

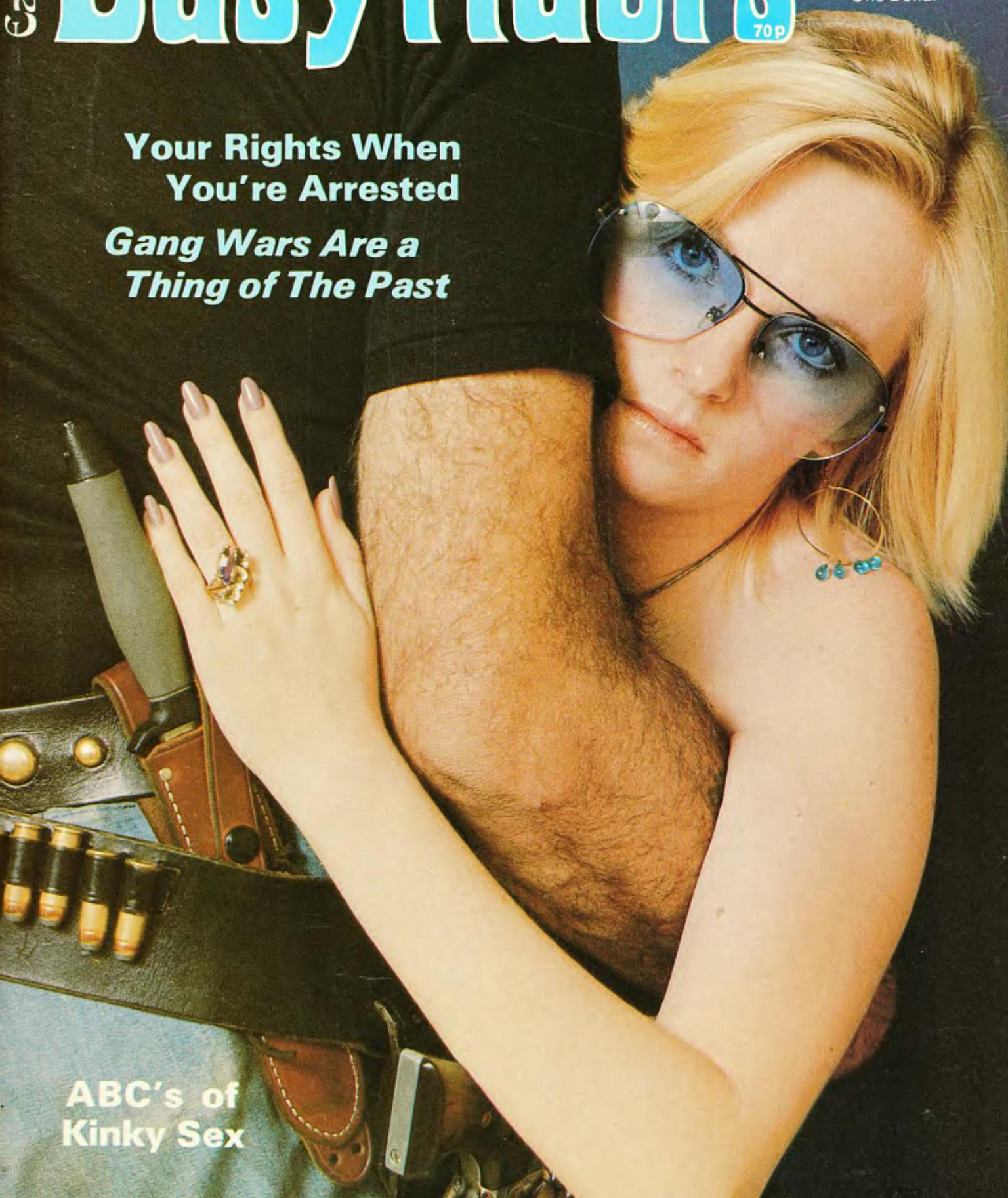
# Easyriders

70p

April, 1977  
One Dollar

**Your Rights When  
You're Arrested**  
***Gang Wars Are a  
Thing of The Past***

**ABC's of  
Kinky Sex**





# Black Easyriders T-shirts

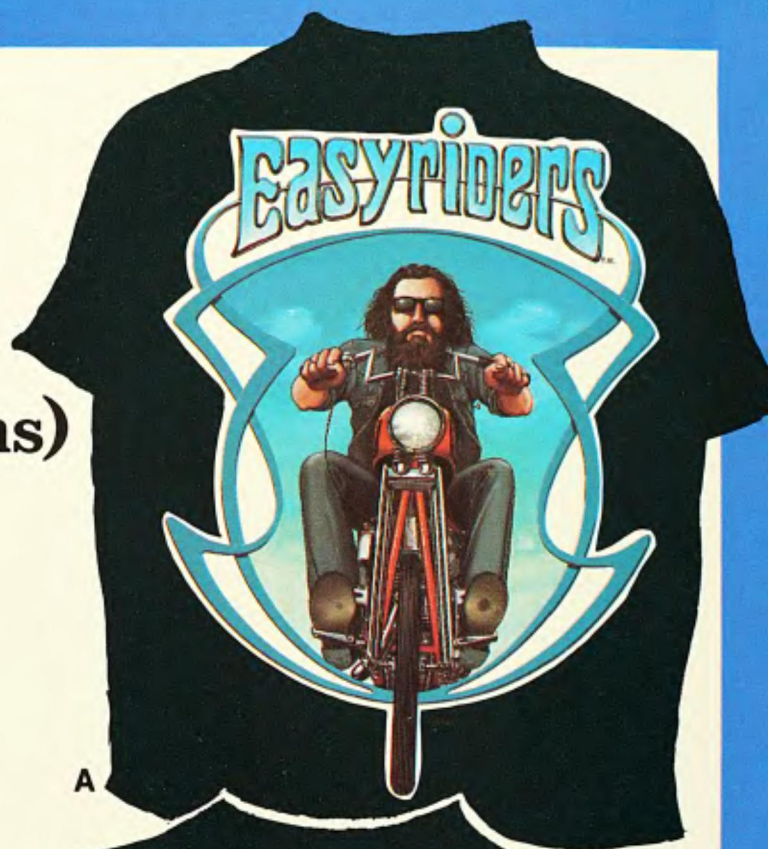
(with full color  
Dave Mann designs)

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.

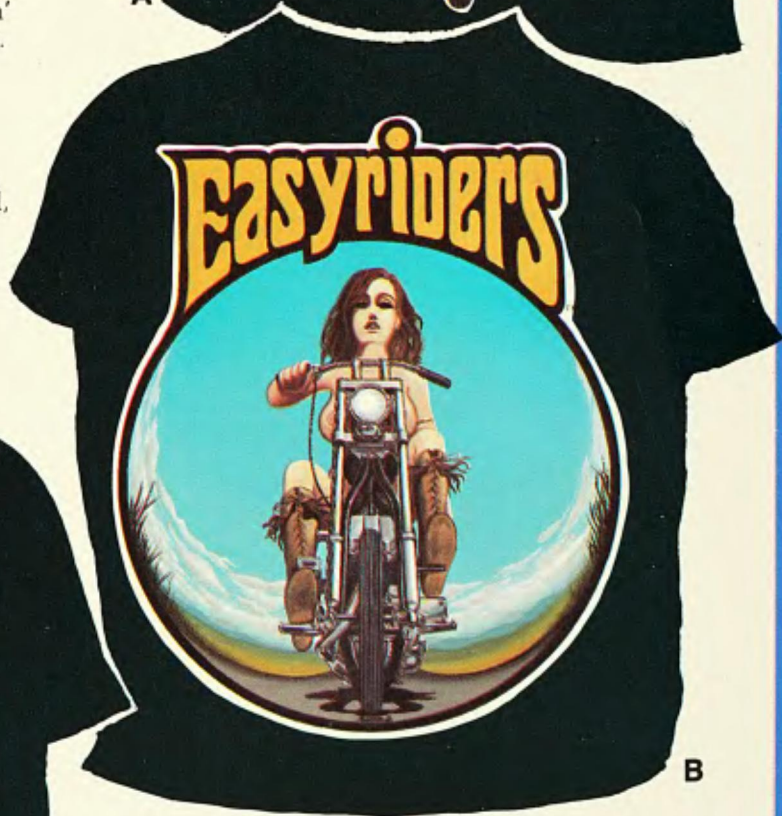
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

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.

California residents add 6%

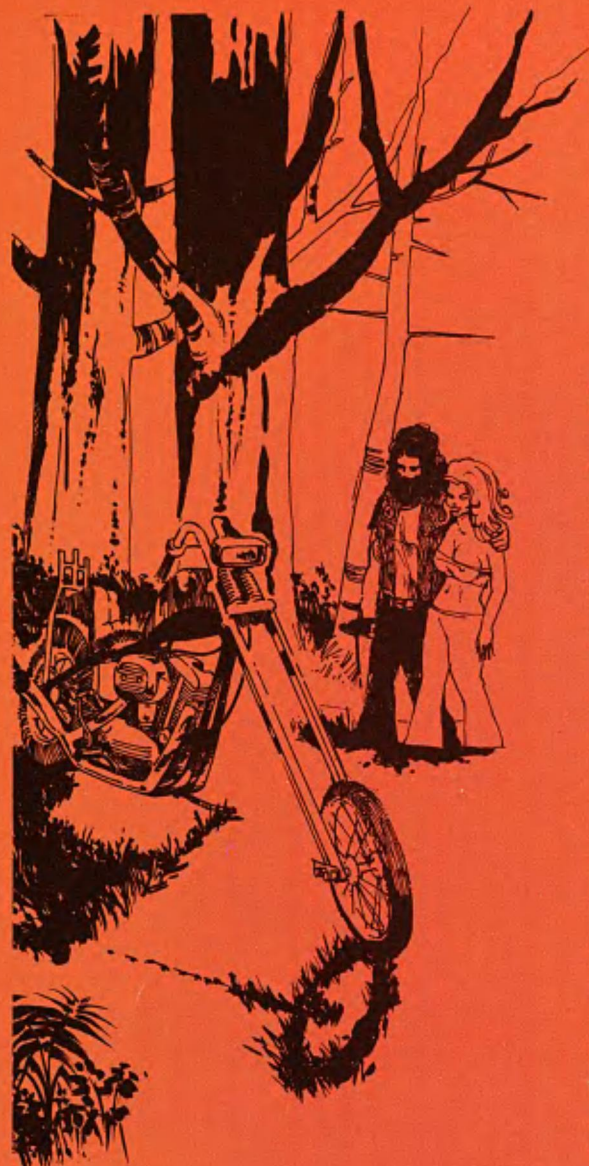


# Easyriders

Number 46

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

|                                            |    |
|--------------------------------------------|----|
| Spider spins his usual web                 | 5  |
| Readers get their turn to rap              | 7  |
| Some words and drivels from other rags     | 11 |
| This bullshit is past!                     | 12 |
| Some of the shit a biker stud goes through | 14 |
| Know your rights when you're arrested      | 16 |
| A strange tale about the missin' kink      | 18 |
| 1984 and Big Brother are here              | 20 |
| Another Robinson recipe that works         | 22 |
| ABATE—a national brotherhood of bikers     | 24 |
| A fool-proof look for your mousetrap       | 27 |
| The ABCs of Kinky Sex                      | 28 |
| Solari reviews the flicks                  | 30 |
| The scoop on Rangatang's Rule Book         | 32 |
| A beautiful Sporty for street freaks       | 34 |
| Red Rider rides again—in color!            | 39 |
| A typical biker wedding—well, almost       | 40 |
| Legal facts everyone should know           | 41 |
| In The Wind with Europe's swingin' bikers  | 43 |
| An antique that'll make you drool          | 50 |
| Our chick feature of the month             | 56 |
| The stars and what may be comin' down      | 59 |
| Downtime entertainment—record reviews      | 60 |
| Panhead bike and a chick with big tits     | 62 |
| Bikers locked down lookin' for mail        | 82 |
| Strange ads for strange things             | 94 |



FTW

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Cover photo of Grace Nagel by Pete Chiodo

The next leg-wettin' issue of this miserable rag goes on sale March 29th.



***New lower price!***

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

The expensive cost of the dies has even amortized (paid off) and so now we can sell the best die-stamped buckles as cheap as the rip-off, rubber-mold cheapos that you see sold and advertised elsewhere.

We have the nitty-gritty detail that any comparison will bring out — ask anyone who owns one of ours — there is a difference — the others are cheap-ass copies of our original. (Satisfaction guaranteed.)



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 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 \$11.95 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 \$6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. *California residents add 6%*



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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.

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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**



Forgive me for gettin' on the soapbox for a minute but I feel I have to say a few things: Isn't it great to have a regular dude as President of this country for a change? Have you noticed he carries his own luggage and garment bag? Have you noticed he lugs his own stack of books to and from his car? Have you noticed he drives his own car? Have you noticed that as soon as an interview for the cameras is over, he takes off his coat and tie? And finally, did you notice that when he and his wife went to visit the White House for the first time, his wife was wearing an everyday cloth coat while President Ford's ol' lady was wearing the usual high-roller, sixteen-jillion-dollar fur coat? It's still too early to tell how he's gonna act in the Big House, but early indicators sure look like he's a right-on dude.

While you're lying there wondering if the mosquito that's about to zap you is a female or a male, you can determine which is which by the hum or buzz it makes as it flies. A female makes an uptight tone while the male makes a kicked-back low buzz. (It figures.)

Talk about kicked-back jobs: A dude in Seattle earns \$16,536 a year as a foreman light-bulb-changer. (No shit!)

Another dog story: Police in Kansas are searchin' for some slob who sexually attacked a dog (the animal type, not a chick). It seems that the dude tied the dog up on a leash and fucked hell out of it. No word if the dog or the dog's owner turned in the report.

Remember: It's against the law to tickle a girl in Norton, Virginia; for two men to drink out of the same bottle

in Cleveland; to blow your nose in public in Waterville, Maine; for a chick to undress in front of a man's picture in Oxford, Ohio; or piss while wearing roller skates in Portland, Oregon.

A would-be rapist broke into this chick's apartment but for some reason fell asleep beside her bed. His snoring woke her up. She started to get out of bed and stepped on the dude's gut. She started screaming and a neighbor came over. The dude got away, but the heat picked him up when he came back for his car. (He'd left his driver's license in the gal's apartment.)

A mother snitched on her 18-year-old son and he got a 99-year prison sentence. She said she loved him, but she had to turn him in "because I'd rather have him in jail than lying dead in the streets." Thanks a lot, mom.

News to barf your breakfast over: The American Telephone and Telegraph Company—spell that Big Business—has escaped paying at least \$2.94 billion in taxes over the past ten years, according to the IRS.

Speaking of our tax dollars: Did you know that we left more than 550 tanks, 1,300 artillery pieces, 1.6 million rifles and enough other military equipment in Viet Nam to field an entire army, air force, and navy when we pulled out? That's about five billion of our tax dollars! Five billion!

This won't come as any great surprise to ya, but researchers have found that male dogs are one helluva lot smarter than female dogs.

Yum-yum-yum: The experts tell me that the average American woman has grown one inch in all directions over the last thirty years. If she was 34-25-36 before, she's now 35-26-37. Bein' a meat man, I figure that's all right!

A funeral home in New York is bein' sued because a 375-pound dead dude fell out of his casket and flopped onto the ground. It freaked the mourners.

# TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





# Badass Biker Boots

## All Leather Steel-Toed

Engineer boots in the traditional 11-inch and mind blowing 17-inch heights



**Soles and Heels** are non-skid oil-resistant Neoprene Cord featuring Goodyear welt construction for strength, flexibility and shape retention. Sole stitching is Dacron® polyester. Your heels are, of course, the broad driving or logger type.



**Easyriders logo** will be branded on your right, shit-kickin' toe if you check box in the coupon

If your ol' lady is goin' barefoot, you might break down and buy her a pair too—just remember women's sizes run numerically 2 sizes larger than men's (for example, a woman's 8 equals a man's 6).

- 11 in.—\$56.95    In stock sizes 8½—11, D width
- 17 in.—\$69.95    Special order sizes 6—8, 11½—14, B, C, D, E, EE widths (add \$12.00 per pair)

Send your order today to:

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Circle/fill in your choice    ■ Height    11 in.    17 in.  
Size \_\_\_\_\_ Width \_\_\_\_\_ ■ Color    Black    Brown

■ Easyriders logo    Yes    No

I have enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ pair(s)  
(including \$2.50 per pair for postage & handling)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%.

These are not your ordinary cheapos—they're your shit-kickers for life! All leather.

**Here's some of the nitty-gritty:**

**Upper leathers** are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. **Heels** are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). **Vamps**, or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the uppers to surround the steel box safety toe with, again, **two layers** of leather and foam padding for comfort. **Insoles** are sweat-proof leather of the best grade. For improved arch support, you'll find combination fibre-board and steel shanks. **Midsoles** are all leather. **Adjustable straps** at the vamps and tops for the sound fit you demand. **Your Super Boots** meet the following government standard: ANSI Z41.1—1972/75.



# WORDMONGER

## Astounding

☐ You fuckers astound me! You really think that any scooter rat knows six weeks "in advance" when he's gonna hafta move?

Okie Joe  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

## Digs Robinson

☐ Tell Robinson I'm after his ass. After a day filled with the delights of breaking down (fuckin' electrics), here I sit in the beanbag chair, while the chick in my bed reads **Trash** with the sole attention directed my way being an occasional remark about the disgusting material she is being forced to read. If I didn't have a headful of acid, the situation would be intolerable.

Speed  
Industry, Calif.

## Backwards

☐ Regarding the dude who complained about a chick's picture being printed backwards: Hell! Backwards or forwards, it's still good. Just ask Miraculous Mutha.

Sally  
Crest, Calif.

## Another Mistake

☐ You assholes! I can see screwing up the photos of the bikes on the inside of your rag, but fuckin' up your cover is too much. Can't you tell the chick's left tit from her right?

Casey  
Rome, Ga.

## Flauntin' Guns

☐ I've noticed lately some letters in your rag coming down on some dudes profiling with shotguns and pistols and such. These people seem to think that this is just bad form, showing no class at all. Hell, man, all the dudes with the guns are doing is fooling around, clowning for the camera. There isn't one good steady biker who would display his hardware

in public. Shit, if you got it, you don't flaunt it in **The Man's** face. So take those photos for what they are—just dudes fuckin' off for the picture.

Lee  
Panama City, Fla.

## Learned A Lesson

☐ I found out that it isn't nice to say nasty things about southern policemen's mothers. I'm headin' west.

Shannon  
New Orleans, La.

## Not All Bad

☐ I just met a Minnesota state trooper who rides a Super-Glide and subscribes to **Easyriders**. That's gotta mean they can't all be bad.

Chuck  
Big Lake, Minn.

## Gash Shots

☐ Why don't you have gash shots when you get those tasty little critters to take their clothes off and slink around in front of your cameras?

Nasty Nick  
Spokane, Wash.

■ 'Cause we're a goddam family rag. Whatdafuck?

## Free Help in 1984

☐ Just want you fuckers to know this 1%er is puttin' off to college to be a veterinarian. Ya see, a lot of my bros need medical attention now and then, and I figure I could help 'em out. And if any of you are around here in 1984, you all can drop by for free dis-temper shots.

Animal  
O'Fallon, Mo.

## Good Samaritan

☐ I just want to tell you bikers out there how damn fortunate I am to have you as my bros of the highway.

I was stranded out by Coalinga, Calif., for five hours. It was too far in any direction to get help, and

the cars that did drive by didn't even stop to help my ass.

Then I heard the distinctive rumbling sound of a Harley-Davidson. The dude took me to the nearest truck stop (which was 89 miles out of his way) so I could get one friggin' part for my diesel and then took me back! I offered to pay him, but he refused.

I'm one truck driver who will back you worshipers of the open road wherever you may be—or my ass sucks diesel fuel!

The Timberline Trucker  
San Jose, Calif.

## An Idea

☐ We've come up with an idea for a helmet protest that is sure to work. Just get the Blacks to join our cause. The Feds will automatically pass almost any law for them.

Lee, Ty, Charlie, Ray,  
Dutch & Beezer  
Mobile, Ala.

## A Suggestion

☐ Regarding the "Gun Nut Report" (Jan. '77), most of the article was okay, but I wish you bastards would either shoot each other or something that's less damaging to environment than glass bottles. I'm no Bambl lover or Sierra Club do-gooder, but you fuckers aren't really helping gun ownership or gun nuts by fucking up the countryside with broken glass.

Botica Dan  
Imperial Beach, Calif.

## Slammer Info

☐ To our bros in the slammer: If you are seeking information for Civil Actions under Title 42 U.S.C. Sec. 1983, 1985, 1988, and Constitutional Amendments 4, 8, and 14 (mail tampering, unsanitary conditions, etc.) or on Post Conviction Relief, Appeal or Habeas Corpus, then stop looking! The

Jailhouse Lawyers Manual is long out of print; however, a new volume is now being printed that is more up to date. It's **The Self-Help Litigation Manual**. It's a freebie to all state and federal prisoners and can be ordered from The National Prison Project (American Civil Liberties Union), Alvin J. Bronstein, Attorney, 1346 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Suite 1031, Washington, D.C. 20036. Get your order in now so you can be sure to get your copy!

Teddy Bear  
Gulfport, Miss.

## Bitch, Bitch, Bitch

☐ I just finished reading my letter in your January 1977 issue. I would like to mention that with the exception of the article "A Mama In A Million," I had always had a great deal of respect for your rag. But after I saw how you fuckers butchered my letter, I almost barfed!

I quote you on page 6 of that same issue when answering Rudy from Milwaukee, Wis.: "We believe that true freedom is letting everyone have his say—even you." That sure as hell is a bunch of bullshit. You assholes are just as phony and one-sided as the establishment you bitch about in almost every issue of your rag! What's the matter, bros, can't ya take it when it comes from a chick? Come on, motherfuckers, print it like it is!

Same pissed off ol' lady,  
Conneaut, Ohio

■ Kiss me—right there.

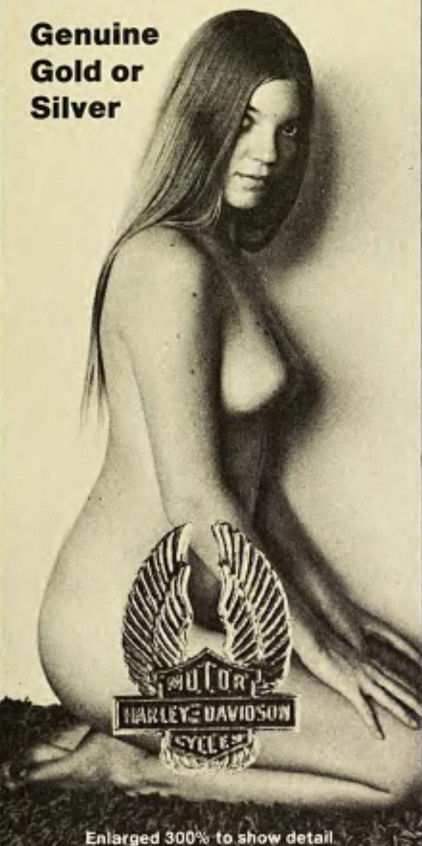
## Where's Sonny?

☐ Really loved your Angel San Quentin coverage—but one burning question comes to mind. Everyone knows that none other than Sonny Barger is incarcerated in San Quentin. Did he attend the show and decline to be



## HARLEY EARRINGS

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Silver**



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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.

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

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



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photographed? Or was he kept locked up for the time?  
R. Schnoor  
Wyandanch, N.Y.

■ He's in Folsom, not Quentin.

### Digs Mann Painting

□ I was thumbing through some of my old *Easyriders*, and I really like the center-spread of "Hollyweed" in the November '76 issue.

I was wondering if you plan to put this into a poster. I would like to get one, if possible. The table of contents said it was "one of Dave's best" and I totally agree.

Wm. Conner  
Asheville, N.C.

■ See page 61.

### Outlawed Leather

□ My ol' lady was on jury duty in Middlesex County, N.J., when a bro was getting a jury trial for wearing one of the "Don't fuck with me" wristbands. The Man claims that the brother uses it "to bang people over the head with." What fuckin' shit. Hell, there were 12 sitting on the case—it split 6 to 6. The case was thrown out, but beware. Tattoos, studs, or leather are forbidden in Jersey. Shit, I know.

Lucky  
S. B., N.J.

■ Everything's illegal in New Jersey.

### A Problem Solved

□ I was sitting here tokin' down and got an idea. Why not put all the fucked-up auto drivers who have bad driving records on Honda 90s? They would only be allowed to drive these small bikes and, consequently, would start driving correctly out of the need for self-preservation or else they'd all get killed off. Think about it.

Eldon  
Seattle, Wash.

### Hungry Dog

□ Just a comment about Spider's report about the dog eating the baby. I'm a mother who has two children, and it breaks my heart to hear of children dying in fires, accidents, etc. It made me cry when I heard of the news about how that broad

left that helpless baby with a hungry dog.

W. L.  
Kokomo, Ind.

■ Yeah—and what about the poor starvin' dog? What-dafuck?

### Scooter People

□ Not all of the inhabitants of the world are caught up in trying to screw everyone else. There are a few (a very select few, I might add) who take care of themselves and their own kind. These very special few are called trash, bums, creeps, freaks, and out-laws, but just by the "good" people of earth. The fact is that the true good people are mostly scooter people. We, and I do include myself, get the title or label "scooter" or "biker" or "motorcycle people" because we ride, eat, sleep, nurse, baby, and love motorcycles and each other when no one else gives a damn whether we live or die.

All we want is to live the way we choose. To be free and ride when and where we please. To party when we want without being hassled by the people who are scared shitless of us.

But most of all we are just people. If we go out on a run, and one of us goes down or just simply runs out of gas, he's not alone. Even if we aren't together, if there is a phone, there's help.

The thing that is really a shame is that not all of the people are as united.

"Garfield Jay" Cooper  
Riders Assn. of Texas  
Austin, Texas

### When Things Look Dark

□ Hey, I'm fucking fed up with people giving you shit about the things you put in your mag. I just want them to know things seem darkest when you have your head up your ass.

R. L. Walters  
Gillette, Wyoming

### Caught Lying

□ I was recently reading your Dec. '75 issue and caught you in an outright lie. In the "Wordmonger" section of that issue a dude wrote that he received your Sept. '75 issue and looked

at the cover 5 or 10 minutes before opening it, just thinking how good the cover girl's tits were going to look on the inside. But there wasn't a single picture of her in it. Your response stated, and I quote, "We will do features on all cover girls commencing with this issue."

When I received your Sept. '76 issue and saw Marla Carlis on the cover, I just stared at her beautiful eyes, lips, tits, bod, etc., and knew it couldn't be true and it wasn't. I couldn't wait 5 or 10 minutes like the other dude did to see her on the inside. I went from cover to cover and didn't find one picture of her. I think since you went back on your word, you should do a feature on this babe to make up for it.

Dom "Nails" Zito  
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

■ First, let me tell ya, bro, we lie a lot. Second, some chicks that we like won't pose nude no matter how much we try to bribe 'em—so we settle for just a cover shot—sometimes somethin' is better than nothin', we always figure.

### Hershey Drips

□ Pruno Pastime was far-fuckin'out! I'm a biker who had to join the Navy to avoid goin' to fuckin' jail for playin' sticky-finger with a 12-year-old.

When I was overseas we used to get raisin jack (we called it shit loose), and I dug it even though it knocked my dick into the dirt. Now I've got the recipe so I'll make a big batch of it. But you should have printed a word of warning. Raisin jack is a farout buzz, but don't plan on a putt the next day 'cause you'll have the Hershey drips worse than Montezuma's revenge.

Spaceman  
Jacksonville, Fla.

### Cry Me A River

□ That article by Dirt Weed Dave in the Feb. issue, "How To Stop Your Ol' Lady from Bitchin'", really hit home.

I had a damn good broad, but I was way too much of an asshole to realize it. My marriage is on the rocks and my ol' lady has lost every bit of respect for me.

Listen, bros, if you've got



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(Personal checks must clear)

Postage Paid

***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.

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a good woman, treat her right. If she keeps bitchin' about the same thing, get it through your thick head that maybe she's right. Don't be like me and not find out what an asshole you are until you get shit all over you. Don't you agree?

Captain Jack  
Edgewater, N.J.

■ Nope. Right or wrong, don't give 'em a fuckin' inch—that's our motto.

**Can't Count**

☐ Hey, man, like I know you like to stay fucked up, but you guys really can't add too good.

In your Feb. Issue, M. Skvorzov made up that test "Biker or Pansy" and the scoring went from 0 to 45 with a max of 3 points per question—that's 33 points max (there were only 11 questions).

Mike Wallace  
Hagerstown, Md.

■ We cut out some of the article so that it would fit on the page. Originally there were 15 questions, and we were too fuckin' lazy to correct the copy. Give us some slack, fer Chrissake.

**Skull Earring**

☐ I really dig your mag. I get it, every month. In your Feb. '77 issue, the chick on the cover is wearing a skull earring. How can I get one?

Wahoo  
Chicago, Ill.

■ You can buy one from Zango Bango Jewelry, 1225 Manhattan Avenue, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254.

**Give Credit**

☐ Hey, ya meatheads, ya gave credit for the skull earring on the February '77 cover, but you didn't give us credit for the beautiful Harley earring which we advertise in your magazine.

Tim Kubacki  
Expressions Unlimited  
Osseo, Minnesota

**Minority Rights**

☐ I've got something to say about this majority-minority shit that started with Nazi emblems or before. Fuck minority rights—that includes blacks, women, etc. Every time some minority group gets an edge through a new law (take having to

have 10% women employees, for example), someone else always gets the shaft up the ass, usually the white male. If you open your shit-stained eyes, you'll see there is a lot of reverse discrimination going on. Time the people did something about it. I believe we have the best country in the world, but it still needs a lot of improvement. How about some individual rights?

I'm tired of being punished for what someone else does. Punish the asshole who deserves it, but don't make everyone suffer. I'm tired of these crooks who call themselves heads of state, congressmen, senators, etc. The ones who aren't doing shit for the people—just playing both sides against the middle and being paid outrageous salaries to take our rights away and then using crooked methods to add to their income and changing laws to help themselves. I'm tired of their laws that tell us what to do for our own good. If I want to play with my life, that's my business, not anyone else's, as long as I don't bother others. Look at all the other screwed-up laws that really suck. "Victimless crimes"—if I want to buy a whore, that's my fucking business; laws against masturbation, fornication, oral sex, etc. The whole problem is that we don't need any of these laws, but the heads of our country keep making up new ones either through old inhibitions, envy, what have you. But mostly they do it

cause they have to make out that they are doing something; otherwise, we might see that they are needed about as much as dual assholes.

Jube  
Bitburg, Germany

**Handy Hint**

☐ Re your Sept. '76 issue: I was tokin' on a joint, reading the letters on the Nazi emblems, when without realizing what I was doing, I read right into a good weed story, which just freaked me out. So for us heavy dope smokers, why don't you print the headlines in red so we can tell when a new article starts.

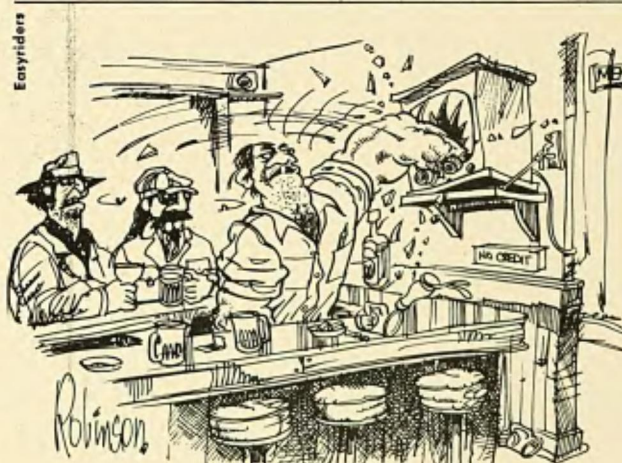
The Buzzard  
Collingswood, N.J.

**Miracles**

☐ Just smoked a couple of joints, drank a few brews, and finished "Wordmonger" in the January issue. I noticed no one said anything about your going monthly. Two good things have happened up here within a couple of months: **Easyriders** is monthly and Coors is now on sale here. So come on, Big Ernle, give us that 80-degree January—don't miracles happen in threes?

L'il Blt  
Kalispell, Mont.

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.



"He sure doesn't dig Howard Cossell, does he?"



# Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes  
from other biker rags

## Carter in White House...

Once in the White House, Carter plans to give up two of his favorite forms of recreation—hunting and motorcycle riding. Cycling once was one of the President-elect's pet diversions, although he has done little in recent years. The Secret Service takes a dim view of both activities.

—Newsweek

## "Nekkid women"...

Well, thank you, Raynee, for thanking us. We agree that nekkid women and bikes really don't mix... it's so hard to pay attention to the road in front of you when there's a defrocked damsel lounging languidly on your tank.

—Editor  
Choppers

Editor's note: *And lace panties get soiled easily.*

## Gosh...

Last year saw the introduction of The Star Ship from Bay Area Custom Cycles and Bob Cecchini's Fire Dragon, two bikes that won't soon be forgotten. This year everyone is keeping hush hush, but as the shows get closer the pot is really beginning to boil with rumors of all sorts of supercharged, multi-engined weirdness machines. There is no doubt that opening night at these shows is gonna be a trip!

—Bob Clark  
Street Chopper

## Straight biker editors...

In motorsports, the best publications usually send at least one staff member to professional instructors, so the writer has a good idea of what one does at speed, but few if any of the car chaps go racing on their own time with their own money.

Bikes? Just the opposite. Not only Cycle World but the other top three motorcycle magazines as well each have at least two staffers

who are good enough to race professionally, or actually do race professionally. (No names here because they'd be embarrassed.) Each magazine has men who win motocross and hold low-number plates in the desert or do well in ISDT qualifiers or clean up the production class at the road races.

This isn't to knock the other fields. There are obvious reasons for not owning an America's Cup boat or your very own P-38 or Grand Prix Ferrari.

What this observation does mean is that first, we biking writers are deeply and emotionally involved in our field, to the point where our field is also what we do for fun. Second, when you read about how this model or that does at its maximum, you can be sure the bike has in fact been pushed to the limit.

Thought you might like to know.

—Cycle World

## Step backward in motorcycle safety...

South Dakota motorcyclists will be free to ride without helmets starting next July. Both houses of the state legislature voted to repeal the S.D. helmet law because the federal Highway Safety Act of 1976 prevents the Department of Transportation from requiring the states to have such laws.

Kansas and Connecticut also recently repealed their mandatory helmet laws. While states can still require helmets if they so choose, there's strong evidence that perhaps as many as a dozen other states will join these three in giving motorcyclists freedom of choice. Three states — California, Illinois, and Utah — previously had no helmet laws.

Virtually every study I've seen on the subject points to overwhelming evidence that helmets help reduce deaths and serious injuries from

motorcycle accidents. Seems astonishing to me that in view of this, helmet laws are under attack.

—Herbert Shuldiner  
Popular Science

Editor's note: *If you'd done your homework, Herb, you'd know. Quit runnin' off at the mouth about something you know nothing about.*

## Gas cap problems...

In a special public advisory issued here, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration has announced that it is reopening its investigation of the gas tank filler caps on Honda CB-350, 450, 500, and 750 motorcycles. The investigation, which has been suspended for some time, was reopened due to a number of recent reports that the caps may become dislodged, resulting in the spilling or leakage of gasoline.

The NHSTA is asking for reports from motorcycle owners who have experienced problems with the gas tank filler caps, gasoline leakage or fires due to the dislodgement of the cap, or other problems such as extreme difficulty in tightening or removing the cap and personal injuries or accidents due to the design and location of the cap.

Reports should indicate the make, model, and year of the bike, the type of problem encountered, whether or not gasoline leakage was involved, and whether the problem led to a fire, injury, or an accident. The address for reporting such incidents is The Office of Consumer Services, N40-41, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, 400 Seventh St. S.W., Washington, D.C. 20590. The agency indicated that reports concerning gas caps on motorcycles other than Hondas are also being sought.

—Motorcycle Industry

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# This Type of Bullshit is Past

**T**here was a time, a couple of years back, when my brothers and I couldn't ride out of our "territory." We were a small club and fair game for any club that wanted to pound their chests on ours. But that era was, fortunately, short-lived. We're not exactly sure what brought about its demise, but it was a good idea.

