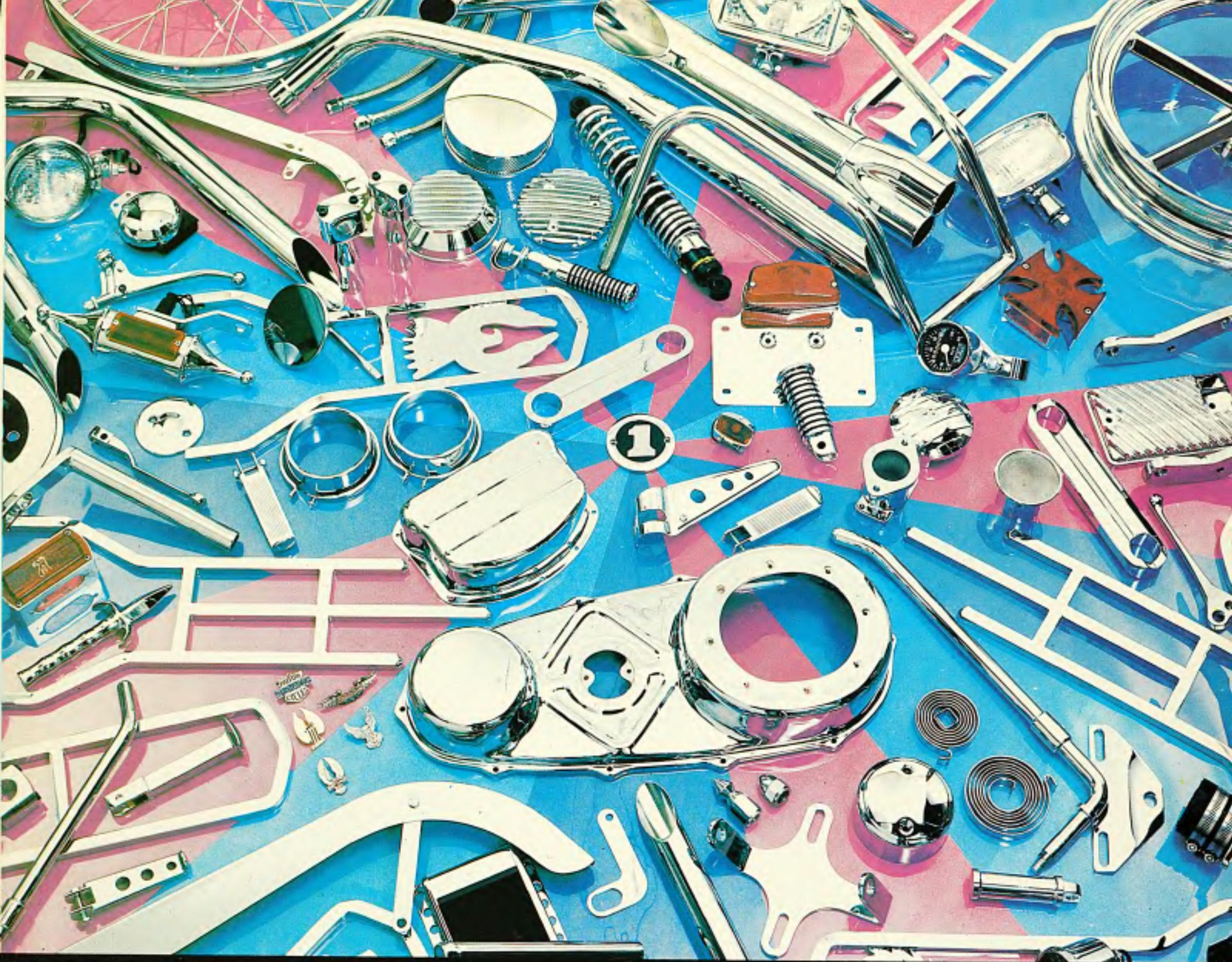


Easyriders

75p

July, 1978
\$1.25**The Best of the Biker's World*****Lotsa scoots, stories, and sweeties***



DEEP SKIN

They say that beauty is only skin deep. If that's so, these chrome motorcycle accessories from Drag Specialties have *deep* skin. Because they are magnificent.

Chrome won't make your mount run faster or handle slicker, but it will make it look eye-rubbing great. And we think the chrome parts from Drag Specialties are the best-looking you can strap on a bike. They're well-designed and well constructed. They're available for about every bike around (the photo shows only a peasant's portion of the chrome accessories available from Drag Specialties). And our parts fit. There's no need to take them to a blacksmith before you can get 'em on.

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



6868 Washington Avenue South, Eden Prairie, Minnesota 55343 ■ Telephone (612) 941-6380

New 1977 Catalog available for \$6.00. Refundable on first order over \$25.00.



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FTW

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COVER photo of Brenda and Charles by Billy Tinney

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

Caution: AMF has determined that **Easyriders** is hazardous to its image. Hence, that company pulled the Harley-Davidson advertisement from this page.

It seems that this red-haired bitch with huge jugs stopped and attacked a passing car in Michigan. The motorist said she was the "largest woman he had ever seen—with a set of lungs ya wouldn't believe" and that "she started attacking the car with her bare body while making lewd gestures." After she came, she split before the cops arrived. (The bro who sent me the newspaper clipping wanted to know if Miraculous Mutha had red hair. No, but she mighta been wearin' a wig.)

In case you're interested in beatin' a record, you're gonna have to toss cow shit more than 170 feet, 6 inches. That's the latest cowshit-tossin' record.

Gag file: A police chief in Indiana actually went to court and had his name officially changed to Kojak—he even shaved his head! (That tube sure fucks with people's heads.)

Can ya believe that the Connecticut Department of Transportation went after a dead woman's sugar jar just because she apparently caused a \$34.15 mess when she crashed into a garbage truck and was killed? Yeah, they did—the book says collect—so whatdafuck!

Some joke, eh, baby?: In California, a dude's female friend picked up his cigarette lighter (the kind that looks like a pistol) and "playfully" pointed it at him. You guessed it—the poor slob was taken to the hospital in critical condition with a .22 slug in his gourd.

Did ya hear about the dude in Cleveland who got into a tickling contest with his 17-month-old son? Lotsa laughs—till the rug rat delivered a roundhouse right that broke his ol' man's jaw in several

places. Surgery and 20 wires were required to fix up da jaw. (Tough kid.)

Somethin' to clap about: They just developed a new vaccine against gonorrhea, the No. 1 infectious disease. The scientists say it could reduce your chances of gettin' a dribblin' dork from the present rate of 30 percent per contact to about 1 percent. But don't run right over to dirt bag's pad just yet—they're still testin' it and it won't be on the market for a while. By the way, the docs also say chimpanzees don't get the clap, as they useta believe. (It figures.)

Check this: El Paso has a lower rate of murder, assault, and suicide than almost any city of comparable size. Why? Nobody's sure, but a new theory says it's all due to the lithium that occurs naturally in the city's drinking water. A lot of researchers now believe lithium produces what they describe as a "constant, mild tranquilizing effect." So if ya run outta tranqs, I know a guy who'll sell ya a lid of El Paso water for a measly ten bucks.

Latest type of reward poster: The Wake County Board of Alcoholic Control in Raleigh, N.C., put up a \$10 to \$200 reward for anyone reporting the location of a still—or a field or patch of marijuana plants. The amount a snitch gets depends on how large the field or pot patch is. The board started concentrating on drugs because they "needed something to do." "We haven't found a still in four years—we just didn't have enough to do," said the board's general manager.

You think you have problems. Consider the dude who was lyin' on his couch nude when his cat thought he saw a mouse and attacked the guy's "vital parts." The clawed balls were treated at the hospital, and the cat (I assume) was fitted with a pair of glasses. (Or maybe the dude's tryin' to find another mouse he can train to give head?)

Save your beer cans—go into business! Two men in Australia are building a 25-foot boat out of 15,000 beer cans. They're gonna call it Can-Tiki. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Gun Features

□ I don't know if I read you right but your answer to J. W. from St. Petersburg (Feb. '78) was "We hear ya." It seems that you agree with his opinion and are going to tone down or cut out the kind of photos he mentions. I don't particularly care whether you take out the gun features or not, but could this mean that **Easyriders** is knuckling under to the wishes of the straights?

Big Red
Athens, Mich.

■ No. The gun features were gettin' us kicked out of prisons. We want to help downed bros do easier time more than we want to feature guns.

No License?

□ I've got a bitch. Three of the bikes featured in the latest issue had no license plates. I want to read about bikes, not show bikes.

So what if the bike has stains on its pipes or the tires have seen the road. It's still more righteous than any show bike. You have always been a rag for real bikers. Show a little class and give us some real bikes.

Tank & Rose
APO N. Y.

■ We cover the plates of all bikes that we shoot in our photo studio in order to protect the owner from gettin' his scooter ripped off. All bikes in this rag are ridden, or they don't get in.

Ruined A Classic

□ I knew it was going to happen. The other bike magazines have given old Willie G. Davidson such a swollen head that he has pressed further on in his trade and ruined a classic motorcycle. Everyone knows that you don't tamper with success. Have you guys

seen the 1978½ Sportster? That thing looks like it just came over on the boat from Japan. It looks incredibly Jap with its Jap-looking gauges and rear suspension. Gone are the oil tank, spoke wheels, and cobra seat. He's ruined it. He's ruined it. He ruined a classic! It's time for AMF to hand out the blue slips.

A disappointed Sporty owner
Hartford, Conn.

Helmet Beef

□ If it weren't for helmet laws, I wouldn't have this big fuckin' headache. I was sitting here on my bed, beating my foot to some good tunes, watching the Muppet Show, when my \$65 helmet fell off my headboard, clobbering me square on the noggin.

I guess they're supposed to be worn all the time.

Gentle Giant
Medina, N.Y.

Toy Run

□ Sitting in my cell, thumbing through the April issue, I came across the article "10,000 Bikers Make a Run For Kids." It really warmed my fuckin' heart. A bunch of greasy, rowdy, beer-drinking, dope-smoking, plundering, raping bikers doing something for charity! Awright! Also, damn right, Salvation Army's always there. They're the only ones I've ever known to come behind these walls to bring small gifts of candy and fruit to us savages at Christmas.

Billy Betz
Menard, Ill.

David Allan Coe

□ Your interview with David Allan Coe was right fuckin' on! I've been into his music ever since I heard his "Long Haired Redneck" album. Ya also mentioned him in an article about asskickin' biker music

—'bout time for an interview. Ya oughta try to get him to play at your swap meets. Make 'em even better!

Baron Von Eric
Gardena, Calif.

□ This bullshit about clubs comin' down on other clubs has gotta stop. Shit, bro, as David Allan Coe said in the May '78 issue, we got plenty of other people to worry about—the straights, the run-'em-off-the-road rednecks, and the bastards who are tryin' to take all our rights away because we're free an' got the guts to live the way we do.

Tarl, of the "Warriors"
Shelton, Wash.

□ Hey, man, what the fuck are ya doin'? Turnin' into some kind of pussy-whipped country and western magazine?

D. Taylor
Calhoun, Ga.

Men and Babes

□ I just got the April issue of **Easyriders** and was reading it calmly and collectedly until I came upon a letter from some asshole named Lark. I couldn't read another word until I wrote this letter. I am a very happy ol' lady and a little bit of a libber too. I've got two future prospects of my own, and the only thing I owe to either of their fathers is a fair fuck. If it had been up to their fathers to carry them for nine months, they wouldn't be around. Men couldn't give up fuckin' and their dope long enough to bear a child.

An Equal
Baltimore, Md.

Roadside Help

□ I would like to thank the members of the Side-winders, both Detroit and Earth chapters, for the help and courage they showed me and my family.

I've always been against the chopper culture, but my views have now changed.

On our way home from New Orleans our camper turned over and caught fire, trapping my wife and two sons in the back.

Even though there were several people trying to help, they had succeeded only in making a bad situation worse.

These bikers took an ax from a semi-truck and cut a hole through the roof while the other members threw blankets of snow on the fire in order to retain it long enough to pull my wife and sons, Jerry and Phil, ages 6 and 8, to safety.

Dr. Stepbis
Dearborn, Mich.

Sore Crank

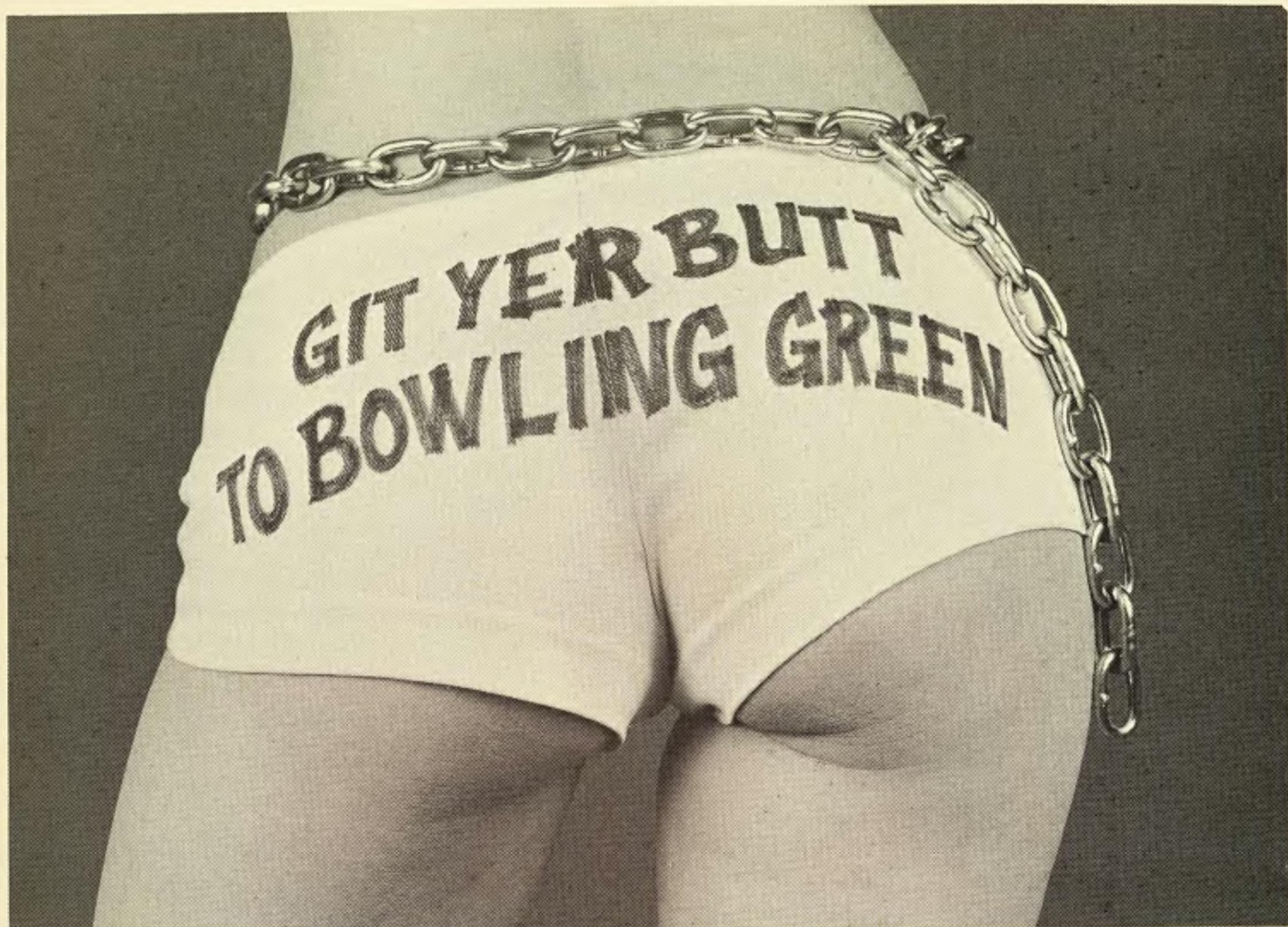
□ I'm a 285-lb., 6 ft. 3 in. club member. My dick is 9 inches long and I can fuck all night without takin' a piss. Now all this sounds quite modest but it's all true. The reason I want you to put this scribe in your mag is this: At Christmas three chicks from New York came over here and had the ecstasy of getting screwed by me and a few bros. The one I had most was blond and had blue eyes and big tits. Well, that little slut gave me a big dose of the clap. So all I've got to say to her is that if I ever see her again, I'm gonna weld her lips shut.

Killer Joey
London, England

A Suggestion

□ For the past few years now fuckin' teetotalers have been bitchin' at me that I'm wastin' money buyin' so much beer to quench my thirst.

Finally, last night after closing up the bar where I work, I decided to check out their advice and quench my after-work thirst by buyin' a nationally adver-



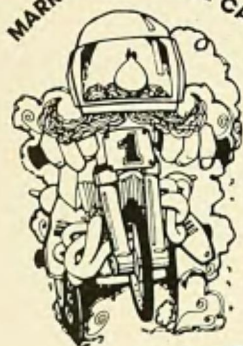
THE HASSLE-FREE 3 DAY BIKE BUST OF '78.

Round-the-Clock Rockin', Git-Pickin' Music Marathon
Starting Saturday 4 pm!

Free Campin' in Mellow Surroundings Strictly for Bikers Only!
NHRA National Record Championship Bike Drags!

ALL THIS FOR \$15⁰⁰ A HEAD!

MARK YOUR SOCIAL CALENDAR NOW



Friday, June 16

All Day—Qualifying, Time Trials, Record Runs.

Saturday, June 17

All Day—Qualifying, Time Trials, Record Runs, Class Eliminations. All Night—Rockin' Music Madness for Bikers Only.

Sunday, June 18

9 am-2 pm—Time Trials, Record Runs.
2 pm—Final Eliminations and Championships.

Free Camping all 3 days
thru Sunday night.

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RACEWAY** BOWLING
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Genuine
Gold or
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Enlarged 300% to show detail

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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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POST OR DANGLY**

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

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tised lemonade drink from the local all-night grocery store. When I went to buy a six-pack of that canned crap, I found that it cost more than their highest-priced beer (including the 5¢ deposits for the beer bottles)! So all I've got to say to teetotalers is they can stuff that no-nutrition, non-high-inducing, sugary, high-costing shit.

Brian Waggoner
Klamath Falls, Ore.

Mystery Solved

☐ What happened to the "Dave Mann Totally Free Art Show" sign you had at Daytona Beach? Answer: It found a new home. It's living happily ever after in New York City. Krazy Kranz & Arni The Jew Jamaica, N. Y.

