

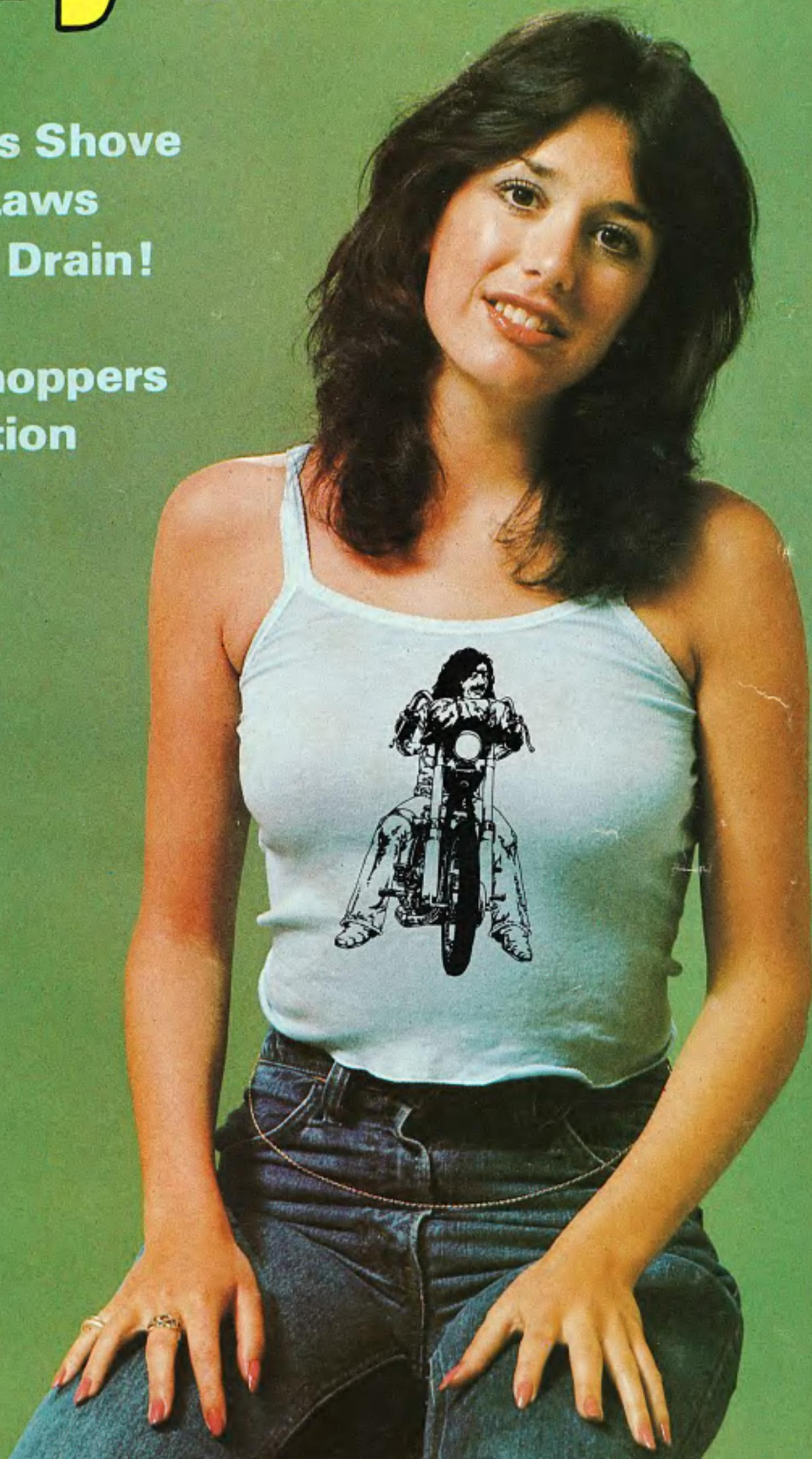
Easyriders

45p

September, 1976
One Dollar

**Four States Shove
Helmet Laws
Down The Drain!**

**Far-out Choppers
and Fiction**



Black Easyriders T-shirts

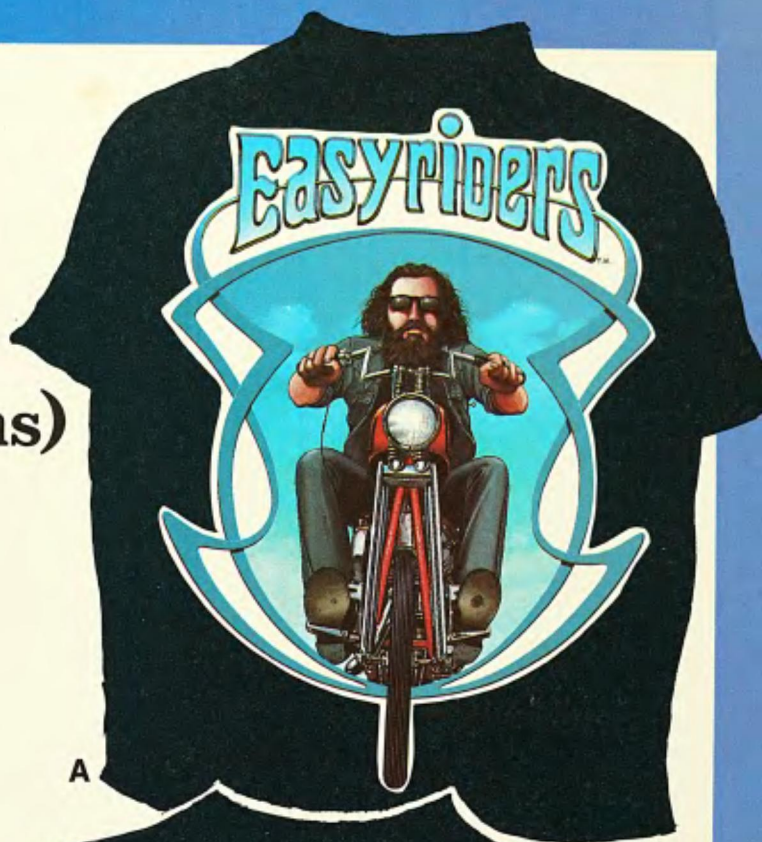
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

Hell, everyone knows the advantages of wearing a black T-shirt—why, it's like wearing your own wipe rag! Just think, now you can wear your shirt longer (won't show crud), and in emergencies you can wipe your hands on it, sop up blood, or whatever—shit, you could even clean your chrome with it.

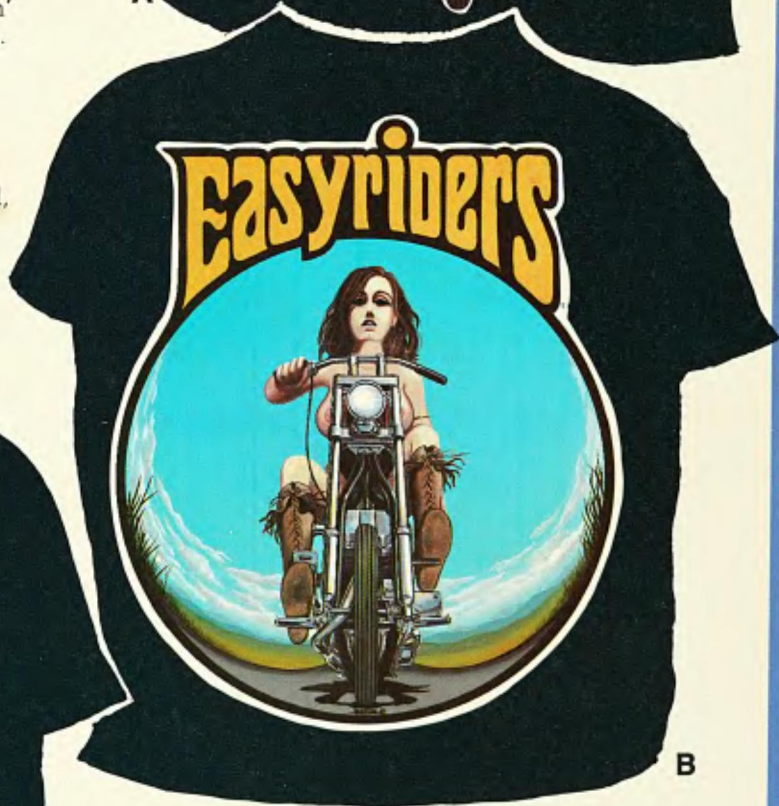
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

You'd expect to pay \$25.00 for this 100% cotton T-shirt, but we restrained ourselves, and we'll let you have one for only \$5.45, plus a paltry 50¢ for postage and handling.

So get off your ass and fire us the bread, and we'll send you your shirt so fast you'll wet your pants.



A



B



C

Send your order today to:

Easyriders Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me _____ shirts. I have enclosed \$5.95 for each shirt ordered. (\$5.45 plus 50¢ for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.



Easyriders

Number 39

Takin' it easy with Spider	5
Readers react to previous issues	6
Words and some drivel from other biker rags	11
A far-out ending on this one	12
The ins and outs of gettin' off (on good stuff)	14
Solari comes up with another masterpiece	16
Spanish Fly and other gonad bugglers	18
Miraculous Mutha barfs up another batch	21
Sure way of takin' care of a ticket	22
He had nothin' left to lose	24
What a chick goes through to get in this rag	26
Man-made 45 trike is a winner	28
In the wind with our great readers	34
Dave Mann portrays a dilemma	40
45's have gone custom	42
All about a biker baseball team	48
New column for astrology freaks	50
Shovel owner is a French stickler	52
Four states dump helmet laws (ABATE)	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 August 17th.

STAFF: Office dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Marvin, White Rat, and Willard. Executive Janitor and Contact: Spider. Subscription Hassles: Lori Parker. King of the Assholes (Bookkeeper): Pilhead Smiley. Young Man About Town: Brian. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Two-Ton Tony. Wine Taster and Chugalug Champ: Dudley. Office Sex Symbol: Deon. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Contributing Photographers and Party-timers: Billy Tinney, Rogue, Wino Joe, Dave Fitzgerald, Charles Flett. Cartoon Editor: The one and only Hal Robinson. Art Directors: Art Honcho. Artists: Dave Mann, Duffy Duggan, Harriett Janes, Mac Haserot, Tom Kuntze. Production: Here today, gone tomorrow Denise. Overworked Editor: Louis (License Plate) Bosque. Fearless Eastern Photog: Jake Roca. Wordhead: Frank (The Hermit) Harding. Photo Editor: Pete (Tit Freak) Chiodo. Associate Editor: Keith (Bandit) Ball. Editor-at-Large: Mil (Hog Expert) Blair. Managing Editor: Joe (Super Hog) Teresi. Editor: Lou (barf) Kimzey and a cast of thousands!

Easyriders magazine Number 39, September, 1976, Vol. 6. Published every six weeks by Paisano Publications, Inc. with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1976 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material. Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$7.00, two years \$14.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$1.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579, Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Phone number (213) 880-4240.

I've got something for you . . .

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

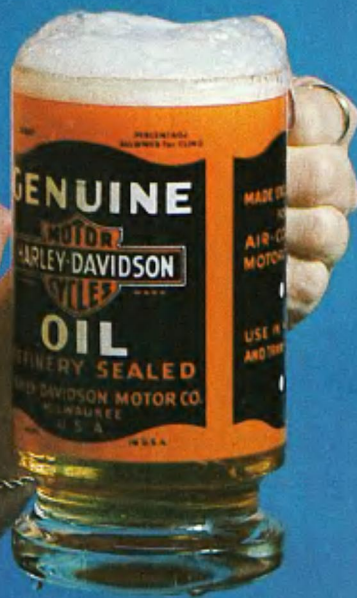
Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.




Righteous
Products
Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Teacher shows class: A teacher in Florida got pissed at five of his young students so he tied a rope to each of their belts and to his motorcycle—then he dragged them all over the school parking lot. For some reason he was suspended from teaching duties.

Make money by growing fingernails. Norm Heinz of Creative Airst Salon will pay 25¢ to \$2.00 apiece for fingernails at least 1/3 inch long. His address: 8024 Spring Valley Road, Dallas, Texas 75240. (No mention of toenails.)

Two sneaky asshole narcs at New York's Kennedy Airport made a joint out of some "suspicious looking stuff" brought in by a visitor from India. They didn't get a buzz on so they asked the dude what it was. It seemed they had just smoked the ashes of the dude's dead mother!

Only in New York: Ya wanna get your Fido a good piece of ass? Well, there's a place in Fun City where for \$50 you can get him laid—and they'll even take pictures of the action for you. Their slogan is "Got a little tail for your dog."

At a ribbon-cutting ceremony on the opening of a new police firing range, the Brigham City, Utah, police thought it'd be cute to snap the ribbon with gunfire. After their two best marksmen fired over 500 rounds, to no avail, they finally said fuck it and blew it away with a shotgun.

Want to be a hero back home after visiting San Francisco? Well, there's a studio there that for \$60 will take your photo standing next to a naked woman—anywhere in the city.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Thanksalot, bros: You've sniveled so goddam much about why we don't publish this rag every month that the decision was made (by someone) to do just that—so commencing with the issue on sale September 28, you'll be able to find this gonad-bogglin' epic on sale on the last Tuesday of every month. (Shit, there goes my partytimin' time.)

Talkin' about bummers, did you hear about the dude who was sentenced to two years in the slammer for merely saying "Goddam" in public? You may be able to help him get released. For more info write the Committee to Free Bob Canney, Box 1463, Gainesville, Florida 32602.

Then there's the dude in Texas who went to the hospital to see if his eye was cancerous. They removed his eye to have a look-see and then accidentally dropped the sucker down the drain. (The dude's pissed.)

Showin' some class dept.: A cab driver in Chicago picked up a chick, drove to a vacant lot, pulled a gun, and then generally fucked hell out of her. After doing his number, he drove her home and forced her to pay the full cab fare for the trip!

A soldier in Germany got pissed off at his landlady, ripped off a self-propelled 175-mm howitzer, and aimed it at the apartment house. 19 residents freaked and jumped out windows. He was busted for drunk driving. The landlady filled her pants.

The next time your ol' lady cuts you off, tell her she's got a bad case of cherophobia (fear of having fun). Then stomp her.

In a recent issue of High Times it was stated that sleeping pill overdose victims can be brought back to consciousness with hearty doses of castor oil. (Yeah—but whatta mess.)

For one reason or another a dude in Florida bit a cop on the thigh. He was arrested, of course, and the cop was treated for the bite wound. (They shoulda given the biter a tetanus shot—what da fuck?)

Good news for cold-titted chicks. A dude in England has just been issued a patent for an electrically heated bra! ■

WORDMONGER

Missed Out

□ Damn. How come I never hear about the really good deals until it's too late? I just got divorced a couple of months ago, and I see this article in the paper about wife-swapping. Shit, I would've been glad to swap her for something useful like a drill press or a welding torch or something.

The Yellow Baron
Kozmic City, Mo.

■ Spider says that's the kind of luck he has, too.

More on AMF

□ I'm an AMF bowling machine mechanic. You think Harleys are bad? You should see the AMF fuckups on their bowling machines!

Midnight Maniac
Greeley, Colo.

No Taste

□ I was checkin' out your "In the Wind" in the June issue, and I gotta say ya really fucked up a good high, and that's putting the shit on ya lightly. On page 36 there's a snap of a sick, stupid, no-class motherfucker aiming a 30-30 at a dude attempting to put life in his Sporty. This ain't got no taste, man. And I'm speakin' not only for myself but for a whole lot of other for-real people who putt.

D. J.
Salem, Ore.

Gun Photos

□ Why the hell are you turkeys using those stupid photos of bikers carrying guns in the "Wind" section of your rag? I've been riding for over nine years, five of which were with a club (I've been pres, treasurer, and road capt.). But I'm also a hunter and gun collector!

Showing these dudes "posing" with their guns only hurts both of our groups. Which I might add are both under attack by Big Brother for wanting to possess and

use our guns and bikes in a free, constitutionally guaranteed way!

Paul S.
North Shore M.C.
Hicksville, N. Y.

Going Monthly

□ You fuckers have got the kidneys of a beer-puking earthworm, and if you low-life scumbags don't print an issue of your asswipe rag every month, I'll write to the state and stop your food stamps.

Hero
G.H.M.C., Conn.

□ You muthas oughta come out with yer fuckin' mag more often, 'cause I forget I have a subscription until the pony express brings one by every so often.

Lil' Trucky
Boonies, N.M.

■ It's a bummer to us slaves, but commencing with issue #41 we'll be on sale the last Tuesday of every month. Needless to say, the staff is switchin' to uppers!

Pull A Train

□ Tell that bitch Kim (May '76) that if bikers have soft cocks, she's getting laid by a limp-wristed fairy. If she wants to get some really good stuff, she ought to let some of the bros pull a train on her. But then, maybe she has the kind of mug that would make a dog puke.

Satan & Dude
Pasadena, Calif.

An Invitation

□ This is an invitation to any and all get-down partying motherfuckers to make it to a three-day party. It is planned for the third weekend in July, starting Friday, the 16th, until we can't booze no more.

We are located in the small (but loose) town of Alpha, Michigan, in the Upper Peninsula. It is five

miles from Crystal Falls in case you can't find Alpha on the map.

There is plenty of room for crashing, so bring whatever camping equipment you can strap on your scooter! For additional info, write:

Alphaholics
c/o Guy E. Neault
Box 207
Alpha, Mich. 49902

Big-Boob Solution

□ I thought I would send some info to any chick with big boobs. Big breasts can hurt you physically. The weight can break down tissues and blood vessels in your chest, causing complications, turning you black and blue. Besides being physically handicapping, they're gross and hard to fit. I had a set of 36 EEEs, and I was glad to get rid of them. There's an operation called reconstructive breast reduction. It's very safe and terrific! Most plastic surgeons will do it, and most all insurance companies will cover the cost because of the danger to your development and mental state. The weight can damage the backbone, neck, collar bones, and shoulders (from bra straps). Anyone with large breasts doesn't have to be miserable. I feel like a new person and have quite a few nice men friends now, but before, I was just some kind of side show, freak, or someone to watch to see if they really hang low enough to step on.

S. Warren
Sunnyvale, Calif.

■ Got any "before" photos you don't need?

Aunt Molly

□ It's called Aunt Molly and it's for the dudes in the slammer. Need a different kind of sex, other than your hand? Okay, here goes. Get an "Aunt Molly" plastic popcorn bag and lubricate the inside with vaseline. Then get a hot wash rag and a pillow. Put

your rigid tool in the popcorn bag, wrap the hot rag around it, and then put the whole thing inside a pillow—you can get down with it. It's neat, neat, neat. And if you don't print this, I'll kill ya.

"Easy"
Dallas, Pa.

Nazi Emblems

□ Regarding the letter about Nazi emblems—it was a well-written letter that laid it on the line. My hat is off to you, Pat Garret. I wish I could shake your hand.

John B.
Augusta, Me.

□ A few issues back, some clown was sniveling about the swastika on White Power T-shirts. Now I see some creep trying to tell us that Nazis are anti-motorcycle.

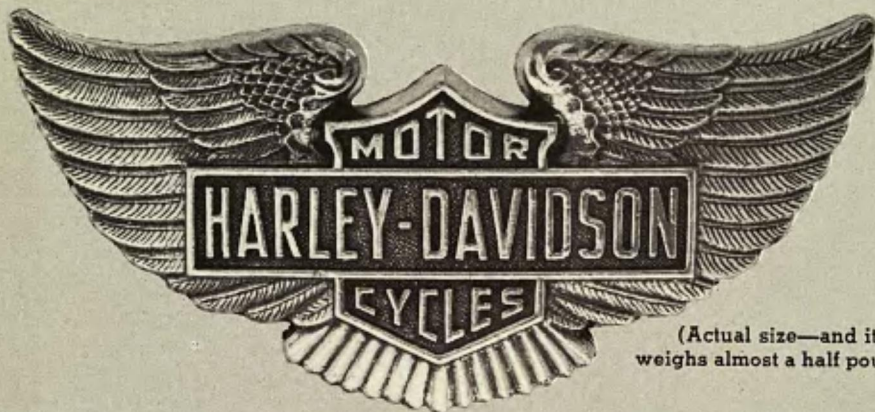
First off, Pat Garret is a liar. I'm enclosing some Xerox copies of the 1967 issue of *Stormtrooper* magazine where the then leader of the American Nazi Party said, "The country is full of hard-fighting, hard-drinking, two-fisted White Men wasting their time and strength fighting each other . . . If you've had enough of nigger terrorism against our people, if you have the guts to do some fighting and you want to do it on a fast, chopped-down Harley—Join the U. S. Nazi Motorcycle Corps."

WW II buffs will also tell you that the highly mobile SS had a motorcycle section that was first into the fight. So what's this crap about "If the Nazis had won we wouldn't be free to ride"?

Last of all, Jack, don't give me that shit about how "free" this country is. With most states having compulsory helmet laws, and many with laws against modifications of your bike, we've got a pretty fair imitation of Russia going over here. You remember Russia, don't you? That's the country that America saved

The Original

made from steel dies—not from a cheap, low quality rubber mold process!



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



RIGHTEOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



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

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

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more.

They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

Cost is only \$8.00 each or \$15.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off no scoot folk.

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



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

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



by declaring war on Germany. Think about a world without communist Russia: No Korean War, no Viet Nam War, etc., etc., etc., David Rust, C.O. National Socialist Liberation Front
P. O. Box 4168
Panorama City, Calif. 91402

☐ I hope that Pat Garret and people like him might grow to understand what it means to be a part of the Aryan race. It goes a lot deeper than flying swastikas, German medals, the letters S.W. P. or 100% Honky emblems. What you see on bikers isn't only on them. It's on a lot of white people! It's a reflection of pride—superiority over all races, and the knowledge that this is true!

California Convict
Susanville, Calif.

☐ Maybe I can help answer Pat Garret's question (June '76). Why do bikers wear Nazi emblems? Since the beginning of time, victorious armies robbed and pillaged their enemies. Anything of value was taken and either displayed or put to use by the conquerors. Works of art, gold, silver, anything valued by the enemy was taken from him. To have something that belonged to your enemy was a sign of your own strength.

Nazi Germany took pride in their uniforms and the medals they earned. There was a certain place on the uniform for each medal to be worn with pride. I don't think Hitler would be very happy to see greasy bikers with Nazi emblems adorning their dirt-encrusted levis and leathers.

There are many reasons why Americans display Nazi paraphernalia. One is a reminder that we were the victors.

Dentine
Lansing, Mich.

Good Weed

☐ The other night we were all tokin' and ballin' and thought we'd drop y'all a line tellin' ya how good the weed is in Yonkers.

Buzzard, Fonzie, Cogs
& Devious Duck
Yonkers, New York

Instant Relief

☐ I've recently come up with an idea I believe could revolutionize custom sleds. I

call it the Pussy Projectile Pad. Think of all the bros boogin' down the road, packin' ol' ladies, happy and confident, knowing that one unkind word, one syllable out of line, one push of the button brings on instant relief. Think of the ol' ladies who will refuse to go on runs (even when asked) because of the constant fear of becoming a new part of a Mack truck. Think of the security in knowing your bike is fully equipped.

Jack
Passaic, N. J.

Dusty Is Far-Out

☐ Ya finally got a real biker chick. That Dusty is one far-out mama. My tongue got to hanging out as soon as I saw the cover.

Bike "Big" Mac
Richmond, Calif.

☐ Well, you did it again! Your scooter mama in the June issue is sweet. There is something about her mouth that makes me want to stick my dick in it. How about her address?

Slink
Provo, Utah

☐ Me and a couple of bros were checkin' this month's rag out. And man, that mama, Dusty, you had in there is the finest and looks like the loo-est mama I've ever seen.

Vince Brindis
Queens Village, N. Y.

☐ Man, that chick Dusty in your June issue was fuckin' outasight. Got the look of a real biker's ol' lady. Hope you feature her again. She's got some set of eyes.

Dirty Harry
Valhalla, N. Y.

☐ That fox Dusty in your latest rag is really righteous. Just looking at her makes my mouth water. More women like her are what we need.

Terry Allen
Waipahu, Hawaii

■ Amen.

Libertarian Party

☐ The interview in your last rag with Roger MacBride really hit some nice notes with me. Over about the last year I've been convinced that these people with the Libertarian Party really got their shit in one bundle, so to speak.

I wrote to them to find out what was coming off and got about fifteen pounds of literature. When MacBride says they're consistent, he's not kidding. In terms of putting your life back in your control, they want to knock down all the helmet laws, all the lights-on laws, they want to decriminalize grass, legalize gambling and hooking (if you want to buy, it's your business, right?), and make it illegal for the government to spend more than it takes in (which equals inflation, which equals recession, which equals the whole mess we're in now). They also want to tell the FTC and the IRS to get the fuck off the back of the small businessman.

The point being, if ABATE and NORML and COYOTE and the National Taxpayer's Union and the National Rifle Association and all the other people trying to tell the red tape machinery where to stick it would get behind MacBride and his people, we might get somewhere. Probably not to the Presidency—not this year, at least—but there are lots of local offices coming open; that's where the power and most of the bureaucracy is.

"Libertarianism is the view that each man is the absolute owner of his life, to use and dispose of as he sees fit; that all man's social actions should be voluntary, and that respect for every other man's similar and equal ownership of life and, by extension, the property and fruits of that life, is the ethical basis of a humane and open society."

Amen, bros, amen.

Jim Morey
In-a-swamp, Florida

Spider for President

☐ I would like to nominate Spider for next president of the U.S.A. Here's \$1.00 for his fund.

J. Eggs
Now in Maryland

Confused

☐ I was a firm fucking believer in all Easyriders articles until now. When I read "Animal Sex Life," I was completely shocked shitless. Who bullshitted you guys into printing a story that wasn't properly researched? I'm from California and even I know how to fuck a sheep the right way. First,



It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Order Robinson's *Trash* now.

Book *Easyriders* Magazine

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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

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

(California residents add 5% for tax)

Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist

For
\$31.50

Two Year Guarantee

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

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

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

you don't remove your boots
before you fuck a sheep.
How the hell are you going
to keep the sheep from
running away without putting
the sheep's back feet in your
boots?

Snake Man
Bad Kissingen, Germany

■ Run your tongue in its ear.

Gay Chicks

☐ I want to organize an all-
butch or dyke (gay girls only)
bike club—outlaw type—no
sissies allowed. Could you
give us some sort of re-
sponse?

Butch
Orlando, Fla.

■ I've heard that dykes don't
dig a dude's beard on their
inner thighs.

Warning

☐ Prepare to be harassed
if you ride through Trinity,
Texas. Every bar has a shot-
gun with a biker's number on
it.

Timber Wolf
Grapeland, Texas

Bike Telethon

☐ I just finished the story
"Bike Telethon" (June '76)
and my nuts are still shaking
in their sacks. If you keep
going like you have been,
you just might have the other
half of the world asking for
"scribes."

"Shotgun"
Tallahassee, Fla.

☐ I just want to tell you that
I thought the story "Bike
Telethon" really sucked. I
mean really.

Skizzy
Yarmouth, Mass.

Dug Rat

☐ I figured you should know
that the "rat" in your June
issue was the hottest, most
good-looking, greatest bike
you've ever featured. I wish
the fucker was for sale.

Scott D. Cannon
Tallahassee, Fla.

☐ In the bike feature titled
"A Rattier Rat," that was a
great-looking dog you show-
ed. Dobermans make great
pets all right. I used to own
one to protect my bike a few
years back.

Still, my chick and I were
wondering what that rotten
pile of shit was behind the

dog. It sort of reminded me
of a motorcycle.

Frank Wyckoff
Coral Gables, Fla.

☐ I had to head for the show-
er when I saw the muffler on
Frisco's rat. And the slit in
the buddy seat, Lordy. It's
great to see some bros still
love their scooters as they
are, without being all dressed
up.

"Fritz" Newbauer
Raiford, Fla.

She Digs Us

☐ Good Grief! Here I am, a
37-year-old school teacher
type lady with two kids and
dogs and cats (and a house
yet). And what do I find in my
mailbox, but your weirdo mag
full of tits and hairy bikers
(left by mistake—my mailman
is a pervert). And I fell over!

Not only is "The Lyingest
Motorcyclist I Ever Knew" a
funny piece of writing (the
rest of the stuff is crap), but
I suppose every aging school
marm has a secret desire for
some outrageous biker to
come roaring right through
the schoolhouse doors (pre-
ferably over two or three re-
volting junior high kids), up
the stairs, and into the class-
room. Then she climbs prim-
ly on to the seat and shocks
the shit out of her 8th and
last class by shouting as they
roar off over the principal,
"Goodbye forever, you rotten
little bastards!"

F. P.
Golden, Colo.

Quickie Divorce

☐ I, Shane, hereby wish to
announce that I am divorced
from Ice Cube, formerly
known as Panther. I also wish
to inform all my brothers that
she is a burn artist and a rip-
off. I, Shane, hereby take
Squirt and Little Squirt as my
lawful wife. And I request best

wishes from all my brothers.

Shane
Vancouver, Wash.

Bad Influence

☐ I have never seen such
filth in a magazine. Why don't
you start printing some
healthy jokes and maybe our
world would be a better place
to live in. No wonder our chil-
dren are becoming sick, mor-
ally, every day. You are a bad
influence on a society that al-
ready needs help.

Excuse the writing and
paper but I have better things
to do with my good time.

E.L.S.
East Bridgewater, Mass.

■ Healthy jokes?

Party Time

☐ I guess I've got to get off
my dead ass and take care
of this. To all you fuckers
who like to ride, drink beer,
fuck, and what have you:
Every year we have a party
and party. All you need bring
is yourself and bread. There
is more young, dribbling,
sweet pussy around here
than you can—well, you just
need to come see. The place
is Rockland, Maine, for the
Seafood Festival the first
part of August.

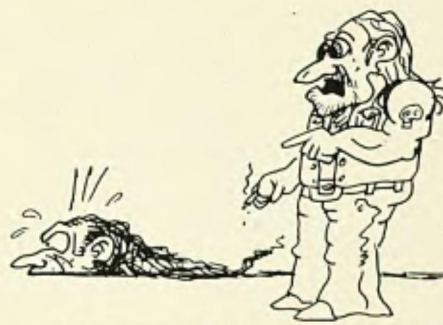
Worthless
Conn. & Maine

Name Change?

☐ Why don't you perverts
change the name of your
mag to Slezzyriders. Because
that's what you are! The mag
is a real drag.

Sam
Framingham, Mass.

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.



"I paced 'er off, ol' buddy—ya slid 223 yards."

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Knievel against drugs . . .

According to Evel Knievel, that's right! At Warner Brothers Pictures, with Irwin Allen as the producer, a \$5,000,000 film, "that will attack drugs in America," says Evel, is in the works. And Evel says he will be making a jump of 15 buses within the next two or three months as a part of it. "I will be playing myself in this film . . . the best film ever made!"

—*Motorcycle Weekly*

No more blackmail . . .

