

Easyriders

© 04107

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Easyriders

70p

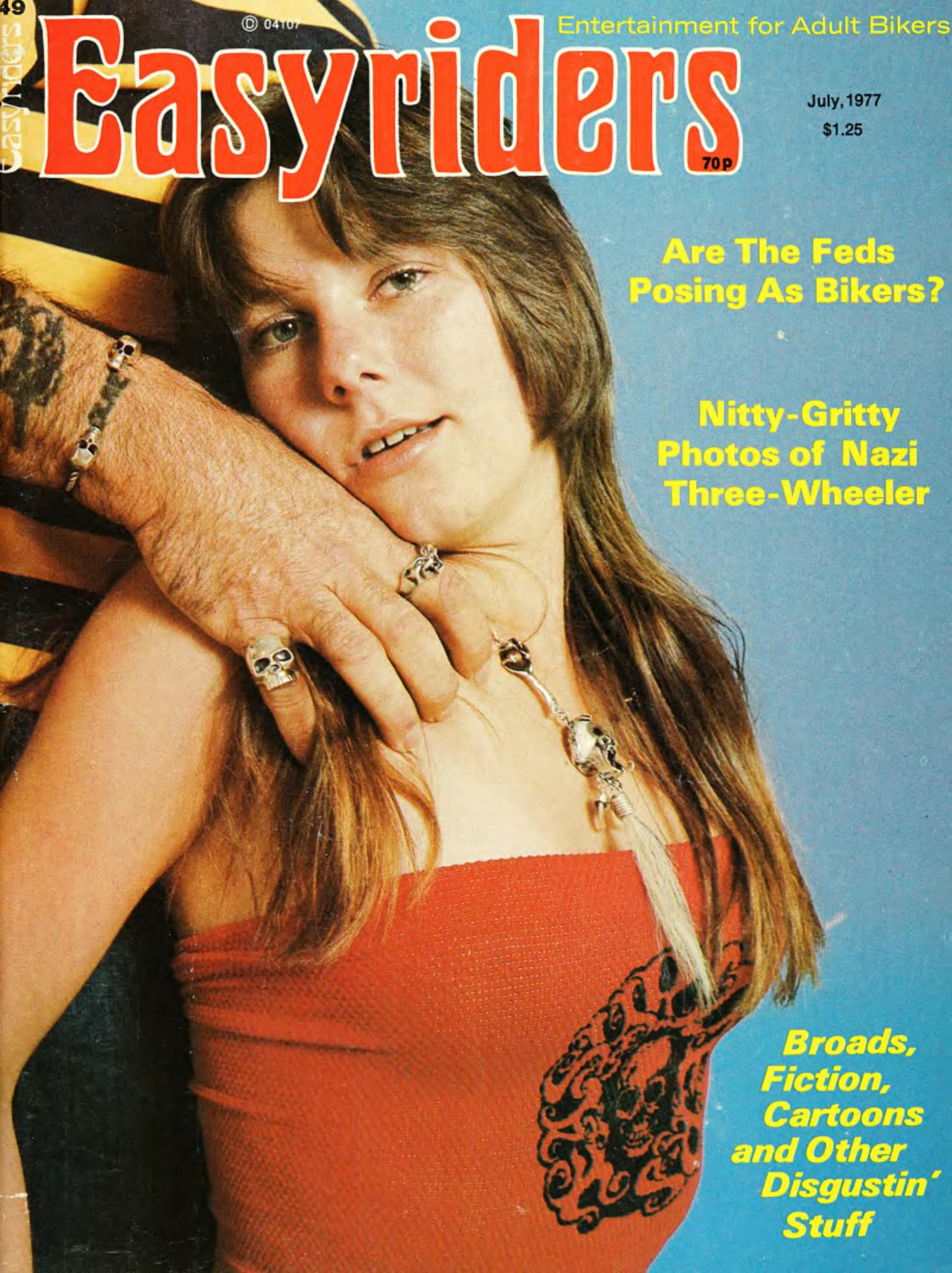
July, 1977

\$1.25

**Are The Feds
Posing As Bikers?**

**Nitty-Gritty
Photos of Nazi
Three-Wheeler**

***Broads,
Fiction,
Cartoons
and Other
Disgustin'
Stuff***



Black Easyriders T-shirts

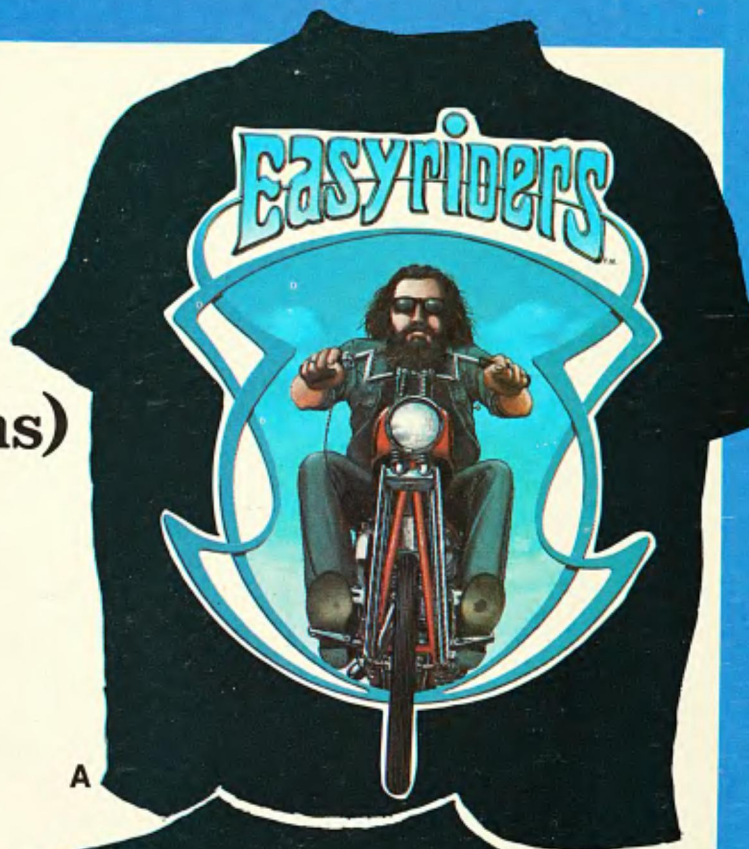
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

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.

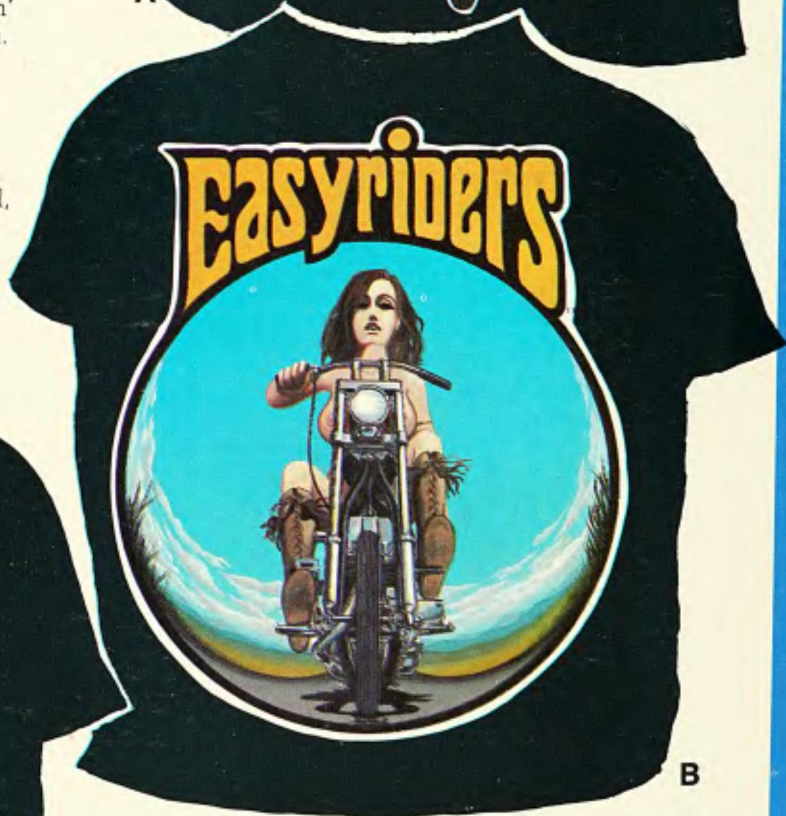
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettn' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

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

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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FTW

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Easyriders magazine Number 49, July, 1977, Vol. 7. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1977 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, Easyriders Circulation Department: 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 \$1.25. Postmaster: Forms 3579, Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Phone number (213) 880-4210.

COVER photo of Sheryl Roehl by Pete Chiodo. Necklace and cat ring by Zango Bango, Hermosa Beach, California. Skull ring and bracelet by Nomad Enterprises, Stratford, Connecticut. (Yes, we'll forward mail to these great artists for ya. Just send mail addressed to them c/o box 52, Malibu, California 90265.)

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 28th.

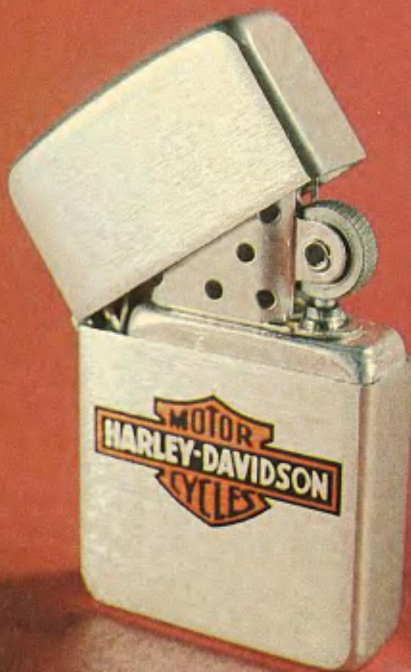
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This lighter is manufactured by highly skilled American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

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.)



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**Righteous
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Death problems: Taxpayers in Oklahoma were grumblin' about the resumption of capital punishment. It seems that it'll cost sixty grand to fix the old electric chair. Or two hundred grand to build a gas chamber. So now the legislature is considering a cheaper way—passing a law to allow the death row dudes to OD themselves. The opposition is grumbling that it would be too "pleasant," that it should be made more gruesome—to provide a better deterrent. (Fuck it—put it on The Tonight Show.)

Hang on to 'em! A dude recently advertised that he'd sell the first 24 issues of Easyriders for a hundred bucks. I called to see if he'd sold 'em. He had. Got calls from as far away as England!

The Feds need help: It seems that there's one helluva shit fire goin' on down in the Grand Canyon. A 25,000-year accumulation of giant Shasta sloth shit has caught fire and they've been tryin' to put the fucker out for seven months now. Anyone got any ideas? (Help—the people downwind are complainin'.)

This damn near happened to my old man: A dude in New York took a look at his newborn child, fell over, hit his head on somethin' hard, and croaked. (Ya wins some and ya loses some, I guess.)

There are values and there are values: A 33-year-old fireman was fined one penny for runnin' over some scooter tramp on his way to a fire. It's true. It happened last month in England. It was brought to my attention by an English dude who thought it "disgraceful and very insulting" to put the value "of one pence on a motorcyclist's life." (What-dafuck? A penny is better than a poke in the eye.)

News for the stool: Did ya know the Feds have spent \$15,000 to study hitchhiking? That they issued a 155-page list of requirements for bidding on fire equipment worth \$4,000, and that the low bid was \$15,497 because the paperwork cost more than the equipment? Did you know the Navy will have to spend one m-i-l-l-i-o-n dollars per plane they recently purchased to correct mistakes in the design which were discovered after they purchased them? One million more dollars per plane to correct design faults on a plane that already costs 15½ million each! And there's 521 of 'em. As one Congressman mildly put it, "It's a bummer," and "The damn thing wasn't designed right in the first place!" Now I ask ya—how much in taxes have you pissed away lately?

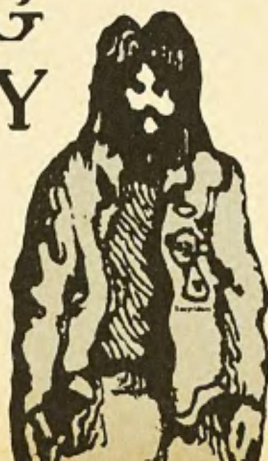
Showin' some class: A marine was recently busted for being AWOL. How'd they catch him? Why, he showed up for his regularly scheduled dental appointment on the very base he had skipped out on. He'd been goin' to the base dentist for almost a year before they caught up with him. Now that's gotta be class.

This won't surprise ya, but can you believe the Miami police arrested a guy for writin' bad checks when he can't write? No shit. This dude can't write—a perfect defense against bad check writin', right? Wrong. They didn't care whether he could write or not. It was his name, and they arrested him. Finally, after a rush of brains to the head, the cops showed photos of the forger to the snivelers. No, that's not him. Sure, it's the same name, but it's not him. That dummy can't write. So they release him six months later. It took 'em six months to figure it out. Who's nuts? I'm nuts? You're nuts?

File this in your "No Shit?" file: A new study reported in an American Assn. mag has found that heavy pot smoking doesn't change the structure of your brain or central nervous system. Meanwhile, the Head Fed Doper, Dr. Dupont (you remember him down through the years, don't ya?) is still wringing his hands. He's afraid that "widespread use of pot may drive up the rate of serious auto accidents—just like drunk driving." But he did say that his latest tests show that pot won't shrink a user's brain. And the beat rolls on.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Tattoo Removal

□ This is in answer to Bev, who wanted to know how to get tattoos removed from her body.

All you have to do is drive to Massachusetts and get busted. From there it's easy. The prison surgeon will remove them for nothing.

BZ
Norfolk, Mass.

□ There's a way to get rid of tattoos. Just get yourself really fuckin' killed on some good dope, wet just a small area on your tattoo, then take table salt and rub like hell. It hurts like a mother-fucker at first, but it does the fuckin' job.

The Priest
Hazleton, Pa.

■ Yeah—and you could always cut 'em off too.

More on Swastikas

□ In Korea the locals have an exorcist come in and chase the evil spirits out. When the dude leaves, he hangs a paper with a swastika on it to ward off the evil spirits. Do you think we're trying to tell Big Brother something?

The Saint
Korea

Had To Write

□ I've been drunk so many times this week, I had to write you.

Mole
Chambersburg, Pa.

Are Ya Game?

□ In April you ran "Scooter People." Far-out fucking story. Couldn't have said it better. Really fucking great. Says it like it is. Makes me wanna fuck. You game?

Foxy Angel
Long Island, N.Y.

Great Idea

□ I was just reading your

mag after a long fuck and toke with my ol' lady and came up with a great idea for ya. Come to a party at my place and bring the broad from the March cover. Then, like later you can leave the broad and some grass with me. Okay?

Tonto
Ontario, Canada

■ Whatever's fair.

When It's Right

□ Well, bros, when love's right, it's right and I'll give till it hurts and then some, while I kick back and love it, saying "His way or the highway." A man need give in only once and should be rewarded every day till his last day. A man who is strong enough to bend is a **Man**, but a man who sways never stays.

Little One
Portland, Ore.

Swap Meet

□ Just wanted to thank you guys for putting together a good show at the Solano fairgrounds. Someone had his shit together. All those bikes! I thought I was in heaven! The band was good, beer was cold, every part imaginable could be scored, and a great party. I got a tattoo by Topper that is outrageous! Let's do it more often, but next time we need more room.

Mo McCarty
Sacramento, Calif.

□ Solano was a trip—the first swap meet sponsored by you. It turned out pretty good, too. No heavy fights between clubs, no funky action from the local cops. In fact, how come it was such a quiet affair? It was good to see that many scooters, brothers, and sisters under one roof. I guess biker unity still exists.

Will you be publishing photos of the event? And

will there be more events like this in the future?

Allison
San Francisco, Calif.

■ We plan to have 'em everywhere. See the article in this issue.

Head Gear

□ Ya know, man, I finally thought of some headgear I like! A functional thinking cap for asshole car drivers. Mac Marine
San Francisco, Calif.

Got It Wrong

□ Concerning duck butter, you fuckers have it all wrong. It's:

From ashes to ashes/
From dust to dust/If it weren't for pussy/My pecker would rust.

From day to day/From dawn to dusk/If it weren't for my panhead/my asshole would rust.

Buzzard
Janesville, Wis.

Aussie Chick

□ I'm a chick biker and enjoy all the good things in life — my bike, fucking, drugs, and a good fight now and then to keep the spirits high. It's a real fuckup that more chicks don't get into it. I mean there's not much else in life that you could enjoy more.

Dimples
Melbourne, Australia

Mr. Right

□ I don't know much about motorcycles or bikers, but about three weeks ago I met this guy Randell who at first treated me great, and I thought maybe this could be Mr. Right. I knew he had a Hog, as he called it. He also had long hair, an earring, and a red beard. I should have known what he really was when I asked him if he would shave off his beard because it bothered me when it rubbed up

against my face and other parts of my body. He gave me a funny look and said "Get fucked." My problem came when he took me up to this lake where a lot of his friends were. They all drank and smoked until about 3:00 a.m., and then some asshole said something about a train. This bastard Randell not only stood by and watched his friends rape me but laughed the whole time it was happening. That night was the last time I ever saw him. In case you read this, Randell, you are the lowest mother-fucker in the world and I really hate your guts. If you ever come near me again, I swear I'll have your ass locked up.

Mary
Louisville, Ky.

■ Live and learn, babe.

Problem

□ My dog got the shits from eatin' last month's issue of your rag. He prefers it to The Encyclopedia Britannica. How can I correct his diet?

Flapjack
Fond du Lac, Wis.

■ Shoot 'im.

Four-letter Words

□ My vocabulary consists of **shit, fuck, asshole**, etc., and I don't see anything wrong with it. I also know a lot of kids who read your mag and they dig the shit out of it. My daughter is only 5 and she loves the pictures.

Pissed Off In
Soledad, Calif.

□ What's wrong with all you bikers who can't write one paragraph without cursing? Do you think you're cute? Well, I'll tell you one thing—you all think you're Jesus Christ. But you're nothing but a bunch

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 1¼"-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%.



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Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality! They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

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
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of nasty jackasses. Don't think I'm an outsider and don't know—'cause I ain't. Blondie at Both Ends Miami, Fla.

Bullshit Is Past

□ I just finished reading the article in your April issue titled "This Type of Bullshit Is Past." I don't know what place the patchholder is talking about, but I'm glad to hear that he and his brothers have the cool to leave the bullshit behind. I hope that someday everyone will understand that wearing different colors doesn't make us enemies. We all love this lifestyle, but what good is it if your own kind hassles you more than The Man himself?

A brother
Bakersfield, Calif.

□ The point I wish to make is a simple one. For many years many clubs have fought each other. For too many years good brothers have been leaving this earth much too soon, only to leave their loving brothers and ol' ladies to suffer a great loss. Letters have been written many times to your mag and published, asking all bikers to put an end to their rivalries. I too have fought like a soldier, but what is it for? We have become the strongest weapon that Congress and anti-bike legislation have—we are a weapon against ourselves!

Perhaps we can stop fighting each other and all join to fight against those forces that want the biker removed from the face of the earth. Maybe someone could even organize a memorial run somewhere in the central states to honor all the brothers that have fallen over the years. During this run a neutral alliance could be made and the power plays brought to an end—thus we can all go on living.

Blues
Joliet, Ill.

□ I and a few scooter people I know feel the same way, but there's no way in hell you'll ever get all scooter people together for the simple reason that

our heads are in different worlds. Sure, we all love to ride, drink, smoke, and fuck, but when it comes to the patch, that's where it stops. That's when we become just like the citizen trying to outdo the other. Maybe someday all brothers who ride will ride together before it's too late! I leave you with one thought. What patch does death fly? Because one day all brothers will be true brothers under the Reaper's wing.

Crazy Horse
Daytona, Fla.

□ Bike people, or "out-laws," should stick together, not defeat each other. Society, the people, the government, the pigs, they all want and don't worry about bike wars. They couldn't care less about a righteous biker getting dusted. But to some, his death could cause misery. That's one down, then the law grabs the one who did it, and puts him or them away. Wake up, bros. They're killing two birds with one stone. Bike wars are stupid, ignorant, and retarded! I once had my own club and was jacked up by another club. Not mentioning any names, I hope those assholes feel real big, because it took the whole club to jack me up. Renegade pricks like that wouldn't make a pimple on a biker's ass in my book and shouldn't be allowed on the streets! Fight for what you stand for and not your brothers, defeating your own purpose.

Me
Carson City, Nev.

SLA Patch

□ Hey! What's with the puke who talked the shit about how neat it would be to have the SLA cobra patch? He obviously lives on pigshit. I'm in the joint right now, and even in Quentin we all thought of SLA as being lops. Yeah, the Frisco Freak is a simp. To think SLA had class! Roasting them was too good for them, and Pat "The Rat" was their biggest snitch, in case the Freak hadn't noticed. A 7-headed cobra patch should be ripped down along with

the wearer and given a proper issue with a Chip-pewa war dance about the head!

Sil Aguirre
San Quentin, Calif.

No Sale

□ I own a small leather and biker paraphernalia store and handle your insult to modern literature. I get 20 copies a month to sell. And at the end of every month I have 21 issues left. Some poor motherfucker got a subscription for Christmas and brings it to me in trade for a new pipe screen.

The Dago
Yuba City, Calif.

Good News, Bad News

□ Our little group has just discovered the most amazing news, some good and some bad. First, the bad news—the Martians have just landed on the eastern seaboard and are rapidly advancing west. Now the good news. They eat cops, bitchy ol' ladies, and they piss gasoline!

Crazy Bear, Red Bare,
Cunny-Ling-(Guss)
Asheville, N.C.

Conjugal Visits

□ I am the Director of the Conjugal Committee for the HAP Project (Help A Prisoner), and am researching the possibility of having conjugal visiting within the Illinois prison system.

I feel that it would cut down tremendously on the homosexual attacks and other vicious assaults on prisoners. In fact, a detailed study shows that sexual attacks are far lower in prisons where conjugal visits are permitted than in those where they are not.

We would like to know how the free world people feel about this.

John D. Creach
Director, Conjugal
Committee
C-60464, Box 99
Pontiac, Ill. 61764

On Makin' Mistakes

□ I've been reading your rag for years now and want to say thanks for publishing a good mag. Some have been better than others, but never a bad one. We all make mistakes, but when you do, you make



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).

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Minneapolis, MN 55427

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Handbook will be sent C.O.D. for **\$1.95** + approximately \$1.75 for C.O.D. fee & U.P.S. charges.
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movement. Shock-
resistant! Genuine
leather band. Full color
dial with red, white, and
blue chopper, speeding
ticket, and M.P.H. speedo design.

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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

damn sure it's set right in
your next issue. That's
righteous!

Sonny
Lancaster, Pa.

Brotherhood

☐ You cats got one good
rag. A lot of us who sport
colors see you tryin' to
bring us together instead
of blowin' each other's
brains out for a patch on
the ass. I can dig it too,
bros. We gotta stick to-
gether 'cause there's a lot-
ta fuckheads out there to
grease us. In brotherhood
there's strength, but alone
it's a hard fuckin' ride.

Gypsy
Philadelphia, Pa.

Question?

☐ Been reading your rag
for some time, and I've never
seen this question raised.
For what reason is the color
green a bad luck symbol on
cycles? How did it get
started? Who started it?

This ain't real important
to me 'cause I ain't super-
stitious. It's just somethin'
I'd like to know.

Last Minute Dan
Watsonville, Calif.

Ridin' Free

☐ My ol' man and I live the
way we want, and if some-
one says anything about it
we just tell them they don't
have to come around. We
believe in riding free and
speaking our minds. Around
this town there aren't many
true bikers. But the true
bikers are brothers to each
other, and they are always
there when another bro is
down. Bikers have to unite
to stay alive. Or else the

society is going to run us
down.

Brando & Sunshine
Copperas Cove, Texas

Gettin' Out

☐ Got a date with freedom.
I'm gonna walk out of this
joint, greet my bros, put on
my patch, fire up my
knucklehead, and me, the
ol' lady, and the Outlaws
are gonna put it in the wind.
Months of hassles with bull-
shit rules are gonna wear
off me as the familiar feel
of my rags, my motorcycle,
and my ol' lady behind me
run through my body. Down
the straightaways and into
the curves with the sounds
of bikes all around me.
Looking back and forth
from brother to brother,
heading to the clubhouse
and a party. Later, with a
beer in one hand and a
smoke in the other, I'll look
back and think of the bros
still in and the memories of
the outlaw bros I've taken
that last ride with.

I love all you motherfuck-
ers. You've got some kind
of style. To my 1%er broth-
ers everywhere — Outlaws
Forever, Forever Outlaws!

Wold
Atlanta, Ga.

On Leave

☐ After my ship pulled into
Frisco for a week and I was
able to look around, I just
wanna say what a hell of a
scene you have. Everything
—from the class of the
bikes to the grade of the
dope—is a hell of a lot bet-
ter than the biker's life in
Britain.

Also, to the bltch who
stole my I.D. card in Con-

cord: Fuck yourself with a
broom handle.

Andy Sinclair
Scotland

Brotherhood

☐ The San Quentin bike
show (January 1977) and
the Brother Speed funeral
(March 1977) spelled it out
like it is: Brotherhood. And
no prison walls, not even
the wall that separates life
and death, can put broth-
ers apart. We're all broth-
ers. If only bigots, non-
bikers, and bikers could
understand this, then
there'd not be much hass-
lin' on each other's life-
style.

Desolation Dinky
The Philippines

Stock Number

☐ If you want to know, the
FSN (Federal Stock Num-
ber) for the old 900cc
Sportster of 1960 SLB type
is 2340-00-691-1183. You
will need to include mfr.
code 27296 and a part no.
XLB, XL900c, or XL900cc.
In the Army it is an off-line
item. For published info
put in "C-RL-1." That's the
consolidated reference list-
ing of all parts nos. to FSN
the government has.

Doc
Ft. Bragg, N.C.

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. ■



Our Second Editorial In Seven Years...



We have problems. Pure and simple. The paper companies raise their prices every ninety days—come hell or high water. The post office raises its prices, the printing company raises its prices, and the slobs around the office keep askin' for more raisin pie. Everything keeps goin' up, and because we're a low-life rag, we don't get the high-class ads to pay the bills.

We're supposed to be presentin' the wrong image, or some bullshit like that, and the high-roller advertisers don't want to associate with us. Sure, they'll take your money—money's money. But they don't want to associate with ya. Buy your beer, but go down the street to drink it—don't stand around in front and scare off the "straight" business. You know how it goes.

We don't run phony road tests. We don't hustle helmets. We don't kiss anyone's ass to get advertising—the life blood of magazine publishing. So we must rely on copy sales—turn out a good product that people want (fuck the advertisers).

This means we must charge more for the magazine. But as our regular readers have noticed, we put out more of a magazine for the money spent. When we are forced to increase the cover price, we have always increased the number of pages. Now don't be misled. We actually increase *editorial* pages. Most mags are fat, but they are 50% or more advertising. We strive to keep a 70% editorial-to-advertising ratio. Many magazines strive for a 60-40 ratio—60% editorial to 40% advertising. Some even slop over to 40% editorial to 60% advertising. Check your favorite rag. The fat one you think you're getting may be mostly advertising.

All we can say is that we try to jam *Easyriders* with as much reading material as possible. We even reduce the size of the type to get more words in. We want to give you your buck's worth. And judging by our sales, you appreciate it. Here's to an even better rag in the future.

—The Editors

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

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Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740







WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO ASS-KICKIN' BIKER MUSIC?

By Falcon

It's been a tough day at work. The assholes down at the factory have been breathing down your neck all day. To add insult to injury, your scooter needs some heavy work, but it's so cold outside and you're so wiped out that all you want is a can of Coors, a fast piece of ass, and maybe to listen to some sound. You flick on the radio and fumble with the AM dial. Your favorites: Donny and Marie Osmond, fresh from an appearance on Dick Clark's American Bandstand, are singing happily away in their bubblegum style. You mutter a few words and hope someday you'll have the opportunity to take a piece of Bazooka Gum, comic strip and all, and shove it up their asses. Yeah, that would double your pleasure, double your fun, all right.

You tune in the FM, hoping for a little relief. Why, you ask yourself, can't a man find some music on the radio that will at least let him hump in rhythm? All you find is super-mellow jazz that will put you to sleep in five minutes, and disco. You decide, after listening to five seconds of disco, that you don't want to "get up and boogie." You want to lie down and screw. By this time you've turned the dial again, and some chick is singing completely out of tune about sisterhood. At this point all you feel like doing is plugging her with your crescent wrench. In frustration you drag your tired ass off the couch and rifle through the stack of albums sitting in the closet. Some vintage Beatles (could be worse), a few Glen Campbell albums your ol' lady picked up before she got smart, and then you come to it.

It's bent, the record jacket is torn to shit, and when you shove it on the turntable it wobbles like a bent front wheel. But thank God for Steppenwolf. The old Steppenwolf. You crank up the volume to drown out the cries of a neighbor's rug rats, who always



Desert Run

Rick sensed hostility the moment he stepped inside the cafe. The dingy little diner was the only sign of life he'd seen for the past hour of cruising this Arizona state highway. He had been relieved to see the weatherbeaten cafe and its dilapidated gas pump. But no one was glad to see Rick. Two cowboys had left off working on their Ford pickup to stare openly at the shaggy-haired, muscular stranger as he filled the tank on his immaculate '69 shovel-head chopper.

He was greeted with more silent stares when he went inside to get a bite to eat and a half-hour's respite from the brutal midday sun that beat down on the flat countryside from a cloudless sky. Rick was too tired and hot to take much notice of the stir he caused. He ignored the muttered wisecracks exchanged among the dozen or so patrons. Relaxing on his stool, he slowly ate the greasy burger and drank the cold beer the fat waitress had disdainfully slammed on the counter. As he ate, he tried to lift his sagging spirits by reminding himself that he was on vacation.

One week earlier, he had quit his job in San Antonio and sold everything he couldn't stuff into the nylon tote bag that was now strapped to the sissy bar of the Harley. He left Texas with no real plans beyond the expectation of a new start in California. With the \$2500 cash he carried, Rick was looking forward to a few months of living easy, chasing California pussy, and after that—well, after that would have to take care of itself.

But reflecting on his new freedom and his California destination failed to lift his weary depression. His uneasiness increased as the cowboys in the cafe continued their cracks about his hair and the chromed chopper resting in a tiny patch of shade cast by a scraggy tree in front of the diner. Rick gulped down the remainder of his second beer, picked up his check, and walked deliberately to the cash register. He smiled at the waitress as she made change, and when she returned the smile he decided to try for some information.

"Say, honey," he said, working hard to appear friendly and harm-

less, "could you tell me if I'm anywhere near Highway 77?"

He had decided to detour north in order to see an old buddy who scratched out a bleak living on a small ranch near a little town called Kelvin. But he had never seen the highway intersection he'd been told to look for and he was beginning to think he'd missed it. To his dismay, the waitress merely shoved his change at him and ignored his question.

"That your machine out there?" The voice came from behind him. Rick turned slowly, preparing an answer to the jerkoff question, but he stopped abruptly when he found himself looking into the mirror-sunglasses of a sheriff's deputy drinking a beer at the end of the counter. Unable to see the eyes behind the silver reflections of the shades, Rick could not determine whether the question was a good-natured rib or a taunting wisecrack. "Yes, sir," he replied, "that's my bike."

The cop looked impassively at the chopper through the dusty window of the cafe and grunted.

"Where you headed?"

Rick fought to control his temper, his urge to inform the cop that it was none of his fucking business. Quickly, he reminded himself that a hassle with the law could hang his ass bad—he was carrying \$2500 in cash, a .25 caliber Beretta automatic, and two grams of coke to keep himself alert during the long ride through the desert. If any of that shit were found, they'd want explanations and he had none that would satisfy them. He cleared his throat.

"Well, I was thinking of riding up to Kelvin."

The cop yawned. "That so? How come?"

For crissakes, Rick thought, gimme a break. Why had this moron cop decided to play 20 Questions? "An old buddy of mine lives there. Thought I'd drop in and say hi."

The cop grunted again and Rick was relieved to see that he had apparently grown tired of the game. Maybe, Rick thought, it's just too hot to hassle somebody today. The cop pointed down the road in the direc-

tion from which Rick had just come.

"You head back east about 15 miles and you'll see a ranch road on your left. Follow it a little ways till it hits the highway and you can't miss it."

Thanking the cop, Rick stepped outside. The afternoon heat slammed into him at once and he felt slightly dizzy from the impact. He straddled the chopper, kicked it over, and turned east.

An hour later he had to admit he was lost. The ranch road had been there, all right, but after a half hour on it, no highway had appeared. When he came to another intersection with another ranch road, Rick concluded that maybe this was what the cop had meant, with some exaggeration, as the "highway." But the road went on and on and he was beginning to realize he'd been misdirected intentionally—a little cowboy humor, no doubt. Too late now, he recalled the silly smirk on the face of the turd sitting next to the cop—the asshole was probably struggling to keep from busting out laughing and spoiling the gag. He cursed himself when he realized what a sucker he'd been played for as he stood in that little dipshit cafe and patiently repeated the cop's directions to make sure he'd got them right.

He backed off on the throttle and let the Harley fall into an easy lope while he tried to figure out what to do. The bike's tires hummed against the hot, sticky asphalt of the deserted two-lane road and he cursed himself again for letting the fuckers jack him around so easily. But suddenly his mind was jerked back to the situation at hand.

He knew something was wrong the instant the bike shuddered. Pulling in the clutch, he braked the machine to a wobbly stop. With a sinking feeling, he knew what had happened without even looking. He shut off the engine, lowered the kickstand, and with a disgusted sigh got off the bike to squat next to the rear tire. "Flatter'n shit," he said aloud, and wondered what he'd done to deserve setting out on a vacation and ending up lost and with a flat tire in some godforsaken stretch of Arizona desert.

He squinted against the mid-after-

"OMEGA PROJECT" - Agent: Jones, Charles G.
AKA "DIRTY CHARLEY" of "MAD HATTERS"

THE DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY
Bureau of Alcohol,
Tobacco and Firearms

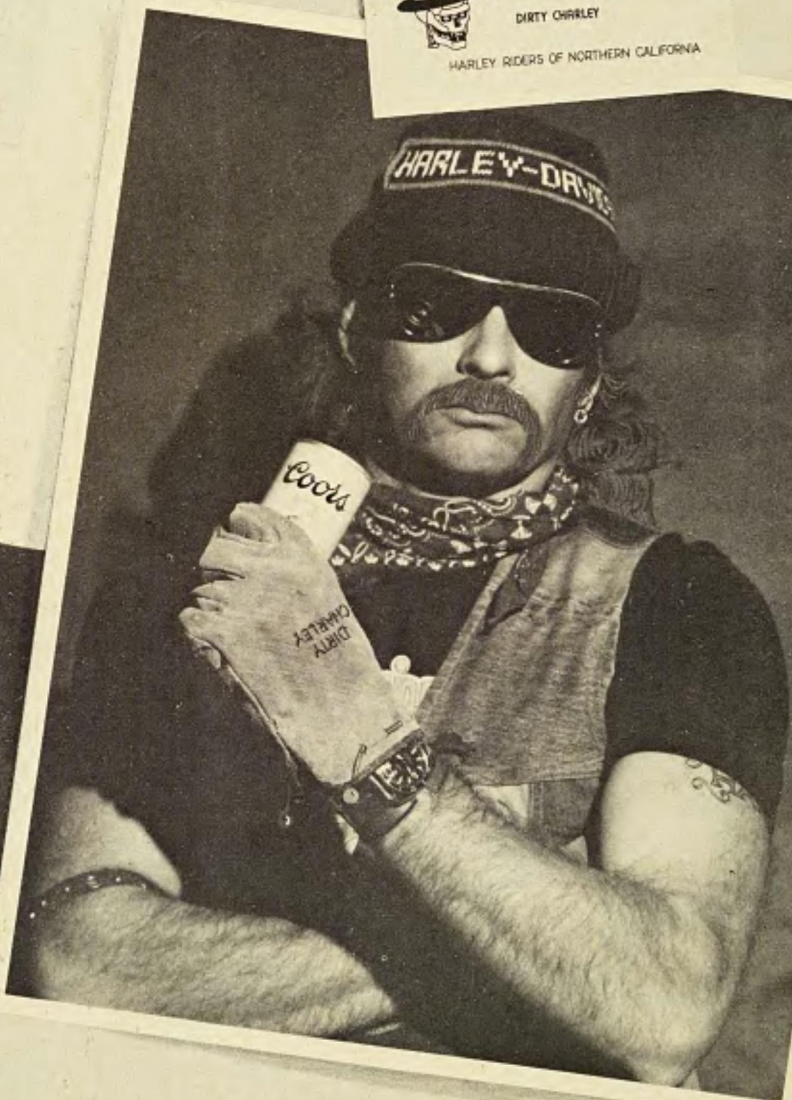
CHARLES G. JONES
Special Agent

P.O. Box 6680, Suite 1648
480 Esplanade Drive
Oxnard, California 93081

(386) 495-3664

Mad Hatters
DIRTY CHARLEY

HARLEY RIDERS OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA



Are The Feds Posing As Bikers?

A bro sent the following article to me. I know nothing about it—other than what it says. It was a newspaper clipping, an Associated Press release—a general release to all client newspapers.

It appears to be a tidy essay—a lotta words. Maybe it's just one of those bullshit eyebrow-raisers that flow around the ads in the Sunday paper. Maybe not.

Read it. Tell me what you think. Is it for real? Are they really pullin' this shit? Or is it just some drivel ground out for Sunday mornin' consumption by a soft-waisted dude with snarlin' lips and watery eyes on some kinda S-M trip? Or is it (as paranoia seeps in and creeps up the ankles) a buncha bullshit the Feds are playin' on us—to keep clubs fightin' and knockin' each other off? Plantin' articles in newspapers and stirrin' up all kinda shit—plantin' seeds of p-a-r-a-n-o-i-a—puttin' bro against bro.

The dude in the article sounds like a dipshit. The bros I know can smell a bad scene. But for the unwary, be wary. Dig?

—Spider

FEDS ON CHOPPERS PUT THE HEAT ON OUTLAW BIKERS

By Tim Reiterman

San Francisco, Calif.—AP—They were some of the raunchiest outlaw bikers around. They toted pistols, had sinister patches on grease-crusted denim vests and rode chopped Harley-Davidsons.

They hung out with the likes of the Hell's Angels, Hessians, Misfits, Scorpions and Mongrels—and they liked to mix their "reds" with cheap wine.

But they were Federal Treasury agents who would rather bust an outlaw than roar along the roadways with one.

As part of the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms' nationwide "Omega" program, these agents were assigned to infiltrate outlaw bikers dealing in drugs, guns and explosives.

The program, from 1973 until early 1975, reportedly involved about 25 agents, including 10 in California. It led to numerous convictions and reams of intelligence on renegade motorcycle gangs.

One of the former agent-outlaws recently agreed to discuss the program on the condition that neither he nor the gang be named. We'll call the agent "Dirty Charley" and the gang the "Mad Hatters." Charley said that the program started with four men and \$4,000 for four bikes and that they decided to avoid anything illegal in other clubs' initiations by forming their own gang.

"We made up club business cards and passed them around to every drunken or wasted biker we stumbled upon," he said.

"We made ourselves the dirtiest bunch you ever saw in your life. When we changed our oil, we painted our jackets with oil and let them dry in the sun. We even had to wear long underwear to keep the gas and oil on our clothing from blistering our skin."

In early 1973, the Hatters drove a camper to New Orleans, pulling a trailer with their choppers, and went straight to a biker bar.

"Immediately people start asking, 'Who are those Mad Hatters?' But, all of a sudden one guy comes forward and produces one of our courtesy cards and starts rapping... We were in."

The Mad Hatters eventually rode their way back to California, set up a biker pad and melted into the outlaw scene, often facing danger.

"Our surveillance people could watch us only up to a point," the 6 foot 2 inch agent recalled. "One time, the four of us wound up with 500 bikers."

"Another time, I went into a house with a guy who didn't like me. He got a .45 caliber automatic pistol and was going to blow me away because he thought I was 'the man.' Another guy talked him out of it. A year later, the same guy accepted me and we helped put him away for seven years on heroin charges."

The agents used a clever ruse to avoid suspicion when real outlaws offered drugs or women.

