

Easyriders

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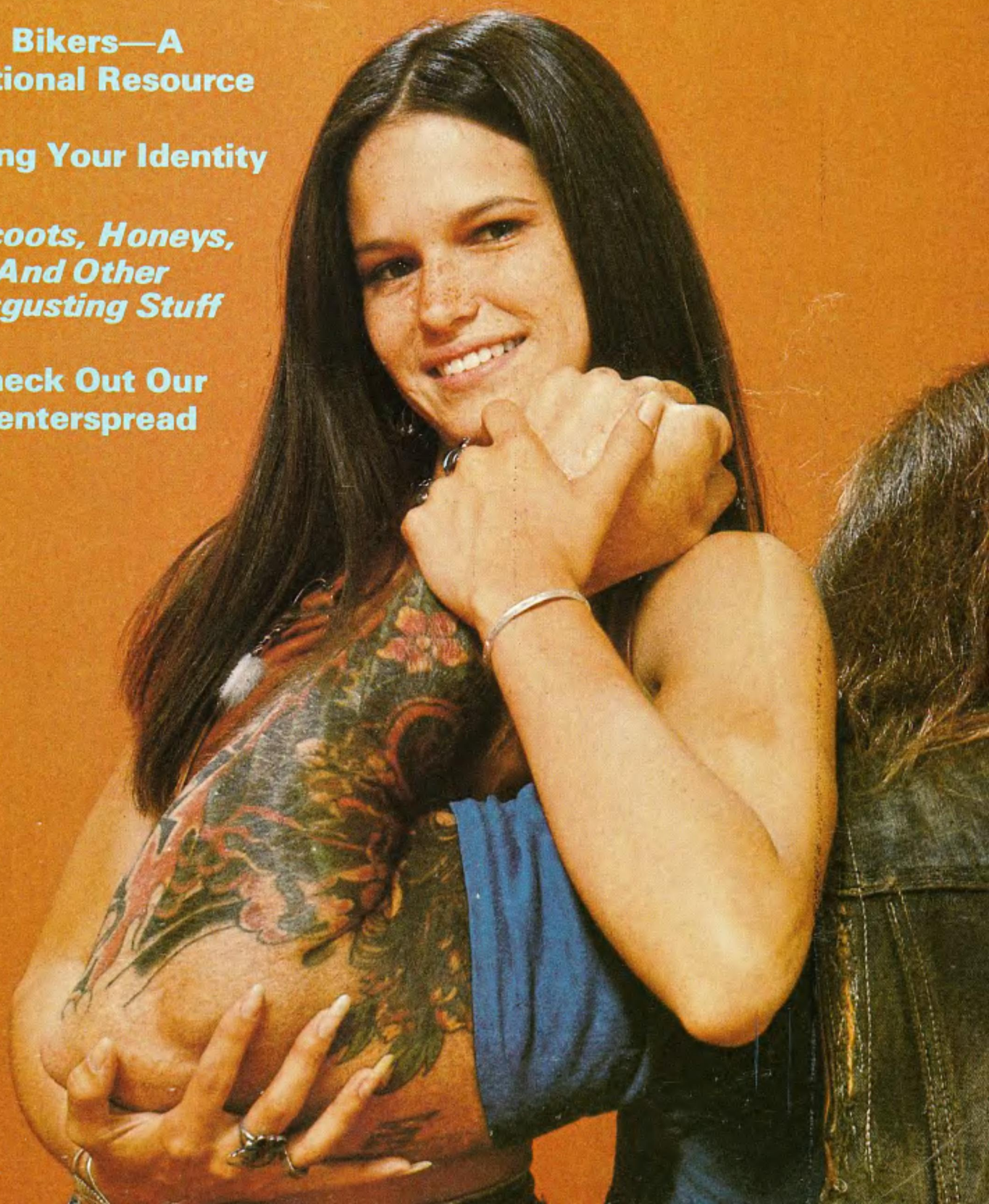
September, 1977
\$1.25

**Bikers—A
National Resource**

Losing Your Identity

***Scoots, Honeys,
And Other
Disgusting Stuff***

**Check Out Our
Centerspread**



Black Easyriders T-shirts

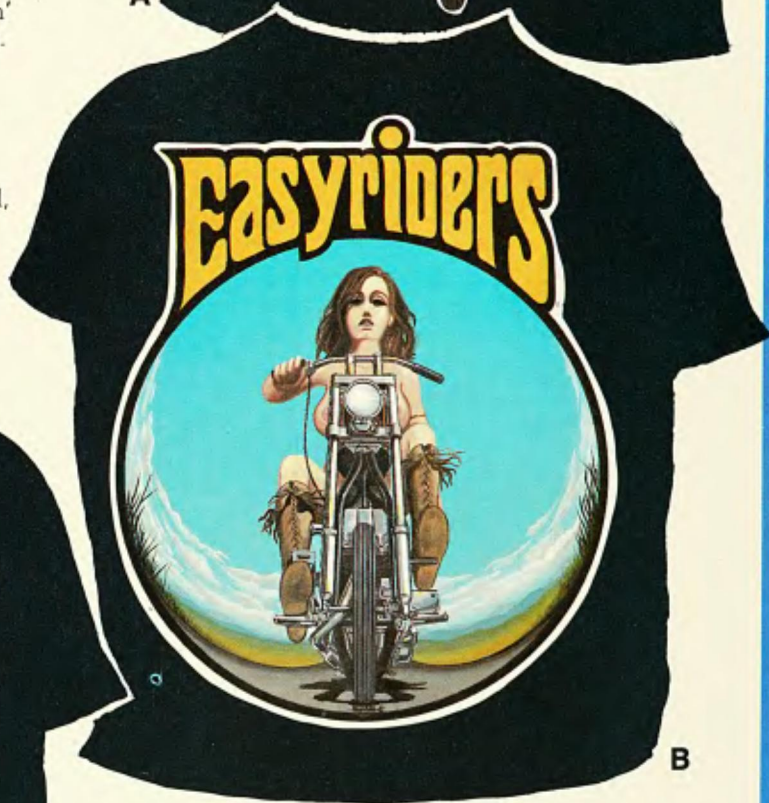
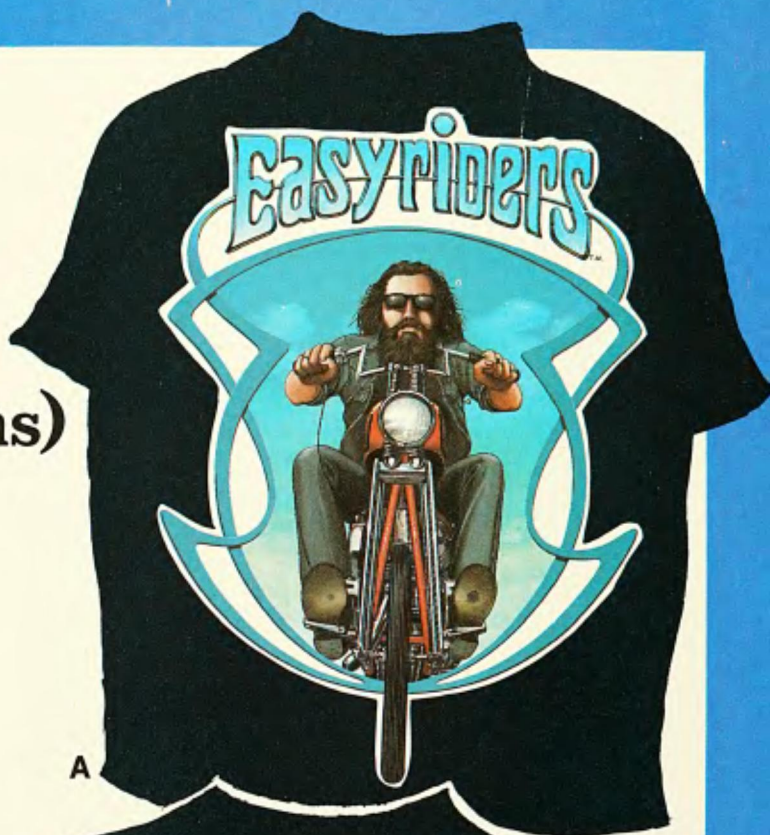
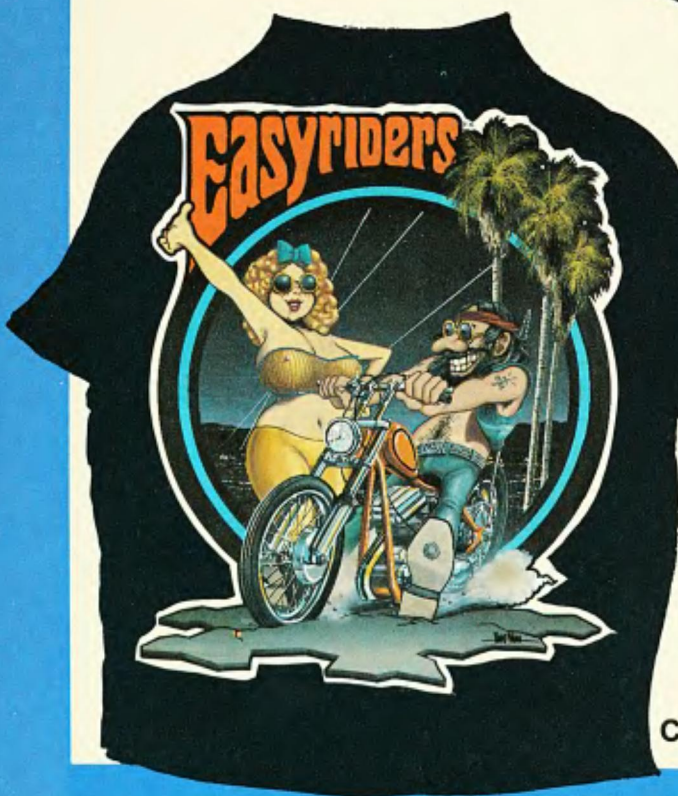
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

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

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

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

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



Send your order today to:

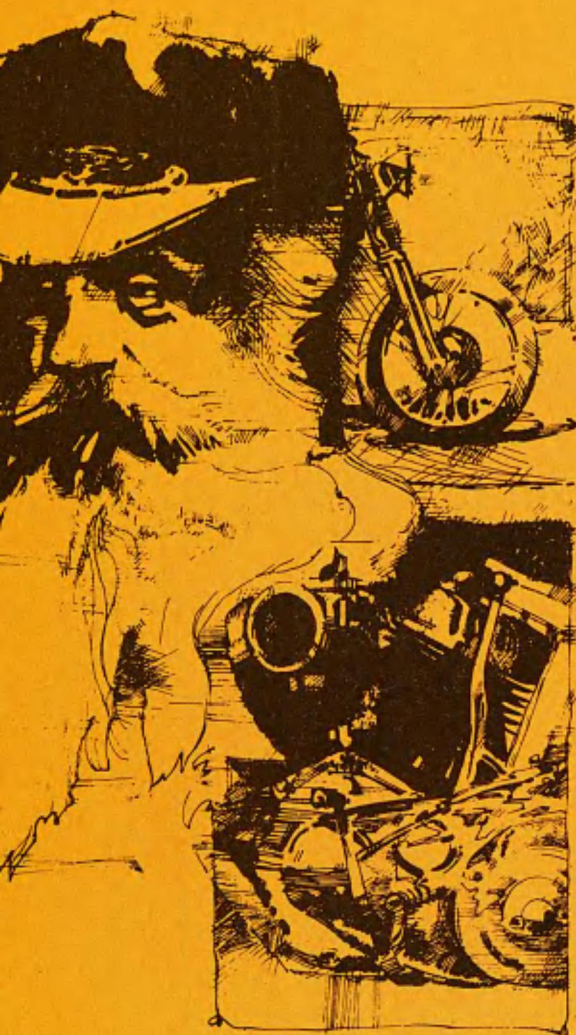
Easyriders Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

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



Spider comes up with some off-the-wall shit	5
Our readers take dead aim at the editors	6
Interesting comments from other biker rags	11
Short story with great Dave Mann illustration	12
How a dude can lose his identity	14
Bikers—America's national resource	16
One of the best Knuckles you'll ever see	18
The title of this article is "Oh Shit"	24
A stash box of different and unusual news items	25
The EPA aka The Muffler Sniffers	26
Reader sends in great work light idea	28
Miraculous Mutha dumps her monthly load	29
Cut and bend—a dude changes the look of his bike	32
A Harley-Davidson for only \$67.50?	38
From Arizona to Montana via motorcycle in 1915	44
ABATE, a national organization for street bikers	47
Not the way things are done anymore (you'll agree)	48
In The Wind with our great readers	49
Who sez long front ends are dead?	58
The stars and what they have in for ya	66
Legal comments in everyday language	68
Locked up bikers looking for mail	70
Dr. Twatburger comes up with another how-to bit	74
Our chick feature gets a little outta hand	75
Downtime entertainment—record reviews	80
Strange ads for and about strange things	99

FTW

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COVER photo of Tonto by Pete Chiodo

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale August 30th.



Membership Pending

Like to have "Miss Low Rider" on your Chest?
And the dealer of your choice on your Back?

YOU CAN!

Get this regular \$4.95 value T-Shirt for **ONLY \$2.50**,
postage prepaid, from the dealer of your choice listed below.

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Modesto, California 95354

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T-Shirts at \$2.50 each.
Postage Prepaid.

Size: ☐ Sm. ☐ Med. ☐ Lg. ☐ X-Lg.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail coupon with check or money order to the
dealer of your choice. Approximately 5 day
delivery from receipt of coupon.

MISS LOW RIDER



A bro sent this in—thought you'd be interested: "If you read the fine print, you may be aware that the State Bar Board is under attack for not having enough 'minority' representation. Atty. John MacDonald Smith forwards a solution, as propounded by Atty. Abraham Gottfried, which, Smith assures me, is causing hilarity in law offices all over town. You be the judge:

'On the subject of ethnic and sexual balance (read "quota"), I suggest no committee should consist of fewer than 20 members. Of these, 2 should be black (1 man, 1 woman); 1 chicano or chicana; 1 person in alphabetical rotation should be amerindian, Asian, and Eskimo; and 16 white (Anglos).

'Of the latter, 8 will have to be male and 8 female; 14 will have to be heterosexual and 2 homosexual (1 of these to be lesbian); 1 Jewish, 10 Protestant, 4 Roman Catholic, and in alphabetical rotation, Buddhist, Greek Catholic, Mormon and Muslim; 15 will have to be sighted and 1 blind; 13 hearing and 3 deaf; 8 must be juvenile (or of juvenile mentality); 4 mature and 4 senile; 2 must be intelligent, 10 mediocre, and 4 stupid.

'The last category can be filled by rotation—on a volunteer basis.' "

Hey, did ya hear about the dude in Arizona who dug his job so much that he had the company's advertisement tattooed across his back? I've got Easyriders on my joint (so chicks can show how much they like the mag)—but the back?

Toothache cure: A dude got fed up with his toothache and decided to shoot the tooth out with his .22. He did—but now he's

under treatment for demolishing the tooth, gums, lower lip, and jaw. (Bad aim.)

Cops in West Virginia are still scratchin' their heads on this one. It seems there are motorcycle tire marks on top of a 25-foot metal water tower. (Musta been some g-o-o-d shit!)

Speaking of police chiefs—an Oklahoma chief quit his job and returned to being a patrolman because "the job of chief didn't leave me enough time to hunt 'coons."

Bum beef: A dude and his ol' lady were busted for firin' a gun in their pad. After the cops hauled 'em away, someone counted 470 bullet holes in the living room and 50 more in other parts of the house. (All they wanted was a little fresh air—whatdafuck?)

Here's a switch: A beaver attacked a woman in Maryland. It was a big thing, 15 to 20 pounds (about the size of Mutha's). It dragged the woman into a ditch and bit her sixteen times before she got away.

Legwettin' fact file: For a coin to fall heads up 50 consecutive times, a million men would have to toss coins ten times a minute, forty hours a week—and then it would only happen once every nine hundred years. And did ya know that a piece of human skin is 1/20th of an inch thick—and (stay with me, folks) a piece of human skin the size of a quarter contains 1,300 nerve ends, 3 million cells and 100 sweat glands?

Good Angel Dust: A well-dressed dude was tossed out of restaurant in Georgia just because he was wearing jockey shorts on his head and woolen socks on his hands. (Ya think it coulda been the hash marks?)

Dipshit of the month: This clown in New Jersey rips off a jewelry store, rushes outside, and stashes the loot under a car—an unmarked police car with two dicks inside! (He was busted.)

Another dipshit: This dude in New York got out of his car and left the motor running for a fast getaway. He sticks up a market (\$40), runs out to his car, and the fucker's locked! He locked himself out of his car and was grabbed while trying to find a way to break into it! ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Unorganized Mess

☐ I have come to the conclusion that you slobs are beginning to learn how to run a magazine. What kind of brain food are you consuming besides reds and wine? But, on the other hand, I know that in time you'll start putting out the same unorganized mess that we all recognize and love.

Bob "Chiclet" Gumm
Milwaukee, Wis.

Win Some, Lose Some

☐ Whatdafuck? The June issue of your rag was the most godawful thing I've ever read. Is this a view of issues to come? On account of going monthly? Or are you guys finally burned out?

Space Bastard
Ft. Hood, Tex.

Dandelion Wine

☐ I was trying to make like the winemaker as per May '77 issue—and zap! Your burnt minds forgot all about those 3 lbs. of granulated sugar. How about telling our bros to add it at the same time as the yeast?

M.R.H.
Bismark, N.D.

☐ In the May issue of your rag you gave a recipe for dandelion wine. So when do you add the fucking sugar? You guys better get your shit together—but what can you expect from a bunch of Harley riders?

BMW Bob
Morgantown, W. Va.

■ Robinson wrote it—and what can you expect from a blown-out, burned-out, child-molestin', freaked-out cartoonist? He is some kind of an artist though—right?

Gravel Trucks

☐ Have you ever been cruising down the highway doing a good jam, when

you suddenly get a free sandblast job courtesy of your local sand and gravel company? I'm sure we all have stories to relate about debris lying in the road or flying off a truck. Well, we got some help in Michigan from a very strong lobbying group—none other than the number one insurance company, Triple A. Now you're probably saying to yourself, "Why are they doing this for me?" It seems that all this shit flying around America's highways does more than knock a few bros off their scoots—it also breaks windshields and damages cars, which costs AAA money! I won't question their motive—just hope for results. All they want you to do is sign a postcard and send it back to them so they can dump all these postcards on your legislator's desk. They make us protect ourselves from ourselves, so why not make them protect us from this hazard of the road?

The address to request these postcards is:

Richard R. Dann, Topless Truck Ban, Automobile Club of Michigan, 150 Bagley Avenue, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

Professor
Royal Oak, Mich.

■ Every biker has this beef. You can tell you're behind a gravel truck at least a mile away, as the sand stings your face. Then you have to move to the far lane to get out of his shit. This has been a beef of ours for some time—and we're glad someone's doing something about it. We'll see that ABATE joins the fight.

Bum Beef

☐ You cannot be complimented enough for the story "Bum Beef" (June '77) by Sima. I have been in the slammer a few times my-

self and know that the description of life behind bars in that story is right on.

Duncan Earl, Jr.
Merced, Calif.

☐ I enjoy most of the stories you publish, but "Bum Beef" was particularly well-expressed and emotionally moving. My ol' man's in the joint, and the story gave me an empathy with him and his situation that I didn't have before.

Diane
Atlanta, Ga.

☐ About your story "Bum Beef," that motherfucker was really together! Sittin' in a 6x9 myself for 3½ years behind some weak, dick-breath, take-it-in-the-butt, wanna-be-a-man, cheese-eatin' punk—I felt every word I read.

Lil' John
Tracy Calif.

The Contract

☐ I would like to congratulate Mr. Roach on his tremendous mind-blower article "Contract." The article was a play on your head whether stoned or not.

Mr. Red
Los Angeles, Calif.

☐ You people really fucked up (again). The story "The Contract" (June '77) by Roach had to be the worst piece of shit I've ever read.

T. J.
Waterloo, Iowa

Pot Luck

☐ Buying Easyriders is kind of like going to potluck suppers. If you know what to expect, why the fuck bother?

Tina
Winter Haven, Fla.

Handy Hint

☐ In regard to the handy hint bit, screwing a can of worms would be like sticking it to a sloppy box. If you brothers really want

something with feeling, leave my cousins (the worms) alone. Pick up a can of fuzzy brown and black caterpillars instead and get it on.

The Bookworm
Hamilton, Ont., Can.

☐ To the dudes who wrote about the worms and baby oil: If ya let the worms die and sit a couple of days, it not only feels but smells like an old cunt.

The Bored Fisherman
Edison, N.J.

Better Helmets

☐ Another good reason for repealing the helmet law is to improve the quality and availability of decent helmets for the people who want them. The manufacturers have us where they want us now. The market is flooded with high-priced junk. If the law were repealed, the manufacturers would have to improve their quality or go out of business.

Pamela Huth
Canton, Ohio

Color Prints

☐ In the "In the Wind" intro you say that you can't use color prints. Then why the hell do you have color prints in it?

Christopher Archer
Hewlett, N.Y.

■ What we're saying is that we want only color slides or transparencies. If you were into photography, you'd understand the difference.

Choosin' A Good Ol' Lady

☐ I've watched you grow, cheered you on, and sung your praises. You're in the vanguard when it comes to fighting adverse motorcycle legislation. But when it comes to human rights, you're still in a cave. How much longer do you intend to promote inequality and

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

Send \$11.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

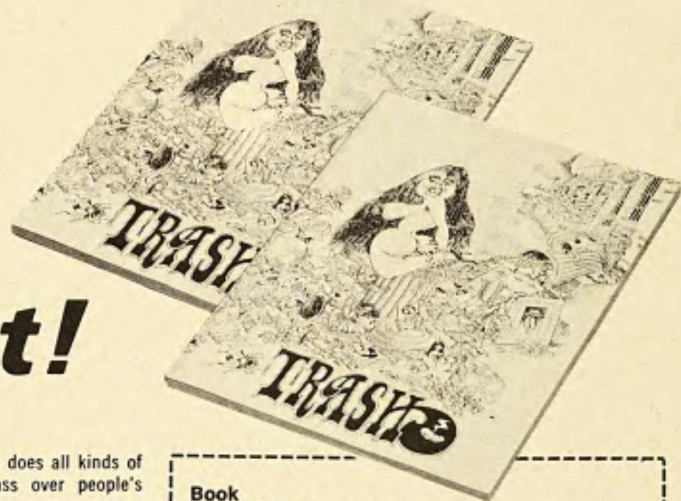
If you want only a buckle, just send \$6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. California residents add 6%.



**RENTONS
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

***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, 8 1/2 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%

HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



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

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more. They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

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

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



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

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
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violence? Do you really believe that because so many of your articles are written in a humorous vein, readers won't take the content seriously?

I find it difficult to believe that Carolyn M. Gray's ol' man ("How to Choose a Good Ol' Lady") punches her in the face whenever he's in the mood and she considers that "the good life."

How do you equate being a biker with this sick philosophy? How does it tie in to knowing your machine, riding hard and long, and helping another biker who's down? Any halfass jerk with an inferiority complex can beat up a woman. Does this make him a biker?

S.H.G.
Tampa, Fla.

☐ Just finished readin' "How to Choose a Good Ol' Lady" and I tell you that chick really has her shit together. I ain't never heard it put so well. Me and my sisters have the best ol' men around 'cause they know they have fuckin' righteous ol' ladies at home where they belong.

Pickles
Pittsburgh, Pa.

☐ In these days of ERA and Women's Lib, it's hard to find a dumb bitch like the one who wrote that story! I don't think that dumb bitch has an ounce of brains. Anyone who'd waste her time shining a Sporty shows where her brains are—she sits on them!

Wendy
Crystal Falls, Mich.

☐ Sometimes an ol' lady needs a kick in the head from her ol' man. I need an ol' man who knows how and when to keep me in line. It makes me stop and think how much he really cares about what I do. I love him for it.

R.C.
Kamloops, B.C., Canada

Earliest Races

☐ The first motorcycle race was from Paris to Dieppe, France, in 1897. The oldest motorcycle races in the world are The Auto-Cycle Union Tourist Trophy (T.T.) Series, first held on the 15.18-mile "Peel" ("St.

John's") course on the Isle of Man on May 28, 1907, and still run on the Isle on the "Mountain" circuit (37.75 miles).

A little news for the bros and sisters who are interested in a little background on scooters and racing.

Bones Wannager
Marquette, Mich.

Why? Why?

☐ I've bought **Easyriders** since the first issue and the rag's got class, but you guys sure the fuck don't. Why do ya always have to put a picture of a feature scoot, an "In The Wind" shot, or especially a crotch-bustin' cunt right on the back side of the Dave Mann pullout?

Dusty Dave
Provo, Utah

☐ There are only so many full-color pages available. The printing press dictates where the color must print in the mag—it's out of our hands. We try to use all color pages available to us—including those on the back of the center-spread. Sorry—but why not buy two copies? (Heh, heh.)

Whatta Surprise!

☐ I stopped by the local supermarket yesterday and decided to buy me a paperback book to bone up on my education. Lo and behold, right in the middle of books like **Lust Beneath the Sea** and **50 Ways to Love Your Dog** was a book called **Best Biker Fiction from Easyriders!** So I said to hell with my education and bought the fucker.

I've been reading your rag for about three years now, and it's outtasight to find some shit I ain't read yet. Thanks for giving me a good excuse to waste the whole day.

Cris
Merced, Calif.

Problems, Problems

☐ It took me years to save six grand by washing dishes so I could buy a new Hog and turn it into a girl-catcher. Now I hear natural gas and oil will be tapped out as soon as 1981. Tell me, oh Wise Monger, should I go back to bicycle riding?

B. W.
Hollywood, Fla.

☐ Naw—the Harley freaks will come up with something to put into their tanks. Also, it makes sense that the last thing on the road has to be motorcycles. What else gets the mileage bikes do? The feds'll wake up someday (I think).

Women Bikers

☐ I've been reading your mag for a long time (just like every other chick who's into bikes) and I wanna know when (not if) you guys are gonna get it in gear and write an article or biker chicks who own their own bikes, paid for with the money they worked for Little Lady Sacramento, Calif.

☐ I'm sorry, Little Lady, but this is a man's rag. If our readers will write me and say they agree with you, we'll do it. I'm certain about how they feel, but I'll wait for the mail.

Digs Mutha

☐ Just wanted to write and say that the advice Mutha gave Billy Prescott in the June issue was fantastic! I couldn't have put it better myself. Mutha's definitely got her shit together. I love your rag, so don't ever change.

Chrystal
Eden, N.C.

Snivelin' About Knuckle

☐ I was lookin' at Kris Ward's beautiful knuckle in the July '77 issue. Why the hell does he put fucking Jap style pegs on the motherfucker? 'Course if he had any real class, he would have left it stock with a foot clutch and a jockey instead of making a fuckin' accessory rack for the toe tappers. I'll bet he even threw away the front fender and the running boards (page 35). What a fool! He could have had the best lookin' and ridin' putt going.

Rowdy Wright
Portland, Ore.

☐ Give Kris some slack, for chrissake. He took a scoot and put his mark on it and it turned out bitchin'. If he wanted a cherry, he coulda had it, but he wanted what you saw, and in our opinion, it's one of the best-lookin' knucks



HARLEY-HONDA-KAWA

That's right!! Jammer has just put together the biggest & best handbook package yet . . . All the tech info, how to's & bikes from Jammer Handbooks 1, 2 & 3 condensed into one book (just look at the table of contents). Plus we've increased the number of products we carry from 1,000 to 2,000!!! 130 pages!!! Best of all it's **FREE** when you purchase \$20.00 or more (we refund your purchase price on first order).

Send \$2.00 for yours today (\$1.95 & a measley nickle for postage) to:

Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 (ER) South Main Street
Burbank, California 91506
or:

Call toll free Monday-Friday 1-800-423-2633

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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for only
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A
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A fine quality
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movement. Shock-
resistant! Genuine
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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

we've seen. The craftsmanship is perfect. The name of the game is to each his own—or we'd all be puttin' scoots that looked the same.

Pretty Low

☐ I read your so-called story "The Recruiter" (July '77). I, as well as all animal lovers who putt or not, shouldn't have to put up with stories that have to do with killing animals—especially dogs.

How many bros do you know who, if it weren't for their dog, would have lost their scooter? I know quite a few, so how do you people get off on printing shit like that in such a good mag?

Satan
Sioux City, Iowa

■ It was a sick humor story. You didn't see the humor—others did—it's entertaining — nothing else. We love dogs, have 'em, etc. Read the story for what it was. In my opinion, it was a crack-up. But I dig sick humor—that's why Solari is in the rag so much. You don't, so don't read it.

☐ I just read "Recruiter" by J. J. Solari (July '77). I've read several articles in past **Easyriders** issues written by this guy. I have always enjoyed his past ravings, but I think sometimes success makes authors think people will accept any shit they want to feed us.

I read an article about murdering an animal. How can we expect brotherhood among people who think and can reason when there are those people who cannot cope with a puppy? This wasn't a story about defense against a vicious dog, but about torturing an innocent animal. Why would this slob even have a pet in the first place?

T. Peyton
Sanger, Calif.

■ See answer above.

Swap Meet

☐ I'm sitting here doing a number and remembering the great time I had at the biker happening in Dallas. Man, was it far fucking out! I picked up some neat stuff and saw some neat people. The best thing there was

the dude with the electric needles. I got a tattoo of a winged wheel with the word **Easyriders** underneath to remind me of the event in the future. As for the swap meet, whatdafuck took you dudes so long to sponsor these things? And instead of sniveling out an excuse, just have more of these meets like one a week or one a month in each state.

Moon
San Antonio, Tex.

■ We're gettin' it together. Pretty soon they'll be all over the U.S.

From Germany

☐ My bros and I want to form a club here in Germany. We'd like to be a chapter of an American bike club. Please contact me at the address below.

Andreas Sander
Kafertaler Str. 220
68 Mannheim 1
West Germany

Light In The Tunnel

☐ My dope deal fell through, my (workin') ol' lady split, my fuckin' dog is in heat (sloppy fuck), my pan got ripped (karma), I'm 400 or 500 short to get the shovel up, and **Easyriders** still makes me laugh. Beautiful! Fuckin'-A beautiful!

Harley Mike
Columbus, Ohio

Trash

☐ I recently ordered your **Trash** as a birthday present for my ol' man. It turned out to be a pretty far-out idea. He has had it now for a month and he hasn't finished it yet. It takes him,

on an average, around 10-15 minutes to scan just one page. He really freaks on how much detail Robinson puts into his work (not to mention the far-out, toe-curlin', goose-bump-chasin' thanks I got for getting it for him).

D. J.
Indio, Calif.

■ No one gets into detail like Robinson—great for trippin'.

A Bet

☐ Please settle a bet. Is that a turd on the ground underneath that chick's ass on page 56 of the June issue? I hope it is. Please continue to show more turds if you can.

C. Corn
San Antonio, Tex.

■ Do you really think we'd sneak a turd into a family mag?

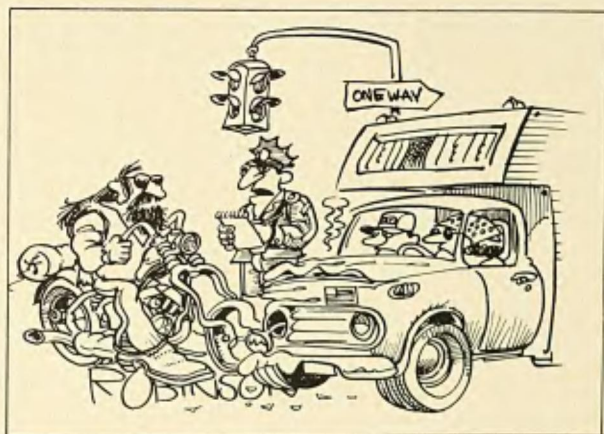
Wino Joe

☐ It's about time we got more photos from Wino Joe for "In The Wind."

Li'l Ron
Sepulveda, Calif.

■ We agree—but the flakes around here work when they wanna.

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. ■



**"It's my duty to warn you that anything
these people say will be used against you!"**

Biker's Digest



Skin decorations . . .

One of the report forms ends with the question, "Does the rider have a tattoo?" Odd question, except that psychological studies indicate people with tattoos take more risks than people without them. Given the percentages of the general population with decorations, we can compare that with the percentage of motorcycle riders with a tattoo, and with crashed riders with tattoos, and we'll have some indication of what part risk-taking plays in bike accidents. (Very little, so far.)

—Cycle Guide

Here we go again . . .

As we go to press it appears that Joan Claybrook, sometimes known as the dragon lady, will be confirmed as head of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), replacing John Snow. As a condition of her accepting the job, Claybrook, who is Ralph Nader's top Washington lobbyist, insists that Transportation Secretary Brock Adams consider reversing an earlier DOT tie decision making air bags in automobiles voluntary instead of mandatory—which ought to give you some idea of Claybrook's Mama-Knows-Best philosophy and no doubt is the harbinger of a return to pressure for a lot of other mandatory edicts on things like seat belt usage and motorcycle helmets. Claybrook helped write the legislation which created NHTSA back in 1966 and granted it the power to withhold tax moneys from the states unless they enact laws to comply with NHTSA's whims. If it's not already too late, you might write your Senators and Congressman protesting her confirmation. Otherwise, here we go again! . . .

—Road Rider

Don't use the word "fuck" . . .

We are presently actively seeking short-story-length (900-1000 words) fiction material from readers on a free-lance basis . . . almost any expression of language that's relevant to the story can—and will—be printed, with one notable exception. The word in question consists of four letters, begins with an "F," and originally was meant to denote the sex act. By this statement, I mean it is *Verboten* in both its original context and when referring to a general situation. Also, asterisks or dashes in place of missing letters are a "no-no."

Besides short stories, *Choppers* will also consider biker-related poetry for publication.

—Choppers

On sellin' a helmet . . .

First there's the basic question of helmet shell material. Helmets can be made from either fiberglass or polycarbonate. Each substance has its own characteristics and advantages and it's important for the customer to know what to expect from the helmet he chooses. This shell and helmet liner absorb shock. In a severe impact the shell can be partially destroyed before the shock reaches the liner. Fiberglass offers resistance to penetration, but will crush under impact—absorbing and dissipating part of the shock. Polycarbonate helmets are almost indestructible under ideal conditions. And being indestructible, this material transmits impacts to the liner and suspension system.

Full-face helmets offer the most protection to the face and lower jaw. With this added protection comes additional weight—usually about six oz. This weight is located low on the front of

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

the helmet and some individuals believe it actually improves a helmet's center of gravity if properly fitted. Others feel the added weight could add to neck injury in a collision. Full-face helmets also tend to fog up under certain conditions and are warmer in hot weather than other styles. The best thing to do is help the customer try several styles for comfort and fit before choosing one. Color and decorations should be secondary considerations.

—Dealer News

Out to lunch bunch . . .

There are keen trends turning up . . . some of which may save a life, or even allow many riders to feel safer, or vow to improve, or both.

There are all manner of accidents: solo, two bikes, bike vs. car or truck. The median accident, though, one in which any of us could be involved, is almost classic:

The motorcycle is proceeding down the road at the legal speed when an oncoming car turns into the bike's path and the bike hits it. The rider is hurt, the driver isn't. The driver didn't see the motorcycle.

In 80 percent of these accidents, the car was at fault.

Even so . . . bareheaded riders are more likely to crash than are riders with helmets.

—Cycle World

Harley's XLCR . . .

With the XLCR, Harley-Davidson has reversed the direction of American motorcycling. Used to be that you got the bike and then you got the girl. Now you get the bike and you get it on. When you show your girlfriend a picture of the black beauty, she will point to the single seat and challenge: "Where do I go?"

She'll have to get her own.

—Playboy

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTeous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



Dick's Cafe

By John Watson

From the highway, a narrow, paved road turns abruptly away from the busy path of weekend sightseers, spreading out into a small parking area, where, from early morning till late afternoon, dozens of motorcycles of all descriptions glitter in the sun.

A gravel-strewn path leads away from the asphalt square, heading up along a narrow ridge toward the point of land that projects itself seaward. In the summer, wild lupin and strawflowers line the path, hiding from view the scattered bits of charred wood, blackened glass and rusted nails that are all that remain of a dream.

Along the path, ground squirrels frolic in the sun, cooled by an ever-blowing ocean breeze, and a tilted sign, now fading, promises with perversion, "Jesus Saves." At the end of the short walk lies a concrete slab, bounded on one side by a lone, charred, wooden wall, solid and windowless, but for a ragged hole, neatly placed there by a shotgun blast—long ago.

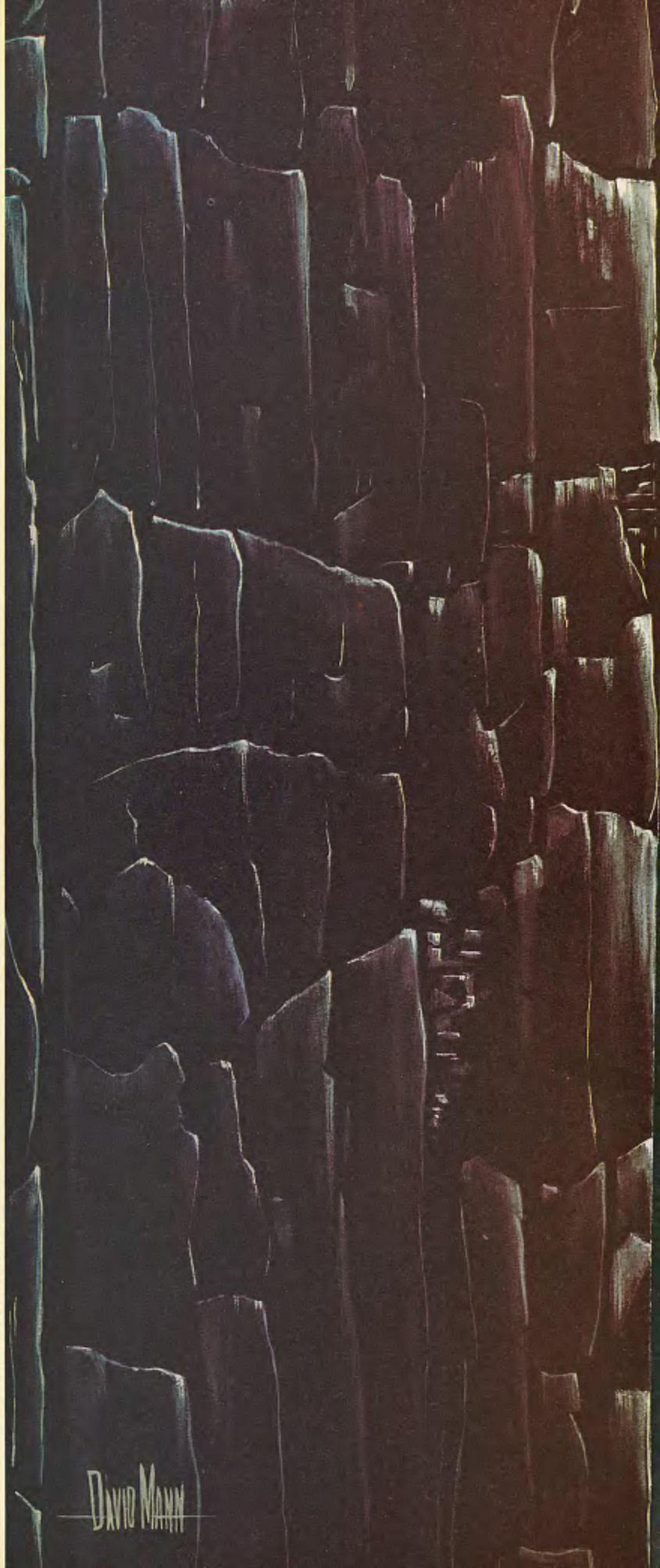
Once, Dick's Cafe sat here. By no means a place of distinction, it was a small, square, wooden building, built hurriedly by the Navy during World War II, where sea-watching sailors, doing their duty, eyed the distant, undulating horizon for predators of the Japanese fleet—who never came.

Dick, with the help of his wife, Rose, had rented the place, and together they had covered the floor with black and white checkered linoleum, and they'd built a narrow counter at the end of the room, covering it with the same material as the floor, its slippery surface being ideal for sliding

—Continued on page 78

Illustration by Dave Mann

DAVID MANN







GETTING LOST

There may come a time in your life when you just pack up your shit and split. Not because you want to, but because the heat is getting a little too heavy. For instance, maybe you did something that the authorities frown on, like stomping on the punk who raped your ol' lady. Of course the rape charges didn't stick, but you feel pretty sure the assault charges that were filed against you will be more than a mild inconvenience.

Or maybe your ol' lady (they always seem to be the root of a lot of this bullshit, don't they?) ran off with the local high school biology teacher, and after serving you with divorce papers, getting it all legal and getting you out of the house, she decides that she has a little more coming. And I don't mean coming in her mouth. She obtains a piece of paper, another one, with all the official stickers, signatures, and that legalistic jargon that might as well be Japanese, and the local constable deposits it in your hand. What it means is that you're stuck for another \$200 a month child support, \$200 more a month for alimony, and all her legal fees. At least that's what it will mean when you've finished hiring your own lawyer.

And to add insult to injury, that high school teacher, who shows kids how to carve up dead cats all day, will visit your ol' lady three times a week and she'll cook him dinner, and then she will have a little more coming—and all the while you're paying for it.

Normally, your first reaction would be to take a crescent wrench and do a slightly primitive timing adjustment on her clit. But wait a minute. Grab hold of yourself. There are other courses of action. Let's assume that you don't have a lot of bucks to throw around. That's what pissed you off in the first place, remember? Or maybe you're just tired of the entire bag of crap you've been wallowing through lately. You might try doing what my best friend, Horse Shiponski, did. He split.

Now, before I go any further you gotta understand that we're definitely not advocating running away from your legal responsibilities, or evading any court judgments, or doing anything that's illegal (where the fuck is my shovel?). After all, this rag has got to make it to the newsstands next month, just like *The London Times*. Get it?

Horse Shiponski, by the way, did run away purely to escape what he thought was an unfair legal settlement. He actually thought that his life was in danger. Let me make things perfectly clear, as old Big Dick used to say: Horse Shiponski was riding home on the dog-piss-yellow Honda 50 the insurance company had given him as a temporary replacement for his cherry scooter that had been ripped off the week before, when he spied his bike parked on a side street.

As he attempted to start his putt and drive it off he was attacked by the gang that had made off with his Hog in the first place: 20 screaming lesbian dwarf wrestlers, who set upon him in a crazed flurry of sharpened Bic pens, Tampax containers fashioned into blowguns, and their cavity-ridden incisors that had been filed to a knife edge gleaming in the moonlight. Although he managed to escape with his mechanical gem, the little dyke fuckers threatened revenge, promising to follow him to the ends of the earth.

Horse, you see, had made a fatal mistake. After he rounded up all the munchkin bitches, he tied them up with clothesline from the back yard and fucked each and every one of them. Twice. And since Horse got his nickname because of the outstanding dimensions of his constantly throbbing dong, you can imagine what it would have been like to be pestered by twenty phone calls a night, demanding more. Naturally, he had to pack up his act and hit the road.

