

Easyriders

75p

January, 1978

\$1.25

***An Unusual
American Bike—
The Mustang***

***In the Wind at a
Biker Wedding***

***How to Live
with a Biker***

***A Quiz for
Ol' Ladies***

***Fiction,
Scoots—
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Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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FTW

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COVER photo of Debi by Ralph Hampton

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

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'.

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I've got something for you...

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Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



Dog bites man: They're usin' narc dogs in the prison system now. Originally trained to sniff out dope at airports, the fuckers are now snitchin' on people in the slammer. Thirteen busts at Folsom recently due to one dog's efforts.

Speakin' of prisons: Two men at a California prison are suing for privacy. They don't dig female guards watching them take a shower and shit. They argue that they should be able to go to the bathroom and take a shower without "the curious observation of female personnel." (Yeah, whatdafuck?)

Did ya hear about the biker who crashed into a deer in Canada with both the deer and the biker landing in a ditch at the side of the road? Well, get this—a pickup came by, threw the deer in the back of the truck, and drove off leavin' the biker in the ditch. (Figures.)

This ain't gonna come as a surprise to anyone—but the Chicago police just announced more women kill their spouses than men.

Speakin' of spouses: Did ya hear about the bitch who shot her ol' man in the chest twice as he slept and then went to bed beside him (I guess figurin' she'd clean up the mess in the mornin')? But wait! When he regained consciousness, he found himself with two holes in his chest and his ol' lady in the sack beside him with the gun still in her hand. Puttin' two and two together, he gets pissed and plugs her once in each leg. Then he throws the gun through a closed window, but the window doesn't break (stay with me). The gun bounces back into the room, she grabs it, and

shoots him in the mouth. At this point, she shoots herself, and as the police come crashin' through the door, she fires one more shot at her ol' man for good measure. (She warned him repeatedly about fartin' in bed—but I guess she'd had enough!)

Now that they have a thing to gauge whether you've been smokin' pot, the California Highway Potrol (excuse me, Patrol) recently disclosed that one out of five "drunk drivers" are actually pot drivers. The process of determining if it's pot or not is called radio-immunoassay.

Pissed prisoner dept.: A dude was sued for damages recently because after being arrested he tore out a sink, broke hot and cold water pipes, two light bulbs, 30 feet of conduit pipe, set six fires in his cell, destroyed ten mattresses and blankets (causing his cell to be repainted six times and the entire floor of the jail repainted three times), attempted suicide eight times, and beat up four cops. They're tryin' to put him in a mental institution—they said they don't want him any longer—nobody wants him!

I knew it would happen. This biker zoomed into the parking lot and either forgot to untwist the wick or, as he said later, the "throttle stuck"—either way, he plowed straight through a bedroom window, right into bed with a couple occupying it. (I think she moaned how much she dug rough lovers.) He was busted for not having a driver's license.

Then there was the husband who got busted for attempted murder, mayhem, and felony wife beating—all because he bit off his ol' lady's tongue—and swallowed it. (He shoulda given it back—whatdafuck?)

Yeah, it really is dangerous to ride without a helmet (stay with me, bro). A cop in North Carolina has been suspended for killing a biker after he forced him off the road and shot him six times. The reason? Not wearin' a helmet—whatdafuck?

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Feature Kawas

□ Hey, you limp dick faggots, why doesn't your fucking rag ever have any Kawasaki hell-raisin' Z-1's featured? All I ever see is those simple shit Harleys. Hell, any fuckhead cunt-ramping bastard can ride one of those A.M.F. toys, but it takes balls to handle the baddest mother on two wheels, the Z-1. Harley is just a name and I ain't shopping for a name—fuck that shit. Performance is what counts, and that's the king of big bikes, Kawasaki Z-1. So how's about featuring them?

Road Rat
Ft. Hood, Texas

■ Hey, dog shit—ya got **Biker News, Street Chopper, Choppers, Custom Bike, Zowie Bike, Drag Bike, Hot Bike, Dingle Bike, Shit Bike, Moped Annual, Hi-Torque Golden Jubilee Edition of something or other, Motorcycles, AMA News, Cycle, Cycle Guide, Dirt Bike, Dirtier Bike, Super Bike, Super Duper Bike,** and Christ know how many other rags to read up on any bike ya wanna read about—buy them and get outta our shit.

It's early in the morning, I'm hung over, no coffee yet, some rank smell still lingers on my beard from what I woke up in the sack with, and your letter's the first one I've read today—so if I seem a mite harsh, I hope you'll understand.

Fear Among Peers

□ I dig your rag to the max, but there is one thing that bugs me. I'm talking about the way you spread paranoia about feds hiding behind every tree and infiltrating every club. Granted, there probably are plg mutherfuckers screwing around out there, but I doubt if it's as common as some brothers might sus-

pect after reading your magazine.

Let's ride, man, and to hell with all this fed rap. Don't screw up your rag by causing peer pressure among brothers.

F. B. Eye
Waterbury, Conn.

Silly Question

□ Does Spider want a brand new 1951 side emblem for a fatbob—free?

T. C.
Baton Rouge, La.

■ Do apes shit in trees? Spider collects everything and anything to do with motorcycling history.

Changing Positions

□ I am one of the few ol' ladies who has her own '67 Electra Glide and an ol' man who isn't afraid of the changing times. (Face it, men—it's happening.) Like my ol' man says, he would much rather have me beside him than behind him. Women can fall in love with that two-wheeled beast just as much as any man. Especially when it's theirs.

Loose Lee
Merriam, Ks.

■ I'd rather have a chick on me.

Name Callin'

□ I think all of you are nothing but a bunch of cocaine-tootin', Columbian-to-kin', Harley-Davidson freaks.

Big Will
Nashville, Tenn.

■ No shit?

Bad Smells

□ In your Sept. '77 issue (#52) you printed an article about a woman's greatest worry. You guys really fucked up!

We may not smell so fuckin' hot, but no one forced you fuckers to go down on us in the first place! And what about how

a dude smells? I've given head enough to know they don't smell so sweet either! You tried lately? It smells like stale piss and whatever else they've stuck their joints in. It ain't easy giving good head when the fucker smells so bad you gag—holding your puke down and holding your breath during the trip ain't so fuckin' hot either. We give head because we enjoy it, and we don't bitch about the smell! Wise up! It goes both ways.

JR's Ol' Lady
Fresno, Calif.

□ As far as "Calmin' Your Chick's Biggest Worry" goes, all men I get it on with happen to like the smell of my pussy juice. Otherwise, why would they go down on me?

Strawberry Fields
Fond du Lac, Wisc.

□ Okay, so maybe sometimes a chick's box don't smell like a rose, but what makes you think that your puds wouldn't choke a buzzard once in a while? Maybe that's the reason your ol' ladies will only play hide the weenie. You had better worry.

D.D.
Gila Bend, Ariz.

■ I'm worryin', I'm worryin'!

□ Go ahead and bad-mouth the pungent aroma common to the female genitals, but remember, paybacks are muthafuckers.

How many chicks choke from the stagnant stench that comes from her ol' man's crotch and that's before he takes his Levi's off? After, it's rank, rotten, and repulsive! Sweat, crotch rot, jock itch, crystals that have fed his criters since he was 9, cum residue from 1954, and 3 or 4 drops of piss from every leak he takes—shit, it's

enough to gag a maggots and put any lovin' loyal righteous ol' lady to the test.

Gypsy Princess
Phoenix, Ariz.

□ Well, you guys finally succeeded in blowing me away; and you did it with such understanding and sense of humor! Regarding your article, "Calmin' Your Chick's Biggest Worry" (Oct. '77), it was great. From a dainty little fluffball to all you big handsome bikers, it is a problem, and as soon as you hear of a remedy, let us know. Congratulations, J. J. It's about time all you men realized there's only so much that a can be done about the smell, and we do try. I know I do!

J. K.
Lemon Grove, Ca.

□ I've been eating pussy for about 10 years now and only twice have I ever met chicks whose box actually stank.

Any damn doctor could tell you that the scent of pussy is basically the same as the rest of the chick, only the various skin oils and gland secretions are more concentrated there than, say, her elbow, for instance. It's all just a matter of body chemistry.

Let me put it this way: If you don't really enjoy doing it, man, then don't do it. Especially if you're doing it because you feel some kind of obligation such as "love." Besides, nobody can do a good job if his heart ain't in his work (or his tongue either, for that matter).

It's still the Breakfast of Champions as far as I'm concerned.

A. Y.
Baltimore, Md.

■ It was a humor piece, asshole.

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 that'll heart. You'll dig it—all 224-pages.

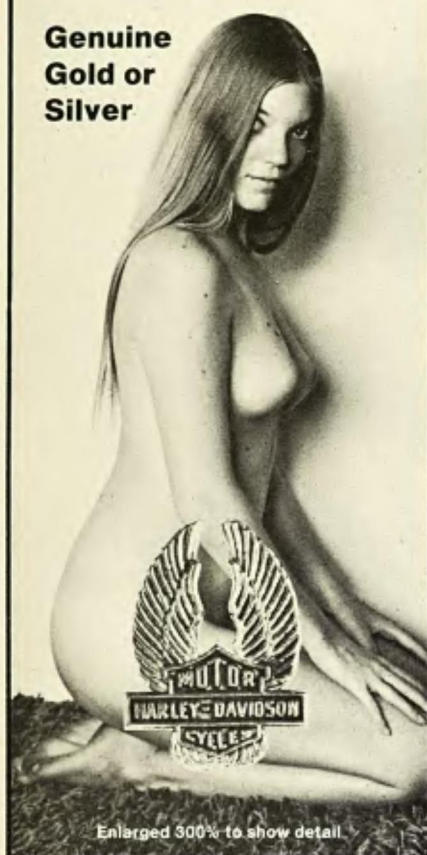


Send \$8.95 to *Earlyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (California residents add 6% for Governor Brown to keep the machinery workin' up in Sacramento.) Be sure to include your zip code.



HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



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



Lotsa Letters

□ Your mag, like good cocaine and '47 knuckles, is 1st class and only your staff surpasses it. Thanks to the mention (Mar. '77), I've received 2,009 "Get Well" cards and letters. Ride to live, I will live to ride.

The Raven
Lawndale, Ca.

Super Article

□ "Jammin' In The Joint" was a super article. I'm proud of how all the brothers conducted themselves. The pictures were excellent. Only wish there were more of them.

Amar Ex
Pomona, Ca.

Straight World

□ Yeah, man, I've read a lot of your rags. It bums me out when people get on your ass about mistakes. You'd think the world's gone straight. If they really are burn-outs, they would understand. If they want perfection, they should read **Newsweek** or some other sick rag.

Gypsy
Grand Forks, N.D.

■ Yeah—whatdafuck.

Tits Are Tits

□ Hey, assholes, when the fuck are you going to get your shit together? On page 46 of your October issue, Dr. John Twatburger mentioned the fact that most American men love big tits. Ya know—they big, succulent, soft things found on a broad's chest? Then on page 75 you have Lonely Linda. Man, she has tits like two fried eggs! And your September issue had Sheri in it. A carpenter's dream, flat as a board. Shit, yours is the best bike rag I ever saw, but whatdafuck? If you're gonna put chicks in it, get some with big tits. After all, who the hell buys your magazine? Us all-American males or some fuckin' tribe in Africa?

Dirty Harry
New Haven, Ct.

■ Tits are tits—as long as they're on a chick—I always say.

Gettin' Lost

□ I just read "Gettin'

Lost" (Sept. '77). It was a good article, especially pages 85 & 86, the basic changes. However, you failed to mention one basic change that is important—birthdates, month, day, and year. The FBI fingerprint file operates mainly on DOB's.

I found that the birthdate thing works well. I was busted 3 times before giving up my scooter for no driver's license. I had an ID with phony DOB and picture. I sat in Santa Clara County jail for 14 days the first time, sweating like a dog before they let me go! I haven't had a driver's license since '69, and I've been stopped dozens of times for driving my '65 Chevy like a '47 knuckle. The pigs around here know me now, and half the time they just blow it off, 'cause I pay my tickets and I'm clean—just don't got a driver's license.

Cherokee
Elkhart, Ind.

Some Advice

□ That article by Falcon on getting lost in the Sept. issue made some solid points. As a former Insurance Investigator, I can testify Falcon knows what he's talking about. Man, I was working for this nationwide insurance credit investigation company for two years before I got sick of it and quit. This company is Big Brother. They've got guys on the street 7 days a week checkin' out the citizens of this country. They've got files on 65% of the adult population—credit records, arrest records, traffic, what your neighbor thinks of you, how much you drink, etc., etc. and these files are available to any company or individual who is willing to pay the \$5.00 - \$25.00 to find out. All I can say is if you ever apply for insurance or a loan and a stranger comes around asking some questions "because their files got lost at the insurance company" or some other lame excuse, the less you tell them, the less they can find out. For instance, without your driver's license number (in most states), they can't get your MUR record. If they

don't know you've been arrested and positively where, they probably can't find out. This is no sure rule, but believe me, usually you screw yourself with these people. They're pros.

My main reason for writing concerns a lot of ads in mags for information on making drugs, bombs, silencers, and other weapons. 99% are legit, but I've learned through sources that a couple are set up by the FBI & DEA to locate undesirables. If you're sending for this stuff, use an out-of-town P.O. box and a phony name, and don't use it again. Don't give 'em reason to check you out if you're into that stuff. Man, I know it sounds like paranoia, but it's not, believe me. I'm in a position to know.

Snake
Linden, N.J.

Death Wish

□ Really freaked when I was viewing some photos in a magazine of the late John F. Kennedy's assassination. In the photo where the President was first hit, an officer on a panhead is in the background. The engine is clearly visible. I hope when I croak, there is some good Harley iron nearby so I can catch a glance before I crap out.

Brother Shoe
Columbus, Miss.

Easyriders Patch

□ When is the **Easyriders** patch coming? I want one so bad I could shit.

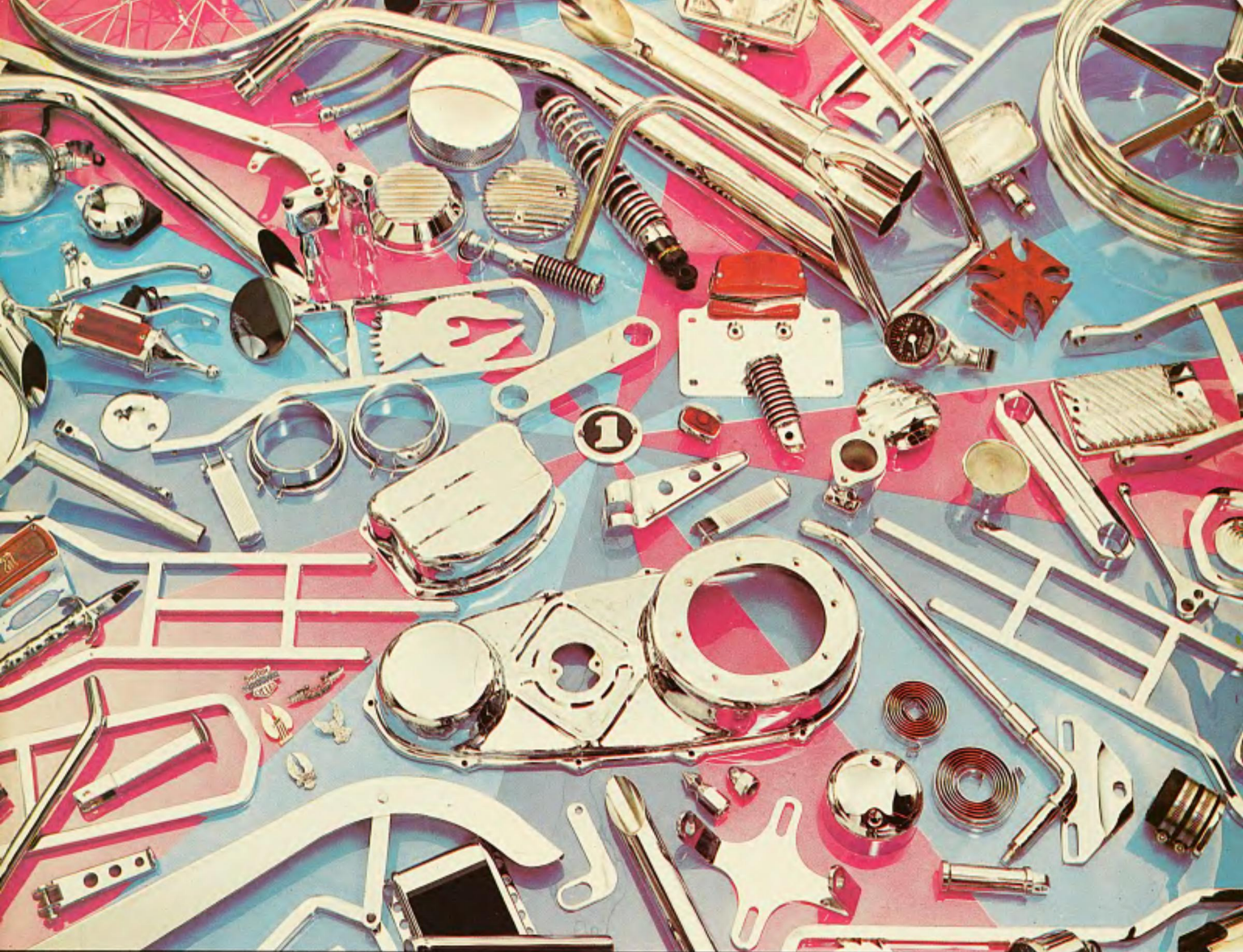
Johnnie Ray
Novato, Ca.

■ See ad in next issue—it's bitchin'.

A Question

□ Glancing through the August issue of your rag I noted the letter from "Oz", who wondered why you did not print letters from chicks in the slammer. Your reply was that you printed such letters—when you received them. This has raised an interesting question in my own mind.

We all know that there are chicks who serve just as much time in prisons as guys do, right? Okay, so if these same chicks aren't screaming their heads off



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%

for men, we can come to one of two conclusions. First, that all chicks in prison release their sexual desires through lesbian activities, or two, chicks just aren't as dependent on men as we are on them. It scares the shit out of most men to consider it, but the second conclusion is the more logical.

Hand Job
Merced, Ca.

■ Or they don't read trash like this.

Jammin' For Jesus

For years my husband and I were followers and worshippers of a god called "Harley." Gradually, over those six years, we offered this "god" our money and time and eventually surrendered ourselves completely to "his" service. We took part in every religious exercise designed to give "him" honor and glory—such as fellowshiping with other believers and studying "his" mechanics and make-up. The drug culture also became an inevitable social part of the cult we embraced.

As the years progressed, the "fruits" of our "god" began to be revealed for what they truly were—spoiled and rotten. Yes. Satan had us bound for sure! But Jesus set us free. We traded in our swastikas and bong for a cross and a Bible and found a living God who loves and longs for his lost children and delights in giving good things to his own.

For those of you who would criticize and chide, remember, you are not rejecting us, but God Himself. The Lord is our shepherd—who's yours?

Dick & Julie Jett
Baltimore, Md.

Cry Me A River

□ I will have to admit women are stupid, but not greedy. My ol' man bitched at me for a month to get a job. He said when I got a job, I'd become equal and he'd do half the housework. I did get a job, and all my money goes to him to fix his bike and buy his dope. I'm lucky if I get to smoke one joint out of every lid. And as far as the house-

work goes, all he does is bitch about the place being dirty.

Now he's quitting his job, but if he thinks I'm going to dish out \$1.25 every month for a copy of *Easyriders*, he's got another think coming.

Mad Mama
Modesto, Calif.

■ Hell, all ya gotta do is one trick a month—whatdafuck—he's worth that, isn't he?

FTW

□ FTW? That's what it says on page 3 of your mag. Right beside the writers' names. In the Army, it's Fuck The Army. What does your FTW stand for?

Moon
Jolon, Ca.

■ I got a license plate with those letters, and I told the Motor Vehicle Department it was the initials of our long lost beloved prez.

One Decal

□ I have been subscribing to *Easyriders* for years. How come I only got one free decal?

Jughead
Red Bank, N.J.

■ We wanted to send ya a new Low Rider, but the bus-

iness department told us to fuck off.

A Libber?

□ What would you men do without us women? Fuck the dog next door? As the good ol' saying goes, "Women's faults are many, but men have only two, everything they say and everything they do!"

Taurus
No. Hollywood, Ca.

The Best?

□ Bought a scooter a couple of months ago and was really gettin' into the "puttin' " scene, when along comes a bro with this *Easyriders* rag. Not only the current piece but some great back issues. I have read every word, ad, etc., all punctuation marks—in fact, every goddamned thing printed in each issue, and I gotta say it's the best piece of shit going for the country today.

The Double Eagle
Bethlehem, Pa.

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.



"I said gimme that other hand!"

Biker's



Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Not the way to get it done...

Among a number of legislative bills vetoed recently by South Carolina Governor James B. Edwards was the state's helmet law repeal. Reaction to the veto was vocal and, unfortunately, rather ominous.

Following his action, Governor Edwards reportedly was the target of several threatening phone calls. Although representatives of the statehouse motorcycle lobby denied they had anything to do with the threats, Edwards carried a pistol for a few days and his security detail was tightened, according to the Atlanta Journal and Constitution newspaper.

After debating the repeal bill for a few more days, the South Carolina legislature upheld the veto and killed the measure.

—American Motorcyclist

Cops on bikes...

... Mounted officers are proud men; proud both of their image and of their job. Because their assignment is a demanding one—physically taxing above and beyond normal law-enforcement duty. And, because they know they are seen by the public as enforcement officers with an unusually challenging role to play in the community.

Few of these men would trade places with any other officer on the force. The nature of the job shapes the man, as he and his motorcycle became an effective law-enforcement unit. The mounted officer marks himself as a leader in a demanding profession. This unit is the symbol of law enforcement in today's modern society.

—The National Sheriff via Road Rider

The moped question...

Parents, do you know where your children are? We know where they are. We saw them not more than 10

minutes ago headed toward the beach on their moped, teetering along three up with at least one surfboard adding to the general peril. Bareheaded. Bare-shouldered. Bare-legged. Bare-footed, as often as not. It's the old accident-looking-for-someplace-to-happen scenario, and we've witnessed it often enough to realize that Something Should Be Done About This—before the federal government does it for us.

—Cycle World

Knee-jerk reactions...

Speaking of special requirements, one of the most absurd knee-jerk reactions to helmet law repeal came from the City Commission in Fargo, North Dakota. Led by their "far-seeing" mayor, Richard Hentges (who claimed the state-level repeal was "short-sighted"), the commission voted to retain the helmet law within the city limits of Fargo. This in spite of the mild objection of Police Chief Edwin Anderson who thought a local ordinance of that nature might be a bit difficult to enforce!

—Road Rider

Penalizing big bikes...

There are both rewards and satisfaction in owning and customizing one of the big bikes, but there are also penalties. Today's showroom prices reflect the economy—everything is getting higher every year. On a percentage system, adding two hundred dollars to the cost of a motorcycle priced under two thousand dollars isn't too bad a pill to swallow, but five and six hundred tacked onto a big-bucks bike, well that's a different story. It doesn't take the talents of a mathematician to come up with the reasoning that the bikes get more expensive as you walk past the row of small to large cycles in any motorcycle dealership.

One major penalty that we all have to deal with each year is motorcycle insurance. Insurance companies have these little breaks on a climbing chart where they classify the size of your engine. Let's see, if you own a mo-ped, your insurance will only be \$40 a year. Then the guy looks straight into the eyes of a 200-pounder and I mutter, "Guess again, fella." Now you begin to wonder if there is any way to convince this guy that a Superglide is only 500cc's. After all, that's where the big climb up the cost chart begins. Penalty number two—insurance cost.

In order, number three is going to be license, sales tax and registration. You've got the picture. Six percent of three grand is going to be more than six percent of eighteen hundred. To top it off, the larger bike weighs about two hundred pounds more going down the highway, which means it will literally crumble the roads, so the old registration is quite a bit higher. You know, the highways must be maintained. I couldn't wear out a freeway in a lifetime if I drove a steamroller to work everyday. Who's kidding who (or is that whom)?

—Steve Stillwell
Custom Bike

Farewell to helmets...

As the record shows, we have long and consistently favored the use of protective headgear by motorcycle riders. Further, we favor the use of headgear that meets the latest and most stringent safety standards (currently the Snell 1975 standard).

However, we have just as consistently resisted—on philosophical and constitutional grounds—the concept of mandatory helmet usage laws, and we witness their twilight with little regret.

—Cycle World

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:

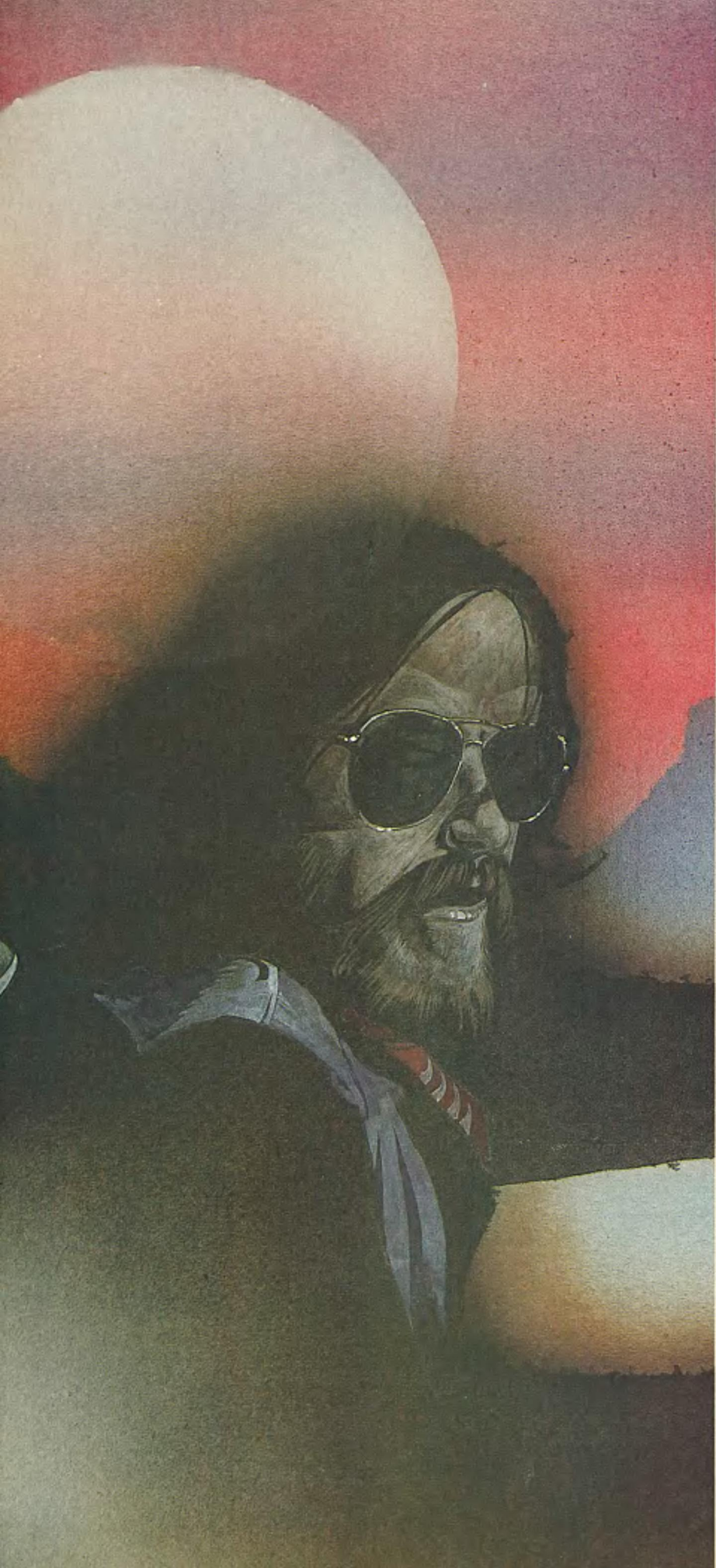
(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

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Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740







The Last Go-Round

By Nutcracker

Jeezus, look at the mountains, look at the incredible fuckin' mountains. The mountains made the trip worthwhile—the thousand miles, the plains, the staccato center stripes all the way to Montana, finally escaping the heat waves of the midwest July bummer.

Lord, what a job it had been, gettin' the bikes together mechanically, gettin' all the people in the right place at the right time, linin' up the chase vans and the spare parts—and payin' those dues a head brother has to pay if the job is to be done right, if the brothers were to get their annual trip together. And together the trip was, the run from Chi-Town—two days of solid blastin' down the interstate, 103 bikes and the folks in the vans behind. An incredible enduro of phone calls and meetings in bars and folks who couldn't get their own shit straight. Ron had covered their asses for them, yelling at folks, telling them to goddammit adjust their fucking chains or torque their heads or remember to find somebody to take care of their wretched dogs so in the end they'd be able to go.

He had worked hard because he wanted them all along on this run. He wanted every brother rollin' down the road in a venomous chain long and loud enough to cause the whole world, The Man included, to leave them the fuck alone, let them party and ride together. This was the one big run of the year, every year on the 4th of July, the club riding all together. This year, to the mountains.

The foreign and frontier Montana Rockies, a cosmic wilderness of quiet green meadows and stark granite spires. And no trouble—no redneck cops, no irate local dignitaries, no one hurt, no one settin' the club back thousands in legal fees. A quiet mountain town. Lay back, watch a rodeo, get along with the local folks

—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

—Continued on page 78

In the poor white trash section of Los Angeles where I was born and raised, no one called his father "father." Every one of my friends in those days referred to his father as "my old man"—everyone, that is, except me and my brothers.

My father didn't allow us to call him "old man." We, of course, couldn't refer to him as "father" in the presence of our friends—shit, everyone would think we were queer or some mucky-muck. So we compromised and called him "dad" — something we do to this day. Mother has always been "mom" for the same reasons.

My dad is 85 years of age. A strong man. A man from the rugged past, when men were men. He never wanted us to call him "old man," for as far as he was concerned, he would never be old. He was, and still is, a very proud man. A man, even though 85 years of age, who still keeps his back as straight as his age allows. 85 years have taken their toll, as any casual observation can tell—but inside still burns a strong man in many ways.

What you are about to read is an actual tape recording I made a few weeks ago of a conversation I had with my dad. I feel I should put it into print, for no matter what your reaction may be, if you're a man, ya gotta love this man as I do.

Where he got his strength would take more space than I have here, but the point of all this is that today's male youth seems to be (in my opinion) drifting away from the old days when men were men.

Libbers will never understand why a man must be a man, but I feel most *Easyriders* readers will. I feel that the biker of today is a lot like the rough and rugged men of the past. Those men will understand what they are about to read. To others—all I can say is so be it.

Background: My parents' home is way the hell and gone from the office. Because of this, before departing, I got in the mood for the long drive and traffic hassles. By the time I arrived I had a pretty good



A MAN FROM THE PAST

buzz on. After the initial greetings, small talk, etc., my mom informed me that dad had pulled one of his teeth the previous night.

Needless to say, my head wasn't quite ready for that kind of a mindblower. Not believing my ears, I asked my dad if it were true—did I hear her right? He chuckled and said "yes" in a matter-of-fact way. I had already been taping my parents for months about their lives, youth, etc., so I dashed (as best I could) to my car, got my recorder, and commenced taping the following:

Me: Dad, did you pull your own tooth last night?

Dad: Yeah, you bet. (laughter)

Me: How did you do it?

Dad: With a pair of pliers. I put something here (points to lower front teeth) for leverage — to rest the pliers and put pressure on — press down and out she come.

Me: Why did you pull your own tooth?

Dad: It was bothering me. It ached most of the time. It was miserable.

Me: Why didn't you go to a dentist?

Dad: The dentist charges ya fifteen dollars just to look at ya, and then they x-ray, and that's another seven-fifty —

so why the heck pay that much to them when ya can do it yourself? (laughter)

Me: What was it that you put into your mouth for leverage?

Dad: I found a small piece of wood outside. I didn't want to hurt my other teeth, ya know.

Me: What kind of pliers did you use?

Dad: (after returning from his bedroom with the pliers.) Here they are. Ya put them on a tooth and ya got it made.

Me: Goddamn, those are pliers. (They were plumber's pliers — offset pliers, adjustable, with eight-inch-long handles for leverage.) Christ, didn't it hurt?

Dad: Yeah, it really hurt, but ya can't fool around once ya start. (laughter) I don't give it time to hurt. Once I get a good hold on it — bingo, I hadda get it outta there.

Me: It came out with one yank?

Dad: No. They're good pliers—they're a good deal — ya get a clamp on a tooth and they don't turn loose. (laughter) The tooth last night came out pretty easy. I gave it

a little twist to loosen it, pulled, and out she come. The ones that have straight roots don't hurt so bad. The ones with roots hurt real bad.

Me: Ones with roots? You've pulled other teeth?

Dad: Yeah, I pulled one in the back once.

Me: You pulled two of your own teeth? How many have you pulled all together?

Dad: Three. The first one was by a dentist.

Me: So that's why you don't go back to a dentist?

Dad: Yeah, you bet.

Me: Tell me again why you don't like going to dentists.

Dad: Well, for one thing, I don't like the sales talk — trying to talk you into buying or having other things done. I don't like them feelin' around in my mouth with their fingers—gettin' the needle ready to shoot ya — then they shoot some stuff in ya and it makes the whole side of your face dead for half a day or more. I don't like that. I just don't like the whole mess — I'd rather do it myself.

Me: But it would hurt less if you had a dentist do it.

Dad: Hell, the tooth I had pulled by a dentist hurt more than when I pulled it myself.

Me: But pullin' it yourself has gotta hurt.

Dad: It hurt all right — I'll tell ya that.

Me: Does it hurt now?

Dad: No. It bled a lot and when it bleeds a lot, it doesn't hurt.

Mom: He ate dinner right after pulling it.

Me: I can't imagine a man of 85 doing that.

Dad: It takes nerve, all right — and a lot of will power. Ya gotta have a good heart, too. A man with a weak heart might kill himself. It's pretty much of a strain — pretty much of a hurt.

Me: Dad, you amaze me. You're still a cowboy at heart—quite a man.

—Spider

Stash Box

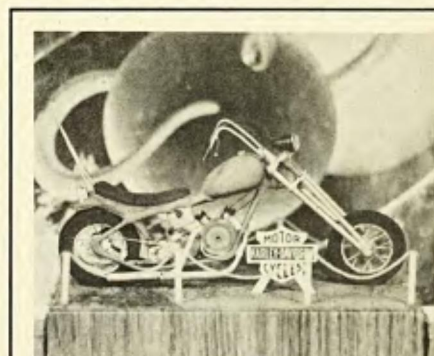
By Tex Campbell



When the shit hits the fan and ya gotta shoot from the hip, here's just what ya need. This is the Kimel Folding Shotgun, model F1501. It can be loaded with the stock folded or open and is ready to dispense 12-gauge justice whether held by its pistol grip or its folding stock (but that stock will do a number on your shoulder). This mean mutha weighs in at 6½ lb. and is claimed to be practically recoilless when fired from the hip. It's completely legal with or without stock, since the barrel, at 19½ in., exceeds the federally-required minimum length. This collapsible wipe-out stick sells for around 60 bucks. From Kimel Industries, Matthews, North Carolina.

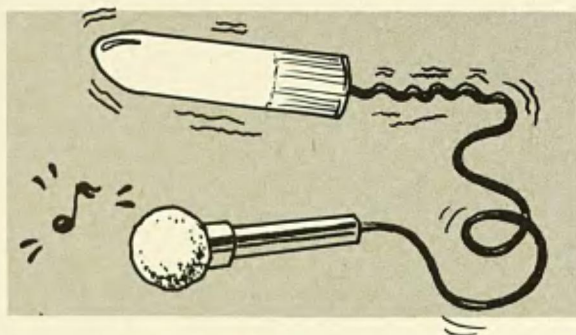


He may look like a hog farmer (or at least, a farmer and his Hog), but looks can be deceiving. Actually, this is His Honor The Mayor. That's right, Phillip Russell is the 24-year-old mayor of Geuda Springs, Kansas (population 223). Here we see Phil dressed up in his best suit, proudly leaning against the Harley he rides to work. The cast on his hand is the result of intervening in a brawl—it's tough work being a high official. Reckon Phil might one day be the first biker to occupy the White House?



