camping equipment, stashed their money and smoke in hiding places on the bikes, and followed a course that would take them on a roundabout tour of America. They chose a different route each time for many reasons—the most important was to find new girls, and the least important to avoid fights with the boy friends of chicks they had made it with on their previous trip. Small-townners never forget.

When Carl and Ralph went on these yearly sojourns, their primary goal was competition with each other. No matter who won, the telling and retelling of their adventures with women lasted them through the winter.

Planning on a mere two or three hundred miles each day, they would stop in small, out-of-the-way places and frequent the local bars for at least a day or two, during which they would exercise all their talents to see who could bed down with the youngest and prettiest of the country girls. Being good-looking helped, and both men would be considered handsome by anyone's standards.

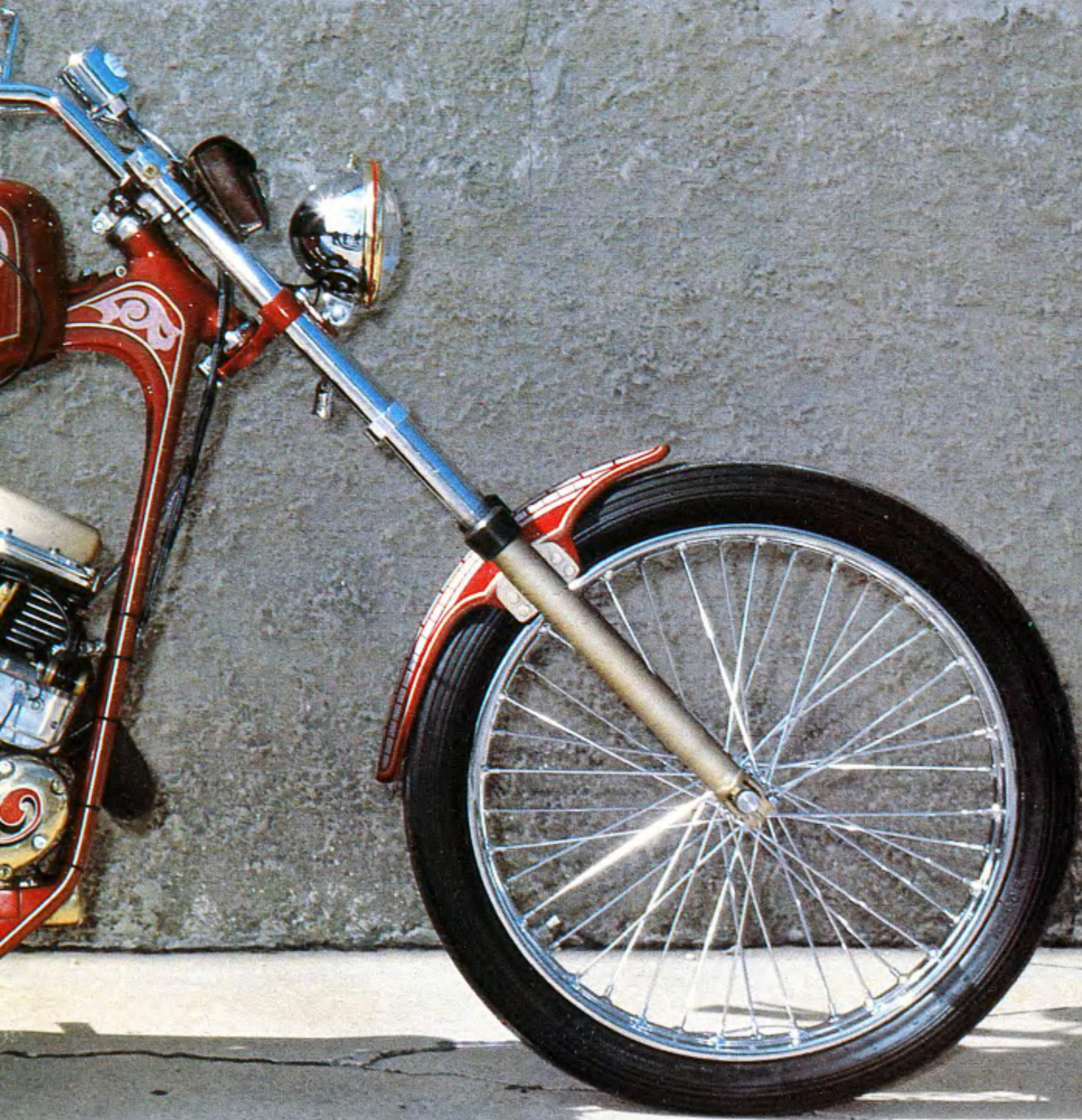
Carl was just under six feet tall, with light blue eyes, the blue ringed with a thin black line that accentuated their color. When he made eye contact with a chick, he could both see and sense a change in her attitude toward him. It was as if she was suddenly mesmerized by his stare, and wanted to come to him, and look deep inside, past the surface, to see exactly what was inside his scheming brain.

—Continued on page 92





Cool Reasons



For being a talented rebuilder

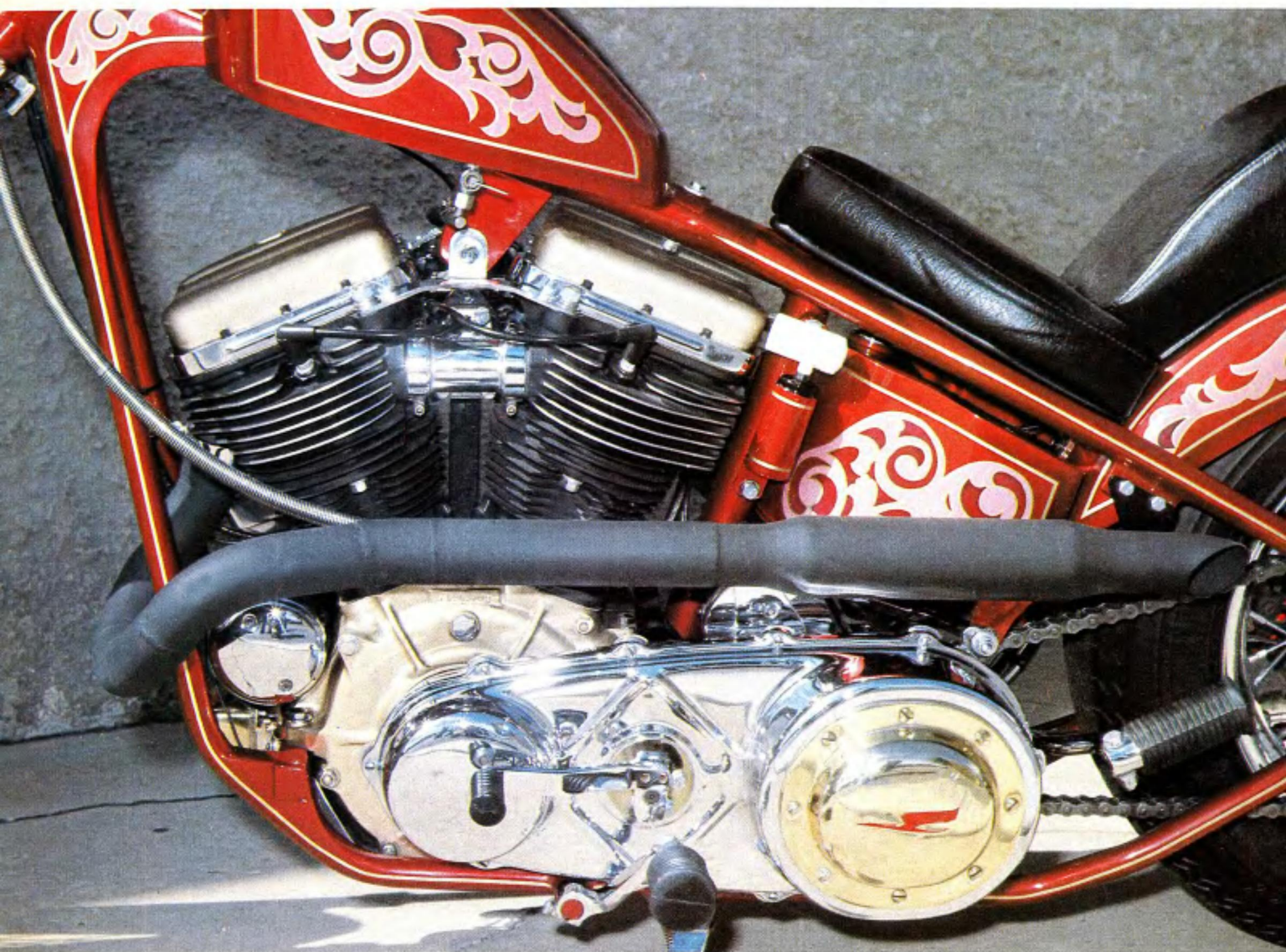
Think about the last time you dived into an unheated pool. Not with your bike—with your trunks on, unless it was to be an April-evening, skinny-dipping sidestep from your daily street routine. Remember the last split second just before you plunged, tensed to the gills for that crisp, chilling shock of liquid ice on your apprehensive fingertips? Gives me goose bumps just thinking about the changes my body has gone through as it first enters a pool of

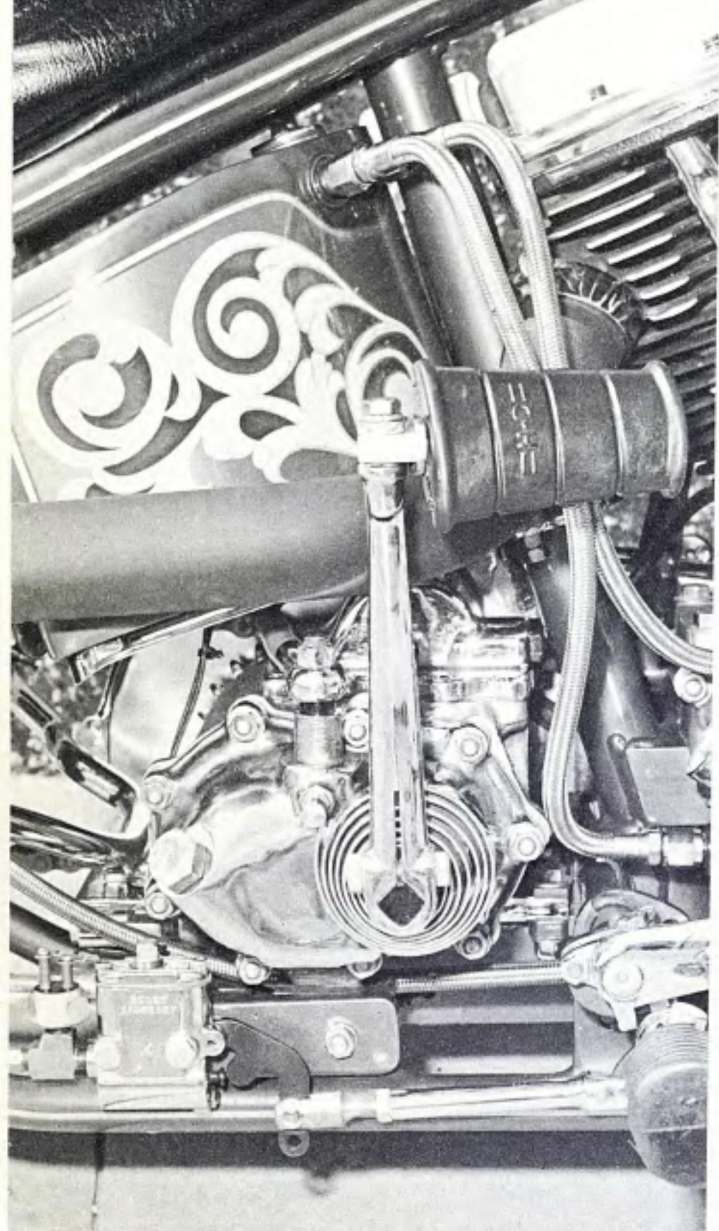
45-degree water. What if it was like that just walking outside?

Many brothers and sisters live in areas where it's anywhere from freezing to 20 degrees below, off and on throughout the winter months. Not exactly conducive to even a weekend run into the snow-coated foothills. The owner of this pretty panhead warms his ass in a fuckin'-cold-in-the-winter state. Okay, so he doesn't ride much when the water that road dust sweeps from the corners of his eyes while he's hookin' it

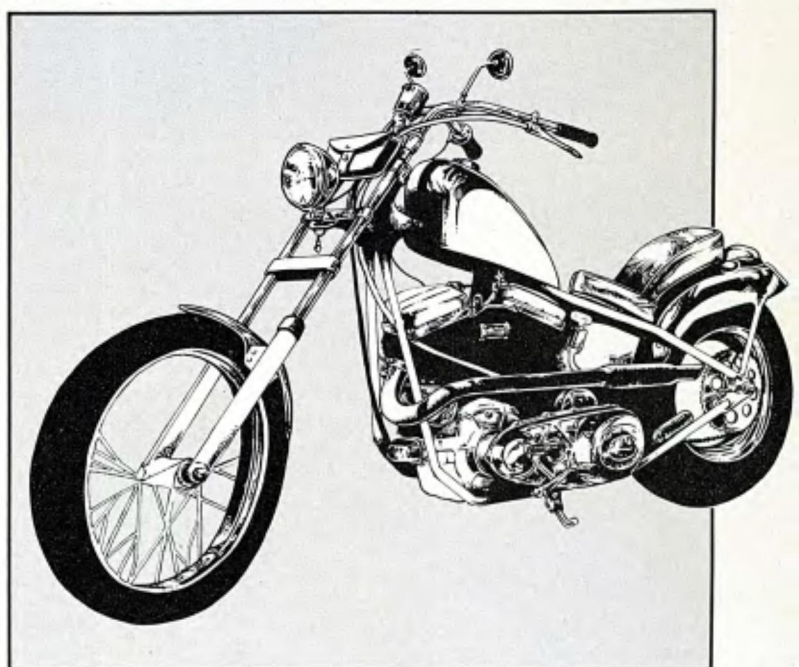
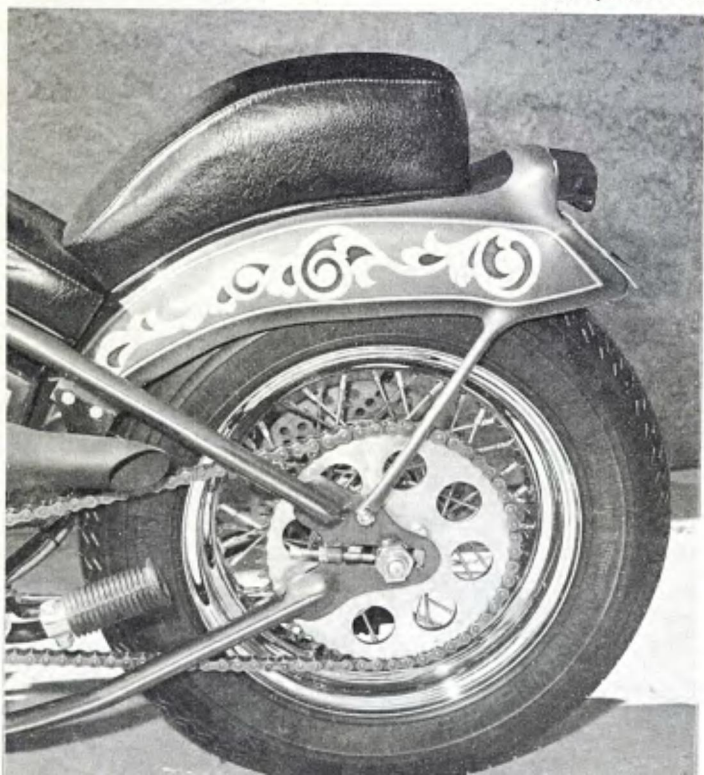
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Photos by Pete Chiodo



up on the expressway freezes before it leaves his face.

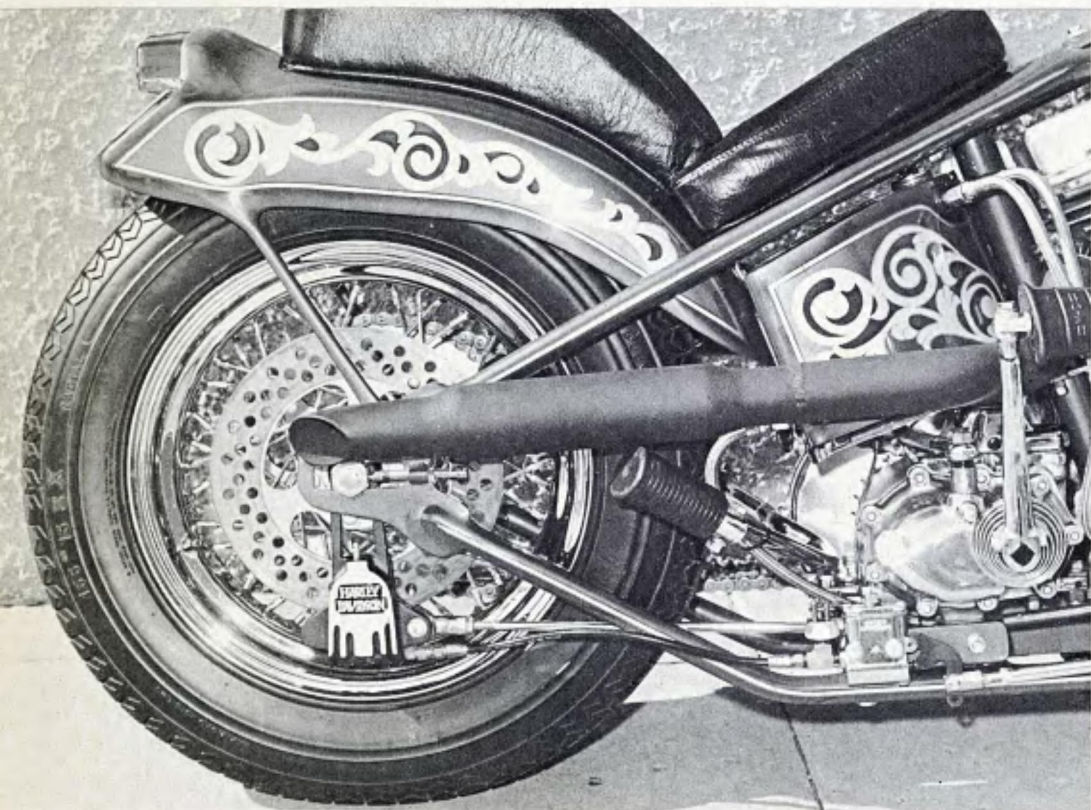
But like over half the brothers and sisters in the country who live in these climates, winter after winter, Greg Kolberg has had to deal with this deeply desperate, despairing dilemma. He tried hanging out at bars, drowning his rusty-spoke situations in warm liquor.

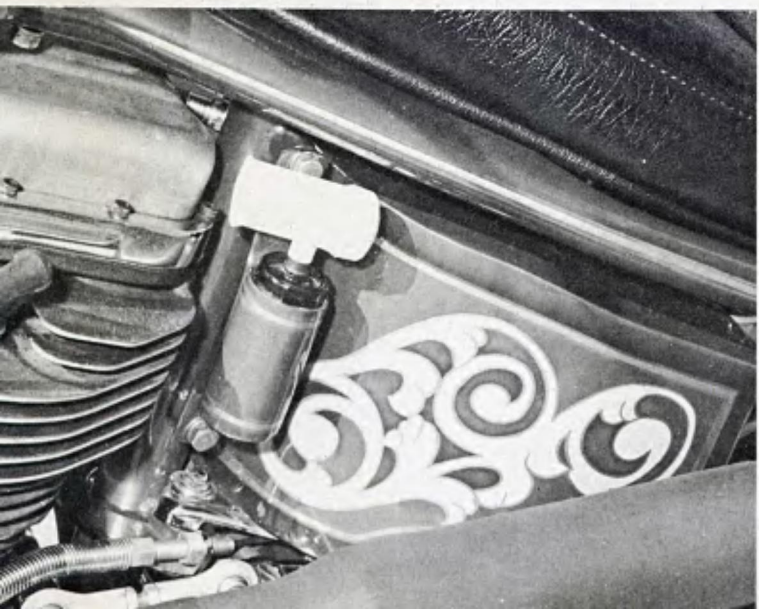
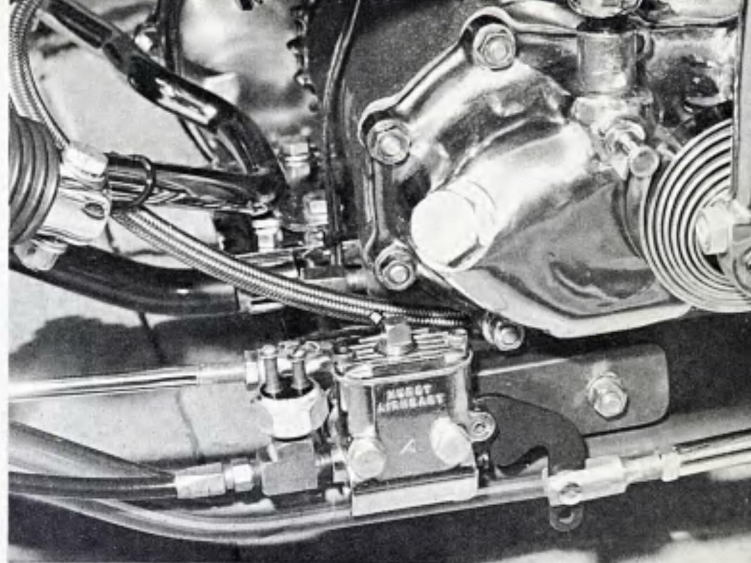
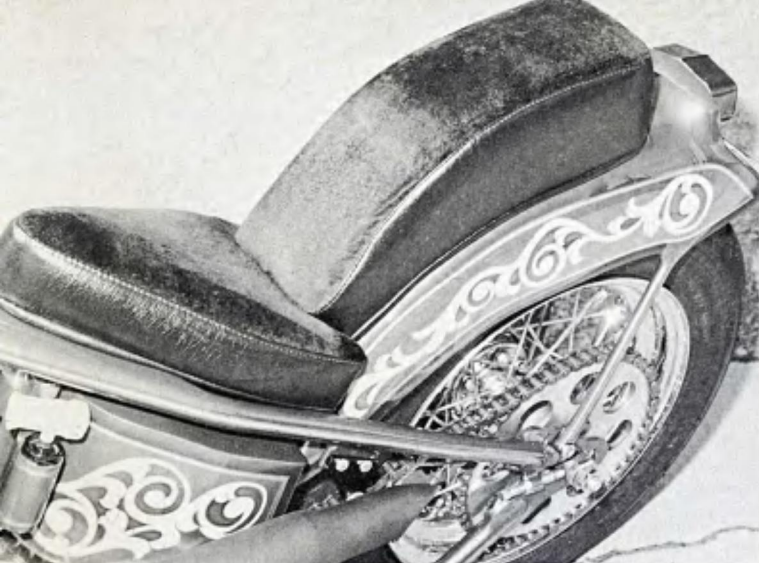
It worked for a while, but he found that he wasn't gettin' rushes from eatin' bar door-mats or scuffin' his nose on pool table legs. But he was gettin' a shotgun-blast buzz from finishing another handmade part for his sled, scoring his polished and dipped parts back from the chrome shop, or receiving pre-ordered new goodies for his bike in the

mail. He was motivatin' his talented self by gettin' off on the finishing touches of the molding with 600 wet and dry, designing the style for his new putt, or wrenching the finishing touches into a carefully set up and rebuilt mill.

So, during those cold-as-the-submerged-end-of-an-iceberg winters, Greg has found a rush, almost—not quite, but almost—as intense as riding: building and crafting his own motorcycles. If you're ever in Greg's area, or in a nasty biker neighborhood in the dead of winter, and you need to rap with a wrench, look for steam rising from a snow-topped garage. It may be that Greg is inside—cookin' on his next putt.

—Icy Eyes





Owners: Greg Kolberg

City: Baltimore, Maryland

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1951 H-D
Model: 74 Hydra-Glide
Value: \$5,000
Assembly: owner
Time: 1 year this time
Chroming by: Acme

Frame

Year: 1974
Builder: Jammer
Type: rigid
Rake: 37 degrees
Stretch: 2½ in.
Other alterations: none

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1951
Model: FL
Rebuilder: owner and friends
Ignition: magneto
Displacement: 74 cu.in.
Lower end: stock
Balancing: factory
Pistons: .030 over
Cases: H-D
Heads: Mike Nobile
Cam: 56 H
Lifters: solids
Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties
Pipes: owner and Flip
Muffler(s): yes

Bars: Ness pullbacks
Risers: integral 4 in.
Fender(s): handmade by Flip
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Lucas
Speedo: VDO
Front pegs: Sportster
Rear pegs: Sportster
Electrics: 12 volt
Gas tank: Sportster
Oil tank: H-D
Oil system: dry sump
Primary cover: Paughco
Seat: Elmer English
Sissy bar: fender struts
Height: to fender
Material: ½ in. round stock

Transmission

Modifications: late-model, close gears
Year: 1951
Shifting: foot, through primary
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: 22
Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: 1972 Sportster
Extension: 5 in.
Builder: owner/H-D
Special features: none

Wheels

Front:	Rear:
Size: 21	Size: 15
Hub: Jammer	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 6 in.
Tire: 3.00 Avon	Tire: 155x15 Michelin
Brake: none	Brake: Motorsport

Painting

Molding: Flip
Painter: Flip & Neil
Color: candy red over gold
Type: lacquer
Special paint: Flip

Other special modifications: handmade brake pedal & master cylinder setup, air horn mount, fork stop on lower race cup, front footpeg lugs from a Sportster.

Gurl Problems

I got gurl problems. I'm thirteen years old. I've been having trobel with this chick I've been dateing her for over two years and wen ever I trey to fuck he she wants to go home. Shod I drop her and pick up a nather one or just try harder?

Brian Wener
Roslyn, N.Y.

- U bet yer suite arse u shood find ureself anuther.

Heat Wave

My ol' lady an' me was fuckin' up a storm the other mornin', an' when we got done, the sheets were smokin' an' her temperature was a hundred an' six. Is this out of the ordinary?

Mike
Rogersville, Mo.

- Out of the ordinary what?

Wrong Bike

I have a very unusual problem. My cock is so big that it causes me a great deal of pain when I'm ridin' my 750 Triumph. I've tried different seats, but nothin' seems to help. Do you know of any doctor that would cut off a foot or so of my cock? I could use the piece for a key chain or make a wallet out of it.

Al W.A.V.
Tri-Cities, Wash.

- The first thing to do is cut yourself loose from that Limey contraption an' get a Hog—'cause only Hogs an' big cocks go together. The next thing you should do is come see me. . . I'll show you how to use every last inch of what you've got.

AC or DC

There's a rumor that you've turned gay. True?

Norwalk Loner
Norwalk, Calif.

- Hard tellin'.

Ode To Mutha

Sittin' in my cell, doin' my time, I thought I'd write to you in rhyme.

The days are boring and very long, with nothin' to do but play with my dong.

I've read my *Playboy* from cover to cover, which helps me devise my imaginary lover.

But when I was lookin' through another mag, I fell in love with the titties that sag!

I won't even share with my own brother my *Easyriders* rag that has Miraculous Mutha.

I don't know if it was that face or the smell of the page; but since that day, I've been in a passion rage.

I've fucked the toilet and both of the lockers, in a frenzied daze from them saggin' knockers.

So one night while I was floggin' my mule, ten guards came to cut off my tool.

They opened the door and all rushed in, yellin', "We'll help that boy overcome his sin."

So I went mad and saw nothin' but red; when I came to, I had a busted head.

I asked my bro what had happened that night, and he said I was in a terrible fight.

He said I downed three guards and fucked all the others, while constantly screamin', "Oh, Miraculous Mutha!"

Then I went to my cell stroking my prick in a way that would make even a biker get sick.

So I'm writing to you before I go blind, or beat myself to death and lose my mind.

I know you get zillions of letters from other dudes, and answer very many between your Quaaludes.

So I'm going to be real rude and bossy, and demand you write me on an 8x10 glossy.

So after I read your words of wit and of grace, I can turn it and see your beautiful face.

You can trust me to be a discreet secret lover, because I'll never give up my Miraculous Mutha!

Gary Beuer
Soledad, Calif.

Downed Brother Blues

I love you. I'm in the slammer in Walla Walla, Washington, and would like to know if you and I could get together when I get out. I've been without a woman for so long, I think it would take somebody like you to ease my mind. Please enlighten me.

Crazy Joe
Walla Walla, Wash.

- Honey, you've been in so long, it seems you've forgotten that it's not your mind that needs to be eased.

Love Letter

I would eat you out for six weeks, suck your brownie for eight weeks, and fuck you for ten weeks just for the chance to give you one little kiss. I'm in love with you.

Ruben's Kid
Muskegon, Mich.

- I love ya too.

From Behind

I like to fuck my ol' lady doggy style, but she won't let me do it that way every time. When I try to force her to do it that way, she kicks like a mule. What's your advice?

Billy Joe
Dodgeville, Wis.

- Break her, then jump on and enjoy the ride.

Sore Balls

I've been going with this girl for a year now, and I don't know how to ask for a piece of ass. What's the best way? I'm really gettin' sore balls.

Billy Burgess
Vestaburg, Minn.

- Show her your balls.

Better Mileage

I know you get balled every hour on the hour, but I'm only crediting you with once a night.

With the average cock of eight inches, you get seven inches pushed in you. If you get a hundred strokes per session, that's seven hundred inches of cock, which is sixty feet a day or eighteen hundred feet a month. Every three and a third months, you get a mile of cock, or four miles a year. My question is, what portion of that do you enjoy the most?

Robert Lee
Lexington, Okla.

- The whole fuckin' thing, stupid. Plus about seventeen miles of tongue. Only thing is, you're short on the cock by about two hundred miles a month.

Big Tits

I have this problem. My boss says I have to wear a bra at work. So far, the only thing we've found that works is a couple of WWII army helmets and some old H-D chains my ol' man devised. These can be rather uncomfortable and bulky at work (and they clank when I walk). Seein' that you and I are very close to the same build, my ol' man thought we should see if you have any better suggestions.

Beula
Applegate, Ore.

- Work here.

Flyin' Farts

Every night when I jump in the rack with the ol' lady, within a minute I usually cut a horrendous fart. She don't mind the farts, but pullin' the sheets offa the ceiling is beginnin' to piss her off.

Vinney Terranova
Denver, Colo.

One For One

I masturbate sixty times a month. How long can I come at this rate?

Short Timer
McNeil Island Pen.

- The way I got it figgered, about sixty times a month.



Miraculous Mutha Tells All

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



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Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about
Easyriders magazine? _____

Space Filler Enters THE BIG

"When I die," said the biker to his ol' lady, "I want you to get married again."

"Don't talk that way," she said. "I want you to give him all my clothes so he can look good when he's out puttin'," said the biker. "It's impossible," she said.

When the biker asked why, she answered, "Because you wear a size forty regular and he's at least a forty-two long."

—Gary Roberts
McAlester, Okla.

A biker with a runny cock went to a doctor, who told him he had VD.

"That can't be," said the dude. "It must be a cold."

"Well," said the doctor, "we'll just treat it as VD until it starts to sneeze."

—Larry Bristol
Greenville, S.C.



"She's ugly, stupid, and stinks t' high heaven, but she's the best lay I've ever had."



"I'm thinking of putting something in the kitty."

The dowdy lady psychiatrist was doing volunteer work at the local prison. Day after day she listened to the muddy problems of a handsome, muscular con. The cellblock Adonis just talked on and on... and on.

Finally, she said to the good-looking jailbird, "Young man, can't you come up with one simple statement?"

"Sure I can," the guy said. "I want to rip the pants off you and rape you till you can't walk."

"Good," said the lady shrink. "At last you're making sense."

—Doug Carver
Miami, Fla.

The stranger walked up to a Las Vegas dice table and laid down a \$1000 bet. He shook the dice, but as he threw them a third cube fell unexpectedly from his sleeve. The house operator was unruffled. He handed back two of the dice and pocketed the third, saying, "Okay, roll again. Your point is fifteen."

—Art French
Straustown, Pa.

A weary-looking biker still in his twenties went to see a doctor. "I got no pep, no energy," he complained.

Asked how many times a week he had sex, the guy said, "Every night of the week."

"You're worn out, that's all," said the doctor. "I suggest that you refrain from sex, say, on Monday nights."

"How can I?" said the dude. "My wife's a night worker and that's the only night she's home."

—Paul Woodward,
Hartford, Conn.

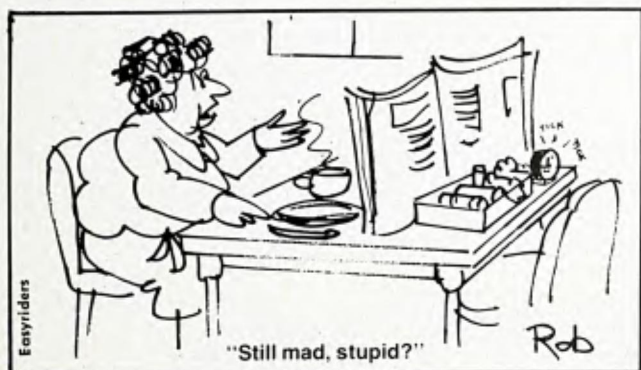
There once was a man named McBass

Who had two balls made of brass. When he clanged them together They played "Stormy Weather" And lightning shot out of his ass!

—Karon Sterling
Patch, Iowa



"It'll cost ya twenny-five bucks—but that includes four moans, a groan, two simulated orgasms, and, of course, the initial fuckin'."



Superman was standing there with his suit and cape all torn up and his dick all bent out of shape, talking to Batman. Superman said, "I was flying over the city when I saw Batwoman lying naked on a roof with her legs spread apart. I swooped down right between her legs—"

"Was she surprised?" asked Batman.

"Not half as much as the Invisible Man, who was already fucking her," replied Superman.

—Jackie Klompens
Jersey City, N.J.

Sitting at the breakfast table, the wife commented to her husband, "After I drink my coffee in the morning, I feel ten years younger."

"Next time," he said, "try a cup just before you go to bed."

—Victor Miranda,
Lordsburg, N.M.

A vasectomy converts you from a working model to a sports model.

—Billy Griggs,
Peoria, Ill.

The young biker relaxed on the bed, enjoying a cigarette, and his girlfriend lay beside him, lost in thought.

"Darling," she said unexpectedly, "let's get married."

The young bro took a long drag on his cigarette and, without turning, said, "Dearest, who would have us?"

—Turkey T.
Willows, Calif.

Two perverts met on the street one day and one asked, "Where you been? I haven't seen you around the park lately."

"I've been hanging around the elementary school. There's this eight-year-old—"

"Eight-year-old?"

"Yeah, but she's got the body of a five-year-old!"

—Marion Cockrell
Conway, Ohio



"Well, they look friendly enough..."



"Home, home on the range..."

"Absolutely not, Mr. Spitzbergen," said the prostitute to one of her regulars. "No more credit! You're into me for too much already."

—Curly Wilson,
Provo, Utah



"Hey, wise guy," complained the sweet young thing, "what's the big idea? You promised you'd take me to Florida!"

"I said nothing of the sort," insisted her biker friend. "I merely commented that I was going to Tampa with you."

—Jack Harrison
Eaton, Nev.



"My ol' man tells me to beat it—and my ol' lady spansks me when she catches me doin' it."



"Trying to bribe one of the new female guards—eh, Farnsworth?"

A girl's kisses usually leave something to be desired: the rest of her.

—Gayle Sommers
Fairtown, Ohio

Helmets in Court

The status and effect of motorcycle helmet laws

by William H. May

The following is an in-depth study of helmet laws in courts throughout the country. The article discusses the current status of helmet laws, reasons why in each case the law was or was not defeated in court, and the effects that not wearing a helmet could have and have had in particular court cases involving injury recovery for accident victims. The author covers each point with actual court cases.

The article may not be the most stimulating manuscript you've read recently; but if you ride a cycle occasionally without a helmet, or if you're traveling this summer and need to know the status of the laws, or if you plan to fight the law in court, this will be informative reading.

—Editor

There has been, over the past ten years, a phenomenal growth in the use of motorcycles in the United States. Along with this growth and perhaps in response to it, there has been a significant change in attitude on the part of most Americans toward motorcycles and those who ride them. As more and more people accepted the attitude that the motorcycle was an efficient and reliable way to travel in an era of almost continuous gas shortage and ever increasing fuel costs, state and federal governments recognized the need for greater safety controls on motorcycle manufacture and use.

Probably the most significant area of motorcycle safety law concerns legislation requiring riders and passengers on motorcycles to wear safety helmets. This is the legislation that has prompted the most controversy. It is for this reason that helmet laws are the exclusive topic of this study and why other legislation such as that requiring eye protection will not be discussed.

Helmet laws were first brought to the national attention of both the public and the state legislatures with the drafting of the federal Uniform Vehicle Code and Model Traffic Ordinance (UVC) in 1967.

The Model Code provides:

Sec. 11-1306—Equipment for motorcycle riders

(a) No person shall operate or ride upon a motorcycle unless he is wearing protective headgear which complies with standards established by the commissioner.

(b) No person shall operate a motorcycle unless he is wearing an eye-protective device of a type approved by the commissioner, except when the motorcycle is equipped with a windscreen.

(c) This section shall not apply to persons riding within an enclosed cab or on a golf cart.

(d) The commissioner is hereby authorized to approve or disapprove protective headgear and eye-protective devices required herein, and to issue and enforce regulations establishing standards and specifications for the approval thereof. The commissioner shall publish lists of all protective headgear and eye-protective devices by name and type which have been approved by him.

