

Easyriders

75p

December, 1977

\$1.25

Thirteen Clubs Party Together!

If I Were Head Honcho of DOT

Oldest Harley Rider

A Luscious, Pool-Shootin' Honey

Fiction, Scoots—and Lots More Disgustin' Stuff





...& 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.



Now
on sale
for only
\$1.95!

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Spider lays some more strange stuff on ya	5
Our readers bitch about previous issues	6
Interesting comments from other biker rags	11
A heavy story about a snuff	12
Still on a Harley at the age of 81!	14
The tribes gather in Michigan	16
A flashy machine all the way from Canada	22
Like we promised—the story of Mutha's bust	27
A righteous payback for some do-gooders	30
From basket to beauty—a classic Sporty	32
ABATE, a national organization of street bikers	39
I Was a Teen-Age Space Filler!	42
Legal comments in everyday language	44
A weird tale of a restored 80-incher	48
In the Wind with our great readers	49
A beautiful Knuckle that goes way back	58
If we ran the DOT, there'd be some BIG changes	64
The stars and what they have in for ya	66
A bro trips out on the tube—and what a trip	68
Locked down bros looking for mail	70
Like to drop a ball in this sweetie's pocket?	74
Downtime sounds—record reviews	82
Strange ads for and about strange things	99

FTW

STAFF: Office Dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Big Red, White Rat, Willard. Executive Janitor and Connection: Spider. Subscription Complaints: Lori Parker. Troubleshooter: Tom Kimzey. Bar Operations: Rip. Swap Meets: Double Ugly. Back Up Men: Beep, Chuck, Terry. Office Mouse: Theresa Lapinski. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Two-Ton Tony. Office Sex Symbol: Deon. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers: Billy Tinney, Rogue, Wino Joe, Kim, Smoke. Cartoon Editor: Asp. Art Director: Denise Pierson. Production Manager: Murleen Parnell. Artists: Dave Mann, Duffy Duggan, Fast Eddy, Mac Haserot, Shep, Tom Kuntze. Administrative Director: Ringworm. H-D Curator: Fat Frank. Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque. Operations: Rich Kermolan. ABATE Manager: David Kelly. Wordhead: Frank (The Hermit) Harding. Photo Editor: Pete (Tit Freak) Chiodo. Editorial Assistant: Kim Peterson. Associate Editor: John (Four Eyes) Watson. Contributing Editor: Keith Ball. Circulation Director: Sanford Meyers. Editor-at-Large: Mil Blair. Senior Editor: Joe Teresi. Managing Editor: Foy (Tex) Campbell. Editor: Lou Kimzey.

Easyriders magazine Number 54, December, 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 Melanie by Ralph Hampton

The next liver-quelverin' issue of this rag goes on sale November 29th.

Miraculous Mutha Pipe

Suck on the ol' whore's boot for the smoke of your life!

A high fire porcelain pipe. Each handcrafted and individually fired at 2300°. Wash or boil just like fine china. Design keeps light goin'.

9.95
we pay
postage

© 1977 Paisano Publications, Inc.



Rights to "Miraculous Mutha" and character licensed from Paisano Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.



Quality guaranteed or money refunded!



Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

I've got something for you...

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

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

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



Dig this: An undercover narc cop in Canada jaywalked in front of two passing uniformed motorcycle cops, and as the bike cops swerved to miss him, the undercover narc ("in scruffy, street-level, long-haired drug dealer clothing") allegedly said dirty words to the cops on bikes. The bike cops then allegedly stomped the shit out of the narc cop. The narc cop, not wanting to blow his cover in front of God and everyone, took a beating and then later blew the whistle on the bike cops at the station. (Snicker, snicker.) Oh, by the way, two other street-clothed narc cops watched the whole thing but were apparently powerless because they too didn't want to blow their covers! And can ya believe this—the bike cops were found innocent! (Cops do have fun, don't they?)

Get this: A dipshit in Indiana almost finished his one-to-ten-year stretch—had one week to go, a job ready for him on the outside—the whole tamale, ya understand. But what went wrong was that they put him in minimum security for the last week—and he walked. That fresh air does screw up your head, right? Right.

Talk about snivelin': The Virginia state troopers don't haveta wear their Smokey Bear hats anymore while drivin' their patrol cars. Ya see, it gave 'em stiff necks, headaches, and all that good shit, ya understand. (Fuck the bikers and their mandatory helmets—but Christ, this Stetson is killin' me.)

Then there's the Reverend who was sent to jail for failing to give the right-of-way to a biker. Yep, he hung a left, but instead of claiming he didn't see the biker, he claimed (are ya ready?) that he was tryin' to get outta the biker's way. The biker got snuffed, and the

Reverend got three hours a week for ten weeks in the slammer. (Ya shoulda said ya didn't see him like everyone else does, Rev—and ya woulda got off!)

The low-mentality dept.: There was this one-acre fire goin'. A bunch of volunteers had the fire under control until a U.S. Forestry agent came upon the scene and told them to stop fightin' the fire because they didn't have on hard-hats or carry official red cards qualifying them as fire fighters for the U.S. Forestry Service. As a result, the fire lasted for 47 hours and burned 59 acres. As the Fed said, "We're required by rules to do things sometimes that are unpopular, particularly when they involve help from the public." (No comment.)

Did I tell ya about the robber in Chicago who stuck up a place, saying his shotgun wasn't a toy? And to prove it he cracked the shotgun to show the shells, but when he snapped it shut, it fired, takin' off one of his fingers. He then snatched \$10 from the till, a small TV, and split. The cops have his finger as evidence against him.

An informant filed suit in Texas because he tipped the cops to a holdup, but the robbers took him with them in the getaway car. The cops opened fire on the car, hittin' the snitch seven times. The robber killed himself when the police opened fire. The snitch, with seven holes in him, is now suing the cops for one million bucks in damages. (Tough world out there, folks.)

Did ya read about Rockwell International's chairman selling \$1.3 million worth of Rockwell stock 10 days before Rockwell lost the B-1 bomber contract? He said he had planned on selling all the time and that his selling had nothing to do with any advance information about President Carter's decision. I'm not sayin' anything—I just ask ya if you read about it.

Somethin' that wasn't widely reported in all the news items on the recent New York City blackout was that in the middle of all the lootin' and burnin' one Bronx neighborhood wasn't hit. Why? Well, the New York chapter of Hell's Angels lived there, and as they put it, "We live in the area and we're not about to see it vandalized." (And it was one of the few areas that wasn't.) ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

More On National Resource

☐ You put into words what I have felt for a long time—but I didn't know how to say it. You made me proud to be a biker.

Keith (Grub) Hanley
Denver, Colorado

☐ It aroused a lot of thought, thoughts I knew were there but was afraid to look at. Thanks for rubbing my nose in it. My head will be held a little higher now when I throw a leg over my scooter.

Lil' Lil
Chula Vista, Calif.

☐ You've just scratched the surface of the human tragedy. Since before Christ, man has spit in the face of those he needed most, stomped on what he needed most, and idolized what he needed least. What you've written won't do a damn bit of good, but maybe (heh-heh) they don't deserve us.

Bob
Houston, Texas

☐ You didn't go into enough detail about the reason why these plastic fuckers are what they are. Bucks, man. Money. Capitalism. Imperialism. And then, oppression. In that order. When they see a bro puttin' down the road, it throws them into a foaming-at-the-mouth fit. They can't fathom the thought of such happiness and freedom without an eight-to-five salaried job. Their interpretation of that key word—freedom—is assbackwards from ours. Their motivation comes from the asshole instead of the heart.

David John B.
Smyrna, Del.

☐ Maybe one day people will let us live our own lives our own way. Live to ride, ride to live.

Frank and Lisa Anglim
Reston, Va.

☐ You did one hell of a job

putting into words what is so damn difficult to explain to non-bikers. And for that reason I hope you offer the article as a reprint so I can give it to The Man the next time he asks me why I'm not wearing a fuckin' helmet.

Bob Thomas
Wind Gap, Pa.

☐ Reprints are available. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Reprint, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265, and we'll send it to anyone.

Questions, Questions

☐ Tell me one thing (or two). Why do guys like big knockers and what is so fuckin' great about them? And why do guys worry about the size of their cocks?

Cindy Brinck Williams
Seattle, Wash.

☐ Our attitude is, if it's warm, fondle it, and no one we know worries about the size of his crank. (We might fret about its not bein' used in the last couple of hours, but whatdafuck—we gotta work sometime, ya know—or how are we gonna get our piece of raisin pie every Friday?)

Mandatory Laws

☐ I'm a deputy sheriff in Florida. I'm 28 years old, have college degrees, and have been a lawman for seven years. I hold the rank of detective lieutenant. The point is that I am not a rookie redneck.

I own and ride a '77 Sportster, but that really has nothing to do with the issue I wish to present.

The issue is whether or not the Florida Senate and House of Representatives and legislative bodies in other states will continue to allow the United States Government to blackmail them into supporting federally unconstitutional mandatory helmet laws.

It's not so much whether or not motorcycle helmets are safe or dangerous. The issue

is, does the United States Government have the right to force a person to wear a motorcycle helmet?

Any legislator who would not take his or her stand to fight such oppression is without fortitude and should resign his or her position as a representative of the people. Surely they are not.

By the way, pages 46 and 47 of the September issue are most strategically placed.

Jim Roop
Wildwood, Fla.

School Lesson

☐ Please explain duck butter and raisin pie.

Associated School Bus Co.
Seattle, Wash.

☐ Duck butter is head cheese and raisin pie is our reward for bein' good.

Censorship

☐ We thank you for the recent decision to present two free subscriptions to the PNM Library.

Upon receipt of the first copies, however, a decision was made by the administration that the publication should not be retained in the library.

Thank you for the generous offer, but please do not send any further issues.

Thomas Haufmann
Department of Corrections
Santa Fe, New Mexico

A Different View

☐ No need to comment on any certain article. The whole damn rag is smokin' and I ain't jokin'. Keep up the good work so us guys in the joint can read what we wanta read.

D. Rex
Elmira, N.Y.

Half 'n' Half

☐ The dude who built the half 'n' half scooter with a 74 top and Sporty bottom is from somewhere else. It's gotta be one of the most perfect Sporties I ever saw.

Big Bad R.
Many, La.

Cold Eye

☐ Although at present I ride a 750 Yamaha, I hope to be on a Harley someday—try and tell that to your average Harley owner. Nothing is more discouraging (except The Man) than seeing a guy on a nice scooter and getting the old cold evil eye just because you're on a Jap bike. I don't give a fuck if a guy wants to put a cow-catcher or any other shit on his bike, he's still riding and that should say something. Maybe he's not exactly my kind of people, but he deserves the respect of someone who rides, or at least a friendly gesture. I don't want to discredit all Harley riders—'cause let's face it, there's nothing quite like a Harley—but a bro is a bro is a bro, no matter what he rides. And that's no bullshit.

Woof
Williamsville, Vermont

Fed Identity Cards

☐ House Republicans have proposed a plan to cope with the illegal alien situation that would include a government identity check of every American.

How long do ya suppose it'll be until we all have to stand in line to have our Social Security number tattooed on our right forearm?

P.W.
Brockton, Mass.

☐ And on our foreheads a few years later.

Swap Meet

☐ My man and I went to the Easyriders swap meet yesterday at the Cow Palace. A good time, something for everybody. Beautiful bikes, lotsa parts for reasonable prices, beer, eats, and music. All those dudes just ramblin' around lookin' so bad (oh fuck, I drool thinkin' about them), and the ol' ladies checkin' out the competition with sidelong glances and struttin' their stuff. Mostly good vibes and kicked-back brothers and sisters showing

Give him the REAL thing at Xmas

The Original—made from steel dies— not from rubber-mold process!

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

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



A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

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

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

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



RENTONS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Far-out
Christmas
gift idea!

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



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

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

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8 1/2 x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even *Easyriders* couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the

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

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

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

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

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%

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

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

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

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

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



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

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



their class. An easy way to spend a Sunday afternoon. So when are you doing it again?

Ginger
San Mateo, Calif.

■ We're comin' back—in addition to bein' all over the good ol' USA in '78.

A Reason

□ Lemme tell you, the only reason I buy your fag rag is so I know what **not** to do to a fuckin' Harley. You California sissies butcher the shit outta a good cycle. **Easyriders** used to be fair, but now with all them fuckin' ads and cartoons, it ain't any better than a fuckin' **Mad** magazine. Why don't all you buttfuckers bite my ass?

Red Ross
Fairbanks, Alaska

■ Eat my shorts—and pay special attention to the hash marks, will ya, limpdick?

Miss Low Rider

□ How about a tit feature on "Miss Low Rider" who was featured in an ad in your rag? A gal with them melons should have Old Glory tattooed on her chest and made into a national park just to lay my head on.

Jumpin' Jack
Arlington, Va.

■ We're workin' on it.

Fall From Power

□ Just a few words concerning your "Muffler Sniffers" article. (Sept. '77). "Non-elected bureaucrats" are not unreachable, as many of these shit-headed government pawns now know. One by one they see themselves fall from public grace, power, and often see the inside of the cold gray walls.

When the time comes that they try to pull the shit they sit around and think (?) up at 40 grand a year and expect us to take sitting down, that's when they discover just how reachable they really are. They lie pale and wet, fingers clutching as the lights go out and we close them down!

Ron
Carbondale, Ill.

Dangerous Weapon?

□ Warning to all bros—stay away from the New Bedbug, Mass., area. The Man is down on all bikers. I was busted for possession of an "illegal, dangerous, and deadly weapon"

on"—which was the "Don't Fuck With Me" spiked wristband. Those assholes confiscated it, not to mention the court hassles (I had to plead guilty of mere possession to get my ass off with three months suspended probation), even though this "weapon" is perfectly legal in Boston!

Cheyenne Deringer
New Bedford, Mass.

Future Biker

□ I am at this time not a biker, but I'd give a ton of dope and a truckload of Coors beer just to experience the brotherhood you people must feel. Each month when I pick up your rag and sit down to read it, my mind wanders to the day when I too shall feel the wind in my face and my present everyday hassles will be at my back.

A future bro
Petersburg, Va.

You're All Right!

□ Last weekend one of my bros turned me on to your rag along with a good lid of Colombian.

After reading "You'll Be A Biker Yet," I just had to fire up a number. I never laughed so fuckin' hard in my life.

Big D.
Ft. Carson, Colo.

KH Harley

□ I've been readin' your rag for at least 5,000 joints and beers now. You've had features on at least 27 wild women and on just about every model of Harley made—except a good K model. There was one about two or three years ago, but there is room for an update.

If you don't, I hope Mutha contracts a new form of syphilis with no cure.

Ski
Honolulu, Hawaii

■ We agree—keep in touch. And for your info, Mutha's had/has everything.

Whatta Waste

□ Did you know the average length of a dude's dick is 6" and the average depth of a chick's pussy is 8"? Now did you know in the U.S. alone there are over 1,263 miles of unused pussy?

Bearcat
El Reno, Okla.

Meat and Hash

□ A couple of my bros and

I were at one of the pipe-tokin' sessions we hold regularly on a wooded hill overlooking the compound when I decided to try a new kick—smoking ants! It was my turn to fill the bowl and we didn't have much stash left so I grabbed a few of the biggest ants I could find (they aren't hard to find because this whole country is infested with them), and while holding the bastards down I stuffed the last of our stash on top of them and lit it. To say the least, we all got off.

Now it's catching on and everyone's doing it—and we started it all.

Crazy
DMZ Korea

■ No wonder the Prez is gettin' you outta there.

A Kite

□ I just want the world to know that the cop from Daytona Beach Shores who busted me on 8/9/77 eats it for setting me up and then setting my bail at \$392 when all I had was \$393. He left me with one dollar to get back to N.Y.!

Undertaker
N.Y., N.Y.

Taught Lessons

□ I am not a motorcycle mama and will probably never get the chance to be one. But I've been screwin' since I was 12 (I'm 19 now), and the best I ever had was a biker I met when I was 16. He taught me a lot of stuff that has come in handy through the years (in and out of bed).

Trixi
Anchorage, Alaska

■ We know, we know—so why didn't ya send us your address?

Lewie's Knuckle

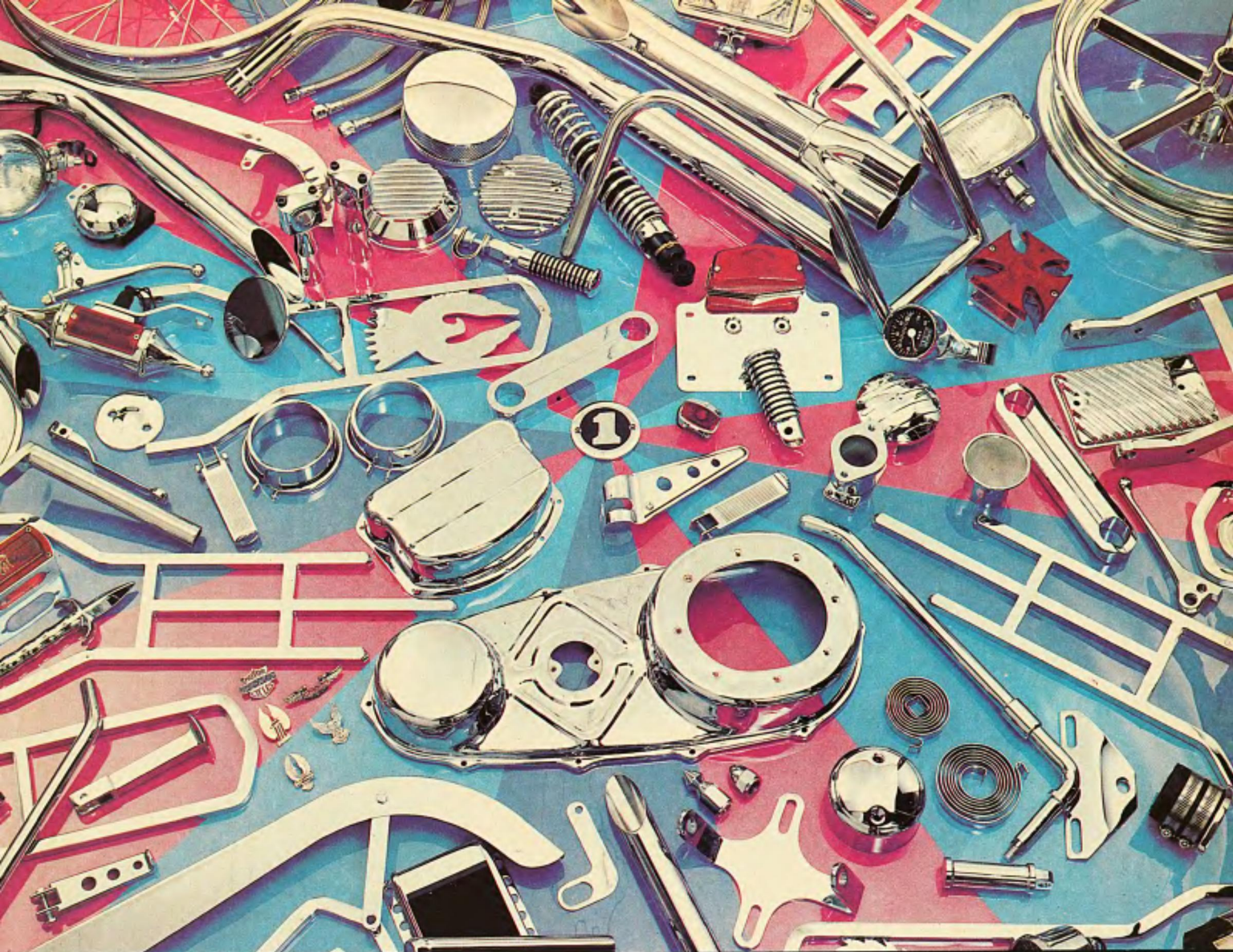
□ The two-page pic of Lewie's knuckle was a fantastic portrait. And the chick—what was her name? She is a spittin' image of Brandy, a friend of ours in Fla.

Leslie & Dale Morrow
Pittsburgh, Pa.

■ She was also on the cover, and her name is Tonto.

Non-biker Digs Us

□ First off, I may not be a biker, but I love the freedom you dudes talk about. This is just a few lines to say that



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

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.)

An ideal gift for Christmas (and cheap too)!

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%

you fuckers roll out an outstanding mag. I've spent the last year and a half reading it and all I've got to say is that you all got yer shit together tighter than a brick wall.

Putt
Savannah, Ga.

Man vs. Woman

☐ I was thoroughly disgusted with your article "Man Is The Ruler Of Woman" (Oct. '77). This article was filled with hatred to say the least. The man who wrote it (I assume it was a man) was totally ignorant of women as well as stupid, chauvinistic, prejudiced, and insensitive.

It's no wonder women are joining women's movements of different sorts. They are fed up with the male's attitude and the way men are treating them.

G. Hoffman
Buffalo, N.Y.

☐ To any of you guys who believe the crock of shit Buster Hymen wrote for your October issue—I hope your ol' ladies don't fuck you for at least six months—you'll come to your senses.

A piece of heaven
San Diego, Calif.

☐ My husband loved the article—so from now on he'll be making his own dinner, doing his own laundry, and so forth. And when he needs a fuck, he can go to you, Buster.

Sharon Williams
Madison, Wis.

☐ I've read every one of your magazines since May of 1973. A few stories, articles, whatever, have made me angry—but none so much as "Man Is The Ruler Of Woman."

Linda
Whiting, Ind.

☐ You men are so pussy-whipped that you beat on women 'cause ya ain't got any balls to beat on someone your own size. "Man Is The Ruler Of Woman" sucks. I got more balls than most of you fuckers.

Jul The Fool
Sacramento, Calif.

Make Them Pay

☐ It is perfectly all right to send copies of your magazine to the USSR. You would

be joining the ranks of such publications as the **Naval Institute Proceedings**, **Popular Science**, the **Congressional Record**, and many other magazines of political and/or scientific and engineering interest formats. Many times these mags have classified information in them and are supposed to go only to a select list of readers.

I have but one objection. Considering that the USSR still owes hundreds of millions of dollars that they borrowed from us during WW II, never pays any bill if they can help it, and is ripping off all the countries in their sphere of influence to the tune of billions of dollars through sweetheart trade agreements, I say make the fuckers pay the \$1.25. We have to.

M. F. Arnold
Kansas City, Mo.

■ Amen.

Question

☐ Is there any truth to the rumor that they use bowling pins for pistons in the late model Sporties?

O
APO N.Y.

Jefferson Airplane

☐ Have you ever really listened to "We Can Be Together" by Jefferson Airplane? It was written in 1969 for the anti-war protesters of that era, but it also fits our present situation involving Big Brother.

"We are all outlaws in the eyes of America/In order to survive we steal, cheat, lie, forge, fuck, hide and deal/We are obscene, lawless, hideous, dangerous, dirty, violent—and young."

That pretty well describes the straights' idea of bikers. The pigs and lawmakers really do have us in a bind with their helmet laws, lights-on laws, frame modification restrictions, front brake requirements, front end extension restrictions, eye protection — aw, whatdafuck — I think you get the point. It doesn't matter whether you ride a dresser or chopper (void where prohibited by law). We can be together! 1984 is only seven years away!

Jerry O'Meara
Margate, Fla.

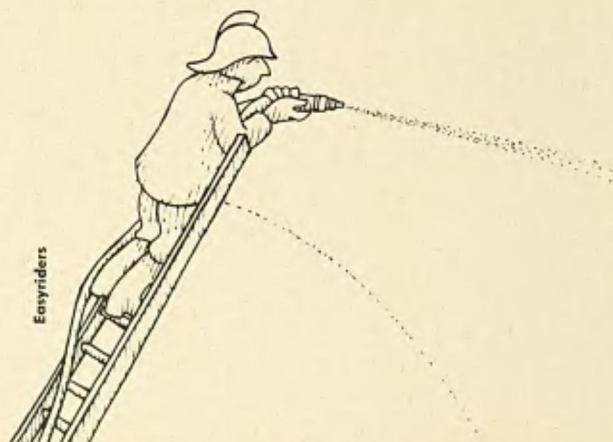
Post Office Blues

☐ Ain't there a better way to send your rag through the mail? When we get it, it looks like someone wiped his ass on it. It would be worth sending extra bread for better packaging so we could at least read the fucking thing. My ol' man is getting pissed and is about to destroy the Post Office.

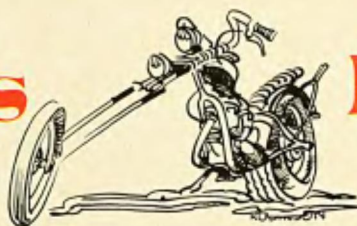
Mrs. Shamay
Landers, Calif.

■ We're one of the few rags that mail their subscriber copies in a protective cover—but at times the ol' Post Office still does its number on 'em.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. ■



Biker's



Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Hairy-chested he-men . . .

Getting ahead is getting more, and bigger is always better; money is power, size is power, and he-men ride on Harleys. We never learned these rules, but know them nonetheless. No school need teach these maxims; merely to be alive in America will suffice. The propositions are implicit in our national psychology, and as such are absorbed directly by young heads . . .

In America we are what we buy. Our possessions speak for, and about, us. Vehicles in particular not only perform, but broadcast as well. In general, size establishes the rank order, and status rises in direct proportion to size. There's an irresistible equation, known but never consciously learned: fuzzy-cheeked 97-pound weaklings run errands on Whizzer mopeds, but red-blooded, hairy-chested he-men ride Harley-Davidsons.

Where did that notion come from? It's all part of growing up male in America. It's an early preference for math and geometric shapes, a relish for combative situations with suitable amounts of violence, a tendency to rank everything by size, and an obsession for machinery that extends from the wind-up toy in the playpen to the electric winch at the grave.

No wonder motorcycles are an almost exclusive male province . . .

—Phil Schilling
Cycle magazine

A low rider . . .

The new Low Rider is the most graphic illustration yet that the factory management is becoming more tuned in to what the rider on the street wants to see when he walks into the dealer's showroom. The stock bike without any accessories looks like a street custom after it has been modified by the

owner. The design is not far out, like you would expect to see in a custom show, but everything is in good taste and well finished. In short, this is a production machine that has been given the personal touch.

Like a lot of good ideas, this one came about almost by accident. A couple of years ago Willie G. Davidson, the resident genius responsible for the design of the Sportster CR-1000, decided to take a stock Super-glide and personalize it for his own use. When it was modified to his taste, he started riding it to work, where the bike drew lots of favorable attention and comments. The management of the company became interested in the possibility of taking Willie G's basic ideas and using them in a production model. After some more work and studies, the Low Rider was born and production was begun.

—Custom Bike

Discrimination . . .

For your Discrimination Begins At Home folder, we offer this report from a recent issue of the *Daytona Beach (Florida) Morning Journal*. Except for the annual Daytona Motorcycle Classics each March, motorcycles no longer will be allowed to ride or park in the infield of the Daytona International Speedway. The article did state that cycles will be allowed to park in "convenient locations near the grandstands and infield gates"—and, we presume, up the street and/or on the other side of town.

—Road Rider

On convincing bureaucrats

California has placed an absolute ban on the use of radar by its highway patrol because its view is that a public supports only those laws it thinks are just. Enforcement of an unjust law

doesn't work. The only way the state can enforce 55 mph is to persuade a majority of its residents that 55 is a good thing. To do that it must educate—a process of which I was a part. Because if education succeeds, then there will be judicial, social and economic pressure that will result in observance of the law. But if the state fails to persuade, the result will be continuing civil disobedience. And Californians have a right to an informed choice.

Failure to persuade would mean Californians will refuse, as they are refusing now, to drive 55 mph, and the California law enforcement establishment will be compelled to recognize the fact . . .

That is what the rest of us have forgotten when we whinny about our bitter little objections to a national speed limit. We have forgotten that to complain in this country with any expectation that our complaints will be heard, we must join together. That takes work. It takes a continuing commitment. It takes willingness to perform drudgery. It takes reasons for doing it other than smarmy, petty upsets. It takes, above all, a very real belief in a system under which those who are governed understand that they have the right to dictate what is and what is not proper to those who govern them.

Enlightened California has made it easy for its people by banning radar and announcing if its citizens indicate they do not wish to abide by 55 after hearing all the arguments in favor of it, 55 may no longer be a California priority. Those of us who live in less enlightened states bear a greater burden to convince our bureaucrats to believe likewise.

—Leon Mandel
Car and Driver

A REAL belt for Xmas!

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

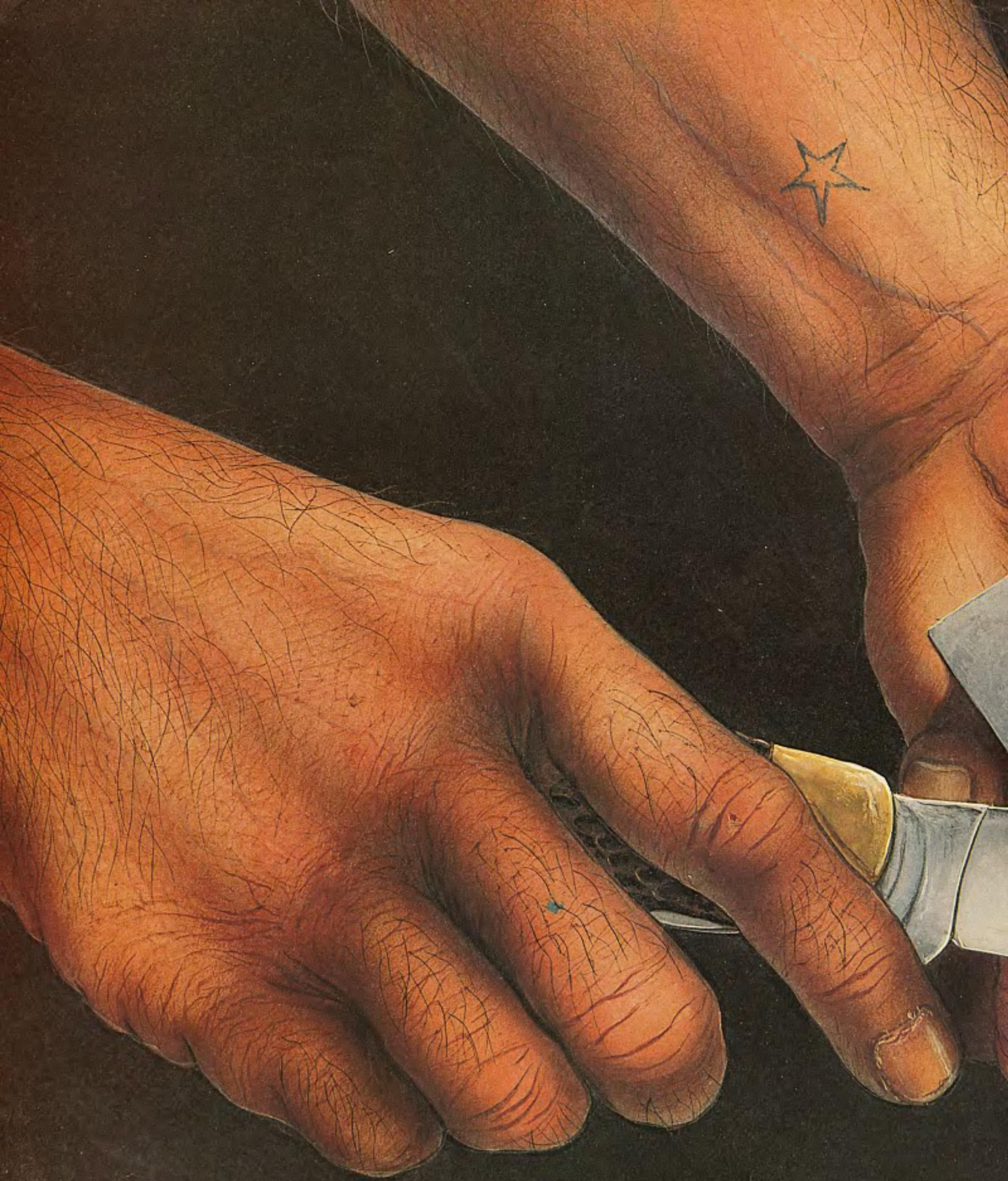
Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

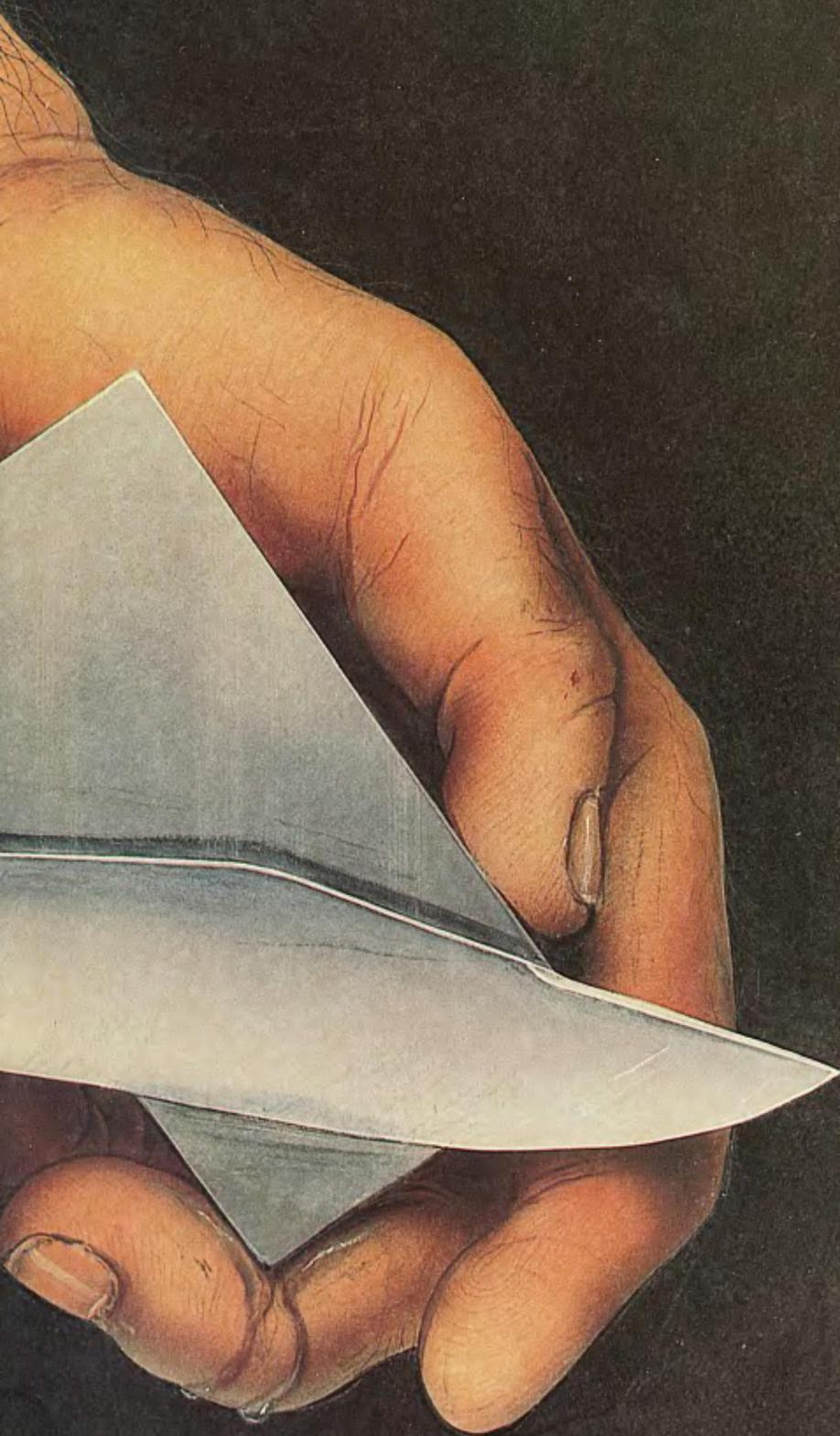
RENTONS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740





DAVID MANN



THE HIT

By R. Finem

Blackie sat at the kitchen table. It was not yet seven o'clock in the morning, and the only sound was that of his long-bladed knife clicking against the whetstone. He stroked the stone carefully, pushing the blade away from his body, then turning it over and drawing it back again, stopping occasionally to pick up the can of honing oil and moisten the stone's surface.

At any other time, Blackie would have slept until noon, but this was a special occasion. He had risen early and turned to the task of putting a razor-sharp edge on his blade because there was a job to be done — and it had to be done right.

Now and then he paused to wipe the long, silvery blade with a soft cloth, then he would hold the steel up to the light and squint at the edge, his brow wrinkled, sighting along the blade with a craftsman's eye. He would then test it by gently stroking the sharpened edge against a cigarette paper, held gingerly by one flimsy end. When he could at last pass the blade through the delicate paper without its tearing or resisting the pressure of the blade, he smiled with grim satisfaction. Behind the smile that wreathed his rugged face there was a steely look of determination for the job that lay ahead.

Blackie was a handsome man, but only to those who were capable of appreciating the rugged good looks of a man who lived as he did. He was a biker, a boozier, and a fighter, and those who didn't relish his kind

—Continued on page 85



Manuel Rose, an 81-year-old motorcycle enthusiast, has the stamina and spirit of a 30-year-old man. He keeps busy repairing and tuning his 1917 Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Manuel, who's been riding since he was a young boy, says, "I'm not about to stop riding now because I'm 81 years old."

Manuel rides the bike as often as he can. With his cigar dangling from his lips, he revs up the machine and scoots around with abandon, going at speeds as high as 15 miles per hour. He still performs the stunts he learned in the old days and circles around his improvised track (a new parking lot) with his feet on the seat and a big grin on his face. Manuel's motorcycle license expired in 1926, so now he just rides around the parking lot. Laughingly, he admits, "I'm sure they wouldn't issue me another license today." Manuel has attracted so much attention that it is not unusual to see a group of young bikers watching in amazement as he rides. Manuel's Harley-Davidson is now a collector's item. Years ago, he paid \$70 for the bike; in recent years he has been offered as much as \$5,000. But he wouldn't sell the bike for any price.

In order to stay young, Manuel remains active, saying simply, "I keep on movin'." He's busy every day. He's either working on his 1917 Harley-Davidson or his 1953 Chevy station wagon, or he's out on his

16-foot tugboat fishing for salmon, which he then smokes in a homemade smoker, or you might find him tending his small garden. Of course, sometimes he just sits on the stoop of his house admiring the two Sierra redwood trees that he planted

Old Bikers Never Die

Words 'n' Photos by Carol Simowitz

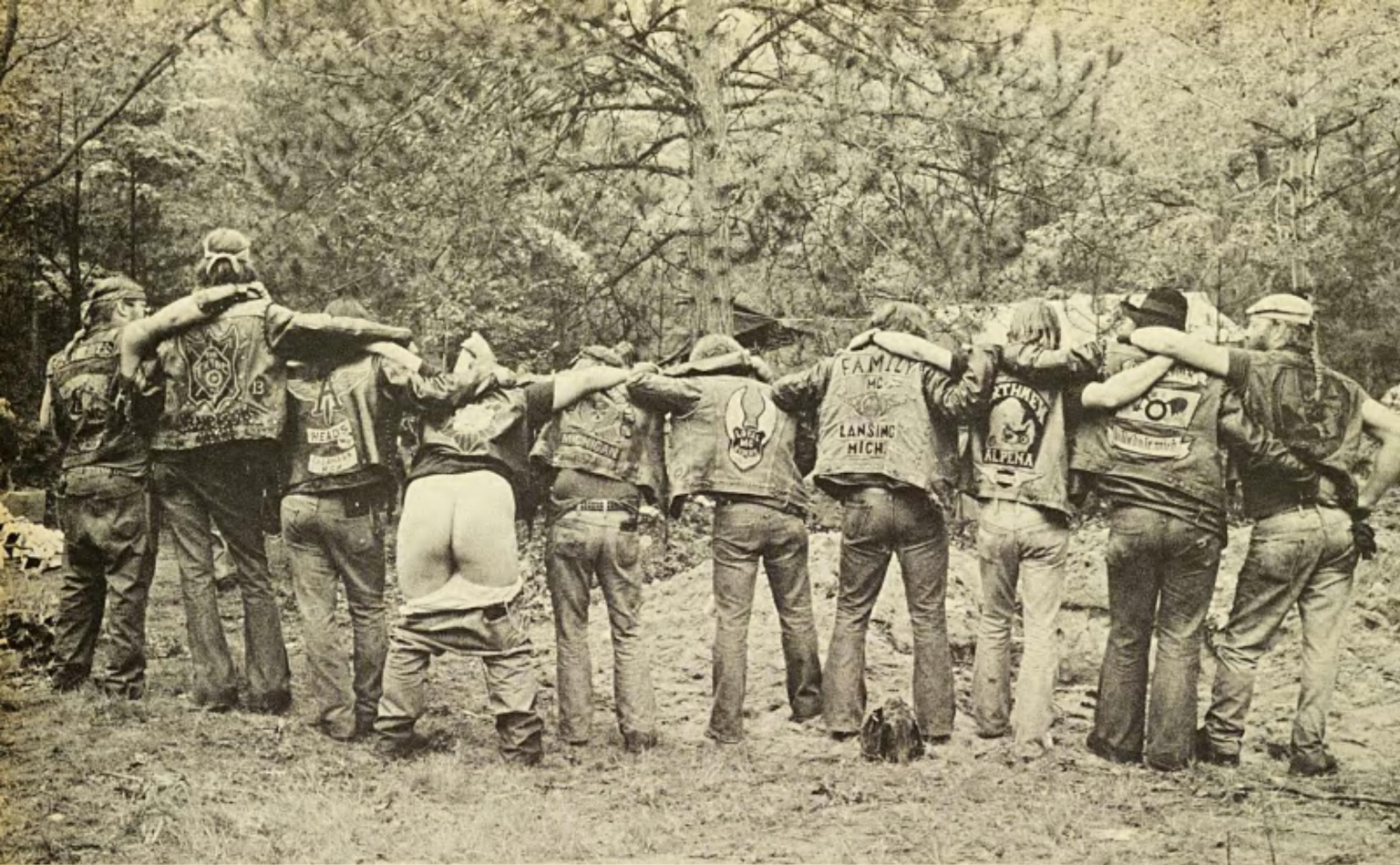
65 years ago. With a smile he recalls, "They were only the size of my thumb when I planted them." It gives him great satisfaction to look up and see the branches of the trees reaching for the sky.

Manuel's secret for staying

fit is regular exercise. One way he releases tension is to work out on an old leather punching bag he has hanging in his garage. He can keep that bag moving with the speed and agility of a young boxer. The other key to his youthful vigor is the food he eats. He's always chewing whole cloves of garlic, which he claims cleanses his blood and strengthens his heart. In addition, he eats pumpkin seeds for his prostate, and almonds, which provide necessary vitamins. Since his parents were born in the Azores, the Mediterranean influence of wine and garlic is evident.

Manuel Rose is a legend in his own time, proclaiming himself the meanest man in town. His philosophy of life is "to keep movin' and to keep busy." Accordingly, he fills his time with projects that he enjoys doing and which keep him feeling young and fit. His 1917 bike, his 65-year-old redwood trees, his antique punching bag, and his garlic-filled pockets are all testimony to a rugged, unique individual.

Now, at the age of 81, Manuel Rose sits each day on his porch stoop with his Harley nearby. He contemplates his majestic redwood trees and reminisces about his carefree days as a young boy riding through the sweet, fragrant apple orchards of Centerville, California, on his first motorcycle. It has been a life well spent, and there's more ahead. ■



The Michigan Mob

Clubs meet from all over the state

And the outcome is one of the most looked-forward-to parties of the year. And goddamnit, why not? All patch holders have the same things in common—motorcycles, women, and partyin'. And this particular party is proof that thirteen clubs can get together without bullshit hassles, gripes, or strife.

This group of clubs, amounting to the largest number of patch holders in the state, didn't stumble into the same campsite by accident. Every club at this party is a member of the Motorcycle Clubs of Michigan (MCM). From the Ohio/Michigan border to the northern, frozen peninsula, the MCM boasts brothers from every major city.

