

Easyriders

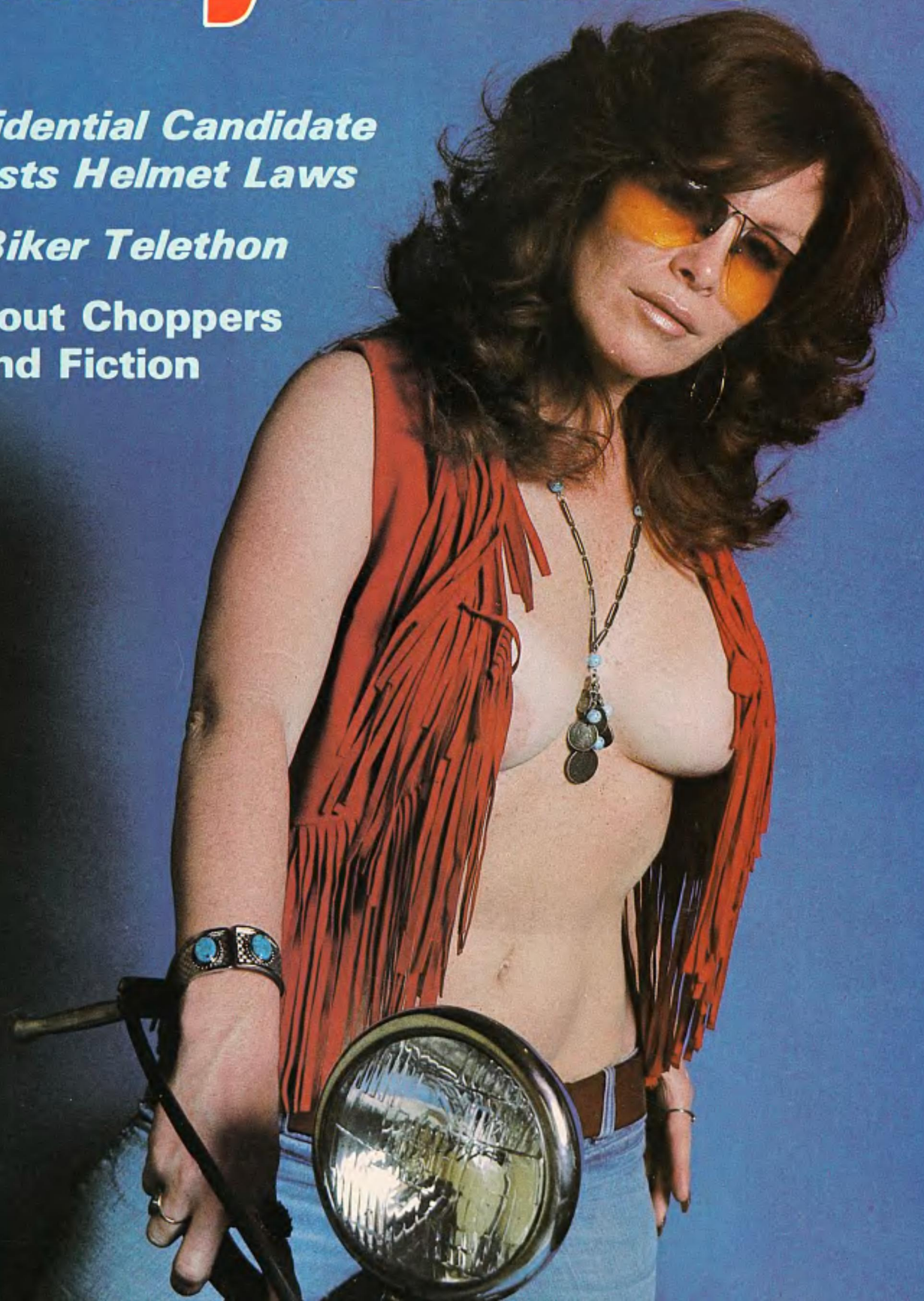
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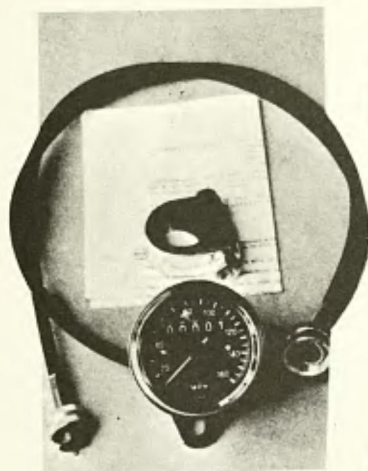
June, 1976
One Dollar

***Presidential Candidate
Blasts Helmet Laws***

Biker Telethon

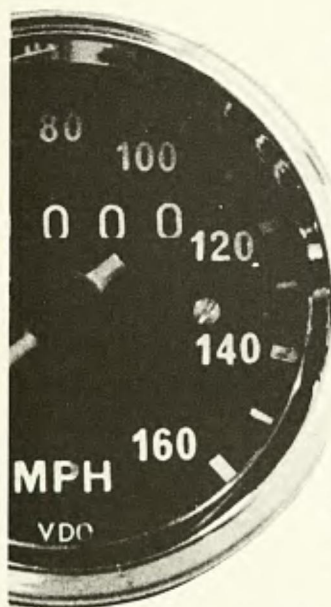
***Far-out Choppers
and Fiction***



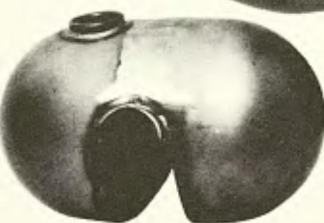


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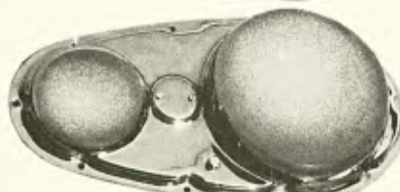
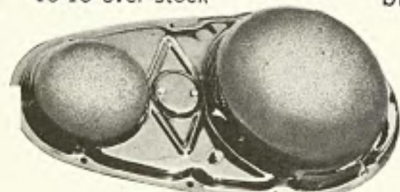
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Easyriders

FTW

Takin' it easy with Spider	5
Our readers react to previous issues	6
Words and some drivel from other biker rags	11
A telethon to end all telethons	12
All hell broke loose when we featured a photo	14
The meek don't win!	17
The lyingest biker of all	20
Presidential candidate blasts helmet laws	22
Miraculous Mutha barfs up another batch	23
Here's a chick that rides!	24
Snow doesn't keep us from featuring a scoot	28
Our technical tip of the month	33
In the wind with our great readers	34
Dave Mann portrays the good life	40
We had to photograph this bike fast	42
Is this rat rattier than Spider's	52
ABATE, the organization of street bikers	57
Male Call — a list of dudes wanting mail	76
Choppershopper, a good place for goodies	78

The next leg-wettin' issue of this miserable rag goes on sale June 1st.

Number 37

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I've got something for you . . .

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

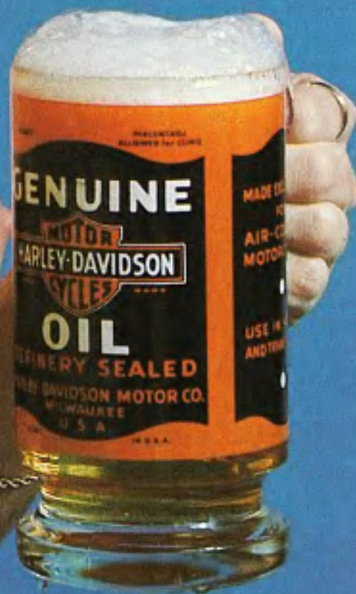
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You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$18.95 plus a measly \$3.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$4.85 over the single mug price.)

Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

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Talk about class: A dude was picked up in Ohio for drunken driving and was allowed the usual phone call to yell for help. Well, after five minutes they cut him off when they discovered that he had placed a call to the Vatican—and was tryin' to talk to the Pope!

Scarfin' cat: A 200-pound jaguar devoured an entire seven-member family, fifty cattle, and several of the family's dogs and cats before being tracked down and shot. It happened in Colombia—could he have grazed on some good stuff and got a bad case of munchies?

Did you hear about the two cops in Michigan who had a shoot-out after arguing over who was gonna drive the patrol car? The male cop got a slug in the leg while planting two slugs in the female cop's tits—and that was after they battled it out awhile with night sticks.

Are ya ready for this? The Chester County, Pa., Auto Club is pushin' for a law requiring all joggers to be licensed and issued a registration card made of reflectorized cardboard to be placed on the back of their joggin' suits.

And how about the three chicks in Arizona who were caught hauling the decomposed remains of a 75-year-old man around for—now get this—for three months while attempting to revive him through prayer!

The "enema bandit" got 6 to 12 years for robbing college chicks (and while robbing them, he flushed them out with enemas). Kinky, kinky.

In case you're interested, the electric chair is supposed to be painless because the deadly current moves faster (40 to 70 times faster) than the nervous system can send a sensation to the brain.

Christ-why-don't-they-leave-us-alone dept.: Researchers have developed a test to measure the intoxicating effects of grass on automobile drivers—similar to the drunk driver tests—only in this case they test your blood instead of piss.

Same dept.: A Nevada policeman has figured out how to install a radar unit on his motorcycle. He proudly stated, "It has more than doubled my ticket writing."

A word of caution: The Blue Knights (an all-cop national motorcycle gang) are gonna hold their convention in South Egremont, Mass., July 12 through July 15.

Another example of our fair and equal justice system: A dude in Richmond, Virginia, was recently sentenced to ten years in jail for the theft of a \$1.75 six-pack of beer. At about the same time, a college chancellor got juiced and piled into the back of another car, killing two women. He got a one-year suspended sentence, provided he follows probation instructions to the letter. (By the way, it was his second drunk driving conviction!)

Well, she asked for it: A Florida dude's ol' lady got pissed at him during a violent argument and yelled, "I wish I were dead!" So shit, he went outside, dug a hole, threw her in it, and buried her—alive!

Leg-wetting fact: It's been discovered that there were 20 different kinds of beer more than 4,000 years before Christ.

Did you hear about the police chief who took a marijuana display kit (containing six ounces of the good stuff) home for safekeeping? And would you believe that some dirty rotten pot thief took it? (No comment.)

Is fartin' illegal? "... though it fortunately has little to do with auto emissions ... there is a common—indeed universal—human function that, when performed in a room large enough for a comfortable gathering of 20 people, exposes everyone in that room to a dose of hydrogen sulfide far greater than anything the EPA will allow industry to expose them to ..."

—Stephen Wilkinson, Car & Driver.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Informative Rag

☐ We thought you'd be interested in the following United Press newswire report received by this station today: "The Utah Public Safety Department subscribes to what critics describe as a 'nudie motorcycle magazine'—but officials insist it's all in the interest of good government. State Auditor David Monson says the magazine **Easyrider**s may have bare-bosomed beauties—but he's interested in its information about motorcycle helmet laws—the latest and most definitive available. In his words—"I can learn more about helmet laws from one issue of that magazine than the Federal Government can tell me in two years."

Radio Station KRWC
Buffalo, Minnesota

Favoritism

☐ About four years ago I wrote the Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles, asking about vanity plates for motorcycles. Their reply was that they did not see that motorcycles needed this special privilege.

I now find in this month's **Motorcyclists Post** that the registrar has found it in his heart to give out special motorcycle plates to one small group of all of us that ride. And lo and behold, don't they turn out to be the only motorcycle club in New England made up of all police officers!

Mark E. Rogers
West Roxbury, Mass.

Nazi Emblems

☐ I am not in a club or anything like that so maybe I don't know why all that I see on bikers are Nazi emblems. We fought these people in World War I and II, and if the Nazis had won those wars, we might not be free to ride our choppers today.

I don't want to sound like

the all-American Harvard graduate, but do you think the Russians, the Germans, and everyone else over there are wearing American flag belt buckles? Fuck no! I know one thing. Many people lost friends and family in those wars so I sure as fuck am not going to fly those emblems when I ride. But it is a free country so people can wear what they want. Let's just remember how it became free.

Pat Garret
Gaithersburg, Md.

Keep Eatin'

☐ In your March 1976 issue, Spider said, "nine out of ten cannibals prefer to eat men rather than women. It seems that men are juicier than women (we're sweeter too.)"

Well, I have it on good authority, whereas men may be better dead, **women** taste a hell of a lot better **alive**! Keep on eating us, guys!

Molly P.
Garden City, Mich.

Mama Rat

☐ Please, if you should run across Mama Rat somewhere, tell her to please call Cricket in Jacksonville, Florida. Tell her to call any night after midnight. That way, I'll be sure to answer.

Cricket Jarvis
Jacksonville, Fla.

Somethin' Else

☐ For your good work I was going to send you a chunk of hash, but I just smoked it so here's somethin' else.

V. P. Pranksters M.C.
Mattoon, Illinois

■ That somethin' else was somethin' else. Thanks.

Laconia Alternative

☐ Steve Osburn (March '76) offered an alternative to Laconia, i.e., Bowling Green, Kentucky. This run takes place the same weekend

that Laconia gets under way, and it is the most important event of the year for bikers in this area. The drag race that takes place is nationally recognized, and the party that goes with it should be. Bikers from all over this area converge on Bowling Green, and the town welcomes them (and their money) with open arms. There are no hassles from the law or anyone else. It costs 10¢ to camp, there is an amusement park, plenty of bars and liquor stores, and a hell of a lot of bikes. Why go to Laconia and be made to feel unwelcome, when you can go to Bowling Green where the whole weekend is geared for bikers. I would also like to add that the weekend before Bowling Green, 120 miles north in Louisville, Kentucky, the national motorcycle flat track races are held, and again, bikers from all over the mid-west pour into Louisville to drink, get high, party, and go to the races, and there are never any hassles.

Little John
Louisville, Ky.

☐ Just a reminder that all bikers should boycott Laconia this June. Hit those assholes where it hurts them most—the wallet. Maybe someone could come up with an alternate run.

Bullwhip
Salem, Maine

Lonely

☐ It is 4:40 in the a.m., out here and I am all by my lonesome listening to some '50s shit on the radio. All the dudes out here are asleep. I've been on the phone for two hours, and I've wakened thirty of them, begging them to "come out and play." No luck! These little boys have torn down their putts and won't have them on the road until late spring. Shit, me and another chick have to

hitchhike to Daytona in March 'cause these sleeping beauties won't break in the putts until it's warm enough to ride with just a T-shirt on! Buncha pussies, if ya ask me!

Scribe us. We're lonely.
"Boxholder"
P. O. Box 4352
Arlington, Va. 22204

Long Way

☐ It's a long way from sanity and a long way from Texas. But your rag makes it through. Keep up the good work.

Stark
Krakow, Poland

Heavy Tattoo

☐ That broad Sunshine doesn't mess around when she decides to get inked. How about some of the guys showing off their originals? Tattoos, that is.

The Landlady
Tujunga, Calif.

Invitation

☐ We are having an open field meet July 17-18 in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. There will be about 20 events to compete in, with trophies, prizes, and fun for all. Everyone is invited. There will be special prizes for the longest-distance rider and the longest-distance club. We are providing free camping at our 5-acre farm July 6-30. The world-famous Calgary Exhibition and Stampede is playing July 8-18. Free camping is for scooter jocks only.

For any further info, write:
Chosen Few MC
P. O. Box 3151 - Stn B
Calgary, Alberta, Canada
T2M 4L7
or call 403-285-9273

Problems

☐ So here I am, 65 miles due south of New Orleans, 1:00 in the morning, gotta be at work at 6:00 a.m., got a 23-year-old chick in my sack, been there 2 hours,

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.

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.

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 $\frac{3}{4}$ "-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.

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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'.



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and what the fuck am I doin'? Why, readin' my new leg-wettin' March issue, of course. Ya'll fuckers'll ruin me yet.

There are a lot of bikers down in this part of the country and your rag is sold out at the stores as soon as it comes in. Everybody heads for Johnnys Bar, and we laugh our cuds off at Spider and Wordmonger, and M/M. By the way, where the fuck did you bastards dig up "Miss March"? Well, put the bitch back where she belongs—the glue factory. Christ, a feller'd have to have a grudge against his pecker to stick it in her.
Hombre
Empire, La.

Fart Freedom

□ Whenever my dear ol' dad cut a fart, he would say, "Wherever you be, let your wind blow free, as holding it in was the death of me."
Phew
Yucca Valley, Calif.

Ol' Lady Speaks Out

□ I want to say something to the bitches who open their mouths and smart off about being left at home when the ol' man goes on a run. Cram it! Put yourself in his shoes. If it was my bike, I sure as hell would want to get out by myself at some time or another and crank it on. My ol' man never hears me bitchin' and raisin' hell about it because I respect his feelings for wanting to go out on the open road alone. So stop your bitchin'—and maybe your ol' man will stay around for a while.
Turk's Ol' Lady
Little Rock, Ark.

Tit Freaks

□ Man, what a burnout! I mean them fuckers are so big, they don't even hardly look like tits. Now I can really get off on a nice set of jugs, but I ain't seen anything that gross since I left the farm.

Anyway, after seein' that mess all over the chick's chest, I figured I'd study this walkin' carnival closer to see if anything else was out of line, and be damned if her snatch ain't bald! Kinda makes me wonder. Did Mama Nature load her down with all them tits, then forget the snatch hairs, or did one of your perverted

assholes make her shave before dinner?

The Reb
Fruitland, Iowa

□ Us tit freaks salute you.
Scott & Gary
Janesville, Wis.

□ My ol' man just brought home the March rag. What's Suzzan's last name? Silicone? She looks like a mistake Mother Nature forgot to fix. Chicks with smaller tits are a lot sexier.

Cocaine Katy
South of Boston

□ The big-titted mama in your March edition was far out.

Ernie Bird
San Diego, Calif.

□ Suzzan's 44-Inch (double D) mammaries would put my mama's Jersey milk cow to shame. C'mon, shitheads, get yer head out of yer ass and get yer shit together.

Wild One
Cheyenne, Wyo.

□ I'm not usually very picky, but you guys really did it this time. That tit freak you had in your March issue is really shitty. I mean like she is enough to choke a goat.
Looking Good In
Morristown, Tenn.

□ Wow! Suzzan has got the biggest set of knockers we've ever seen in your rag. Keep up the good work.

Shorty, Enchaladas,
Big Eddie,
Motorcycle Moon
Port Hueneme, Calif.

□ That big-titted broad in your March issue is really screwed. After I finished reading *Easyriders*, I picked up a fuck book and there she was again. Boy, did that flip me out!

Flipped Out
Long Beach, Calif.

Club Papa?

□ In a recent issue, a chick ("Crazy of Lakeland, Fla.") asked what we would think of an all-girl bike club.

Sounds good. Can I be the main "papa" for their club?
Wolf
Corsicana, Texas

Spider Helps Out

□ In the February 1975 issue of *Easyriders*, page 4, Spider had the story of

Lamar Fountain. Upon reading how he'd spent 6 years in prison for stealing \$5.00, I wrote Governor Busbee of Georgia (the state where Fountain was imprisoned), asking him to pardon Mr. Fountain. I also sent a letter to the American Civil Liberties Union of Georgia. In response to these efforts, I received a letter from the State Board of Pardons and Paroles of Georgia, informing me that they have since freed him. I am enclosing the Board's letter (a copy of it) to encourage you to keep up the good work of exposing injustice. Also, if you hear of anyone being denied their legal rights, tell them to get in touch with the A.C.L.U.

Thomas Stahl
Ellensburg, Wash.

Down On AMF

□ In February 1975 I purchased a 1975 F.L.H. After 4 clutches, a starter, and 2 valves, I decided AMF could stick their hunk of junk. After 26 years of riding Harley-Davidsons, AMF can get fucked.

R. C.
St. Louis, Mich.

Another Beef

□ Que pasa? Read in an *Easyriders* about it being legal to write to anyone confined in another prison, and that's helped a few of us down here in solitary confinement. Thought I'd write and put in my two cents worth too. I am writing to inform you of one of the most blatant cases of evasion on record in the Los Angeles County Department of Public Social Services. It is labeled Manual Letter Number 154, dated March 19, 1973. The letter, addressed to case workers, came in answer to a court order making it illegal to deny aid to any woman who refused to go to the District Attorney to tell him of the whereabouts or the identity of a missing parent. The letter starts:

"No applicant recipient can be denied welfare because of (1) refusal to be interviewed by the District Attorney, or (2) refusal to give the identity or whereabouts of an absent father."

However, the very next paragraph of the letter reads: "It is not required



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.

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**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
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Hollywood, Calif. 90068

Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid
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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

that an applicant or recipient be told that she has no obligation to answer questions or to be interviewed by the District Attorney concerning these matters, and in accordance with state instructions, she should **not** be so advised."

That's my two cents worth, and it may not have anything to do with scooters, but I think ol' men and ol' ladies alike could definitely use this information sometime in life. Well, keep on keepin' on and keep gettin' down with the get-downs.

Scratch Pad
Anaheim, Calif.

No Class

☐ You guys have just got no class. That's the only reason I waste a buck on your filthy rag.

Ray Jay
Richmond, Calif.

Less Ass

☐ Cool it with the fucking chicks! I'd like to see more class and less ass!

Pat
Hartford, Conn.

One Beef

☐ I've only got one beef. When the hell are you fuckers gonna quit partyin' so much and come out every month? Fuck, come out every week or every day if you want to. We sure as hell wouldn't mind it!

Ralph Hill
San Antonio, Tex.

■ Quit partyin'? No way!

Another Rag

☐ Bet you didn't know that in 1919 there was a magazine about horses and horsemanship. It lasted exactly seven issues and folded. Its name? You guessed it: **Easyriders**, Tennessee Stud & Big Chew Branchland, W. Va.

■ Whatta dumb name.

More On Tits

☐ I've never seen so many people argue over what're the best-sized tits for a woman. In my view, I believe small, medium, large, or extra large tits are great for the woman who has the shape for them. Just as men are sized differently, so are women. There is a woman for every man and it would

be a boring world if we were all built the same. So any size tits is great, for they get the job done.

Lynn Vegaren
Yokota, Japan

■ The only thing they have to be is on a chick—nothin' else.

Who? Us?

☐ I was going through some of the older copies of your rag that I have lying around (Minnesota wintertime on my hands), stoned, naturally, and someone came up and told me you people are secretly backed by the CIA. Ridiculous, I think, but just the same I ain't going to sign my name and address to this letter.

No name or address
St. Paul, Minn.

■ Wish we were—then we'd get more than a piece of raisin pie every payday.

Lost Nuts

☐ You fuckers are crazy! "It's A Miracle" was a revelation—fuckin' great. Laughed my nuts off before I finished. Keep it up, J. J. Scruffy

Key West, Fla.

S.O.S.

☐ My bro and I desperately need to get word to some bros in the Akron, Ohio, area. To make a long story short, my bro and I, like damn fools, took the weight on a 1st degree murder rap because my ol' lady freaked out in jail. We copped a deal to plead guilty in return for her release, they bought it, and we are now due to return for a retrial. My ol' lady is our main wtness and we need to get to

her quickly. She is 5' 6", 135 lbs., hazel eyes, has "SUE" tattooed on her right forearm in fucked up lettering, big tits, and long, straight, brown hair parted in the center. Her name is Susan Andrews and her dad lives in Ohio. She is 19 years old.

Frankie Ignazio #047589
P. O. Box 221
Raiford, Florida 32083

Snow's A Bummer

☐ Well, I've been sitting in this snow-covered state of Pennsylvania and just waiting for this shit to melt so I can go puttin' down the road. I tell ya, if it wasn't for this far-out rag you guys put out, this state and weather would just be too much to try and handle. About all we can do in this state at this time of year is sit around, read your rag, and pop pills and get smoked up.

Phil
Midland, Pa.

United M/C

☐ I'm one biker who is for a united club, fighting to help us—not against each other. It's hurting the bikers, and that's you, bros. The rest of you fuckers get your shit together. Let's fight to make it, not break it.

Wolfman
Freeport, Texas

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.



"Isobel—will you knock off that shit!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Brew comes through . . .

What do you do if you are out in the middle of nowhere without a feeler gauge? One of my customers brought this situation to my attention. He told me that the pop tops off beer cans are .014-inch thick and could probably be used as a feeler gauge. I chuckled at what he said but later on I got to thinking about it. I realized that sometime I might need a feeler gauge of that thickness and if his statement was true, it would be a handy thing to know.

I started measuring pop tops and to my surprise he was right; they are .014-inch thick. I checked most of the popular brands and here are the results: Olympia—.014; Pabst—.014; Falstaff—.014; Miller "Lite"—.015; Hamm—.014; Coors—.014; Schlitz—.014; Budweiser—.014. The only discrepancy was the Miller "Lite" because the Miller emblem stamped into the tab leaves a little ridge that gives a larger reading.

—Mike Capalite
Cycle Guide

Affinity for dog shit . . .

I . . . remember more than one occasion on which I squatted, sat, knelt, or laid in some dog crap in a park. Dogs love to "do their duty" on short park grass, and most dog owners don't give a damn that this is where kids play and people lounge. They purposely take their mutts to the park for the express purpose of bowel evacuation. And I seem to have an affinity for doggie-do much as iron filings for the magnet. If there is any around I invariably step or lay in it.

—Larry Kumferman
Custom Chopper

More on helmets . . .

According to a recent X-ray study of auto accident victims, the leading cause of death is head or neck injuries (56% of all cases). So how come

the DOTties aren't pressing for mandatory helmet laws for auto drivers and passengers? Patience, friend. They've got to establish their constitutional precedent with us cyclists before they can force the majority of the population to conform with their views . . . According to Lew "Uncle Tom" Buchanan, the reason that motorcycle newspapers and magazines are opposed to mandatory helmet laws is because the controversy helps increase their sales—which is a lot like accusing the television networks of covering Watergate because it helped sell sets.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

The AMF Harley . . .

Remember the first couple of Sportsters that came out after the take-over? Remember seeing them sitting around the dealers waiting for warranty service?

So Harley riders started to raise no small measure of hell with their local dealers, or anyone else that would lend an ear. Much to everyone's surprise, the factory started to listen. AMF knew that they had a pretty heavy reputation to live up to. One that took Harley-Davidson more than a few years to build. So changes started to come about. Defective parts were studied and improved upon. Although workmanship was still waning, there was a conscious effort on behalf of the management and engineering department to improve things and still keep costs down . . .

You guessed it; importing parts instead of trying to make them here at a competitive price. Which isn't necessarily bad. To an extent.

It started with simple little items. Fork legs and hydraulic sliders were farmed out to a Japanese firm (the same one that makes forks for Hondas and other Japanese machines). Then electrical parts

and subassemblies started to trickle in from Italy. And yet other parts were contracted through other American makers.

But the bikes still went together with the foreign parts tastefully blended into the Harley theme. (Specifications of these parts were styled almost exactly like the original American parts.) And nobody was the worse because of it.

And the import game continues. The '77-'78 Overhead Cam 880 (or 750) is said to be made entirely by Harley's Italian brothers. The rest of the small-bike Italian line grows larger every year. Harley keeps subscribing to the theory that the Best Way to make something is to not make it at all.

The situation gets really sticky when you stop and wonder whether or not the average Harley rider is going to tolerate it at all. What happens when he goes into the Harley dealer to look at the new lineup for '78 or '79? Will he see something that looks like it belongs in a Yamaha showroom?

—Paul Wilcox
Choppers

H-D racing . . .

H-D has always raced, and because H-D enjoys it, and because H-D is good at it. For the Milwaukee crowd competition has historically supplied its own magical momentum: if there is racing to be done, then H-D races. It's as simple as that. Harley-Davidson people will tell you that their dealers expect them to race, they will tell you that racing puts a fine edge on their over-the-counter motorcycles and accessories, they will tell you that certain loyalties are strengthened by racing—but at the middle of their ongoing and quite expensive competition effort lies a deep and reflexive devotion.

—Cycle Magazine

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 either dark brown or 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)

RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740





Bike Telethon

Me and the rest of the Redline Hurricane lounged around the TV, watchin' the telethon, a weird comedian laughin', cryin', droppin' his drawers and claimin' credit for everything that exists in the Universe.

"This fucker's bullshitted his way to five million dollars so far and the goddam thing has just started!" Hangnine said, hackin' at his nuts.

"The fuckin' people can't give this fucker their dough fast enough!" Pukepile said, downing his tenth beer in fifteen minutes.

"I wonder if we could do one of those things," Bloodgums, our leader, said drily, his face smoothed over in a sudden trance.

"Aww, fuck. Ya gotta have a tuxedo before they let you beg for money like a post-swacked wino on national TV," Clitsnif said.

"Bullshit," Bloodgums said. "The fuckin' people would give their money to a fire hydrant during one of these things. They go bajork with pity. If any of them had any brains at all they'd know that any outfit that couldn't stay out of the red and had to go around begging for money like some brainless bum sure ain't gonna be able to cure some horrible disease like Nut Fungus or Pissin' Pussies, or whatever the fuck they're tryin' to cure. I tell you," he went on, starin' even harder into the TV and watchin' the ever-climbin' numbers on the toteboard, "I tell you, if we could do a telethon we'd make a fuckin' fortune!"

"We'd need a disease," Porkbellies said, settling onto the Lizard's face.

"That's the one thing we don't need," Tokay said, walking to the ice box, scratching carefully between

his legs with one hand and picking at a sore on his mouth with the other.

"Yeah," Bloodgums said, spinning away from the set, the idea already a reality in his mind, only needing to be carried out. "A disease."

"Syphilis is good!" Clitsnif said. "It's widespread, easy to get, and the sores would really get people cryin' and shit."