Maybe when we first started pullin' patches and tearin' bars apart. The Man didn't pay much attention—probably thought we'd kill each other off—and good riddance! Then again, the fuzz could have been after gangsters or dopers. But that attitude soon came to a screechin' tire burnin' halt. The sensational publicity of motorcycle gangs roaming the streets probably forced the responsibility down on the cops. They had to act 'cause the outlaws were scaring the citizens to death. At least the papers gave that impression.

—Continued from page 41





# MEAT GAME

*By Curt Connell*





**D**amn'n' myself for havin' done such a shitty job of plottin' gas-stops, I sat sprawled with my back against the sled's empty tank, calmly watching the steady traffic rollin' north and south on Oregon's stretch of 101. Tiltin' the last can of warm beer to my mouth, I gulped down the tepid suds. Takin' a final, deep drag on the joint I held, I flicked what was left of the roach toward the nearby highway jam-packed with truckers and vacationing straights. The hit riffled through me. Even lukewarm Olympia and piss-poor pot made from bottom leaves are better than a kick in the skull when you're horny, hungry and still a ride-and-a-half from home—which for me is L.A., hundreds of miles to the south.

*Rotten Holt*, my mind told me, as I eyed all those poor bastards, their mouthy wives and snivelin' kiddies huddled in their big-assed cages, *you are one very lucky asshole! Ya still got better'n seven bills in yer wallet. All's ya gotta do is find the fuckin' energy to get up off yer dead butt and, maybe, walk the scoot to the nearest station. Yeah, ya lucky dipshit, it could be a lot worse. Ya could be married. Or entirely dead. Or in the slam.* I toasted those cheery thoughts with the bottom gulp in the can, slinging it over my shoulder and reaching for another toke. The can *thunked* into the rocks behind me.

Everything considered, the week's run just outside Astoria had been a real rush. Seein' dudes I hadn't seen in months. Meetin' people I never knew before. All the wild-ass, groovy things happenin' that usually erupt when a bunch of bikers are havin' fun on the run. Yup, it had sure as hell been worth the long haul gettin' to it and the long haul back to home.

Except for not gettin' laid.

That had been a goddamn bummer. First, there was that sloppy club momma I'd passed up, figurin' there was finer meat to be had. Then, that foxy little brunette I almost had—until she suddenly freaked into uncool company on some shithead's stale windowpane. After that, it was all bad timin' and no results with the broads. Christ, even the sloppy mama turned me down when I finally found her again just before all the partying pooped out.

*Okay, Rotten Holt, you fuckin' crybaby*, I advised myself. *So you finally hit a run without gettin' any. So there's a first time for everything, asshole.*

Abruptly, the shrieking of agonized rubber against pavement yanked my attention down the highway a few hundred feet where a red VW barely escaped bein' creamed by a black van. Both pulled to the shoulder where the drivers jumped out and began cuss-fightin' each other. After a minute they ran outa words, and each got back into his machine as proudly as though he had just stomped the other flat into the fuckin' ground.

"*Straights*," I murmured, shakin' my head. "Shit, no wonder Big Brother has no trouble keepin' them clowns in line and under control!"

Feeling the undeniable need to pee, I grunted to my feet. I wasn't about to try crossin' that busy highway just to reach the grove of trees on the other side of it, yet I knew it'd be just my goddamn luck to have the heat come along on my side of 101 about the time I was half-finished bleedin' the one-eyed dragon. So I walked down the slight incline leadin' toward the cliffs overlookin' a wide beach and the whole fuckin' Pacific Ocean, knowin' I couldn't be seen from the highway.

Standin' there, unloadin' a six-pack of inferior suds, I glanced downward. Right there below my gushin' crank and my startled eyes was this sunbleached old motel on the beach with a narrow dirt road leadin' down to it from the highway. Best of all, a coupla faded-blue and tarnished-silver pumps stood in front of the crappy old motel.

"Sonuvabitch!" I said happily. "I must live right!"

Studyin' the layout, I could see it was older'n God's grampa. All twelve of the ground-floor cottages and the separate building with the weathered *Office* and *Coffee Shop* signs had busted windows and rooftops with chunks of tar paper ripped and torn, the raggedy pieces flappin' in the breeze comin' ashore from the churnin' ocean beyond the wide sandy beach with its weird-shaped islands of rocks scattered along the water's edge. Three cages—a shiny new LTD, a shiny old Chevy pickup truck and a rusty, dented Corvette—

parked in front of the office building told me that somebody was down there. Now if it was still a goin' operation and they had gas in those ancient pumps, most of my problems were solved.

Stuffin' my limp worm carefully back into my jeans, I started up the boulder-strewn incline to where I'd left the chop parked. *Hell, if they got food and beer down there, I thought hopefully, I've got it knocked.*

Fifteen minutes later I was walkin' the panhead down the narrow, rutted dirt road toward the motel.

\* \* \*

I hunched over the old-timey wooden counter, workin' on my third cheeseburger and second can of Coors, real contentment and relaxation written all over my face in the mirror behind the counter. My long hair and walrus-style moustache are the color of brass. My beady eyes, the color of gin. Add a lopsided-shaped face and a squat carcass weighin' one-eighty an' it's damn near a fuckin' miracle that I ever lost my fuckin' virginity or wasn't doomed to a lifetime of pud-poundin'. Since there are roughly four zillion people on earth and two zillion of them are female, what saved me from bein' forced to go steady with my fuckin' fist is the fact that every now and then I find a doll who turns on to the way I'm flung together. But the *willin'* ones aren't the *only* tail I enjoy: I've never been shy about shootin' the meat into tasty pussy that hasta be rassled into lyin' down and spreadin' their thighs. Which is exactly why my L.A. bros tagged me Rotten. Once I see sumpin' I like, jes' *how* I get into her box ain't no problem to me. Whatever it takes, jes' so I finally get some of it. I've always figured that good ol' rape was first given its bad name by some god-damned frigid cunt, or some envious dyke who was just jealous because she wasn't man enough to *take* what she wanted, *when* she craved it. Ever since then, the bullshit has been preached that rape ain't a gentlemanly tactic. Well, piss on dainty manners when it comes to capturin' gash.

My thoughts were interrupted by

—Continued on page 72—



# Your Rights When You Are Arrested

It can happen at any time, to anyone, and when it does you have two strikes against you — so know your rights.

By John Warren Giles

**T**here is nothing more annoying than being arrested and everyone should know the rights of the police officers making the arrest in order to be certain that his constitutional rights are not being violated.

Most states have statutes providing that a law enforcement officer, when acting under the authority of a warrant, may make an arrest at any place within the state where the defendant may be found. However, an officer generally has no official authority to arrest **without** a warrant outside of the county or district for which he has been appointed. The area is usually referred to as his bailiwick. A law enforcement officer of one state has no authority to arrest in another state, except as a private citizen or when in fresh pursuit.

Under the common law rule in force in most states, a private citizen has the authority to arrest any person that he has probable cause to believe has committed a felony. However, he must justify by showing that the felony was **actually committed**. He acts at his peril if no felony was actually committed. A private citizen also has the authority to arrest for felonies and "breach of the peace" misdemeanors which are committed in **his presence**. "Breach of the peace" misdemeanors are those that may cause or threaten direct harm to the public.

What about the doctrine of fresh pursuit? Fresh pursuit refers to the situation where an officer attempts an arrest, and the offender flees into another jurisdiction to avoid the arrest, with the officer immediately pursuing him. In order for a **warrantless** arrest made in fresh pursuit to be legal, the officer must meet the following conditions: (1) The officer must have had valid authority to arrest

for the offense; (2) the arrest must be of a fleeing criminal attempting to avoid immediate capture; (3) the pursuit must have been started promptly and continuously maintained. The pursuit must be fresh but need not be instantaneous—it must be made without unreasonable delay or interruption. There cannot be any side trips or diversions even for police business.

If the fresh pursuit carries the officer outside the boundaries of his own state, he may make the arrest in many states under the "Uniform Act on Fresh Pursuit," which permits law enforcement officers from other states, entering a neighboring state in fresh pursuit, to make an arrest. A law enforcement officer who makes an arrest in fresh pursuit in a neighboring state must take the person arrested before an appropriate court without delay.

How much force can an arresting officer use? A law enforcement officer making an arrest has the right to use only that amount of force that is reasonably necessary to effect the arrest and to detain the offender. The officer may (1) overcome the offender's resistance to lawful arrest; (2) prevent his escape; (3) retake him if he escapes; (4) protect himself from bodily harm. Under no circumstances, however, is an officer permitted to use unreasonable force or subject the offender to wanton violence in effecting an arrest. The function of the officer is to bring the offender before a court of law, not to wreak public or personal vengeance upon the prisoner.

In the case of felonies, the use of strong measures may be justified to overcome resistance and effect the arrest. The officer need not retreat or desist from his purpose to arrest in

order to avoid the necessity of resorting to extreme measures. He may stand his ground and use all necessary force to bring the offender into custody. The use of deadly force is not justifiable unless the arrest is for a felony and the officer believes that the force employed will create no substantial risk of injury to innocent persons. Deadly force may be used if the officer believes that there is substantial risk that the person to be arrested will cause death or serious bodily harm if his apprehension is delayed. Very serious consequences can arise from the unwarranted use of deadly force. Officers may be liable, civilly and criminally.

An officer is never justified in using deadly force to make an arrest in misdemeanor cases. The rule is that it is better that the offender escape than that a human life be taken. Shooting or using other deadly force toward a suspect in a misdemeanor case is excessive force constituting an assault. If the officer kills the suspect, he may be guilty of murder or manslaughter. When an officer is faced with the choice of abandoning the arrest or using deadly weapons in **self-defense**, he has the right to use them, if it becomes necessary to protect himself.

Resistance to arrest requires active opposition such as shooting, striking, pushing or otherwise struggling with an officer. Mere flight, concealment, or other avoidance or evasion of arrest will not constitute the offense of resistance to arrest. In making an arrest, the officer must establish his identity, if not already obvious, and explain his purpose and authority. A person threatened with an illegal arrest may not only resist the arrest, but may use such force



as may be reasonably necessary to defend himself and prevent the impending injury. The degree of force a person may use is strictly limited. If he uses more force than is reasonably necessary, he may be guilty of an assault and battery on the officer. Deadly force is hardly ever justifiable to resist an unlawful arrest, except when a person has reasonable ground to fear death or great bodily injury at the hands of an officer.

How about forcible entry of dwellings? The right of a law enforcement officer to enter a dwelling to effect an arrest depends on whether he has legal authority to arrest. If he has the legal authority to arrest, whether with or without a warrant, he also has the authority to enter any dwelling house, forcibly if necessary, and search for the suspect when he reasonably believes that the person whom he seeks to arrest is in that dwelling house. This authority to enter a dwelling house applies even to misdemeanor cases, if the officer has legal authority to make an arrest for a misdemeanor. But this procedure is doubtful. The U.S. Supreme Court has recently said that a warrantless entry of a man's house in order to arrest on probable cause is in fundamental conflict with the basic principle of the Fourth Amendment. If an officer seeks to enter a dwelling at night, without a warrant, to arrest a suspect, he may well be violating the constitutional rights of the owner of the dwelling. This is important. Before an officer may rightfully force his way into a dwelling for the purpose of arresting someone inside, he must first **announce his authority and purpose** to arrest someone inside, and then demand admittance. Only if this demand is refused may the officer then resort to forcible entry. If this notice is **not** given, the arrest is unlawful.

What must the officer do after an arrest? He must take the prisoner, immediately without unnecessary delay, before a magistrate. The reasons behind this rule are these: (1) To advise the arrested person of the charges made against him so he may prepare his defense; (2) to fully advise the arrested person of his constitutional rights, such as his right to a preliminary hearing, his right to counsel, and his right to remain silent; (3) to protect the arrested person from being abandoned in jail and forgotten or otherwise cut off from people who can help him; (4) to prevent secret and extended interroga-

tion of arrested persons by law enforcement officers; (5) to give the arrested person every opportunity to secure his release on bail, while awaiting the final outcome of the proceedings against him; and (6) to give the arrested person an opportunity, in petty misdemeanor cases, to speedily conclude the matter by pleading guilty to the charge, paying the fine, and going on his way. If the officer brings the arrested person before a magistrate as soon as one is available, and does not detain him to coerce a confession from him, or otherwise harass him, the requirements of the rule should be satisfied.

Once an officer has a prisoner in custody, he has certain responsibilities toward the prisoner. He has the responsibility to take care of the life, health and safety of the prisoner and he may be liable in **damages** if he fails to do so. If the prisoner is sick or injured at the time of arrest or later, it is the duty of the officer to see that he receives adequate medical attention. He may even have to take him to a hospital before taking him to jail, if the defendant's condition requires it. The officer, however, is not personally liable for the hospital expenses. Any unnecessary force, violence or **brutality** used against a prisoner is unlawful and the officer may be liable for assault and battery. Also, if the prisoner is assaulted or injured by other prisoners, and the officer negligently or wilfully allowed such assault, then the officer may be personally liable.

When can a prisoner be handcuffed? The law leaves this unpleasant procedure to the discretion of the officer. He will be held liable for assault only in cases of clear abuse of this discretion. Handcuffing is not confined to felony arrests but may be permitted in misdemeanor cases where the circumstances justify such precautions.

This point is interesting to motorcyclists. There may be times after an arrest where the officer is under an obligation to take positive steps to protect the prisoner's property or be liable in damages. In a Washington case, a trucker was arrested and taken to jail, leaving his truck standing on a docking area on the waterfront. Over the trucker's protests, the arresting officer refused to allow him to remove the truck to a place of safety, and refused to take any steps himself to protect it. While the defendant trucker was in jail, his truck was stripped and, in attempting to steal it, the thieves damaged

the transmission. The officer was held liable for the damage. 180 Pac. 486.

The prisoner has no right to object to being viewed by witnesses for identification purposes, and also has no right to demand that he be placed in a line-up. Law enforcement officers clearly have the right to take fingerprints, footprints or photographs of an arrested person for purposes of identification or evidence. These may be taken by force, if necessary (384 U.S. 757). Photographs may be useful to show that, at the time of the arrest, the defendant had dyed hair, or a beard, or to show bruises or scratches which might be evidence of violence. These practices do not violate any constitutional rights. The U.S. Supreme Court has gone so far as to hold that a blood sample may be taken from a prisoner who is unconscious, and unable to give consent.

A few observations on illegal arrest. The fact that one is illegally arrested is not ground for quashing the indictment, information or complaint brought against him — and does not preclude a trial on the charges, or affect the validity of the proceedings in any way. But it does bring into play the exclusionary rule of evidence which will benefit the prisoner. The exclusionary rule, as it relates to illegal arrest, states that any items of evidence which are the result of a search incident to an **unlawful arrest** will be inadmissible in court in a prosecution against the person arrested. Therefore, if the only evidence which the state has against an armed robber is a gun, a stocking and a large roll of bills taken from his person during a search incident to an unlawful arrest, the prisoner will very likely go free because these items will be **inadmissible** in court.

If you are unlawfully arrested, you can sue the arresting officer for false imprisonment. The essence of your case is that your liberty was restrained without legal justification. An officer's action in making an unlawful arrest may give rise to a civil suit for damages or a criminal prosecution against him for anything from assault and battery to murder. In such cases the officer is not even able to claim self-defense, if his acts are illegal.

When you are arrested, you have two strikes against you, and if you want to make that coveted "home-run" for dinner, it is better not to antagonize the arresting officer. ■



# The Missing Kink

**H**uddled over a dwindling beer in the depths of the backbooth at Shoofly's Place, I watched the dudes and their assortment of giggling pussy living it up along the bar. Looking at those bros and broads, nobody would believe that the entire road-jammin' pack of sled bums remembered the last time that anything resembling a genuine problem had the guts to hassle them.

Well, I decided, draining the last three mouthfuls of suds from the stein, here's to the carefree life and anybody lucky enough to live it. Then I lifted the empty stein aloft, waggled it until it caught the barmaid's wandering eye, and settled back while she ambled over with a fresh one. Digging around in the pockets of my jacket and jeans, I discovered I was fresh outa reds, whites and roaches, but I did salvage one slightly bent and ordinary butt which I carefully lit as the tired-faced blonde put the beer on the table, grinning horsily.

"Thanks for makin' the trip," I said, shoving loose change across the scarred wood to her.

She counted it. Just enough for the suds but no tip.

"You're all heart," she mumbled.

"Fuck you. I'm now broke." I sighed quietly.

Her weary features softened. "Look, Shoofly said to cut off your credit but you're a regular and I can let you have—"

I shook my head, smiling.

"Too goddam good to borrow a few bucks?"

"Naw," I chuckled. "It's a personal policy, hon. I never tap out anybody dumb enough to work for a living."

"Thanks *heaps!*" Her horsy face tightened.

Then I became aware of the clown standing behind her, obviously waiting to get in my face. As soon as the barmaid had left, he pointed to the empty seat opposite me with a questionable expression.

"Enjoy, enjoy," I said, shrugging.

"Are you Hobo Connors?" he asked.

I studied the asshole. Typical straight type. About my age, twenty-five. Very little brawn. Probably good with a pencil and adding machine. Expensive clothes. About

as aggressive as a snail. Still, grief sometimes comes around disguised as ho-hum.

"I might be Hobo Connors," I told him, "or I might be his startling look-alike, Dinwiddy Schwartz. So why are you trackin' poor old Hobo, man?"

"Well . . . uh . . . there's this girl who wants to see him."

"Tell her that all the girls are after Hobo."

His stuffy face flushed. "This is strictly business. She simply wants to discuss his specialty and availability in connection with a planned project."

"Goddam," I said. "Now that sure as hell sounds important. Would you be rupturing security if you gave me this chick's name?"

"Not a bit." Grimly he whipped out a notepad and pen, rapidly scribbling. He slid the slip of paper across to me, getting up. "I'll appreciate it very much if you'll see that Hobo Connors gets that name, address and the message."

"You work for this lady?" I read the slip and a small commotion stirred in my belly.

"For her father." He nodded curtly, leaving.

Mashing my cigarette into the ashtray, I went over to where Tank Hobbs was leaning against the bar, hungrily running his lewd eyes up and down the constantly curved little redhead beside him. He glanced at me with mild irritation for interrupting.

"What'll it be, Hobo?" he grunted.

"Use your van for an hour?"

"You fergit how to ride yer scooter, dipshit?"

"Can't take a ratbike into this classy neighborhood I'm due to make. It's bad enough that I look like the rest of the sled trash."

Grinning, he fished out the key.

"Okay, but this time fill the fuckin' tank before ya bring it back."

"Scout's honor," I said, not knowing how or where I'd get the price of a tankful of gas but knowing it really didn't matter. Tank might bitch up a storm but that van was practically a public utility among the bikers.

He went back to working over the redhead's bulges with his greedy eyes and I shambled outside where I

briefly checked the chained Harley I call My Whore because she costs steadily for the pleasures of riding her. Then I clambered into the van and split.

Heading toward the peninsula, leaving the dirty bleakness of the city and gradually entering upper-income areas, I wondered how she'd snapped to my thing and just exactly what one of the most notorious, horniest little rich men's daughter's—a swinging snatch known from the Bay area to Bermuda for her cuckoo escapades—wanted to rap with me about.

It had to be something unreal.

\* \* \*

She wasn't particularly beautiful but she was built like something displayed at a sex fiend's convention, and everything she owned—from the silky black hair spilling over pale shoulders and onto haughty, delicately tipped knockers right down to a pair of classically slim ankles—was nakedly exhibited as she sprawled lazily over the huge corduroy chair, her spectacular nudity a rush and a half against the chair's muted gold. Vaguely I wondered if somewhere a hidden camera wasn't recording all that delicious flesh. The way she kept slithering and ooching around on that lucky goddam chair, deliberately spreading those fantastic thighs and then coyly closing them again with bubbly little smirks, would have won porn awards for any moviemaker.

"So, like you're the famous Hobo Connors," she said thoughtfully into her wineglass, "intrepid hunter of wild beasts and deadly creatures."

"And you're the celebrated Aurora Vike, feisty daughter of Rutherford Delong Vike, manufacturer and prime power everywhere." I swallowed a gulp of the wine. It was all right but it wasn't cold beer. "So much for introductions. Since this isn't a social call, maybe you'll—"

"You're not what I expected." Spacily, she peered across the room at me. "Shit, you don't even look the least bit like an outdoorsman!"

"Well, I think you've got me confused with a big game hunter type. I just tackle easy varmints."

"The word on you is that you can

—Continued on page 66

By Numa Kaye









In his book **1984** George Orwell painted a black picture of the world he envisioned for that year. Freedom has vanished, and the world is populated by two factions: one side wishing to dominate the entire world while the other, much smaller, resists.

With the dominating civilization patterned after the United States of America, the Constitution has gradually changed from a document that gives the masses unlimited freedom to one which deprives them of all human rights.

When voting had still been allowed, the original concept that all men were created equal was changed by amendments and revisions carefully worded so as to be misleading, and in the end had deteriorated. The Constitution now reads, "All men are created equal, but some are more equal than others." Above the Ministry of Truth, the capitol of this new world known as Oceania, the slogan of the new party is emblazoned.

**WAR IS PEACE  
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY  
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH**

In 1984, television cameras, strategically placed, monitor every move of the citizens, and there is no place for one to hide that is free from observation. TV cameras watch from behind two-way mirrors, in the boles of trees in the

forests, in public places.

They can never be turned off.

They are the eyes of Big Brother.

Orwell, of course, refers to the spreading threat of Communism, Socialism, and the deterioration of laws that were originally passed to protect the common man. This deterioration encroaches upon freedom, slips into democracies, diluting and changing them into a system of government where but a few men or even one holds the power of life and death. In 1984, all movies are of war and killing, and during a movie house scene audiences laugh when a fat man tries swimming away from a torpedoed ship only to be perforated by bullets for his efforts and sinking, in a humorous way, to his death. In the same movie, viewers laugh uproariously as a woman, holding a three-year-old child in her arms, is blown to bits by a twenty-kilo bomb, with great detail upon the child's severed arms flying into the air. A woman in the audience protests, and is hustled out of the theatre lest she ruin the comedy for others. Orwell saw 1984 as a year when any man who





thought of freedom was considered a flaw, and should be wiped out. "Power is in inflicting pain and humiliation. Progress in the world is progress toward more pain. The heretic, the enemy of this society, will always be there, so that he can be defeated and humiliated over again."

The word **free** still exists in the new language of 1984, a language known as Newspeak, but the word can only be used in such statements as "This dog is free from lice," or "This field is free from weeds." It can't be used in such phrases as "politically free" or "intellectually free" since political and intellectual freedom no longer exist, even as concepts. They are, therefore, of necessity nameless.

Nixon, perhaps one of the greatest hypocrites in modern history, and a man lionized by the Red Chinese, helped the United

States to take a giant step toward 1984. Under his rule, the CIA successfully monitored the telephone conversations of thousands of citizens, sidetracked letters from the post office, so they could be secretly opened and read, and bugged business offices, meeting office of the President of the United States. They gathered photographs

places and even the people from all walks and prepared dossiers on of life.

It has been stated that by 1984 every citizen in the United States will have received a traffic citation, been arrested for some minor offense, or have had his photo and personal history placed on a driver's license or application of some sort, all of which will be carefully recorded and filed away by—who knows?

Two years ago, in a small midwestern U.S. city, TV monitoring cameras were installed on every street corner, "to put an end to crime," we were told. Each year amendments are made or proposed to our Constitution, each revision minor in appearance, but revisions, nevertheless, and all heading toward the day when Big Brother will watch, and all men will cease to remember that they were created equal.

In Poland today, the oppressor's Thought Police patrol every street. Television shows consist almost entirely of war films, all houses are being replaced with apartments, each having the same floor plan. There are no attics or basements in which to hide, should revolt occur. There are no longer closed barns on farms, and all forests are being divided into neat, square lots of trees by wide-open swaths, each small section easy to surround and control.

Now is the time for Americans to take a hard, cold, appraising look at government. We have had one revolution. Let's not have another. 1984 is just around the corner.



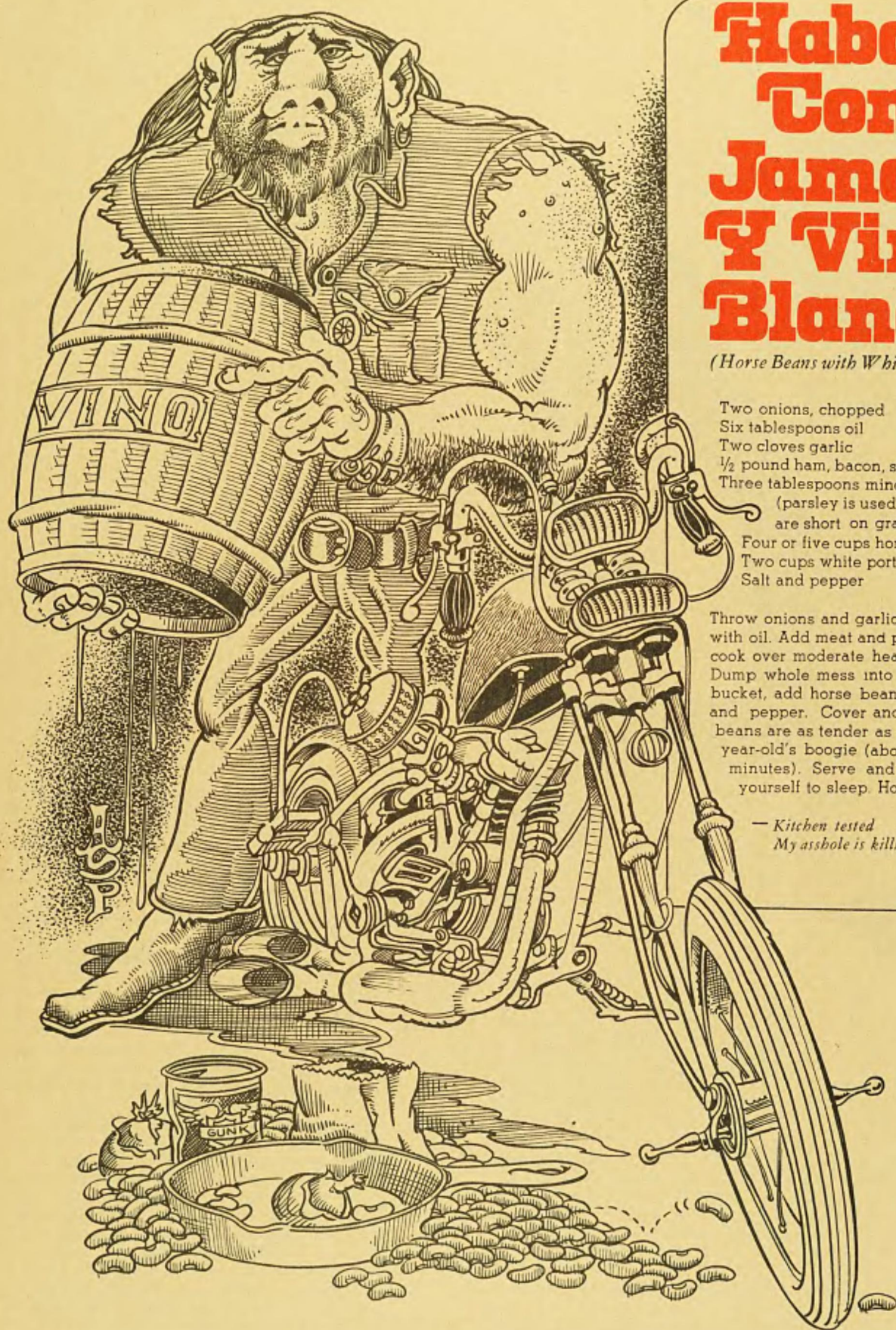
# Habas Con Jamon & Vino Blanco

*(Horse Beans with White Wine)*

Two onions, chopped  
Six tablespoons oil  
Two cloves garlic  
½ pound ham, bacon, salt pork  
Three tablespoons minced parsley  
(parsley is used only if you  
are short on grass)  
Four or five cups horse beans (?)  
Two cups white port  
Salt and pepper

Throw onions and garlic in fry pan with oil. Add meat and parsley. Let cook over moderate heat for a spell. Dump whole mess into a kettle or bucket, add horse beans, wine, salt, and pepper. Cover and simmer until beans are as tender as a fourteen-year-old's boogie (about forty-five minutes). Serve and go fart yourself to sleep. Hoo! Ha! Yuk!

— Kitchen tested  
My asshole is killing me





## Name Controversy

I'm 25 years old, five-eleven, with long brown hair and dark eyes. My dimensions are 42-22-34 and for years my boy friends have called me Miraculous Mother. What gives you the right to use my name?

Linda "M.M." Collins  
Kansas City, Mo.

● The fact, sweetie, that my dimensions are more evenly and practically distributed. Mine are 50-50-50 an' I'm five-foot-four. What I do with those specs is truly miraculous. Lemme see you ball two dudes (front door—back door) an' give head to three others at the same time.

## Thick Shit

The dude in the cell next to me keeps shittin' in a sock and beating it on the bars. The shit's getting thick. What's your solution?

Gilligan  
Leavenworth, Kansas

● Convince him he'd show more class if he'd pound it on a passing guard.

## Health Freak

My ol' lady wants me to use Crisco instead of vaseline when I bugger her. She says it's better 'cause it's made from vegetable oil. What do you think?

Richie  
Pensacola, Fla.

● I don't really care 'cause I don't need any of that shit—I dig the friction.

## Naive

I'm fifteen years old with long black hair and a beautifully freckled virgin body. My problem is that all the boys I go with carry bananas in their pockets. Please, Mutha, what would you do?

Rhoda  
Kenosha, Wis.

● Anything, babe, anything.

## No Cum In Tum

My ol' lady loves to suck me, but she won't take the come in her mouth. I've tried to sneak it in, but she always seems to know when I'm about to come and takes it out of her mouth. How can I get her to take it all the way?

Moondance  
Scottsdale, Ariz.

● Try puttin' the back of her head on the floor—then she can't back away. After awhile she'll learn to love it. It's goooood stuff!

## Primo Sex

I met a biker the other night. After we went partying he took me out to the country where he proceeded to give me the best muff job I have ever had. Then he pulled out his cock and it was huge! It was the best balling I've ever had. How do I find him again? I know he dug the trip too.

Cherry  
Visalia, Calif.

● If he dug you—he'll find ya.

## Bitchy Ol' Lady Bitches

I've got a lazy ol' man who's in love with you. Personally, I think you suck! Rather than sitting hour after hour reading your sick column, he could be helping me clean my house. Please send me your picture so I can use it for a dart board—with him behind it.

Shirley Bitchin'  
Denver, Colorado

● I just sent you one of my used rags — munch on it, bitch.

## Worried

Aren't you the cunt who worked for me in D.C.? In spite of the fact that you couldn't type or take dictation, you sure gave good head. You also gave me and my ol' lady a dose of the clap.

Dickie  
San Clemente, Calif.

● Ya got a good memory for some things, don't ya, ya tricky fucker.

## Fantasy

I fantasize about gouging out your eye and fucking you in the brain. That way you can always keep an eye out for me.

Boo Boo  
Toronto, Canada

● Screw gouging it — just shove it outta the way.

## Novice

I'm a chick and anxious to get some "biker experience," (whatever that is) so I can meet and go puttin' with good dudes. Where's the best place to start? My dimensions are 38-24-36.

Susan  
Santa Monica, Calif.

● Any biker bar should do it.

## Hang Glider Freak

I dig floating around in the air when I'm not puttin', so I took up hang gliding. In trying to think up the ultimate sex trip, I figured I'd find a far-out chick who also dug hang gliding and sex so we could get it on right up there in front of God and the world. I found a suitable chick, but the whole trip warped out when she hit the

side of a cliff and snuffed out on her way down. I'm strung out because I never got my rocks off.

Cliff Hangar  
Big Sur, Calif.

● Ever try pullin' your pud in the sky?

## Wondering

What the hell is sodomy? I keep readin' about it but no one tells me what it is. Can me and my ol' lady do it?

Richard  
Boston, Mass.

● That's turnin' your chick into a three-way broad.

## Tit Freak

I sure dig your big tits. Are they naturally big or did you have them pumped up?

Titty  
Boston, Mass.

● The best description of 'em would be gross.

## Contest Winner

Congratulations! You have been selected as a contestant in the First Annual Miss Connecticut Correctional Institution — Somers Beauty Contest, sponsored by the CCIS Jaycees. You have won a certificate making you an "Honorary Convict."

Tony Kozlinski  
Somers, Conn.

● Get me inside, Tony, and you'll know (and never forget) how honorary I am.

## Poop-Chute Freak

My dude has an 11-inch dick. This is not the problem. The problem is that he's been packing me up the ass for a few years now and says it's the only way he can get off. Lately I've lost all control of my bowels, and I shit all over. He gets mad 'cause I've let loose on the back of his bike a few times, but he still insists on packing me up the ass. What should I do?

Feelin' Shitty  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

● Why don't you send your dude to me and find a new one? Or take an enema.

# 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. ■





## Dedicated to Freedom of the Road

### Conceptions and Misconceptions

Recently it has been pointed out that the mere fact that legislation has been passed on a subject does not make that legislation law. It has to be constitutional as well. That is, it must not violate any rights given citizens by either the Federal Constitution or the constitution of the particular state that enacted it.

If it is not constitutional, it is not a law and doesn't have to be obeyed. O.K. That's true as far as it goes, but there is a kicker and it's damned important.

Whether a law is constitutional or not has to be decided by somebody, and that somebody isn't you or me, brother!

There is a presumption in law that a statute passed by a legislative body is constitutional. That means if you don't think it is, you have to prove it. If you violate a law you think is unconstitutional, the police have the right and duty to enforce it against you.

You have the right then, if you can, to convince the man who does have the power to decide on its constitutionality that the law isn't constitutional and is void. If you get the job done, then and only then that particular law imposes no duties, confers no rights, creates no office, bestows no power, affords no protection, and justifies no acts performed under it.

In fact generally, if a law is declared unconstitutional and it tried to repeal an older law, the older law would then be back in effect again.

This deciding of the constitutionality of laws is the function of the courts, usually of the judges. Any judge can decide a law is unconstitutional and his decision will be binding on any judges under him, in his jurisdiction. You can have counties or judicial districts within a state where a law is declared unconsti-

tutional, but is still considered constitutional in the rest of the state. This has been the case with the helmet law.

The only way to knock it clear out through the courts of any given state is to get it out in the State Supreme Court. That is the court with the final say. Any decision by a lower court applies only within that court's jurisdiction and only then if it is not overturned by the Supreme Court, on appeal.

The Supreme Court of the state may be overruled by the Supreme Court of the United States if a Federal constitutional question is raised, but under the usual circumstances State Supreme Courts are the ones that decide the issue.

This system is why there are sometimes what are called test cases. A violation of a law is set up with both the prosecutor and the defendant, knowing that it will be taken to the Supreme Court just to get their opinion on that law's constitutionality. It takes a lot of time and money, but it is one way to find out if you are right!

Of course any time you are busted and convicted, then appeal, you are really making a test case, but it is not by choice.

So you can expect to be busted for violations of laws you think are unconstitutional until such time as those laws are voided by the action of a Supreme Court.

### Bikers without helmets are not dying as expected

A predicted increase in motorcycle fatalities after repeal of Arizona's helmet law six months ago has failed to materialize, state safety officials say.

Ross E. Kelley, safety engineer with the State Department of Transportation, said 33 persons have died since the repeal—the same number as last year—despite a 12-percent increase in reported motorcycle crashes.

Within hours of the repeal, a Phoenix cyclist collided with a car. He was not wearing a helmet and suffered a fractured skull. He died the next day, and safety officials feared it was an ominous indication of increased fatalities.

Police and several local motorcycle dealers estimate that about half the motorcyclists on Tucson's streets ride helmetless.

Police Sgt. Richard L. Etzwiler, who patrols Tucson streets on a motorcycle, says over half of the motorcyclists he sees during the day ride bare-headed, although the number has grown steadily since repeal of the law. When the law was changed, he added, "everyone realized they had a new privilege, so they didn't wear them."

Many Tucson motorcycle busi-

nesses and discount stores report that their helmet sales have remained about the same during the six-month period. They've experienced only modest dips in sales, with one exception.

A spokesman for a local K-Mart Discount Store said helmet sales there have dropped about 80 per cent. The employee, who asked not to be identified, said sales have "progressively gotten worse" since repeal of the law.

"Since the law (was repealed), I just sort of dust them off every day," he said.