Another example of the ingenuity and craftsmanship of locked-down bros comes our way in the form of this slick model chopper. Created by "Rampage" Joe Corwin from scrap scrounged in the joint in Pendleton, Indiana, this beauty is remarkable for its detail. Joe used such diverse items as the valves from a butane lighter, gears from a broken watch, and portions of an ear-phone jack to create the tiny chop.

Ever been partyin' down, passin' the joint, grabbin' tits, whoopin' it up—and suddenly discover you can't remember where you left your beer? A real pisser, right? Well, don't despair—get yourself a HYDATT (stands for Have Your Drink All The Time) and make you and your brew inseparable. The HYDATT is made from top-quality leather, comes in the two models shown at left, and can be personalized with your name or your club's for a small additional charge. Both models fold flat when not in use and can be carried in your pocket. The belt model sells for six bucks, plus \$1.50 postage and handling. The HYDATT is available from Zack's Leather Fetish, 418 SE 24th St., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33316.



I got the music in me, sings Kiki Dee, and if you think yer ol' lady could dig some Led Zeppelin in her pussy, it's now possible, thanks to another technological marvel from modern science, the Audiovib. This is a standard battery-operated vibrator which is attached by wires to a 1½" x 3½" amp and a 1" mini-mike. Sounds picked up by the mlke (music, voice, your Sportster's exhaust, whatever) are transmitted to the vibrator, which has a sensitivity control for raising or lowering the intensity of the impulse. Once the Audiovib is inserted, your chick's twat can vibrate in time to K.C. and the Sunshine Band or you can stash it in her ass while you croon a chorus of "Moon River." Available for \$29.95 from Ashley Enterprises, Ltd., Iowa City, Iowa. It's fun, but is it hi-fi?

THE PREDATOR

By Garbage

Gleaning softly in the late afternoon sunlight, the tranquilizer rifle shone flawlessly with all the loving care Doran Calder had given it ever since the city of Rockport had issued it to him, shortly after hiring him as Animal Control Officer—a job which he valued for the shooting practice it provided.

More than anything else except sex, Doran enjoyed lining up a living target and feeling the rush of excitement which preceded by a split second the absolute joy of knowing that his aim was still fantastically true as the moving, breathing target winced, flinched, screeched, or bellowed hoarsely before stumbling, staggering, toppling, and collapsing to move or twitch briefly in the throes of death.

His natural ability to aim a rifle had begun at the age of ten with a .22 and had kept him alive throughout the years in Vietnam—thanks to the variety of rifles provided by the United States government who cherished Doran for the superb sniper he was, reluctantly releasing him back into civilian life only after failing to convince him of his immense value in future military actions where the unerring eye and aim of an experienced sniper might help, in some fractionally important degree, to sustain the war plans of cruel old men whose greatest satisfaction lay in sending young men out to kill each other for various reasons, causes, and ideals.

Now Doran Calder caressed the tranquilizer rifle. "Ain't gonna never shoot no more for them potbellied old bastards," he crooned to himself, pushing pale, lank hair from his coldly blue eyes with a slender hand. "Jist gonna go right on shootin' fer fun and profit, fer free ass and the pure meanness of it! An' today's another ripe time fer doin' it the way I surely like best!"

Shifting the rifle to his other hand, he sauntered out of the thick-et and strode unhurriedly through the shady stand of gnarled oak trees until he had reached the sandy shoulder of the two-lane road that

stretched in two directions along the shoreline of the sparkling, restless bay. Across the road lay the mange-ridden, dead carcass of the stray dog which he had shot earlier that day in another place, leaving it here as a ready explanation for his presence, should any of the city or county officers happen along. For the most part, they regarded him as barely more important than the animals he had been hired to pursue and capture, since they had no idea of his remarkable shooting skill. But one or two times they had almost caught him at his favorite sport and now Doran was always careful to stage plausible circumstances. Hence the battered city truck parked beside the rapidly stiffening dog. All of which clearly spelled out at a glance that Animal Control Officer Calder, human joke or not, was hard at work.

Best of all, sometimes the setup slowed the moving targets—allowing him to drop them within a shorter distance, thereby giving him the safety of added time to accomplish smoothly what the practice of several instances had proven was the most reliable method of removing all targets and their machines from sight along this lonely stretch of pavement.

The sound of an approaching vehicle sent Doran striding quickly across the road to the dog's slowly bloating carcass. When the carload of broadly grinning, already half-drunken peace officers sped by—yelling good-naturedly at him—Doran was hunkered beside the dead animal, only lifting his head and waving vaguely with a free hand—a solid picture of a city employee doing his menial duty in the humid afternoon heat.

Then he heard the distant motorcycle.

"Believe I'll jist put'm in that beachside grove of salt cedars," he said aloud in a monotone, rising and gliding away from the truck in a fluid motion that swiftly took him behind the nearest formation of trees a full minute before the on-

coming machine had rounded a curve and was thundering toward him. "Them badges are likely all gathered fer their boozy fish-fry by now but it never hurts to jist play as cool as can be. Yeah, I'll skid'm into them salt cedars jist fer a change!"

His eyes touched the opposite stand of oaks where others had been sent careening, wide-eyed and confusedly shouting, there to meet the strange fate Doran had enjoyed planning and carrying out for them. His lipless mouth lifted in a contented smile, the yellowed buck-teeth bared like a crooked row of fangs, the frosty eyes above them intent with excitement. "Goddam," he murmured, lifting the tranquilizer rifle to his shoulder and dropping a hand to his shirt pocket where he fished up the plastic container of heavily loaded needles, flipping the container open with his thumb and wedging it into a crotch of the salt cedar he stood behind, "if there's a broad on that bike, I sure as shit hope she ain't flyin' a bloodied flag like that last bitch I took hereabouts!"

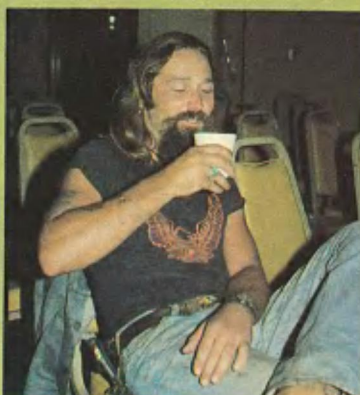
Abruptly, the pitch of the motorcycle's engine lowered as the rider eased back on the throttle, veering slightly fifty yards before reaching the truck. Squinting into the sniper-scope mounted on the rifle only for these occasions, Doran clearly saw the caution on the bearded face. Peering around the hefty shoulder came a girl's face wearing curiosity, her blonde hair streaming gracefully into the wind behind her.

Doran changed his aim, deciding to avoid the risk of having the dart bounce harmlessly off the man's thick shades. Instead, he chose a mouth-shot—certain that the silently powered overdose of lethal chemicals would penetrate even clenched teeth, imbedding itself into the dude's tonsils. Head shots produced death in one minute flat. Body shots only stunned, created a torpid state.

It's gonna be the last fuckin' sore

—Continued on page 92

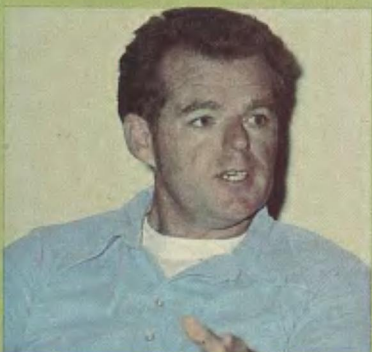




Strong National ABATE Office Being Formed

The need for a strong national ABATE office was first discussed at length at the Daytona meeting in March. At that meeting, a steering committee was created to gather ideas and suggestions from all state coordinators, and then the committee was to submit a unified plan for the future of ABATE at the national meeting on Labor Day in Lake Perry, Kansas.

After the Daytona meeting, ideas and suggestions were submitted to the Easyriders office of ABATE, to be forwarded to the steering committee. It wasn't too long before a

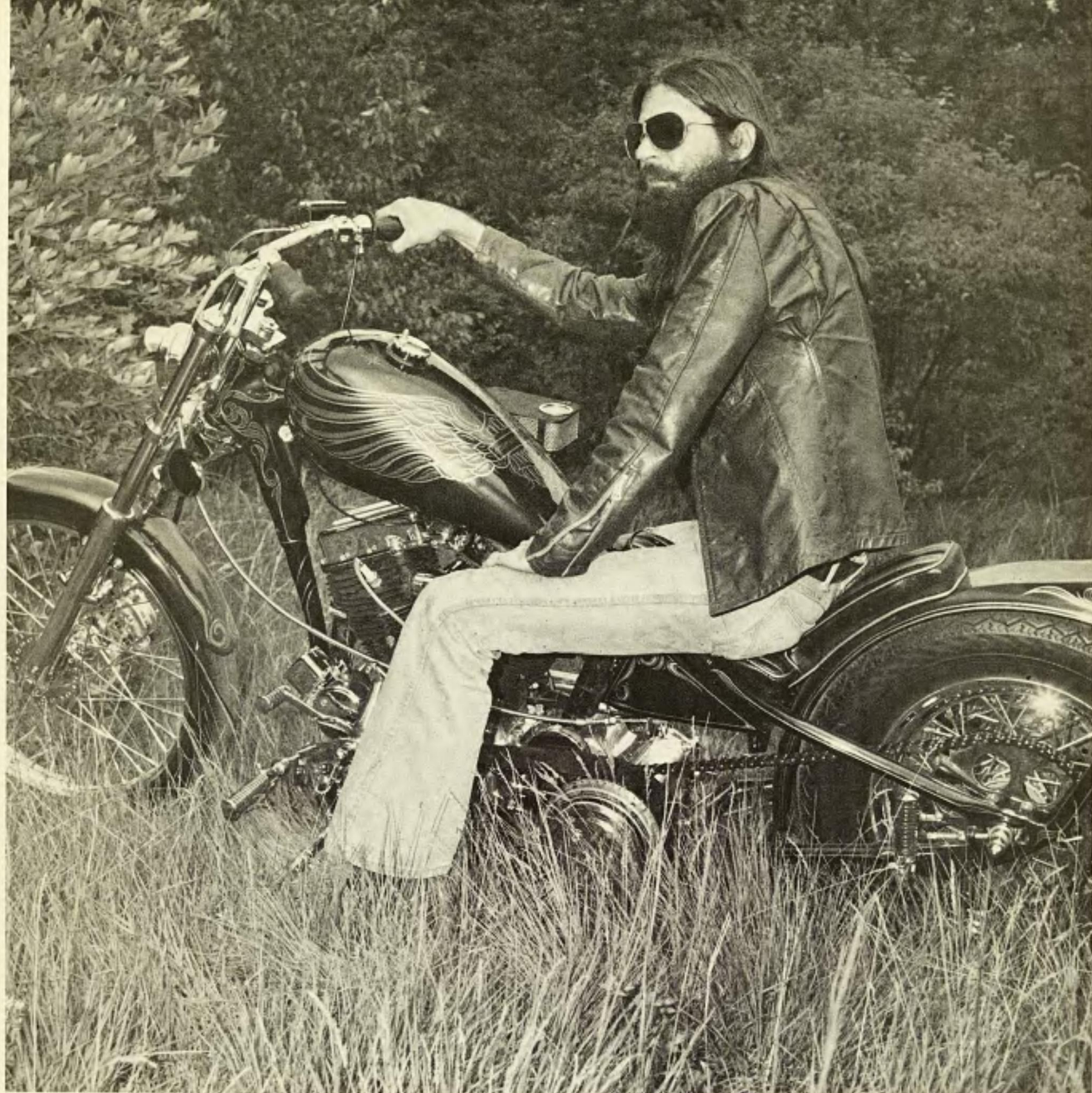


consensus developed and the primary suggestions were for a strong national office and for the office to be separate from the Easyriders office—in hopes of getting the rest of the motorcycling press to support ABATE.

With this information, key members of the Easyriders staff undertook to implement the suggestions of the various state coordinators immediately. Every suggestion and proposal of the coordinators and the steering committee was com-



RUFF'S
PAN,
PUFF

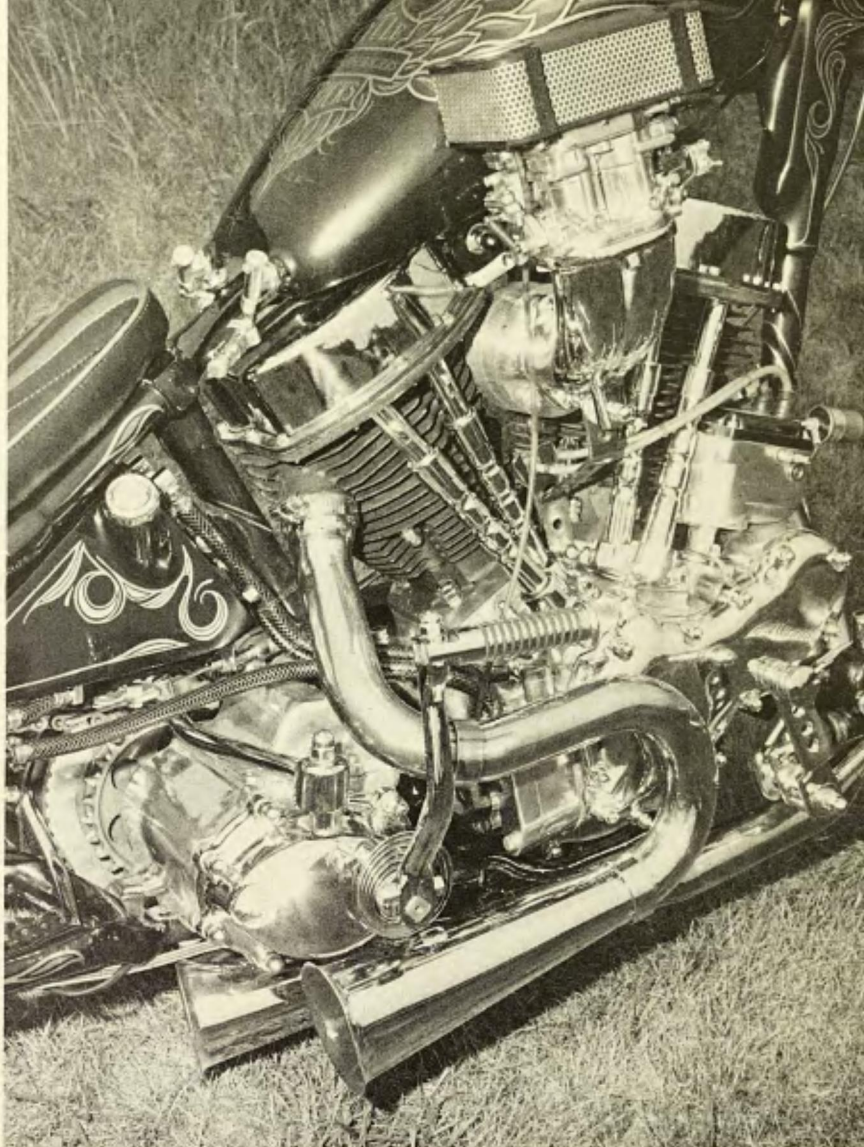
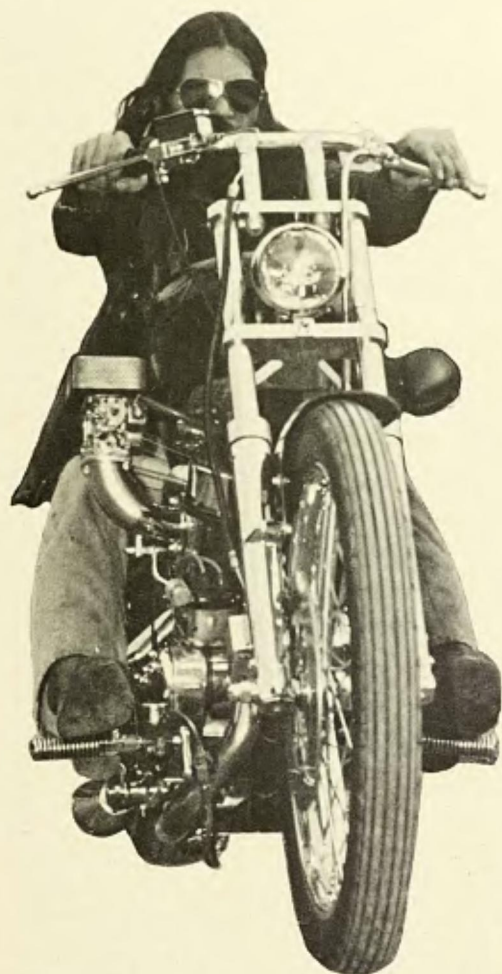


Stay aboard Puff or disappear into another pothole

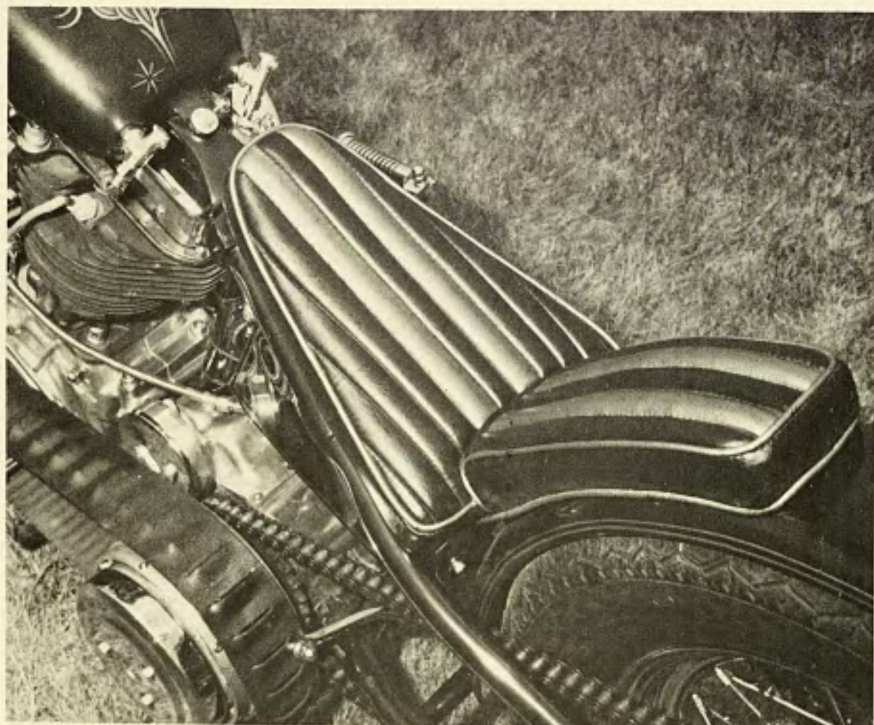
Imagine jammin' through downtown traffic on a bike this nice, always bobbin' and weavin' 'cause the roads are worse than an obstacle course in an earthquake. Seems that's the fuckin' world this single-loop seventy-four has to deal with.

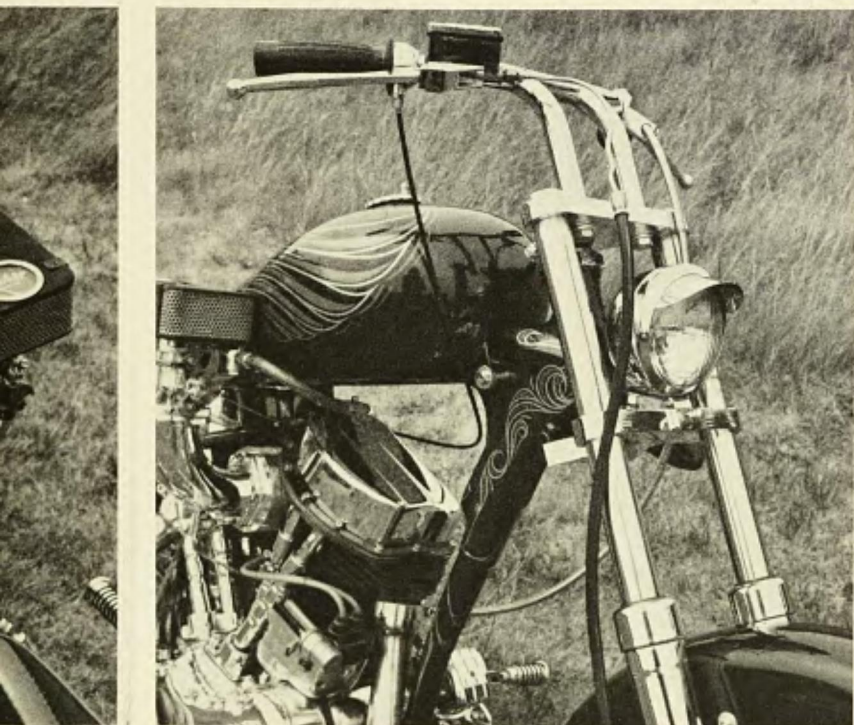
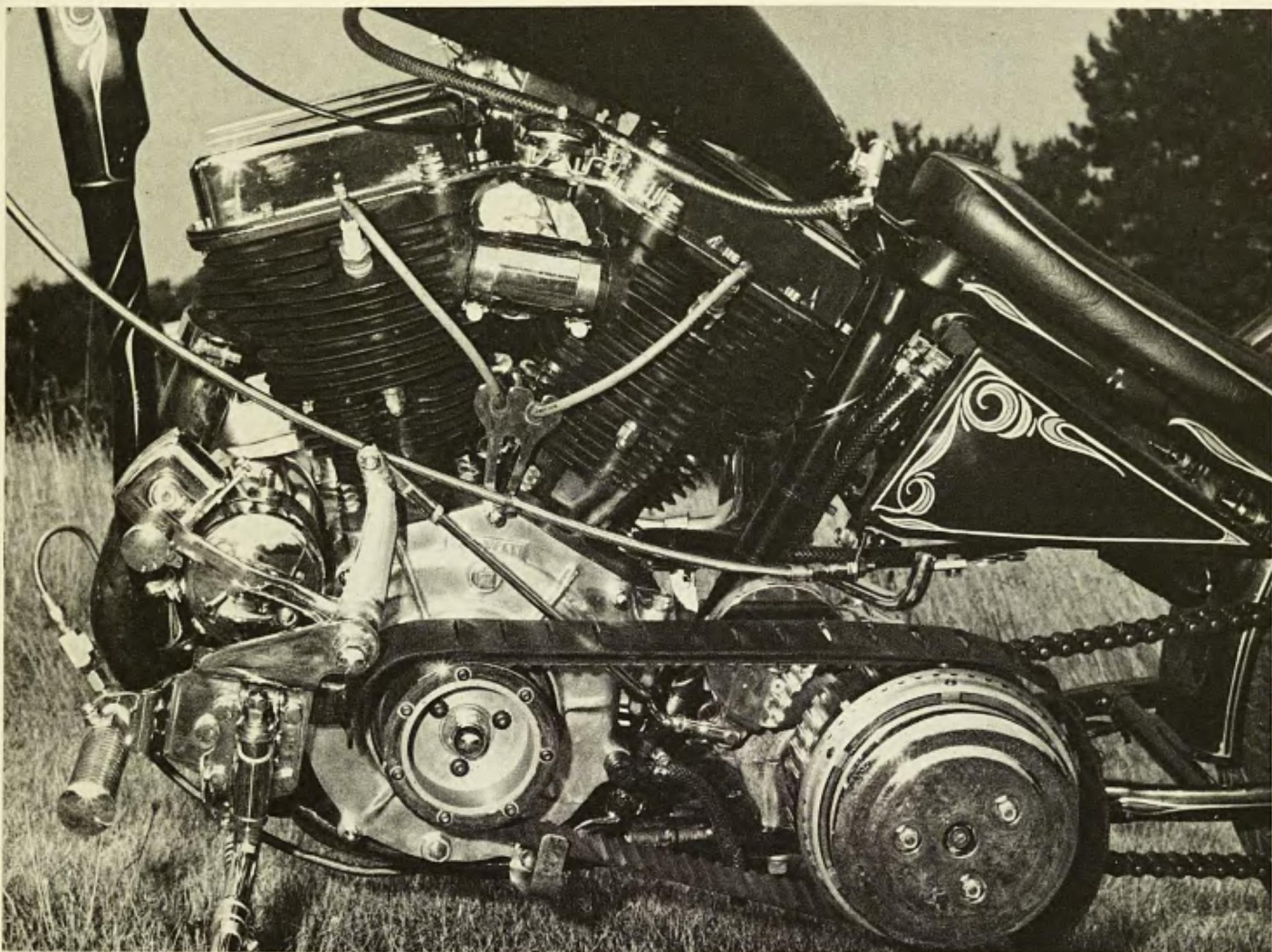
Ruff won't snivel about the turf—that's life in the city. And besides, if he wants to get where it's happenin' on Friday or Saturday night, the cow-path, meandering streets are only the mutilated means to a partyin' end. Bikers in Ruff's





Photos by Jake

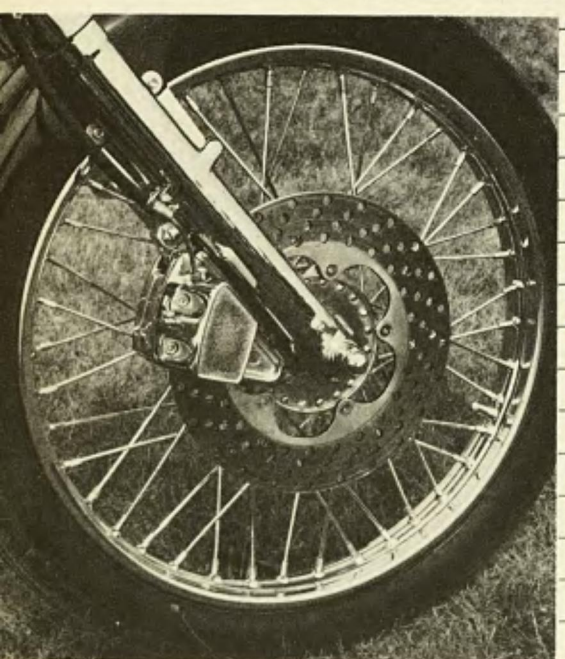




area seem to hassle this combat zone constantly in order to congregate around the smut-filled, adult entertainment zone in Boston. That's where the strip joints, nasty flicks, skin shops, and loose women are to be found. And no red-blooded biker flippin' the quick throttle on a fast panhead built like this one is about to pass up a tight piece of ass just to ride on a smooth highway to nowhere.

So when the shop shuts down and Ruff locks the greasy doors, his pan, Puff, smokes through the combat zone of Boston in search of another love affair. You know if that pan's butterfly was cracked wide enough it'd leap any obstacle the city construction people could leave in its path, and the traffic is too slow to be a problem. No wonder Ruff's the first to be at a party, and the pan ain't even warm when he arrives.

—Snake



Owners: Ruff Fahey/Dan Spurr **City:** Norwell, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: Ruff & Dan
Year and make: 1951 H-D
Model: FL
Value: \$4,000
Assem. by: Cycle Tricks, Norwell
Time: 1 1/2 years
Chroming by: Modern—Snooky

Frame

Year: 1934
Builder: H-D/Cycle Tricks
Type: VL single bar
Rake: 3/4 in.
Stretch: 6 in.
Other alterations: to fit late model stuff

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1951
Model: Panhead
Rebuilder: Ruff—Cycle Tricks
Ignition: Joe Hunt Mag
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: Cycle Tricks
Balancing: Cycle Tricks
Pistons: MC 10:1
Cases: polished
Heads: Manley valve train
Cam: 412 Sifton
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): BC downdraft Weber
Air cleaner: Barry Cooney
Pipes: Dick Allen headers
Muffler(s): Megaphone tips

Bars: BC Choppers
Risers: one-piece with bar
Fender(s): Dick's Cycle West/steel rear
Headlight: H-D spotlight
Taillight: Drag Specialties
Speedo: none
Front pegs: Drag Specialties
Rear pegs: Drag Specialties
Electrics: wire loom between jugs
Gas tank: 1940 BSA, modified
Oil tank: Cycle Tricks, 3-qt.
Oil system: 1970 oil pump, gauge
Primary cover: louvered, Cycle Tricks
Seat: C&H/Cycle Tricks
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material:

Transmission

Modifications: case polished
Year: ? early
Shift: foot, moved inside bracket
Engine sprocket: Phase III
Trans sprocket: 28 (racing)

Forks

Type: '73 Sportster
Extension: none
Builder: Drag Spec. triple trees
Special features: turned lwr. legs

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Molding: Ruff
Painter: Dan—Cycle Tricks
Color: Black/red flip-flop
Type: lacquer

Size: 21 in.

Size: 15 in.

Hub: Sportster

Hub: late big twin

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Rim width: 4 in.

Tire: 3.00 Avon

Tire: 165/15 Gdys.

Brake: H-D disc

Brake: H-D disc

Special paint: Artwork by Eric Kirby; striping by Ogar Mung.

Other special modifications: Both discs drilled, oil cooler below tank, Whitney rear chain, Phase III belt drive, Beta tape on tank bottom, spec. rear brake pedal.

Horny Prisoner

Right now I'm behind bars, but I'll be out soon and I'll be a horny motherfucker. How about you an' me gettin' together so you can get the fuck of your life? You might learn somethin'.

Horny
San Quentin, Calif.

● You may be horny, but you ain't gonna teach me nothin', bro. After doin' time with no ass, you'd get your gun off while I was tearin' your clothes off. Start preparin' for me now. Beat your meat daily with the heel of your boot until it gets tough enough to poke a hole through a plaster wall. Then you'll be ready for me.

Nine Incher

I don't know you, but I bet your snatch stinks worse than any cunt I ever had. You are the most dirtiest, stinkiest bitch I could ever imagine. I could give you a good nine inches and really wear your ass out.

Doc
Chicago, Ill.

● If you're gonna wear my ass out with a measly nine inches, it better be a nine-inch bastard file.

Wild Dream

What do you do when you get done fuckin' twenty-three dudes and twenty-three dogs?

Cisco Kid
Tulsa, Okla.

● What else? I wake up from my dream and start lookin' for Spider.

Sweetheart

Here's my problem: I am a outlaw biker doing five years for minding my own fucking business, and while I am in this hole I can't get no pussy, and every time my ol' lady comes to see me I get hard and want to fuck,

but we can't because of the fuckin' cops here, so give me your answer and send me a picture of your sensitive six-inch clit.

Tucker
Maryland Pen

● You're just gonna hafta name your right hand, sweetheart, then fuck her every night. (Unless she's got a headache, that is.)

Big Wind

My bros tell me you're my kind of woman. I like to beat chicks in the ribs just before they come, 'cause it knocks the wind out of them. I know you can dig it, you big heifer, and I'll bet you could dig lickin' the sweat offa my balls after a two-mile run.

A.G.
Bramburg, Germany

● Lissen, asshole, if you ever hit me in the ribs before I came you'd have more than a two-mile run to contend with, and no balls to lick the sweat off of.

An Offer

I'm starting work on a magazine that's X-rated. I'd like to feature you in a centerfold spread. We'd start with a few pics of you scarf-in' down on my joint, then some shots of me with my face buried in your snatch. The fold-out pic would show you in a doggie position with a moose-cock rammed up your poop-chute. How's that for a job offer?

Spermer Mag
Valdosta, Ga.

● I'll pay you time-and-a-

half if ya let me work overtime, but I also wanna take the moose home to do some homework.

Small Meat

No matter how much I beat my meat, it seems to be getting smaller. Is this possible? Don't give me any shit-ass advice about havin' a chick beat my meat for me. This is a serious problem an' I need help.

Jocko
St. Petersburg, Fla.

● First I gotta know what kinda lubricant you're usin'. If it's Crisco, ya better stop, 'cause that stuff is shortenin'!

Hard-on

Recently, a bunch of us bros got talkin' and we wondered if you'd know the answer to this one. When a dude smashes his head on the concrete, an' rigor-mortis sets in, does he get a hard-on?

G.I. Bill
Echterdingen, Germany

● You bet your ass, honey. Man enters the world with a hard-on and pissin', and he goes out the same way.

No Coke

I hear that if you put some cocaine on your ol' lady's clit it will make her horny. How true is this?

Russ Davis
San Jose, Calif.

● I asked Dr. Twatburger about this, and his answer was, 'What? Tell that motherfucker not to do it. Cocaine

destroys mucuous membranes.' In other words, the only thing you oughta put on or into a pussy is a cock or a tongue. Well, maybe a little whipped cream, now an' then.

Good Head

My ol' lady gives good head, but every time I get ready to come, she pulls the fucker outta her mouth. What do you think of that?

Bill
Springfield, Ohio

● I thought ya said she gave good head.

Clean Shorts

I've been running with this lady for a month now. She loves it when I go down on her, but she won't go down on me. I even took a bath last week and changed my underwear, figuring she'd change her mind. What should I do?

Burnside Billy
Chicago, Ill.

● Find one that will—clean shorts or not.

Skunk's Ass

I love eatin' beaver, but my ol' lady's snatch is like kissin' a skunk's ass. I've tried to get her to wash it, but she says it's natural and good for me. I say no way, and I need a solution.

Flash
Grand Rapids, Mich.

● She's right—but if ya insist, the only solution I can think of is Gunk. At least it'll smell like your scoot afterwards.

Tight Problem

My ol' man and I tried to have anal sex, but I can't take him at all. I try, and I do relax, and I even went to the doctor to find out what's wrong. He gave me hell for performing anal sex, an' said the only thing a penis should be used for is peelin' and ejaculating sperm. What can we try next?

Kitten
Las Vegas, Nev.

● Crisco.

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

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL





Christmas Taper

The meeting came to order, if dodging thrown beer cans, lighted cigarette butts, and an occasional firecracker can be called such. While Skunk pounded the butt of the ancient forty-four he used as a gavel, he shouted and glared at the group before him.

"I said *order*, you buncha goddam freaks," he yelled. "Buzzard!" he screeched, rising from his chair, "let that fuckin' prospect up. He's got some cleanin' up to do, an' you, Willie—shut the fuckin' door an' keep your eyes open. Shit! Don't you assholes respect the fuckin' rules around here?"

"We only got one thing on the agenda tonight. Christmas is comin', an' this year we're gonna do somethin' real good for a change. Our recently deceased president's ol' lady an' her four kids ain't got no money. Welfare cut her off last month after she got busted, an' she can't get a job 'cause nobody wants to look after her kids while she works. We bin sendin' food an' stuff over there, but this time we're gonna do somethin' that'll keep her for a while. We got a buncha bucks in the treasury, our ol' ladies have bin collectin' clothes an' makin' stuff, an' we all bin buyin' up canned food, as ya know. As some of you scummy prospects don't know, Ramrod was our president for over ten years, an' he was the best fuckin' president any club ever had. Now we're gonna do somethin' to repay him for all the shit he kept us out of, and for all the good things he did for the club while he was president." Skunk leaned forward over the desk and leered at the group of bikers assembled before him.

"On Christmas Eve, one of you pricks is gonna play Santa Claus an' deliver all this shit we bin collectin', plus a bundle of money, to Ramrod's widow an' kids. She's pissed off at us 'cause her ol' man got dusted durin' one of our . . . uh . . . activities, an'—"

Whooping and hollering accompanied this last statement. More beer cans sailed through the air, and Skunk, the new president, dodged the flying objects skillfully, resum-

ing the pounding of his forty-four gavel on the splintered desk.

"Knock it off!" he shouted.

"Fuck you!" a brazen prospect shouted, hoping that his show of bravery would endear him to the membership. As a reward for his act, several members pounced on him and buried his face in a cold plate of pizza until his choking and struggling assured them that he had learned the error of his ways.

"Now," Skunk continued, "since we wanna be fair about this, we're gonna draw poker chips outta this here bucket. They're all white but one, an' the dude who gets the black chip is the one who's gonna play Santa Claus. Any questions?" Another barrage of beer cans flew past his head, followed by the blast of a cherry bomb beneath the desk.

"Good," he said, smiling. "Now, just line up an' file past this here bucket, reach in, an' take out one chip—ya hear that? One chip. Then go sit down again."