"Naw," Bloodgums said. "Syphilis is controllable. We need something solid. Something hopeless. Something that could turn this thing into an annual event until the end of time."

"The only thing serious enough to do that would be death," Whallopin' Brenda said disinterestedly, readin' a magazine and flickin' absently at the tampon string that was hanging out from the crotch of her shorts.

Bloodgums nearly spat out all the beer he had in his mouth and half of what he had consumed in his lifetime. "Brenda," he said, walking over to her, lifting her T-shirt and planting a tender kiss on her nipple, "you got more brains in your hemorrhoids than most broads got in their whole bodies."

Brenda turned as red as pyorrhetic gums. It was the first time anyone had said anything nice to her.

The next morning dawned in yellow and blue peace. By 9 a.m. the yellow and blue remained but the peace suffered from the sound of the twenty-five of us roaring as gentlemanly as possible up to the local television studio—a cable service that served about thirty thousand homes; not NBC, but enough to tear-jerk ourselves into a healthv

nestegg, Bloodgums figured.

We didn't want to interrupt any shows or anything they might have had going on at the time—what with twenty-five mountain-riding chugaluggers strolling through a lot of strange hallways causing confusion—so we left two of the guys outside to watch the machines.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" a white-shirted executive asked, appearing from out of nowhere, a wide-eyed look on his face. Manic Joe and Blueballs, spinnin' through the pages of a magazine, said no, he couldn't help them. Suzy Sorehole looked him carefully up and down and said that maybe he could help her. Moonmind, hearing the question we had always avoided asking him, grabbed the guy's sleeve in his trembling fingers, blinked his faraway eyes and said, yes, he needed some help pretty bad.

"That guy ain't carryin'!" Bloodgums said, pushin' his way through the rest of us and pullin' Moonmind off the guy's arm. "Are you the chief?" Bloodgums asked the guy, tapping his fingers on the front of the fellow's shirt.

"My wallet's in my pocket," the guy said in fright.

"Naw naw naw," Bloodgums said, disgusted, "this ain't a raid. I want to talk to someone about doin' a TV show."

"TV show?" the guy asked after a long silence, during which he had looked at each of us for about five seconds apiece.

Bloodgums said, "Christ," and

—Continued on page 50

This hood ornament lands cop in a jam

The Chicago Police Department, in the past, has been somewhat difficult to deal with when it comes to press relations. Under the excuse of "not wanting to discredit the department," the police often have refused even the most innocent requests for assistance in publicity.

For example, last autumn a movie crew working under the auspices of the Canadian Parliament came to Chicago to make part of an official Canadian government educational film. The filmmakers wanted to interview some of the Police Department's top officers, to discuss the subject of crime in urban America. The Canadians were turned down, flatly and rudely, by the office of James M. Rochford, superintendent of police.

Similarly, when this column inquired last summer about the possibility of spending an evening in the department's communications complex — to describe what it's like on the receiving end of the police emergency telephone number on a hot July night — the request was turned down without hesitation by Rochford personally.

BUT NOW, it turns out, there is one publication in which the Chicago Police Department has received publicity with no difficulty at all.

In the current issue of a magazine called *Easyriders* — described on its cover as "entertainment for Adult Bikers" — there is a full-color photograph of a Chicago police car. Sprawled face-up across the hood of the squad car is a naked young woman.

Now, it is a bit ticklish to describe the content of *Easyriders* in a general-circulation newspaper. Suffice it to say that, what *Vogue* is to a fashionable Lake Shore Drive socialite, *Easyriders* is to a cruddy, filth-encrusted Hell's Angel. The magazine makes no excuses about its appeal — it is aimed at motorcycle gang members, much of its content is obscene, and its articles range from "Death of a Biker Bar" to "Our Centerspread Tatooed on a Chick's Back."

The girl on the Chicago police car appears in a section of the magazine called "In the Wind," which is devoted to photographs sent to the magazine by its readers. ("As you can see," the editors write, "our readers are really getting with it and sending us some good, usable stuff.") Many of the photographs depict bikers glaring, brawling or drinking; one shows a heavily armed motorcycle gang posing on a school playground. The pictures are



**Bob
Greene**

credited with the names of the people who sent them in — "Wino Joe," for one example.

THE PICTURE of the girl on the Chicago police car, however, is credited simply, "From Greg MacDonald, Chicago, Illinois." And in clear view, painted on the front fender of the passenger side of the car, is the squad car number: 7143.

Now, at first glance, the reader might wonder: how did this biker named Greg MacDonald find an abandoned police car for long enough on a clear day to sneak a naked girl onto the hood, take a picture, and then get away before the cops came back?

A few checks with the Police Department provided the answer. Car 7143, it seems, has been regularly assigned to one Patrol Officer Greg MacDonald, of the Shakespeare police district.

William Mooney, deputy chief of patrol of Area 5, sighed when I called him.

"Yes, we're well aware of the magazine and the picture," Mooney said. "The matter is being investigated by the Internal Affairs Division. We've got to assume that patrolman MacDonald did it, because it is his car, and we have certain other information about the circumstances, also. I am quite certain it is against department regulations."

William Hanhardt, commander of the Shakespeare district, confirmed that MacDonald is one of his men. "I know all about it," he said. "Talk to the Internal Affairs Division. MacDonald works out of this district, and it is the car assigned to him."

James Reilly, the commander of the department's Internal Affairs Division, said, "It's under investigation. It won't be too long until we resolve it."

HE SAID THAT the photograph was an apparent violation of the department's Rule Two, which prohibits "Any action or conduct which impedes the department's ability to achieve its policies or goals . . . or brings discredit upon the department . . . (including) the professional or private conduct

This photo → caused all ← of this

The photograph was submitted to *In The Wind*. We dug it and featured it in the March 1976 issue of this rag. Then all hell broke loose.

The Chicago police department *didn't* dig it. In their opinion, it violated the department's Rule Two which prohibits any action or conduct that degrades or brings discredit to the department.

The news clipping that follows is all we know at this time as to what happened. As you can see, the news reporter seems to be enjoying himself—and we suggest he stuff *Easyriders* up his ass.



of all members which might degrade or bring discredit to the department."

MacDonald, who has been removed from his regular duties and reassigned to the IAD until the investigation is completed, could not be reached for comment.

But one question no one could answer — including a number of sources who said that the girl on the hood was a friend of MacDonald's was this:

Why would any policeman be loony enough to include the patrol car number in the picture, and sign his real name?

In an effort to find the answer, I called the

editorial offices of *Easyriders*, in Burbank, California. I asked to speak to any of the top editors — the magazine's masthead lists Keith (Bandit) Ball, Joe (Super Hog) Teresi and Pillhead Smiley — and was connected with editor-in-chief Lou (Barf) Kimzey.

"Ah, man, that's bad news," Kimzey said when I informed him of the investigation. "We didn't want to hassle nobody. We figured that anyone who sent in the picture of the cop car would be using a fake name. Hey, I thought the guy would know better."

"Why, a great many of our readers are policemen."

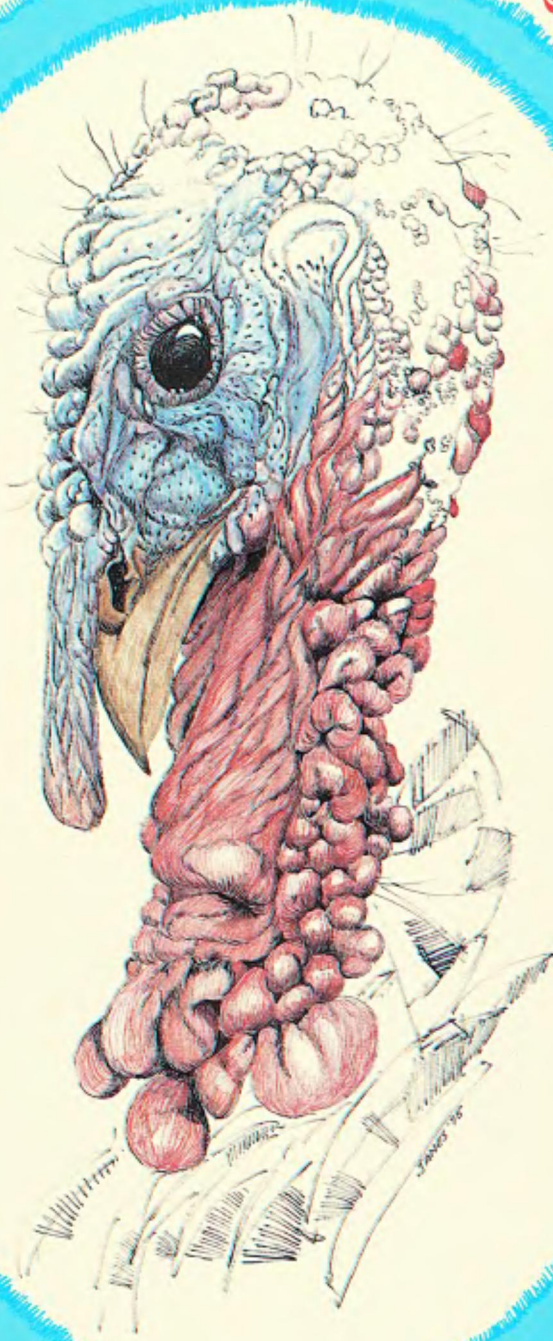


**Nude-photo
cop on beat**



This is the outline of the naked young woman sprawled across a Chicago police car.

DEPARTMENT OF



TRANSPORTATION

The Meek Don't Win!

The nation's second largest newspaper, *The Los Angeles Times*, recently featured the following editorial titled "How About Helmets for Bureaucrats?" (It's nice to have some heavyweights on our side for a change, and because of this we thought you'd like to know what they said.)

California may yet be rescued from the wrath of William T. Coleman Jr., the secretary of transportation, in the Battle of the Helmets. It depends on what Congress does.

Coleman would like to impose sanctions against California in the form of withholding federal highway safety and construction funds to punish the state for refusing to make the wearing of helmets by everyone on motorcycles mandatory.

He made his intentions clear the other day when he said that "I would certainly, but for special legislative circumstances at the federal level, determine that sanctions . . . should be invoked against California." He will go ahead with the sanctions, according to a staff report, "if Congress passes legislation that does not include a prohibition against sanctions against states which do not have helmet laws."

Well, we hope Congress won't do that.

As we have said before, helmets make sense, and to go motorcycling bareheaded is imprudent, to put it mildly. But for the government of the United States of America, with all it has to do, to require the California Highway Patrol and the police departments of the state of California, with all they have to do, to go chasing after mindless motorcyclists—well, that is carrying things too far.

Coleman notes that California, alone among the 50 states, has made no provision whatsoever to require helmets. Furthermore, he reports, California has more motorcycle deaths and injuries than any other state. Of course. No other state begins to compare in numbers of motorcycles. But what he fails to mention is the decision in California to place the emphasis on education rather than mandatory helmet rules, with the result a lower death rate than in some states that require helmets. ■

Bikers aren't generally known for their love of poets or poetry. But perhaps if they knew Ezra Pound. . . . Ezra was born in Idaho in 1885. For many years before WW2, he lived in Europe. He wrote far-out poetry that mainly assaulted governments in ten different languages. He wrote books of essays too, in which the subject often was politics. His main energy went into attacking every phase of government that you or I could think of plus a thousand we can't. His chief target was the US government from all the last century through this. WW2 found him in Italy, where he continued to sound off against US war practices, money policies, etc. Toward the end of the war, when Italy fell, the "dangerous" poet was "captured" by heavily armed troops; he was placed in an outdoor barbed wire enclosure. By day the blazing sun beat on him and at night blazing searchlights. After seven weeks he was taken to the US, where he was to stand trial for treason. He as usual sounded off against everyone and everything. It was then that Pound said, "If a man isn't willing to take some risk for his opinions, either his opinions are no good or he's no good." (Bikers, that's something to think about!) But instead of a trial, a cowardly government at the last moment confined him in St. Elizabeth's mental "hospital" on the basis of a government-controlled psychiatric report that said Ezra was paranoid and a few other things. For twelve years he was kept locked in that dismal slammer where he produced, among other writings, *Rock-Drill*. This work included one line in particular about government officials that drilled into my head: ". . . and the squirmers plunder men's minds, wanting all men cut down to worm size . . ." Finally released in 1958, due to petitions of many well-known artists and writers, he returned to Italy where he still lives today.

In my article in *Easyriders*, February 1976 "The Shell Game Exposed," the last paragraph encouraged, ". . . massive disobedience combined with unflinching courage to meet our 'saviors' head-on with as much violence as neces-

sary to achieve our freedom." I have received many letters on this, some applauding and some coming down hard on me for my opinion, even accusing me of advocating the throwing of bombs and the use of bikes to run down civilians in the streets. Obviously I didn't say that. This article will expand on how to re-achieve lost rights by practicing these temporarily illegal rights, fully prepared to meet inflicted violence from our saviors with violence sufficient to win. The application here is to the helmet issue. However, it applies equally to the myriad other infringements laid on us by a squirming bureaucracy that takes ever more and more money from our labor against our will, to use it to force ever more and more indignities upon us. If anyone thinks that the money isn't taken against our will, let him answer the question of how much money NHTSA would collect if their agents went out on the streets with cups like the Heart Fund people do, for example, and called out: "Money needed to enforce the helmet law—give your money here!"

The extent of the problem can best be realized by focusing on just that one small agency (of dozens), NHTSA. They went from about 400 people at the end of 1967 and a budget of \$60,000,000 (total cost to us of \$150,000 per bureaucrat) to about 800 people in 1973 and a budget of \$120,000,000 (still \$150,000 per bc). In that time this agency hired some 215 different private companies to write over 6000 safety documents. That's nearly 1000 a year average. Put another way, adding up the budgets over those years and taking out for salaries, the over 6000 safety documents cost us about \$75,000 apiece. During that period, all these people in NHTSA managed, themselves, to write only about 25 documents, mostly speeches on safety. How many safety documents will be written in the next ten years? They cannot stop hiring private companies to write safety documents without losing their jobs. We would be better off if these 800 people in NHTSA and the thousands in dozens of other agencies were all sent home at full pay, never to return

and never to be replaced. At least we'd lose only their salaries and not our individual freedoms.

Why does a harassed group, such as bikers, finally give up the 100% peaceable petitioning and decide that it's time to engage in action? Well, how long is your life? How much of it do you want to spend petitioning the government? We've been arguing with the bureaucracy for nine years, trying to win one little right, the right to wear or not to wear a hat while riding a motorcycle. We've been in hundreds of court battles, including several times to the US Supreme Court; we've argued in nearly all state legislatures and in bureaucratic halls in Washington and engaged in peaceable protest rides in every state for nine fucking years! What have we to show? A hat law in 48 out of 50 states! The government counters our every verbal argument with lies generated by men paid with our money. And while we fight the helmet laws we hardly notice the other unwanted safety regulations thrown around us: lights on all day in the sunshine; reflective orange patches on helmets and jackets and bikes; control over where the shifter is on the bike; how long the front end can be; the threat to ban motorcycles on roads by night (Wisconsin); and the threat to ban them on roads by night and day (Insurance Institute on Highway Safety and some members of the American Medical Association*). All this while we play around with their rule book. I suppose we'll suddenly be allowed to win the helmet fight and find we aren't allowed to ride motorcycles.

Back in the middle of the last century, an American philosopher named Henry Thoreau wrote an essay, "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience." After discussing disobedience, he wrote, "If 1000 men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be as violent and bloody a measure as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood . . . But even suppose blood should flow. Is there not a sort of blood shed when the conscience is wounded? Through this wound a man's real manhood

*Less than half the doctors belong to the AMA. Since the AMA is officially telling various government committees how motorcyclists should dress, and how and when they should ride, we ought to ask a doctor if he belongs to the AMA. If he does, don't go to him.

By Ed Armstrong

—Continued on next page

and immortality flow out, and he bleeds to an everlasting death. I see this blood flowing now." Remember, the year he wrote this, the federal government had about 1 direct, non-military employee per 1000 population and spent about \$2 per person living in the United States. Today the federal government has over 12 direct, non-military, non-CIA employees per 1000 population and spends over \$1300 per person living in the country. If Henry thought the government of the 1850s was too big and too oppressive, what would he think today? Not paying taxes gets right to the point. No taxes, no money to pay NHTSA. But that's another subject.

The immediate question today for bikers is, do we want to ride or do we want to spend our life petitioning the government? If we decide we want to ride, then we have to do what Americans have done for 200 years: **disobey**. We were born as a nation in disobedience to the crown. But we must control our disobedience by constantly remembering: **The vanquished are always wrong**. This means we've got to be victorious.

The common image promoted by the government is that we the people are encouraged to participate in government, to present our views and to bargain, but **without violence**. Violence, the government would like us to believe, is morally wrong and assures defeat. Mr. Gamson, Chairman of the Sociology Department, University of Michigan, has just had a book published by Dorsey, **The Strategy of Social Protest**. Just to dispel the government's Sunday school image of violence, look at Gamson's result. Of the groups he studied that challenged some part of the establishment (but not including groups aiming to overthrow or displace the establishment), **100%** of the violence users achieved success, while **0%** of those who ran from the violence succeeded. Violence may be morally reprehensible but it appears strategically useful. To use the results of Gamson's detailed study, we must understand both the limitations and the lessons it teaches. A summary of his work follows. I hope his findings get through, not muddled by too many opinions of my own.

Out of thousands of groups of people challenging some aspect of private or government establishment from 1800 to 1945, Gamson reduced the number of cases to 53 and studied these in detail. He explains the group selection process in his book and admits the dangers therein of biased results. But he had to get down to manageable

numbers. If I didn't like his results I'd no doubt criticize his selection procedure and claim bias. But I love 'em. I'm like the old lady who ransacks the Bible "to hurl its curses at her enemies and keep all its blessings unto herself."

First, Gamson's definition of violence: "Deliberate physical injury to property or persons." Forceful arrest is not violence, for example, unless unnecessary beatings take place. In all but one of the violence users studied, violence was only incidental to the primary goal and was used only when violence was first inflicted upon the group or to accomplish some definite step to reach their goal.

His challenging groups are narrowly defined. They are **not** already established groups like the American Motorcycle Association. The challenging groups must be in the process of forming and growing in response to some oppression or problem. They must be seeking to increase membership, have an established antagonist in the government or private sector that lies outside the challenging group. They must be capable of taking action, holding meetings, calling demonstrations, and raising money. They begin life when first heard from, and end life as a challenging group when they either collapse or achieve success. He found the average life duration of a challenging group was about 8 years. If ABATE is average, we better succeed soon, or we'll collapse!

Gamson divides success of a challenging group into 2 parts: 1. Accomplishment of new advantages (goals); 2. Acceptance by the antagonist as a legitimate spokesman for the group's interest. Success is accomplished by his definition as either or both of the above.

Another point he considers is whether the challenging group is attempting to **displace** the antagonist. I won't talk about this anymore because the record shows a "dismal" success rate in accomplishing **anything** when displacement of the antagonist is also attempted. In ABATE's case displacing the antagonist means displacing the NHTSA. As much as we'd like to see this outfit dissolved, it should **not** be one of our goals if we expect to win new advantages like not being forced to wear helmets.

Some examples of challenging groups included among the 53 are: The American Association of University Professors seeking tenure, 1914 to 1922, result: success; The national Brotherhood of Baseball Players seeking general rights for the players, 1885 to 1891, result: collapse; The Birth Control League,

1925 to 1937, result: collapse; The American Student Union seeking student representation, 1931 to 1941, result: partial success.

Before looking at the movement of motorcyclists against unjust, or better, stupid, motorcycle laws, let's review some of Gamson's results of success and failures.

The overall success record of Gamson's challenging groups is as follows:

Gained new Advantages	Accepted by Antagonist		
	yes	no	total
	38%	11%	49%
	no	yes	total
	9%	42%	51%
	47%	53%	100%

From ABATE's standpoint, we want new advantages more than to be accepted by and into the antagonist. The study shows 49% accomplished new advantages.

Next, look at the results in connection with violence. Gamson calls that chapter, Success of the Unruly. Of the 53 groups, 15 engaged in violence, sometimes initiated by the antagonists and sometimes by the groups to accomplish a particular step. Overall results are as follows:

	Success Acceptance	New Advantages
Violence Users	62%	75%
Violence Recipients*	14%	0%
Other	50%	53%

*No violent response by the challenging group.

The record is even more startling in favor of not running from inflicted violence when those groups advocating displacement of the antagonists are removed from the data. The record becomes:

	Success Acceptance	New Advantages
Violence Users	83%	100%
Violence Recipients	20%	0%
Other	65%	53%

The numbers in the groups here are small, and the groups are spread out over nearly a century and a half. But keep in mind that Gamson spent years on this study and had the aid of dozens of college graduate students and other people. Anyone who wants to dispute his findings must do more than just talk; they must redo the whole study, resift the thousands of cases, reduce them as fairly as they can to a manageable number of groups, and re-analyze the results. Until that is done, we should accept Gamson's results as giving a message: Violence as an **incidental** tool used to accomplish

particular goals, as in response to inflicted violence, is a strategic weapon that must **not** be discarded. And above all, don't run from inflicted violence.

Gamson points out that power holders would have us believe that violence is a product of frustration and leads to certain defeat. On the contrary he argues, violence "grows from an impatience born of confidence..." and is "as much a symptom of success as a cause."

Challenging group size was considered, with his groups ranging from under 1000 to over 100,000. As a conclusion about group size, largeness seemed to be important to be accepted into the antagonist's confidence if not also into his organization. But for gaining new advantages, which is what in my opinion motorcyclists want, groups under 1000 were as likely to obtain new advantages as the larger groups.

Gamson's long study showed that many successful groups were "bureaucratic" and "centralized." Motorcyclists don't fit this too well. ABATE fits the description of a "challenging group" in that it is forming and growing in response mainly to forced helmet wearing. But it is a loose organization with authority divided up on the state level. Much of the membership are sympathizers rather than formal members. Dozens of more established clubs are aligned with us, or, put another way, we're aligned with them. The AMA is an established group, not a challenging group. They now are aligned with us on helmets, but they went nearly eight years doing nothing. But does our non-bureaucratic and non-centralized organization hurt us? Probably not. Our membership along with sympathizers are strongly motivated and will respond without dissent to national calls to action. Not having a central national leadership with a national charter has an advantage, especially when we can act together as if we had a strong central leadership. In fact, even on the state level, it is much better to deny leadership when met with force. The authorities practice the game of taking out the leaders, leaving the followers to collapse. "We ain't got no leader, man" is a good answer when stopped by authorities, armed or not. Our strength may lie in our loose organization. We can run in nearly all capitals on call and no authority can put his finger — or gun — on one man or a committee and say, we got 'em! They gotta get us all. And that might be too expensive in terms of money and public relations.

We'll leave Gamson now and

present three cases I've read about recently involving violence, one from the 1930s and two concerning motorcyclists in 1974-75.

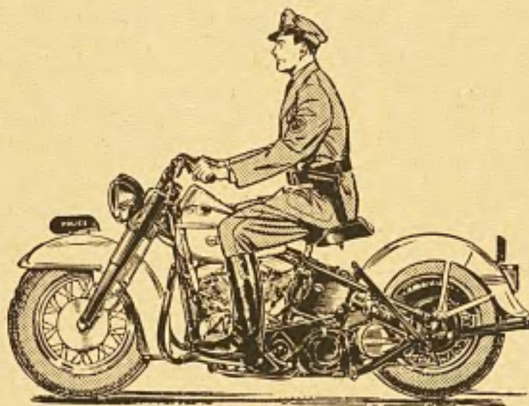
Ever hear of Satyagraha? It means **insistence on truth**. Gandhi called his forays against the establishment Satyagraha. For many years the government in India had levied a tax on salt. This was particularly difficult for the poor because salt in India's heat is not just a spice but a necessity for life. The people along the coasts avoided the tax by digging and taking their own salt from the earth and the sea. So the squirmers passed a law outlawing the taking of salt from the earth and sea, forcing everyone to buy salt with its tax. Gandhi formed a special Satyagraha to deal with this unjust law. From the interior he and 78 followers marched 241 miles in 3 weeks to the sea, where each was to dig a spoonful of salt against the regulations. At each village during the march, hundreds joined in. Thousands arrived at the coast. This march ended with Gandhi leading the disobedient act of digging spoonfuls of salt from the earth.

Many people think of Gandhi in relation to **non-violence**. This could not be further from the truth. The strict followers did not return the inflicted violence, but they **never turned from violence nor ran**. For violence, the aftermath of the salt march is classic. In the two months following the march, hundreds of riots and fights took place. The people by the hundreds of thousands were on the march. More than 100,000 were imprisoned, including Gandhi. Hundreds were shot, thousands were beaten. But still the followers **marched forward** against every force, taking the salt from the earth and the sea—and from government warehouses. Within a year, the government was forced to release Gandhi and to meet with him on equal terms. For the first time, the government negotiated with him, and one of the points he won was that the people could take salt from the sea and earth.

In May 1975, Fuzzy Davy, ABATE of Virginia, led a run of about 150 bikers, many without helmets, to the state capitol. At the city limits they were met by what appeared to be hundreds of cops who were prepared for a riot. The bikers were hassled right up to the capitol. Thirty-five received tickets for no helmets, reckless riding, etc. Fuzzy ended up in jail. His lady, Penny, who was attempting to follow the bikers with the van that contained the loud speakers needed at the rally point, was

harassed by an officer who even banged the side of the truck. She made it nearly to the capitol before he finally stopped her, wrote a ticket for reckless driving and even threatened worse, claiming she hit him with the truck. By keeping cool, the bikers averted a riot. Penny was found guilty of reckless driving in the district court. The case was appealed and there they got the charge changed to an improper right turn. The court costs were \$650. Fuzzy says he learned something from this. On later runs, they carried a flag, gave the Pledge of Allegiance, and said a prayer for guidance. He thinks the officials find it more difficult to hassle a patriotic, God-fearing group of bikers on a peaceable protest run. Fuzzy enjoys good press relations, and the next day after the May run, the local newspaper ran an editorial in which was included: "In our opinion, Fuzzy and his fellow members of ABATE make a

A half hour later, fifty bears later, and much spilled blood later, the tavern was a shambles; seven brothers were sent to the emergency ward along with a couple of bears, and ten brothers were in the slammer where more beatings took place. Head injuries ranged up to thirty stitches being required. The newspapers were jubilant—the motorcycle gang had got it. However, brother Luke didn't stand still for the planned mock trials that were certain to put part of his club out of circulation for a long time. Charges ranged from rioting and resisting arrest to disorderly conduct. Luke and his club threw parties to raise money, even **worked**, got a lawyer, learned court procedures, public relations, public speaking, rounded up witnesses, gave speeches to business groups, church groups, and on TV. By his and the club's fantastic efforts, what could have been a bikers' brawl was turned into a police riot!



nice philosophical point. No government has any legitimate business in attempting to force individuals to be "safe" through statutes and laws. . . . With Fuzzy and ABATE, we subscribe to the proposition that forcing individuals to be "safe" is not a matter justifiably subjectable to governmental decree."

A last example isn't directly on helmets, but it involves bikers, affects the helmet issue, is a violent encounter, and the outcome is far-far-out as you shall see. Luke, President of Brother Speed, Portland, Oregon, and his brothers, were partying in the Slow Pitcher Tavern. Everyone was happy, including bar owners, the motorcyclists and the other patrons. The tavern was packed. In walked the well-armed bears "to check out the place." No one had called them; all was peaceable. As anyone can understand, when the bears tried pushing through the packed room, there was some shoving involved.