Jerry L. Zillman, a University of Arizona sophomore, says he has opted not to wear a helmet—for safety reasons.

He related an incident in which a helmet he was wearing muffled the wail of an ambulance siren while the vehicle was bearing down on him from behind.

"I saw people all around me pulling off to the side, and I wondered, 'What's going on here?'"

When he looked back and spotted the ambulance, it was only a half-block behind him.

### Insurance Confusion

Motorcycle riders who have a valid automobile insurance policy are automatically covered for bodily injuries sustained in an accident with a car even if the policy specifically excluded motorcycles, a state appeals court ruled yesterday.

The decision said the state's no-fault insurance law was designed to protect drivers who suffer injuries "as the result of any accident involving an automobile."

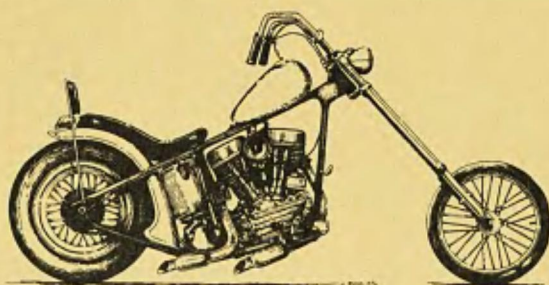
The unanimous opinion, written by Judge Herman D. Michels, added, "There is no reasonable basis to read or construe the statute as limiting coverage to accidents involving automobiles solely."

The case involved Wayne Hoglin of New Brunswick, who sought reimbursement for medical expenses from Nationwide Mutual Insurance Co., the decision said.

Hoglin was injured when his motorcycle collided with a car, the opinion stated. Hoglin had an automobile insurance policy to cover his 1970 van but that policy expressly excluded motorcycles, the court said.

The insurance company had maintained Hoglin was not entitled to coverage because he was injured while operating a motorcycle, which was not part of the policy, the decision said.

Superior Court Judge C. John





Stroumstos agreed with Nationwide.

The three-judge appeals court panel, however, determined the "clear legislative intent" of the no-fault law was to provide coverage for persons injured in an accident involving an automobile.

The court said to limit coverage for Hoglin and his family to injuries incurred "while occupying, using, entering into or alighting from" a car but to "specifically exclude personal injury sustained by them while using a motorcycle conflicts with the clear statutory mandate and is contrary to public policy."

The decision also noted that the state insurance commissioner had apparently approved the form used by Nationwide for Hoglin's policy.

The judges stated, however, the commissioner "obviously had no power to approve the provision since it is violative of statutory intent."

A spokesman for Insurance Commissioner James J. Sheeran said he would have no official comment until he has read the decision.

The spokesman added that most motorcycle owners have separate insurance policies for their car and their motorcycle.

Edward K. Zuckerman, attorney for Hoglin, said the decision was the first time the state appeals court had interpreted the no-fault law as including coverage for motorcycle owners. —By Joshua McMahon

## Indiana helmet fight goes to the media

A growing civil rights movement among motorcyclists aimed at repealing state laws mandating them to wear helmets apparently will impact on the 1977 Indiana Legislature.

Reports received by the State Traffic Safety Advisory Committee included this information.

Rep. Thomas Coleman, R-New Castle, chairman of the House Public Safety Committee, said he was advised that Rep. Joseph Harris, D-Kokomo, a member of his committee, will author such a repeal measure. Members of the advisory committee, including Dr. Harold Michaels, Purdue University safety expert, and Samuel L. Burch, director of the State Department of Traffic Safety, expressed concern about repeal of the Indiana law.

"I am sure it (helmet) saves some lives," Michaels said. "I favor keeping it."

"One state repealed its law in June and had 10 motorcycle fatalities in the same month," Burch said.

States that repealed their laws on mandatory helmet-wearing by motorcyclists following an adverse court decision were Alaska, Arizona, Connecticut, Iowa, Kansas, Oklahoma, Rhode Island and South Dakota, while three others—California, Illinois and Utah—never adopted such legislation.

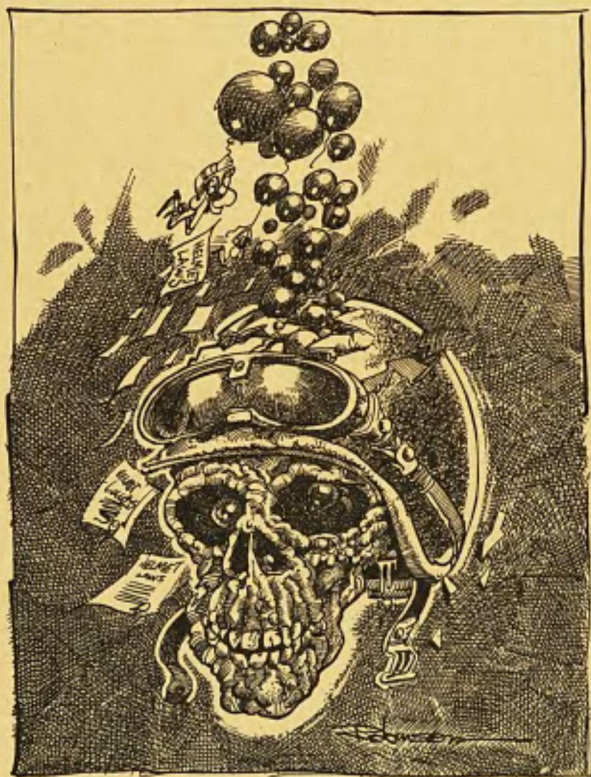
Michaels outlined to the committee some bills drafted to bring the Indiana law into conformity with the Uniform Vehicle Code. They include:

—Revision of Indiana law as it concerns vehicles and pedestrians at traffic signals. Michaels explained that the present state law does not clearly state that a yellow warning light means a red light will follow and that a vehicle

intersection in which right-of-way is not designated so that the driver on the left must yield. Michaels said Indiana law now includes the provision that the driver that gets to the intersection first should have right-of-way and this is difficult to determine (UPT). For information, contact ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, Indiana 46514.

## Accident Statistics

Here are accident statistics that receive eye opening reactions from our legislators. They are a comparison of states with similar motorcycling density, and climates. The national average cyclist death rate as of 9/75 was 8.16% per 10,000 registered motorcycles. Below are the comparisons of states using their individual state per-



or pedestrian should not attempt a crossing.

—Specify that a vehicle may pass on the right if there are two or more lanes for traffic going in the same direction and if conditions permit such movement in safety without driving off the roadway. Michaels said that the present state law refers to four lanes and that some legal question has arisen whether a dual-lane road separated by a median is one road or two roads.

—Amend the Indiana law as it concerns vehicles entering an

centage rates during that same period.

|            |        |               |
|------------|--------|---------------|
| California | 7.78%  | no helmet law |
| Florida    | 10.17% | helmet law    |
| Illinois   | 9.18%  | no helmet law |
| New York   | 13.73% | helmet law    |
| Utah       | 5.03%  | no helmet law |
| Georgia    | 11.48% | helmet law    |

It's interesting to note that the states with no helmet laws have a better record than those with the law. Not only that, but two of the three were lower than the national rate average. —ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, New York 12205.

## The ABATE Show

ABATE of Idaho has the opportunity to assist in a television program about motorcycle legislation and ABATE. If they are able to put the project together it will be aired on P.B.S. If it turns out to be a success, the program could be shown on national television—whatta rush.

But in order to see this dynamic production to the silver screen, ABATE of Idaho needs plenty of material to pull from. If any brothers have film, written material, interviews, anything that would assist or improve the ABATE show, send it to ABATE of Idaho, c/o G. David Swayne, 208 South Main, Moscow, Idaho 83843. They will record it on video tape and return the original material. Let's pitch in together on this and make it as special to bikers as *Gone With the Wind* was to Southerners.

## ABATE of Georgia gets underway

Georgia's 1977 General Assembly will have before it a plea from the state's motorcycle riders for "a more realistic approach to motorcycle safety" and a "more equitable type of legislative treatment."

This was reported by Lee Van Hoesen Jr., 317 Marshall St., who is state coordinator for the Georgia Motorcycle Rights Organization.

"I want the public to see our side of the motorcycle safety situation," the Augustan stated.

Commented Van Hoesen, "I would like to tell the public about preventive safety, the concept that costs the state money and actually has hope of lowering the number of motorcycle accidents and fatalities."

He continued: "What I'm talking about is the beginning riders course that the Motorcycle Safety Foundation has published, one measure that would directly approach those most responsible for the majority of accidents and fatalities: our youth. The concept that 'if you ignore it, it will go away' hasn't worked with safety in the past and I seriously doubt if it will in the future. If motorcycling is a reality, and a logical safety program will reduce accidents and the number of fatalities, then let's use some of the federal funds our state receives (402) for this purpose. It isn't important to me just where the money has gone in the past but it is impor-



tant where it goes in the future!

"Motorcyclists have traditionally been a minority and will continue to be such. One of the consequences is that legislators feel they are able to ignore motorcyclists due to their numbers and protect the interests of the majority. One such indication is repeal of the mandatory seat belt interlock, a law which the Georgia State Driver's manual states could reduce injuries by 50 per cent and fatalities 35 per cent.

"No such conclusive data exist for the mandatory helmet the motorcyclist wears, but, obviously, the annual figure of 1.2 million deaths could be reduced by motorists wearing a helmet too. Rest assured that the number of riders dying on motorcycles can not come close to 1.2 million.

"Regardless of how much you wrap a skull in, if it doesn't have something inside the skull, accidents will continue to occur and people will continue to die. We want a more realistic approach to motorcycling safety and a more equitable type of legislative treatment in Georgia.

"If it sounds like we're irritated it's because we are. The underdog always feels that way!

"Mothers stating that they will not let their youth on the streets without a helmet are indicating that the child can't think for itself and I would personally prefer that the child be kept off the streets until such time as he or she can think for themselves. What happens when the child is required to make an independent decision regarding safety and Mama isn't around? If my life is to be the one on the line, and that child has responsibility for it, let's get him or her educated!" —ABATE of Georgia, c/o Lee Van Hoesen, 317 Marshall St., Martinez, Georgia 30907.

## State Law News

**South Carolina:** Representative Theo Mitchell of Greenville County has prefiled a bill to repeal the helmet law in South Carolina. He said, "I'm not impressed by the protection afforded by the mandatory helmet law" and "I believe some accidents are actually caused by the wearing of helmets. They get in the way."

Senator James B. Stephen of Spartanburg has said he will introduce the same bill in the Senate.

Bros, get out a pencil and paper and write these good people and thank them for their support, and while you're at it, write your local senator and representative, ask them to help in the General

Assembly. Complete lists of the General Assembly are available through your local ABATE rep. Write Senator James B. Stephen, 220 North Church Street, Spartanburg, South Carolina 29301; Representative Theo Mitchell, Box 10091, F.S., Greenville, South Carolina 29603. ABATE reps.: Jesse McDugald, State Director, 116 Beaufain Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29401, and Rick Morrison, Up-country Rep., 117 White Oak Road, Spartanburg, South Carolina 29301.

**Illinois:** Active brothers from ABATE of Illinois are studying to become Rider Training Instructors. Illinois ABATE bros are not only fighting for the rights of two-wheeler riders, but they began a program to perhaps prevent riders from becoming involved in accidents while they're new at the sport.

On the legislative front, there is a problem with the light-on law. For information on who to write, contact ABATE of Illinois, c/o Bill Orce, P.O. Box 152, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070.

**North Carolina:** All our North Carolina brothers and sisters need to write their state representatives and senators. Ask them to support and vote for the helmet and headlight repeal bills. If you need the address of your rep, contact CBA (or ABATE of North Carolina).

We are planning a bike show, the last Sunday in March. The proceeds from the show will go to help fight unfair bike legislation. We need the support of all you bros.

If anyone is interested in starting a chapter of CBA, or being a coordinator for their area of the state, contact CBA at P.O. Box 26445, Charlotte, North Carolina 28213.

**Virginia:** ABATE of Virginia's writing campaign is moving right along. However, Virginia bikers have yet to receive a majority commitment to pass the helmet repeal. There are still representatives who strongly oppose the repeal for one reason or another. Listed below are the diehards. Shower them with letters. We need those people to know how Virginia bikers feel—now. Reps James H. Dillard II, Fairfax; Clive L. Duval II, McLean; Mrs. Mary A. Marshall, Arlington; Richard S. (Major) Reynolds III, Richmond; Warren G. Stanbaugh, Arlington; James M. Thomson, Alexandria. —ABATE of Virginia, P.O. Box 138, Vienna, Virginia 22180.

**New York:** Each year the helmet repeal in New York moves that

much closer to becoming a reality. And this year is no different—chances are even better.

But the job can only be accomplished through your support and letters. Below is a list of Assembly people who must receive correspondence in order for the bill to pass. Accomplish something for your brothers and freedom—write. Tom Frey, Alexander Granis, Ronald Tills, Daniel Walsh, Oliver Koppell, Robert A. D'Andrea, Elizabeth A. Connelly, Vincent Marchiselli, Matthew J. Murphy. Send letters to: Legislative Office Building, Albany, New York 12247. —ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, New York 12205.

**Ohio:** ABATE of Ohio recently had a successful meeting with Representative Stinzians. The representative will now introduce a helmet repeal, although he felt that if they were to find a sponsor in the House Transportation Committee, the bill would have more weight behind it. Consequently, if Ohio brothers would begin to write the members of the House transportation committee listed below, the helmet repeal might gain more allies and possibly a more suitable sponsor. It's on you, brothers.

Members of the Highways and Highway Safety Committee: Reps Sherrod Brown, William Donham, Thomas Gilmartin, Terry Tranter, William Hinig, Lawrence Hughes, John Kellogg, Harry Mallot, Bob McEwen, Robert Nader, Robert Netzley, Ike Thompson, Arthur Bowers (Chairman). —ABATE of Ohio, P.O. Box 433, Kenton, Ohio 43326.

**Pennsylvania:** For you active, concerned bikers there is an eleven-page, graphic study of Pennsylvania's motorcycle statistics available from MAUL. The study is available to MAUL and ABATE members and shows a 6% increase in injury accident rate and no substantial decrease in the death rate for Pennsylvania bikers since the helmet law was enacted. If you wish to send documented information along with letters to your legislators, send a buck and a half (\$1.50) to MAUL for the study.

It's also becoming more difficult for bikers to run around without insurance. The new Pennsylvania Motorcycle Code has set strict rules to catch citizens who have failed to purchase insurance. Proof of insurance will be required when accident reports are filled out, when registering vehicles, almost anytime you come in contact with a cop regarding one of your vehicles. If you have any questions or comments re-

garding the new insurance regulations, contact Barbara Anne Brown, Assistant Attorney General, Room 411 Finance Building, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. — MAUL, 514 Lancaster Avenue, Reading, Pennsylvania 19611.

**Oregon:** With the newly enacted turn signal law, Oregon bikers must be aware of the extreme need for active brothers in legislative matters. January marks the beginning of a new legislative session and possibly the introduction of new laws restricting modified motorcycles.

Brothers, it's up to us to stay in tune with legislation, write letters, etc. If we don't fight for our life style, no one will. —ABATE of Oregon, P.O. Box 4504, Portland, Oregon.

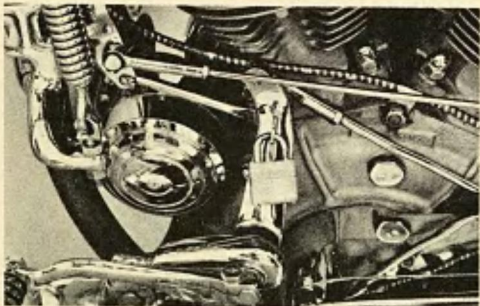
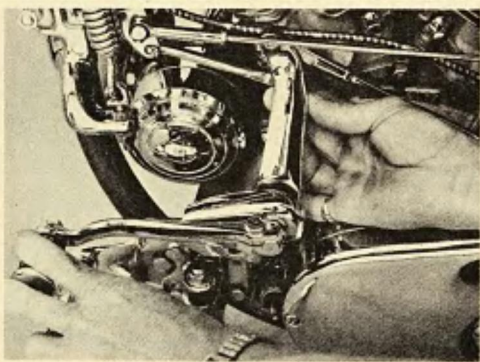
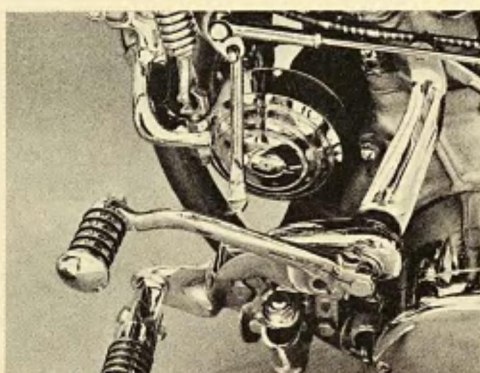
**Wyoming:** We have a problem, brothers. We've heard from a number of different people that the helmet law was no longer enforced out in yonder Wyoming. But a conscientious bro out there decided to check around before he let the wind ruffle his hair. He contacted the local Man, the Highway Patrol, and the State Traffic Division. Each department stated that they have not stopped, or recommended to stop, ticketing for violating the helmet mandate. We know it's bummer news, but it's better than a twenty-five-buck fine. This info came from concerned brother Tom Houghton. —ABATE of Wyoming, c/o Pat and Ed Iskra, P.O. Box 441, Rock Springs, Wyoming 82901.

**Kentucky:** ABATE is growing and spreading fast. And brother bikers need a voice in every state to see that our fleeting rights are stood up for. So ABATE recently spread to Kentucky. For Kentucky bikers that's damn good news. But for ABATE of Kentucky to succeed they need every hard-riding brother's backing, and the sooner you're behind them, the sooner the ABATE chapter will become strong and active for your rights. Contact ABATE of Kentucky, c/o Timothy Kast, 863 East High St., #208, Lexington, Kentucky 40502.

**Missouri:** Replies from senators and representatives regarding the helmet repeal have begun to change mood. And it's on account of all the letters written by bikers expressing their views that the change has come about. Keep up the good work, bros, a helmet repeal is in sight. —ABATE of Missouri, c/o Joe Epperson, 1420 E. Highland, Kirksville, Missouri 63510. ■



# BAR LOCK



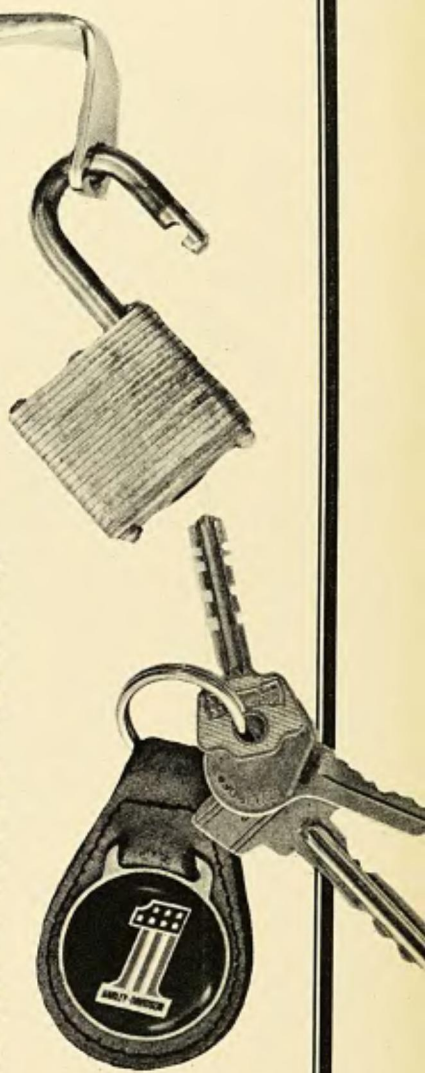
People have been screaming about various bike lock devices since boltcutters were invented. Some such locks are good, some are great, some lousy, large, electronic, etc. But here's a different one.

This one will fit in your pocket and it will work only on Harley Davidson 74s with mousetraps. Sound odd? Well, it's an odd set-up that will work to lock up a bike for a short period of time—I wouldn't trust it any longer.

Here's what it does. First, it freezes the clutch booster and holds the shifter in first gear. The bike can't be rolled, shifted or kicked over. And if the owner has an electric start (since the lock holds the bike in gear) the starter won't work.

If you've fallen in love with this unique locking mechanism, don't reach for your wallet. This is a one-of-a-kind, fabricated by Hedge, the owner of the bike it's locked to.

—Weed.





# ABC's of

## SADISM

Everybody, by now, knows the origination of this word. The Marquis de Sade made history, beatin' an' torturin' people, a couple of hundred years ago, so somebody named a word after him. Sometimes the Sadist gets downright ornery, an' will beat the shit outta anyone he can get hold of. It's not unusual for him to like to take a beatin', as well as dish it out.

The cops think that all bikers fit in this category, as do the newspapers, so, whenever a biker fight makes the newspapers, many of the de-tails are invented, in order to make the bikers look bad.

## MASOCHISM

Like to go to the dentist? Do ya laugh a lot, when ya fall off yer scooter while doing ninety on the street? Do ya laugh, when ya get shot, or stabbed, or some dude raps ya on the gourd with a cue-stick? If ya do, then this word fits you.

Some masochists get their nuts off by watchin' themselves die by hanging. They'll arrange a big mirror in such a way that it allows them to watch themselves get hung by the neck. Most of the time, just before they pass out, they'll release the rope, or put their feet on the floor. Sometimes they don't make it, passin' out before they can stop the game, and then they really get off.

Not long ago, a very famous, award-winning movie star died in this way. He was found hangin' by the neck in front of a full-length mirror. He was wearing a woman's rubber bathin' cap and bikini, an' he'd used lipstick to paint

obscene words and pictures all over his body. To make himself look more like a broad, he'd taped his cock an' balls down between his legs. Sometimes a masochist will hire a hooker to walk all over his body, while gettin' her to heels, or he might get her to beat on his crank with a piece of rope, or a stick. This dude seldom hurts anyone else, unless he decides to go for the big thrill, jumps out a window an' lands on somebody.

## FLAGELLATION

You've heard all the jokes about "the little velvet whips," I'm sure. Well, it's really true that there's dudes an' broads around who wanta get tied up an' whipped. Those that do claim that it makes the fuckin' better. The more that's written on this subject, the more it becomes apparent that there's a lot of dudes around who dig this. Just think of all the funnies that would turn themselves in for committing crimes, if the town whipping post was reinstated.

## EXHIBITIONISM

I don't care what anybody says, it ain't freaky to take out your cock an' wave it at passin' chicks. It ain't freaky to have them wavin' their tits at dudes, either, so keep up the good work. Dudes that go around wearin' raincoats, jumpin' outta the bushes to scare little kids an' old maids ain't too cool, although it's funny as hell

when it happens. One of the worst hazards is that one of those ugly old maids might take a liken to what she sees, an' capture the exhibitionist. That'll really make your pee-pee sore.

## FROTAGE

Ever been in a crowd an' have some motherfucker rubbin' his crank up against ya? When ya turn around, tryin' to catch him in the act, he's always lookin' somewhere else, or has turned around so quick that his back is to ya, and ya can't bust him in the nose. This dude is called a frotteur, an' touchin' or rubbin' his joint on people, in crowds, is how he gets his gun. In his mind, every time he rubs up against a guy or a broad, he just fucked 'em. A doctor friend once told me that one of his patients was a frotteur. The dude wore a condom all the time, so he wouldn't come all over his clothes.

## GERONTOPHILIA

Here's the guy that gets the "asshole of the year" award, 'cause he's the sonofabitch that goes around beatin' the shit out of, an fuckin' little ol' ladies. The older and weaker they are, the better he likes 'em, and it inflates the shit out of his ego when he can hurt a sweet, little ol' grand-ma type.

# KINKY SEX

Every now and then, the police department comes out with some new warnings and information on stuff that a lotta dudes thought about—an' would like to have a go at—but don't know what to call it. Following is a list of all kinds of kinky shit. Some is very popular, an' some ain't. If ya see something ya like, an' wanna try it, just read the directions.

## VOYEURISM

This is a pretty wide open class, 'cause anybody that enjoys lookin' at a nice set of tits, or the bulge in a dude's Levis, is engaging in a form of voyeurism. Some dudes hire hookers just to strip, while they hide in a closet an' peep through a crack, jackin' off while they play the game. Topless joints cater to voyeurs, as do porno movie theatres. I ain't never met a dude that didn't like to look at nice tits, nor a broad that didn't like the look of a cock, so there's plenty of the voyeurs around.



## BESTIALITY

This one is often called *sodomy*. When I was in the pen, an inmate was sent to the hole for havin' sodomy with a grease gun. Actually, it has to do with fuckin' an animal, such as a dog, cat, sheep, horse, cow or even Miraculous Mutha. The dude will even fuck an elephant, if someone puts him up to it.

In the South Pacific, a favorite sport is either fuckin' chickens, or tossin' a monkey in a chicken coop an' watchin' him fuck 'em to death. Pokin' your crank up a chicken's egg factory is supposed to be pretty excitin', but it ain't looked on with much pleasure by the chicken, who usually winds up croaked. Some of the raunchiest porno flicks around have a good-lookin' broad givin' head to a horse, while she keeps a fuck grip on his joint to death grip from goin' clean through her. Linda Lovelace kept it from Linda Lovelace started her career in the porno flick business by gettin' laid by a police dog.

## TROILISM

Why the pigs would ever have this one listed as aberrant sex is a mystery to me. It is one of the most fun activities around today, and only the Pope thinks it's kinky. Troilism is the act of more than two people having sex together. We do it over at my merrier. We do it over at my house a couple of times a week, sometimes with as many as a dozen couples, an' thrashin' around together, an' the only kink is the one ya get in your crank from usin' it too much. Maybe that's why tongues were invented.

## COPROLAGNIA

There may be some of you guys out there who read this rag, so don't get mad if I bad-mouth your favorite pastime. The coprolagniat is a dude who has an orgasm when he handles, or eats, human shit. An' that ain't all. He can get his nuts off by suckin' the snot outta somebody's nose.

## PIQUERISM

Most often called, "lust mutilation," it has to do with a mean bastard who enjoys cutting, biting or tearing human flesh, but not always killin' the victim. A few years



## FELLATIO

The absolute favorite pastime of a chick that loves her ol' man, an' his favorite way of bein' shown how much he's appreciated. It is so fuckin' good for a dude that he can squeeze flat spots on the steering wheel of the car he's drivin', while his ol' lady's givin' him head. A broad that knows how to do this the right way can make a dude cry an' beg for mercy, then turn around an' beg for more. There are very few chicks that don't like suckin' her ol' man's crank, an' those that don't like it can be taught to, although you gotta tell 'em a few white lies, along with the truth.

## FETISHISM

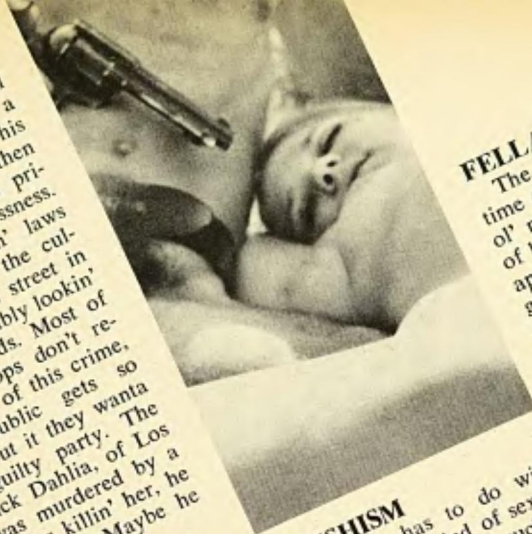
Fetishism has to do with attachin' some kind of sexual meanin' to an object such as a woman's shoe, bra, panties or even a piece of her shit. While there ain't any harm in lookin' at a chick's ass or tits, it becomes fetishism if you attach so much sexual importance to 'em that you hide under restaurant tables, or in women's shit-houses, just to get a look at 'em. Some dudes go to the beach, then lay under a blanket an' jack off as they look at the feet of passin' women. There was one dude who had a fetish for ol' lady's used cunt-rag. He carried it around in his pocket for a year, for good luck, an' it really worked. He smelled so bad, nobody'd come close enough to him to 'cause any problems, includin' the fuzz.

## BUGGERY

Can't say too much about buggery, but I know it's like the Japs attackin' Pearl Harbor when it's used on an unsuspectin' chick. Some (lotsa) chicks like it, especially high school girls, 'cause they can't get pregnant, or even hunch-backed, an' it satisfies their ol' man's passion. Just make sure your ol' lady ain't been eatin' a lotta popcorn or other roughage, if you decide to try it. Slippin' in the back door is usually O.K. only when the front porch is painted.

## ANALINGUS

If you put your mouth over a bull's ass, then blow his horns, you got this freak streak in you. It's used in reference to dudes who like to stick their tongue up a chick's ass, or vice versa, in order to get off. There are certain hazards, such as fartin' or bein' careful that she ain't had any laxatives recently.





# NO BULLSHIT REVIEWS OF THE FLICKS

## ROCKY

Fuel.

If Fonzie has an older brother, this is him. Now don't get me wrong, Fonzie's no slouch in my book. It's just that Rocky is into a little heavier gig, is all—being a little bit older and everything—but he deals with all of it with such style and color, that if The Fonz was laz' back on his parked bike and watchin', he was givin' this new guy a quiet thumbs-up.

That don't mean, though, that Rocky's a cut and dried imitation, he ain't. It's just that that same unapologetic spirit of individual pride that the TV character represents has—finally—been resurrected in the movies now too.

*Tit scenes:* well, there ain't none, but in all fairness, those kisses he gives his girlfriend had everyone just as rooted to the screen as if he'd reamed her from her arches to her brainpan. In fact, he accomplished the finest job of seduction I've ever seen from within the sloppiest fucking surroundings imaginable, and I felt well-served in seeing such a masterful performance of the preliminaries, 'cause the problem usually ain't shoot-in' the gun anyway, it's gettin' your hands on a weapon.

Fuck, that's damn near profound.

*Story:* fuck the story, this fucker could clean garbage cans and you'd watch. Despite that, though, there actually *was* one, with a beginning, middle and end, and when you left the place you felt like putting food into your stomach, not puking the streets green for twenty minutes.

I saw it with Boa and Noser, and when we got out, Noser just kept wandering around in circles, slapping his hands against his thighs and grinning, and when I asked him what was going on, he just looked at me, threw his arms out and giggled. "Fuck, man, nuthin', I guess. It's just that I feel so fuckin' good I could kill somebody!" Noser is by nature a bashful man, and if you knew what an overall transformation this was to his usual lackluster spirit,

a fine tribute this was to the movie's contagious optimism.

*Noteworthy features:* generally more or less all of it.

*Non-essential item solely for purposes of discussion:* this fellow does something with five raw eggs you are not going to believe. Especially if you are the kind of person who vomits at the slightest snotty glisten on your over-easies.

*Concluding comments:* movie's got more class up its ass than an emerald duck.

## GOD TOLD ME TO

Everybody obeyed, so you know it wasn't God.

Who, then, pray, *was* it! Rest assured I will tell you to spare you the trouble of inflicting this atrocity upon yourself first hand.

*Our story opens;* scurrying pedestrians suddenly begin flying, one by one, in rapid succession, at right angles to their original line of progress, apparently, from the looks of things, being fired-upon at close range by a .460 Weatherby Magnum. Wait! A police report! It's . . . it's . . . it's a man a half-mile away armed with a .22 (!).

I then sighed and resigned myself to being wearied with 90 more minutes of amateurish junk.

Our hero, a police detective, climbs up the tower and confronts the fellow who is sporting what looks like a J.C. Higgins single-shot to which the prop man has glued a .410 shotgun barrel to make it look more interesting. "Pardon me," he asks, "but why are you doing this?" "God told me to," the man replies, leaping to his death. I mean, diving professionally to his disappearance.

Well, this is disturbing news indeed, so let's pause for a moment and ask ourselves these questions: why is there violence? are we all pawns? what is religion? is the whole world upside-down? The cast seemed to think it important we all ponder these matters before continuing, and I am just conveying the message.

Crimes increase in an unspecific sort of way, when

suddenly we learn by way of A-1 policework . . . a woman somewhere sometime had a caesarian, therefore it is a virgin birth, therefore her child is a somethingorother! She, or someone, seems to remember something about waking-up in the woods and running in the rain

nude with small, floppy tits and an emaciated pelvic area, but with a full, healthy, jet-black and luxuriously thick and richly triangular pubic patch, at least

after being artificially reamed by spacemen we do not see, not to mention the reaming, which we do not see either.

Lo! This woman's mother also had a similar experience! In her case she was transported on a cheap, superimposed film-clip from the Space 1999 TV series.

nude, but with bigger tits, and then rotated 45° photographically so that her tits wouldn't sag while she was "horizontal" in her dainty cheesecake pose

and likewise reamed, for which, not seeing this done either, we have only her word to go by.

Her offspring is what's controlling the crimespre! And the officer—who is the first woman's artificially-reamed son, and the, let's see . . . grandson of the second woman who was reamed non-penisularly, making the two women mother and daughter to each other, and the officer the . . . um . . . grandson of the first offspring's mother . . . —is *The Thing's nephew!*

The two must meet in a titanic battle!

He goes to the slum apartment where the mighty creature lives and says "I must kill you!", and his uncle says "But you can't, can you!" and the officer says "No, alas," and his uncle, a sweet-faced young lad says "Neither of us has been made right, so the two of us must reproduce," and the officer says "To tell you the truth, I don't quite frankly see how that would be possible, under the circumstances, actually, at this, all things considered, juncture," and the other one says "Wrong-o," and lifting his shirt, he exposes his ribs and reveals to all of us that he has, oddly enough, *A VAGINA IN HIS CHEST! FILLING THE WHOLE SCREEN. A GREAT, SEETHING, PULSATING, SUCKING, WALLOPING, SNAPPING VAGINA!* Or

a film of an operating ventricle photographed during open-heart surgery *BEING FOISTED-OFF AS A CON-VULSING, MEAT-HUNGRY, ALL-CONSUMING, CAVERNOUS VAGINA,* take your pick.

*Will our hero fuck the thing? Does homosexuality flit rampant through the galaxy? Are the chariots of the gods only interstellar daquiri-carts?*

No, he cannot fuck it. He is a clone, but he is not a faggot clone, and he kills it with a superimposed film of an oil fire and goes to jail at the end.

Don't see this fuckass movie no matter *who* tells you to.

## THE NEXT MAN

Title, with comma added correctly, answers question, "Which movie do you want to see for your three dollars? This one, or the five-minute short about algae-formation that comes after it?"

So that I won't keep falling asleep recalling it the way I kept doing while watching it, I have invited Kathleen over here, and she is blowing me while I am doing this.

*Plot:* the one in Peaceful Hills where they found the film.

*Action:* the one above the magazine of the automatic that was used once or twice.

*Sex:* five rows down, two seats over. Underneath the table right now.

*Flesh scenes:* the main broad drops her under-drawers and coyly reveals a cellulite butt more cratered than the fucking moooooo more cratered than the

fucking mooo

yaaa, swirl it around there kath

the fucking moon. She

takes a shower, alone, and shows her small, all-aurora borealis-no-nipples tits for a second or two so that they'll have something to cut-out when they show it on TV tomorrow. Sean Connery undoes her sheet at the beach and they kiss and he starts to touch her cellulite and the scene changes, but at least they don't show water. She's shown on a massage table for a split second, face-down, the force of gravity smoothing her cellulite and almost making it a jack-offable sight, but by the time you grab your dick, the camera's moved along past her mashed-down tits and it's too late to rub yourself to an erectnnngg o kath kath ■





## Gotta do somethin' to earn a little green!

So I might as well do somethin' easy. I don't normally work at all, but I gotta git me some bread for one of them **Easyriders** subscriptions. And this hound here had best get its ass in gear so I don't miss out on the free decal deal. Get it on, mutt."

**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 ten measly bucks for a one-year subscription and less than nineteen lousy bucks for a two-year subscription. That's right—for less than ten bucks you get twelve issues, and for less than nineteen bucks you will get twenty-four issues of this unreal rag delivered right to your door by a uniformed messenger.

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Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

46

Check one:

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

- ☐ Here's \$9.99 for a one-year subscription.  
☐ Here's \$18.99 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 \$10.00 for a one-year subscription.  
☐ Here's \$19.00 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

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Do you own a bike? \_\_\_\_\_ Make? \_\_\_\_\_

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



The door slammed shut with a clang that made my poor fuckin' head throb worse than ever. My body sent a note up to my brain, sayin', "You are fuckin' dyin'."