Grumbling, pushing and shoving, the members rose and filed past the desk, each man reaching into the bucket and withdrawing a single chip, which he kept concealed in his hand. When they had returned to their seats, Skunk spoke again.

"Okay. Everybody hold up his chip."

Hands were raised and heads turned, looking for the black chip. There were numerous cries of, "Oh, no!" when it was discovered that Chad, one of the newest prospects, held the black chip.

Chad was a small dude. He had long dark hair and a wispy beard that belied his years, but he had wide shoulders, strong arms—a result of two years in the joint, pumping iron—and a narrow waist. He walked with a slight limp, due to an improperly healed broken leg, on the foot of which he wore a boot that bore, in letters made of silver studs, his name.

"Come up here, runt," Skunk ordered.

While Chad made his way to the desk, Willie rose and shouted.

"Hey, man! You ain't gonna trust no fuckin' prospect with all that

bread an' them presents, are ya?"

"You betcher goddam ass we are," Skunk bellowed. "He knows what'll happen if he fucks up. You ain't gotta worry about nothin'. He proved hisself last month when we had that trouble with the Ass Biters M.C."

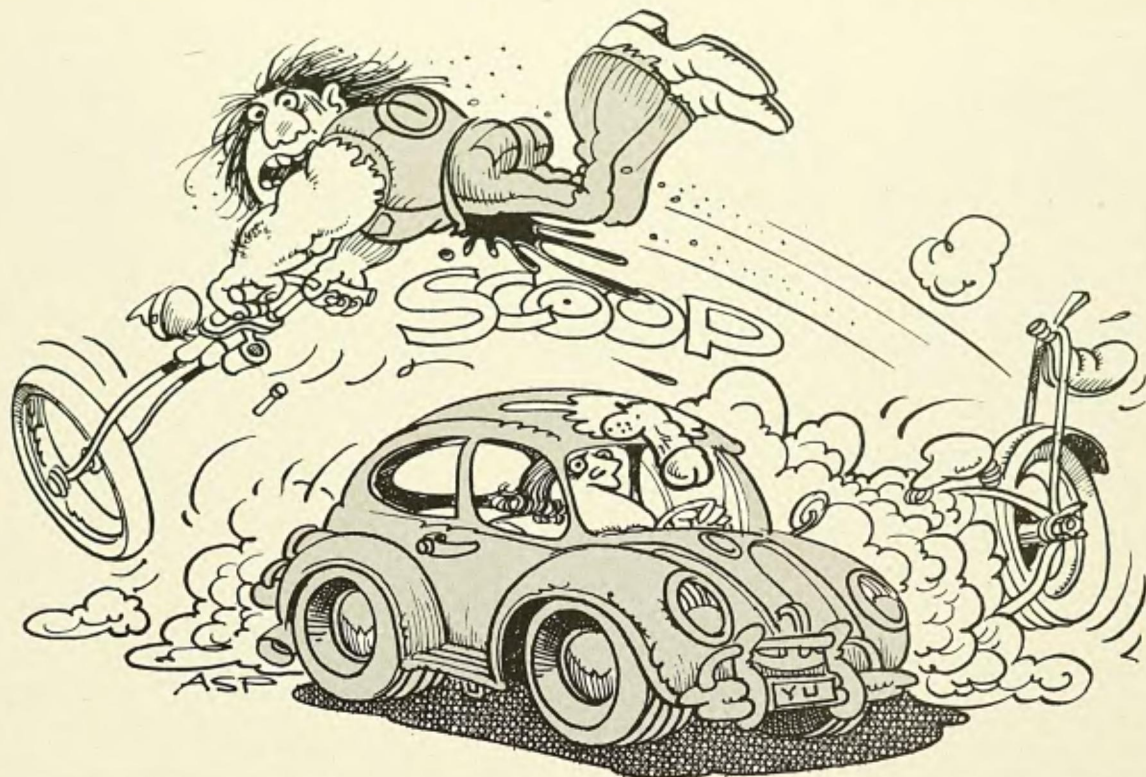
"Christmas is only three days off," Skunk reminded Chad when the meeting was over and the others had settled down to shoot pool or arm-wrestle at the bar, sudsing down. "Tomorrow I want ya to come over to my pad an' pick up the Santa Claus suit an' the sack of stuff we got rigged. It's got everything in it. There's groceries, presents, an' lotsa cash, all tied up with Christmas ribbons. Now, I don't care how ya do it, just make sure that Ramrod's widow gets the stuff on Christmas Eve, without her knowin' it's from us. On Christmas Day, me an' my ol' lady'll go over with some little present, just to check an' see how things went. She'll probably throw us out, but at least that way she won't think we did it. Ya dig?"

"I gotcha, Skunk," Chad said, happy that this bit of responsibility had fallen to him. Perhaps, he thought, it might hasten his acceptance into the club, and he could then forgo such disgraceful duties as cleaning up dogshit with his bare hands, or mopping up puke with his shirt. Maybe then they'd stop setting fire to his pants, or pissing on him when he got so loaded that he couldn't get up to escape their tricks.

The following day, Chad stopped off at Skunk's pad and picked up the Christmas sack. It was bigger than he'd anticipated and, strong as he was for a small man, he found it difficult to lift with ease. Skunk gave him the address to which it would be delivered, and to prevent foul-ups, Chad made several trips between his house and that of Ramrod's widow so that when the time came he could expedite the matter. On the third trip, he saw Ramrod's widow in the yard.

Carol, Ramrod's widow, was beau-

—Continued on page 74



LOSIN' 'VER MARBLES!

By Dr. John Twatburger

Turk, one of the biggest, baddest dudes in the Savages M.C., was proud of the newly customized bike he rode. Mag wheels, a long, extended front end, a low, rigid rear section, a deep reflecting, metallic red lacquer job, and some other good shit. He rode it all over town during the first week he owned it, stopping off at the biker bars and friends' houses to show it off.

The gas tank was molded to the frame, with air scoops on each side and fin-like blades along the top of the tank. They had been made from the rounded ends of discarded fenders and meticulously molded onto the top of the tank, each blade leaning rearward, giving the bike a look of speed even when it was parked at the curb. The fins' backward angle was disturbing because of the danger they presented. In a collision, no matter how slight, the rider would slide forward onto the blades in a sitting position—and nothing could keep them from scooping off his cock and balls.

Turk was one tough dude all right. The presence of the tank-top blades added to his reputation for strength and bravery. After all, who but the bravest man around would ride on a scooter that featured the constant danger of cutting his family jewels off? He'd had a few crashes in his life as a biker, but in

every instance he'd gone down sideways, or he'd bailed off before the collision. And with this in mind he rode and swaggered about, knowing only that he was the center of attraction because of his fearlessness in riding the deadly-looking machine. That bravery lasted only a short time.

Two weeks after buying the bike, while traveling along at a mere twenty miles an hour, he centerpunched a car at an intersection. He had turned his head to look at some chicks on the sidewalk, and while he was contemplating offering them a ride in return for a piece of his big, rock-hard joint, the car turned in front of him.

He hit the car, his heavy body slid forward on the gas tank, and as he flew through the air he realized, with some dismay, that his guess-what had remained behind, scooped neatly off by the tank decoration in the collision.

This sort of gory accident is not common among motorcycle riders, and the lucky ones are the dudes who don't survive. Turk, unfortunately, did survive. He's not a biker any more. Instead, he lives in a small apartment in the city and works as a general handyman for one of the local hospitals, always near to the medication he has to take daily in order to keep his voice from changing, his hips from enlarging,

and his manly appearance from disappearing. He doesn't like girls any more and he has few male friends. He cries easily, loses his temper a lot, and his strength is that of a small child.

Castration of this type, which includes the loss of both balls and penis, converts a man into what is known as a eunuch, and until the latter part of the nineteenth century it was a legally performed operation in many parts of the world.

Until castration of human males was banned by Pope Leo XIII, the practice of castrating young boys to sing as sopranos in Catholic choirs was common and legal. Parents who wanted their sons to sing in the church choir simply handed over the lads, who were then unceremoniously castrated in order to become members of the Vatican choir, famed throughout the land.

Even Christ didn't reject eunuchs. It would seem that he found them—and the practice of castration for the church—acceptable. In Matthew 19, for example, the Bible says, "For there are eunuchs who have been so from birth, and there are eunuchs who have been made eunuchs by men, and there are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the sake of the kingdom of heaven." Many ancients castrated themselves so they wouldn't be tempted to

sin against God. And since fuckin' around was considered to be an extremely sinful act, nobody paid much attention to the horrendously brutal custom.

Throughout history, castration has been used not only as a form of religious ceremony but also as punishment for crimes committed against the church, the state, and womankind.

In China there were five ancient means of punishment for what was termed "illicit relations." The term is little different from "illicit intercourse" and referred to the relationship between a man and a woman who were not married. The five methods of punishment included tattooing, cutting off the nose, cutting off the feet, execution, and castration. Castration was the most often used, and was second only to execution in severity among punishments.

Since women couldn't be castrated, their punishment for 'gettin' caught fuckin' around was more lenient. They were simply locked up in a small cell for the rest of their lives.

There were several methods of castration used in ancient times. In Egypt the operation was carried out by a priest, who first bound up all the generative organs with a strong strand of woolen yarn. Ashes and hot oil were used to stop the bleeding and a metal rod was inserted into the urethra. The patient was then buried in hot sand up to the navel and left that way for five or six days. The death rate from such rough handling was as high as sixty percent, according to records.

In India the technique was more sophisticated, and generally started out rather pleasantly. The subject was first seated in a ceramic chair and given a king-sized hit of opium. Next, his organs were clamped between two pieces of bamboo and were severed by sliding a razor-sharp blade along the wood. The wound was then washed with hot linseed oil and covered with an oil-soaked rag. The patient was left lying on his back until the wound healed, and very few casualties resulted.

For weird dudes who **wanted** to be castrated, in order to get higher-paying jobs working in the palaces and harems, the price for the job was around eighty-four dollars. That was big money, even in those days. Can't ya just see some teenager's mom sayin' to him, "What're ya puttin' money in yer piggy-bank for, son?"

"Golly, mom," he answers, "I'm savin' up my allowance. Only seventy more taels an' I can get castrated."

The specialist, with a small, slightly curved knife, simply made one quick slash and off came the entire reproductive system. Next, either hot solder or a plug was inserted into the urethra and the wound was covered with paper that had been soaked in cold water. The patient was made to walk around for three or four hours before being allowed to lie down.

The new eunuch wasn't allowed to drink water for three or four days after the operation, which made him suffer from thirst as well as from the operation. When the plug was removed, if urine gushed out, the doctor knew that the operation was a success, and congratulations were exchanged. If the dude didn't piss, it was adios, mother-fucker, and the sucker died an agonizin' death.

There are so many methods of castration by accident that they can't be listed. But they include accidents such as happened to Turk, fence-jumpers, whippin' steel cables, swimmin' naked in a lobster pond, an' gettin' caught in bed with your bro's ol' lady.

Many of the old-timers had second thoughts about the operation they had volunteered for, and later—much too much later—they tried different methods of restoring their lost parts. One ancient



Chinese eunuch took some advice from a necromancer (a phony bastard who claimed to be able to communicate with the dead). He killed virgin boys and ate their brains in an attempt to reproduce **their** genitals on **his** carcass. He also did the same thing with criminals that were executed, assuming, perhaps, that all of the bad guys were a bunch of good fuckers.

It has been recorded that some eunuchs remain sexually potent after castration if they haven't lost their cocks. In some recorded cases, castrated persons have actually grown new balls, although such organs were much smaller than normal. Generally speaking, if a man has grown to sexual maturity when he loses his balls, he can go on having a relatively normal sex life, although certain hormones must be taken to correct the imbalance caused by their loss.

For dudes who had lost their balls, the ancient Chinese had some aphrodisiac pills that have gotta be the

world's record holder for gross remedies. The menstrual discharges of beautiful maidens, thirteen or fourteen years old, were gathered in gold and silver vessels and transferred to a mortar, where a mixture of smoked, half-ripe plums was added. Maidens with coarse hair or masculine voices were avoided. The mixture was then dried seven times and finally heated after adding powdered milk, cinnamon sticks, imported pine resin, and dried and powdered human shit. This mess was then rolled up into pills and was considered to be a powerful restorative capable of curing five kinds of fatigue and seven kinds of wounds, as well as general debility. Overuse of the pills, according to historians, was responsible for the premature deaths of two eunuchs. Only two? Yecccc! One of the dudes who died was a famous Chinese emperor. He probably puked to death.

All eunuchs undergo a change of voice after castration, especially if they lose their balls during childhood. Their voices resemble those of small girls, but as they mature their voices become a falsetto of very unpleasant sound.

Eunuchs who have lost both balls and cock have a tendency to wet the bed and dribble most of the time, since there ain't no muscles left to keep the faucet closed. Their smell, it's said, can be detected three hundred yards away. They also become soft and fat, lose their ability to grow a beard, and become quite gentle of nature. Supposedly, they become weak and helpless as babies, but anybody who's been chased out of a pasture by an angry steer might want to dispute that fact.

Castration—the physical variety—has been outlawed over most of the world, but in America it goes on in another way, or so it seems. There are other forms of castration and dehumanization. Men are being relieved of their manhood in the sense that they are becoming only a part of the system. Dehumanization can no longer be dismissed as just a theory. Women's libbers are struggling hard to castrate men through social and psychological management. Television bombards us with situation comedies in which the father of the family is depicted as a nurd who lacks all traces of true manhood. He charges out into the cold and rain of night in answer to the whims of his domineering wife, he takes his rotten little kids to the park when he could be out ridin' his scoot or goin' fishin', and he does dishes and takes out the garbage for the bitch. Viewers are delighted to see the asshole turn into a pussy right before their eyes, happy to see it happening to someone else and not realizing they're watching themselves.

Physical castration is one thing, but we're fast becoming eunuchs in a psychological sense. There are, apparently, worse things than getting your nuts cut off. ■



—Illustration by Ferrigan

Wildman's Revenge

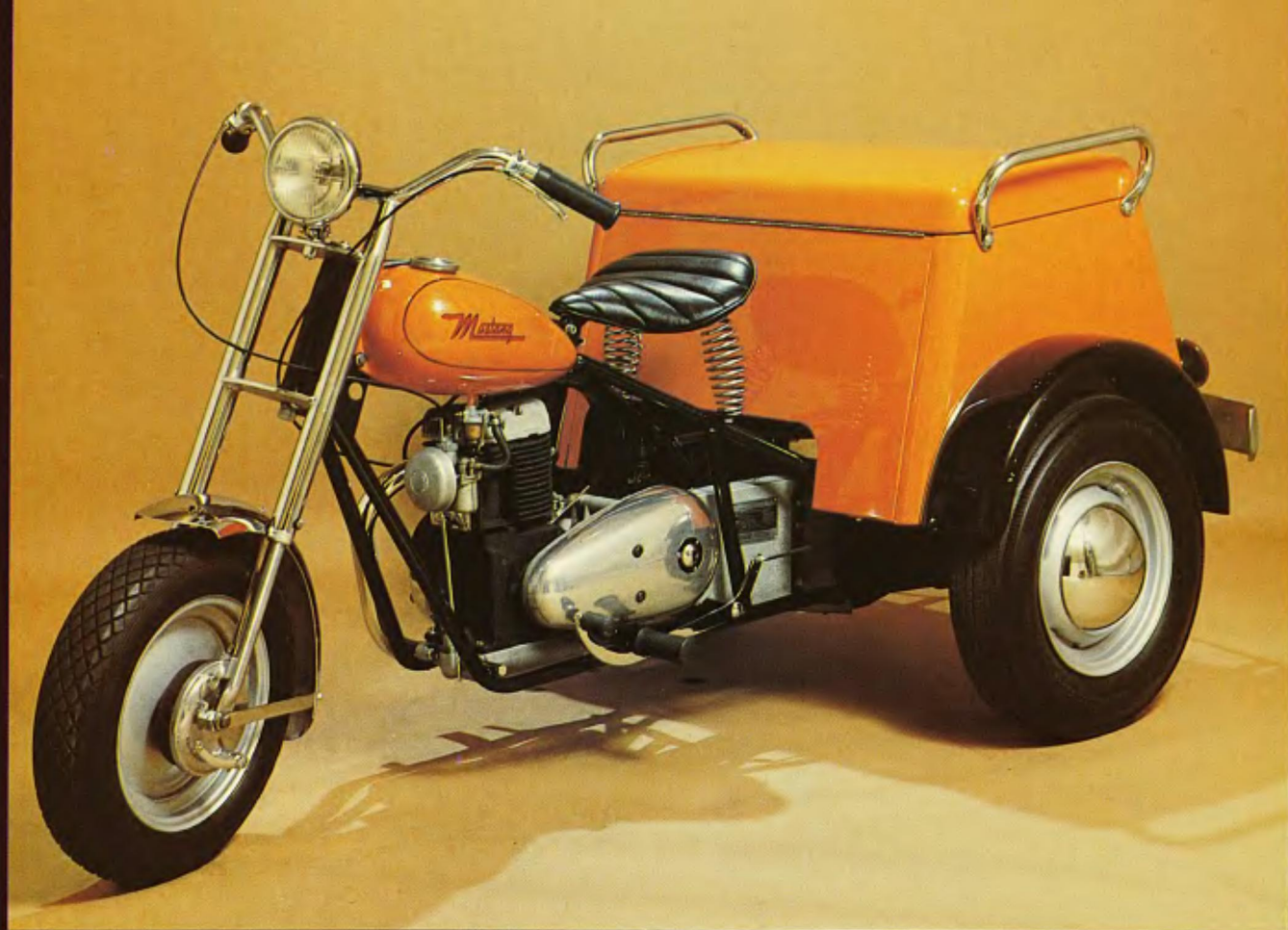
By Ringworm

The clock read 5:45. 15 more minutes and he'd be out. Ten days. Ten fuckin' days is how much time Wildman had spent in the Wyattsville Jail in Clark County for vagrancy. Actually, Wildman was not that wild — he was quite calm, always. His name was a joke given him because he never got mad. But today he was pissed.

To begin with, he got busted for vagrancy. Ironically, he had over two grand stashed away on his bike at the very time they were hassling him for having long hair and a beard. The cops discovered him sleeping next to his bike, off the side of the road. The snooze cost him ten days — ten valuable days in which he could have picked up the coke in L.A., driven back to Denver, and doubled his money. But after riding for 24 hours without sleep, the whites failed him and he crashed.

"Your appearance and lifestyle is a disgrace to all good citizens," Judge Randall Collier said before sentencing Wildman. "Why the fuck me?" Wildman said to himself. His mind was on only two things. First, and most important — departure from Wyattsville and on to L.A., where, with any luck, he could

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Mustang Jack

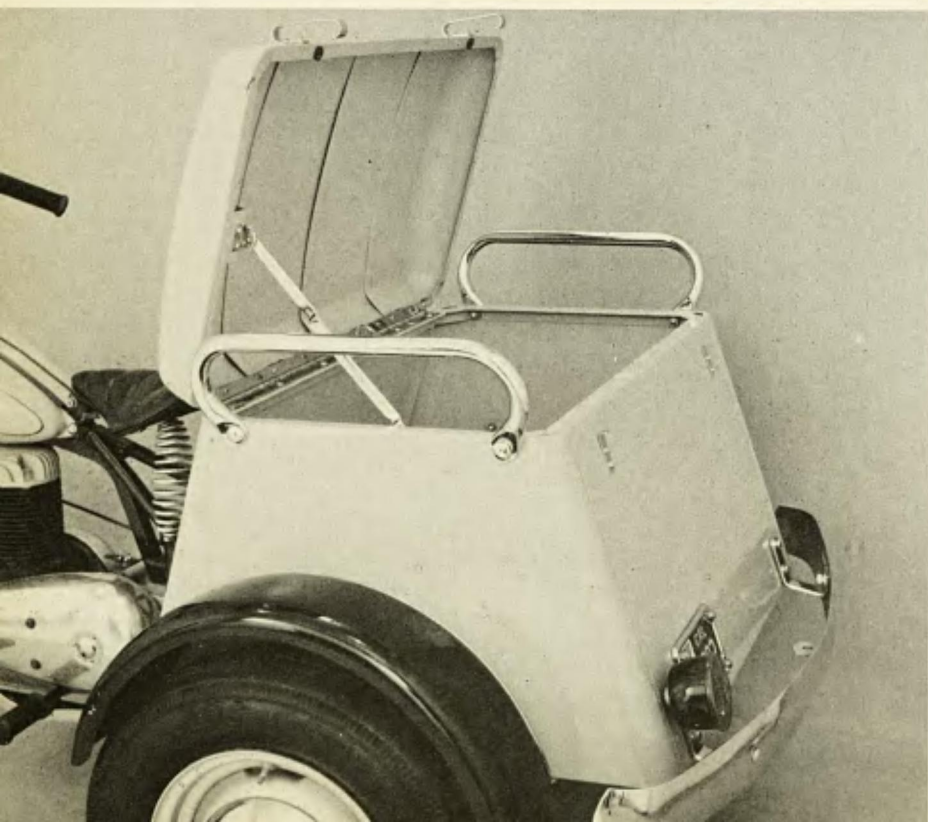
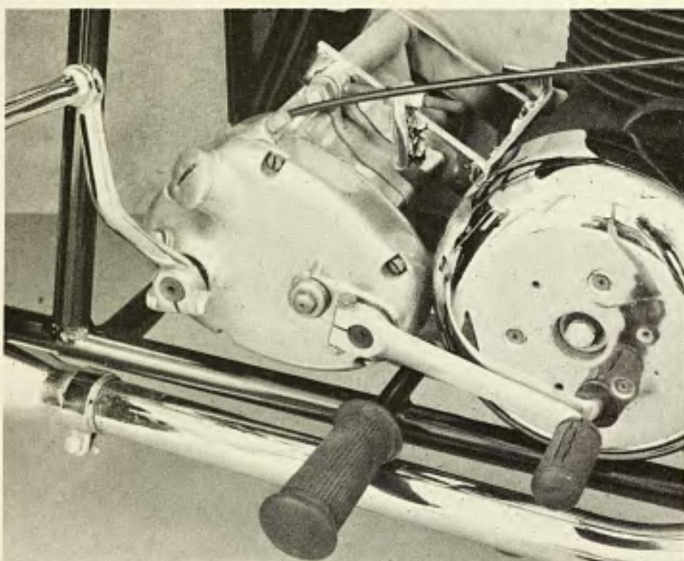
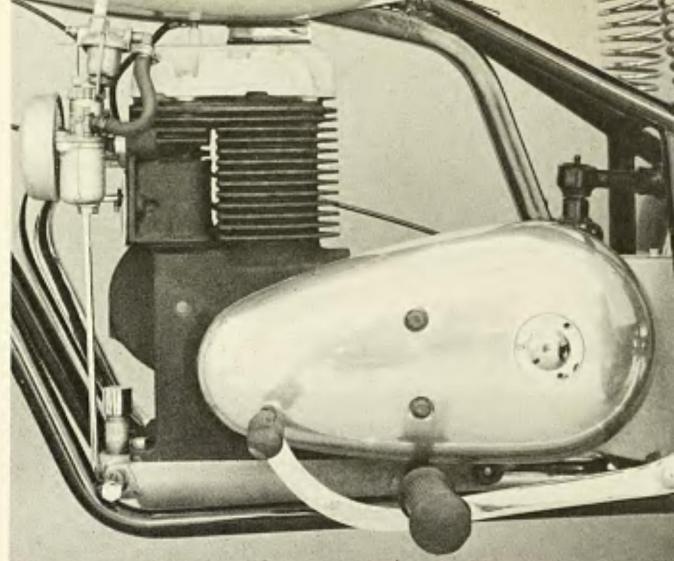
No, they're not Harleys

But they were American-made, and Mustang Jack has got to be one of the leading Mustang enthusiasts and collectors in the country. And the short, 20-year history of Mustangs, Jack knows like the back of his hand. Furthermore, he has owned or owns an example of every model the Glendale, California, company ever manufactured.

We're aware that this particular brand of motorcycles, which was produced by Gladden Products Corporation from 1945 until 1965, are not the fanciest bikes ever to clamor through town. But they were noted for reliabili-

ty. 'Course, when was the last time you saw a one-lunged Mustang two- or three-wheeler thumpin' up to the local pub? Shit, I've **never** seen one, although the 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch four-stroke engine would push the simple chassis along at speeds in excess of 75 mph.

In fact, in 1951 a Mustang similar to the two-wheeler you see here—a 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ -cubic-inch engine packing a 6.4:1 compression ratio, using a 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch Amal carburetor, with an experimental head machined out of a solid block of dural, and running on fuel—turned an uncanny 100 mph at the Bonneville salt flats

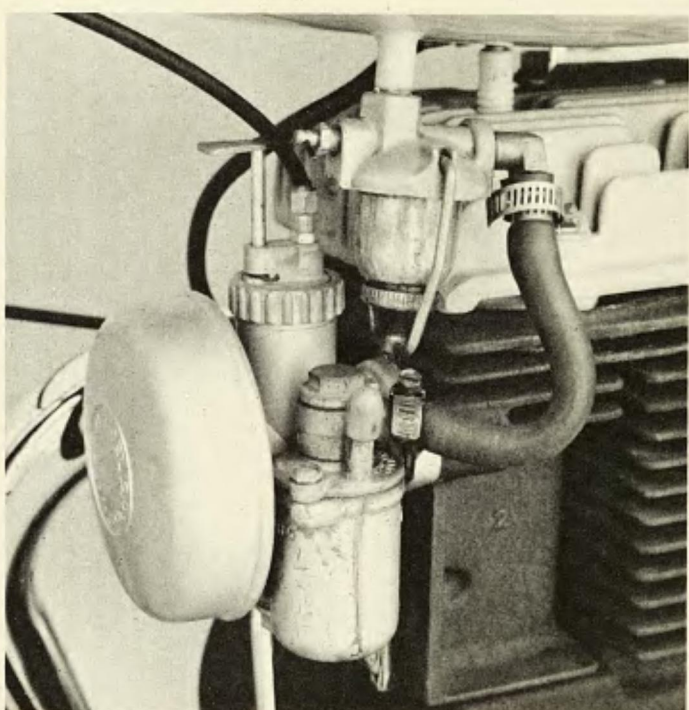
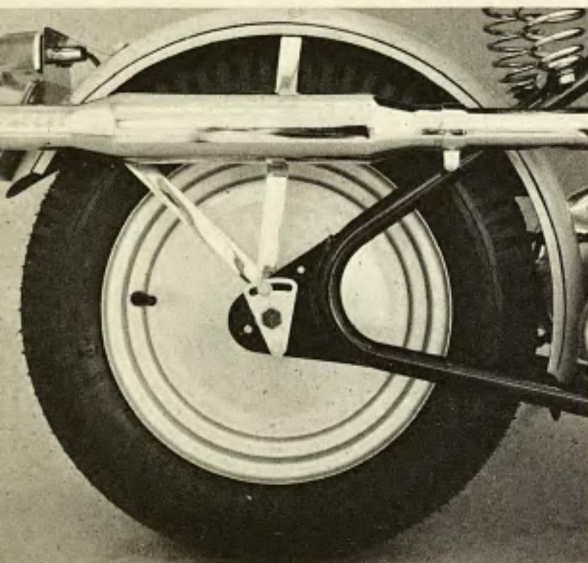


that year. Although I've yet to see a three-wheeled Mustang delivercycle delivering anything anywhere, they were manufactured until 1956. At that time the market up and died, probably thanks to the H-D 45 trike. But in 1963 the Mustang Motorcycle Products Corporation announced that the three-wheeler would return to add its bulk to the traffic congestion. But get this—when they hit the market again, the price had not—I repeat, **not**—changed from the 1956 price of \$849. Either something was fishy there or the original price was sky-high. Whatever the explanation, after eight years the price remained the same (if only knuckleheads would be remanufactured for the original price—unreal).

The Mustang Motorcycle Products Corporation, originally the Gladden Products Corporation, failed to make the rent and stopped production in 1965. But in 1971, an individual who had purchased many of the old Mustangs and



Photos by Pete Chiodo

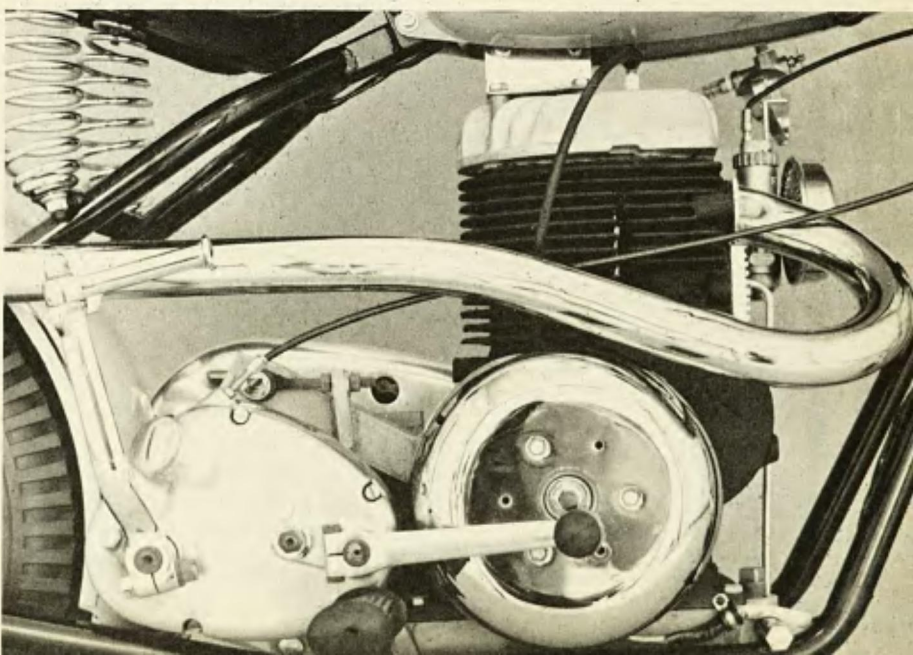


parts made a last-ditch effort to re-introduce the Mustang to the American motorcyclist. But it was rumored that the ambitious dealer never saw a single one of his '71 models hit the streets. Because of some shady business deals, government officials supposedly put a stop to production. And so ended the Mustang Motorcycle saga, except for die-hard fans like Jack.

If it weren't for Jack's complete collection of manuals, promotional fliers, and the like, the history of America's Mustangs might have gone unnoticed—but now you know the brief story. They may not have been V-twins but they are part of America's motoring history. And if you happen to have one of these relics, the master can be found living in a small house trailer on a acre of land in a not-so-secluded valley. Or you can write him at P.O. Box 1041, Chatsworth, Calif. 91311, and see what it gets ya.

—Weed

—Continued on next page



GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINE:

Single cylinder, L-head
Mustang MC "75"

BORE:

2 7/8 inches

STROKE:

3 inches

PISTON DISPLACEMENT:

19.4 cu. inches

CARBURETOR:

Amal, 7/8 inch bore

TRANSMISSION:

Burman, three speed
foot shift

WHEEL BASE:

56 inches

CLUTCH:

Manually operated, multi-cork
plate type

SEAT HEIGHT:

27 1/2 inches

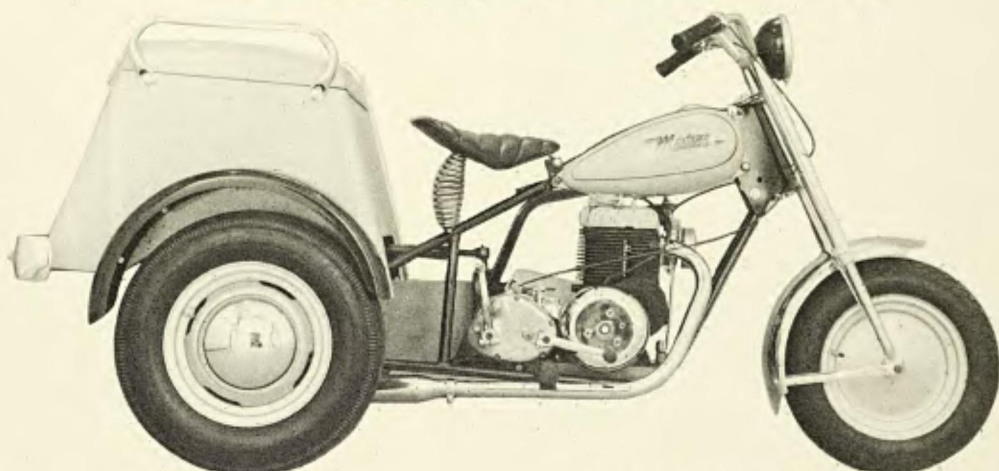
WEIGHT:

375 pounds

OVERALL WIDTH:

46 inches

MUSTANG THREE WHEELER



BODY:

Width: 33 inches

Length at bottom—26 inches

Length at top—18 inches

Depth—13 3/4 inches

Constructed of heavy gauge,
auto body steel. Load capacity
300 pounds

MAXIMUM SPEED:

50-55 m.p.h.

POWER OUTPUT:

9.5 h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m.

COMPRESSION RATIO:

6.1 to 1

GAS MILEAGE APPROX.:

50 Miles per gallon

MUSTANG MODEL 8 SPECIAL



GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

WHEEL BASE:

50 inches

TIRE SIZE:

4:00 x 12

SEAT HEIGHT:

27 1/2 inches

ENGINE:

Single cylinder, 4-cycle
L-head

BORE:

2 7/8 inches

STROKE:

3 inches

PISTON DISPLACEMENT:

19.4 cubic inches

COMPRESSION RATIO:

7:1

CARBURETOR:

Amal, 7/8 inch bore

IGNITION:

Flywheel, incased magneto

LIGHTING:

Flywheel, incased generator

TRANSMISSION:

Heavy duty 4-speed gear box,
pivot mounted type, with posi-
stop foot change and large dia-
meter multiplate clutch. Gear
ratios: first gear 12.03:1, second
gear 7.76:1, third gear 5.96:1
and high gear 4.56:1.

CLUTCH:

Multi-cork plate type, oil mist,
enclosed in primary case,
hand operated.

LENGTH OVERALL:

72 1/2 inches

HEIGHT OVERALL:

41 inches

WIDTH AT HANDLEBAR:

28 inches

BRAKES:

Rear wheel, internal
expanding, foot operated.

Front wheel, internal
expanding, hand operated.

FRONT FORKS:

Telescopic, with hard chrome
plated and polished
actuating tubes.

POWER OUTPUT:

10.5 horsepower @ 5,000 r.p.m.

MAXIMUM SPEED:

70-72 m.p.h.

GROUND CLEARANCE:

5 1/2 inches

FUEL CAPACITY:

2.4 gallons

OIL CAPACITY:

3 pints

GAS MILEAGE:

70 miles per gallon





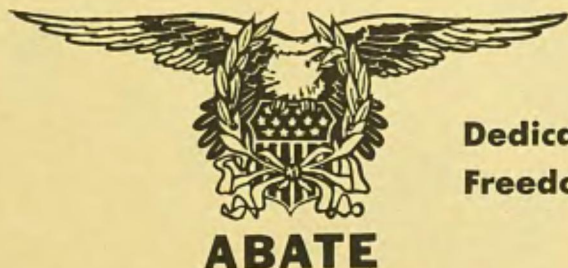
Rock-Out Chair

Ever since Randy was ten years old he has been the proud owner of this put-you-to-sleep antique. But it didn't look like this in them thar days. 'Course, ya know how some people are—they just can't leave well enough alone.

Recently, after takin' one too many downers, Randy went over backwards while rockin' out and when he smacked his loose head against the cement deck it gave him a dazzling idea—along with puttin' him out for the rest of the evening. The next day he set his throbbing-headed idea in

motion. He got a partner wired up and the teeth-grinding craftsman carved the wings and leaves in the wood by hand. Then another bro, who goes by the label Mike, designed the upholstery, while Deacon did a number on the antique in a spray booth. So what we have here, my friends, is, as Randy put it, a way to get in the wind in a shack. And Randy's final words were, as he again flopped backwards in his classic chair, "I couldn't get my bike in your rag but at least my chair made it."

—Easy



**Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road**

There Are Many Reasons for Joining ABATE

There seems to be some hand-wringing on the part of a couple of state coordinators, who fear that by establishing a national headquarters there will be a usurpation of individual state prerogatives, finances, and power.