A majority of the states subsequently adopted the Model Vehicle Code in entirety, adding section 11-1306 to their existing motor vehicle laws. Even states that hadn't adopted the entire Code did adopt section 11-1306. In addition to the concern of state legislatures for the safety of their respective motorcycle-riding citizenry, there were other voices lobbying for the adoption of helmet laws. A particularly strong inducement was an attempt, now abandoned by the federal government, to tie receipt of federal highway construction funds to adoption of motorcycle helmet laws. Another was a strong lobby effort by the helmet manufacturers. The result was that forty-five jurisdictions adopted helmet laws between January 1, 1967, and January 1, 1972. Forty-one of those jurisdictions adopting helmet

laws adopted section 11-1306 almost verbatim.¹

However, between 1972 and the present there has been an almost complete reversal of that earlier trend. Since 1972, only Montana, Mississippi, and Rhode Island have adopted helmet laws. During this same period twenty-four states, including Montana and Rhode Island, have either repealed their helmet laws or amended them to make them applicable only to minors.

With one possible exception, current helmet laws can be put into one of three classes: those with no helmet requirement, those that require helmets to be worn by some riders, and those requiring helmets of all riders.

Those requiring helmets of all riders as of June, 1979, were:²

Alabama	Michigan	Pennsylvania
Arkansas	Mississippi	South Carolina
Florida	Missouri	Tennessee
Georgia	Nevada	Vermont
Kentucky	New Jersey	Virginia
Maryland	New York	West Virginia
Massachusetts	North Carolina	Wyoming

Those requiring helmets of some riders and excluding others are:

- Alaska (Those over age of majority who have only motorcycle licenses are excluded)
- Arizona (over age of majority excluded)
- Delaware (under 19, helmet required)³
- Hawaii (only those under 18 required to wear helmet)
- Idaho (under 18, helmet required)
- Kansas (under 16, helmet required)
- Louisiana (under 18, helmet required)
- Minnesota (under 18, helmet required)
- Montana (under 18, helmet required)
- New Hampshire (under 18, helmet required)
- North Dakota (under 18 or riding with driver under 18, helmet required)
- Ohio (minors and novice riders or their passengers required to wear helmet)
- Oklahoma (under 18, helmet required)

Oregon (under 18, helmet required)
 South Dakota (under 18, helmet required)
 Texas (under 18, helmet required)
 Utah (under 18, helmet required)
 Wisconsin (under 18, helmet required)

Those no longer requiring helmets of anyone are:

California	Indiana	New Mexico
Colorado	Iowa	Rhode Island
Connecticut	Maine	Washington ⁴
Illinois	Nebraska	

The exception referred to earlier is in the state of Washington. This statute, which was in the same form as the UVC, was amended in 1977 to exclude the helmet requirement. However, the section authorizing the commission on equipment to approve helmets was intentionally not deleted. This is explained by the fact that those renting bikes, no matter what age, must still wear helmets approved by the commission. This is the only group required to wear a helmet in Washington now.

It is obvious that a majority of the states now either do not require helmets at all or require them only of minors. There are several significant factors in this rather dramatic change of attitude on the part of state legislatures, which has probably not yet run its course. The first major reason has already been alluded to. Shortly after the UVC was released, the federal government began to put pressure on the states to adopt many of the sections related to highway safety. This pressure took the form of threats of loss of federal highway construction funds should these sections not be adopted by the states. Because at this time there was little significant opposition to the helmet laws, they were quickly adopted in the vast majority of the states. As anti-helmet movements gained strength and organization, the federal government reversed itself regarding possible economic sanctions. The states then found themselves faced with a strong anti-helmet movement

whose only opposition was consumer advocate groups and the helmet manufacturers.

Though the lobby efforts of anti-helmet-law groups have been quite successful, efforts in the courts to declare helmet laws invalid were largely unsuccessful. Helmet laws were challenged on constitutional and other grounds in at least thirty jurisdictions,⁶ but were overturned in only three states.⁶ One of those three, Ohio, has since found its helmet law constitutional.⁷

Challenges to the constitutionality or validity of state helmet laws have taken one or a combination of three basic arguments. The three grounds used in attempting to overturn the statutes are Fourteenth Amendment Due Process and Equal Protection arguments, the somewhat related Ninth Amendment Right to Privacy, and vagueness arguments.

The Due Process and Equal Protection argument was based on Section One of the Fourteenth Amendment, which provides in part: "nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The Fourteenth Amendment argument can be divided into what was really two distinct grounds. The first of these is based on an argument that helmet laws are beyond the constitutional limitations of the valid state police powers. Hence, they are violative of the due process part of the Fourteenth Amendment in that they deprive the rider of the individual freedom to choose whether or not to wear protective headgear. This approach was used by the American Motorcycle Association in the early Michigan case of *A.M.A. v. Davids* (supra, fn. 6). The A.M.A. successfully argued that the intent of the Michigan legislature in adopting a helmet law was not to protect the public, but to protect the individual motorcyclist. The court, by accepting this argument, held that since the statute was intended to protect the rider rather than the public in general, it was beyond

the valid police powers of the state. In order for a statute to be valid there must be a reasonable and rational relationship between it and the legitimate state interest of protecting the public's health and welfare. Because in this case the court found that this rational relationship was lacking, the statute was declared to be a violation of the individual rider's due process guarantees.

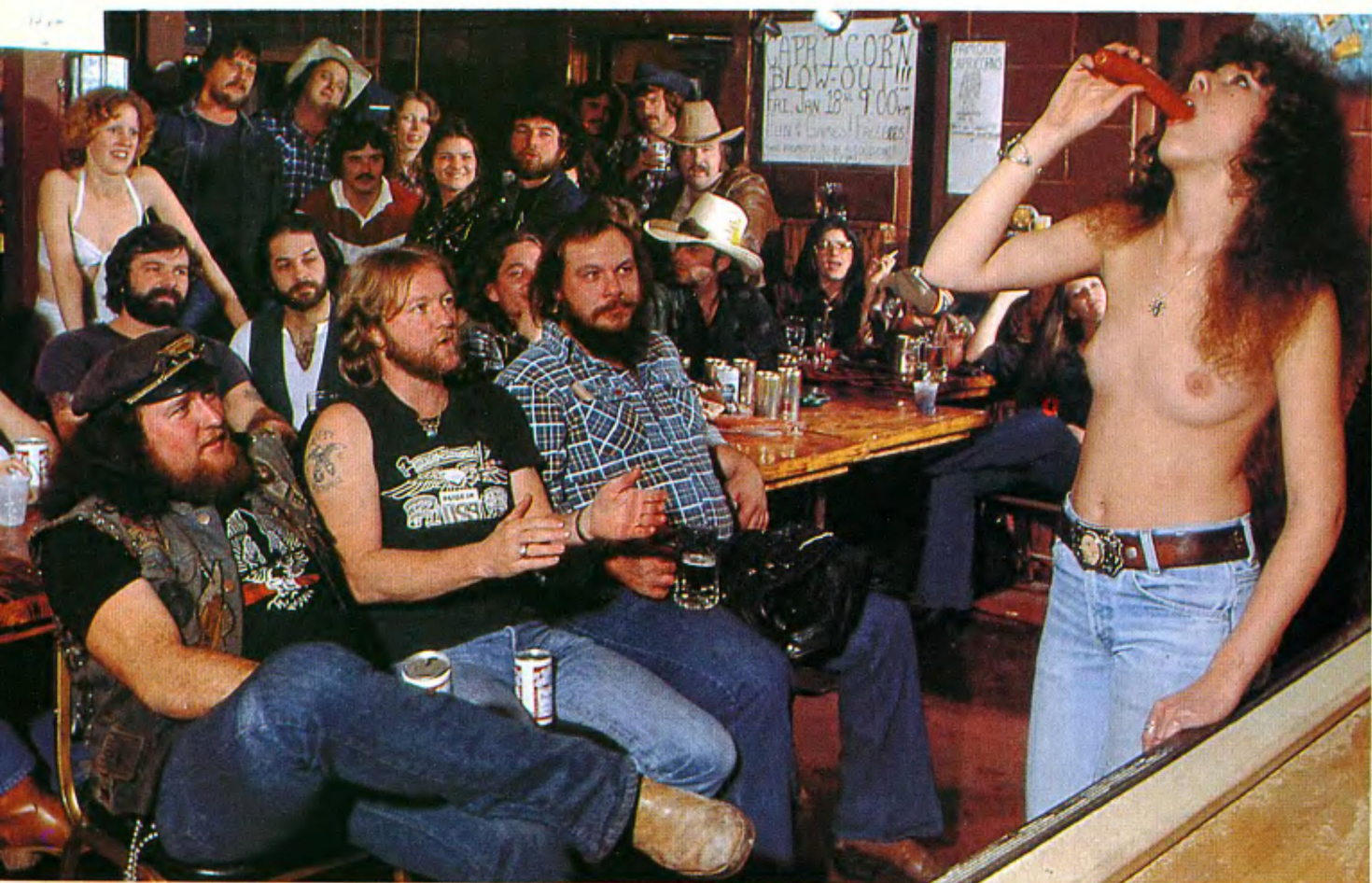
This same argument was used in the Ohio case of *State v. Betts* (supra, fn. 6). Answering the same arguments as those raised above, the court stated that no regulation inhibiting or restricting human conduct is valid unless it bears a real and substantial relationship to the public health, safety, morals, or general welfare. It was the view of the court that the helmet statute violated the defendant's constitutional right to due process of law. The statute was deemed to have denied that due process in that it deprived him of individual liberty without promoting a purpose beneficial to the public at large.

The only other case to hold a state helmet statute unconstitutional did so on the due process grounds discussed above. In the Illinois case of *People v. Fries* (supra, fn. 6), that state's supreme court held that the legislative intent was clearly to protect the user rather than the public. This purpose was found to be insufficient to justify the regulation of what is essentially a matter of personal safety.

The second ground used in arguing that helmet statutes were contrary to the Fourteenth Amendment was also raised in the Fries case. This argument was based on allegations that helmet statutes violated the Equal Protection Clause of section one of the Fourteenth Amendment. Defendant Donald Fries had been convicted of violating an Illinois helmet statute that was in much the same form as the UVC. He argued that the statute denied him equal protection in that it applied only to motorcyclists and not to all motorists. In answering this issue, the court first determined that the test to be used in deciding

—Continued on page 99

Southern Sausage



Suckers

It was a cold, rainy January night in Memphis. Pee Wee and Jack-i fought the drizzling rain, bundled against the cold chill, as they putted apprehensively on the slick streets looking for a warm place to take shelter. Through Pee Wee's rain-blurred goggles, he spotted two pickups, sporting H-D insignias, in front of a bar.

He motioned to his brother puttin' by his side and yelled over the rain and V-twin vibrations, "Hey, looks like friendly territory."

Jack-i nodded and the two scooters listed slightly to the right as they pulled into the asphalt parking lot of the Mellow Rebel, a Memphis tavern. As they reached the doorway to warm comfort and cold brews, they were suddenly confronted with a hastily designed placard thumbtacked to the door. It read, "Deep Throat contest tonight!"

They both grappled for the large door handle and yanked the door open.

The joint was filled with scooter people gazing intently as sweet-looking Randy gyrated in front of them, working the meat first through her sweet lips, then carefully down her throat. It was a first for Jack-i and Pee Wee—a head contest using a large sausage. But such a contest had its drawbacks. Brothers wanted *their* sausages used. Randy, the winner,



the most adept sausage-sucker, called for volunteers. "Fuck the sausage," her sweet lips enunciated, "I want the real thing."

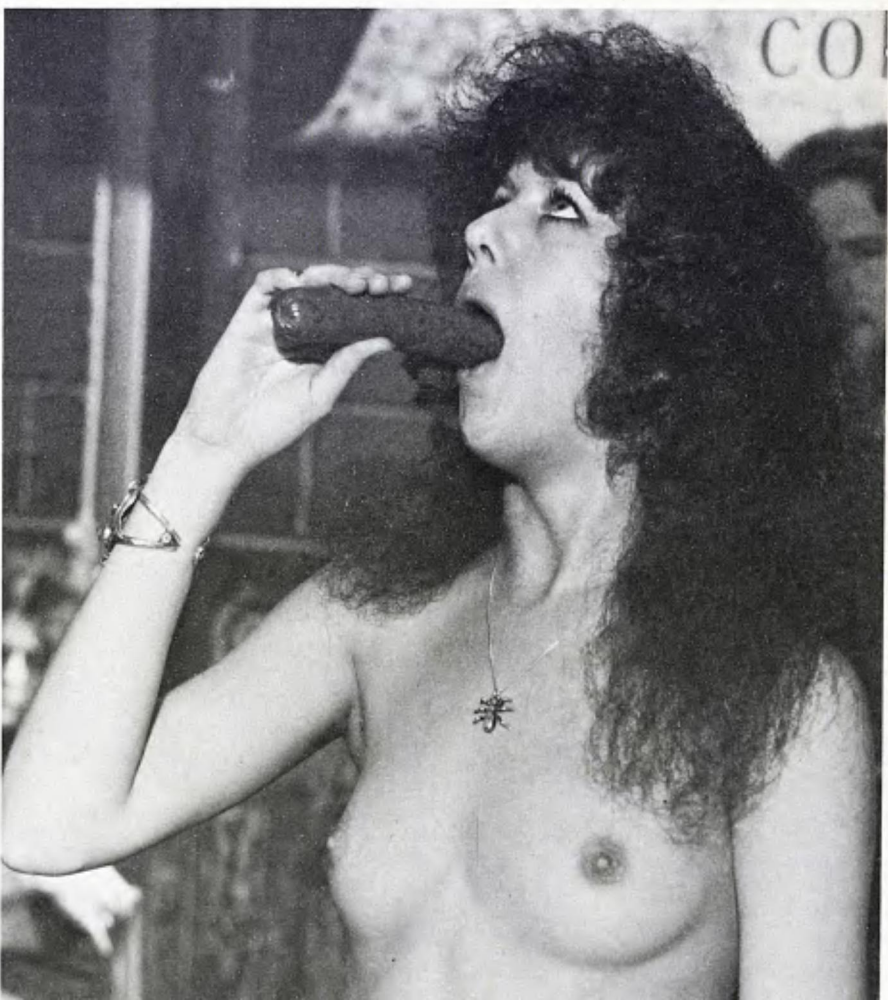
Spectators' ol' ladies sniveled and bitched in varying degrees of jealousy.

Robin the Nuke, another contestant, sucked the sausage to third place, but she became too hot and wanted to get naked. The pub owner objected—and the bros were beginning to steam.

Liz and Debra successfully sucked to second and fourth place while listening to Willie and Waylon tunes (keep that in mind, bros). Pee Wee and Jack-i found that the small pub would have been torn apart by frustrated scooter people if the majority of the audience hadn't been brothers from the Syndicate MC. And since this was one of their local hangouts, they didn't want to destroy the sucker.

Even with Syndicate MC security, a few ol' ladies were punched out, contestants were fondled, and brothers drowned their frustration in all the beer they could down. The contest didn't end till way after closing hours.

—A. Viewer





Photos by Billy Tinney and Col. W.D. Naylor





Triumph

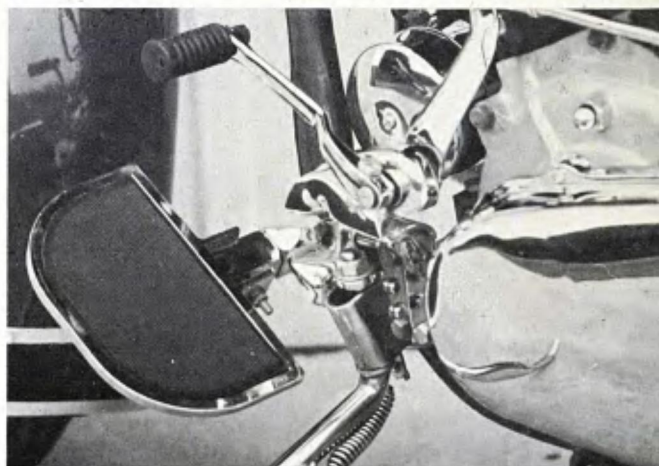
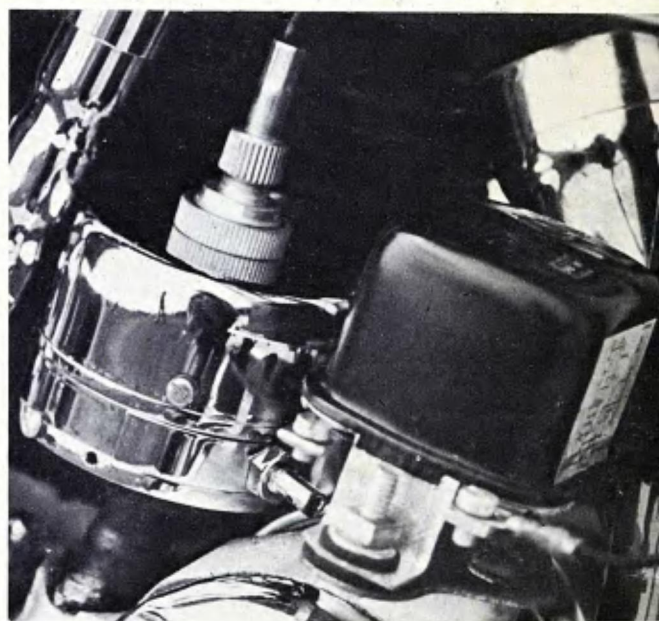
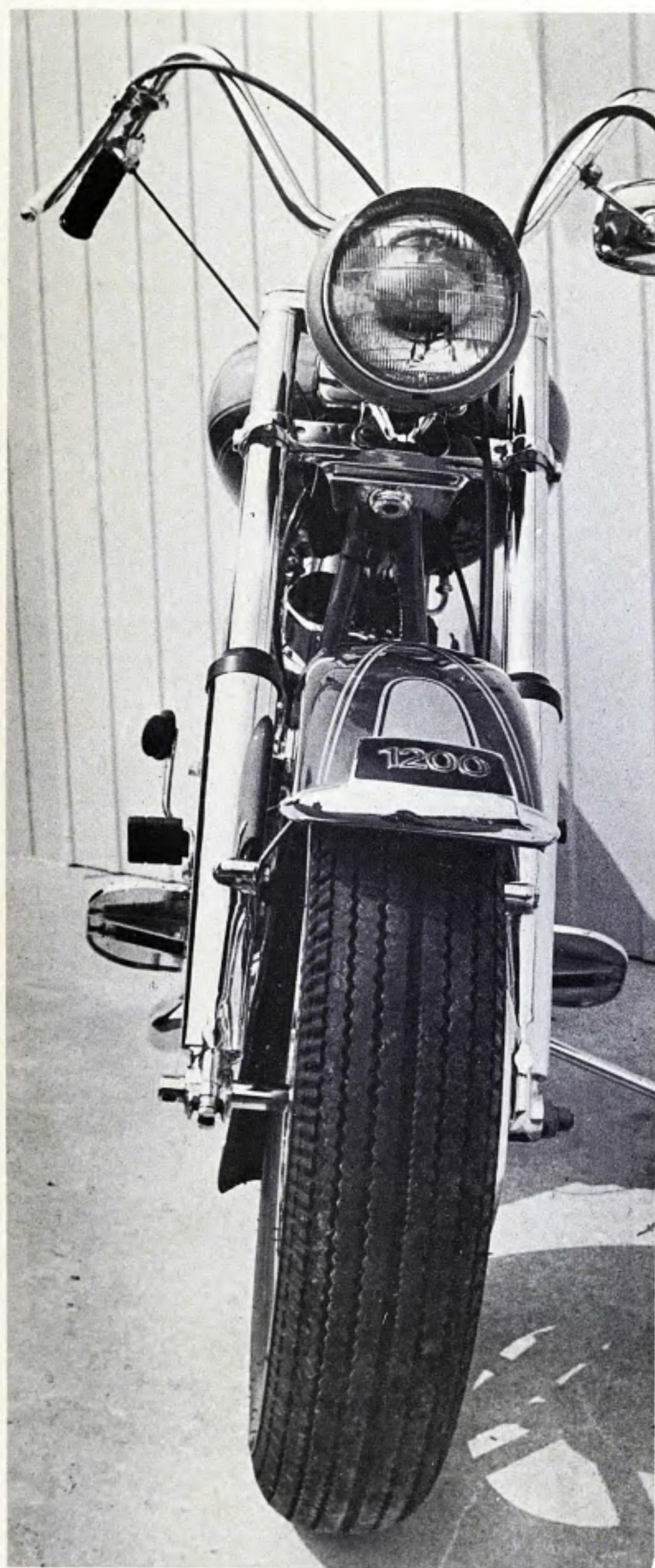
Didn't make it, so he bought a Harley

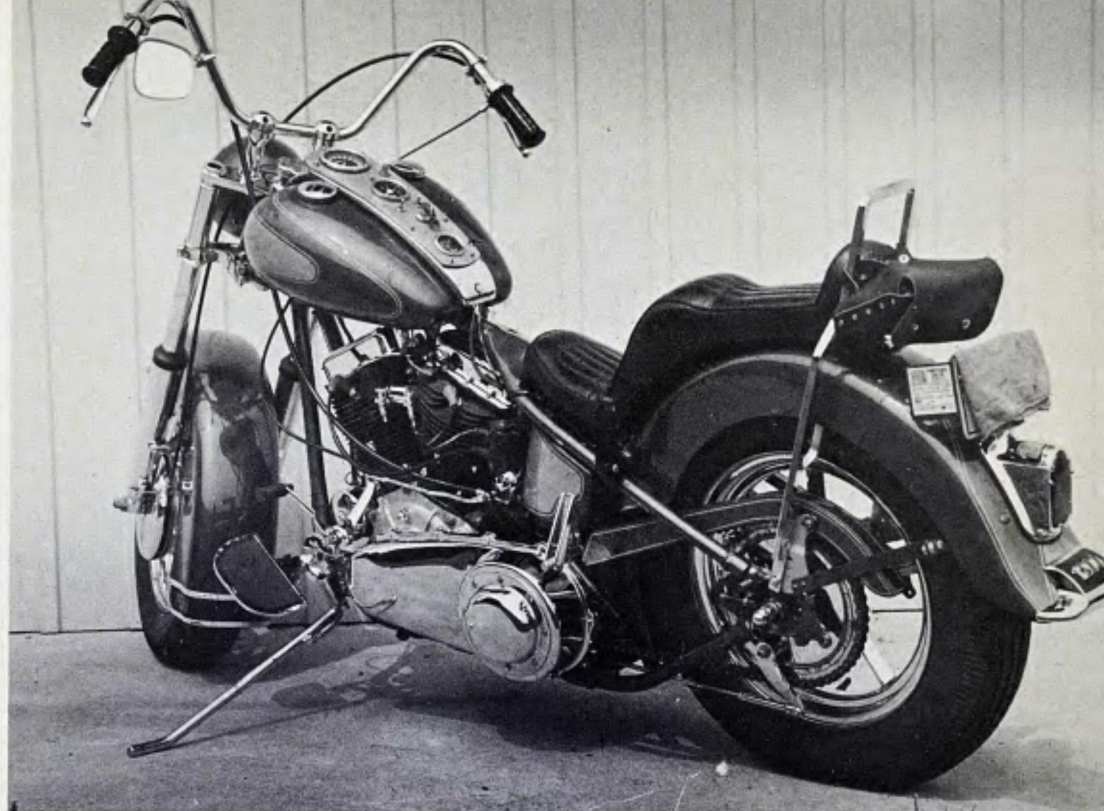
Here's how the act went down. George had had that fire in his chest for a big bike for some time, but he felt Harleys were outta reach. So he brought his wallet down hard on a Triumph counter—and rode away on the big British bike.

Four months ticked and vibrated by aboard

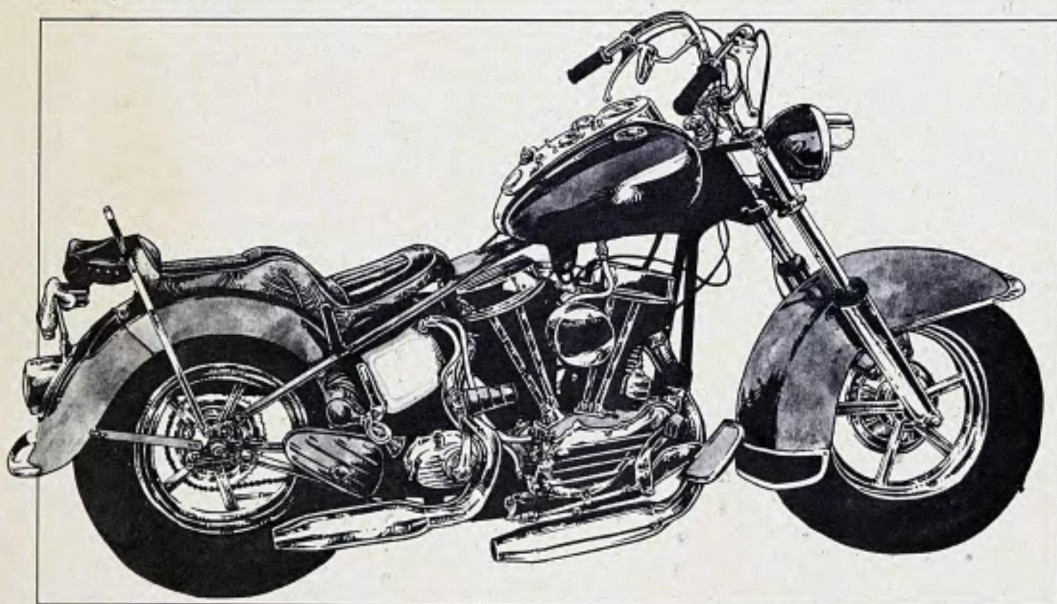
the vertical twin before George spotted the '57 pan for sale in the classified section of his local paper. He dialed the owner, who turned out to be an old hardcore dresser rider. The stock '57 was his last ride. The rider and the bike were well worn—but not down yet. George offed the







Photos by Linda Minnich



Triumph, pitched the cash to the early rider, and putted the rough-lookin' stocker home. The new owner of the Triumph made it home—but the bike crashed on the way. Thus ended the Trump's short-lived history.

The experience started a whole new life for George. He carefully pampered the '57 all the

way to his mobile home, where he transformed the enduring pan from a running motorcycle to a basket case. He was going to learn Harleys, customizing, and brotherhood—in one fifteen-month course.

His first lesson came while he was tearing down his ride. His people came to assist, which ultimately involved

moving his bedroom into the living room and the bike garage into the bedroom. His ol' lady hung in there, while his brothers advised and helped with each mechanical step. George absorbed as much technical knowledge as possible, and received practical knowledge in busting and scraping knuckles. He was getting bummed out

by the expense of the project, non-fitting parts, and six-month delivery spells, but his brothers kept him high on the rush of building his own scooter. This one was going to be a special motorcycle that would stand out everywhere he went.

For George's first H-D and his first custom construction, he didn't do half bad. Besides, he's

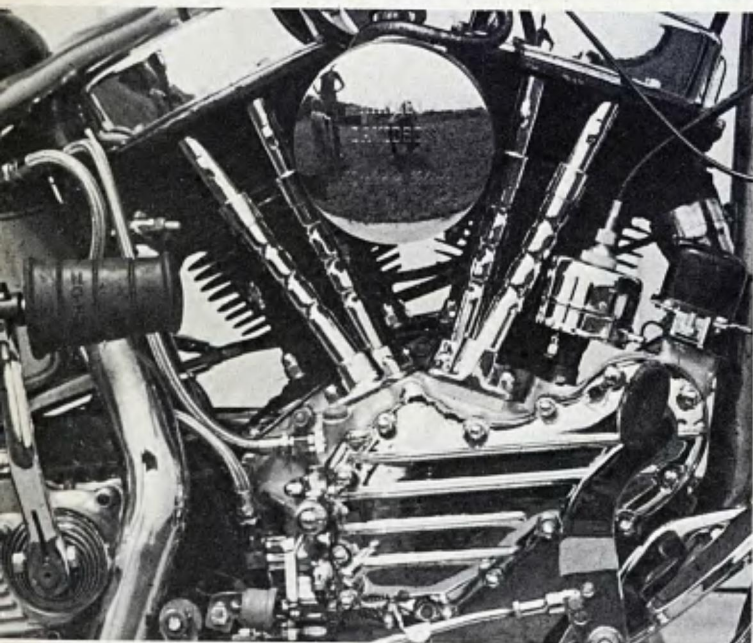
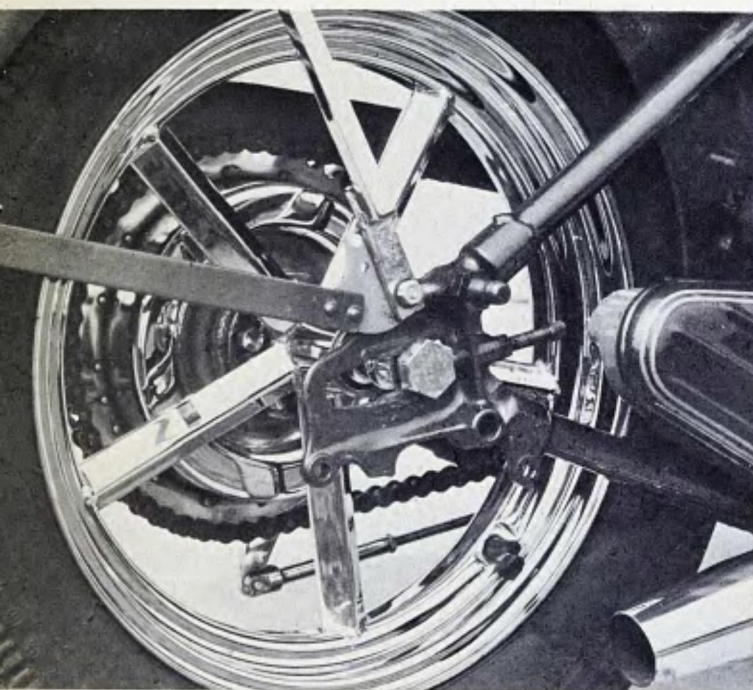
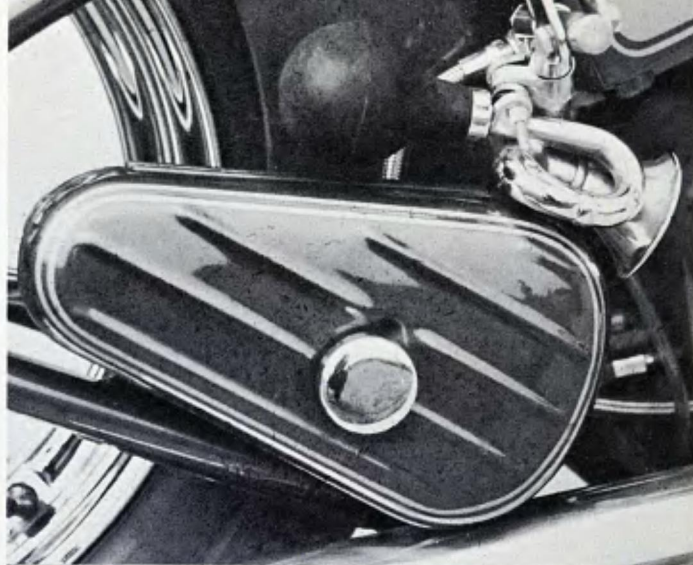
proud of the bike he built and he really enjoys the good vibes of running with brother H-D riders. It's a goddam success story if I ever wrote one—except for one catchy gear.

Soon after he completed the project, he putted to the original owner's pad. He was stoked by his two-wheeled accomplish-

ment and he wanted to show the ol' dresser rider what he'd done. The ol' dude was unmoved by the return of his familiar ride. He merely sauntered out to gaze at the sharp version of his once-reliable pan.

And his only muttered comment was even less inspiring: "Well, ya didn't fuck it up too bad."

—Ride forever



Owners: George Novak

City: Greencastle, Pa.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1957 H-D

Model: FLH

Value: not for sale

Assembly: owner and Mel Halterman

Time: 15 months

Chroming by: Brown's

Frame

Year: 1957

Builder: H-D

Type: rigid

Rake: stock

Stretch: none

Other alterations: molding

Accessories

Bars: western pullbacks

Risers: 4 in. glide

Fender(s): H-D

Headlight: H-D

Taillight: Drag Specialties

Speedo: H-D

Front pegs: Jammer Custom Boards

Rear pegs: V-bar

Electrics: 6v. generator & battery

Gas tank: Jammer fatbobs

Oil tank: horseshoe

Oil system: Drag Specialties

Primary cover: Paughco

Seat: Jammer

Sissy bar: Georgia Cycle Supply

Height: 10 in.

Material: 1/2 in. square stock

Engine

Year: 1957

Model: panhead

Rebuilder: Halterman's Custom Cycle

Ignition: distributor/coil

Displacement: 74 cu.in.

Lower end: S&S

Balancing: Glen Gorman

Pistons: .020 over

Cases: glass beaded

Heads: Manley valves, bronze guides

Cam: FLH

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni

Air cleaner: Drag Specialties

Pipes: Jammer

Muffler(s): one piece

Transmission

Modifications: Andrews gears

Year: 1948

Shifting: 4-speed

Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: wide glide

Extension: 4 in.

Builder: H-D

Special features: chrome

Wheels

Front:

Rear:

Size: 16

Size: 16

Hub: Galaxy

Hub: Galaxy

Rim width: 5 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: Goodyear

Tire: Goodyear

Brake: H-D

Brake: H-D

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: Lee Osbourne & owner

Color: brown & gold

Type: Imron metallic

Special paint: Imron clear

Other special modifications: Phase 3 primary drive, wood console, mousetrap eliminator, distributor modified for tach drive, front axle modified for mag.



Mad Dog Annie



Karen



Lisa



Becky



Pat



Bubblegum



Cindy



Ol' Lady Photo Contest

Debbie

Look over this month's crop of cuties in **Easyriders** Third Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks.

Model release forms must be notarized, but don't freak out over this requirement. If you are not familiar with having your signature notarized, all that is required is that you go to any bank or real estate office. They will do it in a few minutes, and all it will cost is 50¢ to one dollar. Your personal bank usually performs this service free of charge. All they are doing is guaranteeing that your signature is yours—so you must sign the form in their presence.

We ask only one more favor of the contestants. In your own handwriting and in 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. It can be a fantasy, sex-related experience, or how you became involved with bikes. What the hell, trip out!

Now here's how the contest works. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional—just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive \$100, each runner-up \$25, and the contributor \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose **Easyriders Ol' Lady of the Year** for 1980. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The sisters can be dressed or not—it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff—just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

All models must be 18 years of age or older and the blank model release on this page must be completely filled out, signed, notarized, and sent along with each entry. Entries sent without a model release will be shitcanned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides—no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned—all entries become the property of **Easyriders**. Decision of the judges is final.

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is July 22. We'll print the winner in the August issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #84 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Peanuts



Ol' Ladies Photo Contest

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

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

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

such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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

In 25 words or less, describe your favorite bike-related experience. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

Late-to-Early Primary Oiler

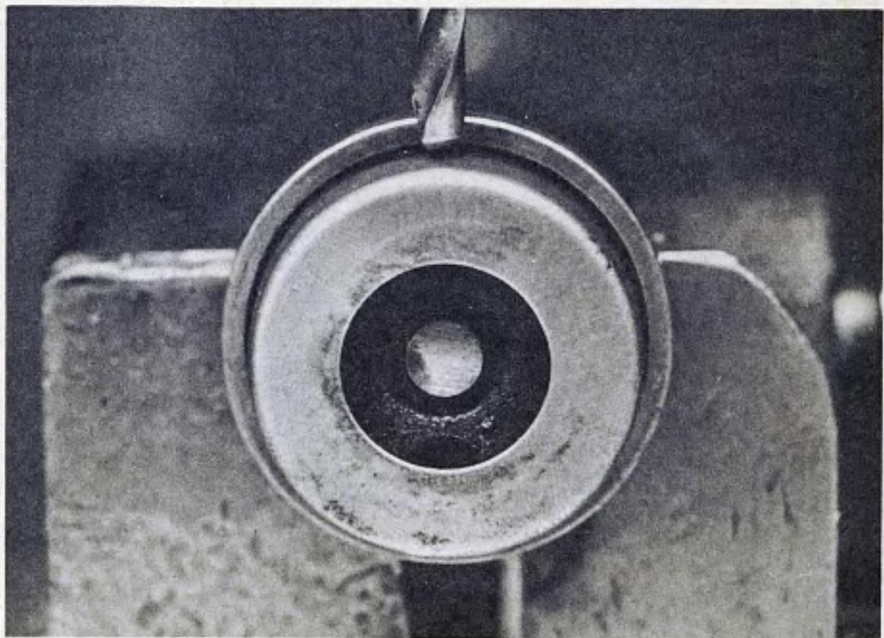
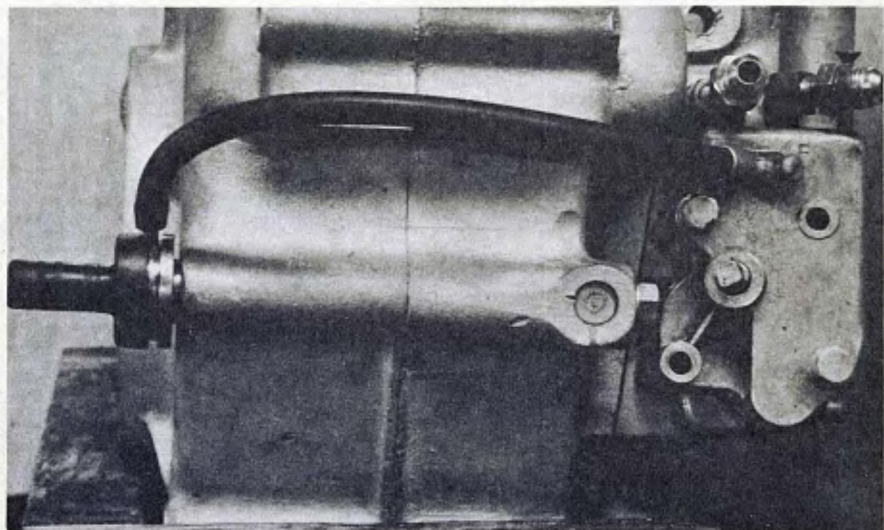
The bros out there who have installed a late-model oil pump on their early-model cases, and are wondering how to hook up a primary-chain oiler so they won't have to squirt the chain down by hand, should check out this minor modification. Harley Bob from Texas brought this easy little tip to our attention. It consists basically of running a tube from the new pump's primary-chain oiler to the old breather spout.