■ Enjoy.

Fake Photog

☐ What ever happened to the photos taken at the Grateful Dead concert in Englishtown, N. J., back on Labor Day weekend? There was a dude running around taking pictures for **Easyridders** who dug my tattoo and said my picture would be in your rag in a couple of months.

Rosemarie
W. Long Beach, N. J.

■ Beware of photogs and other people posin' as members of our staff. Our staff members have I.D.

Dug Show

☐ The free Dave Mann show at Daytona showed a lot of class. It's worth repeatin'. By the way, those were neat chopped Schwinn's you fuckers were puttin'.

John
Houston, Tex.

A Secret

☐ I don't know if anyone ever told you guys this, but the only thing wrong with your rag is that it only comes out once a month. (Wow, never thought I'd finish this fuckin' letter.)

Barney
Somerville, Mass.

A Pain Killer

☐ I had the fuckin' Russian flu last week, and my bod ached so much that my

balls felt like fuckin' lead weights.

While sittin' and snivelin' about it I picked up your stinkin' rag and started readin' some of the stories. Before I knew it I was laughin' so hard that I forgot about my case.

Your rag is a better pain killer than downs. Keep up the good work, dipshits.

Hangin' low in
Bridgewater, N. J.

Down On Monger

☐ I want the guy who makes the remarks in Word-monger to know I think he's an asshole. Every time someone is trying to be serious about something, he comes up with his fucking motto which sucks as bad as he does.

Parkview
Springfield, Mo.

■ My wife, ol' lady, and favorite mama hate your guts.

Everyone Knows

☐ A cartoon in a recent issue was wrong—everyone in Australia knows that a male kangaroo doesn't have a dong the same shape as a human dong. A kangaroo's is very long, thin, and has a distinct corkscrew shape.

Malcolm J. Pattie
Victoria, Australia

■ But we're not in Australia—shit, even Mutha didn't know.

Harley Advertisement

☐ Really pleased to see H-D spring for a color page—and I told 'em about it too.

Bud Link
Philadelphia, Pa.

■ They canceled.

☐ I was really happy to see a real Harley-Davidson ad in your rag. I once heard that H-D wouldn't have anything to do with **Easyridders**. I'm glad they woke up.

Terry D. Mason
Lyons, Kan.

■ You heard right—the man who authorized it caught hell from AMF.

Harassment

☐ I was stopped the other night by San Diego, Cali-

fornia, cops and they took down my name and address—they also took my picture. Real close up with a flash, at night, with one of those \$175 Polaroids. Now ain't that against my consti-fuckin'-tutional rights or somethin'? They said it was 'cause some clubs were killin' each other. So they're harassin' everyone on a Harley? Ain't there somethin' we can do without gettin' tagged or a scooter impounded?

Hammer
San Diego, Calif.

■ They've always been down on bikers. We held one swap meet there—and said "later" to that city.

It Works

☐ I just finished reading the article by Hog Jaws in the March '78 issue about the cop outfit. Good fucking lesson behind it. I work in the evenings as a security officer—otherwise known as a rent-a-cop to some. My uniform is exactly like the ones worn by the local heat, right down to the wide belt, cuffs, mace, etc. But to the point—I ride a Kawasaki 900 with a Wind Jammer. Citizens are **always** pulling over on me and in front of me when I'm in regular jeans and boots. But when I head in to work, it's totally different. Headlight on, black helmet, the whole shooting match. All the old bitches and young studs give me a lotta slack. Let me tell you it's a rush. Ear Cutter Barnett
Birmingham, Ala.

DDFL

☐ Maybe you can tell me what the letters DFFL stand for. I've seen several pins and patches lately with these letters on them.

B.L.C.
Sooke, B.C., Canada

■ Dope Forever, Forever Loaded.

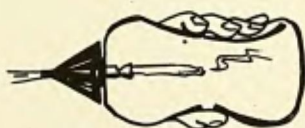
Both Sides

☐ I'd like you to help me set that Brandy Baby straight (April '78 rag) who says she's been on both sides and prefers businessmen to bikers.

Well, I've been on both sides too and I'll take a biker any day to some fag

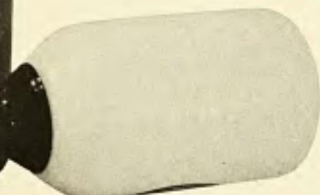
Want Yer Ass Kicked?

Well, we wouldn't say it unless we knew we could really do it. So, check out these six proven asskickers for yourself and see why **no one** can stand up to them once the heavy hitting begins!



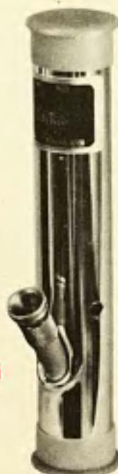
THE POWER HITTER

\$4.00



THE PORTABONG

\$3.00



THE PEACE PIPE

\$5.75

WATER PIPE INSERT

bottle not included

\$4.00



NO-SMOKER TOKER

\$6.00



SIP-N-TOKER

\$2.00



THE POWER HITTER: This supercharger has earned its name by reputation alone. Just place a rolled joint into the mouthpiece and squeeze the sides. Smoke is shot-gunned into the nearest waiting mouth. An excellent party pipe! Also great on the go—no wasted smoke, no ashes or sparks can escape. Unbreakable, washable and 100% EFFECTIVE (not recommended for beginners). **\$4.00**

THE PORTABONG: Nothing hits as clean and smooth as a bong, and this little baby can go anywhere. Comes apart for easy travel so it's ready to fly into action when you are. Stands only 6" high but really packs a wallop. **\$3.00**

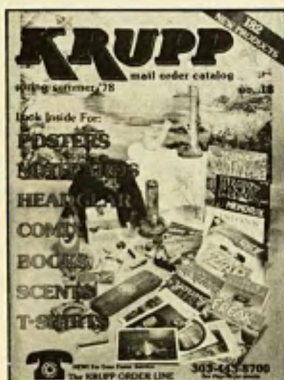
THE PEACE PIPE: This odorless pipe is truly the most discreet way to smoke at concerts, movies, etc., because the only smoke that escapes is what you exhale! Also, this compact little guy is perfect for smoking on-the-go (biking, boating, trucking or camping). Also includes a spare stash chamber for extra long toking. Have one for the road! **\$5.75**

WATER PIPE INSERT: This is the bowl that got Milwaukee loaded. Turns any bottle with a 3/4" mouth into a powerful waterpipe. Two 10" hoses and a large metal "family" bowl tops the 8" stem. Bottle not included. **\$4.00**

NO-SMOKER TOKER: This baby can do some heavy damage. Used with a rolled number, this pipe saves the smoke that normally floats away. Good-bye ashes, waste and paranoia. And, if you're into some heavy hitting face first, you'll love the removable mask. **\$6.00**

SIP-N-TOKER: Don't let its size fool ya! After a few good slugs from the left and a couple of strong hits from the right, this little scrapper will lay ya away. Great for the two fisted partier. Small and lightweight for easy traveling. Fits yer hands better than brass nux. **\$2.00**

ASSKICKING DEAL: We're not dumb at Krupp, we know it usually takes six to kick a real biker's ass, so order all the products on this page (a \$24.75 value) and we'll let you have 'em for only **NINETEEN BUCKS!** Order today or this asskicking deal may pass you by.



Free

Krupp's new catalog is 64 pages jammed with over one thousand products: headgear, underground comix, T-shirts and lots more. This fabulous catalog costs \$1.00, which is refundable with your first order.

BONUS: Order any product on this page and get the giant catalog FREE!

HEY KRUPP, no one kicks my ass but me, so send me:

- Power Hitter @ \$4
- Portabong @ \$3
- Peacepipe @ \$5.75
- Water Pipe Insert @ \$4
- No-Smoker Toker @ \$6

- Sip-N-Toke @ \$2
- Ass-Kicking Deal @ \$19
- Krupp's Catalog @ \$1 (Free with order)

Include \$1 postage & handling.



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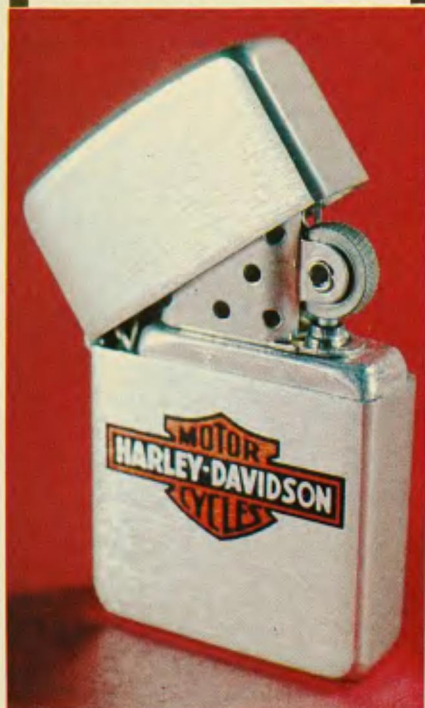
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American Made

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

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

An ideal gift! (and cheap too)

To get your primo lighter with the Harley-Davidson insignia, all you have to do is send \$5.95 for each lighter. We pay all postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.

*Mackenzie
Company*

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Calabasas, California 91302

in a tie and white shoes. I can't stand a man who thinks he's better than a chick, and any professional man I've ever met carries that attitude.

But I've still to meet a biker with that attitude. They don't care if they're better than someone else—just that their bike is the best in town.

My ol' man treats me good. He doesn't mess around on me and he lets me polish the 45 in our living room any time I want to. I don't need to mess around on him when he's on a putt with his bros cuz I know I'm going to have more than I can handle when he gets home after a week or two of no sex.

Sweet Suz
Lockport, N. Y.

□ To the chick who said that a neat businessman with his shit together is ten times a better lay than any biker and that she left a biker for bigger and better things: Well, you're nuts, 'cause there ain't nothing bigger or better.

Big Dog's Ol' Lady
San Diego, Calif.

□ I've been on both sides too—and I'm where I belong—right on the back of my ol' man's putt, feeling the freedom and high of just being there.

Sugar
Toutle, Wash.

Dutch Biker

□ Bein' a biker in Holland is like lovin' to get in trouble. Everything is forbidden or ruled by The Man. And instead of helpin' each other and livin' like brothers to stand this fuckin' system, some clubs over here have more fun stealin' from and fightin' against other clubs. I hope these assholes read your article "This Kind of Bullshit Is Past"—maybe they will stop and think.

Raggy "Blues" Harnisch
Boozers M.C.
Antilopenspooor 437
Maarssebroek, Holland

Bad Taste

□ Just finished reading one of your stories titled "Last Meal" (March '78) and all I can say is "that is pure

shit!" That is the worst article you mangy tramps have printed yet. My dog has better taste than you. What's worse is that my ol' man sat there and watched me read that story when he knew what was coming at the end—and then laughed his ass off!

Sandy
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Reading Problem

□ Why do the people who write the stories in your magazine make them so long? When I read 'em, I'm all fucked up and it takes me two hours just to read three pages.

Pee Wee
Aberdeen, Wash.

Thanks

□ I want to thank all the Outlaws who showed me and the rest of my bros who made it one damn fine party at Daytona. I also want to thank all my brother Bandidos for helping me be in a position to be there.

Rawhide
Houston, Tex.

Biker Protection

□ The inevitable has finally occurred with this coal strike, bros. The coal truck drivers out here on the eastern side of the states have finally turned toward the "biker" for protection. I guess we should have known it would come down to this eventually. Hell, people around here are finally opening their "red" eyes to realize we're worth some shit at least.

The club Fugueros has apparently received the job. All I can say about it is "more power to you people in the club." It's a rather asskickin' sight to see them alongside such a steady figure with their high-powered shotguns. (And my "apple pie" neighbors call us communists! Well, I guess it all boils down to the fact that the biker sticks up for his country's stability and freedom through thick or thin.

Wiz Kid
State College, Pa.

Need Help

□ Have been readin' your rag for some time now. But never before have you had a piece like "Ladies Love Outlaws" (March '78).

For once you show an ol' lady is more than something to eat and fuck. They have a tough life too and need all the help they can get!

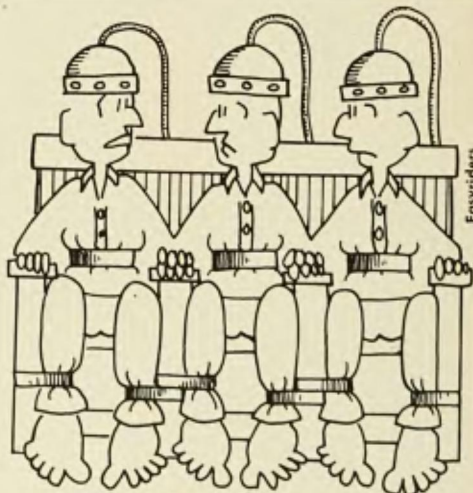
Art. P.R.
Mauston, Wis.

Good Sign

□ Just thought I'd tell you that to date I've never come across a single issue of your rag in the garbage.

Our Garbageman
Portland, Ore.

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. ■



"They call it the electric sofa—saves energy."

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Youth and accidents . . .

While browsing through a newspaper the other day, I happened upon a headline with a familiar ring: "Protective Measures Loom as Deaths Hit 28."

"Lord, here we go again," I thought. "Another bureaucrat made a speech about helmet laws."

Further reading revealed these gems: "One-third of those injured had been engaged (in the sport) for less than one week . . . Two out of every five people were using borrowed equipment . . . Those suffering most injuries were in the very young age groups."

Finally, I got to the inevitable conclusion; that general safety guidelines and use of protective equipment could reduce risks . . . for skateboarders.

Skateboarders? Sure enough, I had missed it in the opening paragraphs, perhaps because my eyes are trained to expect such gloomy reports about motorcycling. But these 28 deaths and numerous injuries were the result of skateboarding accidents.

The report read almost exactly like many I have read about biking. The profile of "typical victims" was very similar as well: inexperienced, young, using borrowed equipment or not using safety equipment. These are critical points, and anyone who has been in the motorcycle field for very long can tell you which ones have been paid lip service and which have been acted upon. Regulatory agencies of the federal government have worked on mandatory this and mandatory that for years, while equally important factors of youth and inexperience have been largely ignored.

—Gary Winn

American Motorcyclist

Show flaws . . .

Unlike other forms of motorcycle competition, shows, for the most part, have a flaw which definitely separates them from the rest. Whether it be drag racing or road racing, the winner of these events is the guy who can manage to keep his machine together and stay out in front of the other bikes. Shows just can't and don't work out that way because it is up to a select group of individuals to determine the winners and consequently the losers also. That's the main flaw, and the fly in the soup.

We attend a number of shows and biking events every year and the reporting of them is done on a selected basis. For the most part, a particular event would only be excluded from coverage because of a poor showing of cycles. Believe me, I'm not going to be the guy to state that custom motorcycle shows are on their way out because they're definitely not. Sure, some of them have died on the vine, but the reasons vary. After doing some research, I found that basically, the shows that fall by the wayside are caused by shortages on the part of the promoter. When a particular event is centered around an individual instead of a company or organization, financial problems and/or even poor health can easily become the culprit. Without someone being there to pick up the pieces, the event dies. That has happened many more times than most people care to admit.

—Custom Bike

No Fault Insurance . . .

No Fault insurance advocates claim that it creates less problems, lowers insurance costs, lowers court costs and battles, and generally

smooths things out.

The explanation I received from my insurance agent on No Fault insurance for cycles pertaining to the law now in effect is (a) the operator of a motorcycle will have to have his own hospitalization insurance if he wants coverage for himself; (b) the passenger of a motorcycle is covered under the \$10,000 liability coverage—however, may have to sue the operator to get it as it is not No Fault coverage; (c) this liability coverage also applies to persons on other vehicles; (d) and in the past as it is now if a cyclist gets in an accident on his own—not involving anyone else—he will still have to pay his own bills or have hospitalization coverage.

However, the catch comes when a car and motorcycle collide. Motorcycles are now prohibited, by the new No Fault Insurance Law, from collecting on a car's No Fault Insurance, regardless of who is at fault, even though 70% of all car-motorcycle accidents find the car driver at fault. Most every car-motorcycle accident will wind up in a lawsuit battle through the courts.

Donald D. Gabbay, counsel to the State Assembly Insurance Committee, mentions being sued to the extent of losing your home. That is always a possibility when the claim is for more than the insurance. This also affects the driver of the car which is not covered by his own insurance either (on the cyclist) when colliding with a motorcycle. Thus, the car driver is just as liable to lose everything he owns because the only insurance he has, again by law, is No Fault and No Fault will not pay a motorcyclist.

—ABATE of New York
Street Chopper

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



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

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

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

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BURRO BLUES

I Coulda bought canned dog food

I had just fired up another joint and begun to think about what I might do today to entertain myself, when Fuzz came sauntering in. I told him to sit down and passed the joint. We sat there for a while, just enjoyin' the buzz, when it occurred to me that I hadn't heard Fuzz pull up on his motorcycle. When I asked him how he got here, he said he'd borrowed a truck for the day. That gave me the hint that he was up to something out of the ordinary. Fuzz didn't like cars or trucks or, for that matter, anything with an engine that didn't have H-D on it.

He finished off the roach and asked me casually if I was doing anything today. I had to admit I wasn't, so Fuzz went on to explain that he had seen a classified ad in the paper for a great deal on dog food. He could get a hell of a lot of the stuff really cheap, he informed me, but could use some help loading it. So I agreed to give him a hand.