Now that President Ford has in fact signed the amendment whether or not you have to wear a helmet will still be determined by your state legislatures. What has happened here is simply this: the Feds can no longer blackmail the states into compliance; and since local politicians are by necessity more responsive to the desires of their constituents (read neighbors), your ballot will determine to an extent whether you will have to wear a helmet. The unconstitutionality of helmet laws aside, that's the way it should have been from the beginning. It's that way now.

—*Cycle magazine*

Power of the vote . . .

Many free-spirited motorcyclists like the feeling of the wind and the rain in their hair. But safety-conscious regulators, citing the public cost of picking injured motorcyclists off highways, insist that cyclists wear protective helmets. The easy riders—who like a zoom with a view—report that this is a government intrusion into their civil liberties.

Before dismissing their argument, consider the uproar of motorists who resented buzzers that could not be silenced until seat belts were

fastened. That was a government intrusion on behalf of safety, too, but there were enough motorists to get the government to back down, and now unbelted seats do not buzz. On principle, if you are against buzzers, you should be against helmets.

Woe betide the candidate who walks into a press conference in Kentucky or Tennessee unbriefed on the helmet issue; wild bunches of votes are ready to fall off his tree.

—*New York Times*

Warranty protection . . .

The plain fact is that, if a consumer is going to be able to protect himself from getting burned on a warranty, he must know his rights, he must know which (if any) agencies of state and local government will help to solve his problem and, too often, he has to be able to go to court and force the warrantor to live up to the terms of a warranty. Few consumers have any of those advantages to work with.

Now the Federal Trade Commission is telling retailers to go through what will be at least a lot of inconvenience to disclose warranties prior to the sale of a product. Most customers still won't bother to read the warranty on the product before buying, and most still won't know how to force an errant supplier to honor his obligations.

—*Motorcycle Industry*

Cafe racers . . .

Some now think that the big boom in sporty street scratchers that has grown rapidly in the past three years has reached its peak, and that the cafe racer market is now entering the stage of atrophy.

I disagree. Folks I talk with in the trick accessory business report increasing orders for street roadster equip-

ment, and not just for cosmetic items either.

—*Tod Rafferty*
Big Bike

Claim to fame?

We started out with the Daytona thing years ago when the chopper involvement was a minor part of the Motorcycle Speed Week, so we have both watched and aided in the growth of Speed Week into probably the largest motorcycle event anywhere! We take the challenge from the other magazines as flattery since they have now decided to join us, but I dare one of them to mention that *Street Chopper* has had seven years of experience in promoting the event and four years' coverage of both the Rat's Hole Show and the Run to the Sun.

—*Street Chopper*

Editor's note: Golly!

AMF gearboxes . . .

Sooner or later, there comes a time in the life of every HD big twin when it becomes necessary to delve into the innards of the transmission. In the case of Harley Davidson's 74-cubic-inch powered machinery, the majority of money you spend is for the removal and replacement of the gearbox itself in the motorcycle. Why? Simply because it takes a bit of time to get the bugger out, and then once serviced reinstall it.

The transmission, as originally conceived and executed, was something strong and serviceable that would last years with virtually no attention. Over the last ten or twelve years, the longevity has markedly dropped, so today it's a whole new ballgame. If you buy your bike new, treat it with respect. Chances are the gearbox will last a long time with no problem if you don't abuse it.

—*Bike Mechanics*

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 1/4" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 1/4" 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





O.D. For a Brother

By John Watson

They sat, waiting. Now and then Turk would get up and fiddle with the knobs on the T.V. set, adjusting first color, then sound, and cursing softly. Rip sat by the window, leaning over once in a while to move the window drapes aside and peer out into the darkness.

"Where the fuck is he, man?" Frog asked, finally. He sat on a huge, round, green pillow in one corner of the small room, looking exactly like the name he had been given by his friends. Short, squat, a wide mouth and squinty green eyes. He had a short, upturned nose with big nostrils that looked at you like an extra pair of eyes. He looked like a frog on a lily pad, but the lily pad was a pillow, and the Frog was a bad little dude.

"I don't know, man," Rip answered. "He was supposed to be here an hour ago. I'm gettin' nervous. If he don't show pretty soon I'm gonna go into withdrawal."

Turk laughed. "Take it easy. He'll show. I been dealin' with this cat a long time. He's just careful." His face twitched. "Smoke another joint. He'll show."

There was a soft tap at the door. From the way Rip leaped out of the easychair he was sitting in it might have been a clap of thunder. Rip threw open the front door as violently as a man with Montezuma's Revenge throwing open a shithouse door.

"Where the fuck you been, man! Where's the stuff?"

"Easy, easy, dad. I got it. I got it."

"C'mon in."

The dealer looked like a weasel. He was short and exceedingly thin with a curved body that moved in quick jerks. His eyes darted swiftly about the room, missing nothing, before he stepped in. Rip closed the door behind him. He danced forward, quickly, nervously.

"Got the bread?"

"Got the stuff?"

"Right here."

"Right on!"

The three men gathered around him as he dug into his pocket and removed a packet of white powder. Money changed hands.

He was gone so quickly that it seemed the door had opened only a crack.

Slipped right out through the crack under the door, Frog thought, dimly, but with humor. Sure moves fast. He locked and hooked the

night-lock chain on the door. The others had already disappeared. He could hear water running in the bathroom, and joined them there.

"You got the works?"

"Yeah, man."

"Gimme the gun," Turk said. He trembled nervously. "Easy, don't get excited. It's okay."

"Do it here," Rip said. He had taken off his shoe.

"Between the toes?" incredulously.

"Yeah, man," Rip said. "It hurts but I gotta see my P.O. Wednesday, and I don't want to show any tracks."

"What if he tests you?"

"I'm takin' tedral for my asthma. All my tests show dirty, but I got a letter from my doctor. My P.O. don't test me much any more. C'mon, man. Hurry up."

The needle went in smoothly. Rip's leg drew up involuntarily. He inhaled sharply, through gritted teeth, eying the gun. The small, plastic syringe.

Turk looked up at him, sympathy written on his face. "You want a boot, man?" he asked.

"Go ahead. Yeah, man." Rip had relaxed a bit.

Turk drew back the plunger, filling the syringe with blood, then forcing it back into Rip's body, slowly. He did it twice, then withdrew the slender needle. Rip released the terrible grip he had held on his leg, just below the knee, and sighed. He got up abruptly and walked along the hall toward the kitchen, one shoe off, one shoe on, making a noise that went, *clump, slap, clump, slap*. After a moment they heard him coughing and retching. Puking into the kitchen sink.

Turk washed the needle and syringe under the hot water tap in the bathroom sink. "Gimme yer arm," he said, tersely.

And it was done.

Turk sat on the closed lid of the toilet, eyes closed. Relaxed. Frog finished stashing the works and sat down on the edge of the bathtub. Two years drifted by, or so it seemed. It was good. It was quiet. Frog's head began to nod.

"Gotta have sompin' to drink, man," Turk said. He rose dreamily to his feet. In slow motion. He drifted out of the room. The other end of the hall disappeared a thousand miles away. There were doors lining the hall for as far as he could

see. Which one? Oh, yeah, man. He heard Frog stirring behind him, gagging a bit when he coughed.

Rip was lying on the kitchen floor, his head resting on one arm. They stepped over him and got Pepsis out of the fridge, then returned to the living room where Frog dropped heavily back onto his lily pad. The T.V. droned on, endlessly, while horses and people drifted aimlessly across the screen. Laughter, voices, music, all blended together in a strange, distant cacophony of sound.

"Where's Rip?" Turk asked.

"Let's go see," Frog answered, having trouble making his wide mouth form the words.

They went out into the kitchen and looked down at Rip. He lay in the same position, head on arm, one shoe off and one shoe on, as though he had fallen asleep while undressing for bed.

Turk put his foot on Rip's back and jostled him.

"Hey," he said. "C'mon in th' other room, man."

Rip's head thudded to the floor without reflex.

"Hey, man!"

Frog leaned down and rolled Rip over onto his back.

The big man's eyes were slightly opened, the pupils staring sightlessly through slits.

"Oh, fuck," Turk whispered. He knelt down quickly and put his ear to the big man's bare chest, then felt his pulse.

"He's dead," Turk said. He sounded astonished. Tricked. "The motherfucker's dead."

"Shit!" Frog shouted. They fled the room together.

"Gotta think, gotta think, gotta think," Frog said, holding his head between his hands. He looked at his watch. It was only eight p.m.

"What'll we do with him?" Turk asked, painfully. He was hugging himself, wide awake now, and shaking. "We gotta get rid of him. Let's drop him off at the door of the hospital."

"Fuck that, man. What if we get seen? Man, we'll do down *hard*."

"Then let's bury the son of a bitch," Turk was beginning to get excited.

"Take it easy, take it easy. Slack

—Continued on page 66



The Ins and Outs of Getting Off

By B. Armitage

We know that none of you partake of killer weed or other mind-bending drugs that could fuck up your gourd and body—and far be it from us poor ol' scooter tramps to encourage you to do so. But we felt you'd be interested in the following, strictly from an academic standpoint—to be informed, to be aware, so that you can intelligently discuss the evils of such shit while The Man is vacuuming out your pockets, giving you a skin check, and generally making a nuisance of himself. —Spider

I remember downing that first tiny orange barrel of acid and then sort of dangling around my front porch until the fireworks began. The sun was warm, it was spring, so I cranked up my BSA and thundered around town for awhile; then headed for the country.

There was a perfect road leading out of town that I hadn't been on for a long time—I wasn't even sure where it went—but I was more than satisfied. Everything was green and gold with sunlight and I could just barely smell the softening tar of the country road.

Then I came to the top of a hill going about 50 to get the front wheel off the pavement (I was having a good ol' time) and the road ended at the top of the hill. It just turned off into some farmer's driveway, whose corn field I took an aerial tour of, playing the part of a surprised cosmic stuntman.

I was okay, though the bike was all screwed up. And I think there was a lesson of some sort for me there. While walking home I had some time to figure the cumulative

effect of the trip (cosmic and otherwise), and I had to say it was a drag, and there were some things to think about to keep it from happening again. Since I knew I wouldn't give up tripping, I figured I'd just have to be careful.

Most of the drugs increase the flow of information to your head—that's why everything is so goddam interesting—so when you're riding, you have to learn to sort out what's important, and let the rest slide by. That's "maintaining," and if you're going to ride high, then that's the road you've gotta go.

With some shit, though, there's just no way. If you stop and snort some ungodly white stuff in a gas station john and five minutes later you're looking cross-eyed and can't stand up, then you've blown it. Man, I know so many guys who've been soped out and wrecked their bikes that I can't believe it.

So this is everything worth getting high on, and I know, 'cause I've done it all, and I'll tell you straight what's good and bad because there's no use wasting your time with bad shit.

Smoke dope: This has to be about the best way to go. Nothing beats putting on a good buzz and going out for a cruise. You're usually a little more careful when you're stoned, and that's good, 'cause it's still a good time. However, hash, hash oil, Colombian or good Jamaican pot just might zone you right out of the ball game, so beware. Anyone peddling THC is full of shit, and you can

tell him so. Pure THC would cost in excess of \$50 per hit to make, and none has ever been reported in the United States. If it's a white powder of some sort, then it's PCP for sure, and *that's* an animal tranquilizer, which I'll get into later.

Acid: A few gurus in India once said that this stuff was "God on earth," and sometimes I'm inclined to believe it. The purest (and best) form of LSD is either "windowpane" or "micro-dot." The former looks like a piece of clear plastic about 1/8" on a side; micro-dot is to tell. Acid is *never* cut with speed; that's another myth. If acid makes you feel speedy, then it's a sign of impurity, not speed. There's also no such thing as synthetic mescaline. If somebody sells you a hallucinogen in a pill, it's acid—no exceptions. You can get a decent trip off peyote buttons or psilocybin mushrooms, but they all have the same basic chemical effect as acid, and it's a pain in the ass picking all that fuzz out of the mushrooms (which is *not* strychnine, by the way). I believe in better living through chemistry, so a hit of windowpane will do the trick as well as anything.

Still, riding a bike when you're tripping is at least a little bit tricky. You have to learn to tell the difference between what's real and what's imagined. I've tripped riding crosscountry since my little mishap, and as long as the acid is on the mild side, it's not too bad. Sometimes it's good just to stay awake. But never try riding during your first trip—it's too easy to get distracted.

If you, or somebody else gets bummed out on a trip, go to a drugstore and get some niacinamide. You don't need a prescription or anything, and a few hundred milligrams of it will straighten out anybody's act. Don't get plain niacin, because it makes your skin prickly and itchy, and will probably just flip you out even more. A good thing to remember in these cases is that you aren't really *crazy*—a drug is making you *think* you are, and so

—Continued on page 62

*"Foreskin Flicker, this is The Puker; yer comin' up
onna crunched lizard, good buddy. It's a possible
skidder. Ten-four."*



CB Riders

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Say hey, this here's the Big Pig Poker, the Big Pig Poker; I gutta wide open highway dead ahead, yowza, an' that's a fuckin' ten-four, Schmuck Licker."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Say hey, Big Pig Poker, this is Schmuck Licker, an' yer mother fucks dogs, an' that's a big two-by-four up yer ass, numb-nuts."

I draped by arms across the bars and scanned the other dozen guys disgustedly. "Whattaya say we ease up on the distress calls until we pull away from the curb, ey?" I hol-lered.

The radio racket only increased.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Benny's rider's twat drips horse jizz, over!"

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Lighten up on my ol' lady, syph-face, or I'll circumsise yer ballbags!"

"You know, the other drivers can hear all this crap," I said to Basilisk, the club leader.

He glared at me, shot his hand to the mouthpiece, yanked it from the hooks and yelled, "You wanna talk to me on this convoy you use the fuckin' CB, you asshole! We're in the 20th century!"

He was about . . . oh . . . two, maybe three feet away from me.

I tiredly reached to my radio. "This is all a little ridiculous . . ."

"Say 'breaker, breaker' when yer gonna cut in, faggot! There might be distress calls in progress!"

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Well, I'll tell ya, Jersey Jackoff, If I don't piss pretty soon my bladder's gonna flood Nebraska. Ten-inch-cock-four!"

"See what I mean!" Basilisk screamed into the radio.

"Yeah, that was really urgent. Two idiots giving their piss-histories. The truckers and vacationers of America will really be able to use that information."

"What the hell are you, some kind o' commie spy? Us bikers gotta keep up with the times! We gotta become a part o' the contemiree scene! I'll tell ya somethin', shithead, you get

into the spirit o' this thing or you'll need a butt reamer to flick yer call button. Got it?"

"Yeahyeahyeah."

"I beg yer pardon?"

I flicked on the CB. "Yeahyeah-yeah," I said wearily.

"Let's get this circus on the road!" Basilisk shouted.

"This is all gonna turn sour on us," I said.

"Didn't quite get that, turd-teeth!"

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Nuthin'," I said.

There was a collective explosion and the rising roar of a dozen earthquakes. Twenty-four heads — the drivers and the chicks behind them — whirled in unison backwards in a blowstorm of swirled hair, then flashed forward again. There was a brief volcano of gunned engines, and the pack slowly pulled away from the curb like mildly scattered pool balls, and gently rolled forward down the highway.

The empty vistas glided serenely past.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Foreskin Flicker, this is The Puker; yer comin' up onna crunched lizard, good buddy. It's a possible skidder. Ten-four."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Thanks, good buddy, but I seen it as plain as the crack in yer girlfriend's ass. Ten-four."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Breaker, breaker! My cunt says it's a fuckin' red tide! Twat-stuffer! We needa twat-stuffer! This is the ol' Range Rider wishin' y'all a fuckin' ten-four!"

Fergus rode up and handed the whore a dirty snotrag which she proceeded to use to daub under her shorts as Fergus faded back again.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . The ol' lady says thanks, fucker."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Kotex are only a buck a box. When's that whore gonna get civilized!" Basilisk called.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Fuck you blue. Ten-four," she said.

The bunch stretched and spread

farther away from each other, resembling eventually so many small dots up and down the flat empty highway, only the unending ssst-CRACKs and continual banter reminding each rider of the convoy's existence.

Me and Basilisk, broads astern, rode the tail end, or "back door" as he lovingly referred to the position. We couldn't see much of what was happening to the rest of the people stretched out for miles ahead. We were not in ignorance of events, however.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Fingerfucker cheah . . . got me a boner what would trip a runnin' mule!" he happily informed the rest of the parade for some reason. "Gonna ten-four it here an' get jizzed. Latch on to that thing, darlin'."

I picked up my mouthpiece and informed Basilisk who was only inches away . . . "ssst-CRACK! . . . I think you better tell those fuckers . . . shit . . . those guys to cool it on the filth and scuz out here on the road. Other drivers will be listenin' and prob'ly start complainin' to the fuzz."

Basilisk mused at the notion for a while silently, then sighing, picked up his mike. "Yer prob'ly right," he said with some evident reluctance to put a halt to it. "Lemme make an ol' 'breaker, breaker' here . . ."

"Breaker, breaker! Got me a near-dry 18-wheeler here, pullin' on U.S. 72 to shaky side . . . hear me a convoy up ahead . . . wanna give this ol' Okie boy the scam on Smokey Bear? I'm a half-day late and need gas t' boot . . . wanna throw 'er in the goin'-home hole, gennelmen . . . Gimme the scam on The Man, ey? This is the big Ol' Yaller Dog comin' atcha with a good ol' ten-four."

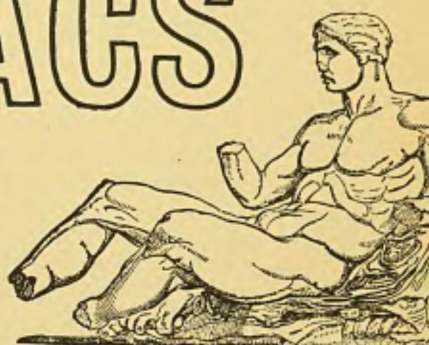
"What the hell was that: a Martian?" Basilisk asked me wide-eyed, not using his squawker.

"It's a trucker," I called over. "He's in a hurry to California, low

—Continued on page 70

The ABCs of APHRODISIACS

Now we know that none of you righteous readers have any problems getting your cranks to stand at attention—that is unless you have a mama like Miraculous Mutha around the pad who milks ya dry. But just in case there's a limp dick lying around here or there, the following is all the bullshit we could dig up on the art of getting it up. (But remember that nothing beats a pair of warm lips and a nice, soft female tongue.—Spider)



A

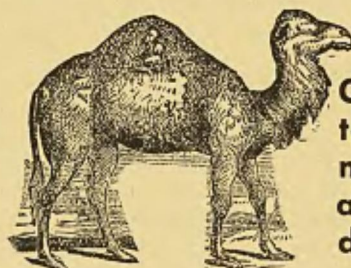
Sexual potency is one of man's most precious assets. Ask any psychoanalyst. The care and preservation of a powerful sex urge, old as man, continues to occupy much of the thought and activity of the male animal. The never-ending search for a supreme elixir that will guarantee the restoration of tired blood

and sagging desire goes on around the globe. Today's incredible collection of love potions, lotions, philters, processes, drugs, diets are loosely categorized as APHRODISIACS: THAT WHICH EXCITES TO VENERY. The term comes from the Grecian goddess, Aphrodite, a lover.

B

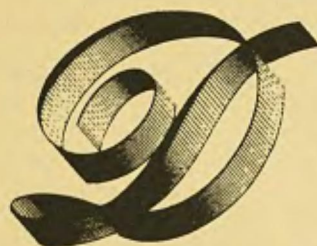


BIRD NEST SOUP: the most powerful aphrodisiac known to the Chinese. Sadly, this phosphorous - rich highly - spiced soup is prohibitively expensive.



C

CAMEL'S MILK: according to the Arabs, "camel's milk mixed with honey and taken regularly" produces astonishing vigor.



DOGSTONES: the orchis root, commonly called "dogstones," had a dual purpose. The hard stones were eaten to induce desire, the soft stones were eaten for the opposite effect and were sometimes sold to nuns.

e e e

EGGS: eggs are o.k.



GINSENG: the aromatic, sweetly licorice-flavored root of a Chinese herb, still valued by Orientals as an aid to potency.

f

FLAGELLATION: any form of beating — from the inflammatory spanking inflicted on a hot-blooded wife by an unsuspecting husband to the often dangerous scourging indulged in by the sadomasochistic set. During the 1700's, one European brothel featured a fiendish invention, a machine that could whip thirty patrons at the same time.



h

HOT STUFF: "the women that suffer from frigidity," says one expert, "need a mere improvement in their daily diet, such as curry powder, oregano, paprika, onions (not onion salt), black pepper, and much garlic accompanied by beer. This frigidity is nonsense in South America, Mexico, and all of the Asian nations because of much spices."

written that the man who observes such directions implicitly, will be able to satisfy a thousand women in one night.

৩৬৮৭৬৫৪৩২১০

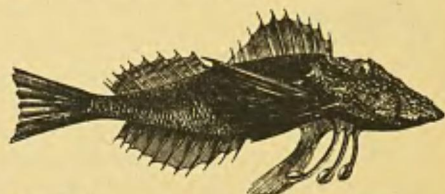
i

INDIAN LITERATURE: the literature of India contains many writings concerning the methods of intensifying sexual strength. It is

১০৯৮৭৬৫৪৩২১০

K

KAMA SUTRA: another Indian treatise on the erotic, the KAMA SUTRA of Vatsyayana, devotes two full chapters to aphrodisiacs. An example: "A man obtains sexual vigor by drinking milk mixed with sugar, root of the uchchata plant, piper chaba, and licorice."



M

MANDRAKE ROOT: probably the oldest known of the reputed aids to desire and ability, the mandrake flourishes in the region of the Mediterranean. The all-important root of the plant is thick and often forked like two legs. "It is said to bear a striking likeness to the organs of generation of either sex . . ." An object of hopeful supposition and wild, weird superstition for centuries, the mandrake root is mentioned in the Old Testament and was also known to the playboys of ancient Greece and Rome, those worthies using it in their love-potions.

L

LOBSTER: in the cookery of love, experts often recommend the

aphrodisiacs of the salt sea — loads of lobsters, crayfish, caviar, cockles, crab, clams, shrimp, and the nonpareil — raw oysters.

N

NUTMEG: the highly-aromatic, common kitchen spice has long been valued as a principal ingredient of Far Eastern potency builders. One such "stimulant pastry" called for nutmeg, honey, ginger, pyrether, syrup of vinegar, hellebore, garlic, cinnamon, cardamons, sparrow's tongues, Chinese cinnamon, long pepper, other spices.



O

OLFACTORY ORGAN: of all the senses, the sense of smell plays the most important, though sometimes overlooked, role in the arousal of passion. Many of the body's odors, even the disagreeable, authorities claim, are powerful aphrodisiacs, as numerous man-made scents.

P

PERFUME: the extensive use of perfumes by both men and women as a love-lure is a practice that is centuries-old. Quoth the Arab, well-schooled in the fine art of seduction: "The use of perfumery by men should be included amongst those things which conduce to sexual union; for, when the woman doth inhale the odor of the scent, she waxeth faint and shortly becometh utterly distraught." Girls: try JUNGLE GARDENIA at your next orgy.

R

RHINOCEROS HORN: powdered horn, anyone? This venerable Oriental favorite is still imported from Africa for use in thinking men's philters.

Q

QUININE: men who partake of quinine and suffer from impotence, may blame their condition on this **ANTI-APHRODISIAC**. Also thought to diminish the sexual urge: overindulgence in liquor and tobacco, lemons, vinegar, coffee, tea.



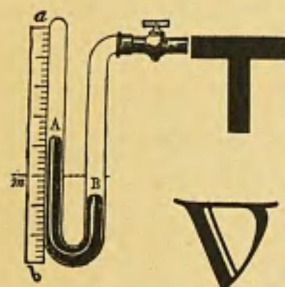
S



SPANISH FLY: long a favorite subject of snickering schoolboys, the Spanish fly is a brilliant green or bluish beetle, used when dried and powdered (then called cantharides) for raising blisters. Although it has been used throughout history as a sex stimulant, even the smallest dose taken internally will often produce violent nausea, depression, and excruciating agony. An overpowering irritant rather than a true aphrodisiac, Spanish fly has been the direct cause of many fatalities among debauchees. "Spanish flies," runs the account of Dr. Nicolas Venette, a medical writer of the 17th century, "have so powerful an effect upon the bladder and the genital organs of both sexes, that if only two or three grains are taken such an inflammation arises that one becomes immediately ill. A proof of this was experienced by one of my friends a few years ago and, fortunately, he lives to tell the tale. His rival, in despair at seeing him marry his mistress, advised her to put cantharides into a pate composed of pears, and to give it to her husband on the wedding night. When night came, the husband embraced the wife so much that she began to suffer exhaustion, but these delights quickly changed to misfortune, for the poor man began to experience the effects of inflammation by midnight . . . Fear augmented the illness and he fainted more than once.

U

URID SEEDS: an old recipe for lovers states: "Soak urid seeds (a variety of chick-pea) in milk and sugar. Expose the mixture for three days to the rays of the sun, reduce to a powder or a pasty consistency, knead into the form of cakes, and fry in clarified butter. This should be eaten each morning, and the patient, no matter what his age, will regain extreme vigor and will be able to enjoy a hundred women."



TESTOSTERONE: the male hormone, testosterone, has worked wonders for half-men, sick men, and old men, but apparently has no advantageous effect on a normal, healthy male.

V

VITAMINS: certain vitamins may be beneficial to the aggressively ambitious lover. Vitamin A, it has been claimed, promotes a healthy state of testicular tissue.



y

W

WHISKEY: an effective inhibition-killer, whiskey can be extremely advantageous to a romantic alliance. However, let two jiggers be the limit.

X

X: an unknown quantity. Someday, perhaps sooner than the skeptics think, the breakthrough in aphrodisiacs may come about. Science, in medical or biochemical research, may well discover "X", the elusive, long-sought, cheap, reliable sex stimulant for Everyman — and woman.

YOUTH: the young, green years, a period of unrestrained desire and matchless ability, is nature's great and good gift to man. Only when youth fades is the unceasing search for rejuvenation mounted in earnest. A sage has written: "The fruit of childhood is liberty, the fruit of youth is in magnificent lusts, the fruit of age is in peace of soul."



Z

ZOLA, EMILE (1840-1902): this brilliant French novelist, born in Paris, educated at the Lycee Saint-Louis, was one of the founders of naturalistic fiction. His frank, steamy study of a Parisian tart, **NANA**, and a thorough cataloging of numerous sexual aberrations, highly aphrodisiac in nature, created a continental scandal

Snot Rag

My ol' lady objects to my blowing my nose and wiping my ass with the same rag, then leaving it under my pillow. Do you think she's fair?

Rat

Somewhere over the ocean

- Take turns — put it under her pillow occasionally.

First Date

Do you think you should screw on your first date?

Lori

Lakeland, Fla.

- I think you should screw on your first date, your last date, your introduction, and any other time you can think of.

Nasty Things

I'm afraid of my girlfriend. She keeps trying to get me to do things to her that I know aren't right. How do I get her to stop tryin' to get me to kiss her pussy and nasty things like that?

Archibald Penn
Boston, Mass.

- Write me when you start gettin' hair around your pee shoot.

Circumcised

My ol' man has taught me how to identify knuckleheads, panheads, and shovelheads, but he won't tell me the difference between a prick that has been circumcised and one that hasn't. Can you help me?

Don's Ol' Lady
Buffalo, N.Y.

- The difference between a joint that has been circumcised and one that hasn't is the difference between a burrito and a wiener.

Sucking or Fucking

Lately I've heard more and more about how young college girls would rather suck a guy's prick than fuck, that they get more enjoyment

from sucking than fucking. I myself have never had the opportunity to have a girl suck me off, although I have, in the past, eaten pussy, and if it ever came down to a choice whether I would suck it or fuck it, baby I'd fuck it every time. The question is, you being a woman of the world, why does a woman get more pleasure from sucking a prick and, in the same breath, if you had a choice, what would you rather do and why?

W. A.

Pensacola, Fla.

- After seeing "Deep Throat," it was a challenge. Sort of like trying to break the record and make the "Guinness Book of World Records." Taking shots in the pee hole has a few disadvantages: You could wind up with a rug rat; eventually, you have to or at least you should, or some people do—get up and flush it out. I find that I don't have to go through that routine because dudes I hang out with dig my gamey smell.

Badass Biker

I consider myself a well-hung, badass biker (I have a 5-inch cock and a chopped Honda 350). So how come I can't find a hard-fuckin', smooth-suckin' biker mama?

Confused

Long Beach, Calif.

- I think the thing for you to do is buy a trench coat and walk up to chicks of your choice and flash 'em. It may take you a while but you

might find one that'll trip on your stub.

Scented Oils

I like sopping up my ol' lady's pussy with scented oils before I take the dive. She objects to this and thinks that I'm unusual. What are your views?

Diver

Houston, Texas

- Everyone to his own trip. I get off on whatever they do.

Daytona

Why weren't you at Daytona with the rest of the staff?

Buzz

Bridgeport, Conn.

- They wouldn't be caught dead with me in daylight. The only time they get klissy poo with me is when they're freaked out on dope—and then only in a darkroom when no one else is around. I put up with their shit, though, because they're somethin' else in the freaky sex department.

Cucumbers Again

Thanks a fuckin' bunch. You printed that letter in your last issue from my ex-ol' lady, requesting cucumbers. Just thought I'd let you know she dropped me for a lumpy fuckin' cucumber.

Phill

Kansas Slammer

- Don't sweat it. With a little looking around, you'll find places selling condoms with knobs on them, spikes on them, and even some with hot water surging through

them. They'll shoot down a cold cucumber any day. But let me warn you, don't ever let an ol' lady try summer squash or a gourd.

Loves Me

I'm tired of competing with you. My ol' man is always reading *Easyriders* when we go to bed. What should I do?

Switch's Ol' Lady
Morgan City, La.

- Don't compete. Study me. Once you know my methods, he'll throw rocks at all the other chicks.

Vacuum Cleaner Freak

While I was repairing my ol' lady's vacuum cleaner, my joint fell into the suction tube, and I dug the shit out of it. As a matter of fact, I'm in love. Do you think that's reasonable cause for divorce? Or do you think the judge will think I'm a weirdo.

Sucker

Bronx, New York

- Be nice. Share it. You get blown and she gets her clit flapped in the breeze.

Won't Swallow Nectar

What can I do to get my ol' lady to swallow my come? She gives damn good head, but when I get ready to blast off, she pulls the plug and lets me fly in the sky.

Hung Out to Dry
Riverside, Calif.

- Ram her another three inches while at the same time firmly pulling her head forward three inches.