The court cases were fought out in jury trials spread out over five months. One by one all charges were dismissed, dropped, or the men were found not guilty, except that the authorities, spending probably \$60,000 tax money, got one misdemeanor charge to stick on one man only. Finally, to celebrate the first anniversary of the fight now known as the Slow Pitcher Tavern Police Riot, Luke and the club filed, in November 1975, about \$5,000,000 worth of law suits against every authority in sight that night as well as many who weren't in sight. Gamson pointed out that unruly tactics can be successful when the group is **clever** enough to choose the encounter where public sentiment can be in its favor, and of course the extension is true, where you can turn public sentiment in your favor. The press and TV in Luke's case were turned from hostility to friendship. Luke and his brothers are now fighting the helmet issue

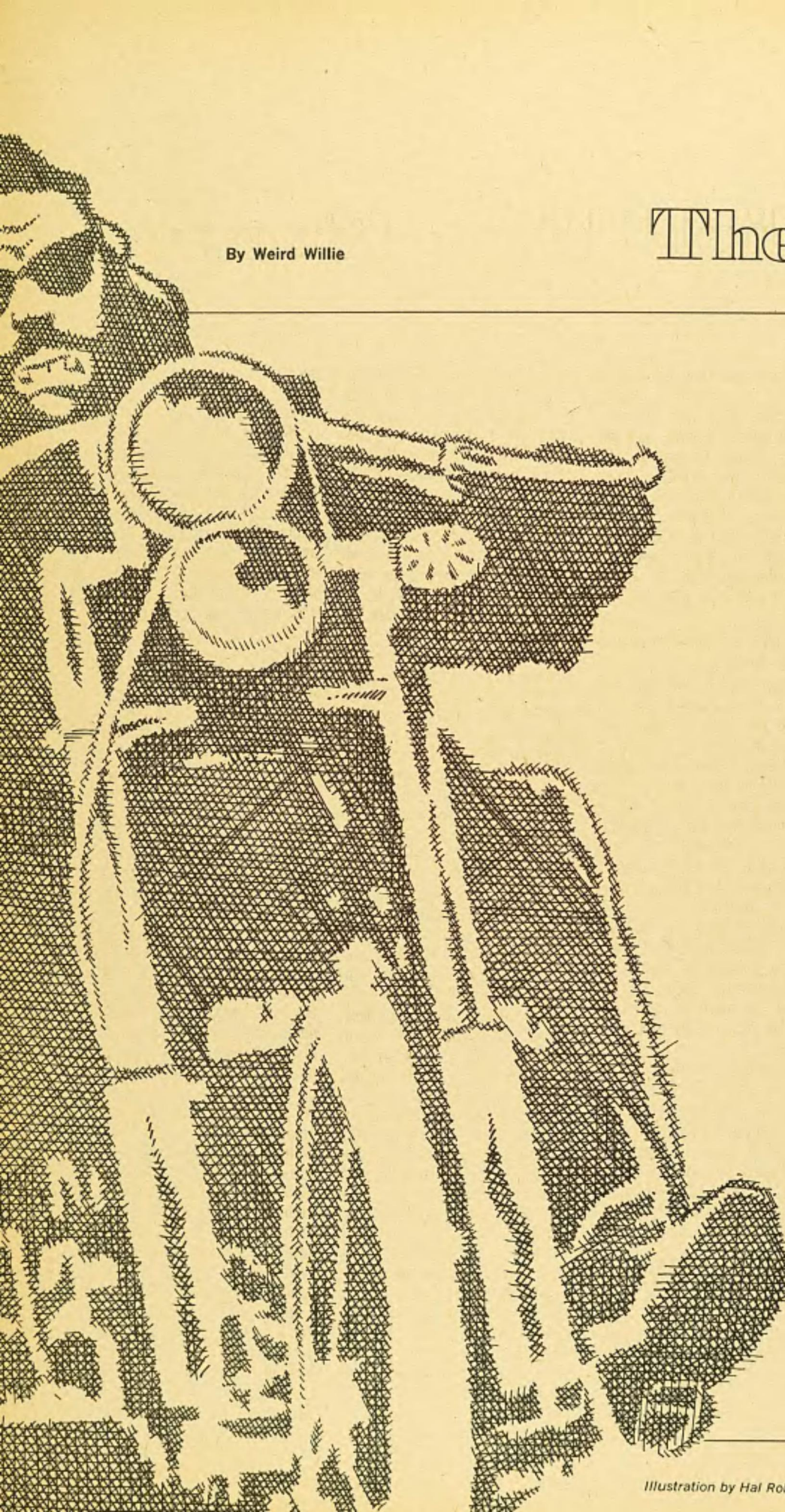
hard. If that tavern fight had stayed a "bikers' brawl" instead of being turned into a "police riot" and his club members had gotten five years in the slammer instead of being cleared, he would have had a hard time ever being effective in fighting the helmet issue. And if Brother Speed had turned and run from the inflicted violence instead of fighting it out, they would have had split heads anyway and been marked down as cowards, thereby encouraging the squirmers to further suppress bikers.

From the examples given, you can see that to win you've not only got to engage in violence sometimes but you've got to follow it up with diplomacy, firearms, and good relations with the news media. This takes work (even), time, effort, and a good lawyer if you can find one, as Luke did, who isn't motivated only by large stacks of bills.

Several biker magazines have been calling for another national run this summer around the 4th. Let's have it in every state capital and Washington, D.C. Make the runs in civil disobedience, no helmets and no lights on, to celebrate the 200th year of America's great act of civil disobedience that won independence. Call the run "The Bicentennial Freedom Run." Ahead of time, try to get parade permits to run without helmets and without lights. If they're not granted, run anyway. Decorate bikes and bikers in patriotic logo. When (and if) you get to the capital, have TV and newsmen there; pledge allegiance to the flag, and have a state legislator to speak, one who is against hassling by the federal bureaucracy. For those few runs that may be stopped by the bears, remember Gamson's results, 0% success for those who turn and run. If by luck your state has repealed the helmet/lights-on laws by then, well, run anyway to celebrate liberation and to back up the bros in the states with the laws.

Briefly, the conclusions are:

1. Stupid laws **must** be put down.
2. If the process of petitioning the government is too slow, **disobey**.
3. If violence is inflicted to enforce the stupid laws, **do not run**.
4. Plan now for the gigantic national **Bicentennial Freedom Run** of 1976.
5. "A state which dwarfs its men in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands, will find that with small men, no great things can be accomplished." (Mills, **On Liberty**.) ■



By Weird Willie

The Lyingest

The lyingest motorcyclist I ever knew was Ananias Figment, affectionately known as Fibber. The last time I saw Fibber, I was breaking for a cup of coffee down at Dunkin' Donuts. He spotted my Duke standing on the lot and spurred his Baling Wire Special alongside it, then sauntered inside. The stools on either side of me being occupied, Fibber collared the young dude loitering on my left. "Move over zitface," he prodded him. "This man's a world-famous scribe, and I'm his literary agent. We've got urgent business matters to discuss." Apparently, Fibber either didn't dig or give a flat rat's ass about the **Shaolin School of Kung Fu—Instructor** printed in three-inch letters across the back of the kid's jacket. But the kid just shrugged and took another stool at the end of the counter.

"Hiya, Fibber," I hailed. "Where've you been?"

"I've been up ridin' on the Dan Ryan freeway all day," he drawled in his Georgian accent.

"The **Dan Ryan** freeway?" I winced. "That makes for hairy riding on a scooter, doesn't it? I mean, the interns at the trauma centers call it the **Damn Ryan** or the **Crash Ryan**."

"Yeah," he agreed, summoning the waitress, "an' after what nearly happent to me this afternoon, I can see why."

I had a funny premonition that Fibber was setting me up for a tall tale, so I didn't ask him what nearly happened to him. He quickly volunteered the whole fable without me priming him.

"It was far out," he con-

Motorcyclist I Ever Knew?

tinued, sensing that I wasn't going to take the bait. "I got on at the Dan Ryan and I-57 concourse with a zillion other people comin' up out of the south suburbs. We was all packed up in a bunch, so I down-shifted her and started weavin' and whippin' in and out between all them pokey-assed cars and semi-trucks, intendin' to skitter on up ahead to where there was a interval between the swarms—"

"Pokey-assed?" I cut in. "On the Dan Ryan?"

"Shit yeah" Fibber twanged. "They's only doin' fifty-five or sixty. Anyhow, I commenced to flittin' in and out between the sonsabitches, even runnin' down the emergency lane several times. Boy, they's the side-swipin'est fuckers you ever seen on that freeway. Crazy! I got a quarter-inch of automotive paint on each of my highway pegs. G'wan out and see for yourself."

I didn't move a muscle.

"Anyhow, I pulled a Mark Brelsford on all the sonsabitches and tweaked myself on out of there into the interval ahead. And that's when it happen."

Ninny that I am, I went for it. "And that's when what happened?"

"The drove of traffic ahead," he replied with lightning-like continuity. "Just as I was gettin' into it, somethin' happent up ahead and there came a terrifyin' squall of tires, and glass abreakin' and metal crashin' against metal like a demolition derby. Turned out it was a fiery eighteen-car/truck collision with seven kilt. I clamped on the binders and went to slidin'

right up agin the bumper of the last car involved. I come just a hair from bein' the nineteenth vehicle. Anyway, as I was settin' there all crossed up astraddle my scooter, there comes this fearful ruckus from the drove of traffic I'd just weaseled out of. They was slammin' on their brakes to avoid the destruction up ahead, and do you know what happent then?"

"Urgh?" I replied, strangling on my donut.

"They was a horrible and fiery sixteen-car/truck collision behind me, with six more kilt and all. And the first victim in that messup rolled end-over-end and stopped two feet shy of my primary cover. I tell you, it was most terrifyin'. I was the meat in a sandwich."

It was so terrifying, I mused, that none of the Chicago papers would risk mentioning the calamity in their evening editions. Fibber then rose, rummaging through his pockets for loose change. "Well, I gotta mosey on down to the cycle shop to pick up my new windshield."

"Windshield?" I echoed. "I thought you said those things were for squares. What's with the sudden turnabout?" I shuddered, realizing that I had set myself up again with that question, and Fibber plopped back on his stool and apprised me in breathless detail.

"My cousin Buford," Fibber began. "We was flying low on I-65 once just outside Indianapolis, him on his Suzuki teakettle, and we went to pass one of them big semi rigs. Well, just as I gets abreast his rear

axle, I hears this loud shoosh, flup flup flup, bam! There goes this big fifty-pound slab of recap sailin' right past my head. I turnt to yell at cousin Buford, to ask him if he'd seen what I'd just seen. When I turnt around, his teakettle was still runnin' alongside me but cousin Buford was gone! I turnt plum around in the saddle and seen him lyin' flat-dab on his back, clutchin' that godawful slab to his chest. Before I could haul her down, them cars and semi-trailers was slap-shootin' poor Buford across lanes like a hockey puck. When I got to him, he was deader'n a letter with no stamp and no return address. I tell you, them meat wagon nannies couldn't prise that slab out of cousin Buford's grip. We buried him thataway, with Goodyear Tire starin' everybody in the face. So I swore after that I was goin' to get myself a windshield for protection."

Moments later we were out on the lot, my coffee and donuts curdling in my stomach. As I groped for my ignition key, Fibber buttonholed me again and laid a coup de grace on me.

"I'm gittin' me a helmet, too," he informed me.

"A helmet?" I parroted. "I thought you said you wouldn't be caught dead in one of those things. You even went to that Springfield rally to pro—" I was not going to set myself up again.

"That I did," he interjected as I eased down on the starter crank. "But after I seen what a helmet did fer ol' buddy Denny Dimwit, I've had second thoughts about it."

Nothing short of a point-blank

salvo from a .44 magnum would keep Fibber from telling me all about it, either.

"Me and Denny was cruisin' on I-57 when some numbnuts in this here car side-swiped him into an overpass abutment at seventy miles an are. So I hauled this here scoot down and jumped off and run back along the emergency lane and found his helmet and his head, and neither one of them had a scratch on 'em. The only thing was, his whole body was introoded inside his helmet with his unblemished head. I couldn't figger it out until I spotted the words Neotite Sole stickin' out. Anyway, the undertaker couldn't do a thing with him that way, so they buried him just like they brung him in. It was a real bad scene, I tell you. What you dopers call a downer. I was one of the pallbearers who planted him, and I'll never forget how that helmet kept rollin' around in the coffin and thumpin' up against the sides, spookin' the shit out of Denny's ol' lady and the parson. So now, there ain't nobody gonna shit me otherwise. If ol' Denny hadn't been wearin' his helmet, he'da really fucked his head up, see? Well, I gotta be goin' now. I'll see y'all around sometime. Bye!"

He was gone! As I sat there half dazed, I couldn't help but think how badly Big Brother's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration really should have someone who possessed such corn-fed logic and imagination on their staff. Then, as I sluiced into the traffic flowing homeward, I was consoled by the creeping realization that they do.

Presidential Candidate Blasts Helmet Laws, 55 mph Limit Speed

Roger MacBride, Presidential candidate of the rapidly growing Libertarian Party, made a number of well-placed observations on the subject of helmet laws and other so-called self-protection laws while speaking in Denver recently.

In a public address at the Radisson Hotel, which was attended by a crowd of nearly 200, MacBride said that "with every passing year our rulers become more paternalistic—telling us that, like little children, we must be prevented from doing something else that might be bad for us.

"An especially gross example of this kind of thinking," he continued, "is the requirement, imposed by all but a handful of states, that motorcyclists wear crash helmets.

"Now it may well be true that crash helmets contribute to the safety and well-being of motorcycle riders. Then again, the exact opposite may be the case; there is considerable evidence that wearing a helmet reduces a cyclist's peripheral vision and thereby significantly

increases the likelihood that an accident will occur.

"But that is not the crucial point. Whether or not they prevent motorcyclists from injuring themselves, helmet laws are an arbitrary and dictatorial infringement on each individual's right to make his or her own choices and take his or her own risks, as long as he or she does not violate the rights of others by force or fraud.

"In all the debate over helmet laws, nobody has ever claimed that motorcyclists should be forced to wear helmets because lack of a helmet poses a threat to anyone else. The debate has been purely and simply over whether or not an individual has the right to risk his own life and well-being. And so far, the advocates of self-determination have been losing."

Intrigued by these remarks, your **Easyriders** reporter interviewed MacBride after his speech, and found that the LP spokesman is a staunch ally of bikers everywhere in their fight to keep Big Brother

off their backs. Excerpts from that interview follow . . .

Easyriders: Mr. MacBride, from your speech I would gather that you do not think it is any of the government's business trying to protect people from themselves. Is that correct?

MacBride: Absolutely. If you accept the libertarian premise that your life is your own, and not the State's, then the government's only legitimate function is to protect people from using force and fraud against others. If people want to do things which may result in harm to themselves, that is their right—provided, of course, they take the responsibility for caring for themselves if that harm does in fact result.

Easyriders: Well, if you were President, what would you do about compulsory helmet laws?

MacBride: To be perfectly honest, I really couldn't do anything about them. Those are state laws, not Federal laws, and therefore not something a President has any control over. However, I would make sure that no Federal laws requiring helmet use were passed, and I would speak out in favor of repealing them at the state level. In fact, I plan to speak out on that point throughout my campaign.

Easyriders: Speaking of Federal laws, what is your opinion of the Federally imposed 55mph speed limit?

MacBride: In our 1976 Platform, the Libertarian Party calls for repeal of that regulation. I wholeheartedly concur with that position. For one thing, speed limits should be determined locally, not by some bureaucrat in Washington. There is considerable question as to whether the lower limit actually saves lives—data from some of the European countries indicate that speed limits have no effect on traffic safety—and the lower limit is almost totally worthless insofar as reducing fuel consumption is concerned.

As you may remember, the Federal limit was originally pushed through as a fuel-saving measure. Well, the alleged fuel crisis is over; there was almost no evidence that the lower speed limit was saving fuel anyhow . . . and yet we still have it. Now, the claim is that it saves lives. I doubt that. And in any case, once again, it's not the government's business to protect us from ourselves. If people would rather get where they're going quicker and take a higher risk in return, that decision should be theirs to make.

Easyriders: Where do you and the Libertarian Party stand on things like laws dictating the de-

sign of a motorcycle to meet some safety standards?

MacBride: That's a bit trickier question. I think if it can be shown that certain motorcycle designs cause the rider to lack adequate control over the steering, say, and thus pose a hazard to other people, then restrictions might be justified if the bike is to be used on public highway. But here again, the burden of proof should be on the accuser, so to speak. If it's simply a case of protecting someone from harming himself, then I'd be opposed to it.

One of the worst things about laws like that, of course, is that they prevent innovation. If people can't tinker with things, they can't make improvements. Progress stops, frozen at a lowest common denominator level. Everyone is forced into purchasing and using a standardized product that is a sloppy compromise between one which is suitable for Evel Knievel and one which is suitable for little old ladies. As a result, both Evel and the ladies lose, because neither is getting what is really right for them.

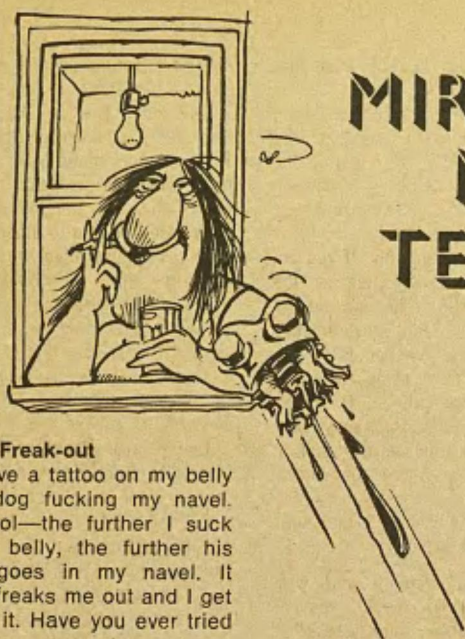
Easyriders: One final question. Are you aware of the work being done by ABATE and others to fight "self-protection" laws at the grassroots level? And if you are, do you have any suggestions as to how to be more effective at this type of thing?

MacBride: Yes, I am aware of these efforts. In the past few months, I have come to realize that there are literally hundreds of groups working to fend off repressive regulations in all kinds of areas—censorship, gun laws, drug laws, gambling laws, you name it. And it is my belief that if all of these groups band together and support each other's efforts, we'll have things licked.

This is where the Libertarian Party comes in, of course. As the only party that is consistently supporting the right of self-determination for the individual citizen, we are the logical focal point for this coalition. And it's already beginning to occur. We now have thousands upon thousands of members, nationwide, and this year will probably show millions of supporters in addition. We will have local candidates in most states this year, and we would welcome help from ABATE and any other outfit that supports our positions.

Editor's note: Readers interested in supporting MacBride's candidacy, or learning more about the Libertarian Party, should write to LP National Headquarters, 1516 P Street, NW, Washington, DC 20005. Send a couple of bucks to help them out, too. ■





MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

Navel Freak-out

I have a tattoo on my belly of a dog fucking my navel. It's cool—the further I suck in my belly, the further his cock goes in my navel. It really freaks me out and I get off on it. Have you ever tried it?

J. W.
Gladwin, Mich.

● No, I prefer nice warm ones.

Too Horny?

My fox kicked my ass out of her pad. She said I was too horny for her and she broke up with me. I never did find out if she wears the Harley panties I gave her. How do I find out?

Pecker
Cassville, N.Y.

● Tape mirrors to the tops of your shoes and stand close when you talk to her—or ask for 'em back and then chew on 'em.

Proposition

I'm just writing you to see if maybe we can meet and bump warts together sometime?

Funky Phantom
Pendleton, Ind.

● It depends. Where are your warts? Mine are on my tongue.

Red Wings

I'm a prospect for a club and one of the things I have to do is earn my red wings. I want to show some real class by going down on the rankest, filthiest, most rotten, no good whore I can find. Are you interested in helping me?

Fuzzy
St. Ann, Md.

● Can't—I've had all my plumbing taken out and so I don't have any down times.

Biggest In Biggest
What's the biggest thing you've ever had up your snatch?
Foot Long
Denver, Colo.

● I'll get back to you after I've checked the files.

Tub of Fun
My ol' lady is okay looking, but she's got this one terrible hangup. She gets off by lying in a bathtub and having me piss on her. My problem is that after she climaxes she wants me to join her in the tub and ball her.
Ziggy
Sandy, Ore.

● I'm sorry, but it must be one of those days—I don't understand what your problem is.

Promises, Promises

If you print this, all us guys in this state will let you sit on our faces.

Furburgher
Montpelier, Vt.

● Let me? What's this let me crap? A million cranks out there are throbbing at the very thought of me. So shove it, you crusty sockfucker.

A Wet One

We are just wondering if you might dig fuckin' under water. The last broad we had here at the clubhouse drowned.

The Crew
Livonia, Mich.

● Screw in water is great. It's suckin' under water that's dangerous.

Needs A Hole

I have a problem. I'm in the Army and my dick is about ten inches long when it's soft. I have a hard time trying to find a Wac with a big enough hole. What should I do?

Billy
Hanau, Germany

● Tell your sergeant to grab his ankles.

Tough Life

How do you become a biker when you can't eat shit and you don't know how to ride?

Fish
Galesburg, Ill.

● You lose, Buckwheat.

Wart Expert

I was rather upset when I read your answer to the letter about a guy who had warts on his dick. Those warts aren't a laughing matter. They are commonly called venereal warts, or condolomis. I don't know how they feel on a dick, but in a pussy they hurt like hell. They itch and bleed and can spread quite rapidly to cover not only the pussy lips, but also the inside of a pussy. They are not

necessarily gotten by screwing around, since the virus occasionally can be spread other ways—taking a bath after someone who has them, for example. They are usually treated by applications of a medicine named podophyllin—about \$11 an ounce, but that's cheaper than a doctor. Just be sure to wash it off after two or three hours or it will burn your whole damn pussy and it will swell shut for a couple of days. Oh yeah, it's best if you abstain for a week or so also.

Red
Rock Hill, S.C.

● Thanks for the info, but I'd rather itch and bleed. I know because I itch and bleed—always have.

Lubricants?

We were wondering, what weight motor oil do you use when you're getting it in the butt? My guess is 90 weight gear lube.

Crosstown
Rock'n Robi, Calif.

● Who needs oil? Man, I get off on the hot friction and burnin' flesh. Hot damn!

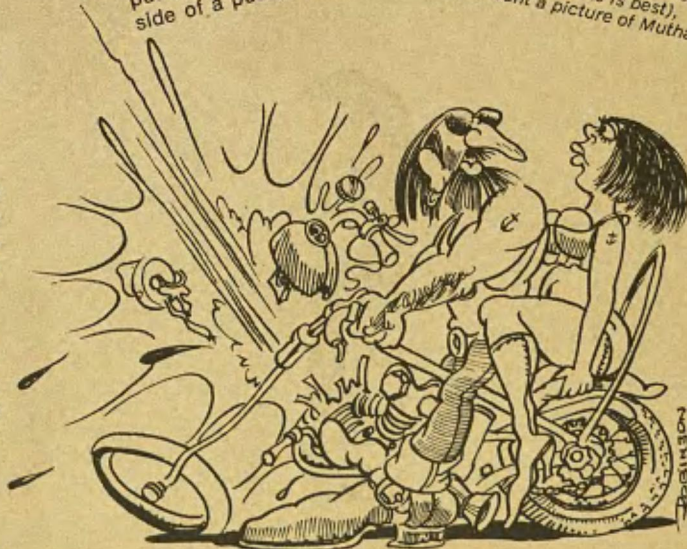
Kissing

Do you believe in kissing on the first date?

Don
Somerset, N.J.

● Kissing what?

—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. ■





Scooter Mama

Hey, we've actually had a bro or two say that some of the chicks we've featured ain't ever seen their ass on a scooter.

'Course, you know as well as we do that if there was **ever** a complaint—we've heard it. But I have to admit that some of the chicks we've photographed have never graced **my** snatch pad.

But this mama we can vouch for. We never laid eye one on her before the shooting. But just the way she fondled that pan got me to thinkin' that this chick is as much a part of scooters as a rear jug is of a 74—and she was just spacy enough to be an ever-packin' mama.

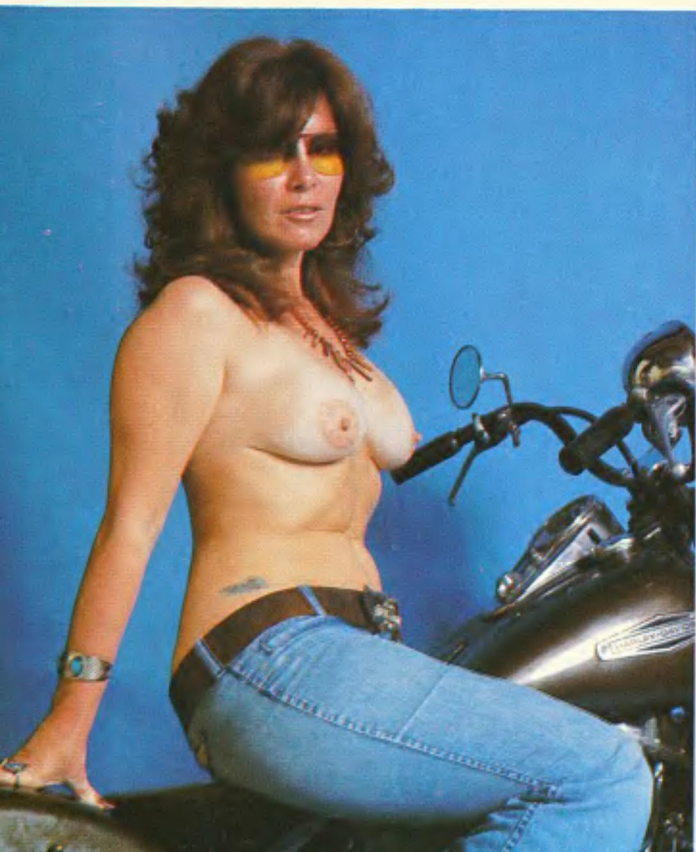
To prove our point—a couple of weeks after the flick folly, we got our asses up early enough to make it to a Sunday putt. It was a memorial run for a downed bro and there had to be at least a couple hundred scooters on the run. The streets were full of scooter people and cops but out of the crowd I spotted this mama packed up behind a bro on a shovel. The bro was grinnin' and she was lookin' as comfortable as if she had come with the scooter when it was stock. So back off, snivelers, this chick has her shit together. (Oh yeah—her name is Dusty.)

—EFFE



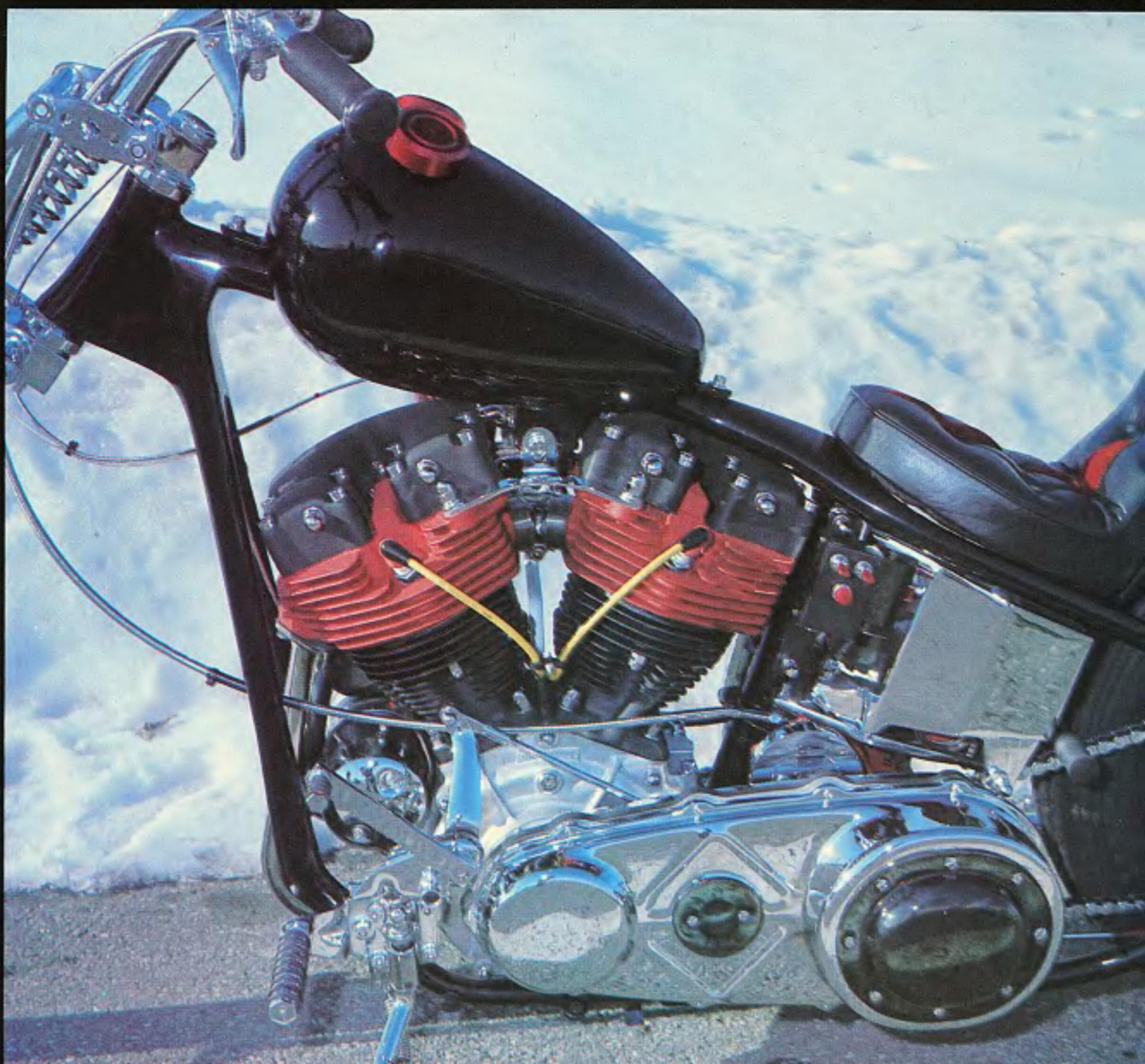


photography by Pete Chioldo



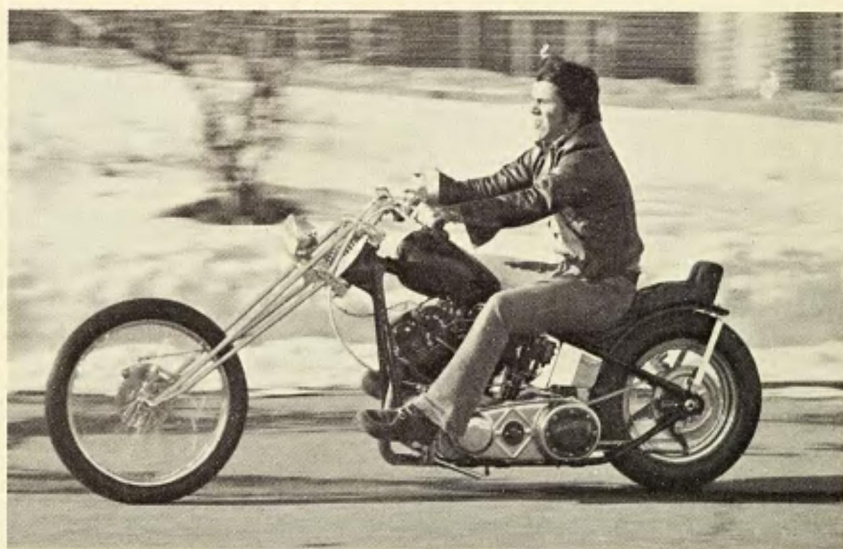


Cold Shot!

