

Easyriders

45p

March 1976
One Dollar

**Righteous Fiction
and Choppers**

**Anti-Helmet
Poster Inside**
(see centerspread)

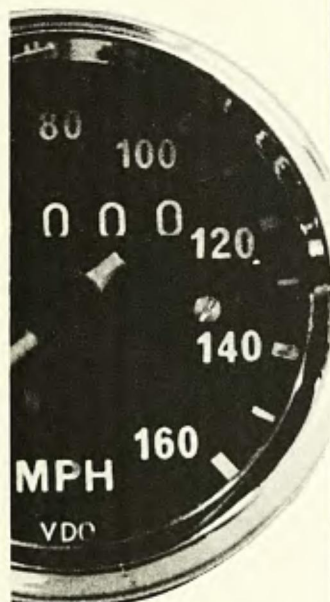
*See more of
me on page 25*





**160 mph
Speedometer
Exclusively
for the
74 Chopper! and
Sportster**

Now for the first time
you can buy this small
(only 2 3/4" in diameter)
precision, German-made
speedometer



Has chromed exterior,
black illuminated face with
white numerals, and it has
an odometer. Simple to
install. Price includes cable
and light. **\$44.95**
Specify 74 or Sportster when ordering.



AXED HARLEY

**GAS
TANK**

3.8 gal. capacity.
Deeper tunnel
gives your bike
the fat bob look!

#818A Single cap **44.95**

#819A Dual caps **49.95**



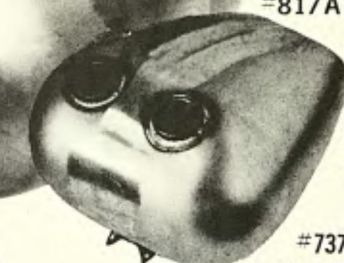
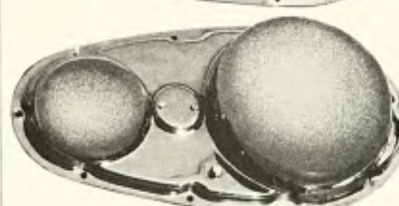
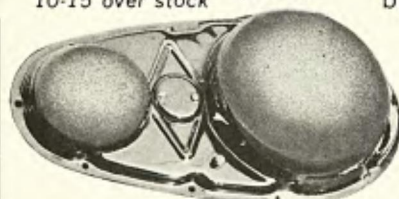
**SHIFT BRACKET
LEVER**

#203B
7.50

Chromed. Stock
replacement; fits
1936 to 1954 with
foot shift assembly

**HD 74
Extended
Kick Stand
Chromed**

6-10 over stock **\$24.95**
10-15 over stock



**FOUR GALLON
AXED HARLEY**

4 gallon capacity; 13 1/2" wide, 16" long, 9" deep. Frisco style tunnel.

#816A SINGLE CAP **42.50**

#817A DUAL CAP **44.95**

**DISC BRAKE
COVERS**

Dress up and protect your brake caliper!
Chrome plated.

#737

Fits 1972 to
present HD 74
with large calipers.

14.95

#737A

Fits 1974 HD
74 with small
calipers;
front only. **13.95**

**SHIFT
BRACKET**

Chromed stock replacement. Fits
1936 to 1954 with foot shift
assembly, will fit 1955 to 1973
with 3/8" spacer on bushing.

#203A **14.95**

Oil Gauge (Chromed)

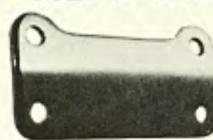
Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs.
A must for long rides.
Fitting supplied for 74s
and Sportsters, but you
must specify which one
when ordering. Can be
modified to fit other
bikes **9.95**



**CUSTOM
OIL TANK**

FOR ELECTRIC START 74's
4 quart capacity; side fill.
Designed for aircraft style and
FX Electric Start Battery.
Mounting plate and battery
clamp included. #746B **65.50**

HEADLITE BRACKET



Chromed; use
on extended
front ends.
Fits all 74FX
and Sportsters.
#526 **3.50**

OUTER PRIMARIES

HD XLCH Sportster 1958-69

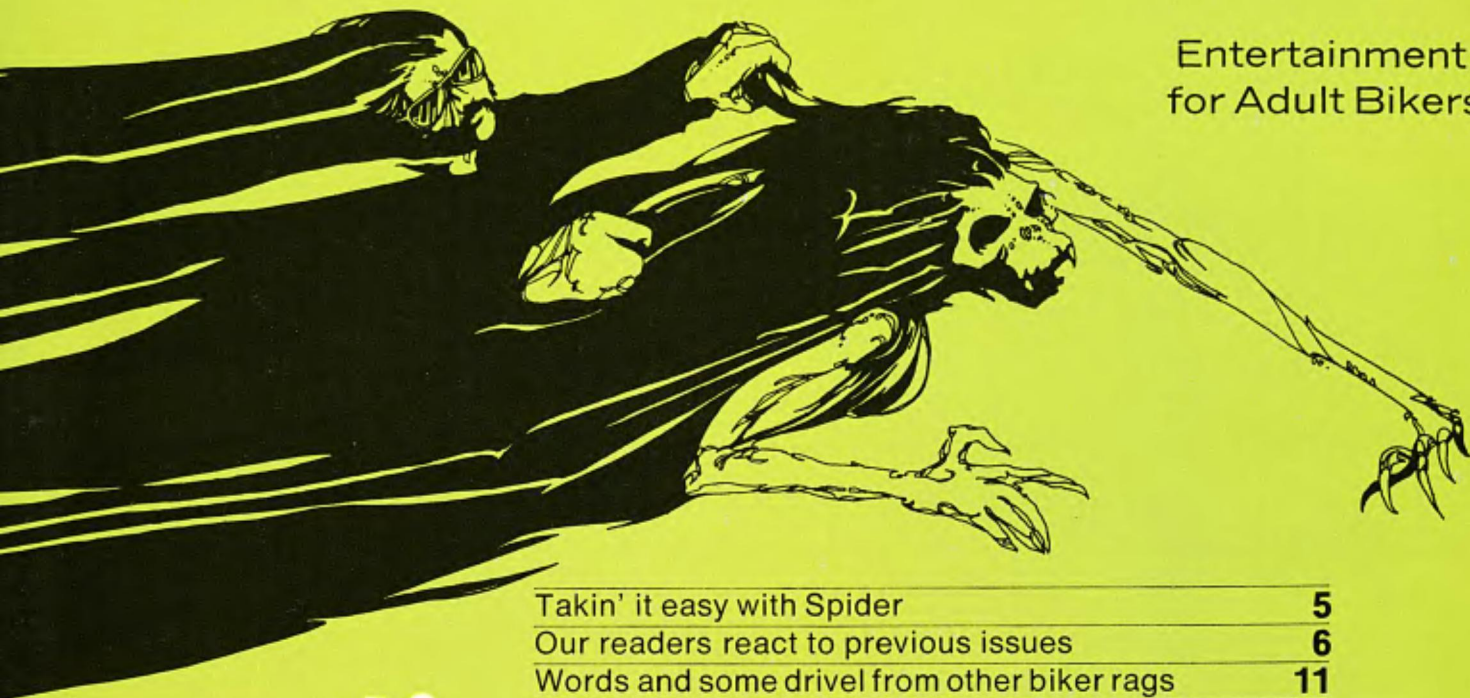
#761 DIAMOND STYLE **33.95**

#762 SMOOTH STYLE **33.95**

#763 SUPER SMOOTH **33.95**

Terms: 50% deposit, balance C.O.D. Send money order.
Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we
ship. California residents add 5%. We ship cheapest way
possible to save you money, unless you specify otherwise.

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale,
California 91201



Easyriders

FTW

Takin' it easy with Spider	5
Our readers react to previous issues	6
Words and some drivel from other biker rags	11
Two dudes have problems getting to the Coast	12
Our centerspread tattooed on a chick's back!	14
The death of a righteous biker bar	16
Gettin' your word to the lawmakers	18
Solari throws a faith healer a helluva problem	20
Ol' rank and rotten Mutha does it again	23
You've asked for 'em—so here they are!	24
Step by step way to win at shooting craps	29
Now here's one radical knuckle	31
In The Wind puttin' with our readers	35
One good use for the brain bucket	40
Dude goes ape with detail on his scooter	42
Another fiction piece by Rabbit	48
Have you ever seen a truckin' side hack?	52
ABATE, the organization of street bikers	58
Choppershopper, a good place for goodies	78

Number 35

STAFF: Office Cats: Igor, White Rat and Omar. Executive Janitor and Contact: Spider. Subscription Hassles: Monica Stewart. Bookkeeper and King of the Assholes: Pillhead Smiley. Subscription Maintenance: Lori Parker. Young Man About Town: Lou. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Big Armond Bletcher. Wine Taster and Chugalug Champ: Dudley. Hard Worker and Office Sex Symbol: Dean. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Contributing Photographers and Party-timers: Billy Tinney, John (Rogue) Herlihy, Wino Joe, Dave Fitzgerald, Charles Flett. Cartoon Editor: The one and only Hal Robinson. Art Director: Art Honcho. Artists: Dave Mann, Duffy Duggan. Production: Here today, gone tomorrow Denise. Overworked Editor: Louis (License Plate) Bosque. Fearless Photog: Jake Roca. Wordhead: Frank (The Hermit) Harding. Photo Editor: Pete (Tit Freak) Chiodo. Associate Editor: Keith (Bandit) Ball. Lecher and good guy: Big Toe Renegade. Editor-at-Large: Mil (Hog Expert) Blair. Managing Editor: Joe (Super Hog) Teresi. Editor: Lou (barf) Kimzey.

Easyriders magazine Number 35, March, 1976, Vol. 6. Published every six weeks by Paisano Publications, Inc. with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1976 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. **Subscriptions:** All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$7.00, two years \$14.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$1.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579, Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. **Advertising:** Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Phone number (213) 880-4240.

Hey! Here's a special deal!

Now, for a limited time, you can get four mugs at a reduced price of \$18.95 plus a lousy \$3.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$4.85 over the single mug price.)

Just think of it — only \$18.95 for four of these heavy mugs.

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Righteous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Toe freak file: It seems that a dude in San Antonio, Texas, got his kicks by knocking down women, yanking off their shoes, and then fondling their feet as he kissed their toes. One woman didn't dig his slobbering all over her toes and screamed for help. He was caught as he wiped his mouth and told the police to "have a go at those toes, man!"

A record high? Hagerstown, Maryland, bug-eyed officials claim they have discovered the tallest pot plant ever found in Maryland. They said it was 11 feet high—"Enough to make over 300 cigarettes," they gasped. (Musta been a skinny fucker.)

Our fucked-up system of "justice": A dude who defrauded (now get this) 80,000 people was fined a measly \$5,000. It just goes to show ya—if you're gonna steal, steal big!

A 79-year-old dude in Oakland, California, wondered why his prick had gone soft on him. During a hassle with his ol' lady, she copped out that she'd been putting saltpeter in his food for four years. She then stormed out of the house but only got as far as the front porch; the dude blew her away with a 20-gauge shotgun (79 or no 79, you ain't gonna cut him off).

An Australian reader informed me of this leg-wetting fact: A 40-foot sperm whale's joint is 3'6" long and 10" in diameter—when it's soft. (Eat your heart out, Mutha.)

The California Supreme Court has ruled that cops can't force narcotics suspects to vomit up evidence which they may have swallowed in anticipation of

getting busted. The Chief Justice said such a search was of "intolerable intensity and scope"—and that it "shocks the conscience and violates due process of law. A search warrant, he said, was not intended to authorize intrusions beyond the surface of a body.

Did you know that tattoos have been found most frequently on burglars? Then on armed robbers, rapists, and kidnappers, in that order. They're rarely found on a convicted murderer.

Wanna know how many pints of blood you have runnin' through your tubes? All you do is divide your weight by 12.

Wanna snuff that dog of yours? No, not your ol' lady—the other one. All you gotta do is keep the sonuvabitch awake for four or five days and nights. Some whites in his Alpo should do the trick.

Dipshit of the month: A 15-year-old chick was raped by an 18-year-old dude. She played it cool, told him how much she dug it and gave him her phone number. When he came calling, the cops nabbed him.

A bet's a bet: Two bricklayers decided while polishing off a jug of tequila that they should go home to kick the shit out of their ol' ladies to demonstrate that International Women's Year was inoperative. They made a bet and stumbled home to waste their ol' ladies. The neighbors heard the screams. Both bricklayers went to jail and they decided the bet was a draw.

Shit, there's days when nothin' goes right. Consider the Tallahassee, Florida, dude who shot himself twice through the temple, tried once more, and then drove four miles to his home. It seems that the first shot passed behind his eyes and out the other side. The second shot exited through his forehead—and for some reason, he completely missed with the third shot. He decided "fuck it," and drove home.

Leg-wettin' fact file: I've got it on good authority that nine out of ten cannibals prefer to eat men rather than women. It seems that men are juicier than women (we're sweeter too).

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Forgotten

□ Your rag is bad. It keeps me sane. I feel that is price-less. Could one of you tell me what pussy smells like? It's been so long that I've forgotten.

J.C.

San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Smells g-o-o-d.

Goofed Again!

□ You fuckers can't do anything right! I just got my December issue of your piece of far-out shit and was wasted while reading "Two Easy Rip-Offs." After completing the story, I turned back to see the illustration by Duffy Duggan and noticed that he was probably fucked up too!

You'll notice that at the left end of the couch, on the floor, there's a bag of potato chips. Well, dumb fuckers, they never ripped off any potato chips! Or cookies! Why don't you all get your shit together!

Hillbilly Harley Freak
Crittenden, Kentucky

Give us some slack, will ya?

Warning

□ I just want to tell Marc-ella, if she doesn't quit flirting with my ol' man I'm going to kick her fucking ass up around her shoulders.

Pissed Off,
Barstow, Calif.

Cutting One

□ I just finished reading your article "The Art of Cutting One." Congratulations! That has to be the most far-fucking-out article I've read in a long time, mainly because I haven't read anything in a long time. All the way through I thought, Hmmm! Sounds like me and/or mine! But great as it was, you missed one idea: Next time you and your ol' lady get in an

argument, try fumigating the air. It will not only cut the argument in half, but it'll make her think twice before starting another one.

The "Joker"
Eufless, Tex.

□ Well, you finally did it. You have even grossed me out. I am referring to the issue which contained, of all things, "The Art of Cutting One." This was the absolute limit—you must have been hard up for filler. A real putdown to anyone with 1% of couth.

Mule Skinner
Finday, Ohio

Cry me a river.

House Calls

□ I'm 20 years old, have medium dark hair, and green eyes. I've really been into your magazine for the past year and I love it!

I have one problem that I hope you guys can help with. I love to fuck and suck. But after enlisting the aid of my dildo, my ol' man, and various electrical gadgets I find around the house to stuff in my snatch, I'm still always horny as hell. My question is, do any of you guys make house calls?

Greer
Bloomfield, N.J.

■ All we need to know is how many slobos ya want and where we're to go.

Boycotting Laconia

□ I was reading your article on boycotting Laconia, and the idea sounds good. I hope the assholes that were down on us get lots of static from the locals about lack of business. Then the thought came to me, we gotta find another place to party. If someone can find a good place to substitute for the only run in this part of the country,

write in and tell us. We'd all like to get down together with our brothers and party just like we used to.

Paul Ricard
Jewett City, Conn.

□ I agree with you about the idea of boycotting Laconia, and I know damn well the loss of money is gonna hurt those assholes. So why not carry it a step further!

The same damn weekend that Laconia was going on, a whole helluva lot of other bikers were raising hell, partying, racing, and generally just having a good time in Bowling Green, Kentucky. At a place called Beech Bend Park, there's a carny, a place to camp, and a helluva big drag race going on. It ain't that the camping is free, though. It costs; yeah, a whole goddam 10¢ to camp in a helluva nice big campground.

Steve Osburn
Kenton, Ohio

□ The article urging bikers to boycott the Laconia area was great. Let's show those dick-eyed muthas. We must fight back, and starving their wallets is the best way. Not only in Laconia, but in other areas like it.

Tarzan
Columbia, S.C.

Old Fogey Replies

□ I read your article "Bikers Have Muscles" in the Dec. rag and damn near ruptured my cookies laughing. Whoever wrote it must have a head full of rocks where his brains ought to be. I've been riding Harleys since 1938 and still ride 'em. I've been in Laconia and Loudon nearly every year since racing started in 1940. I've seen the VFW hall in Laconia set afire by some asshole who thought he needed a bonfire, and

several motels gutted the same way. I've seen pigs and sheep stolen from their pens and barbecued—all in the name of a new lifestyle. I've seen mobs walk into a number of stores, and while one pothead was buying a case of beer, his brothers ripped off hundreds of dollars' worth of merchandise. (That's the kind of lifestyle everyone should have.) I've seen a husband and wife and two small children scared shitless when they were flipped upside down in their Volkswagens because the guy had the audacity to beep his horn at a bunch of hop-headed fucking bikers who were completely blocking the highway. (Man, they were a brave bunch.)

On my own property, which is a short distance from the track on Route 106, I came upon a stupid (new lifestyle) Paul Bunyon cutting down one of my small pine trees just for the hell of it. It wouldn't burn worth a shit because it was green, but he was too fucking dumb to realize it. I've hauled truckloads of garbage off the property after every Loudon race, and I know that it costs the State of N.H. over \$50,000 just to clean up the trash along Route 106 between Belmont and Loudon.

In other words, your few measly fucking bucks don't come near paying the cost of the mess you make.

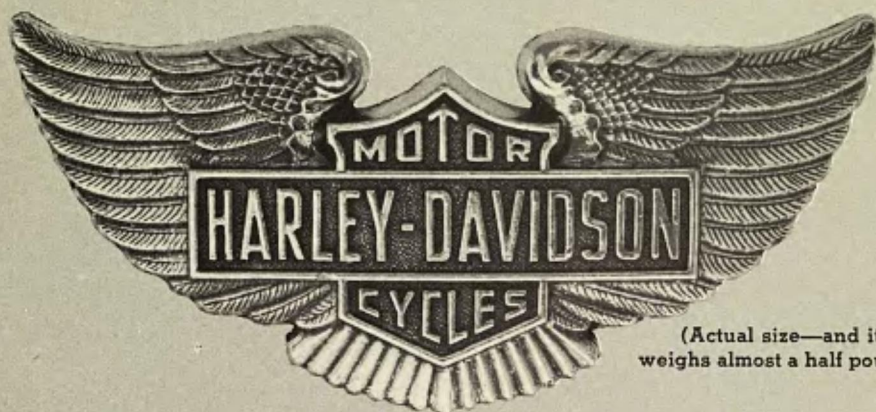
The Old Man
Portland, Conn.

Ahh, gimme a kiss.

AMF's Number

□ For those of you who have been having trouble with AMF backorders, try calling their parts dept. direct. The Milwaukee number is (414) 342-4680. I don't know if letters will work, but phone calls do.

The Original—not a Taiwan copy!



(Actual size—and it
weighs almost a half pound)

—absolutely the very best!
Ask the man who owns one.

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—solid metal, weighs almost a half pound.

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

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

Send \$15.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

This buckle is of the same high quality as the Righteous buckle you have already received. If you want only a buckle, just send \$10.00 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle.

Now you can get a universal buckle. It will fit any 1 3/4-inch wide belt. All you gotta do is say that's the one you want when ordering. No extra cost.

They say that the sincerest form of flattery is imitation—well bullshit. An imitation is just that—an imitation. Copies have been reproduced from our buckle, but in doing so they lost all the fine, crisp detail contained in our buckle.

The imitations are also produced more cheaply and show it—but the only way you'll know is by comparing the copy with an original.



Righteous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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 \$8.00 each or \$15.00 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 no scoot folk.

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.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



I have had parts hand-picked off the assembly line and sent to the shop they were ordered from. Enough calls and letters may speed up future parts shipments to H-D shops.

R. Raymond
Canastota, N.Y.

Loyal Reader

□ Every time I write you dipshits a letter you never print it. I buy your rag every month and waste plenty of bread on stamps and buying mags to see if my letter was published.

Rat
Culver City, Calif.

■ Well, I knew there had to be at least one reason for someone to buy this mess.

Raisin Pie

□ What's with that raisin pie shit? If you guys deserve anything it'd be an extra ration of hair pie.

The Great J.C.
Elyria, Ohio

■ That's what we keep saying.

Best Article

□ The best article you've ever run was on how to make your own brew. I just downed my last gallon and am feelin' great, no shit, man!

Pete
Chicago, Ill.

Not Allowed

□ Normally magazines of your "type" are not allowed in this jail, so I have been told, for a number of reasons. I will list them in order of so-called importance: (1) Flagrant display of nudity (both sexes); (2) revolutionary and "anti-system" attitudes; (3) unhealthy and "perverted" articles (whatever they are!); (4) lastly, and this is a beaut, the biggies here feel that if they let **Easysiders** circulate through this institution, small bands of "dissidents" will spring up and be hard to control. Well, you probably wonder how in hell I managed to get a copy. Simple. When I became a trusty, I caught a guard leafing through a copy my ol' lady had brought me, and they had confiscated it. Well, this guard and I got into a rap, and it turns out he owns

two bikes and he buys your "demented" rag! Very strange! Goes to prove, if you look long enough, there is probably at least a little good almost everywhere.

In Jail
Somewhere

Digs Fashions

□ I really got off on the latest biker fashions for this season. But who's the dude on page 26? Not bad! I wouldn't kick him out of bed for eating crackers—or whatever else he wanted to eat! It's good to see some pics of men. Remember, women read your magazine too. More cock—less tits—or even it up. Maggie
Lansing, N.Y.

□ Since guys write in and ask who the chicks are in your rag, I would like to know who that righteous hunk of man is on the first page of the article on next season's biker fashions in the Dec. issue. I took one look at him and my pants got wet. Where'd you find a righteous dude like that!

Anita
San Bruno, Calif.

■ They're all over this dump.

Complaints

□ I have read a lot of complaints about **Easysiders** and I have just one thing to say to them: Screw 'em! If they don't like it, tell them to write their complaints on the form provided below.

PLEASE WRITE YOUR
COMPLAINT IN SPACE
BELOW. WRITE LEGIBLY.



Cheezey
Cocoa Beach, Fla.

Blackmail

□ Most dudes who have contributed letters opposing mandatory helmet legislation (particularly my fellow-bikers) are missing the main point. This issue is not so much safety and freedom of choice as it is a portion of Big Brother's increasing mastery and control over men. The bureaucratic job-holders running the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration have arbitrarily decreed that unless Illinois'

non-motorcycling public (97%) foists off upon us motorcyclists (3%) a mandatory helmet law, then all the citizens of our state shall forfeit \$24,000,000 in federal highway funds. Big Brother, therefore, is playing with a stacked deck and is indulging in a most despotic and intolerable form of political, emotional, and financial blackmail, pitting one segment of the citizenry against another to get his way and thereby augmenting and strengthening his control over men and his own resultant power. And blackmail is no less an obnoxious offense when committed by a sovereign government rather than by one of its lowly subjects.

Illinois' non-motorcycling public, with the urging of rational biker spokesmen, should join us in calling Big Brother's hand in this crooked game and demand a new deck and a re-deal—with no more kibitzing from the sidelines.

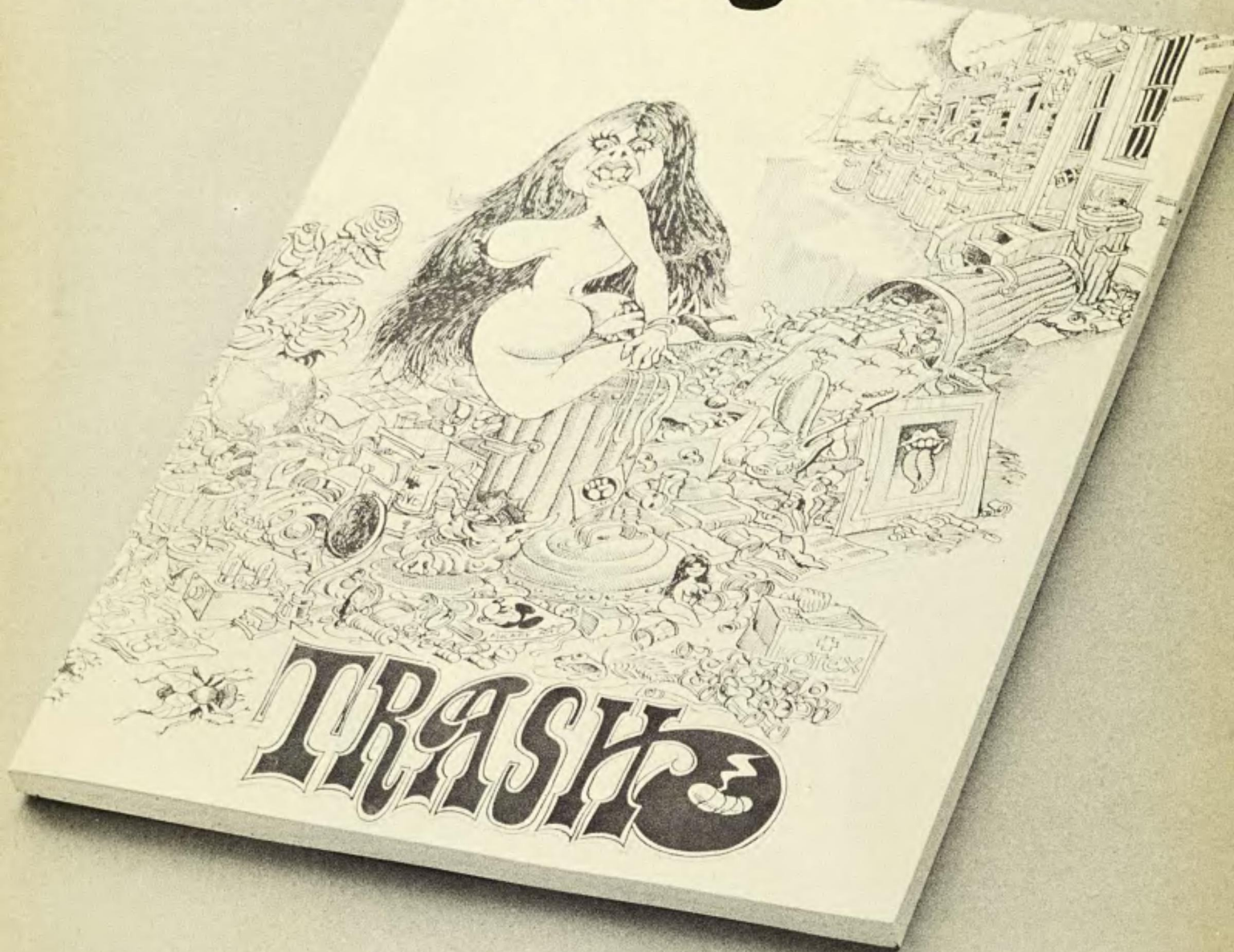
Weird Willie
Chicago, Ill.

Response To Helmet Letter

□ I'm writin' this in response to the scrotum-chin who wrote to you in the Dec. issue about how his helmet saved his head and therefore how wunnerful the law is. Well, I'll tell ya, that brain bucket sure didn't stop his brain from getting scrambled. A lot of us out here in putt-putt land have wiped out with and without helmets and are still here to tell about it. In fact, some of us have permanently injured necks or wacked-out spines, thanks to the miracle of the helmet. The point is, we just don't need any politically oriented stuffed shirts tellin' us we need or we have to wear helmets for our own good. Do you really think them pompous bastards really care whether you're safe or not? Bullshit! Let 'em keep gettin' their way and they'll realize the only real way to protect us from ourselves is to legislate bikes right off the road! Then you can wear your helmet to the john and yank your crank rememberin' how nice it was to be able to ride in good ol' days.

Now Terry J. Hawn may always wear his helmet so's

It's rank, it's gross — and it's great!



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

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

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the

nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

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

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

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

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

**Book
Easyriders Magazine**

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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

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

(California residents add 5% for tax)

**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist**

**For
\$31.50**

**Two Year
Guarantee**

A fine quality
17 jewel slimline
movement. Shock-
resistant! Genuine
leather band. Full color
dial with red, white, and
blue chopper, speeding
ticket, and M.P.H. speedo design.

To: Rapid Mail, Unlimited
3835 Broadlawn Dr.
Hollywood, Calif. 90068

Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid
watch(es) price: \$31.50 each.
Calif. Residents add 6% tax, \$1.58.
Enclosed find ☐ Money Order
☐ Check for \$_____. Please,
No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

he'll be safe. In fact, he may be eternally grateful to Ralphie Nader, the Better Business Bureau, and his mommy for tellin' him to always have on clean under wear so in case he does have an accident, the people in the hospital won't —ah fuck, you know the rest.

Art The Fart
Avenel, N.J.

Nice Gift

☐ I finally got around to writing you, I hope you get off on your gift.

J. Ballard
California

■ We did! We did!

Waitin' For That Day

☐ I was reading my **Easyriders** today and came across the article "So You Think You Have It Tough." That chick has her shit together. Ol' ladies put up with the worst shit around. When the putt breaks down, who shells out the bucks? If you bitch about having to stay home all the time, you're likely going to end up in the emergency room of your local hospital, having your jaw wired together. If not, you may become a gift to the local motorcycle gang or be sold for a debt your ol' man owes. But we rarely ever protest because of that beautiful H-D Knuckle or Sporty. She's our real sister. And we'll need ol' men around until that day comes when we get our own putt up.

Chrystle
Modesto, Calif.

☐ Who is this Big Z (does the Z stand for Zit-brain)? Next time she crawls into your dump and goes down on everybody, wait till she pulls a train too and then tell her to take her shit somewhere else.

Cap'n Jack
Knoxville, Tenn.

Best In Town

☐ Don't laugh. I ride a Honda 100 (a lot) and I'm a girl. It's not by choice. I ride this dinky thing, and needless to say, it really embarrasses me. If I were stronger and I had the money, I would be riding nothing but a Harley (not one of those dresser pigs though). I think perhaps I could hold up a Sportster,

but then I'm only an average-size weakling female. Harleys turn me on. They're beautiful, strong machines. Just the sound of one turns me on and makes my heart start beating faster.

So, you brutes on Harleys, don't laugh when you rocket by me. I'd rather be on the back with you any day, and I give the best blow job in town.

And I thought I'd tell you my favorite pastime is lying in the tub with a glass of wine, a joint, and **Easyriders**.

Fanny
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ If you're the best in town, you shouldn't have any trouble gettin' a Sporty.

Stupid Mistake

☐ You happened to overlook an incredibly stupid mistake that any idiot should have seen: the picture of the reversal engine is really in bad taste. Or is this another contest to see who could discover it first? If I was first, can I have my choice of prize? I would like a matched set of Mutha's crotch crickets.

Tony Straub
Atlanta, Ga.

■ Those goddam Thai sticks will do it to you every time.

Needs Funds

☐ The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) is desperately in need of funds. This organization has

been very successful in bringing attention to the ineptness and stupidity of the present laws. But much more work has to be done in order to bring about a change in the present laws. Anyone interested in helping to bring about a change in the present marijuana laws should write to:

NORML
2317 M Street NW
Washington, D.C. 20037

Gettin' A Tattoo

☐ I want to thank you for your article on tattoos! I've been wanting one for a long time but was a little unsure of how to go about it. Someone offered to put wings on my snatch but—sorry. I live in Detroit and there are a lot of tattoo shops around. I guess I'll go to one of them.

J.
Detroit, Mich.

Trip Canceled

☐ Just read "Trip Canceled"—good story. Kind of liked that big ugly fucker. The ending broke my heart. Ain't it the way though? Didn't think anybody else knew.

Sugar Kane
Sacramento, Calif.

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.



"We can't go on meeting like this, Mrs. Dork — my ol' lady is gettin' suspicious!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Laconia is back, but...

The National AMA Road Race, set for Bryar Motorsport Park, is definitely on! Final approval for the weekend of June 19th & 20th with four races paying a total purse of \$25,000 has been announced by the American Motorcycle Assn. and promoter John Jacobson (Boston Cycles) of Boston, Mass.

Plans are now underway to schedule a Saturday night short track race at the same time.

Fans and enthusiasts who are planning to come to the New Hampshire resort area during the race time are reminded that roadside camping will not be permitted.

The Loudon National is part of the Camel cigarette-sponsored series that will include the Daytona Beach, Fla. 200-mile National and two races in California, the Ontario and Laguna Seca.

—The Motorcyclist's Post

Big bucks in helmets...

The cry is, "You can't legislate safety," and its proponents triumphantly point out that seat belt interlocks are no longer required. In fact, however, we depend on the government to legislate safety in every aspect of our lives, and the point at which we draw the line seems to be almost a matter of whimsy. We demanded bitterly the right to drink ourselves to death, but slowly. No 200-proof alky, please. We demand the right to smoke almost everywhere, but depend on the government to protect us from fire. Our right to break our necks skiing is sacred, but God help everyone involved if the cable on the chairlift breaks.

The principle seems to be that the government can do what it damn well wants to do in the name of safety. Then if what it has done proves so intolerable that a large number of people picket, strike, write letters,

openly violate the law, go to jail, and so forth, the law might be repealed—that is if there is not too much money behind it.

It doesn't take a mathematical genius to realize the helmet industry is reaching for the nine-digit mark, so if helmet legislation only means a 10 percent increase in sales, that's \$10,000,000 gross spread over the lifetime of the product (two to three years). My guess is the quality companies would not back helmet legislation no matter what they honestly felt because they have good reputations and know how cyclists feel. But there are a lot of companies selling \$11.95 products with nothing to protect but the confidentiality of their tax returns.

—Ron Schneiders
Cycle Guide

Slobbering dogs...

Early biker clubs sifted mankind and chose for their lot the emotional misfits of life—those who could not cope with the normal stresses of social organization and had become rebellious at their own inadequacies. Instead of blaming themselves they blamed society, and evolved a lifestyle which preyed upon their "enemy."

A few bizarre attacks against straights and small communities drew the attention and the imagination of milked-out Hollywood writers who saw the potential for story material, and quickly laid the moldy mitt of exaggeration on the outlaw.

