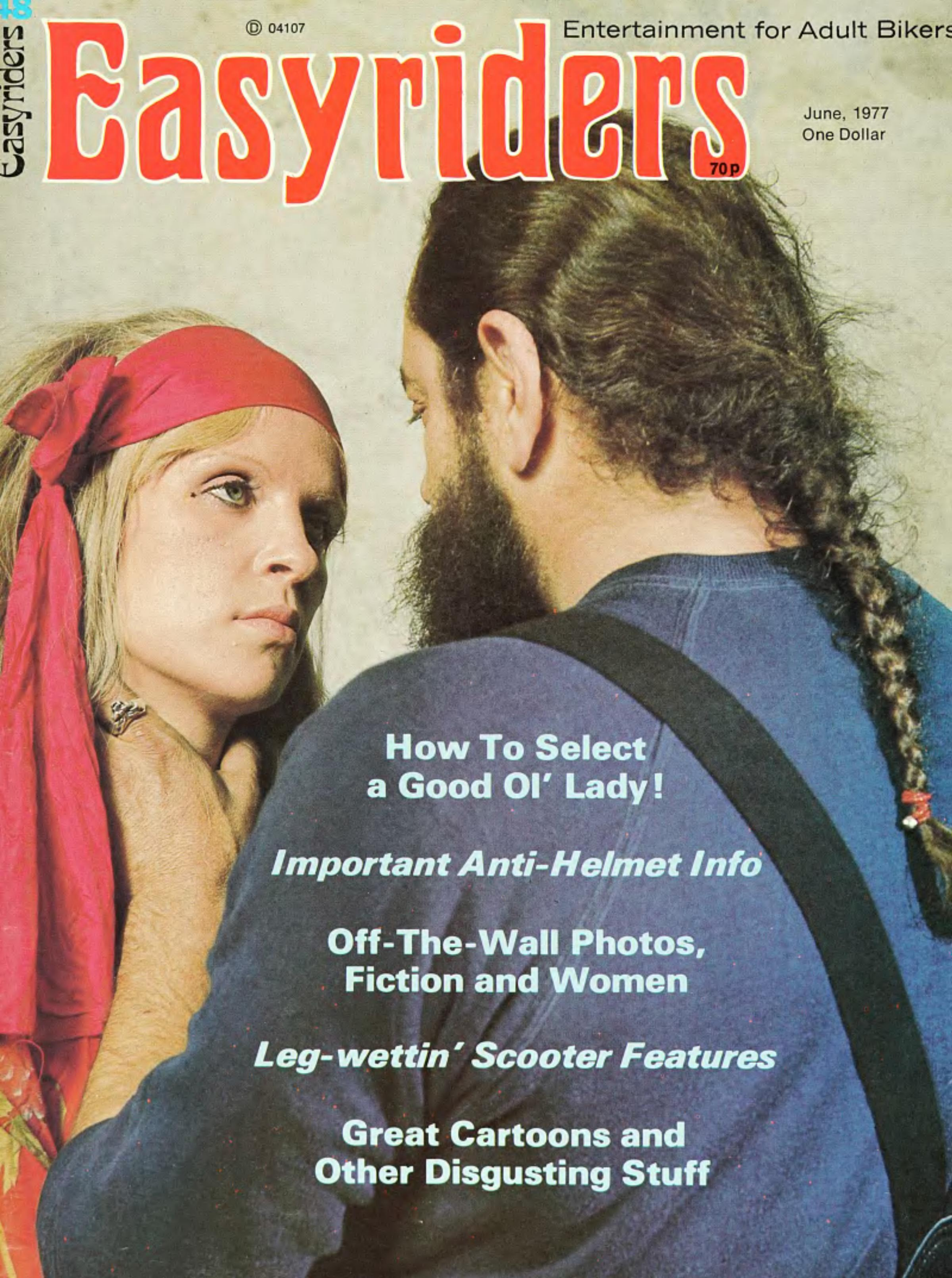


Easyriders

70p

June, 1977
One Dollar

A man with a beard and a woman looking at each other. The man is in the foreground, seen from the back and side, wearing a blue shirt. The woman is in the background, looking towards the man, wearing a red headscarf and a necklace.

**How To Select
a Good Ol' Lady!**

Important Anti-Helmet Info

**Off-The-Wall Photos,
Fiction and Women**

Leg-wettin' Scooter Features

**Great Cartoons and
Other Disgusting Stuff**

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.

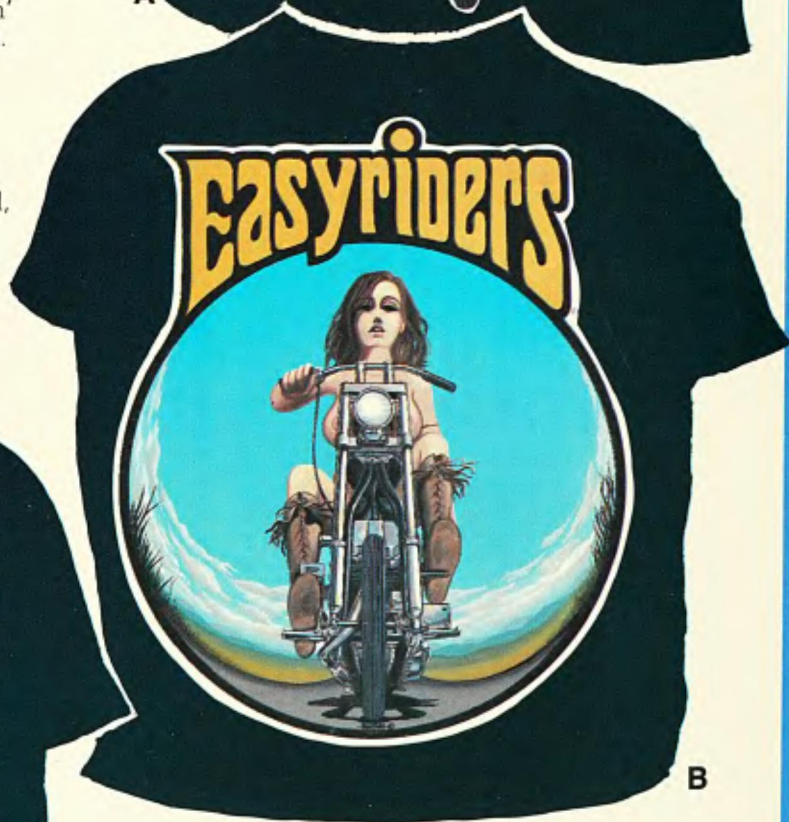
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

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 48

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Spider comes up with some strange ones	5
Readers get opportunity to rap back at us	7
Some words and drivel from other rags	11
A true story from Death Row	13
How to choose a good ol' lady	15
Legal comments in everyday language	16
There's still a legal high on the market	17
The ending to this one is a head-twister	19
How's your Hog's circulation?	20
Mutha is as sick and rank as ever	21
The joys of gettin' your club patch	22
ABATE, an organization of street bikers	23
The stars and what they have in for ya	30
We've all had one of those days—right?	32
A shovel three-wheeler in an instant	34
Beautiful photos of beautiful tattoos	40
In The Wind with our great readers	44
Mann captures bikers gettin' off from a light	48
One of the most beautiful FLH's we've seen	50
A snake in the grass and our nudie cutie	56
Downtime entertainment—record reviews	60
Ya just can't keep a good biker down	62
Bikers locked down lookin' for mail	80
Strange ads for strange things	93

FTW

STAFF: Office Dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Big Red, White Rat, and Willard. Executive Janitor and Contact: Spider. Subscription Complaints: Lori Parker. Young Man About Town: Peanuts. Office Mouse: Theresa Lapinski. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Two-Ton Tony. Office Sex Symbol: Deon. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers: Billy Tinney, Rogue, Wino Joe, Dave Fitzgerald, Charles Flett, Kim Peterson. Cartoon Editor: Asp. Art Director: Denise Pierson. Artists: Dave Mann, Duffy Duggan, Fast Eddy, Mac Haserot, Shep., Tom Kuntze. Production and Paste Up: Harriett Jones, Murleen Parnell. H-D Curator: Fat Frank. Overworked Editor: Louis (License Plate) Bosque. ABATE Manager: David Kelly. ABATE Secretary: Angie Taylor. Wordhead: Frank (The Hermit) Harding. Photo Editor: Pete (Tit Freak) Chiodo. Associate Editor: John (Four Eyes) Watson. Contributing Editor: Keith (Bandit) Ball. Circulation Director: Sanford Meyers. Assistant to the Editor: Foy Campbell. Editor-at-Large: Mil (Hog Expert) Blair. Managing Editor: Joe Teresi. Editor: Lou Kimzey.

Easyriders magazine Number 48, June, 1977, Vol. 7. Easyriders is published monthly Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1976 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52 Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Subscription Department: Lori Parker, Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$11.00, two years \$22.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$1.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579, Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising Sales: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Phone number (213) 880-4240.

Cover photo of Brandy by Pete Chiodo

The next leg-wettin' issue of this miserable rag goes on sale May 31st.

Another fine product from Righteous

HARLEY KNITTED CAPS

Here ya are—for the first time, a heavy Bronson-type knitted cap with style. The cap is a warm rush on cold nights, and it'll keep your locks from tangling into a Brillo pad during the day.

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.

As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made—not a cheapass import.

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

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!

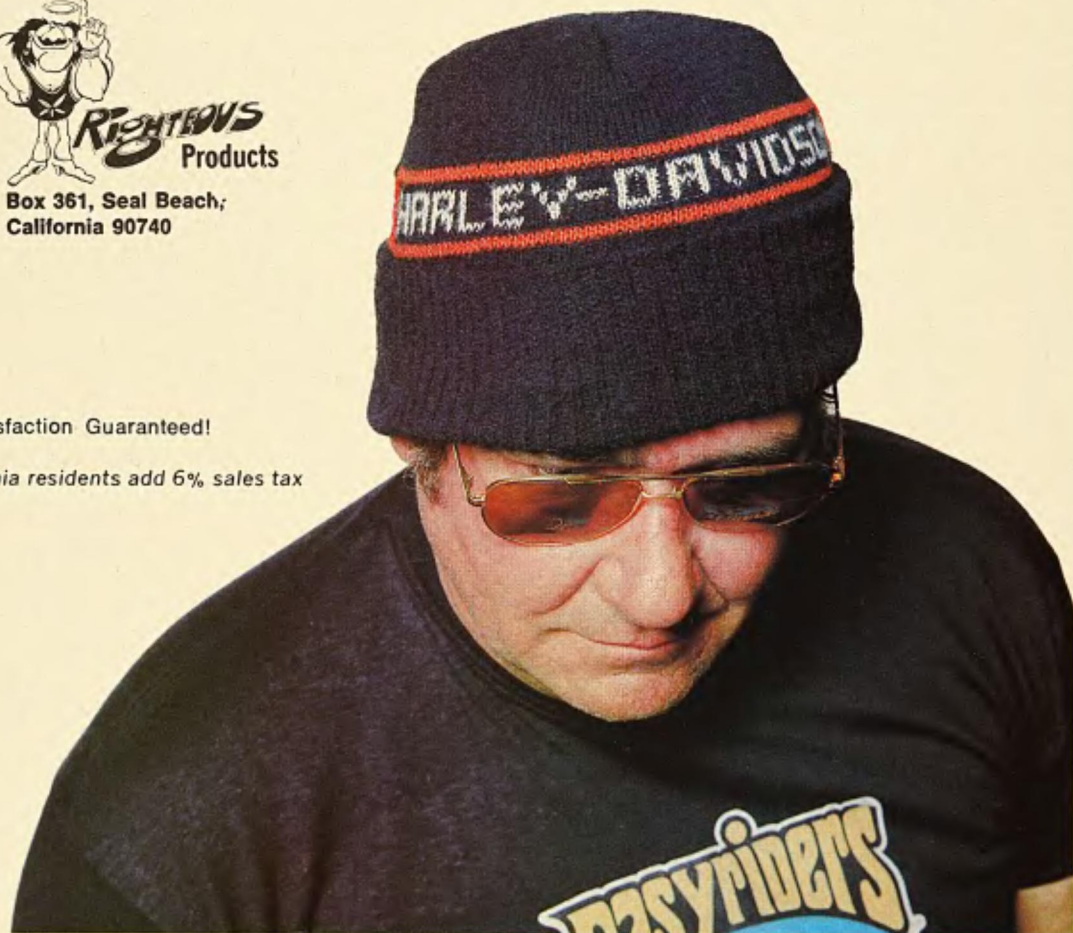


Righteous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

California residents add 6% sales tax



Dark ages dept.: Korea just passed a death penalty law for anyone selling killer weed. They said, "This new law is the surest way to decrease marijuana use!" (But why, man, why?)

Interesting: A medical examiner said "two-thirds of the homicides in this country have virtually no effect on society" and "most victims (two-thirds) are no loss to the community." He said, "Most killings are from crimes of passion, people killing one another in drunken brawls, criminals killing criminals, police and honest citizens killing criminals." Murder committed by an armed robber or a rapist accounts for a piddly-assed 10%.

Cold, man, cold: A dude ripped off his ol' lady's bread (\$6.00) and, feelin' she was holdin' back on him, he then plucked out her artificial left eye, dropped it into his pocket, and told her she could have it back when she coughed up \$300—then he slowly walked out the door.

Bum beef: This dude in Denver ripped off some boxes of meat from a meat warehouse and was immediately busted. On the way to jail the cop asked the dude if he knew he'd stolen 1,200 beef assholes. The dude replied, "If I go to jail for stealing cow assholes, I'm gonna be damned mad." He did steal 1,200 assholes and was sentenced to twelve years in the slammer—and yes, he was mad. (It's true—would I lie?)

New biker sport? In Mexico and Spain they bury a rooster up to the neck in packed earth. Then they grease the bird's head, and after that, dudes on horses ride past as fast as they can, lean down and try to grab the rooster's greasy head and pull the buried bird out of the ground

as they fly by. (I can see it now—Howard Cosell givin' us the play by play action—with instant playbacks in slow motion, of course—on the Wide World of Sports!)

Trivia dept.: Two shots of booze will improve your writin'.

Drizzlin' shits file: Did you know that the Feds have spent \$70,000 a year for the last eight years for a bureaucratic agency (appointed) to do nothin'? The Federal Fire Council has only two meetings a year (at \$35,000 per) and to date they've done nothin'. The Feds also spent \$46,000 to find out how long it takes to fry two eggs!

Dog makes good: After a burglary, the Washington, D.C., police advised the victim to get a badass watch dog. He did. Then an FBI agent made a routine call, and the dog tore the shit outta his legs. The agent pulled his trusty man-duster and shot the dog and—now get this—the owner was cited for havin' a vicious dog. Figures.

Pissed ol' lady: In New Orleans an ol' lady was quarrelin' with her ol' man when she decided enough was enough. She grabbed a can of gasoline and doused him with it, lit it with a match, and then chased him around the pad tryin' to pour more gasoline on him until he dove through a window. (Shit, when some ol' ladies wanna go on a run, they don't take any lip—he musta been too wasted to punch her out.)

Dipshit of the month: A dude, being a redwhiteandblue citizen, called the cops and told them that he'd been ripped off by four boys. When asked what they took, he replied, "I sold them a lid of marijuana and they didn't pay!" (Need I tell ya that he was busted on the spot for selling killer weed?)

Smart police: The Cincinnati police built a huge fire in their precinct fireplace to conserve energy. It turns out the "fireplace" was strictly ornamental and the fire did \$6,000 damage to the joint. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Roach Lighter!

American Made

This lighter is manufactured by highly skilled American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

Lifetime Guarantee

If your lighter ever fails to operate satisfactorily, return it to the factory with your name and address and it will be repaired and returned free of charge. (Driving over it with your scooter doesn't count, of course.)



To get your primo lighter with the Harley-Davidson insignia, all you have to do is send \$5.95 for each lighter. We pay all postage and handling.

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%

I've got something for you...

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

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

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



**Righteous
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

WORDMONGER

Digs Mutha

☐ I'd sure like to eat Miraculous Mutha's pussy. Is there any hope for me?

Worried Shitless
Evansville, Ind.

■ Not if you knew what we know about her box. Man, that thing's been everywhere, done everything, with everything!

A Reminder

☐ Dave Mann's illustration for the article "This Type of Bullshit is Past" (Apr. '77 issue) defies description. The picture and the title said it all. It turned my blood stone fuckin' cold. I've hung it up on my garage wall above my work bench. It's a constant reminder to me to just hang loose and enjoy the good times.

Loner
La Puente, Calif.

Bad Chick

☐ Man, that chick on your March cover looked as if she'd chew the buttons right off a dude's pants. Heavy, man, heavy.

Jim Warren
Chicago, Ill.

☐ The chick on your March cover looks as if she were saying, "All right, you face fuckers, which one of you stole my pants?"

Reader & Looker

Reusable Hole

☐ To all them dudes who are against chicks ridin' their own bikes or just want their ol' ladies to be closed-mouthed nerds sufferin' on P-pads: Why don't they just go out and buy a plastic, unthinking blow-up doll with its reusable hole?

G. B.
Bronx, N.Y.

Tattoo Freaks

☐ You portray a lot of numbnuts with tattoos all over their bodies, but are

you aware that this abominable practice is strictly forbidden by the second Commandment? "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven (engraved, permanently fixed) image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters beneath the sea." (Exodus 20:4). If that injunction isn't explicit enough, any doubter can turn to Leviticus 19:28 for further substantiation: "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print ('tattoo' in modern translations) any marks upon you: I am the Lord."

Sal
Boston, Mass.

■ Sonuvabitch, I learn somethin' every day!

Dirty Words

☐ You've been criticized for using dirty words, but wouldn't you think that so many years after the death of Lenny Bruce our society would have accepted the concept that there really are no such things as "dirty words" and that the "dirtiness" of a word is a purely subjective judgment fabricated in the mind of the individual?

B. W.
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ Exactly.

Six Fingers

☐ As to that clown called Flake from Fresno, who complained that an illustration of a biker in issue #42 showed the biker having six fingers, well, Flake, you simple shit, that sixth finger you see there is the clamping block for the throttle cable.

As for the guys on the staff, you must be as stoned as the fuckin' Gobi Desert. You bought his fuckin' story and even apologized for

making the mistake. You better make sure those peyote buttons you're eating aren't really miniature horse biscuits.

Zombie Woof
Pittsburg, Pa.

■ We make so many goofs that we didn't even get off our asses to check out the right or wrong of it. For a measly piece of raisin pie a week, ya don't expect us to do any heavy researchin', do ya?

The Feds and Laws

☐ If the Feds continue to have their way, they'll pass laws against mountain climbing (you might fall); against swimming or floating in water deeper than three inches (you may drown); against horseback riding without goggles, gloves, boots, and leather pants (you could get hurt); against watching TV (mental erosion); against thinking (pop a brain corpuscle, and besides, Big Brother is supposed to do the thinking for you); against taking a shit without federally approved laxatives (you might strain something). Christ, I could go on and on. I have to stop now—I think I'm going to throw up.

Jerry Voorhis
Phoenix, Ariz.

We're Gonna Pay

☐ I read the article "Christ Cycles" and wasn't a bit amused. The good Lord is going to get people like you for taking his name in vain.
Charles Rutherford
Salt Lake City, Utah

Triumph's Second Best

☐ Since I've been old enough to walk I've had a Triumph. Recently my ol' lady and I were looking through your rag and there were four Triumphs in it. Am I to assume that Triumph is considered second

best to the big V-Twins?
Rick
Gainesville, Fla.

■ In the beginning Hogs, Indians, Triumphs, and BSAs were what everyone was ridin'. Because they all rode together then, these bikes continue to be pretty well accepted by Hog freaks — over some other makes.

Complaint

☐ When are you fuckers gonna start sendin' more than three goddam magazines to this fuckin' shit-hole of a town?

Ace
Whiting, Ill.

■ Complaining to the dealer is the best way to get results.

Easyriders Patch

☐ Every time I open your rag I see bikers with patches. What about an Easyriders patch? I bet it would sell.

Tom Vctor
Mattoon, Ill.

■ Believe it or not one is now being made—it takes us a while, but we get there.

Waking Up

☐ I think the centerfold of the broad on the bike was the best you've ever had! It's about time someone woke up to the fact that regardless of what all the dudes with masculinity problems say—we are going to ride!

Biker Babe
Hobart, Ind.

Just An Opinion

☐ In reply to Chris, West Palm Beach, Fla. (Mar. '77), if I were her, I'd go to Orlando and find the cunt, introduce her to my buddies, "Smith & Wes-

HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



Enlarged 300% to show detail

Man, you've

got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

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

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

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

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

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



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

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



son," shoot her fuckin' kneecaps off, and when she went down, I'd cram a 32-oz. Coke bottle up her twat and tap the bottom out with a hammer. Then I'd cut off all her hair and make her eat it.

Then I'd call my ol' man and let him come and get his own fuckin' patch and let him really punish her for rippin' him off. Sandy, Property of Stroker Memphis, Tenn.

Real Tattoos?

☐ Me and Crab have a little bet going. Are the tattoos on the "Warm Garage" chick (April '77) for real? Crab is so sure they're real that he even put up the fuckin' stamp for this scribe. I say she's a mean motor scooter, but the tattoos were fake. What about it?

Neal

San Luis Obispo, Calif.

■ They were real.

A Bro's Funeral

☐ I didn't believe it was possible, but you crazy fuckers captured a whole lot of brotherhood in just a few pages with your "In The Wind at a Brother's Funeral." It was nothing less than fantastic. It made me proud to be a part of the greatest brotherhood of all time.

Chopper Dan

Holloman AFB, N.M.

☐ Thank you for printing the pictures of Tom Hobbs' funeral. I know it means a lot to a whole bunch of people. Need I say more?

April Lagerquist

Camas, Wash.

☐ Your funeral spread was damned touching. I think it shows, once more, that bikers are not all bloodthirsty heathens and that we are real people with respect and compassion for our fellow man. I also think that anyone who attends a biker's funeral and sees his family and all his brothers and sisters, people who loved and respected him in life and in death, will see a big difference between that and a straight guy's funeral where the only people who show up are the grave digger and the corpse's "friends"

hoping to be cut in on the will, interested only in what the poor dead guy will put in their back pocket—not that someone they loved is gone. Nuf said?

D. C.

Shelby, N.C.

☐ I hope the photos will bring all us bros a little closer together. Ride to live—live to ride.

Cheez

Springfield, Ill.

An Idea

☐ I was just lookin' through some of my past copies of **Easyriders** and came up with an idea. Why don't you guys put together a book consisting of the best photos ever used in "In The Wind?"

Kat Smith

Alexandria, Va.

■ It's in the works already. But first you'll be seein' a gigantic book of old Harley ads put together from Spider's collection of goodies. It should be ready by the next issue—if we can keep his head together long enough.

Clipped Nuts

☐ After the ol' lady popped five rug rats, I decided to get what the docs call a vasectomy. If you ever get your cords cut, don't tell anyone — especially your bros. My bros used to call me Gas Chamber, but now they call me Numb Nuts. Fuck 'em.

Bob "Gas Chamber" Lutes
Denver, Colorado

■ As Spider has said, "Little do they know of the pleasures of complete freedom."

There's Still Hope

☐ Regarding "There's still hope, bros" in Spider's March column, it was about a dude I know who was a former M/C club member, did time in two state pens, stole credit cards and about anything else that wasn't firmly attached, got busted for drugs in four states, was investigated for murder and convicted for assault, who one fine July day hit the bricks, got Bachelor of Science, Master of Science, and Ph.D. degrees in business and is currently teaching in the college of

business at a large midwestern university. Who is this dude? Me. Still putt to the campus on my Sporty, but the rest is just memories.

Name Withheld

Better Locks

☐ Concerning the article "Bar Lock" (Apr. '77), it looks like "Hedge" has a cool idea, but I hope he gets himself a better lock. I mean, I'm not a pro locksmith, but I could pick that straight gut Master shown in the pictures with a hairpin!

Also, your article "1984" gave me chills and I'm considering the possibilities of checking out to another country. What a bummer!

Scorpio

Burns, Tenn.

Let 'er Rip!

☐ I don't understand why you guys always make it look like bikers' chicks are a bunch of whores! I really think you're trying to put bikers in a certain bracket, and maybe you think it's cool to be vulgar, radical, or a slob, but I'd like the good guys who read **Easyriders** to know there are a lot of good bikers with good ol' ladies who still know how to act like people and not slob! Sure, we drink, get stoned, have great parties and great runs, but most of us have jobs to go to on Monday morning and, once we're off the bikes, we're just like everyone else. So come on, **Easyriders**, don't overdo it. Get back down to earth. We're the ones who read your magazine, so cut out the crap. The sickles and bums are really a minority, and they probably can't afford your magazine anyway!

So please enrich your articles and vocabulary and get rid of that Miraculous Mutha who would turn off any biker. An adult magazine does not have to be a pig's magazine.

Wise up, for God's sake—bikers are not dummies!

An ol' lady from Hawaii

Finally?

☐ I just want to say that the story "This Type of Bullshit is Past" was all right. You assholes finally realized that beating the fuck out of each other

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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

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

California residents add 6%

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—

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 1¾"-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.

If you want only a buckle, just send \$6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. California residents add 6%.



**Righteous
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist**

**For
\$31.50**



**Two Year
Guarantee**

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

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

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

doesn't pay off. You finally
got your shit together.

Squirrel
Shiloh, N.J.

■ Finally? **Easyriders** has
been promoting brother-
hood between clubs since
our very first issue.

Helmet Protest

☐ Thanks for printing the
recent Columbus, Ohio, hel-
met protest. I wasn't in on
it, but a few bros I know
were. They were hassled
and fucked with no end.
You sure got your story
straight.

Dan Tremaine
Sandusky, Ohio

Kick-Start Sporty

☐ I have been running into
a lot of bad talk about the
kick-start Sportster. I would
like to know why this shit
is going around. Are these
nuts jealous or do they just
hate the kick-start?

Rick
Pittsburgh, Pa.

■ No, it's just that "Sport-
ster leg" gets old at times.

Giving Credit

☐ You guys featured an
antique Bar Hopper in your
April issue. Nice bike. Too
bad the owner doesn't ap-
preciate all the help he
got on it. I was checking
out the skinny-sheet and
almost choked on the over-
whelming (she said sar-
castically) credit given for
his bike's fine pin-striping
by a woman with a steady
hand and a good eye. That
accent swirl around the
shift bracket on the tank
was a tasty touch. She even
spent time on the chain
guard. The owner only giv-
ing credit to a person as
"Striping by a chick" is too
much—really now, would
her full name appearing in
the chart have done any
harm?

Miz Mac
San Jose, Calif.

Rap Sheet Rap...

☐ I've noticed that you've
been puttin' some fairly
straight type shit in your rag
of late. The "Astrology"
bit, the record reviews,
"Brothers Lost," "Male
Call," off-the-wall film re-
views by Solari — and now

the legal rap rundown. Some
of it I can live with, and
some of it, I think, is plain
shit. What I'm gettin' at is
this: At first I didn't think
some of the stuff belonged
in a "biker's" rag, but then I
got to thinkin'. Sure, a lot of
the shit is in the straight
press—but theirs is not
aimed at the scooter tramp.

The more I checked into
it, the more I discovered you
don't overdo it. You put the
stuff in in such a way that
it doesn't take up too much
space—if someone doesn't
like it, he can skip over it
and still have enough other
good stuff to make the rag
worthwhile. The added fea-
tures I dig are the "Brothers
Lost" (that shows class) and
the informative legal rap
column. As far as I'm con-
cerned, you can stuff the
stars bit, but as you say,
whatdafuck? There's some-
thin' for everyone—keep it
up.

John Piper
Detroit, Mich.

A Good Feeling

☐ I would like to express
my compliments on your
story "Makin' One Last
Run" (Mar. '77). I can hon-
estly say it was the best
story I have ever read in
my life. It really gave me
a good feeling.

M. M.
Ft. Riley, Kansas

Praise For "Wind"

☐ My friends and I gen-
erally purchase your mag-

azine for laughs, but your
March '77 "In The Wind"
and "Making Up One Last
Run" articles were devastat-
ing. You showed us the
other side of the coin of
the biker's world.

Mark Vogel
Calverton, Md.

Too Late

☐ The last time I stopped
my ol' lady from bitchin',
The Man gave me two
years. You shoulda printed
the article last year.

Skinny
Lompoc, Calif.

Down On Dressers

☐ I can dig a chop, but
anyone who puts down a
dresser doesn't know horse-
shit from rabbit turds. If it
weren't for all that shit my
ol' man has on his bike,
he would have had his hide
scraped off the few times
he's gone down.

Taz
Tustin, Calif.

■ I beg your pardon—
we've never said anything
against garbage barges.

*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.*



"Yeah, I'd like a blow job—an' you'd better be a pimp."

Biker's Digest

Organized bikers . . .

ABATE battled the helmet law across the country and was the main reason why there has been a decrease in helmet law legislation. What they did was organize bikers into a very vocal group and showed the politicians they weren't just dealing with a bunch of sheep who were going to be led down the garden path to government control.

—Jeff Peck
Street Bike

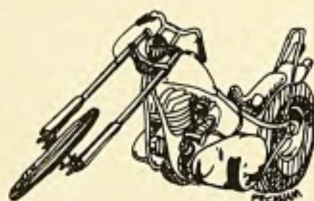


Digs Sportsters . . .

With the Sportster, you can dial on a modest 2000-rpm, let out the clutch with no hesitation and chug away. More than any other feature, it is that tractor torque which makes the Sportster ride unique. The sensation of all that muscle effortlessly pulling you along is unforgettable and addicting.

In the realm of aesthetics, the vee-twin has that lovely loping cadence, the most distinctive exhaust music in the world. That syncopated rhythm rumbles like power just waiting to be used. Not even the big, thumping singles . . . had a sound as sweet to the ear.

Another important consideration in the purchase of a motorcycle is its eventual resale value when you're ready to part with it. Since most models have become more expensive, the amount of depreciation is more painful. It can be objectively established in the real world of sales that the Sportster retains a higher percentage of its original cost than any foreign model of competitive class. It is not uncommon for a 12-year-old



Sportster to sell for 80 percent of its new retail price. There is always a buyer waiting to take it off your hands, which is not true of every machine on the market.

—Cycle Guide

Why?, Why?, Why?

The motorcycle industry will thrive by creating wants, not by filling needs.

Nobody needs a motorcycle.

And, lately, not enough people have wanted a motorcycle.

Much research has been done on why people buy a motorcycle—but that research, of course, focuses on people who already want a motorcycle.

We have an urgent need today to reach beyond these buyers and tap the wider market. Perhaps what we need is research on why people don't want to buy a motorcycle so that we can aim some advertising towards answering the non-buyer's objection.

My own feel for these objections would put "image" at the top of the list.

—Dealer News



Not dying . . .

Last month we told you that there had been a 12-percent increase in reported motorcycle accidents in Arizona since that state repealed its helmet law but that the total number of cycle fatalities remained the same as the previous year, which means that since the law was repealed, the fatality-to-accident ratio

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

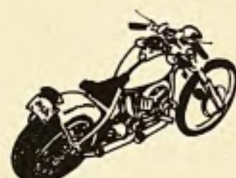
has decreased—and that probably explains why the report on the situation in the Tucson Daily Citizen was headed "Cyclists Without Helmets Not Dying As Expected!"

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

The way it works . . .

A recent issue of *Forbes* magazine contains an article about the association business and describes it as a "counter-bureaucracy." That is, you pay a whole bunch of money to Washington (taxes) to do things for you, then you pay some more money to your chosen association so that they can undo some of the things the guys in Washington did. That doesn't seem very efficient, but that's the way it works.

—AMA News



On stealin' scoots . . .

Despite rumors to the contrary, the most frequently ripped-off machine is not a Harley-Davidson. The first seven positions on The Bike Ripper's All Time Top Forty Hits are occupied by Honda 750 Fours of all years. After that are assorted models of 1970 Yamahas, from the DT-1 to the XS650, then the 1975 Kawasaki 900. From there to 18th position is an odd gaggle of Yamahas and Kawasakis.

The good old Harleys don't show up until 18th place—and even then they're pre-'64-model Hawgs. The post-'65 Harleys are 33rd on the list, and the only other non-Japanese make is in 39th position: Triumph. So motorcycle popularity is apparently consistent, whether you're buying a bike or stealing one.

—Chris Bunch
Cycle Guide

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RENTAUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



BUM BEEF



Red Star's lodgings were surrounded by three cement walls and a steel-barred partition. The pervading odor was a blend of basement mildew and human discharge. The furnishings were sparse: a sink, a lidless toilet, a single, steel-sprung, thin-mattressed cot. Taped to the wall above the foot of the cot hung an ancient parchment rendering the three aspects of Buddha embraced by twenty-two snapshots of a contemporary woman. Across the corridor from his room a small wire-meshed window framed the snow-covered ground.

Stretched out on the cot, on his stomach, his head at just the right angle—almost but not quite touching the steel bars—Red Star watched the sunrise. It wasn't much of a sight as sunrises go: a patch of sky getting lighter, the shadows changing length on the ground, the snow turning from sapphire to crystal; but it was a lot for where he was. He'd been up all night, hyper, running his thoughts to his lady. Their letters were his survival kit, his main line to sanity. He lit a cigarette, stroked his drooping mustache and continued the mute rap.

So you want to know what it's like down here on Death Row. Well, let me tell you, it's really far out. There's five of us down here now, one of them a Red-neck Jesus freak. Well, more about him another time; I don't want to bring you or me down, not while I'm enjoying my Thanksgiving morning. Usually I get up about 9:30 a.m., listen to the radio and mentally trip out until lunch. Then there's the 2 p.m. movie on TV, dinner, back to the radio around 6 p.m. For the past two days, believe it or not, I've been meditating. Listen, baby, I want you to do something for me. There's a Joe Cocker concert two weeks from this Friday night. Go to it for me, please. Be my ears and eyes. I know I'll tune in to it through you and it'll be the next best thing to being there. Joe's a soulful motherfucker; he feels. Finally found out my birthtime: 10 a.m., Friday, October 10, 1942. It was a little log cabin in the hills of Tennessee. My mother said it was cold that morning. I'm the middle of three brothers. The younger one I really love. You'd get off on him too. He's real people, he feels things. We've always been close. He looks to me for advice, but tell me, what advice can I give him from Death Row? My older brother lives right outside Miami. He's a redneck and we never got it on. The last time I saw him I was on the run, so I stopped by his house to catch my breath and the bastard came at me with a knife. It was either leave or fuck him up, so I left and it hurt. I don't run from nobody. I guess that's just me, the Libra: Weigh the problem and try to find a happy medium. And here goes, one more time, I had nothing at all to do with the dude that got offed, that bitch, the motel, or this corrupt town, and if that ain't the truth I hope I never live again. I know it's pretty hard to conceive that they would railroad a

man to the gas chamber for something he is innocent of, but they fuckin' did it and I wish I knew why. I search my mind every day for that answer and I come up with excuses, not answers. Was it more important to convict me, a so-called menace to society, rather than the real killer? Did they convict me of what they truly believed I did, or what they think I could or would do? These are questions which go through my mind constantly. . . .

The gate doors screeched open and shut. Red Star heard the sauntering steps of the guard on morning patrol. They stopped in front of his cell.

"Hey, Lyman, up all night again?"

Star knew the friendliness was a sham.

"Writin' to yer lady, hey?"

"No, I'm bakin' a cake."

"You know, I forgot to tell you, there's a letter for you upstairs. Geeze, man, it's really too bad you can't get it until Monday. But at least you know it's there."

"Yeah, thanks, that's real neat t'know, soothes my mind. Tell me about my mornin' paper, do I get it today or Monday?"

"Oh, yes, it's here, I remember I saw it when I came in this morning, outside the gate. Geeze, I should have picked it up and brought it in. Now it'll have to wait till after lunch. Sorry about that, Lyman. Listen, take it easy now, I wouldn't wanna see you get in trouble," he said, resuming patrol.

"Cocksucker," Star growled under his breath, lighting a cigarette. His mind galloped in impotent anger, balking at the humiliation. He paced up and down. "Fuck it," he said, calling on his biker brotherhood, "they can't get a Vagabond down!" He bounced back onto the cot, tried to reread his lady's letter but couldn't—he had too much to say.

These dirty cocksuckers up here ain't shit, but they got their little mindfucks. I've managed to laugh at them so far but it's getting harder day by day. If they treated us like men, instead of the animals they think we are—they don't have the balls to front us with anything, they just pull stupid shit like not bringing our mail down after telling us there's a letter waiting. I don't know, I try to be cool with the guards, but I can't stand two-faced phony plastic motherfuckers and sometimes I look at myself and that's exactly what I'm becoming, a phony. You and everyone who gives a damn says, be cool, let people see you as a human being, not the biker tramp you were. Yeah, well, that's fine and dandy and I guess clearing myself is the main bag, but why do I have to put on an act to clear myself of something I didn't do? Yeah, I know the answer too, I just feel like runnin' it one more time. Ah well, fuck it, it's just another day in hell. . . .

Star woke up at the merge of nightmares, real and dreamed, as the death row pandemonium perforated his slumber. Three televisions blasted their soaps and suds, two from channel 9 and one from channel 4; golden oldies dinned

from the farthest cell, overriding the country-western-ghetto-blues synthesis rippling through the inmate babble. He focused in on the raps: The Brain, trying to impress the world with his genius IQ and postponed emotional development; The Mouth, ejaculating snide comments, working out his anguish on the weakest of the lot, in this case Snowman; Snowman whining away his fear; The Freak playing his divine retribution tapes. How long, Red wondered, could he keep his sanity in the midst of all this?

He sat up and in the eye of a raucous background guffaw struck a match to light his cigarette. He stayed quiet, letting them think he was asleep. For once he appreciated the solitary arrangement. He looked up at the three Buddhas. Which one am I today, he asked himself, halting each with a smoke ring. Ah, yes, the terrible, the ferocious, the avenger of all wrong—I wouldn't mind avenging myself against these inconsiderate cocksuckers! He blew an extra ring around the third Buddha and picked up pen and paper.

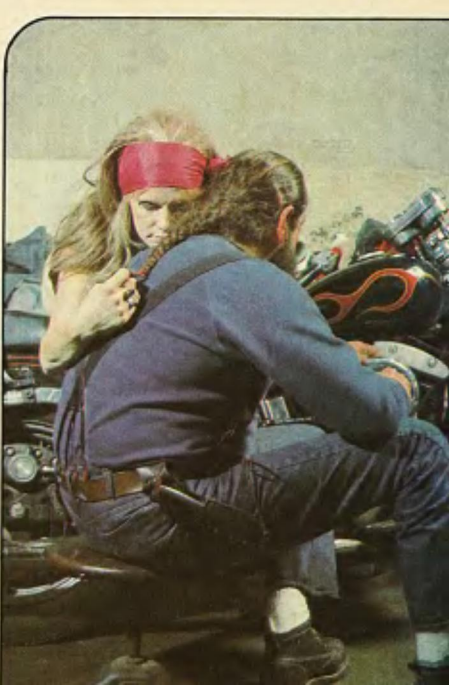
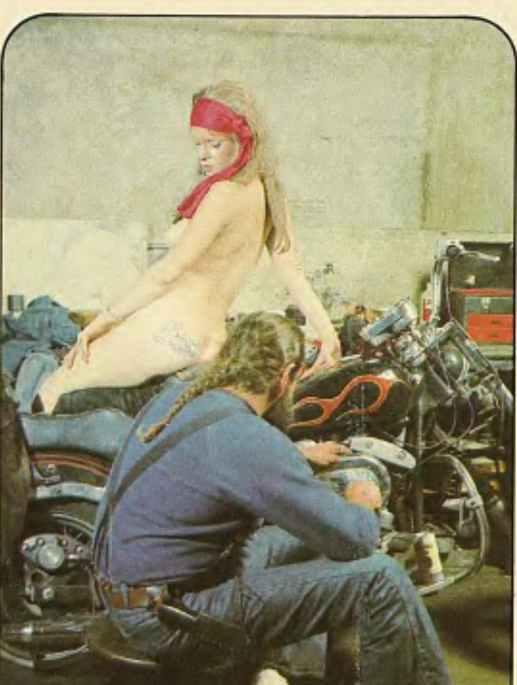
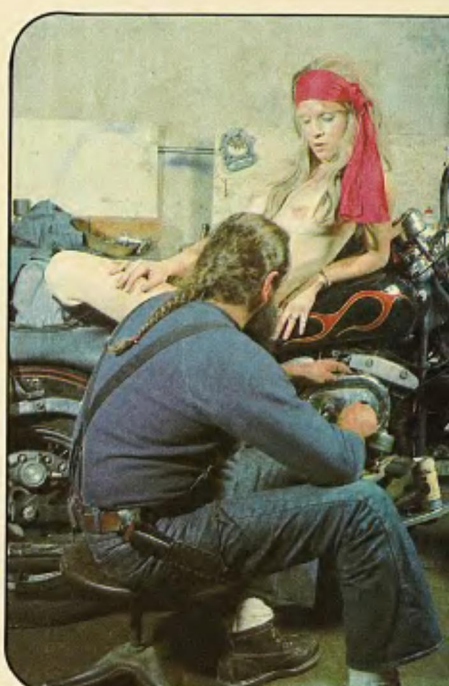
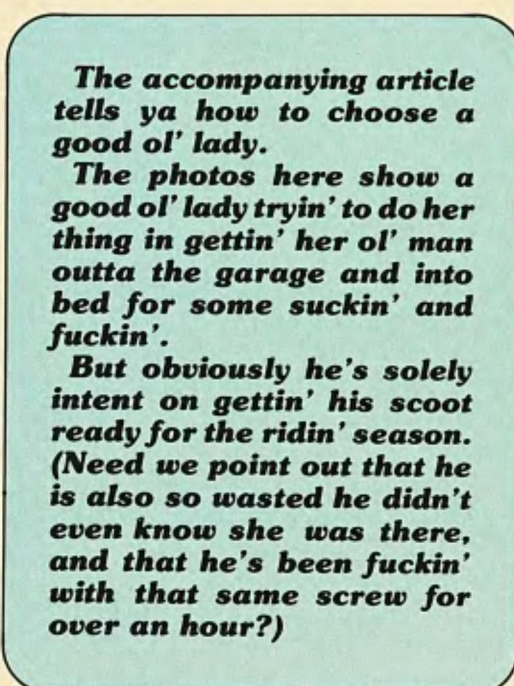
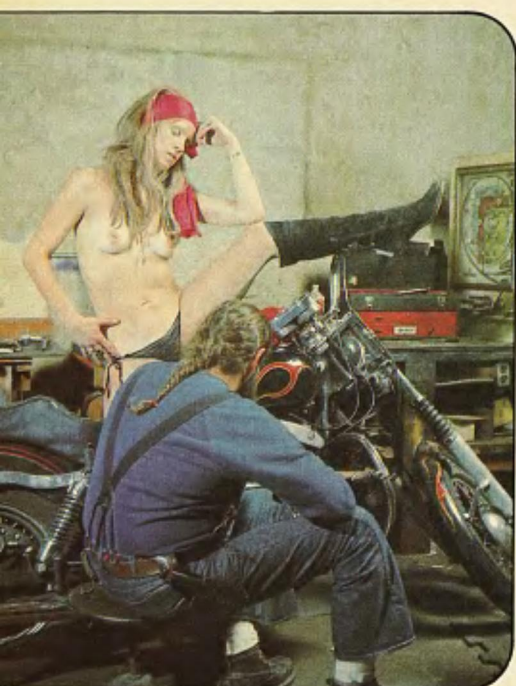
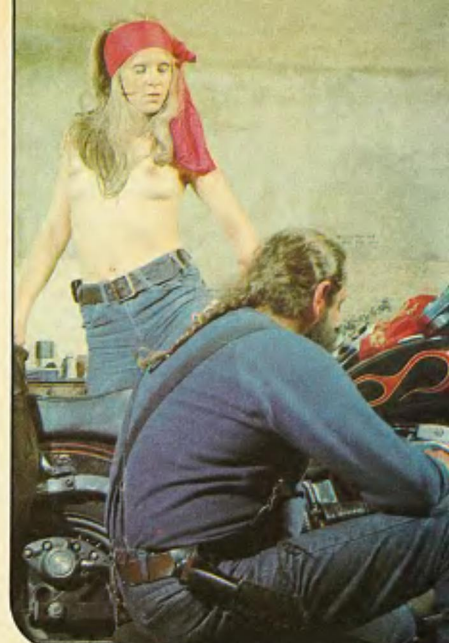
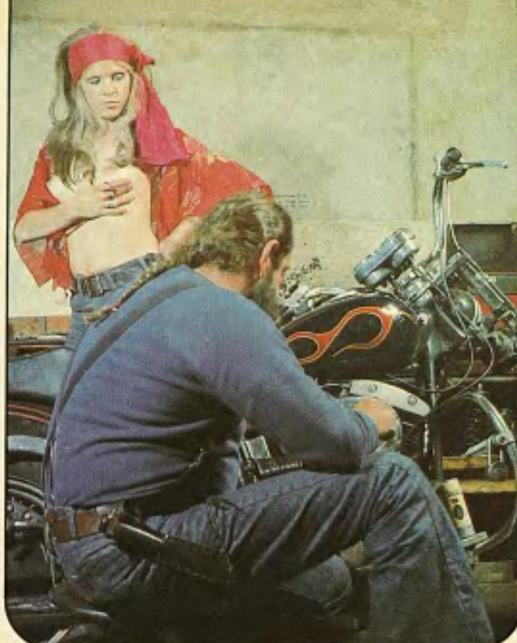
Well, good morning—or I should say good afternoon? Just woke up from a nap with a heavy attitude. You wrote me once about how you can't stand being around stupidity. Well, try to imagine being locked up with ignorance; worse than that, with people who don't want to improve. Yes, I'm on edge and uptight; the inconsideration, the stupidity, is making everything worse. Twenty months, almost two years in a 6x9 cell, no release whatsoever, no job, no exercise, no contact with anyone. There's no way you could possibly visualize it; Death Row is a heavy trip. I'll help you understand at a later time; a letter cannot deliver the true understanding. How's that for a heavy Thanksgiving Day rap? Just felt like saying that to someone, sooooo, I'll make myself a cup of black and join the insanity of the day. Back in a flash. . . .

