

Easyriders

75p

April, 1978

\$1.25

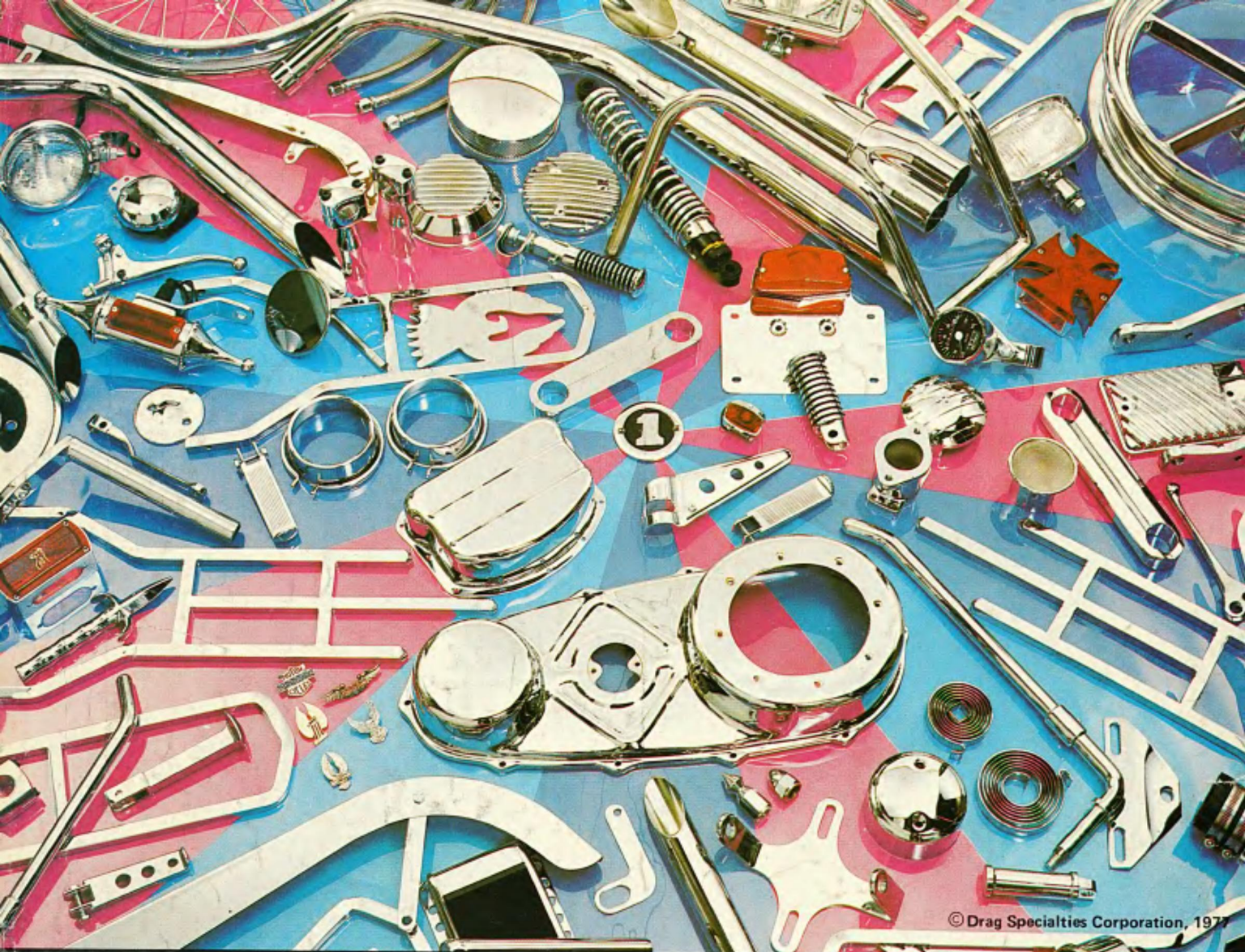
10,000 Bikers Make Run For Kids

How To Get Rid Of Your Woman

An Englishman Comments On Sporty

***Great Ol' Lady
Contest***





© Drag Specialties Corporation, 1977

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.

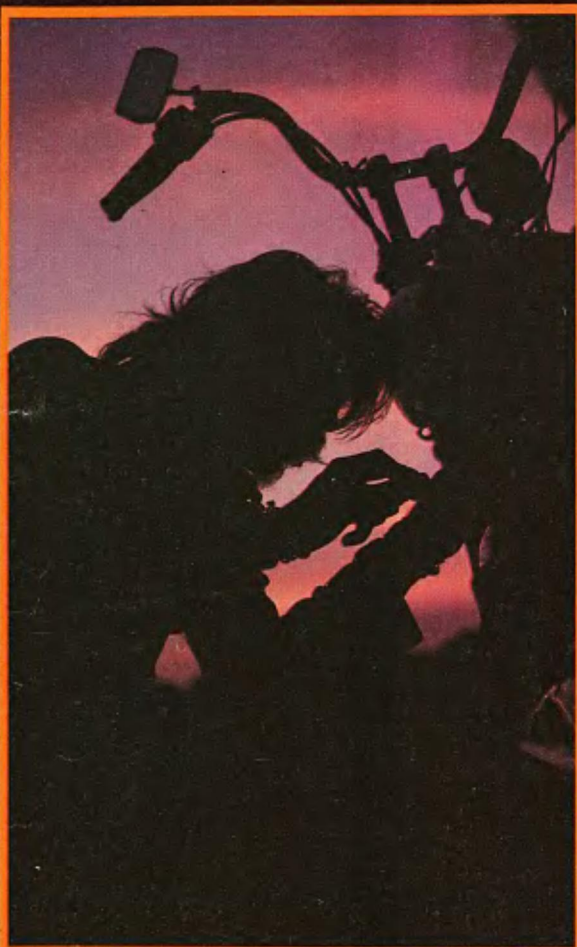


DRAG SPECIALTIES
finer accessories for all motorcycles

Make your bike look as tough as it runs. With some "deep skin" chrome from Drag Specialties.

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Spider lays some bizarre stuff on ya	5
Our readers rant and rave at us	6
Interesting comments from other biker rags	11
A murderous woman stalks her prey	12
Tender advice on how to end a romance	14
Thousands of bikers play Santa	16
A primo fatbob to feast yer eyes on	20
Ol' Mutha's tough answers to tough questions	25
A gritty saga of love and treachery	26
Do bikers have a death wish?	28
Another crop of foxy ol' ladies to drool over	30
A tasty shovelhead from Vegas	32
ABATE, a national organization of street bikers	39
Is this a knucklepan—or a panknuckle?	43
Dr. Twatburger exposes bullshit tales	45
Legal comments in everyday language	46
A Harley review from across the Atlantic	49
In the Wind with our great readers	51
A rugged three-wheeler from Nebraska	58
A man and a boy—a biker and his son	64
The stars and what they have in for ya	66
Oh no! Attack of the Deadly Space Filler!	68
Locked down bros looking for mail	70
Here's Peach—and she's some dessert!	75
Strange ads for and about strange things	100

FTW

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



Easyriders magazine Number 58, April, 1978. Vol. 8. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1978 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52 Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department: Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$11.00, two years \$22.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$1.25. Postmaster: Forms 3579, Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Ca. 90265. (213) 880-4240. East Coast: Bob D'Ambrosio, 342 Madison Ave., Suite 916, N.Y., N.Y. 10017, (212) 697-4339

COVER photo of Billy and Sherri by Billy Tinney

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

ANYBODY CAN DRESS UP A HARLEY-DAVIDSON. NOT EVERYBODY CAN DO IT RIGHT.

[A Less Than Tolerant Viewpoint.]

Too many riders treat the purchase of a set of pipes or a sissy bar as though they were buying a star for the top of their Christmas tree. So long as it stays on, everything's fine.

Well, everything isn't so fine.

To most of you this won't be news, but you don't hang pipes on a Harley-Davidson® motorcycle. You fit them. Perfectly. So they become part of the machine.

The Sportster shown here illustrates our point. It's dressed with a chrome-finished sissy bar, padded backrest, flat black cast wheels, independent staggered dual exhaust pipes, chrome oil cooler and chrome point cover. And it's 100 per cent Harley-Davidson. Because every part on it is a perfectly tooled-to-fit genuine Harley-Davidson accessory.

What's more, every Harley-Davidson accessory—from coolers to highway pegs to touring seats—is available at any Harley-Davidson dealer. So when you dress your Harley-Davidson motorcycle, you can dress it right.

Look at it this way. You've already committed yourself to riding one of the finest motorcycles the world has ever known. A cycle built



to such exact tolerances that the piston to cylinder wall fit on an FX 1200, for example, is between .001 and .002 of an inch—1/3 the thickness of a human hair!

That's what you paid for.
That's what you got.

This is no time to start making compromises.



Harley-Davidson riders never compromise.

AME
Harley-Davidson

For a free accessories catalogue see your Harley-Davidson dealer or write Harley-Davidson direct at 3700 W. Juneau, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53201, desk J-1.

Faith file: This chick was layin' down a heavy line about her belief in reincarnation to the dude next to her in a bar. Finally, he hands her a pistol and asks her if she'd like to test her theory. She did—and plugged herself in the gourd, cashin' in her chips for good. (Here kitty, kitty, kitty.)

A dogcatcher in Tulsa couldn't catch the dog—the bastard ran so fast that he exceeded the 25mph speed limit by 5mph. The dog ran home. The dogcatcher gave the owner a \$20 traffic ticket because of the dog's speedin'! (Bad loser.)

Then there was this chick who was forced to give this dude head. As she was doin' it, he fell asleep and was busted. The question I have is, was she that good or that bad?

Mistake Dept.: The bartender called for a cab. After a short wait, the drunk stumbled outside just as the cab drove up to the curb. He jumped in and said to the driver, "Here's five bucks—take me home. I'm drunk." He was taken to the nearest police station because the "cab" he thought he got in was actually a patrol car. (Now, I've been loose, but . . .)

Watch that cow! No, not your ol' lady—the animal in the back yard—because it's been discovered that you can make 200 bottles of whiskey or gin from one cow's annual production of milk.

If you're in Bigfoot country and come upon a tree with used Kotex and tampons hangin' from it, it's not the acid ya just dropped—it's a trap to catch Bigfoot. It seems the big beast is attracted to menstruating women. (How they figured that out is anyone's guess.) If they catch him, I'll send him some red wings.

Here's a switch: After countin' heads at San Quentin, they came up with one too many. They found him, and he explained that he had broken into the joint "to spread the word of God among Quentin's inmates."

Think big file: He held up this bank—tellin' the chick to give him all the money. The teller filled the sack he gave her and gave it back to him. But before he runs out of the bank, he looks in the sack to count the money. Finding only \$800, he tosses the bag back in the teller's face, saying, "Just who do you think I am?" and he walked out. (Now that's class.)

When ya get a little bad-mouthin' from the ol' lady about the amount of beer you're tossin' down, just tell her that a recent study shows that people who drink beer have fewer heart attacks. (Teetotalers have twice as many attacks.) They're not sure why yet, but they believe it may reduce cholesterol.

New business idea: This dude rented an office and hung out a sign sayin', "Fortune Telling." It wasn't long before broads showed up to get their fortunes told. Well, his gimmick was that he advised each one that she had cancer of the vagina and he could get rid of it by cleansing her entire body with a good fuck. Would ya believe one broad blew the whistle on him? (Didn't give a shit about her cancer, probably.)

Dumb law dept: Ya can't hang male and female garments on the same clothesline in Minnesota. And ya can't tickle a girl in Norton, Virginia, and don't blow your nose in public in Waterville, Maine, and don't ever give an elephant a beer in Natchez, Mississippi.

Did he have a hardon? A woman complained in court that a hang glider pilot flew over and made a "sexual suggestion" to her while she was sunbathing in the raw on her garage roof. (She was testifying in behalf of her ol' man, who had whipped out a gun and fired away at the hang glider dude.) Now what do you suppose a guy hang gliding can do as a "sexual suggestion?" Hang his meat out? Flog it with one hand? What? I'm goin' crazy tryin' to figure it out! (Help!) ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Fuck-Up

■ One of our bright sweet-ies blew it. She typed the name of a club wrong. In the February issue, there's a letter headed "Raisin Pie For Hitler." She typed **Satan's Slaves**, when the letter actually came from **Satan's Saints**. Our apologies to both organizations. (She's still in the turn-out room.)

Rocker

□ Send my 1%er regards to Rocker's bros and especially his ol' lady.

Mike (The Runt)
Seuern, Md.

□ Just would like to let you know how upset and angry I got when I read about Rocker's funeral. It really made me sick. Please give my sympathy to Rocker's ol' lady.

Butch Massimino
Flint, Michigan

□ With great anticipation of reading about the freedom of the road and the biker life I love, I lit up some leaf and began to read your latest issue. Ironically, the Byrd's "Chimes of Freedom" was playing when I came upon the funeral article about Rocker. It really brought me back to reality when I read about this brother struck down for no real reason other than that he didn't fit into the fucking mold that this hypocritical society in this land of the free tries to force us all into.

Captain Jack
Bersfield, N.J.

More Power

□ I'll agree wholeheartedly that there are some nasty, conniving, ignorant bitches out there who deserve and enjoy being nothing more than their ol' man's servant-hole. More power to 'em.

But If you look around, there's a few good broads that will "play house," put out, and carry on an intelli-

gent conversation at the same time. Even **more** power to **them**.

J. Hill
Winters, Calif.

Limited Theme

□ I have been reading your magazine for about six months and think the stories, articles, photographs, and advice are great. But my wife says that you have a very limited theme for the cover of your rag—females and hairy, tattooed apes. What do you think about that?

Big Daddy Haus
Eagle Creek, Ore.

■ Tell her to fuck off.

Now That's Appreciation

□ Nothin' could properly express my appreciation for your great mag except maybe to be given the chance to give head to the entire **Easyriders** staff.

Sunshine
Saginaw, Mich.

■ Hey, babe, our number's 1-213-880-4240. Ask for the Head Scheduling Dept.

Earlyriders

□ I just want to tell you guys that you did one helluva job in compiling that **Earlyriders** book. I have never read a more complete history of Harley-Davidson.

Wildman
Fayetteville, N.C.

Punishment

□ That was a nice article about being Chief Honcho of the DOT that Weird Willie wrote. But he was wrong on one thing. To sentence someone to 90 days confinement with Miraculous Mutha is no punishment. But 90 days **inside** M.M.—now **that's** punishment.

Danny K.
Rotterdam, Holland

■ Yeah, but her mouth and navel ain't so bad.

Digs Mustang

□ Man, I gotta get me one of those Mustang three-wheelers. You think Jack would trade even-up for a 1960 panhead fatbob?

Lone Wolf
Grand Marsh, Wis.

□ I read with interest your article on Mustang motorcycles in your January issue. John Gladden was my uncle. I say "was" because he passed away last spring.

Tell Mustang Jack to look after his bikes (or sell them to me) because they are a unique part of American transportation and of biking in particular.

Bill Fane
North Vancouver, B.C.

Doesn't Dig 'Em

□ You fuckers outdid yourselves this time. Your January issue was next to fuckin' incredible. And it would have been, if not for that "Mustang Jack" shit. I mean, just before you were bltchin' at some numbnuts for wantin' to see Kawas in this here Harley rag. And then ya come along with this mini-bike stuff.

Free Bird

Muff Is Miffed

□ Your ol' lady quiz in the January issue came in real handy yesterday—I ran outta asswipe. Also, all you dudes with your heads up your asses about ladies riding their own scoots can suck my rectum. We have as much right to have our face in the wind as you do. So move over and give us some room.

Miss Muff
So. Calif.

Long Dorks?

□ On page 51 of the January issue, you have a picture of two guys and a snowman.

I noticed that the cranks on the dudes looked longer than my Doberman and my

ol' man put together! Could this really be true? If so, how 'bout an address so I can find the secret of their success?

Doc's Ol' Lady
Flagstaff, Ariz.

■ Doc asked us not to tell ya.

How Many?

□ You've got 47 people on your staff. My question is, how many know which side the throttle is on? Whip it out and renew my faith.

Rat
Victorville, Calif.

■ 38.

A Tip

□ There is only one success in life—be able to live it in your own way. Power to the revolutionary state of your mind!

Mr. Natural
Tuxedo, Md.

FTA

□ The Army here in Schweinfurt, Germany, has decided that after this registration year is up, all custom or chopped bikes either go back home or must be torn apart and returned to stock.

If enough bros over here (with or without their scoots) get wind of this and get up off their dead asses and write to our reps in Washington, maybe this can be stopped. We don't have much here — and now they're taking more.

Gunner
Schweinfurt, Germany

Female In Slam

□ This scribe is coming to you from the slammer, and this is one chick who reads trash like **Easyriders**. I first laid eyes on the rag in '71, and ever since then I've been faithful to its cause.

I assume that "Hand Job" (Jan., '78) has never been in a prison or reformatory

New lower price!

—but still *The Original*—made from steel dies—not from a cheap, low-quality rubber-mold process!

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



RIGHTeous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Miraculous Mutha Pipe

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

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

9.95
we pay
postage



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



Quality guaranteed or money refunded!



RIGHTeous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



Enlarged 300% to show detail

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

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more.

They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

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



for women. Therefore, he can shove his "logical conclusions" about why we don't write to **Easyriders** up into his intestines. I agree with the claim that there is plenty of sexual tension through lesbianism. Personally, I use my right index finger and thumb to release mine. I always say, "To each his own, but leave me to mine." And what makes him think that I am not dependent on men? I've been here only a few months and already I'm having visions of monstrous joints dancing in my head. Is that dependency or what?

The man is depraved. With a moniker like "Hand Job," the callused palm and loneliness must be fucking with him if he doesn't realize that the reason we don't write is that there aren't many hard-core biker chicks in prison.

I am lost and lonely, but I'm strong. I just shut out the things I can't stand in this hole and I'm faithful to the good that is in me—my love of freedom and the open road.

Faithful Reader
Ohio Reformatory for
Women

Double Take

□ I got the January issue, and as usual, I was checking it out. In the feature "In the Wind at a Biker Wedding," I scoped out something that didn't look half-ass. Mad Doctor of the Invaders M.C. got hitched to a chick called "Deep Throat," right? In your May, '77 rag, the first page of "In the Wind" has a flick of this chick's ass with "Gypsy—Property of Mad Doctor" tattooed on it. What's the story? Is this the same chick?

Statch
Hemlock, N.Y.

■ That Doc did get around.

Good Advice

□ Nobody wants it, but some of us are gonna wind up in the local hospital and a hair's breadth away from the county icebox. One thing you can do to save the "angel of mercy" types some time (and possibly your ass) is to put your name, blood type, and any allergies on your ridin' jacket.

Carry a card with the same info in your wallet. Hell—get it tattooed on. This helps the medical staff keep from fuckin' up on the essentials. I got three leather patches gold-leafed with this info—one on my cut-off, one on my jacket, and one on my favorite shirt.

Fast Eddy Ebert
USS Saratoga

Big Bet

□ While in heated debate over who should be winner or whatever in your ol' lady contest (Feb., '78), my somewhat-fried bro got the fucked-up notion that he saw Ann Lynn featured in a previous issue. So, after I bet a bag of good smoke and even dug back to issue #44, and pointed out to him that Diana and Ann Lynn are not the same chick, he still insisted that he was right.

Anyway, seein' as how you fuckers put the contest decision off on someone else (which started the whole fuckin' thing in the first place), we figured you could answer this one for us. So who gets the smoke?

"Abe"
WCI-Oakhill
Oregon, Wis.

■ Any dude with an eye for tits can see that they're not the same chick. Similar faces, though.

A Compliment

□ Let me tell ya—there ain't nothin' like takin' a good shit and readin' your rag.

Captain America
River Rouge, Mich.

A Bro Is a Bro

□ The bro who said a bro is a bro is a bro even if he rides a Jap crotch-rocket is absofuckinlutely right!

We can fight, fuck, and take with the best H-D riders around—so whadafuck is the problem with you stuck-up bastards?

Joker
New Orleans, La.

He's Got News

□ To all those broads out there who think they're better than men, I've got news. It took men to make you what you are—whether you're a libber or an ol' lady.

If you're happy, far-out. But remember, you owe it all to the men!

Lark
New Orleans, La.

Small Tits

□ In your Jan. '78 rag, a creep wrote to you and was downing broads with small tits. Hell, women can't help if they're flat-chested, believe me. Like you said, tits are tits. Right on! I love ya for it.

Shit, we small gals are trying just as hard (if not harder) as the big-busted women to make it in this world. So, men, in the future, have a heart—small-busted women need love, too!

T.M.C.
Marietta, Ga.

A Toast

□ Some make a home by the ocean,
Some make a home by the sea,
But **Easyriders** mag and a woman's ass
Are home sweet home to me.

Sweet Peter Willie
Detroit, Mich.

Better Things

□ Women of today are growing up and don't need any biker shit. I've been on both sides and let me tell you a neat businessman with his shit together is ten times a better lay and treats ya like a queen. Also, when he goes on those business trips, ya both get to play around.

Baby, I been around the world and I don't need no blker shit no more and it ain't cuz one kicked me out. I left him for bigger and better things.

Brandy Baby
Cookville, Tenn.

Prison Project

□ While I have ya sittin' at your desk, I have something I'd like to hip ya to. The National Prison Project has a lawsuit against the Federal Bureau of Prisons—Abbott vs. Richardson.

The suit attacks a number of policies and practices of the Bureau with respect to prisoner mail, including censorship and denial of publications and books which the Bureau does not deem conducive to the "security, good order, and

Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mugs.

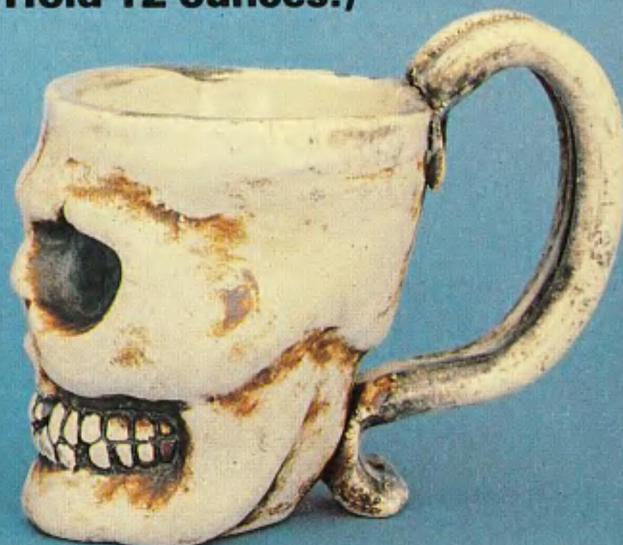
**Heavy! (Weigh two pounds!)
They're Big! (Hold 12 ounces.)**



\$9.95

Add one dollar for postage, insurance, and handling.

Massive mugs that are something special. Expensively handcrafted out of bone china. High fired (2300°). Top quality—a functional conversation piece if ever there was one.



California residents add 6%

They cost bucks, but remember, these are not mass-produced, plastic cheapos—these are individually made—outta fine bone china. Quality guaranteed.

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

Get 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 motorsickle 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.



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

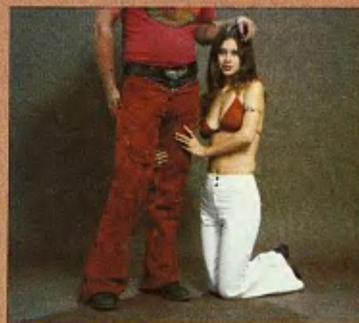
When riding on a cold & frosty morn or evening, freezing your balls off, next to your ol' lady's or your house mouse's warm hands, these chaps will keep your balls & legs as warm as two crispy critters.

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.

Leathers from High Pockets

*Made in America by Americans
from the finest American cows!*



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

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! (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%

discipline" of its prisons. There are a lot of biker brothers and gals who are down and can't subscribe to **Easyriders** because the Federal Bureau of Prisons won't let the magazine in some of its joints.

The National Prison Project expects the suit to come to trial some time this winter. The Project needs evidence — like rejection slips and all the stuff regarding "No **Easyriders** allowed in this prison."

Contact for the Project: Alvin J. Bronstein, Executive Director, The National Prison Project, 1346 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 1031, Washington, D.C. 20036. Telephone: (202) 331-0500.

Slow Ed
Leavenworth, Kan.

Corporal Fascists?

☐ You folks have your heads up your collective asses. How you can throw so much shit about freedom, oppressive bureaucracy, individual rights — just writing it makes me sick, because I've seen too many swastikas, WWII helmets, and other fascist crap among 1%ers—not to mention the way you folks (gross generalization, right?) stomp on other people's rights.

As long as you keep up your sniveling, insecure, little-corporal fascist act, Uncle Sugar will let you keep riding, because you're no threat to him and his organization. But clean up your act a little and live this freedom your rag keeps talking about (instead of just acting free)—then you'll find out what oppression is. Then I'll be with you.

Well, keep your knees in the breeze, bros. But try to hear something besides your lack of mufflers and see something besides your inflated egos.

The Magic Mountain Man
Northampton, Mass.

Personal Gig

☐ For the last few months I've been thinking of hanging up my handlebars. All I've been getting is one hell of a hassle from people riding Hogs—because of the simple fact that I ride a

Triumph. I just read your February issue and there was some guy complaining about the same thing. You answered him by stating that every man's bike is his personal choice—and his personal business. I think the same way, only I go a little further.

I usually put it that motorcycles are just like a restaurant menu, or music. We all have our own personal tastes — from soup to pheasant under glass, from The Partridge Family to Pink Floyd, from Honda to Hog. To each his own—everybody has his own personal gig. So thanks for putting out such good words, and come this March I'll be back on the roads, feeling reborn. Now if I can only find the necessary parts.

Mike Janicak
Alsip, Ill.

☒ Partridge Family? Now let's not get sickening.

Like Studebaker

☐ I like your rag, but be careful or you will go the way of the Studebaker. It was way ahead of its time also, and it was run out of business.

Sky King and Honda Mama
Schertz, Texas

Life Saver

☐ I'm sitting here broke, out of stash, and my chick is in Virginia, 3000 miles away. But I've got a two-year stack of **Easyriders** and two cans of warm Schlitz. Thanks—ya saved the day.

Laubone
Salinas, Calif.

Fed Tattoo

☐ Well, guys, it's finally happened. Big Brother at last got his tattoo on the front of **Easyriders**, starting with the January '78 issue. They really know how to start the year with a blow.

It's bad enough they got the fuckers all over your food and even your fuckin' shit paper. Now they've invaded part of our society. Next thing you know, our bikes will be stamped with that damned computerized price tag; 1984 is only six years away and nobody is doin' a fuckin' thing about it.

Among all the bikers in the U.S. there's more brains and more good vibes than in any other group of people. So why aren't we putting all these brains together and coming up with a logical solution? Isn't that part of what brotherhood is about—getting our shit together and getting things done right? But it has to be now—before things get tougher than you thought they would or could be.

Li'l Speedy
Anaheim, Calif.

☒ Anything that's sold in a market will eventually have that fuckin' computer tag on it. They give ya a choice—put it on or ya don't go on sale.

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.



"Christ, Emily—I thought THIS was you!"

Biker's

Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Weird and scary . . .

And again, just for the record, even though we love Harleys, we still believe there are other good bikes around! We just find it pretty weird that a Dutchman tries to tell Americans how to be more American! Even more weird (and scary) is the fact that some Europeans may actually take *Easyriders* seriously as an indication of what it's like over here!

—Choppers magazine

More profits . . .

. . . in all, however, I think that the Big Four should reconsider their price merchandising strategies. Car makers, for example, advertise price—but they don't advertise the price of every model or all the time. Of course, car dealers have successfully adapted to adding high-profit options to the basic machine . . . ever try to buy a basic, stripped, stick-shift Chevy from your local dealer? You probably won't find one on the lot, and daisies will bloom in Hades before you take delivery, if you decide to order one.

Motorcycle dealers should use the same strategy: display "optioned" bikes on your floor. The different combinations of accessories make price comparisons more cumbersome for the discount shopper, and you'll sell more accessories and make more profit.

—Dealer News

Illogical laws . . .

Sometimes lawmaking aimed at reducing accidents is illogical and influenced by a lack of understanding of motorcycles. To a certain extent, there may be prejudice based on sociological attitudes, or arising from the simple fact that motorcycles are the minority vehicle and, therefore, easier to legislate. Whatever the reason, the bias is at work and often

has curious and even unsafe results.

For example, if motorists are responsible for as much as 70 percent of the multi-vehicle accidents involving a motorcycle, some lawmakers find the solution to the problem in mandatory headlight and mandatory helmet usage. Such laws do not attack the real problem, which is incompetence or a lack of diligence on the part of the motorist. It is somewhat like punishing people who get smallpox instead of trying to eradicate the disease itself.

—Gary Winn

American Motorcyclist



Outlaw bikes? . . .

Perhaps the most vociferous enemy of motorcyclists, particularly street riders, is the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, a Washington, D.C., based organization sponsored by a group of insurance companies. Although it was set up as a safety-research organization, the IIHS is in reality an insurance company lobby—and one of its dearest-held aims is a ban on motorcycles.

Here are the IIHS' aims which have come to our attention:

—Ban motorcycles, either outright or gradually by imposing increasingly lower limits on maximum power.

—Eliminate motorcycle rider education courses.

—Stop the repeal of mandatory motorcycle helmet laws.

What should you do about

the IIHS? Simple—hit it in the budget. The IIHS draws its funds from the insurance companies which support it. If you are buying any kind of insurance from any of the following companies, associations, their subsidiaries, members or agents, you are paying for the IIHS and its efforts to ban motorcycles: Allstate Insurance Company, American Insurance Company, American States Insurance Companies, Continental Insurance Companies, Home Insurance Company, Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, Maryland Casualty Company, Michigan Mutual Insurance Group Companies, National Association of Automotive Mutual Insurance Companies, National Association of Independent Insurers, Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company, Prudential Property and Casualty Insurance Company, Royal-Globe Insurance Companies, Safeco Insurance Companies, Sentry Indemnity Company, State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, Travelers Insurance Company, United Services Automobile Association.

—Cycle Guide

Phony statistics . . .

If you're among those of us who have regarded the annual motorcycle accident statistics released by the National Safety Council with a jaundiced eye—well, our suspicions are correct. Gary Winn of the American Motorcyclist Association and Dr. Anne Horner of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation went to work and collected the actual figures from all 50 states for comparison purposes. It turns out that the Council uses figures projected from information from only 16 states. Results? The Council's statistics are about 100 percent higher than in real life . . .

—Road Rider

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 3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

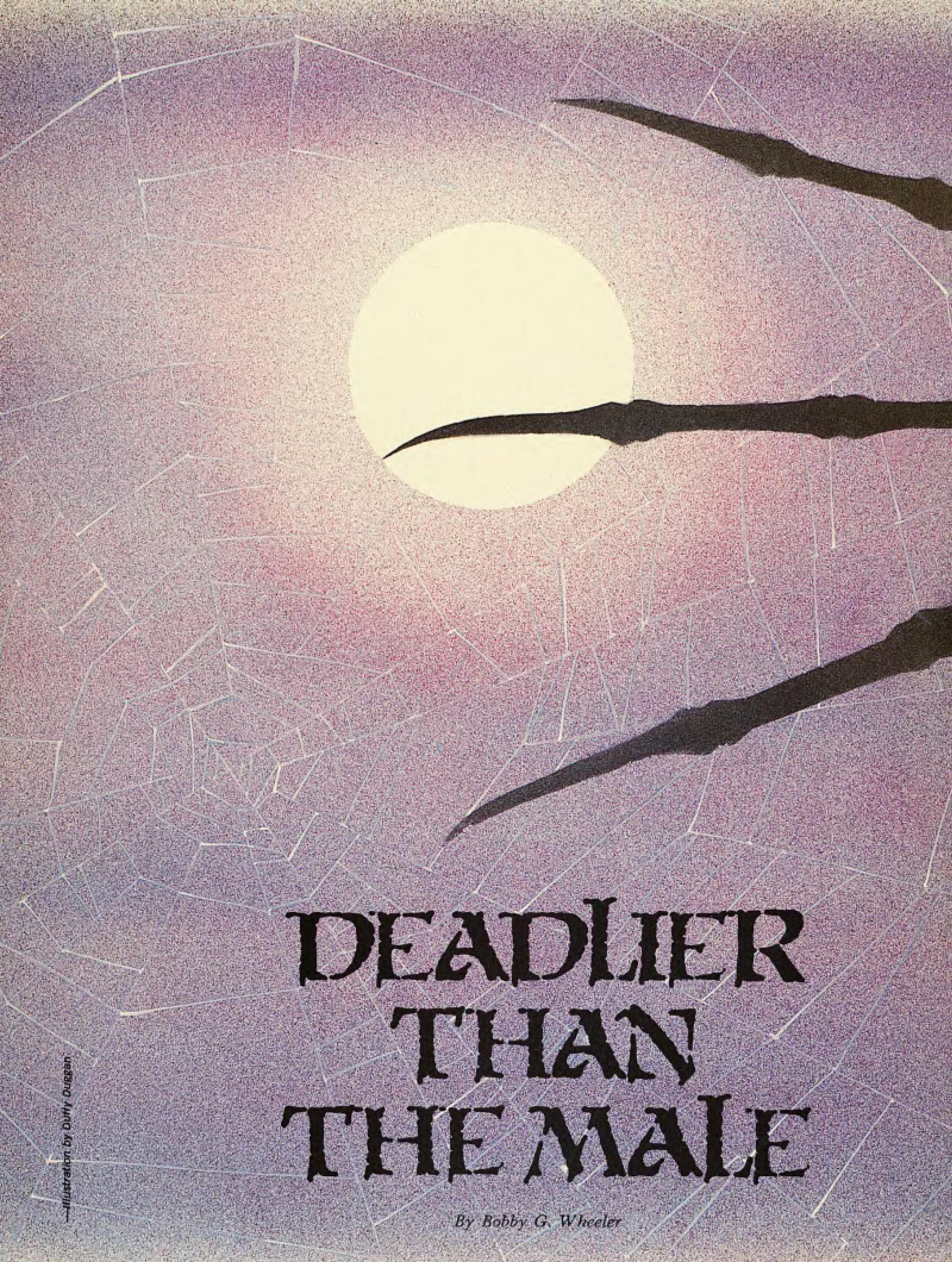
Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTIOUS
Products

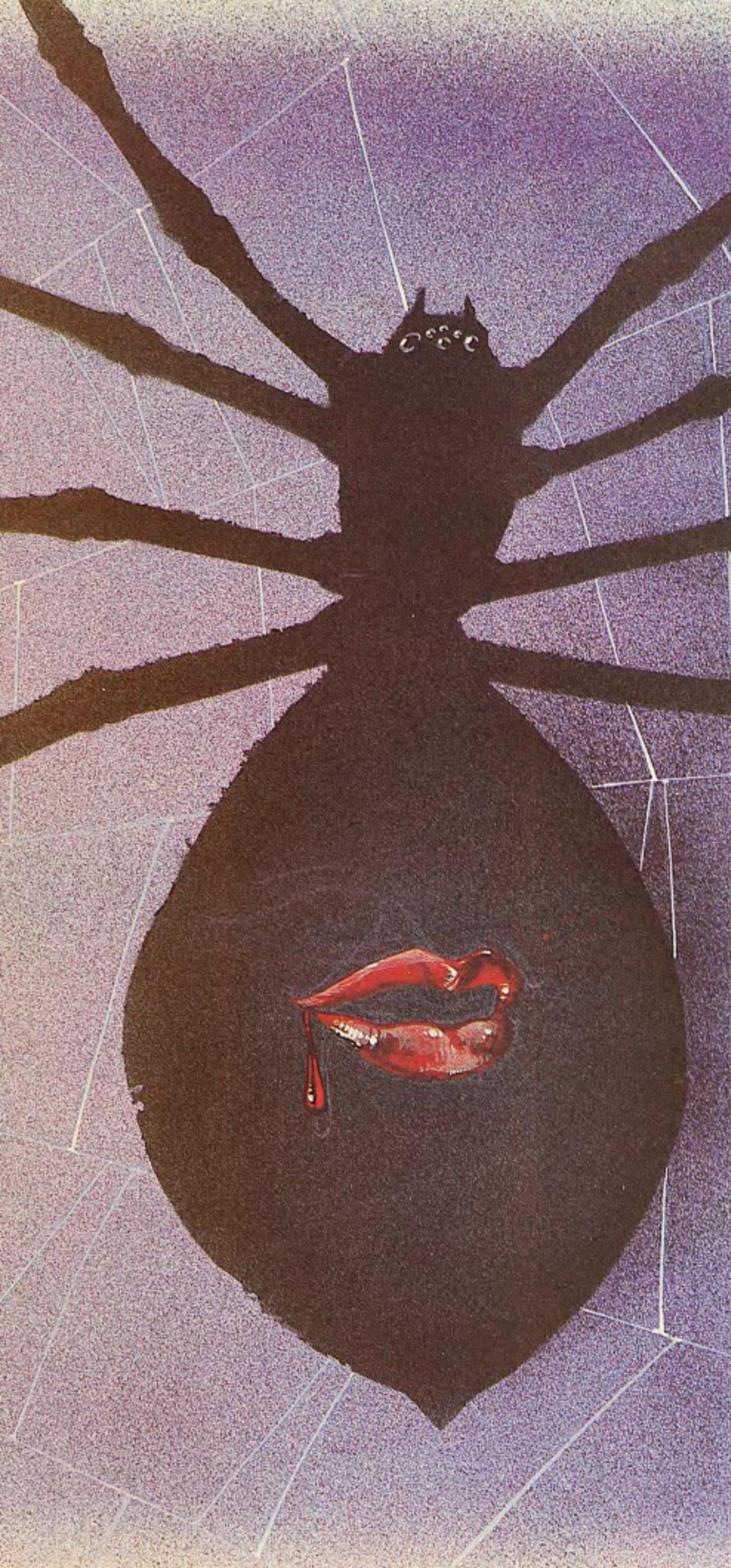
Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740





DEADLIER THAN THE MALE

By Bobby G. Wheeler



Funky Fred and Marsha were sitting on the living room sofa, awaiting the arrival of Marsha's ol' man. Both sat unmoving and silent, absorbed in thought.

Marsha was small, petite, and a fine-lookin' chick. Her skin was evenly tanned and she wore a pale-green, see-through negligee. Her legs were smooth and shapely, her hips rounded and firm. The exciting beauty of her breasts was accented by the erect nipples clearly visible beneath the flimsy green material.

Funky Fred, however, was not distracted by Marsha's provocative beauty. He was lean in face and body. His skin was ruddy—the result of many hours in the sun, atop the chopper he had recently repainted because Marsha had asked him to do it, specially for her. Funky Fred's long, brown hair matched his eyes. He sat lost in thought, while in his right hand he held, somewhat nervously, a small .32 caliber automatic.

The tiny oriental clock on the fireplace broke the silence, chiming like temple bells.

"Nine o'clock," Funky Fred announced. "Where the fuck's he at?"

"Christ, Fred," she reminded him, "his plane wasn't even due until eight-thirty, and it's something like a forty-five-minute putt from the airport. Be cool, babe. And you don't really have to hold that gun all the time."

"I don't want the muthafucker to come bustin' in here and get the drop on me," he told her.

"Well, shit, we got to move into the bedroom before he gets here, anyway," Marsha reminded him. "He's—"

"I know, goddammit, I know." Fred didn't look at her, but just sat staring at the door.

"He's supposed to catch you fuckin' me," she continued. "Bruce could be here soon, so we might as well go on into the bedroom, I guess."

Somewhat reluctantly, Funky Fred followed her. In the dimly lit bedroom, Marsha crawled onto the covers, then pulled the negligee up to her shoulders. Fred didn't even look at her. Well, he tried not to look at her. But, shit, a dude would have to be dead not to notice Marsha's body. Fred wasn't dead, but he knew that he couldn't afford to let himself get hung up between Marsha's outstretched legs. So he sat on the edge of a chair, his wrists on

BREAKIN' IT OFF POLITE

By J. J. Solari



A lotta guys, after they get themselves some new trollop, they ball 'er, feed 'er, and tote 'er around for a few days—and then some night, somewhere in the fuckin' Himalayas, a million miles from nowhere, they just suddenly turn around and calmly inform the lady, "Okay, bitch. Hop off. This little romance just all of a sudden came to a end." And there she is, standin'

somewhere in the middle of fuckin' Cougar Country, while the guy goes toolin' off to Empty Cup, Colorado.

Well, this gets the job done, that's for sure, but it's rude as fuckin' hell. There's a hell of a lot better ways

to ease a broad outta a relationship without fuckin' riskin' her stupid life in the process.

1. For one thing, you should leave her a knife.

She might be hoofin' it along that jagged canyon road for days, for all you know. If she don't need the knife for purposes of jabbin' some fuckin' bear into a permanent hibernation, she can at least use it to make some headway against those guys in the '49 Fords who go drivin' around them sorta roads lookin' to see if they can find someone to pull into the weird alcoves with the rusty beer cans and the moldy flannel shirts and the dank pages of girlie magazines lyin' all around, and which these people call "home." I mean, if she thought life with you was roller-coastery, it's a genuine Disneyland-gone-bananas with these other guys.

2. Bring the bike to a halt.

This business of makin' 'em "jump for it" is a real crock, man. For one thing, the bike's apt to swerve and send you into the rocks as well, friend. Then you'll have to pal around with her for another couple days, an' most likely without no fuckin' either, to keep your mind off the godawful situation you now find yourself in. Not to mention what's probably happened to your machine.

3. When she says to you, "An' just how the hell am I supposed to get out of this fuckin' wildeness?" be sure and tell 'er, for crissakes! Some jerks think it's real cute to give the wrong directions, or the route to a cabin 20 miles away, when they know all the time that there's another one maybe not even half that far somewhere else. Other idiots seem to like to answer the question with the reply, "Walk, I suppose"; or else they'll say, "Follow me!"—as they screech away at a hundred miles an hour.

For the guy who's not afraid of gettin' a lotta "pussywhipped" flack from his bros if they find out about it, the decent thing to do is, as you're pullin' away, bend from the waist with your left arm tucked tight against your chest, and then straighten up quick while flingin' your arm high over your head, releasin' from your fingers at the highest point into a gently downward sailin' feathery flight through the clean crisp air onto the pine-cone-strewn road . . . a map. It can be written on a napkin, or the inside of a soup label—and maybe with

run-proof ink, in case it should drift into a creek—and on it should be pinpointed her present location and all the known roads and intersecting trails, where they lead, and points of interest. Points of interest to her will be fire stations, bird's nests with either eggs or hatched young inside, habitated dwellings with sane occupants, known mountain lion caches of disemboweled deer, polluted streams with a substantial bellied-up fish population, run-over skunks, bee hives, berry patches, and the highest peaks most easily visible to patrolling planes.

4. Finally, you should always leave her with a reason for her having to abandon ship.

A broad can put up with a lot if she thinks there's some point to it. If you just dump her and drive off, without no explanation, on the other hand, they kind of go shrivelly in the face as they watch you leave, and then begin to wander around in little circles over by the side of the road there for a couple of days. And then finally just topple over dead. It's the rejection more than the out-of-doors that kills 'em.

Being needed by a man is their greatest desire. And if they've been dumped without no explanations of any kind, they go into all these doubts as to their worth. So they should always be told something.

Lowest on the list of the things to tell them is the truth.

The truth, more times than not, usually amounts to something like this:

"Well, cunt, when I first saw you a couple of days ago, my cock and balls were full of sperm. When I saw you, my dick got hard, and I took this to mean that if I got you to release my sperm, it would be more enjoyable than if I did it with my hand, here. Look, here's my hand. See? You are more interesting than my hand.

"Also, I wanted to see what your tits and pussy and ass looked like.

"Well, I've gotten rid of my sperm, and I've seen what your tits and twat and butt look like. That leaves the rest of you, and the rest of you I don't get along with very well.

"Someday I will meet a girl who, after she has gotten rid of my sperm, and after I have seen what her tits and box and rump look like, will have additional qualities that will make me want to have her hang-

ing around. You are not that girl. Bye." Zoom.

Very few girls can seem to make any sense out of this line of reasoning.

Next lowest on the list of things to tell 'em is an excuse:

"Your face looks like fresh puke."

"You weigh three thousand pounds."

"You smell and feel like soft shit."

"You're cross-eyed," "Your teeth bleed," "You keep snortin' stringy green blobs outta your nose like a six-year-old," "Your breath smells like rotten meat."

She ain't gonna understand these things, either. She's gonna figure that you knew all that a lot earlier in the relationship, and that that didn't stop you from slidin' her mouth over your cock and hangin' onto her ears for the past few days. So it must be some reason so horrible that you don't have the heart to tell 'er, so she's gonna start wanderin' around in those pathetic little circles again, feelin' useless as a human bein'. That's how women think, man.

The best thing to do is to tell her some vast, sweeping lie.

Make like there's just been some sudden emergency—that you're gonna try and make it the rest o' the way alone, but you don't know if you're gonna make it. If you don't make it, she'll be better off here, because there's water in the creek there, and there's a fire station yonder, as you can see, but you can't possibly ride to it 'cause you don't have spark arresters. If you do make it, you will return immediately so that the two of you can live the rest of your lives together as one in a great on-going fit of love and unimaginable happiness. Then you drive off. She, meanwhile, is now prepared to face anything from floods to flying saucers for the sake of seeing the two of you reunited, as has been destined by the universe since a couple of days before the earth took shape.

This is the kind of thing women understand. This is the kind of thing that will give her the strength to make it back to civilization. In fact, the only thing that will make her stronger will be an accidental meeting between the two of you a couple of years later in some jerkwater bar. In that case, a rude getaway won't endanger her life in any way. And it could very well save your own. ■



There's a new movement across this land—and it's a good one. Motorcyclists are coming together for the common good. Evidence of this were the great helmet protests of 1977 (which we'll expound upon more fully in the next issue) from Wisconsin to Ohio, from Oregon to New York, from Georgia to Texas. Our voices were raised in unison—one strong voice protesting discriminatory, unfair motorcycle legislation.

In addition to protests were many gatherings, runs, swap meets, and fund-raising events—motorcyclists coming together for a common goal—for good.

One of the last major fund-raising events of 1977 was the Modified Motorcycle Association's (MMA) Christmas toy run held in southern California for the benefit of children throughout the state.

It was the Fifth Annual MMA Toy Run, a short ride of 11.5 miles from a park in Los Angeles to the city hall of the neighboring city of Pasadena.

10,000—count 'em—10,000 motorcyclists showed up for this event. There were so many motorcycles that scooters were still being fired up at the starting point while the first bikes were arriving at the end of the run. One unbroken flow of bikes with toys strapped to their forks,issy bars, or held by ol' ladies paraded before the cameras of all three television networks, as well as local TV, motion picture, and news reporters.

10,000 Bikers Make Run For Kids!



A positive display of good. No hassles—not a single one. City police, California Highway Patrol, County Sheriffs—you name it—all blocked the streets so the parade of bikers could flow past. A far cry from the first runs—when the toys were actually refused by the Marine Corps, who were collecting "Toys For Tots," but did not want them from bikers. During the following years, the toys were given to the Mayor of Los Angeles, but for some reason the Mayor never appeared to receive the gifts at the end of the run. Finally, and for the past two years, the Salvation Army received the toys and in turn distributed the toys up and down the state to needy kids at Christmas.