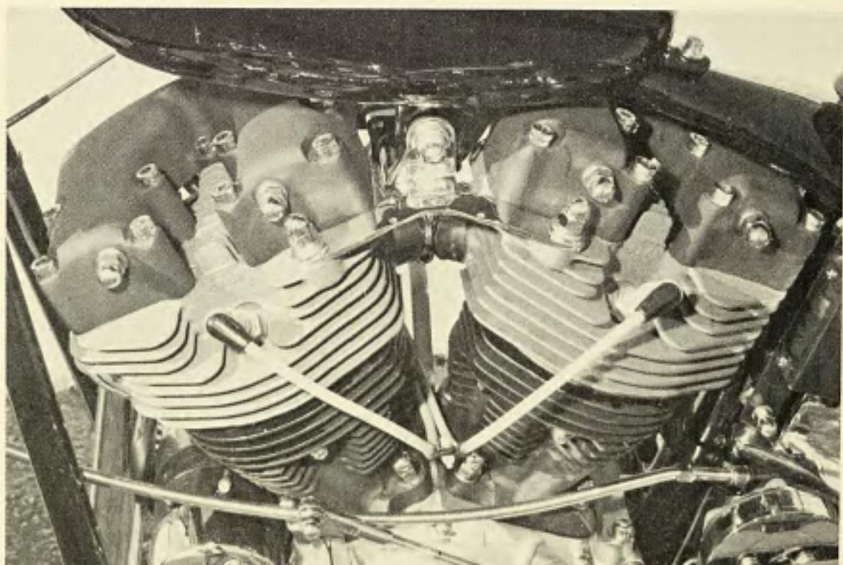




These cold-hearted smoke-and-juicers around here. It was their crazy idea. They thought it would be off-the-wall to shoot flicks of a bike in the middle of January. I mean, what the hell are they doin', sendin' a southern California clown to Medford, Massachusetts? What in blazes is 18 degrees? I thought the mercury blew its load and quit at 32. How am I supposed to ask this sweet young thing hangin' around the scooter to look comfortable when I can't even feel my own hands? Where are all those nice green fields to do my thing in . . . and take pictures too?



This poor burg has gotten nineteen inches of snow, two inches of rain, an ice storm, fog, sleet, and sub-zero temps in the last two weeks—and ya want the local bros to think about motorcyclin'? They're still half-expectin' to dodge kitchen sinks, cabbage and cat-squeeze comin' down from upstairs at any second after all this stuff. The road screws have spewed so much swill out on the roads to control ice that any hog venturin' out in it is likely to end up a salted ham.



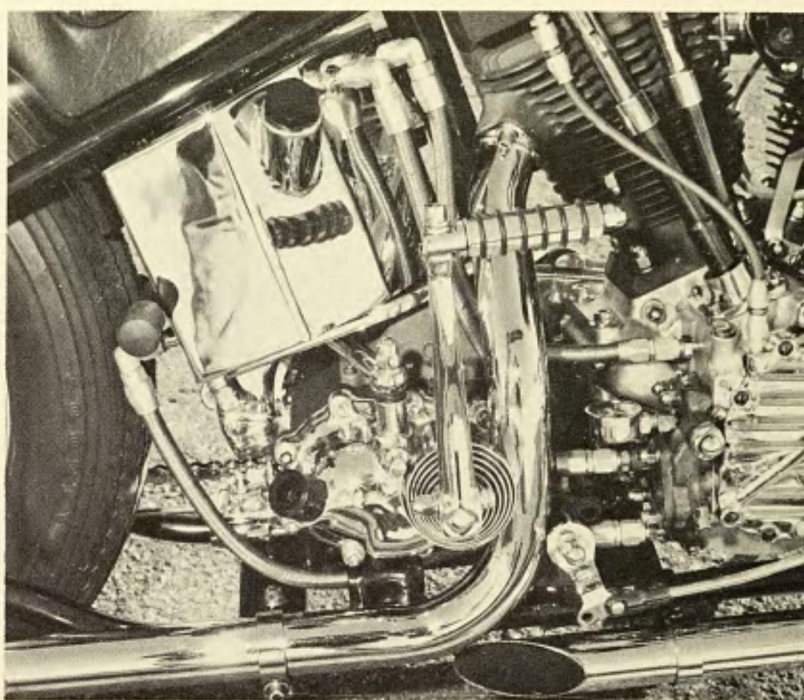
The snow makes it a real flaky situation, if ya get my drift. I've drunk so much of this here antifreeze this afternoon that my breath is meltin' sidewalks at 40 paces, but I still can't understand how these northland bros

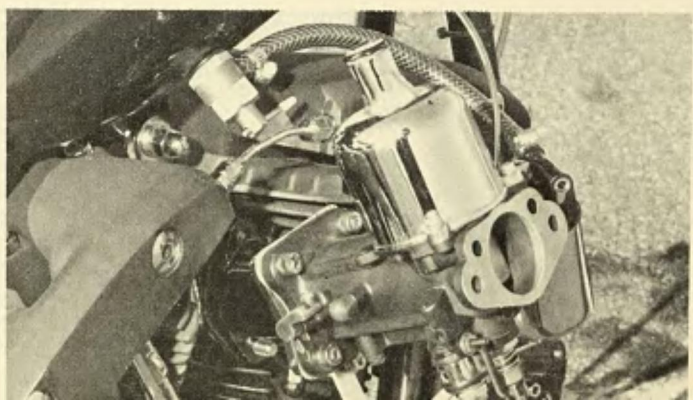
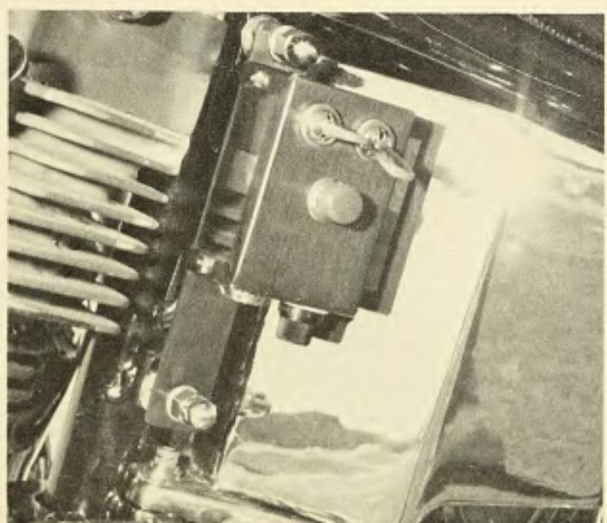
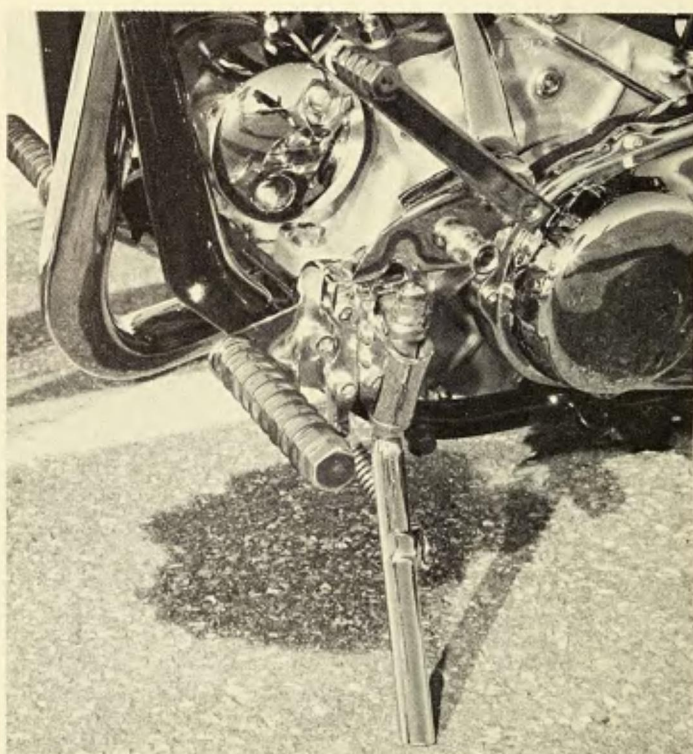
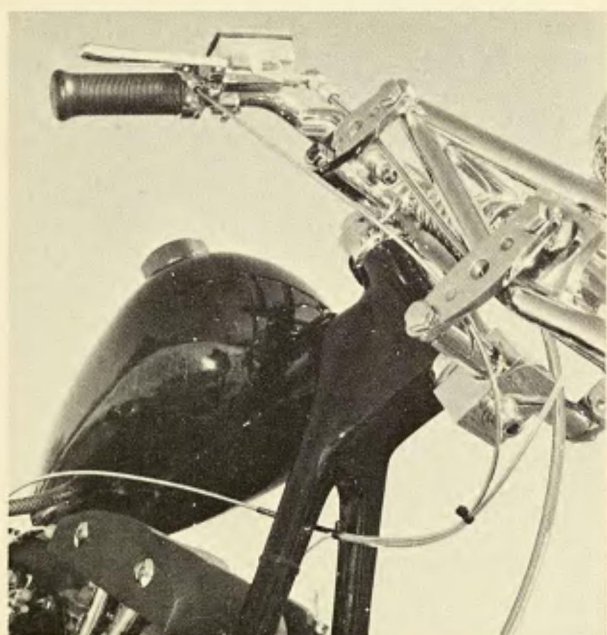
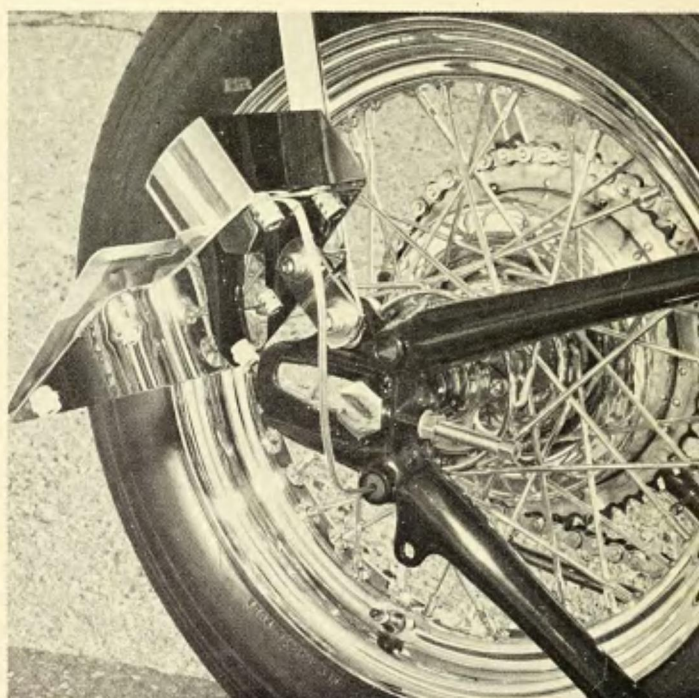
*The weather
ain't keepin'
us from featurin'
a decent scoot*

can maintain over mutha nature's ice-fits around here. Halp!

[Bros, Sniveler is recuperating in a San Diego massage parlor after his ordeal, and his camera, which shot two rolls of film before it froze up solid, is thawing out between Mutha's thighs—at least that's what she tells us it's doing there. Greg, the owner and builder of the scoot, not only had it up and all ready in the cold for photos, he even fired it up for a quick blast around town, with a bit of hand choking to keep it running at first. Guess that's why you see so many worthy sleds in rugged climes—plenty of wrenching time and a desire to ride in spite of the snow and cold.—The Editors]

—Continued on next page





Photos by Jake

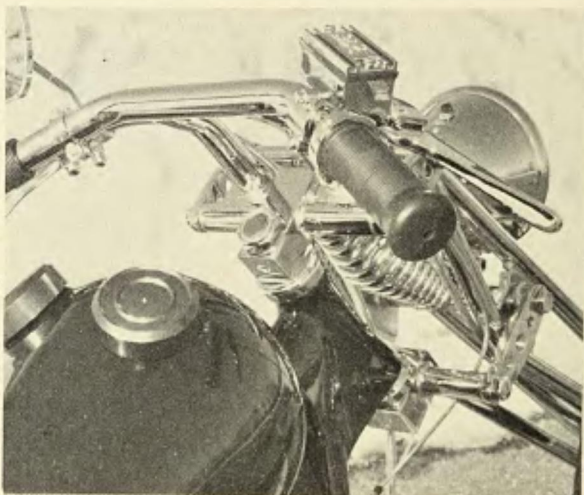
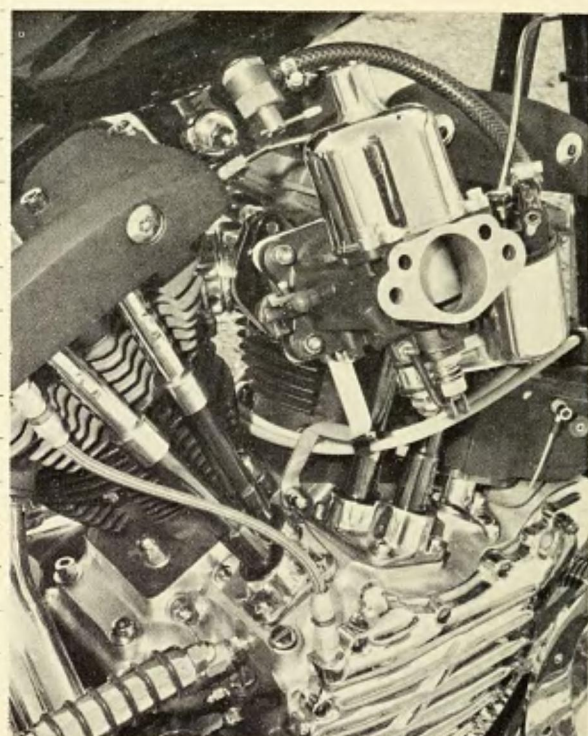
Owner: Greg Romano	City: Medford, Mass.
General	Frame
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1955
Year and make: 1955/1973 H-D	Builder: owner/H-D
Model: FL	Type: straight leg rigid
Value: \$3,500	Rake: $\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none
Time: 2 years, part time	Other alterations: all nuds removed
Chroming: Waltham Industrial	

Engine	Accessories
Year: '55 lower, '73 top	Bars: Arlen Ness
Model: shovelhead	Risers: one-piece with bars
Rebuilder: Arlington Motor Spts.	Fender(s): 5 in. flat
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto	Headlight: Bates
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Taillight: Knight Lite
Lower end: stock	Speedo:
Balancing:	Front pegs: owner, "O" rings
Pistons: H-D 8.5:1	Rear pegs: owner
Cases: zinc chromate interiors	Electrics: switch panel by owner
Heads: Kelsey's Kustoms, Salem	Gas tank: Paughco axed Harley
Cam: 412 Sifton	Oil tank: Cyclestuff
Lifters: Sifton solids	Oil system: stainless lines, Earl's Sup.
Carb(s): 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in S.U.	Primary cover: D & D, with spacer
Air cleaner: none	Seat: Drag Specialties
Pipes: drag	Sissy bar: none
Mufflers: none	Height:
	Material:

Transmission	Forks
Modifications: socket head bolts	Type: girder
Year: 1955	Extension: 8 in.
Shifting: foot	Builder: Calif. Cycle Works
Engine sprocket: Phase III	Special features:
Trans sprocket: 24 T	

Wheel sprocket: 57 T	Wheels	
	Front	Rear
	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
	Hub: Hallcraft's	Hub: H-D
	Rim width: 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	Rim width: 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
	Tire: 3:00 Avon	Tire: 5:10 Goodyear
	Brake: Hallcr disc.	Brake: H-D drum

Painting
Molding: owner
Painter: owner
Color: black
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: VHT mag wheel tint on aluminum
Other special modifications: Trocy fuel shutoff, Yosemite Sam gas caps, knucklehead cam cover, Phase III belt drive, shortened kickstand and hand brake lever, stainless brake lines and cables, black chrome, socket head bolts.



Tappet Troubles

It's Saturday. The day of the run. As usual everything important has waited until the last second. So out of the rack early, and after a couple of cups of something thick and brown, it's time to pack and check out the scooter. Everything is fine, except when it comes to adjusting the valves. They need to be lengthened almost half an inch. And as the V-twin starts, the gear case sounds as if someone is in there popping popcorn. It could be that the cam or tappet follower (1) bearings bought the farm.

It's one of those teeth-gritting, irritating breakdowns. They don't need to be replaced or checked often, so they can be easily forgotten. Could be that few lower-end workers check them on every rebuild. But they should be eyeballed every tear-down, while replacing the cam or having the gear cover chromed. Rock the roller that contacts the cam. It should run free but not sloppy—you'll have to be the judge. Also check the face of the roller for pits and grooves. If they're not downright shaky but don't seem to be in great physical shape, it would be a good number to change them. It's not even a two-hour job. Say they did take a dive. They might just shut the valves. Or they could get jammed in the gear case and leave you stranded in the sticks with a chunk of right case as a souvenir.

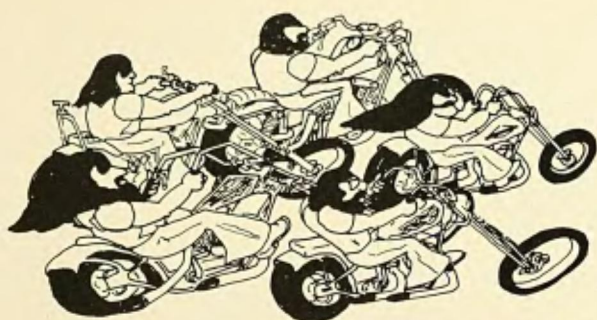
Custom parts manufacturers have

made a replacement kit for around \$21.00, for all four roller kits. H-D's price is \$8.51 (part #18534-29A) for one roller set. The kits will fit all 74s, all sportster and K models and all 45 and 80 flat-heads.

So if they look like they might be headin' south, pull the lifter blocks. Then one at a time, slip out a tappet follower. There is only one crucial item to watch out for. Be sure the ears on both sides of the roller are always well supported while switching the rollers, punching out the axles, and peening the axles—they're fragile. Countersink drill one side of the roller axle (2), and tap it out with a narrow punch (3). Replace the unit with a new one. Then carefully peen the axle ends over (try to keep both ends protruding from the holes even in length) (4). Then file or grind the axle ends flush with the tappet body. Finally, with a wedge or old screwdriver, tap a portion of the flush axle into the groove on the follower ears. It will prevent the axle from working loose and spinning (5)—and that's it. Do the same number to each tappet. Drop in the hot cam and whatever push-rods, and the thumper should have positive, efficient cam action for a few more riding seasons. And that's one less item to wonder about while doin' 90 mph on a deserted highway in Montana, at two o'clock in the morning.

—Weed





In the Wind

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 Satan, Toledo, Ohio



—from J. Meyers, APO, N.Y.



—from Dino, Houston, Texas



—from Bill Page, Boston, Mass.





—from Nicholas Dekker, Santa Barbara, Calif.



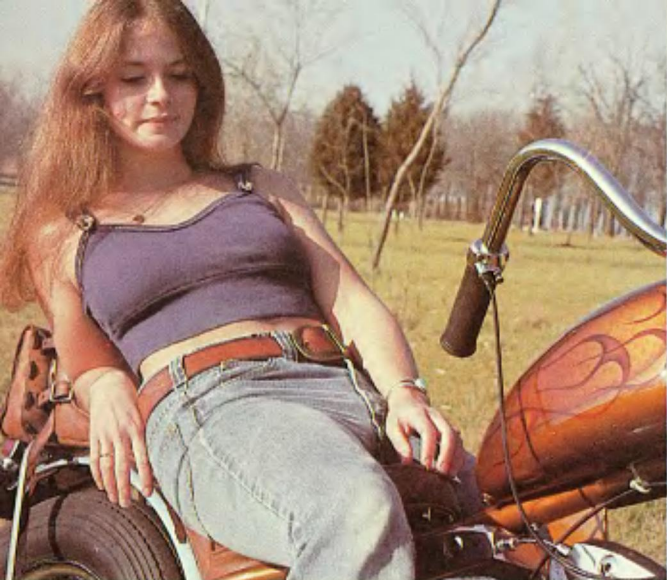
—from Dan Cox, Springfield, Ohio



—from Dave Tracy, Racine, Wis.



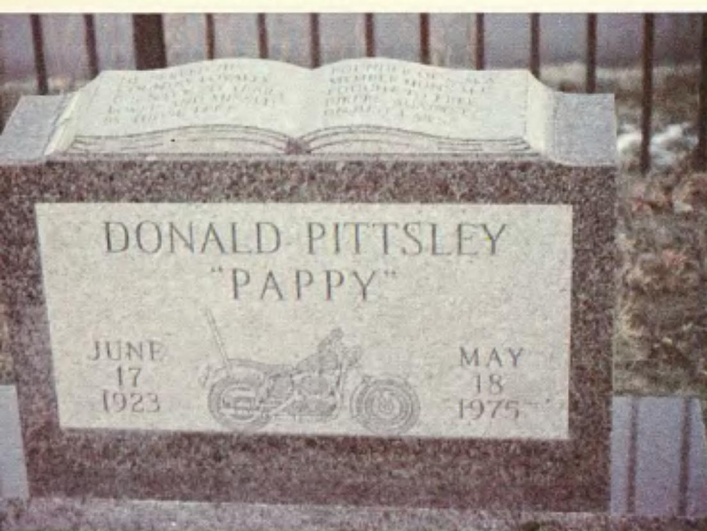
—from David Allison, Big Pine, Calif.



—from Bob Stanford, Winona, Minn.



—from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



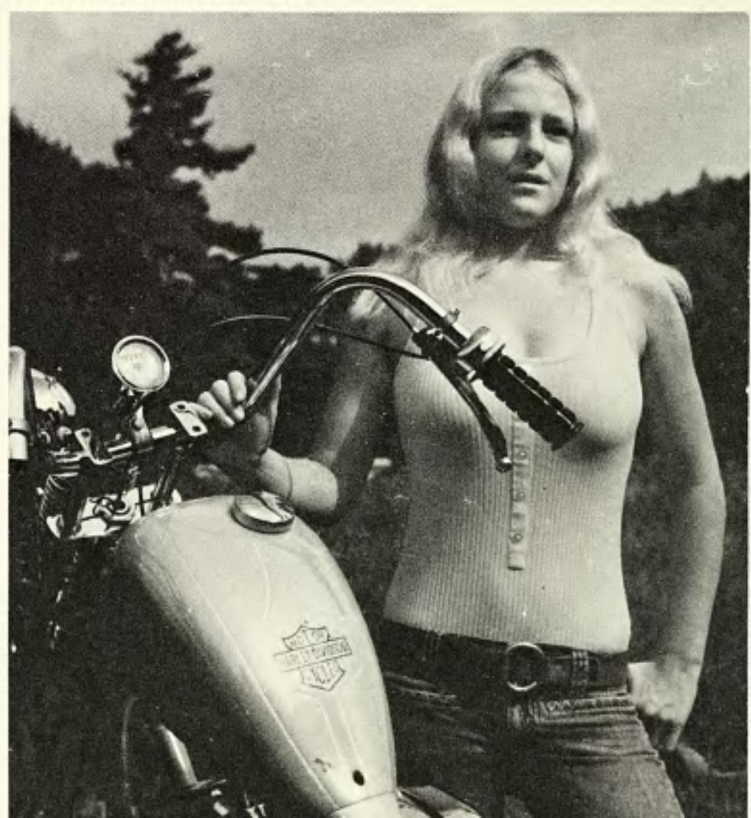
—from Rogue, Connecticut



—from Vance Cline, Harlingen, Texas



—from J. Kirsch, Norwood, Ohio





—from Chuck Flett, Middlesboro, Kentucky



—from Fat Bob, Bay City, Mich.

—from Nicholas Dekker, Santa Barbara, Calif.



—from Nicholas Dekker, Santa Barbara, Calif.



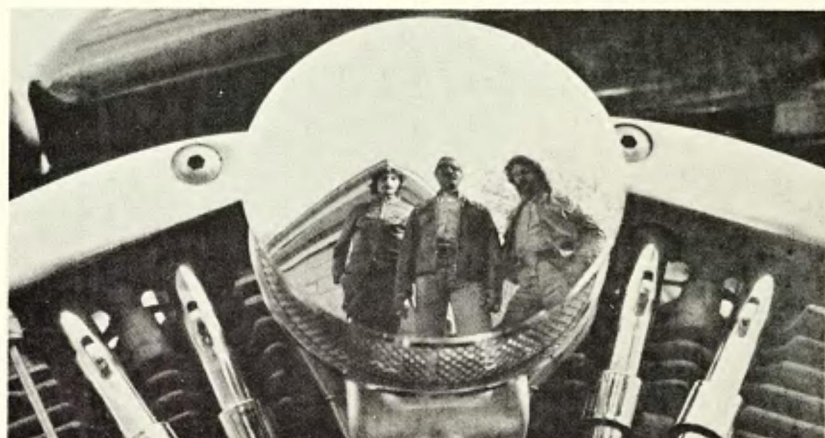
Easyriders will pay \$10 for black & white photos, and \$20 for color transparencies,



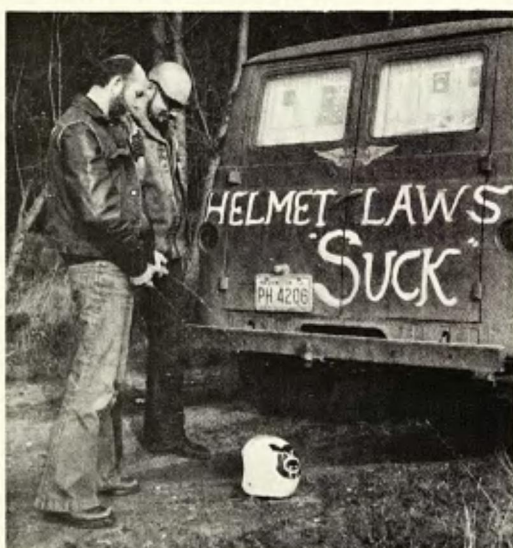
—from Nicholas Dekker, Santa Barbara, Calif.



—from J. Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—from Bruce Guyberson, South Bend, Indiana



—from John McAdams, Seattle, Wash.



—from Billy Tinney, Houston, Texas



—from Tomer, Pilot Mound, Iowa



—from John Webster, Ontario, Canada



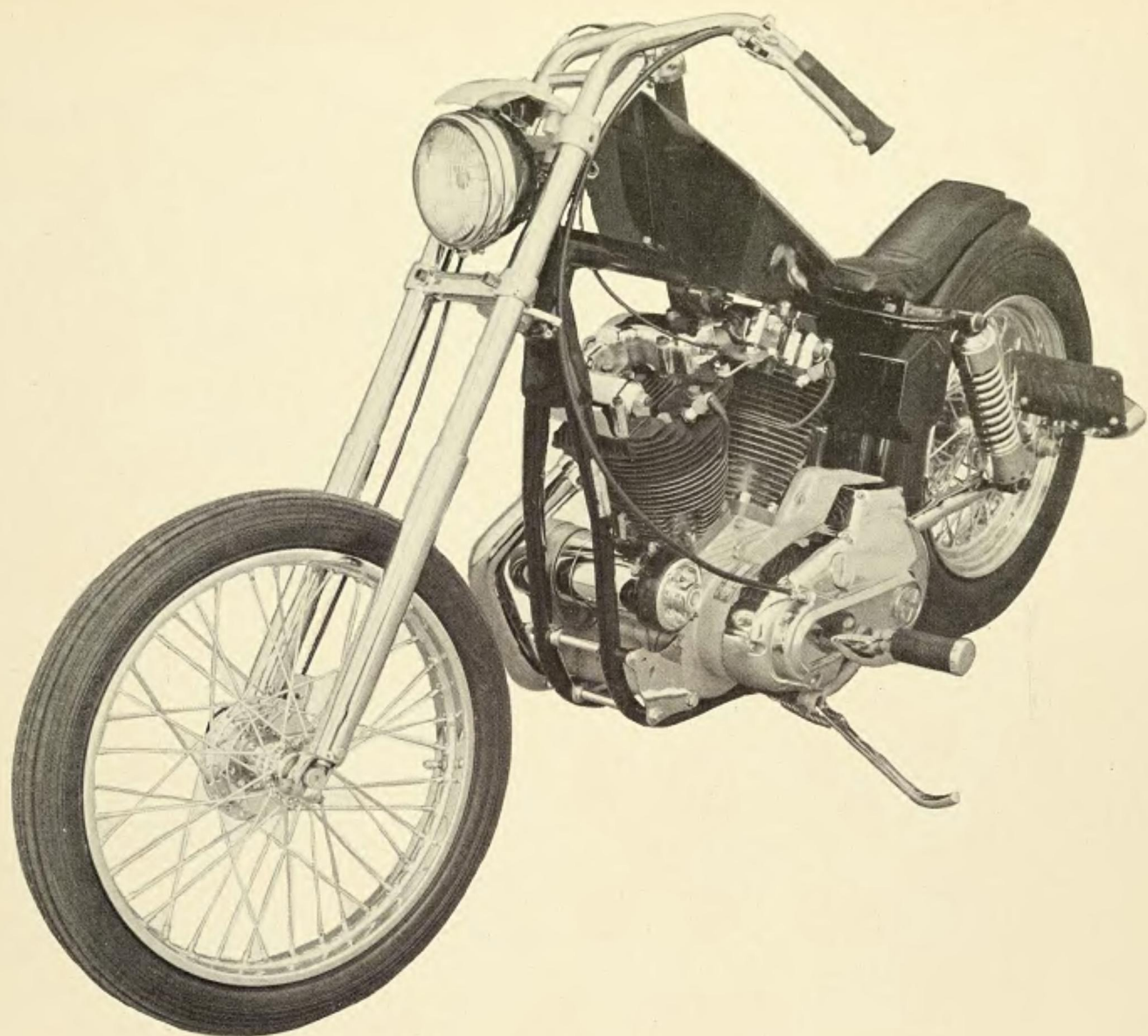
—from Joe Conte, Tampa, Fla.

