

Easyriders

75p

June, 1978
\$1.25

Eight Wheels on a Harley?

***Handlin' Your
Credit Hassles***

Gun Laws State-By-State

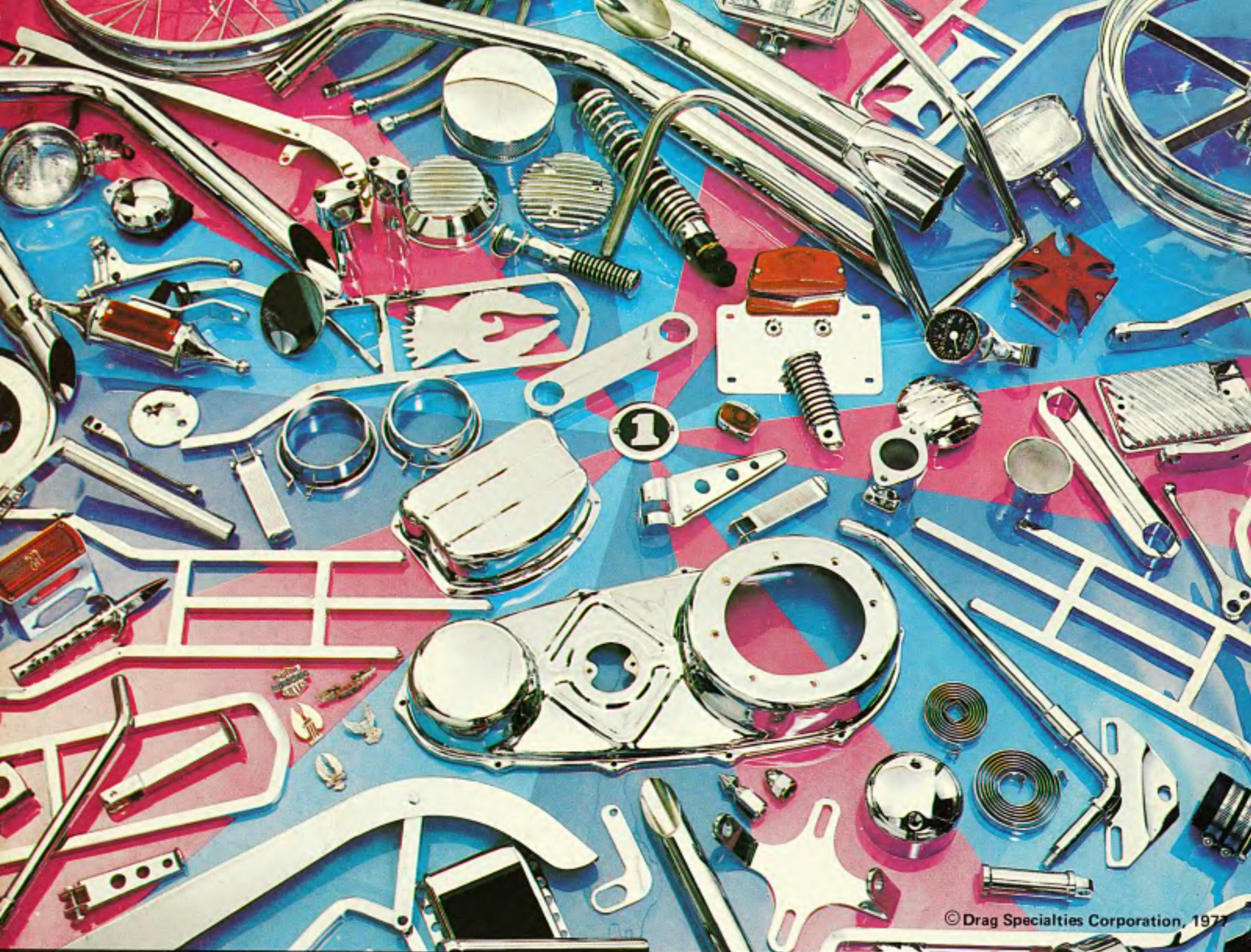
***Writin' Your
Congressman***

***Another Tasty
Crop of Ol' Ladies***

***Lotsa scoots, stories,
and sweeties***



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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.



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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 torques your gourd with some weird news	5
Bitch, love, and hate letters from our readers	6
Interesting excerpts from other biker rags	11
A day in the life of a laid-back biker	12
Solari puts a toy to outrageous uses	14
Almost busted—a story in rhyme	16
A far-out sled with lotsa exotic touches	17
Harley-Davidson® on eight wheels?	23
A rundown of gun laws, state-by-state	24
Ridin' the roads with a free man	26
A cold night can sure give ya the blues	28
Another winner and more foxy ol' ladies	30
This red fatbob is a real beauty	32
Easynews—facts and info for all bikers	39
A stash box of off-the-wall stuff	41
It's over! Space Filler Laserblast!	42
Legal comments in everyday language	44
As usual, Mutha doesn't pull her punches	45
Downtime sounds—record reviews	46
Up to your ass in debt? Read this.	48
In the wind with our great readers	50
A tasty and colorful shovelhead	58
Two old timers shoot the shit	64
The stars and what they have in for ya	66
Locked down bros looking for mail	70
Luscious Linnea romps in the yard	74
Strange ads for and about strange things	99



FTW

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COVER photo of Linnea by Ralph Hampton

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

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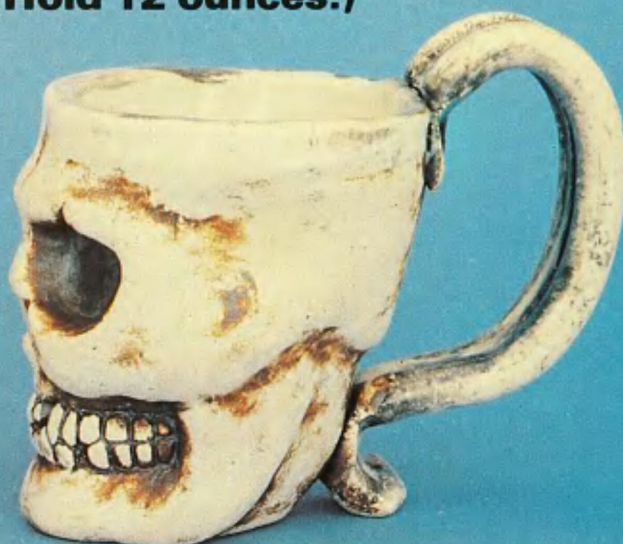
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Get ready for winter

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 motorsickie 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*.

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Turn down that TV set! A dude in California was pickin' his nose, watchin' TV in his motel room. It was a cops and robbers saga with lotsa shootin' and guns firin'—the whole tamale, ya understand. But outside, the real cops were lookin' for a real crook, and when they heard the shots on the TV, they thought they were bein' fired at—and of course they fired back and blasted the TV fan in the gut. (What-dafuck, he made a suspicious movement toward his TV set and we let him have it!)

Tattoo removal: Okay, this dork in Nebraska put his chick's name on his arm. She looked at it and told him to kiss off. He got pissed and decided to erase the tattoo—fuck her, I'll teach her a thing or two. So he goes out and shoots it off—with a fuckin' 12-gauge shotgun! He got rid of the tattoo all right, but he also took care of a few tendons and muscles along with it. But hell, he ain't gonna have her rotten name hangin' on him.

If your ol' lady tries to serve ya fried armadillo meat, be wary, 'cause it's been discovered that ya can get leprosy from scarfin' it. (Now how do ya tell if it's armadillo meat or not?)

Police down Mexico way make a practice of posin' for photos after they capture a desperado, and to make it look authentic they even give the crook an empty gun to pose with in the photo. So they give this dude a gun after dry firin' it a couple of times to make sure it's empty. Well, while posin', the dude fired the gun and snuffed a cop. (The gunman felt so bad about it, they say, he tried to hang himself—or somethin' like that.)

Here's a switch. This nerd sticks up a liquor store and—now get this—tells the owner to call the SWAT squad and tell them he wants to be shot in the head—"a clean

shot in the head or you're all dead." Well, police bein' party poopers, they shot him in the shoulder. Shit, they never do what ya want.

Now I may not have this exactly right, 'cause I heard it on the radio—but it went something like this: A woman is suing a driver's education school for negligence because the teacher didn't reach over and switch off the ignition or step on the brake, or do anything other than what he did—which was grab the dash with both hands (as she piled into another car) and scream, "Now you've done it!" (It was her ol' man's car.)

Some news to make your day complete: The United Nations International Narcotics Control Board in Geneva has issued another worldwide warning about killer weed. Now get this into your head, dummy—here's what they want you to know: "Marijuana is far from being a harmless substance" and the misuse of grass is "massive and may be still increasing." (Ya gotta give 'em A for effort, right?)

All right—so there's snow outside. This dude hauls his scoot indoors. After a while he decides to fire it up "just to see if it'll run." While he's rappin', whappin', zappin', and generally cleanin' the engine out, the neighbor in the next apartment gets pissed off at bein' waked up at 3:00 a.m., jumps outta bed, goes next door, and fires a .22 slug through the biker's stomach. Whatta sorehead.

If you have a beard or long hair, you know there's people like this, but anyway, did ya read about the father who blew away his 17-year-old son just because he started wearin' his hair long? Didn't talk to the kid for four years and wouldn't eat at the same table with him—just because of the long hair. (Musta been a former Marine DI.)

Need a defense? Well, remember this one. A man in Des Moines had drunk driving charges dismissed against him when the judge ruled he was too drunk to have consented to a blood alcohol test that proved him drunk. The consent to the test was not valid because he was too drunk to understand his right to refuse the procedure! (Catch 22?) ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Guts for Brains?

□ John Gottberg, who said you have "offal" in the cerebrum, has a little shit in his, too. Offal is not shit—it's innards. You know—like when ya gut a rabbit and leave all that mess on the ground.

Lo Rider's Ol' Lady
Mudville, Mich.

■ Oh—that's better.

Earlyriders

□ Spider, the stupendous high produced by **Earlyriders** was enough to make worthwhile all the years it took to get it together. And for us who put out prison incentive pay on it, that 90 days of picking cotton was semi-worth it. Hey, you done all your brothers right.

Bleu
Louisiana State Pen

Women Bikers

□ I am 5 ft. 4 and barely over 100 lbs. I ride a 650 chopped Trumpet which weighs around 400 lbs. and I can handle bigger bikes. I hope to buy a Harley soon. Biking isn't brawn, like men would like us to believe—it's balance and skill. Any woman can ride any bike she pleases. Besides, the size/weight of a bike isn't the problem when it comes to women bikers. (Note I said **women bikers**—not chicks, broads, dames, ol' ladies, girls.) The problem is magazines like **Easyriders** that degrade and exploit women horribly.

If you guys only knew how harmful your attitudes really are and how much they hurt women and suppress their capabilities—such as riding their own scoots. How sad that you try to deny the thrill and freedom found in biking. How selfish and inconsiderate and typically male. How insecure you people must be.

Women are changing fast

—as is the world. And we're not going to sit around and be treated like shit by some slimy old biker anymore. We're going to get our own scoots and fly blissfully away. I've done it and so will others. Besides, men of quality are not threatened by women of equality. **They** want their women riding beside them—not behind.

Kristina Gronquist
Minneapolis, Minn.

■ Gimme a kiss.

□ My daddy and all my uncles were bike tramps—I was raised with partying and riding. Since I was the only tomboy of four girls (and no boys) in our family, Dad naturally raised me as a boy. On my tenth birthday I got my first shotgun and on my fifteenth I got my first bike.

Now I'm twenty and I'm building (all by my little ol' self) my own custom Sporty. I can shoot, ride, and fight alongside the best of 'em. But I'm **not** a women's liber, a dyke, or anything like that. I got an ol' man and I pack behind him as often as I ride beside him. He can count on me in a fight and I'm still all woman when we get to bed. I don't try to act like a man—shit, I'm happy being female. But I got bikes in my blood. It's my fuckin' life, man.

Little Fox
Berkeley, Calif.

Why, Why, Why?

□ Why the fuck don't you print any letters from West Virginia?

Fred
Fairmont, West Va.

■ I dunno.

Male Call

□ I wanta thank ya all for runnin' the "Male Call" section. I wrote to a bro in prison after seeing his name in the column. We started

writin' steady almost two years ago, finally met, and are to be married this summer.

Fawn
Salida, Colo.

Don't Get It

□ I dig your rag but I tried to read one of your stories and it started off with the word "dilapidated" so I started on another one. Just thought I'd let you know my education and your rag don't get it.

Mickey
Saluda, N.C.

Wants Results

□ In your Feb. '78 rag ya did a thing on Roger Lyons gettin' wasted by the pigs. Ya said you'd let us tramps know the facts as they come down. Whatdafuck happened? Did the pigs cop any beef or what? Ya gotta keep your readers informed.

Stoned Free
Fullerton, Calif.

■ Details in next issue.

Special Ol' Lady

□ Duncan Earl, Jr., has really got his shit together. I was reading "A Very Special Ol' Lady" in your February issue, and let me tell you that fuckin' story was the best ya ever put in your rag.

Dan
Montreal, Canada

Half-Cocked

□ It wasn't enough to start wasting pages on some kiss-my-asstrology and lame record and movie reviews. You had to drop one of your best features—the gun nut reports. Shit. Get it back, why don't ya, before ya go off half-cocked.

Magnum Load
Tallahassee, Fla.

Pit Bulls

□ First off, I dig the shit out of your magazine. It's the

only bike book that captures the **spirit** of biking. We never miss an issue. Sometimes your fiction leaves a little to be desired and your chauvinistic attitude toward women sucks, but I'll give ya that.

But why do you use a suckass dog like a doberman in your advertisement? If you want a dog that's a **real** fighter, get an American Staffordshire terrier, commonly known as a pit bull. I raise these dogs and I'd put a pit up against a doberman any day. If you know anything at all about dogs, you'll know the reason I say that. Pits are bred (and have been since the 1700s) for one thing: fighting. Their jaws possess such fierce biting and holding power that when they get a grip the only way to break it is to choke the dog till it passes out.

I have nothing against dobermans. Nice dogs—but generally gutless when it comes down to it. I know.

Gayle Thorne
Imperial Beach, Calif.

■ The owner of the doberman also has pit bulls—so watch it!

A Hoax?

□ I was going through your February rag today, noticing that it was fairly good. Anyway, I was checkin' out "In The Wind," and on p. 53 there's a dude who looks just like Ronnie Van Zant from Lynyrd Skynyrd. You don't suppose that plane crash was just a fuckin' hoax, do you?

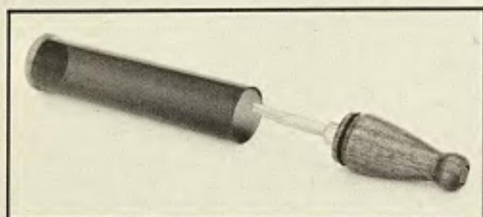
Toad
Redding, Calif.

■ Wish it were.

No Help

□ Just a word to all those helmet lovers out there. In '75 I went down in a slide area at 95 mph—fucked up a good set of leathers and

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.

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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
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never put a scratch on my \$12, dime-store bucket. So how come there ain't a leathers law?

No Name
Monroe, Wash.

What's Going On?

I've been reading your rag since the first issue and thought I could understand everything. But in your March '78 issue there's a letter from a dude who says he's a novice biker from Tampa, Florida, and he wants to know what ABATE is and asks who is Sonny Barger.

Is this guy for real? Shit—what is Fred and who is Tampa, Florida?

Custer
Schenectady, N.Y.

Swap Meets

Hey, you motherfuckers, what a hell-raisin' time we had at the swap meet in Atlanta, Georgia. Thanks for the good time and let's have more swap meets down here in the South. We're lookin' forward to the one in Nashville this weekend.

Dog Breath, Dick Nose,
and the Kotex Kids
Atlanta, Ga.

Thought I'd drop a line and let you fuckers know how much I got off on your Memphis swap meet. There was plenty of brew and plenty of butt walkin' around. Keep up the first-class work.

Glen
Memphis, Tenn.

Norwegian Chicks

We're two freaky chicks from Norway who want to write to two of you guys. We dig motorcycles—especially choppers. Chick A: 18 years old, blonde hair, smashing figure, 165 cm tall. Chick B: 18 years old, dark hair, good-lookin' figure, 165 cm tall.

It doesn't matter if you're in jail or not. We're maybe comin' to the U.S. in the summer of '79, to California. We'd dig hearin' from ya—we dig you all.

(Maja) Mariann Petersen, Sigridsuei 2, 4600 Ke.Sand-S., Norway. (Wildcat) May-Britt Johansen, Hollendergt-3D, 4600 Kr.Sand-S., Norway.

■ Okay, men—have at 'em.

Bad Day

What's fucked up is being in the hole in the joint and borrowing a bro's brand-new copy of **Easyriders** and then spilling milk all over the last thirty pages. But it's even more fucked up not noticing until the milk dried and all the pages were stuck together. Believe me, I know.

H. H.
San Pedro, Calif.

Comeback

In reference to the letter in the February issue of your rag from the Rhinestone Cowboy about the earring in his left ear, I can only say that I've had an earring in my left ear for over ten years and, as my lady can attest, I'm anything but a fag.

I wear a gold loop, and a good comeback I use (if one is needed) is that it's where I hang my trouble light when I'm working on my scoot. It works and shuts 'em up.

Gypsy
T-burg, N.Y.

Harley Prices

Everybody worries about helmet laws so fuckin' much—why in hell don't somebody do something to keep down the price of Harley parts? How much metal or chrome does it take to make this stuff? Somebody's gettin' richer and richer.

Fuck the noise about Harleys being limited production. My ol' lady's pussy is limited production and it don't cost me a cent. A helmet don't cost nothin' compared with the price you pay to wear one, and machine shops are even worse.

Rick Murray
Bladensburg, Md.

Biker in Italy

Check this out: Here I am stationed in Vicenza, Italy, and one day I just happened to peer in the front window of a small bookstore and what do you think they had right up front? A copy of **Best Biker Fiction!** Just blew my fuckin' mind—suddenly I wasn't homesick anymore.

All my bros went back to the store in hopes of scoring a copy, but the lady there doesn't seem to know where the book came from. I got

the only copy she had and there's now about 37 guys waiting to read it.

The Jizz
U.S. Army, Italy

Dan McGrew

Have been reading your rag since the first issue but I don't believe I've ever run across a bit finer than "Th' Wastin' of Dan McGrew" (April '78). A slight bit of the irony in Robert Service's original poem might have been lost, but not damn much. A great parody, righteously done.

Each issue of **Easyriders** is joyously received here at work—which may or may not indicate that us computer-pushers ain't all bad.

Mother Nature
Wichita, Kan.

Dear Easyriders

I am 20 years old and subscribe to this magazine. My boyfriend owns a '74 Sportster, stock.

The reason I'm writing this to you is to urge that you people stop the pornography in your magazine. Don't get me wrong—I dig the rest of **Easyriders**. I just think it's about time we take a serious look at this trash.

The Lord says sex should be a beautiful union between a man and his wife. It should be a private trust—ing and giving experience between two willing participants, not be exploited. Pornography can lead to crime or cause unnecessary confusion in our children's minds. So let's take some steps to get it off the streets and put sex back in the bedroom where it belongs.

Pornography **has** to be stopped!

B. Blattman
Hubbard, Ohio

Hip Postman

You ready for this? This morning I go out and meet the uniformed messenger with the daily bills and I ask the fucker when he's gonna bring me some decent mail. Well, this mother-fucker looks at me through these beady, bloodshot eyes and says, "Like your **Easyriders**?"

So that's why it takes so long to get the damned things! They sit down there at the post office readin'

IT'S HERE!

PRICE
REFUNDABLE
(See Page 155)

DELL 04360/\$2.25

JAMMER'S HANDBOOK

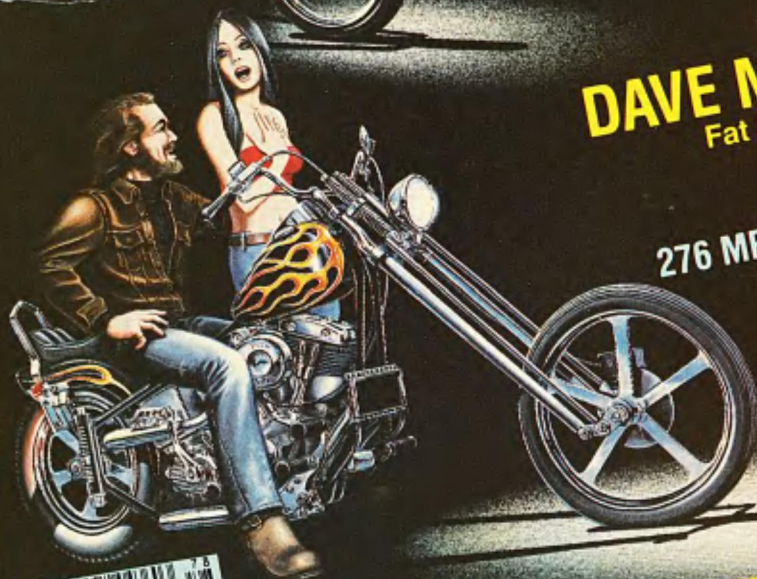
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Contents

SOME THINGS CHANGE... SOME
DON'T... 1
STOCKING AUTHORIZED
JAMMER DEALERS 2
JAMMER TRAINER 3
HOW TO DETERMINE THE LOOK
YOU WANT 4
THE LATE WHEEL ON FRONT
END LENGTHS 5
HOW TO INSTALL A JAMMER
SPRINGER 6
JAMMER SPRINGERS 7
SPRINGER PARTS 8
A GUIDE TO CHOOSING
AN AXLE 9
THE RIGHT WAY TO INSTALL A
BRAKE 10
GARDENS 11
HORN TUBES 12
CARBLES & HOSES 13
EARLY MODELS SPARE PARTS 14
CHROME OR OTHER COATINGS 15
EXHAUST PIPES 16
TUBES 17
NEW JAMMER WHEELS 18
DAVE MANN FAT BOB 19
WIRE WHEELS & TUBES 20
RIMS, SPOKES & TUBES 21
TEST RIDE 22
TENDERS & CHAIRS 23

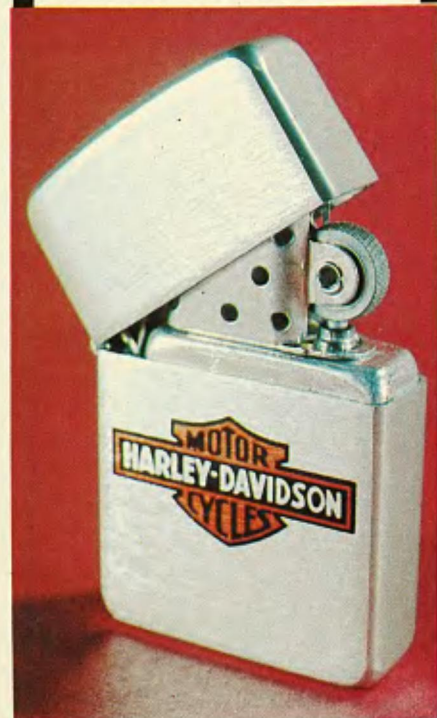
CAR TANKS 24
OIL TANKS 25
BLUE VELVET 26
DAVE MANN FAT BOB 27
HANDLES, BARS &
CONTROLS 28
WHEELS 29
GASOLIN 30
SEATS 31
BRAKE & WHEEL ASSEMBLIES 32
BRAKE PARTS 33
EART THE MIDDLE OUT OF
WHEELS 34
LIGHTS, SWITCHES &
ELECTRICS 35
DAVE MANN FAT BOB 36
CHROME COVERS 37
LAST PART 38
CHROME DECORATIVE
HANDLES 39
STAYERS 40
DAVE MANN FAT BOB 41
PEGS, PEDALS & STANDS 42
JAMMER SEAT BARS 43
THE JAMMER 44
ENGINE & DRIVE TRAIN 45
RIGGING, BAGS, GLOVES &
OTHER STUFF 46
PANEL, HEADLAMP & DECALS 47
CHROME BLENDS 48
TUBES & POLYURETHANE 49
INDEX OF PARTS 50

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Box 29

Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%

'em before I get 'em!
The Duke
Vice-Pres., V.C.C.F.
Montrose, Calif.

A Compliment?

□ I can read your shit because it's in plain language and you sound like people instead of some bullshit like high school grads.

John Thornton
Canandaigua, N.Y.

■ Ah, thanks a lot, John.

Gettin' Loose

□ My ol' lady never liked your rag from the beginning, but that doesn't matter now—I finally got rid of her. Now I can build a sled and live a lot looser.

R. Esau
Lancaster, Calif.

Biker of Arabia

□ Got a letter in the mail today with a decal from **Easyriders** in it. I just wanted to thank you for that—just a touch of the real world and life here in Saudi Arabia. You guys got a lotta style. (Did I tell ya that a pal of mine sent me a copy of **Easyriders** and Saudi customs seized it?)

Robert of Arabia

Better Late Than ...

□ Hey, I know it's late, but whatdafuck, I wanna wish everybody at **Easyriders** a happy fuckin' shit-kickin' New Year.

Tank
New York, N.Y.

Wants T-Shirt

□ I want to get some of the T-shirts that were worn by the Outlaws in the biker's funeral covered in the February issue of **Easyriders**. The T-shirt I'd like is lying on the coffin of the dead Outlaw.

Bernie Gallagher
Allentown, Pa.

■ Write to Milwaukee Riders Assn., P.O. Box 401, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53110.

Fringe Benefit

□ Somehow I recently found myself engaged to be married. One fine day I came into the pad with a new copy of **Easyriders** and began to scan it. My ex-betrothed said that if I read such trash the wedding was off. I got

things back into perspective real fast—thanks for being there when I needed ya.

Jim
Effie, Minn.

Logical Standpoint

□ Your feature "A Logical Standpoint," by Hog Jaws Hamilton (March '78), is the fuckin' real truth. I ride a dresser (fully dressed), and people (assholes who don't ride Harleys) always think it's a pig bike and I have no hassle. That article is on the money.

Doe Boy
Chicago, Ill.

No 45s

□ If God rides a Harley, you know He sure as hell reads **Easyriders** and is probably pissed off, 'cause He ain't seein' no 45s in the rag.

Now I know you people need somebody else in your shit about like a Harley rider needs Honda parts—but ya **could** do more features on 45s.

"45" Chuck
Yakfuck, Ark.

Memorandum

□ Thanks for the great raisin pie. It was the best I've had since 1942. And thanks for the concern the boys around the Reich have for me. I'm still kickin' and ridin'. Martin Bormann bought me a Harley last Christmas and it's more fun than a goddam panzer. Again, many thanks.

Adolf Hitler
Der Fuhrer
The Bunker
Berlin, Argentina

Rules

□ "How to Live with a Biker" (Jan. '78) was a humorous look at the facts of life with a real man. The only thing wrong was the author's washing his jeans. She should know it's a mortal sin to wash these greasy, come-crusted crotch-rotters. I found out that anyone who sneaks them off to the laundry room will be choked. Every time I washed my ol' man's, he got a new pair and threw out the clean ones. It fucks them up when you wash them and they're never the same after that. One more thing—don't ever leave them outside to air out. They could get ripped off, ya know.

Jeanie Williams
San Diego, Calif.

Old Timer

□ Hey, how old is Harley-Davidson, anyway? Check out this description of H-D: "A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth . . . The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen, so shall they run. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap . . . The earth shall quake before them. (Joel 2:1-10)

Bill
Long Beach, Calif.

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. ■

Easyriders

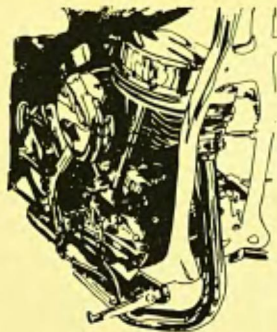


FORNICATE
YOU



"These damned Biblical students are a pain in the ass!"

Biker's



Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Slaves to safety . . .

We speak of freedom but we are slaves to safety. We want a safe job, a safe car, a safe place to raise the kids. But the life of a free man is not safe. Life for him is a gamble. And when you gamble, you must be willing to lose, though you always hope to win.

There is plenty of safety in the Soviet Union—safety for those who dim their personal fires, who break no rules, who ask no questions—and there is a price on it. They trade their freedom for security.

Freedom is a burden, a danger, and a risk. So perhaps many think it is a reasonable trade. But without freedom, life is a heartbreaking grayness, flat and empty.

Motorcycles in many small ways are symbols of freedom and individual expression.

—Anthony Ripley
Road Rider

Interesting statistics . . .

An excellent article in *Medical Times*, a magazine for doctors.

The author, Richard D. Meyer, M.D., is a regional medical director for the AMA; he knows about medicine and about motorcycles.

Also he knows about the games one can play with figures. The article is advice to doctors, about treating motorcycle-related injuries. In it, Dr. Meyers shows a graph, illustrating fatalities per 10,000 registrations, from 1963 to 1975.

Interesting. In 1963, the rate was about 10 deaths per 10,000 registrations for motorcycles, and a fraction over 4:10,000 for cars. Both increased a fraction in 1965-'66 and both have decreased since. The 1975 rate for cars was approximately 2.5. For bikes, 3.5. In short, the death-per-motorcycle rate now is lower than the rate for cars 15 years ago. Roads are getting safer, riders and drivers may be improving, the machines are better . . . the reasons continue to be argued. But you can say that by one statistical measure, rid-

ing a motorcycle is as safe now as driving a car was in 1963.

—Cycle World

DOT's "facts" . . .

The AMA has reacted to what it terms "biased, shallow and premature statistics" being used by the federal Department of Transportation (DOT).

The DOT's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) is circulating a document entitled "The Effects of Helmet Law Repeal on Motorcycle Fatalities." First released more than a year ago, the study purports to examine six states which supplied motorcycle fatality data for a six-month period following the recent wave of helmet law repeals by state legislatures.

The report alleges a 20 percent increase in fatalities since mandatory helmet repeal. A second report, released by NHTSA last September, claimed to identify an increase in fatalities of 18.9 percent in states without helmet laws.

However, both reports contained a disclaimer warning readers not to make final interpretations from the figures. In the initial report, the final paragraph stated that the results were not "conclusive evidence that an increase in fatalities actually resulted from repeal or weakening of helmet laws."

"We find both reports premature in judgment and shallow in analysis," commented AMA Legislative Analyst Gary Winn. "The NHTSA reports draw no parallel between fatalities and number of registrations, nor, more important, between fatalities and number of accidents. NHTSA merely states that fatalities have increased. Yet, the NHTSA makes no effort in its reports even to address the question of whether or not the fatally injured riders were wearing helmets."

—American Motorcyclist

Cops and bikes . . .

There was a time when motorcyclists regarded police with suspicion. After all, stories of inadvertent or intended police harassment abounded — often stemming from a mutual lack of understanding by law enforcers and cyclists.

Each group has tended to accept the "bad press" about the other. It seems police have been subject to the same kind of stereotyping that's made the negative motorcycling image so hard to dislodge. Many cyclists have assumed police (at least non-"motormen" officers) are basically anti-motorcycle.

Right now, police groups all over the country are leading the way toward improved safety and appreciation of motorcycling. The International Association of Chiefs of Police (IACP) joined MSF this year in co-sponsoring two "promotorcycle safety" television public service announcements.

Motorists become more aware of motorcyclists on the streets and highways. The fact that police are sponsoring courses also adds credibility to the concept of motorcycle rider education and makes motorists view cycling as a legitimate activity. The result could be an added appreciation for the rights of cyclists to the road.

Police programs run through individual departments are not the only way law enforcement officers are involved in motorcycling safety. More than 3,000 policemen belong to an international enthusiast club called the Blue Knights. One purpose of the club is to improve the image of cycling.

Police organizations, departments, and individual officers regard motorcycle safety and education as an important part of their responsibility. Supported by equally committed motorcycle dealers, the police can go a long way toward erasing the negatives about motorcycling and providing a real service to their communities.

—Dealer News

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



Work wasn't all that bad, what with Gunny's electric wine (eight hits of orange sunshine in a quart of Red Mountain, split five ways) and the smoke Magoo brought. But then, workin' on a crew with four bros ain't too bad even when you're straight.

Straight. That's somethin' I ain't right now—just grinnin' into the wind, lettin' the Bitch pick her own way home. Bitch—that's the name of my eighty-incher. The sky is a really nice blue, and the water on the road makes it a shade of blue too. The nice blue sky merges with the blue of the road here and there, and—whooooee, what if I miss a turn and ride the nice blue road right up into the nice blue sky? I grab a little more throttle and the Bitch bucks. Go, Bitch!

Uh-oh—gotta ease off, my street's comin' up. I'll be glad to get my mug off the main drag. Every time a citizen looks at me, my grin feels like a neon sign. Well—look at the head on that mutha . . . what you starin' at, buck? Ah, my street—a dead-end. A quarter mile to the only three houses, and all mine.

Well, not really *all mine*. I rent the house in the middle. A citizen chick (school teacher, nurse?) lives on one side, and Angel has the house on the other. Now this citizen chick ain't a bad broad. She comes and asks for some oil one night, then says, "Oh my, there's been a misunderstanding, I meant cooking

oil." Jeez—cookin' oil, imagine that. Fuck.

Well, needless to say, we ain't tight—she goes her way, I go mine. But she's cool, and never calls the heat down on us when the bros show up to party. Gunny keeps invitin' her over, but she usually has some place to go. Busy chick.

On the other hand, there's Angel. If ever a chick had a perfect name, it's Angel. She shows up at all the parties and stays straight enough to cure everybody's hangover the next day. She's even made a point of learnin' all the remedies the bros use, kinda like a den mother. She's got a lotta class, and has got down with two or three of the bros, but now seems to have singled me out. I spent the night with her once, and now we're together most of the time. She's almost always the one to cook my breakfast when I'm eatin' and not just drinkin'—sometimes even when there's strange leg around the house.

Anyhow, you can see why I call it my street.

I know some bros who work for the city, and they keep the street as smooth as a baby's butt. All in all, it's a skid. Speakin' of skids, that's part of the "my street" trip.

See, I can get the Bitch up to 90 mph, and then clamp on the binders—I skid past Angel's house, up my sidewalk, up the ramp onto the front porch, and to within a cunt hair of the

front door. I don't mind tellin' ya that it took more than one try, one front door, one front end, to get it down—it's a buzz.

Maybe I oughta patent the process. But I don't want just anybody slidin' up to my front door, ya know? It's scared the shit outta some folks I've packed home—even Angel, and she's been through it a dozen times.

It may be tricky today—what with my head bent and the wet road—but I grab the throttle—the Bitch is in top form. Great gawd, I'm flyin'. Oh fuck a duck—a little late on the binders. Glad there's no fence there! Yaafuckinhoo!—right through the doorway for a beautiful brodie against the couch!

I don't remember leavin' the front door open. Oh well, it saved my putt, not to mention my butt—shit, I'm a poet today too. Never cease to amaze myself.

The Bitch is runnin' goooooo today, like she's in heat. It must be all the oxygen the rain left in the air, or maybe Gunny dosed her with some of the electric wine, too. Just sittin' back, eyes closed, with my wrist in convulsions, diggin' it.

Ah, the smells of home—sweet exhaust, oil, stale beer, bacon, piss, mold . . . Hold it! Wait just a motherfuckin' minute! Bacon? Better investigate, might be an emergency.

Shut the Bitch down, lean her over, throw somethin' down to

—Continued on page 82

SHE WAS AN IDEAL WOMAN...ALMOST

THE OL' LADY



WYNDY



An Important Discovery

By J. J. Solari

Easyriders
P.O. Box 52
Malibu, Calif. 90265

Gentlemen:

I have stopped work on the turding piece you wanted. I have come across a toy called Slime, and I will be unable to return to my regular work until I am through with this new stuff. This Slime substance has captured all my attention. I didn't think anything could take my mind off the turding piece, but this Slime has done it. I realize that you have been waiting for the turding piece for a long time. But what I have discovered about Slime is so much more important, I sincerely hope you will say, "Postpone the turding piece, by all means. We will scrape along without it a bit longer. It is our way. We are accustomed to difficulties. If you have something somehow more forceful, then set aside the turding piece. To hell with the rules. This must be big for you to feel this way. We will put someone else on the turding."

Hey. I don't want anyone else on the turding. What's all this crap about putting someone else on the damned turding? The turding piece was my piece, not somebody else's. I want to do the turding piece myself. But, unfortunately, I can't do it right now. I hope that's all right.

I hope you'll say, "Do the turding piece some other

I have already explained this. I think you'll know why I'm so confused when I explain about the Slime.

I don't know if you know what Slime is. Do you know what Slime is? I don't know if you're nodding your head yes, or shaking your head no, so I suppose I'll have to say what Slime is. Slime is a toy that comes in a little plastic garbage can and is a blob of some sort of green goo that looks and feels like a big booger. You dump this stuff out and it's like you've got some gross snotball in your hand. It's cold and goeey, and it just sits there in your hand for a minute, and then it begins to flatten out and drip down through your fingers like some dead jellyfungus slug. You take your other hand and gather it up again and dump it back into your palm, and soon it starts to go dead on you all over again and starts to drip.

I spent an hour and a half just doin' that with it before I even got around to the heavier shit—like lettin' it run down my arm like I just got attacked by some horrible space monster.

Well, eventually I got tired of doin' that, and I dumped it back into the little garbage can. But it kinda got hung up on the rim 'cause it had spread into a bigger wad than the

opening, so I let it sit there for a second while it altered shape, then I gave it a helpful push with two fingers. It slopped on in, but it made this grade-A fart noise at the same time from the air squeezin' out around its gooey sides. I then repeated this a thousand times.