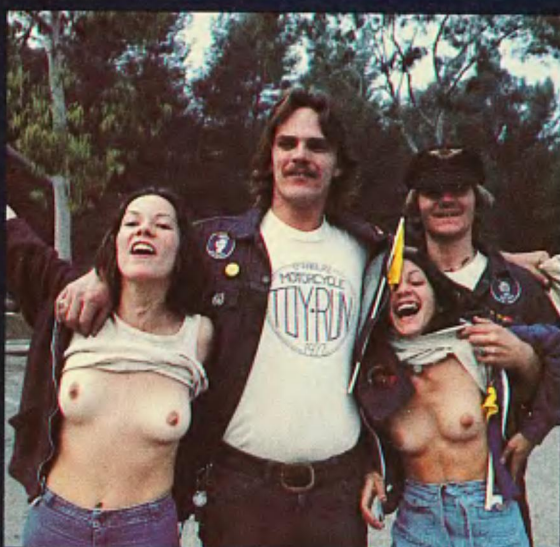
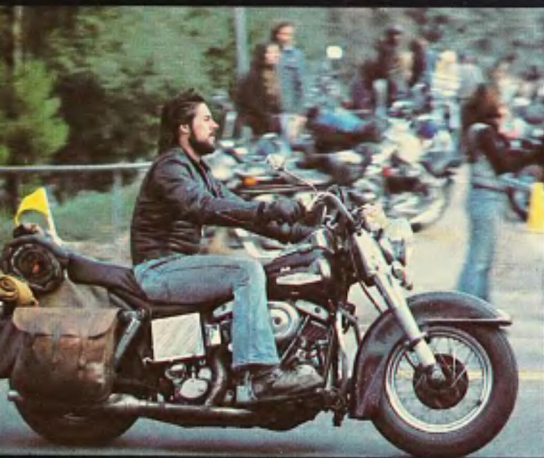
The Salvation Army—the Army that's always been there through all the wars and disasters—was grateful for the gifts. Yes, even if they came from the lowly bikers. The Salvation Army, if you stop to think about it, is **always** there when help is needed—really beautiful people.

Ron Roloff, the Director of MMA, is in the forefront of most of the California charity motorcycle runs. There are blood runs, toy runs, protest runs, and just plain ol' run runs, with all the bread going toward some good cause.

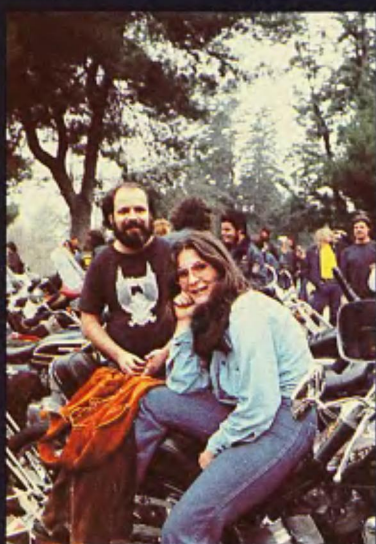
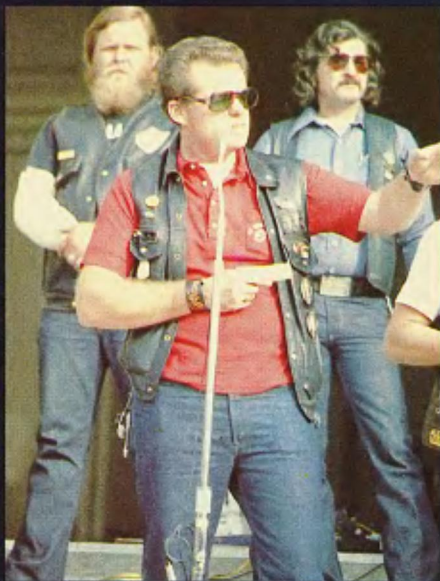
The MMA is a living example of brothers working together for their fellow brothers. Like National ABATE, brother, we all stand together or fall together.

—Lou Kimzey

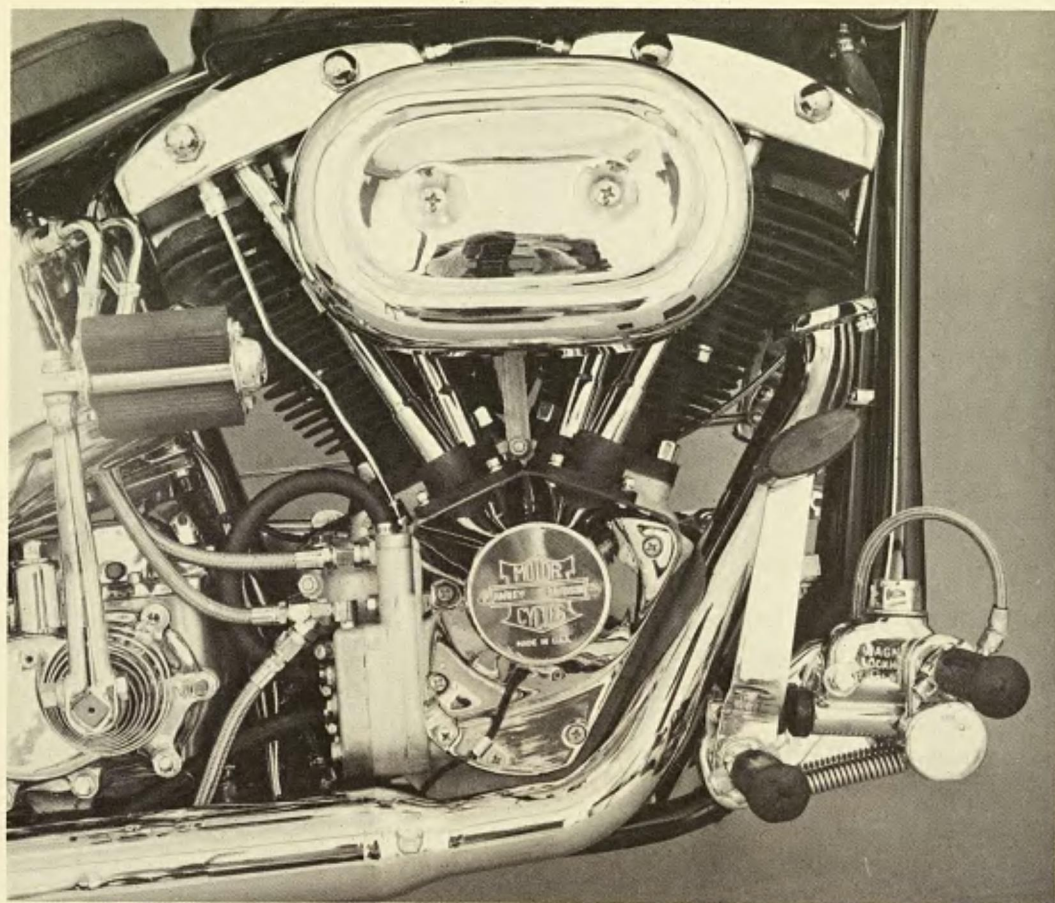




Photos by Kim Peterson/David Kelly







SCARBER'S CYCLE

Hidden deep in a valley lives this bike builder, ya see...

This issue is full of bikes built by motorcycle freaks who can't keep their hands outta the goddam tool box. Joe Scarber built this machine. And Joe has a wild reputation for buildin' bikes. But before he's got the break-in miles on 'em, someone makes him an offer he can't refuse and he's got to start all over again. Maybe that's why he's sellin' his shop.

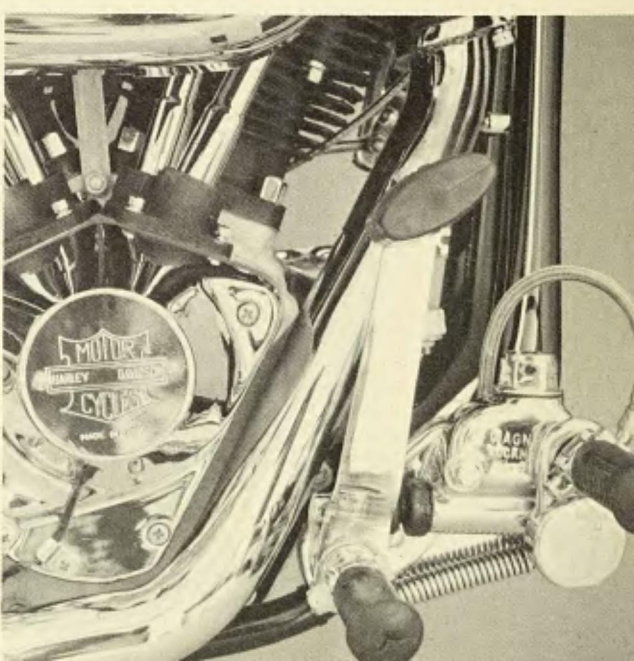
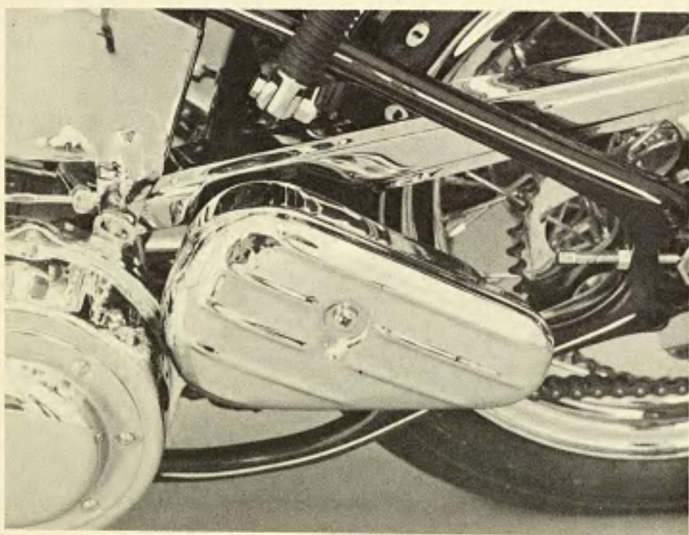
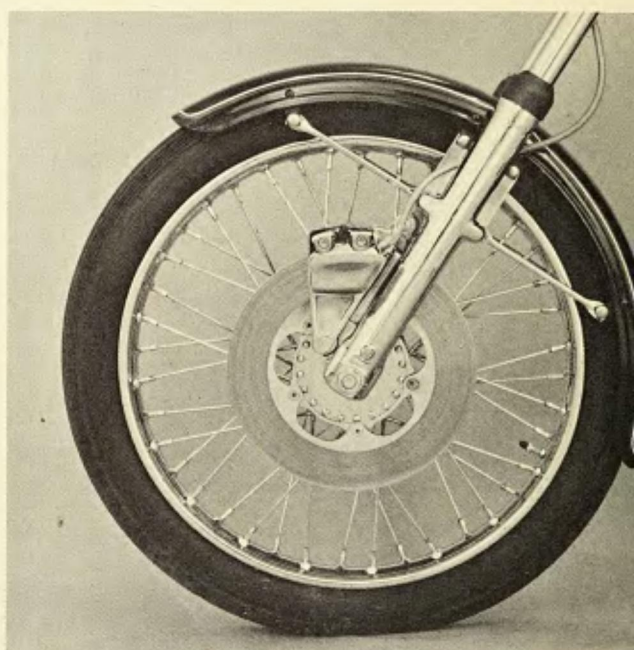
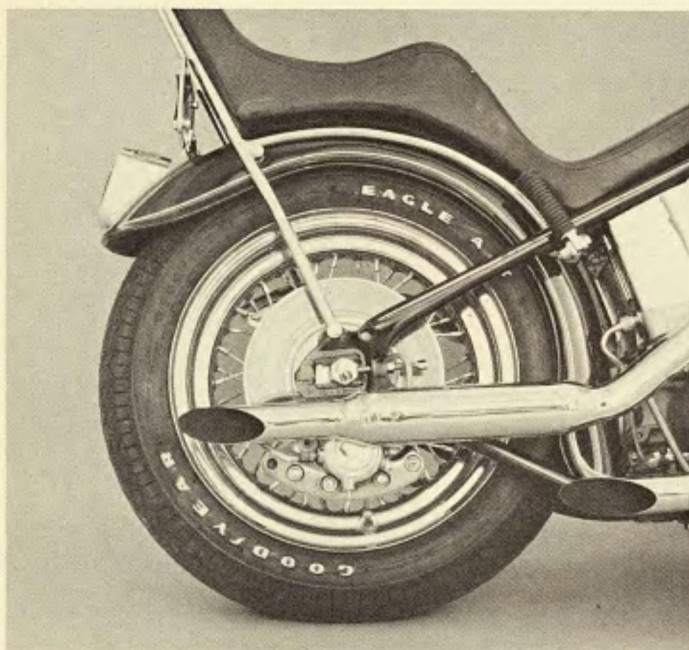
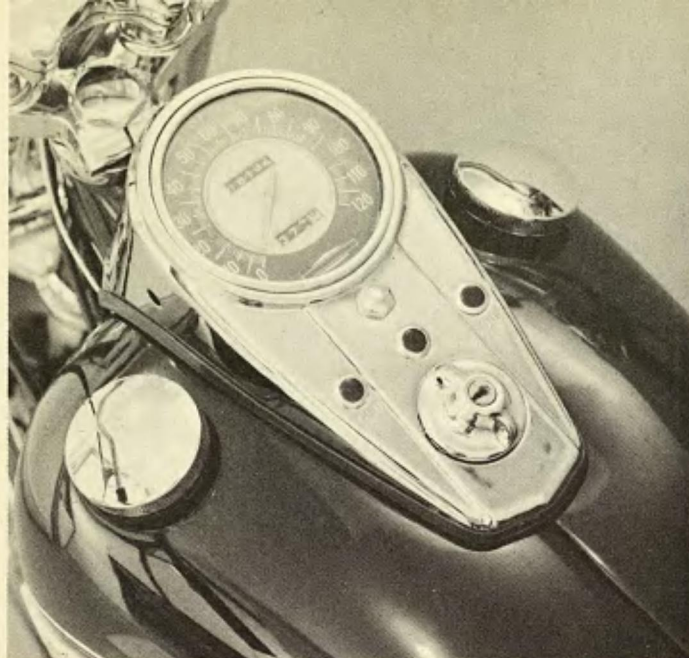
Then one day when the fog is so thick it could be cut with a knife, he can take his tools into the hills somewhere and hide out. And by candlelight in a dusty cave he can build himself another bike in peace. Once a week he'll have to disguise himself, and

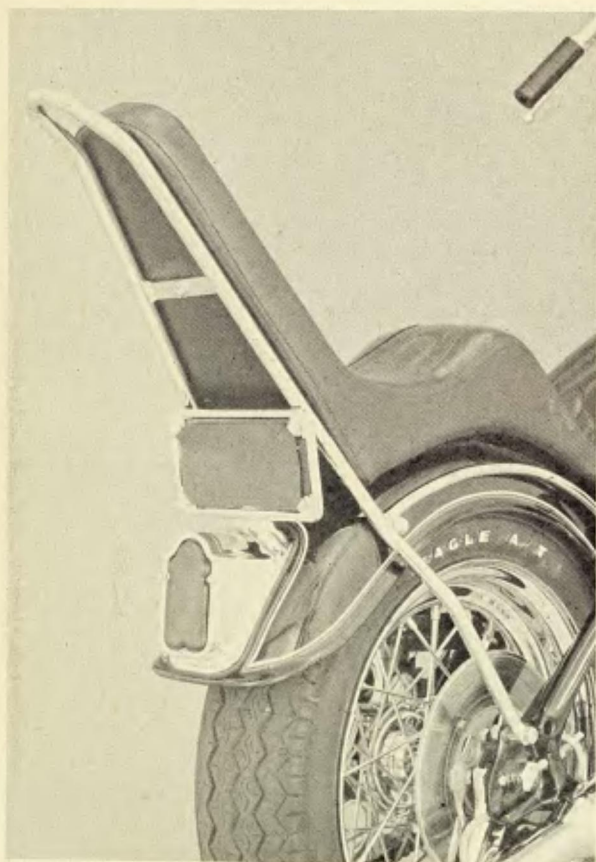
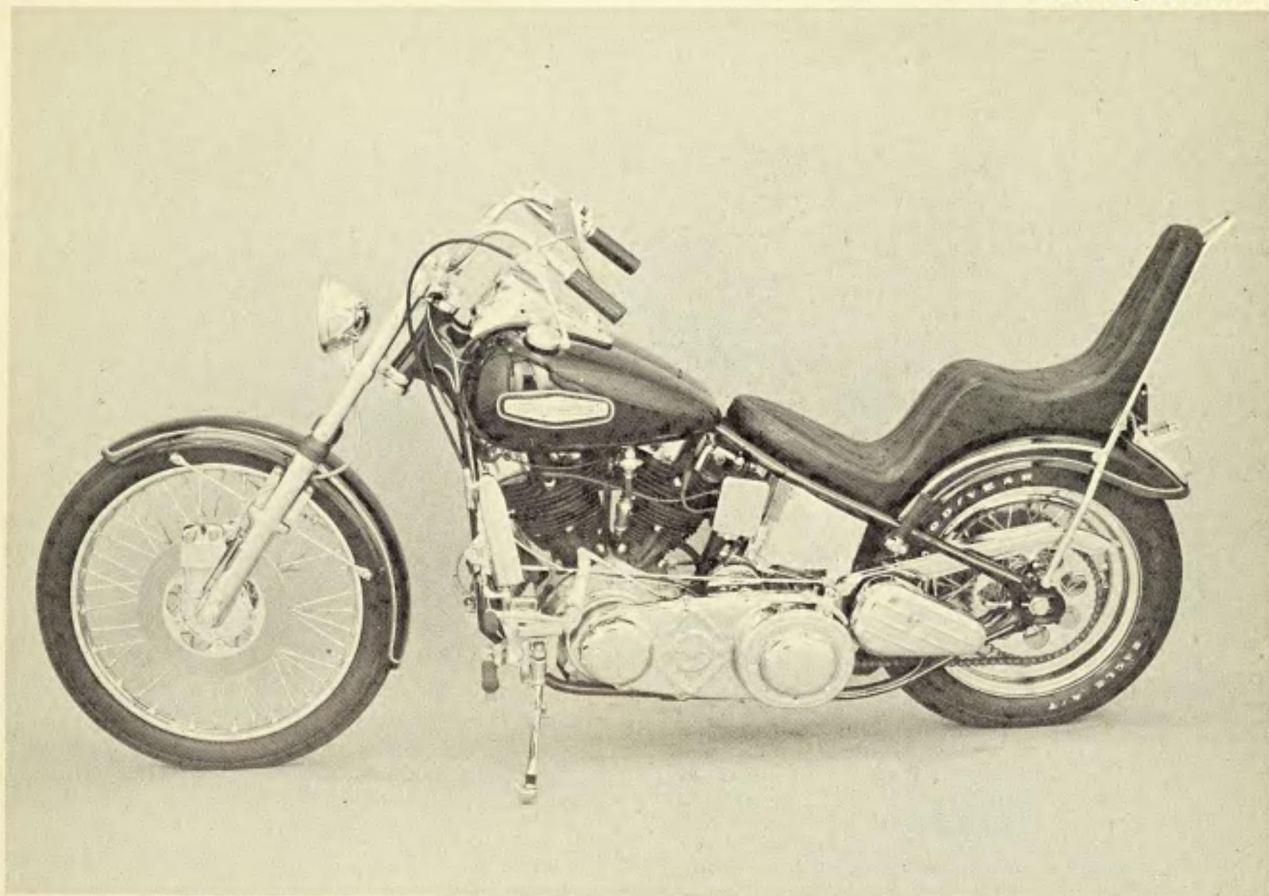
while the moon is out he'll slink out of his rocky retreat and into town for parts. Then, being careful not to be followed, he'll quietly return to his seclusion.

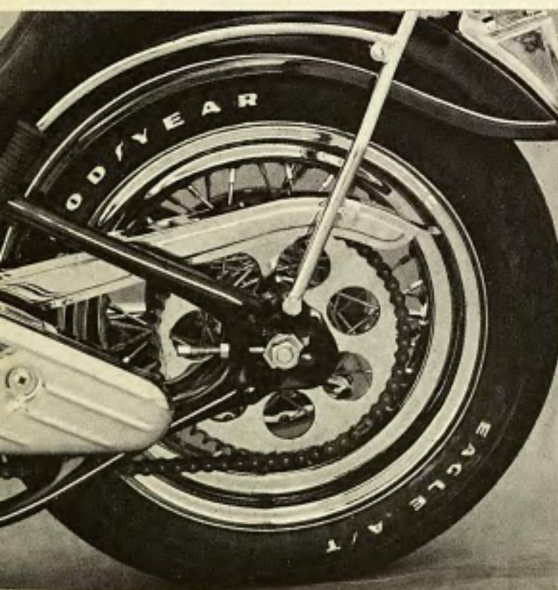
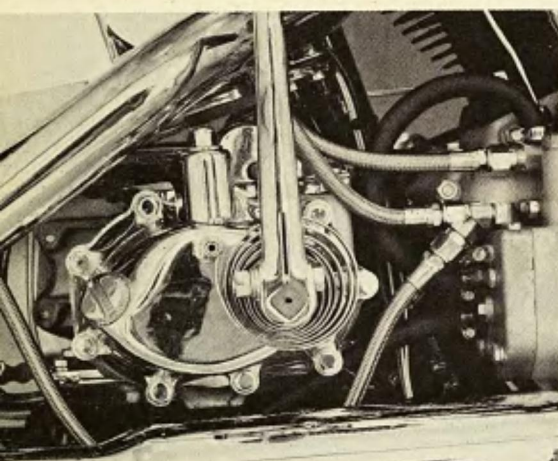
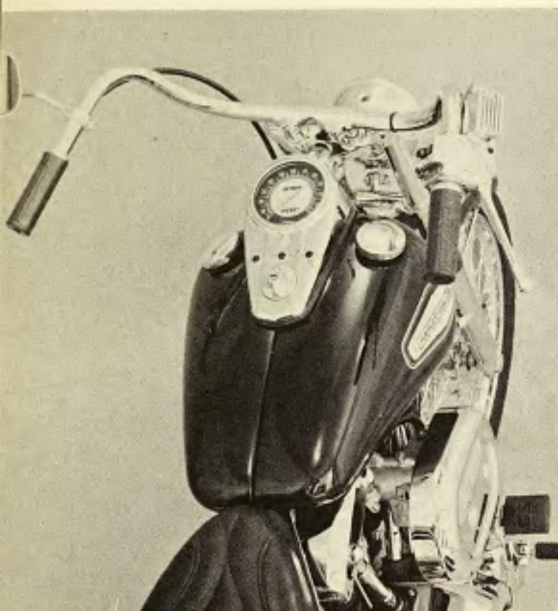
But there's a hitch. When he's through with the bike and has changed his appearance, if he's lucky, he can ride on Monday and Tuesday nights—when everybody's still gettin' over the weekend drunks. 'Cause Joe's bikes have the Scarber trademark, a certain unmistakable style. It would be a bummer if he snuck outta the hills one night to streak along the freeways and was spotted by a pack of Scarber fans who thought the bleak-looking rider on the shiny bike had ripped off a Scarber jewel.

—Later

—Continued after two pages of photos







Owner: Joe Scarber

City: Canoga Park, Calif.

General

Frame

Fab. by: Joe Scarber's Cus. Cyc.

Year: 1976

Year and make: 1976 H-D

Builder: Joe Scarber & H-D

Model: 1200

Type: rigid

Value: \$5,000

Rake: stock

Assembly by: Joe & Ron

Stretch: none

Time: 6 months

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Supreme

Accessories

Engine

Bars: stock, pulled-in

Year: 1976

Risers: stock

Model: 1200

Fender(s): front stock, rear custom

Rebuilder: Micah McCloskey

Headlight: quartz

Ignition: stock

Taillight: 1947 H-D

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: stock

Lower end: lightened

Front pegs: Super Glide

Balancing: Edelbrock

Rear pegs: Sportster

Pistons: T.R.W.

Electrics: stock

Cases: S.T.D.

Gas tank: filled-in fat

Heads: Lou Trackenbury Co.

Oil tank: center

Cam: Andrews

Oil system: stock

Lifters: Gary Bang

Primary cover: Gary Bang

Carb(s): S & S

Seat: So-Cal Seats

Air cleaner: stock

Sissy bar: Joe's

Pipes: Joe Scarber's

Height: 18 inches

Muffler(s): 1957 H-D

Material: 5/8-inch round

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: 1st-3rd Andrews

Type: glide 1976

Year: 1976

Extension: none

Shifting: stock

Builder: Joe & H-D

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: headlight mount

Trans sprocket: 23

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 52

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: Bob Brouett

Hub: stock

Hub: stock

Painter: Bob Brouett

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 4 1/2 in.

Color: black

Tire: 3.00 Avon

Tire: Goodyear 5.00

Type: lacquer

Brake: stock

Brake: stock

Special paint: striping by Dino

Bowling Grip

When I passed by some bikers recently, I heard one of them say that he would like to get a bowling grip on me. What is a bowling grip—have I been missing something?

Joy
Denver, Colo.

● First off, why didn't you ask him? The bowling grip is where he has his thumb in your box and action finger in your brownie—or vice versa. It's pretty neat—only problem is ya never know when you're gonna be rolled.

Real Name

Miraculous Mutha obviously isn't your name. What is it? What other nicknames have you had?

Sherri
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● Can't give ya my real name. My mother reads this shit. My ol' man called me an orangutan when he first saw me, and accused my ma of all kinds of shit—even bestiality. And then he went screamin' outta the hospital—never saw him since.

A Proposition

Christ, Mutha, you're so ugly you'd make a freight train take a dirt road. But I'd still fuck ya if you'd let me.

Flash
Albemarle, N.C.

● I'd let ya have a go at my toes, asshole-eyes.

An Operation

It's beautiful to love my husband, but we've loved so many times that my hole is stretched out of shape. It's as big as a cave. Is there some kind of operation that will make it small again?

Big Hole Mary
New York, N.Y.

● Shitcan your ol' man and then go down to the nearest

biker bar—you'll find something to fill it up.

Hairy Problem

My ol' lady won't shave under her arms, legs, or her pussy. What do you think of that?

Jim Steed
Detroit, Mich.

● Don't fuck with my head, Jim. What I wanna know is how do ya shave under a leg or pussy?

Strangest

What's the strangest animal you've ever made it with?

Wondering
Miami, Fla.

● After careful consideration—I gotta cop out to Spider. He's weird, man, weird.

Sick Dude

I think you're about the cutest thing in the world. Compared with you, Farrah Fawcett-Majors looks like Phyllis Diller. What do ya have to say about that?

Mad Willy
Menekaunee, Wis.

● Showed your letter around the office and the consensus was that you're aptly named.

Woman Hater

Fuck you and all women. They, and you, are nothin' but heart-breakin', two-faced, two-timin' bitches. I'd rather jack off any day than fuck another broad. Besides, if you can prove that fuckin' is any better than beatin' off, do it!

Daniel Williams
No. Long Beach, Calif.

● I said it before and I'll say it again—a push in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Human Dildo?

My bro's a little shit, and he told me that his fantasy is

for you to grab him by the ankles and use him as a dildo. Are you interested?

Cornbread
Lompoc, Calif.

● First, how little is "little shit"?

Hand Job

Where is the best place to beat off in a normal house without getting caught? By the rest of the guys, of course.

Wondering
Dearborn, Mich.

● In the shower—with lotsa soap and warm water. A nice touch would be to get that shit-faced little girl next door in with you to do it.

How Come?

How come every time I give my ol' man head and he comes, I get thirsty afterwards?

Armstrong's Kid Sister
Cypress, Calif.

● Don't ask me—ask him what he's been eatin'.

Goin' Down

I caught my chick goin' down on my sister. My chick said she wasn't eatin' pussy, just showin' her how it was supposed to be done. What the fuck's the difference?

Jim Mygaard
Lompoc, Calif.

● That's what I allus say. What the fuck's the difference?

Bum Lay

My ol' lady wants to know if you ever gave head to a scooter.

Tumbleweed
Scranton, Pa.

● Yeah, but he was a bum fuck—he always came as soon as my teeth got down his crank to his pubic hair. Fuckin' lightweight.

Where It's At

The only problem I have is that my ol' lady won't take your advice. She does get into missionary fuckin', but tryin' to get her to choke my chicken is like tryin' not to get kicked in the balls by a jackass. Why don't you tell her where it's at?

Jeff the Tramp
Kalamazoo, Mich.

● Sex ain't sex without good head—both parties. If you ain't gettin' it, you're gettin' fucked. If she ain't, she is.

Good Toke

I got a cock three feet long that weighs forty-two pounds and is twenty-five inches around. Every time I show it to a chick, she runs. What do you recommend?

Overdeveloped
Tecumseh, Mich.

● Show it to me.

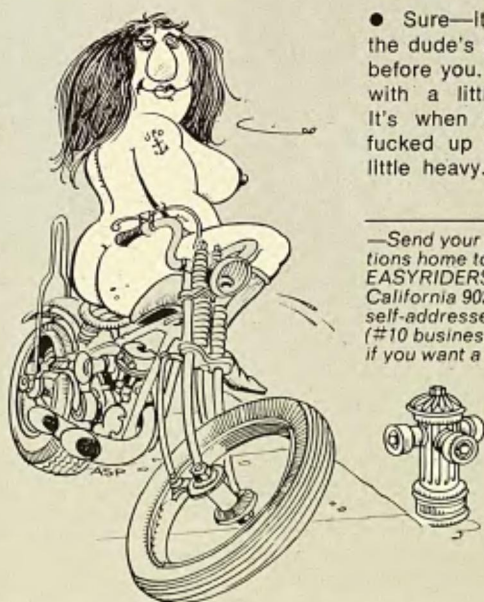
Gum Disease?

Is it possible to get a gum disease from givin' head all the time?

D. Sheldon
Swartz Creek, Ill.

● Sure—it depends where the dude's dropped his crank before you. But what's wrong with a little gum disease? It's when your palate gets fucked up that things get a little heavy.

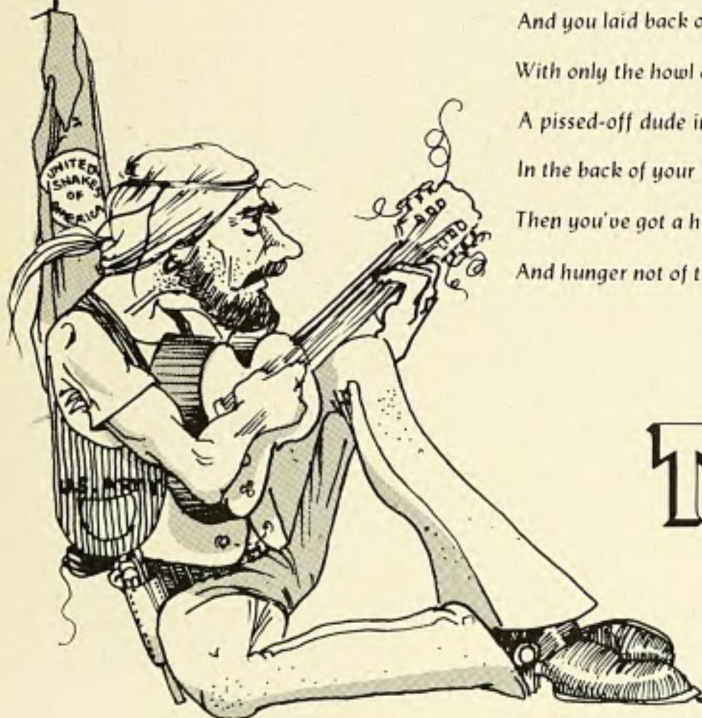
—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best). If you want a picture of Mutha. ■



MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

I bunch of the bikers were havin' a bash at the Hole-in-the-Wall commune.
Some freak was ridin' a mean guitar, just pickin' a Foghat tune.

In the back of the house in a game of Old Maid was Freewheelin' Dan McGrew.
An' helpin' him cheat was a sweet piece of meat—the chick we called Loose Lou.
From out of the night, which was cold as a bitch, and into the smoke-filled pit.
There stumbled a pusher, fresh from the streets, shag- nasty and loaded with shit.
He looked like a dude who had drawn his last breath, with barely the strength for one more.
Yet he hoisted a pouch of dope in the air and asked if we wanted to score.
No one was sure just who knew this cur or exactly what we should do.
But we still felt at ease as we passed 'round his weed— 'cept Freewheelin' Dan McGrew.
There's dudes that somehow can grip your eyes and hold them tight in a spell,
And such was he, this cat from the streets—and bro, did he look like hell!
With a head mostly hair and the god-awful air of a pard who'd eaten a skunk.
He loaded a bowl of shit from his pouch and passed 'round some of his junk.
Then I got to wonderin' just who he was and wonderin' just what he'd do,
And I turned my head and there checkin' him out was the chick we called Loose Lou.
His bloodshot eyes strayed 'round the room and he seemed to be really tight.
Till at last that old six-string guitar fell into his wanderin' sight.
The freak who'd been playin' was snortin' some coke— no one was makin' a sound,
So the stranger stumbled across the room and flopped his funky ass down.
In an old army shirt that was covered with dirt he sat and I heard him hum.
Then he grabbed the neck of that six-stringed box—man, could that fucker strum!
Were you ever in the joint all by yourself and your head got awful clear,
And you laid back on your bunk to scope it out in a silence you 'most could hear?
With only the howl of some jerk queer as he got his taste of meat,
A pissed-off dude in a pissed-on world, clean mad for a bike and the street?
In the back of your mind you know all the time for right now there ain't no hope.
Then you've got a hunch what his music meant—hunger and freedom and dope.
And hunger not of the munchy kind, that's banished with zonkers and suds.



THE WASTIN' OF

But the clinging hunger of lonely bros, for a chick and a new set of duds.
 For a party afar from the cares that are, for all the dope you would want,
 For a righteous ol' lady who gives ya no shit, with a sweet, tight-fuckin' cunt.
 The foxiest chick in all the land, that'll do what you want to do.
 (Damn, she looked raunchy through all the funk—the chick we called Loose Lou.)
 Then all of a sudden the pickin' changed, so soft that you hardly could hear,
 And you felt your scoot had just been stripped of all that you once held dear.
 Like someone had stolen your secret stash that you'd hidden in back of a shelf,
 And your ol' lady had split and the best for you was to go and fuck yourself.
 Like the rusty edge of a jagged blade that seemed to cut clear through,
 "It's either shit or get offa the pot," said Freewheelin' Dan McGrew.
 The pickin' seemed to die away, then it screamed like a howlin' choke.
 It seemed to say, "It's time to pay!" and my eyes were blinded with smoke.
 The thought came back of my very first scoot, the one that some fucker copped,
 And the urge awoke to kill, to kill—and then the music stopped.
 Then the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned, and his legs began to part.
 In an army shirt that was filthy with dirt, he sat and I heard him fart.
 He showed no fear when he started to sneer, then he spoke and his voice was cold.
 "Now, bros," says he, "you don't know me, but this party's gettin' old.
 "I just want to say, in the plainest way—and bros, these words are true,
 "That one of you is a fuckin' fed, and that one is Dan McGrew."
 Dan jumped up and the lights went out, and two guns lit up the dark.
 Someone yelled and the lights went on, and two dudes lay stiff and stark.
 Fucked up on reds and lyin' dead was Freewheelin' Dan McGrew.
 And the stranger lay with his head in the lap of the chick we called Loose Lou.
 That was the way the scene took place, and I guess I ought to know.
 They say the stranger was just strung out, and I'm not denyin' it's so.
 I'm not so low I'd badmouth a bro (or his chick), but this is true,
 The bitch that held him, then copped his pouch, was the chick we called Loose Lou.

DAN Mc GREW

by Jim "Ghostrider" Carr and Goliath



—Illustrations by Michael Walter



What a crock," Beefer growled disgustedly as he wadded up the copy of *Easyriders* and tossed it across the bar.

"What's the matter with you?" Cody asked.

Beefer slammed down his beer and gestured toward the discarded magazine. "Ah, another asshole wrote in complainin' that bikers have a death wish."

"Well, it's true, isn't it?"

There was a silence while Beefer eyed Cody distastefully. "Bullshit," he muttered.

"The hell it ain't!" Cody shot back at him. "It's James Dean and *The Wild One* and all that crap."

"That's no death wish, Cody. Man, you got a lot to learn. That's a whole

philosophy—live fast, die young, leave a beautiful corpse. It's a way of life, man. It comes with the territory."

That didn't sound too encouraging to Big Don Dempsey, who sat at the other end of the bar idly sipping a beer and listening to the conversation. He was forty-two years old, and his gut hung over his belt like a soggy watermelon. Unlike Beefer and Cody, who were probably still sucking their sugar tits at the time, Big Don still remembered the day James Dean died. It had been the biggest shock he'd ever experienced, because more than anything else he had wanted to be exactly like James Dean. But unlike the fast-living Hollywood star who crashed his Porsche

at a hundred miles per and exploded into legend, Big Don Dempsey had been condemned to go on living an uneventful life that saw him grow heavier, grayer, and lonelier with each passing year.

By nature, he'd always been a lone wolf who drifted from town to town, working a few months, earning a few bucks, and then cutting out and heading for the horizon. Once—it seemed like a hell of a long time ago—he'd even engaged in the socially accepted ritual of marriage, though he quickly discovered the error of his ways. He thought he had finally found something he loved more than his bike, but two weeks of wedded life had proved his mistake—which he rectified one day in the middle

The Survivor

By Keane Bonath

of an argument with the little woman when he said "Fuck it," walked out the door to the garage, kicked over his bike, and rode away without looking back.

Dempsey shoved his empty bottle across the bar, stood up from his stool, and walked out the back door of the tavern to the alley where his bike was parked. He gazed proudly at the old girl as she leaned on her kickstand, resplendent in red and chrome, a resurrected Harley fat bob 80-incher that looked clean enough to have just been wheeled off a showroom floor. Throwing his leg over the frame, Big Don straddled the machine and then sat down on the oil rag that covered the battery. He'd ridden hardass all his life. He grab-

bed the handlebars, closed his eyes, and inhaled the aroma of oil, gas, and steel that was distinctively Harley.

He'd had the 80 for nearly twenty years, and in that time it had suffered its abuses, been laid down, crushed, mangled, and rebuilt year after year, but Dempsey had never wanted any other bike. To be sure, there had been a hell of a lot of machines before the 80. For a quick moment his mind drifted back through time and he remembered the first one, an old side-valve he'd found jammed into the trash behind a warehouse when he was fourteen. He'd dragged it home, rebuilt it, and the love affair with two-wheelers had never waned since.

There is an uncomfortable sensation that comes to one slowly at first, sneaking up from behind like a phantom in a dark alley. Big Don had been experiencing that slinking uneasiness for several years, ever since the day he had looked around and seen he was an old man riding with kids—a bro of a different generation, with a tender sense that could know and experience the soul of a bike when those around him knew only the superficial images of man and machine. If you could lay down enough bucks, you could put together almost any sort of wondrous eye-catcher or drive away on a foreign bike with no personality and

—Continued on page 83



Linda Eve Steinbuechler



Fanny Kretchner



Dorothy Zimmermann



Gailyn Hetzel

The Miraculous Ol' Lady Photo Contest

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

The votes are pourin' in, and the first monthly winners will appear in next month's issue. But this is only the beginning—there's lots more honeys and prize money in the months to come. So if you've been sittin' on your ass instead of snappin' some far-out flicks of your foxy sweetie, get it in gear and enter the contest.

In case ya haven't heard, here's how the contest works:

We decided to make you, the readers, the judges. You'll decide each month's winners. We aren't gonna say anything! Each month

we'll publish all the entries we receive that are of good technical quality. That doesn't mean your entry has to be a professional photo—just that it has to be in focus and properly exposed. You readers will select the winners and runners-up from those entries we publish.

So send us your votes for this month's contestants, and we'll print the winners in the July issue. Final date for voting for this issue's winner will be March 31, 1978. Send us a postcard or scrawl on the back of an envelope—all ya gotta do is indicate which contestant gets your vote. Send all votes to #58 Ol' Lady Contest, Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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.

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 should 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.

We can use only good, in-focus, black and white glossy prints or color slides — nothing else (no color prints). 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 _____



Mary Miller



Lana Williams



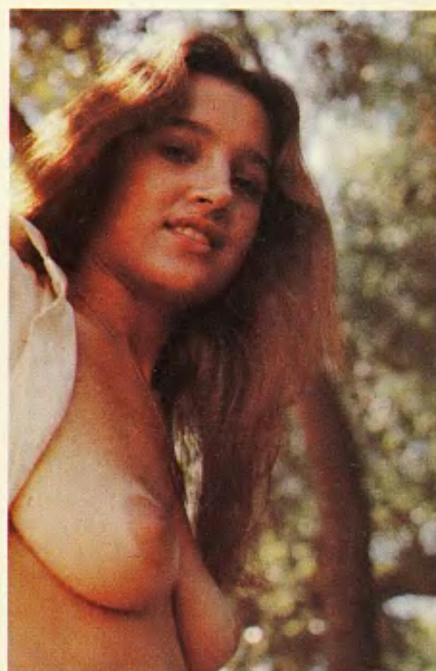
Beverly A. Pullen



Georgia Frost



Linda Taylor



Kim Farouche



Debbie Ashworth



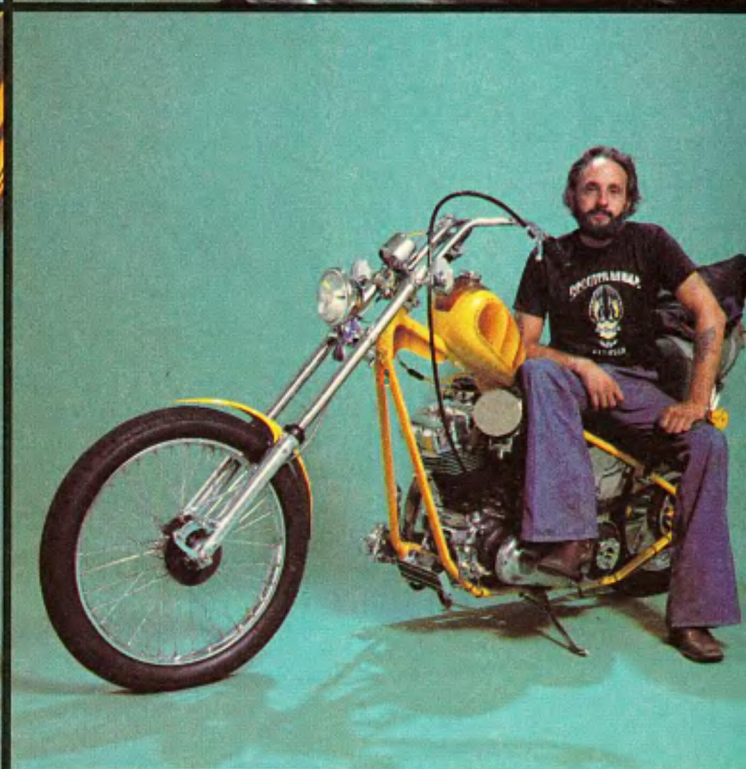
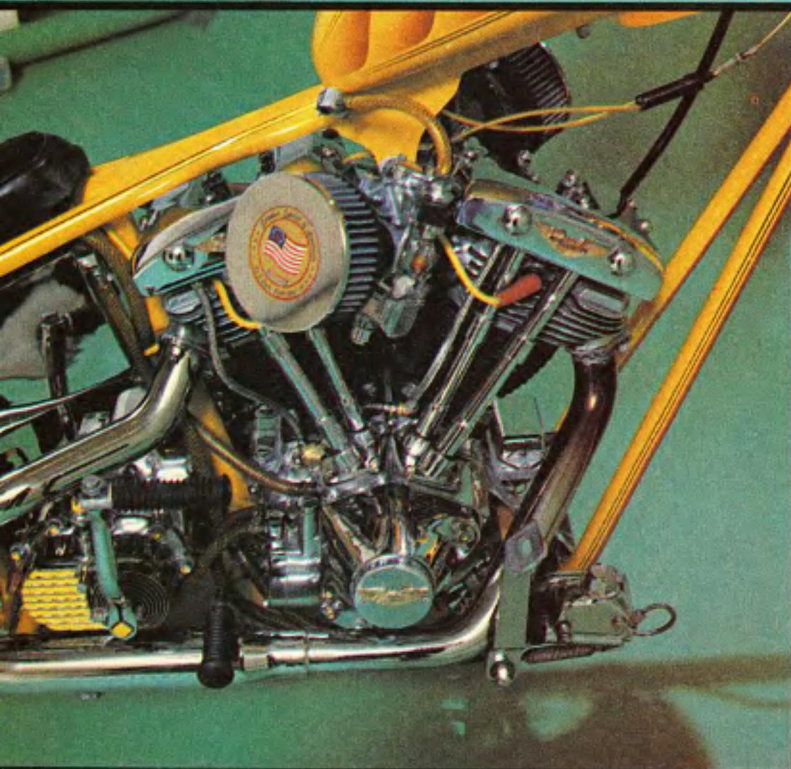
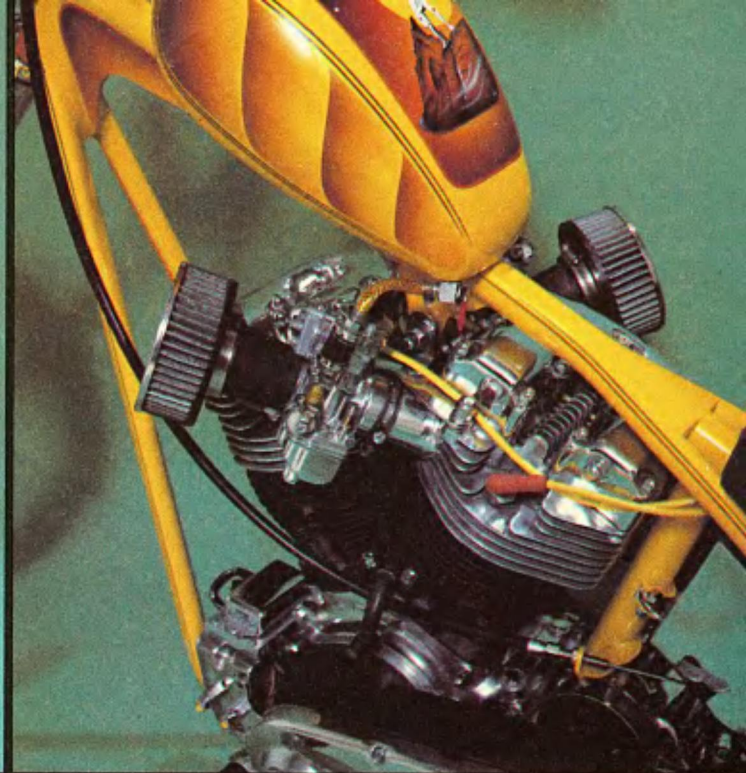
Twiggie Cook



Sharon Williams

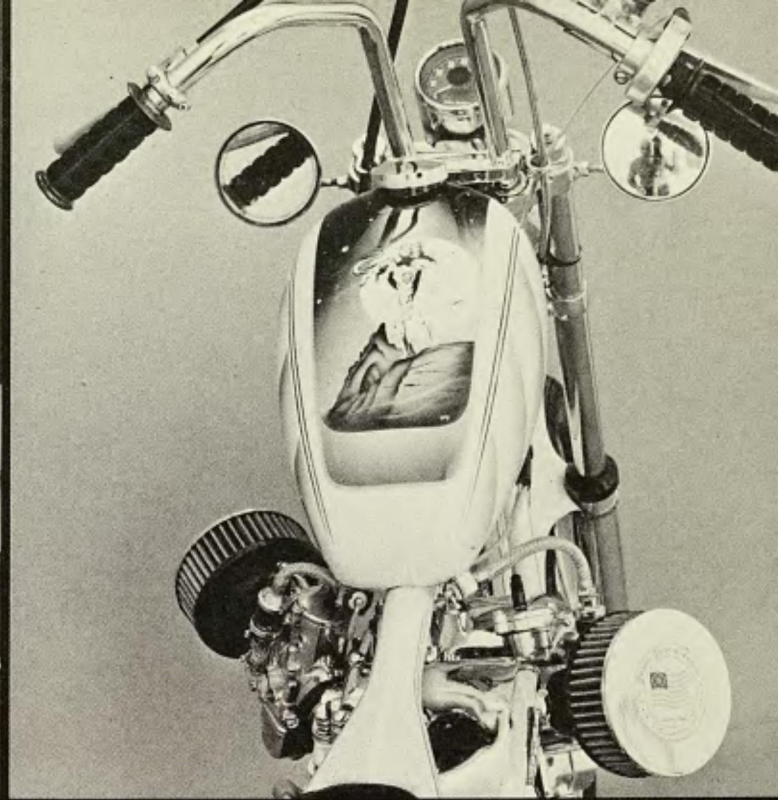
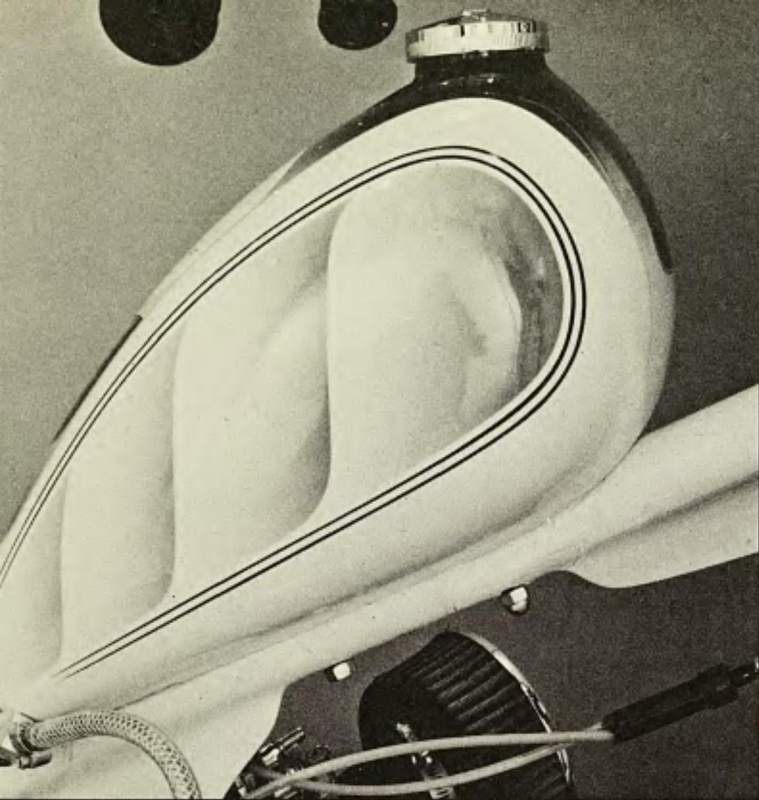


Sherrie Haney



FEATURE RUN

At least they made it . . .