He poured the packet of instant coffee into his red plastic mug, turned on the hot water, let it run to steaming, filled the cup and settled back into writing position: knees drawn up, clipboard resting against them, coffee cup balanced precariously on the thin mattress, cellophane cigarette wrapper ashtray next to it. He picked up her letter, reading to see if there were any questions he'd forgotten to answer, rubbing his balding scalp in contemplation.

You want my views on how a prison should be run. Well, I do agree there should be some kind of confinement because we have not advanced to a level where we can cure the criminally sick, but for the most part society has to abolish their fear of each other. Humanity will always hate, I think, and essentially fear and hate are the same thing.

The rumble of the prison farm truck caught his ear. Far out, time for the daily toke. He stayed alert for the fumes,

—Continued on page 28



In these days of ERA and Women's Liberation, it is becoming increasingly difficult to find compatible companionship. The female of the species has been evolving. She no longer accepts willingly her rightful role in the scheme of things. That fat little ass you've always counted on may not be too easy anymore.

Society made its biggest mistake when it allowed women to enter the schools. Someone finally told them they did indeed have brains. They got excited about it, blew it up out of all proportion, and—well, you know the rest.

Quite frankly, the need has arisen for some concrete method of measuring a cunt, I mean a woman, for her ol' lady qualifications. I offer these guidelines mainly for the man who feels he has come to a point in his life where he begins to want the feminine touch in his home and bed. If you don't have an ol' lady now or if you don't like the one you do have, this article will be invaluable to you. If, however, you think your ol' lady is perfect, reading this in time may save your hairy ass.

The first qualification for a good ol' lady is cleanliness. Show her your Sporty and, in a tone that shows that you accept her, ask her what she feels a woman's relationship is to a motorcycle. The proper answer is "To keep it shining clean at all times and to assist as quietly as possible in its daily maintenance." If she says anything other than that, hit her one good shot in the teeth, then ask her again. If she still hasn't caught on, wedge her underwear up the crack of her ass with the toe of your boot and tell her to kiss herself goodbye.

If your lady's first or second answer is reasonably correct, proceed to the next test. Ask her to step into your pad. This will give you an opportunity to observe her manners, another important quality. If she understands her relative position as a female in today's common reality, she will react to this suggestion in only one way. If she busts her bum getting to the door first, then holds it for you, making sure the door-knob doesn't rip off the side mirrors on the way in, she passes! If she walks in ahead of you, or waits for you to open the door, calmly unzip your fly, unfold your garden hose and water her upper lip.

If you are still reading this, congratulations! Most ol' ladies don't make it to the third test.

Once she is in your pad, tell her to sit down and talk with you for a while. If she says more than five words in a row (unless she is answering a direct question) she's a loud-mouth Jane Fonda type and you don't need her. She'll make your life miserable and you'll find yourself puking menudo into your pillow case from the things she'll think of to say to you after a hard night sucking suds with your buds. It

also leaves you wide open to a murder rap.

The importance of the next exercise has been questioned by some people. However, after fifteen years of research in this area, I feel it has its place in this outline. Ask your prospective ol' lady to clean up your pad. (Make sure it's good and dirty first.) She should be grateful that you respect her so much, and if she does, she will begin right away. This is an area of individual preference and it would be best not to make a hasty judgment on the basis of her first time. It is not uncommon for a chick to take as long as three days to become familiar with where you change your underwear, if you change your underwear, whether or not you want it washed, and other such personal habits. If, however, after three days she still hasn't shaped up, tell her you dig watching your ol' lady go down on a goat. You don't have to ask her to leave; she'll already be gone.

That brings us finally to our last and most important test. Take your ol' lady to the bedroom and tell her to strip. Now, there are no universal guidelines in this area. Once again, it is up to the individual preference as to how well you feel she performs. There are several ways to ascertain her weak points. After you have tested her thoroughly, invite your bros in to give her similar tests and then ask their opinions. After all, twelve heads are better than one. If she is not willing to do this, she is hiding something and it would be best if you found out what it is.

Some chicks have a very sick attitude about oral sex. Believe it or not, some of them actually think giving head is "dirty." Explain to her gently that this is not so. Go out into the yard and get a large dried dog turd. Show her the difference between it and your cock and ask her firmly which one she'd rather suck on. You'll see that, put simply enough, a woman can understand anything sooner or later.

If your candidate for the perfect ol' lady measures up to these simple exercises, you can be fairly sure that you won't be sorry if you let her stay. You will have a companion who will move with your masterly ebb and flow and you'll have every right to be proud of yourself for your accomplishment.

Little has been said here about looks. Quite frankly, my studies have shown good looks to be largely unimportant to the relationship. If, however, your ol' lady passes every test, but her face could dry out your cod bag, there are remedies. You can paint your windows black, move into a cave, or lay in a supply of double brown bags from the A & P.

Armed with this knowledge and these guidelines, you should have no trouble figuring out whether or not a particular chick would fit into your organized set of principles. Good luck and good hunting! ■

How To Choose a Good Ol' Lady

By Carolyn M. Gray

Legal news in everyday language

Munched By a Shark

If you are bitten by a shark on the city beach, can you collect from the city because it failed to warn you of the shark danger? A Florida court says no. Here the plaintiff was attacked by a shark while swimming off a beach owned by the city of St. Petersburg. No warning of shark danger had been given the plaintiff. The plaintiff did not recover. The law in Florida is that the law does not require the owner of land to anticipate the presence of wild animals or guard an invitee against harm from wild animals unless such owner or possessor has reduced the animals to possession, harbors such animals, or has introduced onto his premises wild animals not indigenous to the locality. The city here did not have any knowledge of the shark hazard.

Apparently, you swim with sharks at your own peril. 339 So. Rep. 2nd 244.

Setting a Trap

Are you thinking of setting up a spring gun to protect your property from burglars? Maybe you'd better not.

Recently in California, the defendant lived in a home alone in San Anselmo. The regular living quarters were above the garage, but the defendant sometimes slept in the garage and had about \$2000 worth of property there. One night some tools were stolen from the defendant's home. Later, the defendant noticed the lock on his garage doors was bent, and pry marks were on one of the doors. The next day he mounted a .22 caliber pistol in the garage. The pistol was aimed at the center of the garage doors and was connected by a wire to one of the doors, so that the pistol would discharge if the door was opened several inches. The damage to the defendant's lock had been done by two teenage boys. On the afternoon of May 15th, the boys returned to the defendant's house while he was away. Neither boy was armed with a gun or knife. After looking in the windows and seeing no one, one of the boys removed the lock on the garage doors with a crowbar and, as he pulled the door

outward, he was hit in the face by a bullet from the pistol. The defendant was found guilty of assault with a deadly weapon. On appeal, affirming the conviction, the court said that allowing persons, at their own discretion, to employ deadly mechanical devices imperils the lives of children, firemen and policemen acting within the scope of their employment, and others. Where the actor is present, there is always the possibility that he will realize that deadly force is not necessary, but deadly mechanical devices are without mercy or discretion. Such devices are silent instrumentalities of death. They deal death and destruction to the innocent as well as the criminal intruder without the slightest warning. The taking of human life or infliction of great bodily harm by such means is brutally savage and inhuman. This is the law generally in the United States and it should be. 116 Cal. Rep. 233.

Bikes Towed Away

Have you had your car or motorcycle towed away on the claim that it was illegally parked? This happened in New Orleans under a city towing ordinance. The owner did not meekly submit, but challenged the constitutionality of the towing ordinance. He was successful. The U.S. District Court held that a vehicle which appears to be illegally parked may be towed to a city auto pound without affording the owner prior notice and the opportunity for a hearing, but the city towing ordinance is violative of due process insofar as it authorizes the assessment of towing fees and storage charges without notice and an opportunity for a hearing. This is a case of first impression, and the court said that due process requires that before any individual is deprived of a significant property right through governmental action, he must be accorded notice of the impending proceeding, and the opportunity to be heard at a meaningful time, prior to the deprivation.

You should always remember in every situation to consider your constitutional rights. Have they been violated? 418 Fed. Supp. 542.

Entitled Legal Advice

Are you entitled to advice of counsel before taking a chemical test if you are arrested for drunken driving? The Supreme Court of Minnesota has just said that you are. The plaintiff refused to take the test without consulting his lawyer, and his license was suspended for six months. There is a statute in Minnesota to the effect that you may consult your lawyer before taking the test.

Practically all the states have a rule that you do not have a right to consult counsel before submitting to the test.

The Minnesota court noted that the choice of whether or not to take the test may be a meaningful one to an individual driver. For example, the driver who is requested to submit to chemical testing might not know that he can reasonably refuse the test in certain circumstances, where the officer did not have reasonable ground for arrest or for requesting the test, did not properly inform the driver of his rights, or confused the driver as to his rights. Moreover, depending upon the individual driver's circumstances, the decreased possibility of criminal conviction may be worth the six-month loss of his license, if he does not depend on his driver's license for his livelihood.

If the driver was involved in an accident resulting in death, he might face more serious criminal proceedings in which the test results could be important evidence against him. In the above instances, a driver, requested to submit to testing, might want to seriously consider refusing the testing. While such situations may be rare, they are certainly not impossible or highly improbable. When those situations do arise, the driver must make a critical and binding decision regarding chemical testing which will affect him in subsequent proceedings. This decision is just as critical and just as binding as a decision regarding whether to make a verbal statement, which is one zealously protected by current case law.

Even in the vast majority of cases in which competent counsel would advise his client to take the test, the valuable right of counsel is not wasted. An arrested driver

may be confused, dazed and suspicious of the arresting officer, not only because of the possible influence of alcohol, but perhaps because of injury due to accident and other reasons. Where the important chemical testing procedures are not unreasonably delayed or impaired, the driver should have the benefit of the knowledgeable advice of his own counsel, who may assure him that the officer's statements about his rights and obligations are correct. The recognition of such a right will encourage compliance with the chemical testing procedures in an atmosphere of fundamental fairness.

The court concluded that the plaintiff's license should not be revoked because he refused to take the tests. Supreme Court of Minnesota, No. 66. Opinion filed October 8, 1976.

Forced To Be a Snitch?

Can you be compelled to act as a police agent and informant?

Recently a college student brought a civil rights action against the district attorney, assistant district attorney, and a police officer to recover damages for compelling the plaintiff to act as police agent and informant. The complaint alleged that the plaintiff was compelled by means of a constant and relentless course of threats and coercion to act on four occasions as a police agent and informant and to testify against persons (including his brother) from whom he had allegedly purchased illegal drugs. The court said that he had stated a good cause of action. The state had here unlawfully deprived the plaintiff of his freedom of choice, a fundamental component of that personal liberty which is broadly protected by the Fourteenth Amendment.

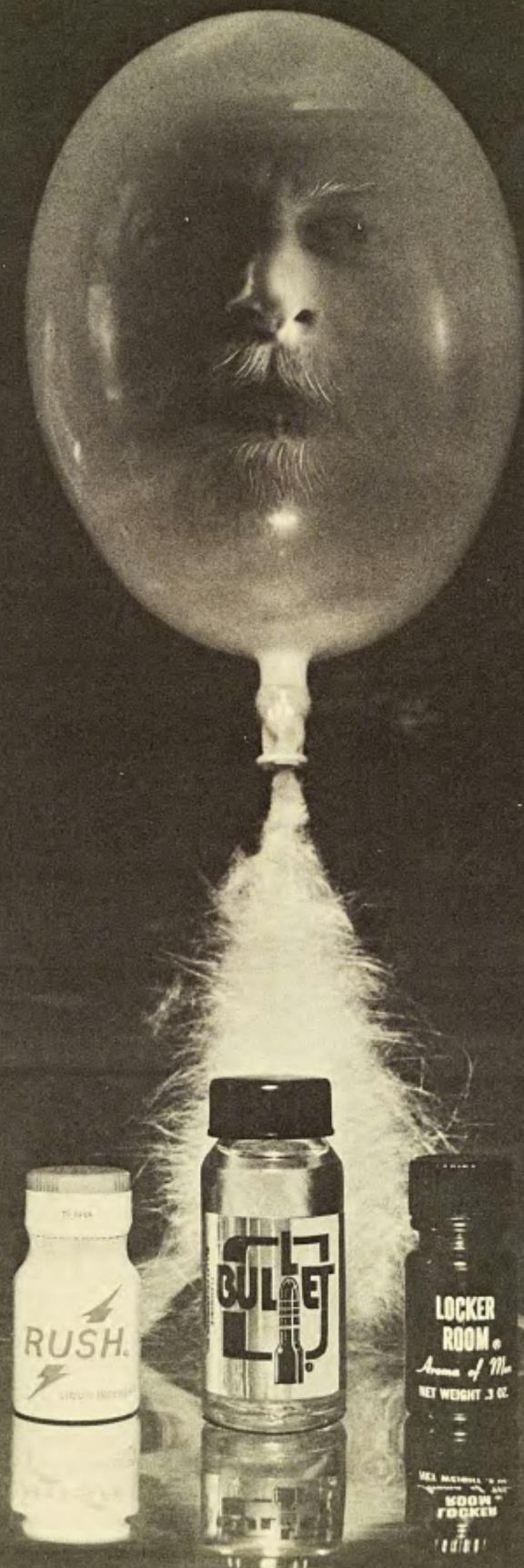
The case indicates the lengths to which a prosecutor will go to obtain evidence and cautions the individual to always look first to his constitutional rights. 416 Fed. Supp. 1137.

John Warren Giles is a member of the Bar in New York, Chicago, and Washington, D.C.

Head Rush

For those dudes who like to have their heads feelin' like they've just turned into helium-filled balloons an' are zoomin' out into upper space, there's a new drug on the market that's takin' the country by storm. The main feature of this stuff is that it's passed inspection and testin' by the FDA, and one of their spokesmen has reportedly declared that "the substance appears to be legal." Both the Houston, Texas, police department, and the New York City police department checked it out, and according to the manufacturer, it was declared one hundred percent legal.

The mini-junk we're referrin' to is manufactured under various names. Rush, Jac, Aroma and Bullet are some of them, but at the rate their success is climbing, there may be more of 'em on the market before long. Right now it's a million-dollar-a-year business. One company alone, Bullet-Advertising, Inc., of Houston, Texas, says their volume of sales exceeds a hundred thousand bottles each week. With each bottle retailing for just under ten dollars, you can bet your ass somebody's makin' a lotta bread.



The Chemical name of the new product is n-butyl nitrite, and its closest relation in the chemical family is amyl nitrite. Amyl nitrite is a Class II prescriptive drug that's used by people who have heart problems known as angina, and one whiff, taken by breakin' open a little capsule, then sniffin' the liquid, gives that victim a short, very exhilarating high. It causes a short-duration dilation of the arteries, due to the resultant rush of blood to the heart, and the resulting oxygen that floods the brain often causes face-flushing and headaches.

The text of "Clinical Toxicology of Commercial Products," a standard volume used by doctors, states that these products, known more commonly by the name "poppers," can cause a fall in blood pressure, nausea, coma — even death — so maybe they hadn't oughtta be fucked with. But an authority on the subject, Joyce C. Greller, says, "Doctors agree that amyl nitrites are generally harmless. No studies indicate any genuine harm." As you can see, there is controversy on the subject, pro, con, and con-

—Continued on page 67



THE CONTRACT

By Roach

"There ain't no way I'm gonna go with you," Chip said, grunting as he leaned back to torque the head bolts down. "And," he added, as he rose to put the tools back on the bench, "there ain't no way you're gonna get away with it. That dude is one rich citizen, an' he didn't get that way from bein' stupid." He limped across the dirt floor, opened the fridge and took out two cans of beer, popping the lids and handing one to Danny. "There ain't never a minute that he don't have half a dozen bodyguards around him, an' you ain't got a chance of gettin' within fifty yards of 'im."

"Look," Danny said, setting his beer down and walking over to the Hog. He wiped the tank. "I already cased all the places he hangs out. I know where he goes, when he goes there, an' I'm workin' on ways to get close to him. I think I've got it all figured out, an' if I'm right, and everything works the way I've planned it, *bang*, the rest of the money's mine."

"Why don't ya just jump on your Hog an' take off now, instead of gettin' involved any deeper. Ya got five grand. Shit, you can burn 'em for that an' they won't even miss it. Besides, what guarantee ya got that they'll pay the other five grand when the job is finished?"

"Chip," Danny said, exasperated by his friend's pessimism, "the guy is big time. They're gonna give me ten grand, total, to get 'im. They paid half an' they'll pay the other half when I deliver. There ain't no way they're gonna rip me off. I trust them, an' they trust me. That's the way these guys work. That's why they're all wearin' suits an' ties an' drivin' Continentals. For Christ's sake, think a minute. With this dough, you an' me are gonna live like

kings for a couple of years or more. *Ten grand, Chip. Ten fuckin' grand!* An' all I gotta do is ten seconds work. Once I get close to him..." He held both hands before his face, thumbs up, trigger fingers curved, "*Poof*, it's all over. Think about it."

"They'll shoot ya," Chip worried, shaking his head. "They'll blow yer ass right off before ya can even get close."

"You'll see," Danny said. He opened the garage door and pushed Chip's Hog outside, then, as always, he fired it up for his friend. Chip straddled the bike, reaching down with his right hand to lift his crippled leg up onto the footrest.

"You be careful, Danny," he said, giving his pal a firm punch on the shoulder. "If I can do any more than I'm doin' now, lemme know, but I ain't goin' with ya. I got enough trouble gettin' around now." He shifted into first and roared away along the alley, waving, but not looking back, and disappeared into the night.

Danny closed the garage, locked the door, and went into the house. Some of the equipment he was going to use was lying on the kitchen table, along with a couple of crudely drawn maps and a street map he had picked up at the corner service station. There was a list of restaurants and theaters, each correspondingly marked on both the commercial map and the one Danny had crudely drawn with a pencil. The black bag was there, as was the short pry bar and the neatly coiled, nylon rope. Next to these lay the flashlight, with head attachment and batteries.

He went into the bedroom and changed his clothes, putting on the black turtle-neck sweater, the black wool cap, and the Frisco jeans. He grinned as he laced up the black

basketball shoes. It had been a long time since he had worn anything but motorcycle boots, but, for this kind of money—and a job as easy as he knew this was going to be—he would have worn a Donald Duck suit, if required.

It had been almost two weeks since he had first met the man in the biker bar, and a week since the arrangements had been made. The man's name was Dugan, and he knew all about Danny's past record. It had been Danny's particular expertise that had convinced the dude that Danny was the man for the job.

At the man's apartment, in the presence of the other two men, Danny had felt a bit awkward. He'd never been in a penthouse before. The meeting had been all business, with no joking around, and no deviation from the subject at hand. The contract had been explained in detail, and he had accepted both the contract and the down payment. Five thousand dollars in crisp, new, one-hundred-dollar bills. What a rush he'd gotten, holding the fat bundle in his hands. His thoughts had swirled with visions of broads, booze, partyin' and ridin'.

"Don't you want me to sign something?" he'd asked. "I mean, five grand is a lot of dough. What if I just run off an' don't do the job?" When the men smiled at him, Danny knew that he would either do the job or give the money back. There was much more than mere humor in the looks they gave him at the suggestion.

Taking the headlamp, the pencil-drawn map, and the pry bar, Danny let himself out through the back door, locking it behind him. He stood for a moment before stepping off the porch, patting each pocket, to make sure he had everything required. The

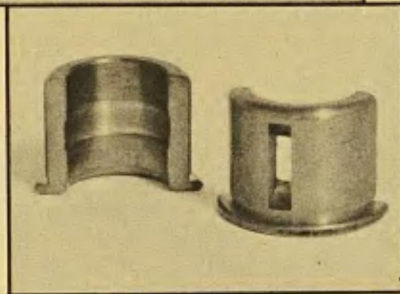
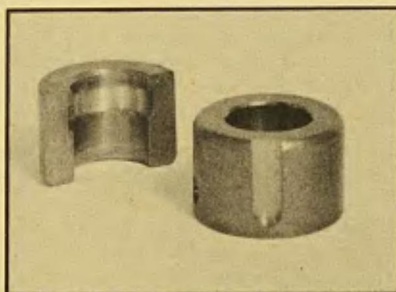
—Continued on page 74

CIRCULATION BOOSTERS

We all know that a 74's life blood is that gummy 50 or 60 weight oil that's slowly poured into the chrome oil bottle above the tranny. But for the throbbing engine to take advantage of its slipperiness it has to circulate like blood in a bod. And the faster it moves the better for all those metal, rubbing against metal, surfaces.

Late model cone motors handle the oil flow and pressure job fairly well. But the ol' pan, knuck and flathead motors suffer, especially when the thumpers get warm. The oil pressure on early motors varies from 30 pounds to barely moving when hot, compared with the late models which pump 60 pounds down to 30 once the engine heats up. But there are a couple of possible solutions for early mills.

During a rebuild a constant flow pinion shaft bushing can easily be installed in a flathead, knuckle, pan or early shovelhead engine. Shown in the accompanying flicks are the two brass bushings (1). The one without the lip fits flatheads, knuckles and pans to early 1953, 74s and 61s. The one with the lip fits late 1953 and later motors. The way the theory goes is that pinion shafts have only one small orifice in the side of the shaft as it protrudes into the cam cover. The bushing also has only one opening. Consequently oil flows to the lower end only once in every complete revolution. But the bushings shown here are machined so oil is flowing around the pinion shaft constantly,



thereby allowing direct flow to the crank pin and bearings. The bushings run about eight bucks and are manufactured in Culver City, California, at H.E.S. Performance Products. And your local Hog shop should be able to replace the old with the new in the cam cover in a matter of minutes —'course you know how that goes.

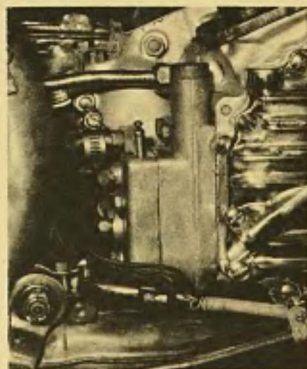
Any means to increase the overall oil pressure would increase the amount of crude generally pressed between all those moving hardened surfaces. On knuckles, pans and early shovels there is an easy

possibility for increasing oil pressure. Simply replace the early pump with the late model shovel pump (2).

The difference between the cast pump of the past and the newer aluminum one is basically the size of the gears used, the size of the passages and heavier check ball springs. So if you can cop one of the aluminum pumps, with studs and bolts, the shaft that slips into the gear case and a couple of gaskets, then it's just a matter of replacing one with the other. But be careful that the gasket lines up with the oil passages correctly. Also be certain that the pump shaft spins freely in the engine. Then as you tighten the new pump into place, unlike the old, it can only be tightened to 70 inch pounds. Any tighter can and will damage the pump body.

That's it, it now costs so damn much money to rebuild, it sure as hell doesn't hurt to assist the life of your mill any time you get a chance. Ride safe.

—Weed



Coppin' Out

I am very much in love with this chick but I have a problem. I have a bro in the Army, my sis is a hooker and has been divorced four times, has three ankle-biters. My ma is an alcoholic and lets all my M/C bros lick her lunch. My ol' man is in the slammer for 15 to 20 for dipping his crank into 13-year-old wool and is now getting into sucking head for his kicks.

I want to marry this fox but my problem is, should I tell her about my brother in the Army? Help me!

"The Hardman"
Tulsa, Oklahoma

- Why cop out to anything is my motto.

Regular Way

Suckin' cock and lickin' cunts! Don't your readers ever write about anything but weird sex? What ever happened to fuckin' the regular way?

Michelle
St. Paul, Minn.

- Hell, the regular way is still good, but it's hard to find dudes who'll fuck ya after the burro an' the dog get done.

Hair Rope

I am a mountain climber, but I broke my rope. I heard that you have the toughest cunt hair in the world. I'd like to weave a rope out of your perfect pubes.

Jamie Wheeler
Ontario, Canada

- Mine are all worn off—sorry.

Snivelin' Ol' Lady

My ol' man treats me like a piece of shit. He works his ass off at two jobs, and the only time I get to see him is on Saturday or Sunday, and most of that time he spends in bed sleeping. When I get in bed with him, he tells me

to go to sleep on the couch. All I want is a little love. I do everything he wants me to do and more. What can I do to make him love me a lot more?

Killer
Hempstead, N.Y.

- Hit the streets, bitch—so he can quit one of his jobs.

Dog Desires

Man, I need help bad. My ol' man got me turned on to fuckin' dog fashion not long ago. Now every day I get this weird urge to chase passing cars. What should I do?

Sweet Gypsy Rose
Reidsville, N.C.

- Chase 'em—whatdafuck?

Long Lips

I've been told that you have to wear suspenders to keep your pussy flaps up so you won't trip on 'em. Is this true?

Me
In a Federal Joint

- All right, I wanna know who the snitch is. Christ, can't anyone have any privacy?

Red Wings

My ol' lady refuses to fuck during her period. She says it isn't good for her health. Does she know what she's talkin' about?

Larry
Smackover, Ark.

- Tell 'er to relax. It's good for her if it's good for you. There ain't no kind of fuckin' that's bad, an' if my ol' man had a pair of red wings for

every time he ate me, he'd look like an SST.

Oui Review

I just read a review of your column in *Oui* magazine, and they said you have a toilet mouth. It's about time someone recognized you for what you are.

Rev. J. B. Dally
Sparks, Nev.

- The dude wrote it while he was sittin' on my face, dumbshit.

Good Advice

Is there any way to look at a chick and tell if she's going to be a good fuck? I'm gettin' tired of windin' up with nurds.

Billy Prescott
Brooklyn, N.Y.

- No! But lemme give ya some good advice. A broad is only as good in bed as her partner helps her to be. Try 'em all, but take yer time and find out what **they** like best. The bed is one place where payback can be mighty nice. Trust me!

Doin' It Right

My ol' man is in the Navy and will be coming home in a few months from a seven-month cruise. Can you tell me how to give him the ultimate turn-on? I know how to give him head just the way he likes it, but I want to do something better than that.

Denise
Prescott, Ariz.

- Before givin' him a knob job, slowly run your tongue over his entire body — pay special attention to the go-

nad area. Build him up for the knob job. While you're doin' this, put your ass-end near his face so he can play with you at the same time. After knobbin' him awhile (starting slowly and building up to a full deep-throat trip) twist your ass around and sit on his face. And then climax together. The only bummer is that after a seven-month cruise he may not be able to go all the way. Maybe it'd be a good idea to give him a quickie and then do the full treatment on the second, third, and tenth go-around.

Removing Grease

My ol' man handles his dick so much when he's workin' on his scooter that it always has an oily taste, no matter how much he washes it. Is there anything that will get the oil an' grease off a real scooter tramp's cock?

Dottie
Shelby, Mont.

- Hot water an' a scrubbin' brush works okay, but ya might try lettin' it soak for a couple of hours, if ya get what I mean.

Turns Green

I got a question for ya. How come every time I stick my ol' lady, her eyes bug out and she has trouble breathin'—turns kinda green. What da fuck causes this?

Crank
San Francisco, Calif.

- Stick her with what?

Politics

Have you ever taken a political stand on an issue or are you just concerned about society's sexual mores and norms?

Sam
University of Idaho

- The only political stand I've taken was when a local mayor plugged me while standing up.

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. ■

New Patch Tonight!

The night you get your patch, the night you get not one no vote, that's your night to howl. The first night of wearing your club colors is a new birthday; you know you've been accepted into the lives of your brothers. They're telling you they can depend on you and you can count on them. So you can rock 'n' boogie and get a little crazy tonight 'cause you've done it.

You came around this mob more than a year ago, and after gettin' to know people and settling up any differences, they told you it would be okay for you to hang around. After a couple of months you started to feel at home so you asked if you could prospect.

It took a few weeks before you got your prospect patch, but it was worth the wait, you thought. But

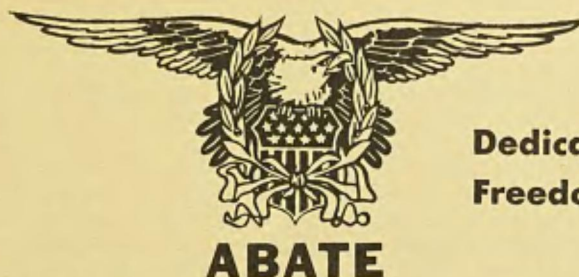
then it seemed like you couldn't do anything right, and there were times when you felt you weren't goin' to be accepted, but your sponsor told you to keep tryin' harder, and he took you to a party with the couple of members who seemed to be down on you the most.

And after a while you could feel new confidence in yourself and you even started calling yourself King of the Prospects. You also took on more responsibility in club projects; you even told yourself you could prospect for another year 'cause you were just happy to be part of the club.

And then it happened! **You made it, mother-fucker!** Well, party while you can—just remember, if you maintain for one more year, you might get your permanent final vote. Ride On!

— Wino Joe





**Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road**

Here's AMA's Pitch To Remove DOT's Power To Blackmail States To Enact Mandatory Helmet Laws

The following is AMA's pitch to the Vermont legislature against their mandatory helmet law. Although AMA switched positions long after ABATE commenced fighting the helmet laws, their support has been a great help in our battle—particularly since they have a lot of money for lawyers, lobbyists, etc.—and they can use the fact that they represent a membership of 140,000.

AMA originated the term "out-law" biker (meaning anyone not belonging to their organization) way back in the forties when the Galloping Gooses showed up at one of their sanctioned events without membership cards. To this day they still don't want to associate with non-straight organizations or bikers. Needless to say, they don't associate with ABATE nor do they supply us with any of their ammunition to aid us in our fight (the following report was sent to us from ABATE of Vermont). We thought you should be aware of AMA's persuasive argument against the mandatory helmet laws. It is articulate and well done and should be added to all your ABATE documents that are presented to your particular lawmakers in an attempt to educate them in our cause.

American Motorcycle Association Testimony to the Vermont Subcommittee on Surface Transportation

The American Motorcycle Association is pleased to offer this testimony in support of H. R. 3869, H. R. 6211 and H. R. 6918 which would remove the power of the Department of Transportation (herein "DOT"), originally given it by the Highway Safety Act of 1966 (herein the "Act"), to with-

hold federal highway safety funds from states not having a law requiring its motorcycling citizens over the age of 18 to wear helmets.

The issue before this Committee is whether or not to remove the power of the DOT to fiscally blackmail the states to enact motorcycle helmet laws. To make that decision, the following questions must be considered:

1. Should the citizens of the various states have the right to decide for themselves through their elected representatives in their states' legislatures whether or not to have laws requiring helmet usage?
2. Has the DOT advanced motorcycle safety in accordance with the intent and direction of the Act so as to be in a position to justify its dictates to the states and their citizens?

To fully answer these questions, it is necessary to begin with the Act itself. In Section 402(a) Congress instructed the Secretary of the DOT to promulgate certain standards for the states to meet so as to insure a uniform highway safety program as follows:

Each state shall have a highway safety program approved by the Secretary, designed to reduce traffic accidents and deaths, injuries, and property damage resulting therefrom. Such programs shall be in accordance with uniform standards promulgated by the Secretary. Such uniform standards shall be expressed in terms of performance criteria. Such uniform standards shall be promulgated by the Secretary so as to improve driver performance (in-

cluding, but not limited to, driver education, driver testing to determine proficiency to operate motor vehicles, driver examinations (both physical and mental) and driver licensing) and to improve pedestrian performance. In addition such uniform standards shall include, but not be limited to, provisions for an effective record system of accidents (including injuries and deaths resulting therefrom), accident investigations to determine the probable causes of accidents, injuries, and deaths, vehicle registration, operation, and inspection, highway design and maintenance (including lighting, markings, and surface treatment), traffic controls, vehicle codes and laws, surveillance of traffic for detection and correction of high or potentially high accident locations, and emergency services.

In response, 16 highway safety standards were promulgated on June 27, 1967.

Highway Safety Program Standard 4.4.3. "Motorcycle Safety" (herein "the Motorcycle Standard") is as follows:

Purpose

To assure that motorcycles, motorcycle operators and their passengers meet standards which contribute to safe operation and protection from injuries.

Standard

For the purposes of this Standard a Motorcycle is defined as any motor-driven vehicle having a seat or saddle for the use of the rider and designed to travel on not more than three wheels in contact with the ground, but excluding tractors and vehicles on which the

operator and passenger ride within an enclosed cab.

Each state shall have a motorcycle safety program to ensure that only persons physically and mentally qualified will be licensed to operate a motorcycle; that protective safety equipment for drivers and passengers will be worn; and that the motorcycle meets standards for safety equipment.

1. The program shall provide as a minimum that:

A. Each person who operates a motorcycle:

1. Passes an examination or reexamination designed especially for motorcycle operation.

2. Holds a license issued specifically for motorcycle use or a regular license endorsed for each purpose.

B. Each motorcycle operator wears an approved safety helmet and eye protection when he is operating his vehicle on streets and highways.

C. Each motorcycle passenger wears an approved safety helmet, and is provided with a seat and footrest.

D. Each motorcycle is equipped with a rearview mirror.

E. Each motorcycle is inspected at the time it is initially registered and at least annually thereafter, or in accordance with the state's inspection requirements.

II. The program shall be periodically evaluated by the state for its effectiveness in terms of reduction in accidents and their end results, and the National Highway Safety Bureau shall be provided with an evaluation summary.

"The motorcyclists should be given the same freedom of choice in matters of personal safety as is now enjoyed by auto drivers."

It should be noted that the Motorcycle Standard requires more than just a helmet law. However, the DOT's efforts as regards the implementation of the motorcycle standard gives the distinct impression that it is solely a helmet law standard. At the present time, 47 states have enacted a helmet law under threat of highway safety funds being withheld. The first sanction hearings held on the Motorcycle Standard were begun by the DOT because Utah and Califor-

nia had not enacted a helmet law.

At present time eight states have not enacted legislation requiring a special driver's license or an endorsement for motorcyclists. Thirteen states are still without eye protection laws. Five do not require passenger seats and seven states have not enacted legislation making passenger footrests mandatory. In seven states it is not necessary to have a rearview mirror on a motorcycle and nineteen states do not require any inspection of the motorcycle. Yet these states are not being sanctioned.

If the DOT believes in helmets as strongly as its enforcement efforts indicate, it would follow that it would have spent considerable time investigating helmet quality standards, acceptance of use of helmets and the effects of their use prior to, or immediately following, the promulgation of the Motorcycle Standard. Such has not been the case, as revealed by the Department's own actions.

The Motorcycle Standard was issued June 27, 1967. Immediately, federal pressure began to be applied to the states to enact helmet laws. Yet it was not until August 20, 1973, that the DOT issued any standard for motorcycle helmet construction. Six years had passed and 43 states had enacted legislation in accordance with the Motorcycle Standard's dictate for helmet laws. Yet the citizens of those states were without any federally issued criteria for quality of the helmets which they were forced to wear.

Even today there is only one headform size available to test helmets to the federal standard. Thus, while the average size helmets can be tested, about one-half of the helmets manufactured, those larger and smaller, for example children's helmets, go untested.

Only recently has the DOT begun to test helmets to its standards. However, it does not distribute the results of those tests. Thus, the motorcyclist has absolutely no guarantee that the helmet he purchases with the "DOT Standard" sticker attached actually complies with the standard.

The motorcycling public has opposed helmet laws on various grounds. The AMA has always opposed laws requiring motorcycle riders to wear helmets while encouraging their voluntary use. The purpose of helmet laws is to protect the operator or passenger from head injuries. This is a matter of personal safety. Thus, one basis of opposition to such laws has been the proposition that laws requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets are not a proper exercise of police powers and are an infringement of

personal liberty. By January 1, 1970, forty-three separate court challenges to such legislation have been filed. In twelve instances helmet legislation was declared unconstitutional.

Just as the Food & Drug Administration requires pharmaceutical companies to establish the reliability of a new drug prior to human consumption, the DOT should have established beyond question that helmet usage would have no detrimental effects prior to forcing enactment of such use. Since the DOT did not establish the effects of helmet usage prior to promulgation of the Motorcycle Standard, motorcyclists have understandably expressed concern over possible detrimental effects of helmet usage.

In a letter to the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances dated May 20, 1974, Dr. James B. Gregory, Administrator of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, attempted to answer those concerns as follows:

"The citizens of this country are intelligent enough to express their own wishes through their elected representatives."

1. Use of helmets causes death, injury or accidents.

To the best of our knowledge no factual data exist to support this contention. Very many studies support the effectiveness of helmets. Two are enclosed. The most recent is dated March 1974 and is NHTSA's analysis of motorcyclist helmet effectiveness in Michigan (which has a helmet law) and Illinois (which does not have a helmet law). The study found that accidents in Illinois resulted in almost three times more serious or fatal head injury than similar accidents in Michigan. The second document is an analysis of fatal motorcycle crash rates in the United States for 1966-70. This paper shows a consistently lower fatal crash rate for the helmet law group of states with an average difference of 1.43 fewer fatalities per 10,000 motorcycles for the helmet law group of states.

2. Statistics indicate an increase in motorcyclist fatalities during the first year after mandatory helmet usage became law.

It is possible that fatalities increased in several states after adoption of helmet laws. In some cases the benefits of helmet use may not have been able

to totally off-set the increase in accidents, injuries and fatalities resulting for greatly increased motorcycle usage. Motorcycle registration has increased more than 470 percent in the last two years. More specifically, the second part of the first answer points out the consistently lower fatal crash rate for the helmet law group of states. We have not made an attempt to document the experience in each state, but have included several items that were available in our files on specific jurisdictions.

The first is from Hawaii. It shows that in the two years prior to enactment of a helmet law 33 deaths occurred. In the first two years after the law, 16 fatalities occurred. A second deals with Michigan where 104 deaths occurred in the year prior to the helmet law and 86 the first year of helmet law effectiveness. A third item from Ontario, Canada, shows a 35.5 percent reduction in fatalities the first year following adoption of a helmet law. We believe that those examples are fairly representative of what has occurred in most states after adoption of helmet laws.

3. Helmets reduce visibility and ability to hear.

Let us consider the assertion that helmets are a hazard because they impair hearing. First, there are helmets available which do not cover the wearer's ears, so they cannot possibly impair hearing. Other types of helmets do cover the ears. Wearing a helmet of this type does limit hearing slightly, but far from the point of being a hazard. Several full coverage helmets have vents over the ears to improve hearing and ventilation. Anyone who has ridden a motorcycle knows that they are exposed to engine noise and often it is difficult to hear over the engine whether wearing or not wearing a helmet. A motorcyclist wearing a helmet can probably hear as well, if not better than a driver in a car with the windows closed, the air conditioner operating and the radio turned on.

With regard to impairment of vision, particularly peripheral vision, the assertion that helmets create a hazard is not supported by accident studies or a thoughtful analysis of the circumstances in which motorcycle safety helmets are used. The 290.1-1966 Standard promulgated by the American National Standards Institute and adopted by a number of states recommends that a helmet provide a range of peripheral vision of approximately

120 degrees. Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard Number 218—Motorcyclists Helmets, requires a minimum of 105 degrees. Additionally, a skilled motorcyclist will continually turn his head from side to side to get the fullest view of the surrounding traffic. This technique, coupled with the field of vision requirements in the standards, would assure that the motorcyclist's peripheral vision is not significantly impaired by the use of an approved helmet.

4. A helmet gives its wearer a false sense of security.

We have seen no documentation supporting this view. The typical motorcyclist is relatively young, 16-24, which is a high-risk-taking group. We don't believe that the use of helmets increases the tendency to take risks. There is certainly no evidence that the use of other safety devices, such as safety belts in automobiles, or safety glasses for shop workers, create a false sense of security.

5. Wearing a helmet causes an increase in neck injuries.

NHTSA statisticians have looked at all available sources of data alleged to have proved an increase in neck injuries induced by motorcycle safety helmets. None actually did and only one source indicated a possible significant increase in neck injuries for helmet users. This analysis was done as a result of the recommendation by the National Transportation Safety Board that we study the possibility of helmets inducing neck injury in crashes. We are seriously considering conduct of such a study which we believe would entirely resolve the issue of possible helmet induced neck injury.

6. New York (with a helmet use law) has a motorcyclist fatality rate of 136 per 100,000 while California (with no helmet law) has a lower rate of 72 per 100,000.

California's rate is not that low. For 1972, it was 93 per 100,000 motorcycles compared to an average of 69.8 for those states with effective helmet laws. Even so, we don't believe that a direct comparison of the death rate per 100,000 registered vehicles is the best way to measure helmet effectiveness. For instance we don't claim that Alaska's record low of 9.2 deaths per 100,000 motorcyclists is solely a result of the helmet law. We believe that a comparison of death rates per 100,000 motorcycles for several years before and after helmet law implement-

—Continued on page 26

Minnesota Statistics Show It's Safer To Not Wear a Helmet!

An unpublished official report (sneaked to us by a bro in Minnesota) actually shows the futility of helmet use. During the entire year of 1975 Minnesota kept records on all motorcycle fatalities. There was a total of 63 motorcycle deaths, but of the 63 it was not determined whether 23 of the fatalities had worn helmets or not. Of the remaining 40, the report revealed that seven out of every eight of those killed (35 out of 40) were helmet users. Only 12.5% (5 out of 40) wore no helmets. The report also showed that the helmetless rider was a much safer rider—only one traffic violation had been issued amongst the five no-helmet riders, while 22 out of the 35 helmet users had accumulated 122 violations—an average of a little over five violations per helmet user. Of the total 63 deaths, 36 were due to neck and/or head injuries. 58% were helmet users and only 8.3% were not. As mentioned earlier, it wasn't determined whether the remaining 33% wore helmets.

Deaths due to running off the road occurred over 28% of the time (10 out of 35) to the helmet user, while no helmetless riders were killed in this manner. All in all, it appears that you were a lot better off not wearing a helmet in Minnesota during 1975.

Copies of this report and our complete summary (too lengthy to publish here) will be sent to all ABATE chapters (and other interested motorcycle organizations upon request).

Easyriders Is Gonna Help State Chapters Raise Money

Easyriders has started a program to help state chapters raise money to go directly into their state treasuries to aid them in their individual state battles with the bureaucracy. To lobby for and against proposed laws. To initiate repeal bills—to initiate any law in favor of the street biker.

The major fund raiser (which we've already started—with great success) is Easyriders-sponsored motorcycle swap meets. Easyriders puts up the bucks, advertises, does all the logistics in setting up the event in a given city, prepares radio advertising, prints the posters, makes the mailing—does the whole enchilada. All the local state chapter has to do is man the gates, keep the peace (we don't want any rent-a-cops makin' the scene uptight), and generally run the event on the day of the meet.

The state or city charter gets a cut that goes to their treasury. The swap meets will not be light-

weight events. Ours will have a continuous rock band (setting the right mood), booths for tattoo artists, ear piercin', leather goodies, and—where we're allowed to—the sale of beer. So far it's been a biker happening with righteous people getting together exchanging hard-to-find bike parts—and generally having a good time.

So far, we've held four of 'em and haven't had a ripple of trouble with The Man or with clubs snarlin' at each other. Good vibes abounded everywhere—just good scooter people gettin' together and havin' a good time.

We're gonna be in touch with each state chapter and set up arrangements for havin' a swap meet in their area. The state chapters don't have to do anything or spend any money—just a little bit of their time. We plan to have special T-shirts made for the ABATE members who would be working the meet. Easyriders will advertise the events in the mag as well as on local rock radio stations and produce posters and flyers to be hung up in all bike shops in the area.

As we go to press (which seems like years before the issue goes on sale), two swap meets have been scheduled. One on June 19th in Detroit, Michigan—more details later. The other is scheduled at the Los Angeles County Fairgrounds on July 17th. Anyone interested in these events should contact J.T. at Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. More announcements will be made later after the national ABATE meeting in Daytona, where we'll meet with the heads of the state chapters and get the ball rolling. There will be other fund-raising opportunities announced in the next issue.

Appointed Officials Are The Cause of Many of Our Problems

Take, for instance, what your Virginia ABATE bros have to contend with in trying to get their repeal law passed. John Hanna, Director of the Virginia Highway Safety Division is going all out to work against the interests of ABATE. His vigorous campaign includes such comments as: "It is interesting to note that helmets may possibly serve to deter certain roadway accidents from occurring. The motorcycle helmet serves to identify the motorcycle rider to surrounding traffic. It's distinctive size, shape and bright color make the motorcyclist increasingly visible. Because of the reduced size and stability of the motorcycle, in comparison to automobiles, the extra visibility afforded by the use of a helmet is an important, if seldom mentioned advantage."