With Hollywood's help the outlaw became a grubby, scuffy, anti-social, immoral, swaggering, boasting, carousing, psychopathic sub-human, but no harm would have been done if young and impressionable bike lovers had not endeavored to assume the role they saw on the screen.

Ever since the movies set

the pace, every "outlaw" club forming a charter has felt obligated to fall neatly into the absurd slot written for them—kind of like Pavlov's dogs slobbering at the sound of a bell.

—Larry Kumferman
Custom Chopper

Getting through to a Congressman...

I think the biggest thing that can be done to assist in passage of a law is a quiet, responsible letter-writing and contact campaign on the part of motorcyclists around the country to their various Congressmen trying to explain why they're opposed to the law as it now stands and hopefully suggesting that the Congressmen support this type of amendment or measure. I don't think it's the kind of thing where you win any friends by having a motorcycle-in or anything like that because that does tend to bring up objections once in a while. I do think it is something that can be brought forth to individual Congressmen by the people so that they will support the measure. That's what makes the whole thing work.

—Congressman Stewart B. McKinney (R) Connecticut
—AMA News

It's got soul...

Don't be deceived. What one must realize is that its endurance and performance are apparently endless. Harley owners ride the same motorcycle for years without a rebuild.

The big Harley endures the test of time because it has endured the test of the road.

Harley fans are true aficionados. If you don't believe it, ride one. Indeed, the Harley man is alive and well.

The person who wants to hop on his bike and tour, say, 17,000 miles should "hop" on a Harley.

—AMA News

Smooth, clean lines
Outstanding design
Heavy bronze finish
Finest leather
Hand-made belt



Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear.

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

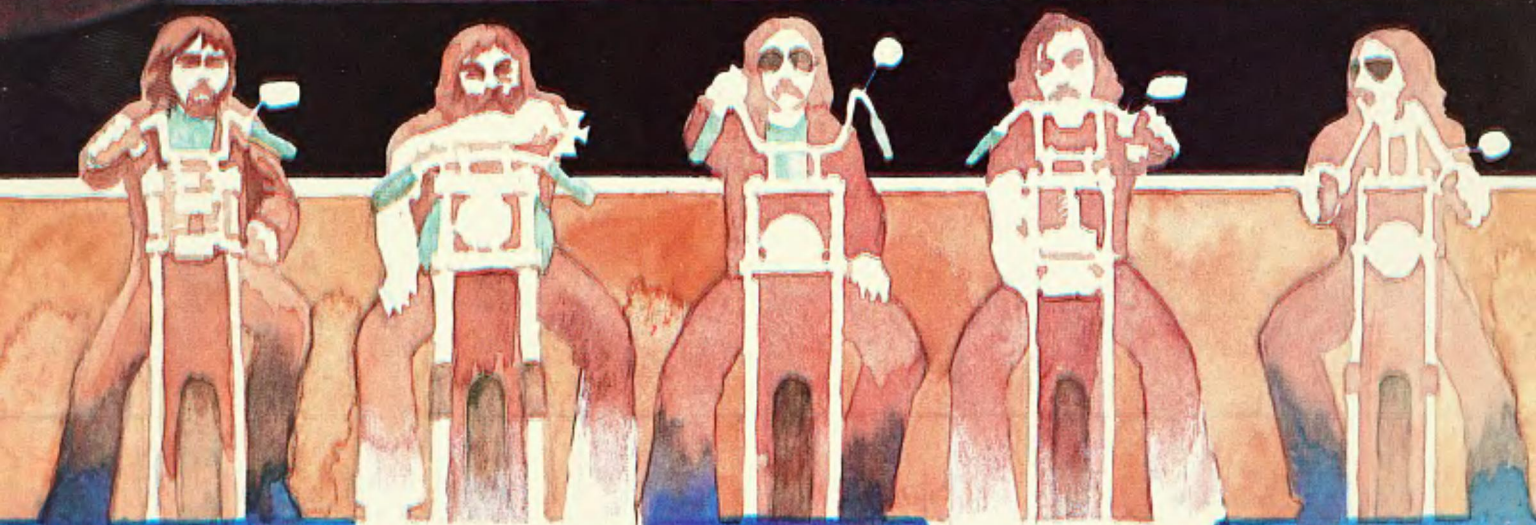
Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.





Gettin' Back To The Coast

We sat slumped opposite each other in the booth by the window where we could keep an eye on the overheated bike cooling off outside the little cafe. Injun rubbed his wide face with both of his huge hands. Being half-Comanche and half-Choc-taw, the big mutha looks exactly like what he is—a goddam giant redskin. Me, I'm a short, lean type, which earned me the name of Runt. Together we had ridden a long way—injun hunched back from the handlebars and me on the jump seat—since I strolled out the slammer gate earlier that day. I gazed around the cafe. Only three other customers besides us. An old couple bent over their scarf, shoveling the crap into their maws in a race to see who could get heartburn first. A mean-faced, middle-aged dude wearing a cowboy hat and picking his teeth like he was mining for diamonds. Behind the scarred counter an old bag and a young doll busied themselves with food. The young doll caught my eye, smiled warmly and hurried over to us, her plump, pointy jugs joggling heavily under the thin uniform. I watched her approach with hungry appreciation, the limp worm in my pants beginning to stiffen. Injun ran his black eyes up and down her curves with brief approval as she whipped out the order pad and a pen.

"Sumpin' to eat?" Her voice was husky, soft.

"Coors . . . fer now, honey." Injun yawned, stretching his beefy frame and muscular arms. "Ya can leave the menu."

"And you, sir?" Green eyes in an oval face under all that thick, black hair swung on me, glittering naughtily.

"Sir? Hell, I'm young enough to be your lover, baby!" I peered steadily at those great jugs, making book with myself that the tips were tenderly pink.

She giggled. "Then you'd better eat sumpin' and keep up your strength! How about it?" She gave a little wiggle as she said it and everything jiggled. The stick in my pants throbbed.

"Make it another Coors for right now. If I ordered what I want to eat"—I stared just below her slightly rounded belly—"it might fluster ya all to pieces."

"No way." Green eyes glistened challengingly at me. "I can dig that kinda appetite, see?"

Hope thumped into my mind, matching the urgent throbbing in my crotch. Shit, it had been over two fuckin' years since I last had any tail. From the way this broad was talkin', she was ready to play. The quiverin' stick threatened to rupture my goddam zipper.

"Ya gonna bring the suds?" sighed Injun, yawning again.

She took off, smiling back at me with open excitement.

"Man," I said hoarsely, "I gotta have some of—"

"Fergit it!" Injun shook his shaggy head disgustedly. "You been ready to go off half-cocked after every fuckin' doll we've seen since we hauled ass outa Huntsville. We ain't got time, ya little dipshit. I wanna get back to the fuckin' coast."

"You been gobblin' and screwin' up a fuckin' storm all the time I been penned up in that slammer! You don't know how bad I need just a little of that chick's snatch." I massaged the aching stick.

He snorted impatiently. "Bullshit! No reason ya can't wait till we hit the fuckin' coast, Runt. Plenty of gash for ya everywhere out there. Plenty. If the club mommas don't drain ya dry, I'll hold a goddam virgin-towny still fer ya while ya pump yerself to death, ya fuck-happy midget!"

Suddenly I realized we had company. Looming up beside the booth was the dude under the cowboy hat. His mean, close-set eyes glared down at us. Worse, the fucker wore a shiny badge pinned to his shirt pocket and—now that he was standing up in all his legal pride and glory—I could see the holstered gun on his belt.

"Keep your dirty mouths down, trash," he snarled softly.

"Sorry about that." Injun blinked impassively, sleepily. His usual act whenever The Man encounters him.

In the nine years I've known the big-assed bastard—not counting the time I spent locked up for trying to kill the stupid shithead who deliberately destroyed my scooter and almost wasted me when he ran me off that highway—I've never seen Injun lose his cool under stress.

The Man studied me . . . hard. "Just where are you punks from?"

"Uh . . . headin' fer home. California," I replied evenly, hoping my expression matched Injun's but knowing what I felt toward all cops probably showed in my eyes.

"Yeah, I noticed the plate when you rolled up. Well, California is welcome to scum, see? You be on that machine and long gone when I come back this way. We don't want your kind hereabouts. And no more loud, filthy talk in here. Got that?"

Injun and I nodded silently at the same time, our eyes locked together over the table.

The heat's footsteps thudded away, there was some muted conversation, the jangle of the cash register and the sound of the door closing. I relaxed, glad the muthahumpa was gone. Injun glanced at the counter impatiently, easing his bulk up from the booth. "I gotta bleed the one-eyed dragon, Runt. See if that doll is through brewin' them fuckin' suds while I'm gone." He tromped heavily to the restroom door, closing it behind him.

The doll arrived, carrying the beers.

"Wanna help me hang around for a while?" I asked.

"Like how?"

"I need to score so my bro won't mind stayin' long enough to enjoy a high." I studied her face. She looked hip enough. "Know how I might get some grass?"

"Connects are all outa pocket, thanks to my damn stepfather who just finished hasslin' you dudes."

"What's outa pocket mean?"

She laughed and those plump jugs jiggled joyously. "Texas for outa town! Y'all really a cute dude, know that?"

"I'm countin' on you feelin' that

—Continued on page 60

By Garbage



Talk About Tattoos!

Bro Dave has been doing some beautiful art for us since we first got Easyriders up. And more than once, somebody has taken his rendering of our life style and placed it permanently on tanks, vans, and even their bods.

This is Sunshine. She got one small bike tattooed on her some time ago but felt she needed something more dramatic to show her feelings toward bikes and her people.

Sunshine's tattoo happens to be a far-out first for us. We've never seen any of Dave's work tattooed on a chick before, and it's the largest tattooed reproduction of his work we've ever seen.

She copped the centerfold from the April '75 issue of this rag and tripped—sorta wasted—into Uncle Flash's tattoo parlor in Gardena, California, and laid it on Flash. Needless to say, he freaked. And since the tattoo was applied on and near Sunshine's spine, she did her share of freak-ing while Flash did the initial line work with his needles.

If the thought of such a big tattoo being punctured into your skin doesn't make you squirm—dig. Not long after she had the color filled in, she was laid up in the hospital. The new tattoo couldn't handle the abrasion against the sanitary sheets. Consequently Flash had to fill in the lines again. Talk about wantin' a tattoo!

—Snake







The Death of a Biker Bar

The rowdy, raucous crowd seemed to want, to need, to shock the tourists standing outside the door of the tiny, infamous bar.

Bikes were lined up in impressive array along the curb. Brawling, burly bikers beered it up in nameless confusion. The roar of the surf was drowned out by the din. The tourists drew back as beer and beer mugs began to fly out the door. They wondered if the police would come as they did almost every Sunday at the ritual Sunday morning breakfast at Maynards.

For almost thirteen years a continuing breed of people had been gathering in the dark interior of this tavern. The fishnets, sea shells, old diving helmet, the resined-top spool tables and rickety old bar stools stood up well to their abuse. The inanimate objects seemed to project a vague and virulent pride into the shack-like atmosphere of the bar.

A driving energy seemed to emanate from the very walls. The irrepressible force and energy of the group found its outlet in countless days and nights of partying. The members ranged from out-and-out bums to engineers, artists, dentists and many construction workers. They all had something in common. The love of bikes and the image that bikes and partying gave them. But there was a more cohesive force which one could never quite determine. It was there, a brotherhood, an almost telepathic communication among the group. Words sometimes weren't needed. As they moved from bar to bar on a good party day, it was a spontaneous motion; they would walk out to their bikes almost as one. Soon the roar of the big Harleys could be heard up and down the block as they made ready to move on again. For this was a restless group which could not be held together by any club or pact, only by their own indefinite brotherhood. The only home-base and meeting ground was Maynards by the Sea, that little toilet of a bar that had somehow become infamous in the annals of the San Diego Police Department.

"Hey, Hat, let's give those tourists a show today. Go stand out

by the lamp post and I'll give you a couple of lashes with my belt. That should really blow 'em away!"

"Look at that little old lady trying to peek in the door without getting too close... Lord, why don't you go ask her if she wants a ride?"

"I'd give her a ride, all right, but she looks too old to take it. Now that young fox out there, that might be all right!"

"Hey, sweetie, how about a beer and a gangbang?"

"Here comes the Greek. I think he's been getting a little head in the back again. Look at that smile!"

"You goddam animals! Who the fuck tore up that bar stool?"

"C'mon, Greek, let's go over to the Stage Door and have a shooter. That stool's not tore up too bad, anyway."

Suddenly the sound of Greek music filled the room. The owner, an immigrant from Greece, had put the record on the jukebox and it was played over and over again during those wild years until it almost became the cue song for the partying to really begin.

All you had to do was get that crazy Greek drunk with a few shots of booze across the street and the fun could really begin. Talk about loose!

And as fast as the beer could be poured, out came the dope. You could smoke or you could pop pills. Did you want to go up or down? Maybe a little of each. Have a couple of reds. Down a little too far—take some whites, smoke a little, snort a little. The most amazing thing about these people was the way they could party themselves into a stupor over the weekend and go back to work Monday morning. They generally had to make a pretty decent living to afford those \$3,000-plus bikes. And there were some beautiful bikes in Pacific Beach, often parked right next to a real rat bike. But after all, getting in the wind was all the same one way or another.

The bikers' ol' ladies dug it too. These women were hard core, but foxy. It was hard to understand how the women (and sometimes very young girls) could stand up so well to the abuse partying put on a body. There

were the young, sleek, hard-bodied girls, and the rounded, more fully shaped women who had been around a little longer, but they all looked pretty good. The men, too, were in good shape, generally having fine physiques, strong hard-muscled bodies. Of course, you had a few people who were on the skids. The older men who showed signs of alcoholism, those who couldn't hang onto a job any more. These brothers were more or less taken care of by the others. Even the local bar owners would often let them drink free. There it was again, that indeterminate cohesion that held these people together. Maybe there was magic in that little shack called Maynards.

These people weren't out trying to terrorize the town. They always paid their way. The Greek got rich off the money they spent in that little beer bar. All the taverns on that corner made out. When the bikes pulled in for gas or food, there was no rip-off. The money was always there.

Yet they were condemned by the straight world. Too much fun just couldn't be condoned. Who were they to party and have good times?

"Suffer," the straights said, "with our hang-ups and inhibitions and strait-laced ways."

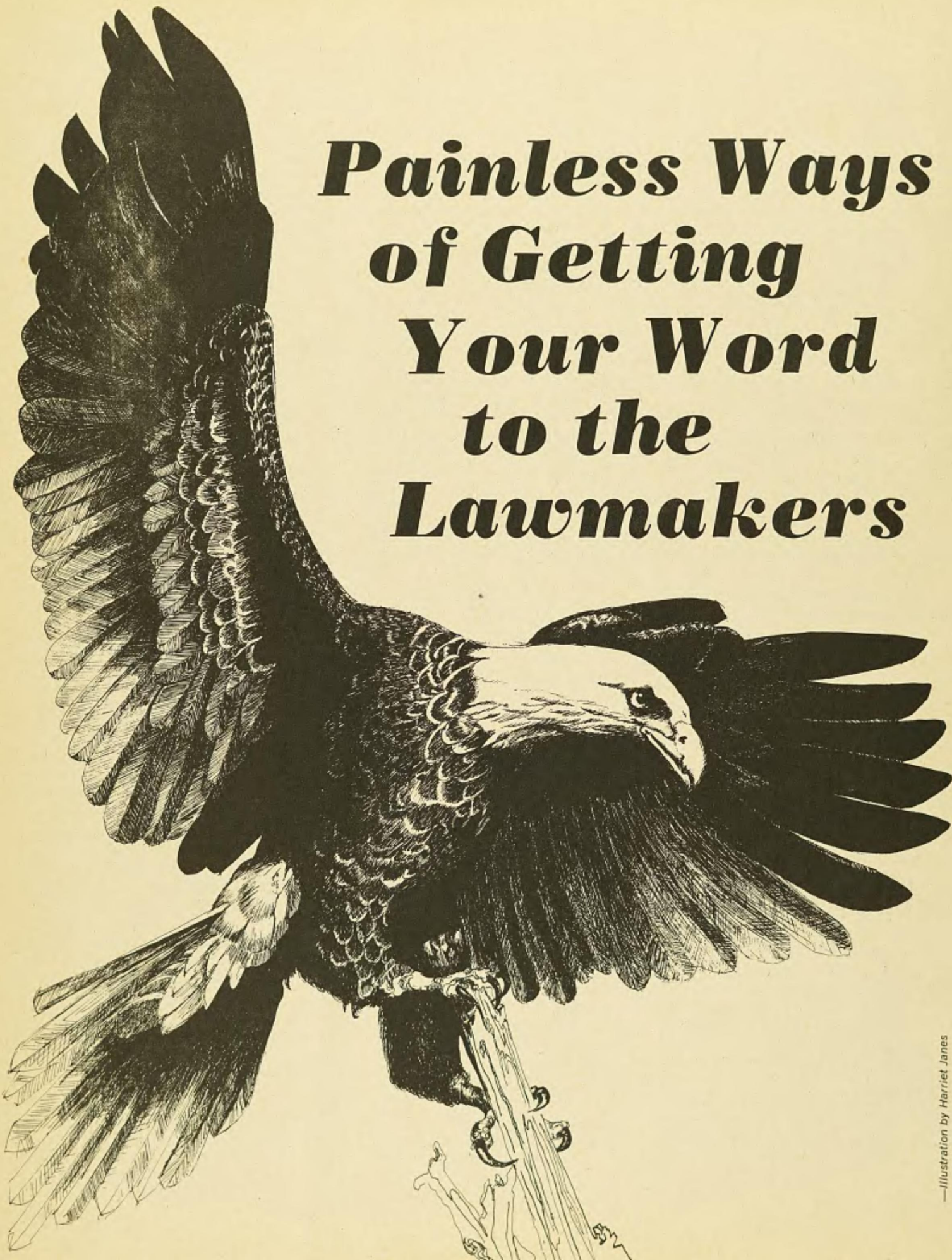
And so the pressure was put on. Every other week or so the pigs would come in and arrest people for "drunk in public." The charge seldom stuck, but you still spent eight or sixteen hours in jail. Then they knew you, too, and you'd better not screw up or you were had.

Because the pressure from the SDPD and city finally wore them down. After years of busts and needless hassle, The Man finally won.

It's been almost three years since they tore old Maynards down. Things just haven't been the same around Pacific Beach since. The partying still goes on but the homebase is gone and the magic has somehow gone with it. The condominiums sitting where the rickety old shack used to be are a constant reminder that something beautiful has been lost forever...

By Judy Lee

***Painless Ways
of Getting
Your Word
to the
Lawmakers***



Sure. You've heard it before. But stick with me a few minutes and maybe—just maybe—I can say it in such a way that it'll sink into your gourd to the point that your ass'll get so puckered with anger you'll do something about it.

I'm like most of you when it comes to writing. Shit, when I'm on the road I even have a helluva time trying to scribble my bed-ridden old mom a simple wish-you-were-here postcard. I have a hard time scrawlin' my signature on a small money order gift to a bro in the slammer.

Yeah, when it comes to "takin' pen in hand," there's always tomorrow. Now don't give me any shit—you know it's true. But tomorrow's here. The shit is fallin', and we've got to do something about it today.

We've got to let those people in power—the ones who enact laws—know that we've had enough. We've got to let them know that some laws are unwarranted and unjust. We've got to convince them that they must repeal certain laws, and in addition we must give them the facts—educate them as to why the existing laws are unjust.

Of course, I'm primarily speaking of the mandatory helmet laws. But there are others, and it seems that at every legislative session, new off-the-wall laws come out of the woodwork. We all know this, just as we all know that collectively we represent a powerful force—there are millions of us—if we'd only get our shit together and bend the lawmakers' ears.

Okay, somethin' keeps you from writin'. As I've said earlier, I've got the same hang-up. So I sat down with a Thai stick (and a little KW for flavoring) and meditated—trying to figure a way around the fact that most dudes simply don't like to write. And, if you'll excuse the expression, an idea came to me in a flash: For the price of a few measly brews, you can pick up your phone and call Western

Union (toll free) and tell them in fifteen words or less what you want to say to a lawmaker—and they'll charge it to your phone bill. (You don't even have to get off your ass.)

It's called a "Public Opinion" telegram and it costs only \$2.00.

Now you may think fifteen words don't allow you to say much, but let me clue you to a fact of life. If a lawmaker gets a volume of mail, telegrams, and phone calls, the little fox in his office merely puts them in two different stacks, "for" and "against." If he's a conscientious dude, he'll try to read most of them—time allowing. But even if he doesn't, he *is* influenced by the total figures.

So while a letter may be better, a quick phone call (Opinion Telegram) is better than nothing.

You can also send a Mailgram. This costs only \$2.50 and you can send up to 100 words. All you do is call Western Union, dictate the 100 words (or less)—and they'll charge it to your phone number. I ask you, what could be easier?

Some of you will say, "Why bother?" Well, let me tell you, we're fighting big bucks. We're fighting manufacturers who have a vested interest in seeing that laws are passed and that laws aren't repealed.

Can you imagine how many millions of dollars would be lost by the helmet manufacturers if the mandatory helmet law were repealed? Don't you think they have their high-powered, expensive, blue-suede-shoe lobbyists there bending the lawmakers' ears—or, I should say "wooing" the lawmaker?

Did you know that this last year one state passed a law requiring motorcyclists to wear reflective clothing? Have you seen the reflective tire ads—how long before they become laws? Who were they developed by? Who were they sold by? The 3M company—another outfit that makes millions "saving our lives."

I could go on and on, but in a few words, we're fighting the high rollers, the people who have the bucks to influence the passage of arbitrary laws against us.

What do we have? Just numbers. Again, there are millions of us. And all we have to do is get off our ass. Either write letters or send "Public Opinion" telegrams. Don't overlook personal phone calls directly to lawmakers, or personal meetings with them.

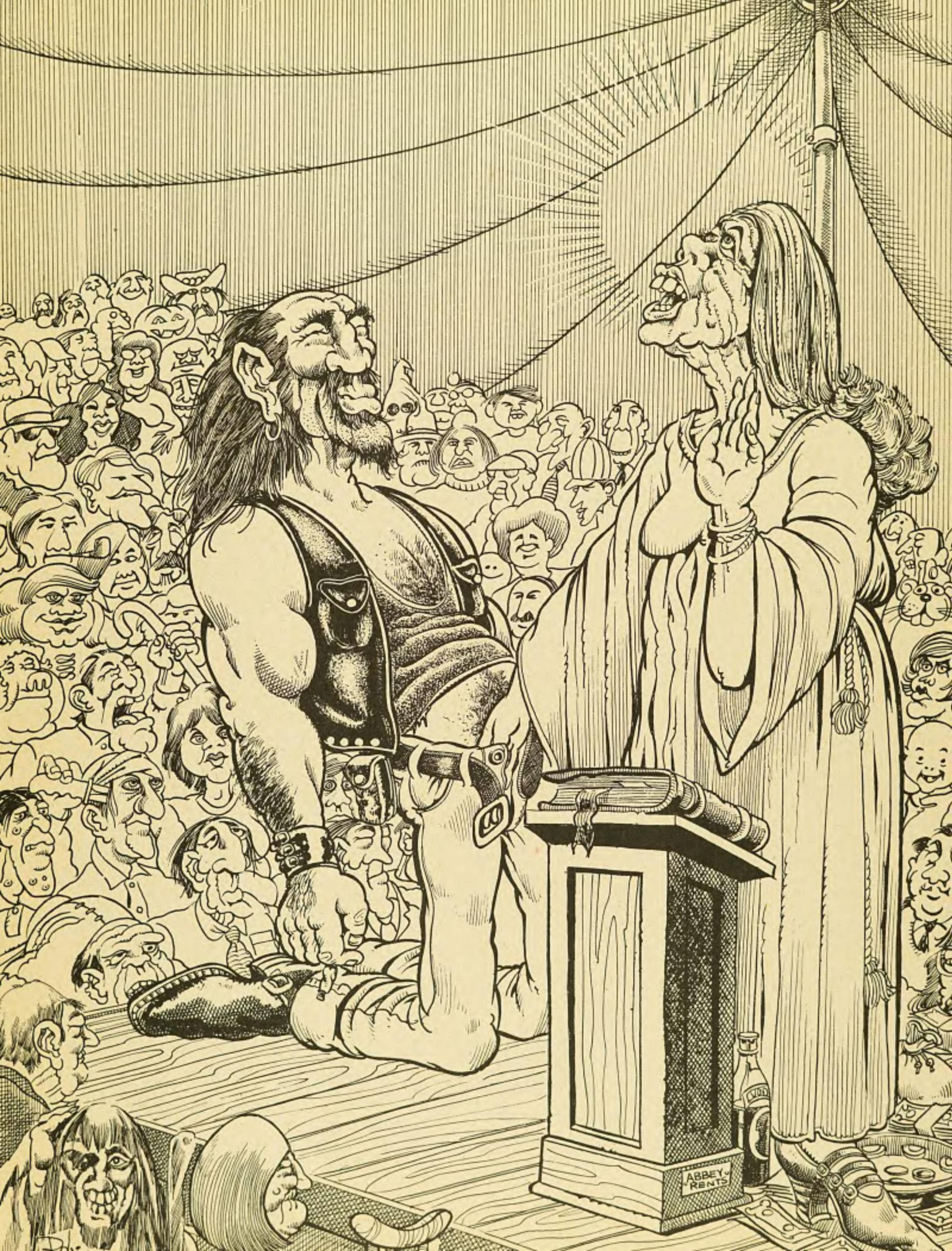
I've stressed the telegram method simply to motivate the non-letter-writers. And if you decide to kick back again and say "tomorrow," let me tell you one thing. The black-mailing of states is done by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA)—or its big brother, DOT. All the dudes in these agencies are either appointed or hired—not elected! A non-elected dude trying to be a hero to impress his boss is in charge of blackmailing states into passage of the helmet law. Non-elected officials are responsible for highway safety rules that affect your bike. Did you know that non-elected regulatory agencies created over 7,000 new laws last year, while our elected officials only enacted a little over 400! And finally, did you know that the NHTSA spends 179.9 million bucks a year! Now if that doesn't make your blood boil, I don't know what will!

You know what to do. The purpose of this spiel is to point out to the non-writers that there are other very effective ways of having their voices heard.

A Mailgram, "Public Opinion" telegram, phone call, letter, or personal meeting could go a long way in helping influence lawmakers. It could also take some of the wind out of the oily, blue-suede-shoe hucksters who have a product to sell at our expense.

Do it today—while you're thinking of it.

— Spider



It's a Miracle!

By J. J. Solari

I listened as long as I could stand it while the gentleman at the door of the prayer meeting told me why I couldn't possibly come in dressed the way I was, and when he was through I offered my rebuttal.

"That woman in there heals people, does she not, sir?"

"With a gift that would humble kings," he said in awe.

"And the Lord is no respecter of persons, isn't that right?"

"This the Bible does say," he said with gritted teeth, caught in a trap.

"In that case," I said, placing the heel of my hand under his chin and lifting him from my path, "get the motherfuck out of my way! I got no cock or balls and that woman's goin' to heal me whether you like it or not, pissface!"

And I entered the house of the Lord.

Having dealt with the rude fucker at the entrance my inner peace and enthusiasm for what I knew the famous healin' lady could do for me returned as it had when I first learned from the boys that she would be in town.

"We must confess to our neighbor to be saved!" I could hear the woman frantically preachin' from the distant stage. "And then will the Spirit of Gaw-d, (as she pronounced it) come into your heart. Confess! Confess! Before it is too late!"

"I got no balls," I whispered in solemn admission to an old woman pressing close to me in the crowded assembly hall.

The woman turned and looked up at me and then pointed to her ears and shook her head woefully.

"Oops. Sorry," I said in sudden shame, realizing that it was weakened hearing that had brought her here for her fair share of the heavenly overflow.

"No balls!" I said loudly, pointing to my crotch to aid her in the discovery of my ailment. "Gonna have the frizzy-haired bitch up there cure me! Got 'em blown off in a bike crash two weeks ago! No pecker either! Fuckin' penis disappeared like the foam on the beer! Increase and multiply, saith the Lord! Don't want to make a liar out of The Man! Came here as soon as the boys told me about the bimbo there! Seen her on TV every fuckin' Sunday yappin' with all the cured fuckers! Sure hope she don't cry her cervix out here like a tanked wino like she does on her TV show though! I think I'd puke if she did that, you

know! Can ya hear me, lady?"

She just pointed to her ears some more, and I patted her on the shoulder in an effort to communicate my faith that she'd be taken care of by the Great Grab Bag of Favors, and set myself to findin' a seat.

The area immediately around me, once so crowded, was now fuckin' near desolate, and as I strolled anxiously around tryin' to peer into the assembly for an empty chair, I informed the stray people I kept crashin' into (what with my eyes fixed for spottin' seats) that I had no balls, only whisperin' it into their ears this time so's not to interrupt the proceedin's that were really startin' to wail.

"I got no balls"-ed my way nearly around the whole backside of the place but still didn't see no seats, but did notice that the people were arranged in some kind of pattern. The wheelchaired people were all bunched together, and the crutch-carriers were in another place, the people with casts in another, and the people who for no visible reason suddenly twitched like exploding popcorn in another.

I grabbed an usher.

"Show me the castrated section," I said, pulling him toward me.

"You have what kind of an infection, sir?" he asked piously, bending in to me to hear better, his hands clasped together.

"No, no, no," I said, waving him into silence so I could start all over.

"The castrated section. The place where the people with no gonads are sitting. Are they separated by sex? Or by degree of damage? By that I mean, is there a place, say, where the people with one testicle are sitting—or one ovary, maybe—and another place for completely blown off dicks and entirely destroyed vaginas? Stuff like that? If there is, then I need the completely sexless area. I have no balls—both of them gone—and no penis. But I'm not a queer either, so don't just shove me in with the people who are having weird identity crises and shit like that. 'Course, if ya have to ya have to, but at least put me in with the lezzies. Ya put me in with the fags and sure as jizz drips quick in summer, one of them leaping gazelles is going to wink at me and I'm going to have to lay the cock-sucker out, and I don't mean by copulating with him either, friend. Then you'll have to put the guy in with the crippled folks, and I'm sure they have enough troubles already

without having to contend with some desperate fag-o-tay crawling around on his hands and knees tryin' to snatch a quick snake-shot, ya know? So. Where do I go?"

This man did not answer me except to stare, and sizin' up the situation, now that I was becoming more familiar with the ways of these religious people, I pulled him along by his arm and brought him over to a group of young men and women who were dressed in purple and yellow shiny robes and holding booklets of some kind.

"Excuse me," I said. "Do you people work here or anything?"

"We will be singing later," one of the fellows volunteered with a wide smile—more of a smile than I considered proper upon first meeting—and I checked his crotch sneakily to see if he was getting a hard on. Any guy who avoids a simple question to tell me he's going to be "singing later" puts me on my guard. It's only a short step from singing to "humming," if you follow my meaning.

"Yeah, well listen," I said skeptically, eyeing his formal, "I hate to interrupt your graduation, but I been tryin' to explain to the usher here that I want to go to the neuter zone, but he don't hear so good."

"The heater's on?" the guy in the dress said.

"No no no no," I said, clearing my throat to start again more plainly. "Neuter zone. Neuter. Neuter. You know—just a little more fucked than a queer. Neuter. Former hospital patient. Screwed. Fucked. Emp-tied. Too long under the doctor's care. Shafted. Hacked. 'Cured.' Dig?"

"No."

"I gut no nuts, fairy! I gut no pecker and I gut no balls! Now tell me where the rest of the eunuchs are sitting so I can join them! Now, what's so hard to understand about that, newtnose!"

"Guard! Guard!" the rosellipped elf began calling. "Guard! Come here ka-wick-ly!"

"Good," I said, putting my hands on my hips and turning to where he was desperately calling. "Maybe one of the officials can get this thing straight. Christ, you'd think I'd asked a long division problem."

The guard came running over and asked, "What's the trouble here?"

"It's this fellow here!" the butterfly cried out. "He's a filthy-mouthed person! He must be removed at once!"

"You're going to be even more

fucked in the crotch than me in a minute, Blossom," I said to the hairdresser, my index finger so close to his nose I could have aborted a pound of snot before he could have done a pirouette.

"Maybe you'd better come along with me," the guard said, grabbing me by the arm.

Can't stand people yankin' on me.

An instant later the pla-cop was covering more of the floor than the tile was, and a great shriek went up to Heaven from his neighbors.

"Fear not!" I cried. "He has been thunderstruck by the Lord! He has received the Spirit! He has been saved!"

In this particular offshoot of the usually rational Christian religion, anyone who partook of the services in a prone position, totally unconscious, and preferably in the throes of a back-snapping fit, was not in serious need of immediate medical attention, but rather, was "saved." These same symptoms, if acquired under a doctor's supervision, would probably lead him to an opposite diagnosis, pronouncing the person "lost." But the ways of the Almighty are surely beyond our feeble comprehension, and while this man's breathing came only in short bursts, and though his mashed lips were spilling reservoirs of blood into his convulsing throat, the good parishioners merely offered a short benediction to Heaven by throwing their arms over their heads and hooting like glass-shitting chimpanzees and then rejoined the services already in progress. I slipped the toe of my boot underneath the guy's back and flipped him over on his face so he wouldn't suffocate in his own blood while receiving his gift of Faith, told the choir fruit to quit using God as an excuse to meet new boyfriends, and looked on my own for the neuter zone.

I crowded my way up and down every row of chairs in the place like a lost patron of a movie theater trying to get to his seat, and as I butt-forced my way through the bedraggled Faithful I kept asking "This the no-gonad area? . . . Are the castrated folks assembled here? . . . Where's the retesticle depot please?" But everyone just turned kind of pale, from exhaustion I guess, and wouldn't answer me.

Temporarily beaten, I withdrew from the screeching mob and went into the lobby to light up and think things out. My cigarette, factory rolled and boringly legal, nevertheless inspired endless comment from prayer partners who happened to wander mindlessly past.

"The Lord does not want us to smoke!" some big, fat, totally disgusting woman in a curtain-sized muu-muu said, adjusting the thing

every time it clung to her moist ass and revealed in nauseating cheese-cake the putrid rolls of her anal flesh.