This fear is groundless. A strong national headquarters can only help the states. There is no intention of taking anything away from the state chapters, and all membership fees will be split among the states. And if there should be a large surplus at the end of the year, it will be divided proportionately among the states.

The national ABATE will be a non-profit organization. It will aid the states in securing federal grants, supply insurance to its members, raise funds by means of national and state events, establish a blood bank, and organize the states as a huge, unified, professional lobby to rid the country of anti-bike laws. ABATE will undertake new projects in states where the helmet law has been repealed and concentrate its national power on helping the states that still have the law. In addition to all of this, members will receive a monthly newsletter, membership card, and discounts on merchandise. No one is going to get rich—

ABATE will be a non-profit organization, regulated by the feds. There is no power trip. There is a 9-member board of directors.

Easriders created and has financed ABATE since its inception, appointed the state coordinators, supplied the test data, reprints, etc. to assist each state in its battle against unfair laws. Although ABATE will be on its own from now on, **Easriders** has agreed to provide loans for it until it's on its feet. We've never crowed about what we've done, and we're not going to start now. Anyone can go all the way back to our third issue and follow the progress (if they don't know already) of what we've done and are doing for the street biker.

So join with us in establishing a huge national organization—yes, even larger than AMA. The difference between us and AMA is that we're for you and ABATE is not run for manufacturers or any special interest group. Come on and join us today.

Want Mopeds Licensed Like Scooters

The Insurance Institute for Highway safety has recommended that states adopt vehicle standards for mopeds that conform to all present federal safety standards for motorcycles. "Mopeds are clearly not bicycles; they have many of the characteristics of smaller motorcycles. Consequently they should meet the same safety performance standards as motorcycles," IIHS stated. The Institute made its recommendation to the Vehicle Equipment Safety Commission, an organization representing most states and Canadian provinces, that is currently considering a uniform set of vehicle regulations for mopeds. (See *Status Report*, Vol. 12, No. 5, March 15, 1977.)

—IIHS

ABATE of Virginia Rebuts Ann Landers Garbage

Here's how to kill more bikers this year

DEAR ANN LANDERS: On behalf of motorcycle enthusiasts across the nation, I'm sorry to hear that you've decided to write a column about how to kill more bikers this year.

Ann Landers



(1) Throw things out the window when there is a bike behind you. At 55 m.p.h., a car can do to a biker what a hammer can do to a nail.

(2) Pull out in front of bikers. We are second-class citizens. (Actually, a biker has the same rights as the driver of an 18-wheel semi.) Pulling out in front of a motorcycle gives the rider four choices: (a) die, (b) get killed by an oncoming car (also instant death) or (c) hit the ditch (20-per cent chance of survival).

(3) When passing a biker, cut it close, for kicks. Bikes are skinnier than cars, so they don't need a wide lane.

A motorcycle is a lot more fragile than most people think. We CAN'T stop on a dime, dodge flying objects, drive on a two-foot-wide pavement and hope to survive long enough to see our children grow up.

Please, people, I pay my taxes and respect the law. I try to be considerate on the road. If you treat me badly on the road, I will DIE. It's as simple as that. Thank you for letting me have my say.

J.T.T. DEAR J.T.T.: Now that you've had your say, may I ask a question? Why don't you people who want to live support legislation to make helmets mandatory instead of screaming about your constitutional rights?

Dear Ms. Landers,

I have read your column regularly for several years now and have always felt that the majority of your replies were well thought out and to the point. However, you blew it with your advice to J.T.T. concerning his letter which pointed out some of the poor driving practices of automobile operators and their attitudes towards motorcycle riders. Unfortunately, all that it appeared that you could see was a number of "scooter tramps" who have been screaming about their constitutional rights because of the mandatory helmet law. (Don't you consider it strange that the automobile drivers never had to go to this extreme when they fought the mandatory seatbelt interlock system?)

Mr. J.T.T. was trying to present

some facts in your article which would reduce motorcycle fatalities better than the use of a helmet. He (or she) was trying to educate the public with a few safe driving techniques. I can assure you that this description of the actions of automotive drivers is accurate, if somewhat mild. In the D.C. area we also have to contend with the occasional motorist trying to run us off the road.

The real problem with motorcycle safety is the lack of proper driver education, not just for motorcycle riders but also for the automobile driver. I have attached a copy of an article which appeared in the latest issue of a cycle magazine concerning the facts about how much the mandatory wearing of helmets has reduced fatalities. I don't expect you to publish this article due to its length, but I would like you to see the other side of this story.

To give you an idea of the lack of proper motorcycle education in some states, I would like to explain to you what it takes to ride a motorcycle in the state of Virginia. While a special license is required, the demonstration of knowledge in safety necessary to obtain this license is minimal. There is a "multiple-guess" test given which lasts three to five minutes and is followed by a driving test. My driving test consisted of leaving the Division of Motor Vehicles parking lot at its exit and immediately turning back in at its entrance. This is a distance of maybe 100 feet. Because I can drive this 100 feet and memorize for one day part of a driving manual, I am considered to be a competent enough driver for the state to issue me a license. What a joke!

Please give us some consideration for having enough intelligence to know if we should wear a helmet instead of having to depend on the government to tell us. You were given this benefit on wearing seat belts. Instead of saying that the government should require these helmets in order to save our lives, demand that proper safe driving techniques be taught. The Department of Transportation started this whole mess in 1966 under the premise of promoting motorcycle safety. Instead, all they have done in this regard is demand helmet laws. Their original plan did include some form of driver education, yet this never materialized.

A lot of people depend on your column for the straight facts. How about giving the motorcycle rider this same courtesy?

Sincerely yours,

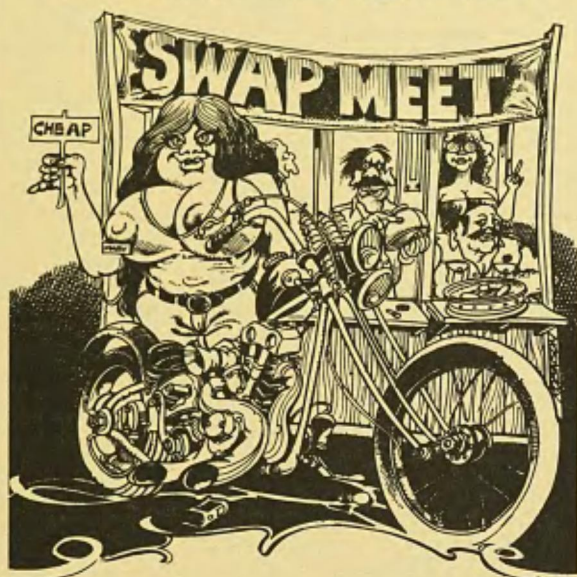
John A. Reed

Member, ABATE of Virginia



We offer this cartoon that appeared in the AMA News without comment—(barf!)—well, almost.

1978 SWAP MEET SCHEDULE



Easyriders magazine is putting on a motorcycle parts swap meets (off-the-wall scooter happenings — complete with rock band to soothe your gourd as you buy, swap, or sell your bike goodies). There will be thousands of new, used, and obsolete parts and accessories available.

Phoenix, Ariz.	January 15, 1978
Charlotte, N.C.	January 29, 1978
Atlanta, Ga.	February 5, 1978
Memphis, Tenn.	February 12, 1978
Nashville, Tenn.	February 19, 1978
San Diego, Ca.	March 12, 1978
Ventura, Ca. (evening)	March 18, 1978
Denver, Co.	April 2, 1978
Los Angeles, Ca. (Pomona)	April 16, 1978
Springfield, Mass.	April 16, 1978
Detroit, Mich.	April 23, 1978
Indianapolis, Ind.	April 30, 1978
Allentown, Pa.	May 7, 1978
San Diego, Ca.	May 14, 1978
Ventura, Ca.	June 11, 1978
Denver, Co.	June 18, 1978
Columbus, Ohio	June 25, 1978
Detroit, Mich.	July 16, 1978
Los Angeles, Ca.	July 16, 1978
Louisville, Ky.	July 23, 1978
San Diego, Ca.	August 13, 1978
San Francisco, Ca.	August 20, 1978
Ventura, Ca.	August 27, 1978
Phoenix, Ariz.	September 24, 1978
San Diego, Ca.	October 22, 1978
Detroit, Mich.	October 29, 1978
West Springfield, Mass.	November 5, 1978
Allentown, Pa.	November 12, 1978
San Francisco, Ca.	December 3, 1978
Ventura, Ca.	December 10, 1978



Look what we've done! Look at all the states that have repealed their helmet laws. Send in your ten bucks for membership now. Let's help the states that still have the laws and fight in the states where they're tryin' to bring the laws back. Is it worth \$10 to you not to wear a helmet? And to keep on not wearing one? Join today!

THE TRASH CAN

By Chicago Ed

Up Your Nose — Again

On Aug. 16 we had a hearing in Chicago before the Illinois House of Reps subcommittee of the Motor Vehicle Committee. The purpose was to consider a House proposal to delete the daytime lights for bikes law. If we succeed, the proposal becomes a bill which goes to the full committee. If we succeed in committee, it goes to the House. If we—it goes to the Senate. If—then it goes to the Governor. If—it becomes law. Lots of ifs that look impossible from this side. The subcommittee chairman is Rep. Kosinski. Bikers were represented by Bill Orce, ABATE Coordinator, myself, Hal Kendall, Ph.D., and Lyne Anderson, who has a TV program in Wisconsin and who is a general biker's PR man, calling himself a professional tourist. In opposition were a large contingent of bureau people from Springfield. In summary, our points were: statistics from the AMA Report show no reduction in accident rates after lights-on laws in 7 out of 8 states, lights-on wastes gas, and perhaps 40% of the bikes on the road run down batteries by lights-on, leaving no lights for the night. We talked about 1½ hours and the reps asked a lot of questions. They were surprised to learn that no lights in the day for bikes was a moving violation.

The opposition, sporting some fancy titles, had little to say other than that they were in opposition to the repeal. The North Carolina report was invoked. It had broken down accidents into day and night for the year before the law and the

year after. To begin with, year before and year after data is *always* inadequate. Moreover, the last paragraph of the report itself states the data were inadequate. But up to that point if you didn't read the last paragraph, you'd think lights-on was apple pie and motherhood. The opposition included the Illinois DOT, MV Department, our friends the state police, and a couple other bureaus I never knew existed. A friendly dealer's association member was there opposing repeal. He's a Honda dealer in Chicago and he's going to get some far-out advertising free in our ABATE News. The Dealers Association is neutral, but I'm inclined to believe whoever ain't for us is against us!

We think the Committee might like to have some compromise solution, so we're submitting a compromise. We're saying write up that bikes must have *operable* lights at all times when operated on the roads, and if found inoperable, it's an equipment violation. Incidentally, California was used against us with its not just lights-on but lights-on with the ignition switch. That's really dumb—in fact, it's so dumb I can't really believe bikers aren't fighting it. Maybe they are. Our legislators reasoned if California went that far, they must have some real proof that lights-on saves thousands of our young lads' lives.

Bottom line. A few days after the hearing, the subcommittee killed our proposal for a repeal bill. Next month I'll give you a rundown on what happened to the National Rifle Association when it got infiltrated in top management by environmentalists.

National ABATE Office Being Formed

—Continued from page 19

piled and a complete new proposed format was drawn up, ready to present at Lake Perry. Included in the format was the hiring of a professional lobbyist to be the leader of ABATE.

In California there is a well-organized, financially successful biker organization called Modified Motorcycle Association (MMA). (18,000 members in California alone!) It has been very successful in organizing toy runs, weekend runs, blood runs, fund-raising parties, etc. And as you know, California has never had a helmet law. MMA is led by Ron Roloff, a professional lobbyist. Because of the tight organization, the financial success, and the lobbying success of MMA, it was decided to approach Ron for the job of heading ABATE. In a meeting with the MMA board of directors, it was decided to split Ron's time between the two organizations. All parties agreed that Ron had sufficient time to fulfill both obligations.

Easyriders has agreed to loan ABATE all necessary funds until it is self-sufficient. Specific plans on how each state will benefit financially and otherwise from the new ABATE national were presented to the members at the Lake Perry meeting.

Over 100 people, representing seventeen different states, attended the ABATE meeting on September 4. Discussion was centered around the two major points of whether there should be an ABATE national and whether ABATE's offices should be connected with those of Easyriders. The vote was taken on the question of an ABATE national, and the decision was unanimous—every state represented at the meeting voted in favor of an ABATE national.

As mentioned previously, prior to the meeting, we at ABATE headquarters drew up a proposal for a

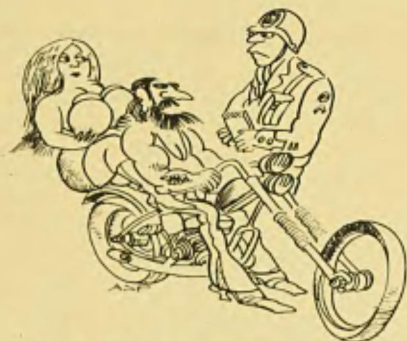
new national format. Its first point realizes the need of moving its offices to a new location. During the meeting, Ron Roloff introduced and discussed the new ABATE proposal at great length.

In his presentation, Ron emphasized the new steps ABATE national would take to help bolster state membership and finances. A new membership program is in the final phase of completion, and over 40 Easyriders swap meets are being organized throughout the country, from which state ABATE chapters may be able to receive revenue-sharing funds from Easyriders. Plans are in the works for securing possible government grants regarding public information motorcycle safety programs.

Ron also foresees a rapid growth potential for ABATE. One possible plan to help decentralize and bring more direct services to chapters is to appoint five regional coordinators who would help oversee ten states in their area. The regional supervisors would help states directly and would receive assistance from the national office.

Ron thinks the new ABATE structure presents a tremendous challenge, and wished to make the following point, "We're not taking anything away from the states—they'll stay as independent as ever, and get the lion's share of each membership from their constituents. We're going to give our fund-raising, membership sales, and lobbying expertise to any state that needs help."

As the old saying goes, united we stand, divided we won't get shit accomplished. Thus far the response from the states not attending the Labor Day meet has been extremely favorable. ABATE's new mailing address is P.O. Box 162062, Sacramento, California 95816. The phone number is (916)446-5271. ■



"She needs 'em both for HER protection."

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!



Join
Today!

ABATE

ABATE
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, California 95816
Phone: (916) 446-5271

- ☐ 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 _____



"Trick or treat."



"You've got everything I've always wanted in a woman—me!"

The dude was about to go down on his new girl friend, but when he got his face near, the smell almost made him gag.

"Christ!" he moaned, rearing back. "Don't you ever take a douche?"

"No," she answered, "but I will if you want me to."

"Okay," he said. "Run down to the drugstore and buy one of those new disposable douches. They come in all kinds of flavors, strawberry, peach, an' other stuff. Just get the kind you like."

The girl left, and when she returned from the drug store she went into the bathroom, where he heard the sound of her taking a douche.

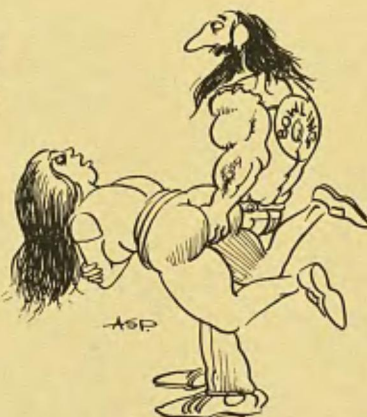
After a while she came out and got back on the bed, but when he started to go down on her again, the smell was even worse.

"Good God!" he cried. "What the hell flavor did you buy?"

"My favorite," she said. "Just like you told me. Anchovy."

—Patty Furr
Chicago, Ill.

Easyriders



"I wish you'd get a ball to practice with!"

The house mother of a very swank girls' boarding school was suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by one of the students, a shapely seventeen year-old.

"Ms. Brown," she shouted, "I've just been raped!"

"Now, now, calm down, dear," the house mother advised the girl. "Go to the refrigerator and eat a

lemon. I'll call the police."

"A lemon?" asked the amazed girl. "Will that keep me from getting pregnant?"

"Of course not," the woman answered, "but it will get that silly grin off your face before the police arrive."

Ms. Edna Bowman
Phoenix, Ariz.

You Know You're On a Bummer When:

You've been saving aluminum beer cans for three years and you finally took all 17,000 of them down to the buyer, and four weeks later they send you a check for \$1.73.

You've finally found the first rip-off proof lock. Unfortunately, you can't get it off your bike.

You've just snorted two pounds of shag carpeting because you spilled the last of your coke on the rug.

You found a fantastic hiding place for your stash—only now you can't find it.

You pushed your out-of-gas bike three miles in the hot sun to a gas station and now you can't find your money.

You find out after you buy a seventy dollar part for your bike that you could get the same thing somewhere else for two dollars.

Worse yet, you hear about a two dollar part and find that it's the seventy dollar part you really need—but nobody's got one in stock.

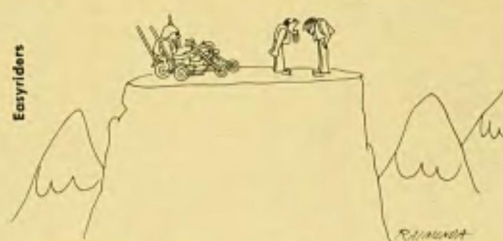
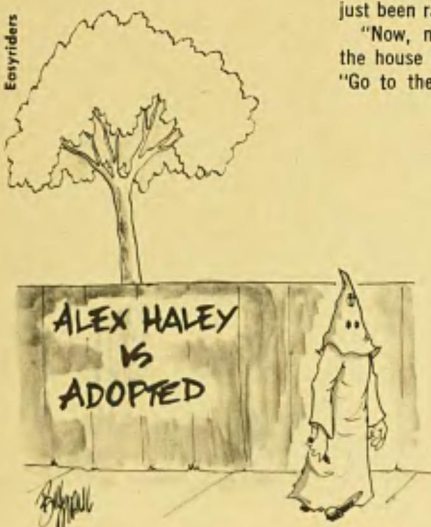
You find out that the foxy young thing you were with last night was only thirteen years old.

Your ol' lady finds out that the foxy young thing you were out with was only thirteen years old.

—Judy Long
Pomona, Calif.



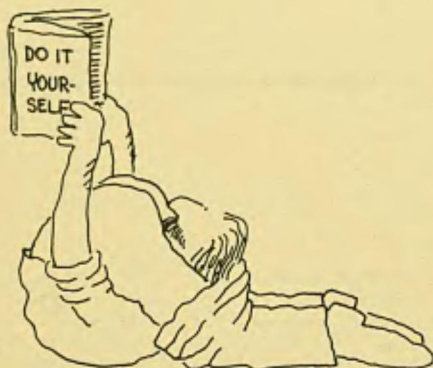
"You've been a good boy, Roger!"



"NOW do you know why you're not the leader?"

Easyriders

mal



The Texas Chainsaw Space Filler!

Evil Charlie came home early one night and found his ol' lady in bed with one of his bros. He whipped out his piece and shot them both dead. Two of his bros were discussing the act, and one said, "Well, it isn't the worst thing that could have happened."

"What the fuck you mean, man? His ol' lady an' a bro dead, an' Charlie goin' to the gas chamber!"

"Well, if he'd come home a half hour earlier I'd be dead, too."

—Frenchy Poitrine
Baton Rouge, La.



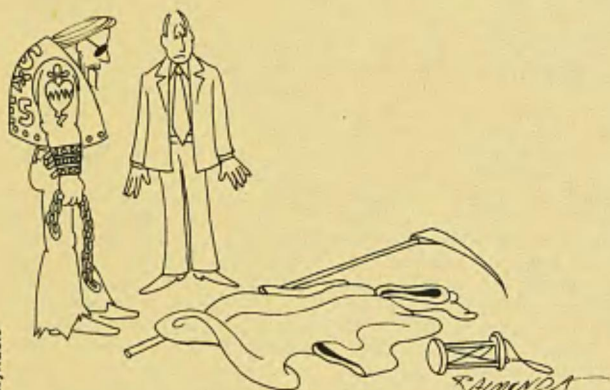
Big Tony's ol' lady got dusted in a collision, and he was broken up about it. At the cemetery, he was inconsolable and on the verge of tears.

"Take it easy, bro," his pal said. "I know it's a tough break, but in a couple of months you'll find another chick an' everything'll be all right."

"A couple of months!" Big Tony shouted. "What the fuck am I gonna do tonight?"

—Beth Grant
Dallas, Tex.

"Hey, Joey! What say we go over to the bar after work and get shitfaced?"



"It was a case of self-defense."

It was six a.m. in Las Vegas. Two lone gamblers were standing around the dice tables, hoping for some competition, when a beautiful redhead came in. "I feel lucky this morning," she said. "I'd like to bet \$2,000 on one throw of the dice—are you guys willing?"

"Sure, lady," they quickly replied.

"I hope you don't mind," she said, "but the only way I get lucky is with my panties off." She quickly removed her slacks and panties and

stood beside the table naked from the waist down. With a shout of "Mama needs new panties!" she tossed the dice.

"I win! I win!" she shouted, gleefully scooping up the money. She grabbed her clothing and left.

"What did she roll?" one of the gamblers cried.

"How the fuck do I know?" replied the other. "I thought you were watching the dice."

Ms. Edna Bowman
Phoenix, Ariz.



Complaining to his ol' lady because they were flat broke and out of bread, the dude said, "If your tits would give milk, we wouldn't have to feed our cow, and if your cunt could lay eggs, we could get rid of the chickens."

"Yeah," she answered, "and if your cock could get hard we could get rid of your brother."

—Richard Parkes
Lompoc, Calif.

The eighty-year-old man was about to marry a twenty-year-old girl, and his relatives protested.

"You'd better think this over," his son said. "Something like this could prove fatal."

"So what?" the old man replied. "If she dies I'll marry somebody else."

—Lester Farge
Lawton, Okla.



Legal news in everyday language

Booze and Brawls

If you give a party, serve liquor, and one of the guests gets so high that he sticks a knife in the back of another guest, are you liable? The Supreme Court of Oregon says "No", but there may be extenuating circumstances in which you would be liable. If you invite someone to a party whom you know is likely to get boisterous and assault a guest, then you may be liable. But ordinarily you are not "your brother's keeper" when the party gets out of hand. If you happen to be a victim of an assault by a fellow-guest, you must prove that your host was familiar with the assaulting propensities of your fellow guest. Of course, you do have recourse to action against the guest who assaulted you. This is the general rule in all the states. 556 Pac. 2nd 102.

Bikes and Suicides

If you injure someone so severely with your motorcycle that he commits suicide, are you liable? You are in some states and not in others. You are *not* liable in Nebraska, New Jersey, Tennessee, and Virginia. You may be liable in Arizona, California, Georgia, Hawaii, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, Texas and Washington.

Cops and Search Warrants

Should a police officer knock and announce his presence before entering an apartment without a warrant? In this case, at some point between 5:30 p.m. and 9 a.m. the next morning, an office located next door to the defendant's apartment was burglarized. Among the items taken were a typewriter, record books, and miscellaneous medical equipment. A little more than two hours after the burglary was discovered, the defendant appeared at the door of the office and asked the receptionist if he could use the phone. He then grabbed the receptionist, held a knife at her throat, and went through her purse for money. Finding none, he took her to

his apartment and attempted to rape her. While in the defendant's apartment, the victim saw items which she recognized as having been taken from the office. The defendant then forced the victim to drive him to several places. When they returned to the office, she escaped and ran inside. Neither she nor her employer saw where the defendant went.

The first officer who responded to the call talked to the victim for approximately 30 seconds. She pointed out the location of the defendant's apartment and told the officer that she had seen some of the stolen property there. The officer then asked the victim if the suspect was still in the apartment and she said that she thought he was inside. The officer went to the apartment and entered. The door was not completely closed. Upon entering the apartment, the officer testified that he knew the defendant was not in there because the apartment was extremely small. While in the apartment, the officer saw a typewriter in an open closet and "felt like" it was the stolen typewriter. He then searched the rest of the apartment. The defendant returned to the apartment while the officer was still there and was arrested. The defendant challenged the admission of the evidence taken from his apartment without a warrant. The court held that the officer's entry into the apartment without a warrant was illegal. He should have secured the apartment and obtained a search warrant. *State v. Cook*, Arizona Supreme Court, 4/25/77.

Writin' for the Feds

Can a court compel you to give samples of your handwriting if there are no charges pending against you? In one case, a money order alteration suspect who had not been arrested, indicted, charged, or called before a grand jury, refused to comply with a federal district court's order directing him to furnish handwriting examples to postal inspectors. He refused. Was his refusal proper? The court said that it was. The defendant had not been arrested for any federal offense, nor had

any complaint been made before any magistrate charging the defendant with any federal offense. No subpoena had been issued requiring the defendant to testify before a grand jury or other body. No indictment had been returned nor information filed charging the defendant with a federal offense. There was nothing which conferred any authority on the district court to make the order. There was no matter pending in that court and affecting the defendant over which the Court could exercise its jurisdiction. The person of the defendant was not before the Court. What the Court did here was to make an order in aid of an investigation by the postal service. Congress has not authorized any such aid.

Your counsel should bear this case in mind if you are ever called upon to furnish examples of your handwriting. *U.S. v. Holland* C.A. 5-5/23/77.

Stayin' on the Job

An employer has no duty to give a worker preferential treatment in order to satisfy his religious beliefs, the Supreme Court ruled 7-2 June 16, 1977. The ruling applies to millions of workers who ask, for religious reasons, to have specific days off. The court made it clear that those workers may not be given the day off if that would force some other worker to give up some of his rights on the job.

The ruling gives a very narrow reading to the 1964 Civil Rights Act's clause protecting workers against religious discrimination. In fact, the two dissenting justices complained that the court majority dealt a "fatal blow" to that clause.

Nothing in the 1964 law, the majority said in an opinion by Justice Byron R. White, requires an employer to give his employees "unequal treatment" because some of them have special religious needs. Congress did not mean that an employer "must deny the shift and job preferences of some employees, as well as deprive them of their contractual rights, in order to accommodate or prefer the religious needs of others."

Today's ruling was the first

the justices have ever given on the scope of the 1964 law and a 1972 change in that law. Under the 1972 amendment, employers are required to offer "reasonable accommodation" of a worker's religious practices if they can do so "without undue hardship."

Justice White's opinion makes it appear that "undue hardship" is something that an employer could prove fairly easily. The decision makes clear that an employer may not be required to violate a contract he has with a union in order to accommodate some workers' religious beliefs.

So long as a labor contract was not written with intent to discriminate against workers because of their religion, the contract may be enforced without violating federal law. Moreover, the decision stressed that an employer may be required to bear only minimal additional costs in trying to meet workers' religious needs. If an employer would have to assume extra costs going beyond a minimum amount, this would be a form of "undue hardship," the court said.

Makin' Babies

Sterilization operations may not always be successful, and if they are not, the patient may have difficulty showing that the doctor guaranteed that the operation would be a success. In a recent case in Illinois, a woman sought to hold a doctor liable when she later became pregnant after the operation. She was told before the surgery that such operations were irreversible and that she would not be able to have any children after the operation. However, the court refused her any relief. The whole point here is that if you expect to hold a doctor responsible in the event of a later pregnancy, you must show an express guarantee in writing by the doctor to the effect that the operation will result in complete sterilization. Mere conversation with the doctor is not enough. The doctor must expressly warrant the success of the operation. The warranty must be based on a specific expressed consideration and should be examined by your lawyer prior to the operation. 305 N.E. 2nd 571. ■



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 *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 _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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 _____



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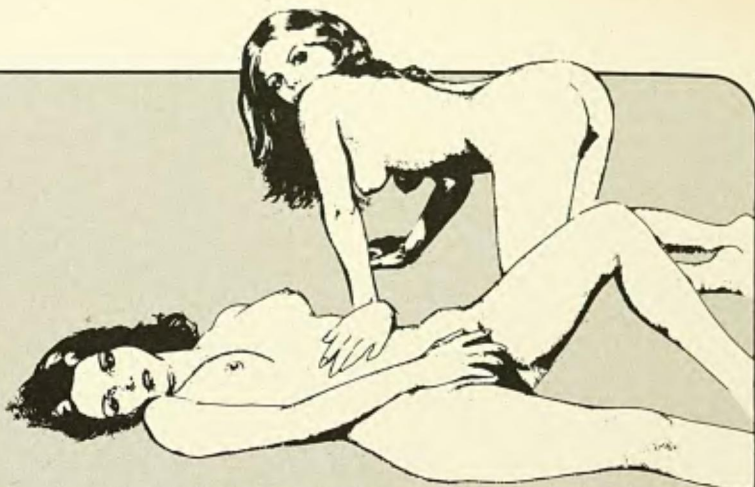
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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(must have)

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

Quiz For Ol' Ladies



Never let it be sniveled that this rotten rag don't have sumpin' fer everybody—including all them dumb broads who should be cookin' their ol' men's meals, keepin' the nosepickers quiet while the ol' man recovers from last night's partyin', wipin' down their dudes' bikes (with a clean goddam cloth fer a fuckin' change), and all the other domestic shit they could be doin' instead lookin' through Easyriders fer things to bitch about.

In case you're a squat-peein' partner under the same roof with some handsome scooter bum (who probably coulda gotten yer younger sister if he'd tried) and, like all dolls, yer fascinated by yerself—here's a ten-minute trip into yer own scatterbrained head that needs only to be

taken fer ya to find out what kinda whore ya are at heart.

A savvy scorin' system at the bottom of this page will give ya all the answers yer itty-bitty mind kin handle—but play fair (meanin', fergit them fuckin' female wiles fer once) and don't check it out until after ya've run through the drill. Got that, stinky-crotch? Psychin' yerself out by cheatin' is probably what ya do best but it ain't gonna strap the Awful Truth on ya like this shit will if ya jes' follow instructions. Pick one answer from each numbered question's choice or scribble in yer own fuckin' weird answer. Naturally, ya'll share yer score with yer man: it may be the first decent laugh he's had since he first saw ya in daylight.

(1) Yer water has been cut off fer nonpayment and them little bastards ya keep droppin' can't play in the pool or sprinklers, so yer ol' man is coolin' them off with a golden shower.

Would ya:

- A. Insist that he piss only on the ones that are his?
- B. Invite the neighbors' brats over?
- C. Record the homey event on film?
- D. Keep the cold suds comin' to him?
- E. _____

(2) Yer dude brings home sixty-one vests needin' club patches sewn on them along with a cute slut half yer age he's gotta deliver on an all-night run to another chapter—both of 'em spacey and laughin' a lot.

Would ya:

- A. Bombard him with a lotta asshole questions?
- B. Tell the slut what he digs most fer sex?
- C. Pack'm a nutritious lunch fer the road?
- D. Give thanks ya got a winner?
- E. _____

(3) Yer sled bum comes home shit-faced with the news that he lost ya in a poker game to three other bros—but jist fer the goddam weekend.

Would ya:

- A. Frown all over the poor guy?
- B. Demand a formal introduction?
- C. Start droppin' vitamin tabs?
- D. Ball him, to hold'm fer the weekend?
- E. _____

(4) Yer parked on a stool in a bikers' bar when this big, grinnin' bro comes over, slides one hand into yer blouse and the other down between the cheeks of yer butt.

Would ya:

- A. Refuse to be flattered?
- B. Relax an' see what the fucker has in mind?
- C. Squirm a little, giggling?
- D. Grope for his tool with both hands?
- E. _____

(5) Accidentally, ya start a fire on yer man's beloved putt while cleanin' crud off

it with lighter fluid, and it burns to the goddam concrete.

Would ya:

- A. Start huntin' fer any insurance paper on it?
- B. Figure up a hustlin' schedule to earn the bread to replace it?
- C. Start borrowin' money like crazy?
- D. O.D. yerself in despair?
- E. _____

(6) Ya wake up one mornin' to find this younger, prettier sex goddess snuggled up on the other side of yer cocksman, smirkin' defiantly at ya.

Would ya:

- A. Launch an instant heart-to-heart?
- B. Sigh?
- C. Offer to fix breakfast fer everybody?
- D. Welcome her to the club?
- E. _____

(7) Yer all dolled up fer a long-distance run with yer dude, when he shows up with this ugly old dyke (who calls herself Miraculous Mutha), and he clues ya to a change of plans—leavin' horny her to babysit ya.

Would ya:

- A. Stomp yer foot?
- B. Shrug?
- C. Wink back at Mutha?
- D. Ask a friend over to shoot home movies?
- E. _____

(8) During a wilderness party ya take five from all the confused rape an' orgyin', stumblin' onto yer old man, who's blissfully gettin' head from his toothsome stepdaughter.

Would ya:

- A. Sneer at her inexperienced style?
- B. Remind yerself that families who play together, stay together?
- C. Offer to show the kid better tonguin' techniques?
- D. Quietly wait fer yer turn?
- E. _____

with that fucked-up scribblin'?

Mostly E answers: Who knows, broad all the way, hon!

Mostly D answers: Yer a biker cool, baby!

Mostly C answers: Yer gettin' it, dummy.

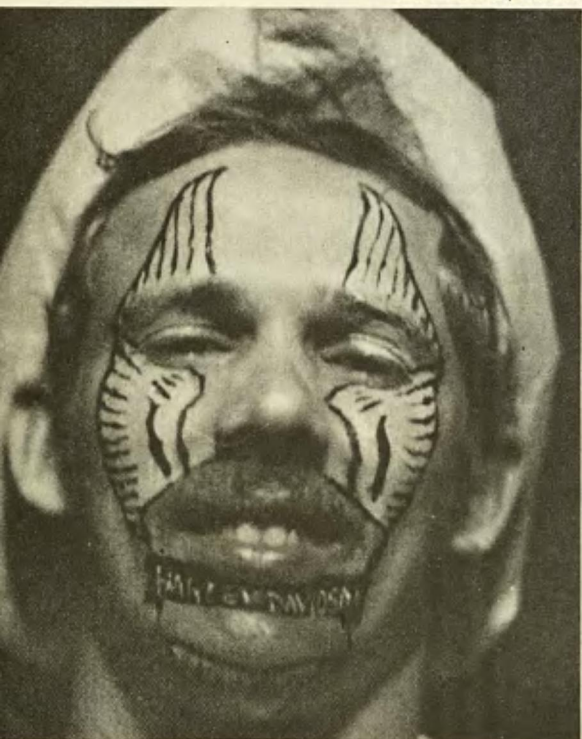
Mostly B answers: Yer still out of ya?

Mostly A answers: Yer a real lady—and who the fuck needs Scorin' Systems Fer Kunts' Kwiz?