Partyin' with the brothers is every club's trip, and they organize three tire-skiddin', drug-crazed-stumblin', leg-lickin' parties a year and one major run. And what you see here are beer-

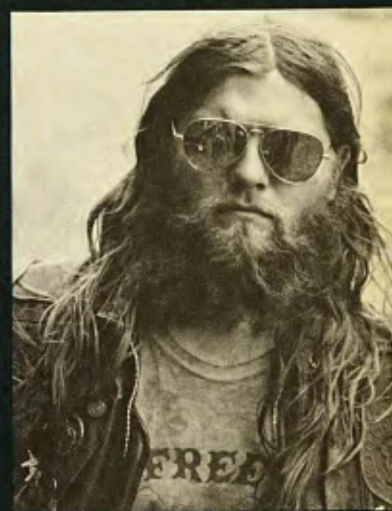
and-whiskey-diluted flicks of the MCM's biggest 4th of July run to date.

Can you imagine thirteen clubs in full force rompin' and stompin', runnin' their prospects nude up a mountain, cookin' up a dog and scarfin', strippin' their ol' ladies down for a titty contest? Sounds like a fuckin' good time. And there was no doubt some of that goin' on too.

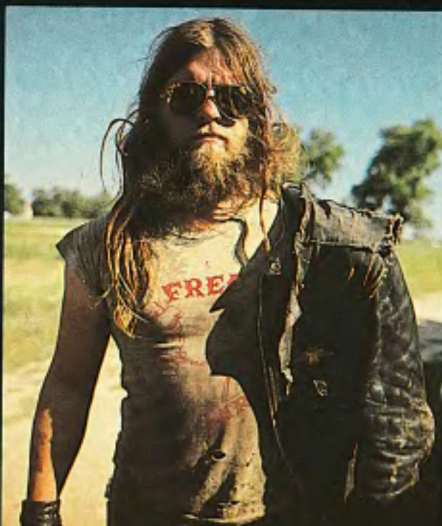
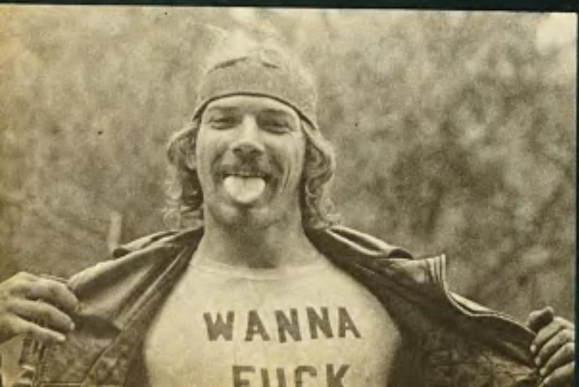
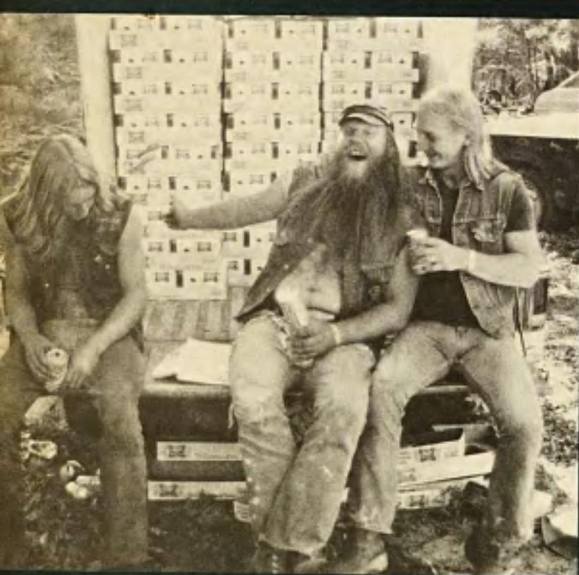
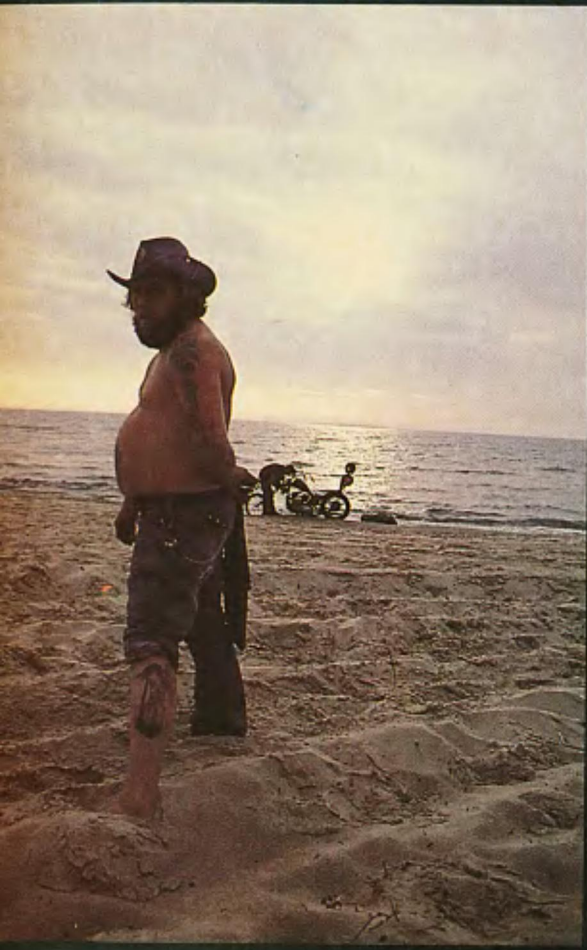
As it came down, a guy by the name of Fungus invited us half-crazed piston-fuckers to their run. We had fourteen volunteers, so it turned into a major bellowing session and concluded with Billy Tinney and the hulk Woody shipping out to Michigan.

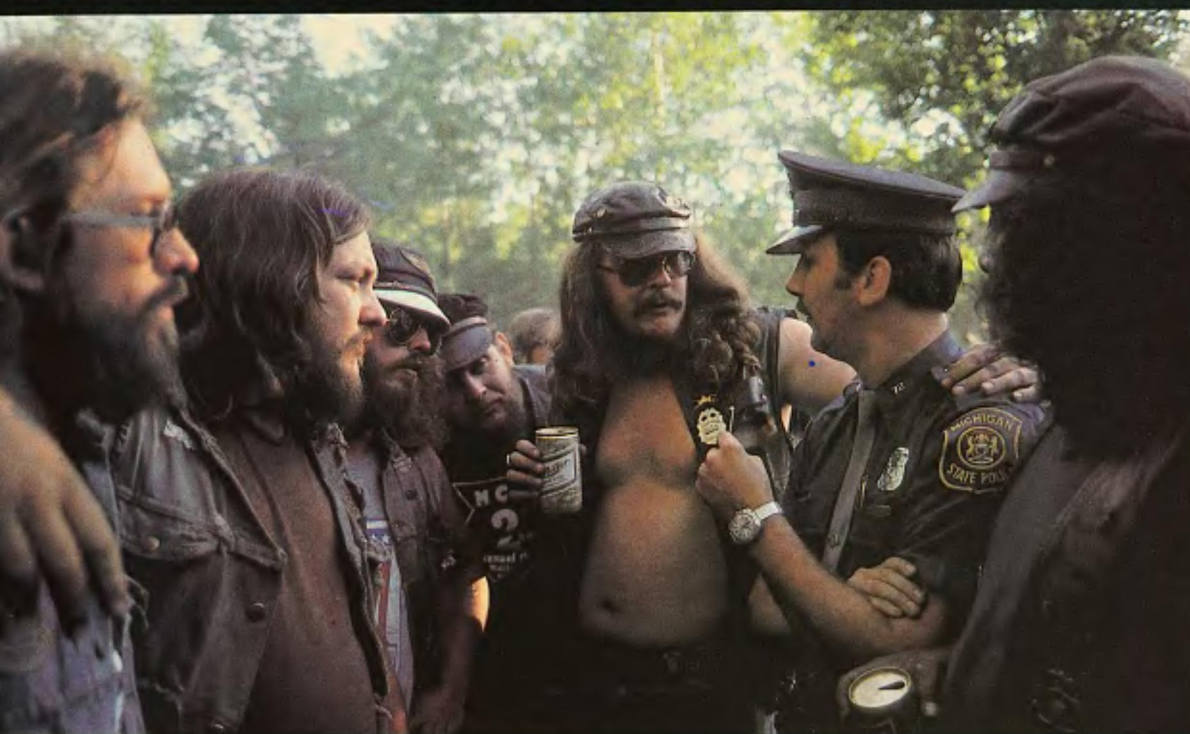
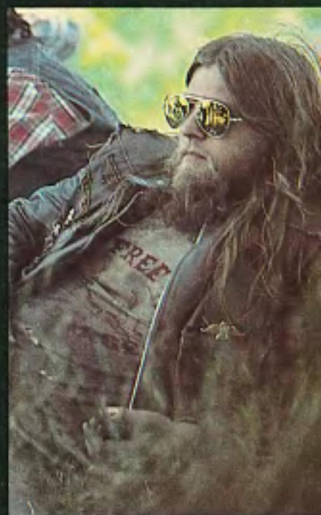
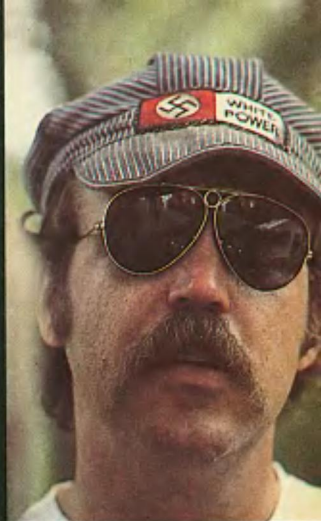
These two screw-eyed photographers buried their pupils in a couple of lenses and came up with the party on these pages. But don't get too close to the flicks—you'll probably get loaded.

—Wish Ida Beenthere

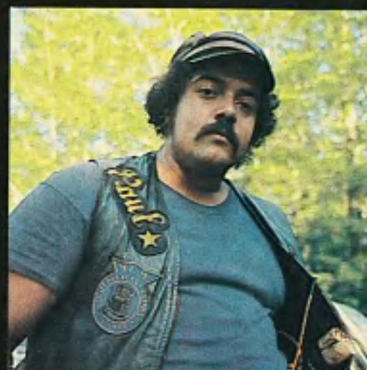


The Michigan Mob



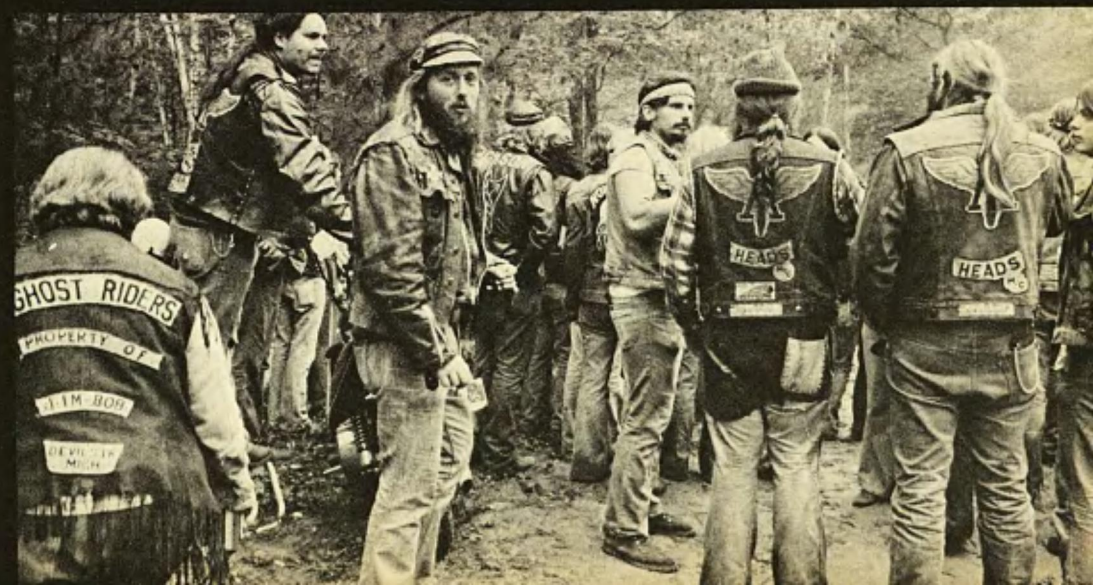
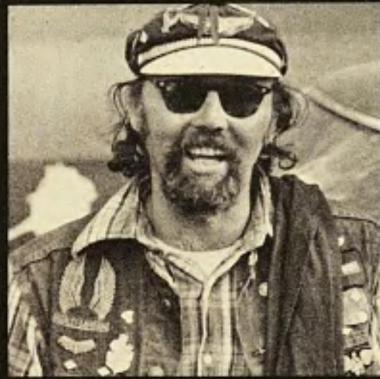
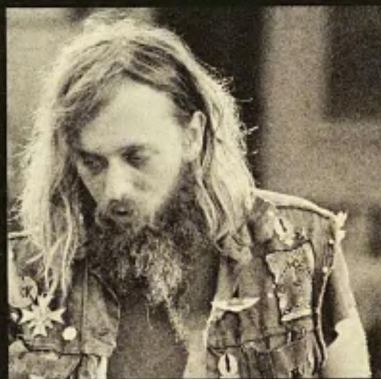


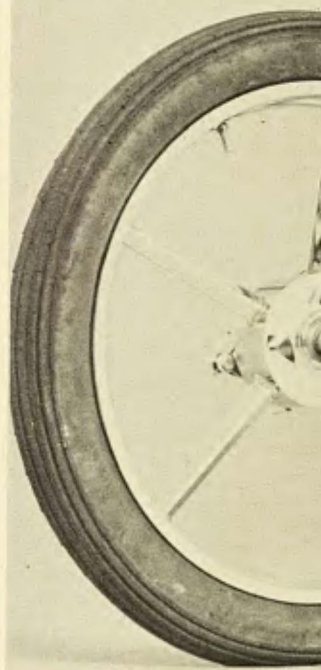
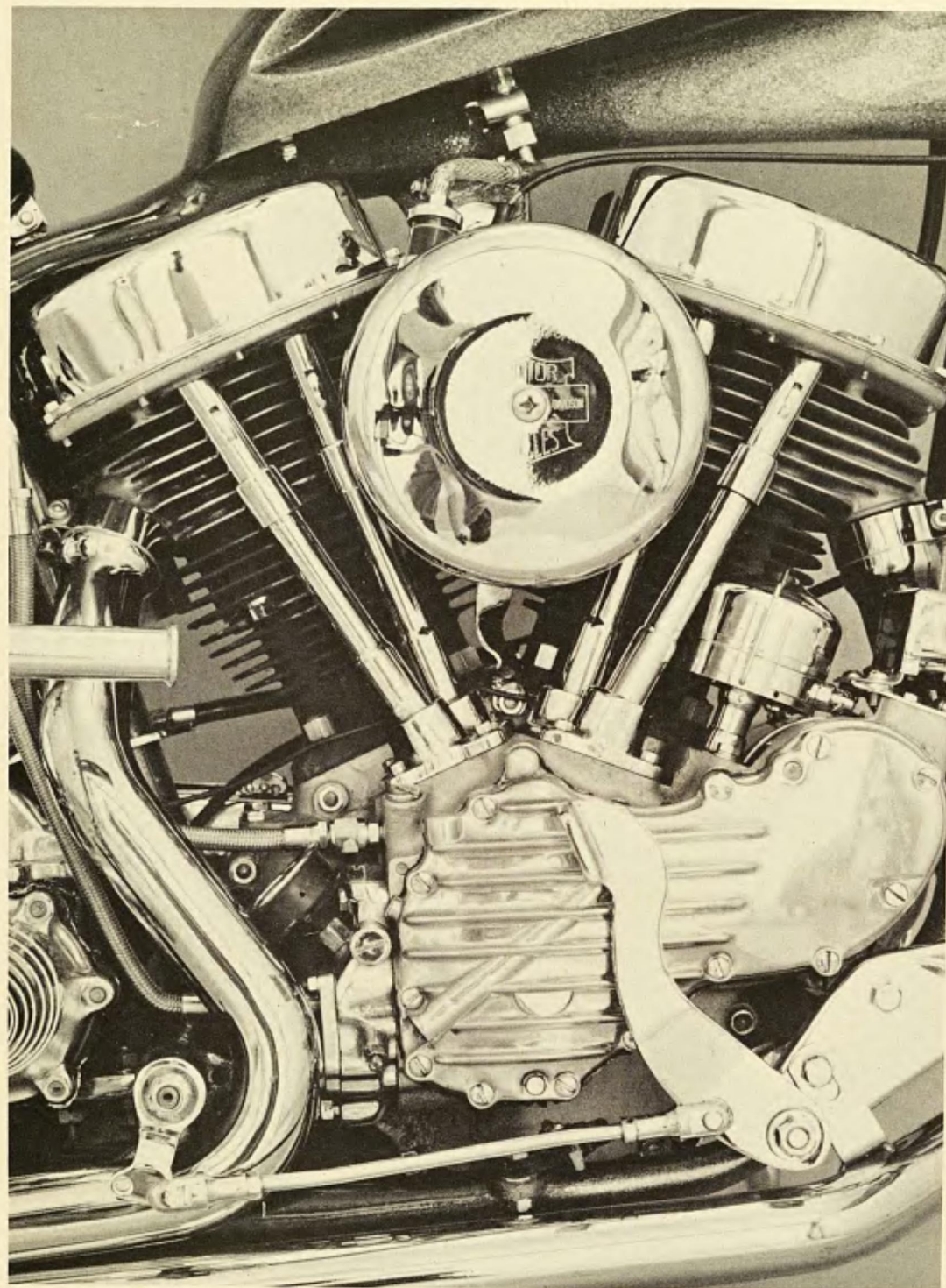
The Michigan Mob





Photos by Billy Tinney and Woody





CANADIAN WEREWOLF

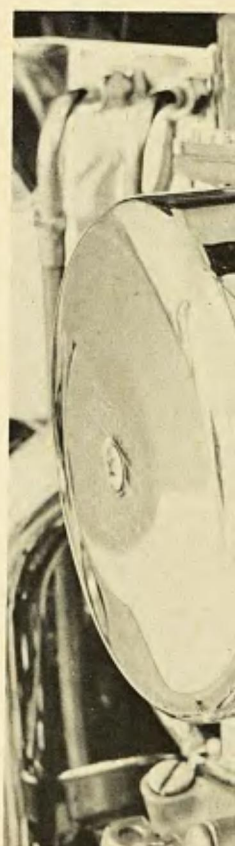
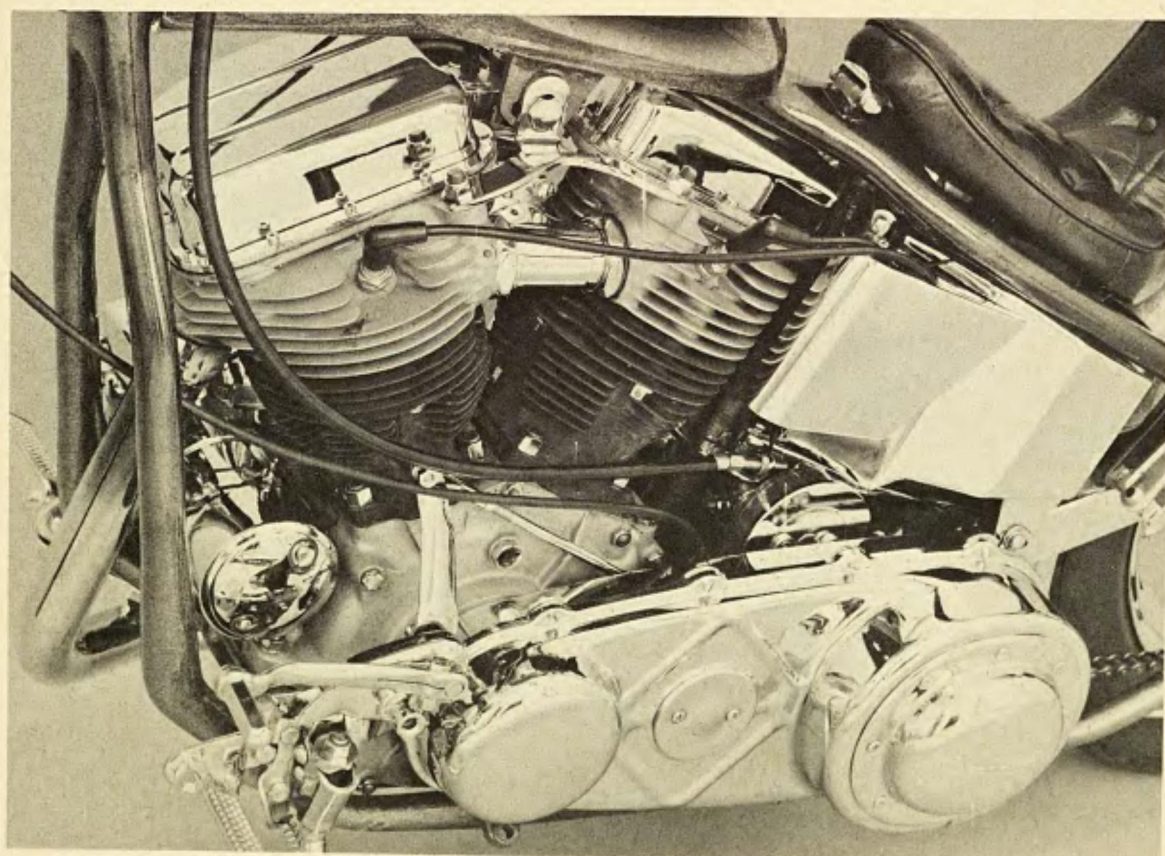
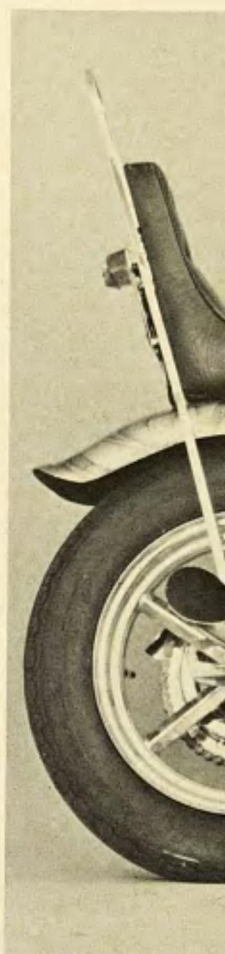
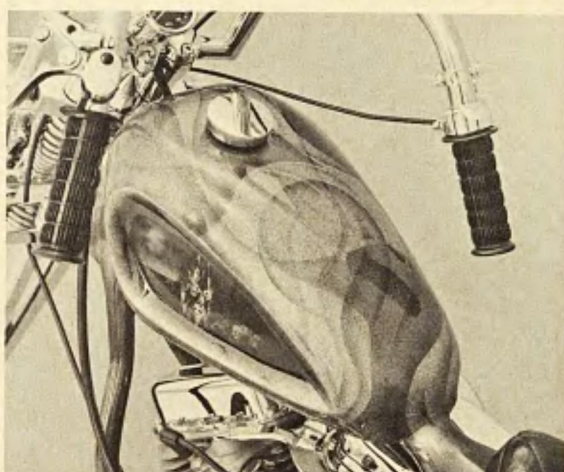
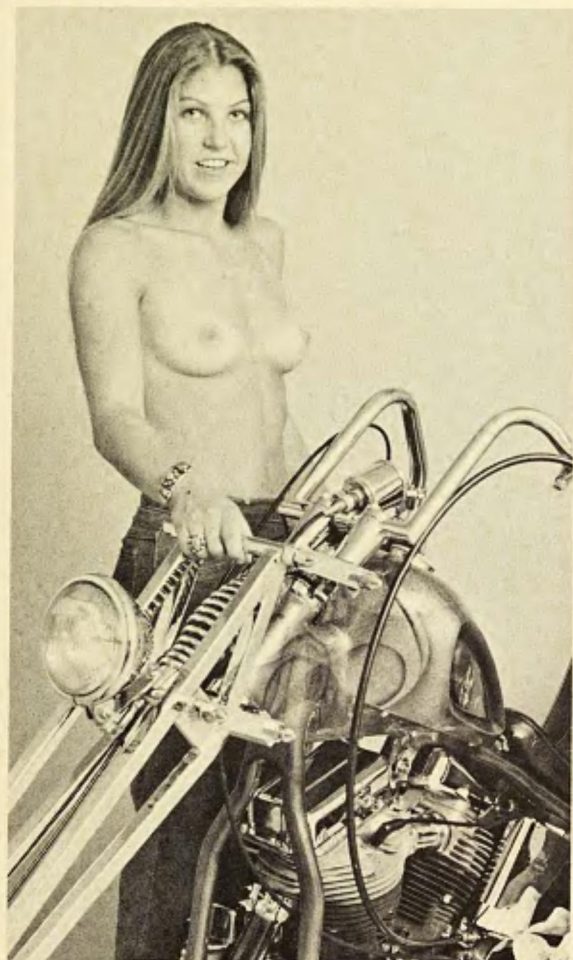
Flashy scooter a long way from home

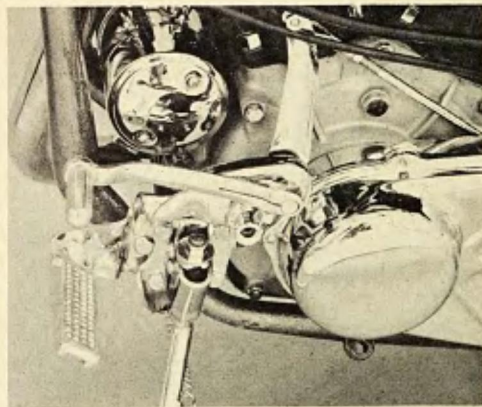
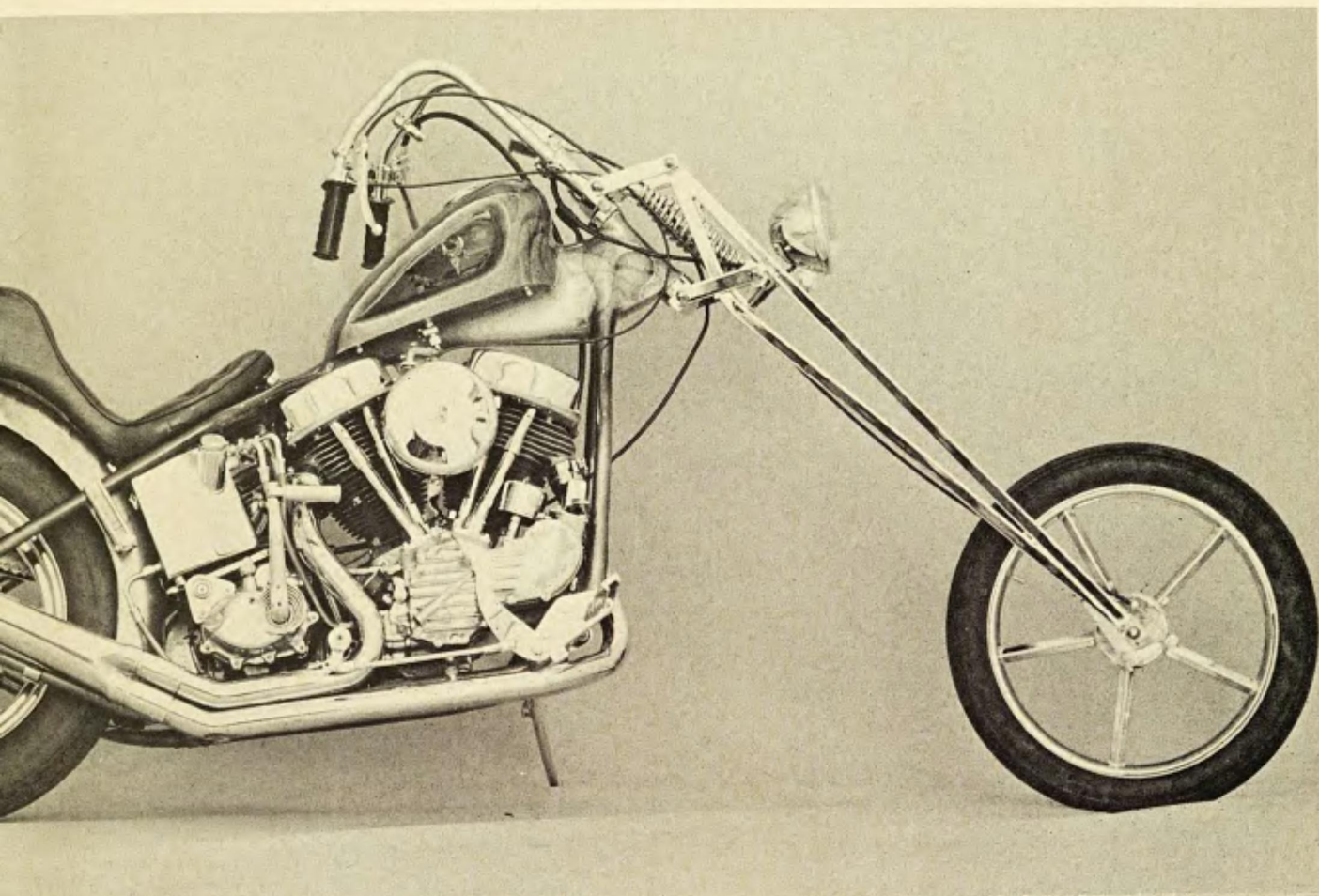


Now here's one of those scooters many of us dedicated freaks look down our beaks at. It looks too flashy and tricked up with gee-gaws—not to mention the altered Sporty tank glued to the frame with bondo. This style of bike seems to draw mixed comments from various bros.

Some would bad-mouth it and say it looks like a Christmas tree adorned with all the latest ornaments. Another negative observation could be that a glistening scooter such as this might never see the city limits or county line.

On the other hand, this style is popu-





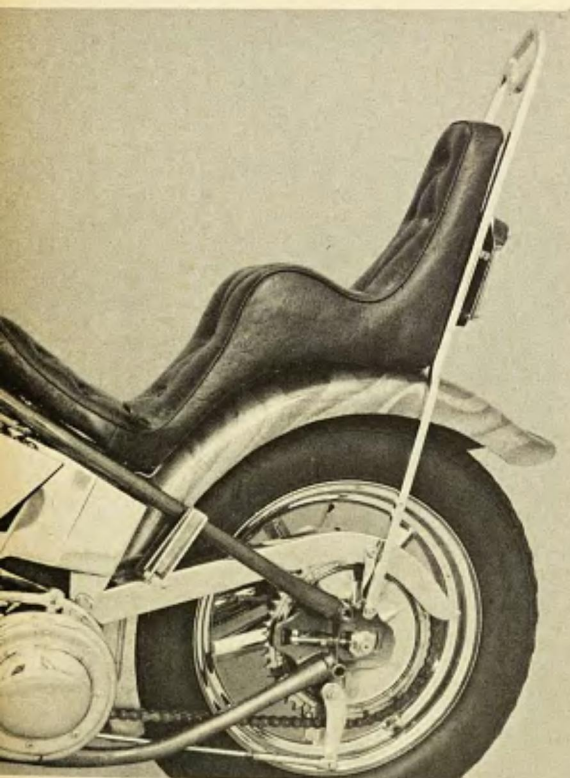
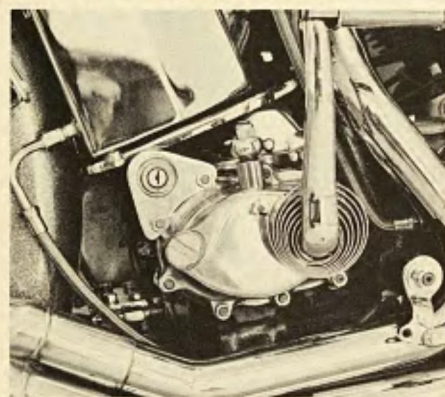
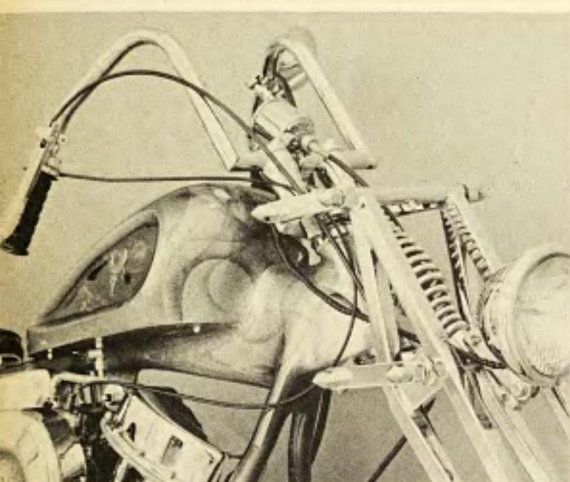
lar with many builders. It's something like the Cadillac of choppers. A seat that could put any ol' lady to sleep. A paint job to dazzle the jaded. And so forth. Whatever more conservative builders might prefer, Mark, the owner, has created his image of a beautiful motorcycle.

But now let's get back to how this bike functions. If you'll notice the chart with the feature, you'll discover that this

pretty motorcycle rolled from a place called Calgary. And Calgary is way off in a place that runs under the name of Alberta, Canada. When we shot the bike Mark was on one leg of his jaunt around the country and hadn't had a problem yet. So flash or no flash, Mark has built himself a bike that sparkles—all the way from Canada and around the U.S.

—Weed

—Continued on next page



Owner: Mark K. Leguee

City: Calgary, Alberta, Canada

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1953

Year and make: 1953 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: 74 Panhead

Type: rigid

Value: \$7,000 Canadian

Rake: 10 degrees

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 4 years

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Valley Metal

Accessories

Engine

Bars: pullbacks

Year: 1953

Risers: 1966 stock

Model: FLH

Fender(s): modified stock

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: battery, coil

Taillight: Lucas

Displacement: 1200cc

Speedo: German

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: Gary Bang

Balancing: original

Rear pegs: Gary Bang

Pistons: FLH

Electrics: owner

Cases: stock

Gas tank: altered Sportster

Heads: stock

Oil tank: Gary Bang

Cam: FLH

Oil systems: stock

Lifters: stock

Primary cover: D&D

Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni

Seat: Accessories Unlimited

Air cleaner: Paughco

Sissy bar: owner

Pipes: Alphabet

Height: 3 1/2 feet

Muffler(s): collector

Material: wrought iron

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: 72 ratchet

Type: girder

Year: 1953

Extension: 15 inches

Shifting: foot

Builder: Durfee

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: none

Trans. sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 17

Size: 16

Molding: owner

Hub: spool

Hub: stock

Painter: Pat Doyle

Rim width: 2.75 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: pearl blue, purple, silver

Tire: 2.75

Tire: 5.00

Type: Endura

Brake: Invader

Brake: stock

Special paint: Murals and 3 colors of metalflake

Well, as everyone must know by now, ol' Mutha vanished last month just as we were goin' to press. At that time, all we knew for certain was that she had been busted. Shortly after we got the news, Spider hopped on his Hog and rode over to the county jail to find out the facts. He took a mini-cassette recorder with him and what follows are a few excerpts from their conversation.

Spider: OK, Mutha—what's the story?

Mutha: Aw, it's a goddam bum rap, man. I got stopped for speedin' and they found some old traffic warrants out on me.

Spider: Unpaid tickets?

Mutha: Yeah, goddamit. I balled the cop that wrote 'em—he said he'd tear 'em up.

Swap Ends

I have this sailor boyfriend. When he comes home on leave, we have such wild sex that he forgets which hole he puts his crank in. As a result of his jumpin' in and out of different holes, he leaves me with a bad case of acute inflammation of the urethra.

Mary W.
Seal Beach, Ca.

● An acute inflammation of the urethra is caused by the bacteria being taken from your back door and dropped off (rubbed off?) on your pee hole. To keep his head straight, tell him to swap ends instead of just pluggin' it in the nearest hole he can find.

Worried Man

My chick and I have just discovered a new sex routine, and I'm wondering if

Fucker double-crossed me.

Spider: What did you pull?

Mutha: Thirty days county time. I jumped bond once a couple of years ago and the damn judge said I needed a lesson. I told him I could do the time standin' on my head.

Spider: So everything's under control, huh?

Mutha: Shit, yeah. But look—here's this month's column. I hadta write it on toilet paper. Kite it outa here for me, will ya? And tell those slavedrivers at the rag to pay me right away—I need a few bucks to score some weed in this dump. Look—I gotta go now.

it's gonna forever end us having normal sex. You see, I started playing with her snatch using the ol' get-'em-hot-with-one-finger action. But slowly I've worked up to four fingers and a thumb—aided with a little lotion. She gets off so much on my hand that I feel she loves it more than my crank. How can a normal crank compete with a fistful of action? I'm worried.

Worried
Phoenix, Ariz.

● Who cares? Go for it with anything handy (I dig cucumbers)—let her live it up

and she'll reward you in turn with a basketful of sex trips. Any hip chick knows how to turn a man on to his favorite trip—and who can do it with more meaning than a completely satisfied chick?

Messy Problem

I get into sex a lot, giving head, licking, and getting fucked. I don't like to be fucked during my period. I know it's healthy and feels good, but it's a mess. I've tried it and don't like it. (The mess, that is.)

Debbie
Irwin, Pa.

● So? If ya don't like ballin' durin your period, have your ol' man earn his red wings.

Reader Advice

To the chick in one of your previous issues who won't swallow her ol' man's cum. Wise up! It's just like M & M's—it melts in your mouth, not in your hand. Once you start likin' it, you'll take it all and suck for more.

Claudine
Pittsburgh, Pa.

● Claudine—will ya watch your mouth—this is a family mag, fer chrissake.

Cold Meat

Do you think a man should worry about the size of his penis? I have never made it with a woman yet—just because I'm ashamed of the possibility of my being ridiculed because of its size. You see, I hang 12 inches cold.

Rod Smith
Chicago, Ill.

● 12 inches cold has a great medicinal effect on the sores in my mouth—please, please call me collect! Maybe we can solve each other's problems.

Dormant Tits

My tits were dormant for years. Nothin' a man could do would ever get me sexed up via touchin' my tits (my clit is just the opposite). But recently I met this dude—he can touch me **anywhere**—even between my toes—and I instantly start dripping in anticipation. What gives—how can one man out of hundreds casually do something no one else could before?

Theresa
Salt Lake City, Utah

● Don't ask—just enjoy.

Ashamed To Be Seen

I'm ashamed to undress in front of my ol' man. We love each other and have absolutely no sex hang-ups. You name it, we do it. But for some reason (even though he has never indicated anything) I have a thing about displaying my body—which isn't like those you see on Charlie's Angels. Concerned Ol' Lady
Buffalo, N. Y.

● If you're in bed where you're supposed to be, you wouldn't have time to watch TV and get brainwashed into thinking something's wrong with ya. Turn off the TV knob and jump on yer ol' man's knob.

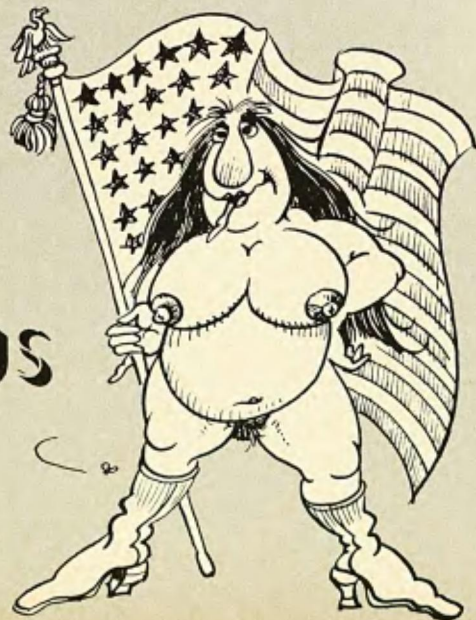
Tattoo Removal

I did a foolish thing. I had my ex-boyfriend's initials (J. C.) tattooed on my left bun. Now I have a new boyfriend. How do I get the tattoo removed?

Judy Cameron
Austin, Texas

● Why remove it? Just tell him you were a Jesus freak one time and had Jesus's initials tattooed on your ass when you were baptized. Whatdafuck?

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. ■

I love women. No matter what shape, size, or color hair — I love them all. I'll light their cigarettes, open their doors, pick up their hankies, and take off their coats for them. Yessir, when some young thing turns her baby blues on me, she gets whatever she wants, no questions asked.

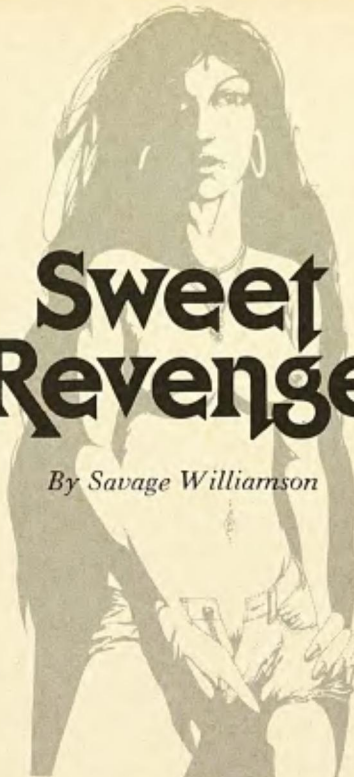
But I can't kiss their asses for them. Like my buddy says, "You can pick your friends and you can pick your nose, but you can't pick your friend's nose." How true, how true.

That's why I'm sitting around with my fat ass in a hospital bed right now — some broads just ain't happy unless you get your nose good and brown for them. Not like this nurse here, the one that washes me up every morning. When I first opened my eyes in this joint about two weeks ago, she whispers to me, sweet as an angel, "Now, now, take it easy, come on, there, relax, you poor thing." So naturally I did, and she smiled so pretty it'd make you cry. A real princess. Every once in a while she'll straighten my pillow for me so I can look down the front of her dress. Smells like roses down there.

That, my friend, is a woman. Loving, considerate, angelic, feminine, and sexy even in her starched hospital whites. Everything that Donna ain't. Oh, yeah, I was going to tell you how Donna landed me in this goddam sickhouse. I guess I got a little hung up on that nurse; well, so what? I'd rather talk about Sweet Thing here than that slut Donna. Okay, okay, so here's what happened . . .

The Toad and I were riding around in town one night, looking for some stray action. We weren't really particular about what kind because it was 41 degrees at the time and besides, where we live, watching the reruns of "Leave It To Beaver" is considered a high time. Anyway, we'd just left the local bar and were thinking about going down to the laundromat to watch the dryers go round and round, when *bam*, we caught a glimpse of somebody on what sounded like a Harley about three blocks away on the main strip. This might not seem like anything spectacular to you, but the way we figured it was that if anybody besides us was riding a scooter when it was about ten degrees above freezing, he had to be ripped on something. And maybe he had *more*.

So we took off after that motorcycle like two flies after horseshit, pulling up next to it in short order



Sweet Revenge

By Savage Williamson

at a red light, the Toad on one side and me on the other. That's when I noticed something strange — this dude had makeup on.

A broad on a pink Sportster.

I never went to college, but I always figured that there were three things women can't do: (1) stand up when they take a leak, (2) write their name in the snow, and (3) ride motorcycles unless they're packing behind an ol' man. And then this Donna bitch comes along on a pink Sporty and fucks with my head.

It didn't seem to faze the Toad much, though; he leaned over and started rapping some bullshit on her, probably some kind of Women's Lib crap that he thought would get him into her pants. Right off I didn't like her, and I *really* could've lived without her when the light turned green — that's when she cut the Toad off by saying, "Hey, if you want to *fuck*, follow me." Then she revved up the Sporty engine (that was painted heat-resistant pink, too) and dumped the clutch, trying to show, I guess, that besides knowing how to fuck, she also knew how to ride a goddam motorcycle.

She almost killed it because she was in second gear when she took off.

Watching her wobble down the street, I heard the Toad say to me, "What say, man? Let's get us some of that poon."

I dropped the trans into first. "You serious, Toad?"

"Hey, come on, I'll even take sloppy seconds."

"You can have it all, man. I don't want any part of her."

"She might have a sister," he suggested. "Jesus, make up your mind; it's *cold* out here."

"All right, all right, let's go." I figured I'd at least be able to swing a joint out of the deal (no pun intended.)