And another member of the Safety Commission has written letters requesting damaged helmets that "probably" saved lives. Here's his specific request: "The Highway Safety Division is looking for a limited number of helmets that have been damaged in motorcycle accidents and have resulted in probably saving a life. These will be used for display purposes and the Highway Safety Division will replace these helmets with new ones."

Not hard statistics, but selected "displays" calculated to shock and thereby influence the uninformed legislator. Why aren't there hard statistics to support their

claims? Or maybe there are and vested interests don't want them known.

James J. Kilpatrick states our problem with appointed officials very well in one of his columns:

"Back in 1966, Congress passed the Highway Safety Act. It was one of those broad-based bills that no one effectively could criticize. Who wants to be labeled a foe of highway safety? Among the law's provisions was Section 402, which authorized the Secretary of Transportation to establish safety program standards.

"Once the idea of a federal safety law is accepted, it also becomes hard to criticize the delegation of authority. The Congress, after all, cannot be expected to write detailed standards for particular safety programs.

"The difficulty is that once the authority has been delegated, it becomes almost impossible for Congress to supervise the exercise of the authority. A Secretary of Transportation, given the power to write rules and regulations having the force and effect of law, spits on his hands and gets to work. He writes law."

Three States Pass Helmet Repeal Laws — Many Other States Taking Action!

As we go to press, New Mexico, Utah and Nebraska have repealed their helmet laws (or are waiting for their Governor's signature. Indiana's repeal bill has passed the House and now must go before the Senate. Governor Otis R. Bowen of Indiana has written an ABATE bro and said, "I believe in as much local and individual decision making as possible when one is dealing with one's own life... (and that) riders should be able to decide for themselves how safe they want to be." He added, "If the repeal bill reaches my desk, I will not veto it."

To give you an indication of how weirdly some lawmakers think, when the New Mexico House passed the no-helmet bill, Rep. Tom Horan tried to amend it by adding the refusal of treatment to injured motorcyclists in public hospitals—he said it was his way of demonstrating the importance of helmets!

The Vermont Senate has also passed a helmet repeal bill and it has been sent to the House. Oregon has a repeal bill (HB-2340) going in their House. Sponsors of the bill are Representatives Starr, Brogioni, Klein and Priestley, and Senators Cook, Hallock, Roberts and Trow. A bill (SB-287) is also in the Senate; Elizabeth Browne is the principal sponsor.

A helmet repeal law (HB-7) has been introduced into the North Carolina General Assembly by Rep. Robert Jones. For specific info on



North Carolina's repeal efforts contact the Concerned Bikers Association, Box 26445, Charlotte, N.C. New Hampshire has passed their bill (SB-20) out of the Transportation Committee after the third reading. Sponsors of the bill are Senators Sanborn and Bossie. Ohio also has a repeal bill (HB-115) in their House and it is sponsored by Representatives Tranter, Stinziano and McEwen. Maryland's repeal bill has passed the Senate and is now in the House. Idaho has introduced a repeal bill in their House. Nevada Assemblyman Steve Coulter has introduced a helmet repeal bill (AB-7) in that state. Florida's repeal bill (HB-85) is working its way through the committees. Colorado has a repeal bill in the works and it's backed by Senate minority leader Ray Kogovsek. South Carolina's Senator Donald Holland has filed a helmet repeal bill (S-15) to go along with the House bill (H-2051) in that state. Missouri has three helmet repeal bills going in their state, as well as does Texas.

As you can see, in addition to the fifteen states that now have no helmet laws (for people over 18 in some states), there is a lot of activity everywhere. Bring this to your lawmaker's attention — that it's not just the bikers in your state who want freedom, but bikers everywhere!

Through The Courts Is Not The Ideal Way To Fight Against Unjust Laws

The Michigan Supreme Court has recently ruled that governments can require bikers to wear helmets—that an "infringement on personal liberty is legal (if it is) in the interest of society as a whole." This ruling, as well as others by the "High Courts" of this land, makes it increasingly apparent that it isn't entirely wise to go before a few "wise men" for justice. Look at what Nixon's "Burger's Court" has been doing to our liberties, for instance. No, we must seek relief from unjust laws through the men who legislate them—the men that we vote into power—not through appointed lifetime jurists. The lawmaker, the man who wants our vote, is the way to get changes made. The men beyond our immediate reach, the men we can only hope will retire, or wait for the right president or governor to appoint, are not the way. If the mass goes to a few men for decisions, then we have situations like the one that happened in Michigan. Bikers must fight their battles through the legislatures—where they have the power of the vote, not through a slow, costly process to get only the opinion of a few "wise men."

Miscellaneous comments: We've got two new ABATE chapters. One

in Arkansas at Box 4054, Fort Smith, Arkansas 72914, one in Alabama at 2 S. Church St., Fairhope, Ala. 36532. ABATE of N.E. Ohio has a new address and you can reach them c/o Preacher, 426 W. Elm St., Kent, Ohio 44240. The United Motorcyclists of Alberta are requesting bikers in Canada to sign petitions against their helmet laws at local bike shops. For more info, write U.M.A., Box 7294, Station E, Calgary, Alberta. ABATE of Kansas will have three members on the seven-member motorcycle advisory committee to work with the Kansas Dept. of Transportation. ABATE of New Jersey has set June 13th as the date for their helmet protest. Those interested in participating should contact Art Brzostowski, 4 South Ave. West, Cranford, N.J. 07016. ABATE of Virginia lost out in their battle (this year) to get rid of their helmets.

AMA Anti-Helmet Pitch

—Continued from page 24

tation would show a more accurate picture of helmet law effectiveness.

We would like to make the following comments regarding those responses, not to be argumentative, but to point out the failure of the DOT to document, investigate and establish, with any conviction or credibility, its case for mandatory helmet laws:

1. **Use of helmets causes death, injury or accidents** — It should be noted that the DOT retort here is "no factual data exist to support this contention," yet the DOT did not attempt to prove otherwise until the Michigan-Illinois study in March, 1974. That study has come under severe criticism. For example, Lloyd G. Turner, Chief, Office of Traffic Safety, State of California, in a letter to Dr. Gregory dated April 9, 1974 said,

If one assumes the Michigan/Illinois Motorcycle Safety Study is valid and that it covers all aspects of the problem, then it would appear that states with compulsory motorcycle safety helmet laws should have from 40% to 60% lower motorcycle fatality rates. The actual figures prove this is not the case.

The DOT, in the seven years that it has pushed motorcycle helmet laws, should have substantiated what is the case.

2. **Statistics indicate an increase in motorcyclist fatalities during the first year after mandatory helmet usage became law** — Dr. Gregory's answer to this charge, that lives may be lost because of DOT regulations, is, "We have not made an

attempt to document the experience in each state. . . ." Again, a failure to document the effects of motorcycle usage.

3. **Helmets reduce visibility and ability to hear** — The NHTSA's answer to this charge is, "A motorcyclist wearing a helmet can probably hear as well, if not better than a driver in a car with the windows closed, the air conditioner operating and the radio turned on." It has not been established that the hearing levels are equal and that that level is acceptable for motorcyclists. Dr. Gregory does not even offer the pretense of any scientific research, he just says "probably." As regards the allegation that helmets impair vision, again no study is cited to prove otherwise. Dr. Gregory's statements in this area are not enough to "assure" what are the effects of helmets upon vision.

4. **A helmet gives its wearer a false sense of security** — Again the NHTSA's response is, "We have no documentation supporting this view." No documentation to prove the contrary is even offered.

5. **Wearing a helmet causes an increase in neck injuries** — The National Transportation Safety Board on August 9, 1973, issued Safety Recommendation H-73-30 which recommended that . . .

NHTSA take immediate steps to confirm or disconfirm the implications of the New York State report that the wearing of helmets, as currently designed, increases the number of fatal neck injuries.

NHTSA complied with that recommendation, as Dr. Gregory mentions, by doing a Staff Memorandum on the Preliminary Study Results of a Review of Safety Helmet Usage and Neck Injury in Motorcycle Accidents, June, 1974. Dr. Gregory admits that this memorandum does not entirely resolve the issue of possible helmet induced neck injury. Though the NTSB felt "the subject should be further investigated without delay," as late as the date of his letter of May 20, 1974, his agency still had not done such a study. No study to confirm or disconfirm has yet been done.

6. **New York (with a helmet use law) has a motorcyclist fatality rate of 136 per 100,000 while California (with no helmet law) has a lower rate of 72 per 100,000** — Dr. Gregory admits that helmet laws are not the only thing that can save lives. But he does say, "We believe that a comparison of death rates per 100,000 motorcycles for several years before and after law implementation would show a more accurate picture of helmet law effectiveness." We would agree such a study would give a more accu-

rate picture and would have assumed that the DOT would have done such a study. It has not.

In response to a request by Mr. Turner for statistics on motorcycle deaths that occurred in states that have a motorcycle helmet law, Mr. Bradford M. Crittenden, Regional Administrator, NHTSA, replied in a letter dated September 5, 1973,

Your request for a survey of the States that have passed motorcycle helmet legislation was referred to Washington Headquarters. They now advise that the information wanted is not available as requested. The data only cover accidents in Illinois and Michigan. The specific information needed for your purpose will undoubtedly have to be collected by your office.

This is further evidence of the inability of DOT to supply the states with the necessary data to justify the implementation of laws which that Department is forcing them to enact. The DOT has internally placed less emphasis, manpower and funds on the Motorcycle Standard than on any of the other sixteen highway safety standards. We have been advised that not only is the Motorcycle Standard on the bottom of the list in terms of emphasis and attention, but that it ranks even lower in those areas than debris hazard control and cleanup. It would seem that there is more unknown about motorcycle safety than is unknown about the most expeditious way to remove gravel from our nation's highways.

This Committee should require the DOT and NHTSA to furnish complete and factual documentation of expenditures on all the standards. This Committee should demand a complete accounting and disclosure of the expenditures and the number of staff involved on the various standards. As shocking as we find these indications of the DOT's lack of sincere interest in motorcycle safety, that Department has more subtly failed to provide the leadership with which Congress entrusted it in the Act.

In an attempt to substantiate the total amounts of federal highway safety funds spent by the fifty states since 1967 on motorcycle safety, we asked the Governor's Safety Representative of each state the amount of Section 402 funds received each year and the amount of those funds spent on motorcycle safety. Twenty-eight states replied; those states—Alabama, California, Colorado, Florida, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Dakota,

Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming — have received \$383,416, 426.68 in Section 402 funds from the DOT since 1967 and have spent a total in that same eight-year period of \$1,257,196.60 or one-third of one percent on motorcycle safety. Prior to our inquiry to the states we had asked NHTSA for the total expenditures of the fifty states on motorcycle safety and were told that they amounted to \$1,280,000.00 so it seems unlikely that the states that did not reply would add much to the total.

As part of the process of appropriations under the Act, the state must submit to DOT its proposals for expenditures and programs each year in its annual work program. DOT is then to approve those programs and the amount budgeted for each. DOT has the authority to disapprove if not enough is budgeted. DOT has never disapproved any state's annual work program because of the paltry sums allotted by any state for motorcycle safety, even though the eight-year total expenditures by all fifty states on that area total less than one-third of one percent of the total available. Some states have made small expenditures on motorcycle safety under the drivers' education standard. It should be made quite clear that the drivers' education standard, also promulgated by the Secretary of Transportation on June 27, 1967, does not mention motorcycles, let alone require that persons who ride motorcycles receive drivers' education. So, if any states have spent any money on drivers' education for motorcyclists, they have done it entirely on their own initiative and without any federal leadership. Only two states—Minnesota and Maine—have statewide motorcycle drivers' education programs because of legislation enacted in those states at the sole initiative of their legislatures.

The failure of the DOT to include motorcycle drivers' education within its drivers' education standard, and the emphasis it has placed on helmet portions of the Motorcycle Standard, indicate its apparent belief that the American citizen cannot be educated. That is, there has been no emphasis on education of motorcyclists to make them better operators or to better acquaint them with the risks involved so that they would voluntarily utilize safety equipment. Instead, the sole emphasis has been on regulations having the force of law.

Through fiscal blackmail the DOT has required the states to enact mandatory helmet laws without educating motorcyclists as to why

helmets should be worn. This attitude has influenced the states. If the DOT has exercised any leadership at all in motorcycle safety it has been of the negative variety. It has inhibited the development of possible alternatives or more imaginative programs such as motorcycle drivers' education and improved licensing and testing procedures.

For example, Walter E. Nedwick, the Governor's Representative for Highway Safety of Delaware, in a letter to us of August 19, 1975, said,

Our allocations were not as large as other states' due to the fact that in Delaware we already meet the federal safety standards for motorcycle safety.

John C. Roberts, Secretary of Transportation, Commonwealth of Kentucky, in a letter to us of August 11, 1975, said,

While not a large amount of 402 funds have been spent, Kentucky's motorcycle safety program is in excellent shape. We are in 100% compliance with the motorcycle safety standard as set out in the National Highway Safety Act of 1966.

Clifford E. Arden, Director, State of Washington Traffic Safety Commission, in a letter to us dated August 1, 1975, expressed similar attitudes,

Since the state is in full compliance the Traffic Safety Commission has not channelled large amounts of its federal highway safety funds into this standard area.

The DOT regulations requiring states to enact mandatory motorcycle helmet laws are highly unpopular with the American public. An indication is the fact that the following fifteen states had bills or resolutions introduced in their legislatures which would repeal their mandatory helmet laws, or amend them so as not to apply to persons over 18 years of age—Alaska, Arizona, Connecticut, Hawaii, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Mexico, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Virginia and Wyoming. Alaska's Senate Concurrent Resolution No. 53 would have annulled administrative regulations requiring the wearing of helmets because . . .

"Whereas, these rules are not in the best interest of the state or its citizens."

Connecticut's Senate Bill 79, which would have repealed that state's helmet law, states its purpose as follows:

To eliminate a hazard for motorcyclists under certain conditions. Compulsory headgear can interfere with proper vision and

hearing in some circumstances and individual operators can make the best decision as to when protective headgear will contribute to their safety.

The threat of losing federal highway safety funds if such legislation was enacted was responsible for the defeat of each one of these items. For example, May 27, 1975, Dr. Gregory sent a telegram to John L. Martin, Speaker of the House of Representatives of Maine, which said,

This is in response to your request as to what action I would take if Maine repealed its motorcycle law. On the basis of evidence we have to support the effectiveness of helmets in saving lives and minimizing head injuries, and because of our responsibilities under present legislation, I would have no choice but to recommend to the Secretary that sanction procedures as provided in 23 CFR 1206 be initiated against any state should it fail to enact effective motorcycle helmet legislation or should it repeal such existing legislation.

Utah's House Bill No. 165, carried the following notation by the Office of the Legislative Analyst,

It is estimated that if passed this bill would result in the Federal Government invoking the penalty provisions of the Highway Safety Act. This would mean loss of Federal Highway Safety Funds of \$650,000.00, highway research grants to the University of Utah of \$75,000.00 and loss of Federal Aid Construction Funds of \$5,000,000.00. The potential reduction in these areas amounts to a total of \$5,725,000.00 in Federal funds.

In Connecticut, that state's General Assembly's Transportation Committee favored repeal of the state's mandatory helmet law if it was determined that it would not lose its federal transportation funds. As State Representative Thomas F. Sweeny (D-Norwich) explained in an article contained in the April 2, 1975, issue of "The Day," New London, Connecticut,

There is some federal question whether the federal government has ever withheld the funds in other states. . . . It appears there never has been a case. My feeling is if there is a clear and accurate ruling that the funds would not be held back that the committee would overwhelmingly support repeal.

However, in no case was the situation clearer than in Hawaii. In that state's legislature during the 1975 session, companion repealer bills bowed to DOT pressure

—Continued on page 94



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 brother **Perry**. A true biker. Free Bird M.C. From Mr. Breeze, Indiana.

In memory of **George Edmonson**. A man strong, proud and free, who will always be missed. Pat Bilau, Ontario.

In memory of brother **Armond Bletcher**. Gone on to a happier way. Ridin' in scooter heaven. Jade.

In memory of **Curtis Gibbs**, from Key West. P.J. Wuyburg.

In memory of "Wheeler" **Phil Griffith**. Rode hard and died fast. From Phil's H.D., San Rafael, Calif.

In memory of **Barry**. You'll never be forgotten by your bros. Kingsmen M.C., New York.

In memory of **Hillbilly Joe and Troll**, from Michigan. Rest in a peace your murderers will never know. Hell's Henchmen M.C. H.F.F.H.

In memory of **Little Tom**, shot by a dirty sonofabitch. From Brother Speed M.C., Portland.

In memory of **Louie**. Father, mate and bro of the land. A Pagan who's gone, but still near. Poet, Pagan M.C.

In memory of **Jimmy Foster**. Putt in peace. Pig-Knights M.C.

In memory of **Tall Paul**, a true bro. He rode with us in heart, and we'll ride with him in ours. Lucky Loser, Starke, Florida.

We all lost a partner when **Turtle** went down. San Gabriel Chapter Mongols M.C. Miss and love you, bro. Brandi and B.J.

Keith Dunlap, snuffed by a truck. Words fail all of us who knew and loved him. From all his bros and John T. Morton.

To **Mike "Moon" Mangone**. It'll never be the same without you. You'll always have a place in our hearts. Ruby Dubys, Torrance, Calif.

For **J.P.** from Cottonwood, Arizona. The Nomad Gonad rides forever. From a chick who'll never forget. Debbie.

In memory of **Movie Star**, a biker who died gettin' involved. We'll never forget the way he was. Puke City Riders M.C.

In memory of **Peppy**, one of the greatest bros who ever rode to live, and still lives in our hearts. Buddies from the fort, Carlestadt, N.J.

BUM BEEF

—Continued from page 13

filling his nostrils with short sniffs of the new smell.

You'd be surprised what the different odors do to your mind down here, how sensitive I've become. Like every day a truck backs up between the buildings for delivery and the exhaust is actually pleasing! Can you believe that? Fumes from a fuckin' truck smellin' good! Ain't that some shit? I love you, you know. You see as I see; you feel the same things. I can talk to you about anything and not feel like I got to keep my guard up. Hey, I hear the shitcart. I hope to fuck it don't turn my stomach this morning. I'm a taste hungry. I get all ready mentally, and when they serve the shit I lose my appetite. I guess it's just no exercise and no way to use it up. . . .

"Hey, Toneybaloney," The Brain summoned The Mouth by his righteous name, "chow time, wake up The Star."

The Mouth was the biker's only neighbor.

"Nah, leave'm sleep, he won't eat it anyways."

"Bullshit, it's eggday, he'll eat."

"Yeah, I'll eat, and I'm up," proclaimed the avenging Buddha. "Did ya think I wouldn't hear the shitcart rollin' in? I can smell the fuckin' rotten eggs from here."

"Hey, lighten up, I gotta eat so I can maintain my girlish figure," The Mouth joshed.

"Listen, fatso, your figure's already too girlish."

"Yeah, eat yer heart out."

Star's breakfast tray slid across the floor. One look and his hunger vanished.

"Fuckin' rubber!" The avenger picked up the fried egg and held it aloft, letting it plop back to the plate. "These fuckin' eggs are colder than a witch's tit!" He shoved the tray away with disgust. "Them sissies in the kitchen just don't give a fuck—"

"Unless it's raw meat," sniggered The Mouth.

"Or a glass of jello," Snowman suggested.

"Hey, hey, let us not downgrade our benefactors on this great Thanksgiving Day," The Brain jived. "We must praise them, so they can prepare for us a fine Thanksgiving feast. We ought to be thankin' our maker for allowin' us to be in such a fine American institution, where we don't have to wonder where our next meal is coming from."

"Yeah, the dung heap," The Mouth sneered.

"Now, now, only thanks today."

"Well, 'scuse the fuck outa me!"

"For once I agree with our Jesus freak; we ought to show the good Lord above just how grateful we are for our situation this fine Thanksgiving Day on Death Row U.S.A. Allow me to lead you, my brothers, in a little song of

appreciation." The Brain proceeded to bellow his parody of "America the Beautiful":

O squalor-filled polluted skies
and dried up fields of grain,
contaminated by corrupted lies
you have betrayed your aim—
America, America, Satan shed his
wrath on thee,
and let the rage
of those you've caged
destroy you for all to see. . . .

"All right, all together now. . . ."

The Death Row ensemble sang the parody so rowdily that it caught the ears and imagination of the upper two tiers, and a third chorus began, till it became a round and every man in cellblock 3 had joined the jubilant purge of frustration, long overdue for these crazy and condemned who lived together in the hardcore cellblock of solitary confinement.

Star stood on his cot, talking into the "phone"—the air vent over his bed. He could talk with the cells directly above him on the second and third floors.

"... this morning, on some science program," said the upstairs voice, "they were talkin' about red stars. . . ."

"No shit. . . ."

"Yeah. They said a red star was a dyin' sun. . . ."

Star laughed a bitter chuckle.

"Yeah, I thought that would grab you. And dyin' suns, they said, are called white dwarfs. . . ."

"Hey, hey, ol' dwarfy. . . ." The third floor bitch was listening in.

"Watch it, sweetie. . . ."

"... and white dwarfs turn into black holes. . . ."

"Woo wee. . . ."

"Well, I seen my share of black holes. . . ."

"Yeah, I bet you have, ol' dwarfy, your club sure knew what they were namin' you. . . ."

"Listen, tit brain, no club named me, I named myself, so cut the dwarfy crap; I'm Red Star even if I am a dyin' sun-of-a-bitch. What're you doin' on this line anyways, don'tcha got no respect for a private conversation?"

"Yeah, well, you know how party lines is."

"Well, git your ass off this party line and put it where it'll do some good."

"Wish I could, ain't found no one big enough to reach around the bars yet."

"Sorry I can't be there t'help y'out."

"You mean you ain't no white dwarf after all? Geeze, maybe I'll snuff me a guard and come down there with you! Till then, eat yer heart out, Red Star, y'ol dyin' son of a black hole!"

Star grinned at the signoff, stepped down and reached under his cot for a fresh pack of smokes.

"You still there, Red Star?"

"Yeah," the biker yelled up, getting back into phone position.

"I wanna tell you. . . I been reading all the articles you sent up. . . ."

"Don't tell me you're finally startin' to come round."

"I know you're bad, but you were definitely set up for this one. . . ."

"I'm glad you don't think I'd be stupid enough to leave an eyewitness, especially a broad. . . like that! Not that it mattered what she or anyone said, it didn't. I was It. . . ."

"And easy, just sittin' in jail waitin' for them on that tiddlywink hitchhiker rap. . . ."

"Even that was a farce. I asked the dude for gas money and he says it's against his philosophy to pay when he's hitchin'—and there he is, eatin' my food and drinkin' my beer! Anyways, I was fucked up, I didn't mean to shoot him, only t'scare him—I only grazed him—I even bandaged his head up."

"They didn't know about the murder then?"

"Nah, it hadn't even happened yet, if it really happened when they say it did. The dude turned me in for vengeance and they picked me up 'cause I was a biker. The pigs always got a beef with bikers. And there I was, a nice fat sittin' duck."

"How anyone could believe that chick. . . not only was she a neanderthal throwback, but anyone reading her statements, her testimony, I mean. . . she told a different story ever time, and swore to all of them. . . ."

"All five of them, man, and then I'm denied a new trial on grounds she was so sure in her original story she had t'be lyin' now. . . ."

"That's ridiculous, she was risking jail by coming forward. . . ."

"Oh, The Man thought she'd been intimidated by the club's mafia connections."

"What? Did you have any?"

"Shit no. . . all kinds of pictures were goin' on in their heads." He lit a cigarette, shifted position. "Like the jury. A reporter asked one of them what made them finally decide. She told him they remembered my ex testifying I left with a large hunting knife, and that knife wasn't part of the evidence, so they decided I must've thrown it away, and I wouldn't have done that unless I'd used it in this murder. That's what she said made them finally sure I was guilty."

"Are you sure?"

"Do bears piss in the woods? My lawyer and the D.A. were right there when she said it. But the kicker is that Hal decided not to put the knife into evidence—we didn't have to 'cause it turned up clean—it was a big knife and Hal was afraid it would put gory pictures in the jury's mind. . . ."

"Man, you sure were destined for this one. . . ."

"Destined or doomed?"

"Destined; you're not doomed."

"Yeah, I know, I know. I just had my hopes up too many times. When I first got here I thought somethin' would happen right away, they couldn't keep someone on Death Row for long if he

wasn't guilty . . ."

"How naive."

"Yeah, I believed in the legal system, can you believe that? Then I thought they'd hear the appeal soon . . . and a year went by while they waited for the U.S. to decide if the death penalty was in or out. They couldn't decide on my case till then, was the word from the courts. Then the bitch recanted, and I thought, at last; I was already off with my lady, on top of a Tennessee mountain, ready to start a new life, maybe even find a way t'be in this plastic society again. Now, now I know they don't mind lettin' me sit here for years before they finally get around to decidin' whether I got a rotten deal or not. But that's ok, I'll win, and I'll expose these corrupt cocksuckers—and I'll sue the shit out of 'em. It's just a matter of a lotta fuckin' time . . ."

"Well, you're strong, you can handle it."

"Yeah."

"Which brings me round to why you were . . . called upon . . . to handle all this . . ."

"Catch me later on that one, man, I'm all talked out."

"Ok, I can dig it. Listen, tell your compatriots down there thanks for the song fest."

"Will do . . . later . . ."

"Later . . ."

Five p.m. and the energy on the Row was subdued, pacified by anticipation of the imminent Thanksgiving feast; the radios were tuned to mellow sounds, background for the lone tv droning the day's dilemmas.

The tier's main gate screeched open and the corridor became alive with the rattle of dishes on the creaking cart. The guard slid Red Star's tray through the narrow food slot, letting its metal cover clank shut as he made a hasty retreat (he'd guessed the effect of the meal).

Star picked up the tray and scrutinized the food: anemic lettuce with six—he counted them—six shreds of wilted carrot poking through a viscous orange liquid that promised to extinguish all taste but its own; white, paste-thick soup, cold by now, milk-skin scabbing its surface; a scoop of bleached rice topped with one paper-thin slice of fowl breast smothered in gravy and entrails; green peas, hexagonal from overcooking, floated in a pool of red grease, an overflow from the constant and only condiment of the prison kitchen, red chili, served today in lieu of cranberry sauce; and finally, a piece of bologna, browning around the edges but elegantly rolled, reclined on a package of saltines, a consolation prize, Star thought, just in case we can't stomach the rest! Dirty cock-suckin' bastards . . .

Synchronicity set in, as if with Star's thought the explosive was ignited and every mind in the cellblock suddenly tuned to the same directive: *Rebel!* From every cell trays were heaved against the bars, splattering the repugnant cuisine across the corridors; with primordial

shrieks they poured out their suppressed fury, venting with frenzied throwing and slamming long dormant physical energy till the screaming uproar crescendoed to full-fledged riot. As his anger exploded Star noticed the warm release of tension, then, suddenly, he was outside his body, watching himself rave, detached from the emotion, until realization brought him just as suddenly back. He felt recharged by the projection, his mind crystal clear, observing himself take charge.

"Ok, guys, we're gonna turn this shit into roses," he announced into the din and started the chant:

"We want food!"

"We want food!" chimed in others.

"We want food!"

"We want food. . . ."

The chant swelled in intensity: the prisoners were reclaiming their potency.

"We won't eat shit!"

"We won't eat shit!"

"We won't eat shit. . . ."

Red Star pierced the litany with the resolve:

Food strike! . . .

The rioters picked up the rhythm: *"Food strike! Food strike! Food strike! Food Strike! . . ."*

Red left the chanting to the others and got on the "phone," tapping the pipe twice, then three times, the signal for both tiers to get on the line.

"Yeah," came the second floor voice.

"Halloo," crooned the tenor from the third.

"You dudes up there ready for a knock-down, drag-out food strike?"

"Man, I'll say . . ."

"We're ready for somethin' . . ."

"This is serious shit, we can't pull it off unless we're all in it together."

"No sweat."

"You got it."

"Good. Tell everyone, don't nobody eat nothin' from the kitchen, stock up on canteen pronto—sure as shit they'll give us flak 'bout orderin' from the canteen the minute they see we mean business."

"Right. And we gotta make a list of demands, you know, like, here's what we want and we don't eat until we get it . . ."

"Ok, we'll work on it down here; you two see what you c'n get goin' upstairs and get back to me . . ."

"We oughta make sure the press gets wind of this."

"If it lasts long enough they will."

"Well, I gotta feelin' it'll last long enough, so get'm ready up there, ok? And remember, strength in numbers: we get the whole cellblock in on this and we'll get some action."

"Right on, bro . . ."

"Power to the people!"

"That's where it belongs," Red Star signed off.

"Hey, you turkeys," he announced to his Death Row comrades, "we're gonna have ourselves a real live food strike and it's gonna make a lotta tits fly!"

. . . *You were asking me why, what's*

it all for, why do we hold life so dear. I was thinking real seriously about it, and honey, I don't know. To be completely honest with you, how could I possibly hold life dear? I mean, like every fuckin' idea that I had about the legal system has been blown all to hell. What really worries me is, I know that when I do walk out of here this is not over; in actuality it's only the beginning, and I've got myself right smack dab in the middle of what I've been running from, this fucked society. And yet, I've learned that my karma, my God, is pulling my strings to keep me involved, that I cannot run, that I'll only find another situation where I must fight for the wrongs—can you believe what I'm saying? Maybe in a sense it's what you refer to as work with a capital W. This is really difficult to explain; as a matter of fact you're the only one I would attempt to tell it to. As for work with a small w, I don't know. I've done many things, but so far they've all found an end. I think I need to experience more. I've not been satisfied so far. Well, for a time, but I've always gotten bored. It's almost midnight and everything is still going strong down here. Three different radio stations, and our clown and his religious tapes still trying to fuck with our heads. I can maintain—the distraction is something I'm used to—but it's really difficult for some. Just exactly what do you mean by making such an arbitrary statement as "I know you, Red Star, a subtle master manipulator?" Just what are you trying to insinuate? Thanks for the compliment! You haven't read tantric sex! A liberal lady like yourself, baby, are you in for some interesting reading! It's a must after me reading it. The deal in tantric sex is, men used to think that getting a nut drained them of their strength. So, whoever, I forget, developed the yoga exercise of rerouting the sperm into their kidneys, but eventually it was pissed out anyhow. It's said that that's how Delilah got Samson, rather than the farce of a haircut. Yes, yes, hell yes, "You've touched my body with your perfect mind." This may sound like a crock, but try to believe me. You're the first I can remember that I've truly let love me—can you dig where I'm coming from? In order to love totally you have to let yourself be loved.

Star stopped to light a cigarette and make a cup of coffee. He saved his usual midnight snack of Ritz crackers for the more crucial times of hunger that lay ahead, and lit a stick of incense instead. The sweet sandalwood smoke curled across his cell, soothing his mind to a peaceful frequency.

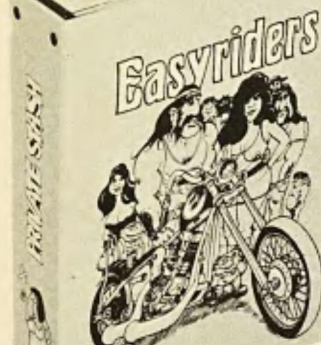
"Tony," he called to The Mouth.

"Yah?"

"Here, take a whiff and pass it on down." Star handed the incense through the bars into The Mouth's outstretched hand.

—Continued on page 69

Class



\$5.50

plus 50¢ for
postage and handling

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

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

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

You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the available past issues at our regular back-issue price of \$1.25 per copy! See back-issue ad in this issue for issues that are still available—some have sold out.

- Mail to: Back Issues
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
- ☐ Enclosed is \$15.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders** that are still available.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$5.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zip _____
State _____

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Watch what ya say and what ya sign all month. What's more, the one you've been running a game on may just be doing a job on you too. You're still healthy and hornier than ever. So while you're watchin' your mouth, flick your fickle tongue into some silly space case and watch her squirm.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Don't feel too bad when your friends refer to you as a jackoff. It's just that you're a self-starter! Right now you've got a finger in so many things that you've got to use both hands. Just don't spread yourself too thin 'cause next month you'll be too busy to wipe your ass, unless you do it with the extra bucks you'll make!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

What's with ya? You're either roarin' or shorin' or spittin' or shittin'! It seems you go from one end to the other. Now ya may find just the spot ya fit into, even if ya have to put some hair around it. If ya keep overdoing, you'll end up with re-treads on your honk and a pair of rubber balls!

Virgo (August 22—September 22)

Sorry, this month isn't much better than last one. Ya may as well go stick your wee-wee in a can of worms and let 'em nibble on it awhile. Maybe you should stay safe at home and let your fingers do the walkin'—unless you can find some-thing better to do with 'em while your ol' lady gives ya a hummer.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Just about the time everything runs smoothly, someone puts a fly in the ointment or, worse yet, Vicks. Could be your ol' lady goes bald or her teeth fall out. Cheer up. Think about how good her gums feel on your boner or all the money you'll save on shampoo. Besides, if you shine it up, you can al-

ways use her head as a reflector!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

You fellows never seem to run out of juice. Long after the other dudes have petered out, you're still pumpin' away. If ya can take the pain of a strain, go ahead and flap your balls flat. If ya overdo now, you could end up with your cock in a cast and your nuts in a sling!



Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

Have your neighbors been squawkin' 'cause your dog's been leaving landmarks all over their driveway and even took a crap on their kid? Could it be all those beer cans you threw over the fence or because ya got wasted and pissed on their prize roses? Tell 'em to get their blubber bun's ol' lady to tidy it up and maybe she won't have to use a window washer to wipe her ass!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

It might be your turn be-

tween the sheets and the shifts. Athlete's foot and biker breath could seem lightweight now—in fact, that's part of your pleasin' personality. Better load up on some bowel binders in case ya come up with the Hershey squirts. Either that or start finger paintin' in your underwear!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

It looks like this is your month for some heavy-duty partyin'. This is the perfect time to get the hell away for a while. Just be careful when and who ya bed down or ya might come home with some crotch critters on your ol' kazoo. While you're gone, poke, toke, booze it up, but don't get busted.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

Not even an enema can get rid of the shit now. It seems like someone is tryin' to take a dump on you. Before he tries to blow his wad in your mug, wise up the asshole! Even your ol' lady has diarrhea of the mouth. If twistin' your tool in her trap doesn't shut her up, threaten to find her a second job.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

After last month what else can fuck up? Ya could be off and running right now and getting nowhere fast. About all you'll do is go off in the wrong hole and start running in about three days. So watch out for a shot in the dark—put some light on the subject. If it doesn't look good enough to eat, pass on the ass!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

If you've been rammin' and crammin' with all your spare time, it could be your loss. Better save some of the bullshit ya use on the broads ya bang for schemin' parts for your scoot. Besides, ya can always stick your crank in your tank, but just because ya can kick-start a pussy doesn't mean ya can putt on it!



There's a lotta reasons to subscribe to *Easyriders* . . .

There's edible stuff like me in every issue, there's some tasty scooters with lotsa color pics, there's off-the-wall stuff you'll find only in *Easyriders*, there's a lotta good biker fiction—mixed in with some crap occasionally (nobody's perfect, ya know—except Spider). Then there's the fact that it's delivered to your pad earlier than it gets to the newsstand (depending at times on the post office). You're also certain of gettin' every issue (everybody knows how hard it is to find on the newsstand—copies do sell out fast). And on top of all that, we'll send you a free decal with your subscription. Now I ask ya—what more do ya want?

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.

Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

48

Check one:

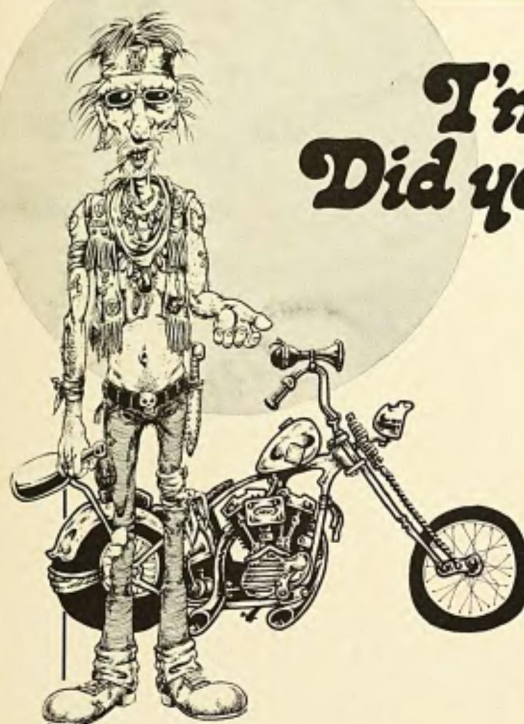
- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$9.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$18.99 for a two-year subscription.

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

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



I'm askin' you. Did you ever have One of Those Days...

By Hoss

Now, bros, hard as it is to admit, even us hard-ridin', heavy-drinkin', super-smokin', heavy-lovin', large-bulge-in-the-Levis, super-scooter jocks have times that's been dubbed "One Of Those Days."

Up in the a.m. found me ravenous, after about six hours of the night before, rollin' an' tokin' some fantastic, genuine Jamaican Red Bud, so, when I asked the rag of the house for some grub, I definitely wanted some honest-to-God hot food. She came back with: "Now where the fuck am I supposed to get it? Ya want me to shit it? You brass-balled bastard, you spent the grub change on beer at the party for those passin'-through, free-loadin', scumbum friends of yours!"

After about seventeen minutes of gettin' her attention and convincin' her that those bums were friends of mine, and in the process loosening up three of her teeth and gettin' blood all over my newly acquired Nazi flag, an' bustin' the plastic cover on my Garrard turntable (when her elbow went through it) I was even more hungry than before, and I guess it must have showed in my eyes, 'cause the stupid fuckin' cat let out a fierce-soundin' squall, then bounded

through the house, turnin' over a quart of pearl base lacquer that I had managed to cop at Bandy's Super Blow Shop. God-fuckin'-damn! I was really pissed, an' I threatened to serve that hairy little bastard up taco a la carte, the next time Miguel The Greaser came over for a free meal.

Decidin' on second best, I told the ol' lady, "Okay, bitch, so I spent the jing, but I'll get even when I go to their place. Until then, I'll settle for a bowl of dry cereal." This resulted in a lispy, raspy reply, since I guess it's hard for a bitch to yell, what with havin' recently loosened teeth an' a well-choked throat.

"Fuck you," she gargled. "You warble-nuttid pervert. There ain't no milk, but, since you like beer so much, I've found some half-empty cans. How'd ya like some Cheerios in that skunked Schlitz, you burly fuckin' shithead."

After what she'd just gone through, you'd think she'd have enough brains to keep her hand on her mouth, but oh, no. Here she was, lettin' her alligator mouth overload her canary ass. . . .

The cops and the rescue squad left, but only after I'd convinced them

that she had fallen out of the back of my truck, while tryin' to balance my scoot. She had verified my statement by noddin' her head, 'cause I guess it's kinda hard tryin' to talk with a busted jaw. But dammit, I was still hungry, and now, to make matters worse, I guessed I'd have to fend for myself.

The bitch wasn't lyin'. All I found in the fridge was a bowl of chip dip and some spoiled cottage cheese, the smell of which made me puke. I checked my bankroll and found that I had eight dollars, an amount that would be plenty, unless I got really munched out. Now it was a toss-up between Taco Bell, Jack In The Box, or that international purveyor of gourmet delicacies, McDonalds.

I chugalugged two burritos and a jog of draft, and, since my scoot was runnin' tip-top, and I was alone, I decided to go out and find some real live action.

Three hours later, with two dollars and sixteen cents in my pocket, and a near empty gas tank from cruisin', I spotted this fine, high-steppin', fancy-dressed hog head. I pulled over in front of her, and was just gettin' ready to start my super-scooter routine when some punk college dude, in a fancy van, pulls up behind me, calls her name, and rides away with the pigeon I'd tried to coop. Oh, well! It happens to the best of us.

I had just started to pull out, when my scoot decided to lunch its motor sprocket and wrap the primary chain around the tranny drive, crackin' the case. Bein' the absent-minded type, I tried callin' the ol' lady three times—to bring the truck—before I remembered she was in the hospital.

Now, normally a seven-mile push in eighty-seven-degree weather ain't really the thing I enjoy, and when that's climaxed by comin' home to a lonely house an' findin' I left the door open, and my piece—a nickel-plated 9mm Luger—stereo, records, T.V. and leathers had been ripped off . . . well, that was just about the fuckin' limit, an' to top everything off, I was still hungry.

I went out and started to get in my pickup, and found it had a flat, so I hurried and fixed it, then backed out into the street—right into the path of a passin' black-and-white, which resulted in my gettin' a ticket for backin' into a thoroughfare. After

writin' the ticket and givin' me a fifteen-minute lecture—the truck engine was runnin' the whole time—the cop finally got a radio call and split. My truck was out of gas and the radiator was spewin' hot water in an imitation of Old Faithful.

Givin' two kids a quarter each, to help me push the fuckin' thing back into the driveway, I decided to walk to the Dirty Dan hotdog stand, at the corner, figurin', what the fuck can happen in such a short distance as that, right? Halfway to the corner, I saw this big bastard come staggerin' out of the neighborhood bar. He wasn't just big, he was mean lookin' an' surly, and he looked like the local hit man for a tribe of Mafia gorillas. No need to tell ya who the fucker spied comin' his way, with a beard and long hair. That's right, me! Ain't it a bitch!

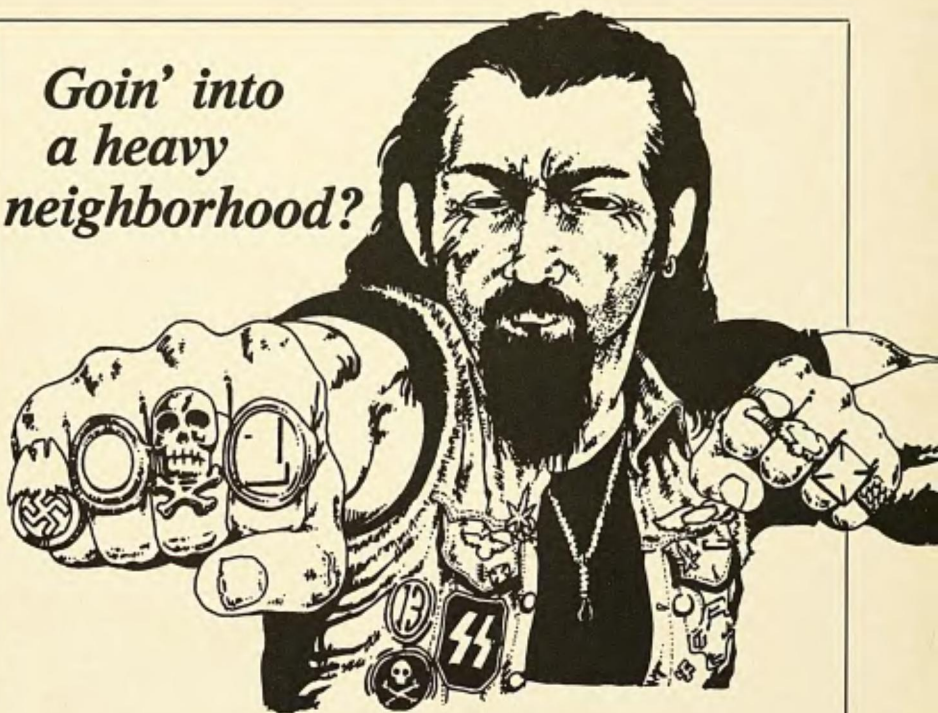
Now, I figure I can handle this fuckin' drunk redneck, so I loosen my chain belt the minute he leers at me an' says, "Hello, you cute, long-haired faggot." The belt was just clearin' the last belt loop when it got stuck, and just then the big fucker punched me square in the shit-sniffer. I guess my ol' lady got her revenge, 'cause the bitch had laced my belt through all the belt loops, instead of the two the law requires. I was just comin' out of the haze caused by the punch, when I saw his greasy boot about seven inches from my head. Goddam, but that boot hurt!

By that time, I finally had the fuckin' belt loose, and was beatin' hell outta his kneecaps, which made him get suddenly tired of kickin' me in the head, so he staggered back into the bar. *Damn*, was I glad!

I got up and started for the corner and Dirty Dan's again, when I noticed something different. The corner was dark. Dan's had closed, and I was still hungry as hell, and I started feeling *down* as hell, too, 'cause I had no grub, no T.V., no sound, no ol' lady for some head, no truck—just a fuckin' cop car. *Cop car!*

Yep, you got it. The ol' lady had run her yap off, an' they took me away for brutal assault and battery. But a light is comin' through at last, because in the mornin' I will get a free breakfast. I'm askin' you. Did you ever have one of those days? ■

*Goin' into
a heavy
neighborhood?*



Protect your valuables with this **STASH POUCH**



Won't slide down when jumping or running



Won't open until you open it

With this *Stash Pouch* you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the *Stash Pouch* will stay in position—it does not slip down.

The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

It's black and (in case you're interested) it's washable.

Don't be ripped off—put your valuables in a safe, secure *Stash Pouch*.