I guess I duplicated pretty close to every type of fart a human being, or a galloping steer for that matter, can do. Bubblers, raspers, whistlers, gurglers, wetters, hissers, screamers—they all sounded so real that I called some phone operators and asked them if they could identify this sound. I then did some Slime-farts for them, and without exception they all hung up after only two or three. So take my word for it, they don't sound "sorta like," or "kinda, in a way" like a fart. They sound like a fart.

Well, after a few more hours of making fart noises, I finally got tired even of that, and sighing a big sigh of sad boredom, I dumped the stuff back into the garbage can and put the lid back on. And then I just sat there. Every once in a while I'd open the lid and look in to see how it was doing. It was doing okay, I guess, 'cause it just sat there in the middle of itself like an indifferent piece of sewage. Finally, absentmindedly, I just gave it a soft poke with my finger. It was then I realized what the stuff is good for.

This substance may very well be the finest, cheapest, most easily obtainable artificial vagina ever created.

I'd had my finger in there, like I say, and the Slime had oozed around it, 'cause that's what it does, and when I slowly pulled out there was a squooosh, and it was like my finger was my foot that I'd yanked out of some mud. I sat there with my mouth open because I had immediately noticed some odd consequences of my action: (1) my heart rate had increased; (2) my breath rate had increased; (3) my forehead was moist, like I'd just eaten a blazing chorizo. I realized that I was onto something really big.

I also realized that I was onto something really pathetic, really immature, really unfortunate, really sick. My cheeks burning with hot shame, I slowly reached for the lid and covered the stuff up, and then sat there for a long time, my face hard against my palms, guilt and disgust beginning to balloon up inside me as if pumped from an airhose, making me miserable, and making me not want to live any longer.

Sometime after midnight this feeling vanished completely, and I hurriedly snatched the little garbage can and excitedly popped the cover.

The way to get a really good fingerfuck for yourself is to insert your middle digit while slightly tipping the can so that the Slime can fully envelop it. Beginning slow, rhythmic motion, you are then treated to a constant suction wonderful enough to cause your head to roll back and your eyes to close, and giving your imagination a chance to dream up some scenes of a very arresting sort. There's even a soft squishing sound that bubbles up out of the mixture at unpredictable moments, which gives the thing a kind of intimacy you won't quite fully believe. The only drawback is that you have to use the plastic inside the can as part of the lining of the va . . . as a cushion. But the plastic is smooth, and in light of the rest of what you're experiencing, it amounts to nothing noticeable once you get dizzy enough.

I haven't yet actually . . . uh . . . penetrated the stuff because it's the only gob of it I have, and I don't know what sperm will do to it. I also don't know what will happen if Slime gets pushed up into the pee-hole. I suppose it will just drip back out again, and this might be kind of cute to show your girl friend as a surprise—like you've got some new disease you want her to see. You could stand there with a surprised expression and say "Hey, lookit that," just as she's about to latch her mouth around it. You'll probably have her puking for a week—especially if she's been blowin' ya all along.

There's always a chance, though, I guess, that the Slime would drip backwards, and I suppose it would eventually wind up in the testicles. Whether this would cause any trouble, I don't know. If Slime does anything else, the other thing it might do is explode. If it does explode, it would just be everyone's luck that body metabolism is what makes it happen. I don't know if it would be worth it to poke into this stuff if it meant that some day your balls would blow up. If it doesn't explode, though, and it collects in the testicles, it could make for some pretty scenic ejaculations. Whether it would upset the balance-wobble of your nuts while you were running, or turning a corner on a bike, I don't know. I do know, though, that if you asked some chick the old traditional icebreaker "Wanna see my balls?" and your bag was distended with Slime, if she didn't know what was in there, she'd be pretty impressed.

So, I haven't fucked this stuff myself, but I've been sitting here studying the matter. The garbage can isn't completely topped with Slime, so I think the best thing to do would be to get an extra one and fill this sucker up. It seems pretty likely that the only practical way to have intercourse with this stuff is to keep the can perfectly upright. At any other angle the Slime is gonna drip out—unless some sort of partial cover could be developed to keep it from seeping around the sides of the cock. I imagine that just by securing the can to the floor and positioning oneself in a pushup posture over it, a damn good piece of ass would result. On second thought, however, the cock isn't designed for a pure-vertical activity, and I guess it would eventually wind up against the side of the can. But if you constructed a trough of Slime, and just sort of "walked along" on your hands as your cock began to proceed to the horizontal, it might work that way.

I'll be working with this stuff for at least another two, maybe three weeks, and by that time I should have all the particulars on just how good a lay this stuff really is. If I find that the addition of sperm into the substance makes it so it don't work any more, I'll let you know. Even if it does, the price of a replacement makes it a pretty reasonable date. There'll probably be a million incidentals discovered about this stuff once word gets around and everyone finds out just how wonderful this little . . . well, maybe "wonderful" isn't the right word for a blob of slop. I mean, when you come right down to it, that's all this Slime really is. There's no reason to start getting ridiculous about her.

Anyway, I'll have the turding piece whenever. I gotta split.

Later,

Almost Busted

(with apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I labored, weak and weary,
O'er my Harley and its engine,
Parts were scattered on the floor.

Suddenly, there came a tapping,
As if it were some brother rapping,
Brother rapping, tapping—
Rapping on my garage door.

Haltingly I rose, and swearing,
Wiped the grime from one last bearing,
Staggered to my feet to see who
Rapped upon my garage door.

Carefully, I did unlatch it.
Opened fast, ere I could catch it,
Pigs were standing, arms akimbo,
Standing at my garage door.

"What the hell you doin', fuckhead?
Don't you know you should be in bed—
'Stead of working long past midnight,
Working on your garage floor?"

"Where's the dope hid, motherfucker?"
Cried that blue-clad cop cocksucker.
"Where's the dope hid that you smoke,
While working on your garage floor?"

"I'm as clean as Monday's wash, sir."
I in dulcet tones did offer.
"Ain't no dope in this here garage,
Here or in my house—I'm poor."

"All you pricks will say the same thing
When you're caught, now you come clean—
Where's the LSD and coke you
Hide, you motherfuckin' whore?"

Out of the night my chick came running,
Naked, showing big tits—cunning—
Screaming as she rushed and shoved aside
The pig who stood before my door.

"Leave my lover be," she whimpered.
And the pig? He merely simpered—
He had never seen such beauty—
Such beauty in the raw before.

"Leave my lover be!" she then did shout.
"Can't you see, you dirty lout?
My darlin's only workin' on his Harley,
Here upon this garage floor."

"Sorry, miss, for my suspicion.
I should have asked for his permission
To come pounding loudly,
Pounding upon the garage door."

Backing off, he tried to go,
But Nancy then did spread and show
Her pussy to the cop a-standing
There upon my garage floor.

Gaping, he did say politely,
"Well, if you must work here nightly,
Do it with a little less noise
Here upon your garage floor."

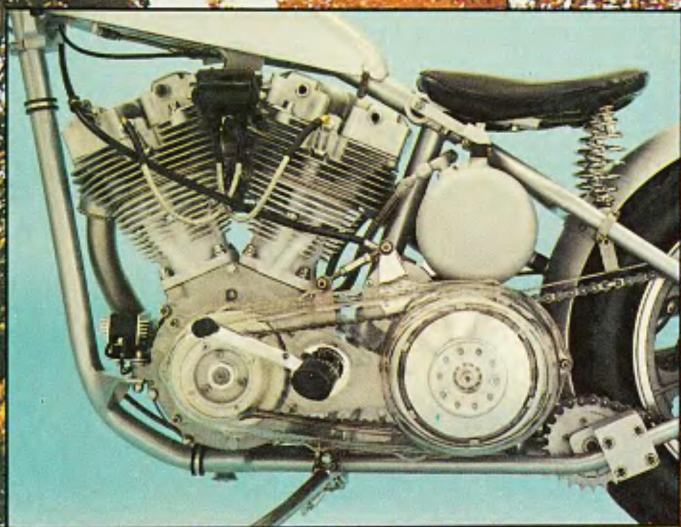
"Otherwise, you'll have bad luck
And your chick I'll have to fuck.
Yes, your chick I'll have to fuck
Right here on the garage floor."

We locked the door—he'd made his point.
So we sat and smoked a joint,
Sat right down and smoked a joint
There upon my garage floor.

Then I sat and fixed my rigid,
While my chick—who's far from frigid—
Gave me head and soothed me softly,
There upon the garage floor.

By Nancy Davis





MYSTERY SLED

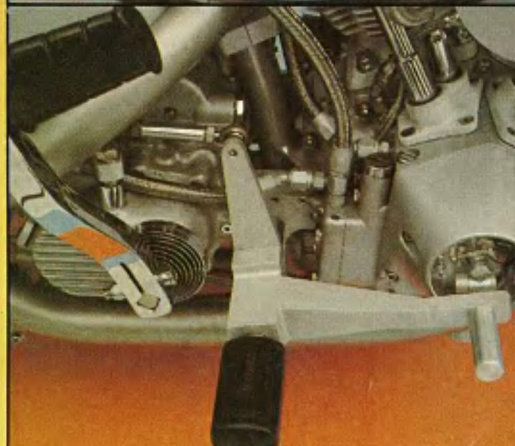
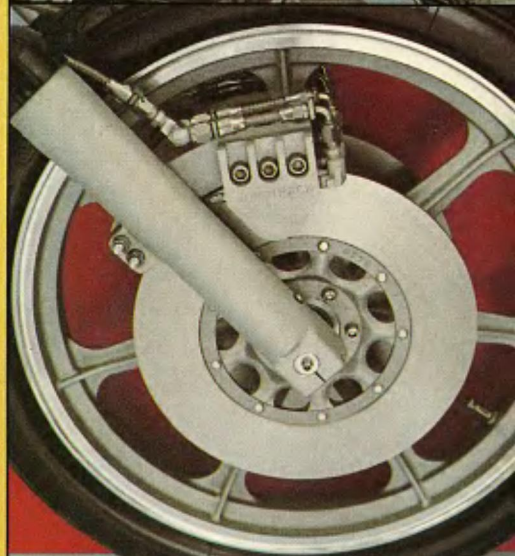
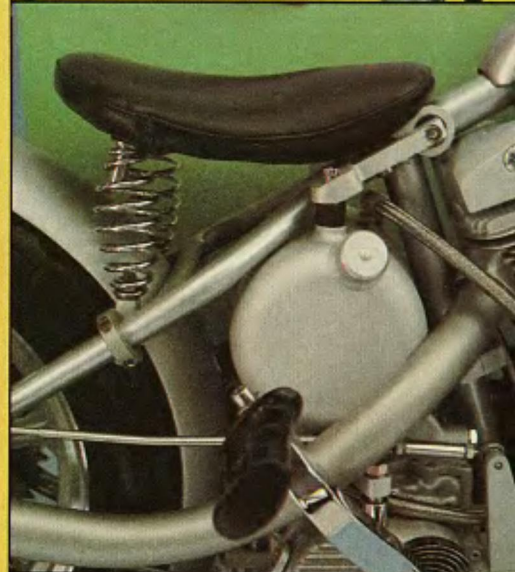
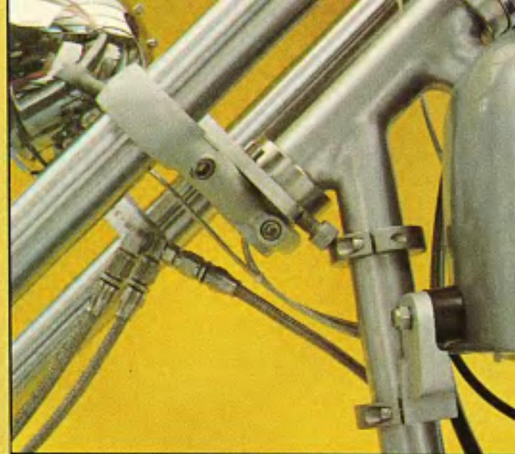
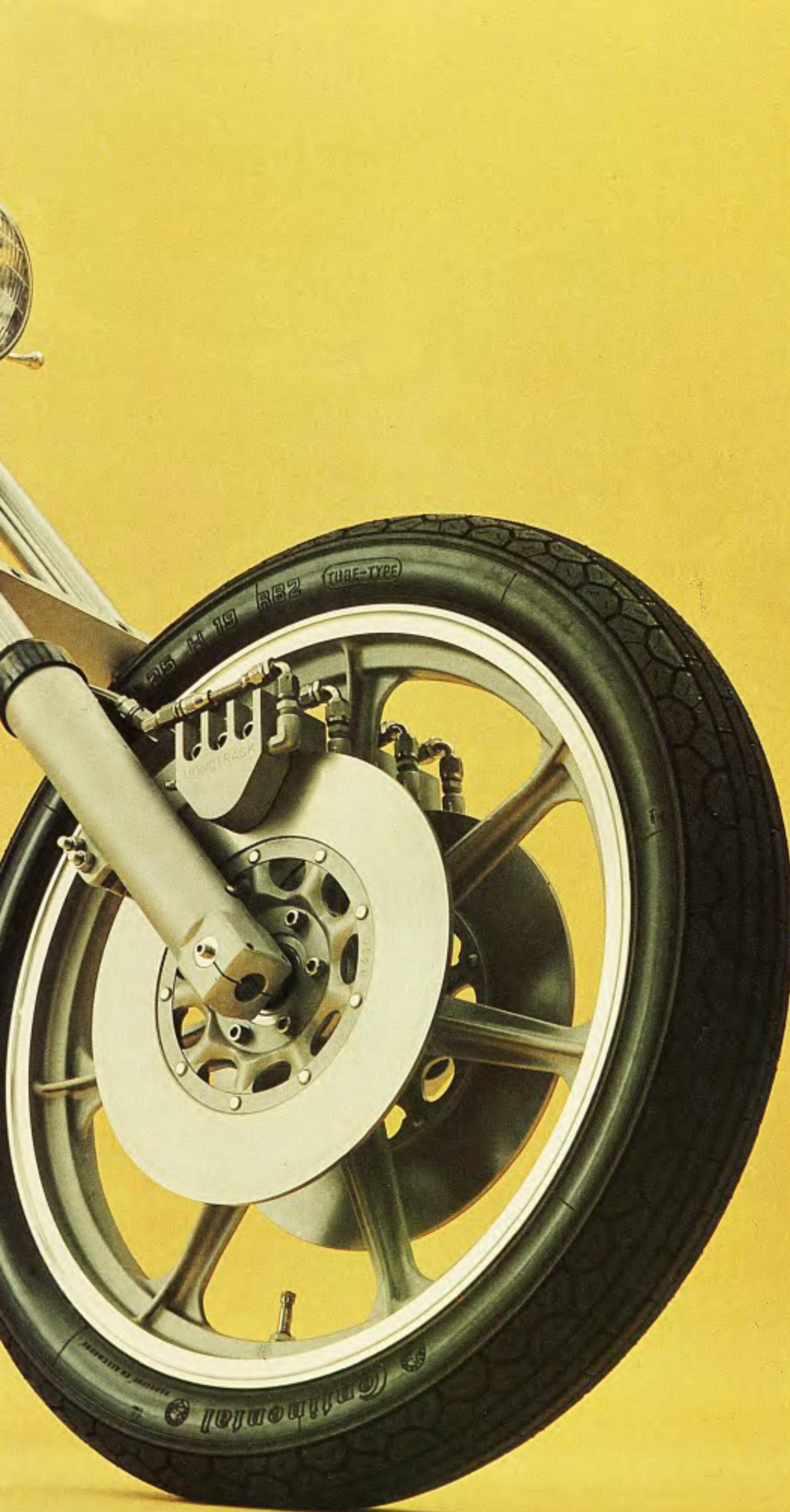
And there's more than one mystery. But first, look hard at this putt. Start at one end and roll your mechanically minded eyeballs carefully over every visible part. Unique isn't a strong enough word to describe it. The precision putt looks as though it had been built with tighter tolerances than a fighter jet. If we study it long enough, we'll probably discover a couple of anti-Cadillac missiles tucked inside the gas tank.

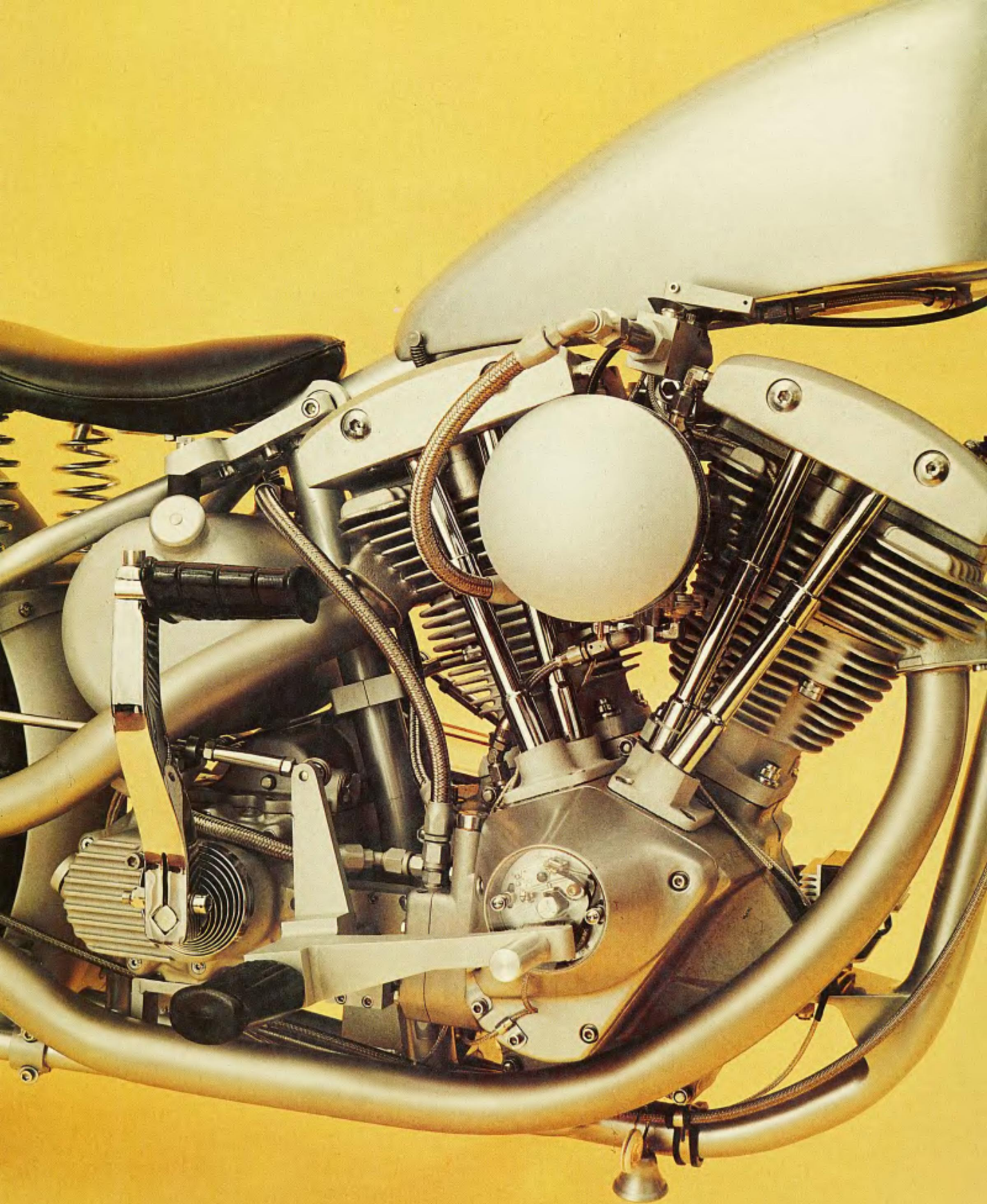
Now look at the chart on page 22. Then check out the owner line—nothin'. The photos were as carefully put together as the bike, yet no photographer's name graced them. The package was post-marked New York City. We know that it came from a town of fourteen zillion people, but the photographer, the owner, and the bike are anonymous.

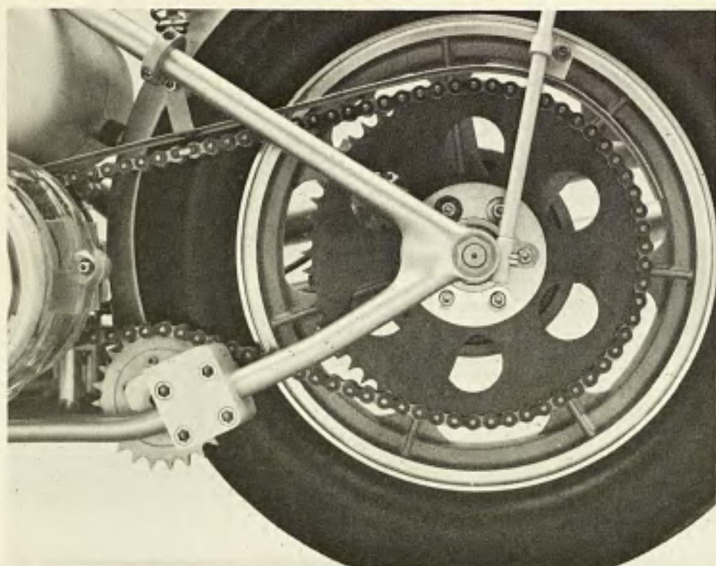
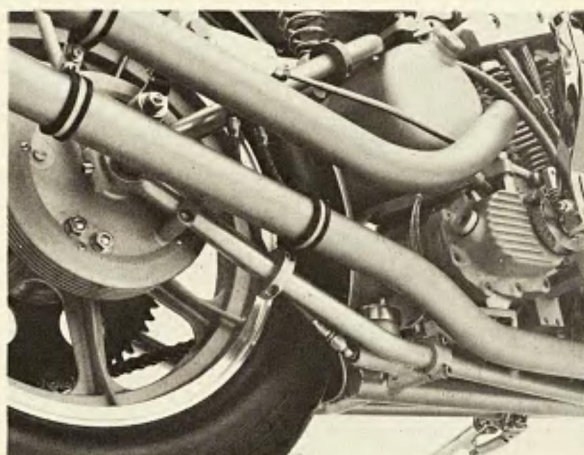
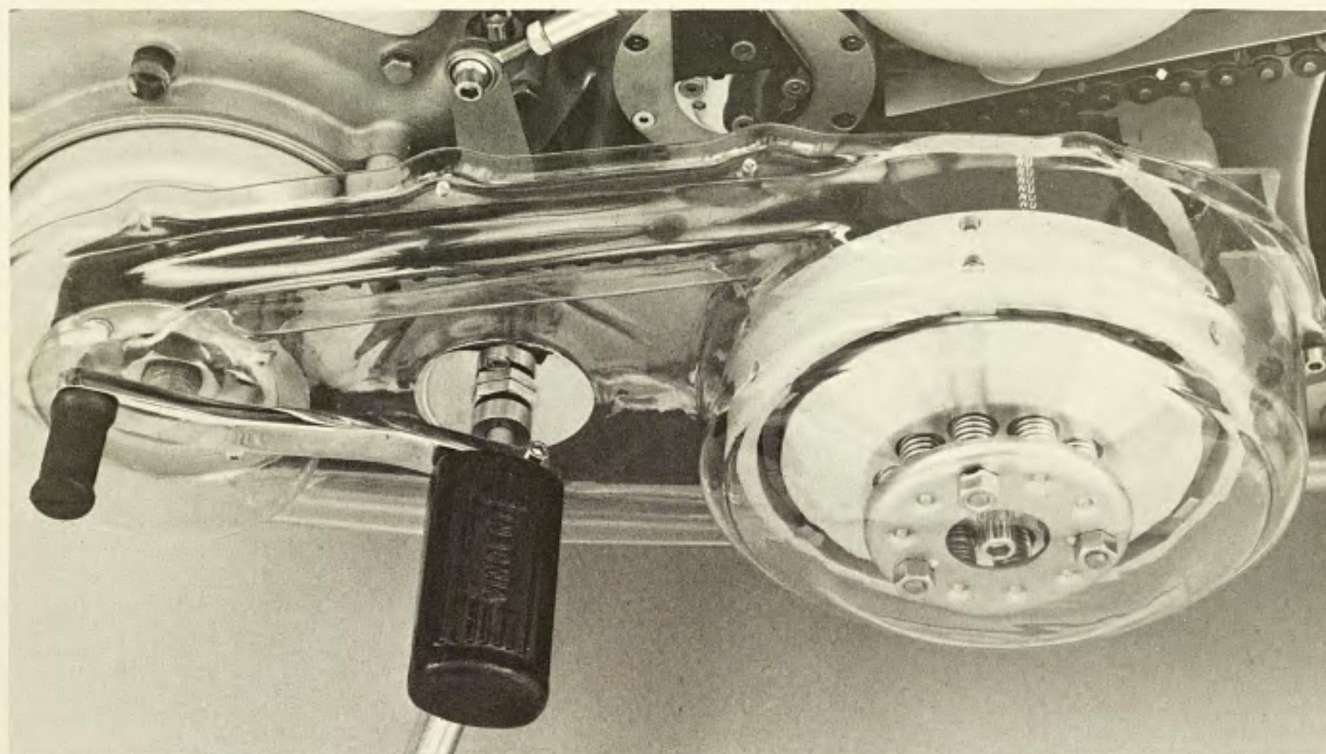
We got into some beautiful bikes this issue—fine detail and workmanship.

—Continued on next page









But this scoot belongs to a man (I hope) who wouldn't accept any part of his bike for what it was. It seems that if there was a better, beefier, or lighter way to go, he went that way. The bike weighs only 410 pounds. He built it to be a purist's machine and, as such, its tolerances are close and every part was made to function to its utmost ability. Every time I look at it I see a 2000 mph fighter aircraft streaking across the sky. It may not pick up a lotta broads, but it looks like he could visit a helluva lot of 'em before this putt ever breaks down.

—Renegade

—Continued on next page



Other special modifications:

Cylinders, lifter stools, and alternator rotor aluminum metalsprayed. Burkhardt clutch pressure plate. Harmon offset kickstart crank. Webco aluminum kickstand. Azusa Posi-Stop brake valve diverts percentage of brake pedal force to front brakes. Twin piston Monotrack callipers with brackets by Kevin Cameron. Ball bearing chain idler by Coventry Spares Ltd. Stainless steel axles, washers, spacers, nuts, brackets, brake rod, shift linkage, rod ends and most fasteners. Teflon-coated belt drive pulley flanges. Rocker boxes and Jammer kicker cover converted to countersunk socket head screws. 7075 aluminum transmission support plate, clutch release arm, tweak bar, fork stop/headlight mount, seat spring supports, oil tank mounts, foot shift support plate, handlebar risers, brake pedal, and front gas tank mounting. All sprockets hard anodized. Front discs thinned to .210 inch at Harry's Machined Parts. Aircraft twin-electrode spark plugs and shielded wires. Three sets of trees for front-end adjustment of trail. Coaxial, braided, Teflon-insulated low-voltage wiring. Transmission and engine aligned in jig for Karate belt drive. Aluminum-sleeved rear brake drum and alloy backing plate from Vincent Black Shadow. Joe Beatnik (N.J.) cylinder head bolts. Both tires run tubeless. Stainless steel clamp-on frame collars. Rear gas tank mount uses Vincent kickstand spring and stainless rivets. Fresno bell. After first 50 miles, added third chain guard support, crankcase breather return line to carburetor intake, and longitudinally wound clutch cable (Drag Specialties). Weight with gas and oil, 410 pounds. Plan Rodan kicker cover, 5-speed trans and Competitor clutch for next season. Yeah, the oil lines were switched before the engine was fired.

Owner: ???		City: East coast, U.S.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: spec. construction	
Year and make: spec. construct'n.		Builder: Bill Gruhlke, Santa Cruz	
Model: big twin		Type: single loop rigid	
Value: lost track		Rake: 40°, 1° raked trees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 3 in.—downtube	
Time: four years		Other alterations: trans. raised 1"	
Chroming: South Shore, Mass.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Vincent Black Shadow	
Year: 1973 H-D		Risers: 7075-T651 aluminum	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Wassel aluminum	
Rebuilder: Nassau Cty., H-D, N.Y.		Headlight: K-D, DPDT micro-toggle	
Ignition: Action Choppers coil		Taillight: Sparto from Dixie	
Displacement: 74 cubic inches		Speedo: Sun tach on Bultaco mount	
Lower end: C. Richards, V. Nuys		Front pegs: Vincent Black Shadow	
Balancing: Sonny Raslawski		Rear pegs: no passengers	
Pistons: H-D, 8.5:1		Electrics: Sebring box, Lord mts.	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: Tarky's Auto Bod, Mass.	
Heads: Harry's Mach. Pts., Mass.		Oil tank: Don's Cycles, N. Cal.	
Cam: Andrews Products, Illinois		Oil system: Henry's Eng., Maryland	
Lifters: Hydraulic		Primary cover: Shuck and Jive	
Carb(s): 1976 Keihin		Seat: solo, ball bearing pivots	
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties		Sissy bar: tubular	
Pipes: stainless stl., mandrel bent		Height: fender only	
Mufflers: baffles—Butte Ind.		Material: 6061 aluminum	
Transmission: DC Cyclewks, Mass		Forks: Rickman glide	
Modifications: Andrews 1st & 3rd		Type: hard chrome tubes	
Year: 1974		Extension: 15 inches	
Shifting: Posi-Shift, Cycleolgy		Builder: owner/N&B Autom., Boston	
Engine sprocket: Karate belt drive		Special features: stainless cups	
Trans sprocket: 26		Wheels: Morris Mags, Santa Ana	
Wheel sprocket: 58, Circle Ind.		Front: 19-inch	Rear: 16-inch
Painting		Size: 3.25H	Size: 5.10H
Molding: Dave Perewitz		Hub: o/s bearings	Hub: 6 bearings
Painter: Cycle Fab, Mass.		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 3 in.
Color: silver cloud metallic		Tire: Continental	Tire: Avon
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: Honda discs	Brake: Vincent
Special paint: clear epoxy on rear		Black Shadow brake drum	



ESS, FRIDAY, JAN 1912.
MARTIN WINS SECOND
 DEFEATING CHAMPION DAVIDSON
 IN TWO-MILE EVENT.
 Decisive Contest Tonight and
 Dance Three Mu

**MARTIN HERE TO
 RACE DAVIDSON**

OFFICIALS SELECTED AND FIRST
 CONTEST WILL BE DECIDED
 TONIGHT.

Fred Martin, champion roller skater of the Pacific coast, accompanied by his manager, William Neuge of Chicago, came to Grand Rapids last evening to race Harley Davidson at the Coliseum rink tonight, tomorrow night and Friday night.

All the preliminaries were tentatively arranged at a conference of the interested parties last night. The stake of \$200 a side was deposited with the sports editor of The Herald who was originally agreed upon as temporary stakeholder and officials for the three matches were a reed upon as follows: Referee, E. W. Dickerson; Judges, Alderman J. J. Fallon and H. J. Kline, sports editor of The Herald.

The races will take place at 9:30 every night and the winner of two out of the three contests will take the purse and a percentage of the gate receipts.

Martin is a young man who looks the athlete all over. He resembles Davidson but little save in the one respect that like that well known skater he is not inclined to boast about his ability or his intentions. Both men seem to think they are meeting a tough proposition and as the races are at different distances they will have an excellent opportunity to test their skill to the limit.

The Winged Wheel

In 1912 the name Harley Davidson was connected to two wheels. And not the two rims laced with spokes and wrapped in rubber found on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Two types of wheels. Confused? Look at the clipping above. No shit—a dude named Harley Davidson was a champion skater, whizzin' another type of wheel around race tracks. In 1912, if ya told a bro that Harley Davidson won the race, it coulda meant a dude in long underwear runnin' around a track with eight wheels strapped to his feet.

—Spider

Wanna hear a joke? The second amendment of the Constitution of the United States states, in part, "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." The second part of the joke appears in the fourteenth amendment, which reads, "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States."

These statements weren't written to be funny. The dudes who wrote those words were dead serious and they were pissed off because those who governed them were cruel and unjust. Those who wrote the Constitution of the United States were revolutionaries. Ain't it a shame that being a revolutionary today can get a person tossed in the can for protesting unjust laws passed by the government? One such law, or group of laws, in each state governs the right to bear arms—mainly pistols and locking-blade knives of the Buck variety. Many states have passed laws that are in complete opposition to the Constitution, while others seem quite lax about the matter. Unfortunately, in those states where no overall law exists, each city and county may have contradictory laws that can send a dude away for years, just for packing a pocketknife.

A state-by-state rundown of the laws (for handguns and rifles) follows, but don't put too much faith in 'em. Be cool and force yourself to believe that no matter what the law says, carrying guns and knives is illegal. When we wrote to each state asking for gun law information, three turned our names in to the FBI to have us investigated. After all, we deserved it—what right does an ordinary citizen have to ask about the laws that govern him? Asking questions marks you as a revolutionary.

We mailed formal requests to all state agencies dealing with the carrying of handguns and rifles. These requests were accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes. Eighteen states either flatly refused to give out the information, gave us a runaround, or said they had no laws whatever dealing with the subject. Arizona replied that the information was not available to the public, as did Washington, D.C. Apparently, these areas make a special set of laws with each arrest, depending upon who the person is and what he looks like—heavy on the latter. New Mexico wrote saying that they didn't have the staff or the time to fuck around giving out silly answers.

Upon writing to the National Rifle Association, we discovered that they, too, have an incomplete list. So being based next door to the CIA and the FBI doesn't make them friendly enough neighbors to get their hands on such information. You can bet your ass that every police department and agency in the country has the information—but they're hangin' onto it.

Alabama: A license is required to carry a handgun in any vehicle, or concealed on or about the person. No permit is required to purchase or possess a handgun, rifle, or shotgun. Application to purchase a handgun must be made to dealer 48 hours in advance of delivery.

Alaska: No license is required to purchase or possess a handgun or rifle. It is unlawful for a person to carry a concealed revolver, pistol, or other firearm. Handguns may be carried in a vehicle if in plain view, or if carried where not readily accessible to the occupants of the vehicle.

Arizona: No person may carry a firearm concealed on his person. A person carrying a concealed weapon may be arrested without a warrant any time of the day or night. A firearm is not concealed if it is unloaded and carried in a belt holster, wholly or partially visible, or is carried in a gun scabbard or case wholly or partially visible, or if it is in a closed trunk, luggage

ing purposes. Dealers must report handgun sales to police. Application to purchase a handgun must be made to a dealer 15 days in advance of delivery.

Colorado: A person must have a written permit to carry any handgun concealed upon the person. No permit is required for carrying a concealed firearm in a person's dwelling or on property under his control or direction, or for carrying a concealed firearm in a private automobile or other private conveyance for lawful protection while traveling. No license or permit is required to purchase, possess, or carry a rifle or shotgun.

Connecticut: A permit is required to purchase or possess a handgun. If the handgun is to be carried concealed on or about the person, a permit is required. Dealers are required to report handgun sales to police.

Delaware: A person must have a license in order to carry a concealed deadly weapon for the pro-

around with him. The carrying of a pistol in an automobile by a law-abiding citizen does not come within the prohibition of the law. No permit or license is required to purchase a rifle, shotgun, or handgun, and there is no state requirement for firearms registration. The cities of Miami and Miami Beach require a form of handgun registration with the police. Dade County bans .32 caliber or smaller.

Georgia: A license is required to have or carry a handgun outside one's own home, motor vehicle, or place of business. No permit is required to purchase a handgun.

Hawaii: Every person who brings into Hawaii any firearm of any description (operable or not) or any ammunition, must register within 48 hours of arrival. No unlicensed person may possess or carry any firearm in a vehicle or on any public highway, but a person properly licensed may carry a handgun and ammunition on any public highway.

Idaho: No permit is required to purchase or possess a handgun or rifle. A permit is required only if handgun is carried concealed on the person. A handgun may be carried in an automobile.

Illinois: It is unlawful for any person to possess any rifle, shotgun handgun, or ammunition unless he has obtained a Firearms Owner's Identification Card. Firearms transported in a vehicle must be unloaded, encased, inoperable, and not readily accessible.

Indiana: A license is required to carry a handgun in any vehicle, or on or about the person. No license is required to purchase or possess a rifle or handgun in the home or place of business.

Iowa: A person must have a permit to carry a pistol or revolver concealed on or about his person, or openly or concealed in any vehicle. Exceptions are carrying in a person's home, place of business, or on other land possessed by him. No person may possess or carry any rifle or shotgun in or on any vehicle or any public highway unless such weapon be taken down or contained in a case, and the chamber and magazine be unloaded. No permit or license is required to purchase or possess a rifle, shotgun, or handgun.

Kansas: No permit or license is required to purchase or possess a rifle, shotgun, or handgun. It is unlawful to carry a concealed handgun. A handgun may be carried in an automobile.

Kentucky: No person may carry a deadly weapon, other than an ordinary pocketknife, concealed on or about the person. A handgun concealed in a vehicle and readily accessible is considered concealed on or about the person. No permit or license is required to purchase, possess, or carry a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

Louisiana: The state law prohibits intentional concealment of any firearm on one's person. Any rifle having a barrel less than 16 inches in length, and any shotgun

Gun Laws

State-by-State

By Bushwhacker

or glove compartment of a vehicle. No license or permit is required to purchase, possess, carry, sell or transfer a firearm.

Arkansas: The state law prohibits the carrying or wearing, concealed or openly, of any pistol or revolver. Exceptions to the foregoing prohibition are: the carrying of an army or navy pistol openly and in the hand; the carrying of any firearm when on a journey or on one's premises. No permit or license is required for the purchase, possession, or carrying of a firearm.

California: No license is required to purchase or possess a handgun. A license is required to carry a handgun concealed upon the person or concealed within a vehicle. Law prohibits the carrying of any loaded firearm on the person or in a vehicle in any public place or any public street in an incorporated area or in a prohibited area of an unincorporated territory. Law provides certain exemptions for transporting unloaded handguns to a target range, hunting, or for collect-

tion of his person or property. No person may possess a loaded rifle or shotgun in or on any vehicle or any piece of farm machinery. No permit or license is required for the possession, purchase, or unconcealed carrying of a rifle or shotgun. Dealers are required to report handgun sales to police.