She'd gotten so far ahead of us while we were talking it over that we really had to hook it to catch up. I was kind of hoping she'd duck around a corner and lose us, but the Toad was so horny he wouldn't back off the throttle at all. After about ten minutes of tailing the whore, I started to notice that we were puttin' into the ritzy side of town. It wasn't long before every driveway we passed had a Cadillac or a Lincoln Continental in it. In short, the air stunk like badman's money on that side of town.

The Toad winked at me over his shoulder — he liked the way things were looking.

"Rich bitch," I said to myself as we rolled up the drive of one of these Beverly Hills type homes and killed our irons by the biggest fucking garage I'd ever seen. Donna was unlocking the monster door, and the Toad was right at her side, talking more shit in her ear than a Chinese radio station. She was just smiling away, eating it up like Alpo.

When we pushed the scooters inside, the "garage" turned out to be an enclosed and heated swimming pool. There was a nice-looking gal skinny-dipping in it, and I started to think that I might have a good time after all.

By the time Donna introduced us to her honest-to-God sister, all three of us were naked as jaybirds. The sister called herself Foxy Roxy, and with good reason. She was enough on the plump side to give you something to pinch, but not so heavy that she sagged anywhere — not even her tits, which poked along over the top of the water like fat periscopes when she swam around on her back. Her hair was like spun honey, hanging tight to every curve all the way down to her waist when she climbed out of the pool, dripping sweetness. And she had blue eyes.

Mama mia.

I hadn't even finished my first drink when this Donna bitch started riding my ass. There we were, jacking around the swimming pool in our birthday suits, and that broad comes at me with this kind of shit:

"You know, I can tell by your attitude that you don't like women riding motorcycles."

I tried to let it slide. "Lady, you can do whatever you want."

"But you don't like it, do you?"

"I don't *have* to, do I?"

"When you're in *my* house you do, buster." She said this like someone else would say what time it was.

I gulped down the rest of my scotch and told Foxy Roxy to fix me another. I watched her firm ass sway back and forth as she walked through a sliding glass door into the house, and I wondered how all this would turn out in the end. Just about the time it seemed like Donna was going to keep her mouth shut, she comes at me again.

"Well?"

"Well what?" Stupid bitch *wanted* a fight.

She looked at me like I was incredibly slow. "Do you think women should ride motorcycles? Answer me yes or no."

"No."

"And why not?" I could see the flames of battle flaring in her eyes.

"Because it turns them into obnoxious, nickel-and-dime bitches that don't know when to keep their fucking mouths shut when it comes to things that they don't know a good goddam about. Look, bitch. You can ride that pussy-colored bike up your twat for all I care, but don't be shooting your mouth off like your shit don't stink — that's right, I said *up your twat!*"

This made her a little mad.

I started getting dressed again, and so did the Toad, both of us knowing we should get our asses out of that place before I lost my temper. I was looking for my shirt when her glass bounced off the top of my head. That goddam bitch started throwing everything she could get her hands on at us — ashtrays, towels, chairs — you name it, we were dodging it. The Toad kept yelling at her that she ought to cut it out, but she wouldn't listen.

After I got tired of it (about 15 seconds), I walked over to where she was standing and belted her in the mouth. She fell into the pool and damned near drowned, she was so mad. The way I looked at it, if she wanted to be treated like a man, I'd oblige.

About then, Foxy Roxy came out with my drink and heard Donna hollering at us from the pool. It didn't take long for her to guess what was up. "Hey, you guys," she said,

"you'd better get out of here, because she'll call the police."

Uh oh.

When the police came, all they'd find would be a crazy woman with a fat lip and two oil spots by the pool.

The next day, the Toad and I were doing our usual number on the townfolk, trying to get up some extra scratch. We paint curbs for our gas money; it's easy work. What we do is this: we get all the old cans of paint that we have left over from bike painting or whatever, and we go door-to-door offering to paint the house numbers on the curbs for \$1.50 a house. The paint we use is so raunchy that it flakes off in about two months, so we get a lot of repeat business. The Toad usually digs up his old bamboo cane and limps a lot, while I put one arm in a sling — this is for the sympathy angle. That day was lucky; we got the first house we tried. It was an old bag that opened the door.

"Yes?"

"Hello, miss. Is the lady of the house in?" This tickled her silly, because it'd been about two hundred years since anyone called her "miss."

"I'm the lady of the household," she said.

"Oh, of course. Miss, my friend and myself are painting the house identification numbers on the curbs in this block. For only a dollar and a half, we'd be happy to paint yours."

"Don't I have some already painted?"

"Yes, miss, you do, but you can't even read them anymore. They're wore off pretty bad."

"Well, I really don't think . . ."

"Excuse me, miss, but if you turn us down, we're going to have to go without lunch." She looked at the Toad's cane and felt sorry for us cripples.

"Will you really have to go without lunch?"

The Toad said, "Miss, I already have to wear three T-shirts so my ribs won't stick out." He was making a joke out of it, and she thought that was real brave of him and gave us the job.

We snickered all the way to the curb. I was just breaking out the orange paint when the Toad says, "Hey, the heat's here." I glanced down the street, and there was a patrol car stopped by our bikes at the end of the block. A cop stepped out of the car and called our license plates in on the radio.

"Relax, man. He's just checking, that's all."

He got back in the black-and-white and idled up to where we were squatting by the curb.

"Those motorcycles belong to you two?"

We nodded our heads.

"Get in the car, please."

"Are we charged with anything, officer?"

"Get in the car, please."

We climbed into the back seat of the big Ford without making any sudden moves, wondering what the hell was coming down. It was starting to sink in around this time that last night's acquaintance was somehow behind all this. After all, the law is for the rich, not for a pair of curb-painters. We were told that we were going downtown. We raised a little hell about leaving our bikes behind, but the cop wouldn't cut us any slack. It could've been worse, though; both the Toad and I had alarms on our bikes, and they were chained together with a fairly stout chain and lock. This isn't to say that they were theft-proof — it just could've been worse.

I'm 6'2". Didn't know that until I was in the lineup and looked behind me at the height lines painted on the wall. Except for the Toad, all the other guys on the platform were old winos and scag freaks from the gutters. We stood around picking our noses for a little while, and then a door opened on the far side of the room.

As sure as Hogs leak oil, there was Donna being ushered in by two plainclothesmen. Oddly enough, she didn't look like a Women's Lib fanatic — she was wearing a miniskirt and a conservative blouse with roses printed all over it, not to mention a new pair of panty hose. Bitch.

She looked us all over for a short eternity, then whispered something to the policeman on her left. With a gesture, we were herded into an empty room that was locked from the other side.

Just when the Toad and I had gotten an alibi story down good, the door opened up again and a big Paul Bunyan type cop stepped through. Looking dead-center at my buddy and me, he told everyone that we were free to go, and stay out of trouble.

Hmm. None of this made any real sense until we got back to our scooters. The seat on mine was slashed to

Gettin' Even

Superior Court Judge Elmer Breem-berger's mean little eyes glinted down at me from where he huddled on the bench like an official vulture. I let my shoulders sag and hoped my expression gave the impression I was defeated.

The judge's beady eyes flickered over the bust-sheet under his beaky nose before stabbing down at me again. "Royce Olmstead Hollister, alias Hairbrain Hollister," his cold-steel voice droned, "intercepted on the San Diego Freeway—riding a motorcycle at eighty-seven miles per hour *against* oncoming traffic."

"I didn't hit nobody, yer honor," I said weakly.

The evil little eyes narrowed.

"Last month," he rasped, "it was the same thing on the Harbor Freeway."

"Didn't hit a fuckin' thing that time, either," I mumbled defensively. "Not unless ya wanna count that old bitch in the Volvo who panicked when I zig-zagged—causin' that horrible, twenny-cage wipe-out."

"Watch your language, Hollister."

"Uh—sorry, yer honor."

"And the month before *that*, you were intercepted at excessive speed—riding northward in all three *southbound* lanes of the Hollywood Freeway." He shook his head wearily.

"It's the goddam vodka, Judge," I admitted with a sad grin. "I'm okay as long as I stick to suds or wine, see? But jes' lemme swill a little of that goddam vodka and—"

"You're a hopeless case, Hollister."

Glancing at my lawyer, who was pale and making strange gestures at me, I decided I'd better play this scene cool even though I was pretty fucking sure being called "hopeless" violated my civil rights.

"Yer the judge, yer honor," I muttered.

"Yes, I am," he snapped. "And from now on this court will no longer accept bail where you are concerned, Hollister! Something must be *done* about you! You've become a notable menace."

"I'll—I'll quit usin' that goddam—"

"*Language*, Hollister!" He snarled.

"Aw, shit, I fergot, yer honor!"

"If it please the court," yelled my lawyer, his lardy face contorted weirdly. "May I suggest that my client has an undeniable problem?"

The vicious little eyes and fantastic beak swung around, aimed at my lawyer. "Kindly lower your voice, counsel," hissed the judge. "Problem? Yes, I agree your client has a problem."

"Isn't it obvious, your honor, that Mr. Hollister has consistently exhibited every known symptom of chronic alcoholism? Lardjowls dabbed at his sweaty chins with a hanky. "We plead guilty on all counts and throw ourselves upon the court's mercy in hopes that any rehabilitative measure possible will be employed rather than further incarceration."

The beak dropped its aim to the bust-sheet again, those colorless eyes eating into it. "Well, I must admit that various terms of confinement have been rather ineffective," said the icy voice. "Especially since Hollister, here, has attempted distilling various alcoholic beverages while doing time at a number of county honor farms."

"He's a sick man, your honor," said Fatface with a distinct sob. "He needs help, sir. Badly."

"Tell me about it," crooned the judge blandly.

"He needs to be given protection

from himself—" wept Flablips, dabbing at his dry eyes.

"So do all those freeway commuters," mused the judge, smiling thinly.

"—that he may emerge, recovered and once more a stable, useful member of society!" finished Putty-nose with a dramatically sweeping gesture.

"Hollister," whispered the judge.

"Yeah?" I replied cautiously.

"I'm going to give you an undeserved break with the hope that it'll keep you from appearing in my court again."

"Hell, yes!"

"Hollister!"

"I mean, heck, yes, yer honor."

"You will refrain from operating a motorcycle, you will abstain from all intoxicating beverages," intoned the judge, his mean little eyes biting into mine with a gleeful glittering, "and most important of all, you will attend a weekly meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous without fail—bringing proof of your weekly attendance to a duly appointed probation officer for a period not to exceed one year."

"A whole goddam year?" I gasped.

"Miss just *one* AA meeting, Hollister," he said softly, "or break the other terms of probation and I will sit up nights finding a legal method of removing you from society. Violate probation and you may go down in penal history as the first man who received a lifetime sentence for drunk and disorderly! Do we understand each other, Hollister?"

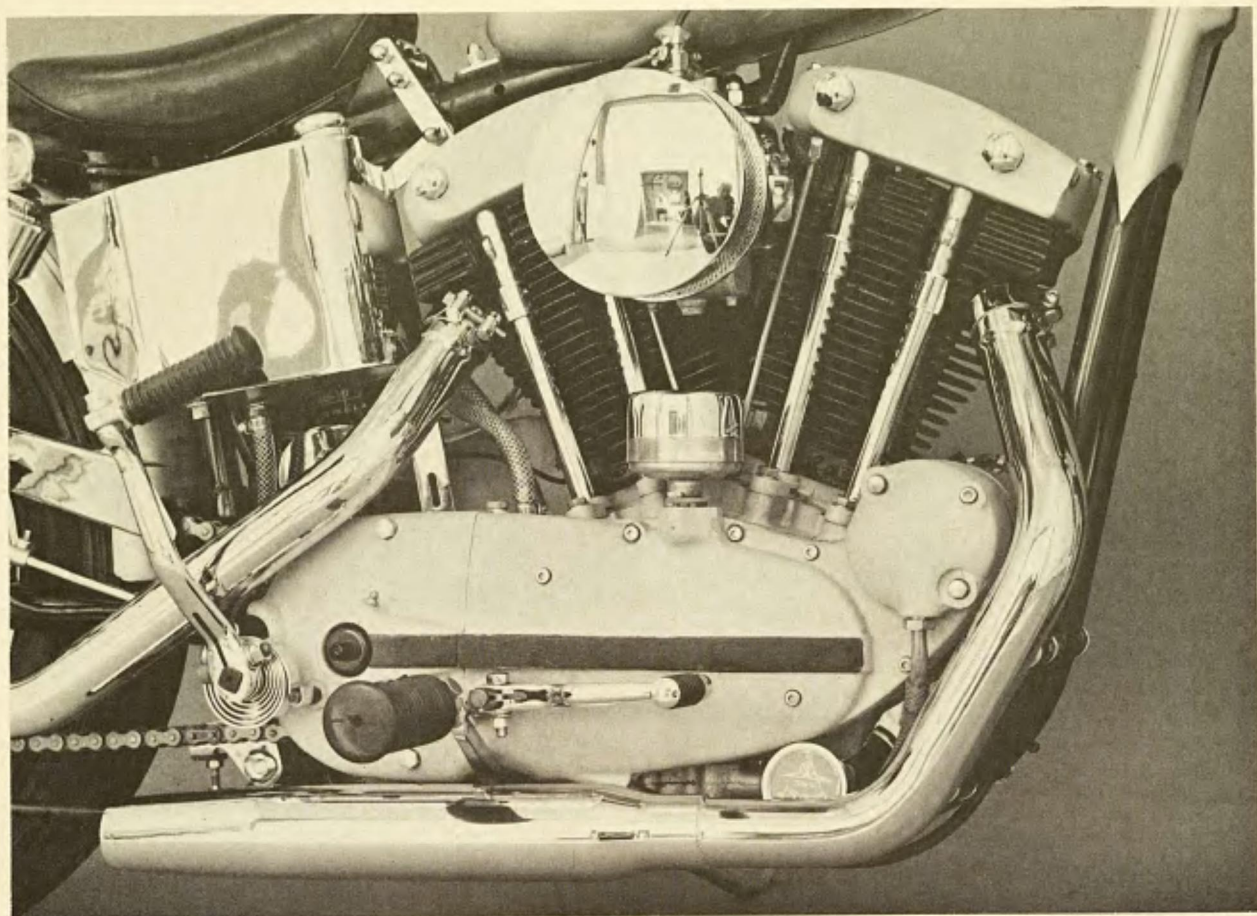
"I dig ya, man," I whispered hoarsely.

Outside the courtroom, Lardass slapped me on the back, chortling noisily. "Well, we coulda done a lot

—Continued on page 90



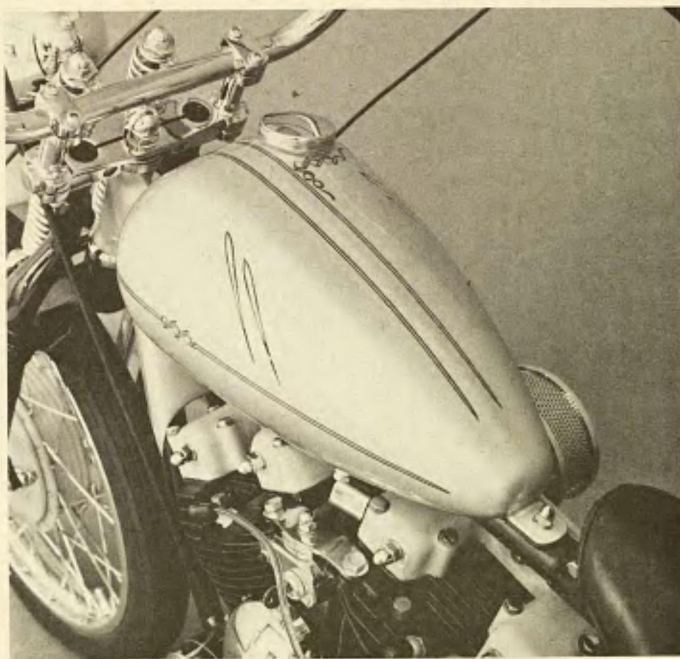




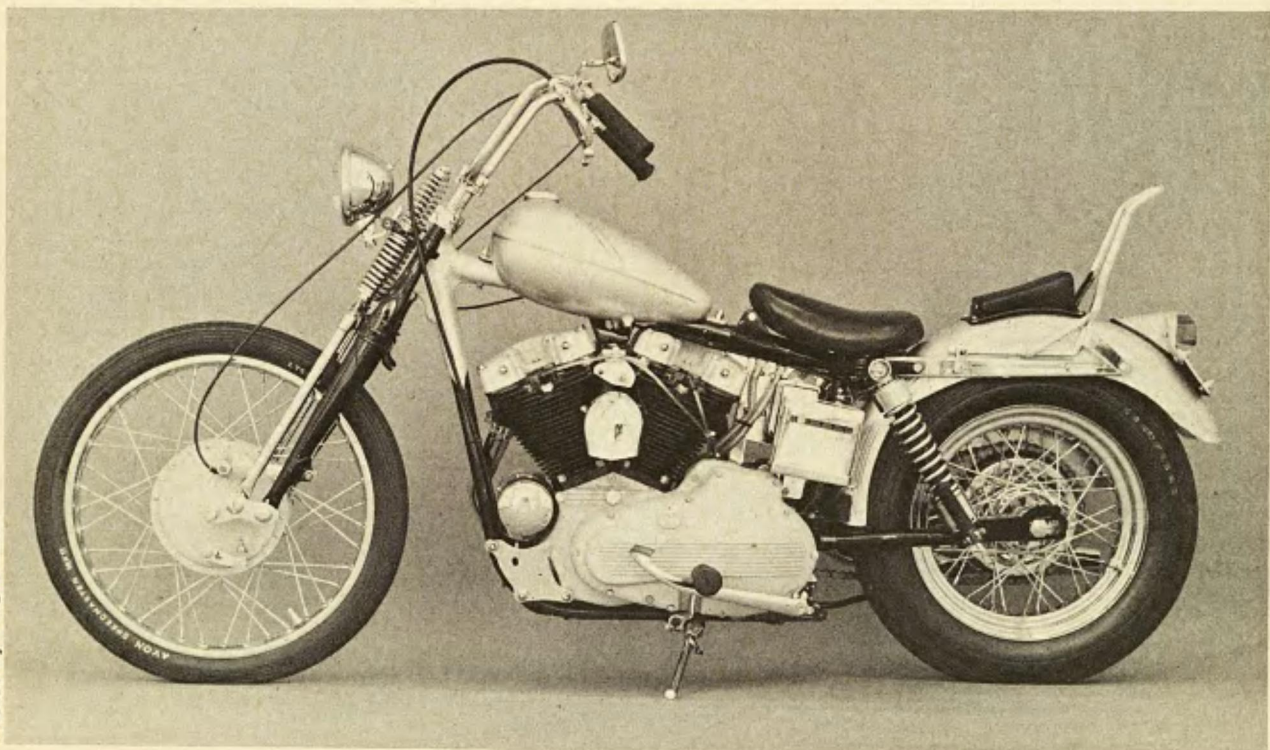
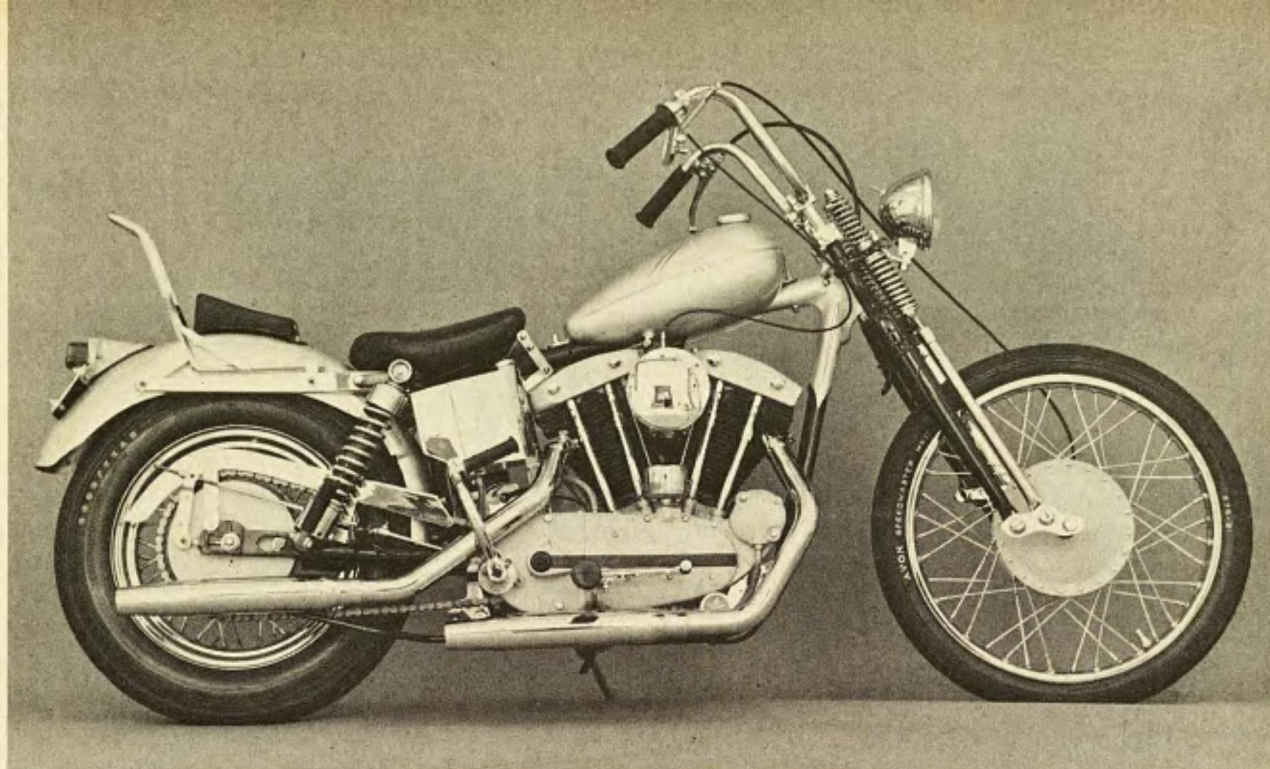
I sorta relate to Gale's trip 'cause I was once there too. Gale owns a shop in central California and occasionally he gets a deal on a basket case. Well, this Sportster came to him in a basket—completely trashed. His original intention was simply to put the damn thing together, get it running, and get off it—he couldn't care less about Sportsters.

One part led to another, one chromed piece merged with another, and before the man was aware of what he was creating, the bastard was finished. And it wasn't merely slapped together with an extended front end and a flashy gas tank—the dude created a bike reminiscent of what many people consider a classic Sportster—a clean, traditional fucker.

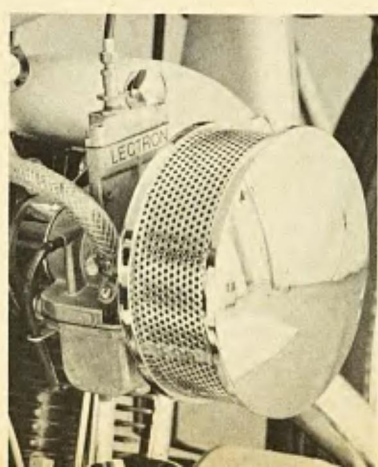
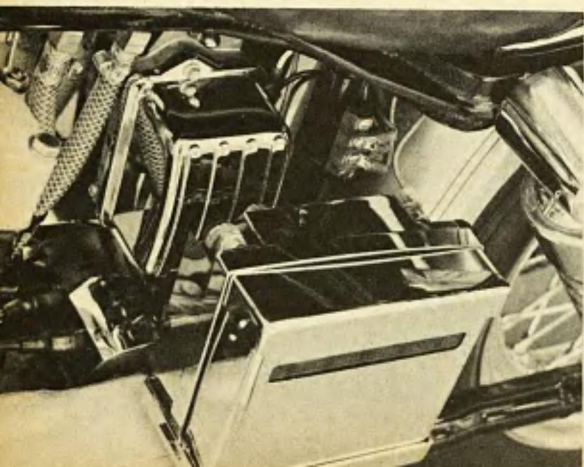
Well, that doesn't have much to do with the story. But the builder finished his new toy and began to ride it. However, Gale is over six feet six inches and

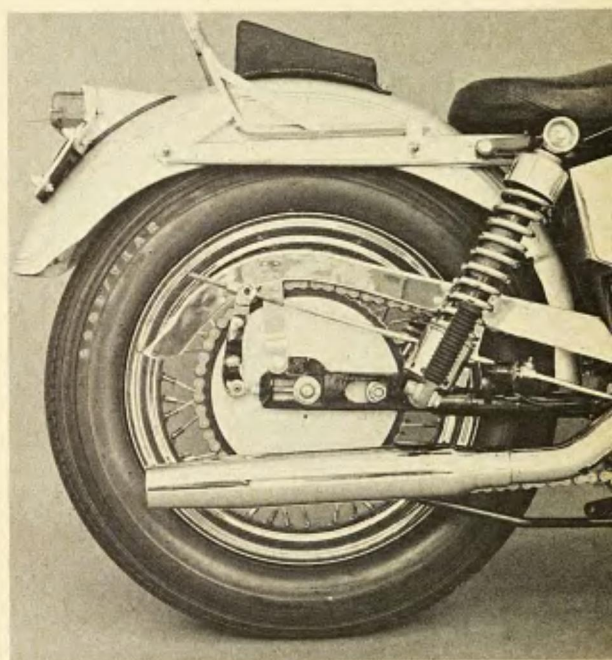
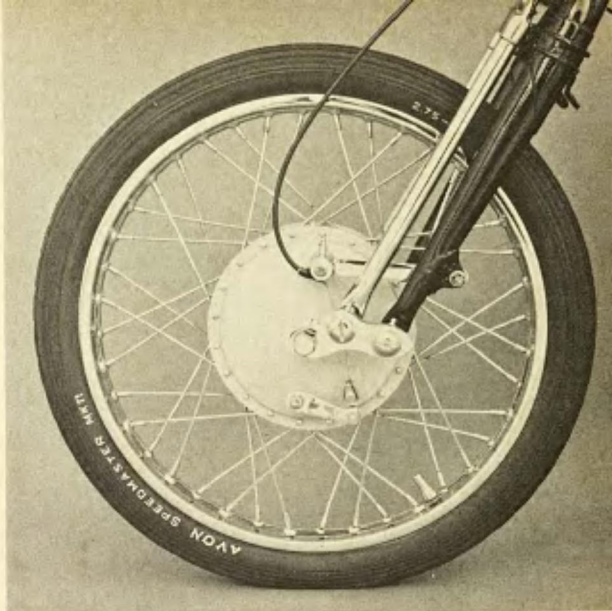
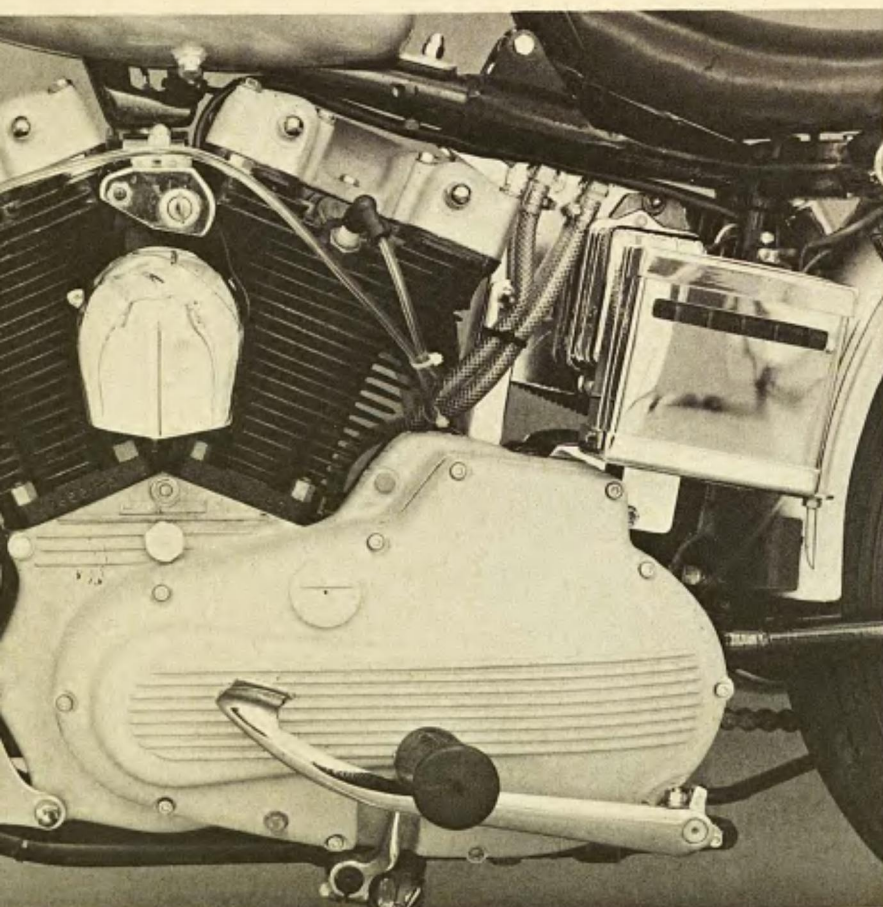
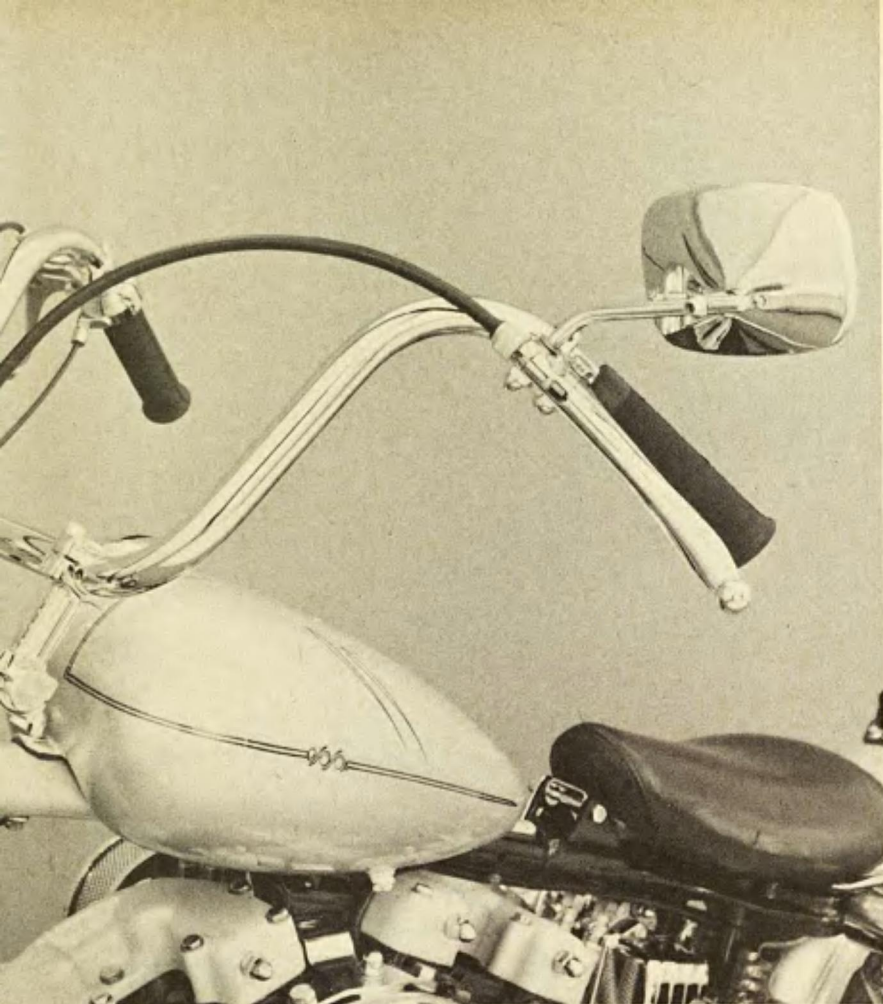


CLASSIC SPORTY



Photos by Pete Chiodo



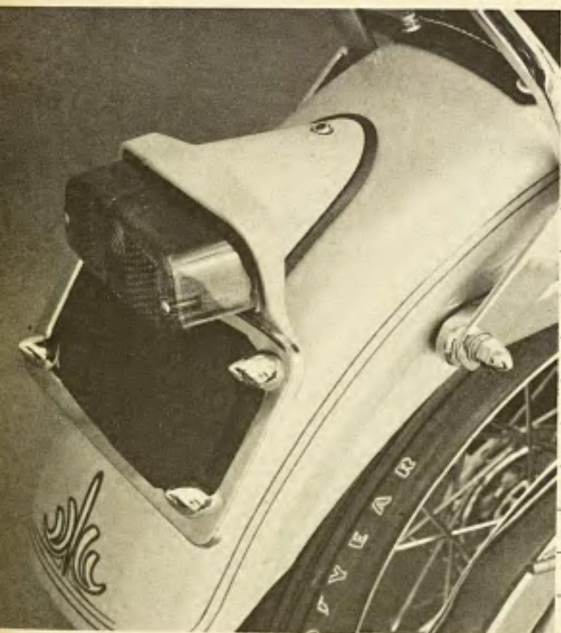
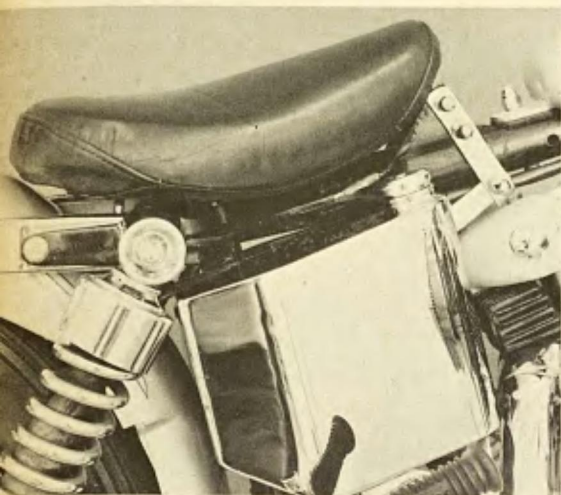


weighs close to 230. He's bigger than yours fucking truly (6'5", 235). And once the shovel freak was shown a glossy photo of himself astride the classy Sporty, his taste for bikes returned to the V-twin size closer to fitting his bulky bod. Although the Sporty performed all right, when he flashed on his tall-drink-of-water frame dangling over the seemingly shrunken V-twin, he snapped.

Ya know, for a not-so-stretched dude that Sporty would still be a classic. But for us freaks of nature even some Harleys can be small. And to think my first H-D was an XLCH.

—Ducken Dorways

—Continued on next page



Owner: Galen Olsen

City: Visalia, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: BJ M/C Parts

Year: 1968

Year and make: 1968 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: XLH

Type: swing arm

Value: \$3,500

Rake: stock

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 6 months

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Valley Chrome

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Paughco

Year: 1968

Risers: 4-inch

Model: XLH

Fender(s): stock

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: Gary Bang

Ignition: dist.-coil

Taillight: Lucas

Displacement: 900cc

Speedo: none

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: stock

Balancing: H-D

Rear pegs: stock

Pistons: std. Gary Bang

Electrics: 12v.

Cases: blasted

Gas tank: Paughco

Heads: big valves

Oil tank: Paughco

Cam: stock

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solid

Primary cover: stock

Carb(s): Lectron 36mm

Seat: solo

Air cleaner: Dragtron

Sissy bar: Gary Bang

Pipes: Santee

Height: 12 inches

Muffler(s): Sporty

Material: hex

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: springer

Year: 1976

Extension: none

Shifting: 4-speed

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: stock

Special features: chrome

Trans sprocket: 21

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: owner

Hub: H-D

Hub: H-D

Painter: owner

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Rim width: 4 in.

Color: silver pearl

Tire: Avon

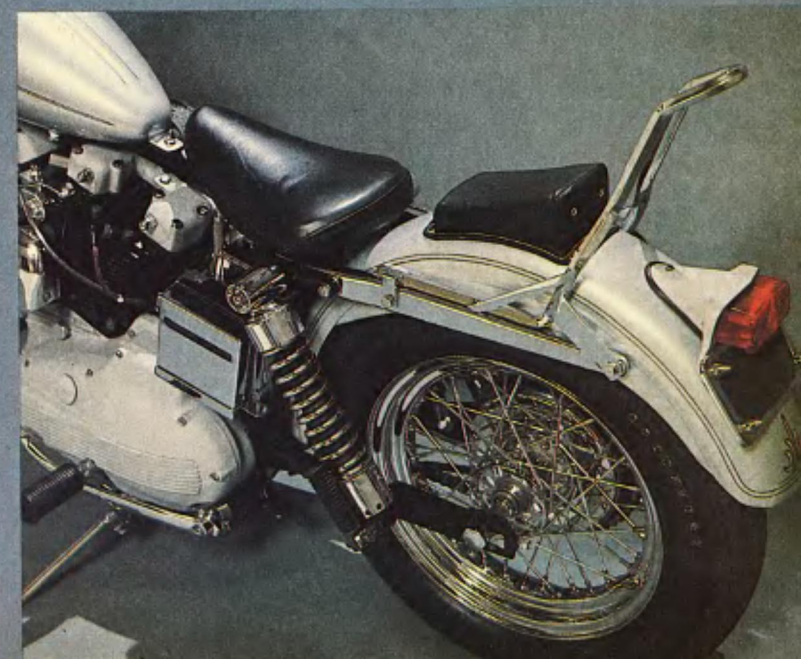
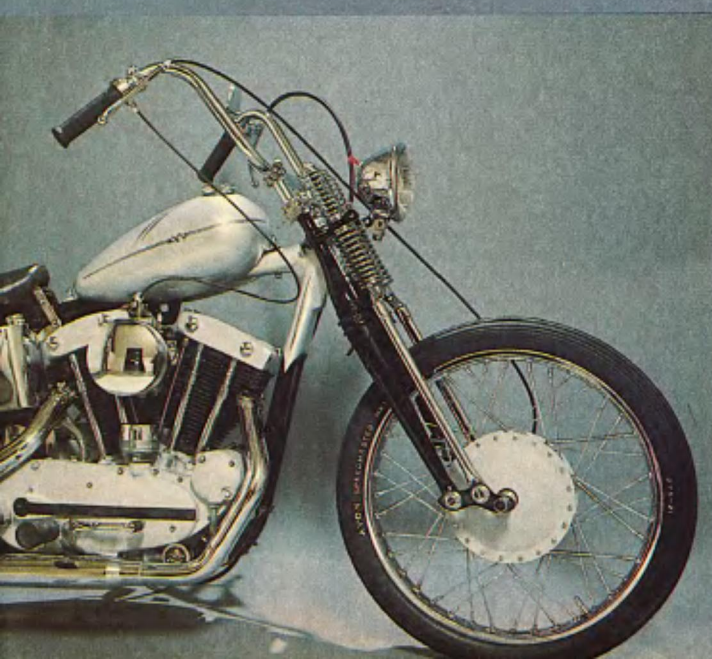
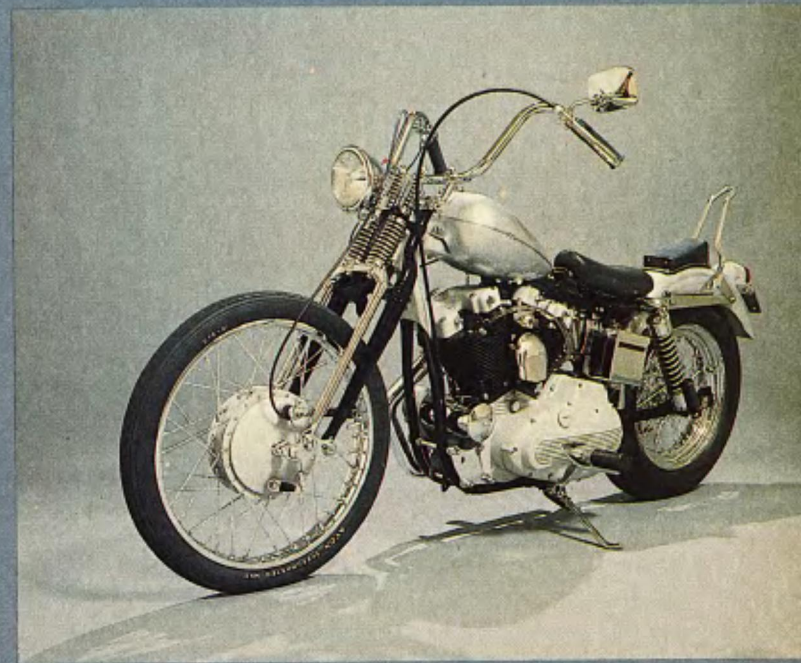
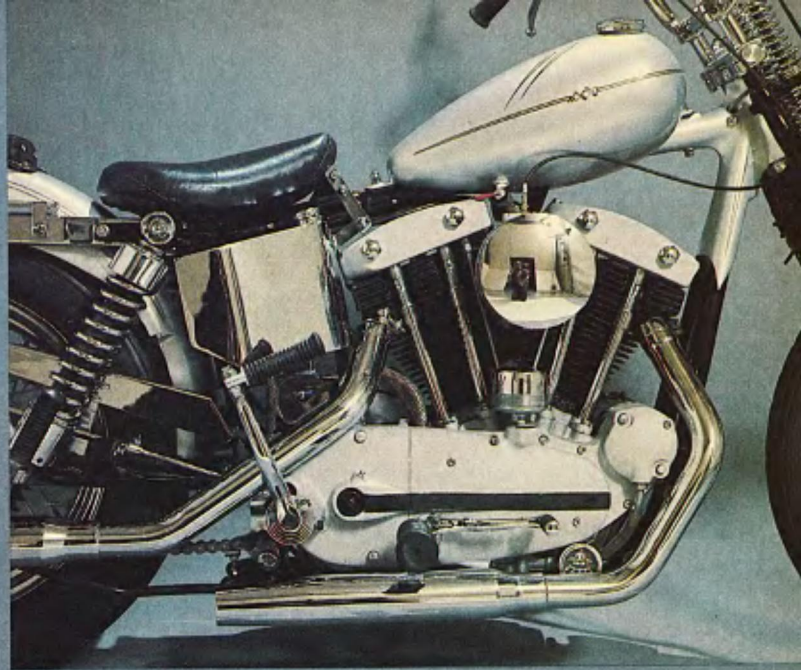
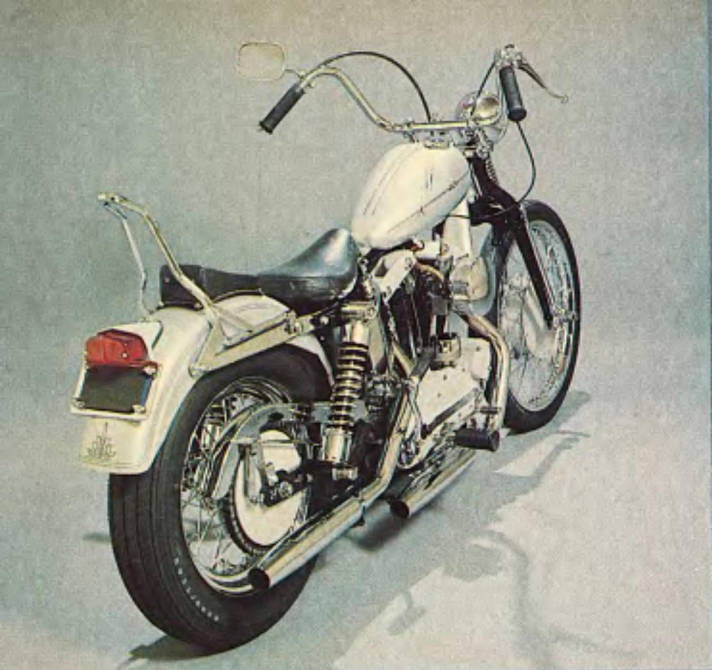
Tire: Goodyear

Type: lacquer/Imron

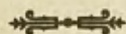
Brake: H-D

Brake: 1968 H-D

Special paint: by Ruben



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 mail-
ing tube.)