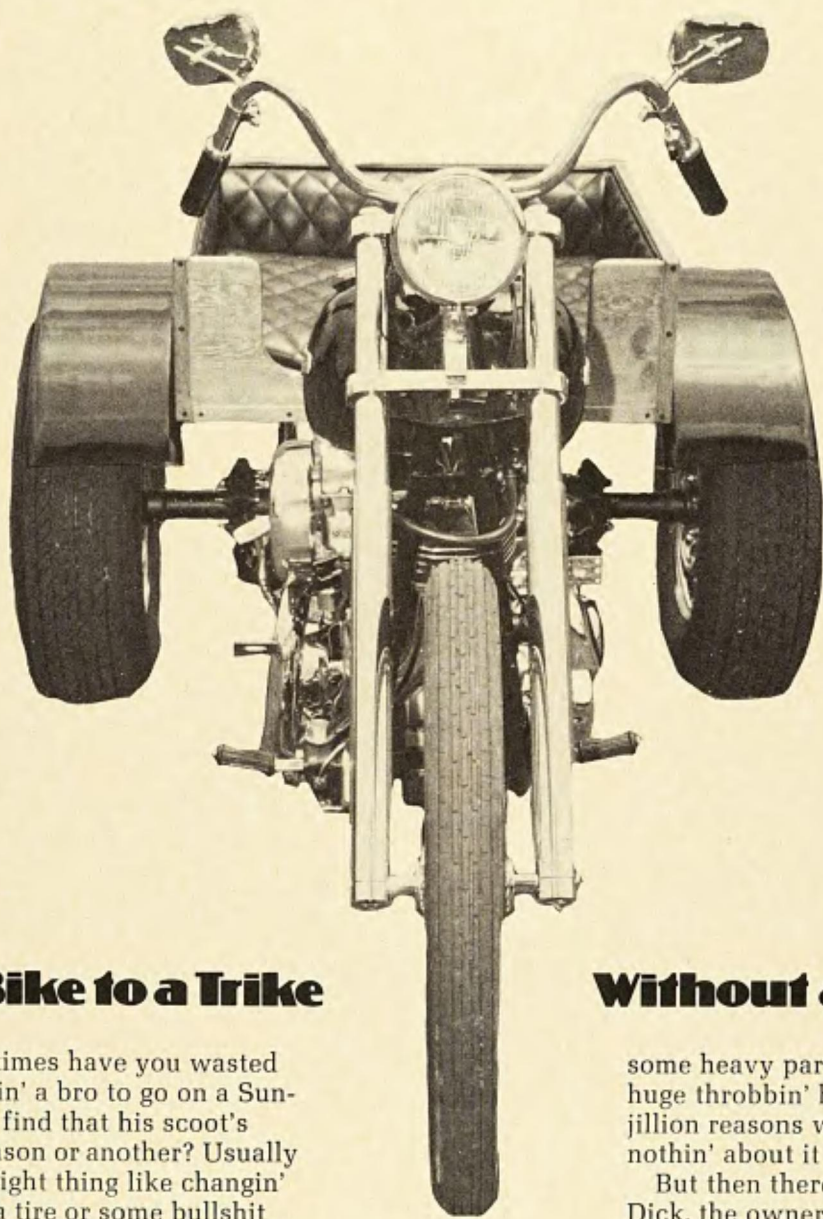
To protect your valuables send \$3.95 for each *Stash Pouch*. We pay all postage and handling.

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%

INSTANT THREE-WHEELER



From a Bike to a Trike

How many times have you wasted dimes callin' a bro to go on a Sunday putt, only to find that his scoot's down for one reason or another? Usually it's some lightweight thing like changin' the chain, fixin' a tire or some bullshit trip like that. And usually, by the time he gets his face outta the hair pie, or whatever, you coulda changed three tires, polished the valves and had the bike pin-striped. Face it, there's just some dudes who always seem to have reasons why they can't make it. It's sorta like the ol' lady at times, when ya come home after

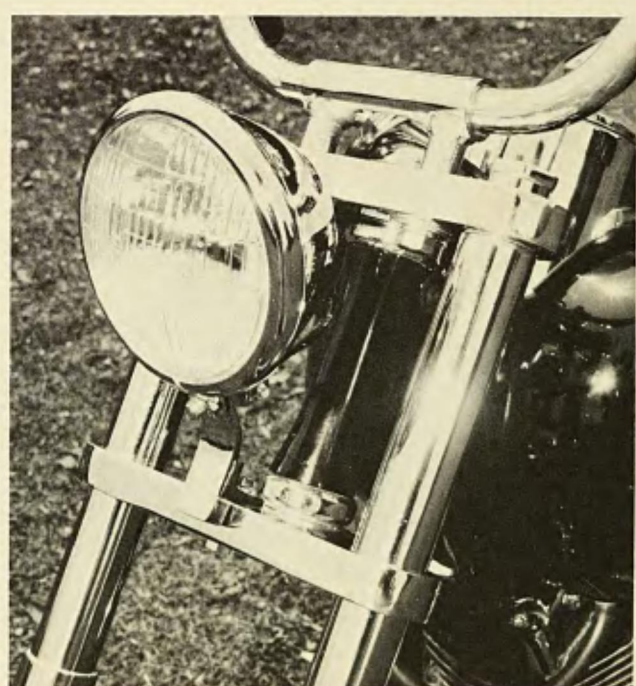
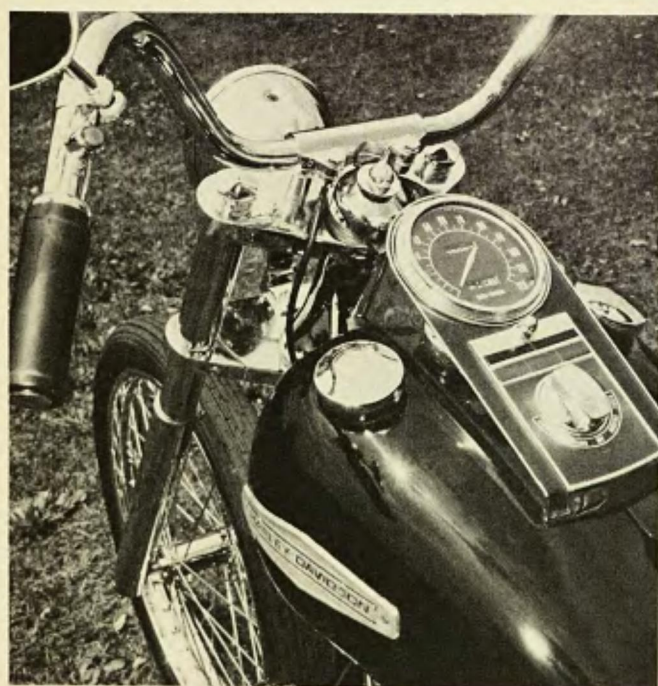
Without a Tear-down

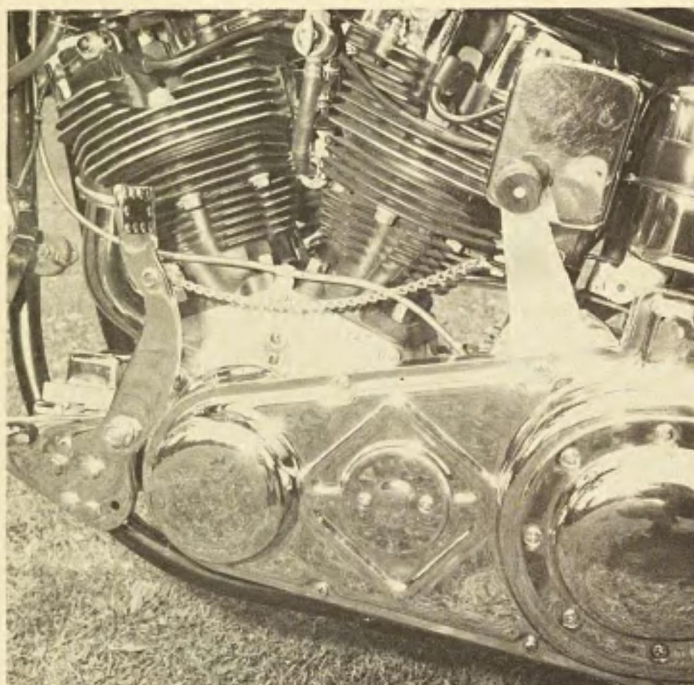
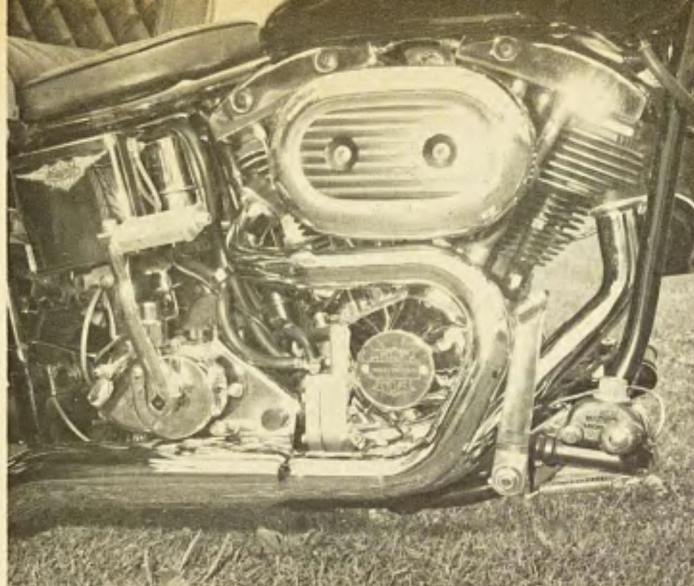
some heavy partyin' and you've got this huge throbbin' hardon, but she's got a jillion reasons why "not now"—to say nothin' about it bein' four in the mornin'.

But then there's righteous bros like Dick, the owner of the three-wheeler ya see here. Now Dick wanted a trike, but he wasn't about to go for a four-five that couldn't haul ass when the occasion called for it—and he wasn't about to go the VW route (if it wasn't a Harley, it just wasn't right).

Dick wasn't one of those dudes I mentioned earlier either. His scoot had to be







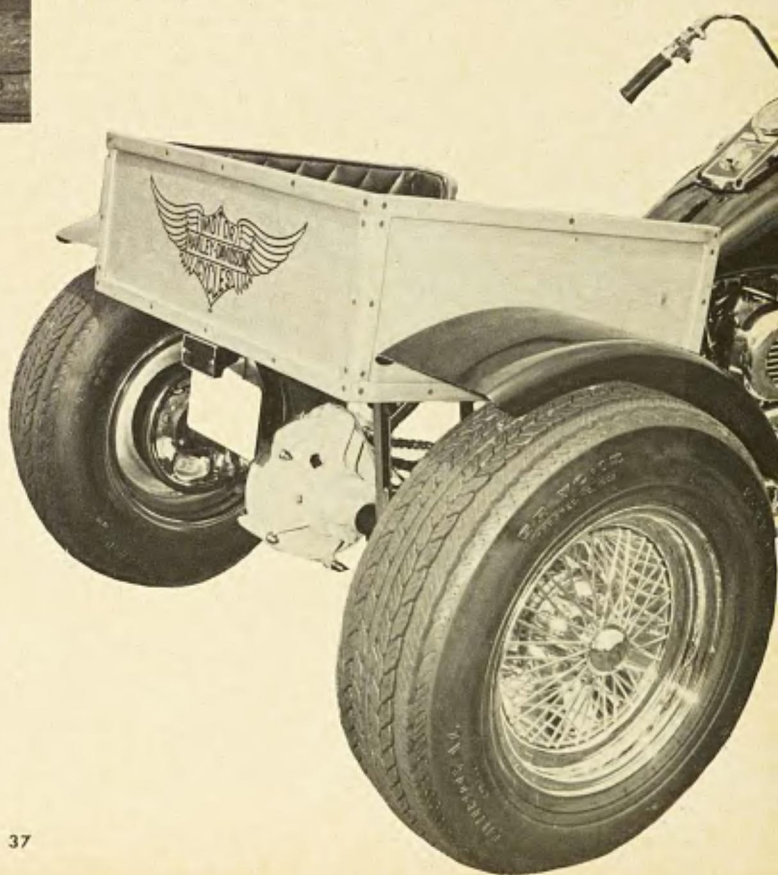
Photos by Pete Chiòdo

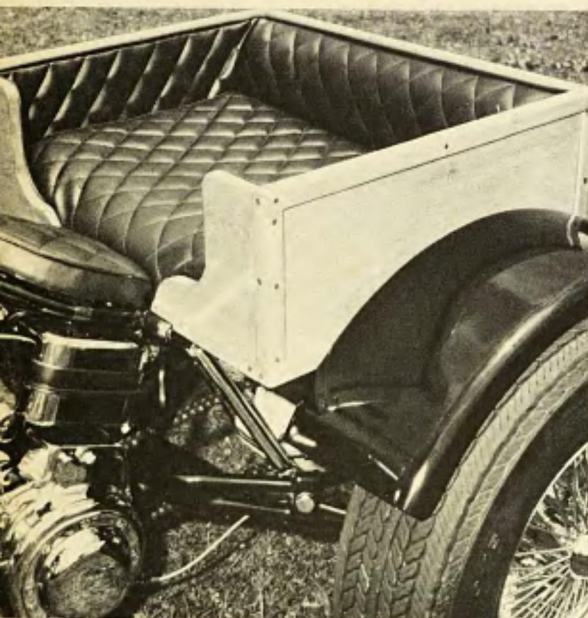
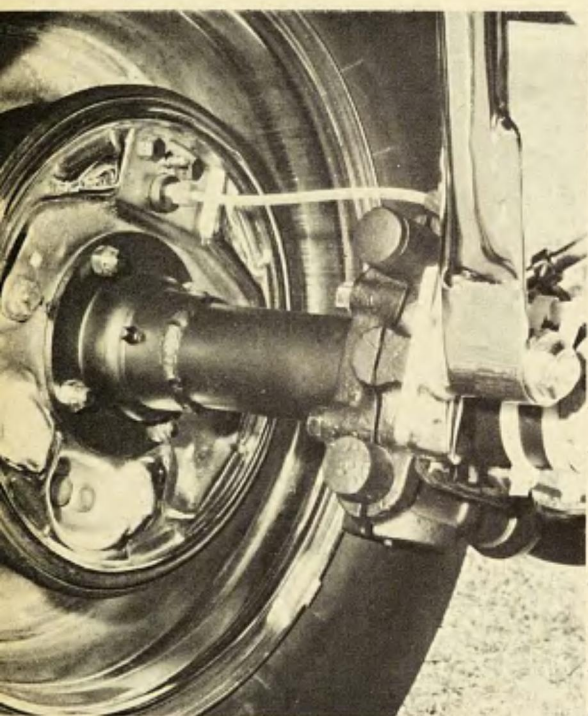
runnin' all the time—he wasn't a fair-weather rider—and when there was some heavy partyin' to be done or run to be made, he was ready.

As an indication of his ready-on-an-instant's-notice—for anything, anywhere—he bought a four-five one day, and on the very next day he went to a local welder and had his two-wheel shovel altered into a trike, allowing only enough room for his house mouse to travel along in comfort. He picked up the altered shovel the following day, and, with a little help from some whites, he had his one-of-a-kind trike on the streets in a very short time (considering all the custom parts that had to be made)—and he didn't even have to change the oil. Far-out. I've gotta split.

—Snake

—Continued on next page





Owners: Dick and Karen Clark **City:** Baltimore, Maryland

General

Fabrication by: Dick Clark

Year and make: 1971 H-D

Model: FL

Value: untold

Assembly by: owners

Time: 5 months

Chroming by: Acme, standard

Frame

Year: 1971 front, custom rear

Builder: owner & Wes Brown

Type: trike section bolts to front

Rake: stock

Stretch: none

Other alterations: 45 differential

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1971

Model: shovelhead

Rebuilder: owner

Ignition: battery-coil

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Lower end: owner

Balancing: stock

Pistons: H-D

Cases: black wrinkle

Heads: Trick Valve Works

Cam: Sifton 412

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): S & S

Air cleaner: H-D

Pipes: by owner

Muffler(s): collector

Bars: Sportster

Risers: H-D 74

Fender(s): rear, owner

Headlight: Jammer

Taillight: Custom Cycles

Speedo: H-D 74

Front pegs: H-D

Rear pegs: none

Electrics: Joe Bittner

Gas tank: 3 1/2-gal. fatbobs

Oil tank: stock

Oil system: late model

Primary cover: Paughco steel

Seat: Bob Torbit

Sissy bar: none

Height:

Material:

Transmission

Modifications: hand shifter

Year: 1971

Shifting: jockey arm to ratchet lid

Engine sprocket: 19

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: narrowed glide

Extension: 4 in.

Builder: Barney's/Hops H-D/owner

Special features: steel lower legs

Wheels

Front

Size: 21 in.

Hub: spool

Rim width: WM1

Tire: 2.75 Avon

Brake:

Rear

Size: G70-15

Hub: H-D 45

Width: 7 in.

Tire: Uniroyal rac

Brake:

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: owner, L. S. Lee

Color: black, 5 years old!

Type: acrylic lacquer

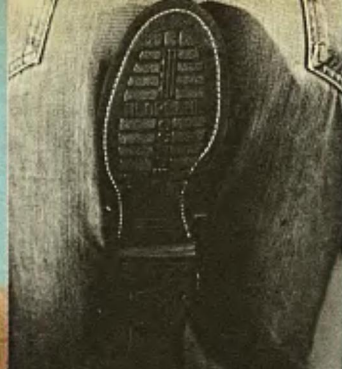
Special paint: Wings on trike body by Neil

Other special modifications: owner-made steering damper, glass beaded differential case, stress relieving by Fat Frank, Barney's narrowed fork trees

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 per pair. Allow 4 to 6 weeks.)

Send your order today to:

Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

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

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

I have enclosed \$_____ for _____ pair(s)
 (including \$2.50 per pair for postage & handling)
 Write same info on separate paper for more than 1 pair

Name _____

Address _____

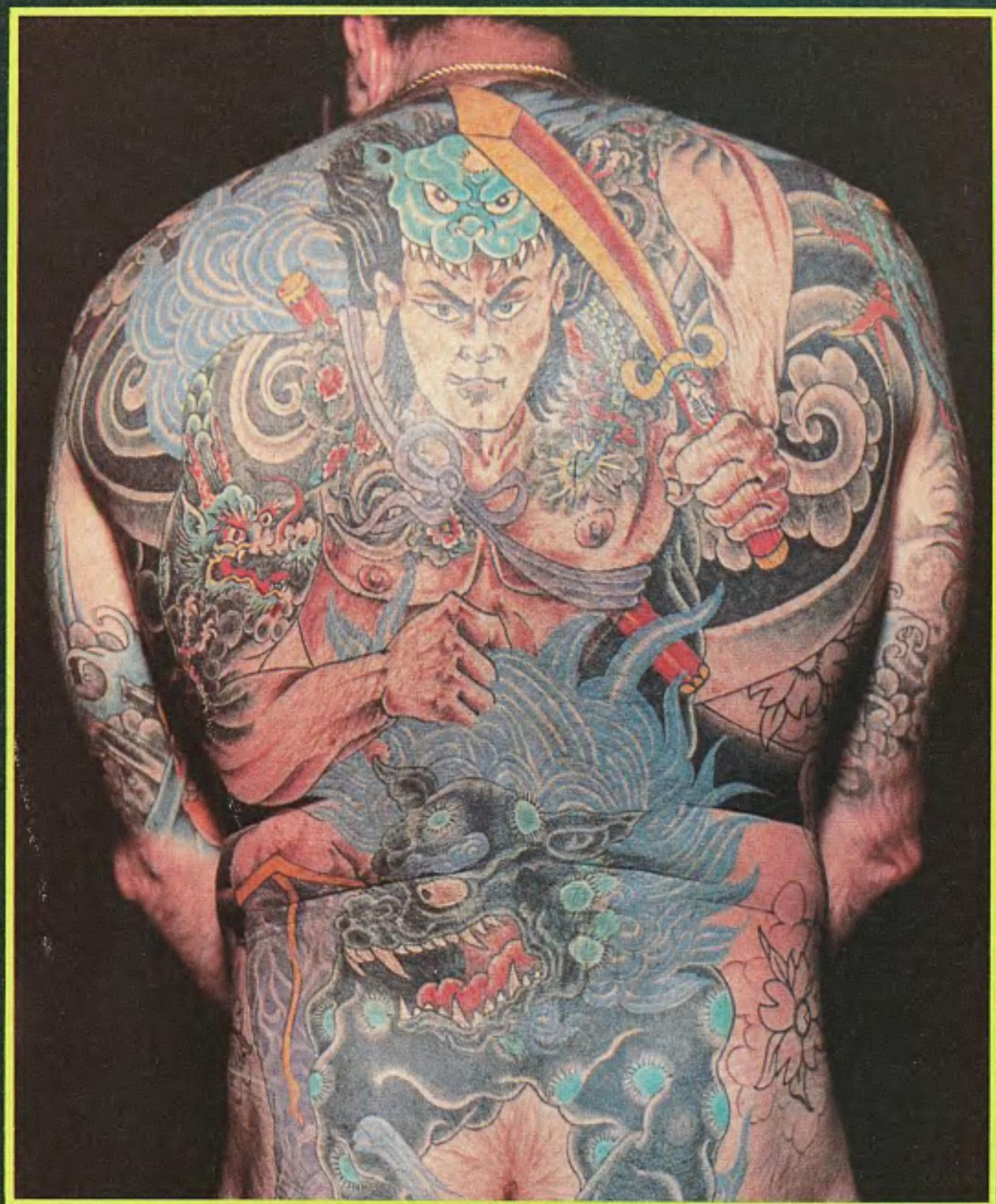
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

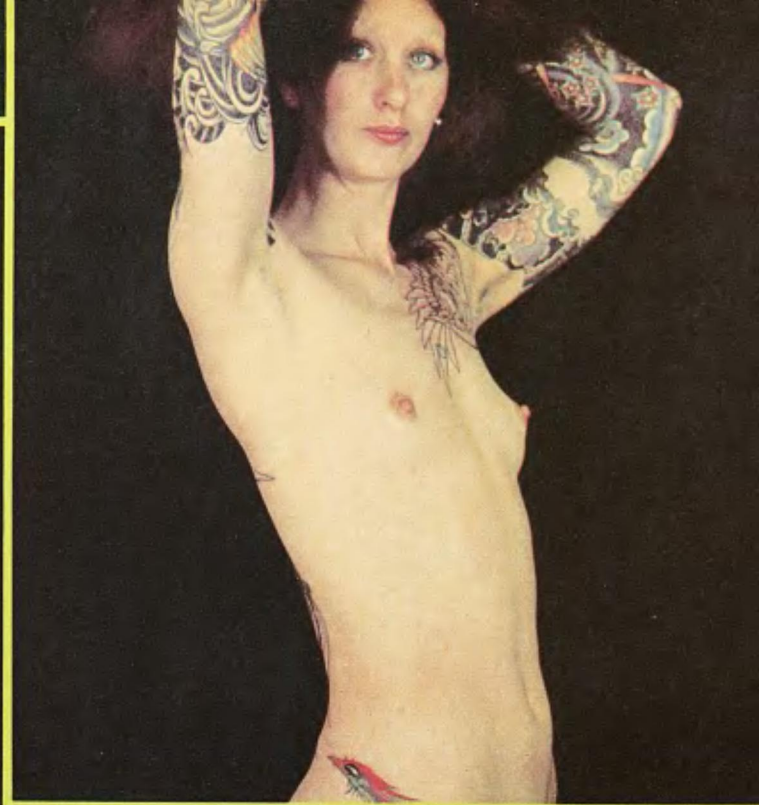
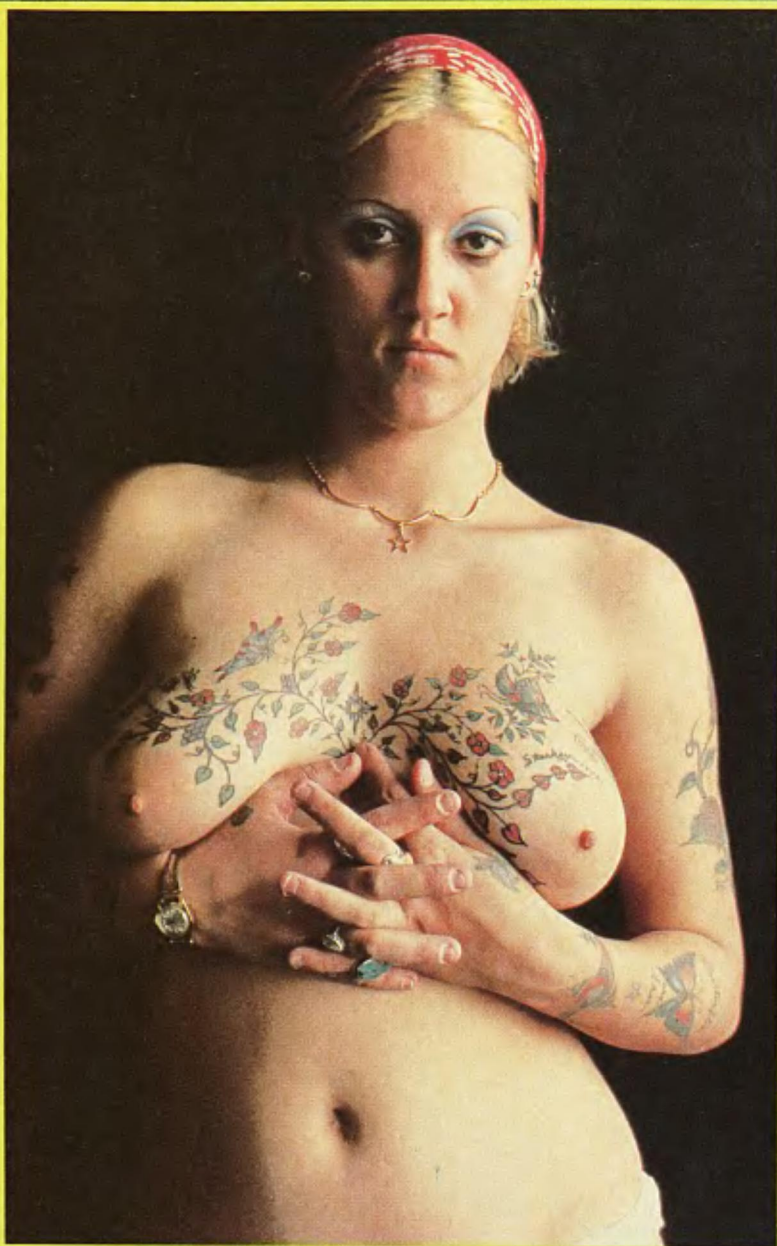
These are not your ordinary cheapos—they're your shit-kickers for life! All leather. Manufactured exclusively for us by Chippewa (and they're no slouches).

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.



TATTOOS
TATTOOS
TATTOOS

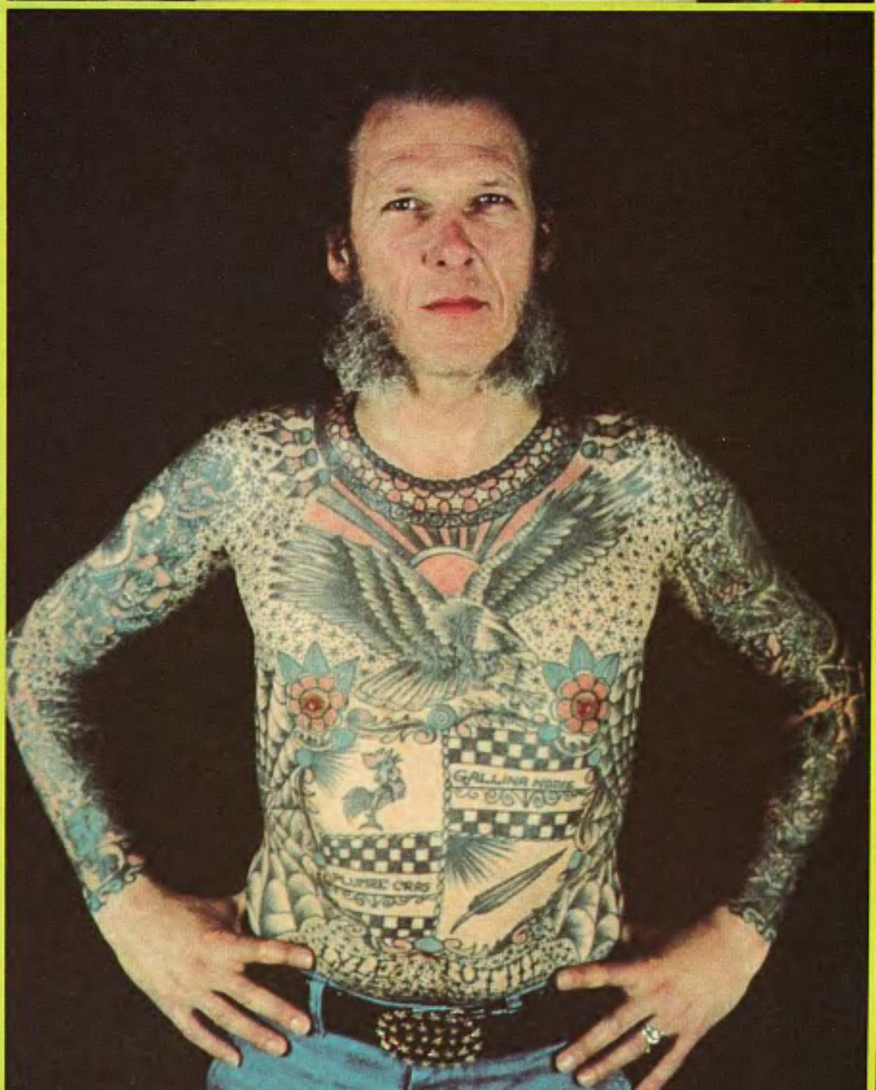
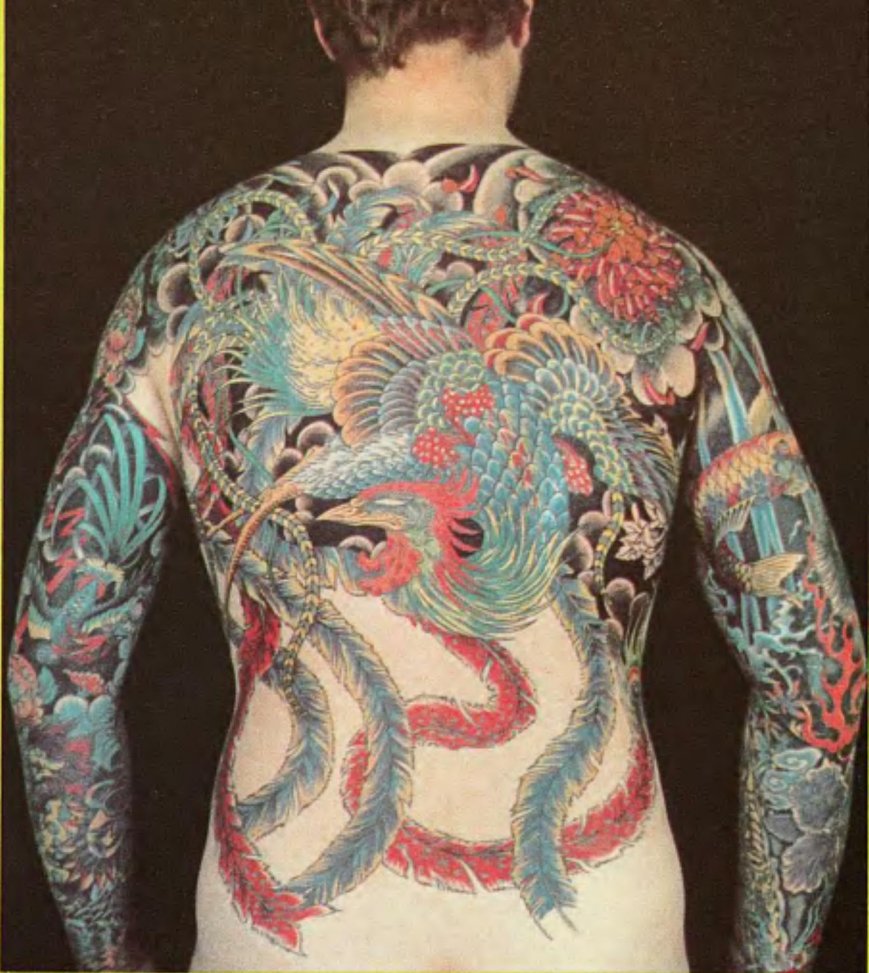


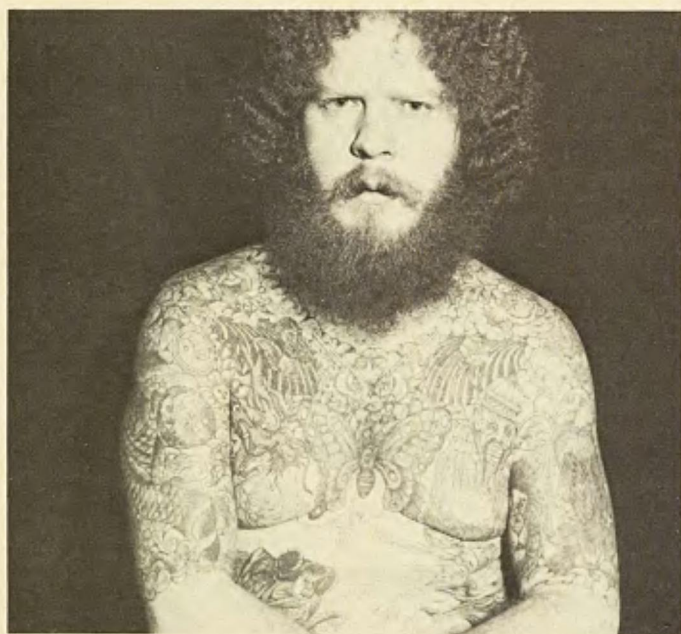
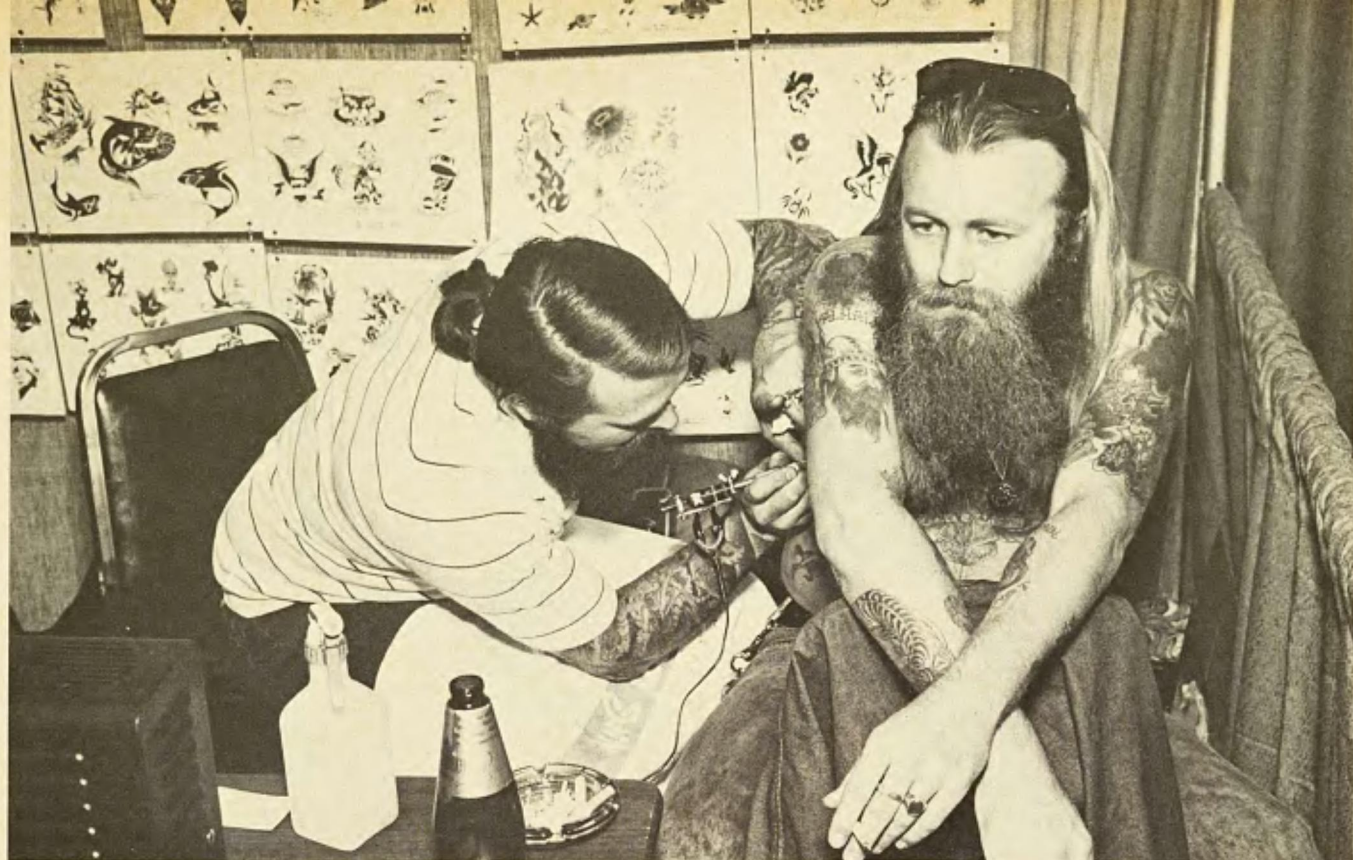
There was a time when it seemed that the only people who got tattoos were sailors. But all that has changed over the years—and especially during recent years. It seems everyone is getting inked.

As we've said in previous issues, it is particularly true of women. All of a sudden it's the thing to do. A butterfly on the right bun, a daisy on the left tit, a few words just above the bush (so her man can read while he does his number), a property patch staked out on the cheek of her ass—or even a righteous Harley-Davidson emblem. I tell ya, man, ya don't know what she's gonna reveal when she drops her drawers.

Me? I dig a dainty design on a chick's ass. Something small, cute, feminine—lickable. I don't think a property patch is too smart though. The odds are she'll be shit-canned somewhere along the line, and the next dude is gonna go limp when he sees another dude's name on "the love of his life." But who cares what I think? Why am I writing about my likes? Guess it's the weed.

Now back to the subject. Where was I? Oh yeah, tattoos. There must be a reason a person gets inked. I have





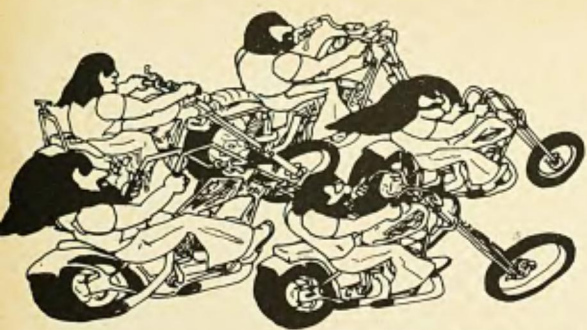
'em—ya wouldn't believe some of the shit I've got on me. Why did I get mine? Well, the first one was because I was with some chickenshits (we were sixteen)—so I was the only one to get one. After that I thought I looked lopsided so I got one on the other arm to even things up, ya know? The next time I was in jail and had nothing to do so I did a do-it-yourself job. Then I got one on a bet (man, it's rank), and then I had a rooster tattooed below my knee so I could win some brews in bars by betting dorks I had a cock below my knees. Then for kicks I had "Sweet" tattooed over one tit and "Sour" over the other. Then I had a rabbit chasing something into my asshole, then I had the letters f-u-c-k y-o-u tattooed on my toes, then I had a large scroll tattooed on my arm with a big space left to put a chick's name in it—but I couldn't think of a chick's

name I wanted inked on my arm, and until this day I have a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l scroll on my arm, in flaming colors, with a glaring blank space waiting for some chick to come into this poor old scooter tramp's life.

Well, shit. I was supposed to write a thing to go with these great tattoo photos, and I guess I wandered—but whatdafuck?

—Dog Breath

—These copyrighted photos are by Albert L. Morse who has recently published a book entitled "The Tattooists." It's a book that outlines the history of tattooing while introducing the reader to many of the famous tattooists and their particular styles with extensive use of color photos.



In the Wind

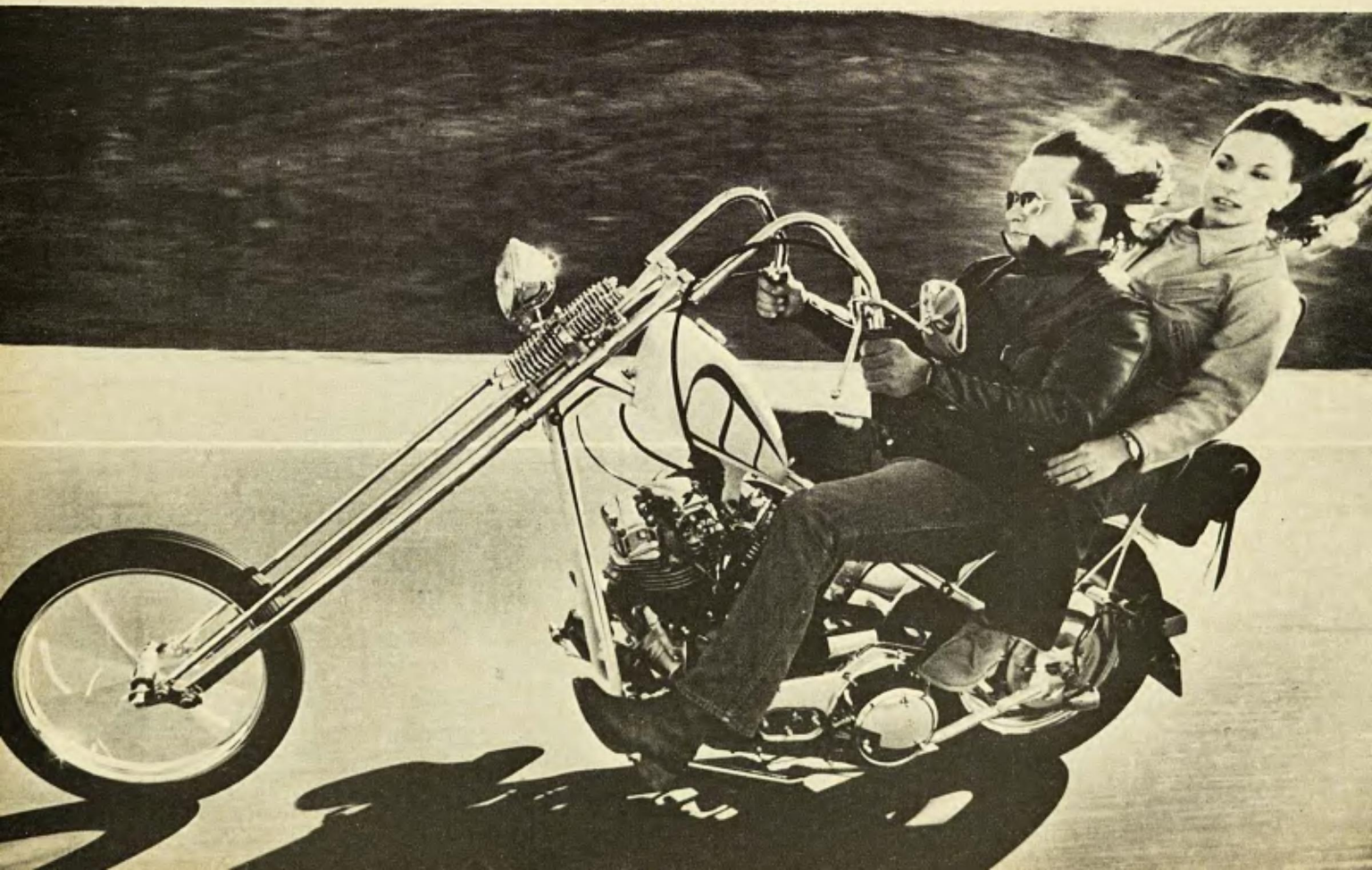
As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else.

As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—

This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.