If you already have an H-D breather tube in your oil mill, you're on the downhill side. If you don't, you need four pieces of H-D hardware (listed with H-D part numbers): (1) breather stud #24914-58, (2) breather spacer #24925-58, (3) breather collar #24922-58, and (4) rubber boot #24918-58. The only other items needed to complete this setup are a length of 3/16" O/D steel brake line, one foot of 3/16" I/D rubber hose, and some silicone seal. A drill and a couple of wrenches would tend to assist in completing the project.

When you look into the breather collar, you'll spot four holes. Drill a 3/16" hole in the side of the collar so that the bit will enter a hole on the inside (1). But watch out for the metal spacer (part #24925-58) that fits on first before you install the breather assembly in the cases. This steel ring seals against the case, and the breather collar seats against the ring. If you have drilled your 3/16" hole too close to the inside edge of the collar, when you tighten the finished assembly it will leak because of interference with the new oiler tube.

Okay, ya got the 3/16" hole drilled. Now, cut off a piece of your 3/16" brake line about one inch long (2). It's a good idea to use a piece that still has a flare on one end. Coat the other end with silicone seal and gently press or tap it halfway into the hole you've drilled in the collar. Tap the tubing in only halfway, or you'll restrict the oil flow from the pump. Trim out a small notch on the rubber boot to clear the tubing on the side. Remember that the opening in the boot must be aimed down, dumping oil directly onto the chain. When you put it all together, use a little silicone seal on the metal spacer where it seals against the cases and where the collar seats against the metal ring. The tin primary cover will hold the boot in place, but it wouldn't be a bad idea to use silicone there, too.

Now, hook up the rubber hose from



the new breather tube to the oiler fitting on the pump cover. Set the adjusting screw for the amount of oil you want slinging on the chain—and the job is done. That is, except for replacing the inner primary, primary chain, engine sprocket, and clutch.

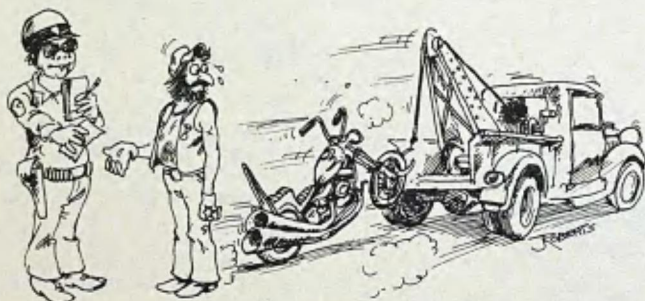
If someone was overly energetic or just up from a two-day nap, he could probably handle all that in an afternoon. But the way I move from barstool to barstool, it took me a couple of days and a night just to find the drill.

—Wrench



National
TO DENY
TO REMOVE
OF THE ROAD
That's
Easynews

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



Mandatory Revocation

New York: A new bill has been introduced by Assemblyman Charles Schumer, a Democrat from Brooklyn, which would revoke your motorcycle license (class seven) for one year if you're convicted of a muffler violation while operating your motorcycle. The bill, A.8385, states in part: "A violation of subdivision 11 of section 381, that such revocation shall be for one year and shall apply solely to class seven operating privileges. . .

"This act shall take effect on the first day of September next succeeding the date on which it shall have become a law."

In Assemblyman Schumer's memorandum in support of this bill he says: "Un-

der existing law, no strong penalty exists to enforce these restrictions. By using a one-year, mandatory revocation of a motorcycle license as a penalty, this bill attempts to prevent the unnecessary harassment of millions of citizens of New York State who are disturbed day and night by excessive motorcycle noise on their streets."

Those of you who say that this bill will never pass should look at Assemblyman Schumer's record. This is the same person who sponsored and manipulated at 2 a.m. the infamous New York City Bike Ban. Don't say it can't happen. Send your comments to Assemblyman Charles Schumer, 1755 East 13th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229.—from *ABATE* of New York, Box 5172, Albany, N.Y. 12205. ■

Bike Ban Counterattack

New York:—AMA District 4 Congress Rep Dick Gielski and his wife, Mary, are making waves. They have filed suit to overturn the Erie County, New York, fourteen-year ban on motorcycles in ten county parks. But the Gielskis didn't stop there. With the help of motorcycling attorney Dick Rosche of Buffalo, the couple is also seeking damages from the county for the long years of discrimination motorcyclists have suffered—damages in the amount of \$60 million!

In this age of often-frivolous lawsuits, skeptics may scoff at such a claim. But the Gielski suit is anything but frivolous. Even if the court does not find in their favor, their action will focus attention on the issue of discrimination against motorcyclists. That attention, in turn, will help dissuade the growing numbers of cities and towns eager to jump on the bike ban bandwagon. Indeed, the Gielskis may well succeed in making the legal point that discrimination exacts its price, even if the victims are a minority as lacking in public sympathy as motorcyclists often seem to be.

Ironically, Erie County officials don't remember why the ban was initiated in the first place! Just the same, no politician was even willing to discuss lifting the ban—until Gielski slapped the county with the huge damage suit.

The Erie County case is noteworthy not only for the fourteen-year duration of the ban, but also because of the new level of legal arguments involved. The Gielski suit is based on constitutional arguments regarding "equal protection" and "due process." But in addition to overturning the offending law, the Gielskis also seek \$20 million in punitive damages against the county for illegal practices and \$40 million for compensatory damages to motorcyclists. Thus the suit marks the first time that motorcyclists have sought class action compensation for damages suffered within the local motorcycling community.

The AMA's Government Relations Department has supplied attorney Rosche with legal information from its St. Louis suit, as well as a 1971 suit that overturned a motorcycle ban in Detroit.

AMA Government Relations Director Ed Youngblood said, "this suit is especially important because it could set a precedent for a very high level of class action compensation to motorcycle owners."

Although local officials would perhaps agree with Youngblood's analysis on the importance of the case, they are not likely to greet with enthusiasm the prospect of paying \$60 million in damages. Thus, it came as no surprise when the Citizens Advisory Board on Parks (CABP) recommended that the ban be lifted. That recommendation was accompanied by board insistence that it had nothing to do with the lawsuit, but association officials speculate that the offer stemmed from two factors: the prospect of a huge finan-

cial liability in the Erie County case, and the AMA's initial success in obtaining an injunction against the similar ban in St. Louis.

As for the future of the Erie County ban, the CABP recommendation placed the problem squarely in the lap of the county legislature. The AMA contacted members of that body by telegram, providing them with an explanation of why the parks should be opened to motorcyclists. But even if the ban itself is lifted, that will not necessarily close the case. Dick and Mary Gielski may still choose to seek class action compensation on behalf of all the Erie County motorcyclists who have suffered fourteen years of discrimination.—from *The American Motorcyclist* ■

Be American—Buy American

At a famed Fifth Ave. shoe store a pair of men's loafers—with a familiar designer stripe and the little snaffle bit—now costs \$145 a pair. A few blocks away from the Italian shoe store, American-made men's loafers sell for \$44 to \$60—not cheap, but a bargain by comparison.

At a top-notch food market on 6th Ave., near where I live, my favorite Italian fontina cheese has doubled in price since my last purchase a few months ago. Some Monterey Jack or Wisconsin Swiss may lack the panache of Boursin or Brie, but there's no ignoring the difference to the pocketbook of \$3.00 or \$3.50 a pound vs. \$4.50 or \$5.00 for the imports.

Just last weekend, a neighbor informed me that the snazzy German sports car he purchased for \$7,000 in 1972 would cost more than \$30,000 today. A Dodge Omni propelled by the same engine as the "cheap" Porsche and presumably

—Continues

providing a near-identical performance is available at one-third the import's price.

A few more comparisons, a mere sampling, between quality imports and comparable-quality American goods:

A domestic London Fog, lined trench raincoat, \$100; Burberry's unlined trench, \$255.

A domestic Mustang Turbo sports car, \$7,000; an imported Porsche 924, \$18,000.



A domestic American Sunbeam food processor, \$98; a Cuisinart, \$150-\$250.

Domestic Head skis, \$139; Rossignol skis, \$225.

Domestic Harley-Davidson 1,000 cc motorcycle \$3,800; Honda, \$4,200.

Of all the ravages of inflation one that has seemed to escape major attention is the fact that foreign-made goods have soared out of sight compared with a U.S.-made counterpart.

The United States of America marketplace is a coast-to-coast bargain counter, and some of the bargains are remarkable! ■



Anti-Firearms Legislation

California: Legislation banning the sale of handguns and requiring registration of shotguns and rifles has been introduced by Democratic Assemblyman Elihu Harris of Oakland.

By proposing the first new gun-control laws in California in four years, Harris challenges one of the state's most feared pressure groups—the 125,000-member Gun Owners of California organization.

The package of six gun-control bills represents Harris's first major legislative effort since he was elected in November to replace Appel-

late Justice John Miller.

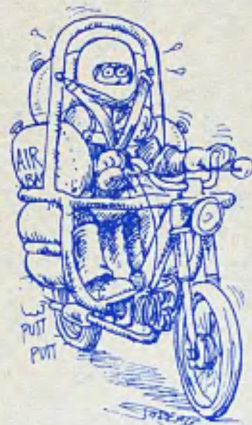
The Gun Owners in California, which includes large numbers of hunters and other sportsmen, boasts of its successful campaigns against public officials who have favored gun control.

"We contributed \$335,000 to candidates running for state office last year and think we helped elect ten new assemblymen and three senators," a spokesman said.

"We spent \$85,000 against Yvonne Braithwaite Burke for attorney general. She would have been a disaster for gun owners. We're against any further gun controls, period."—from the Gun Owners of California, 455 Capitol Mall, Suite 315, Sacramento, Calif. 95814. ■

Beware—Motorcycle Restraints

Ohio: "The Moped Report," by the Ohio Traffic Safety Education Center, recommends that both mopeds and motorcycles come equipped with an automatic restraint system, such as an air bag, higher seats to change the trajectory of the rider if a collision should occur, and energy-absorbing structures above the front wheel to soften the impact of the operator against the vehicle. The report also calls for the addition of a knee bar with an energy-absorbing structure as close as possible to the knee and lower leg to



improve the upward trajectory of the operator if a front-end collision with an auto occurs.—from the *International Motorcycle Trade Journal*. ■

Told to Pay Motorcyclist

Nebraska: The city of North Platte must pay Robert Nash \$2,400 plus interest for his motorcycle, the Nebraska Supreme Court ruled.

On Oct. 14, 1974, officers seized the cycle from Nash, alleging that the engine on it had been stolen.

The cycle was placed in a city impoundment lot where it was exposed to the elements—and to thieves—Nash contended. On Jan. 4, 1975, it was stolen and Nash sued the city.

The district court said the city was not liable, but the Supreme Court did not agree.

In a 7 to 0 decision, the court said: "While the city was not an insurer, it was required to exercise a degree of care which was commensurate with its duty under the circumstances in view of the nature of the property seized."

"The motorcycle was not only attractive to thieves but was relatively portable and could be easily removed from the pound once entry had been gained into the fenced area," wrote Judge Boslaugh for the court. ■

Can't Trace Cycle Deaths

Wisconsin: A record 123 motorcyclists died in accidents on Wisconsin roads last year, but a state Department of Transportation official says it's impossible to determine whether the repeal of the state's mandatory helmet law was to blame for the climbing death rate.

Russell Fleming, the DOT's chief of accident data, said the problem lies with information county coroners relay to the state on death certificates.

Wisconsin does not require coroners, who are elected, to have medical backgrounds. At only 19

of the state's 72 county coroners are physicians, Fleming said.

Many of the non-physicians check with a doctor before listing the medical cause of death on an accident victim's death certificate. But some coroners simply note the cause of death as "massive trauma," meaning the victim was severely injured.

"Others say, 'He just got squashed by a truck,'" Fleming said.

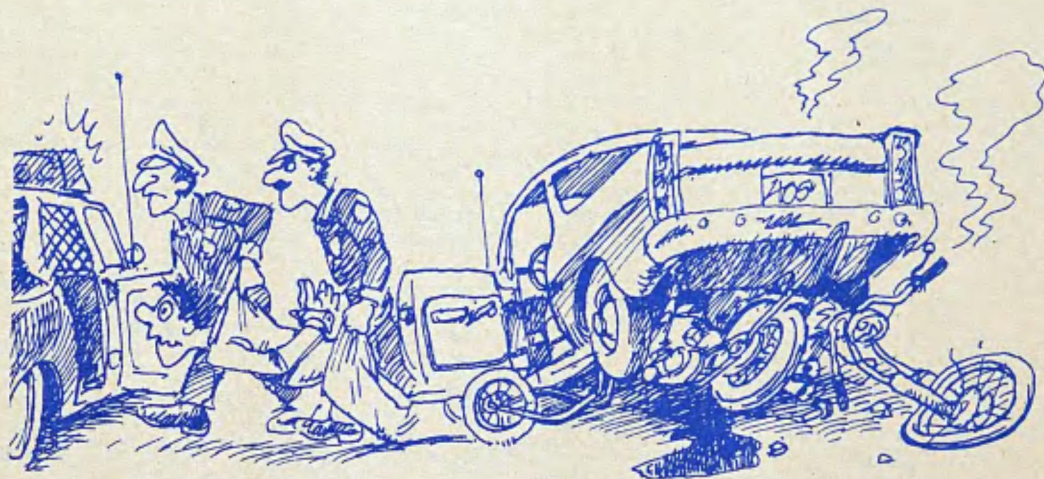
Such descriptions mean statisticians cannot tell whether a victim died because he failed to wear a helmet and, therefore, whether the March 18, 1978, repeal of the mandatory helmet law has led to the increase in motorcyclist fatalities.

"The assumption is there, yes," Fleming said, "but we can't go on assumptions. We go on facts. Our data are not that good that we can say it (the repeal) has made a difference."

A Good But Busy Year

California: This year is sure to be a busy one. We have approximately sixteen Assembly and two Senate bills left from last year. Here are two of the more serious bills before us: AB 106—A no-fault insurance bill; AB 534—Requires proof of insurance before you can register a vehicle.

On a good note, out of the seven bills in the Assembly that we opposed, only two passed. Out of the two that we supported, one passed. In the Senate all the bills that we opposed died. Only one out of three that we supported passed. The credit for these bills being defeated goes to the people who have written letters to their senators and assemblymen. We hope this support will continue in 1980.—from the MMA, 2202 16th Street, Sacramento, California.



Sanford Man Gets Five Years

Florida—a 59-year-old Sanford man has been sentenced to five years in prison for vehicular manslaughter of an 18-year-old motorcyclist last June 9.

Burtise A. McMillen pleaded no contest last September 25 to the charge of manslaughter by operating an automobile while intoxicated. Circuit Judge

Roger F. Dykes found him guilty.

He was charged a month after Jay Denton, 18, of Geneva, was killed in a head-on collision on State Road 46.

Dykes also sentenced McMillen to ten years probation after his prison term, and he must pay \$2,562 in restitution to Denton's family for medical and funeral expenses. He was ordered not to drive or drink during that probation period—from Pig Pen, Orlando, Fla.

Kentucky Has Moved

Kentucky:—ABATE of Kentucky has a new mailing address. Do you? If you have moved, or know of anything that might hamper your receiving of up-to-date info, write in and let them know that you are still out there and that you care. —from ABATE of Kentucky, Box 22115, Lexington, Ky. 40522.

Inspection Law Repeal

Indiana:—Representative Dean Mock introduced H.B. 1013, which would repeal Indiana's vehicle inspection law. According to the Legislative Information Center, however, the bill hasn't been scheduled for a committee hearing because the law will expire in June if a new inspection law is not enacted this year. Also according to the Legislative Information Center, nothing has been introduced to replace the expiring law, and Indiana should do away with vehicle inspection in June. —from ABATE of Indiana, 54290 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, Ind. 46514.



Manitoba Turn Signals

Canada: Effective next April 1, all motorcycles and mopeds registered in Manitoba will be required to have turn signal lights.

In making the announcement, Highways and Trans-

portation Minister Donald Orchard said that the move is being taken in the interest of improving the safety of motorcyclists and their passengers in Manitoba.

He said statistics show that one of the major causes of accidents between motorcycles and automobiles is the lack of sufficient awareness

on the part of automobile drivers that a motorcycle is near, and failure to observe a motorcyclist's signal. Hand signals are considered ineffective, partly because they are less conspicuous than lights and are virtually invisible at night.

By proclaiming a section of the Highway Traffic Act that provides for the signal lights, it is hoped to reduce this hazard, the minister said. He pointed out that since 1975 federal standards require all motorcycles to be equipped with the lights.

Mr. Orchard advised that motorcycle owners will receive information about the change with their 1980 license renewal forms.

mandatory helmet laws is only one of a long line of prohibitive laws which ignore the real problem, that of curbing motorcycle related accidents and deaths.

We therefore, urge your support for House Bills 4816 and 4817 and HB 4362 and 4361 along with Senate Bills 392 and 393 for new motorcycle rider education and also HB 4496 and 4497 along with SB 345 and 346 for the repeal of Michigan's mandatory helmet law. These bills will insure safe motorcycling and reduce motorcycle related accidents and deaths. —from ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 1032, Dearborn Mich. 48121



Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816



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

National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

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
- ☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00
- ☐ 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.

Beer Boycott

During the recent World Series, Schlitz Beer was giving money to John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. Two doctors there are receiving \$10,000 from the feds to prove helmet repeal is killing people, according to the Old Dominion Motorcycle Association. They suggest we all boycott Schlitz. —from ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 1032, Dearborn, Mich. 48121

Support Rider Education

Michigan: ABATE of Michigan, with the support of tens of thousands of Michigan bikers, is involved in promoting the sport and lifestyle of motorcycling. We are advancing the idea of education rather than legislation as the alternative means to safe and economical motorcycling.

Rider education is the logical answer to promoting safety. Prohibitive and irresponsible legislation by non-riding politicians serves only in adding to the problem. The present issue of

Two-Wheel Standards Denied

Consumer Protection Agency: The Consumer Product Safety Commission has decided to deny a petition that would set a safety standard for unlicensed two-wheel vehicles. The decision, however, came after heated staff disagreement on the subject. Commissioner Samuel Zagoria said that he believed the product's appeal is the element of speed and danger and that people who ride such vehicles assume the risk of injury. Commissioner Stuart Statler, himself a trail bike rider, claimed that information gathered concerning attainable speeds of various models of bikes was faulty. While the petition has been dropped, the CPSC says it will continue allocating some staff resources to the investigation of two-wheel vehicles and for meetings with industry representatives.

The petition would have required design changes that would limit riders to size of an average 14-year-old or larger, limit the maximum speed, and require changes in seat design to permit only one rider. —from the *International Motorcycle Trade Journal*.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

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Wilder's Harley-Davidson 1954 Popper Hwy., Opelika
ALASKA
Rear of Harley 1004 Chugach Hwy., Anchorage
ARIZONA
H-D H-D 3333 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Phoenix Cycle Accessories 1826 W. Phoenix, Phoenix
High Way Choppers 6723 W. Glendale Ave., Glendale
Arizona Custom Cycles 2601 W. Thomas Rd., Suite G, Phoenix
Catch's Cycles & Repairs 1300 E. Speedway, Tucson

ARKANSAS

Kingston Sales & Cycles Hwy. 68 East, Murrells

CALIFORNIA

Two Brothers 642 Thomas St., Yuba City
Two Brothers Trianga 701 N. Melby, San Fernando
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Main St., San Fernando
D & G Harley-Davidson 15715 Amar Rd., La Brea
Crazy Dave's 7800 Old Highway Hwy., Corral
McCluskey's Custom Cycles 2125 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
H-D West 2409 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little West Coast Harley-Davidson 4500 Ave. 45, Oceanside
Whitely's Fabrication 5385 Franklin Blvd., Sacramento
B & B MC 7412 Talbot Ave., Huntington Beach
H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Merced Harley-Davidson 1705 Yosemite Hwy., Merced
Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto
Zink's Harley & Used H-D Parts 4076 University, San Diego
C & C Cycle Parts 1038 W. Cool St., Santa Maria
Hawthorn H-D 5505 29th Hwy., Yucca Valley

CANADA

COLORADO
Patience Harley-Davidson 2045 Pearl St., Boulder
H-D Harley-Davidson 1000 E. 4th St., Fort Collins
Custom Cycle Cycles 6325 Midway Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Palm, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 1005 Motor City Blvd., Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers Harley-Davidson 103 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Dane's Auto Body 2501 State Ave., Alamosa
Howell's House of Harley 3790 Monrovia Rd., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2970 W. Bowles, Littleton

CONNECTICUT

Fine Line Speed & Cycle 37 Main St., Danvers
Brewer's Harley-Davidson 1416 Old Say Hwy., New Haven
New London Custom MC Sales 1416 Old Say Hwy., New Haven
HERS FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

DELAWARE

FLORIDA
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 2600 E. Fern St., Miami
Harley-Davidson of Palm Beach 1301 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach
Peachtree Harley-Davidson Sales 595 S. Dixie Hwy., Fort Lauderdale
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
B & D Chopper Shop 1313 Biscayne Blvd., Miami
C & R's Harley-Davidson 1700 U.S. 1, Fort Lauderdale
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2000 Palm Beach Blvd., Ft. 80, Ft. Myers
Free Rider Unlimited 10001 48th St., North, Clearwater
Miller's Custom Harley Parts 1803 S. Hollywood Ave., S. Daytona
Harley's Only, Inc. 300 N.W. 2nd Ave., Hialeah
Pineleaf Custom Cycle 4907 72nd Ave. North, Pineleaf Park

GEORGIA

Harley-Davidson Co. 5346 Inglewood Rd., Marietta
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1384 Atlanta Rd., Marietta

HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamehameha St., Honolulu

ILLINOIS

Base Chp Shop Hole 3171 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Harley-Davidson of Chicago 1000 N. LaSalle, Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2015 Reed Rd., Palatine
Clyde Engineering 1420 16th Ave., Melrose
On Any Sunday, Inc. 1258 S. Laramie, N. Aurora
R & H Choppers 1109 S. Western, Chicago
Chicago H-D Inc. 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston
Transitum Cycle Center 3558 W. 159th St., Chicago
Village Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
H.E.L. Sport & Cycle Inc. 12040 South Hwy., Chicago
Motorcycles & Supplies 805 E. Locust St., Falmouth
Fantasy Choppers 2535 W. 83rd St., Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 3030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn

INDIANA

Indiana Harley-Davidson 310 E. Main St., New Albany
Brant's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Walnut St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3359 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Drunk's Motorcycle Shop 1418 S. Central St., Ellettsville
Cycle Shop 3409 S. Western Ave., Marion

IOWA

KANSAS
Harley-Davidson Van & Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 835 W. 8th St., Topeka
KENTUCKY
Apollon Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 1246 Industry, Lexington

LOUISIANA

Motorcycle Products Co. 2692 Barkside Blvd., Bossier City
Wallace H-D Sales 3545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Custom Cycles 1000 N. Main St., Baton Rouge
Denham Springs Cycle 325 Walnut St., Denham Springs
MAINE
The Chopper Factory 476 Forest Ave., Portland

MARYLAND

Exzell's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Flot 'N' Smoke 4204 St. Barnabas Rd., Monkton Heights
Zakari's Wheel Boutique 1841 Frying Pan Rd., Edgewood
Suburban H-D Sales, Inc. 15809 Frederick Rd., Rockville
Exzell's Wheel Boutique 6473 Rivers Plaza, Pasadena
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B Mayo Rd., Edgewater

MASSACHUSETTS

California Chopper Specialties 605 Coggeshall St., New Bedford
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton St., Rt. 123, Worcester
Cycle Parts of Boston 156 Brighton Ave., Boston
J & R Cycles 42 Payne St., Lowell
Harley-Davidson of Franklin St., Framingham
Harley Motors 30 East St., Framingham

MICHIGAN

Cycle Moon, Inc. 1175 U.S. 31 South, Ironwood
GM Cycle 32242 W. 9 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
Warren Custom Plating 11415 East 8 Mile Rd., Warren

MINNESOTA

Cycle Supplies, Unlimited 1400 Cornerwealth, Duluth
D.H. Cycle Shop 435 10th St., N.E., Austin
J & R Cycle Shop 1001 S. 1st St., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Smith Bros. & Feltrow 716 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
York Brothers Custom Cycle 7 Westlake St., Chisholm

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Kustion Cycle Hwy. 90 E. Ocean Springs
Lake Shore Custom R. 4 Box 477 Lake Wales, Hattiesburg

MISSOURI

Cycle & Rider Arts Comm. 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas City
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 S. Charles Rock Rd., Charlebois
Doug's Choppers 3009 Hwy. 10 A, Kansas City
L. Joe H-D 1001 S. Joseph, Kansas City
Coke MC Parts 7344 S. Joseph, Hazelwood
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence
Heavy Shop 1728 S. Broadway, St. Louis

MONTANA

Quality Custom Cycle 2323 Belknap, Billings

NEBRASKA

Nevada Cycle Parts 2160 #5 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas

NEW HAMPSHIRE

McCluskey's Custom Cycles 11, Manchester
Brother's Custom 21 Union St., Milford

NEW JERSEY

H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 E. Broad, Trenton
H-D of Newark 1000 E. Broad, Newark
Montclair Cycle 103 Washington St., Montclair
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
GT Cycle Specialties 4 New Market St., Salem
Competition Cycle Inc. 240 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Custom Cycles 1554 Rt. 9 Pleasant Plains Mall, Toms River

NEW MEXICO

Al's Cycle & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque
Big Twin Cycle 8817 Access S.E., Albuquerque

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Harley-Davidson of Laurel Ave., Hempstead
KPK Cycle Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
Brooklyn H-D Inc. 1025 Conner Island Ave., Breezy
J & D Cycle 1250 Vandal Ave., Binghamton
A's Cycle Parts 315 E. Donnell St., Rome
Continental Choppers 144 E. 1st St., Troy
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportstar Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
V-Twin 260 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Custom Cycle Inc. 1805 Nassau Hwy., Nassau
Harley-Davidson of Long Island City 30-30 30th Plaza, Rockaway
Harley-Davidson of Remapo Rt. 17 N. P.O. Box 2, Seabrook
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Bennet's Cycle Service P.O. Box 983, Minot
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Cycle Kraft 128 N. Summit St., Akron
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Elm St., Massillon
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Kustion Cycle Supply 141 U.S. 42 N.E., Mansfield
The Big Blue Shop 681 W. Broad St., Columbus
Motorcycles, Inc. 11717 Dayton Ave., Lakewood
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Berkley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 912 N. Chocoma, El Reno
Tom's Cycle Shop 3824 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City
Cycle Center USA 215 S. Van Buren, Edmond

OREGON

H-D of Harrah Falls 1409 Main St., Harrah Falls

PENNSYLVANIA

Chopper Shack II 3833 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cyclistic Choppers 1147 Penn. Reading
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
E-Z Rider MC Parts 300 S. Front, Skatkon
Kosmic Motors Fibar St., Easton
East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. Rt. Cornwell Heights
Blocker Enterprises P.E. 8th, Pottsville

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Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Ryan Ave., Charleston
D.C. Cycle 204 S. Main St., Lancaster
C & J Harley-Davidson R.R. 3 Box 461 A, Cheraw

SOUTH DAKOTA

C & L Cycle Acc. 706 Sycamore Dr., Sioux Falls

TENNESSEE

Cycle 1191 E. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Reed's Harley-Davidson 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville
Peggy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Buddy's H-D US-11 W. Kingsport Hwy., Blountville

TEXAS

Larry's MC Service 217 S. B. Hartman
Union Motorcycle Salvage 6345 Long Dr., Houston
Austin Motorcycle Co. Inc. 1611 Guadalupe St., Austin
J & L Cycle 2312 S. Highway 90, El Paso
B & W Harley-Davidson 412 N. High St., Longview
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
Dave's Basket Case 5006 Alta Ave., Dallas
Brown's MC 1212 E. Marshall, Longview

UTAH

Quality Motorcycle Parts 3231 South State, Salt Lake City

VERMONT

VIRGINIA

Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Arlington
Departure Bikes Works 3080 Ind. St., Richmond
K & S Cycle Care Center 7822 Warwick Blvd., Newport News
Don's H-D Boulevard Shopping Center, Stuart Draft

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Bob's Custom Cycle 4302 S. Union, Tacoma
D & D Cycle East 915 Francis, Spokane
Tacoma H-D 301 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma
Loof's Custom Cycles 115 N. 7th St., Pasco

WASHINGTON D.C.

H-D of Washington 9407 Livingston Rd. S.E., Washington D.C.

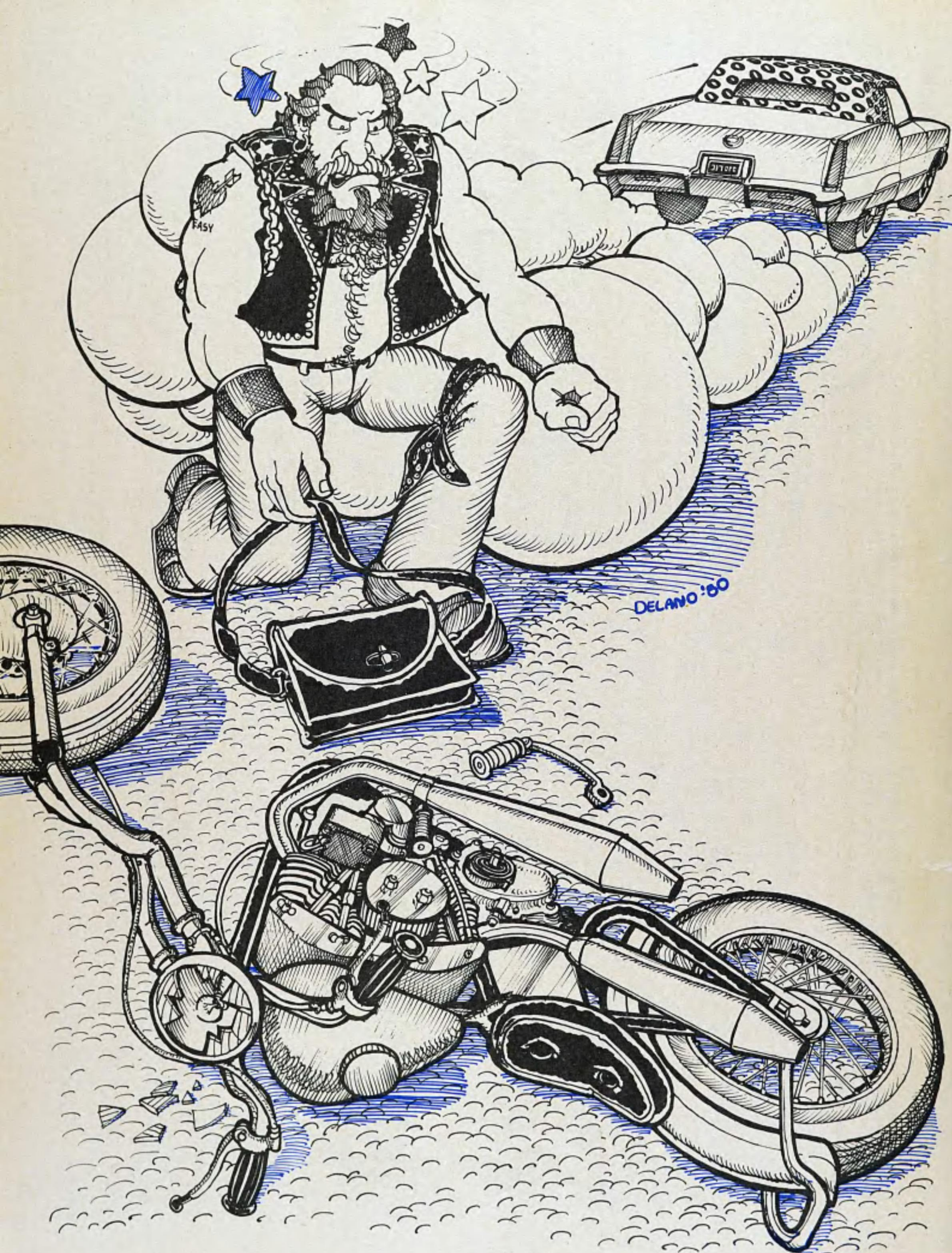
WEST VIRGINIA

W.C. Cycle 1000 2nd St., Charleston
Denial Harley-Davidson 4824 MacConkie Ave., S. Charleston

WISCONSIN

Rick's P.S. Shop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
Tri State Cycle 3025 W. Burlington St., Milwaukee
Biff's Cycle Inc. 2605 Racine St., Racine

WYOMING



What's In A Man's Purse?

by Charles H. Fowler, Jr.

I was standing there in one of Standard Oil's finer craphouses with my dork in my hand, trying to get the last half-case of spent Bud past two prior bouts of clap, and thinking just how many such shithouses I'd been in over the past couple of years. I had come to the conclusion that I could accurately estimate such events by dividing the number of miles on my putt's odometer by 115 and then dividing that number by a factor of, say, two. For the sake of stylishness, I had chosen a two-and-a-half gallon teardrop tank, and at first was concerned that I seemed to ride from one Pig Oil to the next, but once my kidneys fell into step with my stylish tank, I began to have a healthy respect for those leathery old coots riding their Beemers with gas tanks big enough to hold a whole week's output from one of Iran's more profitable oil fields.

At any rate, this is where my head was at when I heard the muted cries of rending metal through the bright-orange-enameled door that protected me from all those tireless peek freaks. I surmised that

there were probably a hundred sizable metallic objects within shouting distance that could be undergoing the catastrophic metamorphosis that usually accompanies such protest, but my luck being what it was, it was undoubtedly my scooter being thoughtlessly remodeled by some as-yet-unknown irresistible force.

Well now, I like my putt as much as the next brother likes his, but I figured there was nothing my hurrying was going to do now, except deprive me of one of nature's more subtle pleasures, that being letting a gallon of ripe piss out of a one-quart bladder, so I completed my handiwork and even took time to zip up my Levi's, something I hadn't bothered to do since I was best man at a brother's wedding three months earlier. Shit, next thing you know, I'll be washing my fucking hands.

As I strolled around the corner of the building, I saw that my previous supposition was indeed correct. There, on the tarmac by the unleaded pump, lay my scooter, mortally felled by a gaudy yellow El Dorado with a padded, tiger-skin roof and

a set of wheels that looked like they were designed to be internal components in one of Uncle Sam's more sophisticated jet fighters. Accompanying this affront to mechanical esthetics was an equally gaudy character. In the middle of the hottest September on record, this mutha was sporting a bright maroon greatcoat that came within two inches of his four-inch, patent leather, platform kicks, and a yellow hat with a brim broad enough to shade half of Texas. Why, this pissy-assed disco high-stepper even had a purse.

I stood there, taking in the scene in a condition that would medically qualify as shock. I knew I was disappointed, but couldn't figure if I was more disappointed by the fact that my scooter was destroyed, or by the fact that the old rat had gone down without inflicting so much as a single scratch on the two-and-a-half-ton fucking pimpmobile that had insisted on parking atop it. Sad. And before I could say "Piss on disco" this punk started carrying on like a Fort Benning drill instructor I'd had several years ago when I was stupid

—Continued on page 85

DOWNTIME by the Cub



Know anybody that's been ridin' for years, just fillin' up an' jammin', time after time, mile after mile? Even through breakdowns, the dude calmly takes care of biz—no rantin' or ravin', pissin' 'n' moanin', or blamin' everybody from the sucker who laid down the blacktop to the pinhead who sold him his last smokes. The bro doesn't panic—he's responsible to himself. He's aware that because of his preparation and experience, he'll come out all right, without a coronary. The Kinks are this kind of rock band—steady.

Low Budget/The Kinks: The Kinks have always been easy enough to hum along with—witness early hits, like "Ya Really Got Me." This was back in the Cold War days of 1964. Remember where you were hidin' out then? In 1965, Ray Davies, along with his brother Dave, Mick Avory, and Pete Quaife, pumped out "All Day And All Of The Night" in December. And in the spring, they sprung "Tired Of Waiting For You" as part of their contribution to the British invasion.

Most Kinks platters are packed with good, listenable rock music, done in the classic "ch-ch-chunk" style from the early "Ya Really Got Me" through the recent **Low Budget** album. The Kinks are famous for some incredibly inebriated performances—one in particular in New York at the Fillmore East, where the music took a backseat to the bottle, causing lyrics to ten-year-old songs to be forgotten. Songs would be started, forgotten,

then a jam would ensue, however breakneck. The audience was usually in the same frame of mind and the Kink-Kultists enjoyed every blithering moment. A couple tours of this type took their toll when it came to filling arenas, however.

The Kinks are in full swing now. Adding a couple of new members as well as a switch in record labels has brought out the true Kink sound once again. With three albums in the past three years, **Sleepwalker**, **Misfits**, and 1979's **Low Budget**, the world is once again being observed through the open eyes of the Kinks. Songs on the **Low Budget** offering deal with lousy music, food, women, and the unavailability of gas, along with the need to economize. Davies wrote 'em all. Rarely does he dabble in love relations, preferin' to go to the newswire for an album of reality. Like he says in the tune "Low Budget," *Don't think that I'm tight if I don't buy a round/I'm on a low budget.*

Top Priority/Rory Gallagher: Rory Gallagher is also a blues player, but with a heart of rock.



He's from the other side of the English rock—the side called Ireland. One of the most all-giving of musicians in his performances live, he's a pleasure to watch as he bends metal with his bare hands. Playing his customary beat-up Fender, the dude is balls-out from beginning to end.

My first encounter with Gallagher was in the early 70s when he was a member of a now-defunct, but bruising blues band called Taste. A brother of mine was heavy into making walls stretch, either through drugs or maximum volume, and he grooved on Taste. Taste, behind Rory, was right there on a level with guys like Alvin Lee, but for some reason the group never reached the plateau of some of his colleagues, commercially speaking. Hogwash piss.