"We had a pharmacist friend make placebos. They even tasted bitter like Secional but were just bicarbonate of soda. When we got offered drugs we'd say no and that we had our own. We'd dump a sock full of these placebos into a jug of wine. It would fizzle and dribble down

our beards—it looked so bad nobody wanted to touch the stuff.

"They thought we were the meanest people on earth."

Charley said that after he turned down quite a bit of gift sex, he had to recruit a police woman to ride on his rear fender now and then to cover his tracks. He also claimed that he had syphilis.

The Hatters' act apparently worked. Two members of other clubs begged to join the gang. They were initiated, blindfolded, with 20 law enforcement officers playing club members from out of state.

"There were crooks and agents riding together," Charley said.

He said he drove home to his wife many nights, taking circuitous routes to avoid someone following. But his neighbors became alarmed at his loud chopper and scruffy appearance and their "improvement association" petitioned him to move.

The club grew to seven members, plus a deputy sheriff brought in to handle the narcotics busts, normally not Treasury's responsibility.

"We carried guns and were arrested several times," Charley said. "Our cover people bailed us out. The more times you're arrested, the better you're liked."

The agent said he was in a half dozen fights and became so trusted that a member of the rival Axemen asked him to kill someone for \$500.

"I said I wouldn't touch it for less than \$5,000. At a later date, the same guys were arrested by San Diego area authorities for a murder," the agent recalled.

"We met a lot of good people and bad ones too," he observed. "Some of the girls would like to break away but are afraid they'll get killed. If the guys think you're a brother, they'll die or kill for you—and think nothing of it. If you're accepted, they're very nice to you."

Charley said his two years underground brought out his first grey hairs and left him with a dislocated shoulder from a bike accident. He also said his home life was severely disrupted.

"I enjoy riding motorcycles, but this wasn't relaxation," he said. "We were keyed up all the time. It was two years before I could relax again."





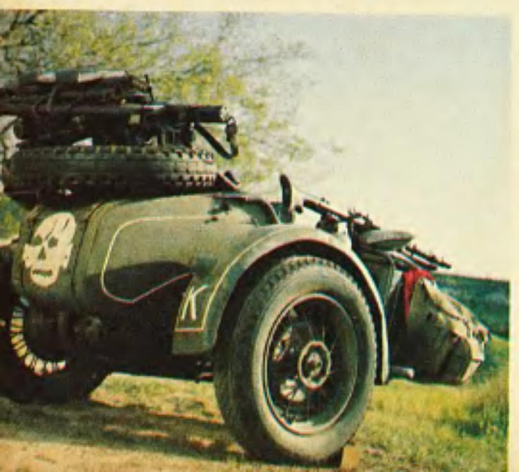
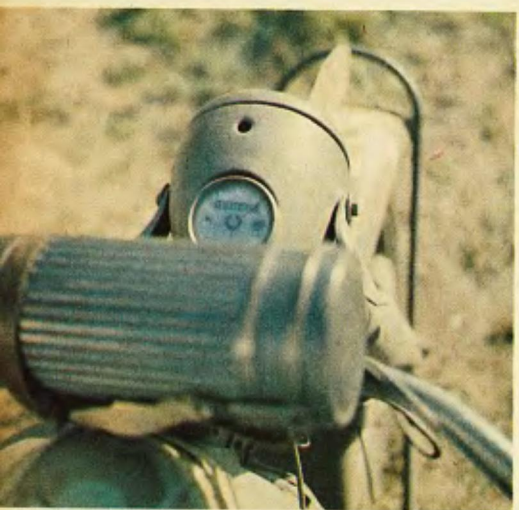
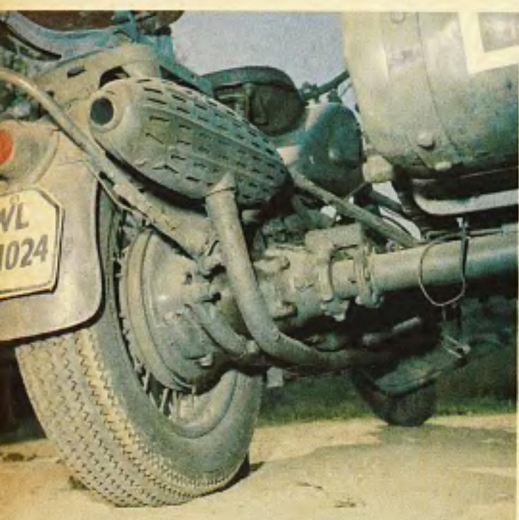
Streng Geheim!

Whaddafuck! Oh, I can hear the pissin', moanin', an' snivelin' from all you dudes out there who think there's only one kinda motorcycle—Harley—an' all the rest are just mopeds! I gotta admit that I feel pretty much the same, but sometimes ya hafta just step back an' take a look at somethin' that happens to be righteous as all hell and don't come outta Milwaukee. So stop kickin' yer dog and yer ol' lady, 'cause yer pissed, and check out some guaranteed good shit. We ain't ever done ya wrong yet, have we?

The earliest motorized bicycles appeared in Europe at the turn of the century and the Germans were probably their fondest admirers. While the English and French clung to their horses (especially the young mares), the naturally mechanically-minded Germans climbed aboard their faithful steel *Motorraden* to putt along the narrow, twisting roads of the fatherland from the Black Forest to the teeming streets of Berlin.

Mark Twain once said, "No generalization is worth a damn—including this one!" But everybody knows that the krauts have a way with machinery. They aren't thought of as great lovers, artists, or cooks, but they can turn steel, leather, glass, rubber, and wire into a pure mechanized symphony. The Germans had gone motorcycle crazy, and by the 1920s the motorcycle and sidecar could be found in all parts of the country in daily use as ambulances, delivery wagons, taxis, cop cars, and Saturday night petting parlors.

The Germans are best at making machines for other Germans, so your typical beer-swilling, bratwurst-chomping scooter pilot could choose from excellent motorcycles manufactured by Phanomen, DKW, Standard, Zundapp, Horex, Victoria, USU, Ardie, Puch, Thornax, and of course BMW. By 1923, BMW (*Bayerische Motoren Werke*) easily took the lead





simply because they introduced the finest motorcycle in the world!

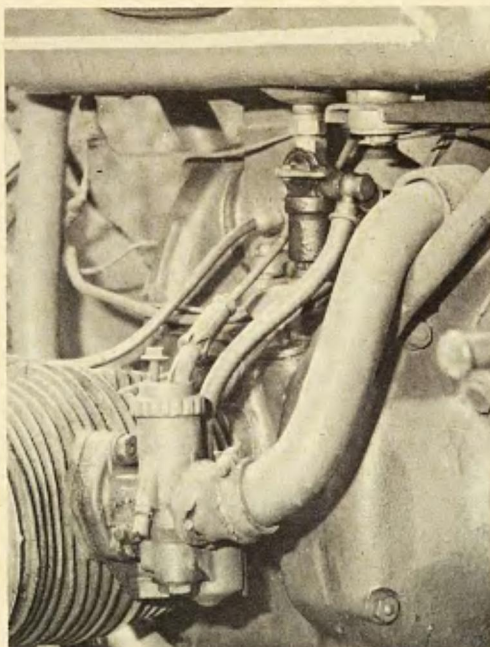
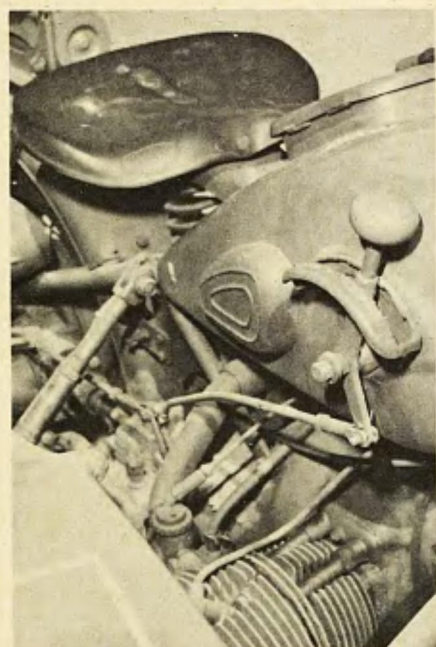
The "R" series was produced under the direction of Herr Rudolf Scheicher and it looks almost the same today as it did in 1923—hydraulic forks, large-capacity gas tank, four-stroke, two-cylinder horizontally opposed air-cooled engine, and a driveshaft.

The hydraulic forks were radical stuff in the 1920s, but the driveshaft motorcycle was really somethin' else! The BMW whispered along the highway with ultra-smooth acceleration and no chattering and clanging chain splattering your lederhosen with oil and threatening to wrap itself around your fraulein's tender gams.

By 1941 the "R" series BMW had been refined and improved to near perfection and thousands were in service with all branches of the German armed forces. Its Army designation was "s. Krad R75" and it was undoubtedly the finest motorcycle to see action in WW2. Like all of its "R" series brothers, the R75 was powered by the familiar two-cylinder horizontally opposed air-cooled engine that had been beefed up to approximately 45.5 cubic inches—developing 25.4 horsepower at 3900 rpm. Not exactly mind-boggling, but the bike would putt one hell of a lotta kilometers between overhauls.

The Wehrmacht scout or dispatch rider could cruise along at up to 75 mph on Hitler's autobahns (the original freeways) and at 50 mpg, the 6 1/3-gallon gas tank could take him to hell and back before pulling out the ol' jerrycan for a fillup. When the time came to scoot across rough country, the rider simply shifted into low range and tore off through the mud and bushes. The synchromesh transmission had a single dry-disc clutch, four speeds forward and one reverse, and could be operated in all five gears in high or low range. For those of you who are keepin' score that's 10 forward and 2 reverse!

More often than not the R75 was used with a sidecar which greatly increased its carrying capacity, and because of a bit of typical German

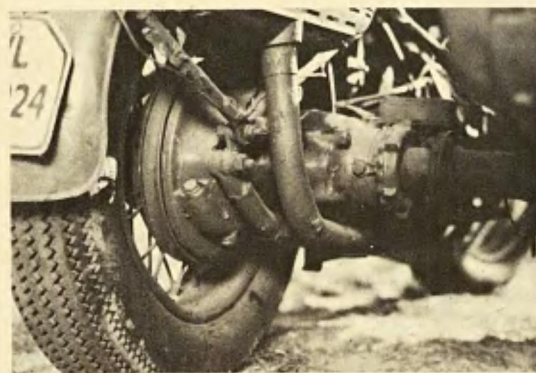
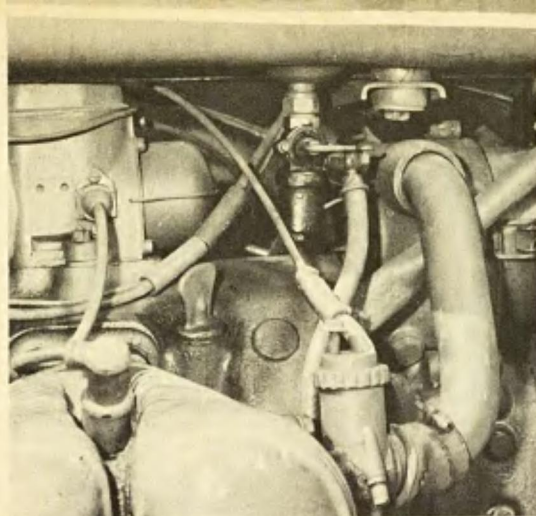




ingenuity it was just as easy to operate cross-country with the sidecar as it was solo. Their secret was a drive gear from the transmission, transferring drive power to the sidecar wheel in addition to the rear wheel. The rear wheel of the cycle was driven by a ring and pinion gear, with a pair of spur gears mounted between the ring and the wheel giving a further gear reduction. The rear wheel was offset about four inches to the rear of the ring gear. The sidecar driveshaft differential was located on the right of the ring gear and passed at a right angle to the sidecar wheel.

The R75 can do a fast shuffle through mud and snow and it can stop just as easily with hydraulic brakes on the sidehack and rear wheel and the usual mechanical brakes on the front. In cross-country operation the hydraulic forks on the front help you get through shell holes and across ditches, but the bike has a rigid frame, so big coil springs are provided under the driver's seat to help cushion his ass as he zigzags across the battlefield. The sidecar has good ol'-fashioned leaf springs, so the thing tends to be a bit springy in the rough.

All three wheels on the BMW "R" series are interchangeable with dismountable axles front, side and rear, so one mounted spare will fit 'em all. The driver was responsible for all maintenance, and a fairly complete



tool kit was provided, allowing wheel changes, general tune-up and tinkering, and lubrication in the field. This was normally carried in the compartment under the spare tire mount at the rear of the sidecar along with tire chains, jack, some spare parts, schnapps, wurst, and "liberated" items.

For recon units, a mount was provided on the sidecar for the MG 34 or MG 42 light machineguns, but when it wasn't available, sandbags were substituted. At the beginning of the war the motorcyclist carried a Mod. 98 Mauser rifle strapped across his back, but they were soon replaced by MP 38/40 Schmeisser submachineguns or StG 43/44 Kurz Karabiner assault rifles for faster handling in tight situations and to cover fields of fire to the sides and rear of the bike. No special protective helmet was issued, so the standard Wehrmacht helmet was worn along with issue goggles.

The basic R75 motorcycle saw service on all fronts in WW2 and was one of the finest examples of German engineering. The only modifications were special lightweight oil and grease for arctic Russia, and a heavy-duty air filter was fitted for service in the desert with the Afrika Korps. More than sixteen thousand R75s were produced between 1941 and 1945 and some can still be found in daily use throughout Europe and Africa.

Of course, BMW still makes a fantastic "R" series of road machines, but the wartime sidecar drive is a thing of the past—nowdays the sidehack just bolts on and sits there.

So, if you've read all of this and are still sayin' "So what?", then I'm afraid you're too far gone for help. However, we have a heart and in a future issue of this rag we're gonna show you the U.S. Army equivalent of the BMW. The old Harley-Davidson 45s got drafted and went to war too—stay tuned!

The R75 featured here is painted standard German Army field green. Insignia is of Kleist Korps, 3rd SS Panzer division Totenkopf (death's head) and is probably a scout vehicle (driver and gunner/observer make up the two-man crew.)

The sidecar is draped with the Transport flag used to identify German mechanized units from the air so the Luftwaffe wouldn't blow their own guys away.

Some of the other props used are the MG 34 light machinegun with 50-round basket belt carrier; StG 43/44 Kurz Karabiner assault rifle with 30-round mag; camouflage shelter quarter; cloth army rucksack used in place of saddlebag; on the spare tire, ammo box with 250 rounds of 7.92mm linked for MG 34; spare barrel container for MG 34; field tripod for MG 34; potato masher stick grenade; driver's gas mask container on the handlebars; Wehrmacht helmet with

camouflage cover on the gas tank; on the rear seat, camouflage winter parka; magazine pouch for three StG 43/44 magazines.

The headlight is blackened except for a slit to minimize the chance of being spotted on the road at night from the air.

The owner of the bike wishes to remain unknown. He assures me that the bike is authentic and was shipped to the U.S. just after WW2 and has been in his possession since 1955. It is not for sale at any price (or so he says).

We want to say a special thanks to Bob Reiss of Bob's Military Antiques in Santa Monica, California, for providing us with all the righteous kraut gear (not guns) we piled on the BMW. Bob has probably the finest collection of authentic military equipment, insignia, and uniforms in the United States. His War Museum contains items from 13th Century Europe to 20th Century Vietnam and an especially fine selection of WW1 and 2 German stuff from all services. Every item is for sale or trade and he takes pride in offering only absolutely authentic items—no reproductions. Thanks, Bob!

Text and photos by Wildman

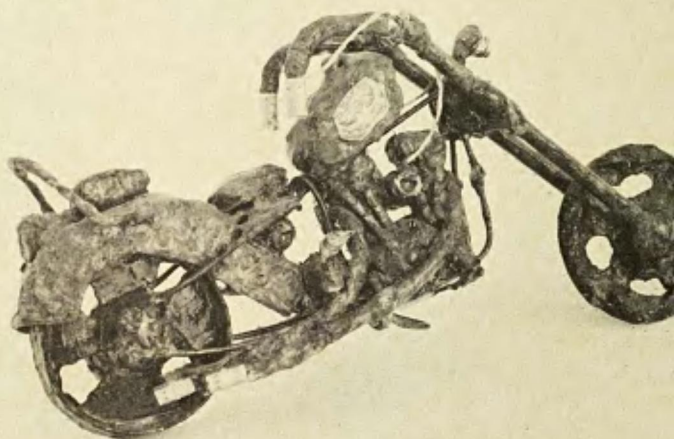
Stash Box

By Tex Campbell

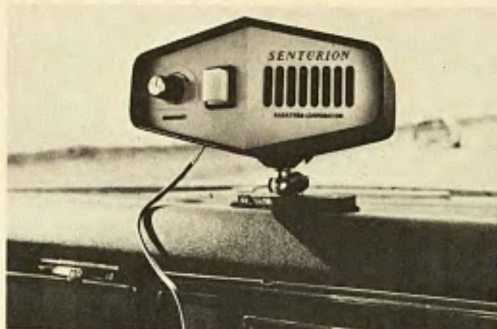


Just in case you were feelin' safe with that case-hardened chain wrapped around yer scoot, forget it. While you're sluggin' down a brew and winkin' at the chicken at the end of the bar, some scum could be out in the parkin' lot, doin' a number on yer chain with this new portable oxy cutting/welding torch. It's light enough for one-hand operation, and you can pick one up for around forty bucks at hardware and discount stores. From BernzOmatic Corp. Well, don't just sit there, damn it! Get yer ass offa that barstool and go see if some clown's cuttin' up in the parkin' lot!

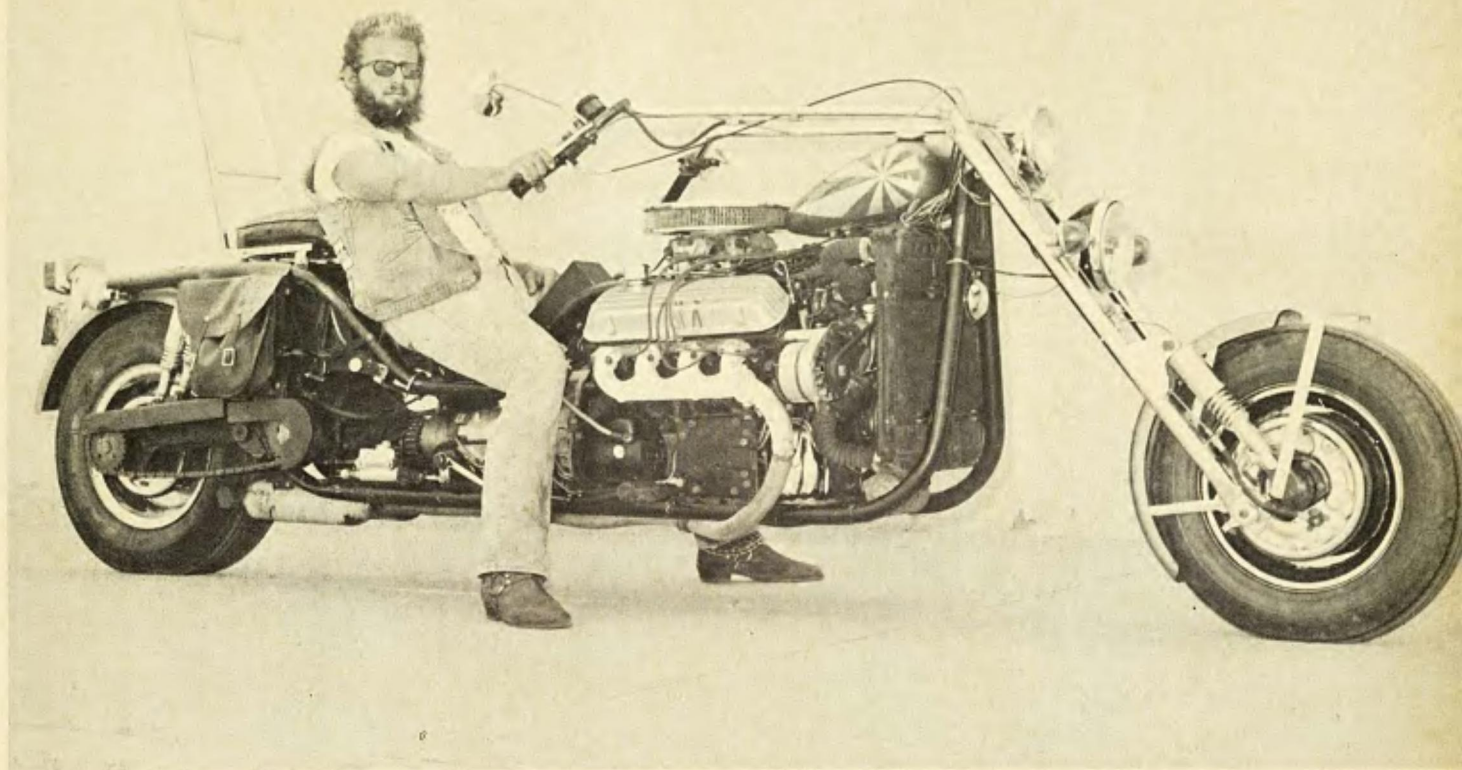
Next time it's a bloody mary morning, improve the situation by puffin' a little of your favorite loco weed wrapped up in a new product—Willie Nelson rolling papers. That's right, a company called Dream Merchants Unlimited in Atlanta now markets the papers with the album cover of Willie's "The Troublemaker" printed on them. Now you can get loaded with the old Red-headed Stranger himself.



300-yr.-old motorcycle found. Scientists salvaging the remains of a Spanish galleon sunk in the Caribbean about 1650 were shocked to discover this Harley among the age-encrusted artifacts. The find led to speculation that the vessel was a pirate ship, manned by 17th Century bikers. Well no, we just laid that on ya to see if ya were payin' attention. Actually, this is a clever piece of sculpture created by Rowdy Copeland while doing time in the hole in Walla Walla, Washington. Rowdy used stuff like pencils and pieces of wire, along with toothbrushes and combs donated by interested brothers. The result: a fine bit of bike art from prison.



Another opportunity to obey the law comes your way in a new mobile long-range radar detector. Like any of us law-abidin' citizens, all ya need is a little reminder to slow down and obey the speed laws—right? That little reminder is especially helpful ten or fifteen seconds before ya hit a radar setup, and that's what this unit promises. If ya want to own one of these aids to obeyin' the law, it'll cost ya around ninety bucks at automotive, CB, and electronics stores. From Radatron Corp. Don't forget to give the fuzz a big grin as ya cruise past.



Ever been dusted by a kid on a 2-stroke? Well, next time, roll up to the stop sign on this baby and blow the kid's ass into the next county. Jim Manhardt, a driftin' jammer from Colorado, wanted a little more comfort and a few more

horses than he could find in conventional bikes. So he did what any reasonable man would do—he dropped a 289 cu. in. Ford V-8 into a custom frame, hooked up the automatic transmission, and tooled off into the sunset—in style.



Here come de Judge. Last December 9, Judge Radosevich and a few of his brothers from the Harley-Davidson Number 1ers Forever Club made a run to Colorado Springs to protest the state's mandatory helmet law.

The 29-year-old judge presides over court in the small towns of Palmer Lake and Monument. When he's not wearing his judicial robes, he operates a restaurant and enjoys jammin' with his buddies and his wife, who proudly wears a cut-off reading, "Property of the Judge."

Judge Radosevich's protest ride received plenty of local attention and took place a month prior to the state legislature's vote to repeal. When all the votes were in, Colorado's helmet law was rescinded for a two-year period. The judge says the fight isn't over until the law is repealed for good, so he urges all cyclists to keep writing their lawmakers and voicing their opinions.

A Scooter Happening

While sittin' around the smoke-filled room during a recent juice and smoke session, someone came up with the idea of this rag puttin' on motorcycle swap meets. One thing led to another as the pipe was passed around, and it was decided to give it a try. Only do it a little different—make it a happening—a sorta gathering of the tribes. Exchange parts, eyeball the chicks, get a shitkickin' band to stir things up, sell some beer at a fair price, have a tattoo booth, an ear-piercin' booth—shit, make it a scooter Woodstock, a rock, knock-down, drag-out happenin'.

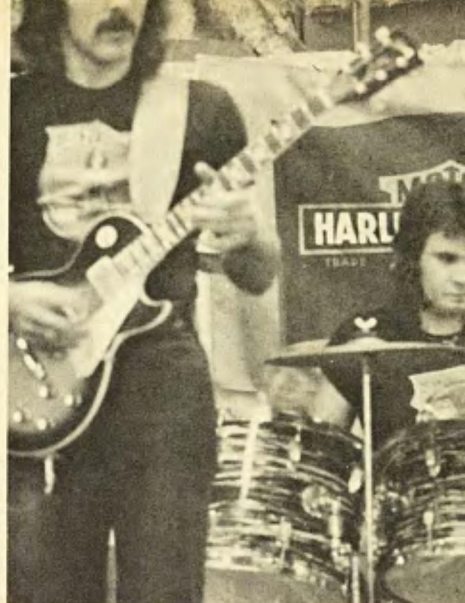
So we did. Thus far we've held five or six of 'em—to test the idea. To see if everyone could keep his shit together without havin' six jillion cops makin' the scene heavy. We did our own policin'—kept our own house in order for the good of all. And it worked.

Everyone came, did their thing—no

hassles. Well, maybe there was a thing or two, but when bros want things to go right, they do—and with no "outside" help. All problems were handled without any heavy trips. It's been beautiful—the way it should be.

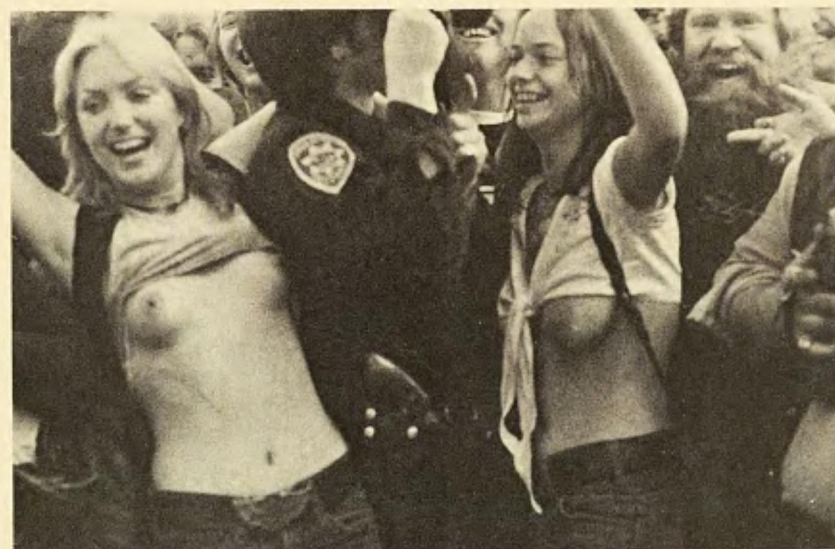
We plan to have them everywhere. Watch for the ads in your city, in your bike shops, on your rock stations. We're just startin', so we won't hit as many cities as we'd like this year, but as the thing continues we'll eventually be in your back yard. As we go to press we have "happenings" scheduled for cities listed below. More are being added all the time. If you're interested in when we're gonna be in your area, write to Double Ugly at P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Here's the schedule as we go to press: **Ventura, Calif.**, May 29; **San Bernardino, Calif.**, June 19; **Columbus, Ohio**, June 26; **Los Angeles, Calif.**, July 17; **Phoenix, Ariz.**, July 31.





Photos by Preacher



TECHNICAL TIP

Now, as you all know, we're not much on givin' ol' ladies even the time of day. Shit, as the saying goes, if ya give 'em any slack at all, they're gonna go after the whole nine yards. Or somethin' like that. You know what I mean—ya don't give 'em nothin'. Zero. That's all.

For instance, take what happened to me the other night. It was my ol' lady's birthday. She wanted to have a special dinner with all the trimmin's. So shit, she only has one a year, ya know. So I gave in.

I tell her she can cash in the bottles and buy a buck-
et of the Colonel's chicken.



Tonight she can get the whole tamale. You know, the potatoes, gravy—the works. Whatdafuck, it's her birthday.

She collects all the bottles, puts 'em into a box as I yell to her to take the big bottles too 'cause I'm outta smokes, and maybe she can get enough together to get a bottle of Ripple or Boone's Farms. Whatdafuck, it's her birthday.

So she takes off with the fuckin' rug rat, and before I can clean the seeds, she's back. All happy and crazy and all that shit. Whoopie, it's her birthday—so whatdafuck? Then she starts openin' the tubba chicken, and the kid drops the cole slaw in the cat box while I get my stereo radio from the shitter.

Everything's fine. Music, chow, smoke, and drink—until she whips out the grape. The fuckin' bitch got wine all right, but this hadda be a fuckin' special occasion—can ya believe that shit? She buys wine with a fuckin' cork in it because it's her fuckin' birthday. Twist-off tops weren't good enough for her—she hadda get a fuckin' cork-top bottle of wine! And we don't even have a ThriftyMart all-in-one corkscrew, can opener, potato peeler, bottle opener bastard in the whole fuckin' house.

In other words (or to make a long story short), you should remember two things: 1. Never give your ol' lady a fuckin' inch. 2. Read your *Easyriders'* Tech Tip of The Month. (Flash on the pics, ya dummy—don't pay any attention to me.) Dog Breath. ■



Love Letters

How are you, doll? You fat fuckin' skunk. I'd like to bite a few zits off your fat ass. Not only that, I'd like to stick my eyes between your thighs, have ham and cheese between your knees, and eat bacon and eggs from between your legs. I love ya, babe.

Crazy Ray
Plymouth, Mass.

- Gosh, it's nice to be loved.

Another One

You are one gross, unforgettable, rank mama who would warm the cockles of a submariner's hard. You have probably swallowed more sperm than Moby Dick. I and the miserable perverts on Shark would love to make you airtight at the next submarine ball. How would you like three salt-water-soaked cocks rammed everywhere but your nose? Christ, but we love ya.

Sinbad
FPO New York

- And just what's wrong with my nose?

Lightweight Trip

Help us settle a bet. There are 24 bros in our club who say if you came on a run with us, you wouldn't be able to take on all 24 of us. I say you can not only take on all of us, but you'd still be able to ball the German Shepherd who watches over our sleds. Who wins the bet?

Airhead Willie
Trenton, N.J.

- How many times each? A girl's gotta get her beauty rest sometime, ya know.

Help! Help!

Hey, why don't ya come up here and bust me outta this joint — then we could really get some serious screwin' done. I'm ten years

behind in the suckin' and fuckin' department.

Dog
Somers, Conn.

- If you get enough guys together to make the party interesting, maybe I'll give it a try. I can get the ordinary every-day action any time.

Clean Sex

My ol' lady only wants to ball after she takes a bath, which is once a month. How do I get her to ball more often?

Wet & Dry
Comandaiqua, N.Y.

- Well, you could teach her how to swim, coax her into takin' more baths—or beat the shit outta her.

A Flop

My ol' man is a flop at sex. If I send him to you, what will you start him on first?

Mandy
Harrisburg, Pa.

- He wouldn't have to do anything—I'd just sit on his face.

Phone Message

Would you please come to Diego Garcia? There are a thousand horny crazy sea-bees and no women. I would drag my balls through a mile of broken glass just to hear you fart over the phone.

Bootcamp
Diego Garcia,
Indian Ocean

- Pick up the phone, asshole—I can always whip up a ripe one for a friend.

A Long Time Ago

You old bag of shit. Tell us how you lost your cherry —if you ever had one.

Howie
Kenton, Ohio

- When I was seven years

old, I bent over in church an' the preacher poked me in the pew.

Big Broads

Everyone tells me I must be nuts because I get off on fuckin' an' suckin' big fat gross ol' ladies. I keep tellin' 'em they'll get the best ride of their life on a fat broad, so say a word or two to back me up.

Sola
Hollywood, Calif.

- You're right! Big broad, small cunt. Skinny broad, all cunt! (That's the way the sayin' goes, readers. I didn't invent it, so don't get sore at me.)

Three Words

Say a word to these chicks in Baltimore. They all want to putt behind a big, hairy dude, but when he wants to ball 'em or poke it up their ass, they freak out an' call the cops. Give 'em a word or two so they'll have half the class you've got.

Tipsy Gypsy
Baltimore, Md.

- Analingus, fellatio, cunnilingus. There's three words for a starter.

Good Smells

I know your pussy smells like ten cans of rotten sardines stuffed with limburger cheese, but I'd still suck it till your forehead caved in. I love your style, you sweet thing.

Pee Jay
Oklahoma City, Okla.

- How dare you say my pussy smells! I just took a douche—last year.

Turned 'im On

Someone told me you once got on a wild African elephant's dork. Is this true?

Crazy Luke
Cleveland, Ohio

- Not only got on one, I got off on one. Next time you go to the zoo, look at the big stud elephant an' you'll see he shakes his head a lot. He's been doin' that ever since we got it together. He still can't believe I was so good.

Mainline Trip

I've got an ol' lady who's into a weird mainline trip. After she sucks me off, she fills up a syringe with the come and shoots a wad into her arm. Now she's got more hair on her tits than on her head. Do you think it's fucking up her hormones?

Tony Massa
Koppel, Pa.

- No, she's probably a she/he. Enjoy her while you can. Who knows? Tomorrow she may be sproutin' a crank.

A Valentine

This poem was written just for you.

Here's to you, you filthy bitch

You and your slippery, slimy snitch

A whore you are, and a whore you'll be

Till the hair on your cunt grows down to your knee.

Nasty Ned
Altoona, Pa.

- It makes me wanna cry.

An Offer

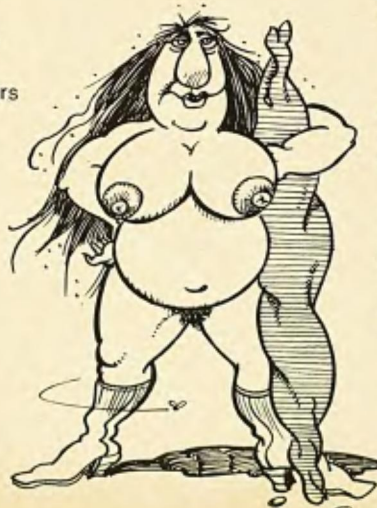
Just sittin' here gettin' loaded, wonderin' how you would like a beer can up your ass and my pecker up your rat hole!

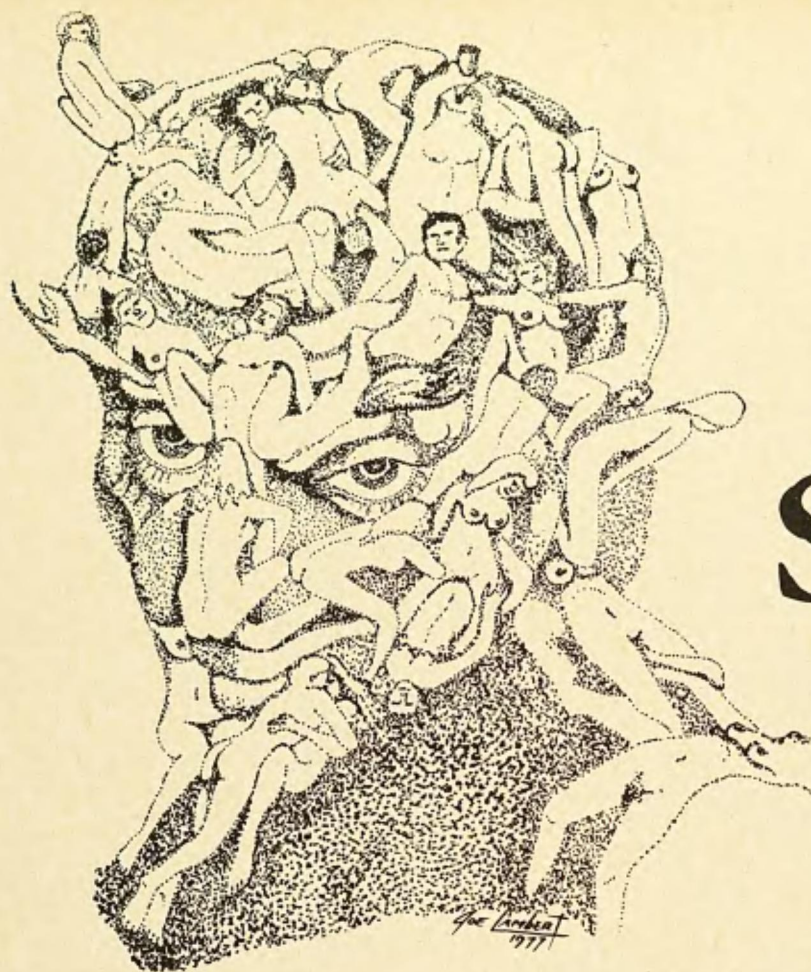
Crazy Mike
Clute, Texas

- Not bad for openers—I always dig a little foreplay before the heavy action.

—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. ■

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL





Sympathy for the Devil

It was dark. Maybe it wasn't exactly as black as a coal miner's ass, but it was pretty damn close. Cutting through darkness that could almost be felt, a single Bates beacon threw a narrow tunnel of light on the straight, flat desert highway.

"Up with the sun, gone with the wind," Crazy Chester bellowed into the pitch-black night. The uneven exhaust of the knucklehead he was riding kept time.

"She always thought I..." Crazy Chester kept at it. And between the tequila in his belly and the white powder in his nasal membrane, he was pretty sure he was giving Bob Seger a run for his money.

It had been one helluva party. It still was, actually. Crazy Chester couldn't really explain to anybody, including himself, what he was doing tearing ass down this old desert two-lane while there was good dope, good booze and warm muff back at the party. Except that it seemed like a pretty good idea at the time.

Good idea or not, that's where he was. Hauling ass and enjoying the living hell out of his knuckle. Enjoying it with the kind of sentimentality that only tequila can bring to

the surface, coupled with the scorching intensity that a good snort will give you.

Crazy Chester was about to finish up his version of "Travelin' Man" when everything suddenly became much darker. Since Chester was into some heavy, full-tilt boogying and in general blowing his mind, it took him a moment or so to realize what had happened.

What happened, of course, was that his lights went out. Or to be more precise, the lights on his bike went out. His personal lights were liable to go out if he didn't get the fuck off the road.

Crazy Chester may have been crazy, but he wasn't stupid. All he needed was some speed-freak diesel jockey thinking he was Johnny Cash, and yelling "breaker breaker, good buddy" into his CB, running over his ass.

Chester pumped the mechanicals gently, finally rolling to a stop. He waited a few uneasy seconds hoping his eyes would adjust to the blackness.

"Owl shit," he finally muttered when it became obvious that when there just ain't no light the eyes

adjust by not seeing.

Fortunately Chester knew this road like an old club mama's snatch: he had traveled both many times. He killed the engine. Slowly and carefully he nudged the bike, while still straddling it, toward where he knew the dirt shoulder should be. Soon he felt gravel crunching beneath his well-worn engineer boots. About four more feet—just in case. His left foot reached out and felt for the familiar presence of the kick stand, which he brought down with practiced ease.

Now that the immediates were out of the way, he could give vent to his frustration.

"Oh fuck!" he yelled into the night. Since there were no mountains there was no echo. And although his voice left his throat with all the force his lungs could produce, it actually sounded small and insignificant. The blackness ate it up. Faster, it seemed, than he could shout it.

Crazy Chester got off the bike and dug into his Levi's. There. The battle-scarred Zippo was there. The one that had the wick pulled out about an inch. Whenever he lit it,

images of a flamethrower came to mind.

He flipped the top open and his thumb flipped the gnarly little wheel that goosed the flint into action.

Like a pissed-off dragon, the Zip-po belched fire.

"Ahh . . . thank you so much," a smooth, deep voice said, sticking a thin cigar into the flame.

"You sonofabitch motherfucker!" Crazy Chester yelled, jumping back and dropping the lighter. "Where-dafuckyoucomefrom!" It wasn't a question; it was a reaction. Chester was pissed, but he heard his voice cracking just the same. All in all he should have been glad that his pants were dry. He took a deep breath. His heart was jackhammering, threatening to shoot out his left ear. A hit of speed was a cup of coffee compared with this.

The fire had been sucked back into the lighter lying at the stranger's feet. Before the last flicker of light disappeared, Chester was aware of seeing sharply creased black, flared pants above high-gloss, black dress boots.

If possible, it got darker. As Chester was wondering exactly where the cocksucker was, so he could place a well-earned kick into his gonads, the stranger appeared two feet to the left of him. The cigar was gone. Instead, the dude held a black candle that cast a surprising amount of reddish light. Chester had not heard him move, nor had he heard the click of a lighter or the striking of a match.