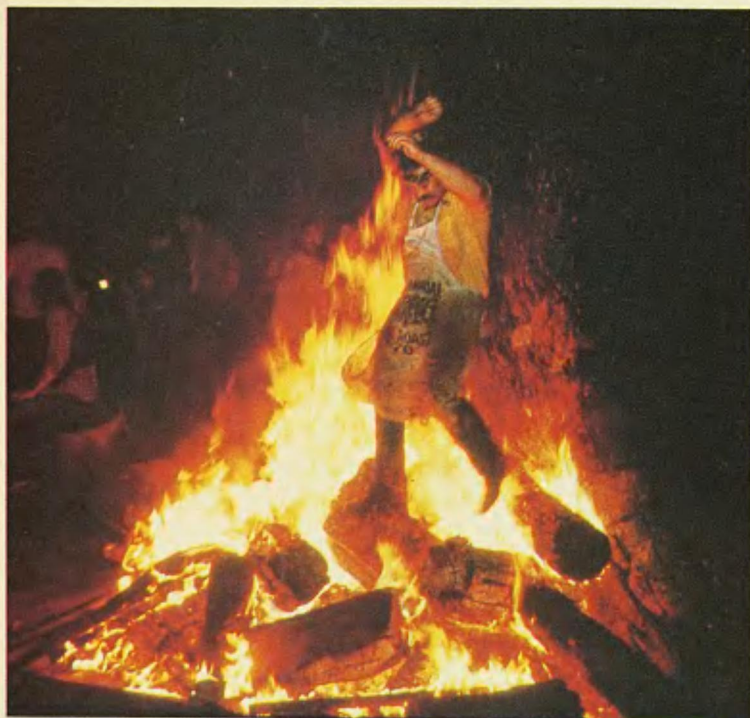
—from Don, Phoenix, Arizona



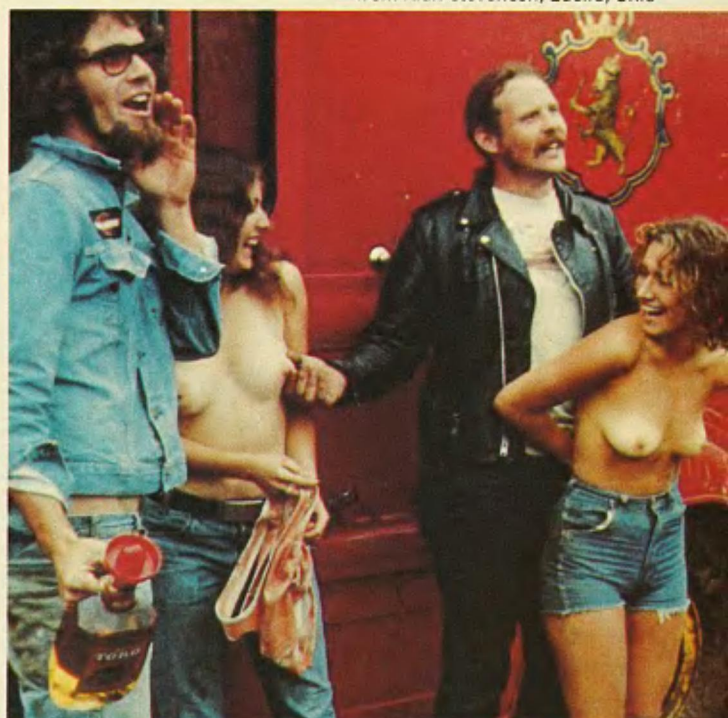


—from Captain Howdy & Devil Woman, Syracuse, New York

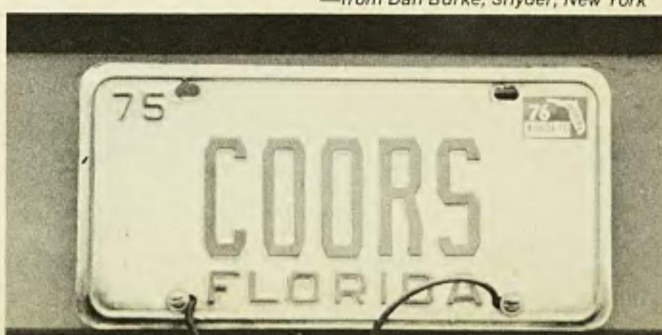
—from Alan Stevenson, Euclid, Ohio



—from Crowe, Virginia Beach, Virginia



—from Dan Burke, Snyder, New York





—from David Swift, Mountain View, California

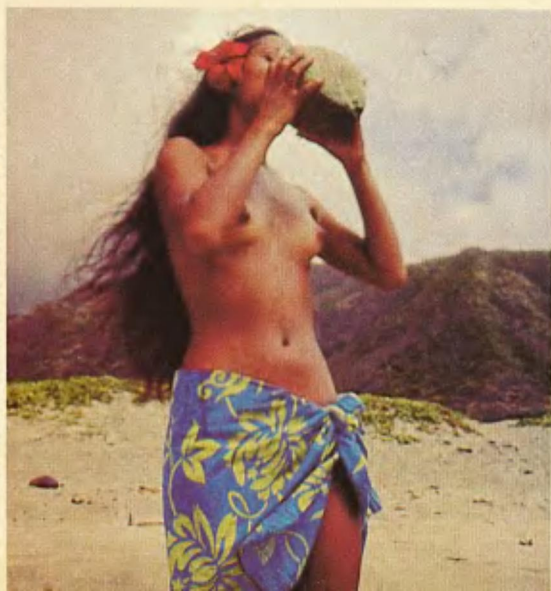


—from Wino Joe

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebraska



—from Captain J. R. Williams, Alea, Hawaii





—from Larry Wells, Schererville, Indiana



—from Rick Dyck, Spokane, Washington



—from Chris Houseworth, Key West, Florida



—from Alan Stevenson, Euclid, Ohio



**Dedication
in the
Form of
Two Wheels**





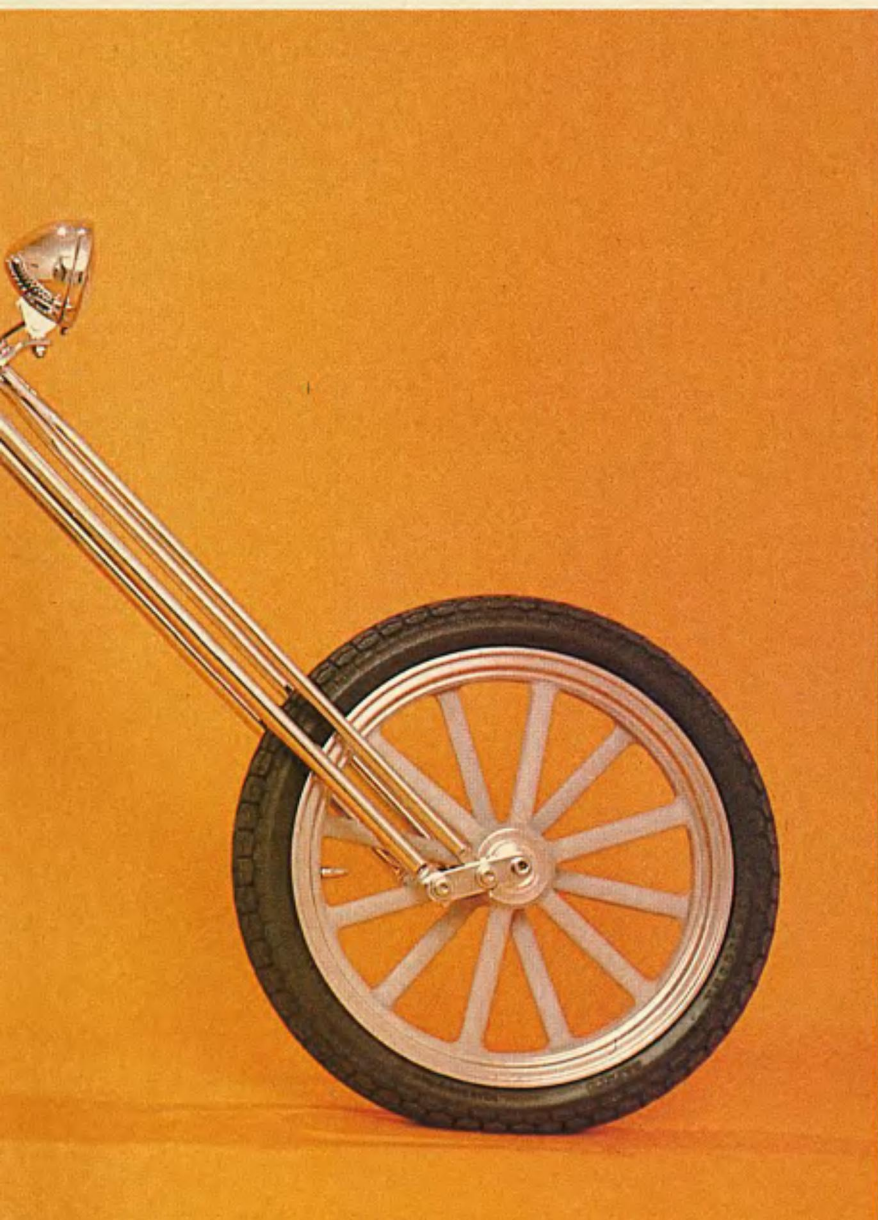
BROTHERHOOD BIKE

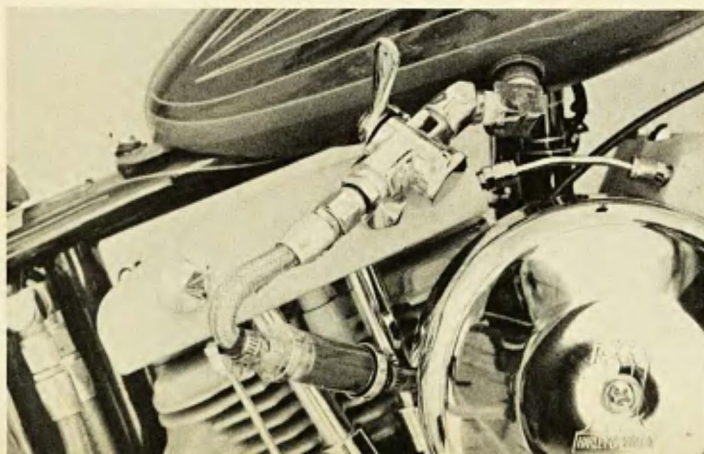
What with so many poop-butts, ripoff artists and gunsels roamin' the streets disguised as genuine bikers, the average household citizen can't tell the genuine brotherhood bikers from the asshole, bully standouts that're just playin' the role.

Few citizens ever encounter any examples of the deep brotherhood that bikers share, 'cause they're so bogged down by what they read in the papers about bikers and by the desperation of bein' trapped in their tract homes, afraid to meet the neighbors. While they're watchin' each other with suspicion, brotherhood amongst bike people continues to solidify.

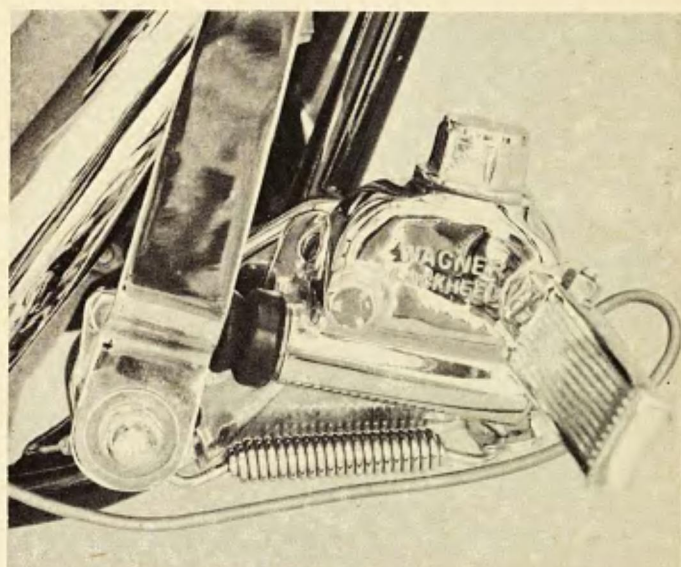
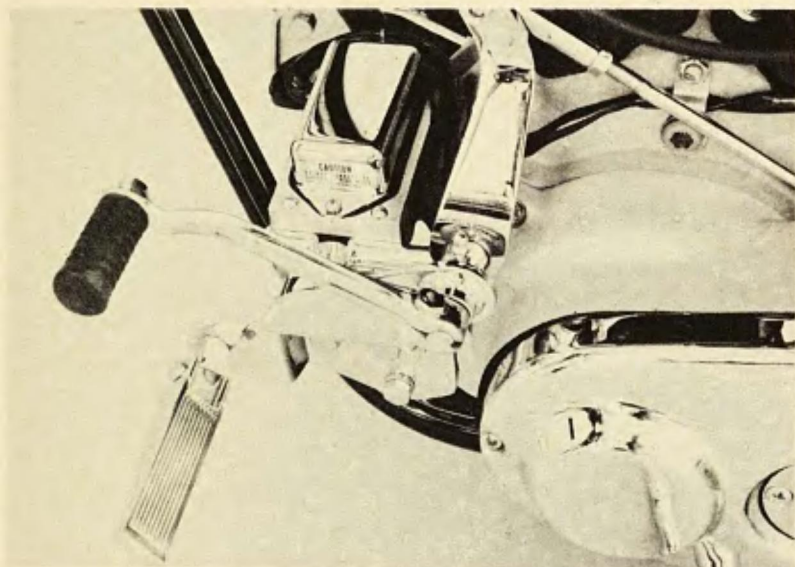
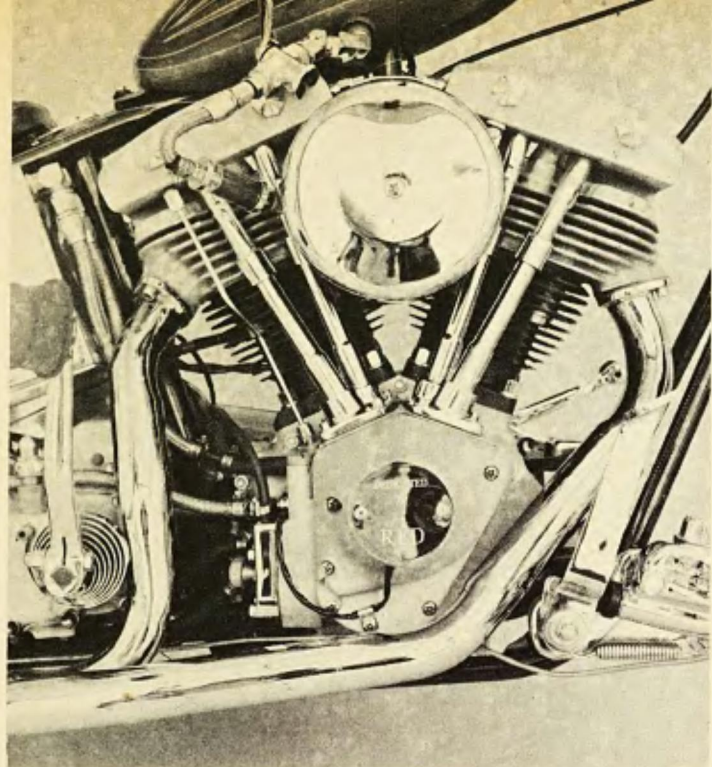
While the straight dude is slavin' his ass off to save up enough money to buy a new car to show up his pimp neighbor, bike brothers do their thing, and to hell with everyone else. They build bikes, then turn around and build one just like it for a brother. Fuck the competition bullshit.

You may wonder what all this has to do with the beautiful bike featured here; you might as well know that besides bein' one of the classiest and cleanest bikes we've ever featured, the bike is, in essence, a perfect example of the object of brotherhood. Jap Serrano didn't build this bike to impress the

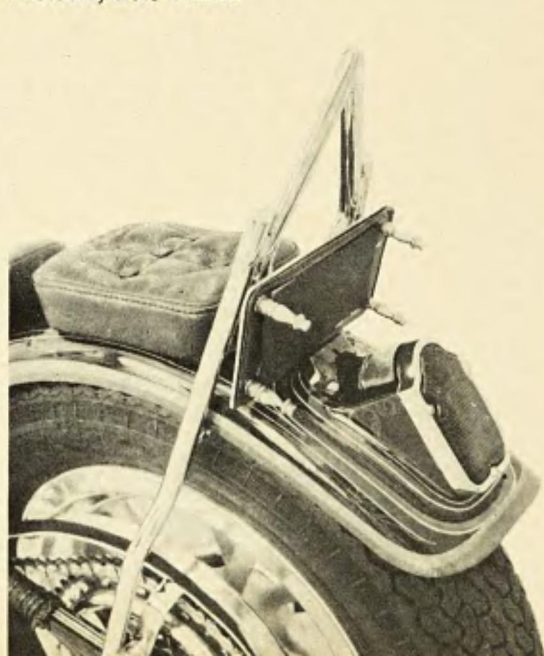
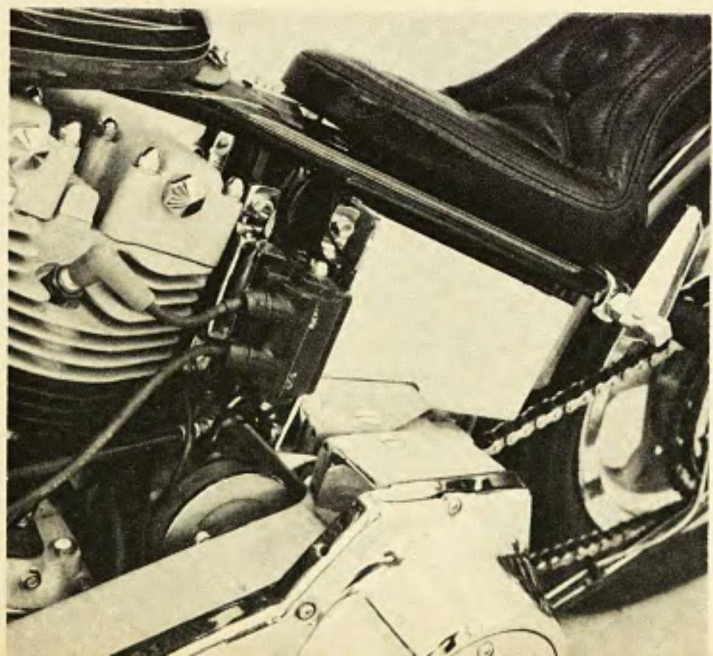




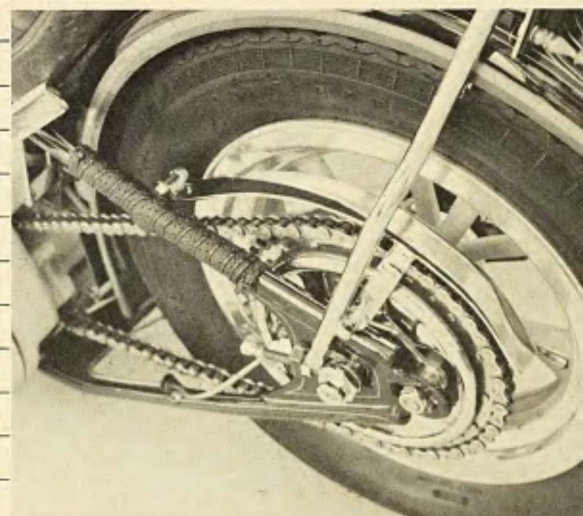
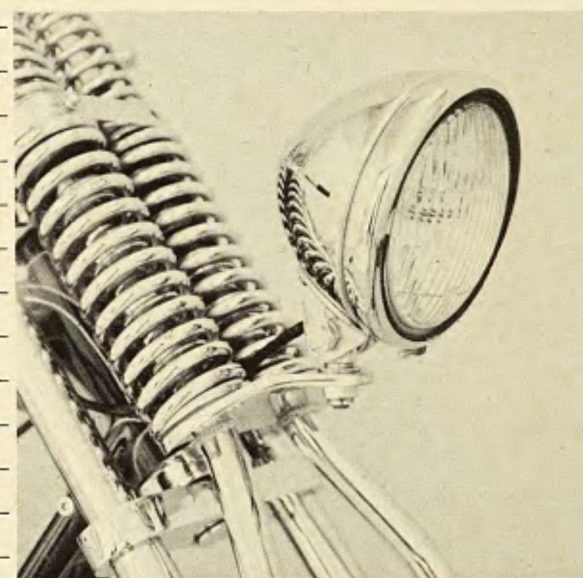
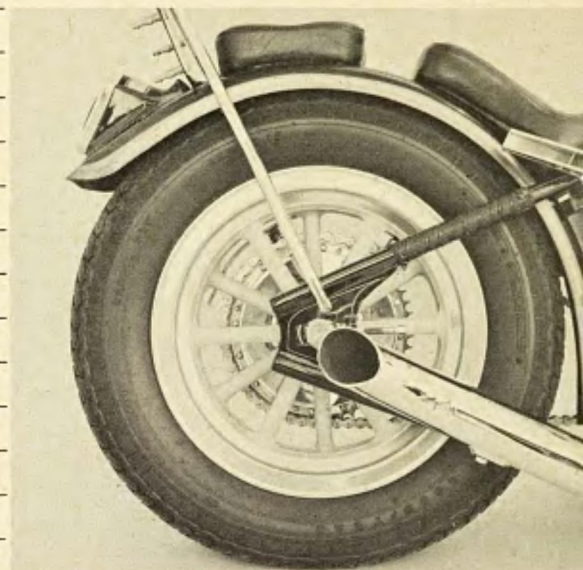
young lovelies in downtown Fresno; he used his ability to tastefully build the machine as a tribute to a downed brother, Red, and he's proud to say that this pair of wheels was built entirely for Red as a testimony to how he felt toward the brother who is no longer around. This is the kind of faith and allegiance that makes anybody proud to be a biker. ■



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Jap Serrano		City: Fresno, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1975	
Year and make: 1974 H-D		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Model: 74		Type: rigid	
Value: \$5,500		Rake: 10°	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 3 inches	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: NA		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Fred Serrano	
Year: 1974		Risers: none	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): 6 inch flat	
Rebuilder: new		Headlight: tractor light	
Ignition: distributor, coil		Taillight: coffin	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: Anderson	
Pistons: FLH		Electrics: alternator	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: Mustang	
Heads: bead blasted		Oil tank: Dick's Cycle	
Cam: FLH		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: custom		Sissy bar: Fred Serrano	
Pipes: Bernie & Lynn		Height: 12 inches above fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1974		Extension: 10 inches	
Shifting: ratchet top		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: headlight bracket	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18	Size: 15
Molding: Neil Averill		Hub: Amer. Mag	Hub: Amer. Mag
Painter: Neil Averill		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: Burgundy cast		Tire: 2.75	Tire: 1.55
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: juice
Special paint: Neil Averill			



EAST COAST EXIT

Parts for all bikes—Custom, Street, Touring, Dirt
Hard-to-find H-D parts
Chrome-plating and exchange of chromed parts
Complete engine rebuilding
Wheel lacing and trueing
Minor repairs to complete custom building
Salvage parts
Most parts in stock

Bike Auction last Saturday of every month! Buy or Sell

We are dealers for Jammer, Paughco, CCD, Durfee, Cheat'AH and
Many More

Write—EAST COAST EXIT
742 W. CAROLINA AVE.
HARTSVILLE, S.C. 29550
(803-332-1762)

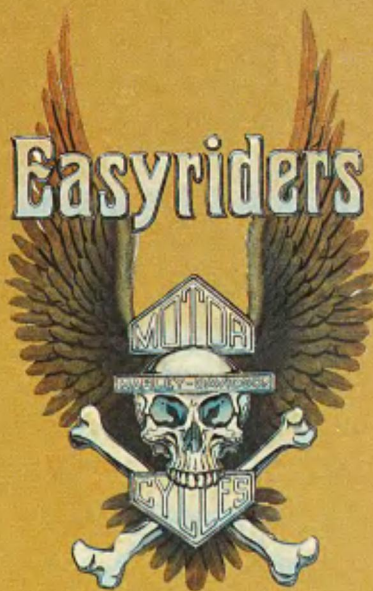
*We accept cashier checks, money
orders, personal checks (3 weeks
to approve), C.O.D.*

We appreciate your business.

Are Ya Ready?!

Here's the most far-out Dave Mann T-shirt ever! The idea was sent in by a bro doing time. We flashed on it and had Dave do a centerspread of it in issue #47—and we immediately got started on makin' T-shirts for ya. So put your ol' lady on the streets or get off some of that good stuff—get a few bucks together and fire them to us.

Now these are different from the others. These are dark brown—to go with the brown feathers in the design. The rest of the design is sparkling chrome—I gotta tell ya, this shirt will really make your leg wet when you see it—and Christ, there's no tellin' what effect they'll have on your bros. They're gonna absolutely have a shit fit when they see it on ya!



They're 100% cotton and we'll lay 'em on ya for only \$5.45 plus a measly 50¢ for postage and handling. So get off your ass and send the bread to us today—be sure to state size.



A Snake IN THE Grass

Stayin' at the run-down motel in redneck country was bad enough, but when Snake came out to get his scooter in the mornin' an' found some dork takin' pictures of it while his (the dork's) ol' lady rubbed her pussy all over the paint an' custom seat, he started boilin'. He made a beeline for the asshole, plannin' on windin' his neck like the stem on a two-dollar pocket watch, but after takin' a second look at the broad, he slowed down.



While his temper began to cool down, his passion began to heat up.

The country bumpkin takin' the pictures appeared to know a lot about cameras, and he sure had good taste in broads, but he wasn't payin' quite enough attention to the little honey, so Snake decided to let 'em get on with their session. He leaned back against a tree an' gave the chick a good shot at his bulge while he checked over all the bulges

she was exposin', an' pretty soon it became evident that she was losin' interest in her artistic friend with the camera. She started lookin' at Snake an' lickin' her lips, and when she hunched the seat on his scoot, she put some real meanin' into it, which gave the right kind of message to Snake.

The little sweetie was gettin' so horny, movin' around on the bike, that she did everything but suck on the end of the handle-



bar, and a couple of times Snake was afraid her box was gonna snap a bite out of the new seat upholstery.

After a while, the wimp photog ran outta film. He didn't pay no attention at all to the chick, just sat down in the shade an' started fuckin' with the camera, so Snake strolled over an' started fuckin' with the chick. The feelin' got mutual, so he pushed the bike around the corner of the old motel, followed by the chick—who was hoppin' along puttin' her pants back on. The photog never even missed 'em. At least, not until they fired up the scooter an' took off down the road. He's probably still wonderin' why his chick rode off with that hairy asshole on the chopper. ■

That's right—a free copy of **Easyriders** is yours, when you make a measly \$10.00 purchase from any of the chopper shops listed here.

ALASKA
Barrow Custom Cycle 1204 Church Wy. Barrowage

ARIZONA

The Scooter Shop 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson, Az.
Green Side MD 12815 N. Cove Creek Rd., Phoenix, Az.

Lucas Choppers & Parts Unlimited 4127 W. 15th Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85018
Performance HD 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson

CALIFORNIA
Lee's Scooter Shop 4059-A Belvedere Ct., Fremont
Two-Bike Triumps 701 No. Midway, San Fernando
Zaidin New & Used HD Parts 4076 University, San Diego

Custom Leathers 1837 Fulton Ave., Sacramento
 Eric Chappin Inc. 375 Valencia St., San Francisco
 American Cycle Works 425 S. Palm St., Ventura
 B & J's MC Parts 1010 N. Coast, Visalia
 OAG Cycle Parts 1515 Amar Rd., La Puente

Crazy Daves 7880 Old Redwood Hwy., Catalina
 Denzil Myers MC Assoc. & Parts 3965 San Leandro St., Oakland
 House of Motorcycle Parts 201 A El Camino Real, San Bruno
 Howlings Motor Manners 3755 E. Belmont Ave., Fresno

See Sierber Custom Cycles 21 226 Sherman Wy., Canoga Park
405 West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey, Ca.
Jahns Custom Bikes 4555 E. Belmont Fresno
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 353 Shell Beach Rd., Shell Beach
Discount Chopper Parts 2010 Grangeridge, Fullerton

Donald Myers MC Ass. & Parts 3993 San Leandro
Blvd., Oakland, Ca.
Eusebio Mario Cyle Parts 2160 W. Lamita Blvd.,
Ontario, Ca.
Greg Bliss Eng. 2219 Armita Blvd., Redondo Beach
Calif. 90260, 310-596-1100

Whitley's Fabrication 5285 Franklin Blvd., Sacramento
Lee's Scooter Shop 4059-A Ballouetta Ct., Folsom
MC 7412 Talbot Ave., Huntington Beach
Leather 2970 Sierra Creek Blvd., San Jose

The Shop—Indian and HQ 651 Ventura Blvd., Ventura
 San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Maple St., San Fernando
 Cycle Boutique 3570 Crenshaw, Los Angeles
 motorcycle Emporium 712 E. Alhambra Ave., Glendale
 Milas Cycle Shop 21412 Sherman Way, Van Nuys Park

Uncle Sam's West 45825 Warm Springs Blvd., Fremont, Ca.
Uncle Sam's West 45825 Warm Springs Blvd., Fremont, Ca.

See's Cystic Warts 1422 Glen Camarillo Rd., San Bernardino
Chaparral Apts 5005 Atlantic Blvd., Maywood
The Other Place 15002 Red Hill Dr., Tustin

CANADA
Alli's Pharmacy 1310 Main St. Moncton, Ontario

D S Manufacturing Co. 225 Nugget Ave., Unit 12, An
dover, Ontario

Colorado
Ontario
Tennessee Custom Ink Supply 2250 Kingston Rd., Windsor-909

Baro's Cove, Inc. 612 E. 12th Ave., Denver
Flatland Harley-Davidson 2050 28th St., Boulder
Brown & Sons 601 W. Church Ave., Colorado Springs
High Country Cheppers 11 S. Federal Blvd., Denver
High Mountain 2650 S. 8th Ave., Denver

Custom Cycle Exchange 1985 Columbia Rd., Denver
Custom City Cycles 4322 Woodman Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises P.O. Box 2991, Grand Junction
Denver Custom Cycle 6856 Hwy. 2, Commerce City

Cushman City Cycles 4322 Westworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
Harley Division of Colorado Springs 1005 Fountain Creek
Bldg., Colorado Springs
CONNECTICUT

Time Line Speed & Cycle 37 Main St., Danielson
 Custom Cycle Ass. U.S. Rte. 7, Brackley, Ct.
WAD Cycle Shop 1859 Wilbur Cross Pkwy., Berlin
WASP Cycles 1802 Stratford Ave., Stratford
Will's Harley-Davidson 103 W. Main St., Clinton

FLORIDA

Unauthorized MD 7500 Park Blvd., Pinnellas Park
Biller's Stash 207 Eastcott Rd., Ft. Walton Beach
Florida Cycle Parts Inc. 1130 E. Colonial Dr., Orlando
Harley Davidson of Palm Beach 1331 N. Military Trail, West

Palm Beach

Walter's Harley-Davidson Sales 509 Seminole Blvd.
Cycle Mania 523 Volusia Ave., Daytona Beach
Cycle Boutique 215 24th Ave. N., Lake Wales, Fla.
B&K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 NE 44th St.,
Gainesville, Fla.

Larrys Scooter Dress 17,350 US \$1. Lutz
E & B Cheaper Shop 883 S BX 04-4, Ocala, Fla.
Pompano Pete's 900 N. Dixie Hwy., Pompano Beach
C.C. Cycle 516 E. Dixie Hwy., W. Pompano Beach
Florida MC Rebuilding 1204 Dixie Hwy., Hallandale

GEORGIA
Box 101 State 2023 Victory Dr., Columbus

The McGraw-Hill Companies
 1221 Avenue of the Americas
 New York, NY 10020-1346
 Tel: 212-512-2000
 Fax: 212-512-2050
 E-mail: mcgraw-hill@mcgraw-hill.com
 Web: www.mcgraw-hill.com

HAWAII
Metacrylate Alley 1342 Kamele St., Honolulu
Ivan Harse Das 370 Auchi St., Bldg. #4, Honolulu

IDAH0
Pis Snap 250 Yellowstone, Patonello

Midwest Triumph 3650 S. Cicero Ave., Chicago
Big M Cycle 1749 W. 35th St., Chicago
Motorcycle & Supplies 805 E. Locust St., Fairbury
Cycle Hammer Shop 31259 23 Ave., Moline
Dales Cycle Engineering 424 Hill Ave., Aurora

Chicago Dry's 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill.
Masterstyles & Supplies 805 E. Locust St., Fairbury, Mo.
Midwest Triumph 1250 S. Lake, Muncie, Ind.
Garden Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet, Ill.

Chopper Parts & Stuff 818 W. Dennis, Champaign, Ill.
House of Cycles 1159 S. Western, Chicago
R & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield, Ill.
Eisese Harley-Davidson 600 M. L. King Drive, East

Marlham Cycle Center 3818 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Triangle MC Service 4344 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago
Village Park MD 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park

INDIANA
The Cycle Shop 2409 S. Western Ave., Marion
Brendt's HD Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash,
J.M.E. Capper Spec. 2832 149th St., Hammond

The Cropper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
 100 W. Michigan City 1804 Franklin St., Michigan
 Head Hunters Customs 210 E. Main St., New Albany
 Theaters Cycle Sales 7950 Pendleton Pike, Indianapolis

CDWA
Custom Cycle Design 900 1st Ave., Coalville
Custom Sport & Service Hwy. 189, Humbolt
Babs Custom Cycle Supply 436 E. Main St., Ott

Wentley Custom Cycle 821 Franklin, Waterloo

KANSAS
Cyclists of Manhattan 210 Poyntz, Manhattan
Free Wheeling 3304 W. 6th St., Topeka
S & E Motorcycle Ass. 724 N. Main St., Russell
Cycle Ass. 515 N. Main, Hutchinson

Blackwater Van & Cycle #12 Jackson St., Tepeto

LOUISIANA
Custom Chopper Shop, Inc. 12619 Fls. Blvd., Baton Rouge, La. 70804
Bills Custom Cycle 13403 Marvans, Baker
Cyclone Cycles, Inc. Corner Huey & 15th St., Gretna, La. 70043

MAINE
Siane Choppers 220 Main St., Rockland
The Chipper Factory 476 Forest Ave., Portland

MARYLAND
Aberdeen Custom Cycles 215 S. Phila. Blvd., Bk. 4
Custom Cycle Company 7 H. Aylesbury Rd., Timon
Ravin's Cycle Center, Inc. 4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville
R. & R. Speed & Cycle 4804 Branch Rd. Temple H.

John Spitzer & Sons, Inc. 300 E. 1st St., Baltimore, Md.
Tel. 273-1111, Rte. 273 E., Rising Sun

DOWN-TIME ENTERTAINMENT

BY ZOM

SOUNDS

ANIMALS/PINK FLOYD: Okay, I'll try. I'll try to sensibly review this weird fucking album, but don't you count on it, okay? There are two sides (surprise, surprise). On one, the two cuts are called "Pigs On The Water" and "Dogs." The two cuts on the other side are titled "Pigs (Three Different Ones)" and "Pigs On The Water Part Two."



That's it, whole album. Now what the fuck are they talking about? Animal animals? You can hear them barking and mooring in the background, especially on good sound equipment. You can hear the guitars whine until you can't tell if it's animal, vegetable or Mars. But are they really talking about animals? Hmmm. Now if I were to sum up this album in one word, what do you think it'd be? Horseshit? Piggy poop? Dogdung? Try outfuckingstanding. I loved it, it's pure class. There isn't a wasted note. Oh, by the way, doesn't Pink Floyd still hold the record for the most people arrested at a single concert? And isn't it funny that not one promoter has brought a rock concert into any of the centrally located L.A. facilities since Davis and the boys kicked all that ass and made just that of themselves?

HARD AGAIN/MUDDY WATERS: Ever since she heard this album my present ol' lady's been going around saying that the title must be my theme song. I just hope she doesn't slip up and blab how much I'm paying her to spread that rumor! Whatever, if you dig the blues, you can't possibly help but jizz out both ears at this offering.

Muddy Waters is, of course, the Muddy Waters, and to either make things even better or contemporize them, or both, a young man with long white hair (huh?) kicks in on guitar, and, in his own words, "miscellaneous screaming." (I ask you, have you ever tried to spell fucking miscellaneous? Shit fire and ten dictionaries later!)

I'm talking about none other than Johnny Winter, one of my favorite albinos, not to mention guitarists. Other famous names on this album are James Cotton playing mouth harp and Pine Top Perkins on piano. The joint effort (and I'm sure it was, heh heh) pays off with

one helluva result. It has the usual blues draw-back, namely repetition (I've often wondered if they don't get part of those blues from listening to the singing), so this isn't the kind of LP I'd want to leave playing over and over on my turntable while I was taking a break, or doing something about my theme song (see paragraph one). But, cut by cut, it's a classic, especially their rendition of "The Blues Had A Baby And They Named It Rock And Roll." Truer words, etc.

LOVE AT THE GREEK/NEIL DIAMOND: The title of this album sounds like an orgy, and it's about one. The scene was the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles. Neil Diamond stood on the stage, facing thousands of fans. They were wildly in love with him. What a coincidence. So was he. I knew Neil Diamond when he was earnest and he'd had a coupla hits and was so nervous on stage he couldn't tell one end of his Martin from the other (a Martin is a guitar, asshole). I wish he'd stayed that way. He wouldn't have made as much money, but he wouldn't be a joke to anyone with a cc of taste. Now a melodramatic, egocentric, theatrical lightweight, this guy was once cool. I take a look at him on a stage today and I could puke. Too bad, too. He has tremendous talent.



DANCE/PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE: What the fuck is a Pure Prairie League? Well, besides being a group with another good album, it's also a line from an old Errol Flynn movie (you remember old Errol Flynn). Now that the trivia's over, lemme say this is a good, jumping, energetic group and this album (their third, I think, or is it the fourth?) was too good to die. Released some months ago and not exactly to the blare of trumpets, it's taken all this time to start getting the attention it deserves. I don't know why this happened because their other albums have been successful, but come to think of it, they were late bloomers too. Whatever, a worthwhile effort from the Ohio River valley.

RUMORS/FLEETWOOD MAC: Well, here's another of them overnight sensations you're always hearing about in showbiz. And, as usual, it's bullshit. This group's been in existence since 1967 when Mick Fleet-

wood and John McVie left John Mayall (Eric Clapton came out of the same congregation, and Mick Fleetwood once worked with a totally unknown lead singer named Rod Stewart), and worked their nuts off to hit it big nearly ten years later.

If you're a Fleetwood fan, or if you just happen to have a decent radio (by that I mean FM, no teenyboppin', hymenpoppin' AM, please) you couldn't have missed out on all the Mac action. They've had many albums and singles but it all hit the fan with the album before this, creatively titled "Fleetwood Mac." They'd had steady sales, and a good concert following, but never even a gold record until that bastard broke loose. It went platinum (that means a million units sold, not a million dollars worth), the other albums started going gold,

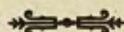


and said bastard is still pretty high on the charts almost a year and a half later!

Talk about a hard act to follow. But they do a commendable job of trying on this one and several cuts are destined for smash city. Fleetwood Mac is apparently a hard act to keep together, too. There have been a lot of changes in the group, with members leaving and Christine McVie and John McVie marrying and divorcing each other. A lot. Mick is a crazy guy, but he's also the best and most creative drummer and percussionist in rock today. And that recent addition to the group, the Barbie Doll who can belt her guts out (pic does not do Stevie Nicks justice), well, I could get arrested for what I'm thinking. And, frankly, have been!

FESTIVAL/SANTANA: They're fond of saying that Santana is a record-breaking group, and I'd just like them to know that I was there one of the nights Carlos broke one of those records. They played the same song for 45 minutes. Then they took a break and played the same damn song for another twenty. And it wasn't even a good song. It was a benefit concert or I would have demanded my money back. Instead, I hid under my seat until Santana left. "Festival" strikes me much the same way. There's more variety on this album than that shitful evening, but it's weak, and unless your old aunt is coming over and loves to do the cha-cha, worthless.

GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS!



Some are 2' x 3'
and others are
1 1/2' x 2 1/2'!

The best of the
Dave Mann
paintings in
beautiful color
on heavy
art stock!

All posters shipped in
wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube

\$3.00 each or four for
\$9.95! (On orders less
than \$6.00, please add
50¢ for postage and mailing
tube.)

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

EASYRIDERS POSTERS,
Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Enclosed is \$_____ for the
posters indicated below.

@ \$3.00 each. Four for \$9.95

(Plus 50¢ postage and mailing tube
on orders under \$6.00)

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-3 ☐ M-4 ☐ M-5
☐ M-6 ☐ M-7 ☐ M-8 ☐ M-9

Name _____

Address _____

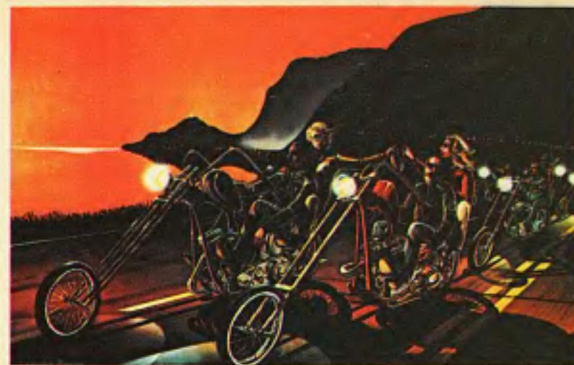
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

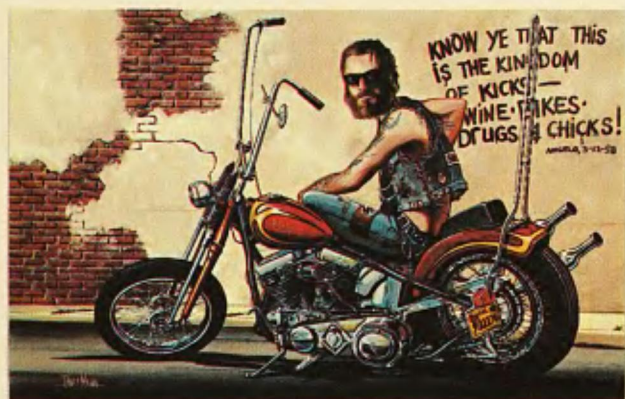
California residents add 6% sales tax



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-7
"Run Heat"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-4 "One for the Road"



M-9 "Hollywood"



Rooster's Sled

Ya can't keep a dedicated biker down

We all know life isn't always a run on a sunny day, picking up young, beautiful chicks and endless kegs of beer. There's an occasional flat tire along the way. But if the heart is in the right spot, the tire will be fixed and the ride will continue. The owner of this very special shovel has seen his share of rough roads, but had the heart to come back with something better.

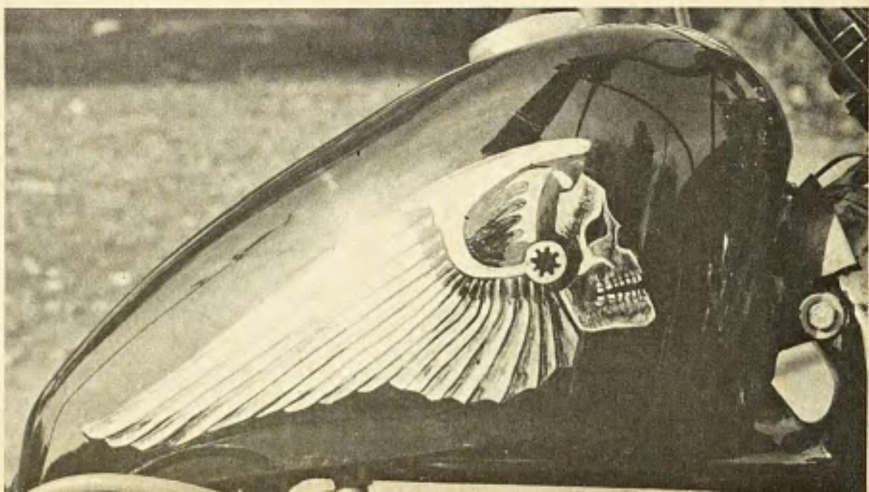
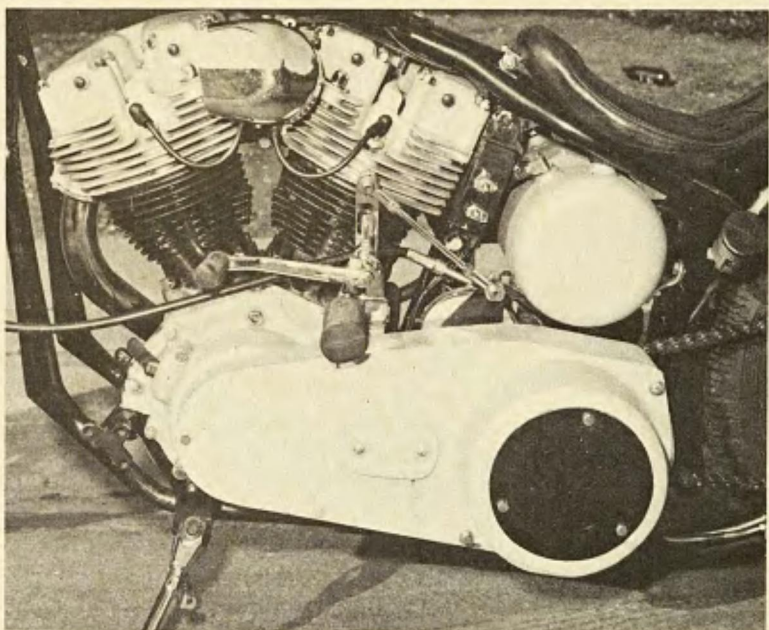
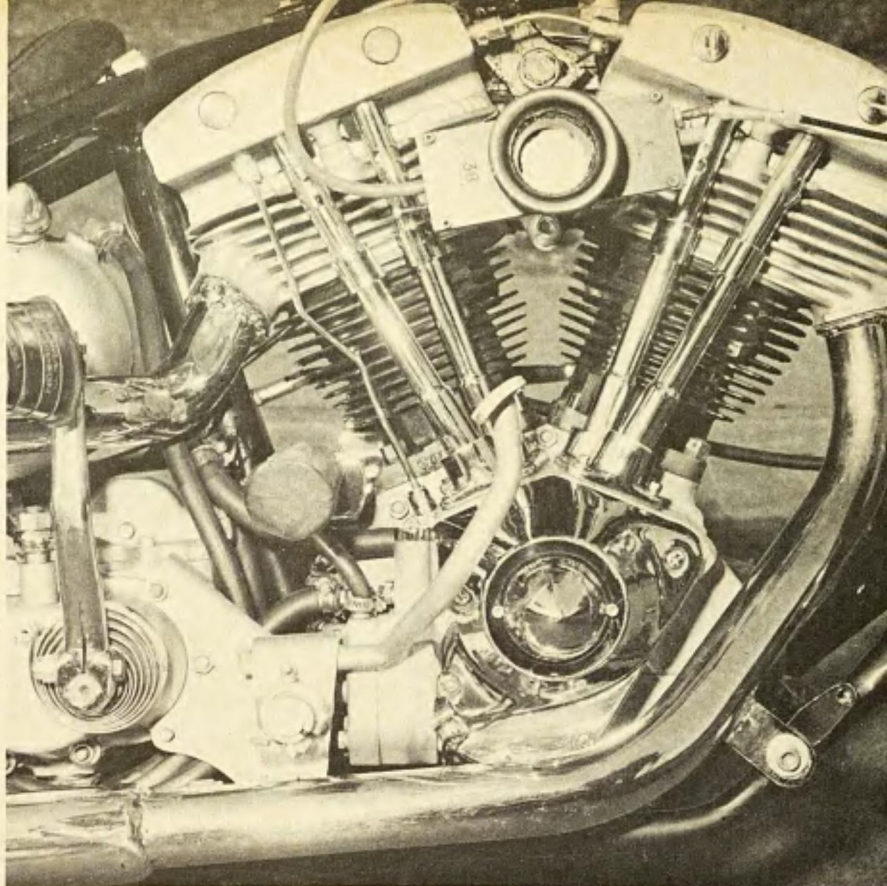
Ya see, Rooster's bike was once a stock Superglide—until the wreck. And that was the end of the not-so-super glide. The bike was destroyed except for the heart—the engine. Even the transmission case was on the critical list for a while.