Now, a decade later, you're gettin' a chance to hear him again—and he deserves a listen. With a slight change in his lineup of the past ten years—discarding Lou Martin, a fine keyboardist, and picking up a new drummer, Ted McKenna—Rory's ready.

Top Priority is the appropriate name for the latest ballistic attack. Gallagher pairs up with Gerry McAvooy, the one mainstay of earlier bass efforts, and along with McKenna, it's Katie, bar the door for the trio—an unleashing, if you will. Suggested for the hardcore only, if you dare.

In The Skies/Peter Green: Continuing on this British beat, ever heard of Peter Green? Green originally helped get Fleetwood Mac to-

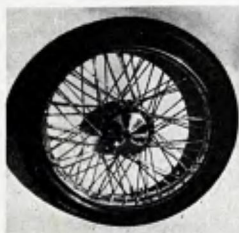
gether. Yes, the same big Mac that's sellin' out everything they touch, an' showin' up on the tube pickin' up accolades, an' gold records endlessly. The man and his impressive guitarman, together with Mick Fleetwood, John McVie and the rest of Mac's crew, made incredible music on albums like **Bare Trees**, **Fleetwood Mac**, and **English Rose**. Widely respected for his blues playing, he was Eric Clapton's replacement in John Mayall's Blues Breakers band.

He's gotten praise from a fair blues player named B.B. King—"He makes me sweat." And Mr. Windmill of The Who, Pete Townshend, says about Green's ability, "Always the same weight guitar—heavy." You get the idea—ya might have something here. So it was when I discovered his latest project, **In The Skies**.



Rumor has it, though, that after his stretch with Fleetwood Mac he disappeared, dropped completely outta sight. When he returned, he had encountered a religious happening. Consequently, **In The Skies** took on a sound similar to that of Carlos Santana. If ya need an I.D., well, it's got a dark, floating, spiritual feel to it. It's great for trippin', or cookin' eggs to. "Slabo Day," "Seven Stars," "Tribal Dance," "A Fool No More," "Proud Pinto," and the title cut are examples of true blues perfection. Distributed by tiny Rounder Records in Massachusetts, it's not easy to find, but worth it when you do.

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Harley-Davidson Prayer

Dear Easyriders,

A good bro and I sat our sick asses down one day in the Dago County slammer and put together this song, for a good mutha on his lonely ride to prison.

Just so brothers are never forgotten while they're down, I'd like to see if you people would like to print this.

Much appreciated, bros!

That lady who sang the original song had the right feelings, but the wrong words. If she'd only lived out her feelings, she might have been with us today.

Janis was a sister!

—Whitedog & Kraut

Think about it. Think about the heart her voice developed from. A woman consumed in a deeply emotional outlook, trying to share her love with the world by shouting it, screaming it, and singing it with everything her deep soul could muster up.

She wasn't a sniveler—she was a fucker, a fighter, and a Southern Comfort drinker to the bone. She wanted to sing, touch, and be everyone's sister. But her Bessy Smith-styled blues couldn't quite reach and console everyone's blues—although millions ultimately relaxed and relished Janis's immense heart in her intense tunes.

Over-energetic, visionary, strongly freedom-minded, and way ahead of her time, Janis played a zither, tripped, went braless, and grooved on the first signs of the hippie freedom movement to come—it was only 1960 then. Her location at the time was in the Southwest, at the University of Texas—not exactly a hippie haven. On campus, she held her mud through a lot of shit for being off-the-wall. And the fact (I can only see her heart) that she was pudgy and ill-complected had her standing out in a piss-poor light, working that zither and gyrating uncommonly, during that folksy era in the Student Union building.

**O Lord, won't you buy me a Harley-Davidson?
I can't keep up, so I can't make a run.
Worked hard all my lifetime sellin' dope to my friends,
So, Lord, won't you buy me a Harley-Davidson?**

**O Lord, won't you buy me a chrome Bates headlight,
So I can go ridin' in style every night?
I know that it'll always be shiny and bright.
O Lord, won't you buy me a chrome Bates headlight.?**

**O Lord, won't you buy me an extended front end?
I know that a stocker would surely be a sin.
Make it a springer, six inches or ten.
O Lord, won't you buy me an extended front end?**

**O Lord, won't you buy me a sleek rigid frame?
Swingarms all look ugly, fat and so lame.
Molded and lacquered, a rigid puts 'em to shame.
So, Lord, won't you buy me a sleek rigid frame?**

**O Lord, won't you buy me a gas credit card?
Wanna hit the streets—and hit 'em hard.
Gotta build me that putt and ride afar.
O Lord, won't you buy me a gas credit card?**

**O Lord, won't you buy me a Harley-Davidson?
Got a hot one to ten and I can't make a run.
Worked hard all my lifetime sellin' dope to my friends,
So, Lord, won't you buy me a Harley-Davidson?**

—Whitedog & Kraut

She left Austin on rumors that there were freedom-minded brothers and sisters in San Francisco. Rejected at U.T. for being herself, she grabbed a bedroll, figuring fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. She was confident in her own thing and wanted to do it to the max. So she packed her shit and moved farther from her hometown of Port Arthur to obtain a taste of freedom with brothers and sisters who knew what was to occur and who cared.

Soaked in a numbing bottle of Southern Comfort and infrequently doused with another, more dangerous drug, she tried to conceal her need to love and be accepted by everyone around her. It was futile. Her therapy was screaming her love on every platform from the Fillmore in San Francisco to the Fillmore East throughout her short career. She touched with magnetic intensity the people who were fortunate enough to attend her concerts. She radiated her every line of lyric and, at the same time, grabbed deep into her guts for more power and more feeling for each heartfelt syllable. To watch her and feel the emotion was awesome. It was as if, singing love songs all the time, she never had time to fall in love herself.

Janis was a sister.

—Renegade



Illustration by K.W. Puff



The Righteous Bike.

Announcing the Harley-Davidson Wide Glide.

Here it is. A factory "custom" from one factory that knows what the word means. A pure, righteous California Classic. Just the way you might have done it if you had a few years and a few million in engineering bucks to work with.

Extended forks, polished and plated, with customized Electra Glide® sliders. An oversized 21 inch front wheel holding a tire just 3 inches wide. Topped off with a custom, chrome plated headlamp.

Moving back, the primary chain cover is done in a special high gloss black. You've got chromed shorty duals. And the rear fender is bobbed.

As for the huge, 5-gallon bob-and-a-half tank, you can choose yours spitting fire like the one shown here. Or get yours in black, brown, candy red or blue with distinctive pin striping and matching fenders.



But the show's not over until you get in. The risers, buckhorn bars, and contoured seat put you in a bold, Harley-Davidson riding position. And now, you can really ride in comfort—the Wide Glide® is the first factory bike with the rear brake and shift lever designed to be used from the front mounted highway pegs.

Finally, to make the laid back life even smoother, we've engineered a unique front fork triple clamp system. It eliminates the front end flop you usually get in homemade customs. And has the kind of handling you want for a brute carrying 80 cubic inches of low-end torque.

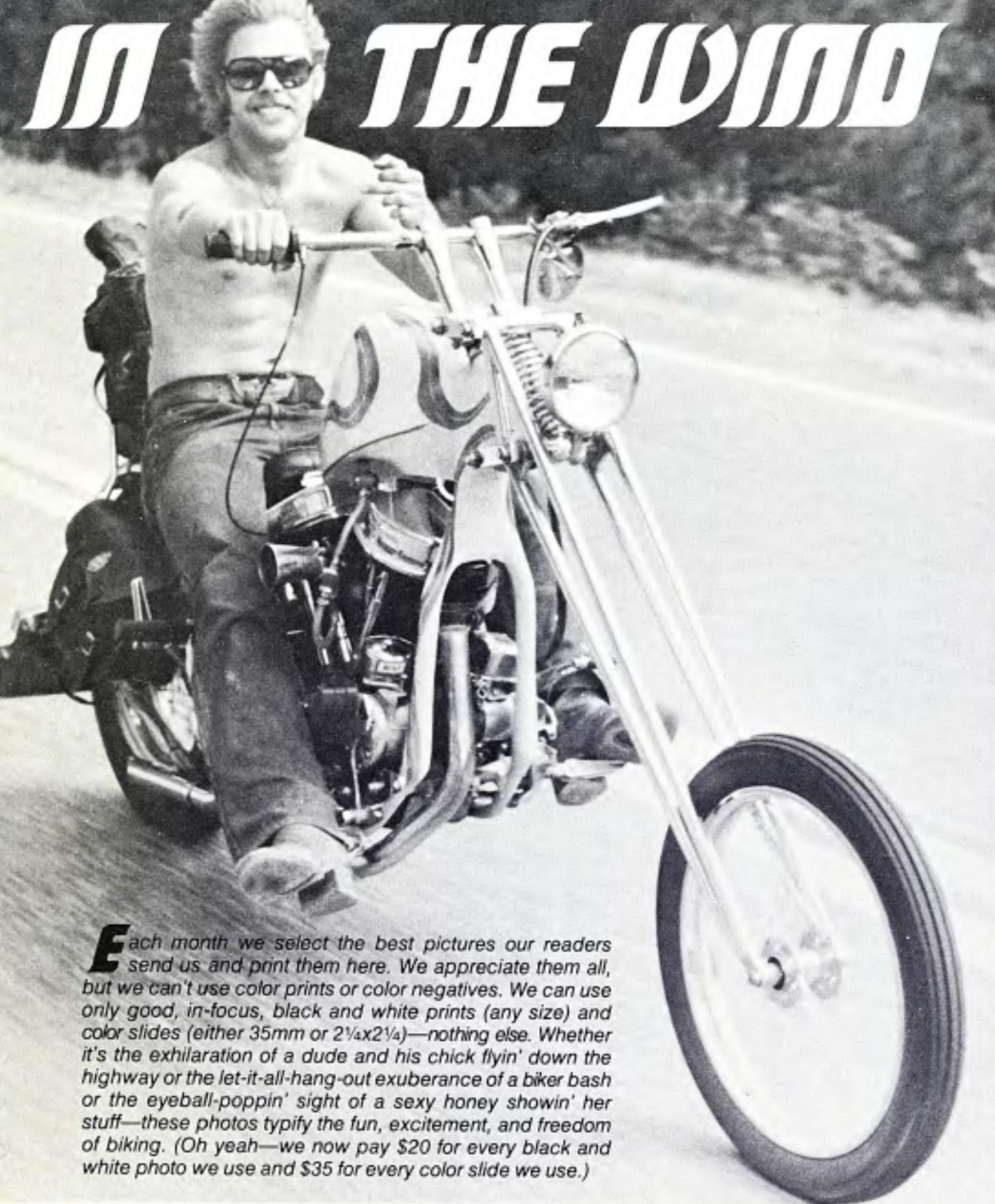
The Wide Glide. Its flaming tank and custom style might shock the neighborhood garden club. But that's all right. At Harley-Davidson®, we think their freedom to disapprove is almost as important as your freedom to take it down any highway you choose.

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

—from Todd Wyant, Boulder, Colo.



—from Wild Bill and Jean, St. Agatha, Maine



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.





—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.



—from Reta Via, Sturgis, Mich.

—from Fat Wayne, West Frankfort, Ill.



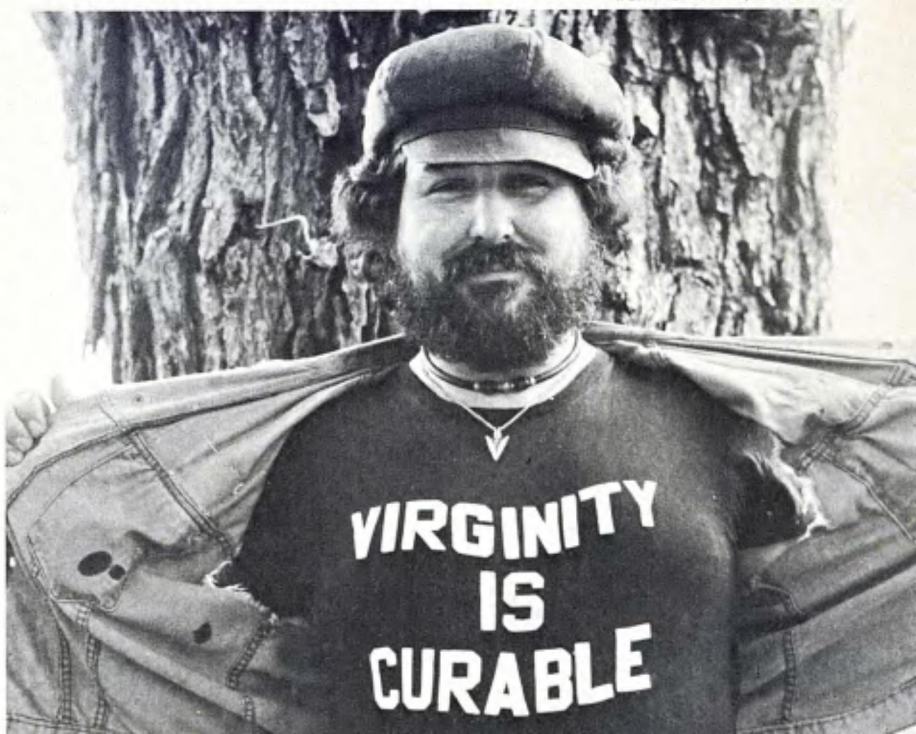
—from Dreamer, Louisville, Ky.



—from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.



—from Mangler, North Hollywood, Calif.



I'm Not Even Pissed

*Khomeini, you asshole,
It's all your fault.
They were headed for home
When the Skipper said halt.*

*If it wasn't for you,
You fuckin' rag-head,
They'da been home with mama,
Spendin' Christmas in bed.*

*You really blew it
When you fucked up and said,
"We're holding the hostages,
And soon they'll be dead."*

*The orders I asked for—
I'll even let you see 'em—
Say "To Iran, kill Khomeini,"
And didn't call for per diem.*

*The gray lady's here,
You fuckin' fag.
So you best beware,
Or we'll behead your rag.*

*Your precious oil,
Shove it up your ass,
'Cause when we're through
You'll export busted glass.*

*You better start listenin'—
Let the hostages go,
Or the saying will come true,
"Nuke 'em till they glow!"*

*So wake up, Khomeini,
You fuckin' runt,
We mean what we say.
The Hawk's on the hunt.*

—Kitty Hawk



—from Hosebud, Cleveland, Ohio



—from J. Stafford, Grinnell, Iowa



—from D.D. Strobel, Huntsville, Ala.





—from Betty Cook, Taycheedah, Wis.



—from Norm, Auburn, Neb.



—from Sleepy Small, Ft. Worth, Tex.

A Tribute To Jody Via

"Ass, Gas or Grass—
Nobody rides for free,"
As "Vixen" soon found out,
But that's just history.

He may have "Come and Gone,"
But I bet he wasn't late.
Watch out for "Open Season," bros,
I hope it ain't your fate.

"One Of Those Days" may turn out finer,
But if it gets rough
And the going gets tough,
Stop in at the "All Night Diner."

"Tulsa Lady's" song was sweet,
In all its splendor and glory.
And as we age, we'll all look back
At our very own "Life Story."

"Words About Women" said it—
Who's, why's, and because,
To hear him tell it,
He gets standing applause.

He's told us of thieves
In "Brothers And Others,"
And tender, young girls
And rampaging mothers.

Damn near breaks his arm
Patting his own back,
But it's all in fun,
So I'll cut him some slack.

Brotherlove we all feel,
But it ain't always easy to show.
I just want to tell ya that Jody
Is truly "A Bro To Know."

—The Troll



—from Lyn Youngstrom, Plymouth, Mass.



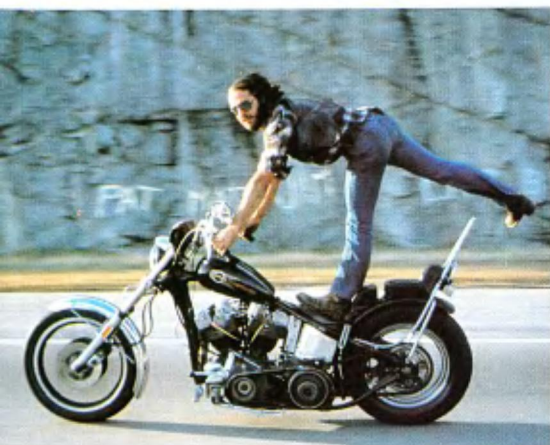
—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Texas



—from Linda Angelain, Rohnert Park, Ca.



—from Rick Seissian, Dunedin, Fla.



—from Rick Drainville, Woonsocket, R.I.



—from Bokina, Chicago, Ill.



—from Lou, Elison, N.J.



—from ABATE, Cheyenne, Wyo.



—from Phil Rone, Long Branch, N.J.



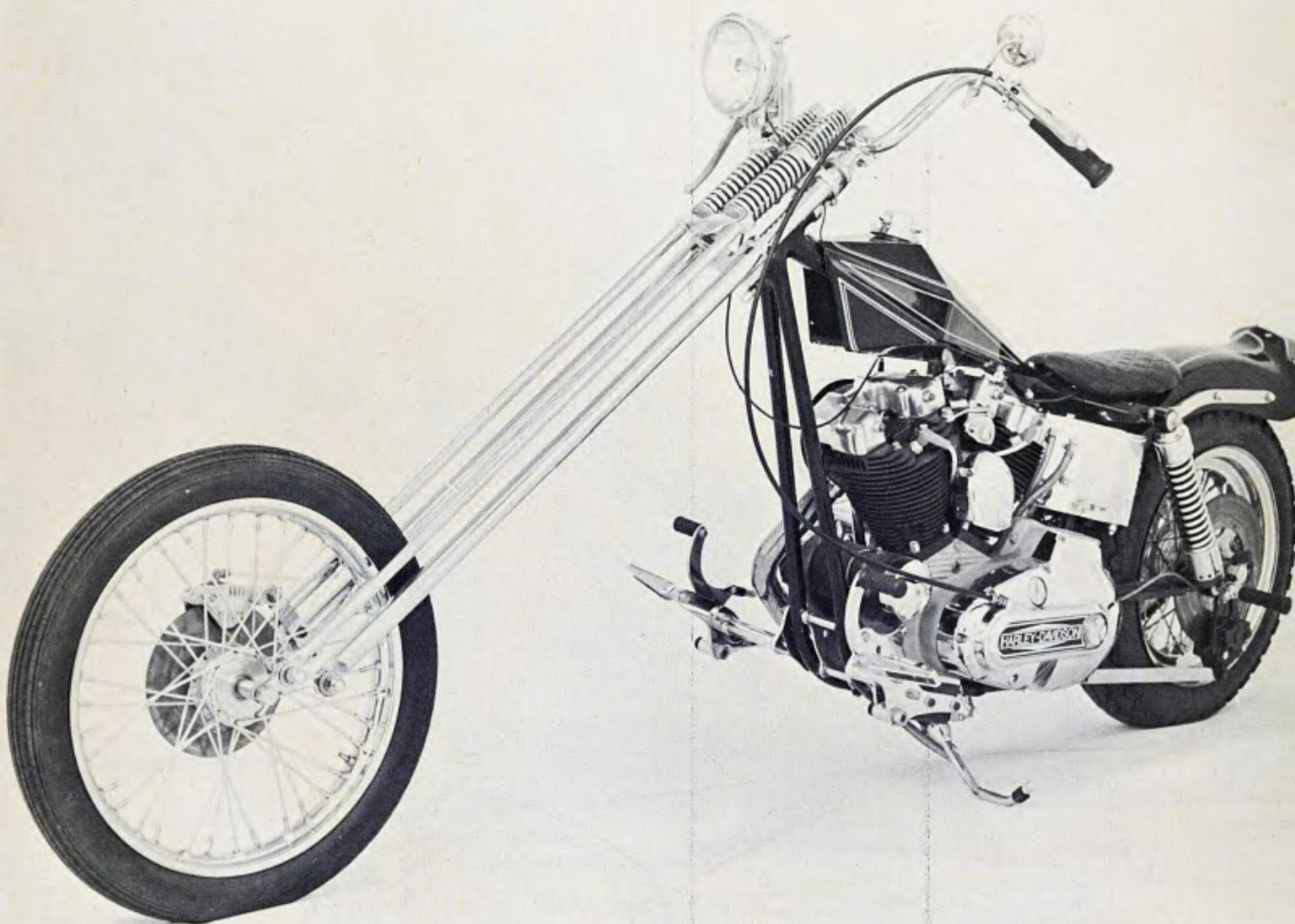


Desert Sportster

It came back to the shop to stay

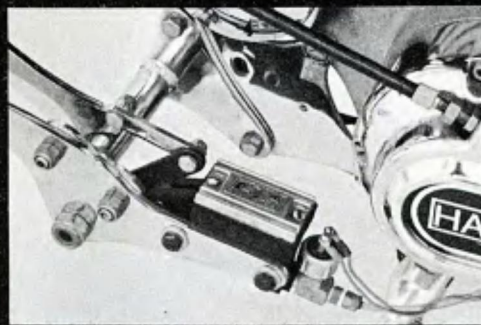
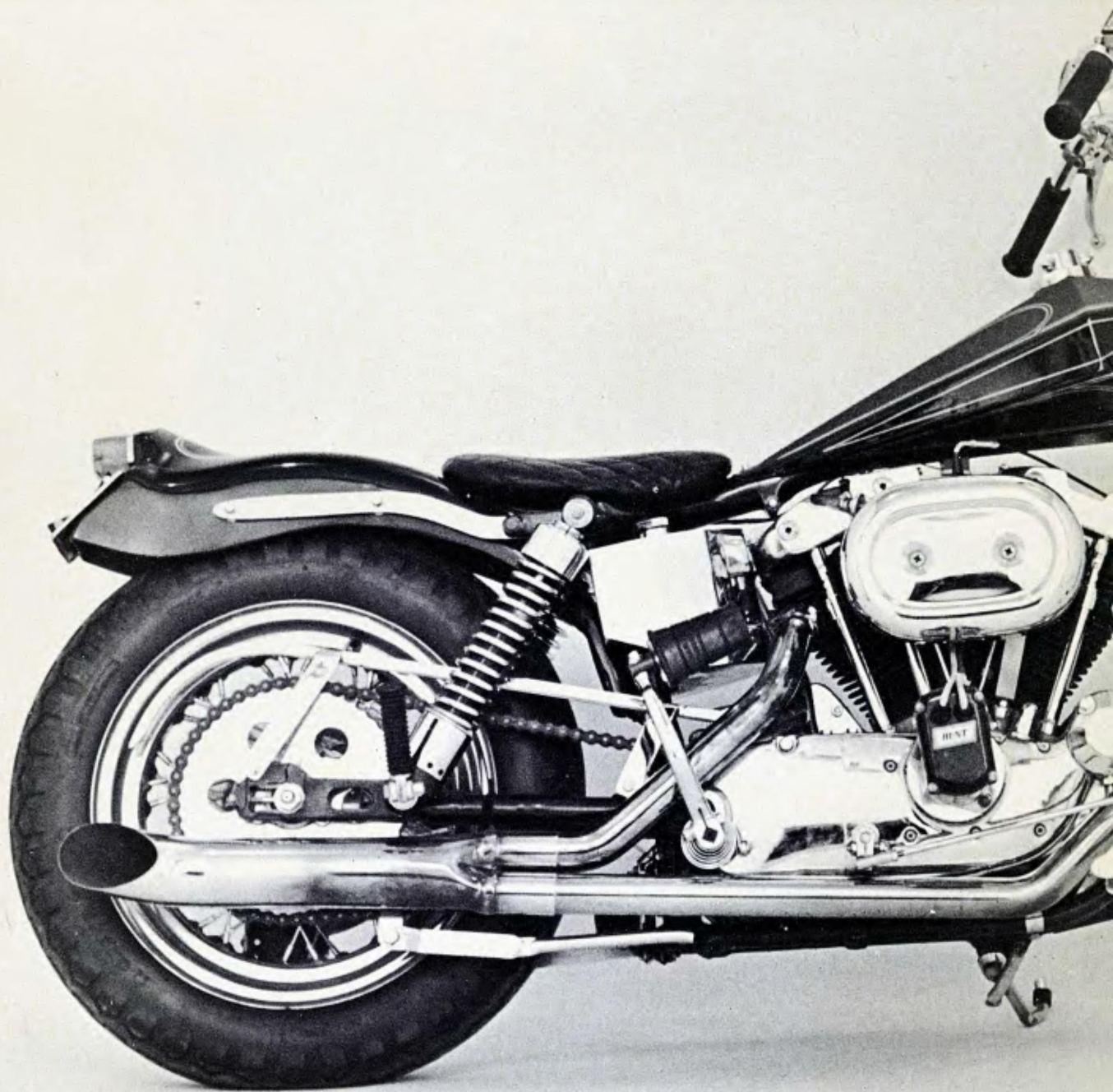
Think about all the bros workin', slavin', and skin-nin' knuckles in shops all fuckin' dismal or dazzlin' days long. And just for this slippery, oily, grease-soaked moment, let's give shop wrenches and creative masterminds a break from all the crappy complaints and snivelin'—whatta ya say? Okay, dammit, I know about ripoff shops, mechanics who never seem to complete the job, long waits till ya get yer sled back, and half-assed (so ya gotta bring it back) work.

Okay, so there's a problem on the other side of the goddam



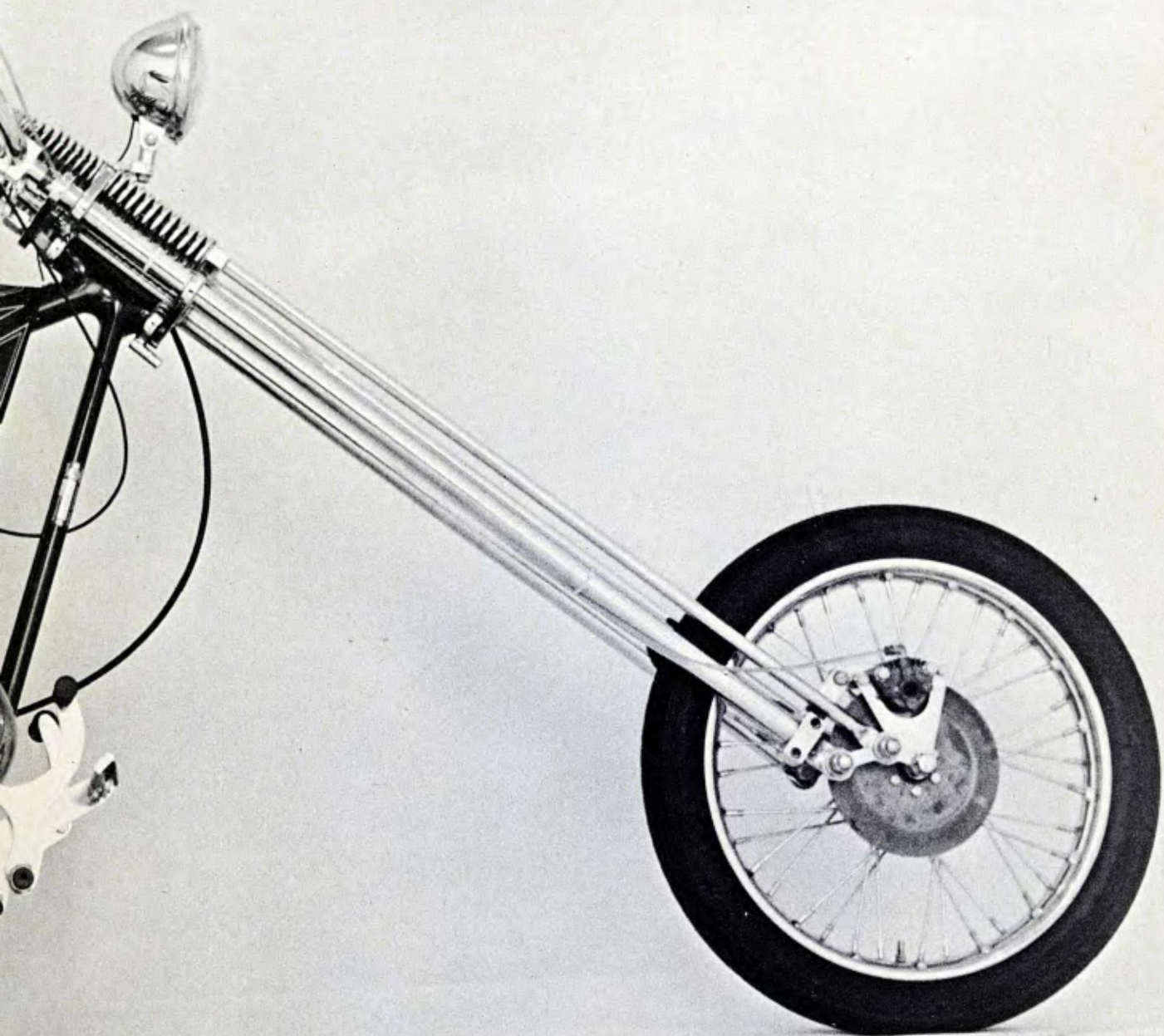
gettin'-worthless coin. But shit, bro, the owner of this stretched Sporty works in a shop. We can't just attack the workin' man with every gripe we've got stored up over the years. Fer crissakes imagine, through the smoke in yer beer-soaked brains, some of the shit spark plug installers put up with. How about the kid who brings his Honda 350 into the local shops and demands, slappin' the cash on the counter, that they install a shovelhead top end on his ride? How many times has a mechanical master fitter been told, "Go ahead and rebuild the en-





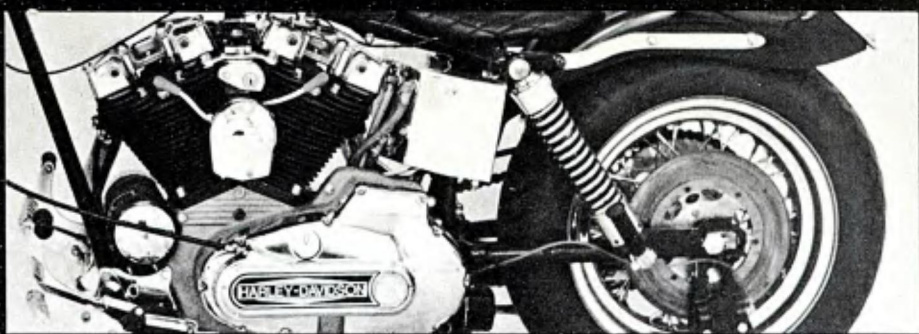
gine, but I need the bike back this afternoon?" How many times has the shop wrench worked till the wee hours of the mornin' to git all the bros up for the run the next mornin'—just to break down fourteen times in the first hundred miles himself 'cause he never gets to work on his own rat?

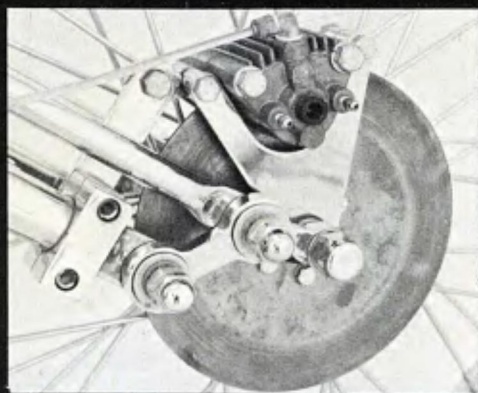
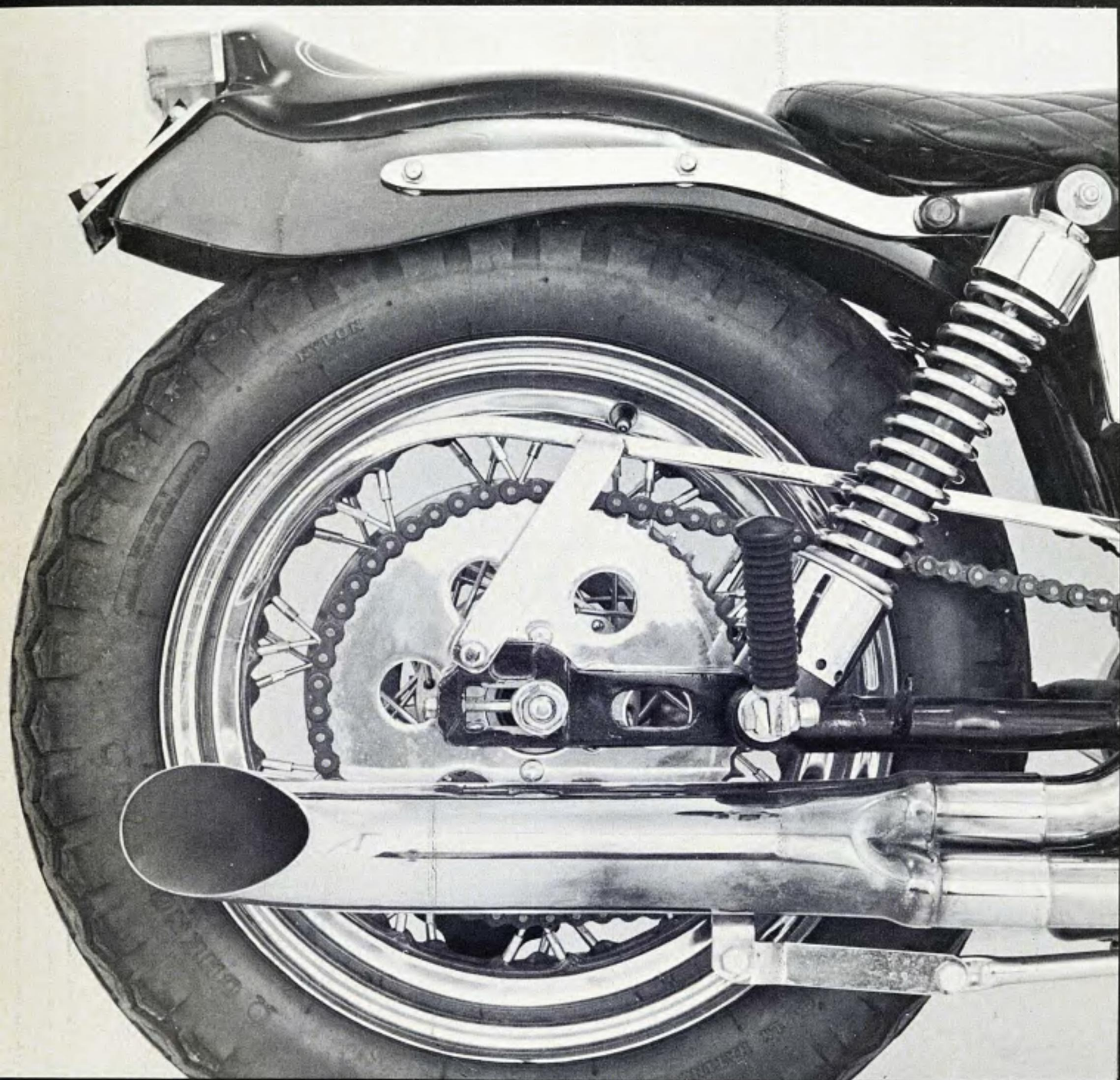
So, after a year of demanded-discount customizing and pay-ya-



later customers, the owner of the shop where Kim works shut the dump down. "Let's get our own sleds slidin' and beat feet fer da hills—whatta ya say."

With that suggestion ringin' off the tool boxes, the bros took a couple of days to work on only their own putts while Denver reserved an entire motel adjacent to a lake on the Nevada border, high

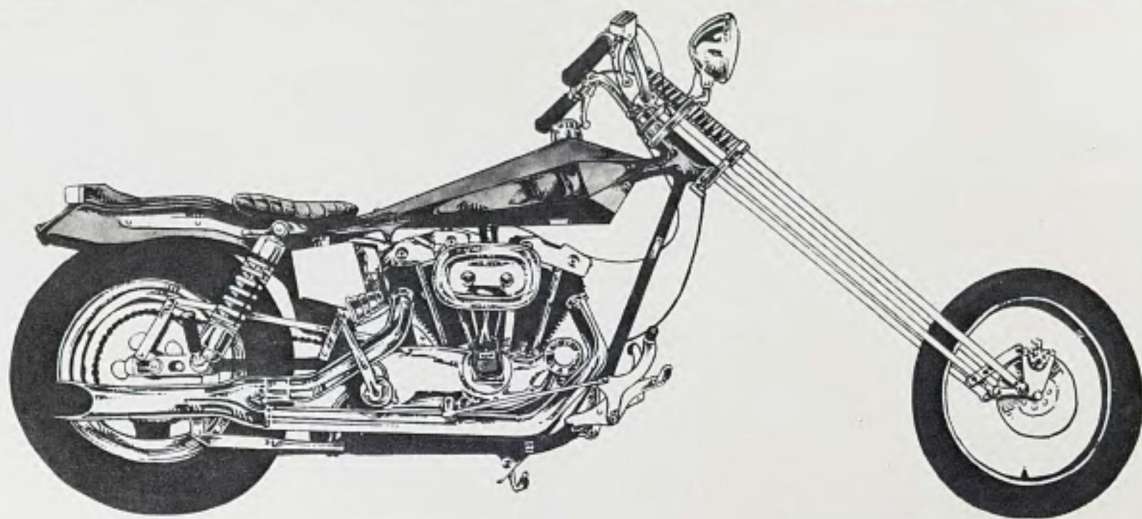




in the thin-air mountains. Tuned and tweaked, the pack of people from the shop tooled through twisted turns up the turnpike into the tules. And for a week, they enjoyed their motel, skied the lake, gambled, messed with the whores in Nevada, and *forgot* about carburetors, jets, chain adjustments, .010 shims, etc.

So what the hell, should we give 'em a break or not?

—Road Runner



Owners: Kim Kohrel

City: Berdoo

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Denver's

Year: 1974

Year and make: 1974 Sportster

Builder: Denver's

Model: Sporty

Type: swingarm

Value: \$3,800

Rake: 47 degrees

Assembly: owner

Stretch: 5 in.