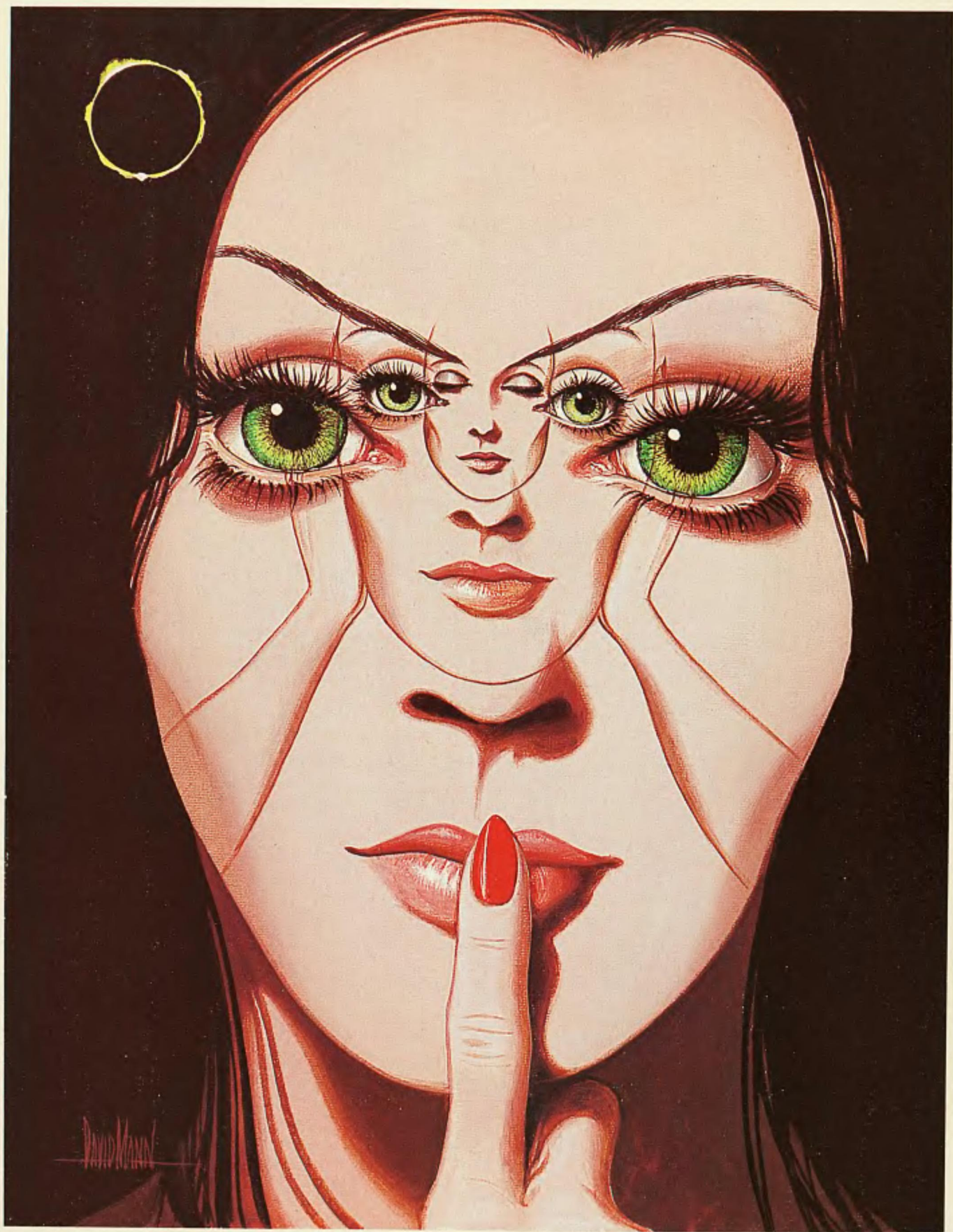
Fuzz was always sniveling about how much it cost to feed his two dogs — a couple of the meanest fuckin' dobermans I'd ever come across. Each of the bastards weighed better than 120 pounds, and if anyone was stupid enough to try to rip off anything from Fuzz, the sucker would be likely to leave an arm or leg behind — if he got away at all. At first glance, you might mistake the fuckers for a couple of funky coon dogs, because Fuzz had never bothered to cut their tails or trim their ears. I was always a little uneasy at Fuzzy's place, even though he reassured me that, as long as he was there, I had nothing to worry about. One thing was for sure — whenever I was in jail or out of town and not on my scoot, I'd leave it with Fuzz and never worry about it.

As we walked toward the borrowed compact pickup truck, I asked a few questions, none of which was answered. So, not wantin' to give Fuzz the third degree, I just climbed in the truck and lit up another joint.

We got lost only a couple of times before finding the place he'd read about in the paper. It turned out to be a little frame house on a back country road — not exactly where you'd expect to find a sale on dog food. Pulling into the long dirt driveway, we were met by an old man in overalls who sported a baseball cap with a "Cat Power" patch sewn on the front. Fuzz got out of the truck and shook hands with the old dude. I stayed in the cab and fiddled with the radio. They rapped for a few minutes, then Fuzz returned. He leaned in the window and asked me to turn the truck around and back it along the driveway that ran behind the house. So I slid into the driver's seat, suspecting I'd just been suckered into driving back to Fuzzy's place after we loaded the dog food.

I maneuvered the little pickup down the driveway, and as I neared the back of the house, I saw Fuzz standing next to a small fence. My curiosity now forced me to get out of the truck and find out what the hell was going on. As I walked toward Fuzz, the old man reappeared — leading a small donkey. It

—Continued on page 74



The Great Carefree Single Life

What you are about to read came to us as a letter for the Wordmonger column. After one reading, we knew we had to print it by itself. It appears exactly as it came to us.

I think maybe he would want me to tell you this. I don't know much about anything any more. All I know is what it's like to want him and not have him. I know what it's like to want somebody to understand and not have anybody care enough to try. We took care of each other. We understood each other. We tried to be happy and we were. Oh, we had bad times. Lots of them. I bitched a lot and he was quick to put a hand to my face when he felt like it. But I loved him. God, did I love him!

I was proud to be his wife. I'm nothing without him. People say it's not the end of the world. Pick up the pieces. How can I? I don't know where they fell. They tell me I'm young and smart and pretty. They tell me to find a decent, respectable man with a nice, steady job—to settle down. But I would rather be alone with memories. I'm bored and miserable. I don't need some phony sissy to make me feel that way. I need my man back. It's hard to live without him, and after almost a year, things aren't getting any better. I'm trying to live the "Great Carefree Single Life." I eat when I want, sleep when I want, go where I want. I would be a liar if I said that wasn't easy. It's easy to keep the place clean now. No more gas tanks on the

table and bike engines on the kitchen floor. No more *Easyriders* oozing out of every corner. No greasy rags, no empty beer cans, no tools or parts to step on in the dark. No, the only things that clutter the floor are toys—belonging to a fatherless baby.

It's quiet now, too. Clean and quiet. Too quiet. Steppenwolf doesn't blow my brains out all the time. Parties don't keep me up every night. The neighbors don't bitch about loud pipes anymore.

There aren't any.

Thanks to Mr. Man and his Reckless Van. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't be living this "Great Carefree Single Life."

I would give my soul to have once again all the hell my ol' man put me through—because, when it was over, he would be there to give a stupid little girl the chance to give back like a woman. So, when you go home today, kiss your babies and hold your ol' lady. Hold her real tight—hold her for me and my ol' man and all the brothers like him. And while you're at it, thank The Guy Upstairs for love—'cause life is a fucking bummer without it.

—A Biker's Widow



The Roger Lyons Incident: Still Waiting for the Final Verdict

Back in *Easyriders* February '78 issue, we published an article about the death and funeral of Roger "Rocker" Lyons, a member of the Outlaws M.C. chapter in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The article focused on the mysterious circumstances of Lyons' death and the funeral tribute paid him by his brothers from Outlaw chapters in many additional states.

We refer to the death of Roger Lyons as mysterious because nobody seems to know, or else won't admit to knowing, the exact details involved. Rocker had been drinking with two friends at a small local bar when a hassle broke out around the pool table. This scuffle was merely a minor disagreement with three other customers, and it was quickly resolved on friendly terms.

The club's manager, however, apparently felt the altercation was serious enough to warrant calling

the Milwaukee Police Department. Several police units responded, a number of officers entered the bar, and they arrested Lyons. Unfortunately, from the time Rocker was arrested until the time he was found mortally injured and left dead or dying in the police van, accounts vary widely as to what really went down.

In accordance with the law when a death occurs under these circumstances, an autopsy was performed on Lyons, and a coroner's inquest investigated circumstances surrounding the incident. ABATE of Wisconsin, along with several of Rocker's club brothers, attended this inquest from beginning to end.

According to the ABATE report, the jury's verdict at the coroner's inquest on Lyons's death was as follows: "Roger F. Lyons died from head injuries, suffered unlawfully, as a result of being struck by per-

son or persons unknown." The ABATE people also said that the inquest had lasted two full weeks, longer than any other hearing of that type in Milwaukee's history.

But the case is far from closed, and the final verdict on how Roger F. Lyons really died has not been reached. The ABATE representatives now tell us a grand jury investigation is in progress, and its proceedings are, of course, secret.

When *Easyriders* published the initial article about Rocker's death and funeral, we promised to play it as it is and to print whatever came down. At this point, though, we're forced to wait for the grand jury's decision. Which is par for this sort of situation—drag it out till people forget.

The results of these investigations are of vital concern to bikers throughout the country. ■

I've got something for you...

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's
Trash now.

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 heads).

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

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

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

Book

Easyriders Magazine

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me _____ copies of Robinson's

book called **Trash**. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

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

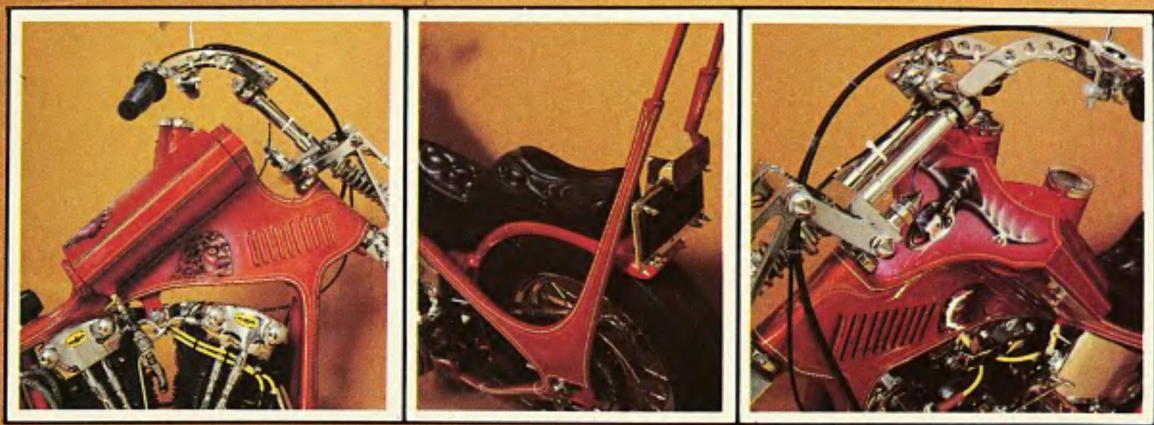
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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6%