All of a sudden Chester had one of those gut feelings. A gut feeling that told him that it just might not be in his best interests to follow through with his original plan of putting this dude's balls halfway up his stomach.

Chester was no midget. In fact he was big. But this dude was bigger. Chester scoped on the man with the candle: black pants met a black shirt. Broad shoulders were covered by a black leather jacket that went about a foot lower than his waist. One hand was lightly, almost carelessly, holding a walking cane with a large brass ball for a handle. The other hand held the candle with an eerie steadiness.

The man in black returned Chester's appraisal with an amused, sardonic half-smile. Black eyes glinted in the strange candlelight. Chester had never seen a beard that was so intricately trimmed and

shaped: a thin, black wraparound beard that shot thin flames of hair up very white—bloodless, it seemed—cheeks. His black hair was shoulder length and fell back loosely over the leather collar.

Involuntarily Chester brought a hand to his face and felt his own blond, bushy beard.

"How very fortunate of you to break down." The resonant, silk-smooth voice again. "Now we can have a little talk."

Chester said nothing.

"You know who I am?" The man smiled without humor.

"I fuckin' hope not, man," Chester told him truthfully.

"No?" The black eyes narrowed. "I think you guessed. I am"—he made what Chester thought a rather theatrical bow—"Lucifer, Beelzebub, Diabolus, Mephistopheles. Or if you prefer"—he grinned, flashing very white shark teeth—"Satan or just plain Devil."

"They call me Crazy Chester," Crazy Chester told him.

"Well, Chester," Satan began pleasantly enough, "I'm here to give you the standard three wishes. In return, of course, I want your soul." Sniffing once, he added: "Such as it is."

Now, Chester wasn't what you'd call one of your all-time great believers. Jesus freak or otherwise. In fact, about the only things Chester believed in were his bros and his right to live the way he wanted to. It was true, everybody—himself included—talked a lotta shit about puttin' with the Devil; goin' to a Hell which was really a bikers' paradise. Bikes, booze, broads. But when you really got down to it—

"Before we get any further," the Devil interrupted Chester's theological musings, "I'm going to have to give you a few other ground rules."

While Satan was speaking, the flame on the candle rose about six inches.

"I'm going to explain it to you so you'll understand very clearly: I got no time to fuck around with a buncha scrotes like I used to. You know, give 'em time to think about it, try and talk 'em into it, so on and so forth." Chester could see the Devil getting pissed. "So what I'm telling you is this"—and now his voice was still deep but no longer pleasant—"you take my offer, wishes for soul, or I'm gonna fry your ragged ass right here and now."

With those words he pointed to a cactus about fifteen feet away. A

cactus Chester could see clearly now that the candle was giving more light.

"Just like this!" The Devil laughed and the cactus burst into flames. Then it was gone.

Crazy Chester felt himself swallow and was glad he took gut feelings seriously and hadn't tried kicking at this dude. Another gut feeling was coming into view. And it was right then and there that Crazy Chester knew there was only one way he was going to make it out of there alive and with his ass in one piece.

"What if you can't get me all my wishes," he began, "what if—"

"Don't be absurd," Satan barked, and his voice refused to be swallowed up by the night. As he spoke the flame rose even higher.

Chester swallowed again. It was getting hard to swallow now because his mouth was as dry as a wino's old bottle. He plunged on:

"Yeah, yeah, I'm hip to all that shit," he said, forcing himself to look at the candle, "but what if you can't handle—or don't wanna handle—one of my wishes?"

"Are you trying to waste my time?" Satan spoke slowly and softly, making Chester wish that he were still yelling. This soft voice made his balls shrivel.

"Hell no . . . er no, man, it's just I wanna know if you don't come through with one of 'em—do I get to keep the rest?"

"Of course, of course," as if swatting a fly.

"And keep my soul?" Chester pushed.

"Yes. Yes!" The Devil's patience was just about used up.

"Okay then," Crazy Chester said, "I want dual Lucas sealed-beam headlights on top of a workin' electrical system, for wish number one."

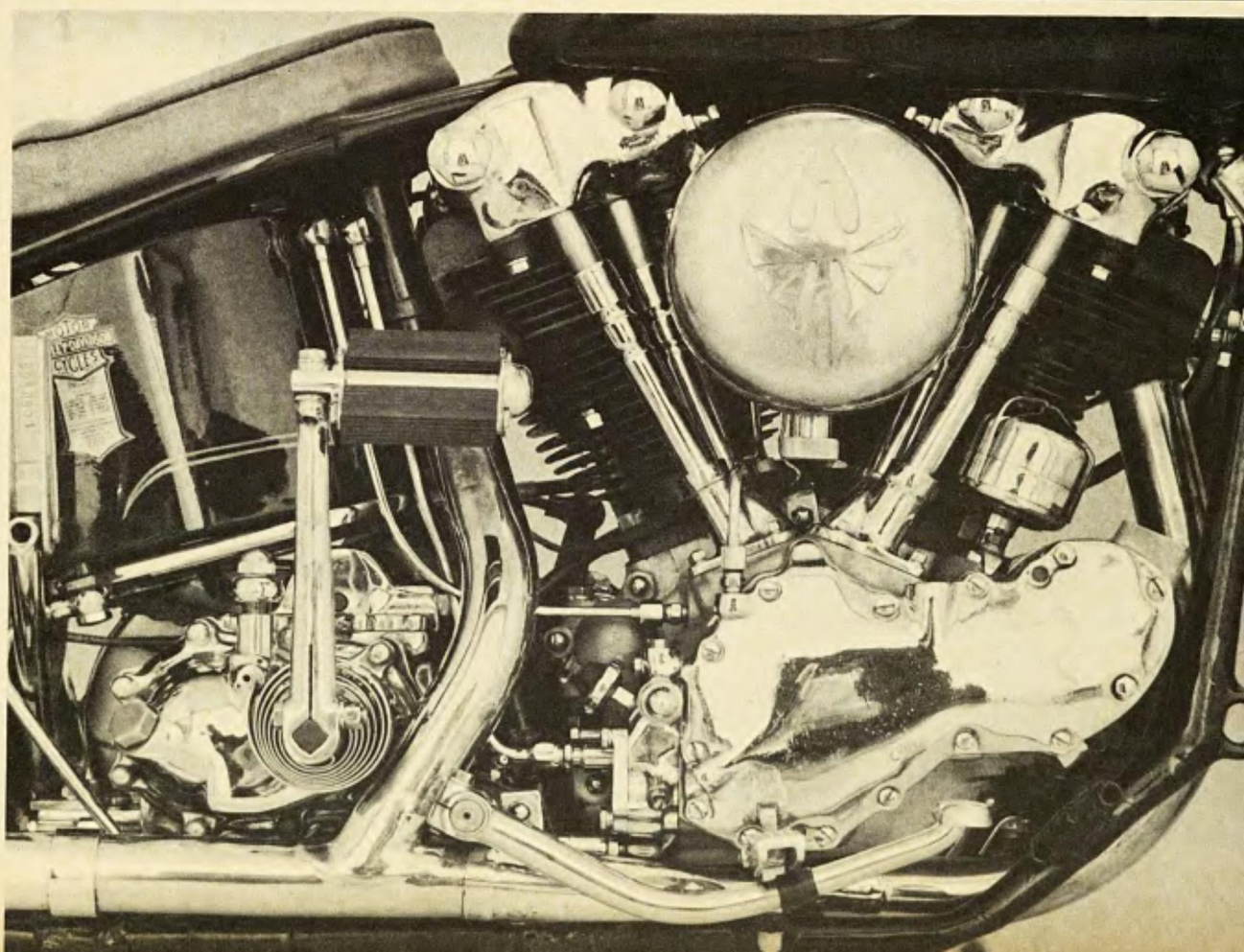
"Sled bums," the Devil snorted disgustedly, then pointed with his cane toward Chester's bike. Chester turned and saw candlelight reflected in the chrome of the Lucas lights. He walked over and flipped a toggle switch. Bright light. Chester nodded and smiled.

"Okay. Now I want you to make me the best cocksman around."

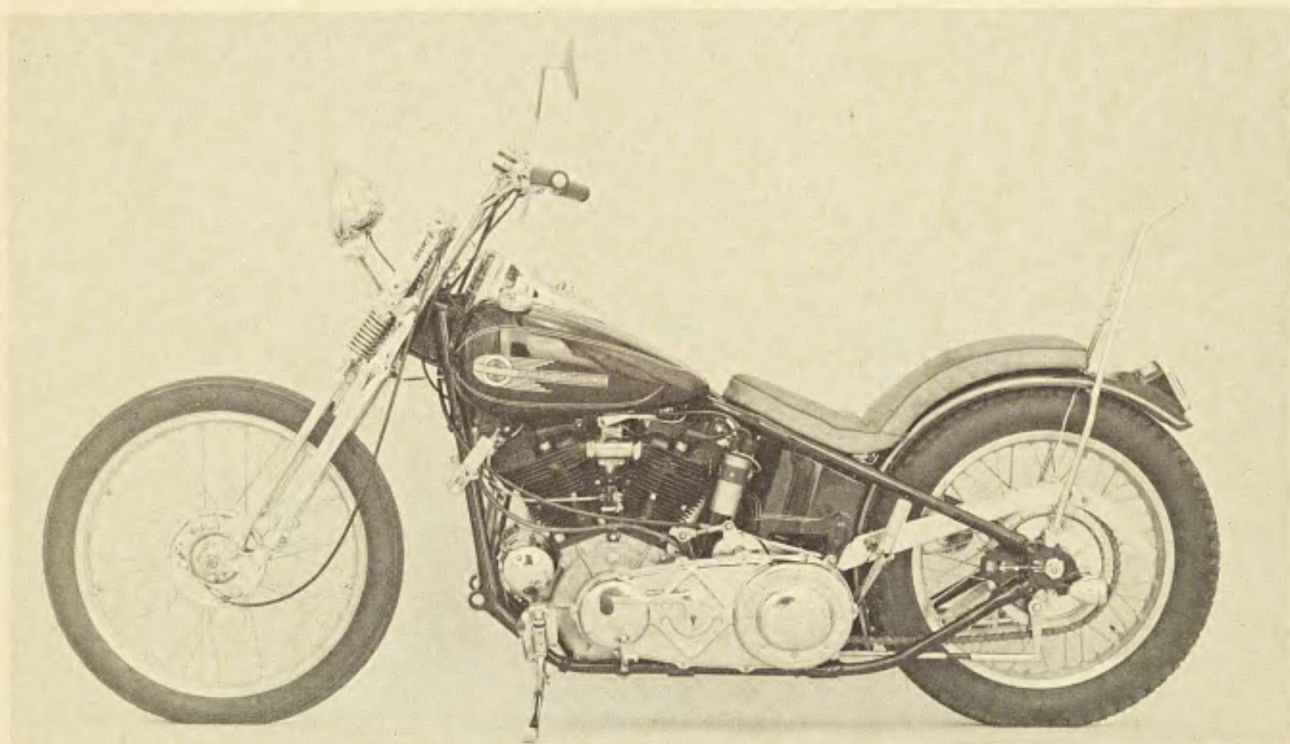
The Devil arched an eyebrow.

"You know: the best stud going. The best meat injector, pussy pirate, cunt carouser. I want the broads to lose their fuckin' heads over me. I wanna be the best lay any broad's

—Continued on page 73



MAN! TALK ABOUT AN EAR-RINGIN', DRAG-IT-IN-THE-DIRT, FAR-OUT KNUCKLE WELL, HERE IT IS!

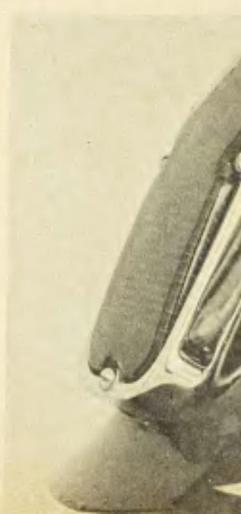
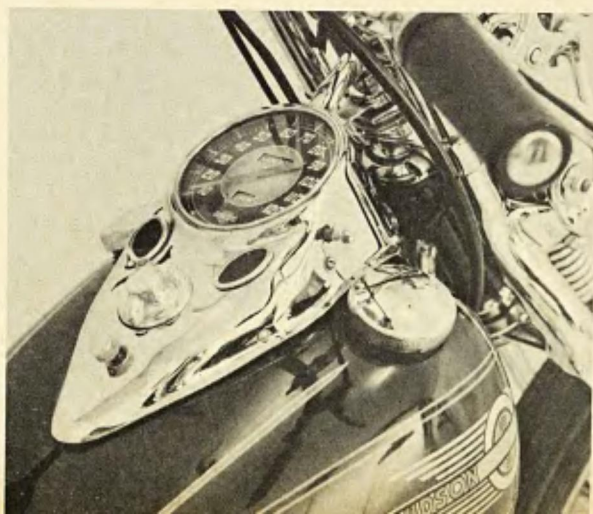
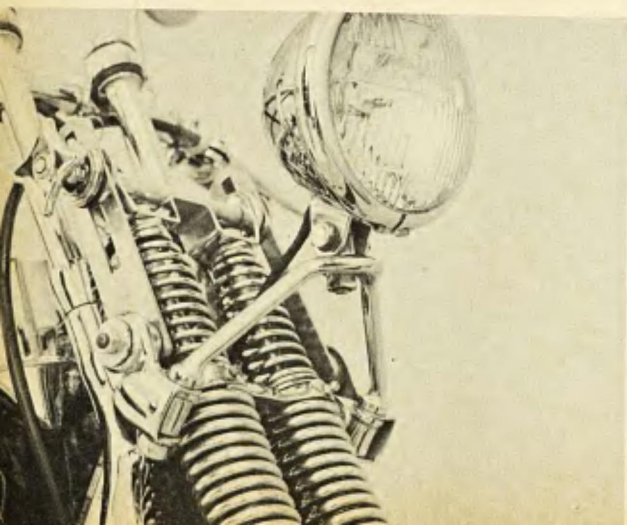


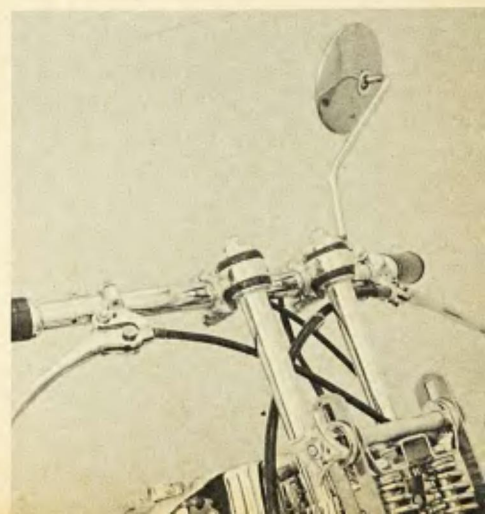
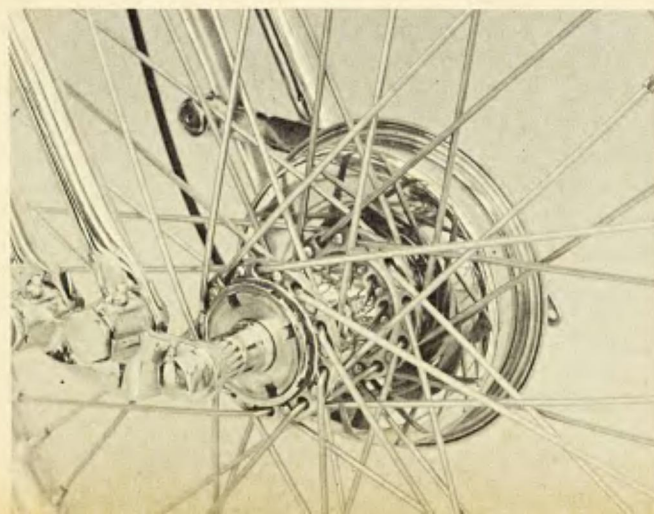
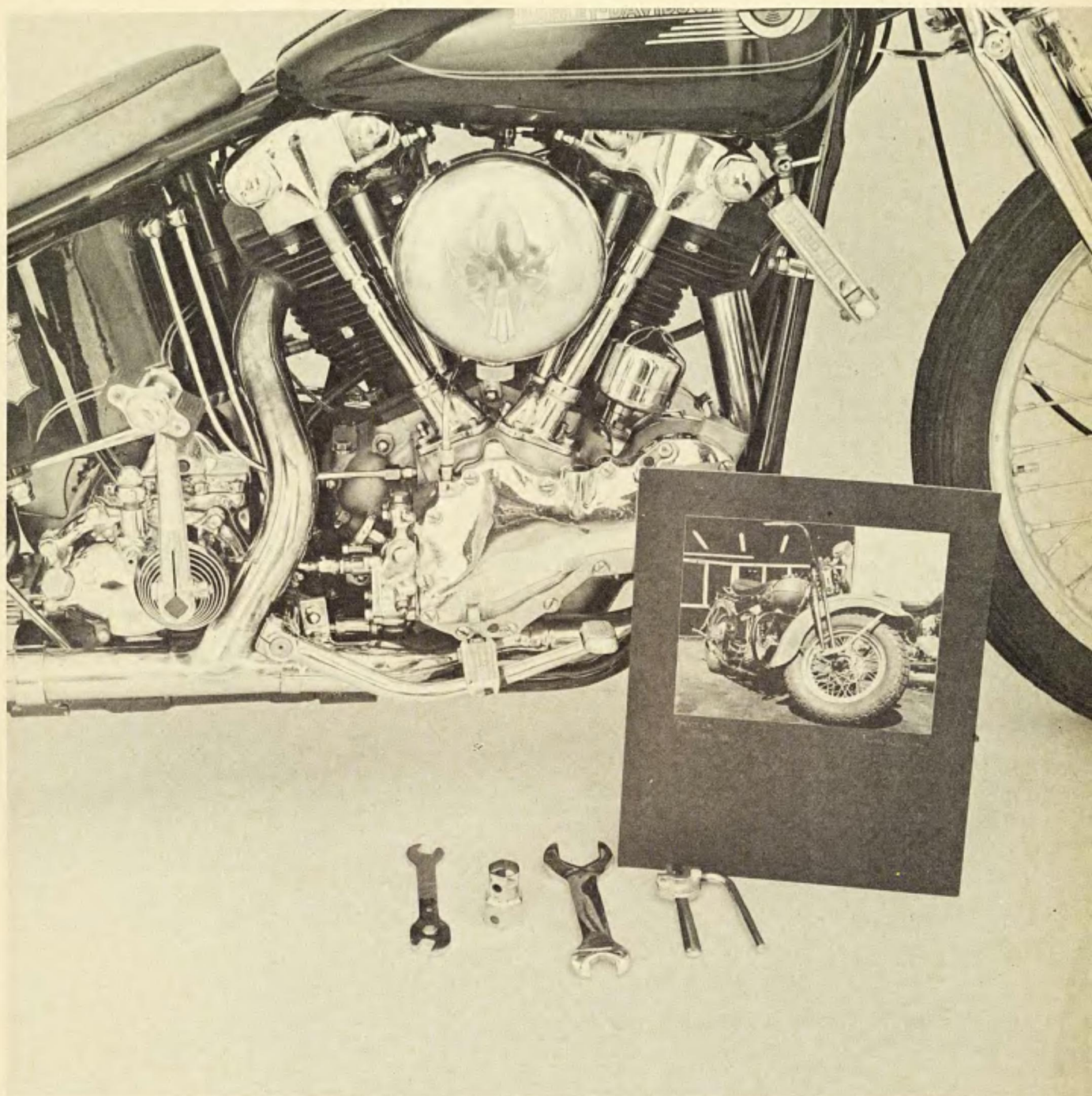
Kris Ward, the builder of this sled, has gotta be a genius when it comes to puttin' together an old machine an' makin' it look like it just came offa the production line. When ya look at this meticulous piece of machinery, ya feel like you've gone back in time, an' only the perfection of modern paint and chrome, an' the builder's flair for hand-

crafting this unique old-timer, makes ya realize you're here, today.

There is true mechanical art involved in the functional construction of this machine. So much art, in fact, that it appears that some wizard penetrated the sanctity of his garage, changing it into a studio of perfection.

Few bikers ever go to this extreme





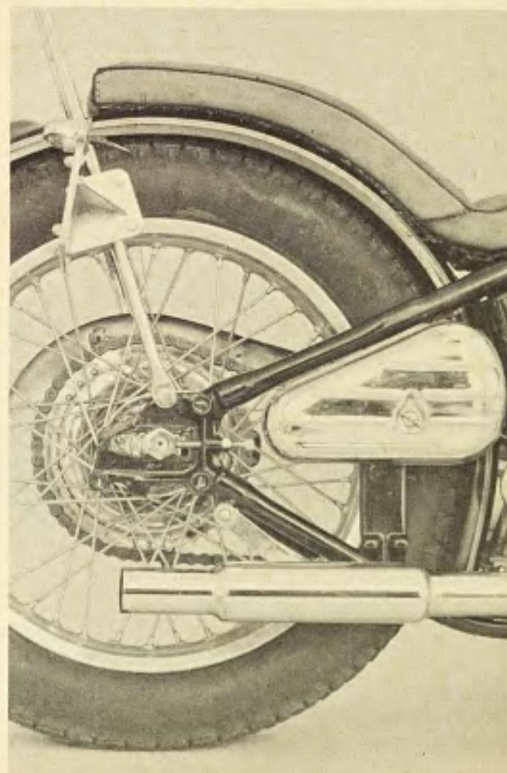
Owner: Kris Ward		City: San Marcos, California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1946	
Year and make: 1946 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: \$6,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 8 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Lemon Grove Pltg.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner	
Year: 1946		Risers: brass rubber mount	
Model: FL		Fender(s): 5 in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: 12V auto advance		Taillight: '47 tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: stock knuckle	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: Dragmaster		Rear pegs: Anderson	
Pistons: FLH		Electrics: 12V	
Cases: glass beaded		Gas tank: '36 fatbobs	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: '36 banjo style	
Cam: EL		Oil system: latex oil pump	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: reworked H-D	
Carb(s): reworked M-74B		Seat: by Duffy	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissy bar: owner	
Pipes: stock		Height: 18 in. above fender	
Muffler(s): MCM		Material: 1/2 in. mild steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: spec. shift linkage		Type: VL	
Year: 1962		Extension: none	
Shifting: reverse foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 23 early comp.		Special features: stem reworked	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 19
Molding: Mike's Auto Body		Hub: VL	Hub: star
Painter: Mike Clines & Rich Hardy		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 3 in.
Color: black		Tire: 3.00	Tire: 4.00
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: VL	Brake: stock
Special paint: Dupont Emron			
Other special modifications: Stomper brake, 12-volt electrics complete			

in finding parts so rare or so nearly perfect. The VL front end, the cat's-eye dash (complete with trip gauge knob), and the original, banjo oil fittings are merely a few of the fine details Kris used in his reconstruction. Too bad we can't show the inner workings of the engine and the fine, hand-crafted work of setting up and hand-lapping the internal parts, because the same artistic touch was used in assembling the engine.

Kris has even used the original wrap-around oil tank, tool box and brake cable, and—get a load of this—he's even had the original tools chrome plated, to dazzle the dude who wants to peek inside the box.

This isn't just a pretty reconstruction job. The beauty functions as it was originally intended to, makin' it down the road in style, bendin' into the corners with anything on the road today. An' with his beautiful ol' lady sittin' behind him, the three of 'em present a picture of genuine class as they putt through town or over the highways—the essence of every biker's dream. It is, indeed, a far-out knuckle, you gotta admit. ■

Photos by Pete Chiodo







Perverted Putt

From the evil sacrilege of sensual perversity rode a machine so demented and deranged we had to do a feature on it. Bob's the only bro in town with the censor board on his ass.

Shit, most of us are used to being run off from pubs, and not because our bikes offend the decent citizens. But if uniqueness is the trademark of our hobby, you might as well let it all hang out—right?

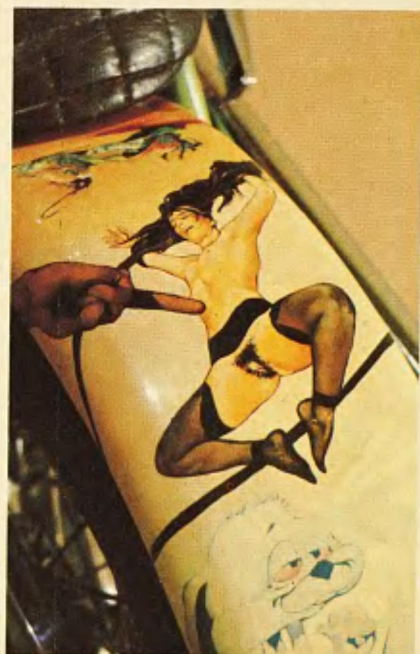
The frame, tank, and fender on this sled took Bill Brent three months to complete, and it's the only artwork Brent has ever put to a motorcycle. His work has many similarities to the highly

regarded work of Frank Frazetta, and for good reason. Bill studied art with one of Frazetta's close associates and admires his style.

Once Bob Trametti discovered the right mind-dazzling stuff to pack Bill's nose with, the idea slowly and surely became reality. And by lining up a young lady or two for him, Bob persuaded Joe Sabols to spray clear coats over the unique finish for protection.

Smoke a joint—the bike has features to trip on for a week. But it's not exactly the putt to flash on the folks at home, ya know.

—Snake



Photos by Pete Chiodo



**Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road**

Daytona Meeting

At the State Coordinators' meeting in Daytona, Florida, it was decided as a matter of policy that ABATE as a lobbying organization would discourage back patches on cut-offs. This was decided as necessary in order not to be misjudged as a "club," either by outlaw groups who might think a new "club" was in their backyard or by the police who immediately associate a back patch with Christ knows what.

As a freedom-seeking organization ABATE has no desire to dictate to anyone. It's just that the organization as a whole will try to discourage the wearing of back patches—but certainly everyone has a mind of his own. Just remember that our goal is to fight anti-bike laws wherever they may be—not to come off as a badass biker club—in anyone's eyes.

It was also decided that it was about time we got organized—with a charter, by-laws—the whole tamale. Nominations were held, and secret balloting elected five members as a steering committee to take ideas from all members everywhere and boil the results down into a charter and by-laws. Their suggestions will be presented at the Labor Day meeting to be held at the Old Military Campgrounds, Lake Perry, Kansas on September 3rd through 5th.

Details will be ironed out at that meeting and then mailed to all state coordinators for ratification. At that time, or immediately following, national officers will be elected.

Little else was accomplished at the Daytona meeting, largely due to disorganization, failure to run the meeting according to Robert's Rules, and the fact that it was held in a small room with many more people attending than were planned for. Future meetings will be run more efficiently.

In this writer's opinion, there seems to be a "caste" system developing, which we at the National office will have no part in. All members of ABATE are members and have a voice in the direction of the organization. The coordinators are just that, coordinators. Their function is to organize, plan, and run an efficient organization—but cer-

tainly a democratic one. We never want to fall into the same trap as the AMA, where a few people decide the fate of many. As far as Easyriders is concerned, it's gonna be democratic—or else. We were the creators of the organization and the sole financiers of it—and continue to be. And as long as this is true, we are going to see that it remains a grass-roots organization—for all street bikers—straights, outlaws, you name it. The problems that confront us are mutual, and we're going to fight them together. One for all, all for one.

Easyriders, in the best interests of the organization, will continue to maintain a low profile, as always. We have never been on an ego trip, nor do we plan to be. But we don't want our low profile misunderstood. We intend to remain active and to take an aggressive part in the organization—just as we have since its inception many years ago when no one was doing anything about the unjust laws and when we were even criticized for doing so. Go back and read those early issues—see what the other rags were saying and compare them to our stand. We want everyone to know that we have not changed—not one iota.

Non-elected officials affect our lives

Virginia's efforts to repeal its helmet law failed this year largely because of one individual—the state's Director of Highway Safety, John T. Hanna. If you'll recall, we mentioned him in the last issue—he's the dude who wanted examples of helmets to influence the legislators. Well, we just received some of his comments made to the legislators. These remarks are a good example of what we're up against by non-elected people, who are not answerable to the voting public.

"The Virginia General Assembly adopted this law because most legislators felt a genuine concern for tragic and needless loss of

young lives. . . . In furthering highway safety, the legislature is not limited to measures to prevent accidents; it may also design a program to reduce the consequences of accidents," Hanna said.

Among his other arguments for retaining the helmet law, Hanna said that the "statute benefits the driver of a motor vehicle which may accidentally collide with a motorcyclist. If the helmet succeeds in mitigating what otherwise would be a fatal injury, then not only has the cyclist survived, but the motor vehicle operator has not killed anyone" and has avoided possible manslaughter charges. (University of North Carolina researchers have found that 59 percent of all motorcycle collisions are with automobiles.)

Here's how the system works

To the layman, "legislation" and "regulation" mean the same thing—a law to comply with. But to a government relations specialist they are different and different strategies must be employed to influence them.

Legislation can be either broad or specific in scope. It is the process by which elected public officials make law. There are several opportunities to influence this process, all the way from supporting the most favorably inclined candidate to writing letters or appearing at hearings.

A law, once passed, usually delegates the enforcement and some-

times the further development of details to a regulatory agency. These agencies are not staffed by elected public servants, but are headed by political appointees by the executive branch of government and staffed by professional (and occasionally not-so-professional) civil servants.

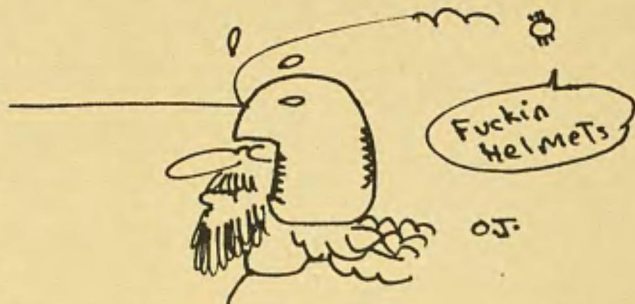
States basically operate the same way. The elected legislature will pass a law, then delegate the interpretation and implementation to a police agency, an environmental commission, a recreation agency or other appropriate non-elected full-time regulatory agencies.

—Alan R. Isley
Motorcycle Industry Council

State News

Illinois: Bill Orce reports that ABATE of Illinois is working on a program to get that state's lights-on law repealed. They want everyone in that state to write their state Senators and Representatives. They also are searching for an indoor riding area to aid in their work with the state's driver education program. Anyone knowing of an indoor arena should contact Bill at Box 152, Prospect Hgts., Illinois 60070.

New Mexico: ABATE of New Mexico and all the concerned bikers of that state were able to get rid of their helmet law. They are now pushing for more members to fight other restrictive laws in that state. People wishing to join should write them at Box 656, Jal, New Mexico 88252.



New Jersey: Two repeal bills are under way in that state. The chapter needs members. Write ABATE of North New Jersey, c/o TDA Cycle Shop, 4 South Avenue West, Cranford, N.J. 07016, or ABATE of South New Jersey, c/o Terry Thomas, Box 75, Barrington, N.J. 08007.

Colorado: They were able to get rid of their helmet law for a two year test period. To join, write ABATE of Colorado, Box 1643, Pueblo, Co. 81002.

Texas: Sen. Bill Moore, who is for helmets, made the following comment recently: "I heard one of 'em (a biker) got killed yesterday. If we got rid of the helmets, maybe we could get rid of 'em all." That's the kind of lawmakers we're up against in some places—it makes ya wonder how they got elected.

Connecticut: The story began with Milford, Connecticut Police Officers asking their commissioners for additional protective equipment. They wanted rifle racks, protective screens in their black & whites, and (get this) helmets. Well, they got their racks, screens, and helmets. The helmets are the type that's cut above the ears and have a sun visor, are smaller and shaped a little differently from m/c helmets (and I'm sure are a little more comfortable). However, after a 90-day test period, the officers complained that the helmets were too heavy, caused headaches and even impaired vision and hearing. What, my friends, does that tell you?

Nevada: All of you Nevada bikers had better get off your asses if you want your helmet law repealed. Your repeal bill, AB7, for adults 18 and over, has already passed the Assembly, but still has to get past the Senate Transportation Committee and the Senate before it can go into effect. The unofficial word is that it will probably be passed. There is a toll-free number you can call (1-800-992-0970) to talk to your legislators or to leave a message. For more information, write ABATE of Nevada, 1201 Pyramid Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89108.

Indiana: Thanks to Wanda Hummel, ABATE of Indiana, and to all the bikers who wrote in, the helmet repeal bill passed. To help keep us riding free, join ABATE of Indiana, C/O Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, IN 46514.

Mississippi: ABATE of Mississippi is having a little trouble getting off the ground. As it is a relatively new organization, it has too few members and they need your help.

According to the Mississippi Governor's Safety Director, the statistics that were gathered showing that helmets are dangerous have been labeled incorrect and the statisticians have been fined. ABATE has been working on the

Senators and Representatives, but they can't do it alone. So get off your asses and write your legislators. Let them know we all stand together in wanting to change the unfair laws. For more information on whom to write or to join ABATE, contact ABATE of Mississippi, Rt. 11, Box 207B, Jackson, MS 39208.

Montana: Congratulations to Rick Pylypuw, ABATE of Montana, and all of the other concerned bikers who worked together to get the repeal on the Montana lid law. To join ABATE of Montana, write ABATE of Montana, Rick's Custom Cycle, 725 S. Arizona, Butte, Montana 59709.

Oregon: ABATE of Oregon has been working on several bills that have recently been introduced. Foremost among these is HB 2340, which will repeal the mandatory helmet law. Pat Whiting, Chairwoman of The House Committee on Transportation, is quite adamant about retaining the helmet law; however, we do have a repeal sponsor, George Starr, who is also on the committee. Word reaches us that Rep. Carson intends to introduce a plan to disallow any lawsuit or insurance if a biker is involved in an accident and isn't wearing the so called "protective headgear". Under these conditions, Carson would vote for repeal of the helmet law. It is imperative that Whiting and Carson get a flood of letters telling them of our feelings. If we don't stick up for our rights right now, we'll soon be out of business in Oregon. For more information on how to help or to join ABATE of Oregon, contact either ABATE of Oregon, Attn: Luke Metcalf, P.O. Box 5404, Portland, OR 97208, or ABATE of Oregon/Mid-Valley, Attn: Doug Monson, C/O Freedom Cycle Works, 1190 12th St., S.E. Salem, OR 97302 or ABATE of Indian Creek, Attn: Ron Caswell, P.O. Box 74, Summerville, OR 97876.

Wyoming: The hard work of ABATE of Wyoming has finally paid off. The mandatory helmet law was recently repealed. Congratulations to one and all. To join ABATE of Wyoming contact Pat & Ed Iskra, P.O. Box 441, Rock Springs, WY 82901 or ABATE of Wyoming, Mid-State Coordinator, 1545 East A, Casper, WY 82601.

Delaware: We've just got word that a helmet repeal bill (HB 85) has just been introduced into the House. This bill is sponsored by Rep. Byrd and Rep. Mynner. With your support, it'll pass. Start writing now. For further information on whom to write, contact ABATE of Delaware, P.O. Box 5203, Marshallton, DL 19808.

Nebraska: Welcome to our new brothers at ABATE of Nebraska. And congratulations to all Nebraskan bikers, because you now have an organization to join to help pro-

tect your rights and the rights of your brothers. If you're interested in joining your brothers in their cause to ride free, contact ABATE of Nebraska, P.O. Box 30332, Lincoln, NB 68503.

Notice to all ABATE chapters and other concerned motor- cycle rights organizations

The next National ABATE Conference and Coordinator's meeting will be Labor Day Weekend—Sept. 3-5 at Old Military Trail Campgrounds, Lake Perry, Kansas. Here are some of the plans we have for this year:

1. There will be a \$1 admittance fee at the gate—you will receive a Labor Day '77 pin to wear when you pay your dollar. The rest of the money will be used to pay bands, power supply rental, etc.
2. It will be required that persons be a member of ABATE or other approved motorcycle rights organizations before they arrive. One exception—each member will be allowed one guest.
3. The Coordinator's meeting will be at 11:00 am on Sunday the 4th, place of meeting to be announced later. Passes will be sent to each ABATE chapter and all other approved motorcycle rights organizations prior to Labor Day.
4. There will be a chuck wagon with meals other than hamburgers and hot dogs, including breakfast, all for reasonable price.
5. There will be a tent store with various grocery and medical supplies.
6. We have a booth where all groups can display and sell their merchandise. We ask that all groups find some volunteers to man this booth.
7. Arrangements have been made with a motorcycle shop to stay open that entire weekend in K.C. We will call him on CB for any parts needed and one of our members will make a trip once a day to pick up parts.
8. We would like other chapters or groups who are interested to host an event, such as slow races, bike show, or whatever they come up with. They will charge the fee for their event, furnish prizes, etc. Event submissions will be on a first come, first served basis, so get your submissions into ABATE of Kansas as soon as possible.

9. We suggest that all bikers who play a musical instrument and have a way to bring them, do so. Those of you who were there last year remember that the bands quit at 1:00 am but the bikers didn't and we had one dude with a harmonica and another using ice chests for drums who made some pretty good sounds.

Join ABATE

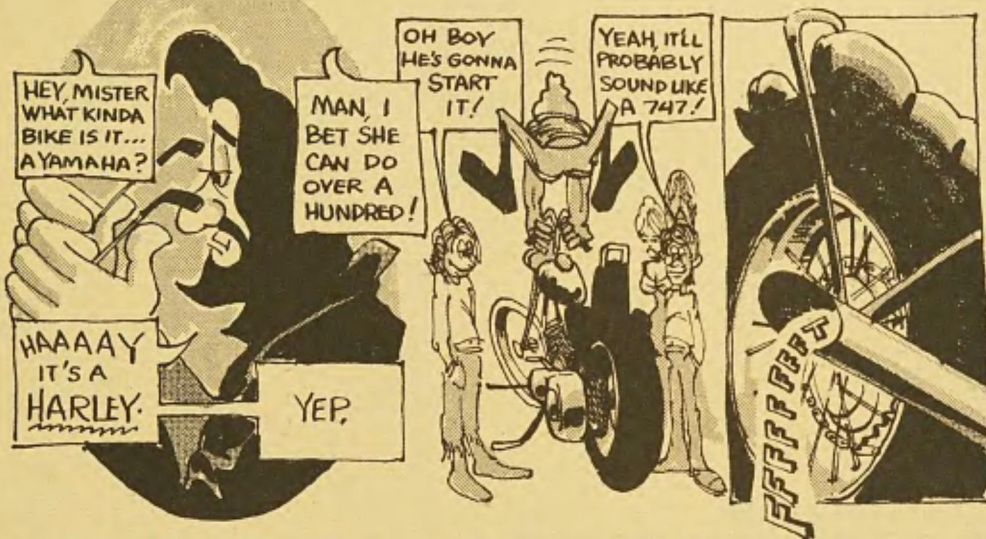
For six years now, ABATE has been doing its best to help all street riders to ride free. It has not been easy nor cheap. The one big question is have you done your part in helping to repeal unjust m/c legislation? If not, it's time now for you to join in support of ABATE—both in membership and in letter-writing.

This is your organization and only your support will keep it strong and free. Those wanting to join can send their name and address to us here at the National Headquarters and we will forward it to the ABATE chapter nearest you. It will send you information on membership dues and what you can do to help with the current and upcoming legislation problems in your state. Write: ABATE NATIONAL, Membership Information, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.

Now we're not the type to call other people names, but...

Have you ever noticed that the strongest defenders of the helmets are the "straight" motorcycle press? You can read other magazines and newspapers and you usually get an objective viewpoint—not all of the time, just most of the time. But you very seldom get an unbiased viewpoint from the straight motorcycle press. There are exceptions, of course. The main one is Roger Hull's *Road Rider* and maybe another magazine or two. Two weekly motorcycle newspapers seem to give an unbiased report, the *Motorcyclist's Post* in the East, and *Biker* in the West. We're sure there are others.

But some of the larger rags, like *Cycle*, *Cycle World*, and *Cycle Guide* have not only editorialized in favor of helmets, but have also run major features in support of helmets. Which brings to our feeble minds the question whether there's a tie between their feverish defense and all of the full-color helmet advertising that flourishes in between those articles. Maybe not—maybe we're just getting cynical in our old age. ■



HANGOVER CURES



How many times have we all laughed over some dumbass comedian's hangover routine? Lots. In fact, hangovers are pretty fucking hilarious, unless you're the poor asshole who has one. Then it's no laughing matter.