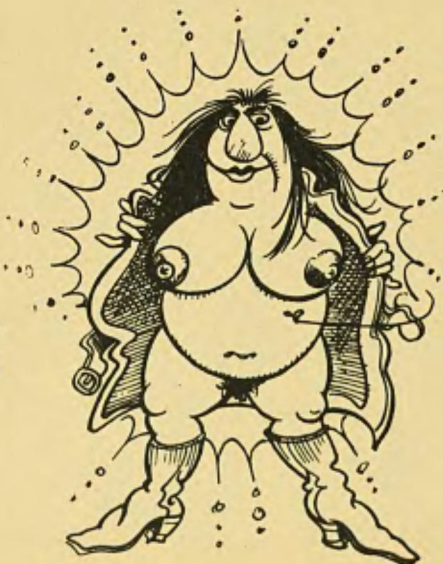
Small Dick

My ol' man has a small dick and, when it's in my box, I feel nothing. He's depressed. Can he get an operation? Any advice?

Feeling Nothing
La Puente, Calif.

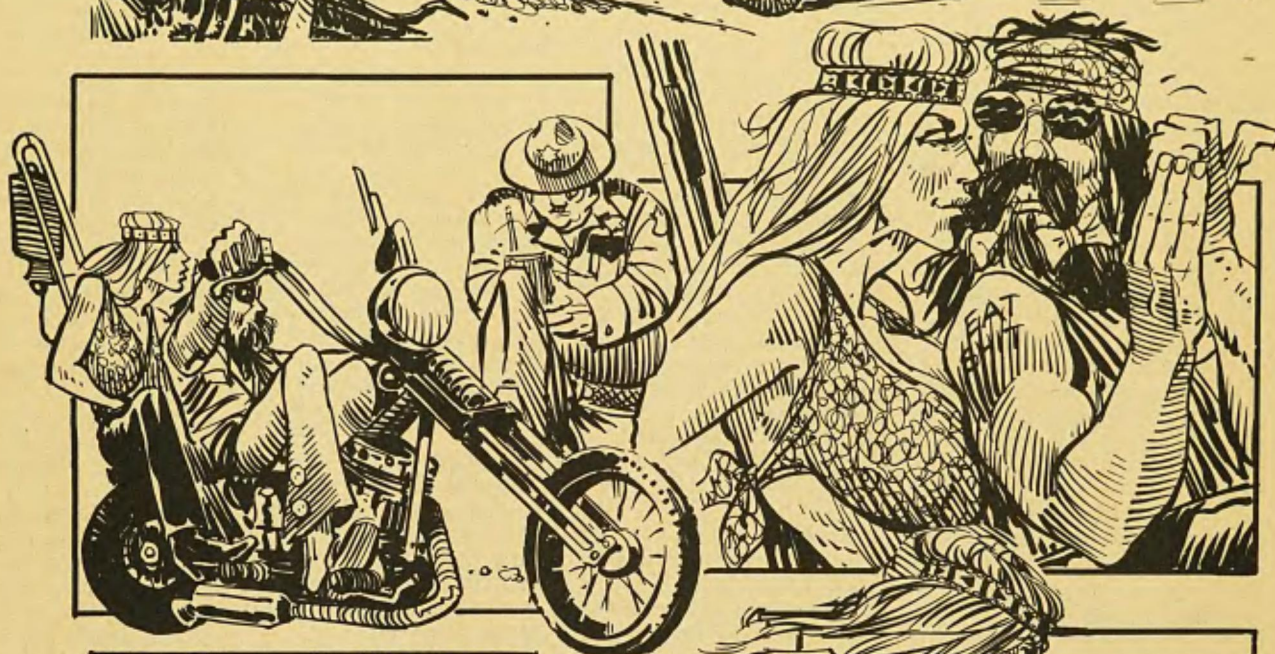
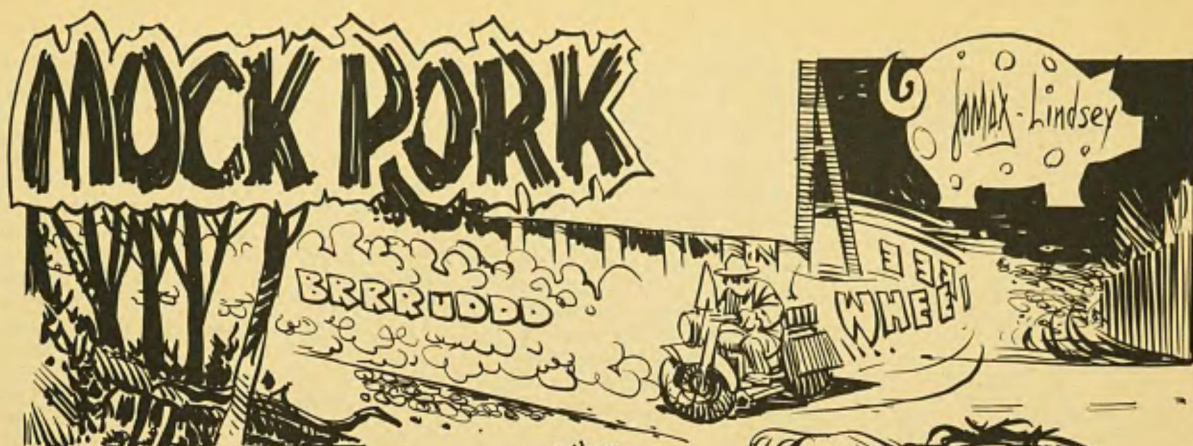
- He probably could get an operation, but on the other hand his little thinger flapping around in your mouth could do you both wonders.

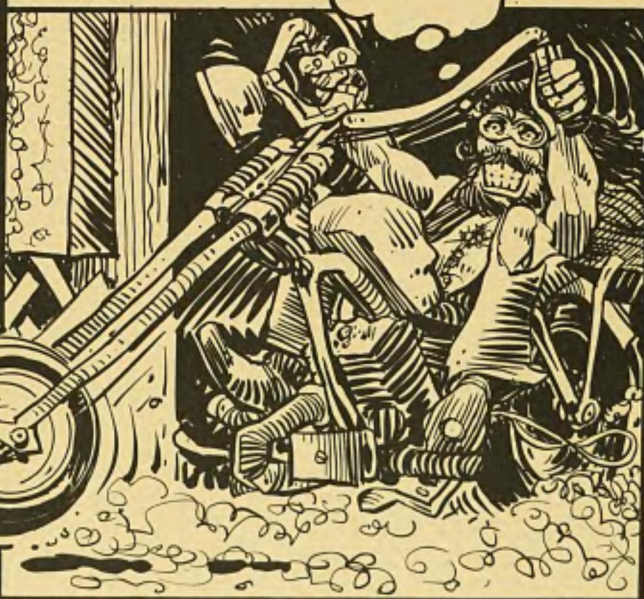
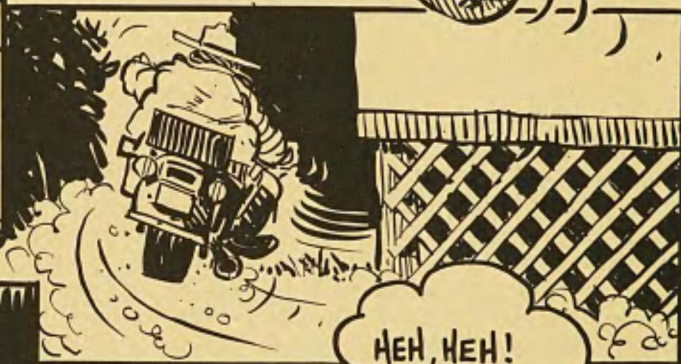
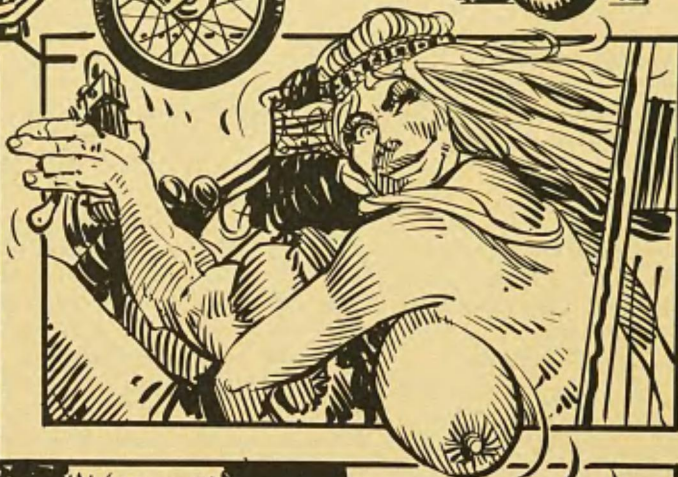
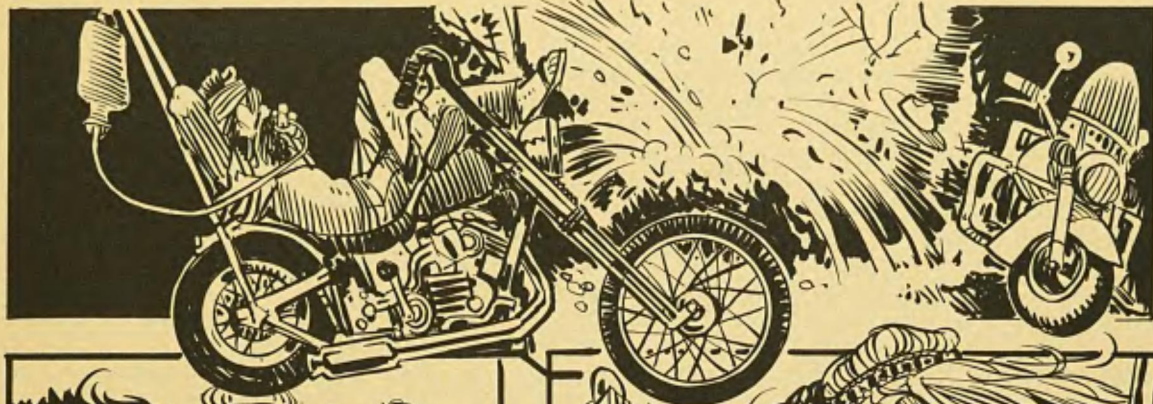
MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



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

MOCK PORK





— THE FUCKIN' END, MAN! —

The great, black pan rounded the corner, and meandered up the street, breaking the neighborhood's summer afternoon quiet. Sunlight flashed diamond lances off mirror bright chrome and glistening paint. Rumbling evenly, the big bike glided into a driveway and eased to a halt before a ramshackle garage.

Kickstand down, he swung off, leaving the Harley to throb idly, while he unlocked and swung wide the doors to home. Remounted, he hefted the bike upright, folding the kickstand against its belly. Revving the engine to hassle the straights next door, he dumped the clutch. The Hog leaped from the bright sunshine to the cool, dusty twilight of the garage. The engine filled every cobwebbed corner with sound, and the silence was awesome when it was switched off. Lowering the kickstand, he slumped in the seat for a moment, then dismounted.

He peeled off his gloves and draped them over the seat. Then, taking the keys from the ignition, he chained up his beauty and locked the garage doors.

The rickety screen door creaked a complaint as it was opened. It slammed shut behind him as he stepped into the small, neat kitchen.

Clumping into the living room, he flopped his big frame down on the battered couch, propping dusty, well-worn boots on the coffee table in front of him. Comfortable, settled, he opened his mouth to yell for a cold one and shut it without making a sound as he remembered; there wasn't anybody there to hear him.

He sighed heavily and sat up, pinching the bridge of his nose near his forehead in frustration. He had the beginnings of a righteous headache and his eyes smarted. "Road glare," he told himself, "just too much damn sun."

Back in the kitchen, he opened the door on the beat-up fridge, wrenching a beer loose from the six-pack. He reached to the back of the fridge, down behind the vegetable drawer. His fingers probed for and found the rolled up baggie that held his stash. A faint smile started, but died on his lips.

Once more in the living room, he spread his loot out on the coffee table. He pulled his papers from his wallet; then, perched on the edge of the couch, he methodically rolled a few joints.

Returning the stash to the fridge, he noticed the alien stillness in the

small house. The clock seemed to tick too loudly and the noise of his rummaging around seemed out of place, as though he was in someone else's house and they weren't at home. It made him nervous and that irritated him.

Putting Janis Joplin in the tape player, he turned it down low. He didn't feel like partying. He just wanted some background, something for his mind to center on.

Popping the top of the brew, he settled back on the couch. He drained half the can in great thirsty gulps, savoring the cold surging down his dry throat. It trickled from the corners of his mouth, filtering through his beard to soak into his teshirt, and goose bumps rose on his chest. He ran the back of one meaty hand across his mouth, belched and wiped his hand on his oil-stained Levi's. Then he selected a fat one and put a torch to it. Toking deeply, he firmly resisted the urge to cough as the first—and harshest—draw found its way to his lungs.

For a few minutes he toked away, oblivious to everything, relaxing, getting a good buzz, letting the low music carry him off on a magic carpet ride to never-never land.

But somehow, he didn't feel right. Suddenly restless, he got up and paced the living room floor. His mind wandered back over the day's events; events he was reluctant to remember, events he could not come to accept. There was the lonely morning ride to the funeral home. Then the long procession to the cemetery, his brothers behind him, two by two, the hearse in front of him, and yet it had seemed as though he rode alone. Then came the funeral itself, the preacher's drone, grim-faced dudes, red-eyed ol' ladies, the casket lowered into the grave . . . A piece of his life hid away from the sun. . .

Mentally, he shook himself. Angrily, he wrenched his thoughts away. "Damn!" he yelled silently, to himself, "damn, damn, damn!"

He pulled a last, long, numbing toke from the joint, feeling it burn his fingers, lips and throat. He caught a phrase from his favorite Joplin song, "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose . . ." The words hit home and then he realized how little of the music he had actually heard. He let the smoke go, slowly, wearily.

Nature called and he went to the

john. On the way back down the narrow hall, he stumbled over something. Turning, he looked at the floor. A small, furry bedroom slipper lay at his feet. For a moment he stared at it. In sudden rage, he kicked it, sending it spinning down the hall. Reeling blindly, he smashed his fist against the wall. As his mind cleared, he felt drained, empty, and he knew he had to get out.

Unplugging the tape, he scooped up the remaining joints and grabbed his jacket from the back of the kitchen chair. The screen door wheezed and banged again and he stood breathless in the cool dimness of the garage.

He quickly went through the motions of unchaining the bike and opening the garage doors. He shrugged into the jacket, pulled on his gloves. Straddling the big machine, he went through the ritual of kicking over the 74. Three kicks and it coughed, once more and the engine roared to life, rattling the windows, filling his senses, blotting his mind. He sat, absorbed in the sound of the Harley, letting it warm.

He eased the bike out into late afternoon sunshine, stopping only long enough to secure the garage doors. He pointed gleaming forks at the road, whispered, "Fly!" and Pegasus responded with a leap and a flurry of spun gravel.

The next thing he knew, the bike was carrying him down the dirt road that ran past the junkyard, picking its way carefully through the ruts and bumps, seemingly by itself. It slowed and stopped. He set down the kickstand, making sure it stood solid before he turned away, walking into the tall grass and up to the cyclone fence.

Hidden somewhere nearby, a big dog barked and snarled menacingly. His eyes searched and finally found what they were seeking.

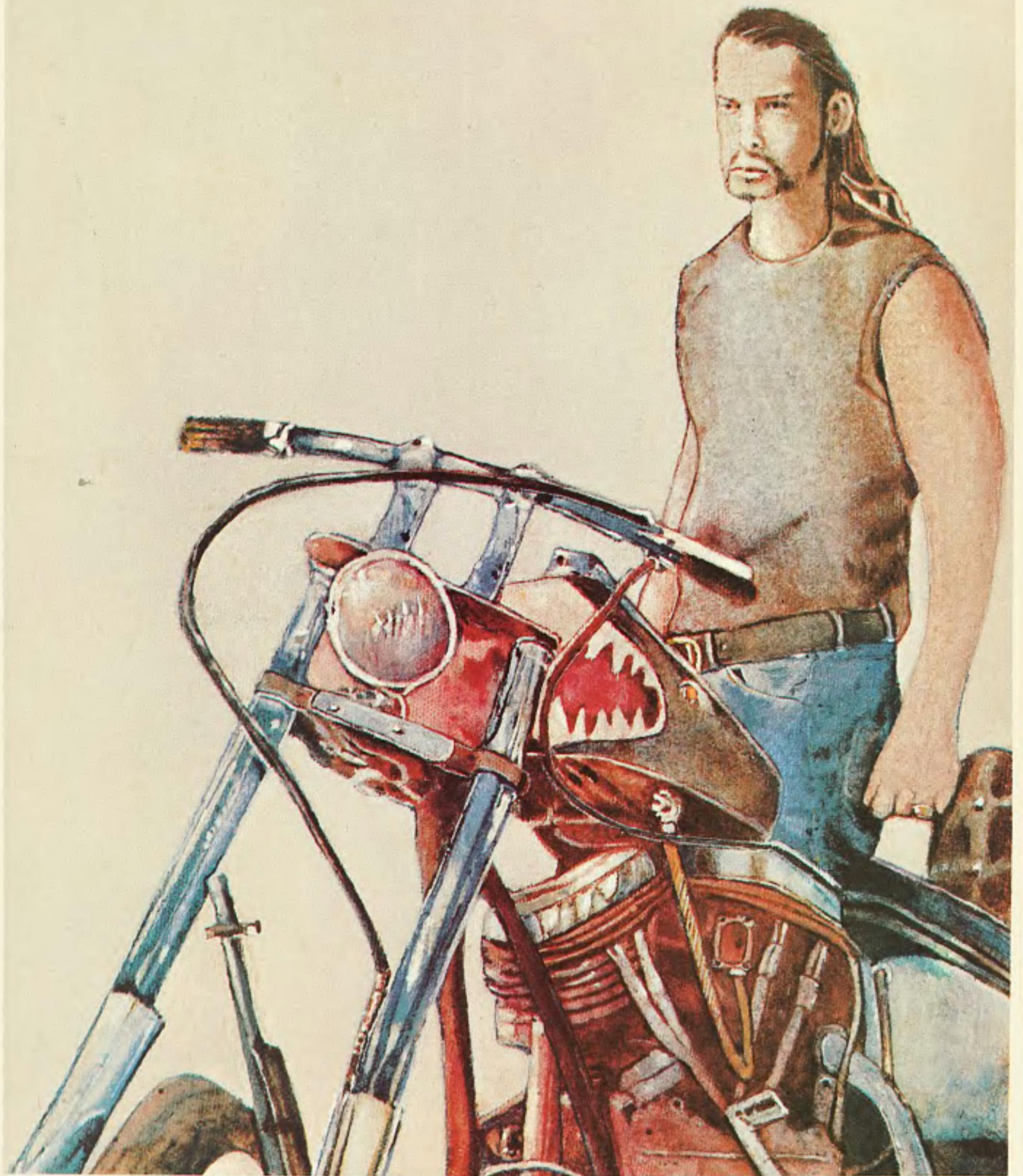
Crouched in a corner, like a mortally wounded animal, was a pearl white shovelhead trike. The engine lay forlornly in the grass beside it, brutally torn from its mounts. The long, narrow springer was impossibly twisted, the front wheel bent nearly double. Blood spilled over the coffin tank, looking as though someone had upended a can of paint over it. The sweeping pullback handlebars were missing . . .

His fingers curled tighter into the mesh fence as he thought of her. Her quiet ways, the way she had always

—Continued on page 61

By Joyce (Dizzy) Fair

Nothin' Left To Lose





What a Feature Chick Goes Through

You'd never guess what a chick has to go through to get her skin in our rag. So bein' good guys, we thought we'd let you in on how this particular feature came about.

First, for some history as to why Mary even got involved with us to begin with. Mike, her ol' man, putts with us once in a while when his pan is up, and not long ago he suggested that we take some flicks of his ol' lady. So we did. And she looked damn fine in the photos with Crazy John's Sporty 'bout two issues ago. So we thought if she was game (or not), we'd have a go at her again.

It came time to do this feature, and we split to kidnap Mary, get her pre-

pared (loaded) for the photography, then lay the idea on her. A tattoo on her fantastic chest. She didn't snivel a bit. Because by that time she had OD'ed and was passed out in the van.

We even managed to keep her buzz going long enough to get her into Uncle Flash's tattoo chair (in Gardena, Calif.). And while J. R. put the ink to her, Flash kept everyone's buzz going. It might appear to be a harsh thing to do (tattoo Mary's nice chest just for a feature), but we've got to have our material right.

All right, people, hope ya can take a joke. We aren't that harsh. The tattoo ain't real. Although if she had nodded one more time, it might have been. ■



Easyriders photography by Pete Chiodo





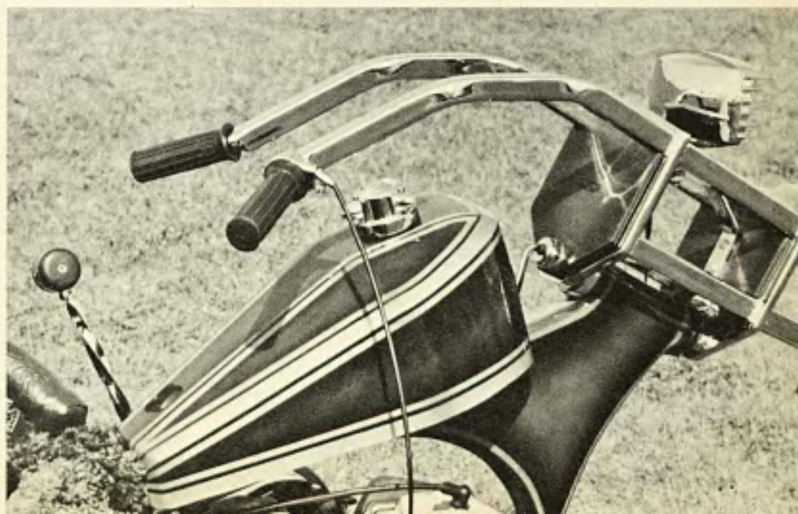
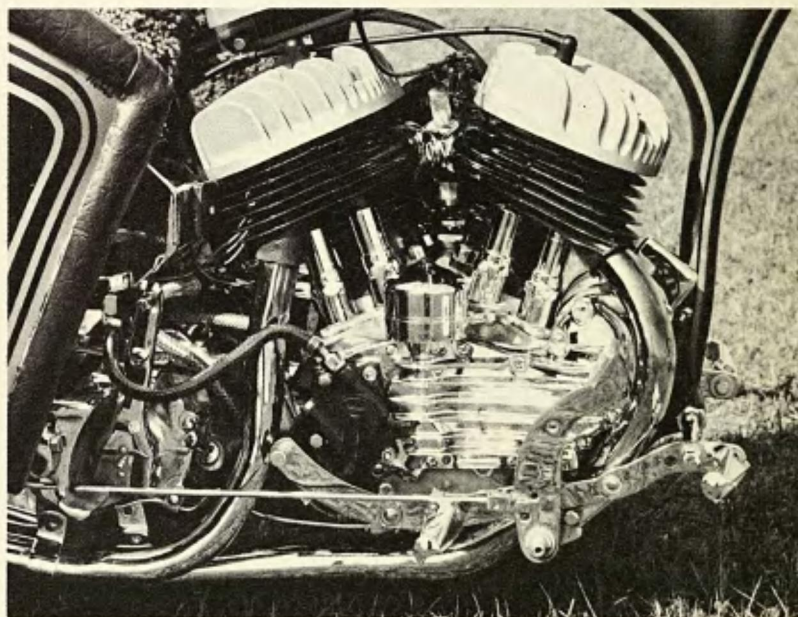
Man-made Trike

This scribe is not meant to bring up a sore subject, or put anyone down. It's intended to illustrate a strongly felt point regarding bike shows and judging. Something Luther, the owner of this bike, has been involved in for as long as he's been putting beautiful scooters together.

For Luther, and many bike builders, one of the rushes of building and fabricating a together putt is to see it displayed in a custom bike show. Luther is one of those bros, as you can see by the chart, who does everything on his bike himself. It's a wonder he doesn't machine his own nuts and bolts. The problem he runs into is the lack of knowledge or consideration for home craftsmanship by the judges of the bikes at these shows.

Judging scooters at custom shows has got to be one of the most aggravating, unpopular and frustrating duties anyone can be loaded with. And being involved in one of these shows as a competitor can be equally frustrating. Unbelievable. Each builder is sure he has the nicest putt in the line-up, but the trophy always seems to fall to someone else.

So how are judges to judge? Who can say whether the hand-crafted bike should be given more consideration than a bike tastefully put together with parts from custom accessory manufacturers? And how is a judge to

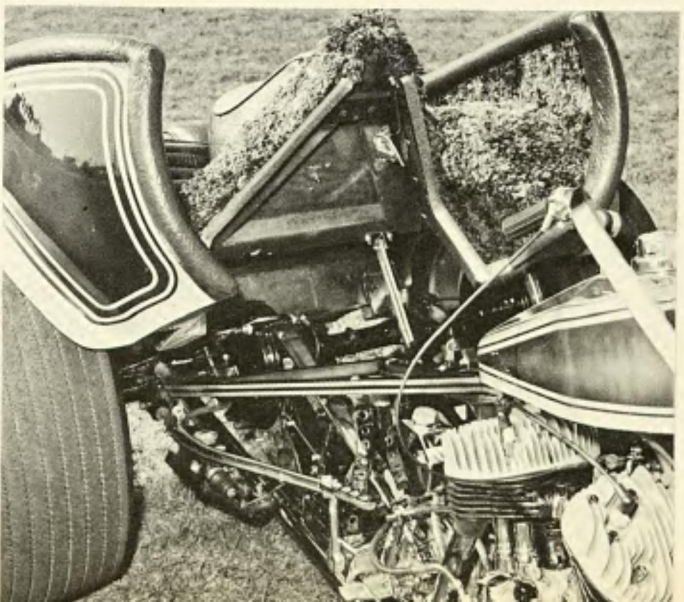
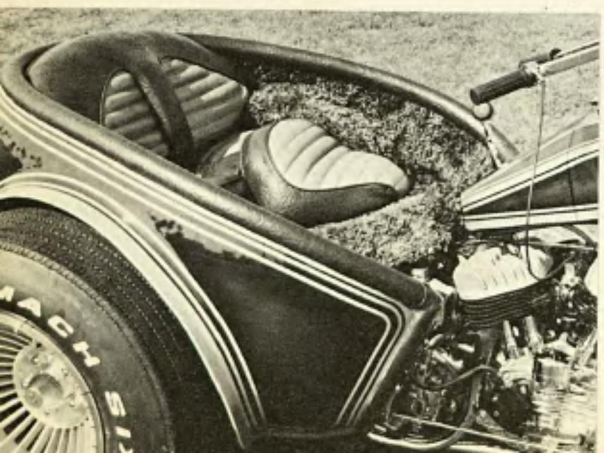


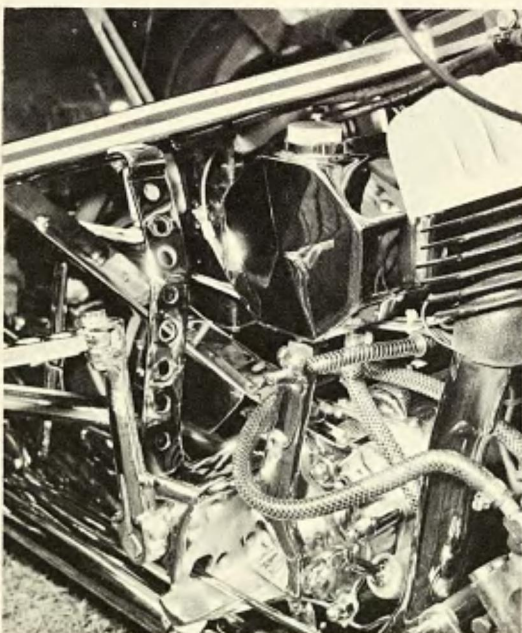
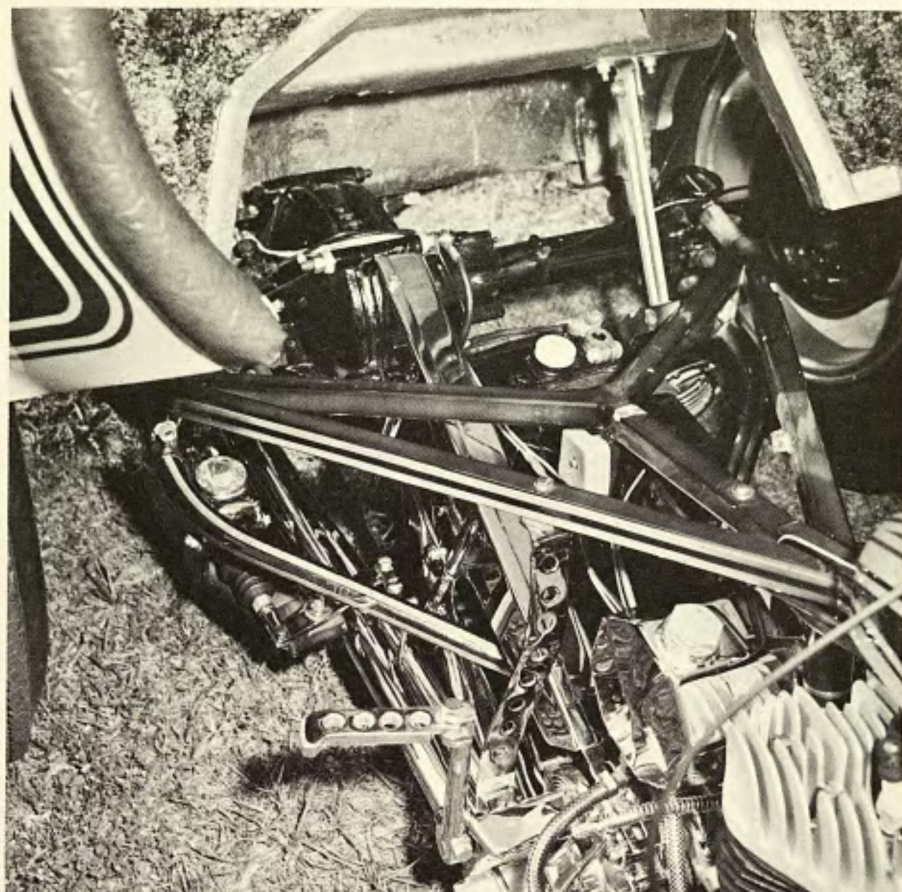
know what is handmade and what is manufactured?

Actually there is no answer, except that bros like Luther know what went into their scooters, the feeling of accomplishment or pride in himself for what he has built with his own hands. And if a judge doesn't recognize it, that's his loss. And really, you can't take that knowledge and talent and even compare it with the tinsel-town trophy from a bike show. Just keep buildin' those unique scooters, bro. If not the judges, your bros and other scooter people will recognize and appreciate the work put forth to create something different.