The Good Life



A Madman's Machine

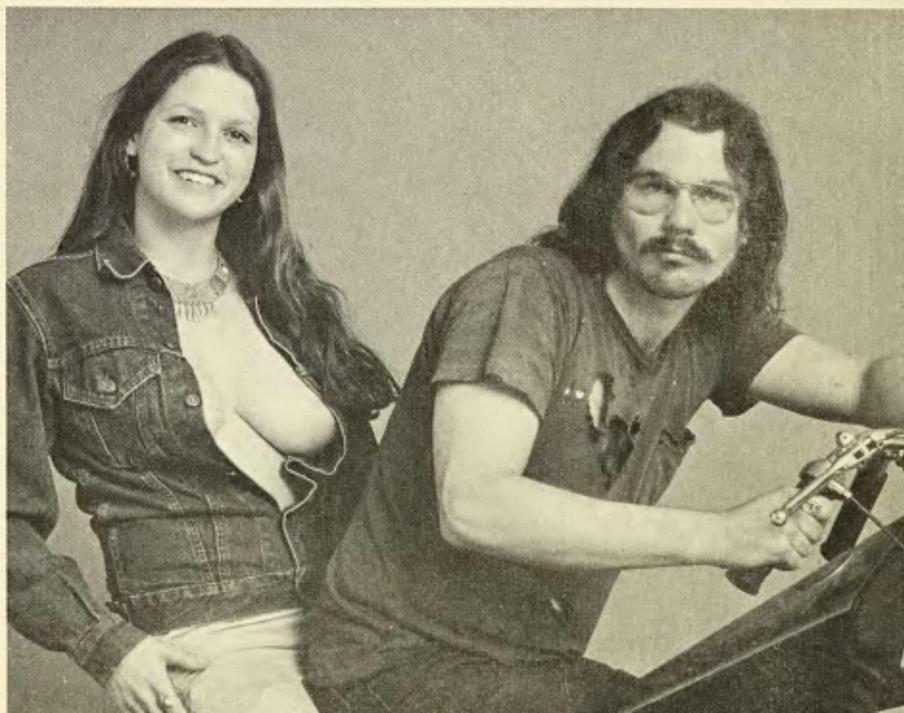




Crazy John ain't exactly like the average rider. Oh, he rides all right—and he rides a bunch. But when he gets this particular Sporty on the road, his eyes glaze, his teeth sparkle, and his right wrist goes into convulsions. And the end result is that if this machine isn't in a million pieces in two weeks, it's probably implanted in the side of someone's cage.

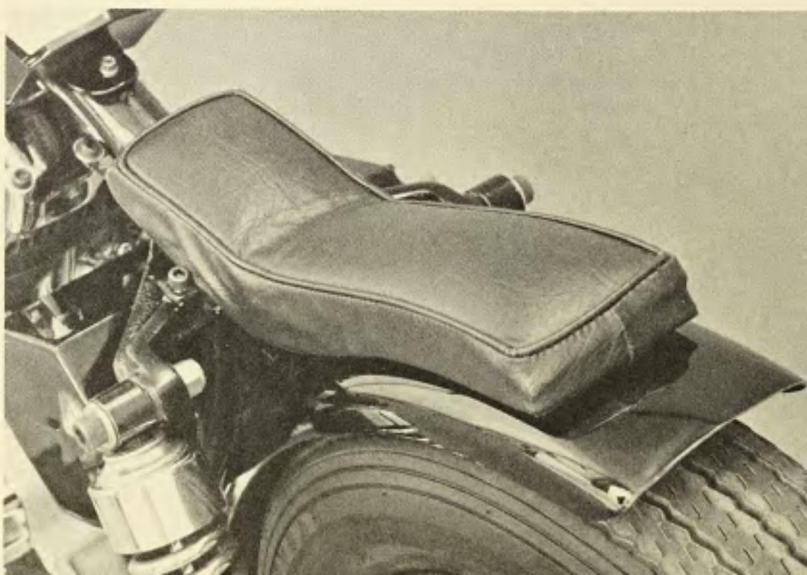
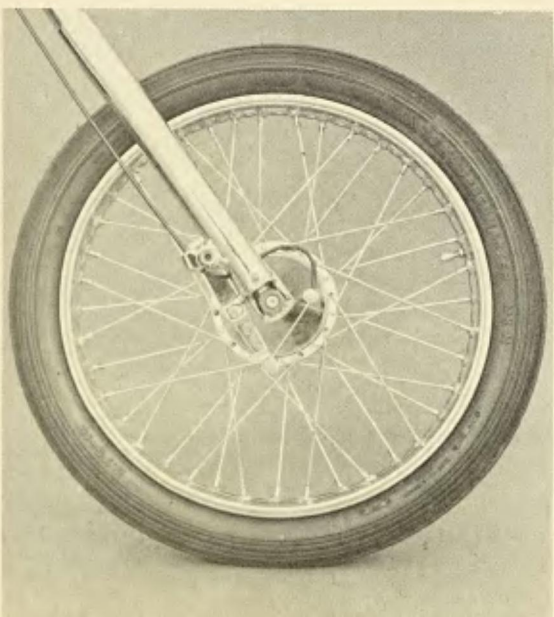
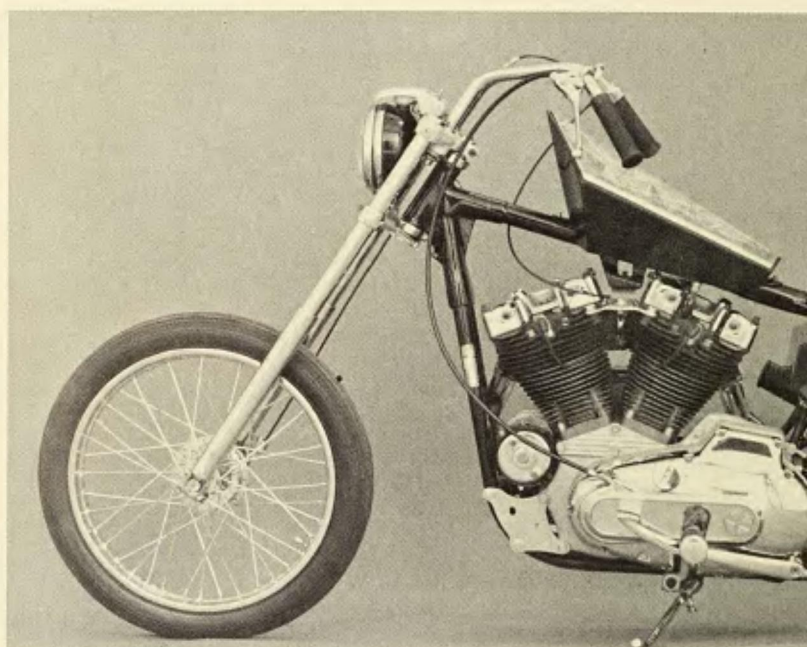
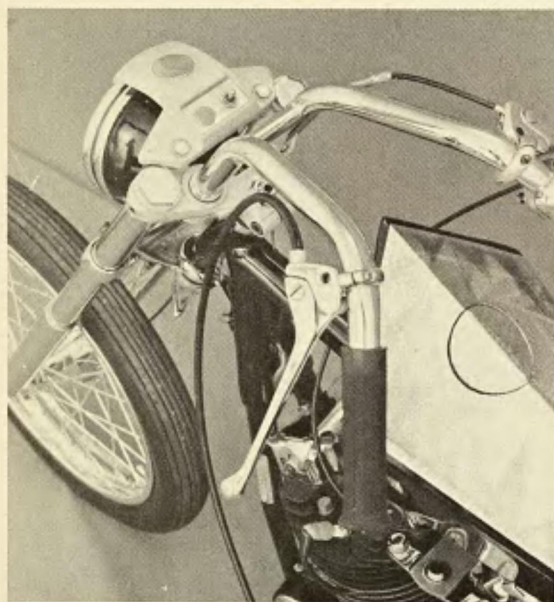
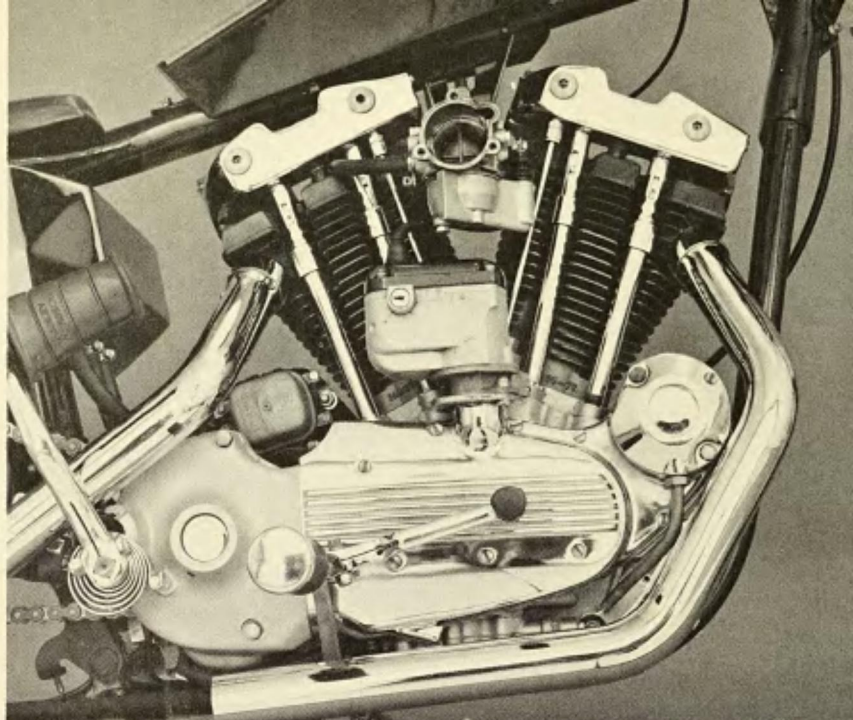
Dig, the dude was gonna ride up north for a sort of a celebration the last time the bike was up. Well, he put it together fast and left town fast with a fifth of tequila for the party. He just got outta town, crankin' the mutha to the stops, when the oil pump said, "later," and the whole machine went to hell. So he lost it and ended up on the shoulder of the expressway.

I forgot to mention that John is also



one of those dudes who isn't exactly graced with lotsa luck. While he was hittin' on the fifth of tequila and groanin' over his mechanical mishap, some broad gracefully drove over his rear wheel. He finished off the fifth.

When John turned me on to his pretty Sporty, I knew we had to get it in front of a photographer quick. And I was right. Just after the technical flicks were taken, John rolled his scoot out of the studio and fired it up. The 71-inch Sporty sounded badass, and I could see the flicker mounting in John's eyes as he straddled his small monster. After a few stunts on the sidewalk, John's jerking right wrist spurted the Sporty off the sidewalk into the street. The bike was crapping a taste so he took it around the block and it seemed to clear up as he came back past the studio. That wrist of his was going wild on the



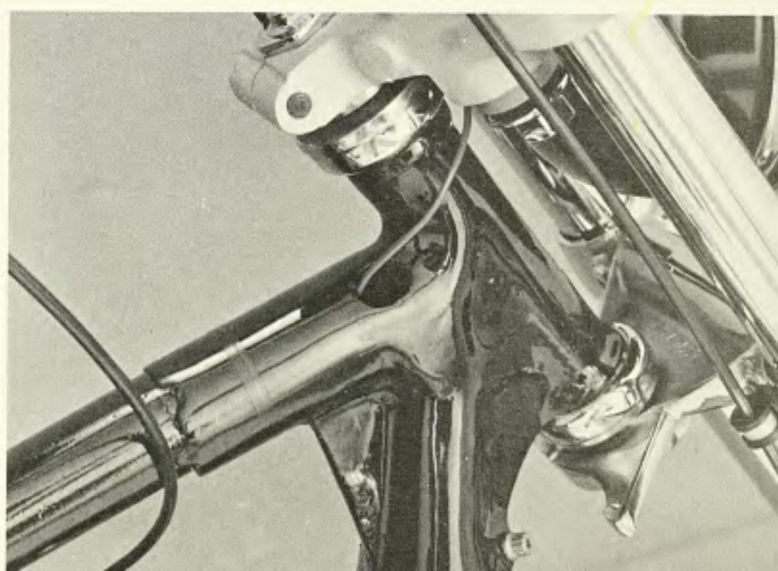
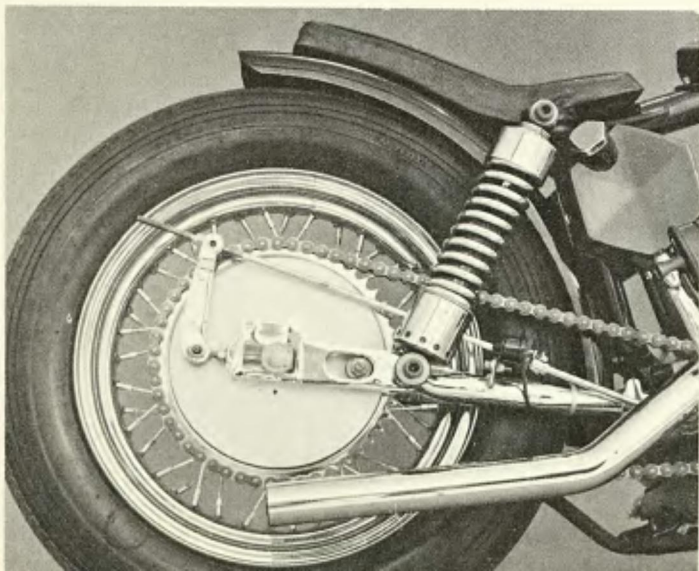
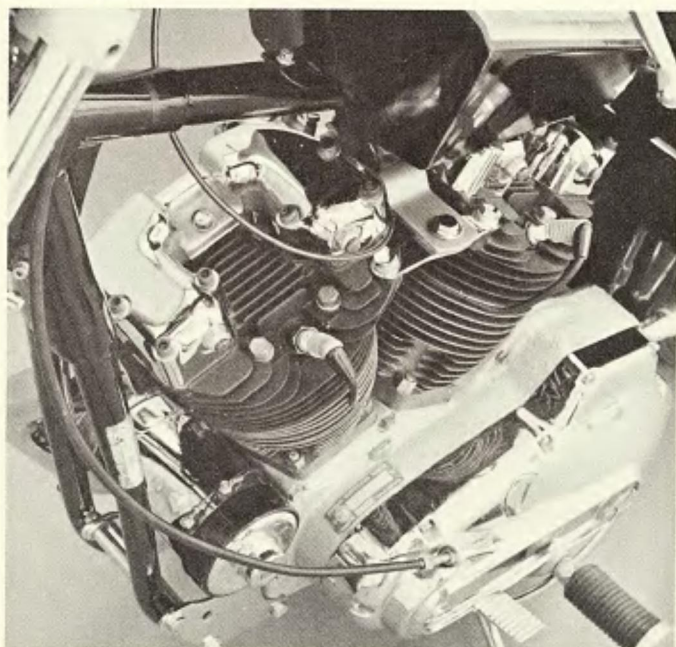
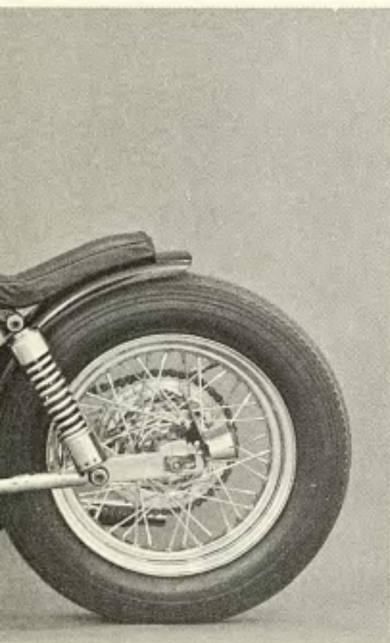
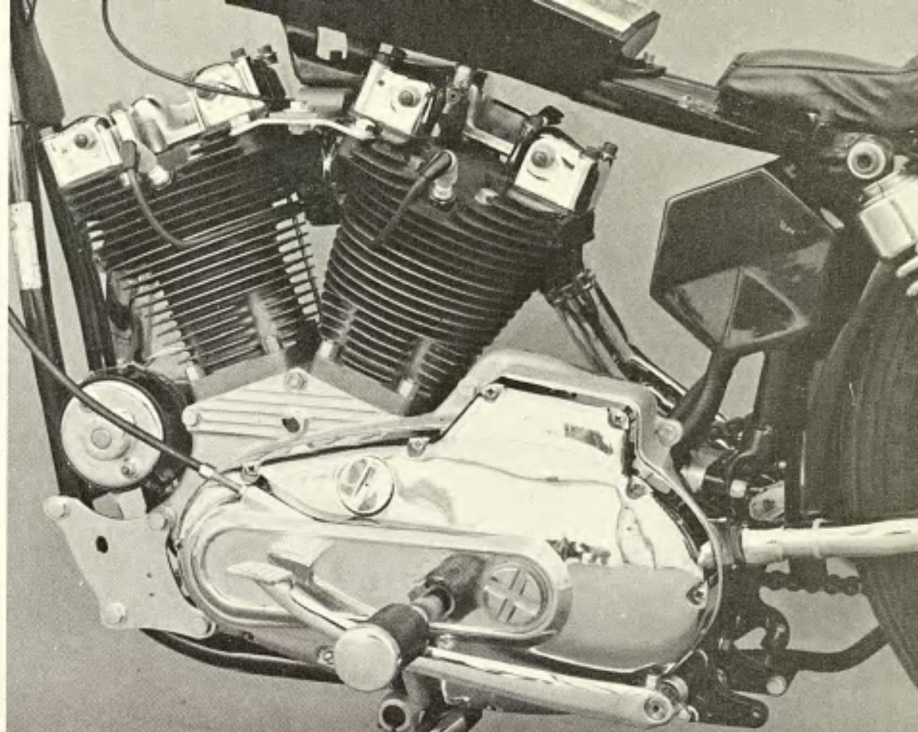
throttle, with the scooter throwing off rubber smoke as he came past. John's eyes were gleaming, but when he hit the bend in the street and tried passing a car on the right, the scooter started to highside.

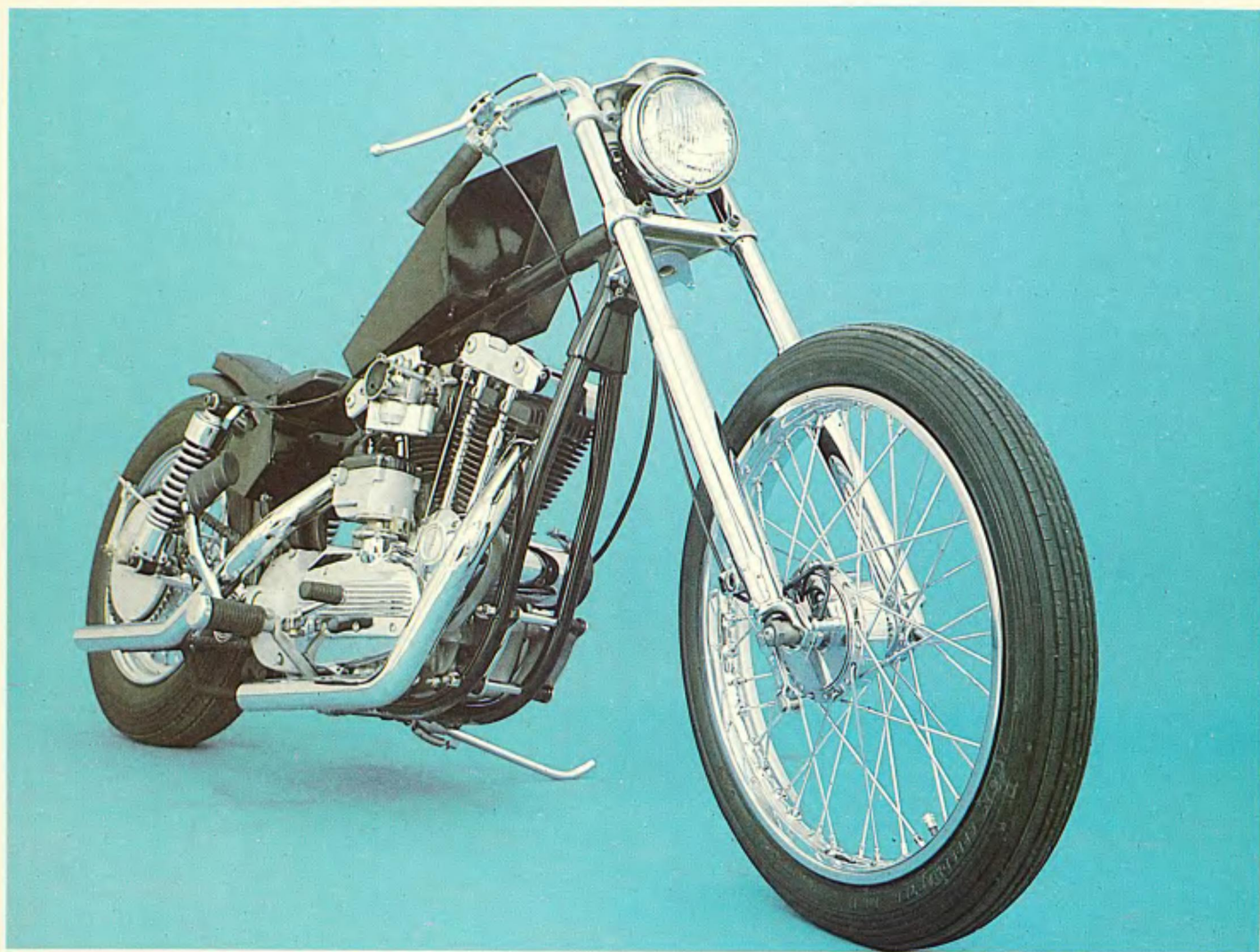
All right, most of us would just take it as it came and hope for the least amount of damage. But not John. He stayed crazy. He tried his damnest to bring the bike back up and still pass the freaking motorist on the right. But just as it looked as though he was going to pull out, the Sporty decided to crap out and Crazy John finally laid it down in front of a twenty-foot wake of sparks.

The bike wasn't damaged much and neither was John. He dug it. His grin was still ear to ear when he got it back up and immediately took off again in a fog of burnin' rubber.

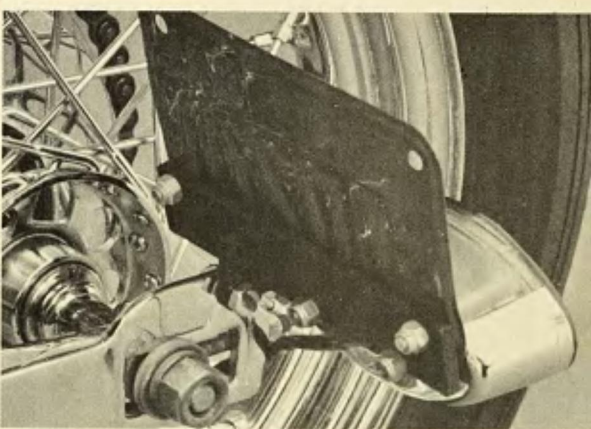
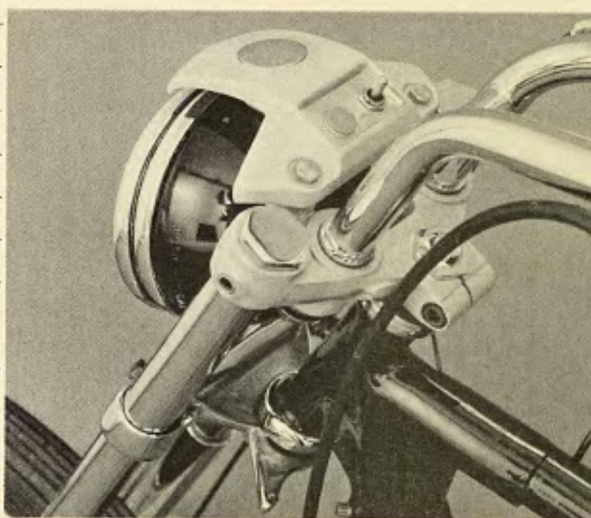
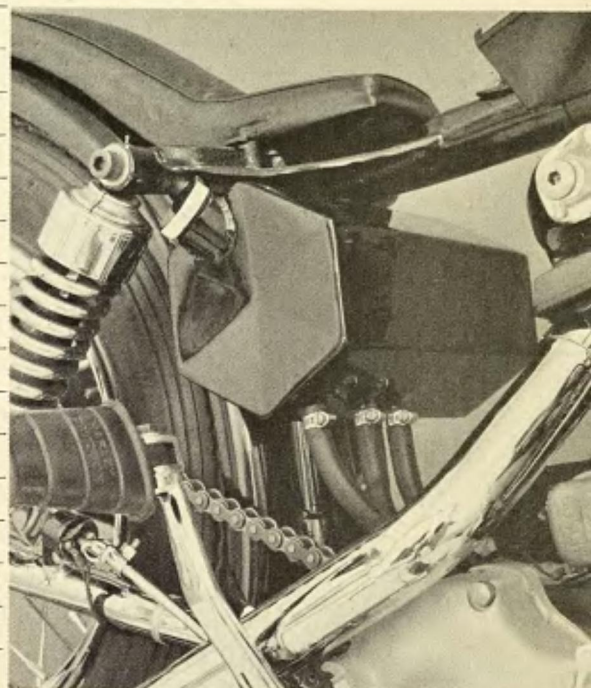
—Bandit

—Continued on next page





Owner: Crazy John		City: El Monte, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1968	
Year and make: 1968 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: Sportster		Type: Swingarm	
Value: \$2,900		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: rat twice & 2 years		Other alterations: super-glide shocks	
Chroming by:		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner	
Year: 1974		Risers: none	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): 4 inch flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: Bowmar mag		Taillight: oval	
Displacement: 71 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: KHK		Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: 9:1		Electrics: Delco	
Cases: 1974		Gas tank: G.M.E.	
Heads: 1973		Oil tank: Excel Engineering	
Cam: "P"		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: stock		Primary cover: 1972 XLCH	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: owner	
Air cleaner: none		Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: XR		Height:	
Muffler(s): none		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications:		Type: 1970 XLCH	
Year: 1964 XLH		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: shaved legs	
Trans sprocket: 19		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51			
Painting		Front	Rear
Molding: none		Size: 18	Size: 16
Painter: owner		Hub: Santee	Hub: stock
Color: black		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Type: epoxy, lacquer, enamel		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Special paint: afro foil inlay		Brake: Santee	Brake: stock



Redneck Country

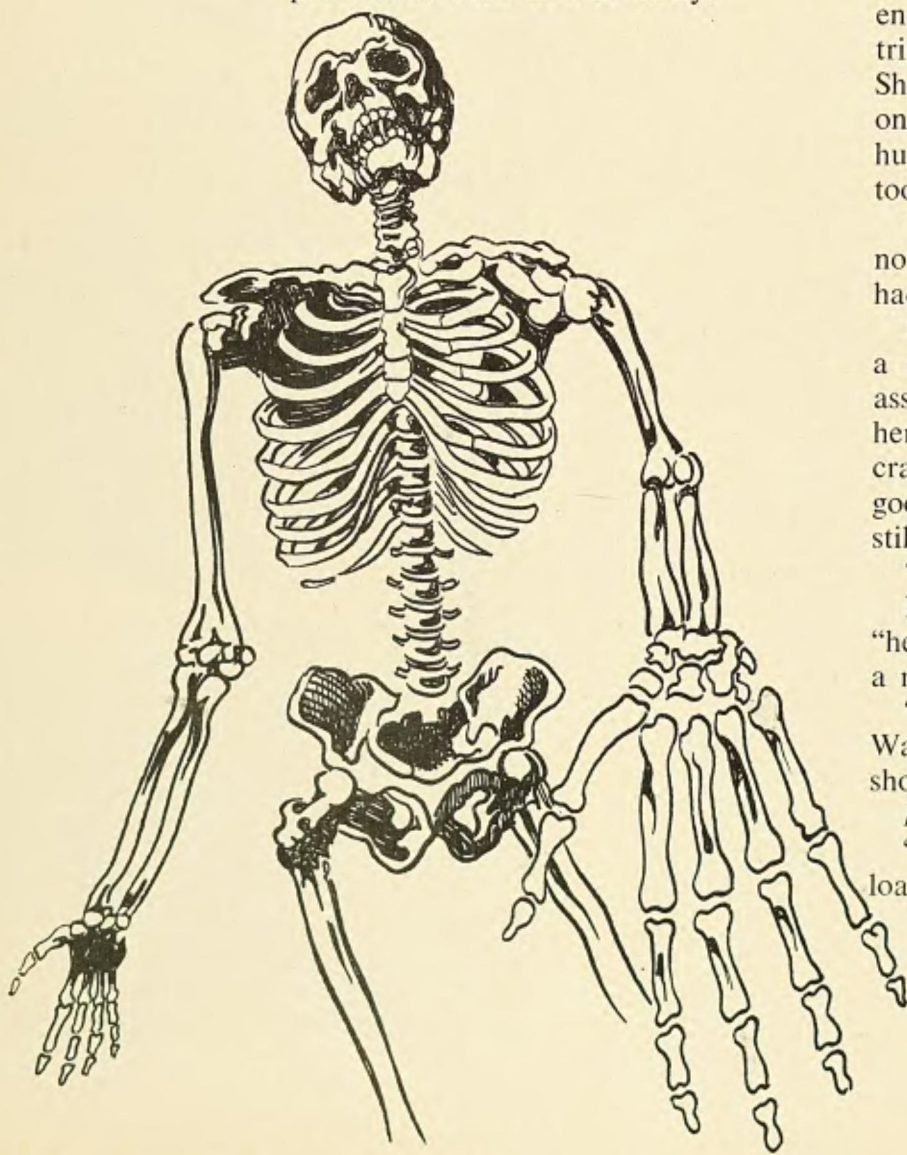
Fuckin' Hog! Some place to blow a fuckin' piston! Just a few miles from the heart of beautiful downtown rednecksville. Fuck!