District of Columbia: Registration is required for all firearms. A permit is required to carry a handgun either openly or concealed. Police approval is required to purchase a handgun. A license is required to possess, purchase, or carry rifles or shotguns.

Florida: The state firearms law provides that a person must obtain a license from the county commissioners in order to have "in his manual possession" or to carry around with him, a pistol or revolver. The Florida courts have said that a handgun in the dash of an automobile, driven by a person who owns both the firearm and the vehicle, is not in the driver's manual possession nor does he carry it

having a barrel less than 20 inches in length, and any other weapon, except a handgun or revolver, capable of being concealed, must be registered. No license or permit is required to purchase, possess, or carry (this means openly—carrying concealed is unlawful) a handgun, rifle, or shotgun (with exceptions noted).

Maine: A license is required for the carrying of a handgun concealed on or about the person. A handgun may be carried unloaded in an automobile. No license or permit is required to purchase, possess, or carry a rifle or shotgun, or to purchase, possess, or carry openly a handgun.

Maryland: A permit is required to carry a handgun concealed or openly on or about the person, or in a vehicle. State police approval is required to purchase a handgun. A handgun may be possessed in the home or place of business without a permit. Restrictions on carrying a handgun do not apply to rifles or shotguns.

Massachusetts: A Firearms Identification Card is required to possess all firearms and to purchase and carry rifles or shotguns. A license is required to purchase or carry a handgun.

Michigan: A license is necessary for the purchase of a handgun. A separate license is required to carry a handgun concealed on the person or in any vehicle (whether concealed or not). No license is required for the purchase, possession, or carrying of a rifle or shotgun. Rifles and shotguns must be unloaded when in or upon any vehicle.

Minnesota: A person must have a license to carry, hold, or possess a handgun in a motor vehicle, snowmobile, or boat, on or about his person, or otherwise in his possession or control in a public place or public area. Exceptions to the permit requirement are keeping or carrying about one's place of business, dwelling house, premises, or land. No person may transport any rifle or shotgun in a motor vehicle unless such firearm is unloaded and contained in the trunk of the car.

Mississippi: The state law prohibits any person from carrying a handgun concealed on or about his person. All firearms having a muzzle velocity of more than 2,000 feet per second must be registered. No permit or license is required to purchase or carry openly a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

Missouri: A person must have a permit in order to purchase, sell, borrow, loan, give away, trade, barter, deliver, or receive a handgun. No permit is necessary for the possession or openly carrying of a handgun. However, no person may carry a firearm concealed. No permit is required for the possession, purchase, or carrying of a rifle or shotgun.

Montana: The state law requires a permit to carry a handgun concealed upon the person. A con-

cealed handgun means any pistol or revolver wholly or partially covered by the clothing or wearing apparel of the person carrying or bearing the handgun. No license or permit is required to purchase, possess, carry, or transport a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

Nebraska: The state law prohibits the carrying of a concealed firearm on or about the person. The transportation of a loaded shotgun in a motor vehicle is prohibited. No permit or license is required to purchase, possess, or carry (openly) a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

Nevada: The state law forbids a person from carrying any handgun or other deadly weapon concealed upon his person or in a motor vehicle. No permit is required to purchase, possess, or carry a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

New Hampshire: No person without a license may carry a loaded handgun in any vehicle or concealed upon his person, except in his dwelling house or place of business. A person may not have a loaded gun in a motor vehicle. No license or permit is required to purchase, possess, or carry a rifle or shotgun.

New Jersey: A permit is required to purchase a handgun. It is unlawful for any person to carry on his person or in a vehicle a handgun without a permit. Firearms Purchaser I.D. card is required to purchase, possess, or carry a rifle or shotgun.

New Mexico: It is unlawful to carry a concealed loaded firearm. No license or permit is required to purchase, possess, carry, or transport (unloaded) a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

New York: A license is needed to possess a handgun in one's home or place of business. Each handgun possessed must be listed on a license by make, model, caliber, and serial number. A license to possess is required to purchase a handgun. You must have a concealed weapons license to carry a loaded handgun in a motor vehicle. No permit is required to purchase a rifle or shotgun.

North Carolina: The state law prohibits a person from carrying, except on his premises, a firearm concealed on or about his person. A person must have a permit to acquire a handgun. No permit or license is required to possess or to carry unconcealed a handgun, rifle or shotgun.

North Dakota: It is unlawful to carry a handgun, openly or concealed, without a license, except in one's home, place of business, or on a target range. Handguns are required to be unloaded and cased when transported in a motor vehicle. No permit is required to purchase a rifle, shotgun, or handgun.

Ohio: No person shall knowingly carry or have concealed on his person or concealed ready at hand any deadly weapon. No person shall knowingly transport or have a firearm in a motor vehicle unless it is unloaded and carried in a closed package, box or case, or in a com-

partment which can be reached only by leaving the vehicle, or in plain sight and secured in a rack or holder made for the purpose, or in plain sight with the action open or the weapon stripped. No state license or permit is required to possess, purchase, or carry a rifle, shotgun, or handgun.

Oregon: The state firearms law does not require a permit or license to purchase or possess a handgun, rifle, or shotgun. The carrying of a handgun concealed on the person or in a vehicle requires a license. Handguns carried openly in belt holsters are not considered as being concealed.

Pennsylvania: A license is required to carry a handgun in any vehicle or concealed on or about the person. No permit or license is required to purchase or possess a handgun, rifle, or shotgun, but application to purchase a handgun must be made to dealer 48 hours in advance of delivery.

Rhode Island: The state law requires a license for the carrying of a handgun, concealed or openly, in any vehicle or on or about the person, except in his dwelling house or place of business. Application to purchase a handgun must be made to dealer 72 hours in advance of delivery. No license or permit is required to purchase, possess, or carry a rifle or shotgun. No person may carry a loaded rifle or shotgun in any vehicle or attachment thereto.

South Carolina: No person may carry, either concealed or openly, any handgun about the person. A handgun may be carried in any vehicle if secured in a closed trunk or glove compartment. No permit, license, or registration is required for the purchase, possession, or carrying of firearms.

South Dakota: No person shall carry a handgun in any vehicle or concealed on or about his person, except in his dwelling house or place of business, without a license. Application to purchase a handgun must be made to a dealer 48 hours in advance of delivery. No permit or license is required to purchase or possess a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

Tennessee: The state law prohibits the carrying in any manner of any handgun with the intent to go armed. A person may carry an unloaded and cased handgun about his person or in a motor vehicle outside of reach of driver for the specific purpose of going to and returning from hunting or target shooting. Application to purchase a handgun must be made to a dealer 15 days in advance of delivery. All handgun sales are reported to police. No permit or license is required to possess, purchase, or carry a rifle or shotgun.

Texas: It is unlawful to carry a handgun on or about the person or in a vehicle. No state license or permit is required to possess, purchase, or carry a rifle or shotgun. The law does not require a permit to purchase or possess a handgun

and has no provision for license to carry.

Utah: A person must have a license to carry a concealed firearm. No person may carry a loaded firearm in a vehicle. No permit or license is required to purchase or possess a rifle, shotgun, or handgun.

Vermont: State law prohibits the carrying of a dangerous or deadly weapon, concealed or openly, with the intent or purpose of injuring another. No permit or license is required for the possession, purchase, or carrying of a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

Virginia: No state permit is required to purchase or possess a rifle, shotgun, or handgun, although many Virginia cities and counties individually regulate the sale and possession of firearms. The carrying of any concealed firearm by an individual about his person, hidden from common observation, is prohibited, except in one's home. To be considered about the person, the concealed weapon must be readily accessible. A firearm carried in the glove compartment of a car is not considered to be readily accessible.

Washington: The firearms law provides that no person shall carry a handgun in a vehicle unless it is unloaded, or carry a handgun concealed on the person without a license. No license or permit is required to purchase or possess firearms. Application to purchase a handgun must be made to dealer 72 hours in advance of delivery. No person may carry or possess a loaded rifle or shotgun in any motor vehicle or horse-drawn vehicle.

West Virginia: A person must have a license to carry a handgun either openly or concealed. Handguns may be carried in automobiles if unloaded and not readily accessible. No permit or license is required to purchase or possess a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

Wisconsin: No one may carry a firearm concealed on or about the person. State law does not require a permit or license to purchase, possess, or carry a handgun, rifle, or shotgun. A handgun may be carried in an automobile if unloaded and enclosed within a carrying case.

Wyoming: A permit is required to carry a handgun concealed. A handgun may be carried in an automobile. No permit or license is required to purchase, possess, or carry openly a handgun, rifle, or shotgun.

CAUTION: State firearms laws are subject to frequent change. This state-by-state summary is not to be considered as legal advice or a restatement of law. Always check with local authorities if uncertain about restrictions governing weapons. Always remember that most states do not honor a handgun permit from another state. Each state has its own laws concerning the carrying of firearms. A non-resident must comply with all the laws of the state he is traveling through. ■

The songbird woke him just before dawn, warbling its plaintive, haunting call from somewhere in the field across the road. Disco rolled over with a grunt and then was still, listening for the sound again. When it came, drifting on the air as sweet and pure as a mountain stream, he recognized the source immediately. It was the song of the meadowlark, long familiar from the days of his childhood in Montana. There were lots of those golden-breasted songbirds in that high, empty sweep of the plains country of his youth, but he could not remember hearing one before here in southern California.

Maybe he's a long way from home, thought Disco—like me

and all the other drifters of the world. Anyway, I'm glad he woke me up. Plenty of time for sleeping later on. But not today, by God. Not today.

But Disco nonetheless delayed getting out of bed, momentarily content to lie there and remember the endless horizons of the Montana prairies where his family seed had germinated long ago. Childhood was a time of innocence, no matter how much the miserable bastards who ruled the child's world tried to fuck it up. Disco remembered his father swilling rotgut whiskey, trying to drown the mindless rage of his black Irish brooding. When the old man had guzzled enough, he always turned on Disco's mother, calling

her a dirty redskin whore and cursing her quarter-Indian blood. Blows inevitably followed the hateful words, the hard knotted fists smashing into soft helpless flesh, his mother's shapeless body bouncing off the walls before she sprawled whimpering and bleeding on the dirty floor. When his father got tired of kicking her in the crotch and tits and soft fat ass, in the hated female organs, he would stumble out of the shack they called home in search of more booze.

And little Disco would come creeping out of hiding to help his mother off the floor and into the only bed in the house. He would bring a wet towel and clumsily wipe off the blood and snot and spittle that leaked out

FRE



Saint Clair

of her diseased body. And all the while she would tell him to never mind, not to cry, that his father was really a good man who loved his family, that he was just upset by bad luck and poverty and never getting a break from the rotten world that kept them all down. And Disco would cry and curse, not believing her, wishing he were big and strong enough to kill his father, waiting for the day and promising it would come.

But his half-breed grandmother beat him to it. Like Disco's father, the old woman's husband used to knock her around too—she patiently absorbing the punishment and finally outlasting the old man, freed of the brutality at last

when he died. She had watched her daughter become scarred and broken by the years of savagery, and eventually the old woman was convinced her son-in-law would kill her beloved child. So one day Disco's grandmother followed his father home after a drinking bout in the local saloon, fearing what was in store for his wife.

The old woman stepped through the door with a double-barreled shotgun cradled casually across her chest, just as Disco's father knocked his mother down again and stepped forward to put the boots to her. He stopped in startled surprise when the door opened, looking at the gun a moment before striding purposefully toward the old woman

to give her some of the same medicine he gave her daughter.

Disco remembered clearly how intently his grandmother had stared at his father, unemotionally watching the expression on his face as the double blast of buckshot tore a gaping hole in his chest and hurled him across the room like a broken doll. The old woman calmly put down the gun and ordered Disco to help her get his mother into bed where they could care for her wounds. She didn't even glance at his father's lifeless body as they carried his mother out of the room. The man was dead now and the Indian in the old woman knew how to dismiss a conquered enemy from her mind.

—Continued on page 86

EDOM RIDE

By Ringo Mann

If a man's head was
in the right place,
the road was the only
home he needed.
Every place else was
just a temporary stop
before he hit the road
again.



GAS STATION BLUES

It was darker than a sparkplug hole,
And cold enough to freeze your balls off,
Following that straight white line crossin' the state
That night on the freeway.

Got gas a hundred miles ago—
Maybe thirty 'fore we start runnin' out.
Our butts were numb, eyes peerin' hard into the darkness,
Hands stiff as granite clamped to the bars,
Still lookin' for a station.

First curve in forty miles was a strain to maneuver,
But somethin' ahead made us sit up.
It disappeared and reappeared—
The bright star flashed in and out of our sight
As the station came into view.

The neon lights made the road grime stand out.
Draggin' ourselves off our bikes, we refueled,
Rested, and repaired for what seemed short minutes.
Stiffness relieved and warmth regained,
We hovered in the shelter of the station.

A home on the road for patches and petrol,
To take the knots out of our bones,
To wish fellow two-wheelers a safe trip.
The blues really come only between gas stops—
When the cold whistles up our sleeves and our toes freeze
in steel-tipped boots,
And the darkness falls like a blanket, leaving only the white
line to follow.
Then the blues strike and we look for another station.

—Renegade





The Ol' Lady Photo Contest

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

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

Each month, *Easyriders* will print the monthly winner and runners-up chosen from the pictures you send us. The monthly winner will receive \$100 and each runner-up will receive \$25. Contributors (ol' man, photographer, pimp—whatever) will receive \$10.

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

Judging should be on looks, build, tattoos, and/or any other out-

standing 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.

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

IMPORTANT! A blank model release appears on p. 67 of this issue. This release must be completed in full, must be signed and witnessed, and must accompany each entry. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified.

All models must be 18 years of age or older. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.

The votes are in and here you see this month's winner. But this is only the beginning—there are 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 contest and we'll print the winners in the August issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be May 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 #60 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Ca 90265.

Katie Tyler



Mary Kramer



Terri Stanfield



Carol Clary



Liza Toffling



Linda Moyer



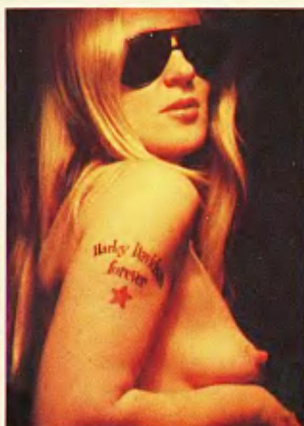
Kathy Rodriguez



Janice Glodfelter



Debbie Greene



Elly Marcelis



Marilee Stanton



Jane Bay



Sweett Web



Rita Vassillion

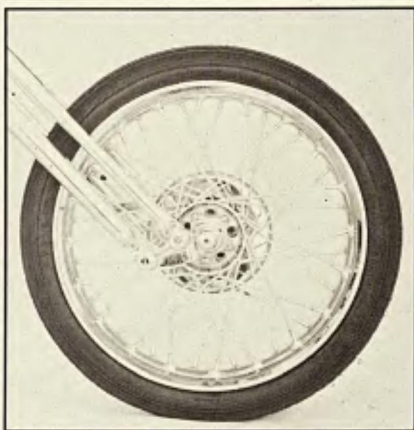


Our second winner in the Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest—"Babe" Gregoire. The runners-up: Karen Crow, Heather Heidepriem, and Sandi Venables.



Malinda





THE LAMP

This gem started with a taillight

Can ya imagine Rick's surprise when he anxiously unwrapped his birthday gift and found a note readin' "Your next bike"? And under the wadded paper taken from the cat box he found (to his disappointment) only a tombstone taillight.

About then his ol' lady shuffled off to the kitchen mumbling, "That's all yer gettin' from me. Build it from the taillight up."

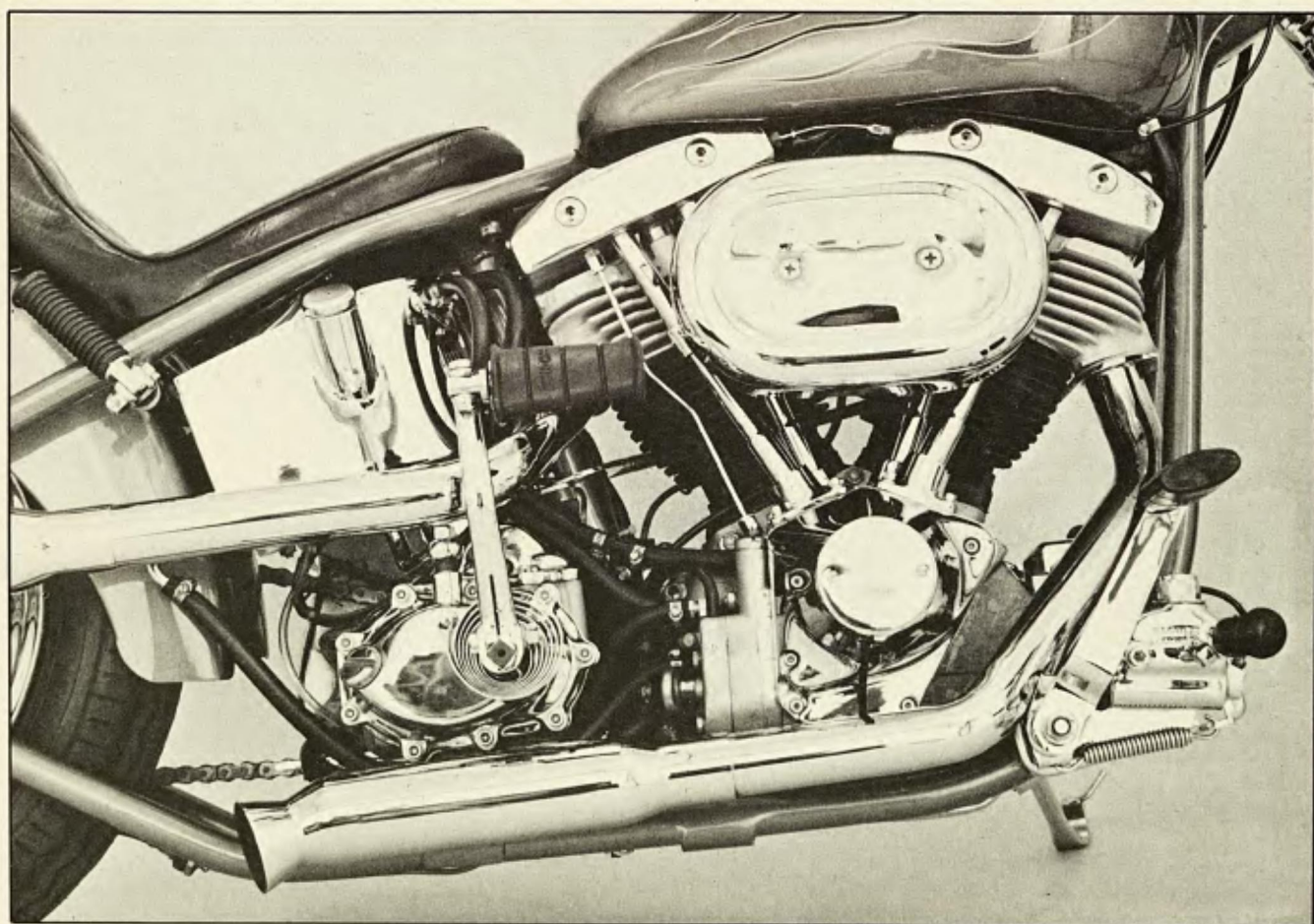
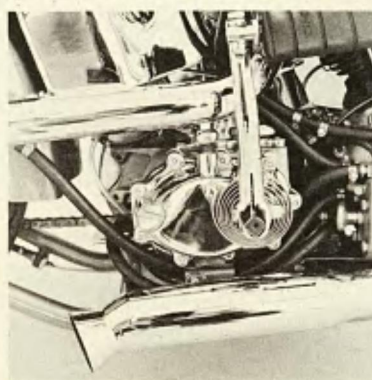
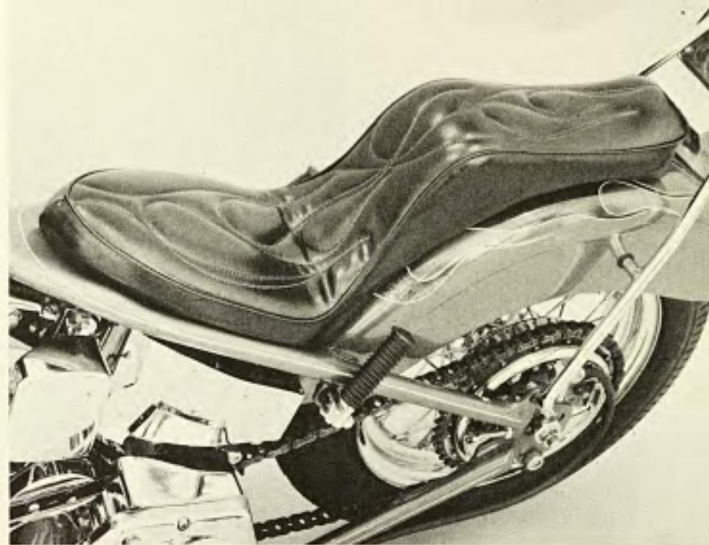
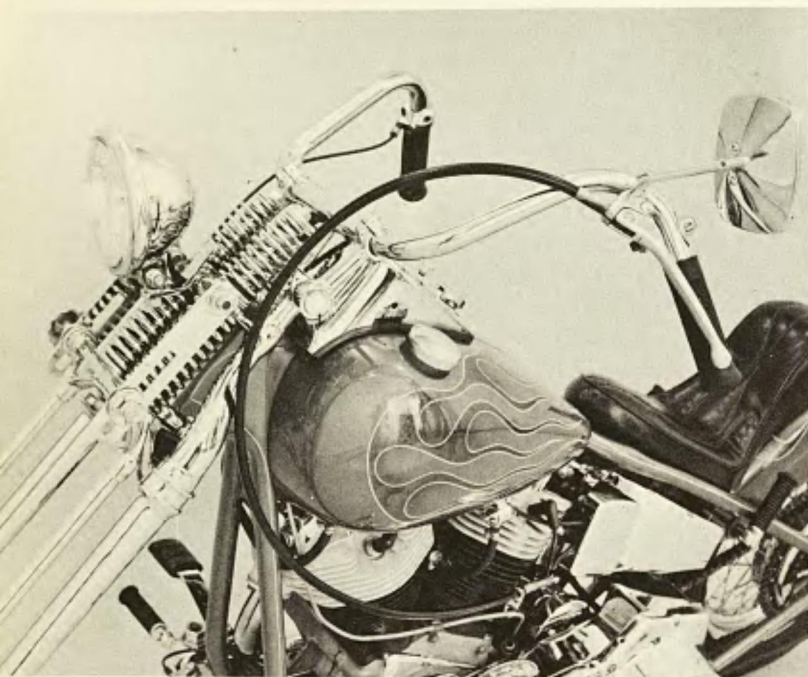
Now before you fuckers start grumblin' to yourselves about all the nasty things you'd do to his ol' lady if she happened to be in your care when she made such an inappropriate, outta place, misguided, good-fer-nuthin' crack—hold it. She actually said nuthin' of the sort. That was just some jive I dreamt up. Why? Well, what the fuck—to liven things up. His woman is actually a very together lady.

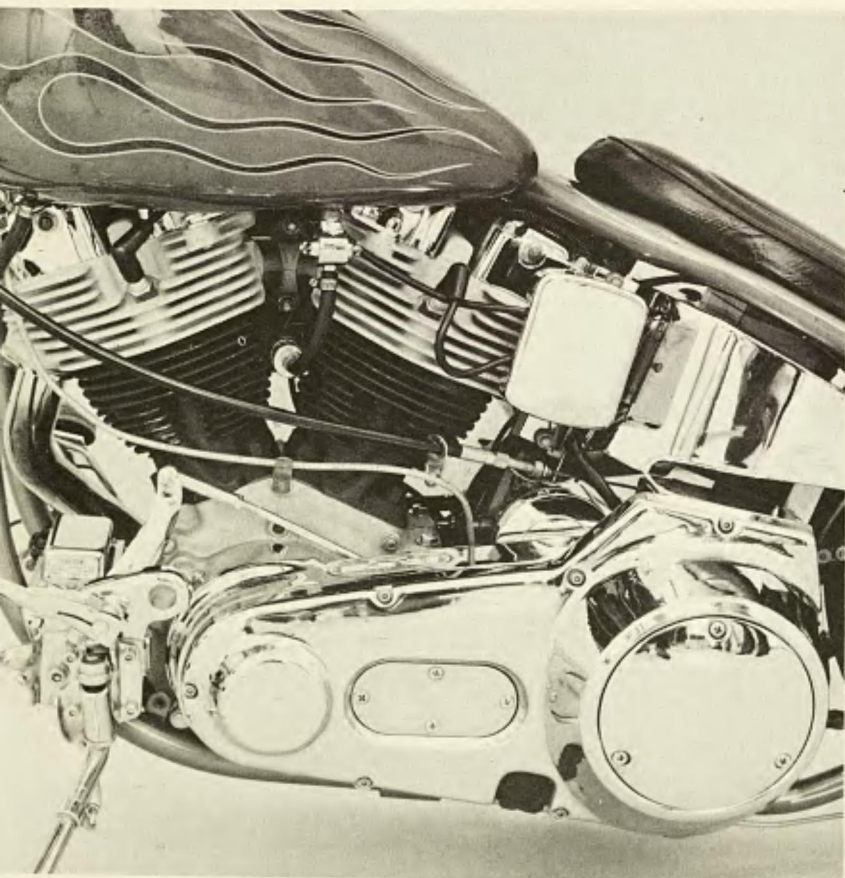
So can't ya take a joke? It wasn't all a lie anyway. Hidden somewhere in the bullshit is a spoon—I mean a grain—of truth. Rick actually built this pretty fatbob beginning with the antique taillight.

Ever been turned on by a part that wouldn't fit on your present bike? Stashing it away, you swore it would become part of your next project putt. If you've done this, you have something in common with Rick.

And if some of you people have been trying to get it together to build a bike but it doesn't seem to happen—quit tellin' your partners you can't get the dust together, pull your ears away from your new quadrasonic stereo, shitcan that fifth of tequila, and get those spongy gears in yer head workin' on the all-important task—gettin' some wind in yer face.

Rick began it with one lousy part. He started hangin' out at bros' garages and all the local swap meets. He may have added a headlight by tradin' a buddy a lid. He got the dresser front fender to use as a rear just as another bro was about to throw it out. Keepin'





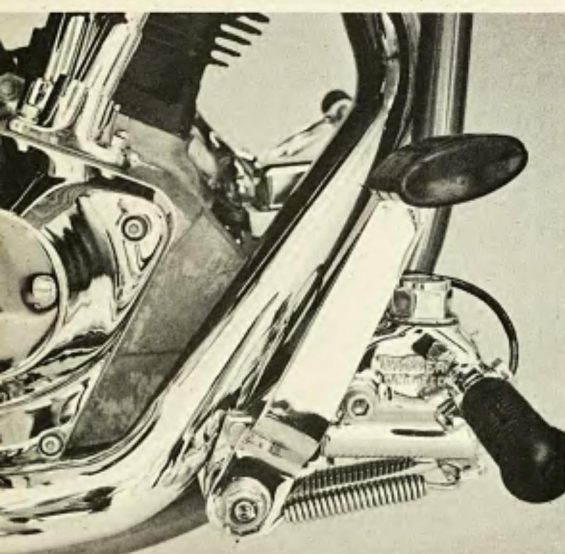
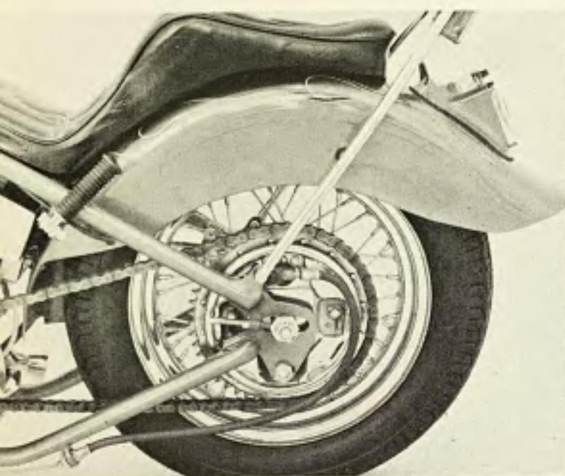
his ears open for deals on frames, top ends—anything—he circulated through swap meets picking up any item that had the right price tag.

No, it didn't happen overnight. Almost a year slid by. But you gotta start somewhere and keep your eye on the goal. Spread the word, so when an anxious seller wants to give up that cherry front end for a bail payback, someone drops you a dime.

That's exactly what Rick and more people than I can name have done to get on the road. Why buy another putt when you can get off yer ass and build a bike the way you want it, from the ground up? Just have to quit spendin' so much green on suds. Besides, if ya build a bike the way Rick built his, ya don't have to have a bundle to start. The finished project is up to you.

—Weed

—Continued on next page



Owners: Rick Valdez

City: Downey, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 71

Year and make: 1971 H-D

Builder: H-D, Mike Johnson

Model: FX

Type: rigid

Value: \$4,500

Rake: 1/2 inch

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: didn't keep track

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Mando Darame

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Paughco

Year: 1971

Risers: H-D

Model: FX

Fender(s): H-D & owner

Rebuilder: H-D

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: stock

Taillight: 1947 tombstone

Displacement: 1200cc

Speedo: stock

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: H-D, Sportster

Balancing: H-D

Rear pegs: H-D

Pistons: cast

Electrics: stock alternator

Cases: stock

Gas tank: H-D & owner

Heads: polished

Oil tank: Paughco

Cam: FX

Oil system: stock

Lifters: stock

Primary cover: stock shaved

Carb(s): Akin

Seat: So. Cal.

Air cleaner: stock

Sissy Bar: Steve Atchison & owner

Pipes: owner

Height: 2 feet

Muffler(s): glass packs

Material: round

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: springer

Year: 1971

Extension: 10 inches over

Shifting: ratchet top

Builder: H-D & Jim Floyd

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: stock fork damper

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 18

Size: 16

Molding: owner

Hub: H-D

Hub: H-D

Painter: owner

Rim width: 3 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: candy red

Tire: 2:75 Avon

Tire: 5:00 Goodyear

Type: lacquer

Brake: stock

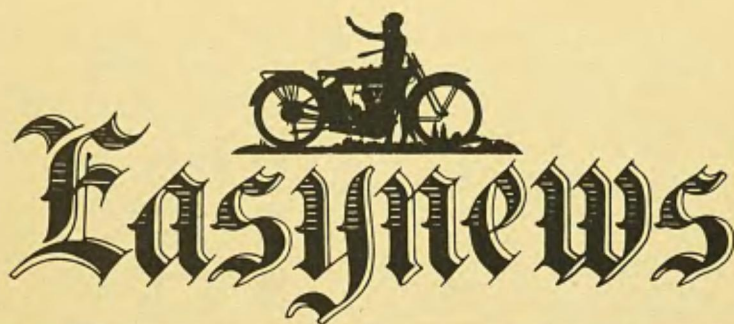
Brake: stock

Special paint: Flames and striping by owner



*I've been kidnaped before,
but he wants to make
sure this is the last time.*





Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

For years, this has been ABATE's space. For years, ABATE spoke out against the tyranny of government obstructions in the path of freedom for bikers, and this feature will continue to do so. But like any major business, group, or organization, it reached the size where politics became involved. You know—like wearing a red shirt and having someone call you a commie. So you have to stop wearing red shirts.

For years, ABATE fought the government's bullshit political structure. We hope ABATE will continue to grow and fight for freedom of the road for motorcyclists. But we aren't into politics. We're into the news, into the freedom, and into the lifestyle all this revolves around. We're

going to ride, shoot pool, guzzle beer, and mess with broods. And any chance we get, we'll assist motorcycling.

Just as in the past, we will publish any information, studies, reports, or news items we feel will assist brothers with their fight to keep their bikes on the road. We believe people should be able to build and ride what they want without being wrapped tightly in a blanket of legislation. So keep that news and information pouring in. We'll print it in order that the rest of the two-wheeled population out there can see what people are doing to scratch bum laws and to stay aware of pending legislation and information that could help with the fight for freedom of the road.

—the Editors

Highway Deaths Increase; Motorcycles Are Blamed

Highway deaths in New York State, which had been declining since the 55 mph speed limit was enacted four years ago, appear to have risen almost 3 per cent last year, the Department of Motor Vehicles announced yesterday.

The department issued preliminary figures showing 2,459 persons statewide died as a result of traffic accidents last year, 70 more than in 1976.

The figures include persons who were injured in accidents and who subsequently died.

State officials attributed the rise to the increased use of motorcycles, including mopeds. Nassau and Suffolk, which have more registered vehicles than any other counties in New York, continued to lead the state in the number of deaths resulting from accidents.

According to 1976 figures, Nassau has 858,611 registered vehicles, including 8,271 motorcycles, the highest number in the state. Suffolk has the second highest: 793,508, including 9,587 motorcycles.

In Suffolk County, 216

highway deaths were reported last year and, in Nassau, 131, according to Grace Smith, a spokeswoman for Commissioner James Melton.

The relatively high figures for Long Island were attributed to the high concentration of people and cars. Erie County, including Buffalo, ranked third with 124 deaths, followed by Westchester with 95. Figures for New York City were not immediately available.

Last year, the dead included 192 motorcyclists and six mopedists. In 1976, 143 persons were killed in motorcycle accidents. Noting that, Melton issued a prepared statement warning motorcyclists that "far greater caution" and "strict attention to traffic laws" are needed to reverse the trend.

Statewide, approximately 137,000 motorcycles were registered last year, 7,000 more than in 1976. About 5,000 of the 137,000 were mopeds. The state began recording moped deaths last June.—By Amanda Harris

Parkway Program Records One Death

The New Jersey Highway Authority says only one motorcyclist was killed in the first year of a program allowing motorcycles on the Garden State Parkway.

The authority celebrated the program's first anniversary during the weekend.

F. Joseph Carragher, executive director of the authority which runs the toll road, said 304,000 motorcycles used the highway

during the year, traveling a total of 4.8 million miles.

Despite the distance the motorcycles traveled, Carragher said, only one cyclist was killed in an accident on the parkway.

"The alarmists have proved to be just that," he said. "They were shouting fire when there wasn't any."

"They were afraid the cyclists would be reckless and show no respect for the other drivers. That certainly has not been the case."

Helmet Law Repeal Panel May Approve

Jefferson City, Mo.—Committee approval seems certain for repeal of Missouri's law requiring helmets for motorcycle riders, says the chairman of the House Motor Vehicle Committee.

Rep. Raymond Quarles, D-St. Louis, said pressure was mounting for passage of a bill dropping the requirement, which has been in effect since 1967.

A vocal crowd of nearly 150 motorcycle riders packed a hearing room Wednesday night to tell Quarles'

committee that the law requiring them to wear helmets for protection violates their personal rights.

In addition, the bill's backers said, helmets sometimes cause neck injuries and can hamper a rider's vision and hearing.

The crowd fell far short of the 1,500 figure Quarles said he had expected to show up in support of the measure.

Penny Walker, of the American Motorcyclist Association, told a House

committee that "creative statisticians, professional handwringers and entrenched bureaucrats" are the only proponents of the mandatory helmet law.

She asked members of the House Motor Vehicles Committee to instead listen to the motorcycle riders she said are their constituents.

Mrs. Walker and other motorcyclist spokesmen said figures presented to show that motorcycle helmet requirements cut down on accident injuries and deaths are inaccurate or insignificant.

She said 25 other states have passed laws allowing motorcycle riders freedom to choose whether or not they will wear helmets.

The committee heard testimony on two nearly identical bills. One measure would lift the helmet requirement for all riders, and the other would retain the helmet law for riders under

age 18. A similar bill to repeal the law died on the House calendar last year.

Helmet Repeal Bill Generates Letters

Columbus, Ohio—A bill repealing a state law requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets is apparently generating more interest among letter writers than legislators.

While the bill has been sitting in a Senate committee for six months, letters urging passage of the legislation have been stacking up in the governor's office.

An aide to Gov. James A. Rhodes said the governor's office has received hundreds of letters concerning the bill since its introduction nearly a year ago by State Rep. Terry Tranter (D-Cincinnati).

The light but steady flow of mail comes primarily

from motorcyclists and is heavily one-sided toward passage of the helmet repealer bill.

The amount of mail received by Rhodes' office on the bill is second, according to the aide, only to the mail received on the controversial collective bargaining bill for public employees.

State Sen. Thomas E. Carney (D-Girard), chairman of the Senate Highway and Transportation Committee, said he received more mail on the bill than any other bill before his committee last year. The bill was voted out of Carney's committee last July and has been resting in the Senate Rules Committee ever since.

Tranter says he's been working on trying to get the bill out of the Senate Rules Committee, but is not sure yet just when or if he'll accomplish the task.

"I'm not going to let it die," said Tranter.

But, while Tranter has been talking to individual members of the Rules Committee, a member of the Senate's leadership team said the bill hasn't even been discussed in recent leadership meetings.

"It's status quo," said Carney, the Senate sponsor of the bill.—By Steve Wilson—Columbus Bureau Chief

Wisconsin Brothers: Write your Governor

The organizations in Wisconsin are not just fighting for their rights, but for yours, too. They're out there writin', bitchin', and stompin'—but it's gonna take more. The helmet repeal depends on every bike freak in the state. Write your governor—write him now and don't write him just once—keep at it. ■

Sound Off For Bikers' Rights

Well, I called up my congressman
And he said (quote)
I'd like to help you, son,
But you're too young to vote.

