

Easyriders

75p

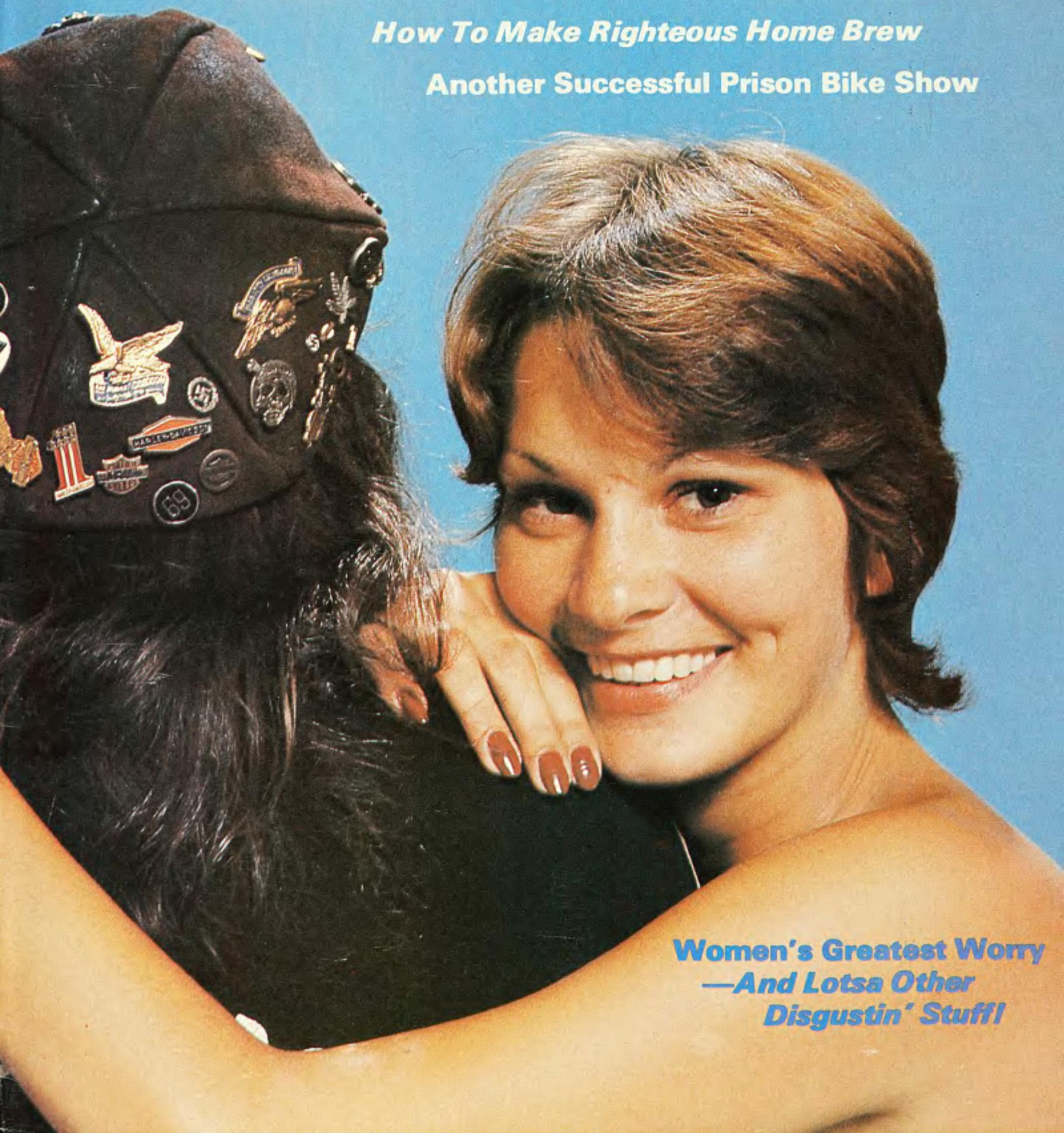
October, 1977

\$1.25

The Feds Are Playin' Politics With Helmet Safety Program

How To Make Righteous Home Brew

Another Successful Prison Bike Show



**Women's Greatest Worry
—And Lotsa Other
Disgustin' Stuff!**

Black Easyriders T-shirts

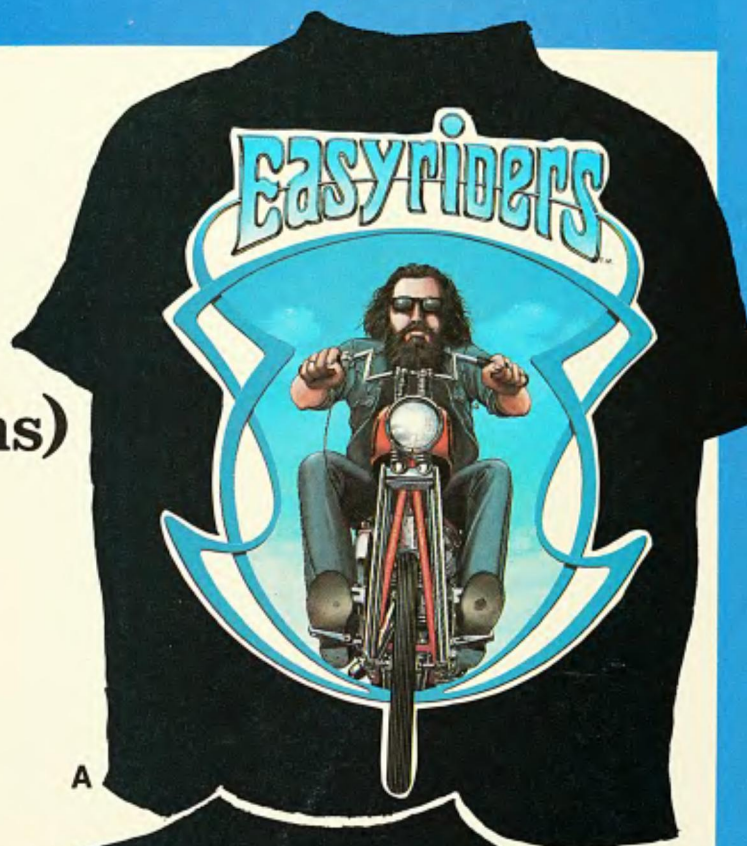
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

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

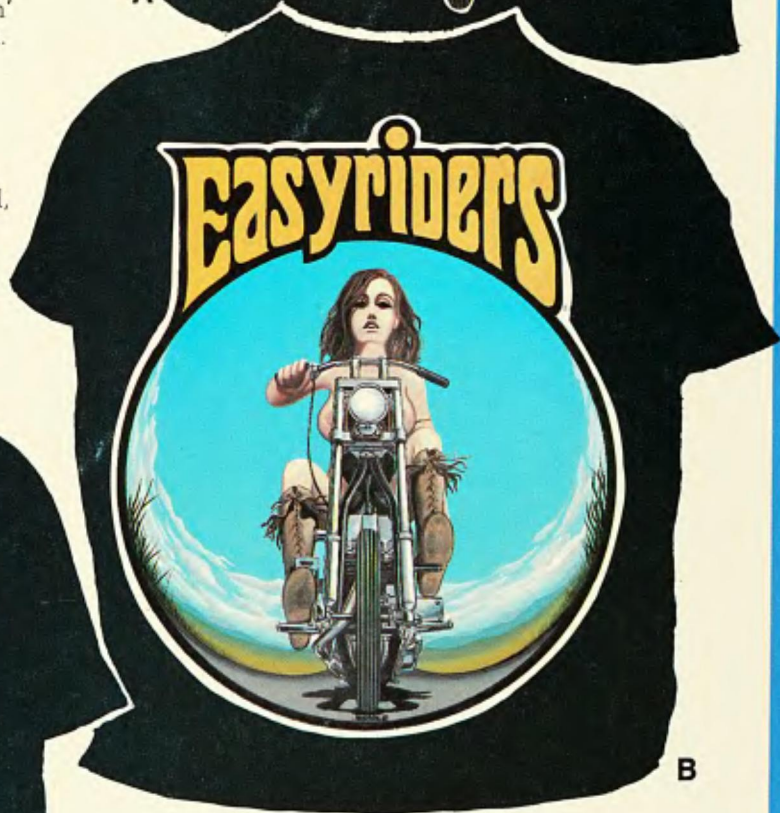
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wetlin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

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

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



A



B



C

Send your order today to:

Easyriders Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

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

California residents add 6%

Number 52

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Spider spins another strange web of news items	5
Our readers piss and moan about previous issues	6
Interesting comments from other biker rags	11
As they say—"Paybacks are a muthafucker!"	12
This article oughta get the women talkin'	14
Another successful inside-a-prison bike show	16
Old tractors seem to go on forever	20
Miraculous Mutha dumps her monthly load	25
Home brew—it's easy and it's cheap!	26
Helmet laws don't make one bit of difference	28
This scoot's not detailed, but it's f-a-s-s-t!	32
Our bit of class dept., or old carbs don't die	38
ABATE, a national organization of street bikers	39
Are ya ready? The Return of Space Filler!	42
Legal comments in everyday language	44
Just what ya need for your next weekend run	48
In The Wind with our great readers	49
Ever hear of a half Shovel, half Sporty?	58
Calmin' a chick's greatest worry	64
The stars and what they have in for ya	66
Locked down bros looking for mail	70
A few hard facts about nose candy	74
When a chick's ol' man's away—what then?	75
Downtime entertainment—record reviews	80
Strange ads for and about strange things	99

FTW

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

Easyriders magazine Number 52, October, 1977. Vol. 7. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1977 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52 Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department: Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$11.00, two years \$22.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$1.25. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Ca. 90265. (213) 880-4240. East Coast: Bob D'Ambrosio, 342 Madison Ave., Suite 916, N.Y., N.Y. 10017, (212) 697-4339



Membership Pending

COVER photo of Charlene by Pete Chiodo

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale September 27th.

Roach Lighter!

American Made

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

Lifetime Guarantee

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



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

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%

I've got something for you...

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

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

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Can ya believe this shit? A Marine was busted for assault, wife beating, and mayhem—just because he bit off his ol' lady's tongue and swallowed it. (Well, I guess he coulda given it back to her—but ya know how broads snivel about such things.)

A mucky muck in the U.S. Institute on Alcohol Abuse said that pot will never replace alcohol as America's favorite drug 'cause "Marijuana makes a person introspective and they study their own navel, whereas alcohol will make you become outgoing and study someone else's navel."

Thanks to a \$60,000 federal grant, San Francisco prisoners will no longer be fed like "animals in cages," Sheriff Richard Hongisto said. "The money will go for tables and chairs, thus ending the long-time practice of shoving food to prisoners under their cell doors." (Now if someone would just change the cat litter boxes.)

Did ya hear about the dude in California who stayed with a dead woman in his apartment until the neighbors complained about the smell? He'd spent 26 days with the stiff "because I loved her and promised I would never leave her." (Gosh.)

Nice try. A dude in Maine was busted for arson when he told the police that the fire that had erupted in three different locations in his house was due to spontaneous combustion of—are you ready?—pigeon shit (All right, who says pigeon shit can't catch fire?)

Now I don't like to talk about a dude when he's got the hurts, but can ya imagine a clown locking himself to his

scoot with an anti-theft chain and then takin' a putt? Well, a dude in Boston did, then he smashed his scoot into a guard rail and skidded 60 feet, chained to it. When it came to a stop, it caught fire. It took the fire department its usual 15 minutes to get to the scene, put out the fire, and set him loose from the bike, but by that time 60% of his body was charcoaled.

Pay your taxes file: Did ya know that the Feds spent four million dollars to discover that untuned auto engines pollute the air more than tuned ones do? Or how about the million dollars spent by congressmen for calendars to be sent to their constituents (spell that "friends"), and the \$342,000 to find out if college students fuck before gettin' married?

Fun's fun, so whatdafuck? A dude went into a woman's outhouse in Cedar Rapids, Iowa—and would ya believe he was fined \$33.50 for criminal trespassin'? He was only in there for a couple of hours, and as the papers reported, he "clambered down into the facility's pit," came out smellin' like shit, "and apparently had excrement on his legs and shoes." No one's explainin' why he was down there—but whatdafuck? A man's gotta have some entertainment, don't he?

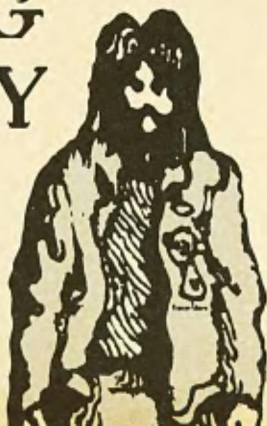
It's been reported that China has just imported a thousand deer pricks from New Zealand for a "most precious three-penis wine"—a wine that's supposed to cure loss of memory, anemia, and shingles. It takes one powdered dog's dick, one seal's penis, along with four deer pricks to make up the juice. It's described as "robust and nutritious." (Now how do you suppose they powder all those pricks?)

Then Mother Jones magazine reports that arrest warrants were out for three dudes who left two narcs holdin' \$200 worth of shit. Horse shit, that is. The narcs made the purchase thinking it was pot—even caught the dudes hypin' the narcs on tape with such comments as "Hey, this is good grass. I'm telling you it's good stuff—it's good shit." The narcs ain't talkin—or should I say ain't takin' any shit from anyone about the goof.

Leg-wettin' fact file: Did ya know that if all the insects were weighed, it would amount to three times the weight of all the other animals put together? (Honest—would I lie?) ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Streng Geheim!

□ Christ, if you hafta run a scooter different than a Harley, you did it right with the Nazi three-wheeler in your July issue.

Ya gotta give them Krauts credit—they sure did build things right. It was really a rush to see a completely set-up Nazi scooter complete with war gear—you assholes do some things right—what happened? Run outta grass and had a clear head for a change?

White Power
Chicago, Ill.

■ No—once in a while we get it together. We're gonna do the American counterpart in the next issue.

An Offer

□ Tell Spider to come to Warner Rd. in Cleveland—I want to sit on his face.

Sugar Shorts
Cleveland, Ohio

■ What about me?

Another Offer

□ If the cat who ripped off my Sportster in Toledo needs the registration and insurance slips, leave a message in the next issue and I'll send them to **Easyriders**—that way, dum dum, you can ride it secure. Ask and you shall receive.

Gramps
Toledo, Ohio

Hard Times

□ You think you've got it rough—well, I'm sitting here having to scrape the insides of my pipe just to get enough for an afternoon toke.

Blue Bay
Tarzana, Calif.

Lousy Story

□ I don't care what anyone else thinks, but J. J. Solari has finally written a fuckin' lousy story. Thank you.

Quig
Middletown, Conn.

Ridin' Free

□ Living in Colorado has definitely improved since we don't have to wear brain buckets anymore. It's been almost a month now and it still freaks me out that the lawmakers passed the repeal law just at the beginning of the summer. There's a beer and a joint at my place to all who helped get rid of the lid law.

Big Bird
Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Tattooists

□ In your June '77 issue you had an article on tattoos by Dog Breath. At the end of the article you mention a book called **The Tattooists** by Albert L. Morse. Could you tell me where I can get a copy of this book?

Clark Tong
Riviera, Ariz.

■ Contact Albert L. Morse, 819 Eddy Street, San Francisco, California 94109.

Swap Meet

□ I've been to a couple of your swap meets now, and all I gotta say is that I had one fuckin' A good time.

Joe Phillips
San Francisco, Calif.

The Hots

□ Man, I've got one drippin' pussy waitin' for that gorgeous hunk of man holdin' the beer can on page 58 in the July issue. He reminds me of an ol' man I had once—he was a backdoor man, but I dug the hell outta it. Who is he? Send him my address—he's a turn-on!

Brown Eye
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ That's Beep—and keep your back door open for him.

Sick Humor

□ You turds are really sick, if you saw any humor in that cartoon "Emergency Room"

(July '77). My ol' man lost his—and believe me, it's no laughing matter.

Dilldoe
Atlanta, Ga.

In Prison?

□ I'm married and it's like bein' in prison and I have a lot of books—does that make me a prison librarian? If so, I'd like the free subscription that you send to prison libraries.

Pugs Robinson
Worcester, Mass.

Hypocrites

□ Sitting here enjoying your rag when I came across a letter from a chick coming on like Super Christian about four-letter words (which was enough to make me puke), and then she signs her handle "Blondie at both ends." Talk about a no good hypocrite! I think you should censor your mail.

Low Rider
Edwardsville, Ill.

What's Going On?

□ Whatdafuck is going on here? After all the bullshit that came down at Daytona about patches and clubs and ABATE not being related to one another, I open up the August issue of my favorite scum-bag rag and what to my amazement do I see? Bigger than shit right slap-dab in the middle of your club card collection sits an ABATE of Virginia membership card. Now I know and you know that ABATE is not a club. But just for some of the less informed readers of this rag, why don't you straighten out the situation once and for all?

Eagle Eye
Chicago, Ill.

■ A courtesy card is a card—it doesn't mean you're a one-percenter. If ya have a card. It was also agreed in Daytona that each state

would decide if it wanted to fly ABATE patches or not. Let those who ride decide everything—for themselves.

Feds As Bikers

□ Are the feds posing as bikers? (July '77) Yes! I don't know how true the part is about having their own club, but I know for a fact that we had one flying our patch. Beware, these guys seem to be as much into true freedom of the road, scooters, and good times as we are. He was taken as one of us for almost two years. During this time a lot of our bros got busted and my ol' man was killed—all because of him.

A Sister
Van Nuys, Calif.

□ Bikers of America unite! Our very survival is in the balance! The July issue of **Easyriders** told of the fuckin' feds posing as outlaws under the Omega program. This is only the tip of the iceberg! Last summer I learned through a female D.E.A. agent who picked me up in a New Jersey bar that the feds are out to crush all outlaw clubs in this country.

According to this bitch, the Justice Dept. has labeled all outlaw clubs "a clear and present danger to the internal security of America."

Kraut
Colorado

□ My family has been on H-D's since before I was born. Your article could be true, but most bros I know would see through it before very long.

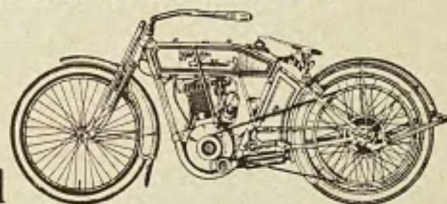
Rubber Wrench
Baltimore, Md.

□ You bet your ass. About two months ago the news on tv showed a bust of a porno shop in Hermosa Beach. In the film strip several police officers were shown going through some

As everyone knows, Spider's a pack rat. He goes to all the motorcycle swap meets; he barterers, 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 photos, drawings, artwork, well) of motorcycle memorabilia.



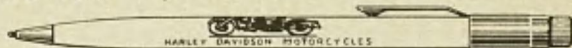
Spider's collected for the first time all the old time advertisements ("1939 Harley \$215.00 fully equipped"), the old photos, the old fashions—the boots, caps, clubs, the post cards, the hill climbs —you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called *Earlyriders*. Here's a book any motorcycle 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 heart. You'll dig it—all 224-pages.

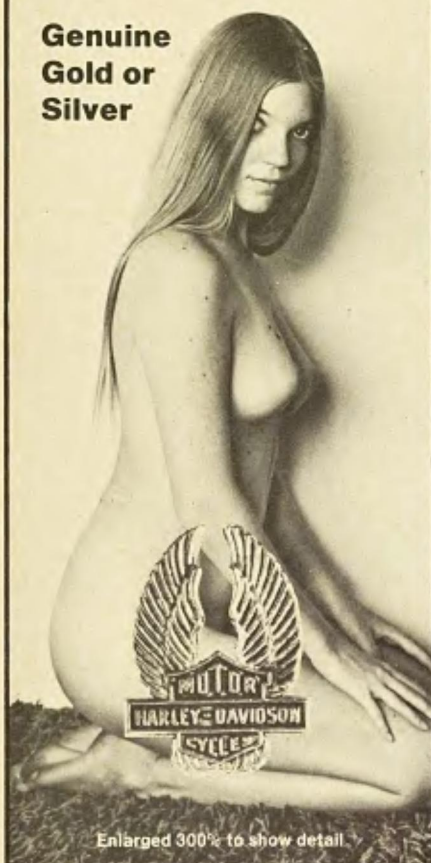


Send \$8.95 to *Earlyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% for Governor Brown to keep the machinery workin' up in Sacramento.) Be sure to include your zip code.



HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



Enlarged 300% to show detail

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

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

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

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



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

Dealers inquire on letterhead

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



of the porno shit they were confiscating. One of these officers was a biker with beard, long hair, and cut-offs with big Harley wings on them. Clipped to his cut-offs was his badge. I saw the same news clip twice that night. I'll bet when oink saw himself on tv, he took a great big shit. He's probably bald now and is taking a paid vacation somewhere in South America.

Rooster
Santa Ana, Calif.

J. J. Again

☐ Who lets J. J. Solari out of his cage at night so he can write those horrible, sick, repulsive stories which are obviously senseless ravings of a deranged mind?

Bob Gumm
Milwaukee, Wis.

Down The Mississippi

☐ Just wanted to let you fuckers know that your rag makes my 30-day towboat trips on this fucking Mississippi River go by a little faster.

Crazy Mark
Baton Rouge, La.

Some Advice

☐ I'd like to tell all those bitches out there who are bitchin' 'cause your ol' man is out fuckin' other broads, gettin' fucked up, puttin', and just feelin' good while you're sittin' at home with the rug rat—I look at it this way—if you love something, set it free. If it comes back, it's yours.

Danielle
Pipole, Calif.

Summer Fun

☐ I just got back from a 1,000-mile putt. Banged the ol' lady, lit up the best reefer I've ever had my grimy hands on, and finished this month's issue of the best biker rag on the stands. I can't think of a better way to start off a summer. Thanks, bros.

Wheeler
Detroit, Mich.

Swastika

☐ Look at a swastika as four sticks with streamers, and the sticks are rotating anti-clockwise. Then look at a swastika on Native American, Hindu, or any other religious culture and see the sticks rotate clockwise. A case in point: We have a

building downtown with swastikas around the top—it was built in 1903. All the swastikas rotate clockwise, congruent with Navajo, Hopi, and Hindu religions. One can draw his own conclusions, but the anti-clockwise swastika in these religions means death, nothing, negative—zilch.

T.J.T.
Farmington, N. Mex.

Picky Picky

☐ Congratulations! You bunch of fuckers actually put together one classy paperback! Except for the dumb-fucks who couldn't spell "owning" on the top of the pages in the chapter titled, "The Fringe Benefits of Owning A Chopper," it's almost perfect. But then we can't expect perfection from you assholes, can we?

Monk's Ol' Lady
Mt. Tremper, N. Y.

Tech Tip

☐ When you slobs put a stupid technical tip in your rag (July '77), you thought you did it right, didn't you? Well, let me give you another one—instead of running around the house looking for a soldering iron, pipe, coat hanger, etc., etc., all anyone has to do is push the cork through into the bottle.

Unless you perverts have been huffing Mutha's toxic crotch gasses, you'll remember that a cork floats—so long as the bottle is tipped bottom up, it's out of your way. Right?

M.C.B.
Painesville, Ohio

Ass-Kickin' Music

☐ Congratulations to Falcon (#49), "Whatever Happened to Ass-Kickin' Biker Music?" He's dead right about the shit on the airwaves these days. His mention of Steppenwolf brought back memories of good, hard, funky music.

Dan Tremaine
Sandusky, Ohio

☐ Who the fuck is Falcon? He wrote a story about biker music. Well, I am a biker and I love music and especially music by Ted Nugent. That asshole used a picture of Ted but never said one fucking word about him. That limpo disk probably never heard Ted sing "Ham-

merdown" or "Stranglehold" or "Stormtroopin'" or even the classic "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang." What a prick. What the fuck does he know about biker music? Throw the bastard out so I can have a crack at him and teach him about bikers and their music.

Pat Siciliano
Los Angeles, Calif.

☐ All I gotta say is Falcon has got a lotta balls comparing the Dead with Aerosmith and Foghat.

Pablo
Carbondale, Ill.

☐ Ya fuckheads left out Bruce Springsteen's "Born To Run." Like the song says, tramps like us were born to run.

Red & Loose Bruce
Monroe, N. C.

☐ Was that or was that not Ted Nugent's picture with the article? Well, if it was, why didn't you mention him in the article? He plays some of the most ass-kickin' music around, and if you don't believe us, check out "Free-For-All" and "Cat Scratch Fever."

Little Speed Freak
& His Chick
Fayette City, Pa.

☐ Hit the spindle on the head! Here in Richmond we have to listen to the top forty 24 hours a day! Motherfuckers won't even play the top 41st.

E. B. Fitz
Richmond, Va.

☐ Falcon did this article on ass-kickin' music and dropped some names that have righteously done for us what disco and pop never will—make us rock the night away in some stinkin' sweet saddle.

Ears
Marine Corps Base, Calif.

☐ You haven't heard biker music til' you've heard the "M.C. Boogie" by "Brother" John Orvis, 53 minutes of chop, low seat, and high riser bars. This band is for us and should be remembered. Next time do your homework.

Smoothy
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

☐ Your article on ass-kickin' music in the July issue



...& Most Exciting!

HARLEY-HONDA-KAWA

That's right!! Jammer has just put together the biggest, best and most exciting 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

801 (ER) South Main Street, Burbank, CA 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.

-Ask us for the name of the nearest dealer who stocks Jammer parts.

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

Jammer



**Now
on sale
for only
\$1.95!**



**For
\$31.50**

"Hey, asshole—leave me one to piss in."

Biker's



Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Low priority . . .

In an attempt to show how the federal government can get the most out of each tax dollar allocated for highway safety, the U.S. Department of Transportation has released a document entitled "The National Highway Safety Needs Report." The report urged the use of safety countermeasures that were ranked by their relative value in preventing accidents or fatalities.

Certain countermeasures clearly deserved a high ranking based on their potential to forestall injury and fatalities. For example, auto seat belt use has been extensively studied and proven effective. Unfortunately, in the final list of countermeasures the only significant mentions given to motorcyclists were mandatory helmet and "lights-on" laws, and their priorities ranked below "selective access control," laws, and "upgrade traffic signals." Motorcycle practice areas, safety curriculum offerings and public motorcycle safety information, all of which have extremely low priority ratings, were given only passing mention.

The DOT explained that these latter items were not included in the final list because of "lack of hard data." But on the contrary, various organizations across the country long since documented the fact that inexperience often plays a large part in motorcycle accidents.

The situation is paradoxical indeed. Their appearance on the list apparently indicates the DOT believes it has adequate data to support mandatory helmet and lights-on laws as countermeasures. But facts on the effects of mandatory helmet laws are only now appearing after 10 years' study, and the final word is not yet ready. The facts for lights-on are so sketchy at present that only two states offer data that permit examination of the value of such laws.

Evidently, the DOT prefers to treat the symptom rather than the disease. It places greater significance on simple legislation than it does on dealing with such basic causes of motorcycle accidents as youth or inexperience. For example, the DOT has not convincingly answered motorcyclists' questions regarding the actual safety value of lights-on and helmet laws, but in the same report the DOT bemoans the fact that motorcycle fatalities have "doubled in six years."

(Editor's note: In this same period, registrations are up 120 percent, while accidents increased 78%.)

In conclusion, it is strange indeed that the Department of Transportation, while professing genuine concern for motorcycling safety, places such a low priority on countermeasures which would aid motorcyclists, choosing instead to limit its concern to simple regulation.

—AMA News

Airbags for bikes . . .

In the safety area, there are 11 Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standards and nine other regulations on the books. All but one are currently in effect. Perhaps their most visible impact has been on the standardization of controls and lighting. Otherwise, they simply regulate the quality of brake hose and brake fluid, rims and tires, brake and lighting systems and performance standards for helmets. Some are only of importance to the manufacturer, prescribing vehicle identification procedures, recall techniques and other factory-related rulings.

So far, it all seems fairly innocuous and a reader can be forgiven for saying, "Yes, but when are they going to pounce on us? Where is the motorcycle equivalent of the seatbelt interlock system, the

five mile an hour bumper and the airbag?" Well, as you may have heard, there is an airbag-equipped bike in the Department of Transportation's R&D division. In fact, hanging in one of the windowless corridors of the DOT building in Washington is a large photo showing the thing plowing into a parked car. It shows a dummy landing neatly in the bag instead of going through the car's windshield. It doesn't show what happened to the dummy after the first bounce. Perhaps there's a plan to line the roads with airbags as well. Work is evidently still progressing on this ill-advised project, but there doesn't seem to be much interest in pursuing it beyond the engineering exercise phase.

DOT officials told us that the state of motorcycle research and development in their department is on a "very low priority" level at the moment. There just doesn't seem to be any dramatic, innovative technology available to make bikes safer. Nevertheless, as more is being learned, some standards will be revised.

In non-technical areas, the single most controversial DOT actions have dealt with helmet laws. Now, the federal government doesn't have the authority to mandate nationwide helmet use. But, it did have the power to withhold highway funds from states which didn't follow its Highway Program Safety Standards. You know, of course, what happened when DOT tried to do this very thing in California. Congress took the withholding power away and you don't hear much talk about helmet laws around DOT these days. Officially the department is still on record as supporting helmet laws, but the impression one gets from talking to officials is that they would just as soon forget the whole thing and let the states worry about it.

—Cycle World

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



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

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

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





THE PAYBACK

It was a murderous summer in south Texas. The grass along the highway shriveled in the hot stillness of the day. The earth cracked beneath an unrelenting sun glaring down mercilessly from a stark, cloudless sky.

For the twentieth time that day, Travis mentally kicked his own ass for being fool enough to agree to come to Crazy Dave's party. He kept reminding himself that he could have spent this Sunday back in the city. He imagined himself stretched out under the air conditioner, sippin' a brew and nuzzlin' a little honey. Instead, here he was riding his Sportster through one little Tex-Mex town after another, heading for the ranch where Crazy Dave spent his summers working for his uncle and supplementing his income by tending a dope patch in a small pasture not far from his uncle's house.

Travis squinted against the blinding sun, watching the white line wobble crazily in the shimmering heat waves radiating from the asphalt. He backed off the throttle at the Speed Zone Ahead sign and entered the little town slowly, looking for someplace he might find a cold beer. The Sporty's irregular throb deepened as he slowed further, dropping the bike into second gear. He spotted several cars parked in front of a weathered frame structure about a block away. Braking the bike to a halt in front of the building, he could faintly make out the words "Rosita's Lounge" through the cracked whitewash.

Once inside, Travis began to feel human again. It took a while for his eyes to adjust to the dim interior, but it was a relief from the brutal glare outside. Just moments ago he had felt as if his brain were boiling in its own juices and he had found it difficult to think coherently. Now, finishing his second beer after chug-a-lugging the first, he began to relax.

The bar was dingy but hospitable. A room air conditioner struggled hard to cool the place down, but the inside temperature remained in the

—Continued on page 86





Throughout the centuries, stories and fables have been passed along from one generation to the next. There have been tales of single-horned horses called unicorns, and mermaids who lured sailors to their death by showing their top half, complete with big, luscious tits, while concealing their bottom half, that of a fish. Other stories deal with where certain things, races, or individuals originated. One of these—our topic—is women.

A popular story that has come down through the ages tells us that when God removed Adam's rib, a dog carried it off and ate it. God was then obliged to use the dog's rib to make Eve, and it was from this dog that all women are descended. Since many broads are truly bitches, there may be some truth in the fable.

Women have been held in very low regard since they first set foot on earth. They are useful in certain ways, to be sure, but as all bikers know, Man is the ruler of Woman. He is now, he has always been, and he will always be. To be blunt, women suck—and that's an intentional pun.

Now, don't get me wrong. I don't *hate* women, nor do most of the bikers I know. We're not misogynists, or women haters, in the true sense of the word. It's just that we know where they belong, and we're the last of a still-thriving breed who refuses to back down and let women dominate. Men are the best. It's a simple truth, proven by word and fact and carried down through the centuries.

The ancient Hebrews bad-mouthed broads in their earliest writings. King Solomon stated that a good woman was more rare than rubies, and Bildad inquired of Job, "How can he be clean that is born of woman?"

Jesus, for all his kindness and compassion, regarded women as inferior and subordinate beings. *Nowhere* in the Bible does he teach that they will inherit eternal life. In fact, he definitely intimated that immortality is reserved exclusively for men (Mat. xxii, 23-32). "They are as the angels of God in Heaven." A bit of research will show that *all* of God's angels are masculine. If you doubt that statement, try naming a single female angel.

Also, Jesus never, by any word, indicated that his mother was entitled to any special respect above other women. In truth, he never mentions her *once* to his disciples, and in the four instances where she is mentioned, there is no sign of particular affection.

In one case (Luke viii, 19-21), he publicly ignores her; in two others he rebukes her (Luke ii, 49) and in the fourth (John xix, 26), addressing her curtly as "woman," he orders her to take care of his friend, John.

There are few, if any, actual swear-words in the Arabic language, so flowery yet vitriolic curses have been invented. Among these are three that are used quite often. In his moment of defeat, the Muslim will cry, "Allah kill all woman-

kind!" In his moment of triumph, he may shout, "Praise be to Allah, who fashioned woman from semen-drop!" But, generally speaking, his comment about women is, "Women are made of nectar and poison."

Muhammad warned his faithful followers: "Verily, in your wives you have an enemy, therefore beware. Woman is made hard and crooked like a rib; and whosoever would straighten her, breaks her. Women lack wits and fail in faith. When Eve was created, Satan rejoiced and said: 'You are half of my host, the trustee of my secrets, and my shaft wherewith I shoot and miss not!' I stood at the gate of Heaven, and lo! most of its inmates were poor; and I stood at the gate of Hell, and lo! most of its inmates were women."

The Prophet's son-in-law, Caliph Ali,

MAN IS THE RULER OF WOMAN!

By Buster Hymen

said, "Be on your guard against the tricks of women and never take their advice; but do not oppress them, for that will only make them worse." The Arabic word for woman, incidentally, is *awreh*. It also means "shame" and "nakedness." The only nickname for woman, in Arabic, is *ezzaura*, which means "crooked."

In sacred Indian writings, we find the following: "A wife is an all-devouring curse . . . Woman has fickleness implanted in her by Nature like the flashes of lightning; she is valueless as a straw to the heroic mind; she is hard as stone in sin and soft as clay in virtue; and, like the fly, she quits the honey-pot to settle on shit. Death, storms, fire, poison, snakes, the sharpness of a sword, and hell itself—women are all these in one."

Friedrich Nietzsche, the nineteenth

century philosopher, wrote, "When a woman has scholarly inclinations, there is usually something wrong with her sexual nature."

Most biblical commentators address the issue as well. Women is spoken of in Ecclesiasticus xxv: "There is no head above the head of a serpent: and there is no wrath above the wrath of a woman."

St. John Chrysostom says, "It is not good to marry." St. Matthew xix: "What else is woman but a foe to friendship, an unescapable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic danger, a delectable detriment, an evil of nature, painted with fair colours! Either we commit a sin by divorcing her, or we must endure daily strife."

Women are greedy, too, and they have no real sense of property. Men have a highly developed instinct for thieving, but of all the kleptomaniacs arrested, most are women. They understand power and riches, but not personal property. When the female kleptomaniac is captured, she often defends herself by saying she believed that everything belonged to her.

Everyone knows the old bromide about putting a sack over the head of an ugly woman in order to add pleasure to the sex act, but Benjamin Franklin gave the best advice on that subject.

"In every animal that walks upright," he wrote, "the deficiency of the fluid that fills the muscles appears but in the highest part. The face first grows lank and wrinkled, then the neck, then the breast and arms, and the lower parts continuing to the last as plump as ever, so that, covering all above with a basket, and regarding that only which is below the girdle, it is impossible to know of two women an old from a younger. And as in the dark all cats are gray, the pleasure of corporeal enjoyment with an old woman is at least equal and frequently superior, every knack being by practice capable of improvement."

There are a *few* good things to be said about women, especially if they give good head or leap uncomplainingly into bed at man's slightest whim. We all know it's their job to keep the house clean, see there's food on the table, and beer in the ice-box. And a good wash and wax job on the ol' scooter should bring them a well-deserved ride on the Hog, once in a while.

Someone once said that if God had intended woman to rule over man, He would have taken her from Adam's head. Had He intended woman to be subordinate to man, He would have taken her from Adam's foot. But God fashioned Eve from a rib that was taken from Adam's side, indicating by this that the two should go through life together side by side as equal partners. Unfortunately, as soon as a man starts letting his ol' lady share equally in his pleasures, he begins to lose 'em all.

In conclusion, there's one thing that can be said about women which expresses a universal sentiment: Fuck 'em! ■

JAMMIN' IN THE JOINT

Dig. It was a mind-blowin' sight—two lines of choppers rappin' and roarin' through the gates of the Deuell Vocational Institution in Tracy, California. The low rumble of 45 thumpers echoed off the walls, ushering in another successful inside-a-prison bike show.

Every time an event like this is suggested, you can believe people start gettin' uptight—figurin' that scooter trash and prisoners make for a dangerous mixture. But the Tracy show was another perfect example of bikers takin' care of their own—demonstrating that scooter people will be damned sure to keep their shit together for the sake of their bros on the inside. The event came off without a single incident, hassle—nothin'.

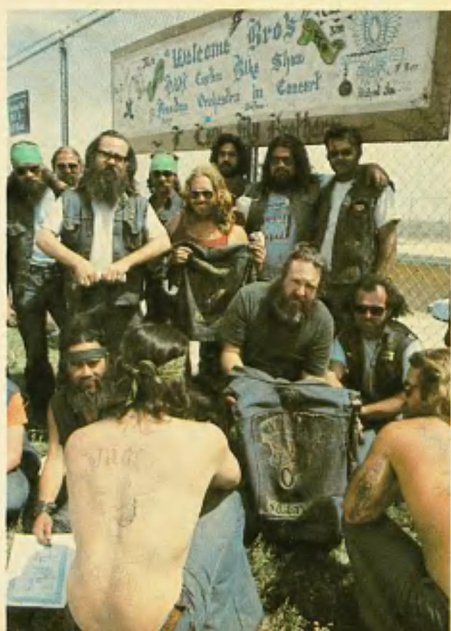
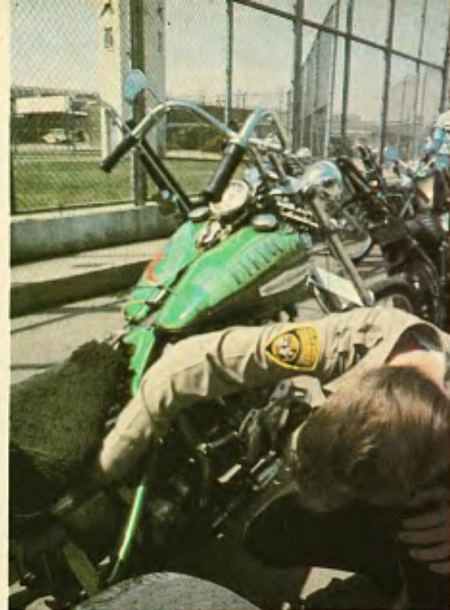
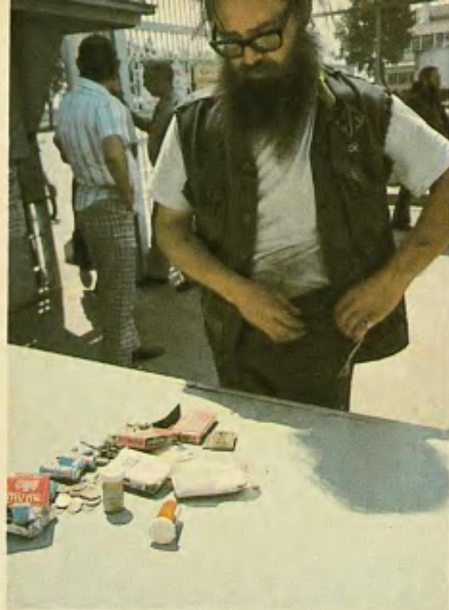
Needless to say, a lot of dedicated work went into making the show come off. Thanks to the efforts of the Vagos (Los Angeles and Berdoo chapters), Poor White Trash (Sacramento), Clear Lake MC, and the Sundowners (Sacramento), there were plenty of bikers—with some bros travelin' over 700 miles to display their bikes. Prison officials even provided the bikers a campsite about four miles from the joint, and an estimated 80 bikes showed up to get down for some partyin' and rappin' the night before the show.

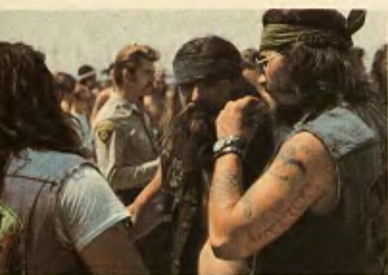
45 of the 80 bikes had been approved to enter, and the next day saw them on display in the prison yard, plus five more belonging to staff members. The show received wide support from the bros inside, who took up a collection among themselves to buy food for the visiting bikers as well as to purchase three trophies to present to the winners. Two additional trophies were handmade by Spider Garcia, and all the artwork (which included a huge banner, flyers, and the certificates presented to the participants) was done by Sam (Nitti) Resurrection. Other inside bros who worked their asses off on the show were Michael Joe Smith, Ken (Rocky) Johnson, Greg (Silver) White, Mike (Nose) Thompson, Greg Hoyt, John (Savage) Bergen, and Dave (Thief) Dupras. Savage was the one who contacted **Easyriders**.

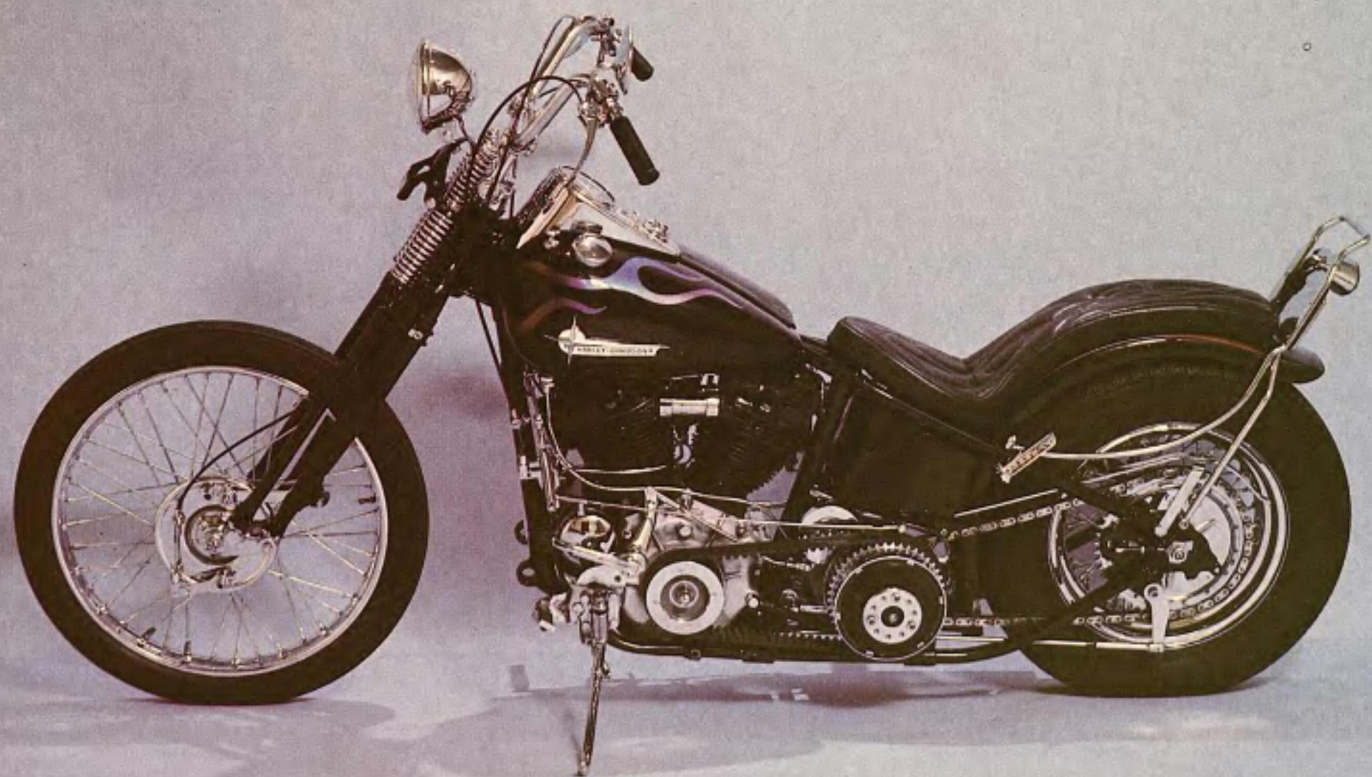
The success of the show was reflected in the comments of prison officials, who said it was the best outside event they had ever had and that the participants had conducted themselves better than any previous group. Key prison staff who helped organize the event were Doug Boyd, Rich Tatum, and Bill (Wolfman) Scott. Numerous other staff volunteers also helped, as well as Warden R. M. Rees, who also assisted in the Angels' San Quentin show.

This show has got to be a good omen, for its success has gotta help convince prisons everywhere that events like this one—righteous bikers bringin' a taste of the open road to their locked-down bros—is a damned good thing for keepin' up the morale of our bros inside. ■









An Oldie

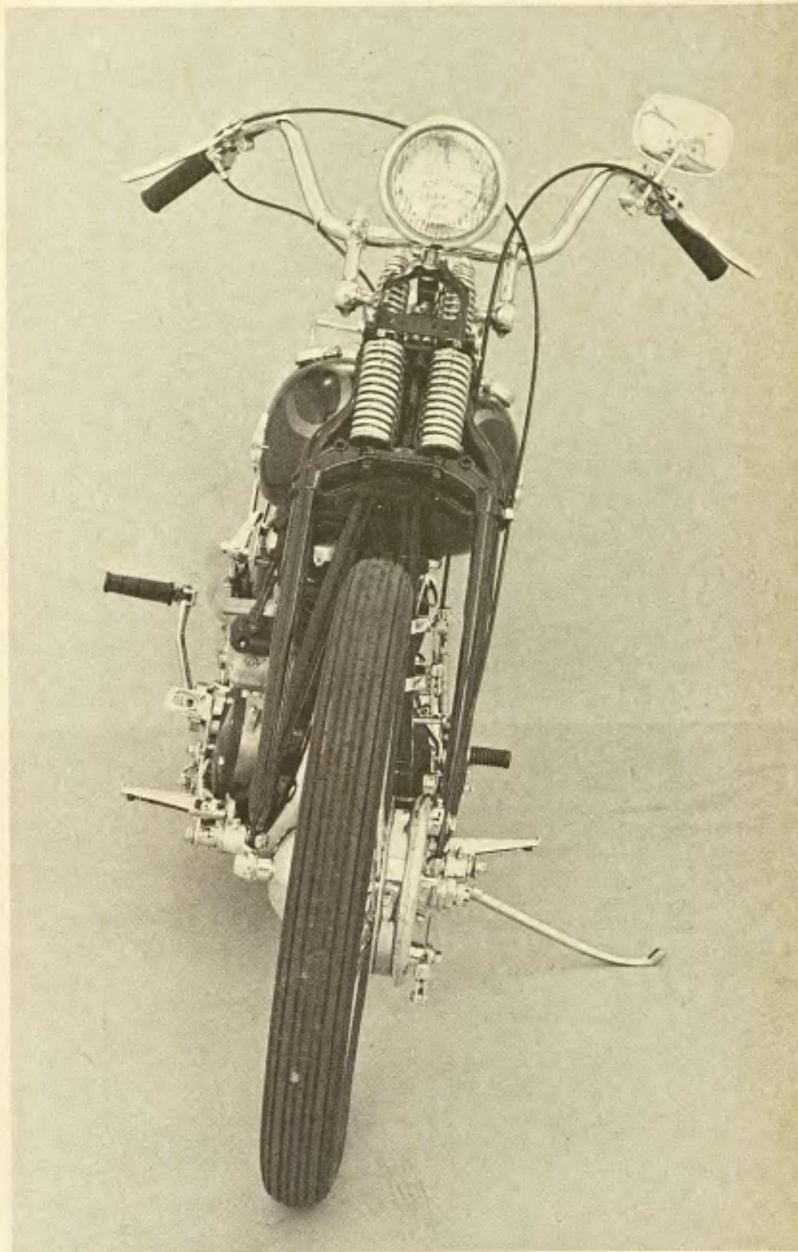
There's nothin' like
flashing to Chicago
on a new '47 knuckle

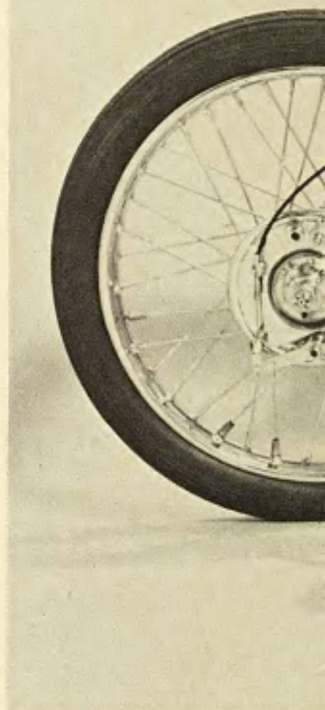
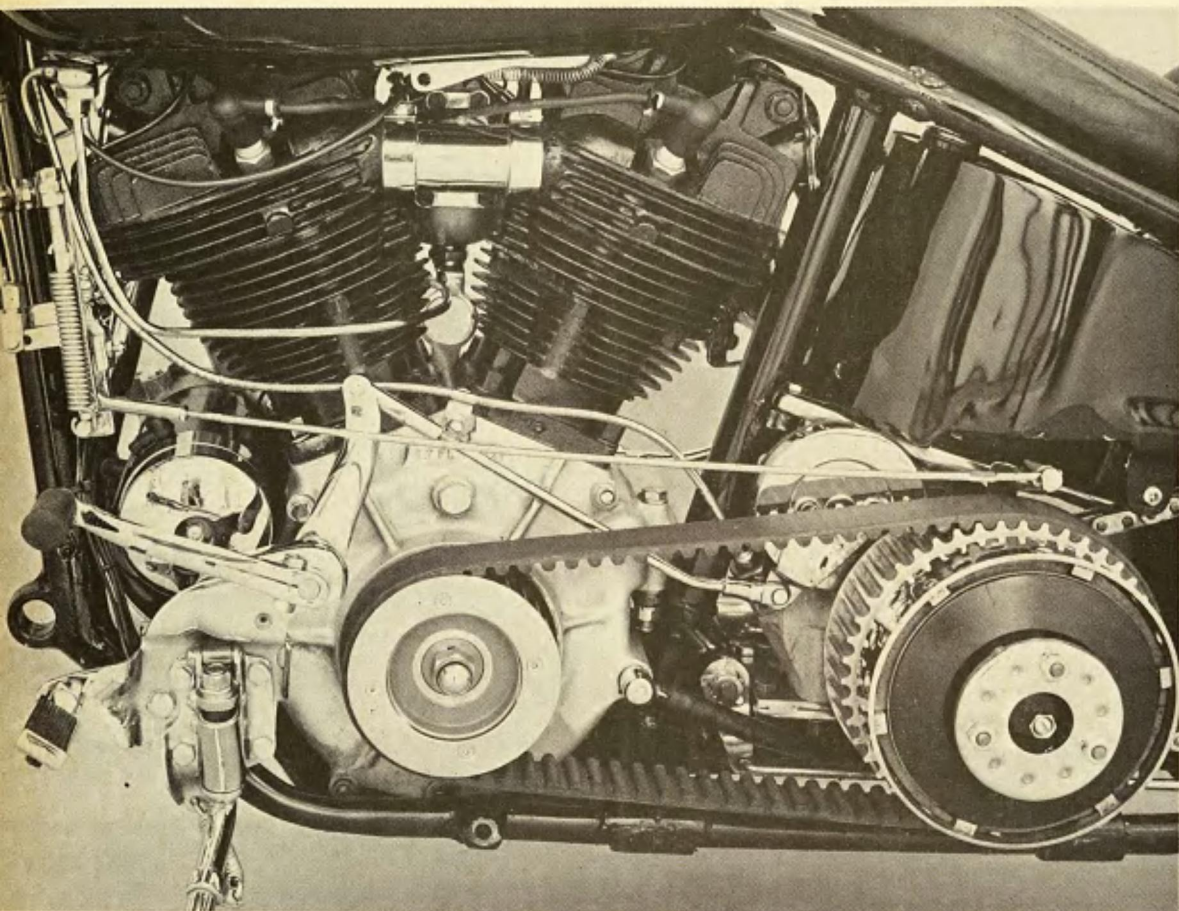
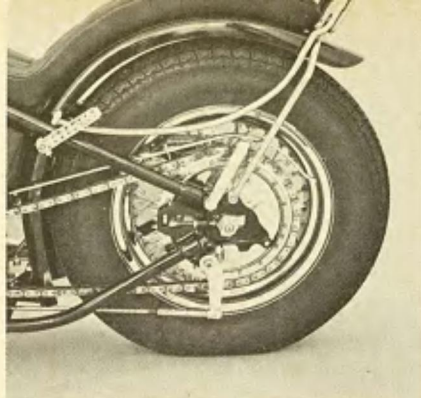
No shit, everything on this masterpiece has been rebuilt and checked over until the damn thing is the equivalent of new. And ya know, it's odd, but we've featured a good number of beautiful, clean, well-detailed, hard-runnin' knuckles recently.