—Renegade

—Continued on next page





Easyriders photography by Peter Chiodo

Owner: Luther Slobbs

City: Miami, Florida

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1941-H-D
Model: three-wheeler
Value: \$6,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 2 1/2 years

Frame

Year: 1941
Builder: owner
Type: rigid
Rake: 2 1/4 inches
Stretch: 2 inches
Other alterations: all top tubes replaced

Chroming by: polishing by owner

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1941
Model: 45
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: distributor
Displacement: 45 cu. in.
Lower end: rebuilt
Balancing: stock specs
Pistons: .020 over
Cases: glass beaded
Heads: ported and polished
Cam: stock
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): stock Linkert
Air cleaner: old H-D
Pipes: owner, straight
Muffler(s): none

Bars: owner
Risers: none
Fender(s): fiberglass
Headlight: Aires & V.W.
Taillight: steel chromed
Speedo: none
Front pegs: Sporty
Rear pegs: inside body
Electrics: owner
Gas tank: coffin
Oil tank: hex
Oil system: nylon reinforced lines
Primary cover: stock
Seat: owner
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material:

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1941
Shifting: hand shift by owner
Engine sprocket: stock
Trans sprocket: stock
Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

Type: girder
Extension: 26 inches
Builder: owner
Spec. features: wood accents on crowns

Wheels

Front

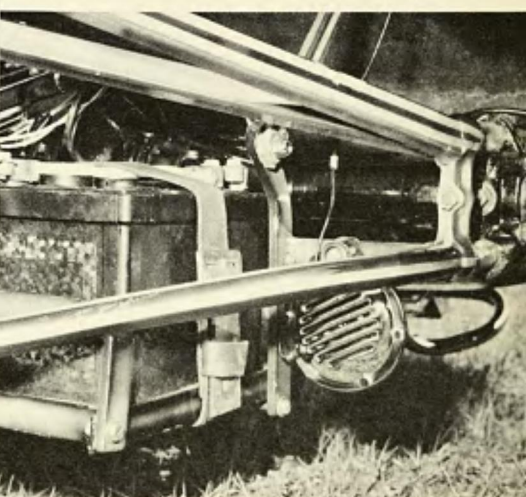
Size: 18
Hub: spool
Rim width: 2 in.
Tire: 2.75 Avon
Brake: none

Rear

Size: 15
Hub: stock Ford
Rim width: 10 in.
Tire: L60-15
Brake: hydraulic

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: owner
Color: golds & browns
Type: acrylic lacquer & pearls
Special paint: all by owner
Other special modifications: Body built by owner.





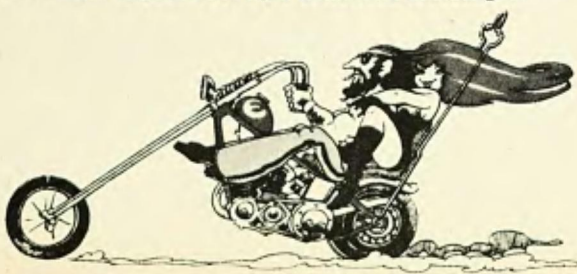
Oh, the trips your chick will go through when she reads your *Easyriders*!

Don't miss out! Get in on the fun! Subscribe to **Easyriders** and just see what it does for your sex life—you'll crap in amazement. And you'll also be amazed at the rush you'll get when you receive our free decal with your subscription.

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

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

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



Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

39

Check one:

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

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

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

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

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

Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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



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 color slides (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 Mike Perry, Bloomington, Ind.



—from Wino Joe



—from Donald Engler, Thorofare, N.J.



—from Jammin' Jerry, San Francisco, Calif.

—from Philip La Rose, West Haven, Connecticut





—from Bill Mosley, Ft. Worth, Texas



—from Mike Ross, Campbell, Calif.



—from J. Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—from Joe Krewer, Winterville, Georgia



—from A. Roberts, Norristown, Pa.



—from Oceanside H-D, Phoenix, Arizona



—from Wino Joe



—from Robert Thompson, Tucson, Ariz.



—from ABATE of Indiana

—from The Fox, Vallejo, Calif.



—from Daniel Davis, Hayward, Calif.





—from Wino Joe



—from P. Shannon, St. Petersburg, Fla.



—from Daniel Davis, Hayward, Calif.



—from Lonie Robles, Gilroy, Calif.

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



—from Stu Potter, Front Royal, Virginia



—from Wino Joe

—from Don Vaness, Tampa, Fla.

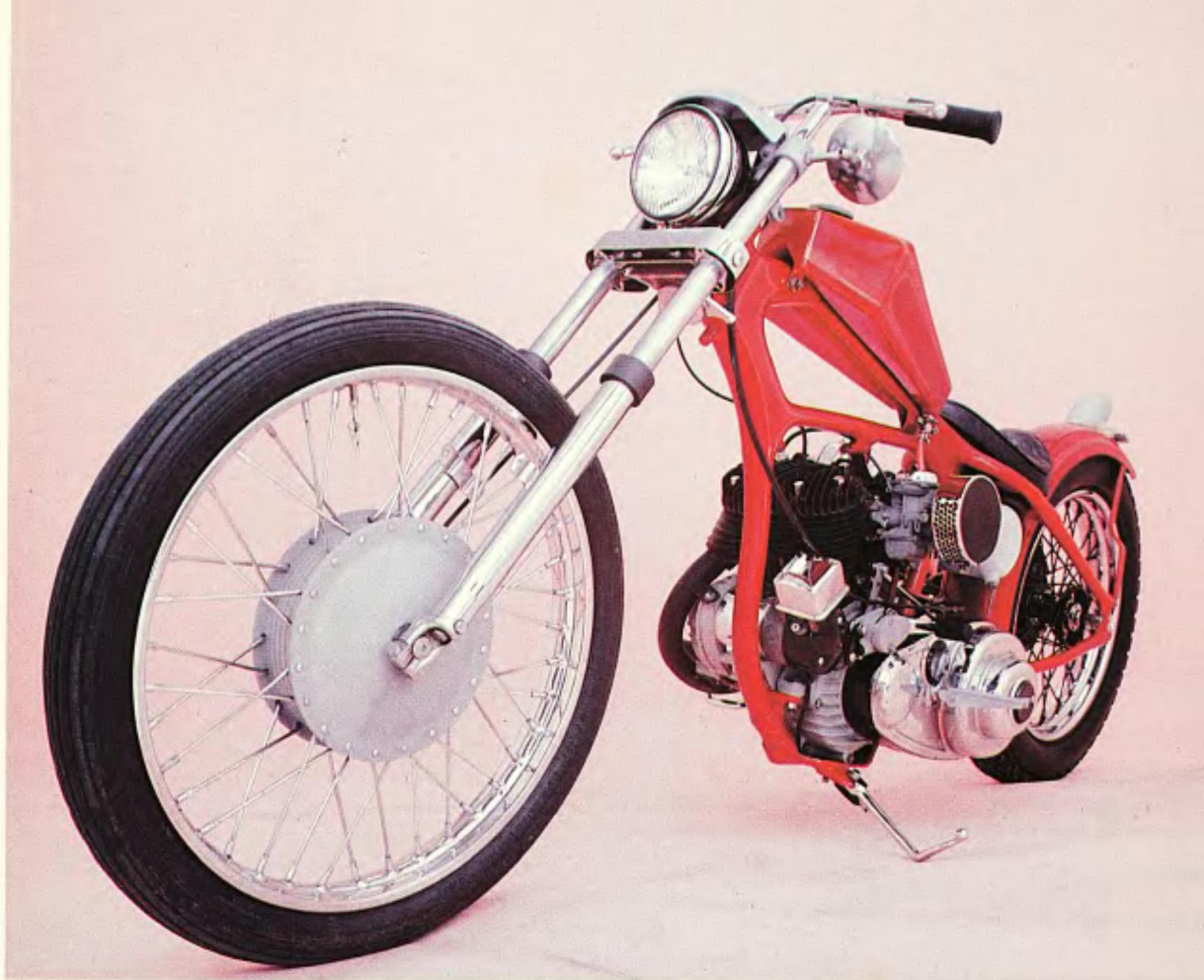


—from L. A. Warren, Clatta, Tenn.





**Cudahy John
and 4-5 Jerry's**



Brian Van Dyke's



45 Customs

You don't often see too many together 45s roaming the streets. But Cudahy John and 4-5 Jerry have good reasons for buildin' these pretty bikes. As the years pass, more and more 74s are lunched in one way or another, and parts for knuckles and pans aren't growing on trees. And besides, you gotta build something different once in a while.

Since the above situations exist except for the old 45 tractors, they're a natural for new customizing material. In fact, within the last few moons, we've received quite a number of requests for advice concerning customizing the flathead 45s. So John and Jerry have put together a couple of fine examples of what can be done with a 45.

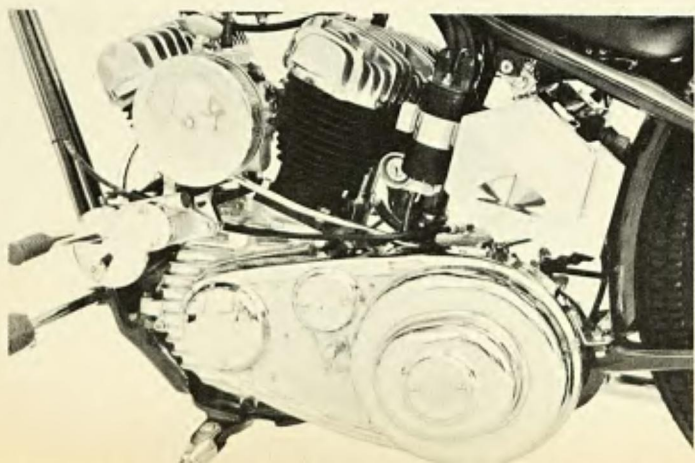
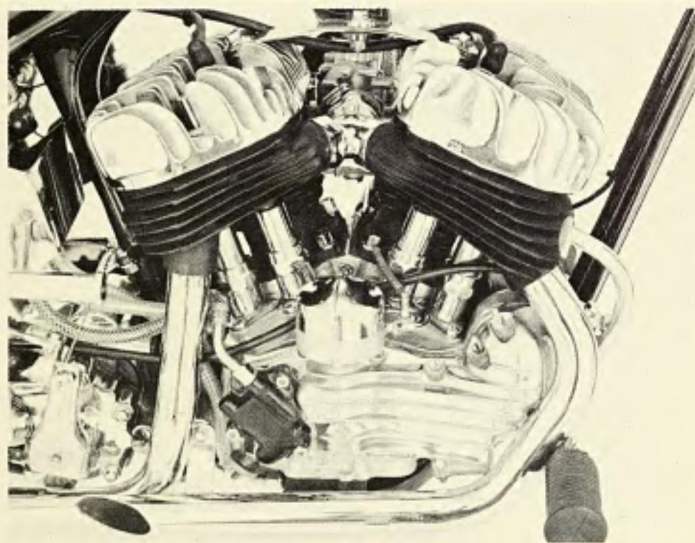
These flatheads may not outrun everyone in town, but they can keep up. And they have been known to run

almost forever. The ol' side valve has a combination of a short stroke and low compression. The combination of the two tends to put less wear and tear on those vital parts that normally wear first.

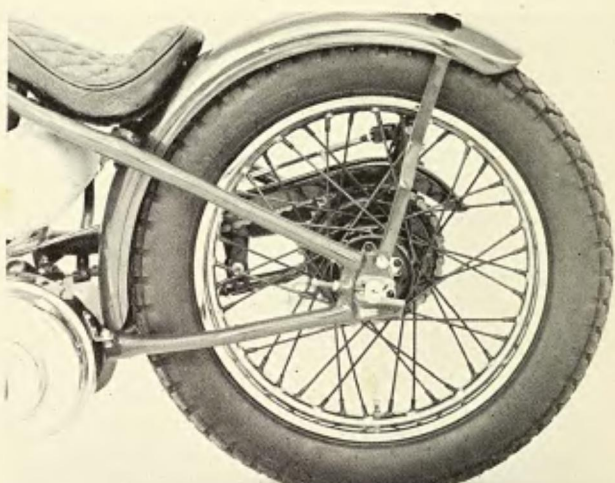
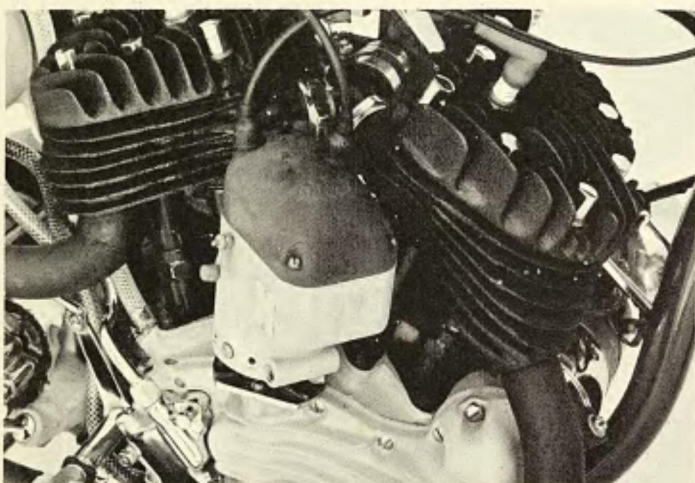
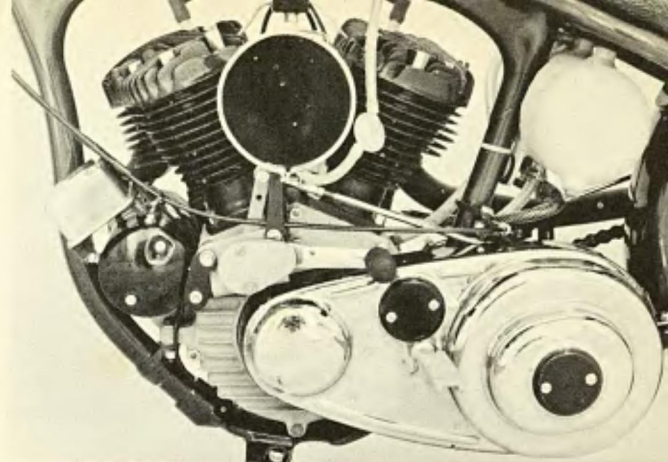
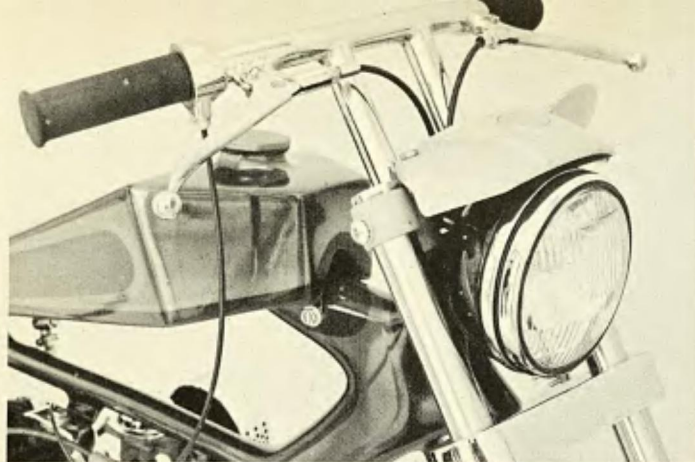
There seem to be more parts available than for other V-twins for a couple of reasons. They haven't been as popular as the 74s and 80s. They're not as fast. And aside from building the regular model 45s, H-D has continued to build three-wheelers with the same guts. Then, too, the majority of the bikes that were used in the big war were 45s. So the factory pumped out many spare parts for the buggers that were never put to use.

These scooters also ought to be an inspiration for European bikers. 'Cause in most cases the only H-D found bounding about the rutted streets of Europe are WW II 45s.

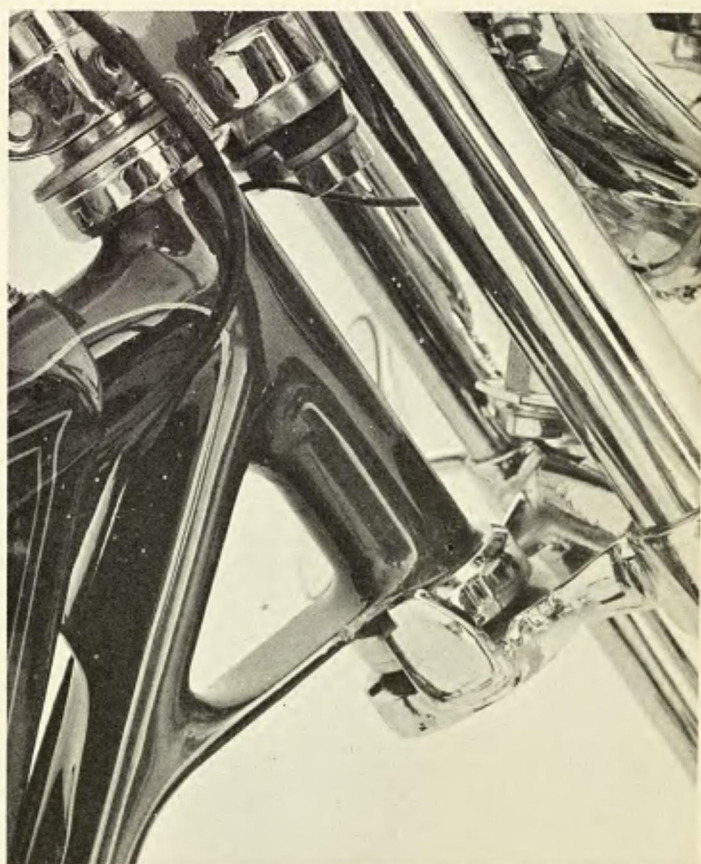
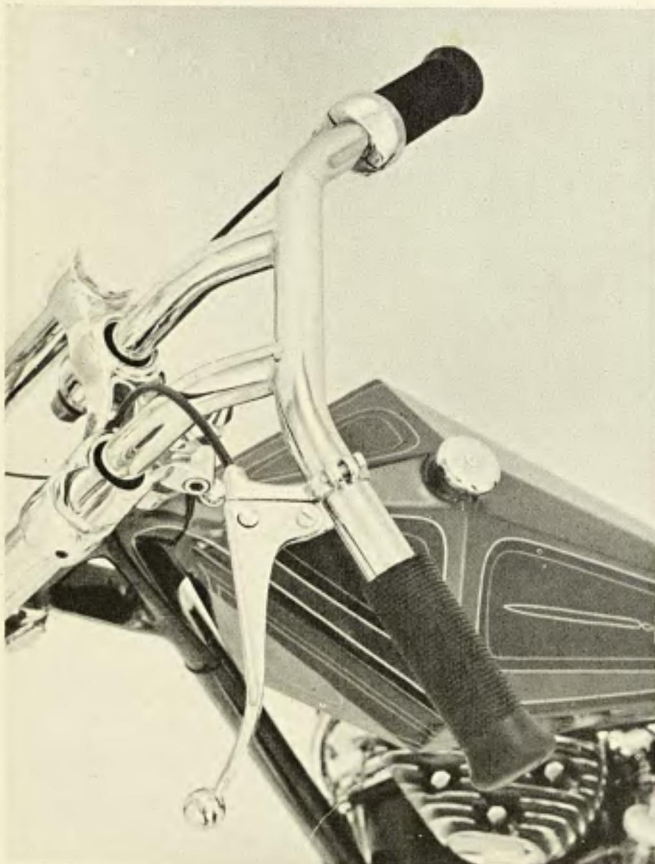
—Bandit

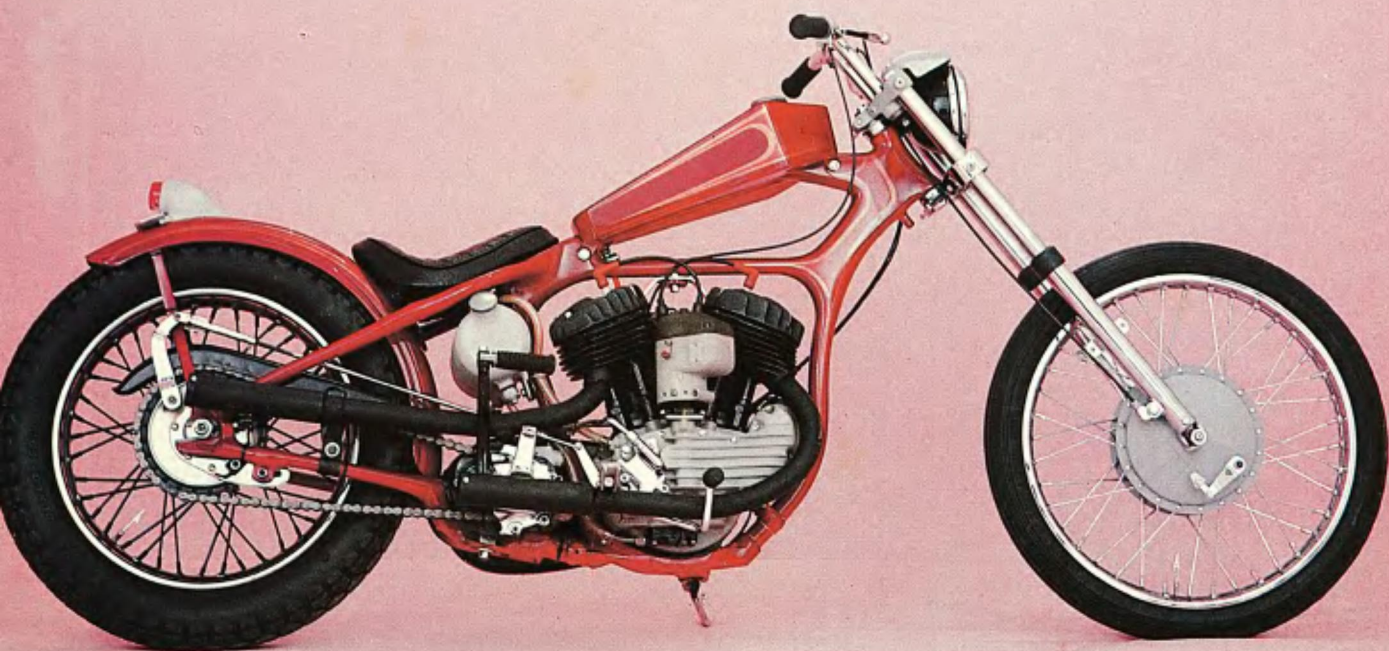


Cudahy John and 4-5 Jerry's



Brian Van Dyke's





Easyriders photography by Pete Chiodo



Brian Van Dyke's

Owner: Brian Van Dyke

City: Tulare, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: 4-5 Jerry
Year and make: 1942 H-D
Model: WLA
Value: \$3,200
Assembly by: 4-5 Jerry
Time: 1 year
Chroming by: MecLec, Fresno

Frame

Year: 1942
Builder: Clyde Rawlings
Type: stretched
Rake: 1/4 inch
Stretch: 4 inches
Other alterations: single tube replaced

Engine

Year: 1942
Model: WLA
Rebuilder: Ron Baker
Ignition: stock
Displacement: 45 cu. in.
Lower end: John's Custom Bikes
Balancing: stock
Pistons: H-D, 5:1
Cases: polished
Heads: aluminum
Cam: stock
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Mikuni
Air cleaner: Guildford
Pipes: 4-5 Jerry
Muffler(s): straight

Accessories

Bars: Arlen Ness
Risers: Super Glide
Fender(s): 5-inch flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Sportster
Speedo: none
Front pegs: H-D
Rear pegs: none
Electrics: relay eliminator
Gas tank: Arlen Ness
Oil tank: Santee
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: stock
Seat: Hap Smith
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material:

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1942
Shifting: 4-5 Jerry, ratchet
Engine sprocket: 34
Trans sprocket: 17
Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

Type: Sportster
Extension: 6 inches
Builder: 4-5 Jerry, H-D
Special features: none

Painting

Molding: John's Customs
Painter: John's Customs
Color: black cherry
Type: lacquer
Special paint: striping by Neil Aerial
Other special modifications: Side-strap removed; cable rear brake by Jerry; ratchet foot-shift by Jerry; molded fender; custom chain guard.

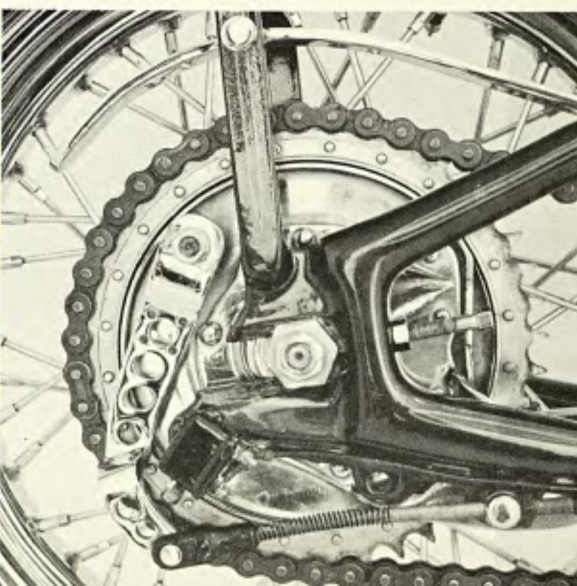
Wheels

Front

Size: 21
Hub: spool
Rim width: Wm I
Tire: 3.00
Brake: none

Rear

Size: 16
Hub: stock
Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 5.00
Brake: stock



Cudahy John and 4-5 Jerry's

Owners: Cudahy John-4-5 Jerry **City:** Fresno & L.A., Calif.

General

Fabrication by: 4-5 Jerry
Year and make: 1939 H-D
Model: WL
Value: \$2,800
Assembly by: 4-5 Jerry
Time: 6 months

Frame

Year: 1939
Builder: H-D
Type: rigid stock
Rake: $\frac{3}{8}$ inch
Stretch: none
Other alterations: brackets removed

Chroming by: Meclec, Fresno

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1939
Model: 45 WL
Rebuilder: John's Customs
Ignition: Wilo Magneto
Displacement: 45 cu. in.
Lower end: John's Customs
Balancing: stock
Pistons: H-D 5:1
Cases: sandblasted
Heads: cast iron
cam: stock
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Honda 350
Air cleaner: Triumph
Pipes: 4-5 Jerry
Muffler(s): 4-5 Jerry

Bars: John's Customs
Risers: welded to bars
Fender(s): Sportster front
Headlight: Sportster
Taillight: Beck Arnley
Speedo: none
Front pegs: Anderson
Rear pegs: none
Electrics: 2-brush generator
Gas tank: John's Customs
Oil tank: Shelf Special
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: stock
Seat: McDonalds, Fresno
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material:

Transmission

Modifications: shifting
Year: 1939
Shifting: Jerry ratchet
Engine sprocket: 33
Trans sprocket: 17
Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

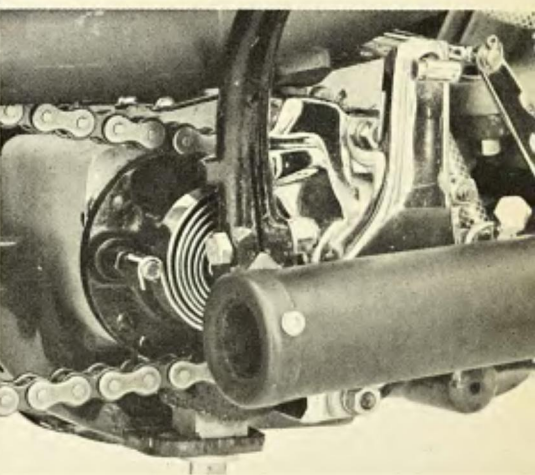
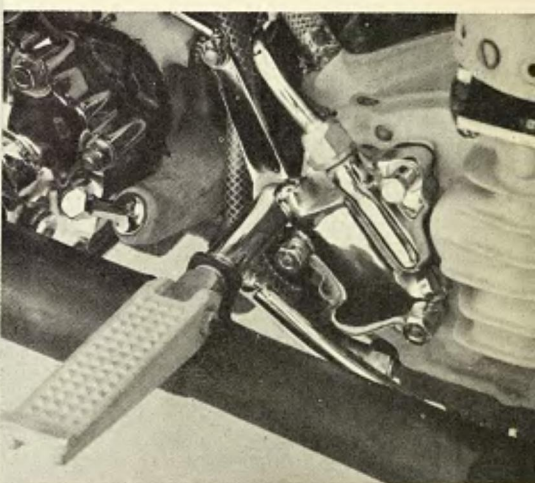
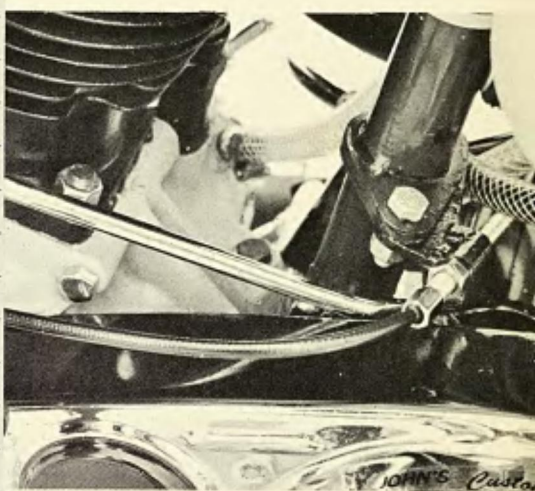
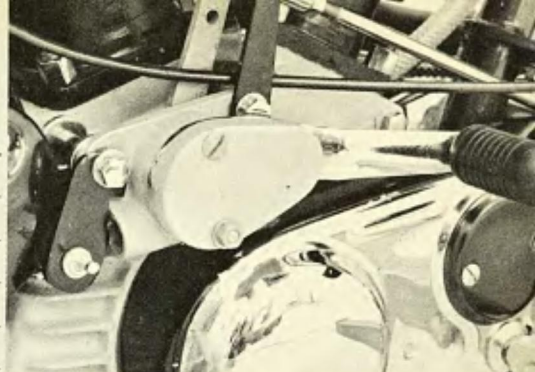
Type: 1972 Super Glide
Extension: stock
Builder: H.D.
Special features: none

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21	Size: 18
Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Rim wirth: WMI	Rim width: 4 in.
Tire: 3.00x21	Tire: 4.00x18
Brake: stock	Brake: stock

Painting

Molding: 4-5 Jerry
Painter: 4-5 Jerry
Color: candy red
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: designs by John's Customs
Other special modifications: Brake and foot shift by Jerry; levers mounted directly to bars.





A Slip of the Tongue

Let me start right out by telling you that I have this—uh—problem, and that it sometimes gets me into trouble. Especially with the bros that I hang around with. You see, to me there is one more B to be added to the already immortal Bikes, Booze, and Broads, and that is Baseball.

Now before you go bellyachin' about how sissified and candyassed baseball is, let me just point out that it's *my* trip, and I'm not tryin' to push it on you. Just sit back and listen to what I'm gonna tell ya and you just might enjoy it, you simple shit!