—Summertime Blues by
Eddie Cochran

For the past several years, bikers have been reluctant witnesses to the growth of a body of legislation which ultimately could make motorcycling impossible. Helmet laws, lights-on laws, anti-noise laws, and modification laws are a few obvious examples, but more—and worse—legislation is even now under consideration at every level of government, federal, state, and local.

But this article isn't about these laws. It's about writing to your congressman, something we as bikers can do to register our protests against further loss of freedom, against laws that threaten our way of life.

Like many bikers, you may be skeptical about the usefulness of this form of protest, but have you ever tried it yourself to find out if it does any good? Probably not. Ninety per cent of all Americans never in their lifetime write their congressmen.

There are doubtless many reasons for this reluctance to write.

Many people believe that congressmen are too busy to read their mail or that one letter won't make any difference or that the letter will receive only a superficial answer, if any. With respect to most congressmen, however, such notions are incorrect.

It's true that most elected officials have a staff to help process their mail, but even so, chances are your congressman will answer your letter. And don't underestimate the impact it can have—most congressmen will attest to instances where a well-worded and persuasive letter either changed their minds or caused them to reconsider their opinions.

If you're really interested in preserving the biker way of life, you should let the people who can do something about it know how you feel. Here are a few pointers on writing your congressman.

1. **Get the address right.** The letter should be addressed either "Hon. —, House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515," or "Senator —, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515." If this advice sounds too obvious and fundamental, remember that something as seemingly insignificant as an incorrect address could cause your letter to go astray and be delayed, perhaps preventing it from reaching your congressman before he votes on a crucial bill.

2. **Specify the issue.** Since 20,000 bills are introduced in each Congress, and dozens of issues demand a legislator's attention, it's essential to identify the subject of your concern early. If it's a pending bill, identify it by number or popular title. Do this in the first sentence of your letter: "I am writing in regard to House Bill #—," or "I am writing in regard to Senate Bill #—." Don't make your congressman wade through several paragraphs trying to figure out exactly which piece of legislation you're concerned about.

3. **Focus your attention on your own delegation.** There's no use trying to get the ear of all 535 members of Congress. Your Representatives and your Senators were elected to cast your vote. The congressman from another state may not give a shit what you think, but the man you elect is likely to pay attention.

4. **Make the letter brief and to the point.** A concise letter will stand a better chance of being answered promptly. And write clearly — only legible letters get read.

5. **Give your own opinions.** A personal letter containing your own thoughts on the issue is far more effective than a form letter or a signature on a petition or a second-hand rehash of beer-soaked bullshit you overheard at the local bar. And don't just say you're for or against a bill and leave it at that. Give a succinct explanation of your position, telling what prompted you to take a stand.

6. **Use any special knowledge you have.** Remember that no one can be knowledgeable about everything and that the bills are written and the laws are passed by people

who have no first-hand knowledge of the subject, whether it's fishing rights, strip mining, or motorcycles. To vote intelligently, congressmen seek the aid of "experts." And when it comes to scoots, what better experts than bikers? So if you have some specific knowledge or personal experience that would help him make the right decision, lay it on him.

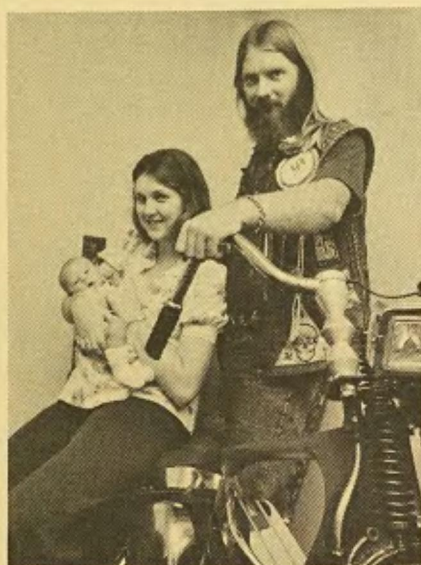
7. **Don't threaten.** This is the surest way to blow the whole thing. Physical threats ("Vote to repeal the 55 mph speed limit or I'll kick your ass") will get you a visit from the federal marshal. Political threats ("Vote against the bill or I'll never vote for you again and I'll tell everybody else not to, too") are more likely to piss your congressman off than make him up-tight about reelection, so your letter will do more harm than good.

8. **Be patient.** It's unrealistic to expect your congressman to make an early commitment about a given issue or bill. Remember, these bills are often extremely complex and may be hundreds of pages long. Before it comes to a final vote, a bill may require extensive hearings, necessitate detailed studies, and generate many amendments. Your congressman, when he receives your letter, may not yet be in a position to tell you whether he's for or against a bill.

Nobody's pretending that letters are all it will take to preserve or regain our rights as bikers. But it's an opportunity we can't afford to ignore. As a biker you've got no right to piss and moan about the shit deal being handed us from Washington if you won't take a few minutes to let 'em know what you think. ■

Stash Box

By Tex Campbell

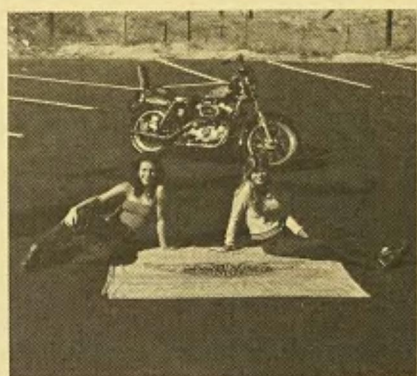


Can you spot the Harley-Davidson in this picture? Okay—you pegged the panhead, but you probably missed the other one. Cradled in his mama's arm is none other than Jason Harley-Davidson Lackey, son of Randy and Robin Lackey of Jackson, Mississippi. Randy's a stone Harley freak, owning a 1969 trike in addition to the '61 pan shown here, so he and Robin agreed to show their enthusiasm by namin' the kid after their favorite scoot. Little H-D was born 9-30-77 and can already handle the pan pretty well, except for a little trouble reachin' the brake pedal at high speeds.

crime, locksmithing and security, self-defense, nutrition and life extension, alternative energy, firearms and explosives, revisionist history, monopoly and bureaucracy, unusual moneymaking opportunities, exposés of government spying, science and technology, tax avoidance, and lots more. The catalog goes for two bucks from Loompanics Unlimited, P.O. Box 264, Mason, Michigan 48854.



In case you don't have enough crap bolted to your scoot already, here's an item you might want to consider. From time to time all of us carry around goodies that might prove a bit embarrassing if we had to explain to a cop. (Uh, well, officer, I have this heart condition and, uh... those pills... Prescription? Well, uh... let's see...") Well, the manufacturers of this portable safe, citing recent Supreme Court decisions, claim that its use will protect your unmentionables from search and seizure by the authorities. You can believe I'm skeptical—I know damn well that, if they want to, the cops will confiscate the safe and whatever's in it. But maybe havin' your goods locked up in the thing will help you beat the rap in court. Maybe. Anyhow, the thing is 8 in. x 6 in. x 4 in., weighs 4 lbs. 14 ozs., box and cover are made from 5/64-in. steel, and the hinge is tamper proof. Sold with hardware to mount it, the safe goes for 49 bucks in chrome or 36 bucks in gray or black finish. From Aurora Welding & Design, Inc., P.O. Box 161, Cudahy, Wisconsin 53110.



We all know true bikers never bathe, of course, or go to the beach either—but that hasn't kept some clown from coming out with these Harley towels. Still, maybe you can find some use for the sumbitch—like stuffin' it in your ol' lady's big mouth or cuttin' it into smaller pieces to line the cat box. Available in two sizes, these velour towels are bright Harley orange with black H-D wings in the center. The big mother (shown) is 72 in. x 45 in. and sells for \$16.50. A smaller version (50 in. x 25 in.) goes for eleven bucks. From Bro Products, P.O. Box 207, Calabasas, California 91302.



Reverse gears for Sportsters are available once again. As you probably know, reverse came as standard equipment on all Sportys through 1948, then as an option through 1955, when it was discontinued by Harley-Davidson. The original equipment wore out fast and it's rare to find a reverse-equipped Sportster today. But now, after 22 years, they are being manufactured again. The easily-installed kit (shown) comes complete with all hardware and fittings, ready to bolt in without further modification except for boring a hole in the case to allow the horn to stick out. ■



Lookin' for some farout readin' matter? If so, you might want to check out Loompanics Unlimited. Their catalog lists hundreds of titles they offer, covering such diverse areas as survival,



"Just how legal is a wedding in a Mexican restaurant?"

A biker was pulled over by two highway patrolmen, who had a Mexican in custody. "Sorry to bother you, buddy," said one of the cops, "but we think this Mexican just smuggled some dope across the border and hid it. Neither of us speak Spanish, so if you do, will you ask him where he hid it?"

The cop pulled out his pistol, cocked it, and placed the barrel against the Mexican's head. "Tell him I'll blow his brains out if he don't tell."

The biker, well versed in Span-

ish, asked the Mexican where he had hidden the dope, warning him that the cop meant business.

"I don't want to die," the frightened Mexican pleaded. "I hid five hundred kilos of marijuana in an old barn, five miles down the road."

"What'd he say?" the cop asked.

"Well," the biker translated, "he said Fuck you, you cocksuckers ain't got the balls to pull the trigger!"

—Tommy McIntosh
Woodside, N.Y.

SPACE FILLER LASERBLAST!

A Mexican, a black man and a Polack were discussing the possibilities of their entering the Olympics, and were trying to decide which field of endeavor would be the best for each to compete in. The Mexican picked up a dinner plate, spun around, and sailed it over his house. "That's for me," he said. "I'll throw the discus."

The black dude picked up a long, slender piece of redwood

grape stake, ran across the yard, and gave it a heave. "I'll enter the javelin-throwing contest," he crowed.

Perplexed, the Polack looked around, trying to find something that he could use, and his eye fell on a barbed wire fence. He cut off several strands, wrapped them around his body, and shouted triumphantly, "Fencing!"

—David Kelly
Thousand Oaks, Calif.



"I'm sorry, the princess can't talk right now. She's got a former frog in her throat."



"I'm awfully sorry, sir, but I'm afraid that offer is limited to fish."

A minister, invited to a bro's house for the weekend, was shocked to see a wild party in progress and went directly to his room to pray. A few hours later, he was awakened by a light tapping at the door. He opened it and there before him stood a stark naked young woman.

"Do you want me?" asked the minister stiffly.

"Hell no!" replied the girl. "I drew you!"

—Dave
Calabasas, Calif.

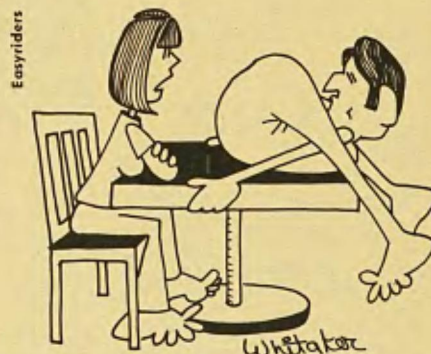
A biker was working nights in the DOT cafeteria. A bureaucrat came in and asked for a cherry coke.

"One virgin coke," the biker called out to the counter man.

"That's disgusting," said the customer. "Make that just a regular coke."

The biker complied. "One virgin coke," he called again, then added, "Fuck it!"

—Doug Delmont
Gaithersburg, Md.



"For crissakes, George—go back to smoking!"

A young lady of one of Boston's better families was invited by the eldest son of a similarly respected household in Philadelphia to meet the young man's parents. A formal cocktail party was held in honor of the occasion.

As everyone was milling about, making inane conversation and attempting to get inebriated without showing it, the young lady eased over to her escort's side and whispered, "Dear, your mother seems a bit stand-offish. Doesn't she like me?"

"Well, frankly, darling," he

answered, "Mother did say she finds you a bit uncouth."

"But doesn't she know that I'm a graduate of Vassar?" the young woman retorted. "And doesn't she know that our family has been in the Boston Social Register for three generations?"

"Oh yes," the young man assured her, "Mother knows all about that."

To which the young lady replied, "Then where the fuck does she get this 'uncouth' bullshit?"

—Jerry Prater
Old Town, Fla.

The lady was preparing her house for a formal party when her daughter ran into the room and shouted, "Mother, I'm a lesbian!"

"So? Go upstairs and shave!"
—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

"The doctor told me today that I had V.D.," the biker said to his bro. "Shit, I'da never guessed I had a vitamin deficiency."

—Root
Gloucester, N.J.

Twelve Polacks were attempting to rape a young German girl. "Nein, nein!" she cried. So three of them left.

—D. B. Lee
Alderson, W. Va.

On his first visit to the shrink, the nervous biker explained that his friends made him seek help because he dug cotton socks over woolen ones.

"That's no reason for you to see me," said the shrink. "In fact, I myself prefer cotton socks!"

"Far out!" said the biker. "Do you like yours with oil and vinegar or just a squeeze of lemon?"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

The victorian landlady suspected her beautiful young tenant was breaking house rules about no men allowed upstairs. One evening she knocked on the girl's door and shouted, "Are you entertaining gentlemen in there?"

"I must be," the girl answered. "They keep coming back."

—Edna Bowman
Phoenix, Ariz.

The well-stacked redhead stormed into police headquarters and shouted at the desk sergeant that a man had grabbed and raped her while she was walking through the park.

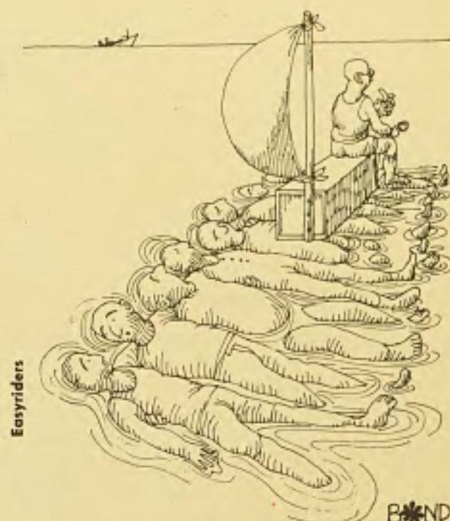
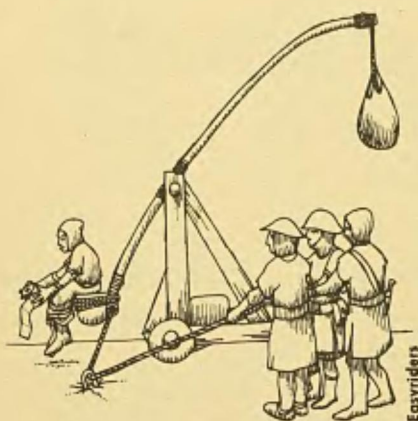
"What did he look like?" the desk sergeant asked.

"I really don't know," the girl replied.

"Lady, it's the middle of the afternoon on a clear, sunny day," the sergeant said in an exasperated voice. "How could a man grab you and rape you without your seeing what he looked like?"

"Well," the redhead answered, "for one thing, I always close my eyes when I'm being raped!"

—A. H. Livingston
Lancaster, Calif.



"By God, that Simpson's a persuasive talker."



"Dammit, Denise! Don't you ever feed this goofy bastard?"



Iron Mike complained to his family doctor, several days after marrying, "There's something wrong with my ol' lady, Doc. She only wants to get fucked in the ear." "That's weird," the doctor answered. "Tell me about it." "Well," Iron Mike said, "every time I go to stick my cock in her mouth, she turns her head sideways."

—V. D. Terkelson
N. Long Beach, Calif.

After spending the night with a girl in a motel room, the young biker approached the desk clerk and asked for his bill.

"Our charge for a double room is ten dollars apiece," advised the clerk. The biker grumbled something about the price being a bit steep, then dug out his wallet and handed the clerk 60 dollars.

—A. H. Livingston
Lancaster, Calif.

"I was married twice," explained the biker to a newly-discovered drinking companion, "and I'll never marry again. My first wife died after eating poison mushrooms and my second wife died of a fractured skull."

"That's a shame," offered the friend. "How did that happen?" "She wouldn't eat the mushrooms."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.



"Well, here's looking at you, Cloris—that's what's caused most of our problems, anyway."



"You dirty mother!"

rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

Kid Drivers

As you ride along on your motorcycle, you may have observed very young children driving farm machinery on the road. Should you become involved in an accident with one of these youthful drivers, will they be judged by the same standards as adult drivers? The courts say that they will be held to an adult standard of care—at least, this is true in most of the courts. There are some exceptions. The Minnesota Supreme Court says that one cannot know whether the operator of an approaching automobile, airplane, or power boat is a minor or an adult, and usually cannot protect himself against youthful imprudence, even if warned. Accordingly, the court holds that in the operation of an automobile, airplane, or power boat, a minor is to be held to the same standard of care as an adult. (560 Pac 2d 873 (1977))

Costly Kid

This reckless 17-year-old son cost his father \$120,000 when he negligently struck a seven-year-old girl with his motorcycle and severely injured her. The boy had a bad record for operating his motorcycle and his father knew it. The motorcycle was owned by the son, not the father. The Supreme Court of Alabama, in holding the father liable, said there was sufficient evidence that the boy was a reckless driver, which was known to his father, and that in spite of this, the father permitted the boy to ride the motorcycle.

The whole point here is that a father may not have insurance against the reckless driving of his son and a judgment such as this may be a crippling financial blow. This is a unique situation and illustrates how motorcycle liability may be passed on to an indulgent father who does not own the motorcycle and may not be insured. The liability here turns on the doctrine of the negligent entrustment of a dangerous instrumentality to a minor. (240 So. 2d 760)

Police Pursuit

A police officer's pursuit and arrest of a speeding defendant beyond the boundary of the town in which he has law enforcement authority is justified on the basis of his probable cause to believe that the defendant was breaking the law, the Delaware Supreme Court holds, as it construes the state's Fresh Pursuit Statute. The phrase "reasonable grounds to suspect" is the legal equivalent of "probable cause" and should be accorded the same meaning. The Fresh Pursuit Statute is construed as follows: (1) Once a peace officer has probable cause to believe that an offense has been committed within his territorial jurisdiction, he may invoke the statute and engage in fresh pursuit; (2) To make an arrest outside the officers' territorial jurisdiction, the pursuit must be immediate and continuous; (3) The pursuing officer may arrest for any violation which occurs during the pursuit, regardless of the place of the offense. If they are after you for any violation, they can go a long ways to catch you. *State v. Cochran*, Del. Sup. Ct., 3/8/77.

Is Driver Responsible?

The South Dakota Automobile Guest Statute has been held constitutional. Guest statutes prevent you from recovering from your host auto driver, if he is guilty of just ordinary negligence. There may be some rare instances where the guest statute might promote a free ride or prevent ungrateful litigation, but equal protection of the law is not satisfied by weak speculation. The insured driver does not feel the sting of ingratitude when his guest seeks compensation from the driver's insurer. Similarly, the insured driver does not weigh his protection under the guest statute in deciding whether to offer a free ride. Hitch-hikers beware and take notice. *S.D. Supreme Ct., Behrns v. Burk*, 4/25/75.

Can Do No Wrong

You can now sue the state of New Mexico, and sovereign immunity is no longer a defense in a tort suit. The doctrine of sovereign immunity should be abolished. The original justification for the doctrine of sovereign immunity was the archaic view that "the sovereign can do no wrong." Common law sovereign immunity may no longer be interposed as a defense by this state, or any of its political subdivisions, in tort actions. The idea of immunity can no longer be justified by existing circumstances and has long been devoid of any valid justification. There is a growing number of states that have abolished this doctrine. *New Mexico Supreme Court—Hicks v. New Mexico*.

Bankruptcy Hassles

Does discharge in bankruptcy end all your legal obligations as a debtor? It does, but it does not necessarily bar collection efforts. The U.S. District Court in Texas has held that a creditor's threats to take legal action to collect an earlier discharged debt, and even institution of criminal charges against the bankrupt, do not violate the Bankruptcy Act or a bankruptcy court's order incorporating language from the Act.

The Act forbids all creditors whose debts have been discharged from instituting or continuing any action or employing any process to collect such debts as personal liabilities of the bankrupt. The court said that Congress intended only to stop legal—and not informal or nonjudicial—means of post-discharge debt collection. Therefore, while threats of civil action to recover discharged debts are inexcusable and in obvious disregard of the purposes of the Bankruptcy Act, they violate neither the Act nor a discharge order. Some creditors will just not give up. *U.S.D.C. S. Tex. In re: Thompson*, 6/29/76.

Pinchin' Ass OK?

An isolated sexual advance to a female employee is not grounds for action under Title VII. Supervisors get at least one bite of the forbidden apple before a valid sex discrimination claim can be lodged under Title VII. Here the employee claimed that her supervisor promised her a better job if she would be sexually "cooperative." He then caused her dismissal when she refused. The employer maintained a company-wide policy against moral misconduct.

The employee here failed to utilize existing internal investigatory avenues. Instead, she went directly to the EEOC. In dismissing the complaint, the court said it would be ludicrous to hold that the sort of activity involved here was contemplated by Title VII. An outgrowth of such a holding would be a potential federal lawsuit every time any employer made amorous or sexually oriented advances toward another. Flirtations of the smallest order do not give rise to liability. It would seem wise not to delve into these matters short of factual allegations citing an employer policy that imposes or permits a consistent, as distinguished from isolated, sex-biased discrimination on a definable employee group. *U.S.D.C. N. Cal., Miller v. Bank of America*, 8/19/76.

OK To Bar Rug Rats

Can you bar children under 12 from living in a condominium? No, you cannot. The resident claimed that this rule was an unconstitutional restriction in violation of his rights to marriage, procreation, and association, and a violation of his right to equal protection. The court ruled this to be a violation of equal protection under the law. *Fla. Ct. Appeal, 4th District; Franklin v. White Egret, Condominium* 8/9/77. ■

Nosy Crabs

I've got crabs on my crank like flies on shit. Them critters are even on my sled's saddle. Every time I sniff the seat, them fuckers go up my nose. Do ya think I could kill them by setting fire to them?

Scratch Ass
Hemlock, Tex.

● Fire might fuck up your senses and cook your brains. But shit, give it a try—what ya got to lose?

Pump Problem

Has anyone ever offered to suck your pussy till your head caved in? I'm practicin' on empty milk bottles, and so far I can break six in a row. Is that suction enough?

Lucky Palmer
Ft. Worth, Tex.

● Hey, shit-for-brains, I'm interested in how thick and educated your tongue is.

An Offer

My bros, "Tattoo Fred" and "Little Gary," would like for ya to stop by First Street Tattooing in Dover, Delaware, and let 'em get ya fucked up and tattoo your whole body for nothin' unless "Little Gary" wants payment by doin' a bondage gig on ya. Whadda ya say?

C. J.
Newcastle, Del.

● Thanks, I needed that. I came thirty times when I rubbed your letter on my clit.

More! More!

This bro I know told me he rammed the end of a broomstick up your ass and ya holered for more. Is this true?

Truly Confined
Hutchinson, Kan.

● That was a broomstick? I thought it was him.

No Hair

I dig eating big, hairy pussies. All the chicks down here shave their beavers and my face slips and slides all over the place. What can I do to solve this problem?

Dave Easey
Orlando, Fla.

● Move. Or switch to dogs (the four-legged kind, dipshit).

Flavored Oil

My ol' lady uses 50-weight Harley oil as a lubricant when we fuck. Does it come in different flavors?

Bubbles
Jax, Fla.

● Make up your mind. Are ya fuckin' or suckin'? If you're suckin', the best flavor I've found is the part that drips on the floor.

Love Letter

Hey, ya fat piece of sweetmeat. That's all I gotta say.

Spencer
So. Cleveland, Ohio

● Gee, I dig sweet talkers.

Nose Hangup

Whattaya think of an ugly cunt threatening a dude just cuz he asted her if he cud shwanz her in da nose and she got pissed and threatened to call da man? I met da ugly hagger a while back. Her old man was gon for a cuppel of weeks and i was impressed with her massiv proboskus (dat means noze ya dum kunt). I got to talkin' to her and took her out I treeted her nise. Wun nite she asked me to go to her place and we got kozy on da kowch. All i did wuz offer her 15 bucks if i

cud stuf my dork up her shnoz and blow pekkersnot up her sinuses so wut duz da ungatful bich do? Skreem and thretin to call da cops and ask me if im sum kinda fuckin purvert. i mean shit Mutha, dis chik got da best lookin honker i ever seen. Can it be that i fownd a vurgin? Wut do i do now?

Wolfman
San Francisco, Calif.

● Learn to be a sweet talker like Spencer.

Old Whore

You are a twisted, old, smelly, bug-infested whore. We think we love you.

Skip and Company
New York, N.Y.

● Watch that "old" shit, asshole eyes!

Knob Jobs

This is a formal invitation to come down south and suck off every Marine on this base. Do you think you can handle a couple of thousand Jarheads?

The Hellmasters
Camp LeJeune, N.C.

● Only during my afternoon happy hour—and for simple whiff-bam knob jobs, ya turkeys have to come to me.

Tough Question

Every time I fuck my bitch she does it a different way. Do you think she's fuckin' someone else?

Buzzy
Colfax, W. Va.

● Now let me see if I understand ya. Every time you fuck her, she does it a different way . . . Buzzy, after careful

thought, why don't you just buzz off and quit fuckin' with my head?

Muscle Loosener

Can ya tell me, if I put 90-weight oil on my crank, would it help loosen the sphincter muscles around my ol' lady's asshole? Ya see, she's got hemorrhoids, and it's hard to get into.

Dave the Duck
Levittown, Pa.

● Best thing for loosenin' up them muscles is a quart beer bottle upside the head. Always works on me—huh, Spider? Huh, Spider—huh, Spider?

Shorted Out

Say, Mutha, what do you do when you're horny as hell, there's no bros or dogs around, and your dildo is shorted out?

Ed Reefer
Newcastle, Pa.

● I find me a straight dude and have some laughs till things pick up again.

Ballin' Scoot

Have you ever balled on a scooter, and if so, was it a good get-off for you? How many orgasms did you have?

Chico "Grandad"
Westland, Mich.

● When? Today? On the way to work? At lunch? You name it, I've done it. How many orgasms? Again, which time—and who in hell can count machinegun blasts?

Fallin' Hair

I've been stickin' my vibrator up my dog's twat and she really digs it. But recently her hair has been falling out. Do you think I'm poking her too much?

Jim
Clarkson, Neb.

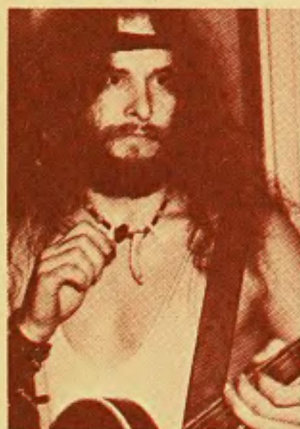
● Yeah, maybe you'd better do one or the other. Pokin' her may be a little much on top of all the vibrator action.

—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



Queen Of The Night/The Michael Wynn Band: The Michael Wynn sound reminds us of what might happen if our fantasy came true and we took Shaun Cassidy, put him down ten years of bad road, then let him resurface. With luck, we'd lose Cassidy's syrupy vocals while retaining his knack for doing tuneful songs with a strong melody. He might even have something to say, rather than rambling on about drivel. And perhaps his voice would have acquired that raspy edge from some hard drinking and fast-lane living. Wynn plays a mean guitar, and this, coupled with his hardened vocals, pulls him out of the pop melody bag and gives him a tougher sound than most melodically oriented pop singers. The title track and "Let Your Guitar Cry," which contains one of the year's best background guitar solos, are among the five heavies on this LP. The first side of the album is generally up-tempo, while side two contains mostly mellow cuts—so you can select the side that suits your head on any given day.



Double Live Gonzo/Ted Nugent: What with all the reissues of Ted's cuts from his Amboy Dukes stage and the recent torrent of additional material, it's hard to keep track of which is the new stuff. This is a two-disc set with good production and some raunchy spoken introductions. For example, "You bet your ass. I think I know what you like. Nobody out there even wants to be mellow. Anyone like that, you turn around and get the fuck out of here. This is a love song. We'd like to dedicate it to all that Nashville pussy." The fire and brimstone that characterizes Nugent's hellraisin' rock is captured perfectly here. And although all of this material has been on record before, it's good to hear Terrible Ted at his teeth-gnashing best. It's still the ultimate hard-on in the heavy metal world, and this set shows why: more energy per cut than Led Zeppelin and Queen combined. If, for some weird fuckin' reason, you don't have a Nugent album, this is a good one to begin with.

DOWN ~TIME DISCS

By
**Buster Duckbutter
and White Wing**

Heaven Help The Fool/Bob Weir: One of the driving forces behind the Grateful Dead has come up with this solo effort. And before you get the idea that he's splitting on the group—which is what usually happens when a member of a band goes it alone—you can just think again. Weir needed a little space to do his own thing, and this LP gives him the room to try out a lot of very mellow material. The overall flavor of *Heaven Help The Fool* is very different from the Dead's latest effort, *Terrapin Station*. Weir's record has a couple of talented

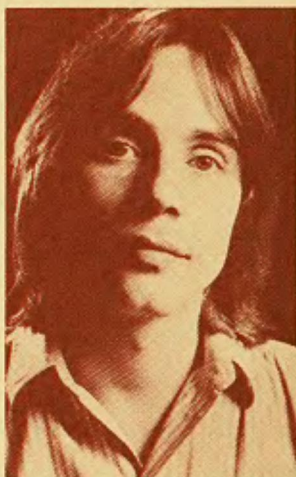
female backup singers in Carmen Twilly and Lynette Gould, augmented by the help of Tom Kelly and Bill Champlain. Tom Scott adds his wind instrument work on a few selections to create a more orchestral sound than the Dead, and it seems that there are more jazz-influenced passages as well. There are still some drivin' energy songs though, and the contributions Weir has made to the Dead are evident. But on the whole, this is a laid-back recording, not like the familiar sound of Weir when he's cookin' with the Dead.



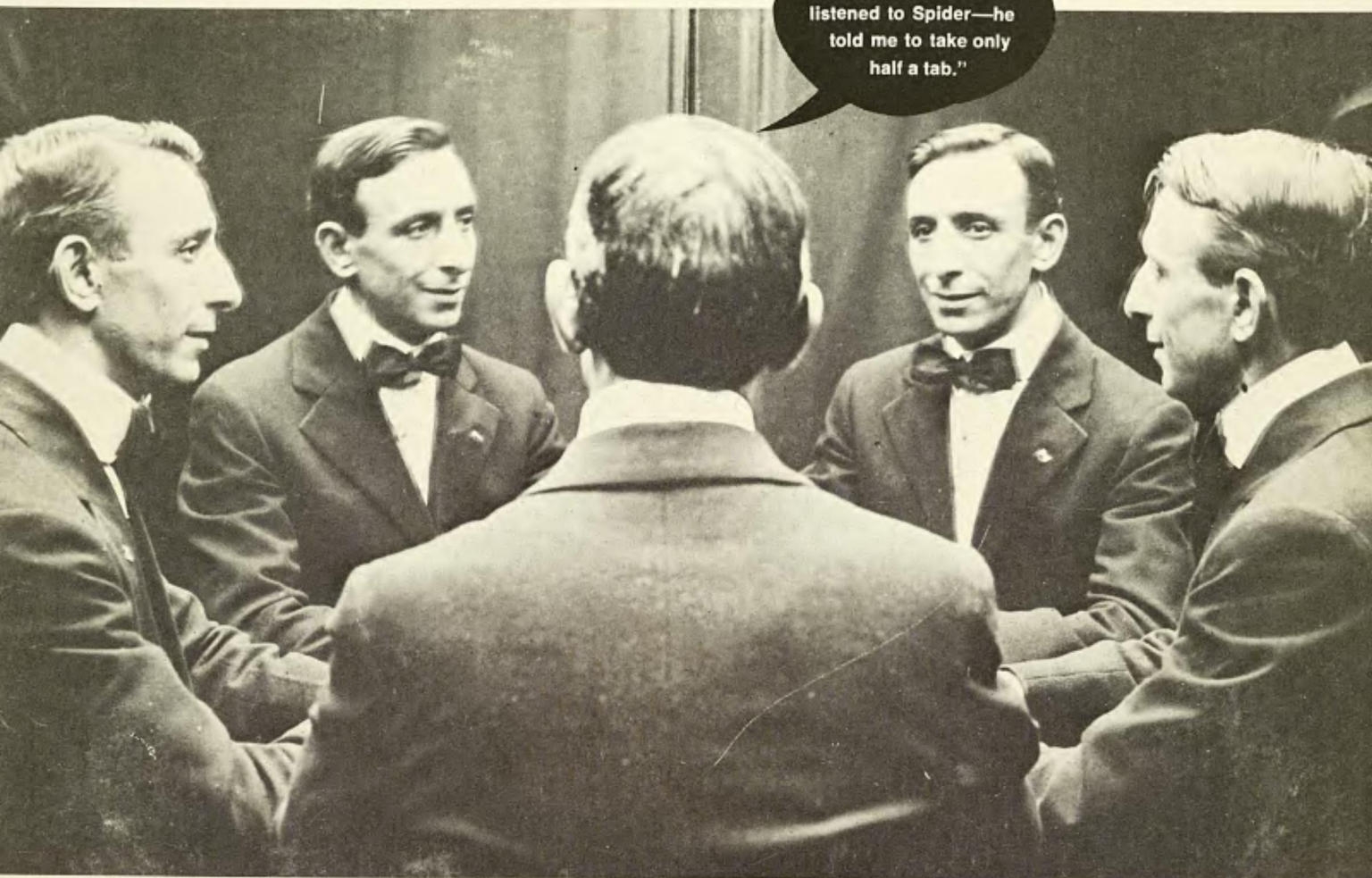
Van Halen/Van Halen: We were out in the garage the other day, listenin' to the radio while settin' the valves on the Duck's panhead. Suddenly we got a surge of power that knocked us on our butts. A heavy metal version of the Kinks' "You Really Got Me" made us realize we needed more pussy than you can get with a gift-wrapped, five-pound box of Purina Cat Chow. Turns out it was Van Halen, a Southern California group that's been playing a lot of local club dates, sort of hanging around the punk rock circuit, but obviously into better stuff. This shit's enough

to put you into terminal heat: deep, heavy drums, screeching guitar solos and fine simple bass lines (from Michael Anthony) combine with David Roth's crystal-clear vocals to produce music that's nothing short of prime rock and roll. Taking the violent outlook of punk rock, throwing in vocal harmonies like mid-sixties English bands, and adding a traditionally heavy metal frame makes this a rugged vehicle for high-energy musical jammin'. A solid record and a great effort from a new band.

Frank Marino and Mahogany Rush Live: Marino and crew haven't lived up to their advance billing in the past, and we greeted this new effort with a wary look when we got our grubby paws on it. But this live album acts more or less as a "best of" collection for the group. What their studio-produced albums lacked was the power that a rock group has to capture on vinyl if they're going to come across. With this disc, these blues-based rockers get the steam that's needed. The Hendrix and Trower influence is felt here on a number of cuts, especially "Talkin' 'Bout A Feelin'," complete with those Trower-type solos that sound like an electric acid trip. Hendrix's "Purple Haze" (which now sounds a bit dated, but only because of the old recording technology) gets a facelift here, but along lines pretty close to the original. The result is an album you'll probably keep for a long time—a big improvement over the group's earlier releases, which seemed to have two or three good cuts and a lot of fill.



Jackson Browne/Running On Empty: The unique feature about this disc is the fact that it was recorded in concert, in hotel rooms, backstage, in rehearsal halls, and on a cross-country bus. So what you're getting here is a live recording of Browne's stage show, plus some thrown-together fuck-off moments which combine to make a pretty entertaining package. Most of the songs were not written by Jackson, but the guest-shot tunes are almost uniformly excellent. Our favorite cut is a collaboration between Browne and Donald "Buddha" Miller, entitled "Rosie." It's about a guy on the road singing to his hand just before he tenderizes his pork. It's an anthem for lonely meat-beaters everywhere. The title cut is the story of our lives, and Gary Davis's "Cocaine" makes our noses numb everytime we hear it. If you like anything that Jackson Browne has done before, you'll probably pop a nut over his latest.



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"Oh shit, I shoulda listened to Spider—he told me to take only half a tab."