"Well, maybe the Lord doesn't want me to smoke but you're the only one I hear bitchin' about it, jellybutt," I said, turning away from her.

Some aged, leather-skinned geezer shambled up to me and said, "That's the devil's weed," pressing his chest against my navel and shaking his fist under my nose.

"Go fuck a frog, reptile face," I said, blowing smoke in his eyes.

"I'm afraid we can't allow that here," an official-looking heavy said, waddling up to me.

"Okay. Next time I'll blow the smoke up his ass," I said, looking around for someplace where I wouldn't have to greet every lunatic who passed by.

"I mean the smoking," the guy said, not at all offended. "It's against our religion."

"Well then, don't smoke," I said, still searching desperately for someplace to think.

"You can't smoke here either."

"You mean it's against *your* religion for *me* to smoke?" I asked, turning around and looking this mud-brained fanatic in the eyes. "That's the most fucked thing I ever heard of!"

"*You can't smoke that in here!*" was all he said, high-pitchedly.

I "saved" this guy too, stepped over him, and walked back inside for some relative peace and quiet.

The mood of the gathering was generally relaxed. The believers were all in the throes of a collective fit with berserk saints spinnin' around on the floor, their eyes rolled back like the three-week-dead, their whole bodies vibrating like 220-amp dildoes. But they were going so fuckin' psycho they didn't have time to hassle me, at least, and taking the chair of some bent-legged old woman who had left her seat for the comfort of lyin' unconscious on the floor, I sat back and waited patiently for the lineup of healin's to start.

Some prim and proper girl of about eighteen leaned toward me and asked, "Do you know Jesus?"

"Jesus?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "Jesus."

"You mean Jesus, that Nazarene fellow? The one who said for everyone to kind of lay low and not bug anyone? Who said to kind of maintain an easy profile, look lean, and hang in there? Kind of a quiet guy? Him?"

"Yes," she said. "He is at work here tonight."

"Jesus is doing *this*?" I said, sweeping with my arm the frenzied circus of leaping and twisting maniacs who were rolling and contort-

ing as would starving seals amid towering stacks of fish.

"Well, the Spirit of Jesus is doing this," she said with a knowing smile.

"God help us if the rest of him shows up," I said grimly, doubting that we were talking about the same dude, and slouching disgusted down into the creaky wooden chair.

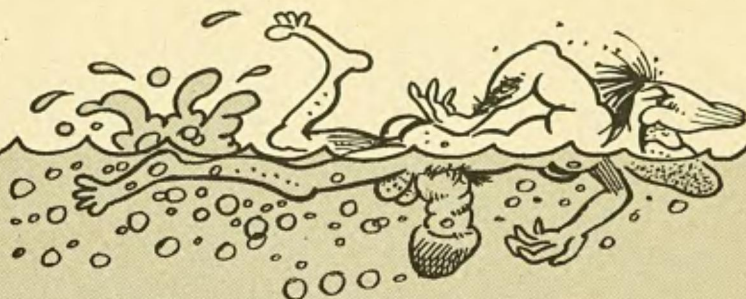
Something came over this girl then, and raising her arms up high she began to address someone, on the ceiling, apparently, and said "O Heavenly Spirit of the Eternal Creation, shower down Your everlasting love upon this man even as You bestow Your favors upon the flowers and the trees. There is Peace in Your name. There is hope in Your works! I see someone who has a tumor being healed. I see a troubled stomach. I see a skin condition. I see a cancer. I see a financial crisis . . ."

"I see you're a dooper!" I said enthusiastically, sitting up, grabbing her hand and shaking it. "Boy, skin conditions and cancer, hey? Fuck. One night I was so wound up on goofballs, yellow jackets, red devils, blue bunnies, pinwheels, and rainbows that I saw a twathole the size of Lake Victoria heavin' and swellin' like a fuckin' pillow of marsh gas, just beckonin' me to come closer so it could suck me into its slippery, greasy mysteries, with clouds of green and glory fog spillin' out of it like phosphorescent decay, seeking me out to smother me in ejaculatory filth. Naturally I figured it was some deep-seated psychological . . ."

This Christian began to beat on me with her fists like a barbarian, and I had all I could do to back myself out of there without "saving" her with a kick to the throat. I made my way to the back of the asylum once more and watched quietly for the duration of the warfare until such time as the healin's were goin' to start.

After several awful songs, two dozen cases of hyperventilation, a couple of seizures and an actual death, the assembly was "filled with the Spirit," as the fuzzy-haired loon on stage put it, enough to where miracles could now be made "manifest." She could have as well prophesied a slugfest and the stampeding cow herd would have been just as thrilled, they were so beside themselves with the Lord. This action of the Almighty was very similar to the final moments of a raid my club had made on a Juarez saloon, and I must confess I was beginning to feel the Spirit moving even within myself, and when the knock-kneed dipso-maniac announced for the people who wished to be healed to line up at the side of the stage stairs, I wasted no time in barreling my way

—Continued on page 68



Another Misunderstanding

I dig divin' into my ol' lady's bush, but she always puts up an argument against gettin' ready for an orgy. Shit, all I ask of her is that she douche with a can of Harley oil. What makes her so weird?

Dave
Milan, Mich.

- Maybe she digs lighter weight oil.

Freaky Ol' Lady

Are you bi-sexual? My ol' lady is as freaky as I am.

Judge
Monroeville, Ala.

- You name it, I've done it, do it, and—in some rare instances, where I may have missed something—I'm willing to be taught.

A Jackhammer?

Me and my brothers were wondering if you really use a jackhammer as a pussy vibrator. If you do, you're invited to our next bash.

The Clan M/C
Ark. City, Kansas

- I'm ready.

Dope

Are you for or against dope, Mutha?

Stoned
Fallbrook, Calif.

- Uh . . . you in particular—or somebody else?

Neglected Tits

My ol' man likes to ball a lot, but he seems to avoid my tits. What do you think is wrong? What can I do to get him to suck on them?

Herman
National Heights, Pa.

- I haven't seen a guy's tits yet that look like somethin' worth suckin' on—especially when there's other things to suck.

Share the Wealth

What do you think of a dude who brings not only his bros but total strangers over, night after night, insisting that I go to bed with the bastards and then cook a meal for everybody when they're all humped out?

Corinne
Lordsburg, N.M.

- Ya lucky dumbass—phone Chicken Delight or Colonel Sanders, or gimme a call on the nights you're outa commission! I can't burn water but I love having my pit filled!

House Pets

I was flipplin' through an old *Easyriders* rag (July 1974) and on page 53 there was a picture of you with your leg up revealing that munchable box of yours. Jumping out of your sweet little gash were two little bugs. Now are these crabs or some other public pests?

Horny Tony
Kokomo, Ind.

- Oh, that's Pete and Joe—a couple of stray critters who dropped in. I fed 'em, and they've stayed ever since.

Talk About Horny

I am a Seabee. I am a horny Seabee. I am a horny perverted Seabee. And there's 110 more just like me. We are so bad off that we sit around gettin' shitfaced and talk about skull-fuckin' 6-month-old babies. What we need is someone (or something) of your description and personality to come down and help us out. Even if you were to charge \$5.00 a poke, you would leave here a very rich person! But if you can't come, send a couple of plx to pound our loaf to.

Seabees "Can Do"
NMCB 71

- I don't sell it, baby. I give it away. But I'm booked up.

Simple

Simple question: Do you whip assholes?

R. Pointe
Summerville, N.C.

- Simple answer: No, but I do get a few letters from some.

Big Crank

It's damned humiliating to admit this but . . . well . . . I'm almost 21 years old and I'm still cherry. This is because I got a crank that's abnormally large. It just won't penetrate without causing intense pain or threatening actual damage. The chicks have passed the word around, I guess. Anyway, I can't seem to find any brave dolls willing to even try anymore.

Stumped
Searchlight, Nev.

- Head for the coast, darling, and look me up: your problem is practically a bad memory! No stops now. Just get here!



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. ■

Tit Freaks Arise!

Okay, you bellyachers, we got the message. From the beginning of this mess, you people have been barkin' in our ears about the size of the knockers you want to burn your blurry eyes on. Bigger, larger, blow 'em up, show us some gigantic jugs — these have been the most constant snivels we've received.

We've got a roomful of where's-the-big-jugs complaints. The most far-out scooter in the world could be featured on the pages of this rag, and sure as hell we'd get a letter complaining that the sweetie standin' with the scooter (in one measly photo) had fried-egg titties.

The final straw came when some clown called and said that his son had bigger tits than he had ever seen poking out of our rag.

So, after all the snivelin' we've had to put up with, we decided to really give you muthas somethin' to eyeball. We closed this damned shed down and went huntin' for a mama with the biggest set of jugs we could find.

Now kick back, put shades over your mellowed eyes, and scrutinize these, uh, flicks. Suzanne's 44-inch (double D) mammaries should get a rise out of even an impotent tit freak. Would you believe that the first time she straddled a scooter it went for a highside?

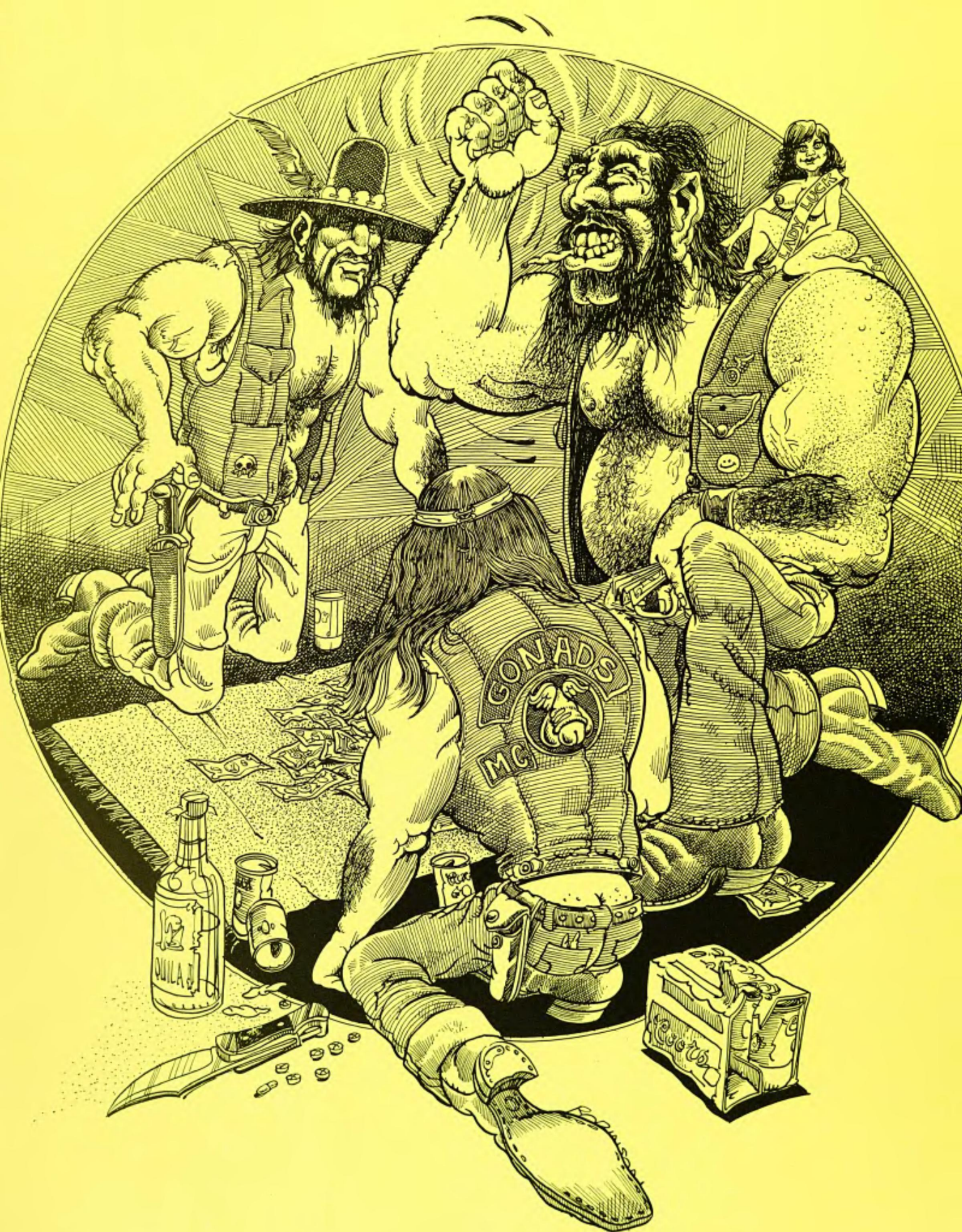




Easyriders photography by Pete Chiodo







How To Win at Craps

By Al Burton

First, let me say this: this article is not guaranteed to make you rich, any more than reading the Bible is going to keep you on the straight and narrow. All I can do is show you the techniques the big winners use. I can show you how to play it smart, but if you insist on playing it dumb—well, it's a free country.

Now that I've got that off my chest, let's get down to business. For the benefit of the two or three red-blooded Americans who've never shot craps, I'll take about thirty seconds to give the fundamentals a once-over-lightly. Most of you can skip over that part. Then we'll get into betting, which is what the game is all about. First in the private game, then in the gambling house game.

Okay, the fundamentals: you throw a pair of dice—two cubes. A different number of dots, 1 through 6, is on each side of each cube. The shooter wins on his first roll if the dots on the top side of both dice total 7 or 11 (a natural) and loses if the total is 2, 3, or 12 (craps). Whether you win or lose on the first roll, you keep the dice, bet, and throw again. If on the first roll you don't throw a natural or a craps, but a 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, or 10, that number becomes your point. Then you keep on rolling the dice until either your point or 7 comes up. If the point appears first, you win and keep the dice. If the 7 pops up, you lose. The dice pass to the man on your left.

Simple Rules You Need to Know

Those simple rules are all you need to know to get into a crap game—and lose. But you want to win, don't you? So stick around.

First, I'll write down the basic odds; you memorize them. Here they are:

There's one way to roll a 2—1-1

There are two ways to roll a 3—1-2, 2-1

There are three ways to roll a 4—1-3, 2-2, 3-1

There are four ways to roll a 5—1-4, 2-3, 3-2, 4-1

There are five ways to roll a 6—1-5, 2-4, 3-3, 4-2, 5-1

There are six ways to roll a 7—1-6, 2-5, 3-4, 4-3, 5-2, 6-1

There are five ways to roll an 8—2-6, 3-5, 4-4, 5-3, 6-2

There are four ways to roll a 9—3-6, 4-5, 5-4, 6-3

There are three ways to roll a 10—4-6, 5-5, 6-4

There are two ways to roll an 11—5-6, 6-5

There's just one way to roll a 12—6-6

Knowing these odds should keep you from making certain sucker bets. I'll explain about that later. Right now, let's make like we're starting up a private game with some of the bros.

Say there are six of you. You've got the essentials—money, a reasonable amount of privacy, a flat surface, and something to serve as a backstop. A floor and a wall will do nicely. The backstop, of course, is to bounce the dice against. You should make it a rule that unless the dice bounce, it's "no dice." That is, that roll doesn't count, and the shooter tries again. This is to help keep him honest.

Each man rolls the dice once to determine who starts the action. "High man" shoots first. He puts down his bet, say a dollar. The bet can be covered, or "faded" by the first man to toss a dollar

down. Maybe the first bettor tosses a half dollar down instead, and announces he'll take half of the bet. The shooter waits until the other half is covered. He also waits for side bets to be made. These are bets made among the other players as to whether he will "pass" (win) or "miss" (lose).

He rolls an eight. That's his point. Somebody's pretty sure to say, "A buck says he won't make it." Maybe somebody will cover that bet, but don't you be that somebody. Remember those combinations you memorized—six ways to roll a 7, five ways to roll an 8. If you bet a dollar, even up, you'd be on the wrong end of 6 to 5 odds. While we're at it, let's have a look at the odds against making other points:

4—2 to 1 against

5—3 to 2 against

6—6 to 5 against

8—6 to 5 against

9—3 to 2 against

10—2 to 1 against

Back to the game. You know the odds are against the shooter, but all of a sudden you get a powerful hunch that he'll make it. What do you do? If you're smart, you pay no attention to that "hunch." Keep your mouth shut. The shooter rolls again. Damn! It's an 8. Now don't bawl yourself out for not playing your hunch. Hunch players wear patches on their pants. You play the odds.

Odds Against Man With Dice

There's another kind of side bet it's okay to take. This is the "come" bet. While the shooter is rolling someone may call out, "A buck he comes." This means that the guy is betting that the shooter's next roll will be a 7 or 11 instead of 2, 3, or 12; or that if he rolls out a point, he'll make it before he rolls a 7. In other words, for this particular bet the sequence starts with the shooter's next roll. As I say, it's okay to take this bet, because the **mathematical odds are against the man with the dice.**

I don't mean that the shooter always loses. Notice the word "mathematical." There are times when the dice get "hot." When they are, bet with the shooter, not against him. This is not contradicting what I said before about "hunches." When you have observed, over a period of 30 or 40 rolls of the dice, that they're "passing" a great deal more than they're missing, then you can start betting with the dice. But cautiously. And be ready to start betting against them, strictly according to the odds, as soon as the dice start behaving normally.

You'll find that your luck comes and goes; you'll have winning streaks and losing streaks. This happens to all gamblers. In the long run, you'll have about the same number of misses and passes as the best crapshooter in the world—presuming that the dice and the game are straight.

Before we leave the private game I'd like to point out some things all the players should agree on **before** the game starts. You can save yourself money, friends, and trouble.

1. Avoid the main cause of bad trouble in a "friendly" game by having all players agree as to when a man can "quit winners." It makes me sick to hear the losers scream when a big winner drags his dough and says he's got to get home to the little woman: "Hey, give us a chance to get our money back!" Why in hell should he? They've had a chance already, with every roll of the dice. Every man there got into the game with one idea—to win some dough.

The best rule is that any man can quit any time he wants to. The next best rule is that at a certain time the game's over. But be sure to establish one of these rules. Otherwise, the game can turn into a mess, or a free-for-all, or God knows what.

2. Make sure that you know where the dice come from. If you don't know, and if you're not sure of the honesty of any of the guys in the game, don't feel bashful about running a few tests, if you notice at any time that the dice are being suspiciously kind to any player. Just grab the dice before they hit the backstop, and say "No dice." If the guy objects to your inspecting or testing the dice, and if he's bigger than you are, just ask him, "Did you make these dice yourself?" He'll say no. Then you tell him that you're just making sure no one has passed some crooked dice off on him.

Some Common Kinds of Crooked Dice

Here are some common kinds of crooked dice, and how to detect them:

a. Loaded dice. With opaque dice, lead or mercury is inserted into drilled holes, so as to make them heavy on certain corners, which will bring up a "natural" or (more often) favored points. The same thing is done to transparent dice with white gold or platinum.

Drop the dice into a tall glass of water several times. If they're loaded, they'll come up with the same point each time.

b. Floaters. These crooked dice are too light to sink. They're loaded on one end, and hollow on the other, so that when rolled the same points always turn up.

To detect them, poke the dice to the bottom of a glass of water and let them rise to the top. If the same spots come to the top each time,

you're playing with the wrong dice and the wrong guy.

c. Taps. These are dice with a cavity in the center, filled with mercury. Channels go from this cavity to other cavities in the sides. The operator, if he wants a 4 to come up, taps the dice so that the mercury will slide to the opposite side, a 3. When he rolls the dice, the 3 naturally ends up on the bottom and the 4 on top.

You detect "tap" dice by shaking them. You can feel the weight shift.

d. Passers. Fixed so the shooter, or anyone betting with him, will win. There are various kinds. For example, the "three spots" dice. Each dice has only the numbers 1, 3, and 5. That ol' debil seven can never come up.

e. Missouts—which are fixed against the shooter. You can detect passers and missouts just by making sure that each side of each dice has a different number of spots on it, and that the total of any two opposite sides is seven.

f. Shapes. These are taper-cut or rounded slightly on just the right corners.

g. Flats. Slightly broader than they are high. These "flat" sides are pretty likely to come up every time. And there's a natural.

The kinds of crooked dice I've listed here are the most common. But you can be sure that some sharpie invented something new just last week. Your best insurance is not to get into a game with strangers and strange dice, or with people that you do know, but feel you'd be happier if you didn't.

3. Find out the stakes and the limit in the game. If they're too rich for your blood, get your fun by watching.

4. Get an agreement as to when the "No dice" rule applies. This should include cocked dice, dice that roll or bounce off the table, or dice that don't hit the backstop. And, of course, any player at any time can grab the dice as they are rolled. The smart guys grab the dice to inspect them; the idiots grab them because they figure this will cool the dice when the shooter is having a hot streak.

5. The shooter must shake the dice and make 'em rattle, and bounce both dice off the backstop every time.

6. Don't go into the game with more money than you can afford to lose. If you can only afford to lose \$30, don't take \$50 with you.

7. Make a "no borrowing" rule for everybody. This is a good rule for two reasons. First, it prevents a man from losing a lot more than he can afford; second, most crap-shooters think it's bad luck to lend money when they're winning. I'm not superstitious myself, but the second time I was cleaned out after breaking up a game, because I was sucker enough to lend a loser twenty bucks, I made a vow: "Never again." Just think a minute—a guy can borrow twenty bucks of your money, and use that to clean you out of two hundred. And what if you win? He's not going to be happy or eager about paying you back.

8. Make a "no pawning" rule too. For the same reasons.

9. Play the odds and fight your hunches.

10. If you lose, be a good loser. If you win, be a good winner—which is a tougher job. Don't flash your roll, don't brag, don't rib anyone, don't tell a loser how he should have bet.

Legalized Gambling Casinos

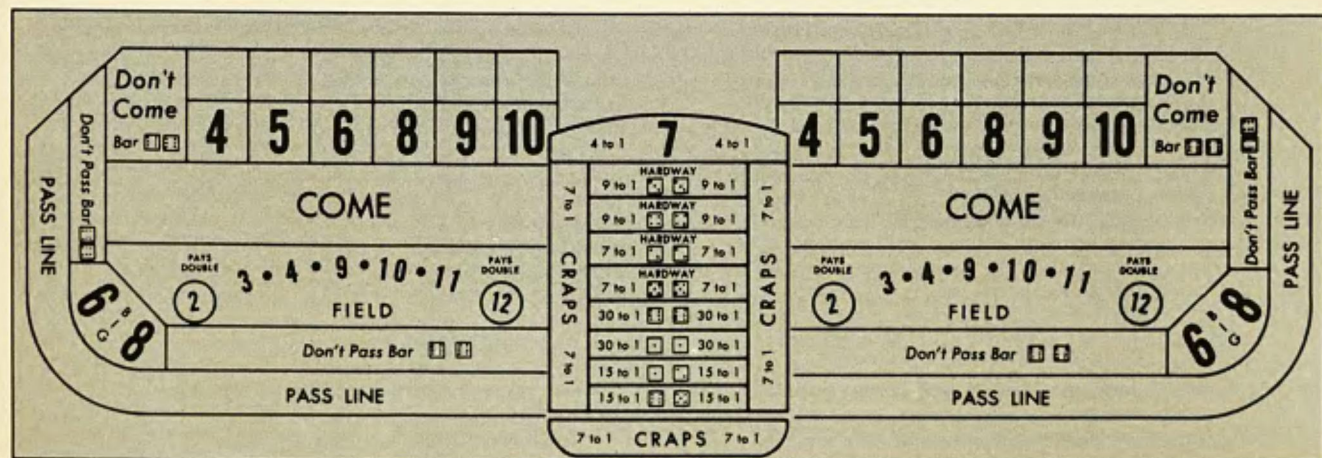
Now let's have a look at the gambling house game. (But don't even step inside a gambling house if you're carrying more money than you can afford to lose.)

You buy your chips or silver dollars and slide up to a crap table. So far, so good. At least you're at the table where the house has the least odds. You have decided to stay away from "21", Roulette, Keno, Low-Ball, Wheel of Fortune, and slot machines.

The dice table layout will differ slightly, mostly in the odds they offer, from house to house. But usually it's a double layout—everything on the left side of the table is duplicated on the right side. A dealer operates at each end of the table to handle bets. That long rectangle in the middle, with the big 7 at the top, is called the "box." It lays out the proposition bets. There is also a dealer, called a stickman, at this position to handle the dice.

There are twenty-seven ways to bet on the average dice layout. Only twenty-six are visible.

—Continued on page 74





There's something about a radical on-the-road machine that sets it apart from other scooters—including the fancy radical bikes displayed in the silver glitter on angel-haired custom bike shows. It's something else when the menacing looks and design of a far-out putt passes the test of the everyday battering it confronts on the road.

There is a special challenge in building a radical street machine that is to be ridden hard—one that most show bike builders may not encounter: Is it safe to ride?

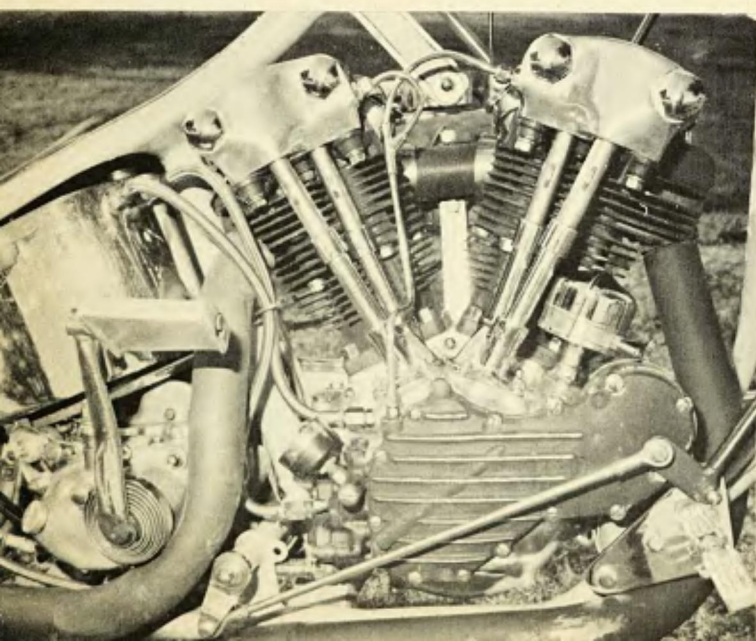
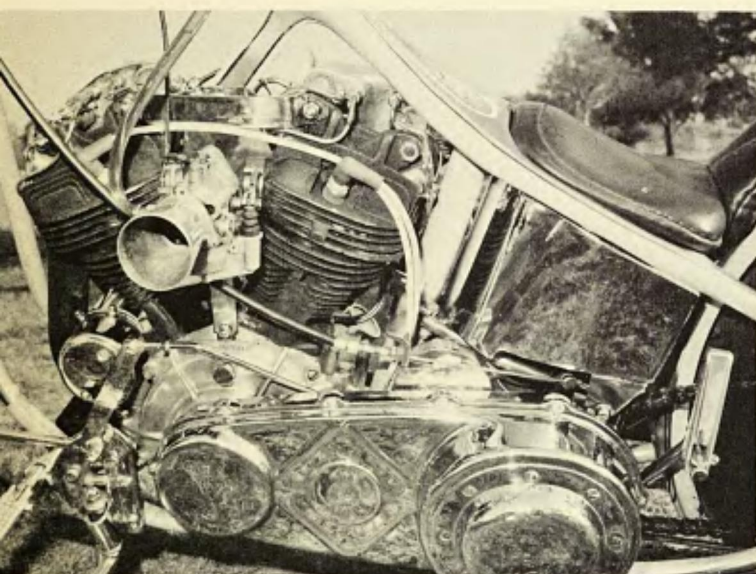
If a show machine hasn't met the standards of the show competition, only a trophy is lost. But the rider of an extreme putt, whether rat or pretty, can

There aren't too many bros who would dispute the fact that this is one helluva radical knuckle





Photos by James Tinney





lose it all if it's not designed and constructed hefty enough to handle the constant torture of everyday ridin'.

There's another factor to consider while the radical is under construction: Unless the builder is in the process of buildin' a blueprinted copy of a proven putt, or is into a computer filled to the brim of its memory banks with motorcycle geometry, he has no way of knowing exactly how his creation will handle and maneuver. Not until the tread strikes the pavement and the steed is under power will the true characteristics show themselves. If the response is positive, the builder will feel the accomplishment of reaching into an unconfirmed realm of motorcycle configuration and drawing out through his own experience, knowledge, and creativity a properly functioning scooter.

A radical putt builder deserves a nod of respect. He has gone beyond what others dare, but he still has completed a machine with the roadability demanded of a hard-ridden scooter.

—Continued on next page





Owner: Rich Drollinger

City: San Diego, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1946 H-D
Model: EL
Value: \$3,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 1 year

Frame

Year: 1946 & 1962
Builder: H-D/owner
Type: Knuckle/Pan
Rake: 1/4 inch
Stretch: 8 inches
Other alterations: pin-fitted joints

Chroming by: Quality Plating

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1946
Model: EL
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: manual advance dis.
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: balanced
Balancing: ?
Pistons: Panhead barrels
Cases: polished
Heads: 2-inch valves
Cam: Lightning
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Bendix
Air cleaner: VW
Pipes: owner
Muffler(s): shorty, turn-out by owner

Bars: owner pullbacks
Risers: none
Fender(s): 4-inch flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Lucas
Speedo: none
Front pegs: Mel's Cycle
Rear pegs: Mel's Cycle
Electrics: 6V. regulator
Gas tank: peanut
Oil tank: center
Oil system: braided lines
Primary cover: diamond
Seat: owner, leather
Sissy bar: owner
Height: 2 1/2 ft. above fender
Material: 1/2 in. round stock

Transmission

Modifications: polished
Year: 1946
Shifting: ratchet top
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: 24
Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

Type: H-D springer
Extension: 26 inches over
Builder: H-D/owner
Special feat.: pinned Ford radius rods

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21	Size: 16
Hub: spool	Hub: stock
Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 3.00 Avon	Tire: 5.00 Arco
Brake: none	Brake: stock

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: Custom Colors
Color: Yellow
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: by Mark Luock



As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else. As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.



—from Greg MacDonald, Chicago, Ill.



—from Terry Basey, Arcadia, Calif.



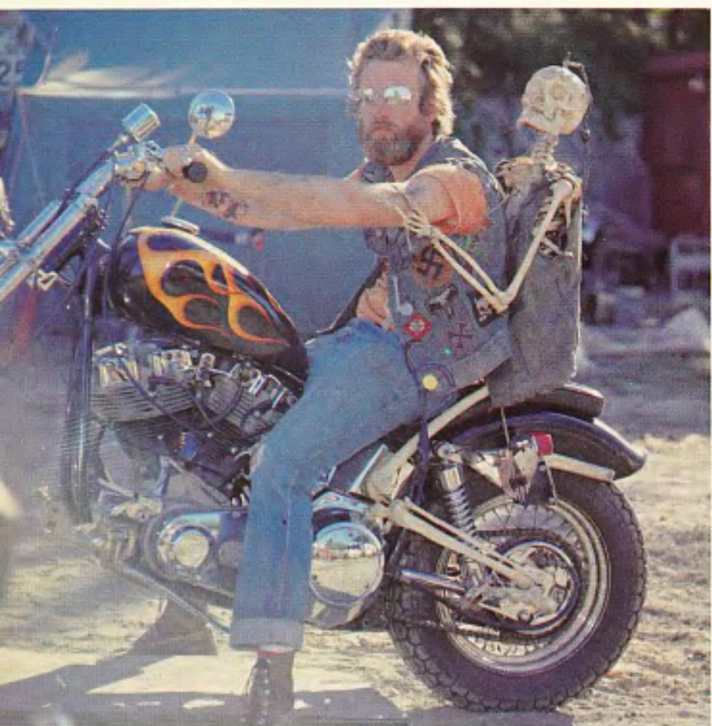
—from Harvey Yeager, Auckland, New Zealand



—from D. Meeks, Fresno, Calif.



—from Pat Myhre, Minot, N.D.



—from Donald Engler, Thorofare, N.J.



—from Ronald Billups, Streator, Ill.



—from Donald Engler, Thorofare, N.J.





—from R. T. Kelso, Gestonic, N.C.

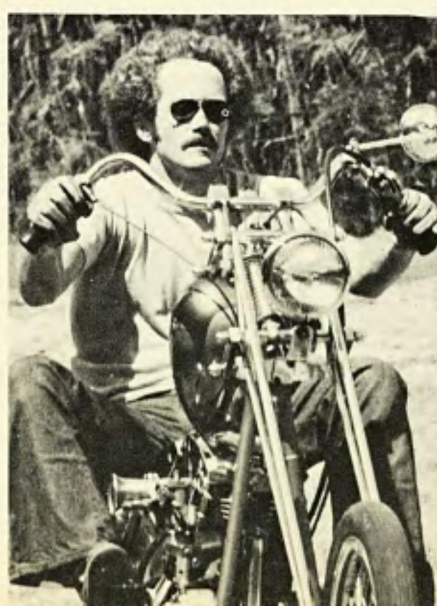


—from Gaxin Engen, Golden Valley, Minn.

—from Rako Lukica, Yugoslavia



—from Carmell Disopa, Honolulu, Hawaii



—from The Outlaws' Haven, Nicholville, N.Y.





—from JoAnn Zenda, Twin Lakes, Mich.