Does that tend to tell you something?

One knuckle owner (we haven't featured his bike yet) told me why ol' H-D quit makin' that masterful mill. In his opinion (and he's been ridin' the steel-headed monsters for over twenty years), Harley discovered and built an engine so strong it would run forever with only minor rebuilds. That, my friends, is bad for business.

Competing in the business community during the Knuckle Era, even though the community was still small and amounted to fewer than six major motorcycle manufacturers, Harley still had to remedy the situation. They had to build parts that sooner or later would wear out. So they built the panhead. It was an engine comparable in performance, but the parts were made with less consideration



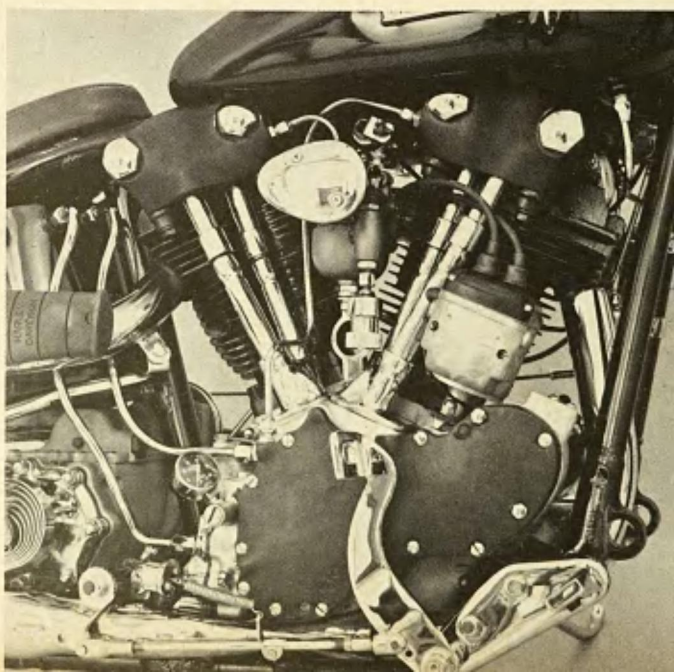


about makin' em last forever. This trend continued with the birth of the shovel-head.

Check out Lewie's knuckle in the last issue. The same engine has been on the road with him for fourteen years. So Mike made the right decision when he decided to build a bike from scratch and go knucklehead for the power. And as you can see, he did it right. With new innards and the indestructible basics, this bike might well be around ten or fifteen years from now.

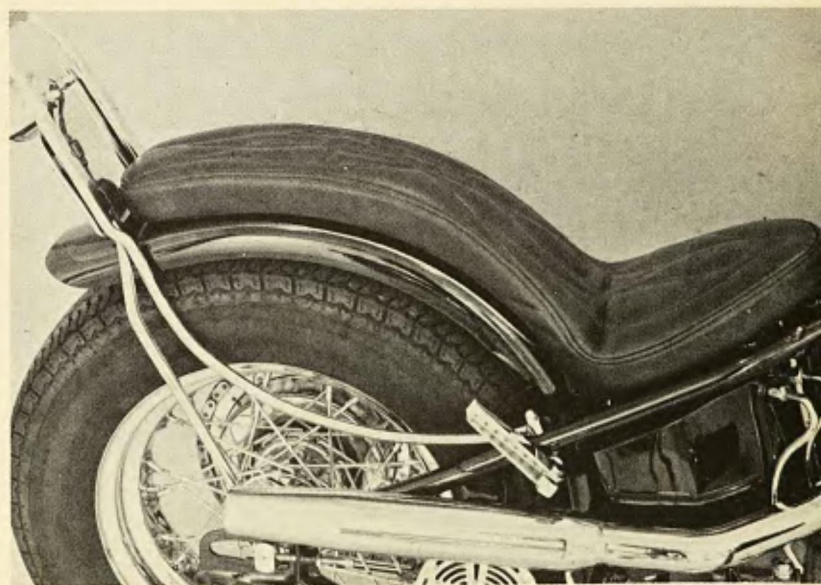
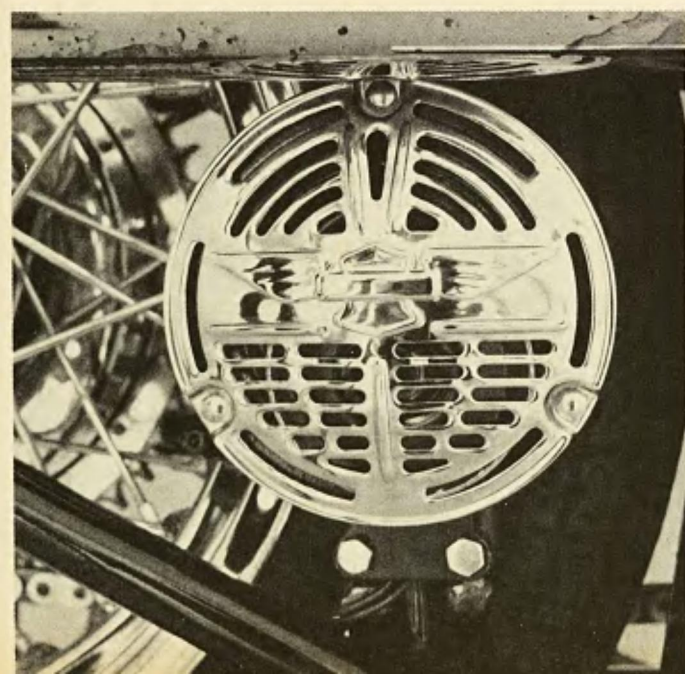
I told him to drop a dime when he returned from Chicago. If he did the jaunt without a problem, I may be in the market for a knuckle. —Snake

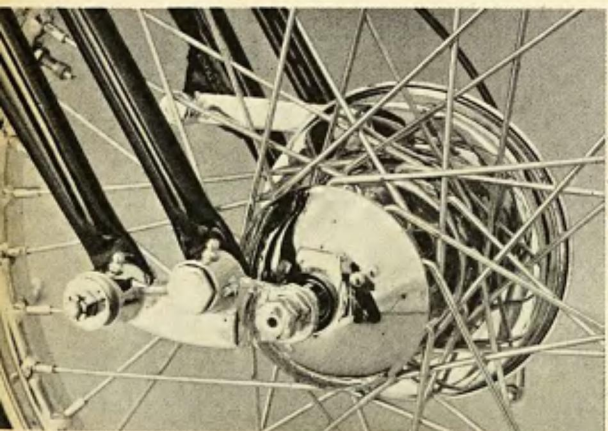
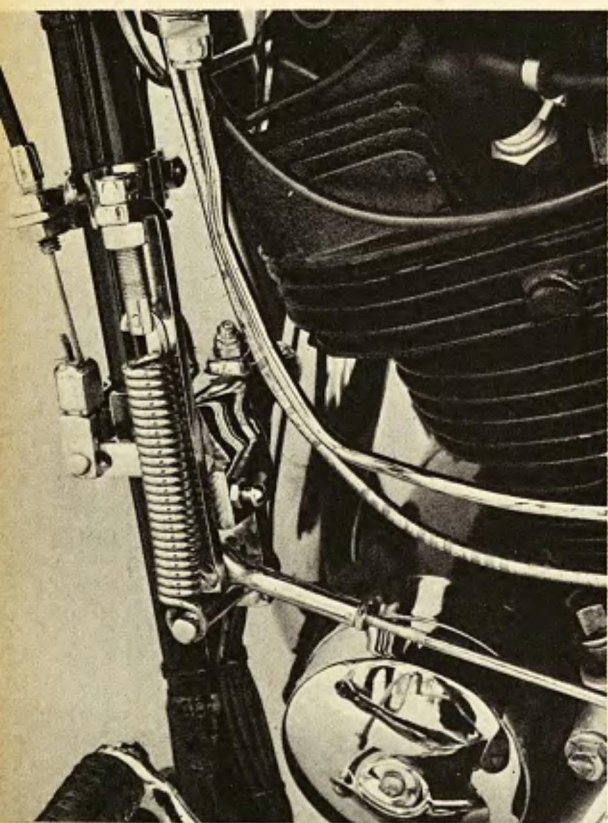
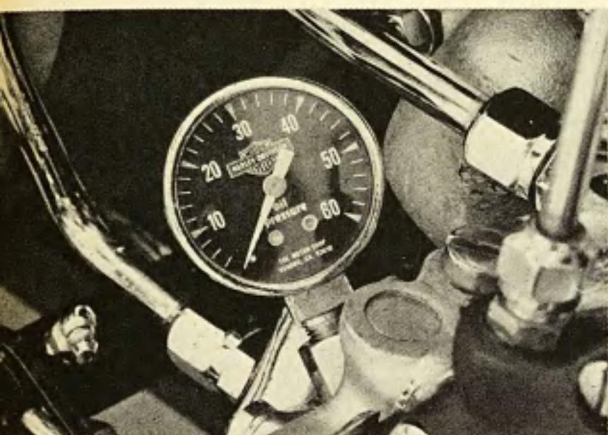
—Continued on page 24





Photos by Pete Chlodo





Owner: Michael Gatt

City: Venice, Calif.

General

Frame

Fab. by: Michael's M.C. Works

Year: 1946

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FL

Type: rigid

Value: \$5,000

Rake: stock

Asmbly. by: Michael's M.C. Wrks.

Stretch: none

Time: 4 months

Other alterations: foot peg mounts

Chroming by: Supreme Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: #2 Flanders

Year: 1947

Risers: Barnett

Model: FL

Fender(s): flat

Rebuilder: Jesse at Michael's

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt Mag

Taillight: Gary Bang

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: Police Special

Lower end: Jesse

Front pegs: Michael's M.C. Works

Balancing: Automotive Balancg.

Rear pegs: Michael's M.C. Works

Pistons: TRW 10-1

Electrics: solid state

Cases: beadblasted

Gas tank: 1961 H-D

Heads: Jesse

Oil tank: stock center

Cam: 1936 Lightning

Oil system: steel lines

Lifters: solid (stock)

Primary cover: none

Carb(s): M74B/brass bowl

Seat: So. Cal. Seats

Air cleaner: none

Sissy bar: Jesse at Michael's

Pipes: Rock & Roll Enterprises

Height: 10 inches

Muffler(s): D & S

Material: 1/2-inch round

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: late model gears

Type: XA Springer

Year: 1947

Extension: none (stock 2 inches)

Shifting: ratchet top

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: hub cap

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 15

Molding: none

Hub: H-D

Hub: H-D

Painter: Drag Queen Enter.

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Rim width: 5 1/2

Color: black

Tire: 2.75 Avon

Tire: Gisaved

Type: acrylic enamel

Brake: mech.

Brake: mech. (H)

Special paint:

Other special modifications: Primo belt drive, drilled clutch drum, rare 1936 pushrod covers, and B & H mousetrap.

Rank Come

A group of us dudes were sitting around wondering what was the rankest tasting come you've ever encountered. Not being a fag, I wonder if there is even a difference.

Student of the Arts
Butte, Montana

● It sort of depends on what the dude has been doing prior to the knob job. I will say that invariably it's extremely pleasant. However, there is one type that is universally considered to be the rankest and that's the down and out wino. I charge a wino more than I do any of my other tricks. Other than that, it tastes like sweet port wine.

Water Freak

My ol' man keeps wantin' to try out different kinds of sexual tricks. Now he wants me to give him a golden shower. What should I do?

Sally
Dillon, Mont.

● Piss on the bastard!

Promises, Promises

I've heard that your beaver is a perfect fit for a 74 piston. If so, I've got something for you.

Lower
Pawtucket, R.I.

● Only if the piston has the rings on.

Amazing

I ain't got no idea what a size 10 envelope is.

Love, Dirt
Kadena, Okinawa

● No shit?

Musical Games

When I fuck my chick dog style, her cunt makes farting noises. We been practicin'.

and she can play four bars of "Yankee Doodle" by wigglin' her ass around.

Beep
Cerritos, Calif.

● Big fuckin' deal. I can go through two choruses of "The Flight of The Bumble Bee."

Strawberry Shortcake

I would crawl through five miles of broken beer bottles just to throw rocks at the trash truck that hauls your bloody rags away, or do you eat them yourself?

D. Arrigoni
KalisPELL, Mont.

● I freeze them until I have company. Come over for strawberry shortcake sometime, Numbnuts.

Jesus Freak

The Bible says you're not supposed to commit adultery. How come you're always promoting it?

Mary Ellen
Hanford, Wash.

● You got sumpin' wrong. Adultery means you ain't supposed to put water in good whiskey.

No Rug Rats

My ol' man wants me to have another baby, but I don't want any more. I don't hate kids, I just don't have time to give them the attention they need. Do you think I'm right?

Maria (Sunshine)
Houston, Texas

● I'm with you, honey. If you've got one or two rug rats, let him have the next one. Once he finds out what it's like to shit a watermelon, he won't ask ya again.

Stickin' Stiffs

I work in a funeral home,

and I screw all the dead chicks that we get. Believe it or not, it's a common practice in funeral homes. Have you ever screwed a dead dude?

Apple
Rushville, Ind.

● The only dead dudes I ever screwed were straights who thought they were alive.

Love Letter

I'm gonna smear chilli sauce all over your body, then I'm gonna eat your snatch, and then after wigglin' my tongue around inside your ring, I'm gonna lick every drop of chilli sauce off of that beautiful body.

Dribblin' Dork
Mescun, Texas

● Ohh—you make it sound so good, I think I'll eat myself.

Clean What?

I have a problem. My ol' man gets horny only after I put clean sheets on the bed. I have a shallow well and I can't wash sheets every day. What do you suggest I do?

Sparky
Bloomfield, Iowa

● Whatdafuck's sheets?

V.D. Box

How come the State Health Department hasn't shut your snatch down? I hope you never come to San Jose—we'd have to open ten new V.D. clinics.

Crazy Linda
San Jose, Calif.

● Yeah, my box has V.D.—it stands for "Very Delightful!"

Young Chick

Would you answer a serious question with a serious answer instead of being gross or sick? I'm sixteen and have a woman's body, 37-24-35. I have a big sex drive, but I'm so self-conscious about sex that when I get in bed with a dude, I get paranoid and can't go through with the sex act. What can I do?

Holly
Bergenfield, N. J.

● Two things. Buy a chastity belt and write to me again—when you reach eighteen.

Good Advice

Your advice to that asshole about working to satisfy each other was fuckin' right on. It's taken me a long six years to find an ol' man who knows how to fuck my ass and my face the way they were meant to be. Don't let those jerk-face turkeys give you any shit about your act 'cause you're the best part of that rag.

Apple Pie
Los Angeles, Calif.

● Thank you. You made my day. Now I'm goin' in an' make Spider and anything else that's around.

Hummm Job

Ever hear of a hum-job? My chick just turned me on to one, and I think it's just great. Satisfied
Richmond, Va.

● Ever hear of a hum-job? I invented it about fifteen years ago while I was givin' my ol' man head. I got excited an' stuck my big toe in a light socket. (I send him greeting cards at the funny farm now.)

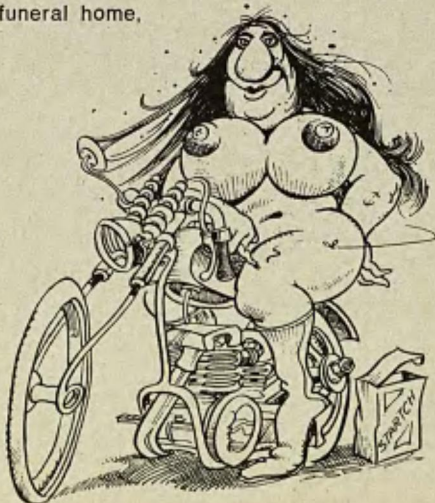
One Way Chick

My problem is that my ol' lady won't give head or take it up the ass. What can I do to change her mind?

Dada
Warlocks M.C., Australia

● If you need an answer to that question, you're readin' the wrong magazine.

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. ■



Home Brew

It's Easy And It's Cheap!

By Hog Jaws Hamilton

Next to bikes and pussy, very few things are as comforting to the sensitive individual as beer. Often called the beverage of moderation, beer is a highly nutritious drink, suitable for all occasions with the possible exception of a WCTU meeting.

And let us not overlook the therapeutic value of beer. After your kidneys have taken a merciless pounding all afternoon on your hardtail chopper, nothing eases the soreness like passing a couple of cool six-packs through them.

If our elected representatives in Washington had their shit together, they'd subsidize the brewing indus-

try and guarantee a plentiful supply of this good stuff to every man, woman and child in this great land of ours. Instead, government squanders the taxpayers' money on frivolous things like public education, food stamps and national defense, while beer is taxed to the hilt, victimized by inflation, and generally regarded in Squaresville as a bad habit.

The cost of maintaining a beer gut at today's prices is absolutely outrageous. Even the "cheap" stuff costs upwards of a buck-fifty a six-pack. Occasionally, you can find it a little more reasonably priced at a supermarket, but usually just about

the time you think you're in luck you find out that they expect you to blow half your grocery budget on food in order to "qualify" for their reduced rate on beer!

A moderate drinker can easily blow half a yard a week on suds. Figure it out for yourself. At a buck seventy-five a six-pack, a case will set you back seven dollars. Seven cases a week add up to forty-nine bucks, and of course you're going to buy a few on the road. This kind of expense can cut into other essentials, like a custom paint job or a new set of front forks.

We have experienced an increase in the neighborhood of about 40%

in the price of this essential commodity over the past three years, and the big factor in the high cost is taxes. Our favorite beverage is punitively taxed at all levels of government.

When the Volstead Act (Prohibition) was repealed back in 1933, the damage was only partially undone. The Twenty-First Amendment implied rather extensive authority for states and municipalities to tax and regulate liquor trade, and they did proceed to tax and they did proceed to regulate. The bluenoses hadn't given up without a fight. The Eighteenth Amendment may have failed to "purify" our nation, but the dedicated guardians of our morality could take comfort in the fact that the rest of us would henceforth be required to forfeit the wages of our sin, or whatever.

To give you an idea of what the combined taxation at all levels of government does to the cost of a drink, consider the fact that a pint of rubbing alcohol sells for about two bits. Granted, one has to be pretty hard up to drink rubbing alcohol, but did you know that this pint of "external use only" stuff contains more ethyl (grain) alcohol than a case of beer or a fifth of whiskey? Furthermore, when they make rubbing alcohol, they start with pure grain (which, if diluted, would be suitable for human consumption) and add a poisonous "denaturing" ingredient so that we won't be tempted to drink it!

Eliminate the taxes on booze, and you could buy a fifth of good whiskey for a couple of bucks or a can of premium beer for a dime, and Auggie Busch and Jack Daniels would still make just as much on the sale as they do today! Obviously, nobody is going to eliminate the taxes on beer, or anything else for that matter. But this does serve to illustrate why it is possible to make your own beer for a fraction of what the stuff costs over the counter.

Avoiding that horsepiss tang

The principal problem with homemade beer is quality. It is no secret that most home brew tastes like Papa Joe soaked his greasy dick in it. This is because most of the old country boys who have contributed the basic recipes for the stuff tend

to think in terms of homemade whiskey.

"White lightning," "mountain dew," and such start off as corn soaked in water and left in the shit-house to ferment. The fermented "mash" is then boiled in a still and the alcohol which comes off as a vapor is caught and cooled back to the liquid state. If the distillation process is handled with reasonable care, it is possible to obtain a very palatable finished product from a foul-smelling bucket of swill. Since beer undergoes no such final purification process, it is necessary to exercise more care in fermenting the stuff, and most rural brewers just don't bother doing this.

Another shortcoming typical of most home brew is the matter of ingredients. Just any old thing that will ferment isn't good enough. It is necessary to use the right ingredients in the proper proportions. This does not render the process more complex or more expensive—indeed, it makes it less so. But the fact remains that you're not going to get anything that tastes like beer from raisins, potatoes, or your dirty old jockstrap.

Brewin' paraphernalia

Many prospective home brewers start off by reading up on the subject and are turned off by the complexity of the more "sophisticated" published formulas. Some of these call for outfitting your kitchen like a college chemistry lab and putting out more effort than it would take to make a righteous chopper out of a skateboard, and they are likely to yield a finished product which winds up costing you more than commercial beer.

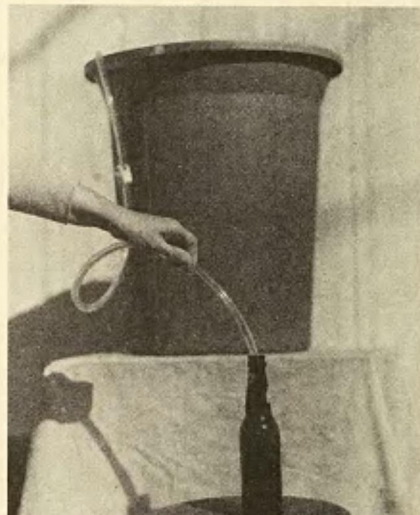
If you do it right and keep it simple, you can get by with an initial cash outlay of anywhere from practically nothing to not more than twenty-five bucks. Here's how.

First, you'll need something to make it in. Five-gallon water jugs work well enough; however, five gallons yields only a little over two cases of beer. If you're going to the trouble anyway, you might as well whip up a respectable quantity while you're at it.

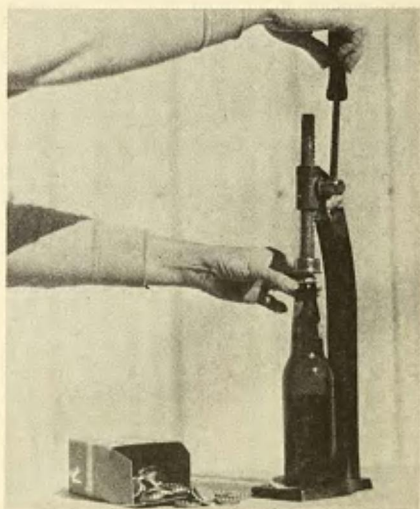
A garbage can, preferably a clean one, is a good bet. Remember what



Home brew equipment (last three items are optional, depending on method): plastic garbage can; length of flexible tubing; sugar; can of Blue Ribbon malt extract; capper; caps; hydrometer.



From garbage can to bottle by using a siphon, also known as the Georgia credit card. Bottle should be lower than vat.



Use of deposit bottle will require modest investment in capper and caps. Process is so simple that even your ol' lady can do it.

—Continued on page 72



Helmet Laws Don't Make One Damned Bit of Difference!

"... to attempt to disguise politics as a concern for safety is corruption at its most insidious ..."



The first issue of **Easyriders** was published in early 1971. Three issues later, we formed ABATE, a national organization of street bikers, in order to fight the onslaught of anti-motorcycle laws that were beginning to spread across our nation. We have fought against those discriminatory, unfair, bullshit laws each and every month since that third issue of our existence.

At that time, when all other motorcycle magazines were rolling over and playing dead (and as a matter of fact, some were even taking cheap shots at our efforts)—there was one that stood up with us to be counted, and that magazine was **Road Rider**, a magazine for the touring biker.

Roger Hull, editor and publisher of **Road Rider**, is respected by all bikers—be they touring bikers or chopper riders—because of his honest, common sense approach to motorcycle reporting.

We have quoted from his magazine repeatedly in our "Biker's Digest" feature, for he has always

zeroed in on what he calls "bureaucrap". The following is another example of his telling it like it is. It's a reprint of a recent **Road Rider** editorial. —Editor.

Sometimes I think Hitler's propaganda minister, Joseph Goebbels, was right. Repeat even the most outlandish lie often enough for long enough and people will come to regard it as the truth. The theory worked in Germany in the 1930's. It worked, with decreasing success, in the United States in the '60's and '70's. And it's still being tried in this country today.

That's by way of warning you that the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), among other bureaucracies, has survived the change of administration basically unchanged and, hand in hand with the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety (IIHS), is still trying to influence our legislators with creative statis-

tics and synthetic research.

The most recent example is a collaborative effort by NHTSA and the IIHS to prevent helmet law repeals. This particular lie first appeared in the IIHS's bimonthly propaganda sheet, **Status Report**, a newsletter which has been accused of misrepresentation and overstatement (and by federal field investigators, strangely enough). It appeared back in March under the head: **Motorcycle Helmet Law Repeal Brings More Deaths: NHTSA**. The article reported that NHTSA claimed motorcycle fatalities have increased by 20 percent in those states which have repealed their motorcycle helmet laws. Now, the IIHS runs an efficient publicity mill and, as no doubt was intended, the report immediately was picked up by the wire services to appear in newspapers and on radio and television all over the country—just as many states were considering repeal bills.

The report was labeled as "preliminary data" by **Status Report**,

possibly to provide for some slick backtracking later in the event of a challenge. The information had been collected by NHTSA in the form of "an unpublicized document"—which makes for fascinating speculation as to the actual relationship between NHTSA, a governmental agency, and the IIHS, an industrial lobby group. **Status Report**, a self-promoting and rhetorically shrill publication, routinely publishes anti-motorcycle (and anti-motorcyclist) dogma disguised as "safety material." [An interesting and ominous aside here: currently the University of Southern California, financed by a NHTSA grant, is compiling a survey of street accident reports which involve motorcycles. It has been tagged the "Hurt Study" after its instigator, Dr. Harry Hurt, an off-road cyclist who has voiced his misgivings about riding on the streets and who has expressed some opinions as to the eventual conclusions of his study although the project is still less than half completed. Add to that

the reports that the IIHS already is nagging the University for "anything we can use" and the integrity of the study becomes questionable even in its primary stages.]

According to **Status Report**, NHTSA's "unpublicized document" indicates that states repealing the helmet law have a 20 percent increase in motorcycle fatalities for 1976 over 1975. Nobody at the so-called Insurance Institute for Highway Safety saw fit to question the lack of details. The states involved are not named. No cycle registration figures are included. The ratio of fatalities to accidents is ignored. There simply are no answers. There's just that general unsubstantiated flat "20 percent" figure. Yet the article concluded with a reference to a 1975 IIHS study which found "that helmet use laws cut motorcycle fatalities by 30 percent."—which would tend to question the validity of either that IIHS study or the NHTSA document.

What's happening here? For the sake of a little background information, let's rummage through some helmet law history to see if it will help separate safety information from political propaganda. Recently the American Motorcyclist Association's Legislative Department (Gene Wirwahn, Rob Rasor and Gary Winn) recapitulated a few facts for the Motorcycle Subcommittee of the National Motor Vehicle Safety Advisory Committee in Washington, D.C. Much of what follows is excerpted from that testimony.

It was started back in 1966 when Congress created the Department of Transportation and provided it with the authority (regulatory power) to enforce highway safety standards. In theory, it sounded like a good idea at the time. In retrospect, it's been a bureaucratic disaster. The original motorcycle standards—determined arbitrarily and based on assumptions, not scientific evidence—included mandatory helmet laws, eye protection, motorcycle license and testing requirements, rear view mirrors, and annual inspections. That was eleven years ago. So what has been achieved (if that's the word) in the interim? The emphasis of the federal program for cycle safety has been—and remains—solely on helmet laws.

Why? First, because that was the easiest and cheapest way to go. Also, once all 50 states adopted the measure, a constitutional precedent—that of forced self-protection—would have been achieved and that, in turn, would have made implementation of

NHTSA's other dictatorial regulations simple. Such a precedent then would be applied in other areas (such as automobile) and that could be financially beneficial to the insurance industry. **Politics, not safety, is the real issue.**

When it comes down to honest highway safety, it appears that the feds didn't consider motorcyclists very important . . . except as a means to an end. This is further indicated by the caliber of the "motorcycle safety specialists" selected to serve with the DOTties coupled with NHTSA's unwillingness to consult with experienced, practicing cyclists. Several years ago an individual serving on the National Motor Vehicle Safety Advisory Council stated that some of his fellow members "openly admit they do not like motorcycles." It all fit together. The goal was set, the process started.

From June, 1967 until former President Ford signed the Highway Act about a year ago, NHTSA had the power to force states to pass helmet laws. It consisted of threats to withhold tax money unless that state complied with NHTSA's whims. It was, in short, fiscal blackmail; political manipulation.

Wasn't safety a consideration? Consider this. It was not until 1973—six years later after 43 states had been forced to enact helmet laws—that the DOTties finally got around to issuing helmet standards. During those six years riders in helmet law states were compelled to wear an "approved" helmet although such a thing did not exist. There were no standards by which to measure that approval. What's more, unless you wear a medium size helmet, your current headgear still cannot be DOT approved. Even today such standards exist only for medium size helmets!

" . . . unless you wear a medium size helmet, your current headgear still cannot be DOT approved."

Because of its blackmail power, the DOT didn't have to prove anything about helmets so they weren't even much interested. But along the way motorcyclists began to question the claims and object to such high-handed tactics. Opposition built among riders while the motorcycle industry, for the most part, remained silent and complacent. Oh, here and there some dissent was heard. Not much. The major helmet

manufacturers took a public stand wherein they approved of the voluntary use of helmets but did not favor helmet laws. From our first issue back in 1969, **Road Rider's** editorial policy agreed with this view—yet I must admit I find it peculiar that, to date, **Road Rider** has not carried a single advertisement for any of those manufacturers.

The motorcyclist's rebellion started as a series of battles by individuals. Although the AMA has opposed helmet laws from the beginning, it was not until its Legislative Department was formed that it really became active. **Road Rider** received a number of complaints about "getting into politics" when we published (finally) our first definitive article on the subject in August of 1973 ("Your Government Is Trying To Kill You," V4N8) but I had concluded that if the politicians were into motorcycling, it would damned well behoove motorcyclists to get into politics. I was beginning to suspect that a ban on motorcycles was their ultimate goal.

Faced by increasing resistance by bikers, NHTSA came up with some advocate research designed to support its assumptions and claims. The results were contrived and totally invalid. The big one came in the form of the so-called Richardson study released by NHTSA in March, 1975. Its bias was admitted in the text by the author, Henri A. Richardson (the names of co-authors reportedly were removed from the study prior to publication). The study supposedly compared statistics from Michigan, a helmet law state, with figures from Illinois, where the helmet law had been declared unconstitutional. Richardson jumbled mismatched data and his apples-and-oranges technique resulted in a fruit salad conclusion which was little more than a hoax (see "Twisting Statistics" in **Road Rider** for November 1975, V5N11). He claimed that states with helmet laws had a 40 to 60 percent lower rate of serious and fatal head injuries than non-helmet law states. If this conclusion had been accurate, then similar situations should have been found elsewhere. They weren't!

Motorcyclists continued to organize and to get their political act together. The ABATE's had sprung up and when it appeared that bikers just might be successful in getting Congress to remove the DOTties' blackmail powers, the IIHS decided to become more visible. In November of 1975 IIHS vice-president (and former DOT official) Albert Benjamin Kelley proposed a nation-wide ban of motor-

cycles. A few months later the IIHS published a study by Dr. Leon S. Robertson. Among Robertson's many errors was the fact he based his entire study on fatal motorcycle accidents versus cycle registration figures, an apples-and-kumquats approach which reveals nothing about a helmet's ability to protect. Furthermore, Robertson's quixotic sleight of hand statistics (see "Games Statisticians Play," **Road Rider** for September, 1976, V7N9) in conjunction with his use of questionable accident reports produced results bordering on sheer fantasy. Nonetheless, the Robertson study remains the source of the IIHS's claim that helmet laws reduce fatalities by 30 percent. (But is it interesting to note that, as time goes by, the safety claims for helmets have become decreasingly exorbitant . . . from Richardson's 60 percent to Robertson's 30 percent to the "unpublicized document's" 20 percent.)

" . . . results are politically oriented and have little to do with honest motorcycle safety."

In connection with the IIHS study AMA Legislative Director Gene Wirwahn points out, "Dr. Robertson compared eight helmet law states and eight non-helmet law states. Four helmet law states report only undifferentiated motorcycle fatalities; that is, the number of fatal accidents in which a motorcycle was involved even though the fatally injured party may have been a pedestrian, automobile occupant, or other victim. Moreover, he used registration figures which the Federal Highway Administration (FHWA) obtains from states, more than half of which include such things as mopeds, tricycles, scooters, and even snowmobiles in their registration totals." (See "Fifty States, Fifty Statistics" in **AMA News** for March of 1977.)

Meanwhile NHTSA and the IIHS have tried to orchestrate a whole crescendo of pro-helmet law propaganda based on just these two sour notes—the Richardson and Robertson studies. Obviously, their motives are politically oriented and have little to do with honest motorcycle safety.

[As another revealing aside: in December of 1976 the AMA asked NHTSA to provide the dates that motorcycles inspection and driver licensing became effective in those states which have enacted the law. According to Wirwahn, "The

—Continued on page 41

Come Saturday night and Shoofly's Place is a fuckin' madhouse of biker life, swarming with bros and their broads. If it dangles balls and owns a Harley or if it squats to pee and knows a jumpseat from a goddam douchebag, it'll be there—tokin' up a storm, suckin' suds and doin' other good shit—just as sure as Saturday runs before Sunday.

Standing in the noisy laughter and rappin', I spotted three dudes abandonin' a booth at the back wall and I slid into it. Around me, the merriment and bullshit continued loudly without interruption.

"Shoofly don't like jes' one dude usin' a booth," a nasal voice said above my tousled mane.

I looked up, seein' the matched set of haughty knockers towering above me. Further up, a foxy face glowered in ladylike disapproval. I let my eyes slide back down over those proud jugs, the tiny waist, the sturdy hips, and those nice legs.

"Fuck him and the bank he worships in," I said pleasantly. "Jes' bring four pitchers of draft, sweets."

"Oh, ya expectin' company?" The frown was replaced by a surprised smile.

"Look, I ate all my goddam vegetables an' I'll let ya know when I'm ready to be tucked in. Meanwhile, jes' waggle yer tender ass to the bar and hustle them pitchers back over here." Elaborately, I lit a toke.

"Hey, I jes' work here, hon." She looked hurt. "I don't make the chickenshit rules."

"Ya kin finish tellin' me the story of your fucked-up life over at my pad after ya get off work. Right now, you're tormentin' a thirsty, sex-starved—" I shut down, noting that she wasn't listening. Instead, she was starin' across the room with a disgusted expression.

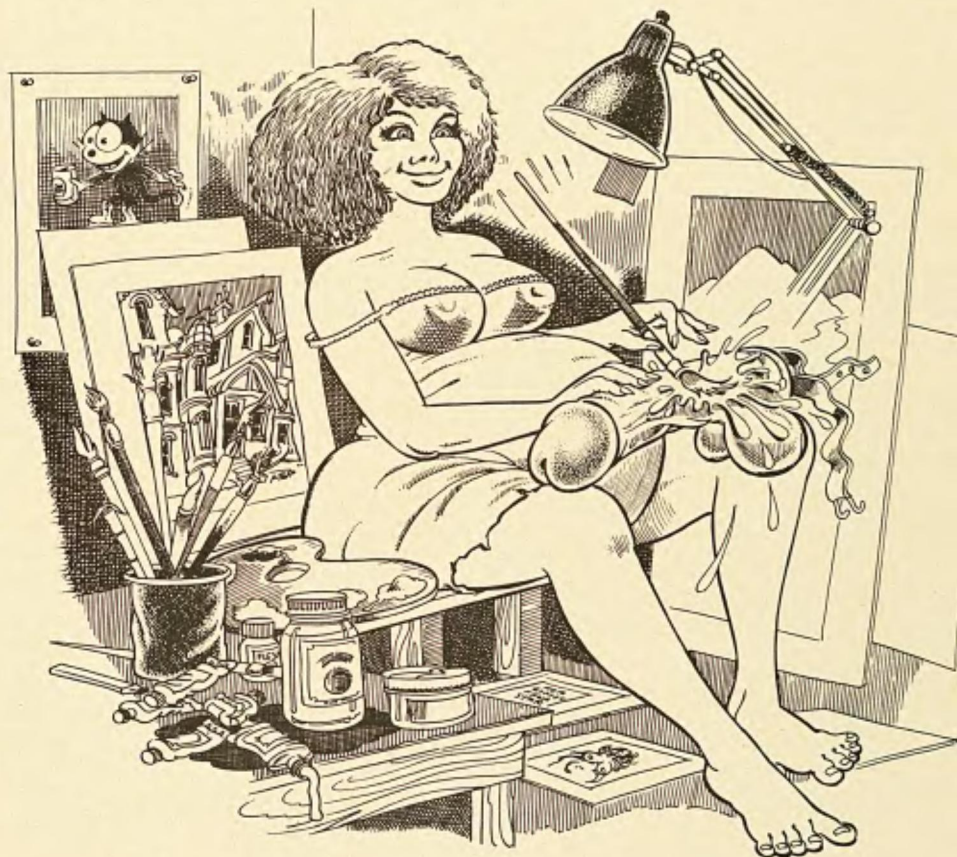
I looked where she was lookin'. At first, all I could see were the backs of the clowns and ginchies huddled along the bar. Not exactly a thrillin' sight but nothin' to be shook about. Then I looked beyond them at Shoofly—a fat little fart who stopped ridin' when his five-three frame collected three hundred pounds of flab. He was happily playin' a miser's symphony on the cash register. Still nothin' to make anybody look as hacked as the chick was reactin'. My curiosity stirred.

"C'mon," I urged. "Tell me, so we can be pissed off together, baby."

"God, what an uncool bitch," she muttered, her eyes riveted across

The Treatment

By Hobo Connors, hisself



the room. "You'd think by now she'd know she wasn't welcome here!"

That's when I spotted poor little Nooki threading her way across the room, grimly ignoring all those who flinched or winced at the sight of her mangled face—or just turned their backs on the skinny little broad with the horribly botched-up features.

My curiosity flared into anger.

Standing half-crouched, I caught Nooki's eye and motioned her my way. She hesitated for a second, then continued toward me.

"Man, you are hard-up!" hissed

the barmaid, starin' down at me like I was sumpin' pale and slimy that had just crawled out from under a rock. "Yer gonna need them four pitchers of brew!"

"Go get'm," I said evenly. "After that, ya kin scrape all the crud outa Shoofly's crummy asshole with yer sharp tongue."

She bolted for the bar just 'as Nooki reached the booth, easing her slim bod into it opposite me, her head lowered as usual. I took another hit of the toke, lettin' its righteous effect dilute my anger, and passed it over the table to Nooki. She smoked without lookin' at me, her fingers trembling.

"Nooki," I said gently. "Why do ya do this to yourself, knowin' how it shakes all them shitheads up?"

The butchered but healed face tightened.

"I get lonesome, goddammit!" The words spurted from the raw-looking orifice that had once been a full-lipped mouth. "I miss my people. Bikers. What am I supposed to do—go haunt the fuckin' straights in their shitty saloons? Maybe find some desperate old creep who's kinky enough to want a girl with a gargoy's head?"

I said nothing, feelin' the intense vibes of despair and self-hatred pourin' outa her. Christ, I thought. She had been so beautiful. On the skinny side, yeah. But with the most gorgeous face that had ever belonged to a club mama. Nifty Nooki, they had called her. Neat little Nooki who had every dude in the Northwest slobberin' after her. Now she had nobody. Nothin'.

Abruptly the barmaid appeared, gimlet-eyed and putting the pitchers of suds on the table with stone-faced, incredible speed. I deliberately let the ten-dollar bill flutter to the floor. She glared at me, bending and scoopin' the money up in a swift motion.

"Never mind the fuckin' change," I said, smilin' sweetly. "I don't want the tainted stuff in my pocket."

The barmaid streaked away, furious.

"You don't hafta do that for me, Hobo," Nooki mumbled. "No point in gettin' up in people's faces on my account. You're right. I shouldn't come here anymore."

"What about plastic surgery?" I asked, lookin' straight into her differently shaped eyes—one damn near closed where the burned, puckered flesh had pulled upward, the other a protruding orb in a mound of discolored, swollen patchwork where the county surgeon had done his best to put a nearly destroyed face back together.

"What about it?" she echoed bitterly.

"Can't a really skilled doctor do anything?"

"Shit, yes, but it costs, man."

I poured two beers, handing one to her. "Well, wasn't there any gold in the Brother Wheels treasury?"

She shook her head, starin' emptily into her half-finished mug. "Not after the hospital bills for the bros who survived had been paid. Some of the ol' ladies—even the ones who

lost their men—offered to see that the insurance money went to me but I couldn't take that. Not knowin' some of them had kids to feed."

"Sit tight," I told her, rising. "Gotta drain the crankcase. Be right back."

She nodded, staring at the tabletop.

In the shitter, I stood relievin' myself and rememberin' that unreal accident. Seventeen members of the Brother Wheels had been returnin' from a run when the tanker ahead of them had gone outa control—an' with a horde of Sunday traffic right behind them on that freeway, the bikers had no time or chance before being mashed between that overturned gas-wagon and all the cages crashin' into it—and them. Naturally the goddam truck exploded, and when the flames were finally smothered—well, some were dead and others still dyin'. The club prez had been packin' Nooki right at the front of the formation. He was snuffed instantly. She was thrown clear but engulfed in flames. Only three citizens and four brothers had survived along with Nooki. I shuddered, recallin' the lurid newspaper photos of that unholy scene. The shudder shook the last three drops outa my crank and I stuffed it back into my britches, returnin' to the booth.

A tall, bulky character was half-stooped beside the booth, his bearded face contorted with gleeful pleasure. He wasn't a regular. I came up behind him just in time to catch the last few words.

"—sure would be willin' to pay ya good."

"Go away," said Nooki sharply. "I ain't listenin'!"

"But this bastard needs learnin', see? And we figured if'n we forced the dipshit to fuck somethin' like you, he wouldn't never try that cheap crap again or even—"

I glanced around the room. Nobody was payin' attention. Shoofly's sign—NOT IN HERE—flashed past my eyes and then I was spinnin' the big turd around and viciously jerkin' a knee into his crotch. He dropped, retching and curlin' himself into a ball of agony, gaspin' for air.

Suddenly the room quieted down.

"Okay," snarled Shoofly's voice. "Outa here, Hobo!"

I reached for Nooki's hand, ignorin' her stunned expression and pulling her from the booth to her

feet. I faced the room, noting three more dudes in a nearby booth eyein' the suffering bastard on the floor with sympathy and me with threatenin' stares.

"If anybody really needs to even the score fer a mouthy bro who gets his jollies hasslin' a chick that's already got all the shit she kin handle—I'll be outside, takin' my fuckin' time leavin'." I led Nooki to the door as the noise resumed its normal level.

Big Mouth musta been a candy-ass, because nobody came after us in the parking lot.

Lyin' there in the dark, drained like I hadn't been drained in a long time, I smoked a butt and stared upwards, thinkin' hard. Beside me, Nooki slept exhaustedly. With the light out, she had been just another warm and hungry broad whose desire had been ignited by gratitude or the presence of a man in her lonely rented room—or whatever the hell it was that made her douse the light and start fumblyin' with my zipper.

I'll never know if it was the goddam great head she gives, I decided, grinnin' to myself, or just that I mighta felt a little sorry for her—but she sure kin turn on even a reluctant asshole once she gets that wiry, tricky bod in motion!

She stirred, yawning. "You still here?"

"Shut up and sleep," I murmured. "I'm thinkin'."

"You're all there in the sack, Hobo."

"How much did'ja wanna borrow?"

"Fuck you. I needed that session. No shit, baby. I haven't had any since—"

I patted her flat little ass. "Better times comin'. Watch an' see. It ain't all over yet, mama."

"Ya'll wanna split before it gets light in here and I'm no longer jist a faceless bundle of horny girl but the sickenin' sight who—" Her voice trailed into silence. "But don't leave until ya've had all ya want."

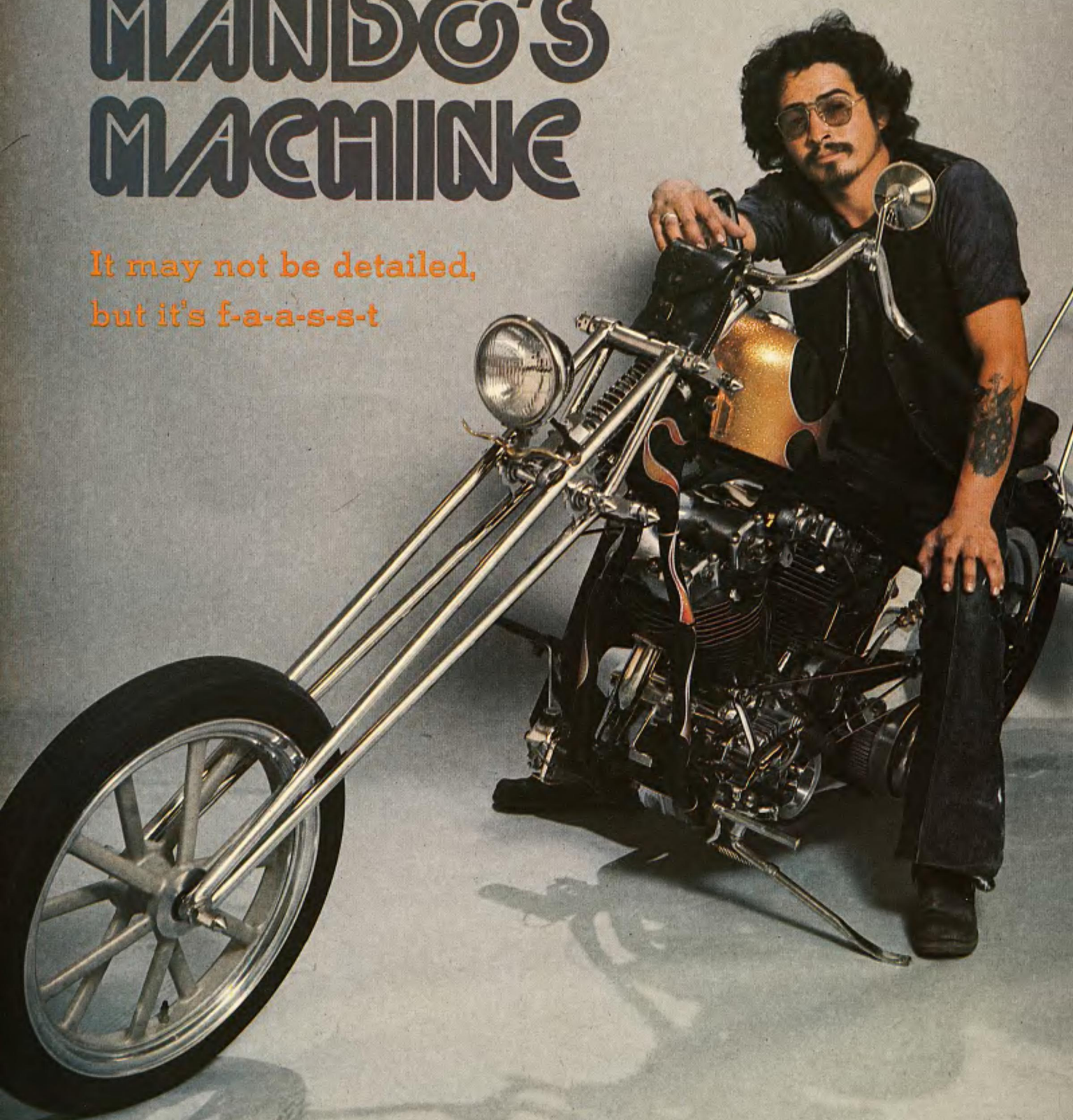
I ran my hand up between her firm, slender thighs and she turned over fast, gruntin' urgently, her small hands findin' my pipe and fondlin' the damn thing right back to life.