So you see, there are some perfectly legal reasons for leaving town. Since that episode I've received a number of

postcards from Horse Shiponski, and I've managed to assemble a number of hints about going underground, staying free, and just generally being on the lam. Of course, Horse always uses what's called a remail service. They can be found in ad sections of major newspapers or things like **Popular Mechanics** in the classified portion. You send them a letter, already addressed, along with a buck or two, and they mail it from their city. It avoids being traced to an accurate mailing address.

But, according to Ed Goldfader, who wrote a book called **Tracer**, "If you want to disappear, make sure no one either loves you or hates you enough to make a real search for you. If the hunt isn't called off, you'll be found." Goldfader, who seems to have his shit together, and is one of the more famous private dicks specializing in finding "missing" persons, makes a good point. Hired guns and governmental police agencies, along with banks, employers, and creditors, are notorious for working well together. Frequently, an ex-cop or police detective will go into business for himself, and there are all sorts of computer scans and national cross references they can use to find you.

But, like I said, since this article is intended only for the person who just wants to go on vacation and not be bothered by his maiden aunt from Idle Springs, Idaho, I'll pass on some hints from Horse, as well as from a lady skip-tracer, a couple of insurance investigators, and a cop or two (I had to get the flatfoots really stoned before they would talk, and since Colombian is going for \$50 an ounce out here on the coast you better listen up—this is expensive information).

Let's start with the simple things. The first thing to be aware of, if you're using your own name, is that the more things that either have your signature or your name on them, the more chance you have of being found. Let's say, for

—Continued on page 82



A STATEMENT: BIKERS

To prevent any misunderstanding of what follows, we want to stress here at the outset that we are patriotic, loyal fans of the United States. We think it's the only place in the world where things are really happening, the only place not infected with the social constipation and cultural arteriosclerosis that seems to afflict most of the rest of the world. We love football, beer, Taco Bell, Dr. J., apple pie, college girls—the whole shot. It's not a perfect country, but then, we're not perfect persons. And we would ten thousand times rather live here than anywhere else.

But we ride bikes—a fact which, in the minds of many of our fellow citizens, puts us on a level of desirability only slightly above killer bees and the swine flu. For this reason, we want to attempt to explain why we believe there's a very important issue involved in this matter. Not the issue of whether we are or are not desirable (even our ol' ladies are uncertain about that), but rather the issue of what bikers mean to the social and cultural health of this nation. So, on with our rap.

A couple of years ago, in an effort to get away from life's hassles for a while, a couple of us rode our bikes to the Grand Canyon. One afternoon, as we stood on the rim amidst a group of tourists, we fell into conversation with a middle-aged man from Ohio. We made small talk about our home states and he proudly informed us that he'd traveled through all the adjacent 48. At one point he asked how our car had run on the trip and we explained that we had come out on motorcycles. A baffled expression immediately settled over his features and he couldn't hold back an impulsive comment.

"Never could understand why anybody'd ride one of them things," he blurted, bluntly. "They're loud and dangerous and a lotta guys that ride 'em are weirdos."

We stared back at the man, more amused by his simpleton's lack of tact

than angered by his stupidity. We looked him over. He was about forty pounds overweight and his flabby belly and tits protruded behind the Ban-Lon golf shirt he wore above blue-checked bermuda shorts. Scrawny legs tapered to feet encased in thin, black rayon socks and blue sneakers. On his head he wore a canvas hat covered with the Budweiser logo. We couldn't help chuckling as we stood there facing him. Here was a fat creep, who looked as if he came from another planet, implying that we were the weirdos. Before long he rounded up his wife, a dumpy peroxide blonde with fake hair piled high in ridiculous ringlets. As they waddled toward their Winnebago we watched the wife's blubbery ass wobble around in her cheap doubleknit pants suit.

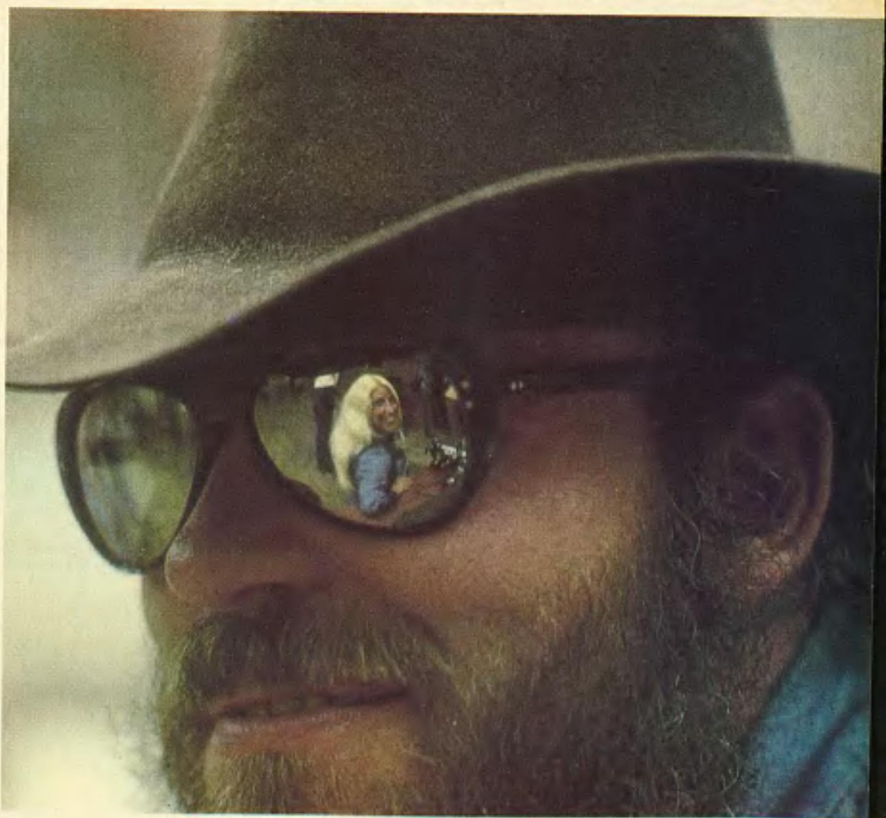
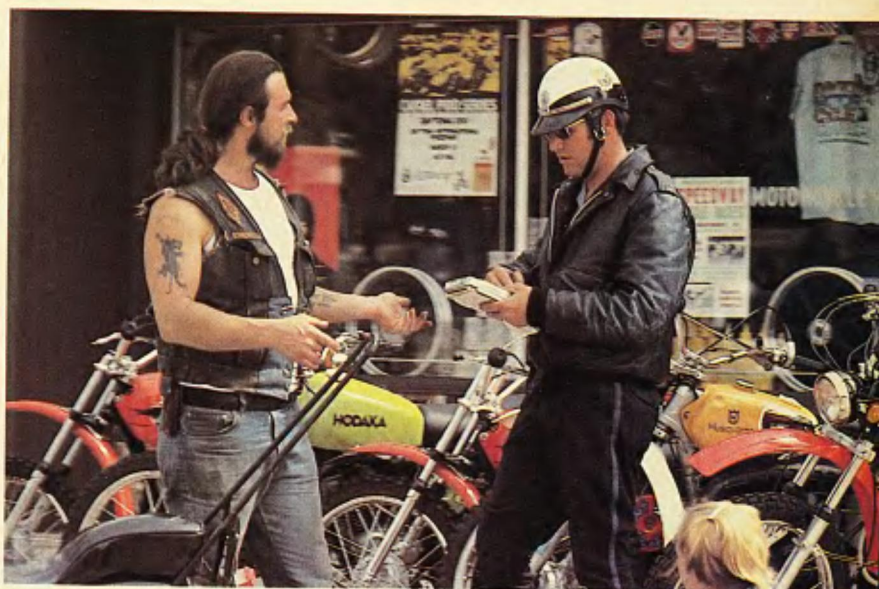
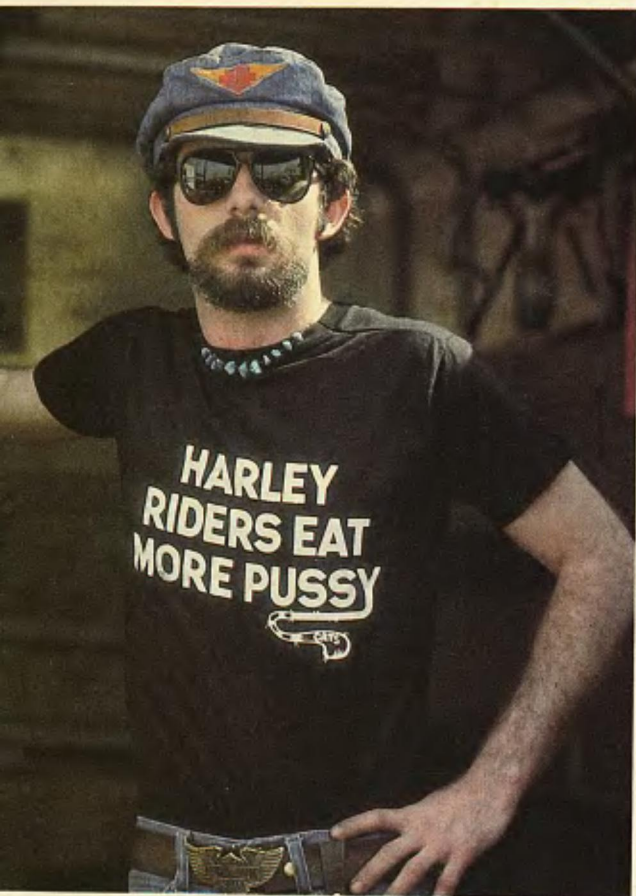
That little encounter has stayed with us ever since, but not because it is a particularly memorable example of harassment of bikers. Comparatively speaking, it was nothing. But it strikes us as a perfect example of one of the most unfortunate manifestations of American ignorance. The people who need to understand why bikers represent something important to all of us aren't the bikers themselves, of course. They already understand, even if most would have difficulty articulating that understanding. The people who really *need* to understand are guys like the jerk from Ohio. Because, whether he realizes it or not, he needs bikers in the world. We'll try to explain.

Conservation of natural resources and the environment makes hot copy these days, and appropriately so. But in addition to those animals and chemicals we customarily think of conserving, there are natural resources that you can't touch. The one that concerns us here is the resource of the spirit, the involvement with the legend of America.

It's hardly necessary to repeat what we already know—that in today's overcrowded, overregulated world we no longer have room to expand. The heritage of open spaces and elemental existence, the heritage that created our distinctively American myths, has been eaten up and all we have left are the myths to sustain us. The myths of the pioneers, the railroads, the Civil War,

—Continued on page 87

A NATIONAL RESOURCE



LEWIE'S KNUCKLE

Brothers, I haven't known Lewie for long. But it doesn't take long to determine just how much a man is into motorcycles. Lewie's a lifer biker, and it appears that as long as he rides, it'll be on the dependable knuckle you see here. Lewie's been riding since he was big enough to throw his leg over a seat. Hell and high water ain't gonna keep him away from the life he loves—and his attachment to his long-time friend, this dual-Amaled knuckle.

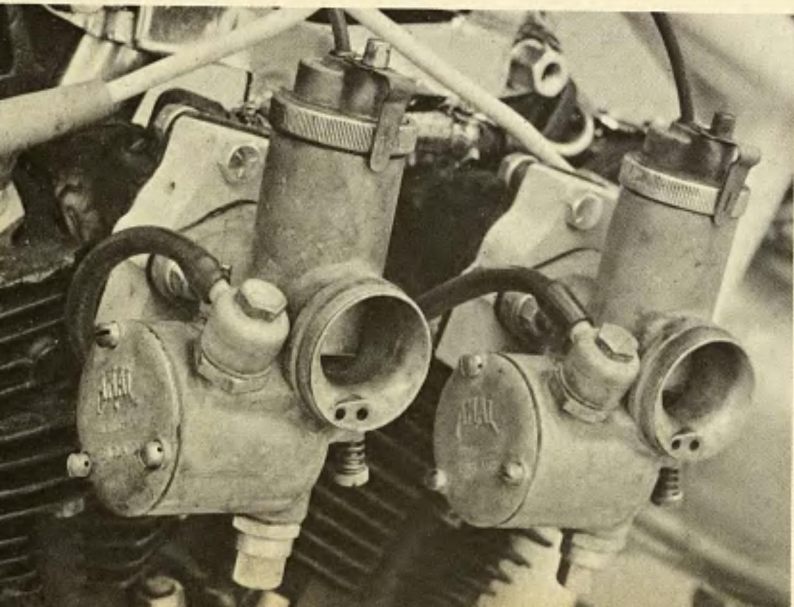
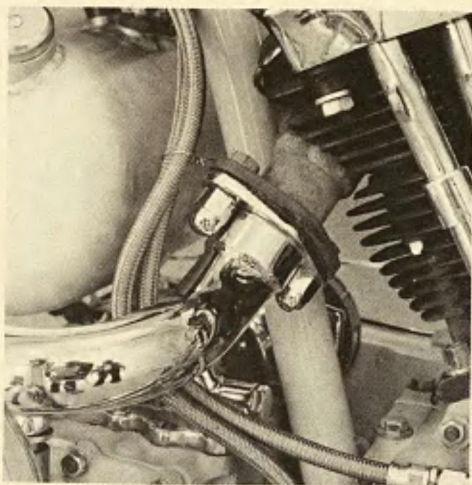
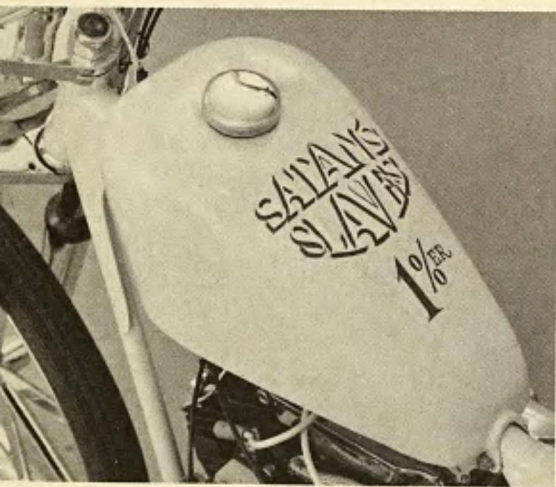
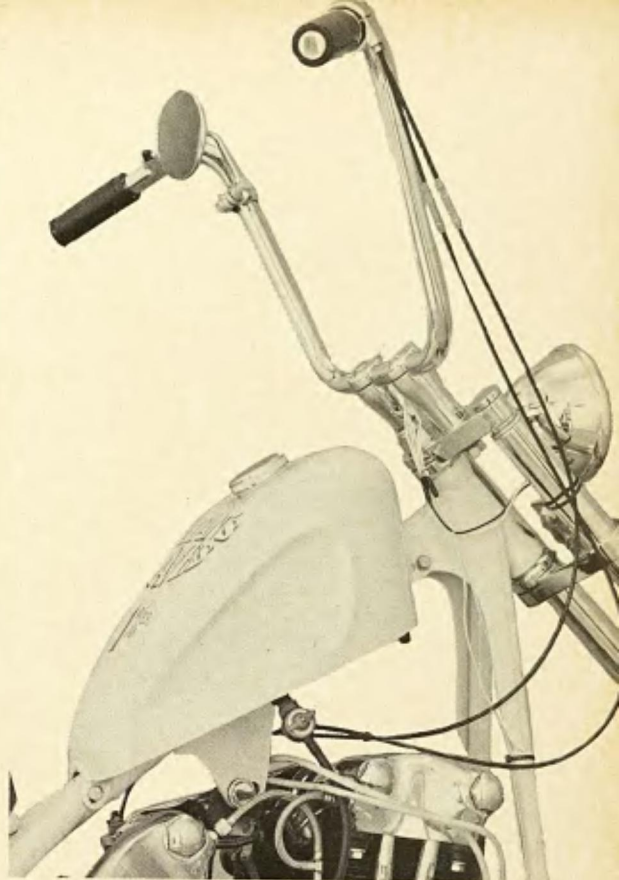
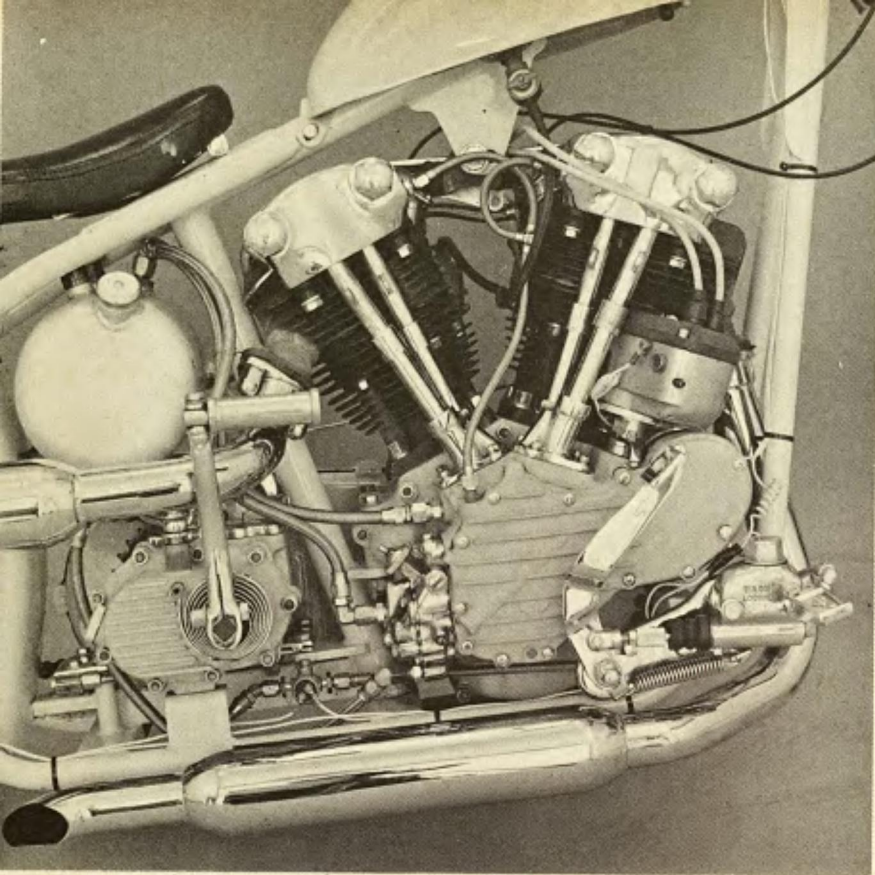
This bike is a veteran too. The ultra-clean, fast-as-hot-grease knuckle has been at parties with its owner for fourteen years and then some. Over a decade of runs, fights, broads, cops—you name it. But in all that time there's one thing this scoot has never made a habit—breakdowns. Shit, this knuck doesn't even know how to be hard to start!

But this year Lewie decided to do his putt a favor, whether it needed it or not. And what you see here is three weeks







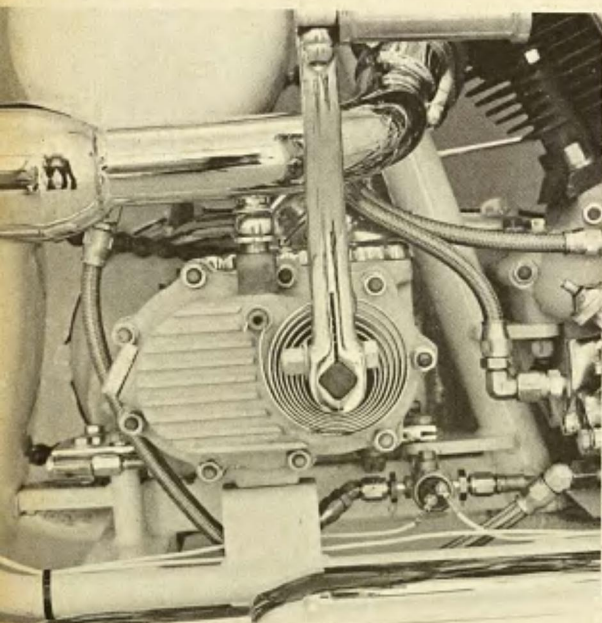
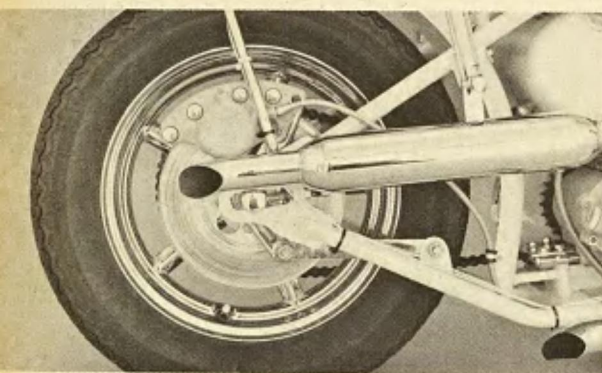
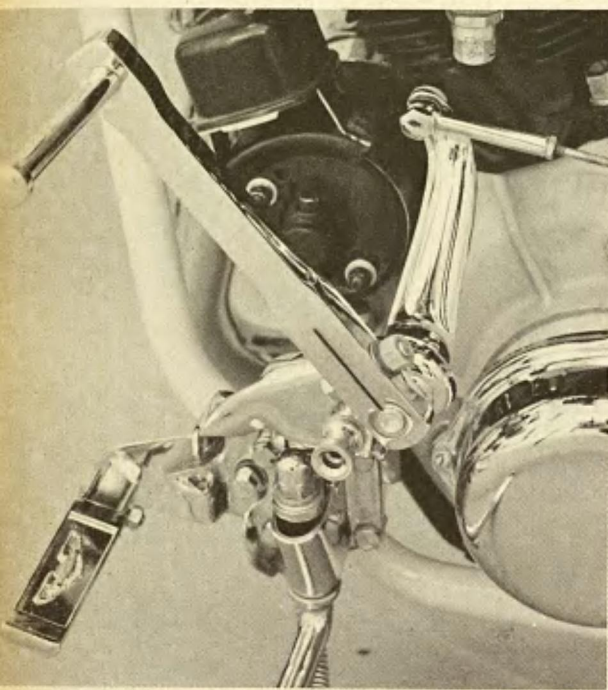


and eleven hundred bucks' worth of renovations. The asskicker is now an updated version of what it has been all along. It's still the same style and color—but it's now loaded with new parts.

Just goes to show that as dedicated bikers grow older they don't lose heart. Instead, they acquire knowledge and experience that serves to keep 'em on the road. Especially if the same trustworthy bike stays with 'em. Lean into enough tight curves on the same machine and you're bound to learn how to get around 'em and survive.

—Bandit

—Continued on next page



Owner: Lewie Roseberry

City: Canoga Park, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1977

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Builder: Gary Bang

Model: Knuckle

Type: rigid

Value: priceless

Rake: stock

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 2 inches

Time: 3 weeks

Other alterations: N.A.

Chroming by: Astro

Accessories

Engine

Bars: high bars

Year: 1947

Risers: glide stands

Model: quick

Fender(s): 6 in. flat

Rebuilder: Williams Motors

Headlight: K.D.

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: early H-D

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: Williams Motors

Front pegs: Peterson Prod.

Balancing: static

Rear pegs: Peterson Prod.

Pistons: M.C.

Electrics: owner

Cases: vintage '47

Gas tank: L.A. funk

Heads: dual carbs

Oil tank: Big Don

Cam: Andrews "S"

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: Paughco

Carb(s): Amals

Seat: Bates

Air cleaner: none

Sissy bar: Ken Fuller

Pipes: by Ken Fuller

Height: 2 ft.

Muffler(s): 15 in. glass packs

Material: 1/2 in. round

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: close ratio gears

Type: narrowed glide

Year: 1947

Extension: 6 inches

Shifting: toilet handle

Builder: Gerber & H.D.

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: N.A.

Trans sprocket: 25

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 15

Molding: none

Hub: Super spoke

Hub: Super spoke

Painter: Homeboy Rick

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width:

Color: yellow

Tire: Avon

Tire: 155 Semper

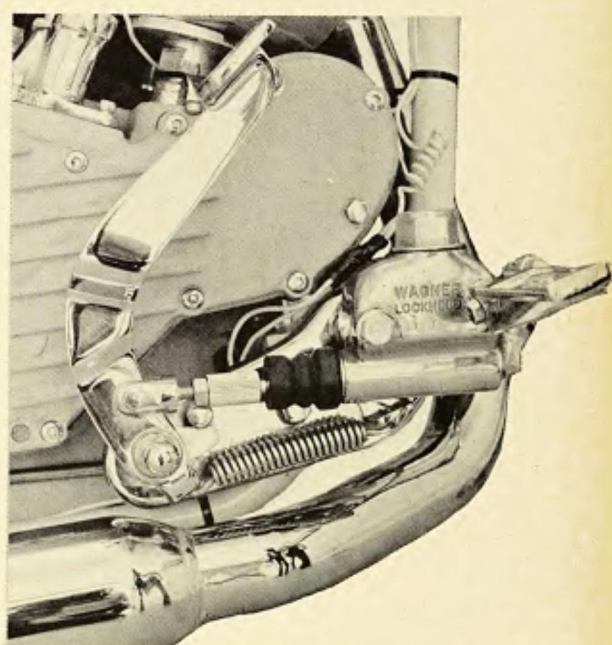
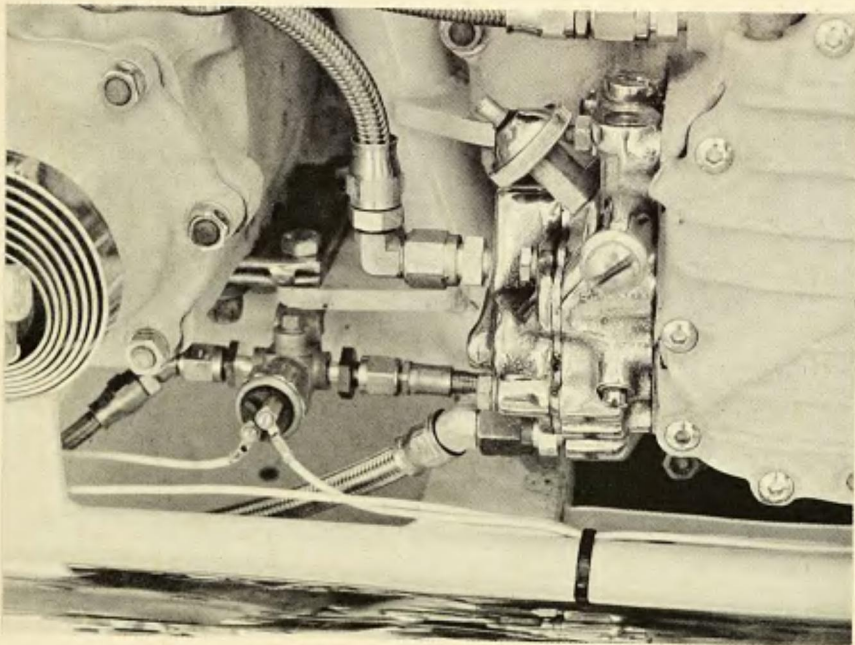
Type: acrylic enamel

Brake: none

Brake: H-D disc

Special paint: owner

Other special modifications: sandblasting by Nathan



THE TITLE OF THIS ARTICLE IS

OH, SHIT!

A few years ago, a citizen boarded a bus in downtown Kansas City, fumbled hurriedly for change, dropped the coin, and watched it roll under a seat, out of his reach. In exasperation, he bent to pick it up and blurted, loudly and angrily, "Shit!" He was immediately hustled off the bus and into the arms of a nearby police officer who, on the complaint of driver and passengers, cited the man for using profanity in a public place. In spite of appeals, he was fined twenty-five dollars, and, in fining the man, the judge quoted from the dictionary.

"Shit," the judge read aloud in court, glowering down from the bench. "Not in decent use."

In looking up the word *shit*, one finds that the dictionary does, indeed, define it as one that is not yet accepted by everyone as a word that can be decently used in public. One dictionary defines it as having only two or three different formations. Apparently, the researchers who work for the publisher gave little consideration to this important word. Their definitions are: *Shit*: dung; *Shit*: diarrhea; *Shit*: excrement from the bowels.

If we were to cover all the uses of the word *shit*, there is no doubt that it would take a book as large as the dictionary in which the word is found, although the average person merely applies the word to objects that lie within the realm of his own knowledge and use.

Marijuana has been referred to as "shit" for many years, mainly to avoid using its precise name. To be overheard saying marijuana is to suffer subsequent capture and detention by those who disapprove of even the mention of the so-called deadly, mind-destroying narcotic weed.

When one's wife serves up some newly concocted mess at dinner time, and it lies there on the plate looking like something the neighbor's Saint Bernard dedicated to

the Lawn God, the natural question to ask is, "What's this shit?"

Our late President Harry Truman constantly had to be reminded that "bullshit," "horseshit" and other references to the political speeches of his opponents which used that disgusting word were not socially acceptable. Ex-president U.S. Grant, according to historians, used to sit on his front porch, getting drunk in his retirement, and shout the word at gawking passers-by. So if, as the dictionary says, the word *shit* is "not now in decent use," how much shittin' time has to pass before it gets accepted?

In literature, the word *shit* first appeared during the year 1250, in a story, "Owl and Night," whose author is unknown. The language in those days was confusing, since it hadn't been standardized, and the story in which *shit* appeared seems to have been written in a combination of English and German.

"Hom schende und mid fule worde so lerdos dop oper mid shit worde." Don't ask what that means. Several days of research didn't turn up a single translation.

In a later speech—by a Scottish politician—that is reminiscent of certain speeches regarding Nixon, a G. MacGregor stated, "For honor of the Scots we have Wallace's effigy in the shit-houses to this very day."

"Shit-abad" is a contemptuous phrase applied to someone disliked, as is "shit-head." Then there's "shit-fire," to be used when something goes wrong, "shit-stick," "shit-rag," "shit-house" and "shit-on-a-shingle," a popular Army dish.

In 1663, Sir Charles Sedley was fined five hundred lire for taking a shit in public, while visiting Italy. We must assume that he was the first dude who had to pay for taking a shit. In 1375, Bartholomew De-Trevisa wrote, "The matere may be ladde oute by spewing, other by shitting, other by sweate." In 1704, a dude named Brown—which

seems appropriate—"knocked a shitting porter down, backwards into his own surreverence."

One of the funniest notations in the dictionary states that the word is applied to men only. "He's a regular shit," "He's shit-faced drunk," etc.

The first Aesop's Fables were not really stories for children—obviously—since the word *shit* appears throughout them. Some miscellaneous lines follow.

"Pain that made him shit pins and needles." "I did shit three great turds." "An ounce for them that spitteth blood, passeth blood or shitteth blood." "It is not all butter that the cow shits." "The Devil shits disasters." "The wolfe shit three times by the way for the great fear that he had."

Shit, in case you didn't know, isn't just a word and it isn't a useless excrement that is always left behind or discarded as useless. Oriental countries have known the value of, and been using, shit for centuries to fertilize their farms and rice-paddies. Ask any ex-G.I. who had to bury his face in a paddy to keep from getting it shot off by the Cong.

In some Far East countries, cheese made of camel's milk is aged by burying it under a pile of shit. One of the great delicacies of Korea—kim chee—is made of Chinese cabbage and several kinds of pepper, then it's stored under huge piles of shit until it has aged to the proper taste. The Chinese also eat duck eggs that have aged under piles of shit. The longer they age, the better they taste. Recently, one of the eggs went on auction. It was two hundred years old—and delicious.

Certain African tribes use shit as both skin makeup and hairdressing, packing the stuff on their heads, kneading it into interesting shapes, then letting it dry. They wear it for months—perhaps even

years—adding to it until it either rots off, washes off in a rain-storm, is removed during a ceremony, or the flies carry it away.

The Innuite tribe of Eskimos are forced by necessity to shit in their pants when out hunting. Think about it! How would you like to drop your laundry in weather that is seventy-five below zero? Try to shake your dick and the whole works would break off like an icicle. They shit when the urge hits them, letting the stuff simply settle down in their pant-legs. When they return to the igloo, their clothes are removed, the shit is scraped out by dutiful ol' ladies who use it as skin balm, for tanning hides and, like the Africans, as hairdressing.

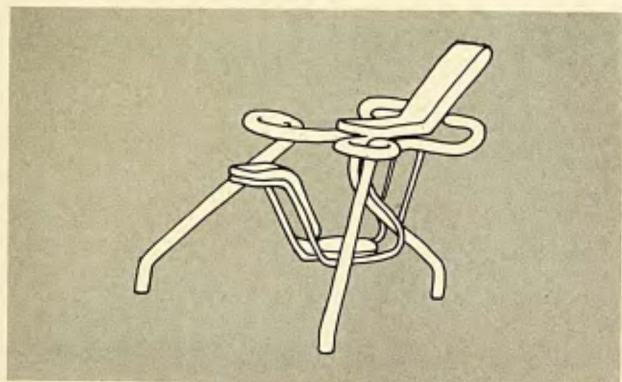
When Eskimos find bearshit lying on the ice fields, especially if it comes from a wounded bear they're chasing, they eat it. Remember, the only thing the bear eats is fish and seals. If he's gut-shot, the shit is partially digested blood, it's frozen solid, so they just swallow it whole in the hope that it might contain some undigested, usable protein. In a land where easy-to-come-by food is non-existent, the folks can't afford to be fussy about what's on the menu.

In America, scientists, worried about waste disposal and conservation, are studying methods to convert human shit into bricks and other building materials. Some have been developed and are already in use, and they're proving quite practical.

A lot of battles have taken place over the word *shit*. Some because of possession, some for doing, and some for using. One of the most famous statements where the word was used came from Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham. To a political opponent, he shouted "You're such a scurvy knight that when you speak, a man would swear you'd shit." A great fight starter if there ever was one. ■

Stash Box

By Tex Campbell



Why don't we do it in the road? Or better yet, we could do it in the "Love Chair," a new creation devised expressly for fuckin' and suckin'. It's a complicated dual-level rig composed of 80 pounds of tubular steel and upholstered padding. Let's see—she sits up there, I sit down here—or is it the other way around? If you're thinkin' about gettin' a work bench like this for your very own, better drop by the bank first—the price is \$750. From Cully Mart, Inc., in Miami.



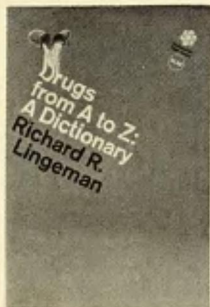
\$10 for a can of oil? Yep, that's what Spider paid for this funky old intact can of authentic oil. Seems that he went to a swap meet over the weekend, and after a dozen beers he got to thinkin' about that old Chief he useta ride. Pretty soon he was all sentimental and dropped a sawbuck for this souvenir of his past glory. Oh well, I suppose Indian oil is worth it—think of all those poor redskins they had to squeeze to make the stuff.



A hard-to-find item if ever there was one, these knucklehead cams are once again available from Sifton Motorcycle Products of San Carlos, California. They are not listed in the current Sifton catalogue, but are again in stock because of customer demand. Sifton also has altered ignition drive gears for exchange and knucklehead pushrods.



Bad Kompany is the name of this righteous piece of scooter sculpture. It was fabricated by several brothers doin' time in San Luis Obispo, California. They overcame all but impossible obstacles to create this beauty. They had no access to a machine shop, so all parts were fashioned the hard way—by hand. The sheet metal and stainless steel was hand polished to a chrome-like splendor and all details were patiently finished to perfection. This classy model stands as a tribute to these guys and the way of life they love. See ya on the road soon, bros.



Suppose some clown at a party comes up to you, gives you a handful of pills, and says, "Try a few of these—it's Prinadol." What would you do? Well, you could always pretend you know what Prinadol is, scarf down six or eight, and wait to see if they make your nuts drop off. Then again you could check out Prinadol in Richard Lingeman's **Drugs from A to Z: A Dictionary**. This inexpensive paperback is a goldmine of information about drugs—legal and illegal. Because the book was first published in 1969, a few of the entries are out of date. But it still offers a relatively sane and straightforward

compilation of facts and figures about everybody's second-favorite subject (well, maybe third—I won't argue).

While I'm on the subject, I might mention a worthwhile companion volume, Vito Perillo's **The Pill Book**. Another paperback, it's sort of a poor man's **PDR**—a guide to identification of 200 of the most commonly used (and, as the narcs say, "abused") prescription drugs. These two books on your shelf might save you from gettin' burned on some shit—or at least save you from puking your guts out because you didn't know what chloral hydrate is.

THE MUFFLER SNIFFERS

In a history-of-motorcycles book, there is a photo of the Dodge City, Kansas, motorcycle race of 1921. The riders are out there on the track, all wearing what looks like leather pilot-type caps and pilot-type goggles. Most of the bikes were Indians. But the race was won by Irving Janke on a Harley; he averaged 79.79-mph for the 300 miles, a record then, while Floyd Clymer (who died a short time ago around 80 years of age after a life in motorcycles) set a 100-mile record at an average of 83.62mph, also on a Harley. No government agents were around forcing helmets on their heads, or pointing db meters, or sniffing exhaust pipes. At a race, one could enjoy the sights, sounds, and smells.

Before reviewing the antics of today's muffler sniffers, consider the helmet situation for similarities. The DOT devised a helmet test that was worked out backwards. They found out the most impact energy a helmet could take, and then proceeded to devise a test such that, when the test is done, a few helmets can pass and it appears the helmets are "safe." The test is the well-known 13-mph impact test, but what isn't publicized is that the impact velocity is with only an 8-pound head form in the helmet and no 160-pound body attached. If one keeps the same impact kinetic energy but assumes that a body is attached to the head, the "safe" impact velocity is about 3.5mph. And we are supposed to be overjoyed with being forced to buy and wear such helmets. The final result is, after forcing us to buy hundreds of millions of dollars worth of helmets, the government tries to hide a report that shows, by the government's own tests, that about 90% of the helmets tested failed to meet the regulations. When I wrote to the DOT asking for a copy of the report, the DOT answered that there wasn't such a report, but I was welcome to come to their office in Washington and examine individual test reports on their viewing machine.

The same tactics used on helmets are being used to force unreasonable emission controls on vehicles by the free-spending EPA (\$4 billion 1977). A government document of over 300 pages, titled *Special Analysis: Budget of the US*

for Fiscal 1977 states that altogether 21 federal agencies and departments will have outlays of \$8.7 billion for 1977 environmental programs. That is 21% more than in 1976. Nearly 6 billion of that is for "Pollution Control and Abatement," of which about 4 billion is for sewage treatment. This leaves nearly 2 billion for other things, including auto, motorcycle, and truck emissions. More money is hidden under "Protection and Enhancement" (\$1.4 billion), and under "Understanding, Describing, and Predicting the Environment" (\$1.6 billion). How much goes into vehicle emissions? The document states elsewhere that \$360 million goes into cleaning up the air. And noise abatement gets \$53 million.

In a number of motorcycle articles lately, bikers are surmising that the government is trying to make vehicles so expensive that we no longer will be able to afford them, and they will be so poor performance-wise that we won't even want them. The bikers then surmised that the whole idea was to allow the government to come in with mass transit all over the nation, thereby taking still more of our individuality away and making us more dependent on them. In the budget document cited above is this quote: "Programs that may ultimately lead to abatement and control of pollutants but which do not have abatement as their primary objective are excluded. Examples of activities which are excluded are: Urban Mass Transit Authority programs in the DOT that work to improve transit operations and rapid rail vehicles, thereby reducing pollution as a secondary benefit."

Even after considering the above, maybe you still think the government doesn't plan to take over complete control of your personal transportation. We no longer can afford to be naive. The EPA has a lawsuit pending in the US Supreme Court against the sovereign state of California. The suit asks the Supreme Court to define California as a person, which brings California as a state (and all other states) under the provisions of the Clean Air Act as amended. Congress passed this act which gives the EPA these unnatural powers.

Remember EPA is a bureaucratic organization, non-reachable by us. If the Supreme Court of the US finds that California is a person, then the non-elected bureaucrats of EPA can jail Governor Brown and the California legislators for failing to carry out all the mandates of EPA! As you know, Governor Brown and the California legislature fought off the bureaucrats, and California became the only state never to pass a helmet law! Section 113 of the Clean Air Act gives EPA enforcement rights against persons. EPA can bring suit against a person who fails or refuses to comply with any order of the EPA. The penalty is \$25,000 per day and one year in jail. The second time, it's \$50,000 per day and two years in jail! Section 114 gives EPA the right of entry into any property to obtain records. This pales the S-1 Bill. If the old men of the Supreme Court find for the Federal government, all states become persons and the governors and legislators will be open to being hassled by the federal bureaucrats into complete and total submission regardless of the will of the people. The source of the problem is the power given to the bureaucrats by the elected members of Congress.

And what does EPA want California to do? It's unbelievable. They want elimination of auto traffic in the LA basin by passage of laws that cut out 90 to 100% of the gas supply, and a state-wide reduction of about 50% in the number of registered vehicles, brought about by limiting gas in the state! And of course, guess what, an irrelevant total ban on motorcycle registration! A favorable ruling would place the entire nation under the domination of the over 1000 federal bureaucratic agencies run by non-elected, and therefore non-reachable, federal bureaucrats. Even if this suit fails, we know the goal, and they will only try a different approach with our money. Nikita Khrushchev once said he was going to bury us. After examining all alternatives to explain what is happening in the above law suit, is there any reasonable explanation other than that the key people appointed to the government bureaucracy, after publicly swearing to uphold the US Constitution,

are committed in some secret rite to fulfilling Khrushchev's prophecy?

If the contraptions to clean the air were optional, maybe we could tolerate spending by the government of a certain amount of our money to "clean" the air. But the contraptions aren't optional. It isn't even the government's business to force the contraptions on cars in smog areas such as the LA basin. If the people want to live there by the millions and all drive two cars, then let them live there and breathe the air. No one forces them to stay. The proper question to ask these people is not, do you want clean air, but rather, here are exhaust contraptions to put on your cars, we're not sure if they do the job, but do you want to buy them at \$200 each? If they don't buy them, that's their business. Maybe the air will eventually drive some of them out, which would be good. The worst part is, these contraptions reduce performance and increase gas consumption. This costs money.

We all know that, to keep some semblance of performance with the new emission and noise controls, new bikes

by leaving off the light switch because a couple of states have the foolish daytime lights-on law for bikes. We needn't be against any dude pulling in the bread—or even ripping us off if we let ourselves be ripped off voluntarily. But when a coalition of vehicle manufacturers/government agents rip us off by law, this calls for strong protest: in fact, outright civil disobedience. We can't any longer afford to be meek.

The many hundreds of millions of taxpayers' dollars the government is spending on vehicle emissions is nothing compared with the cost to the taxpayer of being forced to buy the contraptions. (Like bikers were forced to spend 100s of millions of dollars for useless helmets.) Since 1970, contraptions said to reduce pollution were forced by law on cars: cost to the public, over \$8 billion. Many of the contraptions do nothing; some introduce new dangers into the atmosphere (such as the catalytic recombiners with sulfate emissions); and most do not meet the regs.