Bam! Kick the rear tire. You sonuvabitch! Why here, of all places?

Well, let's see. It's only about noon. Can't fix you here. Can't leave you here. Might as well start pushin' towards town. Maybe some kind old redneck'll give us a lift in his pickup. Ha! More likely lift me off the ground with his fuckin' 12-gauge. Goddam, you're a heavy bitch.

"Gitta horse, hippy!"

"Fuck you, redneck!" Oops, better swallow my fuckin' tongue, or them punks'll be back with an army.



Shit! Let's rest a while. You've got me sweatin' my ass off pushin' you, bitch. Well, at least you don't give me any lip like the ol' lady used to! *"When you gonna gitta job? . . . You drunk ag'in? . . . When you gonna git ridda that goddam motorsickle? . . ."*

Ha! We fooled her ass! Got rid of that bitch instead. You and me were together long before that big-titted cunt came along. She can keep her "Early American" dream house and chrome waffle iron. Nobody'll ever separate you and me. How long we been together now? Eight . . . no. Nine years now. Damn, you been a good bike. Gave you one new bottom end and two top ends. In forty-two trillion miles I guess that ain't bad. Shoulda put that new shovelhead top on you last time, though. Knew them hundred-over jugs weren't gonna last too much longer.

Well, fuck! Come on, we're gettin' nowhere sittin' here. Damn, wish I had a joint.

Gotta find a phone. Give Will Bill a call. That big fucker'll laugh his ass off. But the bastard'll still get up here with a truck. Be good to see his crazy ass again. Used to have some good partyin' times. Wonder if he's still runnin' that knuckle.

"Hey, man, what's happenin'?"

Blue van. Two longhairs. Shit, just "hey-man" 'em to death and we'll get a ride to town.

"Hey, man, thanks for stoppin'. Wait a minute. What's with the shotg—"

Blam!

"C'mon, man, let's git the bike loaded an' git the fuck outta here!"

By Gordon Olson



Bike Telethon

—Continued from page 13

threw his arms up in the air, turned away from the guy and paced around by himself for a while, then came back and leaned into the guy's face. "Yeah. Teee Veee shooooow," he said, assuming the guy had just turned into an idiot and had forgotten the English language.

The guy started goin' into some long, drawnout bullshit about the history of Albania, the growth rate of asparagus, the phases of the moon and a million other things that were supposed to explain to us why we could not have a show at this present "point in time," as he said about fifty thousand times.

I could see that this was a situation that would require some tact, or more precisely, more bullshit than it would take to suffocate an insurance salesman. I pulled out a pint of vodka, grabbed Kid Shaleen by the hair (we called him that because he was like that old drunkard in Cat Ballou who became a wizard with a gun after a snootful of hooch. Well, Ferbik—his real name—had the same ability, only it was his mouth that came alive and he could sell computer dating franchises to a leper colony after a good belt), and poured a lungload down his pelican gullet. Shaleen, who before had been picking his nose, examining each booger carefully for God only knows what and then smearing them into a hidden portion of the doorjamb, suddenly straightened himself up, walked over to the exec and yanked him away from Bloodgums and began walking him in a palsywalsy sort of way back my direction.

"I tell you, friend, there's a gold mine in publicity and greenbacks to the first TV station that allows a motorcycle club to do a telethon on its station," he said, his arm around the guy's shoulders, escorting him along like a flasher explaining to a six-year-old the ins and outs of the night life. "Everyone would watch, my friend. The people who like bikers would watch so they could say 'See how bitchin' they all are?' The people who don't like bikers would watch so they could say 'See how fucked they all are?' And the people who don't give a fuck would watch because they don't give a fuck. They wouldn't be able to give their money away fast enough. Times are tough. They think God's punishing them. They're trying to make amends. They're trying to give away the devil-reeking stuff as fast as they can bust their poor nuts to earn it. I tell you a biker telethon would make a fortune. Just the novelty of the whole thing would get people to watch, and once they were watching, it certain-

ly wouldn't be hard to make them feel guilty about any old thing that couldn't possibly have been their fault, and once they feel guilty they'll fuckin' give away their wives and children to make things all better again. It's a fuckin' gold mine, fucker!" Shaleen concluded, a big smile on his face.

"But who'll get the money?" the guy asked.

"Why, we will, of course," Shaleen said, presenting to the guy's attention the bunch of us who were wandering all around, not bein' able to care less about what was goin' on, bein' too busy roamin' the halls and pryin' into shit.

"You must be crazy!" the guy said, seeming to have come out of his initial shock. "You expect this station to support a telethon, asking our own friends, neighbors and customers to give their money to a bunch of roughnecks who all look like they emerged from a cave?"

"We'll give you half the dough," Shaleen said, lighting a butt.

"What do you mean you'll give me half the dough? Telethon money wouldn't be yours to give!"

"I'd like to know whose it would be, then," Shaleen said smoothly, pinchin' a sniff of the contents of a snuff box up his nose and then closin' the lid before a good look could be had of the inside.

"It would belong to the charity you're supporting!"

"We ain't supportin' no charities," Shaleen said, pickin' the dirt out of the heel of his boot with a matchstick.

"Well, you know what I mean. The sickness. Say . . . what sickness were you going to try and fight, anyway?"

"Death."

We found ourselves outside the studio, roamin' around our bikes, all disgruntled, the two state policemen who had been called in to remove us standin' in front of the door, shootin' the shit with each other and watchin' us out of the corners of their eyes.

"Looks like a Bullslinger One operation to me," Bloodgums said, snortin' up some snot and starin' blankly at the fuzz for a while.

"Christ, we haven't done one of those numbers since the city council refused to let us give the guys at the Soledad Detention Camp a precision ridin' demonstration," Blueballs said, his hand underneath the backside of Pandora's Levi's, his face buried in her neck.

"I know," Bloodgums said, reachin' out and grabbin' Shaleen by the arm and yankin' him toward him, nearly dislocating his shoulder.

"Aw fuck," Shaleen said. "You know I hate these things."

"It's just the shavin' you don't

like," Bloodgums said, smearing some motor oil on his face and pulling a straight razor out of his back pocket, while Missionary Rose set to brushin' his hair, with Fingers Frances rubbin' baby powder under his duds, her majestic hands givin' an extra good dose to his gonads. "After the vodka, you won't mind a bit."

The next day the local rag ran a front page story with a picture of Shaleen talking to a reporter, Shaleen looking like a saint who had just suffered some severe persecution as he explained the crass reaction of the local TV station to an impassioned plea to raise money to help wipe out our nation's number 1 killer; what this was was not named, though a long detailed report of how both Shaleen's parents were done in by cancer was mentioned in passing. The report went on to discuss the pleading and courteous attitudes of the rest of the gang members as we answered questions from the news staff, and how generally well-behaved and "articulate" we were, whatever the fuck that means. "It came as a grave disappointment," the guy wrote, "both to me and the rest of the newspaper staff that our own local television station was heartlessly disinterested in jumping at the chance to show a rare act of goodwill by a bike club—an act that would have made them a subject of ridicule by their peers, but which they were willing to brave for the chance to perform a decent community service in the spirit of selflessness." Mention was made of Anny the Idiot, who the paper referred to as Anne Serelsko. Anny the Idiot had the habit of burning holes in her skin with cigarettes whenever she sipped gasoline, but the paper—somehow—got the story that she had been ruthlessly tortured by an outlaw band when they heard of our planned telethon, and a picture of her fucked-up legs was splashed across an inside page. The rest of the article expressed the general shock and disgust of the news staff at the TV station for refusing our request to do good for the unfortunate of the Solar System.

The next day, every old hag and constipated World War One veteran in the area was paradin' outside the TV station, the manager of the place visibly growin' old as he saw the very people he had been kissin' ass to please for five years hanging him in effigy. Midnight that night the digs got a call from the fucker explaining in a weak and very confused voice that we could have a telethon, perform abortions on pre-schoolers, or violate nuns for that matter, so long as all the demonstra-

—Continued on page 62

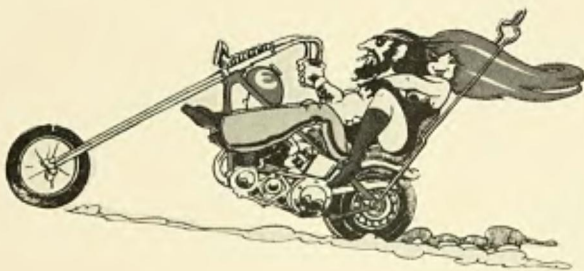


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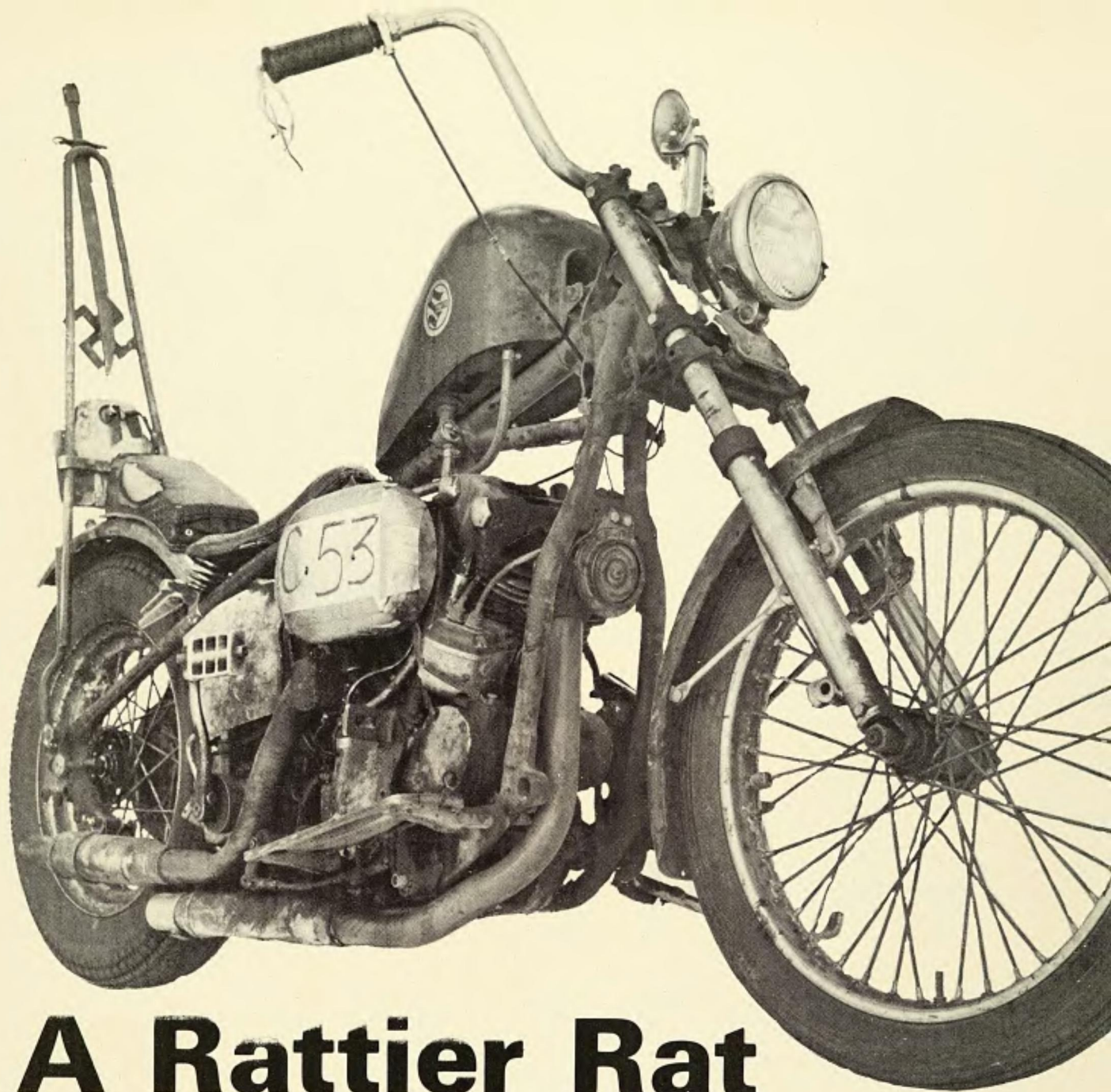
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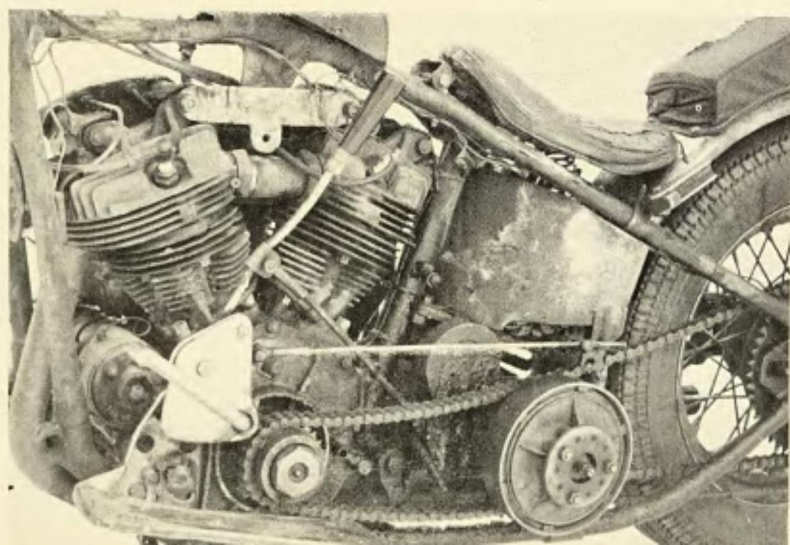
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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



A Rattier Rat



Once in a while a bro will complain that he has a nicer scoot than one he saw featured in our rag. There are all kinds of tastes when it comes to bikes, and we can dig that. But when Spider's rat struck these pages a few issues back, we didn't hear any people runnin' a number on us like, "Say, I've got a bike uglier than that." Except one.

A bro named Frisco, from Fresno, sent us a scribe, "Say, fuckers, I've got me a knucklehead rat that's got its shit **really** together."

Seein' as how we ain't prejudiced or nothin', we took a look at the flicks of



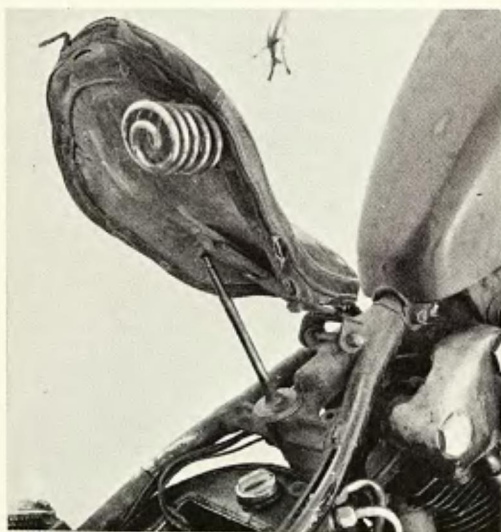
his machine. And shit, if his putt wasn't one of the grungiest, scroungiest mudslingers we'd seen in some time! Even Spider had to admit that Frisco's grime machine had merit.

Last June Frisco even ran the knuckle at the drags and took 1st in the chopper class. So there's no doubt that his slimy bike can get it—and Frisco rides the mutha as if the damned thing was gonna run forever.

Frisco's and Spider's bikes have a few similarities workin' for them. Like the front ends were both put together with scraps of Sportster front ends. The engines were put together somewhat the same—both were constructed from various parts of knuckle, pan and shovel engines. They both run open primaries and they hit their gears with some sort of hand shift operation.

So since we're such a bunch of open-minded muthas, we felt that it was only fair to show Frisco's sled in all its gunkless splendor—even though Spider still wouldn't admit that anyone's rat is **nastier** than his.

—Renegade



Owner: Frisco **City:** Central California

General **Frame**

Fabrication by: owner Year: 1952
 Year and make: 1952 H-D Builder: H-D
 Model: 74 FL Type: panhead
 Value: ? Rake: stock
 Assembly by: owner Stretch: stock
 Time: when? Other alterations: none
 Chroming by: 60 weight

Engine

Year: 1952 Bars: Flanders #1
 Model: 74 FL Risers: stock FX
 Rebuilder: owner Fender(s): Sportster front, 6 in. flat rear
 Ignition: magneto Headlight: Bates
 Displacement: 74 cu. in. Taillight: Gary Bang
 Lower end: 25 lbs. Speedo: none
 Balancing: stock Front pegs: VL floorboards
 Pistons: 74 FL Rear pegs: Anderson
 Cases: Pan 1952 Electrics: no battery
 Heads: 74 Knucklehead Gas tank: XLCH
 Cam: 410 special grind Oil tank: stock
 Lifters: Knucklehead Oil system: FX pump
 Carb(s): reworked Tillotson Primary cover: none
 Air cleaner: stock Seat: Bates
 Pipes: custom bent Height: 24 inches above seat
 Muffler(s): early Sportster Material: 5/8 in. steel

Transmission

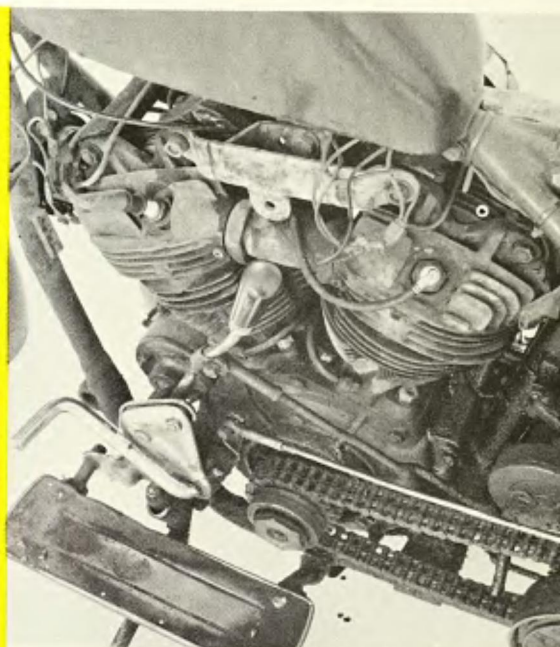
Modifications: cut & dogged Type: 1972 FX
 Year: 1960 Extension: none
 Shifting: ratchet-jockey Builder: H-D
 Engine sprocket: 23 Special features: "K" top tree
 Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

	Front	Rear
Wheel sprocket: 51	Size: 20	Size: 16
	Hub: KR	Hub: stock
	Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
	Tire: Avon 3.00	Tire: Goodyear
	Brake: none	Brake: stock

Painting

Molding: none
 Painter: owner
 Color: Army green
 Type: government issue
 Special paint: none
 Other special modifications: pan compensator sprocket, top oil return system, 1936 lightening gears, 2-inch intake valves, 1936 cam cover.



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Helmet Repeals Around the Country

Idaho and Oregon: We've been going over Brothers Speed's appeal with them, and they are going to attack the helmet law's constitutionality on the basis that it serves no legitimate public purpose.

We can get scientific writings into evidence without too much hassle and probably get a deposition when the witness is out of state.

We might also want to get a deposition from the head of the California Highway Patrol on why they don't use DOT-approved helmets, if that can be arranged. ABATE of Idaho, 208 S. Main, Moscow, Idaho 83843; ABATE of Oregon, c/o Luke Metcalf, 2424 S.W. Jefferson Rd., Portland, Oregon 97201.

Maryland: At the request of ABATE of Maryland, State Senator Peter A. Bozick and Delegate Gerard F. Devlin, both of Prince George County, have pre-filed S.B. (P.F.) 119 (which is a new helmet law for those under 18). The bill was introduced into the Maryland General Assembly on January 14, 1976. Contact ABATE of Maryland, c/o Gary Zager, 12307 Windbrook Drive, Clinton, Md. 20735, for further developments.

Colorado: Brother Randy Edens wrote senators and representatives in his state for months regarding helmet legislation, without much response. But recently Senator Kogovsek showed interest. Randy worked with the senator and has proved to him that the Snell shell law isn't the answer. The senator is now in the process of introducing a repeal in a special-call session. But the effort can only continue to progress with the support of all Colorado bikers. Bros in Colorado need to flood their senators, representatives and the governor with letters supporting the elimination or modification of the current helmet law. For more information contact Randy Edens, 416 W. 21st Street, Pueblo, Colorado 81003, or ABATE of Col-

orado, c/o Ron Hoffman, Box 452, Woodland Park, Colorado 80863.

Maine: State Representative Harland Goodwin is trying to introduce a helmet law repeal in an emergency legislative session. This kind of action is coming down now, bros. Write your elected officials and urge them to support the measure or any effort to alter the helmet law. For more data, contact United Bikers, Box 385-C, Wells, Maine 04090 or call (207) 646-5323.

North Carolina: The N.C. legislature goes into session in May. Now is the time for all concerned brothers and sisters to write your paid representatives and let them know your feelings. Ask for a helmet repeal bill and support from your rep. If you don't know the names of the reps. in your area, write the Concerned Bikers Association, P.O. Box 26445, Charlotte, N.C. 28213.

Oklahoma: A helmet law repeal has been introduced by Representative Robert Hopkins. Since the loss of money for highway use has been the major obstacle for some time now, Rep. Hopkins contacted Congressman James Jones. Congressman Jones assured him that no funds would be withheld on account of the repeal. The Bill is H.B. 1849, and now is the time for Oklahoma brothers to write their reps in support of this bill. For more information contact Citizens Against Motorcycle Helmet Laws, 506 N. Quaker, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74120, or ABATE of Oklahoma, c/o Phil Becker, 415 S. Wilson, Vinita, Oklahoma 74301.

Virginia: The time is now! We will have a helmet repeal bill introduced to the 1976 Virginia Assembly as a result of a lot of hard work by brother D. Pat Belford. Pat has convinced the Va. JC's to sponsor and support a repeal bill. But our work has just begun. You must convince your delegate to vote yes for the repeal, and the only way you'll get that job done is to write another letter, now. Then call your delegate and make an appointment to visit with him to discuss it further. You don't have to be an expert talker or have a truckload of statistics to show him. Just take your body and

your buddy or your lady and go over there and explain to your delegate why you want your freedom back and that your personal safety is best decided by you, and if people in cars would pay more attention, then motorcycle injury and death would be reduced. Remember to be cool and polite, but you don't have to dress up or anything. Just be comfortable and you'll do fine. For a list of delegates, contact ABATE of Virginia, P.O. Box 138, Vienna, Virginia 22180.

Iowa: Smiley, a member of the Over The Hill Gang, who are members of ABATE of Iowa, c/o Midwest Cycle Service, 221 Pearl, Sioux City, Iowa 51101, passed along the following good news to us.

"We have a friend in the Iowa legislature, Rep. Wallace Horn, Cedar Rapids. He just introduced, in the House, bill #HF1002 to repeal the law passed last year to require motorcycle riders to wear helmets. All bikers who care should write and support Mr. Horn and their local reps. The address is: Rep. Wallace Horn (or local rep.), House Post Office, State Capitol, Des Moines, Iowa 50319."

Kansas: H.B. 2353 (helmet law repeal) will be heard in House Committee and is expected to be approved without opposition. It is expected to pass the House with minimal debate, which will center on removal also of the eye-protection requirement and the 18-year-old helmet mandate, probably.

The Senate may be a bigger problem than the Transportation Committee. The chairman is a dude who called the vote wrong on repeal in '73 and got caught at it. The Reps are already congratulating us on victory, even before it goes to House Committee. It sure has paid to keep the pressure on. —ABATE of Kansas, 2530 So. 37th, K.C., Kansas 66106.

State by State

Indiana: We have got a lights-on repeal in. Senate Bill 271 will repeal our lights-on law. I've written all of our supporting legislators on this bill and have found a co-sponsor for it.

Senator Burnett Bauer is the sponsor of S. 271, and Representative Joseph P. Harris is one of our co-sponsors. I might add that Rep. Harris is one hell of a rep that's workin' his tail off for us. Every biker in Kokomo and Indiana should thank this man for going out of his way for us. He will be one of our best reps in our repeal of the helmet law next session. Right now we'll need a lot of support to get our lights-on repeal through. —ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, Indiana 46514.

New Jersey: We tried something that might be of interest. We phoned Bell helmets and Electrofilm to find out what their opinions are regarding mandatory helmet legislation.

We spoke to Jim Sundall at Bell. He's a technician of some sort. He said that Bell does not support anyone who lobbies for helmet legislation and that they never have lobbied themselves. They, at Bell, feel that personal freedom of the individual is a prime concern. We spoke to Mr. Bill Droege, Executive Vice President of Electrofilm. His talk was more technical than Bell's, but he said that Electrofilm doesn't take a stand in the legislation for obvious reasons. He was honest. He did say it was their personal opinion that bikers should wear helmets. —ABATE of N. New Jersey, c/o TDA Cycle Shop, 4 South Ave. West, Cranford, N.J. 07016.

Yamaha Corporation: A recent survey financed by the Yamaha International Corporation revealed that a considerable number of the persons who attended their Learn-To-Ride program believe that, with proper instruction, they can be just as safe riding a motorcycle as in an automobile.

Arizona: The Arizona Association of Concerned Motorcyclists is concerned with helmet citations and court action. They would dig it if any bro who gets a no-helmet ticket would send them a copy of the citation and copies of any court action the citation involved. Send the copies to the AACM, P.O.B. 501, Glendale, Arizona 85311.

Texas: The Southwest state of Texas is a big mutha. And ABATE of Texas needs area reps to cover all the ground. If you're interested and would like to become active for the bikers in your state, contact ABATE of Texas, c/o Paul Hendley, 125 W. Dobbs, Tyler, Texas 75701.

Nevada: Newly organized ABATE of North Nevada, c/o Knucklehead Terry, 365 Denslowe, Reno, Nevada 89512, is in the process of organizing a competent letter-writing force. Your brothers need your support and pen.

Michigan: ABATE of Michigan has requested public hearings on HB-

5373 (the lights-on bill) and HB-4849 (bike modification restrictions law). HB4849 has already passed the house of representatives.

Michigan ABATE needs all Michigan brothers' support against these bills. Contact ABATE of Michigan, c/o Frank B. Johnson, P.O. Box 504, Dearborn, Michigan 48121, for information concerning the above bills, and all legislation regarding your lifestyle.

Vermont: We have three sponsors to date. They are the Scooter Shoppe owned and operated by Nancy O'Hara, who has fought down the lights-on legislation in Vermont for the past three years and won. I bet a lot of bikers didn't realize it. She is a member of the VCA (Vermont Cycle Association). We have Rat, of the Road Chop Shop, who said he would help with rounding up some people. He has fought the helmet law with a lot of bread. We also have the Thirteenth Tribe Motorcycle Club, who said they would help with posters and whatever else. They are all from the Burlington area.

There will also be a weekly meeting every Saturday from 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. until we can get things under way. These meetings will be posted in as many places as we can reach.

We are also in the process of getting letters to all legislators in the state. We would like to thank ABATE of Chicago, ABATE of Kansas and AACM (Arizona Association of Concerned Motorcyclists) for sending important information we needed to get started. Please note that I am a registrar for the state of Vermont, so if bros stop in during a meeting and are not registered voters (and we need all we can get) for the State of Vermont, I can register them at that time and I promise it doesn't hurt. Ask for Jonie. —ABATE of Vermont, c/o Jonie and Joe Long, 231 Pearl Street, Essex Junction, Vermont 05452 (Phone 879-0833).

New York: ABATE of New York is staging a helmet protest on Monday, May 10, 12 noon, at the State Capitol in Albany. It's worth taking one Monday off to show your feelings for your and all your brothers' rights. Camping will be available. For more info write ABATE of N.Y., Box 5172, Albany, N.Y. 12205. Brothers, this could be the largest protest ever to hit New York. It's up to you—and your people—to be there.

New Mexico: Recently an ABATE MC was formed in New Mexico. The club goes under the name Nulaw MC, of Lordsburg. The bros of the new club have already begun attending Lordsburg City Council meetings in an effort to represent the bikers of that community. —ABATE of New Mexico, c/o Chris Derrick, Box 368, Gallup, New Mexico 87301.