Great! Another sixty days down time. Slammers are a bad trip, but if you're human, eat, drink, shit, piss, party, and putt like I do, you know it's just a part of livin'. Broken chains, flat tires, and hangovers are in the same category. They can all be blamed on Fate. Jesus H. Keerist, my head hurts! (Rangatang Rule Book number three, page fifteen, entry number six: "Never drink Southern Comfort to wash down Rorer seven-fifteens." It don't fuckin' work.)

This jail is *shit*. I guess I'll have to apply RRB 2-1 again. *What?* You don't know what RRB 2-1 is? Crap! I thought everybody who reads this rag knew what Rangatang Rule Book number two, page one, procedure was. If you are like me, RRB 2-1 is the only thing to do. The *only* thing, that is, besides rollin' around on the cell floor, pissin' and snivelin' about all your down time. The only thing for a bro to do if he has any respect for his class, pride in his righteousness, and wants to get the hell back to his partyin', with any sanity left. Shit, bro, you've got to do somethin'.

When I've got a lot of down time on my body, my kidneys start to dry up, and my poor fuckin' bladder dies of thirst. My whole system stops functioning, without my suds, my putt, and some willing young chickies.

Back to RRB 2-1. Like I said, if you roll around, pissin' an' moanin' about bein' in some sheriff's human warehouse, you're only makin' those key-carryin' assholes happy. Yeah! I swear on my fuckin' red wings, they get their cookies seein' bikers settin' on cell bunks with their heads all hung down, feelin' sorry for themselves. For straight, bro. For fuckin' *real*! But, RRB 2-1 solves all that shit, and quick. RRB 2-1 is simply: "Make 'em wish they hadn't busted you." Right? Raise hell, brothers. Don't let 'em piss on you. Open your mouth and say somethin'. Show the key-carryin' assholes what class is all about. Just like the time they busted me for disorderly conduct, down in a little redneck town in Florida.

The first time the guard came by, I was standin' close to the bars, waitin' for him. Those booze tortured kidneys of mine had my bladder so damn blown up that I felt like I'd swallowed a six-gallon BMW gas tank. I had a grip on the leapin' lizard, to keep the flood back. I shit you not, my back teeth were *really* floating.

So, the screw comes around the corner, and I gave it to him from his shining shoes all the way up to his chest, before he realized he was gettin' pissed on. He

# Rangatang's Rule Book



By Rangatang

was sure mad. I laughed till I puked.

But if you do somethin' like I did, you'd better be prepared for the consequences. You can bet your scooter the fucker will be back with half the deputies in the county, to kick your bike-lovin' ass. Be prepared, bro, be prepared.

When they came back for me, I had my recycled breakfast and lunch ready on a paper plate. They opened the door, rushed in, and the shit flew. It hit the first one full in the face, and splattered a couple more. Those deputies were hot enough to fuck on credit. Nobody—even a bro that's big, bad and mean—can whip a can of mace and five of those big, corn-fed, country-bred redneck deputies. It just can't be done. I woke up in the hole with the usual scratches, bruises and abrasions, an' my body sent that note up to my brain again. "Okay, you dumb fuck. I hope you're happy now. You died three hours ago." Great!

The only thing in this cage, besides myself, a starved spider, and a couple of curious roaches, was a toilet. I sat there for a few minutes, tryin' to remember how to breathe, when I got an idea. Well, the roaches knew there was some shit in the wind, so they hauled ass as soon as I took off my cutoffs. I rolled them up real tight and jammed them down the toilet's throat. Bingo! Instant stopper.

About half an hour later, a fat, red-faced guard came screamin' up yellin', "Quit flushin' it. Stop!" I'd been flushing that fucker for half an hour, and I found out later, that water had run through the walls, drippin' down on their radio. The trusty said it went up like the Fourth of July. The dumb designer who drew the plans for this jail never thought about putting a drain in the floor. The screws had to wear hip boots that day, and later a disgusted sheriff came up to talk to me himself.

"Boy," he drawled, "if you behave, I'll move you back to the main cell. Will you do that, boy?"

"Oh, yessir, Mr. Sheriff," I told him. "I'll behave myself."

An hour later, they had moved me to a new cell with a big, white, porcelain toilet and a bunk. They had given me a big tin cup and an old spoon. Fuck! I found a pile of old magazines and a spoon of instant coffee in a piece of tin-foil, left by the past resident. But there was no hot water. Fuck again! I sat down and started looking through the magazines, when one particular ad caught my eye, and I got another idea. The ad showed a camper, cooking over a wood fire.

I dipped all the water out of the toilet and crumpled up a magazine. In a few minutes I had a nice flame going and I fed more pages into the flame. The water in that tin cup started boiling like a



hard-run hooker, and in a few more minutes I had a cup of steaming coffee. Of course, the cell was kind of smoky, and the toilet was glowing bright, cherry red. I figured I could get rid of the smoldering ashes and cool the toilet off too, so I punched the button that worked the flusher. Holy fuckin' hardtail! Bros, do you have any idea what happens to hot porcelain when cold water hits it! It fuckin' *explodes*, is what it does. It goes off like a bomb.

Flyin' porcelain cut the hell out of me, and there was the water again. Since I wasn't at all happy about gettin' cut up like a piece of beef, I just kept on flushin'. Forty days an' forty nights of Noah's flood wasn't shit, compared to that jail.

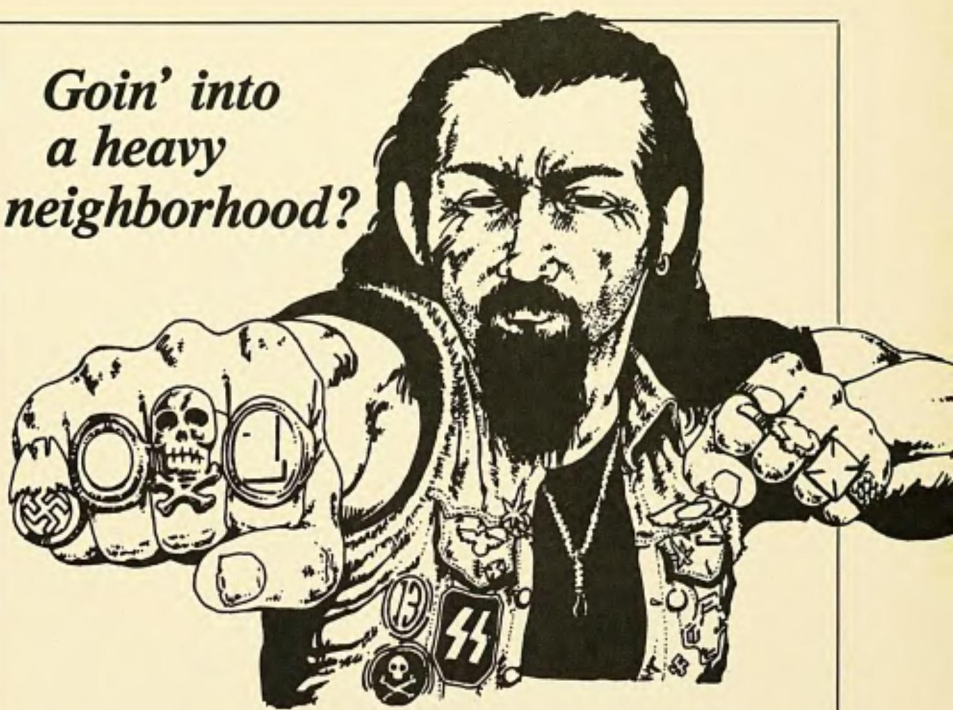
When I woke up in the hole again, my body didn't bother to send any more notes to my brain. I was lying there, thinking about why I was cold, and, finally, I figured out that they had taken my clothes. Rotten fucks, they didn't even play by the rules. Two days later, those bastards still hadn't fed me, and I was just a little on the hungry side, when a trusty came slipping by. He handed me a bag of candy corn and a big Hershey chocolate candy bar. The heat had made the chocolate as soft as a wet turd, and—I got another idea.

I told the trusty to go tell the guard I was actin' real strange and makin' funny noises. While he was gone I mixed the candy corn up with the soft chocolate and waited, and when the screw came I was squattin' down, growlin' like a dog over a piece of steak, and lickin' the chocolate and candy corn off my hand. I held it out and asked the screw, "Want some?" Then I howled like a coyote. He turned green, and hauled ass. It sure must have looked weird to him, seein' a dirty biker, squattin' bareassed on his heels, and eatin'—what it looked like to him—shit. I laughed so fuckin' hard the trusty got scared, an' he left, too.

A few hours later, the guard came back with my cutoffs and told me, "The sheriff said to let you go, fella. Here's your clothes." I growled at him as I snatched the clothes out of his hand, and he jerked his mitt back through the bars so fast that he broke his watch.

Later, as I pulled my scooter up to a bar, just outside of that town, I thought to myself that these country bumpkins sure break down fast. They had let me out after only three days of RRB 2-1. Inside the bar, I sat down and ordered a large draft, thinkin' about all those poor fuckers back in that jail, pissin' an' moanin' about their down time. It's a shame they don't know about Rangatang's Rule Book number two, page one, which reads, "Make 'em wish they hadn't busted you." That sheriff was sure glad to see *this* fucker leave his jail. ■

*Goin' into  
a heavy  
neighborhood?*



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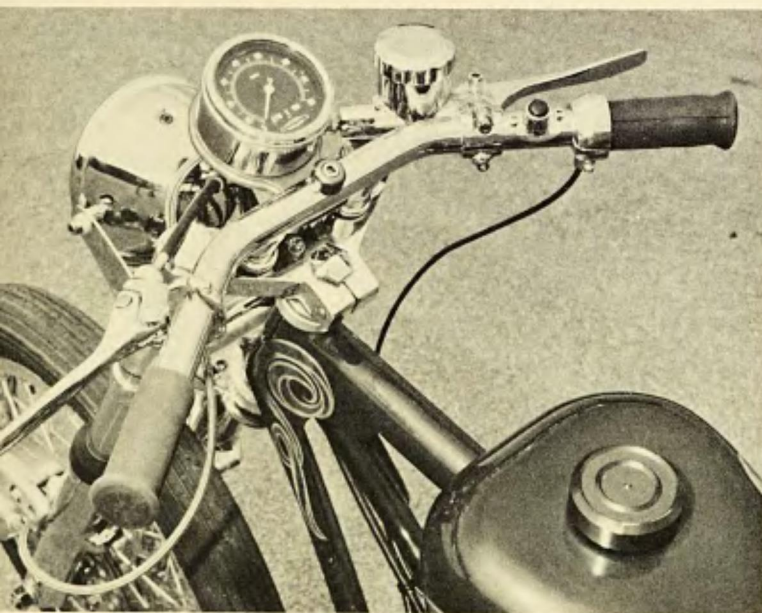
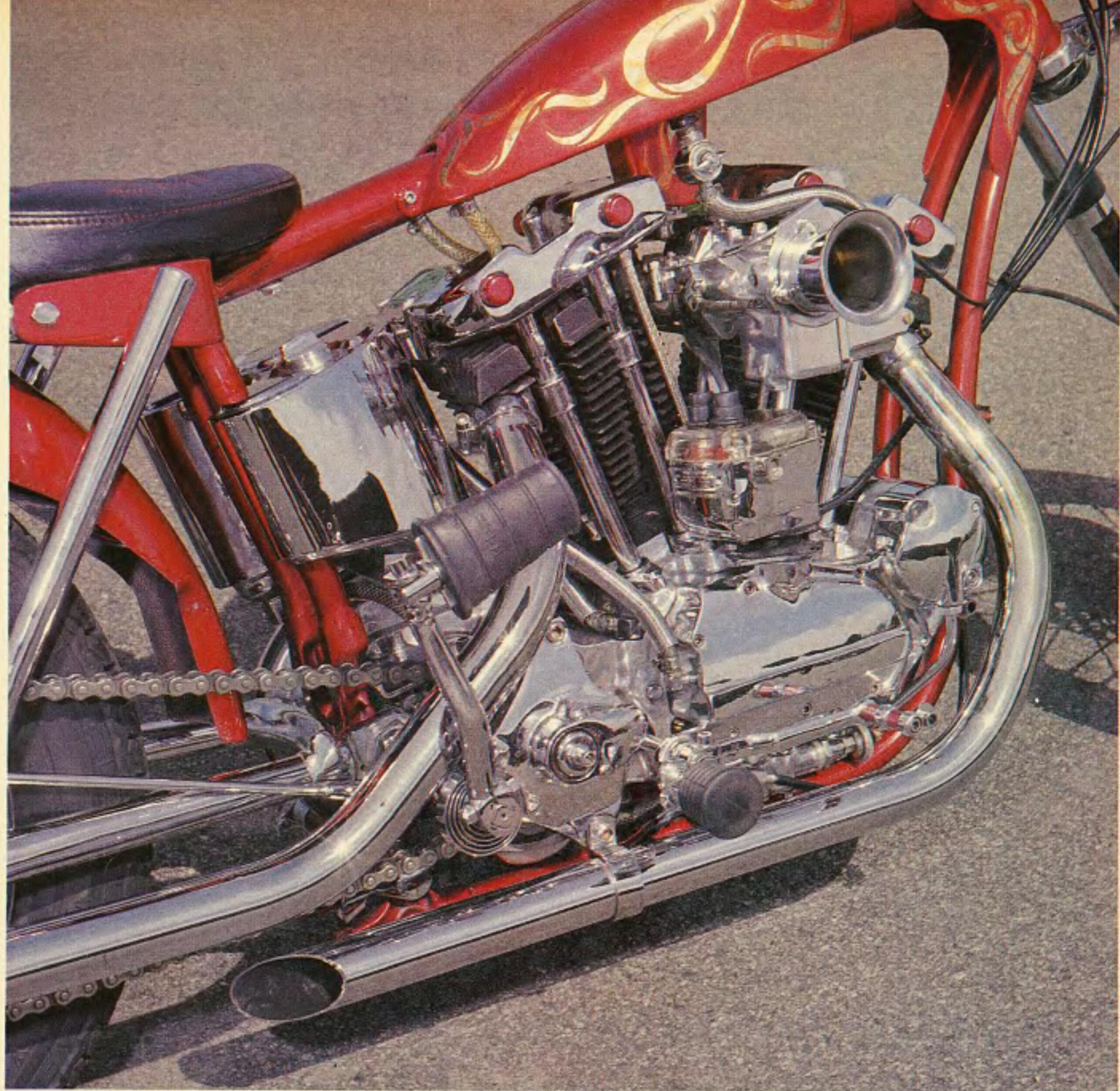
# Street Freak

If you've let this rag rot your mind for more than a few turns of the sputnik, then you know that it sometimes don't come easy for us trash, gettin' it all together to shoot pictures of a scoot. First, there's distractions, like the soft, bulgin' beauties displayed here, that are always just beggin' to have some Good Samaritan free 'em from their constraints, lettin' 'em bust out into the sunshine. It's tough to get your eyeballs to focus on a bike, when there's such tender, delicious-lookin' tits at close range.

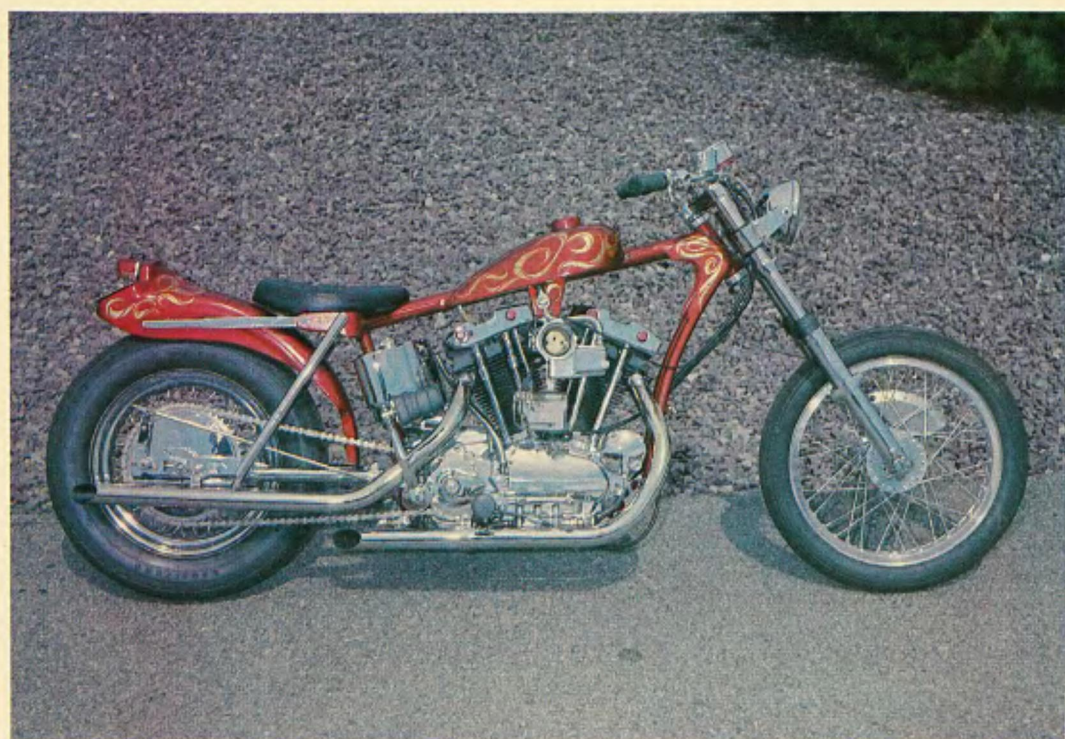
In fact, it's some kinda heathen miracle that we ended up gettin' any film of Wayne's street killer at all. I

mean, it's a bomb, with a real short fuse, an' we managed to show up while it was still in one piece. Don't get us wrong, everything on this sled is super-duty, from the special, steel, top fork trees right down to the S&S stroker flywheels. It's just that when you drop an 80-inch XL into a Chapman drag frame, things are gonna happen. And Wayne didn't stop there. To reduce weight, the foot pegs were cut, the gas tank shrunk, fork tubes shortened, disks drilled, an' the whole electric start mechanism was shitcanned, givin' the sled the power-to-weight trip of an F-104 Starfighter—on afterburners!

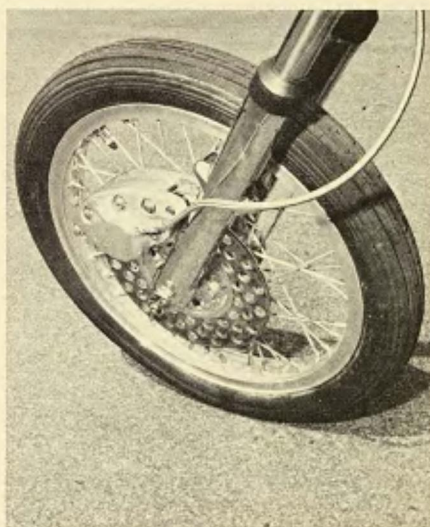
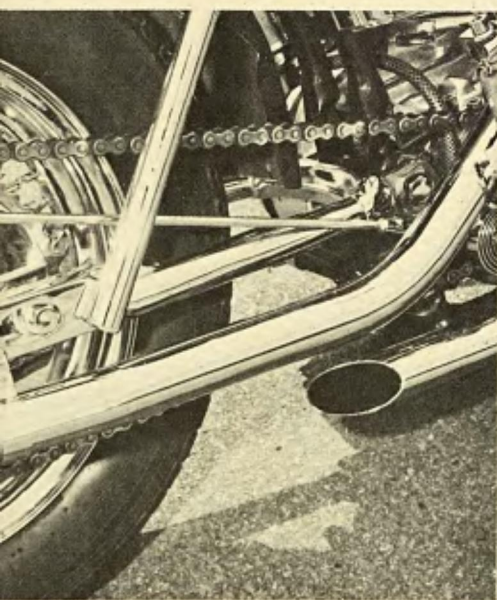
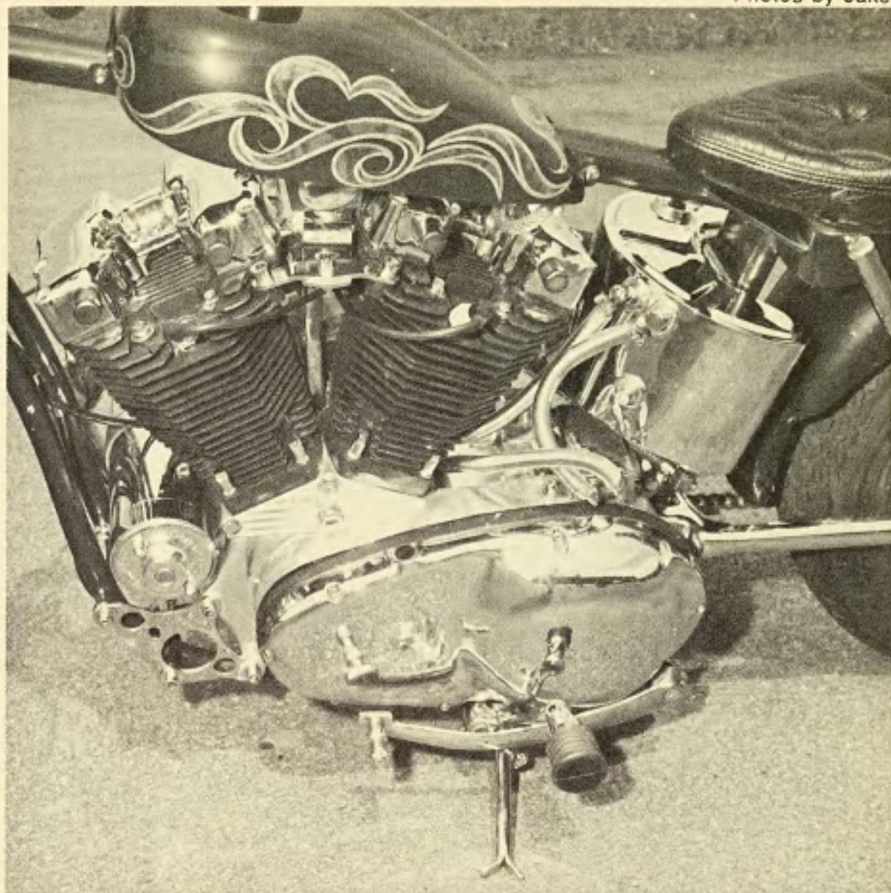
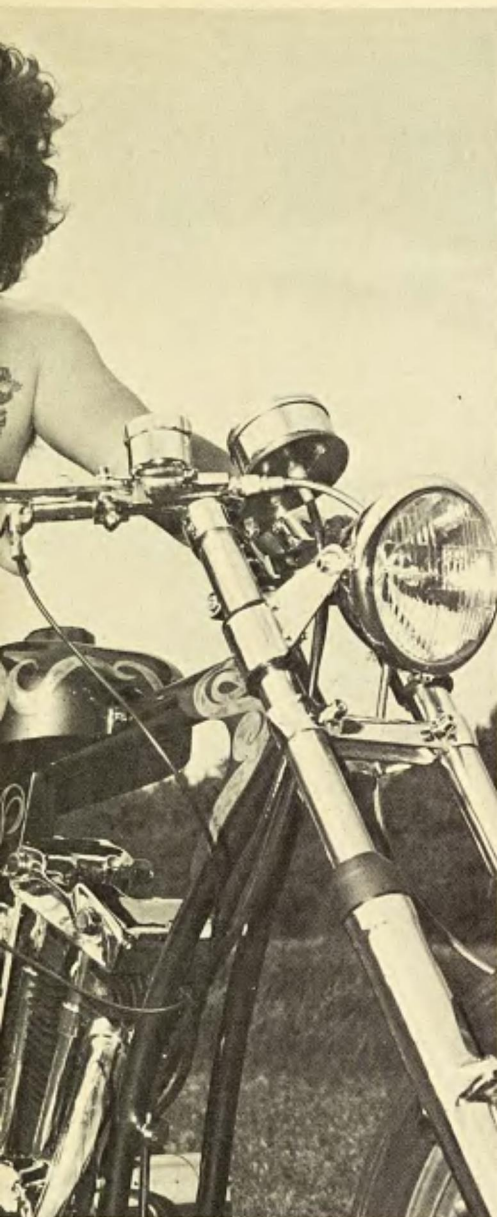






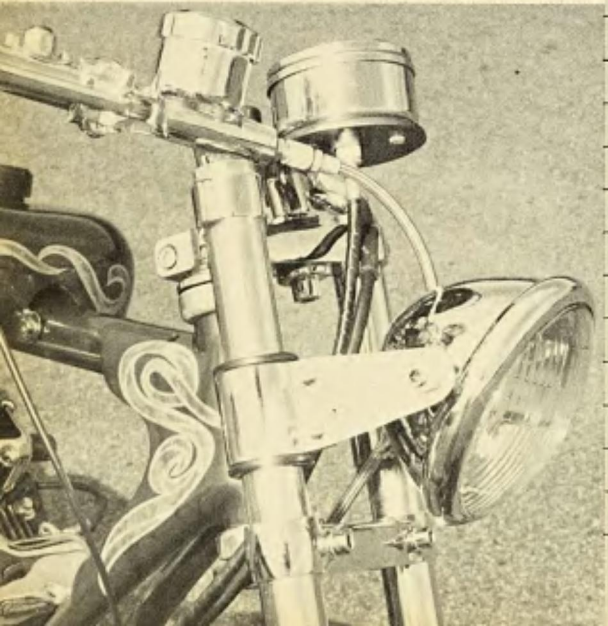
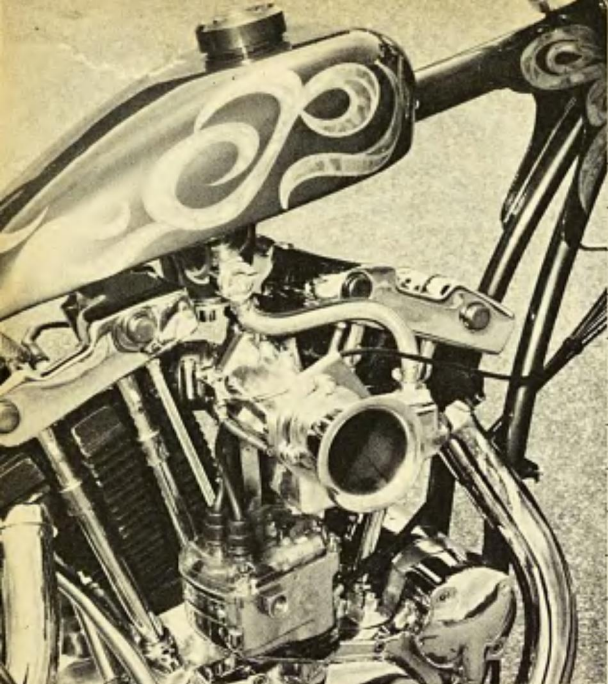






But don't ask us if Wayne's managed to bust the sound barrier on land, yet, or melt every eardrum in Massachusetts, from Billerica to Braintree. We're just glad to have these photos safely wrapped around our exhaust pipes so we can split back to the coast for some serious partyin'. Can you believe, we've been straight for sixteen whole goddam hours? **Keerist**, the hardships we have to go through for our bros!





**Owner:** Wayne Burman

**City:** Brockton, Mass.

#### General

#### Frame

Fabrication by: owner-Cycle Fab.

Year: new construction

Year and make: 1968 H-D

Builder: Chapman Industries

Model: Sportster

Type: drag

Value: \$5,000

Rake: 7 degrees over stock

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 2 in.

Time: 5 months

Other alterations: rear struts, owner

Chroming by So. Shore Pltg., **Accessories**

#### Engine

Bars: Arlen Ness

Year: 1968

Risers: one-piece with bars

Model: XLCH

Fender(s): fiberglass, Arlen Ness

Rebuilder: owner & J. Thompson

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: Lucas

Displacement: 80 cu. in.

Speedo: H-D tach

Lower end: S&S 4 1/2 flywheels

Front pegs: shortened Sportster

Balancing: Lindskog, Bedford

Rear pegs:

Pistons: Dyttch, 3 3/8-in. bore

Electrics: Skimpy

Cases: polish by So. Shore Pltg.

Gas tank: 1 gal. Sporty, Cycle Fab.

Heads: Branch Flowmetrics

Oil tank: early Sportster

Cam: Sifton minus-minus

Oil system: armored lines—Ness

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: Magnuson Products

Carb(s): S&S 1 7/8 in.

Seat: Arlen Ness

Air cleaner: velocity stack

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: straights

Height:

Muffler(s):

Material:

#### Transmission

#### Forks

Modifications: shaved gears

Type: Sportster glide

Year: 1968

Extension: cut down 2 in.

Shifting: B.C. Choppers lever

Builder: owner

Engine sprocket: stock

Special features: steel top tree

Trans sprocket: 22 T

#### Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51 T

#### Front

#### Rear

#### Painting

Size: 18 in.

Size: 15 in.

Molding: D. Perewitz, Cycle Fab

Hub: late H-D

Hub: Sportster

Painter: Cycle Fab., Brockton

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 4 in.

Color: candy red

Tire: Avon 3.00

Tire: Gdyl. rad.

Type: straight lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: H-D drum

Special paint: gold leaf by John Hartnett, Norwood

Other special modifications: all parts modified for socket head bolts, cam and sprocket cover cut down, swing arm lengthened 3 in., disc drilled





"TODAY DOG, YOU ARE GONNA LEARN NOT TO SHIT ON THE FLOOR!"

HERE FELLA

"GOBBIE THIS UP AND GET IT ON!"

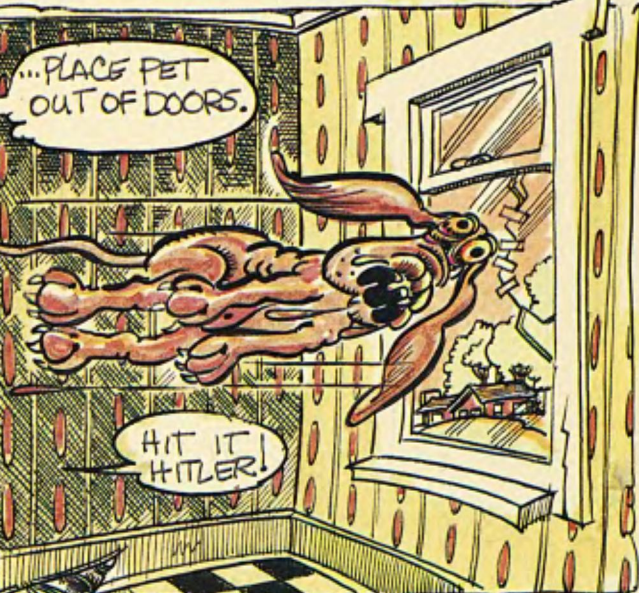
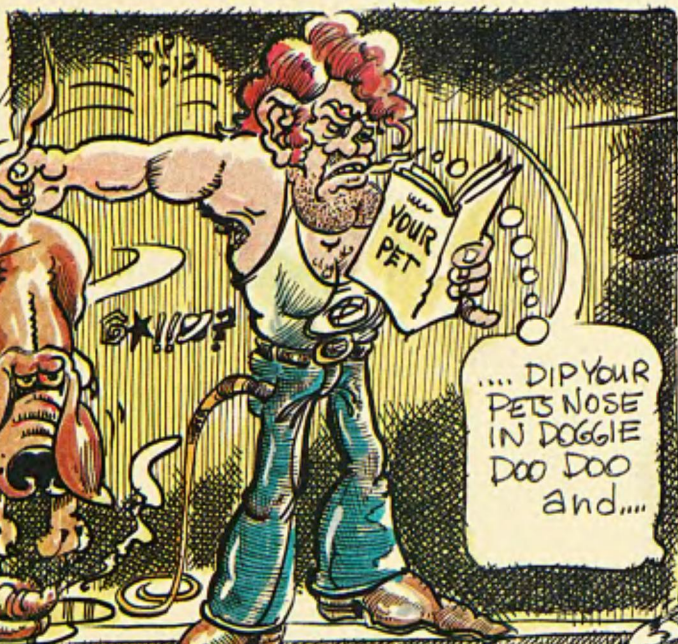
# Red Rider

BURP!

HUH!

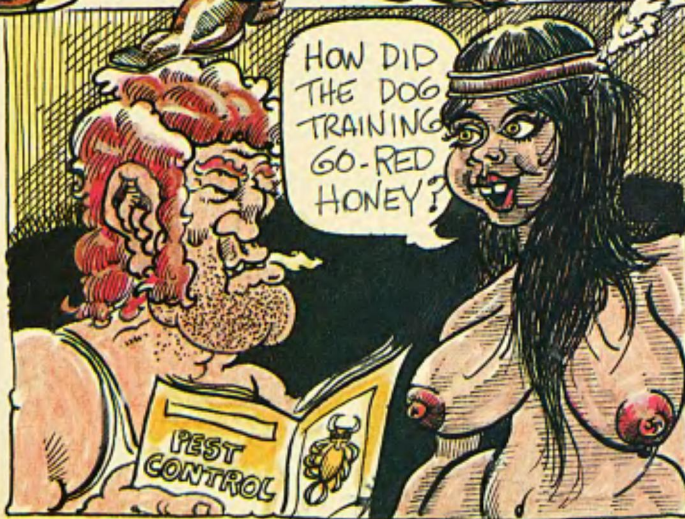
GRRR!

POOT!



...PLACE PET OUT OF DOORS.

HIT IT HITLER!



HOW DID THE DOG TRAINING GO-RED HONEY?



GREAT! NOW THE BASTARD SHITS ON THE FLOOR, JAMS HIS NOSE IN IT, AND LEAPS OUT THE WINDOW!

WOOF

ASP 76



"Do you, Michael Sander-son, aka James Sander-son, aka Michael Bennett, aka Randy Ross, aka Driveshaft Randy, aka Crazy Mike," the preacher asked, "take this mama, Barbara Waller, aka Barbara Sampson, aka Claretta Washington, aka Snaggletooth, aka Crazy Barbara, as your lawfully wedded whatizzit?"

"We do," the groom answered, when someone finally succeeded in waking him up.

"And do you, Barbara Waller, aka . . ." etc.

The angel dust I had just smoked left me in gumby land,

and I couldn't help laughing out loud at the preacher's face, as his nose, ears, and other features melted and drooped, blending into each other, but I finally managed to get out a choked "We will!"

"I now pronounce you crazy—uh—wed," he announced. "You may kiss the bride."

"Wait a minnit," I interrupted. "What about the part if anybody objects, and holding their piece forever, an' all that shit?"

"Shut up an' gimme a kiss," my new husband commanded, finally awake.

"All right, I was just kiddin'."

I quickly assured him, holding him up and planting a big kiss on his hairy face. Our friends cheered their approval and began pouring beer over our heads (fuck a bunch of rice), and the wedding party was underway.

There were three and a half kegs of beer, and just about everybody had brought a fifth of Jack Daniel's, a bottle of Thunderbird, or a lid of pot as a wedding gift. My blood brother came dressed in a rented tuxedo. He stood out a little. The next-best-dressed dude was Crazy Mike, who had donned clean socks and T-shirt for the occasion. My brother was getting some suspicious looks until I took him by the hand and introduced him all around. Someone put a bottle of wine in his hand, and he soon got into the spirit of things, explaining to one patch-holder present that he had once owned a Honda 450cc. Well, every family has one, don't they? The combination of the wine, sun, and morning indulgence — to which he was unaccustomed — soon got to him, and he curled up under the nearest tree.

Woody chose to hip him to a long-established custom of ours, a sort of unwritten law of our parties. It states, in essence: If you snooze, you lose! He set my brother's pants on fire. I noticed what was happening, and begged Mooch, Mike's best friend, to do something. He grabbed a quart of beer, good ol' Mooch, and went to where my

brother lay smoking.

"Hey, man," he yelled, kicking him. "You're on fire!"

Just as my brother's eyes opened and he became conscious and coherent enough to realize what was going on, Mooch poured the beer on his head. Good ol' Mooch! My brother groaned, gagged and coughed, but got up and stayed awake for the duration of the reception.

I noticed my bridesmaids, huddled together, listening intently to my closest partner, Pam. She had an instigating gleam in her eye, and before I could make my way over to find out what was going on, I felt a large, hairy arm around my waist, and my feet left the ground. It was Wizard.

Wizard is a mild-mannered, good-natured dude, and a good thing, too. You see, he stands about six feet four inches tall, and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. He doesn't kick his pan-head to start it, he just stands there and sort of pedals it away from the curb. I once thought that it meant that it had low compression, and offered to start it for him, but it was all I could do, using all my weight, to kick it through just once.