Government field tests show that, on new model cars, 60 to 70% emit pollu-

nounced that EPA had ordered Chrysler to recall 200,000 cars to fix what the bureaucrats called a poorly designed and set carb, that, in conjunction with the catalytic recombiner, causes too much pollution. Chrysler claims that complete prototypes had already passed the tests before manufacture, according to the regs, tests that cost the company (read car buyers) over \$25 million. Some people, who may eventually get the work done, think: wow, I get something free. Well, think again. Chrysler is not objecting to the government making them put on these contraptions. They aren't even objecting to the standard emission levels. They are objecting to having to meet the impossible regs on production autos after "passing" the prototype tests. Chrysler keeps a horde of high-priced lawyers just to fight the government in court, and that costs you money every time you buy a car. And you have to pay for offices full of lawyers and paper pushers at EPA drawing their welfare pay from your pocket-book. And you pay for the contraptions and pay for lost performance and pay

If we don't act now, many of our freedoms will soon be reduced while at the same time the power of the bureaucrats will be increased!

have become gadget-filled with ever-increasing cc's to handle the power losses. If you want a clean-looking, hi-performance bike, you have to build it yourself or hire someone to do it. And here again, Big Daddy government steps in: No-mod regs, such as in Pennsylvania, where you can't even "Cut or alter" fenders from the shape made by the manufacturers. The government paper producers came to the no-mod conclusion by asking the manufacturers of bikes if it's safe to modify them. Of course the manufacturers piously say no, it's not safe. If they said yes, they'd be admitting there might be a better way.

This leads to the problem of how much collusion there is between manufacturers and the bureaucracy. It isn't necessary for them to hold secret meetings to constitute collusion. They have only to bungle along together, ripping us off. Bureaucracy power grows under this arrangement, and vehicle manufacturers make a pile of change selling everyone an extra several hundred dollars worth of junk. Consider Honda, even making an extra buck or so a bike

tion that exceeds the standards. By the second to third year, 80 to 90% exceed the standards. These reports are quashed (like the report showing that 90% of motorcycle helmets do not meet the regs), and instead the EPA sets up a procedure that tests prototype emission control systems on prototype cars before production at great expense to car buyers. EPA's own lawyers (at taxpayers' expense) held mock trials to see if EPA's case of not enforcing their own (impossible) regs could hold up in court, and decided they couldn't. So these devious rascals came up with another procedure: manufacturers must meet an AQL (acceptable quality level). This means that no more than 40% of the autos are allowed to exceed the standard off the production line. So now the manufacturers must not only test prototype autos with prototype emission control systems before manufacture, but test the production models after manufacture under changing regulations. While we go on paying, paying and doing nothing about this rip-off.

On the radio recently it was an-

for the increase in gas consumption.

But the biggest loss to all of us is that this is an additional link in hassling personal vehicles off the road while the vehicle manufacturers go along making a few extra bucks thinking that in the end, somehow, the government will back off. Maybe we can understand now why over 100 years ago Thoreau wrote in *Civil Disobedience*: "For the people must have some complicated machinery or other, and hear its din, to satisfy that idea of government which they have. Governments show thus how successfully men can be imposed on, even impose on themselves, for their own advantage. It is excellent, we must all allow; yet this government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of the way."

It's a simple question. Do we fight now for the continued right to ride our bikes or other personal vehicles, or do we wait until we're jostling in line to crowd onto the government RR (read cattle) cars? ■

By Ed Armstrong

Light Of my Life

Christ, that's a lousy title. Fortunately, the light is a helluva lot better. It's just what a bro needs who has one measly 100-watt bulb in the corner of his tar-paper and two-by-four garage. Tar paper never reflected anything but black, and the only creature I've seen work in pitch-dark surroundings is my old tomcat, Leroy. If you have a dark work area, you may have tried going to the hardware store and buying a clamp-on light.

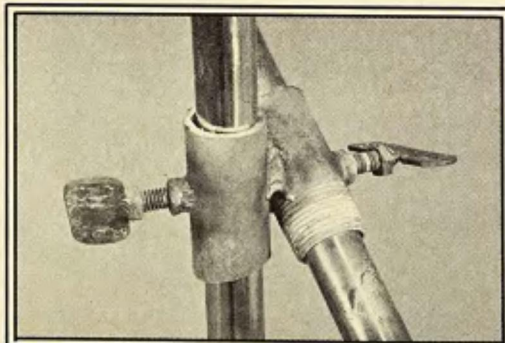
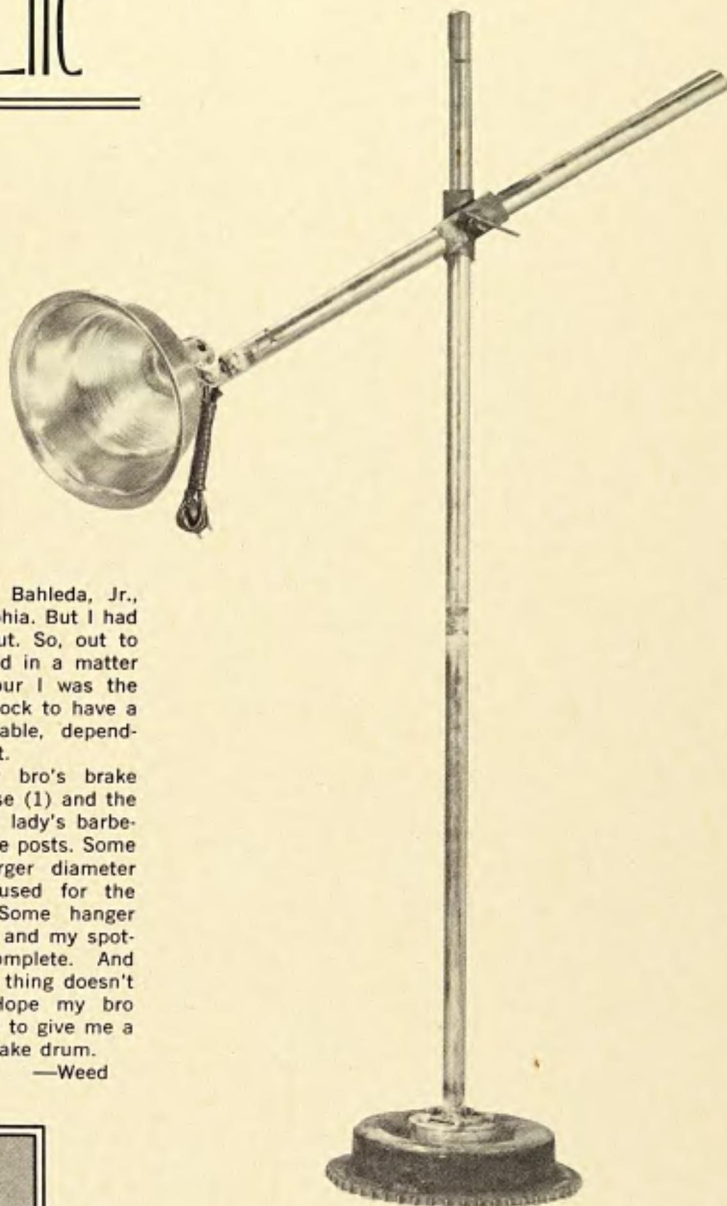
Have you ever tried workin' on your scooter with one of those handy-dandy, clip-on spotlights? No matter where you clip it, the damn thing slips and proceeds to point at the ceiling. Or 'bout the time you've got your screwdriver on that screw that's about the size of a gnat's dick, the light slips off its mounting, the bulb explodes as it hits the concrete, scarin' the shit outa ya and plugin' the room into total blackness. So then you drag your ol' lady outa the pad by the hair and have her aim a flashlight, smackin' her every time she moves the beam.

Enough of our problems—here's a decent solution. And I have to admit right now that it's not my idea. The brains behind this jewel

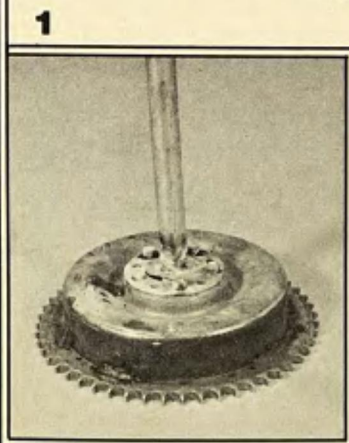
belong to Ed Bahleda, Jr., from Philadelphia. But I had to check it out. So, out to the garage and in a matter of half an hour I was the first on my block to have a sturdy, adjustable, dependable bike light.

I used my bro's brake drum as a base (1) and the legs of the ol' lady's barbecue grill for the posts. Some chunks of larger diameter tubing were used for the clamps (2). Some hanger and brass rod and my spotlight was complete. And damned if the thing doesn't work great. Hope my bro likes it enough to give me a pass on the brake drum.

—Weed



2



1

Ol' Man's Selfish

My ol' man's trip is to sit and watch me makin' it with other dudes. That's right. He sits there and pounds off while I get fucked. I don't mind that so much. I have my own car, bank account, don't have to work—so I put up with his strange shit. But my beef is that he selects the dudes who screw me, and for some reason he won't pick anyone big and healthy with a big dick so I can really get into it and enjoy it. No—he picks old dudes who have a hard time comin' so he can watch the action longer—or maybe he doesn't want me to enjoy it—afraid I'll leave him or somethin'. What should I do?

Tracy
San Francisco, Calif.

● Ya got all day, babe. While he's at work go down to your nearest biker bar and get a little action on the side—whadafuck?

He's Wondering

I was sitting here in my cell and wondering what made you go into all your sex trips? Is it because you're a freak of nature, so ugly with the face of a constipated gorilla, that to overcome that defect you turned into a sex freak?

Big Wally
Soledad State Pen

● No, I gotta tell you the truth, Wally. I dig the shit outta sex. If it feels good, I do it. And I ask ya—why the fuck not?

Backdoor Problem

When I'm ballin' my ol' lady, I like her to stick her finger up my anus and massage my prostate gland just before I climax. What it does is make my crank swell even larger, and I can't explain the thrills that shoot through my body when she does this.

She doesn't mind doing it for me because my swollen crank gives her added excitement too. But now I have a problem. I want to go further. I want her to shove a vibrator up my ass instead of her little finger—with a little testin' on the side by myself, I've found that I get an even greater turn-on. She refuses. She thinks I'm sick and won't do it. Her finger doesn't excite me any more. What should I do?

R. W.
Silver Springs, Md.

● The solution is simple. Go out and stick up a bank and be sure you get caught. Go to jail and let the dudes inside know what you like—and you'll be in heaven.

Fan Letter

It seems to me that someone would have to be insane to stick something in you or yodel in your canyon.

S.B.W.
Soledad, Calif.

● Listen-up, numbnuts. Just what the hell is wrong with insane people? I've had some pretty kinky sex with 'em—and talk about imagination!

No Ankle-Biters

Now that there's so much news about how bad the pill is and how it causes cancer in women, can you give us chicks any good advice on how to keep from getting knocked up? What's the "rhythm" method, and how does it work?

Jane
Charlotte, N.C.

● The way I use it is like this. First, I turn out for every dude in the club. Next, I let the biggest, baddest dude get up an' do a tap dance on my gut while Carolina Willie plays "The Dirty Boogie" on his harmonica. Works somethin' like stompin' on a tube of toothpaste.

Plumbing Problem

Someone told me that you use giant rolls of hand towels instead of Tampax. Is that true?

Big Jim
Tampa, Fla.

● For what? Cleaning the sink? If you're speakin' of what kinda rag I wear—I've told ya before, I've had all my plumbing taken out—none of that "monthly" shit for me.

Beer Tap

My chick thinks I'm weird 'cause I want to fill her pussy with wine then drink it out with a straw. Did your ol' man ever do that with you?

Maggot
Las Vegas, Nev.

● Hell yes. I used to stand on my head, let him fill it up, then dip it out with a bucket.

Nothing In Return

I've got a problem — all jokes aside. I try to help my ol' man with his trike (he's buildin' one). I help by workin' and givin' him money for parts. He's 30 years old and I'm 19. All I want to do is get married, and I'm getting tired of givin' him everything and not gettin' anything in return. We've been together 4½ years. Can you tell me why he won't marry me? I love him and he says he loves me. What should I do?

Lonely
Portland, Ore.

● Get him an instruction book so he can get that fuckin' trike built. He's gotta finish it sometime, for chrisake.

Swallowin' It

My ol' man wants me to give him head when I'm stoned, but I'm afraid of swallowing my tongue, as my mouth goes numb. Other than that, I'd love to. What do I do?

Foxy
Melbourne, Australia

● Swallow it, swallow it! It feels just like a righteous dick. Try it—would I lie?

Nothing's New

I'm an average chick who loves to be screwed, chewed, and barbecued, but I can't seem to get satisfaction out of my life. Recently I was turned on to skydiving onto telephone poles. Have you ever tried it?

Hogger
Ontario, Canada

● Shit, I keep tellin' ya — there's n-o-t-h-i-n-g I haven't tried!

Give Up

Surely you must have some religious beliefs. What did you give up for Lent this year?

Robert Peterson
Norman, Okla.

● Two-inch cocks like yours, fuckface.

Limp Dick

Whoever said booze deflates a hard crank is a sickie. My ol' man gets to drinkin' and all he wants is to drown in my pussy. And let me add that's exactly what he does. Fuck you, Masters & Johnson.

Jackie
New York

● Booze never makes a tongue go soft — maybe numb, but not soft.

Comin'

I need some pussy. Can ya come to the prison I'm in?

Bulldog
Muskegon, Mich.

● I can come anywhere!

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



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

NIGHT RIDER

By Grumpy Joe

The night air was cold and getting colder. For a while, he hadn't noticed it, but once off the mountain, he felt chilled. He'd been running hard down the mountain pass, just for the sheer joy of it. It wasn't a steep pass, but a long gradual descent, with many tight turns and switchbacks. A challenge to man and machine. He had been up near the edge often, but never over. There had been an incident where he'd felt that merely the taking of a deep breath would have pushed him past. That was the way he liked it best, right on the raggedy-assed edge. When the blood is high, body warmth is no problem. Now, his tensions relaxed, he was cold.

He had made this run often, and instinctively he started to gear down. The powerful quartz headlight picked out the roadside rest area. He was hoping that no one was there so he could grab a smoke and a drink of sweet red. Impatient lovers sometimes used the rest areas for a quick dip in the love bucket. They were no problem, but the county sheriff often had unmarked cars hidden there to discourage such practices. That kind of a hassle he could do without.

The area looked deserted, but he ran the paths just to be sure. Satisfied he was alone, he shut off his lights and ran the big Harley under

a tall cedar. He killed the engine and sat listening to the night. Slowly, his hearing returned to normal. Sighing deeply, he got out the makings. His well-practiced hands built a smoke in the dark. A wooden kitchen match provided the flame, and seconds later he felt the good grass take effect. He smoked the joint halfway down, then liberated the half-gallon of sweet red from its carrying pouch. His first drink was merely a sip. Washing it around in his mouth, he swallowed, then took a couple of monster hits. Ah, he thought, it's a good night. A very good night.

He was feeling mellow. He walked around the rest area, smoke and bottle in hand, using both liberally. He sat down on a picnic bench and gazed up at the sky. It was close enough to daylight for some grey to lighten the heavens, giving the horizon a steely look. 'Bout time I got my ass home, he mused. He arose slowly, feeling a reluctance to leave such a pacific setting.

He took a final pull from the wine bottle and cast it into the trash barrel. He was not normally such a considerate person, but once before he had thrown a bottle into the bushes and had aroused the anger of a most unpleasant nocturnal animal, a civet cat.

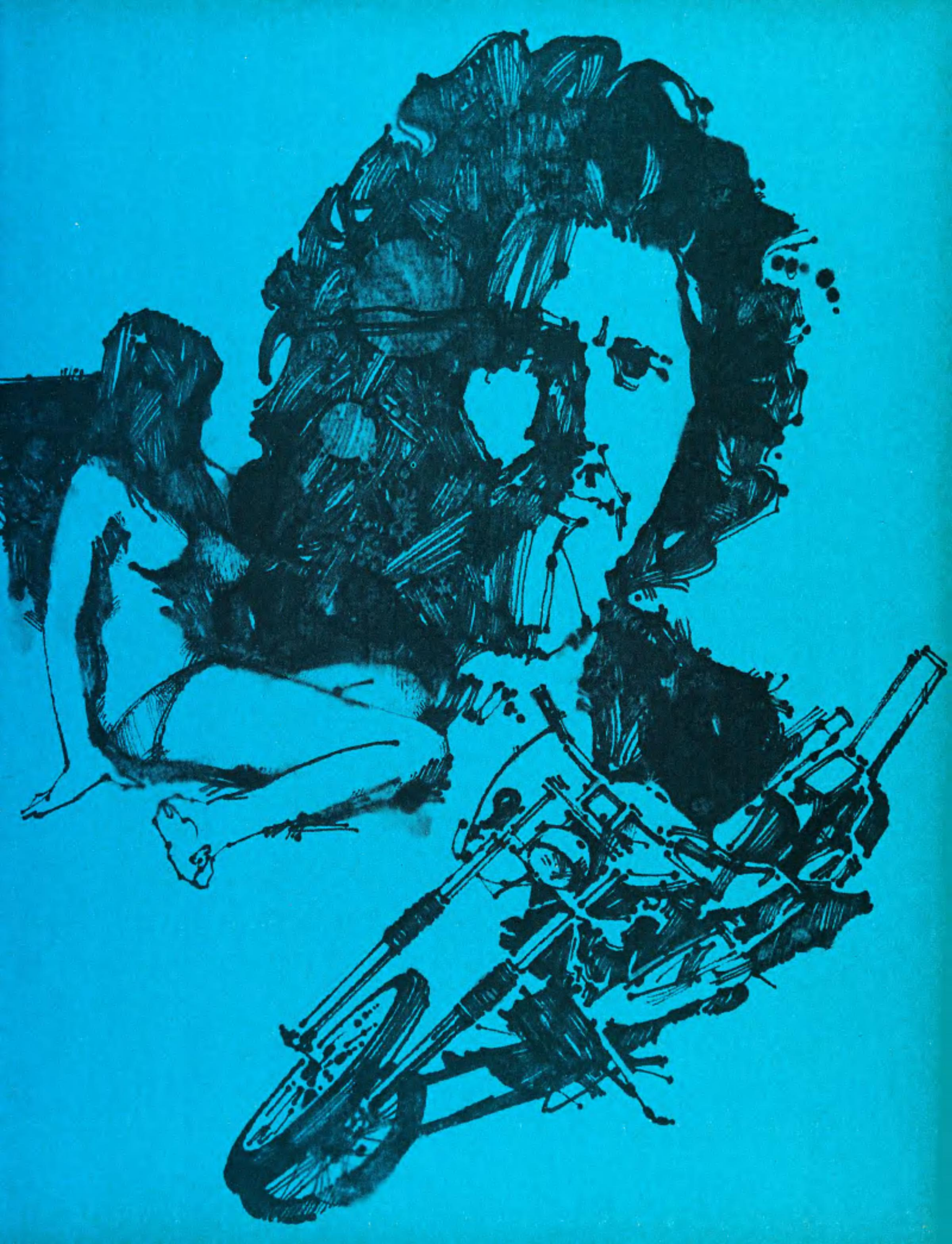
He lumbered back over to his bike,

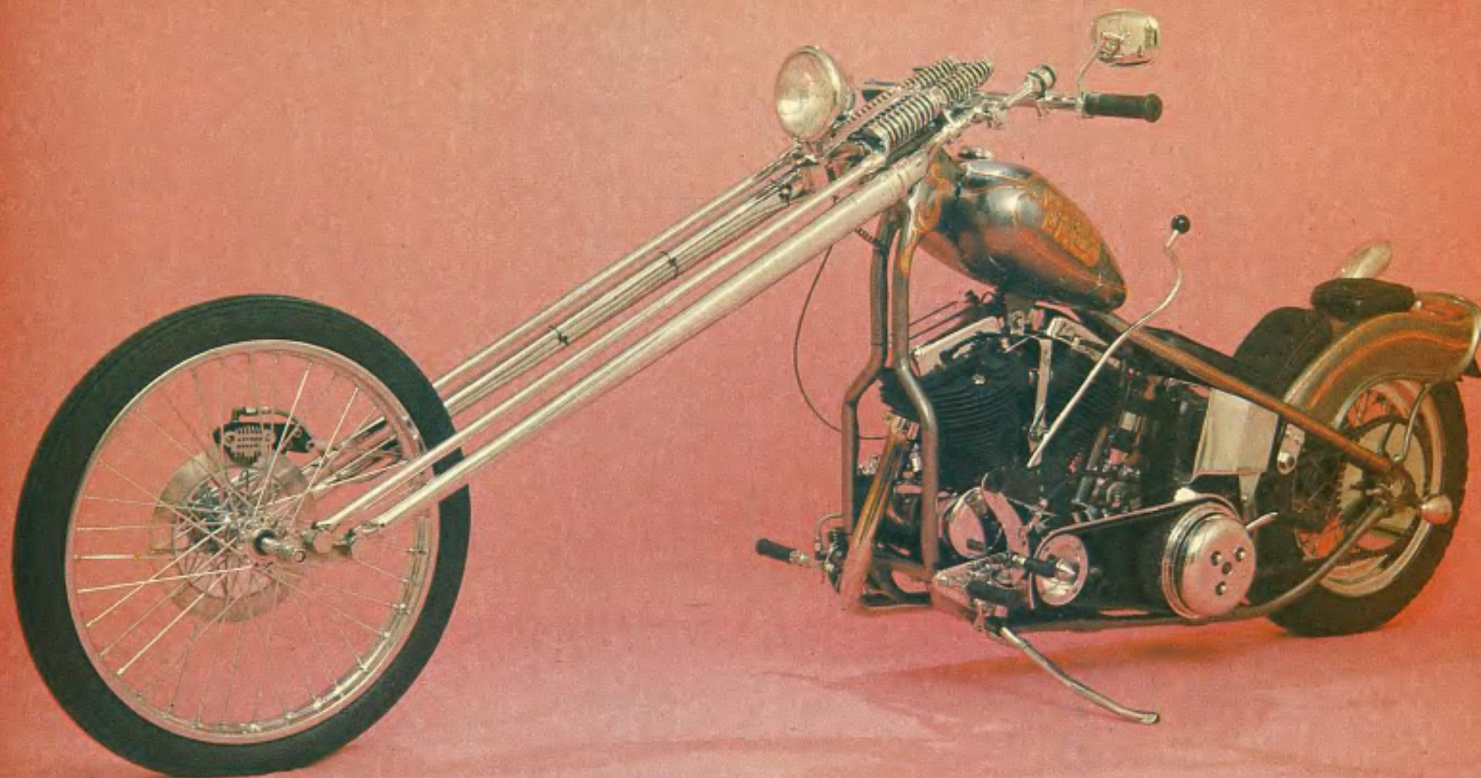
hopped aboard, fired the engine. He was four miles from town, a distance that he sometimes made in two and a half minutes. Just as the night was waning, so was his urge for speed. He kept the seventy-four-incher at less than half throttle all the way into town. The small town wasn't awake yet. Its citizens were perhaps in the yawning stage, but were as yet undisturbed.

He made his turn to head home, stopping once to steal a newspaper from a neighbor's box. He shut down his engine and coasted into the scraggly-lawned lot that served as a base for his house. He got off the bike, wheeled it into the garage, and began the nightly chore of wiping the Harley down. A more beautiful bike there never was. It was a classic, pure outlaw in design and color. The only bit of hokum on the black and chrome machine was a gas cap that sat atop the coffin tank. It had letters pressed into it, like automobile hubcaps used to. The letters read *Night Rider*, in script.

He finished his loving chore and went into the house. As usual, the house was still. He had an ol' lady, but she rarely was stirring early enough to greet him. The frying pan had been left out on the stove, so he got out a slab of bacon and a knife

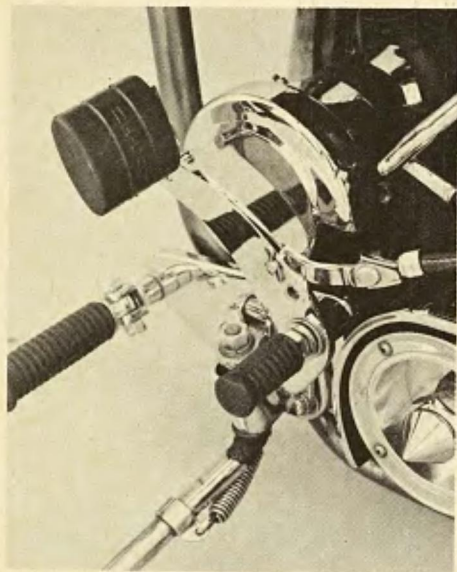
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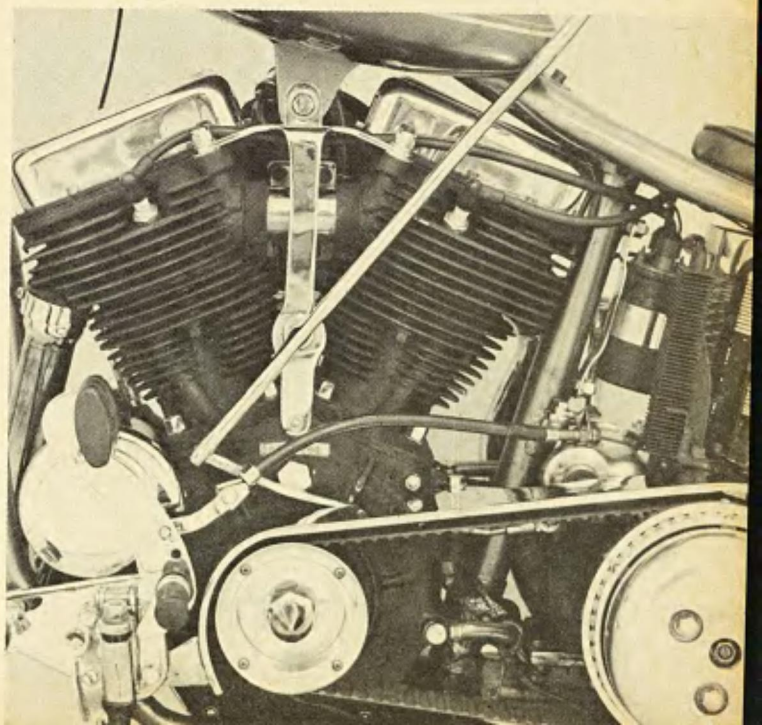
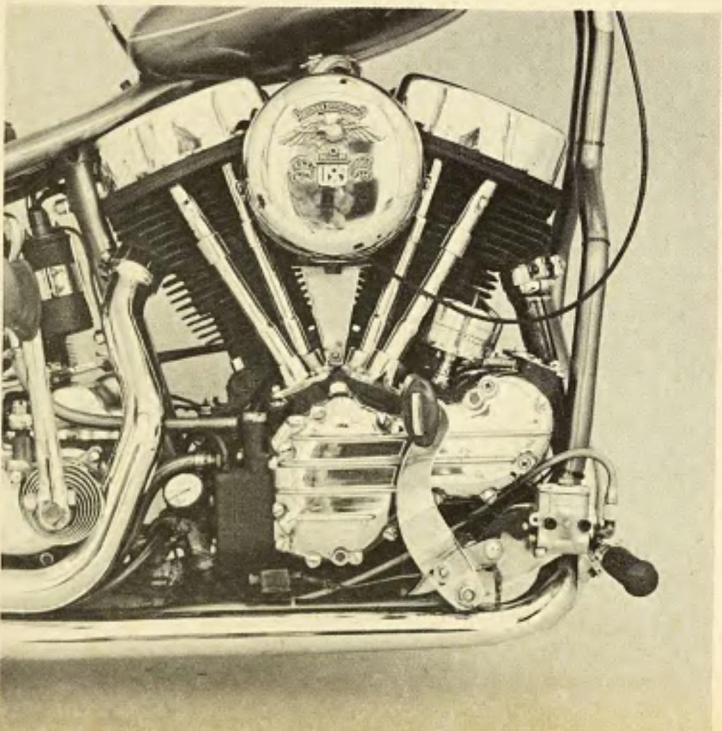
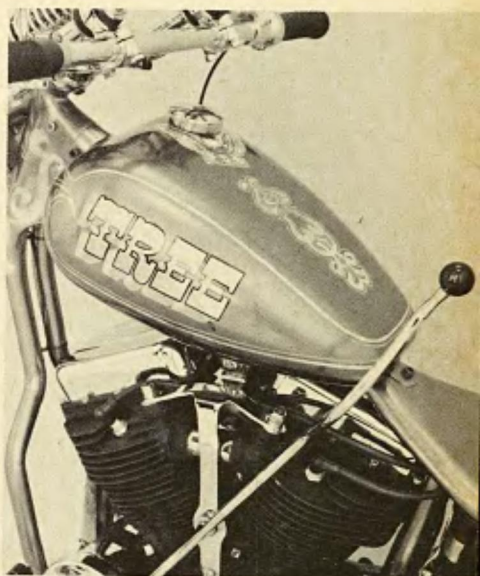
CUT 'N BEND

Make it different,
then ride it again



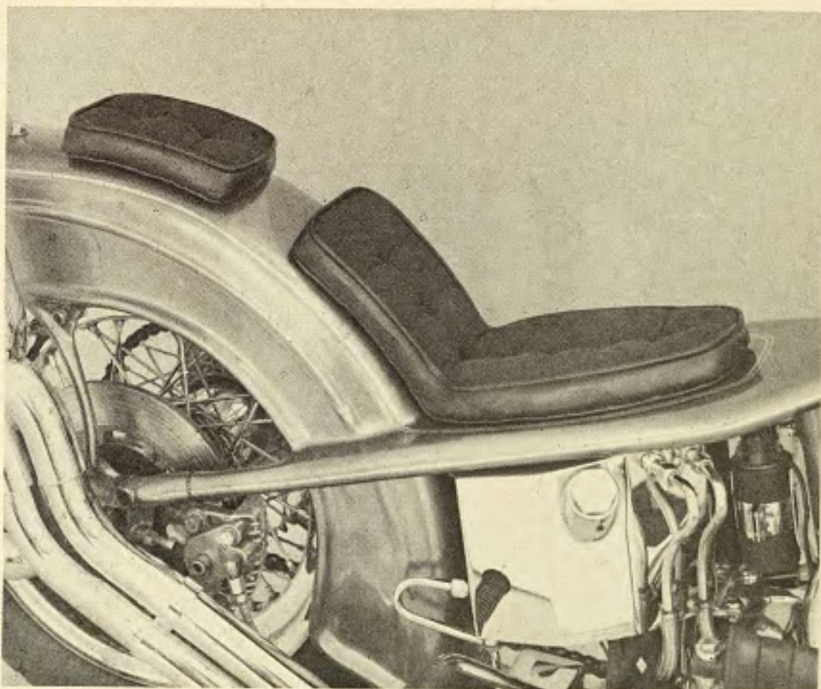
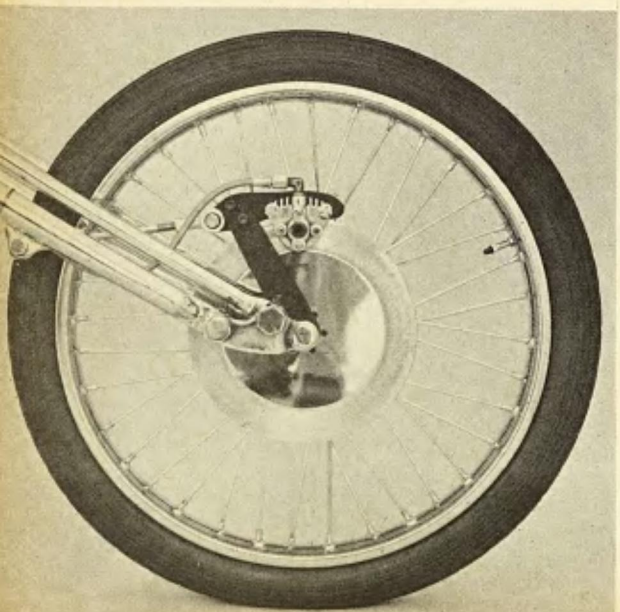
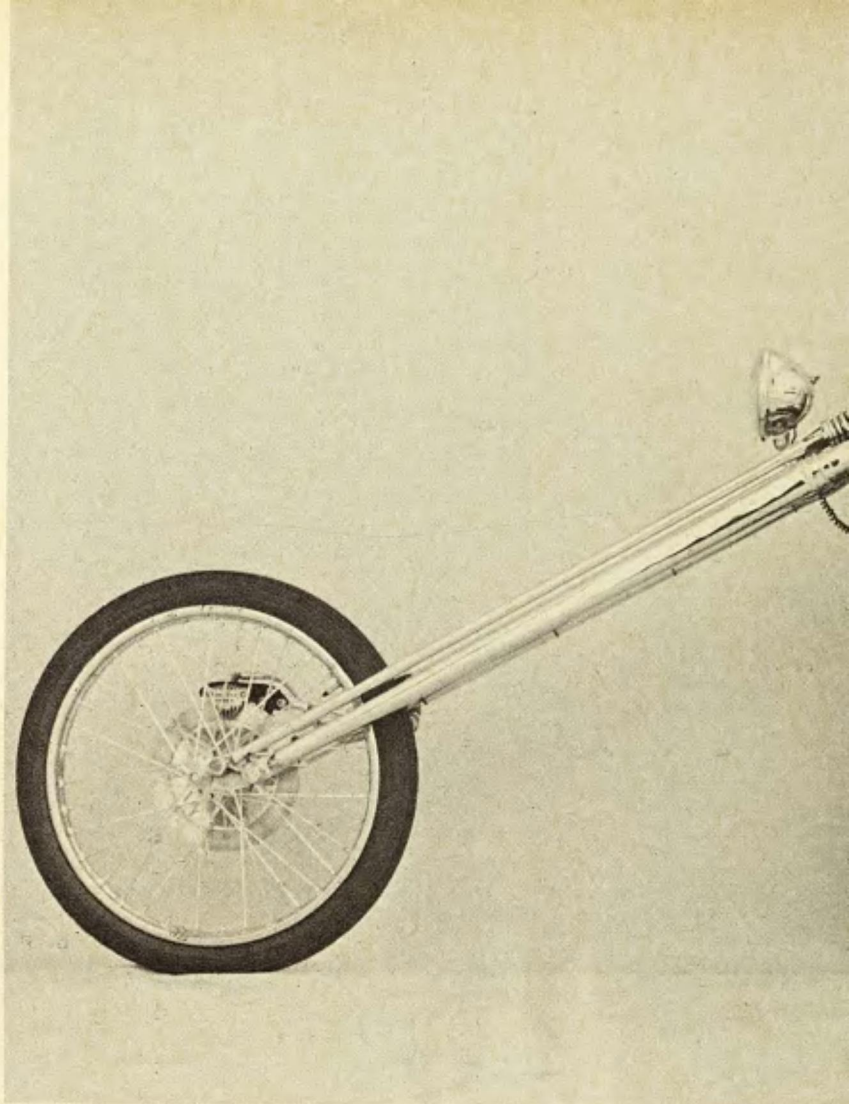
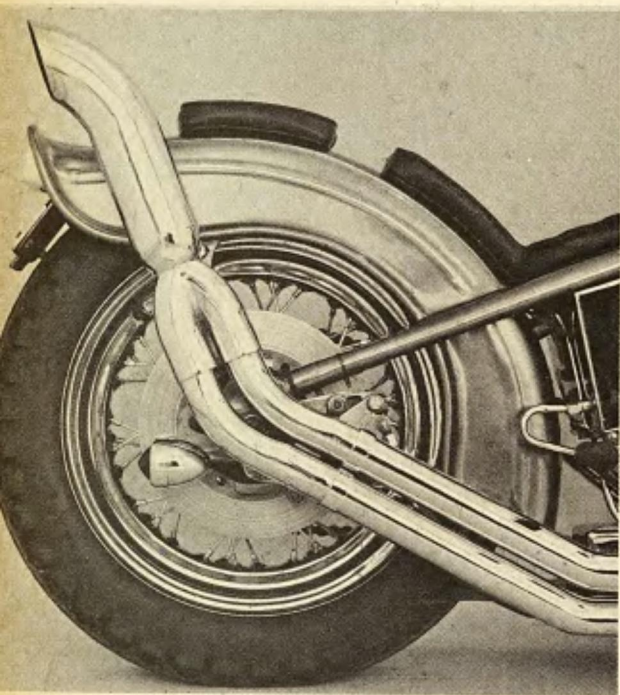
I don't know if you'll remember or not (I can't recollect past the end of my nose), but Tree, who is one big mother and appropriately named, had his bike featured in our rag about two rebuild seasons ago. 'Cept then the sleek machine was stretched out until it flexed like a leaf spring and handled like a loaded freight train. The bike was so damn big that the husky panhead mill looked like a V-twin, 165cc hummer engine nestled in the spread-out frame.

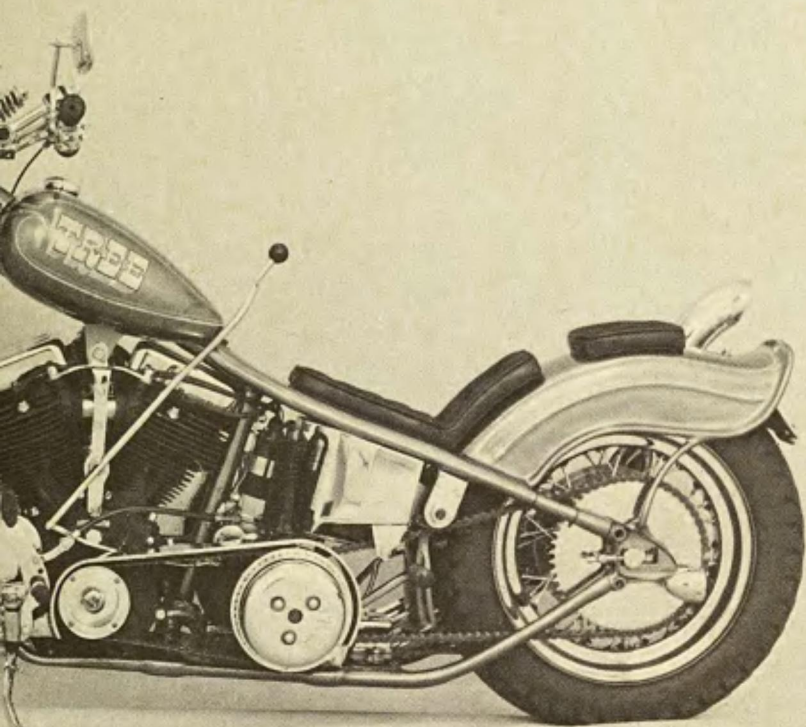
Tree rode it in that fashion until he could no longer contain his creative urges. His impatience finally got the best of him—it was time for a change. But when 'Tree changes somethin', he doesn't just spray a different hue on the frame, tank, fender, then chrome a part or two,



cop a new gewgaw for the bike, slap it all back together, and ride it for another five years. No. Instead, Tree, with the madman assistance of his brother Ross, ripped off his front end—a beautifully extended stock springer—and then took a hacksaw to it.

Can you remember the last time someone *shortened* his front end? Well, that's exactly what they did. Then they took a torch and reduced the heavily stretched frame to a sleek low-rider. When



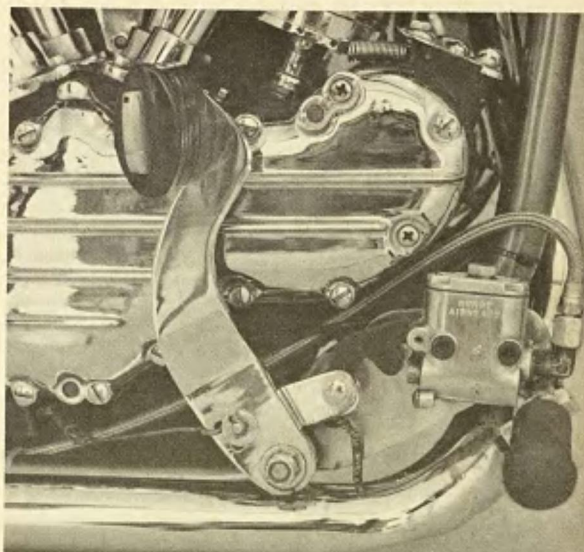
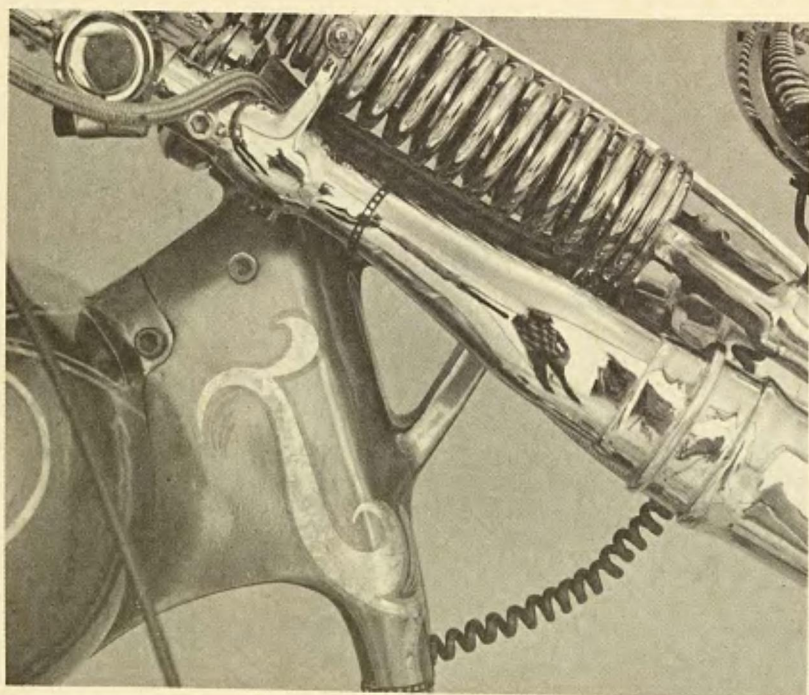
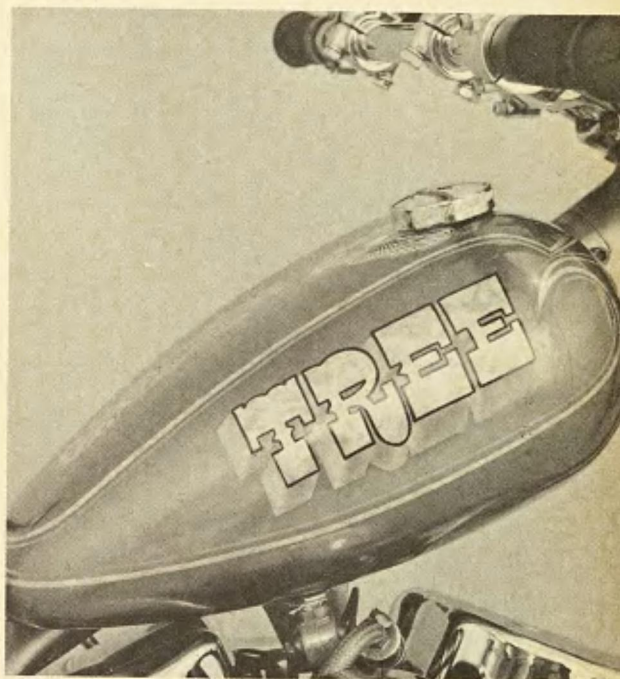


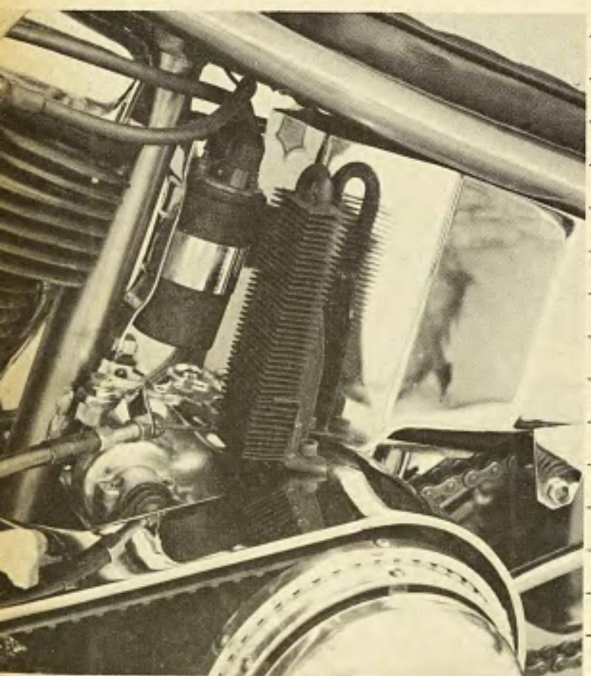
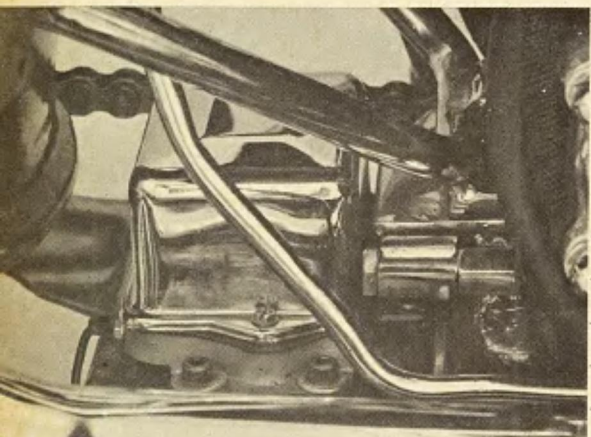
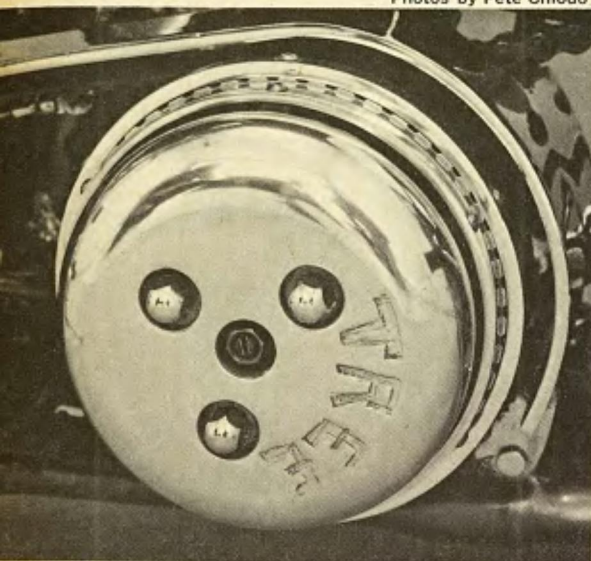
finished, they had shortened the stretch by about a foot and added the foot to the rake. After the ol' Harley cradlebar frame survived that surgery, Tree fabricated an entirely new exhaust system and designed the exotic shifting linkage you see in the pics.