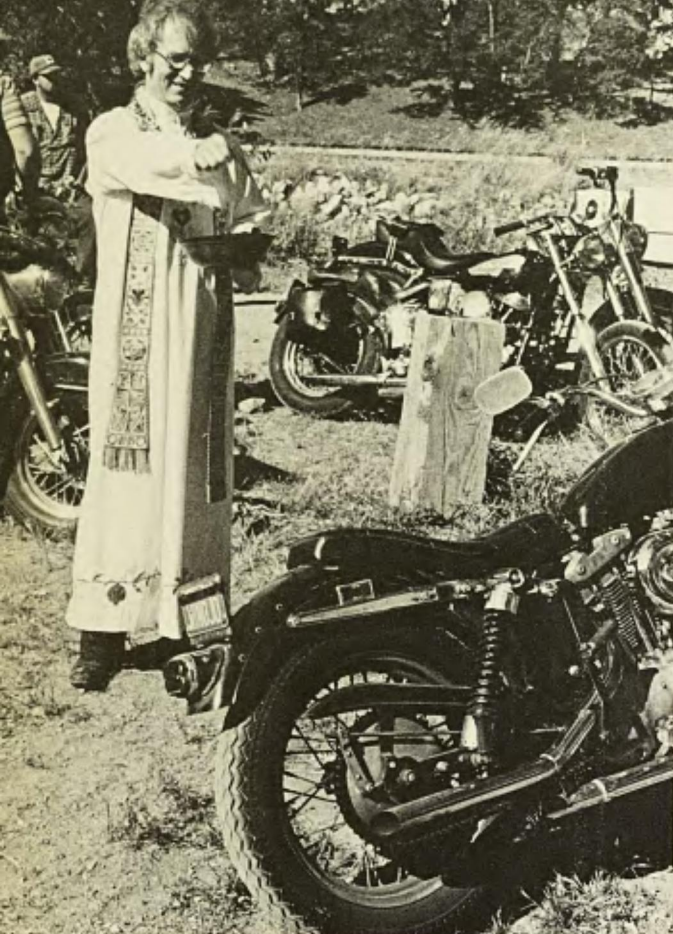
—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California

—from Pierron, Illinois



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 1/4 x 2 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 Wino Joe, Monterey, California



—from J. McAdams, Seattle, Washington



—from Dee Nocente, Madison, Ohio

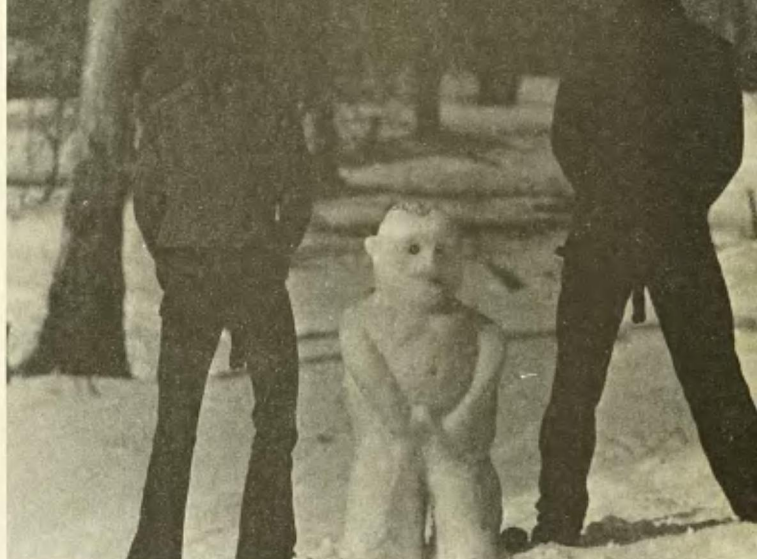


—from Baldy, Loveland, Colorado





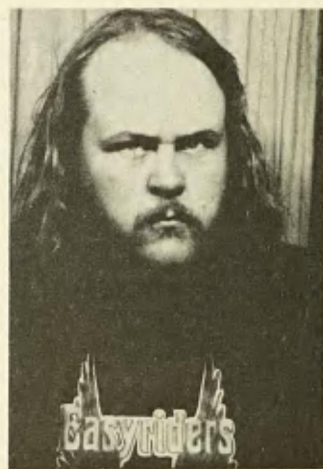
—from Michael Rocus, APO, New York



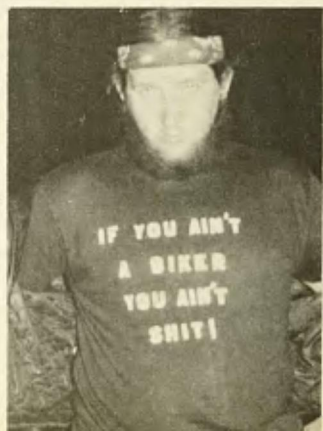
—from P. White, Quebec, Canada



—from Michael Rocus, APO, New York



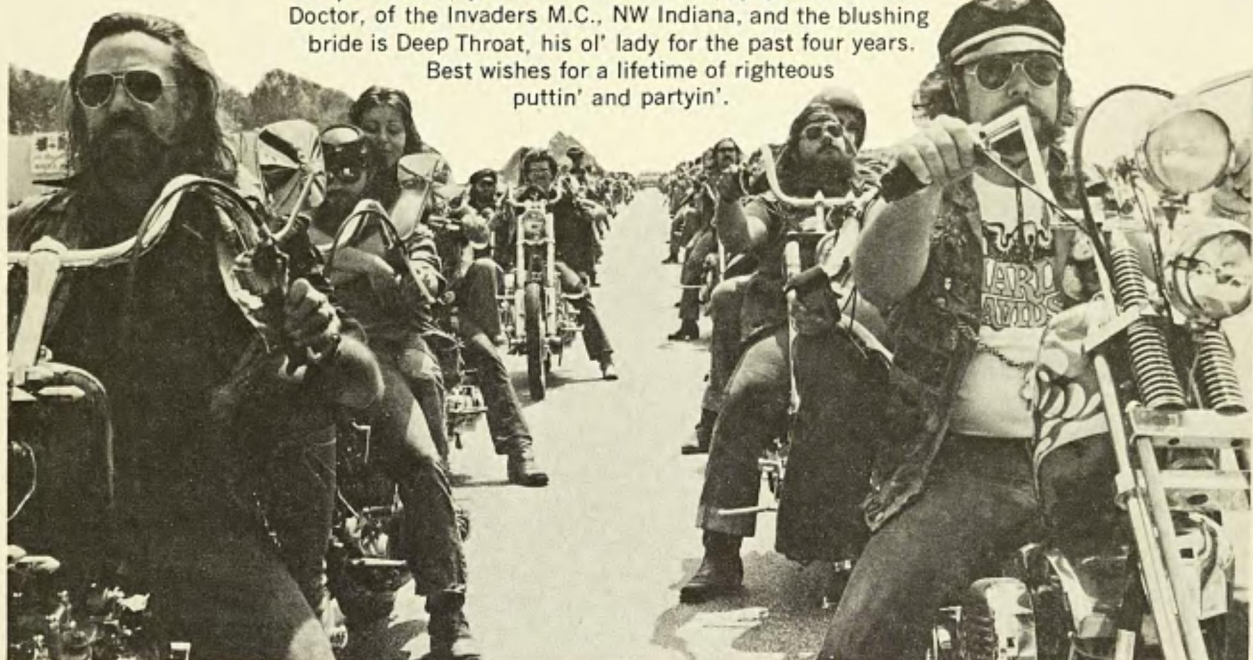
—from Hoss Barnett, Lodi, California



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebraska

In the Wind at a Biker Wedding

Tyin' the knot—and a good time was had by all, as these photos amply demonstrate. The happy groom is Mad Doctor, of the Invaders M.C., NW Indiana, and the blushing bride is Deep Throat, his ol' lady for the past four years. Best wishes for a lifetime of righteous puttin' and partyin'.

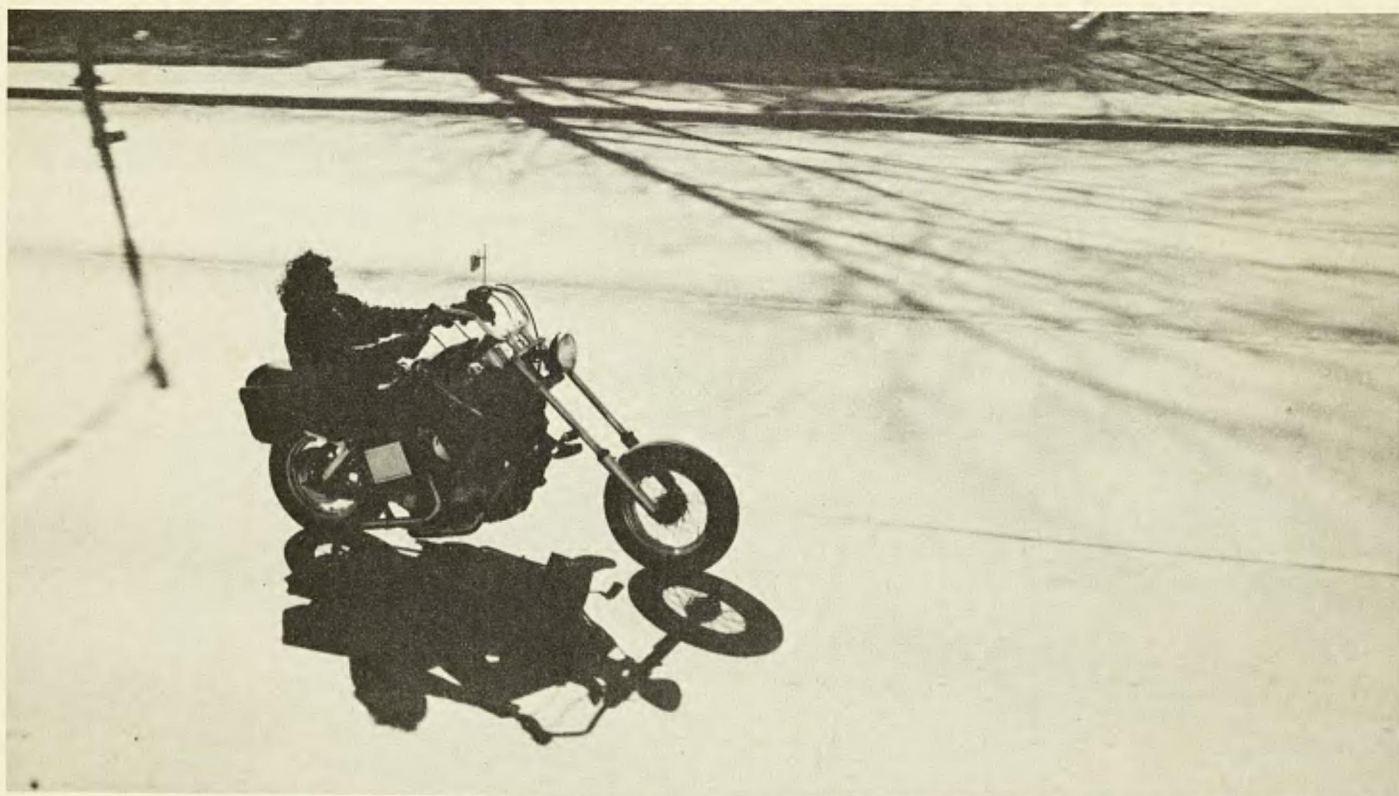




Photos by Jim Woosley and Beck Walker



—from Forest Hanson, Calabasas, California



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebraska

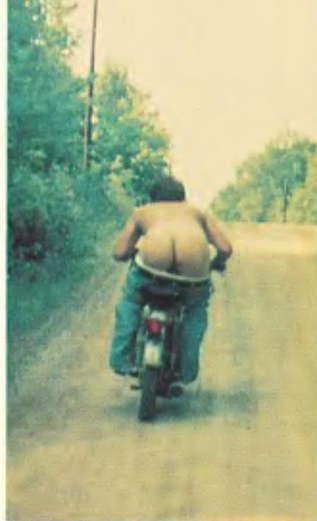


—from Wino, Baton Rouge, Louisiana



—from John E. Wiechel, Greensboro, North Carolina





—from Peter Popovick Jr., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



—from Peter Popovick Jr., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

—from Sherry LaRae Ostrowski, San Jose, California



—from D. C. Sindel, Gahanna, Ohio

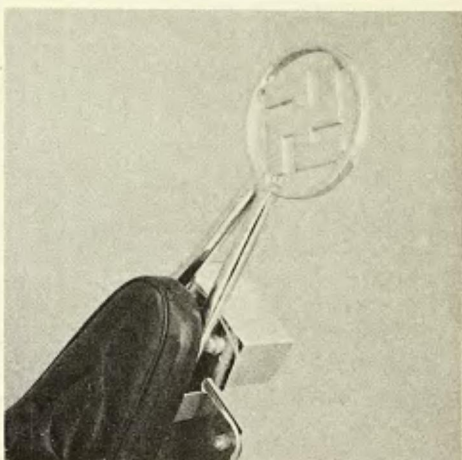
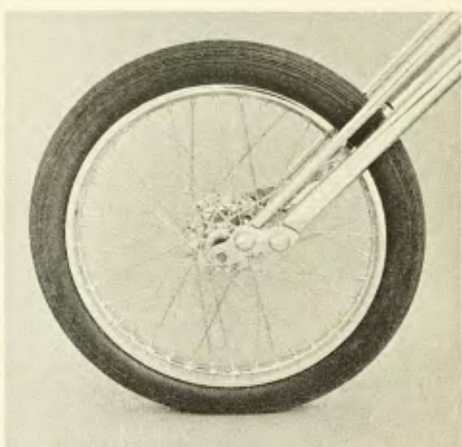
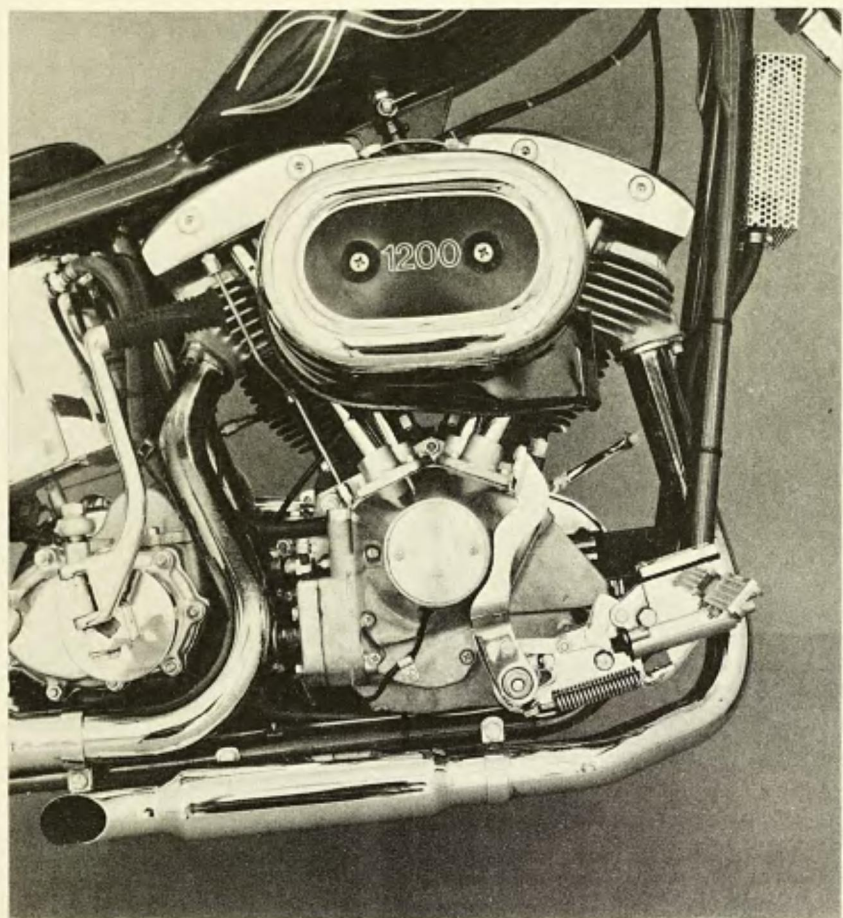


—from Monica Morgan & Dale Slader, Bowie, Maryland



Hein
HOLLAND





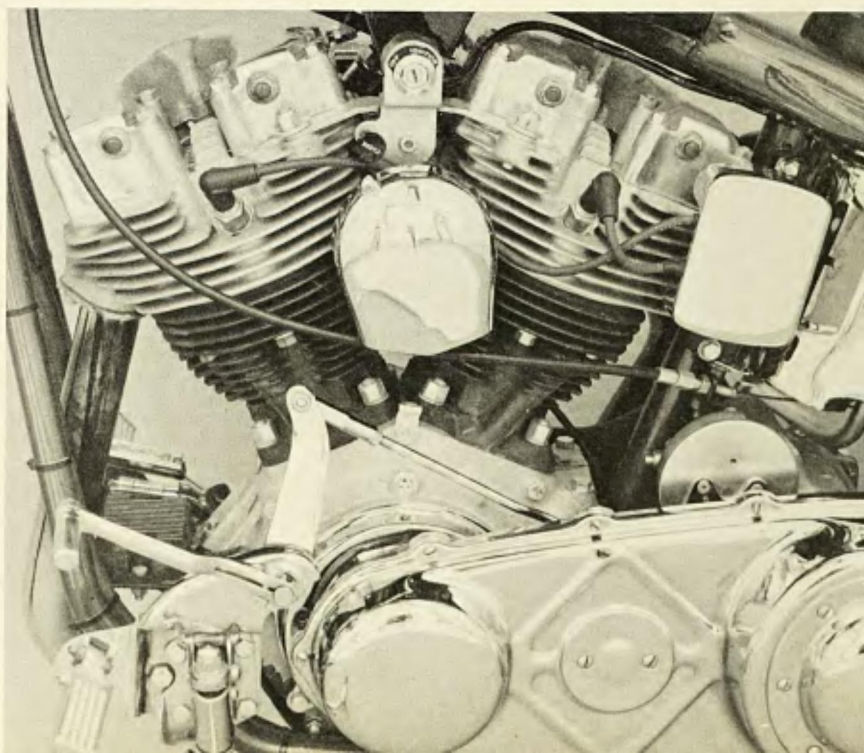
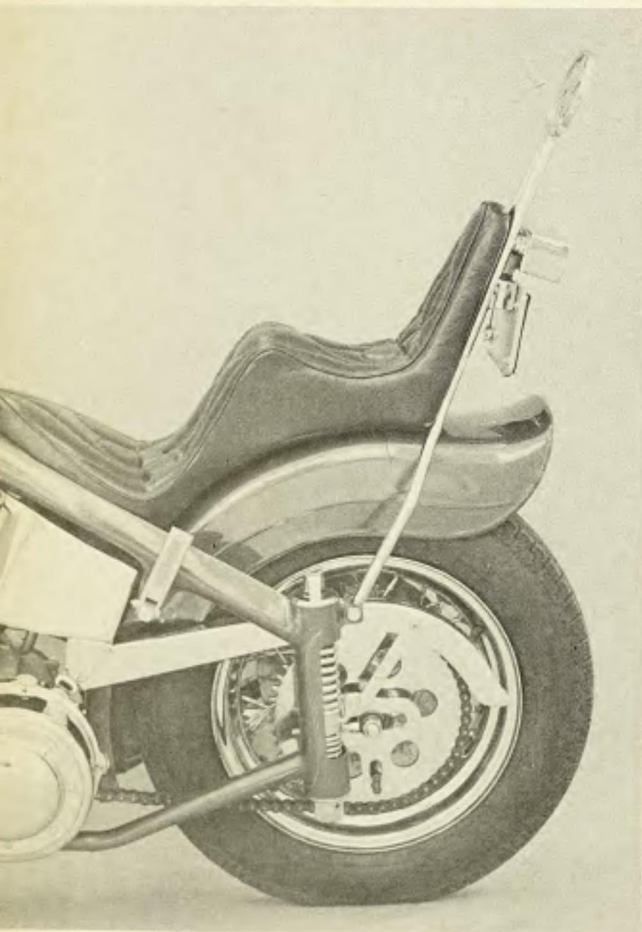
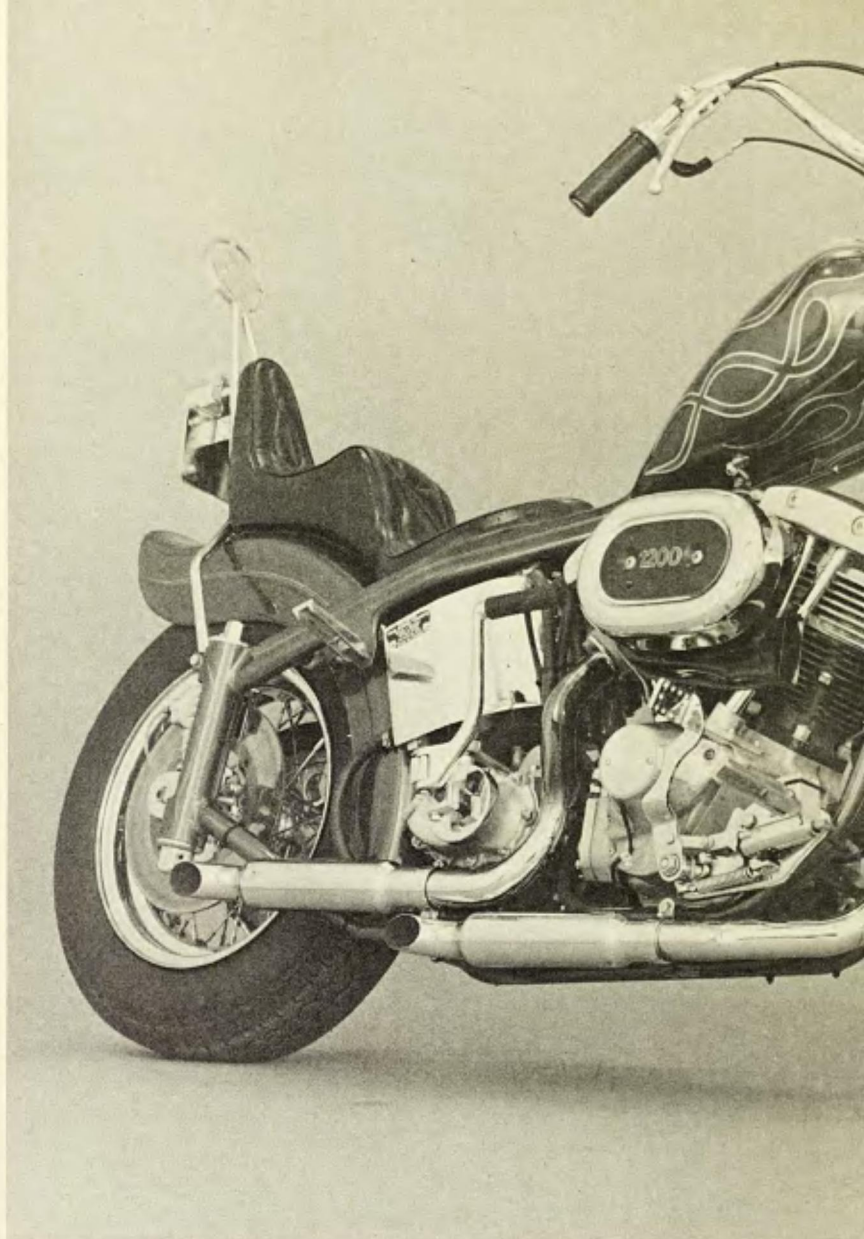
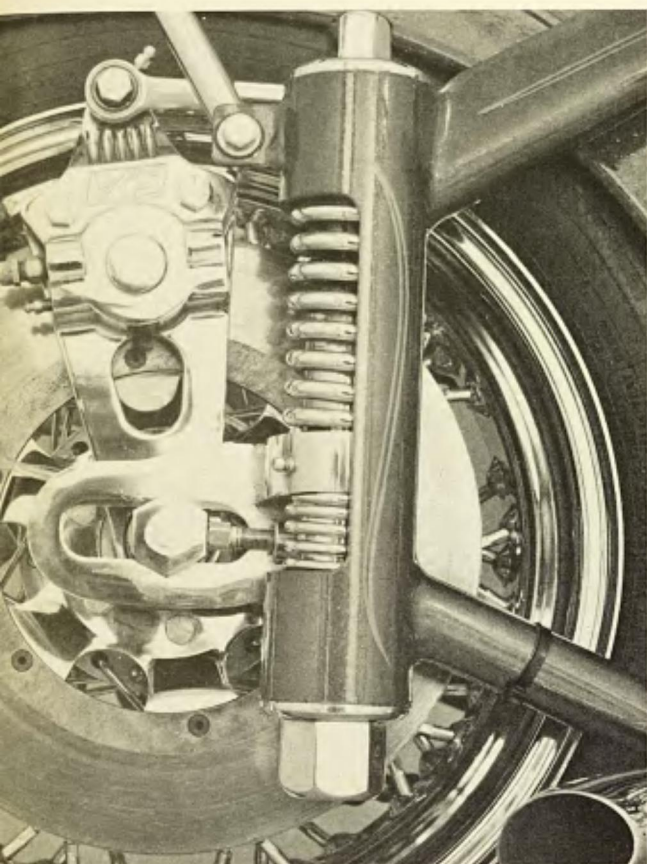
MOUNTAIN MOE'S

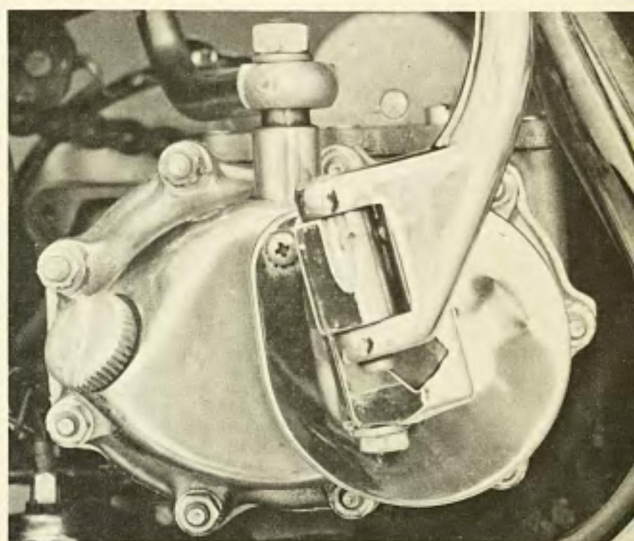
Under the gun to make the run

I feel like singin' a fuckin' ballad about this strange tale. You know, like Davy Crockett kickin' ass on a bear when he was three. The tune would go something like: Moe built a thousand Moe-cycles; all ran like a top. But when he built his own, he got the guts from another shop.

And that's no bullshit. It's not a put-down either. Moe is known for makin' some fine sleds and in many instances he creates 'em from the ground up—motor rebuildin', fabricatin', moldin', and paintin'. Guess it was time for him to build himself another putt, 'cause he set to piecin' this one together. He got the frame and parts, molded and painted the chassis, wired the bastard, etc. But a run







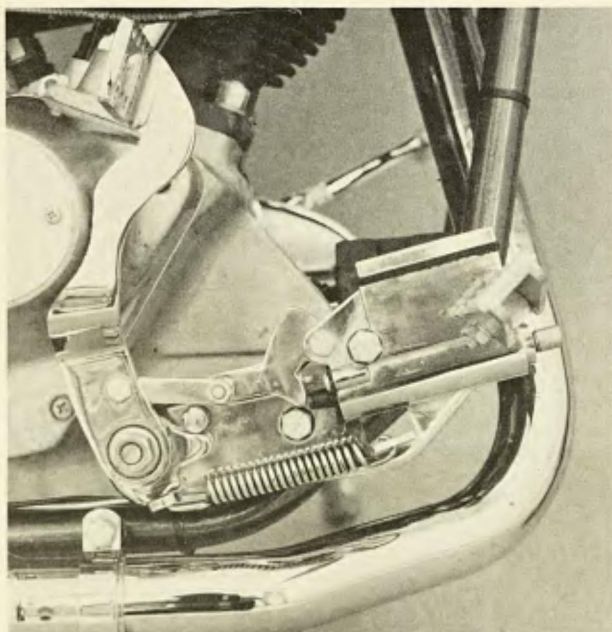
weekend came creepin' up and his bike still didn't have any guts.

So, 'bout a week before the run poor ol' Moe sat on a milk crate listlessly staring at the empty scooter. The cigarette butts began to stack up alongside his right boot and the coffee turned cold in the porcelain cup which appeared to be a permanent fixture beside his other boot. Knowing what he was going through, his brothers didn't bother him, walking softly as they passed him on their way to the tool chest.

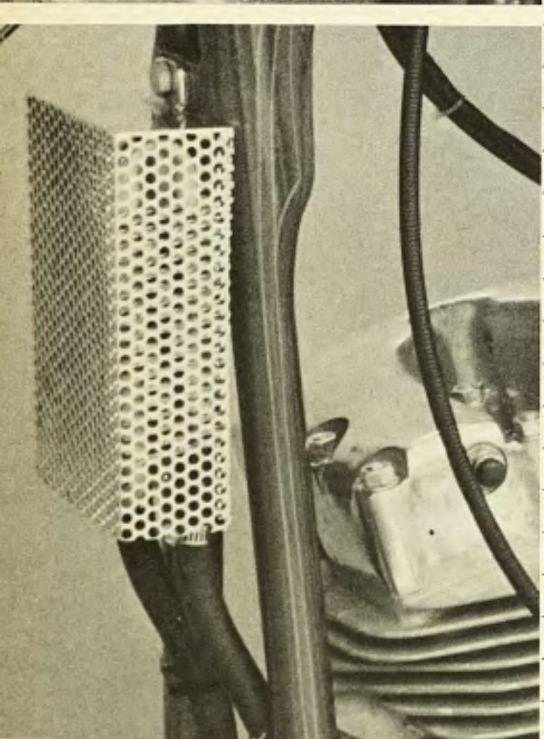
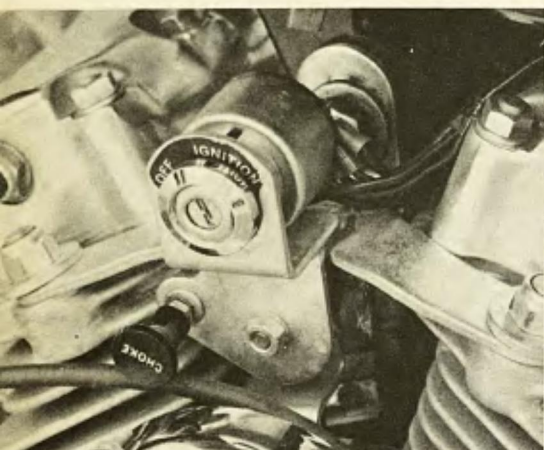
Then, at four in the afternoon, Moe's dreary mug snapped awake from his dismal thoughts. His eyes shot open and in an explosion of cigarette ashes he was out the door. 'Bout forty-five minutes passed and then a muffled scooter rumbled into the driveway, then into the shop garage. It was Moe astride a brand-new, direct-from-the-dealer, stupid-glide. And before his bros could gather around to ask a lot of useless questions, Moe had a handful of wrenches in his eager mitts and was squirming over that bike like a kennel owner chasin' fleas off his show dog.

As the sun slowly faded out of sight, it became apparent to his bros just what was happening as Moe transferred the new engine and trans into the waiting chassis. And **no**, Moe didn't rip the new putt off some too-lazy-to-lock-it-up duck. But the insurance settlement he'd received earlier that fateful morning did help the deal along. So Mad Moe, while under the gun, got the bucks and made the run.

—All State



—Continued on next page



Owner: Moe

City: San Fernando, Calif.

General

Frame

Fab. by: Two Broke Tramps

Year: 1977

Year and make: 1977 H-D

Builder: Jammer

Model: 74

Type: plunger frame

Value: \$5,000

Rake: 38°

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 2 1/4 inches

Time: 8 weeks

Other alterations: peaked front legs

Chroming by: Danny's Polishing

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Jammer

Year: 1977

Risers: Jammer

Model: FX

Fender(s): CCD

Rebuilder: H-D

Headlight: Jammer

Ignition: distributor/coil

Taillight: CCD

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: H-D stock

Front pegs: Jammer

Balancing: H-D

Rear pegs: Jammer

Pistons: FLH

Electrics: battery, 12v.

Cases: factory direct

Gas tank: Paughco

Heads: stock

Oil tank: Paughco

Cam: FX

Oil system: cooler by owner

Lifters: hydraulic

Primary cover: Paughco

Carb(s): H-D

Seat: So-Cal Seats

Air cleaner: biggie

Sissy bar: Two Broke Tramps

Pipes: Milne

Height: 2 1/2 feet

Muffler(s): Milne

Material: 5/8 in. round

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: springer

Year: 1977

Extension: 12 inches

Shifting: eliminator

Builder: Jammer

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features:

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 19

Size: 15

Molding: Moe, Chic & Roy

Hub: Jammer

Hub: C&D

Painter: Moe

Rim width: 2 3/4 in.

Rim width: wide

Color: candy blue over flake

Tire: Avon

Tire: Dunlop

Type: epoxy

Brake: Jammer

Brake: disc

Special paint: striping by Gotcha, candy red flames

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%.



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Far-out
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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 spit a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

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

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6%



How to Live With a Biker

By Boo More

Well, Little Mary Jo Rasputnic, you've met and moved in with the man of your dreams. Only he isn't quite the boy-next-door type you always expected. He is a long-haired, greasy motorcycle rider. Mom, bless her horrified little heart, did not prepare you for the kind of life you will be living with him. Somehow she always expected your living room to be furnished in Early American, not late-model Harley parts. Be kind to her — tell her you can use the worn-out parts to make nifty lamps.

The first thing you must do is forget about being the best housekeeper on the block. The neighbors won't like you anyway. There is absolutely no way you can keep a house clean with a horde of greasy-booted bikers beating a path from your house to the garage and back. Don't bother to drag out the vacuum cleaner — with a horny biker around, you won't get

further than bending down to plug it in. Of course, if you happen to be the shy type, you can leave the vacuum cleaner out, and when you get horny, just pick up the hose and . . . bend over. After a while, he'll get the idea. The rugs will suffer, but who cares?

The second thing you should do is throw out all those dresses and skirts. Riding on the back of a bike with your skirt up around your waist will cause a lot of car wrecks. If your ol' man's bike gets run over because some dirty old fart was trying to get a beaver shot of you, your ol' man is liable to become very angry. He will say foul words and do violent things. He loves his motorcycle. He does not want it to get hurt. If it gets hurt because of you, you will get hurt. It's not easy to see with two black eyes. Wear jeans.

Third, you must keep your man happy sexually. Beg, borrow, or steal all the books you can find about neat sex trips — the more kinky, the better. Shed your inhibitions. The only way to keep most bikers from straying is to keep them totally exhausted. Even this does not always work. Be strong. They say variety is the spice of life. That means him, not you. You try to get variety and you will wind up with more than you wanted if your ol' man finds out. Especially do not make it with one of his club brothers. They will snitch on you, fast. They like parties — particularly if the party is female.

Sometime you may hear that your dude was seen with another broad. Don't worry about it — he came home. Maybe a few days later, but he got there. The only time you should get upset is if you notice tears rolling down his cheeks when he takes a leak. This usually means the sweetie he laid had everything but a clean bill of health. He has the clap, and so do you. Wait! Don't start threatening to shoot him. You will get your revenge. Think of the pleasure you will receive watching him moan as he pisses. Remember, the clap will hurt him, while you'll hardly know you have it.

—Illustration by G. Hargreaves

His motorcycle is your greatest rival for his affection. He will stroke it, talk to it, and spend long hours locked in the garage with it. Resign yourself to this situation. If you make friends with it and say nice things about it, your ol' man may take you with him when he goes for a putt. Never ask him to let you ride it yourself. This question will be met with a snarling, "Cunts ain't got no place on a bike," or "Not my bike you don't!"

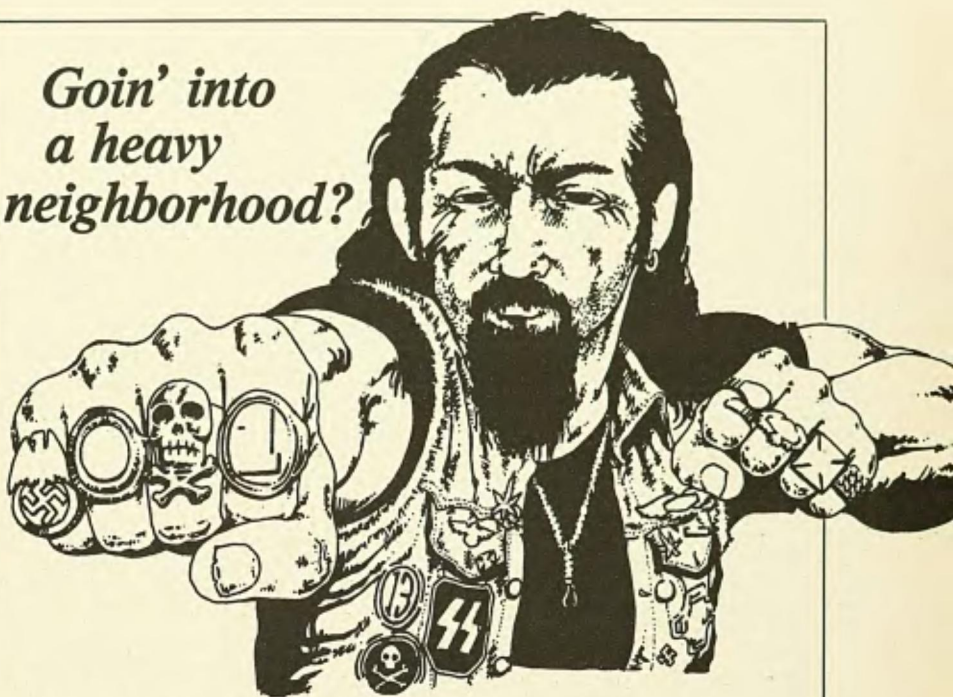
Mother told you the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. With a biker, this is easy. There is no need to be a gourmet cook. He can't even pronounce *coq au vin*, much less know what it is. All you have to do is keep a plentiful supply of beer and munchies. If you put onion dip with the potato chips, he will think you graduated from the Julia Child School of Cooking. Also, make sure you live near McDonald's.