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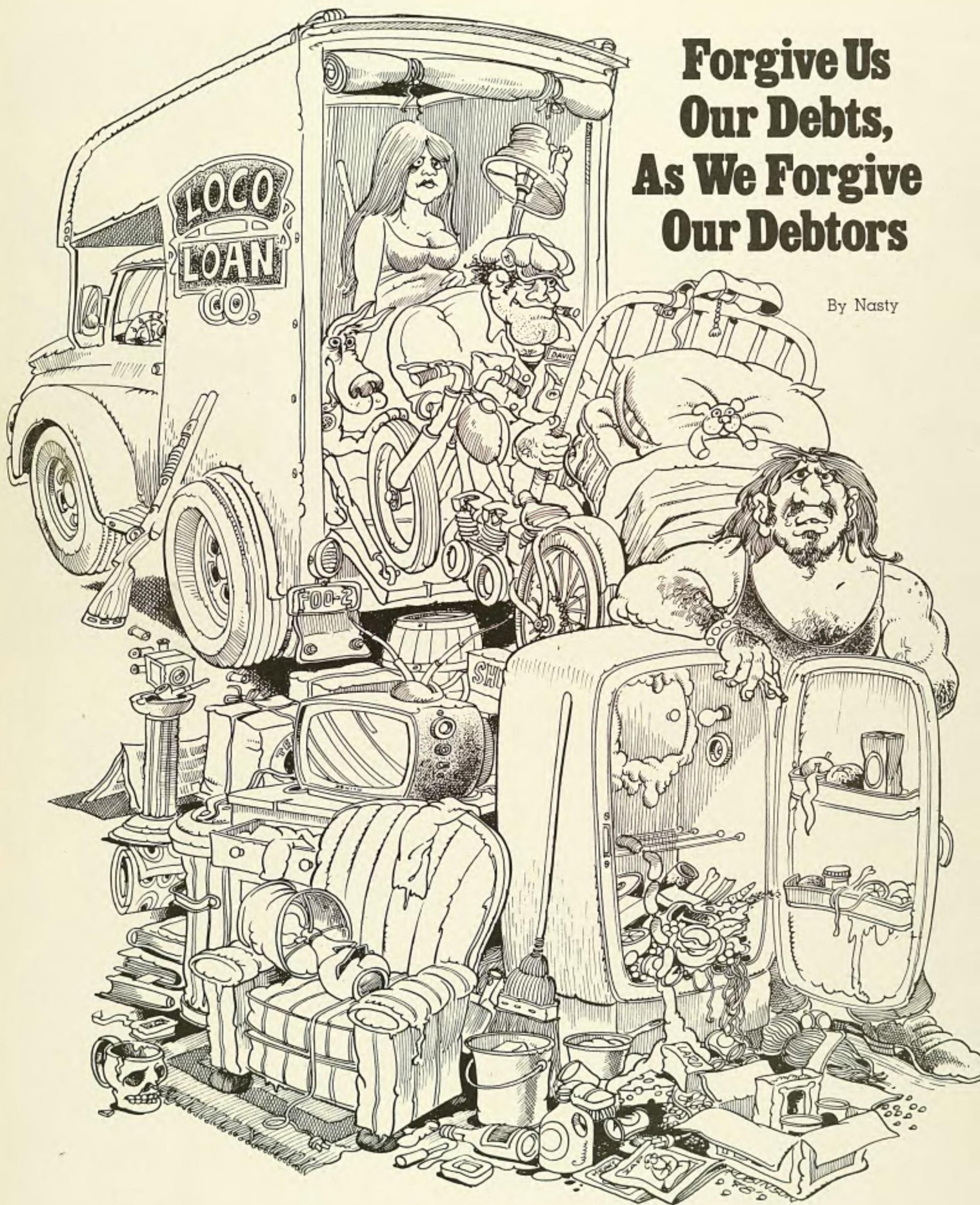
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Forgive Us Our Debts, As We Forgive Our Debtors

By Nasty



At one time or another, it's happened to the best of us. Up to our necks in bills, out of work, bummed out—and those damned collection agencies keep calling on the phone. That is, if your phone hasn't been turned off yet.

There are several ways to get these people off your back. You can hang up on them when they call, you can tell them to back off, or you can play it cool—play their game, and end up paying what you can, when you can. All it takes is a little time, a sense of humor, and sometimes a *little* money. All it really depends on is whom you owe, who's collecting the debt, and you.

Before getting any deeper into this subject, we should interject that if you're looking to get free of child support payments, alimony, or state or federal taxes, forget it. There's no legal way to avoid them. If, however, the problem is bills from credit accounts, finance companies, or household bills like rent, water, gas, and the like, you may find the following information quite interesting.

Please note that this article deals primarily with California laws. Although most states have similar laws, be sure to check them out before putting into action any of the ideas that follow. Even you California bros should check out the current laws pertaining to your situation to make certain they haven't been amended, and to make sure they apply to your specific case.

The first step is just to collect *all* of your bills into a big pile in front of you. You may have to fight down the urge to set a match to them, but try to resist. Besides, the good feelings you'd get from burning your bills would last only for a little while until your creditors sent you another copy of the invoice—this time with an even nastier note attached to it.

Next, sort your bills into two separate stacks. One should consist of the important bills—the ones you *must* pay in order to live with reasonable comfort: rent, gas, electricity, food, clothing, and like that. Doctors and dentists should fall into this category only if they're old family friends. The other pile should be composed of bills that are not necessary to survival: credit card companies, revolving charge accounts, etc. (Finance company

bills go in this stack only if there's no collateral involved—don't include the one that holds the papers to your scooter. We'll cover this subject later on.)

When sorting your bills you must remember that any of them involving collateral should be put into the "must pay" pile (assuming you want to keep the collateral, of course). For example, you went to your neighborhood loan company and took out a loan for \$2,000 to buy some furniture. You've paid \$1,000 on the loan but you're unable to pay the rest. You're in trouble if the loan company lists that furniture as collateral for the loan. The company can come and take your furniture away, sell it, and keep the amount of money that is due them. They must, however, return to you any money from the sale over and above the balance due on the furniture plus the costs they incurred in repossessing and selling it. More on this later. Anyway, this second pile of bills is the one we'll be dealing with. Remember that when we refer to *all* of your bills, we mean all that have been put into the second pile, ok?

The third step is the easiest. Stop paying everyone. Don't throw out the invoices—but don't pay them, either. You should keep the invoices, a record of any telephone conversations (never call *them* unless you intend to make a settlement—let them call you), and all correspondence. You may need all of these things later on. You're probably aware that when you stop paying your bills you'll start to get nasty letters and nasty phone calls, but there's a way to handle them. Just kick back and keep on reading.

I can hear some of you already wondering "But what about my credit rating?" Forget it! What's more important—your credit rating or feeding your family? I heard about one guy who was out of work but who had some money in the bank. He was worried about his credit rating, so he kept paying the bills, figuring that he'd get work eventually. Two months later, the money ran out and he still didn't have a job. At that point, he had no choice—he couldn't pay his bills and that ruined his credit rating. Got the picture? He's in the same predicament now as he would have been two months ago—his credit rating down the drain—but now he's in worse shape because he's out a pile of money. Doesn't make much

sense, does it? Yet this is what most people would have done because of this god, Credit Rating. If you lose your job, keep your money; you need it to support yourself and your family. How do you know when you'll be able to find another job? And besides, it's easy to get your good credit rating back.

You will soon begin to receive little reminder notes with your bills. Then you'll get annoyed notes. Then "Pay by 2:00 p.m. next Tuesday" notes or "Call Mr. Snodgrass by 3 o'clock today" notes. Remember, don't call unless you intend to settle. If they don't hear from you one way or the other, they'll send you notes saying they are going to or already have turned your account over to a collection agency.

When things have reached this stage, there are several actions that should be taken to protect yourself from being sued and having to pay your debt. But you must remember to be ready for numerous phone calls from the collection agency. They will try almost anything to get you to pay. Some of their tactics are legal and some are not. In California, collection agents cannot use obscene or profane language, threaten you or your family with bodily injury, threaten to or actually make public the fact that you haven't paid your bills, call you in the middle of the night, send you any paperwork that looks like a court or government document (if it's not), contact your employer more than once before beginning legal action against you, and cannot claim to be connected with the federal government or any of its agencies. Most states have similar laws. You can find out from your local library just what laws apply to collection agencies in your area, and it's a good idea to find out just what your rights are.

The greatest ally the collector has working for him is you. If he can get you upset or worried or frightened, half his work is done. If you're uptight, you might pay, so he'll try almost anything (legal or otherwise) to get you that way. Stay calm. When he calls, hang up on him or laugh and hang up on him or every time he calls you once, call him three or four times. Pretty soon he'll get the message—and he'll also know now what it feels like to be hassled. Maybe it will make him think about it next time, but probably not. Anyway, by now



—from Bob Mounce, Streator, Ill.

—from J. W. Budesheim, Alberta, Canada

IN THE WIND

Each month we select the best pictures readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm 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 now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.)





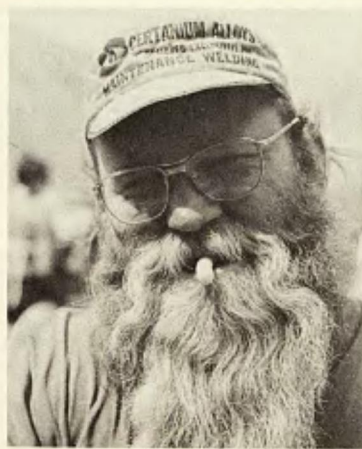
—from Bill Thorne, Evansville, Ind.



—from Frank Ball, Claremont, N.H.



—from Frank Ball, Claremont, N.H.



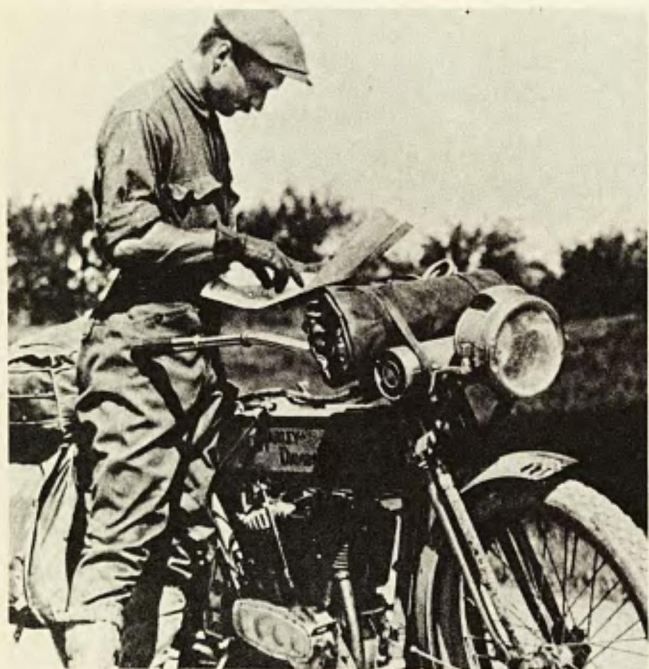
—from C. Crampton, Mentone, Calif.



—from Peter Neumann, Suoni, Finland



—from Hog Jaws Hamilton, Old Town, Fla.







—from Don McLean, Grass Lake, Mich.



—from Hog Jaws Hamilton, Old Town, Fla.



—from Fred Kirchwehm, Chicago, Ill.



—from Tony Steck, Delaware, Ohio



—from Al Evers, APO New York, N.Y.



—from ABATE of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.



—from T. Meriwether, Jackson, Tenn.



—from Todd Hollowell, Hollywood, Calif.



—from Gary Gulig, Fond Du Lac, Wis.



—from Ducan Earl, Jr., Merced, Calif.



—from Lee Scott, Hayward, Calif.



—from John Cure, Beeville, Tex.



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.







BLUE

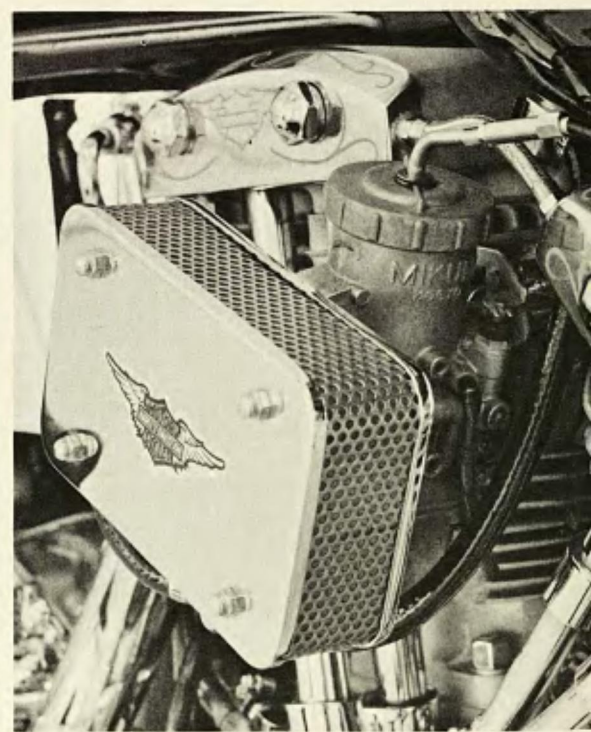
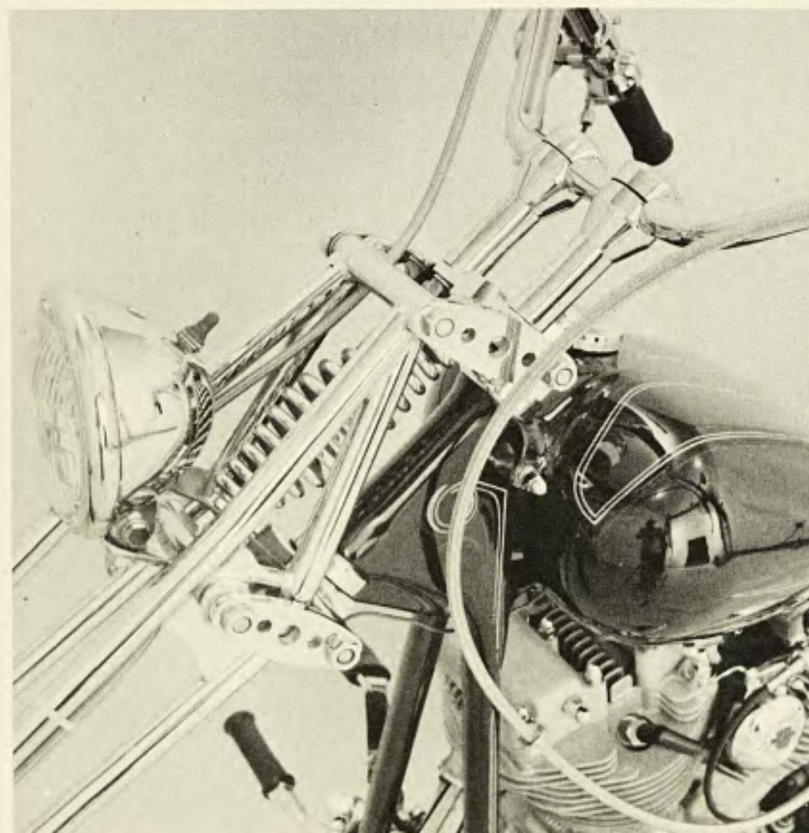
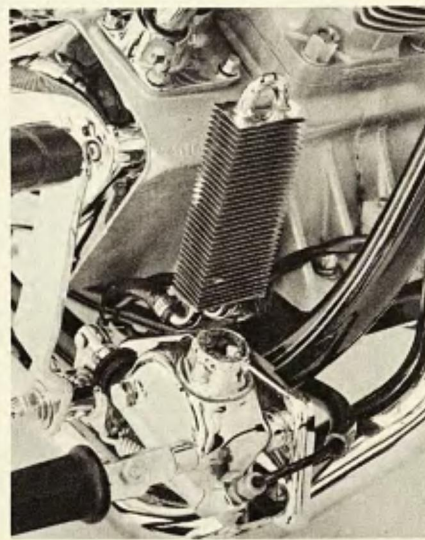
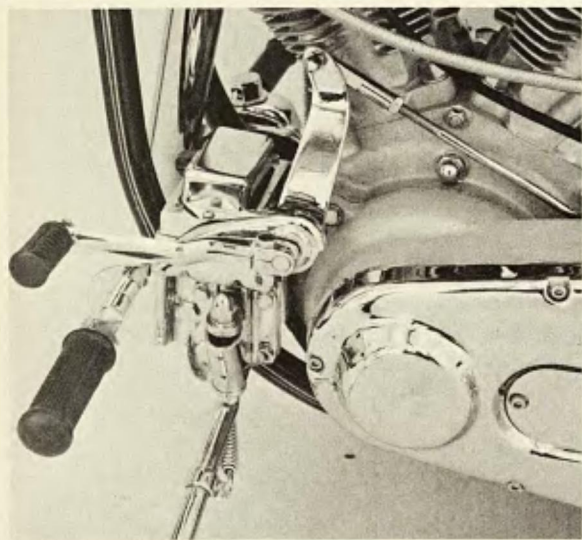
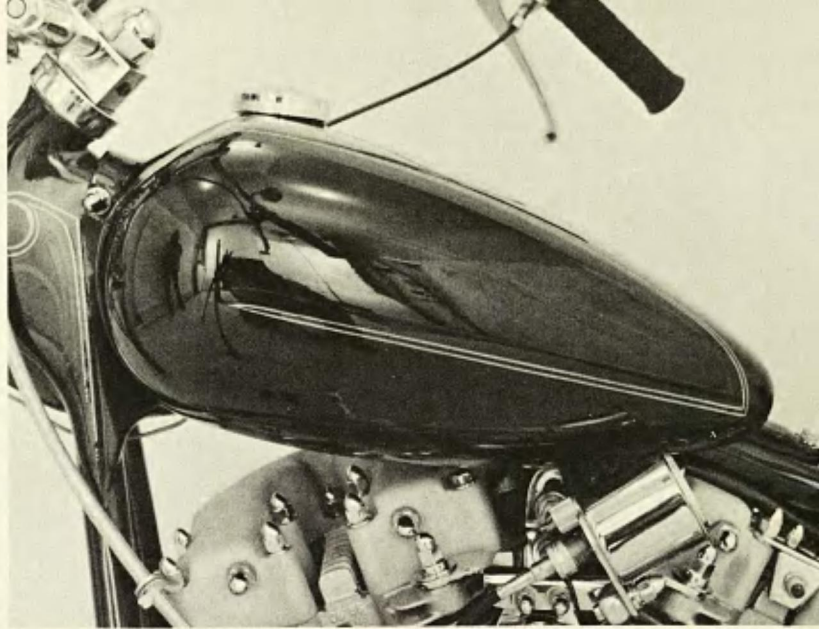
Galen builds beautiful putts, doesn't he? We've seen two scooters he crafted, both of them knocked our eyes out. We're not here to make Galen a Nobel Prize winner or Van Gogh, but if we point out a couple aspects of the work that he gets very deep into with his bikes, it might help a few bros who are trying like hell to build comparable bikes.

Right from the gate, if Blue is studied carefully, it will be evident that Galen hasn't handcrafted each part, so his bike isn't totally original. Yet the style is unlike any we've featured and the scooter looks together—as if it was meant to be that way. The chart also indicates that every part can be purchased from one or two of the major custom parts

distributors. Well then, why isn't every bike-building buff turning out putts this nice? The paint job, maybe? All the chrome?

Although the chrome and deep paint help, the final product doesn't stand on just the reflection of the shiny stuff. Two aspects of construction can make all the difference—the general plan, design, or line of the bike, and the final detail work before the putt rolls.

The design is all in the eye of the builder. The difference between building a bike and any other artistic form is that the bike must function and afford comfort for its passengers. The pure art form has only appearance to contend with; it needn't be functional. Consequently, in building a bike, often the function or comfort and appearance clash—and one or the other has to give. Like maybe your ol' lady won't ride unless a four-foot packer bar is mounted securely and stands high above the rear fender. With Blue, no pointed sissy bar disturbs the line of the bike. The same virtues apply to the seat, front end, degree of rake in the frame, exhaust system, footpegs, and so on. The ultimate design becomes a decision-making process of give and





Detail and Style

take. With enough concentration on the design, enough dedication to the line of the bike, it can look as good as it runs—but it takes work.

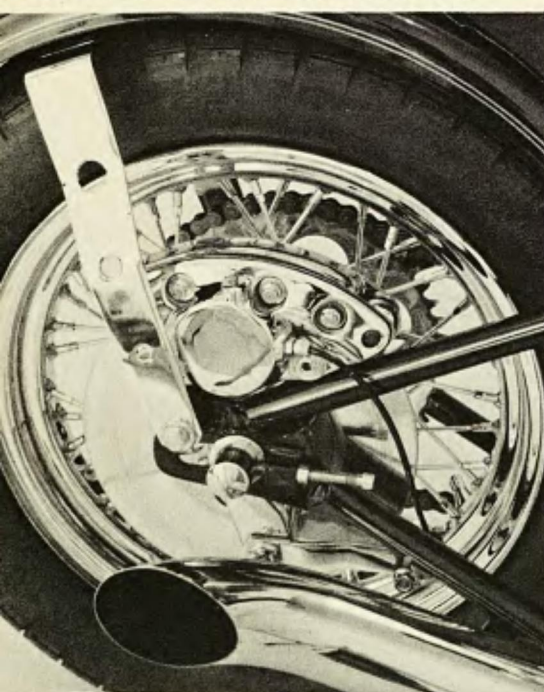
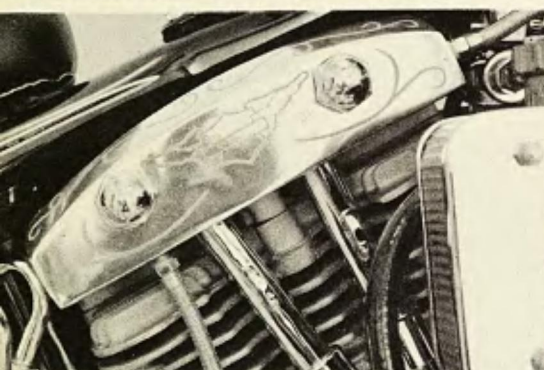
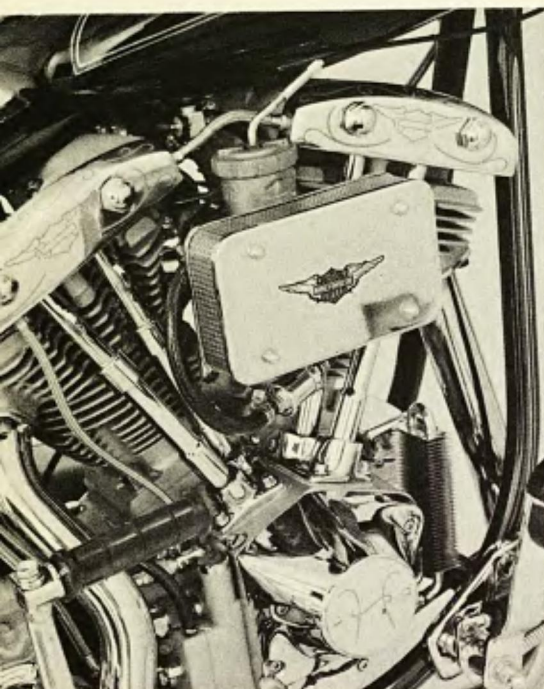
Detail work, though, is not give and take. It's more like a test. The scooter can be bolted together and gone—or you can face another day's delay sanding one more scratch out of the bondo or replacing that one rusty bolt with a clean one (even wait to have it chromed), taking some more time to reroute a wire so that it's unseen, or even returning a piece to the chrome shop for the third time to get the plating job

right. It's all in what the builder lets slide as the bike nears completion. It's the most irritating time in buildin' a putt. The scooter's on the verge of bein' ready to ride but the detail work may add an additional two weeks or even a month to the downtime—it's a bitch. But the more improvements made, the fewer flaws will remain when the bike sees the highway for the first time. Granted, many things can stand in the way, like two hundred miles to the nearest chrome farm, money, cash, green, dust—whatever. It boils down to whether the craftsman will let it pass or not—and maybe how much his throttle hand is twitching at the time.

It's not just the parts or who they come from that make a bike stand out. There's a lot more involved. And fortunately for us, we have builders around who won't stop working with their creations until they have the design they demand, the capabilities the road requires, and flawless detail to produce a classic machine. Nice bike, Galen.

—Bandit.

—Continued on next page



Owners: Galen Olson

City: Visalia, Calif.

General

Frame

Fab. by: Owner-BJ's MC parts

Year: 1974

Year and make: 1974 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FXE

Type: Swing arm, weld-on hard tail

Value: \$5,000

Rake: 12°

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 6 weeks

Other alterations: disc brake adapted

Chroming by: Valley Chrome

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Flanders

Year: 1974

Risers: 4-inch

Model: FXE

Fender(s): 6-inch flat

Rebuilder: owner & BJ's

Headlight: Gary Bang

Ignition: hot coil

Taillight: Tombstone

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: VDO

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: Barnett

Balancing: H-D

Rear pegs: Barnett

Pistons: std. H-D

Electrics: stock, elec. start removed

Cases: cleaned

Gas Tank: altered Paughco 3-gal.

Heads: stock

Oil tank: Paughco

Cam: Andrews

Oil system: H-D

Lifters: Sifton

Primary cover: stock H-D

Carbs(s): Mikuni 44mm

Seat: Universal

Air cleaner: Custom Chrome

Sissy bar: bitch about it

Pipes: Fubar

Height: "0"

Muffler(s): collector

Material: still thinking on it

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: full Andrews

Type: Girder

Year: 1974

Extension: 16 in. over

Shifting: close ratio

Builder: C.C.W.

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features: 750 disc brake

Trans sprocket: 23

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: owner

Hub: 750

Hub: H-D

Painter: owner

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: Carla blue

Tire: 3:00x21

Tire: Dunlop 5:00

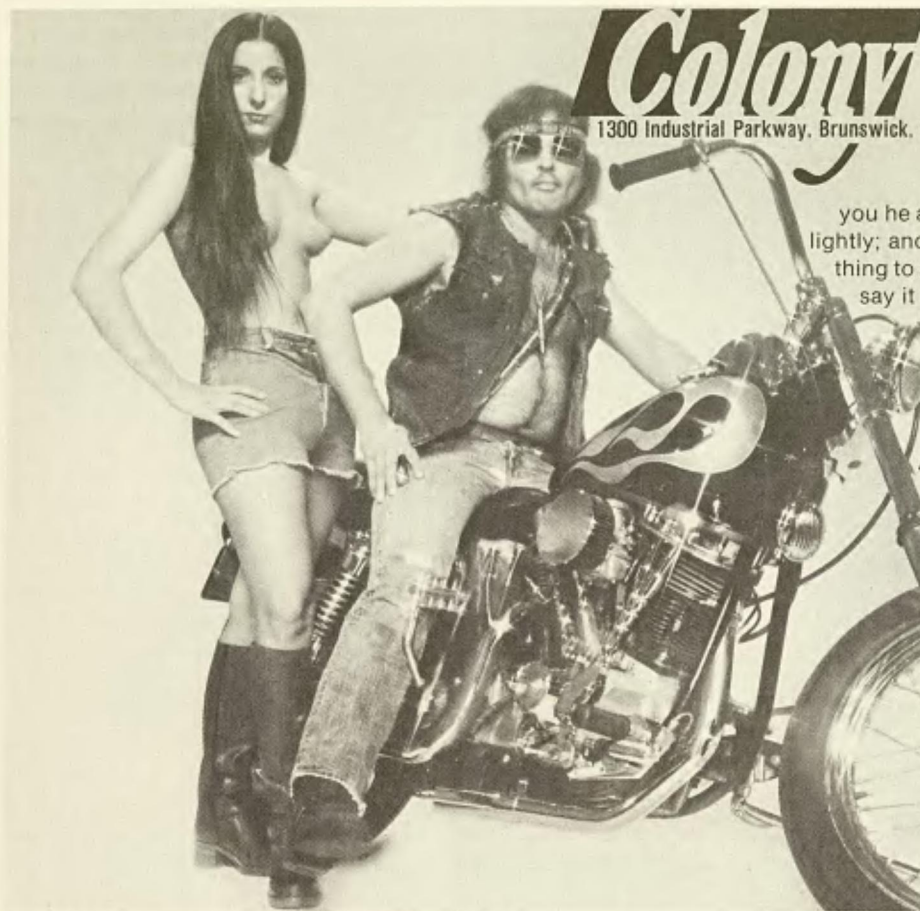
Type: Emron

Brake: disc

Brake: H-D disc

Special paint: silver strip by Ruber

Other special modifications: Engine and trans blasted, then coated with silver wrinkle paint; engravings blasted on rockers.



Colony

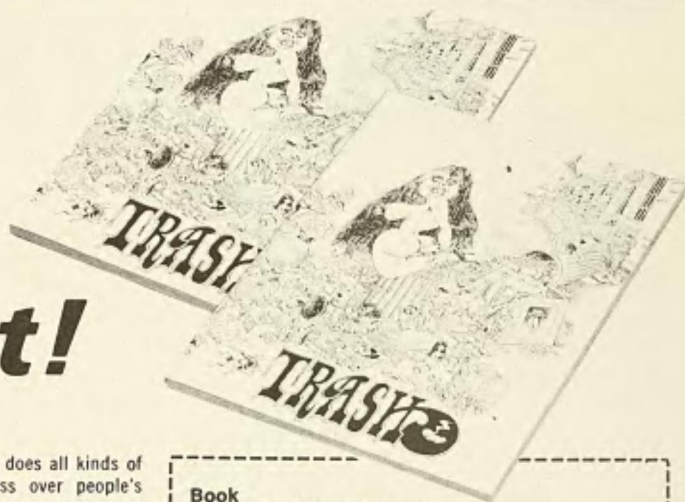
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Check our new catalog for hard to find vintage Harley parts.

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?

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 split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

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

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California residents add 6%



DEBATE

Rocking gently in the stifling shade of the sagging porch, old man Pinson placidly gummed the fresh chaw of tobacco in his toothless mouth and focused on the approaching blur that slowly resolved into his closest friend, old man Ridley. Waiting until the elderly visitor had grunted himself into the other rocking chair, Pinson thought about the seventy years of friendship they had shared—ever since that long-ago fistfight that had welded the bond while they were still small boys.

"Goddam," wheezed Ridley, sucking energetically at his battered pipe until pungent smoke wreathed his bald head. "It hain't bad enough we got another dry

year with nary enough rain to rinch down a pissant. Now we got a brand new misery right on the edge of town."

Pinson spat carefully into the oleander bushes. "And jist whut would that misery be?"

Ridley lowered the pipe from his startled face, eyes moist with excitement. "Why, that there saloon fer them god-awful bikers! Hell, it's the worst threat the decent folks around here has faced in years!"

Pinson smiled wryly. "Decent folks ain't **never** been a majority in this town and we both know it, you old fool."

"Well, them young screwballs—with their crazy hairdos and those beards—are gonna get them-

selves all hopped up on that dope they favor and likely kill everybody, one of these here days. Mark my words, it'll happen!" Trembling with outrage, Ridley puffed sternly.

"Hogwash," chuckled Pinson.

"What?"

"Hogwash, that's whut!" Pinson gazed into the endless blur where once he had been able to see the distant rises and even more distant buttes of the rolling plains. He sighed, knowing he would never again see them. "Shit, only sixty years ago beards and longish hair was common as cotton fields hereabouts. Ain't nothin' new in a man wearin' his hair and his whiskers long if'n it pleasures him. And there's been more'n a few honky-tonks set up fer business in our time, dammit."

"Maybe so," muttered Ridley, banging the dottle from the pipe furiously against his boot. "But have you seen them bikers? Seen the kinda shameless, dirty-mouthed women they carry on them noisy machines?"

Pinson nodded thoughtfully. "Yeah, I seen'm. Heard'm, too. They got a trashy way of talkin', all right. But filthy mouths ain't hardly new in Nolan County, Texas. Or have you forgotten them whorehouses that kept this place goin' durin' the last three droughts?"

Ridley rocked rapidly, restraining his rage.

"If'n need be, I can introduce ya to a few ranch wives who ain't no stranger to dirty talk—when they think they might use it without hurtin' their precious reputations." Pinson aimed and spat clear over the oleanders. "Shit, you an' me ain't gonna live long enough to see the day a handful of feisty young haddicks dirtymouth this town to death!"

"You go right ahead and laugh, Micah Pinson!" fumed Ridley, shaking a finger at his calm companion. "I'm tryin' to tell you that bunch is downright dangerous!"

"So's a den of rattlers—and this

country's been aswarmin' with rattlers ever since my granddaddy first set foot hereabouts. The trick is to just leave 'em alone. How come you ain't learned that?"

"Whut if'n leavin' 'em alone don't do it? What then, hah? Whut if'n they go berserk, start tearin' the town apart? We supposed to jist sit here, tellin' ourselves boys will be boys an' hopin' they quit while they's still some town left standin'?"

"Nope," Pinson uttered the word softly.

"Whut then?" bellowed Ridley.

"Blow 'em into the next world with a shotgun an' tell the world the damned dudes died from pneumonia, I guess. But it ain't never gonna come to that, Wilbur."

Ridley glared in skeptical silence.

"Bikers is a driftin' bunch. Most wouldn't be caught dead in one place for more'n the time it takes fer 'em to wash the dust down their gizzards with a few cold beers or to ease their achin' balls by tossin' their loads into a few willin' girls. Then that old road fever gits a new holt on their minds, draggin' 'em someplace new."

"So says you!" scoffed Ridley.

"Who should know better?"

Pinson laughed. "Or are you gettin' too senile to recall all them times my drunk ass was thrown into every goddam jail for ten counties hereabouts—until you or some other fool wired me the bail money?"

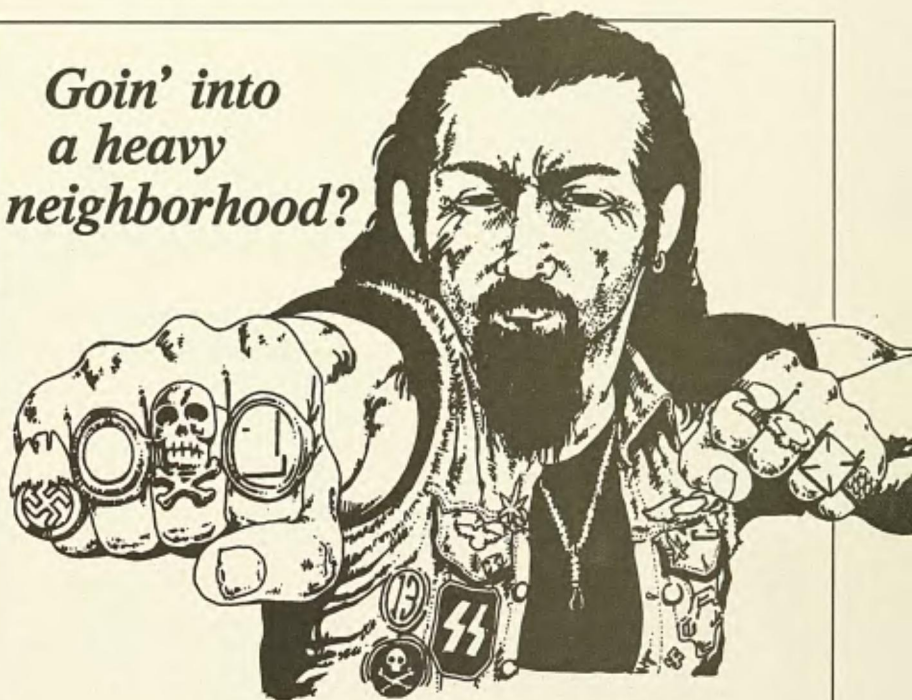
Memories stirred in Ridley's mind and he smiled in spite of himself. "By God, I'd almost forgot! You **was** a real heller, Mi-cah!"

"Damn right I was."

"You an' that damn motorcycle!"

Spitting vigorously, Pinson watched the amber-tinted fluid splat near a lizard, frightening it from its perch atop a nearby rock. "Y'might oughta reckon I know that whole breed—an' that's exactly why I rented the place out there to 'm!" ■

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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Gemini

It's no wonder Gemini is the sign of the twins. Even when you were small, it seemed like there were two of you. You wouldn't even sit still for a bowel movement. You could barely keep your mouth shut long enough to eat. Mentally and physically overactive, you ran the gamut from stickin' your little stump in the light socket to decorating the walls with mom's K.Y. jelly.

Gemini is the "king of the con artists" and therefore excels in the field of salesmanship. You could persuade a baldheaded woman to buy ten dozen curlers or convince John Holmes that he needs his dick stretched.

Gemini Bob Hope is just one example of their quick wit; Bob Dylan shows their manipulation of words and abstract thought. The late

President J. F. Kennedy used his Gemini charm to win the hearts of America. Another Gemini, Wallis Simpson, charmed the King of England into giving up his throne for her. (She was a little hurtin' in the looks department.)

On the positive side, Geminis are adept at handling two or more occupations at once. They stay young longer than any other sign, even if it's only in their attitudes. Some have an almost photographic memory.

On the negative side, Gemini is the Jekyll and Hyde of the zodiac. They're too cheap even to buy asswipe, but don't mind blowing their bucks on illegal equipment for their scooter. They hate hard work and prefer giving lip service. Most forgers and counterfeiters are Geminis. They are always late.

Geminis are great at instigating orgies and then kicking back to watch. They are susceptible to nervous exhaustion and fart a lot from

swallowing so much of the hot air they're always blowing. They are constipated a lot. (In other words, full of shit!) Oddly enough, later in life they may suffer emotional breakdown from being bored shitless rather than running their balls off.

Older Gemini bikers can still charm the drawers off the sweet young things, but often turn into flashers who enjoy whipping out their windging for the shock effect. They can still cut the mustard, but prefer to lick the jar.

Note to Women:

How to catch a Gemini? Don't try to tie him down—this animal prefers a couple of ol' ladies at once. He revels in threesomes. Jack him off with both hands instead of one. Be ready to ball in weird places, such as in the cemetery (during the services) or under the table at MacDonald's while waitin' for your Big Mac. One thing for sure, he may be fickle, but he'll never be boring.

may end up in a business venture, but wait awhile finding a backer. Meantime, make good use of that Die Hard battery in your britches!

Scorpio (October 23 — November 21)

After last month's rectum-reamin' results, ya should still have a few adjustments to make. Load up on the asswipe, 'cause you're in for more daily diarrhea of the mouth at the pad. Slappin' the snot out of the ol' lady won't get it now. If nothing else works, try holdin' her nose in your armpit till she nods out. You'll soon have her cranky crotch pulsatin' to the warm of your worm in her womb, and her pussy will be purrin'.

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

This month the focus is on bendin' your brain to figure out where others are comin' from. Misunderstandings may have been your fault for bein' too out-front in your dealings with others. Think twice before tellin' it like it is! Even if you're right, don't be so fuckin' blunt about it. Turn on the charm and you'll soon have 'em eatin' outta your shorts. Keepin' it together now will reward ya with some well-deserved extra bucks and fucks!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

A temporary cash shortage can have your balls in an uproar. Some personal problems have given ya a fuck-it-all attitude. You've been blowin' your bucks on self-gratification lately. Gettin' too wasted at work creates confusion and delays. Even worse, ya may as well have your cock in a cast for all the good it does ya. This month is full of heavy ups and downs—leavin' ya wonderin' where your next hardon is comin' from, or goin' into.