Printing quality will be
even better than paint-
ings as they appeared in
Easyriders, for posters
are custom printed spe-
cifically 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 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11

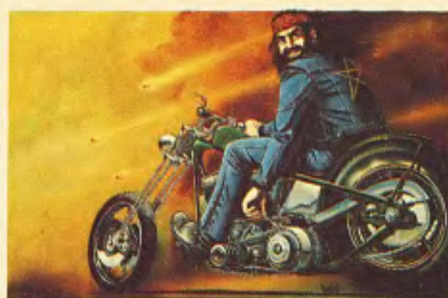
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6% sales tax



M-10



M-9



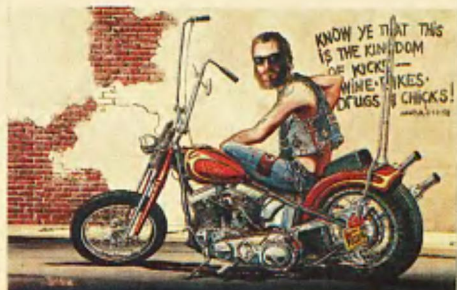
M-7



M-1



M-3



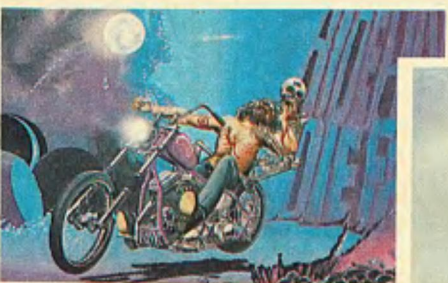
M-6



M-2



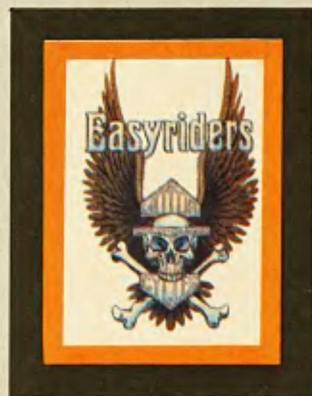
M-4



M-5



M-8



M-11



Dedicated to Freedom of the Road

Researchers Link Alcohol And Motorcycle Crashes

"Impairment by alcohol may well be the most important human factor contributing to fatal motorcycle crashes," according to two researchers who studied blood alcohol concentrations in fatally injured motorcycle riders.

The two researchers, Susan Baker and Russell Fisher, M.D., examined the medical records of 103 individuals who died in 99 motorcycle crashes from January 1973 through June of 1975 in Maryland. Of these fatalities, 91 were drivers and 12 were passengers.

Blood alcohol concentrations were determined for 62 of the drivers. Sixty-six percent of these cyclists had measurable amounts of alcohol in their blood and 50 percent had blood alcohol concentrations of 0.10 percent or more—the legal level of intoxication/impairment in most jurisdictions.

Examining the records of the crashes, Baker and Fisher found that police identified only nine of these drivers as having been drinking. The researchers said that police failure to recognize impaired cyclists may help account for the fact that alcohol has not been recognized as a major cause of motorcycle crashes.

—from the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety

individual consumers on a particular rulemaking.

Rulemaking begins with a proposal—either to create a new rule or change a current rule. Although not required by law, NHTSA begins much of its rulemaking by inviting public comment on an "Advance Notice of Proposed Rulemaking" (ANPRM). This notice announces the agency's intention to establish a rule, but generally does not propose the details of the rule.

After receiving comments on an ANPRM, the agency may decide to terminate the rulemaking or proceed to the next rulemaking step, the publishing of a formal "Notice of Proposed Rulemaking" (NPRM) containing the details of the proposed rule. The NPRM also notes the future date on which a proposed rule is expected to become effective. Once again, the public is invited to comment on the proposal. The agency always assigns deadlines for these comments but will, "to the extent possible," also consider comments submitted after the deadline.

After reviewing the comments, the agency may decide to terminate the rulemaking or may issue a rule as proposed or with minor changes that do not strengthen the original proposal. If the agency feels that major changes are necessary, it will issue a new proposal and again invite public comment.

Within 30 days after a rule is published, any individual or organization can ask NHTSA to reconsider its rule by filing a "petition for reconsideration." Generally within 120 days, NHTSA will either deny the petition, grant the changes requested in the petition, or issue a proposal that incorporates the requested change and invite public comment.

Individuals or organizations can also challenge a rule by suing the agency. Such suits must be filed within 60 days of the final agency action. A federal court then must rule on the challenge.

Individuals and organizations can also petition to initiate rulemaking. NHTSA is required to consider all such "petitions for rulemaking," and either grant or deny the petitions within 120 days.

—from the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety

State by State News

Wisconsin: Bros beware! Sen. Flynn, 8th Senate district, recently introduced SB 425, which would call for periodic vehicle inspections on cars, trucks, and motorcycles. Although it may seem reasonable to some, this bill would make it easier for police to hassle you every time you go out for a ride. In most cases, the officers' personal discretion is used in determining the safety of a vehicle. You can guess what is going to happen to your extended front

ends if this passes. Next will come legislation on handlebars, lights, footpegs, tires, etc. Write your senator today and tell him of your outrage.

Utah: A biker in Orem offers the following advice to his traveling bros:

"A few weeks ago, we made a trip to St. George to meet some friends from California to have a get-down, good time. We gathered quite a collection of speeding tickets and an undeserved amount of breakdowns, but made it to our destination, three sheets to the wind and in one piece.

Our bros and their old ladies were long past due, when we heard the good news. Nevada's finest had pulled our friends over, because they were missing their most sacred item of rider's gear—the helmet.

The existing skid lid law in Nevada was no news to them, and fair and square they got caught. These heavy criminals were tired and only wanted to sign on the line, take the ticket, and split. The man had a different idea and apparently nothing but time on his hands. He held these folks in the 110° heat and sun for several hours, waiting for them to magically produce a helmet before he'd let them go.

The list of traffic violations runs from parking, speeding, reckless and drunk driving, etc. For the vast majority of these violations, one is handed a ticket and freedom of the road. Even in accident cases involving personal injury, the guilty party usually rides off until court time. Yet, if you're moving down the road on a Harley and forget your helmet, your rights can be violated by unlawful holding, without arrest or probable cause for detention.

So, if you plan a trip to Nevada, wear a brain bucket, or bring a sun-bonnet, 'cause the man has lots of tax-paid time to hold a biker for nothin', so the murderers and hard core criminals can float on by."

Maryland: So, the helmet repeal was defeated in 1977. What are you going to do now? Give up? Maryland bikers don't have to wait another 2 or 3 years to start your fight again. You can rip right into them again in '78. With 3 versions of the bill going, one has to make it, right? Right, but only if ALL of you bikers write your legislators. The ones to deluge are the Baltimore City and County legislators. They're the ones who held up your freedom. Don't let them do it again.

Indiana: The Environmental Protection Agency has announced that emissions from motorcycles built after Jan. 1, 1978, must be reduced by at least 1/3. The standards require average reductions of 34% in hydrocarbons and 36% in carbon monoxide for all new motorcycles sold in the U.S. next year. The standards call for

NHTSA Rulemaking Steps

Like most federal agencies, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration must follow certain procedures in its rulemaking process. All of the official steps must be published in the Federal Register.

Each of these Federal Register rulemaking notices contains the "docket" number for the rulemaking. A "docket" is the NHTSA file containing all of the comments submitted by interested parties, such as auto makers, insurers, federal and state agencies, legislators, consumer groups and



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.

Join the World's Only Organization for Street Bikers!

You can take a giant step toward protecting your rights and personal freedom. You can stand up and shout that you've had too many anti-bike laws. You can demand that the lawmakers stop the enactment of discriminatory laws passed "for our own good." Each of us has this power through our individual right to vote. But each of our

voices, joined together in the ABATE organization, forms a unified loud cry that politicians can't ignore. We have the power to be heard. We have the weight and the strength behind us. Join us in our fight for freedom of the road. Join us in making all legislators let those who ride decide. Join your brothers in ABATE. Join now!



ABATE

**Join
Today!**

P.O. Box 413
Malibu, Calif. 90265

- ☐ Here's my \$10 contribution for a year's membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card and decal. I understand that **Easyriders** will publish all information regarding legislation that affects me as a biker and will publish current bulletins for the ABATE chapter in my area.

Name _____

Age _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Comments _____

further emission reductions by Jan. 1, 1980, to cut hydrocarbons by 54% and carbon monoxide by 49%, the EPA said. No motorcycles are now subject to emission control.

Ohio: ABATE of Ohio wishes to express its thanks to all of you who have joined in to make this organization a strong one and to those bikers who have pitched in to help in the fight for freedom of the road. Keep up the good work and keep on writing. The fight has just begun. Only you can win this helmet repeal. Don't kick back now; you're almost there.

New York: Congratulations to ABATE of New York and all you bikers who joined in on the Auburn helmet law protest. The turnout was good and the radio and press coverage helped. Keep this up, along with the letter writing, etc. and your helmet repeal bill will soon be law.

New Jersey: ABATE of New Jersey has announced that they're getting ready to take on the law stating that the only legal bike is a

stocker. No frame or suspension mods would be allowed. The fight for helmet repeal and for legal modifications can be won only with your support.

Montana: ABATE of Montana extends its thanks to all of you who wrote, and called your legislators and all those who offered their support of passage of House Bill 206. This bill, removing the mandatory helmet law for bikers 18 years or older, was signed into law March 19, 1977. Congratulations to all Montana bikers.

Great Britain: A triumphant rally was held as 3,000 bikers poured into London on July 17th to demonstrate their feelings on the mandatory helmet law. The protest was staged by the Motorcycle Action Group (MAG) and was the biggest ever held in Britain. Congratulations on your rally and good luck in your fight to ride free.

Canada: For all you bikers in Canada, we now have a chapter in New Brunswick. Support it. ■

THE TRASH CAN

By Chicago Ed

Bury Bikes By Specifications?

Here are some good reasons for you to join and support Abate. Listen to a two-stroke put-put by. Sounds like your mother's sewing machine doesn't it? Well, ya know, they ain't doin' nothin' but complying with bureaucratic regulations—and you ain't. So you may be hassled once or twice and you argued your way out sometimes, huh? But mostly you ride and make that good Harley sound. And we don't do much about the stupid noise and emission regulations because right now it doesn't bother us too much. But listen. Those dudes in Washington offices don't have anything to do but write and revise and write more regulation. They already have written regs that autos can't reasonably meet. But bikes don't have a ton of metal and a lined hood and a water jacket to muffle sound. The only thing saving us now on noise and emission is the fact that there isn't an enforcement drive—yet. But the regs are there, including specifying that the dealer and you can't modify or replace a stock muffler—not even drill one little hole in it. But we still do, and we can still buy a good pipe. But not for long.

Bikes must meet the same regs as cars. How come? Bikes aren't cars. They are simple, open, free. Trucks are not cars and trucks have a higher limit set for them. The newest emission levels on

autos when applied to bikes is just low enough to cause two-stroke scoots to be effectively banned. Those dudes in Washington knew better than simply to say, let's start out by banning two-stroke bikes. They don't even mention them. They just set a limit too low to meet. So the manufacturers stop making them. This is step one. The precedent has been set to kill a class of bikes by regulating them out of existence. And we do nothing. If we wait until they set a limit our four-stroke bikes can't meet, it'll be too late. They'll say, hey man, we didn't ban your bike—just make it conform to the specs, that's all. And cops will all have muffler sniffers and db units and not one bike will meet the specs! Big bike freaks don't mind the passing of two-strokes. But think of it as step one—and then the inevitable step two, which may be only an enforcement of present specs. That'll put your Harley right on the endangered species list. And step three? Well, anything—including four wheels for your safety.

A million biker letters ought to be written to congressmen—but they won't be. The howls of rage from bikers will come only when it's their bikes the man writes off by means of impossible specs. There is a way to stop all this harassment in one difficult step. The proposal will be given here in a month or two. But success will require that ABATE be strong in every state. ■

DEPT. OF TRANSPORTATION FUNNIES

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO DISTURB ME WHILE I'M BUSY!

DIVISION OF MOTORCYCLE SAFETY

BUT BOSS, THE BOYS DOWNSTAIRS FINISHED WORKING ON THE MOTORCYCLE...

WELL, WHY DIDNT YOU SAY SO... LETS GO TAKE A LOOK!

SURE BOSS...



WELL BOSS, THATS IT, JUST LIKE YOU WANTED IT.

THERES THE SEATBELT/IGNITION INTERLOCK, THE TOTAL ROLLBAR PROTECTION, THOSE EXTRA LARGE TURN SIGNALS AND TAIL LIGHT, AN AUTOMATIC TRANNY, TRUCK SIZE REAR V MIRRORS, AND MY PRIDE AND JOY... THE AIR BAGS AND BUMPER TRIGGERS... GOD! THATS BEAUTIFUL!

WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ALL THIS NEAT SHIT MADE MANDATORY WITHIN THE NEXT TEN YEARS OR SO...

TEN YEARS? WE COULD HAVE THIS ALL LEGISLATED WITHIN A YEAR OR SO!

WHATS WRONG WITH YOU? DONT YOU BELEIVE IN JOB SECURITY?

YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT MOST OF GOVERNMENT WORK IS MAKING WORK!

JUST CONSIDER OUR EFFORTS AS A SMALL, BUT VITAL PART IN THE BATTLE AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT...

... BESIDES, THIS JOB BEATS THE HELL OUT OF WORKING FOR A LIVING!

Das Vult

A biker and his ol' lady were parked beside the road, watching a movie being made in the country.

The director suddenly got a brilliant idea for a fight scene.

He said to the leading man, "You see that biker and his girl? Go over and insult her, then when the dude starts fighting with you we'll get some real action shots."

The husky actor walked over to the biker and asked, "Is that cunt your ol' lady?"

"Fuckin' right, bro," the biker replied.

"Well," the actor said, "she's the ugliest bitch I've ever seen."

The biker turned to his ol' lady and said, "See, what did I tell ya?"

—Joe Larson
Lansing, Mich.

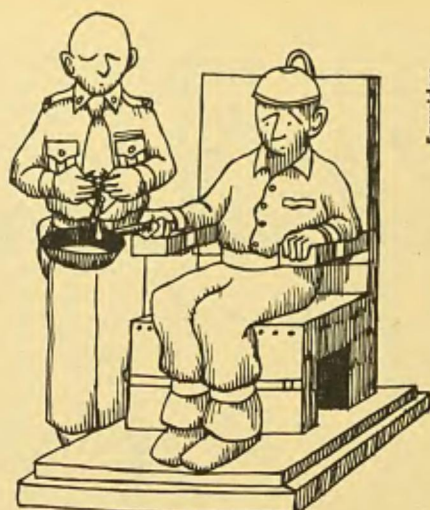
The biker ran a red light and was pulled over by a cop.

"Didn't you see that red light?" the cop asked.

"Fuck no, man. I didn't even see the house."

—Ben Dewberry
Tupelo, Miss.

I Was a Teen-age Space Filler!



Easyriders

The biker ran into his ex-ol' lady in a bar.

"How about a piece of ass for old times' sake," he asked.

"Over my dead body!"

"I see you haven't changed."

—Wayne Marcus
El Paso, Tex.

The secretary went in to her boss one morning and announced,

"I've found a new position."

"Good," he said. "Pull down the shade."

—Bill Turner
New Orleans, La.

"I don't know which is worse," the chick said, "having a baby or having a tooth pulled."

"Make up your mind, lady," the dentist said. "I've got to know which way to tilt this chair."

—Red Mange
St. Louis, Mo.



Easyriders

"I said jackets off!"

Two bros were returning home late one night after partying at the clubhouse, and one said, "Man, I hate goin' home late an' fucked up. My ol' lady always wakes up an' nags the shit outta me till we get in a big fight an' I gotta punch her lights out."

"You got the wrong system," the other said. "I always go home, slam the door, stomp my feet, tear off my clothes an' holler, 'Okay, baby, let's fuck.' She always pretends to be asleep."

—Jim Dixon
Little Rock, Ark.

A biker chick approached the pearly gates and spoke to Saint Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of Smiths here. You'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those, too. You'll have to identify him."

"Well, when he died he said that if I was ever untrue to him and fucked his bros he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel' Smith."

—Roger Kleps
Boulder, Colo.



Easyriders

"Gee, honey—I didn't know you liked stove-top stuffing!"



Easyriders

"Your mother? Well, for one thing she looked a lot like ewe."

The fag paced up and down, occasionally looking out the window. The sweet one's roommate had been gone for three days.

Finally, twirling his bikini shorts on one finger, the missing queer returned home.

"Where have you been, you bitch?" the first fag asked.

"Oh, I met this simply darling movie director, and he spent three days holding me prisoner in his mountain cabin, begging me to accept a role in his new flick."

"I suppose you accepted," the other said petulantly.

"Accepted? Hah! I laughed right in his balls."

—Jack Simmons
Memphis, Tenn.



**"Oh shit!
You didn't want that, did you?"**

The woman was complaining to the doctor because her husband was too old to fuck any more. The doctor gave her some pills to stimulate the old man's sexual desires, and she left.

A week later she returned and said, "Doctor, those pills were great. For four days in a row we fucked day and night."

"That certainly was an improvement," the doc agreed.

She replied, "Oh, yes! And just yesterday he did it three times before he died."

—Blackie Butte, Mont.

The male dinosaur had been dating a female dinosaur for two thousand years and finally asked for a kiss.

She agreed.

Four thousand years later he asked if he could have a little feel, so she let him.

Three thousand years later he said, "Look, honey, we've been going together for nine thousand years. How about a fuck?"

"Oh, I can't," she apologized. "I'm having my decade."

—John Custer
Baltimore, Md.

Bad Bob was helping his rug rat fly a kite in the yard but was having trouble getting it to stay in the air.

"Bob," his ol' lady called from the house, "you need more tail."

"I wish you'd make up your mind," he answered. "Last night you told me to go fly a kite!"

—Crank
New York, N.Y.



**"My dad can out-drink, out-screw,
and beat the shit outta yer dad!"**

A dude walked into a bar where some outlaws were shooting craps and put down a \$100 bet. He shook the dice, and as he threw them a third die fell out of his sleeve.

Big Jack was calm. He handed the dude two of the dice, pocketed the third, and said, "Okay, roll 'em. Your point's fifteen."

—Richard Patten
Albuquerque, N.M.

As the monster flick was about to begin, the girl began wriggling in her seat. The dude behind her leaned forward and whispered, "Are you feeling hysterical?"

"No," she replied. "He's feeling mine."

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.



**"Hell no, I can't describe the guy who made me
commit an unnatural sex act! I was sitting on his face!"**



"You got a box I can put this in?"

The square couple was eating breakfast after a wild all-night party held in their apartment.

"Dear, this is rather embarrassing," said the husband, "but was it you I made love to in the den last night?"

His wife looked at him reflectively, and then asked, "About what time?"

—Rocky Fistula
Portland, Ore.

Two biker chicks were having a conversation, and one said, "I don't see what fun you and your ol' man have goin' out and gettin' drunk every Saturday night."

The other replied, "Well, every time he gets drunk, he thinks I'm someone else, an' he fucks my ass off on the way home."

—Joan Snow
Billings, Mont.

The old man stood at the gate of the cemetery and cried. A passerby stopped to comfort him.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

"My daughter's layin' there," the old man explained. "Sometimes I wish she was dead."

—Ron Peters
Los Angeles, Calif.

A man owned a male parrot, and the bird became despondent. The owner deduced that the bird was lonely for female companionship, so he went to a pet shop, where, for fifty dollars, he bought a female parrot.

He no sooner put the female in with the male than the latter began pulling all of her feathers out.

"What are you doing?" squawked the female.

"Listen, baby," the male parrot answered. "For fifty bucks I want you naked!"

—Steve Ridgeway
Caanan, N.H.



"They oughta change it to Easyrisers."

Legal news in
everyday language

Search and Seizure

As you ride the roads on your motorcycle or in your car, how safe are you from search by the police of your person or your vehicle? One thing we can say is that you are safer in California than you are in many states, because the California Supreme Court has held that California citizens are entitled to greater protection under the California constitution against unreasonable searches and seizures than that required by the United States Constitution. 531 Pac. 2d 1099. Hawaii has expressed the same view with respect to its citizens. This is unusual. 520 Pac. 2d 51.

This whole subject of search incident to arrest has been considered by many state and federal courts, the vast majority of which have held that, except in special circumstances, a public officer has no right to conduct a full search of the person incident to a lawful arrest for a violation of a motor vehicle regulation. For example, in Wisconsin (130 N.W. 2d 264), police officers stopped a car for a brakelight violation. Rather than simply issue a citation, the officer placed the driver under arrest. A full search of the driver's person was then conducted, including shining a flashlight into his overcoat pocket, disclosing a small quantity of marijuana and a package of cigarette papers. The Supreme Court of Wisconsin held that the search of the driver's pocket was unreasonable. While expressly holding that where a traffic offender is actually arrested, as distinguished from being given a summons, it is reasonable for the arresting officer to search his person for weapons, the court nevertheless held that it was unreasonable to look inside the driver's overcoat pocket with a flashlight.

In Minnesota (190 N.W. 2d 631), police officers stopped a car which had a defective taillight and which made an illegal right turn. One of the officers reached into the driver's pocket and discovered a stash of marijuana. The Minnesota court held the search unlawful. In Oregon (444 Pac. 2d 951),

the defendant's automobile was stopped because it had no rear license plate. The defendant did not have an operator's license. The defendant was placed in the police car and asked to remove his money from his wallet and give the wallet to the officer. The officer took papers from the wallet and examined them. When he unfolded one piece of paper, a half-smoked marijuana cigarette fell out. The court held the search unlawful. The search of the wallet had nothing to do with the officer's safety. No one could reasonably believe that the wallet contained a weapon.

The latest case in the U.S. Supreme Court (414 U.S. 218) where a police officer arrested a man for driving while his license was revoked, held that an on-the-spot search of the driver's person was lawful, and that the officer could examine the contents of a cigarette package found in the pocket of the arrested man. The court said that in the case of a lawful custodial arrest, a full search of the person is a reasonable search under the Fourth Amendment. However, Justice Marshall strongly dissented from this decision.

In view of these conflicting views on when a field search is permissible, we would like to give you some clear-cut thoughts as to your rights when a police officer attempts to search you or your vehicle.

You should always bear in mind that the Fourth Amendment protects you and your property from a warrantless search. This is your invaluable protection against unlawful intrusion by the police. The point of the Fourth Amendment, which is often not grasped by police officers, is not that it denies law enforcement officers adequate support, but its protection requires that the deliberate, impartial judgment of a judicial officer be interposed between you, the citizen, and the police, who are attempting to violate your right of privacy by searching your person or property without a search warrant. It is the role of the judiciary, not of police officers, to determine whether an exception may be made to your protection under the Fourth Amendment. The rule

that a search warrant must be obtained is not to be dispensed with lightly, and the burden is on the police to show the need for a warrantless search. There is always the possibility that a police officer, lacking a probable cause to obtain a search warrant, will use a traffic arrest as a pretext to conduct a search. Therefore, a case-by-case adjudication will always be necessary to determine whether a full arrest was effected for perfectly legitimate reasons, or rather as a pretext for searching the arrestee. An arrest may not be used as a pretext to search for evidence.

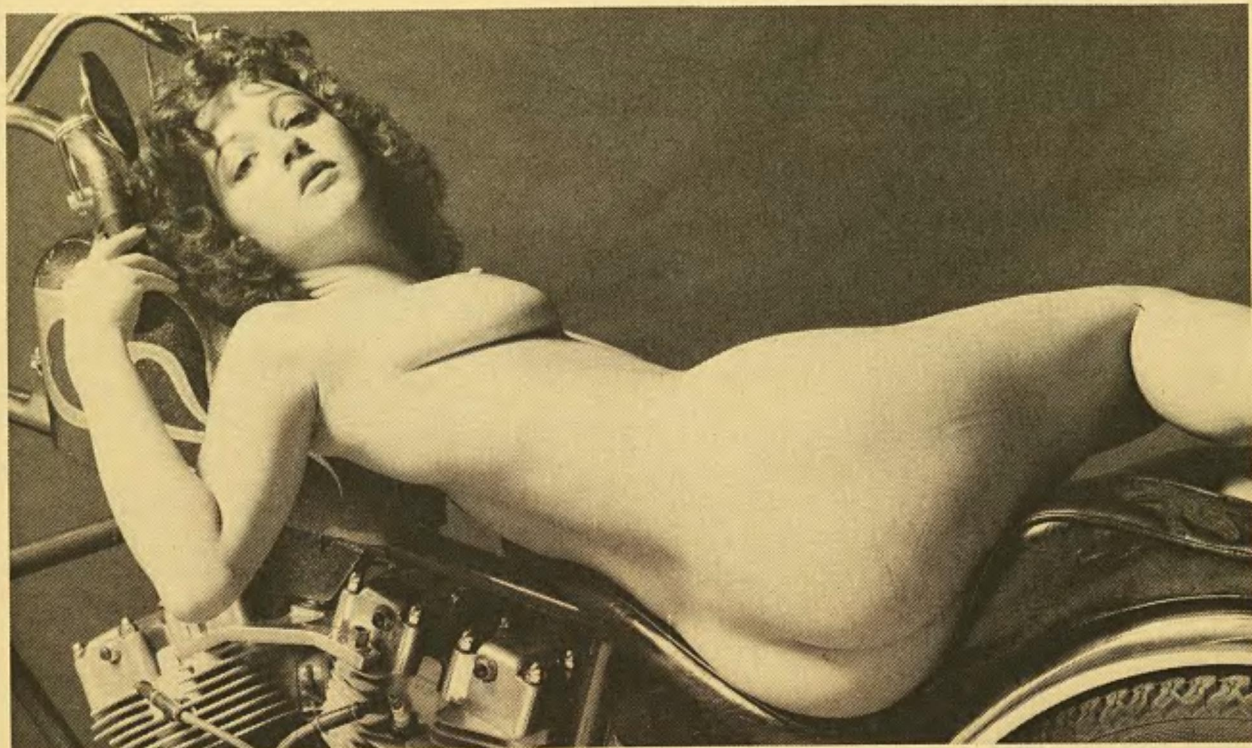
In determining whether the search is unreasonable, the court must determine two things: (1) whether the officer's action was initially justified; (2) whether it was reasonably related in its scope to the circumstances of the arrest. There is no question that the police, for their protection, can make the usual "pat down" search for weapons. But a police officer may not remove an object from an arrestee's pocket unless he has reason to believe that it is a *dangerous weapon*. The removal of any other object (not a dangerous weapon) from an arrestee's coat pocket is not permissible. While the policeman who arrests a suspected rapist or robber may have reason to believe that he is dealing with an armed and dangerous person, this does not hold true with equal force where the person is arrested for a motor vehicle violation. In all these search situations incident to arrest of citizens, a court should ask these questions: If a businessman is lawfully taken into custody for driving without a license or for any other traffic offense, would it be reasonable for the police officer to open his wallet, remove all the contents, and examine each item carefully, in the fear that the wallet might contain a razor blade or some other strange weapon? If a lawyer is arrested for a traffic offense and had a sealed envelope on his person, would it be permissible or rational for a police officer to tear open the envelope in order to be sure that it did not contain a clandestine weapon—either a pin or a razor blade? In these situa-

tions, a court should ask itself whether it would not be more consistent with the purposes of the Fourth Amendment, and the legitimate needs of the police, to require the officer, if he has any question whatsoever about what the wallet or the letter contains, to hold on to it until the arrestee is brought to the police station.

Warrantless searches of arrestees which serve legitimate protective purposes for police are one thing, but warrantless searches which do not are something else. They should be vigorously attacked by all citizens, not only for your protection, but for the protection of all citizens who go about their business daily, confident that their rights secured by the Fourth Amendment cannot be violated with impunity by any police officer or by any court.

Owning Your Home

You are probably very discouraged about buying a new home because the housing industry has priced you out of the market. But Senator Edward Brooke of Massachusetts may be able to come to your rescue. The Senator would like to provide young married couples with the opportunity of owning their own home. In his Young Families Act, the Senator has proposed a new type of mortgage arrangement whereby a young family would make smaller monthly mortgage payments in the early years, and proportionately larger payments in the later years. Brooke insists that it makes sense to draw a mortgage so that a young family pays less in the years when its income is less, and more in later years when the income is higher. This would be accomplished by permitting the new young home buyer to establish a savings account—called an "Individual Housing Account"—into which he could deposit \$2500 a year up to a maximum of \$10,000. This money would be deductible for income tax purposes and would have to be applied as a down payment on a house. The Senator's idea is excellent and it is hoped that Congress will act favorably. ■



Easyriders Presents
The Miraculous Ol' Lady Photo Contest

JUST THINK — YOUR OL' LADY COULD BE THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER!

A winner every month. All monthly winners will compete for a grand prize of one thousand bucks!

Each month, beginning with the January, 1978 issue, *Easyriders* will print the monthly winner and runners-up chosen from the pictures you send us. The monthly winner will receive \$100 and each runner-up will receive \$25. Contributors (their old man, photographer, pimp — whatever) will receive \$10 for their trouble.

After the twelve monthly winners have been chosen, we will put it to you, our readers, for the final selection. Your votes will select *Easyriders'* MIRACULOUS OL' LADY FOR 1978 — and a cool grand goes to the winner!

Judging will be on looks, build, tattoos, and/or any other outstanding features. Models may be dressed or undressed — it's up to you. We're not looking for raunchy stuff — just good ol'

lady photos you're proud of, whether she's wearin' clothes or not. Muff hair can show if ya wanna, but it's not necessary to win.

Easyriders' hand-picked, five-man crack team of experts (led by dear ol' Mutha, of course) will pick the monthly winners. Remember — we can use *only* good, in-focus, black and white glossy prints or color slides — nothing else. The model release as printed here must be fully completed and accompany each entry.

All right, ya got the idea — get yer cameras out and send us a shot of your sexy honey showing off her stuff. All models must be 18 years of age or older. And don't forget that the model release must be signed and the signature witnessed. Photos sent in without a release will be disqualified. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.

Easyriders Miraculous Ol' Lady Photo Contest
 Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Model Release

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

Phone _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age.

Witness to Signature _____

"HERE'S YER OL'
MANS GIFT!...NOW
HOW ABOUT YOURS?"



Give a Christmas Gift Subscription to *Easyriders* —whether they like it or not!

After the first one, TWO for only \$18.00

Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Check appropriate boxes:

- ☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for a **single** subscription to **Easyriders**.
☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for the **first** subscription and \$_____ for _____ more subscriptions @ \$18.00 for every **two** subscriptions after the first one, (Must buy two additional subs at a time to get \$18.00 rate. Individual orders are \$10.00 each).

☐ Send gift card ☐ Send threatening letter

Sign it for me as follows: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(must have)

Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Check appropriate boxes:

- ☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for a **single** subscription to **Easyriders**.
☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for the **first** subscription and \$_____ for _____ more subscriptions @ \$18.00 for every **two** subscriptions after the first one, (Must buy two additional subs at a time to get \$18.00 rate. Individual orders are \$10.00 each).

☐ Send gift card ☐ Send threatening letter

Sign it for me as follows: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(must have)

Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Check appropriate boxes:

- ☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for a **single** subscription to **Easyriders**.
☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for the **first** subscription and \$_____ for _____ more subscriptions @ \$18.00 for every **two** subscriptions after the first one, (Must buy two additional subs at a time to get \$18.00 rate. Individual orders are \$10.00 each).

☐ Send gift card ☐ Send threatening letter

Sign it for me as follows: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(must have)

Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Check appropriate boxes:

- ☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for a **single** subscription to **Easyriders**.
☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for the **first** subscription and \$_____ for _____ more subscriptions @ \$18.00 for every **two** subscriptions after the first one, (Must buy two additional subs at a time to get \$18.00 rate. Individual orders are \$10.00 each).

☐ Send gift card ☐ Send threatening letter

Sign it for me as follows: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(must have)

Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Check appropriate boxes:

- ☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for a **single** subscription to **Easyriders**.
☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for the **first** subscription and \$_____ for _____ more subscriptions @ \$18.00 for every **two** subscriptions after the first one, (Must buy two additional subs at a time to get \$18.00 rate. Individual orders are \$10.00 each).

☐ Send gift card ☐ Send threatening letter

Sign it for me as follows: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(must have)

Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Check appropriate boxes:

- ☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for a **single** subscription to **Easyriders**.
☐ Enclosed is \$10.00 for the **first** subscription and \$_____ for _____ more subscriptions @ \$18.00 for every **two** subscriptions after the first one, (Must buy two additional subs at a time to get \$18.00 rate. Individual orders are \$10.00 each).

☐ Send gift card ☐ Send threatening letter

Sign it for me as follows: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(must have)

We'll send a gift card announcement telling them the gift (?) is from you (or your alias).



Faded Glory

"It's over there, son, behind that pile of hay and under them boards and stuff, but I don't know what earthly good it might do you. The thing's been layin' there ever since I've worked this farm, an' that's been near thirty years now."

I hurried past the old fool, pulling boards and hay from the heap, and was rewarded magnificently. It wasn't just an old seventy-four like I'd been told, but an eighty. Jesus Christ! It was even a 1936, one of the first!

I must have looked like a kid on his first Christmas when I backed up in front of the garage. For fifty bucks I had bought my dream. The old farmer thought I was loony, paying that much for a motorcycle that had been wrecked and then used to pile junk on for thirty-some years.

Even some of my friends couldn't understand when I rolled the thing into the corner of my garage and began pouring on the Liquid Wrench, and the bent, rusted old pieces began to take over my workbench and then the whole garage. They soon quit stopping by to see if I wanted to ride down to The Inn and suck up a few. And I quit asking them if they wanted to go with me to run down an old stock springer or find a leather worker to make some new bags that looked original, right down to the last chrome stud and piece of colored glass.

I'd started getting up a couple of hours before work, just so I could sand, polish and paint. Nights were spent in the same way, with an occasional night off to run down a missing part. I'd even got my grubby mitts on a set of original

decals for the tanks. As the days rolled by, it got to be more of a compulsion. The mangled bars had been replaced, another wheel took the place of the bent front one, and the lovingly rebuilt flathead went into its rightful place. It was beautiful, perfect, and complete to the last screw. I even had a 1936 license plate on it.

I went and changed my clothes. It just wouldn't seem right to take it on its first ride unless I was dressed properly. When I returned and slid that jodhpur-covered leg over the saddle, I knew everything was right. I fired it up and headed eagerly for The Inn to show the guys what the time and trouble had been for.

When I stepped in, they all started laughing and giggling about my weird pants and cute little hat and glasses. I went angrily back out to the eighty. To hell with those clods! I sure didn't need them—not as long as I had this baby. How I wished I was back in the times when the bike was new, back when biking was really biking, not with all these screaming no-guts bikes all over and a bunch of clods riding them. I headed out toward Hughesville. It had been bigger than Plattsburg back in the old days before the turnpike had cut it off.

That's funny, I thought as I passed the sign for Hughesville. It said Population 1847. There hadn't been that many people in town since the late thirties, and I was sure they'd put up a new metal sign a couple of years ago. The one I was looking at now was wood. I headed for Bo's Tavern to clear my head.

But things were getting weirder. There were old cars parked along the street. They didn't look old, though. Some almost new. Only, there wasn't a car there that was newer than a 1936 model. What the hell was coming off?

I pulled up in front of Bo's. At least I thought it was Bo's. But where was the big neon sign? The sign said Bo's Tavern, all right, but it was just a wooden sign lit by regular light bulbs. I went in to get a beer, shaking my head. What the hell? I must have been spending too much time working lately.

As I opened the door, I heard two guys arguing about how many more years Babe Ruth would be able to play ball.

I had to get out of there.

I pointed the eighty back toward Plattsburg and started hauling ass. I hadn't gone halfway back through Hughesville when an old . . . new? . . . whatever, a '36 Plymouth with a siren and red light came after me. Wouldn't you know that bikers got shit from cops even in 1936? I opened it up. I wasn't about to try to explain to a cop something I couldn't understand myself.

I was losing him and had only about a mile to go to get clear of Hughesville when I came up behind a goddam horse and wagon. As I wheeled by, I saw the car coming up ahead. My only chance was the ditch. I felt the slide. Oh shit! There goes my paint! I'll never find more tank decals! Goddam!

The front wheel hit that fuckin' tree . . .

* * *

The sheriff turned his head to one side in hopes of quieting his stomach and exclaimed: "Damn, when will these kids learn how dangerous them things are! Jack, take the body to the funeral parlor. Then see if you can put what's left of the machine in old Lem's barn till we can find some next-of-kin to come claim it."

* * *

"It's over there, son, behind that pile of hay and under them boards and stuff, but I don't know what earthly good . . ."



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California

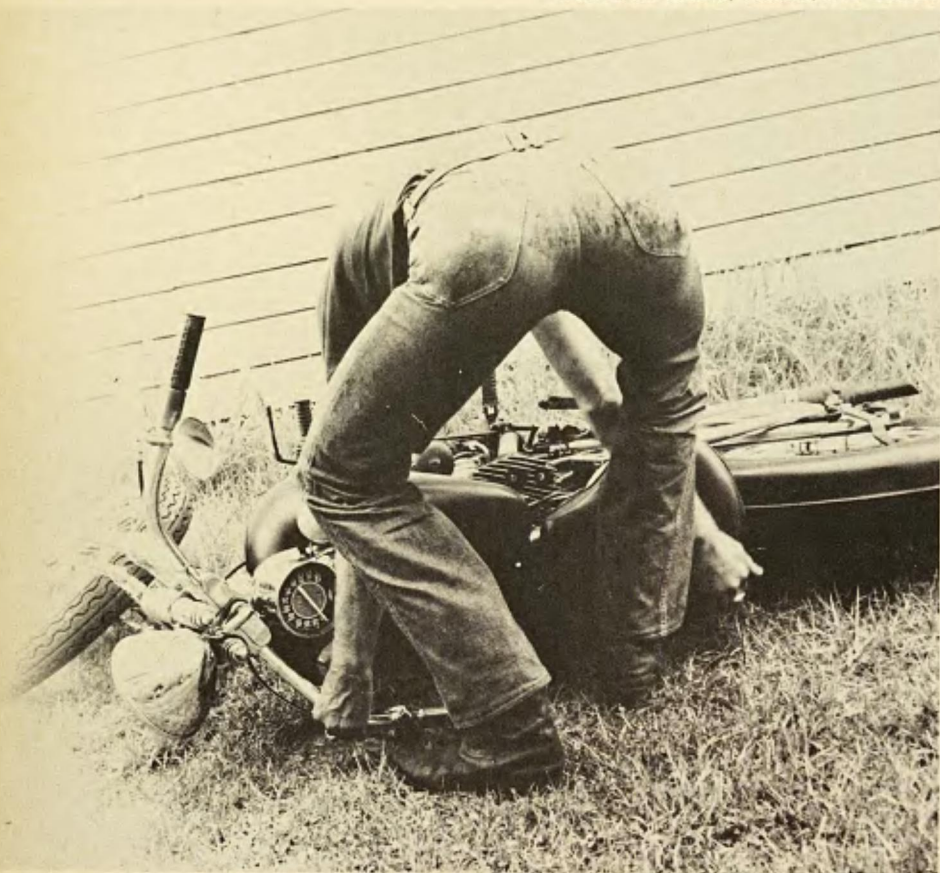


—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebraska

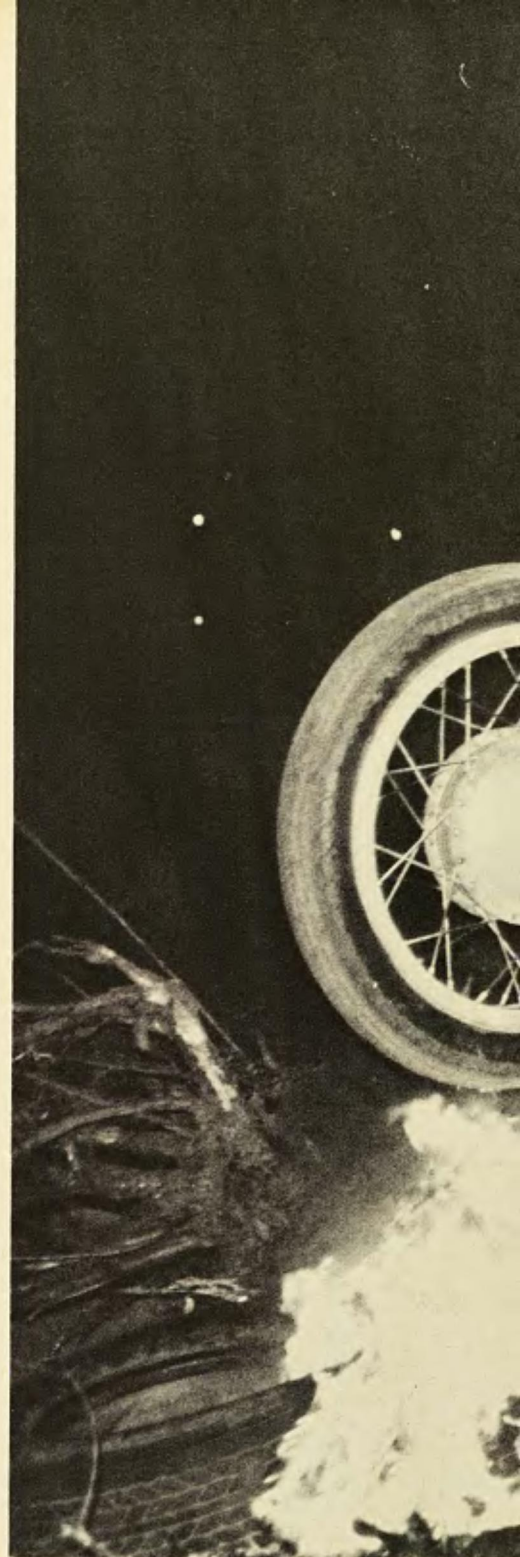
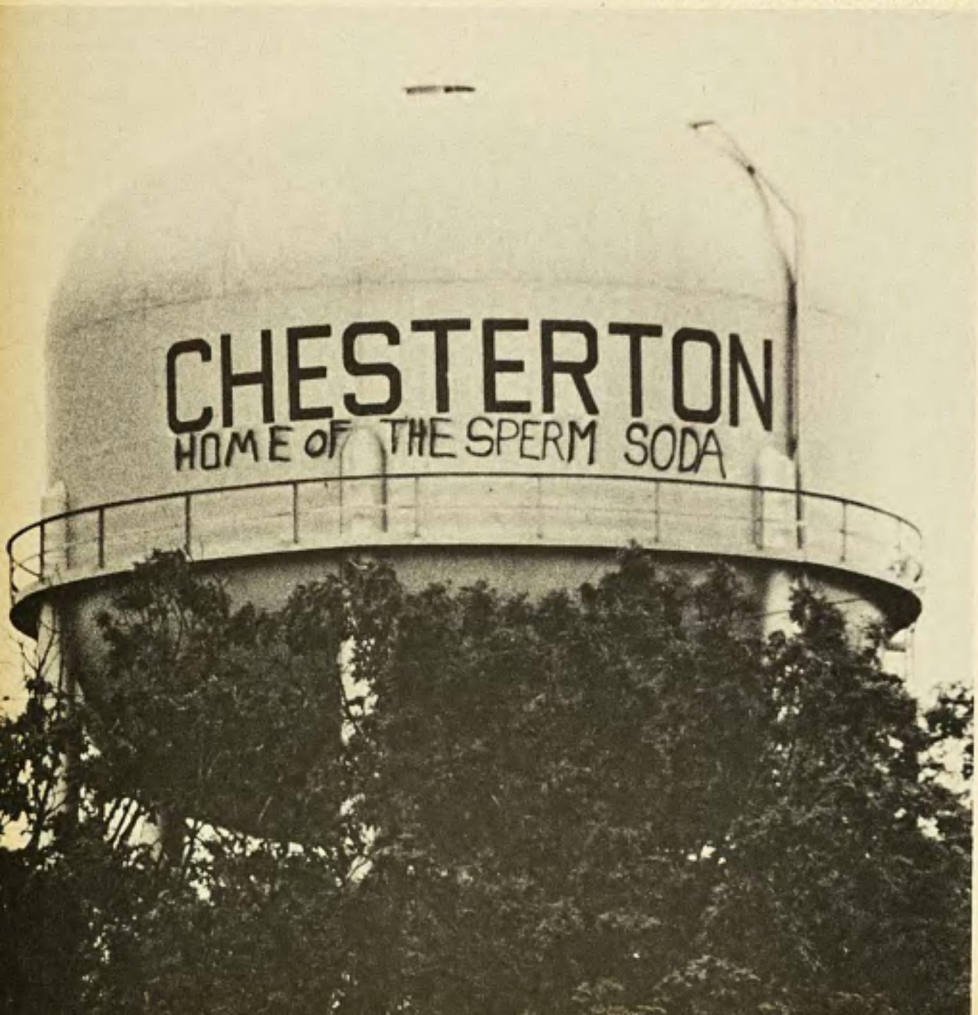
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 or $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$)—nothing else.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