It all started one night while I was peacefully passing the hours down at Red's All Night Pizza Parlor and Mortuary, better known as just plain Red's. Anyway, there I was at Red's with about four or five of my bros, gettin' an earful of the

jukebox, an eyeful of the barmaid and a snootful of anything drinkable. Well, Red walks over to the bulletin board and right next to the picture of the super cherry knuckle with the For Sale sign on it, he tacks up a little cardboard sign that says: "Any and all persons interested in forming, playing on, or cheering for a baseball team sponsored by this establishment sign below, or see Red personally."

In less than thirty seconds I had signed my name and was talking to Red about the victory celebration that we would have, when we won the championship. Red brought me back down to earth when he smilingly said, "That's great if you plan on doin' everything single handed. But haven't you heard? Baseball is a team sport. You'll need at least eight other players on your side—dumb shit!"

"Shit, is that all you're worried about? I'll get you eight hundred players. All you have to promise 'em is free beer after each game, and get some chicks to dress up in real tight sweaters and short skirts for cheerleaders, and the fuckers'll fall all over each other, dyin' to play."

Red said okay and left me in charge of pickin' out the better players from among the volunteers. We practiced for a few weeks and then began our regular season. We did a whole lot better than I expected and most of our games were really close; we never lost by more than fifteen runs. Not too bad for a squad of debauched cycle ridin' lunatics who'd rather drool on the cheerleaders than play—ugh—baseball. But I didn't care, I played every game as if the fate of the World Series depended on it!

Well, what I'm leadin' up to here is the last game of the season. You guessed it, it was the closest game we'd ever played. At the end of the eighth inning, the opposing team was ahead by a score of three to two. Our first two batters in the top of the ninth had fanned, which brought up the top of the order again. Critter Collins was our lead-off man. Critter sometimes had a hard time getting on base, but once he was there, man, he could run faster than a fuckin' scalded dog. Well, Critter tapped a little blooper that caught the second baseman off guard and managed to get on first. I followed Critter in the line-up, the strategy here being that since I was such a fuckin' great long ball hitter, I would naturally drive Critter all the way around the bases and usually bring myself home too, before the ball ever came down again.

The pitcher for the opposition had been givin' me trouble all through the game and he was a damn good ball player, even if he was a little too straight lookin'. As a matter of fact his whole goddam team was a little too straight lookin', but I was too busy playin' baseball to notice. But they weren't too busy to notice me; I guess they never saw anybody with a uniform quite like mine. Red didn't have enough money to equip us with any real uniforms, so he just bought us some T-shirts that said "Reds" on 'em. Most of the guys (I for one) had drawn little pills on the front and the back. The rest of my "uniform" consisted of my greasy stoker hat, that I would die without; an old set of worn out

leather riding pants, for sliding into the bases on; and an old pair of engineer boots, with roofing nails driven through the soles to serve as spikes. I guess I did look a little unusual for the baseball diamond, but I didn't give a shit, man. I was there to play, not win any fuckin' fashion show.

Anyway, back to the fuckin' story. It's the top of the ninth, the score is three to two, our last chance to score, Critter Collins is on first base, just itchin' to run, and I'm up to bat. All I need is to hit a home run, and we might actually win one of these lousy stinkin' games. The pitcher knows this and he's gonna try his damndest to see that I don't. Well, I step into the batter's box, the pitcher goes into his windup and his first pitch comes sailin' like it's on fire. But I'm waitin' on the perfect pitch and this one looks a little too far outside for me.

"Strike One!" the umpire yells.

I turn in protest and quietly ask the ump if he knows how to put on his underwear with a baseball bat stuck up his ass. He merely shrugs as if to say, "Sorry about that."

So I turn around in the box and the pitcher hurls the ball. This time, it looks too high. But the umpire yells "Strike Two!"

I whirl on the balls of my feet and not so quietly ask the ump if his mother ever had intercourse with a donkey. Again he shrugs.

I foul off the third pitch, and when the fourth one (which is just a little inside) starts to cross the plate I jump back and fall down as though being brushed back.

"Ball One!" the umpire bellows.

I get up smiling at the pitcher, who knows he threw me a strike as well as I do. But I have to make him pitch to me, not against me. He quickly fires another pitch and I repeat my disappearing act.

"Ball Two!" the umpire cries.

The veins in the pitcher's neck are a bright blue, contrasted against the scarlet hue of his face. As soon as he gets the ball he catapults it in my direction but it goes wild and the umpire yells, "Ball Three!"

Now the pitcher is furious, and I've got him right by the balls (so to speak). He has to pitch me a strike and hope I'll miss it.

"Fat chance, baby," I say to myself as I see the hope in his eyes, after he releases the ball. The pitch is nice and fat, right down the chute, exactly where I wanted it.

Just as I began my swing, Barbara (only the most beautiful of our cheerleaders, and who by the way doesn't believe in underwear at all) discovered that her sneaker had come untied. As she bent over facing away from me, the world's most delicious natural honey blond handful of witch's wool was revealed for all to see. Including yours truly. So what do you think I did? Right! I summoned up all my reserve strength and did my best to ignore her public display of pubic hair and hit the fuckin' baseball. Well, I'm afraid it was only a sixty-forty effort, sixty for the baseball, and forty for Barbara.

The air was split by the tremendous crack of leather striking ash, and the crowd's attention (including Barbara's) was riveted to the playing field. Critter took off like he was on fire while I watched the ball sail out over the shortstop's head with both the center and left fielders in hot pursuit. Critter crossed home plate just as I was rounding first on the first leg of my victory home run, or so I thought. As I approached second base, that centerfielder had managed to get on his horse and get himself under the ball. Then the sonofabitch made a diving play for the speeding sphere and actually caught the goddam thing!

I flew into an instant rage.

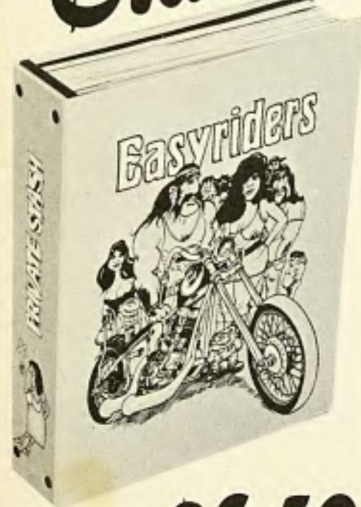
"Jesus H. Jumpin' Holy Mutha-fuckin' Christ; I'll be a ratfaced motherfucker! That goddam one-eyed cocksucker caught the best fuckin' home run ball I ever hit! I'll kill the sonofabitch! I'll tear his fuckin' face off!"

I must have screamed for about ten minutes with everybody from my team trying to shut me up. All of a sudden, I felt a pair of strong arms grab me from behind and I felt cold steel being slipped around my wrists and the next thing I knew I was sitting here in this jail cell.

It seems we were playin' against some Baptist seminarians who decided to call the police when I (as they put it) "went berserk and started to defame God and the opponents, thereby disturbing the peace." Well, the thirty days I have to serve for that ain't too bad. What really galls me is the extra sixty the judge gave me for bustin' that fuckin' screw in the mouth for askin' me if I'd like to play a game of Home Run Derby with him!

Baseball—shit!

Class



\$4.50

plus 50¢ for postage and handling

Now, for the first time, you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peak with ease.

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 _____

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Dusty, your yummy and ours, proves she has more than a wicked body by creating this new feature. She's really an astrology freak, and what she writes here are facts. So pay heed to her forecasts—you've been warned.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

Ever notice who it is your partners run to when their wiring screws up? You're the sign that best takes care of the detailed hassles. Finding that short could get you more than some free brew this month. So quit kicking the crap out of your dog long enough to open up shop in your garage. Have yourself some cards printed. You couldn't pick a better time to try it. Otherwise, you're still knee deep in nookie?

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Get ready for some major changes coming your way this month. If you close your ears to all the bullshit around you and don't repeat any of it, a troublesome period may be coming to a climax (not that kind). This is not the time to tell the asslips you work for where to hang it! Double up on your vitamins and tuck your trunk in some twat. Next month you'll be too busy to pass gas.

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

You Scorpions better pass on the ass that tries to stunt your sting. A strange twist of fate could bring back a situation you thought was dead. Someone else's loss will be your gain. Be ready to step in and take over. By the end of the month, you'll be ego trippin' like a mother-fucker! You're still among the accident prone all month, and this includes breakdowns. So slack up on the cracks and don't let your butt bang the boards!

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

Your health could be your main concern this month. If you don't want to spend some time between the sheets and the shits, check out what you're droppin'. Even worse than barf breath,

you're liable to crash on the trash you score right now. The time is right to rub rumps with those in authority. Best read the small print before signing anything. Cheer up—there are lots of nut-crackin' days to come!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

The time is ripe to voice your gripe. Your mind is slicker than a glassed ass. So tell the lame you work for what you're worth. You're the ones who always have the broads laying on the loot. One word of advice—if you want to keep it coming this month, foreplay doesn't mean having your ol' lady scratch your nut sack! Stay away from shady deals now. Remember, the parts you buy may be your own!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

Living high on the hog may apply to you this month! You're the sign with the really way-out ideas and the class to put them over. The only problem now could be through your people. Let's face it—you never will be a nine-to-five like Uncle Bung Breath. So don't let them get to you. Who cares if you're anti-citizen? It's all a pile of bile anyhow. Just go on with the crammin' and jammin'!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

Be extra cautious the first part of the month where you're layin' and playin'. Your ol' lady might catch you with that scumbag you've been strokin' and tokin' with. Even worse, you could be dribbling your balls all the way home. Because this little piggy may give you more than a knob job. This may very well be the month to decide to keep your cock in the cradle!

Aries (March 21—April 20)

You're the super-cocks of

the zodiac, or better known as the magnificent mouthfuls! The one thing you are never short of is snatch. But you'd best look out where you're jammin' your joint this month! Guard your cash and hide your stash, or you'll regret it later on. Also, you'd better do more wheeling and less dealing for now, if you don't like hearing "Here comes da judge."

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

This is gonna be your kickback month. It's time to shut off the gears to all the mindfucks! Just start soaking up the suds, the sun, and your scooter. Something you've waited a long time for is coming your way. But your hair in the pie comes toward the end of the month. Watch out for vital information on an old enemy. Steer your stump clear of bigmouth cunts, and don't get wired and blab your balls off!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

You silver-tongued devils better put off any legal matters until next month. Then double-check on the mouthpiece that represents you—he could be holding an enema with your name on it! The same applies to twisting your throttle to top speed, 'cause they're after your ass all month. Console yourself with lots of humping and thumping. Or better yet, hole up with this rag and some good smokes until next month!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

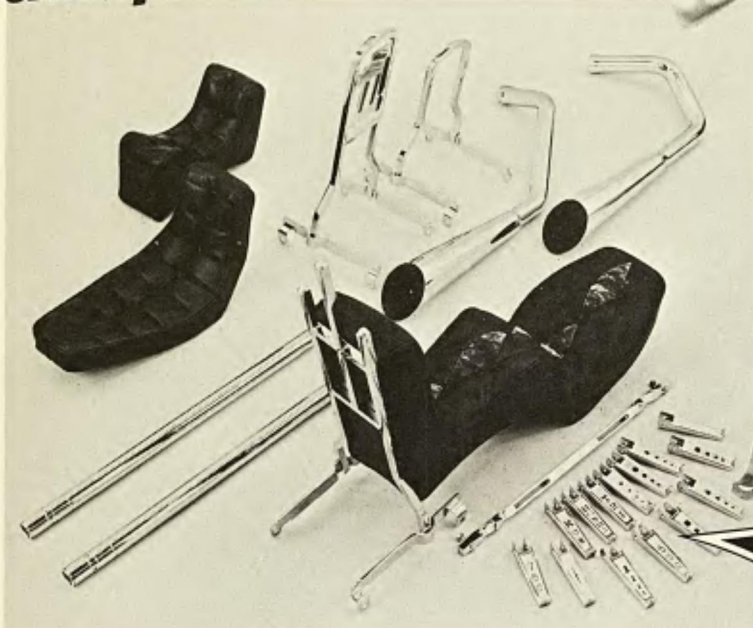
Okay, it had to happen eventually, so now's the time to give that sniveling, gaping gash one of your steel-toed boots! If she wants to play, she can help to pay. Your usual cast-iron gut isn't up to par this month. Next time you get the munchies, think twice before eating that chili your partner cooked three weeks ago. Or you'll end up with about three days of the Hershey squirts!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

This is your month to celebrate! You're going to be roaring and scoring all month! Better slow down a taste or you'll strain the old gonads. Extra dough is coming your way for those badly needed parts. You're sure to get your putt primed and ready for the Labor Day run. Just don't forget to pack some pyri-nate A-200 in case you dip your dong where there are crotch critters at play! ■

Valley Entering...

Manufacturers and distributors of the complete cycle parts and accessories line tailored to today's market. Totally engineered for quality and fit. Send \$2.00 today for our latest 1976 catalog; We know you'll find it... Valley Entering.
Toll free order line
800-328-7546



VALLEY ENTERPRISES
6439 Lyndale Avenue South, Richfield Mn. 55423
(612) 861-4441

GIRDERS • FRONT WHEELS • REAR FENDERS • OIL COOLERS • GAS TANKS • FRAMES

• FRONT FENDERS • TAILLIGHTS • ELECTRIC BOXES • OIL TANKS •

• TIRES • BATTERY BOXES • COLLECTOR SYSTEMS • Sissy BARS •



Santee INDUSTRIES

Hammer

LOCKHART INDUSTRIES INC.

FuBaR

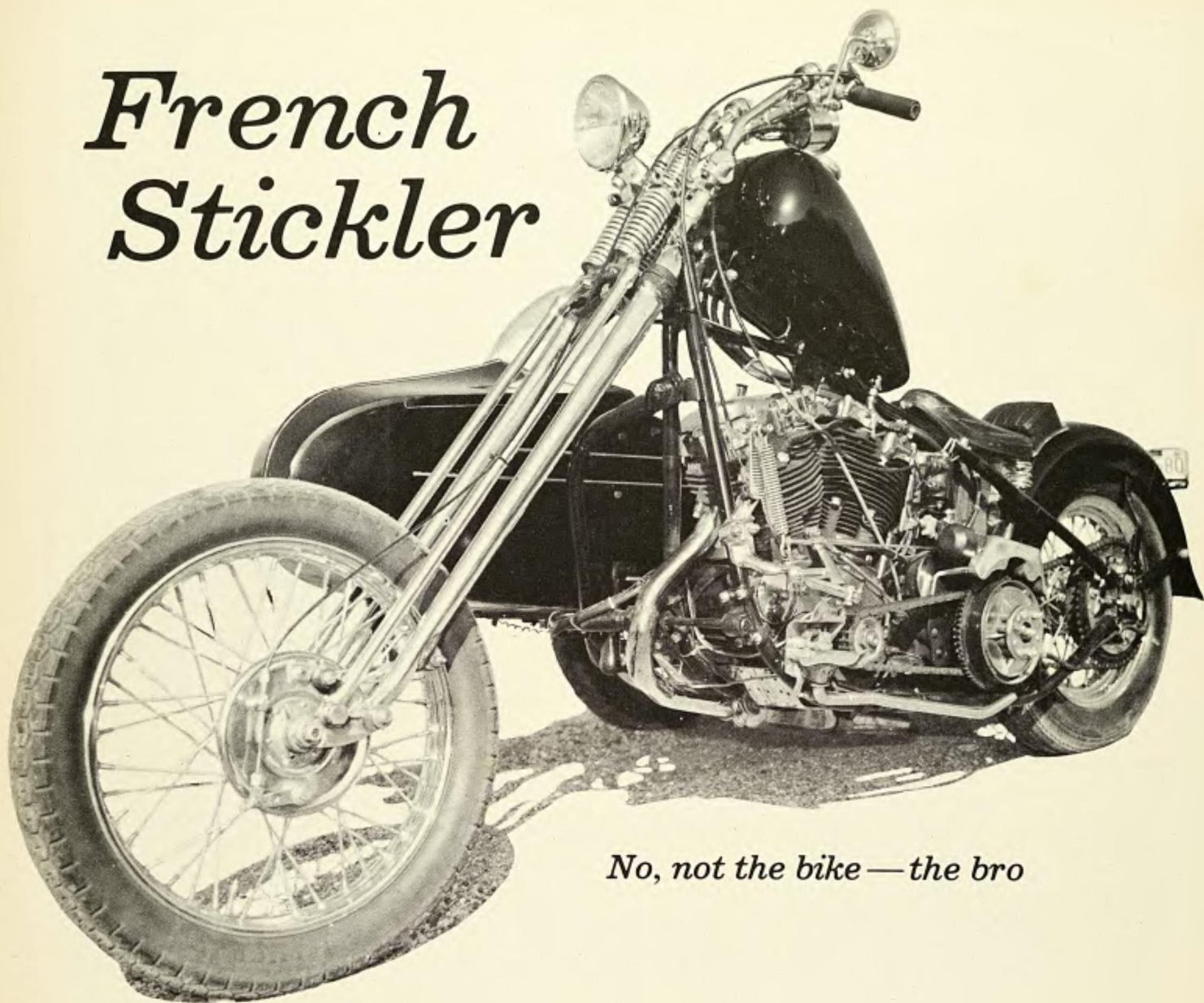
PP distributors
Manufacturers of quality motorcycle products.

2285 W. MAPLE / WALLED LAKE, MICHIGAN 48088
PHONE (313) 624-8596 or 624-8597

SEND \$2.00 FOR OUR FULL COLOR CATALOG.
DEALER INQUIRES INVITED (ON LETTERHEAD)

HOG WHEELS • HEADLIGHTS • KICK STANDS • SPRINGERS • HARDTAILS • MINI-GAUGES

French Stickler



No, not the bike—the bro

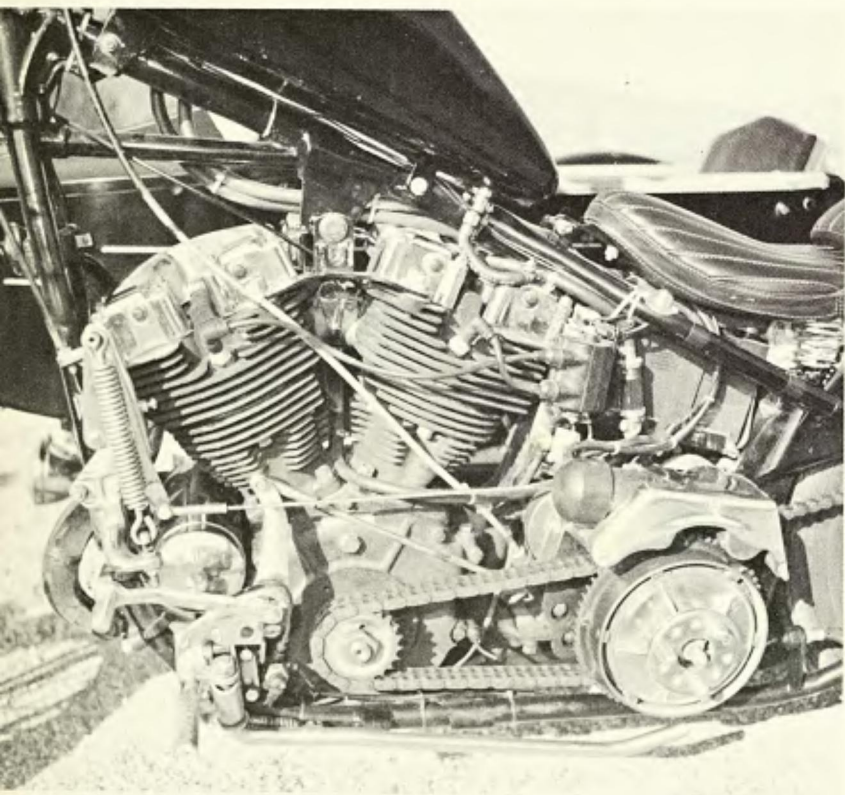
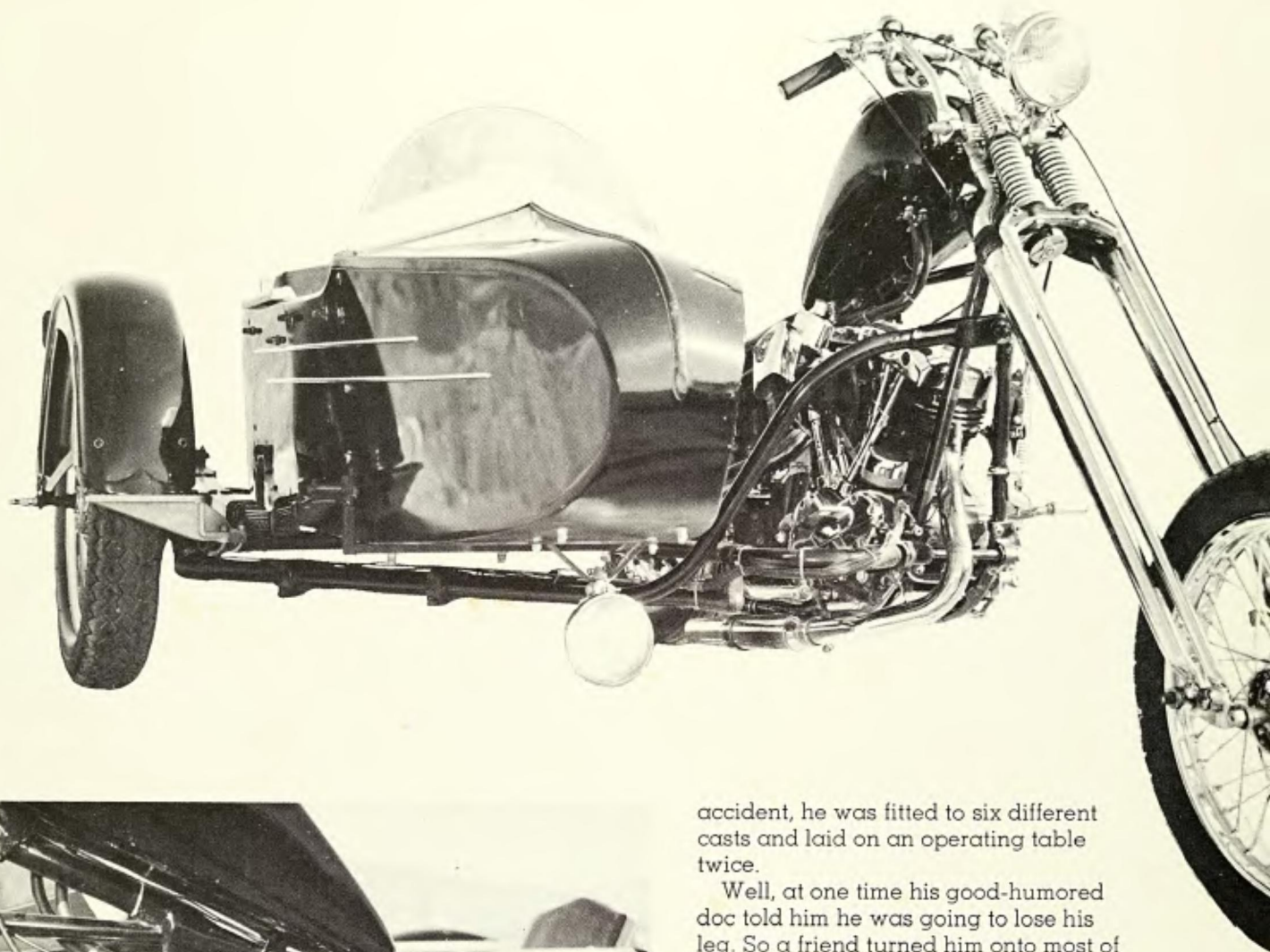


And that's not even his entire label. The dude's complete name is The Reverend French Stickler. And when the heat rousts him, he tells 'em he works for God. Blows their trip. Don't get him wrong—he's not into condemning anyone for their gig. He performs most of the bike hitchin's in his area and has even got into a couple of nude weddings. So don't freak, the man is cool. (If you can't tell by the flicks.)

Listen, we've said enough about French. Besides, he has enough women—we don't want to swell his head. Let the women do that. But the reason he rides this shovel with a hack attached makes an interesting tale. Ya see, he had an accident some time ago that drove an S.U. carb through his leg (and he still runs one). In the first year after the

KOOL ST.





accident, he was fitted to six different casts and laid on an operating table twice.

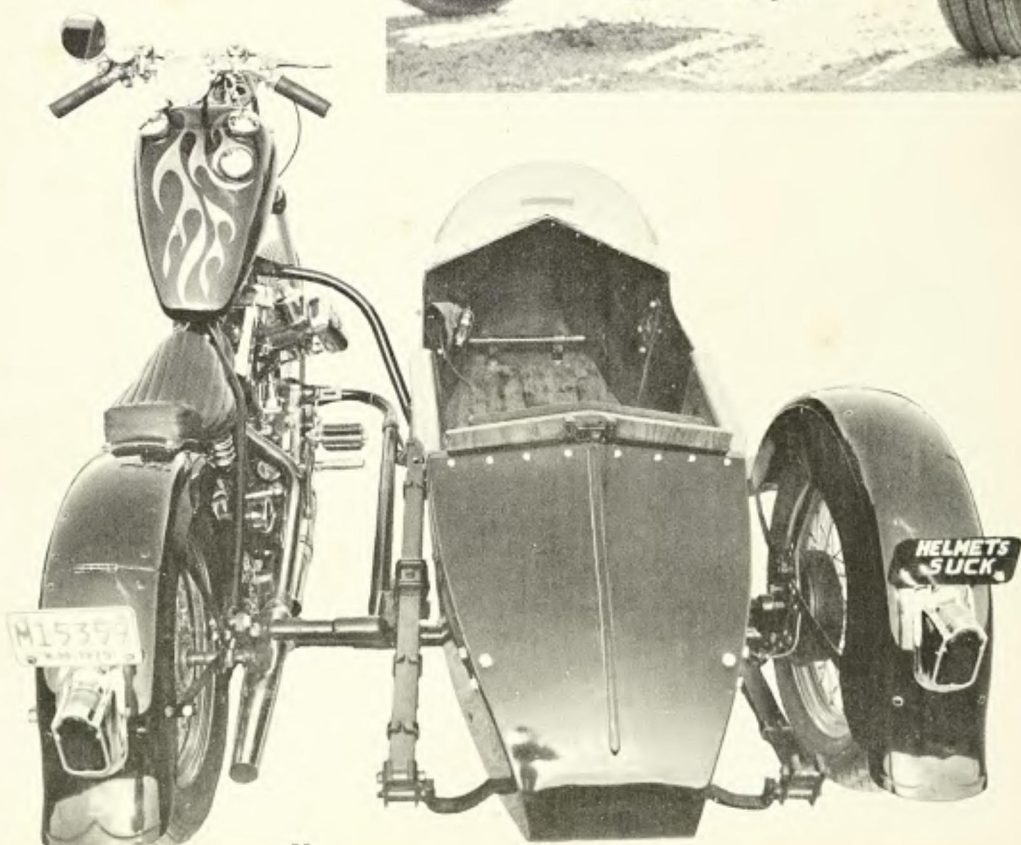
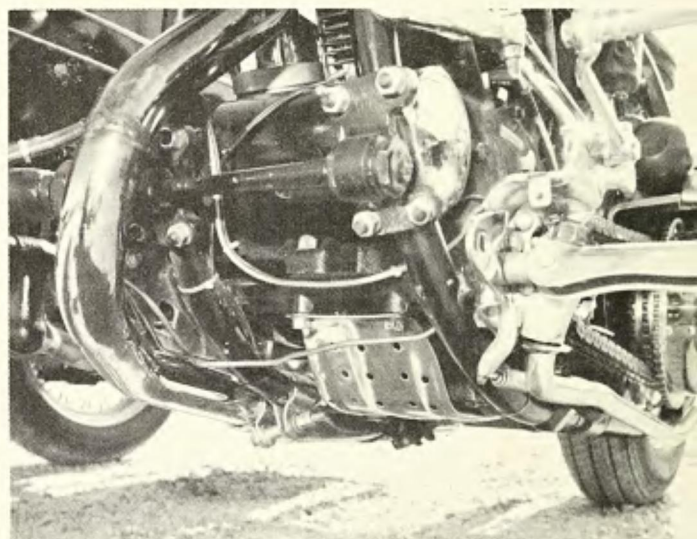
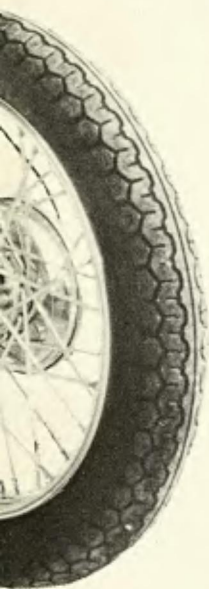
Well, at one time his good-humored doc told him he was going to lose his leg. So a friend turned him onto most of the parts for his side hack. While fighting the irritation of a cast and the use of a cane, French worked a performance H-D, rode his scooter, went to California for the rest of the parts to put the hack together, and assembled it in less than a month. He built the seat for the hack out of a wood lounge chair and connected the mechanical back brakes to the bike juice brake so they would work in conjunction with each other.

Fortunately, French didn't lose his leg. Medical science got it back together with a bone graft. And he continues to eat away at the highways with his shovel, sometimes packing his Great Dane in the hack. His religion must be riding.

—Renegade

—Continued on next page

Easyriders Photography by Billy Tinney



Owner: Rev. T. "French" Stickler **City:** Tucson, Arizona

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1958/Knucklehead
Year and make: 1966 H-D	Builder: owner
Model: shovelhead	Type: grafted rigid
Value: owner's soul	Rake: stock
Assembly by: owner	stretch: 3 inches down tubes
Time: 2 months	Other alterations: none
Chroming by: the Frenchman	

Accessories

Engine

Bars: drag bars

Year: 1966	Risers: 12-inch
Model: 74	Fender(s): 1952 rear
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: Bates
Ignition: distributor/coil	Taillight: H-D
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: Sportster
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: custom
Balancing: none	Rear pegs: none
Pistons: .030 over	Electrics: 12 V. battery
Cases: Legal	Gas tank: Indian/enlarged oil capacity
Heads: stock	Oil tank: Indian, 6 qts., 2 gal. gas
Cam: "H"	Oil system: stock
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: only for electric start
Carb(s): 1 3/4" S.U.	Seat: early Bates solo & pad
Air cleaner: owner	Sissy bar: none
Pipes: drag	Height:
Muffler(s): Sportster type	Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: springer
Year: 1969 open prim. elec. start	Extension: 18 in. over
Shifting: ratchet top	Builder: H-D, owner
Engine sprocket: 22	Spec. features: been together since '68

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Molding: Sons of Odin	Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Painter: Ken Bar, Chico, owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: stock
Color: black	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Type: epoxy & lacquer	Tire: 3.50 x 19	Tire: 5.10 Gd. Yr.
	Brake: H-D	Brake: hydraulic

Special paint: Ken Bar, Sons of Odin

Other special modifications: Nazi P. 38 pistol in hack; built seat in hack from old lounge chair; modified hack mechanical brakes to work with bike hydraulics.