I can't say I'd bend my cradlebar frame as much as this man has, but Tree has definitely put some different shit together and come up with one fine, sleek scoot.

—Broken Rod

—Continued on next page





Owner: Howard Slayton

City: E. L.A.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: R. J. S. Welding

Year: 1938

Year and make: 1958 H-D

Builder: H-D & R.J.S.

Model: pan

Type: rigid

Value: who knows?

Rake: 2 3/4 in.

Assembly by R.J.S. & owner

Stretch: 6 in. downtubes

Time: 4 1/2 weeks

Other alterations: 4 in. added in rear

Chroming by: Sal's Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: drag

Year: 1958

Risers: rubber dogbones

Model: pan

Fender(s): fatbob reworked

Rebuilder: Alphabet

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: distributor

Taillight: red

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: Superglide rear

Balancing: Alphabet

Rear pegs: R.J.S. & owner

Pistons: M.C.

Electrics: 6 V.

Cases: 2

Gas tank: Paughco

Heads: 2

Oil tank: Paughco

Cam: 1

Oil system: oil cooler

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: none

Carb(s): Mikuni

Seat: Joe Perez

Air cleaner: H-D custom

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: handmade

Height:

Muffler(s): collector

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: rebuilt

Type: springer

Year: 1958

Extension: 27 in.

Shifting: freeside

Builder: H-D & R.J.S.

Engine sprocket: stock

Special features: homemade disc

Trans sprocket: 26

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: owner

Hub: spool

Hub: stock

Painter: R.J.S.

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Rim width:

Color: gray pearl champagne

Tire: 2.75

Tire: Jap

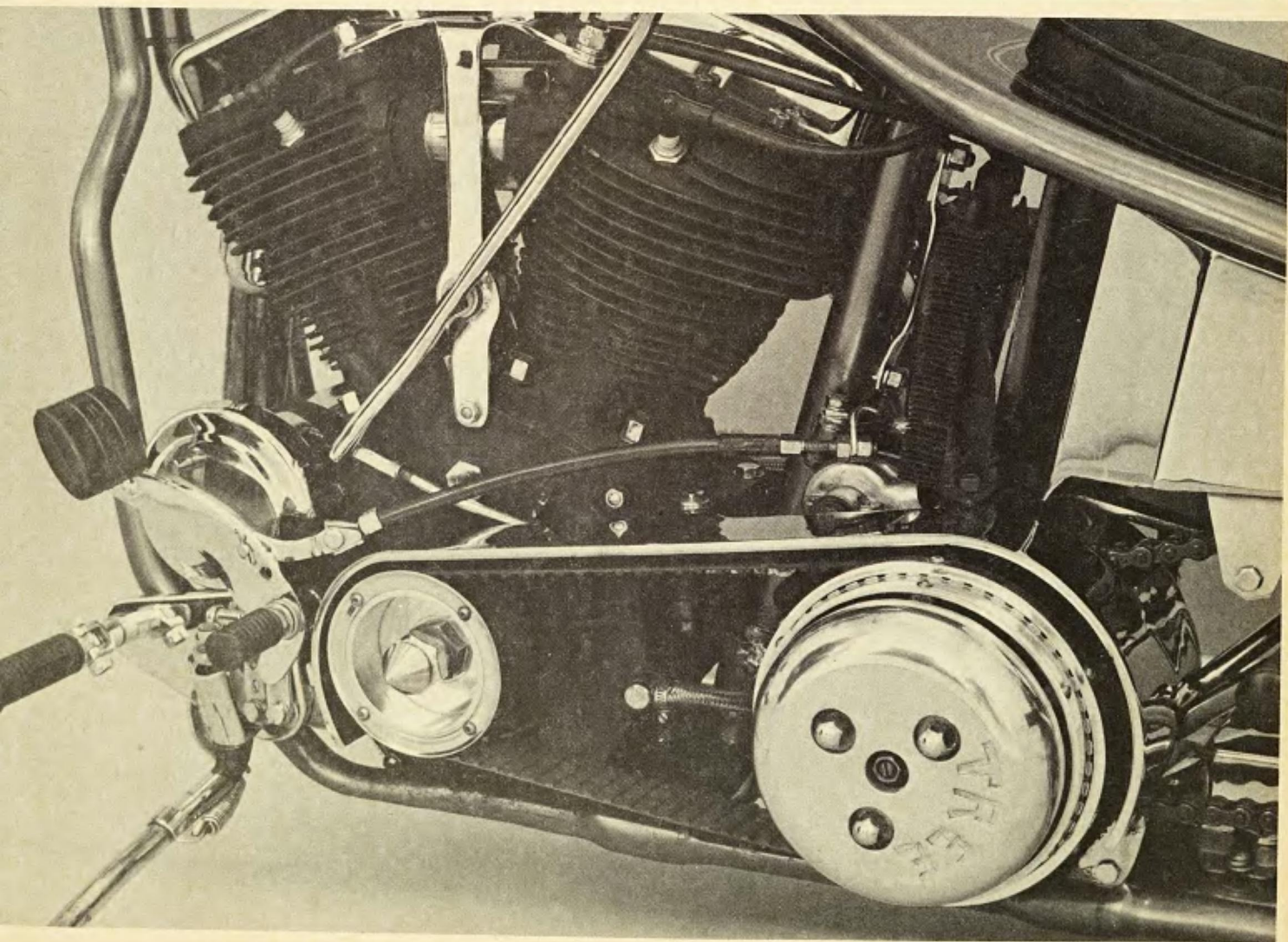
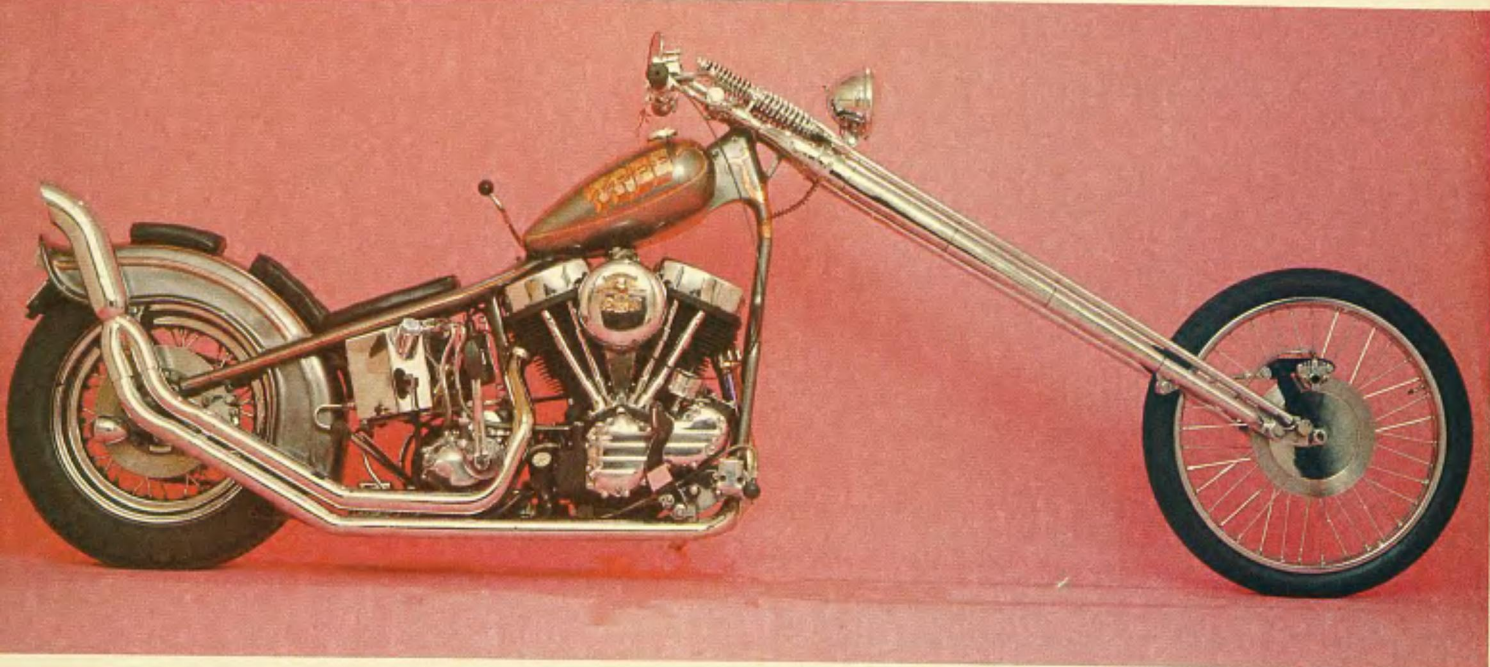
Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: disc

Special paint: by Dave

Other special modifications: Hog Master belt drive, owner-built shifting system.





100 BARGAINS

Harley-Davidsons, All Models MANY OTHER MAKES
AND MODELS

ALL PRICES CUT 25% to 50%

HERE IS A REAL Opportunity TO BUY A GOOD MOTORCYCLE
AT A VERY LOW PRICE

Never before have we quoted such attractive prices. At these New Low Prices everyone can now afford to purchase a Machine. Especially in these times when a fellow's income has been limited, and he must have means of transportation, it means that he can go more places, see more things, for less money than any other method of transportation—operating cost is less than 1c a mile

PRICES on all Motorcycles up to \$75.00 ARE CASH

A \$25.00 DEPOSIT MUST ACCOMPANY EACH ORDER

WE WILL GIVE TERMS ON MOTORCYCLES FROM \$100.00 UP



DON'T WAIT! PICK OUT THE MACHINE You Want—send a \$25.00 deposit and we will immediately ship you the machine.

We Will Deliver Anywhere in New England the Motorcycle you purchase for \$12.00, the average freight rate is \$8.00

**IF YOU HAVE NOT THE CASH for YOUR MOTORCYCLE
PICK OUT THE ONE YOU WANT, Send Us a Deposit**

We will hold the Machine for you; then every pay day send us what you can afford; you will be surprised how quickly you will pay for your machine; this is called the Saving Purchase Plan, and it enables anyone to purchase a Motorcycle.

THE MOTORCYCLES LISTED BELOW ARE GUARANTEED to be in perfect running condition, and will give thousands and thousands of miles in service. Everyone has been thoroughly checked by a factory trained mechanic.



No. 1. 1928 Harley-Davidson Single, famous for its economical operation, gets 30 miles on a gal. It is the most reasonable means of transportation that money can buy. This Single is in good condition; it is finished in the standard color and is equipped with the 26-3.20 balloon tires, three speeds, electric lights and jiffy stand.

It rides and handles easier than a bicycle, you can learn to ride it in the length of a city block. Has a front wheel brake and throttle controlled oiler. A bargain at

\$42.50



No. 2. 1927 Harley-Davidson 74", has new enamel. Color Police Blue, machine is equipped with three speeds and electric lighting, has 27-3.65 balloon tires, which are very good. A dependable low priced machine that will run many thousands of miles.

\$37.50



No. 3. 1928 Harley-Davidson 74", has new enamel, color a deep earth green. Just overhauled, equipped with the regular three speeds and electric lighting, front wheel brake, throttle controlled oiler, and rear seat. This machine has plenty of horsepower and get away.

\$54.50



No. 4. 1929 Harley-Davidson 45", with the side by side valve motor, detachable heads and low saddle position. Finished in a deep red color, very good balloon tires, wonderful mileage on gas and oil. Just the machine for a small fellow or new rider.

\$67.50



No. 5. 1930 Harley-Davidson 74" Big Twin, the motor is the same as the latest model, it has side by side valves and removable Ricardo cylinder heads. Will do better than 35 miles per hour. The equipment includes straight side rims with 4.00-19 balloon tires, two bullet headlights, steering head lock, enamel in a deep green with a vermilion panel tank. Has all the latest improvements such as the new double front drive chain, excellent front and rear brakes, easily removable, interchangeable wheels, any wheel can be removed in two minutes, has new low saddle position which enables very easy handling. A wonderful bargain at

\$97.50

No. 6. 1930 Henderson, big, powerful 4 cylinder machine. Enamel just like new, color police blue, with 30-4.00 tires, jiffy stand, rear carrier, practically new tires, motor is in wonderful condition. This smooth, quiet operating machine is another bargain at

\$82.50



No. 7. 1929 Harley-Davidson 74", new enamel, color police blue, two brand new tires, new battery, and completely overhauled. A machine you will be proud to own at another low price of

\$77.50

SPORT! ADVENTURE! ACTION!

Here's real sport for you! Care-free happy miles over winding country roads, glorious week-end tours, vacation trips you'll never forget, enjoyable hours on the golf course or at the beach, wonderful hunting and fishing expeditions, club runs and tours—



**That's Motorcycling,
The Sport of a Thousand Joys!**

All outdoors is yours when you ride a Harley-Davidson. This famous motorcycle will help you get more real enjoyment, more blood tingling sport, more healthful pleasure out of life than you ever thought possible.

Fellows, get in on this greatest of all outdoor sports. Wherever you want to go—whatever you want to do—your Harley-Davidson is always ready to serve you—quickly, comfortably, safely and economically. For pleasure or business, ride this modern mount and save money on every mile!

SOME MORE BARGAINS!

Machines in Perfect Running Order

1926 Harley-Davidson 74"	-	\$25.00
1927 Henderson	-	35.00
1927 Harley-Davidson 74"	-	35.00
1928 Harley-Davidson 74"	-	50.00
1929 Indian Scout	-	60.00
1930 Indian Chief	-	80.00

Used Side Cars for all makes - from \$15.00 up

Used Package Trucks - from \$25.00 up

**WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF USED PARTS
FOR ALL MAKES AND MODELS
OF MOTORCYCLES.**

Tell Us Your Wants, We Can Help You Out

We also have a complete stock of new parts for all makes of Motorcycles, and a complete line of every accessory for the rider and machine.

We also have a complete display of New 1933 Harley-Davidson Models which can be purchased on time for as low as \$100.00 down and one year to pay balance.

We will deliver anywhere in New England a New Harley-Davidson at no extra cost for transportation.

We will consider taking anything of value in trade toward the purchase of any used Motorcycle.

ARNOLD MOTORCYCLE CO., Inc.

AL ARNOLD, Proprietor.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON DISTRIBUTORS - Largest in New England
320 Broad Street, Providence, Rhode Island

Separate statistics dealing with rear-end car/bike crashes are critical to evaluation of the law . . . and again the statistics are not available.

While positive evidence that lights-on laws reduce automobile/motorcycle collisions is lacking, there are several negative effects of such laws.

Consider the fact that federal motorcycle equipment standards include no requirement that bulbs and electrical systems are capable of full time operation. A requirement of full time operation may then result in frequent failure and thus added expense for the rider. Since a replacement headlight can't be readily carried around on the bike, headlight failure leaves the biker with a choice of riding in violation of the law until he can find a replacement, or obeying the law and leaving his bike along the highway subject to theft or vandalism while he looks for a bulb.

Consider too the matter of liability. The first thing damaged in a collision in which a car makes a left turn in front of a bike is the front fork assembly, including the headlight and substantial parts of the wiring harness. In a state with a lights-on law, that guilty auto driver need only claim that the biker didn't have his headlight on and it becomes the responsibility of the rider to prove he was not at fault in the accident. That's hard to do when his headlight, switch and all, is buried in the grill of the four-wheeler whose driver has thus conveniently dodged his liability.

Another objection to lights-on is philosophical, based on the amount of responsibility it places on the motorcyclist for correction of a situation in which he is normally the victim instead of the culprit. Despite the fact that over 60 per cent of car/motorcycle accidents are the fault of the auto driver and the fact that there is no proof of the effectiveness of lights-on legislation, still law makers would place the responsibility for correction of the situation on the bikers. Would it not make more sense to devote equal energy to shaping up the motorist who causes those 60 per cent of such accidents?

The key point is that the overall problem of automobile/motorcycle safety should be attacked through legislation that requires better education of the operators of both kinds of machines. Bikers can and should be taught safer operating procedures. Motorists meanwhile must learn that bikers are legitimate users of the streets and highways with the same rights, privileges and responsibilities as the four-wheeled operators.

Motorcycle legislation, however

well-intentioned, which is enacted based on the unproven assumption that it will solve the motorcycle safety problem, is often worse than no legislation at all. This is certainly true in the case of lights-on laws, which are at best a questionable treatment of a symptom, rather than a cure directed at the root causes of motorcycle accidents.

—Reprinted from the AMA News

State News

New York: ABATE of New York has joined efforts with New York Motorcycle Rights Organization in sponsoring repeal of the state's mandatory helmet law. Prospects for passage of the bill look promising, but opponents may block it unless we show our solidarity. All concerned bikers should voice their support of repeal to Senator John D. Caemmerer, Legislative Office Bldg., Albany, NY 12248.

England: The Motorcycle Action Group is planning a helmet protest run in London and a 100-bike rally. Sikh riders in England (who wear turbans and thus cannot wear helmets) have an exemption now—surely it is time for all bros to join together to smash the helmet law and stem further legislative restrictions. In the effort to let those who ride decide, contact Motorcycle Action Group, c/o Fred Wyeth, 42 Laytons Lane, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex, England.

Canada: Welcome to our new bros who have just begun the first Canadian chapter of ABATE. Membership applications are available from ABATE of New Brunswick, Attn: "Jungle Jim" Calvin, P.O. Box 283, Grand Bay, NB, Canada E0G 1W0.

Florida: On April 3rd, ABATE of Florida held a state-wide protest run and rally to show the Florida reps their backing of Bill H85. Only 204 bikes turned out for the run although there were 7000 flyers sent throughout the state notifying

bikers of the run. On April 7, Florida's repeal law lost 3 to 2 in the subcommittee. The old adage "United we stand, divided we fall" has proved itself once again. If you wish to join ABATE in their fight to ride free, contact ABATE of Florida, P.O. Box 1503, Penellas Park, Fla. 33565, c/o Eugene Roberts.

Ohio: One of our bros from Lexington wrote Gene Damschroder of the Ohio House of Representatives stating his concern over the helmet law. This is the response he got from the legislator: "Dear Mr. Bryant: Just a brief note to let you know I received your letter and appreciate hearing your concerns. House Bill 185 is presently being heard before the House Transportation and Urban Affairs Committee. How do you feel about roll bars, seat belts, and safety glasses in exchange for the helmet? Sincerely Gene Damschroder." Roll bars?

South Carolina: The senate gave final approval on a bill repealing the helmet law with a vote of 20 to 7. Under the measure, only persons 17 years of age or younger must wear protective helmets with a face mask. Sen. John C. Lindsay, D-Marlboro, Chairman of the Senate Transportation Committee, pushed the bill through the chamber. The bill now goes to the Joint Senate-House Conference Committee, so keep on writing.

Wisconsin: Thought you'd be interested in how the Wisconsin senate voted on the repeal of the motorcycle helmet law. Democrats for: Braun, Cullen, Dorman, Frank, Goyke, Harnisch, McKenna, Mauere, Morrison, Offner, Parys, Peloquin, Radosovich, Swan, Thompson, and Van Sistine. Democrats against: Adelman, Babitch, Berger, Flynn, Kleczka, and Risser. Republicans for: Bidwell, Chilsen, Keppler, Krueger, Lorge, McCallum, Murphy, Petri, Sensenbrenner, and Theno. Republicans against: None. Letters are in order—if we keep on them, the next time we need their help, maybe we'll get a better vote. For their addresses, and to join in fighting for your other biker rights, contact ABATE of Southern Wisconsin, c/o Tony Sanfelippo, 5411 N. 92nd St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53225, or ABATE of Northern Wisconsin, c/o Bazaar Cycles, John Barajas, 526 N. Main St., Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin 54935.

New Jersey: ABATE of New Jersey has announced that they're getting ready to take on the law stating that the only legal bike is a stocker. No frame or suspension mods would be allowed. The fight for helmet repeal and for legal modifications can be won only with your support. Contact ABATE of North

Jersey, 4 South Ave., Cranford, N.J. 07016.

New Mexico: We understand a mistake was made in our June ABATE column regarding New Mexico's helmet repeal. We stated that Rep. Tom Horan tried to amend the bill. However, even though Horan did vote against the repeal, Rep. Bob Moran was the one who tried to push the amendment. Please accept our apologies; we stand corrected.

Texas: We have just received word that the helmet repeal bill for Texas has been passed. Congratulations to ABATE of Texas for their hard work and to all of you bikers who pitched in. This proves that ABATE gets things accomplished and cares about your right to ride free. It's time now to join in to continue the fight for your rights. Don't sit back and think others will do it for you, because without your support, it won't get done. Write and join ABATE of Texas, c/o Paul Hendley, P.O. Box 6065, Sta. A, Tyler, Tex. 75710, or ABATE of Dallas/Fort Worth, c/o Dean Bennett, P.O. Box 2572, Garland, Tex. 75401.

North Carolina: The helmet repeal bills introduced into the North Carolina General Assembly have been killed in committee. Both House Bill 12 and Senate Bill 128 are dead for the next two years. Despite intensive lobbying by our reps, the committees voted down the bills. The main reason for the defeat was the efforts of Dr. B. J. Campbell of the Highway Safety Commission, who brought in members of his staff and of the American Medical Association to oppose our efforts. It seems that freedom isn't a vital enough issue with the North Carolina General Assembly to override the testimony of people who don't even know where the gears on a motorcycle are. Your letters of outrage are needed. For information on whom to contact, write ABATE of North Carolina, P.O. Box 26445, Charlotte, N.C. 28213.

Michigan: The repeal bills, HB-4304 and HB-4305 were reported out of the House Civil Rights Committee as of April 6th. A hard uphill fight is expected when these bills go before the full house and senate. HB-4502 is now in committee. If passed, it will limit the amount of front end modifications and front wheel diameter for motorcycles. If passed, HB-4257 and 4258 will provide funding and establish a m/c driver's education program for high school students. If passed, HB-4132 will set noise limits for all vehicles, including motorcycles, which are used on a highway, street, frozen public lake, stream, ponds, or other places open to the general public, including areas designated for veh-



icle parking. The bill also deals with exhaust systems. If this bill is passed, we will soon be riding around inside two-wheeled cars. SB-351, if passed, will outlaw "fuzz-busters" and other radar monitoring devices. This should give you some idea of what's going down in Michigan. ABATE of Michigan is putting forth an all-out effort to get these bills passed or defeated, whichever will insure our riding free. All concerned bikers should write, phone or telegraph not only their legislators, but all of the Michigan legislators to ask them to support the repeal. To add your much-needed support, contact ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 504, Dearborn, Mich. 48121.

Illinois: Does anyone have first-hand knowledge of a rep of the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety appearing at any hearings or making any presentations to legislative bodies? Do you know first-hand of material being sent to any legislator regarding motorcycle legislation by the IIHS? If you know where they appeared, the date, who it was, or the general summary, please let Ed Armstrong know all of the details. Contact Ed at ABATE of Chicago, 215 Grove, Fox River Grove, Ill. 60021.

National: In the last two months, we've asked what you have done to fight against current and upcoming unfair biker legislation (helmet laws, etc.). We have received a few requests for applications to join ABATE, but many of you have only considered joining and haven't gotten around to it. **NOW** is the time to get around to it. Join now. Write to the National Headquarters of ABATE and we'll forward your name to the appropriate chapter of ABATE. Write ABATE National Headquarters, Attn: Membership Information, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 92160.



These handsome ABATE plaques are now available. An ideal decoration, they show your support and also make a perfect gift. Approximately 12 by 8 inches, they may be obtained by sending \$29.95 to ABATE National Headquarters.

Fight For Freedom

—Continued from page 39

to say that about 25% of car accident victims die of head injuries, about the same as bikers. But 25% of 50,000 is a lot more than 25% of 3,200. A state trooper with mirror-like patent leather shoes and more medals and patches than a well-dressed outlaw biker solemnly lied that he knew of no policeman who supported the repeal of the helmet law. He would have us believe he never heard of the Blue Knights and their official stand against mandatory helmet laws.

Several days after the hearing, the bill was voted out of committee by a vote of 6 to 2. Later, the Senate passed it 32 to 16. The bill now goes to the House Committee where the chairman is opposed to the repeal. The Governor is another stumbling block. He has said he will veto the repeal. With lots of letters and a strong vote in the legislature, he may change his mind. Let's hope he does. The newspapers were quite fair. They did color up their stories with references to burly bikers and leather jackets, but when they quoted us, it was done correctly and fairly.

The second hearing I attended was in Boston on January 31. Their repeal bill was up before a generally hostile Joint Committee on Public Safety. The Massachusetts Modified Motorcycle Association (MMA) is behind the push. Bob Doiron is the president. He was there along with Bob Frink, editor and owner of the MC Post, a NE Motorcycle newspaper. His paper has taken a strong stand against mandatory helmet laws. Bill Toffling of the MMA was there, as was Allen Kaplan, Boston attorney and biker.

The MMA had worked hard, but this committee was an immovable object. The MMA had chosen not to get out the bikers for the hearing. And at the last minute, the legislator who had introduced the bill didn't come in to speak on behalf of it. As I said before, it's worth a special effort to convince him ahead of time that he must be there. The chairman announced that time was restricted and we would be allowed one speaker and he was to keep it short. I got up. In 15 minutes the chairman was looking at his watch and staring at me unsmilingly. So I brought the whole bikers' story to an end within 20 minutes. That just isn't

enough time. You can't turn around years of misinformation in 20 minutes.

A few days later I learned that the repeal bill was voted down by the committee. It still has a slim chance, as another repeal bill comes up again in the Senate hearing. The MMA has over 15,000 members in Massachusetts. A thousand or two ought to show up at the next hearing.

Feb. 9 I was in Madison, Wisconsin, for a hearing before their Senate Commerce Committee. The push there comes from the WBBA led by Dick Smith, and ABATE, led by coordinators Tony Sanfelippo and John Barajas. Wisconsin is where probably the biggest helmet protest ever was staged last year, somewhere near 15,000 bikers. I was there and managed to be among the few of the many thousands without helmets to get a ticket for no helmet. Call me lucky. The bikers really had done the preparation well. They had to, because the Governor stated he will veto any repeal bill.

Chairman Senator Parys had introduced one of the two bills for repeal. His bill would repeal both mandatory helmets and lights-on. Senator Petri had introduced the second bill to repeal the helmet law. The medium-sized hearing room was filled with several hundred bikers, and many more were in the hall. The bikers were from many clubs, as evidenced by the variety of colors. In addition, some Blue Knights were there, an officer of the BMW club, and an eye specialist MD (and biker) who took the afternoon off just to see bikers working with the government. He thought it was great and supported the repeal.

When the other bills were done about 4 p.m., the chairman called for the bikers. There were at least five registered to speak against repeal and eight or ten bikers for repeal. I led off. No hassles, no rushing. Next was Mr. Buchanan of NHTSA. He didn't do too much good for his cause. He said that at least 25 of NHTSA staffers are bikers, including the Administrator, Mr. Snow, and that he himself had been riding since 1965 and also had raced. He mentioned that the U.S. Supreme Court had upheld the constitutionality of helmet laws. I've never seen such a decision. One decision I have seen, the appeal from Wisconsin, merely dismissed the case because it did not present a federal question.

He brought up the question of noise levels, stating the DOT position that as long as the rider can hear the motorcycle itself while wearing a helmet, he can hear as

well as a rider who does not wear a helmet. This simply is not true. I had tested this, and reported the test to the committee. Above the sound of the motorcycle, I could hear a horn twice as far away without the helmet as with a helmet (100 feet vs. 200 feet). He brought up the Illinois-Michigan study that has repeatedly been shown to be invalid. He reported on a study in Japan that showed helmets to be effective. Japan? I knew we were importing a few bikes from Japan, but NHTSA importing their helmet law material?

Tony talked next and was followed by a State DOT official. Next was a Madison attorney and biker, Mr. Hur, who gave a very good account of the constitutionality question and the rights of individuals. The next anti-repeal person was from a hospital. He may have been a doctor. He said he would never get on a motorcycle because he was afraid of hurting himself. He stated that all bikers should wear helmets by law because of what he has seen in the hospital. Later, a woman spoke who said she belonged to a women's club for highway safety and was speaking for the 183,000 members. They all believed bikers should be made to wear helmets for their own safety. Then she accused the committee members as legislators of passing too many laws that interfered with her daily life. She claimed that legislators regulate her every move. (No bull, that's what she said!) She probably did us more good with her talk than our own speakers. Another girl speaking in favor of mandatory helmets had two banged-up helmets that she claimed saved her life and that of her girl friend in a crash. We countered this woman with a high-powered girl biker, Shelly Epstein, dressed in jeans and a colorful biker's jacket, who said she was 23 years old, rode a Sporty, and had been riding for nine years. She never had an accident and never would wear a helmet except if forced by law. No more opposition speakers, and there were more bikers to talk. The committee let them all speak.

The outcome won't be known until later when the vote takes place. But from the intelligent attitude of the committee members, my guess is that the vote will be close to 7-0 for repeal.

Considering the many hard steps to get by for citizens operating with their own money and having to fight opposition funded with taxpayers' money, it's almost a miracle that we ever get a helmet law repealed. But bikers have become miracle workers. ■



Son of Space Filler

A cannibal went to the village meat market.

"How much you want for that missionary meat?" he asked.

"Twenty-five coconuts," the butcher said.

"How much for the sailor meat?"

"Thirty-five coconuts."

"And how much for that biker meat?"

"Ninety coconuts."

"Ninety coconuts! How come so many?"

The butcher frowned. "You ever try cleanin' one of them mother-fuckers?"

—T. Tomlinson
Stuart, Fla.

A woman went to her doctor to get something to cure her husband's impotence. The doctor gave her the usual drops to put in her mate's bedtime milk, but accidentally prescribed thirty drops instead of the customary three. The woman was already at his office the next morning when the doctor arrived.

"Well, back so soon?" the doctor asked. "Didn't the drops work?"

"That's not the trouble," she replied. "What I need now is an antidote so they can close the coffin."

—Kirk Kummel
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.



"Pocket pool? Really? Can two play?"

Hear about the polack dude who bought his wife a wig, 'cause he heard she was gettin' balled on the side?

—V. Terkelson
Long Beach, Calif.

"Can you dance?" the mean ol' biker asked the farm boy. "Nope. Ain't never wanted to learn, neither," the farm boy answered. With that, the biker pulled out a pistol and began firing at the boy's feet, making him dance around.

As he was getting on his scooter, the biker felt a tap, and turned his head to discover that he was looking into both barrels of a shotgun.

"Ever kissed a mule's ass?" the farm boy snarled.

"No," the biker said, dismounting, "but that's one thing I always wanted to learn how to do."

—Daniel Zentek
Cheshire, Conn.

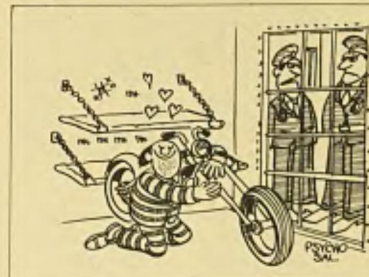
A biker entered a local bar and sat down next to his ol' lady's ex-husband. The dude looked over at the thirsty biker and said, "How do ya like that used pussy you're gettin'?"

The biker smiled. "It ain't too bad—once I get past the used part."

—Donald Mitchell
New York, N.Y.



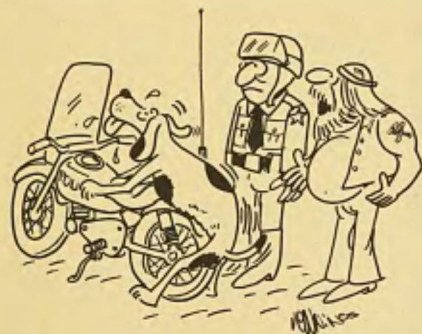
"That's not what I meant by 'Help me up,' Deborah."



"It's called conjugal visits."



"We have number thirty-one . . .
Personal Foul . . . Fifteen yards for 'piling on'."



"Well, shit, it took me years just
to make him stop chasin' 'em!"



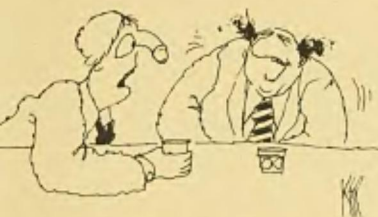
"If I wasn't so busy bleedin'
to death, I'd kick yer ass!"

A biker had a bad crash on the highway. A citizen stopped, pulled the biker's pants down, and began blowing air up his ass. When the police arrived and asked what he was doing, the citizen replied, "I'm giving him artificial respiration."

"But sir," the cop said. "You're supposed to blow air in his mouth, not his ass."

"Fuck that," the citizen replied. "Have you ever smelled a biker's breath?"

—Lonnie Williams
Michigan City, Ind.



"Ya think this is funny—ya
should see me when I'm excited!"

Fungus Freddie was working at the local gas station when the joint was robbed, so he rang the cops. The cruiser pulled up immediately.

"You won't fuckin' believe it," yelled Freddie. "I was just robbed by an elephant."

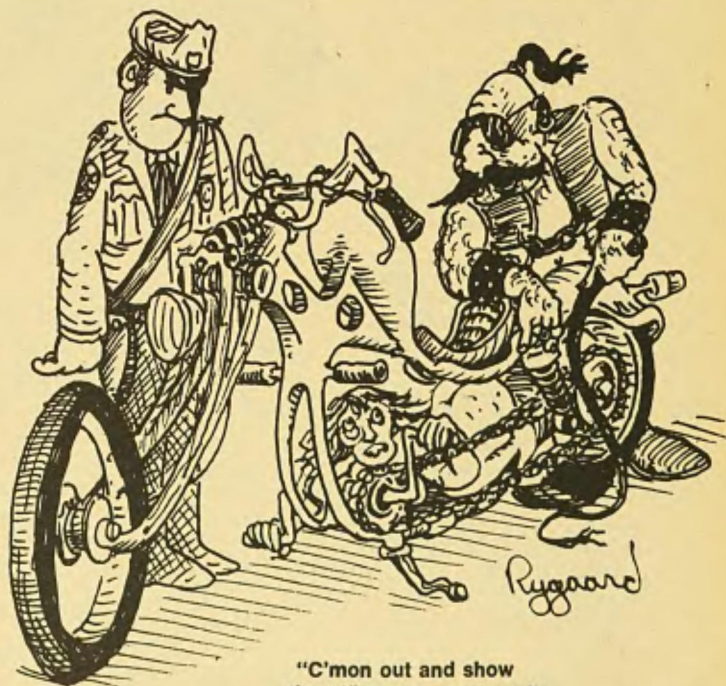
"By a what?" the cop asked.

"An elephant!" exclaimed Freddie. "No shit, a big fuckin' truck pulled up to the pumps, an elephant got out, swung his trunk and smashed the glass, took all the bucks, and split."

"Hmm," mused the cop. "Well an elephant from India has small ears, and one from Africa has big ears. What kind was it?"

"How the fuck should I know!" screamed Freddie. "He had a stocking over his head."

—John S. Unkuri
Bradford, R.I.



"C'mon out and show
the officer yer numbers."

Once upon a time there was a sperm named Stanley who lived inside a famous movie actor. Stanley was a very healthy sperm. He'd do pushups and somersaults and limber himself up all the time, while all the other sperm just lay around on their fat asses doing nothing.

One day, one of them got curious enough to ask Stanley why he exercised all day.

Stanley said, "Look, pal, only one sperm gets a woman pregnant, and when the right time comes I am going to be that one."

A few days later, they all felt themselves getting hotter and hotter, and they knew that it was their time to go. They were released abruptly and, sure enough, there was Stanley swimming far ahead of all the others.

All of a sudden, Stanley stopped, turned around, and began to swim back with all his might. "Go back! Go back!" he screamed. "It's a blow job!"

A very fat missionary was captured by cannibals. He was summarily cooked, and later, as the cannibal and his wife were enjoying the feast, the husband said, "Man, is this good?" "I'll say," his wife agreed. "I'm havin' a ball."

Then there was the nun who was two monks behind in her period.

The doctor was having a bad time curing the sore on the biker's lip. "Have you done anything unusual lately," he asked, "like a pipe or sucking too many oranges?"

"Just one thing, doc," the biker replied. "Last Tuesday was my birthday, an' one of my bros brought a sweet young teenager over so I could eat her box."

"That explains it," the doctor said. "Don't you know you should never lick a gift whore in the mouse?"

The sexy but loud-mouthed women's libber had been shoot-in' her mouth off all evening in the biker bar as, one after another, various dudes tried gettin' close to her.

When one badass biker finally invited her to his pad for some sex, she stated loudly that she could get along very well without men. "O.K., cunt," the biker growled. "If your vibrator can do anything a man can do, let's see it pay for the next round of drinks!"

How do you get rid of flies in the kitchen? Put a pile of shit in the living room.

—Trees
Malibu, Calif.

Fred Buck is one of those rare birds who does and did. He celebrated his 93rd birthday this March 1st at his home in Helena, Montana. He didn't retire as Montana State Engineer until he was 79, and is known as "The Father of Irrigation" because of his contributions to irrigation projects.

One of his fondest memories is a motorcycle trip he and his brother, Clarence, took from Phoenix, Arizona, to the Bitter Root Valley, Montana, during July and August, 1915. Both had been working for the Reclamation Service at Phoenix for almost a year and a half and had decided to give it up and return to Montana, where living conditions were not so oppressive.

They left Phoenix on July 1, 1915, and arrived in Stevensville, Montana on August 14, after riding the Harley-Davidson a total of 2,330 miles.

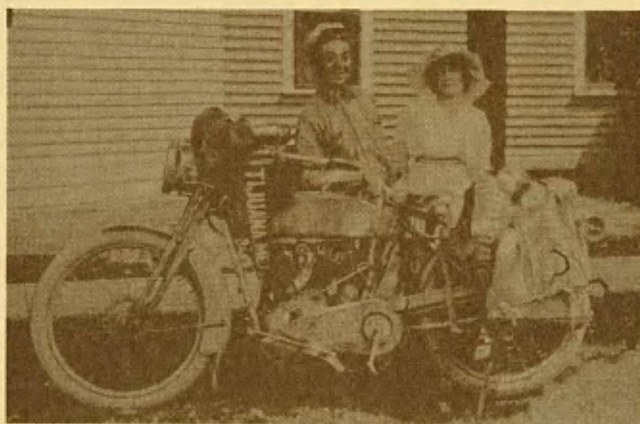
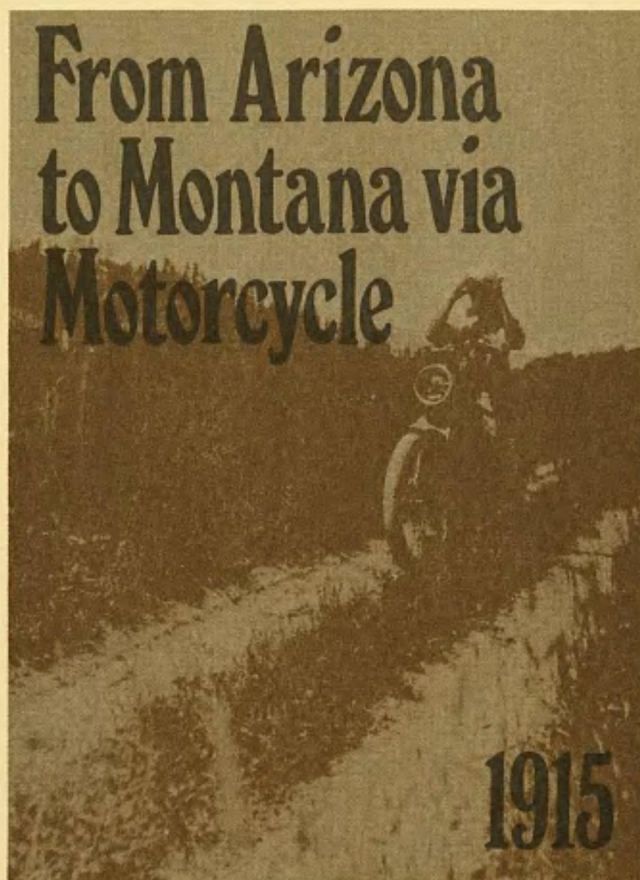
Fred admits to swallowing a lot of dust. Their trip was taken before the days of good roads and improved highways. The route traveled after leaving Phoenix led down the Gila River to Yuma, a town on the Colorado River along the border between Arizona and California. From there they crossed the Imperial Valley of California to San Diego, then on to Tijuana, Mexico.