California: The U.S. Department of

Transportation has awarded a \$382,000 contract to the University of Southern California for an in-depth study of motorcycle accidents and how they may be reduced in the future.

Accident investigators, working under the direction of the department's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), will spend 28 months probing more than 3600 police motorcycle accident reports, in addition to on-the-scene investigation of 900 accidents.

Analyzing both urban and rural accidents, the investigators will determine the cause of each accident, evaluate the safety equipment used, and motorcycle features which may have contributed to occupant fatalities or injuries. In addition they will study the effectiveness and compliance of Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standards and Highway Safety Program Standards applicable to the vehicle and its rider.

Safety helmet usage will be a key part of the total investigations, as well as what effect modifications to the motorcycle on seating, exhaust, tires, wheels, handlebars, and front fork suspension, may have had on the accident.

Illinois: Good news, for a change, from NHTSA. Almost unbelievable! Lewis S. Buchanan has written and presented a paper to the Institute of Traffic Engineers, titled Problems in Motorcycle Safety. This paper didn't once mention helmets! In fact there wasn't anything in the paper I could fault—and most of it I (and I hope ABATE as a whole) will back up 100%! I have written him a letter already, and when you read what he says as I've outlined below, I hope you will write a letter to him and urge him to concentrate on the two main points of his paper. First, he pointed out that the big problem in safety is the environment—and mainly road maintenance. He specifically pointed out that highway maintenance crews do not take into consideration the motorcycle. He mentioned pot-holes, parallel cracks, debris on the road, poorly placed signs for the biker to run into, and sand and water on the road. Re: water, in particular he mentioned the sprinklers going, usually on road-side areas around freeway entrances. The sprinklers are placed so that they sprinkle over the road for the unsuspecting biker to hit while he is leaned over around the circular turn-offs. Zoom goes the bike. He also talked about the need for education and training for both the new biker and for auto drivers! So let's get him some letters and tell him to expend some of NHTSA's efforts along these lines, and he will find bikers backing him 100% instead of fighting him. His address is: Mr. Lewis Buchanan, Highway Safety Management Specialist, National Highway Traffic Safety Admin., Dept. of Transportation, Wash., D.C., 20590. You also can get a

copy of that paper from him, I would think. Maybe if NHTSA can concentrate on highway maintenance and training and education, that will replace their concentration on helmets and light-on, etc., the kind of things that harass bikers! —Ed Armstrong, ABATE of Chicago, 215 Grove Ave., Fox River Grove, Ill. 60021.

South Carolina: The ABATE chapter in South Carolina has a protest planned to support your rights. On April 25 these bros wish to see every possible S.C. biker on his scooter and at this rally. Get in touch with the following dedicated bros for more information: Dave Briggs at 873-5540, Sammy Campbell at 332-1547, or Jesse McDugald at 577-0103.

I have enclosed an article taken from the November 1975 issue of *Tire Review*, entitled "Riskless Existence Costly In More Ways Than One." I think you will find it very interesting.

The article pretty well speaks for itself, and I think it states rather well the way the Federal Government is railroading not only the American people but also American industry into believing that safety can be legislated 100%. This is part of the basis for mandatory helmet laws, and you and I both know how much good that asinine law is doing for us.

I am glad to see that big business is also getting pissed off at this type of legislation because, with their added weight, maybe we can eliminate some of these fucked-up laws.

—Ted Tallent

RISKLESS EXISTENCE COSTLY IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE

Goodyear president John H. Gerstenmaier told members of the Alabama Safety Council at their annual meeting that America could face economic disaster if risk-free existence becomes a national goal.

"It is popular these days for certain individuals in and out of government to imply that a riskless utopia lies just around the corner, waiting only for another law or regulation to be drafted," said Gerstenmaier.

This philosophy of risk-free living, he said, goes beyond physical safety and permeates attitudes about whether to work or get by on welfare, and even to whether a business should attempt to finance a needed expansion. "I've heard of businesses that have withered and died because their owners feared to risk the capital required to keep them growing and competitive."

"Auto manufacturers can't take

all the risk out of driving with seat belts and padding. No amount of safety devices on a machine can protect the worker who chooses to ignore or circumvent them," said Gerstenmaier. "Yet the public is being fed the theory that risks of all types can be legislated away. If risk-free existence becomes a national goal, if we attempt to legislate risk clear out of existence, then our nation will surely go down the economic tube and fall behind those willing to mix prudence with a measure of reality and competitiveness."

The Goodyear executive said that under some of the new government regulations, many pieces of production equipment "are virtually smothered in safety devices that go well beyond any reasonable probability—or even possibility—of risk."

"Complying with such regulations, he said, 'is costing American business thousands upon thousands of dollars at a time when the money would be used much better in other ways, like holding down prices."

"Meanwhile, the average citizen leaves safety up to the government and becomes convinced that if risk can't be eliminated for him, it's entirely the responsibility of others to protect him from it."

A Bro is Killed by a Helmet

By Grease

He was only about 19 years old, not into bikes too long. He wasn't in a club, but the brothers remember him.

All the brothers knew about him was that he was a blond-headed kid who rode a 350 Honda which he'd started to chop. He lived about 30 miles down the freeway and he could always be counted on to be at every protest and rally that was put on.

He hated helmets—and, as it turned out, with good reason. He was headed home, not really getting it on, just moving with traffic, when a chunk blew off his rear tire. One of the brothers thought he was running a boot, but they weren't sure. The chunk of tire jammed between the wheel and the fender brace: it broke his sissy bar loose, causing it to flip forward and catch him right at the base of his helmet. The helmet edge drove into the back of his neck, causing

the chinstrap to twist his head up.

The bike crossed the divider into the path of a truck. There wasn't much left of him or the bike when the truck stopped.

The doctor who investigated the cause of death was more thorough than most. Instead of saying that he died of injuries suffered in the collision with the truck, he actually looked for the true cause of death. His findings were an indictment of

helmets. The blow from the sissy bar without the helmet probably would not have even knocked him out. At the speed he was traveling he had a good chance to get the bike down and under control with only minor injuries and a headache. But the helmet didn't let his neck give with the blow; rather, it acted like a hangman's noose and broke his neck. He died instantly. The mandatory helmet had claimed another victim.

Does your auto insurance policy cover your motorcycle?

In 1973 the Supreme Court of Kansas, in an action brought by an insurance company to construe an automobile policy, held that a policy which covered a passenger automobile and extended the coverage further with respect to "any other automobile" temporarily used by the insured as a substitute, covered a motorcycle. The sole question presented was whether the "any other automobile" provision extended the coverage while the insured was operating a borrowed motorcycle as a temporary substitute for the automobile described in the policy. The exclusions in the policy did not exclude coverage when the insured was operating or riding upon a motorcycle. The Kansas Supreme Court held that the motorcycle was covered by the policy. The Court explained that the word "automobile" as used in the policy was not limited to the popular meaning of the word which would normally exclude motor vehicles such as motorcycles. In the definition section of the policy, the larger generic term "motor vehicle" was used to give further meaning to the word "automobile." An ambiguity in the present policy arose from the use of the generic term "motor vehicle" to define the word "automobile." Therefore, the policy must be strictly construed against the insurer and in favor of the insured. The Court further pointed out that the insurance company had not, but could have easily, used the term "four-wheeled private passenger car" to define an "automobile." The Court further observed that the insurance company

had not excluded motorcycles from the liability coverage the same as it excluded farm-type tractors from the coverage of the policy. The Court distinguished cases from other jurisdictions which held that a motorcycle is not an automobile for purposes of various policy provisions, by noting that the word "automobile" was not defined in those policies by using the broader generic term "motor vehicle." The Court concluded that the insurer intended to include all "motor vehicles" within the term "automobiles" because, under the policy definition, "described automobile" means a "motor vehicle or trailer." The policy further said that when two or more "automobiles" are insured hereunder, the terms of the policy shall apply separately to each, but a "motor vehicle" and a trailer or trailers attached thereto, shall be held to be "one automobile." The Court specifically said that where "automobile" is defined in a liability insurance policy in the broader generic sense as a "motor vehicle," a motorcycle is included, unless there is a specific clause excluding motorcycles.

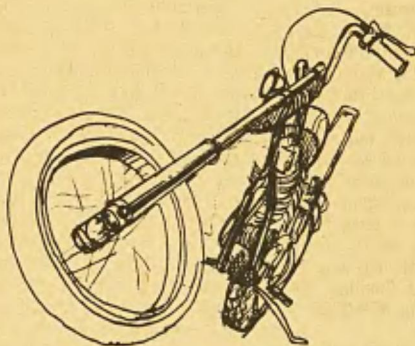
We have given you the view in Kansas, but there are other cases in other states. In Louisiana, the motorcycle rider did not recover. The plaintiff sued on behalf of her minor son for personal injuries he received in an accident involving a two-wheeled motorcycle and an automobile. The plaintiff argued that the insurance company was liable under the provision of the policy which covered the insured while riding a "non-owned automobile" and she said that such a term included motorcycles, espe-

cially this motorcycle. The term "non-owned automobile" was defined in the policy to mean an automobile or a trailer not owned by the named insured. The insurance company moved for judgment on the basis that the insured was not covered while operating a motorcycle. The Court agreed saying that although, in one instance in the policy, a restriction to a "four-wheeled vehicle" had been made in the definition of "private passenger automobile," a like restriction had not been made in the definition of a "non-owned automobile." But, from a reading of the policy as a whole, there was no ambiguity as to whether the policy would afford protection in circumstances arising out of the operation of an automobile, as opposed to a motorcycle, and the Court would do violence to reason and the ordinary meaning of words if it were to extend the policy to motorcycles, when such provisions were obviously intended to cover only automobiles. The Court further expressed the view which has been followed in Louisiana, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, that in the ordinary use of language in America, the word "automobile" refers to a motor-driven car with a body, supported by more than two wheels, which

rented motorcycle not described in the policy, even though the policy, by its terms, extended coverage only to non-owned "automobiles." The Court said that while a motorcycle is not an automobile, it is a "motor vehicle" and the legislative intent, as expressed in provisions of the Vehicle Code and the Insurance Code, is to require coverage for any non-owned motor vehicle operated by the insured, whether or not described in the policy, and whether the motor vehicle is an automobile or a motorcycle.

In New Hampshire, the Court said the word "automobile" and the words "motor vehicle" as used in the Financial Responsibility Act meant one and the same thing. A policy which covered non-owned automobiles also covered non-owned motorcycles. But since the claimant in the case owned the motorcycle in the accident, he could not recover under the policy. In other words, although there was no coverage of the motorcycle which the insured owned, a motorcycle which he did not own would be covered.

If reading this article has been about as tough as riding your motorcycle up a mountain on an old lumber road, you are certainly entitled to something simpler in return



provides protection to the driver against accidents, whereas the word "motorcycle" indicates a motor vehicle driven on two wheels. This Court said that motorcycles are not to be considered automobiles for purpose of coverage by automobile liability policies.

We call your attention especially to two decisions, one in California and one in New Hampshire. The California decision (80 Cal Rep. 448) held that, pursuant to California statutes, a "non-owned" automobile policy clause covered use by the insured of a rented motorcycle. The Court decided that an automobile liability policy covered the named insured and his parents as "relatives" in connection with an accident in which the insured was involved while operating a

for your indulgence. It is most difficult to make a discussion like this as entertaining as a best seller. Here are our suggestions: While, as you can see, your automobile insurance policy may cover your motorcycle, you bought it for pleasure, and not as an excuse for a law suit. Therefore we recommend that you never depend on your automobile insurance policy to cover a motorcycle but, rather, be certain that you have a policy covering adequately the motorcycle alone. Then, if you do have an accident, you can depend on the plain terms of your policy (if an insurance policy ever has plain terms). All you want from the insurance company is to be paid, in a proper case. This will enhance the possibility of easy riding always.

By Warren Giles

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NAME

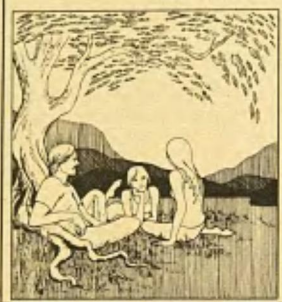
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THE CASE FOR POLYGAMY

The Case for Polygamy

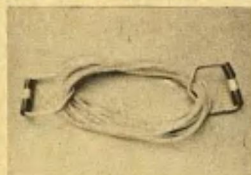
By Michael H. Brown



You've read the books on how to pick up girls—now here is the book that tells you how to pick up LOTS of girls and KEEP them. Scriptural, scientific, legal, and historical evidence that the "one man one wife" doctrine was promulgated in the 4th century by an unChristian organization, and that this doctrine is not only unScriptural—it doesn't even make sense. Covers Biblical sanctions of polygamy, bloody history of the early Mormons, and much more. Ideal for convincing the preacher's daughter to move in with you or for a widow or single girl with designs on a neighbor's husband.

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Bike Telethon

—Continued from page 50

tions stopped before he got transferred to the Ross Ice Shelf repairing short wave sets.

Five minutes later we couldn't have waded through our own jizz with a vacuum cleaner we were so "stoked," as Moonmind put it, and the next day the newspaper announced that the telethon to eradicate "catastrophic illnesses," as they put it, would be presented in one week.

* * *

Moonmind wandered aimlessly under the bright lights.

"Every time I turn around there's a fuckin' beacon in my face!" he shouted. "I've already confessed to every fuckin' crime committed in the last century! What the hell do you fuckers want from me?"

"The fucker thinks he's been hauled into the world's toughest police precinct," Bloodgums said to me, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at Moonmind and stepping out of the way of a wriggling camera cord and going over some notes.

"Ready to go in five minutes!" one of the TV employees said unsurely.

"I don't know what these station people are so nervous about," Bloodgums said to me as I straightened out the tie of his tuxedo. "This is going to be the best goddam telethon in history. Who the hell would be so coldblooded as to not want to contribute to the eradication of death?"

"Might have been nice if we at least had some films of our research center or something," I said in cautious suggestion, having a premonition about the whole thing but not wanting to overly irritate Bloodgums before his debut.

"Aw fuck, we got enough shit," he said, smirking unhumorously. "People who watch telethons don't give a fuck about results. If they did they wouldn't be making them annual events like the circus."

"Well, it's a cinch we won't be doin' this one twice," I said carefully.

"Fuckin' A!" Bloodgums said, laughing. "We'll prob'ly pull in so much dough we'll actually be able to cure the fuckin' ailment. If we wanted to, which we don't," he added, flipping a quarter.

The mayor of the town, who like everyone else, had no exact idea of what the telethon was really going to be about, stepped out before a camera and fidgeted for a minute, then looked up and smiled as someone counted backwards from five and then said "Go!"

"Welcome to the first telethon be-

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ing brought to you on our own television station . . ."

"KFUK," Moonmind said to the rest of us in unison with the mayor's reading of the station's actual call letters "... under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce and being directed by one of our own local social groups . . . the ahhh . . . the Redline Hurricane? . . . do I have that correct?" the mayor asked someone off camera—Blueballs, unfortunately—who just shrugged indifferently and walked away to the coffeemaker. "... The Redline Hurricane. Yes," the mayor said, looking back to the camera with a stupid smile on his face as though he'd really gotten an answer.

Bloodgums walked somberly to the mayor and shook his hand, thanked him as the mayor left, and began to read a long history of telethons, their nature, the need for everyone's total support, a list of the hundred most common causes of death and the names of his next of kin for three generations sideways. The rest of us, meanwhile, got busy evacuating the building of all legitimate personnel.

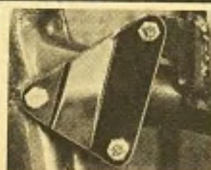
Cynthia the Jizzmaker, probably the bitchin'est, foxiest, sweetest-smellin' hygienic cunt ever to dribble beer down her belly, took off her scuzzy Levi jacket, stepped out of her bib overalls, removed her faded, fucked sombrero, and stood there in all her dick-hard'nin' splendor, wearin' a braless blouse and a pantyless, see-through skirt and took a sudden interest in makin' a tour of the studio. Everyone with a pecker ran over to be the first to escort her around. A bunch of us unselfishly suggested to the cameraman and technicians that it would be OK to leave everything in our hands for a minute since Bloodgums was just going to stand in one place for fifteen minutes, and that they'd have time to follow the tour and get an eyeful. In three minutes, Cynthia had escorted the entire management and staff out into the street to "look at the building by starlight," and when the last fucker left we closed the doors and locked the place up tighter than a virgin twat.

The telethon could now get underway.

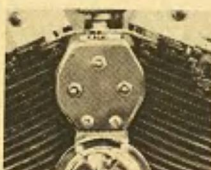
Bloodgums was given the word and he bellowed, "And now the telethon to stop death!" The words poured off his lips in booming tones. A banner was dropped, revealing a huge *Stop Death* placard, the curtains were pulled away from the phone banks, a half pint of vodka was poured down Shaleen's throat, and he stepped in front of the cameras, taking the mike and dismissing Bloodgums and began to hold forth.

—Continued on next page

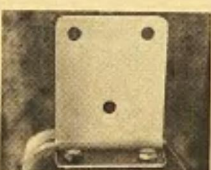
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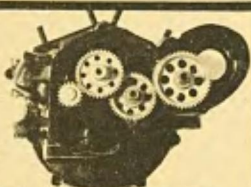


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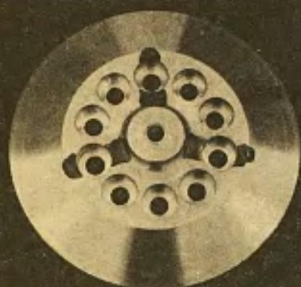
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"Do you know that death will, in one form or another, cut down virtually everyone on the face of the Earth sooner or later?" he said in very serious, informative tones, stroking the neck of a small monkey that was chained on a table before him. "Do you realize that your children, sitting so innocently before you watching television this evening will eventually turn into empty, rotted husks that even your family doctor won't be able to recognize?" He tightened his grip around the monkey's neck, causing it to stop its curious examination of the top of the table and come to motionless attention, pressed into immobility by Shaleen's gripping hand. "Do you realize that death will wreak its indiscriminate havoc, getting a foothold on all you hold dear and reducing them to smelly pulp?" He tightened his grip again on the monkey's throat as it began to leap frantically from time to time in random directions, sensing it was in serious trouble. "Do you realize that this number one destroyer of families has run amok, with no one even attempting to allay its terrible influence?" The monkey now flung and twisted its lower body in several directions at once, its lower legs scratching and slipping helplessly against the slick surface of the table as it desperately tried to free itself from Shaleen's grip. "Do you know the face of death?" Shaleen asked as the monkey now repeatedly drowned out his words with its constant slamming of its feet on the table, its torso wrenching and twisting like an enraged cat caught in a net, its red gums and white teeth fully exposed, its lips curled back like rolls of wallpaper, its eyes staring madly at God only knows what, a pathetic silence rushing out of its cavernous, yawning, choked-off throat. "I mean, do you really know it?" Shaleen concluded as the monkey suddenly stopped moving, its features frozen forever in that final, unhandsome pose as the gripping hand released it to let it plop to the table, the camera coming in on it closely to the exclusion of everything else and staying there for five minutes of silence.

"Don't let this be your fate," Shaleen said finally. "Call us and give us your pledge and we'll put a stop to this senseless waste once and for all."

The phone lines all lit up at once and the girls of the club began to answer them, most of them having to hang up in disgust after hearing the first few words. A note was handed to Shaleen and he read it, and then reminded, "Please do not call unless you wish to give a pledge. Time is short, and while we'd like to talk to all of you we have a job to

—Continued on page 66

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do here and all you could do to to help us would be appreciated." He then introduced Sticky Fred, who demonstrated ways to get an erection by mental stimulation only, which received a hardy round of applause from the rest of us when he was done, and earned him a place on the phone lines.

Bloodgums took over the mike and said untactfully, "We're getting a lot of kook calls from every fuck-head in town and we just don't have time for it! If you don't like the fuckin' show, there's plenty of other channels to watch, but don't be fuckin' tyin' up the lines with your two-bit critiques! Other people are tryin' to get through, ya goddam—"

Pandora jumped in front of him and announced, "And now, here's the lovely Benny Benzadrine, reading the obituaries for the local area." She looked back at Bloodgums and gave him a dirty look for losing his temper in front of the camera, then turned back and smiled as it switched to Benny laboriously trying to read.

Bloodgums went down to one end of the phone bank and began snatching phones out of each girl's hand and shouting "Fuck You!" into the mouthpiece, hanging up, going to the next one and doing the same thing. Benny was readin' the obituaries as best he could despite his having been thrown out of the first grade for lewd activities and despite the sound of the constant "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!" that was barraging his and everyone else's ears from Bloodgums parading down the phones trying to clear the lines for pledges.

Benny had only gotten to the B's when Bloodgums stepped in and said, "OK, Benny, we've heard enough. You've got the sparkle of an okra plant. Beat it." Benny looked at him a little hurt, hung his head and walked off. I had never seen Bloodgums quite like this and I figured that he had suddenly gotten the Telethon Messiah Complex that I had seen on other telethons where the host begins to think that he has the power over life and death, and Bloodgums lit

up three cigarettes at the same time and announced that he wasn't going to eat for the duration of the program, and that he was only going to shit but not piss until Tuesday if people would only call in their pledges.

The phone calls were still mostly irate, but then one call did come in making a "challenge" to everyone with a vasectomy to pledge ten dollars. "Now that's more like it!" Bloodgums said wide-eyed into the camera after reading the pledge. "OK, all you eunuchs out there," he said coarsely. "You can't jizz anv-



18. Born To Ride (8 1/2" x 13 1/4")



16. A Taste of Honey (8 1/2" x 13 1/4")



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



6. Bike Wedding (8 3/4" x 13 1/4")



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



3. Tijuana Jail Break (10" x 15 1/8")



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



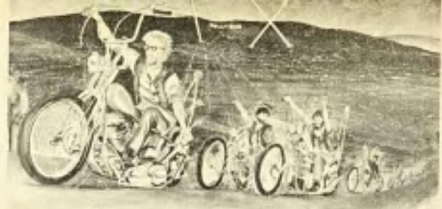
13. Building A Chopper (9" x 14 3/8")



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



20. Psychedelic Love Temple (8 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")

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way, so what's the big deal if you part with a tenner too, ey? OK, let's go!"

Bloodgums looked over to the pledgeboard that he had optimistically goaled at one million dollars, the penis-shaped cardboard and wood structure rising to the top of the set, a transparent, vagina-shaped sheath poised at the top, ready to descend upon the ever-increasing numerical values which ran adjacent to its red, veined surface. So far the vagina hovered over the zero mark, but then papers began to enter Bloodgum's hand from the side and he began to read pledges for varying amounts, automatically throwing the dollar pledges on the floor as he read them and placing the higher ones in his pocket, announcing that since the names and addresses of all pledges had been verified before being handed to him, the "fuckers" with large pledges should keep this in mind should they decide not to make good.

Some of the phone calls were from station employees warning that the police would be called if the doors weren't opened immediately, and Bloodgums made a special announcement to the viewing audience in the middle of Shirley's douche demonstration that a group of Communists were outside the building trying to close down and take over the studio and declare the broadcast industry the property of the People, and that the people at home should call the police to disperse these people who claimed to be the new owners, adding that they were armed and that several handmade bombs had been tossed in the windows, adding further without taking a breath that Rhonda and Sled were now going to demonstrate the proper way to replenish the corrosives of a chemical toilet without causing cases of "the red asshole" to users of the facility, asking that construction workers express their thanks with a pledge. They gave their demonstration, and construction pledges began coming in, most of them in five-dollar denominations, one guy promising a hundred bucks if one of them would actually shit on the stage.

This was promptly done.

Bloodgums made a brief announcement for the guy who had called in with a challenge for all two-headed people to pledge ten dollars to go fuck himself with an ironing board, and then "Doc" Dudley pulled out a blackboard and gave a brief lecture on hemorrhoids and some of the exclusive remedies the members had come up with for relieving them—hemorrhoids being an occupational hazard of the club. A teamsters local called in after the lecture expressing thanks and pledging one thousand dollars.

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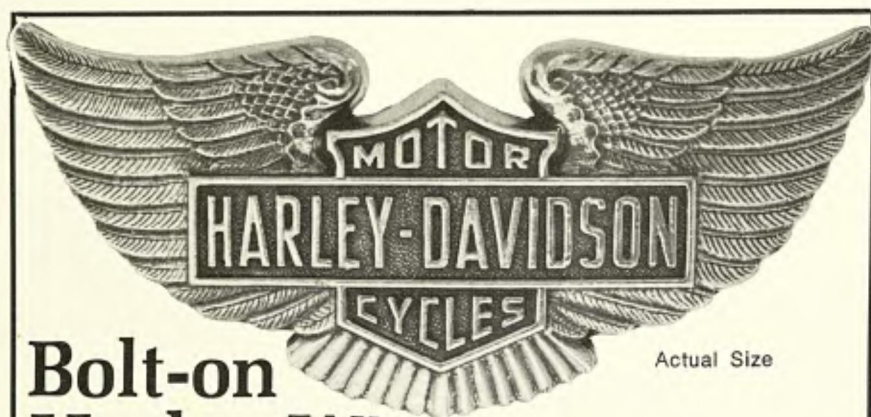
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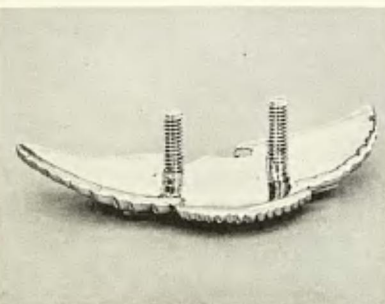
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adding that they were going to call other unions to look in too. When Doc got word of this he ran out on stage in the middle of Laurie's strip tease, promising a demonstration later of a simple VD detection test he'd invented, and the phones began to dance in the cradles.

Bloodgums then came out and began to carry on like an unrestricted asshole, turning to the pledgeboard, asking imaginary people if there was going to be a "movement" of the total, looking toward the "orchestra"—Phil and Beak combining their electronic skills to try and operate a small record player—looking back to the imaginary people and getting an "OK" on the tote change, and then the vagina sliding down another notch to some indistinguishable number, only the zero and the one million mark being really readable, and then turning to the camera as the fanfare played and rubbing his moist and grateful eyes with a sanitary napkin.

"The fucker's really overdoing it, doncha think?" Moonmind asked me, Bloodgums' antics even jarring Moonmind into reality enough to grasp the situation.

"Fuck it," I said, after giving it some thought. "It seems to work."



"We have come to visit your daughter."

Bloodgums then fell into a moving and impassioned plea to help "my corpses," as he referred to the deceased of the past ten thousand years, vowing not to change his underwear for a month in an effort to garner sympathy and then introducing Doc Dudley again, who lectured on the hybridizing of marijuana with a simple household plant to produce a drug that would enlarge by 20% penis size in men with dicks less than six inches and give erections to men over sixty.

What the phones began to do now was unreal, the sheath descending around the penis even further and Bloodgums singing a chorus of a song he had just made up and "conducting" the record player in several tunes. He then turned, after the records were over, and said there would now be a parade of a bunch of people all of whom were in various stages of approaching death and that it was now time to take a

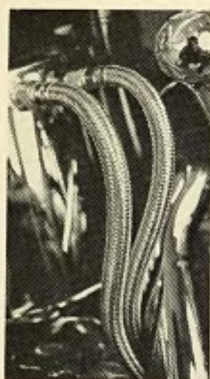
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Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York—which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.

gander at them. Those members of the Hurricane who weren't manning equipment now came out single file from behind a curtain, dressed in bandages, holding intravenous bottles, displaying pessimistic medical charts, brandishing vegetable-coloring wounds and gangrenous flesh, and baby-powdered, ashen complexions. While they roamed in a big circle around Bloodgums and a couple of girls, the trio sang:

"Look at us we're dying.

Look at us we're dying.

We're breathing but we don't know for how long.

Look at us we're croaking.

Look at us we're croaking.

We hardly have the strength to sing this song.

Shit.

Look at us we're dead."

Everyone fell down here for a couple of seconds, then got up and the circle-sing began again.

After time enough for the home audience to kind of get the drift of the message of the song, all the "victims" took a big bow and left, the cranky face of Bloodgums entering the screen once more.

"We need more challenges," he said, looking down at the floor, his hands on his hips, his expression one of extreme disappointment—as though the people out there had really let him down and he had lost all faith in humanity as a result. So he began to insult them. He told them they had no feelings for others; that they were coldblooded bystanders, looking on at the misery of others and that this, in effect, almost made them murders. He said that they'd probably just as soon butcher their mothers as take in the mail. He said he didn't need their goddam money if that's the kind of scum they were—that he'd get along without it.

"If you fat, lazy pigs don't feel like reachin' your lardy little pig hands into those pockets and wallets to help rid the world, the country, your community, and, yes, your own families of death . . . then I'm afraid," he said, looking straight into the camera and squeezing a tear out of his martyred eye, ". . . you must be the lowest form of life on Earth; lower even than worms, fungus, algae, and the kind of bacteria you might expect to find under the rim of a toilet in a bordello." He then painfully withdrew from the camera's eye so that Louie could perform a tire change on the wheel of a 74, using only two spoons and a tongue depressor.

"How are the phones doing now?" Bloodgums asked as he came over to the side, opening his hands and pulling out the tack that he had been pressing into his palm to make his eyes water.

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"Can't get to them fast enough!"
Gloria said, whisking strands of hair
out of her eyes, slapping down the
phone and an instant later picking
it up again.