ABATE

**Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road**

Motorcyclists help taxpayers save millions

Illinois: It hasn't been many years since motorcyclists were generally regarded as a bunch of loutish people given to such things as drinking a lot of beer, hitting people with chains, and wearing cut-off shirts revealing bizarre tattoos.

If the image hadn't been changed in Illinois before, it should have altered dramatically . . . when the bikers rode their two-wheeled steeds to the rescue of the taxpayers of Illinois.

By cleaning up their act and becoming partners with the Illinois Department of Transportation, the cycle lovers may be instrumental in keeping the state from losing some \$24 million a year in federal highway aid.

Three states—Illinois, California and Utah—have been under the gun from the U.S. Department of Transportation because they do not have laws requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets. The other 47 states, rather than lose federal money, passed helmet laws.

Illinois transportation officials were really in the middle. The legislature had passed a helmet law, and the governor had signed it into law, but the Illinois Supreme Court ruled in 1969 the law was unconstitutional.

Attorneys for the bikers argued successfully that the decision to protect oneself with a helmet was a personal one, not one that should be imposed by law.

Last June, when there was renewed talk about a helmet law in the legislature, about 1,500 bikers from all over the state met on the Capitol steps to demonstrate. They may have looked like Hell's Angels, but they sounded like slick lobbyists.

They laid their message on the legislators and left town without incident, exchanging smiles and waves with the state police who

had been sent out to keep an eye on things.

In the months that followed, Illinois led the other two states in defying the federal bureaucracy. Congress and the National Highway Transportation Safety Administration agreed to give Illinois time to come up with an alternative program that would do more for motorcycle safety than a helmet law.

Finally, with the leaders of motorcycle clubs backing him up, Karsten Vieg, director of traffic safety for the Illinois Department of Transportation, announced details of the program.

Motorcycle clubs, manufacturers and retailers will supply most of the muscle and much of the money in a program aimed at teaching new cycle owners how to ride the highways and byways of Illinois in safety.

The bikers say they agree with the findings of the Illinois traffic experts, who contend that most cycle accidents involve inexperienced riders and it is more important to prevent accidents than it is to single out one piece of protective equipment to minimize injuries.

The Transportation Department is ready to match the efforts of its new partners, the bikers. It's proposing spending \$30,000 in state money during the remainder of this fiscal year and about \$125,000 in each of the next two full fiscal years to help finance the program.

That's a pretty strong commitment to the successors of a bunch of people who were kicked out of the Illinois State Fair a few years ago.

Who knows? With the new spirit of detente existing between the state and the bikers, the now-banned motorcycle races may return as a popular favorite at the state fair. —Roger Hedges.

House Panel Asks For Comments On NHTSA

Comments on the performance of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, among other agencies, have been requested by the House Commerce Committee's Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations. The subcommittee is also asking for suggestions on improving the agencies.

According to a public notice, "The subcommittee is anxious to have the comments of interested members of the public, including businesses subject to regulation by the . . . agencies. The subcommittee intends to issue a report and recommendations on improvement of the regulatory process."

Comments and suggestions for improvement may cover any area, the subcommittee notice said. According to a subcommittee staffer, however, the following questions are of special interest in the review process:

- Should public participation in the agency be strengthened, and if so, how?

- Are the statutory mandates under which the agency operates appropriate?

- Does the agency have the enforcement and information gathering power that it needs?

- What is the impact of industry representation on agency decision making?

- What should be the relationships between the agency and both Congress and the White House?

- Can the appointment of regulatory officials be improved?

- How should the quality of regulation be assessed?

Written comments should be sent to Rep. John Moss, Chairman, Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Room 2323, Rayburn House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515.

Four helmet laws are gone

Connecticut courts found their helmet ordinance unenforceable. And we were just notified that the Connecticut helmet law was repealed, Friday, April 30. South Dakota repealed their law, except that the repeal won't go into effect until 1977. Kansas repealed theirs with a rider that if the federal Highway Act didn't make it, the repeal would be void (the Highway Act did pass). And May 5th, Joe Cervantez from Citizens Against Motorcycle Helmet Laws notified us that the Governor of Oklahoma had just signed the helmet repeal into law—number four.

Joe Cervantez, president, and Terry Harris, vice president of CAMHL, with the additional hard, grass-roots work in southern Oklahoma by Danny Johnson, were instrumental in this repeal. Along with their efforts, there were letters from Oklahoma bikers and the assistance of other groups, including ABATE of Oklahoma. The repeal was introduced as separate bills in both the house and the senate. Rep. Robert Hopkins introduced and sponsored the bill in the house, while Senator Jim Inhofe continued the effort in the senate. These officials deserve Oklahoma bikers' support.

As with the other repeals, this one is not altogether complete. There are cities in Oklahoma that still have ordinances requiring helmets. But the word is that they won't be around for long—not the cities, the helmet ordinances. Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Bartlesville and Norman, Oklahoma, at this writing, still have helmet ordinances.

The Blackmail Threat is Gone

The one cop-out that has kept the helmet law from being repealed in many states is no longer valid. Many of our brothers have worked helmet repeals up through their states' legislative jungles just to be turned back by the DOT's threat to withhold highway taxes from whatever state, if they didn't retain the fiberglass bumper law. But as of 3 o'clock Eastern daylight time, the fifth of May, that threat no longer exists.

The Federal Highway Act of this year contained an amendment to the Highway Act of 1966, which

gave the DOT the power to withhold funds if states did not comply with their standards. It took a hell of a lot of work to get the amendment through the necessary committees and then attached to this year's Highway Act. Then there was that long wait as the bill proceeded from committee to committee, through the House, while another version crept through the same stages in the Senate. Then, once passed by both houses, the two bills had to be agreed on in a conference committee and re-approved by both houses. After almost three months the two houses agreed and the bill continued on its bureaucratic trail to the President's desk, where The Man had 10 days to sign or veto it. And to our surprise, on the 5th of May it was signed!

This step in the rider's battle against federal encroachment, individual rights, states' rights, and in general the people's voice in government, just goes to show we as riders or just citizens can, and should, work together to straighten out discrepancies in our governmental system. It's made up of mere people, and mistakes are made. It's up to us, the people who make up this land, to recognize a problem and take the initiative to reconcile our differences. As, in this case, we've shown that the mass is not without a voice and that it does help to get involved.

Bike news from around the world

Oregon: The message chalked on the blackboard proclaimed: "Let Those Who Ride Decide."

That was the general aim expressed by about 60 local motorcycle riders who met in Room 100 of the county courthouse to plan participation in a statewide campaign to repeal the law requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets.

The meeting was called by local motorcyclists who have formed an organization called MAUL—Motorcyclists Against Unfair Laws.

The group contends that an individual should have the freedom to choose if he or she wants to wear a motorcycle helmet.

Most admitted that the protective headgear can prevent injury in many traffic accidents, but the helmets themselves can be the cause of serious injury in others, it was claimed.

Local cyclists say that helmets create hazards by cutting down side vision. On hot days persons have been known to faint because

of heat buildup inside the helmets, and in some circumstances, the added weight of the helmet can cause serious "whiplash" type injuries, the cyclists said.

Members of the group hope to promote local participation in letter-writing campaigns to legislators.

One of the MAUL leaders, Frank Desciscio, of Grants Pass, said the local group would be coordinating efforts with a similar group, ABATE, headquartered in Portland.

Also in attendance was Grants Pass police officer John Peterson, a former motorcycle patrol officer, who commented that a helmet had saved his life in an accident.

Of the group's efforts to have the helmet law repealed, Peterson commented, "I hope you're capable of doing something, and I hope you do it, and I hope you do it the right way."

Peterson, a member of the Rogue Valley Road Riders, which he described as a "straights" motorcycle club, said that if the mandatory helmet law was repealed, he would probably continue to wear his most of the time.

But as long as the helmet law is on the books, Peterson said, local police agencies will enforce the law and issue citations to motorcyclists riding without protective head gear.

According to Desciscio and others, the helmet laws were enacted as a result of a mandate from the Federal Department of Transportation, who threatened to withhold federal funds from states which failed to enact helmet laws.

However, an amendment to the Federal Highway Act of 1975 would prevent the DOT from withholding any funds to any state that fails to enact a helmet law, or repeals existing statutes requiring them.

With the anticipated approval of the legislation and the President's signature, the anti-helmet movement moves to the state levels, where groups are lobbying to have the state laws repealed.

Other local motorcyclists who initiated the MAUL group here include Terry Shermer, Eldon Sutton, Mike Dufloth and Cowboy Jim Clayburn.—By Bruce Rommel. You may reach these organizations at the following addresses: MAUL, 1566 Fruitdale Dr., Grants Pass, Oregon 97526; ABATE of Oregon, 2424 S.W. Jefferson Rd., Portland, Oregon 97201.

Indiana: Indiana's eye protection law reads: "Shall have protective glasses, goggles or transparent face shields in their possession." Take a look at your good ol' dictionary to see what possession means and you'll see it means

ownership. Don't let a cop bust you for not wearing eye protection, 'cause that isn't what the law states. If the cop gets an attitude, remind him of all the dope busts for possession, and it doesn't matter whether or not the dope is on a person! (Smile—it's legal—by their rules!) Another unenforceable law! — ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda L. Hummel, 54290 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, Indiana 46514, Phone: (219) 264-1419.

New York: We are concerned about bikes being put under no-fault insurance.

As we all know, no-fault means when there's an accident, your insurance company pays for your damage and injury, and whoever else is involved in the accident, their insurance pays their cost. Neither party sues each other, and no blame is put on any one party unless neglect is found by whoever investigates the accident.

Assemblyman Silverman is getting pressure from the car insurance companies to change the status of motorcycles in New York State and bring them under no-fault. What this means is that when you're going down the road and Joe car driver hooks a left in front of you, and lays you and your scooter up for three months, your insurance company pays for your new \$3,000 super scooter and a 3-month stay in the local hospital, while car freak's insurance company pays him the \$25 for the dent in his front fender. You can guess what your insurance company is going to do to cover their cost. You can write a letter to Mr. Silverman now or pay later—Assemblyman Leonard Silverman, 1170 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, New York 11230.

On March 15th, 10 pm to midnight, WGY had a talk show concerning repeal of N.Y.S. mandatory helmet law. This was brought about by work from ABATE's lobbying committee headed by Kemp O'Connell. The two-hour show featured Assemblyman Tom Frey (D) from Rochester against our repeal and Assemblyman Gerald Solomon, co-sponsor of our repeal bill, from Glens Falls. Also on the show were Mark Fisher and Ed Taylor from ABATE. A few of the highlights of the show were: One caller asked Mr. Frey if, since he was elected by the people in his district, he shouldn't vote according to their wishes. He came back with, "Well, I'm a leader and should make the decisions concerning what's good for us. Mr. Solomon replied that he had polled his constituency and they were overwhelmingly in favor of repeal of the mandatory helmet law in his district. Also, Mr. Frey

stated that he had never received a letter from a law officer for repeal of the law. ABATE has quite a few law officers as members and would appreciate them dropping Mr. Frey a letter on this.—ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, New York 12205.

Michigan: Until now, ABATE of Michigan's activities have been primarily directed toward promoting public awareness through demonstrations and increasing our membership. However important both of these are, though, they will not bring about political and social change by themselves. If we are to change existing laws, prevent bad laws, and promote good laws, we must be directly involved in both state and federal legislation.

In recognition of this need, ABATE of Michigan's Legislative Committee has been established. This committee will monitor proceedings in state and federal law-making, notifying the membership when bills come up that will affect us as bikers. We will take action to introduce evidence and testimony to influence our lawmakers and promote motorcycle safety. Hopefully, with some experience behind us and support from the membership, we can eventually go on to introduce positive legislation such as a helmet repeal and auto driver awareness.

You'll be hearing reports in detail of our progress in the future. Please support your Legislative Committee. —ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 504, Dearborn, Mich. 48121.

Chicago: "It shall be unlawful for any person within any residential area of the City to repair, rebuild, or test any motor vehicle between the hours of 7:00 pm of one day and 8:00 am of the next day in such a manner that a reasonable person of normal sensitiveness residing in that area is caused discomfort or annoyance."

If you aren't aware of a new intrusion into people's private affairs, the above ought to wake you up. This is from a "model" city ordinance being promoted not only in its originating home state of California, but on a national level. I found it in testimony before a congressional committee in Washington, D.C. Some cities have adopted it already.

The problem with the campaign against noise "pollution" is that it's a psychological thing. Bikes are singled out in all the surveys of "what noise bothers you most." A dude can walk every day under the Chicago Loop elevated and be blasted with about 95 db(A) of pure noise and never say a word.

But he remembers a year ago some kid blasted by his house on a motorcycle with no muffler and he wants all motorcycles either banned or with pipes stuffed up so bad the bike no longer sounds nor runs like a bike should.

The regulation on noise allows a factory 90 db(A) time weighted average for 8 hours. It allows a 5 db(A) doubling time meaning 95 db(A) for 4 hours etc. up to 110 db(A) for a half hour and 115 for 15 minutes! And this for a man's working life of 40 years! Yet bikes must meet an 82 db(A) limit soon to be further reduced. Does anyone (who doesn't ride) hear a bike more than say a few seconds now and then?

The 90 db(A) allowed for factories for 40 years of a man's life will raise his hearing threshold a few db(A) in the mid and upper frequency range. But the effect is practically nil. My hearing was checked a few years ago and the doc said I was a "casualty" of noise. I didn't know it but the mid frequency range had a high threshold! But the point is it doesn't make any difference. No one even has to raise his voice to talk to me and I understand all I need to. So what the hell if by the time a man's 70 he has to say "ehh" and turn his ear a little and someone has to raise his voice a little. There are more serious matters for many old people to worry about, like where will they get the next meal and how to get a few clothes.

But our government spends millions and millions on hearing research and passes all kinds of regs against noise. The EPA is the big chief, being given authority over noise by the "Noise Control Act of 1972" passed by our Congress. But OSHA, HUD, and HEW are in it for millions of \$\$ too. Instead of trying to ban all noise they should work on noise that causes damage to the ears, real damage, not just psychological crap.

Reread that paragraph above about working on your bike in the garage bothering a "reasonable" person. You can bet that "reasonable" person will turn you in for working on your bike but will not say a word when he and his neighbors ride around a half day on that power mower making 90 db(A) or sawing wood with a chain saw making 95 db(A)!

The problem is that EPA, OSHA, HEW and HUD are going to make companies keep records and redesign products and pass the costs along to us poor consumers. And the things people don't like in general, such as bikes, will be hassled first and most. —Ed Armstrong, ABATE of Chicago.

Virginia: In case you haven't noticed, you have developed what the straights call political clout. In other words, it means since we are organized and politically active we can change the thinking and voting of lawmakers. The lawmakers are interested in how the public feels about different issues and you let them know by writing letters and by voting for the candidates. We stopped the headlights-on law and a few other laws and we are making tremendous headway on helmet law repeal.

But let's get back to the vote, and let me ask you if you are registered to vote. If not, you cannot vote, so trip on down to your local courthouse and sign up. It doesn't cost a thing and it only takes a few minutes. Then when election time comes around you can make your mark again and help put the right man in office or keep the wrong man out. If you can dig it. —ABATE of Virginia, P.O. Box 138, Vienna, Virginia 22180.

Iowa: A bill to repeal the helmet law was passed by the Iowa State House, and a judge in Des Moines declared the helmet law unconstitutional. Because of the efforts of this judge (Thomas A. Renda) bikers in Polk county, Iowa, do not have to wear helmets at all. April 25 in Des Moines we had another protest parade to the state capitol. Judge Renda rode his 900 Kawasaki to the parade and home again without his helmet. He also gave a speech at the rally at the capitol. The bill to repeal the helmet law will go the senate to be voted on next week; if it passes, Iowans will not have to wear helmets after July 1, 1976! —Cheryl Maslonka, ABATE of Iowa, P.O. Box 1083, Sioux City, Iowa 51102.

United Kingdom: In the year following helmet compulsion I understand that there was one additional fatality but that serious accidents were up by more than 12.3% and that serious accidents to riders of 20 years of age and under rose by no less than 24%. —M.A.G., T.V.O. Kristiansen, 2 Vern Drive, Ampthill, England.

Maryland: Legislative update: S.J.R. #5 (now J.R. 2), introduced by Senator Hoyer to give legislators a chance to cop out on helmet repeal, requires the M.V.A. to study M/C accidents to see what effect a helmet has in causing or preventing death or injury. **Passed.**

S.B. 119 by Senator Peter A. Bozick to require that helmets be worn only by those M/Cists 17 and under. Killed by the Senate Constitutional and Public Law Comm. by a vote of 6 to 2.

S.B. 251 by Senator Bozick to help reduce and/or recover stolen M/Cs by requiring engine # and frame # on Certificate of Title applications when applicable. **Passed.**

S.B. 966 by Senator Bozick. This bill was introduced after S.B. 119 was shot down and would have removed the one (1) Point violation from failure to wear a helmet and left only the fine. It passed the Senate, C.&P.L. Comm., the full Senate, the House Judiciary Comm. only to have the Speaker of the House not bring it to the "Floor" of the House for a vote because some members of the Senate staged a filibuster against the Baltimore Subway Appropriations Bill. **Not passed.**

H.B. 516. A Bill to require a registration system for off-road M/Cs. **Not passed.**

H. B. 670: Daytime headlights on bill—Requested by the M.V.A. —up to a \$500 fine for not burning headlights in the daytime or for riding home at night time with a headlight that burned out during the daytime! This bill was killed by the separate efforts of ABATE of Md. and the A.M.A. **Not passed.**

H.B. 671: Requested by the M.V.A. This bill redefines mopeds as bicycles and allows their use on any road with a speed limit of 35 mph or less, allows the operator not to wear a helmet, no registration, no M/C license (any ol' license from any ol' state will suffice). In other words—A moped operator cannot be killed doing 35 mph without a helmet but a dumb ol' biker will be killed if he doesn't wear his helmet in a 5 mph city alley! This bill passed and is awaiting the governor's signature. Will somebody explain this logic to me—I don't understand. I know it has nothing to do with moped sales because everyone wants bikers to wear helmets—it's for their own good. **Passed.**

H.B. 842 by Delegate Gerard Devlin: Identical to S.B. 119. **Not passed.**

H.B. 961 by Delegate Docter. This bill would've allowed a M/Cist to obtain a personalized tag (your name, etc.) for a fee of \$35 per year (\$25 for a car's two tags has been law for 4 years). Don't fret over the \$35 price tag, as this was not enough. The Judiciary Comm. killed it—Rumor has it that they will pass the bill if it calls for a \$150 fee. **Not passed.**

1977—Senator Bozick is already in the process of pre-filing a helmet law repeal for the 1977 General Assembly. Senator Bozick isn't quitting. Are you? Contact ABATE of Md., 12307 Windbrook Drive, Clinton, Md. 20735. 301-292-2330.

South Carolina: Our helmet repeal

bill has been introduced. Refer to it by number H3939. It is presently in the House Committee on Education and Public Works. Call 1-800-922-1539 to find out who's on that committee, or write or call ABATE of South Carolina, c/o Sesse McDugald, 116 Beaufain Street, Charleston, S.C. 29401.

New Jersey: Recently, there was a meeting of ABATE of North Jersey, ABATE of South Jersey, Jack Keating, who you may know was pretty much responsible in getting the Parkway open to Jersey bikers, Mark Rosen of the AMA, a couple of reps from the Jersey Motorcycle Association, and the secretary from a Jersey club called the Raritan Valley Road Runners.

The result of the meeting was the formation of the Jersey Helmet Repeal Committee. All of the above-mentioned will be working together to see that we get a sponsor for a helmet repeal bill in the state legislature. —Art Brzostowski, ABATE of N. Jersey, 4 South Ave. West, Cranford, New Jersey 07016.

Idaho: February 6, 1976, the "Daily Statesman's Legislative Log" introduced HB 512. The bill, if passed, would have required bikers to wear helmets only on the state highway system. It's a step in the right direction, although an awkward one. For information regarding the helmet repeal or any motorcycle legislation in Idaho, write ABATE of Idaho, c/o S. David Swayne, 208 S. Main, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

Arizona: For the last three or four years every time someone has brought up a helmet repeal before the House Transportation Committee the chairwoman has sat on it until it died. Again this year Ruth Peck, chairwoman for the Transportation Committee, stopped the helmet repeal from even being considered. The bill, SB 1075, had already passed through the senate, so the Arizona Association of Concerned Motorcyclists decided to go to one of her committee hearings and bring the issue up, one way or another. At first she refused to recognize the bikers attending her hearing, but fortunately bikers aren't known to walk away from a hassle. Consequently the bros of the AACM got in her face until she would listen, and they made their point, although she still continued to sit on the bill. Arizona bikers, it would be a good trip to drop Chairwoman Peck a line or two, she needs the mail! Rep. Ruth Peck, 1700 West Washington, Phoenix, Arizona 85007. —AACM, 3638 N. 59th Lane, Phoenix, Arizona 85033. ■

Nothin' Left To Lose

—Continued from page 24

accepted him as he was and understood his ways and moods. Even though she rode her own trike, it had never gone to her head. She always packed behind him when it counted, on runs and stuff like that.

He thought of the sunshine and the sound of her laughter.

She had turned her head to laugh back at him when he missed third gear, in the crazy race he had, all in fun, prodded her into. She never saw the pickup that swerved deliberately into her lane and scattered her life on the asphalt, and then went careening off down the road, no doubt to some redneck bar to tell how he had made the world a little better, "by skimming off some of the scum." They couldn't stand to see someone live free. Fuck.

He had been right behind her and he had seen it all happen. It had come in slow motion, like an impossible dream. And he had been powerless to warn her or to stop it from happening.

He stood for a long while with his thoughts. Gradually, the heartbeat of his Harley pulled him back into reality.

A short while later, he and his Hog nosed up to the highway. The sun was sinking low. First, he turned homeward, then thought better of it. He pulled a U-turn and headed in the opposite direction. There was nothing for him there, right now. Nothin' left to lose. He needed time and distance to sort things out. He'd call one of his brothers, Smitty or maybe Crash, from a pay phone somewhere down the road. They could watch the house, hell, stay there if they wanted, till he decided to come back.

The last red embers of day faded and the soft velvet of a summer's night closed in around him. He opened the throttle a little, leveling off at an easy 65. The big bike hummed, the wind whooshed past his ears as the ribbon of highway unwound in front of his headlight, leading him on to who knows where. He'd know when to stop somehow.

Somewhere, deep down inside him, a tight knot began to loosen, and slip and finally gave. With one gloved fist, he wiped at the tears that were blurring his vision, telling himself it was the wind that was bringing them, just the wind . . . ■



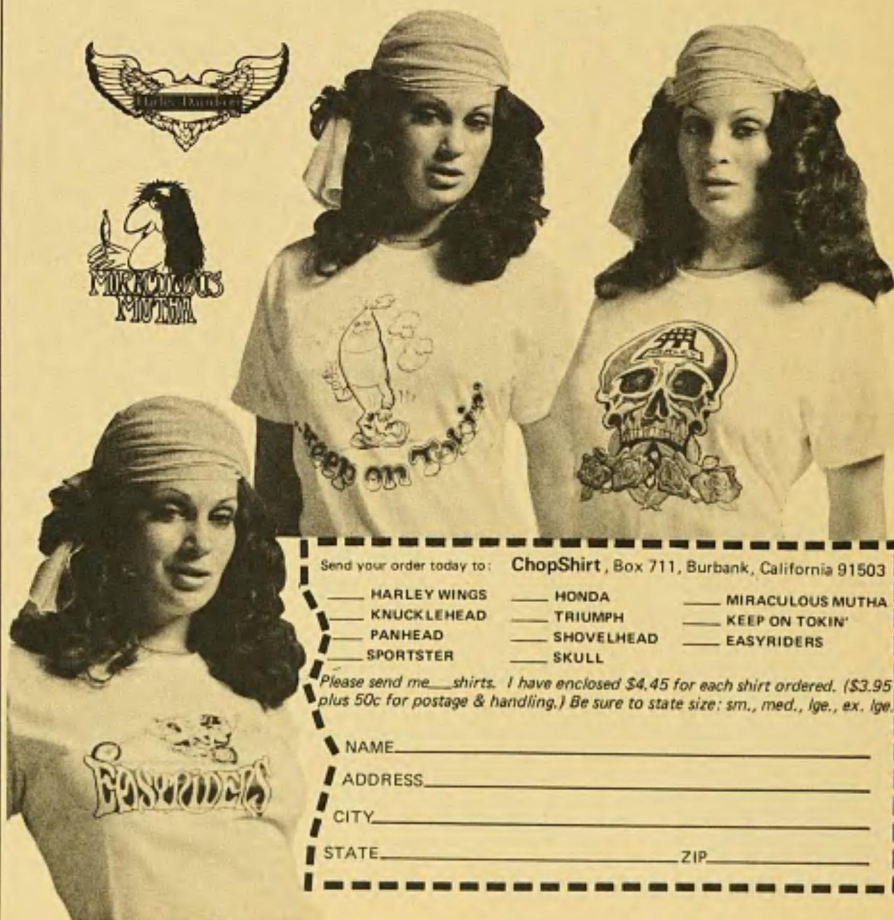
CHOP SHIRTS

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

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

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

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



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

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

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

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____

Moving?

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

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE

(If not possible, print your old address here)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

PRINT YOUR NEW ADDRESS HERE

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

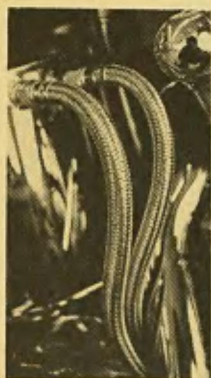
Steel Braided Oil Lines

Super strong—and reinforced where it counts!

Aircraft type for 74s only.

Intake, return, and breather—all 3 for only

29.95



Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201

Gettin' Off

—Continued from page 15

the feeling will pass as the effect wears off.

PCP: Everybody with this white powder calls it THC or Angeldust, which is almost funny, since it's *always* PCP, an animal tranquilizer. Every time I've done it I could never quite decide if I was having a good time or not. I was at a party one time where a couple people were sort of in the process of flipping out on some PCP; they had a wild, desperate look in their eyes, and I was barely maintaining when some guy leaned over to me and said, "Y'know, this is the same stuff Charlie Manson used to do so he could look through walls." The point is, I can't think of anything that *feels* worse than PCP—I could just tell that my brain cells were dropping like flies. Also, it immobilizes your body because your balance and coordination are all screwed up, so how can you have a good time if you can't even move?

Coke: Nothing is nicer than cocaine. Nothing. Coke has a real mellow speed/stone trip that is so nice. It gives you a false sense of security, though, so you're better off staying home and balling. The only problem with cocaine is that it's so expensive (about \$60 a gram) and you're still probably getting the stuff at 50 percent purity. Unless you have an excellent contact it's impossible to get a square deal on some coke. Look for crystals about the size of the head of a pin; the rest is usually milk sugar.

Speed: Speed is golden on long trips, especially if you can find some that is clinical. "Black Beauties" and "Christmas Trees" are generally recognized as the best—these are both capsules (the Christmas Trees look like Contac). Escatrol and crystal methadrine are the kick-ass forms of speed; they make you feel a bit *too* nice to do anything worthwhile, like riding. At the other end of the scale are White Crosses, which are about the equivalent of eating two candy bars and getting a rush off the

C.C.D. INC.

FIRST WITH THE MOST

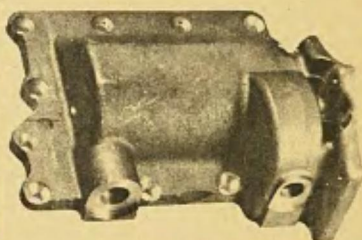
A FEW PARTS FROM OUR GIGANTIC INVENTORY OF PARTS & ACCESSORIES



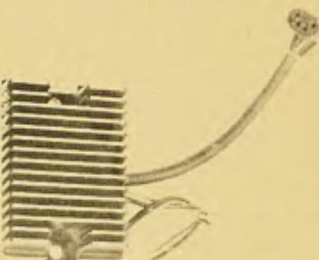
H-D MASTER CYLINDER



H-D 6 & 12 VOLT COIL



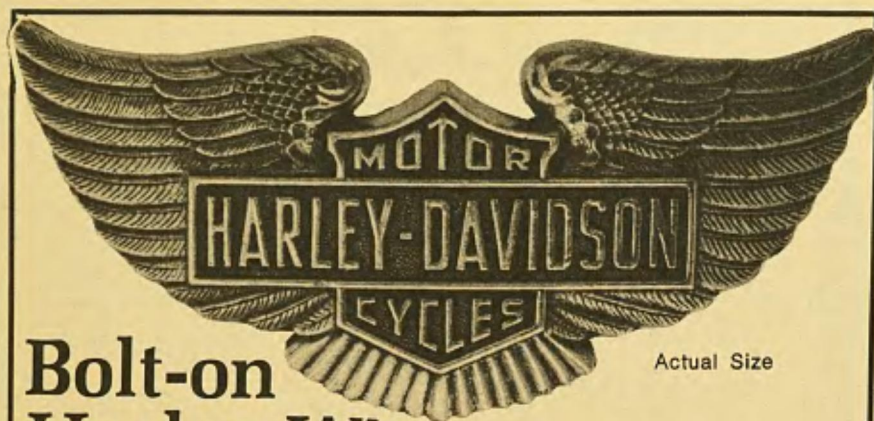
H-D FOOT SHIFT CAP



VOLT-PAK H-D & MOST OTHER BIKES
SEND \$2.00 FOR GIANT 8 1/2 X 11 CATALOG

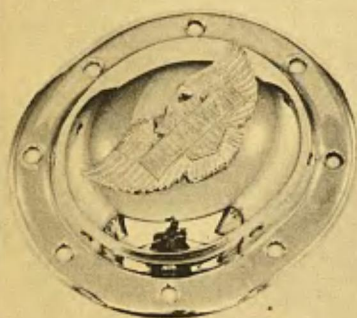
Custom Cycle Delight Inc.

620 E. WALNUT AVENUE
FULLERTON, CA 92631
(714) 525-3591



Bolt-on Harley Wings

Actual Size



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

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

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

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

Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund of your money.



**Righteous
Products**

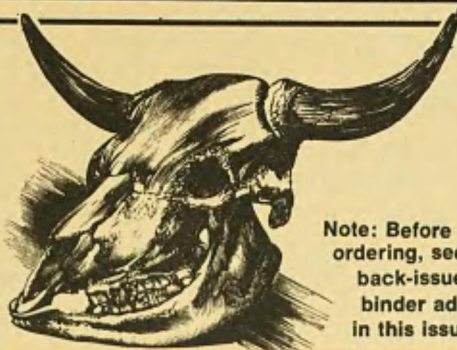
Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 23, and 26, we are now sold out of issue number 10. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wetting early issues.