There are a fortunate few who can get blitzed one night and wake up with a simple aching head, or itchy teeth, or a weird racy feeling under the skin. But how about the rest of us? The ones who are so sick from good-timin' we can't even get out of bed without barfing? This kind of hangover has ruined more good times than the fuzz.

If you have this kind of body chemistry (and everyone's reaction to alcohol is different) you know what it feels like to be really out of it the second day into a run, and have the whole bit fucked by dryheaviness. You also know what it's like to have to bypass a real ass-kicking party just because something's happening the next day and you have to at least be able to walk.

This article is really for you, and it's full of sure-fire remedies to help put you back among the walking wounded, or maybe even cure you completely. It's also for those who have the lighter versions the morning after. As for those who've never even had a hangover, piss on ya. May you become allergic to pussy.

Hair Of The Hound: Are you one of those lucky bastards who can start all over again the next day with a little help? If so, the traditional Bloody Mary may be your medicine. An easy recipe for that is 2 ounces of vodka (or gin) paired up with tomato juice, hot sauce, fresh lime if you dig it, and that magic potion, Worcestershire sauce (more about that later). But Bloody Marys make a lot of people even sicker, so here's another suggestion. A very humane and understanding bartender in New Orleans once invented a pearl of a fixer-upper called the Ramos Fizz. These can be lethal, but they work while getting you right back where you started the night before. For every RF you want to throw together, put the following in a blender: one egg white, one shot of gin, one ounce sweet cream, a squeeze of lemon and at least a teaspoon of powdered sugar. Blend its ass off, and if it's too thick and slick for you, float a little club soda on top of the glass (or helmet—they gotta be good for something) you're sucking out of.

If the thought of gin or vodka makes your guts smoke, try the original Bloody Mary, the good ol' Red Eye (also known as the Cincinnati). Pour beer and tomato juice together (it's better if they're both icy cold), throw in some salt and get well soon. Caution: if alcohol really reams your stomach the day after, don't go more than three Red Eyes in a row. Wait a couple of hours and do three more.

Another great in-the-wind cure is the new canned grapefruit juice with honey. Honey goes right to your bloodstream, the same as booze, and works fast. Try a few cans of this, alone or with a vodka or gin chaser. Who knows, you may live after all. If you're home where no one can see you and laugh, room-temp honey mixed with room-temp prune juice works, too, but don't try it if drinking gives you the drizzlies!

Drugs: One of the best cures for a hangover is a powerful snort. Classic belter Errol Flynn used to talk his doctor into giving him shots of the stuff to put him back in action, but when he died at age fifty, they say he had the internal organs of an eighty-year-old man. Whatever, there are a lot of cheaper ways to go at it. Sleep is important in shaking the gut-thumps, but it's hard for a lot of drinkers to stay asleep (especially those with sugar intolerance problems like diabetes or hypoglycemia because alcohol becomes sugar in the body). Try taking a couple of reds or ludes for medicinal purposes only (for a change) and they'll help you stay conked.

Medicine cabinet junk can help, too. Something as simple as aspirin can make you feel better, especially when taken before and after sleeping. The same goes for Alka Seltzer, especially if taken with club soda, again before and after. Valium is a good straightener-out, too. If you get the drizzlies to the point where it's a serious problem and not just a pain in the ass, there are two potent medicines for this, a lot stronger than Kaopectate or Pepto Bismal, but you'll need a scrip. Who wants to go to a doctor, but isn't it better than having to switch to drinking hot cocoa? Ask the quack for Paracetamol (a real soother containing opium—it won't get you high, but oh, whatta relief it is) or Lomotil. For sure you won't be telling the doc how you managed to come down with Ernest and Julio's Revenge, but if he starts with the let's-take-some-tests crap, just tell him you're broke. That'll shut the greed-head up, fast.

Sex and Food. Definitely In that Order: One surefire way to survive a hangover is a nice helping of nuts. But better forget you ever heard of the missionary position because this is no time to prove you can puke and pump at the same time without missing a stroke. Let your ol' lady ride the pony after a brisk canter down Tonsil Lane.

As for what you eat, another famous knee-walker, Richard Burton, swears by chili and beer for breakfast (not mixed together, for fuck's sake). And there's always the remedy of them all, menudo. (See the Dec. '76 #42 issue of ER for an easy recipe if you don't have one, or try the canned brand—it works,

too.) There's no truth to the old drunk's tale that menudo restores the belly because it's made from the stomach lining of a cow, or tripe. Menudo doesn't reline your gut, it realigns your act because of the spices (garlic, cumin, chili powder) and its acid content.

The drinker's best friend is the tomato. Not the one riding behind you, but the one that neutralizes the sugar in your system. Tomatoes figure in a large percentage of hangover remedies, including the Italian restorer where you eat any kind of cold pasta with spicy tomato sauce, straight from the fridge.

Cold milk can help straighten you out, so can vanilla ice cream or thick shakes or malts. But don't do any of those if you have a sugar problem. Instead, stuff your face with protein (meat, eggs) plus acid. No, no, not the good kind—something with vinegar or tomatoes. If you're too sick to eat but heavy in the balls department, choke down a raw egg buried in chili powder or hot sauce and plenty of Worcestershire.

Preventive Medicine and Misc. Rescues: Back to the drinker's buddy for a moment. If you're a beer drinker who feels like shit the next day, throw in an occasional can of tomato juice during the evening. This works for vodka drinkers, too. It takes more vodka to get you anywhere if you mix it with tj, but it helps avoid the aftermath. Later with eating first, or drinking a glass of cream to line your stomach. It's hard to blow a hole in it with booze if you start on a full gut. But you can take some precautionary measures after drinking. Any kind of food will help, especially anything oily or spicy and acidic. Many menudo devotees scarf it up before hitting the rack, thereby avoiding the mourning after. Since alcohol dehydrates the body so badly, you can also try plenty of water before sacking out, and a couple of salt tablets. A tablespoon of Worcestershire (gag) at night can also keep a nausea hangover from starting. It's also good the next morning, in the same quantity, even if it does taste like spider's blood.

Plain soda crackers are miracle-workers, too. They're the best way in the world to sober up fast because they absorb alcohol like a sponge. They're good to stop nausea too, the next day. If you have the bucks left after a toot to hit a steam room, this makes the booze ooze. But it's hard to find a real bathhouse where some hooker isn't hyping \$75 hand jobs or the friendly neighborhood faggot doesn't want you to give up the booty. Executives who are panicked about keeping fit stop drinking every third month for thirty days. This is supposed to completely repair the ravages of the grape and grain.

Sounds like a lot more fun to take some of the above advice, rest up a couple of days and start all over again!



Bent Bitch

She stood on the edge of the highway, her richly curved body slouched arrogantly. The cold expression on her finely chiseled features clearly indicated a mingling of caution, boredom, and contempt.

One or two more, she thought, and I'll have enough to take back to Mona. God, how I miss her! The girl sighed, shoving a thick whorl of coppery hair up from her frosty green eyes and feeling the familiar ache of loneliness surge through her body. A sudden gust of wind tugged at her burnished mane of hair, bringing the faint sound of the distant motorcycle's powerful engine.

Instantly her eyes narrowed, peering in the direction of the approaching sound. Then they dropped to a brief examination of herself—the haughty, high breasts jutting against the snug T-shirt, the rounded belly and full hips filling the faded denim flares. Satisfied, she shifted the shoulderbag to a more comfortable position and watched the highway where it spewed abruptly from the nearby canyon. The motorcycle's thundering grew louder. Raising her head, she took a pair of sunglasses from the shoulder bag, slipping them over the icy eyes. A cruel smile lifted the wide-lipped mouth into a triumphant smirk.

Hurry up, dipshit, she thought impatiently.

* * *

She stood beside the motel bed, watching the huge man carefully wheel his dusty chopper into the room and lean it against its kickstand.

"Why don't I go get us some cold beer?" she suggested.

He glanced at her, a grinning giant whose tousled long hair and bushy beard were stained dull with travel. "I can dig that plan," he said. "So what the fuck are ya waitin' for, baby?"

"Strap some cash on me."

"Christ almighty!" he sighed, bringing the fat wallet from a butt pocket, pulling a twenty from the thick sheaf of bills and handing it to her. "I pack the broad all the way from the fuckin' middle of nowhere over two hunnert miles, feed her pretty face the best goddam steak money can buy, an' she can't even pop fer suds! Ain'tcha gonna contribute *anything* to this run?"

She smiled, deliberately running her glistening tongue slowly, teasingly over her moistened, full lips. "You jes' hit the showers, man, and get'cher hairy bod all squeaky clean. My contribution starts *there*." She nodded toward the waiting bed.

"Promises, promises," he murmured mockingly, but his pale blue eyes gleamed with excitement.

"I plan to drink you dry, fer openers."

"Little cunt like you couldn't hold all my juice, hon." He pulled his grimy T-shirt over his head, revealing a powerfully muscled torso. "Shit, I ain't been balled in damn near a week."

"Then this is your lucky day." She moved past him, swinging her hips and knowing his eyes were avidly pinned to her waggling, provocative behind. "Because all the heavy action begins after the first brew, so don't get restless and split on me."

"No way, baby!" he muttered hoarsely.

* * *

Returning from the market, she stepped outside the motel door. Putting the six-pack down, she took a small container from the shoulder bag, opened it, shook two tiny white capsules into her hand, and recapping the container, dropped it back into the bag.

"Here we go," she whispered, opening the door. If this knockout shit drops the big bastard as fast as it hit those other three assholes, I'm home free, she thought, smiling bleakly. Oh, Mona-love, you won't run my ass off again. Not when you see all the loot. You'll want me around—for my money, my greedy tongue an' all! I'll suck you into the Gay Way yet, yummy Mona! She shuddered with tingling desire as a memory of the naked Mona—her childlike face contorted with lust and shame as she

had squirmed and mewed — flashed through her mind. Oh, yes, sweet girl, you'll depend upon me for everything once I'm back with the bucks!

She stepped into the room, shutting the door behind her and putting the chilled six-pack on the bureau. "Hey, where are ya, dude?" she called brightly.

"In here," he grunted from the bathroom. "Enjoyin' the sound of turds hittin' water instead a sand. First goddam civilized shit I've had in days!"

"Ready for a tall cool one?"

"Is Nixon a has-been?"

Quickly removing her clothes, she popped open one of the beer cans. Carefully she dropped the contents of the capsules into it, knowing the tasteless additive would dissolve within seconds. Sauntering into the small bathroom with the can in her hand, she smiled down at the immense man straddling the toilet. His eyes flickered over her cone-shaped breasts with their pale-pink tips, then moved down to her coppery triangle of tangled pubic hair. His throat convulsed visibly.

"You're all girl," he said thickly, taking the extended beer and gulping at it while his eyes continued roaming over her nudity.

"Every velvety inch," she giggled, stepping into the shower stall and closing the glass door. "But I wanna smell as nice as I hope I look, so it's my turn with the hot water and soap number."

He grunted over a distinct splashing sound.

Suddenly, over the thrumming of the water cascading upon her, she heard him emit a quavering moan.

"You say sumpin', luv?" she called evenly.

"Sh-shit, I feel f-fuckin' damn funny."

She turned off the water, opened the glass door. He sat with a stricken expression, terror glazing his eyes, breathing rapidly.

"I couldn't hear you over the water," she said.

His eyes rolled upwards, a spasm trembled over the muscular body, and he toppled from the toilet seat, thudding onto the tiled floor. Incoherent sounds dribbled from his gap-

ing mouth as another convulsion rippled through the awkwardly sprawled body. Then he was still and very silent, except for the raspy breathing.

"Have a nice twenty-four-hour nap, ya dumb stud," she said in a low voice, stepping over him and pulling a dry towel from its rack. "By the time your so-called mind clears, the sled and I will just be pleasant memories."

Laughing thinly, she began drying her wet flesh.

* * *

Ten hours and six hundred miles later in a totally different direction, she adjusted the shoulder bag's strap, clambered stiffly from her seat, and walked forward to where the Greyhound driver sat hunched over the steering wheel, his attention on the road. Heavily forested hills flowed by on both sides of the bus, blurred with speed and dim in the moonlight.

"Please stop right here," she told him.

Startled, his beefy face glanced up. "Wh-what, lady?"

"I wanna get off—right here."

"B-but we're still sixty miles away from the next—"

"Look, man," she hissed, "don't gimme no shit! I'm free, white and over eighteen. Jes' stop the goddam bus and let me out or I tell the company you molested me while I was aboard! Got that, fatso?"

Two minutes later the ruby tail-lights of the bus vanished into the darkness, leaving her standing beside the highway. She lit a cigarette. It was all so fuckin' simple and easy. The tabs worked like magic. Sellin' the scoots for a mere five hundred each to normally honest mechanics insured no dumbass hassles about legal ownership.

Twin headlights glowed down the highway. Stepping behind a tree, she waited until the car had passed and was gone. She did that twice more in the next half-hour.

Four horny bikers had carried a total of almost five grand. Four sleds had brought another two thousand. She grinned happily as the breeze carried the unmistakable sound of a far distant motorcycle.

"Comin', dearest Mona," she whispered into the night. ■

Biker Music

—Continued from page 13

scream like they've been run over by a semi, and you take a deep swig of beer and listen to "Born to Be Wild." Somewhere in that closet there's also a copy of the soundtrack to *Easy Rider* and a couple Stones albums, but that's it. Pretty fucking sad, you say. Not that it's your fault, but what are you going to do? Unless you live somewhere near a super-progressive rock station, you're basically ass-out, as far as music is concerned, because biker music, as such, is dead.

As much as you may have dug the brief era of the biker idealized in song, it's over. There are replacement parts, but you'll have to search for them. And you should know what killed biker music in the first place.

There are three ways you can identify biker music. The first is that the songs are about bikers, like in the Steppenwolf soundtrack. Sounds easy enough to do. The second way is that the singer himself is a bro. Best example here is David Alan Coe, the ex-con who has paid an awful lot of dues. His latest album cover is just a picture of him riding his Harley, and a top cut on the LP is "Laid Back and Wasted." Our type of dude. The third way to identify groups that have biker appeal is the dumbshit eyeball method: you go to a concert and check out the number of scoots in the parking lot. The more bikes, the badder the sounds.

This third method can fool you at times, though, because there are three reasons your buddies could be at a concert. The group playing could be an asskicker, or the place where they're playing could be a meeting place, or, most likely, the concert could be for free.

Probably the first song about bikers that got any airplay was "Leader of The Pack" by the Shangri-Las. Well, what the fuck, at least the subject was great, if not the music. At least it got some time on the airways. Radio programmers, the guys who make up the playlists for both AM and FM stations, have discovered that the baby boom is over, and consequently the war-era babies are in their late twenties. Most of the late twenties crowd is pretty well settled. Their eardrums can't take any more heavy-metal rock and roll, so in an effort to attract this big segment of the listening public, programmers are developing a "mellow rock" format, where nothing grates against the ears. It's the type of rock-flavored ballad stuff that could help you lose a hardon.

What this means to record companies is that their hardass stuff will

get progressively less airplay on the national market. And since the repetition of constant airplay boosts sales, the record company executives are leaning toward artists who play mellow rock. Fucked again.

After "Leader of The Pack" things calmed down for a while. Bikers in music were occasionally mentioned in song but, often as not, the lifestyle wasn't exactly representative of what biking is about. "Little Honda," by the Hondells, didn't help matters any.

What broke the movement open was the movie *Easy Rider*. The soundtrack featured, among others, the Byrds and Steppenwolf. And what the flick did, more than anything else, was wake people up to the fact that while they might not look like Peter Fonda, they could dig his image and the type of music that helped the movie along. If you think about it, when you hear a tune from *Easy Rider*, you associate it with a certain part of the movie, a particular scene. Go ahead and try it. Even stoned on my ass I always see Peter Fonda getting down the highway when I play it. Of course, I was a terminal acid victim in my teens, and I had been dropped on my head when I was a small kid, so it might not work as well for you, but this sort of thing plays on what marketing specialists call associative imagery.

The movie and the soundtrack made the producers loads of bucks, and the groups that played for the flick got very rich. They forgot about bikers. The Byrds drove Porsches, split into other groups and basically died. Steppenwolf still puts out records, but they're not nearly as hot as in the '60s. The movie and record people moved on to another cooperative venture, called Woodstock, which was supposed to demonstrate how peace and love could work if you took all of New York City and moved it to a farm and kicked in with plenty of drugs and free music. It was a good party. And they made a bundle. As far as the mass media were concerned, bikers had "been done." But the band that kept a real peace with the two-wheel trip didn't quit because the bucks weren't there. The Grateful Dead kept playing, many times for nothing.

The Dead and bikers have always, or just about always, got along. The Angels enjoyed them, and the '60s were a good time for a mutual admiration to develop. The media had hyped the Dead as long as they thought they could make big bucks off the group, but when an interest in bikers seemed to lose profit, the record companies backed off a bit. The Angels had also received a lot of press coverage, 99% of it slanted against the club. Maybe it was this common street-level outlook that pro-

moted the Dead/Angels relationship, but both groups took anything the press or the "movement" said with a grain of salt. They were always one step ahead of the bullshitters. The little girls who handed flowers to members of the Angels in Haight-Ashbury are now comfortably married to ad executives and they live in split-level houses in Marin County, with two dogs and three kids and a Chris-Craft motorboat. The Angels are still Angels, true to what they believed in and practiced ten years ago.

But other bands and promoters attempted to cash in on the notoriety that the Dead and the Angels experienced. There were offshoots, imitation "Dead" bands that came and went quickly. And the attempt by movie producers to make money off the Angels failed. Oh, they made a little, but not what they had hoped, and these businessmen wound up with shit on their faces.

Few people will forget Altamont, although the Rolling Stones would prefer to forget about it. The Stones thought it would be a good idea to have the Angels watch the Altamont concert and prevent any hassles. In the back of their minds they probably thought it would be a good piece of publicity for them too, at the Angels' expense. And if you think Mick Jagger and company are above this sort of thing, then you've got them pegged wrong. They are the most commercially successful active band because they're into business. Mick Jagger majored in economics before dropping out of college. He knows where his bread is buttered. The Stones wanted to make another Woodstock, and cash in big on it. The concert was free, but advisers to the group thought so much more could be made on film receipts that the ticket profits would have been a drop in the bucket by comparison.

The Stones and Angels got together and the Angels agreed to watch out for any bad actions coming down. The Stones and their managers hoped that another Woodstock scene, where people policed themselves, would be great for the movie's public image and help to sell the film for big bucks. The Angels kept their part of the bargain. Some asshole pulled a gun and tried to make it to the stage. He never made it. The national press bitched a lot, the film got bad publicity and never made as much as was expected. In looking back, you've got to ask what the fuck the Stones expected. That a punk with a gun would be allowed to make it to the stage? The Rolling Stones quickly made apologies, but were undoubtedly disturbed because they knew the flick they had hoped to make so much

—Continued on page 83



By Slippery Jim

Expressway Blues

Traffic on the expressway is movin' along at a fast, over-55 clip. You see an opening ahead and to the right behind a big truck, so you gas it and move over. Suddenly you're blind. Invisible powdered sand is blowin' off the load the truck's carryin', an' ya can't see a fuckin' thing. Sound familiar? You bet, and sand blowin' off trucks isn't the only hazard bikers face, when ridin' streets and expressways, or whatever they're called in your state—as any biker can tell ya.

A cheap pair of goggles or sunglasses will help keep a little of the dust and sand outta your eyes, but the flak that flies around on the roads today is almost as bad and as dangerous for a biker as the shit that used to whiz around your head in Nam.

I say "cheap goggles or sunglasses" because there is some stuff out there that is bigger than sand, an' it can fuck up an expensive pair of protectors in a hurry.

Of course, if a dude took precautions to avoid *everything* that came flyin' his way on the expressway, he'd hafta wear a suit of armor, complete with gas mask an' snorkel tube, the last of which brings to mind the time I was just startin' to pass a cattle truck when one of the slaughterhouse-bound cows decided to take a piss. Between the truck and a bus, there wasn't much I could do but sit there in the shower, tryin' to keep my eyes an' mouth shut tight, holdin' my breath.

That experience wasn't as bad as the time my friend Little George was sittin' beside a cattle truck at a railroad crossing when a steer cut loose an' shit all over him. He didn't feel

too bad about it, though, 'cause he was plannin' on takin' a bath in a week or two anyway.

Now, there's a difference in the kind of flak that comes flyin' your way when ya least expect it. Some of it's soft—like the cow shit an' piss—an' some of it's hard. Both kinds have disadvantages. Take chicken feathers, for example.

Me an' some bros were bookin' along a narrow road in Arizona last year when we pulled up behind a truckload of chickens. The truck hit a bump, the chickens started jumpin' around inside the truck, an' a cloud of fuzzy little feathers hit us like a fog bank off Nova Scotia. The fuckin' feathers went in our eyes, noses, mouths, an' into the open necks of our shirts. We finally had to pull off the road an' strip down, shakin' all the feathers out of our rags. After another twenty miles or so in the hot Arizona sun, it started to dawn on us that the feathers hadn't been alone. No sir! Every feather had a passenger or two in the form of a chicken louse, an' before we got where we were goin' we had red bumps an' scratch marks all over our bodies.

Another time, I looked up just in time to see two of my bros hit some bales of hay that had fallen off a hay truck. One dude fell off right there, slidin' along on that hay like he was enjoyin' a day of skiing. The other one wasn't so lucky. He did an Evel Knievel through the air—without his bike—an' lit in the back of a pickup truck!

Some of the other soft stuff I been hit with over the years still makes me sick to think about. What could be worse than passin' a Caddy just as

the driver rolls down his window an' spits a big, green hocker, an' it gets ya between the eyes? Or movin' up on a truck, whose driver has a double-size cud of Day's Work in his jaw an' he lets ya have it? Ya sure can't run a semi off the road with a bike.

Followin' garbage trucks ain't my favorite pastime either. I don't mind the smell so much, but the flies an' maggots the wind blows off play hell with your appetite. Of course, you can always just chomp away at 'em, pretendin' you're eatin' Miraculous Mutha's snatch.

One time we were followin' a truck loaded with helium gas an' noticed that a lot of it was escapin'. We pulled up on it, ridin' in that cloud of vapor an' tryin' to shout at the driver, but after breathin' that shit all we could do was quack like Donald Duck.

In all the years I've been ridin', I've been hit with apple cores an' ice cream cones tossed out by kids, lit cigarettes an' cigars tossed out by their ol' man, an' I once got hit in the face with an old cunt rag by a teenybopper who thought it was funny as hell. I've hit, or come close to hittin', spilled kegs of nails, cans of paint, wooden blocks an' long pieces of chain, dodged rolls of barbed wire an' balin' wire, an' done ninety-mile-an-hour three-sixties on a stretch of road where a diesel tanker had spilled part of his load. I've hit beach balls, dogs, cats, an' even kissed off a pedestrian or two, but the worst thing I ever hit was a skunk. An' I swear I'll kill myself before I ever do that again.

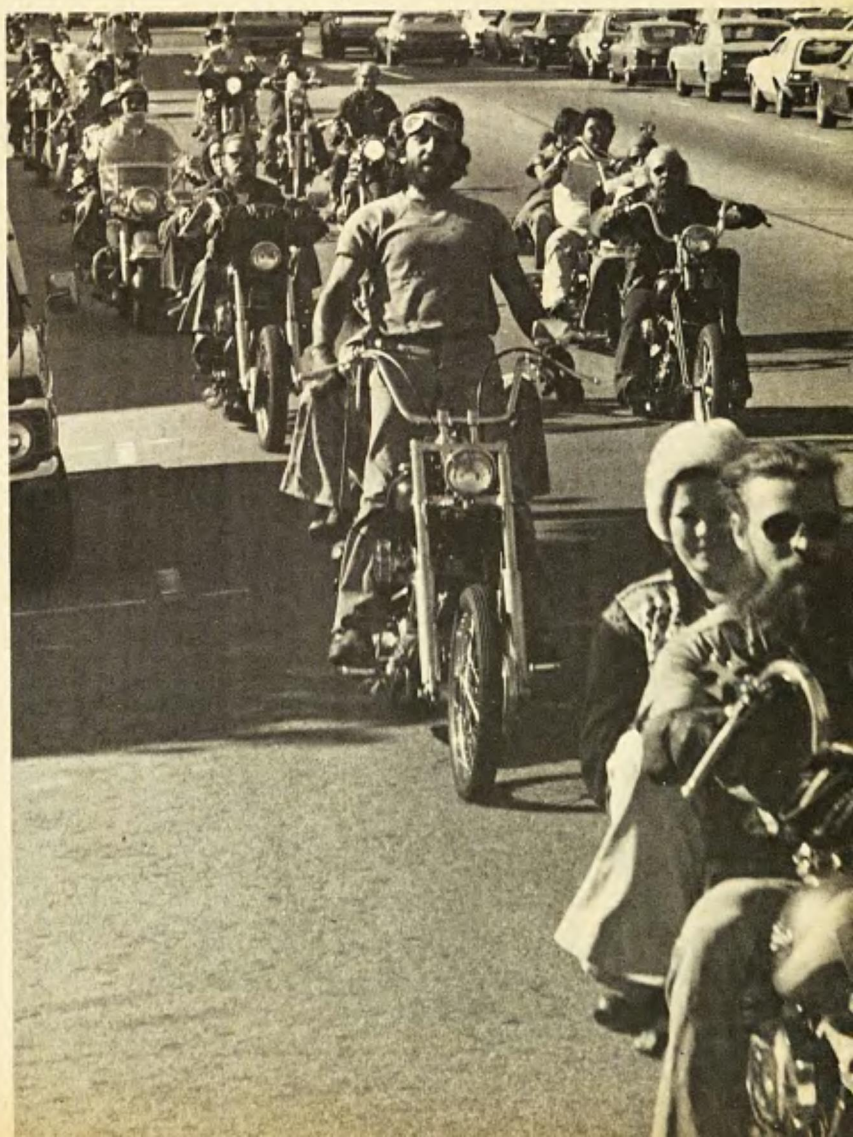
I was cruisin' slow down a country road late one night when I felt a thump, so I stopped to have a look. The little bastard was stuck between my tank an' my panhead, an' not knowin' what it was, I reached out an' took hold of him. The little fucker wasn't dead, an' he let me know it.

After that, I went off in the grass an' took off my clothes. Then I rolled around in the dirt an' tried to rub the stinkin' shit offa me. I didn't want to go near my bike in the dark, so I sat there till daylight, an' when I went back to look at my scooter, a highway patrolman was holdin' his nose with one hand an' writin' me an illegal parkin' ticket with the other. An' the only thing he said to me was, "Don't you fuckin' bikers ever take a bath?"



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.



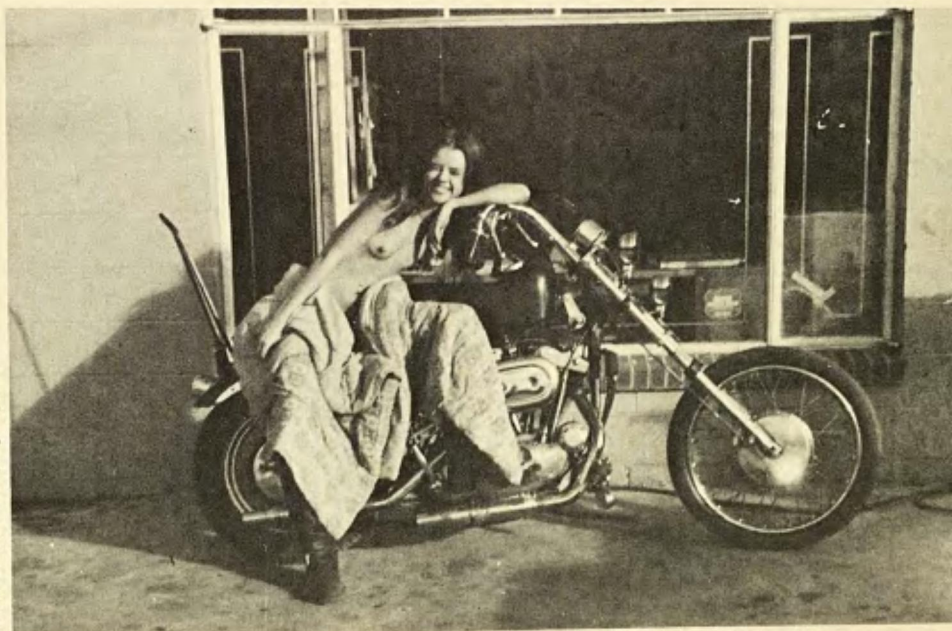
—from Kres Dubbin, Australia



—from Ray Robnett, Imperial Beach, California



—from Dennis Knox, Elyria, Ohio

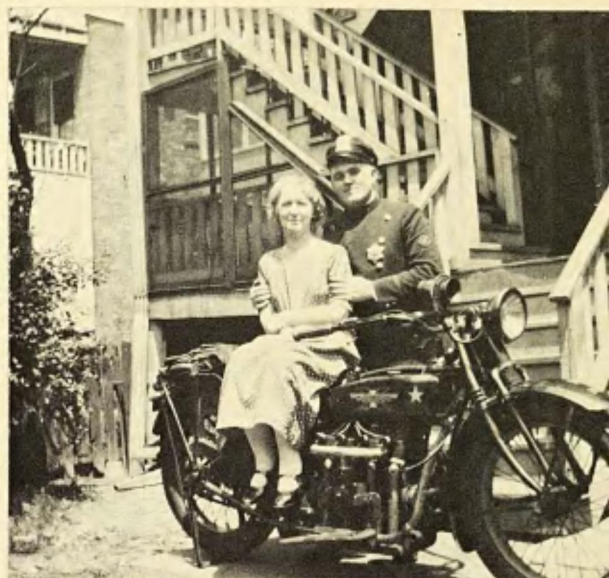


—from "Johnny Shutterbug", Boulder, Colorado





—from Len Sinnet, Laureton, New York



—from Swan, Chicago, Illinois



—from Chris Houseworth, Key West, Florida



—from M.E.W. Photo, Newport, Rhode Island



—from Larry Mitchell, Bloomington, Indiana



—from D.L.F., Gainesville, Ohio



—from J. D. Pittman, Linn Creek, Missouri





—from Fred Fernandez, Denver, Colorado



—from J. Williams, Zanesville, Ohio

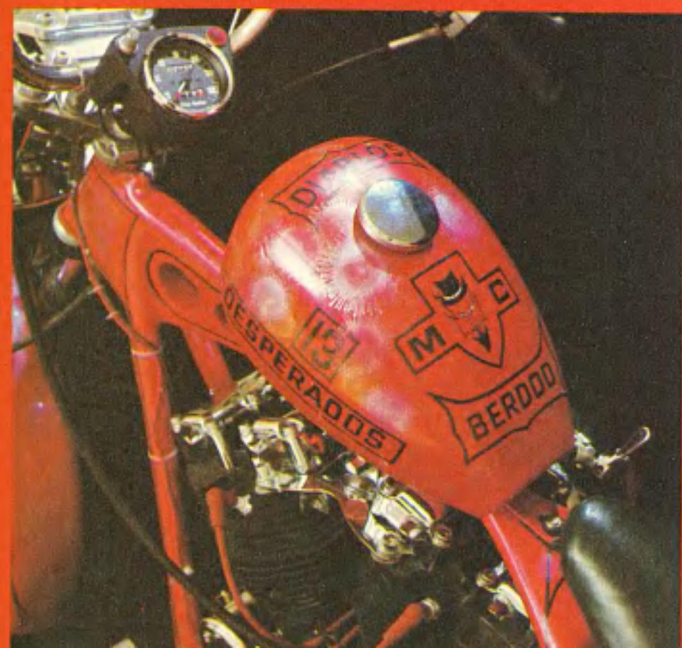


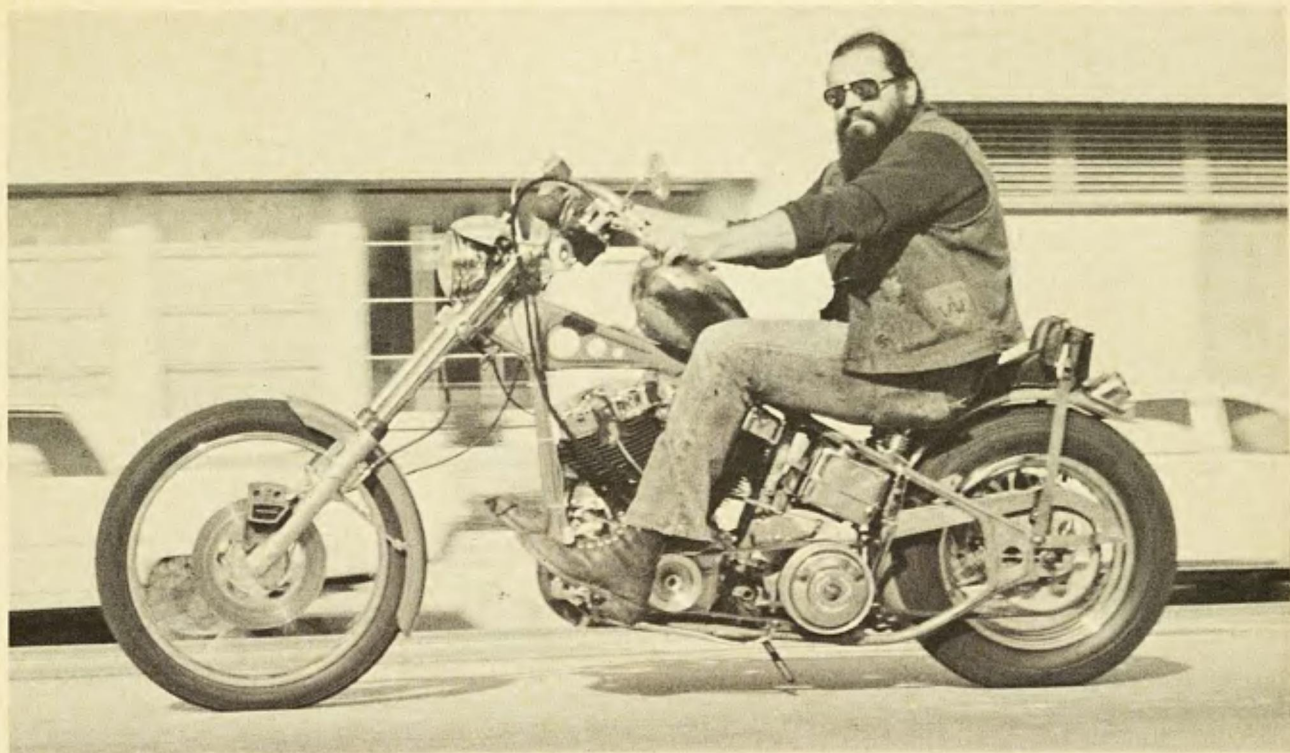




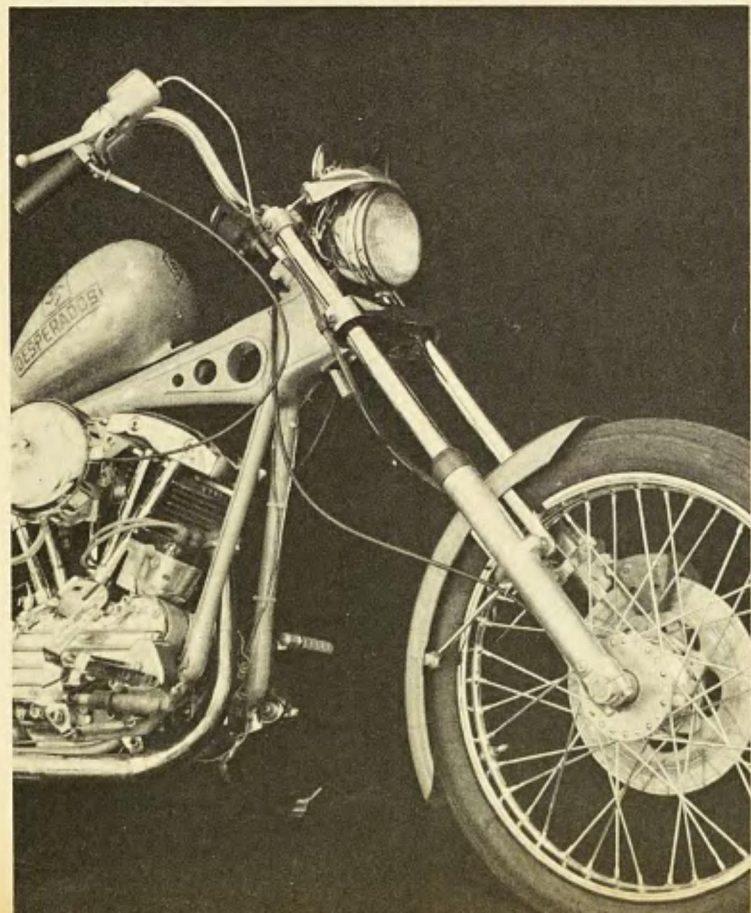
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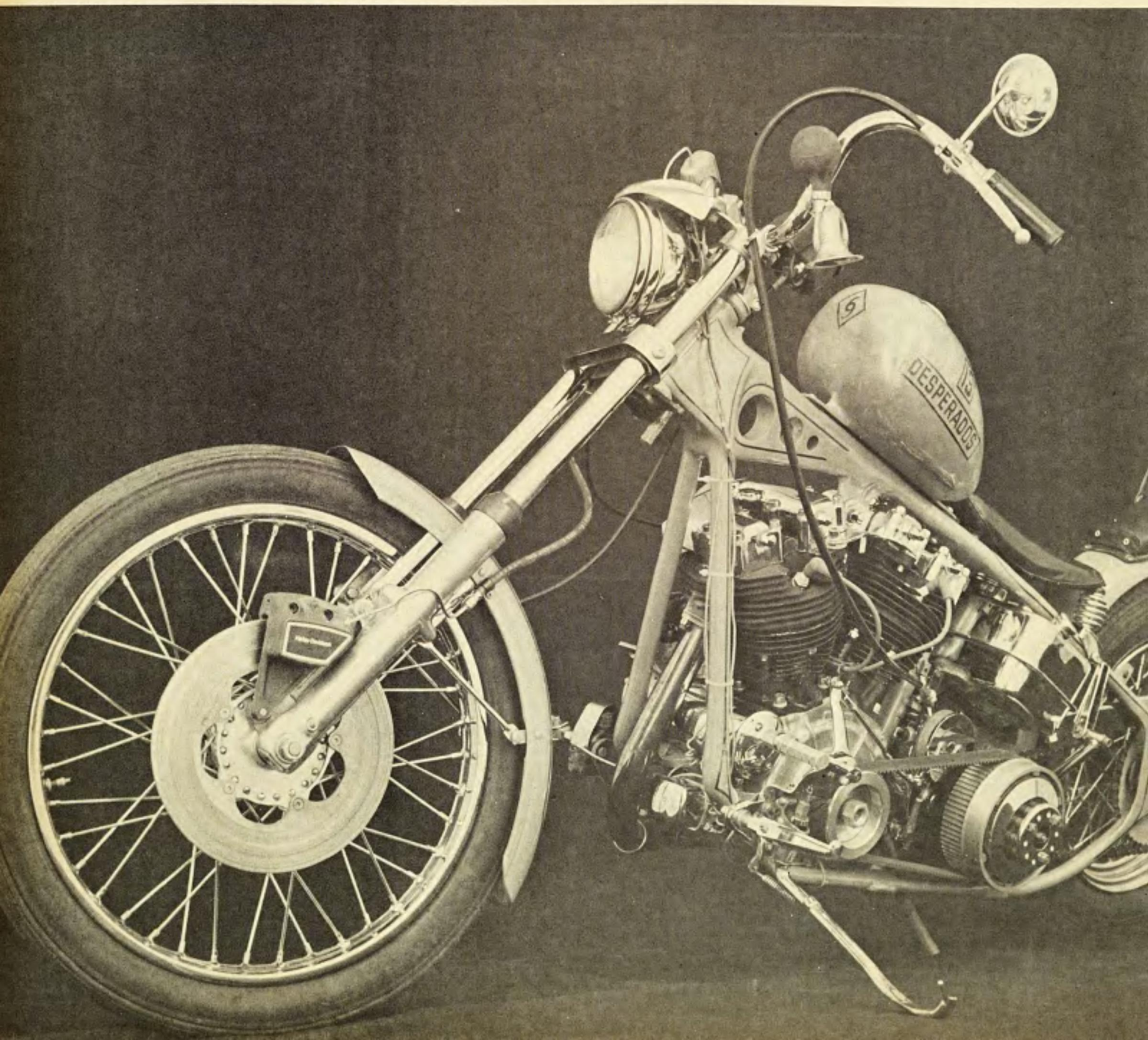
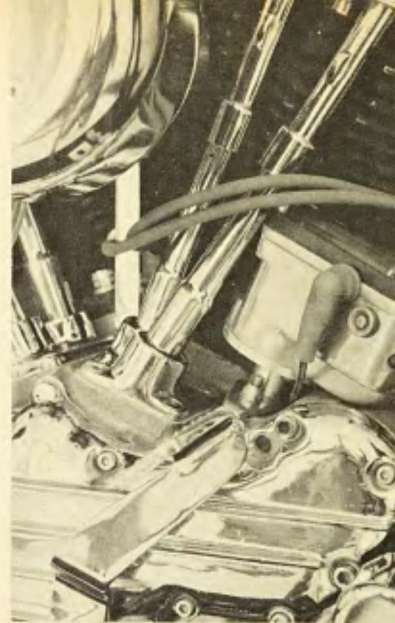
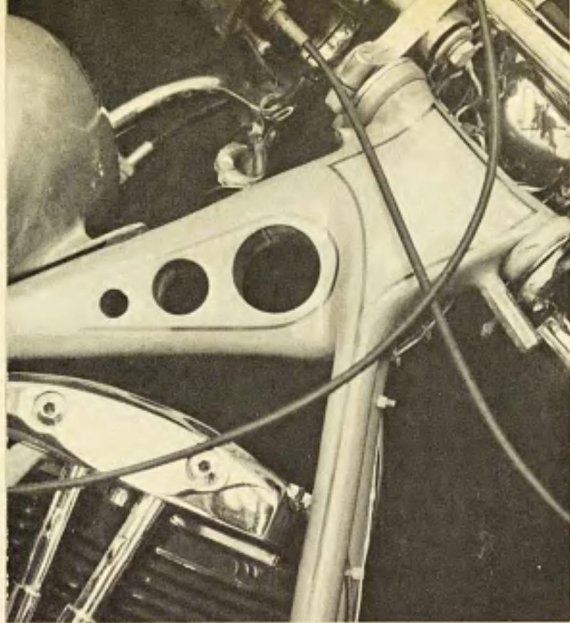
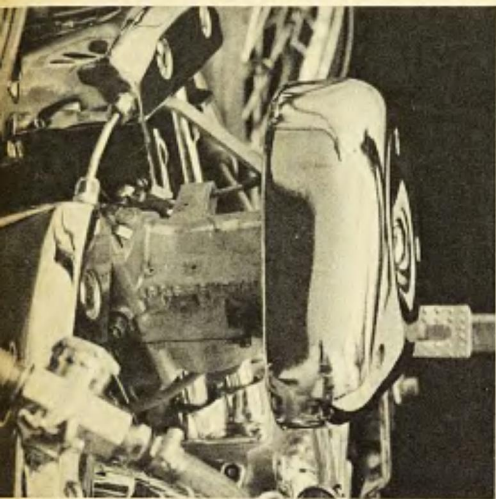
DESPERADO