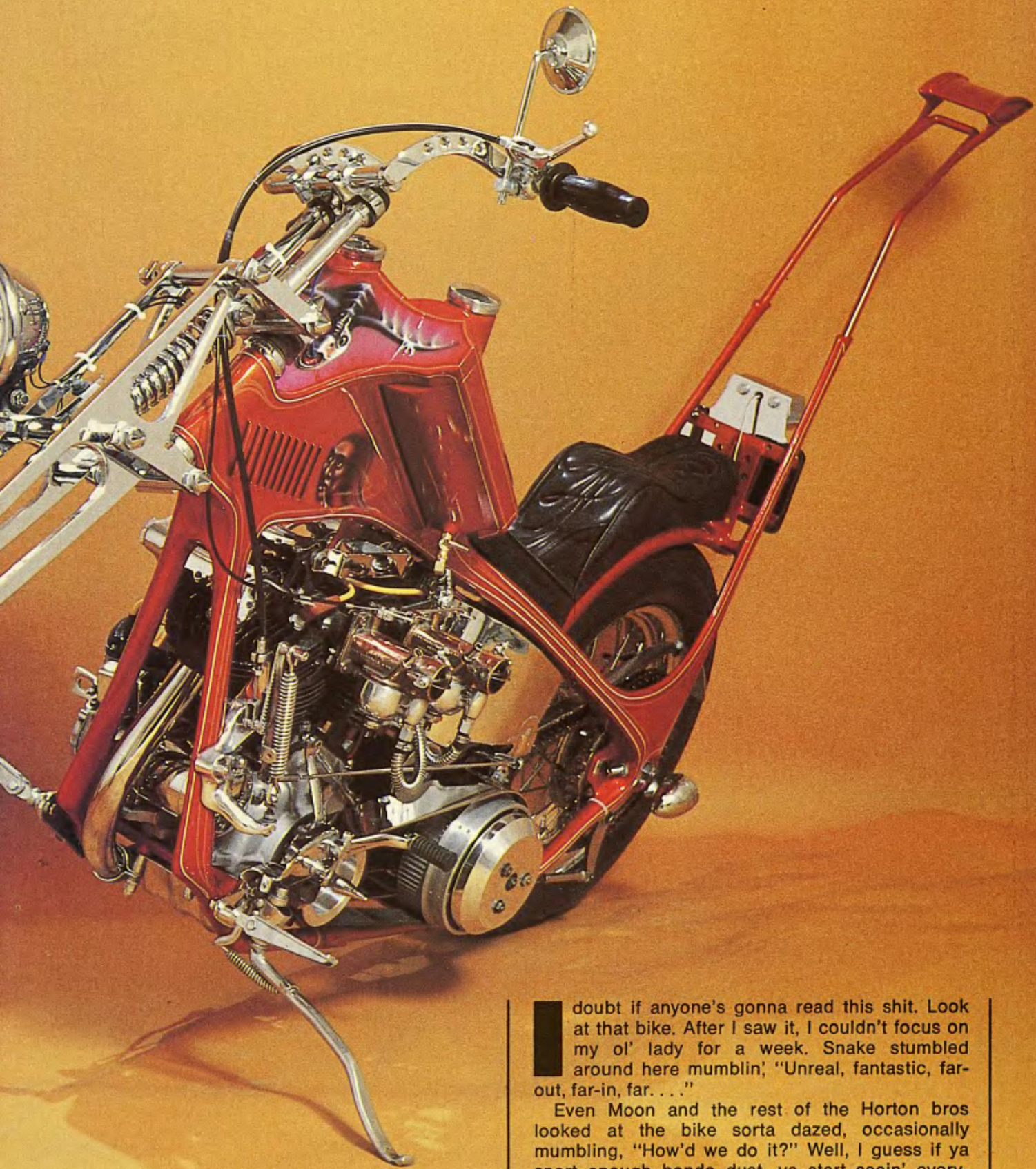




MOON'S

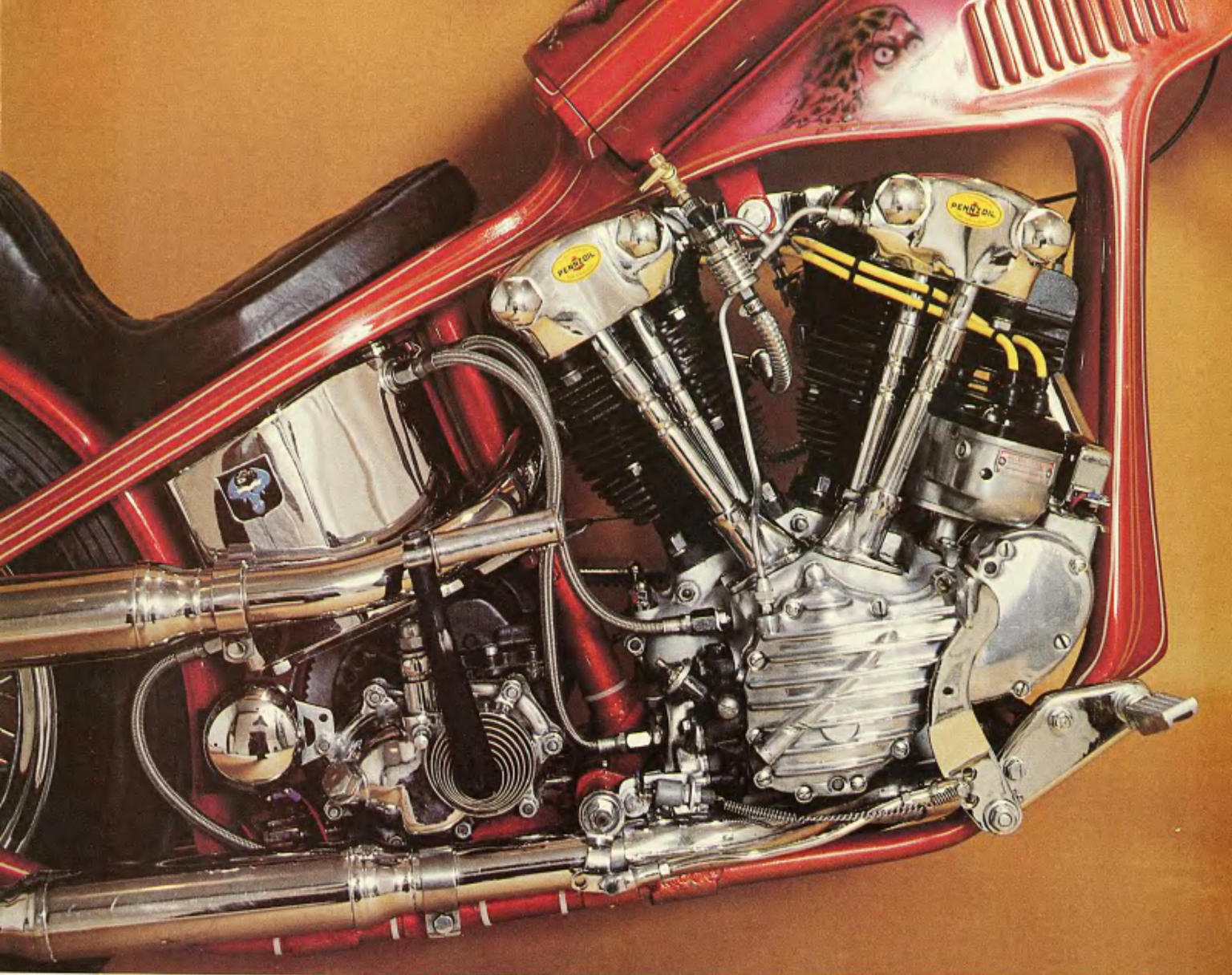
STRANGE KNUCKLE

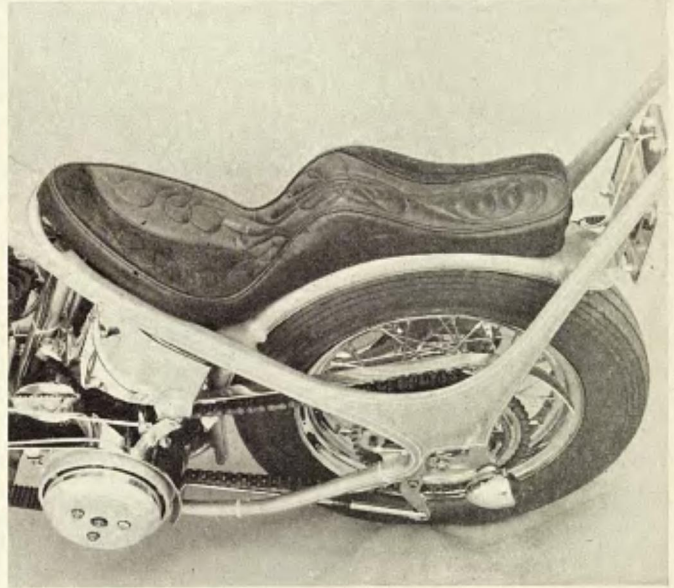
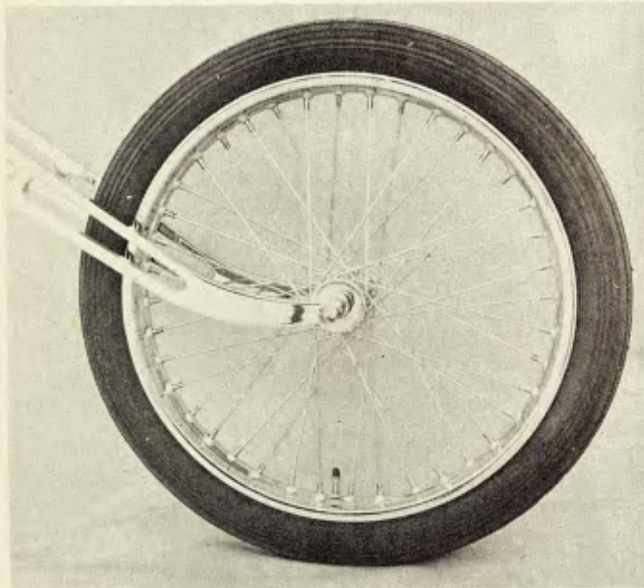
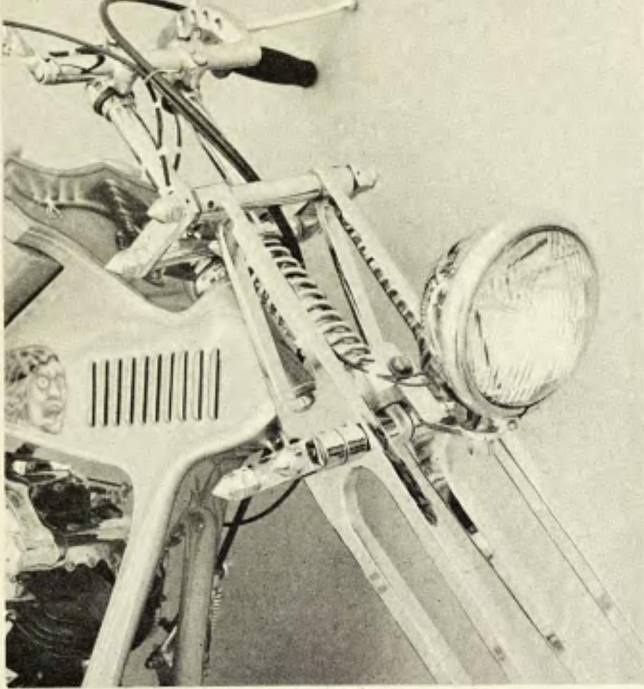




I doubt if anyone's gonna read this shit. Look at that bike. After I saw it, I couldn't focus on my ol' lady for a week. Snake stumbled around here mumblin', "Unreal, fantastic, far-out, far-in, far. . . ."

Even Moon and the rest of the Horton bros looked at the bike sorta dazed, occasionally mumbling, "How'd we do it?" Well, I guess if ya snort enough bondo dust, ya start seein' everything through fiberglass. And this trip wasn't no overnight buzz. Moon worked on this rebuild off and on for three years—a couple of rails of pink bondo dust every three or four months whether he needed it or not. Wash it down with beer and overspray, and he was on his way.





Anyway, in a horrid hallucination one night, Moon visualized the image of this creature—freaked him out for a month. But he ain't 'bout to let no monster scare him off. So he fashioned each template with cardboard. And welded sheet metal into place to reproduce the image implanted in his brain. He let his mind buzz on that until it took a shit and he had to rest.

A month passed while he recuperated. Then damned if the same hallucination didn't happen again. Moon figured this time he could handle it. But as reality faded, the image of the creature reappeared. He dragged the overspray coated beast from the dark corner of his shop and began to mold it skillfully. Another three or four months passed. He can't remember how much time went by before he no longer had the strength to stir the bondo. The dust that clogged his nose had lost its buzz—Moon came down. He slept for a

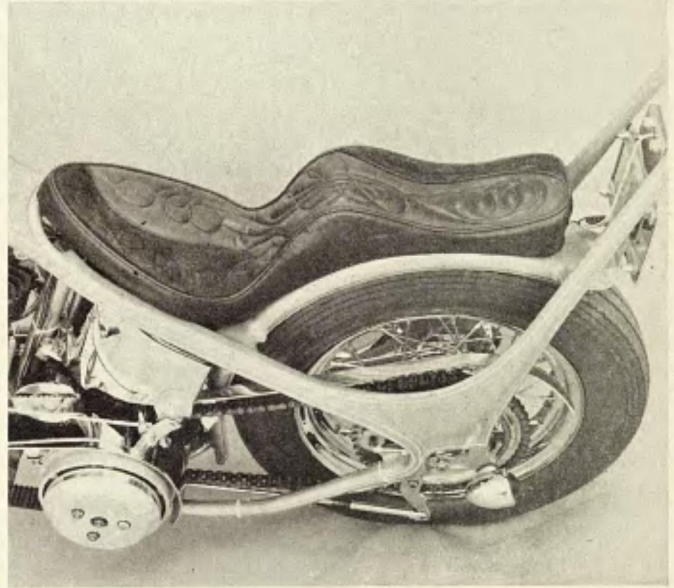
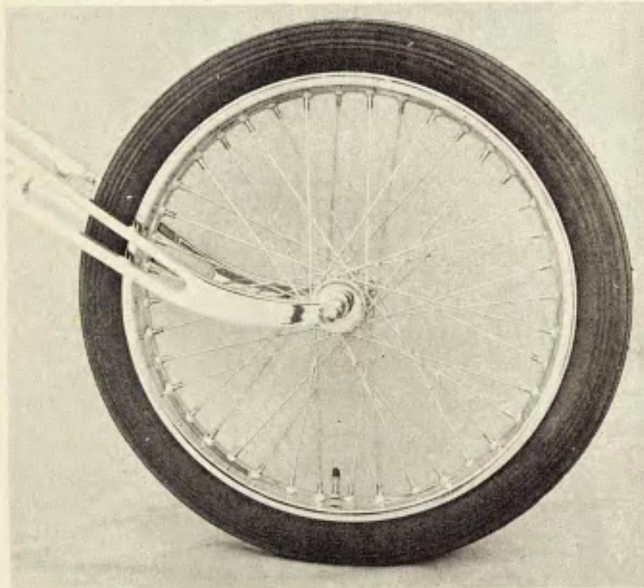
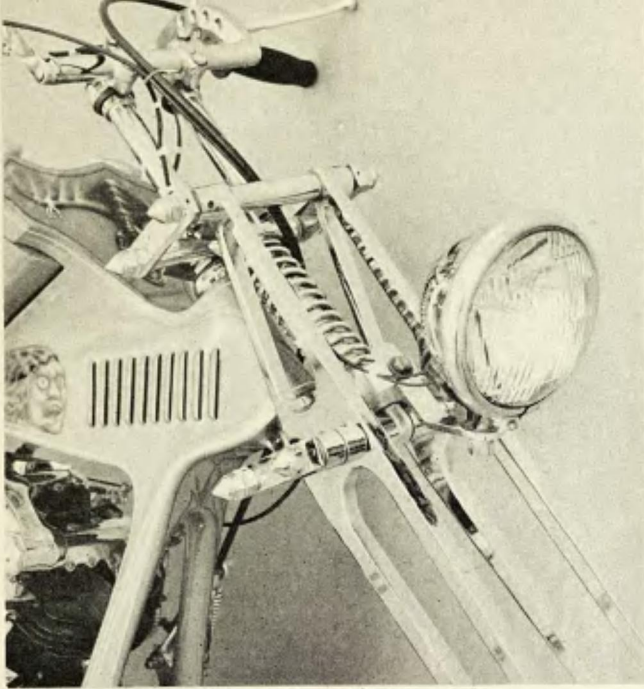
week, waited another quarter and, surrendering to the call of the bondo dust god, he attacked the monster again. Finally, after three or four more sessions or seasons with the whirlin' effects of the dangerous dust—ta-daa—the beast was complete.

Ya know, it takes a helluva long time to build a truly unique putt. It just can't be shoved together all at once. Moon was fanatically dedicated, but even he had to take a break once in a while so he wouldn't burn out on the project or the bewilderin' bondo dust. But it's hard to be sure—Moon didn't have much to say while we shot his bike. And four of his bros held him securely in a chair. He just sorta whined when anyone touched his bike.

Does it run? Sure—watch for Moon and his bike at the runs this summer. I'm leavin'.

—Weed

—Continued on next page



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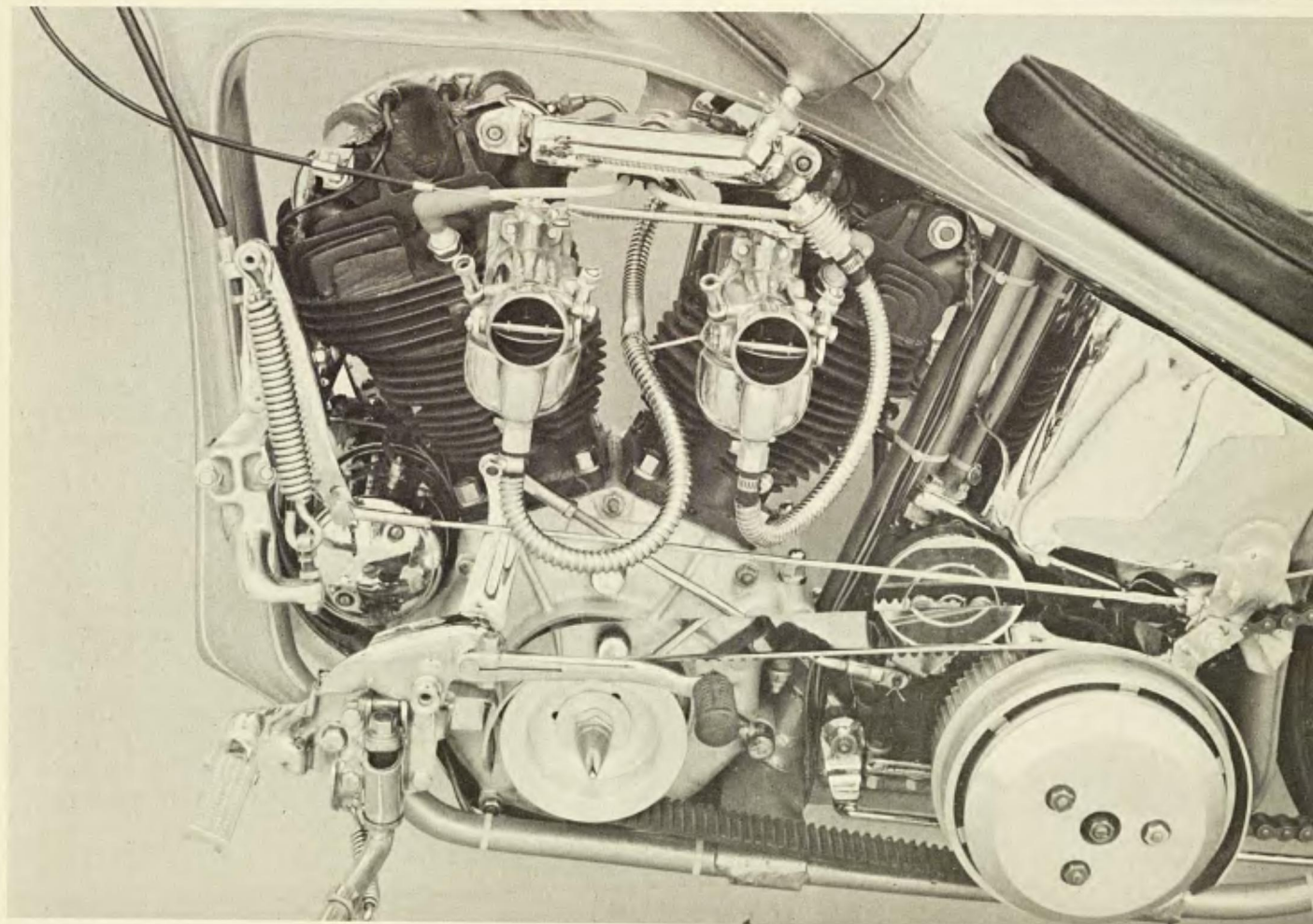
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Does it run? Sure—watch for Moon and his bike at the runs this summer. I'm leavin'.

—Weed

—Continued on next page



Owners: Moon

City: Big Pine, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Horton Bros.

Year: 1947

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: 74 "Moldy Dick"

Type: knuckle straight bar

Value: \$5,000

Rake: 1 1/4 inch

Assembly by: Horton Bros.

Stretch: none

Time: 3 years, off and on

Other alterations: Sht metal & steel rod

Chroming by: Van Nuys

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Drag Specialties

Year: 1947

Risers: Victor Tavizon

Model: EL

Fender(s): 6-in. flat

Rebuilder: D & D

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt

Taillight: Drag Specialties

Displacement: 88 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: offset crank pin

Front pegs: Anderson

Balancing: D & D

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: MC

Electrics: 3-brush, 6v.

Cases: 1947 H-D

Gas tank: Horton Bros.

Heads: H-D & Horton Bros.

Oil tank: 1947 H-D

Cam: one-off Benny Hardy

Oil system: stock

Lifters: solid

Primary cover: none

Carb(s): Linkert-M35's

Seat: Crazy Frank

Air cleaner: none

Sissy bar: Horton Bros.

Pipes: MC

Height: ?

Muffler(s): early Sportster

Material: 5/8-in. cold roll

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none—new parts

Type: girder

Year: 1947

Extension: 22 inches

Shifting: foot

Builder: Bob Olsen

Engine sprocket: Phase 3

Special features: fully adjustable

Trans sprocket: 26

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 52

Front

Rear

Size: 19

Size: 16

Hub: Hallcraft

Hub: H-D

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: 2.50

Tire: 5.00

Brake: none

Brake: H-D

Painting

Molding: Horton Bros.

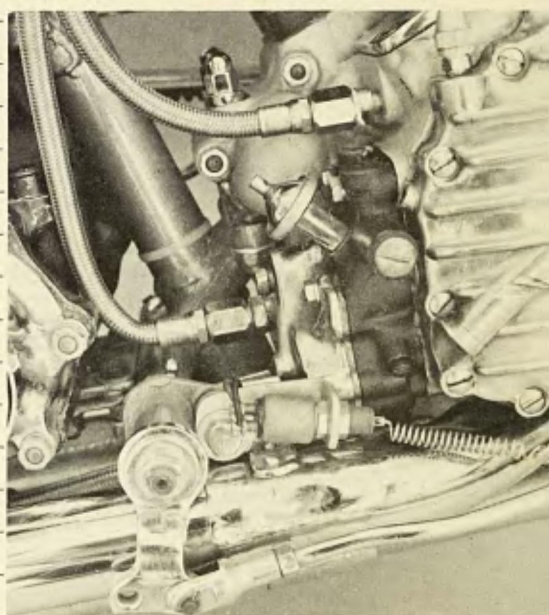
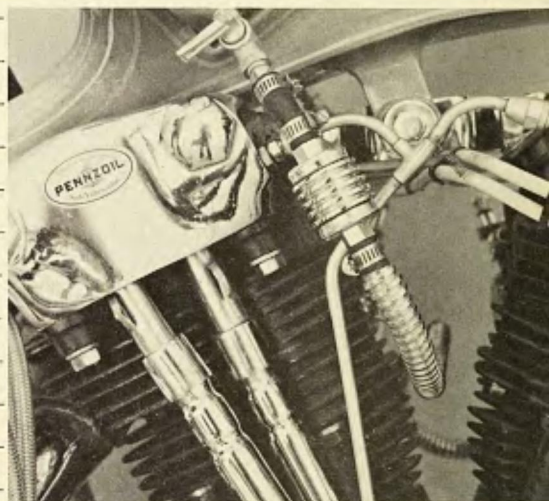
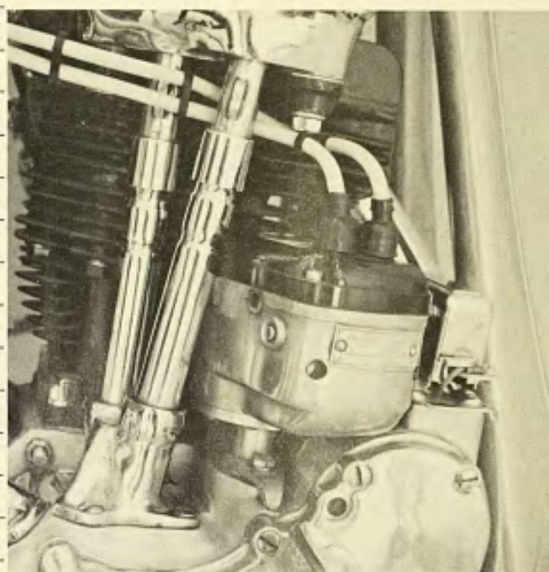
Painter: Moon

Color: candy tangerine over flake

Type: Nitrocellulose lacquer

Special paint: pinstriping by Norg; murals by Shrunken Head.

Other special modifications: Tanks and sheet metal work by Horton Bros.



Keepin' the Homestead Together



We get a lot of letters from well-intentioned ol' ladies askin' for advice on how to keep the ol' man happy an' well fed. But we know that the scene can be a real hassle sometimes—specially when all the housekeepin' bread just went out the window to buy a chrome primary cover. So, sorta like a public service, we'd like to let ya know that many prominent nutritional experts have determined that beans are a cheap an' easily prepared.