One of the main things you should do is take your pill. Pregnancy is not healthy, and is considered to be in very poor taste. The last ol' lady I knew who announced the impending arrival of a diaper-dragger found herself upside down while her ol' man began to straighten out a coat hanger. Practice all you want, but don't do it. The 100-mile-per-hour abortion you heard about will not be effective.

Now, about doing the laundry. You will never get all of the stains out of his levis, but a strong detergent will help. I use Janitor in a Drum. Never, never, never wash that dirty old jacket with his patch sewn on it. He won't like you anymore if you do. You will be in the local emergency room explaining to the intern just how you got that steel-toed boot up your ass. And it will hurt more coming out than it did going in. You will also walk funny afterwards.

There will be many nights when he is out riding his bike, getting loaded, and getting it on without you. You will be home alone in that big empty bed swearing to the ceiling. Do you think he's worth it? Honey, when he comes home and that big bed ain't so empty — you bet your sweet ass he is! ■

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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Capricorns

As children, Capricorns are often nosepickers—which may account for the large nostrils on many of the adults. Here I must add that, although they pick their noses, they do not eat the boogers, due to relatively small appetites—that, and the fact that they are hoarders. One Capricorn I know has the world's largest collection of dried snot, including boogers from some celebrities. He has a talent for pickin' and runnin'. Capricorns will save anything that may be of value.

Capricorn ex-President Nixon (note the enlarged nose holes) is only one example of how tenacious this sign can be. Course, they also rate high on the list of perfect assholes, too. Howard Hughes is another example of the Capricorn ingenuity at handling finances, and like many individuals born under this sign, he was equally noteworthy for his eccentricity.

On the negative side, Capricorns have a tendency to look at the purse before checking out the puss. They dislike women who won't foot the bill for the evening's fun and games. They are sensitive about buying drinks—their or their partners'. They are equally sensitive about being turned down when suggesting a hum job on the way home (the long way, of course).

They are insensitive when borrowing their boss' tools or dropping in for a free meal. And negative type Capricorns hate displays of affection, beyond "Wanna fuck?"

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

If the last treat you had was beatin' your meat, something better's comin'. It could be in the form of the "Good Ship Lollipop"—the one between your legs. There's a strong chance of ya hookin' up with a horny honey who'll think your honker is an all-day sucker. Why not go ahead and enjoy all this lip-smackin' attention? It may be just what both your heads need.

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

This is the perfect time for your thousand-mile checkup. I don't mean on your scooter, either.



On the positive side, many Capricorn males have banana-shaped dongs (which may be how they hook their honeys). These distinctive dorks are frequently characterized by a large wart just below the head. The late, great Elvis Presley is a good example of the sexual magnetism generated by some Capricorns.

Although Capricorns have great endurance, they are subject to broken bones—the kneecaps are especially vulnerable. In later life, they are prone to arthritis and rheumatism. That old biker you see jammin' down the road with a hot-water bottle strapped to his back is most likely a Capricorn. He's also probably packing a 19-year-old fox behind him! And she'll be loving every inch of his creaking joint.

Note to Women:

How to catch a Capricorn? First of all, show him your savings account book. Don't talk dirty, except in bed—and then don't talk with your mouth full. Wait on him hand and foot, but not his friends. Never be late (including your periods) and always be patient. This man is not easy to live with, but when he's in the mood, he'll charm the pants right off you.

Be a good boy and get yourself down to the old sawbones. It won't take long to drop your drawers, bend over, and cough. If ya can refrain from passin' gas in the doc's mug or makin' a pass at his nurse, the old quack may get generous an' turn ya on to a scrip that's an asskicker!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

It seems like ya may bite off more than you can chew. Ya just may have to throw up (your hands) an' forget about the whole mess! There's some chickenshit backstabbin' goin' on behind your back now. Don't trust anyone this month—and that goes double for relatives. Be prepared for a rear attack that brings more than a

pain in the ass with it. Remember, there are better ways of gettin' fucked than in the ass.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Right now something should be coming to a head besides the bumps on your bum. Be more cautious now—take shorter strokes and you won't fall into any problem areas. Use some brain power instead of so much peter power and things will turn out to your advantage. Buckle down to some hard work and listen to your intuition—it's right. Double up on your vitamins, because next month a double case of the horny honks is on the way.

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

After all that reamin' and schemin' last month, ya may be too pooped to pop an' too numb to come. Sorry, I'm afraid this will be another month of hagglin' and humpin'. Try not to spread yourself too thin or wear out your worm. Take some advice from Aries' forecast, and double up on your vitamins—especially E. Otherwise, by the end of the month you'll be so confused ya won't know which end to stick or lick.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

It took a lot of balls to get through last month without a nutcrackin' mishap! Relax—it should be smooth puttin' for a while. Get toasted with your favorite twat, let her juice it up on your fountain of pure protein. While she's lappin' away at your organic organ, ya can be gettin' both your heads together. Ya may have a surprise guest. So double your pleasure, double your fun—screw the hell outta two girls, instead of just one!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

It's time to lay it on the line in several areas, but mainly at your home base. Instead of layin' and playin', it's been one long case of the drizzlin' shits. Coming home to a garbage pit gets old fast! Maybe it's time to crack the whip (or whip the crack) at your ol' lady. If she's gettin' to be about as worthless as a fart in the wind, get off her ass or on it—until she either shapes up or ships out.

Leo (July 22—August 21)

You could be rewarded for a past favor before the end of the month. Ya may be worth your weight in weed (Gold or otherwise), but now is not the time to let anyone know it. 'Cause this

month you might not only be rewarded, but ripped off royally. Then, to add insult to injury, ya could really fuck up and find yourself in an embarrassing situation at work. Sound like a shitty month? It will be! Even your reward could turn out to be a pain in the ass.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

Last month your motto was "Used to hate it till I ate it." This month is likely to be a repeat of last, with one exception—you're liable to burn yourself out. Why not do something constructive? Instead of drainin' your goodies, get out and drain the oil in your machine—or whatever else needs to be done. Ya best start bein' more selective with your women, too, or ya could lay a lip-lock on one and come up with a shit-eatin' grin!

Libra (September 22—October 22)

More big changes are on the way—some for your own good. So think twice before workin' yourself into a case of jock itch over something inevitable. No need draggin' around with a long face and a nut sack to match. Take a break from the situation, get your reckless rectum regulated. Wrap your honey's flaps around your ears and shut the world out for a while. While you're at it, give her a tongue-lashin' she'll never forget!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

It might take more than a case of Tidy Bowl to clean up the shit comin' down this month. This isn't the time to be slippin' around, dipplin' your dong where it don't belong. Ya could end up with your body recycled—or at least your mug rearranged. Better take a raincheck on sneakin', peekin', and pokin' until next month. Right now you'd be better off snuggled up to a jar of liver than someone else's ol' lady!

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

If ya took my advice last month and worked some of the kinks outta your machine, this should be a month to kick back. Get your head together and clean out your system, before ya either rust your pipes or tweak your brain. You'll need a clear head for makin' a quick decision towards the first of next month. Then the chance for makin' legal tender won't mean fuckin' a broad over eighteen. ■

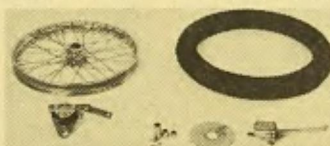
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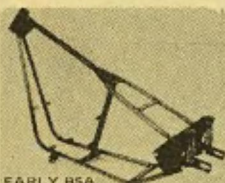
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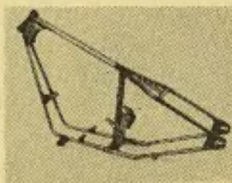
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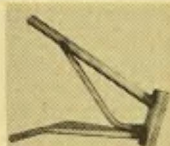
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WELCOME TO THE CLUB

By Michael Taylor

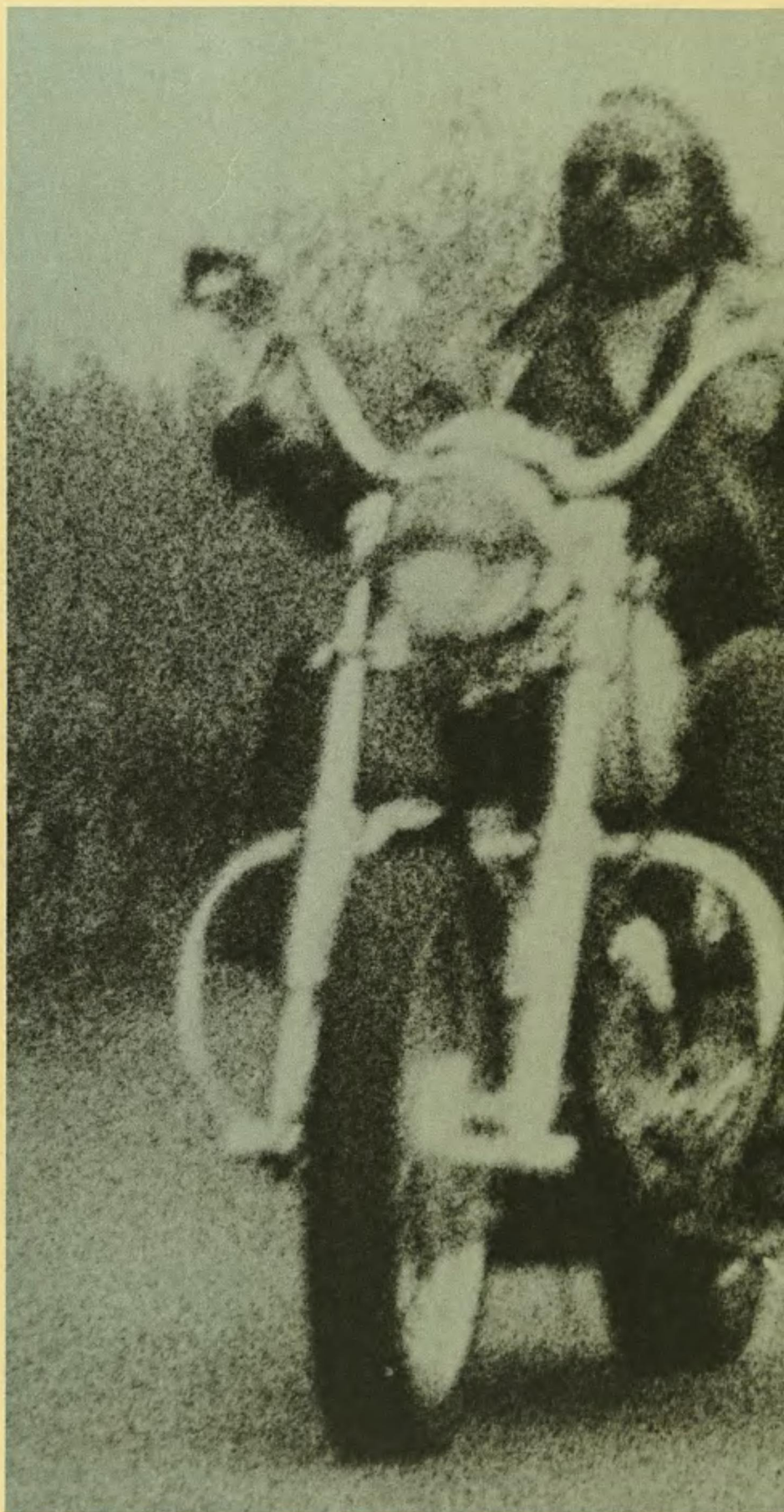
Jesse was a failure. He didn't fit. Most people seem to have a vacant spot in society waiting for them. They go through school, knock up some little chickie, get married, find a job—and then do all the usual bullshit connected with living in America today. The thought of that kind of life made Jesse gag. He saw all his old friends living in look-alike little boxes, getting out of bed at the same time every morning, working at some meaningless job, then coming home to a nagging wife, diapers, and car payments. He saw how unhappy most of them were and decided the whole thing was a crock of shit.

Jesse was twenty-six years old, he'd never held a steady job, and he'd been arrested twice for possession and once for assault. People said he was a failure, and Jesse had begun to agree.

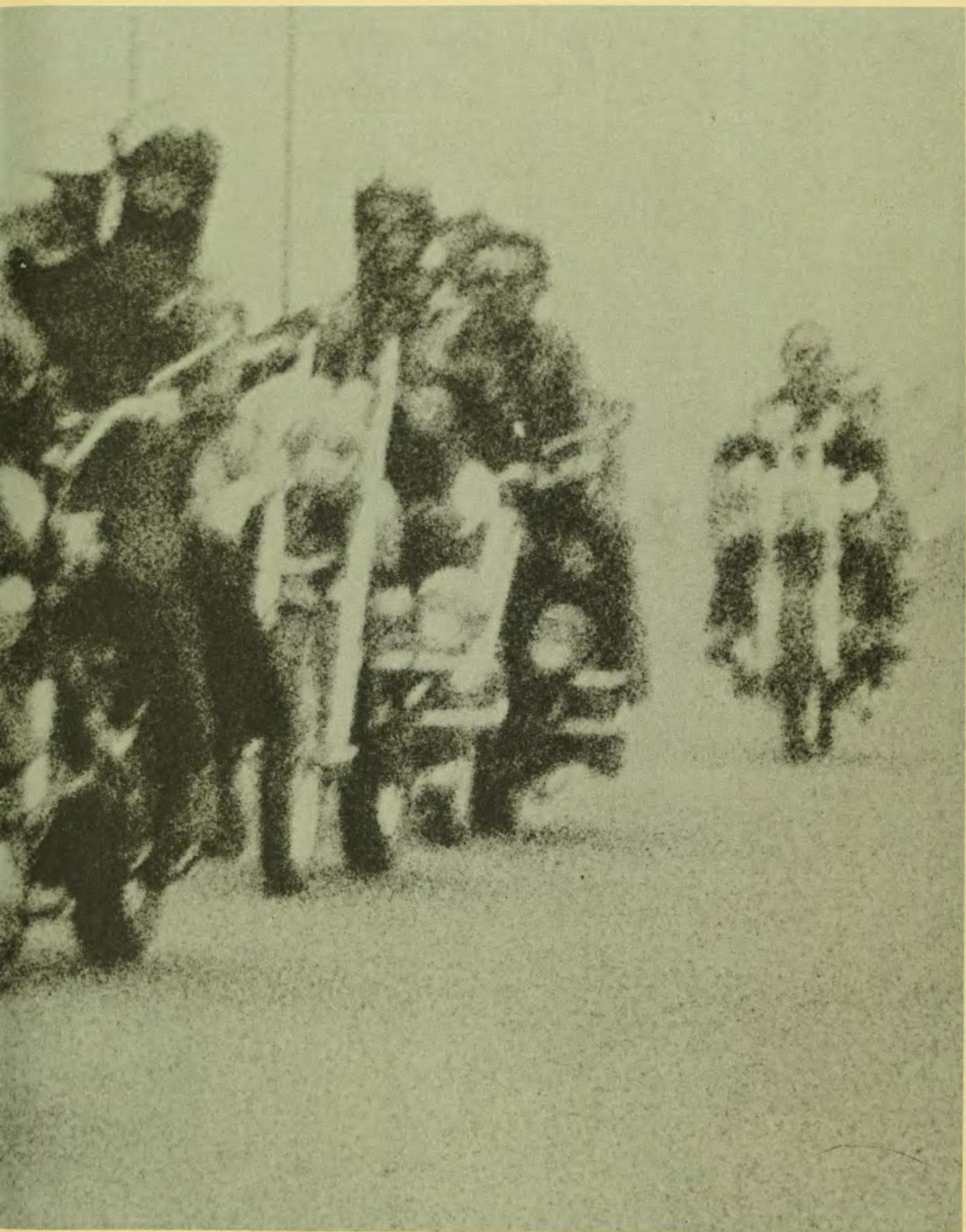
He'd tried college but couldn't play the game. He was smart enough, maybe too smart, and most of it came easy. Jesse just wasn't into ass-kissing or taking bullshit. An instructor tore up a paper Jesse had written, saying it was "drivel." Jesse knocked out three of his teeth. Sixty days in the county slammer—and so much for higher education.

He'd had dozens of jobs, none of which lasted very long. Jesse just couldn't see doing the same thing every day for the rest of his life. Sometimes he quit, sometimes he got fired, but in the end it was the same. He couldn't get along in the world; he was a failure.

Jesse sat in the Dancin' Dog drinking thirty-cent schooners and listening to the jukebox. An aging floozy sitting at the bar gave him a practiced smile. He stared right through her. He had had lots of girls, most of them pretty nice. But he wasn't a clinger, and didn't worry about hanging on to any chick or not getting laid nice and regular. He figured there were always other, foxier



—Continued on page 73



—Photo by Family M.C.

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 **Steve Oris**, a loner brother. Wolfhead M.C.

In memory of **Little High**, who was run down by a citizen puke. Love from a brother. Uncle Mike.

To **Robert Brooks**, a bro who rode hard and died hard. You will always be remembered. Reggie and Bunny.

In memory of **Red and Vicki**, killed by a cop's wheels. You'll always be remembered. Guardians M.C.

In memory of **Foot**, killed under the wheels of a pig. Ride on forever, brother. Bandit, Holl's Angels M.C.

In memory of **Junior Davenport**, who meant a lot to a lot of people, and went down hard, the biker way. Filthy McNasty.

Wasted under a cop's wheels, but you'll ride on forever. Rebel. Till we meet again. Bandit. Brother Knights M.C.

In memory of **Junior George**, his brothers, his bike and his ol' lady were his life. Gone, thanks to a Cal. State Forestry Service dump truck. Diane and Joe the Kyke.

In memory of **Holly Andrews**, shanked seven times 'n' left to bleed to death. Paybacks are a motherfucker. J. Woodfin Little and The Captain.

To **Norman**. Ride hard and fast, high and free on your eternal run. We love ya, bro. Your bros and sisters in Tucson.

In memory of **Ronald "Corabread" Wells** who was always a brother. Ride on. Denny B. and all bros and sisters.

In memory of **Easy Ed**. We'll all miss you, but we won't forget you. From all the River Rats, Elfers, Florida.

In memory of our beautiful sister, **Pat Hamley**. We still love ya, babe. Dutch, Reefer, and Skip.

In memory of **Evil Ed**, who was gunned down from the blind side by a dude whose days are numbered. Icky Rick.

To **Little John's** ol' lady **Cindy** and his daughter **Tamrun**. Snuffed by a dude who couldn't drive his own car. From Himbo, President of the Mercenaries M.C.

In memory of **Little Dave**. He lived fast and died too soon. See ya in the other world. Daisy, Cee, Ohio.

To **Greg "Easy" Carey**, a brother who will never be forgotten. We'll meet again in Harley Heaven.

In memory of **Darrell Mathas**. You'll be in my mind forever. An old friend from Houston, Texas.

In memory of **Big Jim Temple**. You're still with us in our hearts, and ridin' on. The bros in Lyon, Ore.

In memory of a good friend, **Romeo "Big Blue" Gaboury**, who left us in a rough way. John and Herb, Post 206.

In memory of **Steve Markus**, who died at Christmas. Ride in peace, brother. Your bros in San Fernando Valley.

For **Lala Rogers**. Shut it down and wait for us, bro. We're comin' to join ya soon. Choppers M.C., Fall River, Mass.

Bull

Not easy to wake up and smile today, and think of another brother, who's gone away.

Knowing you don't like tears, and questions asking "why," We'll pass around joints and beers once again with you, and get high.

On your scooter you rode away blowing free and being free. It's not easy to smile today. —Shirley Yarber

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 prison. All you have to do is send \$7.50 for twelve issues. \$7.50 saving over newstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders** Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Lonely prisoner needs mail. David Van Orden, Box 13321, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

I've been down for three years, so pick me up. James G. Prestley 046724, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Doin' time and need mail. Junior Garrett #9426, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

23-yr.-old prisoner needs mail from ladies. Gary Wright #144469, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Time's got me down. I need to communicate with some crazy ladies. Rick Rotundo #055360, Mail #189, P.O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Lonely Florida biker looking for correspondence. David Kied, P.O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821, Mail #101.

Three chicks doin' time, need correspondence from young, white studs for imaginary escape. Dan Howlett, Sue Snyder, Janet Picheck, Indiana Women's Prison, 401 N. Randolph St., Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

Three solid dudes need letters from ladies. Wayne Conger #18627, Gene Morehead #18380, Dave Albertson, Box 911, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. 57101.

32-yr.-old Leo would like letters from friendly ladies. Al Garcia, Box B-75310, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Die-hard Harley dudes need letters from white, foxy chicks 16 to 21 for purpose of marriage. Photo a must. Kenneth Jeffer #058585-A627, James Rodenbaugh #024-853-A538, and Spencer Needham #018400-C228, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

I need letters from ladies. Bill Pancoast #B-69139, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Ladies, I called and you didn't answer. Write me instead. A. McClintock #76A24-40, 135 State Street, Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

I will answer letters from any girl who will write to me. John Comito, "The Golden Guinea," Box B-74-a-1492, Dannemora, New York 12929.

Achtung! All is not so fine. Women, write to me. No queers, commies, or unsocial misfits. Allen Neill #14006-116, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Doing a number and need someone to write to. Doug Messer #512-985, Drawer Q, Lima, Ohio 45802.

28-yr.-old white male in Folsom and wishin' for freedom. Ladies, please write to me. Al Danielian, Box B-35699, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Sure could use some letters from you sexy mamas. Alan Rand, Box B-80459, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

I want to hear from women only. No men or fags. Antoinette Evans #138870, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Doin' five. Foxes and chicks—anybody—write to Bruce Rinehart #30166-120, Box 628, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Mike Markley, age 22. I'll write back for sure. Spr. Hall-D-C-2-629-116-D-T-C. Washington State Corr. Ctr., Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Foxy ladies, show me some heart and drop this bro a line. Mike Luckner #13881-116, Unit E, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

White male prisoner seeks sincere correspondence from real females interested in righteous relationship. Will answer all. Larry Hare, Box B-14765-A, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Satan's Family member needs letters from freaky ladies. Gary Gattis, P.O. Box AE-5200, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I'm 6' tall with blue eyes and brown hair. 30 yrs. old and would love to hear from girls who read **Easyriders**. Stanley N. Garrett, Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

I'm 30, male, white, single, and no family or friends since I was sent up, so I need letters. Marvin Neves, Box 4000-R, Ft. Grant, Ariz. 85643.

21-yr.-old Leo, doin' time and needin' mail from ladies. Dale J. Rexhouse #74-B-1318, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

All you foxy young ladies, write. Especially you, Betsy E. Write to Robert A. Gabriel #58791-131, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

We damn sure need some mail from ladies. Barry A. Reich #36688, Seg. 225, and James Williams #39335, Seg. 230, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Hey, babe, can't ya take the time to write and send a photo? Wild Bill Van Wormer #75-C-21, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

Groovy dude looking to get down with a sweet lady over eighteen with beauty in her heart. Alan Winters #12328, Box G, Walkkill, N.Y. 12589.

I'm really lonely and need some foxy ladies to write to me. Dale Alderman, Box 000, Shelton, Wash. 98584. 631112 Pine Hall, P-12.

Brown hair, blue eyes, 5' 9", 155 lbs. Need some chicks to write to. Arthur Jefferson #001634, Box 221, S.W.U. 70-124, Ralfoord, Fla. 32063.

Down and out young man needs photos and letters from chicks. Will answer all. Joseph L. Wyre #133436, Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Doing ten yrs. and need ladies to write to. Thomas Hull #145317, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Two white males, 21 yrs. old, would like to hear from liberal women. Mike Shoultis #01145-282 and Irvin Campbell #20468-101, Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

27 yrs. old, 5' 10", brown hair and blue eyes. Need some fine foxes to write to. I speak, read, and write English and Spanish. Michael D. Riker #39273-115, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Two badass white boys need mail from broads. W. B. Deaton #97310 and D. Shannon #54466, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Blond with green eyes and down since '74. I need mail from ladies. L. C. Russell #32699-138, C.H.C.S., Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Number one pussy eater who loves big tits wants to hear from chicks with qualifications. Douglas Chekmintoff, Box B-32826, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Young biker doin' time needs chicks to write to. Paul Janowitz #3319, Box 700, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Thrill a jalled honky with letters and flicks. Willie Gettenfeldt #B-83387-3, C.M.F., Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

From Fresno. Home grown and lonely. Write to me, ladies. Virgil Shiftlet, Box B-78306-A, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Lonely prisoner wants to correspond with ladies. E. A. Jacobs #061981, Box 747 (18-2107), Starke, Fla. 32091.

I need some chicks to write to me. Kenneth Donley #94400, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

Please write to 27-yr.-old Capricorn whose blue eyes are very sad. Need letters from all ladies. Richard S. Rector #431-33821, P.O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

41-yr.-old white male needs righteous lady who resides in Wise, or nearby to write and visit. Right lady can write her own ticket if she sticks now. Clifford Wisinski #53182, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933.

Ladies, I'd like to hear from you. Anthony R. Lister, Box 1010, Reg. #0839, C.H.#7, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

D.C. dude captured in midwest desperately needs vibes from understanding ladies. Two yrs. to go. Richard E. Griffith #21138-175, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Two white boys stuck in prison need letters from open-minded girls. Terry Renner #38483 and Frank Wingfield #39831, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

White brother down in Arizona, needs mail from chicks. Richard Compton, Box B-37104, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Foxy ladies, help a guy doing fifteen years by sending letters and pictures. Fletcher Higginbotham, Box 100, M.C.I. Walpole, South Walpole, Mass. 02071.

Attention, young ladies. I need love, too. Leon Dickerson #43034, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

I'm tall, white, strong, and I think about girls all day long. I'm lonely. Paul Skages #36323, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Make my time easy by writing. Dusty Stewart #37123, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Doin' a joint at McNeil Island. Need letters from warm chicks. Al Duncan #19016, Box 1000, Stellacoom, Wash. 98388.

Doing two to six and need an ol' lady, so if you've got the time, please write. Jerry Clevenger #C-50015, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Foxes—drop me a line and brighten my time. Dave Koryba #127899, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

W/M doing a dime and would like to hear from you foxy young ladies. 24 yrs. old, 6' 4", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair. Will answer all. Billy W. Latham, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

W/M, 28, from So. Cal., seeks female correspondence. Photo too, please. Rory Hart, Box B-79060-A, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Lonely Tucson area biker, Aries, would like to hear from all chicks. Don Sebastian #142-859, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Biker would like to hear from bikers and chicks. Sam Duffy #031406, Box 158, A. Dorm, Lowell, Fla. 32663, #062.

Two trapped bros need good woman to top loneliness. Tom Lacks #110672 and Pete Tymul #110256, Unit 7, White Post, Virginia 22663.

Single male, 28, wishes to establish relationship with female of same age or older. Single only. Royce E. Lamitie, Box B-48579, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Need to hear from warm, foxy young ladies. Marvin J. Hauber, Box B-41110, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Any fox, please write. Dave Buckland #90899, Box 726, J.D.H.F., Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

California white dude could dig some mail. 24 yrs. old and doin' time in the hole. Richard Souza #13168, Box 7309, Boise, Idaho 83707.

In the pen and want to hear from ladies. Wayne Johnson #8452, Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Richard Mitchell #9568, 25 yrs. old, 5' 9", wt. 170. I'll answer all letters. Kans. State Pen., Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Two lonely bros could dig hearin' from any and all chicks. Ronnie Leotta and Joe Toman, Suffolk County Jail, 1 Center Drive, Riverhead, N.Y. 11901.

Righteous bro wants to swap photos and letters with chick. William Garrison #C-66497, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

W/M from Boston, a biker miles from home, would like to hear from outstanding mamas. Bob Woodart #27914-1, Drawer A, Alascadero, Calif. 93422.

All you foxy broads, drop a line to a white bro whose ol' life. James Glen Davis #043598, P.O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821, #455.

I've been in almost eleven years, and want to write to chicks. White male, Larry King #B-24687, Box A.E. 5214, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Michigan chicks: I need mail. Visits, too. Kim Womble #133668, Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

All my people have vanished, and I need mail. Bob Abrahamson, Jr. 102075290, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 80211.

Been down so long my fantasies need a woman to recharge them. Billy Hawkins, Box 340, Camp 9, Rustburg, Va. 24388.

Knuckle rider needs mail. Mark "Greek" Maltich #8347, Box 788, DCI Dorm 2, Jackson, La. 70748.

East coast tramp needs letters and visits from cutie. Butch Fleser #143-962, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Would dig serious women to write and/or visit. Paul Strong #90838, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.



Simple Dreams/Linda Ronstadt: It was a telltale sign when Buster's tongue started to get hard. So we called Asylum Records, and sure enough, Linda Ronstadt has a new record out. It's more of the same from this saucy slit. She's redone another Buddy Holly tune to take you back to those days when a blow-job wasn't done with a hair dryer—in this case the number is "It's So Easy." And it does seem easy for this wailing mama as she works through her usual assortment of country rock material. There are a few surprises, like her remake of the Stones' "Tumbling Dice," but this isn't exactly a roaring success. When Mick and the boys do this rocker it has all the power of a wide-open Sportster. Linda's version is more like a two-stroke with fouled plugs. Dolly Parton, who has the biggest tits in vinyl, does a harmony vocal on one of the tracks, and Linda does a slick trick with Roy Orbison's "Blue Bayou." Even though this record is nowhere near as strong as some of her earlier work, we should give a shit? We'd rather fuck Ronstadt into submission than listen to her sing. But until we've completed our house-to-house search in Malibu, we'll just have to settle for **Simple Dreams**.



Rock and Roll Again/Commander Cody: The Commander has taken charge, and this album may be his

DOWN TIME DISCS

By
Buster Duckbutter
and White Wing

strongest yet. The distinctive, sometimes throaty vocals of Cody remain as always, but backup vocals by Nicolette Larson and Charra Penny are nominations for harmony humming of the year. Their work, is simply damn fine. Most of the cuts elicit a mellow feeling, but there are some definite boogie tunes as well, with Cisco G. providing some shitticking sax work, a lot of mean licks, and raunchy wailing.

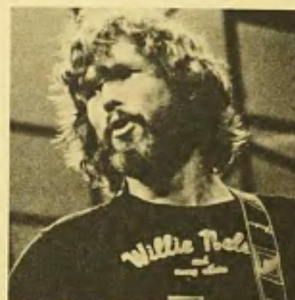


Let There Be Rock/AC/DC: This is the second American release from a bunch of real raunchy motherfuckers from Australia. How raunchy, you ask? These guys play booming rock and their lyrics are simply outrageous enough to melt the fucking earphones on Whitewing's mother's stereo setup. (That's right, Whitewing actually does have a mother.) If you can't figure out what "Go Down" is all about, you better sell your Hog and check into a monastery. "Bad Boy Boogie" is a perfect theme song for just about every **Easysiders** reader we know. On side two you've got a real lineup with "Problem Child," "Overdose," and "Hell Ain't A Bad Place To Be." If this sounds like the

story of your life, check out the final cut, "Whole Lotta Rosie," which lead singer Bon Scott wrote about fucking this chick who weighed in at more than 270 pounds (Miraculous Mutha, have you been traveling?). The next morning he had to climb over her to get out of bed. She was such a god-dam mountain of blubber that by the time Scott had climbed on top of her he was dragging ass. So he decided to stop on top of this mass and catch his breath. The next thing he knew, he was fucking her again. If you can't relate to that scene, this album is not for you.



Terrapin Station/Grateful Dead: Unless your ears have been packed with pig shit, you already know that the Dead have a new album. A few other things are new too. For the longest time these fantastic fuckers have handled their own production, but not on this one. The result is a different kind of sound, but nevertheless a great record. It's got a more symphonic sound to it, with strings and brass and all that shit, but it's not a fucking Barry Manilow



Songs of Kristofferson/Kristofferson: This is a collection of the masterful ballads written and performed by Kristofferson before he turned his talents to boffing the likes of Sarah Miles and Barbra Streisand on celluloid. Many of these tunes have become modern standards: "Me And Bobby McGee," "For The Good Times," "Help Me Make It Through The Night." In most cases they deal with some aspect of loneliness. The lyrics are among the most poetic written by contemporary songwriters, and just about everyone can hum the infectious melody lines. Kristofferson's voice seems as musical as a bunch of rattling trash cans, but somehow it is just right for these songs. This one won't cheer you up, but it will help to make you realize that others have come through the same shit without falling apart.

record or anything like it. The Dead are still the best group in the world at writing and performing music to get loaded with, and **Terrapin Station** is no exception. The best cuts on side one are "Estimated Prophet" and "Passenger." They also do their own cooking version of the old Martha and the Vandellas hit, "Dancin' In The Streets." Side two is one long number which musicians would probably describe as a suite. It's a driving, blues-influenced composition that gets deeper and deeper into your head. But then, getting into the innermost regions of your head has always been a Dead specialty. So all you Dead-heads can get ready for this new disc. It's different, but it's dynamite. ■

Welcome to the Club

—Continued from page 68



chicks somewhere—and if there weren't, hell, there were plenty of ugly ones. Jesse liked girls, he loved girls, but as a delightful waitin'-to-be-laid group—not this one-broad-forever crap.

Two bikers walked into the Dog and sat at the table next to Jesse's. Jesse wasn't small—about six feet, 190, but each of the new arrivals was bigger than he. The larger one had a bushy, dark-red beard and was wearing a leather Harley hat. His companion looked

like an Indian, complete with headband and long black hair. Both were wearing colors, though Jesse couldn't see their patches. A barmaid brought them a pitcher.

The tired floozy came over and sat at the bikers' table. "One of you men want to buy a lady a drink?"

"Sure—where the fuck's the lady?" Redbeard asked with a mock touch of innocence in his voice.

"Dumbshit, don't you know a lady when you see one?" the Indian demanded, pointing to the whore.

"Jesus Christ—so that's a lady. I always wondered what one of 'em looked like. They look just like whores."

"I like bikers," said the whore, undaunted. "An ol' man I once had rode a Sportster."

"Dirt bike, huh?" said Redbeard.

"Watch your mouth, asshole," said the Indian.

"What the hell, let's buy her a beer, Indian," offered Redbeard.

The Indian went to the bar, got a glass, then filled it from the pitcher.

"Here's your beer, lady," said Redbeard, taking the glass and pouring it over her head. "Now go peddle your pussy somewhere else."

Jesse couldn't hold his laughter or his mouth full of brew, and Redbeard got a beer spray all over his back.

"Hey, bastard," said Redbeard as he turned to Jesse, "who the fuck said I needed a shower?"

Jesse shrugged. "Who told you you didn't?"

"Smartass," the giant said, sending a foot flying into Jesse's chest. Jesse flew backwards off his chair and caught his balance against his table just in time to see a looping right aimed for his head. He ducked, then drove straight into the big man's rock-hard gut. Jesse was driven to the floor by a sledgehammer blow, followed by a well-aimed boot toe on the side of his head. He rolled backwards, then lurched to his feet. He threw a hard combination to Redbeard's head. The big man seemed momentarily dazed, and Jesse dropped his guard.

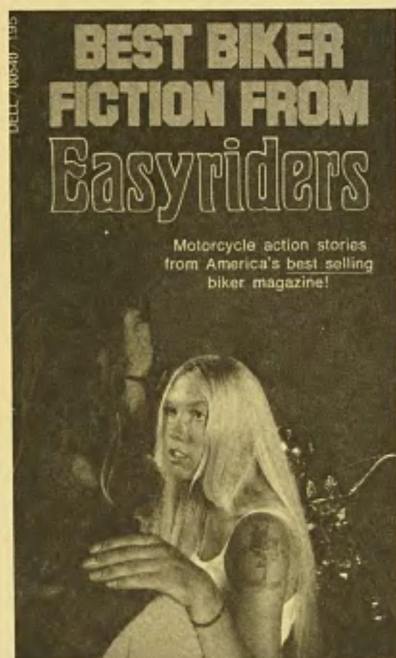
"Christ, you're a tough little bastard," Redbeard laughed—and then laid Jesse out with a punch he never saw.