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

Last month really had you in some deep shit. Sorry, but there are still a few drizzles left to wade through. You'll have to adjust more than your jockstrap to get ahead (or head). If ya just hang in there and hold your mud awhile longer, it'll be worth it. If anyone asks ya for a loan, ya may as well consider it a gift, 'cause you'll never get it back. Kissin' your ass goodbye is healthier than handin' out your dough.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

You'll probably be between the sheets and the shits part of this month. It could turn out to be a case of the barf-and-squat squirts, otherwise known as the flu. And it's hell tryin' to get down with Pepto-Bismol, 'cause ya probably won't be able to keep your downers down. By the end of the month, the flyin' shits will have fizzled to a few farts. Until then, fill your ol' lady's box with warm chicken soup, grab a straw, and sip away.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

This month finds you bustin' your balls to keep your act together, and the pressure is akin to dropping a box of Ex-Lax, then having to wait in line for a seat in the john. The message now is "The shit could hit the fan, along with the floor and a few faces!" What ya let slip or write could later be used against you or misinterpreted. The bucks and the fucks are still thicker than flies on a turd, and someone presents ya with the suck of your life.

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

If you receive an opportunity to form a partnership with a tight bro, jump on it. Some damn good connections are coming down. As long as it's legal, follow your hunches. Be sure to keep tight-mouthed until the deal is closed. If you forget and blow your own horn or shoot the shit with the wrong motormouth, you'll lose out. You're so broad-minded now, you'll probably screw yourself silly and end up with your nut sack in a sling!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Here ya are tryin' to juggle at least three sweet things at once.

Now it appears one of those hot boxes is tryin' to put the ol' bite on ya. Shit! Run—don't walk—outta this testicle-twisting trap! Let the cunt claim some other fool and aim your goodies elsewhere. This could be an embarrassing time for ya. Just use your famous Gemini wits to boggle the brains of those twats an' tits you've been wigglin' your worm at.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Right now there's more than a few ass-lips snivelin' at your good fortune. Let 'em hang it in their nostrils! You oughta shitcan those so-called friends before they drag ya down. Keep your snout free from any type of brown-nosing your boss. Instead, get yourself some righteous snow to pack it with. Then proceed to work circles around the rest of the lames. You'll soon be minglin' with the top brass.

Leo (July 22—August 21)

After last month's roarin', ya probably have a few wounded feelings or even some broken bones to own up to. Ya might even have to sugarcoat your crank to score—especially if you've left a trail of

stepped-on tails. Gettin' hotheaded over every little mind fuck is dead. Do your sexy self a favor and fuck off some of those frustrations. You'll be glad you did, and so will the grateful gash you throw your burning bone into.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

Those asskickin' boots ya wear were made for more than just puttin'. They're also made for walkin', and that's exactly what ya should do now. In fact, maybe ya should run right out of the sticky situation you're in now. You've been up to your ears in other people's crap too long. You can't let the shit-stirrin' slide any longer. Before you stomp a mudhole in someone's mid-section, stop and think if his ragged ass is worth it or not.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Looks like ya finally got your head outta your ass and into high gear. Some pretty farout ideas are leakin' into your conversations. Your bros may even begin actin' like you have two heads. (If ya don't, you're in trouble!) Instead of babblin' your brainstormers away, put 'em to good use. At least one idea

model release

This model release must be completed in full and must accompany each entry. Be sure that the release is signed and witnessed. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older. (See page 30 for additional information.)

Model's Name _____
Age _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

Model's Legal Signature _____
I am _____ years of age.
Witness to Signature _____

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.

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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.

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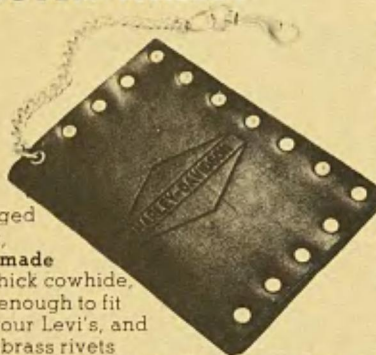
Dealer Inquiries Invited



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.

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

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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.

1978 SWAP MEET SCHEDULE

Easyriders magazine is putting on a series of motorcycle parts swap meets. These will be off-the-wall scooter happenings—complete with rock band to soothe your gourd as you buy, swap, or sell your bike goodies.

The following is a list of 1978 **Easyriders** Swap Meets. Dates and places are correct at the time we go to press, but are subject to late changes. For the most recent info about a particular meet, write Double Ugly, c/o Swap Meets, P.O. Box 1046, Ventura, California 93001.

Los Angeles, Calif. (Pomona) L.A. County Fairgrounds Bldg. #5 Take Interstate 10 (San Bernardino Freeway) to Ganesha exit in Pomona.	April 16
Springfield, Mass. Eastern States Expo Better Living Bldg. West Springfield, Mass.	April 16
Hammond, Ind. (8 miles from Chicago) Hammond National Guard Hammond, Ind.	April 23
Indianapolis, Ind. Indiana State Fairgrounds 1200 E. 38th St.	April 30
Allentown, Pa. Allentown Fair 17th & Chew St. Agricultural Hall	May 7
Phoenix, Arizona Arizona State Fair Six Points	May 12 (Friday night)
San Francisco, Calif. Cow Palace Take Highway 101 to city of Brisbane, follow signs to Cow Palace.	May 21
Denver, Colo. National Western Stock Show 1325 E. 46th Ave.	June 18
Columbus, Ohio Ohio State Fairgrounds 632 E. 11th Ave. Lausche Bldg.	June 25
Los Angeles, Calif. (Pomona) L.A. County Fairgrounds Bldg. #5 Take Interstate 10 (San Bernardino Freeway) to Ganesha exit in Pomona.	July 16
Louisville, Kentucky Kentucky State Fairgrounds Interstate 65 at Highway 264 West Wing Bldg.	July 23
Charlotte, North Carolina Metrolina Fair & Expo 6 miles from downtown on US 27 North	July 30
San Francisco, Calif. Cow Palace Take Highway 101 to city of Brisbane, follow signs to Cow Palace.	August 20
Ventura, Calif. Ventura Fairgrounds North 101 in Ventura, take California St. exit	Date to be determined
Phoenix, Ariz. Arizona State Fair Six Points	Sept. 24
Springfield, Mass. Eastern States Expo Better Living Bldg. West Springfield, Mass.	November 5
Allentown, Pa. Allentown Fair 17th & Chew St. Agricultural Hall	November 12
San Francisco, Calif. Cow Palace Take Highway 101 to city of Brisbane, follow signs to Cow Palace.	December 3
Ventura, Calif. Ventura Fairgrounds North 101 in Ventura, take California St. exit	Date to be determined



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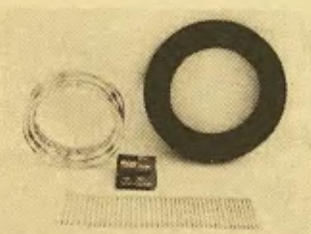


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*Add \$40.00 for Chromed Master Cylinder, Caliper, Sprocket, Carrier

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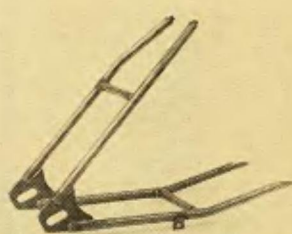


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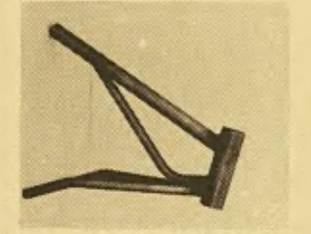
4" OVERSTOCK AVAILABLE FOR THE FOLLOWING: Honda 305, 350, 360, 450, 500, 550, 750, Triumph 55-76 — 500, 650 & 750 (2 cyl. only), Yamaha 650, HD 74 elec. or kick (specify) and all HD Sportsters.



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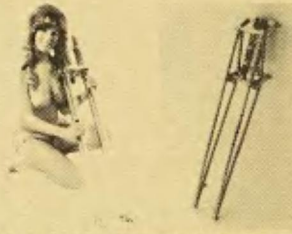
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A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Marty Pennock**, killed by a fuckin' junkie. Ride on, little brother, 'cause his ass is ours. Jeff Pennock and family, Festus, Mo.

For our brother, **Bobby Bazzani**, who died on his bike at the frog jumps. We'll miss you. Roy and Debbie.

In memory of **Tim** and his ol' lady, **Betta**, who lost their lives to a twelve-gauge shotgun. Larry, Fontana.

In memory of **Jimmy Hernandez**, from his family, and from the son he never got to see. David Chavez.

In memory of **Frankie Dietz**. Death ends a life, but never a memory of good times. Rudy and Heidi Race.

In memory of my **Dad**, who was a brother to the end. Paul Barker, New Albany, Indiana.

In memory of **Buck Alan Christie**, a big-hearted cat. May you rest in peace. Bill Hawthorne.

To **Big Mike Hood**, a bro who died the same way he lived. Ride on forever. Brother Bob.

In memory of **Ed Sall**. He met his death head on, but his killer has yet to meet The Grim Reaper. Grim Reapers, Ohio.

In memory of **Dirty Harry**, who could party like hell and who rode his knuckles to the end. Grim Reapers, Ohio.

In tribute to **Francis Red**. No longer by our side, but always in our hearts.

In memory of brother **Dan**. There's nothing else to say. Big Jim Vierling, Pa.

A tribute to **Brad Apfel**, **Sharon Apfel**, **Brenda Kreuser** and **Bill Cashman**. On their last run, they rode farther than expected, because of a fuckin' drunk driver. Drifters M.C., Green Bay, Wis.

In memory of **Toed**, a number one bro. Frog, Grim Reapers M.C., Iowa.

To **Gloria**, the sweetest chick who ever lived. Mic and the family.

Goodbye to a good white brother, **Mark Ambrosino**. Out of the joint only four days, and killed in a wreck. Mike Gordon, Calif.

In memory of **Rick and Patti Bradshaw**. The punk in the car said he didn't see you. Bullshit! Sonny Cisco, Ariz.

Kent Jones. Never to be forgotten. Tony Gillman, Fla.

In memory of **Boy A. Dunkleburger**. You accepted your fate without any tears. Rick, Virginia.

In memory of my brother, **Ozzie**, from Mongo and all his Pagan brothers.

In memory of **Mike "Pitstop" Hagar**, who died on his bike when he had everything to live for. Love, from Wonder Wench.

To **Norman**. Ride hard and fast, climb high and free on your Eternal Run. We love you. Your brothers and sisters in Tucson.

In memory of **Marlin R. Clifton**, a fucker, a fighter, and a wild motorcycle rider. Sundown.

In memory of **Harry Hutchison**, a true biker who lived for today, died yesterday, and will ride in all of our tomorrows. G. Whipkey, Pa.

In memory of **David Cooley**. Ride to the highest cloud, and we'll meet you there. Fuzzy, Angelo, and the gang.

In memory of **Mark "Mouse."** A biker who will always be remembered. Satan, Wichita, Kan.

For **Mark Lee Burdette III**. A truly good person who will never be forgotten. David Burdette.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easysiders** 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., **Easysiders Magazine**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Girls, the space is here and needs some lovin', so write **Michael LaFollette** #70366, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Looking for anyone or anything to write to, **Douglas Walker** #055322, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Bro could dig correspondence with mature woman with heart. T. Williamson #92747, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

I've been in for five years and would like to hear from anyone. **Greg Hassman**, Box 25, Oregon, Wis. 53575.

Lonely bro doing ten years would like to hear from ladies. **David Bradford** #042-468, Mail 482, Box Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Ex-biker looking for love. **Mike Stedman**, SCCAM-C, Capron, Va. 23829.

Square Bear is down. This Daytona beach bum needs to hear from a beach honey. **David L. Smith** #83802-132, Box 4000, Bldg. 9, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

Fine young man wants to make love to fine girls. Send nude pictures. **Johnny Twito** #74563, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

I'm looking for a sincere ol' lady. If it's you write to **Charlie Kalchthaler** #A-039953, Mail #338, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

I'd like to find a lady to love who will love me in return. **Michael James Pitstick** #18630, F.C.I., El Reno, Okla. 73056.

So, Cal. dude downed in Fla. and looking for something fine to write to. **G. A. Elyer** #045537, Drawer 1072, Mail #281, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

I need some kites from ladies. **Gus Anderson** #38993, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

I'm down, lonely, and lovable, and would like to hear from sincere chicks. **P. J. Donovan** #011887, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Bro down. Write to **Keith H. Webb** #052-169, Box 1100, #1705, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

I need letters from foxes. **W. Thomas** #8778, K.S.I.R., Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

34-yr.-old inmate wishes to correspond with ladies. **Otto Withers**, Box 520, Newton, N.C. 28658.

Downed tramp needs letters from foxy chicks 16-25 for purpose of marriage. **Mark Warwick** #040450, D-144-6, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Lonely prisoner would like letters from ladies. **David Broxton** #063073, D-142, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Blond, blue-eyed 22-yr.-old wishes to correspond with ladies. **George Given** #778-87, Auburn Corr. Fac., Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

Sincere, concerned, and lonely ladies, write to **Keith Fiegle**, K-4014, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Sweet mamas, I've been waitin' for mail from ya. **Lyle Seebeck** #97191, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

All right now, ladies, write to me, will ya? **Danny Balcom**, Box B-75993, CTF-North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Will all you handsome dudes out there write to a lonely chick who needs a last ing friendship? **Sherry Coghill**, Box C, Dwight, Ill. 60420.

I'm a lonely biker from Texas, and I need your mail. **Floyd Burleson** #0707-H, 1 North Court St., Orlando, Fla. 32801.

This tramp is down and needs some scribes bad. **Hayden Pasternak**, SCI, Rd. 1, Box 500, Georgetown, Del. 19947.

A lonely biker behind bars needs to hear from some chicks. **Don G. Antrobus** #14653, P.S.I. R.R. Box 5, Ione, Calif. 95640.

Searchin' for an intelligent, foxy lady who's lonely and digs bikin' and horses. Send a letter and photo. **Dave White** #P-1884, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Redheaded inmate has been down for a long time without mail and needs some from ladies. **S. D. Bishop** #030412, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Looking for some young tenderloin to write. **Dave Diodraczewski** #147552, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

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

Friends, felines, and heavy girls, send dirty letters and pictures. **L. Connors** #B-78928, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

I need a gypsy-blooded, promiscuous, hustling mama, 25-30, who wants to get married and not settle down. **Ron Wold** #43351, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Biker looking for chick for cheer now and putt later. **Don Huff** #75-C-354, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

Busted and trapped. Need to hear from foxy bitches. **Mike Franke** #38676, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305. Also, **Roger Halverson**, Box 25, Oregon, Wis. 53575.

I am looking for an ol' lady to write to. **Phillip Douglas**, Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

Foxes, old, young, even dogs—as long as you have tits and a rum, please write. **Bruce Rinehart** #30166-120, Box 628, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Stone biker outlaw needs letters and flicks from chicks who know what's happening. **Dan Danford** #14287-116, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Been two years since I touched my bike or a woman. Write to me so I can fantasize. **Mon Mullins**, Box 368, Chino, Calif. 91713.

Ohio biker downed in So. Carolina would like to hear from any free-wild ladies. **Michael Walczesky** #74688, Ward B. 4340 Broad River Rd., Columbia, S.C. 29210.

American Nazi biker wants correspondence. **Michael J. McArthur** #C-50183, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Mouse the biker would like to hear from you ladies who dig on good times. Send photo. **Darrell Bowers** #C-77725, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Doing ten to fifteen years. Need ladies to write to. **Ralph Patrick Brown** #44112, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Foxy or not, I don't give a shit. Just write. **Steve Nagel** #142353, MCTC, Box 3333, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Staying high but lonely. Help me keep my head together. **Randy Ranger** #31300, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Inmate needs letters from mamas. **Clyde Billups** #7217-B-444, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

I'd like to hear from girls from Arkansas or anywhere. **Jim Smithpeters** #70121, Box 500, Maximum Security, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Folsom prisoner, interested in everything and anything, would like to correspond with anyone. **Stan Grant**, Box B-77923, Repressa, Calif. 93671.

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

Any righteous chicks who will write to a lonely scooter tramp, write to **Bill McElfish** #203698, Box D, Anamosa, Iowa 52205.

Scooter tramp needs mail from scooter chicks. **William Test** #00157-164, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

Sometimes you gotta give a little to get a lot. **Bill Hunt**, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Would like to write some far-out female sex freaks. **Jerry Clevenger** #C-50015, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Two downed bros would like mail from chicks. Also some photos. **No Jesus freaks, fakes, or phonies.** C. L. Brown #37429 and **Joel S. Nelson** #36912, 2005 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

California biker needs to hear from foxy, funky chicks. **Kenneth Frampton** #7004, Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

Warm young sweetie wanted. No assholes or douche bags. **Steve Kolsin** #59307, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Uptight brother would like to establish relationship with understanding woman. **Alvin Fields** #74-A-2767, Box B, Danesmore, N.Y. 12529.

A letter would make me feel a hell of a lot better. **Ralph Wilkins** #120-002, Box 534, Jessup, Md. 20744.

Young scooter tramp doing twenty years needs mail from ladies. **Stephen Daley** #110577, Southampton Corr. Cir., Capron, Va. 23829.

Lonesome, broke, disgusted and busted. **Geronimo Bryant** #30636, B/N, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

28-yr.-old Oklahoma Indian back wants chicks to write. **Sa-lan "Red Dick" Wilson** #22704-175, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Two lonely bikers need mail from ladies. **Sam Kerna** #29810 and **Jeff Ozman** #29849, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

Former biker doing 20 yrs. needs mail from ladies. **Jeff Saal** #052262, SCI, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Would like to hear from anyone interested in N.S. Party. **Albert Ingram** #67786 and **John Skidmore** #64360, M-3, Reidsville, Ga. 30453.

37-yr.-old militant radical wants a woman 18-28 to help keep his shit together. If an AK-47, a little grass, and lots of lovin' is your bag, then write to **Thomas Woodridge** #B-77421, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Lonely 26-yr.-old biker locked down for six years needs to hear from ladies. **Tom Hummel** #C-67987, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Down in Calif. Will answer all letters. **Tim Reardon**, Box B-88256, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

I desire mature female who's ready for physical, mental, and spiritual involvement with her Prince Charming. **Isaac Graham** #D-3920, Ga. Diag. and Class. Center, Box 3877-H-2-24, Jackson, Ga. 30233.

I have a long tongue and a desire to hear from you ladies out there. **Ernest F. Brown** #C-73398, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Downed road dog lookin' for a sincere ol' lady. **Nelson R. Clayton** #B-34814, Box 2000, S-260, CMP Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Male, 6'3", down for four years, 30 yrs. old and desiring correspondence with ladies 16-35. **R. E. Steinmeier** #B-80670, Box A, C-6161, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

27-yr.-old male, six feet tall, brown hair, blue eyes, half Swedish and half Apache Indian, needs letters from ladies. **Daniel Lee Hellstrom** #624465, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99062.

Downed bro in need of loving and letters. **Dean Gerhardt** #B78705-6273, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Two dudes need correspondence from chicks 16 to 40. Send sexy photos if possible. **Edward McCarty** #144-174 and **James Loy** #145-464, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Stone biker needs scribes from foxy ladies. **Victor Maurus**, Box B-75704, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Need chick in Midwest to write this downed biker. **Les Klouda** #80605, Box 316, Fort Madison, Iowa 52627.

Downed biker needs to hear from chicks who have their shit together. **Jim Pepples** #401830, Box 316, Ft. Madison, Iowa 52627.

Tall girls, skinny girls, chubby girls. It really doesn't matter. Just write. **Enrico W. Orlenisky** #72072, D-60, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Looking for a woman to write. **Al Deglmann** #B-65103, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Girls, "Robo" is down and wants to hear from you. Send photos. **Barry Moore** #B-87185, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Been down 8 years and need some mail. **Pete Goodridge**, Drawer A, Atascadero, Calif. 93422.

Lonesome Bill needs mail from foxy ladies. **Bill Thompson** #442RC, Box 188, RFC, La Grange, Ky. 40031.

Two bros need mail from ladies. **Pictures too.** **John Johnson** #15899 and **Terry Wright** #15535, Box 7309, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Times are hard, but if I had a lady they'd soften up. **Wayne Kilgore** #32180-138, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

This dude has been down for a long time and needs mail from ladies. **Skip Duran**, Box 2000, M-108, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

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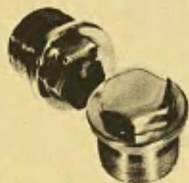
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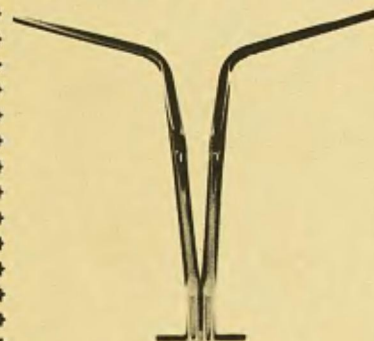
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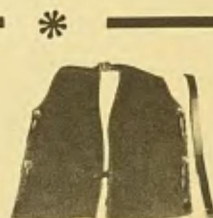
—Continued from page 49

you know pretty well that you're going to get sued. So you have to get busy and cover yourself.

Important Note. If the amount you owe is pretty small, it's quite possible that the creditor or his collection agency will not sue you because: (1) In California, a creditor cannot attach your assets for an amount less than \$200 and (2) he'll be reluctant to take you to court because he wouldn't make any money on the deal. With attorney's fees, court costs, etc., he might even lose money. If you have creditors to whom you owe \$250, let's say, you can, if you wish, send them a check for \$51 and you'll be under the \$200 limit. Now your creditor may still threaten to sue you in Small Claims Court, but in California and some other states, a creditor himself must appear in court—his collection agency cannot appear for him. Few creditors will pursue a small claim this far.

Let's assume that you've received notification that a creditor is suing you. The most important thing for you to do is file an answer immediately. Details on how to do this may be found in the books listed at the end of this article. It's a very simple procedure and will give you the time you need to protect yourself. It will also keep your creditor from getting a default judgment against you. Note: Your answer must be filed within ten days after you are served with complaint and summons. (In some states, you have 30 days to answer. Call your local library and ask about the law in your area.) Make sure that your answer is verified if the complaint you receive is also verified. This simply means that a page is attached to the complaint saying "Verification by the Party" across the top. If such a page is on the complaint, you should attach a signed "Verification by the Party" page to your answer. After the answer is typed up it must be filed in either Municipal or Superior Court, depending on which court you're being sued in. You must deliver or mail a copy to the plaintiff or his attorney—whichever is listed in the left hand upper corner of the complaint. When this is done, they will have to go to court to get anything from you—it is now illegal for them to take anything from you

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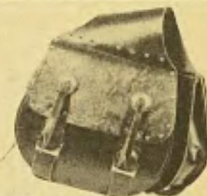


PK-1-C
The Hustler

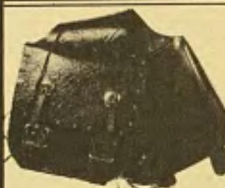
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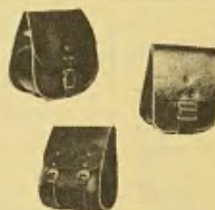


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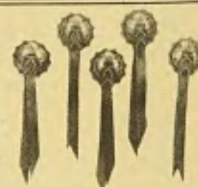
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plain black

\$169.00
chrome & conchos



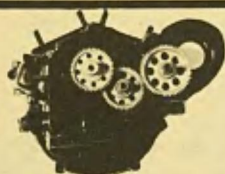
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idents add 4% sales tax).

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.
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 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 \$2.50 postage and handling.
- 1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.

Dealer inquiries invited.

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)

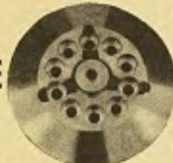


Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

Hi-flow cam bushing sells for \$7.95 plus \$1.50 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)

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PERFORMANCE
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without court action. (Should you be sued in Small Claims Court, there are no answers required. Just show up in court on the date specified on the complaint and summons. There are no attorneys allowed in Small Claims Court and proceedings are pretty informal. Just remember to take any letters, records of phone calls, witnesses, etc. that you can use in your defense.)

Should you decide to go into court by yourself without an attorney (which is not recommended), you must have a specific reason for not paying your bills. Either you never received the goods, they were damaged while being delivered, or they were seriously defective—whatever. Be ready to explain what you did about it. If you win the case, great. If you lose, you'll have to pay court costs, filing fees, etc. on top of the judgment. If you do indeed owe this money that they're suing you for and have no defense, do not file an answer. You will thereby default and a judgment will automatically be issued against you.

When a judgment has been issued against you, this means that the creditor can attach up to 25% of your wages, your savings and checking accounts, and your personal and real property that is not exempt by law. However, if you are judgment-proof and have homesteaded your house or if you can't be found, there's not much they can do about it. Also, bankruptcy is an effective—if drastic—method of getting out of a judgment.

The trick isn't preventing a judgment from being issued against you. The trick is beating the judgment once it's issued. How do you do that? Well, it depends on what the creditor wants.

First we'll cover wage attachments, as they are the most readily available to the creditor and this is usually the first thing they go after. If you make a lot of money, they can take 25% of it each pay period. If you don't make a lot of money, but make more than \$63 per week (this applies to California, remember), they will take a smaller percentage of your wages. If you make \$63 per week or less, they can't touch it. If your wages are attached, a sheriff must notify your employer by serving him with a "Writ of Execution." He must also notify you that your employer has been served. Your employer may get pissed, but he can't fire you for

—Continued on page 78

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

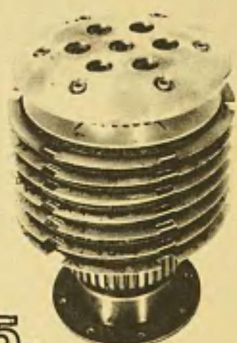


UNIROYAL

PowerGrip
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from
\$175.

Now Another BIG FIRST the NEW 74 Competitor Clutches

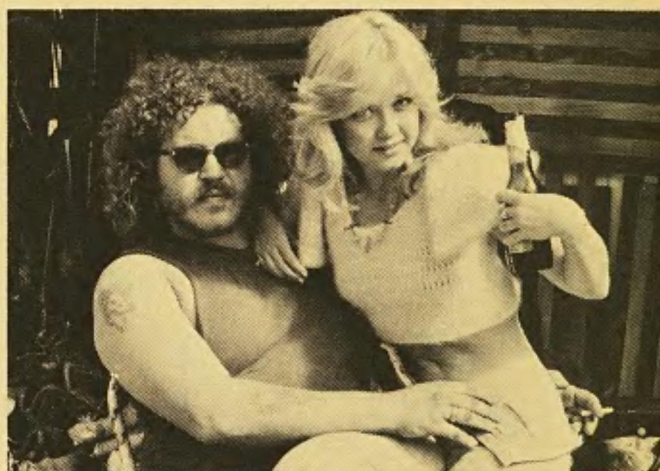
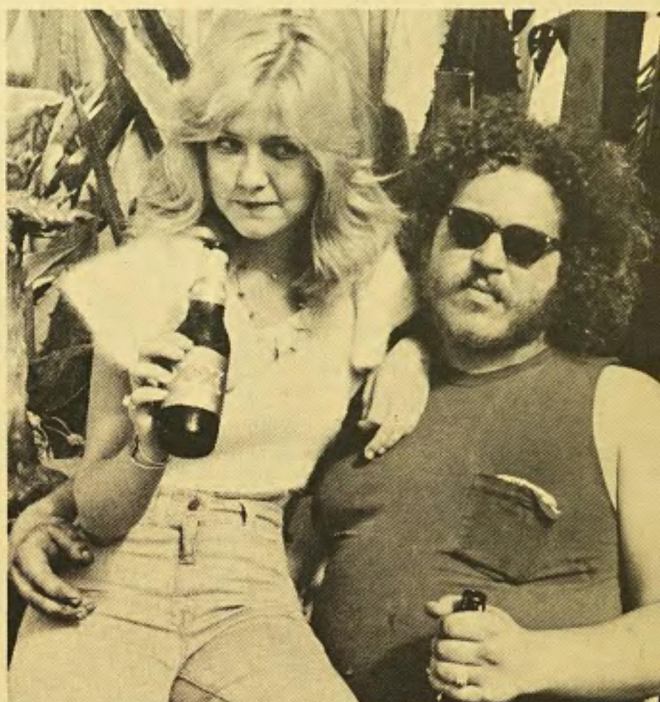


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The COMPETITOR clutch, a simple bolt-on replacement, is similar in design and function to the early Sportster. Fourteen special hi-performance discs provide the smoothest, street clutch ever designed to handle big stroker horsepower — and at half the 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

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Phone (213) 634-2134



Linnea

No, this isn't a hype for Mexican beer, although it did get us so wasted we wobbled all over the oil-soaked alley into this dump. And no, this isn't a bullshit trip about Mexican broads. Linnea isn't from T.J. or any other smoldering Gila pit. We faked it.

Yeah, rather than brave the tarantula deserts of Mexico or fight the turn-ya-brown, blistering sun south of the border, we put this gig together in an acid freak's backyard. (Ya wouldn't have believed his pad). By the end of the day, Fuzzy and Linnea were stumblin' over each other like a couple of ol' war buddies. And you can believe we were doin' our damndest to trip into Linnea any chance we had.





Photos by Ralph Hampton



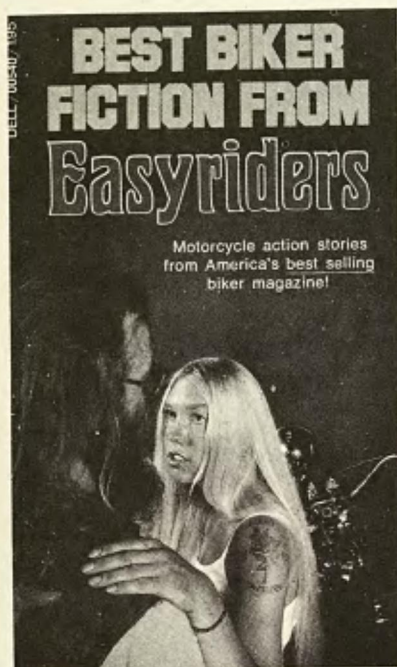
Wish the broads were all this fine south of the border

Shit, if every broad—or even half of 'em—in those dusty roadside cantinas looked as good as Linnea, this mag would probably have its offices in Mexico City. It's a good thing we're here, though. Considerin' the green stuff that grows on the grassy ground in Mexico, it'd be a

dope smoker's miracle if we got even one photo of a bike goin' in the right direction. But luckily all the chicks down there don't look like Linnea, and besides that, rigid frames and the Mexican roads don't mix. Oh yeah—she lives here, so we're stayin'!

—Dos Equis

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Best Biker Fiction

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Forgive Us Our Debts

—Continued from page 73

having your wages attached for a single debt, no matter how many times it happens. However, if there are two debts involved—either from one creditor or two—you can be fired.

Many creditors don't like the paperwork involved in wage attachments and will stop the attachment if things get too complicated or if you take certain actions.

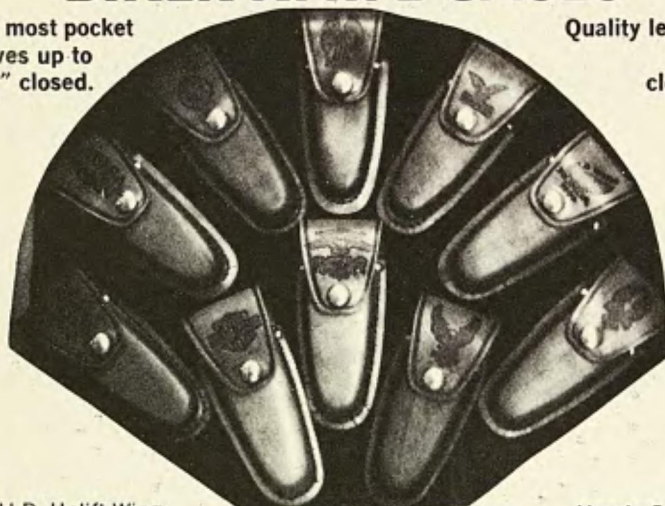
For example, if you file bankruptcy the attachment is automatically canceled. Or, if you wish, you can negotiate with the creditor to start making your own payments on the money due him if he is agreeable. Remember though, if you do make an agreement, stick to it, as he can attach your wages again if you don't. (Since he has won the judgment, he has up to ten years to collect the debt and can attach your wages as many times as necessary during that period.) Another of your options is filing a "Claim of Exemption" if all your income is necessary for the support of you and your family. There are conditions to this claim that you must be aware of before filing it. First, if you are living with your spouse or supporting your folks or kids living in California (whether or not they live with you), you are considered a family. However, if you are living by yourself, you are not considered a family and you must be so considered to file a "Claim of Exemption." One other stipulation is that the debt cannot be for a "common necessary of life." A common necessary of life is something that is necessary for virtually everyone. A few examples are food, rent, utilities, clothing, medical aids, and basic furniture. Excluded is anything that can be considered as a luxury, such as fancy clothes, motorcycles, expensive furniture, cameras, travel, and so forth.

If you're in doubt, file anyway. It shouldn't be too hard to prove to the judge that you need your money to support yourself and your family. Sometimes, even if you're certain it is for a common necessary, it wouldn't hurt to file anyhow—because the creditor may not challenge your claim and you will win automatically. If your claim is challenged, a hearing date will be set. You *must* attend. Bring with you all supporting documents you will need to prove that this is a valid

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claim. The judge will hear both sides and make a ruling. Be forewarned that sometimes a judge doesn't like the idea of letting people off altogether and may rule in your favor but try to work out a settlement. If you win with no qualifications, the creditor cannot attach your wages for 90 days. After that, he can try again, you can file another Claim of Exemption and the game starts over. If a compromise results or if you lose, the creditor can attach your wages for a maximum of 90 days. After that, he must again file a Writ of Execution and you, of course, will file another Claim of Exemption. (For instructions on how to file a claim, see any of several reference books that are available on this subject.) There are deadlines for these claims, so don't sit around on your ass thinking about it.

Now if the creditor decides to go after your personal property (which is everything you own besides your house and land), this is a different story. First off, most of what you own is probably already protected by state legislation. Some things covered are household items (like appliances), clothing, furnishings, TV, shotgun, rifle, food, motor vehicles (there are stipulations on the value and equity of the vehicle and you are allowed to keep only one), tools of your trade (which includes actual tools), money (up to \$1,000 in a savings and loan or \$1,500 in a credit union—money you have in a regular or commercial bank is up for grabs), mobile home (there are stipulations), life and health insurance policies if the premiums are less than \$500 per year (this is the general rule), pension and retirement benefits, and federal and state benefits, even if they are deposited in a bank account (unless they are hopelessly mixed up with non-exempt monies). There are additional and specialized benefits that should be checked out if you have any questions.

All of your assets that fall into the non-exempt category should be turned into exempted assets. All money (that falls under the limit specified) should be put into a credit union, for example. All property owned and non-exempt should be sold and the money used to purchase exempt items. If you have very valuable items (collector's stuff, guns, antiques, etc.), sell them, buy a house and homestead it. These are only a few suggestions. Use your imagination—there are



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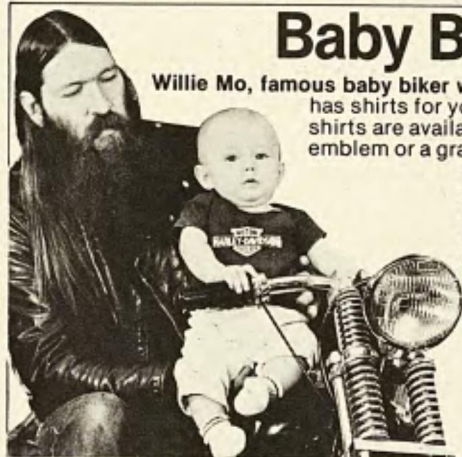
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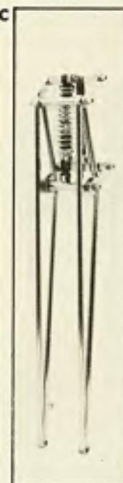
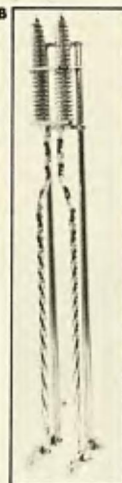
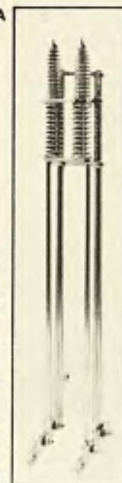
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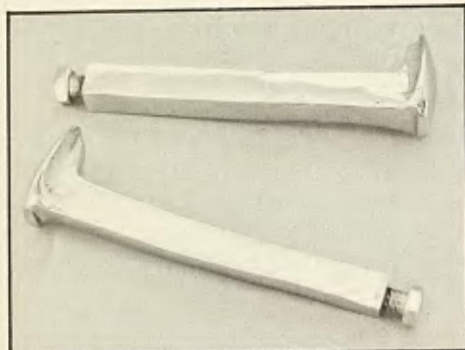


Note: Before ordering, see back-issue binder ad in this issue!

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, 32, 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-wetters' early issues.