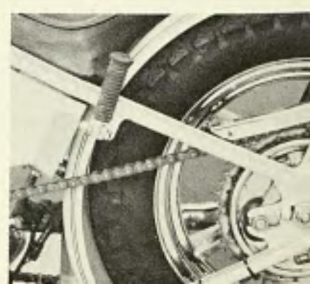
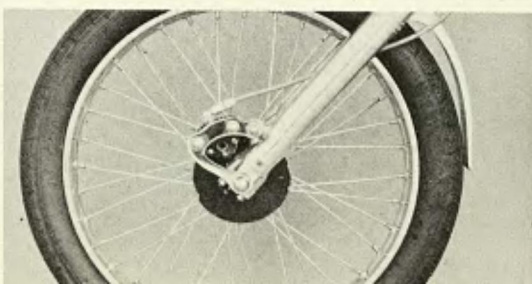
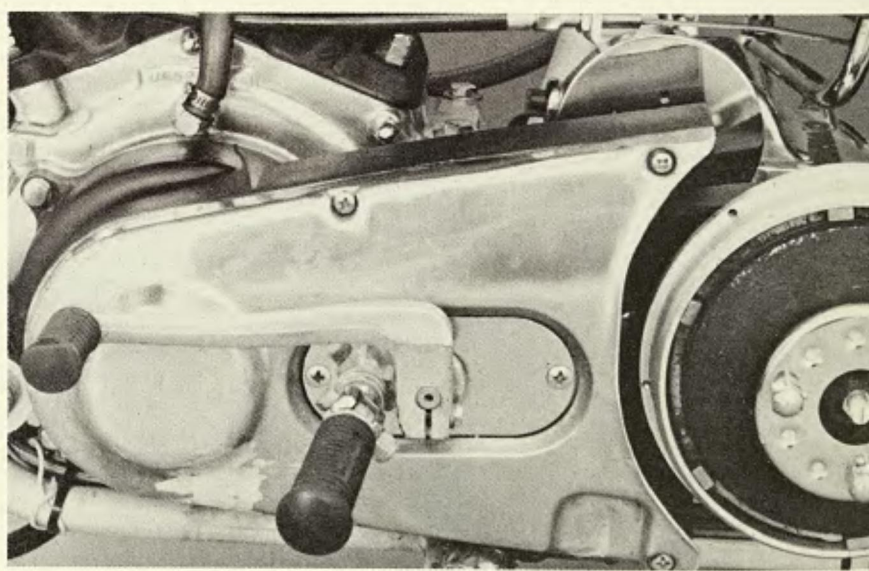
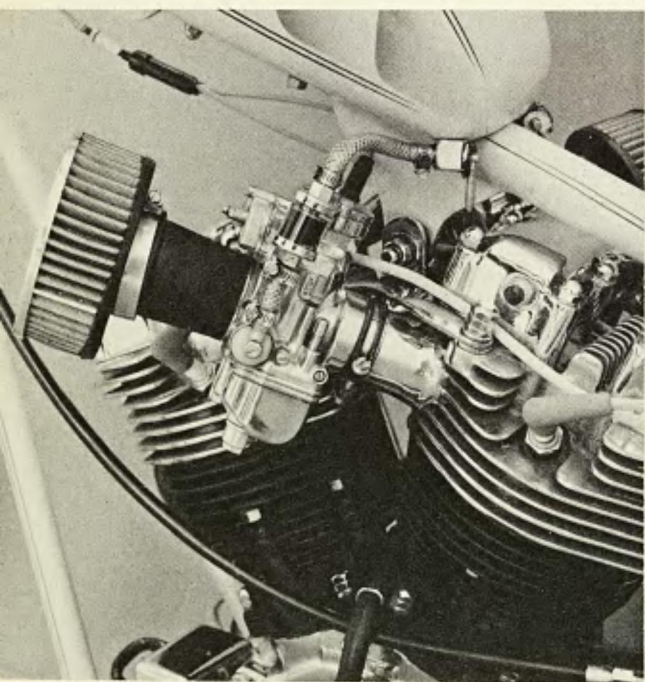
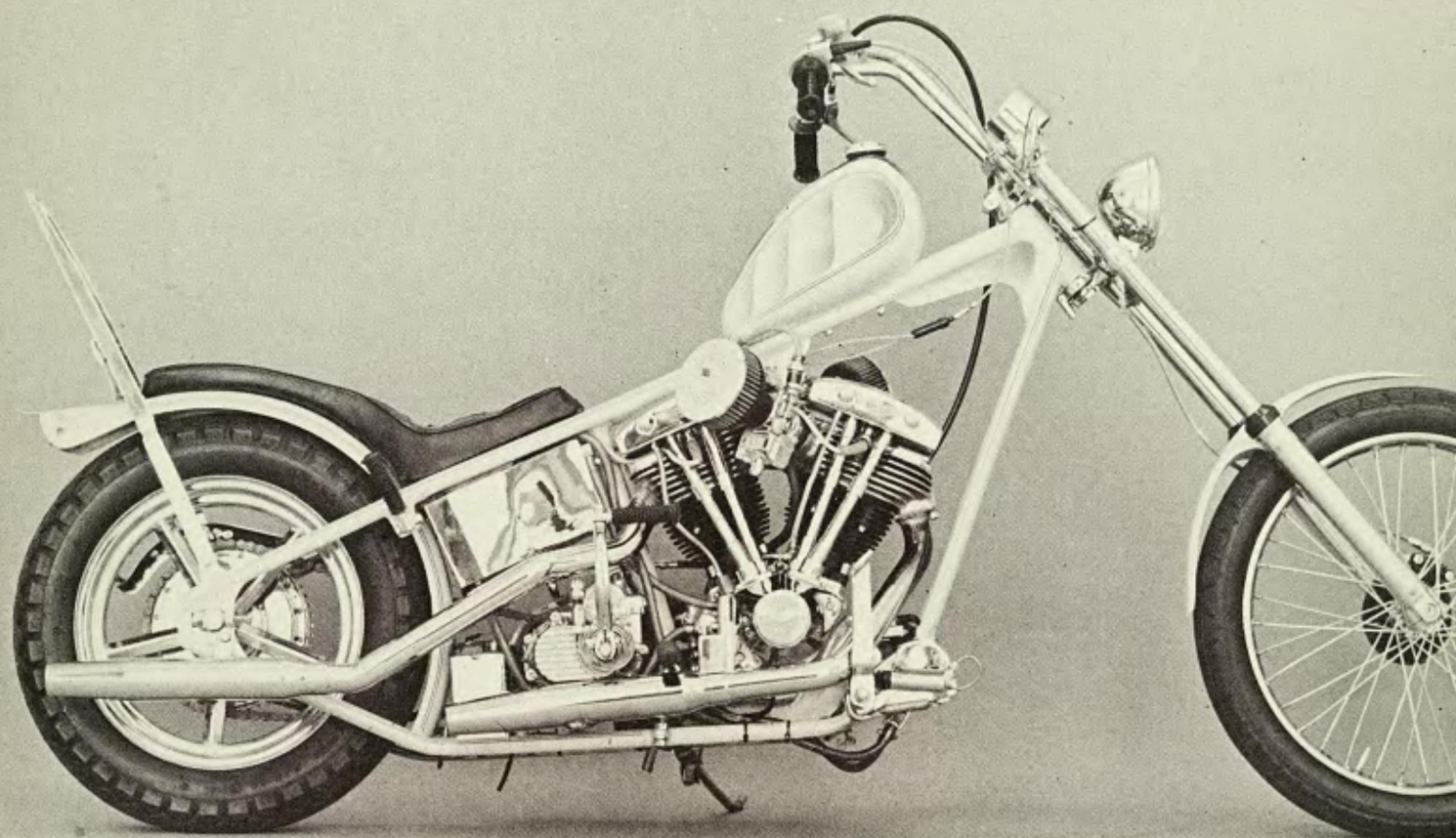
Norman built this bike and a shop in the casino city of Las Vegas. When he approached us about a feature, he volunteered to ride out from Vegas. So we took him up on it. And like any run, this one had its good and bad incidents.

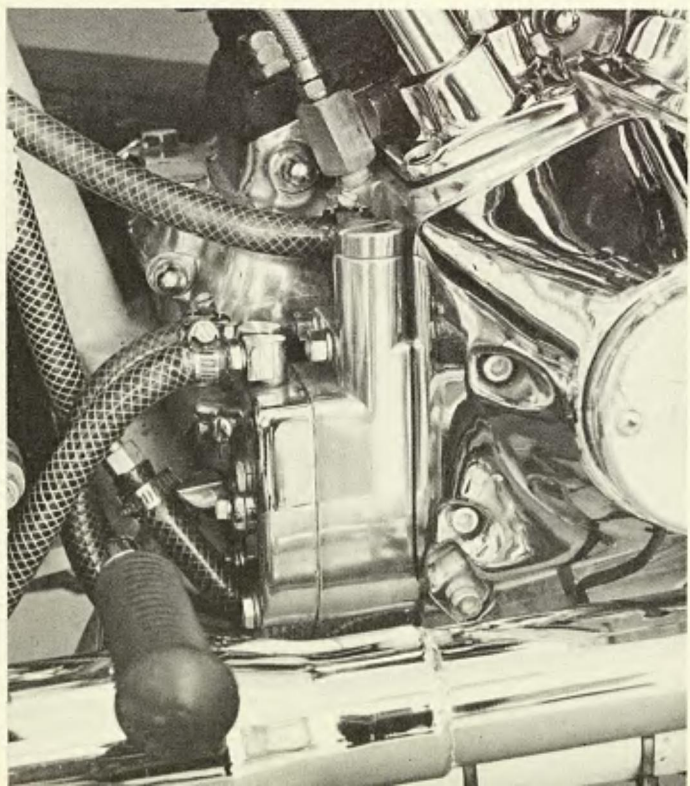
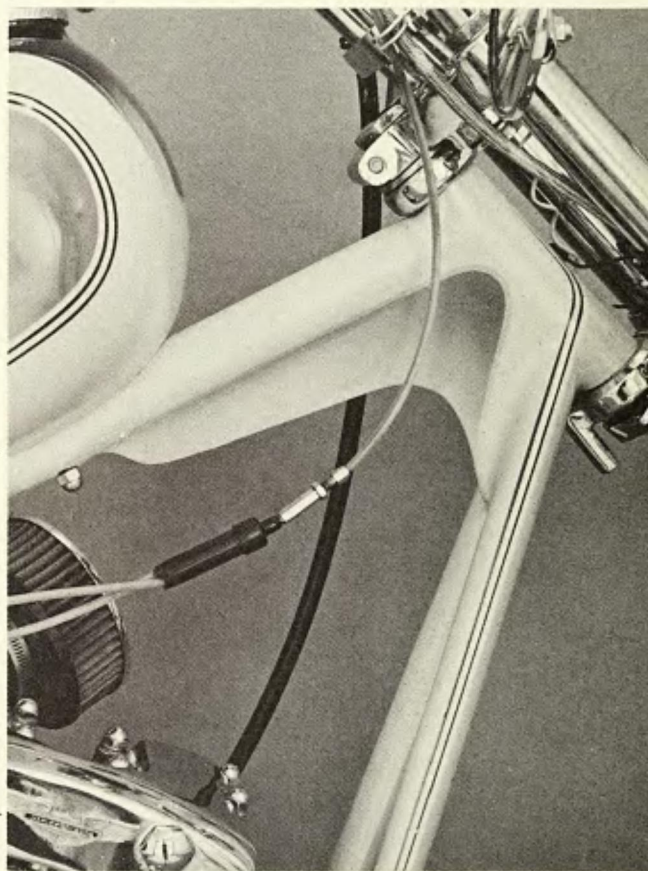
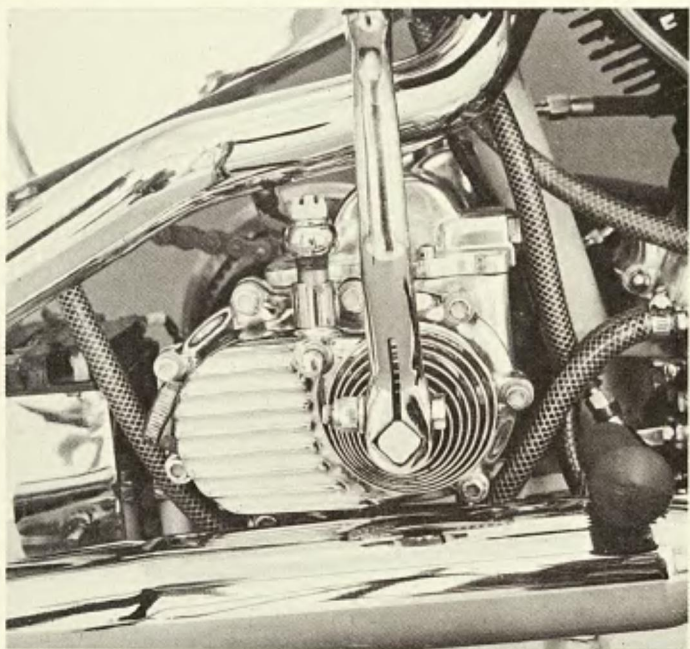
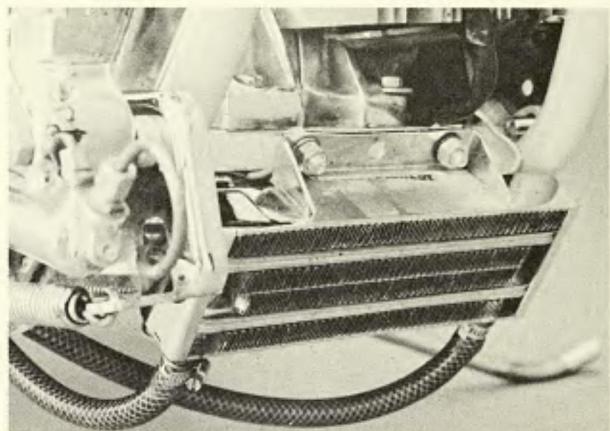
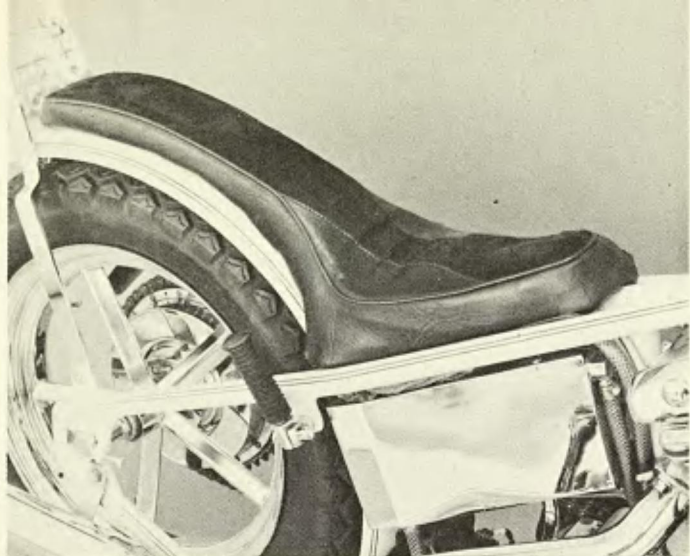
He began his trip with two bros, one with his rat and one with a panhead put together the night before the 300-mile putt—fuckin' wonderful, eh? And only forty breakdowns later they pulled into beautiful downtown Burbank.

Now we don't want to exaggerate any mishap to make it sound humorous.

'Cause for one thing, it would take just one match to off this dump—and we don't want to make any tramp look bad. But we would like to point out that, although breakdowns are a bitch, they are also an element of the excitement of riding.

It doesn't seem to matter how far someone goes on a putt—across town or across the country. Something always

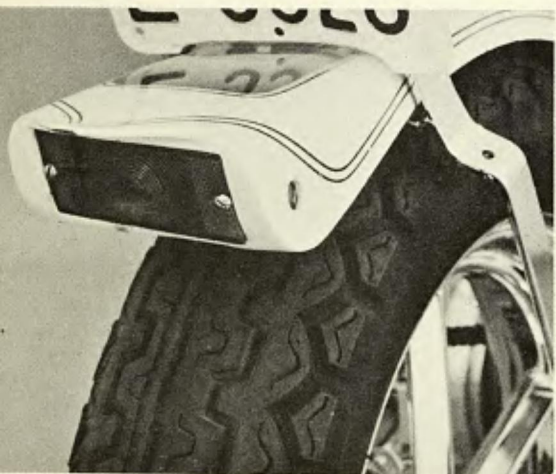
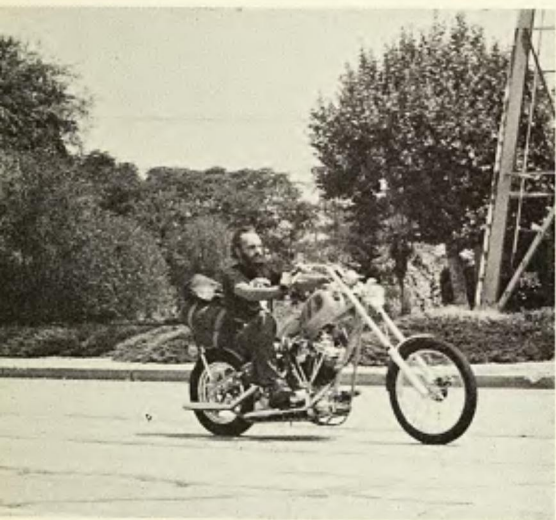




happens. He may pick up Dolly Parton, have a blow-out, get arrested, be run over by a truck, score a million bucks—who knows? But something always comes down. Another tale told for years behind three or four pitchers of beer. Imagine if ridin' was like goin' to work every day in a four-wheeler. We'd probably have to get our kicks watchin' Starsky and Hutch or hangin' ten on skateboards zingin' down the sides of buildings. Ain't ya glad we have breakdowns?

—Fuckin' Wonderful

—Continued on next page



Owner: Norman Slimp

City: Las Vegas, Nevada

Fabrication by: owner

Frame

Year and make: 1973 H-D

Year: 1974

Model: 74

Builder: Grand Prix

Value: too much

Type: rigid

Assembly by: Scooter Works

Rake: 10°

Time: who knows

Stretch: 4 inches

Chr. by: anybody who'll do it

Other alterations: all mounts

Engine

Accessories

Year: 1973

Bars: owner

Model: shovel

Risers: hand made

Rebuilder: Scooter Works

Fender(s): 5-inch flat

Ignition: dual point, dual coil

Headlight: Bates

Displacement: 87 inches

Taillight: built-in fender

Lower end: 4 1/2 in. S & S Wheels

Speedo: none

Balancing: S & S

Front pegs: owner

Pistons: .040 T.R.W.

Rear pegs: Sportster

Cases: polished

Electrics: battery

Heads: dual carbs

Gas tank: modified peanut

Cam: B grind Andrews

Oil tank: 6 qt. with filter

Lifters: Sifton solids

Oil system: head drain to T-plug

Carb(s): two 40mm DeLortos

Primary cover: 1/2 stock

Air cleaner: K & N

Seat: custom

Pipes: 1-piece staggered duals

Sissy bar: hand made

Muffler(s): Sportster

Height: 14 inches

Material: 1 inch flat steel

Transmission

Modifica.: All Andrews gears

Forks

Year: 1973

Type: glide

Shifting: foot shift

Extension: 4 inches

Engine sprocket: belt drive

Builder: Scooter Works

Trans sprocket: 24

Special features: mirror mounts

Wheel sprocket: 51

Wheels

Painting

Front

Rear

Molding: Scooter Works

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Painter: Paul Mega

Hub: custom

Hub: mag

Color: candy yellow

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Type: lacquer

Tire: 2.75

Tire: 5.10

Brake: mini disc

Brake: juice

Special paint: Art & striping by Paul Mega

Other special modifications: Four sparkplugs



GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS!



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

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

All posters shipped in
wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube

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

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

EASYRIDERS POSTERS,
Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Enclosed is \$_____ for the
posters indicated below.

@ \$3.00 each. Four for \$9.95

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

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-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"



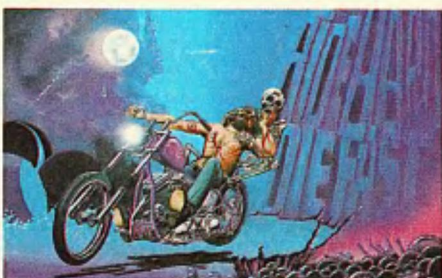
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



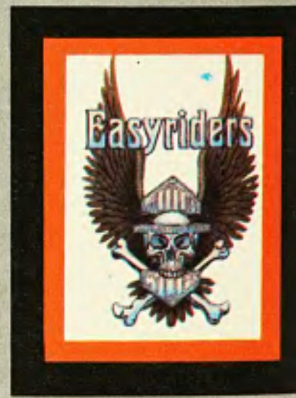
M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



M-4 "One for the Road"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

ABATE FORUM

Dedicated to Freedom of the Road

Pennsylvania Study Endorses Helmet Law

(or in other words, our battle is NOT over!)

Motorcycle helmets are effective safety devices with no proven adverse effects to the user, Pennsylvania's Highway Safety Group has concluded after an exhaustive analysis of the question. The findings were included in a report requested by the state Governor's Traffic Safety Council.

The Council has been concerned over efforts in both houses of the Pennsylvania legislature to repeal the state's mandatory helmet law, following a trend set in other states. (See *Status Report*, Vol. 12, No. 15, Oct. 13, 1977.) The group's report suggests, "If a determination to retain or repeal Pennsylvania's helmet use law is based only on facts, it appears that the logical conclusion is to retain the law in order to reduce accident costs to the public as a whole."

Based on the analysis, the safety group reported, "it becomes apparent that many of the issues raised and claims made are designed to appeal more to emotion than logic. That the need for protecting one's head and that helmets can provide a large measure of protection cannot be realistically questioned. There are no facts to dispute this."

An overwhelming majority of Pennsylvanians (92 percent) agrees on the helmet's effectiveness, the researchers found, and even 79 percent of the state's motorcyclists accept this view. State surveys also revealed that 87 percent of the general public and 55 percent of the motorcyclists believe the government should require mandatory use of helmets.

Among other findings, the Highway Safety Group reported:

- **Effects of Mandatory Helmet Use Laws**—"There is no conclusive proof that enactment of a mandatory helmet use law will significantly reduce motorcycle fatalities and serious injuries although all

available evidence is highly suggestive that this has occurred when the law has been enforced." (The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety studied effect of helmet use laws in eight states in 1975 and found the average fatal involvement rate declined from more than 10 per 10,000 registered motorcycles the year before the law's enactment to about 7 per 10,000 registered motorcycles, both in the years of enactment and the following years. See *Status Report*, Vol. 10, No. 18, Nov. 5, 1975.)

- **Constitutionality of the Helmet Use Law**—Both U.S. and Pennsylvania court decisions indicate that the mandatory use law is "constitutionally sound, particularly in Pennsylvania."

- **Societal Costs**—"Serious head injuries require medical expenditures of a magnitude beyond the personal resources of almost all motorcyclists and require significant extra expenditures by society in general through increased hospital and insurance costs and public expenditures for support and rehabilitation. The lack of no-fault insurance for motorcyclists probably increases these societal costs."

- **Discrimination of Helmet Laws**—Motorcyclists are treated differently but, "This differential treatment does not appear to be discriminatory, however, as there are sufficient accident data and experiences to indicate that a particularly high risk situation exists in motorcycling which requires greater than normal efforts at self-protection."

The study, "Analysis of the Mandatory Motorcycle Helmet Issue," was prepared by Harry Balmer, Jr., of the Highway Safety Group, a Pennsylvania agency, at the direction of the Governor's Traffic Safety Council.—The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety.

NATIONAL ABATE UPDATE

As we start off this month's exciting episode of Big Rufus, let me fill in a little in order to bring everyone up to date.

Last month saw us riding off into the sunset on our specially-marked shoulder of the road, headlight on, our mandatory mirrors reflecting the freedom of yesterday, our four-way combination blinker/flasher system adding brilliance to our fluorescent jumpsuit. And most of us weren't seeing much of what was going on because our heads were stuck up some fuckin' helmet. Not to mention the airbag goggles Santa left.

But have no fear, brothers and sisters, friends and foes—National ABATE is here to stop this mighty threat to our freedom of the road. The response here at National ABATE has been really good. I can see that there's a helluva lot of you guys out there in Bikeland who are fed up with the crap they're trying to cram down our throats.

By now, state coordinators should have received their letters and I'm probably behind times explaining some of this. But for you folks who didn't get a letter or who don't yet have a state coordinator, allow me to fill you in.

First off, I'd like to thank Ron Roloff and the MMA of California for the support and help they gave us in getting started toward a National ABATE. It's a big step, and we appreciate all the assistance they provided. We have received hundreds of letters from all over the country expressing support for a National ABATE. So we decided it had to be done, that we must provide a national voice for these people and unite

in the mutual effort to protect our freedom of the road.

We sat down and talked it over, and here's what we came up with. Keith Ball, whom many of you have known and trusted for quite a while, will be involved, as will Pat (Batman) Coughlin, who comes to us with much valuable experience as a business agent for a national union. As for me, Big Rufus—well, I'll be working hard to set up a program designed to satisfy the needs of everyone concerned with motorcycle freedom.

Our first step was to establish our own office and mailing address. We are no longer sharing space with MMA, nor using the services of Ron Roloff. On our own, we scraped together our first month's budget money, and now we're on our feet—no longer day-dreaming—it's actually started to happen.

Here's what we've got so far. Look it over and let us know what you think.

1. The National ABATE and state charters will be operated as non-profit organizations. National office is negotiating with the IRS and will provide them the required information as soon as possible. Operating this way will mean that all money will be used for operation of ABATE, so no one can try to take what's left over or try to grab a profit—it all goes back into ABATE.

2. This will be a one-hundred percent up-front, legal operation. This means keeping books of all membership funds, both state and national, as well as cost accounting of all operating expenses. No fingers in the pie here!

3. A National Organizational Board will be formed from people on the state boards or the current steering committee. States can choose a rep to be on the national board. The reps' function will be to coordinate the states and help keep everyone heading in the same direction.

4. National trouble-shooters will be available to assist any state that needs help getting started or keeping going. They

may also sit on the National Organizational Board from time to time for input to the national office. The trouble-shooters will work out of the national office and will bring all information, bitches, etc. back there.

5. We will attempt to have a state lobbyist in every state possible. This will be one of our goals.

6. We now have a registered federal lobbyist who will be working under the direction of the National Organizational Board.

7. State organizations will be responsible for state-sponsored events, and each will run its own state events.

8. National ABATE will be responsible for all national events. We are hoping to provide at least one national event a year—a run, if possible. We will also coordinate national rallies and protests.

9. An open forum will be published in *Easyrider*, using correspondence from National ABATE membership and supporting organizations. The letters published will be those of common interest to all motorcycle riders. Both positive and negative letters will be printed—you wanna say it, you got the space.

10. A national newsletter will be published in *Easyrider*. News from the states about legal matters, upcoming functions, rides, whatever, should be sent to the national office and we'll get it out in the mag. Remember that this section runs about sixty days ahead, so send in material well in advance and be sure to date it.

11. We'll provide a monthly column devoted to the subject of motorcyclists' rights. That's

where I come in. Each month, I'll discuss a topic, make comments, maybe even bitch a little myself, depending on the letters I get. I'll try to express our views as best I can, in the best interest of all motorcycle riders.

Well, that's our program to date. We believe it's a damn good one—one that is fair and dedicated to representing everyone. Any currently active ABATE members who would like to be part of the most powerful street motorcycle organization in the world, dedicated to freedom of the road, contact us at National ABATE, P.O. Box 162062, Sacramento, California 95816. We'll fix you up with new membership cards and all the facts.

I'm asking anyone out there who gets wind of a new state law or bill that's coming down and which might be of interest to us, to drop us a line and let us know what's up.

If you have good reasons why you don't want to join or be part of National ABATE, we want to hear from you, too.

Well, the wheel's all laced up, it's in the shop getting trued and balanced, and it's about ready to roll. But we've got lots more problems out there than just the helmet laws. There's all kinds of bills under consideration right now, as well as other proposed laws attached as riders to other bills. That means they can pass the legislation and if you didn't read the fine print, some bad shit can go down before you realize it. These problems affect every motorcyclist who values his freedom and his rights.

—Big Rufus

State Update

North Dakota: Loren Roberts wrote recently and told us that one city in N.D. was still enforcing the repeal law. The city of Fargo has somehow obtained a status known as Home Rule. From what Loren said, Home Rule means that if a city takes care of its own financial responsibilities, then it is exempt from some state controls.

Consequently, the city government has interpreted the helmet repeal as one of the regulations or decisions they have the right to ignore. Loren was concerned that other cities might adopt the Home Rule and in turn the helmet plague would spread throughout North Dakota. And it could, if a few N.D. bikers don't make sure that Fargo sees the light.

Florida: It seems, from the traveling word, that people aren't motivated enough in Florida. Well, if you don't want to stand knee-deep in a school of sharks off the Florida coast, or wear helmets for the rest of your lives, you better get off your dead asses, write a few letters, and show up when ABATE has a protest in your area. There are people out there being paid tall dollars to take your freedoms away.

Texas: The city of Wichita Falls has recently raised the issue of a city helmet law. Bro Rick Mears appeared at the city commission's first meeting regarding the ordinance and testified against the law. But if the commission pursues the restrictive regulation, Wichita Falls bikers are going to need more than one bro's voice against it.

Arkansas: Dear Mr. Goodwin: I am enclosing herewith a copy of Staff Report 77-19 concerning the Mandatory Motorcycle Helmet Law. It has been filed with the Committee but no further hearings have been held on this issue.

I am not aware of any organized opposition to the Arkansas Mandatory Motorcycle Helmet Law. I have received your letters expressing opposition to the Law; and I am, therefore, sending you a copy of the staff report. The study draws heavily from studies issued in other states. The report does conclude that helmets play significant roles in preventing serious head injuries. As this conclusion is opposed to the one expressed by you, I suggest that you review the report carefully; and, if you wish to submit evidence to the contrary, I can ask that you be afforded an opportunity to appear before the Committee and

state your case. Also, you may produce any documentary evidence in support of your position. I have previously filed copies of articles which I received from you.

I have not, at this time, formed any definite opinion on the issue. However, if you or someone supporting your position fails to request a hearing before the committee, it is very doubtful that there will be any major effort to repeal the law. If you do appeal, it will still be difficult to persuade the legislature to change the law. I have learned that implementation of the law is one of the criteria for a state's qualifying for federal highway funds.

If you desire any further action by the interim committee, please advise.—Very truly yours, Rep. William F. Sherman.

Canada: Deputy Provincial Secretary H. H. D. Cochrane says a federal transport department study into the effectiveness of motorcycle helmets should be finished by the end of the month. He said in an interview recently the provincial government had been asked to conduct a similar study, but decided to accept the results of the federal study. About 125 motorcyclists in Fredericton protested new laws requiring the use of helmets.—ABATE of New Brunswick

Maryland: Here is the scoop for '78. Senator Bozick is once again going to introduce our repeal. He is also checking with our other supporters in both houses to see if it would be practical to introduce three different versions to give Gov. Mandel a choice. One version would be repeal for 18 and over. The second would repeal for everyone, and the last would repeal it for everyone but the passengers under 18. Whatever bill or bills Sen. Bozick introduces to the Senate, a Delegate will introduce identical one(s) in the House. The only bad news here is that some of our supporters are getting weary from the battle of losing two years in a row. So it is a must, as Senator Bozick pointed out, that we have the strongest letter writing campaign yet. Not only to the Senators and Delegates voting no, but also to our many supporters to reassure them that we appreciate their support in the past and that we will be behind their efforts 100% in 1978.—ABATE of Maryland

Wyoming: We now have an ABATE chapter here in Cheyenne, Wyo. We are working with Pat and Ed in Rock Springs to dump the helmet law. Here is some information that



The battle is not over. The unshaded states still have a helmet law and it's up to all of us to help our bros in every state to defeat the mandatory helmet law. And don't kick back in your state if your law has been repealed—there are forces still at work to get the law reinstated. We must remain alert. We must fight together for everyone's good—no matter where the unfair anti-street biker laws exist.

should help our cause. In 1976 there were 6 motorcyclist deaths in Wyo. So far this year (Oct.) there have been 22. That is an increase of over 250%. Here are the rest of our statistics:

Year Registered motorcycles Deaths		
70	10,527	3
71	12,445	5
72	13,867	11
73	14,961	7
74	16,239	14
75	15,645	9
76	no info	6
77	no info	22, so far

This information taken from "Wyo. Traffic Accident Facts 1976" booklet. Seventy percent of these accidents involving another type of motor vehicle. As in the four previous years, 15 to 19 year olds are having the most accidents. For conformation contact Jim Adsit, Governor's Office of Highway Safety, 720 West 18th. Street, Cheyenne, Wyo. 82002.—ABATE of Wyo., Cheyenne Chapter

Rhode Island: A senatorial disclosure: While at a conference on traffic safety in Narragansett, R.I., over the weekend, Sen. Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.) waved his driver's license over his head and announced that he is "probably the only senator licensed to operate a motorcycle." But then he sheepishly made an admission. He said he rides his cycle without wearing a helmet, even though "statistics have proved that there is a benefit to wearing a helmet whether you're a senator or a private citizen."

Indiana: In the last newsletter we reported that Tom Shall informed us of the lid law. We had Tom work on a meeting for us. November 18th, Tom arranged a meeting with Rep. Felling and put up notices around the Terre Haute area. About thirty of us attended the meeting in all. We'd like to thank John and Julia Taylor from Warsaw, and Mike Kuhns from Elwood, for making the trip. Also, a special thanks to Tom Shall and the guys in Terre Haute for everything.

We led into the meeting by asking Rep. Felling to explain his interest in the helmet law issue. Come to find out, Rep. Felling is not a bad dude after all. Matter of fact, we actually found common concerns between us which could possibly help us accomplish many of our goals in one single bill.

The meeting ended with Rep. Felling agreeing to work with us on a rider training-education and license endorsement bill, dropping the helmet law issue. Along with these two goals we've been working for, he has also agreed to

try and help us obtain public-awareness provisions in the bill. One method discussed would place about five questions on our driver's test concerning motorcycles that every auto driver would have to answer correctly or fail the driver's test. Another method discussed would increase the charge against auto drivers causing us bodily harm and/or death.

We will meet with Rep. Felling again on Dec. 10th to write the outline so a bill can be drawn up in time for the 1978 General Assembly. How's that for progress?

The next newsletter will carry all the information on the bill, including the bill number. It shouldn't be necessary to explain the importance of this bill to all of us and we need your help again with letters. Wouldn't it be fantastic for Indiana bikers to turn around the laws in our favor for a change?—ABATE of Indiana

Georgia: Open letter to all owners and riders of motorcycles:

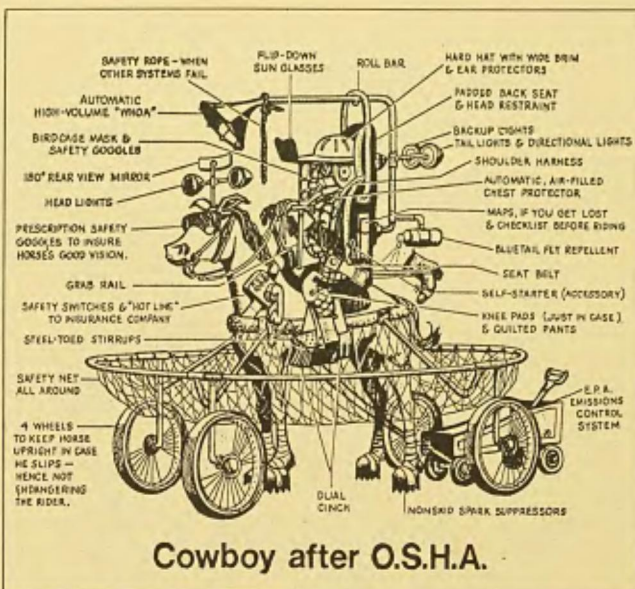
In January of 1978, House Bill No. 819 will be introduced to the Georgia Legislature concerning repeal of the helmet law. If this bill is passed, we, the people who ride and love motorcycling, will be able to jump on our bikes and go to the store or wherever without having to squeeze our heads into one of these so-called safety devices.

Government control of our personal lives has already gone too far. It's been proven over and over again that helmets do not protect the head in a major collision. If such a law was imposed on the driving public to wear seat belts, all hell would break loose.

So please, if you want to stop this unfair law write your State Representative and tell him that enough is enough. Only your cards or letters will get this job done. —Dale S. Brooks, Albany, Ga.

Nebraska: Isn't it interesting how bureaucrats of all shapes and sizes, even in this enlightened age of equality for all, can get an idea of discrimination in their heads and do all they can to carry it out? You may have noticed that even though the proposed noise ordinance covered many sources of noise, the only information provided by the Air Pollution Control Dept. at the hearing concerned motorcycles. It leads one to believe that there is only one idea on the minds of the officials of the local Health Dept.

Our local supply of unfair and closed-minded bureaucrats were unaware of the amount of work



Cowboy after O.S.H.A.

The above cartoon is makin' the rounds in the Olds factory in Detroit. It seems a lot of people are wakin' up to what the Feds are doin' to us. Isn't it about time we tell 'em enough is enough?

that District 2 ABATE people are willing to go through. By contacting members of the construction companies around town, and their appearance at the hearing, the Pollution Control Dept. was given more than they were prepared for. The result is that the entire proposal was sent back for more study.

This problem with the noise proposal in Lincoln has shown that one of the most effective means of expressing our viewpoint is by writing letters to public officials. We were told by the members of the Advisory Board that they were impressed by the personal letters written to them. However, someone got carried away and began phoning the board members, calling them names and using rough language. This type of harassment has the opposite effect of the letter-writing campaign, and I hope it never happens again. Whoever was responsible for these phone calls did as much good for the bikers on a local level as LIFE magazine did when they covered the Hollister, California, incident in 1947.

This noise proposal is definitely not dead, simply delayed. Gary Walsh stated there will be a noise ordinance in the near future, so our work continues. I am currently working on a proposal of my own so that when we meet with the Air Pollution Control Dept. we will have something to present. There will no doubt be a reduction in motorcycle noise levels in

future years. ABATE must be involved in setting these levels so that they are fair, not only to the little old ladies, but especially to us bikers. We hope to set noise levels that are more reasonable, by going according to the year of manufacture, probably on a decreasing scale for the years to come.

There was good support from ABATE members at the hearing. This, I think, was expected by the Air Pollution Dept. people, but it impressed the Advisory Board, and that is what we wanted. Each of you who took a personal part in this noise proposal have yourselves to thank for its temporary defeat. And what about those who didn't make a personal effort to preserve their freedom? —Harlan, ABATE of Nebraska.

States Adopt Weakened Moped Laws

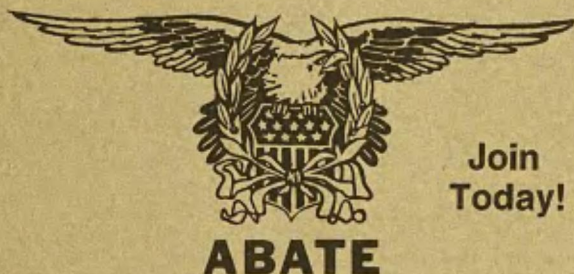
Thirty-two states and the District of Columbia have now passed legislation weakening the laws under which mopeds can be operated. Passage of these laws followed intense lobbying by moped manufacturers and dealers.

Previously, most states classified mopeds as motorcycles. Moped operators were then required to meet the same standards as motorcycle operators regarding driver

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!

National ABATE
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, California 95816

☐ Here's my \$10 contribution for a year's membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card. 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 _____

testing, licensing, helmet use, minimum age for operation, mandatory liability insurance, etc. Now, however, many states are classifying mopeds either under a separate category—such as motor-assisted bicycles, motorized bicycles or mopeds—or simply as bicycles.

In general, the legislation in the various states sets maximum speeds at 20-30 miles per hour and minimum age requirements for operators at 12 to 16 years. Hawaii and Maryland, however, have set no maximum speeds for mopeds, and New Mexico has no minimum age requirement for operators. Only one state, New York, has a helmet-use law.

The Federation of Insurance Counsel (FIC) and National Highway Traffic Safety Administration have recently questioned these weakened laws. The FIC is an organization of insurance attorneys and company representatives that, among other things, disseminates information on motor vehicle crash losses.

In a letter to the governors of all states, the president of FIC, Dominic J. Cornella, said, "The issue of mopeds is one that gives us great concern. The state laws are being changed to permit their operation (in most cases as bicycles) when no U.S. statistics are available to give guidance as to their danger. This concern is deepened by the fact that some states may never get such information since a number of them do not require these vehicles to be registered and, therefore, accurate crash statistics will be unavailable."

The FIC also questioned some of the assumptions that have led to the laws:

- "Savings in gas consumption; mopeds get 100 miles to the gallon—Savings such as these are only savings if another mode of transportation is replaced. No adequate evidence has been offered that this is in fact the case. There is some indication that purchasers of these vehicles are predominantly young people who are using them principally for pleasure driving. Consequently, we may be using more rather than less gas.

- "Mopeds are safe; rate of fatalities is three times less than motorcycles—Less than motorcycles, yes; but six times higher than bicycles. These statistics are based on European studies where the vehicle density and use may be different than in the United States. No U.S. statistics are currently available.

- "Safety equipment unnecessary—These laws remove the hel-

met requirement for mopeds, yet mopeds operate in the same traffic mix as motorcycles and in the speed ranges involving motorcycle crash fatalities and serious injuries. In addition to this lack of protection, many states permit mopeds to be operated by untrained or unlicensed drivers."

The Federation asked the governors to "review the present status of your moped laws and ask some hard questions concerning the benefits and detriments of the vehicle's use in your state." The FIC also asked that it be told of any procedures being used to gather data on moped related injuries and deaths.

NHTSA is currently conducting several studies of moped use and crashes to determine "the accident potential of mopeds."

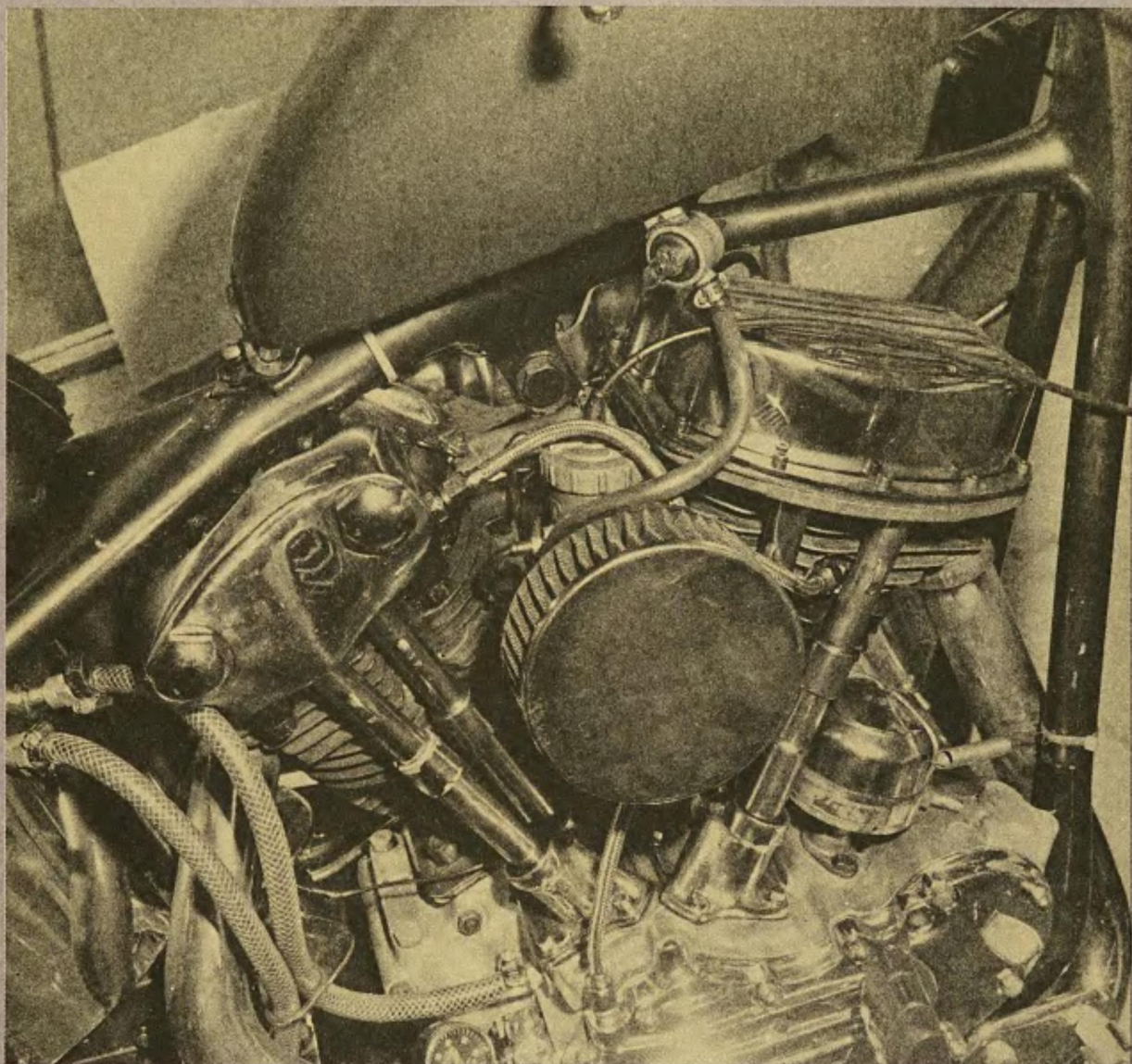
Lewis Buchanan, NHTSA's motorcycle safety specialist, recently wrote an article on mopeds in NHTSA's newsletter. Acknowledging that three years ago, "NHTSA eased some of the Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standards applicable to motorcycles in order to facilitate importation and sale of mopeds," he said that safety officials now view mopeds as "mixed blessings."

Speaking of the weakened state laws, Buchanan said, "One wonders whether the states have perhaps moved too quickly with this legislation, and whether deaths and serious injuries will occur needlessly because of lack of adequate driver licensing procedures, lack of adequate training for riders and failure of legislators to provide for safety helmet use."

Recently, NHTSA head Joan Claybrook wrote to the Motorized Bicycle Association (MBA), the moped trade association, asking its position on a number of state safety laws.