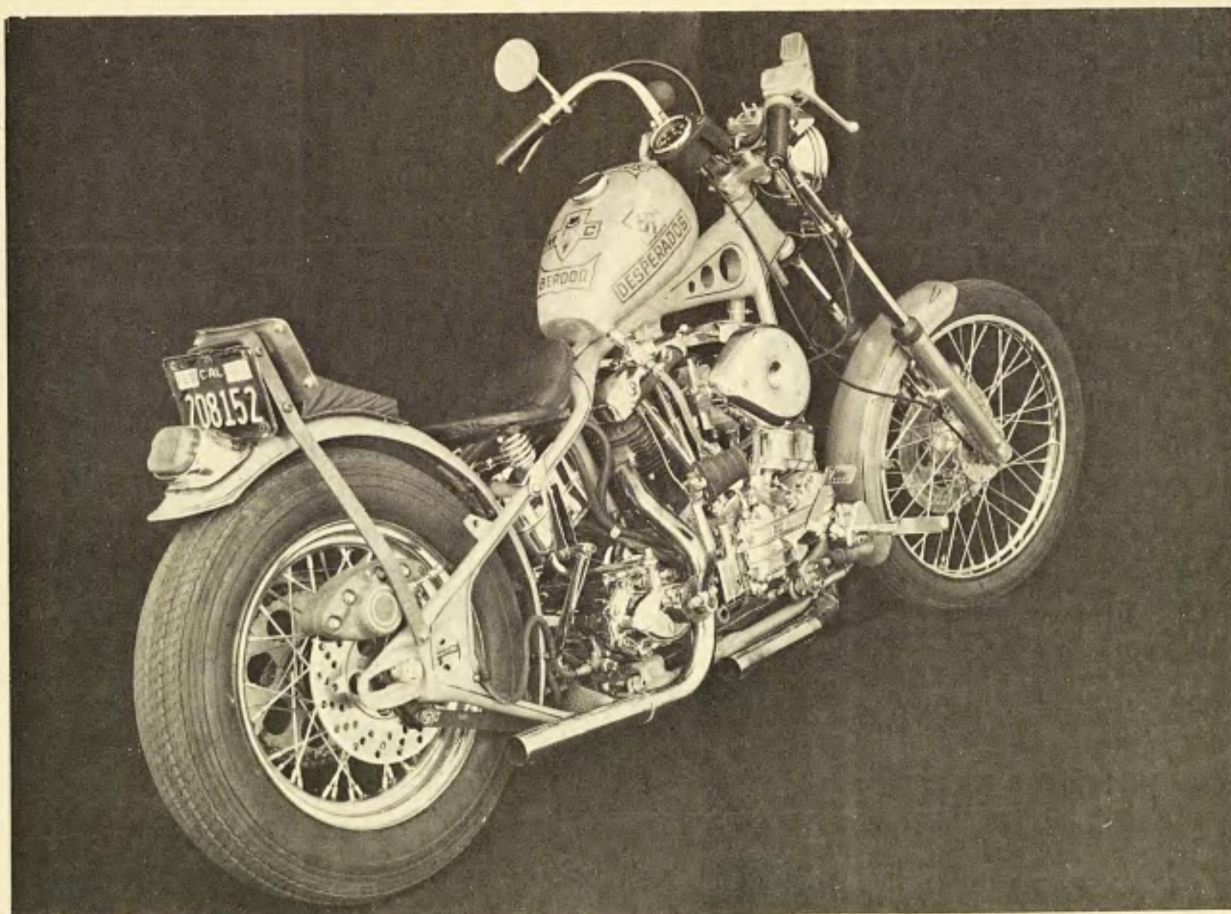
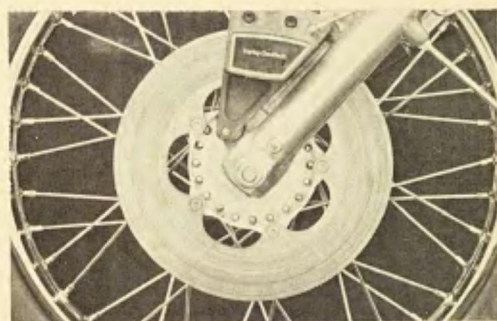
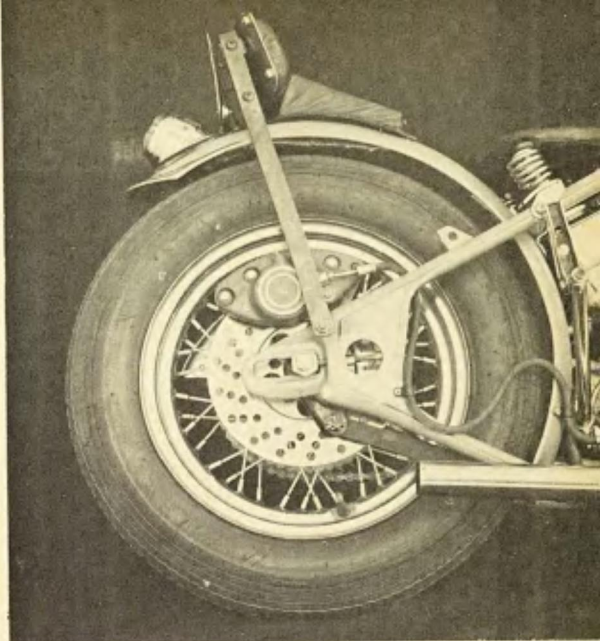
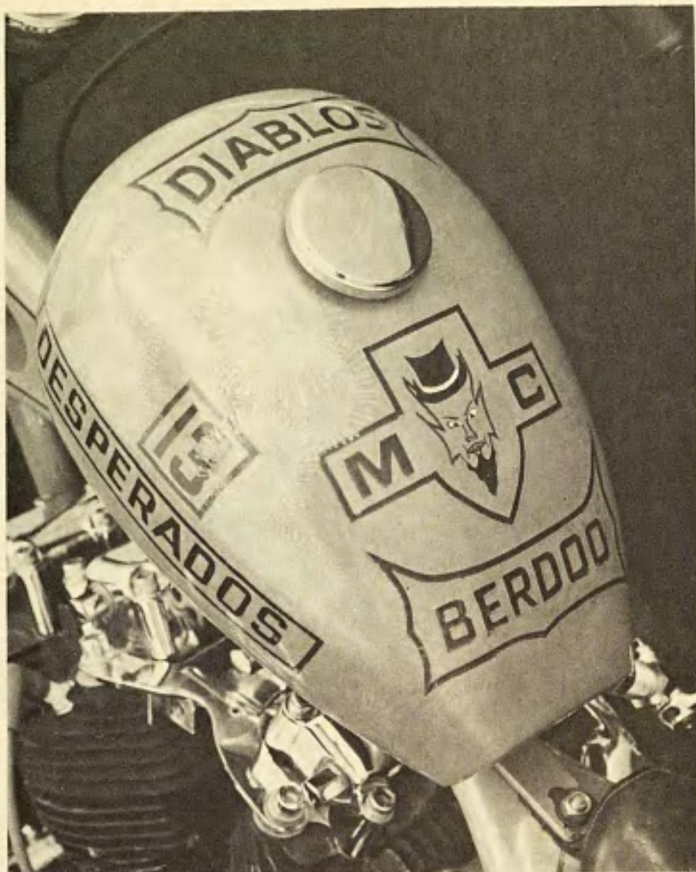


Desperados is the name on the machine, and Rip-a-roo from Berdoo is the owner. Together they make a combination with real class: a hard-riden, strong scooter, and a hard-ridin' dude who can back up the image he projects.

From the steamin' swamplands of Florida—where he's from—to Michigan, and from Washington to Arizona, he pushes the machine over and through any kind of terrain, whether it's a white-line highway or a back-country trail, and he's on the go a lot. In California, his base of operations, Rip is known as the mild-mannered man who can keep his brother parties from fallin' in the wrong direction. Other people—not just Diablos—like to have Rip around when they're partyin', too, because his size and strength are an incentive for fun, rather than unwanted violence.

His machine is bred in the same, strong manner. It takes the hard roads and the hard life with ease. The front fender protects him from the weather, an eighty-two-inch motor flattens out the



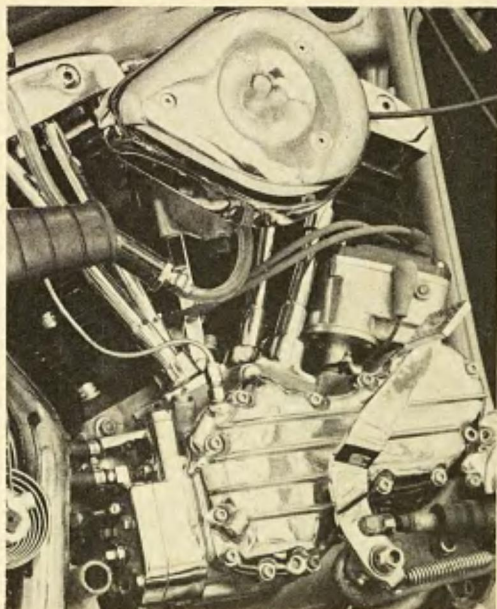
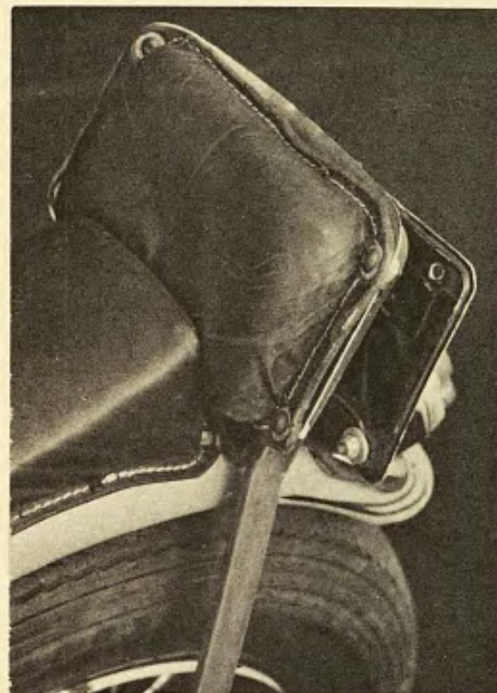


Owner: Rip-a-roo		City: Berdoo, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1957 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: \$850		Rake: 1/4 inch	
Assembly by: owner & bros.		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: spread for disc brake	
Chroming by: Sta-brite		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: H-D	
Year: 1957		Risers: H-D	
Model: FL		Fender(s): rib, front stock	
Rebuilder: Don "Grandpa" Smith		Headlight: Sportster	
Ignition: Bomar magneto		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 82 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: "Grandpa"		Front pegs: Drag Specialties	
Balancing: ET		Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: MC		Electrics: reg., gen.	
Cases: left alone		Gas tank: modified peanut	
Heads: owner		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam: B. Andrews		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S & S		Seat: M.C.	
Air cleaner: S & S		Sissy bar: owner	
Pipes: Randy Smith		Height: 6 in. above fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1 1/2 in. flat stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: H-D	
Year: 1957		Extension: 8 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase III		Special features: bulb horn	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: L.C.		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Terrible Peter "Reno"		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: red		Tire: Jap	Tire: Goodyear
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D
Special paint: owner			
Other special modifications: Allen bolt freak			

hills, and when speed is a must, the mag provides a continuous spark. Fadeproof discs take care of the stoppin', whether it's for hitchhikin' chicks or beer stops.

This combination doesn't give one the impression that Rip is one of the knights of the biker scene, gruff and greasy and ridin' on an iron horse, but he gets down the road with class—man, machine and brothers.

—The owner wanted us to print a special thanks to Barney's Speed Shop, 2 broke tramps, his mommy, daddy, brothers, sisters, dogs, cats—or else.



It happened one day
in the
EMERGENCY
Room
A supposedly true story...



Illustrated by S Marvin Bickford, as told by the notorious Slvice Brothers.

The Recruiter

By J. J. Solari

I answered the door and there stood a little girl holding a puppy. "Will you take this doggy please and give him a good home?" she said, holding the furry, sad-faced thing out in both hands.

"That is a fine-looking doggy you have there," I said, putting my fists on my hips and smiling into the animal's bewildered eyes. I reached down and patted it softly on its head. "It looks like it's going to be a big one, from the size of its paws."

She twisted her wrists and examined the feet of it. "I don't know what kind it is," she said, studying the animal closely with a frown of concentration. "I found it in my back yard this morning, but my parents say that we can't afford to keep it." She looked back at me and held it out again. "Won't you take him, please?" she urged once more. "I don't want him to have to go to the pound."

I put my hand on my chin and examined the dog for some short while.

"Let's sit down here on the steps and discuss this, little girl," I said finally, stepping forward and sitting down on the top step and slapping the cement for the youngster to sit next to me.

"My name's Marlene," she said, sitting down and bouncing the dog in her lap.

"Oh, yes, I think I've heard some of the other kids call you that," I said, patting the dog. "And what's the doggy's name?" I inquired.

"Oh, well, I don't know his real name, but I named him Fluffy until he gets a new home."

"Fluffy." I patted the dog and shook my head. "That's a good name for a cat. But for a dog like this? . . . why, look at those teeth. Someday they are going to be the size of pointed piano legs and will be able to crunch a motorcycle rider's foot in two."

"Haha," she giggled, dabbing her index finger off its nose in rapid pokes, "good doggy. Hahahaha."

I scratched Fluffy under the chin. "Yes, they'll be big teeth, all right.

They should be able to chew through a small roller skater altogether. Yanking a jumprope out of someone's hand and running completely away with it shouldn't be much of a problem, and actually eating an entire doll would probably be like what it would do for, I suppose, recess."

Marlene punched Fluffy, sending him between her knees onto the concrete step in a soft poof. "Bad doggy," she said, wagging a finger at him.

"Do you have a best-girlfriend, Marlene?" I asked, tucking my elbows into my bent middle, folding my hands and looking down at Fluffy.

"Ruthy next door," she said, in between a couple of "No!-No!-No!s."

I reached down and scratched Fluffy behind the ear when his dazed, meandering body came into the vicinity of my feet. "He'll probably kill Ruthy some day."

"Hahahahaha," Marlene said, rocking back and forth in happy laughter. She turned to me and slapped a swipe at my forearm. "Dogs don't kill people, silly," she proclaimed. She pulled herself together and began once more to shake her finger at Fluffy below and privately instruct him as to his future behavior.

I tickled Fluffy's cheek. "Dogs think little girls are cardboard boxes," I said, scratching him under the neck.

Marlene made a sudden clacking sound in her mouth, turned sideways and ploughed her fists into her sides. "They do nawwwwwwt," she said, disgusted.

Fluffy ceased his crooked wanderings temporarily to pause and hack some bothersome scarlet congestion from his lungs so he could look at it in a baffled sort of way. I used the intermission to turn my head from Fluffy and aim it at Marlene, focusing most of my attention at her little blue eyes. "Have you ever seen what a dog does to a cardboard box?"

She shook her head slowly in wonderment.

"Well, they clamp their jaws around it as hard as they can and

then begin to twist their heads back and forth llllllllke thiiiiiSSs real hard until the part that isn't in their mouth falls off. Then the dog chews what's in his mouth for a while, spits it out, goes over and grabs the cardboard box in his teeth again and drags it around through the hedges for a while and then tears off another piece. He does this for two days until the box is all gone. Then he looks for another one. Dogs think little girls are cardboard boxes. That's why you should tell your very best girlfriend Ruthy that you never want her to play with you ever again because if she ever *does* play you again Fluffy might just rip the skin right off her—your very best friend Ruthy—and then kill her and then she will have to be buried in a grave at a funeral in a cemetery inside a coffin for dead bodies forever and ever under the ground in a tomb, Marlene."

"Bad doggee!" Marlene suddenly informed Fluffy in a spirit of agitation, slapping him on the snout, one hand after the other.

"She could stay in her house, I suppose, not that it will do any good, because I can see that in about six months he'll be able to eat his way through, and once he does he'll sniff out Ruthy like say, oh, a big huge pig might sniff out a tiny bunny rabbit, and when he finds her, tracks her down, roots her out, that is, corners her, he'll start to shred her like an old rag. He'll thrash her against all four walls at once, barking and howling like a monster, pulling her legs off, eating her face, growling and ripping her apart like paper until there is nothing left of Ruthy except a bulge in Fluffy's right-here-with-us-now stomach."

"He won't eat Ruthy!"

Fluffy toppled from his nearly-regained feet at the intense loudness of it.

"Then he'll come looking for you. The taste of blood still fresh in his mouth, he'll prowl the empty corridors of your house, sticking his red, dripping, sneering muzzle into each room as he passes, searching, roaming, forever hunting for you so he can hurl his wolfish form at you in the night as you sleep, rearing his head back and then exploding it forward to mash his stinking teeth and death-encrusted gums into your eyes

and begin chewing the very life out of you, chewing and grinding his teeth in sickening crunches and scrapings and squeaks until you lie there dead and rotting, your bones falling right off of you, your body just a half-eaten goo that no one will want to touch from that day forward forever because you'll be so horrible and ugly and disgusting and nauseating, and Santa Claus will get sick to look at you and leave you nothing but worms to play with, and your parents will put their hands over their mouths and run away every time they see you, and you'll have to tuck yourself in every night because when you call for your parents they'll never come in because you make them so unbelievably sick that they'll start to cry when they look at your ugly little—"

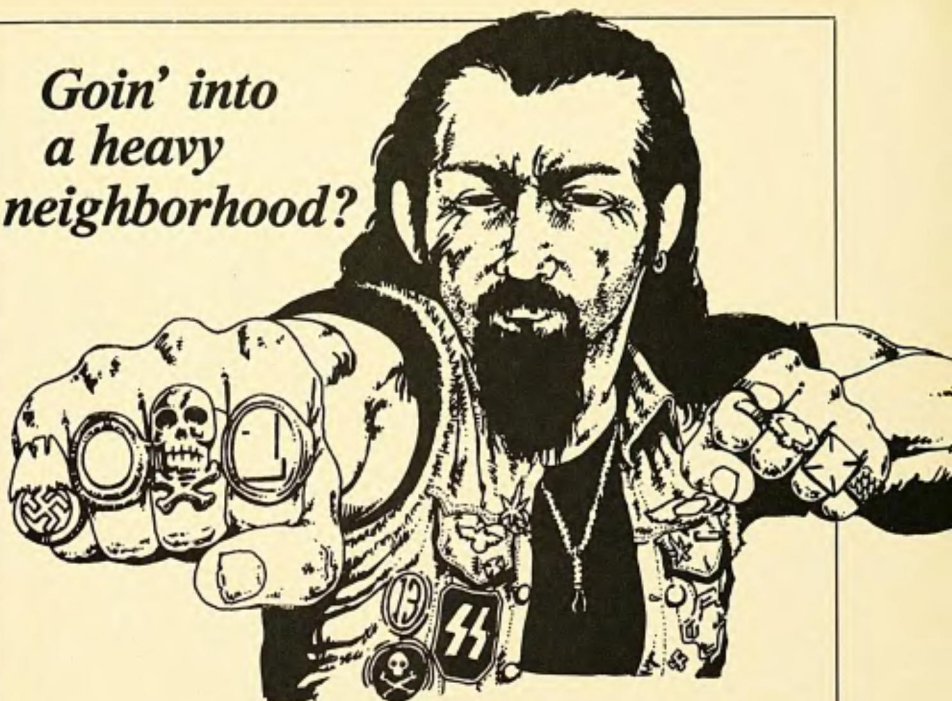
"No!" Scooping up the pooch, she leaped to her feet and ran, skidding to a stop at the edge of the curb. Then, bending at the knees and kinking at the waist, she uncorked herself and hurled that animal two-handed just as high as it would go into the air, watched it spin and roll, tumble and yelp, and then encouraged it as it came back down to, "Die, puppy! Die, die!" which it immediately did just as soon as its little head whacked into the street with a tiny egg sound against the asphalt. A car then came by, and the tire, sticking to its body, pulled it up into the fender well and drove it off to its new home somewhere.

Little Marlene turned, waved a hardy, cheery goodbye, and skipped on across the street and went into her house whistling.

I sat there for a while quietly, long after her door had closed, and just turned the whole thing over in my mind for a while. Quite a day. Finally I slapped my hands on my knees, blew out a cheekpuffing blast of air and groaned myself back to my feet and went inside my own house.

In the kitchen, I squatted down and reached into the mildly noisy orange crate. "Well, hellozee-woe-zee," I said, extracting a little puffball and nuzzling my nose into it. "Today your wittle bwuver got to meet Marlenezee-weenzee. Tomorrow you get to meet Ruthy-woothy. Assuming the little whore keeps her backyard gate unlocked." ■

*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

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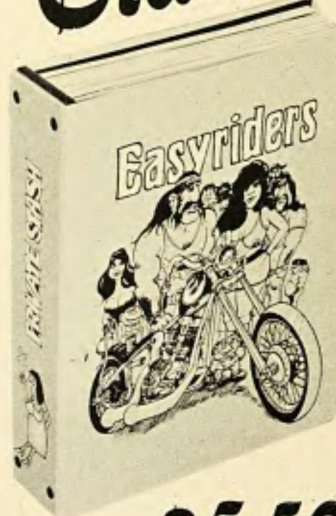
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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage



Aries (March 21—April 20)

Ya just might be spreadin' out all over from all the holiday juicin' it up. Take my advice—go ahead and booze it up, but instead of a plate, grab your mate or whoever ya happen to be with. Afterwards, don't forget to brush with some of that new "Crust" or "Ultra Bung."



Taurus (April 21—May 20)

You're probably full of piss 'n' vinegar all this month. At least you're full of piss—your horny honey's full of vinegar, unless she's still takin' a Drano douche. Better use some of that excess energy to keep your putt in prime condition 'cause you're really not into hoofin' it around.



Gemini (May 21—June 20)

It's time to take yourself in hand and get your shit together. This doesn't mean usin' your pud for Silly Putty either! Ya been too kicked back even to crawl to the head. Ya won't make any points by poopin' your pants, especially if they're your last pair of crotch-grabbers.



Cancer (June 21—July 21)

It's your month to party down extra hard! Just don't come unglued if things start coming up missin' (unless it's your ride). Get your ol' lady to bake ya some brownies chock-full of some good grass and get gumbied out. Next month you'll find the goodies ya hid while you were looser than an elephant's twat.



Leo (July 22—August 21)

You're sure not your usual loaded, lickin' an' lappin', lovable self right now. Ya could have a case of the "fuck you, world" 'cause some rumpkin burnt ya. Don't let one fartmug burn your trip. Anyway, he's probably such a loser that his ol' lady has to get off on her Tampax!



Virgo (August 22—September 21)

Seems you're really into stashin' away some bucks lately. Hell, usin' your old grease rags for asswipe may save cash, if ya don't mind a rash. But if ya keep eatin' so many peanut butter sandwiches, after a while you'll need a farther starter, or even worse, the Roto Rooter man to ream ya out.



Libra (September 22—October 22)

Looks like it's still zoo parade for ya. Ya can't even find a piece of tail that isn't either long, lean, and leaky, or short, sagging, and stinky! Maybe you're better off shootin' your semen into the sewer—unless ya live close to a chicken ranch and don't mind shootin' the shit! It may be asshole and feathers, but you can have your chicken and eat it too!



Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Do ya feel like someone has flung dung on ya and then rubbed it in? Perhaps it's 'cause you're feelin' so low that you've started leavin' snail tracks everywhere ya go. Cheer up—ya still got plenty of slippin' and dippin' with the ol' dong.



Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

Make sure your lips are sealed now, if ya gotta use masking tape to do it. Somethin' ya let slip could cause more excitement than a woman with two pussies. Next month you'll be able to shoot the shit without worryin'. Make sure that all ya shoot off now is your loin lotion.



Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

You're hot to trot and ready for breedin'. You're pole vaultin' around the whole month. Besides stud service, you could be called upon for some heavy lip service too! 'Cause the ol' noggin has never been sharper. Looks like you'll be reamin' and schemin' all month.



Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

Ya been lettin' your ol' lady skate too long. Looks like it's about time to slap the crap outta her. She just may be ailin' for a heavy wailin'. If she wants to hop on your horn, she'd best shape up and get her act together or book it!



Pisces (February 19—March 20)

Now that you've got the stink off your paws, it's time to stir up a stink of a different smell. The stench at work is in dire need of clearin' out. Just go take a righteous dump and relax, 'cause everything will work out in the end (and it won't be yours either).

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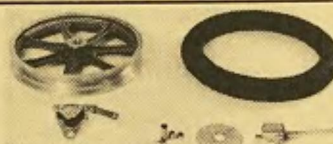
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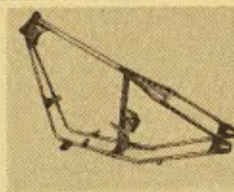
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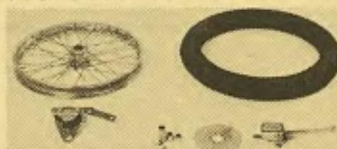
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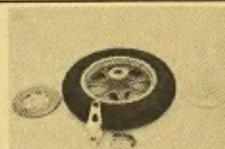
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What's Attempted Rape?

What is attempted rape? Wisconsin says it is not these facts which are slightly unusual. The victim in this case was a twelve-year-old girl. She testified that the defendant took her to the basement of an apartment house on the pretext that they were going to drink beer. He put a mattress on the basement floor and forced her down upon it, face up. He placed one of his legs over both of hers. She was screaming. He struck her several times in the face to make her be quiet. She was wearing a pair of red shorts and a white top with short sleeves. He pulled the top off, undid her bra, and began to suck her right breast. Next, he put his hands in the waistband of her shorts, down to her thumbs. This caused her shorts to move down slightly.

She asked him, "Will you kill my father?" Whereupon, he withdrew his hands from her shorts. Apparently, hearing something, he got up and went to the basement door. She attempted to run away, but he caught her. He forced her back down on the mattress and began to suck her breasts again. She heard a man's voice upstairs and the defendant got up and went to the door again. He came back and dragged her to another part of the basement where he made her sit on something and repeated the breast-sucking performance. At this point, a police officer appeared on the scene who was joined shortly by his partner. Defendant then began to fight with one of the officers and, in the course of the fight, the defendant was shot. The defendant testified that the victim had agreed to perform oral intercourse upon him for ten dollars, which he paid her. He denied putting his hands in her shorts. He

denied any intention of having sexual intercourse with her. He testified that the arresting officer took the ten-dollar payment from the victim and put it in his wallet. The charge in this case was attempted rape. The state argued that the sucking of the victim's breast was a sufficient overt act to demonstrate an attempt to rape. But the court rejected the argument, and said that an act directed toward the victim's genital area is required in order to equivocally manifest an attempt to rape. There was a dissenting opinion, saying that the defendant did not tell the younger girl that he was going to have sexual intercourse with her, but actions speak louder than words. His every action here supports the inference that he intended to have sexual intercourse with her. The defendant's actions here indicated that his ultimate target was the area below the victim's waist. What do you think? 246 N.W. 2d 137.

Tenant Problems

If you have a tenant living alone in one of your apartments and he drops dead and remains there undiscovered in a decomposed state for a week, can you recover the cost of redecorating the apartment? When you read this case you will believe that today anyone will sue for anything, or more accurately, for nothing. This landlord asked \$4,000 from the deceased tenant's estate. But the Oklahoma Court of Appeals did not see it that way, fortunately. The court said the loss in question was *damnum absque injuria* (damage without injury) and the landlord could not recover either on the theory of implied covenant or on grounds of public policy. Apparently some landlords never give up. 557 Pac. 2d 467.

Alimony Problems

If you are paying your wife alimony, can she whoop it up with her boy friend while you are paying the piper? Not in California, but a recent decision in New Jersey says that it is none of your business what she does. A New Jersey court has recently held that where a marriage is dissolved by a judgment of divorce and provision is made for alimony, either by order of the court or provision of the parties, the subsequent unchastity of the wife is not, by itself, cause for terminating or reducing the alimony. *Garlinger v. Garlinger*, 247 At. 2nd 799.

Don't Mess Around

You may get your employer in trouble if you make sexual advances to a female employee.

When a female employee registers a complaint and the company decides to fire her rather than investigate, the corporation action may constitute discrimination based on sex. It may reflect a conscious choice to favor the male employee over the female complainant on the ground that a male's services are more valuable than a female's. Such a preferential treatment may violate Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. When a female employee registers a complaint and the grievance is not only not adequately processed, but the complainant is persecuted for having the temerity to advance it at all, the Act is violated in that such a corporation attitude and conduct is sex-based. If a company decides that, whatever the merits of the controversy are, the female will be fired because she is a female, that is sex discrimination. The female must be permitted her day in court on this issue and the company must stand trial. However, sexual harassment alone and sexually motivated assaults do not, in themselves, constitute sex discrimination. *U.S.D.C. New Jersey Tomkins v. Public Service Electric* (11/22/76).

Indian Giver

Who owns the engagement ring after the engagement is broken? There has been considerable litigation on this subject, but a recent case in New York follows the general rule that the ring must be given back to the intended bridegroom. The prospective bride had already purchased her trousseau and a wedding gown and the couple had hired a wedding hall. But when the wedding bells refused to chime, the girl refused to return the diamond. The court held that she tearfully must, saying that any gifts made during the engagement period are given solely in consideration of marriage, so that they are recoverable if the marriage does not materialize. California has enacted a statute to allow recovery of gifts in contemplation of marriage. (*Calif. Civil Code Section 1590*) *Friedman v. Geller*, 368 N.Y. Supp. 2d 980 (1975).

Drivin' While Loaded

If you are charged criminally with operating a motor vehicle while intoxicated, are you entitled to a jury trial? You should be, but not all the states say so. In Arizona, the Supreme Court has pointed out that the accused, upon conviction, may be subject to a fine, imprisonment or the loss of his driver's license for a period of time. The severity of the penalty that may be imposed demands that the motorist be afforded the protection of fundamental guarantees of life and liberty as guaranteed by a state constitution. The right to a trial by jury would seem to be essential and fundamental to protecting his right to a fair criminal prosecution. Deprivation of the right to drive in many instances goes to the heart of a person's right to gain a livelihood. Minnesota, Ohio, Washington and Wisconsin uphold the right to a jury trial, while Florida, Nebraska, New Jersey and New Mexico deny it. You should consult your lawyer for the rule in California. 410 Pac. 2nd 479.

Transsexual Defined

What is a transsexual? A transsexual is a person who discovers some time, usually very early in life, that there is a great discrepancy between the physical genital anatomy and the person's sense of self-identity as a male or as a female. This plaintiff was born a male. While she knew that she had male sexual organs, she did not know whether she also had female organs. At an early age she did not participate in sports, but became very interested in boys. At the age of 14 she began dressing in a feminine manner, and later began dating men. She always thought she was a female. Plaintiff met the defendant in 1964 and began living with her. In 1970 she started to go to a doctor to discuss the possibility of having an operation so that she could be "physically a woman." In 1971 upon the doctor's advice, she went to a surgeon, who agreed to operate. In May of that year she underwent surgery for the removal of male sex organs and construction of a vagina. The defendant paid for the operation. She then applied to the State of New York to have her birth certificate changed. A year after the operation, the plaintiff and the defendant went through a ceremonial marriage in New York and then moved to New Jersey. They lived as husband and wife and had sexual intercourse. Defendant supported plaintiff for over two years when, in October 1974, he left their home and ceased the support. The artificial vagina which had been constructed by the surgery was a cavity the walls of which are lined initially by the skin of the penis. The vagina, though at a somewhat different angle, was not really different from a natural vagina in size, capacity and the feeling of the walls around it. Plaintiff had no uterus or cervix, but her vagina had a good cosmetic appearance and was the same as a normal female vagina after a hysterectomy. She had no difficulty having sexual intercourse.

Should she be supported like any other wife? The court said

yes. This was a valid marriage. The plaintiff should now be considered a member of the female sex for marital purposes, and as such, was entitled to support from her lawful husband.

You probably would prefer an unaltered model. 355 At. 2nd 204.

Keepin' The Broads Out

The Superior Court of Connecticut has invoked the "ultra vires" doctrine of corporation law in ruling that an incorporated luncheon club could not exclude women from its premises. The court noted that the club's certificate of incorporation contained no powers, but only a purpose, that of providing luncheons to its members, and exclusively for male members. Given the scope of the entry of women today into the business and professional life of the community and the changing status of women before the law and in society, the court held that it was neither necessary nor convenient to the club's stated purpose for it to exclude women as members and guests. 366 At. 2nd 1227.

More On Tappin'

If you suspect your wife of infidelity and intend to tap her telephone to get the facts, we suggest that you not do it. You may be subject to a \$10,000 fine or a prison term of not more than five years. Two federal courts have previously said that tapping your wife's or husband's telephone is not illegal, but the last word on this subject in 1976 comes from the U.S. Circuit Court in Tennessee which sustained an indictment against a husband who tapped his wife's telephone for the purpose of securing evidence to obtain a divorce, which he did obtain.

The theory behind the decision is this. The evil incident to invasion of privacy of the telephone is far greater than that involved in tampering

with the mails. Whenever a telephone line is tapped, the privacy of the persons at both ends of the line is invaded and all conversations between them on any subject, and although proper, confidential and privileged, may be overheard. Moreover, the tapping of one man's telephone line involves the tapping of the telephone of the very person whom he may call or who may call him. As a means of espionage, writs of assistance, one of the causes of our Revolution against the British, are but puny instruments of tyranny and oppression when compared with wire-tapping.

As an interesting sidelight on how far frustrated lovers will go to get the lowdown on their "lost" love, we mention to you a case in Texas where a disappointed lover was sentenced to three years in jail for illegal wiretapping. About one o'clock in the afternoon a young lady noticed that a small door leading to the crawl space under her house was ajar. When she attempted to put the door back in place, the door fell to the ground and the young lady found herself face to face with the defendant, her former lover. Understandably startled, she screamed and then ran into the house, where she telephoned for help. The defendant fled the premises. Upon investigation, the authorities found a large number of items under the house, including a cassette tape which contained telephone conversations between the young lady and others, a cassette tape recorder, a telephone jack, a microphone jack, a male extension plug which was cut into the electrical system of the house, an extension cord, a tool box, newspapers, a camping mattress, a thermos bottle, an ice bucket and cantaloupe rinds. This boy was here to stay. At the trial, the defendant testified that he and the young lady had been lovers, and she had led him to believe that he had fathered

one of her children. He stated that in early 1972 the young lady told him to leave her alone and threatened to turn him over to her grandfather (a new twist for my money) who, she said, had underworld connections. The defendant said he became worried about his own safety and the well-being of the children and therefore embarked on a course of investigation to ascertain where he stood with her and to determine whether she had told the truth about her grandfather. It was a hotly contested trial, and during the course of it, the defendant's lawyer was arrested for contempt of court, but the conviction was affirmed. Our simple comment on this is, "No dame is worth it."

Anyway, getting back to the husband and wife situation, at this point it is clearly illegal to tap your spouse's telephone. We think it is a good rule.

How About Some Pussy?

What would the very respectable and religious President Carter say about this decision in Georgia? Georgia has a statute which says a person is guilty of a misdemeanor if he uses abusive words to another which incite a breach of the peace; words which provoke violent resentment; words which are commonly called "fighting words." Here the words were uttered by the defendant in the presence of her five-year-old brother, in her home. The words were, "How about some pussy?" But the Georgia court said these are not "fighting words" in Georgia and the defendant was exonerated. Apparently the Georgia girls are used to the invitation. Or is this fair? 231 S.E. 2nd 131.



A Tribute to Brothers Lost

In memory of Joe "The Crow" Harrington, who went the wrong way, day and time. Ride on Joe, we'll miss you. Crazy George, W. Covina, Calif.

In memory of my ol' man, Greg Cruz. I'll look long and hard for another like you. Kathy Boyle.

For Little Duke, Ghost Riders M.C. It was beautiful, baby. I miss you. Your ol' lady, Brandy.

In memory of Bobbi, a #1 ol' lady, from her ol' man, Rudy, and from all her bros and sisters in Canada and N.Y.

In memory of Ronney Lee Shott, a fucker, a fighter and a wild motorcycle rider. Till we meet again. Nealon and Frances.

To Roy Hernandez, who lived day by day and died at age eighteen. From Jesse and brothers, Fort Worth, Tex.

In memory of Kenny. I'm proud to say you were one of our brothers. We'll all miss you. Dave and your bros.

In memory of brother E. J. Heskett, a bro who died the way he lived and believed in. From Twitch, Facawee M.C.

In memory of Dick Hartman. I will always love you. Sandy.

In memory of John Wayne Spitzer. You lost us before you really got to know us. Joe, Staunton, Va.

To Karl Chase. You left us for that endless ride. We'll never forget you. Lakeside Sharks M.C., Colo. and N.H.

For Wayne, who died on his Harley. His ol' lady, Karen, misses him, as do his friends. Patches, Sacto, Calif.

In memory of Scorpio, who got his wish to die young and leave a handsome corpse. From his pals.

In loving memory of my ol' man, Gerry Bunn, who rode hard and fast. He'll be in my mind forever. Helen.

In memory of Dennis, one hell of a biker. Ride on. No more gas stops forever. Joey Vincillio.

To Dan Mannix. Smoke two for ya. A bro lost. Crazy Fred.

To Banshee. You were one of the few who had his shit together and had 1%er class. Pancho.

Duke, a true believer of life, snuffed by blind law. Also, Big Daddy, philosopher and saddle tramp, a hit-run victim. They gave a lot. Our Blood M.C.