—from R. Taylor, Michigan City, Indiana



—from Bob Stratton, Bethesda, Maryland

—from Ronald Gorbeg, Davie, Florida





—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, California



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebraska



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California



—from Tom Whittier Acres, Las Vegas, Nevada



—from Ron P. Bowin, Berlin, New Hampshire



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebraska

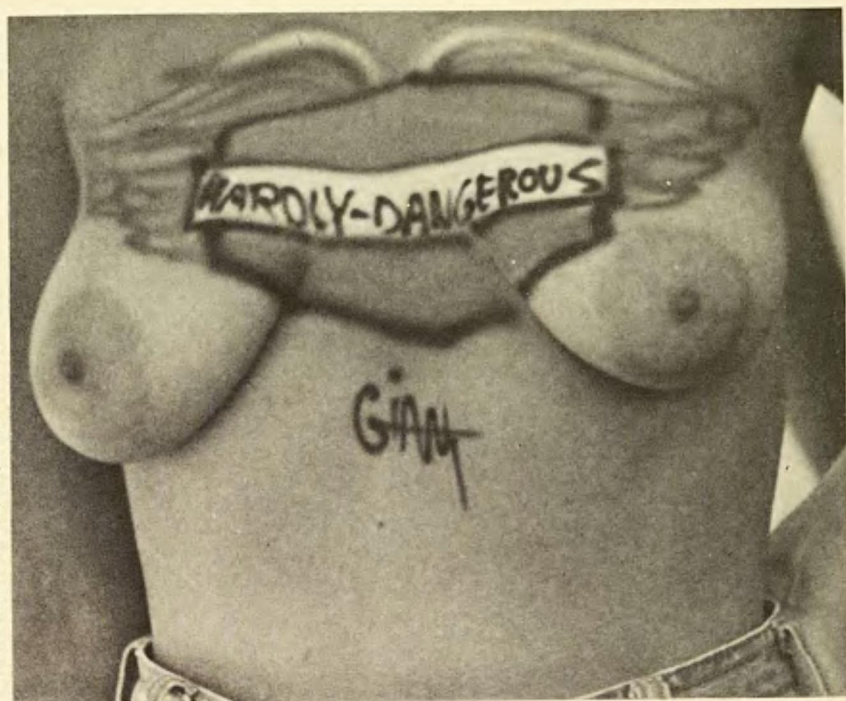


—from Omo, Rancho Cordova, California





—from Herb Martinez, Hayward, California



—from M. Marsiano, Redding, California





—from Joe Krewer, Winterville, Georgia

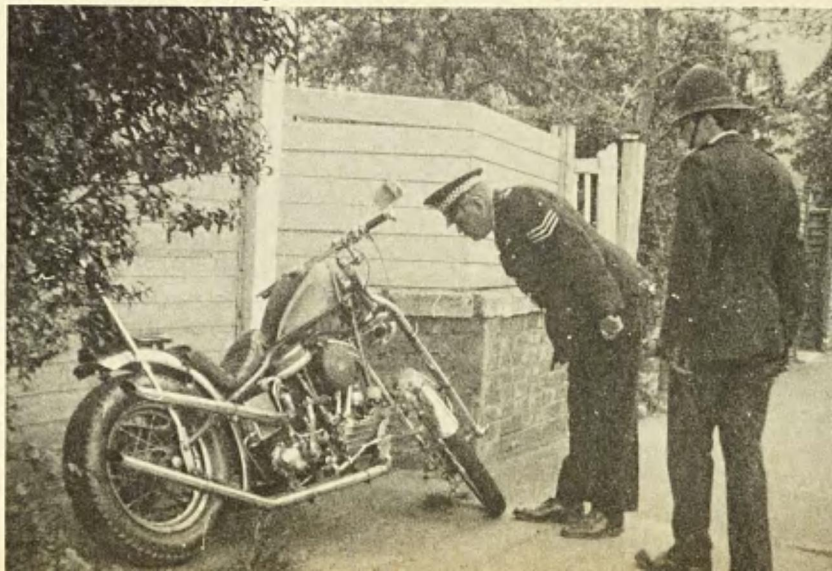
—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebraska



—from Wendy Mandigo, Fort Lauderdale, Florida



—from J., Glovestershire, England





—from Ed Armstrong, Fox River Grove, Illinois



—from Clare Kutsenda, Santa Clara, California



—from Terry Pierce, Ringgold, Georgia



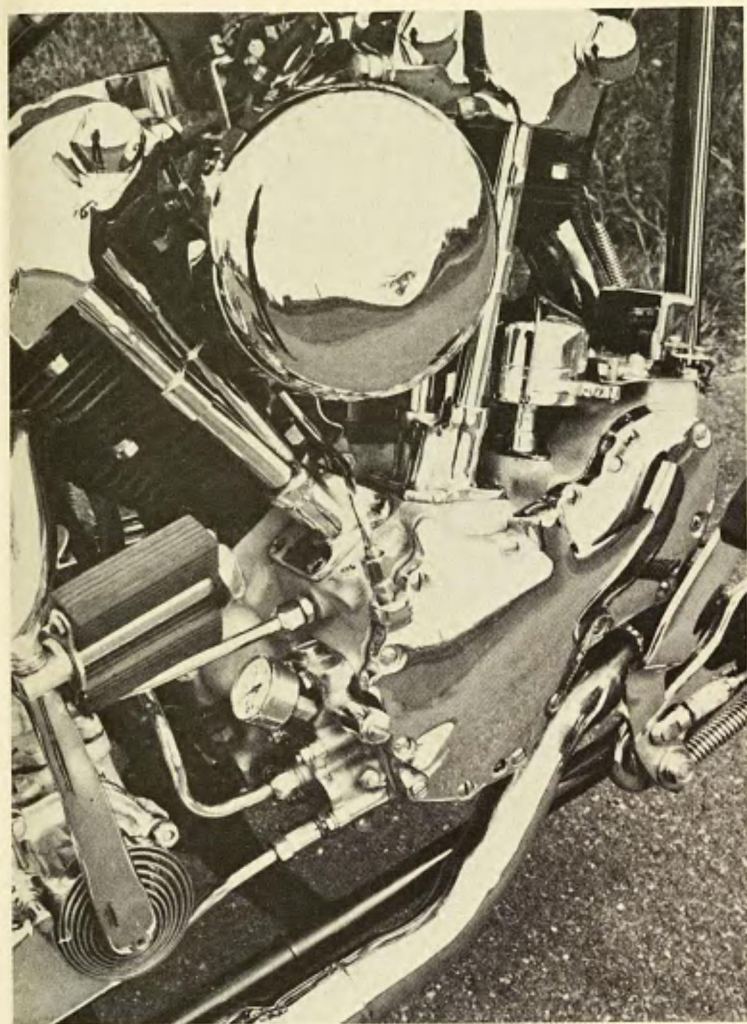
—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California



DAVID MANN

Easyriders Magazine





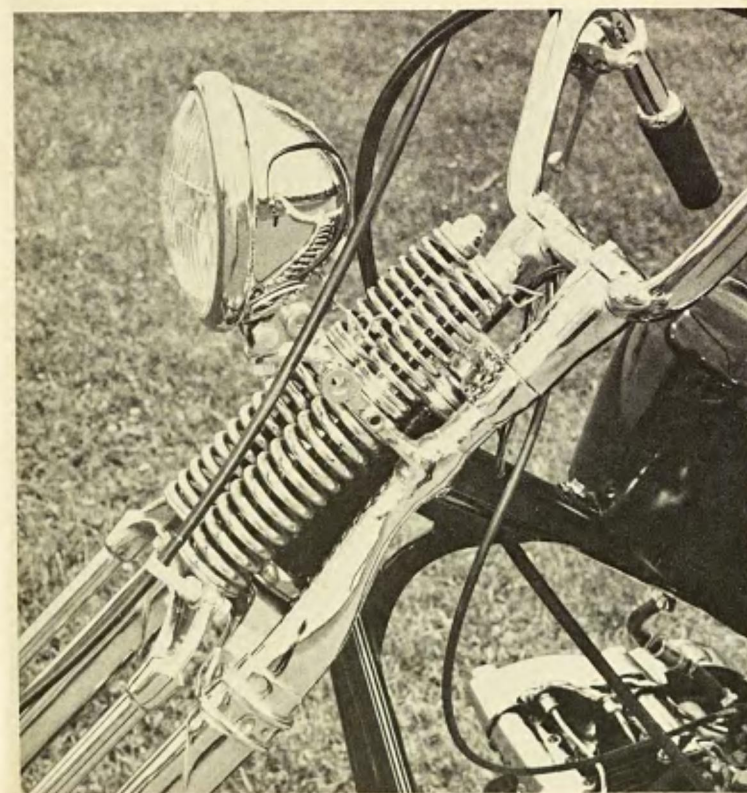
A Blast From the Past

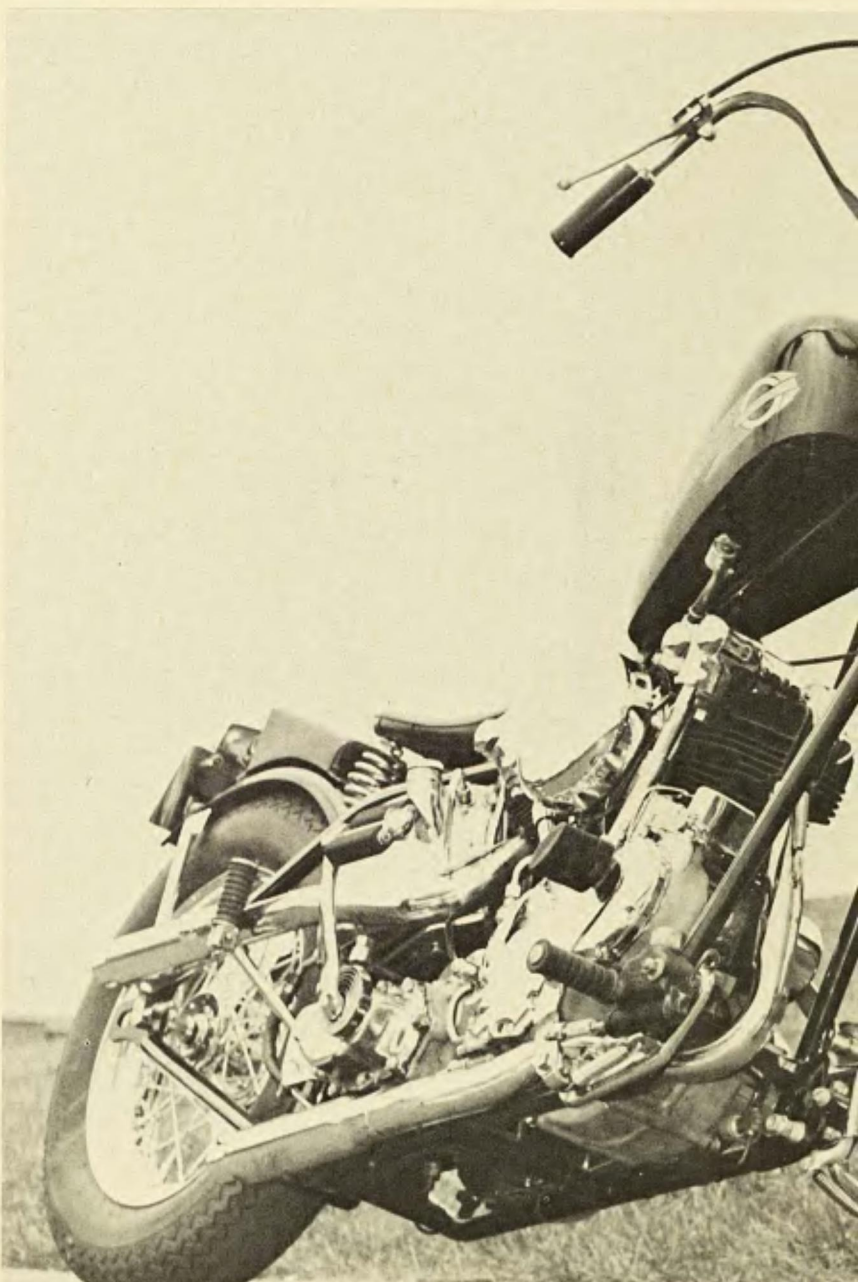
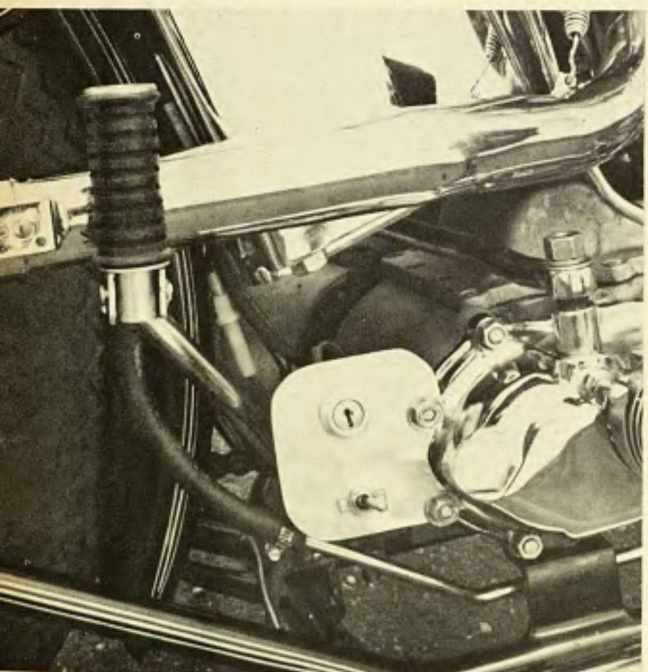
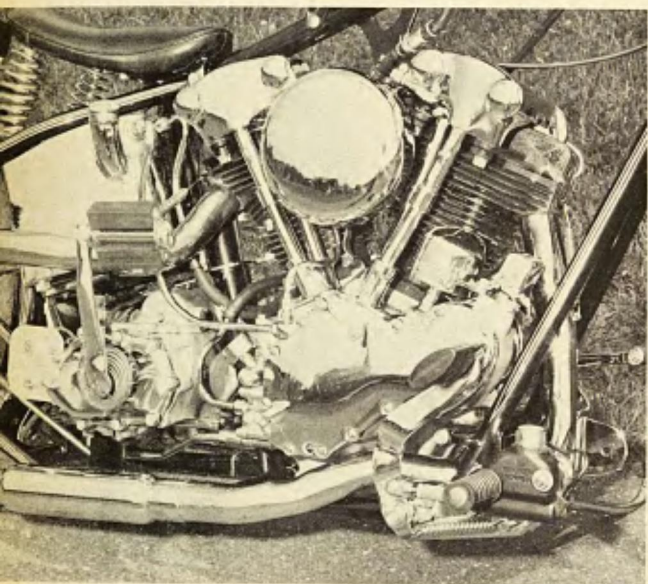
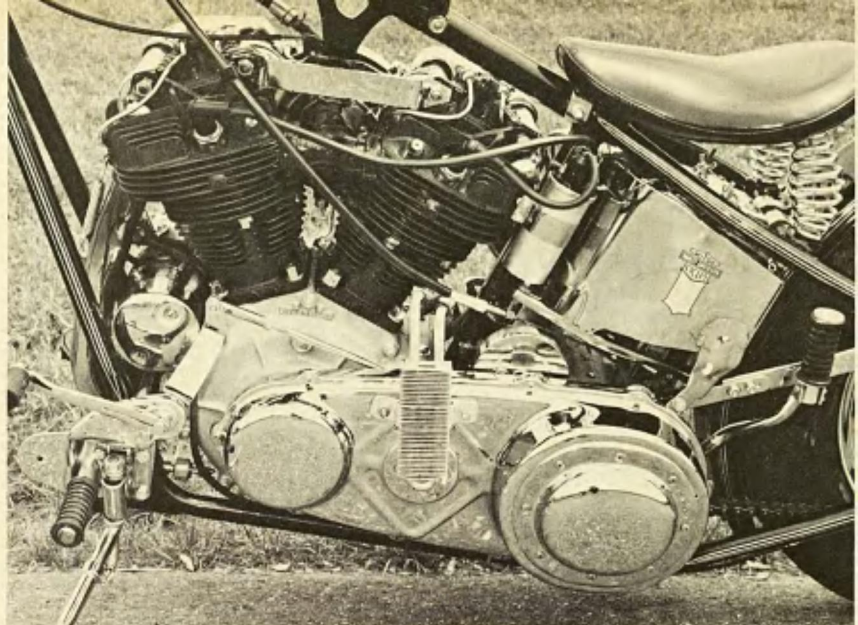
'36 was the first year of the knucklehead—and the last year for many knuckle parts

How old is the scooter that's displayed on these shreds of paper-mill rejects? Well, nobody really knows. The numbers on the fossil crankcase say '37, but when Paul bought it from D.C. Cycleworks, the innards were all the good stuff the early 1936 models had—like Lightning cams, drilled pinions, and the special timing cover. Another clue that'd make me bet my naturals that this ancient bomb is a '36 is that the barrels weren't even drilled for oil drain holes. Some first-year ELs had exposed valve springs and just let the goo fly where it wanted to after lubin' the top end.

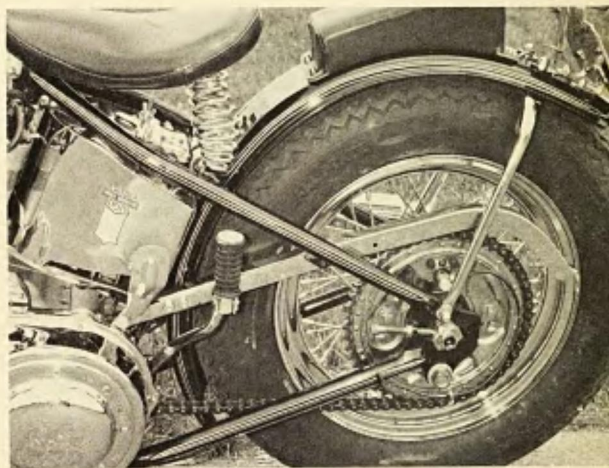
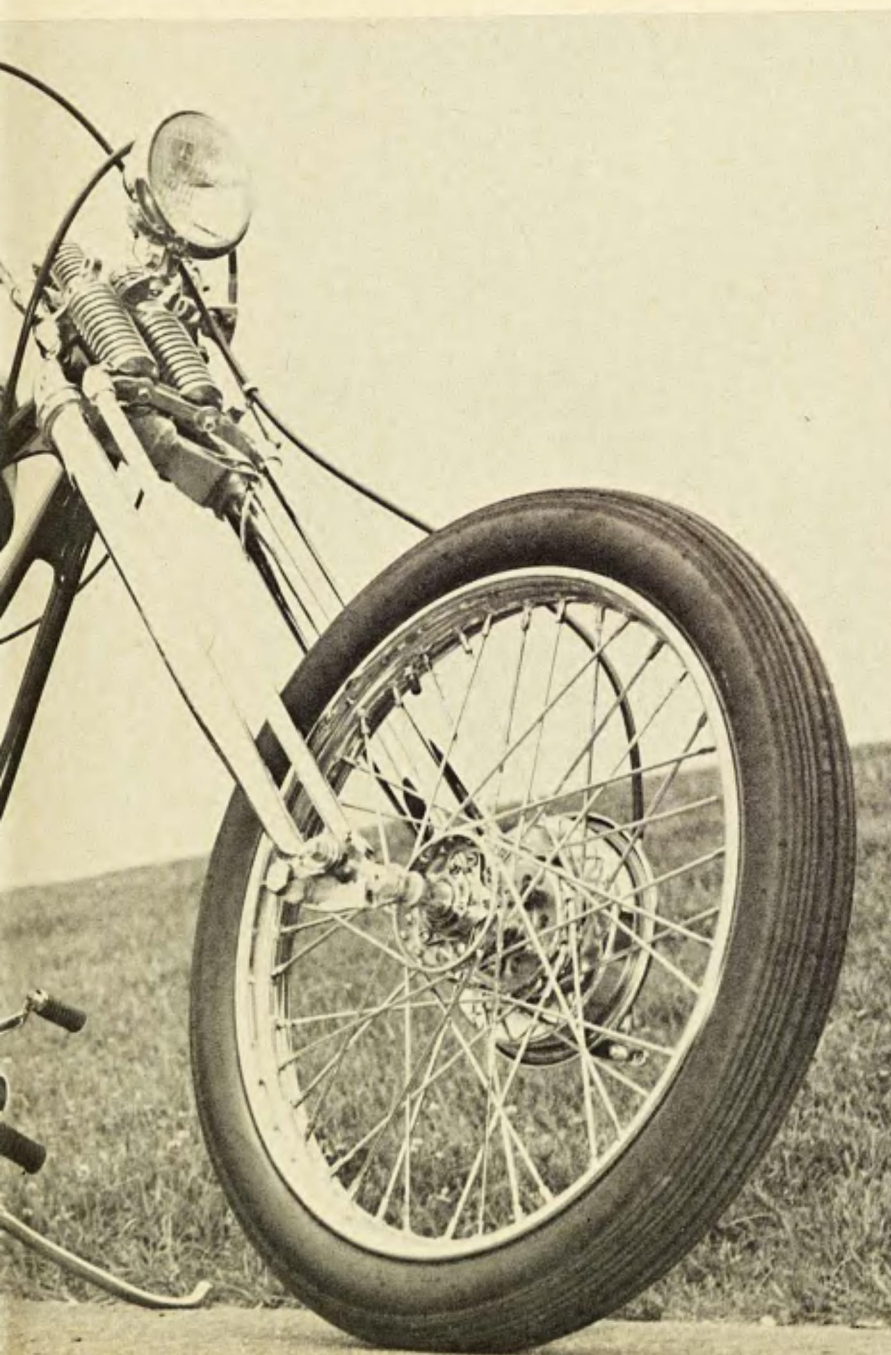
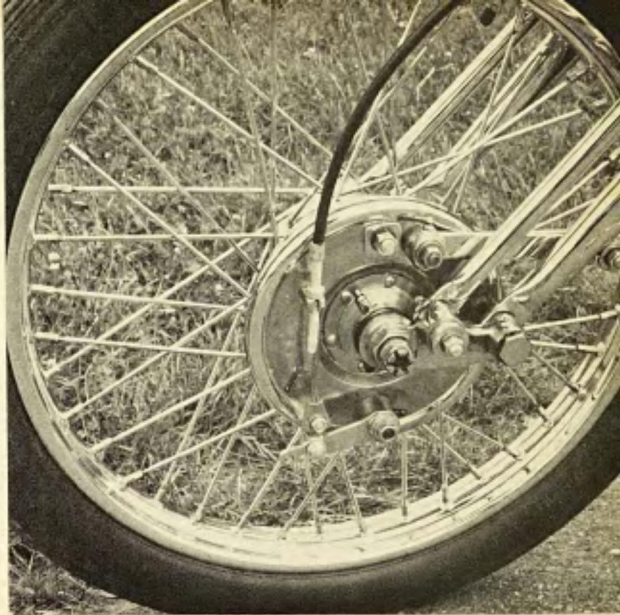
Considerin' all the putts this senile ol' viper had seen prior to its present owner, it's amazin' there was anything left for Paul—the owner and builder—to start out with. But as luck would have it, all the oil spewin' outa leaky joints and gaskets, along with that constant-loss top end, not only lined the Arabs' pockets, but also kept mosta the steel and iron parts from corrodin'. Inside, the cylinders needed but a 20 thou overbore to chase out all the rat crap, spider nests, and bug holes—plus replacin' every other stinkin' part that moved, slid, bolted in, or pressed out. And a few that didn't.

So much for the good news. The trans-





Photos by Jake

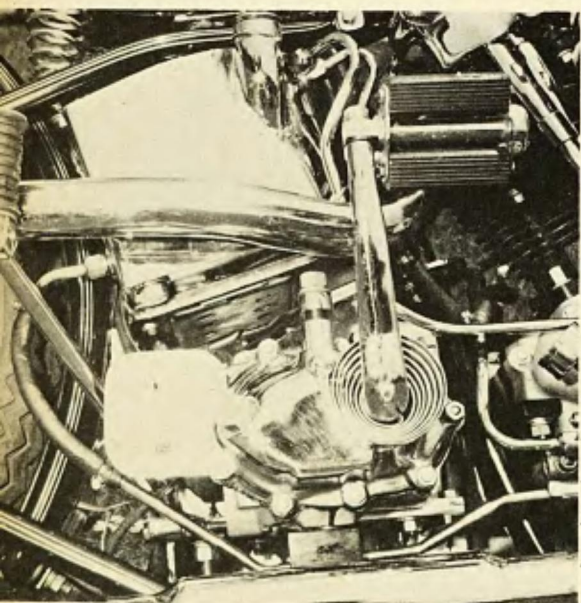
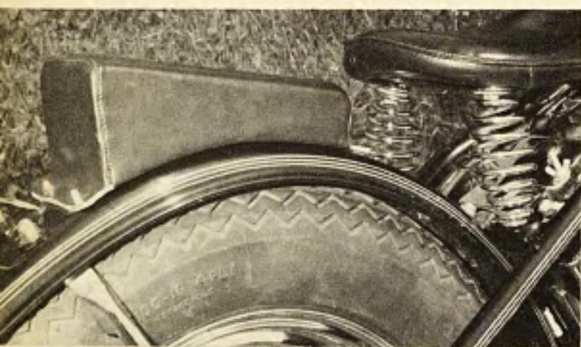


mission warn't so lucky as the engine. The case survived okay under all the barnacles, but the gears looked like they'd spent the four decades runnin' in prune vinegar and turkey piss instead a self-respectin' gear oil. Maybe you're gettin' the vibe that puttin' a cranky ol' fart like this one back in primo shape wasn't exactly an easy toke or two. It took Paul parts-chasin' through all five New England states to excavate all the early stuff necessary. And then many months of serious late-night wails in the garage followed to turn those hunks of steel into somethin' more useful than a paper weight.

But in case any of you picky muthas and head mashers wanta run this putter down—well, would **you** look so good after forty years of runs, partyin', and profilin' without a single white in your tank to see ya through?

—Jake

—Continued on next page



Owner: Paul Bruno

City: Greenfield, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1937 H-D (?)

Model: EL

Value: \$2,500

Assembly by: owner

Time: 18 months

Chroming: Polish Rite

Frame

Year: 1973

Builder: Corbin Gentry

Type: double loop, rigid

Rake: 35 degrees

Stretch: 5 inches

Other alterations: none

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1937

Model: knuckle

Rebuilder: D. Trenholm, owner

Ignition: D&D coil

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Lower end: stock, new specs.

Balancing: stock

Pistons: .020 inch over H-D

Cases: glass beaded

Heads: 61 small port

Cam: 1936 Lightning

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): Linkert

Air cleaner: early knuckle

Pipes: owner & R. Unaitis

Mufflers: shorty w/heat shield

Bars: Sportster

Risers: early panhead

Fender(s): 5 in. flat

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: Lucas

Speedo: ain't none

Front pegs: FX

Rear pegs: owner, on stands

Electrics: switch panel behind trans.

Gas tank: flat bottom Sportster

Oil tank: H-D, offset filler neck

Oil system: oil cooler on tin

Primary cover: Paughco

Seat: Bates solo & pad

Sissy bar: none

Height:

Material:

Transmission

Modifications: 1974 gears

Year: ??

Shifting: Rat. top, no mousetrap

Engine sprocket: 22

Trans. sprocket: 22

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: H-D springer

Extension: 12 inches

Builder: owner & Ray Bruno

Special features: cable clamp

Wheels

Front

Size: 21 in.

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Tire: Avon 3.00

Brake: H-D drum

Rear

Size: 16 in.

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 4 in.

Tire: Sears 5.00

Brake: H-D juice

Painting

Molding: owner & John White

Painter: owner

Color: black

Type: lacquer

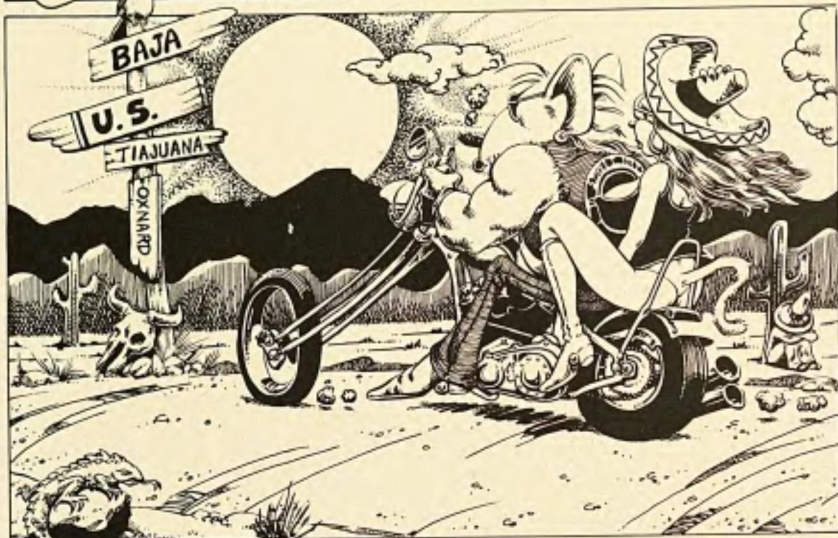
Special paint: striping & lettering, Fran Wilda

Other special modifications: early cam cover with boss for tach drive,

button-head cap screws on rocker shaft covers, oil pressure gauge,

barrels converted to oil drain system, top end converted to inner oiling.

STREET RATS



DUGGAN...

If I were Chief Honcho of the Department of Transportation, you frustrated bikers out there could burn your Freedom Fighters Handbooks and get rid of your arms caches. There'd be some changes made.

First of all, I'd revise a few of our current vehicular laws and regulations—for reasons which you turkeys will grasp very shortly. Next, I'd reorganize my entire Highway Control Commission by firing all state highway patrolmen and replacing them with one-percenters mounted on Harley-Davidson Electra Glide patrol bikes pulling shockless, open-front side hacks. Then I would turn my Biker Patrol loose on the public highways to do their thing. But more about that later.

In an effort to control our national resources, I would persuade the oil companies to implement a system wherein all their service stations would maintain separate islands for bikers. These would provide self-service pumps with drastically reduced prices exclusively for motorcycles and trikes. They would also maintain fumigated restrooms designated Bikers Only. This would tend to attract more eggheads and namby-pambies into motorcycling, thereby upgrading our public image, which has been tarnished by constant misrepresentation in the straight media.

I would also urge the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration to order all superintendents of highways to erect new road signs warning bikers of common perils, such as signs depicting a skull and crossbones over the word **Hole**, warning bikers of an upcoming and dangerous pothole in the road. Or railroad crossing signs with graphic legends indicating the degree of angle at which the tracks intersect the highway. Or dangerous intersection signs showing a silhouette of a motorcycle pinned between the front bumpers of two automobiles. And, of course, signs depicting a skull over crossed spoon and fork to warn touring cyclists of poisonous roadside diners.

Instead of continuing to blackmail the public by withholding federal highway assistance funds, I would use such money for the construction and maintenance of halfway houses and rest spas for touring bikers. These would be equipped with low-cost sleeping spaces, showers, food vending machines, and paved, guarded parking lots secure from scooter rustlers. Entry and trespass by four-wheelers would be strictly prohibited.

I would create a special subdivision which would minister to bikers who are marooned and in need of assist-

ance in the event of mechanical breakdowns. Radio-equipped emergency vans would be summoned to a downed biker's location by my one-percenter patrol. These vans would be stocked with such common items as brake and clutch cables, tire repair equipment, air pumps, spare drive chain links, emergency fuel, and sundry standard and metric tools for the bikers' use. They would also be towing cycle trailers in the event of major breakdowns, to be used for transporting such bikes to the nearest scooter repair shops.

And now, back to my One-Percenter Patrol...

Instead of lurking in obscure hideaways alongside the Interstates waiting to waylay unsuspecting speedsters, my one percenters would putt up and down keeping an eye out for four-wheelers who are in violation of my new laws—such as the one requiring that all autoists without a motorcycle operator's classification on their driver's permit must be wearing a helmet.

Yeah, you heard me right. Since they're the major contributors to our annual highway toll of 55,000 fatalities, **they're** going to be the ones that have to wear them fuckin' buckets over their noggins. Only those autoists with an 'M' designation on their operator's permit would be exempted.

Now, doesn't that make a lot of sense? They're going to wear them all right, because I'd have the authority to call out the National Guard on them if they got the ass for me and revolted.

And that ain't all, brothers...

Let's say a one percenter swoops down on one of these four-wheeled pigeons who isn't wearing his bucket. Said one percenter immediately radios his patrol headquarters dispatcher and informs him of the stop. This dispatcher is in radio/computer contact with a clerk in the Justice Department. The clerk will make an instant check of the pigeon's driver's record. Should he find, for example, that said pigeon has two previous violations of my mandatory helmet law, he then immediately snitches to the headquarters dispatcher. When the dispatcher in turn relays this info to the one percenter, the patrolman shall place pigeon under immediate arrest—pigeon now having accrued three such violations. The officer shall then fling the pigeon into the side hack for transfer to the nearest patrol slammer. If the pigeon resists arrest, the patrolman may use limited force in restraining the pigeon—such as rapping him on his noodle with an official sap fashioned from a motorcycle handlebar grip filled with lead. The one percenter may then clap a set of shackles

If I Were Chief Honcho of the DOT

By Weird Willie



fashioned from a Harley-Davidson timing chain around the dazed pigeon's wrists to secure his arrest. When the pigeon is ultimately convicted of his third such offense, he is to be immediately spirited away to a dungeon wherein his head is to be clamped into a padded machinists' vise for a period not to exceed 24 hours. This punishment is intended as a disciplinary reminder for four-wheelers to wear their helmets while operating automobiles. Upon a fourth conviction for this inexcusable offense, the culprit may be sentenced to 90 days confinement with Miraculous Mutha.

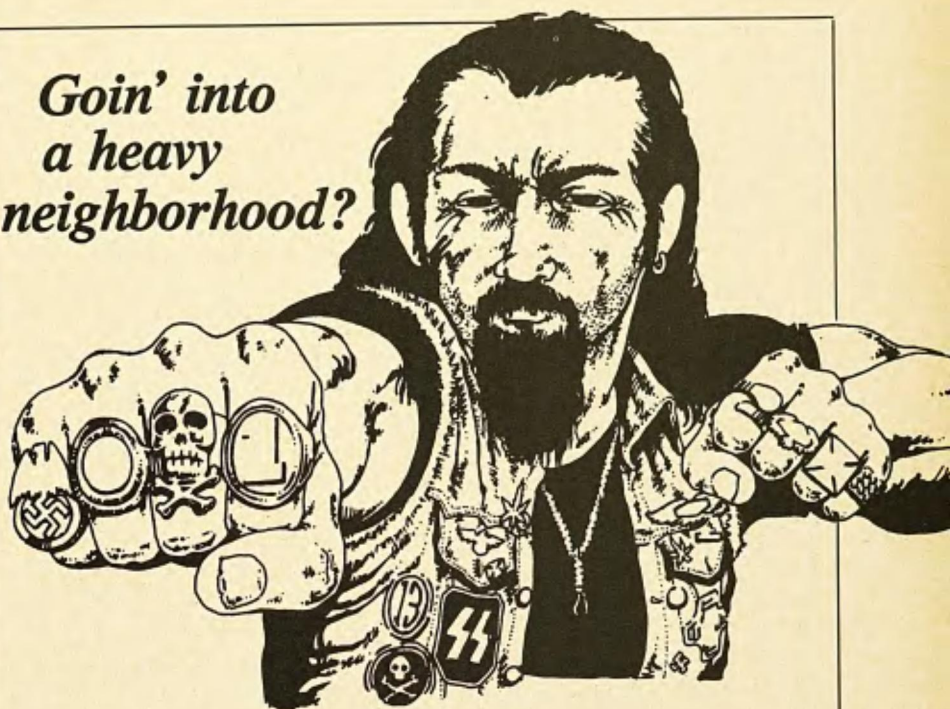
Should the one percenter receive a report that the four-wheeler has a record of previous convictions for F.O.B. (Fucking Over a Biker), the patrolman is empowered to inflict upon the four-wheeler any on-the-spot punishment he deems appropriate. Furthermore, the four-wheeler forfeits his customary right to trial by a jury, which would probably be composed of other sympathetic four-wheelers anyway. If the four-wheeler's offense was turning in front of a biker who had the right-of-way at an intersection, and the biker sustained injuries, then the one-percent might order the four-wheeler out of his cage and shove him into the path of oncoming traffic—preferably express trucks. Should the four-wheeler's offense have been C.T.M. (Closely Tailgating a Motorcyclist), the percenter is duly authorized to unsheathe his service revolver—a .45 Colt Buntline Special—and discharge a single round into the four-wheeler's accelerator foot. Should the four-wheeler thereupon display excessive and loud protestation, the patrolman is entitled to administer a second round into the violator's open yap. In such cases, the next of kin shall be required by law to reimburse the state for any expended ammunition.

All cages (cars) would be required to have their headlights operating while the engine is running. The only exceptions, of course, would be those cages whose drivers possess a valid motorcycle operator's permit. Four-wheeler violators arrested for breaking this law will be held in custody upon a third conviction and made to stare into a klieg light until their eyeballs are fried. Four-wheelers are treacherous motherfuckers, and this law will enable the biker to see them coming.

To disabuse anyone of the notion that my DOT would discriminate against four-wheelers while being partial to anyone on a bike, let me make it perfectly clear that we are going to

—Continued on page 72

*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

Easyriders



\$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 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

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

If you've been twiddlin' and diddlin', or just plain pissin' your time away, ya better get down (or up) to some serious wrenchin' on your machine. Or else ya may have to turn your ol' lady into a rickshaw driver and let her pull your scooter around. You'd have to feed her a hell of a lot of whites to get her goin' 55 mph—not that her mouth doesn't break the speed limit already!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

You're on such a bumper ya feel like puttin' your meat in the grinder. Poor you—did someone let your pussy out of the pad? Maybe ya been snorin' in your ol' lady's hair pie again. You're just hittin' your honker against the wall and wastin' good party time by snivelin' in your beer. Forget it—go out and get yourself another crack!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

This month ya could be reliev'in' yourself of a lot more than butt biscuits! Ya should be gettin' rid of some problems at the pad now. Clear the cobwebs outta your old noggin and give your gallopin' gonads a rest. If your ol' lady's been yellin' for more meat—throw her a package of hot dogs and let the horny bitch wear herself out with a do-it-yourself gang-bang!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

Right now you'll either be a mediator or a glad-I-ate-er!—you're caught between feudin' and fuckin'. While you'd rather be out tearin' off a piece, your pooper's parked listenin' to a big hassle and you're caught in the middle. You're so busy tryin' to patch up a problem between your bros ya won't have time to find out if your honey melts in your hand or in your mouth!

Aries (March 21—April 20)

This month may have your balls draggin'. Remember, everything comes (including your ol' lady) to those who bide their time. Time is on your side now, unless you're takin' short cuts with drugs. If you try to force an issue, it will be like tryin' to punk your ol' lady in the ear. In the first place, it won't improve her hearin', and it may put a dent in your sex life!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

You will not only be in heat this month, but in hock up to your horns. If ya decide to open up your own business, it's a clittickin' time for it—even if ya have to hire your ol' lady out as a doorstep or sell her stretch marks to Goodyear for the bucks. Otherwise, your "good an' plentys" are up for grabs and your horny honey's drooling, 'cause they're plenty good.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Holdin' a fart back could prove a lot easier than holdin' your mud right now. Your motto may well be "A downer a day keeps the doctor away." Keepin' your crapper closed is better than lettin' some shit leak out that you wanted to keep quiet. Relax—smoke a few joints, keep your knob greased and ready. It's always better to fuck than fight!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

About now the hair in your pie isn't a lady's love lock—it's off some horse's ass you call a friend. He thinks you're a sucker, so don't let things slide. This one's always ready to party down—as long as you pick up the tab. You're bending over backwards to help get his shit together while he's laughin' out his ass. Wise up—he'll still be smilin' while he hangs it in your poopchute!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

It's time to get off your

royal rump and rub rears with the big shits (I mean shots) at work. Take your brains offa your balls long enough to prove how valuable you are. You're sure to get a raise—besides the usual one in your pants. Since you're pole-vaulting around on your golden rod, make sure your boss's secretary gets a good look at that bulge of yours. She may have you for lunch.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

You're just a taste perverted this time of the year. I wouldn't be surprised if you ate out some Girl Scout to get her cookies. Maybe you like the taste of Brownies too—especially the kind with your nuts in 'em! At least your sweetmeat won't loaf—and it won't have time to turn sour on your bone. Even your dog won't be safe unless it learns to keep its tail tucked between its legs!

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Your creative juices are flowin' all month. Unless you keep your zipper shut it will be wasted! 'Course, most likely your time will be spent sittin' in some shit, and your rod may turn red and swell up. If it does, place it in a mixture of mayonnaise, mustard, and ketchup and let it soak overnight. Then grab your favorite pair of buns (foot long or regular) and take her on a picnic. Enjoy!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy—and a citizen. Face it, this just ain't your style. You'd rather be out humpin' yourself into a hernia or workin' up a calus on your crank. After such workouts, a guy's gotta rest up. When ya finally do crash out, it would take at least a dozen rancid gym socks ta either get ya off or up!

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 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



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

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

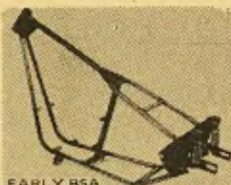
\$259⁹⁵

Add \$40.00 for Chrome Master
Cylinder / Caliper / Sprocket / Bracket

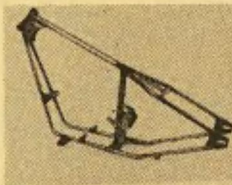
CUSTOM FRAMES

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



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

THE VIDEOT

By Skul

Dutch was feeling like Billy the Kid with two six-guns on his hip when he arrived at Bucketass's party earlier—what with a half pint of Jack Daniel's in one back pocket and a half pint of Cuervo Especial in the other. Now, four hours later, after sampling Fritz's crystal meth, Roland's hash, Barbara's weed and a lot of Steppenwolf and Tull from Bucket's stereo, both bottles were empty and his head was full.

"Hey, Dutch, wanna buy a gram of some dynamite Bolivian flake?" The voice belonged to Eddy the Geek. Dutch struggled to focus his eyes. "It's eighty bucks a gram but I'll split one in half for ya if ya don't have the bread," the Geek reassured him, pulling out a glassine envelope.

"Eddy my man, howabout a taste from your own stash? I mean, after all, you and me always take care of each other," Dutch lied.

"Man, this stuff's costin' me seventy bucks a gram! I'm just tryin' to get a little for my own head out of this deal!" Eddy lied back.

"What about those three peyote buttons I turned ya on to, Eddy?"

"Yeah, ya see . . ."

" . . . and how 'bout that Thai stick I did up with ya last month?" Dutch pressed.

"But Dutch, this stuff is . . ."

"And don't tell me yer forgettin' those tickets to the Stones concert I gave ya!"

"Sit down," Eddy said, defeated. He pulled out his suede stash pouch and proceeded to chop up two fine lines of the magic dust on the kitchen table while Dutch rolled a dollar bill into a tight tube.

I must have a hole in my head to add any more chemical substances to my mind, Dutch thought to himself as he leaned forward and snorted every grain of both lines into his nostrils, which immediately blew a hole two inches in diameter in the back of his head. A thin frost settled and covered his brain as he sat back.

"You like?" Eddy asked.

"Beautiful, thanks, bro."