Although the MBA has been active in lobbying for moped laws and does not support such basic safety requirements as helmet use laws, its position on a number of issues is stronger than many state laws. For example, the MBA supports licensing, local registration of mopeds and prohibition of mopeds on certain high-speed roads. Many states with moped laws have no such requirements.—The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. ■





PAN/KNUCK

If you don't have the right part, the wrong one may do—then again . . .

I had to look at Joseph's bike twice before I noticed the slight difference in the head configuration. The old stories about H-D parts being interchange-

able musta gone to his head.

But he started the project and, although it took quite a few extensive modifications, it runs. Here are

some of the changes he had to make on his engine to produce a combination that would work. He began by using knuckle cases and pan barrels. Then he relocated one headbolt hole in the knucklehead and installed an outside feed line to the panhead. The motor-mount was remanufactured, and an O-ring intake manifold was adapted to the knucklehead.

But the trick came when he had to face the differ-

ent arm ratios. It's 1:1 on knucks and 1.5:1 on pans. This presented a problem. He managed to get it running with a small lift cam, but in order to make the valve train work efficiently, a cam would have to be ground especially for the two heads. H-D parts may be interchangeable, but sometimes it's a bitch makin' 'em fit and work.

—Weed



Foreign Affairs/Tom Waits: Waits can sound fucked up, down and out, under the weather, and completely shit-faced better than anyone else we know. He is definitely into being a bum, gettin' loaded under a street lamp, lovin' sleazy whores, and pukin' in the gutter. A pack of butts, a bottle of muscatel, and a newspaper to sleep under is all he needs to be happy. His voice sounds like someone massaged his throat with a torque wrench, but we can really get behind this guy. This latest release is crammed with good shit. It's not rock 'n' roll; it's more like drooling in a piano bar. But he has something to say—that's for sure. Put this one on when you're feeling like skid row.



Out Of The Blue/Electric Light Orchestra: Jeff Lynne, the ELO braintrust who thought up the imaginative ideas behind most of the 17 songs on their latest album, complained recently that there were "only 20 chords to work with" when it came to rock music. But it's obvious that some do better than others, and Lynne makes a good record, it seems, every time out. The group's music has been labeled everything from technorock to classical rock, from orchestral progressive electrical to space cadets with guitars. Each is probably equally accurate, but in the end it's good-time boogie with some fancy harmonies and synthesizer effects. The record company is predicting the heaviest ELO sale yet, but the fact is that the material is more diverse than ELO's earlier efforts and includes everything from interstellar rockers to some strange journeys with whales. So the long-time supporters of this seven-man group may find themselves a bit disappointed if they're not adventurous.

DOWN ~TIME DISCS

By
Buster Duckbutter
and **White Wing**



Bring 'Em Back Alive/The Outlaws: With the snuffin' of Lynyrd Skynyrd, the southern rock 'n' roll crown of superiority is up for grabs.

We're tossin' our vote to the "get down to business" band from Tampa, Fla.—The Outlaws. These guys work harder at perfection than a bitch in heat tryin' to get plugged. Down-right intense.

Give a git-go to any of their three albums if ya haven't already soaked yer ears in 'em. Their triple-fisted guitar arsenal is guaranteed to blaze through yer brain, into yer heart, and out yer ass. Nuthin' like a good shit, ya know.

We could go on all day (and miss a putt), tellin' ya how "the music soars," or any of that crap—but fuck, either ya know, or ya don't—right?



Manorisms/Wet Willie: A "wet willie" is a tired practical joke that grade school wimps play on their unsuspecting buddies. You suck on your fingers until they're gooey with saliva, and then you stick them in someone's ears when they're not looking. The last time anybody tried to give us a wet willie, he ended up needing an operation to remove both elbows from his asshole. In any case, you won't need to stop up your ears when you

play this album, because it's got some good rock on it, heavily laced with rhythm and blues influences. The r&b sound is new for Wet Willie, who have been around for seven years, with an equal number of records and only moderate success. You might have caught some of their earlier southern boogie stuff on Capricorn, but now they've switched to Epic, cleaned house, recruited some new soldiers, and upgraded their act.



Gasolin'/Gasolin': This band is the hottest thing to come out of Denmark since Hans Christian Andersen did his number on little kids and ugly ducks. So who really gives a shit? Well, to tell the truth, what attracted us to this album was the cover. It's an illustration from one of those 1940s pulp magazines, showing a cunt standing on top of a hill in San Francisco. Her dress is blowing up and her peach-colored panties are down around her ankles. Now we figure that if the bitch had to wear panties at all, around the ankles is certainly the best place for them. When you listen to this weird album, it reminds you of something that might have been recorded in the early sixties. It's orchestrated rock with a heavy beat and very little bullshit. We've got to hand it to these guys on one count, because they sing better in English than we do in Danish. They actually have one song on the album, "Rabalderstraede," which they do in their native tongue. To say this is an asskicking foreign trip is understatement. Most of the rest of the disc makes you wonder what the fuck is happening, but you've got to know that we sifted through a shitload of vinyl to find this gem. Other cuts to check out are "What A Lemon" and "It's All The Same To An American Dane." We're sure that wherever old Hans is right now, he's beating off just thinking about this, ducks and kids notwithstanding.

It Takes One To Know One/Detective: The first album by these dudes sucked so badly we thought it was Mutha in disguise or a commercial-grade vacuum cleaner. It's encouraging that this second shot on Led Zepelin's private label has some promising moments. Most of the rock is of the medium tempo variety in a Bad Company vein. They still lack the brute strength and raw power of Rogers, Ralphs, Kirk, and Burrell, but Detective is getting it together in their own way. We were pleased with the energy generated in "Help Me Up" and "Betcha Won't Dance," but we're still waiting for this group to quit snooping around looking for their missing musical identity.

Oh, Yeah!

P.T. Barnum said it best — "There's a sucker born every minute"

By Doctor Twatburger

In 1871, when P.T. Barnum opened his Museum of Curiosities in New York City, he could afford to rent only a small building for his displays. They were such a hit that the place was always crowded, and once inside, nobody wanted to leave. With the same dudes hangin' around, no fresh customers could get in to have a look, so the old man decided to trick 'em into leavin'.

At the back of the building he placed a sign, with an arrow pointin' to a door. *This way to the egress*, the sign read. Few people realized that the word *egress* simply means *exit*, so they hurried through the door to see what was on display—and found themselves standing in an alley behind the building. This kind of gullibility is what Barnum meant when he said, "There's a sucker born every minute."

Americans are the biggest suckers of them all. They fall for thousands of schemes and tricks that are perpetrated on them every day by con-men who want to strip the sucker of his wealth, or by practical jokers who want only a good laugh at someone else's expense. Some of the schemes and jokes are cruel beyond belief, while others are purely harmless, humorous nonsense. Following is a series of stories that many have heard. And if not, they will sooner or later, because stories like these have a habit of recurring every decade or two. Don't be embarrassed if you've bitten on some of them. Remember, Barnum proved that the smarter a person is, the easier he is to fool. And that's a fact.

Back in the 1950s, when automatic transmissions were first becoming popular, the owner of a new car accidentally left his lights on all night, and in the morning the

car wouldn't start. Already late for work, he awakened his wife and told her that she'd have to give him a push with their second car, to get him started.

"Just one thing, honey," he informed her. "This new car has an automatic transmission, and you'll have to get it going over thirty-five miles an hour before it will start."

Remembering what her husband said, the broad backed her car out of the driveway, and from half a block away she came at him to give him a push, doing exactly as he told her. She accelerated to thirty-five miles an hour, and they connected, totaling both cars.

An uncle first told me this story, swearing it was true and that it happened to his boss. A short time later it was printed in the newspaper, as fact, and since that time I've met several people who swear they know someone who knows the dude it happened to. The truth is, it never happened at all.

Ever hear about the new car—usually a Ford T-Bird—that's on sale for \$200? The story goes like this: Someone is approached by a fellow worker or friend, who has a friend with a friend who knows where the good buy is located. It seems that during one of the hot summer months, this elusive friend's friend committed suicide in his garage by attaching a hose to the exhaust and running it into the new car's interior. His body lay in the car for nearly a month, rotting, and when it was discovered, no one could get the horrible smell out of the car. Since all attempts to fumigate had failed, the ten-thousand-dollar vehicle is being offered for a mere two hundred. Unfortunately, no one ever seems to be able to lo-

cate the car, once the offer has been made, or the friend of a friend simply says that someone else bought it, and the sucker goes around kickin' his ass for not coming up with the cash right away.

One of the classic stories was actually acted out for the pleasure of the press in Denver, Colorado, a few years back, but not until after the story had been handed down for a couple of generations, as well as being printed in books and newspapers around the country.

It seems that the driver of a ready-mix cement truck, on a route that took him near his home, decided to surprise his wife by stopping by the house for lunch. He surprised her, all right. There was a new Caddy parked in front, and when the husband peered into the bedroom window, he saw his ol' lady ballin' a stranger. Pissed? You bet!

The trucker knew he'd go to the slammer if he dusted the bastard, so he did the next best thing. He backed his ready-mix truck up to the new Caddy and filled it to the window sills with fast-drying cement. Like the previous tales, it happened only in someone's imagination.

Here's another. A businessman, arriving at the local airport, placed his suitcase on the sidewalk outside a phone booth and stepped inside to make a call. While he was engaged, a car loaded with young thugs pulled up to the curb. One of them leaped out and grabbed the suitcase, then got back into the car, and they sped away. The businessman complained to the police, who said they could do nothing about it unless he had witnesses, descriptions, or a license plate number. They said it was a

—Continued on page 72

Legal news in
everyday language

Feelin' Bumps

When you drive into a service station on your motorcycle, be certain that you do not run over any hose on the ground. It may cost you money. As a motorcyclist left a gas station, he felt a jerk or a bump, heard the plaintiff (who was filling her automobile's gas tank) scream, and observed her recovering from a backward fall as the hose was jerked from her hands. The evidence showed that when the motorcycle was stopped, the hose was located either near the motorcycle or was entangled with it. This evidence permitted the court to find that the motorcyclist was negligent. A motorcyclist apparently has a duty to see that no obstacle is in the path of the motorcycle as he departs from a gas station. (546 S.W. 2d 814, 1977.)

Bike Is Not a Car

Here the plaintiff in New Jersey was the named insured under a policy covering a Ford automobile. The plaintiff was injured while operating a motorcycle. The accident involved the motorcycle and a commercial vehicle, a business delivery truck. The insurance company denied liability on the ground that the plaintiff was not an eligible person as defined in the policy because he was operating a motorcycle and that the accident was not one involving a private automobile, but rather a commercial vehicle. The court held that the insurance company was right. Neither the motorcycle operated by the plaintiff nor the commercial vehicle with which it collided, were "automobiles" as defined in the law or the policy. There is no question about it, a motorcycle is not an automobile, anyway you look at it. (369 At. Ind 47.)

Bad Fall

Be careful of the trap at the top of the hill. Here a motorcyclist was injured when he was riding his motorcycle uphill on a path which culminated in a 25 foot precipice, which was not

marked by the landowner. But he recovered nothing. The land was used by motorcyclists for recreation, with the permission of the owners. There is a statute in California which says that a landowner has no duty to keep his premises safe for manned recreational entry or use or to warn against hazards thereon, even where permission is given. There are certain exceptions. This is a good statute to keep in mind when you venture off the main road onto private property. The scenery may be great, but there could be a sudden precipice, and if you go over it you do not fall into a successful lawsuit. (136 Cal Rep. 224)

Rug Rat Coverage

If your husband is given too much to drink in a saloon or bar and as a consequence runs over your child and kills it in the driveway of your home, can you recover damages against the tavern for such intangible elements as mental anguish, injured feelings, and loss of companionship? You can in Michigan and New Hampshire, but not in other states. Your recovery depends on the phrasing of the statute. (220 N.W. 2d 397 78 ALR 3rd 1099)

A Rapist Is A Rapist

Here is one for the books. We do not get the salt angle nor the penny angle, but in any event, it was held to be rape. A rapist is a rapist, whatever means he uses to make his victim submit unwillingly. The court here upheld the conviction of a former convict who told his victim he would let her jailed fiancé die unless she gave him ten pounds of salt, \$1,000 in pennies, and "you." Eventually, at his insistence, they went to a motel room. She gave him whatever money she could gather. He compelled her to take her clothes off, poured salt over her, and committed the act of intercourse. She exhibited reluctance, even though she believed his threat. Threats to a

third person can induce the victim's submission, and it is still rape. Truth is still stranger, much stranger, than fiction. Fitzpatrick v. State, Nev. Sup. Ct., 1/19/77.

Bad Driver

If the driver of a rented automobile runs into you and injures you, is the renter of the automobile liable? The renter is liable if it can be shown that he negligently entrusted this car to an incompetent and unlicensed driver. The case has been considered in Maryland, where the court ruled on a case involving a rented truck which struck the plaintiff in the rear, causing injury and damage. The court said that the rental agency's allowing someone in the driver's seat in willful disregard of a statute requiring proof of the renter's possession of a valid driver's license was evidence of negligence. You must be extremely careful to whom you entrust your car, your boat, or your motorcycle. You may find yourself liable on the theory of negligent entrustment. (330 AT 2nd 680)

Watch It

If you go onto a naval installation and the pass warns that its acceptance by the driver permits search of your car at any time, that's it and you cannot later complain that your car was searched without a warrant. The rule by the commanding officer is valid. Even if the search is made without probable cause, it is valid, and if drugs are discovered in the car they are admissible against you in any trial. If you will not consent to the rules, you cannot enter the reservation. U.S. v. Ellis—CA5, 2/23/77.

One-Way Street

If you owe your wife \$5,000 in alimony payments, is that debt discharged by your bankruptcy? Yes, it is, says the U.S. Court in Rhode Island.

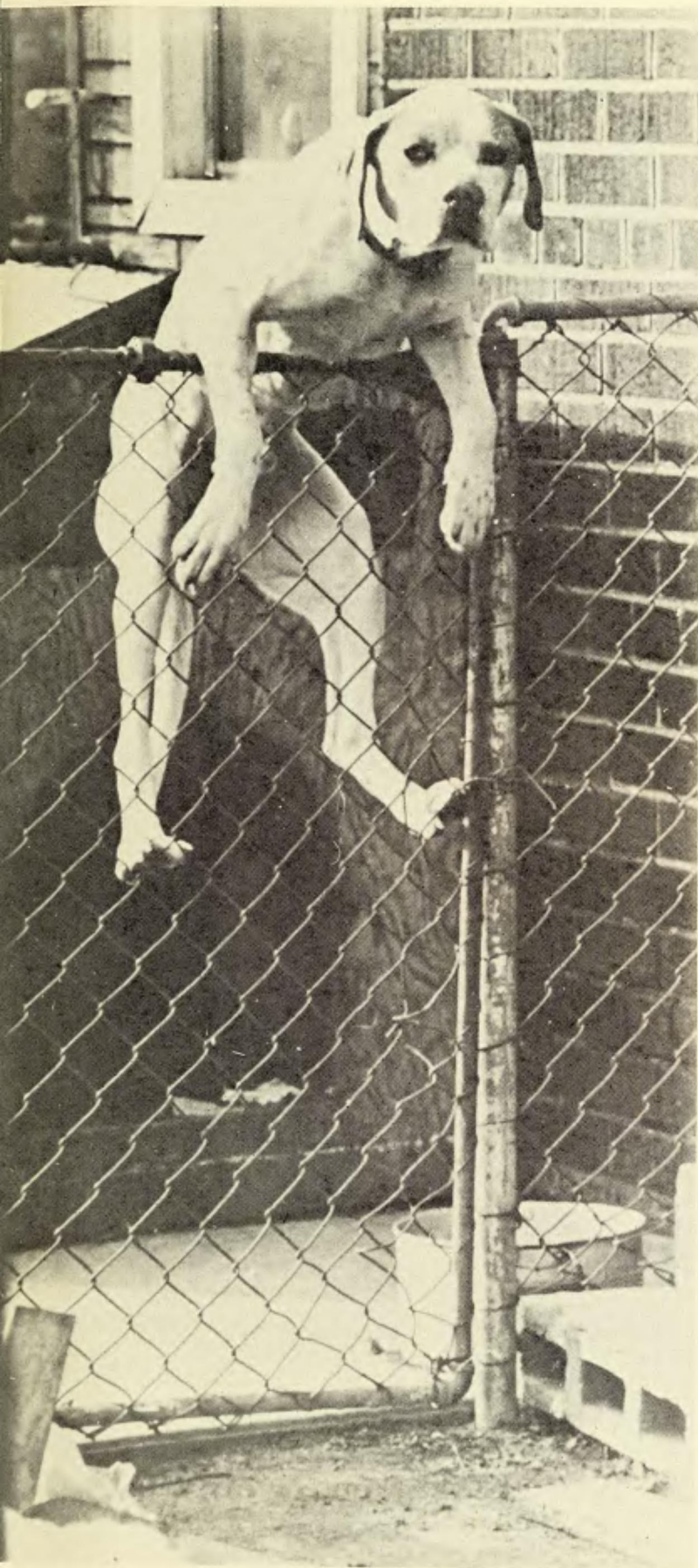
Under §17a (7) of the Bankruptcy Act, a husband is denied the benefit of a discharge of a debt for alimony, while a wife would be entitled to a discharge for a like indebtedness. The statute creates a distinction based solely on the sex of the individual. Since Reed vs. Reed, 404 U.S. 71 (1971), such a gender-based classification has been held to be inherently suspect. In re: Wasserman, 7/18/77, U.S.D.C. R.I.

Is Pad Habitable?

If you rent a house or an apartment, does the landlord implicitly warrant that it is habitable? The New York Court says yes. It wasn't always so, but today a lease of residential premises establishes a contractual relationship with mutual obligations and is not intended to be treated as a conveyance or an interest in realty. The main concern of today's tenant is that he acquires premises that he can enjoy for living purposes; he is more mobile and generally less skillful at maintenance than the old agrarian tenant. Repairs are more costly and dwellings with modern plumbing and electrical facilities are more complex. Unless expressly excepted, there is a warrant of habitability in every lease in New York. This should be the law everywhere today. N. Y. Sup. Ct. App. Div., Tonetti v. Penatti, 5/12/75.

Unnatural Acts

The Puritans would hate this. A defendant was convicted in Massachusetts for forcing a young woman to perform fellatio and an oral-anal act. The U.S. District Court reversed the conviction, saying that the statute which criminalizes "unnatural and lascivious acts" is too vague to apply to this situation. Balthazar v. Superior Court, U.S.D.C. Mass., 2/17/77.



"I told ya last month I wanted my *Easyriders*!"

Now you can believe I'm gonna chew some ass if I hafta come out there to get it and you're sold out again!"

Why fight Fido? Get a subscription to the rag and get it delivered right to your door, pen, pad—whatever. You should know by now that they're **always** sold out. So subscribe today and we'll toss ya a bone—no, we mean a free decal!

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

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

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



Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

58

Check one:

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

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

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

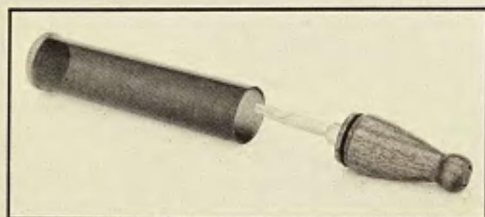
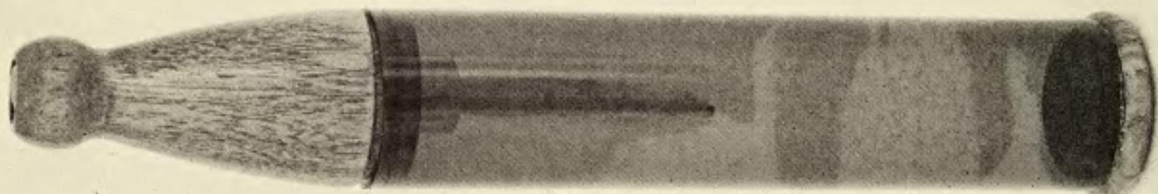
Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's \$10.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$19.00 for a two-year subscription.
Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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

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



Colony

1300 Industrial Parkway, Brunswick, Ohio 44212

Check our new catalog for hard to find vintage Harley parts.

Ask anyone who rides with Bullet — and they'll tell you he and his mamma are not people to take lightly; and they'll tell you too, if you got something to say about his hawg, if you are going to say it to his face you better talk nice, and if you aren't going to talk nice, you better be a long way away, like maybe Guam. 'Cause Bullet's got a nice hawg and most everyone of those shiny little parts are from **Colony**.

See, the dudes at **Colony** know hawgs and hawg accessories. Dig?

An English Bro Talks About The Sporty

The XL1000, to give the Sportster its official title, is ostensibly the nippy young parvenu of the V-twin H-D range, an irresponsible young whippersnapper, with little sense of propriety where reputation and the family good name are concerned. However, get down to the bones and soul, and the XL 1000 is Harley-Davidson through and through.

Look at that frame. It's a duplex cradle of solid construction, with a headstock so raw and chunky as to have been hand-forged from base metals by dour dwarves in the glowing caves of Middle Earth. In it is slung the ponderous mass of that renowned and revered 45° V-twin, a shamelessly undersquare lump which boasts the elegance of Peggy Mount in a boiler suit but which is none the less redeemed by enough charisma to make a Calvinist chuckle. Within this rude and rugged device lurks a brace of cudgellike pistons, each one compressing 498.75cc of gas with every fourth leisurely stroke, and sending reverberating shock waves through machine, rider and adjacent tarmac with every twirl of a crank journal. Not for Harley, the pouffy, high-revving shriek of a short-stroked Japanese multi, more the plodding, inexorable beat of a herd of peckish elephants converging on a banana plantation.

Tacked onto and around this monolith of an engine are miscellaneous other components, each distinguished by its size and chunkiness. A bulbous matt black and chrome air cleaner box is mounted to starboard, as is a fat and protruding oil tank and, skirting beneath the solidly engineered footpegs, the exhaust system—with two primaries ducting into a cavernous, gape-mouthed "silencer." The port side is dominated by the sturdy engine casing, a chromed and fluted battery box, and the chromed horn, the latter rubber mounted to a bracket between the pots and just below the ignition and choke assemblies.

Appointments on the upper half of the bike owe much to traditional chopper fashion, with the teardrop

Editor's Note: Now we don't ordinarily review bikes, ya understand. But this is no ordinary review, either. It comes to us from clear across the ocean and originally appeared in SuperBike—a far-out motorcycle rag published in England.

We like this review because it's clever and accurate—loaded with the intelligence and dry wit so characteristic of our British cousins. We think all Harley fans here in the colonies will enjoy this distinctively English look at the Sporty.



tank and King-and-Queen styled seat following the lines of the frame top tube and rear mudguard. However, the widely flared and typically Harley handlebar—mounted in a sculptured and sod-to-clean bracket—creates the lines more of, say, a flat track racer than a chop. Whichever, there's no disputing that it adds up to a dis-

tinctive-looking bike and not the sort of sickle that'll go unnoticed at the local MC club's monthly meet. That is, if the Harley owner deigns to attend anything so humble and commonplace as a local MC club; H-D owners are elitists.

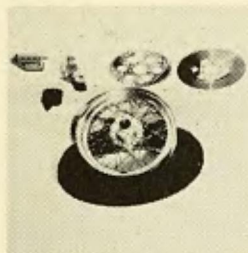
The main controls are sturdy, functional and in no risk of being described as pretty, while the switches are mounted in bleak-looking but efficient box units.

In general everything about the Sportster is over-engineered in typically Harley fashion—which is just as well because if anything breaks there are no tools to make repairs with, unless you carry a set of rings and open-enders in the breast pocket of your colours. There really is no stash space whatsoever, short of taping a tool-roll to one of the frame downtubes. Just make sure that you go over the beast in frequent nut-tightening sorties, for, although sturdily built, Harleys are renowned for their fixings vibrating loose. Perhaps a small tube of Loctite would be a worthy investment for the thoughtful owner who wants to cut risks to a minimum. However, such precautions shouldn't be necessary and to forgo sensible tool space in the name of styling is an unforgivable sin. Mind you, with fuel capacity of only two and a half gallons you're not likely to be on a long journey if you break down; talk about looking on the bright side!

Seating position for the rider is good and bad. The saddle is low slung—at the front, anyhow—putting the rider in a commanding position and enabling even fairly short (in height) riders to plant their feet firmly and flat on the road. However, the low seating has been achieved at the expense of comfort, for just below the saddle, the oil tank and battery box protrude in knobby and intrusive fashion. Not only do they stick into the inside of the rider's thighs when he's sitting with his feet down on the road, but that oil tank gets bloody hot after fifteen minutes or so of big city traffic. Luckily a combination of well-balanced bike and

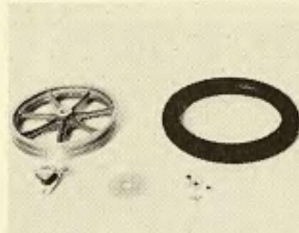
—Continued on page 78

FRONT DISC BRAKE



**15" & 16"
SUPER
STOPPER
DISC
BRAKE**
\$189⁹⁵

KIT CONTAINS: HUB • SPROCKET • DISC • HURST AIR-HEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • 15" OR 16" TIRE • TUBE • LINER • CHROME SPOKES AND NIPPLES • CHROME 15" OR 16" HOG RIM • NUTS • BOLTS • LINE • FITTINGS.
*Add \$40.00 for Chrome Master Cylinder, Caliper, Sprocket and Carrier/Laced & Trued — \$20.00



FRONT MAG DISC BRAKE

KIT CONTAINS: HURST AIR-HEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • DISC • 18" MAG WHEEL • 18" TIRE • TUBE • LINER • MOUNTING BRACKET • BOLTS • HYDRAULIC LINE & FITTINGS
Dual Disc
ADD \$100.00
\$189⁹⁵

**18"
\$169⁹⁵**

**21"
\$189⁹⁵**



18" FRONT DISC — \$169.95 / 21" FRONT DISC — \$189.95
KIT CONTAINS: HURST AIR-HEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • HUB • DISC • CALIPER MOUNTING BRACKETS, CHROME RIM, SPOKES & NIPPLES • TIRE • TUBE • LINER, SPACERS, BEARINGS, LINE & FITTINGS • LACED & TRUED • Dual Disc Available — ADD \$100.00



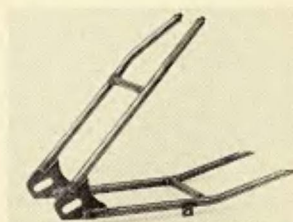
15" & 16" MAG DISC BRAKE

KIT CONTAINS: HURST AIR-HEART HYDRAULIC CALIPER AND MASTER CYLINDER • SPROCKET • DISC • MAG WHEEL • 15" OR 16" TIRE • TUBE • LINER • BOLTS • HYDRAULIC LINE AND FITTINGS
*Add \$40.00 for Chromed Master Cylinder, Caliper, Sprocket, Carrier
\$259⁹⁵



15" & 16" REAR WHEEL KITS

KIT CONTAINS: HEAVY GAUGE CHROMED STEEL RIM • CHROMED SPOKES & NIPPLES • TIRE • TUBE & RIM LINER. Laces quickly and easily to your bike's hub, or send your hub and \$20.00 and we'll lace and true it for you.
WE HAVE KITS TO FIT ALL BIKES!
\$74⁹⁵



HARDTAILS

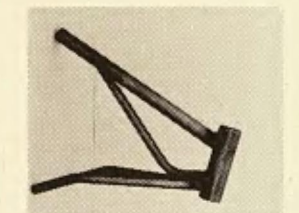
\$44⁹⁵

4" OVERSTOCK AVAILABLE FOR THE FOLLOWING: Honda 305, 350, 360, 450, 500, 550, 750, Triumph 55-76 — 500, 650 & 750 (2 cyl. only), Yamaha 650, HD 74 elec. or kick (specify) and all HD Sportsters.



15" x 5" SUPERWIDE RIMS

Fits H-D "74" swingarms and some rigid frame bikes. Rims are made in U.S. from heavy gauge steel and show Chrome plated.
\$39⁹⁰



HARDHEAD FRONT SECTION

Custom look for stock suspension frames. Heliarc welded, heavy wall, seamless tubing, 5" or 10" rake. Available for all H-D 74 and Sportsters.
Honda 750 and Kawasaki 900.
\$79⁹⁵



ROUND SPRINGERS & GIRDERS

Made of high quality 1018 solid steel, heliarc welded, and show chrome plated. Available in sizes from 8" to 18" overstock lengths for all popular bikes.
SPRINGER — \$219.95 / GIRDER — \$259.95



EASY RIDE

\$229⁹⁵

RIGID

\$189⁹⁵

CUSTOM FRAMES

5" Overstock length — 100% Guaranteed — Rake 5° to 10° (1")
Honda 350, 360, 450, 500, 550, 750 • Triumph 55 to 78 750, 650, 500 and Trident • All BSA's • Yamaha 500, 650 and 750 • Kawasaki 500, 750 and 900 • Norton 750 and 850 • HD 74 • Sportster.

C & G Manufacturing Co. ORDER FORM

1060 S. Cypress St., La Habra, CA 90631 • (714) 992-2050

All prices F.O.B. La Habra • Prices subject to change without notice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Date _____

Bike Year-Make-Model _____

☐ Rigid Frame

☐ Front 18" Disc Brake

☐ 15" Rear Mag Assem.

☐ Chrome

☐ Front Mag Disc

☐ Hard Head

☐ 15" Disc Brake

☐ Chrome

☐ 15" Wheel Kit

☐ 18" Front Dual Disc

☐ 21" Front Dual Disc

☐ 16" Wheel Kit

☐ Soft Tail Frame

☐ 21" Front Disc Brake

☐ 16" Rear Mag Assem.

☐ Chrome

☐ Lace & True

☐ 15 x 5" Superwide Rim

☐ Hard Tails

☐ 16" Disc Brake

☐ Chrome

☐ Springer

☐ Girder

☐ Spoke Set

50% DEPOSIT ON ALL ORDERS • PERSONAL CHECKS TAKE 30 DAYS EXTRA

In the Wind

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 John Clark, Sacramento, Calif.

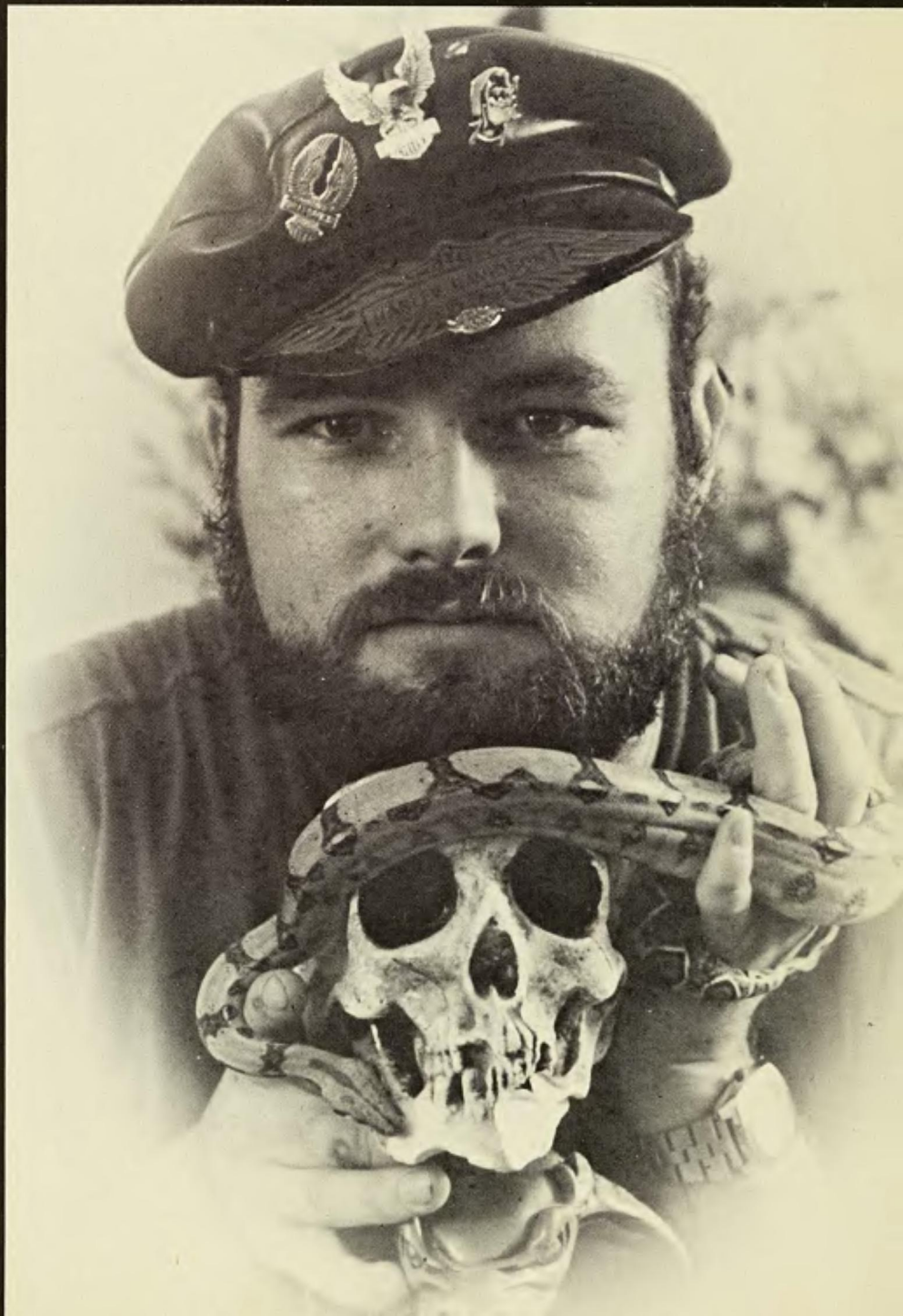


—from Shane Milliken, Lewiston, Maine

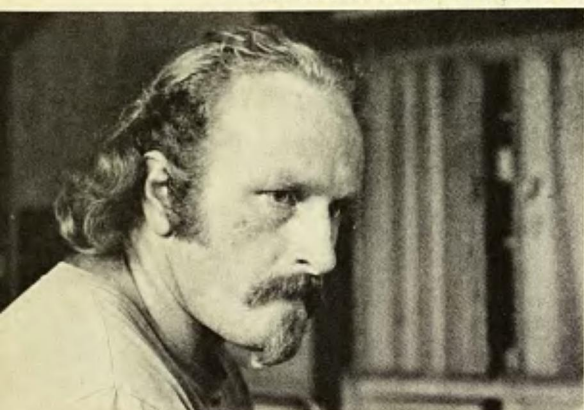


—from Mark Roeder, Norwalk, Calif.

—from Blue Montana, Jacksonville, Fla.



—from Mike Abrams, Walla Walla, Wash.



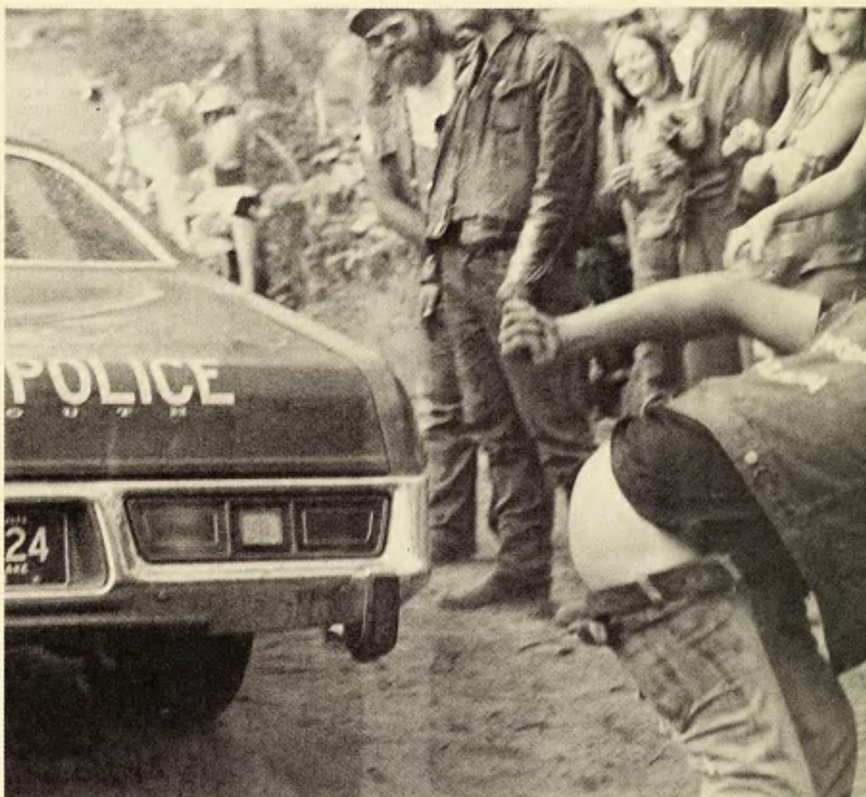
—from Jake, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, California



—from Billy Tinney, Houston, Texas



—from Margo Marucci, Tuckahoe, N.Y.

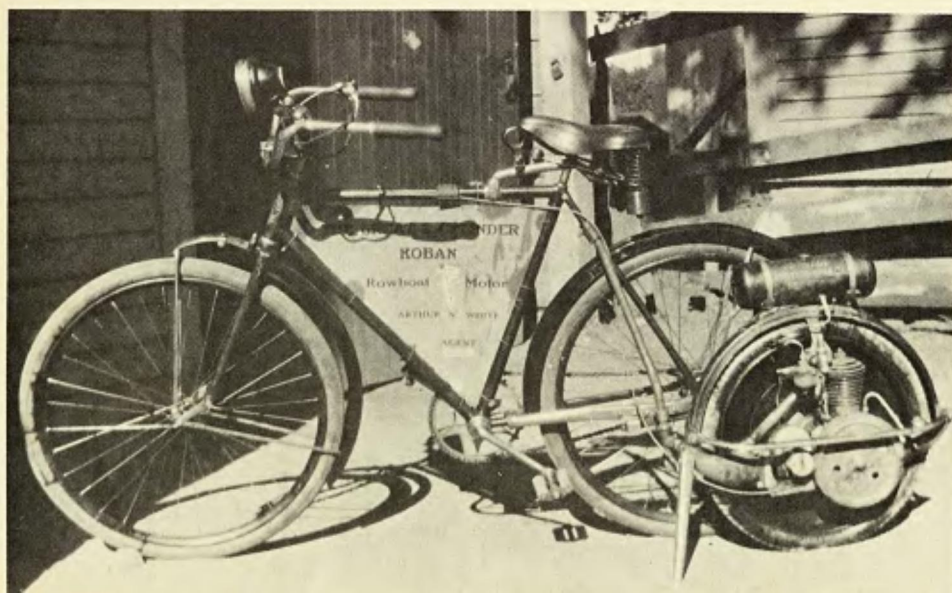




—from Ron Gorberg, Davie, Fla.



—from Richard Nail, Louisville, Ky.



—from Everett White, Taunton, Md.



—from Outlaw's Haven, Nicholville, N.Y.



—from S. Darling, Vestal, N.Y.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California



—from Margo Marucci, Tuckahoe, N.Y.



—from John Clark, Sacramento, Calif.

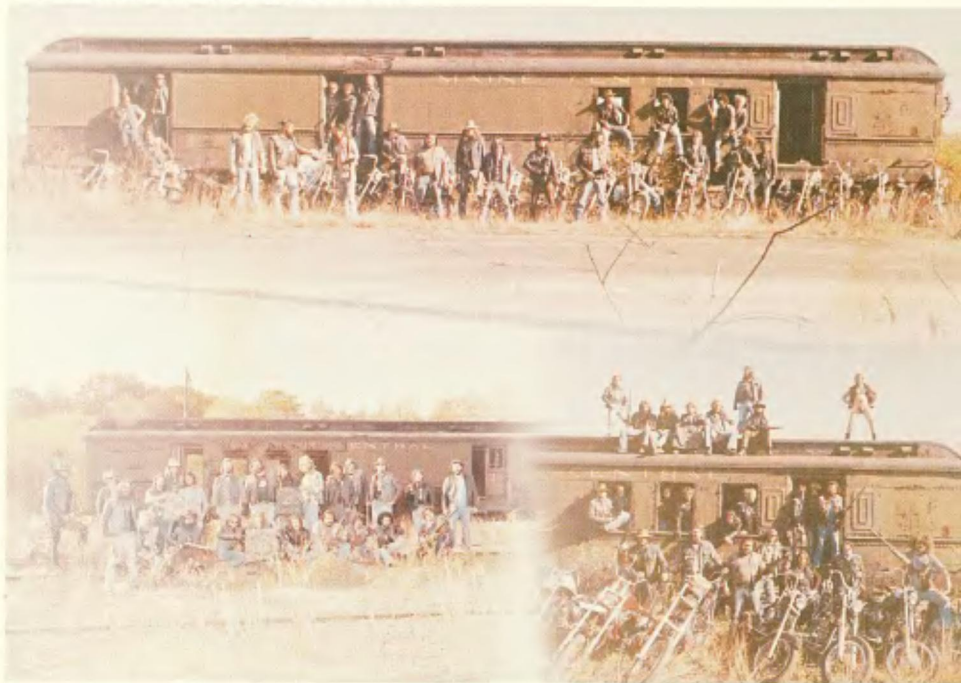
—from J. J. Price, Glenbrook, Conn.





—from Chuck Flett, Middiesboro, Kentucky

—from Phil LaRose, West Haven, Connecticut



—from U.M.A., Alberta, Canada

—from John Wilson, Joplin, Missouri



—from James Willard, Tuckerton, New Jersey



—from Scott Thibodo, San Jose, California





FARM EQUIPMENT

Either it works or he'll sell it...

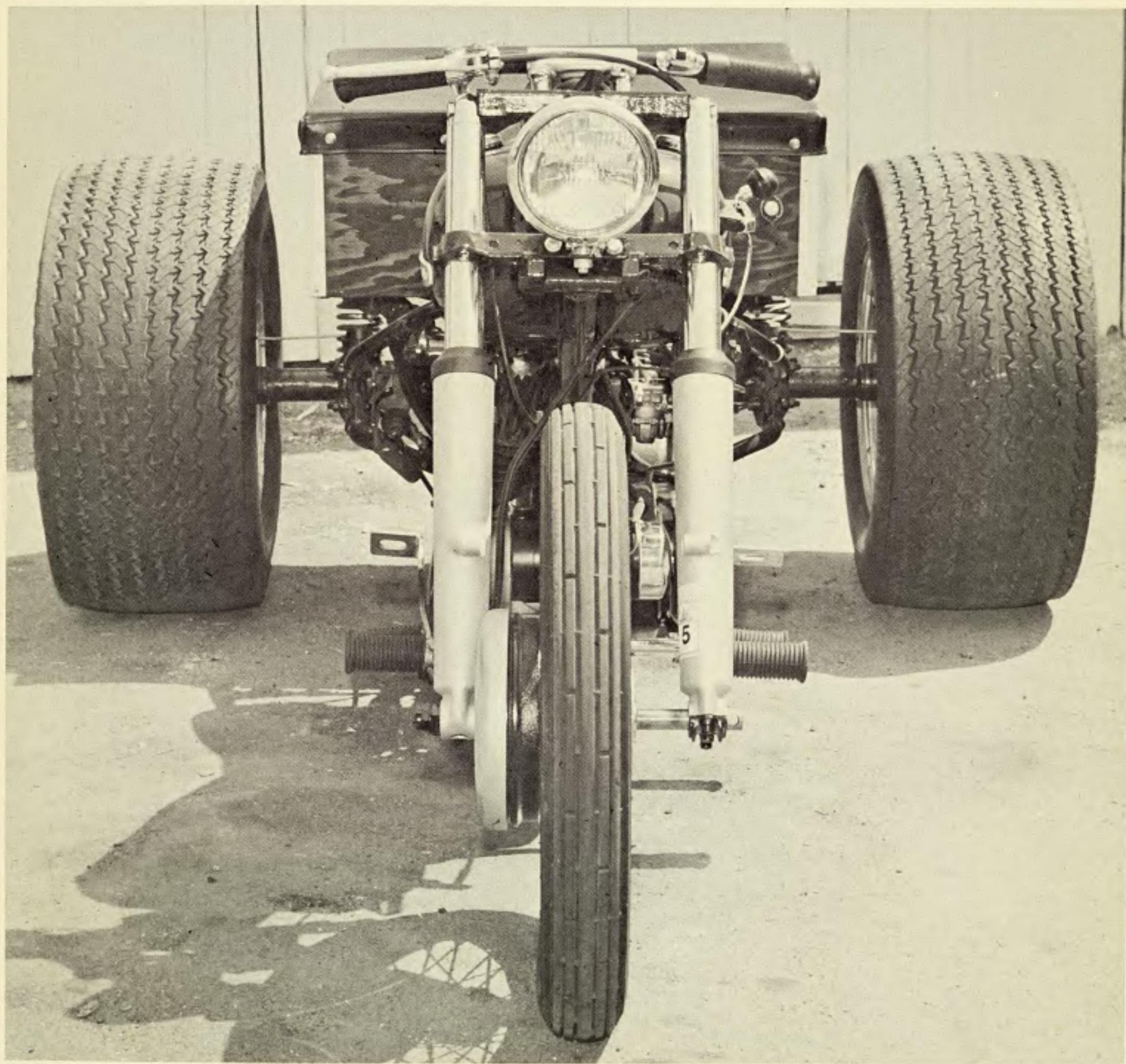


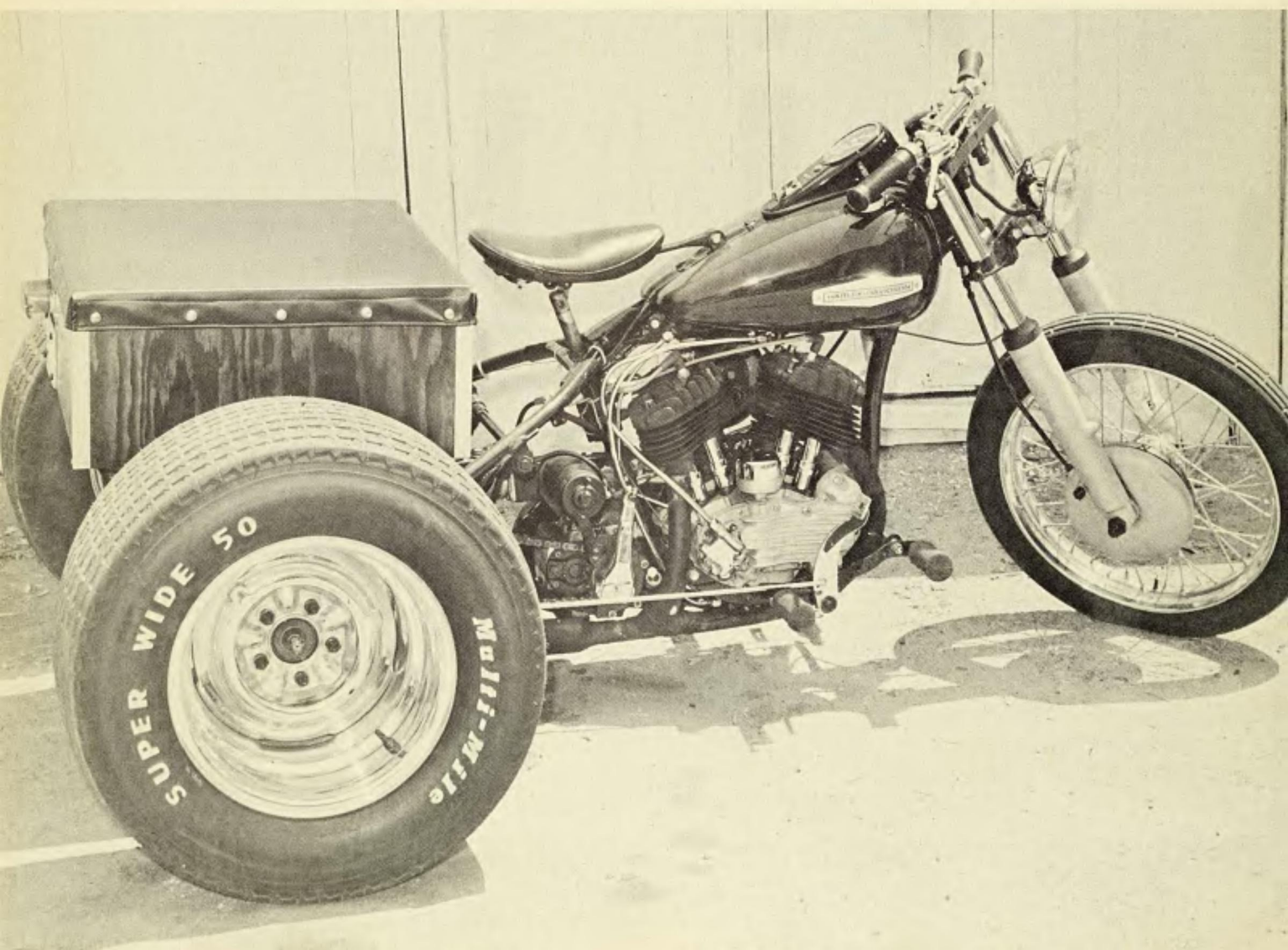
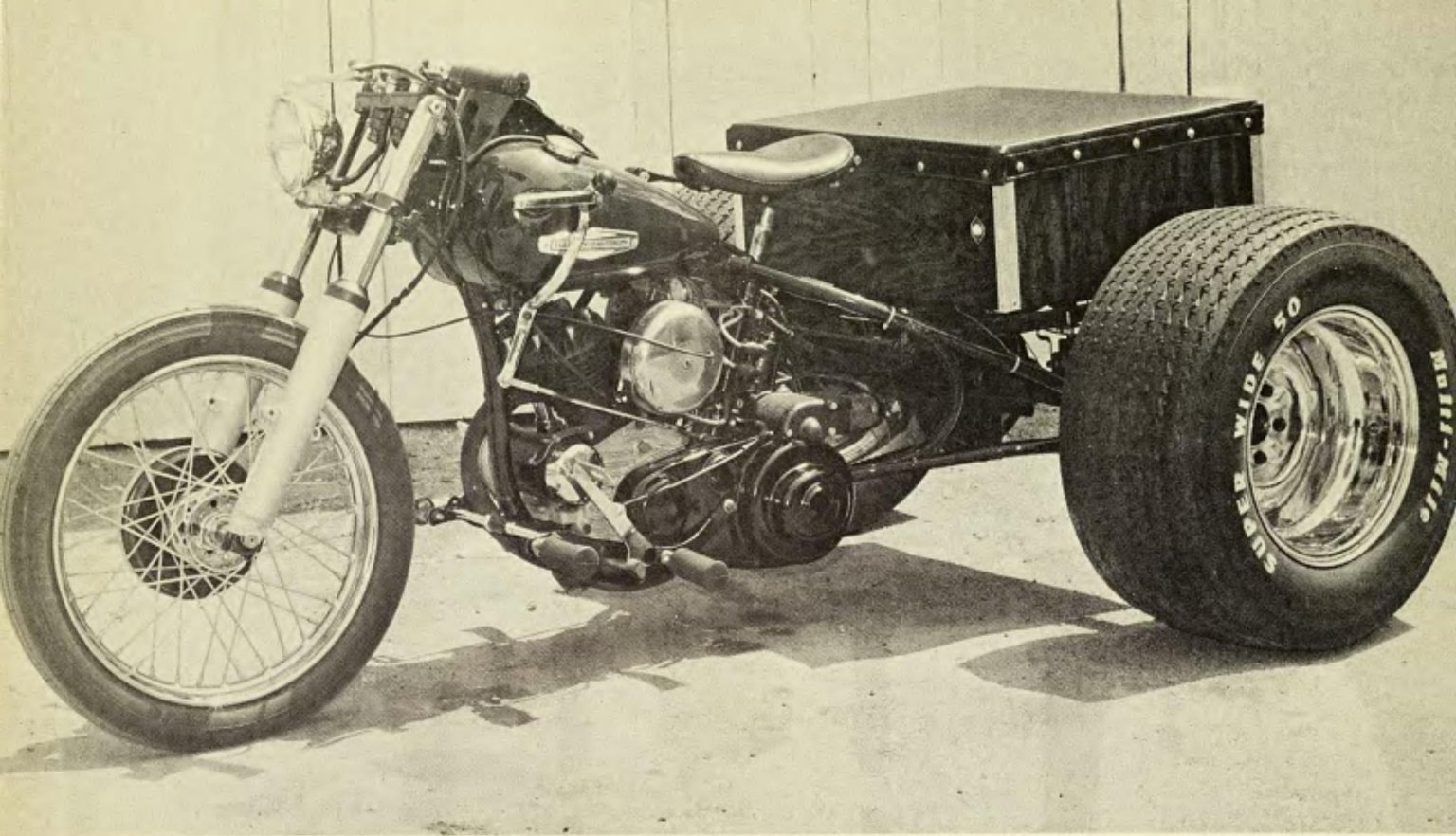
Terry is one of those bike builders who'll never quit trying new things. He's built chops, show bikes, antiques, stock restorations—you name it and he's got it, built it, or just sold one. And he never fails to surprise us.