Smilin' Stan Cormack, who died while doin' a hundred, an' was pullin' away from the cops. Hole In The Wall Gang, Ont.

Male Call

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

All chicks, no matter what color, just drop a card to this address and I'll be there in a few days if the chick likes to ride around the country. Tim Barbee, 420 Nevada St., Birmingham, Ala. 35224.

Turn me on and make this time a little easier. JoAnn Lawrence 00135-172, Box 7, Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif. 90731.

28-yr.-old hip Indian buck, downed by the feds and needin' mail from ladies. "Misho-ho". Sa-Lan Wilson 22704-175, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Capricorn. 31 yrs. old, six feet tall, blue eyes, 170 pounds. Needs mail from chicks, with love. Robert C. Hall, P.O. Drawer 1072, Mail No. 652, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Three chicks need mail. In the joint and waitin' to hear from good-lookin' bros. Karyn Lasch, Barb Scheller, Nancy Chodara, Box 33, Taycheedah, Wis. 53090.

Girls, women, ladies. Please write to Robert Walten, P.O. Box 76490, and Miguel Marquez, P.O. Box 79395, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Ladies, if you'll write, I'll answer. Doug Gordon 39614, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

I wish to write and exchange ideas with a nice little mama. Dave Lowrey 39129-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Two downed bros want to hear from females from eight to eighty. Bro C. and Bro Mark Lounsbury #054293-C-84, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33613.

Come on, chicks, pick up them pens and let's do a little space-truckin' on the scribes. Sonny Church #045546, B-132-Single, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Inside lookin' out is a bummer. I'm goin' nuts. Craig Fredian #45388, P.S.I., R.R. Box 6, Ione, Calif. 95640.

In need of aware and together woman. Richard W. Dumas B-29051, Box A-E 4136, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Come on, all you little beavers, my dreams are gettin' old. I need some new ones. Mike Christofano K-3095, Box 200, Camphill, Pa. 17011.

24 yrs. old, dark hair, dark eyes, six feet tall and 160 lbs. Want serious-minded girls for correspondence. James Crump 138184, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

Sure would like to hear from some foxy ladies. Chuck Mason 126368, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Say, bro "Ditch Rider" 6969, how about droppin' a few lines to your bro Buzzard, Box 73, McIntosh, N. Mex. 87032.

Could dig writing chicks who can rap about anything. Bob Skinner 120434, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Need mail from sweet young things. Jacks McDearmon 145318, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Horny dude down for a while, needs hot letters and flicks from uninhibited mamas. Ray James, Duke Unit, Box 1000, Butner, N.C. 27509.

Illinois biker, downed in Florida. Need letters from foxy ladies. Robert Shelton #32423-138, Unit C, 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33177.

Horny convict needs letters from hot ladies. Will answer all. Jason Yazley 949-156, La Tuna Box 1000, Anthony, N.M. Texas 88021.

Need female correspondence and photos. Total perversion and other stuff. Barry Brown 146047, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

I want a foxy lady to love. Bob Tobarro (age 39), Box B-35479-3-C4, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Two dudes waiting to hear from chicks with good minds and bodies. George Armony C-15730 and Robert Smith C-15806, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Been out of circulation eight years. Put some life in this life and write to: Jeffrey McCormey #37026, Indiana State Prison, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Send some sunshine into my life. Ron Drozd, Box B-31655, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Ladies. Need your mail. Michael McCarter, Box B-79654, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Need foxy chicks to write. Flip Phillipio 135640, and Steve Manning 137975, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Like to hear from a chick with some heart. Alan Salhus B-72844, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

I'm presently down and lonely. How about a letter? Will answer all. Robert Dopkowski 137200, M.C.I., Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

How about givin' a get-down out-law some mail, ladies? John "Stroker" Tarpley 93024, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

I like Scorpio females. Also Leo. Would like letters from all. Kenneth Taylor, Box 99-60030, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Lonely bro from N.Y. looking for mail from righteous chicks. Anthony Knight 047781, S.W.U. 65-017, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Two So. Cal. bros down. Need to hear from young ladies. Stan Riley, Box B-64658 and Danny Malone, Box B-61497-A, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Seeking correspondence with any chicks willing to write to lonely inmate. Fred C. Zimmerman 142-484, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Two good-looking chicks in an institution would like some scribes from dudes. Jesse Watson and Karen Williams, Box A, South Lansing Center, Lansing, N.Y. 14882.

Lonely Californian downed in red-neck country needs to hear from liberal ladies. Michael C. Huser, P.O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821, Mail No. 270.

Would appreciate letters from foxy ladies. Charles Daniels C-009715, O Unit, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. Cell 54-0192.

24-yr.-old white male wants to hear from anyone. Vernon Frakes, Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

A letter will lift my spirits. James Phillips 051896, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Foxes and fuckups: Write to Ken Swain 94600, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Scooter chicks, any age, write us tramps. "Filthy" Phil Mann B-62017-B and Earl Murr B-40602-B, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91720.

White dude, 27 yrs. old, would like to hear from sincere chicks. Darryl Rieth J-336, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Send me some mail before I drop dead in this hellhole. Phillip Henry 147061, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

Been down too long. Need a heavy chick from Colo. Springs or Denver area, if possible. Billy Dykes 75014, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Got five years behind bars. In need of female friends. Mark Robinson 037250, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513, F-135.

Need letters from ladies 8 to 80. Jessie N. Wallace 362207, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Need some scribes from chicks with good vibes. Charles "Red" Huffman B-72974, A-203 Central, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm in the pen and need a friend. Tommy Brooks, Box B-68093, C.T.F. North, Unit 2, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Together chicks, please write. Larry Hall 9321, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Ladies, if you've got the time, so do I. Joe Allen, Box B-72916, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Two bros down in Ohio. Out in two years, so place your bids now. Jon Hamm 83857, and Call Lawler 86149, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

I hope to hear from someone soon. Michael Richardson 91220, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Ladies, we need you. Send letters and pictures. Dave Wyckoff, Box 38639, and John Urhan, Box 38841, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Ladies and bros, let us know how the wind feels. Jim Scott, Box B-36592, and Bob White, Box B-30954, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

We're down and need some tender correspondence. Daniel Goodreau 139076, William Downs 138981, and Bruce Cook 137205, M.C.I., Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

I need a woman to relate to. Robert "Italian Stallion" Tocco 74-B-218, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

Sidewinder downed for two years. Joe Hartwell 4242, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

In need of some groovy chicks to write to me. William Olsen 76-A-3094, Box B-6-5, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.



One Up On Big Brother

Lately more and more people have gotten into listening in on Big Brother while he watches us do our thing. The way it's done is to get hold of a monitor receiver. With these receivers you can listen to anyone who is transmitting on any frequency you choose. You can listen in on the police dept., fire dept., sheriff's dept., FBI, Dept. of Justice, weather reports, ship-to-shore or ship-to-ship transmissions (if you're within range), or even listen in on private conversations being transmitted by mobile phones, if that turns you on.

These monitors are very easy to use. You don't need to be an Einstein to figure them out. There are two basic types of monitors: the fixed-frequency monitor and the scanner. The fixed-frequency monitor is capable of receiving certain pre-selected channels which can be changed by a switch on the front panel of the unit. The scanner is the most popular and can automatically pick up transmissions on any of the channels without your having to mess with them. The unit scans across all the channels until it finds one that is transmitting, locks into that channel until the transmission is finished, and then continues scanning until it finds another channel in use to lock into. Push-button controls on your scanner allow you to either lock into one particular channel without scanning the rest or to lock out channels that you don't want to listen to for the time being.

Scanners can be used as either a base (in your home or a fixed place) or as a

mobile unit. Most scanners come with an antenna that will allow you to pick up any transmission in your immediate area. If you have a base station and want to pick up transmissions from farther away, an antenna can be put on your roof to cover larger areas. The more complex the antenna, the greater the range of your coverage. Antennas can be purchased from around \$8 to much more, depending on how great a distance you want to pick up on your scanner.

The scanner you choose depends on whom you want to listen to. They come in single-band, dual-band, and multi-band types and can scan anywhere from 4 to 16 channels. For most scanners, you will need either crystals, a card, or a metal comb to determine what channels you can scan. Others are programable and you can program your scanner to pick up any frequency in the band or bands that your scanner offers. To change frequencies, you must purchase additional crystals, cards, or combs for your unit. If your scanner is programable, frequencies can be changed by adjusting the controls on the front of the scanner and programming new frequencies into your unit. To choose the frequencies you want to listen to, you must first find out who is using the airways in your area. Your local dealers should be able to furnish you with this information. There are many booklets on the market which list all the frequencies available and who is using them.

Monitors can be purchased for anywhere from \$90 to well over \$300. The

smaller, less-expensive, units offer limited range and frequency coverage. They are about the size of a transistor radio. The more expensive scanners, which cover 16 channels and are multi-band, are just a little larger than a clock-radio. You should be able to pick up a very good quality scanner in the range \$150-\$200. I do suggest, though, that you choose only the nationally advertised brands, so you won't be sucked into buying the inferior brands that have been infiltrating the market lately. I'll list a few scanners to give you an idea what you have to choose from: Bearcat 101 Scanner-Monitor—\$349.95; Bearcat B Scanner—\$119.95; Bearcat Hand-Held Portable—\$129.95; Radio Shack Patrolman Pro-16A—\$229.95; Radio Shack Pro-4A Pocket Scanner—\$99.95; RCA Pocket Scanner-Monitor—\$129.95. Probably the best scanner, in this writer's opinion, is the Tenelec Memoryscan MCP-1 Scanner at \$399.95. There are

many other scanners to choose from. If you want additional information about any particular scanner, let me know how many frequencies you want, how many bands you want to pick up, and what price range you're looking for. I'll send you any information I have available to me or tell you where to get it. Also, if you have any questions on scanners in general, let me know. You can write me c/o Easyriders and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

You should know that the Federal Government has no laws forbidding you to listen in on any transmission. There are, however, local ordinances on monitors being used in your area that you should check into before buying one. Also, the Communications Act of 1934 says that you cannot make use of what you hear (except amateur transmissions and transmissions by broadcasting stations), nor can you divulge what you hear to anybody else. ■



Sympathy

—Continued from page 31

ever had. I wanna be better than you!"

Satan smirked: "Bikers. Always thinking with their cocks." He sighed. Then to Chester: "You got it. Next."

Chester held his breath for a second, then let it out with a soft whoosh.

"I wanna ball your ol' lady."

"You what?" The roar was deafening.

Trying hard to keep his voice from going soprano, Chester told him again:

"I wanna ball—ya know, fuck—your ol' lady."

"That's preposterous!"

"My third wish"—Chester spoke carefully—"is to make it with your ol' lady. With your woman. I mean you just made me the most irresistible meat slammer any cunt can get ahold of. So who better to try it out on than the Devil's ol' lady? I mean, hey: the devil's woman! She's gotta be one super fuck. And besides, I'll be comin' back sooner or later anyway, I—"

"No," Satan said softly. His teeth were clenched. Chester could feel his asshole pucker.

All of a sudden Chester could hear the quiet. The nothing. Then he was aware of his heartbeat.

Finally, after Chester thought he was zapped into nothing a couple of hundred times, the Devil spoke again:

"You win," he said grudgingly.

As the Devil spoke, Chester could see heavy smoke enveloping him. And through the smoke and stench of sulfur Chester heard him muttering: "Fuckin' scooter trash." But there also seemed to be a trace of admiration there, too. Then Satan was gone, and only some sulfur fumes remained. That and the light thrown from the Lucas lamps.

Genuinely glad that there was no shit in his pants, Chester walked over to his knucklehead and ran a hand over the smooth chrome of the top lamp. He got on the bike. One kick and it came to life. No shit: the electrics were repaired.

Chester pushed the jockey into first, eased off the clutch and pulled out onto the road. He could hardly wait to get back to the party. There was something else he wanted to try out.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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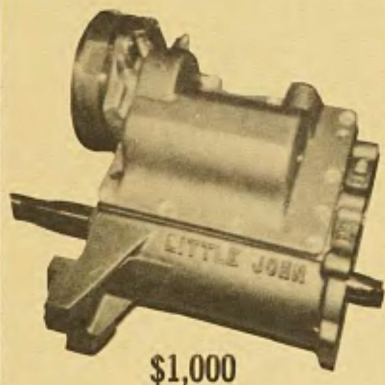
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A full-page photograph of a nude woman with long, dark brown hair, sitting on a red Harley-Davidson motorcycle. She is positioned in a three-quarter view, looking back over her shoulder at the camera. Her right hand is on the handlebar, and her left foot is on the footpeg. The motorcycle is a cruiser style with a prominent red fuel tank and chrome accents. The background is a solid, mottled blue.

Mind Trips of a Dirty Ol' Biker

She's five-foot-two. She's a miniature doll, lickable and all that good stuff. She's a firm, together young thing that goes with any Harley color. She's so small she can almost fit into a pocket, a saddle bag—or could be tucked right up against your back as you boogie through traffic on your way to that righteous party outta town. Man, she's ready—and she's gonna be nineteen in a few days. She digs men and their



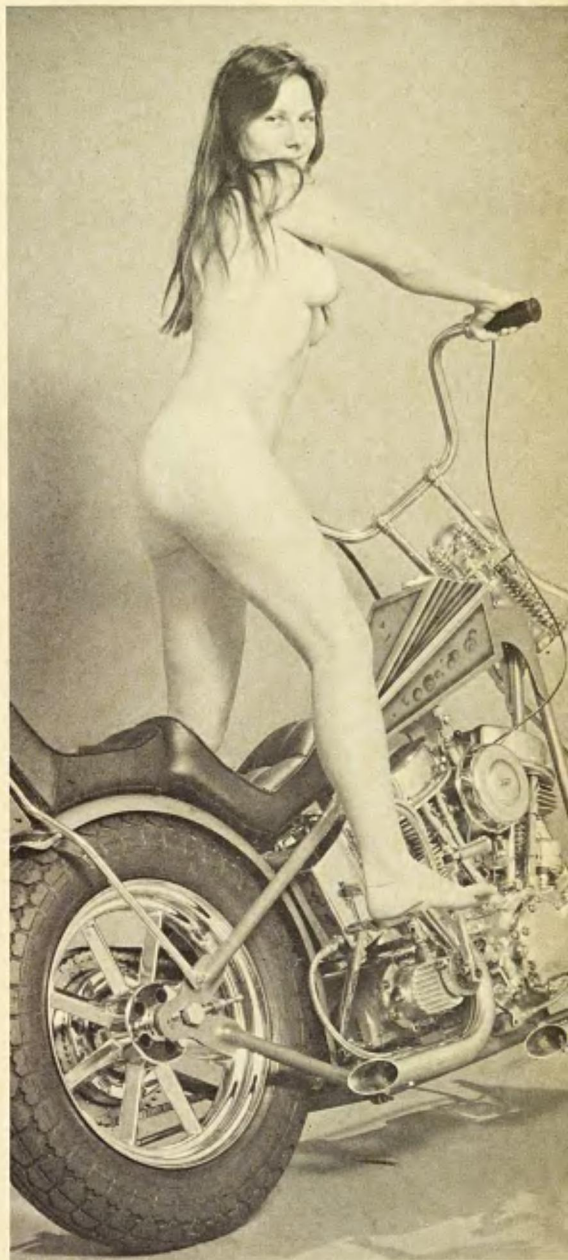
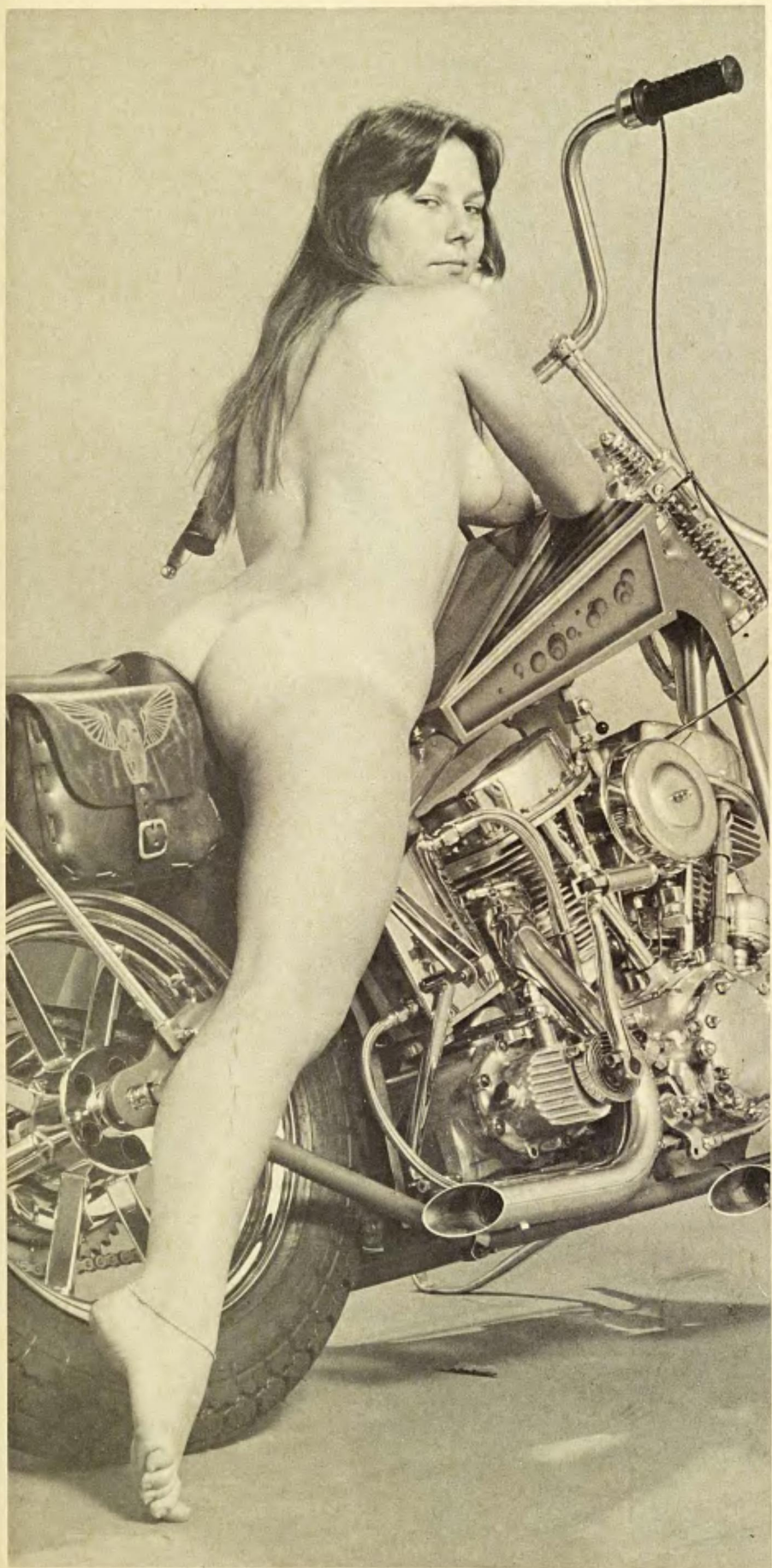
machines—and she showed it by purring and cooing, sliding around on the scooter. She fit (she's been there before), she oozed all over the bike, she wrapped herself around it, she belonged on it, she was part of it—and there's nothin' that goes with a scooter better than a young nympho bitch who's got it all together. Christ, my tongue's gettin' hard just thinkin' about it.

Sheryl, I love ya!

—Spider



Photos by Pete Chiodo





Lotsa Warmpth

By Lazslo Clone

People are always sayin' that bikers ain't got no warmpth. No, ya know... warmpth. That they are just so full-time bittered at the world that there ain't no room in 'em for genuine human sentiment.

This is bullshit, man. Anyone who says that oughta have his nuts lunched in a drill press. Bikers got warmpth just like everyone else. In fact the Hall of Fame of Biker Romancy fuckin' reeks with legends.

For example, I remember a bunch of us and our bimboes were on an outing of some sort and we rode through some city where there was this guy about twelve floors up makin' like to jump. Cops and firemen were there studyin' the situation, and there was this throng of people too.

You cannot imagine the kinds o' ruthless crap those people were callin' up to that guy.

"Jump, ya fuckin' coward! Jump! Ya damned sissy! Yer yella! Jump, ya fuckin' coward!" It was out-and-out heartless. All of us was incensed, but Logan was most outraged of all. He sat there on his bike in furious disbelief, his fists clenched and shaking, his eyes the size of plates. He fuckin' soared off his bike, knockin' the damn thing over, ran up to five of the loudest of the bunch and just beat the teeth out of the fuckers. He looked up violently, saw that the guy was just teeterin' now, only seconds away from either takin' the plunge or forgettin' about it. He ran over, grabbed a bullhorn in the middle of the new silence he had created, threw the thing to his lips and bellowed "You ain't no coward, dude, don't you listen to these assholes! It takes a brave, right-thinking man with a clear eye on reality to know that everything's just as completely hopeless as it can be! It takes a strong backbone for a dude to admit to himself that he's totally fucked to the max! It ain't no coward what can say 'Everything I do is fucked; always has been fucked; and always will be fucked!' It ain't no coward what can do that, fella! It's a fuckin' dude with a fuckin' horse-wallow full of pure courage what can do that, pal!"

That fucker didn't jump; he fuckin' did a gold medal aerial ballet.

Logan's doin' life for Murder One.

Spooner Wells digs his parents up from their graves every year on their birthdays. Two times annually the Saints' Preserve Cemetery can be seen to have one or the other of his parents' coffins dug up and tumbled open, with Spooner kneelin' there on top of the fresh dirt, huggin' the remains of either his father or his mother, and just sob-

bin' like a baby, his wailin' goin' out over the early morning mist and grasses like some forlorn wolverine. It sometimes takes a half-dozen groundkeepers to wrestle Spooner away from whoever he's got hold of. I don't suppose it does his folks much good, 'cause they were pretty rickety when they were alive, and six years underground, combined with the annual wrestlin' matches, ain't left much to embrace. But Spooner does his thing, rain or shine, when their birthdays roll around. We once suggested, since he was so attached, he do it four times a year; you know, celebrate their deathdays too. Spooner said that was just pure sick and bawled his fuckin' eyes out right there in front of us. He's 28 years old too, and he just fuckin' blathered, man.

Anaconda Eddie used to fuck his own motorcycle so much, he actually developed one o' them neuralgia things in his brainpan wonderin' if he might be fuckin' up the bike's emotions. He used to put a rubber narrowing device in his gas tank and exhaust pipes, and just fuck away, man. But he never wanted to ejaculate into the gas tank, ya know? So he used to premature withdraw and then real quick ram it back into the exhaust pipe and squirt it along the tube. Eventually he got so guilty about it, he used to bring flowers to the tank and talk to it, detach it and take it to the show, bring it to his folks' house for dinner on the holidays, put little clothes on it, and shit like that. But he still wouldn't quit non-jizzing into it because he didn't want to fuck up the fuel, ya know? One day he decided to quit the nasty habit, and emptyin' the tank, he set it back on the bike and was fuckin' away at it, gettin' ready to jizz into it real good, when his belt buckle hit something in a weird way and caused a spark, there was this brief fireflash, and an instant later Ed's cock looked like an overripe banana. I mean, his pecker was blacker than Koonta Koontay's. Ed went quietly nuts after that, and eventually just went away somewhere. I guess he figured that the gas tank didn't know and had just lost its patience. Every once in a while we get a letter from him addressed to his gas tank, filled with all sorts of poetic foolishness sayin' how sorry he is he treated the tank so unfairly during their heyday.

And well, that's just some of your basic sentiment shit that goes on. Even at that, it ain't anywhere near the most of it. Hell, there's lotsa stuff that's just too, well, you know, tender, to even—oh hell, I'm getting all misty here.

—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

DOWN-TIME ENTERTAINMENT

BY ZOM

SOUNDS



WAYLON LIVE: Welcome to the fuckup of the century. No, not this album, me! This album was reviewed in the February '77 issue of ER. There was only one problem. I called Waylon Willie Nelson.

Now try to picture this scene. It's deadline night (my column is due the next day at ER or two big greasy dudes fall by and, oh God, I don't even want to think about it) . . . anyway, it's deadline night and since I work at home I have albums scattered all over hell, and a few other things splattered, and I've managed to get myself into just the right condition to "create." (It is this same condition that allows me to look at a song title like "Pigs On The Wing" at least fifty times and still think it says "Pigs On The Water," but whaddyah want, accuracy?)

Okay, I'm sitting behind the typewriter, just having listened to "Waylon Live" and I pound out this review about how Waylon's a shit stomper and a far out performer and all that. The album has a lot of old stuff, so I don't go into detail about the songs and everything's fine until those two same greasy dudes fall by with a letter of complaint about the Willie Nelson album I'd reviewed, which, according to the enraged ER reader, I hadn't even listened to.

After throwing the dudes a lotta shit about how-dare-this-asshole (actually, I made a fist in my pocket), I stopped short. What Willie Nelson album? I'd never reviewed one for ER, not being a particular fan of Willie as a performer (songwriter, yes!). I paged hysterically through the copy in question to show

them Waylon's review, and there it was: "Troublemaker—Willie Nelson." I'd even used Willie's name in the copy.

Holy fucking shit! How? Was I thinking about Willie because several of his songs are on this Waylon album? Was I staring across the room at a copy of "Troublemaker" while I was writing the review? I've been reviewing records for years and I've never made a mistake of this magnitude (I try to save those for my personal life).

Oh well, I guess I'll never know. I don't know much these days. Turns out the album is fulla church hymns, and I haven't felt too well since these two dudes beat the piss outta me.

CAROLINA DREAMS/THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND:

Ya know, there's been so much crappy music out lately, I took one listen to the "Desert Skies," for instance, album and decided it was the greatest song I'd ever heard in my life. I came to my senses of course. Now, looking at it objectively, I'd say it's only one of the top five greatest songs I've ever heard in my life.

This comes as no great surprise, seeing as how the Marshall Tucker Band is easily one of the top five performing bands in America. They're just so good, so together and so tight, it hurts. "Desert Skies," for instance is almost painful when you get the ol' Marantz cranked up and the speakers belching. Maybe it's the words, or the melody written by Toy Caldwell (an odd name, I'll admit—perhaps he would be wise to have it changed to Toy Sword—(I'll go quiet-

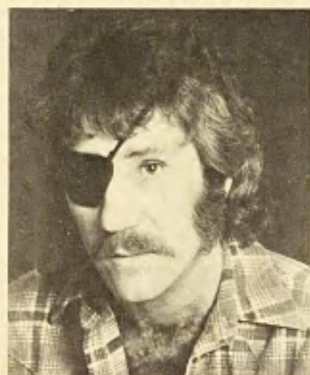


ly) or his slam-it-home guitar, or Jerry Eubanks' sax or the fiddling by my hero, Charlie Daniels. Or maybe it's just all of them put together.

This band attracted my attention some years ago for a very strange reason. I had

no idea they were such a hot item. I was fascinated by the fact that the Caldwell brothers looked exactly like big Mickey Roneys. Oh well, they've gotten older and I've gotten glasses. Now they attract my interest because they don't even need a great song to get you moving, and that, like charity, is a rarity.

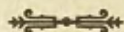
RAY SAWYER: Doesn't this guy look familiar? Sounds familiar, too, and should, because he's one of the lead singers of the group Doctor Hook. I was so stunned by the contents of this album, I forgot to find out if he's left the group. I wouldn't be surprised if he's left town.



The album is a collection of mundane melodies and the most maudlin lyrics ever written. The songs by someone named Joel Jaffee are merely dumb. But those from the simpering pen of someone named Hazel Smith, are unreal! This fucking garbage has to be heard to be believed. It's hard to pick the most insulting to the senses, but I guess I'd pick "Daddy's Little Girl." It's enough to make you want to give yourself a vasectomy at home, with an ice pick. Ms. Smith did manage one rational song, "Love Ain't The Question". In fact, the lyrics are damned good. But they managed to screw it up in the arrangement with a lot of twats twittering in the background (sounds a lot like Filthy Phyllis and her Finger-Fuckin' Five).

Sawyer wrote a few of the songs, too, and I suggest he find a less dangerous hobby before it kills him. This guy has talent, and that's the worst thing about this god-awful album. What he's done with (no, to) that talent is fucking near unforgivable. ■

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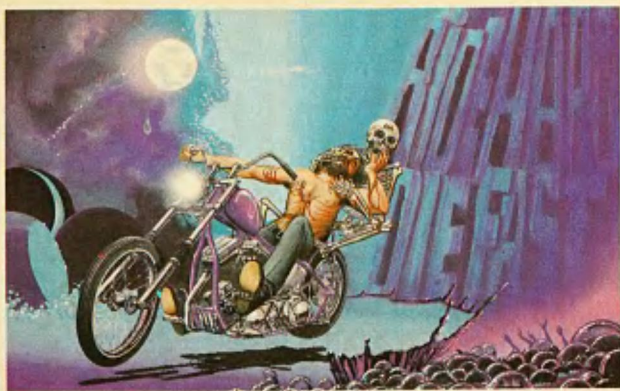
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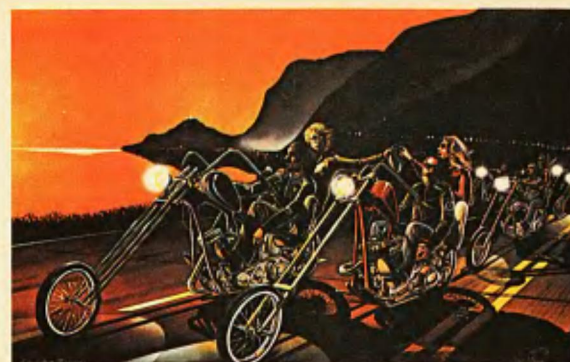
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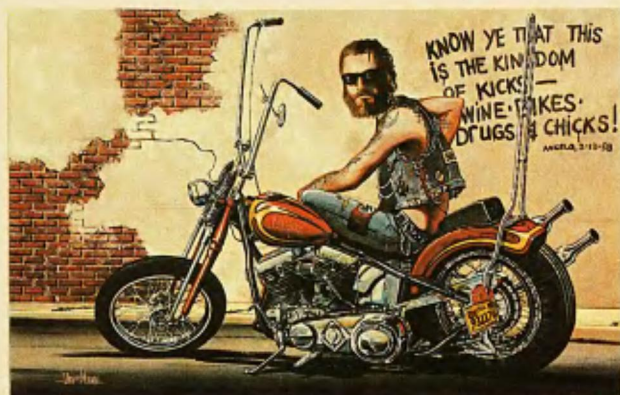
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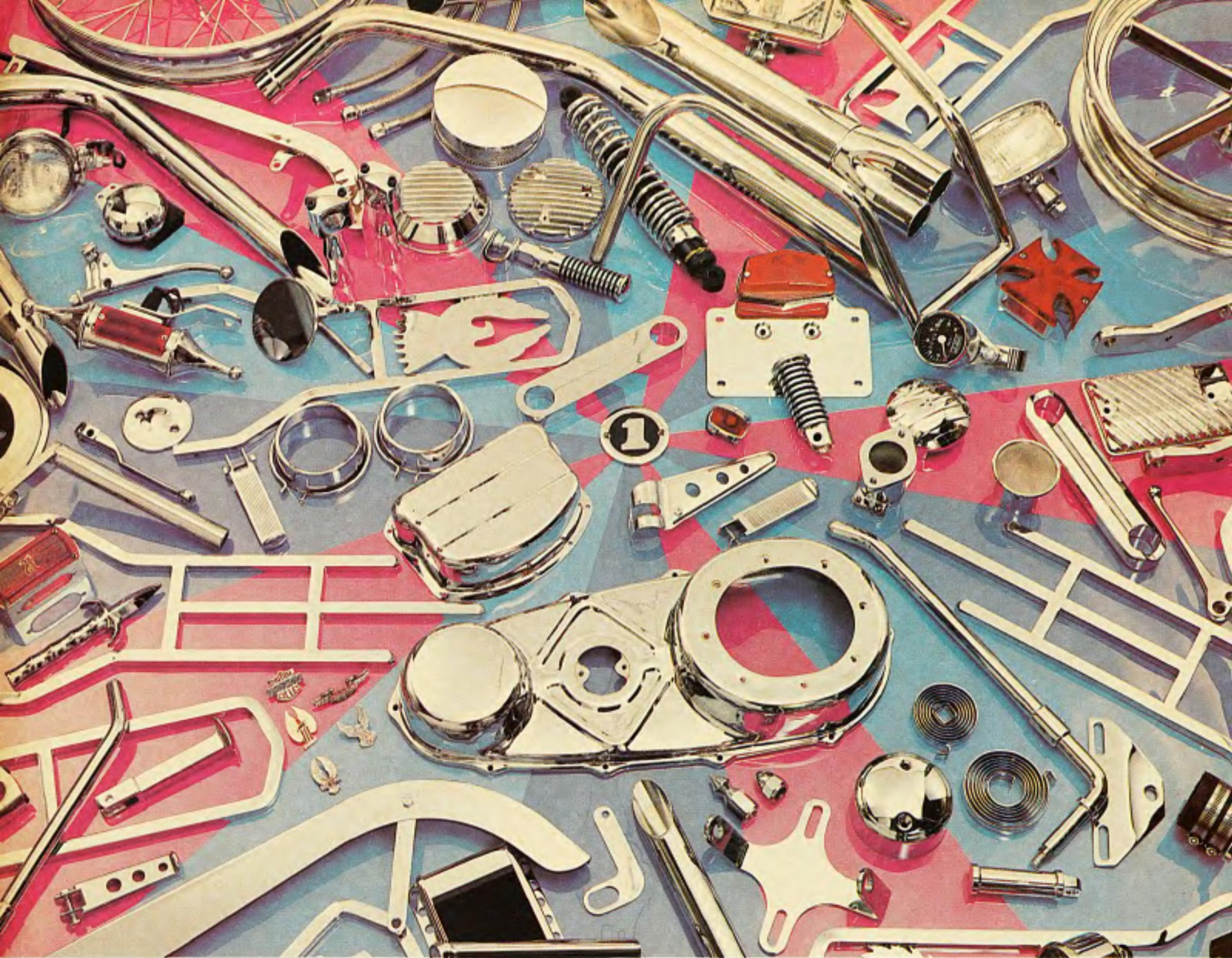
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Ass Kickin'

—Continued from page 46

money on would not become a smash success.

At this point, which was December 6th, 1969, the biker image for recording artists was pretty much taboo with record companies. But the Grateful Dead played on, which is to be expected. Like the Angels, they continue to do their own thing. The Dead don't like to cut "hit singles," and they don't tour when they don't feel like it. They simply play and have a good time. So while the Dead may not always sing about scoots, they share a pretty healthy attitude: just hold on and be yourself. Because they are a no-hype band they remain a favorite of many dudes who handle scoots. In a recent concert at San Berdo's Swing Auditorium the place was packed with every type of bike freak imaginable. And because there were no assholes, there were no hassles. Just four hours of outtasight sounds, which is what the Dead, and the Angels, wanted in the first place.

The Dead, of course are famous. But in light of the tough time ass-kicking groups are having in getting radio air time, here are a few rockers that are guaranteed to do one thing when you put an album on your record player: get you a bit high, and maybe a little rowdy.

Asskickers

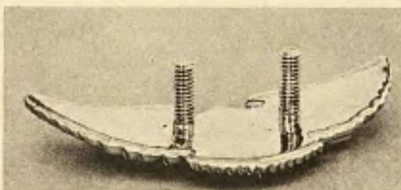
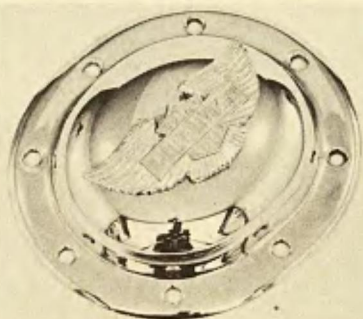
Yesterday And Today, by Yesterday and Today. This is the first album by a San Francisco area bunch that starts off on the right foot immediately. The opening cut is titled "Animal Woman," and the key lines include "She used to be so very shy, much like the Virgin Mary. But that girl's never been the same since I took her cherry."

Nightshift, by Foghat. Foghat altered its comparatively low-key approach with this album. "Drivin' Wheel," the first selection on side one, is one of the most powerful tunes to come out of England.

The Ramones Leave Home, by the Ramones. You should hear this album before you buy the first offering by this New York gang of street toughs, because you either dig the Ramones or want to burn their cars. Good words though, like "Gonna take a chance on her, one bullet in the cylinder. And in a moment of passion, get the glory like Charles Manson. Gonna smile, I'm gonna laugh. You're going to get a blood bath." Nice going, New York.

Toys In The Attic, by Aerosmith. America's heavy metal kings kick ass again. ■

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Desert Run

—Continued from page 15

noon sun as he peered down the road in both directions. The bleak landscape and barren road shimmered crazily in the heat waves that radiated from the scorched ground. Leaving the bike to go for help was out of the question. For all he knew, he could walk his ass off in either direction and never see a soul. He had not passed a single car since leaving the highway, and anyway, the paranoia generated by his encounter with the local citizens at the cafe made him leery of leaving the bike unprotected. He imagined himself trudging down the road only to be passed by a bunch of laughing shitkickers with his scooter roped into the bed of their pickup. Or returning after going for help and finding some cowboy had trashed the bike just for the hell of it.

He stood up, spat in disgust, and watched the saliva evaporate almost as soon as it hit the burning pavement. There was only one thing to do—fix it himself. He was packing what he'd need for tire repair, but it wasn't going to be easy. To begin with, he was going to have to figure out how to get the rear wheel off the ground by himself, and the job would have to be done in this brutal heat. Finally, he estimated that there was only about three hours of daylight left, and when he finished he'd still have to face being lost in the desert at night.

About a half-mile down the road a narrow dirt driveway intersected the asphalt and led to a dilapidated frame house. Rick squinted and surveyed the remains of what had once been somebody's home. A small shed was slowly crumbling behind the house and a '53 Chevy on blocks rusted nearby. It would have been a depressing scene ordinarily, but under the present circumstances it seemed like the only break he'd had all day. A small tree in the front yard would afford some shade and maybe he could find something lying around to help elevate the bike's rear end. And if worse came to worst, he could crash overnight in the house. Warily, with a sigh of resignation, he pulled off his denim vest, tossed it across the seat of his chop, and grunted with the effort of pushing the bike toward the dirt driveway.

By the time he had parked the bike under the tree by the house, he was drenched in sweat and already tired. He walked slowly to the rusted remains of a well and tried the pump handle. The mechanism screeched

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in rusty protest and emitted a thin trickle of brownish liquid. It tasted like hell but Rick was too thirsty to care. Feeling a little better, he returned to the shade and rested for a moment while he examined his surroundings.

The house appeared to have been long abandoned. The front steps were pulling loose from the porch, and the green clapboard that made up the exterior siding was broken and falling away in places. Half the windowpanes were gone and everything—the house, the shed, the old Chevy—was covered with the gritty dust that was the meager topsoil for the desert scrubbrush. It was the kind of place some fool had once built with high hopes of making a go as a small rancher—keep a few animals, dig a well, have a garden. But a few years of the isolation, the heat, the boredom had slowly eroded that original hope. And so, Rick imagined, one day, almost on a spur of the moment impulse, these miserable people packed the few things worth keeping into the truck and drove away to chase some other futile dream someplace less, while the desert slowly reclaimed their abandoned home.

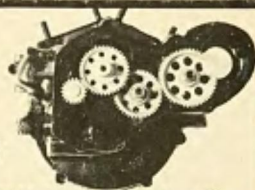
As Rick's eyes moved over the barren landscape, he spotted a small stack of the same type of cinderblocks that had been used to elevate the rotting Chevy. Knowing the daylight was limited, he forced himself to go and lug three of the blocks over to the bike. As he hefted the third block, a three-inch scorpion, its shady retreat suddenly disturbed, ran from the stack and across Rick's boot.

Rick made a wedge with two of the blocks and jammed the front wheel between them so the bike couldn't roll when he tried to get the rear end up. He shoved the remaining cinderblock as far as it would go against the frame directly in front of the rear tire. He pushed the toe of his boot against the cinderblock as he stooped over and grabbed the frame on either side of the rear wheel. This ain't gonna do the paint on the frame any good, he thought.