Definitely broke down and without loads of bucks, Rooster began to rebuild before the dust settled from the accident. With the cash he had on hand, he began to accumulate the needed parts until the coin ran out. But during the lean spells, he didn't stop building, just buying. He put together his own linkages for shifting, beefed and raked his frame, rebuilt and blueprinted his engine and repaired and modified the transmission. His friends and brothers contributed the paint and molding, built the custom oil tank and unique primary case, and stitched the seat.

And from the wreckage of the 1970 74, Rooster built—and rides—the bike pictured here. Just goes to show that with the heart and the desire to ride, a brother will never be down for long. Here's to heart.

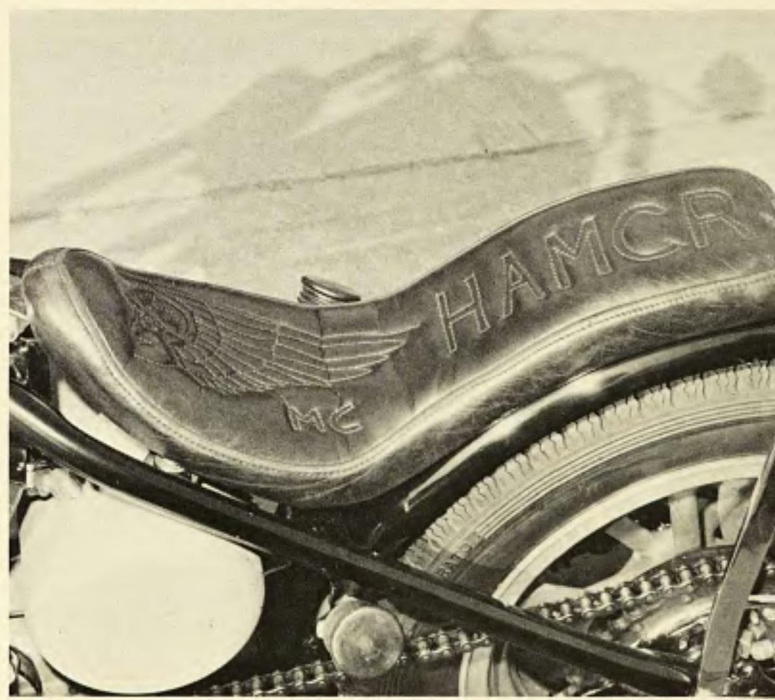
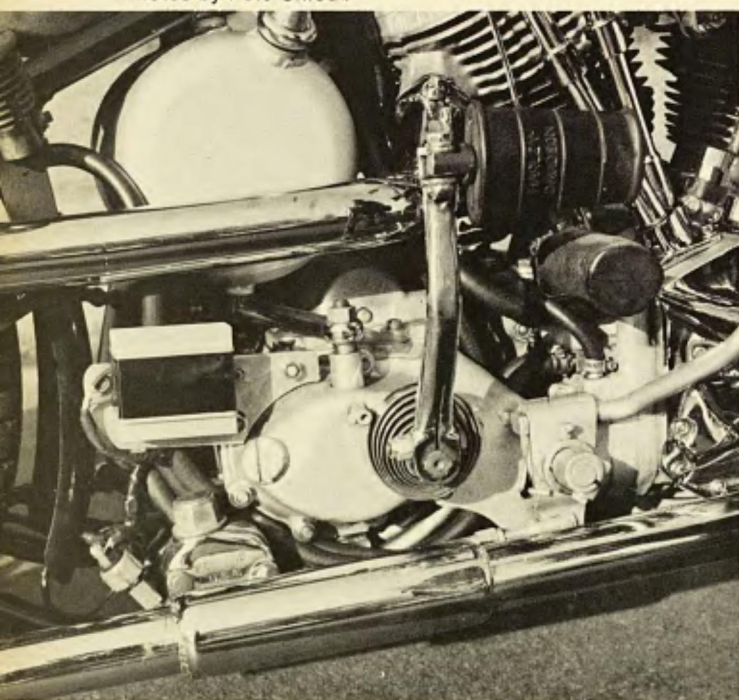
—Bandit

—Continued on next page





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Rooster **City:** Richmond California

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: H-D 70
Model: FX
Value: \$6,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 6 months
Chroming by: Action Plating

Frame

Year: 48
Builder: H-D
Type: cradle
Rake: $\frac{3}{8}$
Stretch: none
Other alterations: beefed

Accessories

Engine

Year: '70
Model: FX
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: distributor
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: blue
Balancing: Charlie Brown
Pistons: H-D
Cases: glass beaded
Heads: ported, polished
Cam: 468 Sifton
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): Lake 44m.m.
Air cleaner: velocity stack
Pipes: shotgun
Muffler(s): gutted

Bars: Flanders
Risers: stock
Fender(s): flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Sporty
Speedo: none
Front pegs: glide
Rear pegs: modified glide
Electrics: battery eliminator
Gas tank: Sporty
Oil tank: Don's Cyclery
Oil system: oil cooler
Primary cover: Long John & Mathes
Seat: Chico
Sissy bar: owner, two-piece
Height: 6 in. above fender
Material: 1-in. flat

Transmission

Modifications: shaved Andrews
Year: '70
Shifting: ratchet top
Engine sprocket: 22
Trans sprocket: 22
Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: glide
Extension: 6 in.
Builder: H-D
Special features: trees from Sonny

Wheels

Front

Rear

Size: 18

Size: 15

Hub: AMC

Hub: American

Rim width:

Tire: 3.50

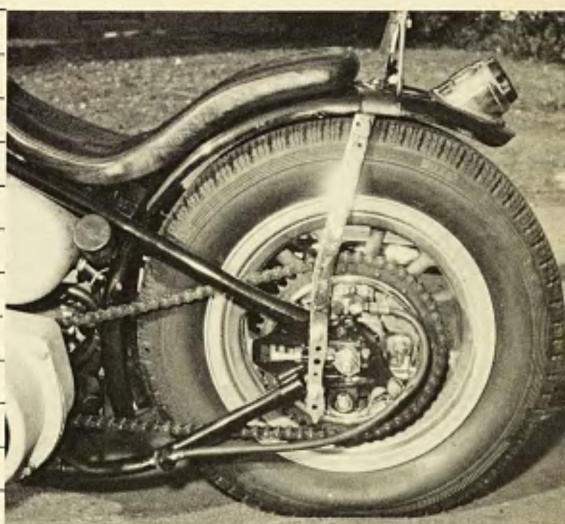
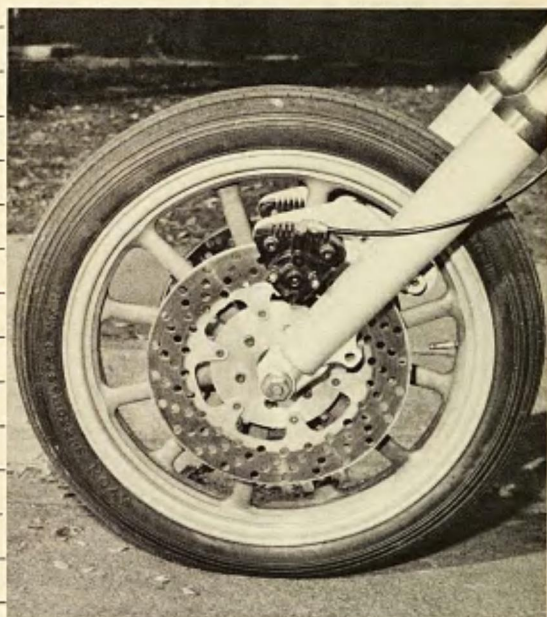
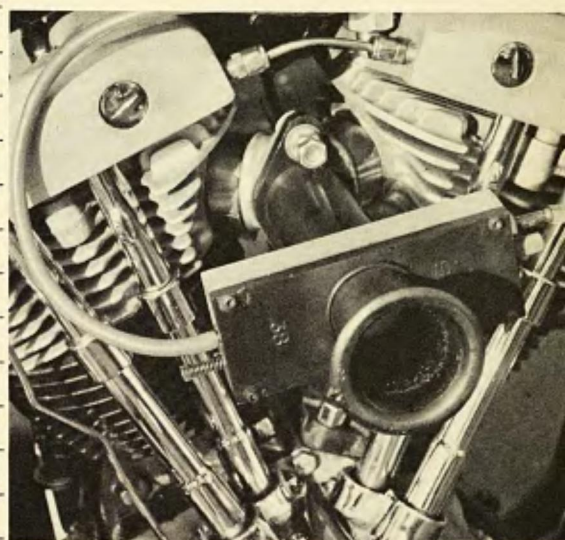
Tire: 15x5.10

Brake: Kosmen

Brake: H-D

Painting

Molding: Dave Burns Custom
Painter: Dave Burns Custom
Color: black
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: Dave Burns



5-Speed Transmission

--fits all Harley 74s

**Complete unit fits all 1936-1977 Harley-Davidson 1200s.*

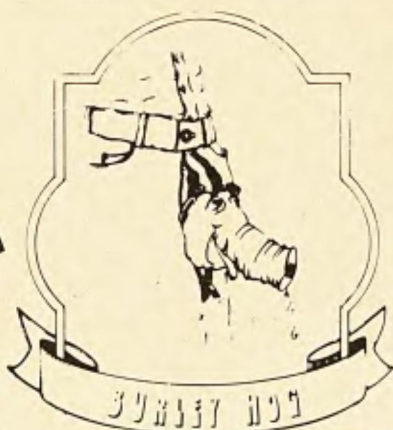
**20% increase in final drive ratio gives better top-end, better mileage, less engine wear and vibration.*

**All-new, complete unit is manufactured from the highest grade material.*

**This is not a conversion,
but a completely new transmission.**

J & R Engineering • 3855 Pecos St. • Denver, Colo. 80211 • Phone: (303) 477-3781

**ARE YOU
MAN ENOUGH**



TO WEAR THE BURLEY HOG ?

If you question this....back up to the mirror Hog nude, and bend over. If you can still see your face....you better start pullin'. If you can't.....you are Man enough.

The Burley Hog cums on a Black 100% cotton T-Shirt with design on the frontfor the world to see.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That This T-Shirt Is Not For Pussy's.....If You Are Man Enough To Wear The Burley Hog.....You Better Be Ready To Prove It!

So mail us some bucks and we'll send you a Burley Hog....as fast as we fucking can.

* MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO :

WILD WEST ENT.

TM

1976 Wild West Enterprises
11568 Sorrento Valley Rd. San Diego, Ca 92121

BURLEY HOG T-SHIRTS

P.O. BOX 89, La Jolla, Ca. 92038

Yes, I'm man enough to wear the BURLEY HOG.

So send me _____ T-SHIRT(s).

I have enclosed \$5.95 (\$5.45 + 50¢ for postage) each

* Send CASH, CHECK, MONEY ORDER NO COD

CHARGE TO

☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐ BANKAMERICARD

Account No. _____ Expr. Date _____

Signature _____

SIZE: S _ M _ L _ XL _

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Calif. Res. add 6% (33¢ ea. for Jerry)

Harley Riders

We have performance products for your H-D. Cast or forged pistons for stockers to strokers. 80,000 p.s.i. ductile iron cylinders for 74s and Sporties. Custom made to your needs. We have been in the cylinder business for 16 years. New, larger facilities mean quick deliveries.

Rod rebuilding • Teflon wrist • Head gaskets
Wrist pins • 12 point Head bolts • Pin retainer

Axtell Sales, Inc.

1424 S.E. Maury
Des Moines, Iowa 50317
(515) 243-2518

Call or write for free catalog



• CARSON CYCLE PARTS ACCESSORIES & SPORTSWEAR •

CARSON CYCLE PARTS ACCESSORIES & SPORTSWEAR

Come in or write us regarding our full line of accessories and riding gear for all types of bikers.

Chop, touring and general motorcycle equipment available.

We do repairs and custom work for the particular biker.

CARSON CYCLE PARTS ACCESSORIES & SPORTSWEAR

422 E. Carson
Carson, California 90745
Telephone: (213) 549-8300

Moving?

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

Head-Rush

—Continued from page 17

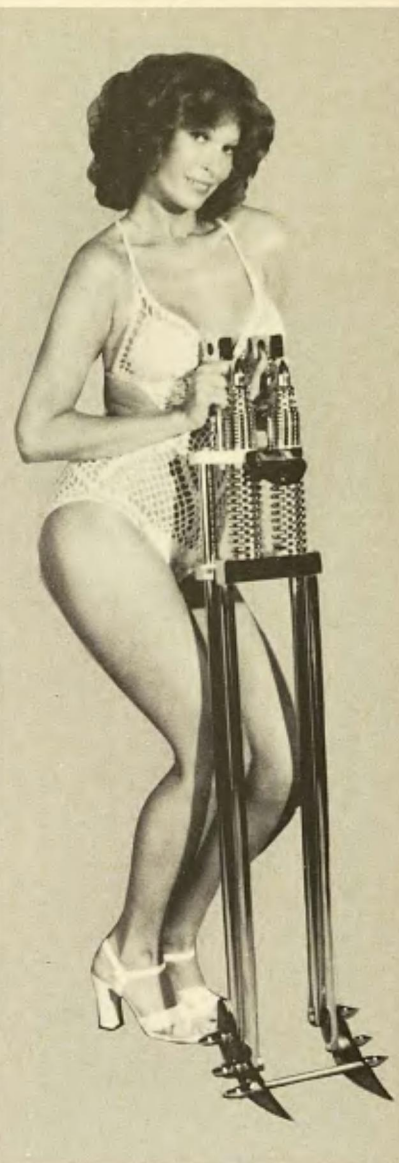
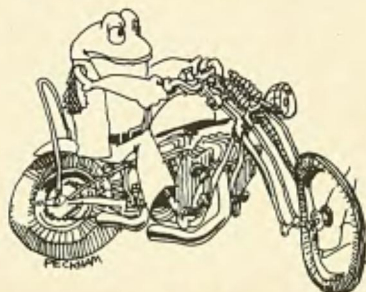
tradictory. Since it ain't our place to be givin' advice, we ain't takin' either side. I've tried 'em, as have many of my friends, but we're all a healthy bunch of muthafuckers, an' could probably get a hardon snortin' mule piss.

N-butyl nitrite is not listed as a drug. The ingredients are uncontrolled, and are available in chemistry supply stores, since its primary use, once again, is for simple matters: pain in the heart, testing of drinking water, room deodorants, and, of all things, makin' a guy's hardon disappear. That's right. The stuff is used in hospitals on a patient who's had his cock operated on. If he starts gettin' a hardon, he's given a snort, an' his cock goes down so that the stitches won't pull out.

Any of the poppers that are on the market are highly inflammable, and should be handled with great care. Droppin' a cigarette ash on an open bottle can really give ya a rush — a rush to the nearest fire station. And it's got an acid-like quality about it, too. If ya spill any on your clothes, forget 'em, 'cause they're gonna have holes eaten in 'em. If ya accidentally get the liquid in your nose, you can expect to lose a couple of layers of skin. For God's sake, don't put a couple of drops on your cock, to see if it works like some of the other sniffin' stuff around. Your cock ain't gonna like you no more, an' it'll go away — literally.

A rather pleasant effect of poppers is that while they relax certain muscles, they stimulate others in a very pleasant way. Take the mouth and tongue, for example. After takin' a snort, the sensitivity of the mouth and tongue is increased. It's an artistic stimulation, helped along by other metabolic responses, and can result in what turns out to be mild cannibalism. Sex partners can take a hit, in turn, and the reciprocal rewards can be very pleasing.

The poppers on the market today — those that consist of n-butyl nitrite — are not as effective as their cousin, amyl nitrite, but they do the same job, in a slightly smaller way. One dude, who owns a condominium, has installed a system that blows the stuff through the air conditioning system. Since it's an antidote for cyanide gas, and is used in testing water, it has a not-too-unpleasant aroma. According to Joyce C. Greller, "Locker Room stinks, Acujack smells like a pooper, and Cat's Meow is an example of the worst, and is generally reputed to smell like horse-piss." *Bullet* is reported as being the very best stuff on the market, followed by *Locker*, *Popper*, *Jock* and *Rush*.



Seen our front end? Better check it out!

REGULAR PRICE \$300

NOW ONLY \$199.95 COMPLETE

- ✓ Show Chrome Springer ✓ Solid Stock 4130 Steel
- ✓ Unique No Weld Construction
- ✓ Available in 6" to 26" over stock lengths
- ✓ 5/8" Axle ✓ Headlight Bracket
- ✓ Post Risers ✓ Fits Any Size Motorcycle

Length of front end desired _____

☐ Double ☐ Single Headlight Bracket

Specify Bike Make/Year _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

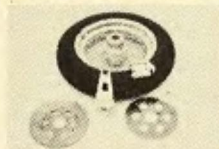
Enclose minimum 50% deposit (Cashier's Check or Money Order) on all C.O.D. orders. Foreign orders must be prepaid. Michigan residents add 4% sales tax. Send order to **A.W.I. Distributors, 26857 Lowery, Farmington Hills, MI 48024.**

A.W.I. DISTRIBUTORS

26857 Lowery, Farmington Hills, MI 48024
(313) 549-5890

15" & 16" DISC BRAKE

SUPER STOPPER



KIT CONTAINS: Add \$40.00 for Chrome
HUB • SPROCKET • DISC • HYDRAULIC
CALIPER • MASTER CYLINDER • 15" OR 16"
TIRE • TUBE • LINER • CALIPER MOUNT-
ING BRACKET • CHROME SPOKES AND
NIPPLES • CHROME 15" OR 16" HOG RIM
Add \$30.00 for Chrome
\$189⁹⁵
Master Cylinder / Caliper / Sprocket / Bracket

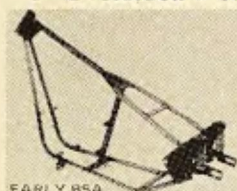


FRONT MAG DISC BRAKE

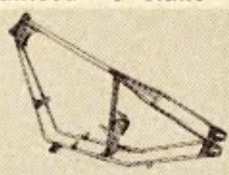
KIT CONTAINS:
HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER
CYLINDER • DISC • 18" MAG WHEEL • 18"
TIRE • TUBE • LINER • MOUNTING
BRACKET • BOLTS • HYDRAULIC LINE AND
FITTINGS
\$189⁹⁵

CUSTOM FRAMES

5" Overstock / 100% Guaranteed / 1" Rake



EARLY BSA



All Hondas 350, 360, 450, 500, 550, 750 • XL
Triumph 1955 to 1975, 650, 500 and Trident • All
BSA's • Yamaha 500, 650 and 750 • Kawasaki
500, 750 and 900 • Norton 750 and 850 • HD '74
EASY RIDE \$229⁹⁵ RIGID \$169⁹⁵

HARDTAILS \$44⁹⁵

AVAILABLE FOR
THE FOLLOWING:

Honda 305, 350, 360, 450, 500, 550, 750, Kawasaki
900, Triumph 55-76 — 650 & 750 (2 cyl. only),
Yamaha 650, HD 74 elec. or kick (specify) and all
HD Sportsters. Available in stock or 4" overstock
lengths.



ORDER FROM:

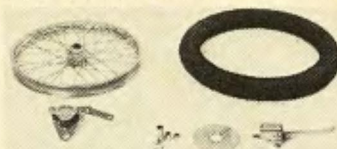
C & G Manufacturing Company

DEPARTMENT C. C.

1060 J. South Cypress Street • La Habra, California, 90631 • Telephone: 714-992-2050

Dealers send for catalog All prices F.O.B. La Habra. Prices subject to change without notice

50% deposit on initial order; personal checks take 30 days extra. When ordering, please include bike year, model and make.

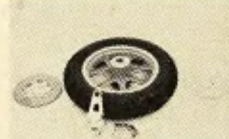


FRONT DISC BRAKE

KIT CONTAINS:

HUB • DISC • HYDRAULIC CALIPER •
MASTER CYLINDER • 18" TIRE • TUBE
• LINER • CALIPER MOUNTING BRACKETS
• CHROME SPOKES AND NIPPLES •
CHROME 18" RIM
\$169⁹⁵

15" & 16" MAG DISC BRAKE



KIT CONTAINS: Add \$40.00 for Chrome Master
HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER
CYLINDER • SPROCKET • DISC • MAG
WHEEL • 5.00 x 15 TIRE • TUBE LINER •
MOUNTING BRACKET • BOLTS • HY-
DRAULIC LINE AND FITTINGS

Add \$30.00 for Chrome Master
\$259⁹⁵
Cylinder / Caliper / Sprocket / Bracket



15" & 16" HARLEY REAR WHEELS

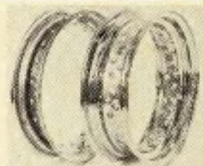
\$74⁹⁵

KIT CONTAINS:

HEAVY GAUGE CHROMED STEEL RIM •
CHROMED SPOKES & NIPPLES • TIRE •
TUBE & RIM LINER. JUST LACE IT TO YOUR
HUB.

WE HAVE KITS TO FIT ALL BIKES!

15" x 5" SUPERWIDE RIMS



Fits H-D "74" swingarms and all rigid frame bikes.
Rims are made in U.S. from heavy gauge steel and
show chrome plated.

\$29⁰⁰

GENUINE H-D SPOKES 15" - 16" - 19"

\$20⁰⁰

Bum Beef

—Continued from page 29

"I never knew before this hellhole what smells could do to your frame of mind," The Brain said as the pungent scent pervaded his space.

"I been readin'," Star said, "that's why them yogis use it in temples and things; it gets their heads in the right place."

"Yah, sure beats piss and farts," wittied The Mouth.

Snowman yelled across the tier, "Well, this ain't enough 't get my head in the right place, whaddya say, Star?"

"Cool your tool, the time ain't prime and the day ain't done," the biker responded.

On Death Row the guards gave ice in the winter; upstairs they sold snow and other euphoric sundries year round. Red Star had placed their Thanksgiving order via the phone system and now awaited word on tonight's drop. Snowman's nut was smack, but Star refused to be the middleman for junk or needles. Acid, reefer and anything on the up side and snortable were his commodities. He'd ordered his own favorites, acid and coke, and some joints to ease reentry. It'd be a costly high, but in keeping with the spirit—if not the letter—of the day.

His phone tapped three times. Star answered with an expectant:

"High!"

"Soon, mah man, soon—however, short supply 'cause of the long weekend, but what's there's tops, if'n ya takes mah meanin'. How's Snowman?"

"Hold on, I'll check him out. Hey, Snowman, the hippy upstairs sends his regards, wants to know how you're feelin'," Star cued.

"Tell him I'm feelin' just fine and dandy now," Snowman assured. The dope would come down through the vent in his cell, making him sentry post and distribution center. He was alerted.

"Were you like this when you were a biker?" the upstairs voice inquired of Red Star.

"Like what?"

"A catalyst."

"What's a catalyst?"

"Someone who makes waves. No one else would've instigated this strike. No one else did."

"That was just a stroke. I had t'do somethin', I took off 30 pounds since I been in this hole—today was just the last hair."

"Synchronicity."

"What's that?"

"Two things coming together at the right time. It's good you got to work it out in a positive way. Did it always turn out that way for you, the right event at the right time?"

"I dunno, sometimes, only in strange ways. Like this . . . did I end up on Death Row just to get some lazy cons off their butts?"

"Maybe. And maybe something drew

If You'll Wear it . . . We'll Print it . . .



To order, send any size color or b&w photo, Polaroid, slide, magazine cutout, anything (returned unharmed) along with \$7.95 plus 75¢ postage, or 2 for \$15.50 plus \$1.25 postage. Be sure to include shirt size (S-M-L-XL). For additional print on reverse side add \$3.50.

ON A T-SHIRT from any photo blown up to 8"x10" in full color. Now you don't have to wear the same shirt as a thousand other dudes.

Custom design your own one-of-a-kind class shirt. Put on your bike, your ol' lady, your ol' lady's tits. We don't care—as long as you got balls enough to wear it, we'll print it. T-shirt is top quality polyester blend so it won't turn into a rag after you wear it. The colors from the blowup go into the fabric and are washable and permanent—no bullshit—WE GUARANTEE IT!

Order today and we'll send you a surprise bonus

Send to: PERMA-PIX INC., Dept. ER-6
1919 Route 110
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

SPEED MADE EASY!!

A home production method to produce 99.7% pure Meth Crystal from a non-prescription item and household chemicals at a cost of under \$20.00 per gram. Also, complete instructions to make

your own THC, Hash Oil, Mes-caline, DMT, Psilocybin, LSD, MDA, TMA, MDMA, Cocaine, STP, Angel Dust, PCP Crystal, Rocket Fuel, Amyl Nitrate, Nitrous Oxide, Methamphetamine and many more.

Send a buck for the complete brochure to:

IRVING PENKETHMAN Box 950-BD, Pocasset, Ma. 02559

SCREW IT

Be the first one in your neighborhood to screw it on!

We dressed you dudes with pins and patches, now it's time for that sweet thing between your legs (the

one that runs on gas, not ass). What you are gazing at are points covers for late model H-D 74s and Sportsters, but with a wild

imagination you can screw it on any place on your bike.

For a catalog on these and other biker goodies, send \$2.00 (deductible on first order).

Dealer inquiries invited

JOE'S MCN

9939 CANOGA AVE.
CHATSWORTH, CAL. 91311
(213) 998-7331

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

California residents add 6%

Hey, All You Pot Smokin' Dudes.

These machines burn more than the usual!

Custom painted, Hydra-Cal sculptured smoking pipes.



Harley Eagle
\$6.95
6" x 4"



Ride to Live
Live to Ride
\$6.95
6" x 4"



Panhead
\$5.95
6" x 4"



Chopper Jr.
\$6.95
7" x 3"

Shovelhead
\$5.95
6" x 4"



Harley Wings
\$5.95
6" x 4"



Satisfaction guaranteed!
We pay postage!

Send check or money order to

Heritage Creations
16265 Lindbergh,
Van Nuys, California 91406

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

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

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



\$19.95 Plus \$1 for postage

Allow four weeks for checks to clear.

Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

HERE IT IS! OUR FAMOUS

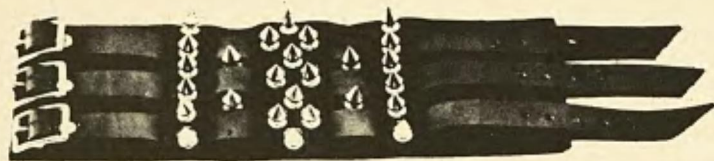
"Don't fuck with me"

\$14.50

postage included

WRISTBAND

COD REQUIRES \$5.00 DEPOSIT



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

TO BE WORN FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES ONLY

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



THE SANDAL SHEAF

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

PLEASE ALLOW 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

you to this, to get you out of the insanity you were into. You were into insanity, weren't you, a dirty old outlaw biker like yourself?"

"Oh, yeah, I was a crazy motherfucker all right . . ."

"Tell me about it, about bikers . . ."

"Whaddya wanna know?"

"Well, all the stories I ever heard make you guys sound like a bunch of psychotics, and I don't wanna hold any prejudices, so I'd like to get the story first hand, you know?"

"I can dig it . . ."

Red Star reflected: he'd never collected his thoughts on this before.

"Well, yeah, t'be honest, it's prob'ly true, most bikers, most outlaw bikers, you could call them psychotic. They sure as shit got some sick minds, I can tell ya that! It's like, most of them runnin' with a club are orphans; they either grew up in a lotta foster homes or in the Hall. Misfits. But they gotta go somewhere, don't they, someone's gotta look after them, and the only ones who ever did was the club. The club's supposed to be a brotherhood—"

"A brotherhood of psychotics . . ."

"A family, with discipline, and rules: like, we pull your patch if you're caught doin' smack. A family, where we cover a brother's back, no matter how crazy he gets or what he does . . ."

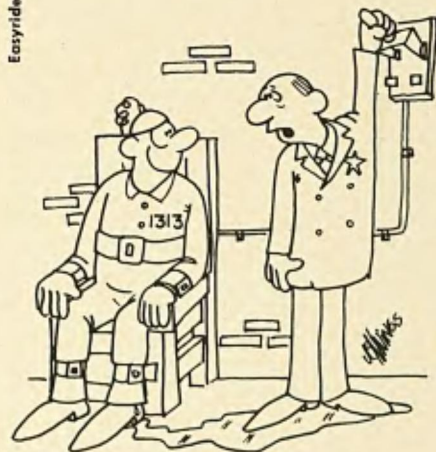
"You mean a bunch of psychotics, free to act out any derangement they want because each one's got an army to back him up . . ."

"Well, what're you gonna do with loonies, kill 'em? What's this plastic society doin' t'help 'em? Nothin'. So we start a brotherhood, respect each other's insaneness, protect each other, be the family we never had, strength in numbers, y'know?"

"How did you get into the biker trip, you don't seem so psychotic . . ."

"Thanks a lot, but do me a favor and don't compare me to nobody. I'm just tellin' you what I see about the scene I been in. I seen it because I was never really a part of it. I ain't no orphan."

Easyriders



"Why are you smiling?"

either, though maybe it'd be better if I was. I was into the straight citizen trip for a long time, a stone solid citizen, with mortgages, an eleven-year marriage and three beautiful kids. But I wanted t'be me, not what everyone else wanted me t'be. I was lookin' for a place, somethin' new to do, when I found the Vagabonds. I knew they were crazies, but there was somethin' about them I could relate to; they weren't phony, they were just bein' themselves, doin' exactly what they wanted, and I didn't know anybody who was doin' that, or any place I could do it, out in the plastic world I left. And I guess, t'answer your first question, I thought I could help keep the poor bastards together, turn the club into the brotherhood it was s'posed t'be—natural-born leader, y'know? But then—right before all this happened in fact—a heavy power play began in my chapter. They were split between me and Wild Dog, the club prez. The top officers didn't want me t'take over the chapter; like everyone else in this fucked-up world, they didn't wanna let go of their power. I was winnin' the support of the majority, though, so I prob'ly would've taken over at the next elections. That's why the club's shined me on in all this . . ."

"You gonna go back if you get outa this?"

"Shit no—but I ain't gonna stop ridin' bikes. Outlaws've got a motto: ride to live, live to ride . . ."

"Will you please tell me what's so fuckin' great about ridin' a motorcycle?"

"Sheeit, tryin' to tell someone what it's like to ride a scooter is like tryin' t'tell someone how to fuck who ain't never done it before! There's just nothin' like the feelin' of sittin' on top of a Harley, cruisin' down an open road with the motherfuckin' valves floatin' . . ."

He drifted out of the conversation into the scene he was creating, feeling the Harley rumble underneath him.

"Hey! Star!" the voice brought him back. "Whaddja do, go off into an astral projection or somethin'?"

"You bet, boy. I was cruisin' down the Pacific Coast Highway, the wind in my face, the ocean . . . you'll just have t'do it, there's no way I could describe the feelin' to you, that freedom."

"If it's enough to make you ride to live—and you sound like you mean it—I can imagine . . ."

"Hey, Star, git on it." It was The Mouth's signal that the euphorics had arrived.

"Connection just came through. Check ya later. Listen, keep everyone together up there, strength in numbers, remember."

"I grok, brother," the upstairs hippy signed off.

A corner of the snow-white envelope peeked up into Star's cell from where it had landed after sliding to the edge of the barred exit. He reached down and picked up the packet, untied the string conveyor and tugged for Snowman to reel it back in. He sat down and opened

Chrome PLATING

FULLY
GUARANTEED

Complete Cycle Plating

HAVE MOVED
TO A NEW,
LARGER PLANT

- STEEL
- ALUMINUM
- TRIPLE PLATING
- BLACK CHROME

Also

GOLD PLATING

WRITE FOR
FREE
CATALOG

**Ocala
Plating Co. Inc.**

3200 N.W. 16th Ave. Ocala, Fla. 32670
(904) 629-6818

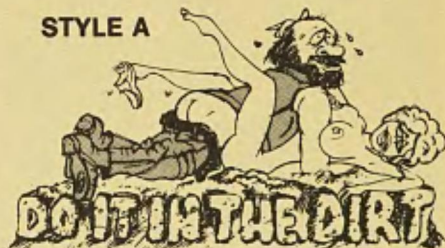
NOW! D.O.T. APPROVED T-SHIRTS



all designs © 1976 Thompson Graphics



That's right! Big Dave, of Dave's Oskaloosa Tavern, Oskaloosa, Iowa, has recently approved all three THOMPSON T-SHIRTS as appropriate attire whilst scrambling your brains in his sleezy, sickle rat-type bar. Of course, we recommend you wear these colorful, white cotton t-shirts anywhere, because you never know when you might want to impress someone with your obvious bad taste. **Order all three today**, before that spare change burns a hole in your grimy Levis. **Send only \$5.50 per shirt** (price includes 75¢ for postage, handling and sales tax).



THOMPSON T-SHIRTS

P.O. BOX 3377, CULVER CITY, CA 90230

	CIRCLE SIZES WANTED				QUAN.	PRICE	TOTAL
STYLE A	S	M	L	XL		\$5.50	
STYLE B	S	M	L	XL		\$5.50	
STYLE C	S	M	L	XL		\$5.50	

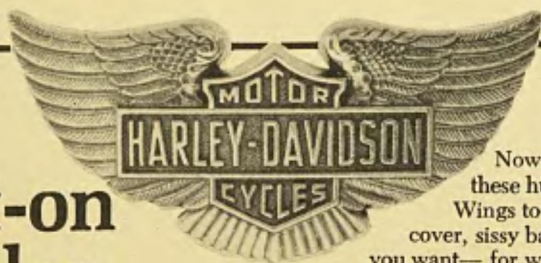
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

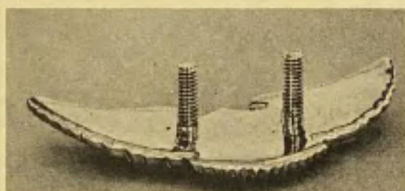
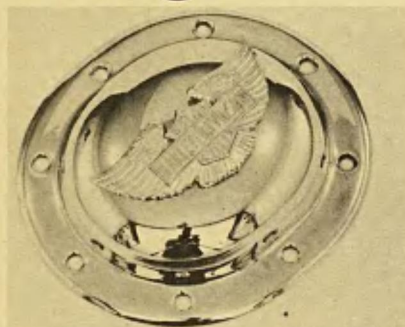
CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PLEASE.
ALLOW 2-3 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.
PERSONAL CHECKS TAKE LONGER.



Bolt-on Harley Wings



Now you can bolt these huge Harley Wings to your derby cover, sissy bar, or wherever you want—for we have designed expensive dies to include two 1/4-inch bolts as an integral part of the wings—one solid unit—not soldered on. They're solid metal, weigh almost a half pound. They're individually made and are either triple chromed or bronze plated for a lifetime of rugged use.

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

When ordering, be sure to specify that you want the *bolt-on* Harley Wings, and whether you want chrome or bronze finish. \$6.95 each (we pay postage).

Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund of your money.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

CONCEALED PROTECTION!



\$15 CERTIFIED CHECK
OR M.O. ONLY
INC. BELT SIZE

A belt of waterproof vinyl finished cowhide with a Western style buckle that becomes the world's sneakiest weapon in an instant!

A concealed, sharp, mirror-finished steel blade removes instantly to give a fist full of protection! Belt in Antique Brown, buckle in Florentine Gold finish.

PROTECTO-BELT

3609 Shallowford Rd., N.E. Suite 105
Atlanta, Ga. 30340 • Phone 404-455-0050

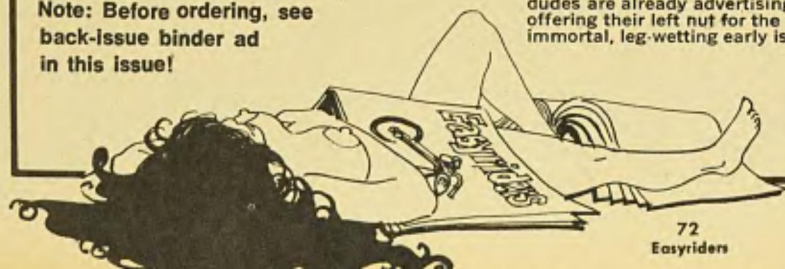
BACK ISSUES

Box 711, Burbank, Ca. 91502

Send \$1.25 for each copy (we pay postage) to:

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

Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,11,12,13,14,15,16,26, and 31, we are now sold out of issue number 10. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wetting early issues



the parcel. As he'd been warned, the supply was short: one slim but super joint. The catalyst lit up, leaned back, took a deep toke, put the earphone in his ear and turned up the radio.

The grass, then the music, lifted his spirit high above the prison into smooth, tranquil space.

America brought him back to warm feelings:

"... been through the desert on a horse with no name,
it's good to be out on the plain.
In the desert they don't remember your name,
so there ain't no one to give you no pain..."¹

It was their signal song, the way he knew the medley—always three songs—was from her. The woman had marvelous means of communication, managing to get messages to him when it seemed most impossible yet supremely needed. It was uncanny, he thought, how she always chose music that expressed perfectly the mood of his day. It brought her so close, it was like she was lying beside him; tonight he actually felt her breath against his breast.

"... and we'll raze,
raze the prisons to the ground..."²
Amazing she should speak of that tonight, a rallying for the hunger strike, incredible to him that she could share so exquisitely his agony.

"... wherever I am
I'm always walkin' with you,
I'm always walkin' with you,
but I look, and you're not there,
and whoever I'm with
I'm always talkin' to you..."³

The music tuned them in to each other. He'd never taken the time to listen before; now the time had taken him. He saw her lying on her bed, feeling him as he was feeling her, wanting him as he so wanted to make love to her, not just fuck but caress, suckle her breasts till her nipples were hard, biting them to near orgasm, feeling her warm juices flow as his tongue and teeth kissed her to climax, piercing her as she opened to take him in deep, so deep until he exploded....

He knew as he lay there spent that they'd come together across the 150-mile expanse....

"Hey, Lyman, wake up, you got visitors."

He opened an eye; "What?" and rolled over. "Visitors? Who?"

"They don't tell me who, just what."
"What time is it?"

"Eight-thirty. What difference does it make; c'mon, get a move on, we got a busy schedule."

"Ok, ok, you want me t'put my drawers on or not?" He thought about his visitors as he dressed. Who the hell

¹Warner Music—ASCAP—America:

"Horse With No Name"

²Chandos Music—ASCAP—Joan Baez:

"Prison Trilogy"

³Irving Music—ASCAP—Cat Stevens:

"How Can I Tell You"

would be here at 8:30 in the morning? My mom? Nah, she don't have the bread. Foxy? No, they wouldn't let her in. I ain't seen no one from the outside in three months, I don't know if I'll know how t'act...

They stopped in front of the visiting room door. While the guard unlocked his handcuffs, Star took a quick look at his reflection in the glass. Christ, I look straight out of a concentration camp. As the door opened his gaunt reflection gave way to Vinnie's cherubic smiling face moving toward him. The lawyer took the biker's hands in both of his. "Hello, man, how're you doin'?"

"Fine, just fine. Hi, Hal." He unlocked one hand to greet his other attorney.

"How're you doin', man?" Hal said, hugging the biker.

"What's this all about?"

"I think you better sit down," Hal told him, pulling a tape recorder out of his briefcase and setting it up in the center of the table. Vinnie lit Star's cigarette, then his own, and sat down opposite his client.

"Hal and I just got back from two days in Alabama. Last Monday morning an ex-police informant, who recently had a religious conversion, voluntarily turned himself in to the Alabama police and confessed, in detail, to the killing.

The breath went out of him. "What

"We have a tape of his confession for you to hear."

"Does it... is it true?"

"You'll be home for Christmas. The gun, that gun everyone disregarded at the trial, the gun belongs to his girlfriend's father, who lent it to the killer a few days before the murder."

"We have a statement from his girl friend that he showed her the body the day after the murder."

"Two years..."

"Yeah, we asked her about that; you'll hear it on the tape. We asked her how she could let someone die in the gas chamber when she knew her testimony could save him. You know what she answered?"

Star shook his head.

"She said, well, it hadn't happened yet..."



"Now she's gonna do an imitation of my knucklehead on a cold morning."



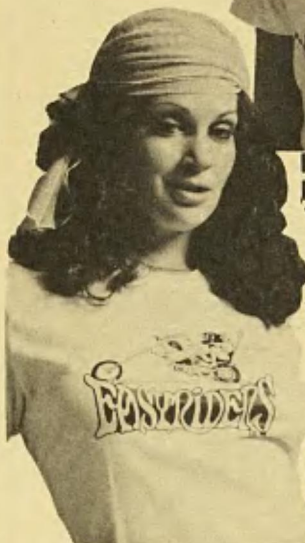
CHOP SHIRTS

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

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

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

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



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

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

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

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____



SIFTON PRODUCTS

The First Name In Quality... The Last Word In Performance.

943 Bransten Road
San Carlos, CA 94070
Telephone: 415/592-2203
Telephone: 415/591-6922



**SIFTON
MOTORCYCLE
PRODUCTS CO., INC.**

The Contract

—Continued from page 19

yellow chalk made a lump in his pocket. All the other pockets were flat and empty, his wallet, with all his identification, purposely left behind. He was ready.

Staying in the shadows, he made his way to the end of the alley, then turned and hurried to the first street corner, where he stood a moment, glancing up and down the street. Quickly, he stepped off the curb, lay down in the gutter, and slipped beneath the metal bar of the storm-drain opening, entering the square, cement room below the sidewalk. The room was filled with litter. There were old newspapers, beer cans, miscellaneous children's toys, and a dried dead cat. He sat down, sticking his feet into the round hole that led down and away from the street, and slid along the narrow tube until he exited in the large, concrete storm drain. Nearly eight feet in diameter, the Los Angeles storm drains form a network beneath the city, as do the famed sewers of Paris.

He pressed the switch on the battery box that was attached to his belt, and the head-mounted flashlight came on, lighting the tunnel in whichever direction he turned his head. The silence of the tunnel was broken only by the faint, muffled sounds of cars, driving over storm drain lids above, but even these noises were infrequent. He hurried along the tube, glancing now and then at his wrist watch and stopping to place marks denoting time and distance on the walls. Occasionally, he referred to the map he had drawn, verifying his location.

This was his fourth trip along the course he would follow next Saturday night. He had already located the entrance, in the paved river bottom, where he could get his motorcycle into the storm drain. That would be his mode of transportation, over these miles of underground tunnel, when the time came, but, for now, he preferred the silence of foot travel, lest his plan be detected in advance.

A week earlier, he had stopped beside the fence that maintenance crews used to get into the paved river bed, and, using his bolt cutters, he had removed the county lock, replacing it with one of his own, enabling him to come and go as he pleased. He had plotted the storm drain carefully, making the trip a few times in order to avoid errors in direction, and

CHROME

CYCLE

Finer plating since 1931

**10 DAY DELIVERY
ON CYCLE PARTS**

**Write for
FREE PRICE LIST**

Dealer Inquiries Invited

CYCLECHROME

2430 Washington St. Dept. 66
Boston, Mass. 02119 (617) 445-3475

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SPEED

STROKER FLYWHEELS

Sportsters & 74's **\$170.00**

Dealer Inquiries Invited

Ductile Steel with Thrust Washers
Unconditionally Guaranteed

PARTS — Cams, Pistons, Valves, Etc.

Complete Engine Building — Street or Race

TRUETT & OSBORN

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



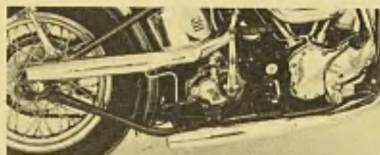
Nostalgic

Up-Sweep Pipes

Show class. Here's a set of heavy-duty, up-sweep fishtails. They are not only far-out-looking pipes, but they are one-piece with the mounting brackets already in place—no pipe clamps needed. They fit knuckles, pans or shovels and have effective, non-restrictive baffles available upon request. The entire set, with or without baffles, run a decent **\$79.95** plus shipping. Send 50% down.