Jesse's head was spinning and he heard sirens. The Indian was pouring beer on him and slapping his face. "Get up, asshole, the heat's comin'." Jesse staggered to his feet and the Indian pushed him out the door.

"Get on," the Indian said, kicking his Sporty to life.

* * *

One year of taking every kind of shit imaginable. One year of hardcore jamming and non-stop parties. One year of learning what it means to be a biker. Jesse earned his patch in Society's Failures M.C. People still call Jesse a Failure, and they're right—and he's proud. ■



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Christmas Caper

—Continued from page 27

tiful. She was small and thin, with large, pointed breasts, and she looked more like a young virgin to Chad than a widow with four kids. She was fair game, now that her ol' man was gone. Chad removed his cut-off to hide the fact that he was prospecting for the club, turned around, and stopped in front of the house, where Carol was watering the lawn.

"Hi, sweet thing," he said, as the engine of his chopper died. "Saw ya as I was passin' by, an' thought I'd stop an' say hello." She eyed him warily. The little girl looked at him and said, "Dada?"

"Hush, baby. It's not daddy."

"Cute baby," Chad said. "How old is she? Can I have a drink from the hose?"

"She's two years old, and you can't," Carol answered, unsmiling.

"I think I love you," Chad responded, grinning.

"Asshole!" Carol gave him a quick squirt with the hose.

"Hey, man. Don't. You'll get me clean."

Carol laughed. "Want a beer?" she asked.

"Inside?"

"No way! On the porch."

Chad sat on the porch and played with the little girl while Carol went into the house. She returned with a can of brew, popped the top, and sat down next to him.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Chad. What's yours?" He already knew, but played the game.

"Carol. You're not in a club, are you?" she asked, eyeing him suspiciously.

"No," he lied. He was beginning to feel that his first witticism was coming true. She really was beautiful, and when he looked into her dark eyes, something clutched at his gut. He began to get nervous. He had better things to do than fall in love, and just being near this chick was getting to him.

They sat together on the porch, watching the little girl play on the lawn, talking about biking and rides each had been on. She told him about Ramrod, and how he had been killed, and about her bitterness toward those with whom he'd associated. She blamed them for his death more than she blamed the one who'd carried it out.

"I've gotta go," he said, finally.

"Listen, I'll be kind of busy till after Christmas. Can I come by an' see you again, sometime?"

"Sure," she answered. "Like I told you, I haven't been getting around much lately."

"Maybe New Year's Eve. Maybe we could go out an' do somethin'."

"Maybe."

He could see by the look in her eyes that it was a sure thing. He fired up his bike, rode to the corner, then turned around and sped by the house, waving. Carol and the baby waved back, and he thought, Giving them a good Christmas is gonna be one of the best things I ever did.

* * *

On Christmas Eve, Chad put on the Santa Claus suit the club had rented for him and, since it was only a few blocks to Carol's house, he decided to walk. He shouldered the bag and left, whistling as he walked along the street. Once, a police car slowed, flashed its light on him, and the officers smiled and waved, shouting, "Merry Christmas, Santa." Chad waved back at them, bellowing, "Ho, ho, ho!" from behind his white-whiskered disguise. One of the cops had given him a speeding ticket only a week before, accompanied by the warning that if he ever saw him in this neighborhood again, he'd run him in.

* * *

On the afternoon of Christmas Day, Skunk and his ol' lady put a few small presents in the back of their truck and drove over to Carol's house. Carol frowned when she answered the knock at the door, but she invited them in because it was Christmas. Skunk was dismayed by what he saw.

There were no rugs in the house—just a plain wooden floor—and the rooms were cold and dark. There were no Christmas decorations to be seen. A couple of hungry-looking children peered at the visitors, then ducked out of sight in another room. Carol sat on a dilapidated chair and invited them to sit on an equally dilapidated sofa.

When Skunk gave her the few gifts he'd brought she set them aside without opening them. She mumbled an embarrassed "Thanks," then apologized. "I'd offer you something to eat or drink, but there isn't anything."

"Will you take a little money?" Skunk offered, trying to control the anger that was building up in him.

He was impatient to get out of there and find the traitor, Chad. He intended to kill the bastard. When he drove away from the house at last, it was with wheels spinning, and he drove directly to the clubhouse.

A delegation of angry club members went to Chad's house, but no one there had seen him for a couple of days. Some of the bros staked it out, waiting, but he didn't return. Why should he? He had enough money with him to buy two new motorcycles, and enough grub to last him a month. He'd left behind his clothing, furnishings—even his old rate bike—and he'd headed for parts unknown.

Word went out to clubs in the area and to clubs in other states, along with photos of Chad, taken on recent runs. But word of him never came. He had simply disappeared—and wisely, because his body and soul weren't worth two cents. And time passed.

* * *

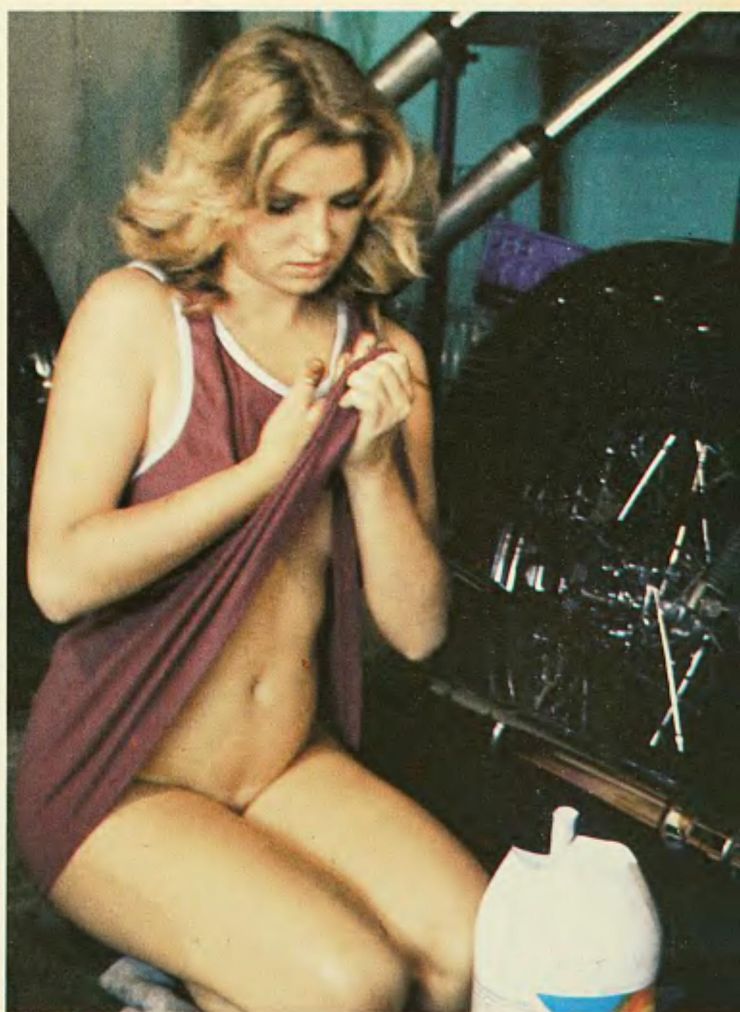
Carol was evicted on the first business day of the new year. The police came and handed her a notice to vacate the premises. She had waited for Chad on New Year's Eve, but he never came.

She went to the welfare office, where, after much crying and pleading she'd been given a bus ticket back to her parents' home in the east.

The house in which she'd lived stayed vacant for nearly a year, when at last the landlord came and replaced the broken windows, patched the porch, re-planted the lawn, and finally rented it to a Texan, who'd come to California to make his fortune. He, too, had children, and on their first Christmas Eve they hung their stockings on the mantle above the fireplace, and their father built a nice fire to make their first real home cozy on Christmas Eve.

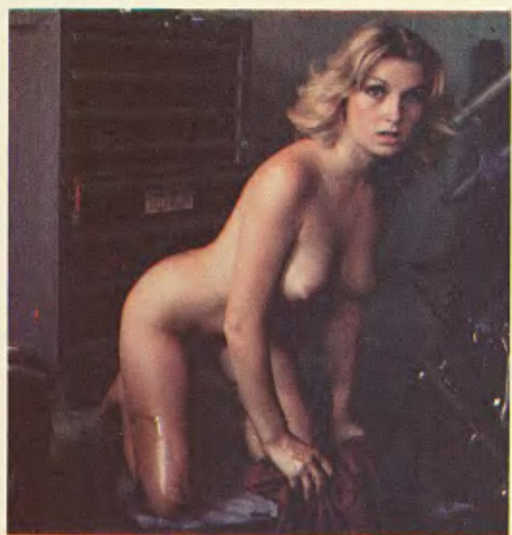
But the fire didn't burn well, and soon the house filled with smoke, so that he had to open the doors and windows to let it out. He doused the fire with water and poked up the chimney with a broomstick.

The first thing that fell down was a bundle of money, tied up with red ribbon. It was followed by another, and then another. Some brightly wrapped presents fell down too—and a leather boot, with the name Chad in metal studs, from which a legbone protruded. ■



Marci

The crap we put these chicks through . . .





Picked this lovely up Friday night, and by Saturday morning I had her convinced to pose nude for us. As she fixed my breakfast she began pumping me as to what we would have her do, how long it would take, would anybody else be looking, etc. "No problem," I muttered, my mouth full of hash browns. Little did she know. I pumped her again after breakfast.

So the next week, after we sobered up the photographer, we set up the shooting in a bro's shack garage. She still wasn't aware of what was happening, even as I explained that she was to change the oil on my bike.

After I loosened the plug on the oil bag, I told her that the process was simple—no big thing. Just unscrew the plug, shove the plastic container under

the drain hole, catch the greasy slime, and dump it. Sounded easy enough. But you shoulda been there when the oil began to seep out around the plug. She went bananas when the plug fell out, then she couldn't get the container close enough to catch the oil, and I had already warned her about getting any oil on my bike.

These flicks depict the frantic situation that the sweet li'l thang found herself in. All she could say was, "I didn't know it would be like this," as she desperately tried to clean herself and the bike with her T-shirt. But we had a hell of a time.

And later, after the camera buff split and the slippery maiden and I were alone—well, all I could say was, "I didn't know it would be like this!"

—Weed



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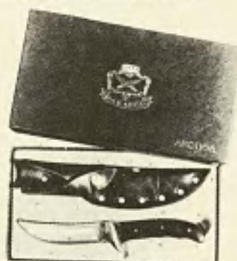


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The Last Go-Round

—Continued from page 13

well enough to get everyone home.

Ron the Roadeater's idea of a good time bounced through his head as he rolled down the highway leading the biker column. Nearing their goal, now, lofty altitudes and thin air making them higher than they already were. Ron looked back and smiled. All his friends together, the troubles of the city left behind them, brains cleansed of stink and the mental constipation of too long off the road, spacy smiles and . . .

No hassles.

The brothers stopped at the first Main Street bar. Their Harley thunder had citizens in the street, of course, and bar patrons trickled out, drinks in hand, to inspect the ornate bikes and their tired, filthy riders. Ron led the way into the darkened bar, hesitated as his eyes adjusted to the low light, and smiled at the awed reaction to him. Folks in Chicago had gotten used to heavy-duty bikers. It was obvious that people in Montana hadn't and their shock grew as the bar began to fill with brothers, their ladies, and the aura of power they carried with them. Ron stepped to the bar and called out.

"Drinks for the bar. Everyone drinks on the Chi-Town Brothers."

Above the bar a row of pictures hung in aged barnwood frames. Each captured a leaping bull or spinning bronc with some crazy cowboy holding on for dear life. Beneath the pictures Ron read such captions as "J. C. Bolinas, Top Cowboy, Great Falls, 1975" and "J. C. Bolinas, All-Around Cowboy, Denver, 1976." Ron realized that rodeo was the top sport around this town, and the assembled bikers seemed alien amidst the spurs and bridles and chaps and framed belt buckles hanging about the walls.

Ron's eyes wandered as he sipped his second beer. They stopped when he spied the sweetest, leanest, love-liest nymphet those tired eyes had seen in miles. Her carefully combed hair hung past her shoulders, and her embroidered cowboy shirt gave taut support to bouncing, vibrating mounds of flesh that nearly drove Ron to grab without further ado. He was in heat.

She looked at him with doe eyes, staring straight at him with an intensity that reached out and dragged him closer. Christ, he thought, what



do you say to a cowgirl?

"Darlin', you are just about the sweetest thing I ever saw, and I sure do hope you aren't offended by a biker who's come a long way just to visit with you."

She smiled. "Bullshit. You came a long way to get drunk. Can you screw when you're drunk?"

Ron was caught off balance. He'd gotten lines like that from biker women, but he'd not expected a question quite so straightforward from a fresh young cowgirl.

"As a matter of fact," he replied, "I screw best when I'm drunk. Maybe we should get drunk together, and see if you can screw when you're drunk."

She allowed as how such goings-on were not a bad idea, except the man behind her might take offense. He was a tall cowboy who turned and addressed Ron.

"Howdy, stranger. My name's Bolinas—J. C. Bolinas—and I guess you and me ought to step aside and have a little chat."

Oh, shit, Ron thought, I never even touched the slut and now there's gonna be some sort of stompass scene and we haven't even had enough beers to cool down from the road yet. Why, Lord, do you do this to us? Why, just once, can't we be friends and avoid trouble and drink and maybe not end up in some backwater jail? Why?

He answered the cowboy. "Sure. Let's talk."

J. C. Bolinas parked himself squarely in front of Ron's nose and began. "Now, first of all, Francine, who you were talkin' to there, is my own little find, and you and your kind had best leave her alone. Secondly, this bar is my bar, and we don't want no trouble here, understand? Third, there's a rodeo tomorrow, and you boys best not do a thing to disrupt the money-payin' citizens. Is all that clear?"

Ron shifted his weight. "Friend," he said carefully, "I think I'm going to give you a chance to mellow out and apologize, and then I'm going to take you outside and use your scalp to reupholster my seat. Okay? I mean, you understand I can cause a lot of shit to hit the fan around here if you make me mad?"

The cowboy drew himself to his full height and shoved out his chest. "Do you realize you're talkin' to the NRA All-Around Cowboy of 1976—and probably the most impor-

—Continued on page 82

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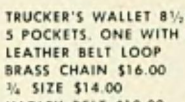
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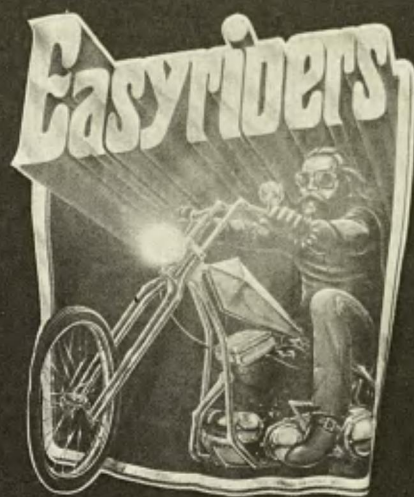
CHOP SHIRTS

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

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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

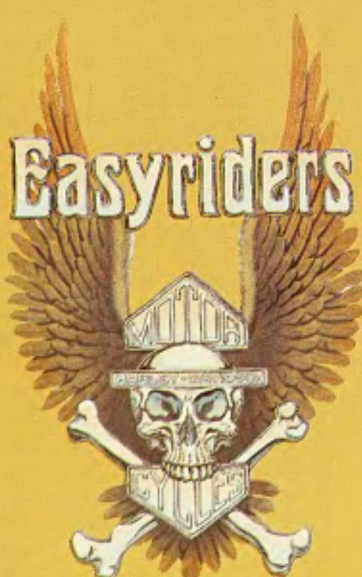


O.K. TIT-FREAKS, you win! By popular demand your day of deliverance has come - soft, sweet and supple tit-tops for the lady in your life. They're guaranteed to bring out the animal in her, and that'll make you wet your wheels.

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B. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Med. ☐	Med. ☐	Pe ☐	Bk. ☐
C. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Lg. ☐	Lg. ☐	Blue	
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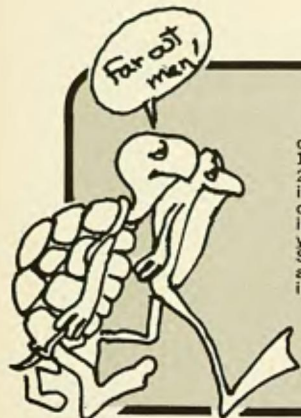
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Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11, 12,13,14,15,16, 26, and 31, we are now sold out of issues 17, 18, 19, 25, 29, and 35. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still 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.

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

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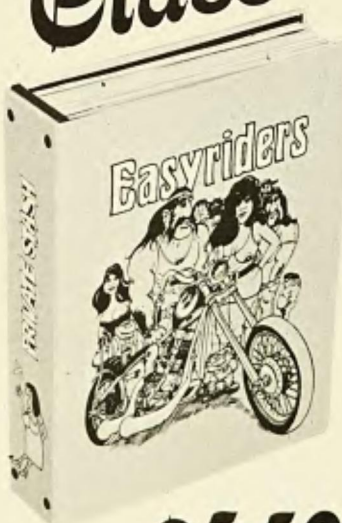
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\$5.50

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The Last Go-Round

—Continued from page 79

tant citizen of this town? You realize I can get all you scum stomped?"

Ron thought, wearily, this is pointless. The brothers rode 1,000 miles to get away from hassles but the hassles find them along with their second beer. There would be no partying if they all ended up in jail, and though he was sure his crew could kick cowboy asses in a 10:1 ratio, there was nothing to be gained. Just another expensive fiasco that benefited no one but the lawyers. He'd had enough of their silk-suit ways.

"Look, wait. We came here to party, not to fight. We don't want trouble. Why the hell don't we just try to get along for a day or two and if you still want to get into some asskicking when we're ready to leave, fine. For now, why not just cool out and we'll make a deal—we won't gang fuck your horses if you don't feed sugar to our bikes. Okay?"

But the cowboy missed the point. Ron figured drink had addled his brain.

"You lazy-ass fuckers. You think because you ride those chrome pieces of shit you're hot stuff. Fuck you. You can't ride a goddam thing. You can't even ride a broke-down ol' mare. Sure, we'll let you slide through the weekend. Just stay out of my bar and away from my women and you'll be okay. And don't try to ride anything wilder than a fence post up your ass."

Again Ron fought to control his anger. He knew he should simply break the cowboy in half. He also knew that such action would end the brothers' holiday and start the deadly serious business of ballbusting and bail raising. He had to smooth over the rift, forget about this drunk jerk.

"I suppose you can ride anything," Ron countered.

J. C. Bolinas answered with almost comic pride. "I am the World Champion All-Around Cowboy, and there ain't horse, bull, or woman I can't ride."

Ron thought fondly of some buckin' ladies he'd been near, and wondered about that boast. But he continued to question the cowboy as tactfully as he could manage.

"You figure wild bulls are harder to ride than bikes? Tell me about

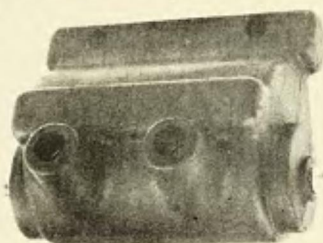
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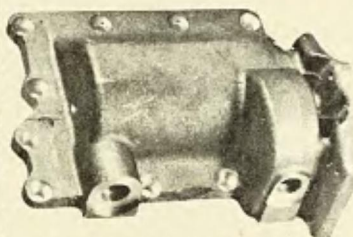
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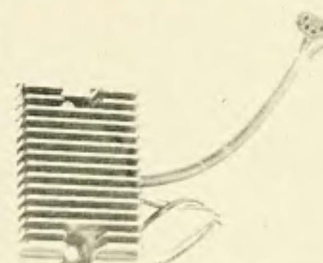
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wild bulls." Actually, Ron gave a slim shit about wild bulls, and it galled him to have to listen to the inebriated prattle of the goat-roper who stood before him. But drink and the long miles goaded him into toying with this refugee from an old *Gunsmoke* episode.

The cowboy looked intently into Ron's eyes. "Tell you what. I'll bet a wild bull is harder to ride than five motorsickles at once. I'll bet you haven't got the balls even to get near one—much less get on one. You figure you can ride a bull?"

Ron's mind wandered nostalgically again, this time back to the mid-west flat tracks, back to years of tossing bellowing Harleys around rutted fairground ovals. He smiled wistfully as he felt the sensation of an 80-horsepower Harley bouncing from rut to pothole, taking air with every ripple—and him on the back, holding on and wrenching the bars in a brutal search for control. The old days—before the smashed ribs and punctured lung had forced him off the tracks and onto the street.

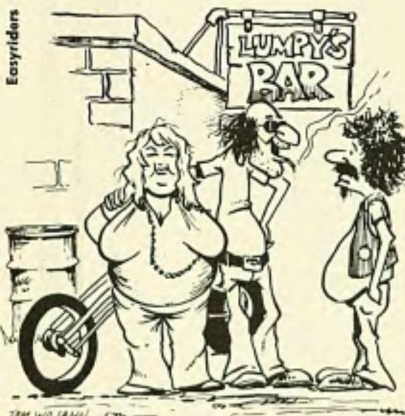
"I can ride anything!" Ron spat the declaration.

J. C. Bolinas laughed. "Boy, did you just step into some shit. Tell you what," he proposed, drawing deeply from his glass, "I've got a thousand dollars here that says you *can't* ride anything. I've got a grand that says your chickenshit hide won't ride a goddam wild bull."

Suddenly Ron's interest in the conversation perked up. The challenge was enticing, but the money was the kicker for the deal. A grand would put the club in the black and pay for their trip.

"You mean you'll give me a thousand dollars to ride a bull?"

The cowboy nodded. "I'll give



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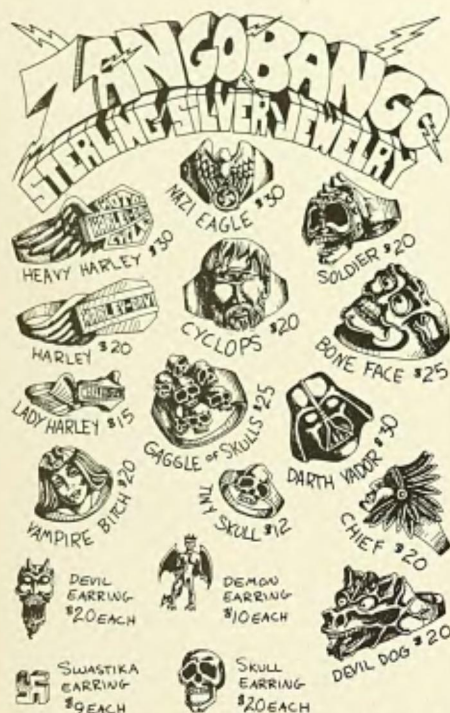
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you a thousand dollars to ride a bull eight seconds, to the buzzer. Tomorrow, in the rodeo. If you think you can ride anything, we'll just enter you in the rodeo and see. And if you fall off, just leave town. You don't owe me nothin'. I don't need the money anyway, and watchin' that bull go after you will be worth my trouble and be a civic service besides."

Ron extended his hand. "J. C., let's make it a deal. Tonight, we'll party together and not cause a bit of trouble. Tomorrow, I'll ride your hotshit bull, and if I ride the fucker you give me that grand and my friends here will probably spend most of it right here in your bar. If I don't ride it, we'll haul ass out of here and leave you turds to roll in all the bullshit you like. You take my hand now and it's settled."

J. C. Bolinas took Ron the Road-eater's hand, limply at first, then stronger and stronger until their agreement became a crushing test of muscle. There was no winner and finally the rodeo ace turned to the bar.

"Drinks for everyone. On me, J. C. Bolinas."

The bikers replied with polite murmurs and addressed their freshly filled glasses.

Ron awoke with the sun. His head felt like a used rubber. He had no idea where he was or what was supposed to happen next. His mouth was filled with dried slime and stale beer.

Near him lay his brothers, in sleeping bags or simply sprawled about randomly. Only when he saw the mountains did he begin to re-



"Psssst. Wanna take
the law into your own hands?"



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member where they were, how they had come to be there.

He stumbled to a nearby creek, dunked his head in cold water, and stretched out on a rock to regain his senses. He remembered bits and pieces. The brothers' arrival, the bar, the cowboy with his loud mouth. The confrontation, their arrangement, their deal.

And Francine, the Rodeo Queen. Scenes filtered through hangover haze as the memory of her came back, now strong. Her man J. C. had gotten drunk, too drunk. He'd ended up with his head sprawled in a pool of spilled bourbon. Francine said it happened that way a lot. She had told Ron this as she had led him outside, to a van behind the bar. As she wiggled out of her tight jeans and lacy panties, she told Ron that J. C. was too drunk to screw most of the time.

"Besides," she said just before she fucked Ron's head into whitenoise oblivion, "cowboys only last eight seconds."

• • •

Some thought a tornado had struck as Ron, his brothers, and their machinery pulled the long hill to the rodeo arena. The noise, dust, and color of their arrival captured the attention of thousands of dressed and shined would-be rodeo stars and fans. They parked in a long line, draped their jackets across their mounts, and walked to the ticket windows. Ron separated from the group, heading for a booth marked "Entrants." There he discovered his entry fee had been paid. He was entered under the name Biker Trash. It was the name J. C. Bolinas had specified when he paid the entry fee. It was fine with Ron. The introduction would bounce out of the loudspeaker in a lot classier fashion than being called All-Around Cowboy, he figured.

Written next to the name on the sign-up sheet was the word "Vibration." Ron asked the official in the booth what it meant, a question that was met with disbelief.

"You mean you ride bulls and you don't know about Vibration?" the man asked.

Ron suggested the man explain Vibration.

"Well, Vibration is the bull you're gonna ride, and he's a killer, is all. He's never been ridden this year, and he just loves to carve up and stomp the riders he throws. J. C. drew him for you. Said you'd ap-

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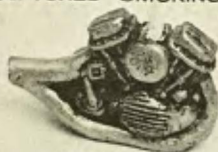
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preciate the best bull in the country. Just remember, when he pitches you off, hit the ground runnin'."

Again, memories of the night before. Francine, curled next to him after hours of loving. She'd been worried. She tried to tell Ron about bullriding.

"You get on and take a wrap with a rope, around your hand. The tighter you wrap yourself on, the longer you last. But if you do come off, and you don't slip the rope, the bull will get you with his horns or stomp you with his hooves or just drag you around till your arm tears off. But the clowns help. They'll distract the bull if he's after you. They'll get you loose and save your ass. But you still got to decide how tight a wrap to take, and that depends on how bad you want to stay on top."

Thinking now of Vibration, Ron decided to strap himself on tighter than a moon-bound astronaut. The grand was important, and even if Vibration drove him into the ground like a tentpeg, it made no difference. The flattrack Harleys had tried to do the same thing and never really succeeded.

J. C. sauntered up just as Ron turned from the sign-up table. He knew.

"I told you to stay away from Francine."

"I did. But she wouldn't stay away from me. You figure I'm gonna toss her sweet ass out of bed?"

J. C. spit. "All right, motherfucker. You gonna get yours today and I don't have to do it to you. That bull will. You live through this and we'll talk about Francine later."

Ron looked him in the eye. "I live through this and I get my grand. Right? Or else my friends will take this town apart and use the scrap lumber to barbecue everyone that lives here. Got that?" Ron was in no mood for cowboy threats. And as he turned to the bucking chutes, Ron added, "I'd like to thank you for riggin' me up a good bull. Ol' Francine wasn't bad either."

Vibration rocked the fences as thousands of astounded rodeo fans watched the bizarre sight of Ron the Roadeater, aka Biker Trash, preparing to mount the snorting Brahma bull. His leather vest hung open and his flowing hair was tied back with a leather thong and silver concho. That and the oil-stained jeans, chain belt, and studded boots made him alien to the look-alike

cowboys around him. J. C. Bolinas was talking. "Now, what you do, see, is just settle down on him and grip that rope and yell "Outside" when you figger you're ready. And somewhere along in there you might say a prayer."

Ron glanced at the cowboy. "I don't pray."

As he took a tight wrap he felt the years slip back to when flat-trackers consumed his days and ripped through his dreams at night. Just before a race, blipping the throttle an instant before the start. Getting on this bull and feeling its muscles tense.

"Outside!"

As he yelled the word he saw J. C. Bolinas jab an electric cattle prod into Vibration's ass.

Vibration pulled the highest wheelie Ron could imagine—straight up in the chute, slamming Ron against the back wall, then out into the arena in a leap, head pulled back and clawing at Ron with horns that ripped at the rider's hands and legs. Vibration began to spin left, faster, then suddenly he snapped to the right. The change of direction put Ron's shoulder to a muscle-wrenching test, and only through raw strength was he able to pull himself upright.

Next, the bull began a series of high leaps with jarring landings on stiffened front legs. But Ron knew he'd taken Vibration's best, and the rest of the ride was under his control. He could ride out the tiring bull.

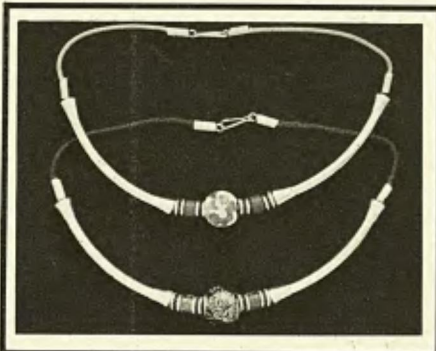
Suddenly he felt himself in mid-air and his mind flashed as the arena floor dealt him a harsh blow. Focusing, he realized he'd been thrown. But how? His handhold was



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still tightly wrapped around his fist. The rope itself lay broken where it had circled the wild bull. Broken—or, as Ron suddenly realized—cut. Almost cut in two before he'd started his ride.

The reality of what had been done to him struck home at the same instant that he realized the animal was charging him. On his feet now, the biker looked to the arena side. Too far. He dived and rolled, then quickly dived again as the bull scraped past him, horns and flying feet missing by a hair each time. The clowns! Where were the fucking clowns who were supposed to get this freight train stopped?

The clowns stood around indifferently, laughing with a group of cowboys watching the show, waiting for Vibration to stomp the biker down.

Ron realized he was alone. As Vibration twisted and lined up for another charge, Ron stripped his chain belt from his waist. He'd have only one shot. As the bull charged, Ron timed, stood his ground, waited and swung just as the animal was upon him. The heavy buckle, propelled by pounds of whipping steel, struck Vibration between the eyes, low on the forehead. The bull drove his horn into Ron's side, slashing through flesh.

But rather than a quick pivot to finish the kill Vibration stumbled a step or two, then fell to his knees. Ron saw blood pouring from the bull's nostrils as the huge beast's eyes glazed over. It was the first time Ron had given thanks for his work in a Chicago slaughterhouse, where he'd learned a bull's "sweet spot."

Taking his attention from the dying bull, Ron realized the arena was chaos. Cowboys were running from the rings as Ron's eyes searched for J. C. Bolinas. It was harder to single out one cowboy because the brothers, realizing the conspiracy that had almost killed Ron, were streaming into the arena and knocking cowboys bloody into the dirt and grabbing for clowns to punish. Citizens poured from the stands, lawmen in white hats rushed up and Ron knew the trouble they sought to avoid had found them once again.

As he had found J. C. sneaking toward an exit.

Ron still held the chain in his hand. He twitched it like a cat lashes its tail, and he trailed blood as he walked toward the slinking cowboy.

Wildman's Revenge

—Continued from page 31

still meet his connection. Second on his mind—revenge. When he returned some-day, he'd trash the fuckin', shit-eatin' town and kick the judge's ass. His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the steel door opening and the footsteps of the deputy walking toward his cell.

"This is your lucky day, boy—we're letting you out six minutes early," said the 300-pound "protector" as he opened Wildman's cell and motioned him to the discharge desk. Wildman picked up his belongings and didn't say a word. The deputy smiled as Wildman turned to leave. "Your bike's parked outside, boy. I'd strongly suggest that both of you leave town A.S.A.P. That's as soon as possible." Wildman nodded and walked out.

It was 95 degrees outside and Wildman began to sweat immediately. He spotted his bike and strode toward it eagerly. Everything looked intact. He ran his hand over the invisible compartment stitched beneath the vinyl of the pea-pad. Relieved that his money was still safe, he was then surprised to find that his tool kit and spare parts were in place.

He was still some six hours from L.A. Hoping to make it by midnight, he reached the outskirts of town and turned on the torque: 35, 40, 45, 50—something was wrong. The bike was suddenly losing rpm. He twisted the throttle angrily but the bike lost more speed before it finally coughed and died. Wildman let out a yell of frustration. This was all he needed, he thought bitterly—to be only three miles from the town in which he'd spent ten fuckin' days in jail and to have his bike die on him.

He started to push his bike toward a shady spot a quarter of a mile down the road. He desperately hoped to get off the road and fix the problem without any serious loss of time. He was fortunate to find a spot off the road.

Pulling off the air cleaner, he looked at the carb. With relief, he saw that the throttle cable had come loose from the linkage—no sweat. He sat for the next half hour, reconnecting the cable and adjusting the play. Even in the shade, it seemed to be getting warmer, not cooler. With grease on his hands and his trip already delayed ten days, he decided to wash off in the brook. He grabbed a

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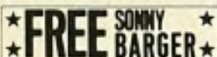
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small piece of soap from his canvas travel bag. As he stripped, he thought about his face and beard. Maybe shaving would prevent getting hassled? It was hot, and the beard itched like hell. "Whatdafuck," he said aloud, and reached for his razor.

It was as if the shaven face was symbolic of getting rid of all the bullshit that had occurred in the past ten days. Things were going to be better, and the brief jump in the brook refreshed and rejuvenated him.

With the bike trouble corrected, he resumed his journey. It was getting late and he watched the sun starting to set in front of him. A pause at "The Last Chance for Gas and Food for the Next 20 Miles" filled his stomach and his bike, and he was set. On the dark two-lane highway by himself, he knew nothing would stop him now. Nothing except his headlight, which abruptly died ten miles past the "The Last Stop" gas station.

Now to say that Wildman was pissed was an understatement. He couldn't believe the course of bad luck that had entered his life since he'd entered Clark County. All he thought of now was somehow getting revenge on the fuckin' judge who was the cause of all this. He slowed to consider the situation. It was so dark that he felt he could have been up in Miraculous Mutha's asshole and he could see almost nothing of the road. He stared, hoping to find some sign, some reason why all this was happening to him—but there was nothing. Or was there? He detected a faint blinking light on top of some structure in the distance. A diner? A hotel? It didn't matter—anything was better than riding blind. He'd get some sleep and be off at daylight.

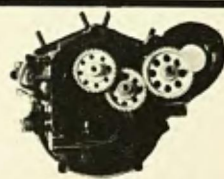
Gradually, the letters grew larger and larger. Wildman slowed further until he could almost make out the name of the hotel, diner, or grocery store that now stood only a few hundred feet in front of him. He stopped dead when he realized the letters "Madame Kitty's" meant it was a whorehouse. He thought it over. "Just go in, enjoy yourself, pay, get fucked, sleep, and leave."

There were only two cars in the parking lot. He parked his bike behind a small shed and chained it. He entered and soon picked the girl he wanted—a short blonde named Paulette. He paid the thirty bucks and they started to go upstairs to end what had been a very long day for Wildman. Halfway up the stairs,



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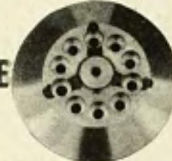


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it happened. It was as if the Black Cat of Bad Luck was still following Wildman—the judge himself passed them on the stairs.

Wildman cringed. His whole body began to percolate. He turned to go downstairs, but felt a hand, then heard her voice. "What's wrong, honey? Do you know that guy? That's Randy Collier. He says he's a salesman. Comes in here a lot. I had him once—he's weird. Let's up upstairs," she concluded.