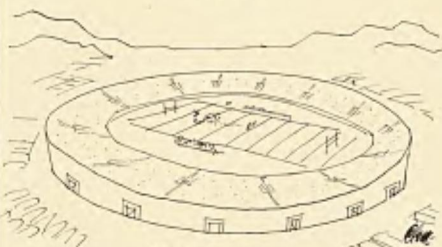
"People love to feel guilty. It's like
a drug or something for them. It's
worked for thousands of years," he
said to me, winking happily and
going off to wash his hands.

"People are calling in and prom-
ising pledges by the carload if we'll
spice the show up a little," Mealy
said, sidling up to Bloodgums as he
stooped over the sink.

"Spice?" Bloodgums said, squeez-
ing his eyes shut in confusion as he
washed. "Spice? What spice is that?
Wassat mean . . . spice?" His mind
was filled with a thousand other
matters now that he was controlling
the destinies of Mankind.

"Well, you know," Mealy said,
"some sexy stuff."

"You mean filth?" Bloodgums
blurted, his eyes opening like hangar



doors. "It's filth they want, is it?"
he said, wiping his hands on Mealy's
shirt and pulling him along as he
returned to the cameras, stepping
out in front of Louie, who was not
half through, and saying, "Fix that
cocksucker later!" Louie got up,
throwing the two spoons down on
the floor, kicking the wheel to the
other end of the building and
storming off, Bloodgums still wiping
his hands, the curve of Mealy's belly
visible on the screens.

"So you want filth, huh?" Blood-
gums said, gesturing for Mealy to
beat it. "It's filth that'll get you to
send in those funds, ey? That's
where your values lie, um? Well . . . I
can dig it!" he said, throwing his
left arm straight out and curling it
back again to his face as fast as he
could to get a crowd of guys and
chicks who were standing off to the
side shootin' the shit with each other
to come over. They all came in and
Bloodgums said to them, "OK now,
here's what I want." He said it into
the microphone, leaning into them
like a quarterback explaining things
to the huddle: "First you all get into
a 69 train; then a circle jerk over
Louise; Eddie, Sling . . . you two
guys sandwich Velma; Sandy", he
said, turning quick to her. "you do

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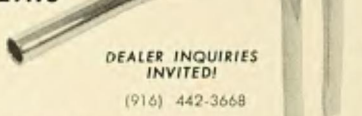
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that weird thing you do with your twat—you know how you can stick a police whistle in there and sometimes make it blow? You do that . . . and Barbara . . . you stand there and do that thing where you make one nipple get hard while the other one's soft and then switch them? You know that one? . . . You do that . . . and Stubby . . . well, you just nude up and do whatever you can to yourself to make that micro-dot of yours grow into something visible. If we can't get them with sex we'll get them with sympathy. OK now!" he concluded, clapping his hands together and springing slightly into the air, " . . . do it!" and he rushed off, leaving the group to tearing off their clothes as fast as they could and beginning the performance. Bloodgums ran over to Phil and Beak and had them put on a Sousa march, and when the thing began to play, Bloodgums roamed freely behind the pile of intertwined people, clapping his hands to the music, checking notes, going to the phones and generally maintaining a spirited tempo for the enjoyment of the viewing audience.

The phone lines were almost starting to smoke from the volume of calls that were now coming in, and money was being pledged so fast it was as though we were pushing religion instead of diseases.

"We're going to need more lines!" Marjorie called down to Bloodgums.

"Fuck you!" Bloodgums answered up to her, his voice being carried by the airwaves as usual. "Quit palaverin' with the sonsobitches, tryin' to find out their blood types and rubber sizes! Just get the pledge, mark it, and punch up another line!"

The pledges kept comin'.

Outside, the police, station management and the general population had reached some kind of accord, and since no one outside could see the telethon or the fine work that was bein' done, their thoughts centered on getting into the place and cutting the scheduled events short—as could be detected from the frequency and vigor with which a concrete circle to which a parking meter was still attached was striking the front of the thick metal door of the building.

The banging began to reverberate throughout the whole studio, and Bloodgums was not slow in making the best of a bad situation.

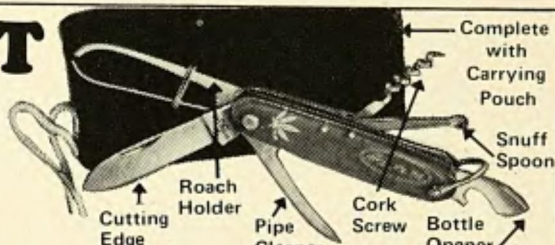
"Ya goddam skinflints!" he screamed into one of the cameras, right in the middle of Anus Fearson's mooning into the camera, the lines of a poorly-drawn test pattern sketched in around his anal canal. "Do you hear that?" he said, calling everyone to silence, the incessant booming against the doors being allowed to continue for a

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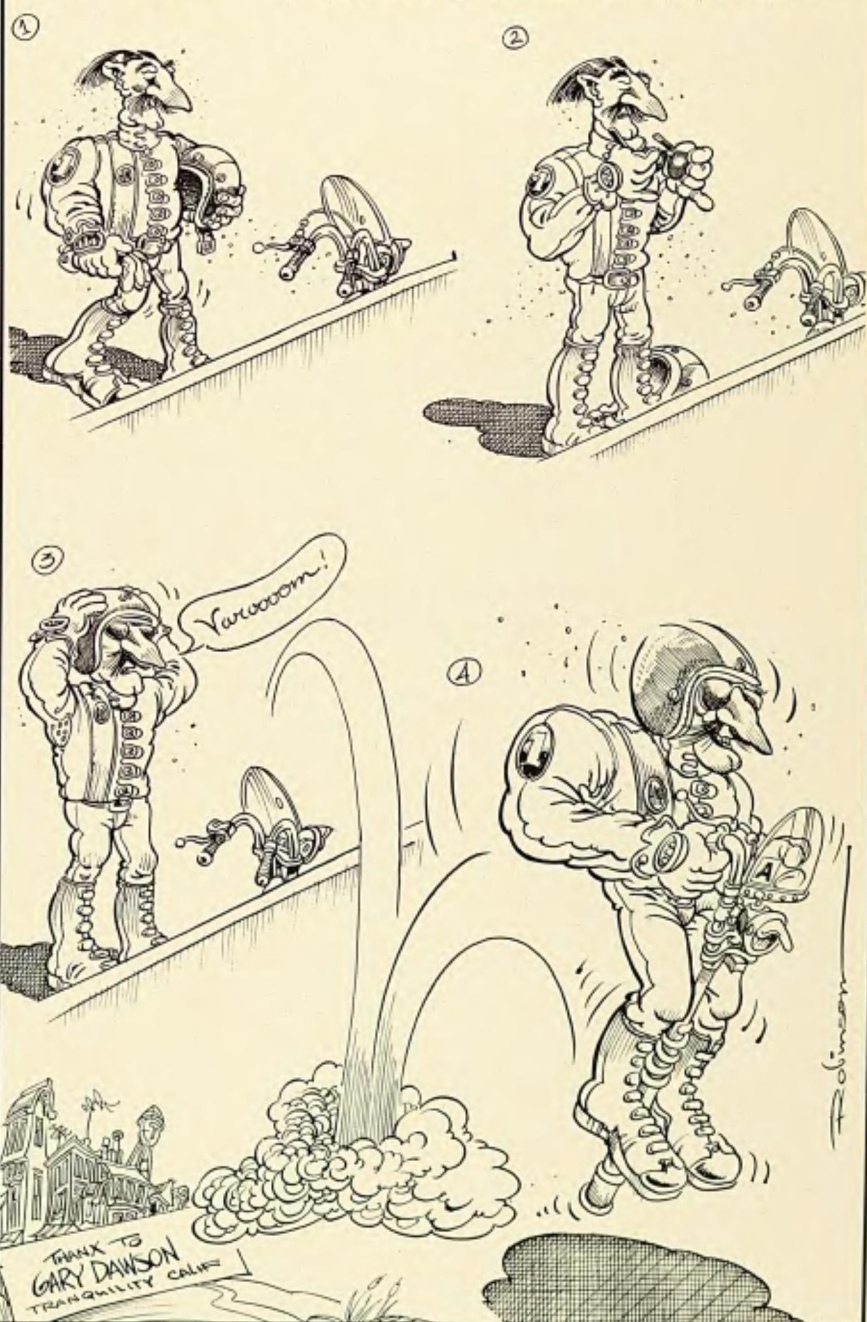
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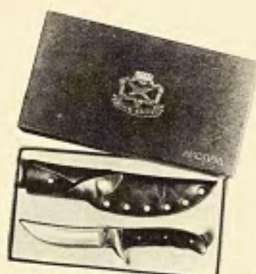
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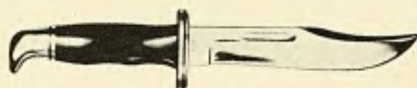
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moment without any noisy competition from ourselves except for the constantly ringing phones. "That means that this telethon is going to have to go off the air pretty soon, and we haven't even reached our goal of one million dollars!" he said, gesturing to the penis pledge-board which Brenda was now embracing and licking in drunken delirium, wooden slivers piercing her tongue, causing her to stop every once in a while and pull them out before continuing.

"What the hell is the matter with you people!" he shouted. "Every other asshole in the country has come before you slinging bullshit like an epileptic cook slings pizza, and you've busted your fucking nuts and ovaries to climb over each other to give your money to some eternally running cause that never comes up with a cure because that would be the worst thing that could happen to it! But us! Fuck, we'll never be before you again! We get done with this thing and we'll be lucky to get to Mexico before we're rounded up like cattle! So let's get with it! Stop death now!"

An ominous cracking sound echoed through the rafters and I ran over and grabbed Bloodgum's sleeve. "We gotta get outta here!" I said. "The doors are starting to go!"

"Did ya hear that?" Bloodgums yelled into the camera. "Get those pledges in! There's not much time!"

"Fuck the telethon!" I pleaded. "Let's get out of here!"

"We're good for another couple of challenges!" Bloodgums said to me in desperate "secrecy"—his hand-cupped mouth shoved into my ear, his 'whisper' so loud it could have been heard in a dozen local living rooms even if the microphone hadn't picked it up, which it did.

The phones just kept ringing.

A sound of reverberating footsteps, bashed-against furniture, and the crashes of water coolers spread throughout the studio, rolling around the walls and jiggling the camera lamps in their stands. The sound of an approaching earthquake filled our ears, but instead of people setting things aside to leave, Bloodgums had taken to a nearby table and began to "cheer" the phone girls into a more frantic reception of the calls, directing the still-mangled pile of naked bodies in the middle of the floor not to diminish their erotic and wriggling love-complexities! and shouting for the three guys on the cameras to razzle-dazzle things up visually, when suddenly, the studio door burst open, flew off the hinges and spiraled on one of its corners across the floor as a wave of uniforms and white collars poured in, the door hitting the tote-penis and forcing it into a long and precarious lean on its edge, to finally lose the

fight against gravity and come plummeting down, the rim of the wooden "head" catching in a string of heavy lights overhead and bringing the whole electrical works crashing down in a great spill of glass, thick vines of black cable and pipes. One of the studio guys did nothing when he should have zigged, zagged, corkscrewed, double-axed, one-and-a-half-reversed, wheelied, and crossover-toehold the hell out of the way of all that shit like the rest of us.

Only his rolled-up white sleeves, reaching for his last paycheck, probably, were visible sticking out from the bottom of the wreckage.

"Now it's that very thing we're trying to avoid!" Bloodgums said viciously into one of the still-operating cameras, pointing to the two arms beneath the mountain of debris as he was dragged out of the building by several officers. "And your donations can make it possible!"

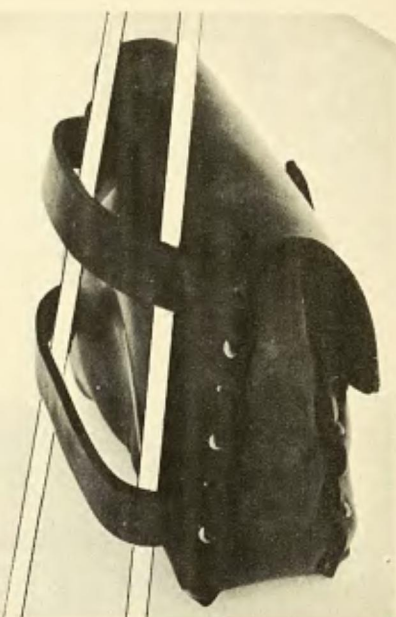
The judge, DA, and all the legal minds that money could buy, bribe and seduce could not dispose of the reality of the nine-page contract that lay humbly on the Judge's bench during the hearing, which authorized our giving a telethon, with the good wishes of the station's management shining in the ink of their signatures. No one could deny that the employees had all left the building voluntarily. How could we have broadcast pornography when we were just presenting a program at the invitation of the station? Did we know the doors were locked? Did they have to barge in that way, killing that poor guy? Couldn't they have just knocked?

It was quite a hearing.

What they wanted to do to Sha-leen for killing that monkey would have given Jack the Ripper nightmares, but the poor fucker got off with "only" three months of lectures by that big ecology bunch which he has to attend three hours a day. By the time those lunatics get through with him he'll probably set fire to every forest on Earth.

As for the rest of us, we probably would have had to return the pledge money—all \$25,000 of it—if the checks that started pourin' in hadn't been made out directly to the Hurricane, every one of them containing a note to the effect that they didn't give a fuck about our sham "charity," but were instead payin' us for the first honest telethon in history and the "best goddam TV show" they'd ever seen.

And Bloodgums still won't take off his tux. He's waitin' for the "big event," as he calls it. We keep tellin' him he's wastin' his time, but he won't listen. "Fuck," he says "Anus's brownout alone was worth an Emmy!"



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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.

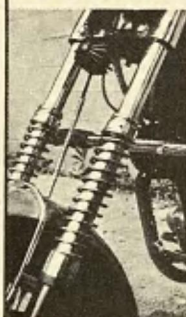
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Both are in full color. One is Harley wings (5-1/4" x 2-1/2"), and the other is a red skull, with white pills for eyes and a joint sticking out of its mouth. It is the exact tear-drop shape (2-3/4" x 2") to fit on your Linkert carb cover.

50¢ each or 3 for \$1.00

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Easyriders



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Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribbles by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the available 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 _____ Zip _____
State _____

Male Call

The following names and addresses are of bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from interested—and interesting—dudes and 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. **Bros:** We try to squeeze in as many requests as space permits. If your listing didn't make this issue, then send in another, for in order to keep the column up to date, we must throw out all requests that do not make the issue. We select the listings strictly on a first-come, first-serve basis.

Lonely Indian in strange state could use some encouragement from anyone. Nolan (Cha-Cha) Reuben, 076-46-5093, Drawer A, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

This place is hell without some mail. Ron Pal 141-378, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

I need someone to relate to. Bill Morley 6787, Box 41, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

Hey, bitch. Get off your ass and write. Ed Holt, 35533, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Need an ol' lady when I hit the streets. Bill Boshears, #37870, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

I'm lonely as a prairie dog in heat. Write me. William Smokey Hoyer #714, 578 Pavonia Ave., Jersey City, N.J. 07306.

How about some of you young babes writin'? Gary Kemper #09213, 751 E. Linfield, Azusa, Calif. 91702.

A stamp doesn't cost that much. Write. Steven Lee #30013, Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Damn if a letter wouldn't look good. Write. John Schuyler Jacobs #67929, Hosp—A Ward—East, Georgia State Prison, Reidsville, Georgia 30453.

I'm a downed biker, down on mail. Write. Larry (Wild Man) Gattin #043229, S.C.I. B-64, Box 667, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

Could really dig some femal. Scott Miller B-59352, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

23-year-old cat wishes to correspond with woman 26-40, intellectually geared. Samuel Louis Fuller #038754, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Need some chicks to write a lonely and good lovin' biker. Write Larry Smallwood, 29831-120—CH Annex, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Short dude needs scribes. Gary W. Teer, 039702—1-P-N-9, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Please write. Roland "Big Black" McIntosh, A-41955, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Tattoo artist, scooter tramp, and part time jailbird would like sweet scented letters and flicks. K. J. Jones, Box B68047, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

I have plenty of time to write, if you'll write me. Tom McNulty, Box B-61584, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Big blonde biker wants to hear from each and every one of you biker type chicks. Mark A. Smith #40976, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62229.

I need you bad, baby. Tell me who you are. Danny Principato, P.O. Box 10, B63277, Crestline, Calif. 92325.

Wayward Hell's Angel in Q. would dig wayward female correspondent or whatever! Dennis Sateriale, Box B14013A, Tamal, Calif. 94961.

Prison is a drag. If you can dig that, you'll write. Donald J. Long, B145535, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Been down too long. Please write. Russ Haas #04481, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Let me know you women are out there. E. Michaels 28707, Box 900, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.

Would like to hear from New York chicks. Ed Breeden #16242, Box 307, Beacon, N.Y. 12508.

S. F. Valley boys busted, disgusted. Write. Craig Turner #N-39468-30, Alex Romanowski #N-38426-35, P.O. Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Say there, lady, how about five minutes of your time? It sure would ease mine! Steve Gutsch B60058, P.O. Box 107 B-12, Tehachapi, Calif. 93361.

It doesn't cost a damn thing to write. So what's the holdup. Iadiest Allan E. Locke, 038546, West Unit, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Writing could easily become my pastime, if I had someone to write to. Terry Dell, P.O. Box 128, Apt. 531, Eddyville, Kentucky 42038.

From Jersey, fell in Kentucky, used to live in Redondo Beach. Bob "Jersey" Huff #72714, Box 188, La-Grange, Kentucky 40031.

Horny stud wants all foxy chicks to write him. Keith (AD) Fauver C-2427, P.O. Box 700, Jessup, Maryland 20794.

Times are hard. But if I had a lady to write to, they'd brighten. Dana Hager #142531, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Freaky chicks write these bros. Greg Smith #20325-101, Raymond Hoover #29229-117, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

If you could dig where I'm at, you'd write every day. Paul Scharrschmidt, Box C, Waupun, Wis. 53963.

Looking for ol' lady for cheer now and putt later. Richard Payne #24003, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

It doesn't matter if the woman is on the fat side or not, as long as she can write. Nathan Arrington, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

I need to hear from sincere females. Bradford Gardner, B-67674, P.O. Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Would dig some scribes from foxy ladies. J. E. (Lumpy) Collins, 92347, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Need a little sunshine from the ladies. Jim (Biggen) Merryman #7305, M. D. Kessler #3545, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Girls: Brooklyn bro needs "pussy hairs" to make a pillow. Alby Bavaero 041981, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Help! I need some woman to write to. Dick Frost, Drawer A, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

Need to hear from the free world. Robert Sanders CM/722, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62229.

It's hell doing time without a few letters. Robert Morris 28622, Box 900, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.

Down and out. Need pen letters. Butch Vann #89211, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, Oklahoma 74501.

Write to this puttin' fool. Flip Philippi B-135640, Lock Box 500, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

I'm climbin' the walls. Get me down. Larry Kidd #100600, Rt. 3, Box 116, Tazewell, Va. 24651.

Bud, from Baldwin Park, needs scribes. E. Partain, B68932, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Could dig some really nasty or full ones if you could dig writing them. Terry (T Bone) Pearce, Reg. No. 43152, Box 1010, Cell House 7, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

I miss all you chicks. Okay, so write. Jon S. O'Brien, 047889-AC-8, Box 667, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

Get off the rag and write, damn it. Steve "Cowboy" Evans K-2336, Bob "Doc" Foreman K-2028, Rob "Cloud 9" Layhue K-2556, Dennis "Kid" Chacko P-1599, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

I could dig hearing from a chick with some heart. Bobby Bartsch, B59403B, P.O. Box 210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Have all kinds of lies to tell but no one to tell them to. Mike Graham #6889, Terry Jensen #4697, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Da letter—da sooner—da better. B. W. Burgett (Funky Phantom), #3323, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Get down and write some really heavy letter to me. Will ya? Manu-elito Antinio Mendoza, Reg. No. 42822, Cell House 7, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

We're missing you chicks bad. Elmer (Fudd) Sorenson B-42416 #3-33, Bill (Beetle) Bailey B-57595 #3-14, Tehachapi, Calif. 93361.

Mail is a very important part of my life. I sure could dig some. Willie Lemon, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Need mail from mature chicks. Arthur Jefferson #C-001634, P.O. Box 221, West Unit #8, Raiford, Florida 32083.

So, California bikers could use mail from you chicks. Larry "Knuckiehead" Gray, Box B-63156-A, "Filthy" Bill Peters, Box B-65304, F. "Raunch" Brewer, Box B-56116, Joe "The Slug" Darggett, Box B-66325, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Been down too long. Please write. Stuart Francis, Drawer R, Y2206, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

I'm just about ready to go buggy. You gotta write. Mike Carrington #41990, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62229.

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able, 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

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Just want to let my guy know we will be lovers forever. I love you P. F. C. Danny. Love, Honda 360, Bay, N.J. (37)

Sportster C-D girder 18" over, \$165; chrome tubes 4" over, \$35; pullbacks 1" (6-bend), \$10; frame, \$65; 1974 Sportster rigid frame, \$2600. Call (213) 862-2495. (37)

20-year-old biker in Atlanta looking for chick to share my pad and put on my Sporty on weekends. Send picture and specs to John (Box JRC), c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (37)

Custom chrome plating. Copper-nickel-chrome. 11 years experience. Specializing in motorcycle and auto steel and aluminum parts. Kilburn's Plating Co., P.O. Box 244, Adamsville, Tenn. 38310. 901-632-0481. (42)

Abby, St. Louis: Thought I would say thanks for helping me when I was down. I will always remember the time we spent together. By the way, there is no need to be hung up about your nose—on you it looks cute. John. (37)

Sportster engine: 1700 mi. since majored. \$750.00. With title. Geno, 616-453-4870. (37)

Seeking horny swingers? "Swing Times." \$3.00. Box 893ER, Everett, Wash. 98206. (38)

Bud Pearson, I've been trying to find you since you left Denver on January 9, 1976. Want to rap with you more. I've tried to locate you. So I left my phone number with Sue in Craig. Please give me a call as soon as possible. Connie. (38)

Levi halter tops, made from original blue levis. Small, medium, large. \$8.50 postage paid. Also custom embroidery. Send size and \$8.50 to: Passion Flower Halter Tops, Box 165, Copperopolis, Calif. 95228. (38)

Would like to hear from bikers in the U.S. Bill, 111 Park Rd., Spixworth, Norwich, Norfolk, England. (37)

Professional photographers who are hip to the bike scene—Easyriders is always interested in purchasing professional photos of choppers, chopper type people, and chicks. Write on your letterhead for professional rates and requirements. Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Thanks, baby. Here's to you, Dana Do. I love you. Cliff. (37)

We buy and sell old and used H-D parts. R.D. Cross, P.O. Box 116, Norway, Oregon 97460. (37)

Need a few dollars? I'll pay 10¢ for every complete comic book you send me. Payment guaranteed. Kovacs, Box 262, Canton, Ohio 44701. (38)

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)

Righteous chick from any state to live with and ride one of my two Sportsters. I'm tired of square chicks. If you can, send picture and phone number. Chuck Caesario, 1203 No. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (39)

Wanted: Easyriders back issues. Charles Wolfe, Box 24020, Columbus, Ohio 43224. (37)

Lonely Houston chick digs bikes and wants to meet Houston dude with same interest. Stacey, 1517 Caywood, Houston, Texas 77055. (37)

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)

For Sale: 1937 H-D trike. Basket case. Needs top end. Best offer. Travis Silveria, #4 Land's End Village, Key West, Fla. 33040. (37)

Need following issues of Easyriders: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Will buy them from anyone willing to sell. Marty Jackson, 5015 Olympia Ave., Beltsville, Md. 20705. (37)

Minneapolis biker wants a good woman who wants to share biking, sex, partying, and house with him. John Francis, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (37)

Connie, I love you. Bob. (37)

Sell or swap—entire, complete collection of Easyriders magazines including the immortal, ever-lovin', leg-wettin' first issue. Each copy in excellent shape. No pages missing, no ads cut out. Many with original brown mailer. Sell entire collection for \$2,000 firm or swap for stock/near stock Sportster plus cash. 1973, 1969 or 1968 in excellent shape. Sorry, no funny numbers and must have the papers. Reply to B. P., P.O. Box 67, Carteret, New Jersey 07008. (37)

Easyriders is looking for artists, cartoonists, and illustrators who are hip to the bike scene and can draw choppers. We would like to purchase all types of art and cartoons—from tight technical drawings to idealized, futuristic, exaggerated, unreal ink drawings and paintings. We pay top professional rates. Only art accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope will be returned. Art Honcho, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Pittsburgh—Funky Dude paint shop. Air-brush jobs. Bikes, rods, vans, helmets. Get some funk on your bike. Ron (412) 364-0535. (37)

Hey dudes, I'm 5'6", 115 lbs., have long blond hair, and blue eyes. Send \$5.00 for 3 pictures that you'll really get off on! Sunshine, 6110 Walker Mill Rd., District Hgts., Maryland 20028. (37)

We specialize in obsolete H-D parts. In business 10 years. Send \$2.00 and self-addressed stamped envelope for price list. Jackson Cycle, 6508 Clayton Lane, Morningside, Maryland 20031. (37)

For sale: '48 Indian Roadmaster. 1200 cc. 3 speed. Nice shape. \$1000. Barry Barnett, R.D.2, Ford City, Penn. 16226. Phone: 412-763-8994. (37)

Bike-crazy, horny, hip, foxy chicks from anywhere, write! Lonely biker needs companionship or maybe to settle down. Write to: Mike (Dirty Devil) Rommel, 4027 E. Balch, Fresno, Calif. 93702. (38)

Ol' ladies! If your biker is a jock or thinks he is, give him this all-leather jock key fob. It's shaped like the real thing, comes in flesh or black. Send \$1.00 for one or \$2.00 for three. We pay postage. Send to Red Carey, Rt. 1, Box 179ER, Flowery Branch, Georgia 30542. (37)

I've got this outstanding Triumph 500 chop and my head is into dirgibles. I'll sell it for \$906.00. Lee Omer, Kent, Wash. (206) 854-9179. (37)

Mellow, slim biker chick needed by Nevada biker. Loner. To put on Sporty. Must have head together and be unattached. Reply Jamie, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (37)

In memory of brother "Smiley" Davis. Gone, but never forgotten. But why? 1-10-76. "The Wizard," Canton, Ohio. (37)

My ol' man is looking for more action. Any couples in Buffalo, N.Y. interested. Write Marilyn A. Henry, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (37)

Belt buckles. E Z Wider. Bulshit. Pig. Honda, Harley. Fits 1-3/4 belts. Send 50¢ for catalog. Red Carey, Rt. 1 Box 179E, Flowery Branch, Georgia 30542. (37)

Wanted: Chick who digs Harleys, camping, travel, partying. Write Jack, 64 Clinton, Mantua, N.J. 08051. (37)

Nazi T-shirts, eagle clutching swastika. S, M, L, XL. \$4.00 ea. 3/\$10.00. Haverstock, Box 5114, Ft. Wayne, Indiana 46805. (37)

Blond chick wishes to ride and write to bikers. Jane Normile, P.O. Box 70, Terrell, Texas 75160. (37)

Triple chrome plating. How to get the best price and a super job. Info free, job cost reasonable. Fully guaranteed. Call 305-655-4970 or write 805 25th St., W. Palm Beach, Florida 33407. Show chrome available on request. (37)

Tired of games. Would like lady interested in honest trip to get into riding and living in southern Oregon. Love to hear from you. Write Don, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (37)

For sale: 4 Harley trike frames, 2 mech. brake trike rear ends, 1 hyd. brake trike rear end, 1 '67 electric start 45 engine & trans, 1 swingarm 74 frame & trans, 1 giant pile of assorted parts for trikes. Send your best offer for all or part to Blake, P.O. Box 6745, Savannah, Ga. 31405, or if you can't wait, call 912-352-7834. (37)

I'm one biker who likes liberated women. Need foxy lady to putt with. Dan (Buggeater) Drake, R #1, Roanoke, Indiana 46783. (37)

Easyriders collection, issues 1 through 20 plus 6 later, \$28.00 pp. Ben Ordas, Rt. 1, Hometown, Indiana 46748. Money to be given to the Lord. (37)

Sweet, 22-year-old biker chick, new in area, would like to do some puttin' and partyin'. Send letter and photo to: Ci-Ci, 700 Pacific St., Monterey, Calif. 93940. (37)

Black Is Beautiful and we have the blackest most beautiful Harley-Davidson T-shirts you ever covered your righteous ass with. Specify Harley Wing, Shield, or new Made in America Eagle design. Only \$4.95 each postage paid from: Gemini Shirt Printers, P.O. Box 2707, Rocky Mount, N.C. 27801. (37)

Sportster head-porting service. \$120.00. Joe Diubac Enterprises, Hager Street, Danbury, Conn. 06810. 203-748-0951. (37)

Sportster pilot seeks to hear from biker chicks everywhere to get the cha-cha going. Again, peace and prosperity. "The Mug," 8085 Messick Rd., Salinas, Calif. 93901. (37)

The Knight Riders M.C. are in Denver, Colorado. We would like to hear from other Knights retired or still putting across the U.S. Knight Riders M.C., P.O. Box 290, Commerce City, Colorado 80022. (37)

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Spider will buy (cheap) any old Harley advertisements, Harley books, manuals, magazines, photos, goodies—anything old. He'll share them with the readers of Easyriders. Write him at Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Be sure to state price or what you want in exchange for goodies you have.

Mail Call

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