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

BACK ISSUES

Box 711, Burbank, Calif: 91502



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

bargain in the long run. A lot of doctors are saying now that pot is safer than just about anything around. The good thing is that it's so much easier to maintain on pot than booze. And the thing about drinking beer and riding is that you end up stopping every 15 minutes to take a piss. Still, you just can't beat a "cold one" sometimes.

Smack: Forget it.

Everything else: I spent some time riding with several oldtime Cicero Avenue outlaws who were very much into drinking Lemon Pledge and 7-Up. They were also into snorting up a white powder, which they called THC, but was really vensequelene, a drug used in the treatment of Parkinson's disease. I don't know how they managed to operate on the stuff; it was like watching everything on a split screen—I could hardly stand up.

They turned me on to "laughing gas" though, and that was rather nice. You can still buy it (nitrous oxide) in little cartridges called whippettes for about 25 cents a piece. One cartridge is good for one hit, and the high lasts for about a minute. It's sort of like a very short, but intense, hash high. You can buy the cartridges by the case from restaurant supply stores if you feed them a line. Sometimes you can find a big cylinder of the stuff. It's harmless, as far as I know, and a genuine good time for all.

* * *

All I can say is to take heed of what I say if you want to keep your body, head and bike in some semblance of a functionable condition. And keep in mind what Grace Slick said so long ago in *White Rabbit*: Keep your head. One of my outlaw friends finally flipped out in Buffalo and went running naked through downtown. I don't know if it was the vensequelene or the Lemon Pledge, but they packed him off to somewhere in upstate New York where he sits in his room all day and eats spiders when he can find them. Really. And eating spiders is just not cool; not cool at all.

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



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

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

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

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

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

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-3 ☐ M-4

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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

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

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

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

BIKER'S WALLET



All orders add \$1 postage & handling. Send M.O., personal checks take 4 weeks to clear. California residents add 6% tax.

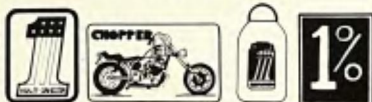
9.98 ea.
(Order by part number please.)

Handcrafted of thick latigo leather, features: H.D. brass snaps, nylon zippered compartment, brass rivet reinforcements, solid brass chain with easy snap on-or-off leather belt loop. Available black or brown in several designs. #1301A-plain black, #1301B-plain brown, #1301C-black w/Harley crest, #1301D-brown w/Harley crest, #1301E-black w/Harley eagle, #1301F-brown w/Harley eagle, #1301G-black w/Harley lettering, #1301H-brown w/Harley lettering.
(All custom lettering add 2.00)

THE LEATHERWORKS, Dept. ER2 • P.O. Box 19040 • San Diego, CA 92119

BIGGEST ENAMEL BADGE RANGE IN THE WORLD!

Send \$1.00 each for HD Nol, Chopper, 1%, Honda, Suzuki, etc. enamel lapel brooches. Send \$1.50 each for HD Nol, Honda, Suzuki, etc. leather/enamel English keyfobs! \$1.00 for catalog. All goods sent by return airmail.



AMERICAN AUTOMOTIVE
P. O. Box 21, Manor Road
Wallington, Surrey, England

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SPEED

STROKER FLYWHEELS

Sportsters & 74's **\$170.00**
Dealer Inquiries Invited
Ductile Steel with Thrust Washers
Unconditionally Guaranteed

PARTS — Cams, Pistons, Valves, Etc.
Complete Engine Building — Street or Race

TRUETT & OSBORN

3345 E. 31st South
Wichita, KS 67216
(316) 682-4781



O.D. For a Brother

—Continued from page 13

off, man. We'll take a ride out to the desert. Now get this. We'll take a ride out to the desert and bury him. Out past Soggy. We can put him under and nobody'll ever find him. He's always been a loner. Everybody'll think he just split."

"I don't wanta go to jail, man," Turk almost whined. "I couldn't stand bein' in the joint again. Man, I'm a nine time loser now. I can't take no more of *that* shit."

"All right, all right. Now let's just wrap him up in a blanket and put him in the back of my pickup and go." And then he added, "I still got all my campin' gear still in the truck from last weekend."

Twice during the two and a half hour drive, Turk had made Frog stop the truck on the freeway shoulder while he went back and poked at Rip, talking to the flaccid and unmoving hulk that lay wrapped, mummy-like, in the back of the truck. Both times he had gotten back into the cab, shaking his head, cursing, then saying, "Dead, dead, dead."

The truck lurched and bounced along the narrow sand-wash they had been following, gears grinding and tires spinning in search of traction. At last they came to a stop in a wide open area devoid of rocks. They were now a mile or so from the rough, dirt road that led from the highway, past the dry lake and far out in open desert.

"Let's do it here," Frog said, getting out of the truck. "Easy diggin'."

"What if somebody comes along?"

"For crissakes, man. It's midnight, we're miles from anybody, and besides, I brought my '06."

"Oh, God!" Turk sighed. He took a shovel from the back of the truck, and after walking twenty paces he began digging.

He dug slowly, at first, then with fervor until he had scooped out a shallow trench, while Frog, for all his short and stocky appearance, easily lifted the great, inert, blanket-wrapped form of Rip from the back of the truck. He unceremoniously flopped the gruesome bundle into the trench. "Perfect," he said.

Here's GRUNT showing the **ONLY** way to do it in the dirt. This bug-resistant, high-quality shirt comes in basic black on virgin white and will provide miles of riding comfort. **Don't delay! Order today!**

NEW!

SUPER QUALITY CHOPPER T-SHIRT

THOMPSON T-SHIRTS
P.O. BOX 3377, CULVER CITY, CA 90230

SEND _____ SHIRTS. I'VE ENCLOSED \$4.95 (\$4.45 PLUS \$0.50 POSTAGE & HANDLING) FOR EACH SHIRT. GIVE QUANTITY AND SIZE.

SMALL ☐ MED. ☐ LG. ☐ X-LG. ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PLEASE

Working together, they quickly shoveled sand and desert earth back into the shallow grave, covering the grisly bundle.

"Let's get the fuck outta here," Turk said. He threw his shovel into the back of the truck, flinching at the loud, clanging sound it made in the silence of the cold, windless desert night. He was perspiring heavily, and the desert chill was beginning to get to him.

Frog started the engine, cranked the steering wheel around and accelerated. The truck moved forward for some distance, and then, as if it had driven out onto some unseen lake, it sank to the floorboards in soft sand. He shifted back and forth, cursing, but it was held fast.

Every cussword he had ever heard or used fell from Frog's thin, angry lips. He cursed Fate and Fortune, the truck, Rip, the moon, the night. Getting out, he beat his fists on the hood, the doors and the fenders. He even kicked that portion of the tires that still protruded above the sand. He jumped up and down.

Turk merely sat in the truck. He could envision himself in prison, and had given up.

Frog's face was a mask of total frustration and disgust. Through clenched teeth he forced calm words, knowing that now was the time for ultimate wisdom.

"We'll sleep in the truck," he said. "In the morning, when it just starts getting light, we'll be able to see and can dig out. It's okay, man, it's okay."

Turk got out of the truck as if in a trance, while Frog removed two sleeping bags from behind the seat and threw them into the pickup bed. They climbed in and bedded down. Frog lit up a joint. They passed it, and finally fell asleep.

Turk opened his eyes. The brightness of the full moon, straight overhead, seemed blinding. A sound had awakened him—but what sound? Had it been words? A voice, calling out in the night? The voice of an apparition? He listened. Yes, sounds, but not a voice. Animal sounds. He glanced at Frog's head, barely visible above the top opening of his sleeping bag, and then he raised himself slowly to peer over the edge of the pickup bed, in the direction of the grave.

A few dozen yards away, lighted

Big, beautiful, and embroidered,

ready to sew on your jacket, shirt or?

BIKER PATCHES

High Quality Embroidered Emblems



P-3



P-6
P-6A



P-5
P-5A



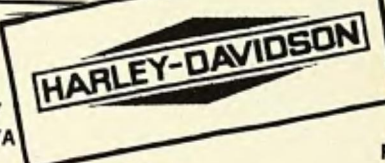
P-2A



P-4



P-1



P-7
P-7A



D-20



D-21
Gold Flake

DECALS

50¢ each

Only \$1.00 for front pocket size
\$2.00 for large back size
("A" indicates large size)
Plus 50¢ for postage and handling
California residents add 6%

PLEASE ORDER BY ITEM NUMBER

Send to: **Mackenzie Company**
Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

"KNUCKS"

Again in production
"Man's Best Friend!"
Send \$5.00 for postpaid delivery
(3 for \$12.95)

ATLANTIC CO.

P. O. Box 12627, Charleston, S.C. 29412



TOMBSTONE TAIL-LITE LENS

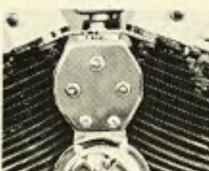
AVAILABLE AT LAST!
EXACT REPLICA OF OLD-STYLE
HARLEY TAIL-LITE LENS!
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED
BC CHOPPERS

12425 S.E. 82ND AVE. PORTLAND, OR 97266

SPORTSTER FREAKS!!



XLCH TANK MOUNT



SWITCH PLATE



TAIL LIGHT BRACKET

XLCH STAINLESS STEEL TANK MOUNT Finally, in Stainless Steel... a lean, functional, good looking mount to raise the front of your XLCH gas tank. It utilizes and covers the ugly "H" model tank mounting boss. Stainless Steel never rusts or loses its chrome-like finish. Bolts on to all K model and sportster stock frames with no modification. **\$12.95 per pair.**

STAINLESS STEEL SWITCH PLATE simplifies custom wiring and can be used as a horn mount also. It is available in any combination of switch holes (switches with 6V-12V horns available also, please specify). The removal of one bolt allows easy access to all wiring to switches. Plate is bolted on — requires re-location of stock horn. **\$12.95 plain. \$15.95 as pictured.** (Horn, switches extra. Chrome-like finish never rusts or loses lustre).

STAINLESS STEEL LICENSE PLATE MOUNTING BRACKET simplifies the problem of mounting most custom license plate brackets and tail lights. Fits all flat fenders. **\$4.95 pre-drilled, unpolished.**

VANCE CYCLE ACCESSORIES

Ph. 512/423-7949 — Rt. 1, Box 278, Bass Blvd. — Harlingen, Texas 78550

Enclosed is my ☐ Check, ☐ Money Order of \$ _____ Please send:

☐ VCA Tank Mount(s) ☐ VCA Switch Plate(s) ☐ VCA License Plate Bracket(s) @ \$4.95 each.

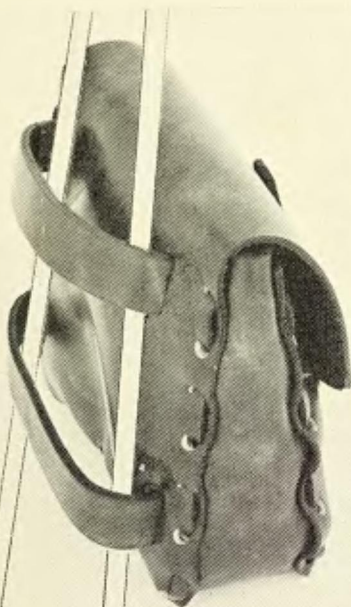
@ \$12.95 pair. @ \$15.95 each.

PLUS 4% SALES TAX ON TEXAS ORDERS. ADD \$100 FOR POSTAGE & PACKAGING.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Adjustable, to fit tight over a sissy bar alone, or can easily be expanded to fit over sissy bar and seat.

At Last a Hip-lookin' Bike Bag That Works!

It's the kind of idea that makes you ask, why didn't I think of that? The adjustments are made inside of bag, so that when you adjust bag to fit your bike, it looks custom-made for it—it fits that perfectly.

Made of high quality leather. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it.

\$16.95

Plus \$1.00 for postage

Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201

HERE IT IS! OUR FAMOUS

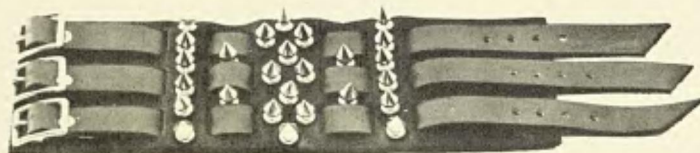
"Don't fuck with me"

\$14.50

postage included

WRISTBAND

COD REQUIRES \$5.00 DEPOSIT



THIS 3 INCH WIDE BAND IS HAND-CRAFTED OF BLACK TOP - GRAIN LEATHER AND HAS 26 CHROME PLATED OVER BRASS SPIKES AND IS MADE TO BE ADJUSTABLE

TO BE WORN FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES ONLY

You've seen them at our shop in Daytona Beach for the past 9 years on bikers from Coast to Coast



THE SANDAL SHEAF

811 Main St., P. O. Box 3337
Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018

PLEASE ALLOW 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

indistinctly by the moon, ghostly shapes danced about, flitting here and there in the darkness. There came more clearly to his ears now the sound of snarling and growling and an occasional yelp. The sound of feet, like ghostly footsteps, rustled in the night. He shook Frog awake, shushing him and pointing. Frog sat up quickly, gasping.

"Oh, Christ," he whispered. "Coyotes. They're diggin' him up. Hand me my rifle." He took the weapon and quietly levered a round into the chamber. He took the weapon, then wriggled silently out of his sleeping bag, like a worm shucking a cocoon. A short, ugly, disheveled worm.

Slowly and carefully he lifted the barrel of the rifle over the rim of the pickup bed, pointed it in the direction of the madly gyrating, seething shapes. The snarling and growling had become louder. He squeezed the trigger.

In the stillness of the desert night, the noise exploded like an atomic bomb. For a fraction of a second, the muzzle flash lighted the entire area surrounding the truck, illuminating the dozen or more coyotes, frozen now in shock at the blast. It also illuminated the half-uncovered body of their friend, now deceased. Quickly, Frog levered in several more rounds and fired. When he had finished, and the ringing in their ears subsided, only silence could they hear.

Morning came.

The cold was so intense that when Turk touched the side of the pickup bed, in rising, he feared, momentarily, that his fingers might freeze to the metal. Yawning, he sat up and shook Frog awake.

Grabbing the shovel, they hopped out of the truck and walked slowly over to where Rip had been buried, and as they approached they could see the damage the coyotes had done.

Their work of the night before was for nothing. Rin's body was exposed above the surface, the blanket that had been wrapped around him ripped to shreds. His head was thrown back and his arms reached out in the final throes of rigor mortis. Gripped in each hand were clusters of gray hair, and the face was covered with blood from gashes made by the hunger crazed night creatures. Between his eyes was a neat, round hole, and between his teeth the ear of a coyote. ■

Easyriders Playing Cards

TWO decks \$4.95
We pay postage!



Here ya are—in blazing color, playing cards featuring some of the best yum-mies that have appeared in this rag.

Gonad bogglin', professional quality cards that will add a new dimension to your poker game. Cards you'll be proud of—as you fleece your bros.

They're not cheap-ass cards—they're the same high quality as professional playing cards.

Be first on your block to own these outstanding leg-wettin' cards. All you have to do is send \$4.95 for **two** decks. We'll pay packaging and postage costs. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send check or money order to:

Easyriders Cards, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

California residents add 6%

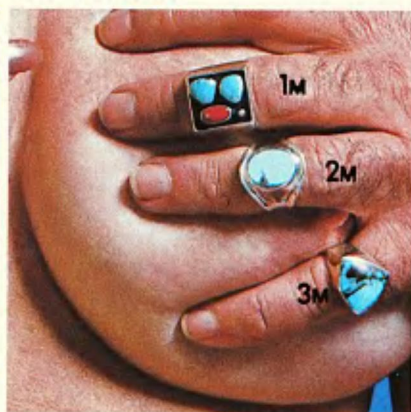
INDIAN TURQUOISE JEWELRY

Slapped together by our very own peyote-crazed Injuns in the back room. Each item is individually handmade. Turquoise is solid chunks—not bits and pieces glued together to look like solid pieces. Surrounding the solid chunks of liver-quiverin' turquoise is real sil-

ver (you won't believe how much ripped-off silverware we had to melt down in order to come up with this first-cabin jewelry). Warning: sit down before reading the prices, because they're so low you won't believe them. Money back guarantee.

To be certain that you get the correct-size ring, rip off this scale and wrap it around your finger; it will indicate the ring size you want.

14
13
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1
0



MEN'S RINGS

1M - 39.50
2M - 29.50
3M - 39.50

LADIES' RINGS & PENDANTS

1 - 12.95
2 - 29.50
3 - 15.50
4 - 24.50
5 - 15.50
6 - 24.50
7 - 15.50
8 - 24.50
9 - 24.50
plus 50¢ postage & handling

Send check or money order to:
Turquoise Jewelry, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me ring or necklace number(s) _____

My ring size is: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

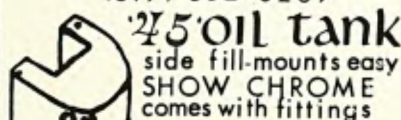
Zip _____

6% sales tax for California residents

-TRI-BSA-HONDA-CUSTOM

ANDY'S MOTORCYCLE SALES

1408 E LANCASTER STREET
FT WORTH TEXAS 76102
new-used-rebuilt-obsolete?
(817) 332-0207



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

\$69.95

all harley's



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

\$3.95



harley 74 & 45
clutch hub
puller

\$19.95



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

\$9.95



harley oil seal
SPROCKET SHAFT SEAL

send year model
\$14.95 early
\$19.95 late

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

CHROME PLATING

STEEL & ALUMINUM
PARTS
CHROME PLATED

Quality Plating Since 1945

GRAVES PLATING CO.

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

Build a Japanese CHOPPER

HONDA
CHOPPER AND
CUSTOM
SHOP MANUAL



Now you can... with the Honda Chopper and Custom Shop Manual. Not a pamphlet, but a jam-packed, how-to-do-it shop manual the size of this magazine, full of step-by-step instructions on dozens of customizing procedures... from mild sanitizing to far-out chopping. Gives you the help you need, including sources of ready made parts. Covers Honda from 250 up, plus projects for Yamaha, Kawasaki, Suzuki. \$3 or 2 for \$5.

Riceburner Publications, Dept. ER-3
Box 1267, No. Hollywood, Ca. 91604

CB Riders

—Continued from page 17

on fuel, late, and wants to put it in high gear and shoot through. He wants the dope on any cops."

"Well, I'll just tell that cocksucker to kiss my ass! What does he think I am, his private secretary?"

I reached over and backhanded him sharply on the shoulder just as he was pullin' out his speaker. "We're supposed to render assistance on these things! That's what it's all about!"

Basilisk looked at me, puzzled and pissed-off, then visibly gave in to the situation, although I could see it was grating against his nature. He pulled out the mike and flicked it. "Hey, Yaller Dog redneck; I ain't seen no fuckin' cops..."

I didn't hear the telltale *ssst-CRACK!* on my unit. "I think your radio took a header," I yelled over. "I don't hear no cracking noises."

"Can ya hear me, bonehead?" Basilisk inquired.

No answer. "Fuck this thing. You tell him," he said to me.

I reached down, pulled the speaker up... and snapped the cord. "Great," I said.

"*ssst-CRACK!*... Ah say again, 'breaker, breaker!'" came the singsongy drawl once more. "Highballin' it to shaky side. Ol' Yaller Dog scratchin' fleas... gimme a tab on the pitcher-takers, ey? Got a head on any plain white wrappers?"

"He wants to know if there's any radar or unmarked cars," I drolly informed the scrunched face next to me. He turned down the corners of his mouth, stared down at the radio and nodded his head dully.

"Maybe the guys will handle it," he said sourly.

They did. "Hey, who is this on the fuckin' line, the goddam operator? I paid my dime, asshole! Go suck an egg up yer ass!"

"*ssst-CRACK!*... (long silence)... Who is this?"

"*ssst-CRACK!*... This is Zitdick LaRue, Ace: Th' wheelie-in'est bastard what ever straddled hemorrhoids. What the fuck you want, you beer-bellied baboon!"

"*ssst-CRACK!*... motorcycle bums. Swell. You just wanna give this good o' boy the poop on the cops? You seen any?"

There was another very long si-

BUSHPILOT WINGS

2" WIDE PIN ON INSIGNIA

for your
flightsuit, cap
jacket, helmet,
sweater, blazer, etc.
DIE CAST
RIGID METAL
NICKEL PLATED
P. O. Box 405
SEND \$3.95... BUSHPILOT St. Peters, Mo. 63376

CHROME-PLATING

We specialize in plating motorcycle parts. Quality plating on steel or aluminum. Reasonable prices Work guaranteed. Give us make of cycle when writing for information. Dealer inquiries invited. For information call or write:

BROWN'S PLATING SERVICE
Route #5, Box 534 • Paducah, Kentucky 42001
Phone 502/554-1146

USED PARTS GALORE!

We Have
What
You Need
WE BUY
CYCLES
— ANY
CONDITION

One of the largest selections of used parts on the West Coast.

One day service on all mail orders.

Custom chrome plating on all types of metal.

Everything for your motorcycle needs from stock to choppers.

Write or phone: A & S
**MOTORCYCLE WRECKERS
& CHROME PLATING**
6724 Franklin Blvd..
Sacramento, Ca. 95823 (916) 392-0553

Steeringhead Degree & Neck Extension Kit



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

\$89.85

H.D. "D" Rings



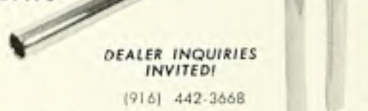
Comes, polished alum.,
anodized black, blue,
gold & red

\$19.95 SET

Custom Handlebars

Providing an optimum in comfort & handling ability. 1" dia.; 3 1/2" & 4" centers; 6 & 9" rise. Easy installation!

\$29.95

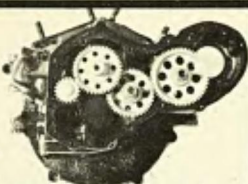


DEALER INQUIRIES
INVITED!

(916) 442-3668

Send check or money order to:
CALIFORNIA CHOPPER SUPPLY INC.
1918 16th Street, Sacramento, Ca. 95814

Lightening Gears for All 74's



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

Dealers inquiries invited.

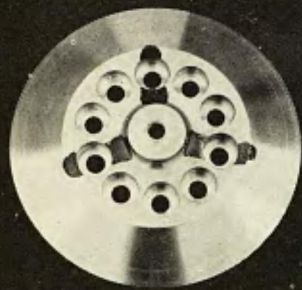
Free H.E.S. T-shirt with any order for a pressure plate or timing gears. Indicate size, small, medium, large or extra-large.

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C



LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C

lence, this time from our own end. When Zitdick's voice returned it was very calm. A little too calm. "ssst-CRACK! . . . There are no police for the next forty miles, sir. I myself have been driving at 90 miles per hour for the past thirty minutes. I believe you will find it smooth going and pleasantly relaxing. Good bye to you, sir, and keep those goods rolling to market. Our nation salutes you."

There was no answer, but a few minutes later, something huge and silvery roared past me and Basilisk so fast I thought Cape Canaveral had launched the first horizontal rocket to the moon.

"Can't say as I've ever heard Zitdick talk that way before," Basilisk muttered later on. He might have muttered more, but there was another ssst-CRACK!

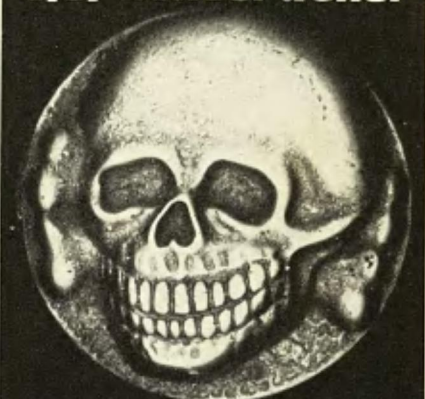
"ssst-CRACK! . . . Fingerfucker here, Zitdick. Did you see that poor bastard?"

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Roger-dodger, Zitdick. That's one good ol' boy what won't say motorcycle bums when he really means overly sensitive displaced citizens."

As me and Basilisk cruised past the parked rig and flashing lights of the state cruiser, the trucker flung his arm high in the air in an upward curving motion, one finger prominent against the others, and screamed, "Fuck you, you fuck-faced motherfuckers!" The sheriff



buckle s.s. bonecrusher



**Solid Polished Metal
2 1/2" Diameter**

**\$8.00 Each
Postage Paid**

WOERNER'S INC.

418 High St.

Holyoke, Ma. 01040

Sorry - No C.O.D.s Ma. residents add 5% sales tax

Moving?

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

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE

(If not possible, print your old address here)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

PRINT YOUR NEW ADDRESS HERE

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Hey, all ya pot smokin' dudes.

These machines burn more than the usual!

Custom painted, Hydra-Cal sculptured smoking pipes.

Panhead
\$5.95
6" x 4"

Shovelhead
\$5.95 6" x 4"

Send check or money order to

Heritage Creations
16265 Lindbergh,
Van Nuys, California 91406

Easy Rider
\$23.95
15" x 9"

Satisfaction
guaranteed!
We pay
postage!

LAKE SHORE HARLEY-DAVIDSON INC. HOME OF THE "WORLDS FASTEST SPORTSTERS" Complete Harley Davidson Engine Building Facilities

Completely equipped facility includes a machine shop with engine balancing and dyno testing plus a full line of H-D High Performance Components. We also repair damaged Harley-Davidson frames.



TOLL FREE
PARTS
ORDER
PHONE

OUT OF STATE? NEED SOME HARD TO FIND
HARLEY-DAVIDSON PARTS?

Call our toll free number!

800-323-3138

Please, parts orders only!

10:00 A.M. - 5:00 P.M., 6 Days a Week
In Illinois use number below

FOR ENGINE BUILDING PRICE SHEET PLUS A PERSONALIZED ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTIONS FROM WARNER RILEY, SEND \$1.95 FOR PATCH AND T-SHIRT SEND \$4.95

1424 BELVIDERE ST. WAUKEGAN, ILL. 60085 (312) 623-2114

WE ARE A FACTORY AUTHORIZED HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE DEALER

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

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

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

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

Mail to Biker Box 2610 Long Beach, CA 90801

OK send me
BIKER for 1 year.
I enclose \$8 ☐ or, bill me later ☐

Name _____
Address _____

TRIP & TOUR INFO

Biker STOP ahead

HERE

for ROAD & DRAGS

BIKER
\$8 Bi-weekly FOR ONE YEAR!!

R

CHROME PLATING
10-day delivery on all cycle parts.
Specialists in motorcycle plating.
Write for free price list.
CYCLE CHROME
Dept. 609, 2430 Washington
Boston, Mass 02119 (617) 445-3475

indifferently flipped another page of his notebook to begin a new, additional ticket.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Excuse me . . . I'm in a Country Flyer camper, you know? And I was wondering if anyone knew the way to Banyos Lake? My wife and I are on our honeymoon, you see, and, well . . . we're pretty tired and . . ."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Of course, of course, sir! Trouble yourself no more about it! The road to Banyos Lake lies one mile west of the Souvenir Trading Post. You can't miss it, sir. The road is dirt only for the first few miles because they are going to repave it."

I turned to Basilisk. "That road is dirt because even if it *was* paved no one would use it. It doesn't go anywhere for the first hundred miles, and the next hundred miles tells you why."

He shrugged.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Jerry the Jeep here, also on the way to Banyos Lake. Wheredjasay that road was?"

"ssst-CRACK! . . . A mile west of the souvenir stand at the junction of 72 and 4, sir."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Thank yi, good buddy."

They must have been auctioning off silver bricks at Banyos Lake because in the next fifteen minutes Fingerfucker had diverted a dozen vehicles onto the alleged road to the place, though it actually went to an area referred to by the 1860 miners who managed to emerge alive from it as Lucifer's Spit.

Basilisk and I rode quietly past the turn-off to Lucifer's Spit sometime later, and stared silently at the long line of ascending dust that stretched beyond infinity into the distant flatlands over the horizon.

"And they say Americans are getting soft," Basilisk said with a smile. "Why, those people are on an adventure that would terrify Jock Koostoe."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Rollin' Blue lookin' fer Ol' Yaller Dog . . ." a trucker blared.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . This is Ol' Yaller Dog," Fingerfucker said.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Hey, good buddy! Saw a rig jus' lahk yourn bein' papered by Smokey Bear."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . An' I saw a wife lahk yourn fuckin' a Brahma bull."

Rollin' Blue tore past us at the speed of sound, and when it seemed his engine could rise no higher on

the musical scale Fingerfucker added, "Ya never saw a bull so nauseated in yer life." The fading truck gave another quick lurch to its already tremendous speed and vanished over a rise.

We later cruised past that portion of the huge rig that was still visible beneath the sand dune, the driver jumping up and down and waving at us like a crazy man and at the same time trying to scramble out of a ravine. Basilisk tipped his hat.

"I think we better catch up to the rest and settle them down a little," I suggested.

"Fuck him if he can't take a joke," Basilisk said. "Anyone that uptight shouldn't be behind the wheel. It's just as well he was weeded out here in the wilderness rather than on some crowded city street."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . This is that camper, you know? I don't think this is the right road you told us. Is it?"

Silence.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Jerry the Jeep here . . . Is this really the Banyos Lake road? . . . Got a mighty lotta worried drivers behind me."

Silence.

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Country Joe haulin' beer callin' anyone."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Hi-ho, Country Joe! Ol' Yaller Dog here!" Fingerfucker said. "I'm movin' west. You too?"

"ssst-CRACK! . . . No, good buddy, Ah'm heading east to dirty side. Ah'm comin' down ownya, good buddy, over."

"That's a good ol' boy, good buddy Ah'll tell ya; there's Smokey Bear dressed up like biker trash checkin' on heavy loads. Ah'll tell ya, babe, if yer tippin' the scales, lay the excess in the arroyo roadside. Mah good buddy Tennessee Tinny is scheduled through here at noon. He can pick it up and meet you at Myrtle's Diner."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Hear ya talkin', good buddy. Ten-four."

By the time me and Basilisk got



The Hell's Angels

are raising a legal defense fund to finance legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's recent prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels that may need legal assistance. To do this we are selling t-shirts and tank-top shirts with the lettering "Free Sonny Barger" on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers: One measures 10 1/2" x 3" in red, white, and blue and simply says "Free Sonny Barger"; the other measures 2" x 7", printed red on white background, and says "Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

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

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



Here's our latest T-shirt design. A big photo (12" x 7") of Sonny Barger in the center with the words "Free Sonny Barger" and the drawing of the cuffed hands (3 1/2" x 3 3/4") to the left of the photo. When ordering, be sure to specify Photo T-shirt. Oh yeah—it's the same price as the other T-shirt on this page (\$5.00).



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

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL
HELLS ANGELS

★ FREE SONNY BARGER ★

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.

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

Send your orders to

Free Sonny P.O. Box 5295
Oakland, California 94605

Please send me the following items:

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

(California residents add 6% for tax)

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



WRIST/WATCH BAND

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

SCOOTER WALLET

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

HARLEY WATCH

A watch with some class. The antique Harley emblem is traditional, orange and red, with a black background. It is a guaranteed 1-jewel watch with a simulated gold body, and it comes with a black leather strap.