"Yeah, sure, Dutch. Well, enjoy, I gotta float and see if I can't do a little business, man."

Getting laid was not the main thing on Dutch's mind before, but it suddenly became his immediate duty to begin a beaver hunt. He hadn't noticed until now that most of the pussy there was already taken. He figured he'd better get his ass in gear if he wanted any action other than in his head.

He saw Jane sitting on the floor and immediately had visions of her pounding his mound while he ate

out her store. Then he had visions of having his head popped like a ripe pimple if Benny, her ol' man, found out after getting out of jail. Sixty days in the Simms Street jail could make a guy like Benny pretty tense. Nix. He moved through groups of people passing joints until he came face to tit with Marla, the blonde amazon whose daddy bought her occasional 'Vettes and frequent abortions.

"How's the head?" asked Marla.

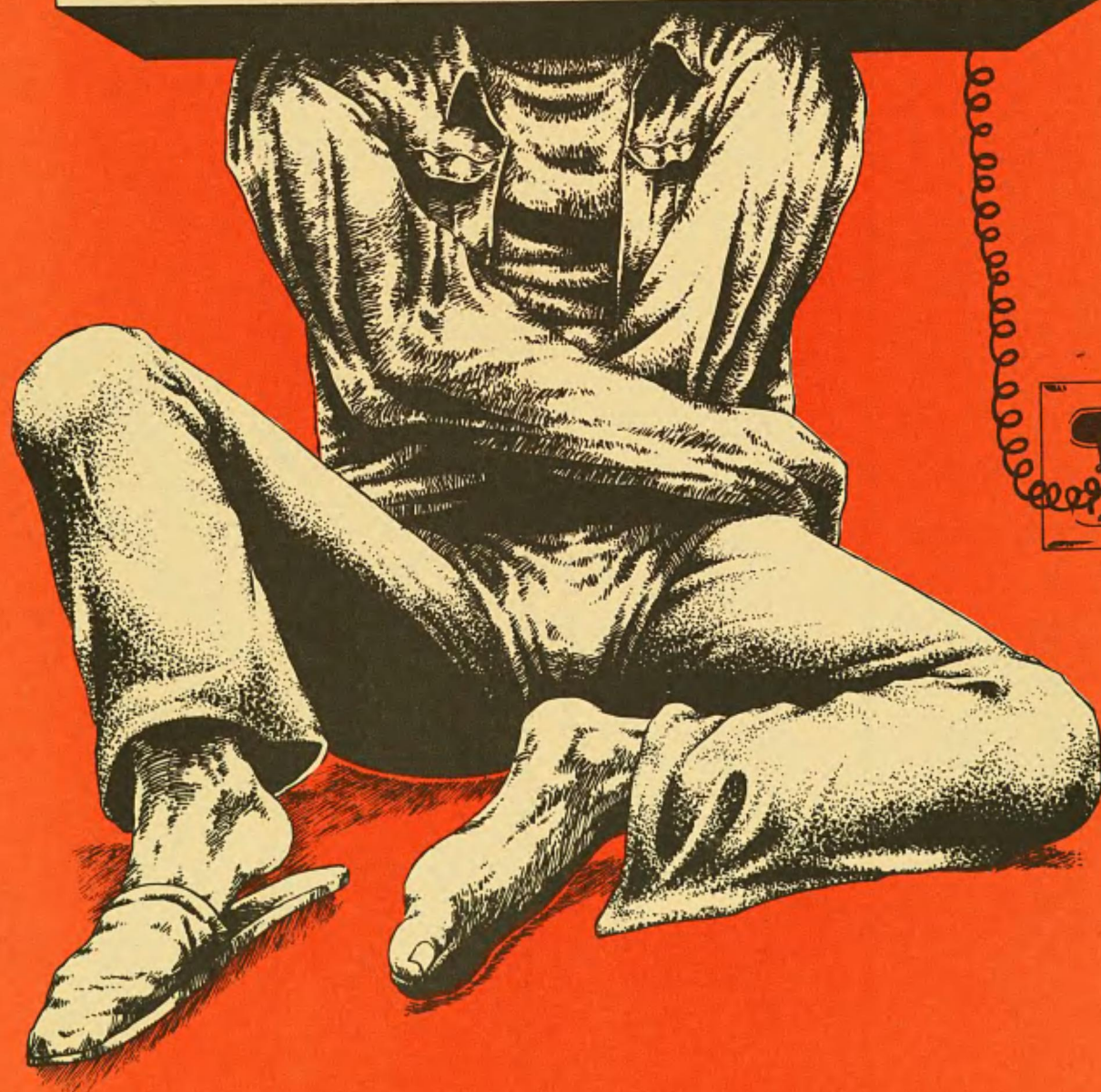
Dutch suddenly regressed to his awkward teenager stage momentarily, knowing what he wanted but not sure how to say it. "Uh . . . fine, Marla, fine. How's your cunt?"

Oh, shit! He knew he'd blown it when he saw Marla's dreamy smile turn into an indignant frown. Why the fuck did he say that?

"Christ! You're as bad as some of those assholes in your goddam club sometimes. Clean up your act a little before you get your face slapped!" She moved off angrily into the crowd.

Clean up your act? Who the fuck talks like that anymore? he thought. Fuck her anyway, stuck-up rich bitch! He scoped the situation a little further until he saw Barbara's friend Salina. Christ! he thought—

—Continued on page 78



A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of Bob "Moose" Volk. We'll meet again one day, and it'll be better for both of us. Love always, Arlene.

In memory of Hal "The Jew," our brother who isn't just a memory, he's a part of our lives. Quiet Jack and O' Lady.

In memory of Frank, one hell of a bro and a great biker who won't be forgotten. Ride on! Bill, Rochester, N.Y.

In memory of Doug Bailey. The good always die young. Rest in peace. Miss you, brother. Tom Rood.

In memory of Sancho, a good brother who rode hard and died fast. Road Knights M.C.

In memory of Peppy, one of the greatest brothers who rode to live and lived to ride. From Anthony, Carlstadt, N.J.

In memory of Dick LeVole, a biker who was loved by all who knew him. His biker friends from Livermore Falls, Maine.

To Marty "Arisony" Donhousem, the whistler rider. We think of you always—in the wind. Joann, Dave, R.C., Kenny.

For David Stuke. He got the biker funeral a bro dreams about. We'll never forget. David Sares, Nederland, Tex.

In memory of Rick. We will never forget. Screwball, Free Wheelers M.C., N.Y.

In memory of Mickey Ernst, the best of lady I ever had. You'll always be ridin' with me. Craig Ammerman.

In memory of Crazy Wayne, a bro who was loved by all and who will ride and party in our hearts forever. Darrell Dye.

In memory of Mike Howard, whose lights went out on 12-3-76. Hope you get a better shake than you got here, Ray.

In memory of Denny "Red Port," who lived hard and went out his own way, never to be forgotten. Dutch.

In memory of John A. Moore and Frank D. Farrow. You are sadly missed by your friends. Paul Zmork, Pa.

In memory of Steve Hamilton. You rode hard and died too fast, too soon. Bellevue and Clyde, Ohio.

In memory of Rick Frenchi, Donny Cole, Don Page and Brenda Byrd. Gone but not forgotten. Gentlemen's M.C.

Irreplaceable—'a truly unreal' of lady. Spooky. It might be a long time, but we'll meet again. Rest easy. Cake and Jake.

In memory of Bob "Smoker" Colwell, who died like the man he was. From a bro in stir, Bill.

In memory of Ray, who was shot by a redneck. We'll meet again in a happier place one day. Laru.

In memory of Chris Richards, who died while being chased by The Man. Derelets M.C.

In memory of Diva. Out of sight, but not out of our minds. Bugs and Kato.

We lost a good bro when Big Dick Mitchell went down. From Rick Giler, N. Mex.

In memory of Steve Swenson, a biker who will never be forgotten. Paul Sawitzky, Long Island.

In memory of Chris and Shelly, who were lost in a house fire. Rest well. Charlie and friends.

In memory of David "Chico" Pucheco, Musk Bat, and George E. Place, fathers, mates and brothers. Denver.

In memory of Hoogie and his hard-livin', hard-drinkin' ways. We'll miss you, bro. Satan's Angela M.C., Canada.

In memory of Johnny Gordinier. Never to be forgotten. We love and miss you. Cathy, Dolgeville, N.Y.

Male Call

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

So Cal. biker, Italian, would dig letters from sleazy but together chicks. Donnie Sager #B-64086-W304, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Downed biker lookin' for a new ol' lady who knows how to stick. B. Richard Magenheimer #40352-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73051.

Doin' time; drop a line. Norman L. Gilmore #70671, Vernon McConnell #60092, and Jimbo Siefert #66246, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I would like to hear from anyone. White male, 6'3", brown hair and eyes, 180 lbs. Robert Lipham, M.N. 164, Box 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Two stone bikers waiting for letters from women only. Want intellectuals. Wilhelm Henne #C-15389, and William Bauer #C-08245, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Girls, I'm not choosy, just lonely. Henry Garris, Box B-75600, Represa, Ca. 95671.

Send me a kite tonight. All women O.K. Dell Hasty #B-79102, Rm. 4215, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Would like to hear from some lonely chicks. George W. Rogers #K-2863, and Carl E. Ealy #K-2864, Box A, S.C.I. Rockview, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

I'm looking for a young lady to write or visit me. Robert Nicoloff, Box B-36720, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

I'm a fine lady, doin' time on a dope bust. Would like to hear from men only. Francine Baker #12408180, Box 1000, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.

I've got no one to write to, and want letters. Bill Panoast #B69139, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

I'm looking for a female person to write to. Jim Crowley, Box 57149 CTF-North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Could use mail from any and all foxy ladies. Cliff "Doc" Malone #98530, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

I've been in jail for five years with no mail at all. How about writing, somebody? Bob Omasta #015276 3-T-8, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Am doing awful time and need mail from ladies. Duane Murdock #02559, Box 1000, A-A-8, Marion, Ill. 62959.

I'm badly in need of letters from ladies. My ol' lady split. D. J. Hixon #75-A-2665, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Lonely con, doin' ten years, would like to hear from chicks. Joe Babella #24668, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

I want mail from all those horny helpers out there. H. Shouse #147875, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

White dude, 5'8", 150 lbs. needs to hear from ladies. Tom Lambert #B-72928, Sierra Conservation Center, Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Male con desires correspondence with sincere people who understand loneliness. Randy Haight #138-629, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

I could dig writing to a foxy lady who'll take the time to answer. Pat Searies #C-62023, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

All right now, ladies. Write, will ya? Danny Balcom, Box B-79593, CTF-North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I've lost contact with my friends in east Texas. I'm a lonely biker. Floyd Burleson #0707-H, 1 North Court St., Orlando, Fla. 32801.

This scooter tramp needs to hear from ladies. Hayden Pasternak, S.C.I., R.D. 1, Box 500, Georgetown, Del. 19947.

A lonely biker behind bars, needs to hear from some chicks. Don Antrobus #14633, P.S.I., R.R. 5, Ione, Calif. 95640.

Folsom prisoner, white, 35, interested in everything. Would like to hear from anyone. Stan Grant, Box B-77923, Represa, Calif. 95671.

How about all you fine young ladies dropping me a line? Rod Crawford #143271, Box 500, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

A letter would make me feel one hell of a lot better. Ralph Wilkins #120-002, Box 534, Jessup, Maryland 20704.

Sure could use some letters from older chicks. I'm eighteen and lonely, doin' twenty. Stephen Daley #110577, Southampton Corr. Ctr., Capron, Va. 23829.

Lonesome, broke, busted, and disgusted. Need mail. Geronimo Bryant #30636-B/N, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

28-yr-old Okla. Indian buck wants chicks to write. Sa-lan Wilson #22704-175, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73066.

Six-foot white dude needs mail from chicks. Am 180 lbs. with brown hair and hazel eyes. 28 yrs. old. Robert Frazier #147-619, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Two lonely bikers in the joint, need letters. Sam Kerna #29810 and Jeff Ozmun #29849, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

Illinois biker, with no friends or family, needs mail from understanding chicks. Jeff Saal #052262, S.C.I., Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Are there any girls out there who want to write to a righteous, lonely scooter tramp? Bill McElfish #203698, Box D, Anamosa, Iowa 52205.

Scooter tramp needs letters from chicks. William Test #00157-164, Box 1000, Oxford, Wisc. 53952.

You gotta give a little to get a lot, so how about a letter? Debbie Stonehouse, from Jersey: Eight years ain't long, is it? Bill Hunt, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Would like to hear from some far-out female sex freaks. Jerry Clevenger #C-500-15, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Two downed bros would love to hear from chicks and exchange pictures. No Jesus freaks or phonies. C. L. Brown #37429 and J. S. Nelson #36912, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97330.

California dude from Frisco area wants to hear from freaky chicks. Kenneth Frampton #7004, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66643.

Times are hard, but a lady correspondent could make them easier for me. Wayne Kilgore #32180138, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Any chicks who want to write? Randy Sowers #K-3189 and Bill Reinecke #M-1423, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Dude has been down for a long time and needs sweet letters from sweet ladies. Skip Duran, Box 2000 M-108, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Uptight brother would like to establish communication with understanding woman. Alvin Fields #74-A-2767, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Warm, young sweetie wanted. Steve Kolis #59307, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Searchin' for an intelligent, foxy lady who digs bikes and horses. Interested? Write to: Dave White, #P-1884, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Red-headed dude, 5' 10" and 150 lbs. needs letters from chicks. S.D. Bishop #030412, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Lookin' for some tenderloin to write to. Dave Modrzewski #147552 and Ron Smith #145806, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Two Vagos M.C. prospects need visits and mail from together mamas. Mike Hodges #B-76001 and Steve Sortore #B-76176, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Make me happy. Send dirty letters and flicks. L. Connors #B-78928, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

I need gypsy-blooded, promiscuous, hustling mama 25 to 50 who wants to get married and not settle down. Ron Wold, Box 1010, Reg. #43351, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

32-yr-old Italian, 6'2", needs letters from chicks. Michael DiOrio, 250 Harris Rd., Bedford Hills, N.Y. 10507.

Down and out but still need loving. Drop a few lines to Charles Huffman #B-72974 A-234, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Handsome sucker needs letters from good-lookin' ladies. Larry Holland, Box B-34028, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

New York biker, busted in the South, needs letters from girls. Matthew Bell #69174, Box 500, Brks. 6, Grady, Ark. 71644.

27-yr-old smuggler seeks meaningful relationship with fine ladies. Will be out in a year. John Wacht, Box B-32901, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Two dudes would like to get mail from good, sweet, trashy ladies. Scott Broadhead, Box B-35145 and Wayne Wright, Box B-35324, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Texas boy with a long southern drawl wants correspondence from females. Buddy Littleton, Box B-78866, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Any chick who writes will get an answer. Terry Christianson, Box 36916, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310.

Downed Carolina biker would like to hear from ladies in the free world. Rick McDaniel, #84528 K.C.I., 4344 Broad River Road, Columbia, S.C. 29210.

I would like to correspond with foxy ladies. Larry Crews #047600, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Two bros need mail from sexy chicks. John Bettencourt, Box B-68681 and Mike Ley, Box B-82003, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Lonely white male, age 26, wants to hear from chicks 19 to 35 yrs. old. Will answer all letters. Charles Small Y-2630, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

I ain't much, but a letter from a chick could make me a lot. Dave Post #51713, 412-82-9073, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 66027.

I need some good news from free females 18 to 80. Donald Danford #32323, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Lonely dude needs some mail before he becomes sane. Phil Pietrowicz #778-128, Elmira State Prison, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

We're doin' time and would like to hear from some foxy chicks who'll write and send pictures. Joe Rajchel, Larry Richmond, and Hayden Pasternak, Rt. 1, Box 500, Georgetown, Del. 19947.

Mamas! Write to this lonely Texan. Donald Jensen #16889, Box 800, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

Doing eight years. Send me some love in a letter. Ladies. Ray Trivett #56153, Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

Two white bros need mail from sweeties. Robert Greenwald #B-71803 and Robert Copeland #B-72157, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

I'm very lonely and would like to hear from a sincere chick. Clyde Foster #044-067, Box 747, 18-2206, Starke, Fla. 32091.

27-yr-old, 100% Irish biker seeks relationship with beautiful girl or one who cares. Patrick Timothy Moriarty, Ph.D., Box B-57124, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Two men down and would like to hear from freaky, well-putt-together chicks. Send photo with first letter. We'll do the same. John Domasceno #90854 and Tony Apanovich #99849, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Lonely convict would like women to write to. Leon Shaw, Box 340, Rustburg, Va. 24588.

Prison artist can use some female scribbles. Tim Cain #76-B-960, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Help! City tramp stranded in Marlboro country. Need to be reminded that there is more to life than Bugler and fatassed boys. J. Simpson #B-44310, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Need some foxy honeys. Write Chuck Sakers #43677, Box 1, Yardsville, New Jersey 08620.

5' 11", 170-lb. biker looking for chicks for cheer now an' putt later. Don Puffy #75-C-354, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

Busted and trapped. Would like to hear from all sexy girls out there. Mike Franke 38676 W/M/22, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wisc. 54305, Roger Halverson, Box 25, Oregon, Wisc. 53575.

Need an ol' lady. Phillip Douglas, Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALABAMA

Riders Bike Shop 1324 Tusculiana Ave., S.W., Birmingham

ALASKA

House of Harley 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage

ARIZONA

Cumic Choppers & Parts 1001 W. 19th Ave., Phoenix

Quinn Side HD 3335 N. 19th Ave., Tucson

The Scooter Shop 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson

ARKANSAS

Any Cycle 1301 S. Thayer St., Springfield

Righteous Custom Cycle 405 Tension, Fort Smith

CALIFORNIA

Beaumont Harley Davidson 1811 Loversland Blvd., Bellflower

Chopper Supply 442 Placent St., Van Nuys

Two Bikes Trimmer 201 N. Milroy, San Fernando

Zach's New & Used HD Parts 4076 University, San Diego

Custom Leather 1837 Fulton Ave., Sacramento

First Choppers Inc. 275 Valencia St., San Francisco

B & B MC Parts 1010 N. Court, Visalia

DAG Cycle Parts 15715 Amos Rd., Los Angeles

Camp Daves 7880 Old Redwood Hwy., Coast

Reverend Motor Menace 3735 E. Belmont Ave., Fresno

HD Parts 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina del Rey

Little Motors Custom Cycle Parts 253 Shell Blvd., Shell Beach

Discount Chopper Parts 2610 Orangefreeport, Fullerton

Victor's Heads Custom Shop 2500 N. Main St., Sacramento

B & B MC 7412 Tallent Ave., Huntington Beach

Jan Leiner 2270 Stevens Creek Blvd., San Jose

San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Main St., San Fernando

Meritt MC Parts & Repairs 1248 E. 14th St., Sacramento

Mike's Cycle Shop 11412 Sherman Way, Canoga Park

James Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank

Ben's Bike Shop 1024 W. Mission, Escondido Beach

Drag Bike Shop 2219 Alhambra Blvd., Redondo Beach

Men's Cycle Products 1745 Tasmanian Blvd., San Fernando

Chopper Art 5909 Atlantic Blvd., Maywood

CANADA

AF's Choppers 1119 Main St., Hamilton, Ontario

D & S Manufacturing Co. 225 Nugget Ave., Unit 12, London

HD Cycles LTD 955 Gerrard St. E., Toronto, Ontario

Lakeland Cycle Works 701 N. Main, Kincardine, Ontario

Toronto Custom MC Supply 2248 Ringwood Rd., Scarborough, Ontario

FLORIDA

H-D Motorcycle Hardware 3600 Manatee Ave., W., Bradenton

H-D of Fort Myers 1129 Seaboard, Fort Myers

Unauthorized H-D 5609 66th St., N., Ft. Pierce

Blacks Shop 194 Bayshore Dr., Nicellville, Or., Orlando

Florida Cycle Parts Inc. 1120 E. Colonial Dr., Orlando

Harley-Davidson Beach 1331 W. Millerville Trail, West Palm Beach

Neider's J & MC Repairs 9555 Lee St., Hollywood

Neider's Harley-Davidson Sales 509 Seminole Blvd., Largo

L&C Harley 513 34th Ave., N., Lake Worth

Harley-Davidson Sales & Service 944 A. Ocala, Ocala

C.C. Cycle 516 S. Dixie Hwy., Ft. Pierce

Ponyman Parts 900 N. Dixie Hwy., Pompano Beach

Unauthorized HD 5609 66th St., N., Saint Petersburg

GEORGIA

The Pit Stop 3123 Victory Dr., Columbus

GT MC Supply 5155 Buford Hwy., Doraville

Blue Ribbons Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta

Southwestern Cycle 445 N. Clarendon Ave., Spalding

The Motorcycle Palace 400 Fleming Wells Rd., Marietta

HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamalei St., Honolulu

Iron Horse Den 570 Aiea St., Eleele, Maui

IDaho

Pit Stop 210 Yellowstone, Pocatello

ILLINOIS

Charleston Custom Cycle 12 W. Stone, Charleston

North Shore H-D 3385 Milwaukee Ave., Northbrook

Midwest Triumph 3650 W. 130th St., Chicago

Chicago Cycle Emporium 424 Hill Ave., Aurora

Chicago Bay's 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank

House of Harley 1109 S. Western, Chicago

Midwest Triumph 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein

Gordon Shaw & Co. Choppers 771 N. Broadway, Joliet

Triumph Cycle 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank

House of Harley 1109 S. Western, Chicago

Midwest Triumph 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein

Gordon Shaw & Co. Choppers 771 N. Broadway, Joliet

Triumph Cycle 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank

House of Harley 1109 S. Western, Chicago

Midwest Triumph 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein

Gordon Shaw & Co. Choppers 771 N. Broadway, Joliet

MAINE

Papa's Machine & Cycle Works 220 Main St., Bangor

Stone Choppers 220 Main St., Bangor

The Bike 400 South Main St., Bangor

The Chopper Factory 478 State St., Portland

Triumph of Waterville 154 Waterville St., Waterville

MARYLAND

Garratt's H-D Sales Rt. 1 Box 775, Berlin

H-D of Fanny Park 1000 Lake Rd., Fanny Park

Abandon Custom Cycles 2000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

MASSACHUSETTS

Calif. Choppers Specialties 405 Coggeshall St., New Bedford

D.C. Works 107 Union St., Easton

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

MICHIGAN

United MC Cheese Exchange 759 Pennington St., Kalamazoo

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

MARYLAND

Marlborough Cycle 103 Washington St., Marlton

Cycles Inc. 1301 W. 31st, Albany

HD of Bergen 15 Overlook Ave., Bergen

MC Motorcycles 501 Fairview Ave., Edison

The Chopper Shop Inc. 200 Rt. 1, Edison

The Bike Works 25 S. Easton Rd., Easton

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

C & R Cycle Center 235 Rt. 246 W., Fairfield

NEVADA

Fast Harry's Hi-Performance Cycle 1945 Traver Way, Sparks

NEW MEXICO

New Mexico Salvage 827 Santa Blvd., SW, Albuquerque

All Cycle Parts & Acc. 112 General Avenue NE, Albuquerque

NEW YORK

The Vanishing American Rd. 11 River Rd., Elmhurst

Brooklyn HD 1525 Convent Island Ave., Brooklyn

J & D Cycle 1220 Varial Ave., Binghamton

J & R Choppers 215 45th Ave., Bayside

The Shady Palmer MC Corp. 271 Buffalo Ave., Mayfield

AT's Cycle Parts 315 E. Danforth St., Rome

Locustman Choppers 144 E. Main St., E. Islip

Union Cycle Cycle 2225 Baiter Rd., Longhams

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

PENNSYLVANIA

Galen's Cycle Repair 100 Washington St., Marlton

King Cams Choppers 4816 Lancaster Ave., Philadelphia

King Speed & Custom Cycles 437 Main St., Chicago

V.B. Custom Vans & Cycle Rd. 26, Box 112, Greenburg

Chopper Shop II 2837 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh

The Bike Works 25 S. Easton Rd., Easton

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

C & R Cycle Center 235 Rt. 246 W., Fairfield

RHODE ISLAND

Custom Eng. 222 Washington St., W. Warwick

SOUTH CAROLINA

Kelly's Harley-Davidson Sales Inc. 1219 Bull Rd., Columbia

Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston

Southwestern Cycle 445 N. Clarendon Ave., Spalding

Buck's HD 1804 W. Palmetto St., Florence

Snifflet Custom Cycle 101 Swanton Dr., Summerville

D. C. Cycle 705 S. Main, Summerville

SOUTH DAKOTA

C & L Cycle Acc. 70534 Camer Dr., Sioux Falls

TENNESSEE

Ready Cycle Sales 130 N. Main Ave., Knoxville

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

TEXAS

Larry's M/C Service 217 So. 8, Houston

Andy's MC Sales 408 E. Lancaster St., W. Worth

Chaudron Cycle 3136 E. Lancaster St., W. Worth

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis

Harley-Davidson 1000 N. 1st St., Annapolis



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.

TRUCKER WALLET

Here's the original truckers' wallet, made extra wide to fit checkbooks.



Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Foreign orders must include International Money Order

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

I-R-S LIMITED



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.



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.

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.

DOT Honcho

—Continued from page 65

clean up our own act with a few additional laws.

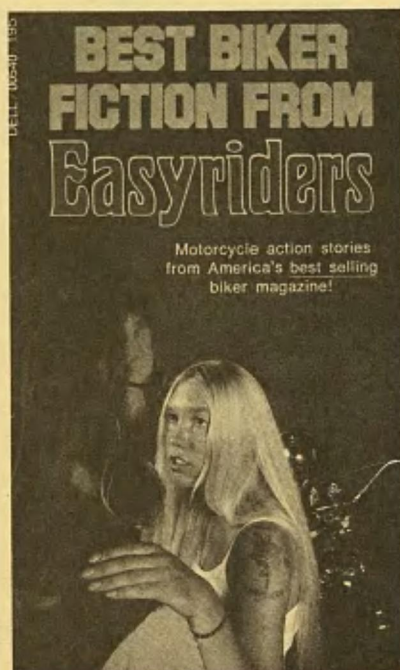
Should a one percent come down on a dude who is operating a bike under 350cc on a state highway, this biker is going to be in a world of trouble. Highway-anemic bikes less than 350cc will be restricted to city streets, parking lots, and back alleys. You can go shopping on them, commute to nearby jobs on them, or poke around town on them like true teenyboppers; but the minute you set out on the open highway on one—bam!—your ass is grass. Upon a third conviction for such violation, the offender is to be spirited away to the nearest patrol station and dealt with harshly. He will be marshaled out onto a municipal parking lot and strapped to a 60cc Shortster. Then a convoy of six Electra Glide tractors pulling cycle trailers will attempt to overrun him and grind his ass into the pavement. Should the offender survive this punishment, it is unlikely he will ever become a repeat offender. For the cyclist who habitually rides between lanes of traffic and down median strips and emergency lanes to avoid congestion, arrest and conviction shall require that his motorcycle operator's privileges be suspended for an entire riding season. They shall be restored to him again in the dead of winter. In the event the biker dwells in year-around sunshine, he is to be exiled to an arctic locale and will therein languish one year—with his bike. When such an offender finally succumbs to the sweet relief of madness, he will be considered rehabilitated and should thereafter refrain from such hazardous infractions.

And before I forget . . . any biker arrested by my patrol and convicted of messing up those fumigated shit-houses I told you about will be shackled and thrown into a septic tank outside a VD clinic for 48 hours.

Finally, we come to dealing with that most despicable scoundrel of all—the scooter rustler. I would support any and all legislation which permits a biker to blow away anyone spiriting away his putt. In the event the culprit should avoid detection and annihilation by the rightful owner and is later apprehended by my patrol, he shall be hustled to the nearest hospital and therein have his pectoral muscles surgically disjoined—so that he may never squeeze another pair of boltcutters. And the letters **Rip-Off** will be stamped across his forehead with his own impact dies, so that the biker society may forever scorn his evil, prick presence.

Like I said: If I were Chief Honcho of the DOT, there'd be some changes made.

Dig?



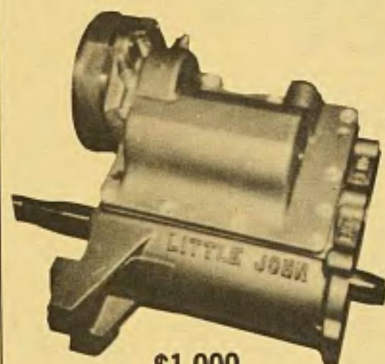
Can't Find It On The Newsstand?

**Well, now you can buy
it direct from us!**

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.)

send \$2 to

Best Biker Fiction Box 52,
Malibu, California 90265.



\$1,000

5-Speed Trany For Your Hawg

● MORE SPEED

● LESS VIBRATION

● MORE MILEAGE

● LESS ENGINE WEAR

*Give your scooter stroker 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



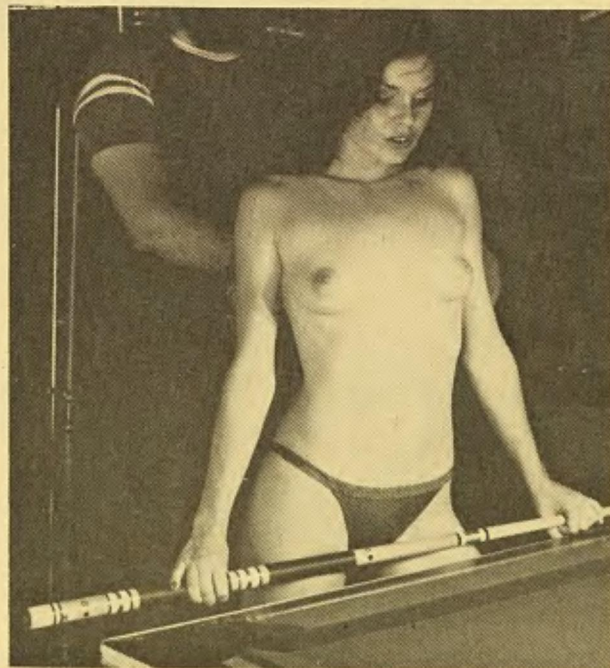
Joan's Pocket

The game was a loss—but she wasn't

Too often chicks just don't watch what the fuck they're doing. Or it may be that occasionally a broad likes to see how far she can push things. Like Joan here.

It was a hot day and several of us were at a bro's, downin' a few beers and chalkin' up a little. Then a chump came prancin' in with this saucy lookin' floozie on his arm. She led him around by his snivellin' nose so god-damn much we were waitin' for her to start throwin' the word "Heel" at him. Well, that lasted a good five minutes—until we threw her boy out into the street.

Naturally, she proceeded to bad-mouth the poor guy and run a line about never likin' him anyway. She thought she was slicker than two whores in a retirement home for rich farts. Working on her swollen head, the



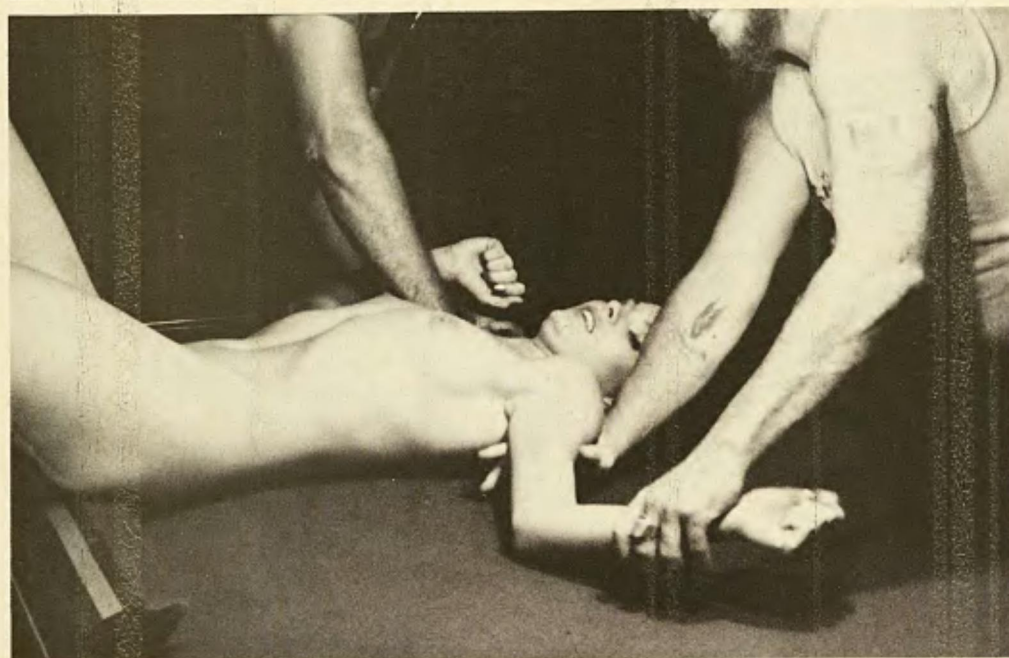
cocky bitch decided she'd show us just how slippery she was by suggesting a game of strip pool.

We didn't have many good attitudes flowing that day. It had to be a hundred and five outside, there wasn't much to do, and the party the night before sorta took the joy outta breathin' the smog. So after she ran the third ball we changed the rules. She had to take off her threads if she kept sinkin' her balls. Thinkin' she had all of us melted in our boots, she went along with it. We were melting in our boots all right, but it wasn't her bod generating the heat. As you can see, her bod ain't bad but her mouth was overloadin' that pretty little butt.

When she ran the table that turned out to be the last warm beer we could tolerate. Her winning grin soon dis-







appeared and our day brightened as we got into the game. If chicks would learn to keep their mouths shut once in awhile, they could choose the ol' man they want—rather than having the fifth dude in line choose whether he wants to ball or get head.

—Pervert



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, 19, 25, 29, 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-wettin' early issues.

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

BACK ISSUES

Box 711,
Burbank, Ca. 91502

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

up yours

S-1
Single Spike
(5 Spikes)
\$6.00

S-2
Double Spike
(14 Spikes)
\$10.00

S-3
5" Gauntlet
(26 Spikes)
\$20.00

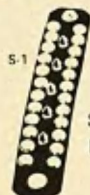


SPIKE WRIST BAND

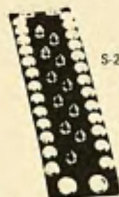
for decorative purposes only

DC-1
Dog Collar
\$15.00
SM. M. LG.

Dealer
Inquiries
Invited



SM.
LG.



SM.
LG.

ASSORTED
PYRAMID AND
NAIL HEAD DESIGNS.
CHROME PLATED
STUDS MOUNTED ON
LEATHER INSERT

7.00

AVAILABLE IN 2-SPIKE
AND 5-SPIKE BUCKLES

WATCH FOR NEW PRODUCTS

Send check or
money order to:

SEPTEMBER — DEPT. E
626 S. Federal Hwy.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33301
305/764-4770

For complete catalog,
send .50 for postage
and handling

The Videot

—Continued from page 68

the pick of the litter! He slid up to her as coolly as possible while the front of his Levis tightened.

"Hi, Dutchy," she cooed, as her big brown eyes widened and met his. Her firm, tanned tits strained against her Harley-Davidson halter top. He hated it when she called him Dutchy, but the way her cut-offs hugged her slender hips made him forget about it immediately. Salina had slightly slanted eyes, giving her face an oriental quality that made his heart beat faster than a fistful of crossroads. "Nice party, but it looks like it's breaking up," she said.

"Yeah, what say we go to my place and have our own little party?"

"What did you have in mind, Dutchy?"

"Well, I thought we might split a bottle of Paisano and a few bones—then we could fuck like a pair of minks on Spanish fly."

Once again a smile was replaced by an expression of frigid distaste. "I like you, Dutchy. But I don't fuck. I make love."

"We can do that too!" he said in a frenzy, while his dipstick reached for the outer limits.

"Maybe some other time. Think about what I said. Later..."

Jesus shit! he thought. That was it. No more prospects left, might as well split home before I either explode or fall down.

Once he was outside, the cold air made him realize the titanic buzz he was experiencing. He kicked over his crotchrocket, which started in one kick.

At least I can depend on you, baby, he thought as he twisted the throttle, moving the speedo needle past sixty. Once in his driveway, he gave it a couple of revs to annoy anyone in the neighborhood who might be slurping groin gravy or making it with Morpheus.

He floated into the house, snapped on the TV, and filled a bowl with his finest Tasmanian Purple Mind-fuck, figuring to take up until he zoned out to sleep.

The Johnny Carson Show filled the screen. Fuck it—at this point, Carson was as good or bad as anything else.

From left to right sat Ed McMahon, Marlin Perkins with a hyena on a leash, Helen Reddy, and in the

guest seat next to Johnny was Farrah Fawcett-Majors, who kept cracking them up with suggestive one-liners, occasionally leaning over to show off her globes. Fuckin' great! Dutch thought as he took a deep pull on his pipe.

"Oh, look," squealed Farrah, pointing out at him from the screen, "Dutchy's home!"

"Hey, asshole," Carson said, looking out at him. "Ya sure fucked up at that party tonight, didn't ya?"

Dutch bolted out of his favorite chair, expelling smoke, coughing explosively, clutching his chest. Jesus, he thought, I'm hallucinating.

"Sounds real good, Dutch," said Carson. "Been checked for black lung lately?" The studio audience laughed uproariously.

Dutch regained control, wiped his eyes and stared at the screen in shock. Carson and his guests were just sitting there as if they were waiting for him to say something. "Uh . . . ah . . ." he said. The audience exploded again.

"What happened, Dutchy?" Farrah regarded him thoughtfully. "How come you struck out?"

"Um . . . uh . . . are you talking to *this* particular Dutch?" He pointed to his own chest with a shaky finger.

"Who else, douche bag?" said Carson. "The Dutchman who blew two shots at some prime pussy. You did want to poke 'em, didn't you?"

"Fuckin' A, I did," replied Dutch.

"So?" Carson raised his eyebrows. "Well, look, man, these chicks wanta play these word games and fuck with my head—" He broke off, feeling stupid talking to a machine.

"And so?" prompted Marlin's hyena, who had been quiet until now.

"Well, y'know, chicks have feelings too, ya gotta . . ."

"What about your feelings?"

—Continued on page 83



"John wants me to tell you he has eyes for you!"

ADD A LITTLE PLEASURE TO YOUR LIFE, - WITH A HARLEY-DAVIDSON

A. Ride Hard Skull
\$2.75 + 25¢ postage
Transfer \$1.25 + 25¢ postage

C. Add a little Pleasure to your Life
\$1.50 + 25¢ postage

Sun-Glo stickers
A complete new line of Harley & others which are sure to catch everyone's attention. These stickers are designed by us and are not yet available in stores. "A" is also available as a hot iron transfer for your favorite T-shirt, \$1.25 each + 25¢ postage. Catalog \$1.00 refundable on first order.

B. Harley Eagle
\$2.00 + 25¢ postage

D. Keep the Wind in your Face, and the Heat off your Ass!
\$1.50 + 25¢ postage

Tommie's Custom Van & Motorcycle Acc.
P. O. Box 354
Modesto, California 95353

TOMMIE'S CUSTOM VAN & MOTORCYCLE ACCESSORIES "T" 77

Rebuilt Rods

48 HOUR SERVICE

RODS ARE:

1. CLEAN—GLASS BEADED
2. STRAIGHTENED
3. NEW WRIST PIN BUSHINGS HONED OUT FOR .0002 FIT
4. NEW ROD RACES HONED OUT FOR .0005 FIT

COMES WITH CRANK PIN FITTED TO EACH ROD SET. STANDARD ROD ROLLERS

80, 74 & Sportster rods in stock & more if you want same rods built!

REBUILT RODS \$75

ROD RACES ONE SET SPORT \$4.00

80 & 74 \$9.95

80 \$10.95

ROD ROLLERS EACH \$1.50

2 PAIR CRANK PIN \$5.00

SPORTSTER & 74 \$10.95

80 \$10.95

ROD ROLLER SETS \$1.00

80 & 74 \$10.95

80 \$10.95

80 \$10.95



DRAGON T SHIRTS AS IN PHOTO \$4.50

SHIRT SIZE SM MED LARGE XL LARGE

VALVE GUIDES

PRECISION GROUND & HEAT TREATED STEEL

SPORTSTER INT EXT 74 INT EXT

STD. TO .004 \$6.95 STD. TO .004 \$7.95 STD. TO .015 \$6.95 STD. TO .015 \$7.95

65 PAGE HD PARTS AND TOOL CATALOG \$3.00

DEALERS INQUIRES WELCOME!

Rebuilt Generators

48 HOUR SERVICE

WE REBUILD MORE GENERATORS THAN ANY OTHER DISTRIBUTOR

- OURS CONTAIN:
1. GLASS BEADED AND PAINTED
 2. NEW SEALS AND REWOUND ARMATURE
 3. NEW FIELD COILS
 4. NEW INSULATORS
 5. NEW BRUSHES
 6. BEARINGS REPLACED
 7. TESTED BEFORE SHIPMENT

Models we rebuild are—32 32C 32E 32 41 58 52K 65A Generators are exchanged or on special order your generator shipped back all generators MUST be rebuildable and in ONE piece with all parts intact! All generator parts and sequence SEND FOR PRICE LIST

REBUILT GENERATORS \$65

ARMATURE REWOUND EXCHANGE ONLY \$29.95

DRAGON DISTRIBUTORS

P.O. BOX 87

BAYVILLE, N.Y. 11709

PHONE 516 491 3131

SHIP RODS & GENERATORS WITH 50% DEPOSIT

SEND CASH, CREDITED CHECK, OR MONEY ORDER

T SHIRTS & OTHER PARTS SEND PAYMENT IN FULL

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

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

TRUCKER'S WALLET 8 1/2 x 4
5 POCKETS, ONE WITH ZIPPER
LEATHER BELT LOOP
BRASS CHAIN \$16.00
3/4 SIZE \$14.00
HARLEY BELT \$10.00

BIKER CHAPS DOUBLE ZIPPER
CUSTOM ORDER \$80.00

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



**Order Your
Shirts
and Tops
Now for
Christmas**

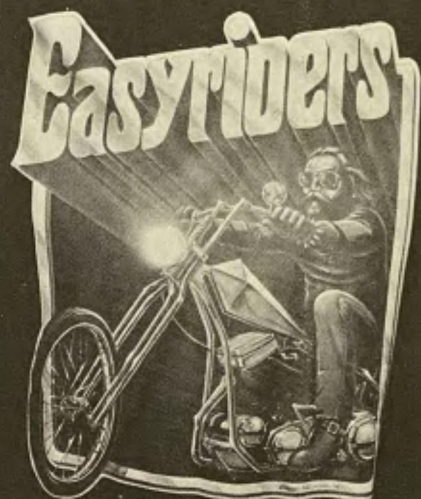


CHOP SHIRTS

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

Righteous drawings by Robinson, of the Harley Wings, and the Panhead, Knucklehead, Shovelhead, Sportster, Triumph, and Honda 4 engines! Completely washable, durable, and 100% colorfast. All Chopshirts are top-quality American-made shirts. Chopper drawings printed in masculine black on a virgin white (what else?) shirt.

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



Dave Mann's Latest Design!

Bitchin' Mann illustration printed in silver on a black T-shirt. Available in all sizes. Specify shirt (D) on order blank.

TUBE TOPS!

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.

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.





Black Easyriders T-shirts with full color Dave Mann designs

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

Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting

on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettn' Easyriders name being part of the design.

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

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

Easyriders Tit-Tops

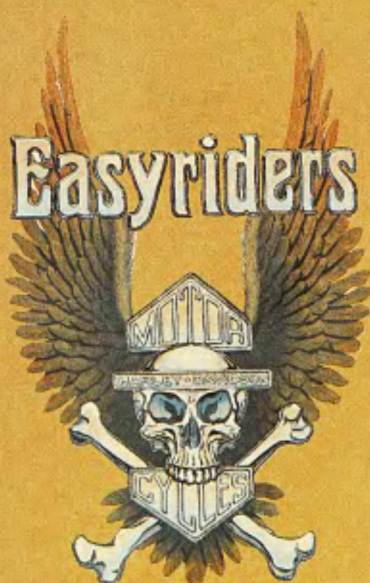


O.K. TIT-FREAKS, you win! By popular demand your day of deliverance has come - soft, sweet and supple tit-tops for the lady in your life. They're guaranteed to bring out the animal in her, and that'll make you wet your wheels.