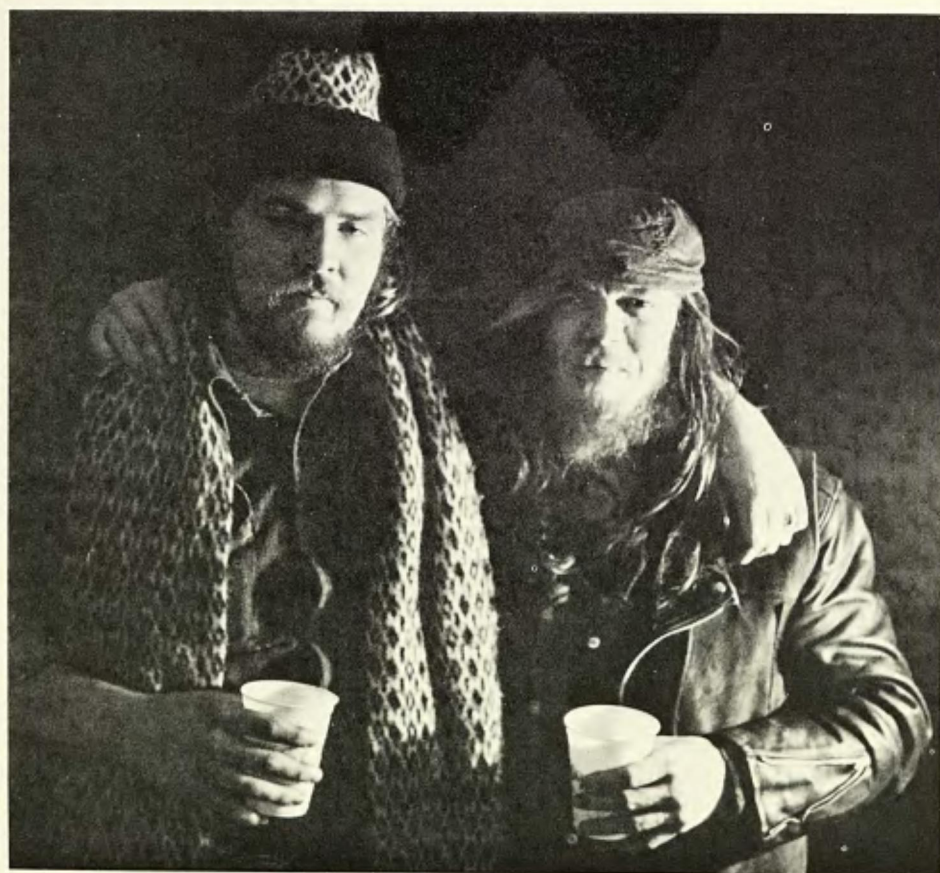
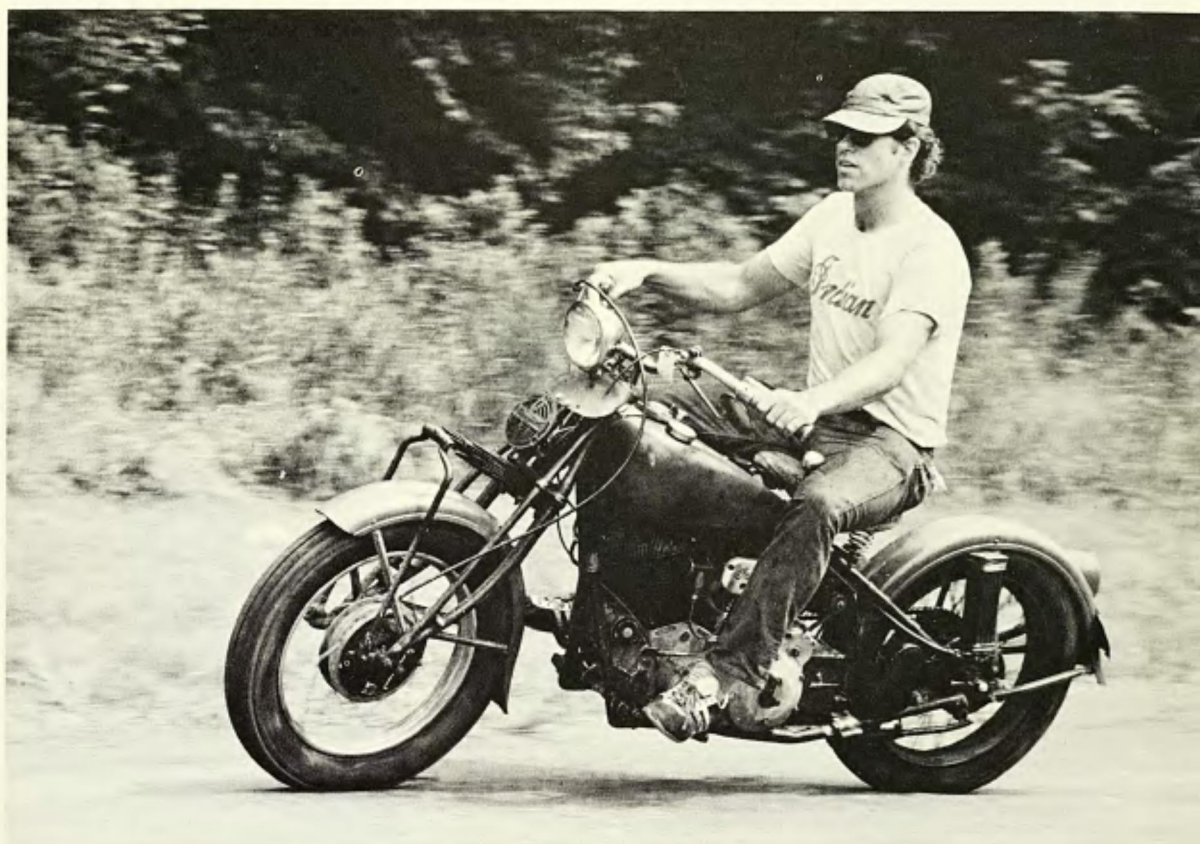
—from Vickie Darken, Nashville, Tennessee



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California



—from A. Walter, San Francisco, Calif.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



—from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio

from Virgil Tucker, Palmdale, Calif.

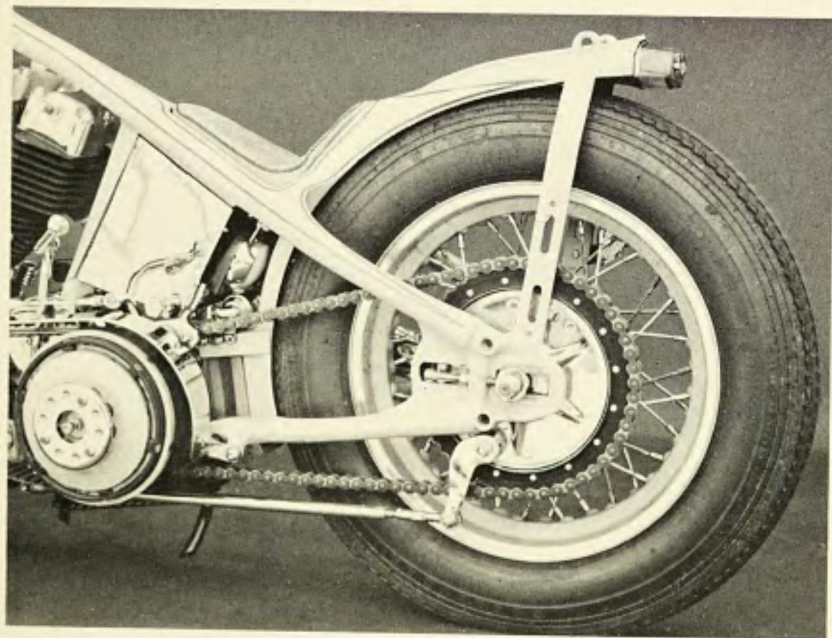
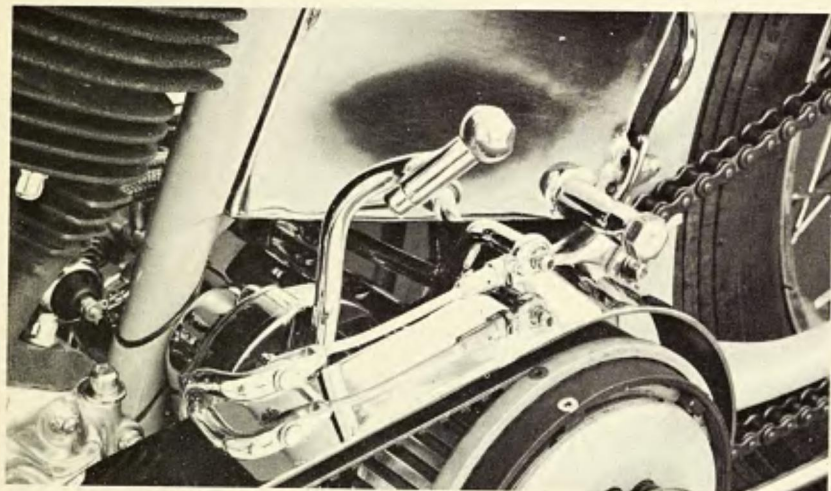
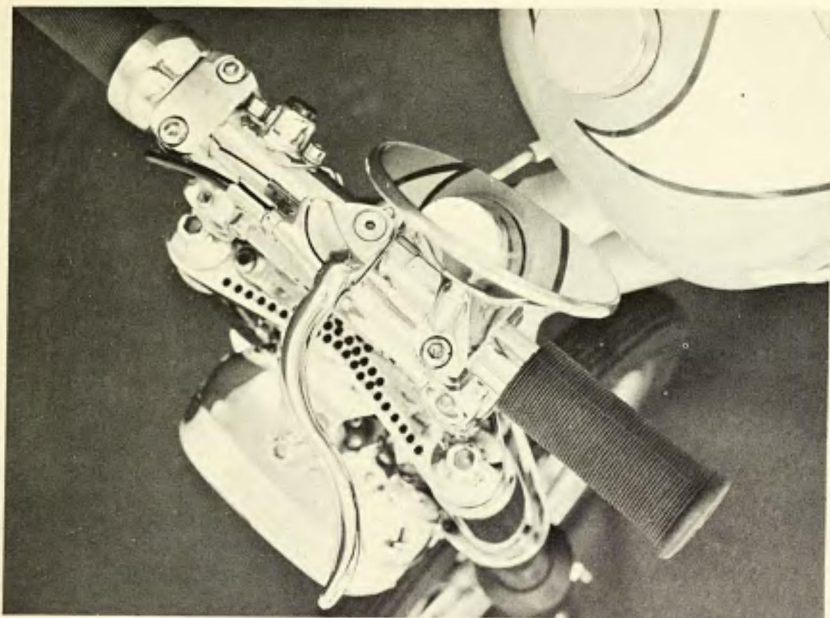




HORRIBLES



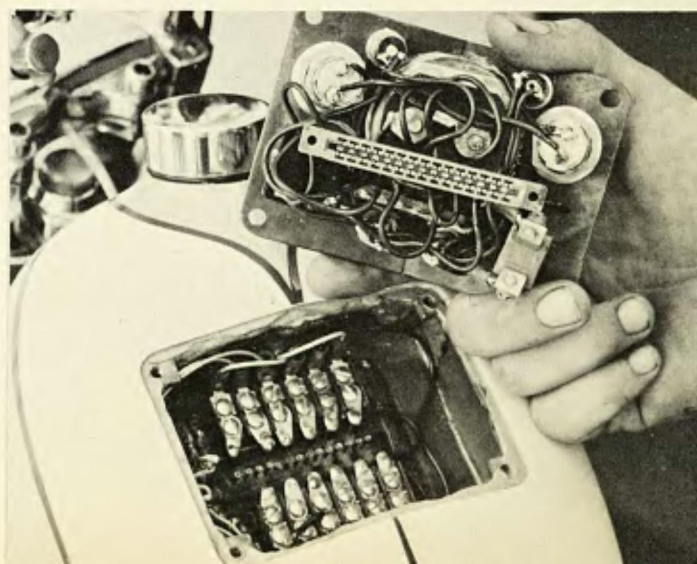
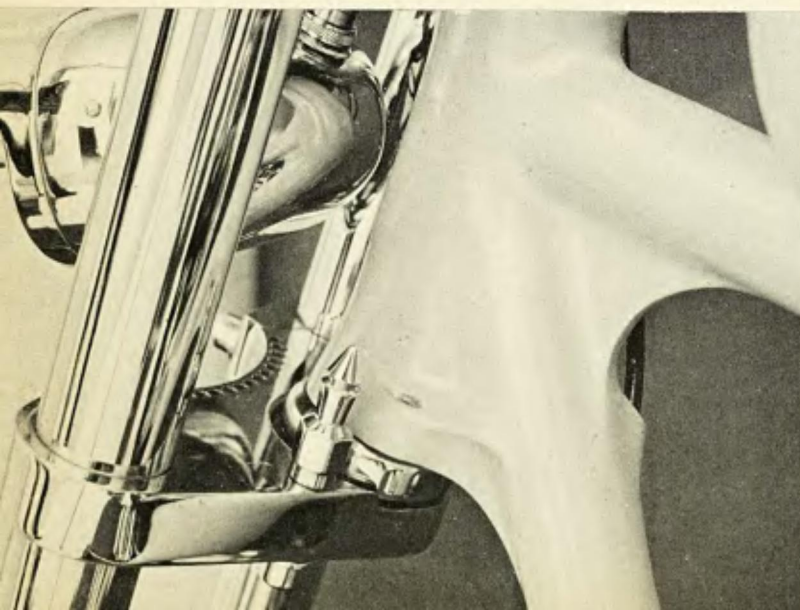
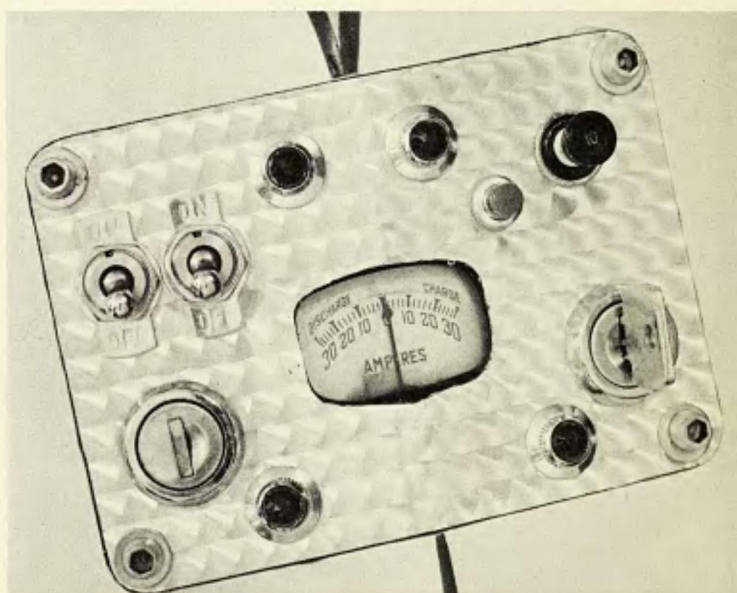
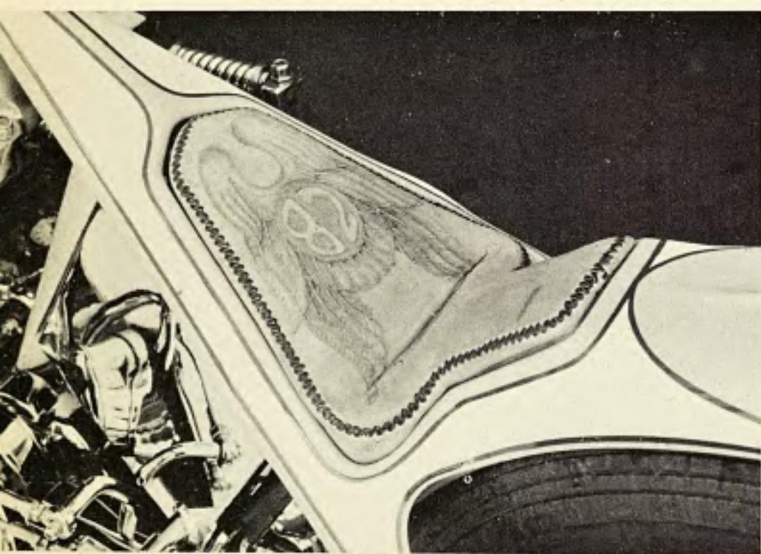
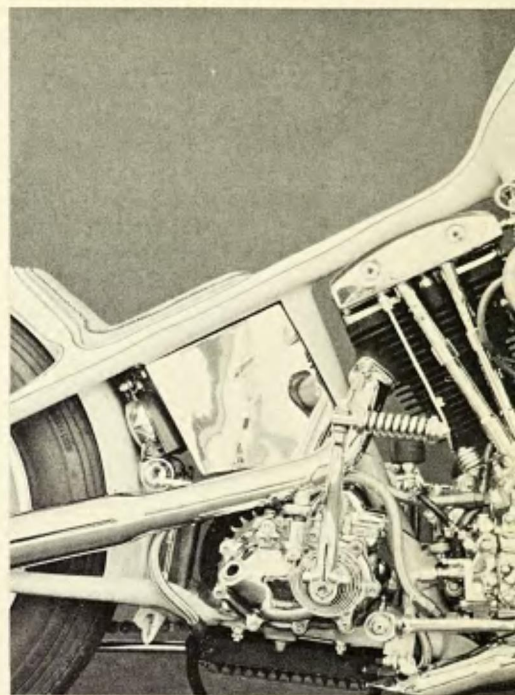
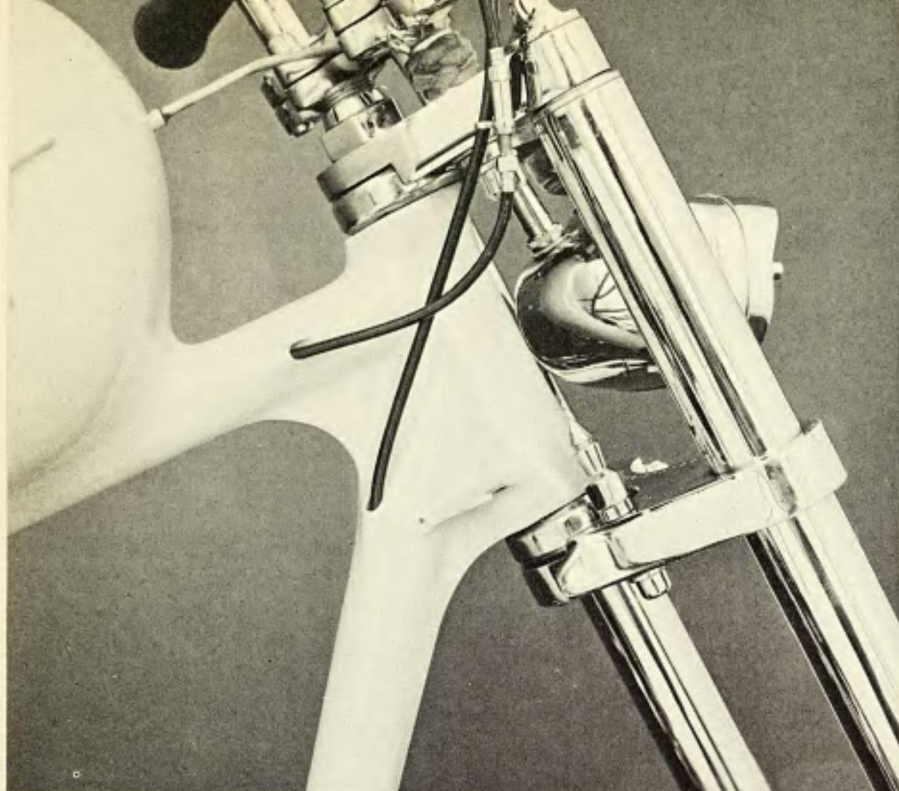
Detail Freak

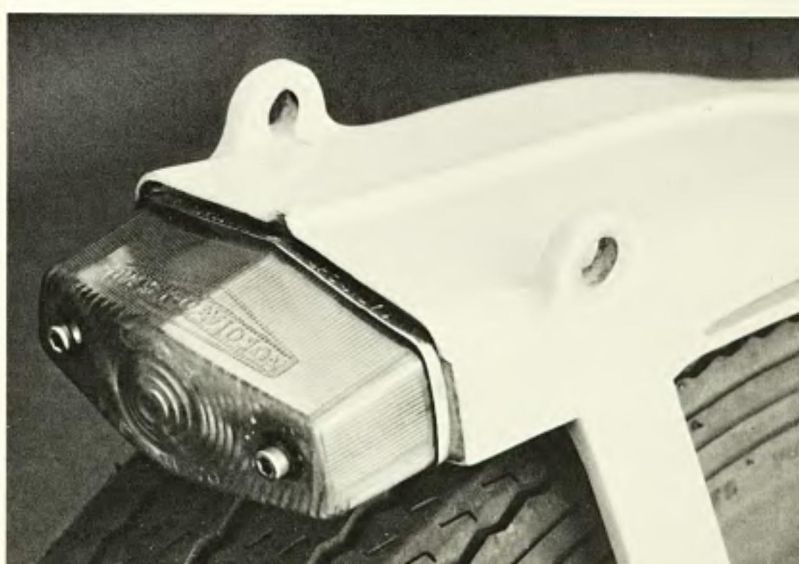
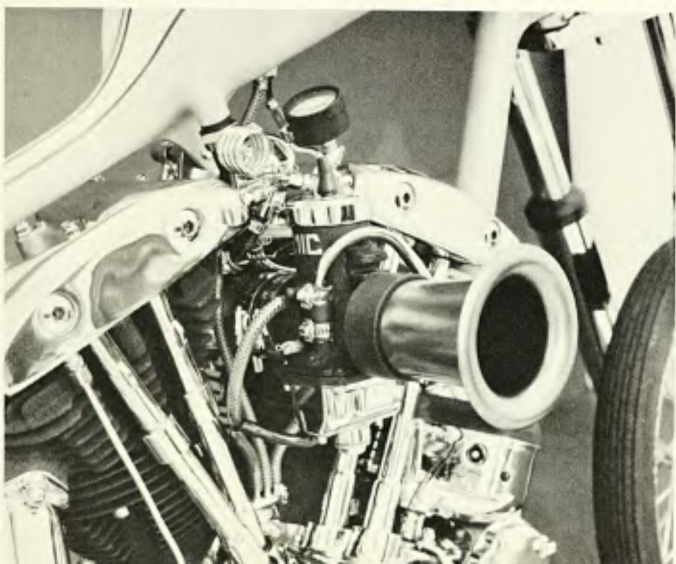
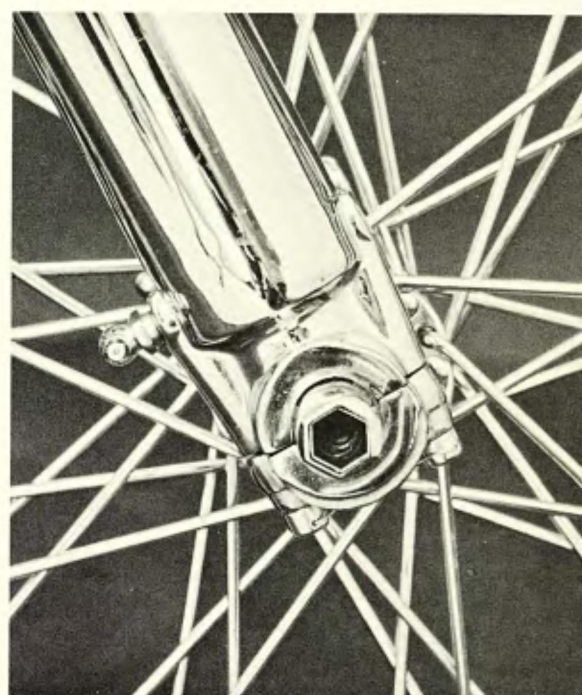
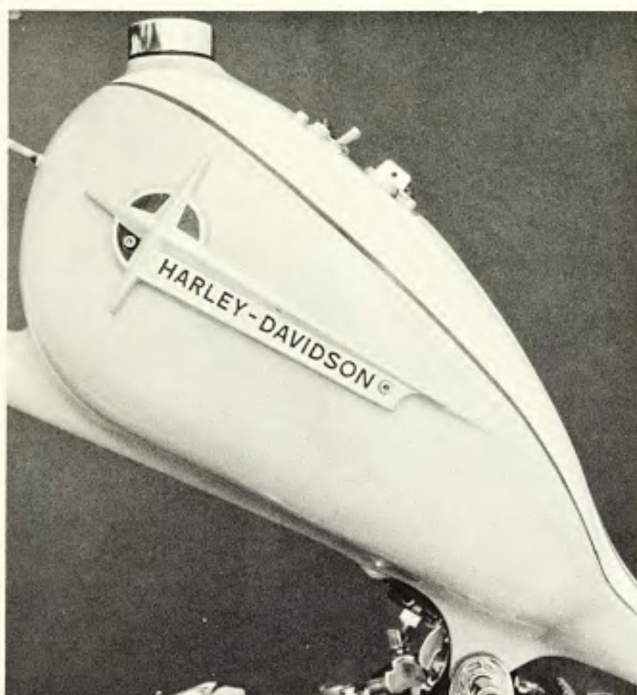
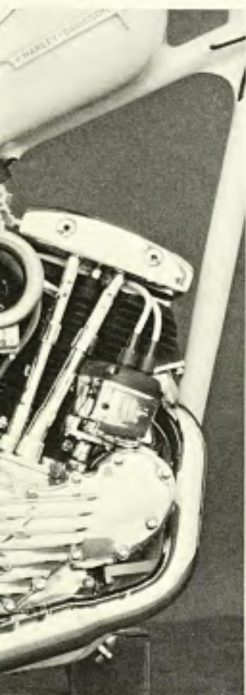


A few of us bros have jobs. Ya know, nine to five, eight to four, two to three—whatever is necessary to bring in some dust. And if we're lucky enough, we've got a job that helps with buildin' and maintainin' the ol' putt. Take me for instance; I can have all the free paper I need. Except the crap around here doesn't even make decent gaskets. But some bros have jobs as welders, machinists, Harley parts managers (gold mine), or body shop workers. Citizen gigs from clerk in a hardware store to telephone repairman can be advantageous to keepin' a sled turnin' over properly.

Take, for example, Alan, the owner of this jeweled movement. He is a dental technician. Offhand you'd think he has one of those jobs that wouldn't help with the construction of anything aside from a set of dentures. But not so, in many ways. With the fine polishing and grinding tools used in dentistry Alan pre-polished his engine and tranny cases. He got into all those small crevices on his lifter blocks, welds and corners on the parts he fabricated. He even ground and polished every allen-head bolt so that even his fasteners could be identified if his bike was lifted. The facets ground into his shift knob and axle ends were also completed by use of the teeth tools. Consequently the plating and detail work on his putt is exceptional (to be lightweight about it).

The bennies of being a dental tech didn't stop at the shiny smooth work. It





Owner: Alan Stubbings **City:** Lancaster, Calif.

General **Frame**

Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1936
Year and make: 1949 H-D	Builder: H-D, owner
Model: shovel	Type: VL, single loop
Value: \$4,500	Rake: 28°
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 4 inches
Time: 4 years	Other alterations: many, by owner
Chroming by: A.V. Custom Plat.	

Accessories

Engine

Bars: drag
Risers: Jammer
Fender(s): Flat, ribbed by owner
Headlight: by owner
Taillight: Lucas
Speedo: none
Front pegs: old Triumph
Rear pegs: none
Electrics: gen. & relay, 6 volt.
Gas tank: peanut
Oil tank: owner
Oil system: owner modified cooler
Primary cover: belt drive
Seat: owner
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material:

Year: 1949
Model: pan-shovel
Rebuilder: Stevie, H-D of L.B.
Ignition: magneto
Displacement: 82 cu. in.
Lower end: offset bored 80 whls.
Balancing: H-D of Long Beach
Pistons: Venolia
Cases: scrapper plate by Bray
Heads: Branch ported, flow tested
Cam: 468
Lifters: drilled Sifton solids
Carb(s): 44mm Mikuni
Air cleaner: stack
Pipes: owner
Muffler(s): custom

Transmission

Forks

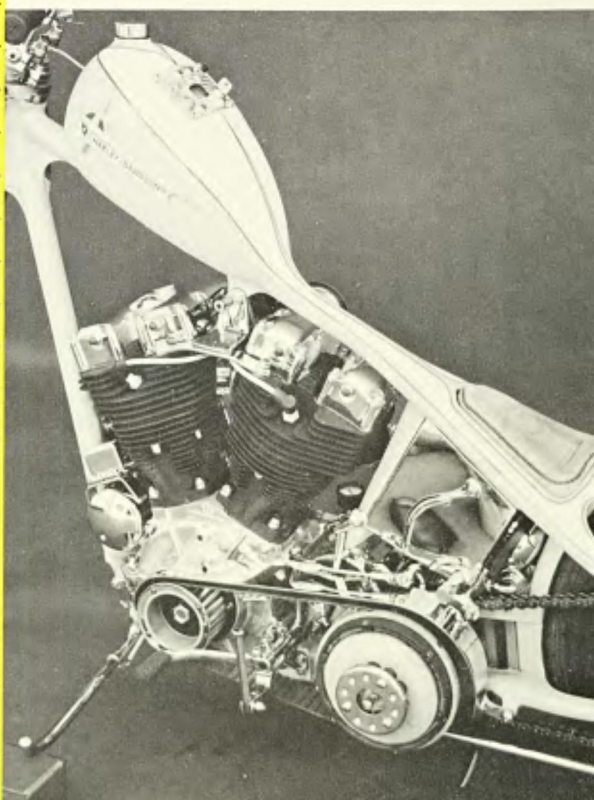
Modifications: close ratio 1st, 2nd	Type: narrow glide
Year: ? early	Extension: 4 inch
Shifting: jockey	Builder: owner
Engine sprocket: equal to 22	Special features: drilled trees

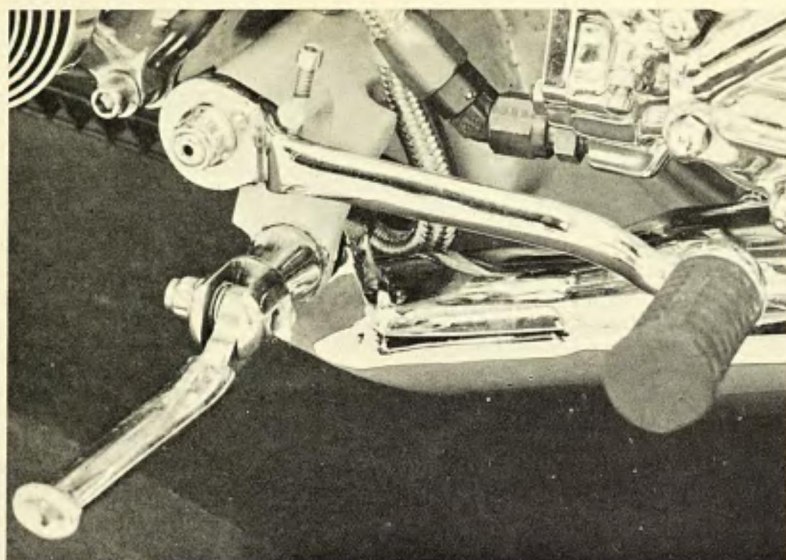
Trans sprocket: 28

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: stock	Front Akront	Rear Akront
	Size: 17	Size: 16
Molding: owner	Hub: spool	Hub: stock
Painter: owner	Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 inches
Color: tan	Tire: Avon 2.50	Tire: 5.10 Gd. Yr.
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: none	Brake: push mech.