He put his back into it and strained against the dead weight of the bike. Once the wheel was off the ground, he pushed the block with his boot further underneath the bike. Keeping his foot planted so that the block couldn't slide, he rested momentarily, panting from the exertion and the heat. He then gave the bike another heave as he shoved the cinderblock with his foot and it slid completely beneath the frame, leaving the rear wheel poised several inches above the ground.

He stepped back, dizzy from the exertion, and panted as he waited for the spots to stop dancing in front of his eyes. He removed the tote bag from the sissy bar and dug out his

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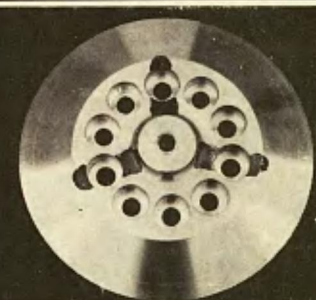
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tool roll, patch kit, and hand pump. Wiping away the sweat that was stinging his eyes, he crouched down and began the tedious job of removing the rear tire.

In spite of his efforts to hurry, nothing seemed to go right and two hours had passed before he was tightening the axle nut and grunting the bike down off the cinderblock. The shadows on the ground were lengthening rapidly and he was faced with two options, neither of them very appealing. He could pack up his stuff and putt on, even though he didn't know which way to go and would run the risk of running out of gas in the middle of nowhere. Or he could crash in this funky old house with nothing to eat, no light, and little to protect him from the cold desert night.

Unable to make up his mind, he postponed the decision and decided to see if there were any rags in the house he could use to clean up. He stepped up onto the small front porch, found the door unlocked, and entered. The air inside was stale and unmoving. A few flies buzzed in the remaining sunlight as he walked through what had once been the living room. A battered and garish violet sofa rested against one wall, gobs of its moldy stuffing pouring out between the exposed springs. Except for it and an old TV lying screen-down on the floor, the room was empty. A 1968 calendar hung on the wall.

He walked on into the kitchen and was about to pass through when he stopped dead in his tracks. His eye had been caught by a coffee cup on the drainboard. The cup was half full and a green mold, about the size of a quarter, floated on the surface.

Somebody's been here recently, he thought, and an uneasy feeling he couldn't explain began to creep over him. In this Arizona heat, he knew, the coffee would evaporate in a few days, and some broken crackers and a rock-hard piece of cheese gave additional testimony to the house's recent occupancy.

Still unable to understand his sudden nervousness, Rick walked carefully, softly, into the bedroom. An old iron bedstead was the only furniture in the room. On it rested a dusty mattress covered with a torn blanket, rumpled, it would now appear, from recent use. On the floor next to the bed were two dark stains, each about a foot in diameter. In the fading light of the afternoon sun, he couldn't see the stains distinctly. Inexplicably, he felt the hair along the back of his neck rise and, despite the lingering heat, a sudden shiver ran along his spine.

Yielding to an uneasiness he couldn't analyze and an apprehension he couldn't understand, he

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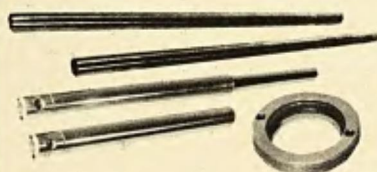
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backed softly out of the bedroom, crept swiftly through the house, and returned to the front yard. He wanted to get the hell away from this place. All his instincts told him to split, and to do so as quietly and rapidly as possible. Suddenly nervous about his exposed situation in the yard, he decided to move the bike out of sight behind the outlying shed where he could repack his gear and clear out.

His mind told him repeatedly that there was no logical reason for this behavior, yet even outside in the emptiness, he walked softly, trying to be silent. His eyes ran across the landscape, unbroken in all directions, but nothing calmed his tension. Picking up his tools and tote bag, he carried them quietly to the rear of the house and left them behind the shed. He then retraced his steps, eased the bike to its kickstand, and rolled it to where he had left the bag. The sun had almost set and dusk was covering the barren terrain with a soft blue glow, providing enough light for him to see what he was doing.

As he began to stuff his tools into his bag, Rick realized that his uneasiness in the house had caused him to forget to look for rags. His hands were still covered with grease and crud from fixing the tire. Thinking there might be some rags in the shed, he pulled open the door.

He stood in the doorway, transfixed by what he saw. His mouth hung open and he felt his throat tighten. There were two of them, a man and a woman. And it wasn't a pretty picture. The light was dim but he was glad he could see no better.

The man looked to be around 30. He wore a pair of blue cotton slacks, grey socks, no shoes, no shirt. The woman was about 25, shoulder-length brown hair, nude. She looked as if she had been beaten; her lips were split and puffy, and one cheekbone stood out in a knot of swollen purple flesh. They were tied together, back to back. No, not tied, Rick realized—wired. Someone had wrapped a coathanger around their biceps on each arm and twisted the ends together tightly with pliers. Their turgid flesh protruded around the wire that dug deeply into their arms. Each had been shot twice above the ear with a small-caliber gun. Though the blood had long since dried, Rick knew they had been dead only a day or so at the most because otherwise the smell would have been intolerable. It was just becoming noticeable.

He had no idea how long he stared at the grotesque couple propped against the shed wall but he suddenly realized that for several seconds he had been hearing the drone of a

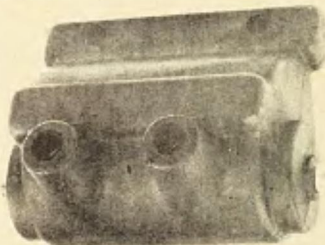
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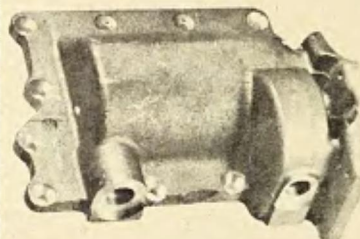
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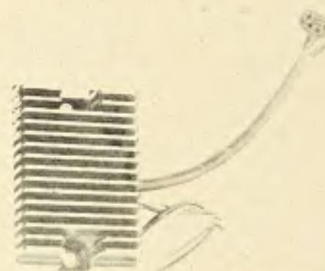
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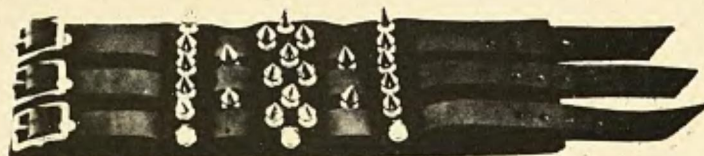
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car engine up the road—the first car he'd heard or seen since he left the cafe. His heart jumped into his throat as he heard the rhythm of the engine slow down and the sound deepened, followed by a crunching sound as the tires turned off the asphalt onto the dirt driveway leading to the house. Oh Jesus God, he thought, what have I fallen into?

Instinctively, he darted into the shed and pulled the door shut. He peered toward the house through a crack between the boards of the decrepit shed. Though it was growing rapidly darker, there was still enough light for him to see the car clearly. It was an old '59 Cadillac, the gold paint worn through to the primer in large areas of the hood and trunk. The engine fell silent and a moment later two men stepped out of the car. The distance and light made it impossible to see them distinctly, but he could make out the driver as a big man, 6 ft. 5 or 6, and overweight. The passenger was a runt, about 5 ft. 5 or so. He carried a sack of groceries as the two of them walked toward the house.

Just as Rick was thinking he stood a chance of silently pushing the bike back to the road and then making a run for it once the mis-sized pair entered the house, they stopped. Rick's jaws ached from clenching them as he squatted on the dirt floor next to the dead couple. He squinted through the boards of the wall and saw the two men staring at the ground where he had worked on the tire less than thirty minutes ago. He realized they were looking at the distinct track his chop had left in the loose, powdery dirt. Their heads moved in unison as they followed the track with their eyes until they seemed to be looking directly at him, though he knew they could not possibly see him inside the shed.

He couldn't make out the words of their discussion, but in a moment the big one went to the car, reached in, and pulled out a double-barreled, sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun. Rick could hear the gun being cocked as he watched the little one advance toward the shed a few steps and call out in a nervous, high voice.

"Say, boy—we know you're over there. I can see your 'sickle. Now you just step over here where we can get a look at you."

Rick remained silent and motionless, uncertain what to do. He watched the Mutt and Jeff pair exchange a few words, then the little one turned toward the shed again.

"Okay, stud, this is your last chance. My friend here's gettin' upset and it's all I can do to keep him from walkin' over there and unloadin' this scattergun into the wall of that dinky little lean-to. Now you either get your ass out here where

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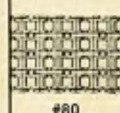
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we can see you or George here's gonna ventilate them walls with double-ought shot."

Rick's mind raced, trying to concoct a plan. The .25 automatic was outside, stashed in his tote bag. Since the door of the shed faced away from the house, he could reach the bag without being seen, but at this distance and in this light he knew he couldn't hit anything. And against that shotgun it would be like a peashooter to a cannon. His one chance, he figured, would be to come outside and talk to these bastards and get close enough so that he couldn't miss. If he produced the gun unexpectedly, he might be able to blow them away before they could react. At any rate, time was running out and it was the only chance he had.

He eased open the shed door and, still out of sight of the two men, crawled to the tote bag. His fingers felt the cool metal of the little Beretta and he quickly pulled it out and tucked it behind his belt in the small of his back. Taking a deep breath, he turned the corner of the shed and began walking toward the strange pair waiting beside the old Caddy.

No one spoke until Rick was about three feet away, at which point the runt piped up.

"That's far enough, shithead. You stand right there and keep your hands in sight while me'n George figure out what to do with you."

Rick examined the men in the dim light of the desert dusk. The one who held the shotgun leveled at his chest was a giant, apparently dim-witted. His adenoidal mouth hung open and two glazed eyes stared out of his expressionless face. He wore baggy khaki pants and a sweat-stained, stinking T-shirt that was too small to cover the belly that hung out over his belt and creased the waistband of his pants. He had a sloppy crew-cut that looked as if it had been done in an institution. A week's greasy stubble covered his cheeks and chin.

The little guy was evidently the "brains" of the duo. He had small, weasel-like features, with eyes that darted in all directions, never stopping on one object for more than a few seconds. His close-cropped hair and scraggy beard were wiry and his rodent mouth jerked with an intermittent tic. As frightened as he was, Rick still couldn't help noticing the runt's odd clothing. Like his companion, he wore a T-shirt, but he wore it under the remains of a three-piece corduroy suit, now stained and dirty. You'd have to be nuts, Rick thought nervously, to wear something like that in the desert heat.

The little dude's darting eyes came to rest on Rick. "What the hell you doin' out here, boy?"

Rick tried to keep his eyes off the twin barrels of the shotgun as he



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struggled to maintain his composure.
"Well, I had a flat on the road and I
stopped here to fix it. Look, I didn't
know this was your property," he
said, hoping this bullshit sounded
convincing, "but I'll be glad to go on
my way right now."

The little guy burst into an ugly
laugh. The big one, George, seemed
to take his cue from his partner and
emitted a few hollow chuckles,
though his blank face gave no indi-
cation that he understood what was
funny.

The little one was snarling now.
"I'll just bet you'd be glad to leave,
motherfucker. Try it an ol' George
here'll cut your ass in half." He
turned and nodded in the direction
of the shed. "What ya got over
there?"

"Nothin'—just my bike and a few
clothes," Rick replied.

The runt addressed his huge
friend. "Watch him. If he moves,
waste his ass." Having instructed his
buddy, the little dude leisurely
walked to the shed and disappeared
around its corner. He was out of sight
for perhaps two minutes, then reap-
peared, still strolling unhurriedly.

Rick felt his heart sink when he
saw that the bastard carried the
small Alka-Seltzer bottle he'd had
stashed deep in his tote bag. Inside
was \$2500 in fifties. The runt was
grinning broadly.

"Well, well, well—look what I
found, George," the shrimp said,
holding the bottle up for the giant's
inspection. "Seems we've run into a
wealthy biker." Again, the small man
erupted in a nasty laugh.

"Not only that—looky here." The
runt held up the two glassine enve-
lopes with the grams of coke Rick
had intended to use to make the trip
more interesting. The runt reached
inside one envelope and extracted a
small pile on his little finger, spill-
ing more in the process. He held the
pile to his right nostril and snorted,
reached back into the envelope and
repeated the action with the other
nostril.

The little guy blinked a couple of
times, sniffing to force any residue
back into his sinuses. "Not bad, not
bad," he said, grinning at Rick. Rick
could tell that the little pissant was
really enjoying himself—he'd fallen
into \$2500 he'd never dreamed of
seeing and the coke was beginning to
make him talkative as he enjoyed his
own attempts at humor.

"Hey now—how can I be so rude?"
the runt said through a sneering
grin. "We been havin' this nice chat
and I ain't even made the introduc-
tions."

Rick kept his eyes steadily on the
little man, awaiting the right mo-
ment to make his move. Since the
runt had grown talkative, it seemed
best to let him rave on and see what

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developed, rather than force the issue now. Rick could feel the hard outline of the automatic nestled in the small of his back, but if George got a chance to touch off the 12-gauge, Rick knew he'd be dead before he hit the ground.

"This here's George," the runt said, gesturing toward the gorilla with the shotgun, "and they call me Rooster." He pointed back in the direction of the shed. "Did you meet our poor friends over yonder?"

Rick pretended not to understand. "Friends? Where?"

Rooster's face clouded immediately and his voice was tight with anger. "Don't shit me, you motorsickle motherfucker. I know you saw 'em. I could have George blow you away right now, but seein' as you've made such a generous contribution to our finances"—he held up the bottle of cash and grinned—"I thought we'd talk a bit here. But don't bullshit me, stud. I don't like it."

Rick's stomach knotted as he listened to the shrimp who called himself Rooster. The runt was getting excited and his voice took on a hysterical edge. It was clear, Rick realized, that these guys were nuts.

"Lemme tell ya what ol' George and I been up to lately," Rooster said boastfully. "We knocked over a liquor store in L.A. last week and George here got nervous and put three slugs in the clerk. So I figured it was too hot to stay in California and we headed east."

It was dark now, and the wind picked up, blowing some clouds now and then across the face of the moon. Rick knew he should hold his move until the clouds covered the moon, providing some darkness to cover his actions. Rooster had snorted two more pinches of coke and continued his narrative.

"Well, the fuckin' car throws a rod in Indio and we only had about a hundred bucks—all that was left from the liquor store job. So we fucked around town for a while till I



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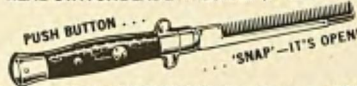


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spotted this young couple leavin' a grocery store and I said to myself, 'Perfect!' You know what I mean?" Rooster was speeding from the coke and didn't wait for an answer.

"I mean, the cops might be lookin' for the two of us, but not for three men and a woman in an old Cadillac. So I just sauntered over casual-like, stuck my .22 in the dude's back, and we all climbed in. Hey, George, remember how scared they were?"

George's face lit up with some dim memory and broke into a stupid smile.

"But I told 'em we just wanted a ride to New Mexico and that if they behaved themselves, everything would be cool. So we drive into Arizona and I get to checkin' the chick out and she's an all right cunt, ya know—nice big tits, pretty legs. So I get this big hardon for her and so I had 'em pull off the highway and drive down the ranch roads for a while."

Rick remembered the battered face of the dead girl and tried to keep his hands from shaking.

"So pretty soon we spotted this place and I had 'em stop here. Man, were they scared. So I put the make on the little bitch and all of a sudden she's yellin' an her ol' man's raisin' hell, so I knocked her on her ass and made her ol' man carry her inna house."

The little jerk was almost dancing with excitement. "Wow, man, by this time ol' George is gettin' all hot too, ya know? I mean, ol' George ain't much to look at and he don't get laid a lot—do ya, George?"

The hulking idiot smiled blankly.

"Well, I was pretty pissed by then at the way they were carryin' on so I decided to teach 'em a lesson. We tore up the guy's shirt and tied him up inna bedroom so's he could watch while me'n ol' George went to work on the bitch. Man, it was outta fuckin' sight—I'd give it to her, then George, then both of us together. We kept at it for hours. You shoulda seen her ol' man—wow, he coulda shit!"

The crazy little runt burst into hysterical laughter as if he'd just told a hilarious joke. His grinning hulk of a partner had taken his eyes off Rick momentarily to enjoy his friend's antics, and Rick knew he had to make his move at this moment.

He lunged forward and grabbed the barrel of the shotgun, forcing it straight up in the air while he simultaneously lashed out with a kick aimed at the big man's crotch. The quiet night was shattered by the sound of a shotgun blast. The muzzle flash froze the struggling men in a brief instant of illumination.

The unexpected recoil from the gun and the force of the kick knocked George flat on his back, and Rick,

losing his balance, fell on top of him. Rooster had been stunned briefly by the sudden explosion, and in the dark he was unable to distinguish between the two men thrashing on the ground. Only one barrel had fired, and as Rick fought to reach his pistol, he knew he'd never be able to drop both men in time. He scrambled to his feet, aimed a kick at George's head, and ran for all he was worth toward a small gully fifty feet to the rear of the house.

He reached the gully and threw himself into it head first just as he heard the blast from the second barrel. He lay panting in the dirt for a moment, then extracted and cocked the Beretta. With the clouds covering the moon, he was certain the two men could not see where he had run. He peered over the edge of the ditch and could barely make out the two forms against the dark bulk of the Caddy. He steadied his right hand with his left, took careful aim, and fired three shots in rapid succession.

The .25 sounded puny after the blast from the 12-gauge, and he felt certain none of the shots had hit the pair. But it obviously came as a great surprise to them to discover that their pigeon was armed. He could dimly see their figures as they dropped to the dirt, and he watched as they crawled to the opposite side of the car, placing it between themselves and Rick. Their muffled voices drifted to him through the desert air. Rick's mind continued to race and he swiftly concluded that the best chance was to try to creep over to the shed, start the bike, and make a run for it. If he could surprise them and make it to the road without getting hit, he might come out of this alive.

But just as he began to inch his way out of the ditch, he was startled to hear the Caddy's engine roar to life. He peeked over the edge and saw the car lights come on, then sweep out across the desert floor as George turned the Caddy around and headed toward the road. In another moment the big car had turned onto the asphalt and the red taillights were all that was visible to Rick, who now stood up and watched the car vanish into the night.



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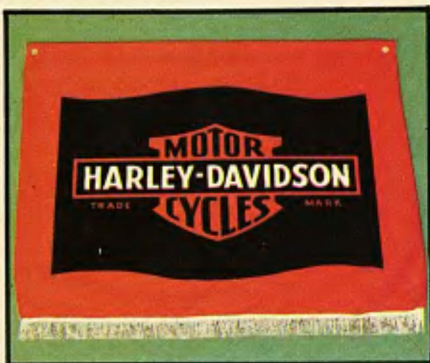


The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches

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.



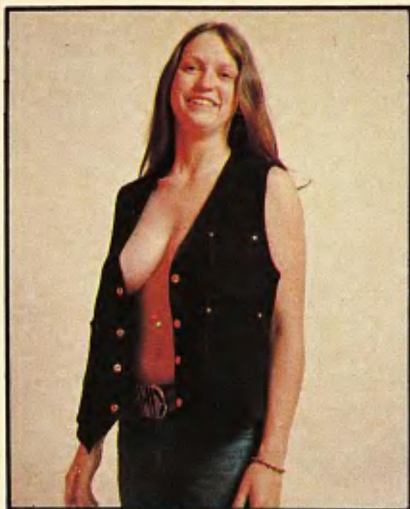
Strong Silver Rings

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



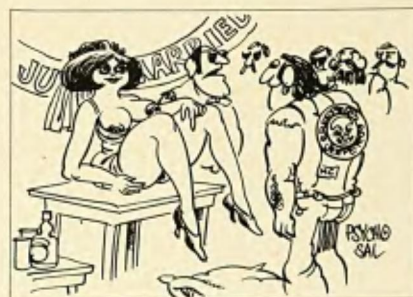
California residents add 6% for The Man

For a moment, he just stood there in the dark, enjoying the abrupt, unanticipated relief of seeing the crazy killers drive off. As he thought it over, their sudden decision to haul ass made sense. Obviously, they were good at terrorizing unarmed people, but probably had no stomach for a real fight, even when the odds were on their side. In addition, the desert darkness made it impossible for them to see their adversary. And for all Rick knew, they could have been out of shells, since they never returned his fire. But most important, they had made a \$2500 profit. Who would stick around to trade shots when you could clear out with a fat roll of cash?

It was the money that cinched Rick's sudden decision. As he thought over the past hour, his anger mounted. These chickenshit, crazy assholes had killed an innocent couple, tried to kill him, and had driven off with every cent he had. He thought about his California dream, the California pussy he'd anticipated—and it had all vanished with the receding taillights on the old Cadillac.

"No, goddammit," Rick said aloud to the desert night. "Those gutless pigfuckers just aren't gonna get away with it." He knew he still had shells in the clip of the automatic, and this time the element of surprise would be with him.

The Caddy had turned off in the direction from which Rick had come earlier in the day. He had traveled that road for well over thirty minutes and had seen no sign of life or another road, so he knew the bastards wouldn't elude him. He thrust the pistol into his belt and walked over to the shed. He tied the tote bag on the bike, kicked it over, and flipped on the headlight. As he rode past the house toward the road, he stopped the bike alongside the cinderblocks he had used earlier. As the chopper idled on its sidestand, he smashed one of the blocks against another until it had been reduced to half its original size. He remounted the Harley, placed the half block on the seat between his legs, and gunned out onto the roadway.



"Okay, ya muthas—it's time to kiss the bride."

Easyriders Playing Cards

TWO decks \$4.95
We pay postage!



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

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

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

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

Send check or money order to:

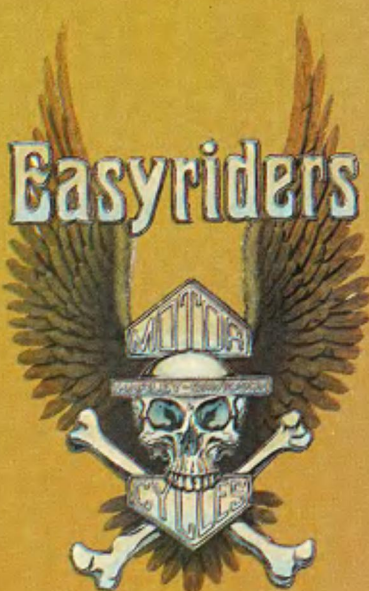
Easyriders Cards, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

California residents add 6%

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.

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Send your bucks today to:
Easyriders, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

California residents add 6% for the Governor's stash fund

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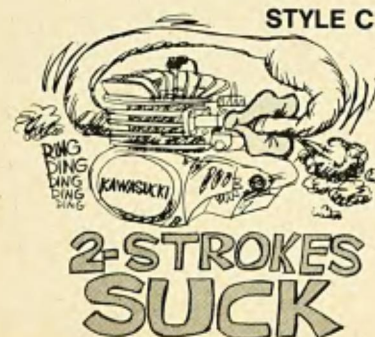
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NOW! D.O.T. APPROVED T-SHIRTS

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 sleazy, 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).



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THOMPSON T-SHIRTS

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

The cool wind was a relief as he sped down the road. A night wind had dispersed the clouds, and the moon now provided enough illumination for him to be able to cut off his headlight. He remembered from his afternoon ride that this road ran straight and flat for about twenty miles, then entered a series of curves for about three miles as it cut through some low hills. He planned to overtake the Caddy on the three-mile stretch.

He kept the bike at a steady 80 mph along the moonlit road and soon he saw the two red lights on the horizon ahead. As long as he stayed far enough behind and kept his headlight off, there was no way the two killers could spot him, and the sound of the car would mask any noise from the bike. In addition, of course, Rick thought with satisfaction, they wouldn't be expecting company.

The Caddy was doing about 70, he estimated, and he gradually decreased the distance between them until he was less than a mile behind. As he topped a rise, he could see the point where the road began to curve, a mile or two in the distance. Keeping his speed steady, he watched the old Cadillac disappear as it entered the winding stretch of road. Now he needed only to stay one curve behind to remain out of sight. He opened up the throttle.

The road shot by beneath the tires as he closed the distance on the old car. He would catch sight of it intermittently as it entered or left a turn, and he could make out the silhouettes of the two men against the beams cast by their headlights. The Caddy was taking the turns fast; it had barely reduced its previous speed. Now Rick was almost on its tail, staying just out of sight behind the bend of the curves. This is it, he said to himself.

As the Caddy entered the next turn, Rick twisted the throttle hard and the chop shot forward in an instant. At once he was directly behind the big machine, still doing close to 70. Giving the throttle a final burst, Rick and the Harley suddenly shot past the Caddy and its startled occupants. As he cleared the front bumper, he hoisted the cinderblock in his left hand.

"Suck on this, you rotten cock-suckers!" he screamed as he heaved the heavy block across the hood of the speeding Cadillac and simultaneously braked hard on the chopper.

He had time for only a split-second glance before the Cadillac shot past him, but it was enough. The block caught the car's windshield squarely and pulverized it. Rick had a momentary glimpse as the block crashed into George's face in an explosion of glass, blood, and shatter-

ing bone. Rick braked to a comfortable 40 mph and cruised behind the big car as it swerved from one side of the road to the other.

He watched the chaos inside the car as he followed in the wake of its mad skid. The Caddy didn't slow down. George, dead or unconscious, evidently still had his heavy foot planted on the accelerator. He could make out the runt's desperate struggles to gain control of the careening vehicle, but George's enormous bulk was in the way. Rooster could succeed only in jerking the wheel in desperate attempts to keep the car on the road. Suddenly, the skidding machine failed to negotiate a curve and went into a tire-screaming sideways slide. The instant the spinning wheels of the car's right side hit the soft dirt of the shoulder, they dug in deeply. The car flipped and rolled three times before coming to rest upside down.

Rick stopped the Harley and let it idle in neutral a hundred yards from the overturned car. He pulled the automatic from his belt and waited for signs of life. The four wheels of the Caddy slowly spun to a halt; its headlights still shone through the dust clouds raised by the crash. Rick waited. Silence.

He shut off the chopper and walked carefully to the demolished car. He

knelled next to the driver's side and peered in. George lay crumpled on the interior of the roof, his head a mushy ball of gore. Rooster had been thrown clear at some point, and from the looks of his crushed body, the car had rolled over him as it overturned.

Rick squatted in the darkness next to the little killer's body. He reached for the dead man's coat pocket which, he hoped, contained his \$2500.

The snake struck suddenly from the dark shadows beside the dead man. Rick had never seen the reptile in the dim light and its fangs were buried in his forearm before he could react. It was a desert rattler about four and a half feet long. It had been all but sliced in half in the midst of its nocturnal hunting by the demolished Caddy, but now it struck with frenzy and held on with the tenacity of its death spasms.

Rick jumped to his feet and tore the snake's dying remains from his arm. Oh sweet Jesus, he thought, this can't be happening. He tried to remain calm, remembering that panic only made the heart circulate the venom that much faster. But he could feel his heart pounding in terror as he walked back to the bike. His one chance, he knew, was to get to a town, a farm—anyplace where they could get him to a hospital. If he could make it that far, he might be

in for a bad time but he would have a chance.

He turned the key and stomped hard on the kickstart pedal. The Harley coughed, fired briefly, and died. He tried again, with the same result. In an agony of desperation he tore the cap from the tank and shook the bike from side to side to hear how much gas remained. Empty.

Panic began to overtake him in spite of his efforts to stay calm. His right arm was already swollen and a numbness had spread from his fingers to his shoulder. His chest was constricted and breathing was growing difficult. God in heaven, he thought, maybe there's some gas in the car's tank. But even as he got off the bike and stumbled back toward the wreck, he knew he was clutching at straws.

By the time he reached the overturned car he was in a cold sweat, blinking spastically in futile attempts to clear his blurred vision. For an instant, his California dream flashed through his mind—the sun, the women, the excitement. He slumped to the ground and leaned back against the car's fender. His eyes turned up to the night sky as if hoping for a sign, an explanation, a hope. The desert stars twinkled down coldly on those staring, sightless eyes. ■

Something naughty for "EVERYBODY"

*Put some class
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Please send _____ skivvies.
I have enclosed \$3.00 for each plus
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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)

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)

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)

How to open locks without keys. Send \$5.00 for booklet with illustrations to John Lange, 42632 Gainsley, Sterling Heights, Mich. 48078. (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)

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)

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)

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 neckchain. Passion Flower Halter Tops, Box 165, Copperopolis, Calif. 95228. (51)

Legal Marijuana! Sealed in plastic. Jewelry, belt buckles, paperweights, desk sets, toilet seats, etc. Free brochure. Richard, Box 159E, Fairbury, Ill. 61739. (50)

Lookin' for foxy chick who loves campin' and puttin' on Harleys, to be one-man house mouse. Must be willin' to relocate eastern New York area. Good clear photo brings instant reply and photo. S. F., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (49)

\$500 reward for valid information on my son's whereabouts. His dad has terminal cancer. His name is Dwayne (Dago) DiCicco. Write Eva D. DiCicco, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (49)

Collectors! Easyriders #1-#46, 3 binders full & 10 in brown wrappers. Best offer. Pat Rampey, Box 139, Inyokern, Calif. 93527. (49)

Darlin', just wanted to let the world and you know I love you. R. D. (49)

Swinging, liberated gals! How about a fun weekend on a motorcycle? Central New York. Please send S.A.S.E. and photo if possible. Address: Occupant, Box 183, Westmoreland, N. Y. 13490. (49)

Get yours: "Bikers are Beautiful" stickers. Put them on everything or anybody. Spread the word and do it now if you believe. \$1 ea. Also "Helmet laws suck" stickers. 50¢ ea. or 3/\$1. R. Donovan, 286 Andover Rd., Billerica, Ma. 01821. (49)

Loner chick, 21, 5'3", wanting to learn from best of guys (Harley owners, natch) all about No. 1 bike. Love outdoors and travel. Am up in Canada, springtime here and getting itchy feet. Write J. K., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (49)

Debbie: Happy birthday. Love you with all my heart. Carl. (49)

Honk if you're high! Bumper stickers. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send \$1 to Puffin Stuff, Dept. ER, P.O. Box 825, Smyrna, Ga. 30080. (49)

Winterhawk: Keep your tongue flickin' forever. I love it and I love you. Happy birthday. M&M Girl. (49)

Sheltered, straight female 34, 3 kids 12, 11, 9, needs biker with patience, consideration, understanding, good-natured, for temporary stay. Only biker, 31-39, can help us learn to live so people will quit fucking over us. Need financial help too, barely surviving. Big challenge for right dude. Reward, profit none. Respect honesty. No weirdies. Will exchange pictures. Michigan Red. c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (49)

Richard (Wolfman): Thank you for the earrings and letters. Keep the faith, babe. Love ya, Janis. P. S. Write back soon. (49)

Wimpy: Have a wonderful birthday and a happy Easter. Friends for life, Rags. (49)

Georgia: I love you and have learned my lesson so get your head together and come home. Okay? Your ol' man, Tank. (49)

Wanted: Harley 74 engine & tranny. Clean numbers. Any year. Prefer late model. Lightnin', 112 Debbie St., Lot 2, Lafayette, La. 70501. (49)

Country: It won't be long now, baby. I'll be waiting for you. Happy birthday, July 14. Loves ya, Kitten. (49)

Young Indian girl is short on cash. No donations asked! Purchase nude photos. \$1 each. Thanks, guys. Mary Chambers, P.O. Box 1581, Rock Island, Ill. 61201. (60)

Wanted: Hell's Angels or some other equally elite group to occupy house in County outside Mobile, Ala. Free rent. Beautiful, natural surroundings. Many creeks and rivers nearby. No close neighbors. For complete information write Geraldine Sullivan, 2944 Grand Island Blvd., Grand Island, N. Y. 14072. (49)

Shovel Butt: Happy Birthday! From the one who loves you most! Sue, Lattabra, Calif. (49)

Hey, Cassacks of Tyler, Texas: Got so loose at Mardi Gras, didn't get your address. Jack. P.O. Box 8971, Wash., D. C. 20003. (49)

Wanted: Fine, easygoing lady to talk about puttin' and livin' and other good shit. Send correspondence and photo to Lawyer, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (49)

Harley advertisements from 1940s. Some Indians. Ads are genuine and in top condition! Send \$10 cash or money order to: Harley Ads, Box 273, Pinehurst, Texas 77362. (49)

Bros & foes: Just to let you fuckers know, Harley's alive & running great. Finally made that hitching date. Now we're running from state to state. Bubba & Barbie. (49G)

Easy Bay Saint, Tommy Bonetta, urgent you contact Clyde (Willie) Wilkerson #68508, P.O. Box 500, Bks 9, Grady, Ark. 71644. (49G)

Happy Birthday to my ol' man, Marv. In Ione. You and your Sporty just keep gettin' better every year! Hope we'll always putt together, Cathi. (49)

Ku Klux Klan and Confederate paraphernalia, T-shirts, rings, flags, literature. Free sample. Catalogue Americana (9), Box 10672, Jefferson, La. 70181. (51)

To my husband, Fasto, who will have my love, loyalty, trust, and respect forever. Happy birthday. Love, Debbie. (49)

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. (49)

Wanted: Motorcycle license plates before 1965 in good condition. Collector. 70 Riverside Dr., Devon, Conn. 06460. (49)

Leo, the door is always open for you. I love you. Please call. Buns. (49)

Make \$300 weekly for 9 hours of your time. No investment. Send \$2 for complete details to: J. Jansen and Assoc., 7660 So. Lorel, Burbank, Ill. 60459. (49)

Dan and Glenda: Special thanks to both of you. I'll be back, but until then, am lovin' you both. Cathleen. (49)

David in CMC: Nothing can stop us now. It's me, you, and our dreams. I'll wait forever for you. Yours is the only cock I'll suck. Love you, babe. Your ol' lady in San Diego. (49)

Who's insane? Who fuckin' cares? To all my fate-oppressed bros. Keep on keepin'. Ever run into someone who...? Anyone: Tell Ed Wilcott I'll make it up. Sorry, man. If they were cool, it wouldn't matter. Soon to be puttin', hope-fully. Hope this says more. Love to all, Boone. (49)

Maddux: Ain't nobody going to love you like I do. Let's keep it together. Your ol' lady in Texas. (49)

Fall Down Fred: Contact brothers in Phoenix. Tony and Jim. (49)

Pussy-eatin' Pete: It's been the best year of my life. With love from your ol' lady, B.B. (49)

Birth certificates and high school diplomas. Sent blank and with gold seal. \$2 each or both for \$3. Write: The Ground Floor, 7135 Firmament, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406. (49)

Dan: Happy quarter-century. Love, Debi, Kama, Lydia. (49)

Are you man enough to wear "Linda Lovelace choked on mine"? Are you woman enough to wear "A hard man is good to find"? Send \$5 for red, yellow or blue T-shirts. S. M. L. XL. Flash, 715 South St., Roslindale, Mass. 02131. (49)

Butch: I'll love you till the 12th of Never. Let's do some puttin' around Omaha this year. Love, Crayon. (49)

Bong kit: Easy to assemble water-pipe. Paint it or smoke it plain. Guaranteed durable. Send \$6.95 check or money order to Gaffer, Box 42, Ravenna, Nebr. 68869. (49)

In desperate need of foxy ladies to write. Am in pen and really catching the flux. Any foxy chicks from 16 up. Please send photo. Philip Rose #117800, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204. (49)

Bob Nay: Have you been told today? Don't matter if you have, fuck ya anyway and happy birthday, bro. Dirty Danny & Shitty Smitty. (49)

American Indian motorcycle parts. If it's for a V-twin Indian, we probably have it. (209) 286-1232. Rt. 1, Box 9B, Mokelumne Hill, Calif. 95245. (49)

Porno: Please believe in me. I am for real. I love you so very much. You are one fuckin' good ol' man. Also, happy birthday. Sweetmeat. Your woman, Kitten. (49)

—Continued on next page

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. — \$59.95
- 17 in. — \$74.95

In stock sizes 8½—11, D width
Special order sizes 6—8, 11½—14, B, C, D, E, EE widths (Add \$12 per pair. Allow 4 to 6 weeks.)

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

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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.