California residents add 6% for The Man

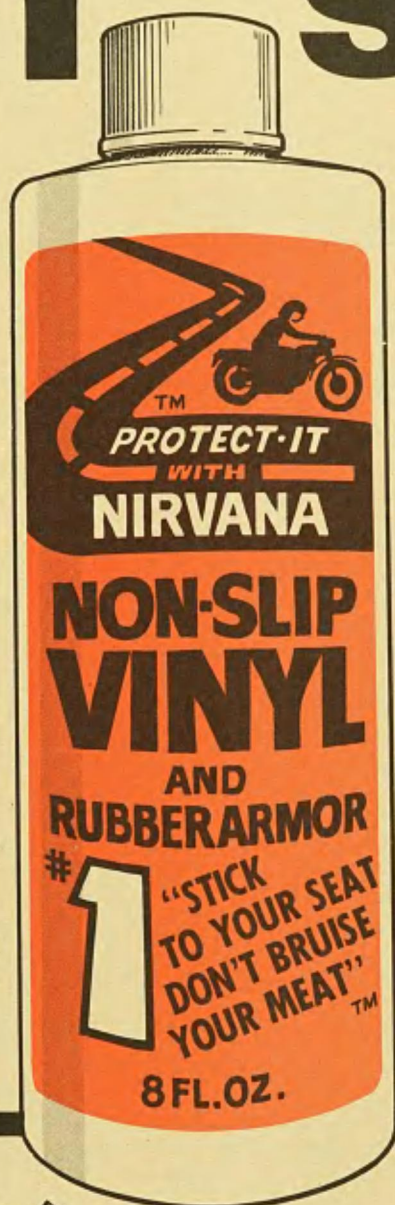
D&S Enterprises Box 2243,
Culver City, Ca 90230



Shotgun Pipes

Another traditional exhaust system improved and reborn. They are one-piece pipes and are complete with mufflers and mounting brackets permanently attached. The entire set runs **\$79.95** plus shipping. Send 50% down. The shotgun pipes to fit knuckles, pans and shovels.

non slip!



Sure, you want to prevent rot and dry-out of the vinyl and rubber on your bike. Certainly, you want to regain the original gloss and color, but you don't want to slip on your ear in the process!

You've tried the "greasy kid's stuff," now try our Non-Slip Vinyl and Rubber Armor.

IF YOUR MOTORCYCLE DEALER DOESN'T YET HAVE NIRVANA PROTECT-IT...

... ORDER YOURS DIRECT TODAY



NIRVANA, INC.

P.O. Box 445, Orinda, CA 94563
or
P.O. Box 7557, Daytona Beach Shores, Florida, 32016

*Please rush 8 ozs. of your Non-Slip Vinyl and Rubber Treatment to me.
I am enclosing \$2.95 plus \$.75 postage and handling, (total \$3.70).*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

I am enclosing \$9.65, (instead of \$3.70) for the complete Nirvana Protect-It Kit, #1—Non-Slip Vinyl Armor, #2—Chrome and Mag Polish, and #3—Painted Surface Polish.

ALL ORDERS SHIPPED SAME DAY RECEIVED

Steel Braided Oil Lines

Super strong—and reinforced where it counts!

Aircraft type for 74s only.

Intake, return, and breather—all 3 for only

29.95

Personal checks take four weeks to clear



Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201

NEW WING DESIGN! Black Tee Shirt with Three Color Harley Wing Design



Mail to:

A & P Enterprises
P.O. Box 216
West Haven, CT. 06516

Please send _____ Black Harley Tee
Shirts @ \$6.00 each postage included for
U.S.A. Canada and foreign countries add
\$1.50 to cover mailing costs. Cash or money
order, no personal checks. Connecticut
Residents add 7% State Tax.

Circle Size:
Small Medium Large X-large

Name _____

Address _____

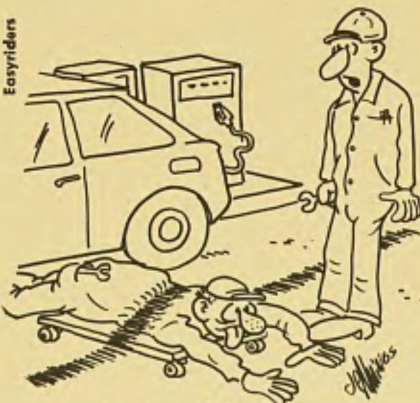
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dealer Inquiries Invited

to improve his timing. Getting to the appointed place was no problem. He could do that at his leisure, but getting away, once the job was done, would be another thing. Especially if he was pursued—or shot at—and one or the other was certain to happen. He shuddered at the thought of being shot at in the tunnel, where ricocheting bullets would present a genuine problem. The very worst that could happen was that the weather would turn bad, and rain would fill the storm drain while he was inside. If it rained before he entered the tunnel, he would have to shitcan his plans. If it rained while he was *in* the tunnel, nothing would matter. Chances were that he would be washed away, or drowned, in minutes, with little or no advance warning.

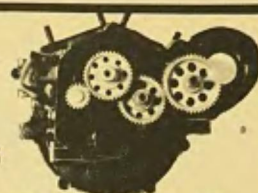
The walk, from where he had entered the storm drain to where he planned on making his exit, was just under four miles. When he rode his motorcycle, it would be close to ten miles, because he would be entering at another point. Now, as he trudged along in the musty silence of the dark tunnel, he went over his plan for the next evening. The little Honda motorcycle would be ridden down into the paved riverbed by Chip, and would be left a hundred yards inside the storm drain entrance. When the coast was clear, he would then ride his Hog down into the river, relying on Chip to close the gate behind him, and he would exchange his Hog for the Honda, because the little bike made less noise and was easier to handle in the confines of the storm drain tunnel. It being much shorter and lighter, he could simply lift it and turn it around when ready for his getaway.

Danny trudged onward, marking the tunnel wall as he went, when-



"I forgot to tell ya—
we get a lot of bikers in here."

Lightening Gears for All 74's



1. These heat treated gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. And they're sold in exchange for your gears. If you've put in light valve collars and push-rods, these are a must to insure that entire train is light and responsive.

2. When you receive your lightened gears, they will be rehardened and new bushings installed. The brass bushings will also be fitted and honed by H.E.S. to fit standard size shafts, unless otherwise requested.

3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.

4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright send for price list. The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$39.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.

1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

Dealers inquiries invited.

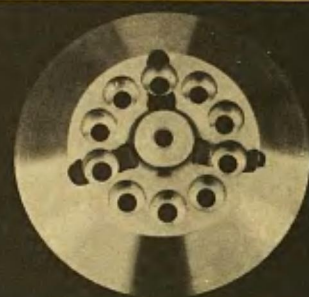
Free H.E.S. T-shirt with any order for a pressure plate or timing gears. Indicate size, small, medium, large or extra-large.

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C



LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's

1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.

2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area, as pressure is applied to face of clutch plate.

3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.

4. Smooth clutch action.

Complete with instructions, installs in 1/2 hour. **\$21.50** (Add \$1.50 for shipping cost)

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C

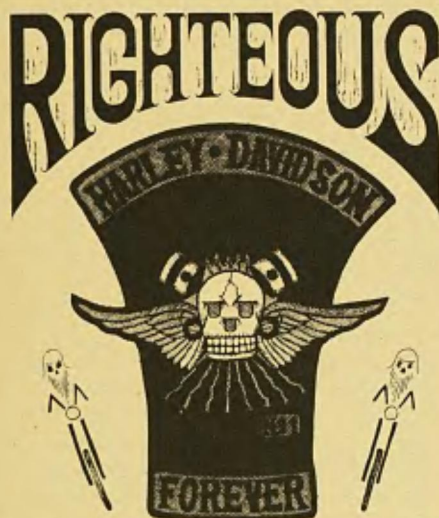
ORIGINALS!

Barney's, one of the first to make long fork tubes, also made the original **Easy Rider** movie front ends, and is the inventor of the leak-proof, left-side engine seal for Hogs, and slim, steel, extended lower legs, popular in Calif. Lower legs come with or without fender and brake mounts. Specify when ordering. Cert. check or money order. No fuckin' CODs. All work and products fully guaranteed. Get discount by enclosing this ad.



Fork tubes, show chrome,
Harley-Davidson only \$55.00
Slim lower legs \$65.00
Slim lower legs, with fender
or brake, or both \$70.00
Engine seals (part
no. 24031.55) \$15.00

BARNEY'S SPEED EQUIPMENT
7344 Madison St.
Paramount,
Calif. 90723
213-634-3545



THE ONLY WORD THAT DESCRIBES
THIS BIG BAD PATCH! 10" X 12"

6 BRITE COLORS ON BLACK.

\$14.95 PLUS 75¢ POSTAGE
AND HANDLING. (OHIO RES. ADD TAX)



J&L ENTERPRISE
BOX 318
W. SALEM, OHIO 44287

ever he passed a known location. During the past weeks, he had made the trip many times, laboriously crawling up through each curbside drain, to peer out through the barred slot and read street signs, or note which part of town he was in, and then he had placed smaller marks, in yellow chalk, on the tunnel wall. Tonight he was enlarging all the marks, and adding time notations. Preparations were nearly finished.

Near the Civic Center, the smells that were wafted into the storm drain were almost sickening. One moment there would be the smell of hot-dog stands and popcorn, mingled with exhaust fumes from passing cars and trucks, and the next there would be the smell of puke, shit and urine from the wino hangouts and the all-night movie houses. In this part of the city, the sounds of police sirens echoed constantly along the empty tunnel, as did the screams and laughter of hookers and faggots, who worked the sleazy, run-down streets of skid row.

Near the center of the city, there was a junction in the storm drain, where the eight-foot-diameter tubes coming down from the northern part of the city met with those coming from the west and south, forming a "Y" intersection. Danny took the right-hand fork. It led slightly upward, then leveled out and headed in the general direction of Hollywood Boulevard. Almost there, he thought.

When he came to the curb drain that he knew was at the end of the alley that ran behind the theater, Danny cursed. He had forgotten—earlier in the day—to come by this way and tie a rope to the bars, then toss it down the tube, so that he could use it to crawl up to the street. Now, as he stood below the street, flashing his headlamp beam up along the small drain tube, he could see the square room at the other end, with its barred window, but he couldn't get to it. He made several attempts to scale the curved wall of the tunnel, get a grip on the entrance and pull himself in, but to no avail. It was simply too high and slick for any kind of hand-hold. He went along the tube for another hundred yards or so, until he located one of the many sets of ladder rungs cast into the wall of the storm drain and leading up to a manhole cover. Digging the pry bar out of his pack, he climbed up.

From the vast number of spider webs and dead bugs dangling beneath the lid, he knew this was not

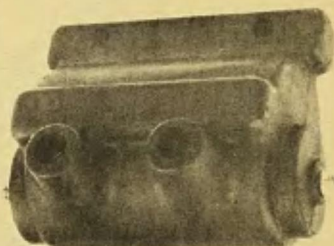
C.C.D. INC.

FIRST WITH THE MOST

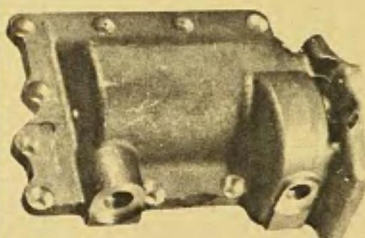
A FEW PARTS FROM OUR
GIGANTIC INVENTORY OF
PARTS & ACCESSORIES



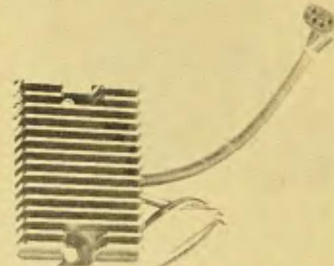
H-D MASTER CYLINDER



H-D 6 & 12 VOLT COIL



H-D FOOT SHIFT CAP



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

Custom Cycle Delight Inc.

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



WRIST/WATCH BAND

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

SCOOTER WALLET



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

HARLEY WATCH



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

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

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery.

I-R-S LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

California residents add 6% for The Man

BUCK KNIVES



Famous for holding an edge

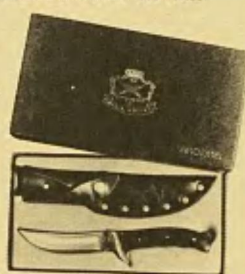
Model #110, the traditional biker's knife.

Blade (4-inch) has positive lock in open position. Handle of golden-grain Macassar

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

Model #402, Akonua, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade.

\$45.00 plus \$2.00 postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



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

Small Bike Wallet

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

Trucker Wallet

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



an often used manhole cover. He waited several minutes, his headlamp turned off, listening for sounds of traffic, trying to visualize where he would exit once the lid was raised. When he heard nothing, he inserted the bar and raised the metal cover, sliding it sideways.

As soon as he poked his head above the level of the street, he knew why he had heard no traffic. A semi was parked directly over the opening, and several other trucks were parked nearby. The street he had exited on was a cul-de-sac near the theater, where a large moving company parked their trucks each night. He crawled warily out from under the truck, searching the dark for potential danger in the form of night watchmen, or workmen. Satisfied that it was safe, he rose and walked briskly along the street, returning to the drain opening he'd missed earlier in the day. Quickly, he tied one end of his knotted rope to the bar, then tossed the bundle into the tube, watching as it snaked down into the storm drain below. He then returned the way he had come, closing the manhole behind him. Everything was ready.

Danny came out of the bathroom in his shorts, still wet from the shower, and dropped wearily onto a kitchen chair. He opened the beer Chip had set out for him, and drank half of it before taking it from his lips.

"Shit," he said, grinning. "This is gonna be so fuckin' easy I can't believe it." He held his hands out before him again, making a small window through which he sighted. "I can see his fuckin' face now. Poof! Is he gonna be one bushwhacked sonofabitch, an' am I gonna be a rich mutha!" He leaned back in the chair, laughing.

"You're gonna get shot fulla holes, motherfucker, if you make one mistake, an' don't say I didn't warn ya," Chip said, frowning. "Those dudes he's got bodyguardin' him ain't no Boy Scouts. Shit, if it was so easy to get close to him, somebody woulda got a picture of him, or shot him, or served a supeena on 'im, or somethin', a long time ago. You jus' better watch yer ass."

"Fuck you," Danny said, laughing. "I got it wired. You just get that Honda where it belongs an' close the gate behind me, an' I'll take care of the heavy-duty stuff. Got it?"

"Yass, boss," Chip answered, grinning. He leaned across the table and poured the remainder of his beer on



ZANGO BANGO JEWELRY

ALL THESE UNITS ARE MADE OF STERLING SILVER. THE SKULL IS THE SAME AS THE ONE ON COVER OF EASYBINKER #4 FEB. 77. AN ITEM NICKED FOR \$20.00 + POSTAGE. C.O.D. \$25.00 WILL START THE GEAR TURNING. PAY THE MAIL RENT THE BALANCE WHEN GOODS ARE DELIVERED. GET EXACT RING SIZE FROM RESPONSIBLE LOCAL JEWELER. HE'LL BE OVERJOYED TO HELP YOU. PLEASE INQUIRE ABOUT CUSTOM & SPECIAL ORDERS. THANK YOU CLUB RINGS OUR SPECIALTY



(213) 372-8504

SUNDAY LTD. CHAIN BELTS

Sizes available up to 40 inches, add 75¢ for each additional inch.



Send for your chain belt today care of Sunday Ltd. P.O. Box 111, Dept. R, River Forest, Illinois 60305. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back. Dealer inquiries invited

SHOW CHROME PLATING
STEEL & ALUMINUM
Sauk Valley Plating
2526 E. Lincolnway
Sterling, Ill. 61081
(815) 626-2537
Work guaranteed • Dealer inquiries

KNUCKLE BUCKLE
Practical, Functional, Funkie!
GREAT GIFT!
POW!—The most novel buckle ever made. Expertly hand cast metal buckle. BRASS PLATED! Fits all standard belts. For novelty purpose only. Not intended for any other uses. Only 4.95 plus .50 post and handling. Special 2 for 10.00 Postpaid.

S & W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 EZ Chicago, Ill. 60635

Danny's head. Danny responded by shaking his beer can, then holding his finger over the opening and spraying Chip in the face. In a moment the kitchen was a shambles of overturned chairs, table, and spilled beer, as the two laughed and wrestled in mock combat, squirting beer on each other and threshing about.

"Danny. Danny!" Someone was calling his name, shaking him awake. He opened his eyes and looked into Sheila's face, recognizing Chip's ol' lady. She kissed him on the cheek and said, "It's time!" After that, no one spoke, and he went about making his final preparations, checking his gear and carefully placing it in the leather bag he would carry, attached to his belt. He took two whites, chasing them with several swallows of steaming black coffee. His hands were trembling. It was eight o'clock. The play at the Music Center was beginning, and he could visualize his quarry, seated in his private box, surrounded by bodyguards.

"Go!" Danny ordered, looking at his watch, and Chip limped out of the house. In a moment, he heard the electric starter whine, followed by the sound of the little Honda's engine, fading in the distance. He watched the time. Intermission would be at nine-thirty. He didn't want to arrive too soon, lest he become nervous, then careless, and give himself away. Sheila was by the door when he finally rose to leave. She touched his arm as he passed, going out the door. "Careful," she whispered. He fired up the pan, and rode out of the yard.

By the time he reached the river, Chip had already deposited the Honda and was standing beside the chain-link gate. He gave it a push,



"Piercin' your ears, huh, bro?"



Armageddon-3 Is Forever

Wildest fuck story ever told. Man and woman turn themselves into God. 44 pages of dynamite illustrations by Barney Steel. \$5.00 per copy.

Barney Steel Enterprises
P. O. Box 996
Colton, Calif. 92324

Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ copies of Armageddon-3. I am 21 yrs.

Name _____

Address _____

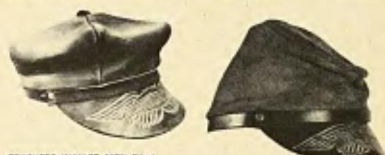
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MORRO LEATHER CLINIC

Since 1957



IMMIGRANT CAP \$20.00
HARLEY CAP \$20.00
SNOOPY CAP FULLY LINED \$20.00
REBEL CAP \$20.00



TRUCKERS WALLET MEN 8 1/2" x 4" 5 POCKETS, ONE WITH ZIPPER \$16.00
LEATHER BELT LOOP \$14.00
BRASS CHAIN \$16.00
LADIES 8" SIZE \$14.00



HARLEY BELT \$10.00
BIKER CHAPS DOUBLE ZIPPER CUSTOM ORDER \$80.00

All items Top Grain English and American Leather and Completely Repairable
Custom Tooling or Plain
Allow 3 weeks for personal checks
Send hat size or head size in inches!
Color - black or brown!
Send 1.50 for postage and handling!
6% tax in California.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

MORRO LEATHER CLINIC
435 Morro Bay Blvd.
Morro Bay, Ca. 93442

CISCO KICK STARTERS

Fits all HARLEYS.....

201-

Don't break your kick starter
in the boondocks.....

-101-

Do it at some warehouse
and enjoy the long wait
for a replacement....OR
CARRY A SPARE

CISCO cranks are stronger
than a semi, and
will last a lot longer,
and ya. can take that
to the bank.

Black \$12.50 ea
Chrome \$15.50 ea

(Calif. residents add 8% Sales Tax)

Send cashier's check or money order
CISCO Dept 343 Torrance, Ca 90507

Lab and road tested to 850 pounds of hot mama jumpin on it.
CISCO is guaranteed against faulty workmanship and materials.

Quantity
Discounts

and Danny rode through, speeding down the concrete ramp, into the paved river bed. He turned into the open end of the storm drain, rode slowly for a hundred yards, then stopped and parked the pan. The tunnel was square, at this point, and there was plenty of room to turn around. He mounted the Honda, fired it up, turning on the headlight, and took off, slowly, along the tunnel. The well-muffled engine made little noise.

Carefully metering his speed, he referred often to the marks on the tunnel wall, comparing them with glances at the luminous dial of his wrist watch. There were barely minutes left when he pulled to a stop at the exit he had chosen. He turned the Honda around and made ready.

The knotted rope still dangled down from above. He grasped it and hoisted himself into the narrow aperture of the tube that led down from the gutter above, and, once there, he pried up the round manhole cover pushing it aside and leaving the opening fully exposed. Even in total darkness he could not miss it when he was ready to make his escape, and, in the darkness of the alley behind the theater, it would go unnoticed by whatever few passers-by might happen along.

Danny leaped out of the storm drain entrance and ran along the alley, positioning himself in a deep, dark doorway, directly across from the theater's rear exit. Under cover of darkness, and well protected by his bodyguards, it was here his quarry would come for a between-the-acts smoke. Danny unzipped the leather bag, checked to make sure he was using the proper load, then slid the bag around behind him, so that it would not interfere with either action or flight. The cocking mechanism made a loud, metallic clicking sound in the silence of the darkened alley. From far away, he could hear the muffled sounds of music and singing. It grew louder, then stopped short. The first act was over. Soon, the door would open, and they would be out. He raised his hands and sighted at the door, checking the range. He was ready now, for sure, and his hands had stopped trembling. He thought of the many times he had done things like this before, in Nam, hiding out, lying in the dark, waiting. His artfulness had given him a well-deserved reputation, and he knew it.

The door across the alley suddenly burst open, and a big, tuxedo-clad

HIGHS MADE EASY AT HOME

- \$1.00 - Super Pot. How to grow, harvest, cure and cook it.
- \$1.00 - How to make Hashish at home.
- \$1.00 - Extract LSD from 2 kinds of seeds.
- \$1.00 - Extract Mescaline from Peyote at home 2 ways.
- \$1.00 - How to grow and process Psilocybin.
- \$1.00 - How to make DMT easily in your kitchen.
- \$1.00 - Process Bananas and Nutmeg for a high.
- \$1.50 - Also synthesis of Mescaline.
- \$1.50 - Also synthesis of LSD.

Buy all the recipes and get 2 free, simple Home Highs - Find one in your backyard.

Add \$.75 to total for postage and handling.

NORTHWESTERN ENTERPRISES,
P.O. Box 504, Fenton, MI 48430

SAY IT! A T-shirt that'll blow minds

These heavy T-shirts
are designed in two
styles, white on
black or black on
white.

Specify color and size
(small, medium, large or
extra large). They go for
\$6.95 plus 75¢ postage
and handling. Calif. residents
add 6% for The Man

Dealer inquiries
invited.

F-Shirts, P.O. Box 367
Oakview, CA. 93022

Obsolete
Replacement Performance

MOTOR
INCORPORATED
CYCLES

"Free" "Free"

100-page catalog

Listing over 1,000 replacement parts.

Savings up to 60% under factory list.

Giant catalog listing parts for all 74s and
Sportsters. Send \$1.00 to help cover postage
and handling, refundable with first order.

Motorcycles, Inc. 11717 Detroit Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio 44107

(216) 228-0100

CHROME-PLATING

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

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

"KNUCKS"

"Man's Best Friend!"

\$6.00 each 3/\$15.00

Sold as a novelty only
Void where prohibited by law

Atlantic Novelty Co.

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



CHROME PLATING

STEEL & ALUMINUM
PARTS
CHROME PLATED

Quality Plating Since 1945

GRAVES PLATING CO.

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

I THINK YOU BETTER GET ONE OF THESE PATCHES!!



They're new
and
you'll dig
the black &
white design
with
orange letters.
So send \$1.50 for
each
3" x 4" patch
plus 50¢ for
handling to:



CRAZY LARRY'S DESIGNS

P.O. Box 471
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87103

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PHASE 3

belts out POWER!

Catalog \$1.50

7628 Jackson Street
Paramount, California 90723

213 634-2134



PEWTER BUCKLES
PEWTER ON WALNUT
PLAQUES

BIKES — Do it in the Dirt, Harley, Triumph, Honda, Kawasaki
VANS — Ford, Chevy, Dodge, Ultra Van, Custom Van. **TRUCKS** — Ford, Peterbilt, IH, Mack, White, GMC, Kenworth, Brockway.
 (Free brochure with order, with over 150 additional designs.)
CUSTOM DESIGNS — We'll put anything on a buckle and plaque. Send Photo or slide and written description of what you want. We will hand reproduce your idea into a high quality engraving. You will receive 2 buckles and 2 walnut plaques for \$100.00. Any additional buckles or plaques will be at stock prices.
BUCKLES — \$5.00 each, 3 for \$12.00. **PLAQUES** — \$10.00 each 3 for \$25.00.
LEATHER BELTS — \$5.00 each. BLACK, TAN, BROWN, NAVY, state waist size.
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO — Colonial Craftsman Inc.
 Phone (302) 737-9212 35 Salem Church Road
 Inquiries invited. Newark, Delaware 19711

FORKING BY FRANK



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

FRANK'S
Maintenance & Engineering
945 Pitner, Evanston, Illinois 60202

SHOW CHROME

Copper, Nickel, Chrome — work guaranteed
 Eleven years experience, specializing in motorcycle and auto steel and aluminum parts.

KILBURN'S PLATING CO.
 Rt. 1 P. O. Box 244, Adamsville, Tenn. 38310
 Leon & Miley (901) 632-0481

man stepped carefully out into the alley. His right hand was in the side pocket of his jacket. He stood on the back step of the theater, glancing up and down the alley. He gazed at the darkened doorway, across from where he stood, took a step forward, then stopped, squinting in the dark. Satisfied, he made a sound, and two other men came quickly out into the night, followed by a third, who was much older, and quite thin. No one spoke. The old man stepped down off the low entryway onto the black-topped surface of the alley, and one of the bodyguards held out his hand, as if to stop him. The old man mumbled something, and the guard's hand withdrew quickly. The old man looked up at the night, stretched his arms, took several deep breaths, and stepped closer to the doorway where Danny stood waiting. And Danny made his move.

"Hey!" he shouted, leaping out of his hiding place. He took aim and shot the old man square in the face. Everyone froze, and in the brief flash that lighted the alley, Danny noted the look of stunned surprise on the faces of those present. The old man, an adventurer all his life, used to surprises, and expecting the unexpected for most of his many years, did not even blink. He took a step backwards, then fell.

Taking advantage of his surprise, and the fact that all had been temporarily blinded by the flash, Danny ran the dozen yards to the storm drain opening, dropped in feet first, and slid into the narrow tube. He exited in the large tunnel, falling, and almost knocked the Honda off its side-stand. Behind him, he could hear shouting, followed by the rustling sounds of patent-leather shoes, scuffling to get down into the tube. Voices cursed in the darkness, and, as the Honda engine sputtered into life, someone fired a shot into the storm drain. The bullet ricocheted along the tube with a low, humming sound. Danny shifted gears and sped away. Behind him, the voices grew louder. His pursuers were in the tunnel.

With lights out, Danny went as fast as he dared, relying on luck and the seat of his pants to keep the Honda erect, but he wobbled so badly in the total darkness, suffering vertigo, that he feared he might crash, so he switched on the headlight. Almost instantly, a volley of shots resounded, and bullets whined about him. He felt no pain, although several clanged on the metal of the



Pacific Island girls want men to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW, **SEND \$2 TODAY.**
CONTINENTAL PACIFIC
 PO Box 3546 — Dept. ER
 Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

SUNDAY leather goods

for people that want the best.



BIKER'S HAT

100% cow hide leather

This rugged looking hat features it's top grade suede in a choice of five colors, beaver, chocolate, copper, tobacco, and wine. The top button, strap, band, and brim are all made of latigo leather, tooled and hand finished with a wing and chain design. Four sizes are available, sm. med. lg. & x-lg.

Send your \$18.00 now to Sunday leather goods Ltd., P.O. Box 111 Dept. R, River Forest, Illinois 60305

"As always Sunday leather goods are guaranteed to meet your absolute satisfaction, or your money back" owner.

---Dealer Inquiries Invited---



TATTOO "77" T-shirts

White 100% cotton w/four-color Dragon. \$5.00 + 75¢ shipping. Free color Tank Top brochure.

Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc.
 Dept. E
 Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186

USED PARTS GALORE!

We Have What You Need
WE BUY CYCLES — ANY CONDITION

One of the largest selections of used parts on the West Coast.
 One day service on all mail orders.
 Custom chrome plating on all types of metal.
 Everything for your motorcycle needs from stock to choppers.

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

REAL SWITCHBLADE... COMB! (9 INCHES LONG)



PUSH BUTTON... "SNAP" — IT'S OPEN!

This is a **REAL SWITCHBLADE**. The blade is a **COMB!!!** Terrific gift item. Novel and practical. Protects comb in pocket. Fine tooth comb is great for sideburns and mustache too! Satisfaction is guaranteed. Complete with Lock. Only 4.95 + 50¢ Postage. Two for 10.00 Postpaid.

S&W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 EZ Chicago, Ill. 60635

The Hells Angels



T-SHIRT PHOTO
DESIGN No. 3



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

are raising legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's unjust prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels also in need of legal assistance. To do this we are selling various shirts with "Free Sonny" designs on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers, one in red, white & blue states FREE SONNY BARGER. Another is printed red & white and says SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELL'S ANGELS.

Our newest bumper sticker is our own US flag declaring "Keep America Free - Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also offer the 2x3" black and white poster you see pictured at the top of the page.

There may be some of you who will want to aid us in our effort, but already have the above items. Contributions are gladly accepted. Your support has been helping a great deal, and we'd like to thank you very much.

T-SHIRTS SWEATSHIRTS TANKS



CUFF
DESIGN No. 1
(This design available in Kids' 6-8-10-12-14)



MINI-CUFF
DESIGN No. 4

YOU CAN HAVE ANY OF THESE DESIGNS ON YOUR CHOICE OF SHIRT. SPECIFY DESIGN & SHIRT TYPE.

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.



SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELL'S ANGELS

Free Sonny Barger
P.O. Box 5296
Oakland, Calif. 94606

Complete Form and Mail To:

T-Shirts @ \$5.00 ea size _____ Design No. _____
Kids' T-Shirts @ \$3.00 ea size _____ Design No. _____
Halter Tops @ \$5.00 ea size _____ Design No. _____
Sweatshirts @ \$6.50 ea size _____ Design No. _____
Tank Tops @ \$5.00 ea size _____ Design No. _____
Posters @ \$3.50 ea (incl. postage) _____
Bumper Stickers @ \$1.00 ea:

Free Sonny Barger _____
Support Your Local Hell's Angels _____
Keep America Free Stickers _____

Total Amount Enclosed _____
Calif. residents add 6%.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

For Faster Service - Send Money Order or Cashier's Check.
Be sure to state size: sm., med., lg., x-lg.
Personal Checks must allow three weeks to clear
before your order can be shipped.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easysiders** 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., **Easysiders** Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Serious women write or come visit me. Bud Partain B-6893QB, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Hey, ladies. I know you're fine, so drop me a line if you got the time. Ronny Hunter #246465, Cedar B-7, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Doin' ten years. Want to hear from anyone who likes bikes. Gary Booth, P.O. Box 72, Woolloongabba, QLD 4102, Australia.

I command thee, enter the crypt and know a black love. Ted Amaker ACF 68740, 137 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

Solid dude needs solid chick to help him build another scooter when paroled. Lee "Rebel" Bryant #115281-A, Rt. 2, Box 38, Holman Station, Ala. 36503.

Just got outta the hole and need someone to write to me. Burl Macet #83352-132, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

I would like to hear from some righteous women. R. H. Malasky, #117890, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Letters from ladies needed fast. Flip Philippi #135640, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Why the hell haven't you written, Brandy Phillips and Cheri Wilmath? The address is still the same. Flip Philippi #135640, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Please write letters, chicks. "Stumpy" Watkins #47370 and Ken "Handball" Beckhan #74A-1584, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Searching for un-kook ladies or women. Ivan Ortiz #75A820, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Smokin' Union Leader an' thinkin' it's Panama Red. Can't ya see ya gotta write to me? Jim Stebleton #00454-178, El Reno, Oklahoma 73036.

Been down so long it seems like up. Write to me. Edd Bradley #25566, Box No. 1500 D-3, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

In desperate need of some ladies to relate to. Billy Bradley #28569, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Rich girl's promise, poor girl's dream. Seeking intimate relationship. Victor Negron #75E340, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Downed scooter trash. Will answer all kites from righteous bags and broods. S. Ridgeway #051-928, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083, S.W.U. B-66 #105.

Wanted: Ladies 8 to 80, crippled, blind or lame. Bruce Padnick #97592-131, P.O. Box PMB, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

A little honey would make me happy as a pig rolling in shit. R. "Bob" Bowman #04706-156-1-E, Box 600, Eglin A.F.B., Florida 32542.

Ladies 8 to 80. Blind, crippled or crazy. Write Wild Bill Nitz #97448, Box PMB, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

Write and tell me anything. Leonard "Gyp" Telesco 74A-116, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Say, chicks, if ya got the time, write Dave "Crazy Lurch" Gruza #60396, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wisc. 54305.

All you young chicks with time on your hands write to "Scraps" Dave Thomas #75-C-399 and "Smokey" Charles Elliott #75-C-544, Box 500, Elmira, New York 14902.

24-yr-old white male, 8 mos. to parole, needs to hear from female who wants to party and have good times upon release. R. Evans B-69707 Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Loneliness is the first step in finding love, and that's what I need. All races. Paul "Holly-wood" Lee #8822, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Want letters from people. I'm in the joint. John Barnes #31396, Box 7, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Been a long time since I heard from anyone. Johnny Moss #6938, C-226, Kansas State Penitentiary, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

Need a lady to help my lonely blues. Need mail badly. Nicholo Corrado #680047, P. O. Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

A Capricorn, age 32 w/m who's coming home this year. Open-minded and single. Will answer all. James R. Lewis B-17797, Rm 6392, P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Did a crime, doin' time, need a lady that's really fine. Steve Eusted #051700-D-28, P.O. Box 37, RJCI, Chattahoochee, Florida 32324.

Mamas. Two scooter tramps short timing. Rap now, putt later. 12 to 60. Drop a line. Scott Arr #047801 and Ron Jeter #046595, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Girls, any color. Write to me. Gene Lamb #30286, CH5-3-D-10, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Four months to go. Could dig hearin' from some righteous ladies. Rick "Lucky" Conlon #37456, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Downed by Feds. Doin' thirty. Need friends. Paul Kirk #83001-158, P.O. Box #1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

36-yr-old Folsom inmate desires correspondence with sincere females. All letters answered. Gary L. Peterson. P.O. Box B-54060, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Would like to hear from some lonesome girls. Daniel Bittinger #30747, Box 128, 3-C-9, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Could dig writing fox who'd take the time to answer. Robert "Crazy Tony" Chappus, P.O. Box B-69724, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Please write to a lonely guy. James D. Dickerson #30746, 2-A-27, P.O. Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Super-lonely dude looking for super-lonely chick to write to. Bill Hammond #21811-175, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

I'm in Germany and lonely. Want to hear from mamas. Steve "Poe" Bregulla, Grimmstrasse 5, 2940 Wilhelmshaven, W. Germany.

Girls. Please write to Jimmy Martin. P.O. Box B-74464, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Black dude wants to hear from ladies. I'm 25 yrs. old, 6'3" and handsome. Albert Lewis #28771-117, Box 1000 F.C.I., Milan, Mich. 48160.

Short time left to go. Need some chicks to keep me going. Mac Seaver #30364-120 A-S, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Lonely biker wants to hear from ladies. Wayne Philyaw #018211 Mail #319, Box 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

My dick is hard, my balls are smokin'. I need some mail an' ain't jokin'. Wayne Knox #39153, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Foxy, intellectual ladies with the capacity to share. Bernard Ellis #27046, Box 514, Granite, Okla. 73547.

California tramp in Arizona slammer needs mail. Dutch Holland P.O. Box B-34028, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Looking for interesting, intelligent female correspondence. Rusty Olier #C-15153, Corr. Ctr. Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Let's discuss sex, bikes, booze and grass, but not time. James Cupit, #97147-131, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

I'm a boy an' wanna be a girl! I can take any dick in the whole wide world. Val Lamonte (Brown eye) #35347, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Road tramp looking for sincere correspondence with lady. Glen Gephart, #B-74145, Box A-E #6311, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Need some fancy p-holes to drop me some lines. Mike Williams Box 38, Holman Sta., Ala. 36503.

Hairy Bear needs your honey. Richie Falanga #11851, Box G Wallkill, N.Y. 12589.

If you can dig where we're at, write. Charles Everetts #108563, Donald Hodges #108075, Unit #25, Troutville, Virginia 24175.

Even if you're on the rag, write. Larry Chippis #C50220, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Turn me on. Kenneth C. Scott #24213, Drawer B, Stormville, New York 12582.

Looking for a fine woman to putt with me after I'm freed. Virgil Henry #55178, P.O. Box 10, Crestline, California 92325.

Shorthair needs a friend. PFC James D. Co. 2nd Tank Bn. 2nd Mar. Div. (Rein) FMP, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina 28542.

I'm waiting to hear from someone. Randall G. Wyatt, P.M.B. 22599-175, Texarkana, Texas F.C.I. 75501.

Slow rider in stir invites fast females to write. Marcel Harvey, Drawer B-19959, Stormville, New York 12582.

Honda, and he thought he felt a couple tug at his clothing.

When he reached the end of the tunnel, he abandoned the Honda, fired up his pan and raced out of the riverbed, not stopping to close the gate behind him. He heard sirens in the distance, but paid them no heed, staying on side streets until he reached home. Sheila and Chip exploded from the house as he rode into the yard. They grabbed him by the arms, leaping and dancing around as they tugged him toward the house.

"You did it, you did it!" they shouted gleefully.

"I did it, I did it!" Danny laughed. He ripped off his black sweater, unfastened his belt and removed the bag from his waist, tossing it onto the table. Chip and Sheila were still shouting with joy.

"Ten grand. Ten fucking grand. Yowee!" Sheila screamed. She hugged first Chip, then Danny, crushing his face against her tits, spilling his beer, kissing his grinning face, slapping his naked chest. He looked at the bag, resting on the table, and his grin faded.

"Oh, no!" he shouted, and then, very softly, he repeated, "Oh, no." The others fell silent as he reached for the bag with trembling hands, and slowly unzipped it. He turned it over.

Some broken bits of glass spilled out onto the tablecloth, followed by a few pieces of black metal and plastic. The camera fell out. There was a hole in the end of the bag, and there was a large, deformed hole in the camera. The bullet had passed into the end — at an angle — and had exited through the lens. The film was shredded, its remnants exposed to the light. Sheila put her hands over her face and began to cry. Chip went out the back door and sat down on the porch. Danny got up from the table and dumped the broken camera into the trash container.

"Ten fuckin' grand for just one picture of that motherfucker," he moaned, "an' they gotta hit the god-damned camera. All that work. Shit!" He got another beer out of the fridge, then sat down and thought about what they would say, tomorrow, when he took the money back to the editor of the magazine that had hired him to get a photograph of "the great man."

During the months that followed, he tried to make plans to get another picture, but it was no use, and, before he even got close to another chance, Howard Hughes was dead. ■

Marble Plaques

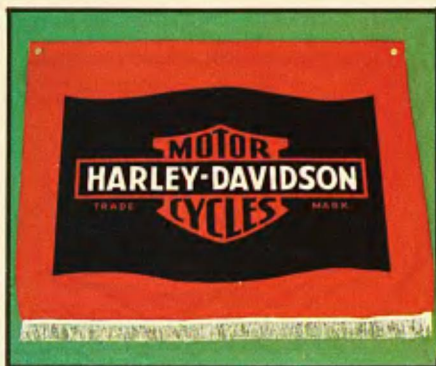
Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the 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.

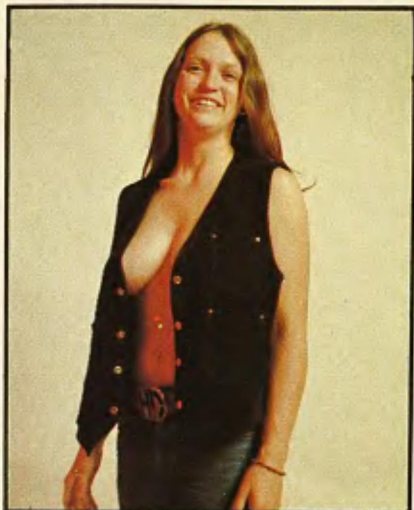
Strong Silver Rings

We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for **\$19.75** and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.



Leather Cutoff

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



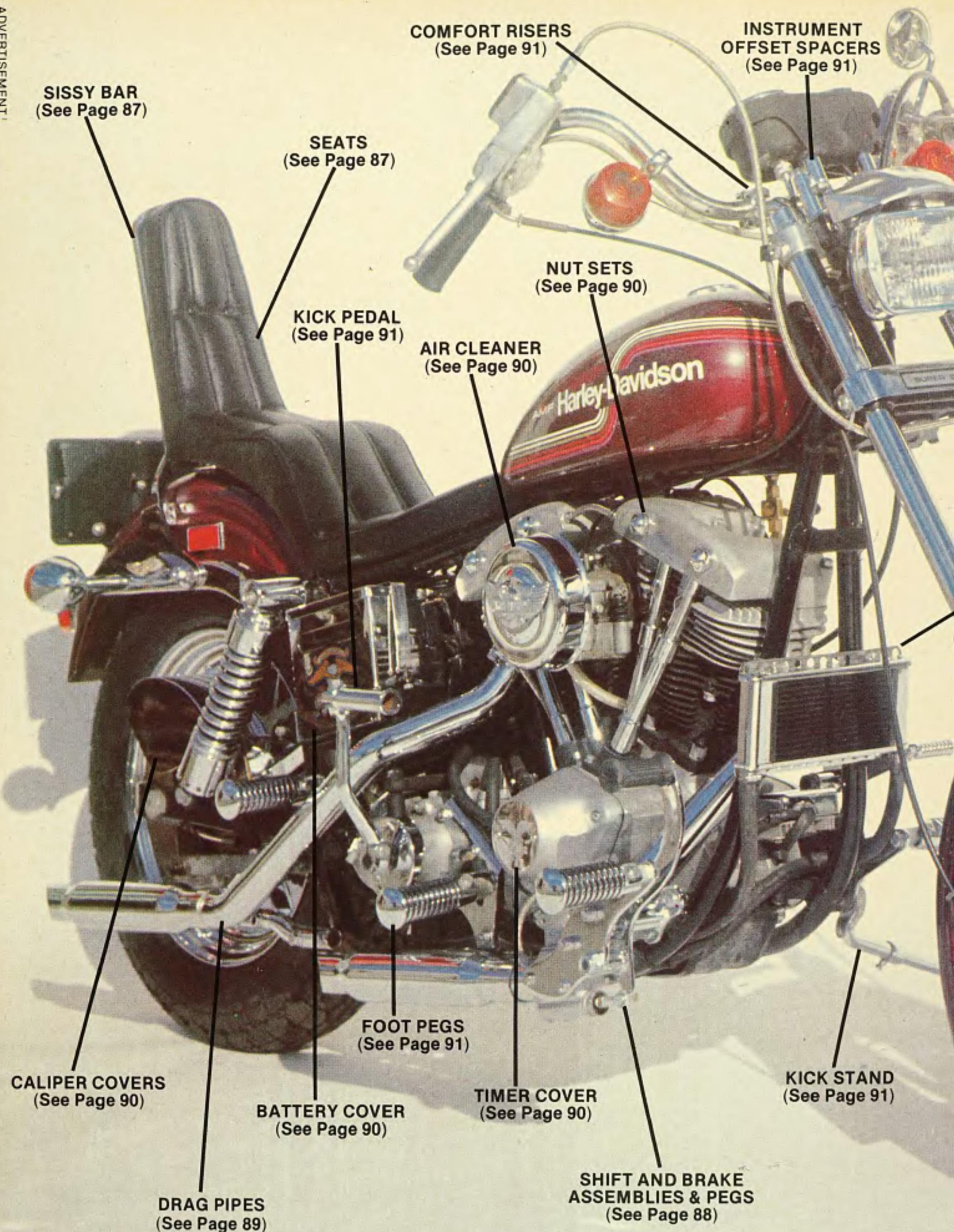
black, or dark brown and in small, medium, large or extra large. Send your chest size and a measly **\$38.95** for this everlasting vest. The vest will be shipped postage C.O.D.

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740



California residents add 6% for The Man



SISSY BAR
(See Page 87)

SEATS
(See Page 87)

KICK PEDAL
(See Page 91)

COMFORT RISERS
(See Page 91)

**INSTRUMENT
OFFSET SPACERS**
(See Page 91)

NUT SETS
(See Page 90)

AIR CLEANER
(See Page 90)

CALIPER COVERS
(See Page 90)

BATTERY COVER
(See Page 90)

FOOT PEGS
(See Page 91)

TIMER COVER
(See Page 90)

KICK STAND
(See Page 91)

DRAG PIPES
(See Page 89)

**SHIFT AND BRAKE
ASSEMBLIES & PEGS**
(See Page 88)

HEADLIGHT
ADJUSTING BRACKET
(See Page 91)

HEADLIGHT
(See Page 91)

EXTENDED DISC BRAKE
HOSE (HANDLE BARS)
(See Page 91)

FORK TUBES
(See Page 91)

OIL COOLER
(See Page 88)

Jammerize YOUR FX OR SPORTSTER!

STOCK



All bikes **shouldn't** look alike! We feel they should be Jammerized to the owners own taste. Perhaps a less than tolerant view point on **our** part.