Time: 4 months

Other alterations: stock shocks

Chroming by: Cates

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Flanders

Year: 1974

Risers: Denver's, in springer

Model: Sportster

Fender(s): flared fatbob

Rebuilder: never messed with

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: coil

Taillight: Bates

Displacement: 55 cu.in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: H-D

Front pegs: Jammer

Balancing: factory

Rear pegs: Bates

Pistons: Sifton

Electrics: 12v. generator

Cases: stock

Gas tank: Little John

Heads: don't leak

Oil tank: Paughco

Cam: Sifton

Oil system: stock hoses

Lifters: Sifton

Primary cover: aluminum

Carb(s): Mikuni

Seat: Denver's

Air cleaner: H-D

Sissy bar: Denver's

Pipes: Fubar

Height: fender braces

Muffler(s): Fubar

Material: flat bar

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: nope

Type: springer

Year: 1974

Extension: 20 in.

Shifting: Jammer

Builder: Denver's

Engine sprocket: stock

Special features: narrow

Trans sprocket: stock

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: stock

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 19

Size: 16

Molding: Denver's

Hub: swinger

Hub: stock

Painter: Denver's

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black

Tire: Jap

Tire: Cheng

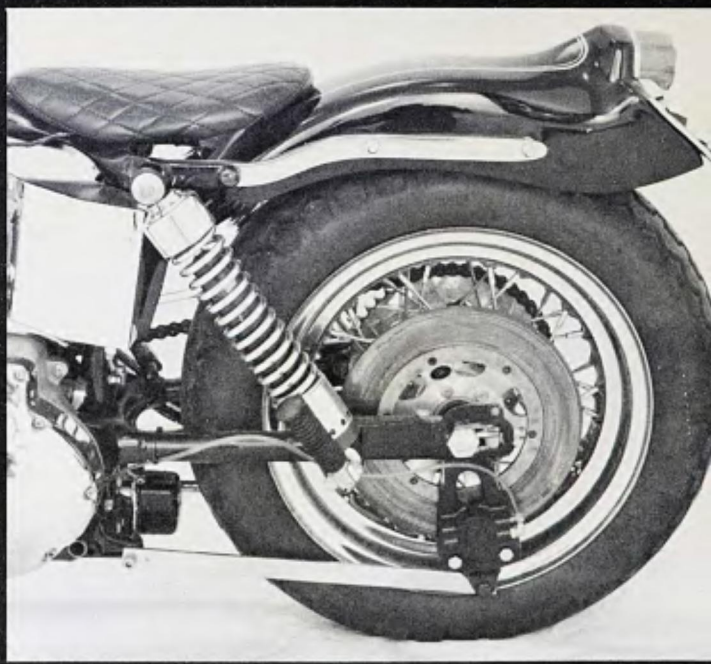
Type: lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: disc

Special paint: striping

Other special modifications: somewhere



The Low Rider. Get down into its soul.

With Low Rider[®] you don't sit on top. You get down—down just 27 inches from the pavement. Tucked squarely behind the largest power plant in Harley-Davidson[®] history, the pulse and power of the huge V-Twin becomes your own.

There, where flesh, steel and 80 cubic inches of low-end torque come together, you learn what it is to ride low. That's down low, with your hands on the buckhorn bars, your feet on the highway pegs, and your lady resting royally on the new sissy bar with the new padded backrest embossed with the Bar & Shield.

What surrounds is pure, sculptured custom: a black pin striped fat bob tank over a flat black, wrinkle-finish engine. Contrasted against a high gloss black finish on the primary, transmission and timer covers. And a chrome clutch cover with eagle medallion.

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A Good Bottle of Whiskey

by Pa. Crude

They say that sooner or later it gets everybody. You can't escape it, but you can't be ready for it, either. I don't give a shit what you say, 'cause when the Grim Reaper comes calling, things just happen. I mean your guts and your mind. They get all twisted. You don't know your thoughts from your feelings, like what you think is pain is hunger, and what you see is not what's there at all, but only what you wish was there if only to make it hurt even worse, if that's possible. It's twisted and it's sick and it don't make no sense at all and it never will. It's grief.

It'd been three days since Rupert had locked himself up in the house. Sure, it takes time. The man had lost his ol' lady. Ain't no way a dude can be right in that kind of circumstances, but it was time that someone did something about it. Not 'cause it was three days, but just 'cause it was *time*. No, I didn't relish the thought of bein' the one to try to bring Rupert back, but that's the other side of bein' bros—the dark side for sure, but till you've felt

yer way in that dark, you ain't been there. You've just been fuckin' spectating.

Halfway down the block from Rupert's, I could hear the noise coming from his place. Some of the neighbors had been ready to call the police, but one of those citizens had the sense, or at least the decency, to call his sister first, and Annie had called me to say it was time. The door was open, so I entered without knocking. The stereo was blasting featureless rock while the television and radio played backup. "Rupe, it's me, Duck," I called loud enough that he should have heard, but there was no answer. I could hear the shattering of glass coming from the kitchen, so I headed in that direction. Broken glass covered the room, along with spilled food and garbage. On the table there were several crumpled pieces of paper beside a pencil and pad and a bottle of pills that looked to be Quaaludes. Rupert stood frozen, with his back against the refrigerator, and stared right through me.

I walked over to him and laid a hand on his shoulder. He couldn't have taken the 'ludes yet, because his pulse must have been a hundred and twenty. At least I got there before he did something really wiggled-out. "Hey, Rupe," I said as calmly as I could manage, "you wasn't gonna eat them 'ludes, was you?"

He kept staring right through me. "I thought about it," he answered as though I were on the other end of a telephone line, not six inches away from him.

"Man, you know that would be a copout."

His face tightened. "I said I *thought* about it," he snapped angrily. I was coming on too heavy. I could see that he hadn't done them, so why the fuck bring it up? I wished I could start over. Then I looked down and saw it. Shit, I don't know how I could have been so goddam blind as not to have noticed it from the jump. Stuffed in his pants pocket was a .44 magnum. I backed off a step and eased down into one of the kitchen chairs.

I didn't know what to say. I hoped he would calm down before I had to say anything, so I sat still for a minute, and he finally sat down across the table from me. I swear, his eyes must have been twice their normal size. He laid his hand, the one with the .44, on the table and just sort of slid it nervously back and forth

—Continued on page 77

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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Gemini

Geminis are the most curious and unpredictable characters in the whole zodiac. They are so outgoing, friendly, clever, and entertaining that no party is a complete success without several of them.

Geminis have an overabundance of nervous energy. They just can't be still (sometimes require a muzzle) and are always twiddling or diddling something or someone. Tripping with a Gemini will definitely keep your wheels turning and your ears burning. Sexually,

they are like Rice Krispies—pour a little cream over them and watch them snap, crackle, and pop! They are often accused of being fickle—but it's just that they have a short attention span and they bore easily.

Gemini, your motto probably is "If you haven't tried it, don't knock it." You are the proverbial jack-of-all-trades. Geminis are often ambidextrous and bilingual (no, not bisexual!). Both males and females are some of the best pool hustlers—and hustlers in general. They are super con artists and excel in the sales field.

Negatively, Geminis tend to scat-

ter their forces and have too many irons in the fire at one time. Their concentration often lacks direction, but they're so much fun to be with that nobody gives a shit! They can become very impatient with snivelers or sticks-in-the-mud.

Geminis are the type who can leave the pad on Monday for a six-pack of beer and not come back until Thursday. That's 'cause life is just one big adventure for them—and besides, they expect you to understand their little side excursions.

Geminis seldom form lasting attachments with places or material

things. They love to travel—and wherever they stick their shorts is home! And just like cheap underwear, they wear thin and get ripped fast! It's always on with the new and forget the old.

Geminis are prone to weak lungs (cut down on those fags) and accidents involving the shoulders, arms, and hands. They should also be careful when working around machinery. Boredom and confinement deplete their nervous energy far worse than overactivity.

Despite all their flaws, Geminis make great buddies to boogie with—just don't try to tie 'em down!

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

This period holds much promise for those who are ready to get their shit together. So, knock off the wishful thinking crap and be more practical. Your chances of an "earn while you learn" plan are within reach—unless you're too wasted to grab it. Keep your mind off your britches long enough to get your balls rolling in a positive direction. The results will be better than raisin pie.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

This entire month requires a down-to-earth attitude when it comes to bucks or fucks. Check out the area where your bucks or balls are headed before bouncing them in any direction—or you could end up singing the blues by month's end. It's prime time to collect money (or honey) owed you, rather than give a handout. Keep your nose to the grindstone and your fingers outta other people's hair pie.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

It's time to shitcan some former obligations at work. New ideas take precedence over the old, so direct your attention to more than just scratching your ass, belching, and farting. Quit playing around with your dessert and get to the meat of the matter. Use your Gemini versatility and ingenuity to make work adjustments to your advantage. (A little of your silver tongue, too!) Oh, yeah—Happy Birthday!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

You could have to face up to past fuckups now—and you can expect any shady deals to backfire—so keep everything above board or face the consequences. Sneaking around on your ol' lady (or ol' man) will erupt into a nasty mess that could make total acne look like a mild rash. Legal problems can be testy and expensive now. It's that old double standard—one for the citizen and one for the dude on the machine. Take 'er slow!

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

Looks like it's another strange one for you! Your finances are a worse drain than a sinus problem. Having no bucks to blow leaves you cranky and moody. Don't let a leak in your budget give you a limp limb. In fact, roaring and scoring could be just the cure for what ails ya. Keep the ol' juices flowing and keep your spirits (among other things) up.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

Be prepared for some mind-boggling interruptions from either nosy neighbors or party partners. Set them straight muy pronto—even if it means being a complete asshole. If you don't, you'll wind up with inefficiency and obstacles that frustrate the hell out of you. Plaster your pad with Do Not Disturb signs till next month.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

This is the month for important decisions—your pet peeve. Trust

only the facts, and steer clear of drug-induced decisions around mid-month. A few motormouthed friends may feel helpful, but they'll just throw a wrench in the works. If possible, get away for a think-it-over weekend—it'll clear out the cobwebs and ease the strain on your brain. Some extra squeezin' an' pleasin' will do wonders for your noggin.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

You're still in a financial slump and medical expenses could drop a dump on ya! Remember, what goes in the hand shouldn't always go in the mouth. In other words, one person's goodies could leave you with a set of limp nuts. This would be a good time to wrench the kinks outta your scoot and get in the wind for a while. Kick back and coast a tad longer.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Pressures near to home can be a real pain in the poopchute now. Look out for the low blows and be ready to eat some humble pie—it's your turn. You may even have to sugarcoat your crank to catch a cuddle. You'll have to bend your brains to get through the muddled maze of minor fuckups—but you can maneuver your way outta the situation by month's end. Turn on the charm, and things will soon be back to normal. (Normal?)

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

It may be time to change partners again. Don't try to hang on to

something that's dead, or smells that way. A change now will turn out for the best. Watch out not to try any brown-nosing with your boss—just pack it with some righteous snow and smile! You've been up to your ears in other people's crap for too long. Start thinking about what's right for your own sweet ass. If you're right, don't think twice—wise up and get the fuck out.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Turn on the charm and you'll soon have them eating from your shorts and asking for seconds. People will be kissing your backside now and thanking you. There's a bonus being offered at work—grab it while you're hot. Take a new course that's offered, even if it's weird. New beginnings are lucky for you now. Go ahead with long-range plans—just stay away from get-rich-quick schemes. Don't stand there with your thumb up your ass—get busy!

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

It's time to stop a long-term feud and let bygones be bygones. Everyone deserves a second chance. Exercise some caution before buying useless bullshit. (Do you really need that electric asswiper?) Beware of sucker schemes and remember that friends, relatives, and finances are often a fucked combination. You deserve a break—forget your troubles with a brew and a screw—or two! ■

A Good Bottle

—Continued from page 75

until he knocked an ashtray onto the floor. I couldn't tell if he was trying to say something to me with that gun or not. The guy was in a trance.

"Fuckin' pills," he muttered to himself. "Fuck them pills! Gonna do it a man's way, gonna pull the trigger myself and blow my worthless brains to Armageddon! Do it like a man!"

Rupert was probably as strong a man as I've ever known. Sure, he was my partner and I held special feelings for him; but even folks who didn't side with him still respected him for being an up-front, proud-hearted dude. I never pictured a situation he couldn't handle. Yeah, I know death is part of life, but you just never figure on *how* the shit is gonna go down, and I guess that's why you can't prepare for it.

We'd been partying at my place well into the morning hours. Gemma wasn't a bitchy type, but she'd been asking Rupert to take her home since midnight. We'd just come back from one of those once-in-a-lifetime runs, and the feeling was just too good not to let it ride, so you could say that Rupert more or less ignored the woman's occasional requests. Just before dawn, he packed her, barely conscious, on his Hog and headed home. Normally, there wouldn't have been a single vehicle on the road at that hour, but some drunken teenagers in a stolen Caddy were coming around Echo Curve, out of control, at the same moment that Rupert's chopper entered it. Rupe was always ready for that sort of thing. He laid the bike down and rolled out of it with hardly a scratch, but Gemma flew headfirst into the bridge abutment at the curve's apex. She died instantly.

"Rupe, listen. The piece ain't gonna solve nothin'. Put it away now, and let's talk." I reached across the table for it—stupid, I know. He pulled it back re-

—Continued on page 81



"Well, you're the one who wanted a gentle laxative that worked overnight."

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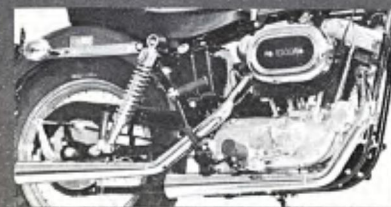
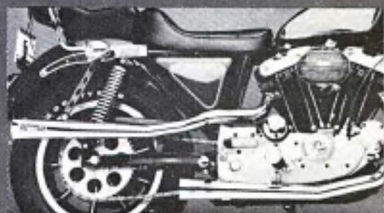


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vertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to **Easysiders**, 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.)

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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.

Second annual MozArk get-together, May 30 thru June 2, Sam Dittel Farm, Eterville, Missouri. For further information contact Sunshine, Box 152-B, Olean, Mo. 65064. Or call (314) 392-6072. (84)

Virgo, into metaphysics, Eastern mysticism, yoga, and people. Looking for peace and friends. Charles Holley #143-541, P.O. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216. (84)

American Tattoo Studios, Detroit, Warren, Royal Oak, Inkster, Mich., Shreveport, La. 1 (313) 545-9791. (84)

Johnny Montag: We wish your trampy ass one hell of a birthday June 16. Maybe it will be snowing like last June! Party time, Love, Gemini girls. (84)

White hiker, 29, Virgo, college grad, is tired of plastic ladies and their head games. If you are 20-35 and looking for a sincere, lasting, loving relationship with someone who will be there when you need him (and asks only the same in return), get in touch. My release date is less than 8 months away. My interests include backpacking, canoeing, hang gliding, hunting/fishing, rock and classical music, and eventual self-sufficiency on own land with a log home kept warm with a family's love. Will answer all replies (include photo). Make both our lives complete, star-truckin' lady; I know you're out there somewhere. Pat Penders #77D191, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (84)

Needed: Fifth issue Easyriders, Burt Atkinson, Route 1, Caldwell, Kansas 67022. (84)

Kurt: I love you. I need you more now than before. You were a good ol' man and I did not know it until now. Yours truly, Tamarah. (84)

Red Dog and Grit Eye: Grit yer slow asses to L.A., but pronto, or call. Dirty Ducks. (84)

Card players, tired of losing? Learn from a professional mechanic. 25 years exp. You will win! Other info included. Send \$2 to MAS, Box 8974, Baltimore, Md. 21222. (84)

Wanted: One sincere woman who likes to ride, party, and share with her man. Age not important. You must be willing to relocate. Write and send photo to The Hulk, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (84)

God loves you. In these last days, it is important that you have a close, daily relationship with God. He will change your life if you will let him enter your heart. If you would like to begin a new and better life, please write, Craig Briggs, 1325 N. Cool Rd., Lima, Ohio 45801. (84)

Wanted: Early panhead parts for my wrecked pan. Need engine, tranny and chassis parts (frame). Will buy or trade. Send list and prices to Spot, Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (94)

Chokers from Greece for only \$5.95 plus \$1 postage and handling. Gleaming Greek chokers, of gold and silver-toned metal curves adorned with colorful Grecian beads. All threaded on a leather thong. Choose a color, and send a check or money order to A. Ball, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (86)

Moose, what's happening inside the Coggon chapter? Is big "H" still fucking with time? Be back soon; drifting's getting old. Trail. (84)

Ol' lady, biker, and bulldog coming south in summer; not free loaders; just looking for friends early. Write to 4-24 Braun St., Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2H 3R4. (84)

Male, 30 yrs. old, into bikes, guns, race cars. Desire foxy lady to write to and possibly meet. Am located in NYC area. Will send for a good woman. Have own home, 3 cars, and 2 bikes. All you ladies call or write. Hermit, P.O. Box 156, Staten Island, N.Y. 10312, or call (212) 946-4824 or (212) 447-5050 (collect person to person). (84)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (84)

Wanted: Tit shots of ol' ladies; will pay \$1.50 per picture. Address mail to Rag Mop, 120 Oelsner St., Port Richey, Fla. 33568. (83)

White male, 25, blond hair, blue eyes, doing time. Wish to hear from sexy ladies. John Podlesak #B-98965, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376. (83)

Attention: ABATE of Illinois members, please send your present address information to ABATE of Ill., Inc., P.O. Box 152, Prospect Hts., Ill. 60070. We've reorganized! (84)

For sale: 1943-80 flathead Harley, motor complete, (216) 448-4679. (84)

Dave (Kidd), thanks for stayin' around. I know it's been rough at times, but we've made it this far. I want to share your freedom and want Angie to know it too. You've got more heart than a lot of people know. Happy birthday, babe. Luv, Pam. (84)

Leilani Sue, did you have a happy birthday 3/18/80? We love you. You are the best; no man ever packed a better woman. Love always, Casey and Lucky. (84)

Ron and Jaccie, Dan and Reta: I'll be out in July, in Marshalltown by the 4th, Nancy and I will see you then, to party down. Butch. (84)

Urgently needed: Models for custom chopper photo layouts. 18 to 7 with tender, juicy tits, legs, and ass; good-looking helpful. Send 5 assorted head and bod color poses w/statistics and brief resume. Legit address and phone. All replies confidential. Ad Graphics, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Biker down 5 1/2 years. Send photos and letters. Age and looks don't matter. Paul Lawhorne, Jr. #104-384, North Housing Unit, State Farm, Va. 23160. (84)

Mike T.: I'm still "concerned" about you. Let's get together. Love, Rosemarie. (84)

Sworn to fun, loyal to none, 6'3", 200 lbs. lean, '75 Superglide, lived and partied in Daytona 3 years now Va. Beh. Tall, foxy ladies. Jersey to Carolinas, send \$1 for pictures and details. Tye, P.O. Box 6283, Norfolk, Va. 23508. (84)

A unique white male, age 27, out of Chicago and doin' time in Illinois, is lookin' for a lady to write to. I'm 6'1", 170 pounds, light brown hair, beard, mustache; and I'm together. I'll be getting out of this rathole in December of '80, and I'm lookin' for a lady who would like to travel throughout the southern part of this country, from Florida to California, and enjoy life along the way. Don't matter how old you are, but I don't want anyone over 32. Drop me a line, tell me about yourself, and let's begin to get to know each other. Send a picture of yourself if you want to. I'll answer all letters. Write to Don Holmes #C-71000, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434. (84)

Death row prisoner wants chicks to correspond with, Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (85)

Not just another buckle: I made my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel, and it's handmade—about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a big ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price is ten bucks. Send cash or money order to Weed, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (86)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start your business. Send \$1 for catalog to S & W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (86)

Harley Riders: Large inventory stock & custom parts, complete repair service, used parts & motorcycles. Custom Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 47, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (314) 336-4900. (84)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders, June 1977. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Avenue, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (85)

Tattoo News—Beautiful photos of tattooed men and women and lively articles. Four issues, \$10. Box 780, Midtown Station, New York, N.Y. 10018. (85)

In prison and need to regain my trust in people. No phonies. Anita Patton, KCIW, Pewee Valley, Ky. 40056. (84)

Loser: You will always be my #1. I love you. Your M&M lady. (84)

Good-looking young lady wants tall biker to live, putt, and party with forever; not marriage. Call or write "Freedom" (501) 771-1467 or write 207 W. Military Dr., No. Little Rock, Ark. 72118. (84)

Stoney, you're the best, Love ya to the max. Sandie. (84)

For rent: 240-acre private farm, N.W. Montana, 100 miles from Spokane, Washington, \$250 monthly. John Tange, Box 208, Virginia City, Mont. 59755. (84)

Intelligent and free thinking? Would you like someone just to rap with? I would! I'm an inmate looking to communicate with that special kind of lady. I'm 27, 5'10", 160 lbs., long brown hair, blue eyes, beard, and 'stache. I pride myself on being a good dude, and if you think of yourself as special or unique, please write to Gil (Tex) Palmer #91985, Box C, M-12, Waupun, Wis. 53963. Will answer immediately and will exchange flicks! (84)

Make 10 gallons of great-tasting beer at home for less than \$10. Send \$2 to Beer, P.O. Box 81, E. Palestine, Ohio 44413. (84)

Back issues: #33 & #36 through #75 while they last, \$2 each plus postage. Write to Back Issues, P.O. Box 1211, Yucca Valley, Calif. 92284. (84)

Griz: Hope you had a happy birthday (2-21-80)! Here's to 32 more years of riding for you and the Bitch! Love, Morgan. (84)

Cheap pot. What were you smoking last summer? Tired of paying \$35 for a bag of seeds? Hawaiian quality homegrown. Top-quality homegrown. Top-quality sinsemilla. With this technique you can surpass the Californians. How to grow super sinsemilla—anywhere! Revolutionary! Bring production all back home. This is for real. Send \$25 to Phoenix Enterprises, Box 26, Fennville, Mich. 49408. (85)

Babe needed to write me; six months and I'm free. Need someone I can be with when I get out, who can help me forget this Texas hellhole. I'm 26, blond, blue-eyed, and sharp. If you are 18-30, pretty and together, send pictures and vitals; I'll do the same. Location no problem. Abram, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (84)

Lock Picking Illustrated, theory, techniques, and tools \$3.50. Catalog \$1. Money order or credit card only. Survival Books, 1106 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (213) 763-0804. In store or by mail. (84)

Lady Viper: What can I say? Thanx for settin' my soul free. Love ya, The Gretch. (84)

Rawhide: Thanks for your support thru hard times. Looking forward to more fine times. Love you, one day at a time. Easy. (84)

Bare-knucks fighter seeks opponents and/or correspondence with like-minded dudes. Reply to P.O. Box 5685, Evansville, Ind. 47715. (84)

Harley, Nazi, and SS banners upon request. For more info write NACC, P.O. Box 325, Reading, Pa. 19603. (84)

Tom: No matter how much I bitch, I still think you're the best ol' man a lady could have. Happy 5th anniversary, babe. I love you, Cindy. (84)

Gary: In the Delta with MP&L; get in touch. Glenn Whitfield with cablevision. (84)

—Continued on page 114

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the tree 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 **Ron Hammer**, a true bro who rode hard and died young. Ride high. J. Hahn.

In memory of **Frank Morgan**, T.R. and all the Harley riders in North Florida.

In memory of **Carla Spates**, who taught us the true meaning of the word "party." Dave, Don, Mike, and all of Lynn, Mass.

In memory of our easy rider friend **Laurie L. Williams**, a person everyone loved and admired. May her sunny smile remain with us forever.

In memory of "**Boo**" **Butler**, who departed this life in search of the truth of happiness. Ride on forever, brother. You are loved by all. Tom, Sharon, and Jason.

In memory of **Tony Hupp**. You lived free, rode hard, and died too young. You'll be in our hearts forever. We love you, Roland and Betty Gaye, Fairmount, W.Va.

In memory of **Jimmy "Vick" Vickers** and his scout "The Rain-runner." We will meet again. Suzie Q.

In memory of **Pete Munoz**. I wasn't your ol' lady when you OD'ed but I still love you. We all miss you. Diane Pioletti.

In memory of **John Meyers**, a oitchin', puttin' fool, like us all. May you putt your balls off in Harley Heaven. We love you, bro. Ride Free, Never Die. "Crittler."

In memory of **Curt "The Chemist" Martinez**, a bro who died in prison, but is now free to ride forever. Rada.

In memory of **Ronald Collins**. You lived life to the fullest but left too soon. From your brothers, Doug, Don, Mike, and Eddie.

In memory of "**Good Buddy**" **Banner**, a bro gone but not forgotten. Iron Range MC and friends.

In memory of "**Rags**," a true Wheel 15er, one righteous and the partyingest brother we had. You'll always be remembered. Bro Rebel-13, Wheels of Soul MC, Pa.

In memory of "**Big Bill**" **Matiyek**. You will always be remembered by your bro still riding in Port Hope, Canada.

To "**Cowboy**" **John Holtsman**. Yesterday's wine and the Sportsman's—memories of you live so strong, bro. It shouldn't have been that way! Spoons & Mumbles, Contra Costa County.

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 \$10.50 for twelve issues. (\$10.50 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.

Ladies, write and cheer up this down dude. **Johnny Houk** #219816, Ellis Unit, H-19, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

I've been down a while and sure could use some mail from a fine momma. **Robert Switzer**, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Ladies, take a little time and send a kite to a lonely bro. **Don Anderson**, Box B-35852, 1-E5, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

It gets mighty lonesome in here, ladies, so please drop me a line. **John Paul Brown**, Box B-31409, 1-E-20, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

I sure would like a friend or two to write to. **Roy Vicars**, Box B-35458, 1-W-9, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

I'm 23 and could really dig hearing from ladies of all ages out there in the free world. Send photo, too. **Garry D. Klecker** #26602, Box 7, 3-D919, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

This poor bro is wasting away and could use some letters to brighten his days. **Rick Coyle** #144794, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Lonely dude needs to hear from some hot chicks. **Robert Partridge** #835641-A-34-T, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

26-yr.-old bro needs someone sincere to write to. **George Phillips** #C-90220, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Could dig letters and photos from a fine momma 17-25. **Joey Trivett**, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Would like to hear from females who really have their shit together. **Fred Christie** #053795, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

I'm in jail with no mail. Ladies, please write. **Gene Safrist** #11057-13, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27105.

Ladies, help ease this terrible loneliness. **Timothy Lang** #77-C-572, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

31-yr.-old, good-lookin', long-lovin' dude would like some female-type scribes to help pass the time. **Larry D. Miller**, Box 2-7980, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

I'm 25, have 4 years to go, and I'm bummed out. I would like to hear from any ladies and will answer all. **Robert Rush** #K-1779, Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

Downed bro needs mail from the ladies. **James Petty** #244027, Ellis Unit, H-19, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

29-yr.-old, down 9 years, needs ladies to correspond with. Any age is fine. **Larry Allen** #C-032698, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

I'm 1800 miles down the road from everyone I know and sure could use a friend who would write. **William Lynd**, 300 W. Belknap, 6-E, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76102.

28 yrs. old and good-lookin'. Hey, ladies, how about some letters and pics? **Bill Dowds** #A-90282, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Any foxy young lady who writes to this lonely bro will get an answer. **Thomas Phillips** #A-86141, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

25 yrs. old, blue-eyed, blond, and lonely. Girls, write and help me through this time. **Charles Myer**, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

26-yr.-old Sagittarian, tall, bearded, and muscular, is looking for a fine, foxy ol' lady who has her act together. Please include photo. **Billy Latham** #11152-OS, Rt. 1, Box 140, Blanch, N.C. 27212.

Sicilian from San Diego is getting short and looking for an ol' lady who can dig roughing it in the country. **Tony Arra** #B-81025, Box 107, D-18, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

A letter from someone who cares would help me through this lonely time. Will answer all. **Alonzo Parker** #671-026618, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

This Teddy Bear is gonna be down a while and could use letters and photos from foxy ladies. **Ted Krystek** #148788, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Lonely dude down for the count needs letters and flicks from caring young ladies. All letters will be answered. **Tom Coke** #B-93681, Box 600, E-214, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

This is some lonely Florida time I'm doing. Won't you write and make it easier? **James Phillips** #051896, Box 221 (73-103), Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Lonely road tramp needs scripts from chicks. I'm doing hard time with no mail. **Paul DeVoe** #A-052441, Box 518, Zephyrhills, Fla. 33599.

Mountain man from Mississippi is doing 20 years and would like to hear from all fair ladies. **David Schwindling** #73779, Box 500, #12 Bks., Grady, Ark. 71644.

Why be bored, lonely, and unloved when you could be writing to me? **Phil Jones** #2659, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

If you love to ride and can handle a new friend, write to me. I'm already stashing for a new scooter and will remember you when I'm free. **Richard Simmons** #262594, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Retrieve Unit, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

Do ladies really love outlaws? Write to this southern Calif. tramp and find out what it's all about. **Jeff Burrows**, Box 97189, CTF-North (WA), Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Young scooter tramp is down with the blues and looking for a young lady 18-25 for a serious relationship. **Benjamin Hall** #C-00353, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

35-yr.-old Italian dude would like words and pics from foxy chicks. **Larry Noascono** #76295, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

I'm 42, down for 6, and would like to hear from ladies 35 and up. **Rugrats** okay. **Thomas Cloud** #294465, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Ladies, please help me ease this Florida time I'm doing. **William E. Milstead** #A-038102, A-11, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Doing a dime and could sure use some letters from a fine lady. **Douglas Rushford** #109892, Rt. 2, B.C.C., Bland, Va. 24315.

I'll be out in the next year, so write now and we can get acquainted. **Bob Benson** #8371/A-221, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

I'm 35, love bikes, skin diving, dancing, and partying down. Would like to hear from a lady 22-39 who's down-to-earth and likes the same things. **David A. Adkinson** #067310, B-45-B, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

25-yr.-old Leo is looking for scribes from sincere, open-minded ladies. **Basil Kyles** #12536, B-42, P.O. Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Down and anxious to give something smoking and different. Curious, sugar? **A.K.A. Alkali** #77A-4149, SHU 14-1-6, Box B, Danemora, N.Y. 12929.

Got a minute, honey? Share it with this 21-yr.-old freebird, who's temporarily a jailbird. **Mark Brown**, Box 238, Oregon, Wis. 53375.

Lonely prisoner would love some mail from nasty-assed Harley bitches. **Mike Flanagan**, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Doing lonely time. Ladies, please write. All answered. **William Roberts** #066576, A-70, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

This lonesome, party-lovin' Cajun needs letters and pics from sweet honeys. **Bill Lalanee** #87170, Camp H. Unit 2, Angola, La. 70712.

I could really dig corresponding with a fun-loving chick. **Danny Kord** #A-90689, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

This long-haired loner is down and out. Would like to hear from some caring ladies. All answered. **Mark Pettit** #75905, 900 Milldale Rd., Cheshire, Conn. 06410.

26-yr.-old bro with blue eyes is down and looking for photos and letters. **John Hartley** #79A1309, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

Been down so long that I really need correspondence to bolster my confidence before I get out. **Dewey Tyler** #113215, Rt. #1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

Lonely lady is incarcerated and would love to hear from some honest dudes—no games. Please send photos. All answered. **Doris Willoughby**, K.C.I.W., Dorm B, Box 2125, Peewee Valley, Ky. 40056.

I'm 19 and lonely. Won't some nice dude drop me a line and send a flick? **Brenda Lee Reed**, K.C.I.W., Dorm B, Box 2208, Peewee Valley, Ky. 40056.

Open and sincere males, please cheer up this lonely 25-yr.-old lady. Will answer all. Send photo. **Carol Jarvis**, K.C.I.W., Box 2160, Peewee Valley, Ky. 40056.

30-yr.-old, blond, blue eyes, needs to hear from good ladies. **Karl Mueller** #B-67477, Box AE, Rm. 6261, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

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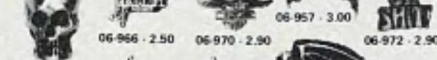
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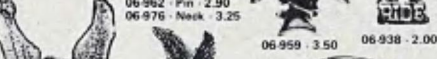
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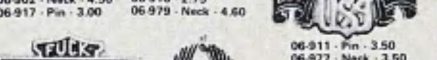
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06-902 - Neck - 4.50 06-910 - 2.75 06-977 - Neck - 3.50



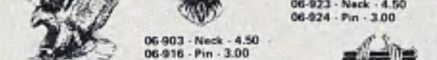
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06-945 - 3.00 06-903 - Neck - 4.50 06-916 - Pin - 3.00 06-923 - Neck - 4.50 06-924 - Pin - 3.00



06-941 - 3.00 06-946 - 2.75 06-943 - Pin - 2.00 06-944 - Neck - 3.95



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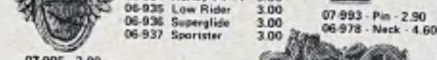
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06-908 - 3.00 06-925 - Neck - 3.00 06-926 - Pin - 4.00



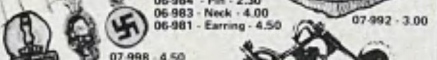
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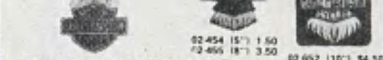
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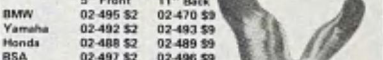
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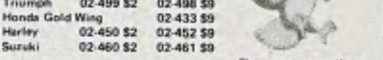
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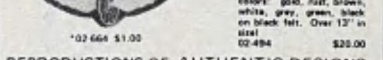
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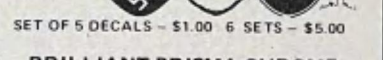
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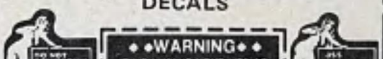
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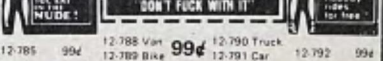
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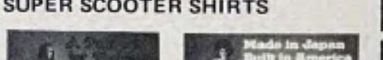
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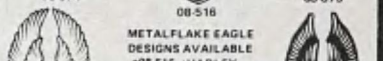
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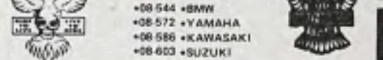
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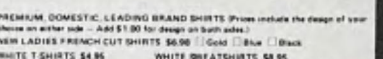
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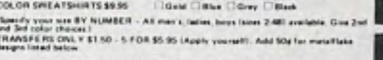
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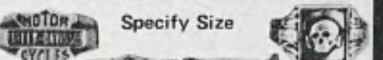
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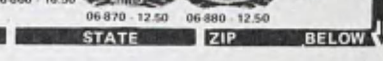
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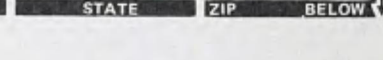


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A Good Bottle

—Continued from page 77

flexively and shot a sharp jab, with his free hand, that caught me square in the lip and sent me to the floor. I lifted myself back onto the chair and stared back into his glassy eyes in search of some sign of consciousness. I felt the blood trickle down my chin.

After what seemed like a lifetime of silence, I reached in the knapsack I always carry and pulled out the sealed bottle of Jack Daniel's. Rupe and I always liked Jack Daniel's. Oh, sometimes we'd drink Wild Turkey, but usually it was Jack. It's funny, we could talk for hours about why one whiskey was better than another, and nothing we said could ever have made a shitball of sense to anybody else in the world, but somehow we had this way of communicating feelings without maybe saying the right words. I thought about how it is with people you really love—all the groovy, funky, scary ways that things go down between you. I took a hard swallow and passed the bottle to Rupe. Both his hands were shakin' but he reached out and took it. For a moment, he just held it in his fist, still wearing the same ghostly stare, but finally he lifted it to his lips, sucked out a mouthful, and passed it back. It was a start.

We must have passed that bottle back and forth a half-dozen times without saying anything. The burning I felt each time I raised the bottle to my split lip reminded me that the best thing I could do was just be there. Finally, Rupert broke the silence himself. "She was p-pregnant," he stammered. As he spoke, his face showed its first trace of expression. I could see a tear well up in the corner of his eye. "Man, she was gonna have my baby. . . my fuckin' blood. . . mine." He shook his head and beat the revolver on the table. *Blam!* The thing went off accidentally, ripping a hole through the plaster behind my seat. He released his grip on it and put both palms on the table.

I hadn't known. Shit, the guy was my



"I liked your pubic hair better where it was."

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We've been working on these scarves for over a year now. We wanted the best. And we wanted this scarf to be as useful and comfortable as it is sharp-looking. We think we've succeeded and plan to add more designs in the future. This warm-riding scarf is over five feet long and eight inches wide. And we can't let them go for any less than \$9.75, plus 75c postage and handling.

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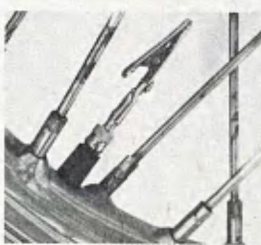
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This 16 in. by 20 in. reproduction of motorcycle art was published in England in 1927. It is in full color and printed on heavy stock suitable for framing. This is a class vintage piece of bike art which will stand out on any wall.

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best friend... my brother. He must have just found out that Gemma was gonna have his kid. So much love, man! There was so much love in that fucking guy. He must have been zoomin' above the clouds when he learned he was gonna be a father. I wished I could somehow take some of the pain that was torturing him.

He took a swig of the Jack Daniel's and passed the bottle back to me. "Why is it that I hurt the people I love?" he moaned. "You were there, Duck. You heard her ask me all those times to take her home. Now she's dead, and it's all on me." He choked on the words and covered his face so I wouldn't see.

"Rupe, you can't blame yourself for what happened. It was a bunch of wild kids, reckless operation, drunk—it's all in the police records!"

"No-o," Rupert sobbed. "She was my woman! That was my kid. I had a responsibility. I didn't listen to her." His eyes reached out to me for the first time all night. "Duck, I just can't face myself!"

I ran my palms nervously over the whiskey bottle. Never had I felt such a need to find just the *right* words.

"Rupe," I began cautiously, "I don't know why things go down the way they do. It seems like sometimes dudes can be real shits, but their Hogs always start for them on the first kick. Another dude, well, he's a straight shooter most of the time, but suddenly his whole world caves in and he just don't deserve that shit at all. It should be the other cat. But, Rupe, we all hurt folks we care about sometimes. I ain't no philosopher. I don't know why it is that sometimes the punishment has got to be so much worse than the crime, but maybe it's 'cause life is so short. I guess The Man is sayin' that we got to learn to tune in to each other, got to keep tryin' and not make the same mistakes over again."