Other special modifications: Wires run through frame; cables run through frame; switch board mounted into tank; entire switch board unplugs to get at wiring problems; kick-stand designed and built by owner; tank and carb overflows drain to bottom of bike; vacuum gas valve; horns mounted behind oil tank with clip-release fire extinguisher; owner-made belt drive cover; owner-ground, polished and formed gear shift knob; rear brake rod made from aircraft material and fittings for push action; in-line oil coolers on engine (from cases to heads and between heads); owner-tooled and stitched seat out of leather; misc. machine work done by Big Matt Adams; oil tank drain fabricated on left side for easy, clean drain; all clutch linkage by owner; old VL brake handle used for additional hand rear-brake; rear brake cable to handle on bars run through frame; owner-fabricated crown nuts on front end; magneto kill-switch on bars; no visible wires to light above license plate bracket (run inside copper tubing fabricated into fender brace); aircraft bolts hold rear sprocket in place; owner-polished cases, trans case, lifter blocks; rubber-mounted tail pipes by owner; most nuts and bolts safety wired; two oil pressure gauges; oil indicator light; high and low beam socket installed in single element housing by owner; owner-dyed tubing; trans lid modified to accept 28-tooth sprocket, self-lubricating chain; battery box lid by owner; fork stops on frame and forks by owner; all sheet metal work on frame by owner; heavy frame welding by Connors Muffler; all allen bolts ground at taper; mercury alarm switch; front and rear axle modified by owner; fender braces made from training wheels; oil cooler louvers made from heater vent; distributor drive and generator drive lightening gears (bike weighs 420 lbs.); owner molded old H-D emblem into tank;

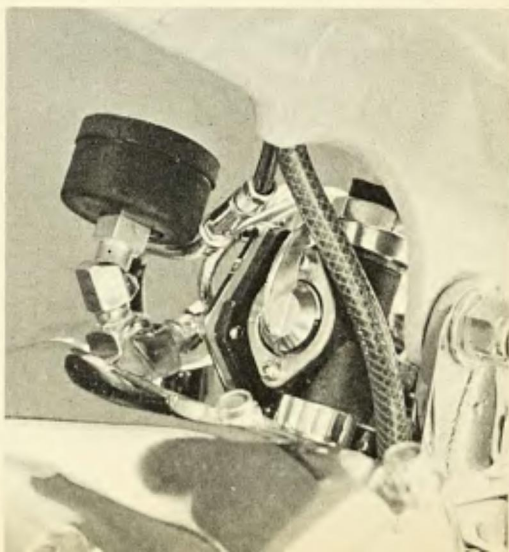
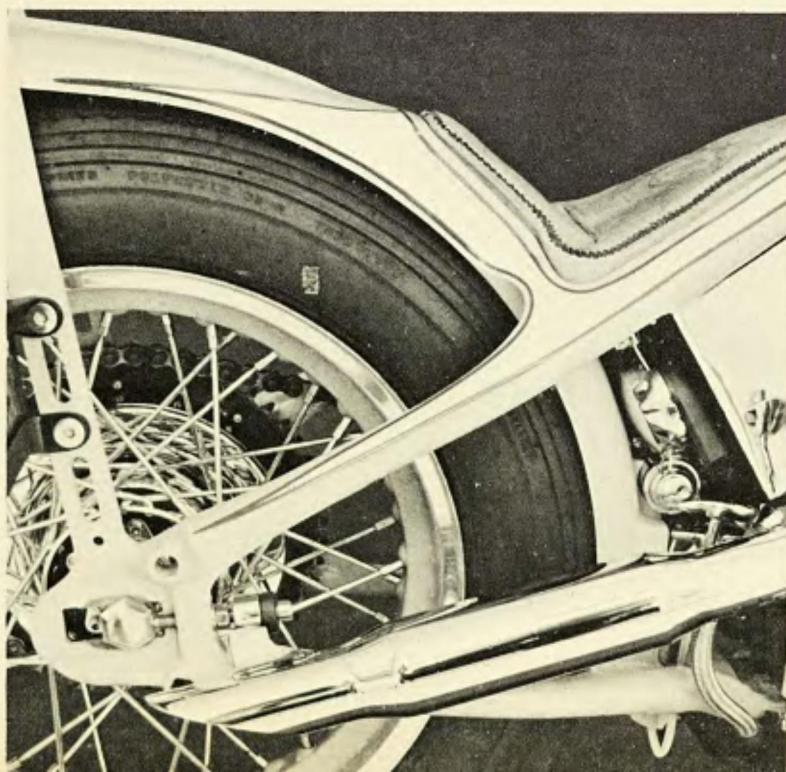
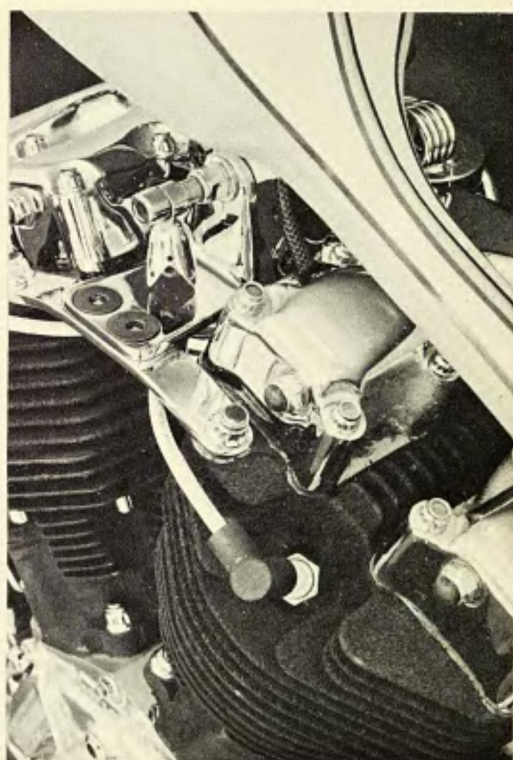
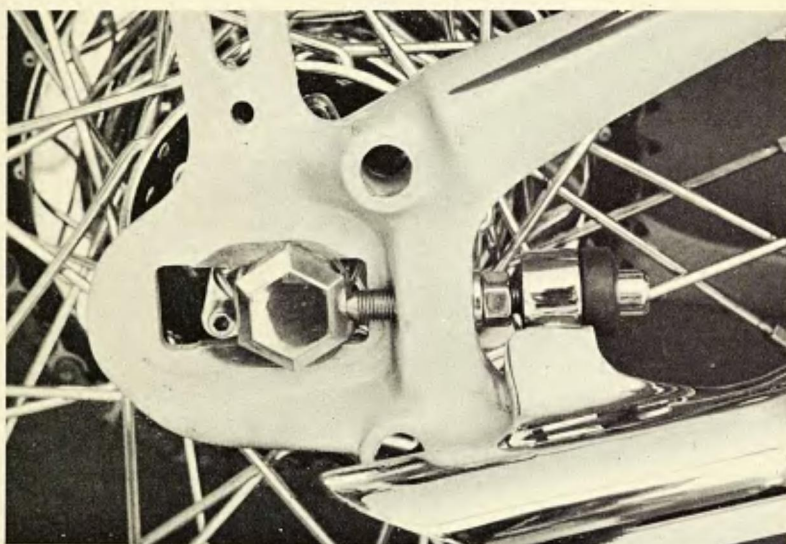




just happened that his local chromer was in the market for a new set of dentures, probably from chewin' too much polishing compound. So natch, Alan fitted him with a new set of chompers and the chromer laid the finish on the parts, to form the masterpiece in detail you see here.

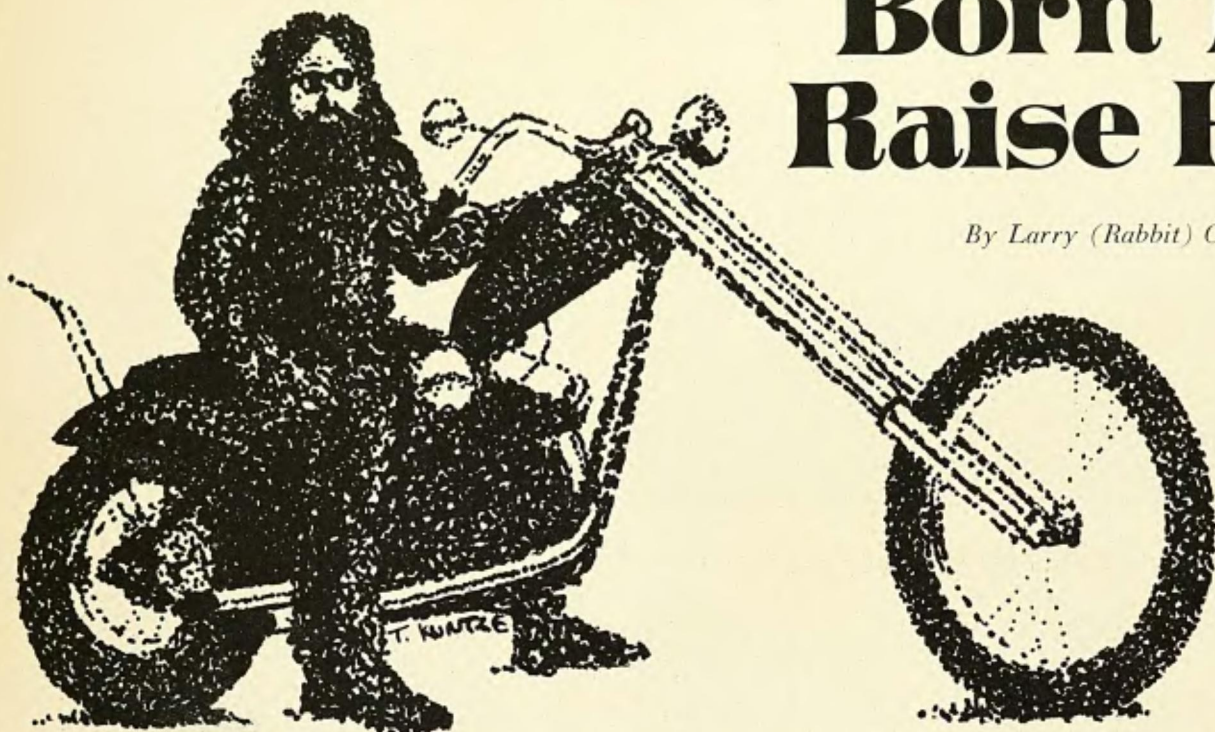
Not all jobs have the advantages Alan's did while he was manufacturing his putt. And I don't imagine too many of us are going to quit our trips to become dental techs either. But I suppose the moral (if any) of this tale is, don't turn down a gig as a gigolo just because you figure it won't help you get your scooter back on the road. You never can tell how it may come in handy.

—Shotgun



Born To Raise Hell

By Larry (Rabbit) Cole



The first time I saw him scared the hell outta me.

I'd heard a lot about him, so I knew he was my uncle. My dad said he was a dirty, lazy, no-account son-of-a-bitch, who'd steal you blind. My mom said he was young and a little reckless. Personally, I think he fits right in between those two opinions.

There were six of us living in a two-room shack down in the slums: my stepfather, my mother, my grandmother, my sister, my brother, and me. The city dump bordered one side of our neighborhood and the railroad tracks were on the other side.

Mom used to talk endlessly about saving enough money to move out of there. But money was scarce, even though my old man was making top wages, considering that the war had ended only a few years previously. My old man was an alcoholic. He'd go to work all right, but when he'd get his check on payday, he went straight to the nearest bar. When this happened, we'd never see him until Sunday night, when some cab driver poured him on the back porch of our house. Mom would help him inside and go through his pockets to see how much he had left. Sometimes she'd find \$5, sometimes \$10, but seldom enough for food and rent. Then she'd sit in the old rocker by the stove and cry herself to sleep. I'd ask grandma why daddy made her cry, but she'd only mutter something about the war, then tell me to go to sleep.

It was Friday morning and my

dad had left for work. I was standing out in the yard, trying to keep my clothes clean, like mom had asked me to. Then in the distance I heard the roar of an engine. At first I thought it was old man George, working on somebody's car again. I ran out to the road to take a better look. There was a big dust cloud coming my way and moving very fast. As it got closer, I could see that it wasn't a car at all. It was a motorcycle! I felt a shiver of excitement run through me. Nobody in our neighborhood owned a Harley. And I wondered who it was.

My question was answered a few seconds later, when the rider hit the brakes and brought the big bike to a sliding halt, right by our house!

I closed my eyes, as the dust trail that the bike had stirred up came rolling past us. When I looked again I saw the rider clearly. He was the biggest, ugliest, dirtiest man I'd ever seen in my eight years of being in this world!

He wore an old Harley hat, with what the Air Force movies I'd seen called a 50-mission crush. And even though it was a very hot, sticky day in the middle of summer, he had on a big leather jacket with silver zippers everywhere. His dirty Levi's were rammed down inside a black pair of engineer boots and I could see the handle of a hunting knife sticking outta the top of the left boot. There was a big, metal-buckled belt around his waist and it sure didn't look like it was there to hold his pants up!

He pushed his hat back on his head, then took off his sunglasses and started to clean them with an old oil rag. Replacing them, somewhat cleaner than before, he looked me straight in the eye.

"You know where the Younger family lives, boy?"

I couldn't get any words out, so I just nodded my head.

He sat there for a few seconds, looking around.

"Well, since you know, maybe you'd be willing to let me know," he said matter-of-factly.

Still no words came out of my mouth, even though I thought of what to say. So, I just pointed toward our house.

He put down the kickstand, laid the bike over on it, swinging his right leg up and over, all in one smooth motion.

"You wouldn't happen to be Vannie's little boy, would you?"

I nodded.

"You sure are a skinny young'un!"

As we walked up to the back door he dropped his hand on my head and asked, "Your daddy still getting drunk?"

I nodded again.

"It figures! One of these days your momma's gonna get wise and get rid of that bastard!" He sounded really upset. "Fact is, she should have done it years ago!"

"Mommy! Mommy! There's some man here to see you!"

Momma walked in from the other room. Her eyes got big with surprise and I thought for a minute

that she was going to cry!

"Hugh! Hugh Powell!" She threw her arms around him and kissed him on the cheek.

Hugh! Excitement flooded me. Hugh Powell! My uncle Hugh! The one the whole family was always talking about! Last we'd heard he was somewhere in California! I ran outside and read the license plate on the Harley. Cal '48! It was him!

Back inside we were all sitting at the kitchen table. Mom made some coffee and I sat there as they talked and talked. I didn't hear much of the conversation. I was too engrossed in fascination at the size and dress of the big man.

It took a while before it registered that they were talking about my step-dad. When the words finally soaked in, I heard my uncle Hugh saying, "Hell, sis! Don't put up with that shit! Get rid of that bastard or you'll never get out of this dump!"

Momma just dropped her head down and was staring at the floor. Hugh slapped the table with his hand.

"Shit! If you won't do it for yourself, what about the kids? Look at this boy, skinny as a rail!" He glanced at me and then back to my mom.

"I bet those pants he's got on are about the only ones he has!"

Momma shook her head, "No, they ain't! He's got a good pair he wears to school!"

Hugh's voice got really loud. "A pair? One pair? Goddam it, sis, he needs more than one goddam pair of pants for school!"

Mom's face turned red with embarrassment.

"It's the best we can do right now," she whispered.

"The hell it is! If that worthless sonofabitch you married would bring the money home instead of drinking it up, the kid would have ten pair! Maybe twenty pair!"

Momma started crying. Just tears, without any sound. I'd seen her do it before. I got up and walked over to stand behind her chair and stroke her hair.

Uncle Hugh sat there for a few minutes, then put his hand against the side of her face, wiping the tears away with his palm. His voice was real low and soft when he said, "Okay, sis. Okay. But I still say it ain't right."

"He promised to bring the check home tonight." Momma's voice was trembling. "Hugh, he promised!"

"Sure, sis. Sure. But I'm awful tired of seeing you hurt like this! Tired of hearing about you being pushed around. You deserve better."

Momma smiled.

Later, Hugh took me for a ride on his bike. We went uptown to the supermarket and I was just praying that I'd see Bobby or some of the

kids from my neighborhood! And even though I never did get a chance to show off a little, it didn't dampen the thrill I got from riding on the Harley! Silently I promised myself that when I got old enough, I was going to buy me a bike, just like my uncle Hugh!

The ride back home wasn't quite as much fun 'cause I was trying to hold onto three bags of groceries that Hugh had bought at the store. Grandma made the cornbread and Momma fried the chicken. It was a meal like we seldom saw around our house. And it was even better because uncle Hugh was there.

Four p.m. Daddy was late.

Momma said he'd be home soon. Uncle Hugh shook his head.

Eight p.m. Daddy still wasn't home. Out drinking again.

"Say, sis. Let me take the boy with me for a while. I've got some things to do uptown. Okay?"

Momma hesitated.

"C'mon, mom," I pleaded. "I'll be okay! Please, mom?"

Momma smiled.

"Okay. But you hang on real good now! You hear me? And don't clown around and fall off!"

"I won't, mom! I won't!"

When we got uptown, Hugh stopped the bike in an alley. Turning off the lights, he said, "You know how to handle this throttle?"

I shook my head.

"Okay. Put your hand here and just give it a little twist, like this, now and then. Not much, you mind," he warned. "Just a little to keep the engine running. Got that?"

"Yeah, I got it."

"Okay. Now you stay here and do that for me until I get back."

It didn't seem like he was gone but a couple of minutes when he came running back. Jumping on the bike, he kicked it into gear and didn't even turn the lights on! We tore out of the alley so fast that I almost went flying off the back! As we got to the main highway, he flipped on the lights and increased speed. The wind brought tears to my eyes and I ducked my head directly behind his broad back to shield myself from its flow.

I'd only been to Middletown a few times in my life. We'd always done all of our shopping in Franklin, because mom said things were cheaper there. Besides, you could walk to Franklin from our house and you had to take a taxi to Middletown. Taxis cost money.

Hugh parked in the lot of a big department store and we went inside.

"May I help you, sir?" asked the salesman.

"Yeah. I want some pants for the boy."

"Any particular brand, sir?"

"Nope. Just so they'll last. Get 'im eight or ten pairs."

The look on the salesman's face changed to a big smile.

"Yes sir!"

Ten pair of pants and ten shirts later, I was trying on some shoes!

"How they feel, boy?" asked Uncle Hugh.

"Really neat!" I answered.

Hugh turned to the salesman.

"Okay. Two pair of these. You got any boots? Ones that will fit him?"

"Why, yessir! I'm sure we do!"

"Get 'em."

Then socks and t-shirts and shorts were all added to the list. It was more clothes than I'd ever owned in my life! I wanted to wear them all at the same time!

When we got back home, momma cried as she looked at all my new clothes. Reaching into one of the many pockets of his jacket, Hugh handed mom a big roll of money.

"Get yourself somethin' too," he ordered. "And the little 'uns. And mom too."

Momma just shook her head.

"Now I'm gonna have a beer or two. I'll take the boy with me, if he ain't sleepy."

"I ain't sleepy, mom! I ain't a bit sleepy!"

We went to the Hilltop Bar and I was in a hurry to get inside so I could show off my new clothes!

"Beer for me," ordered Hugh, "and a coke for the boy."

We sat at the bar for a while, then Hugh went over and started playing pool with some guys. Then I heard a bunch of arguing and Hugh came back to sit by me.

"There's gonna be some trouble, boy. That bunch over there don't think you're supposed to win and quit!"

I looked over to where the men were standing, whispering to each other.

"They're trying to get up enough courage between them to jump on me." Hugh's voice was as calm as if he were telling a joke! And he was smiling!

"There's six of 'em, Uncle Hugh!"

"Right. And in a few minutes I'll give you a lesson in how to handle that kind of shit."

The voices got louder and I heard a few cusswords coming from the group. Once in a while I could see them from the corner of my eye, staring at us. If Hugh saw it, he didn't show any concern.

Finally one of the guys stepped from the circle and yelled.

"Hey! Bike bum! You wanna try that last game again?"

Hugh turned slowly around and stared at the guy. When he spoke, it was very low. "Up your ass, boy."

The loudmouth walked slowly toward us. He held a pool cue in his hand.

"I heard tell you bike bums are

supposed to be tough!" He laughed. "But do you think you can handle all six of us?" There were a few snickers from the others.

Hugh let the question hang in the air, then looked straight at loudmouth.

"Now, boy," he drawled out, "if I was you, I wouldn't let your alligator mouth overload your canary asshole!"

Absolute silence.

"But then, I couldn't expect much more from the likes of you. I guess that old rumor is true. You punks just can't seem to get into a fight unless you got five or six dudes to back you up."

More silence.

"Personally, where I'm from we don't need five or six to back us up. Why hell, we just square off and let the best man win."

I was afraid to breathe!

"But then, I don't expect you punks to understand anything about that!"

Loudmouth's jaw dropped open, but no words came out. Looking past him, Hugh directed his next remarks at the guys standing at the pool table.

"You boys are probably pretty damn rough. I sure do imagine you are. Fair fighters too, I bet. Hard to find a man to fill that bill nowadays. Too many cowards around who like to have them there five or six to one odds."

Hugh slid off the bar stool and stood there shaking his head.

"Seems a damn shame that a man ain't got enough guts to whip his own horse." Hugh shrugged his shoulders. "But that's the way it goes, I guess. So let's get this shit on with, now that old loudmouth has talked you all into helping him fight his fight."

One of the five spoke up.

"Man's right, Chester. By God, you started this by yourself. And as far as I'm concerned, you can damn well finish it by yourself!"

The others agreed.

Loudmouth was in a real mess. Even at the age of eight, I could see that.

Just when he thought he had him some real backing, they had deserted him! And everything had been laid down so neatly by my Uncle Hugh that the guy didn't even have the option to back down from the fight. To do so would have made him look like he was afraid of the "bike bum." And if he went on, he was all by himself.

Loudmouth swung the pool cue in a wide arc. Ducking his head, Hugh stepped toward him and landed a solid blow to the stomach. Loudmouth bent over at the impact of the punch, but Uncle Hugh helped to straighten him up, with a round-house right to the nose. Crunch!

Blood flew everywhere. Two lefts and three rights, one after the other, and old loudmouth was laid to rest at the feet of his friends. Out cold.

Hugh threw me a wink and a smile as he turned around to walk back to his stool. Downing his beer, he said, "Okay, boy, let's get you home before your momma starts to worry."

Later he told me, "Always remember, boy, a coward's still a coward whether he's by himself or with a hundred others. Single out the loudmouth. Make the whole thing a matter of pride. Chances are the others will feel like they're being used. And then, when you get old loudmouth out there on that limb, by himself, kick his goddam ass!"

Next day when I got up, Uncle Hugh was gone.

Daddy said the Law was looking to question him about an armed robbery that occurred in Franklin the night before. I don't really know about that because I never seen the Law at our house. I do know that Daddy stopped his drinking and three weeks later we moved outta that slum area to a house in Midletown!

Momma never would talk about it.

Daddy swears he did it 'cause he wanted to.

Grandma says that Uncle Hugh found daddy in a beer joint and "had a little talk" with him about his drinking.

All I know about that is, Daddy looked like a truck hit 'im!

Later we heard that Uncle Hugh was dead.

Some said a train hit 'im.

Same say the Law shot 'im.

Some say he died in a barroom brawl in California.

Me? I don't really know. And I just ignore the people who talk like they do know. Besides, I can't picture the man ever dying. Why, even if he did, my Uncle Hugh would talk the devil into giving him a pass back!

Nope. He ain't dead, to my way of thinking. Hell, I can still see him, just as plain as day. Sitting there astride his beloved Harley. Levi's dirty. Boots scuffed up. Big, black leather jacket, with its 1000 silver zippers and chains. And, of course, his old Harley hat, with its 50-mission crush. Sittin' there, cleanin' his sunglasses.

I still remember the clothes he bought me. The money he gave mom. And my very first ride on a Harley, along with the promise I made to myself to own one someday.

But most of all I remember the tattoo he had on his right forearm. It was a sword with a snake coiled around it and underneath that was written the words that fit the man perfectly: "Born To Raise Hell." ■

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

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

- Title of publication: EASYRIDERS Magazine.
- Date of filing: October 8, 1975
- Frequency of issue: Every six weeks
- Location of known office of publication: P. O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265
- Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: P. O. Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
- Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor:
Publisher: Paisano Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
Editor: Louis L. Kimzey, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265
Managing Editor: Joseph Teresi, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265
- Owner: Paisano Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
Louis L. Kimzey, P. O. Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
Joseph Teresi, P. O. Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
Milford C. Blair, P. O. Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
- Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: none
- For Optional Completion by Publishers Mailing at the Regular Rates (Section 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.

/s/ Louis L. Kimzey

10. Not applicable

11. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual No. of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
A. Total No. copies printed (net press run)	278,290	311,250
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	156,738	176,385
2. Mail subscriptions	23,224	24,370
C. Total paid circulation	179,962	200,755
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	285	313
E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D)	180,247	201,068
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	1,200	1,200
2. Returns from news agents	96,843	108,982
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	278,290	311,250

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Louis L. Kimzey
Editor



ya mean, you're out of Easyriders?

How many times has it happened to you? (We really don't have to remind you, de we?)

Maybe now's a good time to subscribe—while you're thinking about it, and while we're still giving away a free **Easyrider** decal with every subscription.

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

A spectacularly colorful, fantastically designed, gigantic, super-tough, enzyme-free decal!

All this for less than seven measly bucks for a one-year subscription and less than thirteen lousy bucks for a two-year subscription. That's right—for less than seven bucks you get eight issues, and for less than thirteen bucks you will get sixteen issues of this unreal rag delivered right to your door by a uniformed messenger.

Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

35

Check one:

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's \$6.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$12.99 for a two-year subscription.

And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's \$7.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$13.00 for a two-year subscription.

Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

- ☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
☐ Please extend my present subscription

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



Truckin' Side-Hack

Ever been to Daytona or Laconia for the yearly get-down? If you have, then you know how many far-travelin' scooter people pack their rigs into vans and boogie to a run. There's nothing wrong with that. In fact, there are a good number of solid reasons for travelin' that way. But for the bro who digs tastin' bugs in every area in the country, his bikes piled in the back of a Ford is against his religion.

Jesse, the proprietor of these sleds, pulled a mind twist on us dedicated freeway gobblers and, in a manner of speaking, covered all the bases. He can jam his 102-inch shovel fatbob to a run loaded with his pretty bike, an ol' lady and spare rubber. It would be, to say the least, puzzlin' to be headin' for a yearly party and have Jesse's rig jam past.

His setup has another purpose though. He can follow his people, with his fatbob and side-hack behind the pack. Although the hundred-and-two-inch mill probably wouldn't dig it. His truck-hack could act as a pickup, trailer, or breakdown truck. Or he could pick up a half dozen or so foxes as the pack

passed through a town. (I didn't ask Jesse if he was into group sex.)

But recently Jesse had another use for his multiple-unit scooter. Ya see, any group of dedicated people after a given hobby, sport or lifestyle need to have a place or opportunity to carry out their endeavors with reasonable ease—or the whole situation is naturally a loss—dig? Like if a dude is into or thrives on sailing the seas, he's surely not going to go for his stakes set into the sand of Arizona. Unless, of course, he's one helluva would-be.

Jesse recently packed his threads and scooters and jammed to California from sunny Florida. Florida may, along with California, be one of the few states where the weather won't make popsicles out of bikers who ride in the winter. And for that icy reason many east coast bros live out the anti-motorcycling winters in Florida.

But there is another problem us tramps have had to contend with since police academies began using pictures of bikers as model criminals. And that problem from our tax-paid employees is police harassment—bummer. Now



Owner: Jesse**City:** Gardena, Calif.**General****Frame**

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1975

Year and make: 1957 H-D

Builder: Motor Shop

Model: FLH

Type: single loop rigid

Value: \$3,000

Rake: 10° over stock

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 4 inches

Time: would you believe 2 wks.

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Sunshine Plating

Accessories**Engine**

Bars: owner

Year: 1957

Risers: owner, attached to bars

Model: Panhead

Fender(s): reworked glide front

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: Cibie Quartz in Bates shell

Ignition: 12 V. auto. advance

Taillight: Lucas

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: owner

Balancing: owner

Rear pegs: Chicago Cycle Products

Pistons: Robbins 8:1

Electrics: 12V

Cases: stock

Gas tank: half gas, half oil

Heads: polished

Oil tank: by owner

Cam: Chet Herbert 440

Oil system: modified into gas tank

Lifters: brazed solid

Primary cover: Phase III

Carb(s): reworked M-74-B

Seat: naugahyde

Air cleaner: velocity stack

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: owner

Height:

Muffler(s): turn-out shorties

Material:

Transmission**Forks**

Modifications: 3 speed

Type: girder, dual shock

Year: 1936

Extension: Lucky 13

Shifting: jockey

Builder: Fury Industries

Engine sprocket: belt drive

Special features: none

Trans sprocket: 25

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: stock

Front**Rear****Painting**

Size: 21

Size: 15

Molding: Jesse & Monahan

Hub: Hurst Airheart

Hub: Kelsey-Hayes

Painter: owner

Rim width: WM-1

Rim width: WM-4

Color: mixed toners

Tire: 2.75 Avon

Tire: 155 x 15 radial

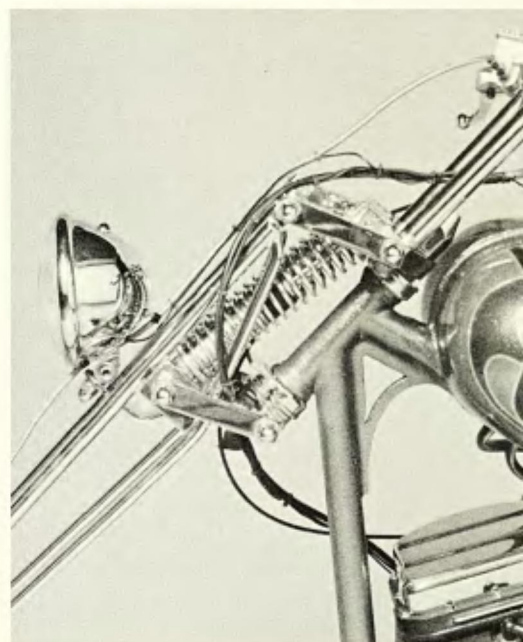
Type: Glowable w/epoxy

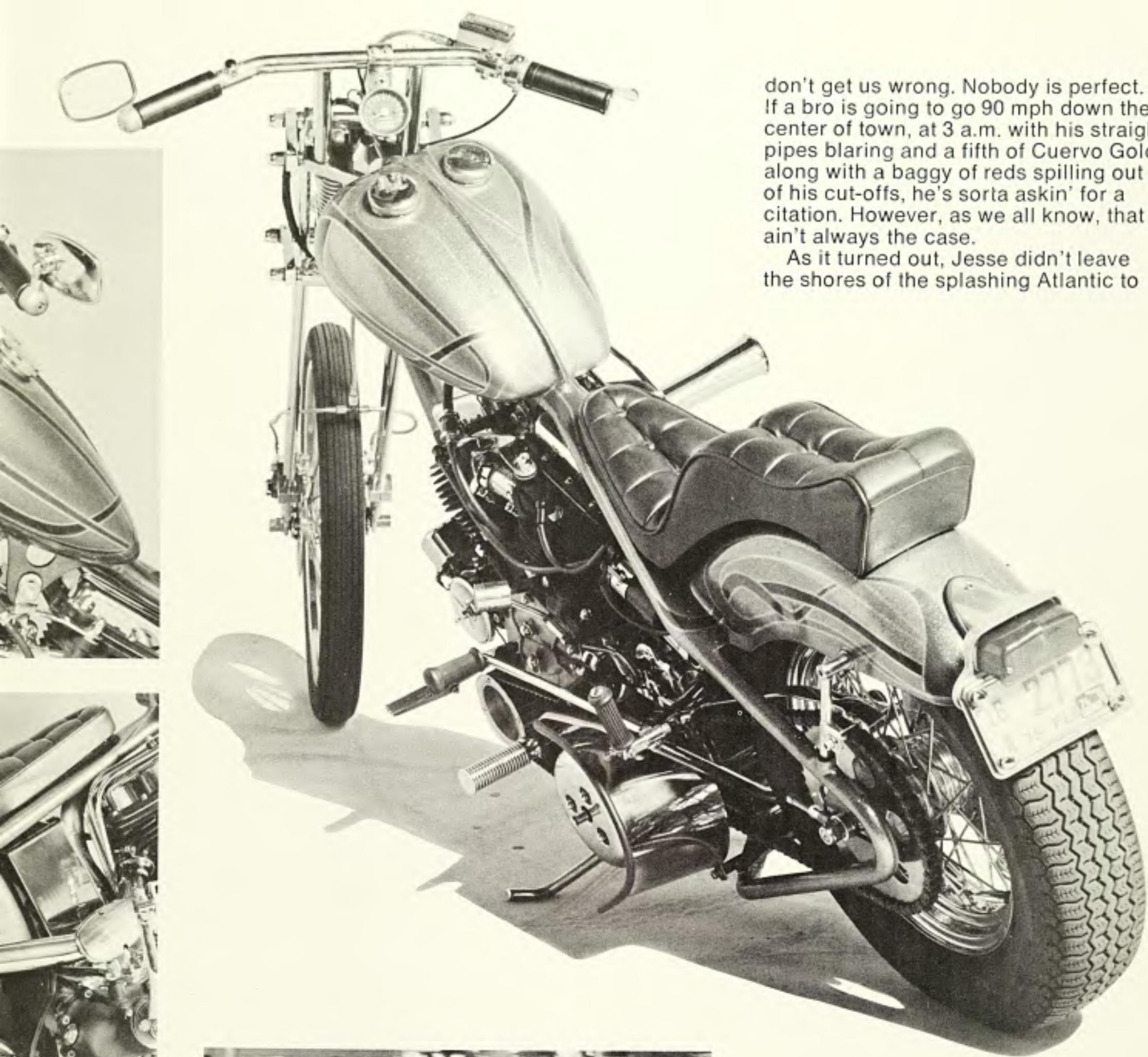
Brake: Hurst

Brake: Samprit

Special paint: owner

Other special modifications: Owner made clutch lever, tachometer.





don't get us wrong. Nobody is perfect. If a bro is going to go 90 mph down the center of town, at 3 a.m. with his straight pipes blaring and a fifth of Cuervo Gold along with a baggy of reds spilling out of his cut-offs, he's sorta askin' for a citation. However, as we all know, that ain't always the case.

As it turned out, Jesse didn't leave the shores of the splashing Atlantic to



nestle in the sand of the Pacific because of the weather. Jesse and his people ran into an inflated dose of harassment, ticketing, and overly enthusiastic police enforcement. They like to ride too much to give up or let their riding be stifled by overbearing community action. Consequently they split.

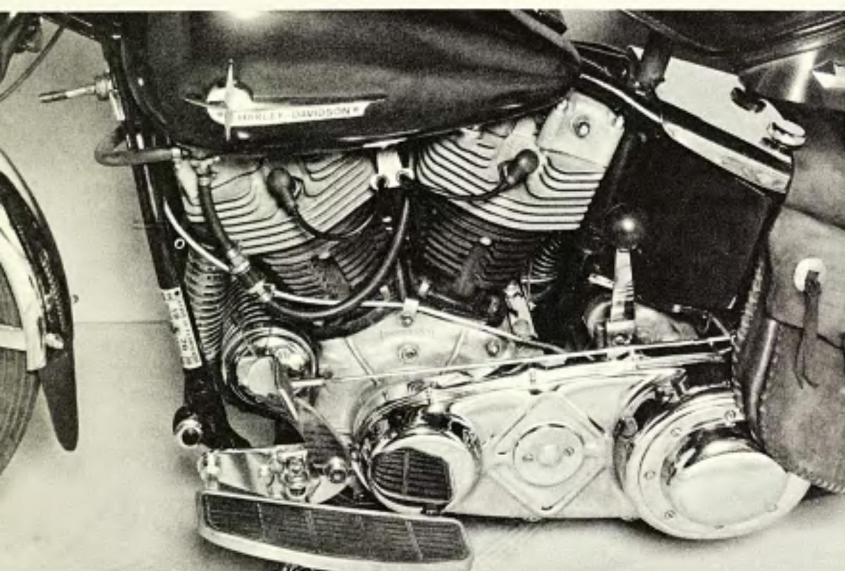
There can be almost any reason for a tough-guy policy by The Man, from the greasy biker excuse (which is no reason at all), to a shootout between a couple of clubs, or a couple of bikers giving an off-duty cop a hard time. A police force is like one big club in many cases. In general (hopefully) we try to keep a "you be cool, we'll be cool" situation going. But if you're a year-round puttin' freak it can sometimes take a move from one side of town to the other, one por-



tion of the state to the other, or even one part of the country to the other, to keep the rubber in contact with the pavement and your ass out of the slam.

I'm not going to go on a trip about how unjustified police harassment is. Some we deserve, some we don't. It's a fact of our lives, justified or not. So, like the weather, we learn how to tolerate it, fight it, or just move away from it. The whole point is to keep doin' what it is you dig doin' with the least amount of hassle. And Jesse is doin' just that on his weird machine—while I'm workin'—bummer.