After spending a week at the San Diego Exposition, they traveled the coast route to Los Angeles, then proceeded to San Francisco via the inland route through the San Joaquin Valley.

After visiting the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco for a week, they departed for Portland via Sacramento and the Rogue River Valley, thence up the Columbia River into Spokane and home via the Coeur d'Alenes.

Fred started from Phoenix alone, since Clarence had taken the train to Yuma, intending to visit some of his old Missoula, Montana, buddies. The desert road got so tough and the heat so severe that Fred finally took the train for Yuma on the third day and shipped the machine by express to San Diego.

Later, when they left Oakland, it was their good fortune to meet up with three young fellows from Portland, Oregon, who had ridden motorcycles



By "JF" Warden as told by Fred Buck

down from there about a week earlier. They were starting back the same morning Fred and Clarence were leaving, so the Buck brothers enjoyed their company for that part of the trip. It took seven days to ride the 842 miles from Oakland to Portland, a trip that one could make now in one day.

From Portland to The Dal-

les, Oregon, they shipped the machine and rode the river steamer up the Columbia. From there on, the rest of the trip was made by motorcycle.

It took about 10 hours to travel 95 miles, or an average speed of 9.5 miles per hour. Those were the days when 10 quarts of gas cost fifty cents, 2 quarts of oil, thirty cents, and a big breakfast, a quarter.

The *Daily Missoulian* of August 13, 1915, had this to say about their return:

TWO BUCKS RETURN FROM ARIZONA ON BIKE

Fred and Clarence Buck returned to Missoula after a 3,000-mile motorcycle ride from Arizona where both men were employed in the government reclamation work. The long ride was made without any serious injuries or accidents, although a collision with an automobile in Sacramento nearly put their machine out of business.

Both men rode the same machine, and they carried a camping outfit with them; however, they preferred hotels whenever possible.

Before hitting the direct trail home, the men went to Old Mexico where they inspected a squadron of the Mexican army and watched a bullfight. "The army," said Fred Buck, "is a sad-looking affair, the troops clad in makeshift uniforms and the officers wearing their stripes fastened on with safety pins."

The Mexican authorities forbade them taking any pictures of the fort at Tijuana, for fear that the plans of the fortification might be uncovered.

The Bucks will go up the Bitter Root for a while and then join a government crew somewhere in the West.

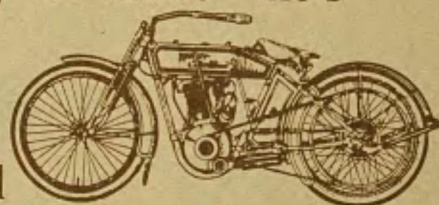
The Buck brothers had conquered the sands and withstood the physical rigors of the adventure. They had covered 2,330 miles on the motorcycle, 214 miles by rail, 120 miles by auto stage, and 90 miles by boat. In those days, such an undertaking was unheard of.

What ever became of the motorcycle? Fred took the machine apart, painted the frame, cleaned it thoroughly, and replaced all worn parts. During the summer of 1920, he sold it for \$250. When it was bought new in 1914, the price paid was \$325. Fred never saw the motorcycle again after the sale, but he says, "It had earned a fitting place in the Hall of Fame and its last resting place should have been adorned with a fitting stone saying 'Rest In Peace.'"

As everyone knows, Spider's a pack rat. He goes to all the motorcycle swap meets; he barter, he trades, he connives, he begs, he borrows—and he's been known to cop a thing or two. Any old collectable, and especially anything to do with Hogs. Then he'll grab any Indian stuff lyin' around. And after that, anything that has to do with an American motorcycle. Toys, advertisements, parts, books, catalogs, brochures, boxes —yeah, even string. If it has anything to do with a Hog —or with an any old scoot—he's gotta have it.



Through the years he has collected post cards, old magazines, advertisements, engravings, books, mailers, and even personal photographs from family albums—ya just gotta watch that dude.



Well, bros, he finally got off his ass and put together a 224-page, 8½ x 11 book (on good paper—so all the photos, drawings, artwork, whatever, can reproduce well) of motorcycle memorabilia.



Spider's collected for the first time all the old time advertisements ("1939 Harley \$215.00 fully equipped"), the old photos, the old fashions—the boots, caps, clubs, the post cards, the hill climbs —you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called *Earlyriders*. Here's a book any motorcycle bum, scooter tramp, or straight citizen would give his left nut for. It's yours for only \$8.95. We pay the postage.



If you dig iron horses, here's a book that'll bring back memories—a book that you'll read and read and read. It's got You'll dig it—all 224-pages.

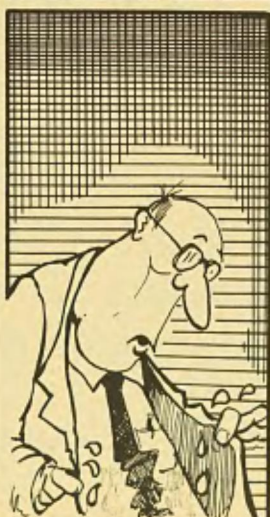
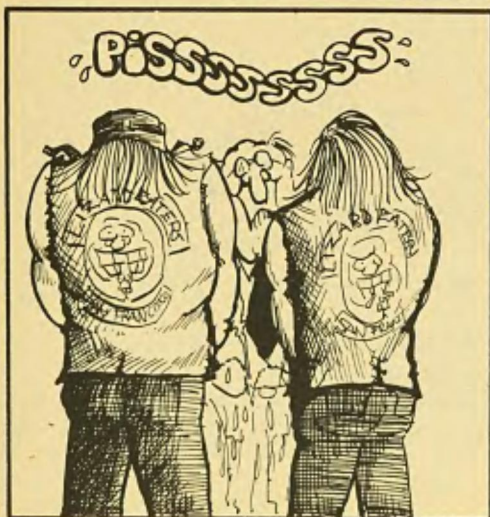
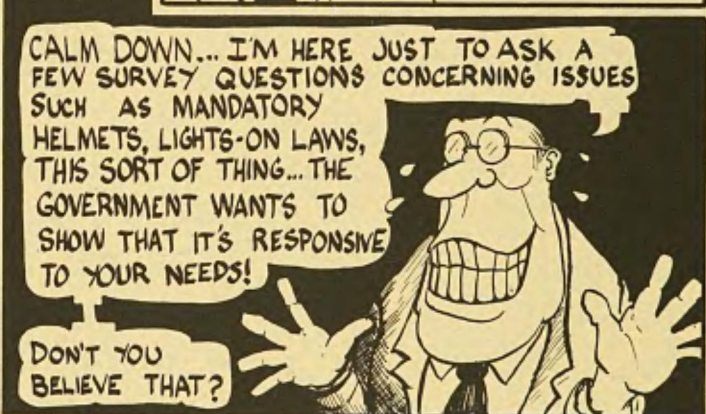
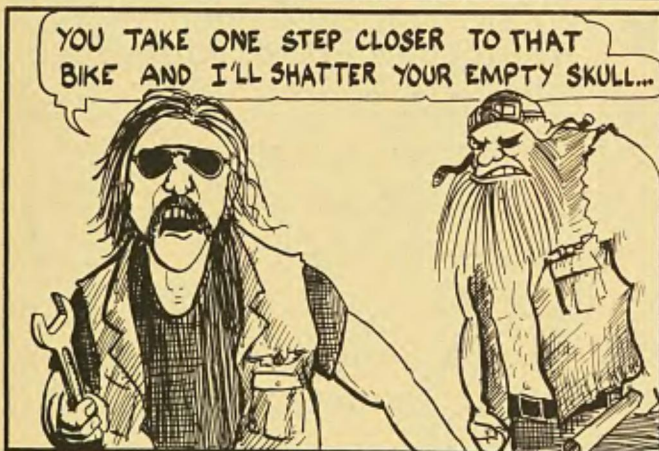
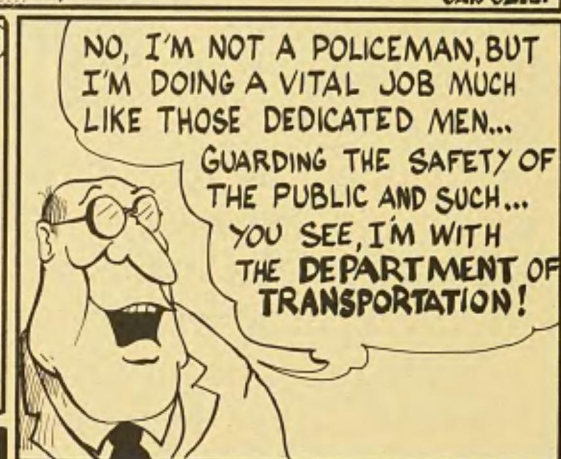


that'll you'll heart.

Send \$8.95 to *Earlyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% for Governor Brown to keep the machinery workin' up in Sacramento.) Be sure to include your zip code.



DEPT OF TRANSPORTATION FUNNIES





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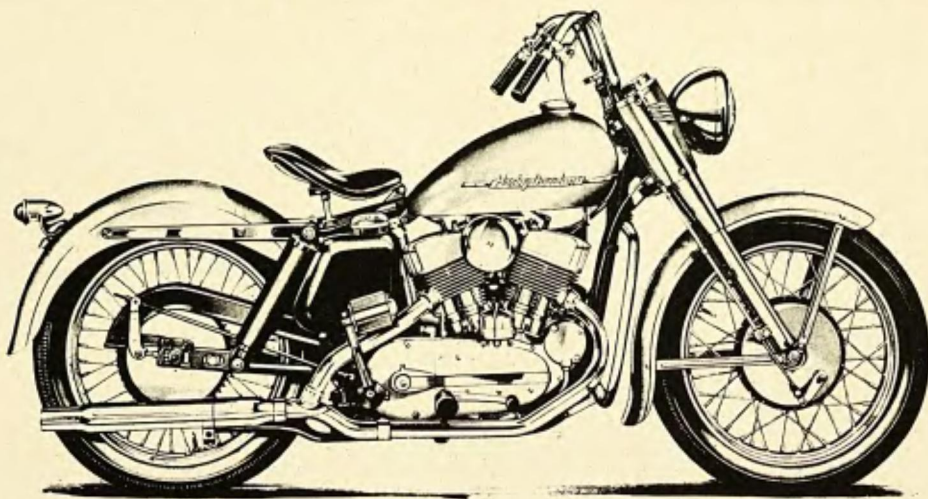
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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



Not The Way Things Are Done Anymore

The old man wiped down the counter one last time just the same way he had every day at closing time for thirty-two years. Only it was different in a way. With an air of finality he ran the cloth over the thick glass, looked at his work. It was time. Going out, his footsteps echoed on the empty walls like the slow idle of an old Harley.

A person passing by would have noticed only the empty walls and showroom, but as the old man left, in his mind the shop looked as it always had and for him always would.

The now quiet shop had once been alive with colorful trinkets overflowing the accessory counter, gleaming chrome parts, and posters announcing the latest feats by the iron men who raced Harleys.

When the war had ended, homecoming soldiers had mobbed the showroom, ready to trade handfuls of crisp bills for a chance to ride a big gleaming machine down country roads—to celebrate their being alive and free when so many of their buddies hadn't made it. In a sense, many of those boisterous soldiers pouring into the showroom were living for themselves and for their dead friends too.

Yes, this shop had seen it all. Those were the boom years, thought the old man as he made his way down the leaf-strewn streets toward his small home a quarter-mile away.

Harley had brought out their new-style motor, with aluminum heads and hydraulic pushrods. Those first years after the war, as industry retooled for the fifties, those big V-twins had spread their muted rumble, and the shop was always alive. Beautiful machines, he thought, with stainless steel pan covers and big

leather seats. How things had changed.

It used to be really relaxing, evenings, sitting there with his feet up on the big oak desk, filling out parts orders sheets to be sent to the factory in Milwaukee. Everything was on a first-name basis then. Joe Hamilton managing the service department, occasionally dropping a note to ask how a part was working out. Freddy Lincoln sending drawings of new ideas for improvements, asking opinions on whether or not local riders would appreciate them . . .

With a start he realized all these people were dead—he was left. Even old Bill Harley had died. The poor guy was probably turning in his grave, seeing how things were being run nowadays. A goddam bowling ball company! The last straw had come when he was told his shop could no longer order directly from the factory. "It's not the way things are done anymore," they had told him—"inefficient, old-fashioned."

It hadn't taken too much thought to come to a decision when he had gotten the phone call from John Knowles's lawyer. Owner of two large Honda centers, Knowles was interested in the money to be made from bigger bikes. The police business alone was worth his buying out the old shop, he figured. He had his

lawyers make up the contract carefully though. As part of the deal, the old man couldn't open a shop in that region for twenty years. Buying out the competition was how Knowles had become number one, and he wasn't taking any chances.

Turning into the driveway of his house, the old man paused for a moment in deep thought. Coming to a decision he had been trying to put off until closing the shop that had been his life for thirty-two years, he smiled to himself.

Grabbing a crowbar from the garage, he swung open the doors leading to the basement and switched on the bulb. There it was in the corner, that plain-looking crate about the size of a refrigerator. The first thrust of the crowbar loosened the heavy slats covering the dusty crate—the second tore the top right off.

Nineteen years that crate had been sitting there—ever since the news had come out that the K model flatheads were being discontinued. The 55 cubic inch KHK was thought by many to be one of the best Harleys ever made—the absolute pinnacle of flathead evolution—and this one had been lovingly preserved for the right time. The can of fresh gas was carefully poured in, the oils were topped off, and with a lusty kick the old man had almost forgotten he knew, the big twin thundered to life.

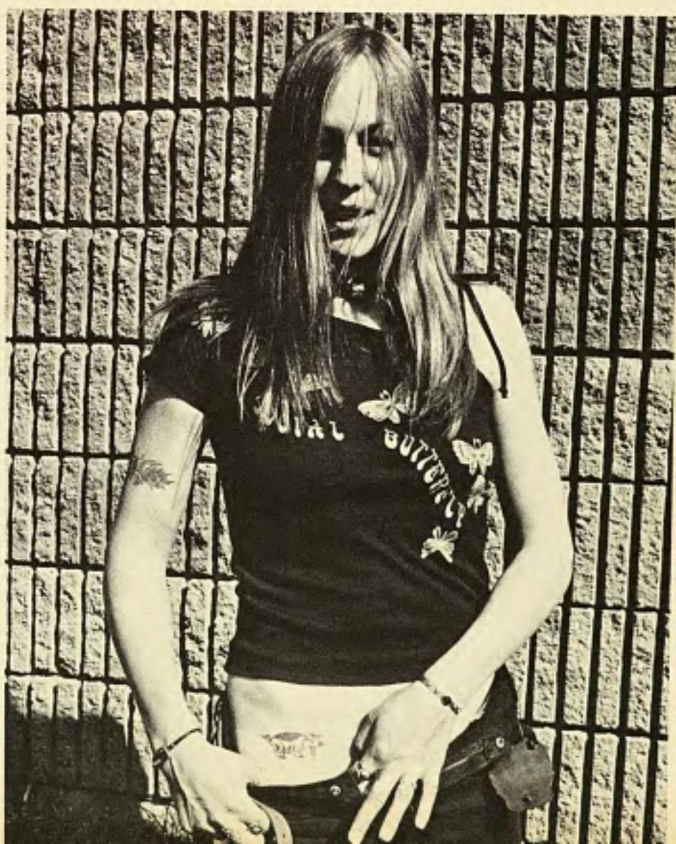
The brand new Harley K was driven carefully up the plank laid down on the stairs leading outside, and one last look was all he needed at his house. Let the lawyers worry about details later. It was Indian summer—California sounded great just about now. A flash of chrome and sound and he was gone. ■



—from Dan Richards, Martinez, California



Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we pay \$10 for every black and white photo we use and \$20 for every color slide we use. It's better than a poke in the eye, ain't it?)



—from Marty Steiner, Brookline, Massachusetts



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California



—from Fred Fernandez, Denver, Colorado





—from Bob Tenny, Pontiac, Michigan

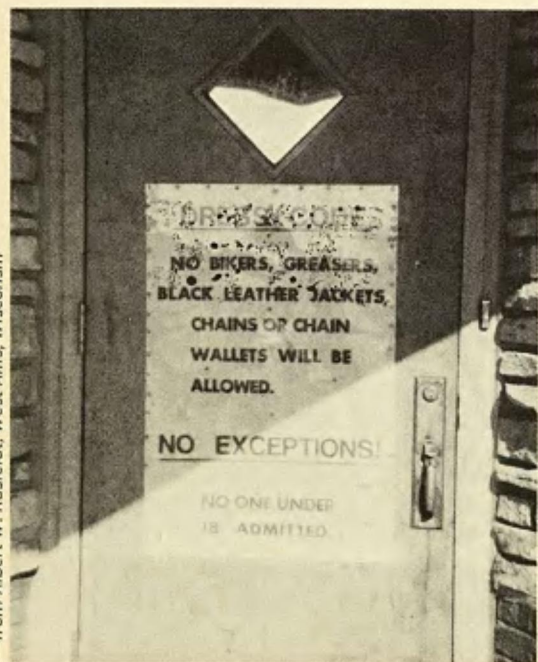


—from T, Pompano Beach, Florida





—from Dan Richards, Martinez, California



—from Albert W. Kasfeldt, West Allis, Wisconsin



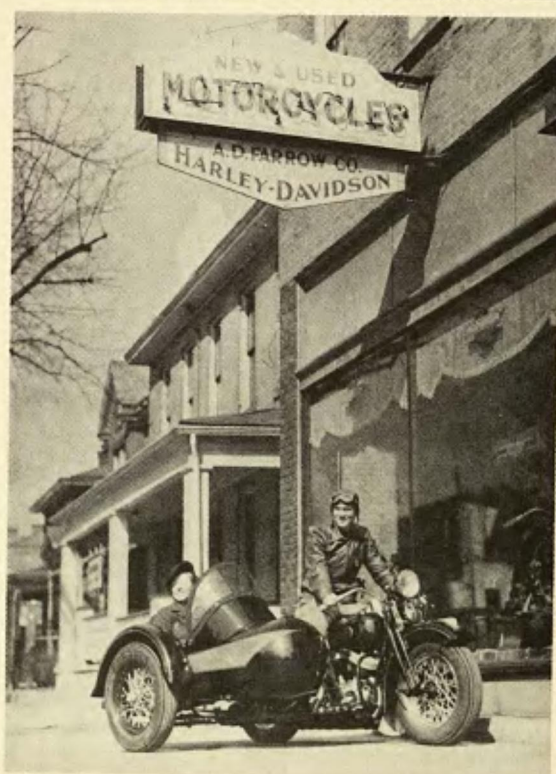
—from Capt. A., Atlanta, Georgia



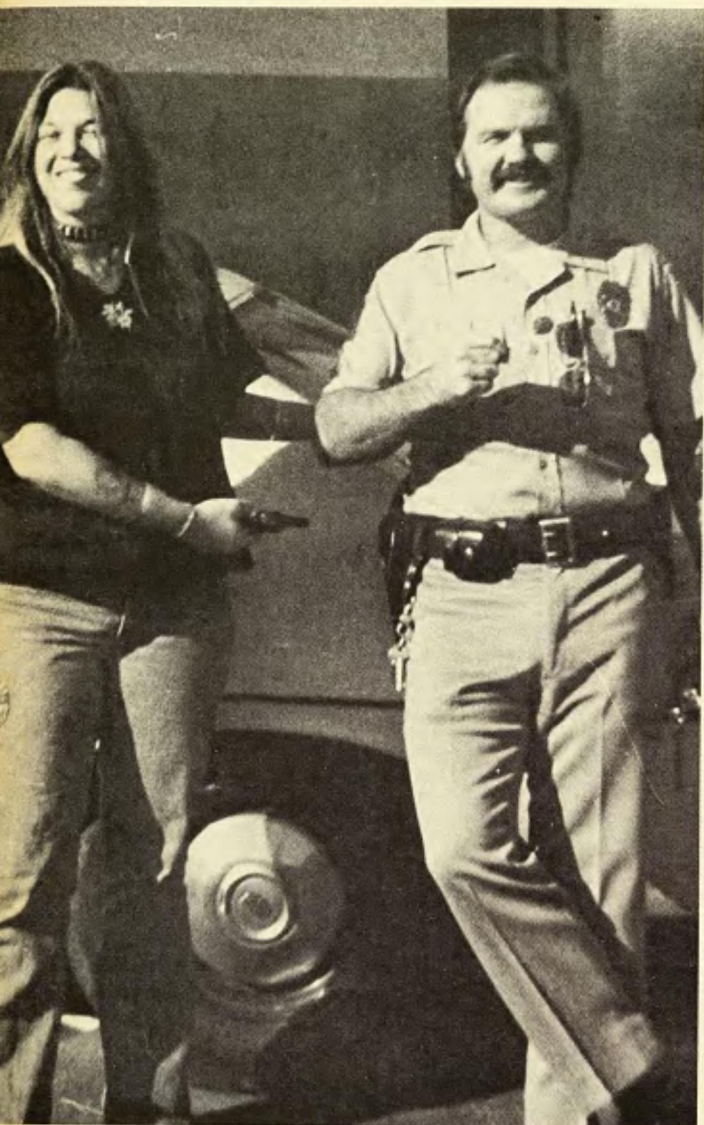
—from Marty Stepler, Brookline, Massachusetts



—from Whit, Starkville, Mississippi



—from J. Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—from Cyndie Yohan, San Diego, California



—from Dennis Knox, Elyria, Ohio



—from Steve Stahl, Harrisburg, Virginia



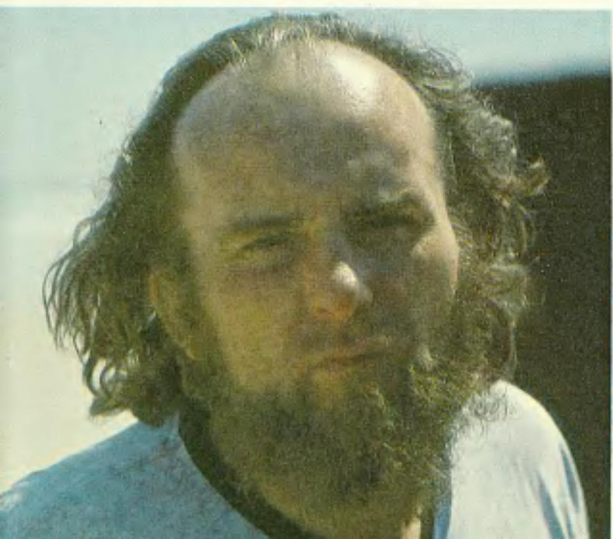


SUPPORT ABATE FOR HELMET LAW REPEAL

—from Billy Tinney, Houston, Texas



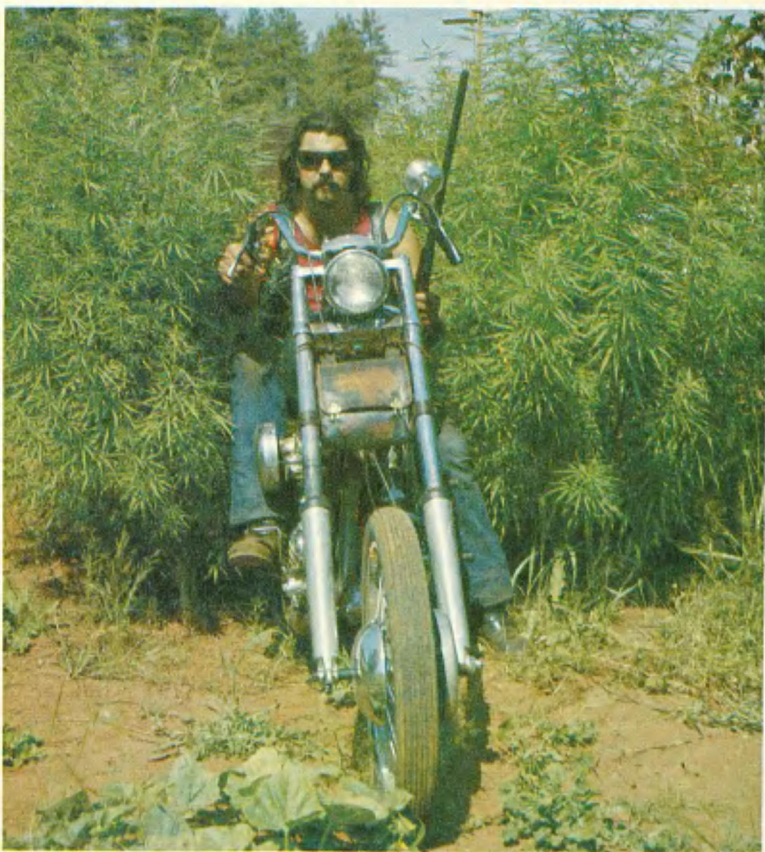
—from Richard C. Hall, Ashland, Ohio



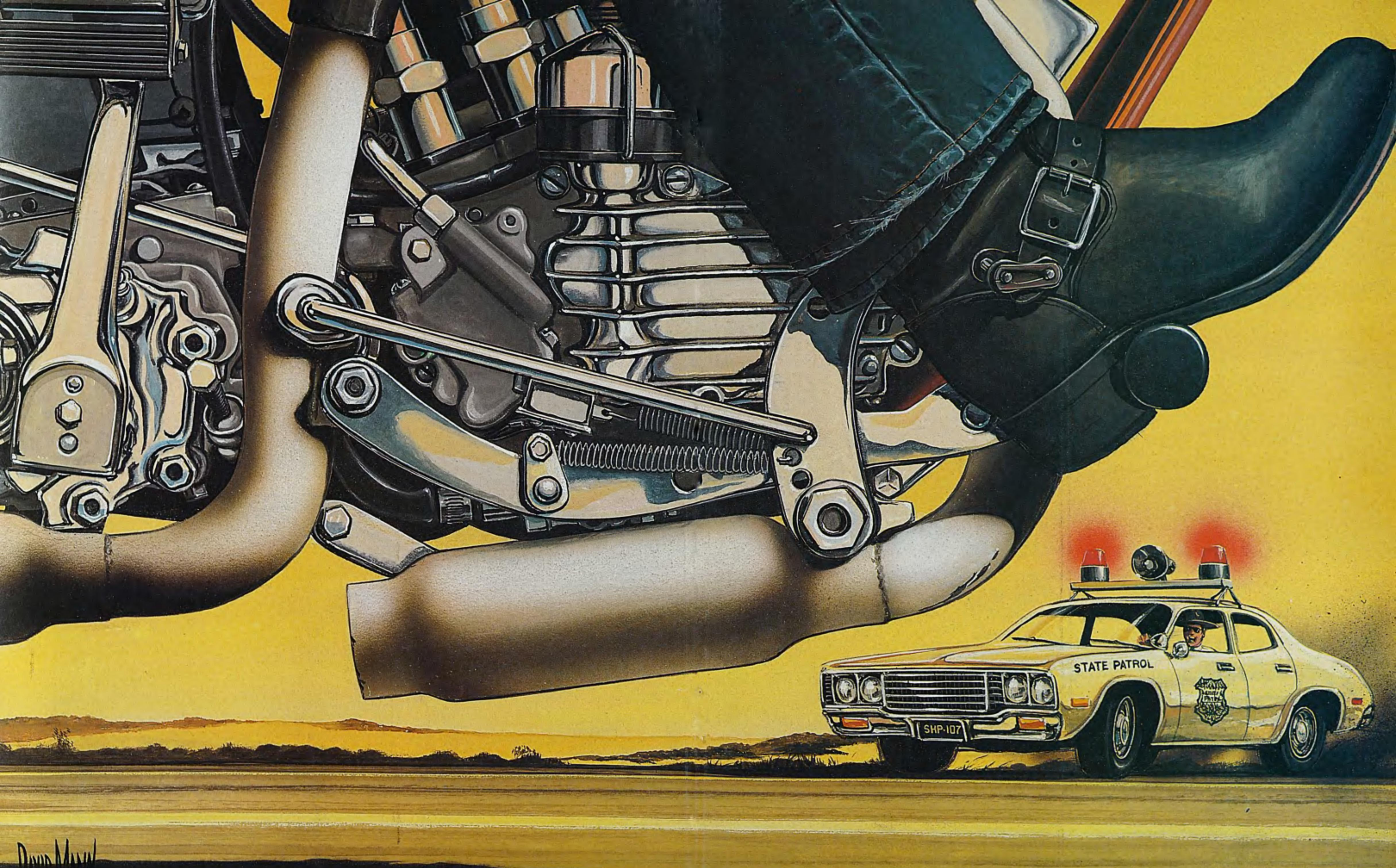
—from Billy Tinney, Houston, Texas



—from Bear, Venice, California



—from Pig, Flatrock, California



David Mann



Who sez
long
front ends
are dead?

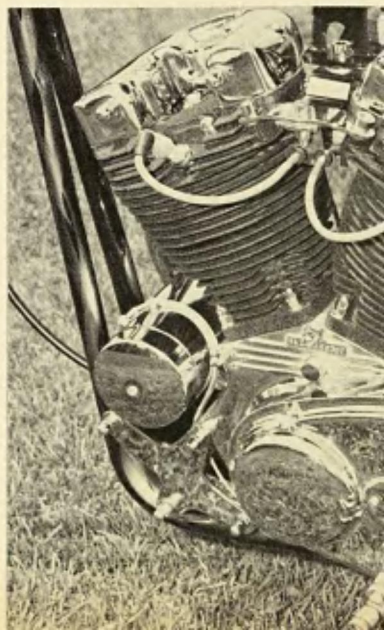


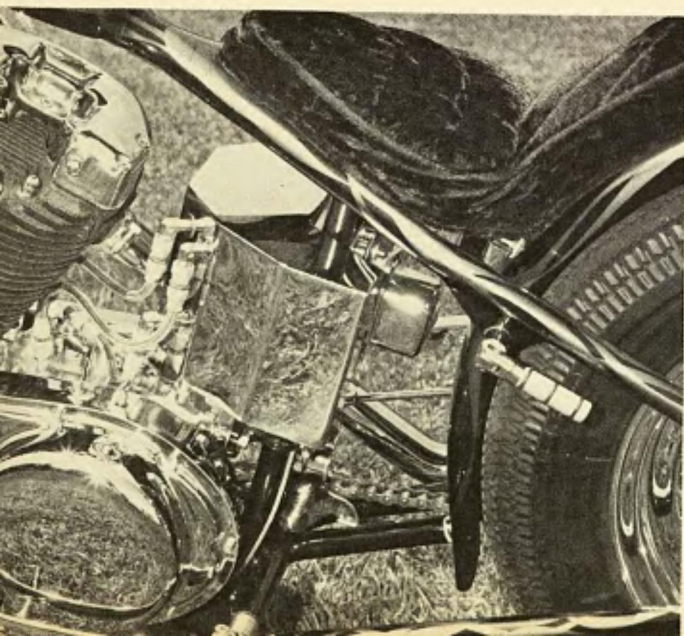
SPRINGER SPORTSTER



If you believe some of the drivel you read in the rags these days, they'll convince ya that the long springer is (or oughta be) deader'n the maxi-skirt, the Edsel, and virginity. That you should throw out all that outmoded shit and spend your hard-earned bucks on the new, improved, enzyme-free, biodegradable, with-it stuff. Be the first kid on your block with the hot setup—or somethin' like that.

Now, all us idiots are for progress. And you can tell by some of the rollin' stock you see in this rag that we get off on all kindsa iron—low riders, rats, gearcrankers, fossils, you name it. But we're also for bros bein' able to ride without someone hasslin' them about what's in and what ain't this season like some fashion plate with money on the brain. And you can't tell us that a scoot with a long springer and tall bars ain't the best





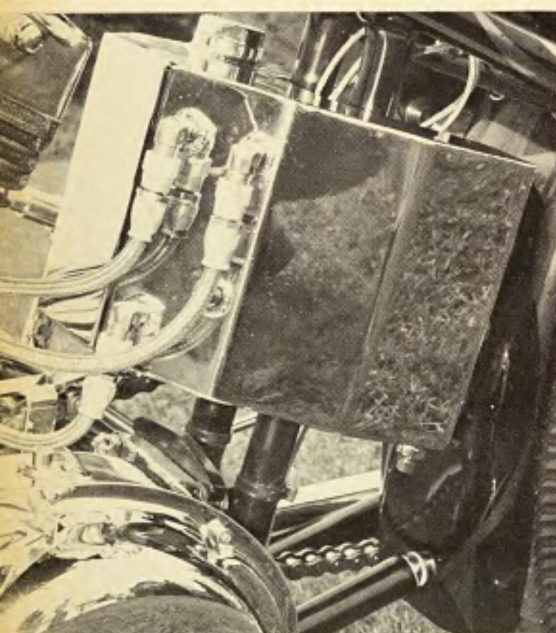
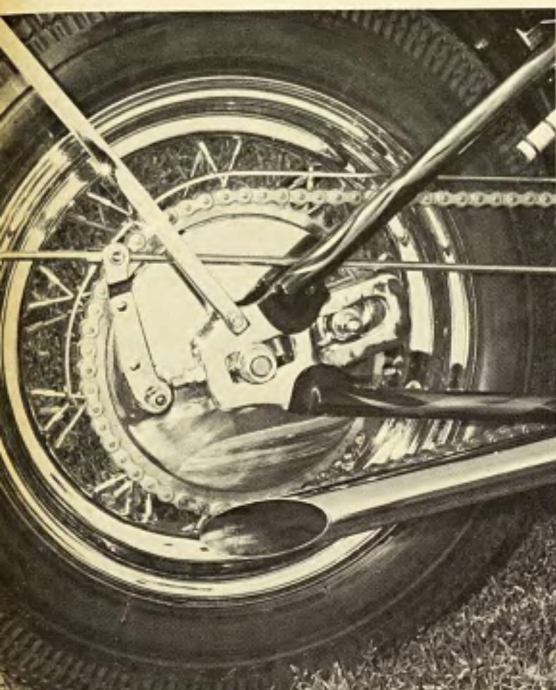
way to settle back, your head nestled between two soft, warm, bulgin' female protrusions, and jes' watch the world roll by.

If you set it up right with a stretched frame, even a 20 or 25 over doesn't hafta be a terror around town. And a healthy extension will make your putt track so true on the turnpike you could probably use it to paint lane markers. For example, Butch has ridden the stretcher in these flicks over lumpy Connecticut lanes as well as Interstates for over three years—without it snappin' off, gettin' him thrown in jail, or causin' World War III. Which has left him time for refinements like a lotta stainless socket hardware, armored electrical wire, and portin' and polishin' the heads so fine you could use the insides for a mirror.

So it all goes to show ya, the scooter that's right ain't built by some stranger's opinion—it's what comes outa our own heads. Which reminds me, I gotta go pick up some Ford radius rods for that stunted springer proppin' up the window here.

—Sniveler

—Continued on next page



Owner: Butch Kerr

City: Manchester, Conn.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1964 H-D

Model: Sportster

Value: \$5,000

Assembly by: owner

Time: 3 years

Chrome by: N. England Chrome

Frame

Year: new construction

Builder: Corbin Gentry

Type: rigid

Rake: 45 degrees

Stretch: 4 in.

Other alterations: fork stops—owner

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1964

Model: XLCH

Rebuilder: Johnson Mtrs, Wlmngtn

Ignition: magneto

Displacement: 55 cu. in.

Lower end: Billy Johnson

Balancing: stock

Pistons: 9:1 H-D

Cases: chromed

Heads: ported & polished

Cam: P's

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): 38mm Branch Mikuni

Air cleaner: Drag Specialties

Pipes: Drag Specialties

Muffler(s): straight thru

Bars: drag, owner-made

Risers: Custom Cycle Specialties

Fender(s): 4 in. flat

Headlight: H-D spotlight

Taillight: Knight lite

Speedo: N.A.

Front pegs: B.C. Choppers, Portland

Rear pegs: ditto

Electrics: armored aircraft wire

Gas tank: Sportster flat bottom

Oil tank: Custom Cycle Specialties

Oil system: stainless lines—owner

Primary cover: B.C. Choppers

Seat: Carriage Shed

Sissy bar: Custom Cycle Specialties

Height: 8 in. above fender

Material: 9/16 in. square CRS

Transmission

Modifications:

Year: 1964

Shifting: B.C. Choppers shift lev.

Engine sprocket: 22

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: Springer, ultra-narrow

Extension: 25 in.

Builder: Wheel Specialties

Special features: oilite bushings

Wheels

Front

Size: 17

Hub: spool

Rim width: 2 1/4

Tire: 2.25 Uniroyal

Brake:

Rear

Size: 16

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 4 in.

Tire: 5.00 Goodyear

Brake: H-D drum

Painting

Molding: Norm Gibson

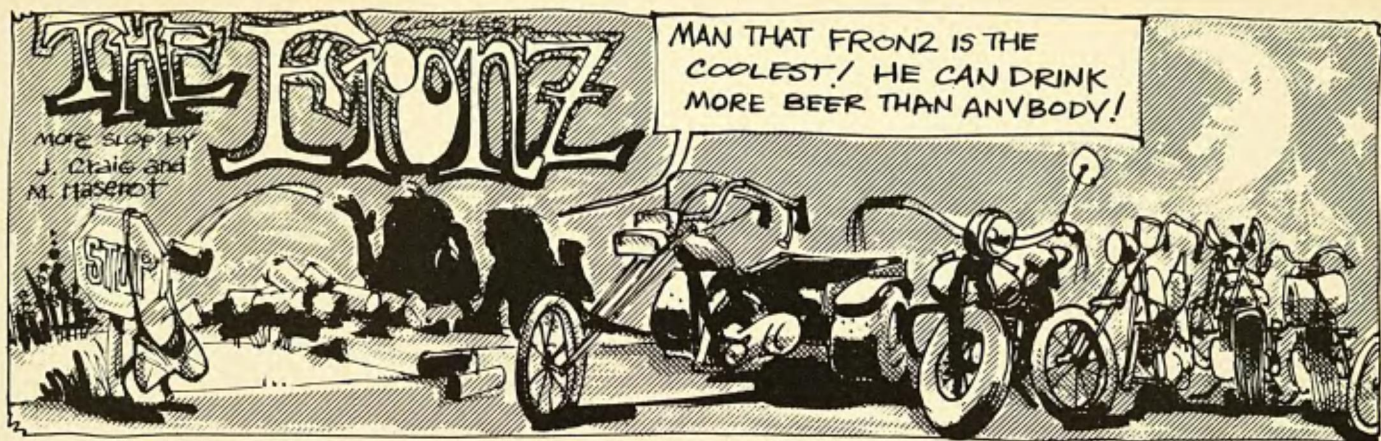
Painter: Hoot's Custom Finishes

Color: murano pearl over black

Type: straight lacquer

Special paint: pearl overlays

Other special modifications: custom front motor mount plates, stainless intake manifold clamps, acorn head bolts, copperplated pushrod tubes, stainless steel socket bolts.





You'll Be A Biker Yet!

You buy your first bike. Neat. You ride it home and, because it's late, you crash for a few hours till sunup. You dream. Max acceleration and tight turns all night. You are the master of your screamin' machine. You wake up. Shower, get dressed, and walk out to the bike—polished paint, shining chrome, and a bigass engine. It looks nothin' but fast and mean. You climb on. Key in, ignition on. Kick it over once. Twice. Nothing. Oh yeah, turn on the gas, prime the carbs. Kick again. Try the choke. You kick; your foot gets all the way to the bottom of the stroke when you hear a **chuff** and you feel your ankle rip to shreds as the kickstart snaps back. It can't happen! It happened. No pain yet, so you hang onto the gas tank and pray. Fuck praying, here comes the pain. You roll off the bike onto your back. Lie there awhile and maybe it'll get better. An hour later you're still lyin' there and the pain's got nothin' but worse. You get up, grab the key, and turn off the gas. Hobble back inside in search of beer and reds. It's gonna be a long weekend.

Okay. Yer bike turned yer ankle to slush on Friday and ya ran outa reds Monday. Ya went and seen the doc for more but all he did was throw a goddam cast on the sucker and give ya a handful of 5 gr. Tylenol.

Walking out of the doc's office it dawns on ya that you're now an official cripple, cast and all. Hmm. First things first: ya smash the crutches to smithereens on the sidewalk. Next, ya wing the bottle of the World's Most Useless Pill at the good doc's car. Shattered bottle and pills fly everywhere. Kinda neat. Ya wish ya had more bottles to throw. Oh well, at least there's beer at home.

Three days later you're startin' to get sick of that clump-clump sound when ya walk. The doc said to keep the cast on for a month. Your alcohol-infested mind says it goes **now**. It goes. Fetch the ball-peen. Wham, wham—careful now, don't wanna hurt yourself—wham, wham, oops, wham. **Sumbitch!** Dat smarts. Oh well, don't hurt no worse than it did. Go ahead, rip it off. Ahhhh, a free man again. Dat calls for a beer. Or three. Or more. More. Pretty soon you're feelin' no pain and runnin' and jumpin' and raisin' all sorts of hell. Ya wake up the next morn with a killer headache and a foot the size of a watermelon. First a piss and then call the doc. He tells ya to get fucked 'cuz ya tore his brand fuckin' new pearly white cast off yer goddam—**slam!** Don't have to take that shit. Call everyone you know, lookin' for some pain pills and all you get is three offers to come sit

on your face and a wrong number. Hmm. Check the funds. Plenty. Call the liquor store and have them deliver a case of tequila. Done. You turn on the T.V., get comfortable on the couch, and commence to obliterate yourself.

A week later, you come out of your stupor. You look at your foot. Swelling's gone down. Wiggle it a bit; not too painful. Hey-hey! Old home remedy every time. You put on your lace-up boots for some support for your ankle and hobble out to the machine. Start it with your good leg. No problems. You climb on. Soon, you're out cruisin' the hills and turns of the back roads.

Everything goin' smooth. Decide to push it a little, see what the beast will do. Holy shit! That gets the adrenalin goin'. Okay, one last rip around the circuit and then home for a beer. Here goes. Up to the left. Over to the right and pour it on down the straight, over the rise, take the curve to the left. Oh fuck, there's water! Can't do nothin'. You're down and slidin' and about to get off when the tires grab and the bike flips over sideways, flingin' ya five million miles up and away. Shit! Who said man would never fly? Ya take out a pen and paper to write out some last words to be remembered by. All ya can come up with is cuss words. Oh well, get comfortable, smoke a short number. Number done, prepare for landing. Don't really want to see this, so ya close your eyes.