Rupert sat still now. We were both a little fuzzy from the whiskey, which was half gone. The hour was late, after midnight, and the house was quiet. I got up and put a record on with the volume



"Nothing, thanks— just reminiscing."

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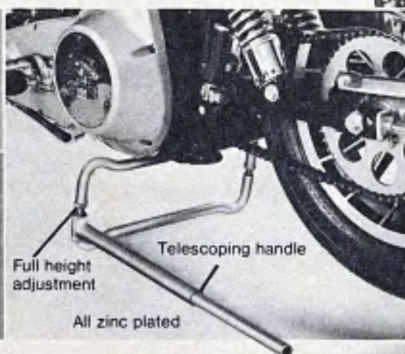
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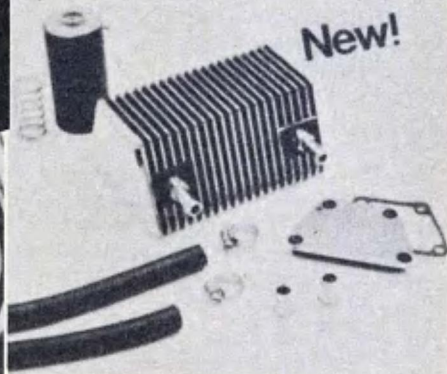
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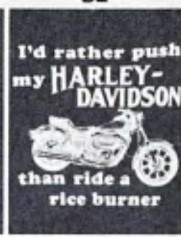
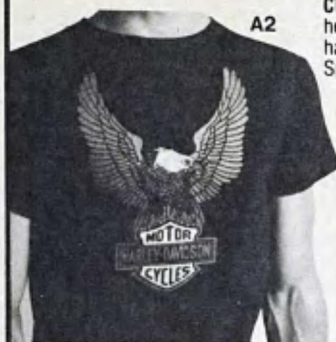
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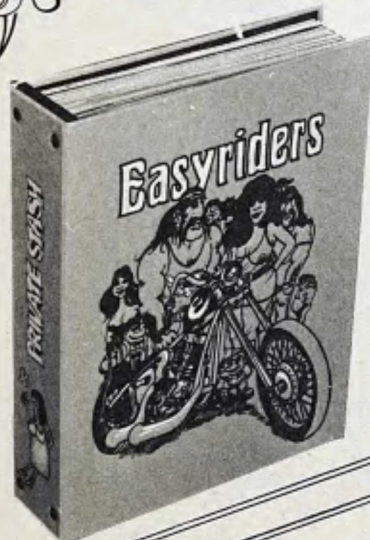
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down low. Dylan—"Blowin' in the wind." I sat back down and took the bottle from Rupert's extended hand.

"I'm sorry I hit you, Duck."

"Yeah, I know you are."

Silence.

"Duck, do you remember the time we tried to make it to the coast on our scoots?"

"Shit, how could I ever forget? All the crazy pissin' around we did on that trip." I took a gulp, my biggest yet, and passed the bottle back.

"Two flat tires, a blown head gasket, the little old lady outside the cafe in Springfield, Missouri, who wouldn't let us go till one of us gave her a ride!" Rupert laughed softly and rubbed his red eyes.

"Took us five days just to get to Kansas," I joked. "We could have made better time on a couple of ten-speed bicycles!"

"Kansas—shit, remember our big plan? We were gonna do that mesq we'd been hoardin' and then ride all night to the Rockies. Instead of ridin', we spent five hours bullshittin' in that wayside and then romped around the prairie all night, howlin' like baby coyotes." Rupe was looking more himself now, when suddenly the ghost returned to his face, and I knew why. "I guess maybe you don't want to talk much about the rest of the trip, huh, Duck?"

Denver. After the storm. Spots on her windshield. Sun in her eyes. Left turn. Never saw me, she said. I know. I leaned over the table and drunkenly clasped Rupert's right hand. I knew I was getting skittery, but my thoughts were still clear. "If it's my leg you're jukin' around, I don't mind talkin' about it. That was a rough time, but we made it. After they amputated my foot, and I was left with all them broken bones and infection, I got delirious. I kept wishin' I would die. Man, I would've, but I kept feelin' you squeezin' my hand. All night long. I couldn't see you, but I felt you squeezin'. You wouldn't let me die!"

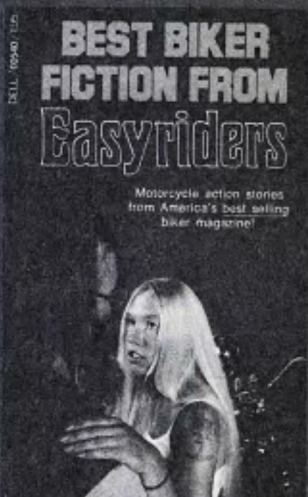
"Yer my bro, Duck."

"And yer mine."

We sat in silence another five minutes or so with our hands still clasped together. I know that both our heads were spinning at that point. I could see daylight starting to peek through the kitchen window as I handed the bottle over one more time. There were only a few swallows left in it. Rupert sucked on it and then set it back down with a louder thud than he'd intended. He grimaced exaggeratedly and stared at the label while still clutching the nearly empty container. "Y'know," he mumbled with just a trace of slobber, "I don't know why, but I always liked Jack Daniel's better'n Wild Turkey."

It was a good bottle of whiskey. ■

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Man's Purse?

—Continued from page 51

enough to join the U.S. Marines. So much for nostalgia.

I don't know why, but I suddenly flashed back on a piece I'd read in a *National Geographic* by some lady anthropologist studying chimpanzees in Africa. I'd been so impressed with what she'd written that I'd even bothered to remember her name, Goodall, and the term she'd used to describe how the chimps tried to intimidate one another before getting it on, "displaying," and how man does this more than any other animal. I also remember flashing on that fucking shoulder bag this clown was hanging onto for dear life. It was just big enough to conceal a nine millimeter. Well, I sure hated to disappoint Ms. Goodall, but I just dropped my head a bit and sheepishly walked over to the dude ranting and raving in front of me, and when I got close enough, I put a big old stupid smile on my face, and, without saying a word, stuck out my hand for a big old friendly handshake.

Well, I guess this big-mouthed fucker had been through a lot of tight shit before—but nothing like this. He continued "displaying" for a moment and then settled to just scolding me like I was a truant child or something, and then he reached out real friendly-like to take my warm, friendly handshake. With the stupid smile still on my face, I tried to pull disco duck's right arm out of its socket, and with the middle two knuckles of my left hand I tried to smear his ugly nose all over his equally ugly face. Just as a precaution, mind you, I snatched the jerk's purse away from him as soon as possible, threw it out of reach, and then began to methodically get his heart right.

As any brother who's ever ridden even as much as six inches on his beloved rat knows, when you're having a jam-up honey of a good time—look out—the sky's about to fall on you. And indeed I was enjoying myself, that is until my dance partner's buddy, whom I'd never



"I'm warming up your lunch!"

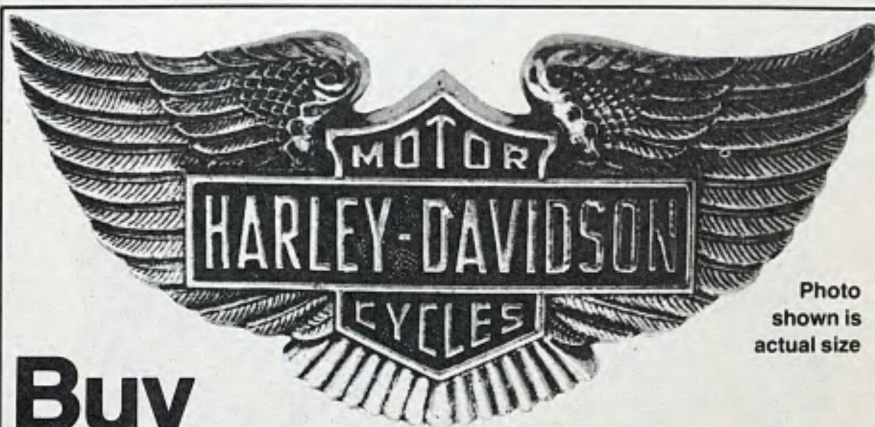


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seen, ran around the tiger-topped canary and popped me with something much harder than my head, which will easily go a good 75 on the Rockwell scale, right behind my left ear. I didn't go down, but I did stumble back a couple of steps to consider the merits of my present endeavors. The sky was full of those little pinholes with the sun shining through them and there was a healthy ringing in both my ears, which I thought was strange, considering he'd only hit me behind the one ear.

I shook off most of my confusion and tried to finish off the scene in the proper manner. I sent messages to my feet to hurry and catch those two fuckers before the one who'd clubbed me had time to load his buddy back into the El Doo, but my feet seemed to be stuck in shit or something. I got to the pimpmobile just as they began to burn away, snatched the door open, but couldn't get the driver dislodged before he was careering across the lot, dragging me with him. I let go just as the tub came to the exit drive and rolled against some tall hedges that separated Standard Oil's prized retail establishment from a shallow ditch that ran alongside it.

I slowly picked myself up and walked back to the pumps where my scooter lay disfigured by the five-thousand-pound disco rocket. I sat down on the curb to ponder which brother I could call to bring a truck and help cart the pieces home. Hell, I could damn near put the good ones in my pockets and just walk home. That's when I realized the ringing in my ears had changed to a wailing and was coming from an approaching pigmobile, not from my head. Some asshole had called the cops—wouldn't you know it? Knowing no pig was going to pull a call to the scene of a fight involving a brother without thoughts of making a bust, I decided I'd better clean up. I tossed an ounce of good Colombian in a tight-fitting plastic pouch and a fine little one-handed knife over beyond the hedges into the ditch. I figured that if they didn't run me in, I could go stomp down

—Continued on page 89



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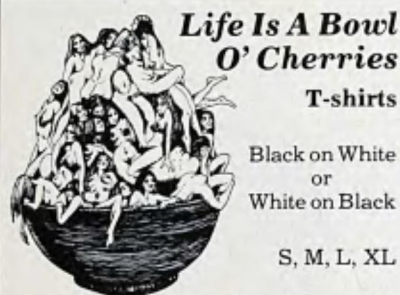
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Man's Purse?

—Continued from page 86

the weeds at the bottom of the dry ditch
until I found my stash.

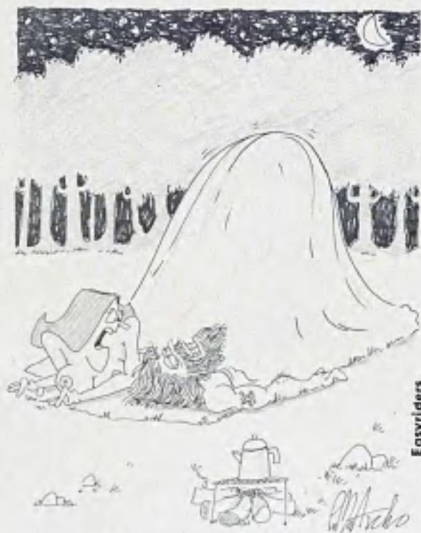
As I sat there looking about, I saw the
damn purse I'd torn off the dancin' dude
lying at the foot of the premium pump.
Picking it up just as the wailing pig wagon
came into sight a block away, I thought
what the hell and tossed it in the ditch, too.

For some reason, I was in no mood to
suck ass with the two fat-butted bulls who
insisted on referring to my pedigree and
the fact that my parents weren't married
when I was born. As a result, their careful
investigation revealed I had committed
the unspeakable crime of disorderly con-
duct by allowing my rat to be run down in
the lot of a Pig Oil service station, and
thereupon proceeded to rid society of this
newly discovered menace. After reflecting
that I had once aspired to be a cop, but was
rejected when I passed the literacy test, I
got to ride downtown on the floorboard of
the black-and-white with a size-fourteen
brogan beside my head. Needless to say,
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the embarrassment of being seen by my
friends in the company of these two
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two-fifty or seven days. Knowing all too
well that the entire criminal justice system
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from the pussysassed sheep that put up
with it, I decided to kick back, eat the city's
red beans and gummy rice, and see just
how much I could piss and moan and bitch
at them in the next seven days.

* * *

After tearing up the ol' lady's puss all
night and the better part of a day, my
thoughts began to turn to my ride. I finally
found it at one of those commercial-
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the last few shekels out of us good-



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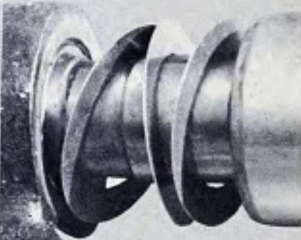


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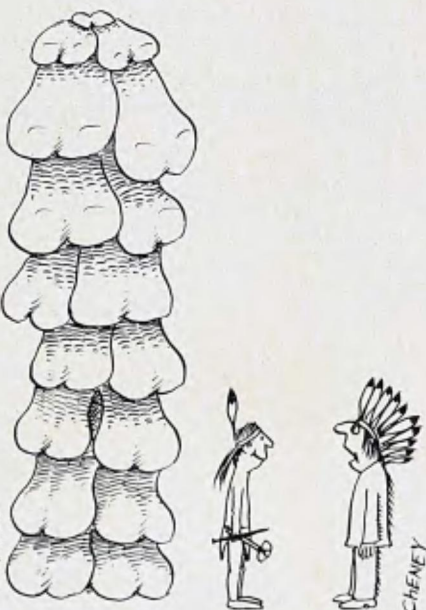
Box 2794, Culver City,
California 90230 Dept. C
(213) 397-3195 After 5 p.m.



natured but downtrodden masses. I trucked the old rat home and started right in trying to straighten things out. Now, the old gal ain't never been a show bike, but I did like to keep the bright-'n'-shiny looking bright-'n'-shiny. Dead away, a new paint job was a must, but I figured it was about ready for a topnotch lace job, anyway. Most of the damage was confined to the front end. As it wound up, it took all my unemployment check and two my ol' lady drew to get the needed parts, and a couple of days of busting knuckles and sucking brew to put me back in the wind. The paint would just have to wait until the rainy season and finances allowed.

Well, things going the way they sometimes go, a couple of days later I was tooling down the Interstate, headed for one of my favorite pit stops, when I noticed the Pig Oil station up ahead where my putt had been so violently customized. About the same time, I remembered it hadn't rained in the past two weeks, so the chances of my stash being in the ditch should be pretty good.

I slid on past the station, over a small bridge across the ditch of my interest, and turned into the parking lot of a new church with a funny-sounding name I'd never heard before. Hell, every man's got to have his hustle. I parked under the only tree on the otherwise empty lot—slow day in the God business, I figured. I always like to be considerate to the pigeons and park right under their roost like that; then they can shit on my seat without having to leave the comforts of home to hunt me down. I walked across the lot and lined up with the spot from which I'd thrown the package from the service area of the gas station, which was now directly across the ditch from where I stood. I walked down the gently sloped bank of the ditch and guesstimated it to be twelve feet or so deep, with not a drop of water in the bottom. I was reflecting on the fact this



"I'll be damned... a scrotum pole."

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Motor Mounts

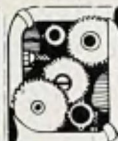
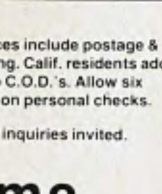
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onesome MFG

Lonesome MFG P.O. Box 20619 Sacramento Calif., 95820

was one of our state's better pork-barreling boondoggles—a whole network of ditches twelve feet deep which, four or five times a year when it really comes down, have a good three feet of water in them—as I stomped around in the knee-high weeds, looking for my little red plastic stash pouch.

I found the stash bag right off because it hadn't been heavy enough to work its way down through the weeds and out of sight. So I figured what the hell—I was in no rush and luck was undoubtedly with me since I'd found the smoke that quickly, so I might as well stay on a while and look for the trusty little blade I'd carried all those miles. I'd thrown the two at the same time, but the knife being heavier by a bit, I figured it had carried a little farther. The pouch had been about halfway down the slope of the ditch from the station side, so I looked real close all around that spot, and on down into the bottom, and then halfway up the other side—but still no knife.

Fuck! I decided to give it a few minutes more, so I went back to where I'd found the pouch and started working my way up the bank. And lo and behold, I found the shoulder bag! I hefted it a moment and remembered how I had come by it. In the bright, clear sun of mid-morning I undid the clasp and peeked inside. There were only two objects hiding in there, but I'll readily admit I was impressed with both. I first withdrew a roll of bills, not a horse-choker, but a comfortable handful rolled tight, with a large rubber band, like you get on the Sunday paper, wrapped several times around the roll. I leafed through it—three hundreds, twenty-four fifties (always liked them fifties for some reason), and eighteen twenties. I sat down in the overgrown weeds, my head barely visible above the tallest ones, and extracted a heavy, green zip-lock bag folded twice to fit in the small purse. I pried open the miracle plastic zipper and peered in at what later weighed in at two and a quarter ounces of the finest Peruvian rock ever to find its way down out of the Andes.

Never did find that knife. ■



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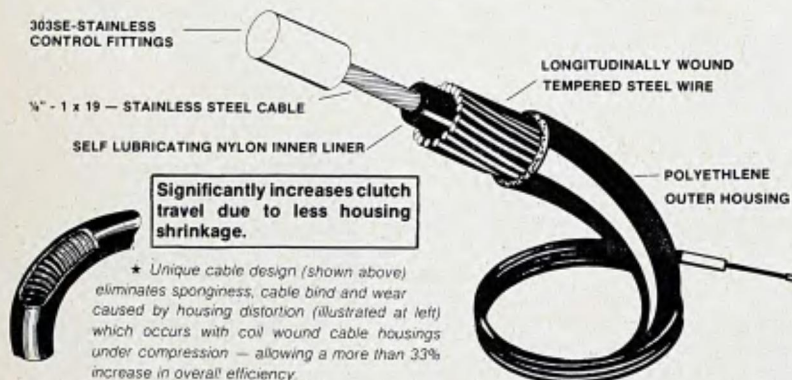
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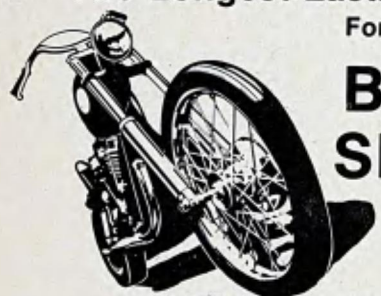
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Collector's Item

—Continued from page 18

He had a pale, handlebar mustache and full, sensuous lips, and his arms, which hung bare from the shoulders of his cutoff, were strong, muscular, and free of blemishes. He had a small waist, and his Levi's, although holed here and there from battery acid and lighted cigarettes, hugged his small, firm ass as though they had been sprayed on.

Ralph was big. He was big up and he was big out. He had the arms of a gorilla and the firm, square jaw of a bull. He was barrel-chested and long of leg, and he had a bulge that made girls gasp. His black hair glowed as if freshly shampooed, and it hung to his shoulders in a smooth cascade. His short, black beard and dark eyes gave him the look of a beautiful demon. In short, their looks were seventy-five percent of the game, and between the two of them, there were few rules to follow. First was first, and if one scored and the other didn't—well, there was laughter between them until they reached the next town.

Carl awakened slowly, breathing first a sigh of relief that no nightmares had plagued his sleep, then jumping out of bed quickly to wonder at whatever sound had awakened him. He dressed quickly and threw open the door to Ralph's room. Ralph was gone.

Even before Carl reached the garage, he knew that he'd been out-foxed again. Ralph's bike was gone, and Carl's Harley sat in the middle of the dimly lighted garage with both wheels removed and the magneto lying on the bench, next to a hastily-scribbled note that read:

Follow the trail, dude. I've gone cherry pickin'. You can have all the stems and seeds. I'll meet you in Moline in a month.

Carl picked up an empty beer can and heaved it against the wall, cursing. He quickly checked his scooter to see if Ralph had done anything else to slow down his departure, and when he assured himself that all was in order, he leaned against the work bench and grinned. "What a prick," he said. "What a fuckin' prick of a buddy." He went to work putting things back together.

It was almost midday when he finally located the tools Ralph had hidden, and coming on dusk when the bike was back to-



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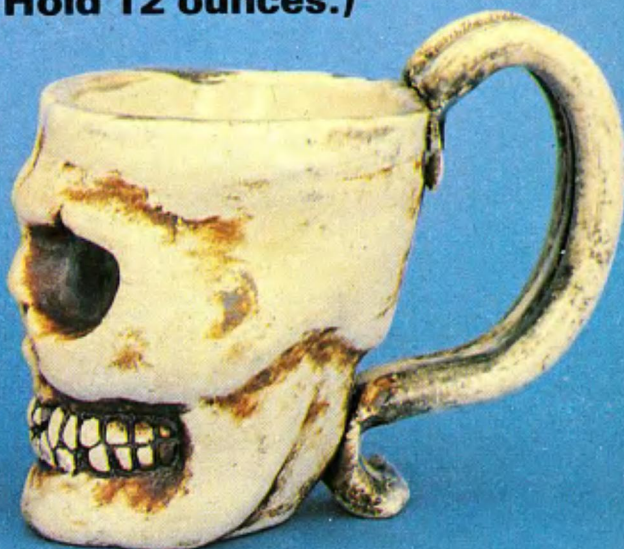
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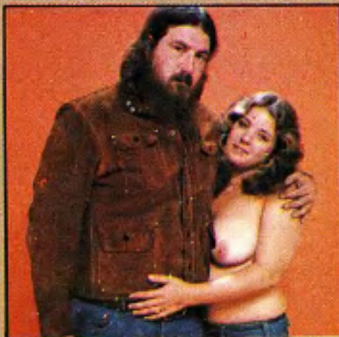
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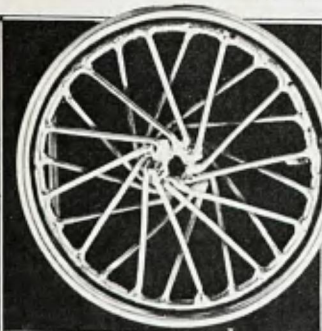
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gether, so he allowed Ralph a full day's head start before taking off. The following morning, with bedroll and gear neatly tied to the sissy bar, he thundered out of town in pursuit of his friend.

Carl followed the route that he and Ralph had spent the winter laying out, but he traveled another hundred miles beyond his planned destination before stopping for the night. They had chosen seldom-used roads and state thoroughfares, rather than the national highways crowded by tourists, so his first stop found him in a tiny Arizona town, late in the afternoon. A few Indians dotted the main drag, gazing at him warily as he putted down toward a flashing neon sign that advertised the only bar in sight. He backed his bike up against the curb, kicked it through until it was on the compression stroke, in case a quick getaway became the order of the day, and went inside.

There were only six patrons in the place, and all turned to eye him as he entered. One and all, they wore Stetson hats and cowboy boots, hard faces, cold stares, and an instant air of dislike. Carl's first swallow of cold beer went down like gravel.

When some time had passed, and he hadn't knifed anyone, lit up a mary-ju-wanna cigarette, or pissed in the spittoon, the other patrons went back to whatever they'd been doing before he entered, and when no girls appeared—even though it was now closing on midnight—Carl ventured to inquire of the bartender if his friend, Ralph, had been by this way.

"You friend of that scum?" a tall, lanky, ferocious-looking cowboy asked, slowly getting off his bar stool.

"Well," Carl answered, a bit nervously. He could see that he was vastly outnumbered, and the eyes that now glared at him were like the dark muzzles of half a dozen revolvers. "I just know the prick, an' I heard he was comin' this way. I'm lookin' for him, too, so don't nobody get hot. What'd he do?"

"Fucked my little sister," the bulldogger answered. He looked like he could bite a cannonball in two. "She's home cryin' right now, an' ya cain't blame an ex-virgin for that."

"Listen," Carl said quickly, getting off the stool and throwing a couple of dollars on the bar, hoping that the extravagance would prove some distraction, "if I find that dirty rat I'll come back by here an' let ya know what I done to him." He made a hasty exit.

The bike fired on the first kick, and as Carl cleared town, he looked back to see all six cowpokes, arms akimbo, watching his rapid departure.

"Oh, that sonofabitch," he shouted into the wind. He laughed all the way to the next stop.

Ralph had left a clear trail, there was no doubt about that. Every place that Carl stopped, there was someone who was very excited about getting his hands on Ralph. In one bar, the pretty barmaid, a big-titted blonde with two black eyes, refused to serve Carl—and a man who was apparently her husband crushed his beer glass in his hand the minute Carl entered the place. Good ol' Ralph!

On the fifth day of his travels, after following a zigzag course down country roads, Carl ended his day of riding and pursuit by stopping in a small town in the mountains. He had ridden through forests for more than

two hours before stopping, and in a valley just beyond a broad, blue lake, he had come upon a town so small that it wasn't even listed on the map from which they had drawn their path of seduction and pleasure.

At the top of the mountain, before coming down into the valley, Carl had stopped to rest his tired arms and to take a leak. The wind was blowing and it was cold, and he had shuddered as the warmth fled from his body. He had stood in the growing darkness and listened to the wind as it blew through the treetops, and he'd thought, for just a moment, that he heard faraway voices calling. Lost voices—like the cries of children—coming to him on the wind, and there flashed through his memory a chilling reminder of his dream. What was it? He had shaken his head and gone on, but something still nagged at his memory as he rode down into the dimly lighted town.

The warmth of the small saloon seemed like paradise at this altitude. Summer was here, to be sure, but even so, nights were chilly. It was dark inside the bar—so dark, in fact, that he could barely make out the faces of the men grouped at the far end. Carl assumed it to be camaraderie that caused the seven or eight patrons to group there. He felt braver this time and determined to see through whatever events might happen in an effort to catch up with Ralph, the sly bastard who had out-foxed him once too often. So far, Ralph had destroyed any chance he might have of scoring, and he had to run on a parallel with his friendly foe, or he would spend the summer in what might be called a fuckless condition. He walked along the bar with an air of self-assurance and sat down next to an old man who was nursing a warm bottle of Coors. He ordered a bottle of the same, and slowly drank most of it, sitting in silence with the others.

Finally, one of the men began talking about what the sheep range was going to be like, and whether or not the lambs would do good this year, and Carl, encouraged by the lessening tension, nudged the old man next to him.

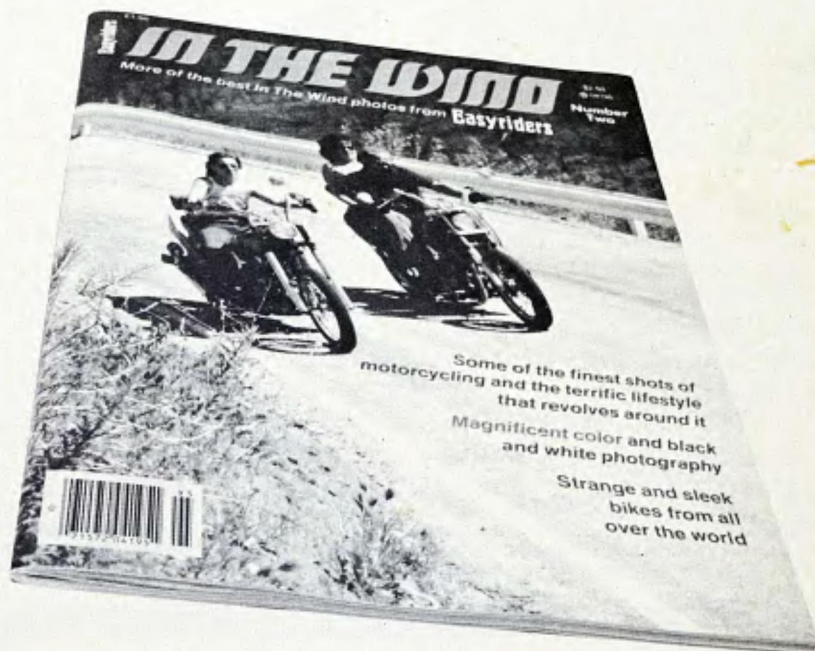
"I don't mean to interrupt," he said, "but



"I just can't stand the taste of these postage stamps."

WIND

Number Two



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THE TOUGH GET TOUGHER

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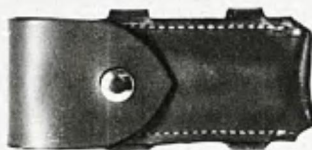
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 Dealer Inquiries Invited On Your Letterhead

I've been trailing a guy on a motorcycle—a big dude with a beard. Has he been through here? I mean," he added, "he ain't really a friend or nothin', but I got somethin' I want to talk to him about."

The old man looked frightened for a second, and Carl noticed that the others seemed to rise slightly in their seats, as if something obscene had been said.

Not really looking around, but with a motion of the head toward one corner of the bar, the old man said, "She seen 'im."

Carl turned his head and, for the first time, he noticed a woman sitting in a far corner of the room. He squinted, adjusting his vision to the darkness, and then he suppressed a gasp, wondering why his senses had not alerted him to her presence when he'd entered. It just wasn't like him to miss something like that.

Carl had covered a lot of territory in his twenty-odd years. He was a fucker, and a good one. He was so adept at giving face that the recipients of his art often curled up in a ball, clutching their knees, for a long time after he had finished, and cried their hearts out in gratitude and begged him for one more go at it. He had seen beautiful women, handsome women, run-of-the-mill women, but he was not prepared for this one—especially in a place like this.

In the corner of the room, sitting in semi-darkness, sat the most beautiful woman Carl had ever seen. She was so beautiful, in fact, that a tremor of fear ran through his body. The moment his eyes fell on her, he felt trapped. It was as though steel jaws had snapped closed on him, pressing his stomach in and making him take a deep, sudden breath.

The young woman sat at the table with a glass of red wine before her. Her hair, somewhere between blonde and auburn, was swept to one side so that it hung down the front of her thin blouse in voluminous waves, and through that blouse could be seen the outline of small, pointed breasts, both nipples erect. He could not see the rest of her body, since the table hid that view; but he could see her feet, which were shod in soft moccasins with little trailing tassels, such as Indian maidens wear to ward off devils.

Beside her feet, half a yard to one side, sat a monkey.

Carl cast a quick glance back at the men at the bar. None of them looked at either him or the woman, but one of them, a thin man with pimples on his face, looked down at his drink and said softly, "She ain't no good. Ask her about your friend." Carl returned his gaze to her.

She was beautiful, there was no disputing that fact. Whatever he had seen at first in her was still there. She was, indeed, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He looked down at the monkey.

The creature had a tormented look, although there was neither collar nor chain attached to it, and it seemed reluctant to move any great distance away from her. She tapped her foot once, and the monkey, as though by verbal command, leaped to her side to embrace her leg with its arm and prehensile tail. It whimpered slightly, and then was still.

Carl noticed for the first time that her eyes were on him. He wondered if she had been watching him since his arrival. So bold was her stare that he began to feel a warm glow

rising inside his body. Her eyes were dark and deep and hypnotic. He had seen them before—somewhere. But where?

The monkey moved, distracting Carl's attention. One of the creature's hands moved slowly up the woman's leg, beneath the table. She looked down at it, said something softly, and it leaped away from her, twittering like a wounded bird. Its eyes, one of which was swollen and half-closed as from an injury, protruded in abject fear. After a moment, the twittering subsided to a low, pitiful moan. Carl got off his bar stool and went over to sit at the table beside her.

"Have you seen my friend?" he asked. "A big dude with a beard."

"Yes," she answered. "He was here. He—went on."

What a sly, lucky bastard, Carl thought. "He said you'd be coming," the woman added. "He said I should be nice to you." The monkey began to screech. It leaped in the air and waved its arms, but it moved no farther away from her than it had been. It was as if it were attached to an invisible chain. The woman snapped her fingers, and the monkey fell silent. It sprawled on the floor, arms and legs spread wide, as if falling from some great height.

"Why don't you come with me now?" she asked, and for the first time, she smiled. "My name is Tara." Her teeth were a dentist's dream, white and even between her full and luscious lips. She stood up and went out into the night, the monkey following behind on all fours, submissively and without command.

"This is mine," Tara said, pointing. A dozen paces from his own bike sat a sleek Harley 45. It was a woman's bike, sensuous in design, slender, light and dark in color, with a thin spiderweb design of gold on all its painted surfaces. He wondered why he had not seen it when he arrived, then forgot all wonder and turned to thoughts of passion and seduction as she straddled the seat and fired it up. The monkey, again without command, leaped up to cling to her breast, nuzzling its face in her cleavage, its eyes closed.



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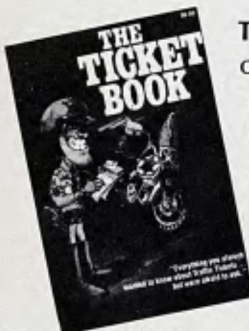
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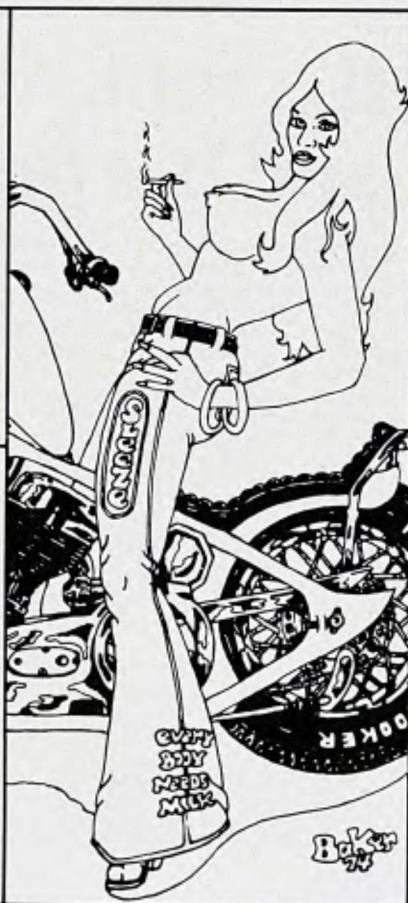
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They rode fast, Tara leading. A mile out of town, she turned off on a side road and followed a smooth dirt road for a mile before leaving the forest and entering a clearing, in the center of which sat a large house.

It had been a great house once, with gingerbread molding, a wooden porch that ran halfway around, and rounded windows that stood out, buttressed beneath with carved wooden figures of men. Carl followed her inside.

There was a huge fireplace, and as soon as they entered, the monkey dashed to one side of the flaming maw and crawled up on a T-shaped stand. Another stood empty, at the other end of the mantle.

"Sit down," Tara said, pointing to a large sofa that sat before the fire, "and I'll get some wine."

Carl pulled off his boots while she was out of the room. He lay back and felt the warmth of the fire on his feet, and he gazed at the monkey. It watched him with black, beady eyes in a black, pinched face. The creature was hunched up, its red, swollen testicles sticking out behind. Once, it touched them gingerly with one wrinkled paw, and whimpered. It scratched the back of its head with a foot, then sat staring at him, both hands clasped under its black chin. Its penis hung down long and flaccid, looking raw and painful.

Tara came back and sat down beside Carl. She handed him a glass of cool wine, and he drank half before thanking her.

"Watch," she whispered sensuously as they sat close together on the sofa. She snapped her fingers twice, and the monkey twittered pitifully, but it obeyed whatever command she had given. It turned to face them, and then, with one slender hand, it hesitantly began to masturbate.

The monkey stroked slowly at first, and then it speeded up the tempo. Carl glanced at Tara. Her eyes were glassy—excited. She put a hand in his lap and began to fondle him, squeezing, kneading, until she achieved a response. With her other hand, she undid the buttons of her blouse, one at a time. It fell away, revealing small, firm, pointed breasts with upstanding nipples like granite pebbles. And then he fell on her voraciously.

The dream came again. Carl cried out, and the sound of his own voice brought him awake.

"Awake at last, huh, you fucker," Ralph's voice said in the darkness. The fire in the fireplace was low, and only flickering lights danced on the walls of the room.

"What a fuckin' dream," Carl said. And then he raised his head and saw the fireplace, and he knew that he was still in Tara's house. "Hey! How the fuck did you get here? God-dam!" he said. "Wait a minute, I'll call the broad and have her fix us something to eat."

"Don't!" Ralph cried softly, but with fear in his voice. "If you do she'll come in here and make us jerk off again. My cock's so sore I can't stand to touch it."

"What the fuck you talkin' about, man?" Carl said, laughing, but as he swung himself up onto his perch by the mantle, he knew. He knew!

Helmets in Courts

—Continued from page 31

whether the discrimination complained of constituted a denial of Fourteenth Amendment rights or not was whether the discrimination was unreasonable or invidious. In this case the distinction drawn between motorcyclists and other operators was held to be reasonable. Though it did not specify the reasoning justifying the distinction, the court did point out that such distinction was evident. This argument has been raised in many of the constitutional challenges, but there have as yet been no state helmet statutes declared unconstitutional by an appellate court on equal protection grounds.

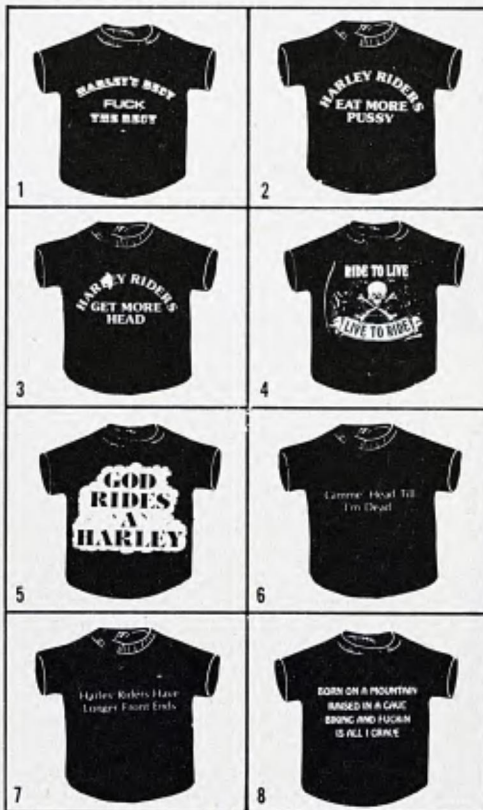
In at least one case a Ninth Amendment argument was successfully used to render a state helmet law unconstitutional. In the case of *American Motorcycle Association v. Davis* (supra, fn. 6), the A.M.A. successfully argued that the Michigan helmet statute violated not only due process guarantees, but Ninth Amendment rights as well. The Ninth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution provides: "The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." This "reserved powers clause" was equated by Justice Goldberg in the Griswold case with the right "to be let alone." The A.M.A. argued that this helmet statute violated that right in that it infringed individual liberty though there was no compelling public interest in doing so. The court held that it was not required to "stretch its imagination to find a relationship to the public health, safety, and welfare." The court found that such a relationship must be readily apparent to support a police regulation. In this case the helmet statute was found to bear no real and substantial relationship to the public health, safety, morals, or general welfare.