One thing those experts seem to forget, though, is that beans have certain built-in afteraffects. They've been known to create the most righteous, house-rattlin', furni-

ture-bustin' farts ever recorded. Hell, we've even heard of cases where the house was almost blown off the foundation after the ol' man finished a generous helpin' of nutritious beans. And in those cases where the house held firm, the furniture ended up lookin' like it had been through a barroom brawl in a John Wayne flick.

So, next time you ol' ladies are forced to fix the ol' man a righteous bean dinner, check out the following list. It could save ya a lot of grief. Famous experts in Bean Fart Intensity (BFI) have made careful studies, an' ya should at least get an idea of what to expect.

10 BEANS AND THEIR FLATULENCE LEVELS

Concern about food shortages around the world has caused increased attention to be paid to beans as a source of inexpensive protein. Unfortunately, many people are hesitant to eat beans because of the discomfort that is caused to the eater and his companions approximately four hours after leaving the dinner table. Here is a list of beans in order of their flatulence production: number 1 produces the most gas, number 10 the least. Dr. Louis B. Rockland of the Western Regional Research Laboratory of the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture in Berkeley, Calif., warns that "the state of the art is not very advanced" and that these preliminary results might prove incorrect after the completion of further tests. In essence, Dr. Rockland implies

that this list should be taken with a grain of salt.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Soybeans | 6. Great Northern beans |
| 2. Pink beans | 7. Lima beans (baby) |
| 3. Black beans | 7. Garbanzos |
| 4. Pinto beans | 9. Lima beans (large) |
| 4. California small white beans | 10. Blackeyes |

Although not literally beans, garbanzos and blackeyes were included in the tests since they are also gas producers and are often categorized as beans.

Cooking soybeans with an equal portion of rice eliminates two-thirds of their flatulence as well as increasing the amount of usable protein.

rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

A Fool for a Client

While you can represent yourself in a criminal or civil proceeding against you, you can't be represented in court by a non-lawyer. That is, you are not allowed to delegate your legal representation in court to a layman of your choice, even though you may be allowed to represent yourself (C.A. 3 V.S.V. Wilhelm, 1/23/78)

Buggin' Your Pad

Can the police sneak into your home or business and "bug" it with electronic eavesdropping devices? According to Judge Wright in the District of Columbia, the answer is no. The judge has concluded that surreptitious invasion of a private home or protected business premises by police agents for the purpose of installing, maintaining, or removing electronic eavesdropping devices or equipment—absent a valid consent or sufficient particularized judicial authority to enter—is a civil rights violation under the U.S. Constitution's Fourth Amendment. In the case under review, Judge Wright stated that the judicial authorization for a surreptitious entry to install surveillance "bugs" was overly broad. It authorized police officers to make entry at any time of the day or night, by any means they believed necessary, even when the need for such broad authorization was not supported by an affidavit. (U.S. v. Ford, 553 Fed. 2nd 146)

Roughin' Up a Rider

The Automobile Guest Statute in New Mexico has been declared unconstitutional. Now you can accept a ride in an automobile, and if you are injured due to negligence of the driver, you can recover. Previously, the Automobile Guest Statute penalized non-paying guests by depriving them completely of protection for injuries due to ordinary driver negligence; the personal injuries of the guests failed

to receive compensation merely because the guests did not pay for the ride. Thus, if you decide to give someone a ride, you should be especially careful not to injure through negligence. (N. Mex. Sup., et McGeehan v. Bunch)

Permission to Pee?

If a person under arrest is suspected of being under the influence of a controlled substance, need police officers secure his written permission before receiving a urine sample? Under California law the answer is no. In this case, the officer stated that he suspected the prisoner was under the influence of a narcotic and he wanted a urine sample for the purpose of determining the presence of a controlled substance in the man's system. Since the test was administered simply to determine if the prisoner was under the influence of a controlled substance, the court held that no written permission was necessary. By the terms of the California statute, written consent to take a urine sample is required only for the purpose of determining whether or not a person is addicted to a controlled substance. (143 Cal. Rep. 404, 11/30/77)

Cool to Toot?

Can you legally use cocaine in your home in Alaska? The Alaska Court says no, but you can smoke marijuana. According to the court, cocaine, unlike marijuana, is a narcotic just like codeine and heroin, and therefore the prohibition of its use in the home is not a violation of your right of privacy. The court maintains that there is enough evidence of "potential for harm" to justify the classification of cocaine with opiates. (Alaska Supreme Court, State v. Erickson, 1/20/78)

Hurt by a Hole

Potholes in the public roads in the State of Pennsylvania may be a menace to motorcycles, but if

a pothole causes an accident, the state is not liable. In a recent decision where a minor was injured due to a pothole in the road, the Commonwealth Court of Pennsylvania held that the suit was barred against the State Department of Transportation by the doctrine of sovereign immunity. And although this is still the rule in many other states, the doctrine of sovereign immunity is gradually being abandoned by the courts. If you're damaged because of a pothole, you should check the law in your own state. (378 At. and 1187)

OK to Do It

Is private commercial sexual conduct that's not harmful to others legal? The New York Family Court said yes. It ruled that private consensual sexual conduct not harmful to others does not violate public morality and is protected by the right of privacy. Furthermore, it was found that this conduct threatens no harm to the public health, safety, and welfare, and therefore may not be forbidden. The court also held unconstitutional New York statutes which criminalize "deviate" sexual intercourse between persons not married to each other and private consensual sodomy. Additionally, it was found that the New York prostitution statutes were unconstitutional to the extent that they were being intentionally and selectively enforced almost exclusively against females. (In re: P., New York County Family Court, 12/5/77)

Fingerin' a Cop

If you give "the finger" to a local police officer or state trooper, can you be convicted under a state statute dealing with obscene gestures? A Connecticut court considered this question. It was a case involving a high school student who was on a school bus when a police cruiser, driven by a state trooper, pulled up behind the bus. The student wiped condensation off the

rear window of the bus and proceeded to make a gesture commonly known as "the finger" toward the trooper. As a result, the trooper pulled the bus to the side of the road and arrested the student under the state statute dealing with an obscene gesture; he contended that "the finger" gesture was a phallic symbol. However, the court held that the gesture was not obscene because to be so, it must be erotic in a significant way. That is, it must appeal to a prurient aspect of sex or portray sex in a patently offensive way. Additionally, the court held that "the finger" gesture is hardly likely to arouse sexual desire—instead, it's more likely to arouse anger. Hence, the defendant was acquitted. (Connecticut v. Anonymous, Conn. Supreme Court, 10/11/77)

Askin' for It

If you leave the ignition key for your car or motorcycle with a parking lot owner, and he places the key under the motorcycle's seat or under the car's sun visor, are both you and the lot owner liable in the event your vehicle is stolen and subsequently injures someone? The New Jersey Superior Court says yes, you are both liable. The court said that in the case involved, both parties were negligent because the parking lot was located in a high crime area, and the car was permitted to stand unattended in the lot with the key in it. The fact that the car, under these circumstances, was left unattended unreasonably increased the hazard of theft, and the subsequent mishandling of the car. This is the law generally today, so leaving the ignition keys in an unattended vehicle can possibly involve you in serious litigation and financial loss. All vehicles that are left in parking lots should be securely locked, and the keys should be placed in the custody of the parking lot attendant—not left in the vehicle. (Hill v. Yankin, New Jersey Superior Court, 12/1/77)

No Scooter Trash Allowed." The sign greeted Earl T. "Cess" Poole as he rode his battered '67 Sportster up to the front door of the only tavern in this miserable little crossroads town. He was alone and the saloon was full of locals who, given these odds, would no doubt be more than happy to assist the proprietor in the enforcement of his chickenshit policy. Nothing to do but crank it back up and head on down the road.

Five miles west of town, Cess spotted a rutted road entering the highway on his left. No oasis, perhaps, but maybe a place to stretch and take a piss. Two hundred yards off the mainstream macadam, he parked his scooter, dismounted, and got rid of a bladderful of second-hand suds.

"You could win first prize with that beauty if you took it to the county fair, sonny." The voice had the timbre of an un-oiled drive chain. Cess turned slightly to his right and observed the ugliest, most decrepit old bag he'd ever focused his orbs on. She stood there with a toothless grin on her face as Cess self-consciously stuffed his crank back into his jeans.

"Look," Cess told her, "I was just ridin' down the highway and had to stop for a quick piss. Sorry if I disturbed you. I gotta be goin'."

"Oh, what's your hurry?" the old bat persisted. "Why don't you give me a ride back to my place and I'll get you a nice, cold beer?"

Normally, Cess wouldn't have allowed anything that ugly within a hundred yards of his Harley, but it was starting to look as if this was the only way he was going to get his thirst quenched anytime soon.

"Believe I will," he told her as he straddled the Sportster. "Damn

saloon in town won't let a biker in the front door."

"I know," she replied, struggling to mount the bike's passenger facilities. "They're a bunch of real assholes."

About a hundred and fifty yards further back in the woods, they came to the end of the primitive road and stopped at a weatherbeaten little shack which, apparently, was home to Cess Poole's new-found friend.

"I guess it's been thirty years since I rode on one of these things," she exclaimed as they dismounted. She proceeded to hobble into her humble dwelling, returning promptly with an icy mug filled to overflowing with some fine-tasting brew. Under these conditions, Cess admitted to himself, a barmaid certainly didn't have to be beautiful.

"What do you do, sonny?" the decrepit one asked.

"Whatever I damn well please, ma'am," Cess told her, "although right now about all that amounts to is puttin' back to Fresno in hopes of gettin' out from under my friggin' alimony payments. How about you?"

"I'm a witch," she answered, as casually as if she'd been talking about her grandchildren.

"A what?" he spat, almost choking on his beer. "You wouldn't shit an old biker, now would you?"

"Sonny," she answered, looking him directly in the eye, "if you think I'm shittin' you, go back to town and ask anybody what happened to Schultz the butcher back in 1943. Sonofabitch sold me horse meat and charged me for ground sirloin. When I found out about it, I put a hex on him. Made him think his meat grinder was Betty Grable, and guess what he poked into it?"

"Another one of these bastards around here got me mad about five years ago," she went on. "He let his damned pigs run loose all the time and they kept getting into my garden and eating up all the special plants and herbs I need for my practice. I told him about it, and the sarcastic prick dared me to cast a spell on him!"

"Well, did ya?" Cess asked.

"Fuckin' right I did," she assured him. "I turned *him* into a pig. A nice, big Hampshire boar—only I fixed it so's he couldn't get a hard on, so his hired man castrated the sorry shit and fattened him to butcher."

Far out! Pure bullshit, of course, Cess reasoned, but what an imagination!

"Whassamatter, sonny?" the old broad grinned, "you think I'm puttin' you on or something?"

"Look," Cess said, evasively, "I really appreciate your hospitality and all, but I do need to be gettin' back on the road."

"Have it your way, sonny," she responded, "but do me one favor."

"What's that?"

"On your way out, swing back by that little town you just came through. If you like what you see, stop in again sometime. If not, you won't be out but a few minutes of your time."

Ridiculous. Absolutely re-fucking-diculous. Why waste even a little time and gas driving back to that crummy wide spot in the road? He'd hang a left at the highway and head west in search of civilization. But, as he was checking the oncoming highway traffic to his right, Cess noticed a column of dark smoke on the horizon. His curiosity got the best of him.

—Continued on page 84

A Powerful Woman

By Hog Jaws Hamilton

But she works both ways





Next time you wanna diet, but don't have no will power, go in the shitter and take a crap. Then wipe your ass with a piece of whatever it was you were gonna eat: if you were gonna have roast beef, say, wipe your ass with a slice of roast beef.

Then pull it around and look at it. You won't wanna eat no roast beef afterwards.

Gonna have a sandwich? Go take a shit and then wipe your ass with a couple of pieces of bread. You'll have soup instead.

If you're gonna make that soup one of the thick ones, go wipe your ass with a handful of the bulky parts. That'll make you eat just the broth.

On that soup business, as you find yourself eatin' more and more brothy soup, eventually it's gonna dawn on you that the reason you can eat unbulky soup without no trouble is because you ain't never seen none of it that had shit on it because you ain't used the broth to wipe your ass with—for the simple reason that you can't use broth to wipe your ass with like you could with macaroni and cheese, for example, because the broth is too thin to hold on to while you're puttin' your hand back under your ass.

When you start realizin' this, then you're gonna start thinkin' that maybe you can "outsmart" the diet by eatin' only runny stuff—like malts and shakes and raw eggs and so forth.

The only thing you're gonna be outsmartin', though, is yourself, because your butt ain't never gonna get wiped, and after a few weeks you're gonna feel like there was porcupines roostin' up between your legs. Maybe you'll think you're bein' pretty clever, eatin' those liquidy foods and all, but eventually you're gonna say, "Fuck it, man, I gotta wipe my ass today," an' you're gonna stick some pudding up

there, an' all them points and barbs is gonna puncture your fingers, an' you're gonna get some horrible bloodstream disease. You won't think you're so clever then.

Sometimes, you'll find that when you wipe your ass with a piece of food an' you pull it around to look at it again, it'll look just like it did normal, when it didn't have no shit on it. Chili is one of these foods.

Spaghetti sauce is another one of these foods. Usually spaghetti sauce don't look like shit, but it sure does when your piles blow up right in the middle of a dump. If you got hemorrhoids, and who the fuck doesn't, then your shit looks like spaghetti sauce already, and wipin' your ass with

JJ'S DIET

How to lose weight, your lunch, your ol' lady, your . . .

some and then lookin' at it ain't gonna be no discouragement. You could probably smell it, or put a tad of it on your tongue, but that doesn't seem very sensible. Could turn out too, who knows, that shit actually tastes good. Then every time you wiped your ass with your food you'd be defeatin' your own purpose, 'cause it would be more in the nature of a second helping, rather than the dietary-aid disgustance it was intended to be. The whole thing would be backwards.

Then is there any way to get this diet to work if you eat chili or spaghetti sauce?

I suppose not, thinkin' on it.

Yeah, well fuck you—they ain't found no diet yet what's perfect. ■

The Ol' Lady Photo Contest

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 outstanding features. Models may be dressed or undressed—it's up to you. We're not looking for raunchy stuff—just good ol' lady photos you're proud of, whether she's wearin' clothes or not. Muff hair can show if ya wanna, but it's not necessary to win.

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.

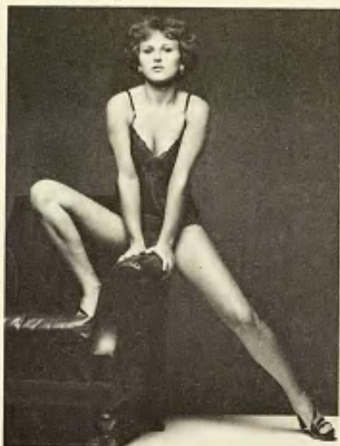
All models must be 18 years of age or older. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.

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 September issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be June 30, 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 #61 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.



Danielle De Bonfile



Kris Uppleger



Teresa Rowan



Elisabeth Venus



Debbie Harris



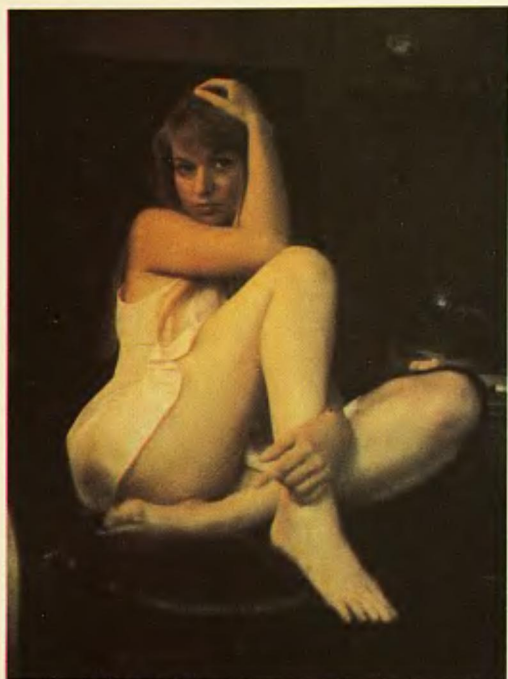
Marcia Fague



Jet



Debby Cupertino



Jodi Gerstner



The third winner in the Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest—Kim Farouche. The runners-up: Linda Taylor, Debbie Ashworth, and Lana Williams.