"Do I get to kiss the bride?" he asked, a big grin on his hairy face.

"Sure," I told him, enthusiastically.

"John Wolf, and Dave, too?" he asked, the grin getting bigger and slyer.

"Of course!" I quacked.

"Crazy Joe and Mexican Bob and Lenny . . . ?"

"Yeah, everybody," I quacked, louder. My feet were still off the ground. I guess the altitude was affecting my head. I didn't even question him as he carried me into the house, with all the bros following, but I looked around and saw all of the bridesmaids leading Mike into the other bedroom of our two-bedroom house. They must've got him drunk.

Before you could say, "Love, Honor and Obey," my wedding dress was off, and my brothers were on. What the hell, lots of people kiss the bride. Only bikers would have the originality to turn her out, not to mention the groom getting his, too. We could be starting a new tradition.

A week after our income tax was filed, we sent out invitations for our divorce party, as we had planned. I sure am glad that income tax time comes only once a year. You need some time to recuperate, after a reception like that.

I figured I'd need about a year to figure out my next guest list, since there are a few good brothers who were neglected for this party. And with all of the brothers available, I'll have enough bridegrooms to last me for a lot of years to come. They can even bring their ol' ladies, if they want to.

# Biker Wedding

By Crazy Barbara





## Rap Sheet

### Legal news in everyday language

By John Warren Giles

Is sexual intercourse a "spectator sport?" While not answering this question, the U. S. Court of Appeals has decided that sexual intercourse in the presence of third parties waives any right of privacy which the married couple may have theoretically enjoyed. The husband and wife here were serving a prison term in Virginia for a violation of the sodomy statute and they sought habeas corpus relief. From time to time the couple had placed advertisements in a magazine, **Swinger's Life**, in which they sought contact with others interested in exotic sexual experiences. A man answered the advertisement, and the three met together in the couple's home. The three engaged in sexual activity in the couple's bedroom, during which time the wife performed fellatio upon both her husband and the other man. Polaroid pictures were made of this activity, and the daughters of the wife by a former marriage, aged 13 and 11, testified that they

were present in the bedroom at the time, described what they saw, testified that they took the pictures, sometimes with the aid of a time delay device.

The court said that marital intimacies shared by spouses when alone and in their bedroom are within their protected right of privacy. Once a married couple admits strangers as on-lookers to their marital intimacies, the federal protection of privacy dissolves, and it matters not whether the audience is composed of one, fifty, or a hundred people, or whether the on-lookers pay for their titillation. The couple here has welcomed the stranger to the marital bedchamber, and what they do then is no longer in the privacy of their marriage, and is within the scope of state regulation by means of a sodomy statute.

The dissenting opinion insisted that the majority opinion was unsupported by any authority or by reason. While the couple may have been guilty of lewd and lascivious conduct in the presence of another person, and also of indecent exposure, they should be protected, by the right to be let alone, from a conviction of violating the Virginia crime-against-nature statute with each other. The state has no power to make criminal any consensual physical contact

between husband and wife. 539 Fed. 2nd 349 (1976.)

Not every time that you unexpectedly hit a hole in the road which throws you off your bike and possibly into a hospital can you expect to collect your damages from the Department of Highways. Very recently, in Louisiana, a fifteen-year-old boy was driving his motorcycle at 50 miles per hour when he suddenly hit a hole in the road and sustained injuries. The offending hole was two and one-half feet wide, four feet long and two to three inches deep. The court in denying the rider any damages, held that the rider could have observed the hole when he reached a point within 60 feet of it. The rider was guilty of negligence in not maintaining a proper lookout.

The case is an excellent warning on the importance of keeping a proper lookout. The State Department of Highways is not responsible for every accident which occurs on state highways. It is not a guarantor of the safety of travelers thereon, nor an insurer against all injury or damage which may result from defects in the roadway. The duty of the Department of Highways is only to see that the state highways are reasonably safe for persons exercising ordinary care and reasonable prudence. The department

is liable for damages only when it is shown (1) that the hazardous condition complained of was patently or obviously dangerous to a reasonably careful and ordinarily prudent driver and, (2) that the department had notice, either actual or constructive, of the existence of the defect and failed within a reasonable time to correct it.

A motorcyclist whose attention has not been called to an obstruction or peril in the highway, ordinarily has the right to presume that the roadway is reasonably safe for ordinary driving. The driver of a motorcycle is under a never-ceasing duty to maintain a proper lookout, and to see what he reasonably should have seen. His failure to see that which he should have seen constitutes negligence. He is required to maintain such control over the speed and operation of his vehicle as to permit him to stop within the range of his legal and proper lookout. There are exceptions to this rule, but those exceptions apply only in situations where the accident occurs suddenly and without warning, or where it results from a dangerous condition, in the nature of a trap, which could not be detected by a driver who is maintaining a proper lookout and proper control over his vehicle. 328 So. 2nd 389 (1976). ■

## This Bullshit is Past

Also, on account of that brief era, the citizens, the government—you name it—got dead in our shit and stayed there. We were the bandits of our time and had to pay the consequences. So we've been workin' to keep it together just to survive ever since. If we didn't stand together against the establishment, sooner or later they'd pass a law so we couldn't lean into turns 'cause



we might slip and fall down.

My bros and I agreed that if we were to go to war with another club nowadays, we'd find ourselves battling The Man for as long as it took for them to make our patch extinct. We were sure as hell not going to run their badge out of town—no way. And we would, no doubt, lose most of our bros to the slammers. All we had to do was to look at the possible consequences of the situation. The Man had always had it over any club in warfare devices, intelligence-gathering capabilities and manpower. We might have made a dent in their roster, but it boils down to a fight where we might have gotten a sandwich, while they were for damn sure going to get the full-course meal. And it seemed that they were always more eager and chesty than any bike club we ever stumbled into. They could be as insane as if they were on reds. And once the heat began breathin' down on the bikers in an area, nobody got to ride. Then even the area loners got an attitude against the clubs. Harassment became unreal. And what was a war without people

gettin' hurt? The final bummer.

Okay, so it sounds as though I've been snivelin', preachin', whatever. But I've got to admit that it sure has been beautiful lately to leave a meeting on a Friday night and putt with the entire chapter to a bar or to a party—with nobody windin' up in the joint or the hospital. And the next morning, after the ol' ladies fix us breakfast, to be able to all split out to the hills for a little target practice, putt around the mountains for a spell, then head to a brother's pad for a feast, a turn-out, or whatever for the rest of the night. Sundays are usually spent workin' on bikes or whatever trip a member happens to be on. And Sunday night can be spent at a rock or country concert—or simply having a good time with our bros.

That's the way it should be. No hassles, no heat, and no heavy-business bullshit. There are too many good things happening, too many chicks out there, for us to spend our time beating on other bikers or vice versa. And it sure as hell is too good a lifestyle to lose.

—A patch-holder



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The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

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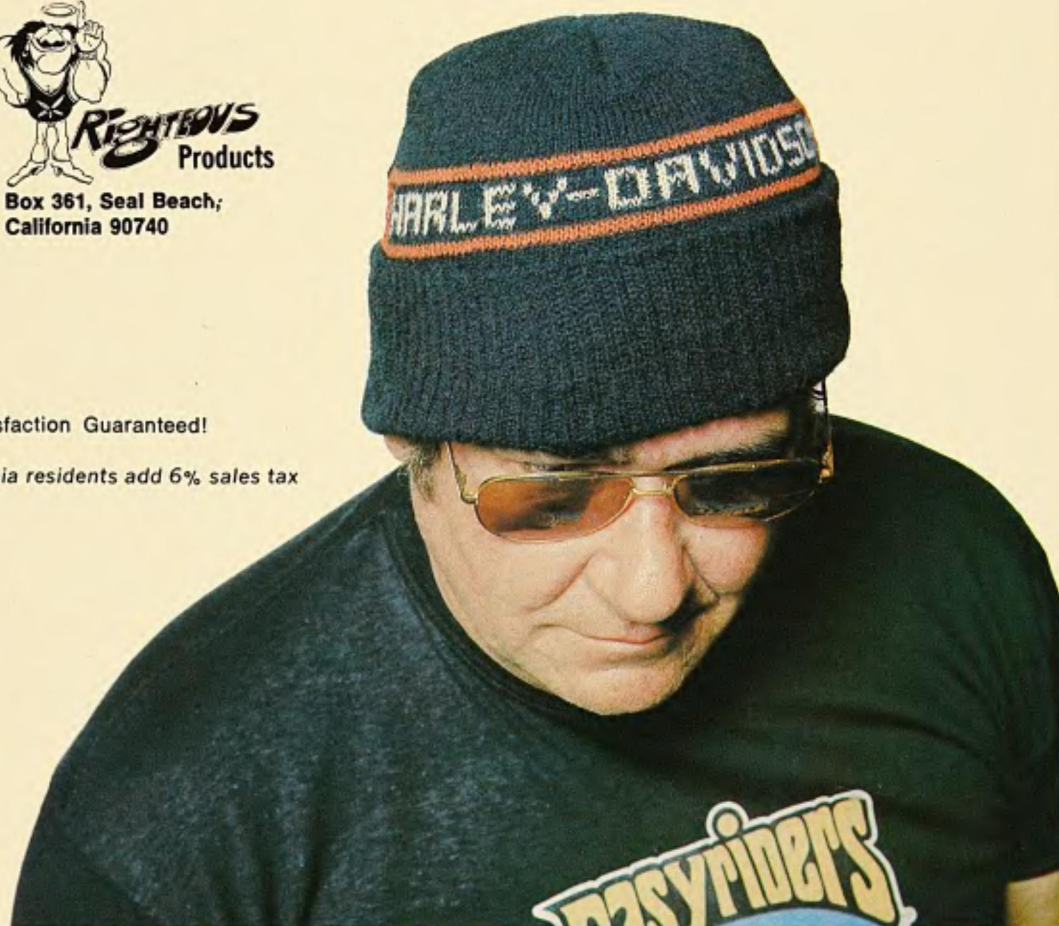
Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

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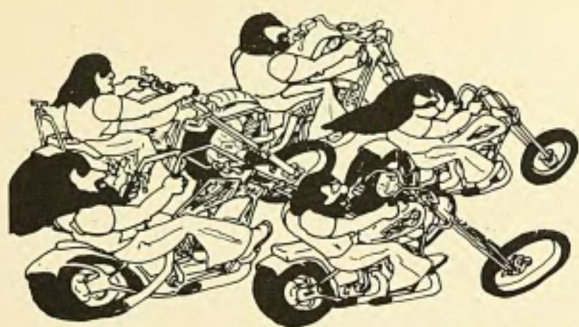


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## *In the Wind* **In Europe**

**A**mericans, you may be surprised to learn, are not the only dudes who get in the wind. The accompanying photos were submitted by club members and loners from Great Britain and Germany, where there are, on an average, two runs a month, with massive annual runs that would cause any Yankee biker to freak out. During the summer months, bikers from Sweden and Norway travel south, to attend runs in Holland and Germany. German riders make it both north and south, some of the runs ending up in Morocco, their bikes being carried over the water on car ferries. As you can see, the partying is on a par with that of the Americans, and, if you can scrape up the bread to haul you and your bike to Europe—which many American riders do—you'll find some great companions.

Oddly, the laws in Europe are fairly lax, so little interference is encountered. There are few—or no—speed laws in Germany on the autobahns, so you can let it all hang out. Recently, an eighty-year-old mama and her seventy-five-year-old ol' man were stopped for speeding in Frankfurt. In dismounting, the ol' lady's teeth fell out, and a passing moped crunched them. No citation was issued, although the cop reprimanded the chick for gettin' it on at her age.

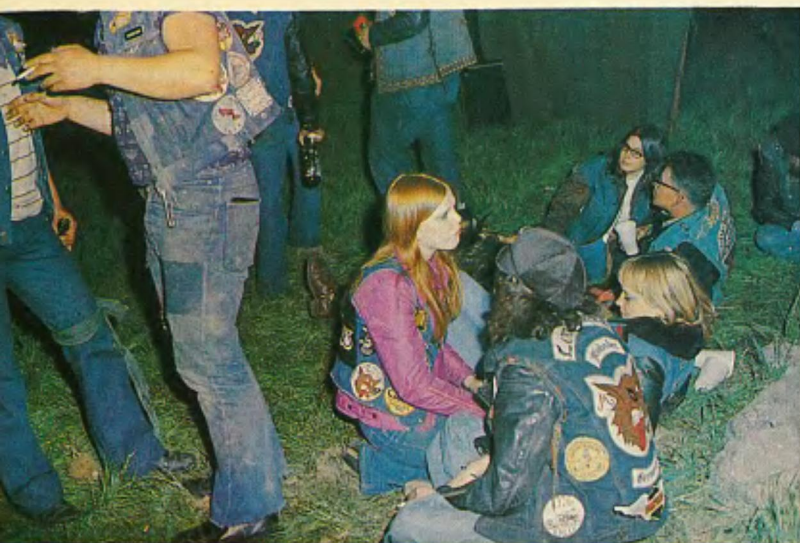
All over England and Europe, the legal age is sixteen, so anyone can drink or raise hell, and there are plenty of tender little honeys to putt with, without the fear of "contributing" arrests that Americans have. The booze is







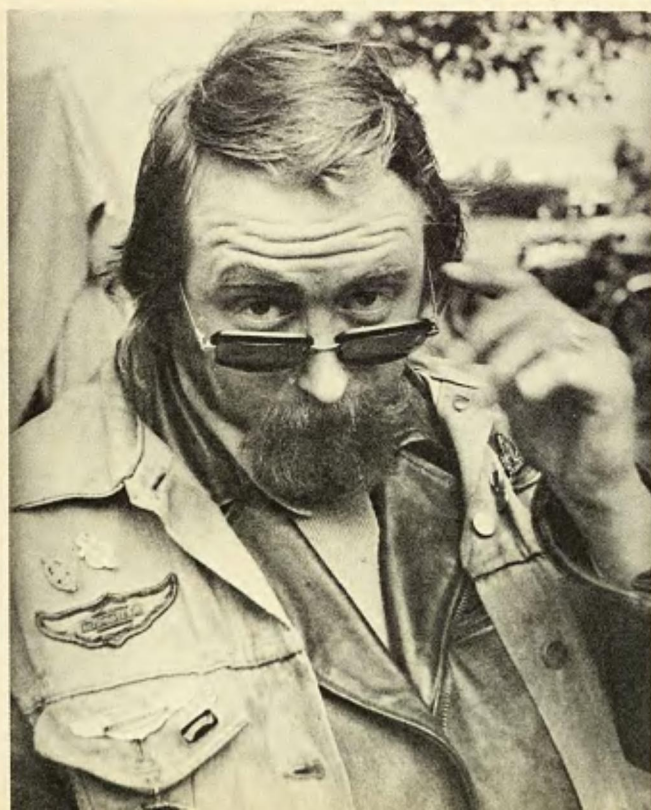




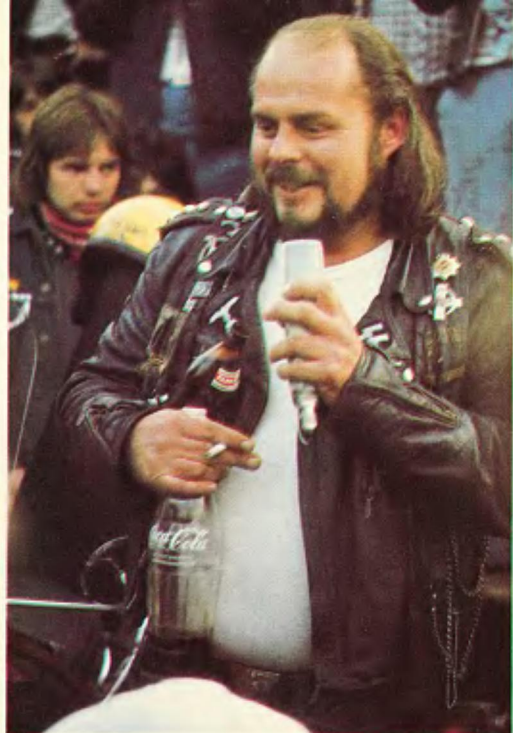
good, plentiful and inexpensive, and some of the best hash in the world is available, especially in Amsterdam.

Example: This correspondent was in Europe, last year. In Norway, I rode north, out of Oslo, and passed not a single car on the highway. In Stockholm, Sweden, I talked to some chopper riders who assured me that as long as one rode fast, the cops wouldn't give chase for fear of crashing. And it is no secret that the greatest macho symbol a man can own in Italy is a Harley-Davidson. Riding a Hog there has only one hazard. So many broads chase the rider down the street, tryin' to get at his bod, that **he's** in danger of gettin' raped. Camping beside the road is permitted, and there are forests and other scenic spots of great beauty, "far from the madding crowd." Have a look.













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# ANTIQUE BAR-HOPPER

**W**ilburn Roach, the crazy dude who owns this bar-hoppin' blaster of an antique, is some kind of an antique nut himself, but that's not what this dribble of short jargon is about. He's been straddlin' two, and three, wheeled bikes for about twenty-five years, and it's a wonder that he's still alive.

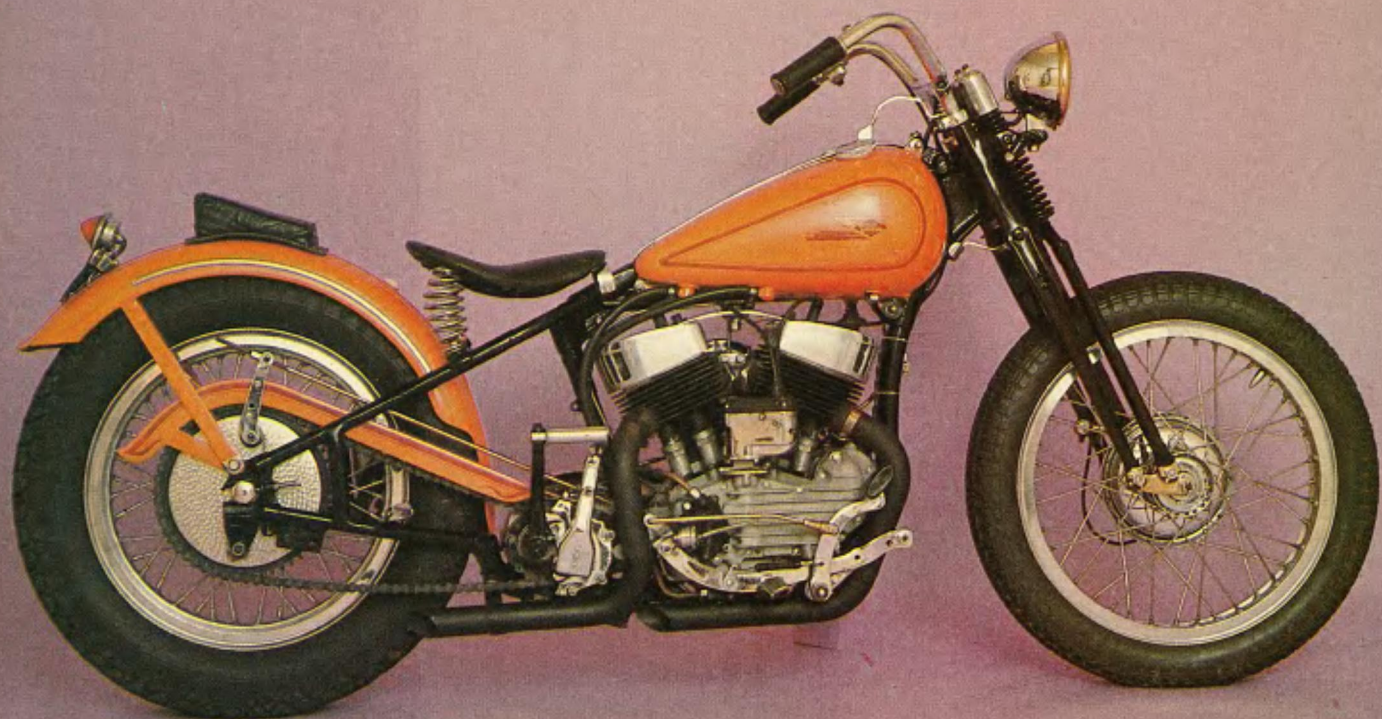
He's one of those guys who doesn't know what it is to slow down. Drinkin', smokin', drivin', or whatever, this fast-burnin' Roach just won't drag his feet—but the guy has luck. He's been down a dozen or so fiery times, and always walked away.

He tried to split lanes on a trike once. At the last second, he spotted his error in perception and quickly attempted to veer around the two rollin' smog devices. The trike moved—as trikes do—like a Caddy with a flat. It rolled over and skidded for several hundred feet. After almost causing a forty-car pile-up, right on top of his ass, he walked away.

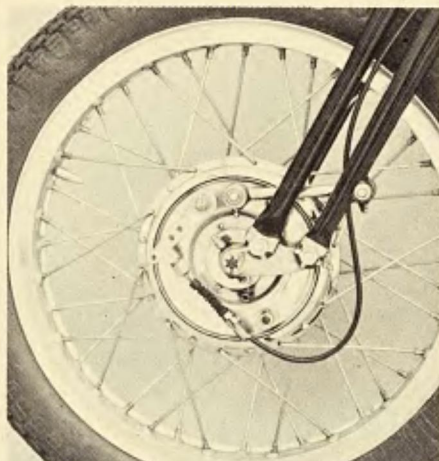
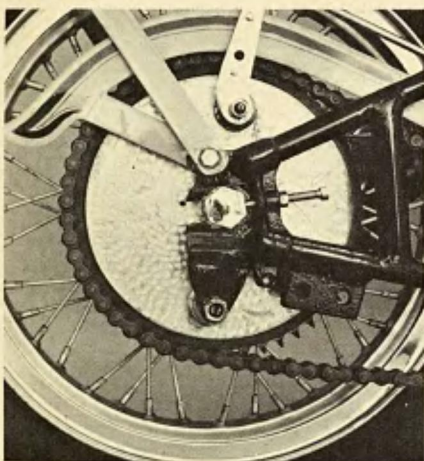
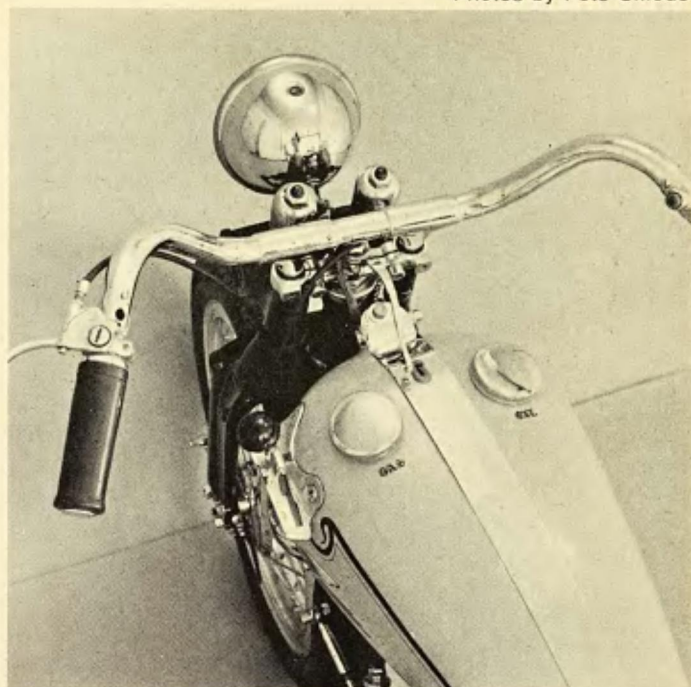
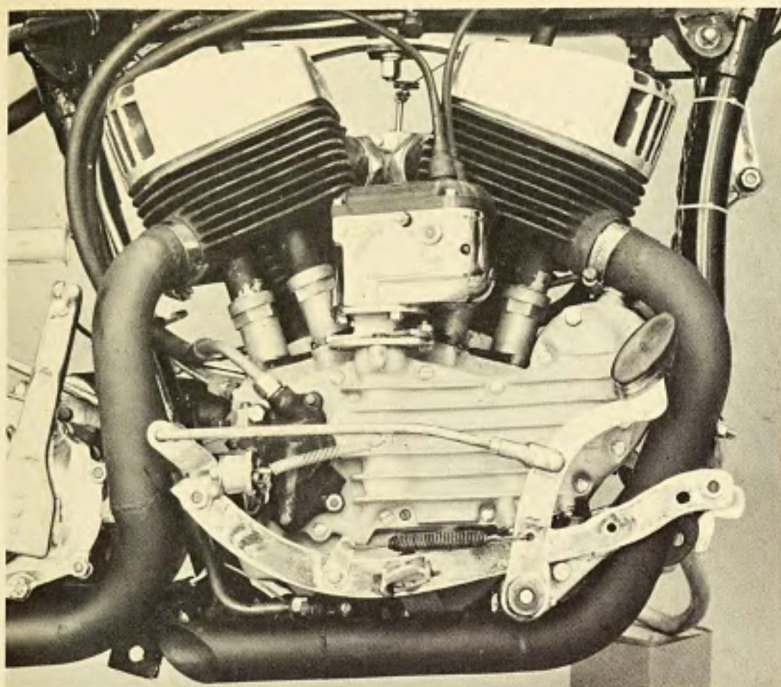
Another time, he was twistin' the wick down a new freeway, doin' around a hundred. Everything was fine, except that it was rainin', and, since there was no traffic, he had all the slippery wetness to himself. While he was crankin' his pan to the stops, the rain fucked up his vision, so he missed seein' a very important part of the scenery. About the time the bike began to hydroplane in the rain water, he whizzed past a sign that read, *Freeway Ends—Exit Right*. Blasting along in the left lane, Wilburn split a road block in half, and, lifting off the end of the freeway overpass, he went airborne.

Now, let's stop and contemplate ol' Roach's chance of survival while soloing on a wingless, iron airplane. He was somewhere around the center of just another asphalt jungle. The freeway drop-off was surrounded mostly by









decrepit buildings. A few were wood. Most were brick and concrete block. Some were torn down—or partially destroyed—for the completion of the expressway, and there were no—I repeat, no—swimming pools, lakes, parks, trees—or anything soft—within a ten-mile radius. Okay now, place your bets. In my estimation, the freeway flyer coulda been buried in a tuna fish can after that super, man-style episode, but no such luck.

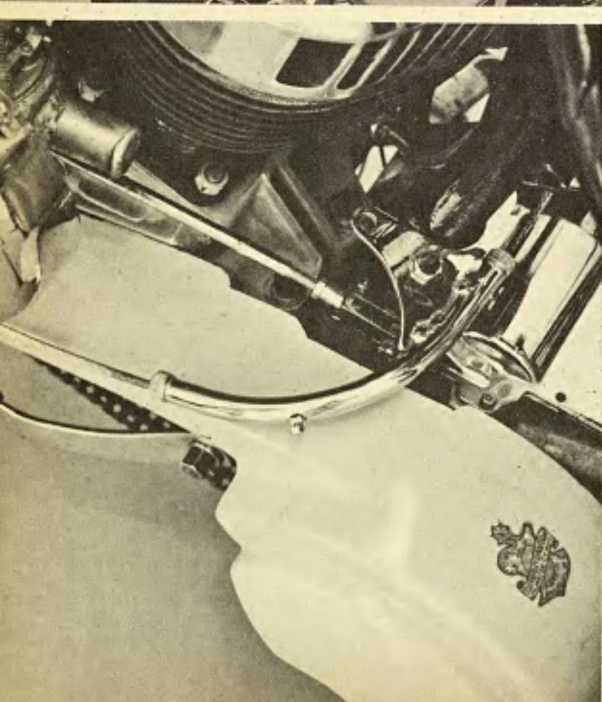
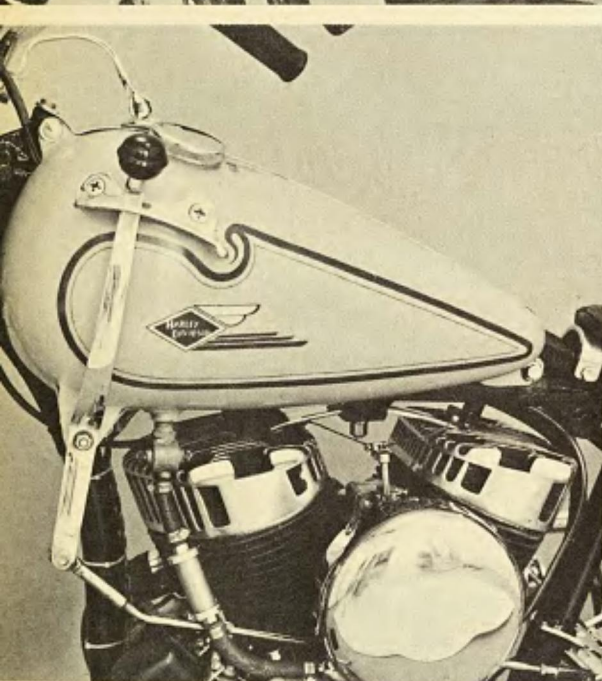
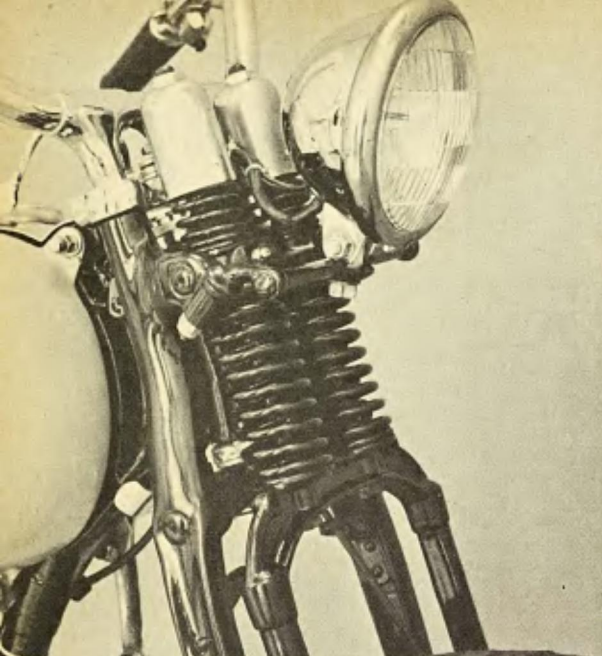
All right, I'll end the teeth-bitin' suspense, an' start out by ramblin', "Would you believe . . .", but I know you won't. One of the buildings that had been torn down left a vacant lot, fenced in by stone buildings. The rain had formed a swamp in the small patch, so, in a smashing, belly-flop splash, Roach and his terrified panhead struck bottom, in the thick mud. He wasn't hurt. He was dirty, but uninjured. His pan? Well, he rode it home the next morning, after he spent the night in a condemned whorehouse across the street, warming his bod against a few of the employees.

Now, this story may appear to be just a bit far-fetched, and it would have been, if a writer of less integrity had received this information second hand. This one didn't, an' has the scars to prove it.

—Wilburn Roach

—Continued on next page





**Owner:** Wilburn Roach

**City:** The Knolls, Calif.

### General

### Frame

Fabrication by: Williams Bros.

Year: 1942

Year and make: 1942 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: 45

Type: flat-track

Value: \$3,200

Rake: stock

Assembly by Eric Williams

Stretch: none

Time: years

Other alterations:

Chroming by: who knows?

### Accessories

### Engine

Bars: fabricated

Year: 1942

Risers: none

Model: 45

Fender(s): Bates

Rebuilder: Mike Williams

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: K model

Displacement: 45 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: half-mile WR

Front pegs: accessory

Balancing: Hank the Crank

Rear pegs: accessory

Pistons: H-D

Electrics: 2-br. generator

Cases: 45

Gas tank: WR

Heads: KR

Oil tank: WR

Cam: KR racing

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solid

Primary cover: modified H-D

Carb(s): BombSight Linkert M-4

Seat: Bates

Air cleaner: H-D

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: Bates

Height:

Muffler(s): none

Material:

### Transmission

### Forks

Modifications:

Type: RL

Year: 1942

Extension: none

Shifting: tank

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: teeth missing

Special features:

Trans sprocket: wore out

### Wheels

Wheel sprocket: round

### Front

### Rear

### Painting

Size: 19

Size: 19

Molding: none

Hub: stock

Hub: stock

Painter: Williams Brothers

Rim width: 3 in.

Rim width: 4 in.

Color: orange

Tire: 3.50

Tire: 4.50

Type: enamel

Brake: stock

Brake: stock

Special paint: striping by a chick



## Express Yourself!

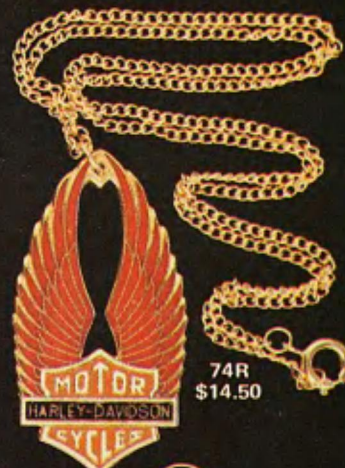
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# Warm Garage

or the ol' lady turns a wrench





Photos by Don Gerhardt



**G**ot dizzy drunk last week and made one helluva mistake. I actually told my ol' lady that she could work on my pan. She was runnin' her nose at me about stayin' locked down in the garage, workin' on my tin can through too many horny spells. I bought her sweetness a cordless vibrator to shut her trap, but she smoked the batteries and took up snivelin' again.

So in a fit of unthinkin' inebriation I told her to maintain the bike while I kick back. Okay, so the other night after a bowl of somethin' that I think smoked my head instead of vice versa, I got a lustful attitude that would've worn out ol' Mutha. I called for the ol' lady and got no response. So I went lookin' for her. She wasn't to be found in the house, but I could hear somethin' movin'. Following the metal against metal noises, I found mama wrenchin' on my pan. I told her as neatly as I could that I had to have a little or I'd fuck the dog. But the bitch just shined me on. "When I get done adjustin' the valves, buddy."

—Continued on next page





**B**ananas I tell you. I was losin' my nut—I mean goin' nuts. Then she had a brain storm and started to yank off her threads. Here I was about to bust my britches—and my ol' lady decided to ball the bike. I tried like hell to maintain my composure, what there was left of it. 'Cause I knew this was a payback as she wiggled down against the seat. And moanin' just slightly she murmured, "What comes around, goes around."

The bike was gettin' her as hot as the putt could get after a ride through the Mojave. But she was beginnin' to long for the real thing between her nasty thighs. And before long she pulled away from her chrome steel phallic symbol and with a leering look began to drag my ass toward the bedroom. I was as ready as a dog in heat but I couldn't let her win the entire battle. "Aren't you gonna finish adjusting the valves, momma?"

—Snake



# Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

## Aries (March 21—April 20)

Seems like you're still on the rag a taste. (What flavor is it?) There ya go, cryin' over spilled jizz again. Right now ya may have to swallow it (your pride, that is) or grin and bear it. If ya do, the rewards will tickle the pubics on your pooper. Besides your usual tootin' you'll have the horny honks all month.

## Taurus (April 21—May 20)

Looks like you're out throwin' the bull around, an' pointin' your pull-toy at everything that moves. Don't be so busy stirrin' up a stink that ya let things slide until it's too late. Otherwise, ya could be left holdin' the bag that contains your own goodies. Watch out who ya eat—I mean, what ya eat—unless ya have a super-duper pooper-scooper to clean up the mess.

## Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Until pussy comes in packages marked **Large**, **Medium**, and **Mini-meat**, you'll have to put up with the rest of the crap that comes with it. This month is no exception, even for you silver-tongued devils. You might have to put up with some grouchin' an' gripin' to get the gruntin' an' groanin', or else put your dick in her mouth.

## Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Sorry, but the only support you'll get now will be from your orthopedic underwear. Even your partners are shinin' ya on. Maybe it's your sense of humor—like hangin' your hockers on your bro's handlebars. Lighten up awhile, 'cause payback can be a mother-fucker. Instead, use your fantastic imagination for something constructive on your scooter.

## Leo (July 22—August 21)

You're so generous that ya haven't got a stingy bone in your body, especially when you're wasted. Sometimes ya get so fucked up ya'll give everything away, except your scooter an'

your ol' lady. This month, someone could return the favor with some real neat goodies. Slow down for those curves, before ya tear off the seat of your pants an' lose your family jewels.