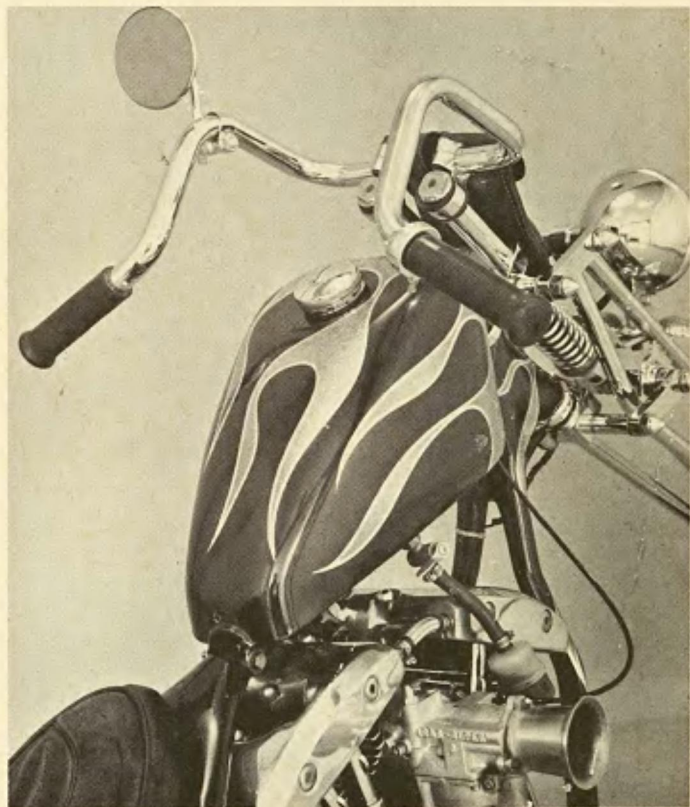
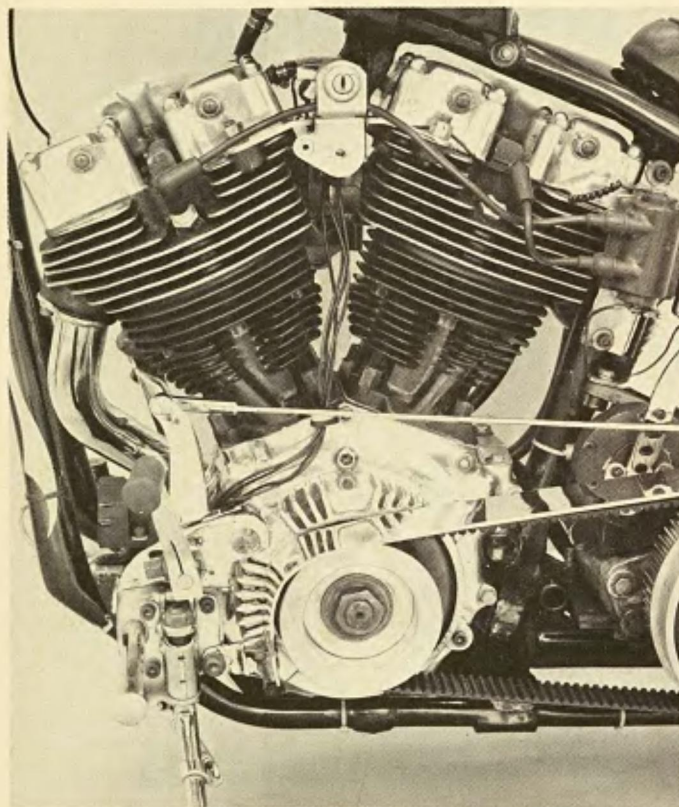
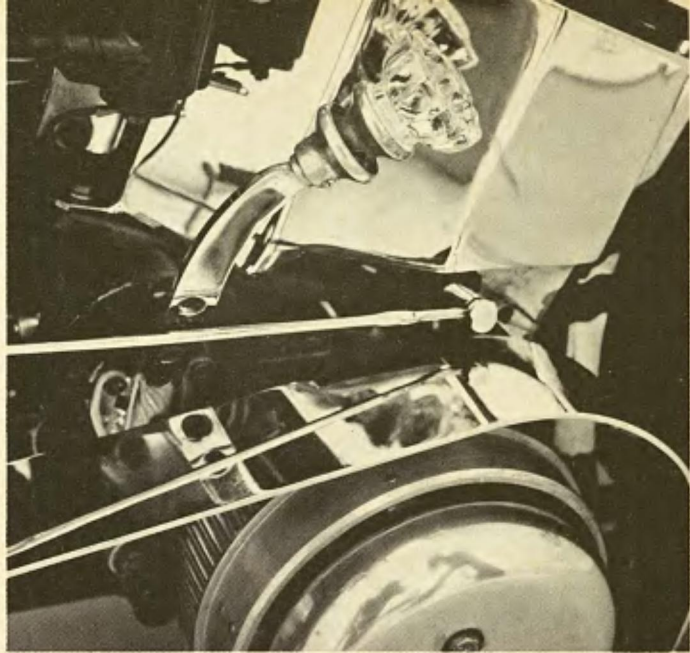
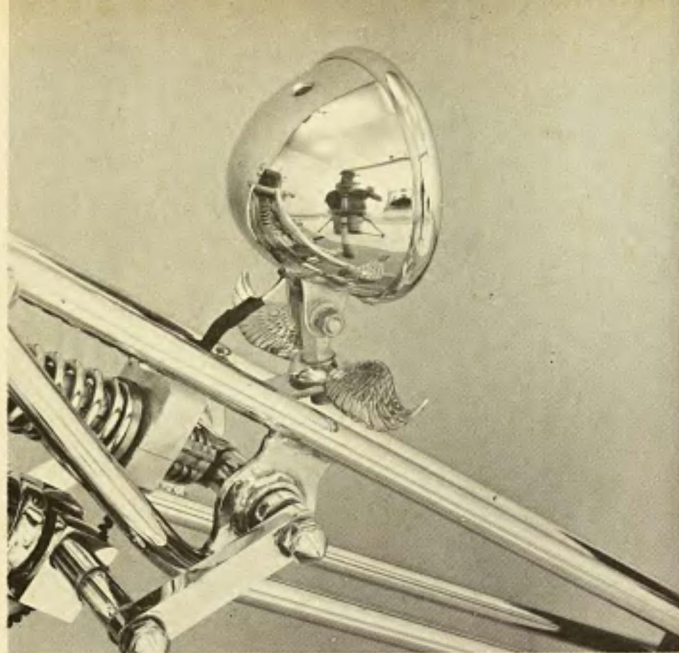
Sonuvabitch! I thought, rolling onto her, there's gotta be a way to drum up that fuckin' money fer the

—Continued on page 82

MANDO'S MACHINE

It may not be detailed,
but it's f-a-a-s-s-t





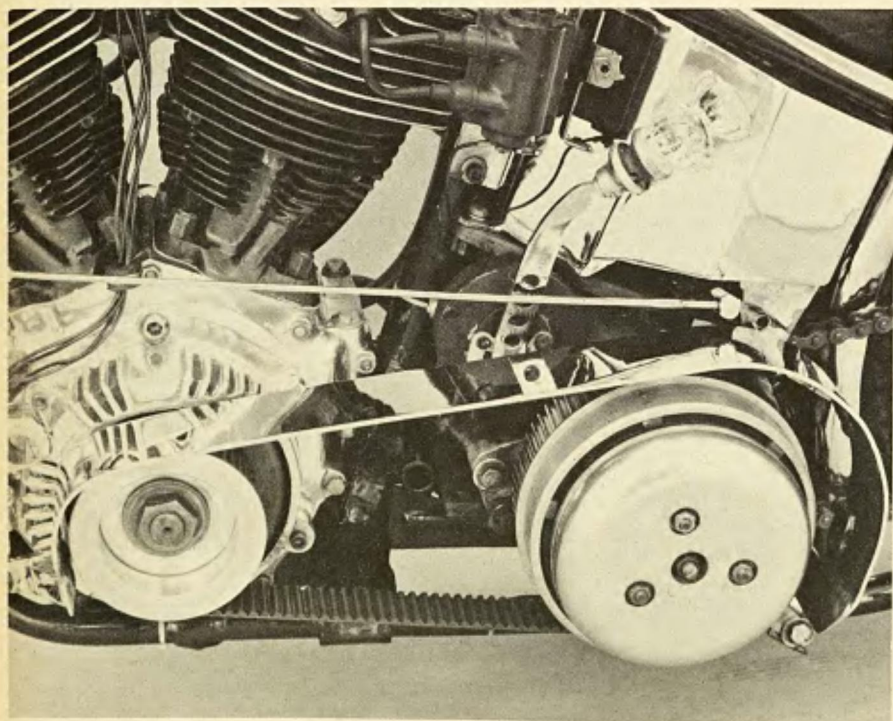
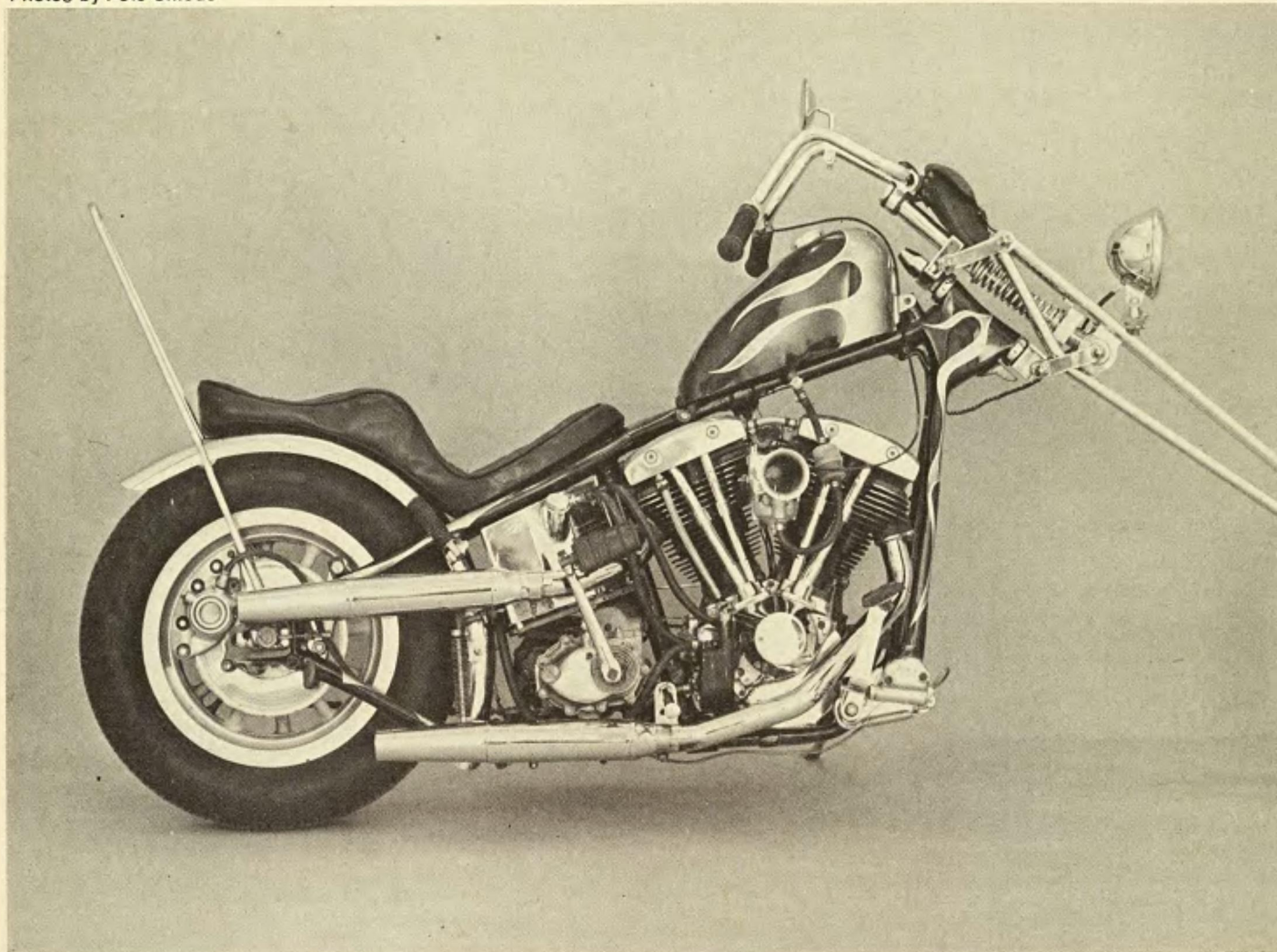
This story is for the biker who doesn't live in a large city. Or for the bro who lives where teardown periods come regularly once a year. Ya see, Mando lives in a city where the smog is thick, the traffic is thicker, and the sun is rarely hidden by water-bearing clouds. Plenty of time to rebuild.

So almost every evening after the traffic dies down and darkness descends over the low layer of tar and nicotine, Mando rolls out his 92-incher. And in the cool of the evening he jams over the big

city freeways, dodging the numerous semis, city freaks, and Caddy drivers.

For a man who rides through the city and wants to survive from day to day, detail isn't important. But a strong-running motorcycle that can take the slides, skids, and keep ahead of the three o'clock raging drunks is as crucial as a life jacket in the middle of the Pacific.

And Mando can hardly tear down. Each night the clear skies and the city streets call him out to test his riding ability. So the brother just doesn't have



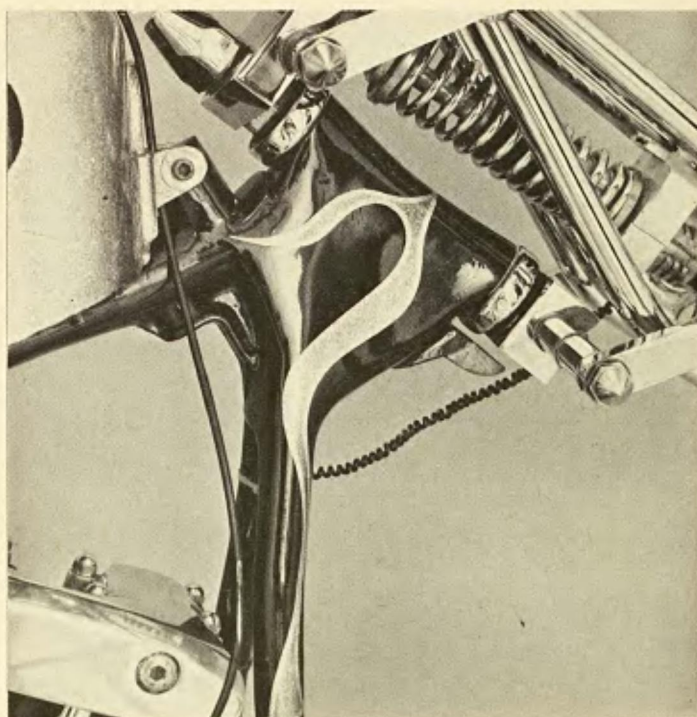
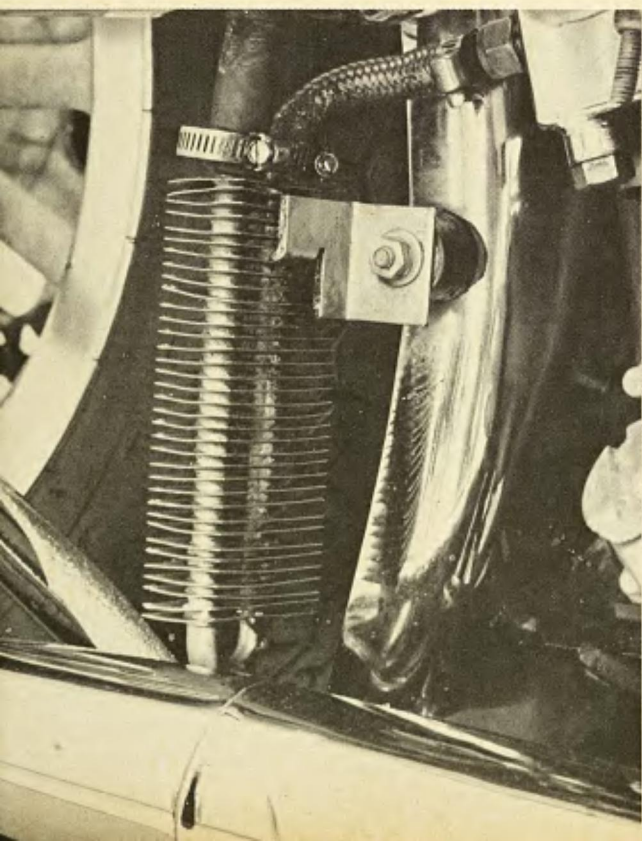
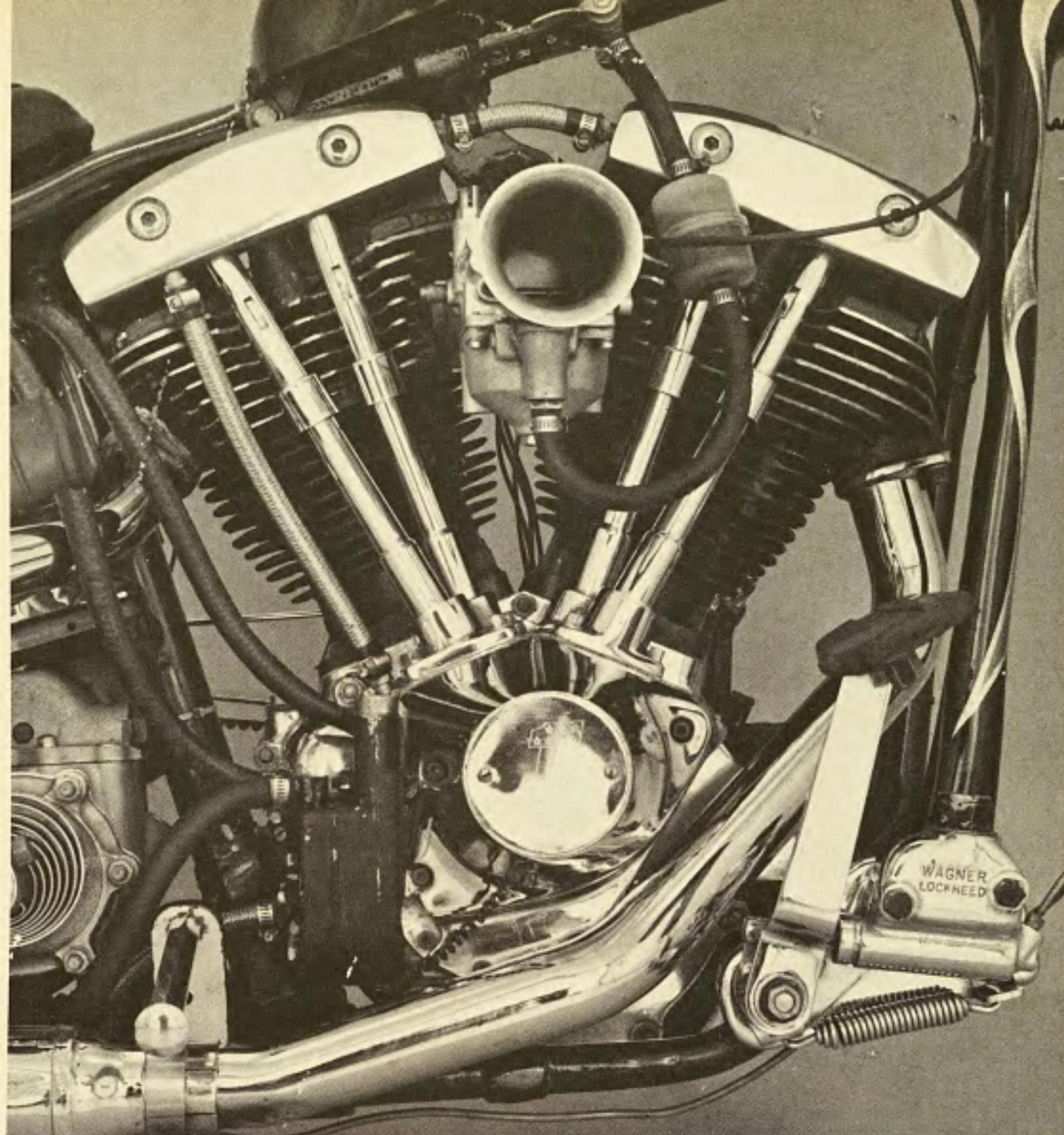
the time or the urge to tear down for some new chrome or a paint job. As long as it runs, it stays on the streets where it belongs. Mando doesn't expect his bike to gleam.

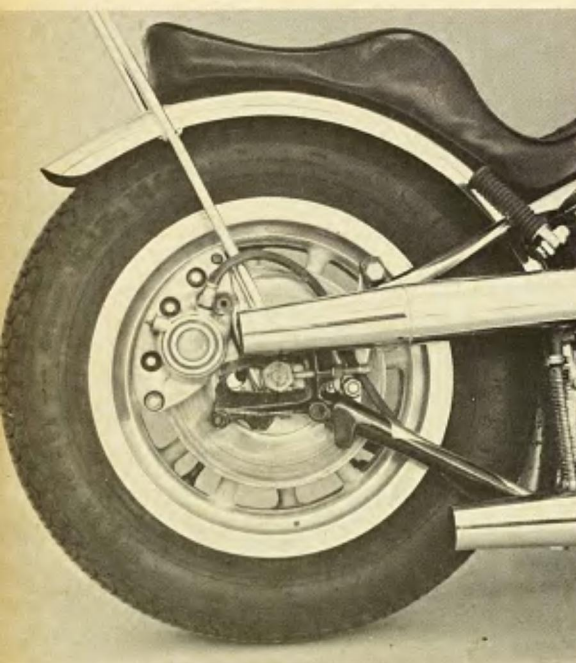
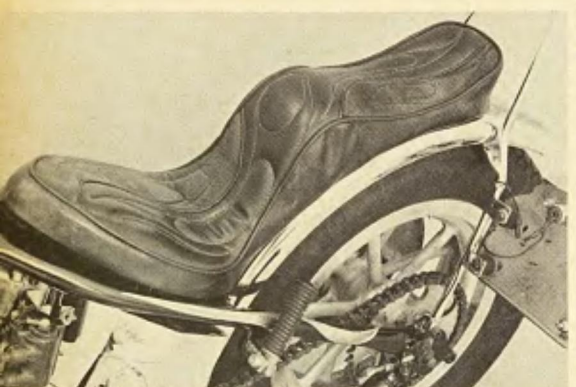
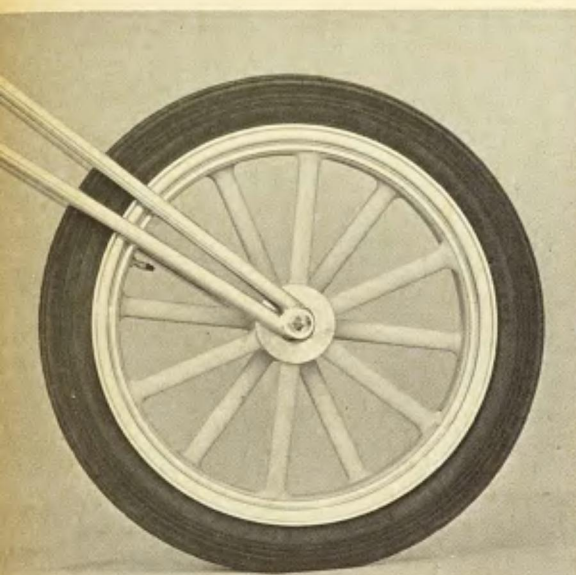
If you ride in the heart of a city and put up with the crap there, then you can relate to Mando's situation. And if you reside where the snow doesn't fall and the mercury doesn't freeze, then you know how difficult it is to get off a damn-good-running, fast scooter for some expensive cosmetic changes.

Like me, some night you too may be cruising through a hard-to-navigate city only to be startled by a deep, loud set of V-twin pipes, echoing off the side of your cage. And it just might be Mando's strong 92-inch shovel making a streak out of the asphalt path. You won't see chrome or a flashy paint-job—just the sound, a low rumble, and possibly a red sparkler-like glow from his pipes.

—Max

—Continued on next page





Owner: Mando Portillo

City: Buena Park, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1973 H-D
Model: FX
Value: \$4,000
Assembly by: owner & Al Malone
Time: 6 months
Chroming by: Paramount

Frame

Year: 1954
Builder: H-D
Type: rigid
Rake: $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Stretch: none
Other alts: neck support removed

Engine

Year: 1973
Model: FX
Rebuilder: Al Malone
Ignition: dis.-coil
Displacement: 92 cu. in.
Lower end: S & S Wheels
Balancing: S & S
Pistons: TRW
Cases: polished
Heads: ported & polished
Cam: 485 Andrews
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): S & S Super
Air cleaner: velocity stack
Pipes: shotgun
Muffler(s): Sportster

Accessories

Bars: Bob Olsen
Risers: rubber mounted
Fender(s): flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: square
Speedo: none
Front pegs: hex
Rear pegs: Sportster
Electrics: alternator
Gas tank: Sportster
Oil tank: Discount Choppers
Oil system: oil cooler
Primary cover: Phase III
Seat: swapmeet
Sissy bar: Bob Olsen
Height: 24 in. above fender
Material: $\frac{1}{2}$ in. round stock

Transmission

Modifications: belt drive
Year: 1973
Shifting: jockey
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: 23
Wheel sprocket: 40

Forks

Type: girder
Extension: 10 in.
Builder: Bob Olsen
Special features: shock

Wheels

Front

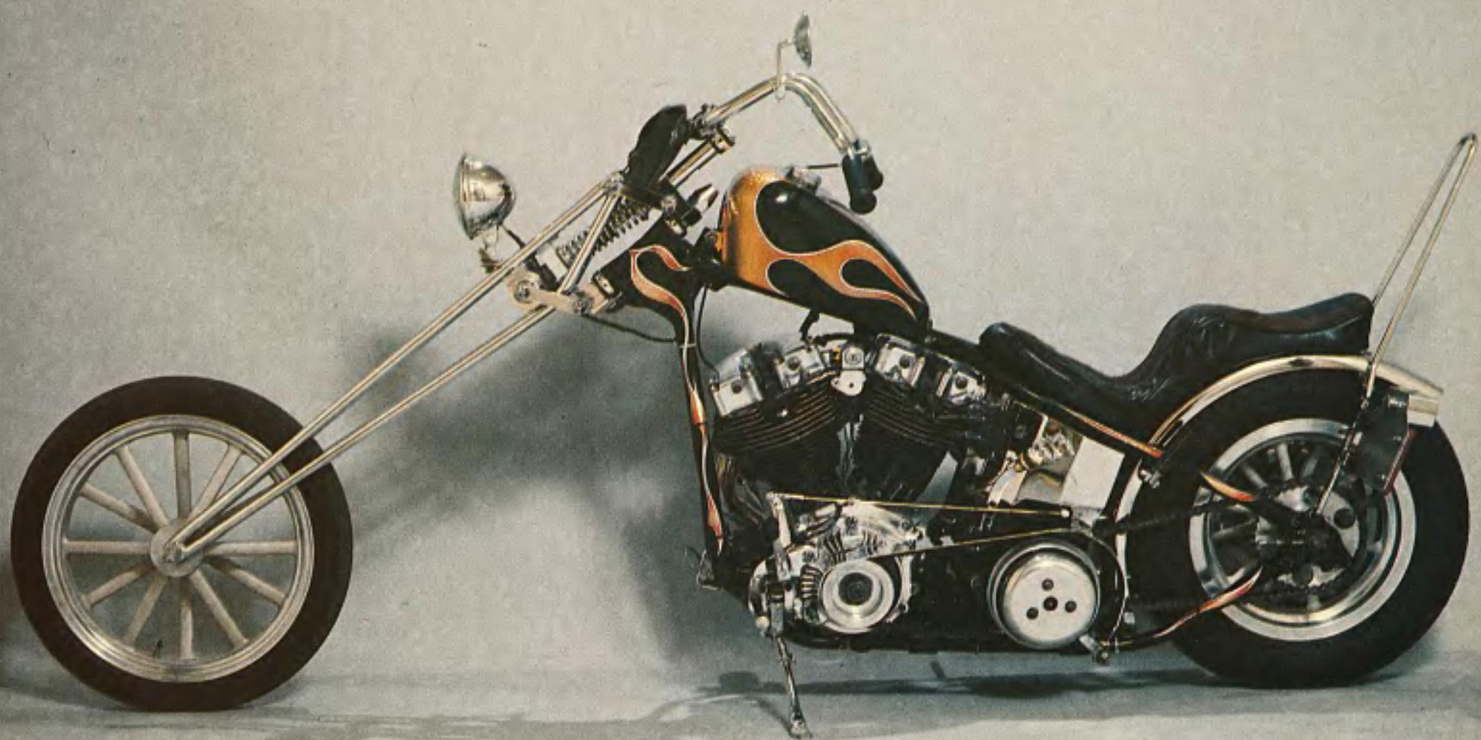
Size: 18
Hub: Amer. Mag.
Rim width: $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Tire: Avon
Brake: none

Rear

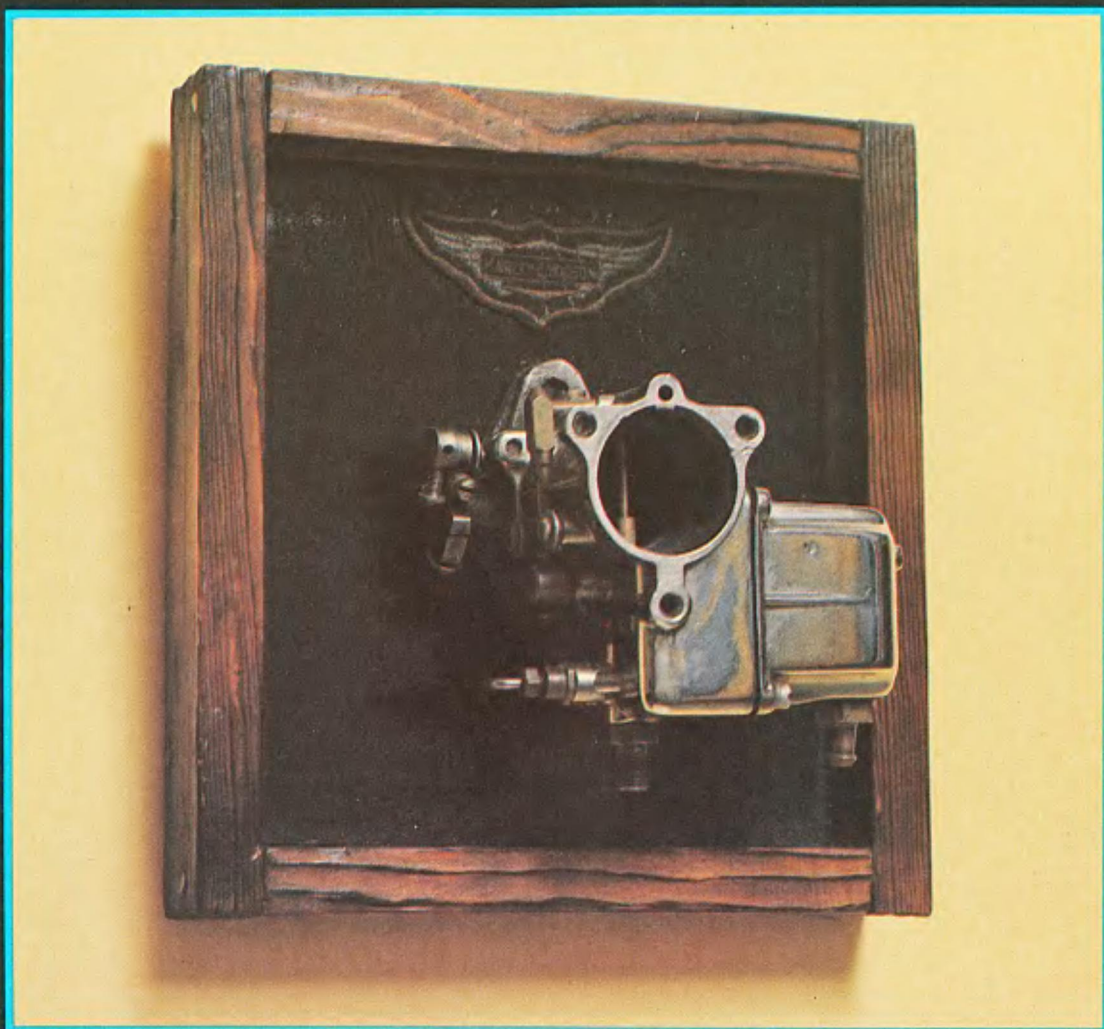
Size: 15
Hub: Amer. Mag.
Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: Pirelli
Brake: H-D disc

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: Roga, Anaheim
Color: black
Type: epoxy
Special paint: Roga, gold flames



THE OL' LINKERT



Why buy a painting?

Harley parts are expensive, right? So there is hardly any excuse, at least not a good one, to throw away even wasted, destroyed parts. Shit, how many times have you heard another tramp bitch 'cause he unloaded all the parts he thought weren't worth piling in the corner of his garage? The possibilities are unlimited in what can be made with your old parts, not to mention repairing them for your next rat bike. And the unrepairable ones can be used for anything from unbreakable toys for the rug rats to coffee table legs made from bent or twisted rods.

Here's just one example of something that can be put together with a special part someone thought was trashed. Besides saving bucks on a painting to hang on the wall, it's a way to display a part that once meant something special. It could have been the last

remains of a bike that met with the Crash and Burn God. Or it may have been salvaged from a prize scooter that had to be sold.

This just happens to be a rare old model DC Linkert carb, which was built and rebuilt until the veteran part finally ate it. It's the Harley-Davidson carb that all the S&S carbs originated from. This was the best fuel box design ever to come from H-D, and it was only air-wrenched onto some Sportsters, and for half a year on '66 shovels. And just think, an S&S gas, street carb goes for around \$225 plus. How could anyone ever throw away the father of that fuel mixer?

H-D parts cost a lot, but in a way that's just another good reason to take full advantage of every ounce of American metal put into those precious parts—right down to using bent spokes for welding rod. —Weed



ABATE

**Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road**

12-State Meet on Helmet Laws

By Ed Armstrong

On May 6, a day's program on helmet laws was held at Ann Arbor, Michigan. It was promoted by the Midwestern Council of State Governments (headquartered in Chicago). There are also Western, Southern, and Eastern Councils of State Governments, with headquarters in San Francisco, Atlanta, and New York. The US Headquarters is at Lexington, Kentucky (Iron Works Pike, 40511). The Midwestern Council represents Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. The Committeemen are generally state legislators. The Ann Arbor meet was by their Transportation Committee and was attended by: Senator R. Shank (Chairman), Indiana; Rep. H. Dyck, Kansas; Rep. M. DeStigter, Michigan; Senator J. Toepf, Michigan; Mr. W. Copeland, Michigan; and Rep. Leonard Groshek, Wisconsin. As you see, many states didn't send a representative.

The purpose of the Council is to conduct research, publish reports, and promote inter-government cooperation. Financial support is by state appropriations, selected federal contracts, and private foundation grants.

The topic for that day was "Should Motorcyclist Helmet Laws Be Repealed?" The morning program was a dramatic demonstration in the Highway Safety Research Institute of the University of Michigan. In the afternoon, the scheduled speakers were two pro-helmet-law non-riders from the Institute and two anti-helmet-law riders. Speaking for the law were Dr. John Melvin (HSRI) and Dr. William Pollock (HSRI). Speaking against were Gary Winn, biker and legislative analyst of the AMA, and Ed Armstrong, biker and

registered professional engineer, ABATE.

At the lab of the HSRI, all the people gathered to hear an introduction talk by Dr. Hess, Director of the Institute, and to see the lab work in progress. Dr. Hess said the HSRI was financed by the state DOT and selected contracts, including some with the auto industry. So keep in mind the work is supported by taxpayers, mainly Michigan's.

A demonstration was given with a huge compressed air ramrod hitting a sitting dummy's forehead. The demo was, in terms of the real crash world, more dramatic than meaningful. Dr. Melvin switched on the air compressor. The room went silent, then he pulled the lever. The ram flew out and battered the helmetless dummy's forehead. The head bounced violently back and forth. He told us that the force was sufficient to damage the brain and crack the skull. Next, a helmet was fitted and the machine prepared for a second run. We were told that with the helmet no damage would occur to the skull and brain. The ram struck, and this time the head flew back and forth more, and with greater violence. The legislators were impressed. I wasn't. Question #1: What happened to the neck? The answer: "Our studies have shown that broken necks aren't a problem." No data were given. Question #2: Why not put the dummy's body behind the head and ram the top of the helmet? Answer: "Very few motorcycle accidents have the body weight behind the head and so the case is irrelevant." But what would happen, anyway? Answer: "The spinal column could be rammed up into the brain."

We returned to the motel for

lunch, then gathered in a conference room for the speeches. Gary Winn led off. He repeated the AMA stand that while AMA opposed mandatory helmet wearing, they encourage voluntary helmet use. He noted that AMA has gathered statistics from all states and ascertained the difference in record keeping. He said some states included snowmobiles, trailers, and even bicycles in motorcycle statistics. Many had different definitions of what constitutes an accident. The AMA found 18 states with reasonable statistics for 3 years before the law and at least 3 years after. The overall average number of fatalities per 100 accidents before the law was 2.688, and 2.562 after the law. Statistically speaking, there is no difference. He summed up. "Based upon properly controlled studies then, helmet laws don't seem to work." Overall, it was a good talk, with well-researched material.

In my talk, because I believed the test demonstration at the lab did not have much meaning in the real world, I spent some time trying to explain that a 1-inch-thick helmet isn't thick enough for any but minor accidents and that for a head-on crash of 20 or 25 mph, you'd need six inches of carefully designed material. I tried to get across that a thump on the forehead wasn't representative, and in fact such a thump on any side of the helmet would probably result in neck or upper spine injury.

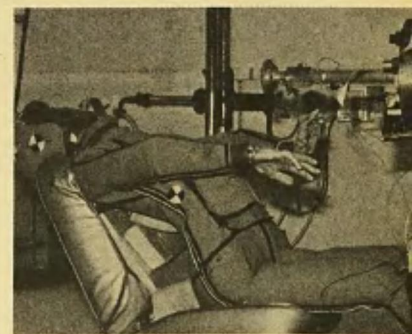
Next I showed that the public burden theory just didn't exist in the real world. The big factors in the public burden dollar are medical expenses and wages lost to society. Medical expense is Gross National Product and keeps some people employed. Insurance money (federal or private) comes from many people who put it in the pot to be used in emergencies by a few. There is no such thing as society losing a man's wages when he's snuffed or injured. There are a hundred unemployed ready to take his job.

Finally I stressed the need for rider training, and mentioned that if rider training was not effective (as claimed by the DOT), why do police departments all over the country have intensive training courses for their riders? Are they wasting the taxpayer's money?

We then listened to Doctor Pollock. His big point was that in Michigan in 1969 (no helmet law), there was 1 death in 27 accidents, and in 1971, with the helmet law, 1 death in 50 accidents, a 46% improvement. He made repeated references to an "in depth" study going on at the University of California to end all arguments about the true value of helmets. An "in depth" study means a selection of cases and funding by the government, resulting in answers to conform to the piper's tune. I personally have never seen a government-bureau-financed report that did not confirm the sponsoring bureau's already established opinion.

Dr. Melvin of HSRI is a specialist in bio-mechanics. He stated that they stress head protection only because the brain doesn't repair itself as other organs can. He explained the demonstration and noted that no data upheld that broken necks increased with helmets. He emphasized that se-

—Continued on next page



The dummy, a split-second before the photo was taken, was sitting slightly forward, the head and helmet inches from the ram. Driven by compressed air, the ram struck the dummy's helmet in the forehead.

It would appear that the various bureaus will spend more money to prove we have to wear helmets. The idea of forcing something on someone for his own good pervades the legislative mind deeply. One legislator announced he was a conservative, normally against Big Brotherism, but, he continued eloquently, "we must act to save the lives of our young lads on motorcycles." ■

Vermont: In case you didn't realize it, it is legal to ride without your helmet if your motorcycle is considered a moped. Check with the state police or ABATE of Vermont for details. Write ABATE of Vermont, 231 Pearl Street, Essex Junction, Vermont 05452.

Florida: ABATE of Florida has consolidated in a concentrated effort to insure your rights to ride free. But they need the help of all you Florida bros. To add your support, contact Gene Roberts, ABATE of Florida, P.O. Box 1503, Pinellas Park, Florida 33565.

Wyoming: Please forgive our error in previous issues. The lid law has not been repealed and is being enforced. ABATE of Wyoming has a list of names of those who sat on the Transportation Committee that held the bill which would have repealed the helmet law. Contact ABATE for the list of whom to write. ABATE of Wyoming, c/o Pat Kish and Ed Iskra, P.O. Box 441, Rock Springs, Wyoming 82901.

Minnesota: Although we've announced the passing of the helmet repeal bill in the past few months, we hasten to add that it was passed reluctantly by Governor Rudy Perpich, and only for a one year trial period. Perpich indicated that legislative pressure against the helmet bill forced his signing, which goes to prove that letter writing does help. Keep those letters coming in. Remember, only your letters can extend this one year trial period. For info, write: ABATE of Minnesota, 2102 Eagle Drive, Stewartville, Minnesota 55976.

Colorado: In previous issues we reported on the helmet repeal bill; the two year test period was overruled and is not now part of the law. We've got a full repeal thanks to the joint efforts of the Colorado bros. To help in future fights, write ABATE of Colorado, Box 1643, Pueblo, Colorado 81002.

Nebraska: This is just a reminder that we have an ABATE chapter in this state. The time to join is now. Write: ABATE of Nebraska, P.O. Box 30332, Lincoln, Nebraska 68503.

Ohio: H.B. 115 has passed the Transportation Sub-Committee unanimously and is expected to pass the full committee. From there it will go to the Rules Committee to be given a date for debate on the floor of the house of representatives. If you Ohio



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.

Georgia: House Bill #819 for helmet repeal will be coming up in January. We understand that Georgia bikers are getting a reputation for sitting back and letting the other guy do all the work in our "effort" to ride free. This bill will never get passed unless you bros join together and all pitch in. Write to the ABATE of Georgia rep in your area: Bob Merckle, 3473 Cherokee Street, Kennesaw, Georgia 30144; or Dave Norman, P.O. Box 20, Marietta, Georgia 30060; or James Tay, 186 Boulevard, Athens, Georgia 30601; or Lee Van Hoessen, State Director, 317 Marshall Street, Martinez, Georgia 30907.

Canada: We now have an ABATE chapter in Canada. For information on membership, write: ABATE of Canada, P.O. Box 283, Grand Bay, New Brunswick, Canada E0G 1w0.

National: For all you people out there who want to know more about why the helmet law should be repealed, you can get a two-volume copy of the transcripts of the hearing in Washington, D.C. which led to passage of the 1976 Highway Safety Act. Write: U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. and ask for a copy of "Hearings Before the Subcommittee on Surface Transportation of the Committee on Public Works and Transportation, House of Representatives, 94th Congress, First session on HR 8235, HR 8430, HR 9544 and related bills, July and September 1975." Read pages 357-402, 454-461, 1334-1335, 1818. No helmet law fighter should be without it. Thanks to ABATE of Maryland for this information.



Shaded area indicates states in which there is no mandatory helmet law; unshaded indicates states which have a mandatory helmet law. Information is accurate as of time this issue went to press.

Helmet Laws

—Continued from page 29

reply from their motorcycle safety expert was "I don't have that information and don't know anyone who has compiled it." That reply came from the agency which had the ability, until May of 1976, to withhold millions of dollars in highway funds from states that had not enacted those very laws.]

"... motorcycle is becoming safer for its participants all the time..."

Once these deliberate distortions are removed, it is possible to see what actually has been happening with motorcycle highway safety. The AMA testimony brought out some interesting facts. From 1963 to 1975 motorcycle registrations increased 553 percent in this country (from 771,237 to 5,032,701). During that same period cycle accidents increased 327 percent (from 33,009 to 141,045). That's a 41 percent smaller increase in accidents than in registrations. In other words, motorcycling is becoming safer for its participants all the time... and keep in mind that helmet laws cannot be credited; helmets can't

Winn, the AMA's chief statistics analyzer, recently completed such a study. The following is an extensive excerpt from his analysis:

"The American Motorcyclist Association has been collecting nationwide motorcycle accident, fatality and registration figures since 1963, and our compilation is the most complete and current in the country to date. The meaningful statistic... to assess the effectiveness of motorcycle helmet laws is the ratio of the number of motorcyclists fatally injured to the total number of motorcycle accidents. This is true because no one has contended that laws requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets will reduce the number of accidents, but only protect from injury once involved in an accident. Thus, by comparing the fatality/accident (f/a) ratio for years before and after the enactment of mandatory helmet laws, their effectiveness can be assessed.

"The AMA has carefully reviewed the situation, and has compiled a list of the 18 states (see chart) that offer reasonably clear and consistent statistics; specifically, the number of fatally injured motorcyclists. In our survey, we have averaged the f/a ratios over all years before and after law

No data was used from states that did not have complete year-to-year statistics, or that had changed any recording procedures (from rural accidents only to urban and rural, for example), or that rounded off or estimated figures or from states that had not had a helmet law in effect for at least three years.

"The average f/a ratio for all 18 states for all years before helmet laws is 2.688 while the average f/a ratio for all states after enactment of helmet laws is 2.562. A common statistical test shows that there is no significant difference between the before law numerical average and the after law average. If helmet legislation did significantly decrease fatalities, the before f/a ratio would have had to exceed 3.875 or the after f/a ratio would have to be smaller than 1.375. Thus, the smaller difference is not large enough to exceed what might be normally expected to occur by chance alone.

"To summarize, we have examined whether mandatory helmet legislation is effective in reducing the number of fatalities after such legislation has been enacted. The 18 states that offer comparable statistics (that is, "fatally injured motorcyclists," as opposed to "the number of fatal accidents") show no significant decline from the before ratio in fatalities per unit accident. Given the data, the necessary interpretation is that laws making motorcyclists wear helmets are not effective in reducing fatalities."

And what that means—to put it plainly and bluntly—is that **helmet laws don't make one damned bit of difference!**

And that means that either NHTSA blew it with a wrong guess way back at the beginning (which is giving the agency all the benefit of any doubt) or else is still trying to attain that constitutional precedent. In either event, the end results are the same—a struggle to shore up its rapidly deteriorating credibility by perpetuating the helmet law lie. Obviously true motorcycle safety remains a subject in which NHTSA, et al are totally uninterested.

Here's one more example in this final bit of history. The National Motor Vehicle Safety Advisory Council exists to advise the Secretary of Transportation on standards and programs administered by NHTSA. In 1973—four years ago—the Council adopted a resolution supporting rider education and licensing as effective motorcycle safety measures, specifically recommending that such be included in NHTSA's highway

safety program. NHTSA shoved that recommendation under the rug and as of this writing nothing more has been heard about it.

"... helmet laws don't make one damned bit of difference!"

Four years later we have, instead, a political, self-serving bureaucratic kneejerk in the form of that "20 percent increase in fatalities" fabrication. NHTSA remains intent on twisting statistics and inventing ersatz studies. The basis of that "unpublished document" (which still has not been made available to the general public) is, at the very best, vague. Any such short-term study, regardless of subject, is of extremely questionable stability. The data doubtlessly has been selected and obviously (and purposely) is incomplete. No consideration is given to any other factors which are involved; only repeal measures are mentioned. No comparative data is provided. And with the typical arrogance of bureaucratic demagoguery, validation is not even attempted. We're expected to believe it simply because it is "unofficially official"—which is exactly how the government's current Credibility Crisis came about.