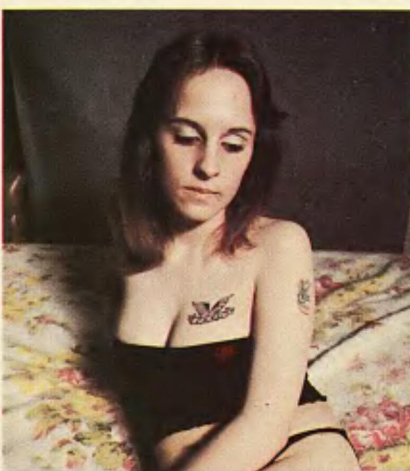
Rita Vella



Charmaine Clancy



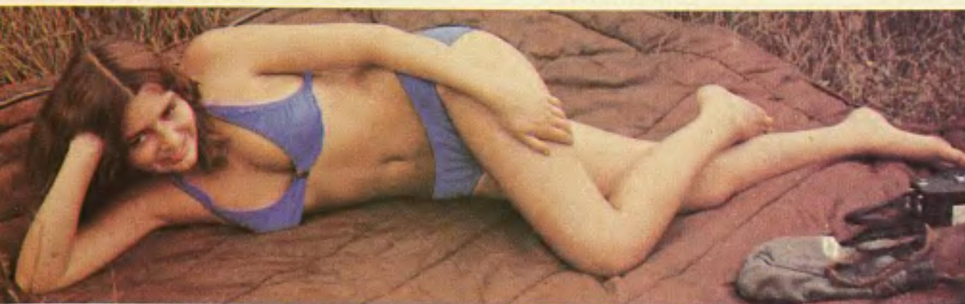
Debbie Smith



Teri Steinhart



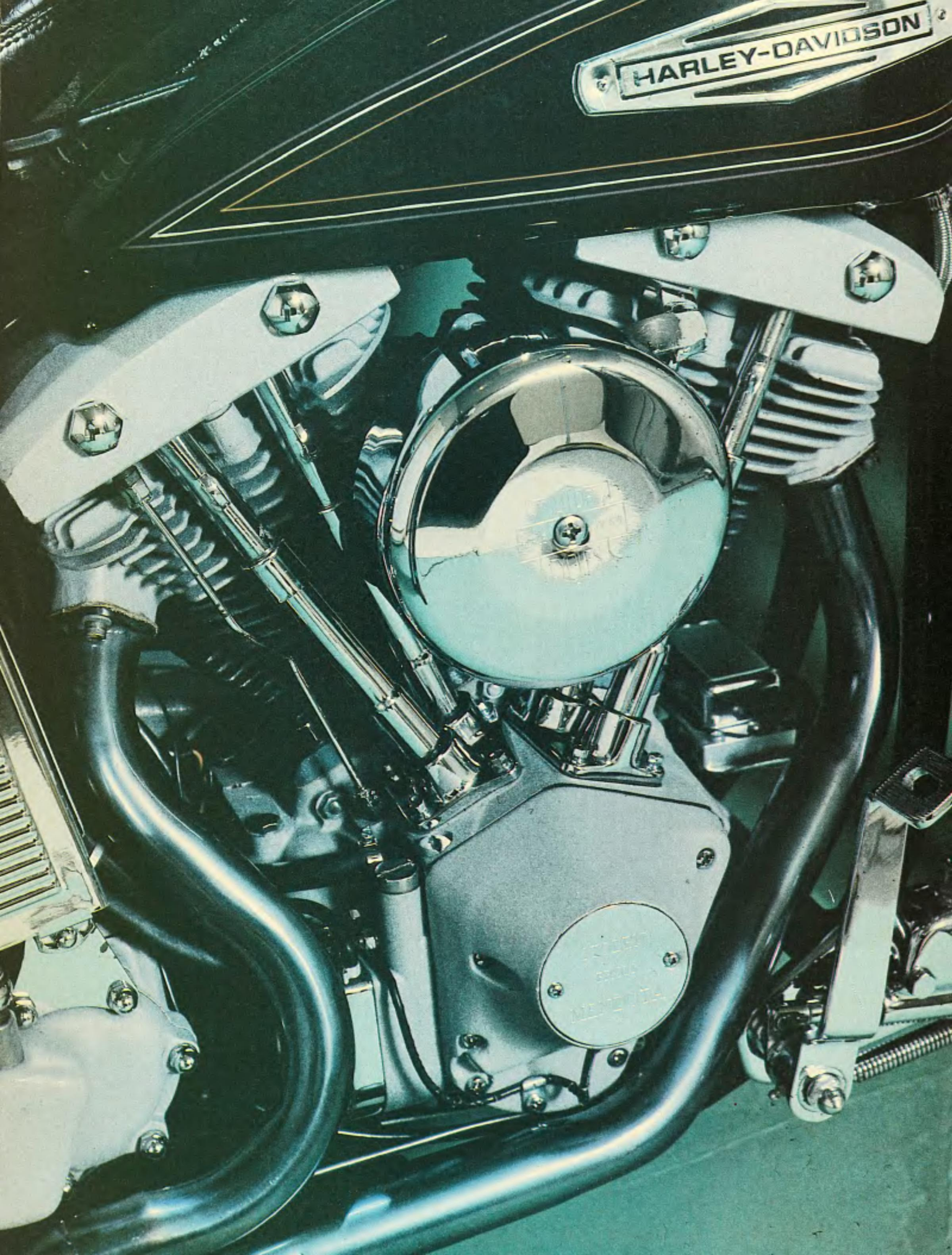
Anna Eloshway

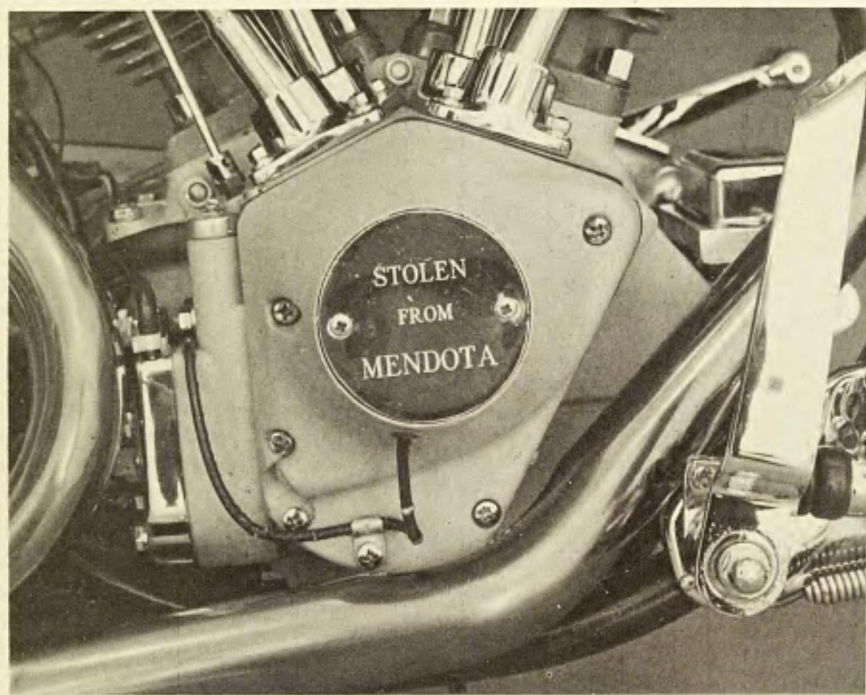


Kathy Kral



Dee Cross





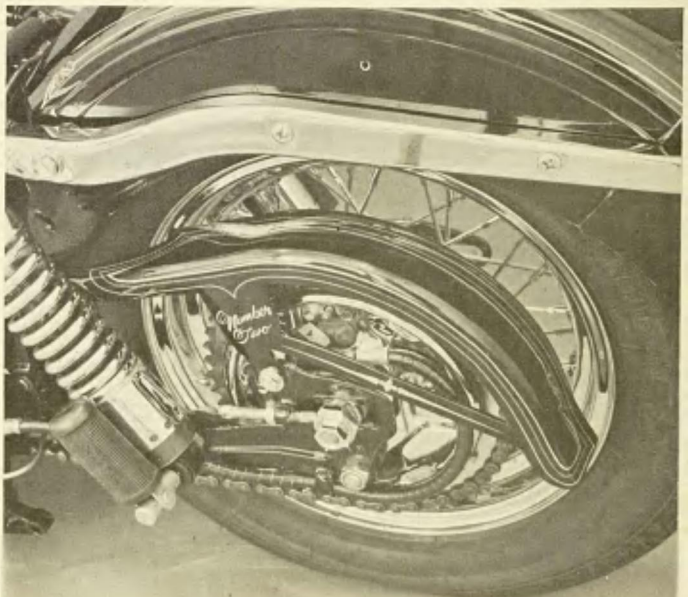
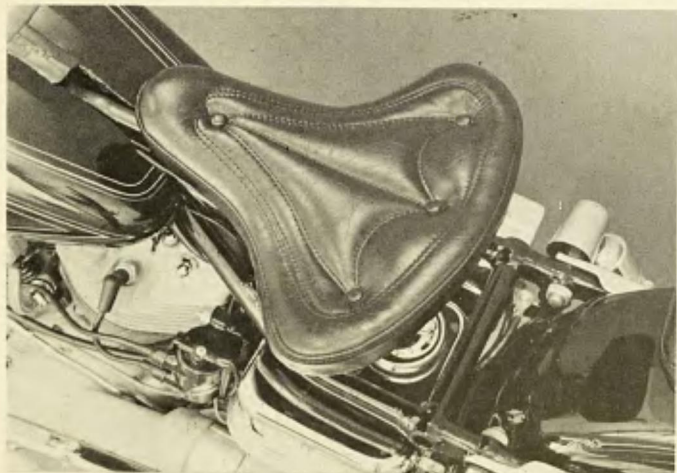
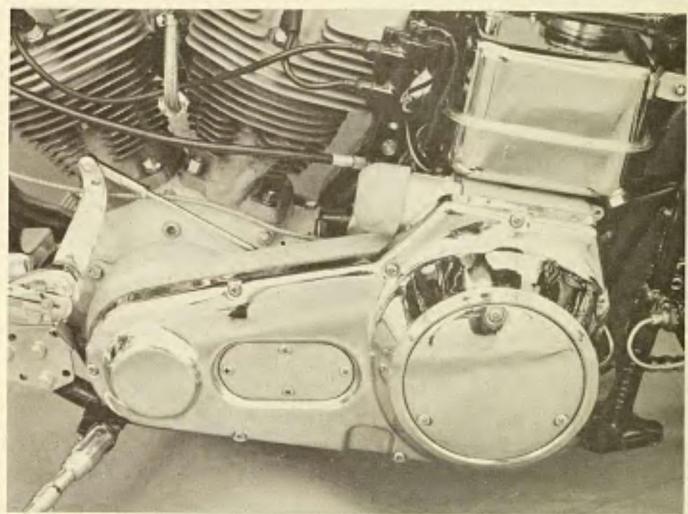
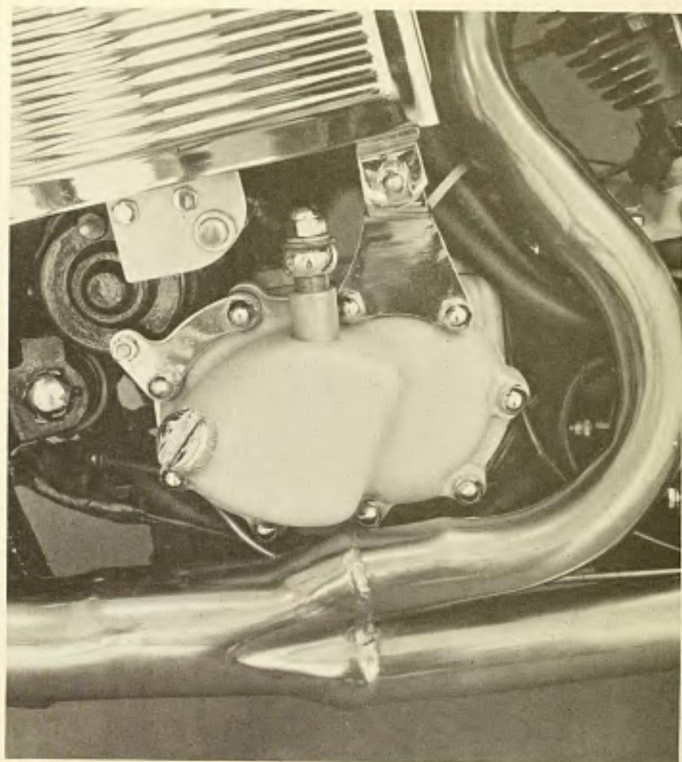
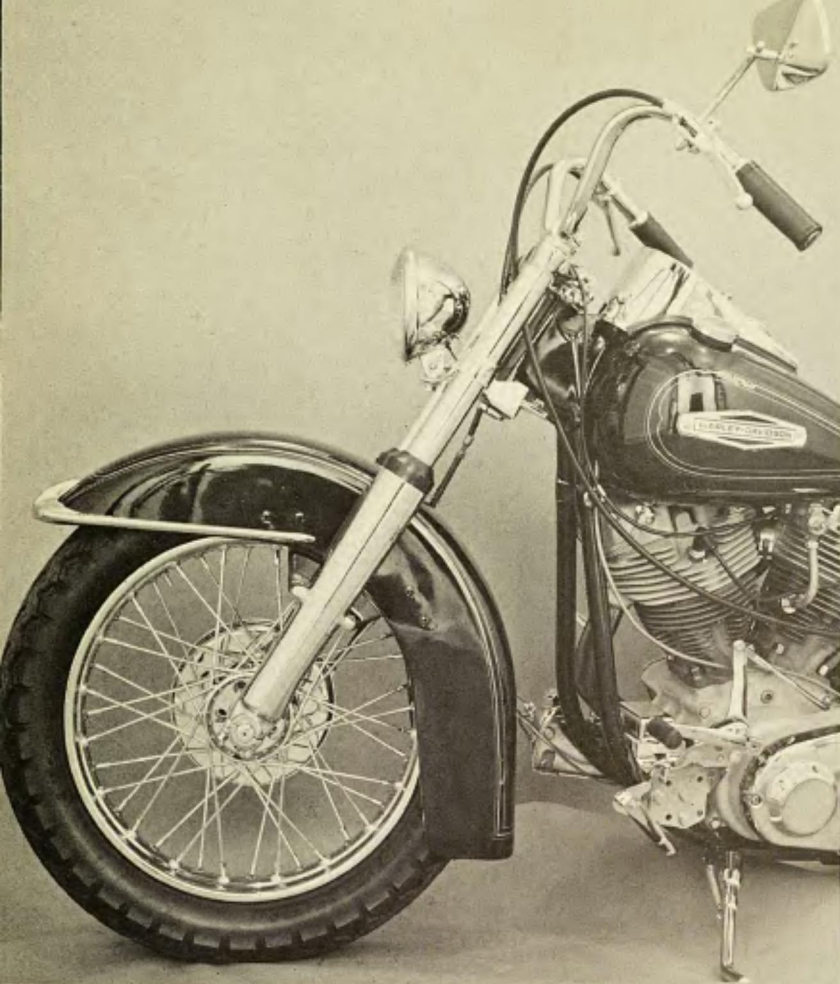
Stolen From Mendota

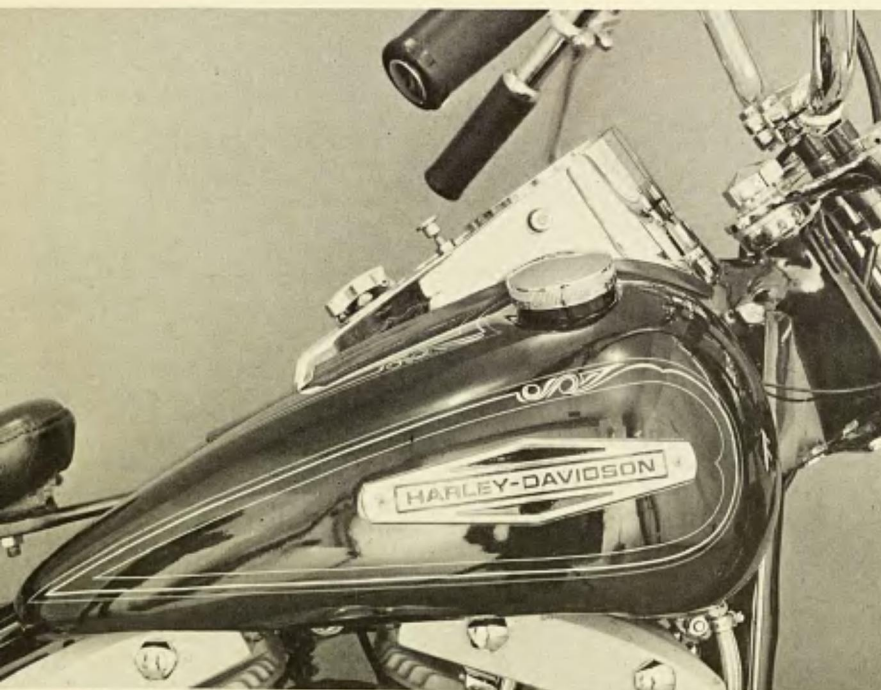
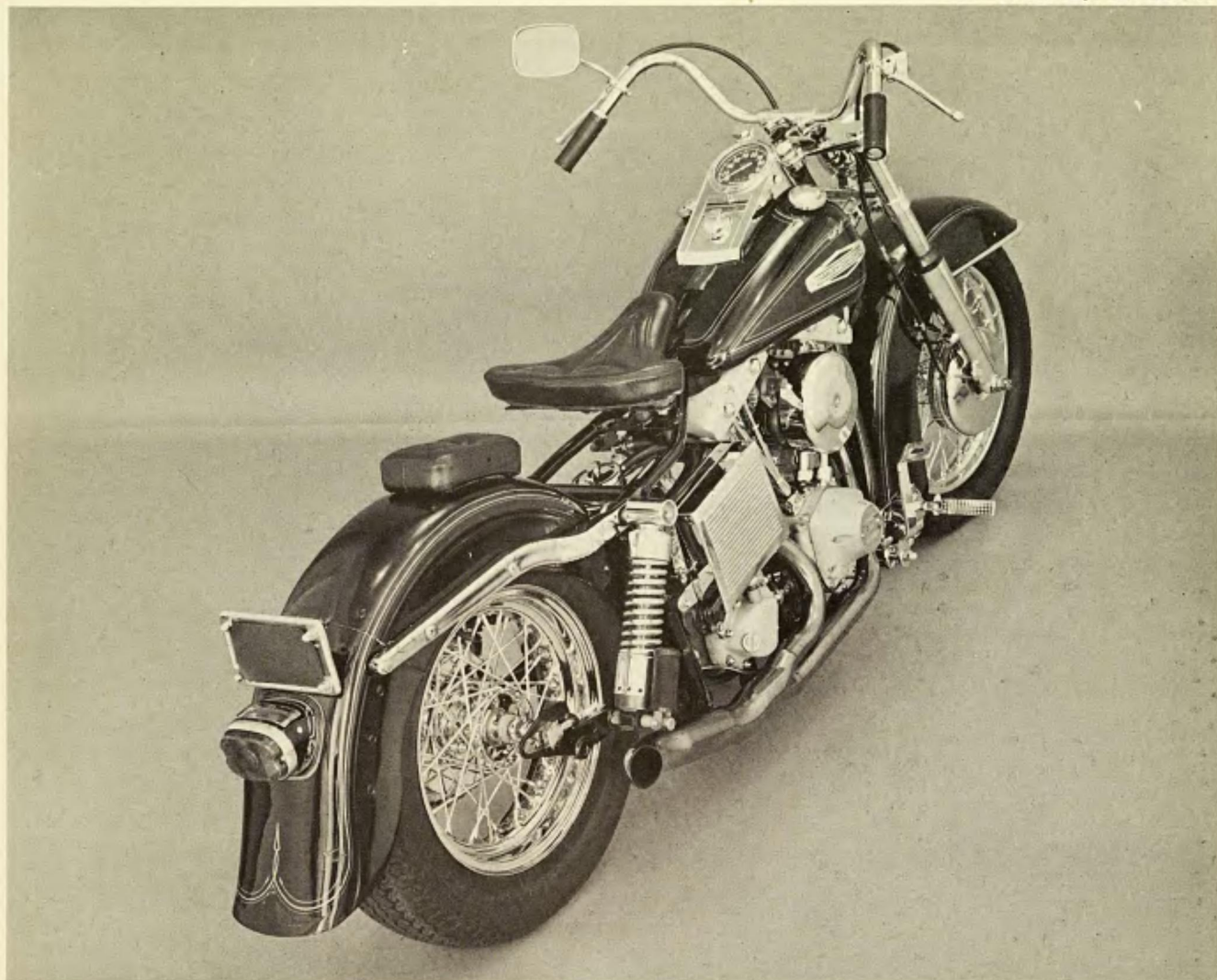
A bullet-duckin', alley-slidin', shiv-slippin' shovel

Couldn't see how the Jap could ride the streets of any town within a hundred miles of Mendota without bein' jammed about his engraved point cover. But the Jap thinks that if a prospective thief spots those confusing words as he's about to put his six-foot chain breaker into action, he might hesitate.