## Virgo (August 22—September 21)

You could feel like your patience is as worn out as a hooker's douche bag. By the end of the month, you're ready to go off on the first shit-lips who crosses you wrong. Before ya pound somebody's pud into the ground, be sure he's the right one. See more of the bros that tickle your funny bone, instead of tryin' to break it.



## Libra (September 22—October 22)

After havin' your balls in an uproar for some time, things seem to have mellowed out now. Ya might even decide to pick up an' get the hell away for a while. Just watch out where you're layin' an' playin', or ya could develop somethin' that will take more than a plop-plop, fizz-fizz to get rid of. Relax and enjoy, next month, 'cause it'll be another ball-buster.

## Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

There's some magic in your life, now. It's the old

"disappearing money trick." Until the middle of the month, it's a little shaky, then you'll come up with a mind-bogglin' idea that will perk up your parts that count. Maybe now ya can get those parts for your scooter, then help yourself to some token' an' pokin'.

## Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

You could be bitin' off more than you can chew, an' it's not even pussy. If you're overworked and underpaid, it's time to shock the shit out of your tightwad boss. Tell 'im ya need a raise, 'cause your grandmother needs an abortion, an' your dog has hemorrhoids. Don't worry, he won't can your ass 'cause you're too valuable.

## Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

It's time to start makin' some changes around home base. You've been so rattled lately, it's hard to tell which end is up. You can't tell if you're whistlin', or tryin' to take a shit. Maybe ya just need to change your medication from high to low for a while. Do it, before ya lose your puttin' power.

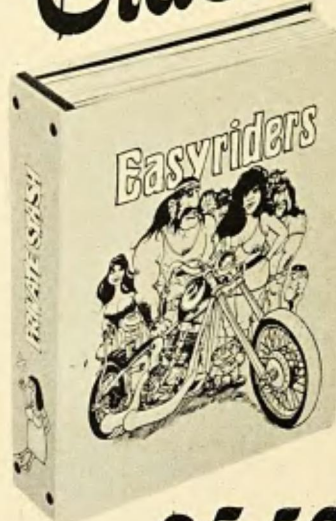
## Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

Ya have a unique way of doin' things, even if it's just puttin' a boot to your ol' lady's butt. Right now, ya tend to outdo yourself, with more than one unusual scheme. Ya might decide to bed down for a weekend, with two or three honeys, an' bang yourself silly. Just be sure your ol' lady doesn't read this horoscope, or pass on the ass.

## Pisces (February 19—March 20)

You should pole-vault through this period like the leader at a gang-bang. All the sweatthogs around are tryin' to ride on your horse-cock. Go ahead an' gallop your gonads into a set of saddle-sores. You can always find someone to baby your balls. Maybe even lick your wounds for ya. ■

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# DOWN-TIME ENTERTAINMENT

BY ZOM

## SOUNDS



**THE BEST OF LINDA RONSTADT:** I once lost an ol' lady because of Linda Ronstadt, and I still don't get why. All I said was that I sure wished I had an ounce of good coke and that Linda Ronstadt felt the same way about me that she (my ol' lady, soon to be my ex-ol' lady) did. Do you spose it was something I said?

Whatever, this is a collection of the best of the lady who's probably caused more diamond cutters than anyone who ever walked out on a stage (half-hearted blue-velvins over some whimpering flake like Olivia Newton-John don't count). One of my fondest memories is a sweltering summer night when she walked on stage at the Troubadour in Hollywood, dressed in cut off levis and not much else. She took a look, sized up our ass, figured she could make herself at home and said "fuck, it's hot."

Hot isn't the word for what this chick can do with a microphone. She's been at it ever since she sang lead for the Stone Poneys, but in the last three years her voice has become even better because she's stopped shoving it around in her throat and you can understand what she's saying.

Included in this package are some fragile ballads and plenty of badass. High spots are "Desperado," "Heat Wave," "That'll Be The Day," and my present ol' lady's favorite lament, "You're No Good."



**HOTEL CALIFORNIA/THE EAGLES:** I've always dug the Eagles and I've heard about it, too, from fuckers who've tried to pass them off as lightweight. They aren't. They're good solid rock and

roll performers, excellent song-writers, and their harmonies are second to none except maybe the Grateful Dead when everyone's cooking and on key.

If anything, this Eagles album is even better than usual, possibly thanks to the addition of a new guitarist whose name you gotta remember from somewhere. He's Joe Walsh, veteran of several solo attempts at success, and member of a band or two or ten, including the James Gang. Although there's a definite Spanish flavor on the first two numbers, including the title song (a very pleasant weirdy) this album is more in a rock and roll direction with the country-western influence not so strongly heard.

There's no "Lyn' Eyes" on this album (to me, the best piece of writing to ever explain the crawly-shits a healthy mama must get when she's hooked up with some cold-fingered old dude), but nobody's perfect.

If you dug the Eagles' "Desperado" concept album, you'll be happy to hear that a movie's being made from it. If you hate the Eagles, you'll be happy to hear they aren't in it.



**HEJIRA/JONI MITCHELL:** Let me bore you with a little story. One afternoon I'm skulking along in one of those huge parking structures along the Sunset Strip area, not feeling cool. I'm on the way to my doc's because I'm shaking like shit and nursing a hangover, too, and all of a sudden I see something that about flattens me out against a wall in stark terror. I got a look at Joni Mitchell.

Now, when this broad tries, she can do two things pretty well. Write songs and look human. Apparently, she's abandoned both projects. This album is another rambling bunch of drivel that I defy any other singer to try to perform. They couldn't do it. The sensationally overrated Miss Mitchell's songs no longer have tunes. They just sort of waft

as she chases them about with her cuntly odd note signatures or whatever they're called.

This woman really makes me puke. Anyone who can write songs like she's written, with real words, real tunes, real meanings, etc. (as I recall, about her last good one was "Raised On Robbery") doesn't have to resort to this self-indulgent, slice-of-life goat dung that doesn't even resemble music. And, anyone who can look like she does in this picture, just by trying, has no right to scare the crap out of me in a dark garage.



**WEST VIRGINIA SUPERSTAR/TURLEY RICHARDS:**

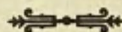
Does anybody else remember that back in the sixties the big thing to do after the bars closed in L.A. was bop over to Canters deli and rub elbows with Hell's Angels and rock stars? (This was referred to at the time by those who hung out there as "where the sweaty met".) Well, if maybe you were one of the ones there doing the rubbing, you might have noticed a young blind cat who used to be around the place a lot or just around Fairfax, period.

Today, he's come all the way through those changes and cut one of the more promising albums I've heard lately. Because of his performance on cuts like "Love Is On The Line," he's going to get the "male Janis Joplin" crud. There is a great similarity in their voices when he sings in this particular style, but his other vocal directions are pretty apparent to anyone who listens to the rest of the album.

It's dynamite, and his dues are already paid. He hustled his ass from coast to coast for years doing one-nighters wherever they'd let him play or sing or both.

Best of all, he has a four and one half octave range that'll knock 'em together for you. No, maybe there's something even better. He's the first blind singer to dare not to wear shades. ■

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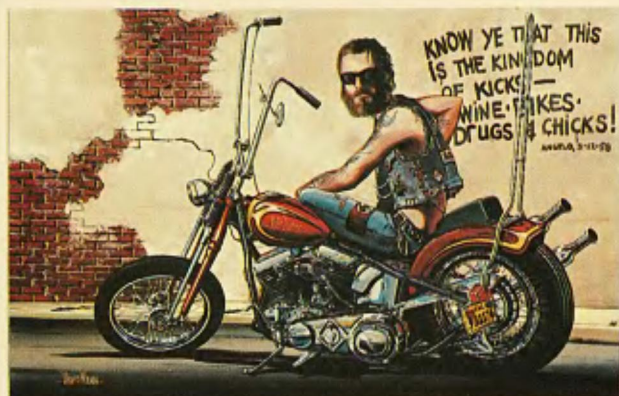
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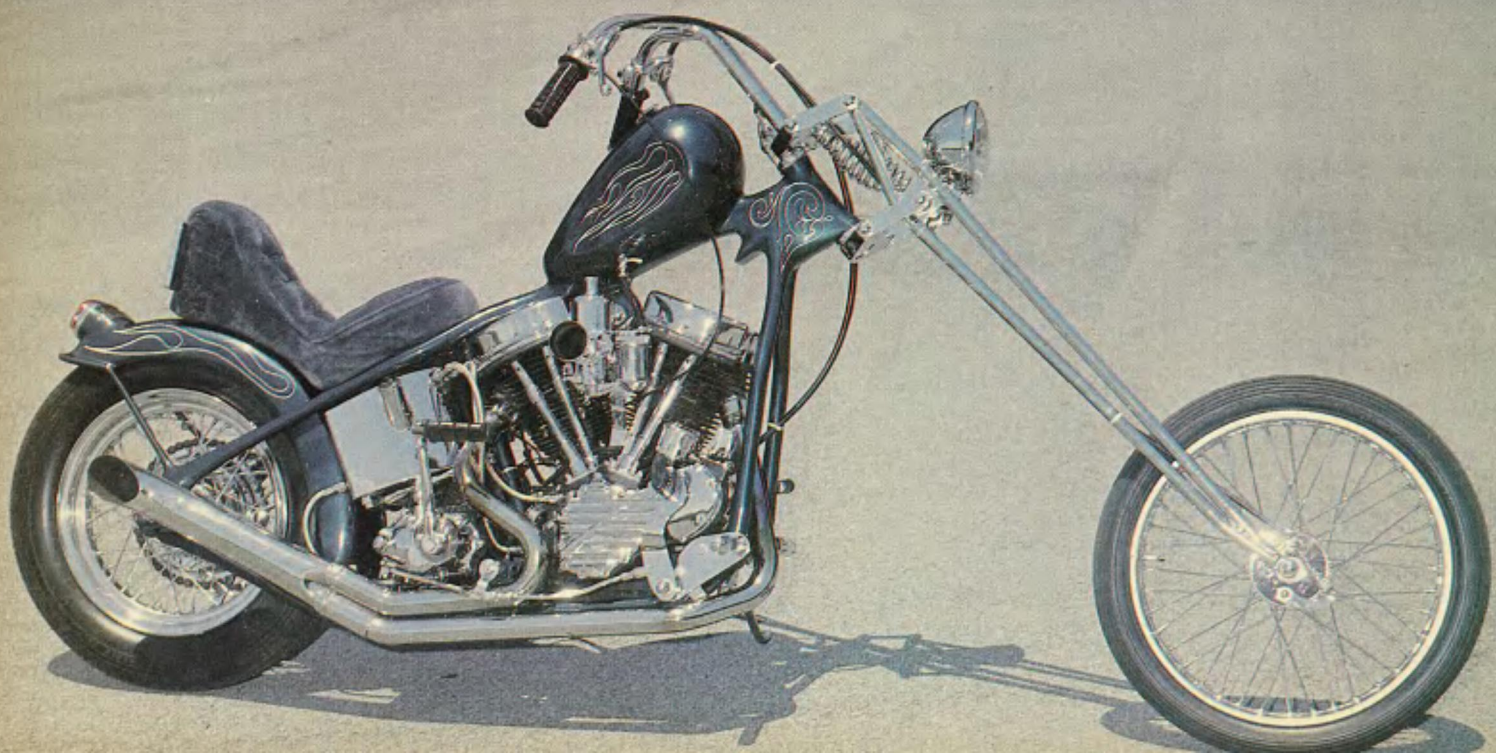


M-4 "One for the Road"



M-9 "Hollywood"









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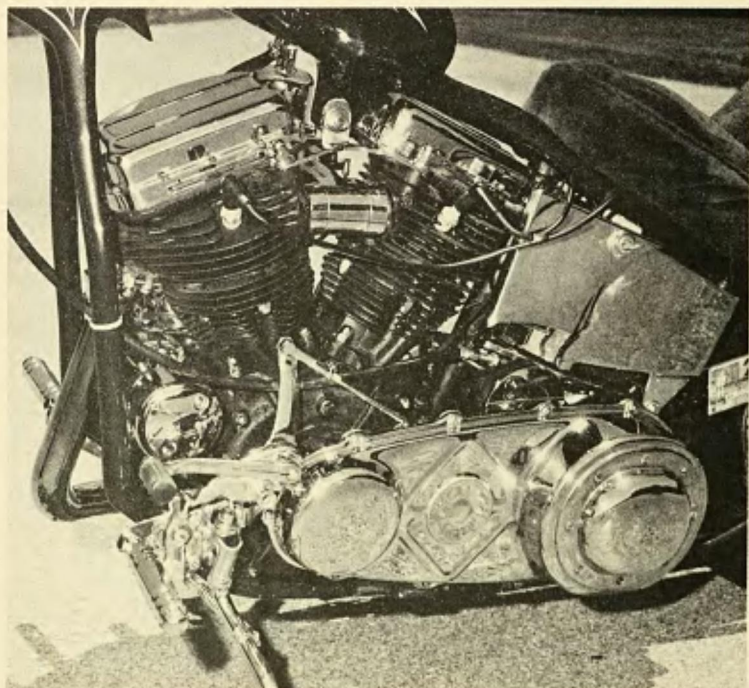
# MOUNDS

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**T**his may sound strange, but what the fuck. I look at these sweeties with the bikes, and they drive me nuts. Sometimes I kick my ass for not being able to flash back East, to be there when the bike was shot.

Well, keerist, take a look at this young lady. As soon as I pointed my wired eyes in the direction of the female-laden transparencies, my mellow mind started to buzz. There's somethin' about her—maybe it's those big blue eyes—that made me fall instantly in lust. I tore through the stack of cold prints of the warm lady as if I expected to find her luscious bod hidden between a couple of thick slides. I was actually lookin'—lustfully—for nude shots.

I gazed intently at the various poses, tryin' to figure out why she was drivin' me nuts, and then it hit me like a stiff nipple in the mouth. Since I'm—and most everybody else around here, except for







Spider, who's heavy into asses—a tit-man, it was her tits. It wasn't so much what we couldn't see, but what was concealin' those tongue-stiffenin' mounds. The top. That top, blouse, or whatever it's called, that was encumberin' her, was definitely givin' me an attitude. The damn thing just didn't belong, pushin' on her chest like that. If only I could have plucked the feeble string that was holdin' . . . Oh, fuck, this scribblin' is supposed to be a bike feature.

—Pervert





|                          |                                         |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| <b>Owner:</b> Dave James | <b>City:</b> Lebanon, Pa.               |
| <b>General</b>           | <b>Frame</b>                            |
| Fabrication by: owner    | Year: 1951                              |
| Year and make: 1951 H-D  | Builder: H-D                            |
| Model: FL                | Type: rigid-wishbone                    |
| Value: \$3,500           | Rake: 1/2 in.                           |
| Assembly by: owner       | Stretch: none                           |
| Time: 8 months           | Other alterations: lwr. top bar removed |

### Chroming by: Cycledelic Chop'rs **Accessories**

|                                |                                    |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <b>Engine</b>                  | Bars: pull backs                   |
| Year: 1951                     | Risers:                            |
| Model: Panhead                 | Fender(s): rear-Sportster modified |
| Rebuilder: H. W. Coble & Son   | Headlight: Bates                   |
| Ignition: battery-coil         | Taillight: Sportster               |
| Displacement: 74 cu. in.       | Speedo:                            |
| Lower end: H. W. Coble & Son   | Front pegs: Colony Tool            |
| Balancing: stock               | Rear pegs:                         |
| Pistons: .060-in. over H-D     | Electrics: owner                   |
| Cases: black wrinkle           | Gas tank: reworked Mustang         |
| Heads: "O" ring manif-adaptor  | Oil tank: side fill                |
| Cam: FLH                       | Oil system: braided lines & gauge  |
| Lifters: hydraulics            | Primary cover: early H-D           |
| Carb(s): 1 3/4 in. Rivera S.U. | Seat: owner, blue velour           |
| Air cleaner: stock             | Sissy bar:                         |
| Pipes: Alphabet's Custom West  | Height:                            |
| Muffler(s): Alphabet Collector | Material:                          |

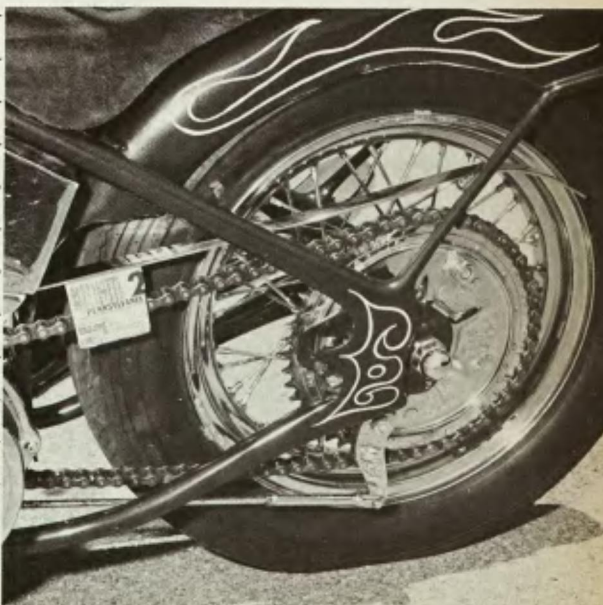
|                                |                                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <b>Transmission</b>            | <b>Forks</b>                   |
| Modifications: mousetrap elim. | Type: girder                   |
| Year: 1951                     | Extension: 13 in.              |
| Shifting: foot-ratchet top     | Builder: Cycle Shack           |
| Engine sprocket: 21 T          | Special features: plug-in bars |
| Trans sprocket: 22 T           |                                |

### **Wheels**

|                      |                      |                     |
|----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Wheel sprocket: 51 T | <b>Front</b>         | <b>Rear</b>         |
|                      | Size: 19 in.         | Size: 16 in.        |
|                      | Hub: Hallcraft       | Hub: H-D            |
|                      | Rim width: 2 1/4 in. | Rim width: 3.5 in.  |
|                      | Tire: 2.75 Avon      | Tire: 5.00 Goodyear |
|                      | Brake: Hallcraft     | Brake: H-D drum     |

### **Painting**

|                                                                                                                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Molding: owner                                                                                                                    |  |
| Painter: Jim Glass                                                                                                                |  |
| Color: Diplomat blue                                                                                                              |  |
| Type: lacquer                                                                                                                     |  |
| Special paint: striping by Red                                                                                                    |  |
| Other special modifications: chain guard with Penn. title ticket, H-D wings gas cap, special S.U. float top, late model "O" rings |  |





# The Missing Kink

—Continued from page 18

handle anything you go after. True or false, baby?"

I nodded. "Sure, I usually do the job. Coyotes this week. Mountain lions next week. Although, I've been turning down the coyote gigs. They're groovy animals. And they're surviving despite all the efforts to snuff them as a species."

She made a teasing production of getting to her feet, letting a warm, firm jug brush my face as she collected my glass and fixed refills at the bar of the immense room. "You're quite an ecologist and idealist," she said thickly, "for a dude who only looks like an outlaw biker."

"Tell me about it."

She dropped the brimming glass into my hands and I caught it without spilling a drop. "Good reflexes." She waggled back to the chair and resumed that tantalizing squirmy number. "No, you tell me about it. How do you feel about apes?"

"Apes? Hell, I run with them!"

"How about, say, gorilla types?"

"Strictly outa my class."

"Okay." She aimed those spacy, glittering black eyes into mine. "Here's the winning question. What about apemen?" She leaned forward, jugs dangling pertly.

"Apemen?"

"Right! Part ape, part man." She giggled wildly.

"Like Tarzan?"

"Nope." Her steady gaze was almost frenzied with restrained intensity. "More like Sasquatch, dig?"

That almost high-sided my god-dam mind. I gulped down another slug of wine, wondering just what the fuck she was actually on—and if she shared. "Sasquatch, huh? Y'mean the fabled Bigfoot from the deep woods of the Northwest? The legendary missing link between apes and mankind? Bigfoot, the western hemisphere's abominable snowman? Bigfoot, the bullshit story?" I fumbled for a cigarette in the box before me on the coffee table, noting the gilded crest before I lit it. "It's still up for grabs whether or not all those hillside and woodsy hicks ever really saw Bigfoot."

"I'll pay you forty grand if you'll

bring a Bigfoot to this house." Her voice was even, her face somber. The crazy cunt was totally serious. "And I'll give you half of it now—if you agree to leave for Oregon today."

So that was it. I had to lean back against the cushions, fighting to keep my face expressionless just as though I were gravely considering the deal. Sweet Buddha's bellybutton! I thought, she's either freaking out or all gone in the head! There's one way to find out.

"Aw," I chuckled, "you're just puttin' me on!"

"The hell I am!" Swiftly she left the chair and vanished through the doorway. While she was gone, I roamed around the luxuriously furnished room, peering through the doorway at other equally big and fancy-filled rooms. The place was a real mansion. Then I heard her bare feet padding quickly across a floor and I returned to the couch and another sip of wine. She flashed into the room, dropping a handful of cash all over the coffee table.

"Does that look like a put-on?" she demanded.

I gawped at those greeny bills. Thousand-dollar bills. Five-hundred-dollar bills. Hundreds. Fifties. Every

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goddam denomination down to twenties. "N-naw, I guess you mean business, all right!"

"That twenty-five grand says I sure as shit do!" She floated over to that poor sufferin' chair and laid all her tender, creamy goodies over it again. Maybe it was that expensive, crappy-tastin' wine but, for a second, I coulda sworn that chair shuddered. With sheer fatigue, maybe.

"Okay, it's a deal, Aurora," I said, scooping up the bills and patting them into one fat sheaf. "I'll have to get a special tranquilizer gun and a few pieces of gear. After all, those Bigfooters stand something like ten-feet tall and weigh around nine hunnert pounds."

"Just find me a nice big, horny one!" she cooed with a wicked smile, nuzzling the chair's arm. "I mean, one that's lugging a record-size crank, dig?"

"Gonna ball him, huh?"

"Until I'm pit-weary and too pooped to pop anymore!" She shrilled hysterical laughter until my eardrums flinched. "And that's just the beginnin', man! I got all kindsa juicy ideas! I'm really a very kinky person at heart!"

"Welcome to the club, gorgeous."

"C'mere, Hobo the hunter." Her forefinger beckoned. "Let's see what a badass, hairy old outlaw biker can work up on a moment's notice!" She undulated invitingly as I eased toward all those quiverin' goodies.

"How do you want it?" I asked.

Her wicked smile grew wickeder. "Everywhere. Every-which-way. Endlessly!"

"I dunno about endlessly, hon. I ain't no Bigfoot."

"Then," she whispered whimpering—reaching up and caressing the most cooperative muscle on my entire bod; now my goddam jeans were almost bustin' with cooperation—"just do the best you can with what you got, luv!"

Since business before pleasure is another of my personal policies, and we had finished our little business transaction—I went for the pleasure.

Several times, if not endlessly.

It was a simple plan and it needed a simple sucker to make it work. So I considered several candidates—all of whom had shafted me at one time or another—and finally picked Spider Jones, for three damned fine reasons. One, he wasn't overly bright. Two, he stood seven-six which, when encased in a gorilla suit modified to look Bigfootish instead a gorilla-ish,

would increase the realism of the whole number. Three, he was a sniveler and a backstabber by his very nature and had tried to use me as a victim on several occasions. Having picked my dude, I hunted him up. Eventually I found him in a bar, beery-eyed and sullen.

"Hey, bro, how wouldja like to have this," I said, holding a thousand-dollar bill before his surprised face, "for maybe an hour's worth of your time?"

"Gawd!" he gurgled.

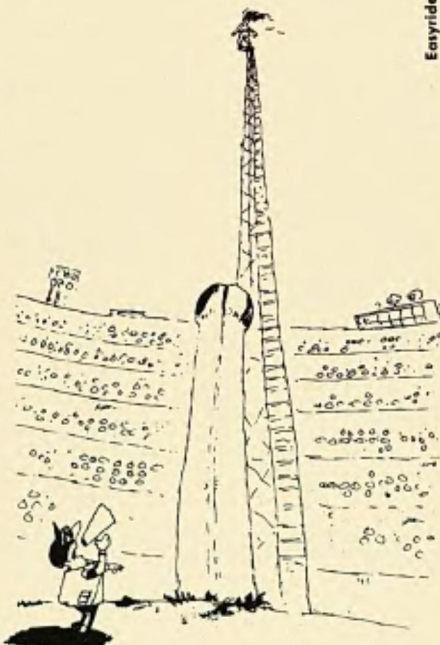
"Plus ball the gash off a real foxy chick?"

Lust joined greed all over his lardy, stupid face. I sat down beside the towering moron, waving at the bartender for two more cold ones.

"Are ya shittin' me, Hobo?" he asked suspiciously. "We ain't bros. Not really. So why should you wanna gimme an easy money number?"

"Okay, we aren't buddies," I admitted. "That's true. But it happens that I need an abnormally tall dude for a very special gig. You stand well over seven foot, man. So you fill the bill."

His beady little pig eyes squinted in tortured thought as he labored to follow my explanation. Then a moronic grin flowed over his repulsive features. "Yeah! Sure! That figures, man! I'm real tall!"



"Don't jump yet!  
We forgot the petroleum jelly!"

"Sure ya are."

"So what's comin' down?"

"Okay, I want you to wear a monkey suit and pretend to be an animal-man. Dig?"

"Animal. Man. He strained. "I dig."

"This foxy chick turns on for animal-men. So you'll screw her until her tonsils wear out from hollerin' with happiness at the pounding you're gonna give her. Dig?"

"I'm gonna fuck her good! I dig!" His heavy-lidded eyes sparkled with lustful anticipation. In his pea-sized mind he was already raping the livin' hell outa the doll. "Jeezus, man! This is a trip and a half!"

He was hooked.

"I hoped you'd see it that way."

"Wait a minute, asshole!" His eyes narrowed to twin gleams of mistrust. "Wh-what if somethin' goes wrong?"

"It's all been arranged, Spider. She's *expectin'* to be humped by a guy in a monkey suit. Besides, she'll never see your face or hear your name. In fact, you just snort and grunt and slobber. It'll add realism to your whole act and make her even wilder for ya!"

"Wh-where you gonna be?"

"Oh, about fifteen feet away—enjoyin' the whole liver-quiverin' scene. Nothin' to worry about. Honest, man!"

"Well . . ." Most of the anxiety had faded now. "When do I get the grand?" He still eyed me closely.

"Hell, I'll give it to ya before we ever get to the broad's pad. Fair enough?"

He nodded, licking his thick lips.

"All right," I said, relieved to be leaving. "I'll get back to ya in about a week or so. Meanwhile, practice thinkin' and soundin' like an ape-man. If you can make her believe that's what ya are, she'll probably wanna have you punch her every day."

His jaw gaped. "At-at a g-grand a go?"

I smiled. "Well, that's what she's payin' this time, ain't it?"

"Jeezely!" he murmured reverently. "A grand a day fer doin' what I like best! I'm a winner."

I left him sitting there stunned by his own luck.

Next stop was a costume shop where, for five bills, I rented a realistic gorilla suit.

"It belonged to this actor fellow who wore it in jungle pictures and all," lisped the manager. "It's the



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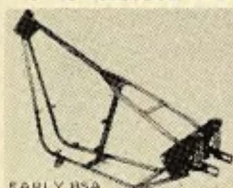
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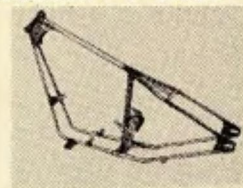
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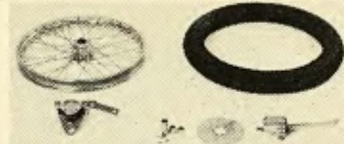
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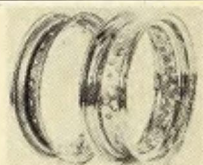
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genuine thing. Came off a real gorilla."

"Gee!" I breathed in mock ecstasy. "Bite me!"

Hauling the gorilla suit over to Hotcrotch's pad, I carefully gave her all the alteration instructions so she could tailor the damn suit to fit Spider. Also I requested that she trim down all the shaggy fur because I once saw a photo of a Bigfoot and its pelt wasn't all that long and shaggy. When I finished, I handed her a crisp, crackly bill as advance payment. Hotcrotch has been a biker doll long enough to know better than to ask dumb questions. She stared from the gorilla skin to me, grinning and shaking her head.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Never thought I'd see the day when you'd go partying in a goddam rig like this, baby!"

"Don't forget to reshape that face and skull," I reminded her. "I won't win first prize unless I really look like a Bigfoot."

"You're fulla crap, Hobo!"

"Isn't everybody?"

"Yeah, but with you it's a religion!"

I didn't argue her point.

Instead I busied myself, starting phony rumors and laying false trails that led in a number of directions, all of them outa town. That way, if anything came unglued and this action turned into a bummer, nobody would know exactly where I did split.

Then I prepared for an easy and relaxed two-week wait during which I'd faked a coupla long distance phone calls from the great Northwest, strapping progress reports on darling little solvent Aurora. The only possible risk was her deciding to live clean and come down off whatever it was that kept her safe from reality. In which case she wouldn't likely even remember our deal. But everything was going down smooth as baby turds in a greased glass tunnel, and each time I faked a call she was still spacy and hung up on the whole plan.

Then came the magic night.

Having called Aurora, informing her that I'd snared her a bona fide Bigfoot and was headed her way, she stayed calm enough to tell me to bring him around to the rear of the house when I arrived, assuring me that she'd meet me out back with the remaining fifteen grand.

While Spider climbed into the

monkey suit, I got him another beer from the kitchenette, stirring another handful of high-grade downers into it, as I had been doing for the past three servings of suds carried to him. He gulped this last load down effortlessly, belching calmly and regarding me with eyes already semi-glazed. Well, what the hell. He was supposedly a tranquilized Bigfoot. Nothin' unethical about stickin' to the script.

"Gawd, I feel so peaceful," he mumbled. "I figgered I'd be—" He yawned magnificently and I pulled the Bigfoot head down over his face, which was a tremendous improvement in his general appearance.

"Let's hit the cage, man."

"Narble eeble gorf graggle?"

"Yeah, you been paid. I stuffed it in your T-shirt while you were scarfin' that second brew, remember?"

"Thass reep."

"I'll help ya to the wheels. Traffic being as lousy as it looks, you'll have time for a nice crash before we get out there."

"Marzfu pirrow?"

"Sure, sure. I'll bring a goddam pillow."

As he staggered past my scooter, he was too far out of it to notice that the sled was all packed for the road and just waitin' for me to return. Getting him loaded into Tank's rented van, I drove away into the cool, foggy night. Nearly two hours later, I was pulling into the asphalted parking area behind the Vike mansion. Killing the engine, I could hear only Spider's wettish snoring in the damp silence. An unrippled swimming pool reflected stars and the full moon now floating into the night sky.

Abruptly, bouncing out of the three-story house from the back door, came Aurora—a completely ghostly figure dressed only in pale girls' skin. She stumbled up to the van, clutching a goblet of booze.

"Hey, where is it?" She sounded excited in a stoned kinda way, her voice barely trembling.

"In the back of the cage. You sure you don't want me to get him into the house for ya?"

She shook her head. "Sometimes daddy brings his girl friends here. Sometimes mommy brings her boy friends. Usually it's all mine but I never know for sure." She swigged a few swallows of her drink. "See that iron fence over there?"

My eyes followed her pointing finger to the thick bars of the

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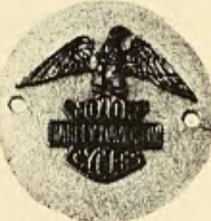
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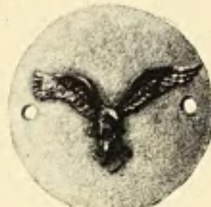
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wrought-iron fence which seemed to block off the rest of the estate, an area heavily planted with trees, shrubbery and hedges.

"I see it," I said.

"Put it over there."

"First, how about my fee?"

She raised her other hand, dumping the fat envelope into it. I checked its contents cautiously under the dash lights. Spacy or generous, it was seventeen grand instead a fifteen. I decided she could afford the error.

"Is—is it h-horny?" she asked nervously.

"Hornier than an acre of billy goats." I climbed outa the van, opened the rear doors, and got a grip under Spider's armpits, hauling him free of the van and carting him over behind the fence, his huge feet plowing tracks in the grass as we went through the gate Aurora held open. Panting, I lowered him to a slouched position.

"He's awful quiet," Aurora commented worriedly.

"Hell, he's *tranked*."

"When will he come outa it?"

"Oh, soon now. Get ready for the hardest night of your misspent life, baby."

She giggled with deliciously enjoyed terror.

"Mab? Har eer yo, mab?" muttered Spider.

"Ooh, *listen* to him!" trilled Aurora delightedly. "I gotta get some of those sounds on tape!"

"Yeah, sure."

"But first . . . hold my drinky."

"Hmmm?" I took the drink, sipped at it. It tasted like any other mixture of gin and wine and bourbon and milk.

"Baaaaaaaabette!" she yelled between cupped hands.

"Babette?"

"Better lock that gate, luv. Babette's kinda unpredictable. She don't dig strange dudes right away."

"BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAABETTE!" she shrieked.

Spider lifted his Bigfoot's head, peering around in all directions, obviously coming out of his private fog a bit. "Haa, whas duh marro?"

"Aren't you gonna ball Bigfoot?" I asked.

"Sure am. But I thought I'd let Babette kinda take the rough edge off'n his appetite so he don't ball me to death. Besides, she's been in heat for a month and it's makin' her a mean bitch, man!"

Just at that moment a squat shape emerged from the distant trees,



coming toward us at a fast hunched-over gallop. It got uglier with each leap, moving powerfully.

Babette was a gorilla.

"Adios, poor mutha," I whispered to Spider.

"Looky what mama's gonna share with you, Babette!" crooned Aurora coyly. "Dreat big lovely thing for just us sexy girlies!"

Spider spotted what was approaching, emitted a pathetic screech and began trying to scale the iron fence. Babette came grunting and snuffling up, caught him by the ankle and yanked him loose from the bars like he was a mere toddler.

He screamed hoarsely.

"Now be nice, Babette!" scolded Aurora sternly. "Don't do that, Babette! You naughty girl! Stop being so rough. He's got to last awhile, silly girl!"

Other people's problems tend to bore me, so I left quietly without looking back even once. The whole scene was beginning to sound damned violent. That might ring some folks' chimes but it ain't my idea of fun and games.

All that action happened six months ago, and now that I'm cozily shackled up in this super-pad with three little nymphos who dig me *and* each other, life in exotic Mexico is exactly what I always hoped it would be. The food's wild, the highs are endlessly mellow and the eager little roommates in this luxurious lashup are devotees of sex habits beyond my juiciest dreams. They are, of course, the third group I've leased since getting out here in the ass-end of the desert. More, Pancho Morales, assures me are only a phone call away.

And it's taking longer to spend the loot than I thought it would. Well, that'll give everything back on the coast time to simmer down. An important dude like old man Vike ain't gonna let any scandals or real trouble sully his daughter's rep. Not with his local clout—and all his own playtimes. Frequent phone calls to my bros have indicated that I can split for home almost any time now. But I'm still having a blast.

When I'm down to the last five hundred, I'll straddle My Whore, stomp her into thunder and roll westward under clear skies to civilization again.

The next number might even be more righteous—I wonder how Spider's makin' out. . . .