In addition to the due process, equal protection, and right to privacy theories discussed above, another legal argument has been used to attack these statutes. This argument is based on charges that the statute is invalid because of vagueness, that most of the states have adopted the UVC form of statute, which does not specifically describe what type of helmet is required, but leaves the description to the director or commissioner of some state agency. In the case of *Cesin v. State of Florida*, 288 So.2d 473 (1974),



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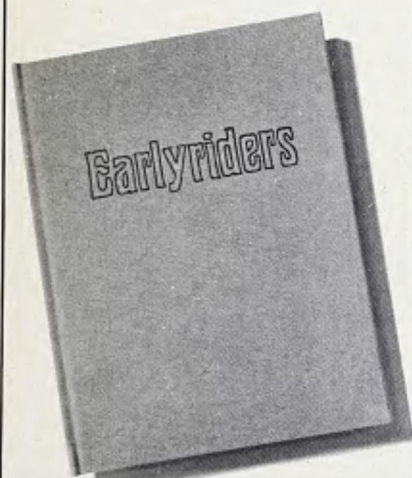
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appellant Michael Cesin argued that this failure to specify the requirements rendered the statute void because of vagueness. This was true because it failed to put citizens on notice as to what was required to be worn. The court concluded that the word *helmet*, when used in the context of motorcycles, was a term with one meaning. The court stated: "There can be no misunderstanding the purpose for which the statute was enacted. And there can be no misunderstanding as to the type of protective headgear required to be worn by motorcycle operators." Although this theory has been argued in several cases, it has never resulted in a state helmet law being overturned.

Despite the successful constitutional challenges discussed above, the majority of the constitutional cases resulted in the respective state statutes being held valid. A case that is representative of those in the majority of the courts on the issue of a possible equal protection or due process violation is *Simon v. Sargent*, 346 F.Supp. 277, affirmed 93 S.Ct. 463, 409 U.S. 1020 (D.C. Mass., 1972). Plaintiff, who was seeking a declaratory judgment that Massachusetts' helmet law was unconstitutional, argued the case on both grounds. Answering the due process claim that the statute exceeded the state police powers, the court held that the state had a valid interest in preserving human resources and preventing injuries that are likely to consume public funds. This statute was found to be a valid exercise of the state's police powers in that it involved a rational means of protecting the public welfare.

Plaintiff also made the claim that the statute violated the equal protection clause in that it required motorcyclists to wear helmets while excluding automobile drivers. In its one-paragraph ruling on this question, the court found that, in order to be sustained, the state must show that there was a reasonable basis for making a law applicable to one citizen while excluding others. The court also found that there was a reasonable basis for making a distinction between operators of motorcycles and operators of automobiles in that the automobile afforded its operator a good deal more protection from injury in a collision than did a motorcycle. As stated earlier, this was the position taken and the reasoning used in an unbroken line of cases since 1969 that constitute by far the majority.

Even as state legislators were debating helmet laws, concern was being expressed about the effect such a statute would have on civil litigation between parties involved in an accident with a helmetless rider. This is evidenced by statutes such as those found in New Mexico and North Carolina, which expressly provide that violation of the helmet statute does not constitute negligence per se or contributory negligence. And Ohio's helmet statute states: "The provisions of this paragraph and a violation thereof shall not be used in the trial of any civil action."

Despite this legislative concern, there has been very little civil litigation in which the topic of helmet laws has been discussed. Those that have arisen have discussed the effect these laws have had on such areas as contributory negligence, negligence per se, proximate cause, assumption of risk, avoidable consequences, and mitigation of damages. Because of this relative scarcity of case material on the above areas as they relate specifically to helmet laws, analogy will be made to automobile safety laws. Cases discussing these laws, particularly seat belt cases, share many common characteristics with those helmet cases that have arisen or are likely to arise. The com-

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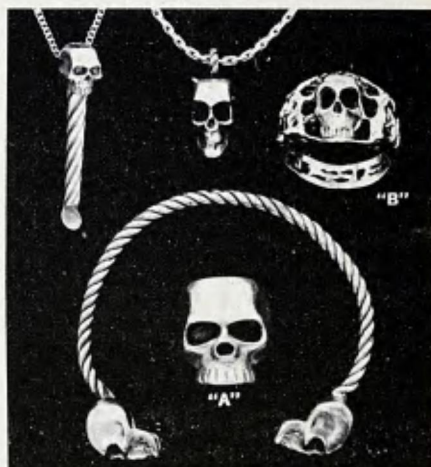
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parison between seat belt cases and those involving helmet laws seems to be a valid one in light of the following common characteristics. Both helmet laws and seat belt laws were passed with the intent to protect the user of the equipment rather than any other member of the public. The likelihood that an accident is actually going to be caused by the failure to use either a seat belt or a helmet seems remote at best. Neither helmets nor seat belts are required to be used by adults in a majority of the states. Both are highway safety measures. With these traits in common, it is only natural that the courts have used the same form of analysis in answering many of the same questions in both areas of legislation. These similarities are relied upon, at times, in attempting to predict the attitude the majority of the courts would adopt in dealing with future cases and topics that have not been specifically raised in previous helmet cases.

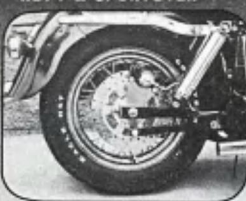
Helmet laws have been inserted in civil cases when they have been used by a defendant in efforts to limit his liability or eliminate it entirely. The first such case to reach the courts was *Rogers v. Frush*, 257 Md. 233, 262 A.2d 549 (1970). This case concerned a car/motorcycle accident that occurred prior to the adoption of Maryland's helmet law. Though admitting that the helmet statute had not been applicable at the time of this accident, defendant argued that the adoption of helmet statutes was proof that helmets eliminated many head injuries. In addition, she suggested that this helmet statute was simply the adoption by the legislature of what was already a standard imposed by common law. The Maryland court of appeals has defined contributory negligence as "the neglect of duty imposed upon all men to observe ordinary care for their own safety. It is the doing of something that a person of ordinary prudence would not do, or the failure to do something that a person of ordinary prudence would do, under the circumstances."¹⁰ The defendant argued that plaintiff's failure to wear a helmet while riding his motorcycle constituted sufficient neglect of that duty to allow a finding that he was contributorily negligent. The court rejected this argument and held that while there is a common-law duty to anticipate and guard against the usual or expected, this duty does not extend to guarding against the unusual. Since there was no common-law duty to wear a helmet, the absence of one on plaintiff's head at the time of the accident could



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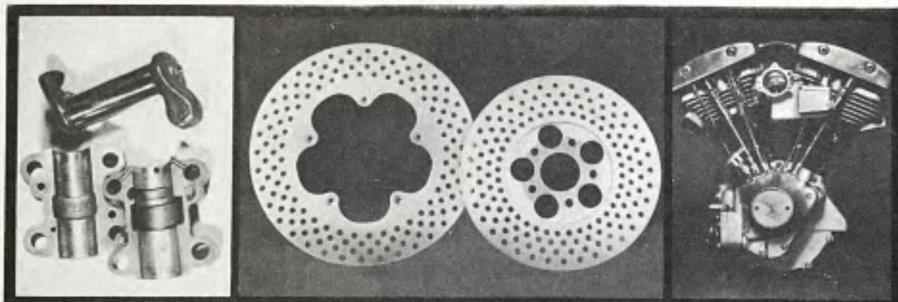
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not be considered on the issue of contributory negligence. In this instance, the defendant was trying to avoid liability to the plaintiff rather than trying to recover damages from the plaintiff. As a result, the court did not discuss the issues of negligence or negligence per se on the part of the plaintiff.

The next civil case to discuss helmet statutes was *Burgstahler v. Fox*, 290 Minn. 495, 186 N.W.2d 182 (1971). Facing an almost identical fact situation as the one discussed in *Rogers v. Frush* (supra), the Minnesota court reached the same decision as did the Maryland court. The court adopted the holding in the *Rogers* case that stated: "... The fact that the General Assembly almost three years after the accident saw fit to require the wearing of such a protective helmet would not be sufficient ground for concluding that as of the time of the accident such a standard of conduct was expected by the general public. ..."

The first case to discuss the issue of contributory negligence where there was, in fact, a statutory duty to wear a helmet arose in New York. This case arose out of an accident between the driver of an automobile and a minor who was riding a motorcycle while not wearing a helmet, in contravention of New York Vehicle and Traffic Law, section 381. This statute requires that a helmet be worn by all riders. The court stated that failure to wear a helmet could be negligence when there was a statutory duty to do so. There must, however, be a showing that plaintiff's failure to wear a helmet was a contributing cause of the accident. In effect, the court refused to hold that failure to wear a helmet even when statutorily required constituted negligence per se. But it indicated that where the defendant could show that a helmet law violation was a factor that contributed to causing an accident, he could introduce this as evidence on the issues of contributory negligence and negligence. *Dean v. Holland*, 76 Misc.2d 517, 350 N.Y.2d 859 (1973).

A related case concerning a violation of a Louisiana eye protection/helmet statute arose in 1977. The accident in this case occurred when a United States postal car made a left turn in front of a motorcycle that was passing it on the left. In defending against the suit, defendant postal carrier argued that plaintiff was not wearing eye protection while riding a motorcycle, as re-



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Easyriders

quired by Louisiana Revised Statutes Annotated, Section 32:190.¹¹ While admitting that negligence per se should not be applied, defendant attempted to argue that the failure to use the required eye protection in this case blurred plaintiff's vision to such an extent that it was a contributing factor to the cause of the accident. In rejecting this argument, the court determined that there was insufficient evidence to establish that plaintiff's vision was blurred at the time of the accident. The trial court decision determining that plaintiff was free from negligence or contributory negligence was sustained. *O'Donnell v. United States*, 428 F. Supp. 629 (D.C. La., 1977). It is interesting that the negligence per se argument was not used by the defendant in this case. The doctrine of negligence per se is based on an assumption that some acts are so opposed to what is considered reasonable prudence that they can be defined by law as always constituting negligence or that they are prescribed by statute or ordinance. If an act is prescribed by ordinance or statute, it is assumed that the legislative body responsible for the adoption of the measure deemed it necessary to require or forbid the act in question, and has adopted it for the benefit or protection of society as a whole. It is also assumed that a reasonable and prudent person obeys valid laws. When an act is held to constitute negligence per se it eliminates the necessity that plaintiff show the act to be negligent in light of the circumstances in his particular case. Though the *O'Donnell* case would seem to represent an excellent opportunity to attempt to invoke this doctrine, the defendant did not do so. His failure to raise this argument may have been based on the fact that the helmet/eye protection statute in this case was adopted for the protection of the motorcyclist rather than society in general. That being the case, the assumption that a violation of a statute is a breach of the duty owed to one's fellow man is inapplicable. It seems that the statute defines the standard of care one should use in protecting himself rather than the standard he must follow to keep from injuring others.

It should also be pointed out that whether the courts in the helmet cases above or the seat belt cases below were discussing the issues raised in terms of negligence or contributory negligence, the legal questions were the same. Negligence is defined as the failure to use such care as a reasonably prudent and careful person would use under



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similar circumstances.¹² Contributory negligence is an act or omission amounting to want of ordinary care on the part of the complaining party, which, concurring with defendant's negligence, is the proximate cause of the injuries.¹³ While normally negligence is proven in order to gain damages for injuries caused by that negligence, contributory negligence is usually used as a defense in order to bar or limit recovery for an incident in which both parties are proven to have been negligent. However, in order to gain recovery under a cause of action based on negligence, or to bar recovery under the doctrine of contributory negligence, there must be a showing that the act or omission on the part of the individual charged with either negligence or contributory negligence was a proximate cause of the injury complained of.

This dual requirement that there be a showing that the plaintiff has failed to use reasonable care as well as a showing that the breach of this duty caused the injuries has constituted an insurmountable burden that has not been met in either the helmet law cases or the cases that have attempted to bar recovery because the plaintiff failed to wear a seat belt. In the Rogers and Burgstahler cases (supra), the court concluded that there was no failure on the part of the respective plaintiffs to meet the standard of care required at the time of the accidents. In the Dean and O'Donnell cases (supra), the courts concluded that while there might be negligence on the part of the plaintiffs by their respective failures to meet the statutory standard of care imposed upon them by the safety measures, it would not bar a claim for damages unless there was also a showing that the negligence found was a proximate cause of the damages sought.

Though there are few helmet cases upon which to base any conclusion as to how the majority of the states would rule should they be faced with issue of the plaintiff's negligence or contributory negligence based upon his failure to wear a helmet, there are many cases in which the courts discuss the similar issue of whether the failure to wear a seat belt constitutes negligence or contributory negligence.

As will be shown, the majority of the states have taken an approach in the seat belt cases that



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parallels that thus far taken in the helmet cases. One of the earliest and best-reasoned opinions on the seat belt issue was handed down in *Miller v. Miller*, 273 N.C. 228, 160 S.E.2d 65, in 1968. Plaintiff in this case had received severe injuries in an automobile accident in which he had not been wearing available seat belts. Defendant argued that plaintiff's failure to wear the seat belt constituted contributory negligence, which acted as a bar to any recovery for injuries for which he himself had been partially responsible. Defendant relied upon arguments that there was a common-law duty to wear seat belts as well as an implied statutory duty stemming from the fact that a state statute in North Carolina required all automobiles manufactured after January 1, 1966, to have at least two front and two rear seat belts. The statute did not require that the belts be worn by the automobile's occupants. The court reasoned that since none of the states requiring the installation of seat belts had also required that they be used, and several specifically stated that the non-use of the required seat belts did not constitute contributory negligence, there was no basis for assuming any implied statutory duty to wear a seat belt. Any such duty would have to come from the common-law standard of due care, which is measured by the customary conduct of reasonably prudent men. The court concluded that the seldom use that the average motorist makes of his seat belts, together with the lack of any standard of when it is negligent not to use seat belts, indicates that no such duty exists.

In that same year, Texas and Oregon courts followed suit and held that the failure to use seat belts under their respective state laws was not contributory negligence. A Federal District Court held that the failure to use seat belts was not admissible on the issue of contributory negligence under Florida law.¹⁴ Whether the courts found that there was no duty, as in the *Miller* case (supra), or that there was no proximate cause between the failure to wear a seat belt and the accident resulting in injuries, the results have been the same. The courts have refused to give effect to arguments that the failure to use seat belts should act as a bar to recovery of damages. Examples cited in the footnote below show that later cases in those jurisdictions



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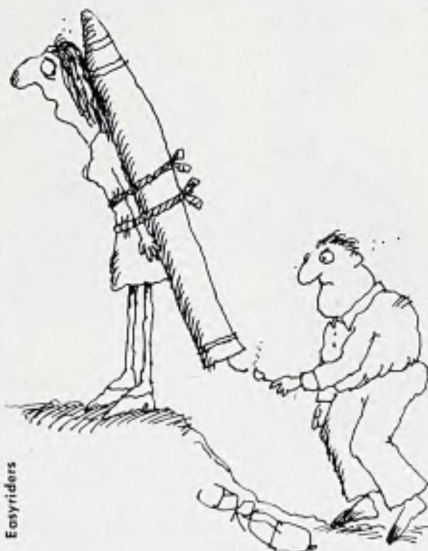
mentioned above and in other jurisdictions bear out this conclusion.¹⁵

As mentioned earlier, the choice of whether or not to wear a helmet is left to the discretion of most riders. For reasons already discussed, it seems likely that when faced with the question of whether the failure to voluntarily wear a helmet constitutes negligence or contributory negligence, most courts will follow the same line of reasoning that was employed in the seat belt cases. In those cases it is unlikely that the courts will allow a finding of contributory negligence, because there is no duty to wear a helmet. In those states that still require that a helmet be worn or in the case of a minor who is required to wear a helmet in those states excluding others, the courts will more than likely hold that there is a statutory duty to wear a helmet, but will fail to find contributory negligence on the basis of no proximate cause between the lack of a helmet and the occurrence of the accident.

One other defense that has been advanced in an attempt to avoid liability altogether is assumption of risk. In order for a defendant to use this doctrine to bar plaintiff's recovery, he must prove that plaintiff had knowledge of the danger, he appreciated the nature or extent of the danger, and he voluntarily exposed himself to the danger. In *Rogers v. Frush* (supra), defendant argued that by failing to wear a helmet while riding his motorcycle, plaintiff was voluntarily assuming the risk of head injuries. In rejecting this argument, the court stated that there must have been consent on the part of the plaintiff to relieve the defendant of an obligation of conduct toward the plaintiff and a willingness on his part to take his chances of harm from a particular risk. By failing to wear a helmet, plaintiff did not assume the risk of defendant's negligence. In the court's opinion, the failure to wear a helmet was no more an assumption of risk than choosing to drive in a congested traffic area rather than on less-busy streets.

Though Rogers is the only helmet case to discuss the assumption of risk doctrine, it has been raised in the context of seat belts. One such case, which summarizes the view taken by most states, is *Hampton v. State Highway Commission*, 209 Kan. 565, 498 P.2d 236 (1972). This case arose out of an automobile accident during which plain-

—Continued on page 111



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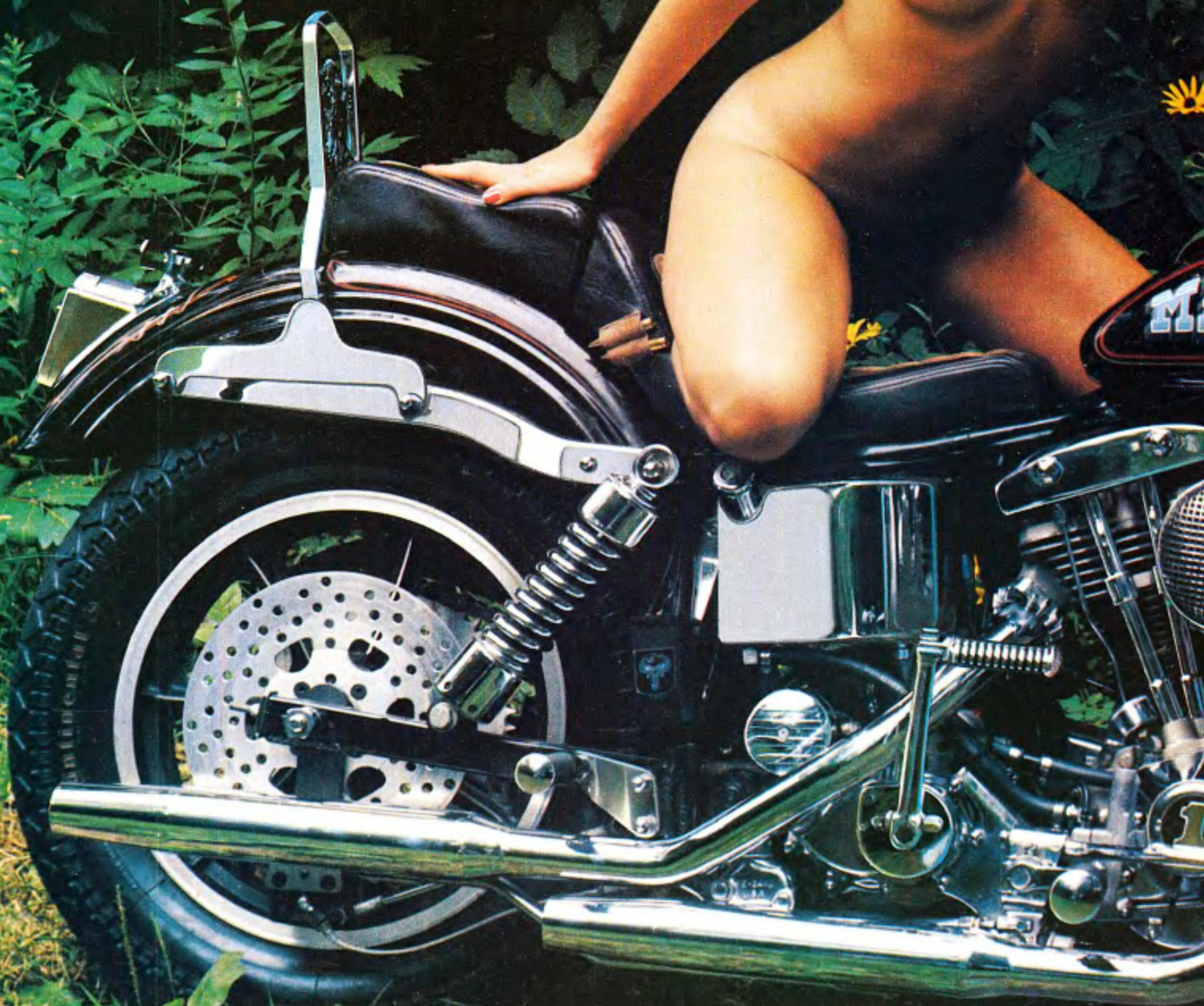
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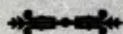


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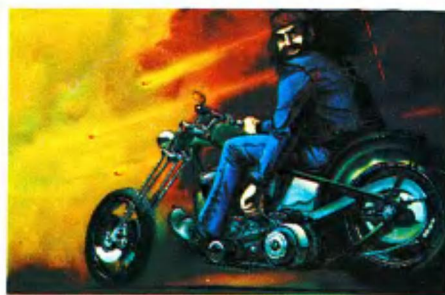
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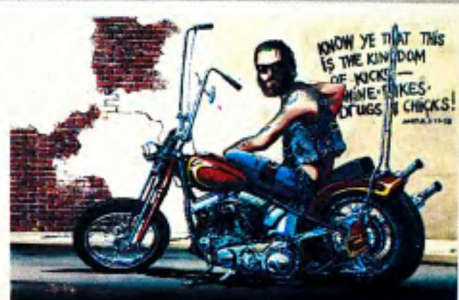
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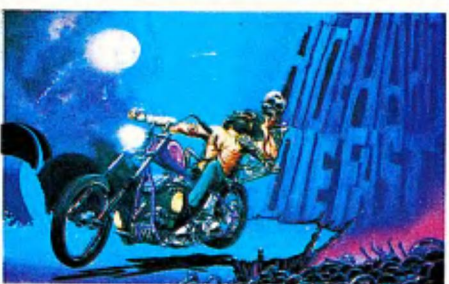
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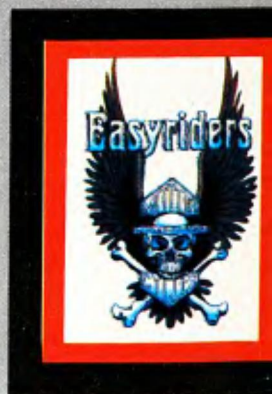
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Helmets in Courts

—Continued from page 106

tiff had not been wearing a seat belt. In answering defendant's argument that plaintiff had assumed the risk of his injuries by failing to use his seat belts, the court held that "while as a general rule one must use reasonable diligence to mitigate one's damages once a risk is known, one is not required to anticipate negligence and guard against damages which might ensue if negligence should occur."

Though this was the view of the courts when the defendant was attempting to avoid liability completely, attempts to limit or reduce liability have led to at least limited success in a few cases. In the New York case of *Dean v. Holland* (supra), the court held that where a statutory duty to wear a helmet exists, the breach of that duty can be considered on the amount of damages recoverable. Defendant had attempted to have the jury instructed on the issue of mitigation of damages. The doctrine of mitigation of damages, sometimes called the doctrine of avoidable consequences, imposes upon the injured party the duty to use reasonable diligence and ordinary care in attempting to minimize his damages after injury has been inflicted. The care and diligence required of him is the same as that which would be used by a man of ordinary prudence under like circumstances.¹⁸ Defendant successfully argued that in this case the plaintiff's negligence in failing to wear a helmet was a proximate cause of the particular injuries complained of by the plaintiff. The failure to wear a helmet was a continuing act of negligence that occurred as long as the condition persisted. Plaintiff's failure to have a helmet on was negligence before the collision, during contact, and during secondary collisions. The court agreed that the failure to wear a helmet may be the proximate cause of injury if it is found to be a substantial factor in bringing about the injury. Under this ruling, if a jury determines that the failure to wear a helmet did not meet the standard of care required of plaintiff, they may reduce plaintiff's recovery for his injuries by the amount that defendant has been able to show that the injuries would have been reduced by wearing a helmet. Defendant has the burden of proof regarding the extent that damages would have been reduced. The jury could not speculate or apportion damages unless expert or other testimony



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was present from which the jury could infer that the injuries received would not have occurred had a helmet been worn.

As a general rule, however, most courts have been unwilling to allow the failure to wear a helmet to be considered in mitigation of damage claims. The only other court to rule that failure to wear a helmet was even relevant was a Maryland Appeals Court. The question arose in *Rogers v. Frush* (supra), when the defendant attempted to have the jury instructed on the doctrine of avoidable consequences. The trial court determined that to instruct the jury on this issue would allow them to make a determination based on mere speculation in light of the conflicting evidence. Both sides presented expert testimony at trial regarding the extent that the injuries had been caused by the failure to wear a helmet. The experts had reached opposite conclusions on this question. The appellate court upheld the trial court, citing Professor Prosser, who states: "The doctrine of avoidable consequences should not be applied when the degree of aggravation would be speculation."¹⁷ This points out the problem of proof that has faced defendants even in those cases where the court has ruled that failure to wear a helmet is a failure to exercise due care. The majority of the courts have ruled on the basis that due care did not require the wearing of a helmet, thus failing ever to address the question of proof.

The question of mitigation of damages was also raised in *Burgstahler v. Fox* (supra). The court, having already determined in its discussion of contributory negligence that there was no statutory or common-law duty to wear a helmet, found that plaintiff had met any required standard of care so that the first requirement of the mitigation of damages doctrine was lacking. Plaintiff had not been shown to have failed to meet the standard of due diligence.

Though this issue has been discussed within the context of helmet law only three times, the doctrine of mitigation of damages or avoidable consequences has been raised repeatedly in relation to the failure to use available seat belts. The discussion below on how courts have treated the issue of mitigation of damages within the context of a failure to use seat belts is indicative of how



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the state courts are going to answer the same question arising out of a failure to wear a helmet. It should be noted that the comparison is really valid only in those states and under those conditions where the use of a helmet is voluntary. This is true because the use of seat belts was never required of all drivers in any state, and in fact most states never required anyone to use seat belts.¹⁸ The major difference between those cases in which helmet use or seat belt use was voluntary and those in which it was required is the method of analysis used by the court in determining whether damages could be mitigated or not. When a helmet or seat belt has been required, the courts have been much more prone to find that plaintiff did breach the duty of due diligence for his own safety. This has not, however, meant that the defendant has been successful in limiting recovery. As will be seen by an examination of the seat belt cases, the courts have still required the defendant to prove that the injuries were aggravated by the failure to wear a seat belt, and the extent to which any injuries were increased by this failure.

Though the overwhelming majority of the states have ruled that the non-use of seat belts was not even admissible for the purpose of mitigating damages, courts have held the other way in two different situations. All of those decisions that have held that this information was relevant have occurred either in states that have adopted comparative-negligence statutes or where the courts have found it a common-law duty to wear seat belts. It should also be pointed out that even in those cases where evidence regarding seat belts was admissible, the defendant has been held to a high burden of proof as to the extent to which injuries were aggravated by the failure to wear a seat belt.

The comparative-negligence state of Wisconsin was one of the earliest states to hold that the non-use of seat belts was admissible for the purpose of mitigating damages in *Bentzler v. Braun*, 149 N.W.2d 626 (1967). The court accepted the argument that there was a common-law duty to wear an available seat belt, but still refused to allow the defendant to mitigate the damages on the ground that he had failed to show a causal relationship between the failure to wear a seat belt and the injuries received by plaintiff. The court concluded that defendant had failed to meet the substantial burden of proof necessary to invoke the doctrine of avoidable consequences.



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At least three other states have taken the minority position that the non-use of seat belts could be considered by the jury when there was an adequate showing that the injuries sustained were aggravated by the failure to wear seat belts and the extent to which such injuries were aggravated.¹⁹

The vast majority of the states have not allowed the plaintiff's failure to wear a seat belt to be considered on the issue of damages. The reasons have included the lack of any duty to wear a seat belt and the fact that plaintiff's failure to buckle his seat belt occurred prior to his injury rather than after defendant's negligence.²⁰ A representative sample of cases taking the majority position are cited below.²¹

Conclusion

It is obvious from the fact that in 1976, forty-five jurisdictions required that all riders wear helmets, while at present only twenty-one jurisdictions still have this requirement, that the repeal movement has had significant effect on this area of motorcycle safety. However, whether this movement will have any true significance will depend upon whether the courts can be persuaded to adopt a common-law duty to wear a helmet or not. But it appears that, judging from the attitude the courts have taken toward seat belt laws, no such duty is likely to be imposed in those states that have no statutory helmet law. It is possible that a somewhat stronger argument can be made for imposing such a duty on motorcyclists than was possible in the seat belt cases. It also appears likely that even in the event that the courts should adopt a common-law duty to wear a helmet while riding a motorcycle, they would not allow that duty to completely bar any recovery. The most likely effect, if any, would be to allow the defendant to reduce the recovery to the extent that defendant could prove the damages were aggravated by the failure to wear a helmet.

Citations To State Statutes Still In Effect

Alabama Code, title 32-12-40 (1975)
Alaska Statutes, section 28.35.245, amended by sec. 6 ch. 178 SLA 1978
Arizona Rev. Stat. Ann., sec. 28-964 (Supp. 1976)
Arkansas Stat. Ann., sec. 75-1703 (Supp. 1977)
Del. Code Ann., tit. 21, sec. 4185 (1974),



"No one bought cookies, but some old guy gave me twenty bucks to let him nibble on my buns."

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—Continued from page 78

Dear Stu: Happy 33rd birthday and our 3rd anniversary! For all this, I love you country style. Mary Anne. (84)

Girls, please write. Only 15 mo. to go. Taurus, 27, br. hair and eyes, good looks, serious. M. F. Strling (Spot) #B-93641, P.O. Box 500, B-3L-24, Chino, Calif. 91710. (84)

Calif. tramp in Vegas looking for mellow chick, for putting, partying, and good times. Bi and ladies in pen. Will help relocate. Send pic. Chief, 900 East Karen, Suite C-216, Box 85, Las Vegas, Nev. 89109. (84)

J.J. (Pring-Judice): Family anxious to hear from you. Living in Redding, Calif. Dede & Penny. (84)

Blue Eyes: Hope you're not lonely any more. Love ya. 6/25/80. Smile. (84)

Brass wrench earring \$3.50. Brass tomahawk earrings \$5.50 per set. 14-carat gold loops. Add 50¢ postage. Kovaleski, Box 144, West Willington, Conn. 06279. (84)

Charley, babe, keep your faith in us and believe in our love. We will make it. I love you and want only you! Your ol' lady forever, Rel. (84)

Build your own sidecar. Sidecar frame guides \$14.95 (brochure 50¢). Dunham, 3060 Liberty St., Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018. (87)

Looking for open-minded wildflowers in Chicago area to share swinging times. Also will exchange revealing photos with flowers everywhere. Ray Miller, 1325 W. Wilson, #810, Chicago, Ill. 60640. (84)

Easy: Happy 22nd, babe (4/19). Love forever from your ol' lady, Half Pint. (84)

I'm 5'7", 27 yrs. old, blond, and doing time at a resort in Indiana. Would like to hear from ladies. Looks aren't important; heart is. Pictures would be nice. Will answer all who write. Ray Vagus, Box 28-8942, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (84)

Pause and Dik: The bizarre brothers! It's only been a year and a half, but a lifetime too. Remember, the beer is always cold in Minnesota. Quando. (84)

Crazy lady: Happy birthday, babe. 6/24/80. Just want to let you know you're one special lady. Love always, Q.D., Brunswick, Me. (84)

\$200-\$600 weekly possible at home in your spare time. Seven different opportunities. For details send \$1 and self-addressed, stamped envelope to Yoo Enterprises, Box 168ER, Tallmadge, Ohio 44278. (84)

Big: Happy 24th (6-21). Hope you have a good one. Keep your head toward the wind. Love ya. Your ol' lady and kid. (84)

Wanted: Easyriders 1 through 19, 25 through 30, 32, 35, 42, 53, 61, 65, 69, Neto, 213 W. Aguirre, San Antonio, Tex. 78212. (84)

For sale: Easyriders issues #1 thru present. In good condition. Best offer. Write R. Payne, Rt. 2, Anamosa, Iowa 52205. (84)

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K-Dub: I'll wait forever; let me know when you need me. Neice. (84)

Brad Moss: Wherever you are, contact Denise in Vallejo. I'm at Mom's. Hope everything is okay. "City." Love, "Count." (84)

Eleven months to freedom; would like to correspond with some together ladies. Bernard Pawley, Box 791, Safford, Ariz. 85546. (84)

New Hunt magneto for Harley 74 and 61. 1937-1969, \$125. (806) 299-1150. (84)

Jeeps \$59.30. Cars \$33.50. Motorcycles, boats. "Official U.S. Government Surplus Directory," 400,000 listings, how and where, in your area (includes G-lands, G-lotteries). Send \$2 to Wholesale Surplus Services, Box 375, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48127. (84)

Eagle: Let's get this Hog together. It'll be the meanest, asskickin'est show Hog on the East Coast. Remember, think show. Your technical adviser. (84)

Have it your way—set me. Find your capacities to enjoy. Rushes as long as you like, all the way to your limits. Full-bore stroker (11/2), tender, sadistic, seeks hedonistic, savage ladies for long-term, creative loving. KaraMell Adams, Esquire, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (84)

Easyriders #1 through present. \$200 U.S. funds or trade for shootable 4" Luger or T/C "Super 14". 44 magnum. D. McClure, 3578 W. 42nd Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6N-3H6. (84)

Be rich: \$50,000 minimum. Simple, legal, and guaranteed. Because of curiosity-seekers and one-time fee, \$50 dollars is required. If not satisfied, 50% of fee will be refunded. (And you already have the formula.) Money orders only. C. S. Melton, 508 Curtis, Leesville, La. 71446. (84)

Someone special, touch me. Wayne Allen, Box 102, Norfolk, Mass. 02056. (84)

28-yr.-old tramp. So ladies love outlaws? Show me! Lookin' for that special lady. So get it together in 1980. (Send photo.) Eric Jorgenson #B-82503, Box A #2354, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (84)

Attention: All hell-raising, partying bikers. Guaranteed best biker mid-summer run in No. Cal. Loads of bikes, booze, and broads. For map, dates, and details, send self-addressed, stamped envelope plus \$2 cash or m.o. to BFYM-MYFB, P.O. Box 2365, Martinez, Calif. 94553. (84)

Sidecar wanted: I would like to purchase a used Harley-type sidecar. If you have one or know of one, please let me know. Tim Check, 225 E. Bridge, Rockford, Mich. 49341. (616) 866-1494. (84)

Bearded, 6', 230-lb. wandering soul (1.5-38) desires company of an intelligent, loving lady with long hair. Correspondence first. Meeting later, in southern Calif. Oliver M., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (83)

George Brown, from Mich., last seen Tucson, Ariz., in 1976: Call Dave or Shelly (617) 432-0098. (83)

Easyriders collection — early to late. Issues 99% complete. 60 copies \$50. Write to Dave M., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (83)

How does a decent girl meet a biker? Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. Send a buck and find out. We match up bikers with ol' ladies. (84)

Send \$2 for membership application and Bible evidence that God's people are white people to Box 929, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. Free to white prisoners. (84)

Big Bug: Happy birthday. I love you. Your crazy ol' lady. (84)

Easyriders magazines first issue to Nov. 1979. All in new condition, most with brown paper wrapper. Make offer. P.O. Box 24, Tecumseh, Mich. 49286. (84)

March 17, our 3rd anniversary. Will be better. I'm proud to be your ol' lady. Dick. I'll love you forever. Anne. (84)

Steve: Happy 29th. Love you forever and a day. Karen. (84)

Owen Delaney: I need to hear from you. I love you. Deanna. (84)

Would like to hear from together ladies. Tommy Sawyer, Box 397, Barnstable, Mass. 02630. (84)

Little Debbie in Ohio, Judy (acid queen) who split for Delaware, Diane who took care of me in Georgia, Wolfman and Penny: I made it to the land of eternal sunshine. Phoenix, Ariz. Love you all. Crazy Bob. (84)

28-yr.-old biker, 5'10", 180 lbs., has good job, is good looking. Needs sincere, good-looking house mouse 20-35 yrs., 100-125 lbs. Send pictures and letter to Doc, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (84)

Donna Rodden, Milwaukee, Wis.: Came across your name in this rag. Wondering if we might be kin-folk. Drop me a line with your address. Hope you solved your frigid prisoner problem! Ray Rodden Jr., 28 Meyer Rd., Edison, N.J. 08817. (84)

North Jersey area sisters: Don't care what you ride, just that you do. Starting a club to meet, jam, party with other biker women. Contact The Blockade Runner, P.O. Box 113, Montvale, N.J. 07645. (84)

Petite, sexy brunette would like to meet man for biking trips. Send photo and short bio. to Susan McGinness, P.O. Box 9339, North Hollywood, Calif. 91609 (sase for photos returned). (84)

Biker, age 35, with Harley, putting out West in July, would like to meet ladies to stop by and party, putt, and maybe stay on with, if right lady. Send photo to Chuck, 1203 No. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (84)