His thinking goes something like this: Who'd want to steal a hot bike? Christ, he must be thinking through some of the dingiest dummy dust ever to run up his soot-filled nose. I'm not sayin' this gentleman is into drugs. Maybe he leaped off a screamin' skateboard at the ripe age of five and smacked his head against a solid cement curb. An' the accident may have altered his mental processes—that would explain these skewed conclusions.

Let's see if I can come up with another,





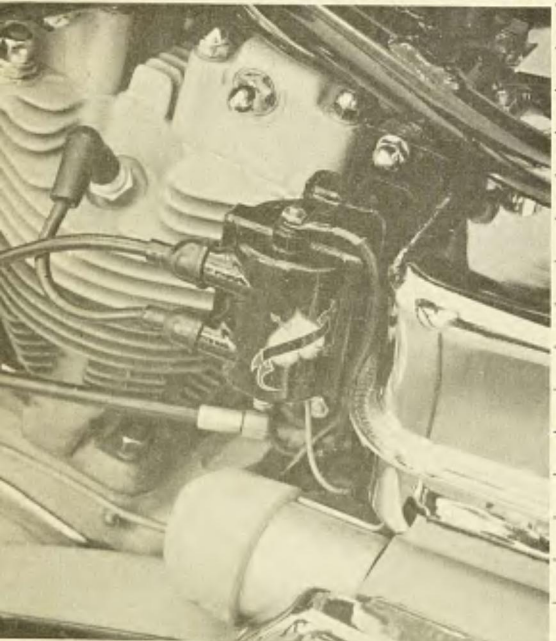
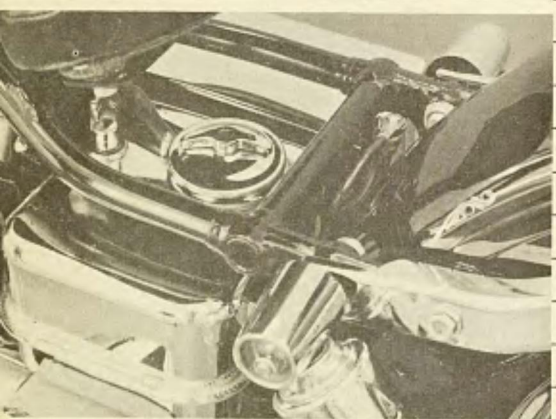
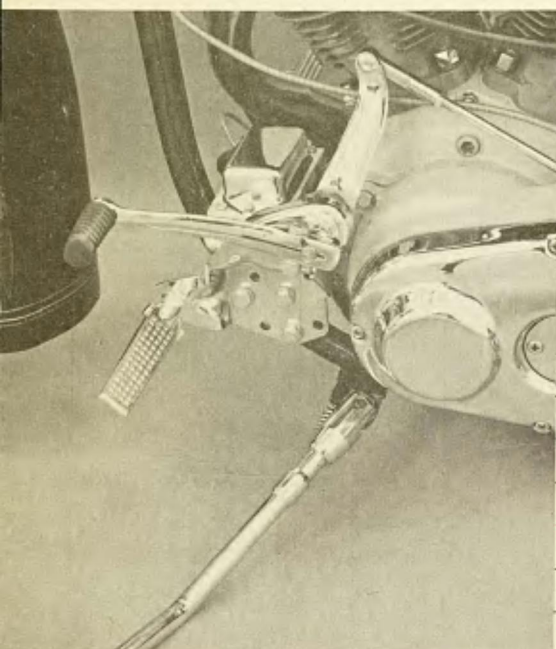
equally baffling thought. Okay, here's one: A dude wanders around with a gun cocked and pointed at his head. He thinks if he has a pistol pointed at himself, no one will fuck with him. How 'bout this one: If I carry a big bag of reds strapped to my tanks, the cops won't plant nothin' on me. Sharp, huh?

I can't see how the dude builds such nice bikes with his brain whirlin' around in his head the way it does. Then again, maybe he has something. If I lay my ass down in the street along with my bike, so it looks like I've already been hit, the motorists will avoid smackin' me again. Then I'll never have another accident.

Shit, the possibilities are endless. I could have my ol' lady wear a T-shirt that says she's a whore. Then other tramps will figure that she's already fucked, so they won't mess with her forty-inch jugs. Ya know, maybe the Jap has his shit together after all.

—Bananas

—Continued on next page



Owners: Jap Serrano

City: Fresno, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1971

Year and make: 1971 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: Electra Glide

Type: stock swingarm

Value: your ol' lady

Rake: stock

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 12 months

Other alterations: Super Glide shocks

Chroming by: George

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Worm Serrano

Year: 1971

Risers: stock

Model: FX

Fender(s): Electra Glide

Rebuilder: John's Custom Bikes

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: distributor

Taillight: stock

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: spun-out

Lower end: H-D

Front pegs: Anderson

Balancing: H-D

Rear pegs: rubber

Pistons: cast

Electrics: electric start

Cases: sandblasted

Gas tank: H-D fatbobs

Heads: stock shovel

Oil tank: stock

Cam: stock

Oil system: full

Lifters: hydraulics

Primary cover: stock

Carb(s): Bendix

Seat: Danny Gray

Air cleaner: Gary Bang

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: collector

Height:

Muffler(s): none

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: sandblasted

Type: glide

Year: 1971

Extension: none

Shifting: ratchet

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: none

Trans sprocket: 23

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 18

Size: 16

Molding: Moses Soza

Hub: H-D

Hub: H-D

Painter: Kenny West

Rim width: 3 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black

Tire: M155

Tire: 5.10

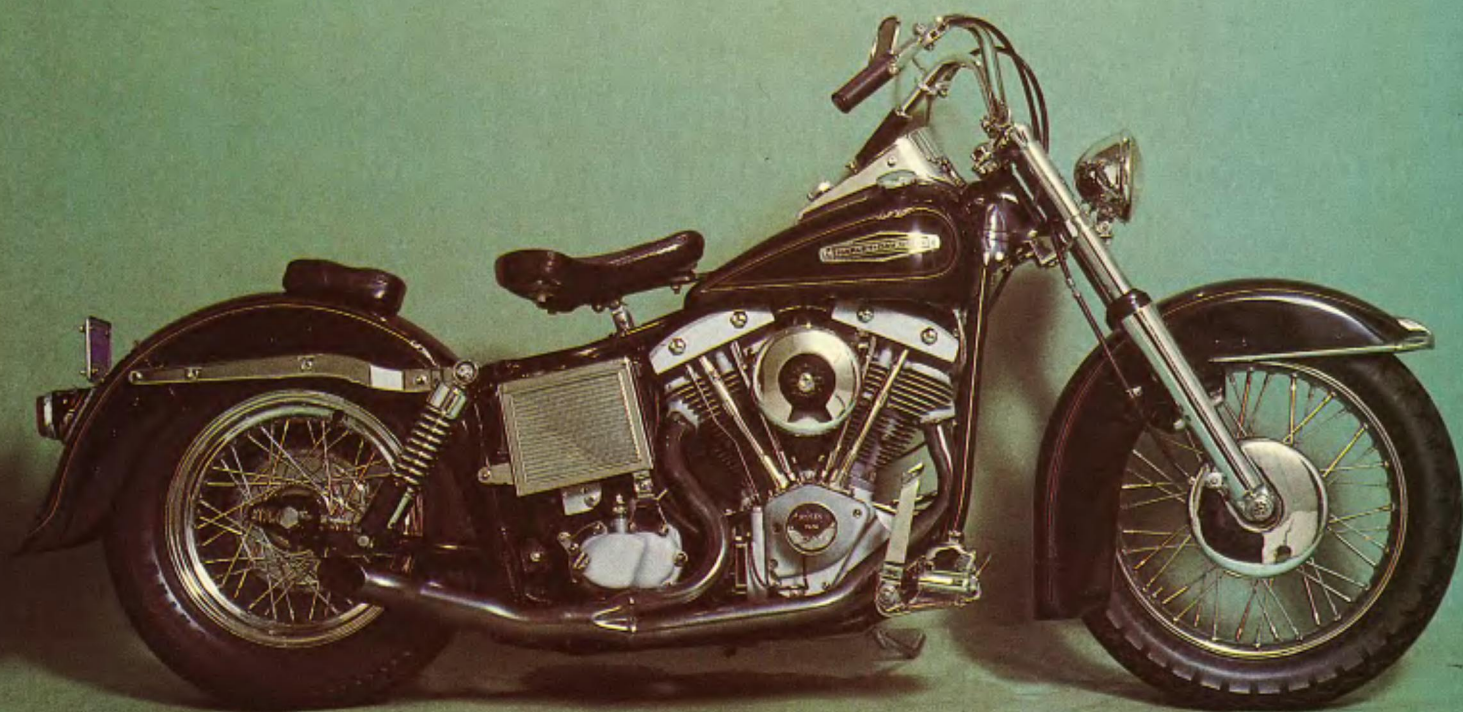
Type: lacquer

Brake: H-D

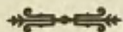
Brake: juice

Special paint: striping by?

Other special modifications: Special thanks to Sonny Skaggs for his talents.



GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS!



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

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art stock!

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

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

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Enclosed is \$_____ for the
posters indicated below.

@ \$3.00 each. Four for \$9.95

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

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-4 ☐ M-5 ☐ M-6

☐ M-7 ☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11 ☐ M-12

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6% sales tax



M-10 "Starburst"



M-9 "Hollywood"



M-7 "Run Heat"



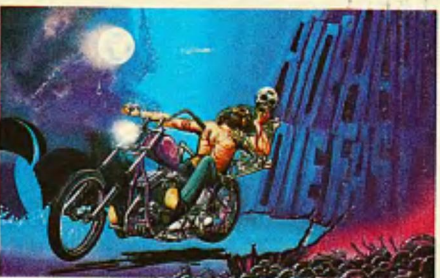
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



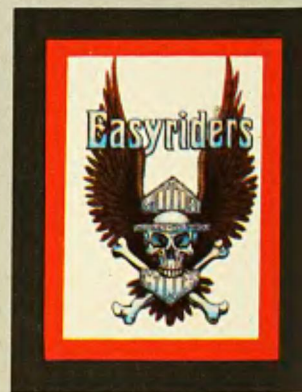
M-4 "One for the Road"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

Easyriders

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

It's Up To Bikers In Ohio

Ohio legislators decided this past week that it's not up to them to force cyclists to use helmets. Both House and Senate voted to repeal Ohio's 10-year-old law which makes the wearing of helmets mandatory.

Exceptions to the proposed helmet law repeal are "novice" riders less than 18 years old who've been riding less than one year.

The bill still must be signed by Gov. Rhodes of Ohio.



Helmet law veto killed

The law requiring motorcyclists in Wisconsin to wear helmets was repealed today when the Assembly voted 74-22 to override Acting Gov. Martin Schreiber's veto.

Schreiber had vetoed the helmet law repeal bill saying he did not want additional highway deaths on his conscience, but in the end it was the cyclists whose motto was "Let those who ride decide" who prevailed.

The Senate had overridden the veto earlier. The Assembly vote came without debate as cyclists looked on from jammed galleries.

'Long, hard fight'

"It was a long, hard fight, said Richard Smith of Madison, a founder of the Wisconsin Better Bikers Association, and one of the leading figures in

the campaign to get the law repealed.

With publication of the law, only cyclists under 18 years of age will still be required to wear protective headgear, but Smith estimated that perhaps one-third of the state's motorcyclists would continue to wear them anyway.

Smith attributed the legislature's action to grassroots lobbying efforts.

Here's a bad one

There is a law on the books right now, a federal law no less, that says any bike built after January 1, 1978 must remain in stock condition. You cannot change the pipes, the jets, the spark plugs or even the gas cap. Don't believe me? Well, it is a law. And you thought the helmet law was bad.

Read this:

MC patrolman speaks out against helmet laws

I have been reading your rag since it was created and this is the first time I have felt compelled to write.

First, let me tell you a little about myself that will give credence to what I have to say. I have been a police officer for eleven years, five of which were as a motor officer. I am qualified by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the State of New Jersey as a motorcycle safety education instructor. The last 18 years I have spent on a motorcycle, from a '48 Pan to a 750 Honda, and my lady and I have traveled 12 to 15 thousand miles a year on our 750 Honda. My 350 Honda show bike has taken 6 first places (including the Rat's Hole) and placed in the remaining 5 of the 11 shows in which it has been entered. One could safely say that I am involved with motorcycles.

Now, what I am taking issue with is the article which appeared in the February '78 *Easyriders*, written by John T. Hanna, Director of the Highway Safety Division of Virginia. As I read through the article, I became more and more infuriated. The arguments and examples used by the alleged "safety" director were as incongruous as the words Military Intelligence.

Allow me to illustrate. It is the stated fact of knowledgeable agencies (MSF & AMA) that the majority of motorcycle/motor vehicle accidents are caused by the motor vehicle operator. The credible statistics have proven this with figures from 60% to 93%, of which 60% is road type and 93% intersection type. It is their opinion, and mine, that deaths and injuries can be reduced by education of all those who will be obtaining a vehicle license, not by enacting mandatory helmet laws. Education would be attacking the problem at the source, not the result, as with the helmet laws.

Even in the first paragraph, Mr. Hanna loses credibility as he states, "A loaded dump truck strikes a motorcyclist." I would like to know why that dump truck struck the motorcyclist. I find the whole incident a little far-fetched, as I can not see how a helmet, which is tested to withstand an impact of only 13 miles per hour, can protect a head pinned under the wheels of a loaded dump truck.

Mr. Hanna comes up with another incomplete truth. "One of the 13 federal standards established by the National Highway Safety Adminis-

tration in 1967 was motorcycle safety, giving each state the responsibility to decide whether or not to require riders to wear helmets." He fails to mention that one of those 13 standards was also implementing motorcycle safety education.

There is also no mention that NHTSA did not withhold any money from the states which did not adopt those standards. The states arbitrarily chose only those standards which they saw fit, and not those which in actuality would save lives.

Here is one of Mr. Hanna's statements that really made me laugh at his biased ignorance. He states that the Highway Safety Division is responsible for educating the citizens, and then turns around and states they were "faced with the task of organizing the public and legislature's support for retention of the law." To my way of thinking, "educating citizens" means teaching them how to stay alive on the highways, not whether or not a particular law is valid.

On the noise issue, Mr. Hanna is totally wrong with the statement, "Anything loud enough to be heard over engine noise when not wearing a helmet will still be heard with a helmet on." Put on a new Bell helmet which fits properly and go for a ride. The only thing you will hear is yourself thinking! You won't hear that car coming up on your blind side, you won't hear engine noises which could indicate a possible mechanical emergency, nor will you be able to determine the directional source of a horn or siren.

In regards to Dr. Waddell, the orthopedic surgeon from Virginia Beach, does he have any knowledge of the motorcycle or the situations motorcyclists face? Probably his only knowledge results from what he comes in contact with in the hospital. Was Dr. Waddell also requested to look for those helmets which did no good in saving lives, thus showing the other side of the coin?

Now about those three helmets which saved those three lives. The first accident was caused by an incompetent motor vehicle operator running a stop sign. Wouldn't a comprehensive driver's education program have made that operator more aware of his responsibilities on the road? Wouldn't a summons have brought home those responsibilities? Attack the problem at the source! Accident number two: "This helmet was worn by a motorcyclist who was thrown from his bike after being run off the road by a car." Again, the motor vehicle operator is the cause. What happened to that motorist? Why should the motorcyclist be forced to pay for the ignorance of the motorist? Accident number three: In this accident the motorcyclist received a skull fracture even though he was wearing a helmet. Are not "approved" helmets supposed to prevent that type of injury? I was under the impression an "approved" helmet prevented skull fractures and brain damage. It is odd that of the three motorcycle fatalities in our town in the last three years, one primary and two secondary causes of death were head injuries, and all three victims wore helmets.

Continuing, we come to those "prestigious endorsements" to which Mr. Hanna alludes. Were any of those "prestigious endorsements" from motorcyclists? Are any of those highway safety commissioners, leaders, etc. motorcyclists? Did the Virginia Association of Driver's Education and Traffic Safety endorse any motorcycle safety education or driver's awareness programs? The sentence, "selected quotes from these endorsements were submitted to the legislature committee to illustrate the group's justification for retaining the law," is totally biased and almost criminally negligent in not illustrating the opposing view—that of the motorcyclist.

Now we come to the Norfolk, Virginia P. D.

paragraph, which implies that motorcycle police officers received less severe injuries while wearing helmets. If they were wearing full helmets of the approved type, properly buckled, I might lean towards believing less severe injuries resulted. More than likely, they were wearing the non-approved, police-issue, half-helmet—and probably unbuckled. I say this because, on my annual trip to Daytona Bike Week, all of the motor officers wore the half-helmets, and four out of six had them unstrapped. These officers were issuing improper helmet and improper helmet usage tickets left and right.

In an accident in which I was involved last October, my police-issued helmet, properly strapped helmet, was knocked off my head by the impact. The head injuries I received were from the helmet coming off! The motor vehicle operator, making a left turn, said, "I didn't see the motorcycle." A police motorcycle is black and white with fluorescent lettering and fully lighted, but he did not see the motorcycle!

If Mr. John T. Hanna had put as much energy into initiating motorcycle education and public awareness programs as he did in trying to prove a repressive, inadequate law valid, he would find accidents, injuries, and deaths would start declining.

I acknowledge that this letter is long, but as someone who is dedicated to saving lives, not only those of motorcyclists, but the lives of motorists and pedestrians as well, an article such as Mr. Hanna's pushes me to relate what my experience shows me is the truth. That truth comes from years of police work, instructing novice motorcyclists, and motorcycle experience — not biased and slanted statistics.