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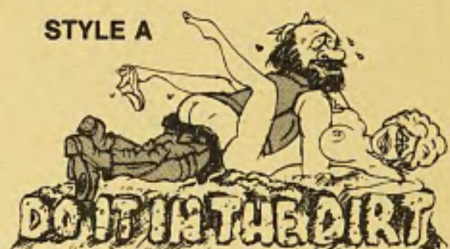


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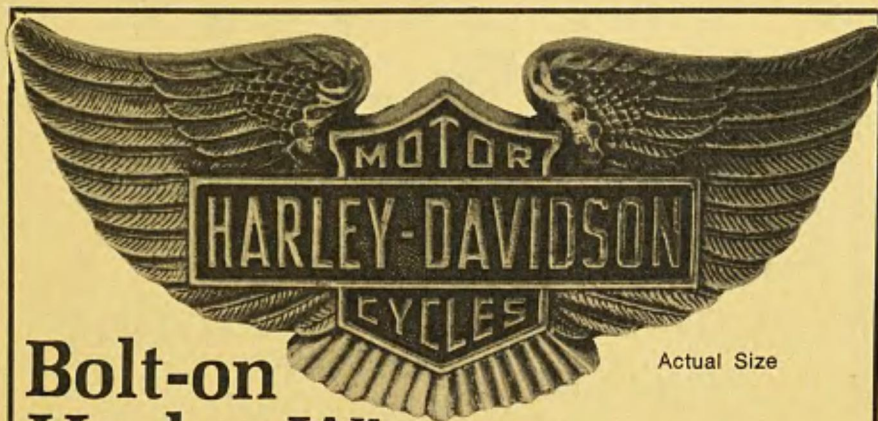
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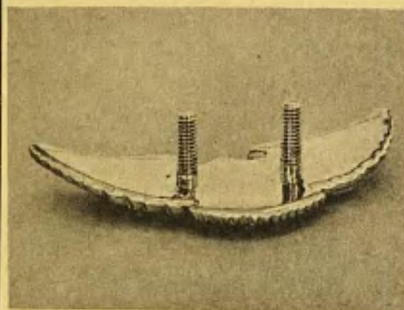
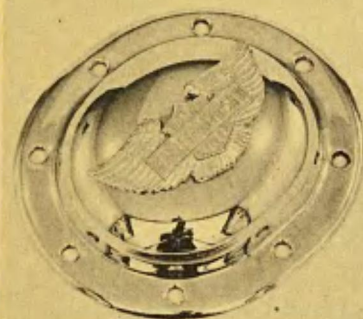
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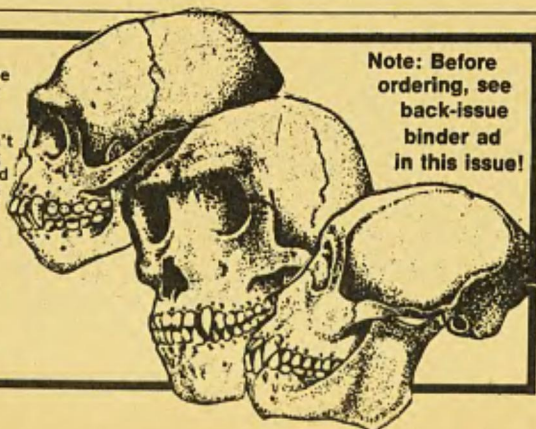
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Note: Before ordering, see back-issue binder ad in this issue!

## Meat Game

—Continued from page 15

the realization that I was outa beer again. Holding up the empty Coors, I waggled it at the little redheaded ugly who had checked me into cabin 5, cooked the burgers and brought the first two brews. When the wagglin' failed to catch her attention, I let go with a loud, ripplin' fart accompanied by a long, juicy belch. That combo made her look up from the desk at the far end of the coffee-shop.

She galloped over to the cold box, dug out a frosty can and brought it to me. *Jesus on a Roman hurtstick*, I thought, *what a genuine ugly that poor twat is! Face like a constipated chimp. Bod like a neon-tube busted in three places. Ten more like her and them libbers could talk humanity into goin' queer.*

"Got everything ya need?" she asked somberly.

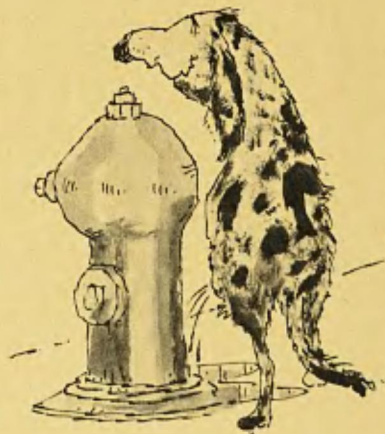
I shook my head. "Not really. Oh, sure, I'll crash like an expert in that has-been cabin, an' the burgers were fit to eat. Not to mention my gratitude at findin' a decent brand of suds. But *everything*? Naw, I ain't hardly got *that*, baby."

"Who *has*?" she demanded grimly.

"Well, jes' fer openers," I said, nodding toward the only other people in the place, a baldy straight-jerk in a business suit and the toothsome, curvy blonde opposite him in the far booth, "I'd say *that* dipshit does if he's lucky enough to be hackin' it with that lovely lady!"

"You're kiddin'!"

"Kiddin', my ass. I've been eatin' my heart out ever since I set foot in here and spotted her."



Easyriders



"You like fat blondes?"

"When they're put together like that sex-dream, I'm not only a joyously addicted user, I'm gonna be strung-out fer want of more from now to the first hunnert years on the other side of social security."

She laughed scornfully. It was like watching a freckled gargoyle go into a giggle-convulsion. "Hell, lemme ease yer lovestarved mind, man! The dude, Fred Jones, is jes' one of our few regulars. He's got an ulcer, the lousiest sales route in three states and no chance at all with that overripe chick."

"How do you know all that?" I asked.

"Mainly because that dynamite teaser—Dorla—and yours truly own this place, God help us. Fred's been tryin' to make her for the entire seven months we've been here. So do other customers. She acts like she's ready to drag every guy who looks twice at her right over to the cabins and screw'm into a case of shock but that's just her goddamn Gemini, featherheaded friendliness."

I took another long look at the plump, gorgeous Dorla. She was sitting facing me and she caught my eye, smilin' suddenly and winkin' as the baldy busied himself with a guzzle of coffee.

"I feel better already," I admitted honestly.

"Thought you would."

"Oh, shit yes!" I said aloud, flicking another glance at Dorla who shifted herself just enough to show me that there were no panties covering that cute little triangle of golden pussywig. *I'm gonna have some of Dorla-baby*, I promised me silently, *one way or the other but likely both ways. Maybe even every-which-way.*

"Where ya from?" asked skinny-ass.

"Uh . . . San Jose, California," I lied easily. Just in case this sickenin' collection of freckled angles might take the notion of tryin' to find me. Besides, I've never had any use for San Jose. My first case of clap, two scary highsittings and a dull stint in their crummy slam cured me of enthusiasm for the fuckin' town.

"Yeah, I noticed yer California plate," babbled the girl-gargoyle. "Speakin' of yer motorcycle, where did'ja park it after I gassed you up?"

"In cabin 5," I said, my attention on feisty Dorla who was jigglin' her jugs at me while she pretended to be laughin' at something the sales-shit had told her. From the way those big, pointy cans bounced, I



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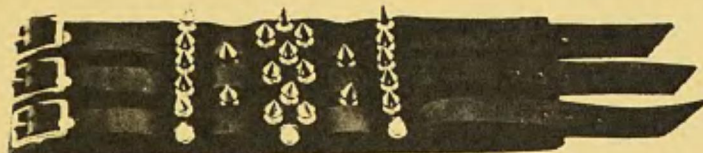
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knew no bra was givin' them their perfect-cones shape.

"Right in the cabin?" Skinnybutt sounded shocked.

"Hell, yes." I drained the Coors, suddenly bored outa my gourd with this chatty, titless troll. "Chained it to the washbowl just so no ambitious beachbum will crawl in through one of them broken windows and get any asshole notions about—" I stopped talking, fascinated by the way Dorla was now openin' and closin' those great legs, givin' me temptin' little glimpses of that plump-lipped clam lurkin' in her tawny thatch. Wilbert, my worm, began shovin' against the inside of my zippered fly, wantin' out right now, stiff with impatience.

"Jes' maintain, Wilbert," I muttered.

Wilbert ignored me, growing larger and harder.

"I'm Cissy," announced skinny-bod cooly. "I've always wanted a ride on one of those choppers. I'll bet it's a righteous experience, huh?"

"Yeah, it's the one true religion." I stood up, turning away from nothin' Cissy because I didn't want her to notice my lapful of bulging Wilbert and think that her ghastly bod had done it. "Bring another beer over to the booth when ya get the chance."

"How come?" She looked as disappointed as she sounded.

"Action makes me thirsty," I replied.

\*\*\*

Fred's thin, fortyish face looked up as I reached the booth. His eyes contemptuously raked up and down my length with a look-what-crawled-outa-the-drainpipe expression.



"Okay, coppers, make one more move and I'll blow his brains out!"



"Nighty-night, Fred," I said pleasantly.

"What?" He glared balefully.

"Beddy-bye time, Fred," I told the asshole.

"Get lost, man!" he rasped, starting to light a butt.

My hands clamped down on his bony shoulders and I yanked him outa the fuckin' booth with no more effort than haulin' a tarp outa there. His momentum carried him past me where he landed face-down on the floor with a thud.

I sat down opposite Dorla, smiling.

"You're awful!" she giggled.

I nodded. "That's why they call me Rotten."

Fred sat up, his face white with fear and rage. My eyes went into his and I let my smile fade. "If'n you ain't off'n that deck and on yer way to yer cabin by the time I draw my next breath, I'll shove both boots up yer ass and walk around on yer fuckin' guts from the inside, piss-head. If you think I'm shittin' ya, I could damn well use the exercise."

He struggled to his feet and left hastily, banging the door shut behind him.

"Poor Fred," crooned Dorla.

"Old farts need their rest," I assured her. "Besides, I got the message loud and clear, baby."

"Message?" Green eyes widened innocently.

"Everything you were sendin'."

"Me?"

"Well, you're the only broad attached to that cunt ya kept flashin' at me."

She tried to look insulted but she didn't quite get the act together. Another giggle escaped her. "Well," she said, lazily moistening her heavy lips with a long, wet tongue, "it's nice to be noticed."

Suddenly a can of Coors was slammed down on the table between us. Cissy stood there, coldly starin' at Dorla. "You close the place up," Cissy hissed. "I'm tired. I'm heading for bed."

"Right, hon," said Dorla evenly.

"Remember the deal, dammit."

"Everytime, hon."

Cissy shot me a weirdly loaded glance that could've meant anything from a dyke's dislike to anger at my disinterest in packin' her fer a ride on the panhead. Then she was gone through a door behind the nearby desk.

"She's pissed, huh?" I asked, reachin' for the suds.

Dorla nodded. "Yeah, she gets so jealous. Poor thing. She knows she's

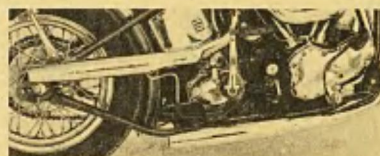
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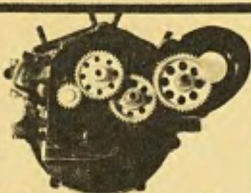
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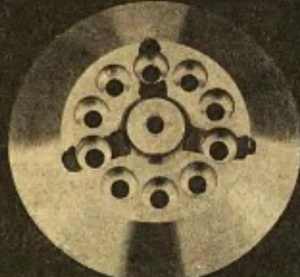
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not terribly attractive and when all the customers are panting in my direction—well, I guess it's just awfully difficult for her."

"You two got a little somethin' offbeat goin'?"

"Hell, no!" Dorla's laughter was convincing. "I meant she gets jealous because she's afraid I'm going to get all the attention and fun while she only gets ignored. It happens all the time. She's not exactly a raving beauty and—"

"More like an emaciated monkey," I said plainly.

"But she's very human." Dorla's tone and expression begged me to feel compassion. "She has feelings. Needs. Wants. After all, she's a woman."

"Jes' barely."

"Well, she's my good buddy and partner, and I do my best to see that she's never left out of the fun." She put a butt to those juicy lips and I snapped my lighter's flame to the tip of her cigarette. "That's the deal she was reminding me about."

"Meanin' what, exactly?"

"Meaning that I don't ball anybody unless they show Cissy a good time first."

"Yer puttin' me on."

"Nope. I'm trying to get another message across to you because I really dig you healthy animal-types but a deal is a deal—and I'll do without rather than welch on my poor little partner."

I gave *that* message some thought while I worked the suds to the can's bottom. Shit, even Wilbert began shrinkin' from the idea of us tanglin' with ugly Cissy. Somehow the whole fuckin' deal seemed more depraved than anything I'd ever done—includin' a sassy little teenage doll who insisted upon learnin' how to fuck and suck, or she'd claim I molested her. So I gave lessons rather than make the slammer, hatin' every excitin' minute of it, naturally. Sure I did.

"Then, that's it or nothin', huh?" I asked.

"That's the deal," she said stubbornly. "Take it or leave it, hon."

"What if I jes' drag yer shapely ass into a dark corner and make you enjoy yerself, baby?"

She smiled unworriedly. "Oh, I know you're strong enough to do something uncool like that but I guarantee that neither of us would enjoy it nearly as much as if I wanted to use everything I have and know to send both of us right out of our gasping minds! In fact, I'm sure

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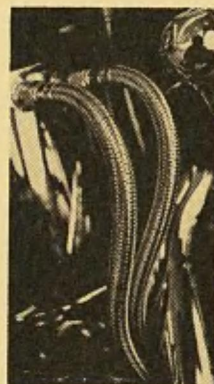
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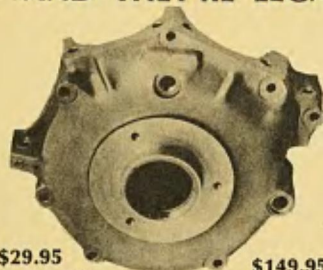
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I could even make rape a bummer." She blew smoke into my face with teasin' confidence. "How about it, hon? We going to have us a really wild deal?"

I hesitated, tryin' to make up my goddamn mind whether to go along with this repulsive deal or to just douse the lights, lock the door and pound some sense into this dumb-ass chick—preferably flat on the hard ol' floor with a blunt instrument like Wilbert.

"Hey, there!" she whispered, her slim little hand slitherin' up my leg until it reached Wilbert which she squeezed gently. "I'll bet I know what's bothering you!"

"Sure—but don't stop."

"You're just worried about being man enough to take care of two ladies, one right after the other. And I warn you, hon—we're both practically insatiable when it comes to having our pits filled!"

"You believe that bullshit?" I protested.

"Maybe—until you prove otherwise! If you can!" She giggled delightedly, those crazy fingers doin' all kindsa numbers on Wilbert.

"Personally, I think you're probably one hell of a he-man who can handle the whole deal but a girl likes proof!"

By now, Wilbert was standin' up for my rights so I oched outa the booth and stood up, too. "All right," I said grimly, "it's a deal so don't go away. Maybe it won't be so bad with Cissy. Like them Frogs say, all beasts are hard to see in the goddamn dark."

"Later, hon!" she cooed softly,

Easyriders



"Yeah, but ya oughta see the other guy!"



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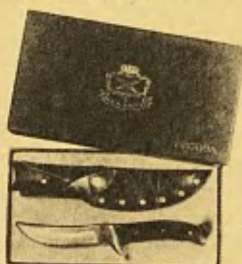


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Made from thick Latigo leather, this wallet is 3 inches by 4 inches, compact, for a dude who doesn't like to carry much, for the ol' lady or for credit cards. It can be stamped with the Harley-Davidson, Live to Ride, or the I.R.S. lion at no extra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

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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.



her eyes glittering excitedly, that tongue snakin' wetly over those big thick lips. "I'll be waiting for you!"

"You better be!"

"Give poor Cissy the best romp she's ever had," she urged, "but leave plenty of loving for me!"

As I started across the cafe toward that door behind the desk, I had to grin to myself. Shit, I hadn't had any tail in better than a couple weeks. And I'm strictly a three-times-daily dude. The cunt hadn't been born who could put a dent in Wilbert after two weeks of starvation. No way. Okay, so I'd hafta prove it. Dorla's exhausted apology would be music to my insulted ears, afterward.

I barged through the doorway.

Snappin' on the lamp beside the bed, I sat on the bed's edge in the dim glow and took a rest. For a dried-up, titless runt, Cissy had turned out to be just about the roughest piece of ass that had ever come near to wearin' me down. Three times we'd bounced right off'n the goddamned bed—her shriekin' like a delirious banshee, those pipe-stem legs wrapped tenaciously around me and her skinny ass pumpin' frenziedly—only to keep right on jouncin' around the fuckin' room, knockin' over chairs, waddin' up the throw-rugs and screwin' the whole room into a shambles until it looked like a dozen freaked dudes had worked at destroyin' the place.

Thoughtfully I rubbed a few spots, here and there on my carcass, that felt bruised enough to turn purple. Yeah, for an ugly little shrimp of a broad, Cissy was all there in



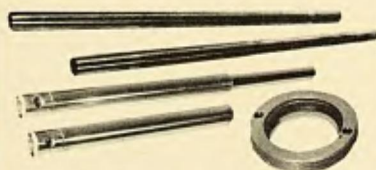
"Those six weeks of obedience school really paid off."

Easyriders



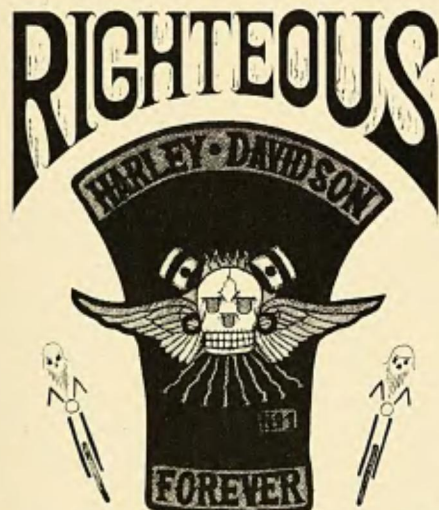
## ORIGINALS!

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the hump, grind, squirm and screech department.

Now she sprawled over the twisted and torn sheets, behind me, still pantin' with slightly glazed eyes starin' at the ceiling. I studied her strange body. Her chest was as flat as a ten-year-old boy's except for the set of knobby nipples. Christ, it probably was a damned painful thing bein' a broad in a basically repulsive body like she was stuck with for life. I was pretty sure neither modern medicine or any kook's magical formulas was gonna do a fuckin' thing for the poor bitch.

"Ya got any grass or juice in here?" I asked.

"In that bedstand," she wheezed. "Build me a tokie while you're at it. Man, that whang of yours has gotta be just about the roundest, thickest stick that was ever rammed up a slit's tunnel!"

"Seven inches long, three-inches across," I said, finding a full bottle of Boone Farms and a baggy of weed. "I ain't had no complaints but, then, I don't listen too good to snivelin'." Lightin' a joint, I handed it over to her. Then I fired up a second one, suckin' the hit down deep and feelin' the mellow ooze through me almost immediately. "You stash damn fine weed," I said, lettin' the smoke dribble slowly out my nostrils.

"I dig quality," she said sleepily. "And that pole of yours is top-quality meat."

"You tryin' to gimme a fat head?"

"Nope. Just strapping the facts on you." There was a pause while I gulped down some wine to round out the relaxin' high now crestin' through every fuckin' nerve in my bod. "How would you like to hang around here, help me run this place? Maybe even improve it and share the profits—fifty-fifty?"

Dreamily, I jes' sat there and let the high invisibly wash over my senses, hearin' her words blurred by the pot-sharpened crispness of her voice.

"Of course, I'd want to be balled every night but I wouldn't hassle you for nailing all the other tail you could get—and during summers even this crappy place fills up with college girls looking for a bargain pad on the beach. We could work it all out. Rotten."

"How old are ya?" I asked quietly. "Twenny-seven. Why?" Her tone was tense.

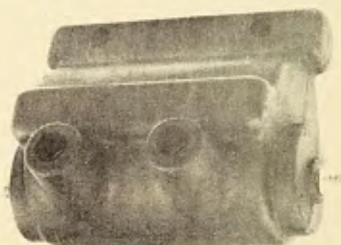
"Shit, I'm thirty-nine," I lied, knowin' it was the best I could do

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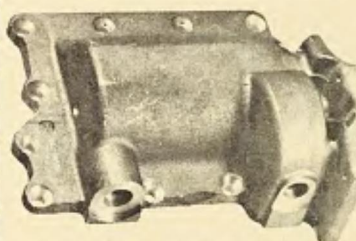
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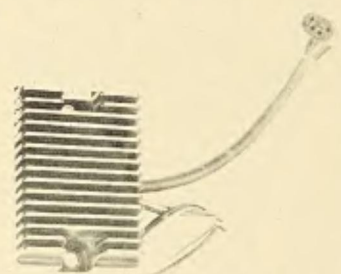
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to let her down easy. "I'm too old for  
ya, Cissy. No shit." Actually, I'm  
not quite thirty.

"No shit," she repeated dully.  
"Okay. It was worth a try. Thanks  
for the fuckin' lie."

"Think nothin' of it. The truth is  
I like to drift, jes' ride around. An'  
I'm strictly a loner, see? Now that's  
the goddamned *truth*. You won't  
find no club colors packed in my  
shitbag, baby."

"I believe you."

I downed another two inches of  
wine, pulled on my pants, shoved  
my feet into the boots and stood up,  
yankin' the T-shirt over my head.  
"Well, I gotta split. Dorla wanted  
ya to get a righteous share of the  
deal and—"

She laughed harshly. "And now  
*you* think you're going to march out  
of here to find hotpants Dorla wait-  
ing for you—just like she promised.  
Right, sucker?"

I peered down at her blankly.  
"Yeah, that's right."

"Well, forget it. You've been *had*,  
man. She never keeps *her* part of the  
deal. *Never!* She's too goddamned  
warpy-proud of her cherry to let  
any dumb dude bust it. I mean, that  
chick is a real cuckoo when it  
comes to her precious virginity!"

"You tryin' to even the score be-  
cause I don't wanna hang around  
this dump?"

"Maybe. But now you're getting  
the hard facts. We've been working  
it this way for months now—daft  
Dorla and sickening me—and you  
aren't going to find her around when  
you go back out there. Count on it.  
She *always* splits after helping me  
to get myself some cock in bed. So  
you've been *had*—in more ways than  
one!"

I grinned—and thought her ugly  
face was gonna fall right off her  
fuckin' head with surprise. But, then,  
*she* didn't know that all three distri-  
butor-caps were stashed away in  
cabin 5, right where I'd put them  
after removin' them from the three  
sets of cage wheels.

"Bet I find her!" I chuckled.

"No way. She's miles from here by  
now—just like always, figurin' you'll  
cool off and split without making a  
federal case of the whole thing."  
Her chimp's features contorted with  
viciousness. "Like I always tell the  
suckers who've been conned into  
balling me, I'm only a phone call  
away from my brother who's the  
deputy sheriff along this section of  
coast. Can you dig *that*, man?"

My grin widened. Shit, how *right*

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I'd been to yank that fuckin' phone line loose after I'd stashed the distributor caps. Even with all the head-start this would give me, I made a mental note to swing away from 101 at the first side-road and take the inland route the rest of the way home. Personally, I doubted that she'd call the heat. Still, it pays to be careful.

"Well, aren't you going to say something—or just stand there with that stupid grin all night?" Fear and shame and self-hatred battled for first place on her ugly little monkey face.

"One of these nights," I said flatly, "you'll set up some poor bastard whose gut ain't as strong as mine—and he'll puke all over you before he ever gets it in. But yer partner won't have any cherry by then."

Then I went to find Dorla.

The cafe lights were out. After checkin' every damn nook and cranny and closet, I went after the cabins. No sign of the leggy blonde in any of them: just ol' Fred who was snorin' away like he'd been told.

Doublin' back, I hunted through the coffeshop building again, re-hunted all the cabins—even lookin' under Fred's rack on the theory that a ding-a-ling might be quite a bit shrewder than an ordinary broad. Once again I found no sign of the deceitful cunt. Finally it narrowed down to three possibilities: One, she took off down the highway. Two, she took off down the beach. Three, she was hidin' in those rocks at the water's edge.

The highway didn't seem logical. Not for a nervous doll with an obsession about her cherry. Too god-damn much chance of rape on a dark coastal highway in the middle of the night. I was considerin' the odds



"That's not exactly what I meant by puttin' meat on the table!"

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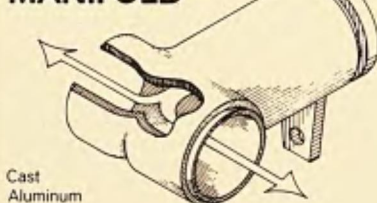
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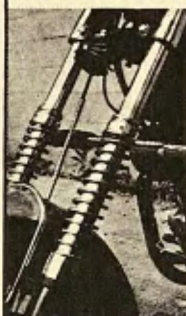
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## A Tribute to Brothers Lost

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.

In memory of **Don "Donny" Cambra**. Scooter tramp by trade, Outlaw by profession. Angel by desire. From your brother Jim an' your ol' lady.

In memory of **Sir Lancelot**, a 15'er to the end. Murdered needlessly. From New York Pagans M.C.

In loving memory of **Phil Clemente**. It may be a long time, but I'll see you again. Rest easy, sweet Phil. Love, Chris.

In loving memory of **Oddis Dan Douglas**, a hell of a biker who rode hard and died fast. Deeply loved and missed by all his bros, and by his ol' lady, LeAnn, from Dubuque, Iowa.

In memory of a good friend, **Jerry Brown**. David Rash, Asheville, N.C.

In memory of **Renegade Duke**, who will never leave our hearts. We'll always love ya. Bosco's ol' lady and Leo, Virginia.

In memory of **John "Trash" Coho**, loved by all. A true friend. Loner, St. Petersburg, Fla.

To **Phil**, from The Third World. A cool bikin' bro. We won't forget you. Tramp West and thousands of friends, Ames, Iowa.

In memory of our brother **Scrounge**, who rode hard and will always remain in our memory and lives. Hagen, Missing Links M.C.

In memory of **The Old Man**. You will be missed by many and revenged by a few. The time will be right for Angelo, Merideth and Romano. Bros unite. From Sniper, Sandy Hook.

In memory of my dad, **Homer Harland Stewart**. Jesse.

Another ridin' bro, lost to a careless driver. **Cilat** was born to ride. Carol Pannell, Charlotte, N.C.

In memory of **Gary McHone**, who took his ride to Harley Heaven Dec. '75. We love and miss you. Sue, Deb, Rob, Al. Nashville, Tenn.

Unreplaceable and truly unreal ol' lady, **Sandy**. Down, but it's just a matter of time. Snuffed by heartless punks. Hypecrippler, S.F.V.

In memory of our brother, **Ernie "Spider" Hay**. You are not forgotten. Holden and Pam, Visalia, Calif.

# Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$7.50 for twelve issues (\$4.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders Magazine**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Cuties, write to me. (Fleetwood Cadillac) **Ronnie Martin** 8551. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Need bike women to trade lines with. If you can stand by a man in prison, you are woman enough to ride with forever. **Eddie "The Trash" Gagner** #C-666214. P.O. Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Love me in a letter. "Smokin'" **George Wirth** #67521. Ark. Dept. of Correction, Tucker Unit, Tucker, Ark. 72168.

Brother in need of some affection. **Larry (Tick) Cook**, ADC #68118, Box 500, Bks. 6, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Hey, I need some foxy chick to write. I am lonely. **Red Purdy** 3583. P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Corn Bread needs some mail from any chicks. Write to **Robert Myers** #C-60585, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Get it together, nasty momma. Write **Billy J. Wendenfeller** #0415-23. P.O. Box 221, S.W.U. 72, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Would somebody write me? **Doug Holland** 042756, P.O. Box 221, S.W.U. 64-205, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Give me somethin' to do; write me. **Joe Glow A-036761**, P.O. Box 667, E-254, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

Need ol' lady to get it together with. **Rick Sterzick**, P.O. Box B#56868, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

All you porkers please write me. **Pat Terminelli** #144008, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd., Muskegon, Michigan 49442.

I'm lonely. If you don't believe me, write. **William Cash** 049489, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083, Cell No. 106.

I'm in such need of a honey it just ain't funny. **Brian DeFrancisco** 42672, Box 1, Yardville, New Jersey 08620.

Bored stiff; please write. **Joe Cope**, IYC-VV, P.O. Box 376, St. Charles, Illinois 60174.

Cuddly, affectionate biker available to right chick. **Charles Wolvertson**, 137771, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Revive this tramp. **Mike Leed** #104209, Southampton Corr. Center, Capron, Virginia 23829.

Young ladies, if you're white, look all right. shoot this white boy a kite. **Edward Baragas**, P.O. Box B59897, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Any beaver that has fingers, write. **David (Skip) Meyers**, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Lonely scooter bum needs scribes from chicks. **Rick (Custer) Van Nice**, B-60072, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Biker down and sinking fast, could really dig a righteous chick with the word. **William "Blade" Stock PNM** #25038, P.O. Box 1059, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, chicks, send them kites. **Peter Neel** 67327T#8, Tucker Unit, Tucker, Ark. 72168.

Get loaded on acid and write me. **W. Frank (Candy Man) Howard**, Ga. State Prison, Box 69071-B4, Reidsville, Georgia 30453.

Mass. bros need to hear from local chicks. **Robert Hayes, Jerrold Tavanese, Dennis Schirl**, Box 00, Concord, Mass. 01742.

I'm not a bad dude, just lonely. Write **Steve Sparks**, 569-94-9119, Drawer "A", Ft. Leavenworth, Ks. 66027.

I'm from Oakland area. Write a few lines to pick me up again. **Bruce G. Slyter**, Box B-66995, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

I'm lonely as hell. Write me. **Donald L. Hall**, Box #B, Anomosa, Iowa 52205.

I don't get much mail. You could help. **T. E. Ruhl**, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Need some San Jose, home girls to write. **J. (Indian) Etheridge** #59962, M. (Smokey) Davis #59961, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Hurry and write. I'm goin' nuts. **Luis Antonio Rodriguez** B-45214, North, Shasta B. #251, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Foxy ladies, write, right now! **Frank Strecker, Billy Burns**, 3rd Floor, Port Side, Klamath County Sheriff's Office, County Jail, Klamath Falls, Oregon, 97601.

Give up a little of your time and write me. **Fred Alvarado**, B14414 Central C-121, Soledad State Prison, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Want some get-down foxy ladies to throw some scribes our way. **Art Hulse** B-33433, Bill Dasher B-58498, CTF North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Three lonely bros doing time in Nebraska. Write **Mike Leek** #29242, **Pete Vanella** #29502, **John Knight** #29519, P.O. Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Hey, need some mail from some women now. **Sam Kerns** #29810, P.O. Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

From New Orleans. Now doing 2 to 10. Write **Phillip Yurgalevich**, B-43491, P. O. Box 107, B-3, Tehachapi, California 93561.

A couple of lonely brothers could dig hearing from some foxes. **Dino Kacmar** #120742, **Bones Wannager** #131390, P. O. Box 779, Marquette, Michigan 49855.

Hey, chicks, write this scooter bum. **Tim Campbell** #B54803, P. O. Box 600, Tracy, California 95376.

Would like to hear from young ladies to help ease this prison time. **Don Batman Southern** B-32489, **Charlie McCoy** B-43757, P. O. Box 600, Tracy, California 95376.

Male, 22, looking for female to help get it together. **Greg Emery** B-48320, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Please be advised I am desirous of mail. **Ronald M. Scott**, Mail No. 554, Desoto Correctional Institution, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Need a few lines from some foxy manas out there! "Slick" **Sam Kerns** #29810, Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

Ladies, show you care about a brother in the slam. Write one today. **Ernie Hollis** #6010, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Funky, foxy, freaky females: why the hell don't you write? "Okie" **Jim Arthur** #29078, P.O. Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

Could sure use scribes, especially from chicks. **Wm. S. Scott**, 811 E. City Hall Ave., Norfolk Va. 23510.

The only wheels turning here are in my head. Let them turn for you. **Jerry Owens** #88101-1, Oklahoma State Penitentiary, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Sure could dig a line from very heavy broads. **Harold Ray Stone** #62491, **Billy Hanks** #62667, **James Ridgeway** #63405, **Cummins Penitentiary**, P.O. Box 500, Baracks #10, Grady, Arkansas 71744.

Twenty-five-year-old seeker of good times and mellow chicks wants to hear from all or any of you women. **Danny Ray Hall** #247316, **Maximum Security Unit**, Washington State Reformatory, Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

A young stud in prison needs someone to write to him. **Dennis Mattingly**, #138-250, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Could sure use flicks for my 9' by 4' cell. **David B. Myers**, Box B#27810, Tamal, California 94964.

I need some warm words. **Rex Lukinich**, O.S.C.I., 3405 Deer Park Dr. S.E., Salem, Oregon 97300.

Loner been locked up for four years. Could dig hearing from girls anywhere. **Carl de Freitas**, Box B39769, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Tramp needs loving lines. **James C. Trantham** #65426, Brk's 10, Cummins Reformatory, P.O. Box 500, Grady, Arkansas 71644.

Lonely guy looking for lonely chick. Please send flick. **Donald (Arkansas) Owens** #41705, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Love to hear from some fine ladies. **Mike Sedgewick** #145761, Box 500, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Two bros down and with a Jones that won't quit. 052169 **Keith H. (Tombstone) Webb**, #A-040-690 **Edward J. (Vindictive) Mills**, M-2-N-4, M-3-N-3, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Send me something to read. **Butch "Polock" Vosefski**, 1600 W. 24th Street, W-F-12, Pueblo, Colorado 81003.

Send this halfbreed some smoke signals. **Edwin "Smokey" Riley** #20616, P.O. Box 900, Unit #9, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.

Send this Midget a short line. **Johnny "Midget" Wells** #28991, P.O. Box 900, Unit #9, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.

Cons need love too. **John "Doc" Jones** #12995, **Ronn "Nutzy" Davis** 89307, La Tuna Box 1000, Anthony, New Mexico, Texas 89021.



offered by both directions down the beach when it suddenly dawned on me that anybody runnin' across sand hasta leave tracks.

"Rotten, yer gettin' brighter every minute," I told myself, swingin' by cabin 5 for the flashlight in my roadbag. Three minutes later I'd picked up her barefoot prints.

They led directly to the jumble of gaunt boulders at the edge of the thunderin' surf. Slowly I padded over the sand—stoppin' to kick off my boots—toward the rocks. When I was about forty feet away from them, she tried to change her position without bein' seen. But I spotted the movement in the archway carved between two of the house-sized boulders. Shifting course, I trotted the other way around the huge, jagged slabs of rock.

And practically ran right into the little bitch.

She flattened herself against the rocky wall, whimperin' softly in a shrill tone.

"Okay, baby," I said firmly. "Now for the rest of the deal!"

She darted away from the boulder, tryin' to run fer the water but I just stuck out a foot—trippin' her and sendin' her sprawlin' onto the sand.

"We can do this fun-thing one of two ways," I said, standin' over her and droppin' my pants. Excited by all the preliminary action, Wilbert nodded impatiently in the cool night air. "The easy way or the real hard way."

She hurled a fistful of sand at my face but I saw it comin' and ducked in time.

"Okay, the hard way *all* the way, baby!"

Savagely fightin' to prevent me from rippin' off her dress, she succeeded only in gettin' me that much more aroused and tirin' herself. By the time she was nakedly flat on her back with her feet kickin' half-heartedly in the air, she had subsided to just makin' muted sounds of frustration and fear.

I lunged between those icy-hot thighs. Wilbert found the plump clam's lips. She let out one blood-curdlin', anguished yelp of pain but the breeze snatched it seaward. Over the noise of my own steady gruntin', her slack mouth dribbled endless animal sounds.

And now I know jes' how rotten I really *am*, because—the second time around—she bawled brokenheartedly and those sobs sloshin' past my ears made the whole number a *hundred* times more satisfyin'.

## Marble Plaques

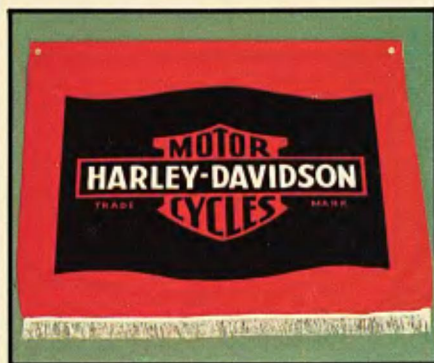
Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem. Then it is securely attached to a beautifully grained piece of wood. The plaque is available in black and white marble on a dark wood background, or brown and white marble with a light brown background.

The price for this everlasting marble image is **\$24.95**. Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

Also, if you are a member of a club or organization, we will put your group's insignia into the marble (minimum order of twenty). Send an excellent rendition of your emblem so every detail will show on the marble plaque.



The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches



## H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big, durable banner sells for only **\$10.95** plus 75¢ postage and handling.

The skull on the wheel is almost an ounce of sterling silver and is inlaid with jet and turquoise.

The complete pin with the silver skull against the inlaid sterling wheel goes for **\$35.95**, or for the same price it will be made to hang on a chain.

The sterling silver skull ring goes for **\$14.95**.

And the sterling skull, by itself, made as a pin goes for a mere **\$13.95**.



More and more, brothers are wearing leather instead of Levi cutoffs. So IRS has put together a fine roughed-out, heavy leather cutoff. The cutoff comes



black, or dark brown and in small, medium, large or extra large. Send your chest size and a measly **\$38.95** for this everlasting vest. The vest will be shipped postage C.O.D.