It is nothing more than a fraud contrived to support NHTSA's longstanding "mistake"—a fraud mysteriously leaked to the IIHS to be ground through the insurance industry's publicity mill. And the IIHS is on record as favoring a ban of motorcycles in this country (which apparently is the eventual goal of the feds as well) and rails long and loud in its continuing efforts to prevent the establishment of motorcycle rider education programs. The coincidences are monumental.

I must conclude that the Department of Transportation—a federal agency which should be accountable to the people and certainly not vice-versa—has as its primary goal the manipulation of the public. It is motivated by—not safety—but politics. And to attempt to disguise politics as a concern for safety is corruption at its most insidious.

America's motorcyclists came of political age when they convinced Congress to remove the DOT's fiscal blackmail power. Now we are being subjected to NHTSA/IIHS's vindictive and somewhat desperate efforts to countermand that accomplishment. If we want honest research—honest safety information—and an end to the totalitarian garbage in which they hope to bury us—then we're going to have to stay involved politically.

We've got to stand together and demand not politics, but safety! ■

HELMET LAW EFFECT

State	Average f/a ratio before helmet law	Average f/a ratio after helmet law
Arizona	1.680	2.095
Georgia	5.111	3.361
Hawaii	2.148	1.313
Idaho	3.107	2.603
Indiana	2.301	2.230
Kansas	2.231	2.357
Maine	4.831	1.943
Maryland	2.538	1.968
Nebraska	1.697	1.939
New Hampshire	4.038	3.383
New Jersey	2.309	2.115
New Mexico	2.316	2.492
North Dakota	1.947	2.887
Oklahoma	2.189	3.229
Oregon	2.097	3.032
Pennsylvania	3.227	3.603
South Dakota	1.837	3.100
Washington	1.791	2.160
Overall average	2.688	2.562

prevent accidents. Obviously other factors are involved. There were 750 undifferentiated motorcycle fatalities in 1963; 3,250 undifferentiated fatalities in 1975—up 333 percent. That can—and does—sound horrendous when the figure is used out of context, the usual method employed by the ban-cycles clique. In reality, the fatality increase is 40 percent smaller than the increase in registrations and just 2 percent larger than that for accidents.

As revealing as these catch-all figures are, even more illuminating is the AMA's study of differentiated motorcycle fatality rates. Gary

enactment; if the law was enacted other than on the first of January, we did not use that year's data. For example, if an enactment occurred on the 26th of July, 1967 (Indiana) the before years consisted of 1963-1966, and the after years were 1968-1975. Thus, for Indiana, the average f/a ratio before years was 2.301 and the average after ratio was 2.230. No data was used from a state that referred to "fatal accidents" due to the fact that this figure often includes non-motorcyclists such as pedestrians, auto drivers, etc. (There are at least 19 confirmed "fatal accident" reporting states.)



The policeman had just delivered the unconscious biker to the hospital, and the intern was asking for a rundown on what had happened.

"Well," the cop said, "he picked up this girl hitchhiker in his van, and when he suddenly started playin' with her tits, she got pretty upset."

"And then what happened?"

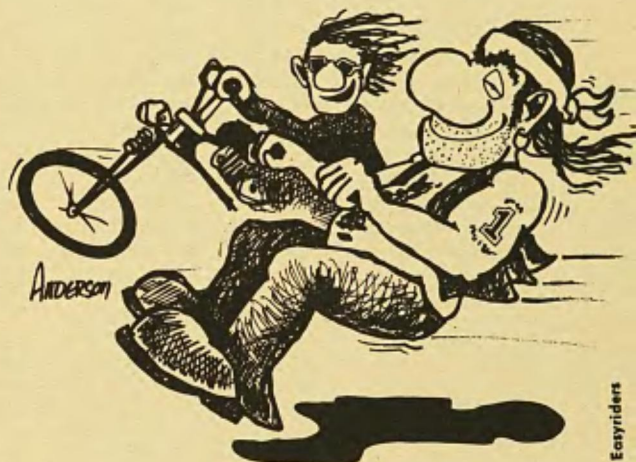
"She lost control and bit his cock."

A biker got a job at a brewery, and one day the foreman came to tell his wife that the poor dude had fallen into a vat of maturing beer and drowned.

"Oh, my poor baby," she wailed. "He never had a chance."

"Yes he did," the foreman assured her. "He got out of the vat twice, to piss."

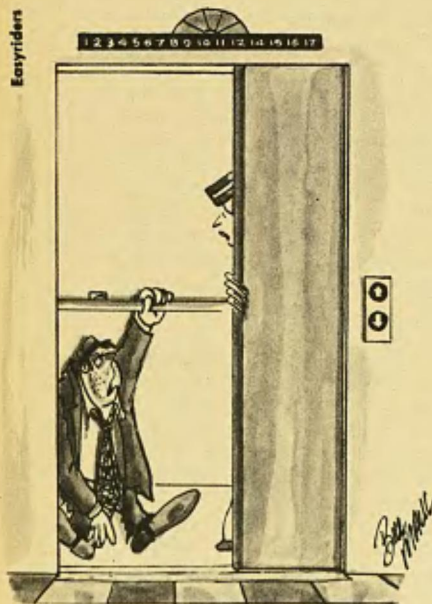
—Sue Dehart
Lompoc, Calif.



"Far-out angel dust—eh, Joe?"

Did you hear about the Polish guy who went into the Post Office to read the "Wanted" posters? One of the posters read, "Wanted: Mexican. For rape." The Polack turned to the postal clerk and said, "Those fuckin' Mexicans get all the good jobs."

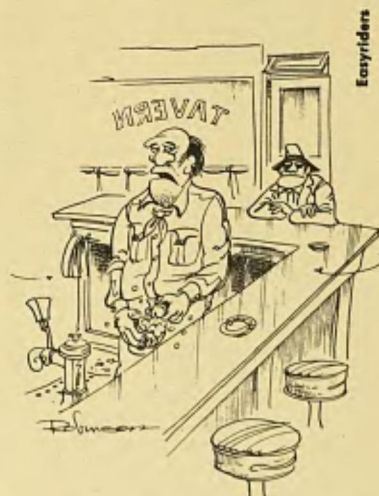
—Tony Mares
Denver, Colo.



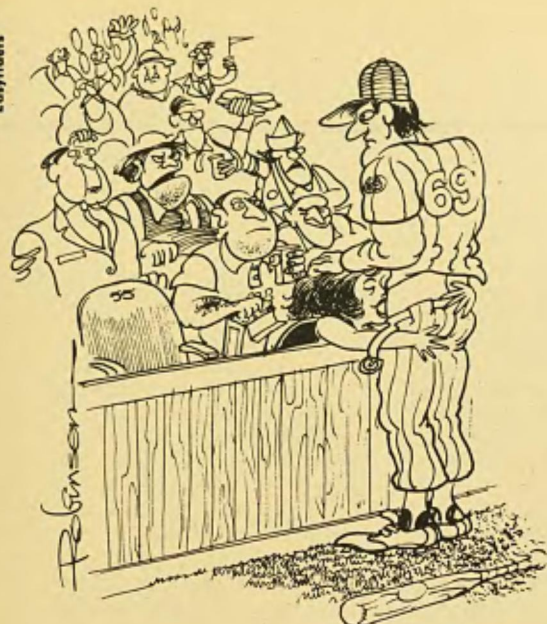
"No champagne? No movies? Hey, just what kind of cheapass airline is this, anyway?"



"Hey, bitch—would ya remove yer hat? Some of us would like to watch the movie."



"Ok! Ok! Yer gettin' a head on it!"



The aging biker went to the doctor to get something to increase his sex drive. The doctor gave him some pills, and charged him ten dollars.

A week later, the biker returned and handed the doctor twenty dollars.

"But the pills are only ten dollars," the doctor said.

"I know," answered the biker. "The other ten is from my ol' lady."

—Sue Dehart
Lompoc, Calif.

After considerable cursing, sweating, and delicate aerial maneuvering, the Polish pilot finally landed the huge jet on the runway with a sudden, thudding jolt.

"My God," he said to the co-pilot. "That's gotta be the shortest fuckin' landin' strip in America!"

The co-pilot glanced out the cockpit window and commented, "That's true, but the sonofabitch must be two miles wide."

—Warren Roche
Topanga, Calif.

"Play ball, fer crissakes!"

Then there was the old biker who had a massive stroke—which is what made him so popular at parties.

We thought everyone knew that a gay masochist is a sucker for punishment.

Snake and his ol' lady were sleeping when she woke him up to say she'd heard a noise in the kitchen.

"Wake up," she whispered. "Someone's in the kitchen, and I think he's eatin' last night's dinner."

"What the fuck do I care?" Snake answered. "Just so he don't die in the house."

—Sue Dehart
Lompoc, Calif.

A straight couple slept in separate bedrooms, and the man was awakened one night by his wife's screams. He ran to her room just in time to see a raunchy-looking dude dive out the window.

"That man," she wailed, pointing. "He just fucked me—two times!"

"Why the hell didn't you call me?" her husband asked.

"I thought it was you, till he started in on seconds."

Advice to biker chicks: The best way to avoid rape is to beat off the attacker.

"I believe in love at first sight," the chick confided in her girl friend. "The first time I saw a cock, I knew I'd love it!"



"When you told me you were in the Guinness Book of Records I thought it was for the long beard."

Easyriders

ENGLEMAN



"Oh, damn it! Here! It's this shade of brown!"

A biker was bullshittin' with his bro's ol' lady while waiting for the bro to come home from work.

"How's the new pad?" he asked, looking around the small frame house his pal had rented.

"Terrible!" she said. "Every time a train goes by, it shakes me right out of bed." At his look of doubt, she added, "Lie down on my bed and you'll see."

The biker went into the bedroom and flopped on her bed. He'd no sooner done that, than in walked her ol' man.

"What the fuck's goin' on here?" he roared, drawing his Buck. The prone man looked up.

"Would you believe I'm waitin' for a train?"



"What makes you think I'm not wearing a bra?"

Easyriders

TOM NODDY

Drug Scene

If you and your fiancée should jointly purchase a contraband drug with intent to share it with each other, can you both be convicted of the felony of possession with intent to distribute, which is a felony, or are you only guilty of simple possession, which is a misdemeanor? This is a case of first impression and the U. S. Court of Appeals held that you and your fiancée are only guilty of a misdemeanor. The Court said that joint possession of a drug does not preclude a finding of possession with intent to distribute to a third person. However, whether such an inference may be drawn depends on the surrounding circumstances. These would include the nature of the relationship between the persons, whether commercial or personal, and the quantity of the drug, that is, whether it is too large for personal use only. The serious crime here is distribution of the drug, and where two persons acquire the drug only for their own use, and can prove it, they are not guilty of distribution, but only of possession. 548 Fed. 2nd 443, 1977.

Cops Peekin' At Ya

Supreme Court Judge Peter J. McQuillan recently said in a brilliant opinion, it is frightening to think that an undercover police officer can, without any guidelines, infiltrate a local community, attend meetings, distribute literature, work for the Board of Elections, visit the homes of participants that he befriends, search the premises, make duplicate keys, etc., and then report in writing to a secret intelligence division all that he has seen, heard and observed each day. (We give you here other highlights of the judge's opinion.) This did happen in New York City where a neighborhood on the lower east side was under surveillance for a period of two years. As the judge goes on to say, it is reminiscent of George Orwell's predictions about 1984, where one of the characters says,

"There was of course no way of proving whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time . . . You had to live and did live from habit that became instinct—on the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every moment scrutinized." This can happen in 1984 unless every citizen realizes and insists that his invaluable right of privacy be preserved by the courts.

Recently in California, it was found that police officers posing as students were enrolling in UCLA and engaging in the covert practice of recording class discussions, compiling police dossiers and filing "intelligence reports" so that the police might have "records" on the professors and students. The reports covered discussions in university classes and in public and private meetings of university-sponsored organizations. The reports did not pertain to any illegal activity or acts. This police activity was supported by public funds. Fortunately, the Supreme Court of California wrote an excellent opinion condemning the practice as prohibited by the Federal Bill of Rights and the comparable provisions of the Constitution of California. The court mentioned a case in the federal court in New York where the New York City Police Department had begun stationing uniformed police officers in "adult book stores" to oversee the store's operations and to detect sales of obscene material. The federal court enjoined the surveillance operations, concluding that the government could achieve the legitimate objective of controlling obscenity through other means less destructive of First Amendment rights.

As you know, in contrast to many other nations in the world, the United States has never authorized, and we hope never will authorize, the cre-

ation of a police agency with unlimited jurisdiction and autonomy. When it does, you will see the end of your priceless right of privacy. We cannot live in a free society where we have a sense of being observed by government watchers. Unwarranted police surveillance will destroy our capacity to tolerate—and even to encourage—dissent and non-conformity. Police surveillance intimidates, demoralizes and frightens the community into silence. President Jefferson said once, "Timid men prefer the calm of despotism to the boisterous seas of liberty." He is so right, because a ubiquitous secret police and an obsequious society go hand in hand.

An undercover police agent is charged with the duty of gaining your trust and confidence in order to convey your actions and words to headquarters. The chilling effect of such police conduct upon freedom of speech and association is crystal clear. As a result, many persons may hesitate to attend controversial meetings, if their attendance and comments will be reported and permanently recorded in a police dossier. As Hubert Humphrey said when he was Vice President: "We act differently if we believe we are being observed. If we can never be sure whether we are being watched and listened to, all our actions will be altered and our very character will change." Public meetings are a prominent feature of our system of freedom of expression. They are the marketplace of issues and ideas. They must never be infested with government spies. An arbitrary infiltration of a public meeting by an undercover agent constitutes the grossest sort of government interference. No citizen is entitled to only partial protection against unwarranted governmental intrusion. Clandestine surveillance by undercover operatives necessarily produces a mass of raw data, which is filed, indexed, cross-referenced, computerized, exchanged and leaked.

Of course, you know that the law enforcement establishment exists to prevent criminal

conduct and to arrest offenders. Stealth is often a necessary strategy for certain situations. Undercover operatives to infiltrate a very limited group are and should be permissible when the police have good reason to believe or suspect that criminal conduct is taking place or may be anticipated. The gathering of evidence against certain types of offenders is often a difficult task. To successfully break up a drug ring, police have to infiltrate it and participate temporarily in their illegal practices. The danger from bombings and arson by depraved citizens posing as "revolutionaries" requires a dangerous type of infiltration which no one can complain about. But an infiltration should be planted in a group only when the police have articulate reasons to believe or suspect that criminal activity is afoot, and the operation should continue only until sufficient evidence is obtained to warrant an arrest. The police do not have and should not have carte blanche to do as they please in the area of undercover infiltration.

It is true that diamonds are a girl's best friend, and your bank account is your best friend, but your next-best friend is your right of privacy, which you should always remember is protected by the First and Fourth Amendments to the Constitution. It is worth fighting for during your entire life. We must prove that George Orwell was wrong.

Snoopin' in Closets

Can your girl friend consent for you to a search of your closet? The Florida Supreme Court says "No." Here the closet had been set aside for the boyfriend's personal use. Although the woman had lived in the apartment for six years prior to the time the defendant moved in and they signed a lease as "Mr. and Mrs. Silva," the closet contained only the defendant's belongings and the woman went into it only while cleaning. Police appeared at the apartment after the couple

had had a violent disagreement, and the woman reported that the defendant had hit her, and that he was a convicted felon and had guns in his closet. The officers conducted a warrantless search and found a number of weapons. Florida law generally recognizes that a husband and wife relationship does not authorize one spouse to waive the other's constitutional rights by consenting to a warrantless search. However, where a couple lives together without having been formally married, the courts have been more willing to permit one party to waive the other's constitutional rights with respect to shared premises.

Here, while the couple may have had joint access to most portions of the apartment, the closet was easily separable from the rest of the premises. The defendant's girl friend did not have equal access to it and none of her clothes or belongings were stored in the closet. It should thus have been apparent to the officers that the closet was set aside for the defendant's use and that they could not search it without his consent, let alone over his objections.

In a recent federal case, the court held that a girlfriend of a bank robbery defendant was coerced into permitting FBI Agents and police officers to search a guitar case in her apartment following the arrest of the defendant. The police had been told by an informer that the proceeds of the robbery could be found in the apartment. The agents appeared without an arrest or a search warrant. They found the defendant there and arrested him. After the defendant was removed from the apartment, the girlfriend initially refused to allow a search. One of the agents gave her Miranda warnings, and allegedly told her she was a potential suspect in the robbery and that they would get a warrant if she did not consent. The agent and one of the police officers then took the girl to the kitchen, which was just large enough to accommodate the three of them. They persisted in trying to persuade her to consent and enlisted her mother's assistance when she arrived on the scene. The girl later testified that she was scared to death and was crying at the time she signed the con-

sent form after thirty minutes of pressure. In the light of these facts, the Court said that there could be no doubt that her consent was involuntary. *U.S. v. Mayes*, 4/18/77, U. S. Ct. of Appeals 6th Circuit and *Silva v. State Supreme Ct. Florida*, 3/24/77.

Bike Insurance

One of the great hazards to you and your motorcycle is the hazard of the uninsured motorist, who may injure you and trash your motorcycle. Recently a man was riding as a passenger on a motorcycle, the title to which was in his mother's name. He resided in his mother's household at the time the bike collided with an automobile owned by an uninsured motorist driving an uninsured motor vehicle. The motorcycle was not listed as an insured vehicle under the policy issued by the insurance company to the plaintiff's mother. The plaintiff recovered a judgment of \$50,000 against the uninsured motorist. He now seeks to charge the insurance company with \$10,000, under the terms of the policy. The policy provided, as far as uninsured motorist protection was concerned, that "insured" means the named insured and residents of the same household when they are relatives of the insured. But the insurance company claimed that it was not liable because of the exclusionary clause in the policy, which provided that the company was not liable because the motorcycle was not specifically listed in the policy. But this defense was rejected by the Court. The Court held that the motorcycle did not have to be listed in the policy because the exclusionary clause was entirely void. In so holding, the Court cited a long list of state court decisions including Florida, Louisiana, Illinois, Minnesota, and Mississippi. All these cases involved motorcycles. The great weight of authority is that these exclusionary clauses violate the public policy of the states. Arizona takes the opposite view and holds the exclusionary clause valid.

The whole point here is that if you are injured in a motorcycle accident and are a member of a family which has one

of these policies protecting against uninsured motorists, you may well be covered, even though the insurance company claims you are not, because the exclusionary clause in the policy may be void in your state. In the event of an accident, you should immediately refer the matter to your lawyer for a careful examination of your rights under the policy and the validity of any alleged exclusionary clause. But the really important point is that every vehicle owned by the insured should be specifically listed in the policy at the time the policy is issued. This may well prevent a lawsuit. 555 Pac. 2nd 1037, 1976.

Probable Cause

Two years ago, the Nebraska Supreme Court upheld a statute authorizing police to stop a vehicle solely for the purpose of checking its registration and the operator's licence. Today, a majority of that Court has held that a deputy sheriff who had warrants for two sisters may have been justified in stopping an innocent looking vehicle to determine whether the young ladies were in the car. However, once it was determined that the wanted sisters were not in the car, his continued detention of the car and the ultimate search of the occupants violated the Fourth Amendment. The car, which was occupied by three males, had been driven in a normal manner, and the officer had observed absolutely nothing which could be construed as criminal activity. It was not until after he decided to check the driver's license and insisted on smelling the driver's breath, that the officer observed the person's glassy eyes and slurred speech, and detected a slight odor of marijuana. He immediately searched all three occupants of the vehicle and found a quantity of marijuana and a weapon. Was the search legal? The Court said that once the officer had determined that the young ladies were not in the car, he should have allowed the occupants to go merrily on their way. There was a dissenting opinion. 231 N.W. 2nd 672 and *State v. Holmberg* College, Nebraska Supreme Ct. 4/20/77.

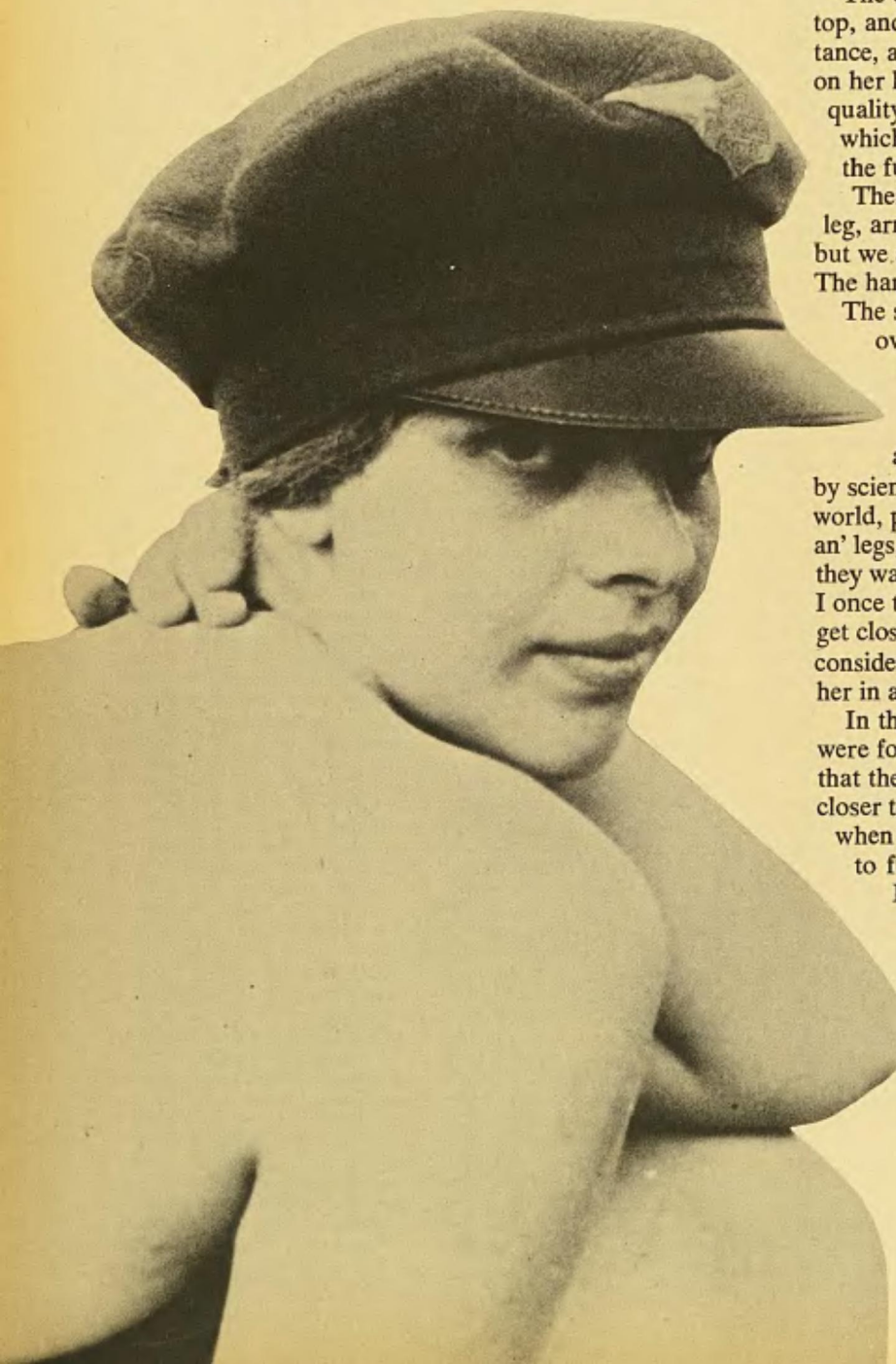
Snuffin' a Kid

A driver of a car or a motorcycle and a parent are socializing on the front porch. Parent's three year old child is playing nearby. The driver gets into his car in the driveway to leave, and negligently backs the vehicle over the child, who is running to say goodbye to the driver. The driver is negligent by looking away and waving goodbye to the parent without watching the direction the vehicle is traveling. While the driver is watching the parent, the latter screams to alert the driver, but the child is killed. The parent was not endangered by the motor vehicle, but suffers severe emotional injury from witnessing the child's fatal injuries. If the parent sues the driver, will recovery for all injuries, mental and physical, be allowed? In California "Yes"; in New York "No." Should recovery be allowed? The question has been considered in other states and in Connecticut, Hawaii, Michigan, Rhode Island, and Texas. Recovery has been allowed to the bystander for psychological injury. In the Rhode Island case, a four-year old child was struck and killed by a mail truck within the view of his mother. In the Hawaii case the infant plaintiff had allegedly suffered psychological injuries without physical impact when he observed the negligently-driven motor vehicle of the defendant strike and kill his step-grandmother. In the Michigan case, a mother, watching for her children to return from school, saw the school bus stop in front of her house with red lights flashing. As her daughter alighted and crossed in front of the bus, the defendant's speeding panel truck overtook the parked bus, struck and killed the child. The trauma to the mother was severe and the court allowed recovery.

These cases are a warning to automobile and motorcycle drivers that negligent driving may entail more than just liability for the victim who is injured or killed. He may have to pay for the emotional injury to the bystander. In all events, the possibility may be avoided by increased attention to the important job of safe driving. 441 Pac. 2nd 912. 301 N.Y. Supp. 2nd 554. ■

CHICKS

FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER



One end of the female anatomy is so distinctly different from the other that it's no wonder there's so many dudes in the world who are constantly arguing about which end is best, what part of a chick does the most good, and which is the most stimulating. Think about it. The top end is all right, but it has only tits. (If you want me to stick to genuine doctor shit, I'll call 'em mammary glands, but if ya wanta understand this fuckin' article, I'm gonna call 'em like you see 'em an' like every horny doctor in the world sees 'em when he's alone with a sexy patient, no matter how hard he tries to hide the fact.) I'm deliberately over-lookin' the fact that a broad has a mouth that's good for somethin' besides eatin' food, snivelin' about not gettin' to go puttin' with ya, and complainin' 'cause she don't get enough ass or head.

The other end of the human body has it all over the top, and if things were in their right order of importance, a broad would have to go through life walkin' on her hands, 'cause the bottom end has the top-quality equipment—a cunt and an asshole—both of which make for good pokin' an' lots of pleasure for the fucker an' the fuckee.

There's tit men and there's ass men. There's also leg, arm, hair, eye, ear, foot, belly, and hand men, too, but we ain't gettin' into nothin' but pokin' fun this trip. The hand-job shit comes in another helpful article.

The stuff mentioned above varies in importance all over the world. Different societies and groups like different things, and are turned on by 'em in varying degrees. American men like—and have always liked—big tits. Latins have always gone for asses and legs. In studies made by scientists, thirteen societies, in various parts of the world, preferred fat broads. Big tits, big asses, fat arms an' legs, it didn't matter, just so the fat was wherever they wanted to touch. That's not my bag, incidentally. I once tried to screw a broad that was so fat I couldn't get close enough to put my joint in, an' she wouldn't consider givin' head. Finally had to wind up fuckin' her in a wrinkle.

In the aforementioned studies, only five societies were found that liked skinny broads, which proves that the meat ain't always sweeter just because it's closer to the bone. The time when it's the sweetest is when it's close to the bone of the dude that's tryin' to fuck 'em.

Rating among the highest were broads that had big tits an' big pussy lips, or *labia majora*.

There were nine societies that liked this last stuff. In fact, one society in Africa liked big pussy lips so much that on her wedding night the bride was forced to put red ants

—Continued on page 78

By Dr. John Twatburger



Gimme back my rag or I'm gonna make mush outta your gourd!

Wait till ya read Miraculous Mutha.

Christ! My kid's readin' Easyriders!

It's breakin' up homes, folks— but the sub price is still the same!

The subscription price remains the same! So there's more pages, more color, more everything—a buck's still a buck, and the heavies on the editorial staff aren't standin' for any more shit. So **there's no change in subscription rates**, and we're still throwin' in a free **Easyriders** decal!

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

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

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



Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

52

Check one:

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

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

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

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

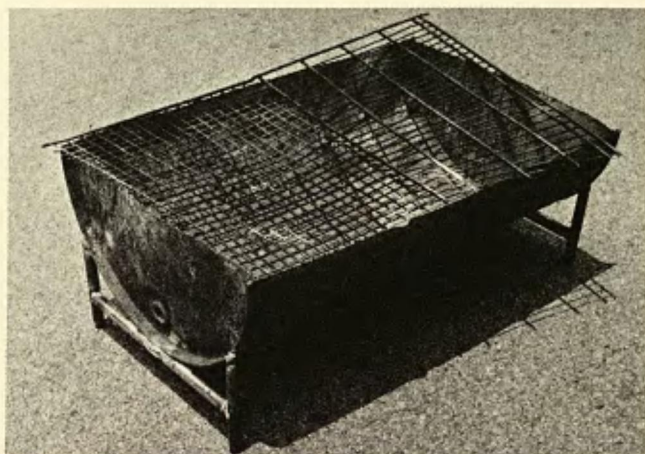
- ☐ Here's \$10.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$19.00 for a two-year subscription.

Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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

Run Drum



This month's tech feature has absolutely nothing to do with your motorcycle. Now isn't that just too fucking bad? But then again, think back to the last run you went on. Remember the dusty campsite with no cement barbecue pits, no rocks, no shovel in the back-up truck, and a juicy stack of beautifully cut steaks in the portable freezer?

Even if you could build a fire, what in all the squirrel's forest are ya gonna use for a grill? The chrome mesh mounted securely on the front of your bro's pickup? Nobody likes to see good

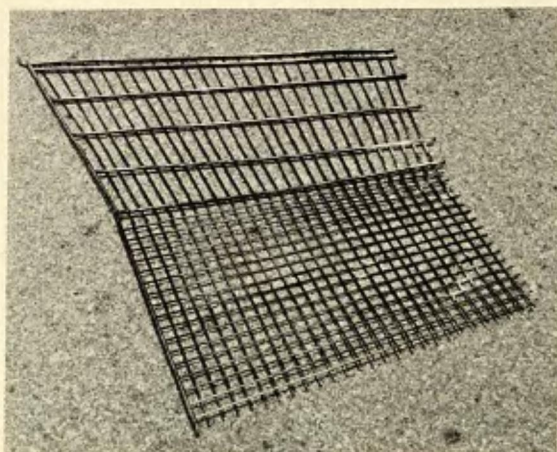
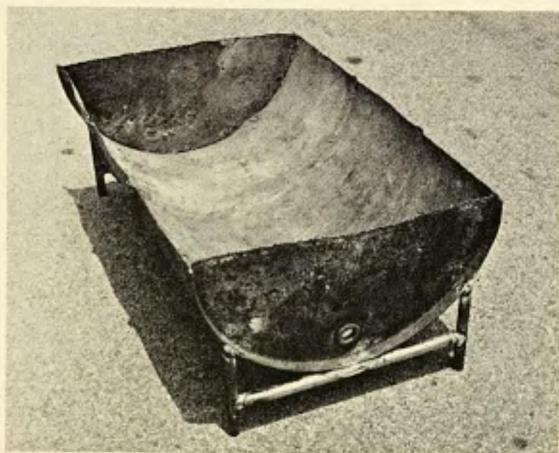
meat go to waste. And having a hell of a monstrous appetite myself, I volunteered to whip up something three days before the last run.

The day before the run a bro casually reminded me about the barbecue pit. Half an hour later it came to me while I was starin' at this ol' rusty 50-gallon drum lying in my back yard. First, I decided I'd cut it in half while it stood there. So I sliced it down the middle, slapped a couple of legs to it, and it began to take shape.

The grill was the next challenge. Knowing I didn't

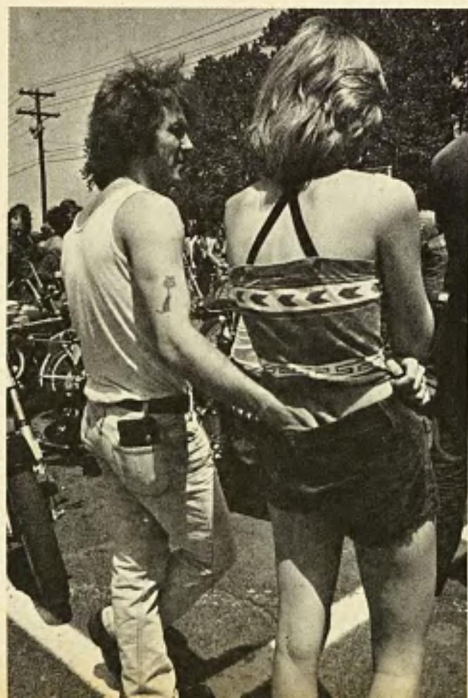
want to poison my bros by using galvanized steel, I looked for something chrome. Lo and behold, I came upon an old shopping cart at a garage sale. After purchasing it, I quickly cut and welded certain segments of the cart together to form the grill.

Completed, the grill and pit were light and portable enough to fit in the trunk of a car following the pack. The contraption was the success of the run. It even held a sizable bonfire when the ol' ladies weren't cooking. Only one bummer—somebody forgot the steaks. —T-bone





—from Joe Casey, Peabody, Massachusetts

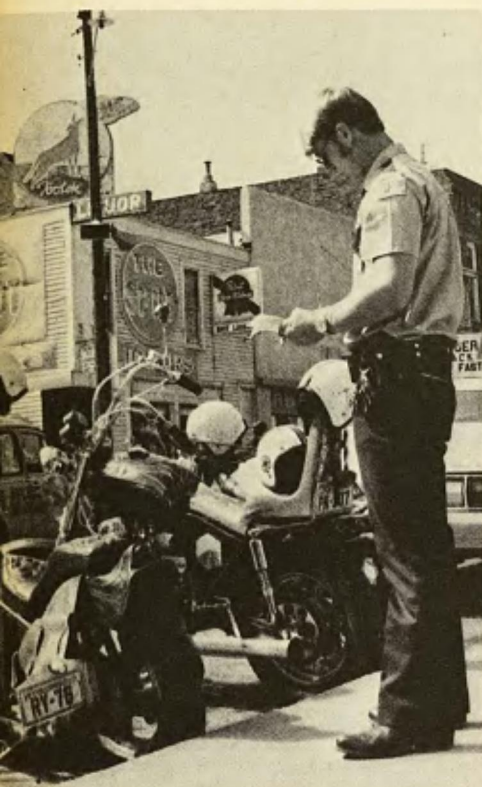


—from Ed Carcone, Westwood, New Jersey

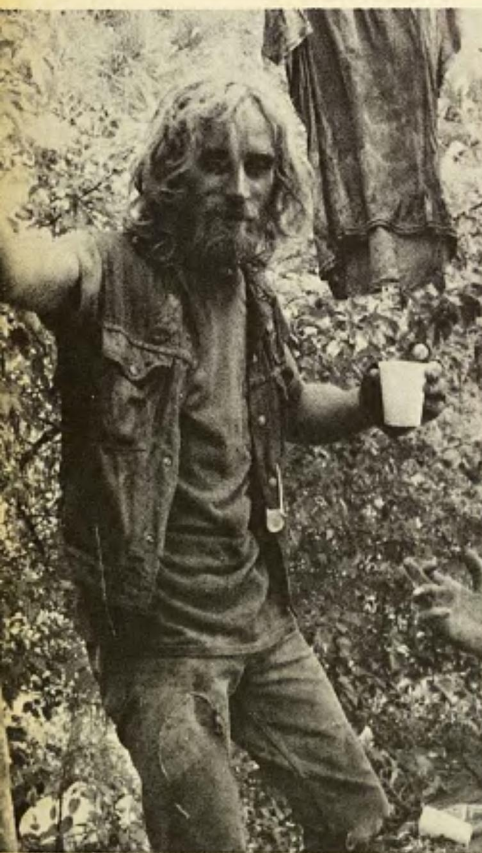


Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 or $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$)—nothing else. 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.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebraska



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebraska





—from MEW Photo, Newport, Rhode Island

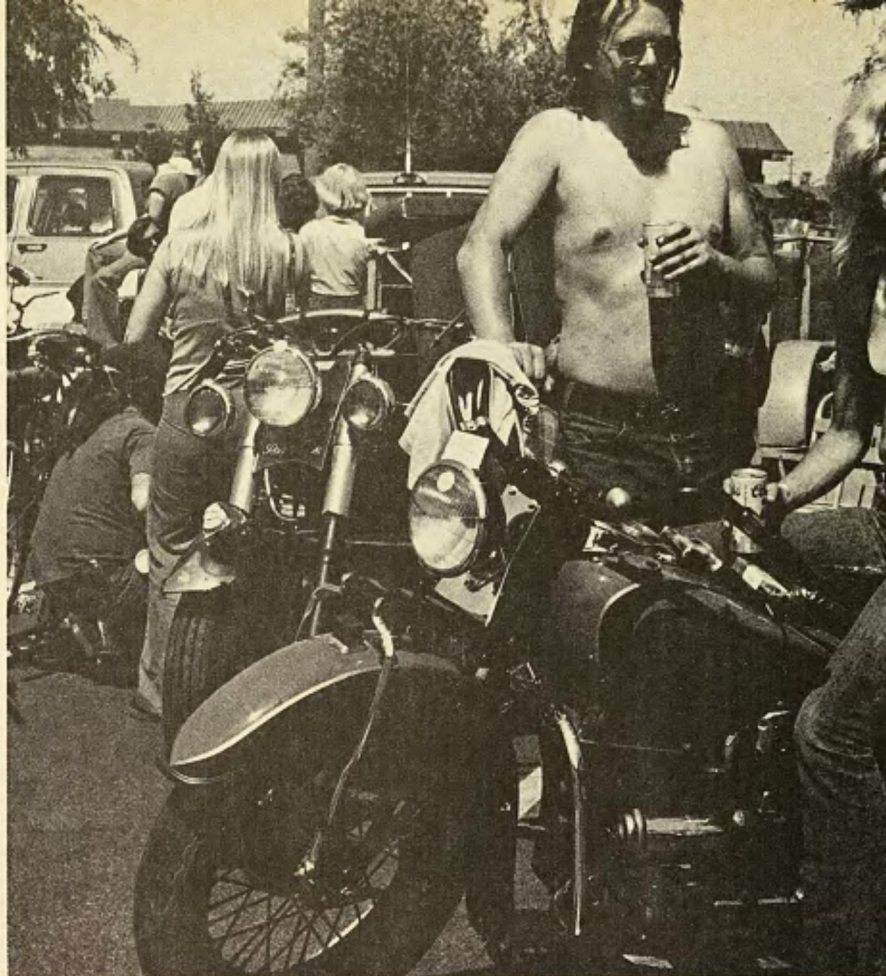


—from Big Steve and Friends, Ellwood City, Pennsylvania





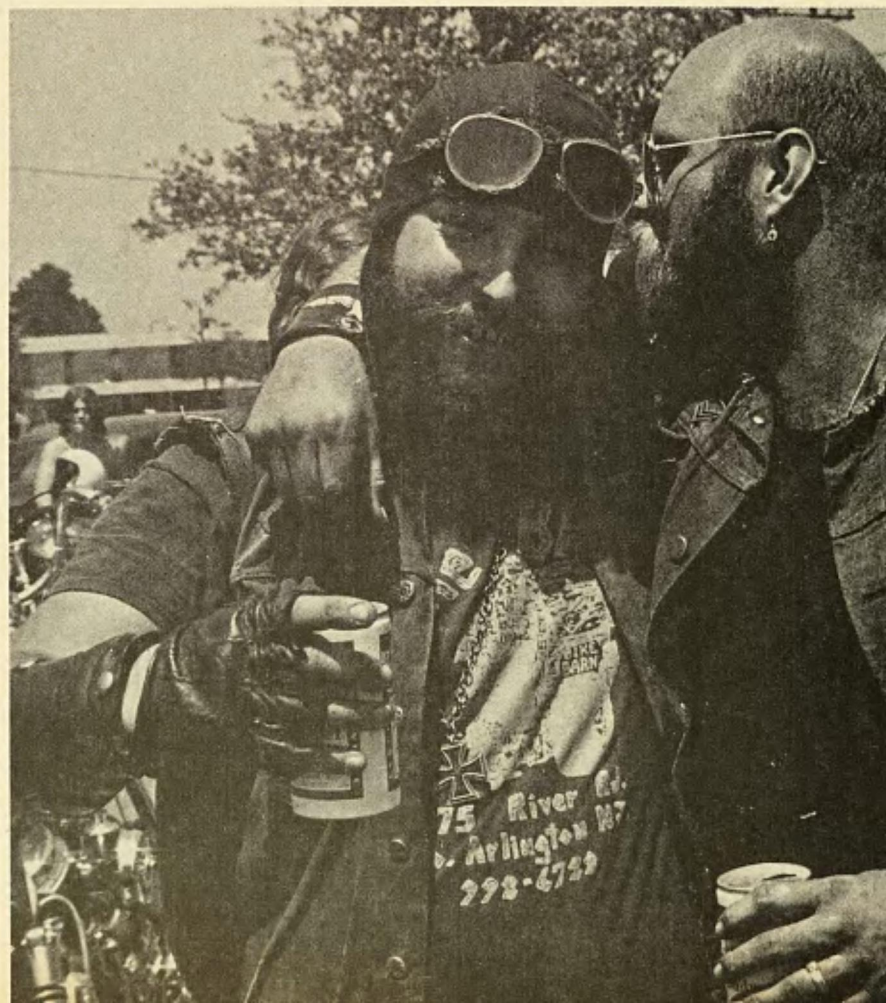
—from Vicky Callendo, Lynbrook, New York

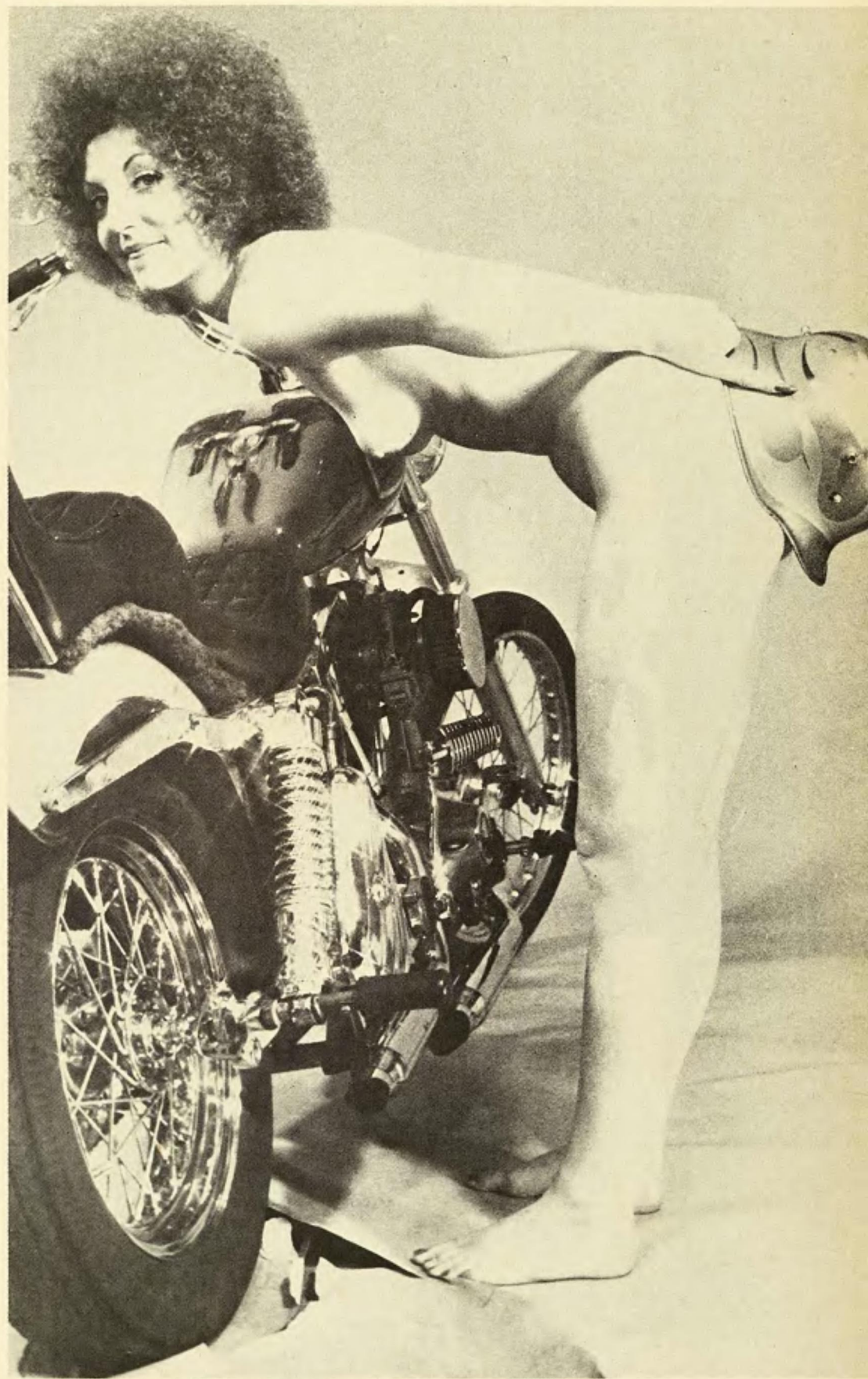


—from Candy Haig, Penngrove, California



—from Ed Carcone, Westwood, New Jersey





—from D. Swift, Mountain View, California



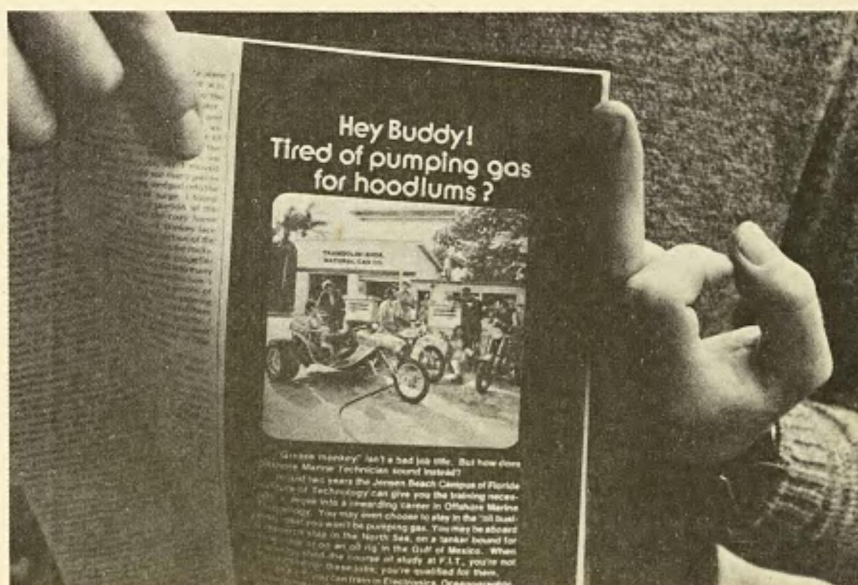
—from James Evans, Elizabeth, Pennsylvania