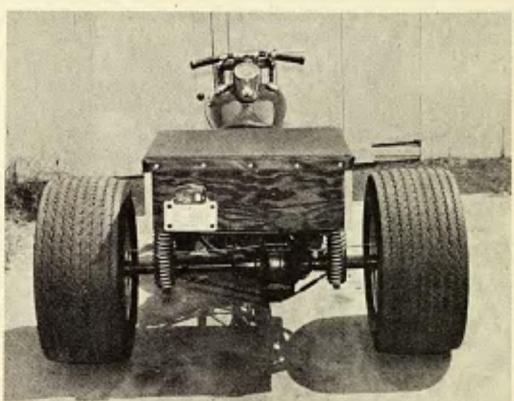
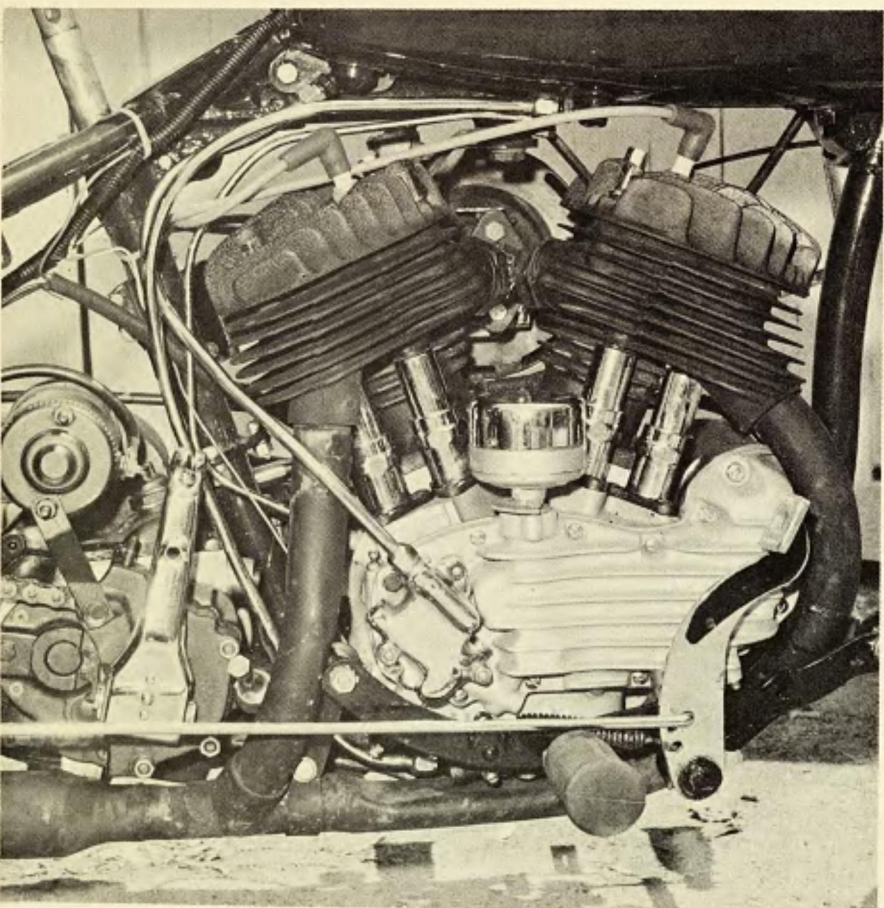
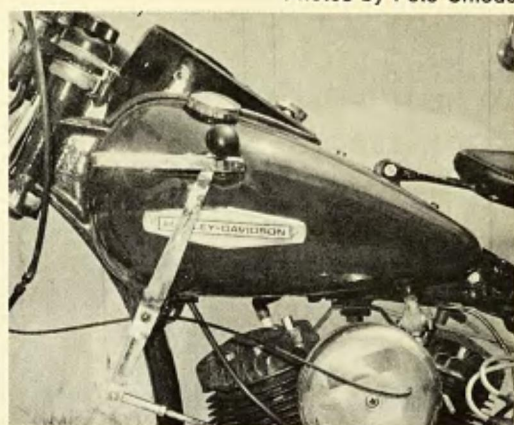
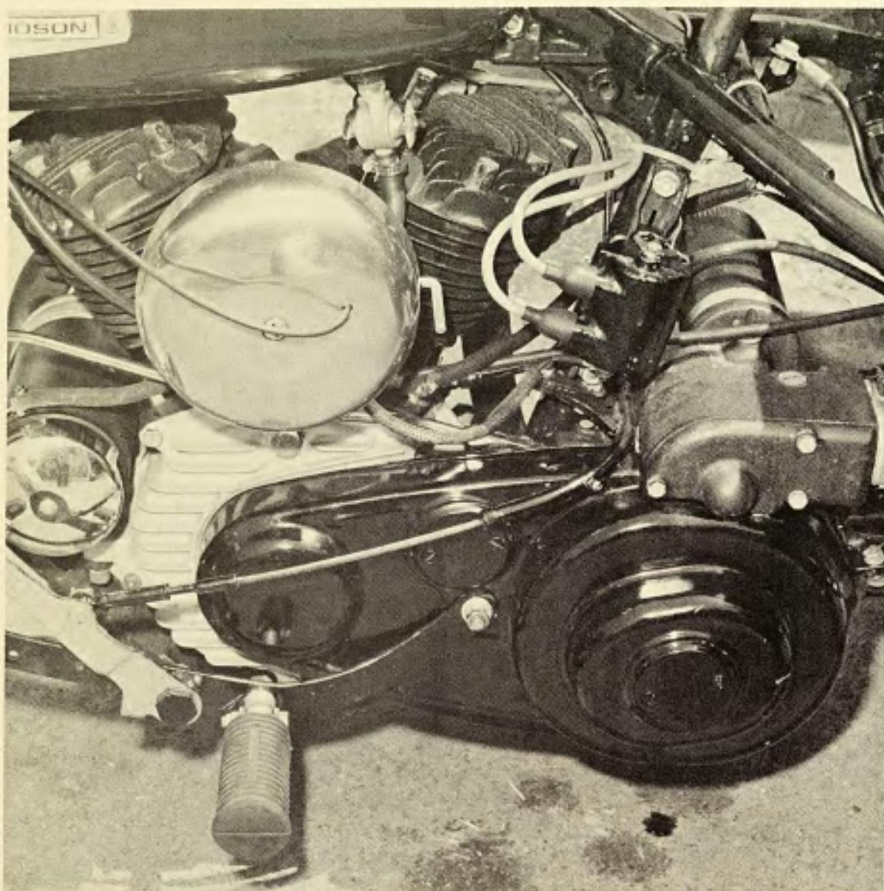
On this trip from Nebraska he didn't let us down either. One of the hottest, steamiest days of this past summer I was distracted from my milk crate (maybe someday they'll buy me a desk) by a low rumble close to our shack. It had to be a hundred outside as I turned to see a

low-ridin', all-black (except for the flames) pickup truck pull up. The top was chopped so that the windshield was only about a foot high and the modified glass was smoke colored. I almost fell outta my chair checking out the black beast that looked like somethin' I might have seen in high school, cruisin' downtown.

As Terry (he also built the truck) poured himself and his cute ol' lady outta the black oven, I noticed the piece of farm equipment in the bed. The trike was Terry's style, but it sure as hell



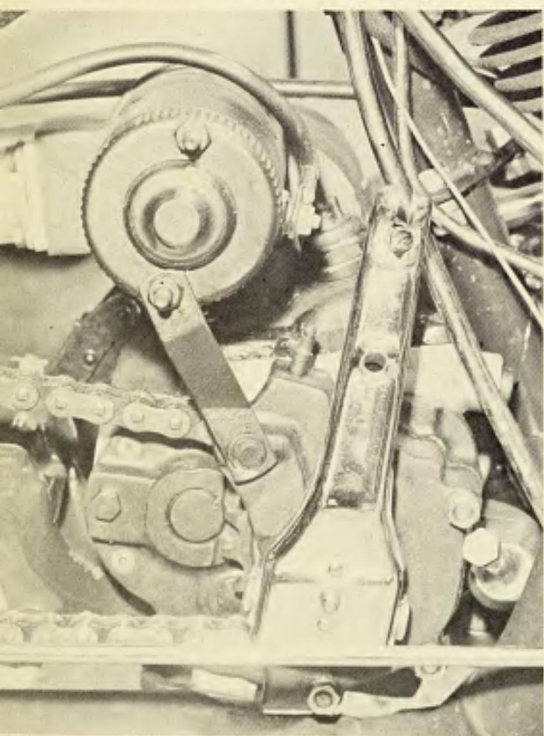
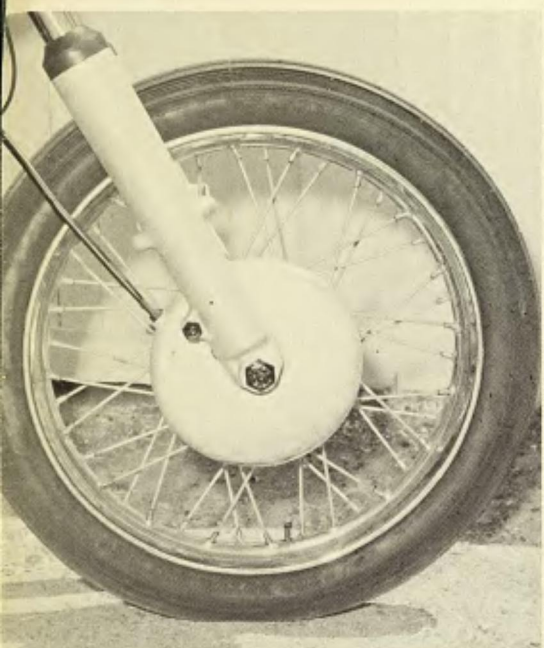




didn't belong with the truck. The trike—well, it's not pretty, but it wasn't designed to be. He wanted dependable transportation for runnin' parts, so he rebuilt and modified the cop three-wheeler to do the job. But I'll bet before he left the west coast again someone bought both vehicles and he had to fly back. That's the way he likes it, though. Then he can start a new project.

—Weed

—Continued on next page



Owner: Terry Iwanski

City: Grand Island, Neb.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1970

Year and make: 1970 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: Servi-Car

Type: Servi-Car

Value: \$2,800

Rake: stock

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 3 weeks

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Osantowski Bros.

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Kiles-drag

Year: 1970

Risers: stock

Model: 45

Fender(s): none

Rebuilder: Ed Osantowski

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: stock

Taillight: Bates

Displacement: 45 cu. in.

Speedo: stock

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: Tom's

Balancing: H-D

Rear pegs: Tom's

Pistons: H-D

Electrics: stock

Cases: cleaned

Gas tank: 3-gal. fat

Heads: stock

Oil tank: stock

Cam: H-D

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: H-D

Carb(s): Tillotson

Seat: Bates

Air cleaner: stock

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: black

Height:

Muffler(s): hollow

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: glide

Year: 1970

Extension: none

Shifting: tank shift, 3 sp. & rev.

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 22

Special features:

Trans sprocket: 17

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 34

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 19

Size: 15

Molding: none

Hub: '57 H-D

Hub: chrome revrs.

Painter: owner

Rim width: 3 in.

Rim width: 11 in.

Color: '77 Corvette, dark red

Tire: 3.00

Tire: N50-15

Type: acrylic enamel

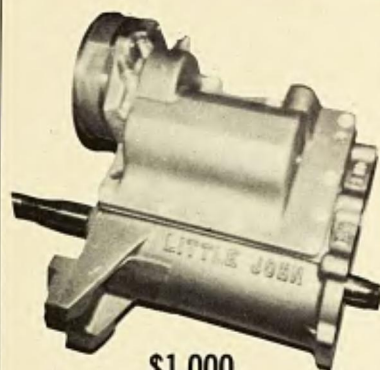
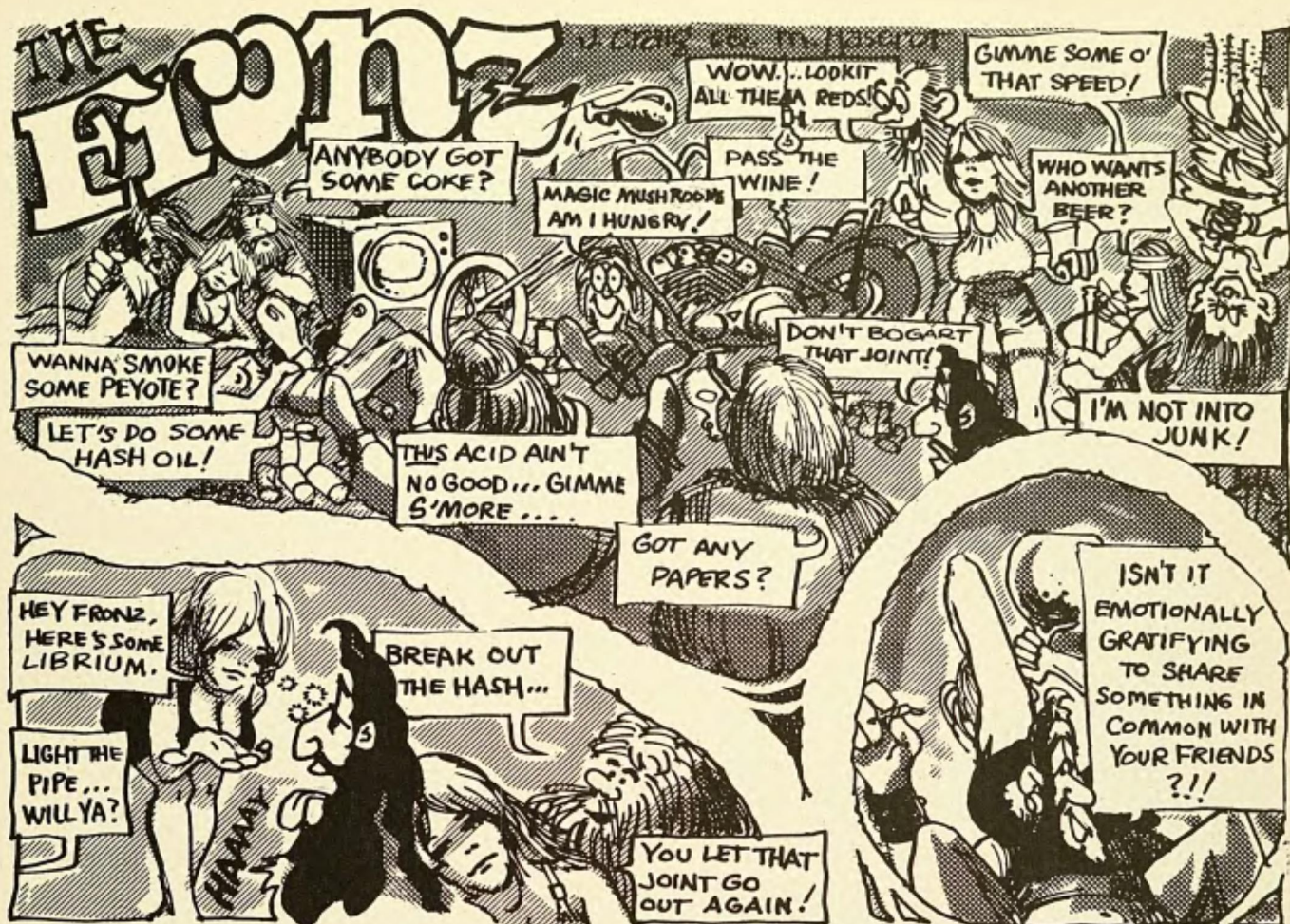
Brake: mech.

Brake: juice

Special paint: none

Other special modifications: Wood box contains battery & electrics.

Tarp by House of Tops & Glass.



\$1,000

5-Speed Trany For Your Hawg

● MORE SPEED

● LESS VIBRATION

● MORE MILEAGE

● LESS ENGINE WEAR

*Give your scooter stoker performance without altering your engine.

*All-new unit can be ordered to fit all 1936-1977 Harley 1200s.

*Overdrive 5th gear ratio produces more top-end speed while cutting down on vibration.

*Made of finest materials, actually stronger than stock unit.

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

\$1,000

LJ & R Limited

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

Avoiding the street where Angie still lived with her ma—according to what he'd been told—Hoops Fuller let the chopper drift past the elementary school twice, its mill mumbling throatily. When he heard the bell clanging noisily inside the yellow buildings, he came around the block a bit faster. Parking at the curb a distance from the school's entrance, he sat with a leg curled over the tank, watching the horde of rug rats pouring out of the place and coming down the street.

Wonder if I'll be able to recognize the little bastard? he thought, eyeing the first scattered bunches of chattering youngsters as they passed by, most of them wide-eyed at the

sight of him. Duke and Gunner said he looks jes' like me. Same flamin' red hair, same pug nose.

"Hey, are you a Hells Angel, mister?" shouted a tiny girl, glancing excitedly at her young friends as the trio skipped by.

"Naw, I'm Santy Claus, hon!" laughed Hoops.

Dissolving into wild giggling, the trio fled.

Sitting there, Hoops remembered. He hadn't felt anything for the easy Angie except healthy lust, and she had returned it. When he discovered she was knocked up, he offered an abortion, which she self-righteously declined. Then he offered to pay all hospital costs—and that's when her father had warned him to stay away, flourishing the old

Navy Colt in his astonished face. Now the old fart was dead. From what the locals told him, Angie still whored around the small town. And his kid, his son, was growing up. Goddam, Hoops decided, lighting another cigarette, things sure move in nine fuckin' years. What if the nosepicker wasn't mine? She was ballin' dudes by the dozens then and she's still takin' on more'n her share now.

Another group of little girls walked by, casting curious glances at the machine and Hoops, giggling madly when he noticed them. Then a tight bunch of boys sauntered past, falling silent and staring with open awe at the chromed, polished bike, mumbling among themselves and looking over their shoulders as they went down the sidewalk.

This is stupid, Hoops told himself disgustedly. Comin' all the fuckin' way out here, hopin' to git a look at a goddam kid jes' because he might be mine. What the hell would I do with a kid that little? I ain't got no place fer him. Not right now.

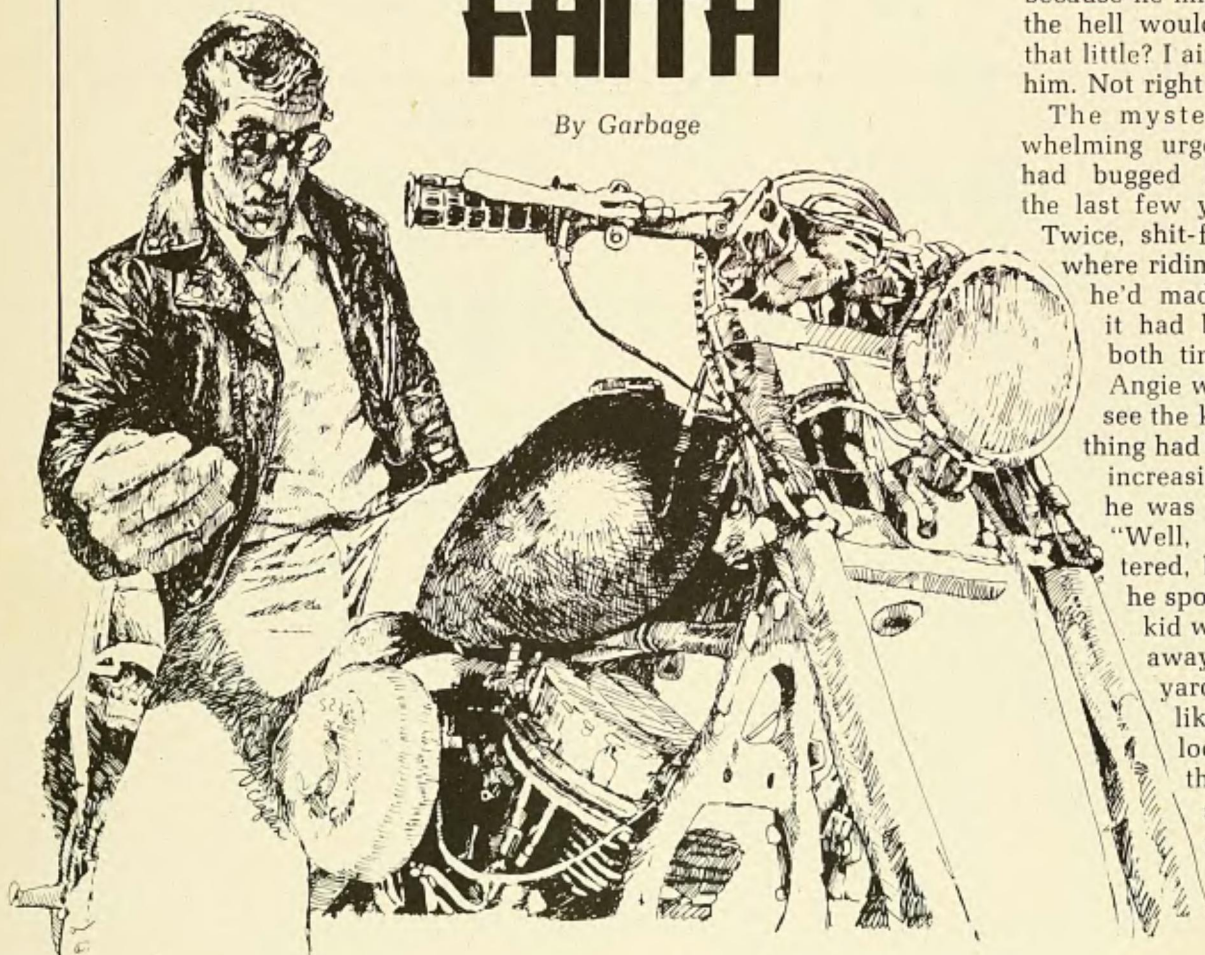
The mysterious but overwhelming urge to see the boy had bugged him continuously the last few years.

Twice, shit-faced to the point where riding had been risky, he'd made the trip—but it had been late at night, both times, and he knew Angie would never let him see the kid. Since then, the thing had bothered him with increasing intensity. Now he was there.

"Well, shit!" he muttered, blinking rapidly as he spotted the redheaded kid walking by himself away from the schoolyard. "He does look like me! Christ, he looks more like me than I do!" The boy stopped when he reached Hoops, his pale eyes eat-

NATURAL-BORN FAITH

By Garbage



ing up the bike's glittering details. Then they lifted, looking directly into Hoops' and something peculiar happened in the biker's belly.

"My dad rides a bike," the boy said flatly.

"Is that so?" Hoops had difficulty speaking.

"Maybe you know him?" Hope blossomed on the freckled face. "His name is Charley Fuller—like mine—but the bikers call him Hoops."

Hoops swallowed hard. "Yeah, I think I've heard about him, here and there."

There was a moment of silence in which the boy continued admiring the machine with greedy eyes, then they swung back to Hoops with longing in them. "It must be neat, ridin' a chopper. Goin' everywhere ya like. Doin' what ya want."

"Oh, yeah! It's the only way." Hoops' mind raced furiously. I could give'm a ride. Naw—somebody would see him and that might get him hassled by his ma. Better not. "Ya ever hear from yer ol' man, kid?"

The small chin rose defiantly. "Not yet. He's pretty busy, see? But someday he's gonna come here and get me. Take me with him—all over the state. Maybe all over all the country."

"Think so, huh?"

"I know he will."

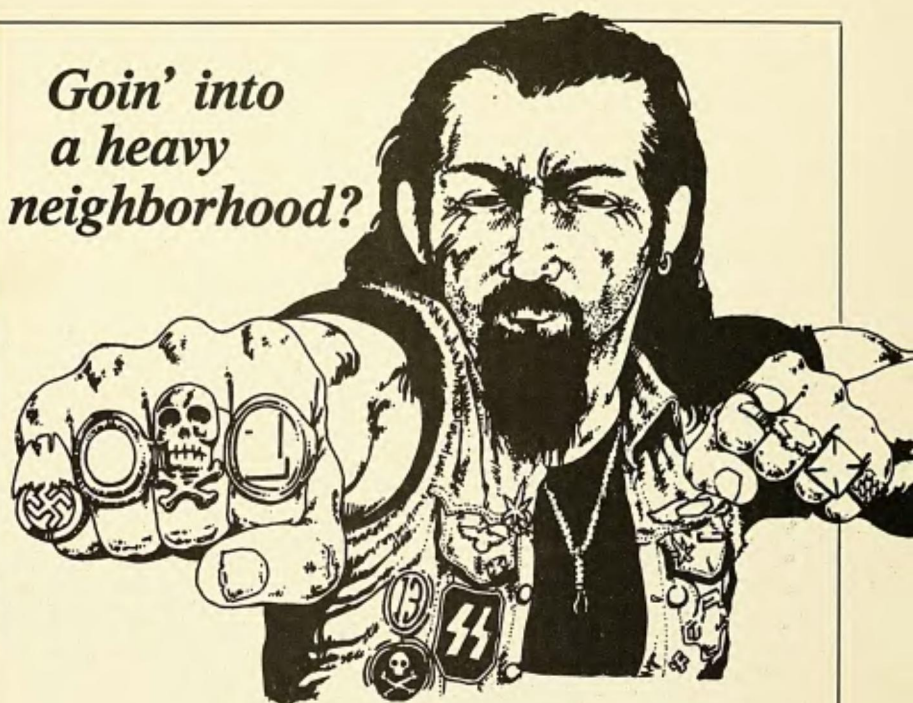
"Yer ma told ya all that good stuff, huh?"

The small face became evasive. "She hates bikers! She says he'll always be too busy, doin' important stuff, to ever come get me. But I know he will." Slowly, the boy drifted away, glancing at the machine as he went down the street.

Hoops waited until the kid was out of sight, his gut churning with new sensations. Briefly wiping at his eyes with the back of a huge, fitty hand, he started the sled.

"Yer goddam right he will, kid!" he vowed. ■

*Goin' into
a heavy
neighborhood?*



Protect your valuables with this **STASH POUCH**



Won't slide down when jumping or running



Won't open until you open it

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

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

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

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

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

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%

Class

Easyriders



\$5.50

plus 50¢ for postage and handling

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zip _____

State _____



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Aries

Even as children, Aries are born leaders. They usually start off by leading themselves around by their little pull toys, otherwise known as peckers. While other kids on the block play marbles, Aries occupies himself with the little girl next door. He doesn't have to go to Ding Dong School to realize he has a worm in his pants—and it's not the teacher's apple he wants to put it in, either.

Aries are pioneers and innovators of the zodiac. **Easyriders'** own Spider is a prime example (in addition to being the typical Aries irresistible animal). Women are drawn to Aries like flies to a turd. For instance, Spider has to keep a supply of cucumbers around to fend off the sexual advances of Miraculous Mutha, who has an unnatural crush on him.

Warren Beatty and Marlon Brando are two more Aries sex symbols. 'Course, Marlon Brando is the basic rebel-type Aries, who probably got his start at three years of age, wearing a cut-off Levi jacket and riding all over town on a tri-cycle.

Aries always make quick decisions, and if they happen to be wrong, can just as quickly get out of the situation. Aries Harry Houdini could attest to that. Every sign has its characters—even Aries—but they are so lovable they can win over and capture the hearts of millions (Aries—Charlie Chaplin).

On the positive side, Aries are honest, even

if it means tellin' ya your deodorant pooped out on ya weeks ago and ya have a bad case of butt breath. You'll always know where ya stand with an Aries—especially if it's on his toes, 'cause you're sure to be bounced off a few walls.

Negative traits—Aries are impatient and generally not too tactful. They are overly independent and bore easily. Aries have a habit of scratching their nut sack at embarrassing times, such as while making a speech at a nudist colony or waiting to be handed a traffic ticket. Also, they have long tongues, with hairs growing on them.

Aries are accident-prone—they fall out of bed often. They are also subject to cuts and burns from Bogartin' a joint too long. Later in life they're prone to total exhaustion from ambitious overwork.

Older Aries bikers are still blunt in speech, but their pecker's a regular pointer—still pointin' and pokin' they'll leave the young honeys with a satisfied smile and skid marks on their pussy lips.

Note to Women:

How to catch an Aries? You don't—he catches you. So don't chase after him—he'll just stop and trip ya. Keep him entertained—even if it means twisting hub caps with your tits. He loves self-starters—finger-bang in front of him. Keep yourself sparkling clean, even if it means pasting glitter on your twat. If ya can't keep up a fast pace with this one, ya might as well forget it.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

This is one long month of mindfucks. The more resourceful you are, the more resistance you meet. All you'll get is excuses, which are like assholes—everybody's got one, and they all stink. For your birthday piece, it's love at first bite. You can make your snatch snack last all day, then like a stamp collector, you lick 'em and stick 'em. Hang loose on major decisions until month's end, then rack up your balls and shoot your best shot!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

No matter what the bullshit, ya just can't shut the world out by sticking your head up your ass. Besides, why hide the best part of you? Pick up your balls and carry on to bigger things. Anyway, you're not one to let life get ya down—it's always been "up and in 'em!" Ya can't expect to go through life without a couple of boils on your bum—which is only the horniness coming out and stickin' to your underwear. Forget yourself with some brew and a screw or two!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Right now you could be on a losing streak. What you're losing is your health. You're not taking care of your beautiful bod. As high-strung as ya are on the natch, all ya need is to drop a bunch of pills to jack ya up. They'll just make ya babble instead of breed. Your pee-pee will go in for the winter and your balls will shrink up. Lighten up, or

instead of a broad in your bed, you'll find yourself snuggled up to a bedpan. Take your choice—shits or slits!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

It appears the advice I gave ya last month either went over your head or flew up your ass. Maybe ya ran outta asswipe and cleaned yer tootsie roll off with your forecast. (Forecast, not foreskin—unless you're workin' in a circus!) So you're starting to oink down again. Remember—what goes in must come out. Unless you enjoy having your bungus bent outta shape from an invasion of two-foot turds, lighten up! 'Course, ya can always use 'em for doorstops!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

This month ya come up with some clever way of slippin' right through a shitty situation. You're in rare form, struttin' your stuff. Either passin' the buck or pokin' your pud, you'll do it in royal style. There's gonna be enough regal remain' an' creamin' to keep your crank at attention all month. Those horny honeys just can't restrain themselves from hangin' onto your honker. So go ahead—poke, stroke, dip, sip, and enjoy all that bangin' and hangin'!

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

You may try like hell to change some neighborhood hassles. Forget it—it's about as

futile as tryin' to change a tire with your teeth. Why get your nuts in a sling over a lot of bullshit that's not your problem? Don't be throwin' your weight or flashin' your wad of green stuff around. (Green stuff is money, 'cause if your other wad is green, ya best dribble your way to the doctor!) Hang onto your money, 'cause it will soon be as hard to get as a nut on a pack of whites!

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Ya should start this month by havin' a physical. If ya think this idea is fulla shit, try a laxative—ya need it. Dieting might not be your bag, but face it—you're gettin' outta shape. Bustin' your britches ain't caused by your big bone—it's those bubble buns of yours. Get yourself a partner to exercise with (make it female) and proceed to fuck the fat off. Every time you're hungry, have yourself a piece of ass. Next time you're invited to dinner, just say, "Pass the ass!"

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Ya could still be tryin' to con your way out of a shoddy deal ya got caught in. Let things slide for a while rather than wade right into them. Otherwise, the result will be akin to runnin' barefoot through a cow pasture—you'll be up to your ankles in moo mess and dairy dung. You're still healthy and horny as ever. This is the time to keep your ears peeled, rather than your foreskin. The reward could be an important secret to help you out.

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

This is positively not the time to be caught with your pants down. For one thing, it's hard as hell to run in that condition, and you're leaving your goodies up for grabs. Don't overexpose your mind, either, by laying bare any money-makin' ideas you've been workin' on lately. Remember, friends, relatives, and finances are often a fucked combination. Use your own judgment rather than your bros' way-out, drug-induced solutions.

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

Now's the time to give it all you've got—shoot off that wad you've been saving for a special occasion. You can lay it all on the line and get the results you need. There's nothin' limber about your approach—it's straightforward and large. One thing—don't get too damn cocky over your new status. Too much braggin' will catch you with a set of big balls and no jacks to play with. Eating a little humble pie never hurt anyone—especially with hairs around it!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

You're finally gettin' in touch with yourself. (I don't mean your bedside manner.) Premature ejaculation may be your only problem this month. Hell, that could happen to anyone. 'Course, shootin' off in someone's mug is more than messy—it's downright rude. Obviously, your key word is "timing." Like they say, "If it don't fit, don't force it." The odds are in your favor as long as you take your time and feel things out.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

While some of your bros are having fungus on their bummer, you're having a sugar-coated hummer. There won't be time for any moss to grow on your meat. There's plenty of ass, along with some extra cash this month. To top it off, someone turns ya on to several toots of snow an' maybe even a couple of joints drippin' with hash oil. You're a likable, lovable, lickable, lucky mother-fucker right now. Enjoy!

SHOW SOME CLASS!

Wear or display the **Easyriders** logo. Show everyone that you're no lightweight and that you're a kind, considerate, honest, trustworthy, straight-arrow mutha. Dispel the rumors that you're a snatch-eatin', low-life scooter tramp—show some class (fool everyone).

Our righteous embroidered emblems are bright orange, black and white (2 3/4" x 2 3/4").

The decals are the same colors and size.

Emblems cost \$2.00 each

Decals cost 3 for a \$1.00



Send your bread today to:
Show Class Department, **Easyriders**
Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Ca. 90265



Originally sold for \$17.50
Now it's yours for \$8.50

It's a beautiful hardcover book, with 176 pages (including lots of color photos) of 40 different famous old bikes you've heard about but seldom see any more.

This book will appeal to the purist, for the bikes featured are guaranteed turn-ons for the dude who prefers the old machines.—large or small, simple or complex, two-stroke, four-stroke, single engine or multi.

A few of the bikes featured: the Triumph, for its commercial success; the Ducati, for its audacity; the Velocette Roarer, for its enterprise; the Ariel Square Four, for its individuality; and the Moto-Guzzi single, for its inspiration.

These are just a few of the bikes featured—the book even includes the Indian vee-twin! And remember, these are not new or late model bikes—only the old-timers that have made motorcycle history.

This book is a must for your library shelf. Order yours today. Send \$8.50 (we pay postage) to:

Paisano Book Division
Box 52 Malibu, California 90265



FIRST TIME EVER!

A: A monster-sized (45" x 72") black Harley Wings on a bright velour-terry to put your scooter, ol' lady(ies), bod or whatever under or just cover the wall.
Only \$16.50

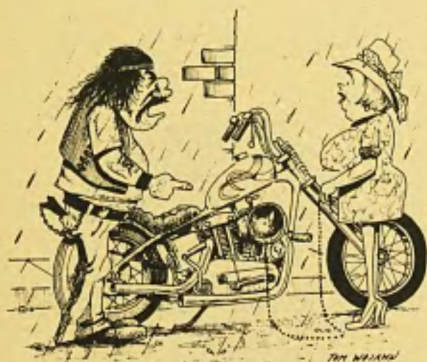
B: Really large (25" x 50"), really thick, rich orange terry-towel with black Harley Wings on both ends.
Only \$11.00

We cover all handling, shipping & insurance. Send legible order along with money order (shipped fast) or checks (3-4 weeks) to:

BRO PRODUCTS
BOX 207 CALABASAS, CALIFORNIA 91302

Calif. residents add 6% for State's stash fund.

Dealer inquiries invited



"I don't care if it is rainin', lady.
Get that little sonofabitch outa my carburetor."

The citizen and his wife were standing on the sidewalk in front of their apartment, arguing wildly. "For ten cents I'd never speak to you again," the wife threatened. A biker, sitting on his parked scooter nearby, shouted, "Hey, buddy, ask the bitch what she'd do for ten dollars."

"I just found out," the man replied. "That's what we're arguing about."

—Ray Loder
Running Springs, Calif.



"My wife and I argued all night. Three nights out every week with the boys—man, did we fight about it."

"How did it come out?"

"She agreed she'd cut it down to two."

—"Dog" Blystad
Joplin, Mo.

The biker was trying to fuck the young country girl in the loft of the barn. But his friends, who had parked their scoots below, kept shouting and throwing rocks up into the barn to disturb him. He went to the loft door and shouted at them to knock it off.

"Why don't you piss on them," the girl suggested.

"I would," he replied, "if they were across the street."

—Larry Barlow
Reseda, Calif.

Did ya hear about the biker whose ol' lady complained about his feet smellin' bad? He bought a pair of odor-eaters, put 'em in his boots, took five steps, an' disappeared.

—Harley Joe Deane
Covington, Va.

Dear Mr. Abby:
I have been married for five years to a very wonderful man, but lately I am of the opinion that he is a sex maniac. He makes love to me any time of the day or night while I'm trying to sleep, takes a shower, cooking, cleaning, washing windows, making beds, writing letters. It don't make no difference to him. Do you have any suggestions?
Sincerely,
Blanche Willy
P.S. Please excuse the jerky writing.
Wasson

Authorities at Attica Prison, in New York, have been puzzled about how to treat a new and mysterious ailment which they describe only as penis elbow.

—Dick Tarpon
Attica, New York

"I'm amazed," the doctor said to the biker, "that you people do so much fucking, yet you have so few children. Just what kind of birth control does your ol' lady use?"

"Mine," the biker said, "just spits it out."

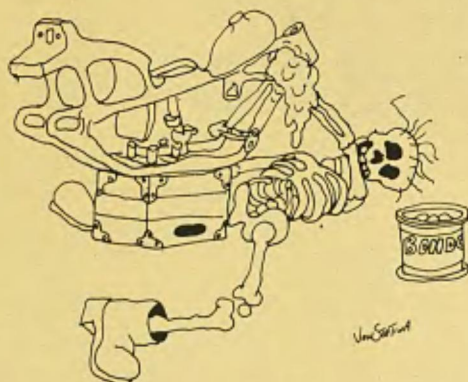
—Tom Packard
Toledo, Ohio

A biker was visiting his bro in the hospital and was amazed at the number of beautiful young nurses who kept dropping in the room to check on the recent operation.

"What's all the fuss about?" the visitor asked. "After all, you didn't have a serious operation."

"I know," the bro said, "but I've had lots of attention since word got out that my circumcision required thirty stitches."

—Don Shorter
Angola, Louisiana



The biker left his broken-down scooter at the curb, then knocked on the door of the nearest house. A petite, big-titted blonde answered the door.

"Ma'am," he said, "can I come in and use your phone so my friends can come and pick me up?"

"Let you in?" she replied. "How do I know you're not some kind of weirdo rapist eager to take advantage of a defenseless housewife whose husband comes home like clockwork, but will be gone until seven o'clock tonight?"

—John Watson
Reseda, Calif.





"Hey, bartender," the biker panted as he ran inside the tavern, "what the fuck does a penguin look like?"

The bartender indicated a figure about two feet tall, saying, "About this big. Black and white."

"Shit!" the biker said, throwing down his hat, "I just ran over a nun."

—Larry Ames
Reseda, Calif.

Today's All-American boy is the stone biker. He not only eats mom's apple pie, but the chick next door, too.

—Flint Regan
Schenectady, New York

The old lady who lived next door was so shocked by what she saw through the biker's bedroom window that she stormed into his yard, yanked open the window, and raised hell about it. The biker and his broad shouted right back at her, telling her that what they did in the privacy of their bedroom was their own business—and the six other couples on the bed agreed.

—V. D. Terkelson
Long Beach, Calif.



"Of course your ass is dragon
... you're ALL dragon."

"My sex life has improved immeasurably since my wife and I got twin beds," the biker confided to a friend.

"How can that be?" the friend asked.

"Well," replied the biker, "hers is in Arizona and mine's in New York."

—Henry Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

"I don't really mind him being unfaithful," sighed the biker's ol' lady to the marriage counselor, "but I just can't sleep three in a bed."

—Henry Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

The biker and his ol' lady were in heavy traffic when the brakes suddenly gave out on their bike.

"Oh, Lord," the biker prayed, "save us and I'll give up smokin' pot and drinkin'. I'll give up bettin' on the ponies. I'll give up—"

Above the noise of the traffic came his ol' lady's plea: "Don't promise to give up everything, George! Drag your fuckin' feet!"

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

Attack of the Deadly Space Filler

Then there was the biker who got badly scratched fightin' for his chick's honor. It seems she wanted to keep it.

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

Two bros were arguing over whose ol' lady was the best fuck.

"My ol' lady has some mean pussy, an' she knows how to use it," said one.

"Yeah, well," the other said, "you ain't said shit. My ol' lady is the best piece of ass in town. Ask anybody."

—Milford Clark
Michigan City, Ind.



"They're a perfect match," the chick said, as her ex-ol' man and his new chick strutted by. "She's a cockteaser and he's a prick."

—Rose Milany
Rosebud, So. Dak.



"You the guy who
advertised for a 1919 Indian?"

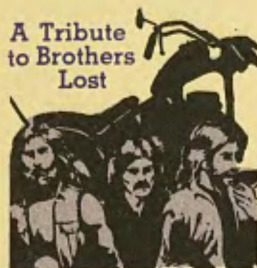


"Frankly, Herman,
I'm a little nervous about this ...
I've never dated an Albino before!"

Then there was the biker who ate this first pussy, and couldn't look a girl in the face again.

—Willy Read
Tungsten, Colo.

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 90263.

In memory of **Glen Brown**, member of Crossbreeds M.C., Niagara Falls, Canada. See ya soon, Uri, Bev Peck, Robyn Brown.

In memory of **Tim Maroon**. It's not goodbye forever, just see ya later. Jan Fultz.

To **Gilles Martel**. Ten years an outlaw, and always a star. Satan's Choice M.C., Quebec, Canada.

In memory of **John "Eggman" Vowels**, downed by a careless driver. We love and miss you, Mr. and Mrs. Fuzz.

Fonsie. You're not forgotten. Mellow, Nisswa, Minn.

To **Steve Tibbets**, the party-in'est, ridin'est muthafucka we ever loved. Kent and Jen, E. Hartford, Conn.

Harley Bob, our lost brother. Gone away in a four-wheeled coffin. F.R.F.F.R. Freedom Riders, 1% U.S.A.

In memory of **Uptown**, a sadly missed but not forgotten brother. Pagans M.C., East Coast.

In memory of **Curley**. Ride on forever in Harley Heaven. We will never forget you. Pagans M.C., East Coast.

Free at last, a good fuckin' bro who went down the way he lived. Les, gone but not forgotten. Gary and Ginger.

In memory of **Vic Panhead Kopp**. You lived right but died wrong. We'll never forget. Handful M.C., Ohio.

In memory of **John Sweeney Dukeofall**. May you ride that pan high in the sky forever. Bitch and Jo-Jo.

In memory of **John Gearhart**, a true biker. Murdered by a chick in a car. Wild Bill, San Diego.

In memory of **James Hubert Beltrill**. Lived to ride and rode to live. Bruce Morgan, Houston, Texas.

In memory of **Paul Pinter**, gunned down by a pig. One hell of a good bro. Wilmington, Del.

Charlie Rhodes took his last ride into a truck. Rest in peace, bro. Stu., Phoenix, Ariz.

In memory of **But**, a member of the Scavengers, of Whittier, Calif. Always remembered. Marcelle and Michelle.

In memory of **Dirt and Alex "Alley" Pritchett**, two bros who will never be forgotten. Gunner.

In memory of **Mike Willard**. Hope you have a better time there than you had here. S.O.S. Gang, Colorado.