—Weed



Owner: Jesse **City:** Gardena, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1948
Year and make: 1954 H-D	Builder: H-D
Model: FL 74	Type: rigid cradle
Value: not for sale	Rake: 5° over stock
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none
Time: 1 month (fast!)	Other alterations: none
Chroming by: Sunshine Plating	

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Super Glide

Year: 1953	Risers: SMC accuweld
Model: Pan/Shovel	Fender(s): stock rear, 4 in. front
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: H-D Duo-Glide
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: H-D Knucklehead
Displacement: 102 cu. in.	Speedo: stock
Lower end: S&S wheels 4 3/4"	Front pegs: foot-boards
Balancing: S&S	Rear pegs: none
Pistons: 9.5:1 Venolia 3-11/16" bore	Electrics: 6 volt
Cases: beefed for barrels	Gas tank: 3 gallon fatbobs
Heads: Manley, stainless valves	Oil tank: stock
Cam: Sifton 468+	Oil system: Late model
Lifters: S&S solids	Primary cover: tin compensator
Carb(s): 2 in. Rivera S.U.	Seat: H-D
Air cleaner: Bap Geon	Sissy bar: none
Pipes: stock	Height:
Muffler(s): open stock	Material:

Transmission

Forks

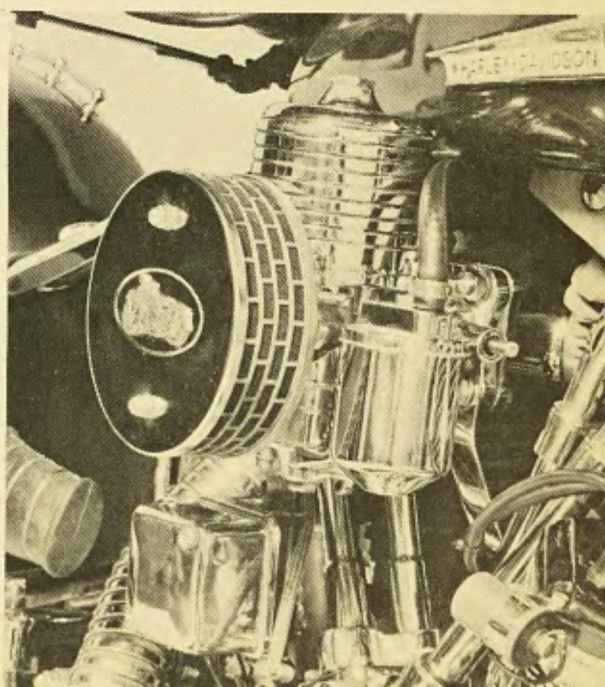
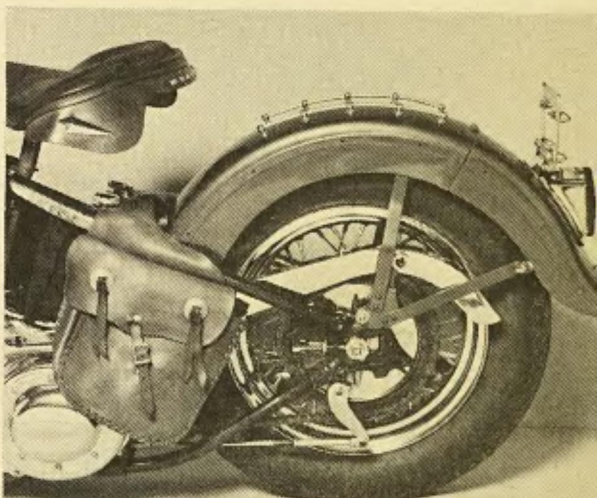
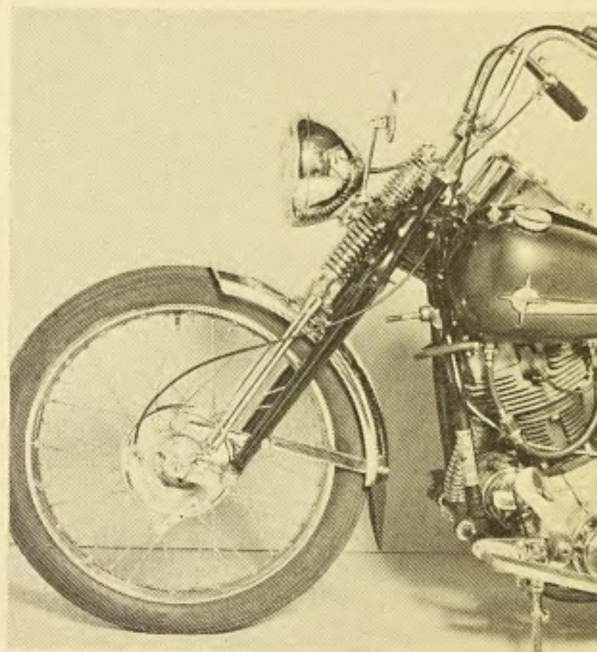
Modifications: 3 speed/reverse	Type: VL springer
Year: ?	Extension: none
Shifting: jockey	Builder: H-D
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: none

Wheels

	Front	Rear
Size: 21	Size: 16	
Hub: stock	Hub: stock	
Rim width: WM-2	Rim width: WM-3.5	
Tire: 3.00 x 21	Tire: 5.00 x 16 Arco	
Brake: stock	Brake: stock	

Painting

Other special modifications: Side-car bike trailer, 3-11/16 inch barrels by Tom Elrod (New York), oil cooler under trans.





California Is Seeking Allies And Lining Up Arguments For Upcoming Helmet Hassle

California is recruiting other states for a battle against federal bureaucracy on the motorcycle helmet and vehicle inspection issues.

California officials see a fight that could equal the one over the mandatory seatbelt interlock regulation, which was eliminated by federal legislation after public outcry.

They say the helmet issue is emotional and philosophical, but the inspection issue involves hundreds of millions of dollars that motorists eventually would have to pay.

Aides to Democratic Gov. Edmund Brown, Jr., say the question of mandatory safety versus individual choice also raises a states rights question:

Should the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration be able to force — by regulation — states to adopt mandatory motorcycle helmet and vehicle inspection laws?

Under federal law, all federal funds for highway safety programs and 10 percent of the federal funds for highway construction can be cut off for non-compliance with federal regulations.

California officials say the NHTSA has already shortened the allocation of highway safety funds to a quarter-by-quarter basis instead of year-by-year. Regional officials say this is slowing growth of emergency medical services, especially in rural areas.

The NHTSA's reason is that California has neither a mandatory motorcycle helmet law nor a periodic vehicle inspection program.

Illinois and Utah also lack mandatory motorcycle helmet laws, and other states lack periodic vehicle inspection programs.

California officials say it's ironic that in sanctioning the shortcoming in "motorcycle safety," the NHTSA is threatening to withhold the \$6.5 million a year it gives California for "emergency medical services."

California, said Donald E. Burns, Gov. Brown's secretary of business and transportation, "is opposed to the federal government telling us we need a mandatory motorcycle helmet law. Congress has not legislated it. It's a regulation."

"When they don't have the guts in Congress to say what they want or don't want, they delegate the authority to some bureaucrat."

Many states are opposed to another NHTSA regulation going into effect July 1, 1976, which would require that a vehicle's wheels be removed during periodic inspections, said Burns.

It would cost California an estimated \$308 million to set up 395 inspection stations, plus \$95 million to \$100 million a year in operating costs, said Mike Evenhoe, special assistant to the Business and Transportation Agency.

California officials say they have confidence in the state's random roadside inspection program, in which any motorist risks being pulled over and given an expensive "moving violation" ticket for such negligence as worn-out tires.

—By Rod Angove
Associated Press Writer

Updates from around the country

Kansas: Our helmet repeal bill in Kansas is in for next year. It is H.B. 2353. We need to start pressuring our state legislators now to vote for this bill. You can get their names, addresses, and phone numbers by writing the Secretary of State, State Capitol Bldg., Topeka, Kansas 66612, and asking her to send you a legislative directory.—ABATE of Kansas news letter, P.O. Box 781, Lawrence, Kansas 66044.

Louisiana: In issue number 33, we stated that the Lone Rider said the helmet law had been repealed.

Well, the Lone Rider got off prematurely on the possibilities of a helmet repeal. The bill didn't quite make it. It missed by eighteen votes.

Iowa has added its name to the list of blackmailed states with a mandatory helmet law. Since its enactment September 1, 1975, the bikers in this state have been fighting harder for its repeal than they have fought these past years against its passage.

We would like to ask all motorcyclists in Iowa for their continued support. Though there will not be another protest ride until April, everyone is working hard to make our dislike of the helmet law known. Since 1976 is an election year, much can be done to shake up these legislators who voted for this law. If you would like a Repeal the Mandatory Helmet Law postcard and a list of the legislators who voted for or against the helmet law, send \$1 to ABATE of Iowa, Midwest Cycle Service, 221 Pearl Street, Sioux City, Iowa 51101.

Future plans include paid political announcements on T.V. and radio. Television discussions and debates on the helmet law. A poster contest in all of the Sioux City High Schools, with prizes being awarded by local officials in the downtown shopping mall. We hope you can use some of these plans in your own communities. Send us a letter and let us know about your plans and ideas. If you need projects we can help.

—ABATE of Iowa.

Florida: ABATE of Florida, c/o James Marrone, 2541 26th Ave. North, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33713, and the Free-Wheelers M/C, 2020 E. Okaloosa Ave., Tampa, Florida 33604, need registered bikers to sign petitions. They also urge bikers to get themselves registered. It requires no cash and only five minutes to take advantage of the power of the vote.

New York: Attention, New York City area bikers. We need your help in getting the helmet law repeal through the legislature.

We also would like the names and addresses of clubs from the Long Island, Staten Island, and N.Y.C. areas, and any additional clubs in the rest of the state. Anyone who would like up-to-date information on the helmet repeal,

send a buck or whatever you can afford to ABATE of N.Y., Box 5172, Albany, New York 12205. We will send you any info you need, and the donation will be greatly appreciated.

Oklahoma: The state recently enacted DOT-forced helmet legislation. Soon after, ABATE of Oklahoma was founded in an effort to repeal the ordinance. Even the state's Shriners have come forward to contest the new vehicle code.

Many Oklahoma motorcycle-oriented organizations have banded together to protest the law. ABATE, the Oklahoma Motorcycle Riders Association, Citizens Against Motorcycle Helmet Laws, and possibly the Oklahoma Dealers Association have pulled as one to form a co-op under the name Freedom of Choice. Find out how you can assist this movement against the new law by contacting ABATE of Oklahoma, c/o Phil Becker, 415 S. Wilson, Vinita, Okla. 74301.

Texas: Bro Paul Hendley has established ABATE of Texas. Their first project has been to start an effective, strong writing campaign in support of the federal repeal bills. Paul and his people are doing their best to create an efficient legislative watch-dog organization in the vast state of Texas. They need your support in their fight to retain your rights. Contact ABATE of Texas at 1423 N. Carlyle, Tyler, Texas 75701.

South Dakota: The people at STOP informed us that they have discovered a statement regarding the MC fatalities in South Dakota. The paper stated that two-thirds of all S.D. bikers killed in accidents died from head injuries. And since South Dakota has a helmet law, all those downed bros were wearing costly crash helmets. Concerned South Dakota bike people should get behind STOP, Rt. 2, Box 654-M, Rapid City, S.D.

Indiana: ABATE of Indiana has found a legislator who is willing to sponsor a repeal of the helmet and lights-on laws. The Indiana chapter of ABATE requests that all concerned bikers write their reps and request that they co-sponsor the repeals. Also write Senator James Gardner, R.R. 3, Fowler, Indiana 46744, the sponsor of the bill, and show your support for his efforts on the biker's behalf. He is also a biker, working for your rights.

Georgia: We received a letter from a dude in Georgia who is trying to get his state together. But bro Lance Callahan forgot to enclose his return address.

Vermont: We haven't heard much from the state of Vermont. But recently a couple there have tried to get some action started. Joseph and Jonie Long, 231 Pearl St., Essex Junction, Vermont 05452, are in the process of starting an ABATE chapter in Vermont. Write these people

and see what you can do to support their efforts.

Arizona: A bro in Arizona won two helmet beefs because the judge felt he was correct in assuming that wearing a helmet in extreme heat was hazardous. The same biker had no luck fighting two other tickets on constitutional grounds.

ABATE of Arizona, c/o Kerry Robbins, 783 W. Florence Street, Tucson, Arizona 85705, is working with this biker and other people to contest the helmet law through the Arizona court system.

Missouri: State Senator Hardin "Hardy" Cox, Vice Chairman of the Legislative Research Committee, 12th District, 300 Main St., Rockport, Mo. 64482, responded very favorably to a bro's letter requesting the repeal of the helmet law. Senator Cox is anxious to read and listen to information and arguments pertaining to the helmet law.

This is one of many examples of why writing letters to your elected officials is beneficial and necessary to keep our lawmakers informed and educated. If you are interested in legislative activities in Missouri, write ABATE of Missouri, c/o Ralph Chambers, 520D No. Crysler, Independence, Missouri 64000.

Conclusive DOT facts!

DOT, for years now, has been spouting off about how helmets are, without a doubt, conclusively a safety factor for bikers. After you read the following facts from an AMA newsletter, you may wonder where DOT's head's at.

Fact: DOT has not made any attempt to withhold highway safety funds from the eight states which have not required a driver's license or license endorsement for motorcycles, in spite of the fact that this provision—like mandatory helmet use—is part of the motorcycle safety standard promulgated by DOT.

Fact: DOT has not made any attempt to withhold highway safety funds from the seven states which have not enacted a rearview mirror law—again, one of DOT's own requirements.

Fact: DOT has not made any attempt to withhold highway safety funds from the nineteen states which do not require any bike inspections, another one of DOT's requirements.

Fact: DOT started pushing mandatory helmet use over six years before it issued a standard for helmet construction. To this day, only half of the helmets manufactured can be tested to the DOT standard.

Fact: With seven years of experience available resulting from mandatory helmet laws, DOT still cannot say whether and to what degree

helmets have saved lives or reduced injuries in the states which have helmet laws.

Fact: In 1973, the National Transportation Safety Board issued a recommendation that DOT take immediate steps to confirm or deny the claim that helmets increase neck injuries, but research has still not begun.

Fact: Of its sixteen highway safety standards, DOT has placed least emphasis, manpower, and funds on the bike standard, ranking it below the problems of debris removal.

Fact: Of the money DOT has given to the states, roughly \$1,280,000—or one-third of one percent—has gone to programs benefiting the biker, a figure amounting to about \$9 per AMA member.

Fact: DOT's Driver's Education Standard, promulgated in 1967, does not once mention motorcycles.



Protest News and Ideas

We have two ideas taking shape here that we would like you to consider and respond to. First of all, many groups and organizations are already planning a national protest for next summer. Consequently if every organization, club, or group of bikers involved will sit down with a calendar, think out a logical weekend (clear of holidays, major runs, etc.), and send it to us, we will determine the consensus and start publishing a national protest date as soon as we can. Along with your suggested dates, give us a list of your reasons for selecting the dates.

One proposal came from Tom Dickson, The Brothers M/C, and assorted bikers from Missoula, Montana. They feel that all the bikers of this land should show their feelings against the mandatory protection of the helmet by riding either individually or in mass without helmets from July 1, 1976 to July 7, 1976. The purpose is to show our objection all over the

country during the bicentennial week. Also, a date during that week could be declared National No-Helmet Day. Tom and his bros feel that this would be an excellent week to jam the courts everywhere with no-helmet citations, and let it be known that citizens today are just as aware of their rights as they were in 1776 when the country was founded.

We would like to hear your comments, and suggestions concerning these ideas. Think about them; discuss them with your people. Then drop us a line at ABATE, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

North Dakota: It's surprising, the things that can slip by an entire legislature. In North Dakota the 1975 legislature passed a helmet-wearing ordinance. And get this, they managed to pass the law without any penalty clause, fine, or even a mention of possible point punishment against the violator's

Association at P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06601.

Nevada: Newly organized ABATE of Nevada has two years to compile information against the helmet law, before the legislature meets again. They will also need the support of Nevada bikers to see it through. The Nevada chapter of ABATE is in need of the assistance of a lawyer for legal advice and counseling.

Bros, support the people who are backing you and your lifestyle. Contact ABATE of Nevada, c/o M. L. Siegel, 1201 Pyramid Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada 89108. Also, it would really be helpful if every time you or a partner has a bumper with a helmet you would let ABATE know the specifics.

New Hampshire: We have encountered another method by which laws are passed without the elected politician's vote or the consent of the people.

The problem comes about after the yearly inspection law is passed by the state legislature. Within the inspection bill is a clause that gives the chief or head of the department of motor vehicles (as is the case in New Hampshire) the power or authority to write the inspection rules and procedures. Consequently the chief has the devastating authority to bypass the people's motor vehicle laws and write in any item he feels should be inspected, and how it will or will not pass. Your scooter may have been built to pass every M.V. code passed by your state's representatives, but when you confront the yearly inspection it could be sha-zaam—no registration.

In the case of New Hampshire, the Director of Motor Vehicles, Fredrick Clark, Jr., Department of Motor Vehicles, Loudon Rd., Concord, N.H., simply wrote into his inspection regulations that every motorcycle must be equipped with a front fender. Which in turn is driving many owners of custom front ends insane.

If you are a resident of New Hampshire and caught in this situation, write Mr. Clark. If he receives enough mail he may hold back his self-imposed regulation until the bikers of his state can show cause why such a restriction creates an unnecessary hardship.

Maryland: Senator Peter A. Bozick and Delegate Gerald F. Devlin, both of Prince Georges County, have introduced identical bills to amend the helmet law so that it will only apply to those under eighteen. These bills would conform to the federal bills HR3869 and F2293. Write to your representative at: Senator or Delegate John Doe, State House, Annapolis, Maryland 21404 and ask them to support these most worthwhile bills. If you don't know who your representatives are or want more information, call or write ABATE of Maryland, 12307 Windbrook Drive, Clinton, Maryland 20735 (301) 292-2330. ■

license. They did mention that if bikers were participating in a legal parade they could ride without a Snell shell. There is one detrimental factor involved when riding without a helmet in North Dakota: Since the rider is in violation of a law, he is subject to civil liability if he is involved in an accident.

This situation is strange, to say the least. So to be on the safe or less costly side, check with your bros before you get your hair in the wind and The Man digs up some excuse to lay a fine on you.

Connecticut: In Connecticut the enforcement of the helmet law is off and on like a brake-light switch. It has got to be a bummer for bikers there. But it does show that somewhere in this country there is a state court system that responds in an active way. If you need to know what position the switch is in at the moment, contact the Connecticut Motorcycle

Gettin' Back

—Continued from page 13

way when we can find some privacy. But I hafta stall my bro with a high mellow enough to keep him contented while you and I get better acquainted." I eyed her shapely bod, knowing I must look like a starving fiend who had forgotten how to play with himself.

"Better acquainted, huh?" She looked a bit horny now, her hand running lightly up and down my bare arm. "Yeah, I think I got sumpin' real righteous for yer bro. Fer all of us. Step into the kitchen when I give ya the nod. Okay?"

I patted her bottom, glancing over to be sure neither of the scarf-contestants or the old hag were watching. Her ass was firm and round. The stick in my crotch drummed frantically for release. "Sounds heavy, baby. I'll be watchin' yer every move, waitin' fer the signal. Goddam but ya got a nice—"

She pushed my hand away, giggling softly and turning—heading for the kitchen. Her butt wagged triumphantly with every step she took. Hell, I had it practically made. A sound diverted my gloating.

Injun eased himself into the booth. "Well, shit! We got suds!"

"Nobody's in a fuckin' hurry in Texas."

"I am, ya asshole. I got things to do, people to see." Head tilted back, his thick throat worked as the gulps of beer cascaded past his tonsils. When he finished the bottle, a ring of moisture circled his grinning mouth. I shoved my bottle across to him, my attention on the kitchen door. "When I gotcher kite, askin' me to meet ya, I figured on visitin' a little cunt I know in Abilene before meetin' you. Otherwise I'd have sent ya bus fare."

"Was she any good?"

"Fuck, yes! Right up to the fuckin' minute her goddam husband came bustin' into the fuckin' house. The dumb bitch wanted to stop fuckin', can ya beat that?" He chuckled ponderously.

"What about the hubby?"

"No problem. He was bombed outa his fuckin' mind so I threatened to call the goddamned heat and—already confused—he musta figured he hit the wrong house! Poor bastard almost tore the fuckin' door off'n the hinges, getting away!" Injun shook with rumbling laughter. "I mean, man, that's *confused* when a dipshit don't even recognize his own nekkid wife, fer chrissakes!"

The doll appeared, nodding at me. "I'm gonna go get more suds since we're in a hurry," I muttered, leaving the booth. "Be right back."

"Get some burgers, too," demanded Injun. "I need some kinda shit to pick me up for the resta the goddam trip."

I'll getcha sumpin' to pick ya up, ya big-assed hurryin' mutha, I thought. Sumpin' that'll put ya up there nice and high!

In the kitchen, the doll, who turned out to be named Bumpy—in honor of her fabulous jugs, no doubt—led me over to the table where she'd left a saucer. On the saucer sat some very familiar items. I grinned, nodding happily. What a wildly appropriate plan.

"Know what it is?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder to be sure the old bag was busy out front.

"Right! It'll do the trick!"

"They were given to me. I've never done them."

"You'll probably love it—after the best effect takes hold. Put about half of them into the food. That way, Injun won't know he's gonna have a high fuckin' old time until he's havin' it. By then, he won't be in such a hurry to move on." I pushed closer, letting her feel the rigid stick. "When do you get outa here?"

She trembled. "Ya mean, when do I get off?"

I nudged a plump, warm jug. "Baby, you'll get off jes' as soon as you're outa this place and we can find the right bush for privacy!"

"I'll bet ya knew I'm a Scorpio," giggled Bumps, patting the stick.

"Takes one to know one," I lied. "Now gimme a coupla beers to keep Big Chief Hurry Up quiet while you fix this special scarf."

When I returned to the booth, carefully carrying four beers, the sour-stomach twins had departed and the joint was empty except for the old bag straightening tables and Injun moodily staring out the window at the rocky wilderness beyond the bike and the highway. I popped open a can, shoving it over to him. "We're fresh outa Coors, bro. Time to switch to Bud."

"An' the fuckin' food, dipshit?"

"Bumps is doin' good things to it right now."

"Bumps! Shit, don't that figure!"

"That's her name. I don't suppose you'd go for sloppy seconds, would ya? Greater love hath no brother than he grudgingly gives up the first punch to his—"

"I fuckin' well told'ja—fergit it! We eat and we split. That tin badge may double back here any time. I jes' wanna go puttin' on my own goddam sweet way until I smell smog."

"Drink yer suds. Enjoy, enjoy. If the deputy shows, we'll be eatin' a decent meal like any other respectable citizens. I never heard of any-

body ever bein' busted for spendin' their money on scarf."

I smiled reassuringly, hoisting a beer can at him.

An hour later—with the funny hamburgers in his belly and seven beers backing up the road fatigue—Injun was snoring gently in the booth as I led Bumps out the back door of the steamy-warm cafe into the cool night air. It reeked of sagebrush and sex. She followed me to the cluster of boulders gleaming dully in the faint starlight and I pulled her into their protective shadows. There I began some heated exploring. No bra. No pants. Pretty soon, no nuthin'.

"My goddam stepfather will be comin' back," she panted, doing a little bold exploring on her own.

"By that time I'll have come and gone—several times, maybe!"

"He's—He's been after my ass ever since I was only twelve. Right after my ma died. He still th-thinks I'm cherry, but I gave that away so he couldn't have it!"

"The dirty old man," I sympathized, getting a handful of satiny-smooth warmth. One good handful deserves another—so I did.

"I like your hairy face," she crooned, stroking my beard.

"Where would ya like it the most?"

Her reply was more of a movement than mere goddam words. I buried my fuckin' face in my work, and she got the idea right away so there we were—just a coupla happy-assed suckers intently pleasing the livin' shit outa each other in the darkness.

Suddenly a blood-curdlin' whoop interrupted our action.

I raised my head, reluctantly. From where we were hidden among the boulders atop the slight rise, I could clearly see that cafe. Two black and white sedans were pullin' up in front of it. A side window exploded in broken glass as a cash register came hurtlin' out, hittin' the fuckin' ground with a muted janglin'.

"Oh, sufferin' shit!" I moaned.

"What's happenin'?" Bumps sounded anxious.

"Injun's on the fuckin' warpath! Guess all that beer makes a shitty trip when it's mixed with peyote!"

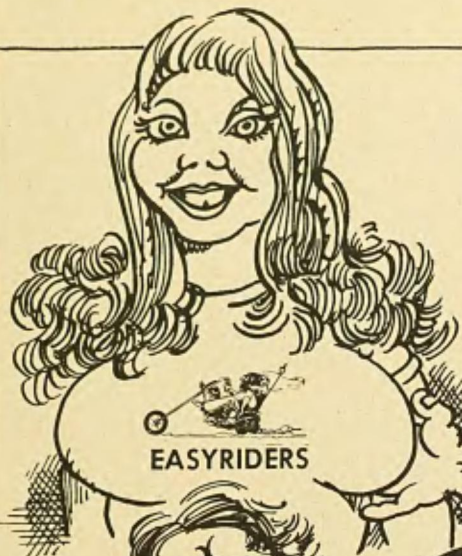
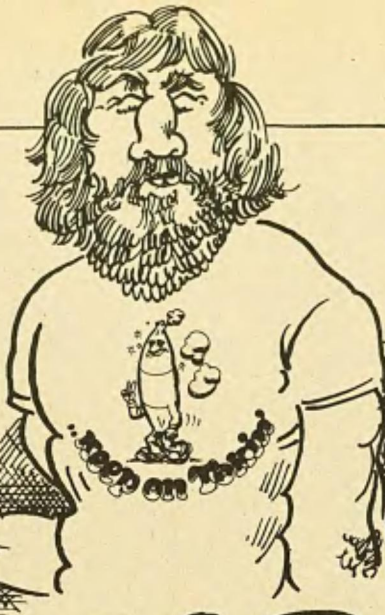
"I—I didn't eat any of it," she whispered.

"Neither did I."

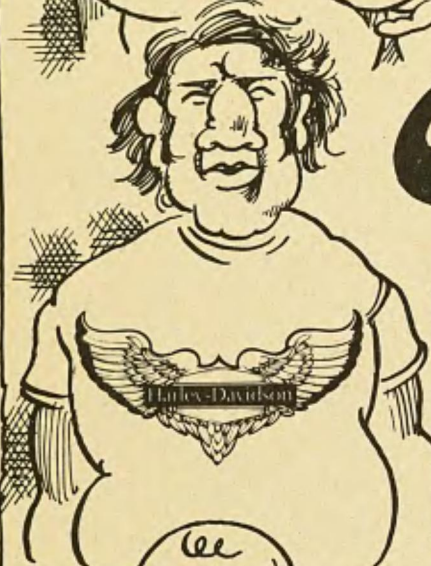
"B-But I saw you chewin' and chompin' right along with your big friend!" Her wide-eyed face was pale in the starlight.

"Jes' the french fries," I confessed. "I was too high on bein' plain horny to need anything else, but I figured

—Continued on page 64


CHOP[®] SHIRTS



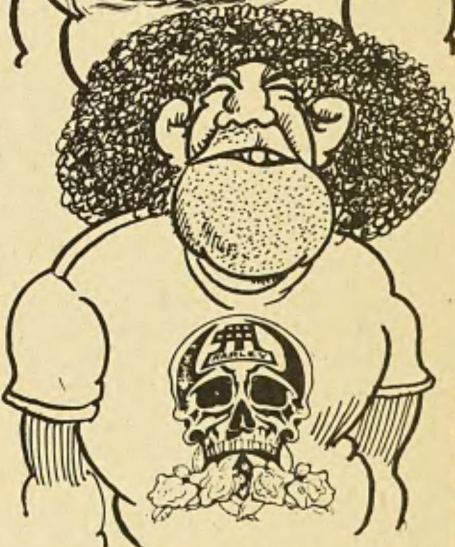


Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

Righteous drawings by Robinson, of the Harley Wings, and the Panhead, Knucklehead, Shovelhead, Sportster, Triumph, and Honda 4 engines!

Completely washable, durable, and 100% colorfast. All **Chopshirts** are top-quality American-made shirts. Chopper drawings printed in masculine black on a virgin white (what else?) shirt.

If you want a bitchin' shirt, and are proud of the type of bike you ride, and don't want to wear the usual hokey mickey mouse shirts that you usually see—get yourself some **Chopshirts** and show the same amount of class that your bike does.

Send your order today to: **ChopShirt**, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me shirts. I have enclosed \$4.45 for each shirt ordered. (\$3.95 plus 50c for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

☐ HARLEY WINGS	☐ HONDA	☐ MIRACULOUS MUTHA
☐ KNUCKLEHEAD	☐ TRIUMPH	☐ KEEP ON TOKIN'
☐ PANHEAD	☐ SHOVELHEAD	☐ EASYRIDERS
☐ SPORTSTER	☐ SKULL	

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

ROBINSON

Paid Advertisement



For 25 years city, county, state, and federal governments with their law enforcement officers have united together in a conspiracy to eliminate the Hells Angels from existence.

They have stereotyped us in the public's eye as socially unfit, dope dealing, drug crazed rapists and murderers.

They have harassed us, unjustly accused us, denied us our Rights and now they jail our leaders.

Support Your Local



Here's our latest T-shirt design. A big photo (12" x 7") of Sonny Barger in the center with the words "Free Sonny Barger" and the drawing of the cuffed hands (3½" x 3¾") to the left of the photo.

When ordering, be sure to specify Photo T-shirt. Oh yeah—it's the same price as the other T-shirt on this page (\$5.00).

All we want for each poster is \$3.00, plus 50¢ for postage and a special mailing tube.

The Hell's Angels

are raising a legal defense fund to finance legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's recent prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels that may need legal assistance.

To do this we are selling t-shirts and tank-top shirts with the lettering "Free Sonny Barger" on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers: One measures 10½" x 3" in red, white, and blue and simply says "Free Sonny Barger"; the other measures 2" x 7", printed red on white background, and says "Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also have a heavy poster that should be in

every biker's pad. It measures 2' x 3'. It is black and white and depicts numerous scenes of Angel brothers doing all sorts of things. In the middle of the poster, we state our case—a case in which we're sure you'll agree.

There may be

some of you who will want to aid us in our effort, but don't have use for the above items—and would just as soon send a contribution. We can dig it. Any amount will help—legal battles cost money, so contribute what you can.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.



"Free Sonny Barger" t-shirts and tank tops sell for only \$5.00 each, in all sizes—small, medium, large, extra large.

Send your orders to
Free Sonny P.O. Box 5295
Oakland, California 94605
Please send me the following items:

Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5%

For fastest service, send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks must clear your bank before we can ship your order. Allow three weeks for personal checks to clear.

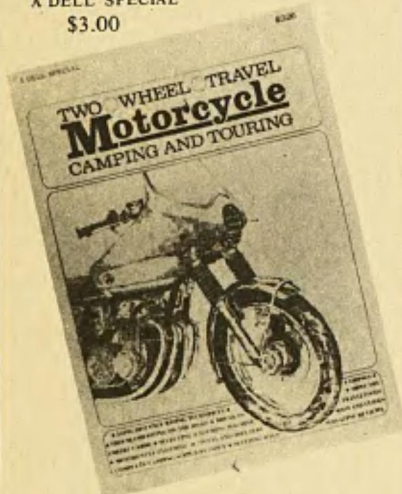
A survival guide to camping and touring

This book is the result of the "Great Camping Tour Disaster of 1970" when 24-year-old Peter Tobey found himself in Nebraska, ill-equipped, ignorant and broke. So was his motorcycle. He didn't know what he was doing when he bought his machine and camping gear and so he'd been ripped off. When he finally got home, he was determined to find a way to make touring and camping something other than painful.

Peter Tobey then spent two years studying and testing motorcycle and camping equipment. The result is **TWO WHEEL TRAVEL: MOTORCYCLE CAMPING AND TOURING**, a giant book, Whole Earth Catalog size, lavishly illustrated, that looks at touring from the biker's viewpoint. It lets you know what you'll need, how and where to get it, and is candid to the extreme in its consumer advice.

A GIANT OF A BOOK— LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED

A DELL SPECIAL
\$3.00



GET YOUR COPY TODAY
at your local newsstand or bookstore.
Or use the coupon below.

Mail to:
TWO WHEEL TRAVEL
Box 428
New Canaan, Conn. 06840

Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ copies
of **TWO WHEEL TRAVEL: Motorcycle**
Camping and Touring @ \$3.00 plus 35¢
postage per copy.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED:
DELL DISTRIBUTING INC.
750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017

Gettin' Back

—Continued from page 60

the mushrooms would put Injun in a nice, glassy-eyed mood—givin' us time to ball all we wanted. I never figured he would—"

Another window exploded as a coffee urn went sailing into the desert night. Now there were shouts and cries, and crashings and thud-dings. All fuckin' hell was whirlin' around loose inside the cafe. I could almost see that powerful Injun fling-in' cops in all directions. At that moment the flailing body of a uni-formed man came flyin' out a broken window. He grunted as he hit the sandy ground, on his hands and knees for a minute, shakin' his head groggily. Then he straightened up unsteadily and staggered back toward the front door. Meanwhile the yellin' was gettin' louder, angrier.

"Aren't ya gonna help him?" Bumps whispered.

"Shit, he don't need any help. The big bastard's doin' just great! I might only get in his way."

Two more squad-cars—red lights twinkling, sirens shrieking—came out of the blackness down the high-way and screeched to a halt by the cafe. I could make out the deputy standing leaning against his car, holdin' a fuckin' microphone. His hat was mashed flat.

Another earsplittin' whooping yell and the tinkling of exploding glass on the far side of the building. That goddam crazy redskin wasn't gonna leave *anything* in there.

"Listen, baby," I whispered. "I want you to put on your uniform and sneak back in that rear door. Tell 'im you were hiding in the john and tell 'im that I left when the Injun started actin' screwy—got that? Now it's goddam important that you—"

"What if they wanna know where ya are?" She sounded awful fuckin' nervous, and I could only hope the broad wouldn't blow it.