—from Robert Molleur, Portsmouth, Rhode Island



—from Westwind, Dallas, Texas

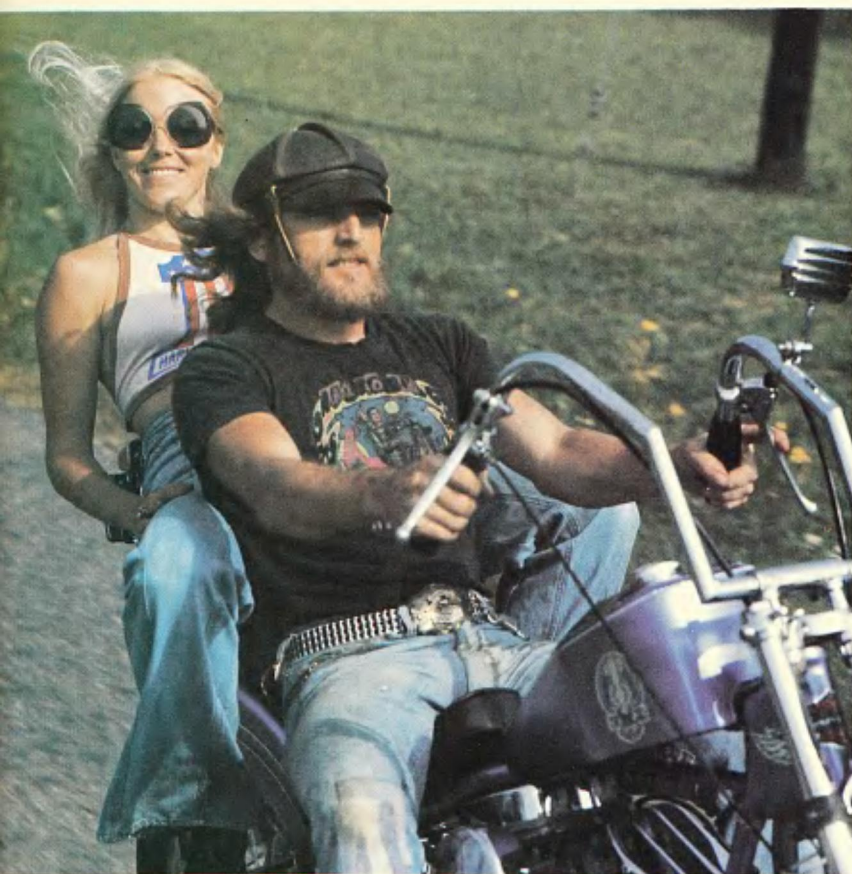




—from T. E. Dailey, Mound, Minnesota



—from B. H. Whitmore, Ohio

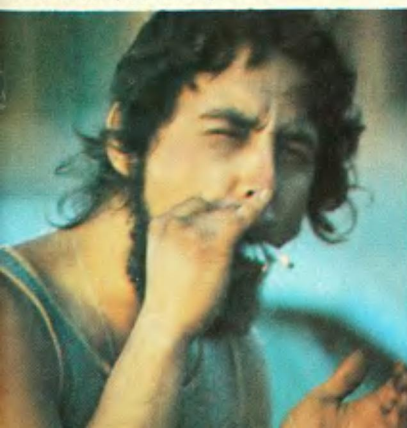


—from Dick Crochet, Baton Rouge, Louisiana



—from D. Swift, Mountain View, California

—from Bittner, Conneaut, Ohio



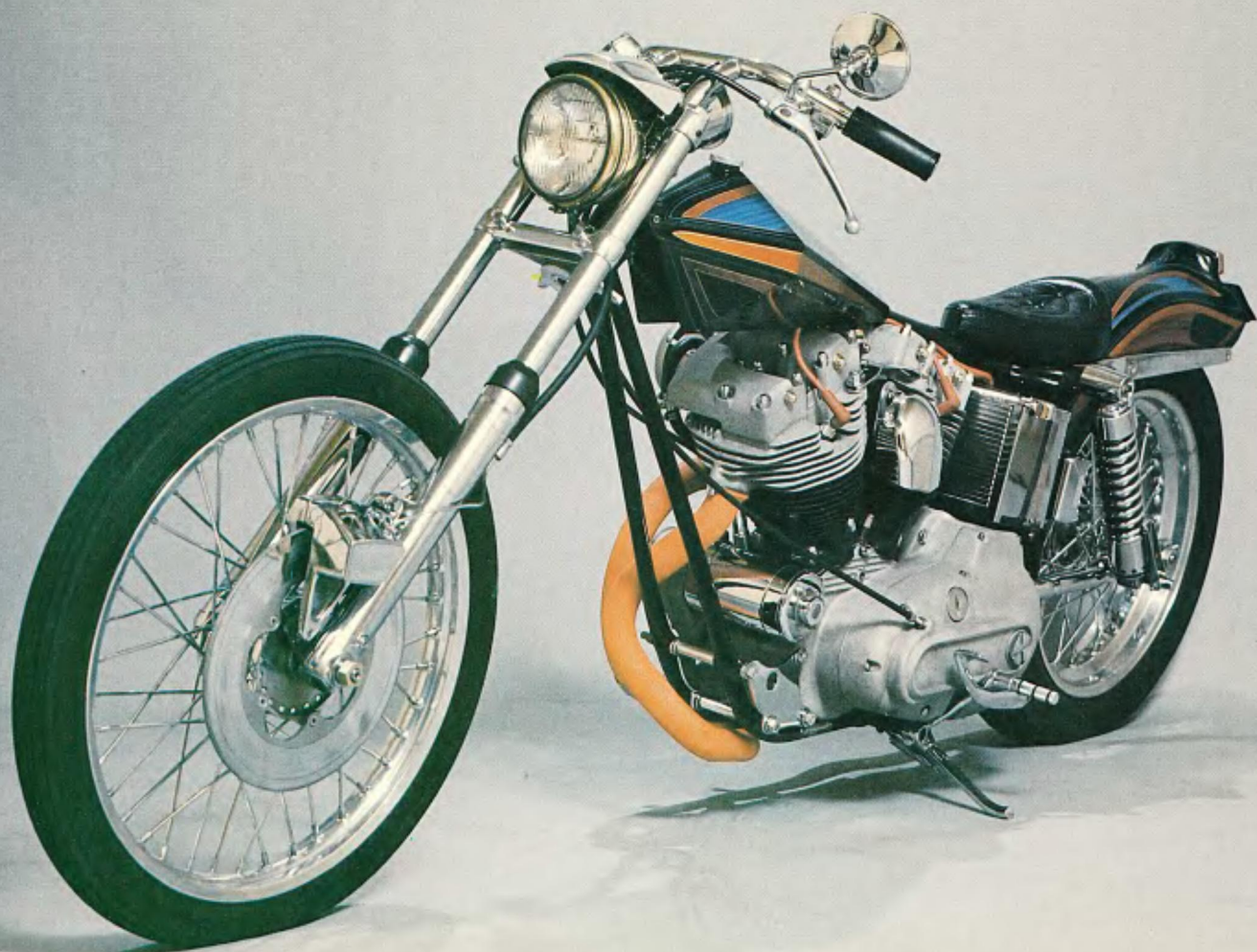
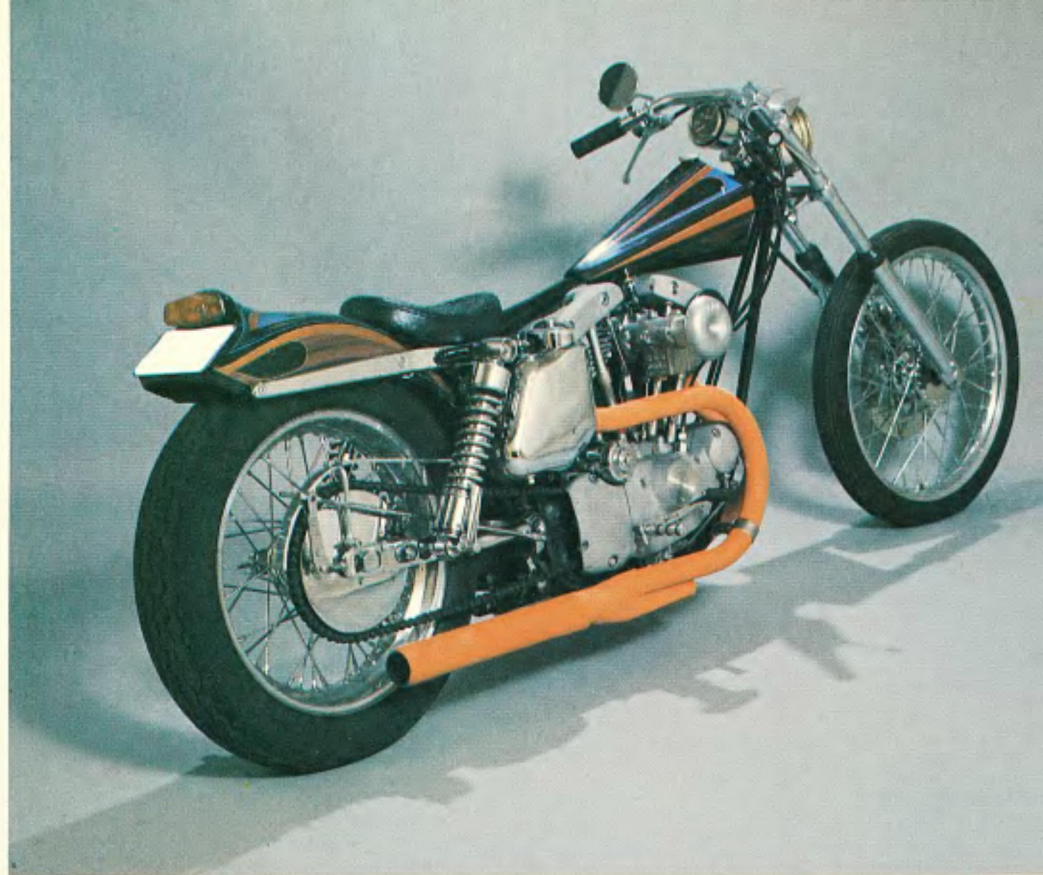
—from Horn and Angle, Chicago, Illinois

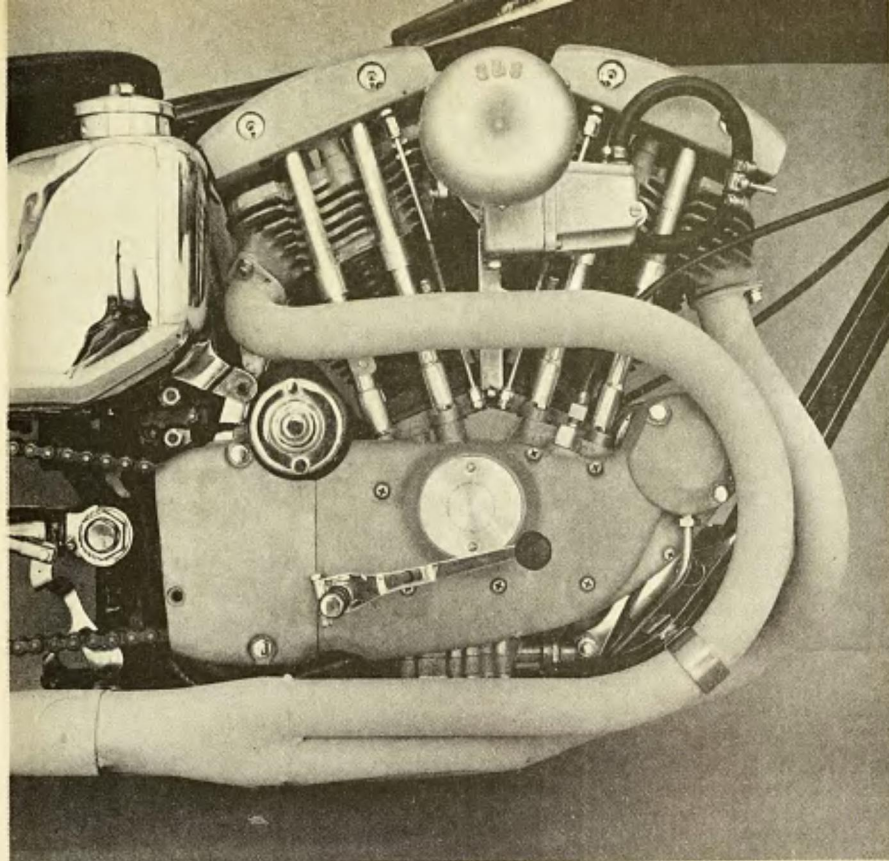




Half 'n' Half Harley

Where is help
when ya need it?

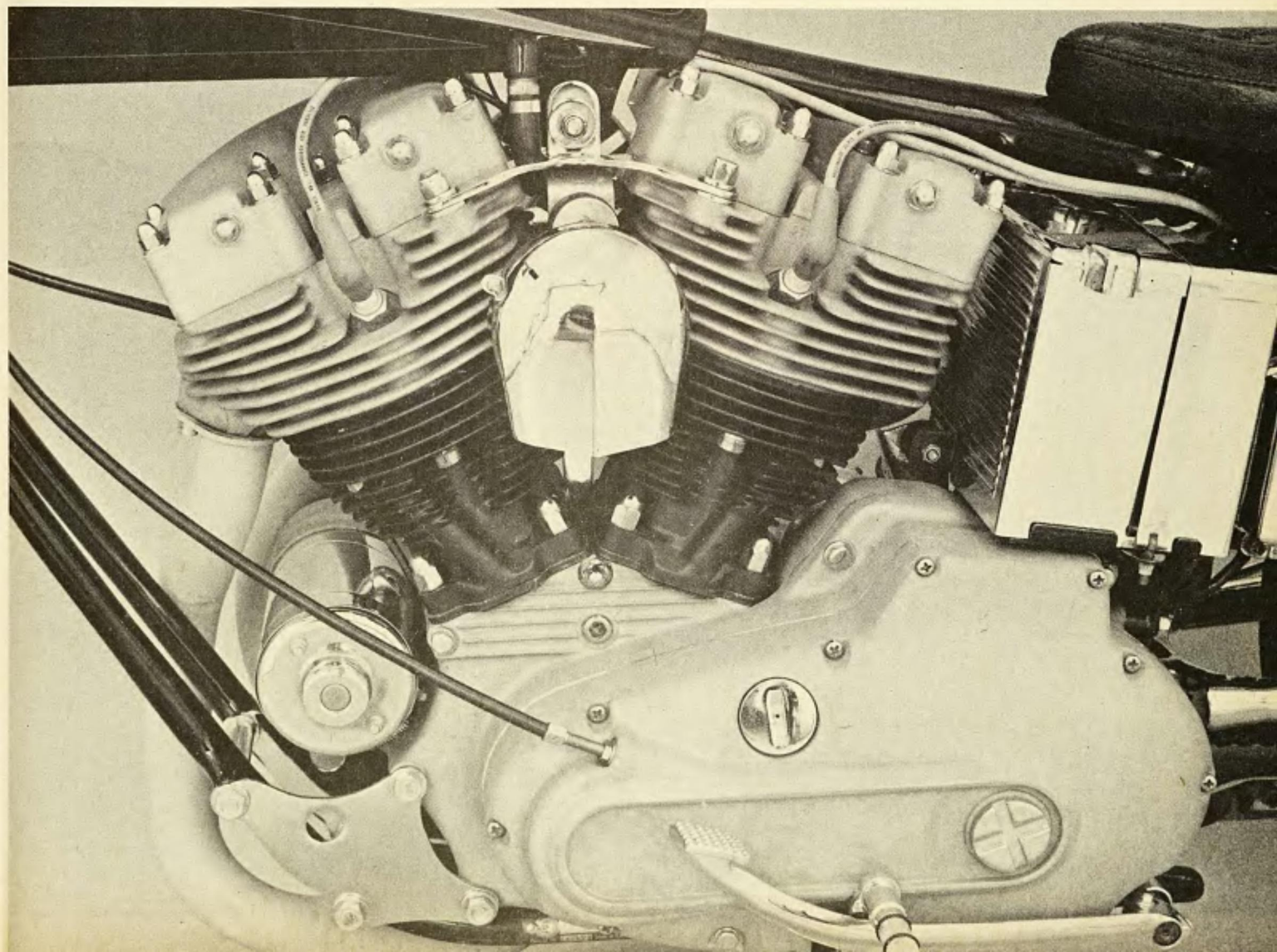




You oughta read this drivel. Ya see, it's full of just about as much bull as a man can drum up while sitting on the side of the road with a fucking flat. Christ, what the fuck else can I do unless I grab a handful of weeds, roll 'em up in this scrap paper, smoke 'em, and hope my head will self-destruct?

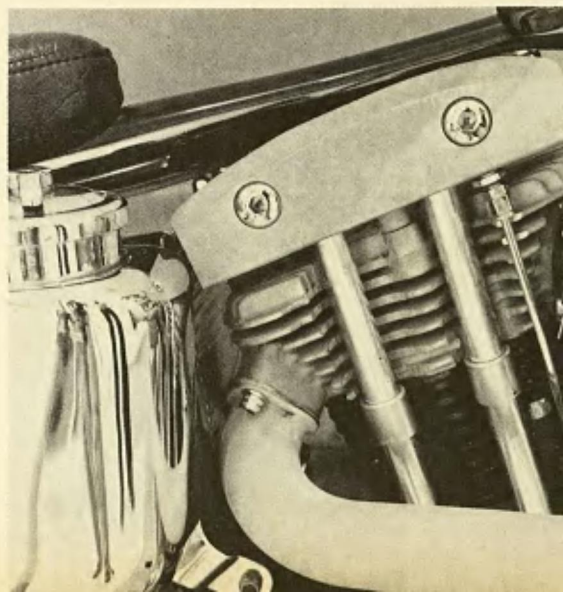
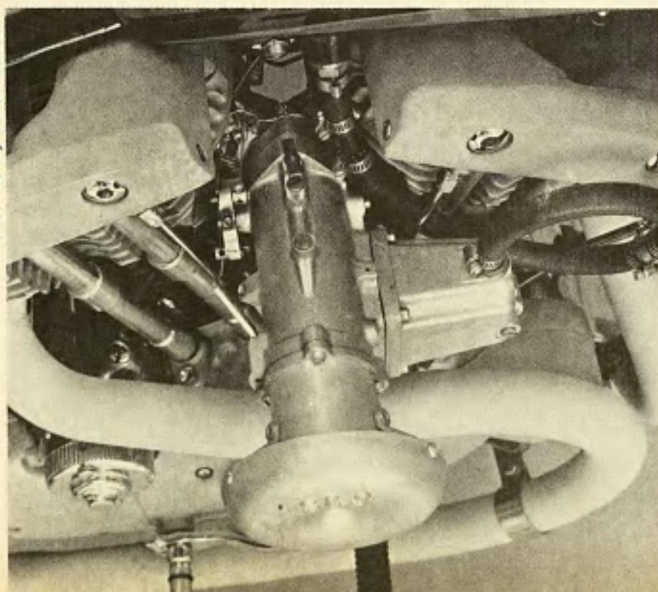
'Course, maybe out of nowhere a hang glider will soar across the sun-filled sky. The pilot will wave and toss me a patch kit. Or maybe some half-crazed scooter jockey will flash by and his screaming rear wheel will fall off. And since he's half outta his mind, maybe he'll keep going long enough for me to swap wheels and split in the opposite direction. 'Course, that's not exactly the coolest thing to do and I'd most likely catch a whole clip of slugs leaving the scene of the crime.

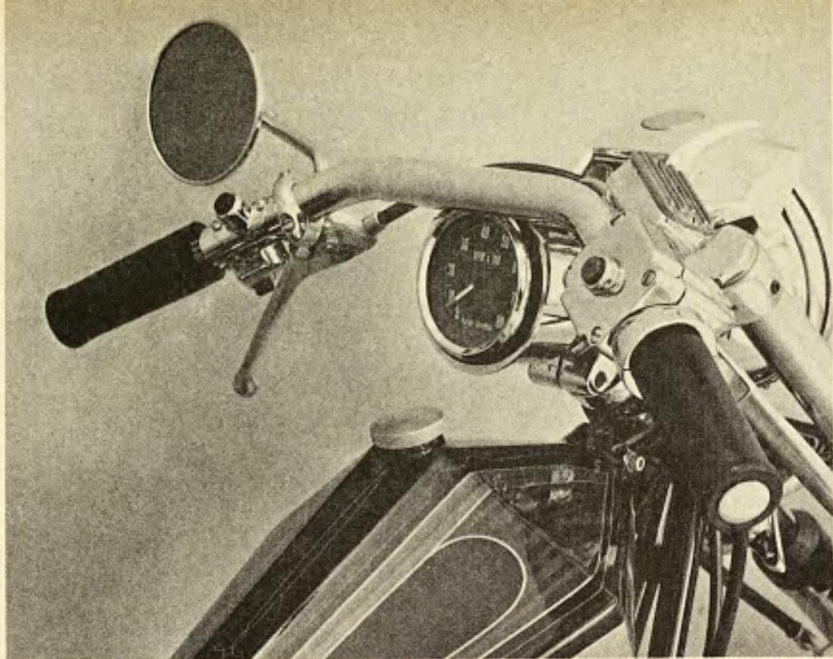
I surmise that I'm losing my mind along this deserted highway. Also, this is supposed to be a bike feature. But since I don't have flicks to motivate me





Photos by Pete Chiodo





or the owner here to shoot the shit with, I can't seem to get much more than a heavy sweat going.

Damn, we go to all the heavy expenses and work to feature a bro's putt. We make the man famous and respected among his bike-building peers. And then when ya need a little assistance, where the fuck is he? If this ain't a bad case of the shits, what is? Hell, I'm only about six hundred miles from where this cat lives. Doesn't he ever go for a putt?

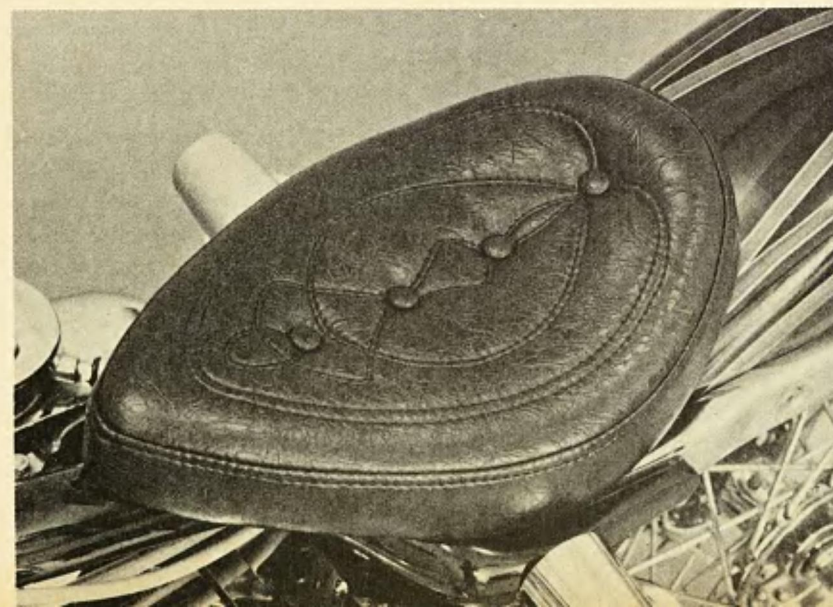
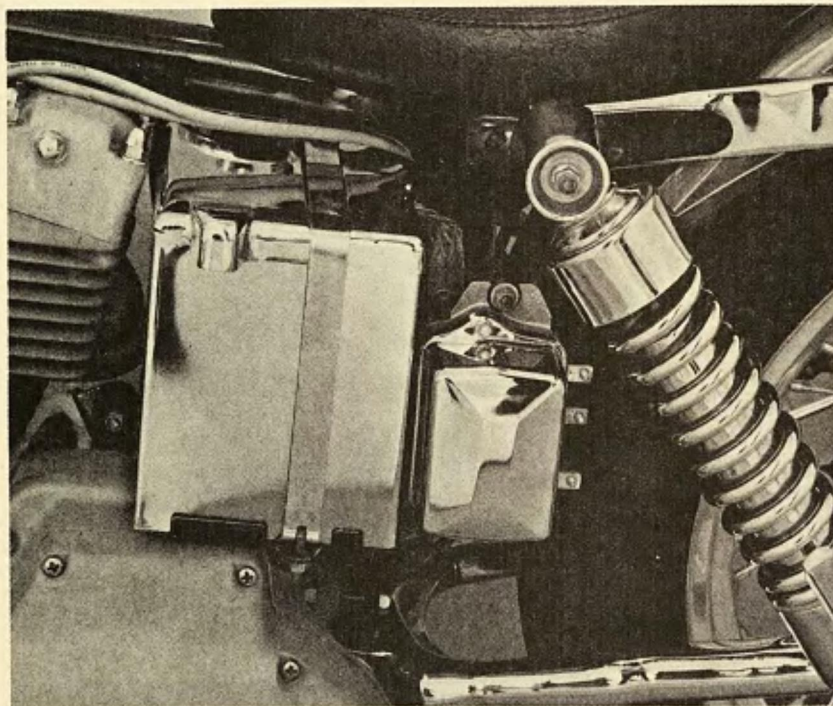
'Course, I imagine that anybody with the balls and the ability to slap a shovel top end on a Sporty ain't ever gonna see the city limits. Every speed freak in town wants a race or the owner is tied up with Sportster wrench-turners wanting to know how he did it. But personally, I don't give a shit. Then again, even though there is Sportster blood runnin' through this machine, the dude would sure come in handy about now. So would a patch kit, a hammer, three wrenches, and a couple of sizable tire spoons or screwdrivers. And of course, an air compressor.

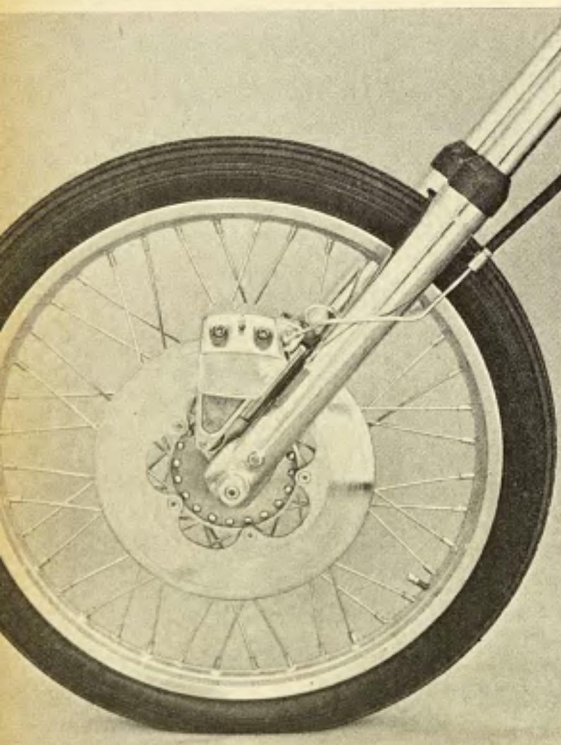
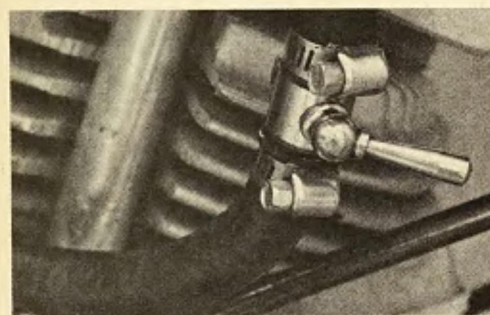
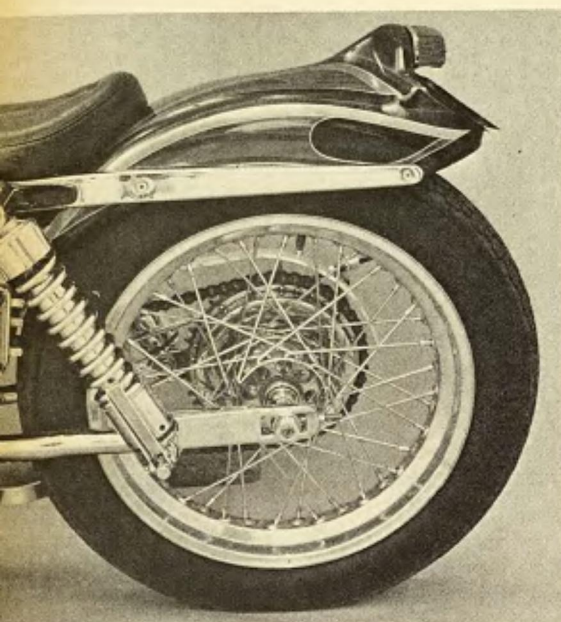
Maybe before I feature a bike again I should ask the dude for a spare inner tube, or make the man ride with me for a week. 'Cept then his bike would be too destroyed to feature. Guess I can't blame the whole bummer on this guy. This is intended to be a bike feature, but the sun is beginning to slip behind some mountain peaks and it's gonna be dark soon.

Well, before it gets too black out here to write, I had best say somethin' good about the owner. But wait—that pickup is pullin' over. Farout—assistance at last. As a closing thought though, maybe we ought to feature a pickup truck once in a while. That is, if it has Harley wings glued to the back window.

—Kotter Key

—Continued on next page





Owner: Gordon Chappel

City: Ventura, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1970

Year and make: 1970 H-D

Builder: H-D & Danny Gray

Model: Sportster

Type: Sleek

Value: \$6,000

Rake: 40°

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: Danny Gray

Time: 4 months

Other alterations: shaved for head

Chroming by: Ferrier

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Ness

Year: 1970

Risers: 5 in.

Model: Shovel-Sporty

Fender(s): Ness

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: stock

Ignition: stock

Taillight: Lucas

Displacement: 90 cu. in.

Speedo: Sportster tach

Lower end: S & S, 4 5/8 in. stroke

Front pegs: Ness

Balancing: owner

Rear pegs: folding

Pistons: S & S

Electrics: owner

Cases: sandblasted

Gas tank: Ness

Heads: flowed, ported, polished

Oil tank: stock

Cam: Sifton

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solid "K"

Primary cover: stock

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

Seat: Danny Gray

Air cleaner: air deflector cone

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: PM Engineering

Height:

Muffler(s): PM Engineering

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: stock

Type: telescopic

Year: 1970

Extension: stock

Shifting: Ness

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 34

Special features: lightened

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 49

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 18

Molding: owner

Hub: H-D

Hub: stock

Painter: Neil Averill

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Rim width: 3 3/8 in.

Color: multi-colored

Tire: 2.75

Tire: 4.50

Type: lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: K model

Special paint: Averill

Other special modifications: none

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%.



**REJECTS
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 ads).

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!

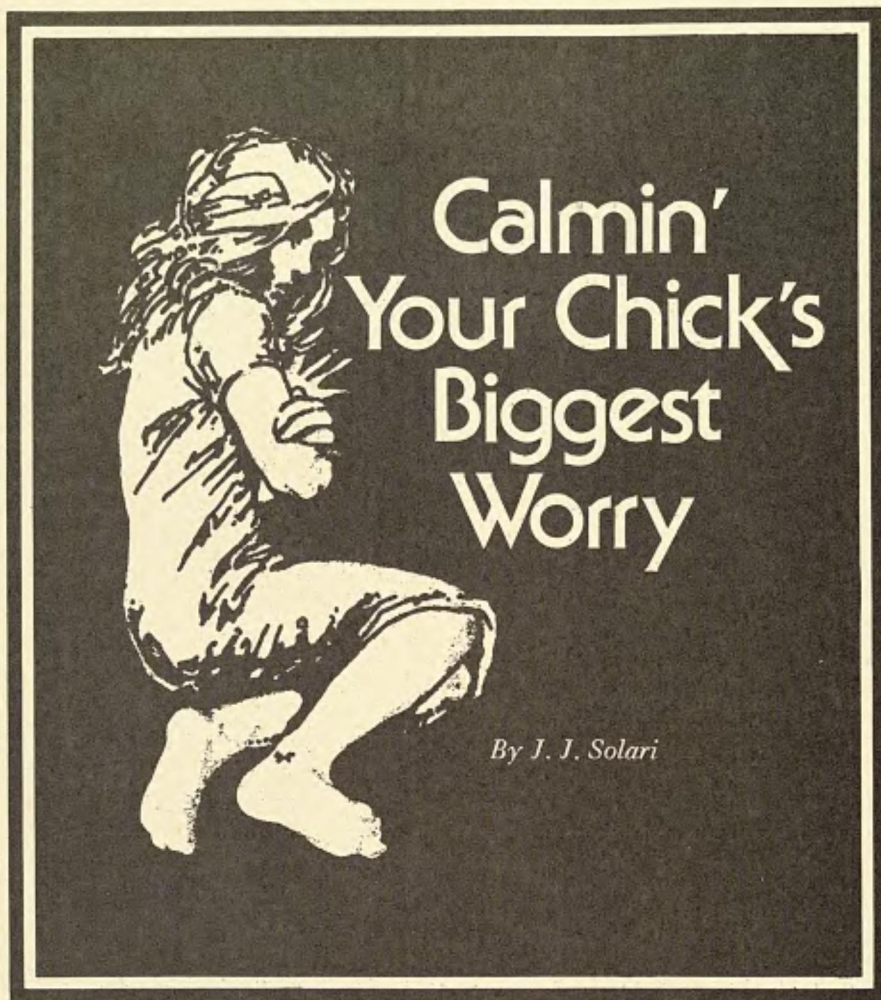
Order Robinson's *Trash* now.

**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%



It would amaze you to know just how much your chick worries about how the smell of her box is affectin' the relationship. I don't mean the smell of it when she ain't cleaned it in four months. I mean the smell of it when it's in peak, mint-clean condition—when it's been scrubbed with deodorant soap, dried with scented powders, enhanced with a sparkle of sprayed fragrance . . . an' five minutes later, when you're eatin' it, is drippin' more fishstench than a full tuna boat that's just been rammed by an ice-breaker.

She wonders if you have a tough time managin' to keep on thinkin' of her as a petite, dainty little fluff-ball when she's liable to erupt steaming grouperstink right in your face at any moment.

As her protector, your job goes further than just seein' to it that

her physical welfare is safeguarded; you have to be a guardian of her peace of mind as well. A chick finds herself in a strange dilemma just by virtue of the fact that she's a chick: she knows that she is supposed to be the essence of delicate, flowerlike beauty here on earth; and yet she also knows that when this quality is bein' put to its most important use, she's comin' on from between her legs like an overturned truck-load of eels.

Consequently, she frets. She wonders if what seems to her like a grisly nightmare is affectin' you the same way. She wonders: "Does my man really love me, knowin' I could scatter a ring of feeding hyenas off a kill just by spreading my legs? When I'm in heat, tryin' my hardest to please my guy to the best of my ability, and the tops I can come up with is to spill a sewer-spigotful

of codliver right in his face—does he still consider me his sweet little girl?"

They worry about this. They worry about it a lot. That's why every once in a while you gotta remind her that everything's okay. You gotta say a few words from time to time that calm her fears, that give her some reassurance, that make her feel secure. Words that make her feel loved, and make her feel glad that she's latched on to someone who has the wisdom to understand her bodily processes. You gotta tell her:

"Ya know, babe, I fully realize that your cuntjuice ain't none of your own willful doin'—that it's kind of a plague that drips down of its own foul accord, independent of your choice in the matter. If you could make it smell like a flower bed, or even some halfway human stench, like soured chicken, I'm sure you'd do it. The fact that during our most intimate moments you suddenly come on like an abalone trawler ain't nuthin' that should make you worry about my feelin's toward ya. I knew when we signed on this merry-go-round that you wouldn't be sprayin' clovers and new-mown hay from that dark dingy barn; I knew it would stink like the belly of a sun-baked shark. But doncha know?—that's what love is: the ability of a guy to ram his face into that stagnant lagoon for two hours straight without once gettin' an urge to start baitin' hooks.

"Perhaps you worry that I take it personal, that when I'm hit full in the kisser with enough seastink to hatch a trainload of salamander eggs, I take it as a silent remark that you don't think too highly of me. But this ain't true. I know that when you pour a faucetful of kelp-squeeze into my face, that when you open up a floodgate of muck that reeks like a hundred-year-old wharf, that when you splash enough planktonfume down my gullet to gag a baleen whale—you're expressing your most happy moments the only way you know how.

"Lemme tell ya somethin', babe . . . the measure of a man's love ain't judged by what he does, but by what he doesn't do. Many's the time I've wanted to yank my snout away from that pesthole and drench

my face under an upturned bleach container. More than once I've wanted to say, 'Well, fuck, that just tears it, I don't see why I have to singe my face in this battery paste for all the good it's doin' my cock, what's hangin' unattended over the far side of the bed.' A million times I've wanted to just toss my arms up and spin on my heels, wander out into the yard and shout into the night, 'A fuckin' warthog wouldn't root around in that bassbucket without a load o' smellin' salts and a stout insurance policy!'

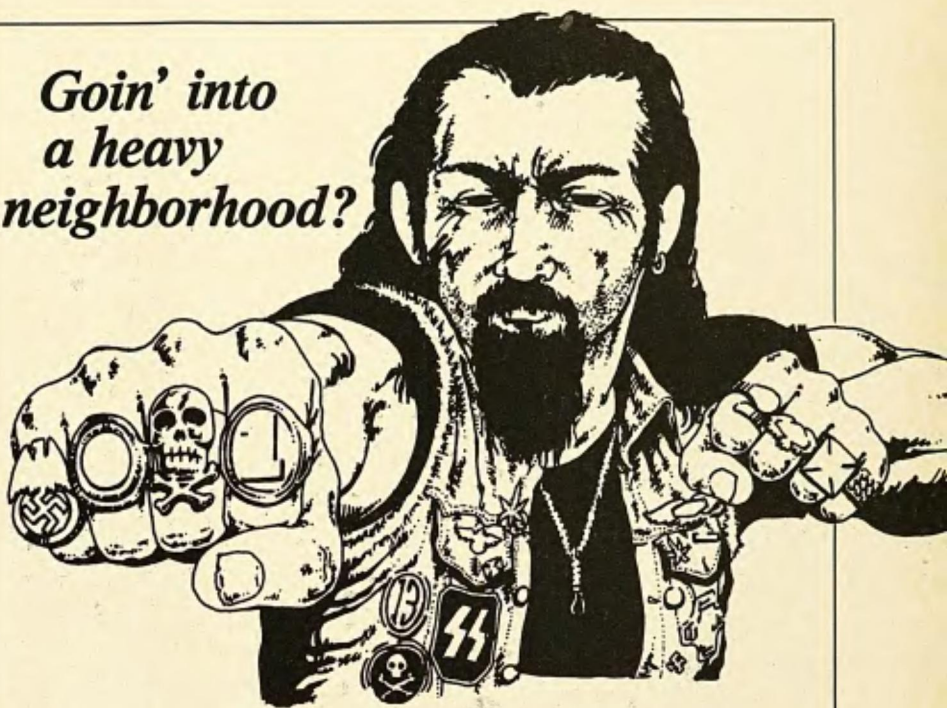
"But I never have. I've never done any of those things. And why? I'll tell ya why, babe, and I'll tell ya without no fear o' feelin' that I'm some kinda sissy for expressin' what's truly in my heart: I have never done those things, because I love you. *You*—not that draining septic tank that you cart around with you like a scow in tow, but *you*. If that cratered swamp you've got chugged out *twice* the grunion-whiff it already does, it wouldn't make any difference, it wouldn't change *you* in any way, and that's the thing that really counts.

"Perhaps some day in the future, say, when the sun's gone tired and turned a kind of rusty red, some doctor with more brains than endurance will decide that he's tolerated just about as much of that anchovy sump as he can stand, and discover a way to siphon all that carpbrine out of there and replace it with something that doesn't smell like the place where all the seals go to die. But for now, girl—for now, during these dark dismal days when the scent of twatspray convulses the throat like the smell of some unscraped barge that's been beached on a shoreline full of open walrus stomachs, rest assured that I take no notice of it, that I notice only you, and not the gallonloads of hot fishsickness you been drownin' me in every night."

You tell 'er that. Tell 'er with all the tenderness that you can and without no fear that she might think you're goin' soft for expressin' a little feelin's, 'cause she won't; she'll thank you for it. She'll thank you for it in the best way she knows how.

So keep a fuckin' clothespin handy. ■

*Goin' into
a heavy
neighborhood?*



Protect your valuables with this **STASH POUCH**



Won't slide down when jumping or running



Won't open until you open it

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

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

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

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

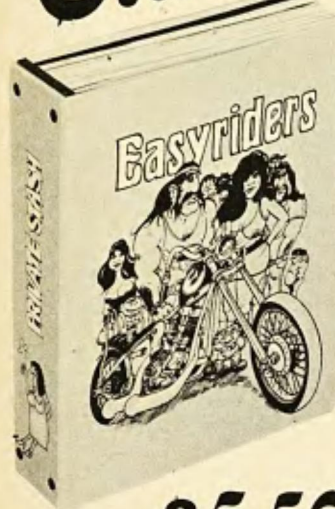
To protect your valuables send \$3.95 for each *Stash Pouch*. We pay all postage and handling.

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%

Class



\$5.50

plus 50¢ for postage and handling

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

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

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

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

Mail to: Back Issues
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

☐ Enclosed is \$15.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders** that are still available.

☐ Enclosed is \$5.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zip _____
State _____



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Your majesty Leo can show who rules his domain by tossing his mate a lot more than his meat! You'll be throwin' down some heavy rules to get your ol' lady's act together before her legs grow shut! Which would make her about as worthless as a shitload of dehydrated water. Especially after you sew up her motormouth and threaten to hold her nose shut too. Let her know she'd better do more than zap her zits all day!

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

First the good news—you should have some extra bucks the first half of the month. You'll be workin' for a chance at the fuckin' Olympics, and I mean fuckin'. The sweatshops will be spreadin' their legs so fast you'll think you're in a wind storm! Now the bad news. The second half of the month you may end up spendin' the extra bucks to fix a leaky faucet that's developin' in your drawers.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Ya finally decided to get off that bloody-rag attitude. It's high time ya did! In fact, it may have been gettin' high that got it together. It's a wonder your ol' lady didn't put your peter in the pencil sharpener so it would match your tongue (nice and sharp). Those finger-lickin'-good qualities are beginning to put a bulge in your personality (pants, too) again. You can make up for lost time and never miss a stroke!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

You could find yourself with your finger up your own ass about half the time. Unless you have some sort of an anal fetish, it won't be any fun. If you've been examining your motives, you're going about it wrong. Or maybe you can't tell your head from your ass these days. If ya keep smokin' too much of that angel dust, ya could end up wearin' your asshole for a turtle-neck sweater!

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

When you're hot, you're hot—but this month you're not. In fact, yer nutsack's draggin' bottom. Cheer up—it could be worse. You could catch a new strain of gonorrhea that thrives on penicillin or slam yer dong in the door. What the hell—where there's dope, there's hope. Maybe ya need to get yer self some good herbs to kick back with and reevaluate your situation. Dig out your back issues of **Easyriders**—that's always good for a few laughs!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

It's time to cut loose a few of those freeloaders who are keepin' yer cupboards bare and yer stash box empty. This is not the time to be overly generous. Let 'em tuck their trunk between their legs and find another fool to feed their face. I don't mean ya should turn out a bro who really needs ya. But you're not runnin' a welfare office, either!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

Here we go again, fuckin' around and headin' for trouble. You've got some young pussy and you're tryin' to speed up puberty. Well, it won't work, unless you're goin' for broke. In case you haven't heard, lawyers are expensive (crooked, too) as hell. Remember, fifteen could get you twenty. It doesn't matter how lip-smackin' good it tastes. Better wait till it's ripe enough for pickin' and pokin'!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

It's not too early to start storing your nuts for winter. No, stupid—I don't mean send your balls to Bekins for storage. It's time to put away some bread and good smoke—maybe cut down that plant ya been growin' for fun and profit. Put yer ol' bag to work baggin' it for ya or rollin' 'em. Maybe even give her a few tokens to calm her down. She's gettin' so bad that every time ya turn

over in bed, she spreads her legs!

Aries (March 21—April 20)

You're always a bit bent out of shape this time of year. Ya just can't relax, even if ya jerk off three times a day. There's no need workin' yourself into a case of jock itch over something ya can't change anyway. In fact, ya may have to shitcan the whole idea. Later on, a ball-bustin' opportunity will turn out better. While on the subject of turnouts, I might mention that you'll soon have pussy coming out your ears. Enjoy!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

This month ya should be comin' down to earth again. (Ain't it a bitch?) Ya could be involved with some VIP (Very Illegal Pussy) and find out too late. Better think twice before ya play—it may not be worth the price you'll pay. Speakin' of pay—watch out for some changes in the finance department. Some fartbreath could be rippin' ya off. Cheer up—there's plenty of legal pussy to make your liver quiver and your dong long!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Ya might still be lyin' low from last month. The source of the mind fuck should have fizzled by now, but home base may still be a pain in the poophute. (Kinda makes ya want to toss the ol' lady in a tub of Preparation H.) Watch your health or ya could end up snortin' Vicks—cheaper, but won't get ya off—and packin' yer nose with ass-wipe.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

It seems like everyone is tryin' to put their finger in yer pie right now. Maybe even in yer hair pie! Before they stir up a bad stink (did ya ever smell a good one?), cut 'em shorter than a whore's bath. Ya should grab yer ol' sleepin' bag by the crotch, and lickety split (you have heard of foreplay?) away for a few days. Otherwise, ya might lose yer temper and go off crazy on everyone

15" & 16" SUPER STOPPER DISC BRAKE

\$189⁹⁵*



KIT CONTAINS: HUB • SPROCKET • DISC • HURST AIRHEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • 15" OR 16" TIRE • TUBE • LINER • CALIPER MOUNTING BRACKET • CHROME SPOKES AND NIPPLES • CHROME 15" OR 16" HOG RIM

Add \$40.00 for Chrome / Laced and Trued — \$20.00
Master Cylinder / Caliper / Sprocket / Bracket



FRONT MAG DISC BRAKE

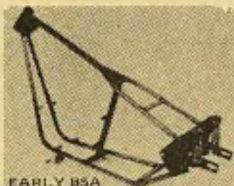
KIT CONTAINS:
HURST AIRHEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • DISC • 18" MAG WHEEL • 18" TIRE • TUBE • LINER • MOUNTING BRACKET • BOLTS • HYDRAULIC LINE AND FITTINGS

\$189⁹⁵

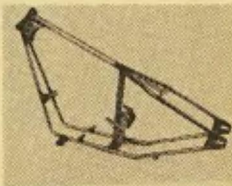
CUSTOM FRAMES

5" Overstock / 100% Guaranteed / 1" Rake

All Hondas 350,360,450,500,550,750 • XL • Triumph '55 to '77, 750,650,500 and Trident • All BSA's • Yamaha 500,650 and 750 • Kawasaki 500,750 and 900 • Norton 750 and 850 • HD '74



EASY RIDE \$229⁹⁵



RIGID \$189⁹⁵

HARDTAILS \$44⁹⁵

AVAILABLE FOR
THE FOLLOWING:

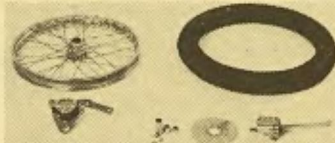
Honda 305, 350, 360, 450, 500, 550, 750, Kawasaki 900, Triumph 55-76 — 650 & 750 (2 cyl. only), Yamaha 650, HD 74 elec. or kick (specify) and all HD Sportsters. Available in stock or 4" overstock lengths.



GENUINE H-D SPOKES

15" - 16" - 19" - 21"

\$20⁰⁰

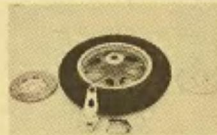


FRONT DISC BRAKE

KIT CONTAINS: HUB • DISC • HURST AIR-HEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • 18" TIRE • TUBE • LINER • CALIPER MOUNTING BRACKETS • CHROME SPOKES AND NIPPLES • CHROME 18" RIM • LACED AND TRUED

\$169⁹⁵

15" & 16" MAG DISC BRAKE



KIT CONTAINS:
HURST AIRHEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • SPROCKET • DISC • MAG WHEEL • 15" x 16" TIRE • TUBE LINER • MOUNTING BRACKET • BOLTS • HYDRAULIC LINE AND FITTINGS

Add \$40.00 for Chrome Master

\$259⁹⁵

Cylinder / Caliper / Sprocket / Bracket

15" & 16" REAR WHEEL KITS

\$74⁹⁵



KIT CONTAINS: HEAVY GAUGE CHROMED STEEL RIM • CHROMED SPOKES & NIPPLES • TIRE • TUBE & RIM LINER • JUST LACE IT TO YOUR HUB. Laced and Trued — \$20.00

WE HAVE KITS TO FIT ALL BIKES!*

15" x 5" SUPERWIDE RIMS



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

\$29⁰⁰

\$89⁹⁵



Hardhead Front Section

Custom look for stock suspension frames. Heliarc welded, heavy wall, seamless tubing, 5° or 10° rake. Available for all H-D '74 and Sportsters, Honda 750 and Kawasaki 900.

ORDER FROM:

C & G Manufacturing Company

Department E.R.

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

All prices F.O.B. La Habra.

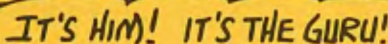
Prices subject to change without notice.

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

*Add \$2.50 for Spoke Wrench

SOMAX

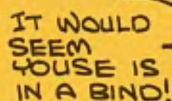
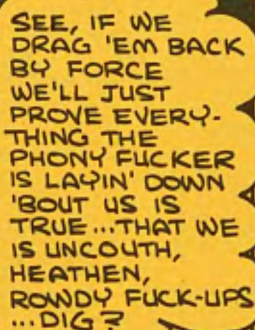
SOMAX



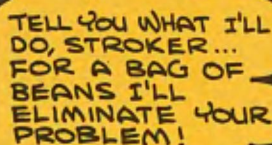
HEY STROKER...
 WHA'S HAPPENIN'
 BRO? YOUR MOMMA
 IS RUNNIN' AFTER
 THAT WEIRD DUDE IN
 THE NIGHTSHIRT LIKE
 SHE WAS IN HEAT AND
 HE COULD PUT OUT THE
 FIRE!



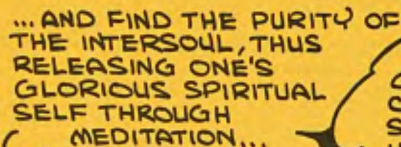
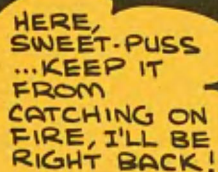
IT AIN'T
THAT EASY?
HE'S GOT
'EM ALL
SO FULL
OF LOVE 'N
PEACE 'N
NONVIOLENT
SHIT IT'D MAKE
A RED-HEAD
PUKE!



YAH...AND THAT
AIN'T ALL...TWO
RECKLESS BROS
HAVE ALREADY
ENDED UP IN THE
HORSE-PISTOL TRYING
TO GET AT THE
SQUIRRELLY MOTHER!
THEM TWO BIG FUCKERS
ARE ALWAYS WITH
HIM AND THEY'RE
MEANER'N A WILD CAT
ON THE RAG!



YOU'RE
ON!



OH GREAT
GURU...HOW
CAN SINNERS
SUCH AS WE
HOPE TO
BE WORTHY?

THROUGH THE TOUCHING
OF MIND AND BODY...
FEELING THE WARMTH
OF KINSHIP FROM
WHICH UNRESTRAINED
LOVE SPRINGS...



...FOR, WITH THE
MERGING :OH YAH,
WHEEZE...OF OUR
PHYSICAL SELVES WE
CAN REACH THE
HEIGHTS OF...



HOLY SHIT!
I'M ON FIRE!



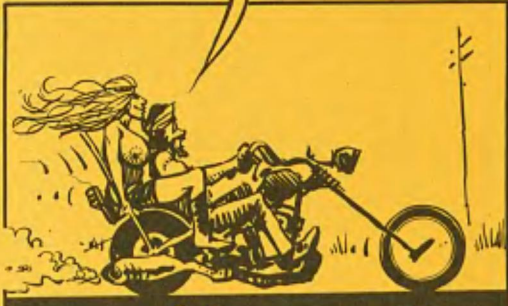
DO SOMETHING, YOU STUPID
ASSES! PUT OUT THE FIRE!