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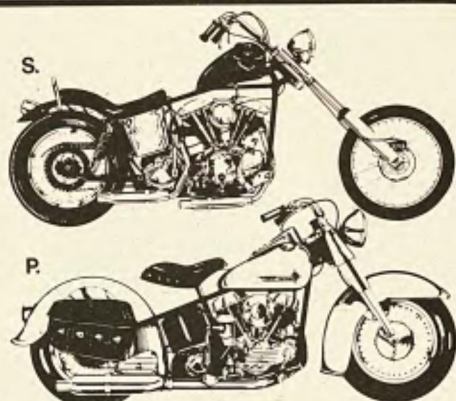
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plenty of possibilities. You can even use some of the money you've gotten from selling your non-exempt items to pay medical and dental bills that you expect to have next month. The only stipulation to taking advantage of these alternatives is that you must file a Claim of Exemption. This claim differs a little from the claim used for exemption of wages, so be careful when filing. The forms are basically the same, but be aware that they are filled out differently. There are several books on the market which can help you with these forms.

If you own a home and the creditor decides to go after his money by attaching it, he can be stopped immediately because you should have already filed a Declaration of Homestead. This declaration is very simple, but it must be done before your house is attached—it cannot be done afterwards, as with the other exemptions. There is a paperback book available entitled "Protect Your Home" by Warner, Sherman, and Ihara; this volume covers homesteading thoroughly, including the forms necessary to file the declaration. There are dollar limits and stipulations, but you may find the book helpful.

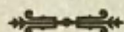
A final word about bankruptcy. We could go on for pages on this subject, but we won't, as this is an involved subject. Basically, bankruptcy is a way of ridding yourself of all unwanted debts. There are three essential provisions: (1) you must be unable to pay the debts; (2) you must turn over all your assets to the court for disposition; and (3) it must be at least seven years since the filing of your last bankruptcy (if applicable). There is a lot more to it of course, but it can be done for very little money (even the filing fee can be waived if you file a Pauper's Oath), and you can probably keep most of your necessities of life, too. But since there are several "how to" books on bankruptcy, you can fend for yourself on this one. Just be very careful if you are going to do it yourself. There are advantages and disadvantages, and sometimes it can even make things worse to file. Be sure to read at least two books to get different opinions on whether or not to file. Good luck, bros. ■

References:

How to Legally Beat the Bill Collector, Ralph Warner & Peter Jan Honigsberg, Playing to Win, Paul Eberle & M. R. Leblowic, Get Triple-A Credit Without

Investigation, Regency Press, N. Hollywood, Calif., *California Code of Civil Procedure*, *Protect Your Home*, Warner, Sherman & Ihara.

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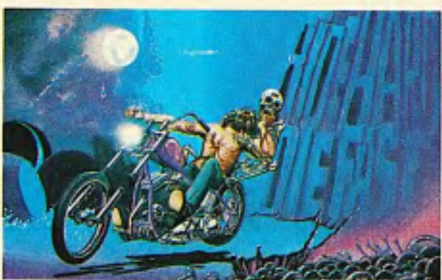
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M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



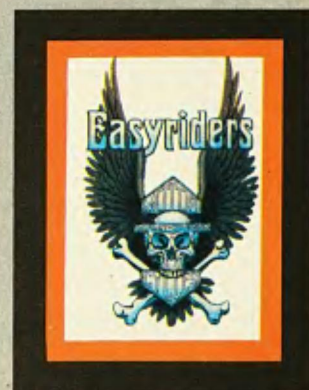
M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



M-4 "One for the Road"

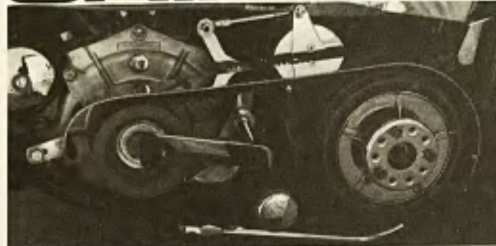


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THE OL' LADY

—Continued from page 12

catch the drippin's—this pillow will do. The nose says kitchen—logical place to cook bacon. Maybe I oughta have a weapon? Out with the Buck. No, put it away. As bent as my head is, might hurt myself. I'll bluff. I can't sneak up on him . . . her? . . . them? . . . it? . . . 'cause the floor squeaks. And besides, the Bitch made a *little* noise comin' in. So fuck it. Puff my chest up to its mighty 44 inches and walk right in. It's Angel.

My heart stops, either from relief or from the way she looks—mmmm, good. She looks good even from this side of the orange sunshine. She don't say nothin', just goes and gets me a brew and sits me down in front of some BLTs. My favorite.

I start eatin' the sandwiches in spite of their rap—they seem to have lots of reasons why I shouldn't eat 'em. One even claims to be a magic sandwich and will grant me a wish if I don't eat it. Fuck that. I'm not goin' for the old "Magic Sandwich" trick. Not this time.

Then Angel says, "Rabbit called and said you were comin' home loaded to the gills and to watch for you. I knew you'd want beer and didn't have any, so I brought over the six-pack I had, and I knew you'd be hungry, so I started cookin'. And I knew you'd try to tear your ass off, so I opened the door. Did you know that you busted your taillight?"

"I didn't bust no taillight." I kill the brew.

"Yea ya did." She brings me two more.

"Didn't." I drain one to wash down the grease.

"Did."

"Didn't."

She shrugs. She's got this certain way of shruggin', so I go and check. The light is damn sure busted. I

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1. _____ ea. Lithograph only — \$10 each, plus \$.75 postage and handling.
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can't imagine why. Or how she knew. Don't worry, Bitch—I'll get it fixed. Goddam know-it-all broad. But she is doin' good, what with the door and the brew and all.

When I get back to the kitchen there's more sandwiches and beer on the table, so I get back to wolfin'. This time the BLTs don't talk, but the brew is hummin' a familiar tune. Can't quite catch it, though. And when I'm done, Angel breaks out the Wild Turkey—I have two quick belts. Now I feel rich. Well, content anyway, 'cuz rich men don't have broken taillights.

"I lost my job today." Man, she came outta the fuckin' blue with that one.

"Well, what happened, Angel?"

"The cook made another pass at me, so I slapped him with a beer mug."

Sheeit, woulda liked to seen that! I just belch and let her rap.

"I think I'll just go on unemployment for a while."

A pregnant pause while I think about the Bitch's taillight. Should I fix it tonight, or should I leave it? I started to tighten my chain once when I was loaded, and ended up with a basket case.

"Gizmo, ain't you gonna say nothin'? Whatcha think?"

"Leave it, I guess. I can't afford a basket case. I need the Bitch for gettin' to work and for puttin' this weekend."

"What?" She's looking at me kinda weird—fuckin' wine was too much!

"I mean leave, go on the road,



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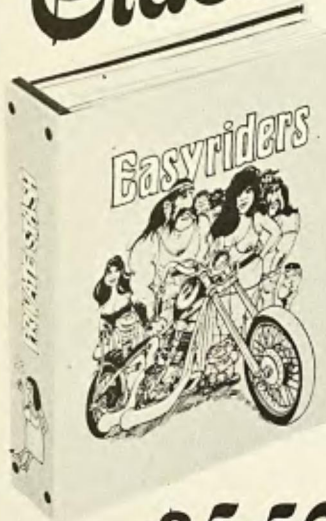
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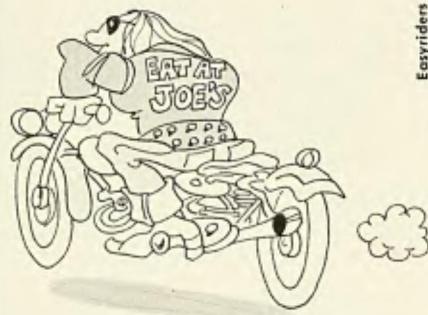
travel around—relax, you know. That's what I do every time I get canned."

"Oh." There's tears in her eyes, and I hate that shit. I gotta be more sympathetic, she's had a hard time with that cook. Not that I blame him for grabbin' that sweet ass. Maybe I should go take a shit? No, better not. Every time I try to shit on acid I get stranded overnight.

"What you wanna do, Angel?" Lead with my chin and get it over with.

"Well, I gotta give up my place." Yeah, I'd walked into it. "You know, unemployment ain't that much." It's comin', and I can't even duck. "I was sorta hopin' you'd ask me to move in."

Well, there it is! Tie my pecker to a tree—the Bitch is coolin' off and I can hear the little pings. They seem to be sayin' "Don't go for it, asshole." Three-tenths of a second to weigh the pros and cons—she wakes me up with hot coffee, joints, or blow jobs, and seems to know which will be best for my head. She's a laser-beam cook and never complains if I don't eat or if I bring the bros along. She digs partyin' and likes to dance topless for the bros. I seldom bring strange leg home anyway unless Angel's on the rag, and sometimes not even then. She's kinda kinky about that. She hides when she's on the rag, but it's only for a couple days a month, and I can indulge her that much. She's kinda kinky in other ways, too. She likes to pack, but never says anything if I don't take her. She's good in a get-down, to cover my ass or run outside and start the sled. She'll keep the place sorta clean, but never gets carried away with it. And she is a fox! Long dark hair, dark, warm eyes, skin like white marble with tiny blue veins showin'—always warm,



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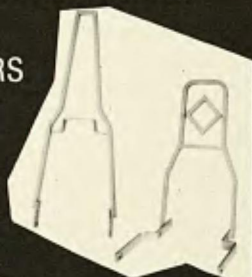


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Easyriders

borderin' on hot. Still—the acid mighta made me weak. Leave it to a broad to nail you at a weak moment!

"Sure, Angel." It might work. Hell, why not?

"But I had to ask." I've never seen her sad before. Hope it's not an omen. The li'l mink must really be strung out on me, and I can't blame her. I'm a helluva dude.

"I just didn't think you'd want to."

"Isn't it obvious?"

Sure is a sexy thing. Nice eyes. "Sure." No, not really. But what the hell, I wanna fuck.

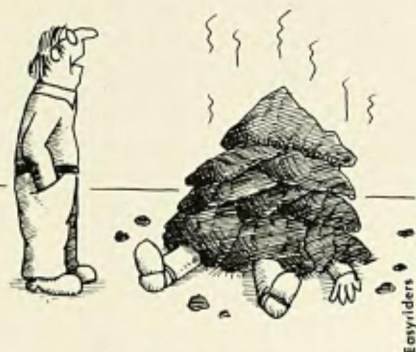
"I gotta go get my check. Wanna help me move in when I get back?" Boy, she can throw those eyes around! Heliarc vision.

"Sure." No, not really, but what the hell. I wanna fuck!

Angel gives me a kiss that almost makes me come in my pants, and I get ahold of that tight ass. With some lunchin' and hunchin', I get off like gangbusters—with a little help from the orange sunshine. Angel giggles and whispers "Later" in a way that could mean whatever I want it to. She gives my crotch a squeeze that leaves her hand wet and bounces out the back door.

Ping. The Bitch is still coolin' off, so I walk in to check her out. Chrome's a little dull, so Angel will have to get some polish. Seat has a small tear, but Angel can sew it up. No sweat. Her unemployment checks will cover a new taillight. And a new front tire, too.

My mind drifts to my new ol' lady. Don't know how I coulda done better. Ah, the sweet mysteries of life. I run my hand over the death's-head on the tank, grinnin' out from the glossy black lacquer. Don't worry, Bitch, you ain't got no competition. ■



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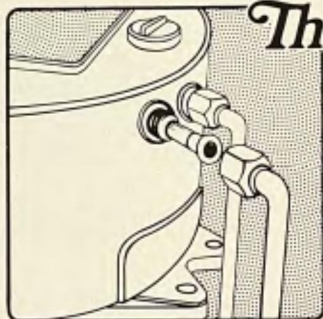


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FREEDOM RIDE

—Continued from page 27

Remembering now, so many years later, Disco stirred uneasily. "I'm sorry she beat me to it, Daddy," he said softly. "I was really lookin' forward to doin' that little job myself, 'cause you really had it comin'. But I gotta admit I couldn't have done it better than Grandma did. She really settled your shit for you, all right. And now I just hope hell is as hot as the preacher boys all say it is, so you don't get too comfortable down there with all your friends. It'd be a damn shame if you didn't pay top dollar for all your sins."

He shrugged off the thought, rolled out of bed, and shuffled into the bathroom to take a leak. Before he finished, Tucson yanked open the front door and came in yelling.

"Disco! Where the hell are ya, man? Time to rise and shine. The sun's gonna drill our eyeballs through the back of our heads unless we find some place dark to hide out—like the inside of a snatch or somethin'."

"Don't you ever think of anything else?" asked Disco with mock disgust.

"Hell yes!" Tucson replied. "I got lots of other things on my mind. Pussy's no good all by itself. It needs some grass and booze and maybe a coupla toots to make it all righteous and taste good."

"You got a lot of imagination, all right," said Disco dryly. "And knock before you come bargain' in here, dickhead. I mighta had my nose buried in a twat or somethin'."

"That's what I hoped to see," said Tucson happily. "So how come you're sleepin' alone, just before your trip? You sick, or what?"

"Nah. I took care of that last night. Got some head from that new bitch Rover brought to the party. But it didn't do much for me 'cept make me wanna wash my crank. I didn't want some lame-assed cunt here this morning fulla half-assed bullshit fuckin' up the day. I ain't got time for that now."

"I hear ya, man," said Tucson. "So what's it gonna be—where to today?"

"Anywhere that's movin'," said Disco. "I don't wanna waste time standin' still—not as long as there's

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

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wheels and roads and daylight to burn."

"It's your day, man," said Tucson. "Wanna ride alone—or you want some company?"

"A couple brothers will be all right," said Disco. "I just don't want to turn it into a goddam run, that's all. Too many heads won't be settin' straight this morning—not after the party at the clubhouse last night."

"That was a blast, all right," said Tucson. "Some of the brothers are gonna be payin' the price today for their fun last night."

"That's right," Disco agreed. "And it's just as well—keeps 'em outta my hair. I'd rather ride without too much company."

Tucson responded at once. "Then let's hit the road, man, and stop at the first beer joint we find in this goddam desert."

Tucson led the way out the kitchen door that opened onto the driveway in front of the garage. Disco closed the door behind him and started to lock it out of habit. Then he remembered what day it was and shrugged, leaving the door unlocked, as had been the custom of the neighborly people in the small Montana town of his boyhood. It seemed like a million miles away now, and maybe a million years ago, too. He wondered if it had all been worth it—all the roads he'd taken that had led him to this particular time and place. He dismissed that thought as a waste of time. What the hell. He had gone in with his eyes open and this is where he had ended up. Fuck it.

"Man, let's putt," said Tucson impatiently. "I might not live till we get to the next can of brew. I'm



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sorry now that I took a piss this morning. I shoulda just kept swallowin' when it started backin' up in my throat."

Disco unlocked the garage and raised the door. His bike sat there waiting, like an invitation to all the freedom of all the roads in the world. He rolled the big Harley out onto the driveway, leaving the garage door wide open.

"Ain't you gonna lock it?" asked Tucson.

Disco shook his head. "What for? There's nothing else in there I want."

Throwing his leg over the low-slung saddle, he kicked the pedal through twice with the ignition off. Switching the key on, he kicked again and the big stroker panhead filled the morning with its staccato explosions. Disco grabbed first gear and sped away without looking back at the house where he had lived for more than two years. Why the hell bother? It wasn't his home. He hadn't been home since they'd buried his mother in a pauper's grave on the prairie and he'd turned his back on Montana—a scared, skinny teenager who didn't know where he was going or what he would do. Well, he'd learned. If a man's head was in the right place, the road was the only home he needed. Every place else was just a temporary stop before he hit the road again.

They rode east, winding down the canyon between the low hills. There was little traffic this early in the morning, only an occasional car going the other way, carrying some buttoned-down, uptight citizen to



"You shoulda fixed that grabby clutch or got a lower sissy bar!"

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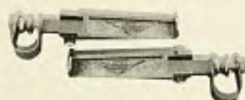
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his life-and-death job in the city.
The drivers stared accusingly at the
two bearded bikers as they rode past
—as if demanding to know why
they didn't have to be clean-shaven
and hurrying to work, with a fat
wife and spoiled brats waiting at
home for the paycheck that never
stretched far enough. Thinking
about it, Disco decided that things
could be a hell of a lot worse.

He was enjoying the ride. There
was no sense of urgency, no need
to hurry, to be on time. He was
sure that the worst mistake the
human race had ever made was the
invention of the clock. First, men
had learned to measure time; then
they had become its slaves, obsessed
with work, trying to win the race,
trying to beat the next poor asshole,
fighting for one more step up the
ladder of success. Success, thought
Disco. What bullshit.

Rolling down the long grade to-
ward Cook's Corner, he geared down
and turned into the gravel parking
lot with Tucson close behind. This
little cafe and bar had been a fixture
of the canyon for years, long before
the country had filled up with peo-
ple, when the only customers had
been the cowboys and gravel truck
drivers who worked in the area. It
was now a favorite stopping place
for passing bikers, with nobody to
hassle the riders as long as they
were cool.

They went inside where two truck
drivers sat at the bar drinking
coffee, trying to wake up and face
the day. The waitress showed no
surprise when Disco and Tucson
ordered beer, setting the cold cans
on the counter without comment.
Tucson threw his head back and
tossed down half the can, belching
loudly after swallowing.

"It sounds like your brand, all
right," said Disco, smiling.

"Right!" exclaimed Tucson. "It
don't even have to change color
before you piss it out again. Saves
your kidneys a helluva lot of work."

Disco chuckled and signaled to the
waitress for another round. He sat
quietly, content to stare out the win-
dow at the morning growing
brighter under the climbing sun.
This was the way he wanted to live,
the way he wanted to grow old—
sitting in some quiet place with a
friend or two, sharing a beer, a
laugh, a story. When you boiled
away all the bullshit from living,
it turned out to be a pretty simple
proposition. People fucked it up by

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trying to make it complicated.

When they finished their second beer, the two bikers stood and nodded to the waitress before going out to their bikes. It was time to move again. Disco led the way out of the canyon to the freeway, turning south to Capistrano, then east again, following the Ortega highway as it wound through the mountains, climbing higher through the green-black hills of Cleveland Forest. This was one of his favorite rides. Disco had been over this road at least a thousand times, yet he never got tired of it. Today, with a lot on his mind, the ride seemed especially refreshing. He wished he could just keep on going, letting the panhead run till all his troubles were far behind.

They rolled over the summit, rounded a turn, and the world dropped away in front of them. Three thousand feet below lay Lake Elsinore, with the mountains sloping steeply into the valley. They turned off into the parking lot at Lookout Point, a roadside stand where bikers congregated for beer and food, or just a rest in the warm sun. Disco sat on a large boulder and stared into the hazy valley, watching a few powerboats cutting curving wakes across the surface of the lake far below. Tucson got a pair of beers from the service window and returned to sit beside him.

"You sure this is what you wanta do?" asked Tucson. "I mean, I really dig it, but it's your last day, man." "This suits me," said Disco. "It don't matter what we do—the time would still go too damn fast. It always does. What the hell. The beer's good and the company ain't too damn bad."

Tucson grinned. "Up yours too, buddy. I'm onto your goddam scam. I know you don't love me no more for my tender body. You just want to drink my beer. My mother warned me about assholes like you." "You shoulda listened to her," said Disco. "It woulda saved you a lotta bread. You coulda drunk all the beer yourself and got twice as loaded."

"Well, hell," said Tucson, "you know what they say."

"No, I don't. What do they say?"

"Too soon old; too late smart."

Disco grinned. "Why, you're a goddam philosopher! Where in hell did you learn all that wisdom, anyway?"

"Listenin' to the wind," said Tuc-

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son. "If you listen close when you're ridin', messages come floatin' by and just jump into your ear. My old man once told me there were words in the wind."

Disco grunted. "You shoulda seen my old man," he began. Then he paused, remembering. "Yeah, you shoulda seen him, all right. He was an ugly bastard for sure. Last time I saw him, he had a hole in his chest big enough to shit in, the bastard."

"I read somewhere," said Tucson, "that a smart man should pick his parents very carefully. I guess most people ain't too smart. I know I did a piss-poor job of pickin' mine."

"Join the club," said Disco. "Maybe the biggest club in the world, the my-old-man's-an-asshole club, with about a hundred million members. I know I joined up real early, almost on the day I was born, I guess. For as long as I can remember, I was waitin' to grow up so I could kill my old man when I got big enough. I could hardly wait. And then my grandma beat me to it. A goddam old lady with a shotgun showed me I was still a punk-assed kid. I didn't know whether to get pissed off at her for puttin' me down like that or kiss her for gettin' rid of that asshole for good. I hated his guts—guess I still do."

The two men fell silent, each reflecting on the past and wondering about the future. Several minutes passed. Tucson was the first to break the silence.

"Ya know," he said, "it's hotter'n hell out here now. We better get movin' or this fresh air and sunshine will kill us."

"You're right, hoss," said Disco. "Time to get puttin'."

They rolled over the summit



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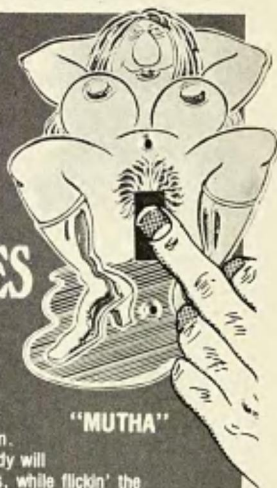
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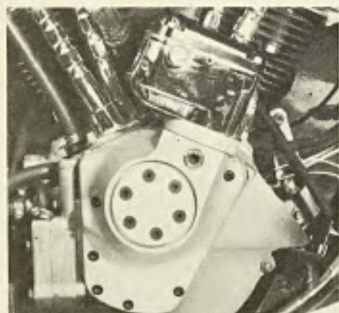
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again, riding west to the coast and the freeway. Tucson lagged behind, letting Disco lead wherever he wanted. It didn't matter where they went; the day would slip away in any case. Eventually, they found themselves at the clubhouse. The journey had to end here. The club was the only home they had. A small crowd was inside.

"Hey, Disco!" yelled Clancy. "Where ya been, man? We been waitin' to have a drink with ya."

The members gathered at the dilapidated bar at one end of the room, passing joints and draining beer cans.

"Where were ya, Disco?" asked Clancy. "We were gettin' worried. We been here all day, waitin' for ya."

Disco shrugged. "Me and Tucson took a ride. No place special. Just on the road—one last time."

"Then is this really the day?" asked Clancy.

"Damn sure is," said Disco. "Can't put it off no more. They got me, all right. Settled my shit for me."

"Then why don't ya just keep goin'?" asked Clancy. "Point your bike any way ya like, just as long as it's away from here. They might never find ya."

"Yeah, but then they might, too," said Disco. "It ain't worth it, always runnin', lookin' over your shoulder, wonderin' who's behind ya,



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always expectin' a hand on your arm. Shit! How the hell could a man ever relax long enough to drink a beer or grab a honey, livin' like that?"

"So whatta you do now?" asked Clancy.

"Report to the federal marshal," said Disco. "Four o'clock."

"Want anything?" asked Clancy. "We could get some pussy over here. Plenty of time for a turnout before four o'clock."

Disco shook his head. "No more cunt, man. I got caught up last night and I ain't had time to get behind again. As long as the booze and grass hold out, we're in good shape."

"I hear ya, man," said Tucson. "But if ya change your mind and wanna run, wanna look for some place where the heat can't find ya, I'm ready to split. Just say it."

"Me too," said Clancy. "There ain't nothin' around here I couldn't stand to leave behind. Might even find a new kinda twat there, one who does it a new way."

"There ain't no new way," said Tucson emphatically. "They got statues in India that're three thousand years old—and they show 'em tryin' things we never heard of yet."

"No shit?" asked Clancy. "Where the hell are them statues? I'm gonna ride over there and see what I been missin'."

"No way, man," replied Tucson. "Some of them positions are unreal. You'd have to be a goddam rubber man to twist your bod around the way they do. It stops bein' fun and starts bein' work."

"Work!" exclaimed Clancy. "Man, I'm allergic even to the word. The day that fuckin' is work, I'm gonna give it up and get religion."

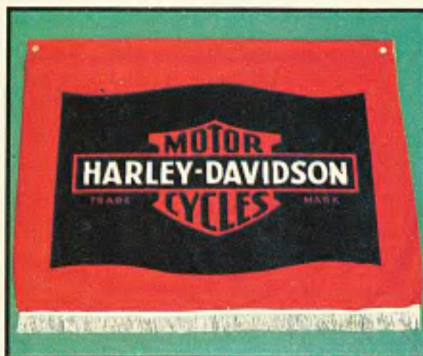
"That's it, man," said Tucson, nodding. "Then instead of some ol' lady strokin' your crank, ya just pray till ya come in your pants. Saves a hell of a lot of exercise. Ya don't even breathe hard."

"Yeah, but it's sure hell on your jeans," said Clancy. "After a while they get stiff in the crotch."

Disco chuckled at the foolish banter passing back and forth in the group. He knew what his brothers were doing. They were trying to keep his mind off the afternoon hours slipping away, moving him closer to his date with the federal

—Continued on page 97

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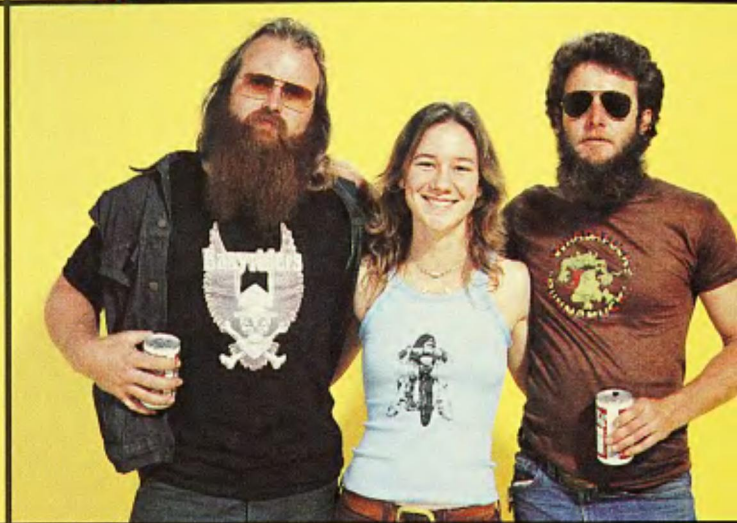
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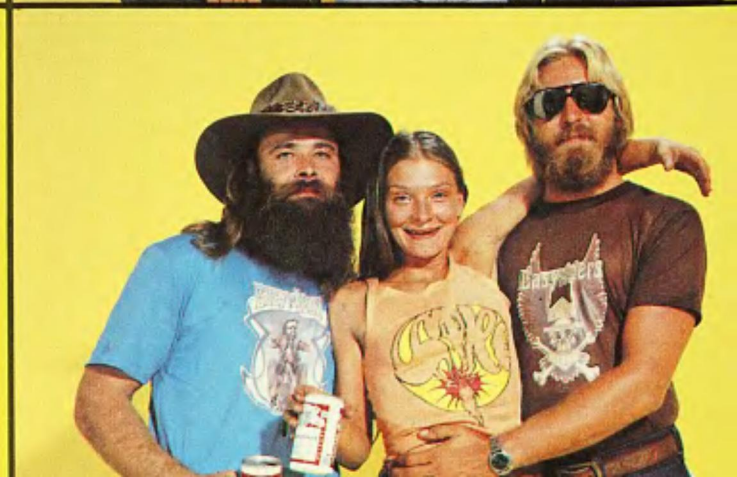
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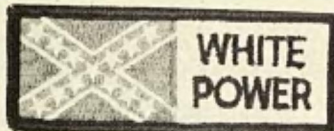
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FREEDOM RIDE

—Continued from page 93

marshal. He found himself wondering what the joint would be like. He'd have a lot to learn, once inside. Well, plenty of time for that when he got there. To hell with worrying about it now.

The bikers drank and smoked and talked while the day raced by. Disco was content to stay there. He'd had his ride; he couldn't store up any more memories of being in the wind, no matter how far he traveled. It would have to do until he got out again.

"Jesus Christ!" blurted Clancy. "Look at the fuckin' clock. It's already after four! What do they do to ya if you're late? Forfeit your bond?"

"Damned if I know," said Disco, "but I guess I'll find out today. Better get goin'."

"How long you gonna be away?" asked Clancy.

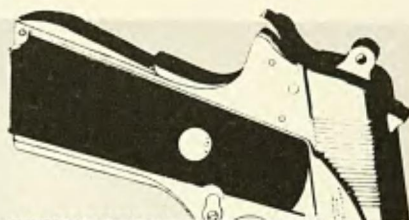
"I got hit with five to ten," said Disco. "My lawyer says with good time I'll get out in three years."

"Shit, man, that's a bitch!" said Clancy. "Three years in the joint. Don't let 'em fuck with your head in there."

"You can count on it," said Disco. The group went outside. The



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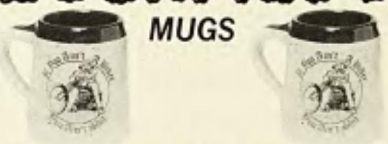
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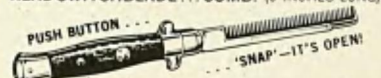


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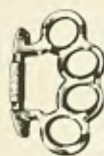
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rumble of motorcycle engines filled the afternoon air. They rode through crowded city streets full of traffic going home after another day of making it wherever the citizens made it. As the bearded riders passed, many citizens wondered what crime they were on their way to commit. None would have believed they were about to surrender one of their brothers to the law.

When the bikers rode into the federal building parking lot, Disco carefully selected a spot where he could see his bike from inside the front door. The group stood around awkwardly, embarrassed now at the depths of their feelings for each other, at a loss to say what was on their minds without sounding like sentimental pussies. Disco said nothing, knowing that those who mattered would understand how he felt.

"What time is it?" asked Disco, to break the strained silence.

"It's only five o'clock," said Clancy. "Shit, man. We're only an hour late."

Everyone laughed, relieved at the opportunity to break the tension. When the laughter died away, they stood shuffling their feet and looking at the ground, waiting for somebody to do something. Disco knew it was his move now.

"I never liked goodbyes," he said. "It always sounds like somebody's never comin' back. And that ain't the way it is this time. I'll be back. You can count on it."

"Damn right ya will," said Tucson gruffly. "And we'll be here. All of us. You don't need to bring nothin' when ya come back—we'll have everything ya need."

Disco gripped Tucson's hand, wishing he didn't have to let go. Then all the brothers shook his hand in turn, their eyes exchanging unspoken feelings. Disco turned away abruptly and hurried into the building without looking back. But once inside the glass door, he turned to stare at his panhead sitting there like a dream of freedom. Someday, he thought, someday. He turned to the federal marshal who was waiting for him to surrender to the law.

"You're late," said the marshal sourly. "You were supposed to be here at four."

"Big deal," said Disco. "So I owe you an hour. I'll pay you back on the other end, a few years from now."

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.

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the same saying. \$8.00 per shirt to:

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Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; 75¢ per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available with

mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Closing date is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately 60 days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

"Free Cigarettes": Free from Mako, Box 223-C, Jamestown, N.D. 58401. (60)

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. (66)

Motorcycle patches our business. Harley patches our specialty. Catalog \$1. Patchworks, P.O. Box 11506, Columbus, Ohio 43211. (62)

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)

Tattooing supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Designs, inks, needles, machines. Tattoo "77" and Tattoo Artist t-shirts and tank tops. New 40-page color catalog \$3. Our gear is like a chopper. It's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (65)

Mad, mad book of formulas: How to make, step-by-step, goodies like knock-out drops, explosives, silencers, poisons, and many others. A must in completing your library—limited offer at \$9.95. Act now, second printing. Send today to Jim Multaier, 1838 West Arrow Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. (59)

Firecrackers, guns, bombs from common materials. Details, \$2. Sanford, Box 4175-E, Silver Springs, Md. 20904. (60)

Attention Cannabis Connoisseurs: Jolly Roger's secret recipe. You won't be disappointed! Try it on your friends. Only \$2 cash or money order. Please, no checks! R. Butcher, Box 624, Independence, Mo. 64052. (60)

Women's body magic enslaves me. Use me for French and your feet. Motorcycle women please write me. Richie Donis, 310 Franklin, #111, Boston, Mass. 02110. (60)

Bound for Houston, Texas, or passing through? Stop at the "Neutral Zone" for a beer and biker info. One block east of I-45, north on West Mt. Houston (F.M. 149). (713) 447-9508. (70)

Peter: Happy Birthday, Sugar Dick! (May 30, 1978.) We'll soon be soaring down the highway on the wings of your Harley. I love you lots. Roxanne. (60)

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)

Wanted: One sincere biker chick 18-26 to live with me in rural southwestern Pa. To share riding, partying, and maybe life. Please enclose photo. Write Dave c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (60)

For sale. Custom motorcycle and salvage shop. Tons of new and used parts for Harleys and Triumps \$49,500. Write or call John's Custom Bikes, 4555 East Belmont, Fresno, Calif. 93702. Phone: (209) 252-2562. (60)

Be in a class by yourself! All those eggheads and smartasses will be blown away when they check out your Harley University T-shirt or sweatshirt and your righteous Harley U. diploma! Black, long-sleeve sweat-shirt reads "Property of Harley U." on front, "Hogs" on back—only \$9.95. T-shirt carries Harley wings and reads "Harley University"—only \$6.95. Specify sm, med, lg, x-lg. Large Harley U. diploma, personalized with your name or a friend's—only \$2.50. Send check or m.o. to Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. (61)

Black T-shirts for the true Harley Rider: "Harley Is Best, Fuck The Rest"; "Harley Riders Eat More Pussy"; "Harley Riders Get More Head"; "I'm Hers Because She Gives Good 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". \$7.50 per shirt to Coco, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (66)

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)

Still want to putt! Paraplegic will trade 1973 ridged fatbob shovel for '74 trike. Write to Chris Morland, 1927 Virginia, Bakersfield, Calif. 93305. (60)

Miniature chrome-plated chopper roach clips. Quality built. Joint-sized bikes, \$6. Trikes, \$7.50. Send stamped envelope for pictures. Dealers invited! Richard Gaff, 2760 1/2 Coburg Road, Eugene, Oregon 97401. (60)

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)

Every issue of Easyriders. Excellent condition, no bent corners. Highest bidder. Asa, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (60)

Giant black & white photograph. 20"x24", 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. (66)

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)

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)

Tattooing Outfit: Complete with two points (outliner and colorer), plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries. No electricity needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks, or for fun, \$99 plus \$3 postage. Send money order only for \$102 to S&W Tattooing Inc., Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (62)

Harley-Davidson Parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list, \$2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 699-1849. (64)

First 48 issues of Easyriders in binders, \$100. Call Jeff at (212) 264-8605. (60)

6'1", 26-yr.-old American Indian biker looking for a lady who loves bikes and nature. Send photo. Cherokee, P.O. Box 201, Alexander City, Ala. 35101. (60)

Tattooing: New York City. Clean studio, quality custom work. (212) 475-6064. (61)

Wanted: Foxy lady to party and putt from N.Y. to L.A. late June. Must have sense of humor, be slender, approx. 5'7", long hair. Send photo and phone to New York, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (60)

Real belt drives for real motorcycles, 50¢ to Super Max Products, Box 285, Gardena, Calif. 90247. (213) 324-2666. (61)

Doing time for a crime, be on my way home soon. There's only one little mother for this brother, my kitten Shari, and I love to hear her tune. (60)

Have you gone absolutely mad? Then become a Hysterical Landmark. Join The Hysterical Landmark Society. 8 1/2"x11 official parchment document. Lifetime membership and bumper sticker, \$4.50 postpaid, P.O. Box 7610ER, Santa Rosa, Calif. 95401. (62)

Guaranteed state photo identification card (Polaroid process). Authentic look. Send photo, signature, birthdate. Free birth certificate. Rush \$7 (3/815). IDs-E268, 934 Dodge, Evanston, Ill. 60202. (60)

Dan, Sacramento: Long time no see. Hi, and miss you, Jackie. Fresno. (60)

Guaranteed identifications: 5 blank age IDs plus free birth certificate. Rush \$3. Triple order, \$6. Plastic covers, 50¢ pair. IDs-E268, 934 Dodge, Evanston, Ill. 60202. (60)

Biker (Thom) in the I.Z. boogie town in Iowa. Happy 28th birthday 4/24/78! I love and respect you, ol' lady, Bobbi (The She Wolf). (60)

Wanted: Easyriders, Vol. 2, No's 3 & 4. Must be complete and in good condition. Write to Bushwhacker, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (60)

Wanted: knucklehead basket case or any stock parts. Gary, 1732 87th Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94621. (60)

Confederate—KKK: Paraphernalia, flags, literature, \$1. Americana-17, Box 10672, Jefferson, La. 70181. (65)

Magic Dick: Howzabout an extra-special ride to celebrate our fifth? Your lovin' Tattoo Lady. (60)

Mel: Happy Birthday, babe. You keep improving perfection. Your totally satisfied, loving woman, Kathleen. (60)

Debbie Jo: Happy Birthday. I love you, Daddy. (60)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (60)

Joe: Thank you for the best times of my life. Happy Birthday, and I love you, always will. Kim. (60)

Foxy, fine-bodied, long-haired ol' lady with good vibes wanted by righteous, financially together Virgo ex-biker, 38. Send letter and photo to Eagle, Box 4351, Pasadena, Calif. 91106. (60)

Happy Birthday, Prick. You've made me very happy. Your ol' lady, Danny, Windsor, Ont., Canada. (60)

Fuck—Know the many versatile ways to use this word. Send \$1 to 923 8th Street, Golden, Colo. 80401. (60)

Cutie Pie: Happy Birthday. Love ya always. Bubble Dubbie. (60)

1%er Gypsy, R. C. Speck. Happy 28th Birthday 4/11. Hope we have many more. Still waiting for you. Love, Crazy Camille. FTW. (60)

Got a Hog and a crib. Need sexy house mouse in southern Ind. Write Breeze, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (60)

Extra scoot money easily? Send 50¢, stamped addressed envelope. Carter, Box 8113 (EA), Coburg, Ore. 97401. (61)