Send your order today to:

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Size _____ Width _____ ■ Color Black Brown

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

I have enclosed \$ _____ for _____ pair(s)
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Lonely biker dude in the slammer would dig hearing from chick 18 to 22. Share these lonely hours with me by writing. Please send photo, if possible. I am 26 years old, 6' 1" tall, brown hair, blue eyes. Ralph "Snoopy" Pease, #J-356, P.O. Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688. (49)

Hessian Wild Mouse: Happy anniversary June 14. Thanks for four terrific years. I'll love you till the wheels fall off. Rosie. (49)

Quality herb pipes handmade by bro & ol' lady from aluminum beer cans. This is a no-bullshit badass smokin' pipe! Specify shotgunner or not. One dollar. Post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Rocky P., 212 E. Rose St., Owatonna, Minn. 55060. (49)

Honda Face. You and I belong together. Hey! Hey you . . . wake up, will ya? Boze. (49)

For sale: 1976 V.W.-powered trike. Much chrome. Many extras. Wil-Mac design. Over \$3800 invested. Must sell fast. Will take \$2,500. No bullshit! Phone: Decatur, Ill. (217) 877-8312. (49)

Older, meaner, dirtier, damn near impossible biker looking for older, meaner (and probably impossible) ol' lady who still likes to get in the wind, party, and get it on. Write Frank R. Cosby, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (49)

Turn any grass into Colombian. Send \$1 plus self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Billy Gamble, Box 265, Maybrook, N. Y. 12545. (49)

Young, foxy chick lookin' for a true, down-to-earth, long-haired, hairy biker who needs ol' lady to travel with. Write Cher, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (49)

Knucklehead owners: Pan barrel conversion plans and kit with gaskets, hardware, etc. \$34.95 money order to K N S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, N. Y. 11580. (49)

Janice and Angel Rowan: I love ya. Where are ya? Get out of jail in June '77. Come home, San Bruno. Your ol' man, Jackal, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 66027. (49)

Foxy chick, white, tall. I'm affectionate, open-minded, and honest. Dig dining, dancing, movies. Seek easy-going dude, hairy, for a meaningful relationship. Tired of games with dudes who don't know where I'm coming from. Once I was a transsexual. I can relocate. Please send a picture to Ruby D., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (49)

34 mm Mikuni kit for 45, \$75. Sportster pistons, 900cc \$30 per pair. Send \$1.50 money order for catalog to K N S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, N. Y. 11580. (49)

Due to the many requests for our minister's package, it is once again available. Same deal Nine bucks brings I. D. card, diploma, letter from the I.R.S. saying it's legal, and more. Price good for remaining stock only! No personal checks. Howard Fincher, Box 1134, Florissant, Mo. 63031. (49)

Mamas! Want to sell your panties? I'm buying. Send or write Sniffer, P. O. Box 53031, New Orleans, La. 70153. (49)

Mini-switchblade on keychain: An actual working miniature version of knife used by bikers everywhere. \$2.50 each. 2 for \$4.00. Postpaid. Novelty use only. T&T Products, P.O. Box 2105, Ocean, N.J. 07712. (49)

Liz, Stan, Chico, Kim, and all my brothers and sisters in Vicenza, Italy. I gotta say thanks for many good times. Hated to leave but thank asshole Sam. Remember "Smilin' Faces" and "Blood of the Lamb." I'll see most of you at "Bad Co." reunion. Miss the good times. Jack J. Conn (Germany). (49)

Ku Klux Klan "calling" cards 10/\$1; flyers' caps, new, red, nylon \$3.50; any type machine gun manual \$6; silencer manual \$8. Money orders. Dragonfire, P. O. Box 534, Westminster, Md. 21157. (49)

T-shirts: "100% Honkey," "Thank God I'm White," "Hitler (swastika) Was Right," others. \$4.50 ea. Two sides \$6.50. Add 75c postage & handling. No personal checks. For more information send 25c to C. K. Vance, P.O. Box 268, Redwood City, Calif. 94064. (49)

Charlie: If only you believed like I believe. I love you. Chris. (49)

Biker chicks and convict ladies: Bikers doing time, need some heavy lines. George (Teardrop) Stuber, L. J. (Buster) Danos, Plaquemines Parish Prison, Pointe a la Hache, Louisiana 70082. (49)

For sale: One complete set of Easyriders magazines. To my knowledge this is the only complete set ever to be offered for sale. All books newsstand mint. \$300 takes set. Will dicker. Michael Ozanne, 53 Cleveland Avenue, Rutland, Vt. 05701. (49)

Happy quarter-century. Marvin Lickmore. (49)

'46 Harley, 74 c.i. knucklehead, street and show bike. One of the finest. \$6,000 invested. Must sacrifice. \$3,500. Only 800 mi. Completely brand new. Jim Enos, 120 Savage St., Revere, Ma. 02151. 617-289-0164. (49)

Jim: We've only just begun to live. Happy birthday. I love you. Sherry. (49)

Wait! Don't chrome anything. Shine it first with our special scooter polish cloth. Makes dull aluminum, alloy wheels, even chrome, look like new in seconds! Cleans—polishes—protects. Fast & easy. No gimmicks—this one really works. \$1.50 each, 2/\$2.00. CON-T, P. O. Box 4655, Springdale, Conn. 06907. (49)

United Motorcyclists of Alberta, Canada. Helmet Protest—June 18, 12:00 noon. Princess Island Park, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. For information call 274-0948 or 244-1341. (49)

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. (49)

Ass or Gas. No one rides for free: 2 sew-on styles, #1, 2-1/2" x 2" black on blue denim 75c ea. 3/\$2. #2, red on white satin 50c ea. 3/\$1. K. King, c/o Easyriders, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

Swingers referral service: Send pix, info, and needs to: P. O. Box 594, Simpsonville, S. C. 29681. (49)

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. (49)

Doing a 20-yr. bit. Could dig hearing from some ladies. Steve Harris #39648, C/4, Parchman, Miss. 38738. (49)

Free 20-page catalog of posters, sew-ons, flags, Nazi gear, arm bands, swastika earrings, etc. To receive our catalog by return air mail you must include \$1 for postage. Ken Walker, 37 Rosedale Cres., Reading, Berks, England. (49)

John: Here's to a beautiful product of our love. I'm sure we'll get our boy. I love you forever. Carol. (49)

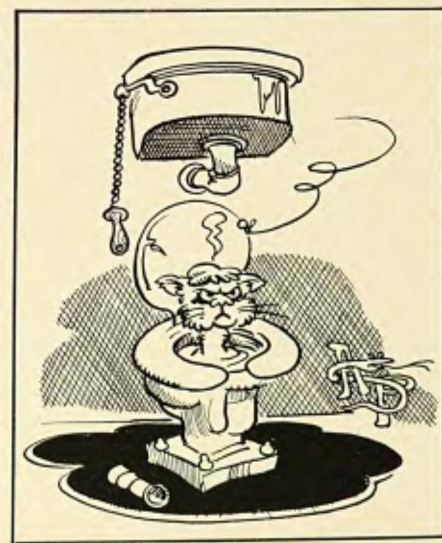
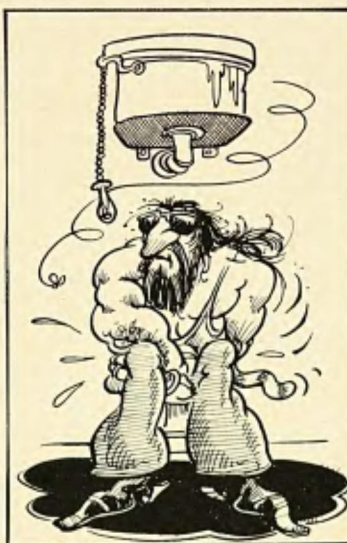
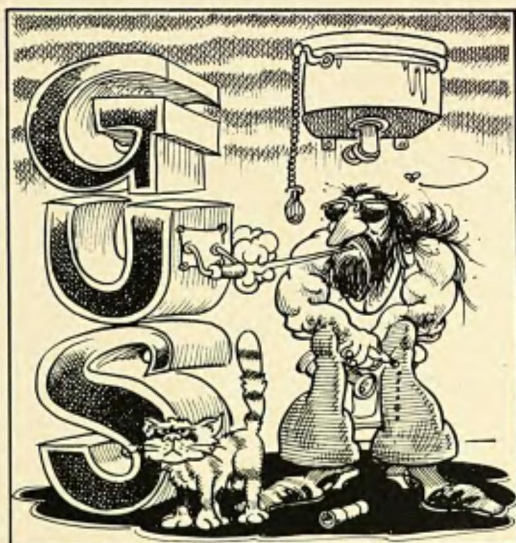
Cracked cylinder heads repaired and fucked-up valve seats replaced. Call Paul (805) 544-4868 or send heads to 2830 McMillan Road, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93401. (49)

5'3", 110-lb., 19-year-old biker chick looking for right ol' man. Must be interested in traveling. Write Jan Hicks, Rt. 4, Box 995, Christiansburg, Va. 24073. (49G)

A warning to the readers of Easyriders and especially to the bros in Ohio prisons. There is a Spanish chick in Ashtabula, Ohio, named Judy C. who has a hardon against all bros in prison and especially in Lucasville prison. She has been known to start writing them after having gotten their names out of Easyriders, and starts a lot of bullshit stories to cause trouble for them. Beware of this chick! The bros in prison have things hard enough as it is. Lobo, Lucasville, Ohio. (49G)

My ol' man, Moses, is in the joint at Leavenworth. Can't get there to see him unless a bro would volunteer. If any of you Missing Links from the Warrensburg area know him, let me know. To be without your ol' man is hell. Kathy Chanslor, R.R. 2, Box 52A, Peculiar, Mo. 64078. (49G)

Hey, Ed Bobkoskie: Read about your escape in the papers. This is your cousin speakin' at you and I'm also doin' some time in Kansas. Drop me a line. I want to hear from you. John Bobkoskie #146-54-2929, Drawer "A", Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 66027. (49G)





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 (PAIR)	
8001	Wanna Fuck?	Pillowcases	King Size	9.95 (PAIR)	
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	

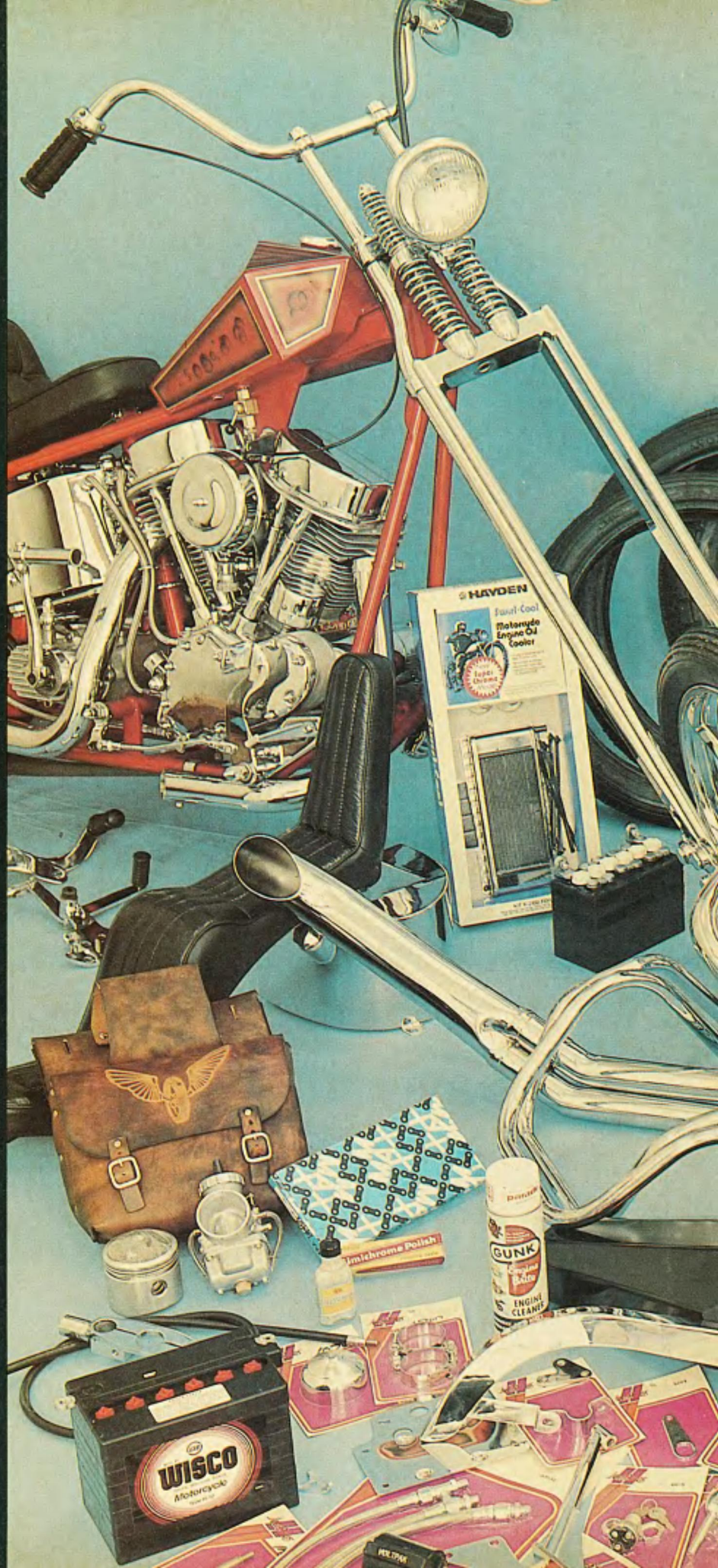
SALES TAX

POSTAGE

TOTAL

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. DFEI FRS & RETAIL FRS. Send for FREE Catalog.

Got the 74 Urge? Jammer Can Satisfy It!



We have the largest assortment of quality 74 Chopper parts in the world - more than we show here - more than we can list in this advertising section. So if you've got 74 Fever - we've got the cure!
(There was not room in this section to list all the products shown on this page - please refer to Jammer's Handbook for these & hundreds more!)



JAMMER FRAMES

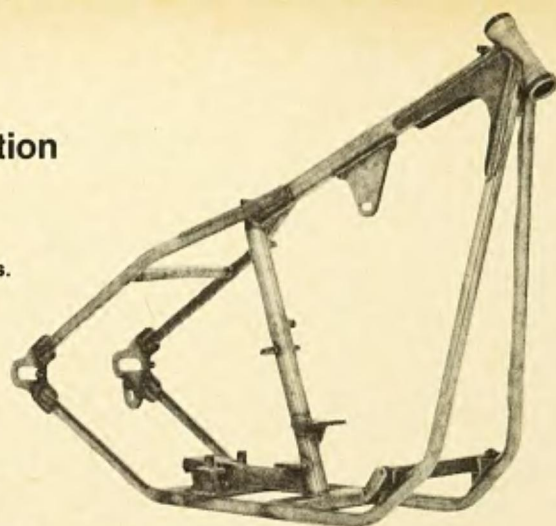
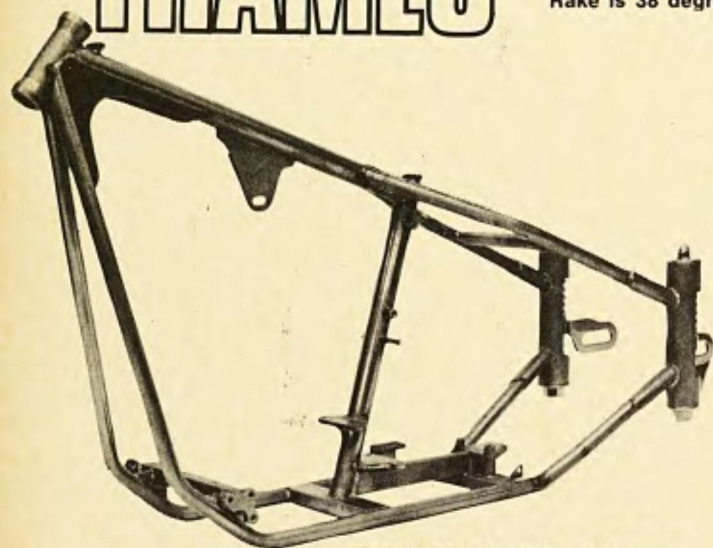
Solid, Safe Construction

Made of mild steel.

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.

Heliarc welded by Certified Welders.

Rake is 38 degrees.



28024 74 Mech. Brake Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2801 except with suspension) **384.95**

28027 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2804 except with suspension) **359.95**

2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame. Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger stroke and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes (see 2805 below). **\$299.95**

2801 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame. Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. **\$324.95**

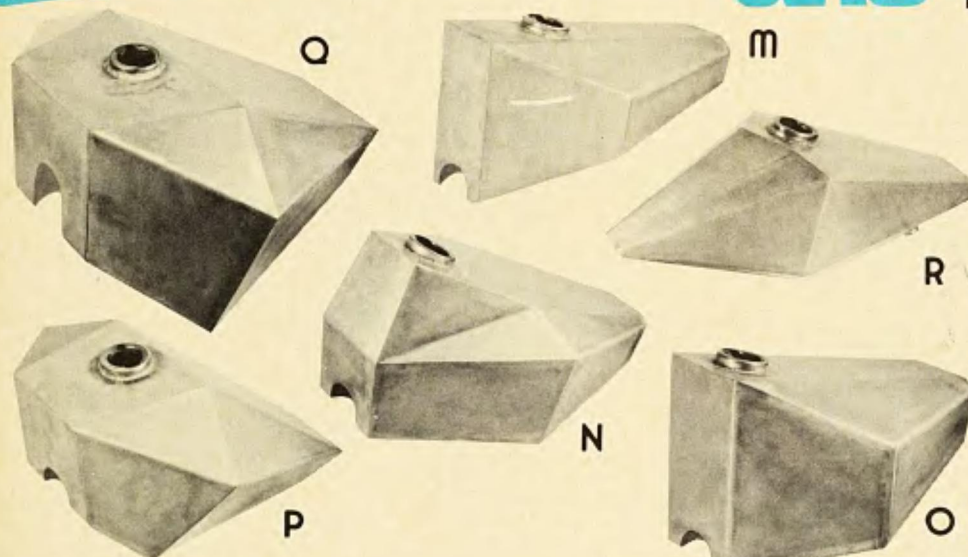
2805 Mechanical Brake Kit. Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required. **\$19.95**

Call

1-800-423-2455

Toll Free to order by phone, or to get the name of your local Jammer Dealer.

GAS TANKS



M	35010 Maxi 2.8 gal.	54.95
N	35011 Maxi 3.5 gal.	64.95
O	35012 Maxi 4.5 gal.	69.95
P	35013 Maxi 4 gal.	69.95
Q	35014 Maxi 6 gal.	89.95
R	35015 Maxi 2 gal.	54.95

OIL TANKS



36017 Gas Shut Off. HD type. 3/8—inch pipe size. (will fit stock Sportster tanks.) Has reserve and filter. **10.95**

3604 HD Type Gas Cap. 2.75

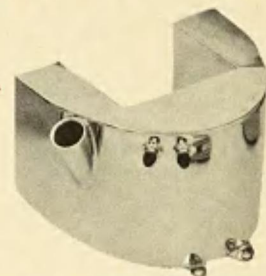


Mini Oil Gauge. Measures only 1-1/2" in diameter. Designed for Harleys but can be easily modified to work on other bikes. **Custom chromed.**

37018 For 74 12.95

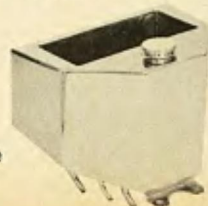
3703 HD Oil Tank Mounting Plate. Chromed. **16.00**

3704 Battery Plate Bracket. Heavy Chromed. **2.50**

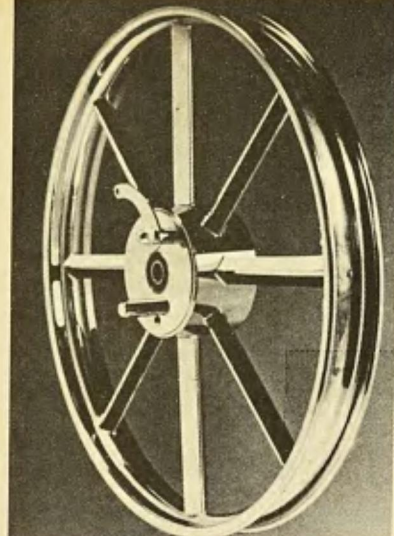


3702 Sidefill Oil Tank. For 74s. Four quart capacity. **79.95**

37022 Hex Action 74 Oil Tank. Features hidden oil line outlets and needs no additional battery plate. Holds 3-3/4 quarts and will accept the Action Pac 12 volt or FX battery. Fits all HD 74s. Includes cap **95.00**



3709 Oil Tank Cap. Chromed. Stock cap **2.50**



Hallcraft's WHEELS



GALAXY



FRONT WHEELS UNIVERSAL WIRE WHEELS

Part #	Description	
6803	18" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	302.35
6804	19" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	302.35
6805	21" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	302.35
6809	19" Dual Disc Brake Front Wheel.	450.95
6901	18" Small Brake Front Wheel.	178.05
6902	19" Small Brake Front Wheel.	178.05
6903	21" Small Brake Front Wheel.	178.05
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010	
69016	18" Spool Wheel.	105.05
69017	19" Spool Wheel.	105.05
69018	21" Spool Wheel.	105.05

GALAXY UNIVERSAL SPOKED WHEELS

69022	18" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	219.80
69023	19" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	219.80
69024	21" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	219.80
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.	
69029	18" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	184.30
69030	19" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	184.30

69031	21" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	184.30
68041	18" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	368.10
68042	19" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	368.10
68043	21" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	368.10

HARLEY-DAVIDSON REAR WHEELS

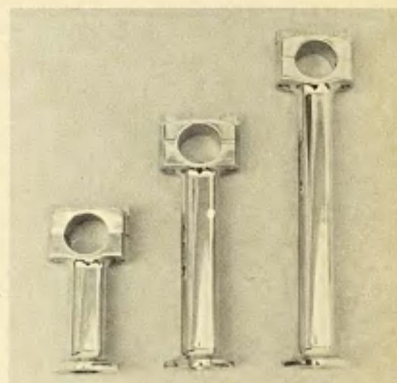
Part #	Description	
68018	16" 74 Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Wire Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023	477.75
68047	16" 74 Galaxy Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023.	503.90

Spacers For 74 RDB Wheels. Fit HD 74 rear disc brake wheels—either standard or satellite design.

68020	For Rigid Frame	10.04
68021	For Swingarm '58 to '66	10.04
68022	For Swingarm '67-'72	10.04
68023	(HD 74) Linkage	29.95
68044	For Swingarm '73-'76	15.80
68061	16" 74 (73 & later) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	244.05
68063	16" 74 (49 - 66) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	247.95
68064	16" 74 (67 - 72) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	225.65

RISERS AND HANDLEBARS

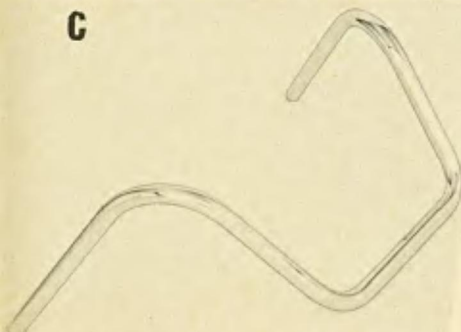
43015 Reducer Sleeves. For reducing 1-inch-diameter risers to 7/8-inch bars. They are knurled on the inside and outside. Set of four halves. .90 (Not shown.)



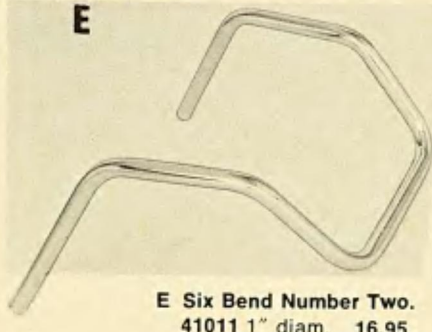
Custom Risers (Glide Type).
For 1-inch bar. Drilled and tapped at bottom for 1/2 x 20 bolts. Works well on our springer.

4401	3 inches high.	29.95 per pair.
4402	5 inches high.	32.95 per pair.
4403	7 inches high.	34.95 per pair.

C



E



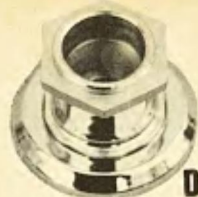
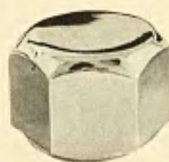
E Six Bend Number Two.
41011 1" diam. 16.95

C Pullbacks. Two sizes available, 18 inches or 24 inches between grips.
4105 18" between grips. 1" diameter. 12.95
4106 24" between grips. 1" diameter. 12.95

For more handlebars refer to Jammer's Handbook.

SPRINGER AND PARTS

ALL SPRINGER PARTS ARE CUSTOM CHROMED.



CAUTION: No alterations should be made to fork (such as reversing rockers etc.) that will affect the geometry and the handling of the fork.

Don't forget — when ordering a Springer, you will need a triple clamp, crown nut, and top nut.

- D Crown Nuts.** For our springer:
- 61012 HD 74s. 7.95 each
 - 61013 Sportsters. 7.95 each
 - 61014 45s. 7.95 each
 - 61015 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
 - 61016 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
 - 61017 Honda 750. 7.95 each
 - 61018 Honda 450. 7.95 each
 - 61019 Honda 500. 7.95 each
 - 61020 Universal neck. 7.95 each

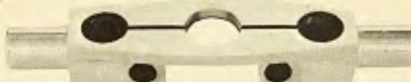
Narrow Springer.

Entire fork is polished before assembly. All welding is done by the heliarc method. All come with provision for brake anchor. For HD 74, Sportster, 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; 750 Honda, 450 Honda, 500 Honda and BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal 7/8-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimmying and spacing, for the 7/8-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. 299.95

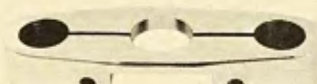
Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
6001	9-inch	Twist
6002	12-inch	Twist
6003	15-inch	Twist
6004	18-inch	Twist
6005	9-inch	Round
6006	12-inch	Round
6007	15-inch	Round
6008	18-inch	Round
6009	9-inch	Hex
60010	12-inch	Hex
60011	15-inch	Hex
60012	18-inch	Hex
60013	9-inch	Square
60014	12-inch	Square
60015	15-inch	Square
60016	18-inch	Square

A Top Nuts.

- For our springer on the following bikes:
- 6101 HD 74s. 4.95
 - 6102 Sportsters. 4.95
 - 6103 45s. 4.95
 - 6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 4.95
 - 6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 4.95
 - 6106 Honda 750. 4.95
 - 6107 Honda 450. 4.95
 - 6108 Honda 500. 4.95
 - 6109 Universal neck. 4.95



- B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears.** Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. 29.95 each



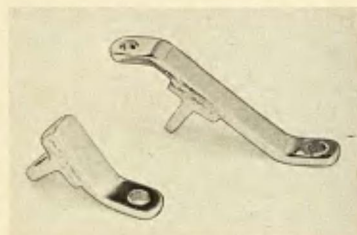
- C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears.** For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2 x 20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. 29.95 each

AXLES

ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.

12107 Axle—Springer. Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. 8" long. Spacers included. 12.50

121015 Axle—Widerider Springer. Fits our widerider springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. Spacers included. Chromed. \$12.50



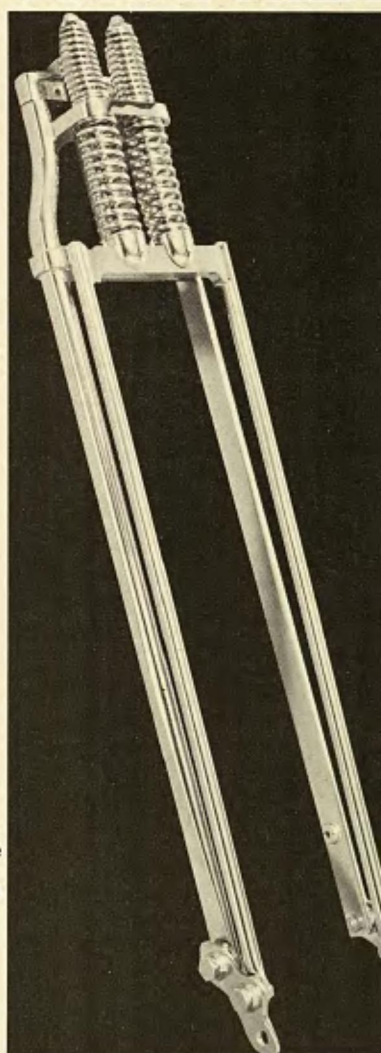
9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. 7.95

9102 Dual Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. 9.95

Wide Rider Springer

60050	9" Twist	60054	9" Round
60051	12" Twist	60055	12" Round
60052	15" Twist	60056	15" Round
60053	18" Twist	60057	18" Round

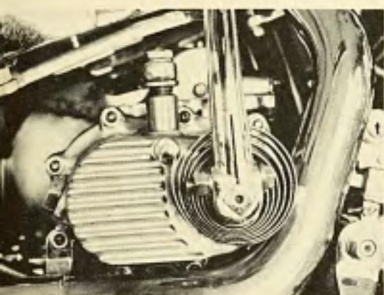
299.95



Springers are shorter than glide stock for stock by approx. 3" - 4" (eg. 9" springer is equal to 5" - 6" glide type fork)

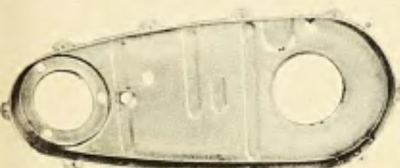


COVERS



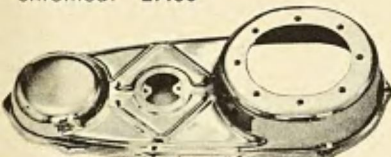
HD Kicker Cover. Solves the problem of the broken kick starter cover. Made of special aircraft aluminum with an additionally reinforced bushing area. Super strong. Fits all HD overhead valve 74 and 61 models and all flat-head 74 and 80 twins. Comes in natural finish.

10308 Finned 31.95

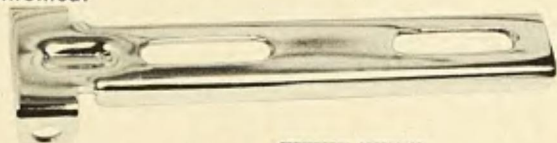


10401 Inner Primary. For HDs 1955 to 1969. Made of steel and chromed. 27.50

10402 Inner Primary. For HDs 1937 to 1954. Made of steel and chromed. 27.50



10501 Compensator Diamond Primary. Fits all inner steel primary covers, 1937 and later. 49.50 custom chromed.



11706 Seat Bracket. 2.50



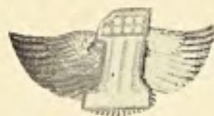
8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels Gold-Plated 8.95



8105 Skull and Crossbones Chrome 8.95



8101 Jammer 4.05
Chrome Purple and Orange



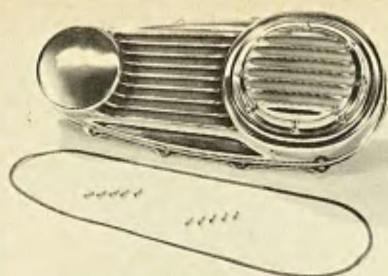
8106 Winged #1
Chrome, Red, and Blue 8.95



8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated) 8.95



8102 HD Plain 4.05
Gold-Plated



Aluminum Primary Covers. These beautiful chrome plated cast aluminum primary covers are for those riders who are looking for quality and appearance. Included are the screws and gasket.

105013 H.D. '74 79.95



HD Custom Air Cleaner. Includes washable filter. A must, where there's dust. Chromed.

10608 1-3/4" SU 19.95

10609 Tillotson & Bendix 19.95

106010 Linkert 19.95

106011 38mm Mikuni 19.95

10504 Derby Cover (Plain). Fits perfectly on our outer primary covers. Custom chromed. 7.95

10508 Inspection Plate. Fits on outer primary covers. Custom chromed. 2.50

10506 Derby Screws. Set of 10 chromed screws. 1.00

10507 Primary Screws. Set of 10 chromed screws. 1.00



The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

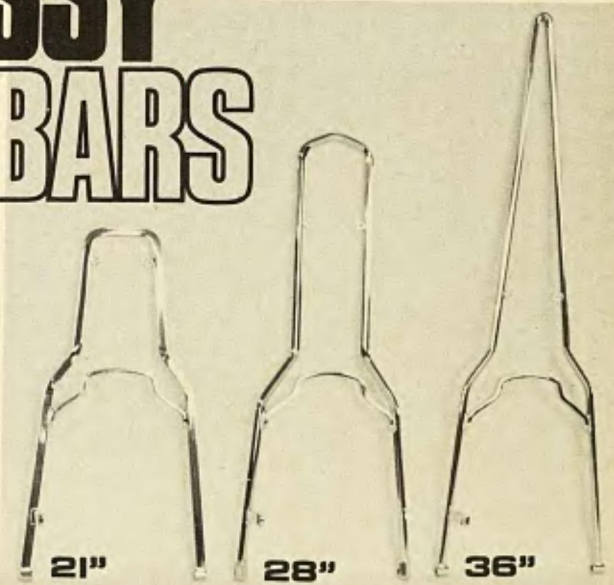
Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.

RIGID "TWO PIECE" II
(Hump Seat)
115035 Square Tufted Black 57.95

RIGID "TWO PIECE" 14" BACK
(Built-in Sissy Bar)
115036 Square Tufted Black 62.95



SISSY BARS



Rigid Frame Sissy Bars.

Part No.	Length	Type	Price
8301	36"	Twist	39.95
8302	36"	Round	39.95
8303	36"	Hex	39.95
8304	36"	Square	39.95
8309	28"	Twist	39.95
83010	28"	Round	39.95
83011	28"	Hex	39.95
83012	28"	Square	39.95
83013	21"	Hex	37.50
83014	21"	Square	37.50

MOUSETRAP ELIMINATOR KIT



14304 Mousetrap Eliminator Kit. Designed for use on 61, 74, and 80 HD motorcycles using wrap-around type oil tank. **49.95**

143023 MTE Clutch Release Lever. **\$14.95**

FENDERS



74016 5" Flat chrome fender **14.95**

7404 Flat 5" 11.95

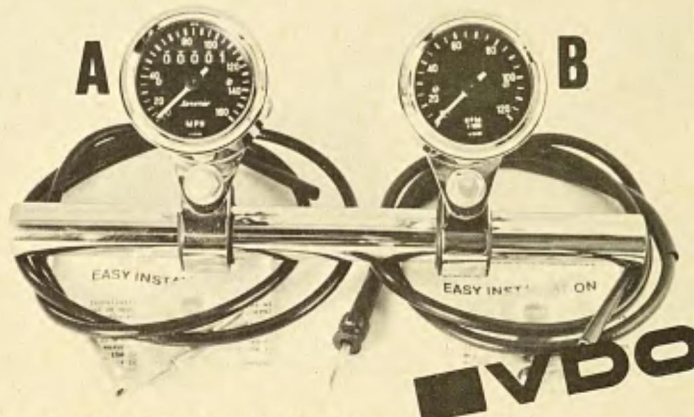
74017 6" Flat chrome fender **15.95**

7403 Flat 6" 12.95

74010 "U" Clamp.
2.75 each

7405 Rib 5" 9.95

SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



A Chopper Speedometer Kit. Accurate to 160 mph. Comes in handy when you're being followed by the you know who. **12701** For HD 74 '61-'72 **47.95**
12702 For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73 **47.95**

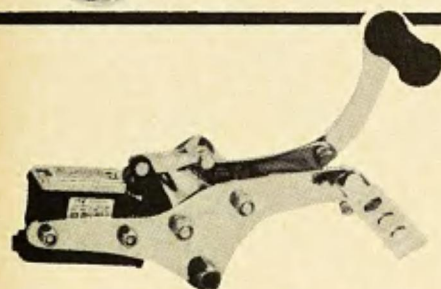
B Chopper Tachometer Kit. Registers to 12,000 rpm. Lighted face measures 2 3/4". Complete kit includes chromed tachometer, cable, rubber dampened handlebar mount and instructions.

12704 For HD 74 '37-'69*

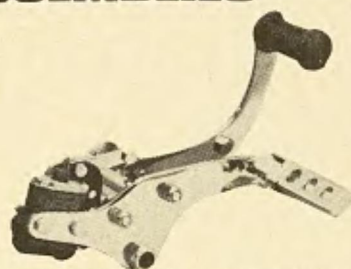
47.95

*Modification required.

HD 74 BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES

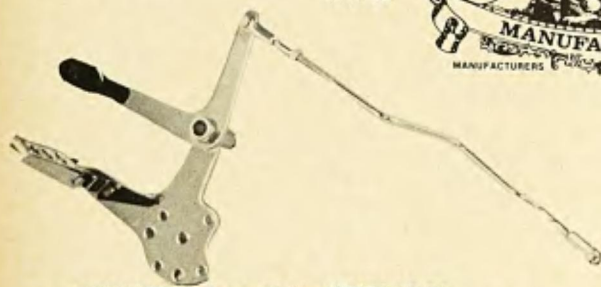


14102 Brake Assembly - HD '74
Use our Hurst-Air-heart large Master Cylinder. **\$69.98**



14103 Brake Assembly - HD '74
Use our Hurst-Air-heart Small Master Cylinder. **\$69.98**

14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock
Use Stock HD Master Cylinder. Fits all HD 74's Using Hydraulic or Rear Disc. **\$69.98**



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.

Hallcraft Wheels Purchased From Jammer Come With Large Master Cylinder



14104 Brake Assembly - HD '74 Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. Linkage Included. **\$69.98**



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HANDBOOK



Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

HARLEY DAVIDSON

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

Part No.	Model	Years	Description	Type of Frame	Foot-note	Price
A 151014	Panhead	48-65	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3-5	\$110
B 151016	Shovelhead	66-69	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110
C 151020	Shovelhead	70-74	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110

Footnotes

- 1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- 2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- 3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- 5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.

Header Clamps. Stainless steel, aircraft quality. For Harley-Davidson 74's and Sportsters.

152017 HD 74, '48-'65 8.95 pair

152018 Sportster, '57 & up 8.95 pair



15401 Chromed Foot Pegs. Sold in pairs only. 7.95 pair

15402 Chromed Foot Pegs with Clamp. Clamp is designed for a one-inch bar. Sold in pairs only. 10.95 pair

15602 HD Rider Stand. Designed for HD rigid frame. Bolts easily behind transmission. Pre-drilled. Allows passenger to ride in a very comfortable position. A must for long trips. 24.95



155016 Kickstand Leg Bracket. Replaces Harley part #50049-58. Chromed. 10.95



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 19.95
15503 extended 19.95

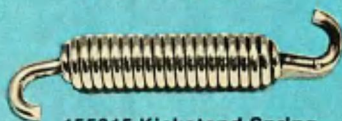


PEGS AND STANDS

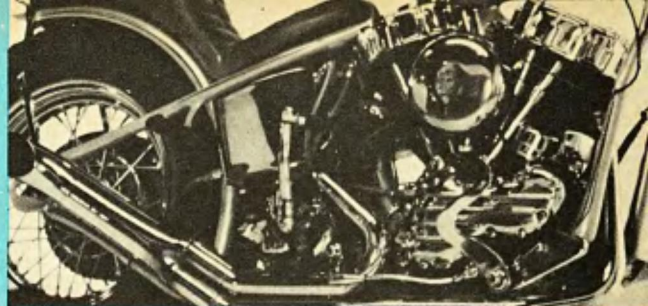
155014 Kickstand Leg Stop. Replaces Harley part # 50049-36. Chromed. 2.75



155013 Kickstand Spring Bracket. Replaces Harley part #50036-36. Chromed. 2.50



155015 Kickstand Spring. Replaces Harley part #50011-30. Chromed. 2.95



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HARLEY KNITTED CAPS

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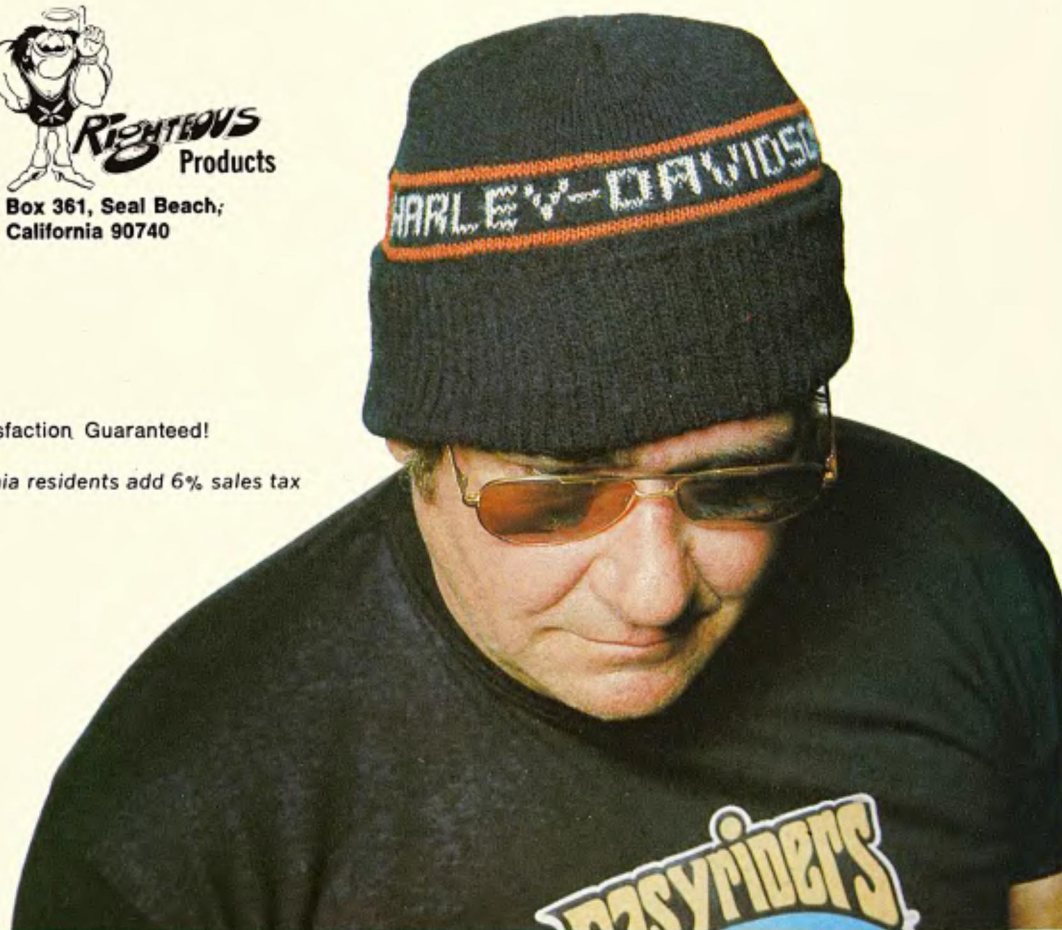
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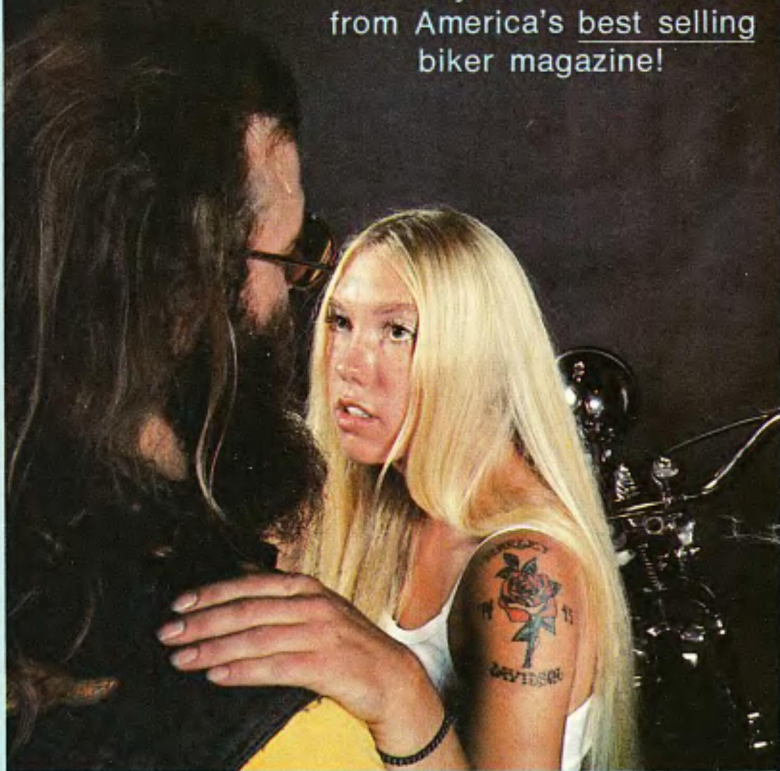
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