I-R-S LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740



California residents add 6% for The Man



# All The Way With-JAMMER!





**The New Sportster Velvet Ride** frame is another way to build a complete chopper with all the same class and dependability of our rigid Jammer chasis. Sure, we know custom plunger frames have been around for awhile, we also know some of them don't work so great. That's why it took us three years to develop one that we would put the Jammer name on. So if you've been wanting the style of rigid and the comfort of suspension - your time has come.





# JAMMER FRAMES

## Solid, Safe Construction

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.  
Rake is 38 degrees.

### 2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame:

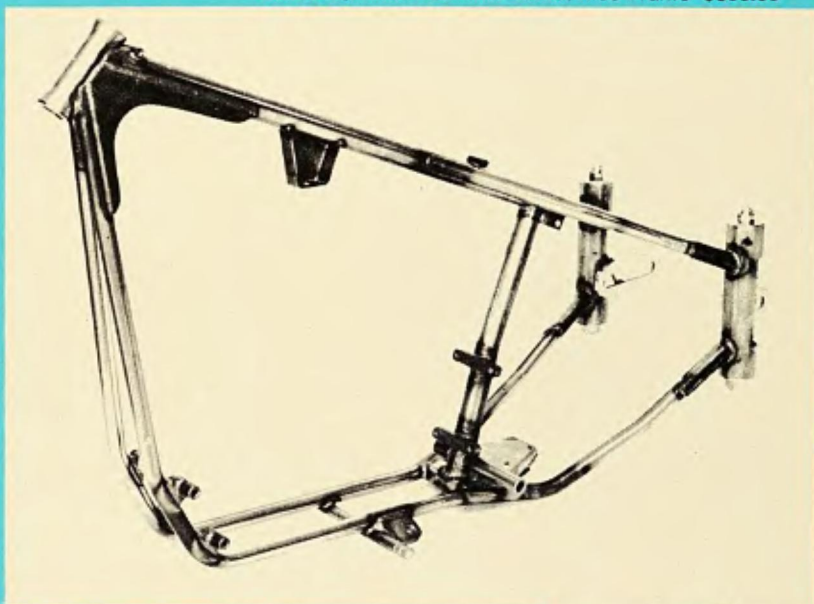
You can bolt any year Sportster engine (kick or electric start) into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, seats, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. 279.95

The New Sportster Velvet Ride frame is another way to build a complete chopper with all the same class and dependability of our rigid Jammer chassis. Sure, we know custom plunger frames have been around for awhile, we also know some of them don't work so great. That's why it took us three years to develop one that we would put the Jammer name on. So if you've been wanting the style of rigid and the comfort of suspension in a quality frame - your time has come. (Same as 2802 except with suspension.) \$339.95



2802 Sportster Jammer frame \$279.95

28025 Sportster Jammer Velvet Ride Frame \$339.95



# OIL AND GAS TANKS



Call

**1-800-423-2455**

Toll Free to order by phone,  
or to get the name  
of your local Jammer Dealer.  
(Mail order blank is on page 92)

*Jammer*



36024 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.5 gallons. Low tunnel. Made of steel. 39.95

3601 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.2 gallons. High tunnel. Made of steel. 39.95

3604 HD Type Gas Cap. 2.75



36017 Gas Shut Off. HD type. 3/8-inch pipe size. (Will fit stock Sportster tanks.) Has reserve and filter. 11.49



Fuel Line. Braided vinyl, double walled, nylon reinforced. Works well for gas line and oil line. Use 3/8" size for HD oil line.

3606 Per ft. of 5/16". .75

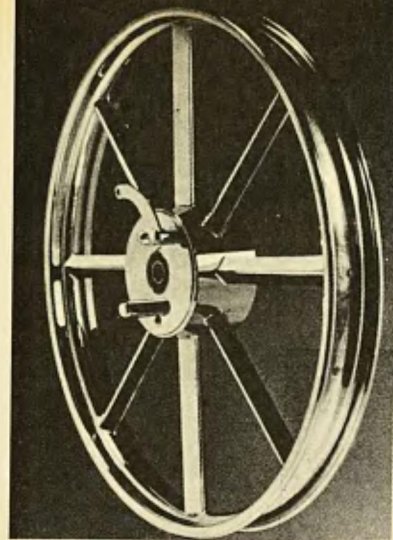
3607 Per ft. of 3/8". .75



37021 Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank. Designed for 12 volt Action Pac or F battery. Fits stock Sportster swingarm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. 69.95

9809 Action Pak Battery. 44.95





# Hallcraft's WHEELS



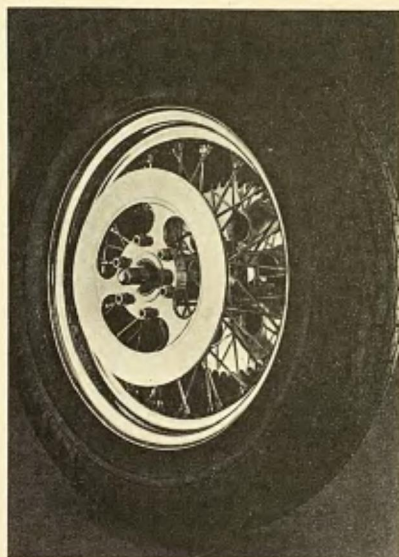
## GALAXY

### FRONT WHEELS UNIVERSAL WIRE WHEELS

| Part # | Description                        |        |
|--------|------------------------------------|--------|
| 6803   | 18" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel. | 267.95 |
| 6804   | 19" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel. | 267.95 |
| 6805   | 21" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel. | 267.95 |
| 6809   | 19" Dual Disc Brake Front Wheel.   | 406.95 |
| 6901   | 18" Small Brake Front Wheel.       | 161.60 |
| 6902   | 19" Small Brake Front Wheel.       | 161.60 |
| 6903   | 21" Small Brake Front Wheel.       | 161.60 |
|        | Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010       |        |
| 69016  | 18" Spool Wheel.                   | 95.50  |
| 69017  | 19" Spool Wheel.                   | 95.50  |
| 69018  | 21" Spool Wheel.                   | 95.50  |

### GALAXY UNIVERSAL SPOKED WHEELS

|       |                                     |        |
|-------|-------------------------------------|--------|
| 69022 | 18" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel. | 209.95 |
| 69023 | 19" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel. | 209.95 |
| 69024 | 21" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel. | 209.95 |
|       | Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.       |        |

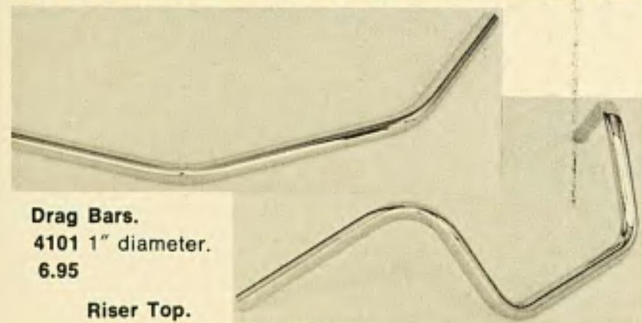


|       |                                           |        |
|-------|-------------------------------------------|--------|
| 69029 | 16" Spool Galaxy Wheel.                   | 164.05 |
| 69030 | 19" Spool Galaxy Wheel.                   | 164.05 |
| 69031 | 21" Spool Galaxy Wheel.                   | 164.05 |
| 68041 | 18" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel. | 313.60 |
| 68042 | 19" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel. | 313.60 |
| 68043 | 21" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel. | 313.60 |

### HARLEY-DAVIDSON REAR WHEELS

| Part # | Description                                                              |        |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
|        | <b>WIRE</b>                                                              |        |
| 68012  | 16" Sportster Rear Disc Brake Wheel Wire<br>Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024. | 379.60 |
|        | <b>GALAXY</b>                                                            |        |
| 68045  | 16" Sportster Disc Brake Galaxy Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024. | 399.95 |
| 68060  | 16" Sportster Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.                                 | 202.35 |

## RISERS AND HANDLEBARS



**Drag Bars.**  
4101 1" diameter.  
6.95

**Riser Top.**  
4103 1" diameter. 10.45

### Comfort Risers

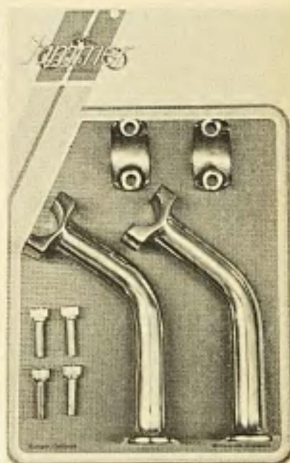
Chromed solid steel. 30 degree bend enables rider to get handlebars back in his lap for maximum riding comfort. Fits 1" bars and may be reduced to 7/8" by use of Jammer reducer sleeves #43015. Bottom drilled for 1/2" x 20".

|       |                            |       |
|-------|----------------------------|-------|
| 44017 | 2 1/4" rise 2 3/4" lateral | 34.95 |
| 44018 | 2 1/4" rise 4 3/4" lateral | 36.95 |



Call  
**1-800-423-2455**

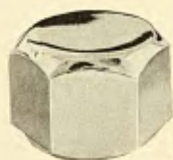
Toll Free to order by phone,  
or to get the name  
of your local Jammer Dealer.  
(Mail order blank is on page 92)





# SPRINGER AND PARTS

ALL SPRINGER PARTS ARE CUSTOM CHROMED.



**A Top Nuts.** For our springer on the following bikes:

- 6101 HD 74s. 4.95
- 6102 Sportsters. 4.95
- 6103 45s. 4.95
- 6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 4.95
- 6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 4.95
- 6106 Honda 750. 4.95
- 6107 Honda 450. 4.95
- 6108 Honda 500. 4.95
- 6109 Universal neck. 4.95



**B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears.** Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. 29.95 each



**C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears.** For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2x20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. 29.95 each

## AXLES

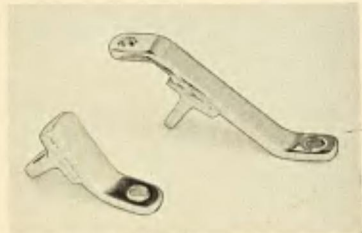
ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.

**12107 Axle—Springer.** Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. 8" long. Spacers included. 12.50

### Narrow Springer.

Entire fork is polished before assembly. All welding is done by the heliarc method. All come with provision for brake anchor. For HD 74, Sportster, 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; 750 Honda, 450 Honda, 500 Honda and BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal 7/8-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimming and spacing, for the 7/8-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. 299.95

| Part No. | Over Stock Length | Style of Front Rail |
|----------|-------------------|---------------------|
| 6001     | 9-inch            | Twist               |
| 6002     | 12-inch           | Twist               |
| 6003     | 15-inch           | Twist               |
| 6004     | 18-inch           | Twist               |
| 6005     | 9-inch            | Round               |
| 6006     | 12-inch           | Round               |
| 6007     | 15-inch           | Round               |
| 6008     | 18-inch           | Round               |
| 6009     | 9-inch            | Hex                 |
| 60010    | 12-inch           | Hex                 |
| 60011    | 15-inch           | Hex                 |
| 60012    | 18-inch           | Hex                 |
| 60013    | 9-inch            | Square              |
| 60014    | 12-inch           | Square              |
| 60015    | 15-inch           | Square              |
| 60016    | 18-inch           | Square              |



**9101 Single Headlight Bracket.** Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. 7.95

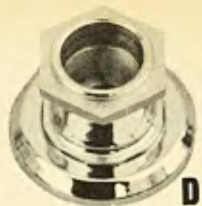
**9102 Dual Headlight Bracket.** Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. 9.95



Call

**1-800-423-2455**

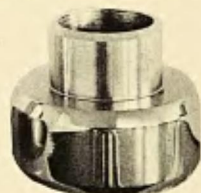
Toll Free to order by phone, or to get the name of your local Jammer Dealer. (Mail order blank is on page 92)



**CAUTION:** No alterations should be made to fork (such as reversing rockers etc.) that will affect the geometry and the handling of the fork.

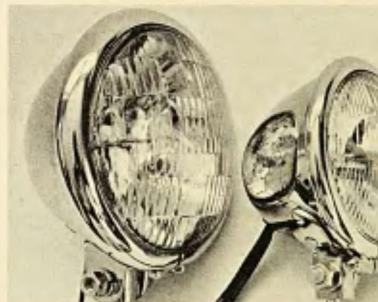
Don't forget — when ordering a Springer, you will need a triple clamp, crown nut, and top nut.

- D Crown Nuts.** For our springer:
- 61012 HD 74s. 7.95 each
  - 61013 Sportsters. 7.95 each
  - 61014 45s. 7.95 each
  - 61015 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
  - 61016 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
  - 61017 Honda 750. 7.95 each
  - 61018 Honda 450. 7.95 each
  - 61019 Honda 500. 7.95 each
  - 61020 Universal neck. 7.95 each



**62013 Sportster/45 Cup.** May be used as replacement for stock part and on our Sportster frame. Chromed. 9.95 each

## LIGHTS



**90038 Small Round Headlight.**

18,000 Candle-Power. All Brass Shell - Beautifully Chromed with 3/8" Stud Bottom Mount. The Small 4-3/4" Diameter blends great with Narrow Front Ends. 12V \$19.95



**9205 "Cat's Eye" Oval Taillight.** Reflectorized. Steel Body. Approved in most states. 12V only but can be converted to 6V by bulb change. Chromed. (Uses 9207 backing plate.) 12.95



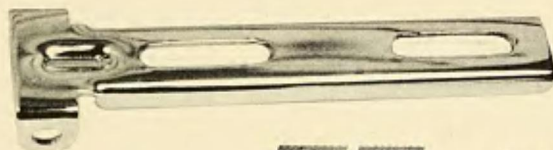
18"

## SEATS



**The Regal Seat.** Hand-crafted from the finest leathers and naugahyde, using heavy steel plates and aircraft quality foam. Fully carpeted on the bottom, and the steel plate has beading around edges to prevent cutting of materials. Has holes tapped in bottom for easy mounting. The Regal is the same type as used on the Jammer. The finishing touch to a beautiful machine. The Regal is approximately 27" long, by 7" wide and 2" thick.

| Part No. | Height | Type            | Type of Frame | Price |
|----------|--------|-----------------|---------------|-------|
| 11509    | 4"     | Regal Naugahyde | Rigid         | 64.95 |
| 115010   | 4"     | Regal Naugahyde | Swingarm      | 64.95 |
| 115011   | 12"    | Regal Naugahyde | Rigid         | 69.95 |
| 115012   | 12"    | Regal Naugahyde | Swingarm      | 69.95 |
| 115013   | 18"    | Regal Naugahyde | Rigid         | 74.95 |



11706 Seat Bracket.  
2.50



8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels Gold-Plated 8.95



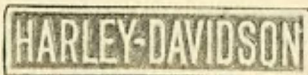
8101 Jammer 4.05  
Chrome Purple and Orange



8106 Winged #1  
Chrome, Red, and Blue 8.95



8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated)  
8.95



8102 HD Plain Gold-Plated 4.05



8105 Skull and Crossbones Chrome 8.95



## The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

Universal mounting  
fits most rigid  
frame bikes.

### RIGID "TWO PIECE" II

(Hump Seat)

115035 Square Tufted  
Black 57.95

### RIGID "TWO PIECE" 14" BACK

(Built-in Sissy Bar)

115036 Square Tufted  
Black 62.95



# SISSY BARS

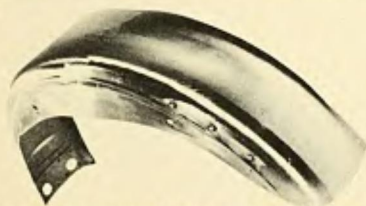


### Rigid Frame Sissy Bars.

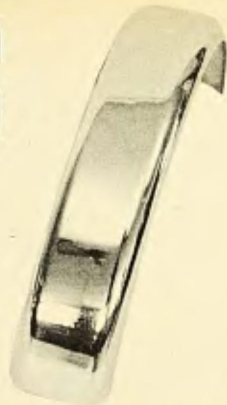
| Part No. | Length | Type   | Price | Part No. | Length | Type   | Price |
|----------|--------|--------|-------|----------|--------|--------|-------|
| 8301     | 36"    | Twist  | 39.95 | 8309     | 28"    | Twist  | 39.95 |
| 8302     | 36"    | Round  | 39.95 | 83010    | 28"    | Round  | 39.95 |
| 8303     | 36"    | Hex    | 39.95 | 83011    | 28"    | Hex    | 39.95 |
| 8304     | 36"    | Square | 39.95 | 83012    | 28"    | Square | 39.95 |
|          |        |        |       | 83013    | 21"    | Hex    | 37.50 |
|          |        |        |       | 83014    | 21"    | Square | 37.50 |



# FENDERS

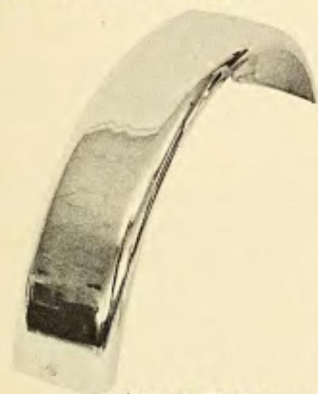


**74015 Sportster Style Universal Fender.**  
Rear fender with no taillight cutaway.  
All steel construction. 37.95



**74016 5" Flat chrome fender 14.95**

**7404 Flat 5" 11.95**

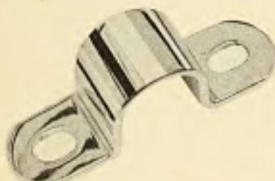


**74017 6" Flat chrome fender 15.95**

**7403 Flat 6" 12.95**



**7405 Rib 5" 9.95**



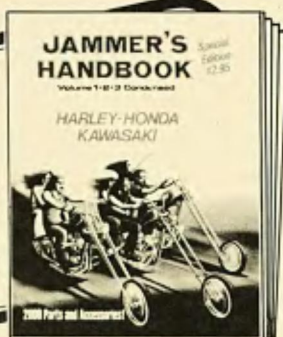
**74010 "U" Clamp.** For rear fender. Can be used for all applications where custom mounted fenders should have maximum strength. Chromed. 2.75 each



**14105 Brake Assembly - Sportster**  
Use our large master cylinder **\$69.98**



**14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster Stock.** For Stock Mechanical Brakes. 1954 - 1974. All Linkage included. **\$74.98**



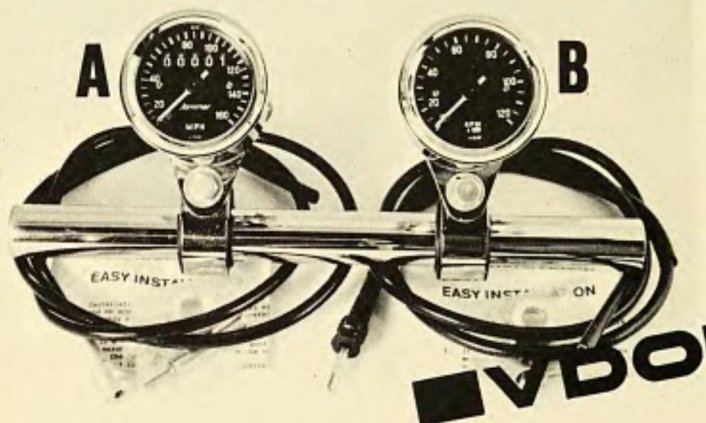
You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM  
1-800-423-2455 to  
order a catalog & get  
the name of your  
nearest Jammer dealer.  
(See ad on back cover)

Hallcraft Wheels  
Purchased From  
Jammer Come With  
Large  
Master Cylinder



**141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74.**  
All Linkage included. Use Stock Shifter Peg. **\$69.98**

# SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



**A Chopper Speedometer Kit.** Accurate to 160 mph. Comes in handy when you're being followed by the you know who. **12702** For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73 **47.95**

**B Chopper Tachometer Kit.** Registers to 12,000 rpm. Lighted face measures 2 3/4". Complete kit includes chromed tachometer, cable, rubber dampened handlebar mount and instructions.

**12705** For Sportster without magneto **47.95**

# SPORTSTER BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES



# COLLECTOR PIPES

**Collector Pipes.** Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

## HARLEY DAVIDSON

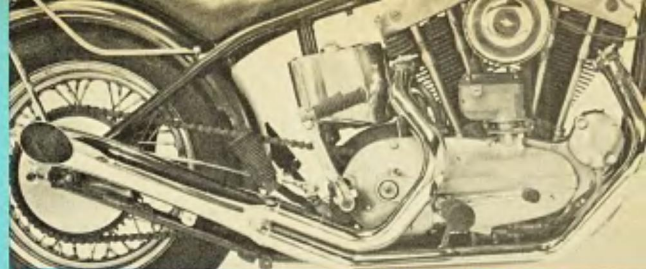
Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

| Part No. | Model               | Years | Description      | Type of Frame | Foot-note  | Price    |
|----------|---------------------|-------|------------------|---------------|------------|----------|
| A 151011 | Sportster XLCH      | 57-up | Kick start only  | Rigid         | 1-3<br>5-6 | \$120.95 |
| D 151023 | Sportster XLCH, XLH | 57-up | Kick or electric | Rigid         | 1-3<br>5-6 | \$120.95 |

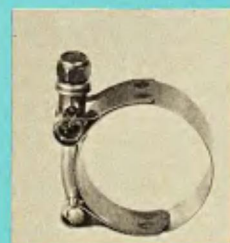
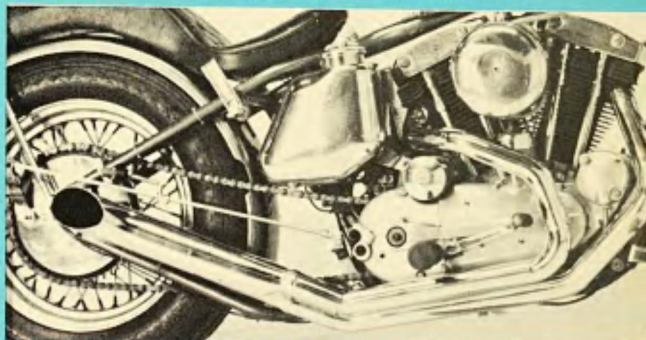
### Footnotes

- 1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- 2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- 3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- 5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- 6 It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.

A



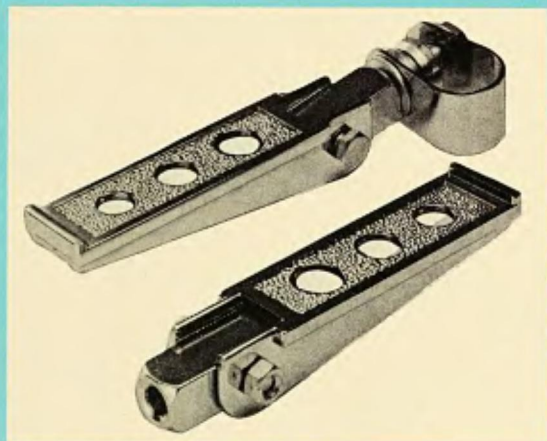
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**Header Clamps.** Stainless steel, aircraft quality. For Harley-Davidson 74's and Sportsters.

152017 HD 74, '48-'65 8.95 pair

152018 Sportster, '57 & up 8.95 pair



**15406 Hole Pegs with Clamp.** Clamp fits all one-inch bars. Sold in pairs only. 8.95 pair

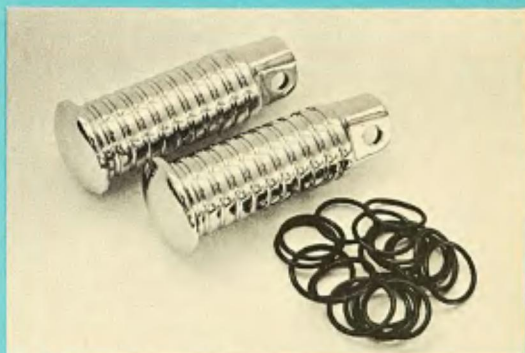
**15405 Hole Pegs.** Sold in pairs only. 6.35 pair



**Kick Stands.** Available in two different lengths: Don't forget to allow for your rake.

155018 Sportster Standard Kick Stand 18.95  
15505 extended 18.95

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154010 HD Replacement Pegs (Pair). \$14.95



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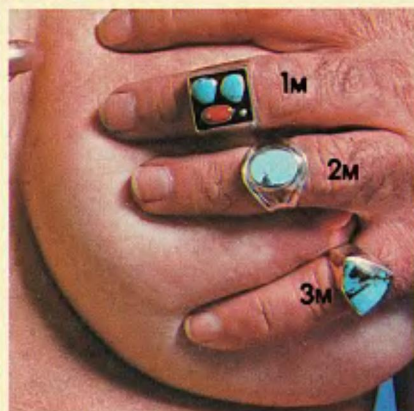
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ver (you won't believe how much ripped-off silverware we had to melt down in order to come up with this first-cabin jewelry). Warning: sit down before reading the prices, because they're so low you won't believe them. Money back guarantee.

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available, with mail being forwarded, unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

**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.

**Harley-Davidson parts:** Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list \$2.00. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. 301-699-1849. (51)

**Nazi party pins \$3.25.** Armbands \$3.25. Swastika earrings \$3.50 each. \$5.00 pair. Pirate's cross \$3.75. Catalog \$1.00. M. C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (46)

**"Death or Glory" neck pendant,** silver plate \$5.25, 24k gold plate \$6.50. Cap badge \$5.00. Blue Max neck chain \$10.95. Nazi winged wheel motor sport badge, pin-back-black \$10.00, silver plate \$10.50, 24k gold plate \$11.00. All postpaid. 32-page illustrated catalog of repro Nazi items, skull pendants, etc. \$1.00 Saxony House, P. O. Box 575, Havertown, Pa. 19083. (46)

**Bumper stickers in Day-Glow,** "Bikers Make Better Lovers," "Helmet Laws Suck." Warning stickers in chrome. "If you value your life as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it." Same for van and car. Also "Helmet laws suck." 50¢ ea. or 3/\$1.00. Roach clips to fit bike wheel. \$2.00 ea. & 50¢ handling. As always top quality. Chicago Ray's, 5730 W. 87 St., Burbank, Ill. 60459. Dealers, Letterhead please. (49)

**\$250 per thousand, stuffing envelopes.** Free supplies, rush stamped self-addressed envelope to T/P-A, 1301 S. Pearl St., New London, Wis. 54961. (46)

**Become a minister!** Do all the things that priests, rabbis or ministers do 100% legally. Make a donation of \$10 and receive your minister's card and further helpful hints. Donation will be used to help bikers. Make checks payable to Rev. John Herlihy, c/o Bikers Church, P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601. (55G)

**Eliminate overnight condensation.** Keep bike dry and clean with huge 9 ft. x 12 ft. plastic tarps. 79¢ each. 2 for \$1.50. Zorro Products, Box 4261, Hamden, Conn. 06514. (47)

**Warning—If you value your life** as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it. . . . Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-20, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (46)

**6' 4", 190 lb., 23-year-old Harley** rider wants contacts from righteously chicks anywhere. Must be slim, trim, with great looks and a mellow head. If you're into super bikes, super builds, and super bods, drop a line and a picture to Rad Hud, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (46)

In memory of you, "Alley," a righteous outlaw and 1%er who is missed by members and citizens alike. Jim & everyone in South Jersey. (46)

**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-16, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (46)

**AIM stickers.** Put 'em on everything from bedroom mirrors to toilet seats. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. Taurus T.V., Box 6056, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49506. (47)

**Scotter jock down!** Lost use of right hand. Need money to convert bike to left-hand throttle and foot clutch! Send \$5.00 and I'll send you a "Beer Killer" wall plaque. Don "Doniker" Akers, Sub. Rte. Box 875, Rapid City, So. Dakota 57701. (46)

**Joel, Ft. Ord, Calif.:** Read your ad in the September 1976 issue. You got feelings and I like your style. Write Lady Luck, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (46)

**Sell: H-D 45 & 74 clutch hub** puller \$13.95 ppd. Manifold wrench '36 thru '54 H-D 74s \$6.95 ppd. Hofaker, 445 Maple Ave., Selkirk, N.Y. 12158. (46)

**Barbie:** Even though you left me, babes, one day we'll put together again. And we'll cross that bridge that you never crossed before. Bob. (46)

**Make and save big money.** BBP, 278 Walnut St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15238. (46)

**"Gas or ass? Nobody rides free!"** Colorful stickers. 4/\$1.00, 10/\$2.00 ppd. Cash only! Atlantic, Box 12627, Charleston, S.C. 29412. (48)

**Biker, 6', 195 lbs., tired of whiny** bitches. Wants one-man woman to putt, party, and share life with. 25 to 35 yrs. Send picture, but what's inside more important. Must dig camping, country rock music and sports. Live in north central Oklahoma area. Write to the Mad Russian, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (46)

**Must sell:** Complete new Hallcraft 16" rear disc brake set up with spacers. Cost \$400 new. Never been out of the carton. Best offer. 2934 N. 33rd St. #F, Phoenix, Arizona 85018. (602) 956-8938. (46)

**John Spear:** It feels so good to be home again with you. I love you. Your ol' lady, Sheila. (46)

**Doug Prince:** You're a dog! Every dog has his day. Yours is coming soon! I will be there when that day comes. Tom Hargrove. (46)

**Beautiful nude girl color photo** on wood keychain. Beneath laminated plastic. \$3.95. Bradley Newsom, Route 7, Box 318, Lexington, N.C. 27292. (53)

**To the Brooklyn Vibrator (Viny):** No matter how wrong you'll ever do me, I'll always come back forever and give it the best way. I'll love you always. Your ol' lady, Paula. (46)

**Nazi T-shirts.** \$4.25, 3/\$10. Totenkopf, Box 2814, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401. (48)

**Patriotic newspapers.** Be totally informed. Send 2 bucks for list. Act now! Grim Reaper, P.O. Box 159, Worth, Ill. 60482. (46)

**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-13, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (46)

**Wanted:** Chick 21-26 with shit together, white only. Must absolutely be foxy and slender built. Have Harley chopper and will treat the right woman better than I do it. Send clear recent photos and phone. Contact W.W., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (46)

**Your favorite snapshot photo** put on wood keychain beneath laminated plastic. Photo is trimmed. \$3.95. Bradley Newsom, Route 7, Box 318, Lexington, N.C. 27292. (53)

**Bitchin' scooter: '63 FLH, 21" Sante,** 6" tubes, overhead oiler, stock frame, custom paint. \$2,250. Noren, Suites #4, Hartford, Ind. 47348. (46)

**To my ol' man, Rinker:** It's been good for two years and it's still gettin' better. Happy anniversary. I love you, babe. Your Lee-Ann. (46)

**The "Spals" is back,** looking for a woman to putt around and party with me. Dan Spalsbury, P.O. Box 141, Syracuse, N.Y. 13215. (46)

**Would an officer of the Unknown** M/C of Salt Lake City, Utah, please contact Jimbo, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (46)

**San:** We've been through a lot of shit together and plenty more fuckin' comin' but you make my day and every day. I can only say I love ya. Your ol' man, Blue, Rochester, N.Y. (46)

**Arctic Balls:** Get yer frozen shit together cause we got to make the Daytona run this year. Boze. (46)

**Happy birthday, Tom!** I love you. I hope we'll always have each other. Be happy. Marie, P.S. Let's fuck! (46)

**Kansas biker, age 28, needs chick.** Really get off an tall, foxy red-heads, but love all. If you need someone too, send full-length, recent photo (nudes are nice) and letter to John, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. All with photo answered. (46)

**Antique Harley Works:** Specializing in obsolete parts. Send 50¢ for catalog to Antique Harley Works, P.O. Box 18553, Tampa, Florida 33679. (47)

**Beautiful Loser:** All I need in my separate reality is you between my legs. All my love, Puff. (46)

**Snake:** They'll never get us down. We've got too much going. Happy January 15 and I love you! Mouse. (46)

**This is to you, Morgan.** Tears are still running down my legs from the last time we fucked. You're #1 in my existence. Just wanted to let ya know, and what better way than in your favorite mag. I'll be back, dig it. Jeanie. (46)

**Retired club man about to hit** the road (late spring or early summer). Will take chick with money and a desire to see some country. Write D.J., 85 Mulberry St., Plymouth, Ohio 44865. (46)

**Maltese Cross earrings \$3.00 ea.,** \$5.00 pr. Nazi party pin \$3.25. Swastika armband \$3.25. These and much more listed in catalog. \$1.00. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (46)

**Genuine hand-stamped, rugged,** solid copper buttons. Indestructible! Perfect for Levi jackets, shirts, hat bands, belts, saddlebags, etc. Polished or satin finish. Sets of 10 for \$15.00. Money order or c.o.d. only. Taos Metalworks, P.O. Box 2423, Taos, New Mexico 87371. (505) 758-3227. (47)

**Save your scooter:** Strugglin' brother hopes to make some honest coins sellin' smoke detectors, good ones, bat. & ion. type. Guaranteed. Send \$38.00 to Brother Don, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. If there's a fire, it'll wake ya, then you'll thank me. (46)

**Soul prisoner serving eight years** plus would like to hear from women. Write to Joe Scott #76A-759, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (46)

**For sale:** 14 misc. Easyriders #13 earliest, #39 latest, rest in between. Used condition. \$60 all. M.C., Box 28031, St. Louis, Mo. 63119. (46)

**To Bear in Michigan and Ohio:** Ain't nobody more righteous than you. I swear I'll love you forever. Your Sue Lynn. (46)

**Moving to L.A. from Illinois.** Need white fox to help find job and move in. Send photo. Crazyman, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (46)

**East Side Motor Works.** Find early Harley-Davidson repairs. By appointment only. Call (805) 649-2874. (48)

**Antique 45 in this issue for sale.** \$2,200. If interested, write Bill Reed, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (46)

**Buddah:** I love you and "Matilda" very, very much. Love ya, Cakes. (46)

**1937 H-D 45 \$1,000.** Stock, new lower end. Many spare parts. Jim C., 388 Main St., Medfield, Mass. 02052. (46)

**Hey, Arnie:** What's up? Your baby is fine and I'm good too. I miss riding with you. You taught me a lot. Take good care. Love, Cammy, Pittsburgh, Pa. (46)

**Harley parts.** Tons of new, used, obsolete. \$2.00 U.S. postal money order for list. P.O. Box 3551, Schenectady, N.Y. 12303. (46)

**Ed:** I'm falling in love all over again. Yours forever, Kathy. (46)

**Bike art, many designs, club** patches painted. All framed or made into plaques. Details. \$1.00. Cindy Barnard, 1051 June Terrace, Daytona, Fla. 32014. (46)

**Harley machine work:** Cylinder sleeves; custom repair; drag—stock. Harley parts: Custom—stock and sports. Rt. 1, Box 124, Harrisonburg, Va. 22801. (46)

**Young Indian girl is short on** cash. No donations asked! Purchase nude photos, \$1.00 each. Thanks, guys. Mary Chambers, P.O. Box 1581, Rock Island, Ill. 61201. (46)

**Animal Bob:** I love you with all my heart. I'm waiting for you. Sugar Drawers. (46)

**Hey, Mark and Tim,** how is Florida? Wish the hell my bike had not up and quit. Could dig some warm weather right now. Keep on bikin'. Terry. (46)

**Rosie, get hold of James Fries,** 23131 Fort Ross Rd., Cazadero, Calif. 95421. (46)

**Katz and RA (Gary)** are looking for 4 bros. Duke (Ghost Riders), Red, Death, and Shane (possibly Free Wheelers). You can find us in Berkeley, Calif., on downtown Telegraph Ave., or write us c/o the Berkeley Emergency Food Project, 2425 College Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. Come on, guys! Where are you? Katz & RA Otter-son. (46)



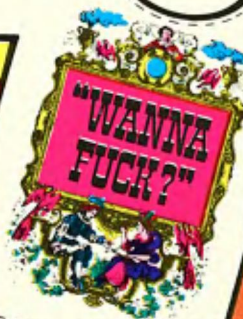


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|      | 7029   | Skull Bike T-shirt       |           | 4.95        |        |
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|      | 8013   | Fick Dich T-shirt        |           | 4.95        |        |

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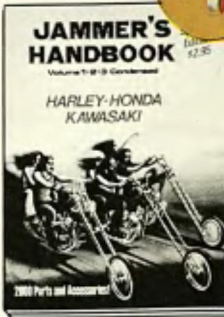
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