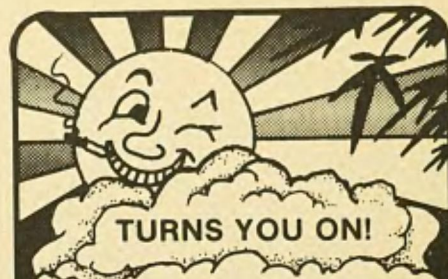
"Listen to me, dammit! Tell 'im I got a ride. That some fuckin' dudes in a cage—that's a van—picked me up on the edge of the fuckin' high-way. That we went east. Got that, honey? *East.*"

"Wh-Where are you gonna—"

"I'll be waitin' for ya out here. Soon as they leave, getcher ass out here *fast!*"

"Where are we gonna—"

"Far away from yer fuckin' old stepfather, baby! He'll never molest ya again! That's a fuckin' promise!" I hugged her lightly, watching the cops break up their huddle and brace themselves for something that was apparently comin' out at them. Each cop held a thick stick. They looked like axe handles.



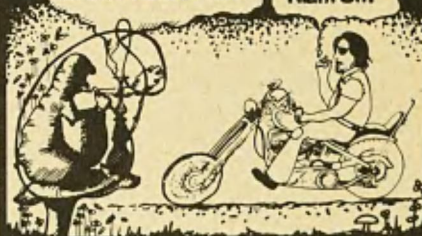
FLASH BOOKS

FOR YOUR HIGHER EDUCATION

- ☐ **COMPLETE CANNABIS CULTIVATOR**—Details how to plant, grow, harvest, cure; plant diseases, soil problems, etc. **B1 \$1.50**
- ☐ **SUPER GRASS GROWER'S GUIDE**—Growing supergrass with hydroponics, lighting, special nutrient; more females, etc. **B2 \$1.50**
- ☐ **MARIJUANA CONSUMER'S AND DEALER'S GUIDE**—Extract hash, LSD, mescaline, others, clearly explained. **B3 \$1.50**
- ☐ **D.M.T. GUIDE**—Make powerful, smokeable psychedelic D.M.T., Khash-Khij, an aphrodisiac; tips on hash **B4 \$1.50**
- ☐ **THE POT BOOK**—The story of pot, history, cultivation and preparation, many useful facts. **B5 \$1.50**
- ☐ **HERBAL HIGHS**—Over 60 natural and legal narcotics, psychedelics, stimulants, illustrations. **B6 \$1.50**
- ☐ **SUPERMOTHER'S COOKING WITH GRASS**—Fifteen recipes for the sensual culinary connoisseur. Produces inspired dinner conversation. **B7 \$1.50**
- ☐ **COMPLETE GUIDE TO GROWING MARIJUANA**—Dave Fleming. Extensive 45 page guide. **B8 \$1.00**
- ☐ **HERBAL APHRODISIACS**—Natural and mostly legal substances which excite erotic desire; nutrition for sexual potency, and more. **B9 \$1.50**
- ☐ **GOURMET COKEBOOK**—Complete COCAINE consumers book. **B10 \$2.95**
- ☐ **HOME GROWN HIGHS**—Organic highs at home; psychedelic mushrooms, peyote and other cacti, morning glory, wood rose, and more. **B11 \$1.50**
- ☐ **PSILOCYBIN MUSHROOM FIELD GUIDE**—F.C. Ghould. Identifying procedures for hunting the magic mushroom; drawings and color photographs. **B12 \$1.50**
- ☐ **GUIDE TO GROWING CANNABIS UNDER FLOURESCENTS**—Closet bumper crops at home. **B14 \$2.00**

GROW YOUR OWN!

Right On!



••••• MORE GOODIES •••••

available in our catalog. Send 25¢ or Free with your order. Send to:

FLASH MAIL ORDER — Dept. E6
P. O. Box 240, San Rafael, Ca. 94902

Amt. enclosed \$_____ Plus 50¢ handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City, State _____ Zip _____
Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for handling. Calif. res. include 6% sales tax. Sorry offer good only U.S.A. (Wholesale inquiries welcome)

Gigantic Dave Mann Posters! *Over 2-foot by 3-foot size!*



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

**The best of the Dave Mann paintings in
beautiful color on heavy art stock!
(26½" x 38")**

Easyriders Posters, Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
Burbank, California 91502

Enclosed is \$ _____ for the posters indicated below. (Plus 50¢
for postage and mailing tube on orders under \$6.00)

_____ @ \$3.00 each All four for \$9.95

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-3 ☐ M-4

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

*All posters shipped in
wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube*

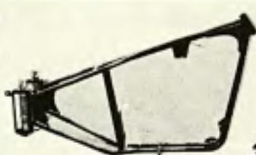
\$3.00 each or all four for \$9.95!

(On orders less than \$6.00, please add 50¢
for postage and mailing tube.)

Printing quality will be even better than
paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders**,
for posters are custom printed specifically
for much finer quality than a mass-pro-
duced magazine, and posters are printed
on much heavier paper.

sportster savior

Our Sportster frame has a 2" stretch on the front frame legs, with a 5° over-stock rake. We have left room on the back down tube so if you want, you can use your stock oil tank and electrics by removing your old brackets from your original frame.



350.00



379.95

triumph savior

Our Triumph Frame comes with oil tank. You use your stock motor mounts, brake pedal, foot rest and to help keep vibration at a minimum, we have a top motor mount. The frame is unusual because we eliminated the center down tube by tying the motor mounts to the outside down tubes which gives the engine a bigger look.

AMEN's Savior Suspension features; adjustable chain tension, axle perpendicular to suspension units so there's no bushing wear, no binding or rear wheel wobble. Parts inside spring casing are chrome plated, heli-arc welded in precision jigs and guaranteed.

Complete line of complementing parts and accessories is available for all R&R frames using AMEN's Savior Suspension.

COMING
SOON



DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED - We're stocking distributors for Pirelli Tires, Hallcraft Ind., Durfee Girders, Butte Exhausts, Rensen Originals.



SPEED & CYCLE SHOP INC.

4804 STAMP ROAD, TEMPLE HILLS, MARYLAND 20031

74 HD Savior

650 Yamaha
Savior

Please send me your 1975 catalog. Enclosed is \$1.00.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

POT-KIT KNIFE

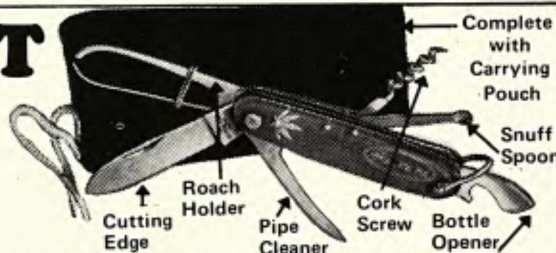
Only \$7.00

Plus \$1.00 for Postage
and Handling

This unique item will be an aid to the discriminating smoker for many enjoyable hours! Comes in either Red or Black.

Send for Free Catalog for Outrageous Headgear.

RARE TREASURES, INC. 30-30 Northern Blvd. ER2, L. I. C., N.Y. 11101



Complete
with
Carrying
Pouch

Snuff
Spoon

Bottle
Opener

Cork
Screw

Pipe
Cleaner

Roach
Holder

Cutting
Edge

Moving?

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

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

PRINT YOUR NEW ADDRESS HERE

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

"You'll—You'll take me with ya?" she persisted.

"All the way to Califuckinforina, baby!"

She stumbled away toward the rear door of the building. None of the cops in front of the cafe spotted her because just then Injun came chargin' out—war-whoopin' in a strange voice and wavin' his fuckin' arms at them, his long black hair flying wildly as he charged.

"I'm the great fuckin' spirit!" he bellowed hollowly. "All you white-eyes bastards are a dead buncha muthafuckers the minute my hands touch ya! Heeeeeeeeeeyaaaaa!"

He plowed into the small group of cops, two more cops coming up from behind him—all of them whacking and smacking at him with those stout axe handles, their arms rising and falling with brutal efficiency until he collapsed under the blows, vanishing as they crowded around him. It was fuckin' pathetic but it was Injun's trip and I would have been as fuckin' useless as a butterfly's belch had I been dumbshit enough to interfere.

Milling around the fallen, motionless Injun, all the heat was excitedly intent on him so I crawled closer, hiding again behind a smaller pile of jumbled boulders about fifty feet from where my downed bro sprawled senseless.

"Crazy bastard musta been completely outa his mind!" commented a voice tersely. "Never saw anybody ruin a place so goddam fast in all my twelve years on the force!"

"What set him off?" asked another voice.

"Old lady in there claims he started pukin', then quieted down but began mumblin' to himself—and then just flat-out went nuts, takin' the cafe apart and whoopin'!"

"Dope, maybe?"

"New goddam kind if it was!"

I smiled, thinking of all the generations of Indians for centuries back who had eaten peyote. Of course, they didn't gobble it after snackin' on red and whites all day, and fillin' their bellies with beer. I decided that made one helluva difference.

"What about his bike?" asked a voice.

I held my breath. If they took the scooter, I was fucked.

"Aw, we'll send a truck after it, Orville. It's too damn big for the cars, and I wouldn't try ridin' that screwy-lookin', mangled Harley if I was crazier than the dude here."

Then I heard Bumps' voice beyond my line of vision.

"No! I'm stayin' here with Missus Williams until her husband comes to get both of us." She said it defensively, so I guess the old fart had been tryin' to talk her into something.

"All right, but I'll see you later,

young lady!" He sounded real pissed. Then he came around the corner, glaring at the scooter with real hate as he stomped past it. "I want everybody headed to the east. My daughter says the *other* one—the little sawed-off runt—hitched a ride with a red van and they went east. Check out all the turn-offs and gullies. I'll meet you boys on the east end of town at the highway junction."

He climbed into the car and roared off.

"The old man sounds chapped," observed a cop. "What about this here bike?" They paused, studying the machine.

I held my breath again.

"We'll hafta send Harkie back for it with the truck."

"One of us might ride it back."

"Not me, man! You wanna break your neck tryin' to handle that mean-assed motor, be my guest!"

"Naw . . . I guess not."

Again I relaxed, breathing easier. Peering cautiously over the rim of a rock, I watched them drag poor old Injun to a car, stuff him into the back seat and slam the door shut. Vaguely I wished I'd been less fuckin' determined to slow him down so I could enjoy some tail. Now he was *really* slowed down.

I huddled behind the rocks long

after all the engine noises had faded into silence broken only by the fuckin' chirpin' of crickets and the passing sound of an occasional cage on the highway. I wanted to be sure nobody doubled back before I made it over to that scooter and could be on my fuckin' way west.

"Runt! Runt, honey! Where are ya?" The whispery call came out of the darkness and I damn near went straight up in the fuckin' air.

"Over here," I called hoarsely.

"Th-They're all gone," she giggled, finding me and snuggling down beside me. "Now I'll pack some things and be right back so you just be patient and—"

"No fuckin' deal, baby!"

"B-But you promised—"

"To take you with me when I left, and I'm leavin' in the time it takes me to sprint over to that chop, check the gas tank and stomp the fuckin' mill alive! I ain't plannin' on being any fuckin' where near this scene longer than that. Take it or leave it, baby."

She hesitated and I knew she was weighing California against the same old hassles with her horny step-poppa. And I guess she knew what stickin' around would mean . . . sooner or later. Because she shuddered.

"We got us some unfinished fun," she said in a low, quavery tone, scrabblin' her fingers in my lap. "Let's get after it!"

"It's a fuckin' deal, baby! The first secluded goddam spot no more'n a hundred miles west of here and we'll finish all that fun like it ain't never been finished before!"

Ten minutes later we were streaking westward.

Well, all that was about five months ago. It's really fine to be a free dude in California. No better fuckin' way of life possible once you've had a taste of it. Things have changed some. Bumps and I went our separate ways after a few fuckin' weeks. I hear she's real popular among the bikers. Fuckin' everybody as often as she can. Buildin' a rep for bein' one very superhot momma. Shit, I guess she wasn't bullshittin' me about her bein' a genuine Scorpio!

Me, I'm tryin' to hold down a good payin' job so I can save bucks for the fuckin' trip back to get Injun when he sends that kite, lettin' me know he's gettin' out. Of course, the way I'm partyin' these days, I sure as shit won't have all the goddam loot together for about a year, but shit, Injun probably won't get out until then, anyway. ■

HERE'S A PAIR OF CHOPPER STOPPERS

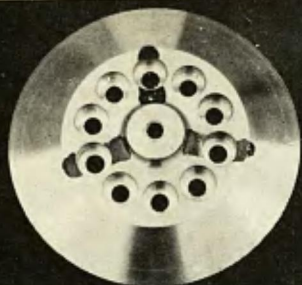
Find out how fast hauling ass really is. Put this pair of precision-made miniature instruments on your chopper . . . tachometer and 160 MPH speedometer. Illuminated dials. Show chrome. Takes stock cables and fits without hassles. Fits all Harleys, Hondas, 900 Kawasaki, Yamahas, Triumphs and BSA. Chrome brackets and all fittings included. Send for yours today.

**MICHIGAN
MOTORCYCLE
ACCESSORIES**

3227 28TH STREET
GRANDVILLE, MICH. 49418
(616) 532-9088

Send \$2 for our full color catalog. A complete line of components and accessories to build with. In this catalog you'll find some of the best radical and show-stopper motorcycles in Michigan.





LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's

1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.
2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area, as pressure is applied to face of clutch plate.
3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.
4. Smooth clutch action.

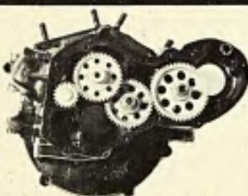
Complete with instructions, installs in 1/2 hour ... \$19.95 (Add \$1.50 for shipping cost)
For immediate delivery, send certified check or M.O., personal checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C

Lightening Gears for All 74's



1. These heat treated gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. And they're sold in exchange for your gears. If you've put in light valve collars and push-rod, these are a must to insure that entire train is light and responsive.
2. When you receive your lightened gears, they will be rehardened and new bushings installed. The brass bushings will also be fitted and honed by H.E.S. to fit standard size shafts, unless otherwise requested.
3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.
4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright send for price list. The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$39.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling. 1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$1.50 postage and handling. Dealers inquiries invited.

For immediate delivery, send certified check or M.O., personal checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C

It's a Miracle!

—Continued from page 22

as close to the front of the line as I could; then I edged my way even closer by checkin' out the stories of the people ahead of me.

One guy said that he was having "marital" problems, but after I engaged him in deep consultation he confided that specifically it was impotence. "Even on your lousiest day, compared to me, fucker, you're John C. Holmes," I said, stepping around him.

One old hypochondriac said he had a tumor, heart trouble, kidney stones, lesions, sores, and nervous tremors, then concluded his resume by asking me how I could have the gall to seek God's help without shaving first. To his already long list of disorders I added a kick in the ass and moved up one.

There were a couple of cases of "uneven legs"—a sickness rampant on the TV healin's I'd seen but had never encountered in real life—and figuring they were shills to make the old lady look good, I went ahead of them.

One guy wanted a new carburetor for his Eldorado and I just out-and-out tossed him out of line altogether.

One guy was so fucked up that even God couldn't have repaired him and I told him to go to the back of the line before he got the Lord so pissed from workin' on him that none of us would get what we wanted.

There were only two people ahead of me, and the guy closest to me was a stooge wearing dark glasses, pretending he was blind, as I found out when I reached carefully in front of him and presented my middle finger for his inspection. He turned around and said "What's the big idea?"

I told him that the Lord had just spoken to me and wanted me in front of him.

"The Lord wouldn't talk to you, I don't think," he said, looking me hard up and down.

"So don't believe me, ya phony. But will ya believe the Bible?"

"I believe every word written in the Holy Book," he said in awe.

"Yeah? Well, 'Neither ye be casting your sweetbreads on the waters; for in leaving our places in line, the first shall be last and the last shall be first.'"

"I don't think that's in the Bible. Where is that?"

"Zeke; Knit 1, Purl 2. Elevations; Pull Pin, Count 10. Grill 1; Heavy Rel, No May. Beat it, brickbrain." And I snapped my knuckles against his lip.

"Mnyot a berry Chrish-chyun a-yityude," he said, leaving the line,

Custom Handlebars

Providing an optimum in comfort & handling ability. Easy installation!

1" dia.; 3 1/2" & 4" centers;
6 & 9" rise

\$29.95

H.D. "D" Rings

\$19.95
SET

Comes, polished alum., anodized black, blue, gold & red

Steeringhead Degree & Neck Extension Kit

Head angle 40°;
frame extension, 3".
Available for H.D. 74 & Spr.
and Honda 750

DEALER INQUIRIES
INVITED!

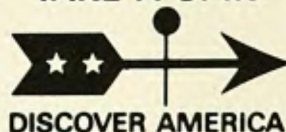
Send check or money order to:

CALIFORNIA CHOPPER SUPPLY INC.
1918 16th Street, Sacramento, Ca. 95814

Moving?

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

TAKE A SPIN



DISCOVER AMERICA

Road Rider

The only motorcycle magazine published solely for the touring rider. \$10.00 for 12 issues, or send \$1.00 for a sample copy to: P.O. Box 678, Dept. E South Laguna, CA 92677





18. Born To Ride (8 3/4" x 13 7/8")



16. A Taste of Honey (8 7/8" x 13 7/8")



14. Gas Stop (8 3/4" x 14")



6. Bike Wedding (8 3/4" x 13 7/8")



4. Bike Heaven (9 3/8" x 14 3/4")



3. Tijuana Jail Break (10" x 15 3/4")



15. Route Run (9 3/4" x 15 3/4")



4. El Forestaro New Year's Party (8 3/4" x 14")



8. Ride Hard—Die Fast (9 1/2" x 14 3/8")



7. Motorcycle Funeral (9 3/8" x 14 3/4")



13. Building A Chopper (9" x 14 3/8")



17. Outlaw Motorcycle Parade (10" x 13 3/4")



20. Psychedelic Love Temple (9 7/8" x 14")



9. Hollywood Run (10" x 17 1/8")



21. Untitled (11 1/4" x 17 1/4")



10. Tecote Run (10 3/8" x 18")



2. The Blackboard Cafe (12 1/2" x 18 3/8")

Dave Mann posters Any 5 posters only \$2.00 each!



12. Bike Zodiac (8 3/8" x 14")

We scored! We've located all of the original Dave Mann posters — and they're in absolutely perfect condition!

They are not reprints — they are the real thing — and they are as rare as tits on a bowling ball! They aren't for sale anywhere except through this ad.

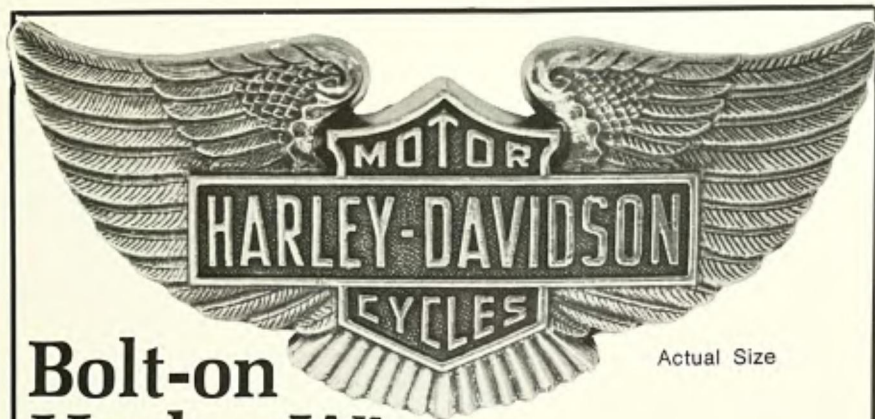
Printed in full color on heavy slick stock.

A perfect gift! Mailed in sturdy mailing tubes to protect them — order yours today. The supply is very limited — after these are gone, they won't be available again. Do it today!

Mackenzie Company, Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302

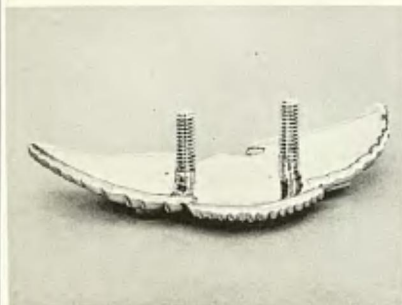
Send me special offer of 5 posters for \$2.00 each (add 50¢ postage to total order). Must order 5 posters to get this low price. Single posters cost \$3.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

Please send me posters numbered _____



Bolt-on Harley Wings

Actual Size



Now you can bolt these huge Harley Wings to your derby cover, sissy bar, or wherever you want—for we have designed expensive dies to include two 1/4-inch bolts as an integral part of the wings—one solid unit—not soldered on.

Photos shown are actual size. They're solid metal, weigh almost a half pound. They're individually made and are either triple chromed or bronzed plated for a lifetime of rugged use.

Each unit is of the same fine quality as all other Righteous Products—same high-quality materials, workmanship, and intricate detail.

When ordering, be sure to specify that you want the bolt-on Harley Wings, and whether you want chrome or bronze finish. \$10.00 each (we pay postage).

Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund of your money.



RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

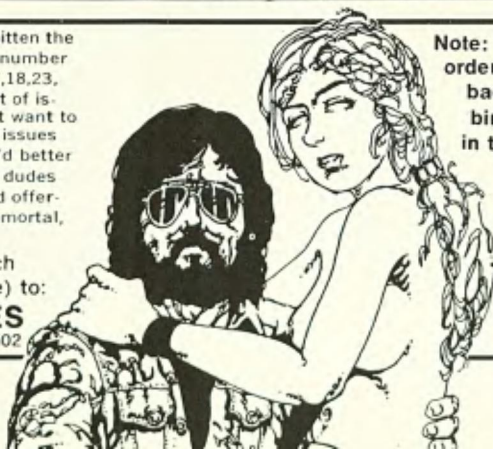
Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,5,6,8,9,11,14,15,16,17,18,23, and 26, we are now sold out of issue number 13. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wetting early issues.

Send \$1.00 for each copy (we pay postage) to:

BACK ISSUES

Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Note: Before ordering, see back-issue binder ad in this issue!



his hands cupped tightly over his mouth.

There was now only one guy in front of me and I left him alone because he looked like he was really hurtin'. This bastard's backbone traveled from his hips to his neck by way of a right turn near his ribs. He was as rigid as a taxidermied pecker and told me that the past five years of pain had been so bad he was willing to do anything to get rid of it. The healings now starting, she called him up, took a good hard look at his blazing deformity and immediately spent the next five minutes informing the audience that if he didn't get healed it was because he was so filled with Satan he might sprout a pointed tail at any moment. Needless to say, this shook the poor bastard so bad he would have begun lobbing train engines if asked to prove his innocence.

The dame went through whatever it is these people go through to grant folks their three wishes, and when she got done she stood there and said to the guy, "There! You're healed! Bend down!"

This poor slob's back still looked like the top of a protractor and he cautiously suggested he'd better not overdo it just yet. "Nonsense," she said. "Bend down and touch your toes." This fucker's spine was so convoluted he hadn't been able to even peek over to see where his pissin' dick was aimed for five years and she wanted him to join the Flying Walendas.

The intimidated fucker reluctantly began to halve himself, but not fast enough to get these healings off to a glorious start as far as the dipso was concerned, and she prodded, harassed and humiliated the suffering pretzel so much he broke into tears, clenched his fists, took on the expression of someone who was resigned to the fact that his number was up, and began bending in obedience.

Explosions started coming from his backbone like high-volume surface noise from a hundred-year-old record, the blood-curdling scream of a horse sinking into a mudhole poured from his lungs, his torso splinteringly became parallel to the floor, and that's where he stayed; miraculously and permanently transformed by the infinite power of the On High into the number 7.

The Living Corner was lifted by his elbows off the stage by two of the shyster lady's henchmen, and I figured 'Fuuuuk this shit.' I was about to give it the Big One-Eighty when a tuxedoed dinosaur rushed out from behind a curtain, grabbed my arm and said, "Play your cards right and there's a grand in it for ya," and practically hurled me across the stage.

Boy, was he playin' with the

wrong motherfucker. I was so pissed at knowin' now that this whore was a crook I wouldn't have pallsied with the bunch for two new puds.

I skidded to a stop next to this car dealer. She stared up at me looming there in my grease and Levi's-bedecked immensity, Hell's vengeance flaring from my smilin' eyes, and she knew she was in real trouble.

"Have you made an Expression of Faith?" she asked me warily.

"'Fraid not," I said, standin' there.

"Well, you know, the Lord hears us better after we give an Expression of Faith, you know."

I hooked my thumbs into the corners of my mouth, stuck my pinkies against the sides of my nostrils, slapped my flip-off fingers against my lower eyelids, distorted my whole face into yogurt for a second, then dropped my hands and said, "How's that?"

"Oh my no," she said, flustered. "An Expression of Faith! You must express your belief in your healing for God to hear you," she said, beckoning one of her heavies carryin' a tambourine full of dough over to me.

I expressed my skepticism by withdrawing a twenty from the instrument.

"Ohhhhhh, isn't he a *delight!*" she shouted with a wide grin to the audience, her temples starting to throb from her inner anger, which was about as hidden as a rhino turd in a baby's mouth. She then boomed a hearty Ha haaaaaa!, which was supposed to express her appreciation of a good joke. But when she turned back and saw me sitting on the stage, laboriously pulling my boot back on, she knew that if the Lord was to see that double-saw again He'd have to wait until my next bath. And even *He* didn't know when that would be. After hugging me and hanging on me in laughter and generally trying to give me the impression that she was willing to "accept" me as she would any paying Christian, she said, "Annn-d now, we will get to your healing in a moment, young man, but first I must see if you've accepted the Lord."

She was stalling. This broad knew the ropes and looked like she had spent most of her distant youth hustling tricks for two bucks an hour and was scared to death I had some disease that was going to give her penicillin flashbacks.

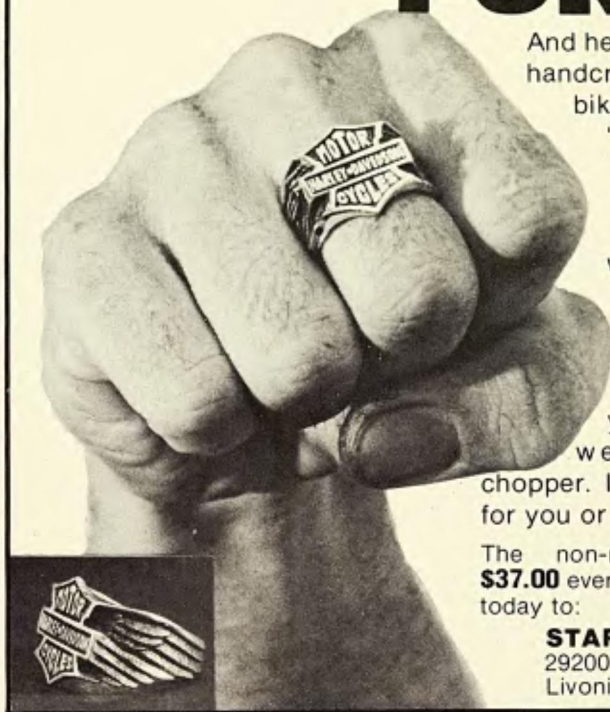
"Have you received your Heavenly Language?" she asked.

By this she meant had I ever flung myself fifteen feet into the air and begun speaking gibberish upon landing.

"No," I said.

"Then, do you know the Mysteries

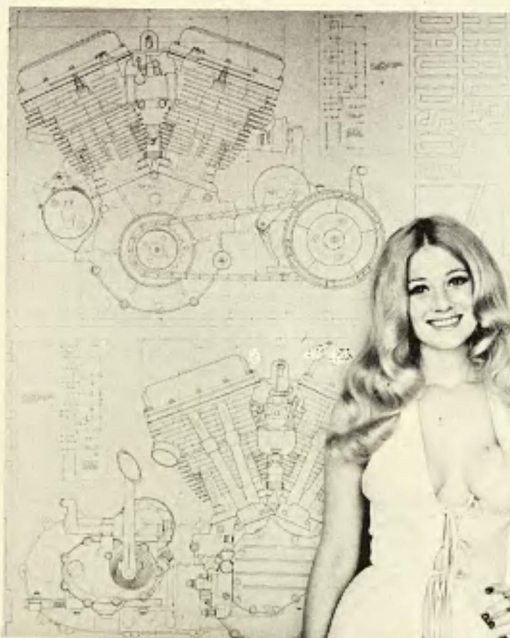
YOU ASKED FOR IT!



And here it is bro. A heavy, handcrafted, solid silver, biker ring. Sporting the "classic" Harley symbol with deep sculptured wings that wrap all the way around the shank. This is a ring that can take it as well as give it, a ring you'll be proud to wear with your chopper. It comes in all sizes for you or your fox.

The non-rip-off price? **Only \$37.00** everything included. Send today to:

STARCASTING INC.
29200 Vassar - Suite 301
Livonia, Mich. 48152



Full Sized Engineering Drawings

One poster \$2.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling. (Be sure to state if you want the right, or left side.) Two posters (both sides of engine) \$4.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling. Printed on yellow poster paper and mailed in sturdy mailing tubes.

Mail to:

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Just what every panhead owner should have. Full sized engineering drawings of each side of the panhead engine. Accurate in every detail. Drawn by an automotive engineer. Overall size of posters are 25" x 38" (posters of the right and left side of the engine are available).

poster

-TRI-BSA-HONDA-CUSTOM

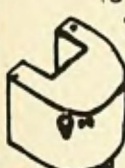
ANDY'S

MOTORCYCLE SALES

1408 E LANCASTER STREET
FT WORTH TEXAS 76102

new-used-rebuilt-obsolete-?
(817) 332-0207

45 oil tank
side fill-mounts easy
SHOW CHROME
comes with fittings



\$69.95

all harley's



Clear plastic plug threads into
crankcase timing hole for ac-
curate ignition timing with
strobe timing light.

\$3.95

harley 74 & 45
clutch hub
puller



\$19.95

Used to remove and install
piston pin lock rings (1972 and
earlier).

74 - **\$9.95**

harley oil seal
SPROCKET SHAFT SEAL
send year model



\$14.95 early

\$19.95 late

(all C.O.D. require 25% deposit)
send \$3.95 for catalog (over 350 pages)

CHROME PLATING

STEEL & ALUMINUM
PARTS
CHROME PLATED

Quality Plating Since 1945

GRAVES PLATING CO.

P.O. Box 1052, ER, Florence, Ala. 35630
Phone (205) 764-9487

CHROME PLATING

Gold - Black Chrome
on

Steel & Aluminum

* Large Capacity *

All Work Guaranteed

Prompt Delivery

Specialist On All Cycle Parts

Call Or Write For Price List

Dealers Invited

ACME PLATING CO.

1915 Benhill Ave., Balto., Md. 21226
Phone (301) 355-6828

of the Lord?"

"Well, now on this one I can give you a big fat affirmative, ma'am. Every day for a month some delirious, obnoxious lady came to our digs, draggin' her suit-dressed little kid with her and standin' her ground amid all manner of insult and abuse from the rest of us, and by the time we got the nerve to toss a bucket of water on her she had so confused us with the Mysteries of the Lord it took us two cases of beer to clear our heads again."

"Well now," she said with a little wink, "I can see that you've come here with the wrong attitude, and I think everyone here would agree with me that the Lord would be pretty hard-pressed to perform His wonders within a heart so hard."

"Lady," I said, putting my hands on my hips, tilting my head and slouching into a crooked stance, "when I came here tonight I half really thought there was something to all this hootin' and healin' baloney, but after seein' you spread the bullshit around like free beer, and befuddlin' these poor clowns with double talk, threats and intimidations, all in the name of poor old Jesus—who just came here to take care of some business between Him and His Old Man and lay some sound advice on us while passin' through—why, I wouldn't want you to heal my leaky sink, you old fart."

This woman went nuts. Her face went even a brighter shade of ginevined red and she hollered to the audience: "I've been in the service of the faith for forty years, can you believe that? And in all that time I have never been accused of being a fraud, can you believe that? And now this hoodlum comes here and says *I'm* immoral, can you believe that? You look pretty healthy to me, buss-ter. Suppose you tell me what's wrong with you anyway?"

"I got no cock or balls, can you believe that?"

She suddenly received her Heavenly Language, and when she landed and quit spittin' gibberish she said, "I . . . I . . . I beg your pardon, young man?"

"No cock. No balls. Very simple." I said with a weary sigh.

She stared, swallowed, went even more glassy-eyed than all the whites she'd been poppin' made her, threw both hands to her ears and screamed "WHAAAT?"

Monumentally fed up, I announced, "If you can't hear me, don't fuckin' plug your ears, lady! I got no nuts! No balls! I am sans huevos! My aggies are absent! My scrotum's been snuffed! They've deep-sixed my jizz machine! My pecker's been pulled! My erection's expired! My groinals went south! My gonads have been gathered yonder! I got my balls and dick

CHROME-PLATING

We specialize in plating motorcycle parts. Quality plating on steel or aluminum. Reasonable prices Work guaranteed. Give us make of cycle when writing for information. Dealer inquiries invited. For information call or write:

BROWN'S PLATING SERVICE

Route #5, Box 534 • Paducah, Kentucky 42001
Phone 502/554-1146

Triple Plated Show Chrome
1st class quality work
Deal direct - save

Custom Cycle Inc.

201 W. Sylvania Ave.

201-774-4880 • Neptune City, NJ 07753

OVER 60-PIECE GUARANTEED CHROME ALLEN HEAD KITS (COMPLETE)

Heat treated alloy steel. American made. Special Flash Chrome Plating or Black Oxide. Guaranteed to fit:

Sportster	1957-1975	\$39.95
Panhead	1948-1965	\$39.95
Shovel	1966-1975	\$39.95
Knucklehead	1936-1947	\$29.95
Honda 750		\$39.95
Kawasaki 903Z1		\$39.95

State year and make of bike. If any changes in heads, timing cover and primary covers, kit will be custom fitted at standard price.

Terms: Certified check or Money Order. 50% down on C.O.D. orders. All shipments are F.O.B. N.J. residents add 5% N.J. sales tax.