Open your eyes. Make that eye, only one works. Hell is white. With nurses. Ugly nurses. You can't move. You are in a body cast. They tell you what a mess your bod is in and the bike was nothing but scrap and how you're goin' to live in this iron maiden for only six months and the reason you can't cuss properly is your jaw is wired together. You pass out.

You wake up. Friends are here. They throw the nurse out and lock the door. Bennie climbs up on your chest and you try and tell him to get the fuck off, 'cause if the cast caves in you won't be able to breathe any more, but he doesn't understand a word you say. He looks you dead in the eye and starts to explain how they heard about your spill and so they all came down to cheer you up. After

shoving a lit joint into your left nostril, he goes on about how broke they all were so Grubb and Big Ben went and knocked over a drug store but all they got was a shitload of speed. They're real sorry they couldn't come up with some downs, but when you're broke, you're broke. A dozen powdered dexedrine goes into your right nostril before you can make them understand you'd rather do without. They understand. They're sorry. As a consolation, they replace the roach in your left nostril with a fresh number and go away. The joint burns down. You're in trouble. The nurse won't come near your room for fear of one of your greasy friends still being in there. You can't scream loud enough through your teeth to scare a one-year-old, let alone attract a nurse. The joint burns closer. The nose hairs are starting to burn and are giving off a helluva stench. Blisters are forming. You draw in an enormous breath for the ultimate scream, but do it too quickly and accidentally snort the burning roach. You are in pain. You are also wired, so you can't pass out.

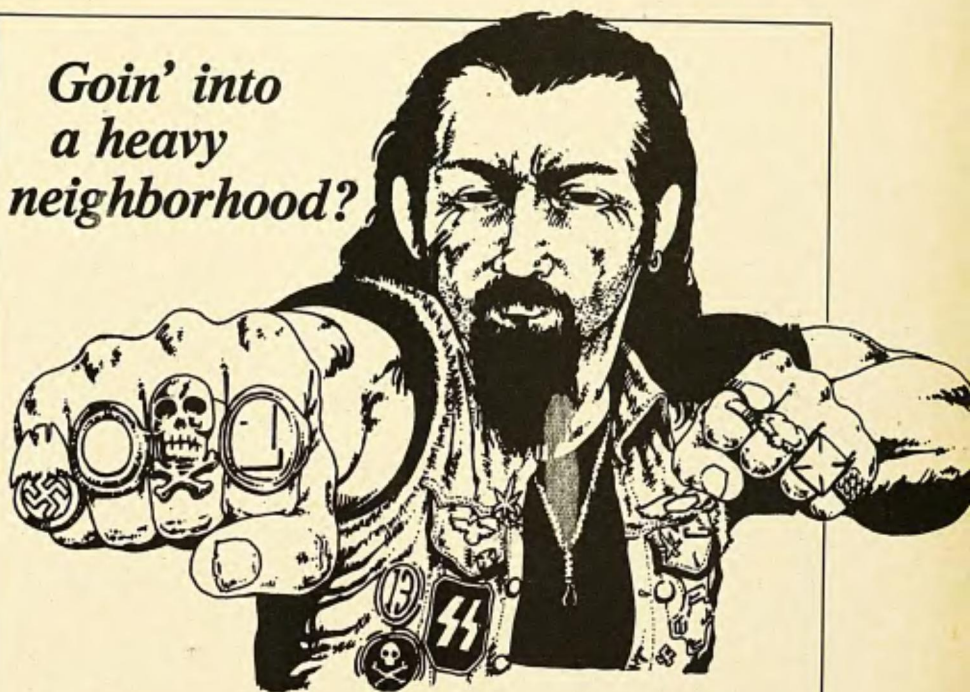
Three days later, the nurse ventures into the room again. You are still awake. Your eye will not close and your left nostril will require surgery to open. She wants to know how "we" feel. Your mind snaps.

You form a plan and begin raving at the nurse. If and when you get out of this casing, you tell her, you'll go back to school. Study nuclear physics. Six years of nuclear physics. And then you're going to build a bomb. Lots of bombs. Bigger, better, badder bombs. And you're going to plant them in every motorcycle factory in the world! And bicycle factories, too! And cars! And steel mills! Rubber plants! Refineries! Used car lots! Peanut farms and pineapple groves! And **whammo!** They hit you with enough thorazine to knock out an elephant.

You come to. They are sawing and hacking at your cast. Your time has come. Heavy sedation for 5½ months, but it's finally over. You'll be on crutches for another year, but it beats the cast.

The year passes. You can almost walk again. You decide to buy another bike—your first bike in almost two years. You'll be a biker yet. ■

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a heavy
neighborhood?*



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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (March 21—April 20)

You've really been bangin' your buns together at work! You've had your nose up your boss's ass so long, you've forgotten where else to stick it—like in between your ol' lady's legs (no, stupid, not her kneecaps). Why don't ya slack off for a few days and do some undercover work instead? Have ya forgotten that your prong was made for more than piddles and it's also used to diddle? Remember, all work and no play will make your balls swell up.

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

When people start yellin', "Look out for the bull," they probably mean you! 'Cause you're just not your normal (whatever that is) self this month. You're even into blowin' your bucks now. Ya better avoid gamblin' with someone else's bread, if ya don't want to get thumped upside your head. Ya may be headed for a speedin' ticket.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

You may be in for a shitty deal this month, so be careful. 'Cause ya might even be turned in to the public health service, when the only social disease ya had was a flyin' fuck who won't leave ya alone. It seems some skunk is tryin' to get even with ya right now. So don't be surprised if your ol' lady receives a call from the sneaky snitch. Just don't let the stupid crap put your ass in the shitter!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

You might possibly be faced with a big decision this month. Of course if it's choosin' between a new front end for your ride or gettin' the ol' lady a washer for your threads, that's simple. After ya get your front end, show her what a sweetheart you are—buy her a washboard. That way you'll still have clean rags and it'll keep her ass in shape too. Let her know who's boss. You'll do the pickin', she can do the lickin'.

Leo (July 22—August 21)

This month you may have to swallow your pride and admit that ya don't have all the answers. Ya may run

into some problems on your scooter that have your mind boggled. Before ya get mad enough to pluck the hairs off your ol' lady's box, call for help from one of your partners. (No, dummy, not to help with your ol' lady's box—you can handle that job yourself.) Remember, two heads are better than one, especially if you're on the receiving end.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

This is your month to celebrate being around another year. Just remember, unless you have a cast iron gut, don't overdo. Mixing beer, wine, and hard liquor could put your dick in the dirt for a few days. Toke a few or drop a couple of goodies instead. Just don't get too crazy and wake up in "Bum Fuck Egypt," cornholin' your muffler. Save your muffler for hard times when ya really got the horny honks and can't find a hole with hair around it!

Libra (September 22—October 22)

It seems like ya got some shitty leftovers from last month or ya just enjoy being a turd! If you're out to pee on everyone's parade, ya could drown in your own juices. You're startin' to stretch the crap a bit too far. What are ya tryin' for—"World's Biggest Asshole Award"? Have ya noticed that your rug rats hide when ya hit home an' your partners are startin' to shine your ass on? Ya better mellow out before ya sour your ol' lady's milk!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

After last month ya could be a bundle of nerves and ready for something to calm 'em. Just don't overdo until ya can't maintain. You're also not in the mood to be fucked with. (Let your ol' lady read this, it may save her a fat lip.) The second half of the month you'll be back in shape and plantin' your pee-wee in everything that will hold still. (Maybe ya better forget lettin' your ol' lady read this. She'll just have to take her chances.)

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

If ya didn't get caught last month, you'll still be fuckin' and duckin' through most of this one. Right now you're in top form and could charm the flopper-stoppers off an eighty-year-old lady. If ya can find a horny one who has bucks, why not? Hell, a few wrinkles never hurt anyone yet. It may even be worth your while to buy her a case of Geritol to keep her awake. Seriously, this is gonna be another of your famous sport fuckin' months!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

There could be a mixup in your mail or you could be mistaken for someone else. It seems some dumbfuck has got his balls crossed and is pointin' his shit finger at you. You may even have to lump him one to set him straight. Keep it together this month and be ready for the unexpected. If some ass-breath fucks over ya, bide your time 'cause paybacks are a motherfucker. Maybe ya can find some eager beaver to lay the clap on.

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

You just might be in for a big raise toward the end of the month. That is, if you can keep your temper down during the first half. If ya start bendin' your boss's ear with your toilet tongue, you'll lose out later on. If ya just have to relieve tension, write down all your complaints on a Zig Zag paper and smoke it. Better yet, go home and shower your ol' lady with some of your good ol' nature's cream!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

Maybe all that midnight tokin' (or around-the-clock) is startin' to show up on ya. If your bulge is in the wrong spot an' ya can't even fuck without stoppin' for oxygen (or maybe ya can't get on top any more), well, Humpy Dumpty, ya better lighten up on the munchies. The weight might be great for startin' your scooter, but who wants to be known as Blubber Biker?

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Rap Sheet

Legal news in
everyday language

Agents Need Warrants

Can the much disliked Internal Revenue agents come into private property and search and seize property to satisfy tax liens, without a warrant?

The U.S. Supreme Court says no. Mr. Justice Black said that it is one thing to seize, without a warrant, property resting in an open area or seizable by levy with intrusion into privacy, and it is quite another thing to effect a warrantless seizure of property situated on private premises to which access is not otherwise available to the seizing officer.

However, the court has held that warrantless seizures of automobiles from public streets and parking lots involve no invasion of privacy and are not unconstitutional. One of the principal purposes of the Fourth Amendment was to prevent the massive intrusion of privacy undertaken in the collection of taxes.

Ol' Lady and Robbers

Suppose you go into a tavern with your wife, and while you're being served, an armed, masked robber approaches the bartender and demands the contents of the cash register. The bartender refuses the demand and is shot dead. The robber then opens fire on you, seriously injuring you and killing your wife. Can you recover damages from the estate of the bartender and the owner of the tavern? This tragic drama, unfortunately, was lately played in an Arizona tavern, and the court, after considerable thought, refused to allow any of the innocent victims to recover damages. You never know today when you may pick the wrong tavern.

The facts in this case were as follows: Baker and his wife were the owners of the Brown Fox Tavern. Robert and Pat Bennett were patrons of the Brown Fox Tavern along with John Grimm and others. They were all present as customers on the night of December 14, 1973. About 10:45 p.m., Mitchell Blazak entered the tavern wearing a ski mask and

demanded money from the bartender, Baker, with a threat to shoot him if the money was not forthcoming. Baker refused. Blazak then shot Baker four times, killing him, and shot Robert Bennett and John Grimm once, seriously injuring Bennett and killing Grimm.

This tragedy demonstrates the problem of where you are safe today. The defendants in the action moved for summary judgment and it was granted. On appeal, the Court of Appeals sustained the summary judgment in favor of the defendants.

The court was faced with a difficult question here, and in support of its position cited three cases around the country where recovery under similar circumstances was denied. We give you these in case you may live in Pennsylvania, Florida, or Texas. In the Pennsylvania case, 32 At. 2nd 18, the court held that no cause for action existed. The plaintiff was a depositor in a bank when an armed robber entered and announced, "It's a holdup. Nobody move." The bank teller, instead of obeying the order, dropped down out of sight. The gunman then opened fire and wounded the plaintiff. The court held that even though the plaintiff might not have been injured if the teller had stood still, the teller did not act negligently in attempting to save himself and his employer's property.

In the Florida case, 247 So. 2nd 484, the plaintiff, a customer in a grocery store, was injured by a robber's gunshot in an affray between the store proprietor and two armed robbers after the proprietor had attempted to get the "drop" on the robbers and arrest them. The plaintiff claimed that the resistance by the proprietor was negligence. But the court refused to allow the plaintiff to recover damages.

In the Texas case, 281 S.W. 2nd 770, the plaintiff was a patron in a market where a masked bandit entered and attempted to hold up the check stand cashier. The cashier grabbed the robber's revolver and unsuccessfully wrestled with the intruder for possession. The bandit prevailed, fired a shot at the check stand, and then proceeded to flee from the market. As he retreated, he turned, fired, and wounded the plaintiff, who was running in the opposite direction. The court held that the patron failed to establish that the operator's resistance

to the holdup created an unreasonable risk of harm to the patron, and the patron could not recover damages.

The Arizona court said that no duty to accede to a criminal's request should be imposed. Here the bartender was a victim of a violent crime. He was faced with two alternatives. He could either yield the right and privilege of protecting his property, or he could assert that same right and privilege by attempting to resist the crime being perpetrated. The bartender chose the path of verbal rather than physical resistance. His statement, said the court, did not involve the same degree of danger as the physical actions in the cases in Florida and Texas, recounted above. The Arizona court said that few proprietors would be willing to offer resistance to armed robberies if they were burdened by the constant fear of civil suits. The Arizona court further said that mere compliance with the demand of the criminal does not provide the desired assurance that the risk to an innocent bystander will be materially reduced. In short, said the court, the only persons who clearly benefit from the imposition of a duty of non-resistance are the criminals themselves. *Bennett v. Estate of Baker*, 557 Pac. 2nd 195 (1976).

Seat Belts and the Law

Are you using seat belts in your car? If you are, you may be complying with the law in your state. But what happens if someone is seriously injured in a car accident and was not wearing a seat belt? Can the defendant go to the jury and show this fact and claim that the injury was more serious because the victim was not wearing seat belts? A federal court in Pennsylvania has said that he can. The court said that such evidence was admissible in mitigation of the damage and that expert testimony to the effect that the injury would have been lessened by the use of seat belts is admissible. This, however, is not the law in all the federal courts. There is a definite split on the question, even in the federal courts in Pennsylvania. Be that as it may, seat belts may well prevent injuries and promote safe motoring. *U.S.D.C. E. Pa. Benner v. Interstate Container Corp.* 2/8/77.

Suin' the Post Office

If you get a judgment against the U.S. Postal Service as an employee, can you collect that judgment by garnishment proceedings against the Postal Service? Under a recent U.S. Court of Appeals decision, you can. The court says that the Postal Service has been launched into the commercial world and should be treated like any other commercial enterprise. The decision follows a recent holding to the same effect in 528 Fed. 2nd 201. So, if you have a judgment against the Postal Service, your chances of collecting your claim are very good. *C.A. 8—May Department Stores v. Williamson*, 2/7/77.

Payin' Labor

As you probably know, a federal contractor must pay laborers and mechanics the prevailing minimum wage as determined by the Secretary of Labor. The question is whether laborers and mechanics who do not receive the prevailing minimum wage have an implied right of action against an employer for unpaid minimum wages. The court said that these laborers did have a remedy in the federal court to recover the unpaid portion of the prevailing wage. Congress intended that the laborers should have a right to sue in the federal courts. *C.A. 7—McDaniel v. University of Chicago*, 1/21/77.

Motorcycle Crashes

This is about a motorcycle accident—a tragic one—and, we think, an unjust decision by the Supreme Court of Alabama. A truck owned by a motor lodge was parked in an alley behind the motor lodge. The keys were in the ignition and the truck was unlocked. The truck was stolen by a thief who was apparently under the influence of drugs. While operating the truck, the driver collided with a motorcycle bearing a man and wife. The man was killed and the wife seriously injured. There was a city ordinance in Birmingham prohibiting a vehicle to stand unattended on any street or alley without the ignition being locked.

The Supreme Court of Alabama held that the truck owner was not liable for the accident. The Court said that the owner could not foresee the possibility of the truck being stolen and negligently driven, and that the consequences of the theft of the truck were too remote to hold the owner liable.

Here we have a situation where the thief did this damage while engaged in a criminal act. This criminal act was the result of the truck owner's negligence in leaving the truck unlocked. The act of the truck owner was, in our opinion, the proximate cause of the accident. The truck was left unlocked in a neighborhood where car thefts were frequent. Other courts in the North have reached different verdicts in similar cases.

The decision points out the importance of adequate accident insurance, particularly in these states which do not protect you against the negligence of owners who violate criminal statutes and leave their cars unlocked. The thief here is probably judgment-proof and the surviving wife will probably recover nothing. Certainly, anyone who leaves his car unlocked can foresee that it might be stolen and negligently driven. 336 So. 2d 1338 (1976).

Livin' Together

The census figures in 1970 indicate that today perhaps eight times as many couples are living together without being married as cohabited ten years ago. If you happen to be one of those couples in California, the Supreme Court of that state has an important message for you. The court has just said that the provisions of the Family Law Act do not govern the distribution of property acquired during a non-marital relationship; such a relationship remains subject solely to judicial decision. The courts should enforce express contracts between non-marital partners, except to the extent that the contract is explicitly founded on the consideration of meretricious sexual services.

In the absence of an express contract, the courts should inquire into the conduct of the parties to determine whether that conduct demonstrates an implied contract, agreement of partnership or joint ven-

ture, or some tacit understanding between the parties. The courts may also employ the doctrine of equitable remedies to determine how much property each should have. The fact that a man and a woman live together without marriage, and engage in a sexual relationship, does not, in itself, invalidate agreements between them relating to their earnings, property or expenses. Parties cannot lawfully contract to pay for the performance of sexual services, for such a contract is, in essence, an agreement for prostitution and unlawful for that reason. But they may agree to pool their earnings and to hold all property acquired during the relationship in accord with the law governing community property. The parties may also agree that each partner's earnings, and the property acquired from these earnings, remain the separate property of the earning partners.

In light of this, we suggest that all such couples might well consult their lawyers and execute a proper agreement, particularly for the welfare of any children that may be involved. You should note that the Supreme Court says that the joining of man and woman in marriage is at once the most socially productive and individually fulfilling relationship that one can enjoy in the course of a lifetime. Prosaic matrimony may be the solution of all your problems. Marvin v. Marvin, L.A. 30520—Sup. Ct. No. C-23303, filed Dec. 27, 1976.

Psychiatrists Cop Out?

If someone in your family is a psychiatric patient and tells his doctor that he intends to kill a young lady, is the psychiatrist under any duty to warn the young lady and her family of the potential danger to her life? The Supreme Court of California has recently considered this important question. The court held that when a psychotherapist determines, or pursuant to the standards of the profession, should determine, that his patient presents a serious danger of violence to another, he incurs an obligation to use reasonable care to protect the intended victim against such danger. Here the warning was not given and the patient murdered the young lady. The court said

that a proper cause of action existed against the psychotherapist employed by the University of California. There was a dissenting opinion.

Minor Bikers

It appears to be unwise to entrust a motorcycle to your minor son who has no license to operate it, even though you specifically tell him to keep off the highway.

In the case the minor son disobeyed the instructions, took the motorcycle out on the highway and ran into a Cadillac, injuring the occupants. The father was sued and his defenses were unavailing. The Supreme Court of Montana said that the fact that a minor deviates from the consent given will not relieve the provider (parent here) from liability. The act of the provider himself is the basis of liability—placing an unlicensed minor in possession of an instrumentality which in his immature and incompetent hands becomes dangerous to other motorists which the licensing statute is designed to protect. 350 Pac. 2d 424.

Can't Fist Fight

Sir Walter Scott, were he alive, would not enjoy reading this. Recently, in Scotland, the accused was charged with assaulting another man by kicking him, pinching and kicking him about the head and body, pulling out his hair and biting him on the left arm until the blood flowed. In his defense, he pleaded that the victim had agreed to have a "square go," i.e., a fight without weapons, and in so doing had accepted the risk of injury. The accused was convicted and appealed. The High Court of Appeal held that if there is an attack on the other person, and it is done with evil intent, that is, intent to injure and do bodily harm, then, in the court's view, the fact that the person attacked was willing to undergo the risk of that attack does not prevent it from being the crime of assault. Where the whole purpose of the physical exercise is to inflict physical damage on the opponent in pursuance of a quarrel, then the evil intent is present, and consent is of no consequence. Probably the purpose of the decision was to discourage duels and these

"square go's" as the Scots call them. Consent is no defense to assault in Scotland. We thought that the Scots were tougher.

Baseball Risks

Softball can be a rough game. This plaintiff suffered a fractured jaw and seven of his teeth were broken and had to be crowned. He did recover \$13,496 but it hardly compensated him for the pain and suffering.

The plaintiff was playing second base. The defendant had hit the ball and advanced to first base. The next batter hit a ground ball and the defendant started to second. The shortstop caught the ground ball and threw it to the plaintiff, who tagged second base and then stepped away from second base to throw the ball to first and execute a double play. After the plaintiff had thrown the ball to first base, the defendant ran into him at full speed. As he ran into him he brought his left arm up under the plaintiff's chin.

The incident occurred four or five feet away from the second base position in the direction of the pitcher's box. The defendant was thrown out of the game. The court said the plaintiff did assume the risk of being hit by a bat or a ball. The plaintiff also assumed the risk of injury resulting from standing in the base path and being spiked by someone sliding into base, a common accident in baseball. However, the plaintiff did not assume the risk of someone going out of his way to run into him at full speed when he was five feet away from the base. A participant in a game assumes all the risks incidental to the particular sport, but he does not assume the risk of a player acting in an unexpected or unsportsmanlike way with a reckless lack of concern for other players. 331 So. 2d 40.

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

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Reb**. A good friend to the Heathens M/C. So. Calif.

In memory of **Bernard "Little Bastard" Wightman** and **Sandy Disalvo**. Big John will love you forever.

In memory of **Martin**. You'll never be forgotten. Tim and the Local Losers.

In memory of **Carl "Your Man" R.** A bro who left us in style. We're doin' a joint to ya. Davy and bros.

In memory of **Walter Sadoski**. His freedom from long suffering is a loss to his friends. Peace, from Karen.

In memory of **Harry Plinnie** and his ol' lady, **Nancy**, stabbed to death by some motherfuckers. We'll miss you. Flathead.

In memory of **1% Harley Bob**, who rides in the hearts of his brothers forever. Freedom Riders M.C., Indiana.

In memory of **Long Neck**, a Comanchero by tradition. The nigger found out that God forgives. We don't! Comancheros.

In memory of **Mark Lee Burdette III**. A truly good person who will never be forgotten. Your friends in Alabama.

Gone one year, but not forgotten. **"Little Joe,"** Heathens, So. Calif. 6-26-76. "And that's fucking it."

They are born heroes who are born to a life of excitement. A tribute to **Steve O'Neil**. K.K., Boston.

In memory of one hell of a brother, **Wayne Stolte**. We love and miss you. Phantoms M.C.

In memory of **Scar and Pluto**. Wasted at the hillclimb. Your bros forever. Fuzzy, Bozo, Wacky and the Mommas. Mavericks M.C., N.J.

In memory of **Dirt Bomb**. We know he hasn't stopped his ridin' yet. He's just delayed. Slider and bros.

In memory of **Marc "Son Podshine"**. He lived to ride, he rode to death. Now he's ridin' the Eternal Highway. Mich.

In memory of **Preacher Jim Straubhaar**, a victim of this bizarre society that makes "Biker" a filthy word. His memory lives on. Drifters M.C., Cleveland, Ohio.

In memory of my son, **Little Tom**, who has gone home to be with God. Mom, Dad and the kids.

In memory of **Woody**. We used to have each other, now all I have is memories. Dale was where I should have been. God be with him, too. Your ol' lady, Biker Bun, Part 2.

In memory of **Mickey Sweeney** and **Dave Nemec**. From everyone on Fifth Ave.

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 (\$7.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders Magazine**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Been in for ten years, but will be out soon. Would like to hear from compatible women. R. H. Malasky #117890, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Drop a few lines to help me with my time. We'll be friends for life. William Hammond #21811-175, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Would like to write to and meet attractive working girls, preferably from west coast. Chuck Frum #116776, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Down and out biker from Illinois could dig letters from sexy chicks. George Polmaskitch #20384-101, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Capricorn, age 32, w/m. Out in November. '77. Open-minded and single too. James Ray Lewis B-17797, Rm. 6302 Box A, San Luis Obispo, Ca. 93409.

Letters and pictures from girls would be right on time. Joel Bennett #132385, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd. Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

Oppressively lonely inmate six-two, 28 yrs. old, ex-male model. Would like to hear from ladies. Chris Mitchell #140271, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Been a long time since I heard from anyone. Johnny Moss #6938, D-309, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.

Two white bros need mail from ladies. Thomas G. Cooper #94935, and Steven White #02377, R.R. Box 6, P.S.I., Ione, Calif. 95640.

Another biker, jailed and forgotten. John Moses #28630, Box 7, 2B445, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Downed bro would like to hear from all who are interested in tattoos. Ed Chaparro #36050-136, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kans. 66048.

24-yr-old inmate seeks correspondence with realistic, mature people. Will answer all letters. Richard A. Davis #142-362, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

White male seeking open-minded women and men for lasting friendship. 24 yrs. old. Photos appreciated. Ernest V. Brooks #28350-120, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Funky Sacramento and Stockton chicks, 15 to 30, write Paul Marchand #B-11377, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Doin' life on a humbug. Need mail to survive this crash-time. (Machinegun Mac) Craig McLaren, B-2, Madison Co. Jail, Huntsville, Ala. 35801.

White, muscular male, attractive and understanding, needs a woman to write to. William Mitchell #34927, Box 1000, Stella-coom, Wash. 98388.

Aussie who's doin' time needs mail from anyone. John Bobak, Long Bay Goal, Box 13, P.O. Matraville 2036, Sydney, Australia.

White Calif. boy needs mail from mature women to help him along. Vernon R. Stone #37785, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97301.

Lonely inmate would like letters from chicks. Donald R. Phillips, Box 1010, Reg. #43366, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Calif. man, 31 yrs. old. Virgo. Needs mail from chicks. John Kelly, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

Downed kid needs mail from foxy chicks. Jim Ross #R-4034, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Would like to hear from foxy chicks of any age. David Darby #68283, Tucker Unit, Tucker, Ark. 72168.

Need some mail from understanding young ladies. Gregory May #29973-117, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

I would like to hear from ladies 18 yrs. and older. John D. Creach #60474, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

White inmate doin' thirty years. Needs mail from chicks. Johnny Monahan, Box 398, Las Vegas, Nevada 89101.

Busted and disgusted. Want to exchange letters and photos with ladies. Paul Potter, Box B-76268-Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm looking for something better. Please write. Rick Whiteaker #10484, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

30-yr-old biker, 6'2", 200 lbs. A loner and traveler, when free. Needs mail from chicks. Tom Star #93382, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Lookin' for a foxy lady to love. I'm 38 yrs. old. Bob Tobarro, Box B-35479-3-C-14, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Need a classy chick to write to a good-lookin' biker. Butch Speer #86655, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Jersey biker, doin' time down south. Could dig hearin' from foxy mamas. John Dilatash #046481, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083. SWU-B 64-109.

Lonely scooter tramp could dig hearin' from lonely lady who's horny as I am. Rick Thelin, Drawer A, Atascadero, Calif. 93422.

This bit is the shits, but it would be easier if some chicks would write. Paul Herman #00098-192, Box 600, Eglin A.F.B., Fla. 32542.

Doin' seven years an' my ol' lady split. Would like mail from chicks. Joel Bennett #132385, 2400 So. Sheridan Rd., Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

Ladies, drop me a few lines. I'll answer all. Thomas Colbert #015-87-164, Box 1000, Oxford, Wisc. 53952.

I'm only nineteen, and in prison. If you care, drop a line. Joe Mullins #039475, Box 667, Dorm. F. 106, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Doin' fifteen and need mail badly. Cleveland A. Millwood #98878-131, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

I'm despondent and in need of mail from ladies in the Wisconsin area. Michael Tande #A-027609, Box 1033, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Downed scooter tramp needs mail from ladies. Charles L. Clark #A-023194, D-142T, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Need mail from chicks who read **Easyriders**. John Brothers, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Need lady friends to share thoughts and vibes with. William Johnson #30629, C-370, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Down and out low-rider needs love and care. Sonny Wilkins #18745-148, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Aussie needs mail from anyone. Allan Kidd, c/o H. M. Prison Fremantle, Western Australia 6160.

Two bros need mail. Keith Edwards #12793, and Matt Williams #11543, R.R. Box 5, Ione, Calif. 95640.

Iron pumper, 25 yrs. old, white and good lookin'. Need mail from chicks. Rod L. Brown, Box B-77230, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Greek man looking for mail from chicks, so help me keep it together. Tom Stephanos, Box 68793, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

The following bros need mail from chicks. Mike Patton #6843, Rick Pegg #4325, Dave Quassy #5768, Art Hall #6712, Burt Hall #1698, Robin Black #9244, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Just another lonely biker in a Florida jail. Donald Maloney, mail #564, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Don't be meek, write this Greek. George Murchard #37480, Seg. Unit 223, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Two bros need letters from horny ladies. Gary Ikerer #37848, and Stan Farley #37741, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Need a broad in the worst way. Richard Peacock, Box B-25325-B, San Quentin, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Inmate wants letters from chicks. Larry King, Box 66518-L-4, Georgia State Prison, Reidsville, Ga. 30453.

Lookin' to hear from heavy chicks. Kenneth C. Scott #24213, Dr. B. Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

Drop a line to a guy doin' time. Jeff Stork, Box 911, Sioux Falls, So. Dak. 57101.

White Hog rider wants sincere gals to write this fun-lovin' Frenchman. Wayne Philyaw #01-8211, Mail #319, Box 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

36-yr-old daddy wants girls 16 to 30 to write to. Ray O. Huskey, Box A-E, 2146-B-21783, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

My nickname is Kid. Don't you believe it. The proof is in the eating. Theodore Gehrman, MCTC, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Down and out bro needs mail from all ladies. Larry Eylee #140-601, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Musician inmate needs woman willing to love. Larry Dillon #38620-115 A/N, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

This Month's Topic: "If You're Dieting, You're Really Confused."

You fat guys wonderin' why you can't trim down?

You can't trim down because your body has been designed by nature to stay fat.

Even if you reduced your daily intake of calories to **zero**, you'd still get fat. Most doctors don't tell you that because . . . well, I **guess** because whether or not you become a doctor is based on whether or not you meet standards set by government, and hell, helmets do that.

Anyway, here's the skinny.

Hahahahahahahaha!

I shoulda said, "Here's the **fat!**"

Hahahahahahahaha!

Oh, man, hold on a second! I gotta dry my eyes, man.

Oooooo-wee!

Ohh fuck, where was I? Jeezus! My **sides**, man!

Ok. Let's say you wanna get slim, so you start eatin' less calories than you been burnin' up every day, and pretty soon you begin to notice that you are in fact startin' to lose weight. However, your **fat** is still there, an' the only thing that has happened to **that** is that it's startin' to look a little **different**. Instead of bein' all smooth an' ballooned out over yer pants like a barrel, it's all saggin' like wet laundry from yer hide. So you figure, "I'll exercise an' get them muscles all snazzy."

So you exercise an' get them muscles all snazzy, but pretty soon, after doin' all this for a while, you notice that all the exercisin' ain't so much of a strain any more; you don't wake up in the morning all gnarled and agonized; the daily exercise routine has become easy; your body has so efficiently readjusted to the lowered calorie intake provided by the little bit of food you've been rationing to it, that it is actually able to **store** a few calories as a hedge against some future drought.

You notice, in fact, that you are beginning to get fat again.

You say, "I'll eat even **less**, man!"

So you eat less. The fat you've been reaccumulating begins to sag and drip down from your slats like strange basketballs cut in half and left hangin' there. The exercisin' yer already doin' ain't tonin' it up 'cause your body's already havin' an easy time with the exercise program, so you gotta increase the exercise program. It works for a while, but then the ol' body, in all its wonderfulness,

readjusts to all this new slaving, making such efficient use of the paltry bits of food you've been giving it that you don't even shit anymore, an' pretty soon you're beginnin' to get fat again.

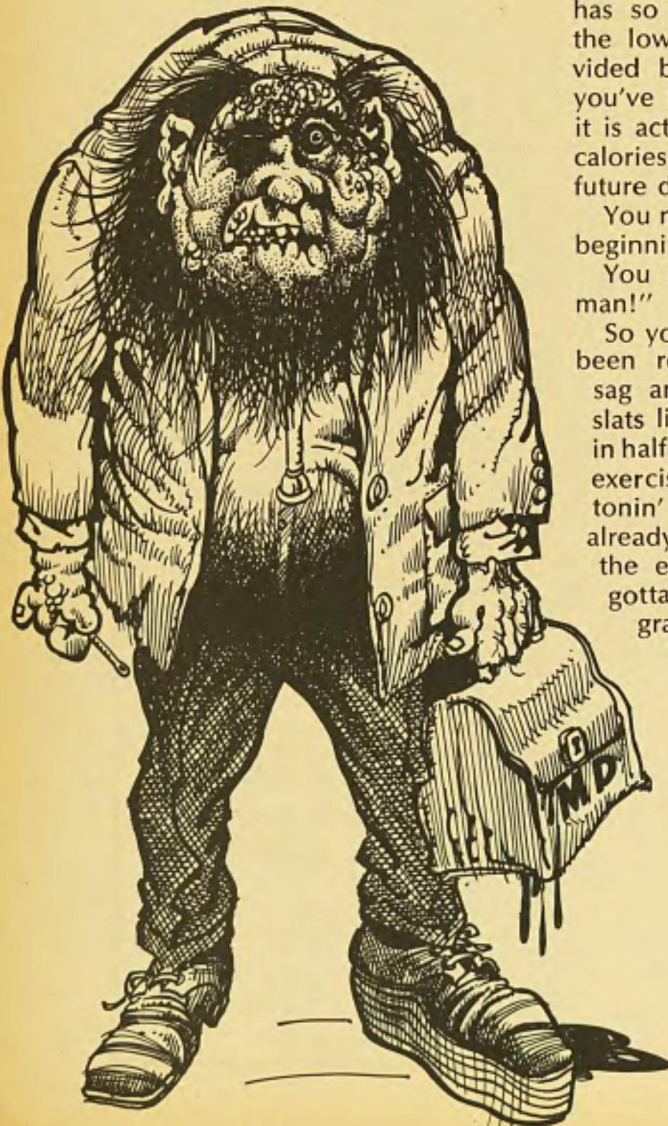
You eat less. You work more. Pretty soon you're down to one Wheatie a day, an' you're hoistin' fifty-gallon drums up a mountain-side for twenty hours outa twenty-four, an' pretty soon yer startin' to get **fat** again!

You cut your food intake to nothing. Nada. No food. No nourishment. You fill all the fifty-gallon drums with mud and go on a full 24-hours-a-day work shift. For a couple of weeks it works. You're eating nothing. You're working around the clock, day in and day out; and sure enough, you find you're getting trim once more.

Pretty soon the ol' body has readjusted. You are starting to get fat again.

At this point, you can either begin to question the overall merits of your dieting, or you can wait to see what happens. As it is, your getting-huge-again body doesn't weigh enough to register on a postage scale, and yet you're again beginning to take on the dimensions of a milling herd of gaur. If you decide to wait to see what happens, don't bother, I'll tell ya an' save ya the trouble. You're gonna get fatter and fatter, and when you've accumulated the girth of a comfortable apartment, you're gonna crash over dead from starvation.

So eat. Don't diet, don't exercise. You're gonna die that way too, but at least when you do you won't be so exhausted that you fuckin' pass out or so hungry that you're in a bad mood. ■



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GET IT UP

By Dr. John Twatburger

In a previous article, I mentioned the 110-year-old aphrodisiac Spanish Fly. This time it'll get more than just a mention, 'cause I'm gonna turn ya on to some other shit that works just as well. First, I'll set a little scene for ya that you've heard about before.

At the drive-in movie, the teenager gives his honey a stick of chewing gum, then he gets outta the car an' goes to buy some popcorn. The chick pops the gum in her mouth, starts chewin', an' in a minute she begins to feel the hot rush of desire. She tries masturbatin', first with her finger, then with a Coke bottle, but it's not enough. Finally, she raises herself up an' lowers her snatch onto the knob end of the stickshift, an' starts fuckin' away like crazy. When the boy returns to the car, only a few minutes later, he discovers she has fucked herself to death.

That phony story has been going around since the days of horse and buggy, except that in the old days the broad fucked herself to death on the handle of the buggy whip, or is lyin' under the horse with about thirty inches of horsemeat rammed up her snatch.

Grandmothers and told that story to their daughters, and they told it to their daughters, warning them—when they were going out with some new boy—to refuse puttin' anything in their mouth that had powder on it. There ain't many cocks around with dust on 'em, so I suppose they didn't warn 'em against givin' head.

Today a chick would just have to die of frustration, 'cause most of the cars have automatic transmissions, an' the only thing they can do is fuck themselves in the nose with the drive selector lever.

Spanish Fly packs about as much truth as a Nixon declaration swearing that he's not a crook, but people go on believin' the stories they hear, an' they go on buyin' up all kinds of shit that's labeled **Spanish Fly** or that has a

sign sayin' "Guarantees a hardon." Sales of this crap are in the millions of dollars.

Masters and Johnson, the folks who made a lot of money practicin' voyeurism, then wrote a book about it, say that the best aphrodisiac is plenty of rest, good food, an' a patient and understandin' ol' lady. What they really said is that there ain't no such thing as a **real** aphrodisiac, so you can stop wastin' your bread.

When male-hormone treatments were started, at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore some years back, everyone had their eyes on one of the technicians who volunteered to test the new treatment on himself. Fifty-five years old—an' snivelin' 'cause he couldn't get a hardon—he was given the first injection. The next day, he appeared at work in a totally worn-out condition, swearin' that he'd fucked all night and that he'd had his youth and vitality restored to him. He became a terror to the nurses, and would fuck just about anything that looked fuckable, including the fag X-ray technician. A month later, saggin' a little, he was given another injection, but this time the doctor injected him with a solution containing only sterile oil, tellin' him it was the hormone stuff again.

The old bastard perked up, went home, fucked his ol' lady into a convalescent home, then went out and spread joy throughout Baltimore by working his way up one side of the street and down the other.

The doctors, of course, acted in good faith, but in doing it they demonstrated how quacks can sell millions of dollars worth of aphrodisiacs each year to would-be fuckers and limp-dicked has-beens. "Good faith," in doctor talk, means experimentin' with a dude without lettin' him know they're fuckin' up his body. Now, some years later, they suspect that as a result of givin' hormones to a dude, on a regular basis, his own glands get lazy an' stop producin' the natural stuff.

Spanish Fly is the most widely known aphrodisiac in the world, and it is also the biggest fake shit in the world. Its real name is **cantharis vesicatoria**, also known as cantharides—but relax, I won't use two-bit words like that any more. It's made out of a little ol' bug that lives on potatoes in—where else?—Spain.

When a small amount of Spanish Fly is placed on the skin, it causes inflammation and burning, and, after a while, blisters appear. When swallowed in very small doses, it causes inflammation of the mouth, throat and stomach, accompanied by intense thirst, an inability to swallow, vomiting—an' it also gives ya the bloody shits. And it permanently fucks up your kidneys, which ain't the best news in the world for beer drinkers.

At one time, Spanish Fly was given to large animals, on the theory that it would make 'em want to fuck. In some instances it did. It irritated a cow's cunt,

makin' it swell up an' drip a bloody mess, which passed the message to the bull that this little heifer had the hots for him. When it's given to humans, there can be one lousy reaction. They croak.

The Prophet Mohammed had a bug up his ass about aphrodisiacs, but then he had a hundred wives, an' he needed a little extra help. He made up some kind of paste shit, usin' bugs, birdshit an' piss from pregnant women, and he even wrote the instructions on how to use it.

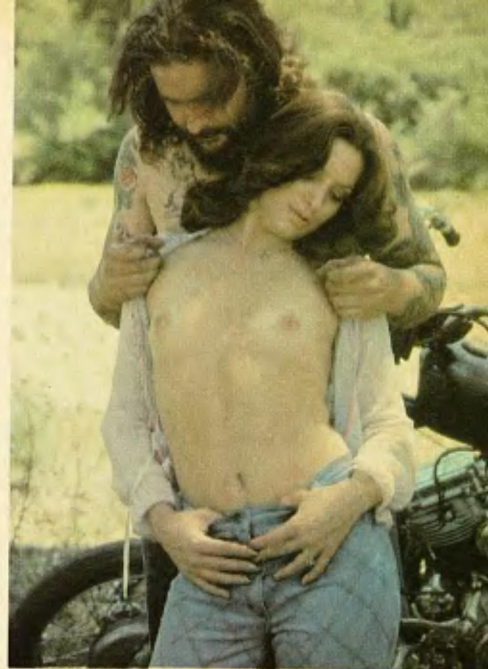
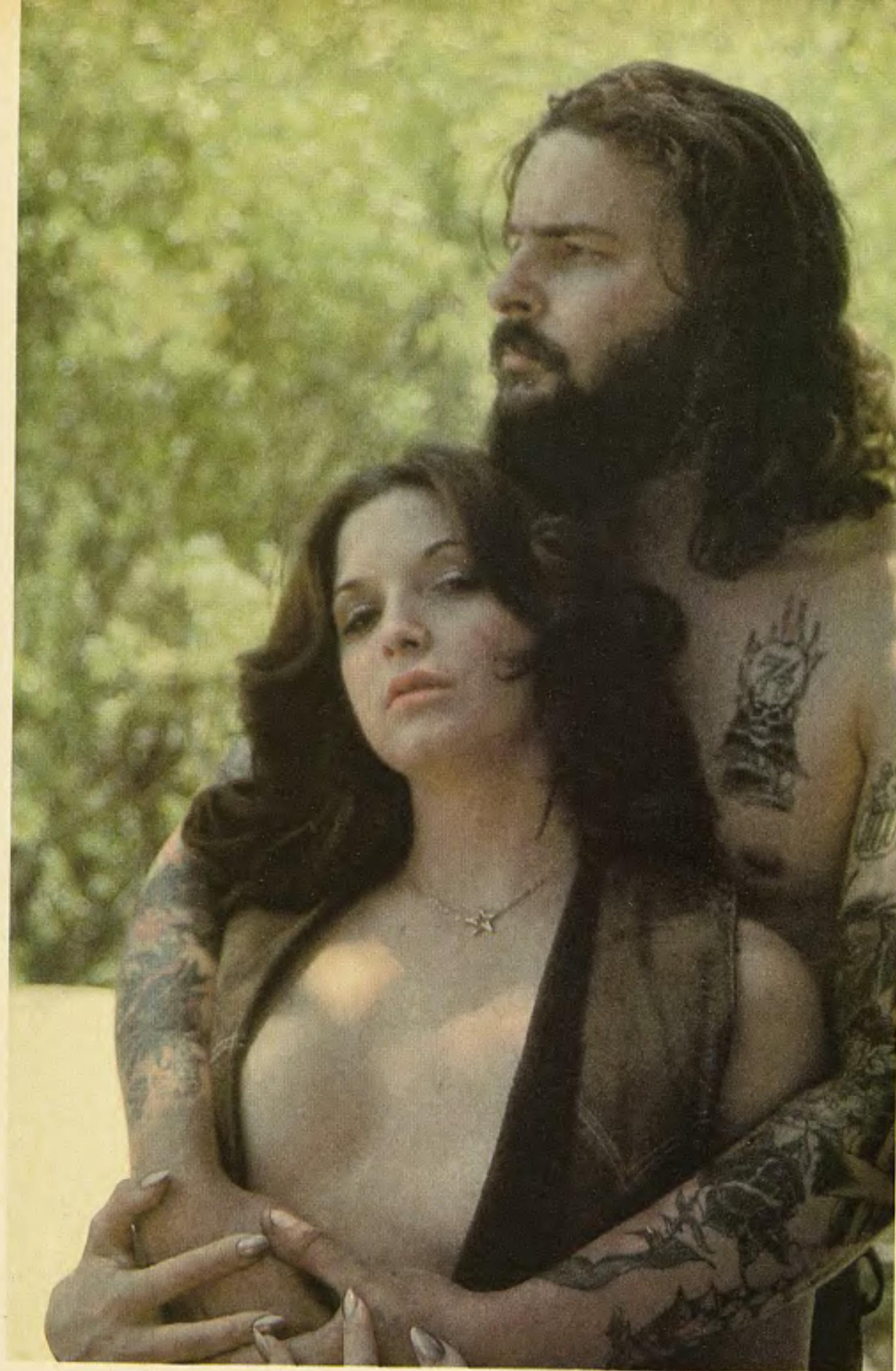
"You must eat this paste for two hours before the sexual approach," he wrote, "but for three days before that you must eat nothing but roast pigeons, excessively seasoned with spice, male fish and lightly fried ram's eggs(?). If after all that you do not pierce the walls of the room and get your wife with child, you can cut off my beard and spit in my face." I can only guess that he got a hell of a lot of spit in his face.