Shit, as a bonus we'll let you drool on two colors, yearning yellow and belling 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-room.

All Products American Made



Here's the most far-out Dave Mann T-shirt ever! The idea was sent in by a bro doing time. 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!

They're 100% cotton and we'll lay 'em on ya for only \$5.45 plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

Send your order today to:

TOPS, BOX 711, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91503

Dave Mann color designs

Black	Brown Wings	Night Rider	Tit Tops	Tube Tops
Sm. Med. Lg. X Lg.			Yellow	
A. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Sm. ☐	Sm. ☐	Av ☐ L ☐	Red ☐
B. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Med. ☐	Med. ☐	Pe ☐	Blk. ☐
C. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Lg. ☐	Lg. ☐	Blue	
	X Lg. ☐	X Lg. ☐	Av ☐ L ☐	
			Pe ☐	

ALL DAVE MANN T-SHIRTS \$5.95

Tit/Tube Tops
\$5.95 each or
\$9.95 a pair

We pay all postage and handling on all Tops.

Chop Shirts

____ Harley Wings
____ Knucklehead
____ Panhead
____ Sportster

____ Honda
____ Triumph
____ Shovelhead
____ Skull

____ Miraculous Mutha
____ Keep on Tokin'
____ Easyriders

All Chopshirts are \$4.45

(Be sure to state size:
sm., med., lge., X-lge.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

California residents: Add 6% for the Governor's stash fund.
Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.



COUNTRY CLASS/JERRY LEE LEWIS: The backup musicians and other vocalists on this album represent as fine a cross sampling of country singing as you could find, despite the fact that most of the names (like Buddy Harman, Pig Robbins, Prissy Hubbard, etc.) aren't too well known outside the country music community. But Jerry Lee Lewis generally hasn't given a rat fuck about what other people think in the first place, so give him credit for surrounding himself with a bushel basketful of folks who help a fine album come to life.



THE DICTATORS/MANIFEST DESTINY: This bunch of badasses from New York City are certainly different from your average group of snot-nosed punk musicians. For one thing, they don't look like a wimpy collection of dope-fried, pencil-necked geeks. Their lead singer calls himself Handsome Dick Manitoba, and he weighs in at over 200 pounds with an impressive beer gut. The lead guitarist goes by the handle of Ross The Boss, and he earns it with some riveting heavy metal solo work. Most of the songs on this second album are power rock bruisers. One of the best of the lot is titled "Diseased." It's about a guy who wakes up with scales on his crank after a night of indiscreet revelry. Sound familiar? Well, if ever you could laugh about it, you should be playing this song. Best of the rest include "Exposed" and "Science Gone Too Far." Just take a good look at bass man Mark "The Animal" Mendoza beating the shit out of his axe, and you'll understand what the Dictators are all about.

DOWN ~TIME DISCS

By
Buster Duckbutter
and White Wing



THE ORIGINAL ANIMALS/BEFORE WE WERE SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED: You should be able to remember the blues-drenched power these bad fuckers summoned up on such classics as "House Of The Rising Sun" and "Bring It On Home To Me." They split up several years ago, but now they're back together making mean sounds. Eric Burdon's vocals are full of lonely, roughed-up urgency, and Hilton Valentine provides plenty of soulfully howling licks. This is what the blues was named for, and few serve it up with more sass and style than these veterans. They've been through it all together—and it shows.



STILLWATER/STILLWATER: It sounds like these seven dudes from Macon, Georgia, munched up a bunch of boogieburgers and hot sauce before they went to the studio to make this debut album. On the way they must have stopped off at the local slop chute to suck up a tubload of suds and a couple dozen Slim Jims. Between takes they had to be downing big bowls of super southern chili. You know what happens when you shove this kind of grub into your gut. About midway through your small intestine, the whole load explodes.

You get piping hot shit that does its best to burn you a new asshole. These bros tone it down some with sweet harmonies, but underneath it all is pure bonded bourbon bootstomping. As usual, Capricorn Records never lets you down, and the music is guaranteed to get you up.

RED HOT/THE DON HARRISON BAND: Take four men who are studio-level musicians, capable of extremely tight vocals, who are also top-notch country-flavored original writers, put them together and bam—a great album that appeals to country rock fans and has caused a lot of folks to ask, "Who the fuck is that?" The answer is the Don Harrison Band, with Harrison on lead vocals, and Russell DaShiell, Doug Clifford and Stu Cook on harmonies. The title track, "Red Hot (Ready To Go)," is getting a good deal of airplay. Although most people don't know the group by name. This

OL' WAYLON/WAYLON JENNINGS: This album debuted on the country charts in the number one spot, quite an achievement for country music's acknowledged rebel. For several years the power brokers in the country music field branded Jennings as being too far out to make it big. Their blitch was that Jennings didn't stick to pure country material and that he allowed rock and roll influences to creep into his repertoire. Waylon simply continued to play whatever tunes he wanted, whatever way he wanted. He didn't give a rat's ass whether he was among the "in crowd" or not. Soon it became evident that Waylon's type of music was just what the public wanted. Last year those same executives who had once criticized him tried to heap their praises on him at the Country Music Awards. In typical outlaw fashion, he told them to hang the awards in their buttholes. Ol' Waylon contains its

album should change all that. It's what down-home rock and roll is all about.



NO ACCIDENT/DRIVER: Three-piece groups are notorious for not making it. Any time three dudes get together and hope to make a living with their music, the shit has really got to be together. As proof, you can name a lot of groups of four and five men that are mediocre, yet still making a living off their recording contracts. But the three-piecers always seem to be super strong, if they make it at all. Z. Z. Top, Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Cream, Grand Funk Railroad and a couple others come to mind, but they are a handful when compared with the rest of the music industry. We think Driver has a good shot at joining these other asskickers. Their first album is distinguished by two things: the crappy cover art and the powerful rock and roll underneath it. Stephen Coats began by playing bass in a country band, and teamed with Stephen Rexford in a group called Country Smoke. When that gig was over they got together with Peter Glindeman and formed Driver, a hard rock outfit that, despite the country background of two members, plays mainstream metal rock. With some luck, this may be a group that becomes a household name if they continue to put out strong shit of this caliber.



share of rockabilly numbers, like Neil Diamond's "Sweet Caroline" and a short medley of some early Elvis tunes. Of course, there are some great pure country songs, including the hit "Luckenbach, Texas." What comes through in every track is the unaffected approach of Waylon and his gang. If you Jennings fans haven't already latched onto this one, you've been walking around the record store with your head up your ass. ■

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.

The Perfect stocking stuffer at Xmas!

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



RIGHTeous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



asked Carson. "What are you, a monk?" The audience tittered.

"No, dammit! I'm pretty pissed off about it!"

"I'm sure you are," said Farrah. "You had it made and you fucked it up because you let these people play these games. Get in touch with your anger, Dutchy. If you see what you want, you know how to go about getting it. Here, look at this." The camera zoomed in on her tits as she slipped them out of her blouse and cupped them invitingly. "How would you like to nuzzle these casabas? You've got to be aggressive, baby!" The camera pulled back.

"That's right, ya vibrator, when you see what you want, take it," Carson said as he beckoned McMahon over and the two of them lifted Farrah up on the MC desk. As the band started playing "Bolero," Carson began sucking on her nipples, switching from one to the other while Ed stuck his head up her skirt. The audience whistled and applauded. The hyena mounted Helen Reddy while she sang "I am woman."

"Good Christ!" Dutch reached out and snapped off the tube. "I gotta get more of this Tasmanian Purple, but I shouldn't oughta mix it with booze—causes pornographic hallucinations that give you lectures."

Wearily, he climbed into bed, still horny as a wart hog in heat. "Guess I'll hafta beat the beef."

"Like hell you will!" his right hand said. "I'm not in the mood and I've got a headache! Besides, you only use me as a sex object!"

"Whaddaya mean? I use you for my throttle too! I... what the fuck am I doin' talkin' to my hand?"

Dutch got up, popped a 'lude, and decided to watch less TV in the future.



"Maybe it's a fuckin' mirage."

Easyriders

Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist

For
\$31.50



**Two Year
Guarantee**

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

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

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

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



MOTOR PIG
6 x 4 \$9.95



GRIM REAPER
8 x 3 \$9.95



SKULL
&
BONES
3 x 3 \$5.95

SEND CHECK OR
MONEY ORDER
TO

HERITAGE CREATIONS
16265 LINDBERGH
VAN NUYS, CAL. 91406



WE PAY POSTAGE !

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED !

(DEALER INQUIRES WELCOME)

HALTER TOPS

Your chest will
stick out in a crowd
with these far-out
halter tops.

These tops are 100% cotton.
Black shirts with white designs.
One size fits all.

- _____ H.D. Uplift Wings*
- _____ H.D. Eagle*
- _____ Honda Wings
- _____ H.D. Broken Wings*
- _____ Indian Wings

- _____ Small H.D. Wings
- _____ Ride To Live, Live To Ride
- _____ Sworn To Fun, Loyal To None*
- _____ Kawasaki Eagle*

- _____ H.D. Patented*
- _____ H.D. Shield
- _____ Triumph*
- _____ Honda Eagle*
- *Not pictured

Please send me _____ tops. I have enclosed \$5.00 for each top ordered. (\$4.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling.) Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. U.S. funds only.

DEALER INQUIRES INVITED

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Send order to: Joe's MCN, 9939 Canoga Ave., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311

Sweet Revenge

—Continued from page 29

ribbons, and the paint job — the one that took me at least two weeks of sanding, priming, and resanding to get just right — was all crumple-looking, just like somebody had poured a can of paint remover on it . . .

The Toad's bike had two flat tires. "Toad, I'm going to kill her."

He didn't say anything as I unlocked the chain. He just stood there, staring at the bikes and clenching his fists. The Toad had helped me lay on that paint job.

As I fumbled for my key, the Toad said, "I'll call Dago to come pick me and my putt up. If you want help, man, I can . . ."

"No, thanks — I want her all to myself." The Toad nodded quietly, and I realized then how come he and I have always remained such good friends; we never get in each other's way at times like that.

My mind was going crazy as I shot through stop signs, red lights, and everything else on the way to that bitch's house — I kept seeing a mental picture of her standing by my 74 with a half-gallon can of Strypeeze, pouring the whole sonuvabitch over the tank, laughing like hell while she did it. Actually, I knew it was probably somebody else that had done it, but she had put them up to it. And I was after her — goddam, I had a thousand different ways for her to die slowly all planned out before I was halfway to her pad. I almost lost the big Harley a couple of times around some turns, but I knew I wouldn't. The bike was part of me, and every part of me wanted revenge. Kill, kill.

When I swung the Hog around the corner to her house, I had to swerve like a madman to avoid hitting a little kid playing in the street, and I rammed into a pyramid of plastic garbage bags full of leaves. Those bastards ripped apart as I tore through, scattering whirlwinds of leaves into the next three yards over. I had to plow through five yards to get back to the street, leaving a four-inch-deep rut in all of them and throwing a huge roostertail behind the bike that spattered all the front windows of the houses.

I twisted the throttle back all the way as I torpedoed up her driveway

—Continued on page 100

The Hit

—Continued from page 13

of life avoided him. Those who did, understood him, admired him, and clung to his friendship, knowing that it was never conditional or possessive, and that payment for it would never be asked. He had pale skin and long, black hair. Heavy, black eyebrows curved over cold, dark eyes. His nose spread over his face like a trailing arbutus, a result of the many fights he had engaged in during his early days in the biker fraternity, when he'd been forced to impose his strength and will on others in order to survive. Now he was older, and his goals in life had changed, as had his attitude. He was no longer the angry man who writhed and struggled against the oppression of society's demands. He had discovered the median line of deportment, and managed to survive in the world by interacting with his fellow man in a way that modified violence and conflict. A wife and children had helped this change in him to take place, although there were times . . . A sound made him turn away from the table, where he had been sitting, gazing hypnotically at the knife that lay before him. Marian stood in the doorway. There was a sad look on her thin face.

"You're not really going to go through with this, are you?" she asked, her lower lip trembling.

"You know I am!" Blackie answered, emphatically. He picked up the long-bladed knife and sheathed it silently, being careful not to allow the finely honed edge to touch anything other than the oiled leather sheath that hung at his belt. "You're making too much out of this. I'm gonna do it this morning—as soon



"Ssssh, dammit! What good will it do me to use a silencer if you're gonna lie there screamin' your fuckin' head off?"

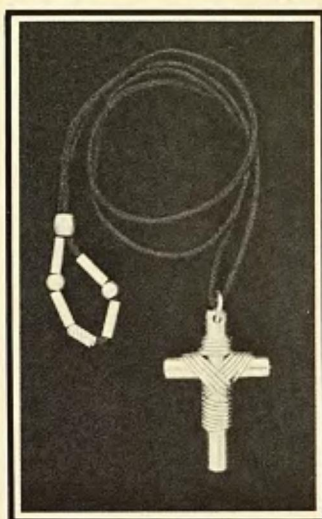
gleaming greek jewelry



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 postage and handling

California residents add 6% for Governor Brown

Tests prove PHASE 3 IS BEST!

The figures speak for themselves - long live the belt drive. But remember this; the figures were obtained with a Phase 3 drive and will, in many cases, vary widely with other drives. Phase 3 originated the motorcycle toothed-belt drive, and we are years and miles ahead in development and state-of-the-art technology.

Brand-X belt drives make use of trapezoidal-toothed timing belts (as did our very early models), designed for low speed, low load applications. Phase 3 drives feature Uniroyal's PowerGrip HTD[®] curvilinear-

**CATALOG
\$1.50**



PHASE 3 BELTS OUT POWER!

CATEGORY	PHASE 3 DRIVE	H-D CHAIN DRIVE	DIFFERENCE	IN FAVOR OF
WEIGHT	132 Oz.	262 oz.	49.62%	PHASE 3
NOISE LEVEL	99.5 dbA	107.0 dbA	42.86%	PHASE 3
VIBRATION & FREQUENCY	0.4 in/sec 160 cps	0.5 in/sec 530 cps	37%	PHASE 3
HORSEPOWER 1977 FLH	43.0 hp @ 90 mph	37.5 hp @ 90 mph	14.66%	PHASE 3
MILEAGE @ 55 mph (5 hp)	67.67 mpg	64.89 mpg	4.28%	PHASE 3
MAXIMUM EST. NORMAL LIFE	20,000 mi	8,000 mi	250%	PHASE 3

toothed belts, and are well above speed and load requirements for your big "eat'em alive" Harley. Move into the future and dump the chain, but stick with a winner - PHASE 3.

**PHASE 3 of America, Inc.
7628S Jackson Street
Paramount, CA 90723
(213) 634-2134**

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-42
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



BIKERS
Factory Direct
—Save—
40% to 60%

Guys and chicks...



**Jackets • Chaps • Vests • Pins • Pants
Belts • Boots • Saddle bags • Strokers
Chain wallets • Gloves • Buckles
Tool bags Etc.! Etc.! Etc.!**

Send a buck or stop in for catalog
• Refund on first order •

Just Leather Factory

2370 Stevens Creek Dept. I • San Jose, Calif. 95128 • (408) 286-3450

Family operated and owned

as I get Bob and Danny."

"Will it do any good if I ask you not to?" she asked. The corners of her mouth turned down. Her voice was soft, pleading. She knew the futility of asking him not to do a thing, once his mind was made up. A pledge, a contract, once made by Blackie, was final—would be carried out.

"None at all," he said, firmly. He stood up and stomped his feet on the floor to rid them of the tingling caused by sitting for so long on the hard kitchen chair.

"You'll wake the children," Marian said, putting a finger on her lips, her brown, doe-like eyes widening. "They know, too. None of us want you to do this."

Blackie hit the table with his clenched fist. "Goddammit!" he roared. Marian, in fright at his sudden, explosive outburst of temper, stepped away from him, pressing the back of her hand against her lips. From another part of the house, a small voice cried out.

"Mama. What was that?"

"Nothing, honey. Just daddy—bumping something."

"Is he mad?"

"No, darlin', it's all right. We're not fighting." She looked at Blackie, giving him a reproachful glare. "See!" she said, reprovingly. "Now you woke them up. They'll be frightened."

"This is none of your business and it's none of their business." They both heard the patter of bare feet on the uncarpeted floor. Two small faces, eyes puffy with sleep, peered around from behind Marian. Tiny fingers clutched at her robe.

"Daddy?"

"Go back to bed, you little rascals." He smiled reassuringly at the children. "Go on back to bed, and after a while your mother will fix you some pancakes."

"What's daddy doing, mama?" the little boy asked. "Is he going outside?"

"Yes, sweetheart, but everything's going to be all right. Go back to bed, darlin'. I'll come wake you up when breakfast is ready."

Both children began to cry. They ran back to their bed, and Blackie could hear their muffled sobbing as they lay, faces buried in their pillows, clinging to each other in anguish.

"I'm goin'," he said, abruptly. He walked toward the front door, the chain on his boot making a jangling, funereal sound. "If anyone calls to—"

day, tell 'em I'm out of town and you don't know where I've gone. Anyone but Bob and Danny," he added. "If they call, tell 'em I'm on my way over." He stopped in the open doorway and looked back at her. "My God," he said, his rugged face going soft. A new light shone in his eyes. "You're beautiful. C'mere!"

Marian flew across the room, into his arms. She buried her face against his chest and sobbed, brokenly, but said nothing. Blackie pushed her away, laughing and shaking his head. He slammed the door as he went out.

There was dew on the seat of his sled. He brushed it off with his hand, then touched the pea-pad with callused finger-tips, smiling. He said softly, "Sweet ass," then straddled the bike and fired it up.

Bob and Danny were waiting for him at Angelo's. The bar opened at six a.m. His bros had already downed a couple of brews, to get their day started right. They sat at the far end of the bar, where it was always dark. Danny was stropping his blade on the side of his boot.

"Gimme a brew," Blackie said. He sat on a stool facing the front entrance, so he could watch the door. He turned to his friends.

"Ready?"

"We're ready," they chimed.

"I just gotta stop by my ol' man's place to get some rope," Danny said, and then he added, "And some gloves. I ain't gonna do it without no gloves. T'hell with that shit, I—" The others laughed, and Bob gave him a slap on the back with the flat of his hand.

"Damn!" Bob said, laughing. "You are one funny sonofabitch."

"I don't care. I ain't gonna do it without no damn gloves. You guys



"You dumb shit! You're supposed to breast feed it!"

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

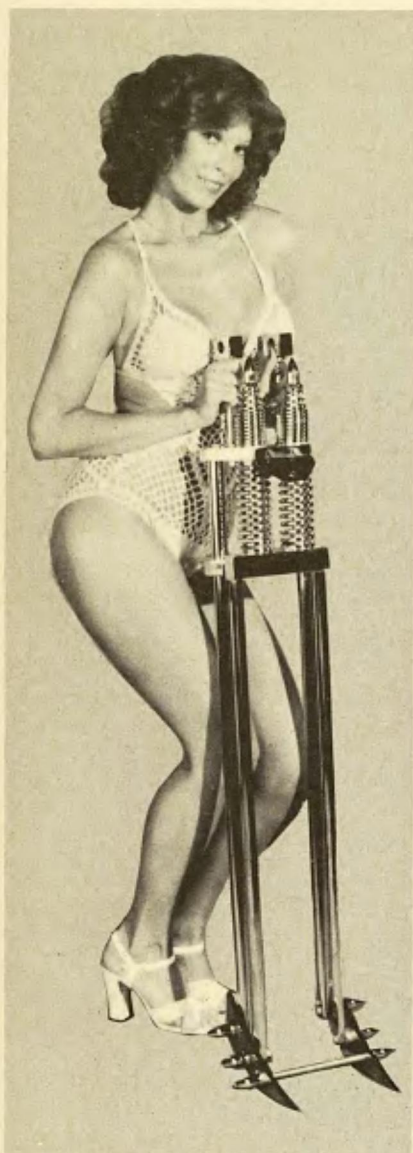
TOLL FREE



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 ~~\$280~~

NOW ONLY \$199⁹⁵ 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

might like that shit, but—" He stopped in mid-sentence and shuddered.

"Whattaya need rope for?" Bob asked, perplexed.

"Tie his feet, asshole. Shit! Don't you know nothin'?"

"Oh."

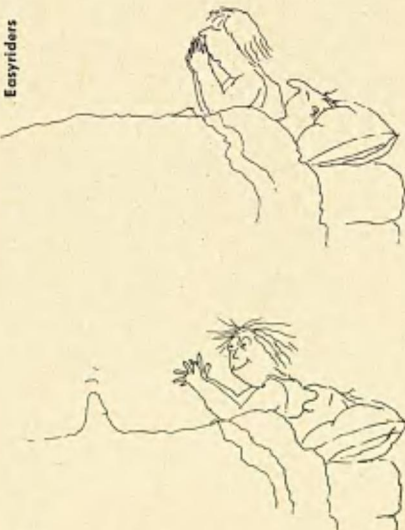
Blackie grinned. He held his beer glass up, gazing at the rising bubbles. "It won't be bad," he reassured Danny. "It won't be bad at all. Tomorrow everybody'll be calmer down. They'll forget about it and so will you. You guys can come over for dinner with me an' the family." And then he added, "Bring somebody. Some chicks. It's okay if you bring somebody."

Some humorous thought—perhaps a memory of the past, stirred from his consciousness by the thought of what they were about to do—flashed through Bob's mind. He began to laugh, and when Blackie and Danny glanced at him in quizzical wonder, he tried to answer their silent query, but no words of explanation came from his lips. Finally, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, he said, "What if he don't cooperate? I hadda do this, once, when I was ridin' with the Vipers, down in Oklahoma—before I got sent up." He started laughing again—bubbling—his words coming out in gasps.

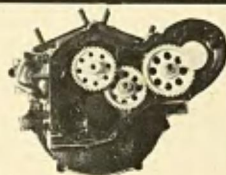
"Bastard wouldn't cooperate. Damn near beat me to death before I got him. Missed him about half a dozen times. Cut my goddam Levis, an' nicked myself in the hand." He held out his hand to show the scar.

"That's what the fuckin' rope's for, stupid," Danny said. "Once his legs are tied, he can't run around. Just one neat cut. I'll do it, if ya

Easyriders



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.

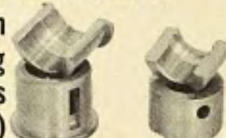
1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

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)



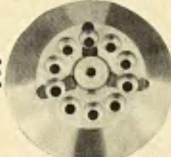
Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

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)

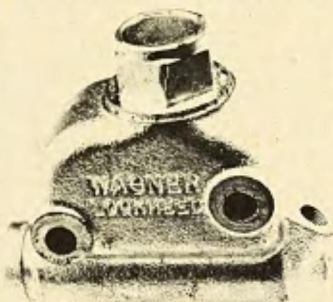
H/E/S
PERFORMANCE
PRODUCTS

Box 2794 • Culver City,
California 90230 Dept. C

C.C.D. INC.

FIRST WITH THE MOST

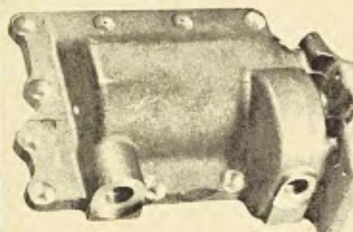
A FEW PARTS FROM OUR
GIGANTIC INVENTORY OF
PARTS & ACCESSORIES



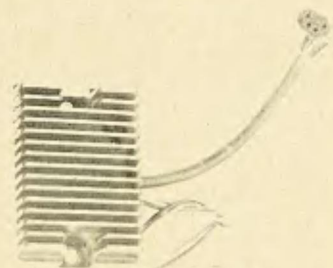
H-D MASTER CYLINDER



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

want, even if it does make me sick, but you guys gotta hold 'im."

"I'll do it," Blackie said softly. There was an ominous, doomed tone in the way he spoke. "It's my job. You're just along to back me up."

When they left the bar, Blackie followed Bob and Danny to the latter's house, where he parked his bike in the garage. Before locking the door, Danny took a pair of cotton gloves out of his tool box, removed a bundled piece of cotton rope from a nail on the wall, and retrieved a shovel from a corner. He locked the garage, and they got back into the truck.

"When we get done," Danny said, "you can bring me back here and get your bike. I brought the shovel along, just in case, but if you change your mind we can always dig a hole in my back yard. It's all full of weeds, anyway. A little diggin' won't hurt it none."

Bob drove the truck slowly toward their destination, tensing slightly when a highway patrol car passed in the opposite lane. At last they pulled up to the curb and stopped.

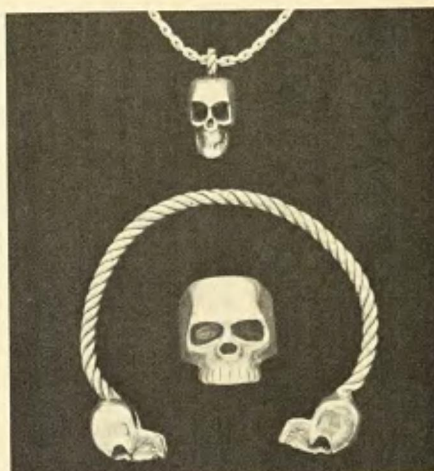
"All right," Blackie said, almost whispering. "Let's get out and go in." Motioning to Danny, he said, "Get your gloves an' rope, an' let's go, but don't make a big scene or act like this is some kind of funny operation. The ol' lady ain't gonna like it, just us showin' up, an' I don't want her to witness anything, either. I'll go in first. You follow. Now, don't fuck up!"

The three men stepped up onto the front porch in single file, Blackie leading. He opened the door, stealthily, slowly, and they filed into the house. Walking slowly, Blackie led the way through the living room, across the polished kitchen floor, across the back porch and out into the yard.

He was there, waiting for them, and all three could detect that—by virtue of some ancient, animal intuition—he knew. Inside the house, Blackie heard a child wail, followed by a woman's voice, shushing the frightened child. He had his knife in his hand now, held ready. Bob moved quickly to the far side of the yard, to cut off escape in that direction.

"I don't care if they do love him," Blackie said. "They didn't have no right to get attached to him."

In the corner, the huge turkey cowered as they advanced on him. Somehow, he knew that tomorrow was Thanksgiving Day.



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:

sterling
by
Nomad
enterprises
BOX 651 STRATFORD, CT. 06497
375-1888



the lady of the road had a head-piece to outdo all the rest. The "BIMBO BANDANA." Made of quality leather, heavy leather lace ties and a smooth lining. Look as bad as the badass biker you wrestle in the weeds with.

Send M.O. or Cashiers Check for quick service to:

MADDOG ENTERPRISES
P.O. BOX 2287
PHOENIX, ARIZ. 85002

Black or Brown (one std. size)
With H-D Emblem \$19.00
W/O Emblem 17.00

Include \$1.00 for postage and handling. Personal checks take 4 weeks to clear before order can be shipped.

Bitchin' Bike Patches!



#P-01



#P-02



#P-03

Very colorfully
done on black twill!

\$14.95 each

These 10" x 12" patches cost \$14.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling (Ohio residents add tax)

Above illustrations are drawings to show details (actual patches not shown). For these and other J. & L. exclusives, send 50¢ for full-color brochure (50¢ refundable on first purchase order of \$5.00 or more.)



J & L Enterprises
Box 665
Warren, Ohio 44482

Gettin' Even

—Continued from page 30

worse than probation, fella!" he blathered happily.

"We could, huh?" I growled. "Ya gonna go to all them fuckin' AA meetings with me?"

"Why, of course not!" He looked aghast. "I've certainly earned my fee by getting you off as lightly as I did!"

"Yer gonna charge me fer a year's worth of them goddam AA meetings?"

"Well." His flabby face tightened. "I'll have my fee or know the reason why, you misfit!"

"Okay. C'mon in that shitter over there."

"Wh-what?"

"I don't wanna get busted fer sober and disorderly while I'm busy jammin' the fuckin' fee up yer ass," I explained. "It might break probation, see?"

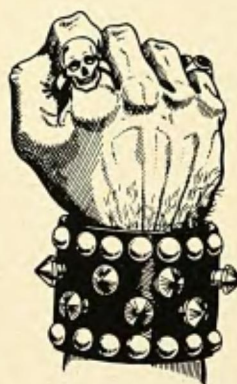
He peered briefly at all 265 pounds, six-six of me—probably noting the fury in my ugly face—before he vanished like a silent fart. Feeling like Public Enemy Number One, I walked to the nearest fuckin' bus stop.

It was gonna be a real shitty year.

...

For the first few months I made life bearable by stashin' my pan-head at a brother's pad in another county, hitchin' rides with other bikers over there so I could get in some jammin' time regularly. This was awkward as all hell and I resented it deeply but since the muthafuckin' probation officer was in the ungodly habit of checkin' on me when I least expected the dipshit to show up—in addition to the visits I was forced to make to his office each week with a signed paper as proof of my presence at those fuckin' meetings—the extra effort was still better than sittin' on my ass in the slam.

I didn't stop all drinkin' and I went right on tokin' up a storm—but I played it safe by waitin' until after ten at night because the probation shithead never showed after seven; and I talked myself into stayin' off my beloved vodka on the grounds that I jes' might flip out and take some zit's Jap tin away from him for a fast, excitin' free-



STUFF IT!!!

SPIKE WRISTBAND

BLACK LEATHER — CHROME SPIKES

Single row - 5 spikes - 1½" wide - \$5.00

Double row - 14 spikes - 2¼" wide - \$9.00

— Please specify choice —

*** DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED ***

\$2.00 Deposit required on all C.O.D. orders. Include full payment with order & we pay postage.

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

'STUFF-IT' Box 653, Holly Hill, Fla. 32017

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 inquiries welcome



the Ram

an imported,
handmade, sterling
silver bracelet

Here's something special for your ol' lady. A hand-crafted silver bracelet you won't find in the states. It came all the way from Greece. The silver alone is worth the price of \$49.95, but that's the entire price for this beautiful Greek-made, Ram bracelet.

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

California residents add 6%



ALL ORDERS HANDED C.O.D. + PACKING + POSTAGE.
STATE EXACT RING SIZE AND/OR
DANGLE OR STUD LENGTH ON EARRING.
25% DEPOSIT REQUIRED ON ALL ORDERS.
ZANGOBANGO
P.O. Box 146 - HERMOSA BEACH, CALIFORNIA 90254
LOCATED IN THE HERMOSA FAIRWAY
1332 HERMOSA AVE. (213) 372-8504
* OUR CATALOG COMING SOON *

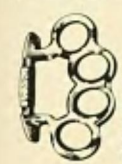
SUNDAY LTD. CHAIN BELTS

Sizes available up
to 40 inches, add
75¢ for each addi-
tional inch.



Send for your chain belt today care of Sunday Ltd.
P. O. Box 111, Dept. R, River Forest, Illinois 60305
Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back.
Dealer inquiries invited

SHOW CHROME PLATING
STEEL & ALUMINUM
Sauk Valley Plating
2526 E. Lincolnway
Sterling, Ill. 61081
(815) 626-2537
Work guaranteed • Dealer inquiries



KNUCKLE BUCKLE

Practical, Functional, Funkie!
GREAT GIFT!

POW!—The most novel buckle ever made.
Expertly hand cast metal buckle. BRASS
PLATED! Fits all standard belts. For novelty
purpose only. Not intended for any other
uses. Only 4.95 plus .50 post and handling.
Special 2 for 10.00 Postpaid.

S & W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 EZ Chicago, Ill. 60635

way contest around oncomin' head-
lights.

So much for *those* goddam terms.
But there was no way around the
shitty meetings. Once each week, on
Thursday night, I had to show at
the session, like it or not. Usually I
jes' tromped in, sat down, lit a butt,
and let all the bullshit flow over me
for the prescribed hour—and was
gone like last night's load the mo-
ment the assholes had chanted their
closin' prayer in unison like the
fanatics they were, and I'd gotten
the secretary's signature on my
proof-paper.

Then came the night when I
missed switchin' the goddam buses
and was late by twenty-five minutes
to the meeting. Clompin' into the
room—a basement in an old church
—I found an empty chair and eased
my bulk into it, ignorin' the bas-
tards on each side of me. The guy
chairin' the meeting that night was
the same pasty-faced little fag who
had been coppin' feels under the
table whenever he could manage to
sit next to me at previous sessions.
Pissed because I had damn near
squeezed his fuckin' hand off at the
wrist each time, he took this oppor-
tunity to get even with me because
I wasn't gonna let him fondle my
crank durin' meetin's. Or anywhere
else, for that matter.

"I'm so glad our newest member
was able to get here *before* the
meeting had concluded," he trilled,
smirking viciously, "and I'm going
to ask him to speak this evening
since he has sat among us *all* this
time without telling us *his* story,
which I'm *sure* will be a most fas-
cinating one!"

The silly shitheads started clap-
ping like crazy and urg'in' me to
spill my guts. Finally, I could see
the only way I could get the turds

Easyriders



"Edna, the kids are into the food again!"



Lovers Catalog of Marital Aids
A complete catalog of items from
massagers to lotion to medically
approved devices for extra stimula-
tion. Order today and honeymoon
tonight. Full color catalog, Only
\$1.00. New World Co.,
7247 Eccles, Dallas, Tx. 75227,
Dept. E-C127

C.I.S.C.O. KICK STARTERS

Fits all HARLEYS.....

-201-

Don't break your kick starter
in the boondocks.....

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 mama jimpin on it.

CISCO is guaranteed against faulty workmanship and materials.

Quantity
Discounts

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

GOD RIDES A HARLEY

Printed on a Black T-Shirt for him
or a Black Tit-Top for her. With
every order a bumper sticker with
the same saying. \$8.00 per shirt to:

Coco, Box 3069,
Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360

CHROME PLATERS OF HOUSTON

Quality Plating on all motorcycle parts.
Aluminum or Steel. Our work is guaranteed,
our prices reasonable. For more information
write or call; no collect calls accepted.

404 Broadway
Houston, Texas 77012
Phone (713) 921-0235



T-SHIRT PHOTO
DESIGN No. 3



All we want for each poster
is \$3.00 plus 90¢ 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



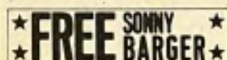
CUFF
DESIGN No. 1
(This design
available in Kids'
6-8-10-12-14)



MINI-CUFF
DESIGN No. 4

YOU CAN HAVE ANY OF THESE DESIGNS
ON YOUR CHOICE OF SHIRT. SPECIFY DESIGN & 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., lge., x-lge.
Personal Checks must allow three weeks to clear
before your order can be shipped.

off'n my case was to say sumpin'.
"Shit," I said calmly, "the only reason I was late gittin' here was on accounta I had to stop long enough to rape three old women, a coupla helpless housewives, four or five teenyboppers, chain-whip some straight dudes who stared too hard at me, terrorize a neighborhood, destroy a few phone booths, stomp a cop until his guts popped out his ears, and a few other little numbers that us bikers consider routine drill."

The thick silence was broken only by a few of the older broads who stared at me in fascination, their heavy breathing a sure clue to the fact that each one of those horny cunts was secretly hopin' I was gonna tear off her panties right after the meeting.

"Really now!" giggled the fag.

"Not really, but after all the bullshit I've been listenin' to around here the last few weeks, it jes' seems friendly to strap my brand of crap on ya," I admitted, grinning. "I've never seen so goddam many assholes havin' such a miserable fuck-in' time bein' sober and pretendin' it was a blast."

"Just what is that supposed to mean?" demanded the intellectual dyke with the thick glasses who was always wailin' about how she loved her Higher Power until I wanted to puke, knowin' damn good and well she had never loved anything except what other dykes had between their legs.

"Jes' this," I continued grimly. "I'm here because I hafta be here or go back to the slammer. I ain't

Easyriders

ADULT GAMES



"This one comes with a built-in dildo!"

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 with space age nylon straps. 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



BRONZE HARLEY WINGS . . .

Finest craftsmanship. The wings have been hand tooled in bronze and mounted on a beautiful piece of solid oak, all ready to be hung on the wall in a place of honor. The price for this work of art is only \$29.95 including postage and despite its substantial weight. COD orders accepted just send \$5.00 with order—balance COD. Send your bread to: Mackenzie Company, Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302.

Easyriders Playing Cards

TWO decks \$4.95

We pay postage!



Here ya are—in blazing color, playing cards featuring some of the best yummies 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%

Dirty Christmas Cards

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!

HO!
HO!
HO!



**Outrageous Cards to
be given only to your
closest friends!**

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

\$5.00 per set Two sets \$8.00

Price includes postage
and handling costs.

Christmas Cards

Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.

Set (B) is entirely new and even more gross.

Please send me _____ sets of Set A (six different cards
and envelopes per set).

Please send me _____ sets of Set B (six different cards
and envelopes per set).

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age
is _____ (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards.)

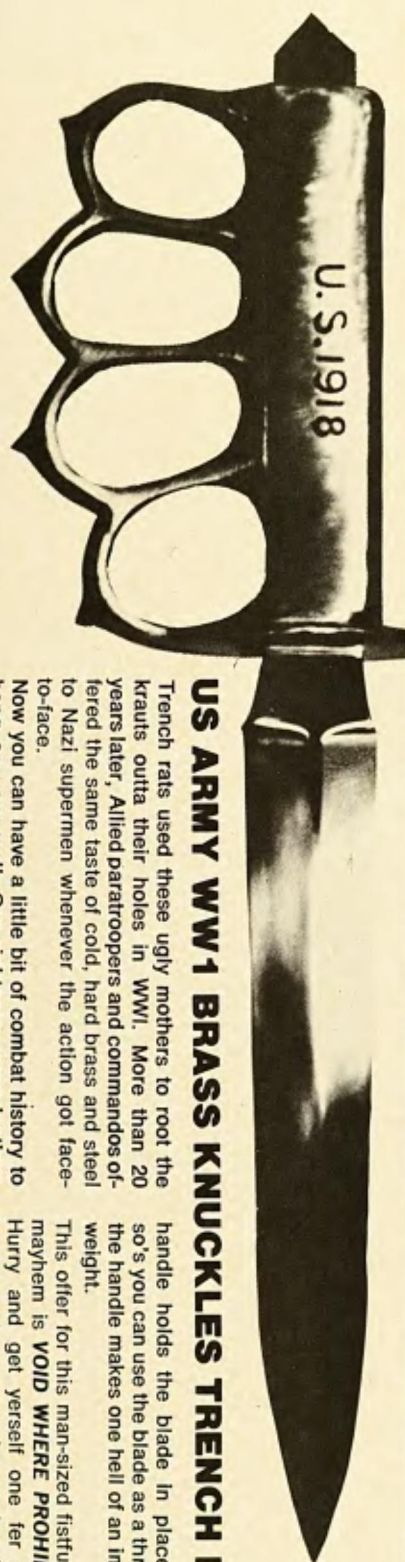
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____



US ARMY WW1 BRASS KNUCKLES TRENCH KNIFE

Trench rats used these ugly mothers to root the krauts outta their holes in WWI. More than 20 years later, Allied paratroopers and commandos offered the same taste of cold, hard brass and steel to Nazi supermen whenever the action got face-to-face.

Now you can have a little bit of combat history to hang on your wall. Our righteous reproductions are made just like the originals—SOLID BRASS "KNUCKLES" HANDLE, and a 6½" stainless steel blade. The pointed nut at the base of the

handle holds the blade in place and unscrews so's you can use the blade as a throwing knife, and the handle makes one hell of an impressive paperweight.

This offer for this man-sized fistful of mean-assed mayhem is **VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW!** Hurry and get yourself one fer Xmas! Only 20 bucks and we pay the postage!

F & E

2400 W. CARY ST.
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA 23220

the least bit interested in stayin' sober, see? But all you shitheads sit here, week after week, connin' the fuckin' hell outa each other about how grand an' glorious sobriety is—an' all the time yer either sippin' on the side and bellyachin' about havin' done it or bitchin' because ya want a goddam drink but ain't got the guts to take it."

"You have a poor attitude," mumbled the skinny dude who sniveled more than the rest of the group and was duller doin' it.

"Fuck you, man," I laughed. "G'wan back in the shitter and gobble down some more tabs like ya do durin' every meetin'! Sobriety, my bent ass! You muthas use all kinds a shit jes' like everybody else—only ya put on this ain't-we-keen act each week. I think ya stink."

The meeting broke up earlier than usual and when the money basket came around, instead a drop-in' a buck into it I took out a coupla ones for bus fare. If nothing else, they knew where I stood. As I was leaving, the plump little fag hurried after me across the darkened parking lot.

"You're my kind of he-man!" he said girlishly. "Like to come over to my place and be introduced to some really precious thrills, dear?"

With a sigh I gut-punched the cocksucker, waited while he finished pukin' all over himself, decked him with a second punch, rolled the little bastard, and was strollin' toward the bus stop, fifty-seven dollars richer, when the cage pulled up to the curb. Behind the Buick's wheel sat one of the younger old broads who had been breathin' heavy.

"I think you were just bragging about all that rape," she sneered hopelessly. "I'll bet you're not nearly that virile at all."

I climbed in beside her, tweaked her tit until she shuddered with pleasure and slid a hand up between her meaty thighs. "Yer on, lady," I said amiably. "But let's make it my place because I need a goddam drink even if you don't." I fingerfucked the old bitch all the way to my pad and she musta come two dozen times durin' the trip. What the hell, it beat takin' a bus. Jes' before dawn I threw her exhausted ass outa the apartment so I wouldn't hafta risk the shock of findin' her repulsive face on a pillow next to mine in broad daylight.

Collapsing into the sack again, I

Just what your ol' man's
been wantin' & waitin' for—

"Hot setup for bikers"
The Ultimate in Head Gear
and Eye Protection
"None nicer"



"Flyers" Caps—Features quality thick leather construction, fully lined to stay cooler in summer, warmer in winter. Specify size Small — Med. — Lg. — Ex. Lg.
101 Black 102 Brown

Mark 4 Silvercross Goggles
01843 Mark 4—Plated frames with laminated safety glass and durable adjustable headband with stitched leather binding. Genuine Continental leather face mask.



Part No.
1408 Plain black
1409 Black with patch.

Old Style Harley Cap
Available now in real leather! This hand-crafted cap is made from the finest leather and features a comfortable sweat band, vent holes and covered brim. Available in black only and comes with or without the "Harley wings patch" sewn on the front. Specify size: Small — Medium — Large — Extra Large.



Super Climax Goggles
Triplex Safety Glass Lenses. Chromed frame. Swivel strap hinge. Soft leather lined, with adjustable head strap. Can be worn with strap in or out of a helmet.
1421 with Clear Lenses

Each goggle \$20.00

Each hat \$20.00



2 Wheelers
Motorcycle Shop, Inc.
1433 W. 38th Avenue
Denver, Colorado 80211

Catalog \$2.00 refundable on 1st \$20 order
Method of shipping UPS—c.o.d. No checks



2 Wheelers Shop, Inc.

Simichrome polish

America's No. 1 selling cycle polish... Imported from Germany. Excellent for aluminum, magnesium, chrome — all metals.

Available at your favorite cycle shop. If not, order direct — \$1.85 per tube, 3 for \$5.00

DEALERS: Write for FREE sample.

COMPETITION CHEMICALS
P.O. Box 141 • Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

thought about my bros and all the partyin' and runs the lucky dipshits were enjoyin'—which upset me so goddam much I got up, poured myself a hefty one and said aloud, "Hey, Higher Power, you invisible fucker—I ain't askin' ya to speed this drill up or anything, but I sure can use some help in toughin' it out, baby!"

Then I sat there, tokin' steadily and beltin' down a few tastes, moodily envyin' the bros who could ride legal, drink openly, and not hafta sit around with a buncha fuckin' phony juicers who were experts at putting each other on shitass trips. By comparison, bikers were sincere saint types who faced their problems eyeball to eyeball an' seldom wasted each other's time with a lotta fuckin' hype or snivelin'.

Somehow, I didn't make it to work that day.

* * *

More lousy months crawled by, one crippled day after another, until—suddenly—it was the last week to go. Durin' all that time I managed to force myself to make every goddam meetin' by simply fuckin' each broad in the group to help pass the time. Now and then new ones joined, and that freshened up the whole number. Toward the end I had jes' started leanin' on the dudes fer loans and was collectin' enough each week that I no longer had to haul my hangovers to a pissy-assed job.