It's a classic and it's yours for only **\$19.95** plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery.

Box 275, Port Hueneme, California 93041

I-R-S-LIMITED

BUCK KNIVES

Famous for holding an edge



Model #110, the traditional biker's knife. Blade (4-inch) has positive lock in open position. Handle of golden-grain Macassar

ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **\$22.00** plus \$1.50 for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.

Model #402, Akonua, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **\$45.00** plus \$2.00 postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



Model #501, almost identical to the bikers' Buck, with locking blade and all the quality and craftsmanship of the Buck name. But this knife has a 3-inch blade and can be carried in your pocket if a sheath knife is a bust in your area. The knife has a Buckarta handle and stainless steel bolsters. It's **\$18.00** plus 50c postage and handling.

Small Bike Wallet

Made from thick Latigo leather, this wallet is 3 inches by 4 inches, compact,

for a dude who doesn't like to carry much, for the ol' lady or for credit cards. It can be stamped with the Harley-Davidson, Live to Ride, or the I.R.S. lion at no extra charge. This wallet goes for **\$6.85** plus 75c postage and handling.

Trucker Wallet

Here's the original truckers' wallet, made extra wide to fit even checkbooks. It has three pouches, including one with a heavy canvas zipper. It's made from thick cowhide, put together with strong stitching, and comes with a double-link safety chain. We'll also brand the Harley-Davidson, Ride to Live, or I.R.S. lion into it—no charge. The complete wallet is only **\$12.95** plus \$1.00 postage and handling.



to the beer there was only a six-pack left.

"Those poor chicks are prob'ly each sittin' on a dozen cases, spinnin' in the wind like weathercocks on a barn," Basilisk said.

"Not necessarily," I said.

"How so?"

I pointed.

"Hi, Jill," Basilisk said, pulling up to her. "Climb up behind Shirley here."

"I really think we otta give those jerks the word to cool it on the fun and games," I nagged Basilisk after we got rollin' again.

"Why don't you just quit yer bellyachin' and enjoy the scenery!" he shouted. "Our boys have as much right to use those boxes as anyone else. If people want to take advice from complete strangers, that's their business, not ours. Drink yer beer and shut up. Besides, what else could they do they haven't already done? They're prob'ly bored by now anyway."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Saskatoon Sam callin' atcha for ennybody, over."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Grits Gut here, good buddy," Fingerfucker said, "over."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Good buddy, I'm at the front door of a twenty-rig convoy, good buddy, headin' for dirty side; you goin' my way?"

"ssst-CRACK! . . . No, good buddy, I'm headin' for shaky side an' comin' atcha."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Anything up ahead I might watch for, good buddy?"

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Clear sailin' all the way, good buddy, 'cept fer . . . nope! By God, I ain't going through all that again!"

"Well, I'll be fucked," I said amazed. "Looks like the bastard finally got a guilty conscience."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . sure would 'preciate anything you could tell me, good buddy. Maybe yer tired, but like I say, I sure would be obliged."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Ain't a matter o' bein' tired, good buddy. It's a matter o' bein' hassled when you tell me I'm full o' bull."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Trucker's word is Bible to me, good buddy."

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Okay, but I'm only gonna say it wunst: There's a hippy chick two miles back o' me givin' blow jobs to any trucker what's drivin' nude and tootin' his horn."



California residents add 6% for The Man

"ssst-CRACK! . . . Gimme that again, good buddy-buddy!"

But Fingerfucker didn't answer.

By the time the last truck passed, my ears were damn near bloody.

"I don't expect Fingerfucker's guilty conscience will drive him into the priesthood," Basilisk said after the noise dwindled away.

* * *

That night, after we got back to our digs and settled down, Snark turned on the set. It was everyone's good fortune to hear the start of the evening's curious news:

"A most unusual newsday today in Brightsprings, and these will be among tonight's top stories":

"This is Marvin Feldon at Lucifer's Spit. This isn't a place you would consider a blossoming campground, what with the lava flows, sulphur fumes and scorpions . . . but dozens of vacationers say they just couldn't tear themselves away — though dried-out radiators may have influenced their decision in part."

"And this is Ed Logan on Highway 72. Old Yellow Dog has earned for himself quite a reputation these days, both with the police and with the driver of the rig you see under that sand dune there."

"And this is John Britt at the Brightsprings County Jail. Trucker Joe Malloy says he doesn't drink beer—doesn't even like the smell. But his boss just didn't buy the story he came up with concerning a thief named Tennessee Tinny, and has pressed charges."

"And this is Garth Hanlon at the Brightsprings Hall of Arraignment. Are our nation's truckers going gay? . . . or is it simply that loud noises increase virility? These are some of the questions to which Judge Benning will seek answers when the twenty nude truck drivers who were arrested this afternoon come before him tomorrow on charges of sexual deviation and disturbing the peace."

"And this is Brian Sills. I'll have the details on these stories and all the news after these messages."

During the commercial, everyone meandered away from the set onto other business, and Basilisk got up and shut the thing off.

"Now isn't that the way of the world?" he said disgustedly, plopping down on the couch again and picking up a magazine. "We do all the work and the fuckin' straights get all the publicity." ■

Nostalgic

Up-Sweep Pipes

Show class. Here's a set of heavy-duty, up-sweep fish-tails. They are not only far-out-looking pipes, but they are one-piece with the mounting brackets already in place—no pipe clamps needed. They fit knuckles, pans or shovels and have effective, non-restrictive baffles available upon request.

Dealer inquiries invited California residents add 6% for The Man

D&S Enterprises Box 2794, Culver City, Ca. 90230



The entire set, with or without baffles, run a decent \$79.95 plus shipping. Send 50% down.

Moving?

If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks **before** changing your address. **Important:** Attach current address label and fill in your name and new address.

Your filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.

FORKING BY FRANK



Fine fork tubes (there is a difference) and front suspension components for ALL CYCLES in any length, one piece seamless tubing. Springs, collars, crowns, trees, braces, kickstands, spring conversion kits, rakes and decorative fork tube nuts. Reliable fit and freight paid delivery.

FRANK'S

Maintenance & Engineering
945 Pitner, Evanston, Illinois 60202

Triple Plated Show Chrome

1st class quality work
Deal direct — save Custom Cycle Inc.
201 W. Sylvania Ave.
201-774-4880 • Neptune City, NJ 07753

Indian Motorcycles

Motors, Electrics, Repairs, Advice
for all the old ones, Harley, too!

V-TWIN CYCLE

319 Main St., Madison, N.J. 07940
201 — 377-7773

Far-Out Decals



Decal freaks wake up! Here's a couple of Robinson designed decals that will make your leg wet—and at a low leg wettin' price too!

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

50¢ each or 3 for \$1.00

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Male Call



A Tribute to Brothers Lost

Death winds a sorrowful trail
On the panhead of reality,
the expressway of life
By whatever means he
beckons "come ride my way"
And to our sisters and brothers
dismay on any day when death may
touch another brother's shoulder
We wish our brothers well
in the hereafter

In remembrance of **Brother Coombe**, from his brothers, South Haven, Michigan.

Never forget a good bro like **James** from Tacoma, Washington. From Paul Justin.

Always in the shadow of Kathy's love, **Slick**, a Pagan MC bro from Virginia.

Ride hard, die fast. **Randy**, Berdoo, California. From his ol' lady, Sally.

Later brother, **John "Red" Carpenter**, 1%, a solid brother, O.F.F.O., Charlotte, North Carolina. From Skitzo, 1% Outlaws MC.

An ABATE brother, **Ray "Butch" Lundsford** of Des Plaines, Illinois, is gone. From the bros of the Illinois ABATE Chapter.

In memory of someone who counted, **Kristine Gleason**, Fort Collins, Colorado.

Goodbye, **Armond!** And to the dudes of the staff, I hope you ride forever! **Bob Gearhart** (Chipmunk).

In memory of **Michael K. O'Hara**, 1932-1976, one hell of a biker. **Debbie Head**, Fremont, Calif.

We'll miss you, **Tink**. Ride on, man. No more gas stops forever! A bro and his ol' lady, Louisiana.

The Pagans are grieving heavily upon the loss of their Northern Virginia area Treasurer, **Slick**. A Bro's Ol' Lady, **Frederick**, Maryland.

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column will be published on a first-come, first-serve basis. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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.

Need scribes from interesting chicks. **Perry L. Betz**, #122018, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Bro in need of cheering up. **Dennis** (Southern) **Johnson** #78819, Stateville Box 112, Joliet, Illinois 60434.

Shafted in Illinois. Any and all women write. **Thomas "Tiny" Wernette**, C-25086, SCC Box 38, Sheridan, Illinois 60551.

Temporarily retired scooter tramp. Need some scribes. **Terry Gulatta** #3966, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Two bikers downed in Kansas. Would like some heavy chicks to write. **John "J.D." Horn** (#6984), **Butch "Crooked Crank" Wallen** (#7084), P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Far-out white chicks, try me, you'll like me. **Don Reid**, Box B62090, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Would like to hear from any women. **Vernon L. McConnell** C60092, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Need your love and attention. Write **Jim Molloy**, 13645 U.F. P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Things here are a little dull, if you know what I mean. Write **William D. Lovett** #118387, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

I'm broke, busted, and disgusted! Please write, baby. **Robert M. Jones**, P.O. Box B-64120, C.T.F. Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'd go bananas just to receive a letter or two. **Bobby Joe (Bo) Hodge** #67756, P.O. Box 500, Brks 14-D, Grady, Arkansas 71644.

Write me, just once. **Rick White** B-24727, B-73, Box 107, Tehachapi Prison, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Fire this bro in jail some funky mail. Write **John Lead** #355596 A-3-SW, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

Foxy but lonely chick seeks mail. Enclose stamp please. **Michelle**, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

Please, ladies, this is a bummer. Write **Henry Brown** #047961, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Three tramps lost contact with chicks. **Rich "Liberty" Ebberts**, **Tom "Duck" Squires**, **Clint "Raggs" Sumerall**, Parlin Fork—C.C. #6, Fort Bragg, Calif. 95437.

Lonely dude needs letters from some horny chicks. **Steve (Shoe-horn) Beard** #13684-A, P.O. Box 7309, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Looking for a chick, or chicks, who have enough heart to write. **Dave (Hogie) Hogland** #42646-5, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

I could dig hearing from some down to earth chicks. **Mike McGrath**, Box B33961-A S.P., Florence, Arizona 85232.

In need of a foxy lady to love me. **Randy Cox**, 5350 Fourth St., Rocklin, Calif. 95677.

Need some light in this hole. Write **Charles "Chico" Schmidt**, Fairfield Hills, Bridgewater House, Box W, Newton, Conn. 06470.

Shit, write us, will ya? **Jim Stewart "Ox"**, CTF-North W-B-301, P.O. Box B-54002, Parker Benny Leach "Boo", CTF-North W-B-104, P.O. Box B-69358, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Shoot a kite immediately to **Robert (Big Bob) Timpe** #B-17959-B, **James (Wimpy) Plumlee** #B-3303, **Richard (Penguin) Vorbach** #B-12189, P.O. Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Any lovely ladies, wanna write to a perverted pineapple? **Thomas K. Abihai**, P.O. Box #B-51224, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Sure would dig it if some sweet young things who dig bikes would drop us some lines. **Bob "Dog" Hunsucker**, Duane "Buck" Atkins, Russell "Geno" Pollard, P.O. Box 2247, Carson City, Nevada 89701.

Need some fine ladies to send some scribbles. **Bill (Snake) McCleary** #40359 C-12, **Robert Jordan** #38245 C-12, Parchman, Miss. 38738.

This bro needs mail. **Rick Boehm** #94786, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Down for a while, but I'll putt again. Write **Mike (Shotgun) Baggett** D/S, #01550-284, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Need some foxes to write us. Mean **Gene Schowe** #96340, **Chris Danby** #96339, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Write me and tell me anything. **William A. Marks** #038284, (3-T-14), P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Locked up and got the blues. Please let me write to you. **Dennis (Menace) Allenbaugh**, (41530-2148), Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Need a mama to help me with this time. Will answer all. **Steve "Spider" Newman**, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Like to have some letters from some of you horny ladies. **Mike Cartwright** #140-644, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Be for real, because it costs a lot less. Write **J. D. Dillon** #22909, Box 33, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808.

Need some mail from a together female. **Tom "Mountainman" Lair** #48654, **Drawer N**, Trenton, N.J. 08625.

It isn't always shining in Florida. But a letter would make it brighter. **Robert "Butch" Nordone**, A041447, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Need some chicks who will write to me. **Larry Myers** #13590-11, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Give this man a buzz. Write **Michael J. Brown** #041147 D-5, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

If there's anybody out there who needs someone to write to, write me! **Greg Galchen**, **Yarbrough Building**, 3-South, Milledgeville, Ga. 31062.

Would like to hear from some sweet chicks. Looking for a ol' lady. **Roy R. Boyd** #19039, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Need a woman to write to. **Edward J. Gorski**, 135 West 5th St., Erie, Pa. 16507 (Range H).

Couple of downed putters need some female correspondence. **Kevin (Buff) Paone** B696866-39, (Dirty) **Rich Adams** B700646-57, P.O. Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Need an ol' lady, **Dennis (Tramp) Knippel** #42785, P.O. Box W.R. Green Bay, Wisc. 54305.

Would like loving, lusty little ladies for mutual letter swapping. **Maurice "Maul" Evans** #3051, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Cut off from the righteous world. Need a new ol' lady. **Dennis "Cowboy" Petro** #37559, 260 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

Come on, all you partying chicks write us. **Robin Kessler** #90277, **Kevin Waters** #92170, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

It would help time pass if some foxy ladies would write. **Din Kacmar** #120742, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Michigan 49855.

Come on, girls. I need a thorough bred. **William Brand**, B-59336, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Loneliness is a horrible thing. Write **Bruce Kinnane** #A-035016, Florida State Prison, P.O. Box 747 T-3-S-S, Starke, Florida 32091.

Let the fox in your henhouse. Chicks drop a line to **Jody "Fox" Via** 137279, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

No bullshit, ladies, I sure could use some scribes. **Dennis Taylor** #106486, St. Brides Corr. Center, 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

How about a kite from a righteous chick? **Robert Barbour** 046963, C-68, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

Four Dago boys need mail. "Filthy" **Bill Peters** B65304, **Joe "Slug" Daggett** B66325, **Fred "Raunch" Brewer** B56116, **Larry "Knucklehead" Gray** B63156A, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Tramp needs to hear from some vamps. **Mark Church** #53286, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Need female correspondence bad. **Ricardo Agalnesses** #11555-116, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Need a good ol' lady for the road. **Bobby J. Janes** 215608, RR Box 1 B2-4-17, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

Here I sit in this lonely-ass jail and I still don't have any mail. **Funky Phantom**, B. W. Burket #3323, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Women of the world, write this lonely con. **Lonnie D. Williams**, Box 41-37694, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

It's not easy being number 1

You manufacture and offer many unique products. DS has over 2500 items for the bike enthusiast. You add exciting new products to your line each year. DS offers over 800 new accessories for 1976. You need a large, reputable dealer organization. DS has over 4000 dealers...78 in Europe alone! You stand behind your products. Every DS product is guaranteed.

See our Catalog at your Local Dealer.
If your Local Dealer doesn't have one send
three dollars for the latest DS catalog.
(Refundable with your first order over \$25).
Dealer Inquiries Welcome.
(Send tax no. & letterhead for free catalog.)



Drag Specialties Corporation, 6868 Washington Ave. So., Eden Prairie, Minnesota 55343

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 20¢ per word for private individuals; 40¢ per word for businesses. 10 word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available.

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

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)

\$2,000 worth of hash from one kilo grass. Ordinary weed to "superweed." Both recipes \$3.00. Martin, Box 7443, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33704. (39)

Larry's Custom Cycles, one of southern Michigan's largest assortments of custom accessories. Complete from stock to personalized motorcycle. We do it all. Complete machine shop. Molding room and custom paint shop. Check our used parts department. Obsolete Harley parts. Complete engines. Stock and custom parts for Harley, Jap and English bikes. Phone (517) 263-5140. Larry's Custom Cycles, 132 S. Winter Street, Adrian, Michigan 49221. (39)

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 Rags, 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 Caesar, 1203 No. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (39)

German armbands \$3.00. Nazi party pins \$3.00. Earrings (swastika, Harley #1, or Harley uplift wing style) \$3.50 each or \$5.00 pair. Catalog \$1.00 refundable. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (40)

Big, righteous biker, 27, out of prison soon. Harley chopper in storage, alone now, gonna travel, need chick by June 1976 to travel with. Write "Monk," c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (40)

New to Oregon. Love puttin', sexy dudes and Oregon, but without some company, gotta go back to LA! Save me from a fate worse than? Jacki, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (39)

Maggie, drop dead. I don't care. Gypsy, Secretary, Agnostics MC, N.Y. (39)

Young Indian girl is short on cash. No donations asked! Purchase nude photos. \$1.00 each. Thanks, guys! Mary Chambers, P.O. 1581, Rock Island, Ill. 61201. (39)

War photo booklet, \$1.50 all postage paid. War Relics Shop, RD #1, Box 154, Milford, Delaware 19963. (39)

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

Happy birthday to Ace and his panhead, July 23, 1955. Love, Thelma T.P. (39)

Original Monty Python's Flying Circus T-shirts. S, M, L, \$4.00 each. Shakespeare Emporium, Box E, Stratford, Conn. 06497. (40)

Wes, this ol' lady really loves your ass! Your Ol' Lady. (39)

Miraculous polishing cloth, says "Funky Rider" of North Carolina, is the most fantastic thing I've ever used. "Took a lot of the hassle out of cleaning my bike." And Funky don't shit his bro's. Removes rust, shit and corruption, covers scratches, cleans, waxes, protects, and lasts longer than 1/2 gal. of liquid wax cleaner. What the fuck more do you want? \$1.25. Massey, 11212 Clifton Blvd., Dept. 306, Cleveland, Ohio 44102. (39)

In memory of our brother "Slick." Pagans MC 1% East Coast. 2-26-76 (39)

If you are more daring than most women, answer this. We have someone just as daring as you are. Send \$2.00 to C.W.W.S., Box 242, Jacksonville, Illinois 62850. (39)

15" liquid silver choker with 5 turquoise heishe, very dainty. \$8.00 pp. M. Stokes, Rt. 1 Box 111D, Anthony, N.M. 88021. (39)

Attention: Beware Brothers, Randy Kevin, thanks for a really ass-kicking time on the back of your beautiful scoots. Sorry we cut out. Gail and Danita. (39)

Custom and replacement parts. Paint and triple chrome, etc. 1% discount with this ad. Bikework Orange, 327 Hudson St., Hackensack, N.J. 07601. (201) 342-3830. (39)

Looking for my friend, Pat Humphrey, if you're out there. Send me a line. Chopper, 2612 Pioneer Way E., Tacoma, Wash. 98404. (39)

Hiya, Cheeky, have as happy a happy as ya can! Love ya, Pat. (39)

Would like to get in touch with someone from the Renegades MC in Mansfield, Ohio. It's important that I contact the prez of the club. George Cunningham #143-979, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. (39)

"Repeal Helmet Laws!" Sticker for bikes, bumpers, helmets, anywhere. Show where you stand! 50¢ each. 3/\$1.00. Box 575, Clifton, Colo. 81520. (39)

From Honda 50 to Z, brother Jake's all right by me. PK Kids, Florida Division. (39)

Bullfrog, Tramp, Jap, Savage, and Shorty. . . . Contact me or it's your ass! Indian D.M., c/o D. Gabrielik, 1201 S. Gilbert #43, Fullerton, Calif. 92633. (39)

Thoughtful chicks, write, with a photo if possible, while my bike and body are healing. "Smitty," 615 Hemlock Way, Glassport, Pa. 15045. (39)

"Bo Bo" please contact "Mother." (39)

To big Jim. I love the Harley a lot but I'll always love the bulge in your Levi's more. Your ol' lady, Paula. (39)

Indian mania! I have 8 tons of parts for most models. Cases, frames, engines, everything in between. Will consider selling all. Send wants to Willy, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (39)

One Johnny Honda, sincere one-man woman wanted! Bike rider, 23' racing boat, camping, partying. Handicap welcome, can't hear, talk, or speak. Girls any race, age, any states. Dig short chicks 5' and up. Love the girls in the South. Johnny Honda, 40 Carleton Avenue, Islip Terrace, N.Y. 11752. (39)

Improvised munitions handbook ten bucks? Fuck that. \$5.00 if you're into White Power. Make check payable to Mike Jones, P.O. Box 4717, Panorama City, Calif. 91412. (39)

Joe, I love you. Come back, please! Buns. (39)

Wanted: Easyriders #1, 2, 5, & 6. Frank, 2102 9th St. W., Bradenton, Fla. 33505. (39)

Need to hear from foxy biker chicks in Little Rock, Arkansas, area. Moving there soon. Tom Kallum, 8929 S. Palisades Rd., Hinsdale, Illinois 60521. (39)

Gun Control? How? Criminals can make guns, bombs from pipe, matches, flares, etc. Convincing details \$1.00. Firecracker materials widely available, information another dollar. Sanford, Box 41003E, Washington, D.C. 20014. (39)

Shirley Apache, you dumb cunt, give me a call. Georgia from Oregon 1967. (313) 532-0759. (39)

Kind, married woman, 20, with hateful husband, wants to correspond with kind, unmarried male 20-25. Faye Russell, 416 W. Locust, Johnson City, Tenn. 37601. (39)

Warning—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike, don't fuck with it. . . . Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-15, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (39)

George Gillette of S.D. Where the fuck are you? Get in touch with me soon. MSZ Greg Tetar 349-42-5990, USS Midway CU41 UAW 115, FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96601. (39)

Where the hell are you? "Blind" Bobb Novarino from Santa Rosa, Eureka, etc., was Misfit. Any brothers knowing how to contact, call Ronn Seery, San Jose 266-6777 evenings, collect okay. Friend would appreciate. (39)

Fuck helmet laws or Helmet Laws Suck—Pick from these two stickers to show your feelings for helmet laws. Stick them on your bike or helmet. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. HL-11, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (39)

Become a minister. 100% legal. Many advantages. I.D. card, diploma, more \$9.00. No checks. Howard Fincher, Box 1134, Florissant, Mo. 63031. (39)

23-year-old Detroit chick looking for a guy to party and putt with. Write Debi, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (39)

Hit the ice, payin' the price. San Jose biker downed in St. Louis ice storm. Could dig a visit from some foxy together women. See "Homer," Barnes Hosp., St. Louis, Mo., Rm. 9409. (314) 454-4175 or (314) 291-2647. (39)

Wanted. One foxy babe anywhere in USA to share my bike and my life. Have Harley, will travel. Send letter and photo to Bill, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (39)

Wanted. Easyriders issues 1 through 16. Will pay top dollar. Must be in excellent condition. C. W. Young, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (39)

Remember — The life you save may be your own don't fuck with my bike. . . . Amusing sticker, gets to the point. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. R-8, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (39)

Beat police radar on highways and in court! Amazing new report reveals how to detect, outwit radar, discover legal loopholes, unpublished radar frequencies, and more. Act now. \$6.00. A & M Lonesome Hobby Service, 12105E Goodhill Rd., Wheaton, Md. 20902 (39)

For sale. Custom 1939 45 chopper featured in this issue. \$2,800 or best offer. Will deliver within 1500 miles of Fresno, Calif.—no charge. Contact John's Custom Bikes (209) 252-2562. (39) F

Biker is the publication for bikers. All the news from the street every two weeks. Subscribe for one year (25 issues) for only \$7.00. Biker, 2499 Cerritos Avenue, Long Beach, Calif. 90806 (39)

To the chick whom I stuck by—when you were lonely, sad, fat, pregnant, bitchin', cryin', sick, scared, drunk, dreamin', and even happy. . . . who left me like a dyin' dog when I needed you the most. Don't think twice, it's all right. I still have my motorcycle. Joel, Ft. Ord, Calif. (39)

I would like to hear from some of my old brothers from the Vagabonds M.C. or The Hoboes M.C. from Jacksonville, Fla. Also, if Jimbo LaPorte reads this, drop me a line. Thanks. Harley Bill, Pres., Mountaineers M.C., Leadville, Colorado 80461. (39)

Does anyone know the whereabouts of a dude who used to go by the name of "Jim Trout"? He had cards made out with the picture of the Zig Zag man on them for custom work. James Watson, 517 Termino Ave., Long Beach, Calif. 90812. (39)

Master, Happy Birthday. Yours always, O. (39)

R.I.P. Brother Crash. Chicago. 5/24/74. (39)

Cathy, I love you. Gypsy, Secretary, Agnostics MC, Trumansburg, N.Y. (39)

Bikers, tired of The Man's gun laws? How about an electrically fired pistol? All parts can be bought over the counter. Send \$4.00 money order for plans to Universal Products, P.O. Box 721, Lakewood, Ohio 44107. (39)

Tinker, happy birthday! Write me or call. Love ya, Jackie. (39)

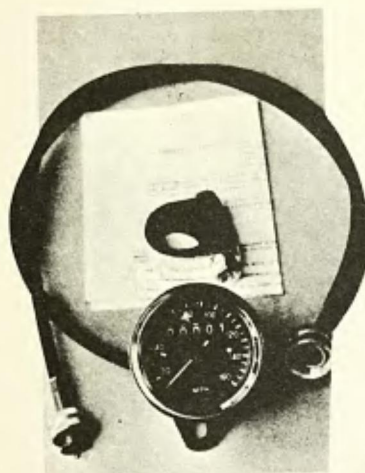
Chin Nait: Write K. Lee Watson, 2411 Rio Grande St., Austin, Texas 78705. (39)

Patricia! Misplaced your address somewhere. Saw your line in the last issue. Write pronto, sugar! Love, Super Mouse. (39)

How about anyone with some word on Bolivia? Little Joe, Box 96, Rockaway Beach, Mo. 67504. (39)

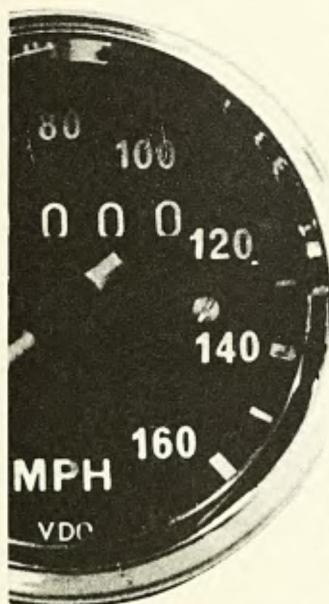
Custom and stock parts and accessories, paint, chrome, etc. Bikework Orange, 327 Hudson Street, Hackensack, N.J. 07601. (201) 342-3830 (39)

Wanted: A complete knucklehead engine with papers. Write George Christie, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (40F)



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

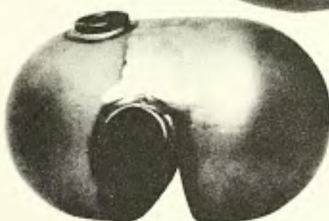
Now for the first time
you can buy this small
(only 2 1/4" in diameter)
precision, German-made
speedometer



Has chromed exterior,
black illuminated face with
white numerals, and it has
an odometer. Simple to
install. Price includes cable
and light.

\$44.95

Specify 74 or Sportster when ordering.



AXED HARLEY

**GAS
TANK**

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

#818A Single cap **44.95**

#819A Dual caps **49.95**



**SHIFT BRACKET
LEVER**

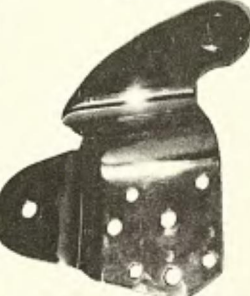
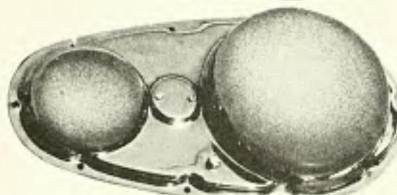
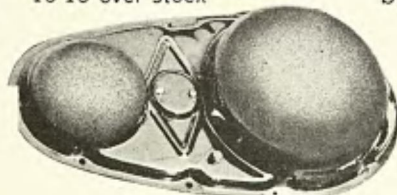
#203B

7.50

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

**HD 74
Extended
Kick Stand
Chromed**

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



**SHIFT
BRACKET**

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

#203A **14.95**

Oil Gauge (Chromed)

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

**FOUR GALLON
AXED HARLEY**

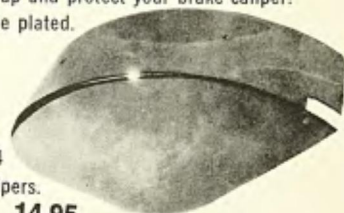
4 gallon capacity; 13 1/2" wide, 16"
long, 9" deep. Frisco style tunnel.

#816A SINGLE CAP **42.50**

#817A DUAL CAP **44.95**

**DISC BRAKE
COVERS**

Dress up and protect your brake caliper!
Chrome plated.



#737

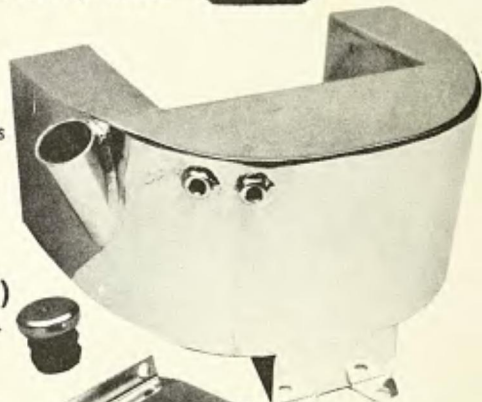
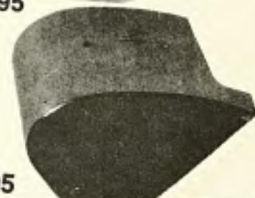
Fits 1972 to
present HD 74
with large calipers.

14.95

#737A

Fits 1974 HD
74 with small
calipers;

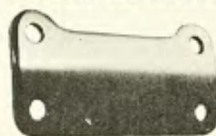
front only. **13.95**



**CUSTOM
OIL TANK**

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

HEADLITE BRACKET



Chromed; use
on extended
front ends.

Fits all 74FX
and Sportsters.

#526 **3.50**

OUTER PRIMARIES

HD XLCH Sportster 1958-69

#761 DIAMOND STYLE **33.95**

#762 SMOOTH STYLE **33.95**

#763 SUPER SMOOTH **33.95**

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

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale,
California 91201

Drop by your local dealer!

**He stocks or can order
the JAMMER parts
you need.**



Jammer

Send today for the complete Jammer's Handbook.
Deduct the \$3 price from your first \$20 order.

Jammer Cycle Products
800 () S. San Fernando Blvd. OR 858 () Decatur Avenue North
Burbank, Calif. 91502

Jammer Cycle Products
Minneapolis, Minn. 55427