To my bro, The Hulk, and his new missus, Short Crotch. May you always be happy and in the wind. Willy. (84)

Have a good one, Sunshine (6-22-80). You'll always be our #1. Love. Amber and her mom. (84)

Want to buy tattoo stencils, new or used. Bobby Grayson, P.O. Box 64921, Baton Rouge, La. 70821. (84)

Pomona Don: No matter when or for what reason, whether overnight or forever, I'll always be here for you. But right now I need you. May be in big trouble. Call collect 772-2685. Love, Barbara. (84)

German biker couple, 23 and 22 years old, wants to stay with Harley riders (preferably Californians) of the same age for around 6 weeks in April/May 1981. Write to Karin Ziegler, Schwabenstr. 37, 4370 Marl, West Germany. (84)

Bikers, make tool bags from your old engineer boots. Plans, \$1 to Jerry, 1220 Greenwich, Brookfield, Ohio 44403. (84)

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45" rider-collector club forming—2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Contact Mangler, P.O. Box 560, No. Hollywood Calif. 91603. (87)

Secret remailing from Virginia. Details, sase. Ty, 138 Atlantic St., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (84)

I'm down and lonely and in need of letters and pics from any and all ladies. Jc. Zeien #15782, P.O. Box C. Waupun, Wis. 53963. (84)

Ladies of Montana, Arizona, Canada, and especially Hawaii. Single, white, 30-year-old Harley rider seeking unattached, good-looking females for fun and travel. No fannies. Send photo to Dave, 524 Edgewood #1, Whitefish, Mont. 59937. (84)

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Want to live in a real man's state? Let's correspond. R. Hertz, Box 3065, St. Paul, Minn. 55165. (84)

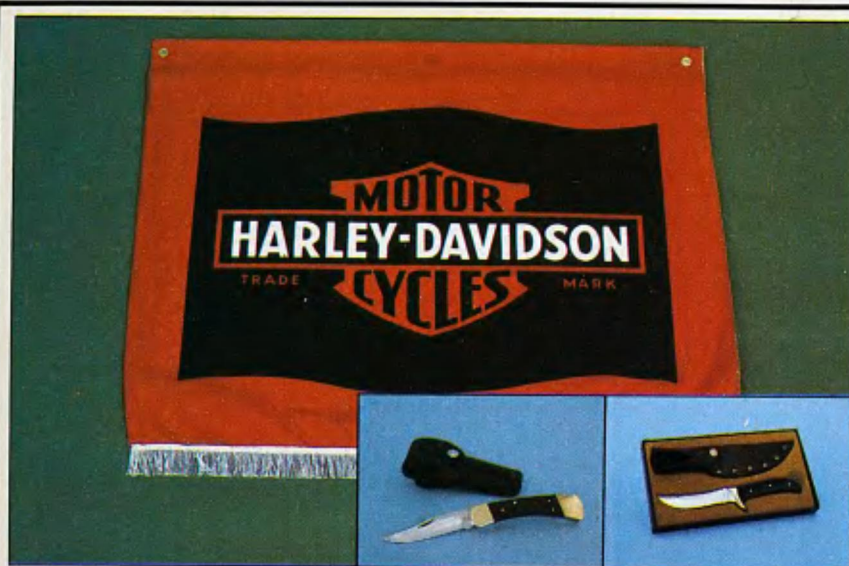
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Biker couple, both 32, would like to exchange photos and correspond with liberal couples. Bill & Helen, Box 9893, Atlanta, Ga. 30319. (83)

Halfbreed, get in touch with me, same address. Deloris Craker, (83)

To a bro who lives with his ol' lady in or near Niagara Falls, N.Y., loaned me \$18, and asked me to send it back to him. Well, I lost your address. If you read this, please drop me your address. Junkie Flynn, 73043 Sunnyvale Dr., 29 Palms, Calif. 92277. (83G)

Stardust: Where are you, babe? Everything fell through in court. Need to talk with you. Please write Tony Sykes #80015, Box 100, CCI, Somers, Conn. 06071. (83G)



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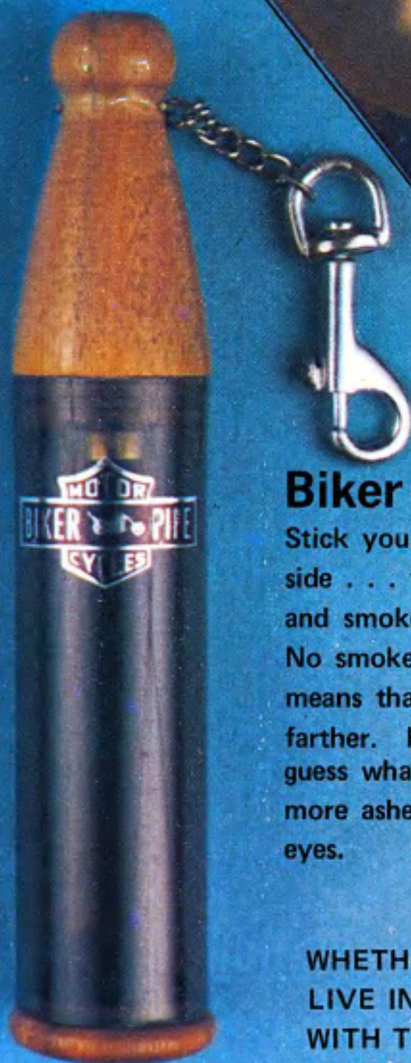
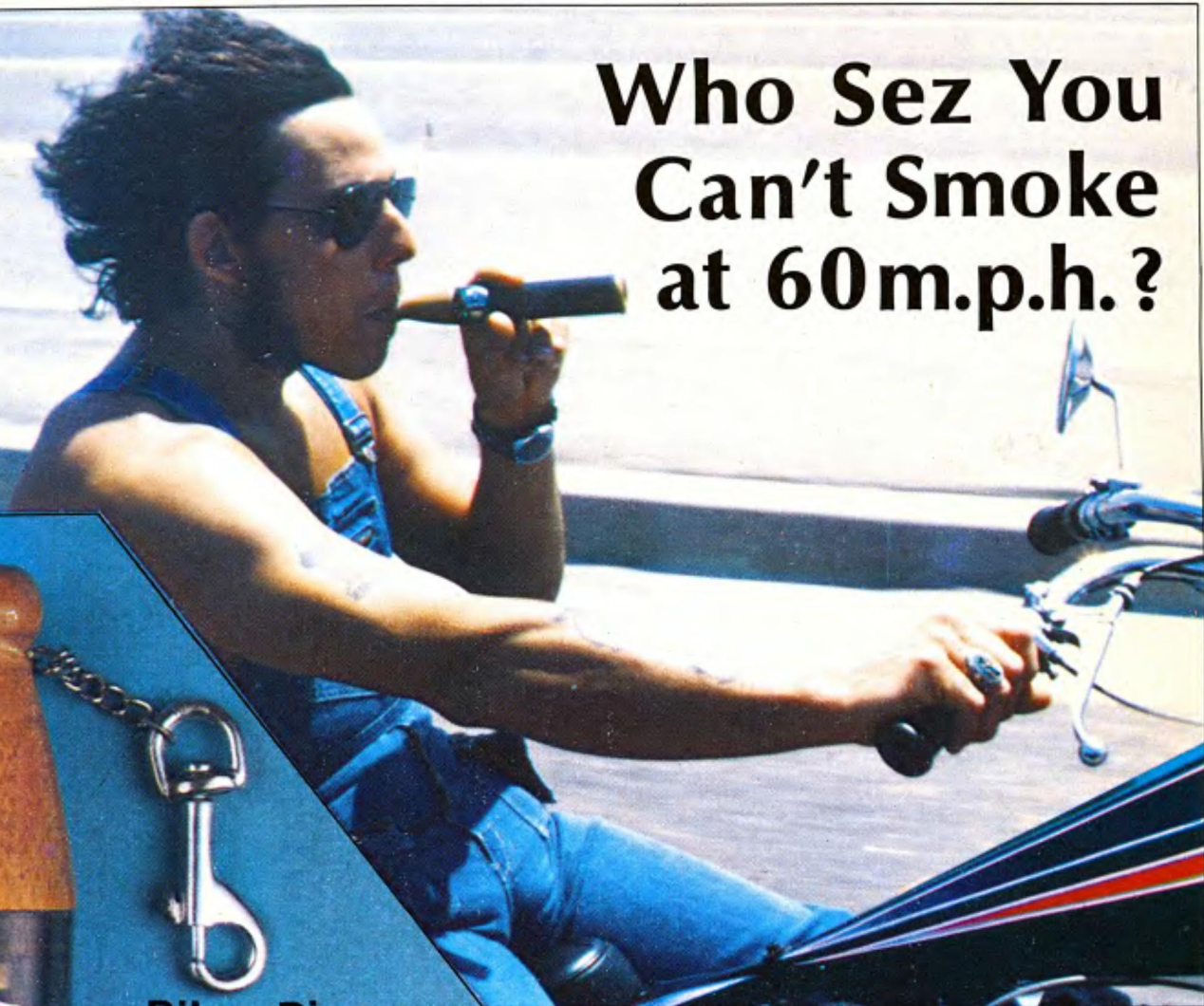
amended by 61 Del. Laws c. 314 (1978)
Florida Stat. Ann., sec. 316.211 (1975, Supp. 1977)
Georgia Code Ann., sec. 68A-1306 (1975)
Hawaii Rev. Stat., sec. 286-81 (Supp. 1978)
Idaho Code, sec. 49-761A (1967, Supp. 1979)
Kansas Stat. Ann., sec. 8-1598A (1975, Supp. 1979)
Kentucky Rev. Stat. Ann., sec. 189.285 (1969, Supp. 1978)
Louisiana Rev. Stat. Ann., sec. 32.190 (Supp. 1979)
Maryland Ann. Code, sec. 21-1306(b) (1977)
Mass. Ann. Laws, ch. 90 sec. 7 (Supp. 1979)
Michigan Stat. Ann., sec. 9.2358 (Supp. 1979)
Minnesota Stat. Ann., sec. 169.974(4) (Supp. 1979)
Miss. Code Ann., sec. 63-7-64 (Supp. 1978)
Missouri Ann. Stat., sec. 302.020 (1972)
Montana Rev. Codes Ann., sec. 32-21-105.1 (Supp. 1977)
Nevada Rev. Stat., sec. 486-231 (Supp. 1979)
N.H. Rev. Stat. Ann., sec. 263:29-b (Supp. 1977)
N.J. Stat. Ann., sec. 39:3-76.7 (1973, Supp. 1977)
New York Veh. & Traf. Law, sec. 381 (1970, Supp. 1977)
N.C. Gen. Stat., sec. 20-140.4 (1975, Supp. 1978)
N.D. Cent. Code, sec. 39-10.2-06 (Supp. 1977)
Ohio Rev. Code Ann., sec. 4511.53 (1973, Supp. 1978)
Okla. Stat. Ann., tit. 47, sec. 40-105g (Supp. 1978)
Oregon Rev. Stat., sec. 487.730 (1977)
Pa. Stat. Ann., tit. 75, sec. 3525 (Supp. 1977)
S.C. Code Ann., sec. 56-5-3660 (1976)
S.D. Comp. Laws Ann., sec. 32-20-4 (1976)
Tenn. Code Ann., Sec. 59-934 (1968, Supp. 1979)
Texas Rev. Civ. Stat., art. 6701c sec. 3 (1977)
Utah Code Ann., sec. 41-6-107.8 (1970, Supp. 1979)
Vermont Stat. Ann., tit. 23, sec. 1256 (1978)
Virginia Code Ann., sec. 46.1-172 (1974, Supp. 1976)
W. Virginia Code Ann., sec. 46.1-172 (1974, Supp. 1976)
Wisconsin Stat. Ann., sec. 347.485 (1971, Supp. 1979)
Wyoming Stat. Ann., sec. 31-5-116 (Supp. 1979)

—Continued on page 126



"I want some head."

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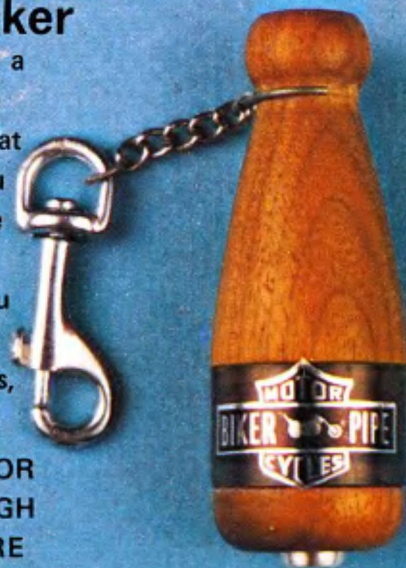


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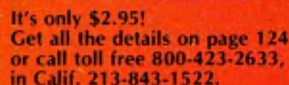
Show up in the streets with an Easyriders T-shirt

No shit, we've got T-shirts and tank tops to flash, dazzle, get ya picked up, put down, held up, ripped off or make ya look downright ritzy. And we've got patterns to show what ya ride, smoke, where yer from, yer birthday, the women ya like or the proud magazine ya read—*Easyriders*.

If yer interested, they're American made, the finest quality we could find and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.

**a taste of
everything waitin'
for you...**

Good Parts, In Good Places, For Good Times!



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AUTHORIZED DEALER**

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NEW GAS TANK OF THE YEAR!

Longrider™ Sportster Tanks

The Longrider™ is here! Now,
the final answer to your dreams . . .
good lookin', heavy duty, large
capacity fuel-feeders.
They're genuine, they're great,
they're made in the U.S.A.

Tanks come unpainted.



Longrider™ Sportster High Tunnel
3.5 gallon. 16 gauge CRS 1010
aluminum kiln, pressure-tested. Tank has
a double tunnel for additional strength.
All heliarc welded. Tank has 2-1/4 inch
petcock holes at the rear and 1-3/8 inch at
the front left side. Fits stock Sportster
frame and most custom frames.
36031.....3.5 Gallon59.95



Longrider™ Sportster Low Tunnel
4.0 gallon. 16 gauge CRS 1010
aluminum kiln, pressure-tested. Tank has
a double tunnel for additional strength.
All heliarc welded. Tank has 2-1/4 inch
petcock holes at the rear and 1-3/8 inch at
the front left side. Fits stock Sportster
frame and most custom frames.
36032.....4.0 Gallon59.95

Some Of The Highlights



Santee
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Drag Pipe Systems

Clean looking 2" drag pipes custom
crafted to fit all models listed below in
a rigid, swingarm or velvet ride frame.
If baffles are used, our #147018 are ideal.
147013 Panhead, All Years 41.95
147014 Sportsters, 1978 & Earlier 41.95
147017 Sportster 1979 41.95
147015 Shovelhead, 1966-1969 41.95
147016 Shovelhead, 1970-1979 41.95
(Except FLH w/Stock
Battery) 41.95

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

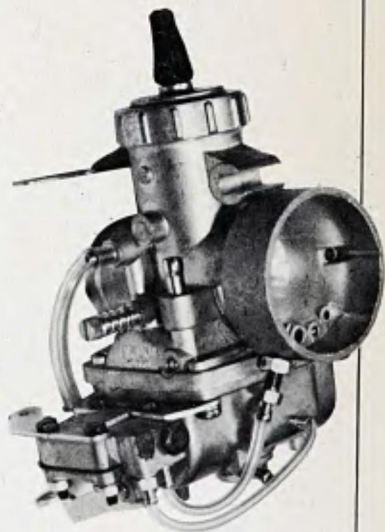


Jammer Frames

74 Hydraulic Brake Rigid Frame
Made of mild steel. Frames have
clearance for larger stroke and room
for all transmissions. It is possible to
install electric-start systems with no
frame modification. Frame is made for
juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded
on but can be easily adapted to accept
mechanical or disc brakes.
2804 349.95
74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame
2801 359.95

Jammer now has Sudco-Mikuni carburetor conversion kits
for Harleys. Complete kits include: 38mm Mikuni
Carburetor, high quality cast aluminum manifold adapter
with press fit o-ring, rubber flange, necessary clamps,
throttle cable, chrome air cleaner and extra jets for fine
tuning. These easy bolt on kits are available for Harley
Sportster and Shovelhead, Knucklehead and Panhead.

Harley "Pumper" Mikuni Kits
With accelerator pump installed.
135019 Shovelhead and
Sportster 149.95
135020 Knucklehead and
Panhead 149.95
38mm Mikuni Accelerator Pump
Accelerator pump only.
135024 36.95
Harley Mikuni Kits
Without accelerator pump.
135021 Shovelhead and
Sportster 119.95
135022 Knucklehead and
Panhead 119.95



Accelerator Pump Installed

High Performance Pistons & Rings

Harley Forged Pistons

Manley's Harley pistons are forged from special high silicon aluminum to ride smooth and skuff-free in the cylinders. The unique skirt design, along with the special cam profile and barrel shape, result in a piston up to 100 grams lighter than competitive brands while keeping the rings perpendicular in the bore for maximum seal and power.

The original dome shape promotes maximum flame travel and compression without blocking the spark plug as do most competitive pistons. The valve notches (properly located) will accommodate cam lifts up to .600 without additional fly-cutting.

Here is a true performance piston with unsurpassed durability that is equally appropriate for the most serious competitor as well as the street riding enthusiast. Pistons are shipped with pins, lock rings and piston rings. Pin hole location is stock. Each part number supplies one complete piston.



MANLEY
Manley Performance Products, Inc.

Forged Aluminum Pistons

Part #	Application	Comp. Price Size Ratio Each
12601	74 Stock Stroke	.010 10.5 49.95
12602	74 Stock Stroke	.020 10.6 49.95
12603	74 Stock Stroke	.030 10.7 49.95
12604	74 Stock Stroke	.040 10.8 49.95
12606	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010 10.5 49.95
12607	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020 10.6 49.95
12608	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030 10.7 49.95
12609	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040 10.8 49.95
126011	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010 10.5 49.95
126012	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020 10.6 49.95
126013	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030 10.7 49.95
126014	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040 10.8 49.95
126016	Sportster 1000	.010 10.5 49.95
126017	Sportster 1000	.020 10.6 49.95
126018	Sportster 1000	.040 10.7 49.95
126019	Sportster 1000	.060 10.8 49.95

Special Note on Piston Sizes

Forged pistons require more clearance than cast pistons because a forging is more dense than a casting (and therefore stronger.) Manley pistons are to be measured at the level of the pin. This gives a more realistic picture of the actual clearance required by the piston. Set the Manley pistons at the recommended clearances and they will run quiet and skuff-proof. This desirable condition is achieved by our use of a high silicon aluminum material combined with a scientifically established cam grind and barrel shape to the skirt. We feel no other piston will perform as satisfactorily in your engine.

Harley Plasma Moly Piston Ring Sets

At last! Manley introduces piston rings for Harleys featuring up to date technology for significantly improved seal and horsepower. They are also the ideal match for Manley high performance pistons.

The top ring has a special plasma sprayed moly face for maximum seal and longevity. The ring face is radiused to maintain wall contact even while the piston rocks in the bore. The second ring is a reverse twist, taper face to give improved oil scrapping especially on the highly important—and after neglected—intake stroke when enormous pressure is put on the rings by the combustion chamber vacuum.

The oil ring is a three piece with a stainless steel expander and chrome rails. Tension of the ring is 13 to 15 lbs. which results in a free spinning engine with excellent oil control.

Both top and second rings are .005 oversize which "requires" the installer to file fit the rings. Each part number supplies rings for two pistons.

Plasma Moly Ring Sets

Price #	Application	Comp. Price Size Ratio Set
126021	74 Stock Stroke	.010 10.5 29.95
126022	74 Stock Stroke	.020 10.6 29.95
126023	74 Stock Stroke	.030 10.7 29.95
126024	74 Stock Stroke	.040 10.8 29.95
126021	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010 10.5 29.95
126022	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020 10.6 29.95
126023	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030 10.7 29.95
126024	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040 10.8 29.95
126021	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010 10.5 29.95
126022	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020 10.6 29.95
126023	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030 10.7 29.95
126024	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040 10.8 29.95
126026	Sportster 1000	.010 10.5 29.95
126027	Sportster 1000	.020 10.6 29.95
126028	Sportster 1000	.040 10.7 29.95
126029	Sportster 1000	.060 10.8 29.95

Note: 126021-126024 rings will fit all 74 pistons listed above.



Piston Ring End Gapping Tool

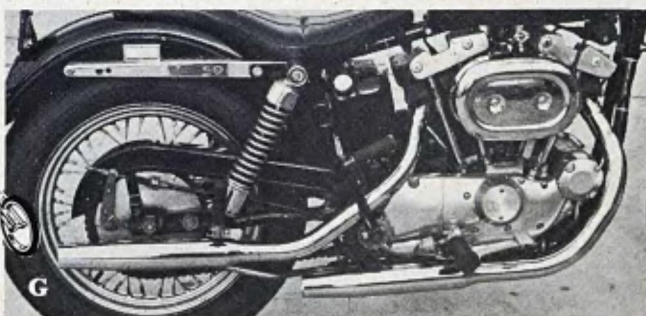
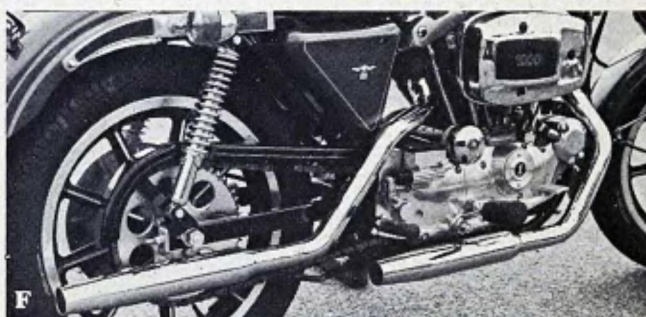
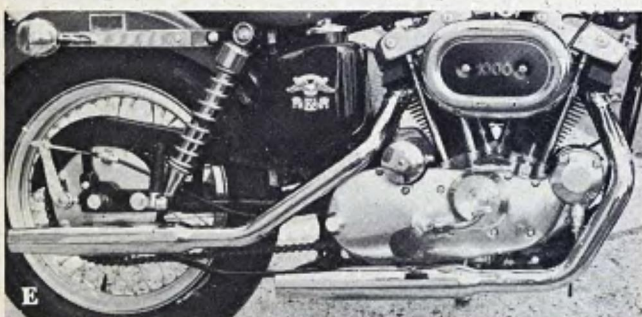
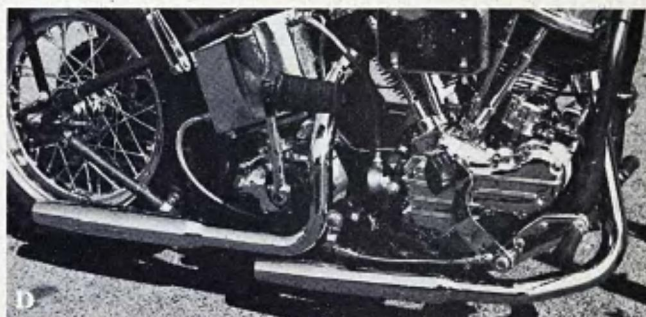
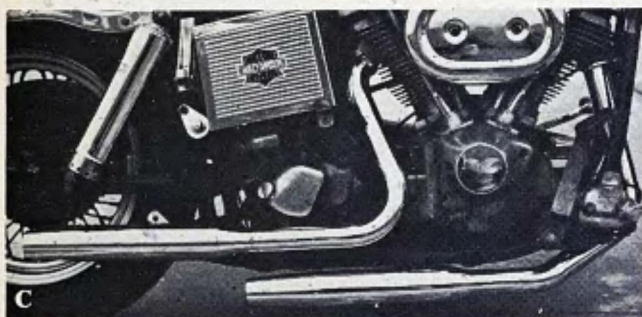
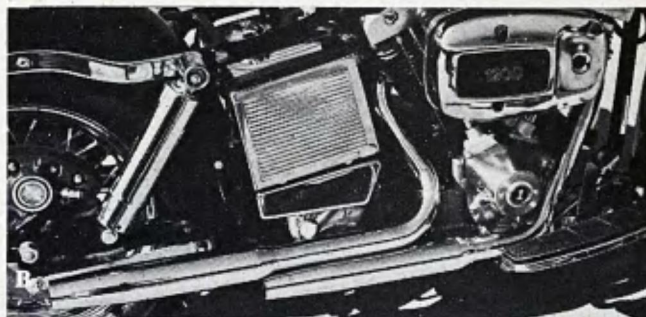
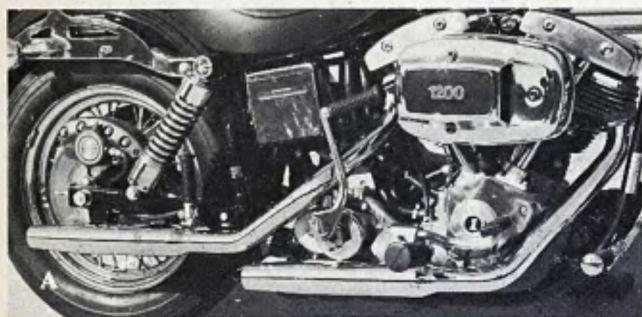
This clever little hand operated grinder will allow the engine builder to custom tailor the end gaps of his rings for tighter fit and more complete combustion seal.

126031	End Gap Grinder	29.95
126032	Replacement Blade	7.00

Harley Tapered Muffler Pipes

ADVERTISEMENT

These Cycle Shack beauties are the "original" tapered 1 3/4" muffler pipes for Harley Panheads, Shovelheads and Sportsters. Among the outstanding features you'll head out with are a show chrome finish, an all steel muffler core and concealed mounts and brackets. Set yourself up with a system that both looks and works great!



A. FX, FXE & FXS (Low Rider) Pipes
Fits all 1971-1980 FX, FXE as well as the Low Rider model with both kick and electric start. Features include an inside the frame front pipe and over the transmission rear pipe with improved ground clearance.

150013 99.95

B. Late FLH & Police Special Pipes
Fits all 1970-1980 electric start models only. Features an inside the frame front pipe that clears factory floorboards and forward-mounted master cylinder brake pedal combination. The rear pipe runs under the transmission to clear the extra large batteries on these models.

150014 99.95

C. Early Shovelhead FL, FLH & Police Special Pipes

Fits all 1966-1969 models. Features an outside the frame front pipe and under the transmission rear pipe. Oil lines may need to be re-routed if these pipes are used on a motor with a late model oil pump.

150015 92.95



CYCLE SHACK, INC.
South San Francisco, CA

D. Panhead Pipes

Fits all Panheads 1948-1965 in a rigid or swingarm frame with mechanical or hydraulic brakes. Features an outside the frame front pipe and an under the transmission rear pipe.

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E. Sportster Pipes

Fits all Sportsters 1957-1978 & 1980. This is the original Sportster look, inspired by the early models.

150017 99.95

F. 1979 Sportster Pipes

Fits the 1979 Sportster and XLS. Features the same great styled look made popular by the early models.

150018 99.95

G. Sportster XLR Style Pipes

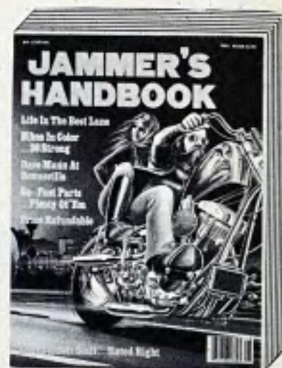
Fits all Sportsters 1957-1978 & 1980. A great tapered XLR style system.

150019 99.95

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*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.
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3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

Orders: We will ship U.P.S. Ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Shipping Time: Once your order has been picked up by the carrier, their approximate shipping times are: UPS, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; COMMERCIAL AIR FREIGHT, 1 to 2 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

- ☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Freight
☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

6% Tax - California Residents Only

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. Deposit

Balance due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A number*

Signed

Expr. Date

*Credit cards accepted

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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



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14" back. Built-in sissy bar.	
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D. Super Glide Duke I	
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G. Super Glide Monarch Touring IV	
Double bucket styling provides that snug cushion support for the avid rider.	
115043 Black	143.00

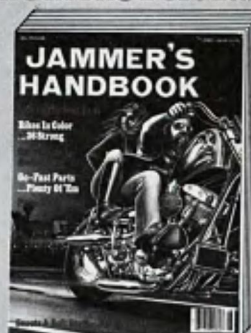
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Helmets in Courts

—Continued from page 116

Footnotes:

¹State Laws on Mopeds and Motorized Bicycles, Traffic Laws Commentary, January 1978 Volume 7 Number 2. (U.S. Department of Transportation.)

²Cites to state statutes are collected and listed at end of article.

³Delaware has an unusual statute that seems to reflect an effective manufacturer lobby in that while requiring only those under 19 to wear a helmet, requires all riders to have a helmet in their possession. 61 Del. Laws, c. 314.

⁴Washington Rev. Code Ann., sections 46.37.530 and 46.37.535 (1970, Supp. 1979).

⁵State Laws on Mopeds and Motorized Bicycles, Traffic Laws Commentary, January 1978 Volume 7 Number 2. (U.S. Department of Transportation.)

⁶Michigan, *American Motorcycle Association v. Davids*, 158 N.W.2d 72, (Mich. App. 1968); *Illinois, People v. Fries*, 250 N.E.2d 149, 42 Ill.2d 446 (1969); *Ohio, State v. Betts*, 21 Ohio Misc. 175, 252 N.E.2d 866 (1969).

⁷*Contra, Ohio, State v. Stauffer*, 28 Ohio App.2d 299, 57 O.O.2d 342, 276 N.E.2d 651 (1971).

⁸*Griswold v. State of Connecticut*, 381 U.S. 479, 494, 85 S.Ct. 1678, 1687 (1965).

⁹Cites to these individual state statutes are collected in a supplement infra.

¹⁰*Potts v. Armour & Company*, 183 Md. 483, 39 A.2d 552 (1944).

¹¹This statute was amended in 1977 so that only minors are now required to wear helmets. La. Rev. Stat. Ann., sec. 32:190 (Supp. 1979).

¹²*Amoco Chemical Corp. v. Hill*, Del. Super., 318 A.2d 614, 617.

¹³*Honaker v. Crutchfield*, 247 Ky. 495, 57 S.W.2d 502.

¹⁴*Robinson v. Bone*, 285 F. Supp. 423 (D.C. Ore.); *Souther v. Ramsey*, 424 S.W.2d 684 (Tex. Civ. App.); *Woods v. Smith*, 296 F. Supp. 1128 (D.C. Fla.).

¹⁵*Ariz-Nash v. Kamrath*, 21 Ariz. App. 530, 521 P.2d 161 (citing annotation).

Colo-Hotchiss v. Preble, 33 Colo. App. 431, 521 P.2d 1278, *Conn-Brown v. Case*, 31 Conn. Supp. 207, 327 A.2d 267 (citing annotation).

Dist Col-McCord v. Green, (Dist. Col. App.) 362 A.2d 720 (citing annotation).

Ill-Kravenas v. Algonquin Township, 13 Ill. App. 3d 1000, 301 NE2d 490; *Yocco v. Barris*, 16 Ill. App. 3d 113, 305 NE2d 29; *Allison v. Howell*, 22 Ill. App. 3d 287, 317 NE2d 379; *Eichorn v. Olson*, 32 Ill. App. 3d 587, 335 NE2d 774. *Kassela v. Stonitsch*, (1978) 57 Ill. App. 3d 817, 15 Ill. Dec. 262, 373 NE2d 608.

La-Williams v. Harvey, (La App.) 328 So. 2d 901.

Mich-Placek v. Sterling Heights, 52 Mich. App. 619, 217 NW2d 900.

NJ-Polyard v. Terry, 148 NJ Super 202, 372 A.2d 378.

NY-Langford v. Chrysler Motors Corp., (DC NY) 373 F.Supp. 1251 (applying New York law).

Tex-Mercer v. Bank, (Tex. Civ. App.) 484 SW2d 117; *King*

Son Wong v. Carnation Co., (Tex. Civ. App.) 509 SW2d 385, error ref n re (Tex.) 516 SW2d 116.

For an extensive and exhaustive list of cases and a good annotation often cited by state courts, consult 15 ALR3d 1428.

¹⁶*Darnell v. Taylor*, 236 So.2d 57, 61 (La. App.)

¹⁷Prosser on Torts, Sec. 64 at 434.

¹⁸*Miller v. Miller*, 273 N.C. 228, 160 S.E.2d 65 (1968).

¹⁹*Kavanagh v. Butorac*, 221 N.E.2d 824 (Ind. App. 1966).

Hale v. Cravens, 129 Ill. App.2d 466, 263 N.E.2d 593.

Josel v. Rossi, 7 Ill. App.3d 1091, 288 N.E.2d 677.

Spier v. Barker, 35 N.Y.2d 444, 363 NYS2d 916, 323 N.E.2d 164.

²⁰No Duty—*King Son Wong v. Carnation Co.*, 509 SW2d 385 Tex. Civ. App. 1974.

Miller v. Miller, fn. 18.

Plaintiff's Neg. Preceded Def.'s—*Lipscomb v. Diamiani*, 226 A.2d 914 (Del. Super. Ct. 1967).

²¹*Woods v. Smith*, 296 F. Supp. 1128 (D.C. Fla. 1969).

Robinson v. Bone, 285 F. Supp. 423 (D.C. Ore. 1968).

Nash v. Kamrath, 521 P.2d 458 (Ariz. App. 1974).

Fischer v. Moore, 517 P.2d 458 (Colo. 1973).

Hampton v. State Highway Commission, 209 Kan. 565, 498 P.2d 236 (1972).

Placek v. City of Sterling Heights, 217 N.W.2d 900 (Mich. App. 1974).

Romanek v. Black, 167 N.W.2d 606 (Mich. App. 1969).

Jones v. Dague, 166 S.E.2d 99 (S.C. 1969).

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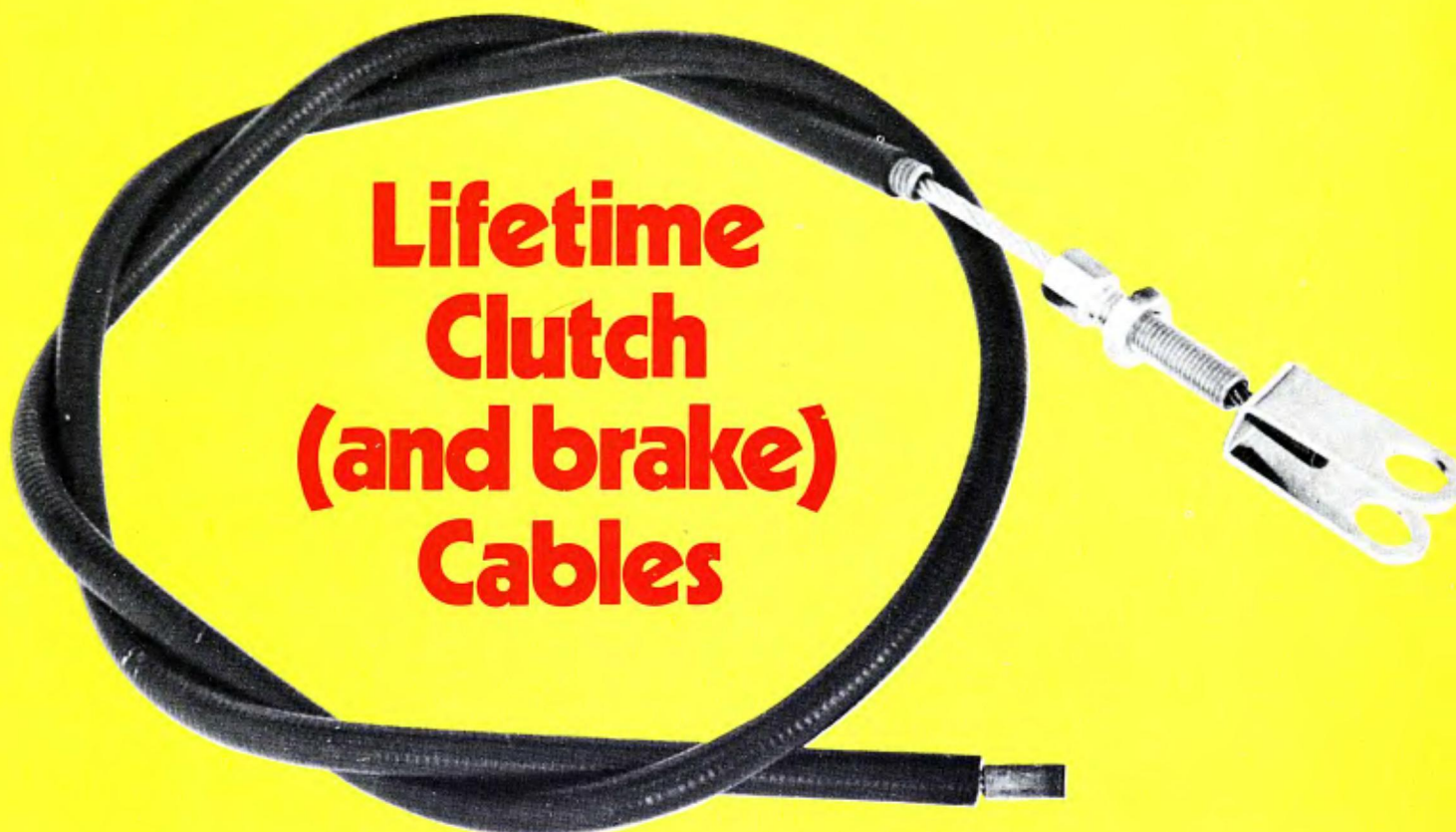
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Mousetrap cable	\$19.00
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Old-style Sportster	\$22.00
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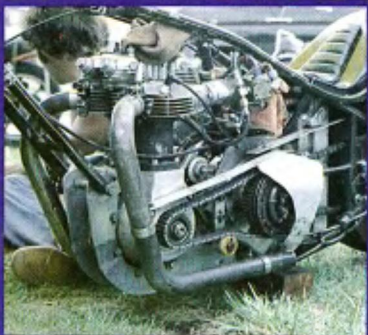
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