Today, if you want to believe all the ads printed in sex rags and newspapers, you can buy hundreds of kinds of aphrodisiacs, and all of them are "guaranteed" to work. The "guarantee" is just as good as the one that the old dude from Johns Hopkins Hospital got, when they gave him the first shot of male hormones. To check this out, I spent several of my hard-earned dollars—I'm a pimp on the side—and sent away for some Spanish Fly Liquid that was advertised in one of the local sex rags.

"Spanish Fly," the ad reads, "comes in your own special container. Mixes instantly with food or drink. Be a superstud. Put some in the water cooler at the office for a wild party." Almost hidden in the decorative cartoon that accompanies the ad are the words "placebo," and "not an aphrodisiac," but so many people are eager to recall their lost potency that they overlook the disclaimer.

Damiana is another love potion that is hustled by the sex racketeers. Every sex shop and porno outlet along Hollywood Boulevard sells this shit. It comes in green capsules that are big enough to choke a horse, and every one "guarantees" that it will give you a hardon that can last all night. If you look closely at the label, there's a little sign that says that it ain't worth a fuck, an' ya know right away that the only fuckin' that occurs is when ya hand the salesman your money.

Now, I ain't no chicken, an' there's been many a time when—with a hot little honey laid out in front of me—I'd look down at Ol' Limpy an' threaten him with a dishonorable discharge, so I take bein' fucked by some asshole who's sellin' aphrodisiacs seriously. I've found, through experimentation, that the best aphrodisiac is about half an hour of good head, a little taste of maiden juice, two joints, some nose-ice, and a lot of serious concentration. ■



Sheri and Ralph

*W*ould ya believe we told this chick that no one would paw her while taking these shots? Shit, before the session was over, she and Ralph fell in love. This has to be one of the most romantic features we've ever done.

We began by taking some shots of Sheri and Ralph for the mag's cover. They started rappin', bullshittin', swappin' spit—one thing led to another. It took a bullhorn to separate the pair and get them to move on to another position. We were lucky to be able to pry the two apart and move the bike to a more secluded spot.

When we told Ralph to strip off Sheri's clothes gently, the entire situation got outta hand. The photographer was burnin' his hand tryin' to click the pics fast enough, while Ralph was jammin' to get Sheri's clothes off and get it on. As you can see, they didn't fuck around—even though once in a while during the lick and sigh session we **had** to slow down the action so we could change film.



The photographer finished snappin' the photos and I had my duds on and the ol' pan started before the moanin' and groanin' stopped. If Ralph had known how to get outta those hills, he probably would've pitched a tent and stayed. Since I wasn't gettin' any, and watchin' was makin' me horny as a mutha, I had to split. Ol' Ralph and Sheri, half dressed, jumped on his scooter and lit out after my ass. But once back in civilization, I lost them in the traffic. I don't think they made much of an effort to keep up. They had other things on their mind.

—Weed



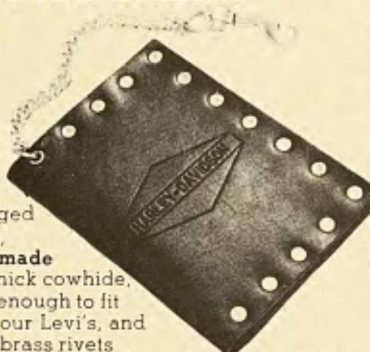
Photos by Ralph Hampton



WRIST/WATCH BAND

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

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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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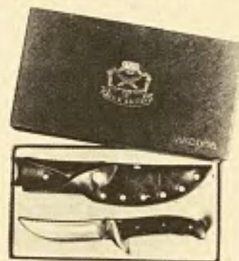


Famous for holding an edge

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

ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **\$24.95** plus **\$1.75** for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.

Model #402, Akonua, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **\$54.95** plus **\$2.50** postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



Model #501, almost identical to the bikers' Buck, with locking blade and all the quality and craftsmanship of the Buck name. But this knife has a 3-inch blade and can be carried in your pocket if a sheath knife is a bust in your area. The knife has a Buckarta handle and stainless steel bolsters. It's **\$18.00** plus 50¢ 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 75¢ postage and handling.

Trucker Wallet

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



Dick's Cafe

—Continued from page 12

sixteen-ounce mugs of tap beer, each with unerring precision, to stop directly in front of a thirsty patron.

Late at night, when the moon shone in through the discolored windows, cockroaches played happy games, darting out from under curled edges of linoleum to nibble at broken bits of crab and lobster shells, missed by the sweeper's broom, carefully avoiding the water that spilled from small, concrete tanks containing an assortment of sea creatures, all of which made up the menu of foods served.

Dick and Rose catered to bikers, although an occasional citizen would stop in to slake his thirst or appease his appetite, and few found reason to deny the brotherhood of bikers a place to join one another in friendly repast and pleasure.

Few—but not all.

A day came when a man with the eye of Midas paused to look upon the scene, and in his mercenary eye was reflected gold. Here, in this remote place, was the ideal setting for a restaurant that bore all the requirements for making a greedy man wealthy. Ever sunny, ever cool, a view of sea and shore that stretched for miles, undisturbed by man or his depredations—here could be constructed a fine, vacationer's hideaway, far too expensive to cater to the needs of lowly hoodlum elements such as the bikers who now frequented it.

The man—his name was Stone, and that appellation described both heart and soul—set about to rid the cherished property of Dick's Cafe. With a plan as cold as his name, he wheedled, cajoled and even bribed public officials in an attempt to bring about the removal of Dick's Cafe, only to discover that Dick's lease was long, and, since there had never been any kind of disturbance there, his reputation was good.

As it is possible to do when one has great wealth, Stone found it easy to employ a few men who, for a few dollars, would reject even their brothers, and, on a Sunday afternoon, they came.

The cafe was full, inside and out of doors. Seated at crude, redwood benches and tables, bikers and their



women sat, telling and re-telling their stories of runs and parties. No one looked up when the Judas group pulled up on chopped motorcycles. After all, it was their place. And no introductions were necessary. All men were brothers. Those who came here, came from miles in every direction. It was a place to enjoy.

The invading leader's name was Stark, and he, too, had a name that fit; he was tall and lean, with a face that was wrinkled and gray with hatred for his fellow man. There was a tinge of gray in his hair and beard, and his eyes were as cold and gray as Death. They were as cold and gray as the heavy, gray jacket he wore, beneath which—slung from one shoulder so that it hung inconspicuously under one arm—was a double-barreled shotgun, cut down to pistol length.

How do troubles start? A nudge? A spilled beer? An angry word? Dick, ever the peacemaker, tried to intervene, as patrons backed away. None were armed. Sundays at Dick's Cafe were truce days, and preparedness was unnecessary. In the confusion that followed angry words, and the sudden appearance of the shotgun, peaceful loungers backed hurriedly away from danger, shielding their loved ones. Two shots were fired, one of which drove Dick's shattered eyeglasses through a ragged hole in the wall. The other, fired in haste, struck the cooking-gas container that sat in one corner of the room, and the participants fled. Stark and his friends never reached their parked bikes. The narrow path offered poor escape from the chaos they had brought down upon one and all—including themselves. In the following days, Stone, too, found himself betrayed by his own evil doings, so the play was ended. Greed—not unlike the all-consuming fire that attended it—neither won nor lost, for the following weekend, and for all weekends thereafter, the bikers returned to sit on charred benches or spread blankets on the point of land overlooking the sea, and they talked of Dick's Cafe, and the fine times they had had there. There will always be a place like this.

The parking lot is still there, and on weekends it's crowded with bikes. Children still play in the lupin, shouting and laughing, and now and then a man will gaze, with the poet's eye we all possess, through the hole in the charred wall—remembering. ■



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A Retrospective/Linda Ronstadt: What more can be said about this sassy little piece than that we'd dunk our balls in a flaming vat of 10-40W motor oil just to kiss her clit? This double album is vintage Linda, taking you back to her down-home roots. There is a shitpot full of great songs here, including the all-time hooker ballad, "Louise" (which is also the name of White Wing's slightly strange older brother). This is a primo collection of previously released tunes to go with her **Greatest Hits LP**, and the only thing better would be to have Ronstadt herself sitting on your p-pad humming in your ear . . . or wherever.

Best of the Doobies/The Doobie Brothers: These doobies do taste sweet. The album lives up to its name in a mixture of smooth smokers and a couple tokes of slightly harsh shit that'll leave you happy and wasted. The eleven tunes are taken from their six previous LP crops, and the job of selecting the strongest cuts from a fantastic stash was a tough one. But the numbers include "China Grove" as a first hit, blended with "Takin' It To The Streets," "Listen To The Music," and "Black Water," which is what your bong is going to have when you finish listening to this heady mix.



DOWN TIME DISCS

By
Buster Duckbutter
and White Wing



Indian Summer/Poco: This is the latest, and probably the most relaxed, offering from this long-time laid-back group, although they've had some rockers. We generally go for bands that sound like a hot Harley with a bass line, but if you want a quiet night with the ol' lady, or just want to mellow out on your own, this should do the trick.



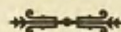
Violation/Starz: If you caught the first album by these heavy metal rockers from New York, you know the dudes are coming from weird creative zones. Anybody who could write a tune about shutting off his comatose girlfriend's life-support machine ("Pull The Plug") can't be a total loss. This second offering contains some steaming turds that get kicked around to the hilt. "Violation" is a futuristic song about the day when



Leftoverture/Kansas: This album is a bit different from previous releases by this six-piece band from the flatlands. It's less in the mainstream of rock, closer to the "progressive" stuff that's kind of floppy. Rather than follow the traditional path of simply having a bunch of unrelated tunes in no particular order, Kansas slips you a heavy on side two, a prolonged piece divided into easily digestible pieces of musical meat called "Magnum Opus." It's a sort of rock symphony, and a little spacey. When was the last time you saw subtitles like "Release The Beavers" (personally, we'd rather eat them) and "Father Padilla Meets The Perfect Gnat"? Side one is more typical of the band's earlier efforts, and leads off with "Carry On, Wayward Son," a rocker with great vocal harmonies and just a tinge of country cookin' that'll make you ask for more.

Big Brother runs everybody's life. "Cherry Baby," which sounds like a Stones popper, tells the story of a downtime bro who can't wait to get out and back to some steady balling with his main mama. He probably also wants to let up on keeping a tight asshole. All you smart donkeyfarts can figure out the facts of "Subway Terror." Starz puts out only high-energy material in maniac fashion, guaranteed to grab you by the short hairs. ■

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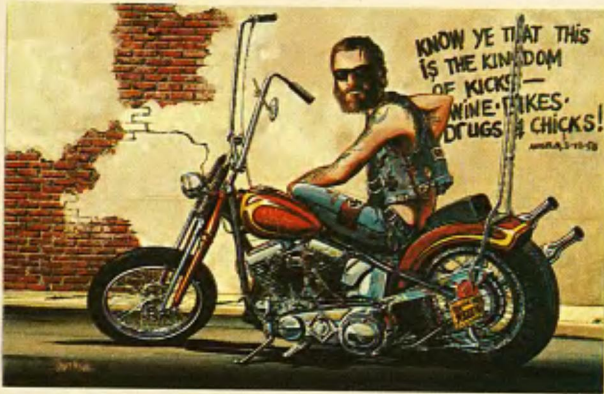
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M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-7
"Run Heat"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"

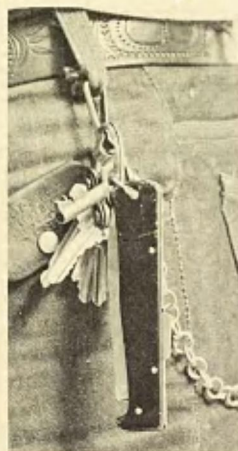


M-4 "One for the Road"



M-9 "Hollywood"

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Getting Lost

—Continued from page 15

instance, that you want to read Goldfader's book (and I'll suggest more at the end of the article). Your first impulse would be to go to the library and use your library card, right? Well, don't. Your library card, like anything else with your name or signature on it, can be used to identify where you have been and when you were there. Every time you use something as simple as a library card there is a photocopy record of the transaction. Also, anybody who has access to the library files knows exactly what you checked out.

Sounds obvious, doesn't it? But there are other "little" mistakes just as effective in tracing you as having green hair and sticking your pud on the local police sergeant's desk. For the little problem above, the solutions should be obvious. Borrow a friend's card, get yourself a new card with a new name, or steal the book. If you're on the lam, there is only one of the three paths you should take, unless you want to fork over \$8 at the bookstore.

If you borrow a friend's card he'll be curious as to why you didn't get one yourself. If you steal the book you're a dummy, because if you're caught and caged you're going to kick yourself in the ass for what might be quite a while. What you should do is to get a new name.

Depending on where you live, changing your name without notifying the authorities can be a snap or a real hassle. Like most governmental workings, your application for a social security number (if you intend to work legally), driver's license, or state identification card can be smooth as silk or a real bitch. A lot may depend on how you approach the people behind the desk. Remember, they're a bunch of jerks, just like you or me. Acting and appearance is half the game.

A recent television special detailed how easy it is in California to get a



"I hope you're not going to be foolish and ask what he's got that you haven't got."

driver's license with a phony name. And California is reputed to be a "tight" state. A woman walked into the Department of Motor Vehicles, had a couple of letters with her name on them, and walked out with a California Identification Card. It looks just like a driver's license, but can be used only for identification. Next, she went to the social security office and used her I.D. card to get a social security number. Then—you guessed it—she used the social security card to establish the fact that she was, in fact, her new alias and got a driver's license. Normally, even in "loose" states, it's not that easy, but with a little planning it can be done.

Naturally, every major city has printing specialists who can easily manufacture a fake license. Any city near the Mexican border has more than a few of these guys, but be aware that they do not usually have access to the special paper used by the state in printing licenses. It's similar to counterfeiting in this respect. Great technique, but it's like playing 8-ball on asphalt. Above all, do not use either your real first, middle, or last name, or any of your initials. The temptation to strengthen your ego by keeping your real initials is the first mark of the amateur.

It does look a little strange to get your first social security number when you're 30 years old, but there are reasonable explanations: you may have never worked (heir to a small stipend—don't forget the IRS—from your aunt), or worked without pay for a family farm, etc.

If you feel desperate you will probably want someone else to go through these hassles for you, as he assumes less risk, but remember that **two** people will then have exact knowledge of your trip.

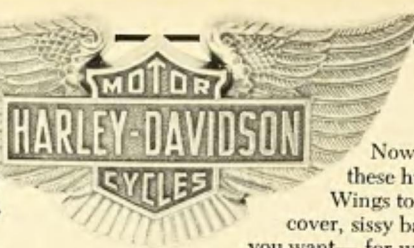
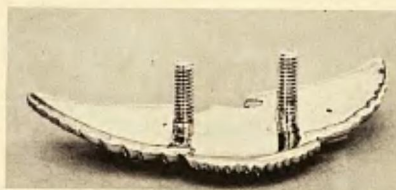
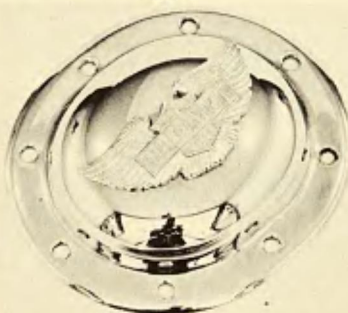
Needless to say, but I'll mention it anyhow, you'll want to avoid putting your fingerprints on anything, including credit cards. Horse Shiponski did that, and the dykes were soon hot on his trail, complete with poison nailpolish and well-oiled vibrators.

And you might as well work on a



"Gee, is it Saturday already?"

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cash basis. Like with a library card, any time you write a check, there's a photocopied record of it. And any bank account now must have a social security number designated. Not too tough to figure out how fast they'd find you, is it? And don't think you're fooling anyone by writing "Cash" in the payment slot. The most simple-headed tracer will examine your old photocopied checks (that he could easily wangle from the bank), match them against the places you dumped the most checks, and then examine what went through their bank deposits. Forget it. If you have to send money, use a money order bought at a liquor store (no bank camera, dipshit).

What other clues can give you away? Sales papers, business cards, out-of-state plates (you'd be amazed at the number of guys who have been nabbed from this ridiculous oversight), job references and applications, even labels in your clothes. And your shoes! There's a man who runs a restaurant in Big Sur who claims he hits 95% on identifying where people come from just by looking at their shoes.

What most tracers and credit people depend on is that each of us is a creature of habit. We may dig blondes, or wear a special chain, or eat only certain types of food. We develop characteristics that are as identifiable to the trained eye as the play probability of a certain backfield formation is to a football coach. Of course, if you were being hunted by law enforcement personnel, your personality change would have to be more complete than if you were being harassed for a \$400 dental bill.

One of the best ways to test yourself for unusual visibility is to strip down and take a long look at yourself in a full-length mirror. Hair style, tattoos, scars, as well as the usual size and weight are as effective in identifying you as any I.D. card. But they can all be changed to some extent. Hair can



"No, thank you—just browsing."

be cut, you can wear elevated shoes, and gain or lose weight. Knew that, didn't you?

But the non-physical characteristics are just as useful in finding you. If you're a trained mechanic, the chances are that you'll look for work as a trained mechanic, no matter where you have moved, and you'll probably continue to wear the same clothes as before, right down to your belt buckle.

If you really wanted to throw searchers off the path, you would use pure chance methods in determining as many of your actions as possible. At least initially. For example, take a phone book from a major city, get the yellow pages section and select 12 pages at random by thumbing through and stopping without looking at the page(s). Then take a pair of dice and throw them after numbering the pages one through twelve. The page number determined by the throw of the dice will determine, say, what job field you'll enter. (Horse Shiponski came up with hairdresser and had to throw again. He's satisfied with his present position as a gynecologist, however.)

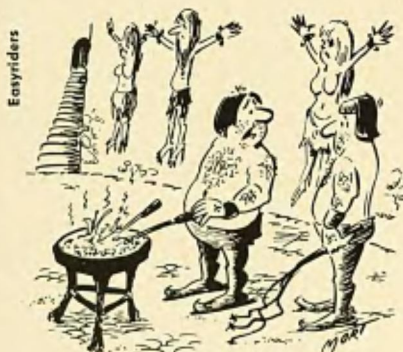
Most often your friends will give you away. Not on purpose, but because someone will call and say he's an old buddy or something along that line. And, of course, the authorities can now identify your voice as well as your fingerprints.

Naturally, the desired level of disappearance will determine just how far you want to go and the steps you'll take, but here are a few more basics.

First, change your social habits as much as you can. If you hang around with bikers exclusively, you may have to start getting into car-freak bars or go-kart tracks. Sorry, but it's the hard truth, and we all know there are dudes who'll turn you in for cash or a chance to get at your scooter.

Second, know exactly how far you want to go. There's no reason to split to Alaska if you're just trying to buy a little time. And be ready to adapt and change your plans, with clear-cut, mapped-out routes and resources.

Third, realize, as I mentioned before, that any piece of paper (including the



"I hate to see a woman smoke."

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(If not possible, print your old address here)

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Nostalgic

Up-Sweep Pipes

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

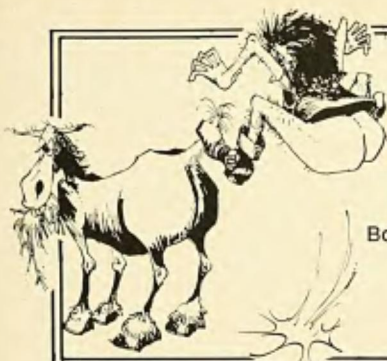
California residents add 6% for The Man

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Shotgun Pipes

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



Send \$1.25
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BACK ISSUES

Box 711, Burbank,
Ca. 91502

Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 26, and 31, we are now sold out of issues 17, 18, and 35. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wetting early issues

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

Cover Her With Easyriders Tubes That'll Jolt Your Joint!

That's Right.

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I have enclosed \$ _____ (\$5.95 each or \$9.95 per pair and we pay
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ones you carry), any number, any signature or recorded phone call tells where you've been and at what time. Phone taps may be illegal without a court order, and the info gathered from them may be inadmissible in court, but bet your ass that phone conversations are tapped all the time and provide an incredible number of leads. And forget forwarding your mail to another address or a friend. Just give it up and realize you have a few dues to pay, one way or another, if you're serious about splitting.

Fourth, **never** let your ego get in front of your freedom. This means you may have to back down from some turkey when you know you could rip his fuckin' heart out with one hand tied behind your back.

Fifth, and I know this sounds hokey, always try to appear calm and relatively happy. A hunted man looks hunted, and appearance means identity. If you look like a high school biology teacher, people will think you're a high school biology teacher. Be a subdued actor.

Sixth, and most important, attempt to blend with your surroundings. You come, you go, and nobody notices anything unusual about you. It's just like being in long-range recon. Nobody remembers you because there is nothing to remember. You become very ordinary and common.

You might want to try a couple of these books:

Tracer by Ed Goldfader, Nash Publishing, Los Angeles, 1970.

"If I Had It To Do Over Again . . ."
America's Adult Dropouts by Robert S. Gallagher, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, 1969.

They Never Came Back by Allen Churchill, Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, 1960.

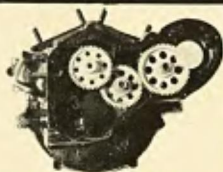
Voice Printing by Eugene Block, David McKay Company, Inc., New York, 1975.

Additionally, you might want to check into some books on tracing, collection, police detection techniques, wilderness survival, and keep an eye out for **Blye, Private Eye** by Blye, which should be available in the next month or so. ■



"You're in luck, babe—they say my new wheel's gonna be here next week."

Lightening Gears for All 74's



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

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

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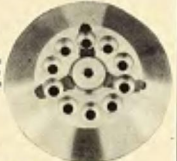


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Bikers

—Continued from page 16

the gunfighter, and all the rest. We still respond to those myths, and bikers represent one of the few remaining living links to that heritage.

The brotherhood of bikers is trying to hang onto a final trace of what America used to be. They embody a facet of the American spirit that existed in our past but has now all but vanished. It was an America that existed before our government decided it knew better than the individual what he should or should not do, where he should or should not go, what he should or should not smoke. It was an earlier time, when America stood for a special, tough brand of individual freedom. A time when a man had a right to take some chances, even when everybody advised against it. A man accepted the consequences of his own actions.

Ever try to get anyone these days to accept the consequences of his own actions? People would rather chugalug pig snot than be responsible for anything—"I just work here"; "It was the computer"; "I was just following orders." Many people find this evasion of responsibility comforting, because it means they don't have to make decisions—just carry out orders. Of course the price tag for this arrangement is the loss of individual freedom—but who needs it anyway? Years ago, in his book *Escape From Freedom*, Erich Fromm documented this willingness, even eagerness, to give up personal liberty in exchange for avoiding responsibility. His argument, simply stated, is that most people are so chickenshit they'd rather have a Hitler or a Nixon call the shots than bear the burden of running their own lives. But what about those of us who cherish our personal liberty above everything else? What about those of us who would rather go our own way and accept the consequences? Well, you know the answer. The government is quietly eroding our right to take a chance—a right we sorely need, if any of us are to retain our individuality.

Most traces of that older America are



"Naw, I've never been
circumcised—that's just wear and tear."



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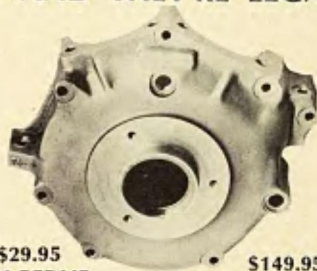
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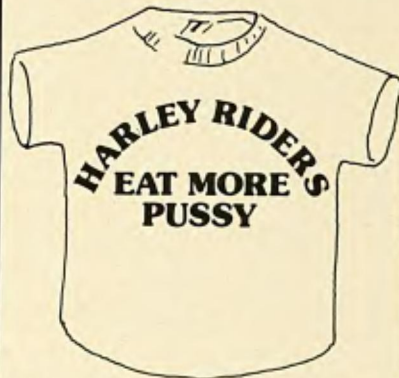
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STYLE B



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STYLE A



STYLE C



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46

Easyriders

gone. Much of it was already gone before a lot of us—even the older ones—were born. Oh, of course there's a vestige of it here and there—a national wilderness, a championship fight, an eagle. But it's rapidly becoming only a faint aroma, a tantalizing suggestion that awakens in us a vague sense of what it must have been like then. What it was like before enclosed shopping malls and psychologists and golf courses and Muzak and CB radios and Master-Charge and water skiing and blow dryers and trash compactors and The Captain and Tenille. Before all that shit that changed everything—for the worse, and permanently.

The brotherhood of bikers belongs in spirit to that earlier time. This is reflected in bikers' daily lives and styles. To many people, the word "biker" conjures up a muddled image of crazed goons who never matured enough to grow out of their fascination with speed and violence. Now it's true that some of this biker stuff can seem a little adolescent now and then, particularly if you choose to look at it that way. But from the biker's standpoint, there are no real alternatives. It's understandable that someone might wonder about all the patch stuff and gaudy paint jobs and oafish behavior. But if you are around these people long enough, you come to understand that a lot of all this is merely surface, done as much to elicit the outsider's shocked reaction as for anything else. But of course most people can't see past the surface of anything (they believed Nixon, didn't they?) and they have little idea of what the brotherhood of biking is really about.

As we've already indicated, one thing biking is really about is the value of personal individuality. A motorcycle is a very individual form of transportation. After all, it's meant to carry one person, or two at most. But it goes much further than this. In the hands of a true biker, the motorcycle becomes an extension of himself, an expansion of his own identity. By stripping away the crap from a stock machine, chroming the cases, repainting the tank, or doing any of the hundreds of modifications possible, the biker is making his scooter an even more personal expression of his



"Now, you're not going to use this to get yourself all shit-faced, are you?"

Easyriders

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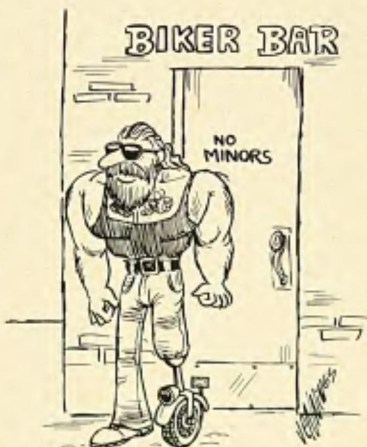
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belief in the importance of individuality.

In his book on Hell's Angels, Hunter Thompson calls the motorcycle "an instrument of anarchy, a tool of defiance and even a weapon." Well, that may or may not be true, depending on who's riding the bike, why he's riding, and what his state of mind is. But Thompson's assertion glosses over the deeper (and more positive) significance of the motorcycle as a form of personal distinction. Genuine bikers have an infinitely more personal relationship with their bikes than the ordinary citizen has with his car. A bike can, under certain circumstances, indeed be "an instrument of anarchy." But it can also be an expression of personal individuality, an unspoken statement of a unique lifestyle, of a love of freedom, excitement, adventure.

For the sake of comparison, let's consider the citizen who hassled us at the Grand Canyon. He drove a "recreational vehicle." Compare this machine and its owner with the analysis of bikes and bikers just offered. To begin with, there is nothing individual about these vehicles. By their very nature, they are designed to carry several people—often a whole family. Furthermore, there is really nothing recreational about them. Like their owners, they are bloated, bland, and wasteful. The flabby citizen thinks he wants to see the grandeur of America, to get back to nature. So he drives this unwieldy monstrosity to some state or federally owned park, where he encounters several thousand of his fellow robots, all eagerly showing their individuality by "getting away from it all" together. Many of these wretches have their family crammed into some vehicle that contains a miniature version of their own house—bed, refrigerator, stove, TV, toilet. The proud owner purchases one of these rolling motel rooms already built for him—pre-packaged, like a frozen TV dinner. And with about the same amount of character.

The word recreation implies, obviously, a re-creating; thus, any recreational activity is one that re-awakens the participant, that restores, revives, rejuvenates.



Easyriders

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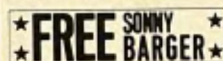
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nates the individual. Well, which vehicle does the word best describe—the soulless living room on wheels or the distinctive two-wheeled freedom machine?

A bike—now that's a *real* recreational vehicle, because a ride can re-create the owner. Your chick can walk out on you, you can owe the landlord two month's rent, and you can be down to your last three joints—but that scooter can still pull you out of the quicksand of despair. Stomp on the kickstart, hear the engine explode to life, and head for the open road. Suddenly you can understand what recreation really means, because it happens every time you twist that throttle and blast down the highway. The problems, the hassles, the worries—they're blown away in the wind. You end the ride a "re-created" man, stronger in the knowledge that you'll always have this private, unique pleasure that is distinctly and only yours when you and your bike merge in freedom.

Well, this is nothing new to any biker. But why should the average citizen (who has never ridden a bike and never will) give a shit about bikers? Because bikers are a national resource. We all know the resources we must conserve if we are to survive as a nation—oil, gas, water, etc. But there are other resources that are intangible—resources of character, of spirit. And these resources may ultimately prove to be every bit as vital as the others, because we can no more afford to exhaust our supply of individuality than we can our supply of oil. Let's try to clarify that by a personal explanation.

Like a lot of other people, some of us "literary" types are not "outdoor" types. We don't especially enjoy camping, for example, and have absolutely no desire to hike through uncharted wilderness. But, we need to know it's there. We need to know it still exists, that we haven't destroyed all vestiges of a more elemental America. As long as there is wilderness left, things still seem open-ended; all possibilities haven't been ac-

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MAN



Easyriders

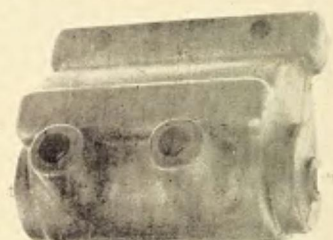
C.C.D. INC.

FIRST WITH THE MOST

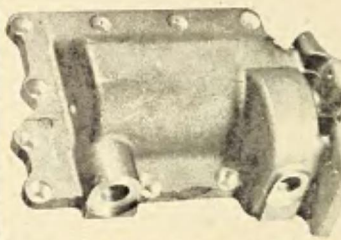
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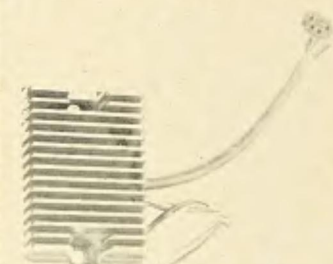
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If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain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

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

counted for. Why that is important is difficult to put into words. But it is important.

And bikers are like the wilderness that remains to us. If the government ever succeeds in stamping out bikers, it will have stamped out another part of everybody's heritage. We will have lost another link with the potential for individuality that once existed in this country. For his mental well-being, the citizen needs bikers just as he needs the wilderness. The spirit of individual liberty created this country and made it great. All of us should cherish that spirit and do all we can to prevent its disappearance. Bikers are an artifact of a purer time, a national resource of that spirit of personal freedom and tough individuality.

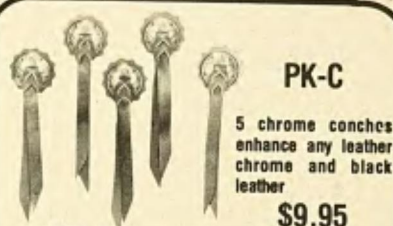
If the average citizen sees the motorcycle as an instrument of anarchy, it's primarily because he's afraid of anything different, of anything he doesn't understand or do himself. What this guy doesn't comprehend is that most bikers don't really want to destroy his comfortable, bland, plastic world. The biker just wants to stand apart from that world and go his individual way unmolested.

So what if the biker looks weird to the straight jerk standing on the curb watching the chopper flash by? The citizen—in his burgundy doubleknit leisure suit and white patent leather shoes—looks equally weird to the biker. And just think about that pitiful clown on the sidewalk. The poor fucker has probably long ago had all the real man squeezed right out of him. He's signed his life away to work for some rich bastard or some government agency. And what he wants most is his precious *security*—so he can maintain his worthless existence amidst his worthless possessions. The sad fucker can't even wipe his own ass without asking somebody's permission and then needing instructions on how to do it. And yet he watches the biker ride by and is astounded that someone would choose such a lifestyle. The biker glances toward the curb and for an instant locks eyes with the citizen. Now you tell us—which one does this country need more?

—The Editors



"What it boils down to, gentlemen, is this: we must either raise our prices or make our packages smaller. Frankly, I favor young Bixby's proposal that we shove it right up their asses and do both!"



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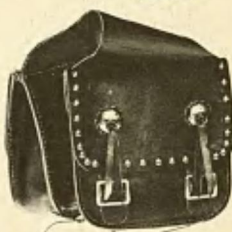
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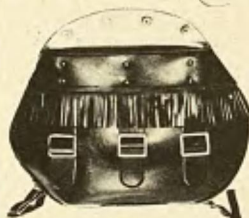
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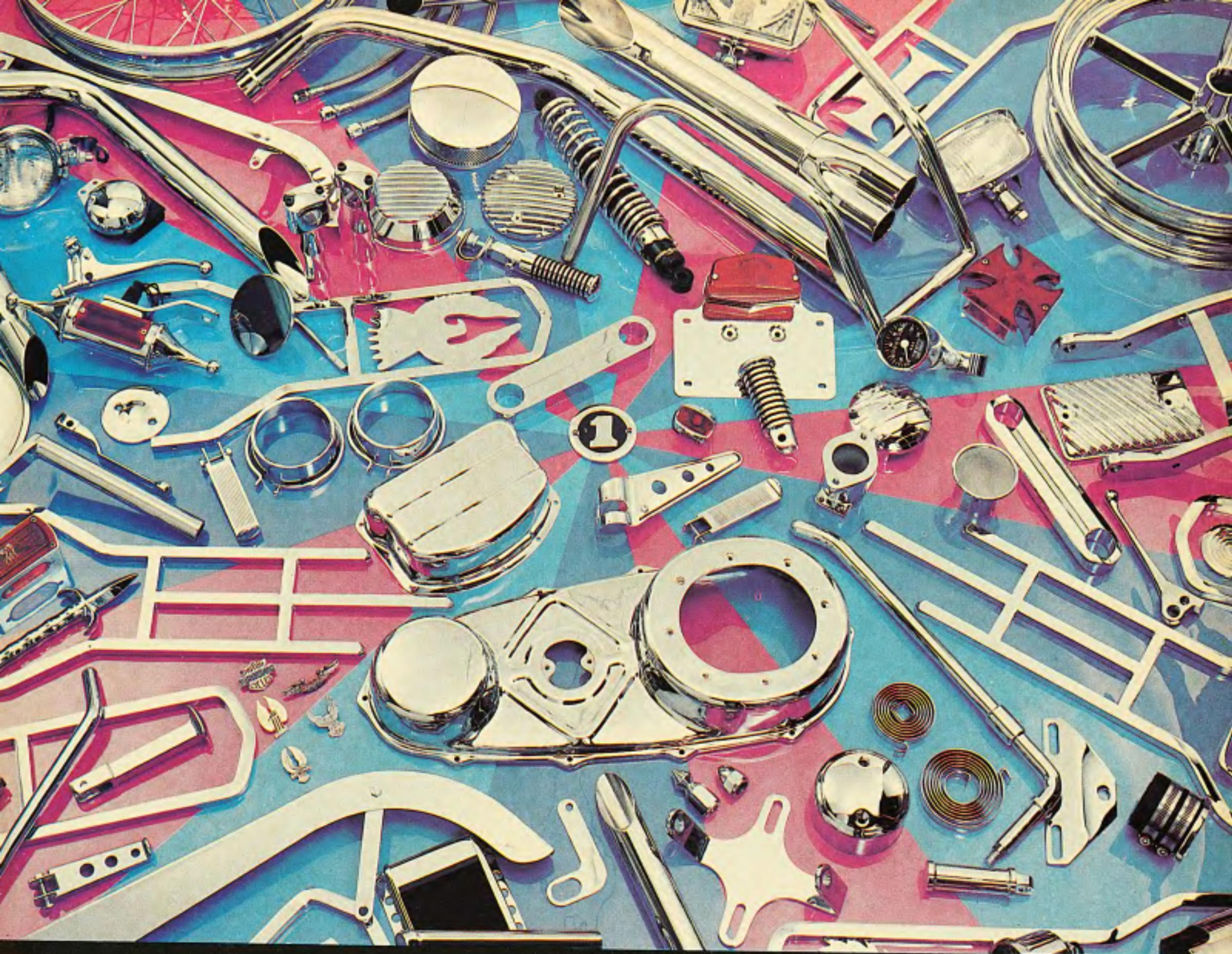
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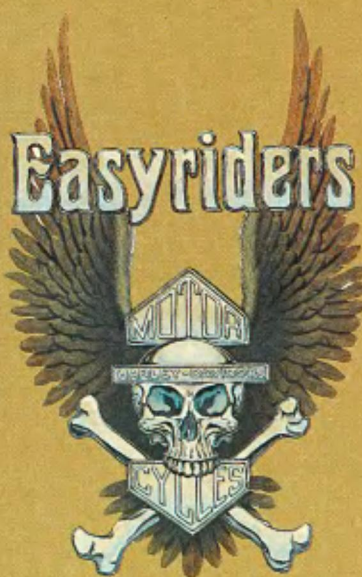
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E-1

through the doorway into the dimly lit interior, sat, and ordered a beer. The place was doing a fair business but he sat alone, nursing his thoughts. He was a little at a loss for the way he'd treated his ol' lady. True, she'd been a nag, but it was for sure she wanted the kid. That was what was bothering him, and the fact that he felt about half that way himself.

"Hey, Sammie!" said a bike bum well known to him. "Why so quiet today? The ol' lady givin' ya hell?"

"Sorta. She's pregnant," he confessed.

"Hey, Sammie! You're gonna be a daddy, huh? I always knew you were a mutha, but this is sumthin' else," he chuckled.

"Ah, fuck off," Sam said, with no malice behind it.

"Oh, but you're in a jolly mood. Just get up?" the dude asked. Without waiting for a reply, he guessed, "Been ridin' all night?"

Sam just grunted his answer.

"Man, I don't see why you do that. If the drunks don't try to run over you, their lights blind you. Not for this cat!"

"Different strokes for different folks," was Sam's reply.

"Yeah, man. Speakin' of strokes, if your ol' lady' gonna have a kid, whatcha gonna name him?"

Sam suddenly realized that he, too, had assumed the sex of the unborn child, and that he did have a name picked out. "Hollister," he said.

"Hollister?" His friend laughed. "Shit, man. They'll call him Holly for short, and all the kids will make fun of him."

"If they do," Sam said, "he'll beat the shit outa them."

"What if they're bigger'n him and beat the shit outa him?"



"Say when."

96
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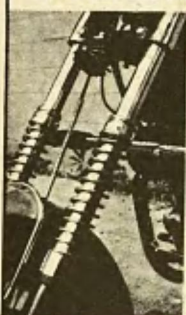
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"Then," Sam promised, "I'll beat the shit outta him!"

"Yeah, you would. But why call the poor little turd Hollister? It ain't exactly a name I'd like to get stuck with."

"Hollister, California, 1947," Sam answered.

"Oh. Oh, yeah. I gotcha now."
 They sat and drank a few beers. The hours drifted past. Soon, Sam felt the night calling him to ride. He left the bar and went out. He rode out of town, heading for his favorite place, the mountain pass.

Funny, he thought, I always run full bore coming down the hill, but never going up. Not so funny, he amended. I usually use the uphill run to check out the roads. Aw, what the hell, he figured. This time I'll make a run both up and down. He was driving hard, really jamming it, when he rounded a corner. Rock slide! He was committed to his line, there was no avoiding it. He hit the rocks, rolled over, slid on his back, still clutching the handlebars, and slammed into the guardrail on the other side of the road. Bike and man, lovers together in an embrace for all time. He never made it up that mountainside, nor did he ever tell his ol' lady how he felt about the kid. Like life, he left those things right in the middle, undone.

A deputy sheriff discovered him. He had a look, then called in. "Unit six, here. We've got an accident on route eight. Send out an ambulance, and lights. Oh, and you'd better ask for an experienced crew. It's a motorcycle. Better see if you can get a small pumper from the fire department, too. There's oil, gas and a helluva lotta blood up here." He walked over and kicked the rocks off the road.

The deputy stayed on the scene while the crews cleaned up. After everyone had left but the wrecker, he got out of his patrol car and took a walk. Fifty feet from the bike, he saw a gleaming object. He went over and picked it up. It was the gas cap with the writing on it. Walking back to the remains of the bike, he tried it on for size. It fit. He said the words aloud, "Night Rider." And just for a split second, he understood the significance of the pairing of the coffin tank and the words and their total meaning for the man who rode the Harley. Then, when his eyes refocused on the whole of the bike, he said, "Humph, bike tramp. He asked for it."