Beatniks Cycle Works

9 Winding Way

Woodcliff Lake, N.J. 07675

Phone (201) 391-2419

Tank Art
BY... David Mann



THE INCREDIBLE HAND OF DAVID MANN AND WILD COUNTRY CUSTOM BRINGS YOU TANK ART BY MAIL! CARTOONING • PIN-STRIPING • LETTERING & SURREALISM • YOUR IDEAS OR LEAVE IT TO OUR IMAGINATION • ALL ART WORK DONE OVER YOUR LACQUER BASE PAINT ONLY! • ALL JOBS SEALED WITH CLEAR LACQUER • FOR MORE INFORMATION SEND \$1 TO: WILD COUNTRY CUSTOM 1200 N. BETTY LANE - SUITE # 2 CLEARWATER, FLA. 33515 (813) 443-7578

blown off! No danglies! Smooth City! I'm Sam Sam the vagina man! Now if that ain't a legitimate ailment, then leprosy is a party! So how about it! Are you goin' to lay hands on me and fix this nightmare or ain't ya!

"There! I've dropped my drawers! Now nobody here can say that I'm just tryin' to play games! So let's get rollin' here! I'm tired of all the fuckin' bullshit! Either give this number a whirl or pull in your fuckin' shingle!

"What do I have to do to show you the seriousness of the situation? Here. I'll make it more graphic. Let me lie down here. Hook my arms behind my knees and yank my legs a-way back over my head. There! Now is that the dumbest brown-out you ever saw? Shit, I think I threw my back out. Well, don't just stand there, you shyter old wino, get over here and help me up! Oh never mind, you old hooker weasel. I'll do it myself, you're so goddam flabbergasted. It'll be a damn cold day in Armageddon before I ask you to heal me again. (Get muh pants up here.) Fuck. What am I zippin' em up for? I got nothin' to hide. Just show me the fuckin' exit, lady . . .

"Say . . . what's that funny feeling? . . . Like an old friend . . . just drop my drawers here again . . .

"Look! My cock and balls! They've come back! Hey, everybody! They came back! It's a balls-out miracle!"

The first five minutes of bludgeoning by the attacking Christians was painful, but I slept through the rest of it.

I awoke in the hospital, a severe pain between my legs.

"Fuck," I said immediately upon revival. "I feel like I've been keel-hauled upsid-down astraddle a hundred-foot bandsaw blade."

"In a sense you were," Salvo, who was sitting bedside said to me. "The doctors spent fifteen hours sewing your genitals back on. It's a milestone in medical annals."

"You mean I really do have my cock and balls?"

"You always did. They were sewn inside your pelvis all along so they could heal properly after your accident. The stitching fell away during the church services is all."

"Then why have I been in surgery?" I groaned.

"That particular sect of Christianity and groinals don't mix. When they saw that your nuts had been resurrected, they did the only thing they could do to preserve the integrity of their holy religion."

"Yeah? What was that?" I asked weakly.

"They cut 'em off again."

"Jesus, and they say us bikers are vicious!" I said, rolling my eyes upward to anyone on the ceiling who might be listening. ■

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

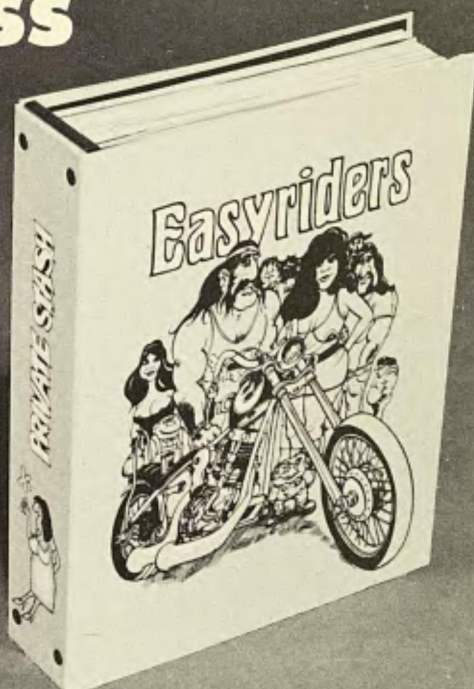
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he

needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York — which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.

Class



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

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

Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features

scribblings by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

\$4.50

plus 50¢ for postage and handling

You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the past issues at our regular back-issue price of \$1.00 per copy! See back-issue ad in this issue for issues that are still available—some have sold out.

Mail to: **Back Issues**

Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

☐ Enclosed is \$12.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders** that are still available.

☐ Enclosed is \$4.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Steel Braided Oil Lines

Super
strong—and
reinforced
where it
counts! Aircraft
type for 74s only.
Intake, return, and
breather—all 3 for only
29.95



Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201

TRIPLE PLATED • GUARANTEED

CHROME PLATING

Write for free price list specifying machine
J&J CHROME 168 Peabody Street
West Haven, Conn. 06516
Dealer Inquiries Invited • 10 Day Service
PHONE 203-934-8510

BUSHPILOT WINGS

for your
flight suit, cap,
jacket, helmet,
belt buckle, etc., etc.



2" WIDE
DIE CAST
RIGID METAL
NICKEL PLATED

SEND \$3.50:

BUSHPILOT

P.O. Box 405 ER
St. Peters, Mo. 63376

Shootin' Craps

—Continued from page 30

Every one of those twenty-six bets will cost you a percentage. In the long run, if you bet the same amount of money with each roll, the house will break you. But, in the short run, if you place your bets where the percentage is least evil, and if you manage your money right, you can come out ahead.

Odds on Various Layout Bets

Let's check the odds on the various layout bets.

BIG 6 and BIG 8. You're betting the house that either a six or an eight will come up before a seven. It will, five times out of eleven. Six times it won't. You're bucking mean odds.

THE FIELD. In most houses, the field is 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, and 12, with 2 and 12 paying double. You're betting that one of these numbers will pop up on the next roll of the dice. The house has a 5 1/2% advantage over you. Some houses double the odds in their favor by paying even money on the 2 and 12.

HARD WAYS. (In the "box" underneath the "7".) When you bet 8 the hard way, you're betting that two 4's will come up before 7, or another type of 8. Notice what the house pays: 10 for 1. That doesn't mean 10 to 1. If you win, the house only adds nine dollars to the one you've laid down. They're paying 9 to 1, when the even odds would be ten to 1. This gives them an 11% advantage.

CRAP NUMBERS. (2, 12, 3) These are underneath the hardway numbers in the box. These are "next roll" bets. 2 and 12 pay 30 to 1. Even odds are 36 to 1. The house has an edge of 11%.

ANY CRAPS. (At the bottom of the box.) You win if you roll 2, 3, or 12 on the next roll, and the house pays you 8 for 1 (17 to 1). The real odds are 8 to 1; the house has 11% advantage.

House Loves to See You Do This

To show you how stupid some people are, this "Any Craps" bet is very popular, especially as an "insurance" bet. A guy is betting he's going to pass with the dice. He makes another bet on "Any Craps," so that if his first roll is a 2, 3, or 12, he'll win on "Any Craps" even though he loses on his "Pass" bet. The House loves to see this. You can see why.

SEVEN. This is a lucky 7 all right. For the house. When you bet you'll throw a 7 on your next roll, you're handing the house a 16 2/3% edge.

PASS. You're betting with the shooter. The house pays even money. Here the house's advantage is only 1 1/2%.

DON'T PASS. You'll notice it says "Don't Pass Bar 12." That means that if the shooter rolls a 12 it's a standoff. You don't win, as you would in a private game. This improves the house's percentage so that it's exactly what it is on PASS—1 1/2%.

COME AND DON'T COME. As I explained in the "private game" section of this article, this is the same as PASS or DON'T PASS, only the bet is made any time after the shooter's first roll and starts a new sequence. The odds are the same as PASS and DON'T PASS. A word of caution: some crap tables have the words "Bar 3" (instead of Bar 12, or Bar 2) after DON'T COME or DON'T PASS. This brings the house percent-

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SPEED

STROKER FLYWHEELS

Sportsters & 74's \$170.00

Dealer Inquiries Invited

Ductile Steel with Thrust Washers
Unconditionally Guaranteed

PARTS — Cams, Pistons, Valves, Etc.
Complete Engine Building — Street or Race

TRUETT & OSBORN

3345 E. 31st South
Wichita, KS 67216
(316) 682-4781



WE BUY & SELL OLD WAR SOUVENIRS

Genuine
Third
Reich
Battle
flags!!



All with the original halyards and markings. Very good to excellent condition. Only \$17.50 while available. . . . or send \$1.00 (free with flag order) for our fully illustrated catalog of many other exciting military collectibles.

DELTA INTERNATIONAL Box 361, Dept. ER
Lafayette, Calif. 94549 (Dealers please inquire)

Wrist Gauntlets



Hand made from the most righteous grade leather we could get together. Designed with three adjustable straps so it will fit comfortably and support any wrist size. Sold only as shown for a mere \$14.50 for a four-inch gauntlet and \$16.50 for a five-inch wide band, plus 50¢ for postage. Specify either black or dark brown. (Warning: They're heavy lookin' muthas.)

Satisfaction guaranteed
or you get your bucks back
Allow at least six weeks for delivery

Minastronie

Leather Products

6016 MacArthur Blvd.
Oakland, California 94605

California residents add 6%

age up to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ %. You should find another game.

Now that you know the odds, what would you say is the smart way to bet?

If you're hip, you'll say that it's best to play the PASS and DON'T PASS, COME and DON'T COME. A lot better than making bets with odds up to 16% against you. And you're right—almost.

I mentioned before that of the 27 possible bets at a gambling house crap table, 26 are visible. The invisible bet is called ODDS. You'll never see a dice table layout with the word "odds" on it. BUT IT'S THE ONLY BET YOU CAN MAKE IN WHICH THE HOUSE DOESN'T HAVE AN EDGE. Here's how you make the bet:

First of all, you bet your money on PASS or COME. The shooter rolls a 10. Tough point. There are three ways to make it, against six ways to make a 7. The odds are 2 to 1 against making the 10. Let's say you've bet five dollars on the pass line. Now you are allowed to put any amount up to five dollars behind your bet on the pass line; you're taking the odds. If the shooter makes the 10, you get even money for your bet on the pass line, and for your odds bet you are paid 2 to 1.

If the point is 8, you match the amount of your bet on the pass or come line, with an "odds" bet placed behind the line. If the point is made, the pass or come line bet is paid off at even money, and the odds bet is paid off at 6 to 5 in your favor. In other words, whatever the mathematical odds are on your number coming up, those are the odds you are paid if you win. As I said, this is the only bet where the house doesn't have the advantage.

Now if I ask you what is the right way to bet, you'd probably say, "Bet on the PASS or COME line, and take the odds on every bet."

If you say that, buddy, you're dead right.

That little parlay is the foundation of smart betting. But it's only the foundation. Pay close attention now, while we build the whole winning structure.

Get Paid All That's Coming to You

First of all, if you're a smart bettor, be sure to make your odds bet in an amount so that you'll get paid all that's coming to you. Here's what I mean. Say you're taking odds on 5 or 9, which are 3 to 2. You have \$5 on the pass line, and the smallest chip in the house is \$1. If you back your pass line bet up with an odds bet of \$5 and win, you should get back \$7.50. But the house doesn't have any 50¢ chips. So they pay you only \$7. You're out four bits. This applies, of course, to any odds bet of an odd number of dollars. This kind of thing can add up during an evening's play. So let's not do it again, huh? Play it this way:

If you have a \$1, \$3, \$5 bet on 5 or 9, or any other odd number of dollars, on the PASS line, make your odds bet an even number—\$2, \$4, \$6, etc. This way you always get the full amount of money coming to you on the odds bet if you win. The house will even help you. If you have \$3 bet on the PASS line, you can put \$4 on the odds. With a \$5 PASS bet, you can take \$6 on the odds, so that your payoff will come out even.

If your point is 6 or 8, which pays off on the odds bet at 6 to 5, you won't get paid off in full odds unless you have at least \$5 on the line. For example, on a \$4 odds bet you should win \$4.80, but since the house doesn't have any 80¢ chips you only get an even \$4 if you win. So remember, if 6 or 8 is your point, don't put

WRIST/WATCH BAND

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

SCOOTER WALLET

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

HARLEY WATCH

A watch with some class. The antique Harley emblem is traditional, orange and red, with a black background. It is a guaranteed 1-jewel watch with a simulated gold body, and it comes with a black leather strap.

It's a classic and it's yours for only **\$19.95** plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



BUCK KNIVES

Model #110, the traditional biker's knife. Blade (4-inch) has positive lock in open position. Handle of golden-grain Macassar ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **\$22.00** plus \$1.50 for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.



Model #402, **Akonua**, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **\$45.00** plus \$2.00 postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



Model #103, **Skinner**—wide 4-inch blade heavy, fine edge. Weight, size and design of this knife make the toughest job simple. **\$20.00** plus \$2.00 postage and handling, includes tough leather sheath.



Model #119, a practical Bowie-styled knife with a 6-inch blade and blood groove. Beautifully balanced and shaped. Designed for heavy all-around knife work. **\$22.00** plus \$2.00 postage and handling, includes black leather sheath.

Famous for holding an edge

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery
California residents add 6% for The Man

I-R-S-LIMITED
Box 275, Port Hueneme, California 93041



Screw it!

... on your carb cover, oil tank, gas tank, primary cover, fender, sissy bar, forehead, neck, etc. ... or bond it on!

High quality, original medallions are solid metal, cast in full relief and hand polished. Silver or bronze finish.

Models shown available now. Part 120 is shown actual size; all others similar in size to No. 120.

Only \$11.95

Pa. Res. Add 6% Tax



No. 120



No. 121



No. 122



No. 123



No. 124



No. 125



No. 126



No. 127



No. 128



Armour metalcraft co.

P. O. Box 4025 Erie, Penna. 16501

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Silver finish.

☐ Screw-mount

☐ Bronze finish.

☐ Bond-mount

Part No. _____

These medallions are manufactured by Armour Metalcraft Co., Erie, Pennsylvania. Names of motorcycle manufacturers incorporated in medallions assume no responsibility for workmanship or function of this item.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

any money on odds that won't pay off in real money at 6 to 5. If it's an even money payoff, like \$4 for \$4, the percentage is against you, 6 to 5.

Here's another important point to keep in mind. All odds bets are automatically off when the shooter makes the pass line number. If you have odds on one or two come bets be sure to get your money back before the dice are rolled again. Then you make your PASS line bet, and when the shooter gets his new point, bet the odds on it. Believe it or not, many a guy in my place has walked away from a table leaving his odds bets just lying there. Well, it helps pay the rent. Mine, not his.

The moral is, you shouldn't have more come bets and odds bets out there than you can keep track of. The action is fast. You should know where every dollar of your money is, and just how much is coming to you if you win. This sounds pretty basic, but every house man can tell you that players leave thousands of dollars a year on the tables. In the big casinos, hundreds of thousands.

Now that we've decided how to bet—the PASS or COME bet and take the odds—let's take up the important point of how much, and when, so as to win more and lose less. Most of the principles we'll take up now apply to the private game, too. Except that in the private game you probably won't get anybody to cover your odds bets.

Don't Be a "Grind" Better

The first rule is, don't be a "grind" better. That is, don't bet the same amount of money every time. You won't have a chance against the house percentage. When you're winning, you must progress in your betting. But not to the point where you "let it ride" every time. Use slow progression—take some and leave some. It works like this:

Say you're a \$2.00 better. Put \$2 on the line and \$2 on the odds. If you lose, don't increase your bet. I repeat—**never increase your bet when you're losing.** Maybe you lose five times in a row. Your wishful thinking apparatus goes into action. Next time, you figure, the dice just **have** to come around. Buddy, they don't have to do anything of the kind. Dice have no memory, no sympathy, no brains, no heart. As long as you're losing, keep your bets low. Sooner or later, the dice will come around your way. It could be, if you have a short bankroll, you'll go broke before they do. But you'd have gone broke a lot faster if you had increased your bets.

Depending on the size of your bank roll, you can have one, or maybe two come bets, with odds, in addition to your PASS line bets. Bet the same amount on each one. And progress the same way on each bet if you win.

If you win the first \$2 bet, now you bet \$4 and \$4—four on each LINE and COME bet, and four on each odds bet. If you win again, drag from each bet, leaving \$6 on each bet. You've got your original money back, plus a little from the odds, and you're playing with the house's money. Nice feeling, isn't it? If you win your \$6 bets, drag again, leaving \$10 on each bet. If you win the \$10 bet, drag money again, leaving \$15 on each bet. If you win the \$15 dollar bet, drag money and bet \$15 again. That should be your limit, until you build up your bankroll.

That's the progression for the \$2 better: \$2-2, \$4-4, \$6-6, \$10-10, \$15-15. And keep on putting \$15 on each bet until you lose. Then revert to

your original \$2-2 bet and start the same progression again. If you fall off at any bet along the way, the \$4, \$6, or \$10 bet, you revert to the original \$2-2.

The progression for a \$5-5 bettor is as follows: \$5-5, \$10-10, \$15-15, \$25-25, \$40-40, \$40-40, \$50-50.

The \$10 progression: \$10-10, \$20-20, \$30-30, \$50-50, \$75-75, \$75-75, \$100-100.

The \$25 progression: \$25-25, \$50-50, \$75-75, \$125-125, \$125-125, \$200-200.

The \$50 progression: \$50-50, \$100-100, \$150-150, \$150-150, \$250-250.

The \$100 progression: \$100-100, \$200-200, \$300-300, \$300-300, \$500-500. (If the house limit is that high.)

You can see how this kind of progression pays off. Say for instance that the dice are "staying put." That is, they pass a few times, miss a few times, alternate back and forth. But if you're progressing on your bets, you're winning. You're taking advantage of the dice passing by betting more—with the house's money most of the time. When you lose, you're losing the minimum.

If you were betting the same amount of money each time, you'd be losing. And if you were getting panicky after a couple or three losses and betting more, you'd be losing bad.

And how about the sweet times when the dice do get hot, and pass and pass and pass? You'll have money coming out of your ears. Say you start with \$10-10 and the shooter makes 10 passes before he falls off. Depending on the points, you'll be between \$3000 and \$4000 ahead.

But remember I told you this—you won't win every time. Some nights the dice are cold and that's all there is to it. However, those times you're losing the minimum. And with progression betting on the PASS and COME line and taking the odds, when you win you win big.

Vegas and the "System" Player

As a matter of information, you can bet odds against the dice, too. You put your money on the DON'T PASS line, and back it up with an odds bet. The trouble is, you're now the one that lays down \$4 to win \$2 on the odds bet if the point is 4 or 10, and \$6 to win \$5 if the point is 6 or 8. If you win a bet and lose a bet, you've lost money. If you're betting with the dice, and win one and lose one, you're money ahead on the odds. Sounds like it's a better idea to bet with the dice and take the odds, doesn't it? It is.

People still go broke on the oldest, dumbest "system" of all. This is the one where you bet a dollar, and if you lose, bet two dollars, and so on. If you had an unlimited bankroll, and I do mean unlimited, and if the house didn't have a limit, you'd make out just fine. But you don't have an unlimited bankroll, and the house does have a limit.

Just about every system I've ever run across—and there have been hundreds—had the same basic trouble. The player won small and lost big. You just can't get rich that way.

Figure it out for yourself. If there was a system that could break a gambling house, there wouldn't be any gambling houses. But they're still building 'em, high, wide, and fancy.

The crapshooting plan I've been telling you about is not a system that's guaranteed to bankrupt the state of Nevada. It's just a way of making sure that when you lose, you lose less, and when you win, you win more.

Good luck!



At Last a Hip-lookin' Bike Bag That Works!

Adjustable, to fit tight over a sissy bar alone, or can easily be expanded to fit over sissy bar and seat.

It's the kind of idea that makes you ask, why didn't I think of that? The adjustments are made inside of bag, so that when you adjust bag to fit your bike, it looks custom-made for it—it fits that perfectly.

Made of high quality leather. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added

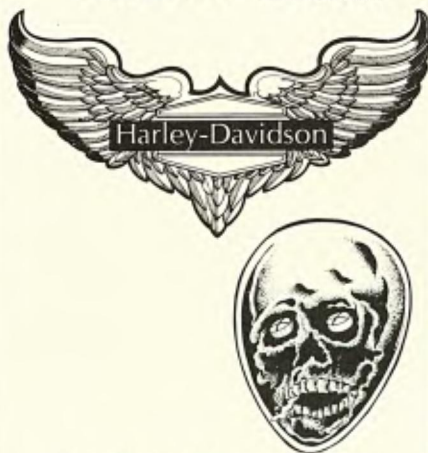
touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it. **\$16.95**

Plus \$1.00 for postage



Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

Far-Out Decals



Decal freaks wake up! Here's a couple of Robinson designed decals that will make your leg wet—and at a low leg wettin' price too!

Both are in full color. One is Harley wings (5-1/4" x 2-1/2"), and the other is a red skull, with white pills for eyes and a joint sticking out of its mouth. It is the exact tear-drop shape (2-3/4" x 2") to fit on your Linkert carb cover.

50¢ each or 3 for \$1.00

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

FORKING BY FRANK



Fine fork tubes (there is a difference) and front suspension components for ALL CYCLES in any length, one piece seamless tubing. Springs, collars, crowns, trees, braces, kickstands, spring conversion kits, rakes and decorative fork tube nuts. Reliable fit and freight paid delivery.

FRANK'S
Maintenance & Engineering
945 Pitner, Evanston, Illinois 60202

SHOW CHROME PLATING

STEEL & ALUMINUM

Sauk Valley Plating
2526 E. Lincolnway
Sterling, Ill. 61081
(815) 625-7288

Work guaranteed • Dealer Inquiries
Give make when sending for price list.

TRIPLE CHROME PLATING

All parts beautifully plated. Give us make of cycle when writing for free price list. Dealer inquiries invited. W. Swirin-

535 Indian Road, Wayne, N.J. 07470.
Phone: (201) 839-6580.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 20¢ per word for private individuals; 40¢ per word for businesses. 10 word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded, unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

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

FOR SALE

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.

Dealer liquidating Harley parts 1909 to date tools & equipment. Value \$200,000.00. Buyer takes everything for \$54,000.00. L. J. Stehberger, 131 Island Ave., West Bend, Wisconsin 53095. (414) 338-0407. (35)

Motorcycle Watch Fobs in colored porcelain. Beautiful. \$2.50. Large colored buckles \$5.00—Patches 75¢—Stamp for free list. Dealers write: Hoover's, 120C Fruit, Peru, Illinois 61354. (36)

One buck gets you a righteous full-color Ride To Live—Live To Ride Chopper-window decal and free illustrated T-shirt info. Gemini T-shirts, P.O. Box 2707, Rocky Mount, N.C. 27801. (35)

DUDES/CHICKS: Easy \$300/list compiling names. 25¢, stamped envelope. ACTION, 311-C (3) Lehua St., Wailua, Hawaii 96786. (35)

Warning—If you value own your life as much as I value this bike, don't FUCK with it. . . Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-11, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (35)

SS Medallion \$3.50. Swastika earring \$3.50 each. Pentagongram \$3.00. Catalog \$1.00. Refundable. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (35)

Wanted: Biker chick in Philly area to putt on custom Sporty. I'm tired of hassling with square chicks. Will be discharged from Navy in June. Will be doing a lot of traveling. I'm a loner. Write to: Stump (Box GC), c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (35)

Custom Show—S.W. Florida Cycle Expo. February 21st and 22nd. Stop by and visit or enter. There are a lot of trophies. Write or phone for application blank: Expo Productions, 3200 Palm Beach Blvd., Ft. Myers, Fla 33901 (813-332-0320). Location: National Guard Armory, Terry Ave. and Marion St., off Palm Beach Blvd. (Rte. 80) by Fire Department, behind Terry Park, Ft. Myers, Fla. (35)

Wanted: Mellow biker chick who has her shit together to putt on new Harley chopper. Would greatly appreciate the attentions of an affectionate biker chick. Tired of square, up-tight broads. Write to: Easy Rider, Rt. 4, Box 47-B, Prior Lake, Minn 55372. (35)

Fuck Helmet Laws or Helmet Laws Suck—Pick from these two stickers to show your feelings for helmet laws. Stick them on your bike or helmet. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. HL-7, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (35)

Biker Steve West, Covina, tell Sweetheart to write Bush, 1268 Centennial, Springfield, Oregon 97477, so I can contact Donny. (35)

For sale: Bitchin' Shovel featured pages 42-45 in September issue. Call Ed Martinez at (213) 563-1310. (35)

Wanted: Biker chick to share pad and pack with me on trips and tours camping. Cool pad. Good deal for right chick. The Head Hunter, 265 Janet Street, S.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49508. (35)

Remember—The life you save may be your own don't Fuck with my bike. . . Amusing sticker, gets to the point. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. R-4, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (35)

Harley Riders! Save up to 50% on parts, accessories, service. Send \$1.00 (refundable with first order) for all NEW 1976 fully illustrated catalog. HD Supply, P.O. Box 23157, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53223. (37)

In memory of Hippie: "When we do right, no one remembers. When we do wrong, no one forgets." Iron Horsemen M.C. (35)

27-year-old biker in east central North Carolina seeking down-to-earth nymph with whom to putt and enjoy life. Tired of wasting resources on female chauvinist bible-belt bitches. Send picture and specs to: Will (Box W), c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (35)

Bikers Make Better Lovers. Vinyl bumper sticker in Day-glow \$1.00. Chrome Warning Sticker: "If you value your life as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it!" 50¢ each or 3/\$1.00. Roach clips to fit bike wheel \$1.98 & 50¢ handling. As always top quality. Chicago Rays, 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Illinois 60459. Dealers Letterhead please. (39)

Larry's Custom Cycles, one of southern Michigan's largest assortments of custom accessories. Complete from stock to personalized motorcycle. We do it all. Complete machine shop. Molding room and custom paint shop. Check our used parts department. Obsolete Harley parts. Complete engines. Stock and custom parts for Harley, Jap and English bikes. Phone (517) 263-5140. Larry's Custom Cycles, 132 S. Winter Street, Adrian, Michigan 49221. (39)

All rigid frames \$188.00. Springers to 16" \$198.00. Harley generators \$75.00 exchange. Regulators \$19.75 exchange. Armatures \$36.00 exchange. Solenoids \$9.50 exchange. Starter bendix \$22.50. Speedy delivery. Larry's Custom Cycles, 132 S. Winter St., Adrian, Michigan 49221. (37)

Drag bike profile, rigid-framed Honda 750, Yoshimura kit and cam, Durfee girder, Hallcraft wheels, black lacquer. One beautiful scooter. Frank (717) 872-6761. (35)

A full-dress New York City biker needs a sincere black woman. Mr. W. P., P.O. Box 238, Bronx, New York 10456. (35)

Government surplus Harley parts. We also carry parts and literature for other pre-1950 motorcycles. Send 10¢ stamp for latest catalog. Antique Cycle Supply, Inc., Box 153, Sparta, Michigan 49345. (35)

New in Denver. Would like to meet a fine young lady to putt and party with. Write Phil, 8525 E. Hampden, #1203, Denver Colorado 80201. (35)

I'm in SFV daily. I could dig finding an ol' lady who lives in the area. I would help with the rent if I had a place to crash and lock my putt. Drop a line and photo to: Fred, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (35)

Hey, Indian: Got my head together. Lost without you. Call Fat Box collect. (813) 531-1693. Be yourself! Red Man. (35)

Dress up your carburetors, cylinders, engine covers, etc., with Victory polishing cloths. Polishes aluminum and other metals to mirror-like finish. \$2.00 each postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Quality Products, P.O. Box 956, Clarksville, Tennessee 37040. (35)

Writer seeks personal experiences of bikers, weird, sexual, unusual, etc., for book. Also magazine articles, newspaper clippings, film stills, personal photos of bikers, chicks, colors, runs, etc. Will pay for all articles sent. Vampire Unit 1/7 Brook St., Queanbeyan N.S.W. 2620, Australia. (35)

For sale: Obsolete Harley-Davidson head bolt wrenches. Fits knuckle, Pan, and Shovel. Genuine Harley wrench, not a reproduction. \$6.95 each. Postage and handling included. Send cash or money orders only. George Robertson, Box 73, Linn Creek, Missouri 65052. (35)

Hey, bikers, I'm a 21-year-old chick and I'm broke. Send \$5.00 for three pics you will love. Mary Chambers, P.O. Box 1581, Rock Island, Illinois 61201. (35)

Chopper rider looking for sharp foxy chick who digs bikes and would like to ride on my scooter. Write Chuck, P.O. Box 46132, Parkdale Branch, Cincinnati, Ohio 45246. (35)

Want to buy: Any good, used, inexpensive Harley 74 parts (anything resembling a bike part that might be in the trash can). Bullding chopper from scratch. Been out of work 10 months. John Cobb (Box C), c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (35)

Harley Riders save up to 75% on bearings, seals, electrical parts, etc. Send \$2.00 for our interchangeable parts catalog. To: HD Distributors Ltd., Box 292 Glenhead, New York 11545. (35)

Harold's Harley Parts: Obsolete & hard-to-get, new & used parts for all models of older Harleys. New flathead 80 pistons. Please request specific information. No catalog available. 19407 Jersey Ave. W., Lakeville, Minnesota 55044. (35)

Girl wanted, from anywhere. Age and looks not important. Have bike and small boat. Must love sex. Send photo to: Gary Burke, Box 341266, Miami, Florida 33134. (35)

Help! Biker broad needs another chick to help with ol' man and around place (have 3 1/3 acres). If you're into bikes, partying and camping, please write and send photo. Ol' man is 6' 2", 210 lbs. and hairy, if you care. All serious replies answered by: Cheryl, Box 595, Mammoth, Arizona 85618. (35)

For sale: B&H shifter, extra cover, lever, and catch, no clutch booster—\$65.00. Stan (414) 658-8869 (6 p.m.) (35)

Prisoners or nonprisoners write us lonesome gals. Send stamp, if possible. Michelle, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (35)

Wanted: '48 Harley-Davidson Panhead 74" late model cradle frame with springer. '48 Harley-Davidson Flathead 80" ULH. Basket case or full dresser. All stock parts needed. B. Leonard, 2006 Oak St. S.W., Warren, Ohio 44485. Phone (216) 399-2115. (33)

Mail Call

The following names and addresses are of bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from chicks. We've had to condense the listings in order to get as many as we can in every issue. Be sure to use entire address given, exactly as given, to be certain your letter is received. Unfortunately we have only so much space; consequently, we can list only a limited number of the requests.

Two railroaded Arapahos, M.C. from Peoria, Ill., need broads to write. Vandal (V. D.) Dorn, #41899, and Ivan (Ike) Hines, #41898, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259. (35)

Send me some New Year cheer. Write Larry L. Basham #3019, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064. (35)

Five years is a long time. Write Arville Y. Jones, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Florida 32304. (35)

I need mail bad. Thomas Barfield, P.O. Box 1000, 88567-132, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048. (35)

Looking for love? Write me. Frank C. Powell, P.O. Box B-20329-A, CTF-C, Soledad, California 93960. (35)

Need some lovin'. Gordon W. Montgomery, P.O. Box B60127, CTF-C, Soledad, California 93960. (35)

Three bros down. Would like to hear from some freaky chicks. Charles (Moses) Preacher #87836-132, Larry (Bear) Egan #86426-132, Bob (Bulldog) Reeves #17038-148, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048. (35)

Hoping that a few females will write to me. Paul Acklin #13024, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (35)

Shine some light my way. Edward (Red Dog) Snead, B51521, Tamal, Calif. 94964. (35)

Dave ("Loco") Scribner, contact me. Blue (D.D.S.) #A139228, c/o 2802 N. Saginaw, Midland, Michigan 48640. (35)

Let's get something going. Jack Sylvia #046508, P.O. Box 221, Ralford, Florida 32083, W.V.D.-8. (35)

Sure could use some mail from some foxy ladies. Gary ("Woody") James #141118, Lock Box 500, Ionia, Michigan 48846. (35)

Send a candle to this cell. Mike ("Snake") Adams, Box PMB B/N 29544, Tallahassee, Florida 32304. (35)

✓ **Knucklehead
Service Manual**

for the OHV 61 and 74
cubic inch engines and
the side valve 74 and 80
cubic inch engines

\$9.95

✓ **Harley 45
Service Manual \$7.50**

Just Out!



**Only
\$14.95**

**1941 to 1954
Harley 45, 61 and 74
Parts Catalog!**

Original Harley Catalog complete
with names and addresses where
you can buy obsolete parts.

Harley-Davidson Panhead Service Manual 1948-1957 Rigid

\$12.50



Reduced to \$9.95

**(Limit 5 to
a customer)**

Package Specials!

Package #1

Panhead Manual
and Spare Parts
Manual

**Regular
Prices**

\$12.50

\$14.95

\$27.45

Specials

Both for
\$19.95

Package #2

Knucklehead Manual
and Spare Parts
Manual

\$ 9.95

\$14.95

\$24.90

Both for
\$18.95

Package #3

45 Manual and
Spare Parts Manual

\$ 7.50

\$14.95

\$22.45

Both for
\$16.95

Send your order to: **PAISANO PUBLICATIONS, INC.**
819 S. Glenoaks, Burbank, Calif. 91502
Package #1 \$19.95 ☐ Package #2 \$18.95
☐ H-D Panhead Service Manual \$ 9.95 ☐ Package #3 \$16.95
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____
(Personal checks
must clear)
Postage
Paid

Unless you're doing something weird. . .

Jammer

For details on our frames plus
1000 other cycle products,
send for the complete 160
page Jammer's Handbook.
The \$3 price is refundable on
your first \$20 order.
Mail \$3 today to:

Jammer Cycle Products

800 (G2) S. San Fernando
Blvd. Burbank, Calif. 91502

OR

Jammer Cycle Products

858 (G2) Decatur Avenue No.
Minneapolis, Minn. 55427



**. . .you can bolt your engine right into our
Jammer frame.**

And that's the way it should be. You don't have to buy a set of torches and have a machine shop to make your motor fit any of our HD 74, Sportster, or Honda 750 frames. You can put it together with wrenches. And maybe a beer or two from your 'ol lady.