They couldn't dump me outa the group because I was there by court order. I had it made but I longed for the approaching time when I



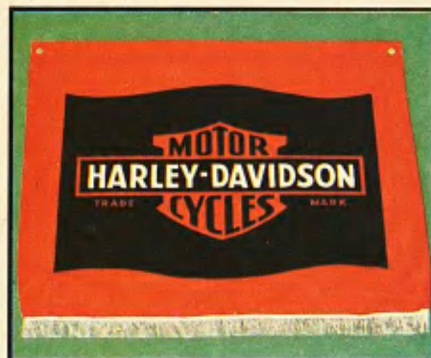
Easyriders

"She was warm, beautiful, well-stacked, sexy as hell..."

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

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.



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.

Be sure to state your size.



Harley Watch



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

It's a classic and it's yours for only **\$19.95** plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

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.

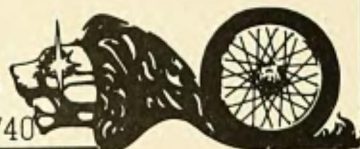


Leather Cutoff

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

SEX DRIVE DRAMATICALLY INCREASED!



ancient secrets discovered...

Few herbs have seen such a shift in reputation as sarsaparilla. American Indian medicine men once cured physical and sexual debility with it. In the 1800s sarsaparilla became a national craze when it was used as a spring tonic. Then, in 1939 scientists found the secret of its power. Sarsaparilla is one of the few natural sources of testosterone, the male hormone. A high testosterone level in the body promotes sexual potency. Sarsaparilla is only one of the reasons Wilmont Herbal Blend makes a man into a stud. Here are some more facts:

Q. What is Wilmont Herbal Blend for the Stud?
A. It's 100% pure herb power! A stimulating mix of powdered damiana leaves, sarsaparilla root and kola nut.

Q. How does it work?
A. In three ways. Sarsaparilla root increases hormone levels. Damiana is a mild euphoric, a reputed aphrodisiac, and a tonic for the sex organs. Kola nut reduces the energy requirements of the nervous and muscular systems by promoting combustion of fats and carbohydrates.

Q. Why should I take Wilmont Herbal Blend?
A. The peak sexuality age for men is 18 to 20. After that our bodies produce smaller quantities of hormones. Disease, radical surgery, trauma, and the side effects of various drugs can also cause circulatory ills which interfere with normal sexual function. Wilmont Herbal Blend cleans and strengthens the urinary and sexual tracts so well that many customers tell us they achieve bigger, harder, prolonged erections with regular use. Other benefits are a higher energy level and increased sexual vitality.

Q. How long does it take?
A. Herbs, like vitamins, take a little time to work their wonders. Most men start feeling a renewed sexual vigor after 30 to 60 days. Thereafter, continued, regular use of Wilmont Herbal Blend will maintain the higher levels of sexual energy.



WILMONT PRODUCTS

Dept. DD711
8831 Sunset Bl., Suite 300
Los Angeles, CA 90069
Please send: ☐ 60 capsules \$8.95
Calif. res. add 6% sales tax. ☐ 180 capsules \$19.95
☐ FREE Adult Catalog

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
SIGNATURE _____

charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC:

Interbank No.	Exp. Date	mo	year
---------------	-----------	----	------

For Mastercard-Visa, BankAmericard-Visa, or C.O.D. shipments
CALL TOLL-FREE 800-421-0428
We've been satisfying customers for over three years.

could put the whole experience behind me, run openly with my bros, and party in biker bars again.

On the afternoon of the day of the last goddam AA meetin' I would hafta attend, my fuckin' probation officer stopped by my place.

Luckily, I wasn't quite as drunk as usual and I spotted the creep parkin' his cage, which gave me jes' enough time to cover the booze on my breath with a fast chew of garlic. By the second knock on my door, I was in bed—deliberately lookin' ill.

"Come on in," I called hoarsely.

He peered worriedly at me. "Got the old flu that's going around, huh, Hollister?"

"Double case of it, man," I moaned.

"Well, I just wanted to tip you off. Judge Breemberger himself plans to attend the AA meeting tonight. He's so proud of you! Told me that he wouldn't dream of missing that first year birthday party the group's giving you!" The jerk beamed all over me.

I groaned and this time it was real. The fuckin' gall of that merciless old fart. Comin' right down to the goddam last minute line to watch my nose bein' rubbed in all that two-faced shit! I fumed silently, rubbing at my face with both hands and turnin' the escapin' sounds of rage into sufferin' noises.

"Think you're gonna be able to be there?" he asked worriedly. "The judge would be terribly disappointed if you couldn't accept the brand new Zippo lighter they've had engraved with your name and sobriety date! You've really surprised all of us, Hollister. None of us thought you could do it."

"I'll—I'll be there, don't worry," I assured the dumbass. "I'll make it. No shit, man."

He swallowed hard. "By God, Hollister, in all my years as a probation officer I've never seen a man struggle to change himself as you have—and I'm not ashamed to tell you how touching it is, son!"

"Uh—sure," I mumbled. "It was a bitch."

"Wish I could be there, too, but I've got to check on some cases. Good luck, Hollister, and many sober years ahead of you, boy." He went out the door, wipin' at his eyes.

The moment the clown was gone, I dialed a bro's number. This particular bro was noted for the fat

CHROME

CYCLE

Finer plating since 1931

10 DAY DELIVERY
ON CYCLE PARTS

Write for

FREE PRICE LIST

Dealer Inquiries Invited

CYCLECHROME

2430 Washington St. Dept. 611
Boston, Mass. 02119 (617) 445-3475

Build a Japanese Chopper



Now you can... with the Honda Chopper and Custom Shop Manual... 64 pages jam packed with step-by-step instructions on dozens of customizing procedures, from simple to far out. A real how-to-do-it manual, gives you the help you need, including sources of ready made parts. Covers Honda from 250cc up. Many projects also work on Yamaha, Kawasaki, Suzuki. Rushed by return mail. \$3 ea., 2 for \$5.

Riceburner Publications, Dept. E-6
Box 1267, Studio City, Ca. 91604

HARLEY'S BEST
FUCK
THE BEST

HARLEY RIDERS
EAT MORE
PUSSY

Please enclose \$6.50 for each shirt ordered. Be sure to state size. Send to Coco, P. O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.

NEW!



... The "FLICKET"

OPENS LOCK-BACK BLADES FASTER THAN A SWITCH BLADE WITH A FLICK OF A THUMB...LEGALLY

Converts most lock-back blade knives to a one hand operation for fast protection. Actually timed at 1/400th of a second... even with gloved hands. Made of heat treated spring steel, nickel plated. Please specify your knife make, model and length of blade when open, when ordering.

Only **\$2⁹⁵** ppd. Knife NOT Included
Cash, M.O. or Cert. check. Add \$4 if cash.

COCO, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity. If he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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

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

cafeteria of good shit he kept stashed.

"Hairbrain, man," I said when he answered.

"What's happenin'?" he ventured.

"Ya got enough acid on hand to put thirty or forty people on a trip?"

"Sure have. Finest fuckin' windowpane ya ever freaked out on, man!"

"Bring it over, right now," I told him.

...

Arriving earlier than usual, I parked my scooter behind some shrubbery where it wouldn't draw attention—packed as it was for the road. I was tempted as all hell to have a taste of the vodka stashed in the bulging roadbag slung on the sissybar but I firmly reminded myself that after a whole fuckin' year of doin' without my favorite juice, I could wait until I'd split beyond all of California's freeways and was safely in the back country of Oregon.

Goin' inside, I waited until the dude who had made the huge sixty-cup urn of coffee was busy putting ashtrays on the long table. His back was toward me when I dumped the powerful shit into that batch of steamin' coffee—which I knew those AAers drank like it was goin' outa style. I even had time to make sure it was safely well stirred.

Then I jes' waited.

About an hour later that church basement was the wildest collection of trips ever happenin' in one room. Thirty-six people all freakin' out at the same time in thirty-six different styles was a really groovy circus. I jes' lounged by the coffee urn and watched the whole thing.

Some were tearin' off their clothes



"Daddy's pussy-whipped!
Daddy's pussy-whipped!"



**NOW
AVAILABLE
BUTYL NITRITE**

1- \$5 each
2 4 each
12 3 each

BULLIT
also
available

OK INC. PO BOX 15897
L.A. CALIF. 90015

**WILDMAN
JACKS**
P. O. Box 7382
Gulfport, Ms. 39501

**WILD
man!**

100% cotton T-shirts on your favorite pirate black so you can wear it longer. Sizes S-M-L-XL. Send **\$4.95** plus 50¢ postage and handling* for each shirt. It doesn't matter what you ride, but ride with pride and in style with:



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—

E- 3



**LEUKEMIA SOCIETY OF
AMERICA INC.**



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, P.O. 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---

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

MARIJUANA SUBSTITUTE

AMOROSO is a secret blend of sensuous smoking herbs known for centuries as potent aphrodisiacs. It's equal to medium quality grass. Perfectly safe, effective and totally legal. Satisfaction guaranteed. Smoke a joint with your lover, feel your bodies smile at each other.

PRICE: \$5.75 oz./lid.2/\$11. Rolling papers included.

Add 50c for postage & handling. N.Y. residents add 4% sales tax

FREE legal highs catalog.

APHRODISIA PHARMACAL CORP., DEPT. ER P.O. Box 338 / Stony Point, New York 10980

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... COMBI (9 INCHES LONG)



This is a REAL SWITCHBLADE. The blade is a COMBI! 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

and stumblin' around. Others slumped against the walls and furniture, spacily trippin' out. A few were frantically ballin' each other on the floor. More sat around, studiously whackin' themselves off and makin' funny little sing-song noises.

"Listen to the texture of these gorgeous walls!" babbled a broad, staggerin' stark naked as she went by me, both hands scrabblin' at the bricks. "Oh, what a truly spiritual experience!"

Just then the judge appeared in the doorway, his mean little eyes widenin' with astonishment at the various activities takin' place. I motioned for him to join me by the urn, grinnin' cheerfully.

"I'm a Higher Power!" shrieked the little fag, lopin' bare-assed past the startled judge. "I'm gonna suck the whole world into heaven!"

"Good God Almighty!" whispered the judge. "What's the meaning of this—this madhouse orgy?"

"Aw, jes' yer everyday AA meetin', yer honor."

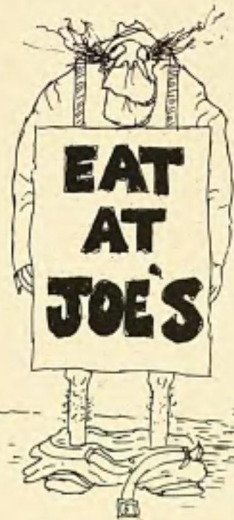
Another nude broad went by, crawlin' clumsily along on her back while a dude's head bobbed busily in her crotch as he scrabbled along with her.

"Outrageous!" the judge said in a quaverin' tone.

I filled a cup carefully, decidin' that I had enough time before split-tin' to see exactly what kinda trip a mean-minded judge would take. It would sorta make up fer the whole shitty year.

"Here, yer honor," I said pleasantly. "Have a nice hot cuppa coffee!"

Easyriders



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. (58)

Separate seeds from weed effortlessly. Send \$4 for the sweetest little device you'll ever wish you'd thought of. Realistic Dealers, Dept. ERK, Box 30527, Seattle, Wash. 98103. (54)

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)

Nazi plaques—Beautiful cast aluminum 9"x7" wall plaques. Sprayed bronze or polished aluminum. Total cost \$5.95. P.O. Box 1817, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601. (54)

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)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium (Shop), 4390 So. Archer, Chicago, Ill. 60632. Phone 376-8119. (58)

Female, white, 30, looking for new ol' man. Any offers? Write Judy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (54)

Budda: Did you and all my bros in Germany forget "Lazy C.K."? I'm in England now, so write, fuckers. Patrick Sheridan, 48 FMS, Box 4183, Lakenheath, England, APO 09179 Intra Theatre. (55)

J.W.R.—Happy 27th. Hope we can share all the rest. I love you. Your Little Lady. (54)

Chicks: If you've a dimple on your dumplin', am busted, slammed, and lonely. Write Jack (Dimple) McGain, Box B-44791-C.T.F.-N, Soladad, Calif. 93960. (55)

Kate: Happy Birthday from the ones who love you most. Ken and Angie. (54)

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. Devoe, P.O. Box 1143A, Groton, Conn. 06340. (57)

Free Tattooing Information. T.H.E. Co., P.O. Box 299, Las Vegas, N.M. 87701. (55)

Sincere lady seeks biker female. P.O. Box 533, Kent, Ohio 44240. (54)

Get a dirty t-shirt. "Linda Lovelace choked on mine" or "A hard man is good to find." Send \$5 for color-t-shirt (S-XL). Flash, 735 South St., Roslindale, Mass. 02331. (55)

Sponsors and contributors needed for a first in motorcycle history. Write Roger for details, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (54)

Halfbreed—Alice did us dirty. My new address is P.O. Box 343, Riverside, Calif. 95367. I love you. Your Moonsquaw Wendy. (54)

Doogan Brothers Band "Kick Ass." Tattoo Records. (54)

Need help! Birth certificates, HS diplomas, sent blank with gold seals. \$2.50 each or both for \$4.00. The Ground Floor, 7135 Firmament, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406. (55)

Wanted: One-man woman. Must be energetic, intelligent individual. No fats. Christians or smokers. Interested write and send pic to: Bob, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (54)

Marital aids for lovers: catalog shows you how to put some fun in your sex life. \$2 (refundable). Elite, Dept. 303BX, Drawer 1208, Mt. Pleasant, S.C. 29464. (54)

Karen Revoir, Meriden, Conn. Write Mark McLean, Fr 049-52-3683, PSC #1 Box 21506, A.P.O. San Francisco, Calif. 96230. (54)

Lucky: Keep in touch and don't sweat the small shit. Your bro, Captain Easy. (54)

Big Rock, I need you to contact me. Li'l Rock. No bullshit. (54)

Phil (Lucky): Still hurtin'. Still missin'. Still lovin'. Ride free, pretty baby. Emma misses Charley too. Karen—Wenatchee. (54)

900 Kaw chopper. All new—Eng. Hallcraft discs, Durfee girder, frame, \$2000 (803) 333-8773. (54)

Complete line of motorcycle parts for sale, including all rights to manufacture, wholesale, and retail. Included in this sale are design sheets, technical engineering drawings, spec. sheets, inventory templates, patterns, jigs, tooling, and an active dealer network. Included are technical drawings of major motorcycle manufacturers' parts as adaptable to this custom fabrication operation. Technical drawings include most brands and models of big-inch motorcycles 1936 to 1977. Available with (\$55K) or without (\$23K) heavy precision machinery. The Tool Depot, P.O. Box 313, Wheat Ridge, Colo. 80033. (54)

Winged wheel patch \$1.25. Nazi armband \$3.25. S.S. patch \$1.25. Goodies catalog \$1.00. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (54)

Legal peyote? Our wonderful little seed, the baby wood rose, is considered to be the peyote of Asia. Yes, we can send some to you legally as long as we sell them for study, so send your money order and study away, mother! 20 seeds \$3, 50 for \$7, 100 \$13. Bash Co., Inc., Rt. 1, Box 139 D-EZ, Lawrence, Kansas 66044. (54)

Tattoo studio—We make many different tattoos, both hand-made and machine-made. We can make new tattoos to cover your old ones. By appointment only. 881-6244. 6 p.m.-9 p.m. 1411 E. 51st., Cleveland, Ohio 44103. (54)

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. (55)

Swingers club. Chicks and couples only. Send pix and info to P.O. Box 594, Simpsonville, S.C. 29681. (54)

At last: Heavy-duty custom-made leather shoulder harnesses. Fully adjustable with detachable holster. When ordering specify make and model of gun, including caliber and barrel length, chest size, and whether you're right or left handed. Harness holster set, \$25. Biker's wallet, \$10. Motorcycle saddle bags, \$35. Thick leather belts (send waist size) with Harley-Davidson buckle, \$12.50. Handbags with long shoulder strap (for the ol' lady), \$20. I can put pot leaves, Harley wings, your club name, your name, your scooter's name, club symbol, or almost anything you can draw on any of above listed items. Send sketch or picture along with order. No extra charge. Write for club and volume discounts. Send money orders to C. Boehmler, Box 282, West Union, Iowa 52175. I pay postage. (54)

God Rides A Harley—printed on a black t-shirt for him or a black tit-top for her. With every order a free bumper sticker with the same saying. \$8 per shirt to: Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (54)

Barbara and Tabatha: Ginger and Samantha need you and love you. Call Big Daddy or us. Please. (54)

Pussytease, mine's wet. Rebecca. (54)

Wanted—Easyriders issue #26. A. Wallinger, 2903 Del Rey, Midwest City, Okla. 73110. (54)

Shit? Yes, Shit! Isn't there someone you'd just love to give some shit to? A friend—an enemy—a politician—someone, any one? Well—now you've got the opportunity. We can supply you with a very nice 2½-inch sealed plastic cube paperweight. Filled with 100% horseshit, bullshit, or chickenshit—whichever you choose. Send check or money order for \$6 to P&R Enterprises, P.O. Box 459, Hornell, New York 14843. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. (57)

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. Our gear is like a chopper. It's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (65)

Tattoo designs and supplies. 100 11"x14" sheets. Approx. 600 designs, only \$75 per set. Send money order to Capt. Jack, 91 Rt. 23, Riverdale, N.J. 07457. (57)

Elite E-Z key kit will get you in any car in seconds, without scratching the car in any way. \$9.95 per kit. Elite, Box 272, Dept. 302B, Greenwood, S.C. 29646. (54)

Kenny, Happy Birthday. In return for all the little notes I've found. You're terrific. I love you! Your girl, Kate. (54)

Sweet Rebecca: From the start what we've had was so special that I've wanted to shout it to the world. Can't keep my smiles in single file. Knuph and all good things. Blaze. (54)

Lonely, need some mail and photos from foxy chicks. Will answer all letters fast. Lawrence Reynolds #133695, Box 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (55)

Little Fox, Eureka, Calif. I love you five-ever. Your big Dad, 10-4. (54)

Motorcycle patches our business. Harley patches our specialty. Catalog \$1. Patchworks, P.O. Box 11506, Columbus, Ohio 43211. (57)

Guaranteed State Photo I.D. Polaroid, plastic laminated. Your official state/province flag. 24-hour service. Send photo, signature, birthdate, etc. Free birth certificate. Rush \$7 (cash/money order) IDs-EZ127, 934 Dodge, Evanston, Ill. 60202. (54)

Drifters M.C., Detroit, Mich., Cleveland, Ohio, and any other Drifters M.C. except A.M.A.—let's get together. Drifters M.C., 1947 Shawano Ave., Green Bay, Wis. 54303. (54)

Dickie Poo—You'll be my scooter man always. Please try for us. Love you forever. Niner. (54)

Wanted: Harley 80-inch flathead engine, Jim Whitmer, 6305 W. 6th, #D2, Lakewood, Colo. 80214. (54)

Easyriders for sale, 33 mags, Oct. '73 thru Aug. '77. Best offer. P. Herman, Box 30, Thornton, Ill. 60476. (54)

Wanted: Stock round emblems, good condition, to fit fatbobs on '57 pan. Mike W. 1710 W. Hillcrest, #204, Newbury Park, Calif. 91320. (54)

Morgan—Happy Birthday. It's late but full of love. Jeanie. (54)

Rolling papers, assortment of 8 for \$3.95. "War Eagle," 514 S. Walnut Street, Seneca, S.C. 29678. (54)

Coast-to-Coast Bikers—An organization designed to provide traveling bikers with free lodging across the entire nation. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Coast-to-Coast Bikers, P.O. Box 547, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850. (54)

Tattoo course—The only tattoo course in the world. Tells you everything. \$29.95. Send money order to Capt. Jack, 91 Rt. 23, Riverdale, N.J. 07457. (57)

Firecrackers, guns, bombs from common materials. Details, \$2. Sanford, Box 4175-E, Silver Spring, Md. 20904. (55)

22-year-old man biking from Austin, Tex., to Nashville, Tenn. on either the 2nd of Nov. or Dec. Will take chick who desires to see the countryside. Send clear recent photo. Write Flash, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (54)

Cowboy (ex-Louisville Outlaw)—Animal and Janie would love to see you again. Muscles is dead! Call (812) 944-0833. (54)

Sweet Revenge

—Continued from page 84

and headed for the big wood door to the swimming pool. I braced myself hard as the Harley and I smashed into the door, splintered through, and slid sideways into the cement enclosure, howling rubber like a sick banshee. I didn't even put the stand down; just dropped the Hog on its side about an inch and a half from the edge of the pool.

There she was. So was Foxy Roxy, and two other jerks. Kill, kill. The girls were naked. Kill, kill. The two fucking jerks were still holding their drinks in their hands, frozen in action. Kill, kill.

"Hey, bitch!"

I can't really say what happened next. I do know that I laid one of the dudes out with a cast-iron chair from the poolside, and it must've been while I was trying to get done with the other one that Donna tripped me and I caught the end of a chair leg in my right side. I felt something give, and my side felt wet all of a sudden. I was momentarily off guard, and the guy I was fight-

ing clipped me a good one in the head. I went down.

There was the sound of a Sporty spitting fire and a flash of pink shooting through the hole where the door used to be. Her boyfriend was coming at me again when I planted a boot in his balls and wasted him. I got to my feet.

Donna had split, stark naked, on the pink Sporty. My bike was up with a yank, and for the first time since I put that fucker together, she fired on the first kick.

God had to be on my side, because I caught sight of the slut after I rounded the corner where the ripped bags of leaves were. She was headed for the old Hempsey Road, a short stretch of old highway that's never used anymore, since they put in a new, modern four-lane in its place. She was probably hoping to latch onto the new highway at the junction, giving her a clear shot downtown, where the police station was.

Naked? Crazy fucking woman.

I cranked the old Hog on so I would be pulling up beside her right at the turnoff point, where the new highway meets the old one. When

I was about 100 yards behind her she must've spotted me in the mirror, because she turned around to look. Her face was blue, either from the cold or the fear.

As the overpass loomed ahead, I crept up closer with a big grin on my face. Closer and closer, until at just the right minute, I hauled off and crammed my right boot into her bright pink Sporty tank as hard as I could without wiping myself out.

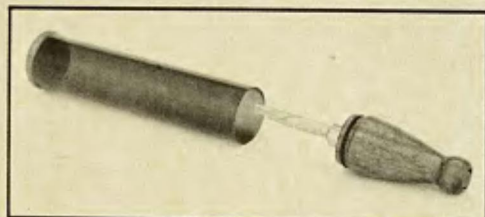
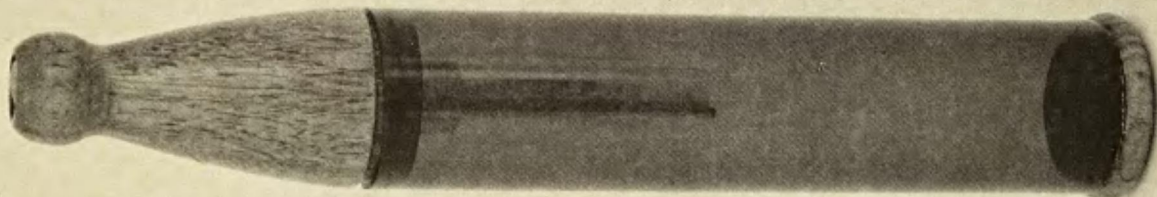
I was losing so much blood out of my side that I was barely able to stay conscious long enough to see her speed-wobble the bike into ground, both of them hitting the hard, cold asphalt and rolling madly into one of the cement supports of the overpass.

Bingo.

I rolled to a stop, put the stand down, and leaned my head on the gas tank. The next thing I knew, there was the nurse, looking worried and telling me to relax. The wreck didn't kill that Donna bitch, but she'll never look the same again. That's too bad.

But then again, they tell me that face scars make a person look more masculine. ■

Who Sez You Can't Smoke at 60mph?



All you do is insert your doobie (whatever) into this **Biker Pipe**, light it, put the cover over it - and you're ready to puff. Even pass it from scoot to scoot while blasting down the road.

No wasted smoke either - if it goes out, smoke stays inside container. Unbreakable. Completely disassembles for easy cleaning.

Smoke the 50% that floats away!

California residents add 6%

Send \$5.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to:

**Mackenzie
Company**

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302



Nasty Feet by Easyriders

Made exclusively for us by Chippewa (the finest engineer boot manufacturer)

These boots are the cream of the crop. As if old man Davidson built you a bike by himself, we went to the best, then asked them to make us a better boot — and they outdid themselves.

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.

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).



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



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

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

■ 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.)

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 _____

**Got
the
74
Urge?**
Jammer
Can
Satisfy It!

We have the largest assortment of quality 74 Chopper parts in the world - more than we know how to list in this advertising section. So if you've got 74 Fever, we've got the cure! There's one last note in this section to list all the products shown on this page - please refer to Jammer's Handbook for these & hundreds more!

JAMMER'S PRE-CHRISTMAS

All The Way With-JAMMER!

The new Squawker Vented-Rotor frame is another way to build a complete chopper with an air flow engine, intake and exhaust system of matched Jammer design. Some, we know, couldn't get their hands on the new Squawker frame for awhile, we just know better. Others don't work with the new Squawker frame. So if you're looking for a complete one that will work with the new Squawker frame, look no further than Jammer's Handbook.

**Jammerize
YOUR FX OR
SPORTSTER!**

STOCK

All bikes shouldn't look alike! We feel they should be Jammerized to the owner's own taste. Perhaps a less than tolerant view point on our part.

HINTS TO THE OL' LADY

Since Jammer is best known for Harley parts—can you get one, we're loaded with quality Honda parts you need to make your Honda that much better.

Online pages to know we've tried some of these goodies. Along with Jammer's Handbook, you've got an open invitation to shop around... and then build!

LOOKIN' FOR A HEAVY HONDA... SEE Jammer

See Next Page.

Get with it . . . tip the Ol' lady off to where you're at. For openers, sit her down. Make her scan these pages filled with bitchin' Xmas gifts for you. Once you've got her in the spirit, break out your back issues and your Jammer Handbook. Now's the time to get heavy.

Twist her arm . . . tell her you love her . . . do anything necessary to have her get you what you want. You can assure her that with over 2,000 parts to choose from, her bucks will be well spent. Remind her, too, that she'd better get her shit together early to beat the rush. Besides, you can tell her that if she does you right, you might just break down and get her somethin'.

Finally, if you really want to stay on top of the whole scene, drag her over to your nearest Jammer Dealer. He's probably got most anything. If he doesn't, have her get on his case to order your goodies. We'll make sure he delivers.

XMAS HINTS TO THE OL' LADY

(If you mention a new seat we'll lay you odds it will be on your bike by Christmas afternoon).

Page	Description	Part #
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____



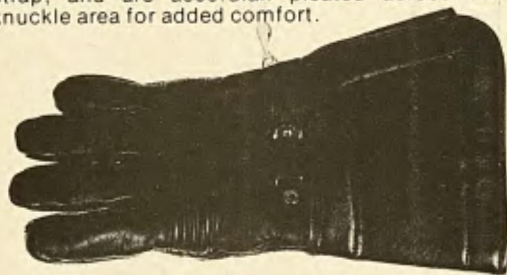
OTHER STUFF



51013 Saddlebag
54.95

51014 Ex. Large Saddlebag
69.95

Sure-Grip Gauntlet Winter Street Gloves! Features a vinyl gauntlet that will not collapse when pulled over jacket sleeves; the rest of the glove is high quality leather. These gloves have reinforced palms for added durability, adjusting strap, and are accordin pleated across the knuckle area for added comfort.



- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| 130027 Small Black Gloves | 16.95 |
| 130028 Medium Black Gloves | 16.95 |
| 130029 Large Black Gloves | 16.95 |
| 130030 Extra Large Black Gloves | 16.95 |



13002 Leather Visor.
Fully adjustable
to fit any standard
size head. 7.95



Delux Leather Cap. Individually hand-crafted of the finest soft leathers. Yet rugged and durable.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------|
| 13003 Small | 19.95 |
| 13004 Medium | 19.95 |
| 13005 Large | 19.95 |
| 13006 Extra large | 19.95 |



5105 Abus Chain Lock. Comes with 4 feet of heat-treated 5/16" chain. Two keys. Chromed. 19.95

Bike Bag. Fits tight over sissy bar alone or expands to fit over sissy bar and seat.

5109 Regular size. 19.95

51012 Extra large. 29.95



130031 Biker Pack.
Canvas & Leather Get
Away Bag. 12" x 24"
Bag will strap to your
Sissy Bar or your
back. Has extra out-
side pocket for those
items necessary to
get to quick. \$24.95

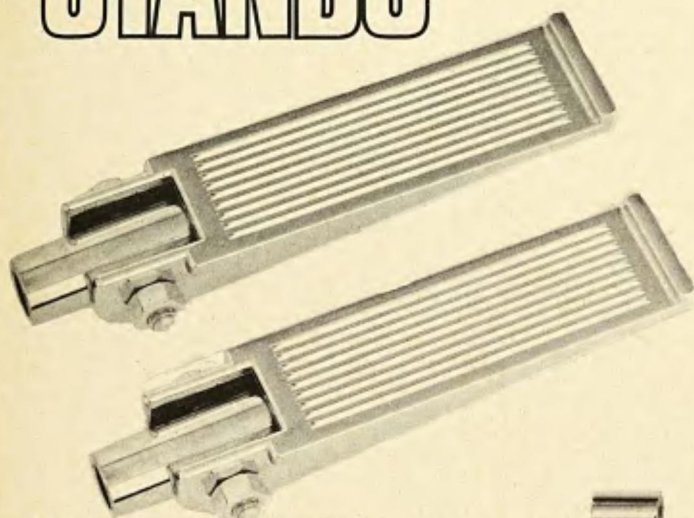


Biker Pins. Includes Clasp.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| A 129052 Large Harley Wings | 2.95 |
| 129053 Large Harley Wings | 2.95 |
| B 129054 Small Harley Wings | 2.75 |
| C 129055 Harley Wheel & Wing | 2.50 |
| D 129056 Harley #1 & Wings | 2.95 |
| E 129057 Harley #1 | 2.50 |
| F 129058 Small Harley #1 | 2.65 |
| G 129059 Harley #1 Earrings | 4.95 |
| H 129060 Harley-Davidson Bar | 1.95 |
| I 129061 Harley Emblem | 2.50 |
| J 129062 Harley Shield | 2.95 |
| K 129063 Harley Shield Key Fob | 2.95 |
| L 129050 Small Harley Shield | 1.95 |
| M 129064 Small Harley Motor | 1.95 |
| N 129065 Shovelhead Motor | 2.65 |
| O 129066 Shovelhead Motor & Wings | 2.75 |
| P 129067 Chopper | 3.95 |
| Q 129068 Fatbob | 3.95 |
| R 129069 Small Fatbob | 2.50 |
| S 129070 Honda Wings | 2.50 |
| T 129071 Honda 4 Wings | 2.50 |
| U 129072 Skull | 1.95 |

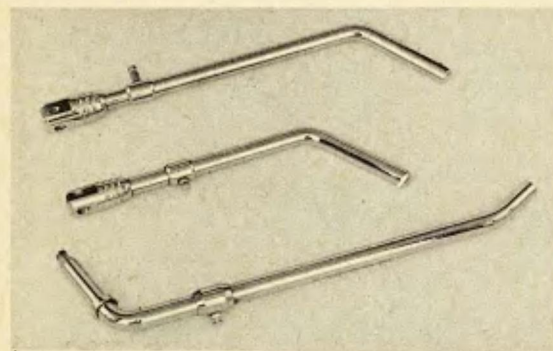


PEGS AND STANDS



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



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.**

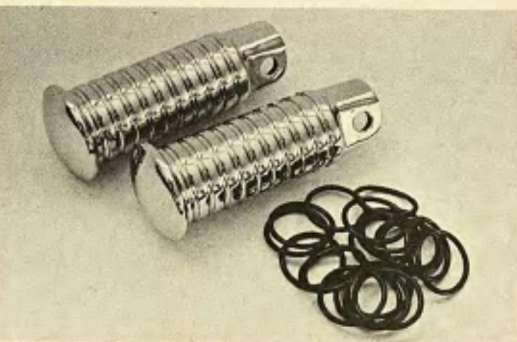
155017	Standard	19.95
15503	Extended	19.95

Sportster Kick Stand. (Fits all years.)

155018	Standard	19.95
15505	Extended	19.95

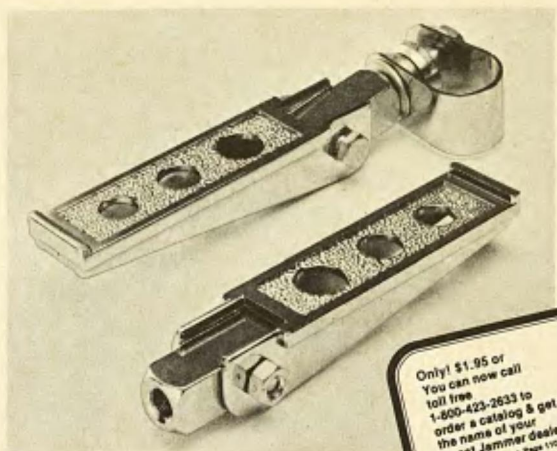


154012 FX & Spst. Round Rib Rider Pegs - stud mt. w/5/8" pivot. Smaller circumference than replacement pegs — use as matching rider pegs and on low down peg bracket. Complete with rubber "O" rings. **13.95**



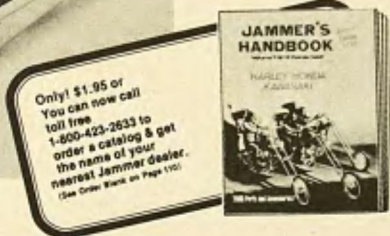
154010 HD Replacement Pegs (Pair). Late Model HD Lower Shock Mount Rider Pegs 1/2" - 20 thread. Complete with Rubber "O" Rings. **14.95**

154011 Stud Mount FX and Sportster Replacement Pegs (pair) complete with rubber "O" rings & 5/8" pivot. **18.95**



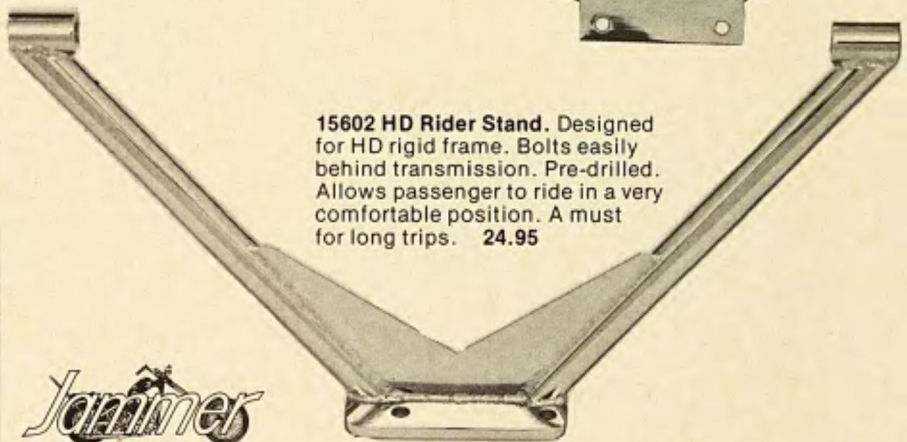
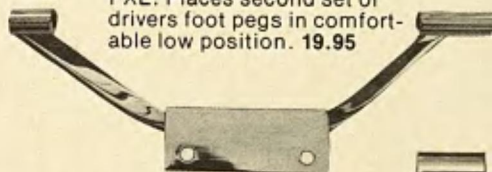
15406 Hole Pegs with Clamp. Clamp fits all one-inch bars. Sold in pairs only. **10.95** pair

15405 Hole Pegs. Sold in pairs only. **7.95** pair



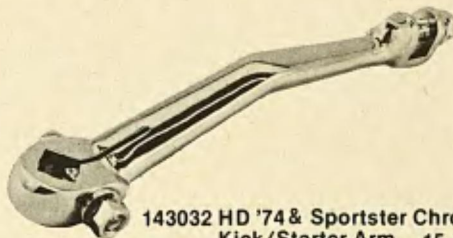
Only \$1.95 or You can now call toll free 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer. (See Order Blank on Page 110)

154018 FX Lowdown Peg Bracket. Fits 70 & later FX & FXE. Places second set of drivers foot pegs in comfortable low position. **19.95**

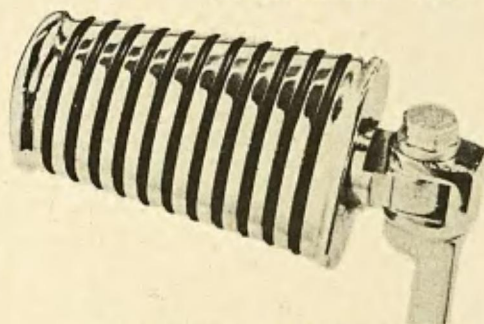


15602 HD Rider Stand. Designed for HD rigid frame. Bolts easily behind transmission. Pre-drilled. Allows passenger to ride in a very comfortable position. A must for long trips. **24.95**

Jammer



143032 HD '74 & Sportster Chrome Kick/Starter Arm **15.45**



154013 Chromesickle Flat Kick Pedal. For kickstart HDs. Matches our replacement pegs and our round rib rider pegs with rubber "O" rings. Strong chromed steel shaft for strength and full swivel action. **16.95**

SEATS

The "ELITE TOURING"

116030-H.D. Sportster Elite
Touring. No Back. Black. \$90.95

116031 H.D. Super Glide Elite
Touring. No Back. Black.
\$90.95

116032-H.D. Sportster Elite
Touring. 14" back with built-
in sissy bar. Black. \$105.00

116033-H.D. Super Glide Elite
Touring. 14" back with built-
in sissy bar. Black. \$105.00



(The Elite Comes complete with all
brackets, and mounts like stock.)



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

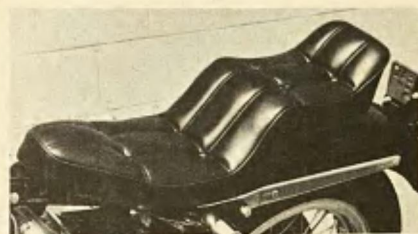


The Perfect Seat To Match Our Chameleon Bar.

The Elite. For Sportster and Super Glide. This
new seat is designed for the ultimate in comfort
and appearance. The carpeted bottom follows the
contour of the bike better than stock. The seat
lowers you 2" for easier handling and maximum
comfort. Comes complete with all brackets, and
mounts like stock. No welding or other alterations
needed. Genuine black Naugahyde.

Part No.	Bike	Style	Back Size	Price
115031	Sportster	Square Tufted	4" 24"x9"	59.95
115032	S. Glide	Square Tufted	4" 29"x9"	59.95
115033	Sportster	Square Tufted	14" 24"x9"	69.95
115034	S. Glide	Square Tufted	14" 29"x9"	69.95

The 14" Elite has a
built-in steel back
support and
needs no sissybar.
(Tufted shown)



NEW! AMERICAN MADE SOLO PILLION SEATS

11701 Solo Seat. Custom made
for Jammer. Covered in black
naugahyde. Steel plate for base.
Dense foam for added comfort.
Chrome nose bracket. 1 inch thick
by 9 inches wide. 19.95

11702 Pillion Seat. Wedge design to
fit with fender. Covered in
naugahyde. 9 inches long by 4 1/2
inches wide. 4 inches high in back
tapering down to 2 inches in
front. 12.95



we got em' in stock now!



Chameleon

Ka-mel-yan

The Chameleon - for Swing Arms.
The sissy bar with the interchangeable side plates and interchangeable emblems
This new Sissy bar with two side plates will fit all FX/FXE and Sportsters with or without turn signals.
Nothing to remove - nothing is covered up. Just minutes from out of the box to on the bike. You buy the emblems separately. The Chameleon really fits stock H.D. and our seats perfectly.
Lustrous chrome.



8101 Jammer 4.05
Chrome Purple and Orange



8107 Jammer Wings
Gold-Plated 8.95



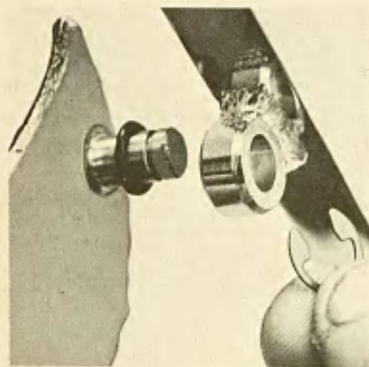
8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated)
8.95



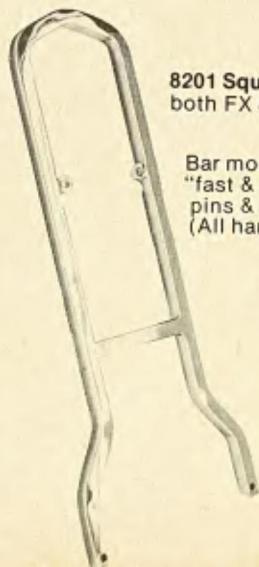
8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels
Gold-Plated 8.95



8105 Skull and Crossbones
Chrome 8.95



Emblem's rubber mount to bar with "O" rings & clips.



8201 Square Bar. One bar fits both FX & Spst. side plates.
21.95

Bar mounts to side plates "fast & secure" with roll pins & set screws.
(All hardware included)

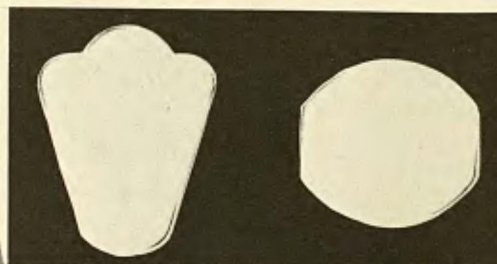
SISSY BARS

TOTAL **\$59.95***

*with Jammer or chrome oval plate.

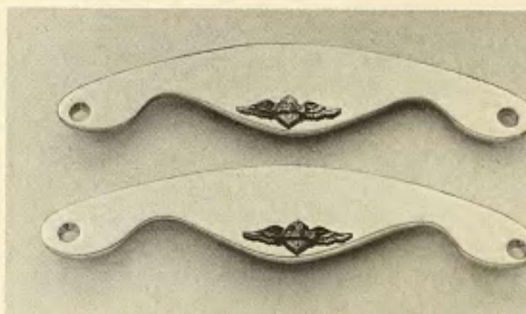


NEW!

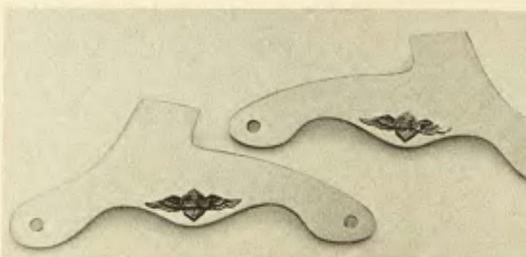


8108 Tombstone Plate Chrome 6.95

8109 Oval Plate Chrome 4.05



82011 Side Plates. Fits all Spst. with or without turn signals. 33.95



82012 Side Plates. Fits all FX's with or without turn signals. 33.95

NEW FROM *Jammer* TOMBSTONE & OVAL CHROME PLATES



NEW!
EYE-GRABBIN'
JAMMER
WINGS!



Can you believe your eyes... Now you can mount our mirror-chromed Tombstone and Oval Plates on our Jammer Sissy Bars. Since they're unmarked and untouched, there's no tellin' what you'll come up with. We really got off designing the ones on this page. Use a decal, drill some holes for a pin, paint 'em... whatever turns you on. Any way you cut it, the Tombstone and Oval make fine company for our emblems and bars.

(See opposite page for part numbers and prices).



Space
ENWAMERICARD
online here

For Good Heads on Xmas...

**Perfect
Ear
Warmers!**

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

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

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

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

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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



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



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



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



If you dig iron horses, here's a book that'll bring back memories—a book that you'll read and read and read. It's got your 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.