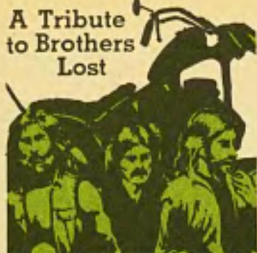
THANKS RAT...
HERE'S YOUR
BEANS...COME
ON MOMMA,
LET'S GO HOME!

LUCK...
STOMPED TO
JELLY BY
HIS OWN
BODY
GUARDS...
WHAT A WEIRD
WAY TO BUY IT!

YAH...WELL, WHEN YOU'RE
THAT FULL OF SHIT, THERE'S
ALWAYS SOME FUCKER
OUT THERE ITCHIN' TO
STOMP IT CUTTA YOU!



AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?



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 90263.

In memory of **Frisco**. Ride on, bro. We'll see ya in Harley Heaven, Buco, Germany.

In loving memory of **Grody McDonald**, who left a priceless treasure of memories. Linda McDonald.

In memory of **Howard "Fritz" Nussbaum**, a great guy whom many still remember. Frank and Deb.

In memory of **Randy Bauer**. Died under the gun. Brother Happy, Grayling, Mich.

In memory of a righteous bro, who went out his own way. **Melvin Roberts**. Missed by everyone who knew him. Mountain Bob Boone.

To my beloved brother, **Curtis "The Clutch"**. Miss you bad. Red Fox, Iron Barons M.C., Tenn.

In memory of **Little Joe "The Polack"**. Gone but not forgotten. U.S.M.C., New York.

In memory of **Oxidine**. Rode hard, died fast. Barney and Trenchfoot.

J.C. was wasted tonight, killed in a cheapass holdup. Tom, his true bro.

In memory of **Reb**. We'll always remember you. Rest in peace. Wizard and Middy, Heathens, So. Cal.

Crazy John Casley, a fucker, a fighter, and a biker who got blown off his bike by the pigs. Cruise on, bro. T.C. Detroit.

In memory of **bro Louis Neil**. He rode too little and died too much. Cocaine Bob.

In memory of **Billy**. Motorcycling was his life and his death. He lives in our memory. Lurch, Phil and the boys, London, England.

In memory of **Smokey**, a fine lady, loved by all who knew her. Easy and Brenda, Norfolk, Va.

To my brother, **Christopher "Hatch" Hatfield**, killed by a bitch in a truck. Brother Bones.

In memory of **Waddy**. We'll ride again, someday. Smitty, New Iberia, La.

In memory of **Ed Matthews**. He rode his Glide to the end. I'll always love my father. Ed Matthews, Jr.

In memory of **Franz**, our prez, who died on his BSA under the wheels of a car. Brothers M.C., Mannheim, Germany.

In memory of brother **John Larry**, who will never be forgotten. Squatchie Bikers M.C., Tenn.

We haven't forgotten ya, **Ernie Grubb**, 'cause we love and miss ya. P.U., Centralia, Wis.

In memory of **Mark St. James**, who was my man. I'll see him again. Sister Sue, Rochester, N.Y.

In memory of our Loner Nomad brother **Indian Butch**. May he rest in peace on his mountain in the sky.

In memory of **Bernie Smith**. He lived to ride his '84" and will ride it in heaven. His ol' lady, Sharon.

In memory of **Bill "The Godfather"**. May you ride in eternal peace. La Habra, Calif.

For **Heathens**, Cyborgs M.C. Ich liebe dich fur immer. Donna Baker.

Tommy Tucker, wherever you are, we'll ride together again some day. Dago Danny.

In memory of **"Crazy George"**, shot between the eyes by a punk who will one day regret his act. Poppa Bear, Mansfield, Ohio.

In memory of **Cookie**, Rider's Ass M.C., Calif. He lived and died red, white, and blue.

In memory of my ol' man, **Mike Cobb**, who will be loved and remembered forever. Cindy Cobb.

In memory of my cousin, **Tony Rapier**, who got snuffed in Cleveland. Dan Tremaine.

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 90263.

A lonely honky in the slam needs letters. Jeff Stone #B-76338, 6-54, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Could use some mail from ladies. Spin DeWandel #75B-1727, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Dirty old pervert would like letters from ladies. Randy Robinson #75110, Box 188, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

I'm going bazookas in this place. Write and save my mind. David Van Orden, Box 33321, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

26-yr.-old white dude wants to hear from ladies. Herman Jackson Jr. #000494, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Two Harley die-hards from Detroit lookin' for some Sportster-totin' mamas. Write on, mamas! Al Coates #058609 and Nelson Kowalczyk #056816, R.M.C., Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

Lonely, sincere and eager to rap. Henry Ashley, Box 747, 11-321, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Foxy ladies, I'm in need of letters. Dennis Phillips, Box 126, Georgetown, Calif. 95327.

Two Yankee bros in redneck prison need mail from girls. Terry Key #41057 and Mark Proetti #36585, M.S.U., Parchman, Miss. 38738.

I could dig hearing from some togethery chicks. Bob Wolf, Box B-32954, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Sure doin' some hard time without letters. Please write. Frank Ayers #025015, N-3-N-17, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Very lonely and in need of letters from women ages 25-35. M.J. Conley 02523-135, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Write to me and I'll take you on a trip. Robert Farral, Box B-30454-A.S.P., Florence Ariz. 85232.

A forgotten brother would like to hear from someone who cares. Fred Platman #00392-192-A, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

Would like to hear from any lovable chicks. Steve Gipe #24-0548, B-2-38, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

A letter from a fox would set me free. Anthony Ostroff #B-81506, Box 368, SEQ-726, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Lonely guy doing time wishes to hear from chicks with good minds and bodies. Send photo. George Armony #C-17530, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Young stud wants scribes from foxes. Please! David Wiedman #77D-44, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

I would like to hear from anyone who will take the time to write to me. Michael Baker #19820-101 A/North, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

21-yr.-old white male, 5'-11" would like to get correspondence from anyone. Jack B. Richey, Jr. #A-047587, Mail 518 D.C.I., Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Calif. biker, divorced, wants to hear from hot mama. Eddie Howell #13576-116, Box P.M.B., C-1, Texarkana, Texas 75501.

Searchin' for something beyond this Folsom wall. Dave Nickles, Box B-48421, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Inmate wants to hear from anyone. Tommy Van Buren #76D-227, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Looking for some tender young ladies to write to. Dave Modrzewski #147552, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

I've been down so long I don't believe there's a world beyond the prison gate. A biker who needs a chick. Frank Cusiman #76A-1034, 250 Harris Rd., Bedford Hills, N.Y. 10507.

Need female to relate to. David Crump #75B-1717, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

I have no one to write to at all, and want to write to biker chicks. Hubert P. Killoran #B-47275, Dorm 306, Bed 12, Camp Cuesta #24, Box D, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Would like to hear from chicks. David Brooks #134643, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Former Comanchero N.Y.M.C. doin' 30 for the feds. Need some lovin' and contact. Paul Kirk #83001-158, Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

Would like to hear from foxy ladies. Gary Schoolcraft #85097, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Will anyone write to a downed, 20-yr.-old white bro? Roger Price B-66160-A, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Inmate would like to hear from ladies. Doug Trotter #147086, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Erotic biker in slammer. Need some lovin' soon. Sparky Seals #139913, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Lonely and in the pen. I need a woman friend. Ken Levens #B-77904, 1-12, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Dude in the slammer needs some sweet letters from some chicks. Will answer all. Larry Duran, Box 2000, M-108, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

I'm not getting letters any more. Please write. Charles Bell, Box 41-4732, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

27-yr.-old dude wants to hear from together chicks. Darryl Rieth #B-73888, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Two downed bike bums could use letters from ladies. Spider Morgan #100128 and Bones Jackson #100110, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Lonely 21-yr.-old bro needs to hear from you foxy ladies. Dave Dull #139867, M.R.D.C.C., 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Inside lookin' out is a bummer. Drop me a line. Craig Frediani, Preston Ind. School, Box 6, Ione, Calif. 95640.

Doin' time and want to hear from real, double-barreled chicks. Marino J. Ponce, Box B-75209 Cent., Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm in the slammer and could dig letters. Bob Goshorn 137-587, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Loneliness is tearful. Keith Edwards, P.S.I. #12793, Box 5, Ione, Calif. 95640.

Two good but badass dudes need to hear from chicks. Larry Reynolds #133695 and Richy Woodward #137717, Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Need to get in touch with Sweet Mary in North Dallas. Remember Sam and Jimbo in Oak Cliff. I'm locked down. Jim Letellier #300-73, Box 7-1-C-170, Moberly, Mo.

Will answer all letters to a new friend. Donnie A. Davis #B-9351, Box AE, CMC-East, C-6328, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I'm doin' seven years an' need a freaky ol' lady. Danny Wing, Box WR, Green Bay, Wisc. 54306.

Hold me a while, little girl. Allen Cook #61449, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Lonely guy needs some chicks to write to. James Cupit #97147-131, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73086.

Doin' time for shootin' a snitch. Johnny Moss #6938, Kansas State Penitentiary, C-336, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Doin' some time; need someone fine. Eddie Corvallo #16003, Box 307, Beacon, N.Y. 12508.

There's still a few of us forgotten. Robert McHale, Reg. 43421 Ch. 7, and James Snell, Reg. 74-593 Ch. 7, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Lonely ex-biker needs a lady to write to. Charles Longdon #B-78118, Box A-E #4286, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Two central Calif. bros need ol' ladies to cure our amnesia. Bear Barone #B-62753 and Eise Snow #B-32041, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Still haven't heard from any **Easyriders** foxes. Dean Samaniego #147021, C.M.R.C. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

In the slam. 24 yrs. old without a girl. James Monk #96136, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

No foreplay. Just send me your name an' we'll get married. Steve Baker, Box B-64589-A, C.T. F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93940.

Could dig letters from foxy ladies. Nick Hogg #145841, Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Need woman 21-26 yrs. old who wants to start lasting friendship. Dennis Underwood #B-77741, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Stone white outlaw needs stone white outlaw mama. J. Spiderman Ditto, Box B-36226-B North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm in the zoo an' need letters and flicks from mamas. M.D. Kessler #3545, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Home Brew

—Continued from page 27

those ass-pinching Italian dudes say, "A good can is a very important!" But don't use a metal can. Beer brewed in galvanized steel tastes about like the Bionic Woman's box. Use a sturdy plastic garbage can with a capacity of fifteen to twenty gallons. This is enough to brew a twelve-gallon batch with a little room left over for the stuff to froth and slosh. If your can doesn't have a snug-fitting lid, be prepared to cover it with a plastic liner bag, held in place with string or used rubbers. The idea here is to enable the excess carbon dioxide developed during fermentation to escape without leaving the batch at the mercy of flies, cockroaches, and stray germs that might be hovering around in the air. If you have to buy a container, it shouldn't set you back more than ten bucks.

Next, you'll need some bottles. This recipe is for twelve gallons, which means you'll need about five and a half cases of twelve-ounce empties. Deposit-type bottles are best because they're stronger. If you should happen to goof your first batch and it "blows up," deposit bottles tend to pop their caps, while throwaways are more likely to explode like grenades, sending glass flying all over the place.

Deposit bottles take the same type caps as throwaways. However, deposit bottles aren't threaded to screw caps on and off, as most throwaways now are. Therefore, with deposit bottles, you'll need a capper, which will set you back another ten bucks. Caps will run about a cent apiece. With throwaways, naturally, you save the caps and simply screw them back on after you bottle the beer. The caps can be re-used indefinitely, since they're not crimped when they're removed. You're the bottler as well as the brewmaster, so it's your choice.

Your bottles need to be reasonably clean. The best way to handle this is to have your ol' lady give each bottle you intend to re-use a quick cold-water rinse as soon as it's emptied. If you're a real sanitation nut, you can hit them another lick with hot water and baking soda just before bottling the batch, but the main thing is to avoid putting your beer in bottles containing roaches and old cigarette butts.

Another item that's mighty handy

to have is a hydrometer. This gadget costs only a couple of bucks and it enables you to tell *exactly* when the beer is ready to bottle. Guesswork about bottling time can leave you with a batch of swill that you wouldn't wish on the first guy who ever wrote a helmet law. Bottle too soon and the stuff may blow up, and even if it doesn't, it will squirt all over you and the ceiling when you open it. Bottle too late and your efforts will acquire the "stale piss" characteristic common to any beer that has gone flat.

An alternative to the hydrometer is letting the stuff ferment all the way out in the vat, then adding more sugar at bottling time. This works all right if you're careful to add between two and a half and three ounces of sugar per gallon, but don't make any mistakes if you decide to go this route. Again, it's your choice.

You'll also need about six feet of plastic tubing to siphon the beer at bottling time. Something with about a half-inch outside diameter will handle a decent rate of flow, so that the project doesn't take you all afternoon, and it's still small enough to go into the bottle without difficulty. It is strongly recommended that you *do not* employ a hose that has been used to siphon gasoline.

Dumpin' in the vat

Next, get yourself a three-pound can of Blue Ribbon hop-flavored malt syrup. Some neighborhood food stores still carry it, so you might luck out and get it for around two dollars. Otherwise, seek out a "winemaker's shop," where you'll probably have to pay about three bucks for the same thing. You'll only use one pound for a twelve-gallon batch, however, and this is the stuff that imparts the beer flavor you're looking for, so it's important.

These winemaker's supply shops can be found in just about any decent-sized city, by the way, but if you have trouble locating one, try your Sears mail order catalog or write to Winemaker's Pantry, 4480 Park Blvd., Pinellas Park, Florida 33565. They'll send you a catalog and you can order what you need through the mail.

At your corner supermarket, avail yourself of twelve pounds of sugar. Some fancy recipes will tell you to use "invert" sugar, whatever

that is. Personally, I always thought an "invert" was a chick who stood on her head to give you a blow job. In any event, ordinary white granulated (table) sugar will do quite nicely. If you want to get exotic, you can use ten pounds of white sugar and two pounds of brown sugar. This darkens the color of the finished product and seems to enhance the flavor a tad, but it's strictly a frill.

While at the supermarket, *do not* purchase your yeast! The stuff they sell there was designed for baking bread, and while it will cause your batch to ferment, you'll play hell getting it to settle out. Beer brewed with baker's yeast usually winds up tasting like something you might have scraped off a mushroom after a toad had pissed on it.

Get your yeast from your friendly neighborhood winemaker. Specify beer yeast, preferably the bottom-settling variety. If you capture and refrigerate the yeast-laden dregs after bottling, you can use this to ferment your next batch.

Water is good for only two things: sinking ships and making beer. Some breweries go on at great length about the quality of the water they use, but don't let that worry you. One of the raunchiest commercial beers that ever hit the market was made with "pure spring water," and they built their whole advertising campaign around this. It still wasn't fit to drink. Ordinary tap water is fine unless you happen to live in the country and made the mistake of sinking your well too close to your outhouse. If you have any doubts about what kind of stuff might be swimming around in your water, heat it first. You don't have to boil it—remember that milk, which contains all manner of foul germs, is pasteurized at a modest 160 degrees.

Dissolve your twelve pounds of sugar in your twelve gallons of water. Then mix in your one pound of malt syrup. (Many misled home brewers use this stuff at the rate of three pounds to five gallons of water—then they wonder why their stuff isn't fit to drink.) If you heated the water, allow it to cool to 90 degrees before adding the yeast. Cover, and let nature take its course.

Figure on the process taking anywhere from a week to a month, depending on temperature and such. A warm place is ideal, because beer will work best at 80 to 90 degrees, but it also helps if the temperature

is kept fairly consistent. If cold or temperature variation is a big problem, you might want to try an immersion heater of the type used in aquariums.

If you think your batches are taking too long, your winemaker's shop can supply you with a powdered "nutrient." This is sort of a "yeast laxative" which makes the bacteria shit out the alcohol at an accelerated rate. It's an optional item; you may find that you can get along nicely without it.

Bottle your beer when it's ready by siphoning from the vat directly into the bottles, unless you let it work out "flat" and plan to add sugar, in which case you'll need to siphon into gallon jugs, stir in the sugar, then bottle and cap. If you're going according to a hydrometer, a reading of 1.002 at 85 degrees is where it's at, and don't put it off until tomorrow or you'll wind up with flat beer—and the only thing worse than flat home brew is a flat-chested broad in a line of topless go-go dancers.

If all goes well, you'll wind up with five and a half cases of good stuff. Excluding your basic equip-

ment (garbage can, capper, hydrometer, etc.), you have invested a dollar's worth of malt syrup, maybe \$3.50 for sugar, and about another \$1.50 for odds and ends like yeast and bottle caps. This comes out to approximately a dollar a case, or a little over four cents a bottle. If you can pick up your malt at a reduced rate, if you watch for bargains on sugar, and re-use your yeast and your bottle caps, you can whittle it down to about three cents per twelve-ounce serving.

Get ready to guzzle

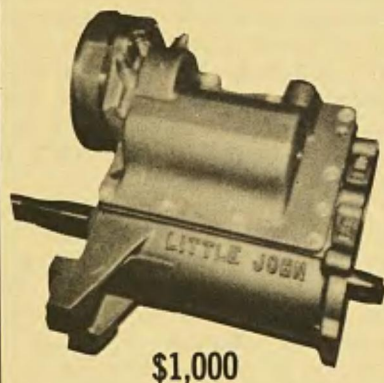
Once you've got it bottled, keep your cool. Wait until it clears (this usually takes about five days), then leave it another couple of days for good measure before refrigerating. If the first one you open is flat, leave the rest in a warm place for a few more days. The stuff has to finish working in the bottle in order to produce the necessary carbonation. This can be a pain in the ass at first, but if you keep a batch or two going all the time—whatever you need to keep up with your thirst—you'll soon reach the point

where patience will no longer be required.

The next item is not going to sit too well with some dudes who like their suds straight out of the bottle or can, but it's fairly important. Pour your home brew into a glass or mug to drink it. Nobody's suggesting that you start wearing lace on your drawers—it's just that the yeast which has provided that final carbonation in the bottle has settled out in the bottom. You can pour off all but the last half ounce with no trouble, leaving the yeast at the bottom of the bottle where it belongs, as long as you pour it off in one move. But the constant agitation of tipping the bottle up to drink out of it will stir up the dregs and the last half of the bottle will have that "toadstool" flavor we've been tryin' to avoid. (Commercial breweries get around this problem by using artificial carbonation on beer that has worked out completely flat—it's an industrial process, costly and impractical for the home brewer.)

A final word of caution. What

—Continued on page 98



5-Speed Trany For Your Hawg

- MORE SPEED
- LESS VIBRATION
- MORE MILEAGE
- LESS ENGINE WEAR

- *Give your scooter stoker performance without altering your engine.
- *All-new unit can be ordered to fit all 1936-1977 Harley 1200s.
- *Overdrive 5th gear ratio produces more top-end speed while cutting down on vibration.
- *Made of finest materials, actually stronger than stock unit.

This is not a conversion, but a complete new unit.

\$1,000

LJR Limited 3855 Pecos Street, Denver, Colorado 80211 (303) 477-3781



A FEW FACTS ABOUT NOSE CANDY

By John Watson

If any of you dudes out there have been puttin' a pinch of coke on your joint before jumpin' in the sack with the ol' lady, or sprinklin' her snatch with the white stuff to improve its flavor, you'd better read this message an' hang onto your crank. The main topic here is noses, but since a dude's other end (the chick's, too) has a lot of delicate membranes,

there just might be some connection with regard to the following problem.

Snortin' coke may make for fun times, relaxin' moments, and care-free hours, but it has one particular side effect that can make a bunch of users look like escapees from a leper colony. Cocaine eats noses. That's right! Continued use can eat the nose right off your face, and

right now there are plastic surgeons all over the world that are makin' a mint by repairing the damaged tissue inside the noses of coke sniffers. Continued use can also destroy throat tissue, rot the gums, and cause middle-ear damage, the latter affecting both hearing and sense of balance.

This isn't another article filled with scare "facts" put out by the government. It's straight shit from doctors who've been studyin' the problem and workin' on noses that have been destroyed. Cocaine really does destroy noses. Prolonged use irritates the mucous membranes and shrinks the veins inside the nose. Snot—the viscid, slimy, rope-like secretion that bikers like to lick offa their upper lip—stops flowin' and lubricatin' the nose, and it gets dry inside. Scabs, boogers, and ulcers form, and pretty soon a foul-smelling discharge appears. Once all these things start happenin', little holes begin to appear in the septum—the wall separating the nostrils—and the only way to close 'em up is by surgery.

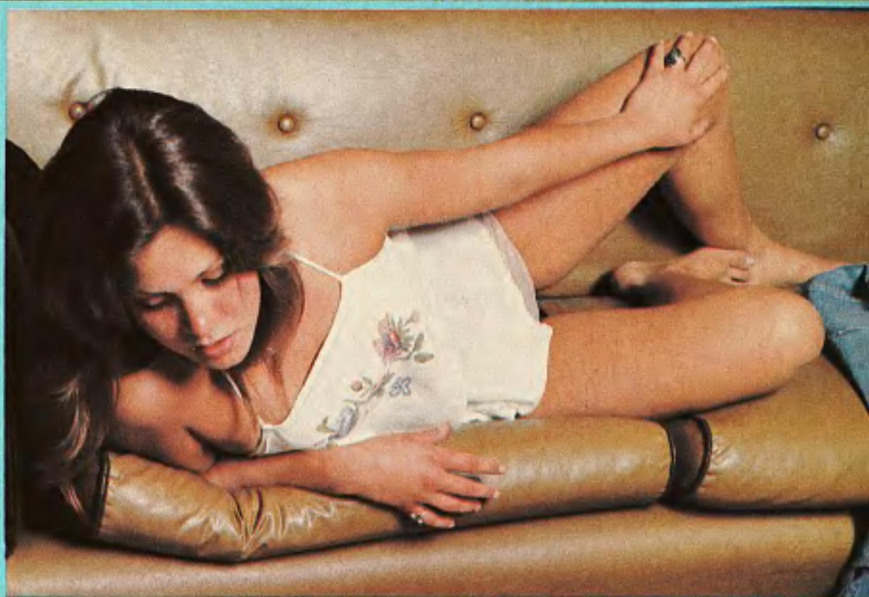
The ear problem occurs when the infection gets bad and pus backs up into the eustachian tubes that lead to the inner ear, causing not only deafness but headaches and sinus problems as well. The only good news to be heard is that surgery can fix all this damage. The bad news is that after the nose is fixed, the dudes start feelin' safe again, and they go back to snortin', which starts the problem all over again.

Anyone who has the problem and is afraid to get treatment for fear that the doctor might be able to tell he's a sniffer, can rest easy. People who constantly pick their noses—whether because of a nervous problem or because they like to roll those little bugger-balls around—may suffer the same symptoms. Doctors can't tell if a person has been sniffin' coke, just by lookin' in his nose.

Answers to our research questions were provided by well-known physicians from local hospitals, so there ain't nothin' phony about this article. Unfortunately, we forgot to ask about the effect of coke on the mucous membranes of the pussy or the crank. A little bit of coke, rubbed on a painful hemorrhoid, will shrink the bastard and take away the pain, but for the price they're askin' nowadays, there ain't many dudes gonna shell out that kinda bread to shove flake up their ass. ■

LONELY LINDA

And when the ol' man is away — what then?



Linda is definitely a good ol' lady. And without a doubt she's on the up and up when it comes to messin' around. But when her daddy ain't holdin' down the pad, her itchy clit ain't gonna shut down until the man rides up on his white 74 and sweeps her off her dainty feet.

It's not so teeth-grittin' bad while she's busy runnin' errands that her kind ol' man left her to do. And as long as there's cleaning chores around the abode to keep her mind off sensuality and sex, she's just another busy house mouse. But the hours get provocatively touchy when the sun mellows to a deep





Photos by Pete Chiodo



red glow. Weary from the day's work, she lies back for a respite from the heavy responsibility of takin' care of her ol' man's pad. Then her mind wanders.

As she lies there absorbing the heat, still trapped in the house on a hot summer day, her body begins to react to the sauna-like warmth. And thumbing through a mag (*Easyriders*, of course), her mind drifts with the long hours. She's a sensible female, but not without emotion and a taste for lust after the two-day dry spell.

And what's a girl to do whose imagination is keen, with a body quick to respond, and an appetite for the seductive? There's satisfaction at her fingertips and she can't ignore her yearning for the puttin' fool who fondles her bod so well. Her inhibitions fall away like empty beer cans and drive a girl to seek a climax, then another.

Sonuvabitch, I don't know what Linda did. But I damn sure wish I was there to find out.

—Horn E. Mutha





WRIST/WATCH BAND

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

SCOOTER WALLET



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

HARLEY WATCH



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

It's a classic and it's yours for only **\$22.95** plus **\$1.00** for postage and handling.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery

I-R-S-LIMITED
Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

California residents add 6% for The Man

BUCK KNIVES

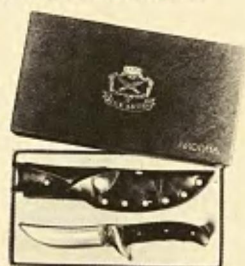


Famous for holding an edge

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

ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **\$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 50c postage and handling.

Small Bike Wallet

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

Trucker Wallet

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



Chicks

—Continued from page 46

up her snatch and hold 'em there under a coconut shell. The ants would eat her out, thus causin' her pussy lips to swell, an' the bridegroom (obviously an asshole) would be overcome with joy because his bride had a giant pussy.

Just to show how stupid dudes can be, in my estimation, the least popular attributes a broad could have, according to the researchers, were narrow pelvis, slim hips, and a large clitoris. Apparently the dudes tested didn't never give no head to a broad, or they'd have appreciated the convenience of a snatch that you could hold cupped in yer hands an' eat like a piece of pie.

Magazines for men are full of broads with big tits, so, obviously, that's what men like. Big Julie and Big Bertha were two broads that usta be in show biz around the U.S. Each of 'em advertised bustlines of more than fifty-two inches. I saw Big Julie once, an' I'd say she was bigger than advertised. Emile Zola, a writer of the nineteenth century, wrote about a dancer whose tits were so big it took two men to embrace each one. There was a fourteen-year-old girl recorded who had tits weighing sixteen pounds each (the average weight is around two pounds). But the real killer was an old cunt, thirty years old, who had tits that weighed fifty-two pounds. Some tits just keep on growin' an' have to be whittled down by a doctor, who relocates the nipple. It's a reverse pump-up job, an' no plastic

Easyriders



is involved. Other broads get diseases, like elephantiasis, an' hafta pack their tits around in a wheelbarrow. A tribe that lives in Africa is famous for the size of its women's tits, and it's not uncommon for the women to toss their knockers over their shoulders while they're workin', in order not to get 'em caught in the lawnmower, or whatever tools they're usin'. The smallest tits are found on members of the Mongolian tribes and to have big tits is considered to be a disgrace.

In case ya didn't know it, the lips of the pussy are known as the *vulva*. When I was a kid, I read one of those dirty comic books an' memorized one line, which I repeated for years, hopin' to turn some broad on. The line was, "He pressed his throbbing penis into her pulsating vulva, thus completing a perfect sexual union." Well, that's the way it really works, but when I squeaked those words to some chick in my pre-adolescent voice, all I got was a kick in the balls for my efforts.

Among the bush people of Africa—in particular, the Hottentots—the pussy lips are long, an' they hang 'way down. This makes 'em hot stuff to the dudes, and if a broad ain't got a long clit an' pussy lips that dangle, she don't stand a chance of gettin' a man. Those that don't have the proper equipment often attach weights to their pussy lips and clit to stretch 'em out, or do as mentioned before—sic ants an' bees on their box, an' when those little critters give head, they give head.

I'm not gonna go into assholes, this time. I'll save that trip for another feature. As we say in doctor talk, "Adios muthafuckas!" ■



"He's over here smokin' his joint."



CHOP SHIRTS

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

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

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

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



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

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

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

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____



Cat Scratch Fever/Ted Nugent: Any brother who comes up with a line like "I don't know why I am the way I am, but I dig the shit out of it" has to be high on our list. Nugent is one of the authentic wild fuckers of rock and roll. His songs put out fierce energy and his lyrics come out of the woodwork and off the wall. On this new release the guitar work is definitely gut-wrenching and the vocals come through with enough maniacal frenzy to interest even the most laid-back. A quick trip through some of the titles on this platter will give you an idea of the zone from whence Nugent strikes. Try "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang," "Death By Misadventure," "Fist Fightin' Son of a Gun," and "Out of Control." This album develops so much raw driving power that even those who are so loaded they're paralyzed boogie their nuts off. If the instrumental anthem "Home Bound" doesn't give you that cruising feeling, you'd better turn in your patch.



Hot Tracks/Nazareth: This is a "best of" collection of hits from six previous albums on the A&M label (although the group had some heavies on two earlier Warner Brothers LPs). The Scottish foursome are at their best when they play straight-ahead rock, like "Go Down Fighting" and

DOWN TIME DISCS

By
Buster Duckbutter
and White Wing

"Shanghai'd In Shanghai," although they give some pretty heavy twists to American material like Joni Mitchell's "This Flight Tonight." If you've been putting off grabbing a Nazareth album, now's your time to act.



Smokey Places/Ruby Starr: Ruby Starr was discovered by members of Black Oak Arkansas when they were unwinding at a bar in Evansville, Indiana. Knowing that a solid voice and a fine pair of tits don't surface too often, they promptly signed her up to record backup vocals on their hit single "Jim Dandy." This album is a collection of material from a variety of sources, including a tune by Fleetwood Mac'er Lindsey Buckingham and Jackie DeShannon's "When You Walk In The Room." The songs are mostly medium-tempo numbers with a heavy beat, and Ruby's sultry, slightly rough voice provides good hard-on cues. The back cover of the LP is one of the best pieces of jackoff album jacket art ever, picturing her stiff nipples and tattoo in full living color. We recommend that you leave the plastic shrinkwrap on. That way you won't get come stains on the thing.

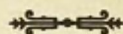


38 Special/38 Special: Ronnie Van Zant, the mean motherfucker from Lynyrd Skynyrd, has a kid brother named Donnie. Donnie has a pistol-packing band that features two drummers and some quick-draw guitarists who do some straight shooting on pedal steel and dobro as well. The name of this vigilante group is 38 Special, and you can bet your fucking holster that these good ol' boys have plenty of bullet-blasting muzzle velocity. The beat-heavy approach is somewhat softened by the use of acoustic instrumentation and some sweet singing, but the overall effect is clean hammer action. Cuts to aim for on this revolver (get it?) are "Long Time Gone," "Just Wanna Rock and Roll," and the Allman-flavored "Four Wheels." This is the first round out of the barrel for these country rockers, but they're definitely on target.

Sin After Sin/Judas Priest: Roger Glover, former bass player for Deep Purple, produces and sort of directs Judas Priest, as well as Nazareth. His mark is here in an especially heavy album. The faster selections are rugged metal work that turn pretty mean, and tune titles like "Sinner," "Let Us Prey," and "Dissident Aggressor" pretty much sum up where this band is at. Even the slower songs, like Joan Baez's "Diamonds And Rust," take some pretty nasty turns. Rugged shit here, for sure.



GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS!



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

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

All posters shipped in
wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube

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

Printing quality will be
even better than paint-
ings as they appeared in
Easyridders, for posters
are custom printed spec-
ifically for much finer
quality than a mass-
produced magazine, and
posters are printed on
much heavier paper.

EASYRIDERS POSTERS,
Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Enclosed is \$_____ for the
posters indicated below.

@ \$3.00 each. Four for \$9.95

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

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

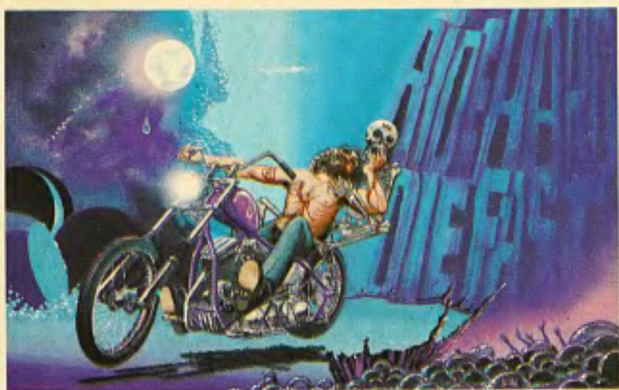
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6% sales tax



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-7 "Run Heat"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-8 "Comin' at Ya"



M-4 "One for the Road"



M-9 "Hollywood"

TOMMIE'S CUSTOM ACCESSORIES

P. O. Box 354 Modesto, California 95353

**HELL ON WHEELS
HARLEY-DAVIDSON**

RIDE WITH PRIDE

**HAPPINESS IS
TOKIN', TOOTIN', BALLIN', & PUTTIN'!**

**RIDE & HARD
DIE & FREE**

HANDS OFF!

**BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE UNLESS:
PLEASURE IS YOUR BUSINESS!**

All stickers come on Rainbow Mylar and are outlined with bold black lettering. \$1.75 ea. + 25¢ postage. Please note clubs are special order.

\$2.50 ea. + 25¢ postage.
Orders of 25 + only.

Send \$1.00 for catalog, refundable on first purchase

YOUR CLUB or van,
CITY & STATE bike,
truck,



Moving?

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

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE
(If not possible, print your old address here)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip Code _____

PRINT YOUR NEW ADDRESS HERE

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip Code _____



SNAP CAP \$20.00



HARLEY CAP \$20.00



REBEL CAP \$20.00



FORD 'A' CAP \$20.00



SNOOPY CAP \$25.00
FUR LINED \$30.00



GESTAPO CAP—
MOD \$20.00



BASEBALL \$20.00



THE BIKER \$20.00



IMMIGRANT CAP \$20.00



TOOL BAG \$20.00



FITS OLD TIMER &
BUCK KNIFE \$5.00

TRUCKER'S WALLET 8 1/2 x 4
5 POCKETS, ONE WITH ZIPPER
LEATHER BELT LOOP
BRASS CHAIN \$16.00
1/4" SIZE \$14.00
HARLEY BELT \$10.00

BIKER CHAPS DOUBLE ZIPPER
CUSTOM ORDER \$80.00



VISORS—YOU PICK BILL \$10.00
HARLEY WINGS OR PLAIN
BLACK OR BROWN
HEAD SIZE IN INCHES

Since 1957

MORRO LEATHER CLINIC

435 Morro Bay Boulevard Morro Bay, Calif. 93442 phone 805-772-3285

\$2.50 for third class postage \$4.50 for first class postage 6% sales tax for Calif. 3 weeks for personal checks to clear. No c.o.d.'s please Satisfaction guaranteed

The Treatment

—Continued from page 31

kinda operation that'll put her back among humanity as the dynamite little broad she really is!"

Then I was too damn busy to give the problem any further thought, plunging all the way into her squirming moistness and hearin' her rapid panting becoming frenzied moans of enjoyment.

Any shithead who can think under those circumstances jes' ain't human—an' if I'm anything, I'm so fuckin' human it's almost pathetically indecent!

I always get the wildest ideas while parked on the goddam shitter, and that's where I was sittin', in the privacy of a restroom's toilet booth, when these two dudes clomped up to the urinals and started rappin' about one of the oldest frustrations known to the troubled mind of all mankind. So I listened, holdin' my breath.

"It's a crock of shit," growled one.

"Probably," agreed the other, "but what if it ain't? What if that stuff Crazy John's been usin' actually works and it makes his cock grow?"

"Then I'll buy a carload of the crap."

"His ol' lady told my ol' lady that his crank feels bigger already, an' he's only been usin' the stuff fer a month!" The guy's voice quivered with envy. "Jesus, I think I'm gonna give it a whirl."

"Lemme know if ya see any difference."

Suddenly, the idea was right there in my skull. Complete! Right down to the last, rotten detail! And if it worked, Nooki's damaged face was as good as rebuilt. I was so fuckin' excited, I clean forgot to wipe my ass before I pulled up my pants and went on my way.

Splittin' from the restaurant, I began making a few stops around town, purchasin' odds and ends. My final stop was at the house of a gifted cunt who had broken up with her biker ol' man and married a trucker. She came to the door wearin' a paint-smeared smock, some artist's brushes in her hand, and a flock of nosepickers peekin' around her maternity skirt.

"Think ya got time—between whippin' out wallpaper designs and poppin' kids—to do a favor fer an old friend?" I gave her my boyish

grin. "But stash them houseapes before I show ya the gig."

She shooed the domestic pigmies away.

"What kinda favor?" she demanded suspiciously.

I showed her the 13-inch, soft-plastic hollow penis I'd bought at a novelty shop. "Jes' repaint this booger so it'll look like the real thing in bad light."

"Hobo, what the hell are you up to?"

I shrugged. "Jes' a little joke I'm gonna play."

"My old man'll bruise my bod, he catches me messin' around with somethin' like that."

I produced a crisp, green twenty—figuring that housewives who play it straight are usually busted in the loot department. "C'mon, Enid," I urged. "It'll take ya maybe a half hour."

She reached for the phony gun, gigglin' crazily. I sat around, guzzlin' her trucker's suds while she made that ersatz cock look as real as a judge's sneer. The whole session took less'n the time I figured, and I was on my way again.

Last stop was Nooki's rented room.

"What's happenin'?" she asked.

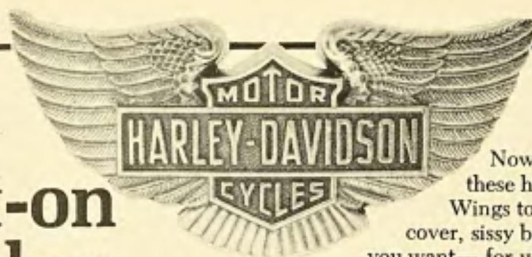
"A bunch, baby!" I chuckled, dumpin' all the goodies I'd bought on her rumpled bed. "First, I'm gonna clue ya to the greatest number ever devised. I'll even show ya how to mix the first batcha shit that's gonna buy ya a brand new, kissable face!"

Her lopsided eyes widened. "You're spacey!" she whispered. "You shouldn't make fun of—"

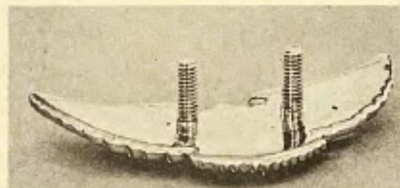
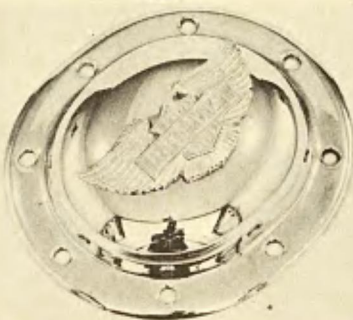
"Second," I continued, "we move ya outa this cockroach cell into the nice, classy mobile home I rented fer ya on the edge of town—where ya kin have all the clients ya want



"Hand me the hacksaw, Lumpy."



Bolt-on Harley Wings



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

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

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

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

Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund of your money.



RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

WE WANT YOUR BOD

DRESSED IN
JOE'S MCN
GOODIES



We're having a photo contest to pick the dude or chick wearing pins, patches, earrings, etc., in a far-out, funky or filthy way. Grand prize winner will receive \$100 worth of merchandise from Joe's MCN. For more info and our catalog, send \$2 (deductible on first order) to:

Joe's MCN, 9939 Canoga Ave., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.

Joe's MCN
9939 Canoga Ave.
Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.

Name _____

Address _____

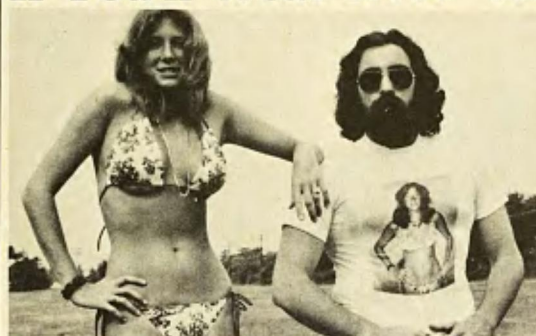
City _____

State _____

Zip _____

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

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



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

Custom design your own one-of-a-kind class shirt. Put on your bike, your ol' lady, your ol' lady's tits. We don't care — as long as you got balls enough to wear it, we'll print it. T-shirt is top quality polyester blend so it won't turn into a rag after you wear it. The colors from the blowup go into the fabric and are washable and permanent — no bullshit — WE GUARANTEE IT! Custom printing 25¢ per letter. Order today and we'll send you a surprise bonus.

Send to: PERMA-PIX INC., Dept. ER-10
1919 Route 110
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

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

SPEED MADE EASY!!

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

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

Send a buck for the complete brochure to:

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

HERE IT IS! OUR FAMOUS
"Don't fuck with me" **\$14.50**
WRISTBAND postage included
COD REQUIRES \$5.00 DEPOSIT



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

TO BE WORN FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES ONLY

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



THE SANDAL SHEAF

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

PLEASE ALLOW 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

without some landlord fuckin' up the business!"

"Hold it, asshole!" Rage twisted the already grotesque features. "Bein' a club mama was one thing. Hustlin' my tail for money is something else! I ain't gonna do that work—not even for a whole, new bod!"

"Calm down, will ya? Nobody's tellin' ya to get into whorin', fer crissake!"

"B-but you mentioned clients!"

"Right. Clients. Customers. Jes' like any other legal, respectable-type business depends upon fer gold." I held up the sack containing the ingredients. "This shit is the treatment ya'll peddle—at fifty bucks a treatment!"

"T-treatment?"

"Siddown," I said firmly, "an' listen while I give ya the whole picture in simple words."

She listened.

Much later that same night—after I'd gotten her moved—I chained my shovelhead to the steel-pipe railing in front of Shoofly's Place and traipsed in just like I'd never had my happy ass tossed outa there. Shoofly was solemnly polishing mugs behind the bar, glumly watchin' a handful of bikers rappin' instead a suckin' up suds. Deliberately, I walked awkwardly toward the group, lettin' them notice my peculiar amble.

"You been invited back here?" inquired Shoofly coldly.

"Naw, jist wanna use the shitter," I replied, fakin' a weary tone. "Ever since I started takin' them goddam treatments a few months ago, this expanded crank of mine needs to be drained more often."

"Listen to that!" jeered a dude to his bro. "An expanded crank!"

I smiled innocently at the clown. "Yeah, I only expected her to extend the length of it, but it seems that goo she rubs into it also increases the girth of the tool." I leered at them. "Sure has made me a lot more popular with all the gashies though!"

"What's this bullshit?" snorted Shoofly. "Hobo, I've seen your stick. Happened to be standin' right alongsida ya, takin' a leak, any number of times. You ain't all that big. Maybe five, six inches."

"Not anymore," I sighed. "Sometimes I wish I'd jes' left the poor thing alone."

"Haul this so-called monster outa yer pants," ordered Shoofly. "I wan-

na see it fer myself. I think yer puttin' us on fer laughs."

I hesitated, tryin' to look nervous. "Ya mean, right here—in fronta Gawd an' all these bros an' everybody?"

"Unless ya do—I'll know yer fulla shit!"

Carefully, so I wouldn't loosen the taped end of the phony rammer which was safely outa sight, I eased the huge organ into open air. It flopped down, limp and heavy, dangling a good ten inches from my fly. In the dim light it looked as real as a real schwantz coulda looked.

A long moment of utter silence just hung there too.

"Gawd-fuckin'-damn!" Shoofly said hoarsely. "Lookit the size of that prick!"

A dude whistled long, low, and impressed.

"Ya sure ya seen him *before* he started takin' them treatments, man?" another bro asked Shoofly.

"I seen him," Shoofly said firmly. "He sure as shit wasn't hung nothin' like *that*!"

Without warnin', another guy slipped off his stool, stepped quietly forward and pinched the top part of the plastic cock's column. Fortunately, my own crank was inside that portion of the fake, so it felt solid an' realistically resilient.

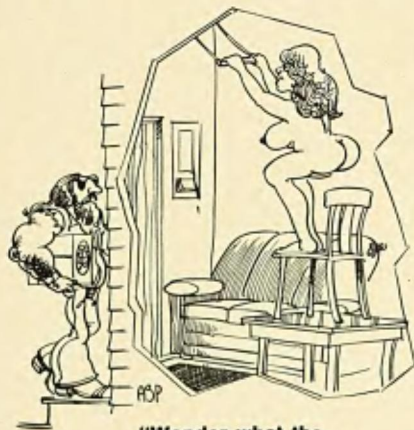
"Ouch!" I yelped. "Watch that shit, man!"

"It's the real McCoy—no shit!" he assured the others.

Carefully, I stuffed the bogus dong back into my pants, knowin' damn well I faced a long night of impressin' a lotta people with the display.

"Uh—how does a guy contact this—uh—ya said it was a chick?—uh—doll who gives them treat-

—Continued on page 100



"Wonder what the whore's got for supper."

HEY ALL YOU POT SMOKIN' DUDES

GRAB YOUR STASH AN HAVE A BASH ! WITH THESE

CUSTOM PAINTED ! HYDRO-CAL
SCULPTURED SMOKING PIPES

RIDE TO
LIVE
4 x 6
\$6.95



PANHEAD
6 x 4 \$5.95



HARLEY EAGLE
4 x 6 \$6.95



CHOPPER JR.
7 x 3 \$6.95



SHOVELHEAD
6 x 4 \$5.95



GRIM REAPER
8 x 3 \$9.95



MOTOR PIG
6 x 4 \$9.95



WE PAY POSTAGE !

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED !

(DEALER INQUIRES WELCOME)

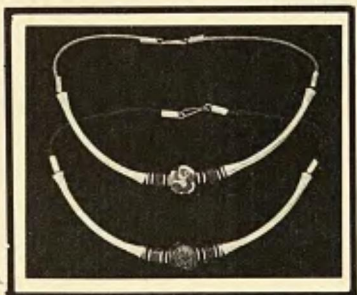


SEND CHECK OR
MONEY ORDER
TO

HERITAGE CREATIONS
16265 LINDBERGH
VAN NUYS, CAL. 91406



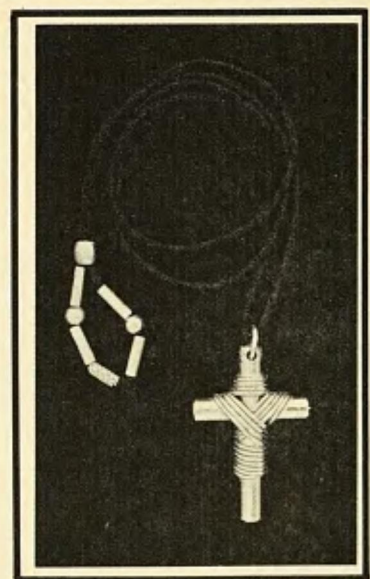
Gleaming Greek Jewelry



Chokers from Greece for
only \$5.95 & \$1.00 postage
and handling

Gleaming Greek Chokers, of gold
and silver-toned metal curves,
adorned with colorful Grecian beads
... All threaded on a leather thong.
Choose your color, and send a check
or money order to ...

A. Ball
P.O. Box 592
Seal Beach,
California 90740



Greek Cross, gold plated or
silver, \$4.89 & \$1.00 post-
age and handling

California residents add 6% for Governor Brown



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

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.

These stretch to fit tubes will put a bulge in your britches. What you'll get is no-nonsense fashion designed to make your lady that much more of a bitchin' fox. And since they fit most any top end in sight there's no hassle with size, unless she's built like Mutha. No sweat there, cause she can always sew two together.

We've even gone to the trouble of screening the **Easyriders logo** on this baby to make sure every dude gets a longer look.

So get on the stick and treat yourselves to some righteous sightseeing in **bandit black** and **rogue red**. At \$5.95 each or \$9.95 per pair you won't regret it.



Send your order today to:

Easyriders Tubes Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me _____ tubes in these colors _____.
I have enclosed \$_____ (\$5.95 each or \$9.95 per pair and we pay
postage & handling). (California residents add 6%)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Personal checks take four weeks to clear

The Payback

—Continued from page 13

eighties. Still, Travis gratefully acknowledged to himself, it was great to be out of the sun, and the beer was ice cold. He rolled the wet bottle across his burning forehead and sighed with pleasure.

Content just to sit at his table, he decided he could simply be a little late to the party—maybe arrive after dark. Better to cool my heels at Rosita's, he told himself, than fryin' my nuts off on that goddam road. He propped his feet up on an empty chair and popped two Quaaludes into his mouth. Washing the tablets down with the last of his beer, he caught the waitress's eye and held aloft his empty bottle.

Three hours and eight beers later, Travis dimly realized that if he drank another round he was going to wind up with his nose in the eggs. He stood up unsteadily and stuffed a few bills into the waitress's hand to cover his tab and tip. Giving her a pat on the ass, he weaved toward the door. The red sun was low in the sky when he kicked over the Sporty and pulled back onto the highway.

The Sportster loped along at a safe 50 mph, Travis content to take it easy, hoping the fresh air would restore some alertness to his stupefied brain. The heat, the beer, the 'ludes—he felt a numbed detachment, a loss of involvement with his surroundings. He had the sensation that he was only watching events, not participating in them. It was as if someone else were riding the Harley. And Travis calmly watched this other guy maintain the bike's speed into a sharp bend in the road, leaning into the turn too far and too late. Even as the bike went down and he thudded into the pavement, he kept thinking this isn't really happening.