Wanted: H-D knucklehead with papers. Any condition. Contact Tim, Box 606, Shiprock, N.M. 87420. (62)

MC, Nazi, Skull, Zig-Zag jewelry, plus coo spoons, roach clips, etc. Too much to mention. Send one dollar for complete catalog to South Shore Casting Co., P.O. Box 43, No. Abington, Mass. 02351. (61)

I need letters from foxes. W. Thomas #8778, K.S.I.R., Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kansas 67501. (61)

Make your own speed; 99.7% pure meth crystal. How to make hashish, and make inferior pot into high-quality superweed. For formulas, send \$10. John Malcum, Box 732, Port St. Joe, Fla. 32456. (62)

Outlaw: I still love you and will miss you, Hank, and Hooker for a long time to come. Your ex-ol' lady, Sugar Shorts. (60)

To Bobby (Rip) Mitchell, formerly of Houston, Texas. Your bro in Ohio is looking for you. Write Terry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (60)

"Hot Box"—The vilest, dirtiest, filthiest record album we've ever heard, says Screw mag. With songs like "It's All Right to Fuck All Night" and "Sesame Snatch." Everyone should own one copy. Available on Hot Box records and tapes. Call toll-free to have your copy sent COD. (800) 221-8466. (60)

Trans Trickery—H-D transmission specialist. Complete overhauls, blueprinting, blasting, welding, performance products installed, belt drives. Discounts to clubs. Write for specific needs. 246-T Lanes Mill Rd., Howell, New Jersey 07731. (201) 367-6529. (61)

Wanted: Two men in L.A. area. Employed, mountain-man types. Over 6'. Not fat. Must have Harley. Explain your scene and send with picture of you and your Hog to: Stuff, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (60)

White Canadian biker would like to hear from scooter tramps in So. California. I'm heading south in fall. It's cold up here. Tom Gould, General Delivery, East Braintree, Manitoba, Canada ROE OLO. (60)

"Tiny" David Paul: I love you and need you. Please come home. Marcia, 4839 Pine Street, La Mesa, Calif. 92041. (60)

Marty: Happy Birthday 3/2/78. All our love, Babes, Becky, and Melissa. P.S. Glad we're as one again. (60)

Hey, bros—five new righteously designed T-shirts. Printed and drawn by a bro. For free design sheet write Richard Spurlock, 3072 Erwin Pl., Oceanside, New York 11572. (60)

Three bikers in England coming over to the States this year need contacts for somewhere to stay and help to get bikes together. Snow, Dude, & Indian, 4, Manton, Cornermead, North Strand, GrahamePark Estate, London NW9, England. (60)

Ladies: This is a prisoner's ad. No one answers these. If you don't, I won't get any mail—and I'm well worth writing. Maypo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (60)

Hash from your stash w/o chemicals or screens. Free details. Bleak, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. (61)

Lonely black dude in the slam wants to write sexy chicks, receive photos, beat off. Will answer all. Carroll Taylor #115819, Route 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (60)

Photos of tattooed women—20-\$5. 300 different designs, \$18. 9 hand-colored (used) sheets, \$27. Step-by-step tattooing instructions. \$10. Steele, Box 242-ES, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80901. (60)

Swedish girls traveling country! All cities, towns! Intimate photos, details. \$1. Ingrid, Box 7425-EA, Chicago, Ill. 60680. (60)

Horny? I'll help you! Send loose stamp. Tracy, Box 405-EA, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (60)

Hot, swinging broads wanting correspondence with cool studs. Pictures, descriptions, \$5. Artist, 1543-ER South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80906. (60)

Sexual contact information! Send loose stamp. More, Box 1607CH, Chicago, Ill. 60690. (60)

Bro needs to disappear from two ex of ladies. Would greatly appreciate information in general terms from those who have vanished from life. All info kept for personal use. Doc, Box 153, Crossett, Ark. 71635. (60)

Betty (Thumper) Flageolle: Happy Birthday. Things have changed. I have quit completely. We moved, now traveling the States. Please put your address in Easyriders. Would like to write you. Your friend, Roger (Big T.), Stash. (60)

Biker chick, 35, 5', 110 lbs., seeks good, reliable ol' man (white) 30-40, north bay area, Calif. Enjoys camping, loving and putting. Write to Carole, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (60)

Wizard: To our life in the fast lane. I'll love you forever! Punkie. (60)

Get stoned, blown away, and small, absolutely free! Simple, proven method for \$1 to Action Associates, Box 573, Blytheville, Arkansas 72315. (61)

Cunt hair: Snip a patch off your ol' lady's snatch and send your catch along with \$3.98. We return it forever preserved in tough acrylic, suitable for wearing as necklace, key chain, etc. D&B Marketing, P.O. Box 44, Listie, Pa. 15549. (62)

For sale: Easyriders, issues #25-26 and #28-54, \$45 check or money order. Jerry (Rat) Shelton, 102 West Tennessee Ave., Oak Ridge, Tenn. 37830. (60)

Wanted: Your collection of Easyriders. Must be complete (at least through issue #36). Whole magazines in good condition only. State price and phone if possible. All replies answered. Steve Brunner, 305 W. Burr Oak, Athens, Michigan 49011. (60)

Foxkeeper: You're the best ol' man in the world. I love you. We'll ride together forever. Luv, your Fox. (60)

Willie: I've looked around enough to know that you're the one I wanna go through time with. Happy Birthday. I'll love you always and forever. Your horny ol' lady in California, Nikki (Free Bird). (61)

Harley—I love you and need you. Be mine always. You're good for me. Eileen. (60)

We have the largest stock of H-D new and used 45 parts on the west coast. Legal engines, transmissions, crankpins, and parts from A to Z. A complete line of gaskets, O-rings and seals for 45s, Sports, 74s, and 80s—also, Sports and 74 parts, new and used. We're interested in buying parts and inventories. Please call or write 45s Forever, 11561-C Berriessa Rd., San Jose, Calif. 95133. (408) 294-6810. (60)

Stickers: "Warning: If you value your own life as much as I value my Harley, don't fuck with it"; "Ass, gas, or grass: nobody rides for free!"; Harley Wings; "Protected by M.F.D. (Mean Fuckin' Dog)"; and "Mustang Ranch Parking Permit No. I-69." 50¢ each or all 5 for only \$2 (cash) with self-addressed, stamped envelope to Stickers, P.O. Box 466, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (66)

Chicken: Contact Mark, the flying mouth. Remember Detroit. Oak Forest, Route 2, Lot 67, Blacksburg, Va. 24060. (60)

Biker from Midwest (Chicago) area would like to correspond with female over 21. Dig camping and sunshine. Can help with travel expenses. Let's get it on for year-round fun. Jim B., 16711 Lakewood, Tinley Park, Illinois 60477. (60)

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 1/4"-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%.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



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:

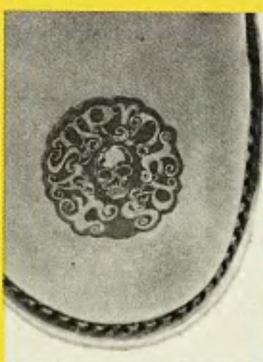
Upper leathers are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. Heels are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). Vamps, or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the

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 8 weeks.)

Circle/fill in your choice

■ Height 11 in. 17 in.

Size _____

Width _____

■ Color Black Brown

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

I have enclosed \$_____ for _____ pair(s)
(including \$2.50 per pair for postage & handling)
Write same info on separate paper for more than 1 pair

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

Jammer Wheels

Facing you are the all new, revolutionary Jammer wheels and hubs. There's no need to tell you that there are lots and lots of wheels around. Rather than stack the deck higher with more of the same type, we've come up with this realistic new idea—four different wheel patterns in five different sizes that are all interchangeable and will bolt up to any of our hubs, front or rear. That's because the center design of all our wheels is the same. And, to let you know we're serious about being realistic, check out the price—we know it's revolutionary!

So put your wheel problems to rest and read on about Jammer wheels.

**COMPLETE WHEEL
WITH HUB**

\$149.00
• MOST MAKES

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)



Wheels

- All wheel sizes and patterns are interchangeable and will bolt up to any hub, front or rear
- Precision two piece steel stamping
- Rolled safety bead
- Rotationally welded under inert gas shield to assure minimum run-out and maximum strength
- Lighter in weight than most welded steel wheels

- No more spoke trueing hassles
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- Wheels are triple plated with Jammer's own high quality plating process
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Hubs

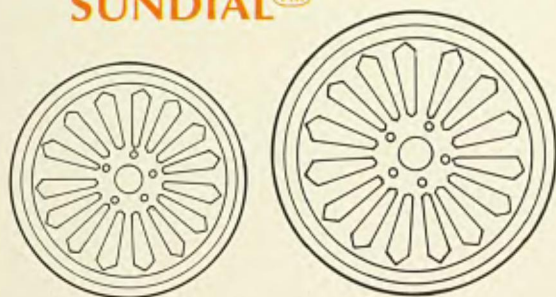
- Bolt-up hubs for most popular makes to your stock axles and spacers (special bearings and bolts provided where needed)
- Universal blank also available for other makes and custom brake set-ups (machining required)

- All hubs are made of aircraft quality aluminum
- All hubs are precision machined and polished to a high luster finish



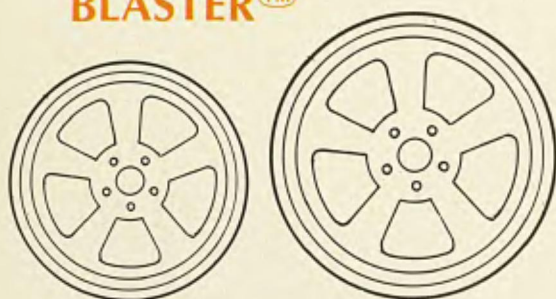
Jammer Wheels

SUNDIAL™



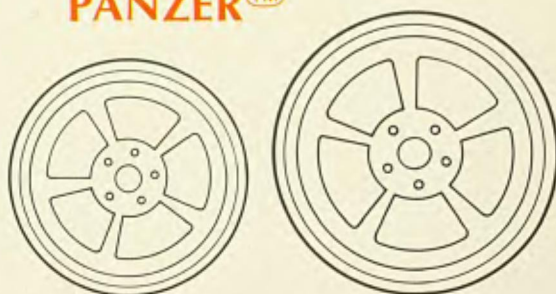
Part #	Description	Price
2011	16" Wide Sundial	79.50
2021	18" Medium Sundial	79.50
2031	19" Medium Sundial	79.50
2041	19" Narrow Sundial	79.50
2051	21" Narrow Sundial	79.50

BLASTER™



Part #	Description	Price
2012	16" Wide Blaster	79.50
2022	18" Medium Blaster	79.50
2032	19" Medium Blaster	79.50
2042	19" Narrow Blaster	79.50
2052	21" Narrow Blaster	79.50

PANZER™



Part #	Description	Price
2013	16" Wide Panzer	79.50
2023	18" Medium Panzer	79.50
2033	19" Medium Panzer	79.50
2043	19" Narrow Panzer	79.50
2053	21" Narrow Panzer	79.50

MIDNITER™

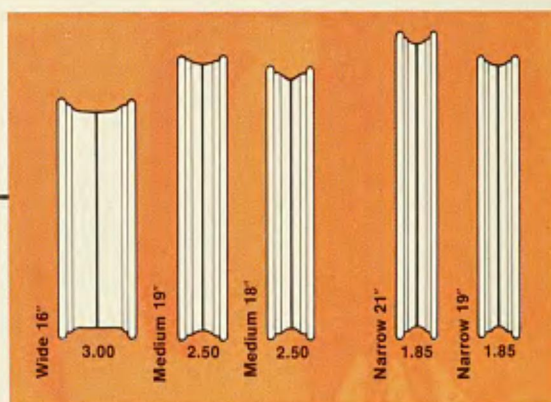


Part #	Description	Price
2014	16" Wide Midniter	79.50
2024	18" Medium Midniter	79.50
2034	19" Medium Midniter	79.50
2044	19" Narrow Midniter	79.50
2054	21" Narrow Midniter	79.50

Hub Kits For Jammer Wheels



Part #	Description	Price	2104	Harley 1974-1977 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50	21052	Universal Blank Hub For other makes and custom brake setups (machining required.)	69.50
2101	Harley 1941-1966 FL's. Fits front or rear.	69.50	2105	Harley 1978 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50			
2102	Harley 1967-1972 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1971-1972 FX. Fits rear only.	69.50	2106	Harley 1955-1978 Sportster. Fits rear only.	69.50			
2103	Harley 1973-1978 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1973-1978 FX. Fits rear only.	79.50	21051	Spool Hub. 3" wide, 5/8" bearing.	69.50			



All Jammer Wheels Are Designed to be Used Only With Our Jammer Hub Kits

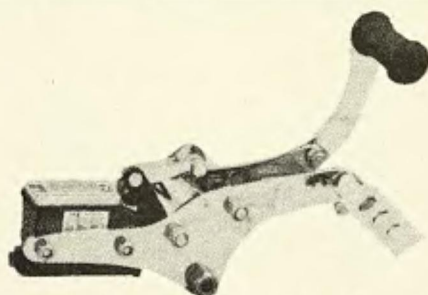
Harley Brake & Shift Assemblies

141032 Weld-on bracket.
This bracket is a must when using these forward controls on 1977 and 1978 Superglides. 4.80

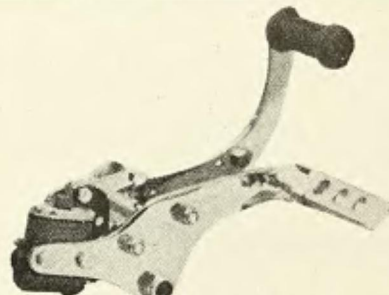
NEW!



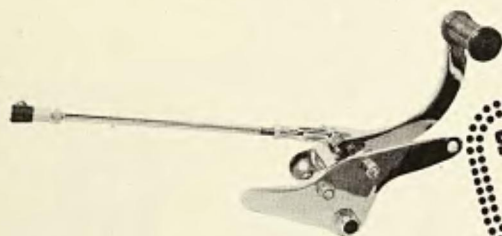
14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock.
Use Stock HD Master Cylinder. Fits all HD '74's Using Hydraulic or Rear Disc. 79.25



14102 Brake Assembly - HD '74
Use our Hurst-Airheart large Master Cylinder. 79.25

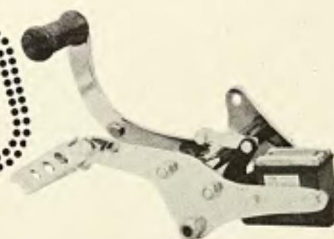


14103 Brake Assembly - HD '74
Use our Hurst-Airheart Small Master Cylinder. 79.25



14104 Brake Assembly - HD '74 Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. Linkage Included. 79.25

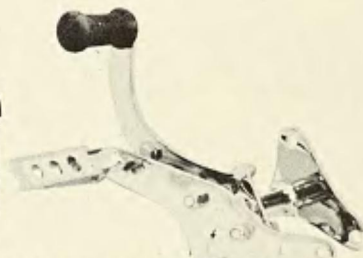
STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)



14105 Brake Assembly - Sportster
Use our large master cylinder 79.25



14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. 1954 - 1974. All Linkage included. 84.25



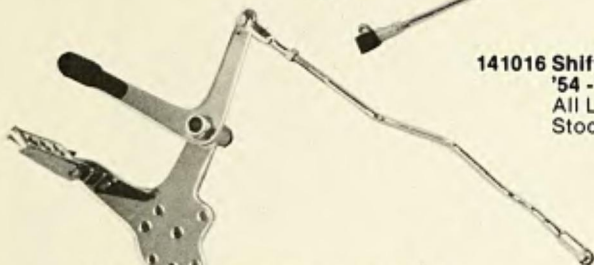
14106 Brake Assembly - Sportster
Use our Hurst Master Cylinder Part #141019 1954-1974. 79.25



141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74.
All Linkage included. Use Stock Shifter Peg. 79.25



141019 Small Master Cylinder.
Hurst-Airheart 30.40

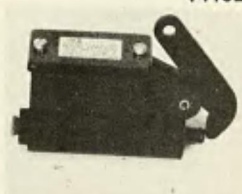


141014 Shift Assembly - HD '74 36-73
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. 74.25

141015 Shift Assembly - HD '74 '74 - up.
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. 74.25



141033 Shift Assembly. Harley Superglides. 1977 and 1978. Use stock shifter peg. 79.25



141020 Large Rear Master Cylinder.
Hurst-Airheart 48.95

Hallcraft Wheels
Purchased From
Jammer Come With
Large
Master Cylinder

Harley Pipes

Muffled Drag Pipes

NEW!



2" Harley & Sportster Muffled Drag Pipes. With sleek tapered sporty mufflers. Polished welds. Triple nickle plating, bracketing and hardware included.

151043 Panhead. All years.	83.15
151044 Shovelhead. 1966-1969.	83.15
151045 FXE, 1972-1978.	83.15
151046 Sportster. All years.	83.15

Custom chrome clamps for that finishing touch.



152022 Intake Manifold Clamps. Fits Harley/Sportster 1957-1978. 20.75 pair.

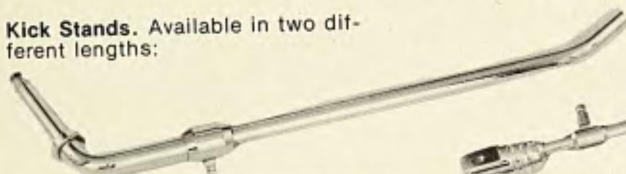
152023 Sportster Exhaust Clamps. All years. 15.55 pair.

152024 Panhead Exhaust Clamps. 1948-1965. 15.55 pair.

152025 Honda Exhaust Clamps. Honda 750. 1969-1974. Set of 4. 30.70

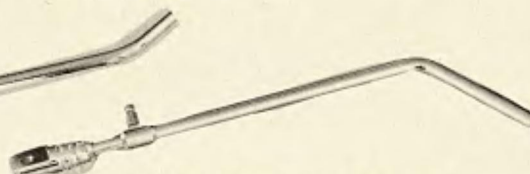
Stands, Risers & Tanks

Kick Stands. Available in two different lengths:



HD 74 Kick Stand. (Fits 1937 and later. Use part numbers when ordering.) **Don't forget to allow for your rake.**

155017	Standard	19.95
15503	Extended	19.95



Sportster Kick Stand. (Fits all years.)

155018	Standard	19.95
15505	Extended	19.95



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

155019	Standard	19.95
155011	Extended	19.95

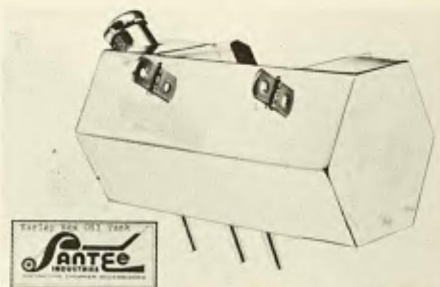
NEW!

Glide Risers Solid cold-rolled steel. Riser cap held from below with Allen head bolts. Custom-chromed. Drilled and tapped for 1/2 x 20 bolts.

44014	4" High	36.35/pair
44015	6" High	38.40/pair

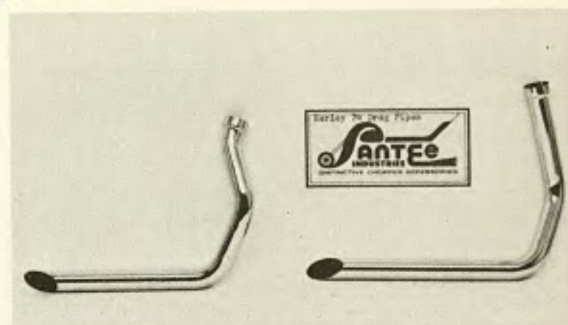


NEW!



37049 Hex Tank. For Harleys. Stylish 3-quart tank will hold a battery. Fits swingarm and rigid Harley frames. 16-gauge steel, star-pressed ends, top/side filler spout, deep chrome. 72.75

NEW!



2-inch Drag Pipes. New pipes for the 74 and Sportster. Slash cut and custom-chromed. Fit both rigids and swing-arms. Our Baffles (147018) may be used.

147015 Shovelhead. 1966-1969. 36.35

147016 Shovelhead. 1970-1978 36.25

147013 Panhead. All years. 36.35

147014 Sportster. All years. 36.35



Only! \$2.25 or You can now call toll free 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer (See Order Blank on Page 110)



Ibco Gaskets

The IBCO Gasket line is specially designed and engineered for the performance and street motorcycle market. Sixteen years of testing and research have made it possible for them to produce the best quality line in the industry. IBCO assures you of superior quality and performance, whether it be for competition, customizing or touring. Their high manufacturing standards and highly trained engineering staff have made it possible for us to present you with the most complete gasket line currently available.

COMPLETE KITS FOR HARLEY

9701 HD Shovelhead 1966-78, 74" OHV
Kit includes 51 pieces. Replaces OEM
Part #17029-66 21.50

9702 HD Sportster 1957-71 Kit includes
55 pieces. Replaces OEM Part
#17026-71. 17.80

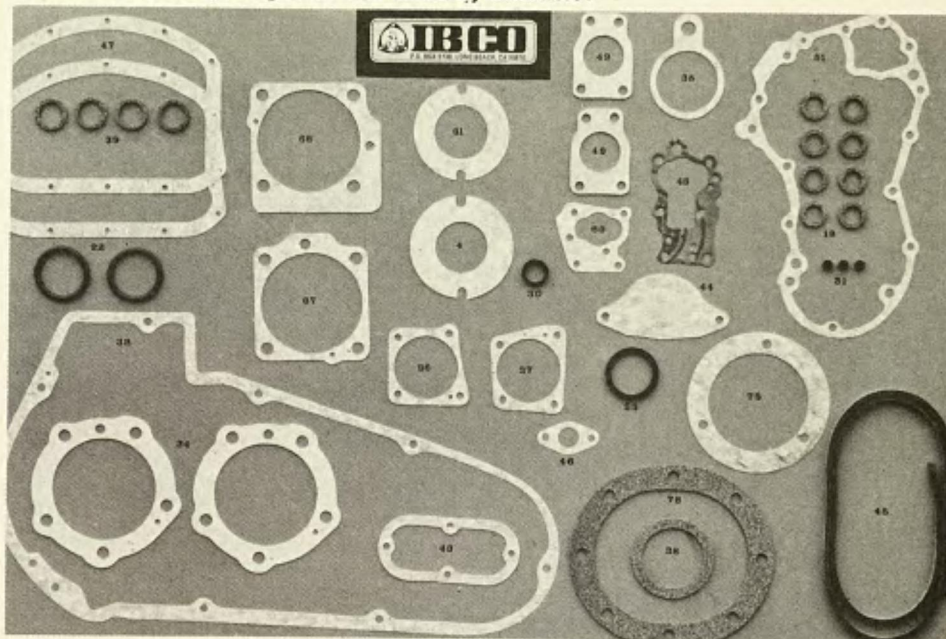
9703 HD Sportster 1972-early 1973 Kit
includes 42 pieces. Replaces OEM Part
#17026-71. 12.95

9704 HD Sportster late 1973-1978 Kit
includes 42 pieces. Replaces OEM Part
#17026-71. 14.30

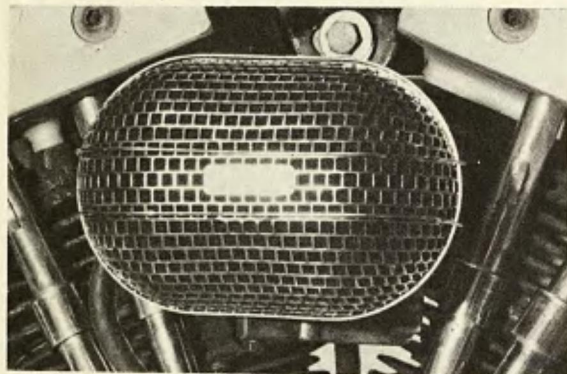
9705 HD Pan Head 1948-1954 61" and
74" OHV Kit includes 43 pieces.
Replaces OEM Part #17028-48. 13.30

9706 HD Pan Head 1955-1965 74" OHV
Kit includes 33 pieces. Replaces OEM
Part #17028-58. 15.50

97013 HD Knucklehead 1940-47.
Includes 43 pieces. Replaces OEM Part
#17028-40. 14.30



Air Cleaners



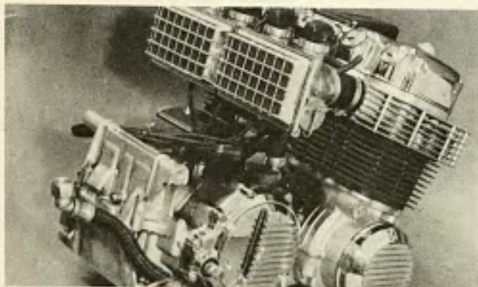
Harley Davidson Air Cleaners. Beautifully chromed. All metal construction. Does not require oil—foam is designed to be used dry. Flame retardant.

106031—Harley-Davidson, Tillotson, Bendix & Keihin, S&S 22.95

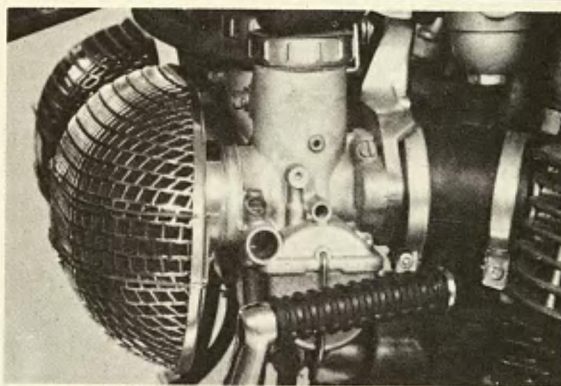
106032—Harley Davidson Linkert 22.95

106035 Mikuni 36, 38mm. 19.95

106036 Mikuni 40, 42, 44mm 22.95



106014 Honda 750 Air Cleaner.
Made of high-impact plastic. Chromed.
Includes washable filter. 15.95



106033 Honda Ram Flow Air Cleaner. For 500-550
K & F and 750 models. 39.95



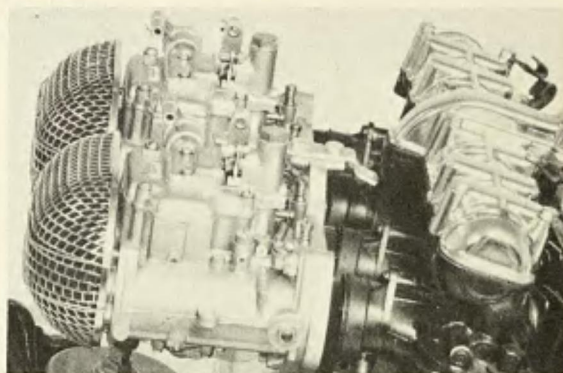
HD Custom Air Cleaner. Includes washable filter. When it gets dirty, all you do is wash it out. A must, where there's dust. Chromed.

10608 1 3/4" SU 19.99

10609 Tillotson & Bendix 19.99

10610 Linkert 19.99

106011 38mm Mikuni 19.99



106034 Kawasaki Ram Flow Air Cleaner. For Z-1, 900, 1973-1975 and K-Z, 900/1000, 1976-1977. 39.95

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DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)**

Oil Coolers & Filters

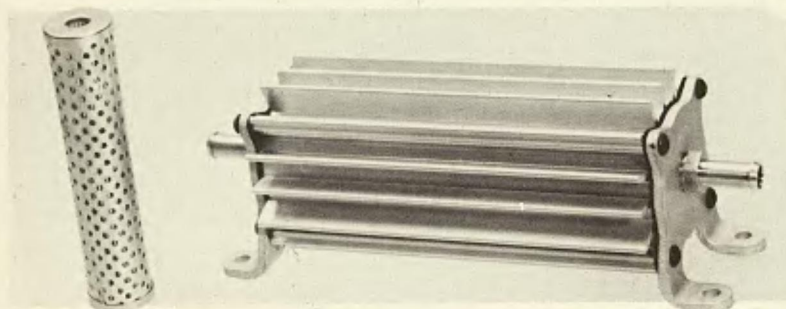
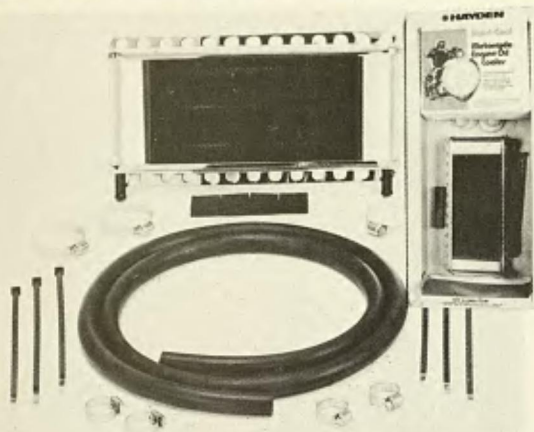
HAYDEN

Hayden Swirl-Cool Super Chrome Oil Coolers. The Hayden Cooler was designed for efficient oil cooling and easy installation on most bikes. Oil flows from engine to oil cooler and then to the oil tank where it goes back to the engine, completing the circuit. Oil leaves the engine while hot, is cooled down in the oil cooler and then returns to the tank at reduced temperatures.

37042 H.D. 74 & Sportster
& All Dry Sump Bikes 59.90

37040 Honda
FOURS 750-550-500 76.25

37041 Kawasaki 900
76.25



NEW!

Cool 'N' Clean Cooler-Filter. Extruded aluminum cooler with replaceable internal filter. Removes contaminants from oil and lowers temperature at the same time. Provides longer engine life. Bracket included.

37056 Harley FX. 35.80

37057 Sportster 35.80

37058 Honda 750 35.80

37059 Triumph 35.80

37060 Honda GL-1000 35.80

37061 Kawasaki 900/1000 35.80

37062 Filter Cartridges 2.63

NEW!

Oil Filter. Spin off oil filter with bracket. Gives added life to your bike's engine and looks great too. Oil is filtered as it returns to the oil tank. Chrome bracket, oil filter hoses and clamps.

37050 Sportster 34.95

37051 Universal 34.95

Other Stuff



129079 H-D Made in U.S.A. Buckle 7.00

NEW!



129078 Live to Ride Belt Buckle 7.00



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You can now call
toll free
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order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer
(See Order Blank on Page 110)

NEW!



130016 Climax Goggles. Laminated curved lenses, adjustable straps. 27.95

130017 Clear Replacement Lenses. 7.50

130018 Smoke Replacement Lenses. 8.50



130019 Climax Modern Goggles. A new look...soft, leather-lined. 23.95

130020 Clear Replacement Lenses. 7.50

130021 Smoke Replacement Lenses. 8.50

NEW!



130022 Silver Cross Goggles. Soft leather backing, laminated glass, can be used with helmets. 22.95

130023 Clear Replacement Lenses. 6.50

130024 Smoke Replacement Lenses. 7.50

NEW!

Bags & Gloves



51013 Saddlebag
56.95



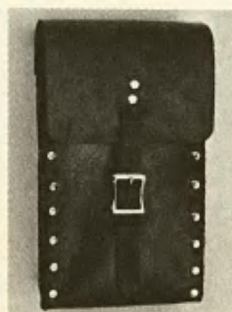
51015 Cycle Pouch.
Leather tool bag with straps. Snap closure.
9½" x 4" x 2¾". **13.95**



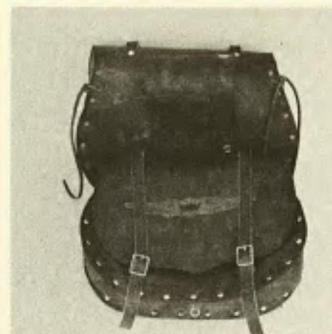
NEW!
51016 Large Cycle Pouch. All leather bag, great for tools. Adjustable straps included. 10" x 5" x 4". **19.95**



51014 Ex. Large Saddlebag
69.95



51019 Utility Bag.
Upright leather tool bag with straps.
5½" x 10" x 3½". **19.95**



NEW!
51017 Oval Saddle Bag. Crafted in leather. Reinforced sides and mounts.
12" x 9" x 5". **69.95**



NEW!
51018 Super Bags. Adjustable connecting straps let you use these roomy bags on any motorcycle. Good for long rides.
12" x 12" x 5". **98.95**



130031 Biker Pack.
Canvas & Leather Get Away Bag. 12" x 24" Bag will strap to your Sissy Bar or your back. Has extra outside pocket for those items necessary to get to quick.

24.95



5105 Abus Chain Lock. Comes with 4 feet of heat-treated 5/16" chain. Two keys. Chromed. **19.95**

Bike Bag. Ideal for carrying your chain and lock. This large-capacity bag is hand-crafted of finest leather and is easily adjustable. Fits tight over sissy bar alone or expands to fit over sissy bar and seat. Hidden adjustments for that custom-made look. Flying wheel design.

5109 Regular size **21.95**

51012 Extra large **34.95**

Sure-Grip Gauntlet Winter Street Gloves! Features a vinyl gauntlet that will not collapse when pulled over jacket sleeves; the rest of the glove is high quality leather. These gloves have reinforced palms for added durability, adjusting strap, and are accordin pleated across the knuckle area for added comfort.



130027 Small Black Gloves **17.60**
130028 Medium Black Gloves **17.60**
130029 Large Black Gloves **17.60**
130030 Extra Large Black Gloves **17.60**



NEW!

Summer Gloves. An excellent fitting, lightweight and durable glove with a ventilated back that provides an extra measure of comfort, includes a reinforcing patch between the thumb and forefinger with a contour cut.

130033 Small 12.10

130034 Medium 12.10

130035 Large 12.10

130036 X Large 12.10



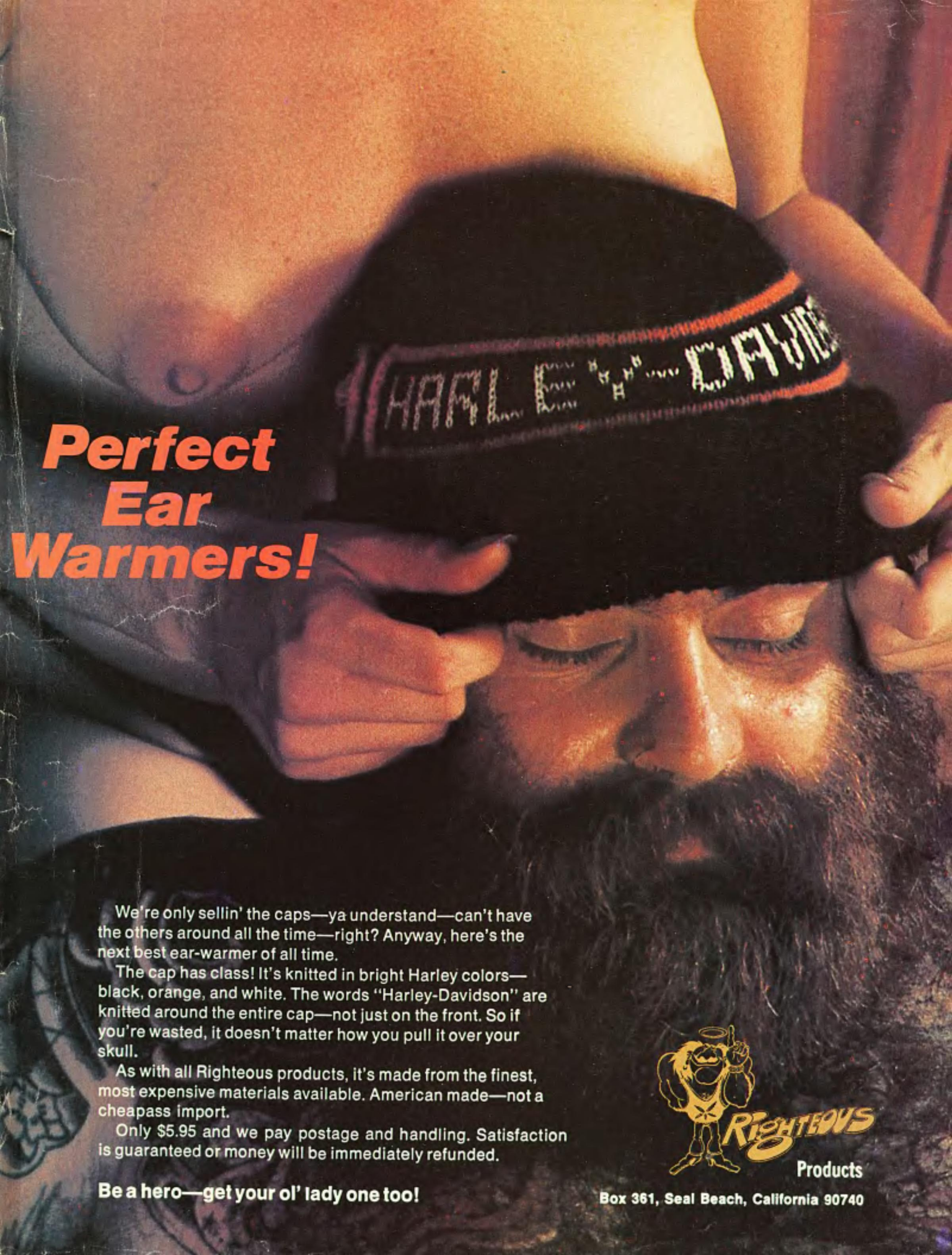
Delux Leather Cap. Individually hand-crafted of the finest soft leathers. Yet rugged and durable.

13003 Small **19.95**

13004 Medium **19.95**

13005 Large **19.95**

13006 Extra large **19.95**



Perfect Ear Warmers!

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made—not a cheapass import.

Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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!

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welcome you to the Sport of a Thousand Thrills. 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!

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