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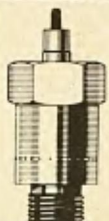
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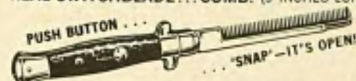
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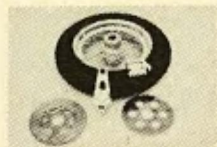
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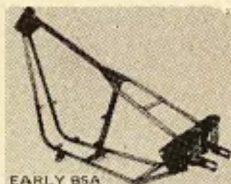
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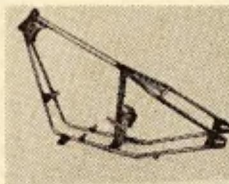
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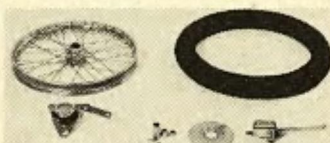
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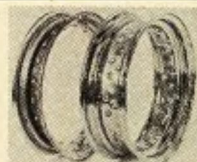
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Diane and Lisa of Bristol, Tenn. Write us. Charlie & Allie, 600 Bass Rd., Kissimmee, Fla. 32741. (51)

Emblems custom embroidered for club or event. Minimum 10. TLMO, 1929 E. 52nd, Indianapolis, Ind. 46205. (51)

Any other biking amputees (AK) ready to let their stumps tell their gloomy cutoff story? Ours—crashed Harley rider, 34, sharing foxy "groupie," 24. Also need advice from bro wearing a wooden leg rather than usual prosthesis. Why? Models, and how the fuckin' hell are ya ridin' with it? (Cause if O.K., she says that shit ol' pirate rodstick gonna turn her on wild hot!) I'll answer all—outside or behind bars. Write Henry "Lone-leg Rick" c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (51)

Hendrix-type black cat, loves music, but would like to find a lady who would like to build a bike together, and also more. Write Rondell Hunt 76-A-2413, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (51)

Sugar Daddy (Cherokee), Spacy's lost and wants to hear from ya, to know if you're still puttin'. Write home. The Kid, T.C., & Billy. (51)

Seeking relationship with younger woman. Must love outdoors and a lot of puttin'. Want to find a place to settle down. Have 4 wheels along with 2. Have a lotta love for someone out there. I'm 25, 5-11, 165 lbs. Will answer all letters. Let's let that sun shine. Reply to J.R., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (51)

Diane: Glad you finally got out of school! Love you forever. Paul Harlee II. (51)

Billy Delle Femine: Send me info on Sportster, fuckface. Buffalo Bill, 701 N. Prospect, Champaign, Ill. 61820. (51)

Chains: Contact Preacher at the Harbor. (50)

Bro looking for Devil's Disciples. Contact Cowboy Robert J. Ocham-pugh, P.O. Box 863, Jennings, La. 70546. (50)

To my man, Carl: Thanks for everything. Really glad we met. The last month and a half has been great. I love you. Sweet Lady, Mistassini, P. Quebec. (51)

Tommy Ellis, Reedsville Prison. Atlanta, or wherever, your ass is mine, motherfucker, for crippling and blinding my 16-month-old son when you get out and when I get out of Draper Prison. Glenn Booth #116426, P.O. Box 1107, Elmore, Ala. 36025. (51)

Big E. Abshire, Jokers Wild M.C.: Where the fuck are ya, bro—shoot me a hit, man, I'm gettin' short. Bro Jim 81532. (51)

Australian bikers would like to hear from bikers in the U.S. Write O. (Rags) Downie, 2/10 Bardsley Street, Greenslopes, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. (51)

Killer Joe: Your son is here. He was born on April 10 in Buck's garage. Buck and I named him Harley. Good puttin' to ya, Joe, but don't show or I'll have to blow your fuckin' head off so my kid won't know what a cocksucker his sire was. "Gypsy" Angel McCrae, Marina del Rey, Calif. (51)

Dear E.A. Boggetto—Get fucked! Cheryl, Marquette, Mich. (51)

Virgin M.C. Portland Chapter, Hey, Spider: I'm here now! Write 1'er Bro, 4806 N.E. 111th, Portland, Ore. 97220. (51)

Will pay top dollar for any 1961 motorcycle magazine with advertising, literature, and picture of 1961 Royal Enfield Indian Chief. Dan Coughlin, 9440 Maynard Dr., Marcy, N.Y. 13403. (51)

Lookin' for an ol' man with bike. I am 20, 5-1, 90 lbs. Love to putt and get down and party. Bet's, P.O. Box 8203, San Diego, Calif. 92102. (51)

To Mike B.: The love that's been given you is the one thing time can't erase. I love you. Cathy H. (51)

Wanted: Photography models for men's magazines. Contact or write Frank Mader, c/o Arnold Mader, 622 Hallam Ave., Erlanger, Ky. 41018. (51)

Biker paraphernalia catalog \$1.00. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (51)

Wendell Robinson; Linda-Wizard; Steve-Brown; Jane & Amy Campbell; C.H. Rawlens; D.A.I. 67-73. Write Holvik/Gulfcoast Area, Fla. (51)

Happy Birthday to three-days-older-than-water-and-two-days-older-than-dirt Gramps, in Columbus, Ohio. Your only ol' lady. (51)

Bullethead necklaces. Absolutely beautiful! Each necklace is made with 6 real .30 cal., 180 gr., lacquer-coated bulletheads, offset with silver steel beads. Only \$5.95. Made with the outlaw biker in mind! Send money order only to C.C. Products, P.O. Box 9386, San Diego, Calif. 92109. (51)

Custy (Ski): We love you. Happy Birthday. Nikki and Little Mike. (51)

Longhair presently doing time in Oregon. Will answer your letters if you write—pics appreciated. Dan Hanson #38806, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (51)

Jester (Chet): Scoot on down to Pewter Tankard—I'll buy you a Bud. Stumble Out, Pat. (51)

Supercrack: Happy 25th Birthday. I love you! Cindy. (51)

Two scooter chicks driving cross-country need places to party and crash. O.T. & Peaches, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. ()

Need some fast cash? 2 to 3 grand in 3 to 4 weeks without repaying. Proven method. You'll shit when you see how easy it is. Send \$5.98 to K & M Products, Box 251, Raynham, Ma. 02768. (51)

Glen "Swede" Harrington or Jimmy "Lucky" Hamilton, contact Ken Hammon, ABATE of Oregon, P.O. Box 4504, Portland, Ore. 97208. (51)

Attention Growers-Smokers: Don't throw away those stems, stalks, roots. Turn them into super-smokeable material inexpensively. For complete formula send \$1.00 to M. Kall, P.O. Box 274, Waynesville, Ohio 45068. (51)

Produce your own speed, 99.7% pure meth crystal, easily and inexpensively produced from readily obtained materials. Instructions and formula for complete home factory setup, only \$10.00. Devco, P.O. Box 1143A, Groton, Conn. 06340. (53)

Business opportunity: Complete machine shop, fully equipped for any type manufacturing. Seventeen years making motorcycle parts and accessories. World-wide trade, large mail-order business, plus over-the-counter trade. A-1 engine man will stay on if wanted. Located in California, in heart of motorcycle and industrial area. Excellent reputation goes with business also. Send inquiries to Shop, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (51)

Bruce: I saw your name in Male Cal: I'm down again with a 5 to life at Soledad. That's why I lost contact. Thought you were out. Drop me a letter through your brother. You're not forgotten, bro. Bob "Turk" Martin, Box B-76768, C.T.F.-C, X-132, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (49)

Nazi SS ID cards, spaces for photograph, description, etc. Signed by Himmler. Send \$1.00 cash or \$2.00 check or m.o. to Deathdream, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

Buddy: I hope you get all your wishes. I know you got one—a fine ol' lady. Hope we meet again in Tex. (50)

Needed: Easyriders #1,2,3,5,9,11, 14,15. Krause, 602 Packard, Tomah, Wisc. 54660. (51)

Denim vest for ol' lady. Custom made, embroidery-trimmed. \$20—s, m, l. Lillian Enstrom, Rt. 3, Box 610, Sp. 37, Thermal, Calif. 92274. (51)

Down biker needs scribes from young biker chicks. Lawrence "Scooter" MacDonald #141176, RDCC, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202. (51)

Baby Blue: When it comes to living, you've taught me what it's all about. I love you, babe, so when are we gonna start living? Chickie. (51)

Our bro went down hard and will be in the hospital for a long spell. All cards and letters will be sincerely appreciated. Please write Mike Lukowski, Presbyterian Hospital, Bed 1, 5320 Lothrop St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213. (51)

Warning—if you value your life as much as I value this bike, don't fuck with it. Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each, 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-21, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (52)

\$2,000 worth of hash from one kilo grass. Ordinary weed to "superweed." Both recipes, \$3.00. Martin, Box 7422, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33704. (53)

Brothers—save your ass! "Police Authority, and the Rights of the Individual" plus "Police Wrestling." Both books, only two lousy bucks. P.O. Box 204, Lancaster, N.Y. 14086. (51)

Filthy Frank: Whenever you are ready, so am I. Love, Beckie. (51)

Tom & Linda of Detroit, last seen in Jax Bch: Get in touch. Danny & Cyndy, 308/534-9152. (51)

B.M.C.O. 8/7/76-8/7/77. How do you like it? B.F.F.B. Bandit. (51)

Beautiful nude girl color photo on wood keychain. Beneath laminated plastic. \$3.95. Bradley Newsum, Route 7, Box 318, Lexington, N.C. 27292. (53)

Jake's Motorcycle Salvage, northern California's largest stock of used Harley parts. Complete engines, complete bikes, from stock to personalized custom. Frame straightening. Phone (916) 885-1672. 11870 Edgewood Rd., Auburn, Calif. 95603.

Corey: Happy Birthday, hon. I love ya, Tamie. (51)

Lucky: All of fate's a chance, either good or bad. I take this time to say—in love with you I'll stay. Karen. (51)

"Spoke," Schenectady, N.Y.: See if that knuckle will make it from N.Y. to Boston. Bring that tat. Call Al. 1-617-237-3636. (51)

Thanks for being real biker people, LaVan. Chicken George. Red Neck, Wild Bill, Nancy, and Sherie. I'm still riding in the rain. Tom Halfacre, Washington. (51)

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. (52)

Summer Buzzard: Pardon my heart, if I show that I care, but I love you more than moments we have or have not shared. Debi. Tampa. (51)

Jake's Motorcycle Salvage reproduction (original) Harley leather saddlebags made of top grain cowhide with chrome trim \$195.00 a pair. Phone (916) 885-1672. 11870 Edgewood Rd., Auburn, Calif. 95603. Dealer inquiries invited. (51)

Lonely man with heart full of love wishes to correspond with broad-minded beautiful girl. Bobby Russell Brown, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 73051. (51)

To all Pomona area outlaws from 1953 or earlier: Need information on an outlaw from 1953. His rightous name is Howard Sheffield. Anyone who knew him, please contact Rex E. Sheffield, P.O. Box B-73871, Jamestown, Calif. 95327. Any bit of information is needed.

Massud & Diana B.: Getting out in November, want very much to get in touch with you. Please write. Fred Stingley, #6429, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (51)

Getting out soon. Prefer So. Cal. lady. Answer all foxes that send me a flick—some skin would be heavy. Very good-looking white biker. 27, own my own home and five acres of land. Robert Lynn Skaggs B/444466-Cedar #4046, P.O. Box 600, Chino, Calif. 91710. (51)

Ghost Riders M.C.: Would like to hear from any of Little Duke's bros and Brandy. Would like to know how he died and why. He was my bro and I received the last letters he ever wrote. Please contact Stuart "Gunner" Ridgeway 051928, Box 221, Ralford, Fla. 32083, S.W.U. B-66-#105. (51)

Spooky Sledger: Hold on, it's coming. Stay high. K.P., Malibu. (50)

Pat Simmons of Lockport (Joliet), Illinois: Contact me at this address. Been 4 years, mama. I ain't forgot that "bond money" man. There's somethin' I got to tell you 'bout what I said and the "writing on the wall" at the Melrose apt. building. Leonard Witt, 725 W. Animas #29, Farmington, N.M. 87401. (49)

Any bros and chicks in Kansas who know of a dude named John Coogan, please do this poor bro a favor and tell him to drop his bro, Patrick, a couple of lines. It's important. Patrick Coogan, P.O. Box 2834, Cell 301, Deland, Fla. 32720. (49)

All bikers, etc., who can completely disassemble and re-assemble a 74 in 2 hours, contact me. I'm a professional photographer who will photograph your bike at cost or free if you bring your own film and do your own processing. Also, any chicks who want to pose on bikes, contact me. Call (212) 448-0719 or write Jim Capasso (Radar), 154 Cedar Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10305. (49)

Just out of prison and looking for good biker ol' lady to shack and pack with. Age 18-30. Call The Mad Dog at (714) 635-4538 (Orange County, Calif.) (49)

About to be released after six years and I'm looking for my sister, Chantel Lee Lawrence. If you know how to reach her, please ask her to write her brother at Rt. 2, Box 20, Midway, Texas 75852. (51)

Biker in the slam would like to get hold of some tattoo patterns. Write "The Joker" Sam Kerns #29810, P.O. Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501. (50)

T-shirt advertising: Your business name, address and product silk screened by hand on white cotton T-shirts. \$3 each. For further info, write Duston L. Shirley #246348, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362. (49)

Bu Bu in Tampa (met you in Daytona), contact Michelle from Chicago. Michelle Loizzo. 7215 Franklin, Forest Park, Ill. 60130. (49)

We, Australian Drifters, would like to be able to correspond with Drifters MC. Could you please help us? Contact D. Phillips, C/P.O. Box 70, Rye. 3941, Victoria, Australia. (49)

I need some help. Since your mag reaches other penitentiaries, I would like to correspond with the legal aid depts. of these institutions. So if any dudes (or girls) read this, contact Thomas L. Perrin, 80353, Dorm. H. Box 788, D.C.I., Jackson, La. 70748. (49)

Dewey: I love you. Someday I hope I can show you just how much. Terri. (49)

"Washington State Penitentiary" silk screened in color on a white T-shirt. Help a bro in prison support himself during his down time. \$4 each. Send name, address and money to: Duston L. Shirley #246348, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362. (49)

Black T-shirts for the true Harley rider: "Harley Is Best, Fuck the Rest," "Harley Riders Get More Head," "Harley Riders Eat More Pussy." \$6.50 per shirt. State choice of wording and size (s,m,l,xl). Coco, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (51)



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.

Here's some of the nitty-gritty:

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

Send your order today to:

Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Circle/fill in your choice

Size _____ Width _____

■ Height 11 in. 17 in.

■ Color Black Brown

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

I have enclosed \$_____ for _____ pair(s)

(including \$2.50 per pair for postage & handling)

Write same info on separate paper for more than 1 pair

Name _____

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

Sure, Jammer is best known for Harley parts—but as you can see, we're loaded with quality Honda parts too, more than enough to make your Honda that much heavier.

On the pages to follow we've listed some of these goodies. Along with Jammer's Handbook, you've got an open invitation to stop searchin'...and start buildin'...





LOOKIN'
FOR A
HEAVY
HONDA...
SEE
Jammer



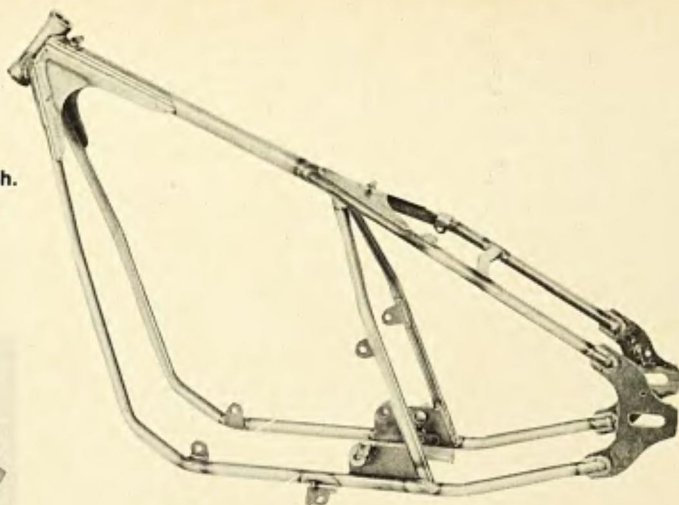
JAMMER FRAMES

Solid, Safe Construction

Made of mild steel.
Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Heliarc welded by Certified
Welders.
Rake is 38 degrees.



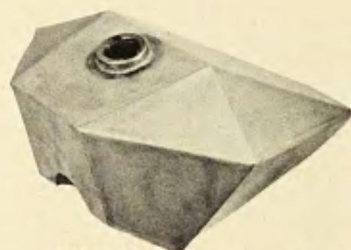
**28026 750 Honda Jammer Velvet
Ride Frame** (Same as 2803 except
with suspension) **\$329.95**



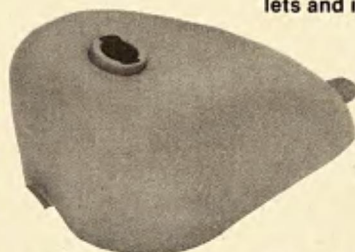
2803 750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame: Accepts any
year 750 engine. Made of mild steel. Maximum hand-
ling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes.
Our seats, sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, disc brakes,
etc., will fit on this frame. Most stock parts fit with no
modification. **\$269.95**

GAS AND OIL TANKS

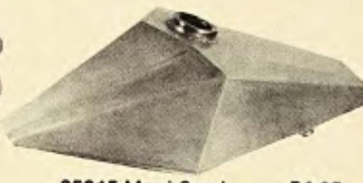
All oil tanks are made of 16 gauge
steel and are heliarc welded, pressure
tested and triple plated (copper-
nickel-chrome). All have proper out-
lets and inlets.



35013 Maxi 4 gal. **69.95**



36024 Sportster Type Tank. Holds
2.5 gallons. Low tunnel. Made of
steel. **39.95**

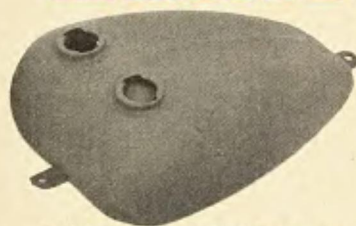


35015 Maxi 2 gal. **54.95**



Mini Oil Gauge. Measures only 1 1/2"
in diameter. **Custom chromed.**

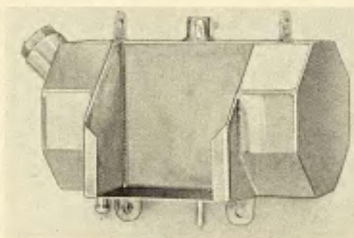
37023 For Honda 750 13.95



Extra Wide Mustang Tank. Here's a
tank for those long runs. 16 gauge
steel. Heliarc welded. Holds 3.3
gallons.

36019 One hole 44.95

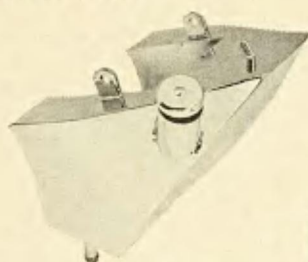
36020 Two hole 49.95



3807 Honda 750 Octagon Oil Tank.
Holds 3 quarts. Mounts with minor
modifications. Cap included.
Chromed. **89.95**



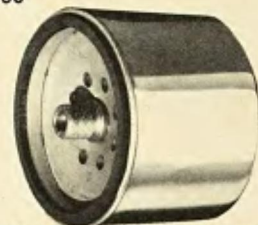
37047 Honda Oil Filter Bolt. This big
1" chrome acorn replacement bolt
prevents stripped threads & skinned
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\$6.50



37024 Honda Wedge Oil Tank. For
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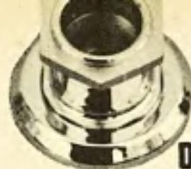
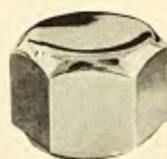
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toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 110)



**37028 All New Chrome-Plated Spin-
On Oil Filter for Honda.** Re-
places present cartridge filter.
Easier & quicker to change.
Fits all 4 Cylinder Honda's.
\$5.05

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.

Narrow Springer.

Entire fork is polished before assembly. All welding is done by the heliarc method. All come with provision for brake anchor. For HD 74, Sportster, 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; 750 Honda, 450 Honda, 500 Honda and BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal 7/8-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimming and spacing, for the 7/8-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. **299.95**

Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
6001	9-inch	Twist
6002	12-inch	Twist
6003	15-inch	Twist
6004	18-inch	Twist
6005	9-inch	Round
6006	12-inch	Round
6007	15-inch	Round
6008	18-inch	Round
6009	9-inch	Hex
60010	12-inch	Hex
60011	15-inch	Hex
60012	18-inch	Hex
60013	9-inch	Square
60014	12-inch	Square
60015	15-inch	Square
60016	18-inch	Square



9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. **9.95**

9102 Dual Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. **12.95**

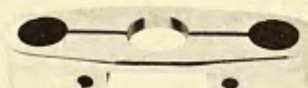
A Top Nuts. For our springer on the following bikes:

6101 HD 74s	5.95
6102 Sportsters.	5.95
6103 45s.	5.95
6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier.	5.95
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6106 Honda 750.	5.95
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6108 Honda 500.	5.95
6109 Universal neck.	5.95



B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears.

Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. **29.95 each**



C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears.

For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2x20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. **29.95 each**

AXLES

ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.

12107 Axle—Springer. Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. 8" long. Spacers included. **12.50**

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**

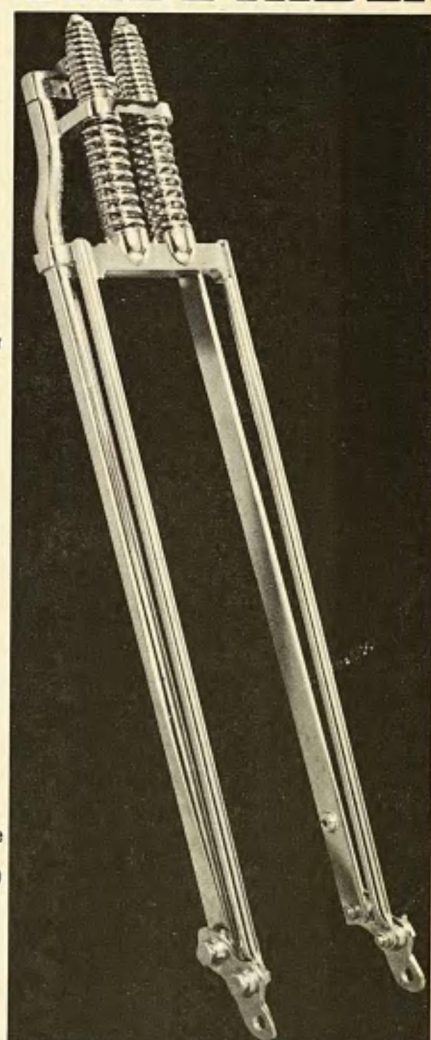
Wide Rider Springer

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

NEW!

WIDE RIDER



Springers are shorter than glides, stock for stock by approx. 3" - 4" (eg. 9" springer is equal to a 5" - 6" glide type fork.)





The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

Universal mounting
fits most rigid
frame bikes.

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RIGID "TWO PIECE" II

(Hump Seat)

115035 Square Tufted
Black 59.95

RIGID "TWO PIECE" 14" BACK

(Built-in Sissy Bar)

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The Rigid "BARON"

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115037 Square Tufted Black Genuine
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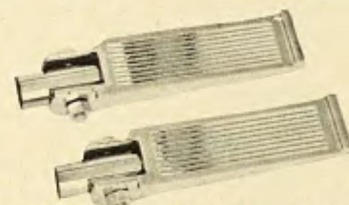
RIGID "BARON" 14" BACK

115038 Square Tufted Black Genuine
Naugahyde 62.95

Honda Kick Stand.
Fits 450, 500, 750, models.



155019	Standard	17.95
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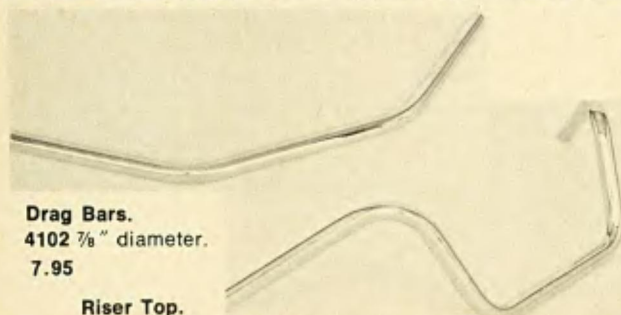
15401 Chromed Foot Pegs. Sold
in pairs only. 7.35 pair

**15402 Chromed Foot Pegs with
Clamp.** Clamp is designed for a
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PEGS STANDS



RISERS AND HANDLEBARS



Drag Bars.
4102 7/8" diameter.
7.95

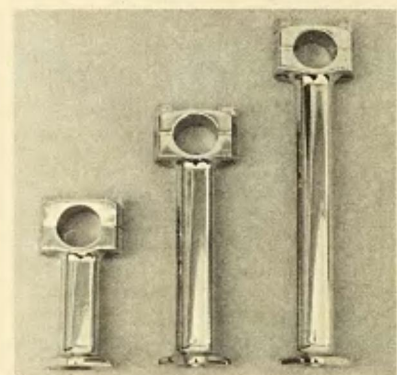
Riser Top.

4104 7/8" diameter. 11.95



4404 Studs for Glide Type Risers.
1/2 x 20 x 1 1/2. Heat treated.
Each 39¢

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

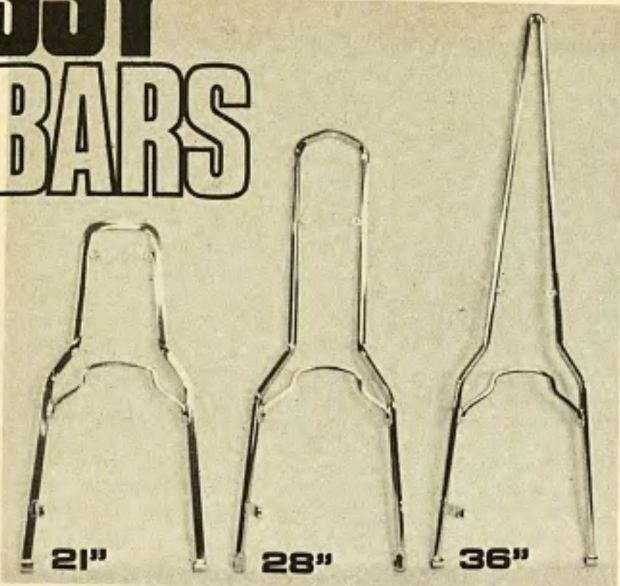


Custom Risers (Glide Type).

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.

SISSY BARS



Rigid Frame Sissy Bars.

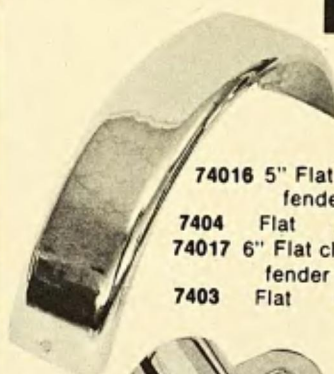
Part No.	Length	Type	Price
8301	36"	Twist	49.95
8302	36"	Round	49.95
8303	36"	Hex	49.95
8304	36"	Square	49.95
8309	28"	Twist	49.95
83010	28"	Round	49.95
83011	28"	Hex	49.95
83012	28"	Square	49.95
83013	21"	Hex	47.95
83014	21"	Square	47.95

All rigid sissy bars will come with rings for mounting 8101 thru 8106 emblems

8101 Jammer 4.05
Chrome Purple and Orange



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



7400 "U" Clamp. 5.95 per pair.



7405 Rib 5" 9.95

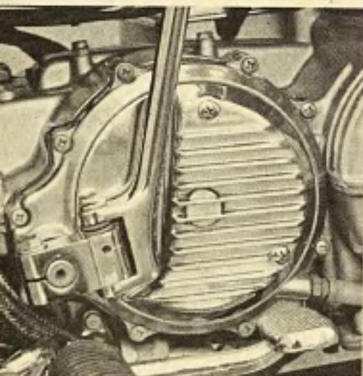


8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels Gold-Plated 8.95

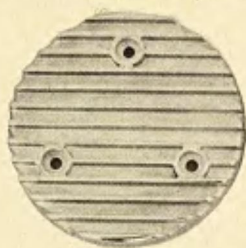


8105 Skull and Crossbones Chrome 8.95

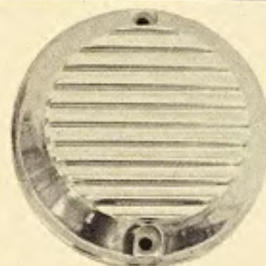
COVERS



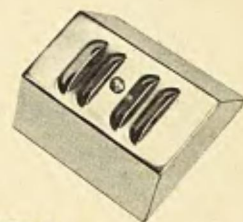
10304 750 Honda Clutch Cover. Polished aluminum. 10.95



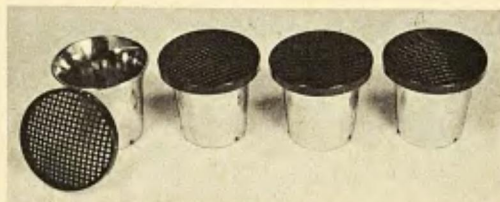
10305 750 Dyno Cover. Polished aluminum. 9.48



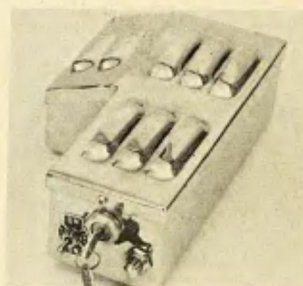
10306 750 Point Cover. Polished aluminum. 9.48



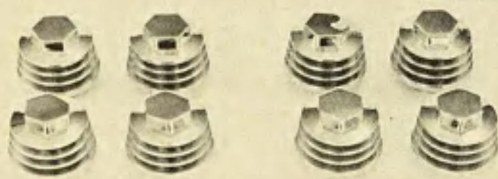
107010 Honda Coil Cover. This Universal Coil Cover is a must for all Honda 750's. \$19.95



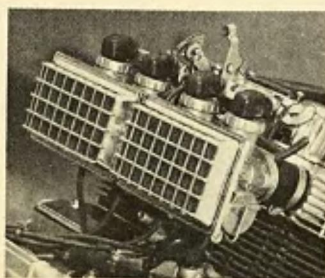
106013 Honda 750 Velocity Stacks. Set of four with rock screens. Chromed. 23.95



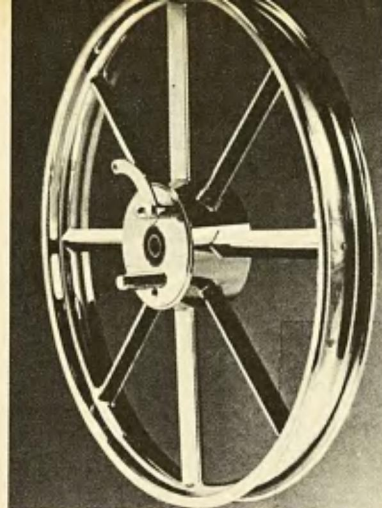
9908 Honda 750 Electric Box. Takes the hassle out of wiring a 750. Includes key switch, starter button, 3-position light switch and easy to understand wiring instructions. Made to hold all electrical components except coils. Bolts on. Chromed. 59.95



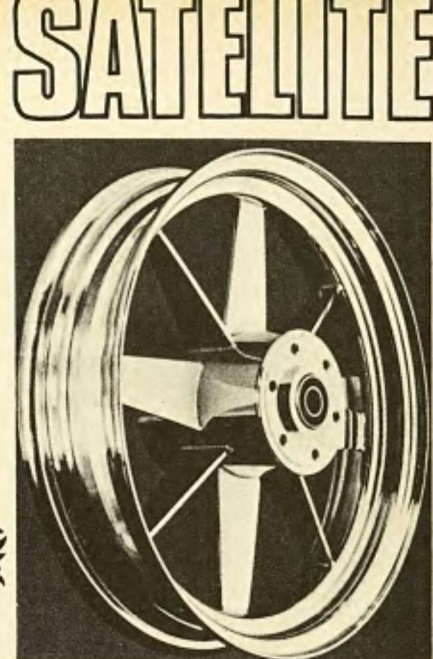
10307 Honda Tappet Covers. Fits 750, 500 and 350. Set of 8. Chromed. 16.60



106014 Honda 750 Air Cleaner. Made of high-impact plastic. Chromed. Includes washable filter. 15.95



Hallcraft's WHEELS GALAXY



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
68010	21" Dual Disc Brake Front Wheel.	450.95
68029	18" Mini Disc Brake Front Wheel.	219.15
68030	19" Mini Disc Brake Front Wheel.	219.15
68031	21" Mini Disc Brake Front Wheel.	219.15
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

SATELITE UNIV. SPOKED WHEELS

69019	18" Small Brake Satellite Front Wheel.	241.95
69020	19" Small Brake Satellite Front Wheel.	241.95
69021	21" Small Brake Satellite Front Wheel.	241.95
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010	
69026	18" Spool Satellite Front Wheel.	215.90
69027	19" Spool Satellite Front Wheel.	215.90
69028	21" Spool Satellite Front Wheel.	215.90
68026	18" Single Disc Brake Satellite Front Wheel.	365.35
68027	19" Single Disc Brake Satellite Front Wheel.	365.35
68028	21" Single Disc Brake Satellite Front Wheel.	365.35

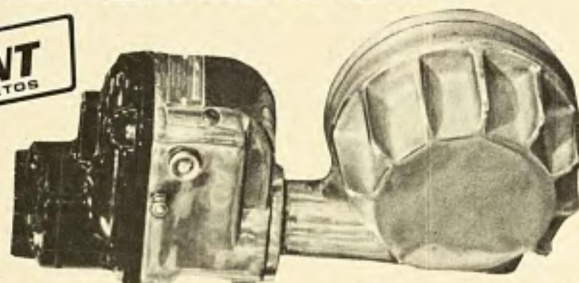
GALAXY UNIVERSAL SPOKED WHEELS

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

SATELITE—GALAXY WHEELS FOR HONDA

68015	16" Rear Disc Brake Wheel, Wire	473.35
68039	16" Satellite Rear Wheel, disc brake	483.25
	Needs Linkage Kit No. 68025.	
68052	16" Satellite Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	303.80
	Honda 750 For Drum Type	
69032	18" Satellite Front Bolt-on Wheel	235.90
	750/500.	
69033	19" Satellite Front Bolt-on Wheel	235.90
	750/500.	
69052	18" Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel	213.60
	750/500.	
69053	19" Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel	213.60
	750/500.	
68062	16" Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel 750.	286.70
	Honda 750 For Drum Type	
68046	16" Galaxy Rear Disc Brake 750.	498.50
	Needs Linkage Kit No. 68025.	

MAGNETOS



Joe Hunt Magneto. Puts out tremendous spark. With a magneto on your bike you can still get home even after your generator and battery go out on you.

136019 Honda Magneto. 299.00

LIGHTS

A Custom Headlight. California approved. Has red indicator light for high beam. Sealbeam type. 5 1/2"

90010 12v bottom mount. 19.95
90012 12v side mount. 19.95
90014 12v sealbeam replacement. 6.95

B 90038 Small Round Headlight.

18,000 Candle-Power. All Brass Shell - Beautifully Chromed with 3/8" Stud Bottom Mount. The Small 4-3/4" Diameter blends great with Narrow Front Ends.

12V \$19.95



BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES

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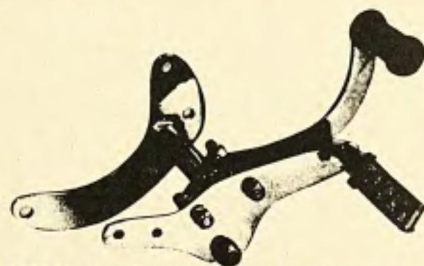
Hallcraft Wheels
Purchased From
Jammer Come With
Large
Master Cylinder



14108 Brake Assembly - Honda 750
Stock. Using Stock Mechanical
Brakes. Cable & Linkage
included. \$74.98



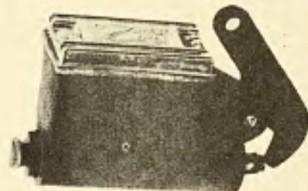
141017 Shift Assembly - Honda 750,
750F.
Chrome Linkage Included. \$69.98



141010 Disc Brake Assembly-Honda
750, 750F. Master Cylinder
Separate. Used with all rear
Hallcraft Wheels with Large
Master Cylinder (Hurst). Use
with custom disc wheels.
Use our Hurst-Airheart large
Master Cylinder #141020. \$69.98



141019 Small Master Cylinder.
Hurst-Airheart \$28.95



141020 Large Rear Master Cylinder.
Hurst-Airheart \$42.95

141011 Brake Assembly - Honda 750
For use with Custom
Disc Wheels. Use our Hurst-
Airheart Small Master Cyl-
inder, #141019. \$69.98

COLLECTOR PIPES

Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider
who wants both fine looks and good
performance. All necessary mounting
brackets are welded on. Chromed.

Part No.	Model	Type of Frame	Years	Description	Footnote	Price
151026	CB750-4 Cyl.	All	69 - 74	4 into 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers, Chrome		\$170.00
151028	CB750-4 Cyl.	Rigid	69 - 74	4 into 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers, Chrome	1	\$186.00

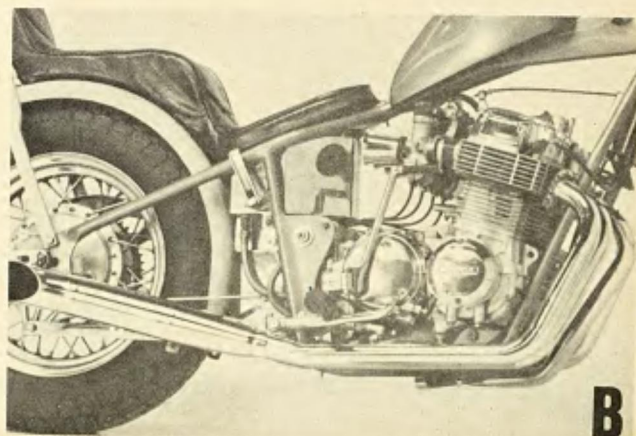
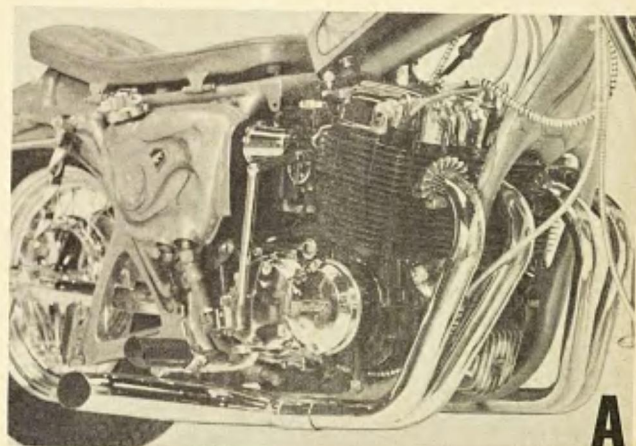
Footnotes

1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.



151036 Honda CB750, 4 Cylinder, 1969-1976, Rigid & Swing
Arm Frame. 94.95

Handy clamp for
mounting mufflers &
collectors to frame.
15400A 1" "U" Clamp
2.68



Another fine product from Righteous

HARLEY KNITTED CAPS

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

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

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

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

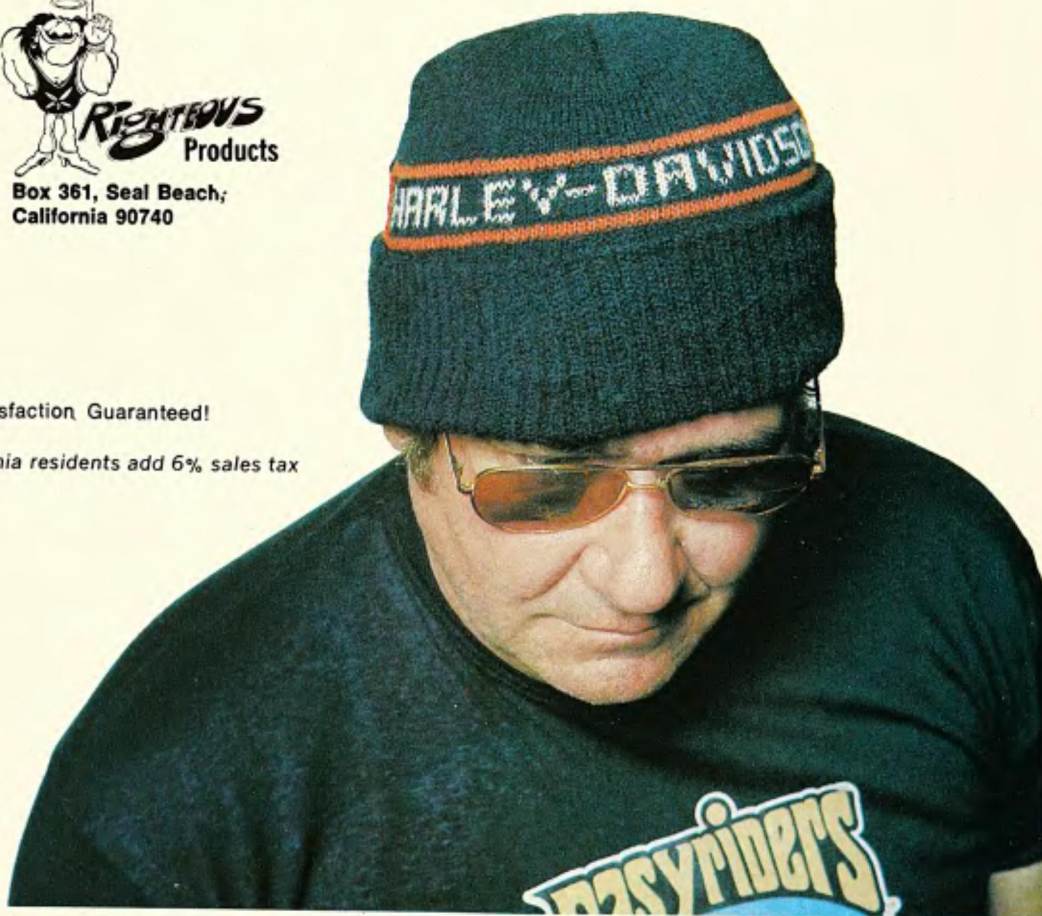
Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

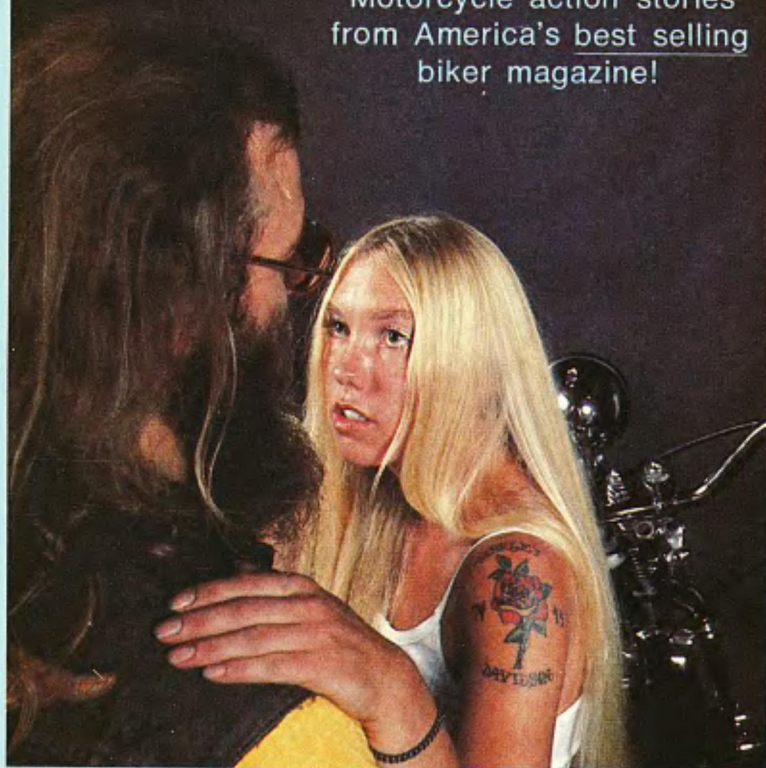
California residents add 6% sales tax



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