To all the 1% bros from **Satans Choice** and **Outlaws Forever**, from all brothers in Canada and the U.S.A. Dog, 1%er.

In memory of **Johnny Richards**, who lived, loved, and was loved by all. From the whole gang. Garden Grove, Calif.

In memory of **Jerry Webb**, a righteous triker and a good friend. From the bros in Ottawa, Canada.

In memory of **Gilford L. Lee**, a bro we'll all miss. We'll ride again on the same road. Santana, Ute Indian Reservation, Ft. Duchesne, Utah.

In memory of **David**. May you ride on in Harley Heaven forever, on your new 45. Ride on, baby. Debbie.

In memory of **Jim Spray**, our brother who'll never be forgotten. Captain and brothers.

In memory of **Nicky "Old Red" Rodgers**, stabbed by a low-down sonofabitch who can't pay for it. Brother R.D. and Gypsy, Aryans M.C., Grady, Ark.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$7.50 for twelve issues. \$7.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders** Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90263.

Doing fifteen yrs. Would like foxy ladies to write. **John Nelson** #141124, Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Freaky foxes, I need your perverted mail and love. **Fred Clark**, Box B-60854, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Would like to hear from chicks who ain't tied down. **Allan Pilotte** #13656, **Jim McDade** #55373, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Beautiful lady, age 31, is very lonely and in need of correspondence from anyone who cares. A picture would be nice. All letters will be appreciated and answered. **Constance Roddy** #00103-182, Box 2000, Lexington, Ky. 40511.

I'm lookin' for a nice chick who cares. **Charles Day** #10123, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

I would like to hear from a lady who knows what loneliness is all about. Help! **Alvin Jones** #76-A-937, ACF, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Would like to hear from chicks 16 to 30 yrs. old. **Eddie Cargile** #049101, Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

To all mamas who've done time and who didn't drop a line to Jacksonville. **Jon O'Brien**, Box 1500, B-29-C, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Let me hear from some fat-butt young girls. **John Loose** #043828 3-T-8, Box 221, Ralfo, Fla. 32083.

Need lady to carry me through. **Sterling Youngcourt**, #125888, MCI, Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

If you're hot to trot, you're what I need. **Eddie Howell** #13576-116, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Need letters. From Jersey, fell in Kentucky, used to live in Redondo Beach, Calif. **Bob Huff** #30539, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Berkeley biker needs mail and visit from Calif. ladies. **Leo Harper** #B-59519, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Two lonely bikers need to hear from foxy bitches. **Charles Ertzenberger Jr.** #89062 and **Butch Vann** #89211, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Good white dude needs letters from California chicks. **Michael Panarites**, Box B-63898, C.T.F.N. Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Southern California biker recently popped in Texas could dig some mail from you ladies. **William "Crazy Horse" Coppola**, P.O. Box T, Collin County Jail, McKinney, Texas 75069.

I've been kidnaped. Send letters to **Richard Olson** #8526, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Riverside white male, 24, would like to hear from serious chicks. **Terry Chappell** #B-68325 C-5217, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Goin' crazy without mail. All ladies, nine to ninety, write. **Harry Ball**, 1600 West 24th, Ward 12, Pueblo, Colo. 81003.

Find the time to drop a line. Send photo and I'll keep you in mind. **Bobby Bowman** #04706-156-1-D-3, Eglin Air Force Base, Fla. 32542.

Serious chicks interested in X-rated correspondence and serious relationships. Age 20 to 40. **Wm. H. Moter** #25825, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Please write. **Michael Wicks** #627940, and **Butler Gelenaw** #118642, Box 777, Monroe Wash. 98272.

Would like to correspond with chick who likes to travel the outdoors and have fun. **Phillip Rose** #117800, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Serious minded and mature. Need correspondence and photo from mature women. **Michael Bailey** #126198, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

I'm tall, slim, and built for speed. Good-lookin' too. Write to **J.C. Peavy** #111780, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

Hey, gals! How's about writin' a K.C. Harley man who's in the Florida jail? **Bill Wood** #026497, 2T-8, Box 221, Ralfo, Fla. 32083.

Keep me alive. I live on ink and paper. **Corky Buchler**, Box 608, Cave 6, Tehachap, Calif. 93561.

Time getting short. Need together chicks to write to now and put with later. **Jack Hawkins** #05715-289, Box 7, Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif. 90731.

Here's a Polack who's lonely as hell. Write me a letter and make me well. **Butch Vosefski**, 1600 W. 24th St., W-F-12, Pueblo, Colo. 81003.

Scooter tramp facing life sentence. Needs someone to pass the time with. **Robert Murphy**, Lane County Jail, 101 W. 5th Ave., Eugene, Ore. 97401.

In stalemate. Lonely. Please write. **Earl Glenn Bush** #041700, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Lonely inmate needs someone to correspond with. **Johnny Longaker** #017701, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

To all you big-titted broads. Write a lonely bro. **Gregg Trigg**, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Foxy young scribes with vibes, get down with this righteous. **white M.F. Edward Bickel** #31682-138, Box PMB, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

Need someone to write to. **Harvey Sayre** #76C99, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

I'm a lonely convict with no word from out there. **Bud Brown** #B-19535-8295, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Need someone to write to. Close to Chester, Ill., if possible. **Adam** #51189, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

"Jammer" **Charles Heinlein Jr.** needs mail. #10172, South House, 4 Gallery 39 Cell, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I'm broad-minded and white. Broad-minded chicks write to **Leon Hill** #37581, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Running Bear will un-bare in the bushes for a letter. **Robert Benton** #66344, Box 500, Brks 6, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Rowho needs to hear from horny chicks. **David Roland** #67453, Box 500, Brks 6, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Out of action for a while. **Dino Wagner** #00-130-122 and **Tom Parks** #11884-116, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Downed big biker, iron lifter, and high lover. Any Amazons write to **Tony Martin**, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

California scooter tramp downed in Texas. **Hessian prospect B. M. Aquino** #233583, Rt. 1, Box 1, Wynne, A2, Huntsville Texas 77340.

Ladies, if you feel like givin' up, don't. Write to me instead. **Darrell Kincaid** #5283, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Write to me before I fade out. **Dustin Shirley** #246348, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

Waffen S.S. soldier wants letters from chicks who dig **White Power** and 69. **David Fero** B-24060-4A-AC, Folsom State Prison, Represa, Calif. 95818.

Little Flower, did I read a dream come true? Write for now's sake. **Love, Steve**, Box 38539, 2605 State St. Salem, Ore. 97310.

26-year-old prisoner needs mail. **Dennis Harwood** #143741, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Bro down and needs to hear from some chicks. **Eldon Henderson** #98775-131, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Would like to hear from sweet, foxy, lonely women. **Ken Detrick** #628901, Box 700, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

28-yr.-old wants females to write. Object: marriage. Photo appreciated with first letter. **Edward Pourier**, Box 126, Georgetown, Calif. 95634.

15 yrs. to go. Would appreciate letters from chicks. **Danny Zachery** #29623, Box 128, Cell 7-E-15, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

26-yr.-old prisoner, lonely and desperate for someone to acknowledge his existence. **Bobby Taylor** #141802, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

ORIGINALITY

Quality and Service

They keep PHASE 3 in the lead.

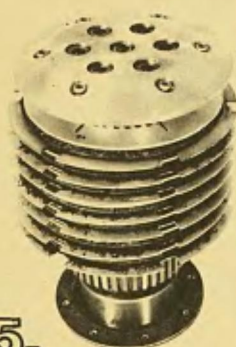
The PHASE 3 Super-8 Belt Drives
All Sportsters and 74s.



UNIROYAL
PowerGrip-
HTD®

from
\$175.

Now Another BIG FIRST the NEW 74 Competitor Clutches



\$175.

The COMPETITOR clutch, a simple bolt-on replacement, is similar in design and function to the early Sportster. Fourteen special hi-performance discs provide the smoothest, street clutch ever designed to handle big stroker horsepower — and at half the effort to operate a stock 74 clutch. Recommended for use with a Phase 3 "Super 8" belt drive, but it can even be used with the stock primary chain. Complete kit includes all necessary parts: springs, discs, hardware, instructions. Use only your own clutch drum.

CATALOG.....\$1.50

PHASE 3 OF AMERICA, INC.
7628 Jackson Street
Paramount, CA 90723
Phone (213) 634-2134

Oh, Yeah!

—Continued from page 45

common occurrence and to forget it.

Enraged, the businessman went to a local pet shop and purchased a ferocious wildcat. He put it in a new suitcase, went to the airport, placed the suitcase on the sidewalk outside a phone booth and stepped inside, pretending to make a call. Before long, sure enough, the same group of young thugs appeared. The same thief leaped out, snatched the suitcase, and they sped away. That's always the end of the story. As in the famous yarn, "The Lady Or The Tiger," one is left to ponder what happened when the suitcase was opened inside the car filled with young thieves. The only thing no one takes time to wonder about is how the salesman got the cat *into* the suitcase in the first place.

The biggest hoax of all concerns something that is dear to the hearts of all bikers — motorcycles. Somewhere in the United States, supposedly, there is an Army base where thousands of surplus World War II motorcycles and jeeps are stored. They are reported to be vehicles either never used or that have been returned from overseas, some still swathed in cosmolene-soaked wrappings. Sometimes the believer is presented with printed lists and applications, and, more astounding, very often fees are paid as down payment on the purchase of one or more of these vehicles, with a promise that the buyer will be told where to pick up his purchase at a later date.

Here at *Easyriders*, we receive many letters asking where this "storage yard" can be found, and we answer all letters the same way. There has *never* been such a place, there is not one now in existence, and there probably never will be such a place. During World War II less than six hundred Indian motorcycles, and about the same number of Harley-Davidson motorcycles, were specially made for the armed forces. Records show that none were returned from overseas, and the few that remained were either junked out or sold within the first year or two after the end of the war. And that was nearly forty years ago. Consider the odds on the chance of the story's being true.

Here's another manufactured tale. Two deer hunters were traveling into Oregon, to go (what else?)

PRO-TECH Cycle Products



"HAS MORE!"

TRY OUR TANK SEALER



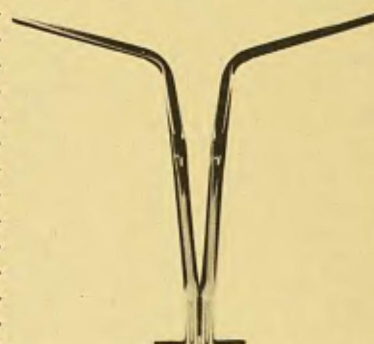
GAS TANK SEALER



H-D TRANSMISSION MAIN SHAFTS



FORK PLUGS — HONDA, KAWASAKI, YAMAHA



TRIKE BARS —
7/8" & ONE INCH

GIANT CATALOG, 120 PAGES
ONLY \$2.00

PRO-TECH CYCLE PRODUCTS
924 W. WILLIAMSON AVE.
FULLERTON, CA 92632
(714) 525-4796

deer hunting. Rounding a turn in the road, they suddenly came upon a large bear, shuffling head-on toward them in the center of the highway. Before they could stop, they smashed into him.

They got out to have a look, and to all appearances the bear was dead, instantly killed in the collision. The hunters decided to do the right thing and turn the carcass over to the nearest game warden, so they loaded the dead bear into the back seat of their sedan and drove on toward the next town. After a few miles, the bear, who had only been stunned, awakened. Both hunters were severely mauled and bitten by the bear before one of them managed to get hold of his gun and kill it. They then drove into town and reported first to the hospital for repairs to themselves, then to the game warden to report the incident—where they were promptly jailed and fined for shooting a bear out of season. None of this is true, yet year after year the same story, with only slight variations, makes the front pages of a newspaper somewhere in the United States.

One of our neighbors came to the house one day, excited and eager to show my wife something that she had acquired. After asking the ol' lady to promise never to tell, she produced, of all things, a recipe for chocolate fudge. The friend of a friend, she swore, worked at a famous candy factory, and this person had somehow managed to steal their secret fudge recipe.

My wife, being the epitome of confidante and secret-keeper, immediately passed the recipe around the neighborhood, and mailed copies of it to everyone she knew, coast to coast.

The recipe is, of course, just a simple formula for fudge, stolen from no one, yet this story crops up continually, involving everything from fudge to southern fried chicken.

Money-making enters into a few stories, and there are always those gullible enough to believe them. One concerns the stingy farmer, widely known for his miserliness, who is duped by a country bumpkin. The bumpkin offers to work for the farmer for ten hours a day, and the wages are to be progressively raised. One cent for the first day, two cents for the second, four cents for the third, and so on, doubling each day. The farmer thinks

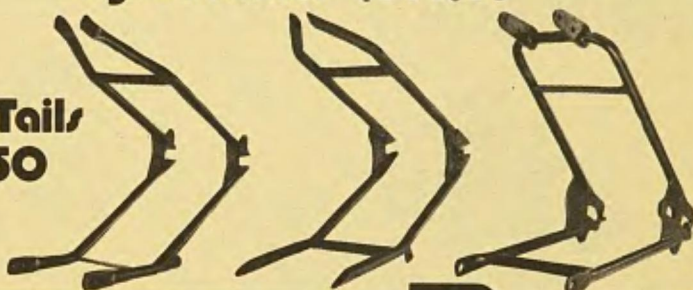


SPECIAL!
Limited Time Only!*



Rigid Frames \$149.95

**Hard Tails
\$32.50**



*These prices
good until
March 15, 1978

9400 west foster ave., chicago
illinois 60656 phone: 312/992-0815

**B balik
industries**



"Quickie Bag"

**NEVER GET CAUGHT
OUT IN THE COLD AGAIN**

Ever run out of gas — broke down — got too loaded — picked up a sweet thing, out in the middle of nowhere and wished you had your comfy old fart sack with ya? Now, you can be ready for these bummers (or pleasures) at all times, with an easy to carry QUICKIE BAG. This re-usable sleeping bag will help keep you comfy even in the drizzling rain, because it's made of extra heavy foil material to keep the rain and cold out and the warmth in.

**OVER 700 AUTHORIZED
HARLEY DEALERS**

ADDRESSES • PHONE NO'S • MAPS

Every Hog rider Bro should have one of these handy books tucked away, for on the road or even around town use of runnin' down parts and service for your scooter.

We've compiled names, addresses and phone numbers of over 700 authorized Harley Dealers throughout the U.S. and Canada and listed them in this handy guide along with their location marked on a map in every state.



• QUICKIE BAG 14.50 • HARLEY GUIDE 5.50
OR BOTH FOR 19.00 (Add 50¢ per item for mailing)

BROS BIKER STUFF P.O. BOX 1661 • BURBANK, CA 91505

(Calif. Res. add 6% sales tax)

(Allow 4 weeks for personal checks)

WRIST/WATCH BAND

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

SCOOTER WALLET

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

TRUCKER WALLET

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



Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Foreign orders must include International Money Order

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery
I-R-S-LIMITED
 Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

California residents add 6% for The Man

BUCK KNIVES

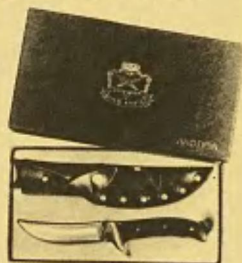


Famous for holding an edge

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

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

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



SMALL BIKE WALLET



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

This wallet goes for **\$6.85** plus 75c postage and handling.

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



this is great, and he signs an iron-bound contract.

At first, the wage seems low enough, but by the time two weeks pass, the bumpkin is earning over a hundred and sixty dollars a day. By the end of the month, the hypothetical wage is in excess of eleven million dollars a day, and the farmer ends up working for the country bumpkin for the rest of his life, trying to pay off the debt. That's called plucking a chicken.

Chain letters supposedly work the same way (although they don't work at all), with the main difference being that since chain letters are against federal law, they can earn their perpetrator more days in jail than they can earn pennies.

Perhaps the most ridiculous story that ever gets passed around, and is actually believed by many, goes as follows:

During World War II, an old farmer in Germany finds a tender young girl lying beside the railroad tracks that pass through his property. Realizing that she has escaped from a train bearing people to the concentration camp, he hides the girl in his barn.

At night, when his wife is asleep, he goes out to the barn and fucks the girl, but she is so young and he is so well hung that he can't withdraw from her vagina. They are hopelessly stuck.

The hired hand finds them like this, and the farmer sends the dude running for help, which arrives in the form of a neighbor, who cuts them apart. It is the girl who gets cup up, naturally, since she was going to get dusted anyway.

Getting stuck together is called *penis captivus*, and it is one of the most fallacious of all stories ever told about humans, because it has never happened, cannot possibly happen—unless geneticists learn how to cross a man with a dog. Man is simply not built in such a way that it can happen.

To end all this, there is the story of the young woman who enters the hospital to have her appendix removed. The operation is a success, and she's sent to her hospital room to recover, but several days later she complains of pains and a feeling of movement inside her abdomen.

Quickly, the surgeons return her to the operating room and open her up. Inside, they find a live mouse running around. The opinion is, of course, that they gave her so much ether her pussy went to sleep. ■



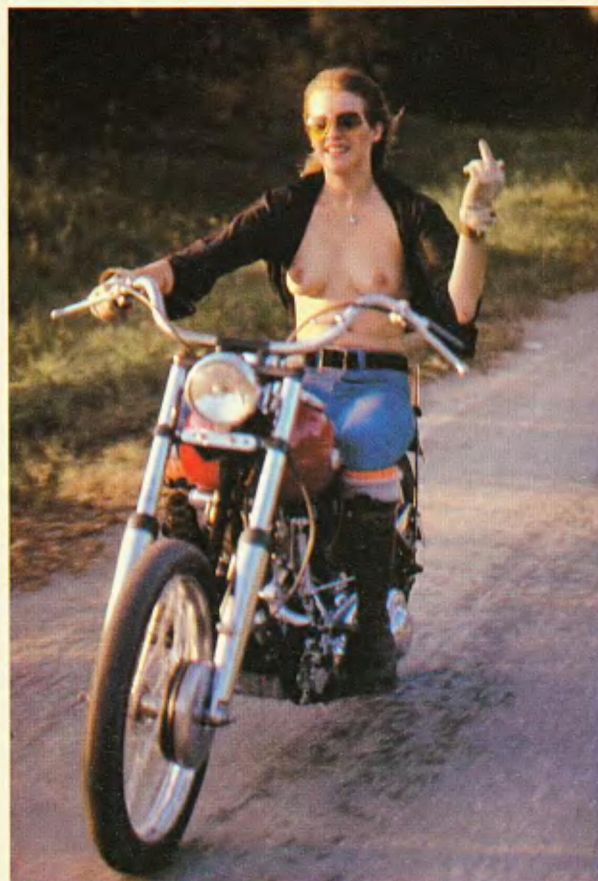
Peach

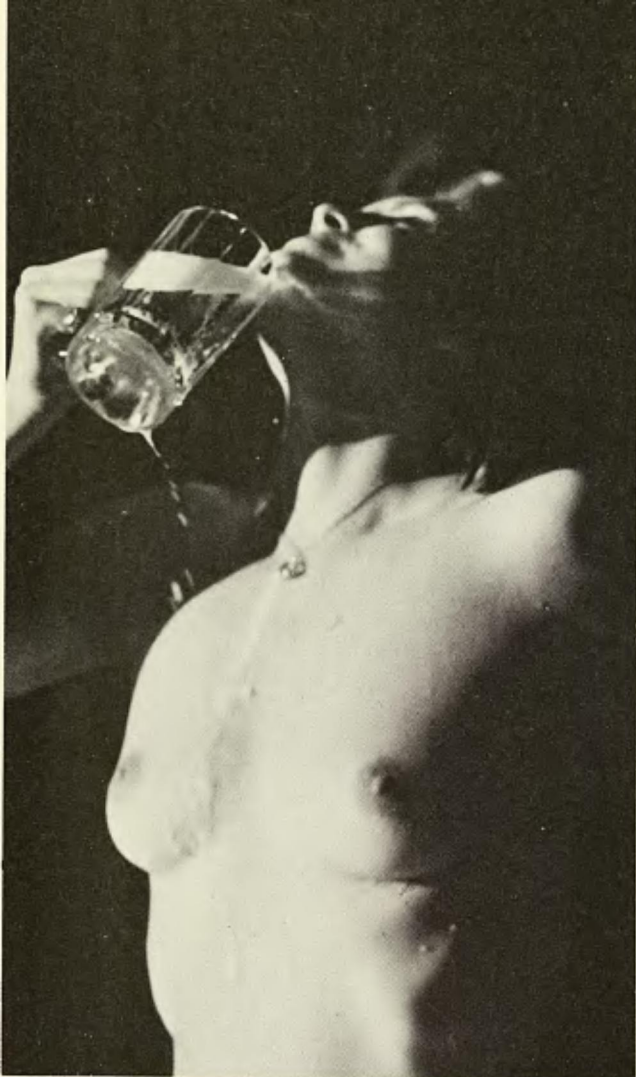
Afternoon delight on her own putt . . .

Damn, I can hardly handle some of the stuff that putts these days. Can you imagine ridin' through the hills one warm and sunny afternoon this comin' summer and runnin' across this delicious sweetie doin' the same?

Findin' cuties can be easy, but not sweeties you







Photos by Billy Tinney



don't have to pack—and who look this fine, have nice pads, pools, good smoke, and who ride clean bikes like the one you see here. Gotta be some kind of dream.

But Peach is for real—a good-lookin', good-hearted ol' lady. And damned if she doesn't have a good head on her shoulders (no pun intended). The chances aren't great, but don't be too surprised if the next time you catch another putt on the freeway, the jockey is a broad.

If you're lucky, it might turn out that the one you spot has her shit together as well as Peach. The chick has got to be fairly responsible to putt and keep her bike up and clean. Best not pass her up.

—Lookin'

MILITARY BUFFS!

ORIGINAL AND REPLICA INSIGNIAS, MEDALS, HELMETS, FLAGS, SAMURAI SWORDS, EQUIPMENT, ETC. FOR MILITARIA COLLECTORS, HISTORIANS AND ENTHUSIASTS. SEND FOR NEW COLOR CATALOG SHOWING HUNDREDS OF ITEMS, ONLY \$1.00.

REPLICA **\$19.95 EACH**

COMES WITH INSIGNIA

BLUE OR GOLD WOOL CLOTH

CIVIL WAR KEPI

DELUXE REPLICA WITH THICK LEATHER VISION. INCLUDES: CORRECT UNION EAGLE OR CSA SIDE BUTTONS, CHIN STRAP, SWEAT BAND, SATIN LINING AND BRASS INSIGNIA.

No. 3-86 (UNION BLUE) \$19.95
No. 3-86A (CSA GREY) \$19.95

\$14.95 EACH

ONE-SIDED BLUE CLOTHESLINE

"BLUE MAX" MEDAL

REPLICA OF FAMOUS "POUR LE MERITE" GERMANY'S HIGHEST DECORATION AWARDED TO ROMMEL IN WWI. No. 26-77 \$14.95

\$24.95 EACH

ORIGINAL NOT A REPLICA

COLLECTOR'S HELMET

WWII GERMAN "STAHMHELM" (STEEL HELMET). ORIGINAL WAS HELMET USED BY WEHRMACHT PRIOR TO SUR-RENDER IN 1945. FULL LINER, CHIN STRAP, REPAINTED AND DECALS FUR-ISHED. NO SIZE CHOICE. EXCELLENT CONDITION.

No. 7-01 \$24.95

ORIGINAL GOGGLES **\$4.95 EACH**

RARE!

ROMMEL'S GOGGLES

RARE COLLECTORS FIND...

STILL IN WWII ISSUE PACKAGE. SAME GOGGLES AS WORN BY FAMED GERMAN FIELD MARSHALL ERWIN ROMMEL, "THE DESERT FOX." COMMANDER OF THE AFRICA KORPS. ORIGINALLY USED BY ROMMEL AND HIS TROOPS AS LIBERATED "SPOILS OF WAR." MANY PHOTOS OF ROMMEL SHOW HIM WEARING THIS LIGHT GOGGLE ON HIS VISION HAT AND HE IS KNOWN TO HAVE PREFERRED THEM BECAUSE OF THEIR LIGHTNESS AND PROVEN EFFECTIVENESS IN THE HARSH DESERT WEATHER. THESE "ROMMEL" GOGGLES ARE GUARANTEED 100% ORIGINAL, PRE-WAR MANUFACTURE AND ARE ADDITIONALLY GUARANTEED TO BE THE EXACT TYPE WORN BY ROMMEL. CONDITION LIKE NEW. READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE. AVAILABLE INDIVIDUALLY (#32-083) IN SETS OF TWO (#38-083A) AND IN A MASTER PACK OF SIX (#32-083B), WHICH CONSISTS OF ORIGINAL DATED/STAMPED SLIP CASE CONTAINER WITH FOUR CLEAR AND TWO TINTED SETS OF GOGGLES (RARE! LIMITED QUANTITY) ORDER NOW!

No. 32-083 ONE PAIR \$4.95
No. 32-083A TWO PAIR \$8.95
No. 32-083B MASTER PACK \$29.95

GERMAN W.W. II YOUTH KNIFE **\$12.95**

No. 5-09 (Replica)

COMPLETE WITH METAL SCABBARD

Blut und Ehre

SEND CHECK, MONEY ORDER or CHARGE YOUR ORDER! AMERICAN EXPRESS, BANKAMERICAN, MASTERCARD, DINERS CLUB. Minimum Charge: \$10.00 Add \$1.50 Postage & Handling. CALL TOLL FREE (ORDERS ONLY) Florida Residents Call 1-(800) 432-5024 24 HRS. - 7 DAYS A WEEK

1-(800) 327-1010

UNIQUE IMPORTS, INC. Dept. ER 048

800 SLATERS LANE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22314 U.S.A.

COUNTERFEIT GUNS

FULL SIZE PRECISION-TOOLED METAL MODELS

DISASSEMBLE LIKE ORIGINALS

These precision tooled metal replicas of famous classic firearms CAN BE DISASSEMBLED like the ORIGINALS—TOTALY SAFE! CANNOT CHAMBER OR FIRE REAL AMMUNITION. They look, feel and weigh as originals. OVER 30 listed, hand-finished parts—DELIVERED FULLY ASSEMBLED—ideal for display—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Send for FREE CATALOG.

SAME SIZE & WEIGHT AS ORIGINAL GUNS

GOVERNMENT .45 **\$29.95**
MODEL #300

KENTUCKY FLINTLOCK PISTOL **\$39.95**
MODEL #840

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

1851 CIVIL WAR NAVY **\$34.95**
MODEL #400
w/Engraved Cylinder
Model #401 **\$36.95**

1873 FAST-DRAW **\$29.95**
MODEL #100

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

NEW CHIEF REVOLVER **\$29.95**
MODEL #109

GERMAN "P-08" **\$34.95**
MODEL #200

357 POLICE **\$34.95**
MODEL #108

SEND CHECK, MONEY ORDER or CHARGE YOUR ORDER! AMERICAN EXPRESS, BANKAMERICAN, MASTERCARD, DINERS CLUB.

LIST ALL NUMBERS ON YOUR CARD! SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. CALL TOLL FREE (ORDERS ONLY) 24 HRS. - 7 DAYS A WEEK

1-(800) 327-1010

(Florida Residents Call: 1-(800) 432-5024)
Add \$1.50 Postage/Handling for Each Model

REPLICA MODELS, INC. Dept. ER 048

800 SLATERS LANE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22314

English Bro

—Continued from page 49

good riding position means that very little time is spent stationary, even in traffic jams. The Sportster can be ridden feet up at very low speeds and although the wide bars preclude diving through very narrow gaps, they do make for excellent manoeuvrability and rider control.

The front half of the saddle is roughly pear-shaped, tapering into a narrow, raised squab over the rear mudguard for the passenger. And hoo, is it narrow! It may bring an initial glint to the eye of a sporting gel, but even your most versatile girlfriend won't put up with it for very many miles; to describe that mean and narrow perch as bloody uncomfortable would be to err on the side of understatement. The butch and moody looks of the Sportster may make it easy to pull birds, but the saddle is sure as hell going to prevent you keeping them; any chick who remains unaffected by riding that pillion simply isn't the sort of girl you want to know, compris?

The teeny tank and slinky seat may add a degree of uncharacteristic cuteness, but from here on in, the XL 1000 is all red meat: indeed, that saddle and tank made the rest of the bike look disproportionately large—an engine with a wheel either end, and what an engine.

For someone used to riding civilised, finely tuned modern motorcycles, the Sportster comes as something of a shock. When a machine has such a raw and obtrusive personality as the XL, there's simply no way you're going to get away with the casual approach. Rider inputs have to be crude, forceful, almost brutal—not from any desire to abuse the bike but because the goddam thing is so insensitive and thick-skinned it's not going to notice otherwise. The delicate approach has about as much effect as chivvying an elephant with a bullrush. Like nil.

Mind you, no matter how much whip-cracking and stomping you do, you never end up dominating the Sportster; it has a personality that can't be subjugated. At best you can come to mutually agreed terms. You don't ride a Sportster, because that presupposes a degree of domination which is impossible to achieve. You can dominate an Electra-Glide—it's just a great dumb bovine clunk—but the Sportster ain't

KEEP IT CLEAN



Fits all 1957 to present Sportster

PURA-FLOW™ OIL FILTERING SYSTEMS
FROM P&P FOR SPORTSTER AND 74
CHROME KITS ARE COMPLETE WITH MOUNTING PLATE, SPIN-ON FILTER, ALL HOSES, CLAMPS, AND TIES.

COMPLETE KIT ONLY \$34.95

CHROME REPLACEMENT FILTERS \$3.95 EA.



Fits all 1966 to present HD 74

Send \$2. for full color 50 page Catalog. Enclose Minimum 50% deposit (Cashiers Check or Money Order) on all C.O.D. orders. Foreign orders must be prepaid. Michigan residents add 4% sales tax. Send order to P&P Distributors, 2285 W. Maple, Walled Lake, Michigan 48088. Phone (313) 624-8595. Dealer Inquiries (on Company letterhead) Invited.

P & P Distributors

• 2285 W. Maple, Walled Lake, MI 48088



ACTUAL SIZE

HEAVY

Finally a powerful ring designed to give your pinkie some class. Carefully crafted in over 1 oz. of sterling silver, this ring is definitely superior to the other bubble-gum machine trinkets you've seen. Your ring is delivered to you in a fine leather pouch, with our money back guarantee for only \$24.95. Send payment and ring size (use the gauge on the side of this ad) and we'll rush your ring to you. We pay postage. Last time offered at this low price.

Rancho Bella Vista

BOX 2095, VENTURA, CA. 93001

California residents add 6%

as clumsily big, and it's got brains as well. OK, maybe not brains, but certainly animal cunning, which means that if you play your cards right you could end up sharing an uneasy truce. You don't ride it—you cohabit, in the knowledge that if, for one moment, you drop your defences and give room for a bit of leeway, then the mean sod is sure as hell going to turn around and bite a lump out of your leg.

The Sportster's whole personality, its essential character, comes from doing things badly but in an endearing manner. It's a sort of likeable thug; a coarse unsophisticated yobbo whose company you can't help but enjoy. If you were to take a pen and piece of paper, then jot down all the immediate impressions taken from riding the Sportster, you would end up with the specification of the world's worst motorcycle. However, no Harley can be judged on mechanical efficiency alone; in fact it would be true to say that such considerations are coincidental to the overall assessment. When talking Harley you're talking character; personality; some indefinable quality that makes it matter not a bit that the Sportster can be blown into the weeds by bikes of half the price and capacity.

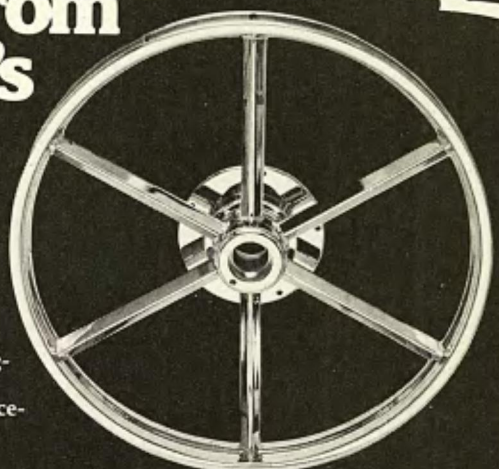
The most obvious characteristic of the bike on the road—apart from earsplitting noise—is the vibration. Migod, that big V shudders. It starts off, at the humble end of the rev range, as a low frequency thud which you feel in your thighs and the pit of your stomach. Wind open that throttle, and the shakes increase in frequency and intensity until, at round about 5000rpm, it becomes impossible to separate the individual pulses. Your whole body is shuddering; the soles of your feet tingle with vibration from the pegs; you wonder if the handlebar has really blurred or if it's your eyes going double vision; you want to scream, shout, anything to relieve the pain; the rev counter needle makes it to 6000rpm and you can hardly stand it; it hits six-two and you feel the teeth loosening in your head; you grab, wildly, at the clutch lever, and frantically hook the gears up a notch . . . and the revs drop down, in blessed relief, to the sane if repetitive thud-thud-

New from Hallcraft's

Hallcraft's original 8-spoke Galaxy™ started a revolution in motorcycle wheels. Now we offer the same design in a 6-spoke version for Harleys: the new Galaxy 6™.

Like the original, Galaxy 6 features all-steel construction, precision manufacturing tolerances for true running and the gleaming beauty of Hallcraft's legendary chrome plating.

New Galaxy 6 is a bolt-on replacement for H-D Sportsters and 74s in a 16" rear (3.5" rim), and in 18", 19" and 21" fronts (2.15" rim). See it today wherever fine motorcycle accessories are sold. And for a copy of the latest Hallcraft's wheel and accessory catalog, send \$1.00.



HALLCRAFT'S INDUSTRIES, INC.
Division, Hurst Performance, Inc.
232 Millar Ave.
El Cajon, CA. 92020

© Copyright Hallcraft's Industries, 1978.

COME WITH ME.

Introducing
The Rough Rider Condom.
Studded for more pleasure.

Come with me. And experience ROUGH RIDER®...the only condom with 468 orgasmic studs that send sensory signals that make me tingle with ecstasy. For you, ROUGH RIDER is made of latex so thin, it clings to you as closely as I do. And ROUGH RIDER's silky smooth lubricant, SK-70, actually works with our own secretions. So loving always comes naturally and effortlessly. So come with me and ROUGH RIDER...the condom that's STUDDED for more pleasure.



For a limited time only, take advantage of this special Rough Rider offer. Just send \$1.50 with your condom order and get the sensational, adjustable "LOVE POSITIONS" ring from our unique Family Jewels® Collection.

Stamford Hygienic Corp., Dept. EA-1 114 Manhattan St., Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me:

- ☐ 12 Rough Rider Studded Condoms for \$4.00.
 - ☐ 15 Special Assorted Condoms for \$5.00.
 - ☐ 36 Deluxe Assorted Condoms for \$10.00.
 - ☐ 99 Super Deluxe Assorted Condoms for \$20.00.
- All assortments include Rough Rider, Stimula, Nuda, Hugger, Conture, etc.

- ☐ "Love Positions" ring \$1.50 with order.
 - ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order
 - ☐ BankAmericard (Visa) ☐ Master Charge
- Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____
(\$10.00 minimum on charge cards)

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Free catalog sent with order ©1978 Stamford Hygienic Corp. Money Back Guarantee. Orders shipped in discreet packages.

Rough Rider® Condom

SEX DRIVE DRAMATICALLY INCREASED!



ancient secrets discovered...

Few herbs have seen such a shift in reputation as sarsaparilla. American Indian medicine men once cured physical and sexual debility with it. In the 1800s sarsaparilla became a national craze when it was used as a spring tonic. Then, in 1939 scientists found the secret of its power. Sarsaparilla is one of the few natural sources of testosterone, the male hormone. A high testosterone level in the body promotes sexual potency. Sarsaparilla is only one of the reasons Wilmont Herbal Blend makes a man into a stud. Here are some more facts:

Q. What is Wilmont Herbal Blend?

A. It's 100% pure herb power! A stimulating mix of powdered damiana leaves, sarsaparilla root and kola nut.

Q. How does it work?

A. In three ways. Sarsaparilla root increases hormone levels. Damiana is a mild euphoric, a reputed aphrodisiac, and a tonic for the sex organs. Kola nut reduces the energy requirements of the nervous and muscular systems by promoting combustion of fats and carbohydrates.

Q. Why should I take Wilmont Herbal Blend?

A. The peak sexuality age for men is 18 to 20. After that our bodies produce smaller quantities of hormones. Disease, radical surgery, trauma, and the side effects of various drugs can also cause circulatory ills which interfere with normal sexual function. Wilmont Herbal Blend cleans and strengthens the urinary and sexual tracts so well that many customers tell us they achieve bigger, harder, prolonged erections with regular use. Other benefits are a higher energy level and increased sexual vitality.

Q. How long does it take?

A. Herbs, like vitamins, take a little time to work their wonders. Most men start feeling a renewed sexual vigor after 30 to 60 days. Thereafter, continued, regular use of Wilmont Herbal Blend will maintain the higher levels of sexual energy.



WILMONT PRODUCTS

Dept. DD84
8831 Sunset Bl., Suite 300
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Please send: ☐ 60 capsules \$8.95 ☐ 180 capsules \$19.95
Calif. res. add 6% sales tax. ☐ FREE Adult Catalog

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
SIGNATURE _____

charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
CARD NO.										EXP. DATE									

For Mastercharge-Visa, BankAmericard-Visa, or C.O.D. shipments
CALL TOLL-FREE 800-421-0428

We've been satisfying customers for over three years.

thud of the mid-ranges. And your vision returns, and the short hairs on your spine lie flat again, and those nerve endings start to recover.

Revvng the Harley has an effect on the nervous system not unlike that which may be achieved by chewing milk bottle tops or dragging one's fingernails down a blackboard, and it's fortunate that the torque characteristics make the use of top end revs an indulgence rather than a necessity. The big Vee pulls merrily from 2000rpm in top—as long as the throttle is wound open judiciously to avoid over-gassing—enabling you to plod along quite happily with the engine firing once every lamp-post and not minding one little bit. The Sportster probably wouldn't oil its plugs even if you poured neat Castrol in through the plug holes.

Performance is not electrifying, but what it lacks in acceleration and flat-out thrashability it makes up for in effortless cruising and stolid, reliable power. There's an imperious quality about the Harley as it plods steadily on its way, which can create a dangerous feeling of invincibility in the mind of the rider—a feeling that there's no need to stop at the traffic jam ahead, the Sportster will just plough right on through it.

Don't get me wrong when I talk about lack of acceleration. I don't mean the bike is a slouch, because it's not; but compare it to a frenetic, high-revving, tear-your-arms-off, big-cube Jap multi and you're in a different ballpark. Any one-litre machine would be hard pushed not to be quick—it's just that some are quicker than others and the Sportster remains an Other.

The Sportster springing is very firm and, on our test machine anyway, underdamped at the rear on rebound. This leads to the bike kicking up violently at the back over bumps, pushing the suspension to full travel and delivering a meaty thump to the rider's kidneys. However, on smoother roads the handling was surprisingly good for a bike which had hitherto given the impression of being rather agricultural. Once I had adapted to the armchair seating posture and the wide handlebar I found that the Sportster could be tossed into bends with footpeg-scraping abandon, much to the terror of anyone unfortunate enough to be perched on the pillion. However, from the advantage of the rider's seat, the whole plot felt very sane and controllable, with only a faint front-end waver as a result of the contrary rear dampers. The

Lightening Gears for All 74's



1. These gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. And they're sold in exchange for your gears. If you've put in light valve collars and pushrods, these are a must to insure that the entire train is light and responsive.
 2. The brass bushings will also be fitted and honed to fit standard size shafts.
 3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.
 4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright, send for price list.
- The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$39.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.
1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$2.50 postage and handling.

Dealer inquiries invited.

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

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

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

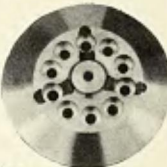


Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

Hi-flow cam bushing sells for \$7.95 plus \$1.00 for shipping and handling. If you wish, H.E.S. will press this bushing in your cam cover for \$3.00, which is labor and return postage.

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

LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's



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

\$21 (Add \$2.00 for shipping cost)

H/E/S
PERFORMANCE
PRODUCTS

Box 2794 • Culver City,
California 90230 Dept. C

frame, coarse and unsophisticated though it might seem, did the job required of it perfectly well—and who can say better than that?

The 11.5-in. front disc and 8-in. rear drum slowed the beast down adequately, but only just. With two up it all became a bit of an effort, and under emergency braking the front forks set up a dire juddering which was disconcerting to say the least. Another of those little quirks sent by Harley-Davidson to remind you that the Sportster ain't just any sickle...

The Sportster is obviously built for a person with very long, strong fingers—going by the hand levers, anyhow. As I have short, stubby digits (but cute none the less), I ended every journey of greater than half an hour duration with severely aching fingers and wrists; not only are those levers a long way from the grips, they're bloody heavy as well.

The gear lever also required a fairly hefty prod to spur it into action, yet gear selection was smooth and slick, the only real problem being a total inability to select neutral with the bike stationary.

Looking back over what I've writ, I could forgive you for going away with the wrong impression of the Sportster. Like I said, put it all on paper and it comes out as a pretty crappy machine. But that's not the way to assess a Harley; you can't be objective because the bike won't let you. It demands your participation; it takes out a contract on your soul; it insists on partiality. It's not a motorcycle to use, it's a motorcycle to form a relationship with. To walk on the wild side. If the Sportster was a person, you wouldn't let on to your mum that you knew him... and that's a helluva compliment. ■



Here it is, a HARLEY PUB MIRROR that'll blow your mind. This design of a '48 PAN is detailed right down to the last chain link and is done in black and Harley red. Unlike cheapasses we print under the glass and feature top quality materials throughout, including the antiqued solid oak frame. It's a big 18x22 inches and weighs almost 7 lbs. A must for your bar, bedroom, clubhouse, shithouse or wherever you hang your hat. If this masterpiece turns you on just send us 29.95, but because of its weight you'll be asked to pay shipping C.O.D.

WHITE BROS. PRODUCTS

in the east
184 N. Main St. Champlain, N.Y. 12919

in the west
681 Ellis St. San Francisco Ca. 94109

(Dealer inquiries invited)

Hallcraft's Announces A NEW POPULAR PRICE!

The Famous Model 750 Mini Brake

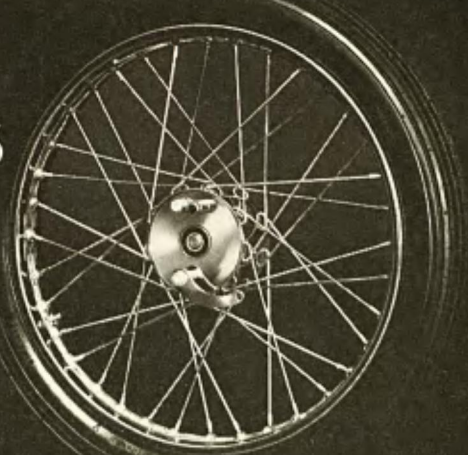
Originally

178.05

Now

129.95

(price does not include tire)



Yes, it's the same all-American-made Mini Brake, with the brilliant chrome finish and all steel hub.

Hallcraft's Model 750 Mini Brake—a full drum brake with minimum size and weight—hub 5" dia. x 3", fits 16" to 21" rims.

This price is in effect at your local participating dealer. For information concerning this program call Hallcraft's (714) 442-5525
232 Millar Avenue
El Cajon
California 92020





has the
BIGGEST!

HARLEY-HONDA-KAWA

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

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

Jammer Cycle Products
801 (ER) South Main Street, Burbank, CA 91506

or:

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

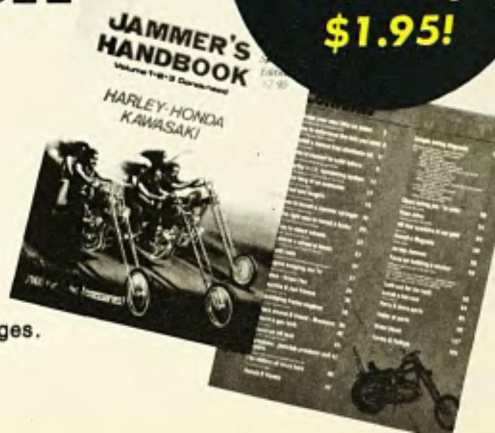
Handbook will be sent C.O.D. for \$1.95 + approximately \$1.75 for C.O.D. fee & U.P.S. charges.

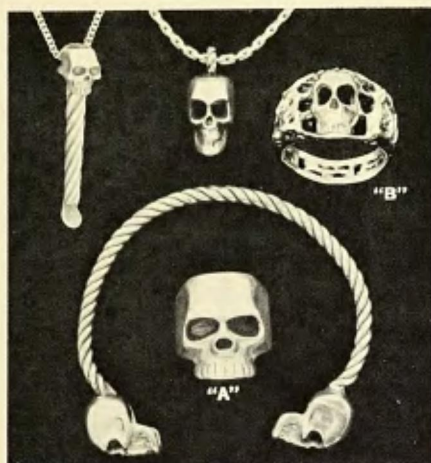
-Ask us for the name of the nearest dealer who stocks Jammer parts.

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

Jammer

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





Heavy Jewelry

Handcrafted, Cast, Sterling Silver
Rings, Bracelets and Pendants

As featured on the July '77 Easyriders cover.
Righteous Sterling Silver Jewelry for those
who want the best. Sterling by Nomad is the
very finest

Skull Ring "A" \$50.00

Skull Bracelet \$55.00

Skull Pendant (without chain) \$15.00

Skull Ring "B" \$45.00

Combo coke spoon and "straw" \$60.00

Get exact ring size from any jeweler and send size and
money (we pay all postage and handling charges) to:

sterling
by
Nomad
enterprises
Box 621 Stratford, Ct. 06497



Harley Winged Sissy Bars

—Finest
We've Ever Seen

\$65.00 each

F-X shown. Also
for Sportster
and ever
popular
"Rigids"

NEW 20" lowboy styled with a
beautifully highly detailed metal
cast, winged insert with Harley-Davidson
embossed in the middle. You can get the
insert in chrome, antique copper or gold.

Ask about our matching seats—4" & 14"
Kings & Queens
Black or Brown

P.S. Sissy Bars Available For Hondas-
Kaw-Tri-Yam. In chrome only

Catalog \$2.00 refundable on 1st \$20 order
Method of shipping UPS—c.o.d. No checks

2 WHEELER'S M/C SHOP, INC.
1433 W. 38TH AVENUE
DENVER, COLORADO 80211
(303) 433-0564

The Survivor

—Continued from page 29

an automatic transmission, for chris-
sakes. Dempsey had cut his biking
teeth and received his first road
burns on an old Indian with a sui-
cide clutch, and no one could ap-
preciate that kind of seasoning un-
less he'd done it himself. It nurtured
a quality in a man that could not
be explained, described, or taught,
and unless you'd graduated from the
same old school, riding by the seat
of your pants, throwing oil, battling
mousetraps that were out of adjust-
ment, and manhandling speed-wob-
bling springer forks, then you were
never quite the equal of those who
had. That was the way Big Don
Dempsey looked at it, anyway.

He looked at his watch. What
the hell, he thought. He didn't have
to be anywhere until eight o'clock
the next morning, when he was sup-
posed to show up for work at the
garage. He was going to get himself
blitzed. He got off his bike and
walked back into the tavern.

He sat alone at the end stool,
drinking one beer after the other,
hard and fast. He thought of the
argument he'd heard earlier in the
evening, and as the alcohol stupefied
and insulated him from his sur-
roundings, his mind wandered back
across the years. Once again he heard
the strains of Boyd Bennett's "Seven-
teen" and the maniacal jive of Nerv-
ous Norvus reciting "Transfusion."
Live fast, die young, leave a beauti-
ful corpse. He remembered how he
used to swagger in perfect imitation
of James Dean, a cigarette hanging
insolently from the petulant sneer
of his lips. He'd had all the moves
then and he still had them, though
they seemed a little incongruous
when affected by a middle-aged
man. Some guys were meant to die
young, Dempsey thought, but his
problem was that he was James
Dean at 42—a phenomenon that was
never meant to be.