Ignored by the judge, Wildman thought for a second and agreed. But his mind raced with revenge plans. Not here. I'll wait in the parking lot and get the cocksucker in the morning, he thought with satisfaction. They went upstairs, but Wildman left a second later to check on his bike. "Be with you in a second. I want to be ready to leave in the morning," he told her. When he returned, he fucked, slept, and relaxed. Early next morning he prepared to go out to his bike and wait for his adversary, only to discover there was no need to wait. Walking outside to his bike, he saw the hood of the judge's Cadillac opened and the judge stooping over to peer inside. This was the chance he'd been waiting for. He could sneak up, drop the hood on the asshole and break his fuckin' skull. But as he crept up, the judge quickly turned around and said with a sigh of relief, "Whew. Am I glad to see you, young man!" (Young man? thought Wildman. Don't you know who I am, cocksucker?)

"I need your help," the judge said. Obviously, he didn't know who Wildman was—since he now had a new, beardless face. "Look, I'm sorry to disturb you, but I've got to get to Wyattsville and there's something wrong with my car. Could you drive up to Jenkinsville and call the AAA for me? I'll give you ten bucks for your effort."

"Man, you must be crazy," Wildman told him coldly.

"Okay, twenty, twenty-five—that's all I have. Please. I'd really appreciate it," the judge almost begged.

Wildman took the twenty-five dollars and stared at the scared, weak man who was afraid he would be caught at a whorehouse. There was no need hitting this pathetic creature. Wildman would "help" him. He leaned beneath the hood as if looking for the trouble, reached inside, then stood up to leave. He rode into Jenkinsville, about ten miles from Kitty's, and made his call—or rather, his calls. Through directory assistance he found out that there were two TV stations and one newspaper in Wyattsville. After calling them, he smiled for the first time in over ten days. He hoped it was an election year, though it didn't matter. He knew Wyattsville would have a new judge soon. He would have liked to see tomorrow's headlines about the judge caught at the whorehouse, but he had work to do. He removed the judge's distributor cap from his tool kit and ran over it as he headed toward L.A. ■



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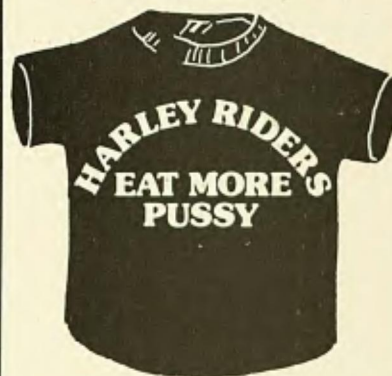
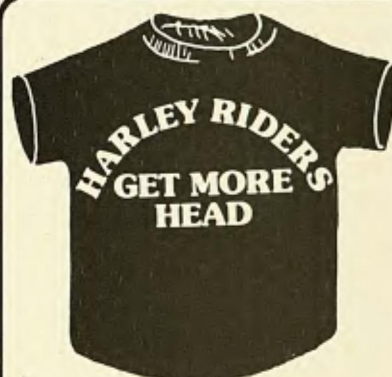
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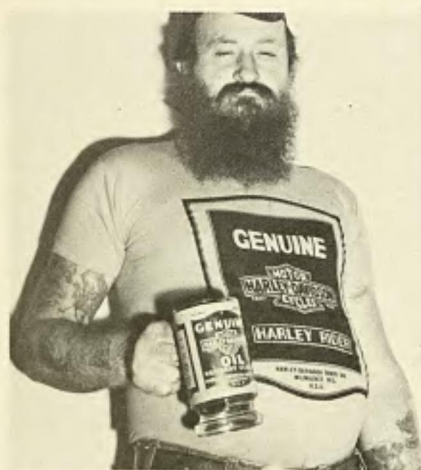
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The Predator

—Continued from page 16

throat he ever has! thought Doran wryly, squeezing the trigger steadily just as the machine veered toward his side of the pavement again.

The dart exploded from the rifle with a whispered snap, hurled by the gas cartridge.

Spewing a startled sound and frothy blood, the biker's mouth took the full impact of the dart. Instantly, the machine left the pavement, rolling uncontrolled into the bunched masses of salt cedar. As it came crashing past Doran—missing him by much less than the estimated ten feet he had figured—he swung around, still crouched, and fed the dart he was holding into the rifle. Then the bike went over on its side, dumping both riders. Over the screams of the girl and the agonized, blurred sounds of the man, Doran deliberately fixed his aim on the girl's thrashing thigh and fired again. Her yelp of pain punctuated her shrill cries just as the motorcycle spun away from them on its side, smashing noisily into a larger tree and stopping. Doran streaked across the small clearing, reached the machine, and stopped the racing motor—listening intently over the combined sounds of sobbing and moaning coming from the couple on the sandy ground.

Carefully peering through the branches of the nearest tree, he watched while a pickup truck bearing a heavily laden camper passed his own truck without slowing down or stopping. Without hesitation, Doran trotted to his truck—yanking the dog by its stiffened tail, throwing it into the bed—and drove the vehicle from the road's shoulder into the clearing, knowing it

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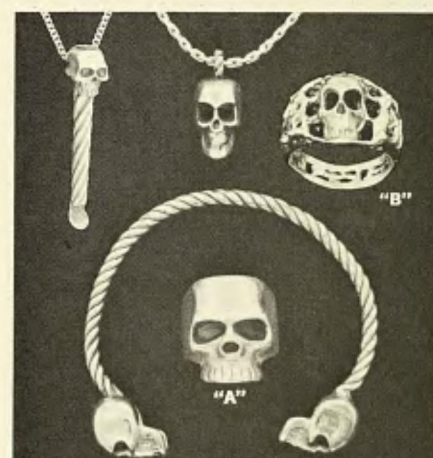


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We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

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.

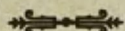
Please send me _____ sets of Set A (six different cards and envelopes per set).

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 _____

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Enclosed is \$_____ for the
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☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ 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 "Starburst"



M-9 "Hollywood"



M-7 "Run Heat"



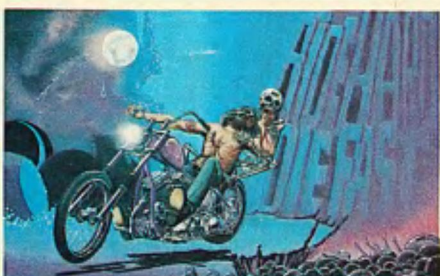
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



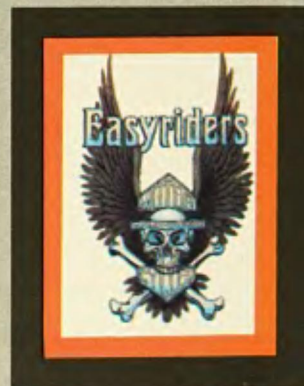
M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



M-4 "One for the Road"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

wouldn't be seen by passing traffic.

Leaving the tranquilizer rifle in the cab, he moved toward the couple sprawled awkwardly nearby, stooping to pick up a large rock as he went. Usually they were stone dead from a head shot but he had found it necessary to brain one who had been still breathing laboredly, and he liked being prepared. Besides, the hip shot would keep the doll helplessly groggy for quite a while—but still conscious—which would increase his zest while he enjoyed her body and futile protests. Then she would pass out, after which he would smash her skull with the rock and bury them both deep in the sand with the shovel from his truck before hiding the chopper among the trees temporarily, to be trucked out at night and taken to a town down the Gulf coast where a certain garage would buy it with no questions asked. It had worked just that nicely before and he had no doubts about it working that well this time.

The girl's glazed, brown eyes blinked up at him.

"P-please help us, m-man," she said thickly.

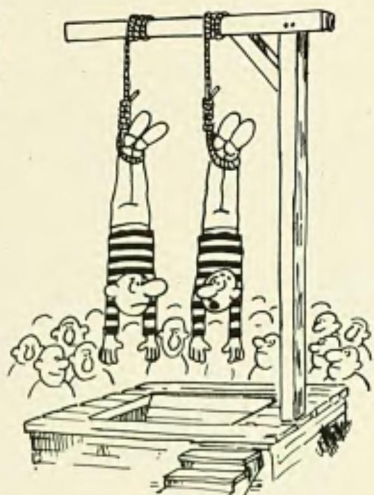
Doran squatted beside her, smiling pleasantly. "Yer boyfren ain't moved a muscle, honey. I'll jist betcha that dude's deader'n a little ol' doornail!"

Horror flooded the dulled eyes.

"Y-you—Y-you did—" Her fear-constricted throat closed around the rest of her words, the realization dawning in her bruised and dirtied face, despair contorting her features.

Doran nodded briskly. "Yup. I sure did! It's jist my little ol' way of

Easyriders

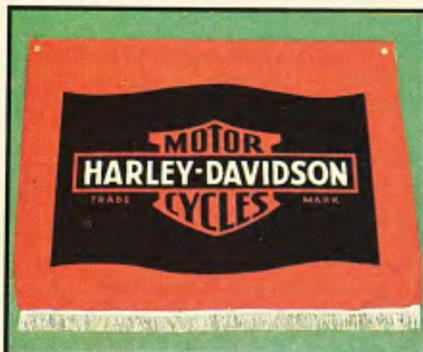


"Quit griping—we're lucky we got hanged in Poland."

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

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The big, durable banner sells for only **\$11.95** plus **\$1.50** postage and handling.



Leather Cutoff

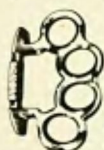
More and more, brothers are wearing leather instead of Levi cutoffs. So IRS has put together a fine roughed-out, heavy leather cutoff. The cutoff comes black, or dark brown and in small, medium, large or extra large. Send your chest size and a measly **\$38.95** for this everlasting vest. The vest will be shipped postage C.O.D.

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ER-4

gettin' even with all them sorry fuckers—since I'm never gonna be exactly sure which one of 'm made trash outa the real sweet chick who was waitin' fer me until that asshole ruined her."

The dazed eyes closed, her face working silently.

Doran reached over, fondling one of her plump breasts—and she threw herself away from the caress, whimpering. Chuckling, Doran grabbed a fistful of the biker's hair, hoisting the twisted face and studying the staring, empty eyes. Yup, the dude was strictly a casualty, all right.

He stood up, unbuckling his belt and grinning down at the cowering girl who sluggishly thrashed about in a vain effort to get further away from him. Kicking his aged boots and the dropped pants to one side, he jounced lightly on the sand, his fully erect joint wagging rigidly up and down at the girl.

"See what I got fer you, sweet thing!" He strutted toward her with exaggerated steps, the organ nodding wildly. "Shit, we're gonna have the best time ever, baby! You'll love it! Anyway, ya better—because it's the last one yer ever gonna take—from anybody!"

Reaching her, he dropped to his knees on the cool sand, easily blocking her drug-weakened blows, and began stripping the T-shirt and jeans from the richly curved, warm body squirming helplessly under his busy hands.

She gasped for air—a continuous, muted wailing sound spilling from her gaping mouth.

"Hey, that's great background music fer our act!" He laughed, forcing the firm thighs apart. "Now iff'n ya jist don't git too loud, maybe I kin make ya change yer tune!"

* * *

Lardbucket Haynes mopped at his sweat-drenched face with a mammoth forearm, glancing backwards to be sure that the entire club had pulled over for the halt while he tried to recall the best spot along here for the party. The brief glance showed all forty-four bros and their women clustered behind him, still straddling their scoots and watching for the next signal.

"So, prez?" asked Seam Morris from his machine idling alongside the huge leader of the group.

"It should be just ahead," said Lardbucket, raising his raspy voice over the mumbling of forty-four

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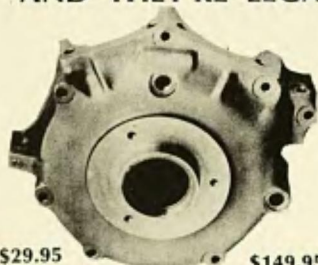
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idling sleds. "If my damn memory's worth trustin', it's a cozy location just beyond that bend up there yonder. Whole fuckin' forest of salt cedars and a real private little beach." He squeezed moisture from his glistening, flowing beard, flinging it from him with a violent gesture. "Yeah, I remember now. Pass the word along."

"Got it, prez," said the other man, turning his machine and riding back along the lineup of patiently waiting brothers.

Squinting against the rivulets of sweat pouring under his shades, Lardbucket shifted his three hundred pounds of self ponderously for a more comfortable position, putting the Harley into gear again and rolling forward with practiced deftness—the chrome spools thrumming heatedly as the bike accelerated. Behind him, the entire club resumed travel in almost the same moment, their unison a throbbing symphony in the wet, hot air.

Four and a half minutes later—irritably impatient to park and strip, then hit the water with a chilled beer in each hand—Lardbucket leaned into the curve, picked an opening in the cedars as he came hurtling around the bend and coasted fast into the shade, his eyes widening at the scene before him which forced him to brake to a stop that nearly put him over the headlight.

Around him, other bikers skidded and slid to frantic halts—all attention riveted on the naked man and helpless girl, the lifelessly sprawled



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biker, and the dumped wheels. Watching the frozen dipshit's face, Lardbucket spotted his eyes flickering repeatedly toward the truck at the clearing's edge.

"Seam!" Lardbucket boomed, "check the truck!"

Seam rolled expertly to it, accompanied by two brothers.

A disbelieving smirk baring his teeth, Lardbucket let the sled roll bumpily to within two feet of the couple. The broad was obviously only semi-conscious. The bastard kneeling between her slumped legs peered up blankly, guardedly. It was then that Lardbucket saw the small, tarnished badge pinned to the uniform shirt crumpled beside them. The smirk gained warmth, became a grin.

Seam appeared at Lardbucket's side, toting the weird-looking rifle. "It's the only goody in the truck. Some kinda trunk gun, I guess."

Lardbucket shut down his machine's engine.

"The biker?" asked Lardbucket, his lips hardly moving as he stared steadily down at the couple.

"Dusted," said a brother's voice. "O.D. of some kind, prez."

"Uh—that there chick gonna cash in her chips, man?" Lardbucket gazed into the bleak, narrow face with the icy eyes. "Talk, shithead!" He spat the words into the paralyzed face.

Slowly, Doran Calder shook his head.

"Well, now," grunted Lardbucket, easing himself off his bike and stretching his bulk luxuriously. "I'm just happy as all shit to know that brand of news."

"Ya wanna cold one, prez?" asked Seam.

Lardbucket nodded grimly, accepting the chilly can. "Yeah, I got a feelin' I'm gonna need sumpin' to settle my fuckin' stummick after I hear all about how this skinny slime gives citations!"



PHASE 3

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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.)

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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 69179 Intra Theatre. (55)

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)

Kevin: Happy October 5 Birthday. Hope we can always be a happy three—you, your bike, and me. I Love You, Karen. (55)

Young Indian girl is short on cash. No donations accepted! 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)

Ken—Happy Anniversary! Your friend and lover always. Love, Elaine. (55)

Owner of custom bike shop in midwest, looking for chick to live with me, ride, and party. Send letters and photos to Harley c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (56)

Chicks: If you've a duple on your dumplin', am busted, slammed, and lonely. Write Jack (Dempie) McGain, Box B-44791-C.T.F.-N, Soladad, Calif. 93960. (55)

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Sell or trade: 13 copies Easyriders magazine—#8 (Aug. '72), #9 (Oct. '72), #11 (Feb. '73), #19 (Feb. '74), #28 (Apr. '75), #29 (May '75), #34 (Feb. '76), #35 (March '76), #36 (May '76), #37 (June '76), #38 (Aug. '76), #42 (Dec. '76), #43 (Jan. '77). Will trade for issues #14 and #17 first. Will sell remainder after obtaining these two issues. Must be intact with iron-ons, if applicable. Send inquiries to P.O. Box 1169, Traverse City, Mich. 49684. (55)

To Char "Sunshine," my ol' lady: I'll always love you, babe. Your ol' man in the joint, Stacy "Playboy" Schmidt. (55)

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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. \$8.00 per shirt to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (55)

For Dog and Renee (9-14-77): Here's happiness for your lasting days and never-ending nights. (55)

Downed scooter tramp needs nude flicks from some of you fine women out there! Got an 86" knuckle. Get out 5-26-78. Monkey, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (55)

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)

Motorcycle patches our business. Harley patches our specialty. Catalog \$1. Patchworks, P.O. Box 11506, Columbus, Ohio 43211. (57)

Spider Harley Wissink: I'm still waiting for you. Gwennie. (55)

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)

Skipper—Happy Birthday! Your lady loves you. Bren. (55)

Happy Birthday, Foghat. Love ya to the bone. Your wife to be, me! Spike. (55)

Kid Shaleen: I love ya, babe, and I'll wait for ya. Apache. (55)

Terry Clark from Cycle World, El Paso, Texas: Where the hell are you? I'm in the slammer. Urgent you write me. Charlie The Polack With No Teeth, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (56)

Wats, Happy 27th—10/5/77—and many more. Love ya, Weed. (55)

Happy Birthday to Don the Dresser-man of Venice, from your pardner in this life and hopefully the next. Sher. (55)

Government Surplus, Jeeps, H.D.s. How, when, where to buy in your area. \$3.98. K&M Products, P.O. Box 251, Raynham, Mass. 02767. (57)

Daffy, Renegades M.C., Alex., Va. Your way is best, my head is back together, and we need you any way you want. 74 forever, forever love. Red Jesse and JC. (55)

Born on a Mountain/Raised in a Cave/Biking and Fuckin'/Is all I crave. This sticker only \$1 to Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (55)

Louise, miss ya. See ya soon. I love you. Billy. (55)

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 2 1/2-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 catalog \$3. Our gear is like a chopper, it's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (65)

Attractive female from Sweden, 28, intelligent, outgoing, would like to find someone special. A man who knows what he is doing. I live in Florida. Please write and send pictures. No weirdos. M.M., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (55)

Ron: Happy Birthday, babe. I'll love you always. Your wench, Valerie. (55)

Anybody know where David M. Barrett of Bridgeport, Conn., is? Last seen in Uncle Sam's Army in California. Lemme know. K. Cridge, 205 Elfinwild Lane, Glenshaw, Pa. 15116. (412) 486-7319. (55)

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)

CookiePuss, an anniversary poem: I love you baby, manyfold. Don't let that pussy grow no mold. You'll soon be with me in the fog. We'll drink, we'll dine, and then we'll skrog. Crazy Jerry. (55)

Sell entire Easyriders collection. #1 to present issue. All are like new, in Easyriders binders. Best offer rec'd in 30 days. Showboat, 3195 Hilary Dr., San Jose, Calif. 95124. (55)

Happy Birthday, Vicky. I'll love ya always. Your ol' man, Shitty Shorty. (55)

Big Nick: What happened? I guess we can at least love you in our thoughts. Take care. Always, JK and DK. (55)

Hi ya, Cinhad. I love ya. Be out in a while. Hope to see ya then. Spike. (55)

Glenn "The Eyes" Elnor and Elaine "Hot Shot" McKay are announcing here and now their binding, with raised fists and rings sparking in the rising sun. The world is now lesser by one, for we have become one. (55)

Brothers and Sisters: My lady has been badly burned on 98% of her body and the only thing that will save her life now is the will to live. A letter, card, or club card would help her make it. Please—help me help her and show her it's us scooter people who care. Mike (Tramp) Aubert. Write to Gail Aubert, Burn-Trauma Unit, St. Elizabeth Hospital, 555 South 17th, Lincoln, Nebraska 68510. (55)

Fuck Sam, make our own whiskey for \$2.00 a quart. Complete plans and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send \$2.95 to Blazo, Box 607, No. Falmouth, Mass. 02356. (56)

Magilla: Happy Birthday, Babe (11/14). Hope we make it this time, 'cause I really love ya. Your ol' lady, Dee. (55)

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)

Hey, motherfuckers, I love all of you. Your true brother, Gordy, 1¢er OFFO, Outlaws, Dayton. (54)

For Rollo and Sadie: Here's happiness for your lasting days and never-ending nights. I love you both. S. (54)

Lloyd and Pat: Happy 25th from all of us. David, Patti, Debby. (55)

Brandj & Candi, State Farm, Southside, Va. Your address lost by fool. Get in touch before your release. Write to Jason Clark III #91719-1, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 13051. (54)

I'd like the world, as well as the "Filthy Few," to know that I will always love Joe, alias "Dad." I'm sorry for everything. All I want is to wrap my thighs around him again on that beautiful Sportster. Forget the Husky, come back to me. The Squirt, Murrysville, Pa. (54)

Hey, Rich, San Diego's fuckin' beautiful. Get some money together and ride your ass out here. Wilbur, S.D., Calif. (54)

Pat Johnson, Roxboro, N.C., contact Bob Bowman 04706-156, Texarkana, Texas 75501. Important. (54)

Locked up and lonely. Jeff Saal #052262, S.C.I., P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513. F-113. (54)

Set ready for winter

Do you hate looking like a cop when you put your leather jacket on or do you feel like you're in a Fonzie look-alike contest, that Hollywood trick bag, then check out the most bonaroo jacket going. Six pockets (two huge pockets on the inside which will leave your hands free to operate your motorbike if you happen to drop by the grocery store and pick up a couple of steaks). They come in 2 colors Casual Brown & Beyond Black.

Only \$60.00 each plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.



Leathers from High Pockets

Made in America by Americans from the finest American cows!



Star Wars Gloves

Heavy gloves, tough enough to take the abuse of damn near anything. Either the five-finger job or mittens with the trigger finger cut out. Especially good for hunting possums or coons.

Stars can easily be removed with a Buck Knife.

Real leather, not cheap plastic — with heavy insulation on the inside.

Only \$15.00 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.



Ball warmin' Chaps

When riding on a cold & frosty morn or evening, freezing your balls off, next to your ol' lady's or your house mouse's warm hands, these chaps will keep your balls & legs as warm as two crispy critters.

The pockets on the chaps are large enough to hold 1/2 pint of your favorite beverage.

Only \$70.00 each plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

Jackets Regular jacket sizes 38 to 48
Chaps Send inseam & waist
Gloves Sizes S - M - L

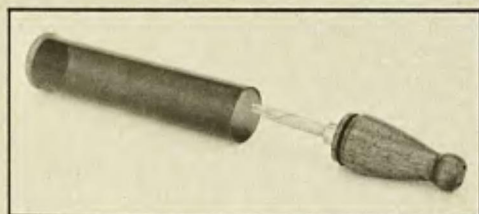
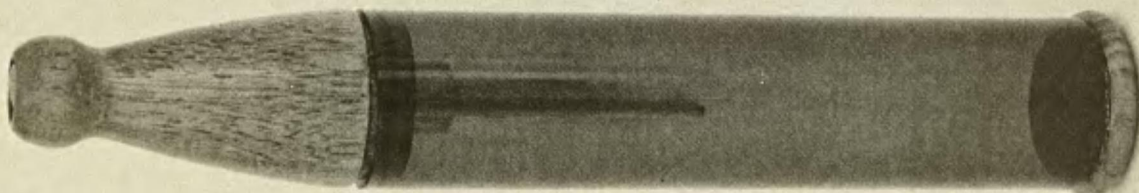
Order today from

High Pockets

Box 294

Cypress, Calif. 90630

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 logger type.



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 _____

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

**Got
the
74
Urge?**
Jammer
Can
Satisfy It!



We have the largest assortment of quality 74 Chopper parts in the world - more than you can find - more than we can list in this advertising section. So if you've got the 74 Urge - we've got the cure! (There's too much room 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 Superstar Veebel Ride home is another word to build a complete chopper with all the same class and responsibility as our regular Jammer Choppers. Sure, we mean custom. Custom means have been around for awhile, and since we know some of them don't work anymore, that's why if you've been waiting for the right chopper, we would put the Superstar Veebel Ride home.

Jammerize YOUR FX OR SPORTSTER!

STOCK

An bike shouldn't look alike! We feel they should be Jammerized to the owners own taste. Perhaps a less than tolerant view point on our part.

CALIPER COVERS (See Page 80)

WHEELS (See Page 80)

HINTS TO THE OL' LADY

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

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

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's 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).

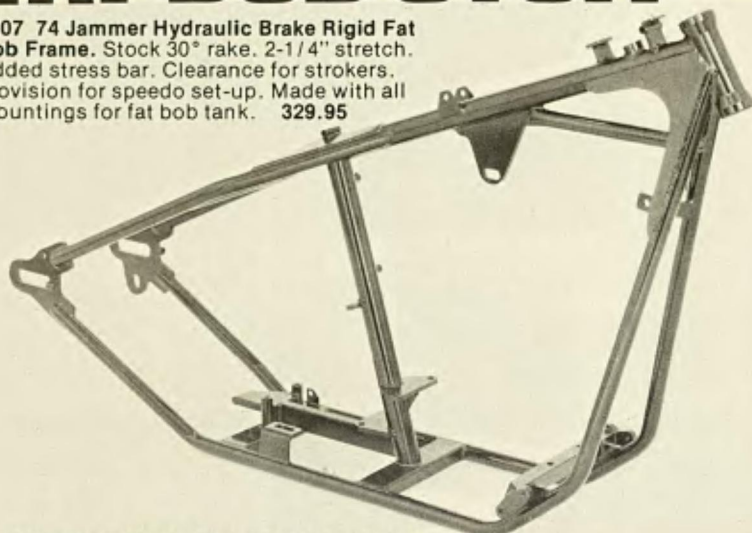
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Jammer

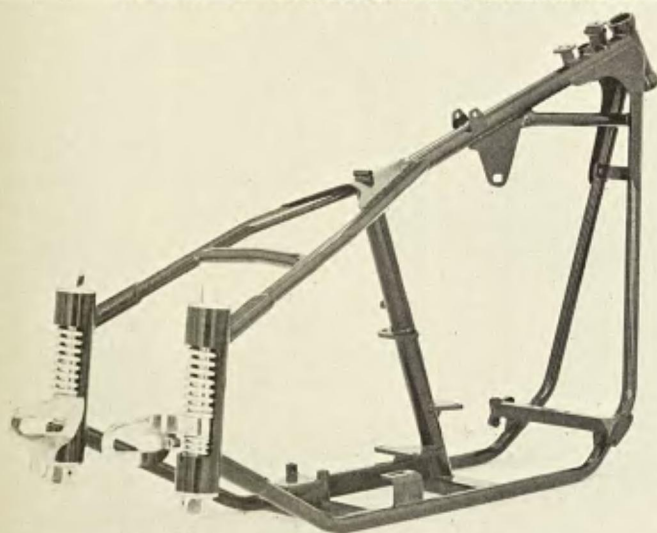
NEW!

FAT BOB STUFF

2807 74 Jammer Hydraulic Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame. Stock 30° rake. 2-1/4" stretch. Added stress bar. Clearance for strokers. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank. **329.95**



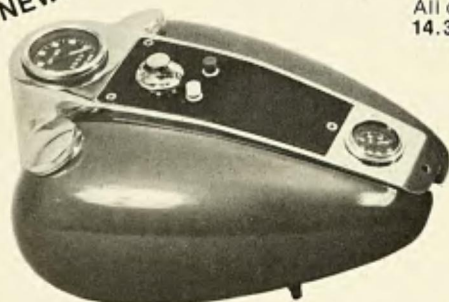
2808 74 Jammer Mech. Brake Rigid Fat Bob Frame. Same as 2807 except 2805 mech. brake kit installed **349.95.**



28028 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame. Same as 2807 except with suspension. Hydraulic brake only. **389.95**

36033 Fat Bob Gas Tank - For H-D, Honda, Kawa, Triumph, etc. 3.5 gallon. Custom wrap-around show chrome dash mount. Built in coil & regulator mounts under dash plate. Horn button, hi-low beam switches built in. Chrome gas caps. Stock H-D type threaded petcock. Universal key switch. Custom oil gauge with fittings & line. Designed to hold your stock speedo or tach. Mounts & tabs to adapt to any stock or custom frame with ease & speed. **269.00**

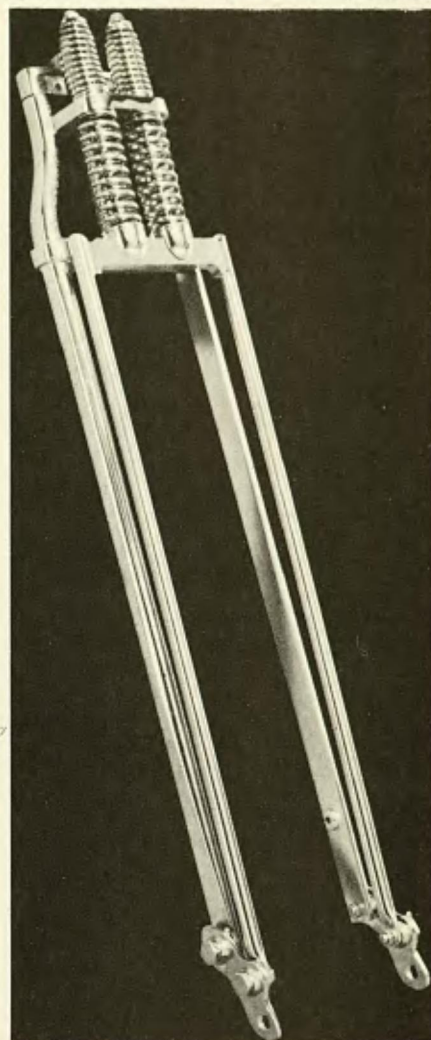
NEW!



Custom H-D Floor Boards. Heavy non-skid rubber. All chromed edge. Available with or without custom mounting blocks for quick & easy mounting. Also fits rear Honda GL 1000 (W/O mounting blocks).
154021 Without mounting blocks 28.95 pr.
154022 With mounting blocks 33.95 pr.

105

WIDE RIDER



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

Wide Rider Springer

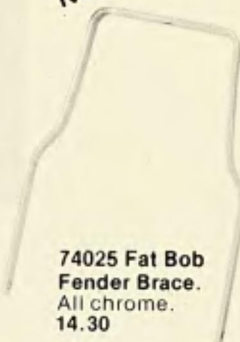
60050 9" Twist	60054 9" Round
60051 12" Twist	60055 12" Round
60052 15" Twist	60056 15" Round
60053 18" Twist	60057 18" Round

299.95

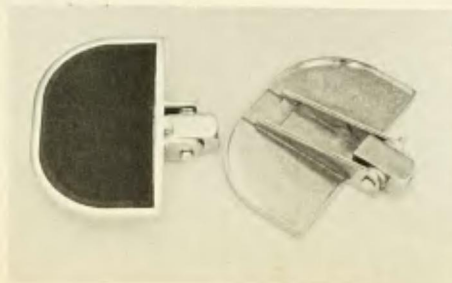
121015 Axle— Wide Rider Springer Fits our Wide Rider Springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. Spacers included. Chromed. **\$12.50**

NEW!

74025 Fat Bob Fender Brace. All chrome. **14.30**



NEW!



Fat Bob Fender. Heavy gauge steel stamping. No ripples or die marks—easy to prime and paint. Fully beaded edge and cut-out for chain. 37" x 7-1/2".

74012 Left side chain 31.25
74013 Right side chain 31.25

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

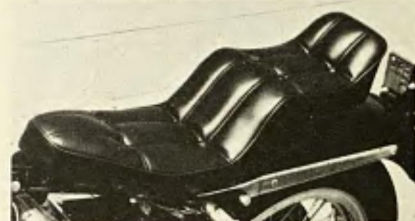


The Perfect Seat To Match Our Chameleon Bar.

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)



B

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!



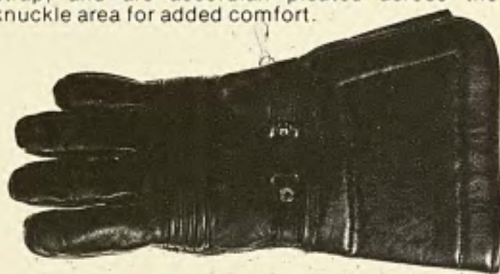
OTHER STUFF



51013 Saddlebag
\$4.95

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
B	129053 Large Harley Wings	2.95
C	129054 Small Harley Wings	2.75
D	129055 Harley Wheel & Wing	2.50
E	129056 Harley #1 & Wings	2.95
F	129057 Harley #1	2.50
G	129058 Small Harley #1	2.65
H	129059 Harley #1 Earrings	4.95
I	129060 Harley-Davidson Bar	1.95
J	129061 Harley Emblem	2.50
K	129062 Harley Shield	2.95
L	129063 Harley Shield Key Fob	2.95
M	129064 Small Harley Shield	1.95
N	129065 Small Harley Motor	1.95
O	129066 Shovelhead Motor & Wings	2.65
P	129067 Chopper	2.75
Q	129068 Fatbob	3.95
R	129069 Small Fatbob	3.95
S	129070 Honda Wings	2.50
T	129071 Honda 4 Wings	2.50
U	129072 Skull	2.50

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)

**JAMMER'S
HANDBOOK**

Volume 1 of 2 (Continued)

HARLEY HONDA
KAWASAKI



Jammer

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



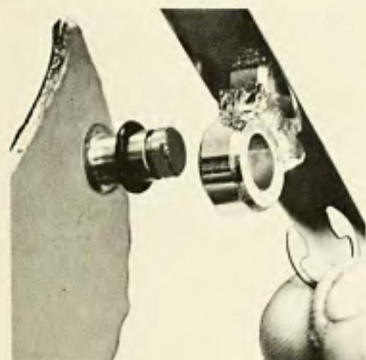
8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated)
8.95



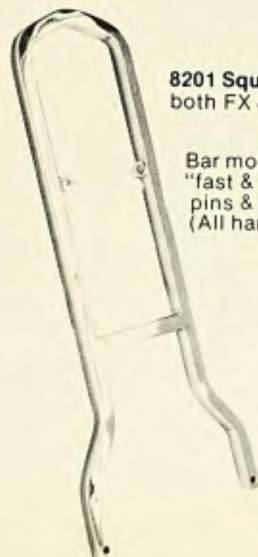
8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels
Gold-Plated 8.95



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)

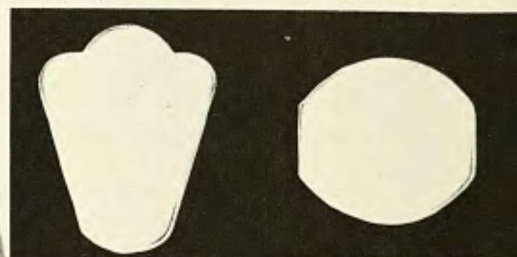
SISSY BARS

TOTAL **\$59.95***

*with Jammer or chrome oval plate.



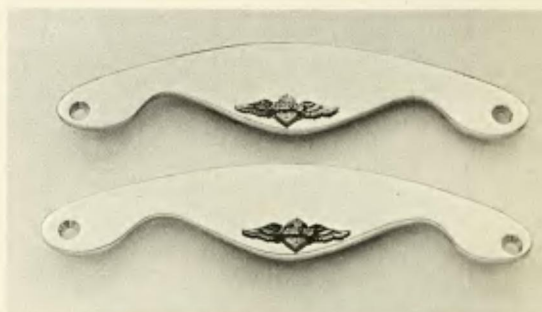
NEW!



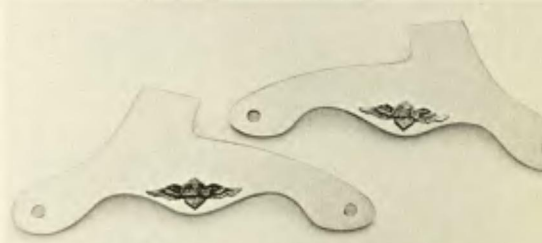
8108 Tombstone
Plate Chrome 6.95

8109 Oval Plate
Chrome 4.05

(These plates mount to bar with "O" ring & clips same as emblems do.)



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).



119

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

get off e-z



again & again

The original ROLLING paper brings you two new sizes.

e-z wider **1 1/2 size** is halfway between single and double width.
e-z wider **1 1/4 size** is one of a kind. Just a bit wider than single width.

Both are made from the same
fine quality rice paper with the perfect amount of glue.

So! Get off with e-z wider,
in any size and many flavors. Just ask for e-z wider again & again.

Packs shown in actual size.

e-z wider any size many flavors

For free sample offer see page 84