The next hour was an indistinct blur in his mind. He seemed to recall the cops showing up and driv-



"But officer, our throttles stuck!"

ing him back into the little town where he'd spent the afternoon. He vaguely remembered mouthing off to the cops and their efforts to get him to blow up the balloon. And for the last few minutes he had grown slowly aware of tinny Mexican *conjunto* music playing through a cheap AM radio. He finally registered that he was in jail.

Oh shit, he thought, what a fuck-up. His sobering senses took in his surroundings. He found himself in one of two tanks, the second visible across a corridor that separated them. He was sitting at a metal table that ran half the length of the room. His arms rested on the table's stainless steel surface. The table and the iron benches that ran on either side constituted the only furniture in the room.

A game of dominoes was in progress a few feet away and the players slapped the pieces onto the steel tabletop. The sound exploded off the metal surface like rifle shots and immediately rebounded deafeningly off the green metal walls of the tank. Adjacent to this room of the tank was another, containing four cells, each with eight bunks. At one end of the tank was a trough in the grimy floor for pissing and a stainless steel toilet for shitting or puking. A single 75-watt bulb hung in a wire cage attached to the ceiling and a small fan slowly oscillated on a high corner shelf. The air was damp with the sweaty heat of fifteen men locked inside a steel hot-box.

Nobody seemed to pay attention to Travis, and that was fine with him because his head was throbbing. The injuries from the crash were finally beginning to penetrate the beer and pills. Each domino that smashed onto the table sent a bright jolt of pure pain across his forehead. Christ, he thought, what if I've got a fractured skull? My brains could leak out my ears and



"I know it looks stupid, but at least I never tip over when I'm wasted."

ATTENTION DEALERS: Are you missing out by not letting **Brown's Plating Service, Inc.** do your custom chrome work? Write for your free brochure for dealers and custom shops.

CHROME

Also

BLACK CHROME & 24 KARAT GOLD PLATING

Now because of our new process we are extending our guarantee from 90 days to one full year!

LET US FILL ALL YOUR MOTORCYCLE PLATING NEEDS

Serving both dealers & individuals nationwide.

BROWN'S PLATING SERVICE, INC.

Rt. 5, Box 534

Paducah, Kentucky 42001

Phone (502)554-1146

LAKE SHORE HARLEY-DAVIDSON INC.

HOME OF THE "WORLD'S FASTEST SPORTSTERS"

WANTS TO BUILD YOUR ENGINE!

...and we want to build it **NOW** to help you avoid delays in the Spring. Build **NOW** to insure a full season of riding in 1978!

**Take Advantage
of our
Special Offer!**

Free Freight (Your Engine) To Us. No Money Down—No Payments Until April 1st, 1978. Or Use Our Exclusive Layaway Plan. Call For Complete Details.

Offer Absolutely Ends On December 31st, 1977

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED FACILITY INCLUDES A MACHINE SHOP WITH ENGINE BALANCING AND DYNO TESTING PLUS A FULL LINE OF H-D HIGH PERFORMANCE COMPONENTS. WE ALSO REPAIR DAMAGED HARLEY-DAVIDSON FRAMES.

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

Call our toll free number!

800-323-3138

Please, parts orders only!

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

TOLL FREE



PARTS ORDER PHONE

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

1424 BELVIDERE ST. WAUKEGAN, ILL. 60085

(312) 623-2114

WE ARE A FACTORY AUTHORIZED HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE DEALER



Seen our front end? Better check it out!

REGULAR PRICE \$200

NOW ONLY \$199.95 COMPLETE

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

Length of front end desired _____

☐ Double ☐ Single Headlight Bracket

Specify Bike Make/Year _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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

A.W.I. DISTRIBUTORS

26857 Lowery, Farmington Hills, MI 48024
(313) 669-9330

none of these assholes would even notice—or give a shit if they did.

Travis cradled his head in his hands and dully considered his predicament. He hadn't seen his bike since he hit the pavement. He had been carrying only \$20. There was no phone at the ranch. Momentarily he looked up at the small window at the end of the hallway between the tanks. Darkness. He sighed, knowing there was nothing to do but wait till tomorrow when he could find out the charges and bail, and call up a brother back home.

Resigning himself to a night in jail, he stood up stiffly and carefully walked toward the row of cells on the other side of the tank. Each cell contained eight bunks, two upper and two lower, on opposite walls. Each bunk was a steel slab attached to the wall by L-brackets and heavy chains held by eyebolts. A thin mattress, greasy with human sweat and wino slobber, rested on each slab.

The first cell contained six men who were holding an animated conversation in Spanish. As Travis approached, they ceased talking and eyed him suspiciously. They were all Mexican-Americans and each bore the desperate, crazy look of those who can't make bail and who are thus forced to do maddening months of county jail time awaiting a court appearance. They stared at him silently through narrowed lids set in scarred, nervous faces. Looks like the Mexican cast for *Marat/Sade*, Travis thought as he moved past their cell and entered the next.

Only two men occupied this cell, both in upper bunks. They were reading skin magazines by the dim light of the remote bulb in the other room of the tank. One lowered his magazine to stare at Travis as he walked in.

"This one free?" Travis asked, gesturing toward the lower bunk by the cell door.



"Different strokes for different folks."

Nazi Knife



Here's a knife. German made. German craftsmanship. Been used by the Germans in two wars. It's a simple knife—a lock-blade knife that can be hung from your key chain. The blade is exposed just enough so you can get a casual grip on it and slowly slide it open while it's hanging at your side—while you're talkin' (scratchin' your hip, ya know). Then you release your keys and the knife is ready in the flick of an eye. The blade locks into place, ready to whittle, chop coke, or whatever.

Precision German quality—not a ring-ding, five-and-dime store cheapo bullshit blade. This knife is quality. And the quality is guaranteed just like all the other fine Righteous products (this knife is imported from Germany and is made from the finest steel available—quality you'd expect from the Krauts).

Only \$6.95. We pay postage. Insurance included. Immediate delivery. (California residents add 6% for Governor Brown.)

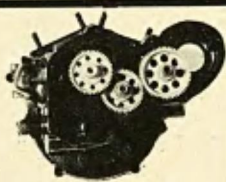


RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



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.
 2. The brass bushings will also be fitted and honed to fit standard size shafts.
 3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.
 4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright, send for price list.
- The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$39.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.
- 1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

Dealer inquiries invited.

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

For immediate delivery, send certified check or m.o. Personal checks held to clear.
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Hi-flow Pinion Shaft Bushing for Harley 74s (1936 - 1972)

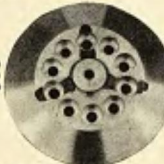


Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

Hi-flow cam bushing sells for \$7.00 plus \$1.00 for shipping and handling. If you wish, H.E.S. will press this bushing in your cam cover for \$3.00, which is labor and return postage.

When ordering, state year:
a. 1936-1953 (splined pinion shaft)
b. 1954-1972

LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's



1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.
 2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area.
 3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.
 4. Smooth clutch action.
- Complete with instructions; installs in 1/2 hour **\$21.50** (Add \$1.50 for shipping cost)

H/E/S
PERFORMANCE
PRODUCTS

Box 2794 • Culver City,
California 90230 Dept. C

The man said nothing, but he nodded his head once. He stared for another five seconds, then raised his magazine back to his eyes. Travis wearily climbed into the bunk, grunting from the aches and bruises he could now feel more than ever.

He wanted to sleep, but at first it was impossible. The *conjunto* racket continued, the dominoes kept exploding onto the metal table, and talk droned on all sides. The tank was hot and stifling. He was thirsty, but too weary and sore to get up and drink. He ached in body and mind.

Two hours later the tank was finally winding down for the night. The radio was a faint, distant sound in the dark. Almost everyone had turned in. Travis could barely distinguish a muffled conversation somewhere in the tank, but most activity had ceased and he could hear the regular breathing of his two sleeping cellmates. He stared vacantly at the empty bunk opposite and felt drowsy. The pain in his aching body had finally subsided and he welcomed sleep when it came.

But it was a troubled sleep—profound, and with dreams of such vivid intensity that his body tightened with tension even as he slept. In a succession of brief, surreal scenes, he found himself repeatedly hounded by shadowy menaces whose exact nature was never clear, but whose unfathomably evil intentions were indisputable.

He awoke panting, drenched in sweat. He was disoriented and apprehensive. The tank was absolutely still. He knew it was much later in the night, for the moon had risen and its light reflected off the walls, dimly illuminating the bunk across the cell. It was now occupied by a Mexican-American wearing a cut-off over a Harley T-shirt, greasy



"I don't touch the stuff.
Fish fuck in it, you know!"

**She didn't believe
any man could
last that
long!**



Remember the night you thought it would never go soft again? You didn't believe any man could last that long! Well, you can have nights like that again. Try **WILMONT Herbal Blend for the Stud**. Our exclusive formula of 100% natural ingredients includes rare Damiana leaves, a renowned erotic stimulant. **Wilmont** herbal blend is a fantastic energy booster that **RENEWSEX DRIVE!** Many of our customers say this herbal capsule actually **INCREASES SIZE** and **GIVES HARDER ERECTIONS!** Of course, you'll have to use our program for at least 90 days; it takes time to bring about changes. Try Wilmont herbal blend and feel the difference for yourself. 60 capsules \$8.95/180 capsules \$19.95.

WILMONT
HERBAL BLEND
for the Stud

WILMONT PRODUCTS, Dept. DD9
8831 Sunset Bl., Suite 300, L.A., CA 90069
We've been satisfying customers for over three years!
Calif. res. add 6% sales tax. Sorry, no C.O.D. orders.



Please enclose \$6.50 for each shirt ordered. Be sure to state size. Send to Coco, P. O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.



T-SHIRT PHOTO
DESIGN No. 3



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

The Hells Angels

are raising legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's unjust prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels also in need of legal assistance. To do this we are selling various shirts with "Free Sonny" designs on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers, one in red, white & blue states **FREE SONNY BARGER**. Another is printed red & white and says **SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELL'S ANGELS**.

Our newest bumper sticker is our own US flag declaring "Keep America Free - Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also offer the 2x3" black and white poster you see pictured at the top of the page.

There may be some of you who will want to aid us in our effort, but already have the above items. Contributions are gladly accepted. Your support has been helping a great deal, and we'd like to thank you very much.

T-SHIRTS SWEATSHIRTS TANKS



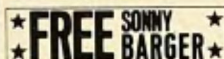
CUFF
DESIGN No. 1
(This design
available in Kids'
6-8-10-12-14)



MINI-CUFF
DESIGN No. 4

YOU CAN HAVE ANY OF THESE DESIGNS
ON YOUR CHOICE OF SHIRT. SPECIFY DE-
SIGN & SHIRT TYPE.

The bumper stickers sell for
only a lousy buck each.



Complete Form and Mail To: Free Sonny Barger
P.O. Box 5295
Oakland, Calif. 94605

T-Shirts @ \$5.00 ea _____ size _____ Design No. _____
Kids' T-Shirts @ \$3.00 ea _____ size _____ Design No. 4
Halter Tops @ \$5.00 ea _____ size _____ Design No. 4
Sweatshirts @ \$6.50 ea _____ size _____ Design No. _____
Tank Tops @ \$5.00 ea _____ size _____ Design No. _____
Posters @ \$3.50 ea (incl. postage) _____
Bumper Stickers @ \$1.00 ea:
Free Sonny Barger _____
Support Your Local Hell's Angels _____
Keep America Free Stickers _____

Total Amount Enclosed _____
Calif. residents add 6%.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

For Faster Service - Send Money Order or Cashier's Check.
Be sure to state size: sm., med., lg., x-lg.
Personal Checks must allow three weeks to clear
before your order can be shipped.

jeans, and black western boots. He lay on his side with his head propped in his open hand, staring impassively at Travis. He lay in shadow, but the moonlight gave a luminescence to the whites of his eyes. Travis stared back.

His new cellmate spoke in a low voice, just loud enough to carry across the three feet between them. "You okay, man? You musta been havin' some heavy dreams 'cause ya were groanin' and strainin' and all that kinda shit."

Travis relaxed with a sigh and laughed quietly. "Yeah, I'm all right, man. I got wrecked on beer and pills earlier today and dropped my bike. I took a good shot on the head and collected a buncha bruises, so I ain't sleepin' so great."

The new cellmate smiled. "I can dig it, man. I been down hard a coupla times myself." He swung his legs over the edge of his bunk and sat up. He leaned across the space between them and extended his hand. "I'm Snake."

"Travis." They shook hands.

Snake unbuttoned a pocket in his cut-off and fumbled around inside. "Lissen, man, I got somethin' here might make ya feel better." From the pocket he extracted a small silver spoon and a squat, transparent vial containing a white powder.

Travis couldn't conceal his surprise and fought to keep his voice low. "Is that coke, man? How the hell did you get it in here?"

Snake looked at him incredulously and laughed. "Are you shittin' me, man? Inna little pissant crack-box like this? Chinga, man—I can get ya anything ya want in here—from a blade to a piecea pussy."

He offered the vial and spoon. "Go ahead, man. Have a toot."

Travis leaned on one elbow while

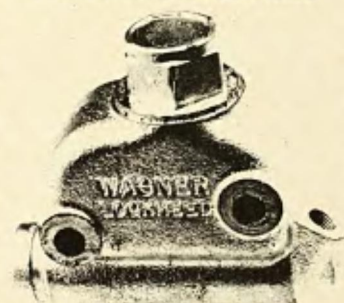


"Babe, about that dog I thought I hit..."

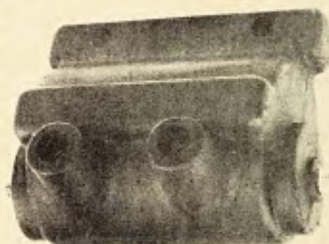
C.C.D. INC.

FIRST WITH THE MOST

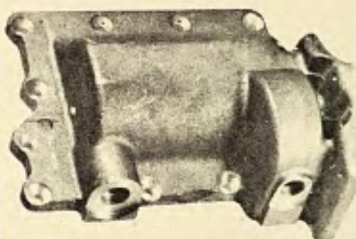
A FEW PARTS FROM OUR
GIGANTIC INVENTORY OF
PARTS & ACCESSORIES



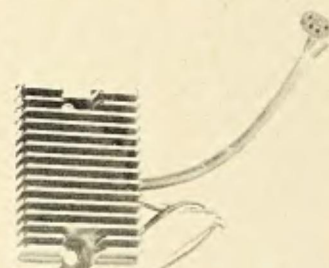
H-D MASTER CYLINDER



H-D 6 & 12 VOLT COIL



H-D FOOT SHIFT CAP



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

Custom Cycle Delight Inc.

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

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



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

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



\$19.95

Plus \$1 for postage

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear.

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

**JUST IMAGINE YOU . . . or
your BRO, BROAD or BIKE
on a genuine \$2.00 bill (or
uncirculated \$1.00 bill)**



**Legal and negotiable —
permitted by U.S. Government**

Your favorite photo on real U.S. currency and it's all perfectly legal. The new "bicentennial" \$2.00 bill is beautiful too. Send any good, clear color or black & white photo and it will be returned with your dynamite \$2.00 (or \$1.00) bill. Each bill comes in a neat plastic protective cover. You can have a barrel of laughs with these . . . get some for your bros too! They make great gifts.

Please send cash, check, or money order to:

TMC, Dept. ER2
Box 2203
Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me:

Personalized \$2.00 bill — \$9.95 each
(photo enclosed)
Additional \$2.00 bills (from same photo) —
\$6.95 each
Personalized \$1.00 bill — \$8.95 each
Additional \$1.00 bills (from same photo) —
\$5.95 each

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
N.Y. State residents add applicable sales tax.
Sorry, no c.o.d.'s.

he extracted a tiny spoonful of the white powder. He snorted it quickly and silently, then repeated with the other nostril. He returned the vial to Snake but kept the spoon, turning it over in his fingers, examining it in the moonlight from the cell's window. The spoon was real silver. The slender handle terminated in a small reproduction of a rattlesnake's triangular head, its mouth open wide. He brought the object closer to his eyes and verified that the craftsman had even included tiny fangs.

"You like the spoon, man? Nice, huh?"

"It's beautiful."

"Yeah. It was my ol' lady that gave me the name Snake." He grinned. "Said it was on accounta my tongue. She had that coke spoon made special for me." Snake's face suddenly lost its smile and grew grim. "She's dead now, man—snuffed by a fuckin' creep."

For the first time Travis noticed the coiled reptile tattooed on the back of the biker's hand. His voice was a whisper. "How'd it happen?"

Snake slumped back deep into the darkness cast by the bunk above him. He sighed wearily. His disembodied voice emerged from utter blackness.

"We were out on a Saturday ride. Gonna cross the border and she was gonna shop for a dress or some kinda shit. An' we were gonna scarf down a buncha enchiladas 'n cerveza and all that."

Unable to see the speaker's face, Travis stared at the head on the snakespoon he still held. The minuscule fangs glinted in the pale moonlight.

"We were about thirty miles from the border and we stopped at a little roadside joint for a beer. I was shootin' the shit with the bartender when I hear this boozed-up cowboy asshole askin' my ol' lady how come a nice *guera* cunt like her would ride with a greaser like me.

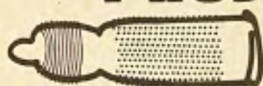
"I swung on the turd but he decked me with a bottle—put out my lights for a coupla minutes. When I came to, man, the crazy fucker's shot my chick—'cause she jumped him when he hit me. Wow, man . . ." Snake shook his head and his voice trailed off momentarily as he relived a memory he still couldn't believe.

"I mean, shit, man—she was just a little puss, hardly a hundred pounds. Prettiest little piece ya can



If you think sex is great now just wait until you use **Stallion**, the new sex power spray. The results will be nothing short of fantastic. **Stallion** keeps you up and going strong! You'll last longer and be more sex-powerful than ever before. Women will reach climax after climax, thrilling to the "new you". Discover **Stallion** for yourself — it really works! Clip and mail this ad today for **Stallion sex power** — it's giant size is loaded for maximum sexual pleasures. \$9.95 each (postage prepaid). Sold by mail only. N.Y. residents add 8% sales tax.
C. N. Laboratories, Inc., Dept. ER-1
1019 E. 46th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

TEXTURE PLUS™



**Not Only Ribbed
Hundreds of Raised "Pleasure Dots"™
To Stimulate Her
To Higher Levels of Sexual Excitement**

At last . . . a perfect blend of contraceptive and stimulator. Not like other textured condoms with conventional ribbing. This exclusive condom has ribbing and raised "Pleasure Dots" that are more pronounced . . . raised higher for greater stimulation. But that's not all . . . it's the only condom with texturing all over the condom. Eleven textured rings on the head, hundreds of embossed dots on the shaft. Texture Plus is pre-shaped and so thin it lets you feel like you're wearing nothing at all. Gently lubricated to work with natural secretions for extra sensitivity. It's the condom you've been waiting for!

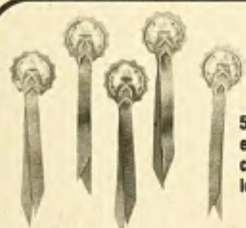
Try our Executive Sampler, featuring Texture Plus, BOLD 45™ (world's only color condom that's textured), and more.

**SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED
OR FULL REFUND**

Population Planning Associates, Dept. #DER-1
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush me in an unmarked package:
☐ Texture Plus (wallet of 10 condoms) \$5.25
☐ Executive Sampler
(30 condoms, featuring Texture Plus) \$11.50
☐ Deluxe 40-page catalog free with order.
(Featuring clothing, sex aids, books, condoms, and more) Catalog alone 25¢

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Over 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ©1975 PPA



PK-C

5 chrome conchos
enhance any leather
chrome and black
leather

\$9.95

PK-3

Leather trash bags
with chrome &
conchos

\$89.00

Plain black
\$79.00



PK-2

Old style Leather
H-D. Steel insert
& neoprene back.
P.V.C. to hold
shape

\$149.00



PAC-KIT 706 Jerome,
Owosso, Mich. 48876, (517) 723-4746

Check or M.O. must accompany order, minimum
delivery 2 weeks. Prices subject to change due to
leather costs. Add \$2.50 for mailing (Mich. res-
idents add 4% sales tax).

Easyriders Tit-Tops



O.K. TIT-FREAKS, you win! By popular de-
mand your day of deliverance has come - soft,
sweet and supple tit-tops for the lady in your
life. They're guaranteed to bring out the animal
in her, and that'll make you wet your wheels.

Shit, as a bonus we'll let you drool on two col-
ors, yearning yellow and balling blue, not to
mention the very heavy Easyriders swapmeet
logo keeping watch over the whole scene.

Tit-tops can adorn her no matter how she's
stacked. Extra petite for those that are bite-size
or average to va-va-va-voom.

Send your order today to:
ChopShirt Box 711, Burbank, California 91503
Please send me _____ tit-tops.

Color Yellow ☐ Blue ☐
Size Petite ☐ Average ☐ (Avg. to Huge)

I have enclosed \$ _____ (\$5.95 each or
\$9.95 per pair and we pay postage & handling.

(California residents add 6%
Personal checks take four weeks to clear)

imagine, and I loved her ass for
sure. And this drunk cocksucker
blows her away—for *nothin'!*"

Travis attempted to pull Snake
back from these depressing memo-
ries. He spoke toward the blackness
of the bunk. "Did they get the
fucker?"

"Naw, the bastard got away.
Maybe ran across the border for a
while. But he'll come back when he
thinks the heat's off. And I'll be
waitin'. All I do these days is ride
the roads and check out the beer
joints."

Snake suddenly sat upright again
and now his face was only a foot
away from Travis's. "Someday I'll
go into one of those joints and that
miserable shithead'll be there."

Snake's eyes shone in the moon-
light and his teeth were bared with
the intensity of the imagined con-
frontation. The words hissed through
his clenched teeth. "And when that
day comes, Snake's gonna strike."

He emphasized his final word by
lightly jabbing a stiff index finger
into the vagus nerve beneath Trav-
is's jaw. The touch triggered an in-
stant picture in his mind. He could
see the startled beer drinkers scat-
ter and he could see the thin peach-
cutter's knife flash in Snake's hand.
He saw the blade dart to the neck
of a drunken cowboy who hardly
had time to register surprise before
gouts of bright arterial blood spurt-
ed into the sawdust on the floor.

The scene vanished from Travis's
mind as abruptly as it had come.
When he looked at Snake again, the
dude was smiling, the tension of his
revenge passion gone.

Snake yawned. "Well, amigo, I'm



"That's a big ten-four, Mr. Truckdriver."

Steel Braided Oil Lines

Super strong—and
reinforced where
it counts!

Aircraft type
for 74s only.

Intake, return,
and breather
—all 3 for only

29.95

Personal checks take
four weeks to clear



Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201

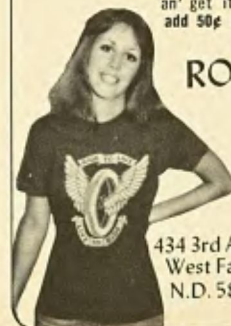
Moving?

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

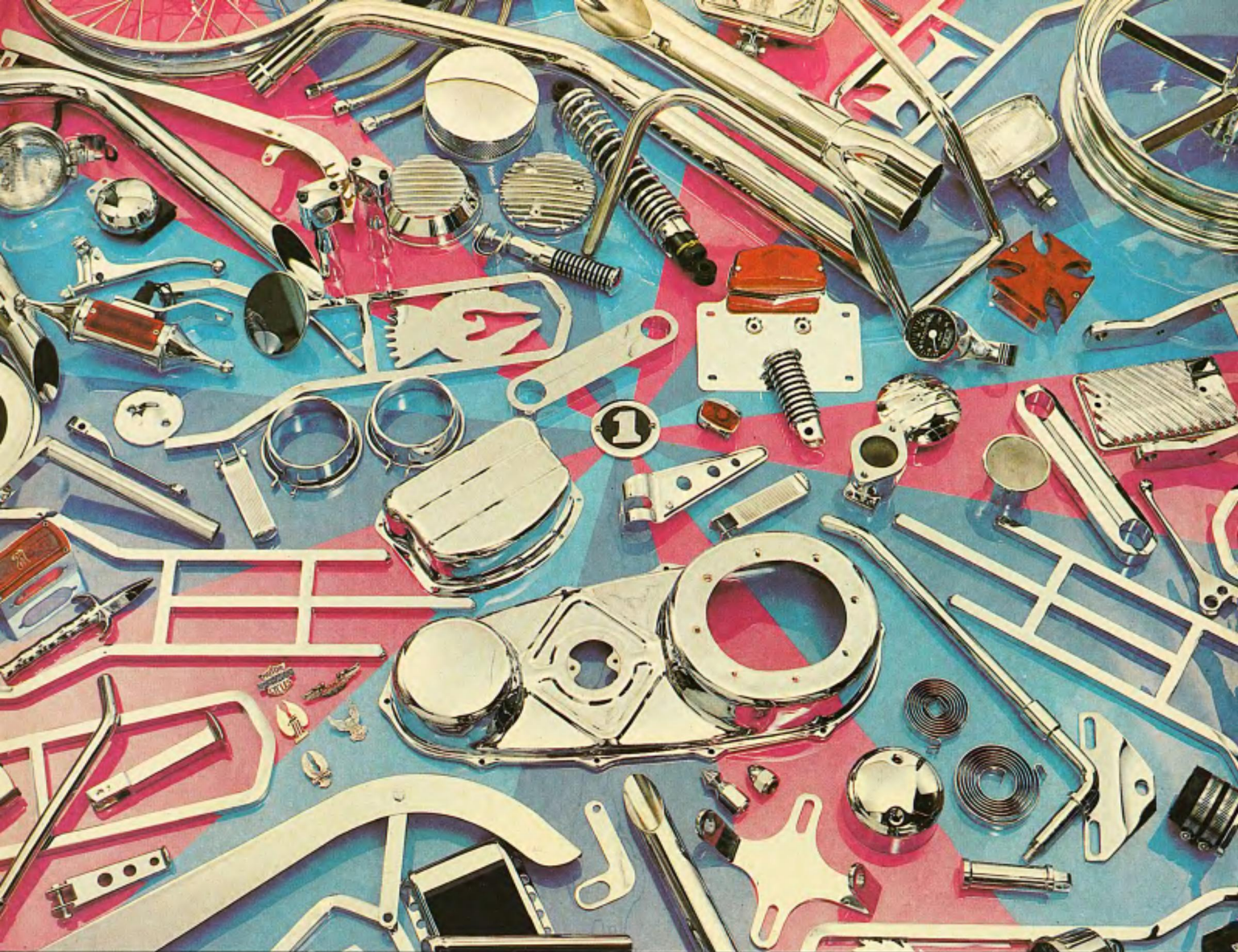
Be the first one on your block to have one of these
fine quality cotton T-shirts with these classic time
honored designs. They are printed in golden yellow
on black or maroon T-shirts. Sizes S - M - L - XL.

\$4.50 will get ya one,
but unless you wanna come
an' get it, please
add 50¢ postage.

ROD's



434 3rd Ave. E.
West Fargo,
N.D. 58078



DEEP SKIN

They say that beauty is only skin deep. If that's so, these chrome motorcycle accessories from Drag Specialties have *deep* skin. Because they are magnificent.

Chrome won't make your mount run faster or handle slicker, but it will make it look eye-rubbing great. And we think the chrome parts from Drag Specialties are the best-looking you can strap on a bike. They're well-designed and well constructed. They're available for about every bike around (the photo shows only a peasant's portion of the chrome accessories available from Drag Specialties). And our parts fit. There's no need to take them to a blacksmith before you can get 'em on.

Make your bike look as tough as it runs. With some "deep skin" chrome from Drag Specialties.



6868 Washington Avenue South, Eden Prairie, Minnesota 55343 ■ Telephone (612) 941-6380
New 1977 Catalog available for \$6.00. Refundable on first order over \$25.00

Easyriders Playing Cards

TWO decks \$4.95

We pay postage!



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

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

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

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

Send check or money order to:

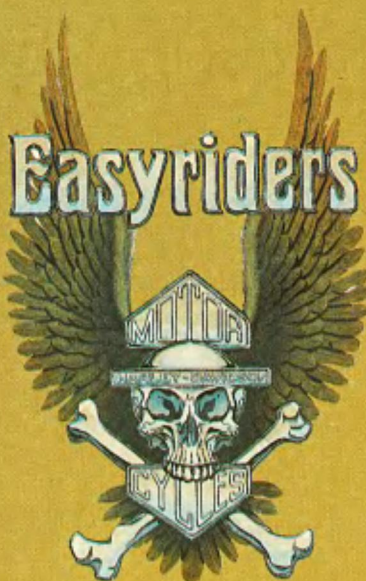
Easyriders Cards, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

California residents add 6%

Are Ya Ready?!

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

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



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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

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

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

gonna get some sleep. The bastards'll be wakin' us up in a coupla hours and it's too fuckin' noisy in here to sleep in the daytime."

He disappeared into the darkness of the bunk. Travis was still sore. The coke's boost was fading and he drifted off into a sleep so deep that not even the clanging racket of breakfast arriving woke him. It was early afternoon before he stirred.

He awoke needing to piss. He walked groggily from the cell to the tank, where again the air was filled with maddening brassy music and crashing dominoes. It wasn't until he stood above the trough pissing that he realized he still held the snakespoon.

Zippping his jeans, Travis turned back to the tank, but Snake was nowhere in sight. He walked to the row of cells and examined each. No Snake.

Hell, Travis thought, he musta got bailed outa here before I woke up . . . or maybe he had a court appearance. He had mixed feelings about keeping the spoon. It was a fine piece of work, yet he felt uneasy keeping something that meant so much to a brother. Still, Travis had bigger problems than that and he forgot the spoon as soon as they let him use the phone.

Turk showed up with the bail money two hours after receiving Travis's call. It was late afternoon by then and they were barely able to finish the paperwork before the courthouse closed, thereby saving Travis another night behind bars. A grim-faced deputy signed the last form, then led Travis to the small fenced lot where they had taken his bike.

Travis winced. The Sportster leaned forlornly on its kickstand



"I think yer doin' somethin' wrong, Zeke."

Marble Plaques

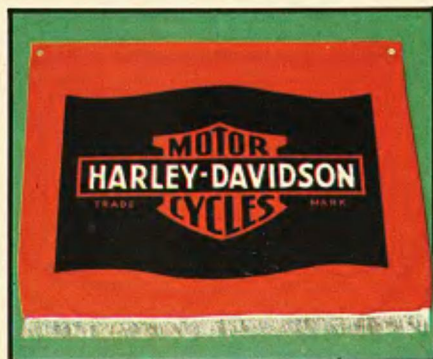
Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the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

The price for this everlasting marble image is **\$26.95**. Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

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



The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches



Strong Silver Rings

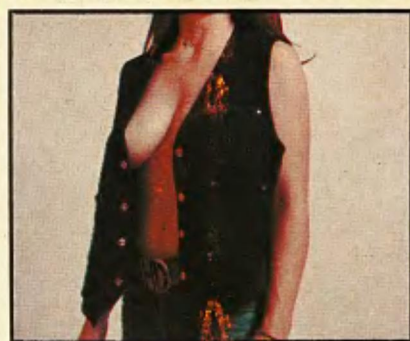
We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for \$19.75 and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.



H-D Banner

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

The big, durable banner sells for only **\$11.95** plus **\$1.50** postage and handling.



Leather Cutoff

More and more, brothers are wearing leather instead of Levi cutoffs. So IRS has put together a fine roughed-out, heavy leather cutoff. The cutoff comes black, or dark brown and in small, medium, large or extra large. Send your chest size and a measly **\$38.95** for this everlasting vest. The vest will be shipped postage C.O.D.

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740



California residents add 6% for The Man

ORIGINALS!

Barney's, one of the first to make long fork tubes, also made the original Easy Rider movie front ends, and is the inventor of the leak-proof, left-side engine seal for Hogs, and slim, steel, extended lower legs, popular in Calif. Lower legs come with or without fender and brake mounts. Specify when ordering. Cert. check or money order. No fuckin' CODs. All work and products fully guaranteed. Get discount by enclosing this ad.



Fork tubes, show chrome, Harley-Davidson only \$55.00
Slim lower legs \$65.00
Slim lower legs, with fender or brake, or both \$70.00
Engine seals (part no. 24031.55) \$15.00

BARNEY'S SPEED EQUIPMENT
7344 Madison St.
Paramount,
Calif. 90723
213-634-3545



PSILOCYBE GROWERS KIT

The most psycho-active of nature's highs, and easy to grow at home.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Psilocybe growers guide | ☐ \$ 2.50 |
| Psilocybe cubensis spores, sterile, fertile | ☐ \$ 4.00 |
| Inoculating loop | ☐ \$ 1.50 |
| Psilocybe growers kit all the above only | ☐ \$ 7.50 |
| Super pot, how to grow, harvest, cure and cook | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| How to make hashish at home | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Extract LSD from 2 kinds of seeds | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Extract mescaline from peyote 2 ways | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| How to make lettuce opium | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| San Pedro cactus for a high | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Bananas and nutmeg for a high | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Toads and peanuts for a high | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Make DMT easily in your kitchen | ☐ \$ 1.50 |
| Synthesis of mescaline | ☐ \$ 1.50 |
| Synthesis of LSD | ☐ \$ 1.50 |
| Or buy the works for just | ☐ \$12.99 |

You save over \$7.50 per piece price.

All orders shipped in plain wrapper

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Cash or money orders get fast reply, check orders allow clearance. We pay postage.

Send to: **NORTHWESTERN ENTERPRISES, Box 504, Fenton, MI 48430.**

Distributors inquires welcome



next to a rusted '59 Ford. While Turk left to bring the truck around, Travis surveyed the damage and cursed his own stupidity. The front wheel was intact but the forks were obviously bent, as were the handlebars. The left footpeg had sheared away and the clutch housing was badly dented, the chrome ruined. He could barely stand to look at what the asphalt and gravel had done to the tank and its custom paint job. It was almost dark before Turk and Travis had wrestled the battered Harley into the truck's bed and roped it securely.

As Turk backed the truck out of the lot, Travis slouched in his seat and closed his eyes in mute disgust. He brooded silently as they rolled through town. His retreat into depression was interrupted by Turk's voice.

"Hey, Trav," he said softly, "check this out."

Travis opened his eyes reluctantly and peered frowningly through the windshield. Half a block ahead the dark night was rhythmically pierced by the pulsating red beams of the beacons atop two Texas DPS patrol cars. As they drew closer, Travis realized the cars were parked in front of Rosita's Lounge, a place he had hoped to avoid seeing again. A small crowd stood outside the bar. As they passed, he recognized the figure in handcuffs leaning against the fender of the DPS car. Snake.

Travis sat bolt upright. "Hey! Hold it!" he shouted to a startled Turk. "Pull over! Stop the truck!"

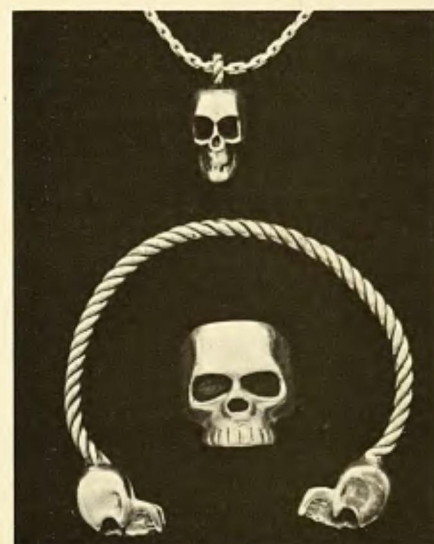
Turk pulled to the curb and watched bewildered as Travis leaped from the truck and walked back toward the flashing red lights. The two cops were talking to witnesses and momentarily ignored their prisoner. Travis moved inconspicuously through the crowd to stand next to Snake. Snake recognized him and grinned.

"Amigo!" he whispered excitedly, "Como estas?"

Travis kept his eyes on the grey-shirted backs of the cops while they talked to the barflies and scribbled in notebooks. "What happened, man?" he quietly asked.

Snake's grin broadened. "I got the fucker, man," he said. "I got out on bond this afternoon. Me an' some friends been drinkin' here since then. Man, I couldn't believe it—the motherfucker strolled in about half an hour ago."

For an instant Travis's eyes



Heavy Jewelry

Handcrafted, Cast, Sterling Silver Rings, Bracelets and Pendants

As featured on the July '77 Easyriders cover. Righteous Sterling Silver Jewelry for those who want the best. Sterling by Nomad is the very finest

Skull Ring \$50.00

Skull Bracelet \$55.00

Skull Pendant (without chain) \$15.00

Get exact ring size from any jeweler and send size and money (we pay all postage and handling charges) to:

Nomad Enterprises
Box 651, Stratford, Conn. 06497

Bitchin' Bike Patches!



#P-01

Harley-Davidson
Forever No. 1



#P-02

Mean Machine
Honda



#P-03

Kawasaki
Out Front

\$14.95 each

Three big bad patches in 6 bright colors on black.

These 10" x 12" patches cost \$14.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling (Ohio residents add sales tax)

Send 50¢ for full-color brochure
(50¢ refundable on first purchase order)



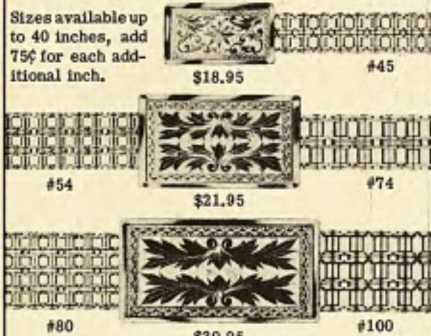
J & L Enterprise
Box 665
Warren, Ohio 44482

ZANGO BANGO JEWELRY

ALL THESE UNITS ARE MADE OF STERLING SILVER. THE SKULL IS THE SAME AS THE ONE ON COVER OF EASYRIDERS #4 FEB. 77. ALL ITEMS NICKED FOR \$20.00 + POSTAGE. C.O.D. IN TABLE \$5.00 WILL START THE GEORGE TURNING. PAY THE MAIL, BUT THE BALANCE WHEN GOODS ARE DELIVERED. GET EXACT RING SIZE (FROM RESPONSIBLE LOCAL JEWELER. WE'LL BE OVERJOYED TO HELP YOU). PLEASE INQUIRE ABOUT CUSTOM & SPECIAL ORDERS. THANK YOU CLUB RINGS OUR SPECIALTY



SUNDAY LTD. CHAIN BELTS



Send for your chain belt today care of Sunday Ltd. P.O. Box 111, Dept. R, River Forest, Illinois 60305. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back. Dealer Inquiries Invited

SHOW CHROME PLATING
STEEL & ALUMINUM
Sauk Valley Plating
2526 E. Lincolnway
Sterling, Ill. 61081
(815) 626-2537
Work guaranteed • Dealer Inquiries

KNUCKLE BUCKLE
Practical, Functional, Funkie!
GREAT GIFT!
POW!—The most novel buckle ever made. Expertly hand cast metal buckle. BRASS PLATED! Fits all standard belts. For novelty purpose only. Not intended for any other uses. Only 4.95 plus .50 post and handling. Special 2 for 10.00 Postpaid.

S & W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 EZ Chicago, Ill. 60635

darted toward the open door of the bar. It was too dim to see much, but on the floor just inside the door he could make out a sleeve and a hand. The rest of the body was obscured by a tablecloth draped across it.

Travis gestured toward Snake's waist and the cuffs that encircled his wrists. "Man, I know this pay-back had to go down, but I hate to see it end this way."

Snake just chuckled. "Don't sweat it, cholo." His voice was barely audible. "I've been plannin' this every day since my ol' lady died. I'm claimin' self-defense and my buddies here will back up the story. Once they set bond, I'll cough up the ten percent, an' I'm on the streets. The next day I'll be in Mexico, headin' for Oaxaca and a little vacation—you dig?"

The cops finished writing and noticed Travis for the first time. The nearest one addressed the biker in the emotionless tones of a tyrannical robot. "Sir, this man is under arrest," he declared. "You are not allowed to speak to him at this time."

Travis grabbed Snake's hand and shook it, pressing the silver spoon into his palm. "I gotta split, man," he said. "Good luck." He backed away slowly under the watchful gaze of the DPS officers. Looking back over his shoulder, Travis observed Snake's unaltered grin as the cops opened the door of the patrol car. Just before he stooped to crawl inside, Snake raised his hands and made a fist with the one concealing the silver snakespoon. He looked at Travis with the same grin, then disappeared into the car.

Travis halted for a moment and returned the fist gesture. "Adios, cholo," he whispered.



"Ah! I understand perfectly, sir, and I believe we have just the thing."

Lovers Catalog of Marital Aids
A complete catalog of items from massagers to lotion to medically approved devices for extra stimulation. Order today and honeymoon tonight. Full color catalog, Only \$1.00. New World Co., 7247 Eccles, Dallas, Tx. 75227, Dept. E-C107

C.I.S.C.O. KICK STARTERS
Fits all HARLEYS.....
-201- Don't break your kick starter in the boundocks..... -101-
Do it at some whorehouse and enjoy the long wait for a replacement....OR CARRY A SPARE
C.I.S.C.O. cranks are stronger than a semi, and will last a lot longer, and ya, can take that to the bank.
Black \$12.50 ea
Chrome \$15.50 ea
(Calif. residents add 6% Sales Tax)
Send cashier's check or money order
CISCO • BOX 85 • Torrance, Ca 90507
Lab and road tested to 850 pounds of hot mamma jungs on it. CISCOC is guaranteed against faulty workmanship and materials.

SHOW CHROME
Copper, Nickel, Chrome — work guaranteed
Eleven years experience, specializing in motorcycle and auto steel and aluminum parts.
KILBURN'S PLATING CO.
Rt. 1 P. O. Box 244, Adamsville, Tenn. 38310
Leon & Miley (901) 632-0481

PATCHES
Let them know who you are. Beautiful embroidered emblem sets or printed transfers for front or back of your jacket. Send sketch for free price. Send camera ready colored drawing and get one set free with order. Free catalog.
EASTERN EMBLEM MFG. CORP., P. O. BOX 828 DEPT. ER UNION CITY, N. J. 07087

LEATHER STROKER
genuine quality soft black leather adjustable to fit all heads
Brands: Triumph, Norton, Yamaha, Harley Wing, Honda Wing, Suzuki, BMW, KAW, No Patch, Your Patch
Send to: **STONEHOUSE • BOX 27 • CORONA, CA 91720**
Satisfaction Guaranteed or your Money Back **\$13.95**
I enclosed \$ _____ Brand _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
—Dealer Inquiries Invited—



Pacific Island girls want men to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW, SEND \$2 TODAY. CONTINENTAL PACIFIC, PO Box 3546 — Dept. ER Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

SUNDAY leather goods for people that want the best.

BIKER'S HAT



100% cow hide leather

This rugged looking hat features it's top grade suede in a choice of five colors, beaver, chocolate, copper, tobacco, and wine. The top button, strap, band, and brim are all made of latigo leather, tooled and hand finished with a wing and chain design. Four sizes are available, sm. med. lg. & x-lg.

Send your \$18.00 now to Sunday leather goods Ltd. P. O. Box 111 Dept. R, River Forest, Illinois 60305

"As always Sunday leather goods are guaranteed to meet your absolute satisfaction, or your money back" owner. ---Dealer Inquiries Invited---

EXPERT CYCLE · LE PERA
Hey! Down under
CHOPPERS AUSTRALIA
Have most of the
American manufactured
quality chopper gear
in stock at:
108 Parramatta Road
Homebush, 2140
Sydney, N.S.W.
Wholesale dealer inquiries welcome
TOMS T & S · SEATS · GME

CHROME PLATING

Now through Dec. 31, 1977
15% off all chrome

Just send this ad with your parts to
receive discount one-week service
Quality plating since 1945

Graves Plating Co.
P. O. Box 1052 ER
Florence, Ala. 35630

REAL SWITCHBLADE... COMB! (9 INCHES LONG)



This is a REAL SWITCHBLADE. The blade is a COMB!!! Terrific gift item. Novel and practical. Protects comb in pocket. Fine tooth comb is great for sideburns and mustache too! Satisfaction is guaranteed. Complete with Lock. Only 4.95 + 50¢ Postage. Two for 10.00 Postpaid. S&W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 EZ Chicago, Ill. 60635

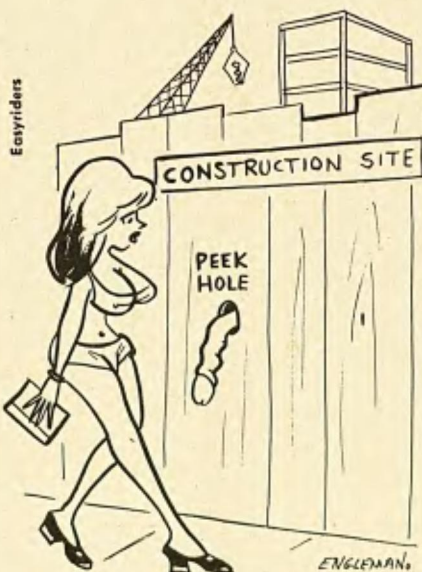
Home Brew

—Continued from page 73

you are about to do may be illegal. While most states have legalized home wine-making (with a federal permit, that is), the powers that be in your locality may very well take a dim view of making beer at home. Actually, it's no sweat for the average citizen, as long as he doesn't get caught selling the stuff, but it is the sort of thing a biker might find himself getting hassled about. Your best bet is to keep it among friends and on private property so as to minimize the risk of getting busted.

That's about all there is to it. After your first couple of batches, you can do it with your eyes closed. The finished product should be comparable to medium-priced commercial beer, although it will have a distinctive flavor of its own, somewhat similar to European beers. The alcohol content is slightly higher than most commercial varieties, which tends to give you a good buzz without bloating your gut. And since all the ingredients and processes are "natural," no chemical additives, it's easy on your head the next morning.

And so, as you prepare to embark upon this epicurean adventure, remember the words of that venerable old Bavarian brewer, Adolph Von Horfschidt, who once said, "If at firscht you don't succeed, you probably schrewed something up!"



Easyriders

ENGLEMAN

PHASE 3 belts out POWER!

Catalog \$1.50

7628 Jackson Street
Paramount, California 90723

213 634-2134

USED PARTS GALORE!

We Have
What
You Need

WE BUY
CYCLES
— ANY
CONDITION

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

One day service on all mail orders.

Custom chrome plating on all types of metal.

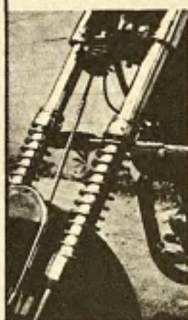
Everything for your motorcycle needs from stock to choppers.

Write or phone: A & S

MOTORCYCLE WRECKERS
& CHROME PLATING

6724 Franklin Blvd.,
Sacramento, Ca. 95823 (916) 392-0553

FORKING BY FRANK



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

FRANK'S

Maintenance & Engineering
945 Pitner, Evanston, Illinois 60202

"KNUCKS"

"Man's Best Friend!"

\$6.00 each 3/\$15.00

Sold as a novelty only

Void where prohibited by law

Atlantic Novelty Co.