CALIPER COVERS
(See Page 90)

WHEELS
(See Page 86)



GALAXY

BOLT ON Hallcraft's WHEELS

- You must have these wheels on your bike to appreciate the design and quality. Three sizes of fronts to choose from - 18", 19" and 21" fronts - and 16" rears to match.
- Here's the reasons for buying the most respected name in wheels -
- Eight spokes rather than five, for more perfect balancing and truing.
- No more loose spokes to fool with or adjust.
- Extra sparkle and lustre when moving.
- The savings of bolt-on and the ease and convenience of using your stock disc brakes.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON Bolt on FRONT WHEELS

Part #	Description	
69034	18" Sportster/FX Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel, '74-'76	187.05
69035	19" Sportster/FX Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel, '74-'76	187.05
69036	21" Sportster/FX Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel, '74-'76	187.05
69037	18" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel, FL MODELS	203.70
69038	19" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel, FL MODELS	203.70
69039	21" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel, FL Models	203.70
69040	18" 74 (49 - 66) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel.	211.00
69041	19" 74 (49 - 66) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel.	211.00
69042	21" 74 (49 - 66) Satellite Front Bolt-On Wheel.	211.00
69054	18" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel, '74-'76	187.05
69055	19" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel, '74-'76	187.05
69056	21" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel, '74-'76	187.05
69057	18" 74 (67 to 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel, FL Models.	203.70
69058	19" 74 (67 - 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel, FL MODELS	203.70
69059	21" 74 (67 - 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel, FL MODELS	203.70
69060	18" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	211.00
69061	19" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	211.00
69062	21" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	211.00

HARLEY-DAVIDSON Bolt on REAR WHEELS

Part #	Description	
68053	16" 74 '49-'66 Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	211.00
68054	16" 74 (67 - 72) Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	203.70
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
68061	16" 74 (73 & later) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	203.70
68063	16" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	211.00
68064	16" 74 (67 - 72) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	203.70
68038	16" Sportster Satellite Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	399.95
68050	16" Sportster Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	202.35



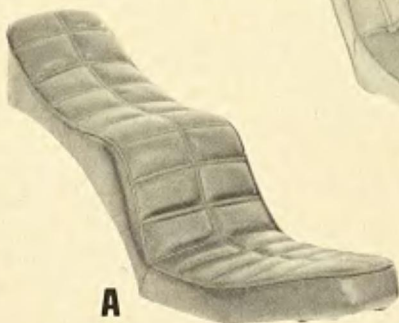
Call
1-800-423-2455
Toll Free to order by phone,
or to get the name
of your local Jammer Dealer.
(Mail order blank is on page 92)

Elite Seats -

- Always the right length and width for your frame.
- They're sensible and not like those flashy ones with the pretty cloth panels that soak up water and grease.
- Genuine Naugahyde with aircraft hi-density foam so you're not sitting on the seat plate in three months like you are on those cheap seats.
- Fastens on in two minutes (actual) like stock.



SEATS



	Part No.	Bike	Style	Back	Size	Price
A	115029	Sportster	Pleats	4"	29"x9"	59.95
	115030	S. Glide	Pleats	4"	29"x9"	59.95
B	115031	Sportster	Square Tufted	4"	29"x9"	59.95
	115032	S. Glide	Square Tufted	4"	29"x9"	59.95
C	115033	Sportster	Square Tufted	14"	29"x9"	69.95
	115034	S. Glide	Square Tufted	14"	29"x9"	69.95

Chameleon SISSY BARS

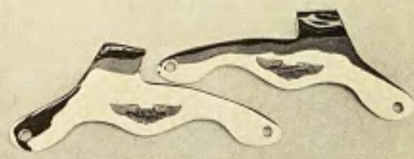
\$49.95*

TOTAL

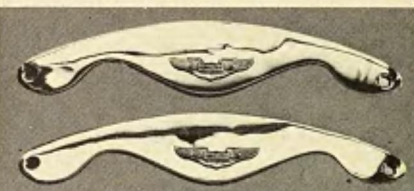
*with Jammer or HD plain emblem.

Chameleon Sissy Bars -

- Bolts right on - nothing to remove - nothing is covered up. 8 minutes (actual)
- Fits up against the seat on Sportsters & FX. No big gap between the seat and sissy bar.
- Never get tired of the same old emblem if they go out of style. (How many of you were stuck with peace symbols or hand grenades when the war ended?)
- Side plates fit flat against fenders. Doesn't stab your ol' lady's leg.
- Replaceable parts. You don't have to buy the whole sissy bar if you skin it up.



82011 Side Plates. Fits all Spst. with or without turn signals. 25.95



82012 Side Plates. Fits all FX's with or without turn signals. 25.95



8101 Jammer 4.05
Chrome Purple and Orange



8102 HD Plain
Gold-Plated
4.05



8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated)
8.95



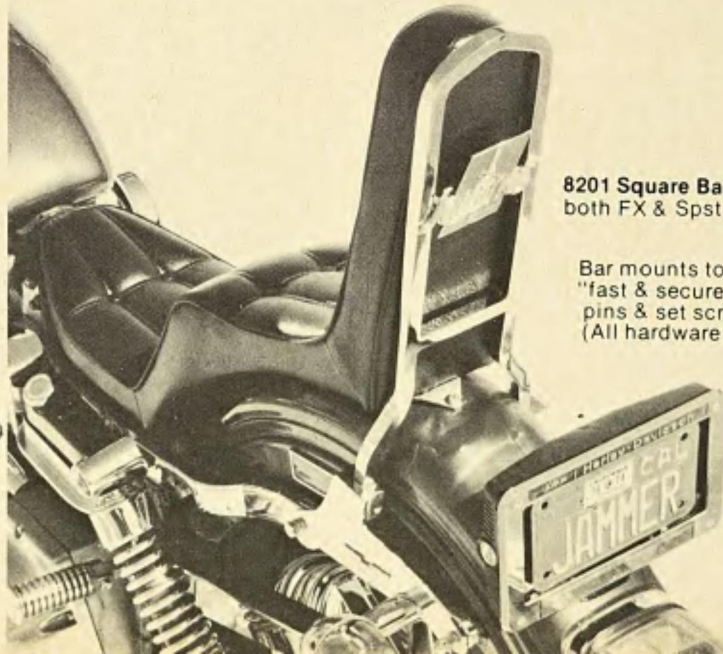
8106 Winged #1 8.95
Chrome, Red, and Blue



8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels
Gold-Plated 8.95



8105 Skull and Crossbones
Chrome 8.95



8201 Square Bar. One bar fits both FX & Spst. side plates. 19.95

Bar mounts to side plates "fast & secure" with roll pins & set screws. (All hardware included)

SPORTSTER/FX BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES

141014 Shift Assembly - HD '74 36-73

Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. \$64.98

141015 Shift Assembly - HD '74 '74 - up. \$64.98

Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg.

141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74.

All Linkage included. Use Stock Shifter Peg. \$69.98

14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock.

Use Stock HD Master Cylinder. Fits all HD 74's Using Hydraulic or Rear Disc. \$69.98

14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster

Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. 1954 - 1974. All Linkage included. \$74.98

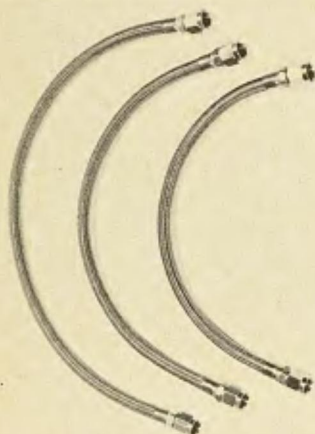
Shifters come with hole pegs (Not Shown)

- Durable aircraft hardware, case hardened pivot bolt, aircraft lock nuts and oil-lite bushings, for long life and smooth pedal action.
- These shift units actually have more of a mechanical advantage than stock - makes shifting a breeze.
- Eliminates the need of removing your

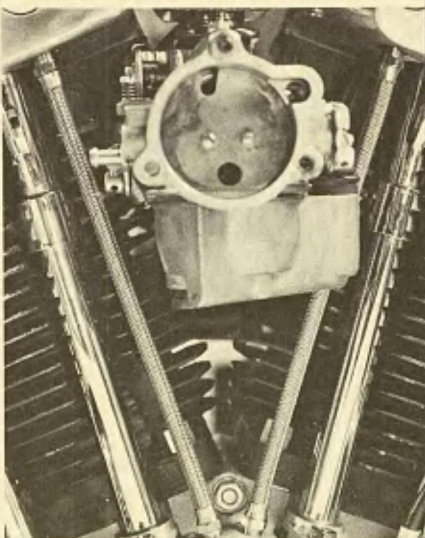
feet from a comfortable forward position to shift or brake your bike.

- Protects engine cases if you have to lay it down.
- Simple bolt-on operation to stock frames, not a major project.
- Chrome plated to perfection - No crummy imitations.

BRAIDED STEEL OIL LINES



- If you've ever had a cracked oil line in the middle of nowhere, you'll appreciate the quality of these.
- No hassle replacing them and never get oil on your grubbies or your ol' lady's leg.
- Just good engine insurance.



External Engine Oil Lines

37035

1966 & later Shovelhead. \$14.95

37036

H.D. Sportster External Engine Oil Lines. \$15.95

Custom Oil Line Sets for H.D. Big Twins [using wrap around oil tank].

37029 1968 through 1975. (using stock aluminum inner primary cover). \$49.95

37031 1968 through 1975. (using stock aluminum inner primary cover and stock oil tank). \$48.95

Harley-Davidson Sportster Oil Line Sets [using "Horse-shoe" Oil Tank].

37032 1957 through 1961 Sportster XLCH. \$38.45

37033 1962 through 1965 Sportster XLCH. (Using stock "XLCH" Oil Tank). \$38.45

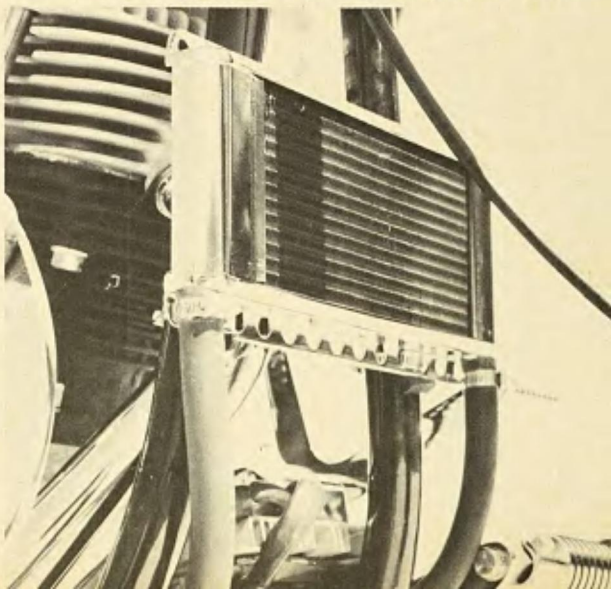
37034 1966 through 1969 Sportster XLCH. \$44.25



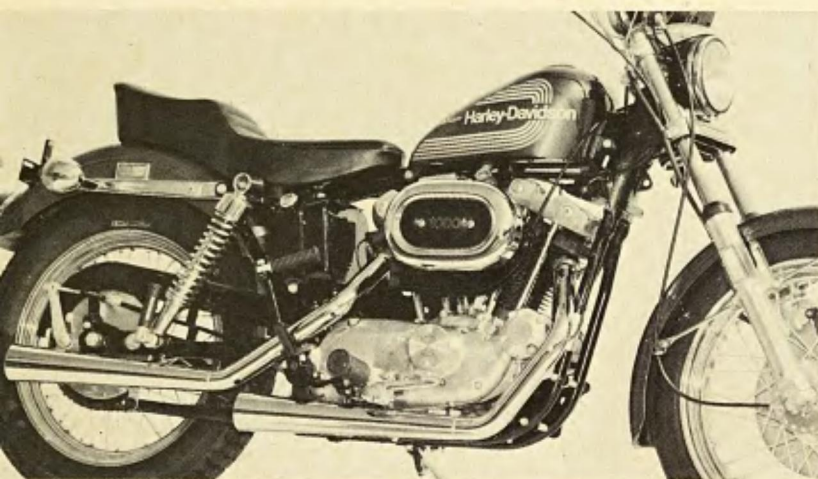
HAYDEN OIL COOLERS

- Increases engine life.
- Increases transmission and clutch life.
- Prevents premature oil breakdown.
- Adds to appearance of bike.

37042 H.D. 74 & Sportster & All Dry Sump Bikes \$54.95



TWICE PIPES



151031 HD Shovelhead, 1970-76, FLH, S/Arm Frame.
(Not Shown) 83.50

151032 HD Sportster, 1957-76 XLH, XLCH, Rigid &
S/Arm Frame. (Shown) 83.50

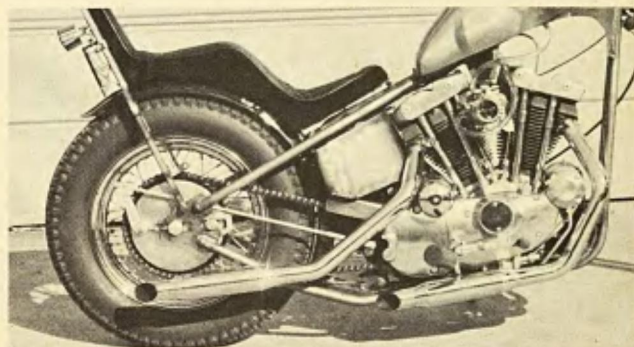


149017 Muffler. 1 3/4" opening. 16-gauge steel. 17" long. Chromed. 17.95 each
(Meets 1969 92-decibel noise level standard on Harley Davidsons with stock air cleaner.)

DRAG PIPES

All drag pipes on this page are 1 3/4" mandrel bent for custom mounting. All are made of 16-gauge steel and are slash cut on the end. They are not baffled — 1 3/4" pipe silencers may be used or muffler 149017.

Not legal in California without approved muffler.



15002 Sportster Drag Pipes. Fits all years of Sportster — kick start or electric, swingarm or rigid. (Mufflers not included.) 24.95

15001 HD '70 up Drag Pipes. Fits all Shovelhead models — kick start, swingarm or rigid, juice or manual brakes. Will also fit electric start with oil tank and battery setup that allows enough clearance for rear pipe. (Not shown.) 28.95

COLLECTOR PIPES

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

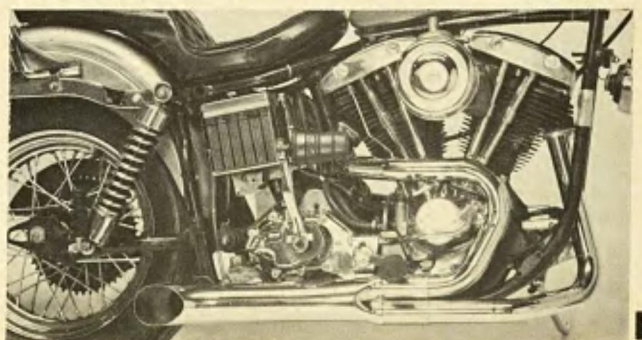
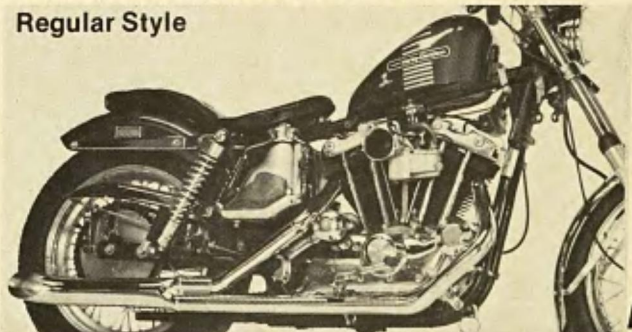
Part No.	Model	Years	Description	Type of Frame	Foot-note	Price
A 151012	Sportster	57-up	Kick or electric	S/A	3-5	\$110
151022	Sportster-XLCH, XLH	57-up	Equal length Kick or electric	Sw/Arm	3-5-6	\$120.95
151018	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	70-74	Kick or electric	S/A	3	\$110
B 151019	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	66-74	Equal length Kick or electric	All	3-4	\$110

Footnotes

- It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 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.
- We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.

Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

Regular Style



Equal Length Style

COVERS AND OTHER STUFF

- Here's some reasons to buy Jammer-ized covers -
- No worry or waiting while yours are sent to the chrome shop.
- Will it still work when it gets back?
- Ours are always a perfect fit for your bike.
- Triple chromed plating that doesn't chip and peel.

10608 1 3/4" SU 19.99

10609 Tillotson & Bendix 19.99

106010 Linkert 19.99

106011 38mm Mikuni 19.99

51011 Bolt-On Harley Wings.

Bolts easily to any part of bike.

Custom chromed. 9.95

122029 Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug (1971-up)

Contains 4 chrome plated plugs, giving the Knuckle-head look to late model 74's. 7.00 Set

Custom Harley Air Cleaner -

- Stretch out leg clearance.
- They're washable.
- Assures maximum engine protection and minimum air-flow restriction.
- Can be installed quickly.

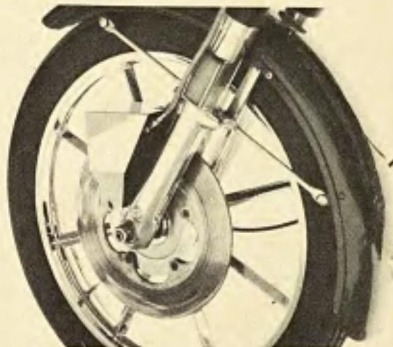


103036 Bicentennial Derby Cover - HD Eagle. Fits HD FX, FL, FLH 71 & Later. 9.95

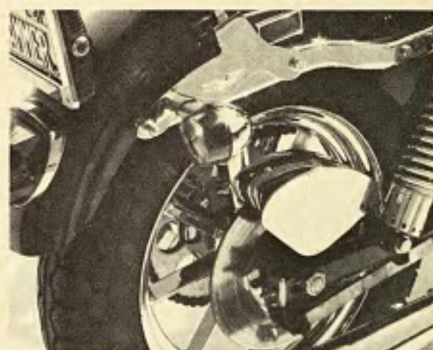
103037 Bicentennial Inspection Plate. Fits Sportster 71 & Later. 4.95



103038 Bicentennial Inspection Plate. Fits HD 74's, 70 & Later 4.95



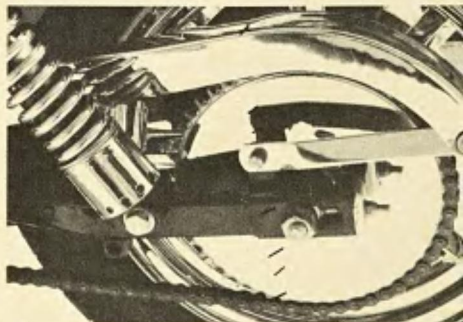
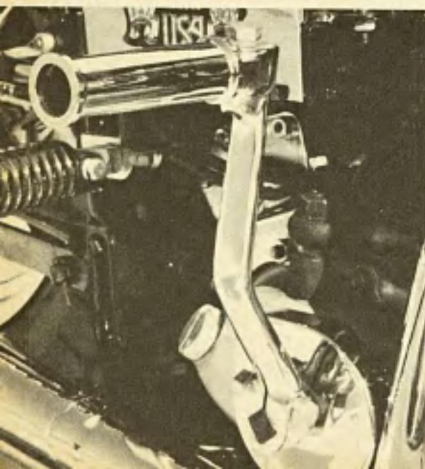
103022 Front Brake Caliper Cover. Triple Chrome Plated Front Brake Caliper Cover fits late model XL, FX & FXE. 19.95



103023 Rear Brake Caliper Cover. Triple Chrome Plated Rear Brake Caliper Cover fits FX, FXE and FL models and 1973 XL, FL, FX and FXE Front. 19.95

103018 Battery Cover. This Triple Chromed Steel Cover features window for Viewing Acid Level, fits HD XL, FX BSA and Triumph. 8.95
Decal not Included

14301 Custom Kick Pedal. Made of heat-treated steel and then custom chromed. Favorite of the custom builders. 9.95



Chrome Steel Sprocket Covers. Easy Bolt-On over your Stock Sprocket for Custom Appearance Exact Fit.

104010 HD FX 1973 - 1976. 9.97



Extended Disc Brake Hose -

- Resists vibrations - looks good.
- One of the more important parts of the brake system.
- Won't leak.
- Long forks and handlebars require extra length hoses.

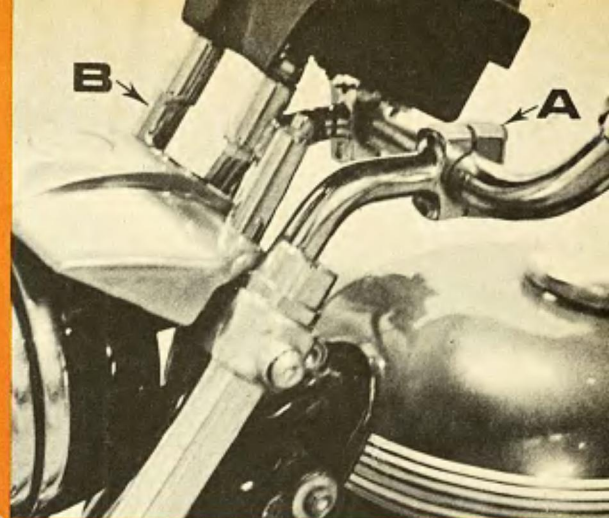
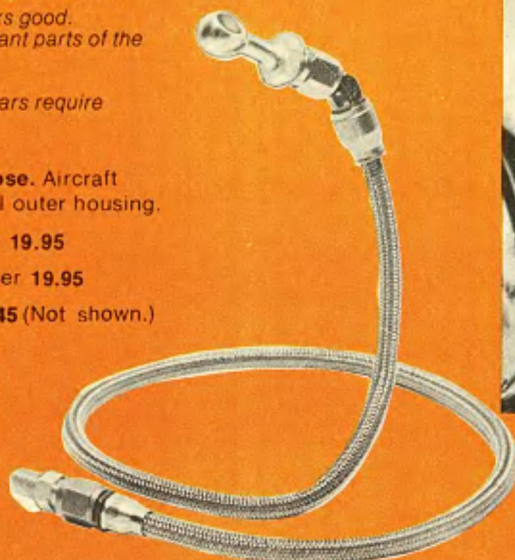
Extended Disc Brake Hose. Aircraft quality with braided steel outer housing.

53018 4" to 9" OS lower **19.95**

53019 10" to 15" OS lower **19.95**

53020 10" Handlebar **12.45** (Not shown.)

A 53018 - 4" - 9" hose was used on the FX to connect the Dan Boone controls to the stock rear/disc.

**NEW! 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".

A 44017 2 1/4" rise 2 3/4" lateral **34.95**
44018 2 1/4" rise 4 3/4" lateral **36.95**

B 44020 Instrument Offset Spacers

These spacers allow you to remove speed & tach from risers on FX models, allowing to run other styles of risers. All stock cables & wires still fit. Bolts included. **\$8.95 pair**



8907 Rectangle Seal Beam Headlight Bottom Mount
 12V. **27.95**

8908 Side Mount 12V.
27.95



9108 Headlight Bracket. Used on FX and XLCH H-D when extended front end is used. Lowers headlight for easy adjustment. **4.50**



103017 Chrome Solenoid Cover. **9.95**



154010 FX and Sportster Replacement Pegs (Pair). Complete with Rubber "O" Rings. **14.95**



155015 Kickstand Spring. Replaces Harley part #50011-30. Chromed. **2.95**

Fork Tubes

Fork Tubes. High quality fork tubes that fit. Centerless ground. Show chromed. Use part number when ordering.

Part #	Length	Type of bike	
65076	4-inch	Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75	59.95
65057	6-inch	Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75	59.95
65058	10-inch	Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75	59.95
65059	12-inch	Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75	59.95
65060	15-inch	Spst '73-'74 S.G. '73-75	59.95
65065	4-inch	Spst '75-up S/G 76 up	59.95
65066	6-inch	Spst '75-up S/G 76 up	59.95
65067	8-inch	Spst '75-up S/G 76 up	59.95
65068	10-inch	Spst '75-up S/G 76 up	59.95

Spacers. Use of these spacers will give normal spring action to extended tubes.

Part No.	Length	Type of Bike	
65083	4-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair
65033	6-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair
65084	8-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair
65034	10-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair
65035	12-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair
65036	15-inch	Sportster and Super Glide	4.95 pair

Internal Rods. Use of these rods will give normal spring action to extended tubes.

65077	4-inch	Sportster (Inside Rods).	4.95 Pair
65049	6-inch	Sportster (Inside Rods)	4.95 pair
65050	10-inch	Sportster (Inside Rods)	4.95 pair
65051	12-inch	Sportster (Inside Rods)	4.95 pair
65052	15-inch	Sportster (Inside Rods)	4.95 pair

All Fork Tube prices are per pair.



Kick Stands. Available in two different lengths: **Don't forget to allow for your rake.**

HD 74 Kick Stand. Fits 1937 and later. Use part numbers when ordering.

155017 HD 74 Standard Kick Stand
15503 extended 19.95 19.95

Sportster Kick Stand. (Fits all years.)

155018 Sportster Standard Kick Stand
15505 extended 18.95 18.95

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)

JAMMER'S HANDBOOK

Volume Eight of the series

HARLEY-HONDA
 KAWASAKI



IMPORTANT: Please use separate sheet of paper for any inquiry not directly connected with this order. This will speed handling of order.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; 75¢ per word for businesses. 10 word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are

available, with mail being forwarded, unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Closing date is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately 60 days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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)

Biker (40's) seeking wife and mother for his 12-year-old daughter. Prefer 4' 6"-5', slender, must have license, dig bikes and kids. Please reply (preferably with photo) to Leroy Sell, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

Indian motorcycles: A list of 30 dealers and 3 clubs. Send \$1.00 (no checks) and self-addressed, stamped envelope to Indians, Box 8084, Kentwood, Mich. 49508. (48)

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)

Beautiful nude girl color photo on wood keychain. Beneath laminated plastic. \$3.95. Bradley Newsom, Route 7, Box 318, Lexington, N.C. 27292. (53)

Nazi T-shirts, \$4.25, 3/\$10. Totenkopf, Box 2814, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401. (48)

"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)

Happy anniversary and thank you. Always love you, T.D. I understand now. Dewy. (48)

Downed tramp does neat leather craft. Will tool anything on scooter wallets. 100% leather, five pockets, 3 1/2" x 6 1/2". Contact B. B. Robert E. White #052369, P.O. Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083 for details. (48)

Bro Spook (Bart): Where the hell did you go? Made it to Houston, so get in touch. Time to putt! Hutch, 8502 Bob White, Houston, Texas 77074. (48)

To my ol' man, Bud. I love you. Miss Ro Ro, your ol' lady, Bunky. (48)

Looking for biker chick in Quebec Province area who loves and lives for Harleys. French or English. Write Carl, Box 551, Mistassini, P. Quebec, Canada GOW 2C0. (48)

How to open locks without keys. Send \$5.00 for booklet with illustrations to John Lange, 42632 Gainsley, Sterling Heights, Mich. 48078. (49)

I am a sexy lady who wants letters from mad Hell's Angels member. Liv Bente Sunde, Oddernes Sykehjem, Strai, Kr. Sand, S., Norway. (48)

Buzzard, haul your ass outta Kansas and bring your pan. Bucks are in. Trike is up. Weed fantastic. Limp. (48)

Jerry: Your righteous ol' lady is missing ya. Please call or something. Love ya till the wheels & hub caps fall off. Shirley. (48)

Could dig scribes from bikers in U.S., as no one here knows anything about chops. Kiwi Morley, Flat 3, Number 5 Grovesnor Terrace, Dingle, Liverpool 8, Merseyside, England. (48)

A whole lot of thanks to Bill, his mom, Pat, Terry, Bunn, Loser, Little Joe, Steve F., and all the bros and sisters who stood by me. Sam, Long Beach. (48)

A tribute to my parents, Carl & Imy, whom I love, but most of all I want them to will me their Harley. Their bike-crazy daughter Christine. (48)

Sparkey and Tractor, I'm in the slammer. I should be out soon and need wheels. Drop me a line fast! Chris, Box 238, Oakhill Camp, Oregon, Wisconsin 53573. (48)

Debbie: Please contact Larry. Miss you greatly. Write real soon. (48)

N.Y. Motorcycle Rights Organization run May 28 & 29. Montauk Point State Park. Riders get friends and business associates to sponsor their run. For every \$10.00 sponsorship, rider will be issued one ticket for various drawings. Grand prize 1977 H-D Electra-Glide. For info write N.Y.M.R.O., P.O. Box 597, North Bellmore, N.Y. 11710. (48)

Fancy shovelhead for sale. Jap Serrano's bike, featured in this issue, is up for grabs at \$5,000 or best offer. Jap Serrano, 3124 East Madison, Fresno, Calif. 93702. (48)

Will pay \$5.00 each for following 3 back issues of Easyriders: Vol. 1 #3, Vol. 2 #1, Vol. 3 #7. Curtis L. Joslin, 2667 S. Sheridan, Muskegon, Mich. 49442. (48)

Cindy, from somewhere in Boston, Mass., dig. I don't want to write your black and tan Doberman puppy by the name of "Tahnya Melissa Aallman." I would dig more writing to you. Phillip W. Jones #2659, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (48)

Dave: Happy birthday. Love always. Theresa & the Dude. (48)

Tattooing Outfit: Complete with two points (outliner and colorer) plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries. No electric needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks or for fun. \$99.00 plus \$3.00 postage. Send money order only for \$102.00 to S & W Tattooing, Inc., P.O. Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (49)

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)

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. (55)

East Side Motor Works. Find early Harley-Davidson repairs. By appointment only. Call (805) 649-2874. (48)

24-year-old biker in need of one-man chick for long term ol' lady. Can't weigh over 130 lbs. Send letter & photo to Lee H., P.O. Box 21, Diboll, Texas 75941. (48)

Savage Larry, Illinois: Don't know what prison you're in. Anyone who might know, send letter to Pat Ryan, 1857 So. Wolf Rd., Hillside, Ill. 60162. (48)

VL trike, girder, \$3,600 invested. Needs work. \$1,650. Angelozzi, 815 Vischer Ave., Schenectady, N.Y. 12306. (48)

Happy birthday, Flipper. From F Troop, Bedford, Ind. 47421. (48)

War relics: New 40-page illustrated catalog. \$2.00. War Relics Shop, R.D. #1, Box 154, Milford, Del. 19963. (48)

Hi to Jeff & Steve in Baltimore, a couple of cold bikers. (48)

Hash oil made easy. Anyone can do it. \$5.00 for recipe. Clinton Steiner #140699, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Michigan 49855. (48)

R. B.: Happy birthday! I'll love you forever. Your house mouse, Sheryl (Janeburg, Wisconsin). (48)

Firecrackers, guns, bombs from common materials. Details \$2.00. Sanford, Box 41003-E, Washington, D.C. 20014. (48)

Neil or Margie: Need to hear from you. It's important, I'm in prison. Keith Webb #052169, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (48)

Suzanne: Happy birthday. #1 partner always. Teena. (48)

Jake's Motorcycle Salvage, northern California's largest stock of used Harley parts. Complete engines, complete bikes, from stock to personalized custom. Frame straightening. Phone (916) 885-1672, 11870 Edgewood Rd., Auburn, Calif. 95603. (48)

Magilla, I'll love you forever. Your ol' lady, Dee. (48)

Smitty: Happy birthday, babe. We'll always love you and your bike. Take care, Momma Pinkie. (48)

Wanted: One-man house mouse, domesticated. Ready to settle down. One kid okay. 18-22, good looking, 5' 6" or shorter, 125 lbs. No hangups. Have big heart and believe in God. Send pic. Write Precher, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (48)

Tattooing supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Designs, inks, needles, machines. Tattoo "77" and Tattoo Artist T-shirts and Tank Tops. New 40-page color catalog \$3.00. Our gear is like a chopper, it's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (53)

Carey: Happy birthday, hon. I love ya. Tamie. (48)

Back on the street after long "rest." Need some scribes from the ladies. Plan to travel round on my sled and need company. Send pic and info to: Marty H., 8243 Russell Rd. #101, Alexandria, Va. 22309. (48)

Pick locks with home-made tools. Make explosives. Details s.a.s.e. to MAKO, 418 3rd St. S.W., Jamestown, N.D. 58401. (48)

Need all the information I can get on the San Quentin bike show. Send photos, articles, letters of opinion, and anything else about the show. Johnny (Big John) Moore, P.O. Box 5134, University, Miss. 38677. (48)

Need a new ol' lady. Any chick age 20-30 yrs. willing to write. Write Rick Cock, Box 991, High Level, Alberta, Canada T0H 1Z0. (48)

Bill Gannon, Frisco Jokers, 1967, are you still alive? Write Detrick from Presidio, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (48)

Needed: A biker chick who is interested in settling down in Southern California. I'm 28 years old and serious. Have Sportster. Financially stable. Sincerely interested write: Mike, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (48)

Peak-a-boo, "Alex," we see you. Love. Nomads, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kentucky, California and "New York." Freedom Riders M.C. 1% "666." (48)

Jake: In spite of the hassles, it's been a good year. I love you. Happy birthday. Yours, Diane. (48)

Legal Marijuana! Sealed in plastic. Jewelry, belt buckles, paperweights, desk sets, toilet seats, etc. Free brochure. Richard, Box 159E, Fairbury, Ill. 61739. (50)

Mature 18-year-old dude seeks foxy chick with pad in Southwest. Any age. All letters answered. Write B.T., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (48)

Mad Man's Book of Formulas: How to make little goodies like knockout drops, explosives, silencers, poisons, and many others. Send \$5.00 to Mad Man's Book, 1858 West Arrow Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. (48)

Chipper: I love you. Please write or call. Denise S. (48)

"Paint By Milt": Best \$:\$.@. custom painting and design in W. Va.! Bikes, vans, cars. Complete paint, pin striping, airbrush murals, etc. Barrack's Auto, 27 Clendenin St. Charleston, W. Va. 25301. (304) 346-9683. (48)

We now have Honda & Maltese Cross earrings. \$3.00 ea. or \$5.00 pair. Latest catalog of goodies. \$1.00. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (48)

Wanted: Righteous chick to share a West Coast run on my Harley. Can travel. Send reply with photo, will do same. Write Don, P.O. Box 8242, North Royalton, Ohio 44133. (48)

Happy birthday, Captain. I'll love you always! Dedee, Hutchinson, Minn. (48)

For sale: Easyriders collection #1-#45. Excellent condition. Best offer. Tony Donofrio, 97 Ashmall Ave., Spotswood, N.J. 08884. (48)

In memory of Smiley, Speed and Dirty Dave. Out of sight but not out of heart. We miss you. Frail Gail & Dummy Donna. (48)

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

Easyriders rags #1 to present, all complete and good condition. \$100.00 firm. Also other biker rags from 1971 to present. Over 300 complete \$100.00. Call Butch at (213) 336-7533. (48)

Rabbit: When some sweet-talking girl comes around, remember I love you. Your foxy lady, De-Kalb, Ill. (48)

Would like to thank all the righteous chicks for all the cards, letters, and pics sent while I was laid up. Am okay now but would still like to hear from some again. Write and send photo if possible. "Smitty," 615 Hemlock Way, Glassport, Pa. 15045. (48)

Jake's Motorcycle Salvage reproduction (original) Harley leather saddlebags made of top grain cowhide with chrome trim. \$195.00 a pair. Phone (916) 885-1672. 11870 Edgewood Rd., Auburn, Calif. 95603. Dealer inquiries invited. (48)

Silver Streak Stretch: Happy birthday, honey. Hope to share many more together. Love, Denise. (48)

Original blue Levi halter tops, small, medium, large. \$8.50 post paid. Porcupine Quill earrings \$5.00 pair. Silver and Turquoise roach clips or coke spoons \$15.00, or \$20.00 on necklace. Passion Flower Halter Tops, Box 165, Copperopolis, Calif. 95228. (51)

Jose Whitefeather, "Fat Boy" Ralph, Dirty Denny, Dumb Danny, Mac, Jeff, Chuck and Danny: Solier Bob needs some scribbles. Fast, fuckers. 307 W. Washington, Fairfield, Iowa 52552. (44)

Cartoon gags: Easyriders will pay for cartoon gag ideas. Not drawings, just the ideas for them. If we like 'em, you'll get the bucks. Art Honcho, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Foxy lady in L.A. area loves puttin'. Looking for a right-on ol' man with a chopped Harley. Should be under thirty/tall. Reply D. D., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (48)

Seeking to trade Arizona land parcel approximately three acres for equal size in Florida Central or West Coast. Will also consider cash purchase of dry property. Need not have amenities. Send offer for reciprocation to: L. R. App, 12 Lyric Court, Sicklerville, N.J. 08081. (48)

Cavemen M.C. members, state-side, contact Big Bird, RR #2, Box 1007, Copperas Cove, Texas 76522. Phone (817) 547-8247. (48)

Tinker: Call! Hope you are happy. Love always, Springdick. (48)

Lonely biker with busted leg wants good-humored chick 18-30, for correspondence. Companionship or marriage agreeable for right lady. Write to R.R. Red, Holiday Tr. Pk., Lot C-52, Chesterton, Ind. 46304. (48)

Dirty Jack: Happy birthday. Good luck in Florida. Love ya, Cradle Robber. (48)

Dago: World's greatest muff diver with the magical growing cock. Love ya, Stormy Annette, Detroit. (48)

Wanted H-D 45 solo parts; pre-1958 74 parts, sidecars. Andrew Walton, 4411 Britannia Rd., Richmond, Va. 23234. (48)

Bill: Happy birthday. We luv ya. Char and the Chief. (48)

Numbers: Get off my ass, you fuckin' humpty-dumpty! Tink, Madison, Wis. (48)

Wanted: One Harley 45 engine and transmission or one XR 750 engine and transmission. Good running condition only. Write to: Thomas N. Berry, Support Company CATC, Box 137 Logistics Division, APO New York 09114. (48)

Would like to hear from anyone. Need pen pals. Thanks. Don Streithau, 165 Dixie Drive, Cleveland, Tenn. 37311. (48)

Snipes greetings to the Cetti Scotties and Mildred's Too's. The Meatball. (48)

Monty: Happy 25th birthday! (4-16). I love you! Cindy. (48)

For sale: 1946 Indian flathead 74 engine only. Original and runnable. Highest serious offer. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to R.I.P., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (48)

AMA's Pitch

—Continued from page 27

situation clearer than in Hawaii. In that state's legislature during the 1975 session, companion repealer bills bowed to DOT pressure and the Senate issued Senate Resolution No. 421 which is set out below:

Relating to Motorcycle Helmets

Whereas, the effectiveness of motorcycle helmets in reducing fatalities per accident is in serious doubt; and

Whereas, there is little or no public interest involved in whether or not an individual wears a helmet; and

Whereas, the United States Congress has passed a law prohibiting mandatory seat belt interlock; and

Whereas, auto accidents produce the same proportion of head injuries as do motorcycle accidents; now therefore

Be it Resolved by the Senate of the Eighth Legislature of the State of Hawaii, Regular Session of 1975, that should it be ascertained that the likelihood of Federal sanctions being applied is nil, the Hawaii State Legislature will then in the interest of fairness amend existing legislation to give motorcyclists the same freedom of choice in matters of personal safety as is now enjoyed by auto drivers.

Be it Further Resolved that a certified copy of this resolution be transmitted to the Director of the Department of Transportation.

No plainer evidence need be produced of the DOT's shouting down the voices of the state legislators and their constituents.

In the 1973 Highway Safety Act Congress prohibited the DOT from amending existing standards or issuing new ones without prior legislative authorization. DOT has chafed under this control and accountability. As recently as July 28, 1975, in testimony before the Subcommittee on Transportation Dr. Gregory stated,

The prohibition necessitates, in effect, our submission of complete, detailed test of final rules for Congressional approval. I believe that the resolution of the frequently technical and highly complex issues of rule making should be left to the administrative process.

The "technical and highly complex" subject of motorcycle safety has been left to the administrative rule-making process for eight years. People have been injured or killed on motorcycles during those years whom perhaps education and emphasis on development of meaningful safety programs could have saved. Instead, they have been forced to wear a helmet and take their chances among the trucks and cars. DOT has, in effect, told motorcyclists "wear your seatbelt,

but do not worry about knowing how to operate your car." DOT recognized that it had just experienced the first successful example of the American public saying "enough is enough."

In spite of the concerns about the effects of mandatory helmet laws, in the face of its own failures to answer them and faced with fifteen states attempting to repeal their helmet laws, the DOT has recently begun the first sanction proceedings under the Motorcycle Standard against three states — California, Illinois and Utah — to show cause why their federal highway safety funds should not be withheld since they have not passed a helmet law. Utah has a helmet law, but it has been termed "unsatisfactory" by the DOT because it does not apply in areas where the speed limit is less than 35mph. No sanction hearings are scheduled for the other states which have not complied with other requirements of the Motorcycle Standard.

By using the sanction powers as a whip it has not had to develop helmet quality standards or research, and to scientifically study the effect of helmet usage. Due to the availability of the sanction authority it has nothing to justify its coercion. Because of the leverage given it by the sanction authority, the DOT has been able to pursue its philosophy that the American citizen cannot be educated, but must be regulated. Because of the sanction authority,

the DOT has been able to take the path of least resistance in the development of motorcycle safety in the states, thereby shirking its leadership responsibilities.

With the introduction of H. R. 3869, H. R. 6918 and H. R. 6211 in the House, and Senate Bills 2293 and 2252 by Senators Helms and Abourezk, respectively, DOT is rightfully apprehensive that its motorcycle helmet regulation might turn out to be another seatbelt interlock situation. And well it should be.

As the resolution of the Senate of Hawaii phrased it, motorcyclists should be given "the same freedom of choice in matters of personal safety as is now enjoyed by auto drivers." If the legislation is acted upon favorably by the Committee it will also be a step towards returning to a posture of recognizing the desires of the citizens of the several states, such as California and Illinois, the legislatures of which have year after year responded to their constituents and not enacted mandatory helmet legislation. It will return to the citizens of the fifteen states which tried to repeal their law this session, only to bow to DOT fiscal blackmail, the same freedom. The citizens of this country are intelligent enough to express their own wishes through their elected representatives.

Respectfully submitted,
Gene Wirwahn
Legislative Director
Robert Rasor
Legislative Analyst



Wanna HOT T-shirt?

- COLORFUL DESIGNS
- SIZES: S-M-L-XL

- SOFT-FEEL DYED IMAGE
- ONLY \$4.95 EACH



BELT BUCKLES
CHROME 10.99
BRASS 6.99

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Black Market, Inc.
 Post Office Box 25593 Dept. D
 Salt Lake City, Utah 84119

ORDER OVER 10 SHIRTS AND GET ONE FREE!

QTY.	DESIGN	DESCRIPTION	SIZE	EACH	AMOUNT
	001	Wanna Fuck? Belt Buckle			
	002	Black Market Belt Buckle			
	8001	Wanna Fuck? T-shirt		4.95	
	8001	Wanna Fuck? Pillowcases	Regular	7.95	
	8001	Wanna Fuck? Pillowcases	King Size	9.95	
	7032	Helmet Law Sucks T-shirt		4.95	
	8010	Cock T-shirt		4.95	
	7031	Great Am Freedom Mach		4.95	
	5051	"Ripped" Van Winkle		4.95	
	7006	Hashish T-shirt		4.95	
	7004	Mary Jane T-shirt		4.95	
	7028	German Flag T-shirt		4.95	
	7010	Smoke Opium T-shirt		4.95	
	7017	Coke-Snow T-shirt		4.95	
	7029	Skull Bike T-shirt		4.95	
	7016	Swastika T-shirt		4.95	
	8013	Fick Dich T-shirt		4.95	

Enclose Cash, Check or Money Order (Over \$20.00 Money Order Only).
 Canadian and Foreign: Money Order Only. U.S. Orders Add 50¢ Postage
 Canadian & Foreign Orders Add \$1.00. All Designs Copyrighted: Black
 Market, Inc. DEALERS & RETAILERS Send for FREE Catalog.

SALES TAX
POSTAGE
TOTAL



has the

BIGGEST!

HARLEY-HONDA-KAWA

That's right!! Jammer has just put together the biggest handbook package yet . . . All the tech info, how to's & bikes from Jammer Handbooks 1, 2 & 3 condensed into one book (just look at the table of contents). Plus we've increased the number of products we carry from 1,000 to 2,000!!! 130 pages!!! Best of all it's **FREE** when you purchase \$20.00 or more (we refund your purchase price on first order).

Send **\$2.00** for yours today (\$1.95 & a measly nickle for postage) to:

Jammer Cycle Products
801 (ER) S. Main St.
Burbank, CA 91506

Jammer Cycle Products
858 (ER) Decatur Ave. North
Minneapolis, MN 55427

or:

Call **toll free** 4:00 P.M. - 7:00 P.M. Monday-Friday **1-800-423-2455**
Handbook will be sent C.O.D. for **\$1.95** + approximately \$1.75 for C.O.D. fee & U.P.S. charges.
-Ask us for the name of the nearest dealer who stocks Jammer parts.
Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

Jammer



**Now! on
sale at your
newsstand
for only!
\$1.95**