When the bar closed at two in the
morning, Big Don staggered out the
back door into the alley. First things



Drag Bike Engineering

Firepower



BURKHARDT

MAGNETO DRIVE

fits all Shovelhead nose-cone motors

\$165.00 (less Mag)

Highly modified custom blueprinted
magneto (for above) \$159.50

COMBINATION DEAL \$297.50

CAL. RES. ADD 6% SALES TAX

OVER 2500

H-D REPLACEMENT PARTS

40 page CATALOG \$2

DRAG BIKE ENGINEERING

P.O. Box 1158

2219 Artesia Blvd.

Redondo Beach, CA 90278

DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME



A—\$6.00

Skull and wing
design buckle

Nickel finish.

Size - 3 1/4" x 3 1/4"



B—\$6.00

Big Harley buckle

Bronze finish.

Size - 2 3/4" x 3 3/4"



C—\$6.00

Hitler Buckle

Bronze finish.

Size - 2" x 3"



D—\$4.00

Harley Wings

Gold finish. Pins

on leather and cloth.

Size - 2" x 2"

Mail to: Graphic Enterprises, P.O. Box 216, West
Haven, Ct. 06516. Ct. res. add 7% State Tax

Circle letter to identify product: Please send
_____ A B C D @ _____ ea. plus

50¢ postage. Canada and foreign countries add \$1.50
to cover mailing costs.

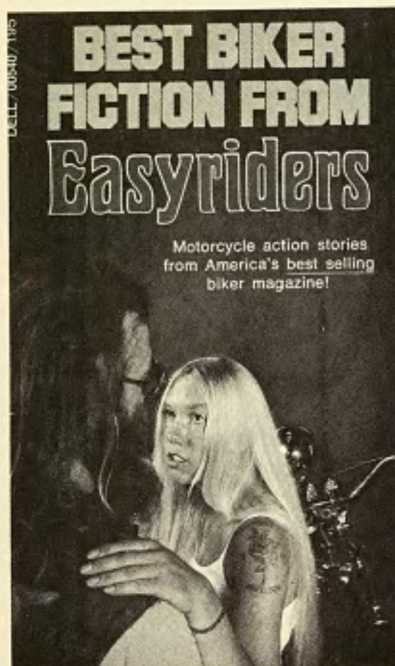
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Cash or money order only. No personal checks.
Dealer Inquiries Invited

Can't Find It On The Newsstand?



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

Fifteen different stories packed into 320-page book. Stories from the early years of this miserable rag—the ones you may have missed or could get off on readin' again—especially in a paperback book. (Besides, they make great door stops, kindling for fires, or even a nice pad to put that kickstand down upon—when your ol' lady bends your ear about its tearing up the rug.)

send \$2 to

Best Biker Fiction

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

first, his reeling mind told him, and he unzipped his fly and pissed like a champ against the tavern's back wall. That was when the thought hit him, and with all the flippant rationality of the stumbling drunk, he suddenly knew what he must do. He wasn't young and the corpse wouldn't be beautiful, but he could go out fast, hard, flaming—with a defiant scream on his lips instead of a whimper. He wobbled over to his bike, swung his leg over, and tried to find his kick starter. Cranked wide open, there was no telling how far into eternity his 80 could carry him. Somewhere deep within his foggy mind, he realized the Harley felt strange to him and he was puzzled at the difficulty in finding the kick pedal. He searched for the damn thing until he passed out.

Martha Gonzales was the original "strap a 2x4 to your ass" whore, and in the neighborhood she was known as Martha the Mother because of her earthy proportions and her unselfish behavior. At nine o'clock in the morning, as she walked home to her apartment, she found Big Don Dempsey snoring loudly, his body sprawled across the alley, his legs straddling a wayward ten-speed bicycle that would never have yielded a kick starter if Dempsey had hunted for three years. It was not the first time she had found Big Don passed out behind the tavern, but usually she found him seated on the Harley, his feet on the pegs, his arms across the bars, and his head pillowed on the tank.

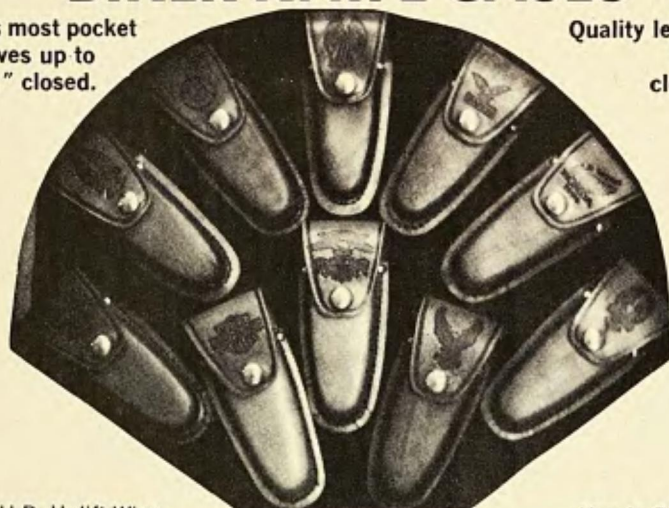
Martha, no slim, willowy nymph, kicked the bicycle aside, bent over, grabbed an arm, and pulled him to a sitting position. Then, stooping to one knee, she threw the arms over her back, jammed her shoulder into his chest, and with one hand on his belt and the other bracing his arms, she heaved hard and hoisted him to his feet. Still unconscious, he drifted around enough to steady himself on his feet as she guided him down the alley, around the corner, and up the two flights of stairs to her apartment. Once in the apartment, she dropped his body on the battered bed, stripped off his clothes, and pulled the covers over him. He began to snore immediately.

The afternoon sun filtering through the window onto the bed warmed his body and started him sweating. He awoke with a start, sat up quickly, and instantly fell back. His head felt like a sack of

BIKER KNIFE CASES

Fits most pocket
knives up to
5 1/4" closed.

Quality leather
Snap
closure



H.D. Uplift Wing
Ride to live, Live
to ride
H.D. Shield

BMW
H.D. Eagle
H.D. #1 With Wings

Honda Gold Wing
Honda Wings
H.D. Made In USA
Kawasaki

Please send me _____ cases. I have enclosed \$6.50 for each case ordered. (\$6.00 plus 50¢ postage and handling.) Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. U.S. funds only. Dealer inquiries invited.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Send order to: Joe's MCN, 9939 Canoga Ave., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311

cement with a handbell choir clanging away inside. The smell of clean sheets and cheap perfume told him he was in familiar surroundings.

Opening his eyes, he squinted into the sunlight, and lifting himself more slowly and carefully than the first time, he sat up and looked about for Martha. He saw her standing in the kitchenette, a terrycloth robe draped loosely about her ample figure, covering very little of her gargantuan breasts, still firm even if the rest of her body was not. It was those unbelievable basketball-sized breasts that had kept her in business long past her prime.

"Put on quite a load last night, huh?" she said as she poured him a cup of coffee.

Dempsey rubbed his forehead and tried to remember the previous night. It came to him slowly through the hazy curtain of fog that seemed to fill the inside of his aching head. He swung his legs out of the bed and stumbled off to the bathroom. When he returned, she handed him the cup of coffee as he sat on the edge of the bed.

"I tried to off myself last night," he said dismally. "At least that was my intention."

Martha laughed hard, jarring the huge breasts free from her robe. "They haven't made that much beer," she chortled, ignoring the unintended show. She noted Big Don's solemn silence and cut her laugh short. His eyes met hers.

"I'm serious," he told her.

She sat down in a chair opposite him. Suddenly remembering her nakedness, she modestly pulled the robe about her. "You're kidding,"



"I'm sure she'll be ready in a moment. She's just upstairs taking a shit or something."

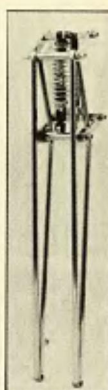
CYCLE INTERNATIONAL

TOTAL DISCOUNT PRICES

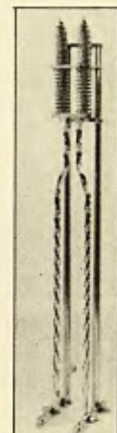
Seats,
Custom Sissybars,
Fenders,
Mail Order
Chromeplating,
Custom Van Parts,
Custom Frames:
\$189.95
Send \$1.00 for
Catalog



Round Springer
\$169.95



Round Girder
\$225.00



Round and
Twister Springer
\$189.95

CYCLE INTERNATIONAL
P.O. Box 823 • Paramount, CA 90723 • (213) 866-8488
SORRY NO COLLECT CALLS

Rebuilt Rods

48 HOUR SERVICE

RODS ARE:

1. CLEAN—GLASS BEADED
 2. STRAIGHTENED
 3. NEW WRIST PIN BUSHINGS
HONED OUT FOR .0002 FIT
 4. NEW ROD RACES HONED
OUT FOR .0005 FIT
- COMES WITH CRANK PIN
FITTED TO EACH ROD SET.
STANDARD ROD ROLLERS
80, 70, 45 Sportster rods in stock & more if you
want. Same day back!

REBUILT RODS \$75

COMPLETE MACHINE SHOP MAIL ORDER AVAILABLE
Motor & Transmission Rebuilding Service
(Specializing in Sportsters & Other High-Performance Work)
Labor for complete rebuilt motor is:
Sportsters \$200
45s \$150
70s \$175
Stroker \$25 Extra
Lower End rebuild:
Sportsters \$125
45s \$100
70s \$100



Rebuilt Generators

48 HOUR SERVICE

WE REBUILD MORE GENERATORS THAN ANY
OTHER DISTRIBUTOR

OURS CONTAIN:

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

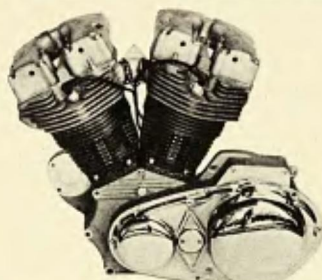
Motors we rebuild are: 37, 32E, 52, 57, 58, 52K, 53A
Generators are reworked or on special order your generator shipped back
All generators MUST be reliable and in ONE piece with all parts intact!
All generator parts sold separate SEND FOR PRICE LIST

REBUILT GENERATORS \$65.
ARMATURE REWOUND EXCHANGE ONLY \$29.95

DRAGON DISTRIBUTORS
\$20 RT. 110
AMITYVILLE, L.I., N.Y. 11701

Phone 516-691-2131
SHIP RODS & GENERATORS WITH 10% DEPOSIT
SEND CASH, CERTIFIED CHECK, or MONEY ORDER
T-SHIRTS & OTHER PARTS SEND PAYMENT IN FULL

SPECIALTY ENGINE BUILDING



- 85 Cu. In. and Bigger Sportsters
- 100 Cu. In. and Bigger Shovelheads
- Shovster Head Conversions

- Crank Case Welding and Machining
- Head Bolt Pattern Relocating
- Heavy-Duty Transmission Components
- Transmission Rebuilding and Repair
- Heavy-Duty Rod Sets and Crank Shaft Assembly



TROCK CYCLE SPECIALTIES, INC.

9540 Berwyn • Rosemont, Illinois 60018

312/678-3500

SEND FOR CATALOG: \$1.00 (Refundable With Order)



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

BACK ISSUES

Box 711, Burbank,
Ca. 91502

Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,4,5,6,7, 8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16,26, and 31, we are now sold out of issues 17,18,19,25,29, 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.

Limited
supply

Swastika Nazi Knife Swastika



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

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

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



Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

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

CHROME

Also
BLACK CHROME & 24 KARAT GOLD PLATING

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

LET US FILL ALL YOUR MOTORCYCLE PLATING NEEDS

Serving both dealers & individuals nationwide.

BROWN'S PLATING SERVICE, INC.

Rt. 5, Box 534

Paducah, Kentucky 42001

Phone (502)554-1146

she said at last. "Why?"

Big Don held his head in his hands for several long seconds. He felt embarrassed, perhaps even a little silly telling her, yet he wanted someone's ear. He had to get it off his chest. He began to talk, describing the events of the previous night and how he had reacted to them. He tried to explain as best he could what it felt like to see himself growing old and leading a rootless, aimless existence. He was free while all his buddies and friends were enslaved to jobs, wives, and families—yet even though he considered himself a lone wolf, the very isolation of his freedom enslaved him, too. Youth was a treasured possession only after it had slipped through one's fingers, and Big Don longed to be hard, tough, flamboyant, and perhaps even a bit gallant. Instead, he had to admit that he was over forty and still clinging to the unfulfilled dreams of a man half his age.

Martha listened to him tell his story, and when he had finished, she sat in her chair shaking her head and clucking her tongue. "Oh, Don," she said in a voice tinged with pity. "You've missed it completely if you can't appreciate where you're at now. You're feeling sorry for yourself because you weren't one of the bros to go down? Live fast and die young has an impressive, cavalier sound to it, but no matter how they went out, those guys are still dead. It may make for a better legend to die violently and before your time instead of quietly in your sleep, but once you're gone, there's no coming back no matter how cool you were."

She stood up, walked into the kitchenette and poured herself a cup of coffee. "You feel like you're alone," she said when she returned.

Easyriders



"I told you before that I'm not interested in a left-handed, left-legged, left-eyed man. I'm waiting for Mr. Right."

"Hell. Almost every john I get moans and cries to me because he's trapped by his job or his family or money worries. If you don't think that's lonely and hopeless—if they had what you have . . ." She looked him squarely in the face. "They sold themselves out before they even had the chance to know what they wanted. You keep riding your bike and you may not have the odds of living the long life of the fat man in the Caddy with a cigar stuffed in his mush, but believe me, a lot of those fat old guys would trade places with you in a minute.

"You may not be James Dean," she went on as she reached out and slapped his belly, "but you're still a symbol. You're still free. There may be a lot of downed bros that didn't make it with you, but don't ever yearn for their fate. You're a survivor. You made it farther than most men have, and you never sold yourself out."

They sat in silence for a while and then at last Big Don put down his coffee cup, stood up, and began to get dressed. The silence between the two of them continued while he put on his clothes. But when at last he reached for his jacket, he turned to Martha.

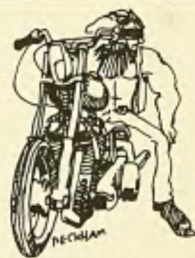
"Sometimes I forget," he told her. He pointed to a patch on the jacket. "You've made me remember. The chance of death is always there, so there's no sense in wishing for it. Maybe I'll keep it a little more up front in my mind what this patch means and why I wear it." The patch to which he was pointing said, "Live to Ride, Ride to Live."

He bent over, gave her a kiss, and walked out the door. A few minutes later in the alley, he climbed on the 80-incher, kicked her over, and then sat listening to that thumping bark of power between his legs, eager to be unleashed. He rode down the alley and out into the street. It was past three o'clock. If he hurried, he could still catch a few hours at the garage after the boss had chewed his ass for an appropriate interval.

The Harley, however, had a mind of its own and he found himself on the freeway headed out of town. The wind whipped his face and hair as he opened up the wick and the bike surged effortlessly forward. He opened his mouth and laughed into the face of the wind. Behind him, the city rapidly began to disappear and soon he was in the open country. Somewhere ahead of him was another town and another job. ■



BIRERS
Factory Direct
—Save—
40% to 60%



Guys and chicks . . .

Jackets • Chaps • Vests • Pins • Pants
Belts • Boots • Saddle bags • Strokers
Chain wallets • Gloves • Buckles
Tool bags Etc.! Etc.! Etc.!

Send a buck or stop in for catalog
• Refund on first order •

Just Leather Factory

2370 Stevens Creek Dept. I • San Jose, Calif. 95128 • (408) 286-3450

Family operated and owned

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



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

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

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

Send to: PERMA-PIX INC., Dept. ER-4
1919 Route 110
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

LAKE SHORE HARLEY-DAVIDSON INC.

HOME OF THE "WORLDS FASTEST SPORTSTERS"

Complete Harley Davidson Engine Building Facilities

Completely equipped facility includes a machine shop with engine balancing and dyno testing plus a full line of H-D High Performance Components. We also repair damaged Harley-Davidson frames.



TOLL FREE
PARTS
ORDER
PHONE

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

Call our toll free number!

800-323-3138

Please, parts orders only!

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

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

1424 BELVIDERE ST. WAUKEGAN, ILL. 60085 (312) 623-2114
WE ARE A FACTORY AUTHORIZED HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE DEALER

SPEED MADE EASY!!

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

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

Send a buck for the complete brochure to:

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

SIFTON/STAR
SIFTON/STAR
SIFTON/STAR
SIFTON/STAR
SIFTON/STAR
SIFTON/STAR
SIFTON/STAR



The First Name In Quality...
 The Last Word In Performance.

943 Bransten Road
 San Carlos, CA 94070
 Telephone: 415/592-2203
 Telephone: 415/591-6922



**SIFTON MOTORCYCLE
 PRODUCTS CO., INC.**

For catalog, send \$1.00 to cover handling & postage.

Get A Buzz On With The Original Buzzmaster!

Here's a class item that takes all the hassle outta smokin'. No more joints fallin' apart while you're tokin'. No more huntin' for the roach clip you accidentally tossed into the garbage when you emptied the ashtray.

All you do is fill the Buzzmaster with your favorite smokin' mixture, hold a match over the bowl, and press the button. Then hold on to your gourd. The Buzzmaster automatically delivers a righteous toke every time you hit the button. No wasted smoke, no mess, no hassles — clean and efficient tokin' time after time.

California residents add 6%.

Send \$7.00
 plus 50¢ for
 postage and
 handling to:

Mackenzie Company
 Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302

DEADLIER THAN THE MALE

—Continued from page 13

his knees, the .32 dangling idly in his hand.

"You sure as hell don't look very ready to use that gun," Marsha accused him. "And you could at least act like my body arouses you."

"I don't feel very fuckin' ready to use this goddam gun," he told her. Then, as an afterthought, added, "And your body doesn't mean shit to me—not right now. I've never killed a dude before."

"You know anyone that has?"

"Not in cold blood—and I don't much like it."

"Baby, it ain't gonna be in cold blood," Marsha replied. "Bruce has already said—practically to the whole damn world—that he'll kill you if he ever finds us together again."

"Yeah, but—"

"Man, he told you that on the Tahoe run, remember? That makes it more or less self-defense, I think. Besides, if we want each other, we got to kill him."

"There's other ways out," Fred offered, not very convincingly.

His mood was one of apprehension. Marsha had him hooked, and she knew it. His nose was wide open. Right now, she hoped Bruce's plane wasn't too late, and that Fred would hold together until Bruce arrived. She was afraid, but she was bolstered by a hatred that Fred couldn't share. Only she had been subjected to Bruce's perversions — tied spread-eagled to the bed, hung by her ankles, leather, the force of Bruce's fists.

"What are the other ways out?" she asked him.

Funky Fred refused to answer, or even to look at her.



"Well, I didn't exactly look at him 'cause I know you're supposed to ignore those people, but it was circumsized, about 7 3/4 inches long, a thick blue vein down the center, a reddish wart on the..."

"You sayin' you could just leave and hand me back to Bruce like nothin' happened in the first place?"

Fred stared at the gun.

"Is that the way out you're thinkin' about?"

Marsha glanced at the digital clock on the bedstand. If her ol' man's plane had been on time, he could be here any moment.

"Fred, we know there's a risk, a small risk, but we agreed to go through with it. Dozens of people know that Bruce has threatened you. They also know that he packs a gun—that he always packs it—especially when he flies up to San Francisco to buy drugs. And they know that Bruce gave me that .32 for protection when he's gone. Everyone would expect a dude to shoot back if somebody's shooting at him. Baby, that's all you'll be doing—shooting back. Who'll ever know that you shot first, then afterwards we put Bruce's piece in his hand and fired several shots?"

Fred turned toward her and with a quick movement tossed the piece on the bed between her outstretched and boldly spread legs. "If you think the muthafuckin' gun trip is cool," he challenged her, "you use the goddam thing!"

Marsha didn't touch the piece. "It was you that Bruce threatened, babe, not me. It would be you he shot at, so it would be you who shot back."

Fred got up from the chair, crossed to the window, and looked out. "Still not here," he announced. "What's keepin' the sonofabitch?"

"Take the gun, baby," Marsha urged. "You're the one who's got to use it."

Fred turned and faced her, a tall shadow in the darkened room. "There's somethin' you forgot, babe," he said.

"What's that, hon?"

"You know what time your ol' man's supposed to get home, but you fuck your lover at the same time. It'll look like you wanted to get caught—like you wanted the shootin' to happen."

Marsha shook her head.

"Why the hell wouldn't it?" he demanded.

"Sure, we both know when he's supposed to get here. But we love each other very much. So tonight we were saying at least a temporary good-bye. Being so passionate about each other, we just lost track of time. You know how passion is, baby."

Marsha caught Fred eyballin' her legs and reached down and began slowly, very deliberately, to stroke

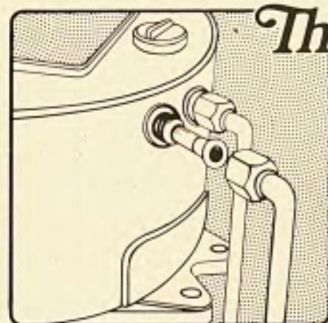
RIDE TO LIVE



BLACK T-SHIRTS for the true Harley rider

1. Harley's Best Fuck
The Rest
2. Harley Riders Eat
More Pussy
3. Harley Riders Get
More Head
4. Ride To Live—
Live To Ride

Send size and wording
wanted with \$7.50 to:
Coco, P. O. Box 3069,
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360



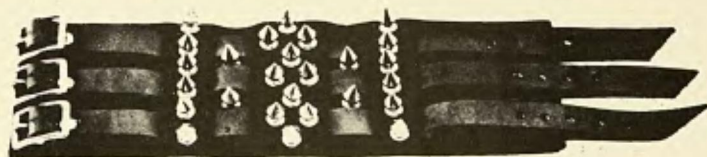
The HIDEOUT

It's here! The oil filter that hides INSIDE your oil tank! Fits ANY Flathead, Knuckle Pan or Shovel using a wrap-around style oil tank! 60 sec. installation, leakproof, OK for aircraft lines and REUSEABLE! Now, after 40 years wait, a way to keep your oil clean without sacrificing on looks!

Send \$4.95 Certified Check, (per. chks. must clear first), or Money Order to:

K&K Cycles, Dept. ER1, Box 381, Hyannis, Mass. 02601 • (617) 771-4435
Dealers inquiries invited. Mass. residents add 25¢ tax.

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



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

TO BE WORN FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES ONLY

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



THE SANDAL SHEAF

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

PLEASE ALLOW 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

TUBE TOPS!

These stretch-to-fit tubes will put a bulge in your britches. What you'll get is no-nonsense fashion designed to make your lady that much more of a bitchin' fox. And since they fit most any top end in sight there's no hassle with size.

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

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

Send your order today to:

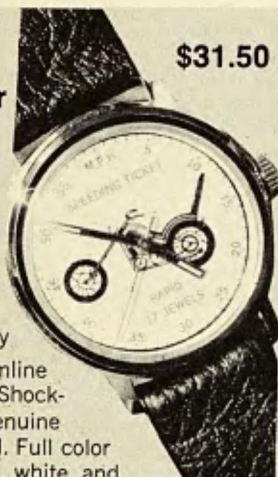
Easyriders Tubes Box 711
Burbank, California 91503



Strap A Chopper Watch On Your Wrist

**Two Year
Guarantee**

A fine quality 17 jewel slimline movement. Shock-resistant! Genuine leather band. Full color dial with red, white, and blue chopper, speeding ticket, and M.P.H. speedo design.



\$31.50

To: Rapid Mail, Unlimited
3835 Broadlawn Dr.
Hollywood, Calif. 90068

Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid watch(es) price: \$31.50 each. Calif. Residents add 6% tax, \$1.89. Enclosed find ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for \$_____. Please, No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

her leg from her knee upwards to her fur-enveloped crotch, stopping with her hand cupping her cunt. Then, with her middle finger, she made as if she were finger-fucking herself.

"You know how passion is, baby," she repeated.

Fred wasn't buying it. He turned away from her again, and went back to the window. Time went by slowly. Finally he said, "There's his scooter."

"You'd better take the piece," Marsha commanded.

"Some dude's gettin' off and comin' towards the pad. Yeah, it's Bruce."

"You got no choice now, Fred. If you don't kill him, he'll sure as hell kill you," Marsha warned.

Fred walked to the edge of the bed, looming above her. "Man, some dudes will do anything for a cunt. I must be fuckin' crazy," he commented. But he took the pistol.

They had the lights on in the living room, and there was a light in the hall, too, but the bedroom itself was dark. It was the way she had planned it. The guy with the piece, hiding in the shadows, would have the advantage.

Marsha saw Fred moving to a position behind the chair. "Baby," she whispered across the room, "don't hesitate. You know my ol' man wouldn't."

In a few seconds there was a sound at the front door. They heard the door open, then close again. For a moment, there was only silence. Her ol' man was hesitating, and it wasn't like that bastard to wait for anything. Marsha pictured him in her mind. His broad shoulders, his whole squat body tense, his bulldog face thoughtful.

Her ol' man did the unexpected.



"In the book,
he fucked her in the mouth."

A HARDCOVER LIMITED EDITION

The Tattooists

PHOTOGRAPHS FEATURED
IN
EASYRIDER JUNE, 1977



"I think you did very well in covering the tattooists in your book. I know a couple of them personally, but found out things about them from your book that I did not know."

SONNY BARGER

Send \$35.00 to: Albert L. Morse / 320 Miller Ave. / Mill Valley, CA. 94941 / Dept. E. (California residents add 6% tax). Money orders or cashiers checks please.

NEW!



...The
"FLICKET"

OPENS LOCK-BACK BLADES FASTER THAN A SWITCH BLADE WITH A FLICK OF A THUMB...LEGALLY

Converts most lock-back blade knives to a one hand operation for fast protection. Actually timed at 1/400th of a second... even with gloved hands. Made of heat treated spring steel, nickel plated. Please specify your knife make, model and length of blade when open, when ordering.

Only **\$2⁹⁵** ppd. Knife NOT Included. Cash, M.O. or Cert. check. Add \$4 if cash.

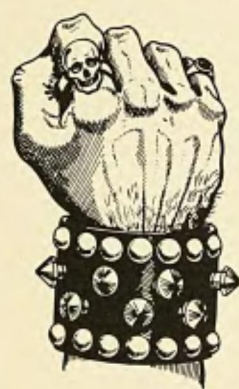
COCO, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

ZANGOBANG



ALL ORDERS HANDLED C.O.D. * PACKING & POSTAGE.
STATE EXACT RING SIZE AND/OR
DANGLE OR STUD LENGTH ON EARRING.
25% DEPOSIT REQUIRED ON ALL ORDERS.

ZANGOBANG
P.O. Box 146 - HERMOSA BEACH, CALIFORNIA 90254
LOCATED IN THE HERMOSA PAVILION
1332 HERMOSA AVE. (213) 372-8504
* NO PERSONAL CHECKS ACCEPTED *



STUFF IT!!!

SPIKE WRISTBAND

BLACK LEATHER - CHROME SPIKES

Single row - 5 spikes - 1 1/2" wide - \$5.00

Double row - 14 spikes - 2 1/4" wide - \$9.00

- Please specify choice -

... DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED ...

\$2.00 Deposit required on all C.O.D. orders

Include full payment with order & we pay postage.

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

'STUFF-IT' Box 653, Holly Hill, Fla. 32017

Instead of coming in after her, Bruce only called. "Marsha!"

She didn't know how to react. But she couldn't answer. Somehow, her ol' man had to be lured into the bedroom. He couldn't be killed in the goddam living room.

"Marsha!" The summons was sharper this time. But still she refused to answer.

"I know you're in there, bitch! And so is that muthafuckin' Funky Fred. His scooter's parked down the street."

She almost screamed her anger aloud. Why did Fred have to be such a stupid sonofabitch? Did he want to warn her ol' man, to give him a chance?

"Goddammit, Marsha," Bruce yelled, "you two can finish your fuckin' later. We got to talk. Ya ain't got nothin' to be afraid of. I ain't surprised, and I ain't mad. I just flat don't give a shit."

Bruce wasn't fooling anybody. This was a trap of some kind. He *did* give a shit. He was clever, but he wasn't a good actor.

Nor was he very patient. He came at last, walking fast, oblivious of the possibility of an ambush. When he turned the corner in the hallway, they saw him for the first time. He was carrying a briefcase—probably full of drugs. When he got to the doorway of the bedroom he stopped, his shoulders filling the whole entrance. His right hand reached inside the room, groping for the light switch. Evidently he didn't have his piece.

For a second, while her ol' man searched for the switch, Marsha was near panic, fearing that Fred had lost his nerve. Her fears were soon ended.

As Bruce found the switch, the gun cracked. Light flooded the room, just in time to reveal the shock and surprise on her ol' man's face as the bullet hit him. It had been a well-aimed shot, or at least a lucky one. Marsha saw the small hole appear suddenly between Bruce's eyes. Then his body sagged to the floor.

She went to him quickly. He had fallen on his back and there was no doubt that he was dead. She looked up at Fred. He was standing motionless, the gun still aiming at the spot where her now-dead ol' man had been standing. Fred's face was blank, frozen.

Marsha stepped over the body and ran into the living room. Bruce always carried his gun in his brief-

MIDWESTS' BEST!

Motorcycle Swap Meet

10 State Area

April 2nd 1978

11:00 AM to 5:00 PM

O'Hare Exposition Center
Chicago (Rosemont), Ill.

For Space And Information

Call 312-884-8694

Write: ABATE OF ILLINOIS

P.O. BOX 152

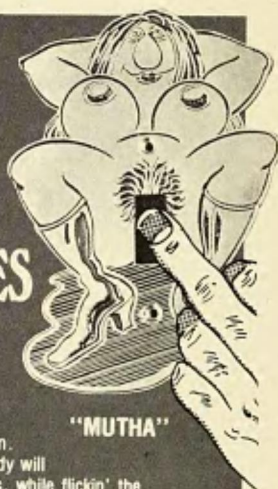
PROSPECT HGTS., ILL. 60070

Admission \$2.00

1/2 Off To Current Abate Members
(Any State)

Midwests' Best!

ASS-KICKIN' LIGHT SWITCHES



"MUTHA"

Here ya are, at last — light switches that'll really turn ya on. You an' your ol' lady will both get your kicks, while flickin' the switch. Bitchin' nickel finish over solid metal. Only \$6.95 plus \$1.25 postage.



"BIKER"

Send your order to:

Easyriders-
Lite Switches
P.O. Box 711,
Burbank, Calif. 91503

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

At Last a Hip-lookin' Bike Bag That Works!



Adjustable, to fit tight over a sissy bar alone, or can easily be expanded to fit over sissy bar and seat.

Made of high quality leather with space age nylon straps. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it.



\$19.95

Plus \$1 for postage

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear.

Vista Chopper Products

Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

PSILOCYBE GROWERS KIT

The most psycho-active of nature's highs, and easy to grow at home.

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| Psilocybe growers guide | ☐ \$ 2.50 |
| Psilocybe cubensis spores, sterile, fertile | ☐ \$ 4.00 |
| Inoculating loop | ☐ \$ 1.50 |
| Psilocybe growers kit all the above only | ☐ \$ 7.50 |
| Super pot, how to grow, harvest, | |
| cute and cook | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| How to make hashish at home | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Extract LSD from 2 kinds of seeds | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Extract mescaline from peyote 2 ways | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| How to make lettuce opium | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| San Pedro cactus for a high | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Bananas and nutmeg for a high | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Toads and peanuts for a high | ☐ \$ 1.00 |
| Make OMT easily in your kitchen | ☐ \$ 1.50 |
| Synthesis of mescaline | ☐ \$ 1.50 |
| Synthesis of LSD | ☐ \$ 1.50 |
| Or buy the works for just | ☐ \$12.99 |
| You save over \$7.50 per piece price. | |
| Also Vanish, Disappear, Change | |
| your Identity | ☐ \$ 1.50 |

All orders shipped in plain wrapper

Name _____

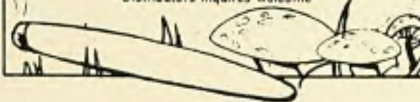
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Cash or money orders get fast reply, check orders allow clearance. We pay postage.

Send to: **NORTHWESTERN ENTERPRISES,**
P.O. Box 280, Davison, MI 48423

Distributors inquiries welcome



case. She knew exactly where, because she had packed it for him often, always in the same place, right in . . .

She nearly screamed. It wasn't there! The goddam piece wasn't there! Again, she wanted to scream, but jammed her hand over her mouth to keep from doing so.

She walked slowly, deliberately, back to the bedroom. "His gun isn't here," she announced flatly.

For a moment, Fred didn't seem to understand. Then he snapped to what she was saying. "What the fuck you mean, it ain't here?"

"He always carried it in that briefcase, in the same damn place. But it isn't there."

"But you said—"

"Jesus Fucking Christ! He really didn't give a shit about us. Maybe he wasn't even planning to stay here."

"Well, where the fuck would he stay?" Fred asked.

"Hell, I don't know. Maybe with Snake, or Brute, or Moldy Marvin, or—fuck, he could stay with anybody!"

They stared at each other, without love or desire. Fred was dripping with sweat. His body trembled violently. "What the hell do we do now?"

He was disgusting, Marsha thought. He had no intelligence, no self-control. He was throwing all his weight on her shoulders, to carry with her own.

But her brain finally functioned. "Shit, if Bruce didn't have his piece," she said suddenly, "maybe he could have used something else."

"Like what?"

"Like his goddam bare hands," she answered bitterly. "Bruce was twice as strong as you are. He didn't



"It jams!"



All eighteen of these biker's caps have been designed keeping the motorcyclist in mind, that adventurous individual that seeks out his own style of life. Quality workmanship, top grade suedes, grain leathers, and latigo hides are the real tools in making these fine caps. Send \$1 for our '78 catalog and receive \$1 off on your first order. Satisfaction always guaranteed. Sunday Ltd. Box 111, River Forest, Illinois, 60305

REAL SWITCHBLADE... COMB! (9 INCHES LONG)

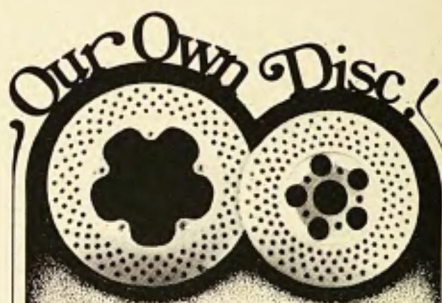


This is a REAL SWITCHBLADE. The blade is a COMB!!! Terrific gift item. Novel and practical. Protects comb in pocket. Fine tooth comb is great for sideburns and mustache too! Satisfaction is guaranteed. Complete with Lock. Only 4.95 + 50¢ Postage. Two for 10.00 Postpaid. S&W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 EZ Chicago, Ill. 60635



Catseye Dash Lens
Original Knuckle Mufflers
Old HD Literature
Knuckle Wiring Harnesses
Parts For All Harleys
* \$1.00 For Catalog *

ANTIQUE CYCLE SUPPLY
Box 500, Sparta, Mi. 49345



Guaranteed Not To Gaul or Rust
Hard Chromed

FRONT and/or REAR

Drilled \$59.95 Undrilled \$44.95

When Ordering Discs specify year & model. 50% deposit, balance C.O.D. . . . cash, certified check or money order. 4 week delay on personal checks, bank clearance necessary.

FREE ... GIANT CATALOG

Listing over 1,000 replacement parts, up to 60% under factory list. Parts list for all 74's and Sportsters . . . Please send \$1 (refundable with first order) to help pay postage & handling.



MOTORCYCLES, INC.
11717 Detroit Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio 44107
(216) 228-0100

need a weapon to kill you."

The insult didn't matter to him. "Can we make it look like we had a fight?" he asked.

"Why not? Bruce came at you. He would have killed you, but you managed to get the gun and you shot him. We've got to make it look like there's been a fight."

He started to follow her instructions before she had finished giving them. Marsha let him do it all. Fred raged through the bedroom like a destructive maniac. Lamps crashed. Chairs overturned. Glass broke.

"This look all right?" Fred had stopped and turned to her for approval.

"So Bruce wrecked the room," she answered. "There isn't a goddam mark on you."

He stared at her, first with puzzlement, and then with blatant disbelief.

"Bruce attacked you, not the room," she explained.

"But how . . ."

He stood motionless while Marsha crossed the room and picked up one of the fallen lamps. She poised it for a blow at his head.

"Hold it a fuckin' minute," Fred blurted.

"It's this or jail," she threatened him.

Again, she aimed the lamp at his head. For a second he stood motionless, an unwilling victim. Then at the last minute he raised his arm to ward off the blow. Even so, the base of the lamp grazed his cheek and sent him reeling back against the wall.

Marsha dropped the lamp and surveyed the damage. Would the cops believe them now? Just one blow? A thimbleful of blood? "Why the hell did you duck?" she asked him furiously.

"You could have killed me!" he screamed.

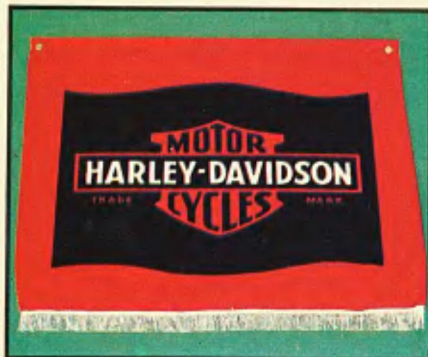
Marsha felt no sympathy for his pain. "We've got to make it look like Bruce could have killed you," she said. "And it doesn't yet. A lamp ain't deadly enough, that's all there is to it."

She rushed out of the bedroom, the cheeks of her naked ass bobbing up and down as she stepped over the fallen body of her ol' man. She ran into the kitchen, fumbled among the drawer of knives, and finally selected the biggest. She took it with her into the bedroom.

Funky Fred yelled when he saw

—Continued on page 96

Marble Plaques



H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

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



The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches

Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem. Then

The price for this everlasting marble image is **\$28.95**. Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

Strong Silver Rings



We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for **\$19.75** and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.

Be sure to state your size.

Harley Watch



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

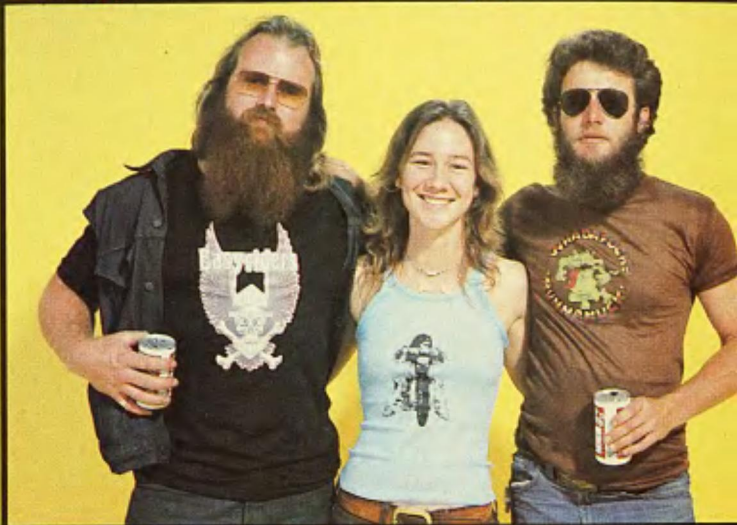
It's a classic and it's yours for only **\$19.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.**

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740



California residents add 6% for The Man



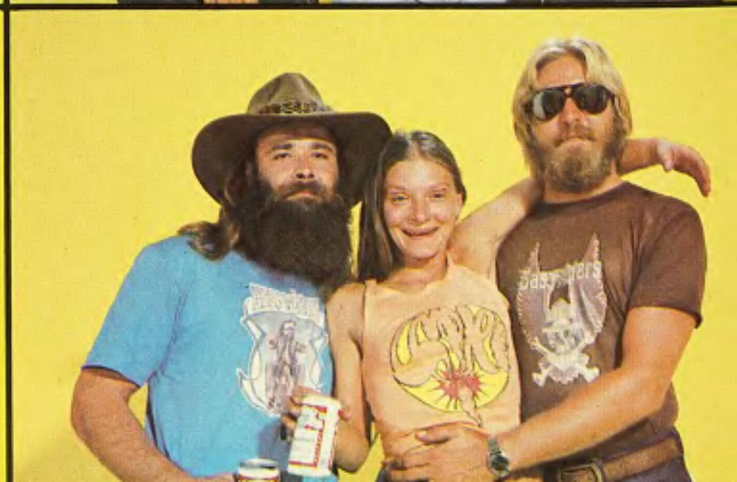
Clean up your act — get an Easyriders T-shirt!

Yeah, even your mother will admit she was wrong when she said you were a tramp.

Our shirts make you look like a straight citizen. Just look at the shirts above. Now ya gotta admit, that's a good group — a little loose — but a good, wholesome group. Right?

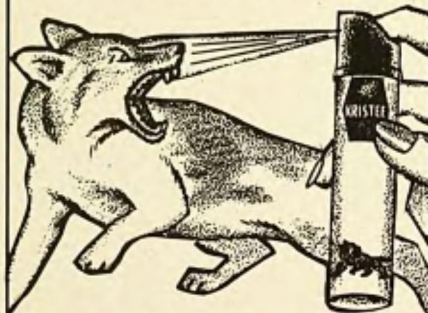
So clean up your act. Order your shirt today. All kinds of colors and sizes available. Not cheapo Taiwan imports — these are all American made. Finest quality. Quality you'd expect from us tramps at *Easyriders*.

Look 'em over and order yours today — and don't forget your ol' lady.



HALT!

**SURE-FIRE PROTECTION
AGAINST ATTACKERS!**



The product "HALT!" is legal, even in California. "Halt!" contains oleo resin capsicum, the same substance used in "Defender of Women". It is perfectly legal for a man or woman to have "Halt!" in his or her possession. Lightweight, compact size for easy carrying in pocket or purse. May be carried unnoticed in palm of hand. Powerful firing range. Shoots stream (not a mist) up to 10 feet. Medically tested. Used by U.S. Postal Service, meter readers, route men, etc. Size 4 3/4" long—1" diameter, contents 3/4 oz. Enough for 25 quick shots. \$5.00 each, postpaid. Cash or money order only to:

COCO, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.

**SENSUOUS CONDOMS
BY MAIL!**



**TODAY'S ULTRA-THIN CONDOMS PROVIDE
A SENSUOUS EXPERIENCE AND PROTECTION TOO!**

Today a man just doesn't have to tolerate a sensation-deadening condom when he wants protection. Now there are ultra-thin supremely sensitive condoms that have been designed for **sexual pleasure**, while still providing the most reliable protection of any non-prescription birth control method. And now you can buy these sensuous condoms without embarrassment... by ordering them through the privacy of the mail from Population Planning.

Our 40 page catalog (sent free with every order) describes the wide selection of condoms we offer... all nationally advertised brands. Best-selling **TEXTURE PLUS™** featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots" that are more pronounced... raised higher for greater stimulation; **BOLD 45™** world's first color condom with texturing, popular **STIMULA, TROJAN**, and 35 other nationally advertised brands. All orders are shipped promptly in a plain wrapper to assure your privacy. Why not send for a sampler today. If you do not agree PPA's sampler packages and overall service are the **best available anywhere**, we will refund your money in full—no questions asked. ©1976, PPA



**Adam & Eve, Dept. ER-8A
P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510**

Please rush me in plain package:

- ☐ Sampler of 22 assorted condoms plus catalog, \$5.
☐ Deluxe Sampler of 38 assorted condoms plus catalog, \$8.
☐ Illustrated catalog alone, 25¢.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

DEADLIER THAN THE MALE

—Continued from page 93

what she had in her hand. He hadn't moved away from the wall and leaned against it now, his eyes glued to the knife.

"Bruce could have killed you with this for sure," she said. "Nobody could doubt a knife."

"What the fuck you gonna do?"

"Ya got to bleed, baby."

Marsha approached him slowly, deliberately. But she knew he wasn't going to submit. He was going to try and elude the knife as he had tried to duck the lamp. Okay, it would appear more authentic that way.

"Your ol' man was gonna miss with the piece," he argued. "Why couldn't he miss with the knife?"

"You stinkin' coward," she screamed. "You stinkin', fuckin' coward!"

She lured him from the wall and then lunged. He tried to step aside and at the same time catch her wrist. But she anticipated his move. So she aimed the knife for his arm, not his chest, as her ol' man would have done. The tip of the blade caught him just below the elbow, and plowed up to his biceps and shoulder.

When the knife went spinning out of her hand, she didn't try to retrieve it. She merely stood back, calmly surveying the damage. It was only a surface wound, but the blood was flowing freely.

"All right," she said, "that looks better."

Very slowly he looked away from his arm and toward her. His face was savagely contorted. "You like it, huh?"

"Yeah, it—"

"Cool." There was the same hysteria in his voice as in his eyes. "But why am I the one who has to take the punishment? Why did Bruce attack just me?"

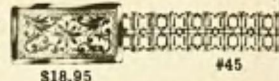
"Because you're the one he threatened to kill," she reminded him sharply.

Funky Fred shook his head. "But when he came in and saw both of us in bed, he'd blow it. He wouldn't remember he had threatened only me. He'd go after you."

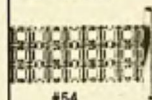
For the first time she understood his intent. "My ol' man would never have tried to hurt me," she lied.

SUNDAY LTD. — CHAIN BELTS

Sizes available up to 40 inches, add 75¢ for each additional inch.

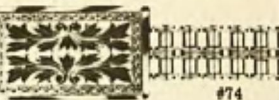


\$18.95

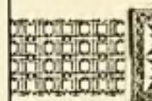


#54

\$21.95



#74



#80

\$30.95



#100

Send for your chain belt today care of Sunday Ltd., P. O. Box 111, Dept. R, River Forest, Illinois 60305. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back. Dealer Inquiries Invited

t-shirts

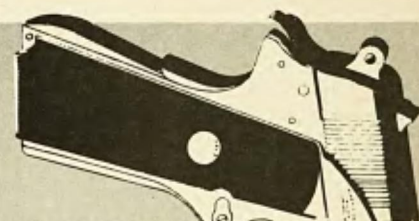


NEW IMPROVED — We are now using super quality name brand shirts that FIT RIGHT! Especially in the neck and sleeves, where brand X lets you down. They come in BLACK, of course and in the usual sizes — S-M-L-XL.

We'll wrap it up and put your name on the package for \$4.75 but if you want it mailed to ya, please add an extra 50¢



ROD'S 434 3rd AVE. EAST
WEST FARGO, N. DAK. 58078



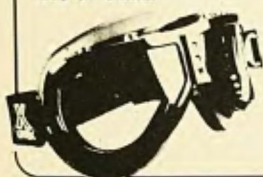
PISTOL BELT CLIP

The first practical replacement for the holster. "Pistol Belt Clip" spring-steel clip attachment holds your gun securely inside waistband. Easy to install. Gun will still fit inside most holsters with clip attached. Specify finish (Bright nickel or black) and gun model (Colt .45 automatic—Smith & Wesson Model 39—Detonic .45—Smith & Wesson Model 59). \$4.95 each, postpaid. Cash or money order only to:

**COCO, P. O. Box 3069,
Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.**

THE BIKER'S GOGGLE

At last, the airplane driver goggles you bin waitin' for. Glass lens replaceable in clear or smoke (not that kind, shithead). Curved lens allows 160 degrees vision. No C.O.D. Cert. check or money order only. \$18.00 tax and shipping incl. unless you live in China.



JOWACO
18747 Sherman
Way #206
Reseda, Calif.
91334

Simichrome polish



America's No. 1 selling cycle polish... imported from Germany. Excellent for aluminum, magnesium, chrome - all metals.

Available at your favorite cycle shop. If not, order direct - \$1.85 per tube, 3 for \$5.00

DEALERS: Write for FREE sample.

COMPETITION CHEMICALS
P.O. Box 141 • Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126

SHOW CHROME

Copper, Nickel, Chrome — work guaranteed

Eleven years experience, specializing in motorcycle and auto steel and aluminum parts.

KILBURN'S PLATING CO.

Rt. 1 P. O. Box 244, Adamsville, Tenn. 38310

Leon & Miley (901) 632-0481

"KNUCKS"

"Man's Best Friend!"

\$6.00 each 3/\$15.00

Sold as a novelty only
Void where prohibited by law

Atlantic Novelty Co.