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



Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; 75¢ per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available with

mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Closing date is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately 60 days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Harley-Davidson parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list \$2.00. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. 301-699-1849. (51)

Your favorite snapshot photo put on wood keychain beneath laminated plastic. Photo is trimmed. \$3.95. Bradley Newsom, Route 7, Box 318, Lexington, N.C. 27292. (53)

Become a minister! Do all the things that priests, rabbis, or ministers do 100% legally. Make a donation of \$10 and receive your minister's card and further helpful hints. Donation will be used to help bikers. Make checks payable to Rev. John Herlihy, United Church of Bikers, P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601. (55)

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

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

Tattooing supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Designs, inks, needles, machines. Tattoo "77" and Tattoo Artist T-shirts and Tank Tops. New 40-page color catalog \$3.00. Our gear is like a chopper. It's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (53)

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

Tattooing Outfit: Complete with two points (outliner and colorer) plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries. No electric needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks or for fun. \$99.00 plus \$3.00 postage. Send money order only for \$102.00 to S & W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (52)

JP to Captain Ahab. I got out Oct. 76. Contact 212/364-1561 or write JP, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

Lots of thanks to Wolfy, Beagle, McGirk, and Stoned for stickin' by me when I needed ya. Joe. (52)

Motorcycle patches our business. Harley patches our specialty. Catalog \$1.00. Patchworks, P.O. Box 11506, Columbus, Ohio 43211. (53)

Have '75 Glide, recently chopped. Need slim, quiet, sharp-looking honey who has her head together for warmth at night and cruising in the sun. Not interested in bull-shit or hassles—just good times. Age 19 to 25. Located in eastern Kentucky or Tennessee. Send letter and photo to SA, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

You wouldn't normally answer a prisoner's ad? This one's meant for you. I wouldn't normally place one. What's one letter to find out? Write "Grizzly S", c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

Girls over 21. If you love bikes and easy country living, we could get together. Fun and happiness is what I want. Letter and photo please. John Sawicki, RDI Box 40B, Augusta, N.J. 07822. (52)

Animal—Happy Birthday with sunshine, rainbows, and your beautiful shovel. Love, Suzan. (52)

To my bro in Germany: Mark. Keep on strokin' that gash and tokin' the 'stash. Jeff, Camp Pendleton. (52)

Lee Wire—Happy July 15 birthday. From the only one who loves you and your scooter the most. Diane, Ohio. (52)

"Smokey," Shackled Outcasts M. C. Babe, hope all your plans worked out and you'll be partying and riding forever. "Dee," (52)

Big Bill, downed in Philly. I'm really sorry you didn't make it. I love you! Your Teri in Florida. (52)

Iron-on T-shirt transfers. We print names, slogans, 4-letter words, etc. 25 transfers \$36.00. 50 transfers \$48.00. Z.E.D. 535 Concord, Anaheim, Calif. 92805. (52)

Lonely. Need scribes from Hagans. Ernie "Jughead" Seger, Pagan's M.C. 1%er, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20794. (52)

One complete set of Easyriders. Nothing missing. \$225 or best offer. Ken Hogan, 926 Grand, Ames, Iowa 50010. (52)

To my Fatman: You came into my life and showed me what love really is. I am thankful that we are together and will forever be. Hope this will be a very happy birthday. I love you! Your ol' lady, Bonnie. (52)

Help an innocent man regain his freedom. Contact Robert L. Lynn Defense Fund, 205 William St., Rahway, N.J. 07065. (52)

Young man has nude photos for all you young chicks. Only \$4.00. So come on me. Send \$4.00 to H. Adams, Box 112, Cross River, N.Y. 10518. (52)

Gone but not forgotten. James E. (Jimmy) Skillings, Iron Horsemen M.C., Maine. (52)

26-year-old Libra dude interested in locating honest, no-bullshit housemouse. Must be willing to relocate to south Florida area. Write Lyle Palmer, Box 938, Dania, Fla. 33004. (52)

White biker looking for righteous chick who digs Harleys, lovin', and travel. Must be short, petite, Marlo Thomas type. East coast area. Contact Adam-3, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

Happy Birthday, Bucky. I'll love you always. JoAnne. (52)

Want to trade slides of choppers and chicks. Write Slides, Box 15191, Orlando, Fla. 32808. (52)

Easyriders #1 through #50, except #16 and #20. \$150. Al Spomp, 2907 South 76th Ave., Omaha, Neb. 68124. (52)

Sarge: Beautiful son born May 29. Everything else one big mess! Love, Joy. (52)

Wop: Belated Happy Birthday, baby. Ya know I still luv ya! Pam. (52)

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. Devo, P.O. Box 11434, Groton, Conn. 06340. (53)

They—and we all know who that is—shot me off my wheels five years ago and Indiana is long gone and far away. Would like to hear from some foxes. Mutt, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

Felons! What the fuck is it, anyway? I'm sittin' here with B.J. and you assholes can't even spare us the price of a stamp. Put out the word to the other chapters so we can get some mail. Thumper, Felons MC. Write Russell Geis #221848, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272. (52)

Thinking about moving to Arizona and would like information from bikers there. Please write Lee Cunningham, 110 S. Cedar St., Abilene, Kansas 67410. (52)

Bill (The Flame) Iserhardt. If any biker bro knows him, please have him get in touch with his little sister, Lynn (Sunshine) Iserhardt, c/o Bruce Campbell, 1175 Ranchero Way, Apt. 29, San Jose, Calif. 95117. (52)

Remember Honker? Lookin' to hit the streets, whenever? I could dig hearing from old and new friends. Toby Huffman #89104, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501. (52)

Eskimo. Contact the Killer at following address: Harvey Hawkins, Box 1010, Reg. #43329-CH7, Canon City, Colo. 81212. And make it fast, fucker! Killer. (52)

Righteous biker lady, 28. Professionally employed, looking for biker dude interested in family lifestyle. Must love children, partyin', puttin' and the affections of a one-man woman! Willing to relocate to warmer climate for the right dude. Write, include photo, to Rose, P.O. Box 9174, Panorama Branch, Rochester, New York 14625. (52)

To Riders Ass. M.C. and Branded Brothers M.C.: Thanks for the Good food, good talk, and righteous partying on the Kern River. Hope to do it again soon. Dirty Dave and Coco. (52)

Out-of-state bikers: Two foxy bitches would like to putt with you around the world on some Hogs! Gypsy and Chantelle, 1311 Moonridge Dr., St. Charles, Mo. 63301, 314/724-1162. (52)

Bros: Been put down for life. Need help from real bikers—visit or mail, Robert E. Candler #8036, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064. (52)

Buba Shark, Buba Dog. Making parole at the end of July. Would like to get together and drink a few. Need address. Write Babs in Pooles. Your Buba Grip. (52)

Tammy. Yes, I will write. Your ol' man has got to be sick. Come on with it. Wayne ("Bearcat"). (52)

Looking to find a lost bro. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of one Gary "Duke" Sanders, from Orange, New Jersey, or thereabouts, lay the fact on him that his bro, the Gypsy Man, has just gotten out of the slam and could dig hearing from him. Call 412/665-0363. (52)

Ed the Head—are you still alive? Haven't heard from you in a while. I'm getting back in the kick again. I'm still in the same place for 11 more months. Your brother, "Bodeen." (52)

Special thanks to wasted William, a righteous biker with a bullish bulge in Gratiot County, Michigan, from a brother and sister in Woodstock, N.Y. (52)

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

The Mad Fox sends his love to Mama and Baby Mad Foxes. (52)

Cavemen M.C. Inactive members. Fuck Big Bird in Texas. He left owing \$100 to club. Get it and his colors. Rat, Pres., Ramstein Chapter. (52)

Randy: I'm yours and you're mine. May your back seat ride no one but me. You're in my dreams and in my mind. I love you till the ends of time. Hey—I love you. Debbie. (52)

Biker just hit 40 and loves it. Been ridin' a Harley 20 years and loves it. Lookin' fer chick who knows how to ride and camp and loves it. It's you and me and a Sportster. Age and looks unimportant. Just let me share the freedom I have found with you. I ride to live and live to ride. Write Don Hunter, 23 Pinebrook Rd., Towaco, N.J. 07082. (52)

California Sisters: Have own chop, dig jammin', partyin'? Want to meet other sisters in state? Contact Wheel Witches, P.O. Box 179, Atascadero, Calif. 93422. (52)

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)

Speedometer metric conversion kit. Fits all motorcycles, cars, buses, and trucks. Send \$2.00 per kit to Metric-Easyriders, Box 1899, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J 2P3. (53)

Need help in locating a dude from Mobile, Ala. His name is Jim (James) Brown, and his wife's name is Lynn. Known to be in Mobile as of Aug. 75; may have been sent up on assault charge. If you can help me reach him, please write Littlejohn, Box 739, Livingston, Ala. 35470. (52)

Chuck Metcalf: Been thinking about you. Living in L.A. now. Let's get together. Write Lori Vorodi, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

Kathy: Love and miss you. I'll be there when you get out. Love always, Fred. (52)

Easyriders #34-49, mint condition. Harry McWilliams, HHC, 3rd Arm. Div., APO 09039. Make offer. (52)

Rich, in Nebraska. Happy Birthday 5/29/77. See how good I am—I'm not even having them publish anything about how terrific you are in bed, just like you told me not to. Love and miss you, S.W., Calif. (52)

State identification card, Polaroid, plastic laminated, with your official state/province flag. 24-hour service. Send photo, signature, birth date, etc. Free birth certificate. No-bull guarantee. Rush \$7.00 (cash/money order). I.D.s-EZ107, 934 Dodge, Evanston, Ill. 60202. (52)

Black T-shirts for the true Harley rider. "Harley's Best—Fuck the Rest." "Harley Riders Get More Head." "Harley Riders Eat More Pussy." Send \$6.50 for each shirt ordered. Be sure to state size—sm., med., lg., ex-lg. To: Coco, P.O. 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (52)

Two official-looking, never-questioned blank birth certificate forms, five dollars. Easily the most authentic on the market. Born Again Publications, Dept. E, Box 344, Columbus, Ohio 43216. (52)

Five blank Age Identification Cards. Rush \$3.00. 10/\$5.00, 25/\$10 (plus free birth certificate). Plastic covers, 25¢ each. Guaranteed. I.D.s-EZ107, 934 Dodge, Evanston, Ill. 60202. (52)

In memory of Michael J. Hemm (Winks). Gone but never forgotten. Rest in peace, Mike! 6/13/77. Roy A. Campbell, Brooklyn, N.Y. (52)

Wanted: Sincere people, male and female, to sell our products to bike shops, head shops, record shops. Guaranteed \$5 for 10 hours work. \$1.00 to Tommie's P.O. Box 354, Modesto, Calif. 95353. (54)

To my ol' man, Brian. Happy anniversary, hon. Always love and like you. Here's to many more. Mary. (52)

Sam—get hold of Brogg. A new law passed in Colo. Be out soon. Send all photos. Get off your ass. Don't make me have to turn you out. Brogg. (52)

Jessie Mactenny, Pam Snopp, Jack and Kathy Huntly call Austin collect at 406/452-7292, Great Falls, Mont. Becky is dying. (52)

Pollack. Where the hell are you? Drop me a card. Write Rip. c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

To the greatest ol' lady ever, Theresa Goodpussy. (52)

Cathy, my sweet lady. Happy Birthday, Foxy. Wish I could be with you to eat your sweet pussy and ball ya. Love—Ya Ol' Man Desperado. (52)

Attention Jim (Chains) Campbell, Tampa, Fla. I'm busted. Please write James Murphy, P.O. Box B22157-A, Tamal, Calif. 94964. (52)

Hey, Larry, Squirrelly, and the rest of you bunch of assholes in Ark.: Come on down and let's party! Mac, Hole in the Wall, L.A. (52)

"Midnight Sunshine," somewhere in Virginia. Lost your address, man. I was writing to you from London Prison Farm, remember? I fucked up and got transferred. Contact me pronto. "Crazy George" Cunningham #143-979, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648. (52)

Do you have enough hair on your ass to wear an "I Screw, Do You?" or a "Fuck It" T-shirt with 40 different sayings? Send \$5.00 each or \$9.00 for any two white T-shirts—s,m,l,xl. Blarney Products, Box 11322, Portland, Ore. 97211. (52)

Beat The Man at his own game! "How to Avoid and Beat Traffic Tickets," written by a lawyer, gives easy, step-by-step instructions that can save you hundreds of dollars in fines, increased insurance premiums, and loss of license. Applies to all states. Stand up for your rights! \$3.95, plus 50¢ postage (Calif. residents add 6% tax). D.B.&Z., 535 Concord pl., Anaheim, Calif. 92805. (52)

Mad Dog: Happy Birthday to the fastest tongue in the west! I love ya. Your ol' lady, Dusty Sage. (52)

Wanted: Young lady to live, love, and putt with 37-year-old biker. Nice home, secure business. Only sincere need answer. Central California. Send pic and particulars. If you're not sincere, don't write. No goldiggers. Jeff, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (52)

I do birth charts for \$10.00, fully explained. Send birth date, time and place of birth to Howard Kelly, 3405 Deer Park Dr. SE, Salem, Ore. 97310. (52)

The Treatment

—Continued from page 85

ments?" asked one of the bikers. "Not that I'm havin' any trouble in that department, ya unnerstan!" He laughed nervously, shootin' uneasy glances in all directions. "But a man can always use an extra inch or two!"

I passed the cards around that I'd had printed. In classy, gold-embossed letterin' they read:

The Pipe Parlor

"Where The Cheated Are Treated & Meated"

Appointments by Phone

And it gave her phone number in bright red numerals.

"Have a goddam beer on the house!" yelled Shoofly happily, stuffin' the card into his bulgin' wallet. "In fact, if'n ya'll hang around and show that fuckin' thing to a few folks—it'll be free suds all night!"

I retreated to a back booth where I spent every damned night for the followin' week, suckin' up free suds and frequently displayin' the fake dick. And handin' out all five hundred business cards.

* * *

Time an' a lotta pavement flowed under the shovelhead's spools, and I came thunderin' down from Seattle on my way to L.A.—stoppin' in

at Shoofly's Place on a Saturday night for old times' sake. Nobody recognized me because my hair and beard were still recoverin' from some slam time cruelly strapped on me in Oregon.

I spotted Nooki immediately.

She looked like a broad with a brand new face. If she wasn't quite as stunning as she had been before the accident, neither was she hardly recognizable as the girl-ghoul she'd been when I saw her last. I sauntered over to where she sat surrounded by several admirin' dudes.

"See ya a minute on business, Nooki?" I asked.

She musta known my voice or somethin' because she got up instantly, hookin' her arm around me and walkin' me to another booth while them dudes stared sullenly after us. Settled in the booth we grinned at each other.

"You're gorgeous!" I told her.

"Yeah, thanks to you, Hobo. This six-grand kisser ain't as cute as the one I had originally—but it sure as shit beats lookin' like an orangutan from outer space!"

"Any difficulties from the number?" I asked.

"Not a one. I did jes' exactly like you said. Sold'm jars of that cream, took their money—then offered to show'm how to apply the stuff as a personal favor." Her big, perfectly

shaped eyes twinkled. "Even the goddam vice squadders never peeped about the freebee hand job they got! In fact, some of'm are repeat clients!"

"No bitchin' about the product?"

"Nope. That formula of cold cream, motor oil, red pepper, and dog shit seems to feel and smell jes' exotic enough to be an ancient salve!" She suddenly dug into her shoulder-bag, bringin' up a fistful of cash. "Here's what I owe ya fer gettin' me started in a new number, plus a little extra because I'm doin' so goddam good!"

I folded the generous sheaf of fifties and twenties, stuffin' them into a pocket. "Thanks," I murmured. "I can use a little boost about now fer road expenses."

I shook my head wonderingly.

"What'sa matter?" she demanded, smiling.

"Yer not only a very foxy chick but ya must be one hell of a dynamite businesswoman to have avoided hasslin' from clients who ain't actually gonna add a fuckin' inch to their gear!"

Her laughter was a golden tinklin'.

"Shit, man!" she chirped. "Don't never underestimate the power of an ex-mama who knows how to handle dudes!"

She had a helluva point there. ■

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.

Send your order today to:

Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

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

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

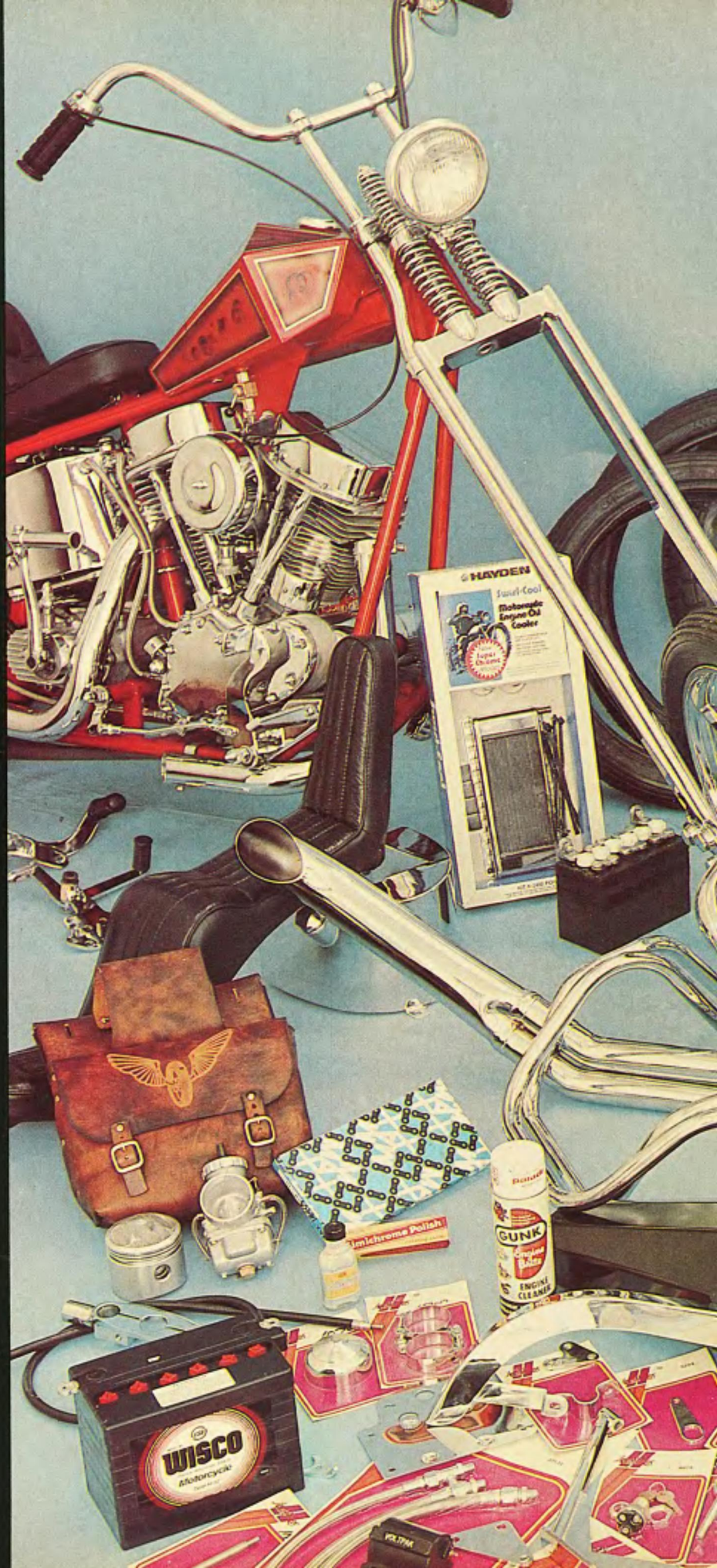
Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%.

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.

ENT

**Got
the
74
Urge?
Jammer
Can
Satisfy It!**



We have the largest assortment of quality 74 Chopper parts in the world - more than we show here - more than we can list in this advertising section. So if you've got 74 Fever - we've got the cure!
(There was not room in this section to list all the products shown on this page - please refer to Jammer's Handbook for these & hundreds more!)



JAMMER FRAMES

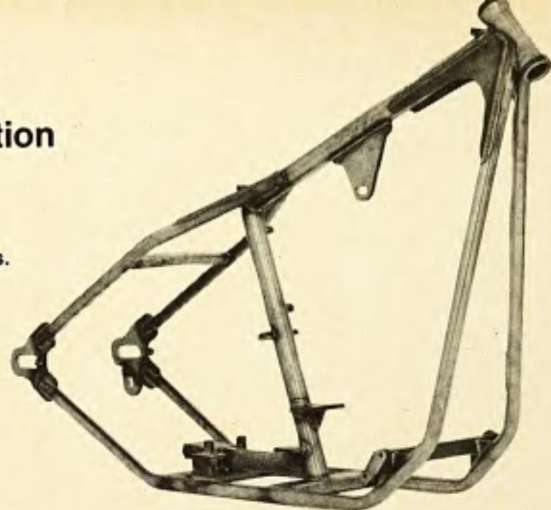
Solid, Safe Construction

Made of mild steel.

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.

Heliarc welded by Certified Welders.

Rake is 38 degrees.



28024 74 Mech. Brake Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2801 except with suspension) **384.95**

28027 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2804 except with suspension) **359.95**

2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame. Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes (see 2805 below). **\$299.95**

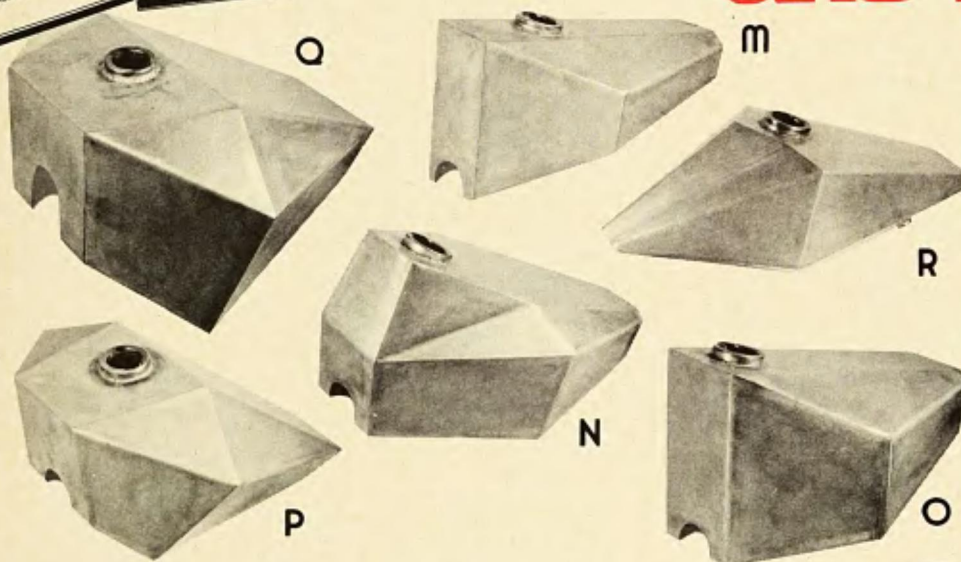
2801 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame. Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. **\$324.95**

2805 Mechanical Brake Kit. Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required. **\$19.95**

GAS TANKS

M	35010 Maxi 2.8 gal.	54.95
N	35011 Maxi 3.5 gal.	64.95
O	35012 Maxi 4.5 gal.	69.95
P	35013 Maxi 4 gal.	69.95
Q	35014 Maxi 6 gal.	89.95
R	35015 Maxi 2 gal.	54.95

OIL TANKS



3604 HD Type Gas Cap. 2.75

36017 Gas Shut Off. HD type. 3/8—inch pipe size. (will fit stock Sportster tanks.) Has reserve and filter. **10.95**

3709 Oil Tank Cap. Chromed. Stock cap **2.50**

Mini Oil Gauge. Measures only 1-1/2" in diameter. Designed for Harleys but can be easily modified to work on other bikes. **Custom chromed.**

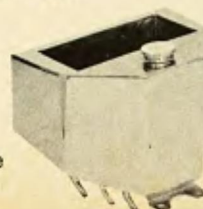
37018 For 74 **12.95**

3703 HD Oil Tank Mounting Plate. Chromed. **16.00**

3704 Battery Plate Bracket. Heavy Chromed. **2.50**

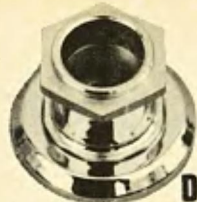
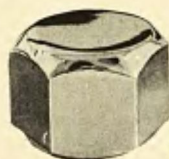
37022 Hex Action 74 Oil Tank. Features hidden oil line outlets and needs no additional battery plate. Holds 3-3/4 quarts and will accept the Action Pac 12 volt or FX battery. Fits all HD 74s. Includes cap **97.50**

3702 Sidefill Oil Tank. For 74s. Four quart capacity. **79.95**



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

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
6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier	5.95
6106 Honda 750	5.95
6107 Honda 450	5.95
6108 Honda 500	5.95
6109 Universal neck	5.95

D Crown Nuts. For our springer:

61012 HD 74s	7.95 each
61013 Sportsters	9.95 each
61014 45s	9.95 each
61015 BSA, 1970 and earlier	7.95 each
61016 Triumph, 1970 and earlier	7.95 each
61017 Honda 750	7.95 each
61018 Honda 450	7.95 each
61019 Honda 500	7.95 each
61020 Universal neck	9.95 each

NEW!

WIDE RIDER

B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears.

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

C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears.

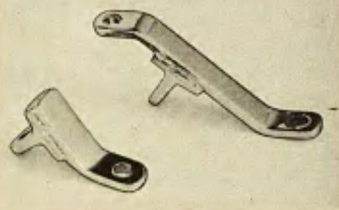
For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2 x 20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. **29.95 each**

AXLES

ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.

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

121015 Axle—Widerider Springer. Fits our widerider springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. Spacers included. Chromed. **\$12.50**



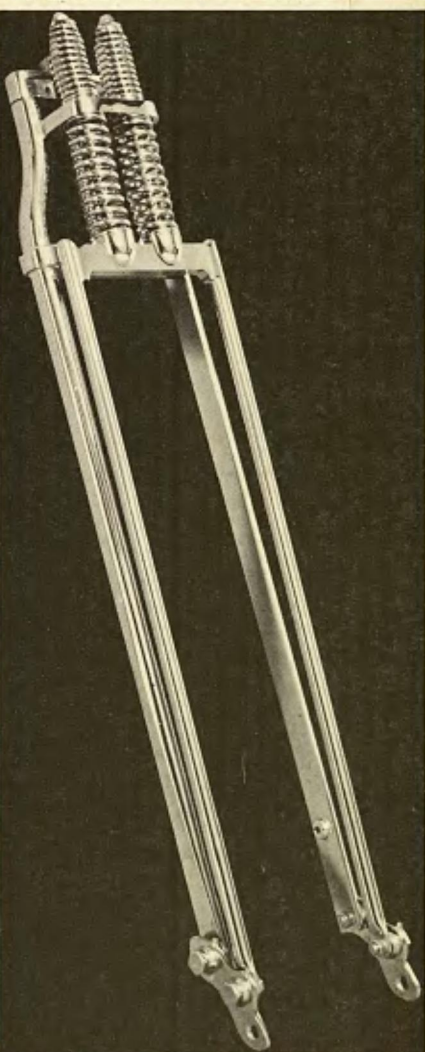
9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. **9.95**

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

Wide Rider Springer

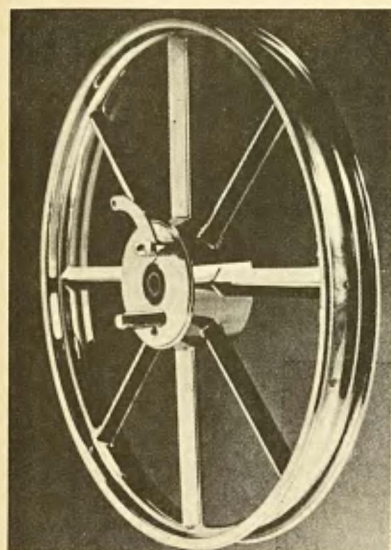
60050	9" Twist	60054	9" Round
60051	12" Twist	60055	12" Round
60052	15" Twist	60056	15" Round
60053	18" Twist	60057	18" Round

299.95



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





Hallcraft's WHEELS

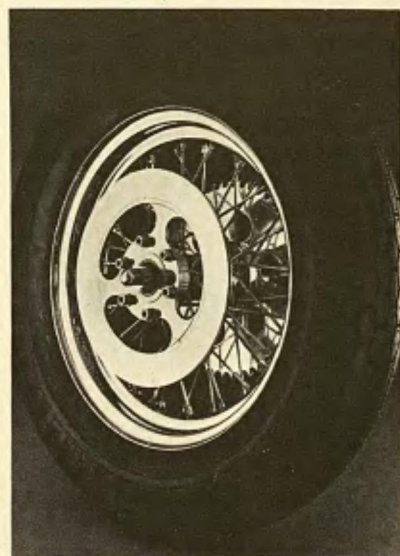


GALAXY

Only \$1.95 or
You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 113)



WIRE



FRONT WHEELS UNIVERSAL WIRE WHEELS

Part #	Description	
6803	18" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	302.35
6804	19" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	302.35
6805	21" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	302.35
6809	19" Dual Disc Brake Front Wheel.	450.95
6901	18" Small Brake Front Wheel.	178.05
6902	19" Small Brake Front Wheel.	178.05
6903	21" Small Brake Front Wheel.	178.05
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010	
69016	18" Spool Wheel.	105.05
69017	19" Spool Wheel.	105.05
69018	21" Spool Wheel.	105.05

GALAXY UNIVERSAL SPOKED WHEELS

69022	18" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	219.80
69023	19" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	219.80
69024	21" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	219.80
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.	
69029	18" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	184.30
69030	19" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	184.30

69031	21" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	184.30
68041	18" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	368.10
68042	19" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	368.10
68043	21" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	368.10

HARLEY-DAVIDSON REAR WHEELS

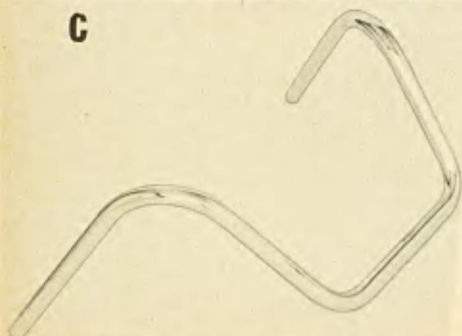
Part #	Description	
68018	16" 74 Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Wire Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023	477.75
68047	16" 74 Galaxy Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023.	503.90

Spacers For 74 RDB Wheels. Fit HD 74 rear disc brake wheels—either standard or satellite design.

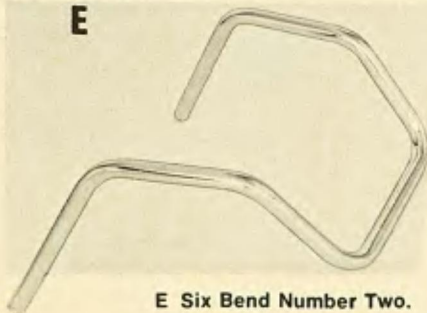
68020	For Rigid Frame	10.04
68021	For Swingarm '58 to '66	10.04
68022	For Swingarm '67-'72	10.04
68023	(HD 74) Linkage	29.95
68044	For Swingarm '73-'76	15.80
68061	16" 74 (73 & later) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	244.05
68063	16" 74 (49 — 66) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	247.95
68064	16" 74 (67 — 72) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	225.65

RISERS AND HANDLEBARS

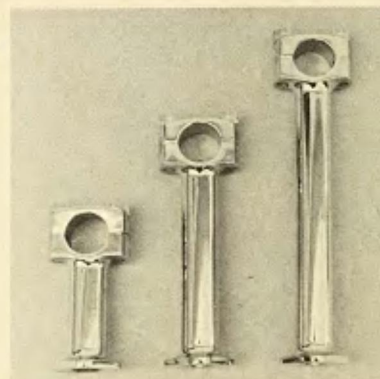
43015 Reducer Sleeves. For reducing 1-inch-diameter risers to 7/8-inch bars. They are knurled on the inside and outside. Set of four halves. .90 (Not shown.)



C Pullbacks. Two sizes available, 18 inches or 24 inches between grips.



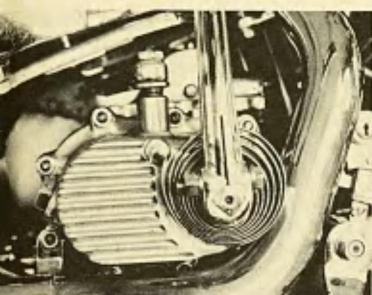
E Six Bend Number Two.
41011 1" diam. 16.95



Custom Risers (Glide Type).
For 1-inch bar. Drilled and tapped at bottom for 1/2 x 20 bolts. Works well on our springer.

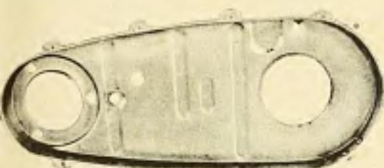
4401 3 inches high.	29.95 per pair.
4402 5 inches high.	32.95 per pair.
4403 7 inches high.	34.95 per pair.

COVERS



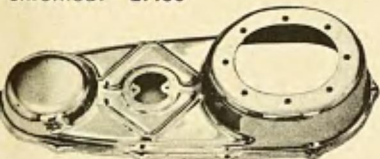
HD Kicker Cover. Solves the problem of the broken kick starter cover. Made of special aircraft aluminum with an additionally reinforced bushing area. Super strong. Fits all HD overhead valve 74 and 61 models and all flat-head 74 and 80 twins. Comes in natural finish.

10308 Finned 34.95

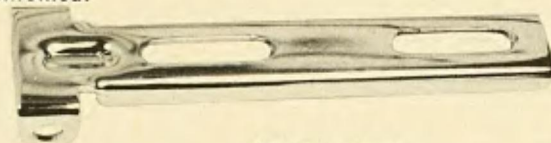


10401 Inner Primary. For HDs 1955 to 1969. Made of steel and chromed. 27.50

10402 Inner Primary. For HDs 1937 to 1954. Made of steel and chromed. 27.50



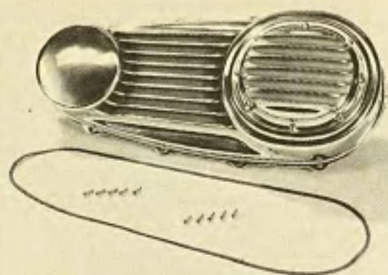
10501 Compensator Diamond Primary. Fits all inner steel primary covers, 1937 and later. 49.50 custom chromed.



11706 Seat Bracket. 2.50



8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels Gold-Plated 8.95



Aluminum Primary Covers. These beautiful chrome plated cast aluminum primary covers are for those riders who are looking for quality and appearance. Included are the screws and gasket.
105013 H.D. '74 79.95



HD Custom Air Cleaner. Includes washable filter. A must, where there's dust. Chromed.

10608 1-3/4" SU 19.99

10609 Tillotson & Bendix 19.99

106010 Linkert 19.99

106011 38mm Mikuni 19.99

10504 Derby Cover (Plain). Fits perfectly on our outer primary covers. Custom chromed. 7.95

10508 Inspection Plate. Fits on outer primary covers. Custom chromed. 2.50

10506 Derby Screws. Set of 10 chromed screws. 1.00

10507 Primary Screws. Set of 10 chromed screws. 1.00



8101 Jammer 4.05
Chrome Purple and Orange



8105 Skull and Crossbones
Chrome 8.95



The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.

RIGID "TWO PIECE" II

(Hump Seat)

115035 Square Tufted Black 59.95

RIGID "TWO PIECE" 14" BACK

(Built-in Sissy Bar)

115036 Square Tufted Black 64.95



SISSY BARS



Rigid Frame Sissy Bars.

Part No.	Length	Type	Price		
8301	36"	Twist	49.95	8309	28" Twist 49.95
8302	36"	Round	49.95	83010	28" Round 49.95
8303	36"	Hex	49.95	83011	28" Hex 49.95
8304	36"	Square	49.95	83012	28" Square 49.95
				83013	21" Hex 47.95
				83014	21" Square 47.95

COLLECTOR PIPES

Only \$1.95 or
You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer.
(See Order Blank on Page 116)



Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

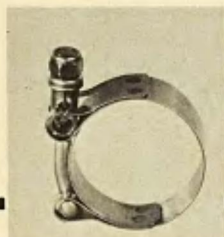
HARLEY DAVIDSON

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

Part No.	Model	Years	Description	Type of Frame	Foot-note	Price
A 151014	Panhead	48-65	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3-5	\$110
B 151016	Shovelhead	66-69	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110
C 151020	Shovelhead	70-74	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110

Footnotes

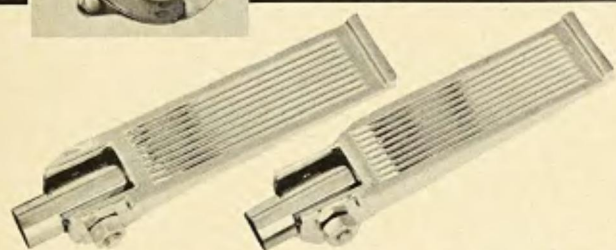
- 1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- 2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- 3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- 5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.



Header Clamps. Stainless steel, aircraft quality. For Harley-Davidson 74's and Sportsters.

152017 HD 74, '48-'65 8.95 pair

152018 Sportster, '57 & up 8.95 pair



15401 Chromed Foot Pegs. Sold in pairs only. 7.95 pair

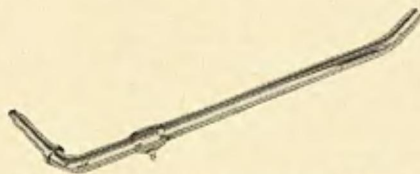
15402 Chromed Foot Pegs with Clamp. Clamp is designed for a one-inch bar. Sold in pairs only. 10.95 pair



15602 HD Rider Stand. Designed for HD rigid frame. Bolts easily behind transmission. Pre-drilled. Allows passenger to ride in a very comfortable position. A must for long trips. 24.95



155016 Kickstand Leg Bracket. Replaces Harley part #50049-58. Chromed. 10.95



Kick Stands. Available in two different lengths:

HD 74 Kick Stand. (Fits 1937 and later. Use part numbers when ordering.) Don't forget to allow for your rake.

155017	Standard	19.95
15503	Extended	19.95

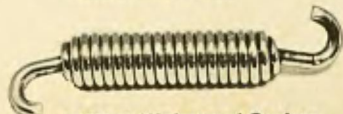
PEGS AND STANDS



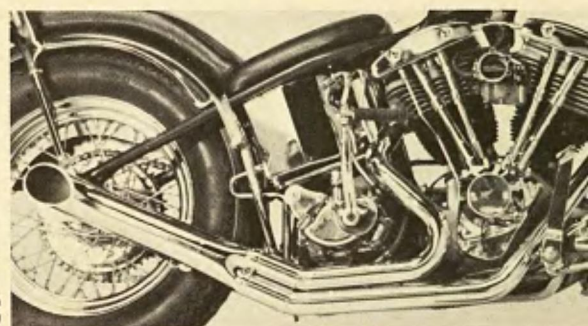
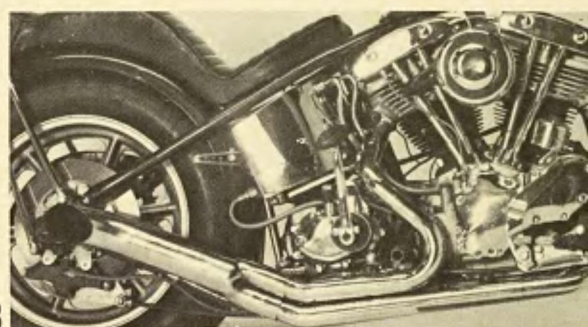
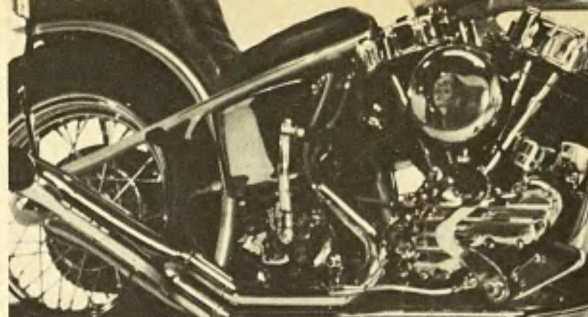
155014 Kickstand Leg Stop. Replaces Harley part #50049-36. Chromed. 2.75



155013 Kickstand Spring Bracket. Replaces Harley part #50036-1. Chromed. 2.50



155015 Kickstand Spring. Replaces Harley part #50011-3. Chromed. 2.95



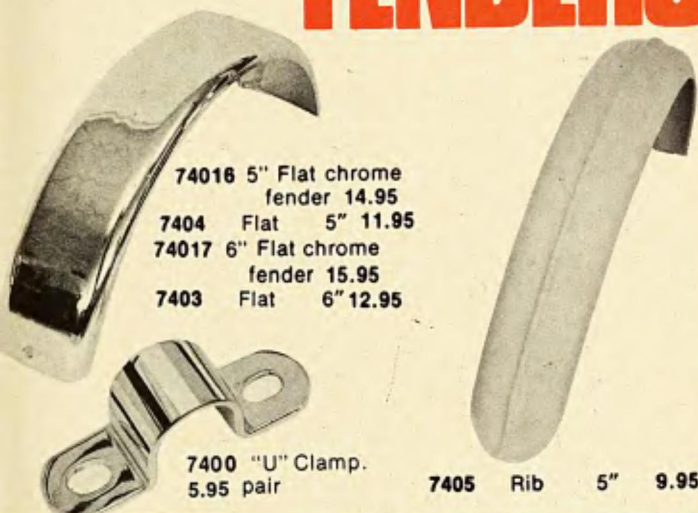
MOUSETRAP ELIMINATOR KIT



14304 Mousetrap Eliminator Kit. Designed for use on 61, 74, and 80 HD motorcycles using wrap-around type oil tank. **\$4.95**

143023 MTE Clutch Release Lever. **\$14.95**

FENDERS



74016 5" Flat chrome fender **14.95**

7404 Flat 5" **11.95**

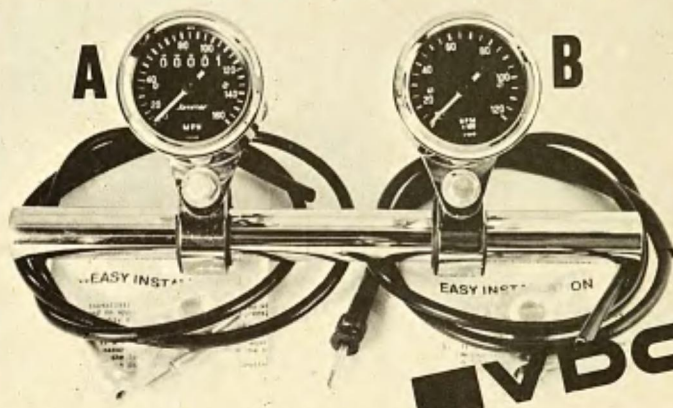
74017 6" Flat chrome fender **15.95**

7403 Flat 6" **12.95**

7400 "U" Clamp. **5.95 pair**

7405 Rib 5" **9.95**

SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



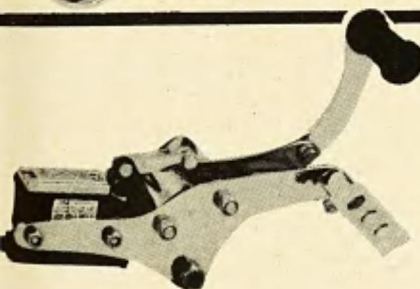
A Chopper Speedometer Kit. Accurate to 160 mph. Comes in handy when you're being followed by the you know who. **12701** For HD 74 '61-'72 **54.95**
12702 For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73 **54.95**

B Chopper Tachometer Kit. Registers to 12,000 rpm. Lighted face measures 2 3/4". Complete kit includes chromed tachometer, cable, rubber dampened handlebar mount and instructions.

12704 For HD 74 '37-'69*
*Modification required.

54.95

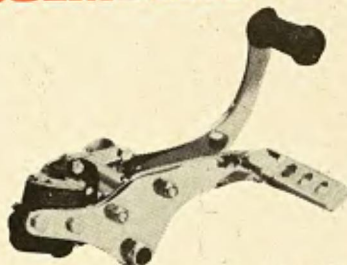
HD 74 BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES



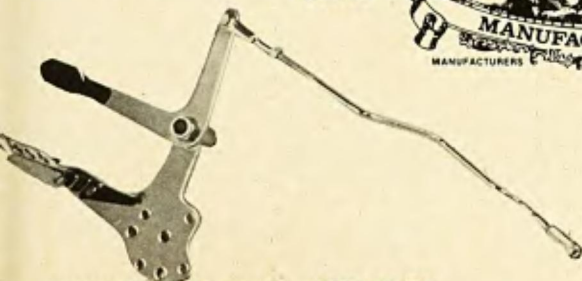
14102 Brake Assembly - HD '74 Use our Hurst-Air-heart large Master Cylinder. **\$69.98**



14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock. Use Stock HD Master Cylinder. Fits all HD 74's Using Hydraulic or Rear Disc. **\$69.98**



14103 Brake Assembly - HD '74 Use our Hurst-Air-heart Small Master Cylinder. **\$69.98**



141014 Shift Assembly - HD '74 36-73 Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. **\$64.98**

141015 Shift Assembly - HD '74 '74 - up. **\$64.98**

Hallcraft Wheels Purchased From Jammer Come With Large Master Cylinder



14104 Brake Assembly - HD '74 Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. Linkage Included. **\$69.98**



ADVERTISEMENT

Jewelry quality acorn and nugget hardware that'll turn your scooter into a real eye-catcher!

Show Bike Kit

Contents:

- 1. Bicycle Frame
- 2. Bicycle Fork
- 3. Bicycle Seat
- 4. Bicycle Handlebars
- 5. Bicycle Pedals
- 6. Bicycle Chain
- 7. Bicycle Cassette
- 8. Bicycle Front Wheel
- 9. Bicycle Rear Wheel
- 10. Bicycle Hub
- 11. Bicycle Spokes
- 12. Bicycle Rim
- 13. Bicycle Tire
- 14. Bicycle Seatpost
- 15. Bicycle Seat Clamp
- 16. Bicycle Light
- 17. Bicycle Reflector

Price: \$19.95

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.

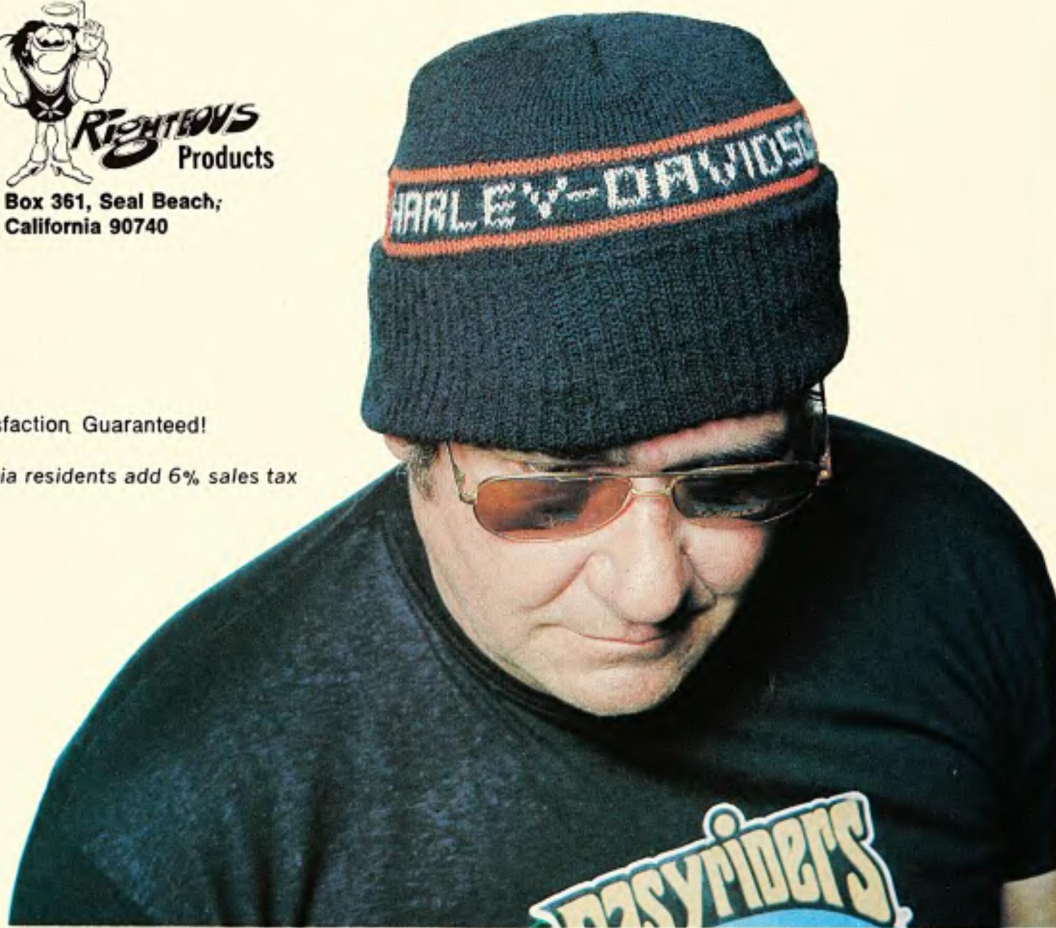
Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



Satisfaction. Guaranteed!

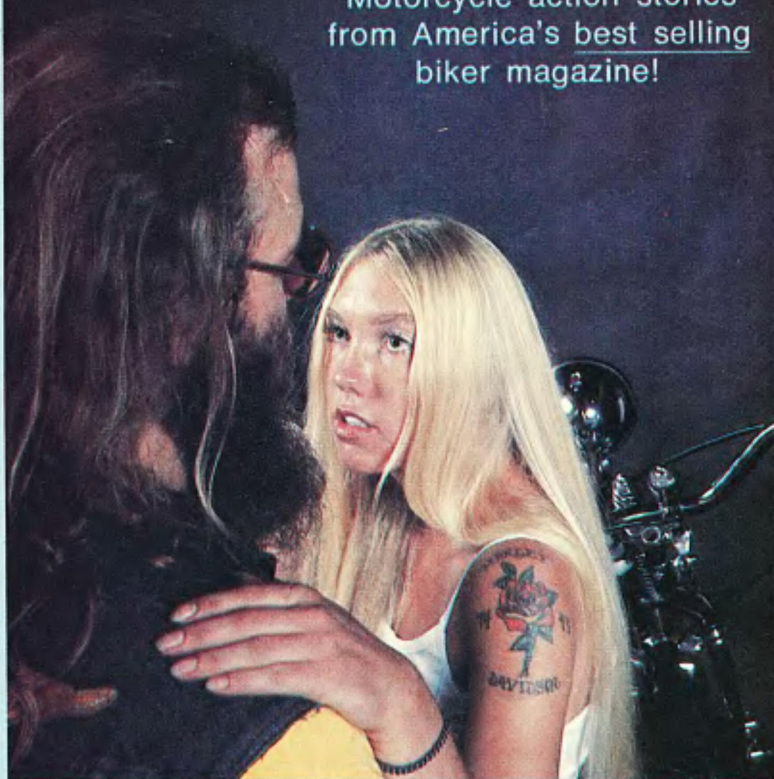
California residents add 6% sales tax



DELL/00540/195

BEST BIKER FICTION FROM Easyriders

Motorcycle action stories
from America's best selling
biker magazine!



— at your favorite
newsstand, book store
or wherever great
books are sold.

If not,
ask 'em why not!

Fifteen different stories packed into 320-page book. Stories from the early years of this miserable rag — the ones you may have missed or could get off on readin' again — especially in a paperback book. (Besides, they make great door stops, kindling for fires, or even a nice pad to put that kickstand down upon — when your ol' lady bends your ear about its tearing up the rug.)

If you can't find it at your newsstand, you may purchase it by sending \$2 in *Paperback*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.