P. O. Box 12627, Charleston, S.C. 29412



Build a Japanese Chopper



Now you can... with the **Honda Chopper and Custom Shop Manual**... 64 pages jam packed with step-by-step instructions on dozens of customizing procedures, from simple to far out. A real how-to-do-it manual, gives you the help you need, including sources of ready made parts. Covers Honda from 250cc up. Many projects also work on Yamaha, Kawasaki, Suzuki. Rushed by return mail. \$3 ea., 2 for \$5.

Riceburner Publications, Dept. ER-10
Box 1267, Studio City, Ca. 91604

"But we're sharing this thing, babe," he reminded her. "I pulled the trigger, but it's *our* trip, not just mine. Now, I think we ought to share all of it."

He walked over to where the knife had fallen and picked it up.

"No!" she screamed.

"We got to make it look right, don't we?" he asked.

"What are you gonna do?"

"You got to bleed," he said, mocking her words.

There was nowhere to go. He was already between her and the door. The knife was in his hand.

But he wouldn't do it. She had him hooked. He loved the touch of her skin. He wouldn't cut it with a knife.

"Freddy, please..."

"You got to bleed."

He was on her then, shoving her back against the wall. His right hand was free with the knife.

"Not my face, Freddy!"

She felt pain in her cheek. Perhaps it was the pain, or the terror of disfigurement, but with an inhuman display of strength, Marsha broke free and dived for the gun. She wasted no time in trying to regain her feet, but instead rolled over and pointed the piece at Fred. She kept pulling the trigger even after the gun was empty.

The room was still echoing the shots when she heard another sound. Knocking. A loud, insistent knocking at the front door.

How can I explain all of this? she wondered frantically.

She was entirely alone in the world of her two corpses.

Think. Concentrate. My face. No, forget your face. No, no, it had to be explained. Who did it? Fred? Yes. His fingerprints are already on the knife. But who stabbed Fred? Bruce, of course! But Bruce did all the stabbing. Bruce's fingerprints



Easyriders

GOD RIDES A HARLEY

Printed on a Black T-Shirt for him or a Black Tit-Top for her. With every order a bumper sticker with the same saying. \$8.00 per shirt to:

**Coco, Box 3069,
Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360**



need a
HEAD RUSH
try a short

1 for \$5 each
3 4
12 3

BULLIT
also
available

OK INC. PO BOX 15897
L.A. CALIF. 90015

CHROME

CYCLE

Finer plating since 1931

**10 DAY DELIVERY
ON CYCLE PARTS**

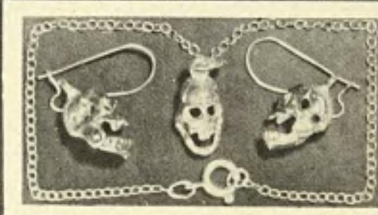
Write for
FREE PRICE LIST

Dealer Inquiries Invited

CYCLECHROME

2430 Washington St. Dept. 64
Boston, Mass. 02119 (617) 445-3475

\$ SKULL EARRINGS \$
AND NECKLACE
\$16.00 PLUS POSTAGE



"J" & COMPANY
2323 BELKNAP AVE.
BILLINGS, MONT. 59101



Pacific Island girls want men to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW, SEND \$2 TODAY.
CONTINENTAL PACIFIC
PO Box 3546 — Dept. ER
Thousand Oaks, CA 91359



TATTOO REMOVING

WITH THE TATEX METHOD
The Chemical "Do-It-Yourself" Kit

The TATEX METHOD will remove any tattoo, regardless of age! Use safely in your home.

ASK FOR FREE FOLDER NO. 07

ATLANTA COMPANY
P.O. BOX 494 • PICKERING, ONTARIO L1V 2R7

CHROME PLATING

**STEEL & ALUMINUM
PARTS
CHROME PLATED**

Quality Plating Since 1945

GRAVES PLATING CO.

P.O. Box 1052, ER, Florence, Ala. 35630
Phone (205) 764-9487



KNUCKLE BUCKLE

Practical, Functional, Funkie!
GREAT GIFT!

POW!—The most novel buckle ever made. Expertly hand cast metal buckle. **BRASS PLATED!** Fits all standard belts. For novelty purpose only. Not intended for any other uses. Only 4.95 plus .50 post and handling. Special 2 for 10.00 Postpaid.

S & W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 EZ Chicago, Ill. 60635



OUTRAGEOUS T-SHIRTS!

PLUS WW2 NAZI & SS
insignia, badges, flags,
daggers, helmets, etc.

free catalog

KRUPPER BOX 177ER
SYRACUSE NY 13208

LEATHER STROKER



genuine quality
soft black leather
adjustable to
fit all heads
Brands:
Triumph
Norton
Yamaha
Harley Wing
Honda Wing
Suzuki
BMW, KAW
No Patch
Your Patch

Send to: STONEHOUSE • BOX 27 • CORONA, CA 91720
Satisfaction Guaranteed or your Money Back **\$13.95**

I enclosed \$ _____ Brand _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

—Dealer Inquiries Invited—

ER-6

then. Get the knife from Fred and put it in Bruce's hand. And put his fingerprints on. But what about the gun? Who shot Fred? Not her. She was only a bystander. The cause of both deaths, but only a bystander. Give the gun to Fred. He shot Bruce. But who shot Fred? Whose fingerprints should be on the gun?

The problem was a complicated one, but it was solved as soon as the cops busted in through the front door.

"It's all over, ma'am," said a sergeant. "You're gonna be okay."

"But I—"

"I know. I know," he soothed her. "You don't have to talk now. I know what happened. Your next-door neighbor called and reported a rape in progress. Everything's gonna be all right."

Then Marsha looked up and saw her next-door neighbor — Carol Gordon.

"Miss Gordon," the cop began, "would you mind taking this lady to your home for a while? She shouldn't be here while we clean this place up."

"Yes, of course," Carol Gordon answered. "Will you want her to make a statement first?"

"Just a brief one," the cop said. "Any fool can see that she was attacked by these outlaw bikers. I just hope she'll be able to forget about it."

The cop took Marsha aside and pretended to scribble on a pad. "Any problems?" he whispered.

"Plenty," Marsha replied, slumping with exhaustion. "But it worked out all right. Will you be over later?"

The sergeant winked slyly. "I get off at midnight. Keep that pussy warm for me and we'll celebrate."

Marsha turned and allowed herself to be led away by her anxious neighbor.

Easyriders



"So tell me—how long
have you two been going together?"

CHROME PLATERS OF HOUSTON

Quality Plating on all motorcycle parts. Aluminum or Steel. Our work is guaranteed, our prices reasonable. For more information write or call; no collect calls accepted.

404 Broadway
Houston, Texas 77012
Phone (713) 921-0235

Moving?

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

PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE



One of the most beautiful and practical books on physical love ever published. Over 195 photographs in color and black-and-white of a young nude couple in a variety of pre-coital and coital positions. Explores the whole field of physical love, including the building of sexual power, sexual stimulation, techniques for building up passion and much more. Over 225,000 hard-bound copies sold at \$15.00, now available in soft cover for just \$2.95. 320 pages. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Send \$2.95 to: Adam & Eve, Dept. ER-8
P.O. Box 400, Carboro, N.C. 27510

(517) FFA

FREE **IN YOUR MAILBOX**

40 pg. EROTICA CATALOG

- ★ 100's of photographs!
- ★ 100's of irresistible offers!
- ★ Quality products at \$ saving prices!

ADULTS ONLY • \$1 covers postage & handling

Divorce Industries, Inc. 7651 Haskell Ave. Dept. SX Van Nuys, Ca. 91406

ALLEN SCREWS, BOLTS NUTS AND WASHERS

Chrome or Zinc Plated

Available in Sets or Bulk for

HARLEYS, BRITISH & METRIC

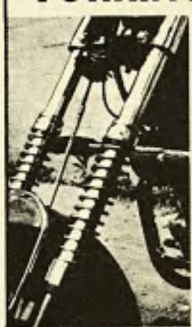
From your local dealer or contact

GARDNER-WESCOTT Wholesale supply

31014 Rosslyn, Garden City, Mi. 48135

Telephone (313) 427-0760

FORKING BY FRANK



Fine fork tubes (there is a difference) and front suspension components for ALL CYCLES in any length, one piece seamless tubing. Springs, collars, crowns, trees, braces, kickstands, spring conversion kits, rakes and decorative fork tube nuts. Reliable fit and freight paid delivery.

FRANK'S

Maintenance & Engineering
945 Pitner, Evanston, Illinois 60202



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:

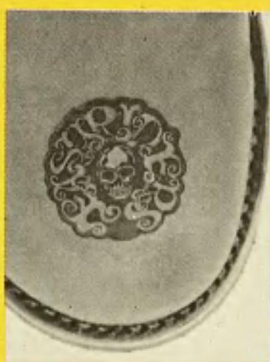
Upper leathers are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. Heels are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). Vamps, or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the

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 only

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

Size _____

Width _____

■ Height 11 in. 17 in.

■ Color Black Brown

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

I have enclosed \$_____ for _____ pair(s)
(including \$2.50 per pair for postage & handling)
Write same info on separate paper for more than 1 pair

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; 75¢ per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available with

Notice: Closing date is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately 60 days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Rene, everything is cool. Come on back home where you belong. Li'l John. (56)

Get high cruisin' on a chrome-plated motorcycle roach clip. Handmade from steel wire and guaranteed 100,000 miles or 100,000 joints. Big and small bikes or trikes. For free pictures, send stamped envelope to Richard Gaff, 2760 1/2 Coburg Rd., Eugene, Ore. 97401. (58)

Tattooing: Professional artists, clean, sterile, rainbow colors, 10,000 fancy designs, 4126 Erie St., Willoughby, Ohio 44094. (216) 942-3567. (58)

Tattoo Shop: Professional artist, bright colors, many designs. Warren, Ohio. 216-399-1290. (58)

I am looking for people who wish to affiliate with the Lazy Nickels. We are a club into the ceremonial aspects of marijuana, new-age consciousness, sex magic, ritual purification. John Musters, Dept. H, P.O. Box 39436, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039. (58)

Ass, Gas, or Grass—Nobody Rides for Free. Tell it like it is with this beautifully designed T-shirt. T-shirt and design of top quality. On the front of the shirt is a picture of a biker and his ol' lady on their hog. "Ass, Gas, or Grass" is printed above the design and "Nobody Rides for Free" below the design. Money-back guarantee. For your T-shirt, send \$5 plus \$1 handling to Doug Stiltner, Box 67, Grundy, Va. 24614. State size—s, m, l, xl, and color—blue, yellow, or beige. (58)

Fantastic! Photo I.D. card made to your specifications for any state. Polaroid, sealed in plastic. Send \$5.00 (cash or money order) with name, address, hair color, eye color, height, weight, and date of birth. Send color photo with face image 1 1/4" x 1 1/4" (photo booth picture O.K.) to Terry Weber, P.O. Box 205, Paramount, California 90723. (66)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium (Shop), 4390 So. Archer, Chicago, Ill. 60632. Phone 376-8119. (58)

Wanted: Good lookin', slim biker chick 18-24 to share ridin', partyin', and possibly life. Have a beautiful shovelhead. Tired of playin' games. Send photo to Frank Mathe, 1645 Norwood, Warren, Ohio 44485. (58)

Two young biker chicks, short on cash, will send photos showing their bodies. Send \$1.00 for each photo wanted (cash only, please, guys). Kell, P.O. Box 261, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (66)

mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Betty Boop: Where the fuck is your ass? Contact Charlie Brown, Angie, Marylisa now, 1061 East Marypoppins, Apt. B, Harvey, La. (58)

Torque (Mike): Met you at Merles, Eugene, Ore. If that offer you made is still open, please write Debbie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (58)

Biker needs woman for travel, adventure and love. Write to Cary, 8630 Church Rd., St. Louis, Mo. 63147. (58)

How to find sexy, obedient ol' lady. Details 25¢. Suzie, Box 501, Eureka, Calif. 95501. (58)

Sun Shinin': Write to me at 11107 Jones Rd., #10, Houston, Texas 77065 or call (713) 469-7048. Love. Rabbit from the Captain's Den. (58)

Rags, Dragon's M.C., Ohio: Please write me. I need you! Your Redhead, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (58)

Blue and Marvin, wherever you may be: Keep it in the wind and good luck. From The Brotherhood of the Tennessee State Prison. (58)

Wanted: Warm-blooded female who is into bikes and riding, for trans-Canadian trip, east-west and back via U.S. for August on GL 1000. Send pic and qualifications. Paul Irish, 6125, BHI-FASCI, P.O. Box 69-33, Isfahan, Iran. (58)

I'm a guy doing time, and would very much like a chick to drop me a line. Gregory J. Carroll C10481, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (58)

Three great new stickers: "God Rides A Harley"; "Harley Is Best Fuck The Rest"; "Born on a Mountain/Raised in a Cave/Biking and Fuckin' Is all I Crave." Each sticker only \$1 to Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (58)

Wanted: Chick who knows what's happenin' and wants to live together and help me work my bar. Moon, 1203 N. 15th Avenue, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (60)

Charlie: Your angel is waiting to party. As always. A. Fox. (58)

Need Easyriders issues #3 and #20 to complete set. \$2 for complete copy. Paul Olson, 120 N. Willson, Bozeman, Mont. 59715. (58)

Right-Wing newspapers: Be totally informed. Send \$1.00 cash for list to Grim Reaper, Box 159, Worth, Illinois 60482. (58)

If you're into skull jewelry, look into our catalog. You'll find much more for only \$1. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (58)

Orange County, California: Man 30; Flathead 29; Home 25; we need a down-to-earth lady to be complete. Send letter and photo to John, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (59)

Doc: Just remember who'll love ya and stand beside ya for love. Your Kathryn. (58)

Warning—If you value your life as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it. Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 25¢ each or 3 for \$1. Discounts on larger orders. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-22, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (58)

Black T-shirts for the true Harley Rider: "Harley Is Best, Fuck The Rest"; "Harley Riders Eat More Pussy"; "Harley Riders Get More Head"; And some new ones for the ol' lady: "I'm His Because He Gives Good Face"; "I Love To Putt, Suck, and Fuck"; "This Space For Face"; "Harley Riders Wanted, Inquire Within". Printed on black tit-tops for the ol' lady. \$7.00 per shirt to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (58)

Fuji: Happy Birthday. We love you. Darlene and Company. (58)

\$1 puts your name in the hands of firms eager to send you offers, samples, and opportunities. Graig Scott, Box 122, Malden, Mass. 02148. (59)

Bikers! Cash in on your contracts. I'm making over \$435 a week. If you'll work with me and don't fuck it up, we'll both be rich. Don't reply if your smarts are out to lunch. Send \$2 and large self-addressed envelope to CC-Chick, P.O. Box 5621, Fayetteville, N.C. 28303. (58)

Bob "Wildman" Wilder: It's your brother Steve from Fla. Got my pan together, so get in touch! P.O. Box 80, Holder, Fla. 32645. (58)

LARC M19-A BB Submachine Gun for real excitement! You saw this gun in the August 1977 issue of Easyriders—now you can have it for our own. Zero in on a target and watch a stream of BB's literally rip it apart! A revolutionary concept in shooting fun, your M19-A is the first and only fully automatic weapon to be legally offered to the public. Specifications: Length 22" o.a., height 9", width 1.7", weight loaded 5.5 lbs., maximum effective range 50 yards, maximum carrying range 120 yards, cyclic rate over 3000 BB's per minute, power 140z. can of Freon 12 (can shoot 2000 BB's). Shipped prepaid and insured. Send money order for \$33 to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. All orders must include signed testimony that you are over 18 years. Offer void where prohibited. (58)

Two bombshells in Sweden need mail from dudes. Write to Suzi Sellberg, Rommefagen 41, 78100 Borlange, Sweden, and Tina Ekengren, Aspgatan 12, 78100 Borlange, Sweden. (58)

Redwine—love yor ass. Thanks for givin' it all and showin' this outlaw the way home. Wino Wayne. (58)

\$2,000 worth of hash from one kilo of grass. Ordinary weed to "Superweed." Both recipes, \$3.00. Martin, Box 7422, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33704. (58)

Locked up and lonesome. Could dig hearing from sweet ladies from all over. Write Kim A. Ervay #39038-115, 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33101. (56)

Giant black & white photographs, 20" x 24", of your ol' lady, car, bike, favorite nude—any photograph you want enlarged—you name it—anything. All you have to do is send us your snapshot, polaroid, color print, whatever, along with \$7 to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. We will ship all orders within four weeks. (58)

Unusual Books: Weapons, crime, self-defense, police manuals, money-making opportunities, living free, all kinds a good shit! Hundreds of titles! Unique catalog \$1. Loompanics, Box 264-A, Mason, Michigan 48854. (60)

Little chick with big heart for bikes would dig packin' and bein' in the wind. A one-dude chick, not for trade. Interest in mature biker with a lot of miles on him. No phones! Please write and send photos to Dixie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (58)

Attention, ladies: So. Cal. long-hair locked up in Ducksville, lookin' to stroke some lonely chick's feathers with words of affection and tenderness. If you can handle a lonely 35-yr.-old with words of equal value, write to Gene Kaplan 38810, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310. Will answer all and exchange photos. Age ain't shit! (58)

Tattooing Colors: Large variety of beautiful colors that heal fast and extremely bright. Send for free color list to S&W Tattooing, Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (60)

Jeff Seiford: Happy 24th—3/2/78. From your ol' lady, Marcia. (58)

Guaranteed State Photo Identification (Polaroid Process). Official-looking. Send photo, signature, birthdate, etc. Free birth certificate. Rush \$7 (3/\$15). I.D.-EZ48, 934 Dodge, Evanston, Ill. 60022. (58)

Tattoo Course: The best tattoo course for the money. Over 40 pages. \$25. Send money order only to Crazy Luke's Tattoo Shop, 25 Earl St., Shippensburg, Pa. 17257. (58)

Join MMA: Become a Life Member for \$100, join the Family Plan for \$15, or become an Active Member for \$10. Send your name and address to Modified Motorcycle Association, 34 Clyde St., Somerville, Mass. 02145. (69)

Never before available—gigantic Harley-Davidson towel (45x72-inch), bigger and better than a bedsheet. Black logo silk-screened on Harley orange background. Highest quality thick velour. Hundreds of purposes—use as a towel, wall hanging, bike cover, etc. Compare our quality and price—only \$16.50 (postage and handling included)! Send check or money order to Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks delivery. Foreign add \$1.50. Dealers inquiries on letterhead invited. (58)

Harley-Davidson parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list \$2.00. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. 301-699-1849. (58)

Two down bros getting out soon, need some ladies to correspond now and ride high later! Jeff Thesz, Box B-34654 and R. L. McClung, Box B-36406, Arizona State Prison, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (56)

I've got something for you...

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

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

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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

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

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

Well, now you can—in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even *Easyriders* couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published—only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the

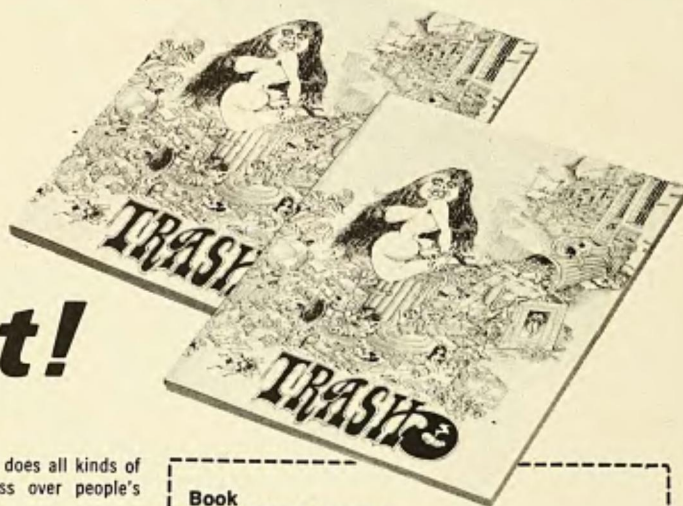
nitty-gritty detail—where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's ads).

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

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to 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

Send me _____ copies of Robinson's book called *Trash*. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

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

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6%

The New Sportster Velvet Ride frame is another way to build a complete chopper with all the same class and dependability of our rigid Jammer chasis. Sure, we know custom plunger frames have been around for awhile, we also know some of them don't work so great. That's why it took us three years to develop one that we would put the Jammer name on. So if you've been wanting the style of rigid and the comfort of suspension - your time has come.

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)



JAMMER FRAMES

Solid, Safe Construction

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame:

You can bolt any year Sportster engine (kick or electric start) into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, seats, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. 279.95

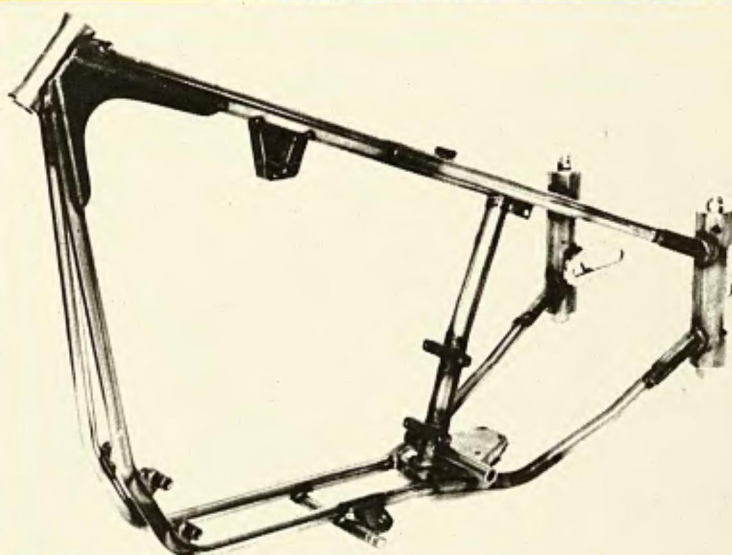
28025

The New Sportster Velvet Ride frame is another way to build a complete chopper with all the same class and dependability of our rigid Jammer chasis. Sure, we know custom plunger frames have been around for awhile, we also know some of them don't work so great. That's why it took us three years to develop one that we would put the Jammer name on. So if you've been wanting the style of rigid and the comfort of suspension in a quality frame - your time has come. (Same as 2802 except with suspension.) \$339.95



2802 Sportster Jammer frame \$279.95

28025 Sportster Jammer Velvet Ride Frame \$339.95



OIL AND GAS TANKS



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

3601 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.2 gallons. High tunnel. Made of steel. 39.95

3604 HD Type Gas Cap. 2.75



36017 Gas Shut Off. HD type. 3/8-inch pipe size. (Will fit stock Sportster tanks.) Has reserve and filter. 10.95



Fuel Line. Braided vinyl, double walled, nylon reinforced. Works well for gas line and oil line. Use 3/8" size for HD oil line.

3606 Per ft. of 5/16". .75

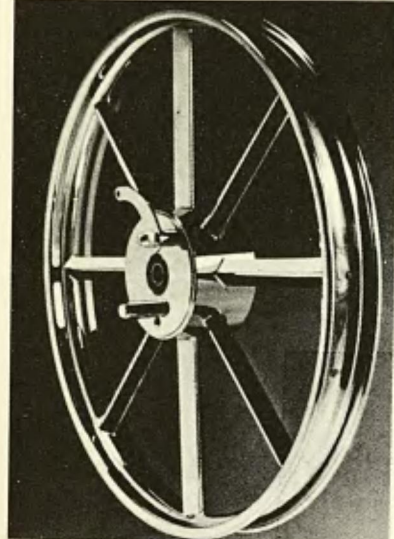
3607 Per ft. of 3/8". .75



37021 Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank. Designed for 12 volt Action Pac or F battery. Fits stock Sportster swingarm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. 84.95

9809 Action Pak Battery. 49.95

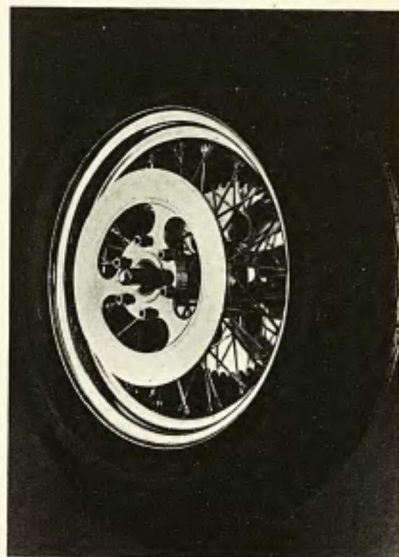
Jammer



Hallcraft's WHEELS

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)

WIRE



GALAXY

FRONT WHEELS UNIVERSAL WIRE WHEELS

Part #	Description	
6803	18" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	284.99
6804	19" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	284.99
6805	21" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	284.99
6809	19" Dual Disc Brake Front Wheel.	434.47
6901	18" Small Brake Front Wheel.	129.95
6902	19" Small Brake Front Wheel.	129.95
6903	21" Small Brake Front Wheel.	129.95
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010	
69016	18" Spool Wheel.	96.65
69017	19" Spool Wheel.	96.65
69018	21" Spool Wheel.	96.65

GALAXY UNIVERSAL SPOKED WHEELS

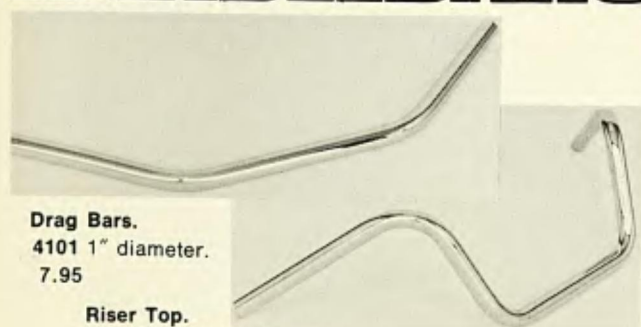
69022	18" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	211.03
69023	19" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	211.03
69024	21" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	211.03
	Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.	

69029	16" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	151.37
69030	19" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	151.37
69031	21" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	151.37
68041	18" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	334.00
68042	19" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	334.00
68043	21" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	334.00

HARLEY-DAVIDSON REAR WHEELS

Part #	Description	
	WIRE	
68012	16" Sportster Rear Disc Brake Wheel Wire Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	427.12
	GALAXY	
68045	16" Sportster Disc Brake Galaxy Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	451.95
68060	16" Sportster Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	204.22

RISERS AND HANDLEBARS



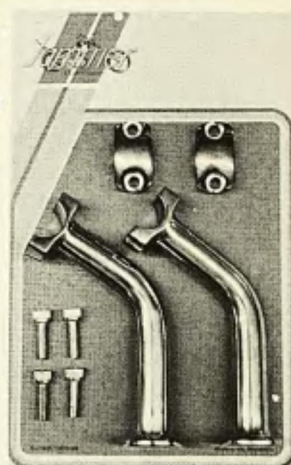
Drag Bars.
4101 1" diameter.
7.95

Riser Top.
4103 1" diameter. 11.95

Comfort Risers

Chromed solid steel, 30 degree bend enables rider to get handlebars back in his lap for maximum riding comfort. Fits 1" bars and may be reduced to 7/8" by use of Jammer reducer sleeves #43015. Bottom drilled for 3/8" x 16" threads.

44018 2 1/4" rise 4 3/4" lateral 24.95



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 Mark on Page 110)

SPRINGER AND PARTS

ALL SPRINGER PARTS ARE
CUSTOM CHROMED.

Narrow Springer.

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

Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
6001	9-inch	Twist
6002	12-inch	Twist
6003	15-inch	Twist
6004	18-inch	Twist
6005	9-inch	Round
6006	12-inch	Round
6007	15-inch	Round
6008	18-inch	Round

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

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



Call **1-800-423-2633**
Toll Free to order by phone,
or to get the name
of your local Jammer Dealer.
CALIF. 213-843-1522
(Mail order blank is on page 110)



CAUTION: No alterations should be made to fork (such as reversing rockers etc.) that will affect the geometry and the handling of the fork.

Don't forget — when ordering a Springer, you will need a triple clamp, crown nut, and top nut.

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

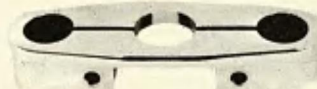
6101 HD 74s	5.95
6102 Sportsters	5.95
6103 45s	5.95
6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier	5.95
6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier	5.95
6106 Honda 750	5.95
6107 Honda 450	5.95
6108 Honda 500	5.95
6109 Universal neck	5.95

D Crown Nuts. For our springer:

61012 HD 74s	7.95 each
61013 Sportsters	9.95 each
61014 45s	9.95 each
61015 BSA, 1970 and earlier	7.95 each
61016 Triumph, 1970 and earlier	7.95 each
61017 Honda 750	7.95 each
61018 Honda 450	7.95 each
61019 Honda 500	7.95 each
61020 Universal neck	9.95 each



B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears. Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. **29.95 each**



C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears. For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2 x 20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. **29.95 each**

AXLES

ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.

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

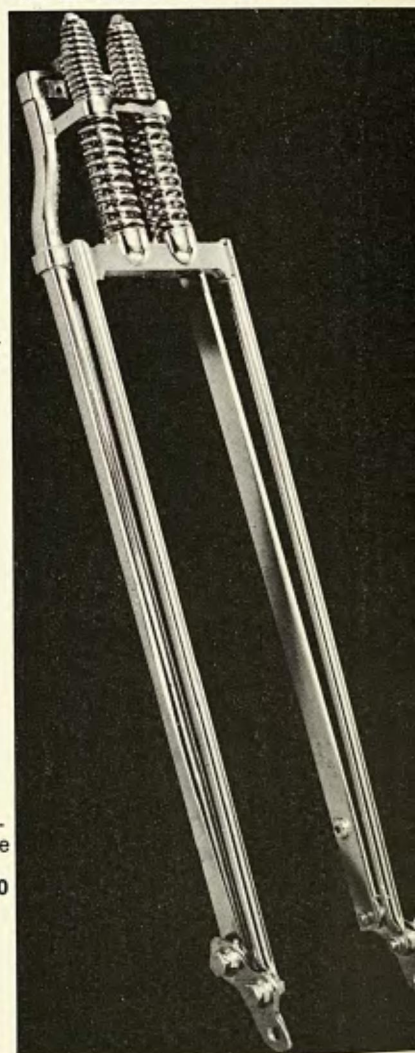
121015 Axle—Widerider Springer. Fits our widerider springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. Spacers included. Chromed. **\$12.50**

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

NEW!

WIDE RIDER



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

SEATS

The Rigid "Baron" NEW!

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes. 31" plate, 12" nose.

115037 Rigid Baron II.
No Back. 56.95

115038 Rigid Baron I.
14" Back. 62.95



The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.

RIGID "TWO PIECE" 14" BACK

(Built-in Sissy Bar)
115036 Square Tufted
Black 64.95

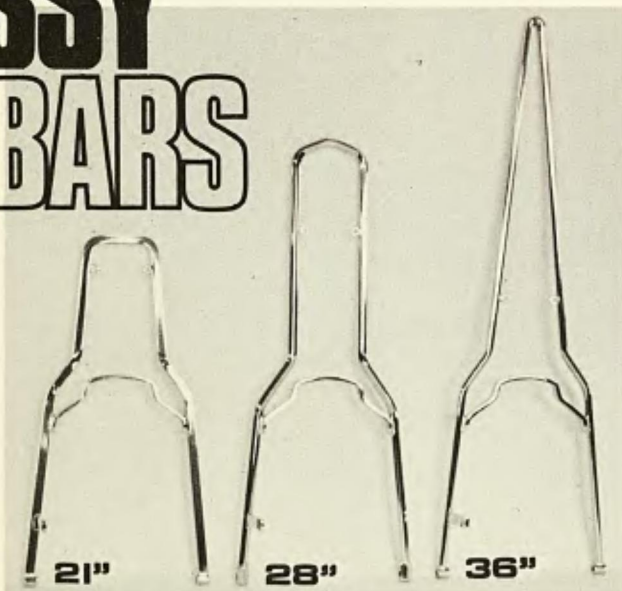


RIGID "TWO PIECE" II

(Hump Seat)
115035 Square Tufted
Black 59.95



SISSY BARS



Rigid Frame Sissy Bars.

Part No.	Length	Type	Price
8301	36"	Twist	49.95
8302	36"	Round	49.95
8303	36"	Hex	49.95
8304	36"	Square	49.95
8309	28"	Twist	49.95
83010	28"	Round	49.95
83011	28"	Hex	49.95
83012	28"	Square	49.95
83013	21"	Hex	47.95
83014	21"	Square	47.95



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

FENDERS

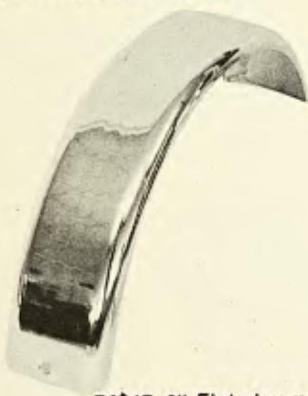


74015 Sportster Style Universal Fender.
Rear fender with no taillight cutaway.
All steel construction. 37.95



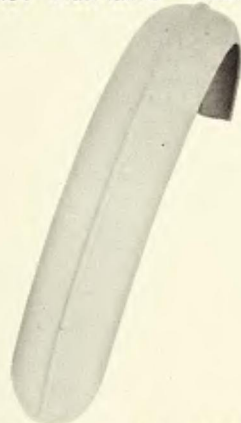
74016 5" Flat chrome fender 21.95

7404 Flat Plain 5" 11.95

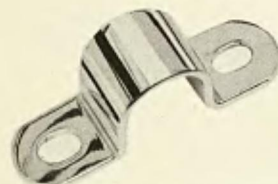


74017 6" Flat chrome fender 22.95

7403 Flat Plain 6" 12.95

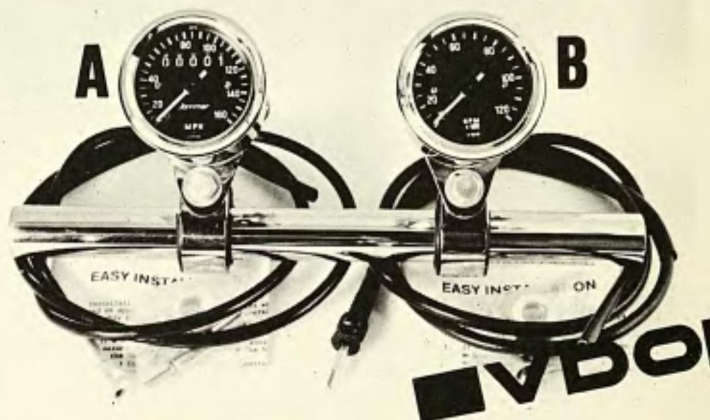


7405 Rib 5" 9.95



74010 "U" Clamp. For rear fender. Can be used for all applications where custom mounted fenders should have maximum strength. Chromed. 2.95 each

SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



A Chopper Speedometer Kit. Accurate to 160 mph. Comes in handy when you're being followed by the you know who. **12702** For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73 54.95

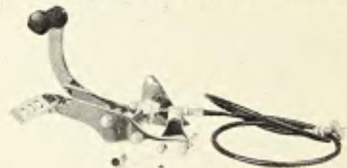
B Chopper Tachometer Kit. Registers to 12,000 rpm. Lighted face measures 2 3/4". Complete kit includes chromed tachometer, cable, rubber dampened handlebar mount and instructions.

12705 For Sportster without magneto 54.95

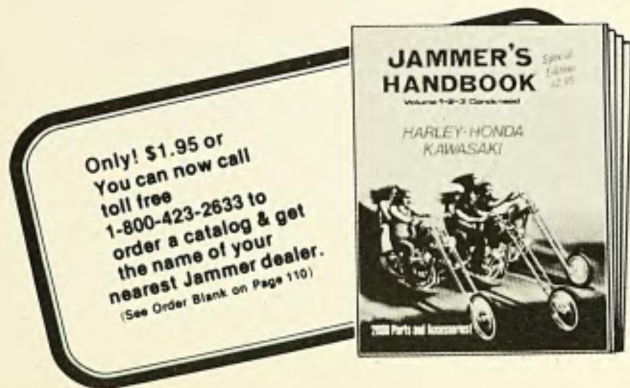
SPORTSTER BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES



14105 Brake Assembly - Sportster
Use our large master cylinder \$69.98



14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes, 1954 - 1974. All Linkage included. \$74.98



Hallcraft Wheels Purchased From Jammer Come With Large Master Cylinder



141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74. All Linkage included. Use Stock Shifter Peg. \$69.98

COLLECTOR PIPES

Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

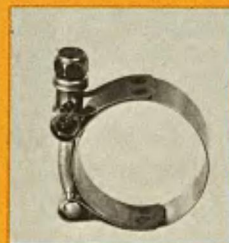
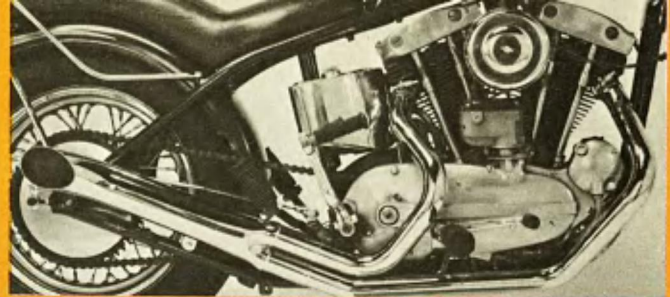
HARLEY DAVIDSON

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

Part No.	Model	Years	Description	Type of Frame	Foot-note	Price
A 151011	Sportster XLCH	57-up	Kick start only	Rigid	1-3 5-6	110.00
D 151023	Sportster XLCH, XLH	57-up	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3 5-6	115.00

Footnotes

- 1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- 2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- 3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- 5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- 6 It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.



Header Clamps. Stainless steel, aircraft quality. For Harley-Davidson 74's and Sportsters.

152017 HD 74, '48-'65 8.95 pair

152018 Sportster, '57 & up 8.95 pair



15406 Hole Pegs with Clamp. Clamp fits all one-inch bars. Sold in pairs only. 10.95 pair

15405 Hole Pegs. Sold in pairs only. 7.95 pair



Kick Stands. Available in two different lengths: Don't forget to allow for your rake.

Sportster Kick Stand. (Fits all years.)

155018	Standard	19.95
15505	Extended	19.95

PEGS AND STANDS



154010 HD Replacement Pegs (Pair). \$14.95

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)

Jammer

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS

Al's Cycle Parts
311 East Dominick Street
Rome, New York 13440
(315) 336-8900

A. L. Choppers
1119 Main St. E
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
(416) 545-5139

Bennie's Cycle Service
3701 South Broadway
Minot, North Dakota 58701
(701) 852-0874

Biker's Custom
7278 Alameda Ave.
El Paso, Texas 79915
(915) 772-4827

Brunswick H. D. Sales
RD 1 Box 34 Route 7
Troy, New York 12180
(518) 279-1145

Custom Cycle Accessories
2960 Westwood Dr. #21
Las Vegas, Nevada 89109
(702) 732-0442

Custom Cycle Parts
9 East 4th Ave.
Emporia, Kansas 66801
(316) 342-2934

D & C Enterprises
725 Pitkin
Grand Junction, CO 81501
(303) 245-0812

Fargo Harley Davidson Sales
590 - 36th Street North
Fargo, North Dakota 58350
(701) 293-7272

G.T. Custom Motorcycles
211 1/2 W. Kennewick Ave.
Kennewick, Washington 99336
(509) 582-5252

H.D. of Youngstown, Inc.
1707 Mahoning Ave.
Youngstown, Ohio 44509
(216) 792-2002

H-D Motorcycles of Washington
14210 N.E. 20th Street
Bellevue, Washington 98007
(206) 746-7070

House of Harley
1204 Chugach Way
Anchorage, Alaska 99503
(907) 272-0423

Legend Motors, Ltd.
5905 Lake Shore Dr.
Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin 54935
(414) 923-0001

Little Canada Choppers
120 W. County Rd. C
St. Paul, Minnesota 55117
(612) 484-7052

Louisiana Jammer Cycle Parts
3517 Paris Rd.
Chalmette, Louisiana 70043
(504) 279-0883

Lynchburg Harley Davidson
AKA Bandits
3235 Odd Fellows Road
Lynchburg, Virginia 24501
(804) 845-5921

M & M Custom M/C Parts
25798 Columbia St.
Hemet, California 92343
(714) 658-8955

Middlesex Cycle
54 Matawan Rd.
Old Bridge, New Jersey 08857
(201) 238-2250

Midway Harley-Davidson, Inc.
3206 Memorial Hwy.
On the Strip
Mandan, North Dakota 58554
(701) 663-2220

Performance Choppers
528 Lancaster Ave.
Reading, Pennsylvania 19602
(215) 372-0254

Physco Chop Shop
RD 5 Balston Avenue
Saratoga Springs, N. Y. 12866
(518) 584-6819

R.K.O. Customs
7290 Boot Jack Hill
Felts Mills, New York 13638
(315) 773-4419

Riggen & Cash Cycle Parts
North Division Street
Cayuga, Indiana 47928
(317) 492-3750

Rocky's Cycle Supply
4014 South Saginaw St.
Burton (Flint), Michigan 48529
(313) 742-5420

Roeder Harley Davidson, Inc.
U.S. RT 20 West
Monroeville, Ohio 44847
(419) 465-2631

Ron's Speed and Custom Cycles
423 Main St.
Chicora, Pennsylvania 16025
(412) 445-2591

Stuart's Chopper Center
4976 B. Parallel Road
Anderson, California 96007
(916) 365-6383

Suffolk Harley Davidson
911 North Main Street
Suffolk, Virginia 23434
(804) 934-1476

Sullivan County
Harley-Davidson
Route #52
Jeffersonville, New York 12748
(914) 482-4575

Sunshine Cycle
2809 Jacksonville Hwy.
Medford, Oregon 97501
(503) 779-3818

2 Wheeler's MC Shop, Inc.
1433 W. 38th Ave.
Denver, Colorado 80211
(303) 433-0564

Victoria Harley-Davidson
1410 North Main St.
Victoria, Texas 77901
(512) 575-7881

Jammer CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Date _____

Name _____ Address _____
(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
(Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Year _____ Make _____ Model _____

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
		Sub Total	

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10 % service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
3. 25 % deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

***Shipping Time:** Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post
☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

Orders: shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Plus tax (California residents add 6 %).

Total

Less 25 % C.O.D. deposit

Balance Due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A number*

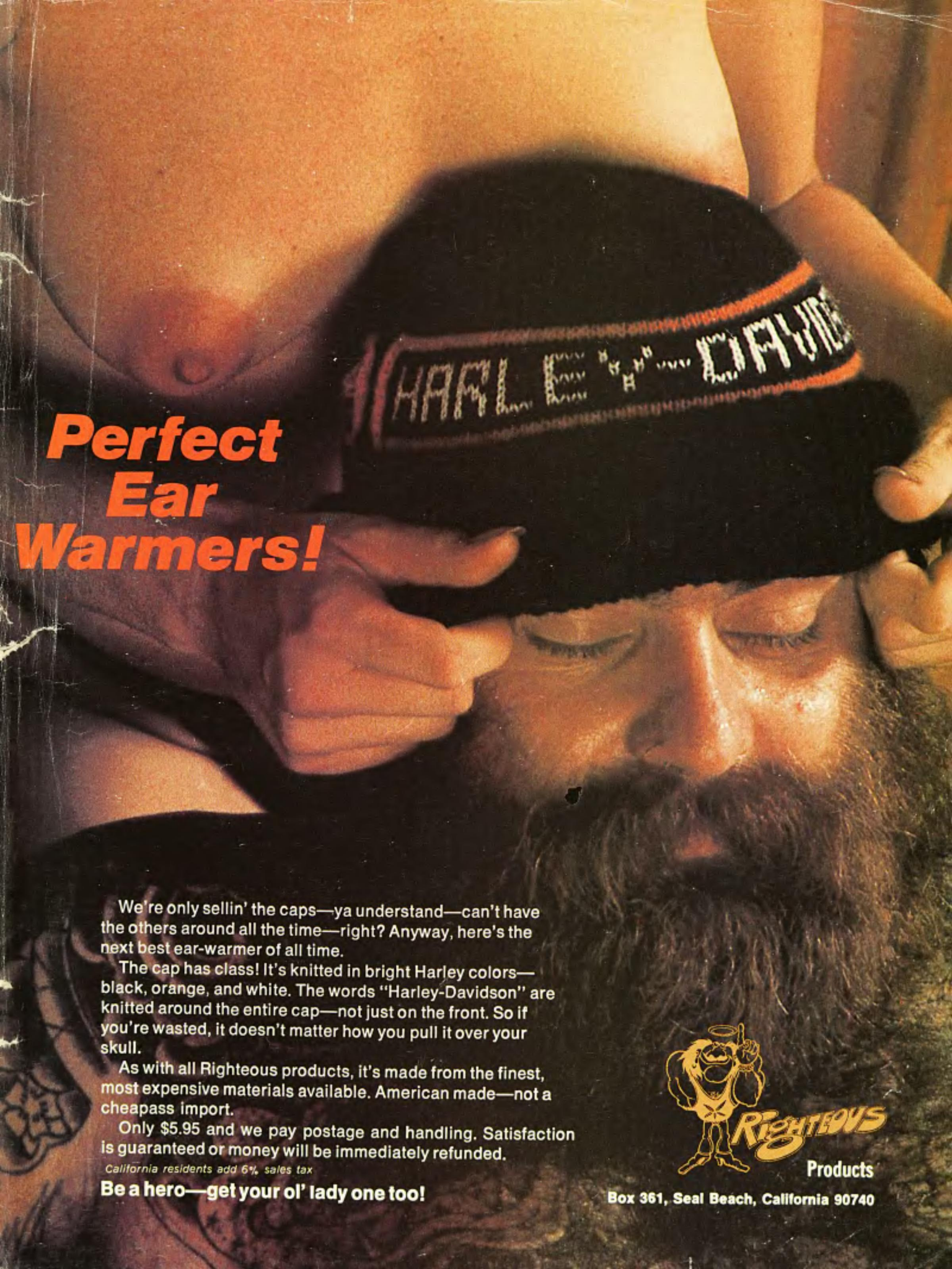
Signed

Expr. Date

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 2/28/78 ☐ CV APRIL ☐ #58 ☐ AE





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.

California residents add 6% sales tax

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Well, bros, Spider 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 heart. You'll dig it—all 224-pages.

Earlyriders



\$195 at the factory, is the low price of the Harley-Davidson Single—a completely equipped, speedy, sturdy motorcycle. And it costs almost nothing to run!

Ride a
HARLEY-DAVIDSON

welcome you to the Sport of a Thousand Trials. Join them for merry evening rides—week-end jaunts to new playgrounds—wonderful vacation tours! Motorcycling is goodfellowship, sport, and transportation combined—and it costs so little! Look over the 1932 Harley-Davidsons at your Dealer's. Ask about his Pay-As-You-Ride Plan. Today!

Mail This Coupon

Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Interested in your motorcycles. Send literature.

Name _____
Address _____
We are in: 1) 18-24 years, 2) 25-34 years, 3) 35-44 years, 4) 45-54 years, 5) 55-64 years, 6) 65-74 years, 7) 75-84 years, 8) 85-94 years, 9) 95-104 years. Check your age group.

ra Baggage

assigned to our officers and held in our custody. It is returned to the owner and is not liable for any loss or damage. It is not to be used for any other purpose.

can cool



the hot evenings you have an

Indian Motocycle

through the country. Come rested and refreshed.

to buy on the partial payment

and extremely economical to operate. 60 to 70 miles to the gallon.

New Low Prices Partial Payment Plan

Ask any INDIAN dealer for a demonstration. Write for free literature.

Address Dept. 37

Hendee Manufacturing Co.
Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer in the World

Springfield, Mass.

U. S. A.

How Which Wind Blows

making today more than ever before a great age for the motorist and only the demand is good.

Motorcycles Give Satisfaction



and in your money with experience and knowledge.
Manufacturing Co.
James Embury, President
COUNTY NEW YORK
for California
Bill & Co.
San Francisco

Wm. H. Whitson
Director for California
EXCELSIOR
Motorcycles
Los Angeles, California
Phone 218-1111

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.