Motorcycle safety education can save lives. It not only educates the motor vehicle operator, who is the cause of the majority of accidents, but also the new and inex-

perienced motorcyclist, whose inexperience is a contribution to unnecessary accidents. Motorcycle safety education is a movement in the right direction. It infringes on no one's rights and saves lives.

My lady and I consider ourselves a part of one of the last of America's natural resources (the motorcyclist) and we intend to fight to keep the resource from becoming an endangered species.

I want everyone to know this police officer believes in truth and freedom and is willing to take the responsibility for fighting to preserve the slowly crumbling foundation that our forefathers died to build!—Patrolman Dennis W. Locke

No More Helmets In Idaho—Almost

We've just heard the state of Idaho has repealed its mandatory helmet law. As with a similar law in Ohio, bikers under 18 years of age would still have to wear helmets. They're considered "novice" riders by the state.

Jail threat lifted

Three Appeal Court judges in London set aside a six-month prison sentence on Derek Cummings (27), for causing the deaths of two people by dangerous driving.

A five-month suspended sentence was substituted as "an act of mercy."

Cummings, of Elizabeth Gardens, Dibden Purlieu, Hampshire, had spent three weeks in jail before being allowed bail pending his appeal.

Cummings' car was in collision with a motorcycle being ridden by Mr. John Hammond with Miss Josephine Murphy as a pillion passenger in March, 1976, in the New Forest area. Both were killed.



Helmet Law Study Inconclusive

A North Dakota health department study of motorcycle accidents and use of helmets has so far proven inconclusive, according to Dr. Jonathan Weisbuch, state health officer.

Weisbuch said cycle accident data collected during 1977 have been summarized but he said, "No conclusions can be drawn from the data at the present time. The study will be completed at the end of 1978, at which time the data can be analyzed more conclusively."

The study, prompted by the 1977 legislature's reversal of the state's helmet law, is an attempt to determine if allowing motorcyclists 18 and over to ride without helmets may result in increased accident and death rates.

No-Fault

No-fault insurance advocates claim that it creates fewer problems, lowers insurance costs, lowers court costs and battles, and generally smooths things out.

However, the catch comes when a car and motorcycle collide. Motorcycles are now prohibited, by the new No-Fault Insurance law, from collecting on a car's no-fault insurance regardless of who is at fault, even though 70% of all car-motorcycle accidents find the car driver at fault. Most every car-motorcycle accident will wind up in a lawsuit battle through the courts.

Feds Want To Regulate Motorcycle Noise

The Environment Protection Agency, responding to one of its most frequently received noise complaints, Wednesday proposed regulations to muffle the often irritating roar of motorcycles.

An EPA spokesman said the rules would not take the fun out of riding a motorcycle and are designed solely as safeguards. Right now, there

are some motorcycles on the road that are as loud as railroad trains, the EPA said.

The proposed rules would affect new motorcycles, forcing manufacturers to produce vehicles with mufflers that will keep noise within the new decibel limits. The rules would also ban production of special replacement mufflers which motorcycle fanciers often use

to heighten the sound of their vehicles.

"Just about every survey of local communities puts motorcycle noise near the top of the list as a source of annoyance," said David Hawkins, the EPA assistant administrator for air and waste management.

He said the proposed rules will affect the looks and performance of motorcycles and he conceded they may cause some replacement muffler manufacturers to go out of business. But he promised the new rules will "not take the fun out of motorcycling."

Bikers Visit Maryland State Legislature

The Tribes, The Phantoms, The Lynx, The Crusaders, The Iron Express and Los Vagabundos turned a normally staid legislative hearing room yesterday into what looked like a scene from "The Wild One" or "Easy Rider."

Dressed in black leather with earrings and medallions, more than 200 mostly long-haired and bearded motorcycle aficionados converged on the House Judiciary Committee to push for legislation that would allow motorcyclists to ride without helmets.

The crowd was among

the largest that has attended any hearing so far during the General Assembly session, easily rivaling the turnouts on more widely publicized issues like abortion, capital punishment and Laetrile.

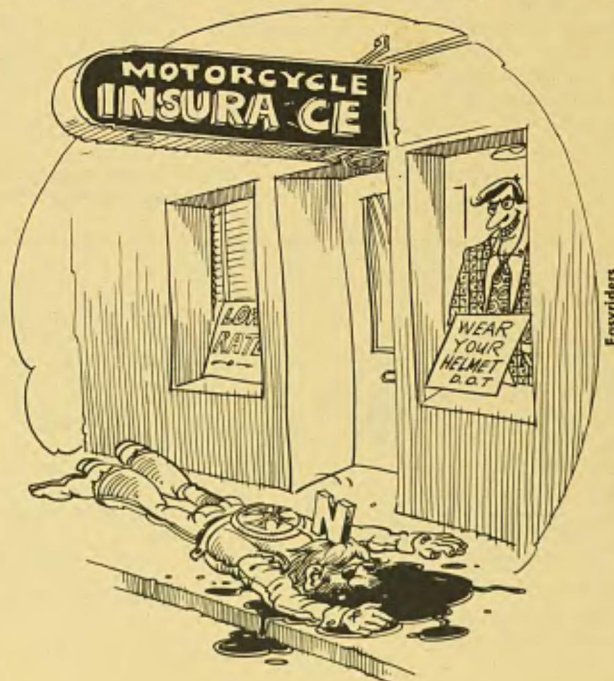
Members of the motorcycle clubs and independent motorcyclists told the committee that the state's mandatory helmet law violates their "freedom of choice."

—by Matthew J. Seiden

Motorcycle Accidents—Where, When, How

Approximately 40% of the accidents occur at intersections and 60% not at intersections. About 70% of all the accidents occur during daylight hours. About 66% of the intersection accidents involve an automobile making a left turn into the path of an on-coming motorcyclist. Motorists are at fault in almost 70% of the intersection accidents. Motorcycle operators in non-intersection accidents are at fault in about 40% of the accidents.

There are numerous differing opinions about who is most likely to have an accident. Most studies point to the 16-20 and 20-24 age groups, during the first year of riding. ■



Space Filler Poisons Two More Pages

Know any funny gags? We'll fork over 20 bucks for each joke we use, so get off your ass and send 'em in to Space Filler, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



**"Ha! Ha! Ha! The
joke's on me—it was loaded!"**

A biker just got back from China and was introduced to three virgins. Their names were Tu Yung Tu, Tu Dum Tu, and No Yen Tu.

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

"Tell me honestly," said the doc to the horny biker. "How many times a week do you have sexual intercourse?"

The bro thought and said, "Maybe 25 times."

"You'll have to take yourself in hand," the doc advised.

"Oh, I do that too," the biker replied. "Maybe 10 or 15 times—when I ain't got nothin' else goin' for me."

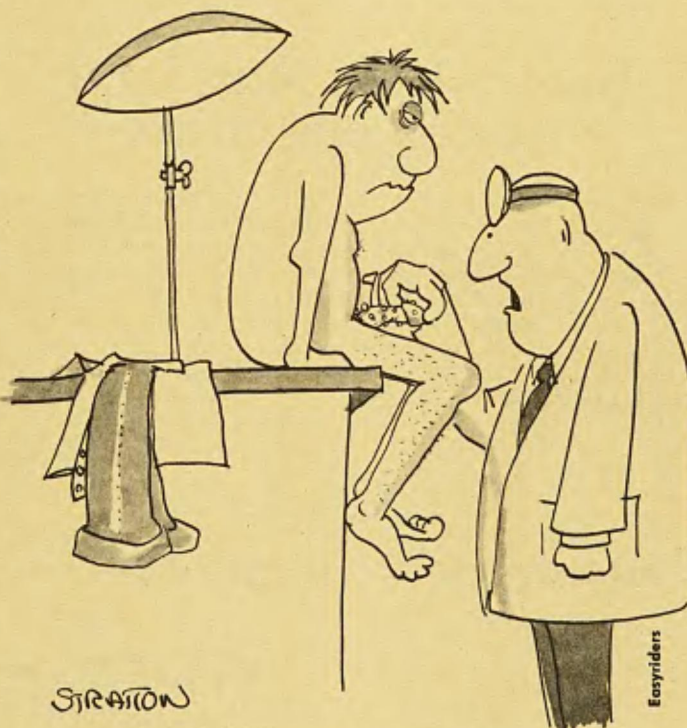
—Spike
South Jersey

A chick had to visit the hospital, and she asked her ol' man to go along with her.

"What for?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, "they're giving a demonstration on how to treat hemorrhoids, and they asked me to bring along an asshole."

—Sue Kupari
Calumet, Mich.



**"Geographically speaking, it's
the worst case of athlete's foot I've seen."**

A bro walked into his house and discovered his ol' lady waiting for him in the nude. She gave him a beer and then sat down on the sofa. "What would you say," she began, "if I told you that I was having an affair with your best friend?"

"I'd say you were a lesbian!" the biker replied.

—David
Calabasas, Calif.

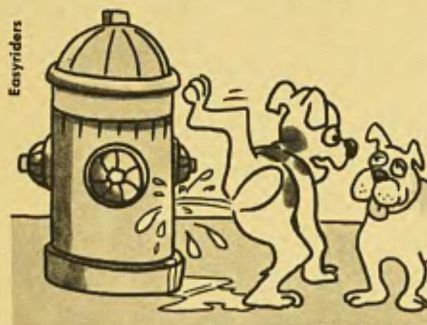
A biker and his ol' lady got to the hotel room after they just got hitched. He got undressed and hopped into the bed. The bride put on a sexy negligee and combed her hair. Then she powdered her face, fixed her nails, and put a drop of perfume behind each ear.

The biker watched all she was doing, then hopped out of bed and started rummaging through his things.

"What are you doing?" asked his bride.

"Well, shit," he said, "if this is gonna be a formal affair, I thought I'd better put on a tie!"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.



**"My philosophy is quite simple. If
ya can't eat it or screw it—piss on it."**

After years of searching for the right ol' lady, the biker finally met a beautiful nymphomaniac. Not wanting her to get away, he married her, and they retired to his pad.

On the morning after their wedding night, he got out of bed, raised the shade, and just then she called him back to bed. The same thing happened every morning.

A week passed, and one morning he got up, raised the window shade, and went up with it.

—Hal Ralston
Seattle, Wash.



**4
PHOTOS
25¢**

A biker finally landed a job and was bragging to a bro about how good it was. He invited the bro down to the job to watch him at work.

When the bro appeared at the work site, he found the first biker down in a sewer, dipping shit into a bucket, which he passed along to another worker, who in turn passed it along a line of men.

"I thought you said this was a good job," the bro said, holding his nose.

"It is," his friend replied. "You don't see anyone handing me any shit, do you?"

—D. B. Lee
Alderson, W. Va.

The groom awoke the morning after his wedding to find his bride in tears. "Why are you crying?" he asked.

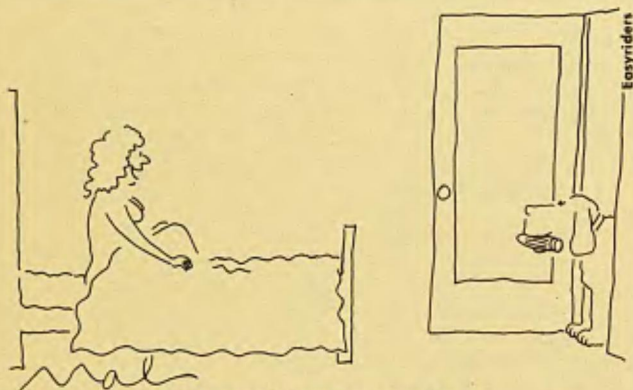
"Look," she sobbed, pointing to his limp dick. "We almost used it all up the first night!"

—Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

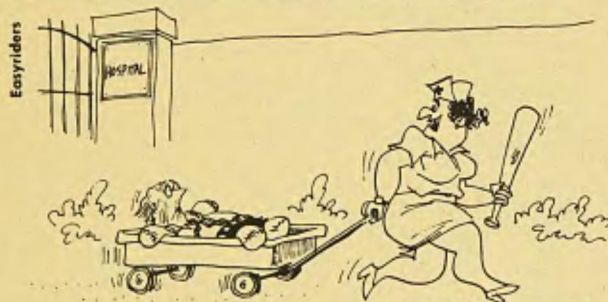
This babe was busted for prostitution and taken to court. "Have you anything to offer the gentlemen of the jury on your own behalf?" asked the judge.

"Oh no, your honor," she said. "I've learned my lesson."

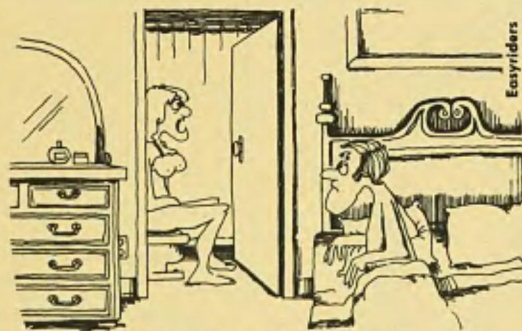
—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.



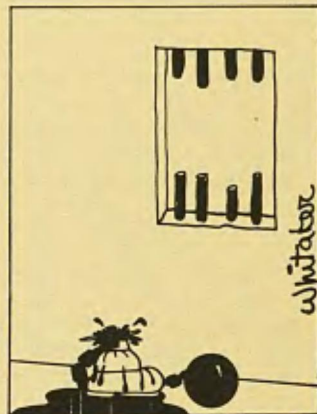
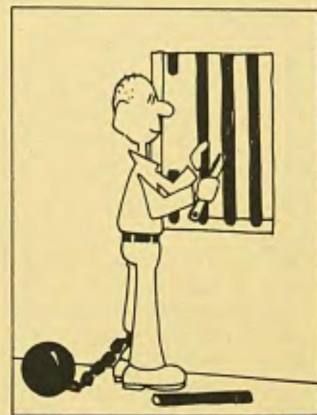
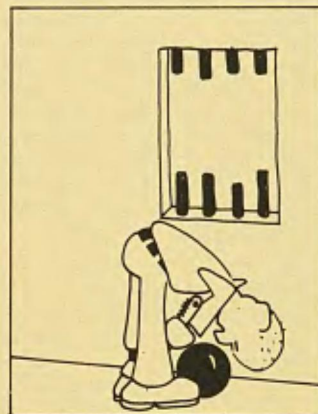
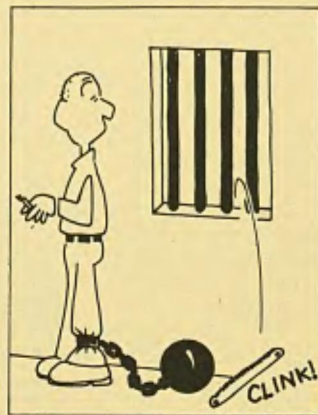
"Oh goody! Here comes the old dog to teach me some new tricks!"



"Some of the patients are having a little game today, Mr. Daniel. Guess who gets to be home plate."



"For crissakes, not tonight! I'm having a miscarriage!"



Reminiscing with her girlfriend about their childhood, the sweet young thing asked, "Did you ever play with jacks?"

"Oh yes," the friend replied. "And with Bill's, Tommy's, and Freddy's."

—Henry E. Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

After two hours in the small town, a biker went up to his pal and said, "This is sure a screwed-up place. Every time I ask some dude what time it is, I get a different answer!"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

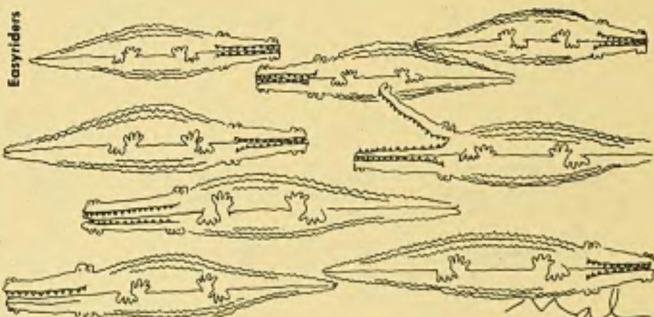
After watching an extremely attractive maternity ward patient earnestly thumb through a telephone directory for several minutes, a hospital orderly finally asked if he could be of some help.

"No, thanks," said the young mother. "I'm just looking for a name for my baby."

"But the hospital supplies a special booklet that lists every first name and its meaning," said the orderly.

"That won't help," said the girl. "My baby already has a first name."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.



"Change partners!"

Big Jugs

Your jugs are so huge—don't they hurt you? I heard that chicks with big tits have a problem sleeping because they roll over on them. How about you?

Jerry Titus
Chicago, Ill.

● I never sleep alone, and if there's anyone hurt in bed, it's the poor jerk I roll over on. Of course, I'm also a mite heavy to be sittin' on some dude's face, so I have to be careful to hover just within striking range of his tongue.

A Beef

What the fuck! I've written two letters to you and you haven't printed either one of them. Get off that cunt of yours and get on some balls.

Colley
Herrin, Ill.

● I write this column to be helpful, sweet, an' polite—after all, it's a family rag. I don't print the dirty kind of bullshit you bin sendin' in.

Old Problem

I think I'm fizzled out. My ol' lady and I fuck all the time, but lately just as we start to do it, I lose my hard-on. Is there anything I can do about that?

Concerned
Cleveland, Ohio

● Yeah—run to your bookstore and buy three books. **The Art of Oral Sex, ABC's of S-M, and The Vaseline Conspiracy—The Joys of Anal Sex.**

Loves Another

I'm a biker's ol' lady, and he wants me for him and him alone. I've had my eye

on one of his friends for almost a year now. I know he's reading this. They both are. But, if my ol' man ever knew it was me saying I want to get down with some other guy, he'd kill me.

When we make it in bed, I close my eyes and wish it was his friend. What can I do? Every time I think of his friend, juice runs down my leg. Help!

Horney for a friend
Krakow, Wisconsin

● You just want me to tell you what to do so your ol' man will come out here and blow my ass away. The only way you're gonna get the friend to fuck ya is to get your ol' man's permission—or shit-can him first. Personally, my ol' man invites his pals over to bang me because it takes some of the load offa him.

Sniveler

I've only got an eleven-inch cock, but I've got a two-foot tongue.

Satch
Detroit, Mich.

● Stop yer snivelin'. Everybody can't have the big love-makin' equipment. Be satisfied with the little bit you've got.

Slight Problem

I'm sittin' in a Frisco hospital with my first broken leg. My problem is, how do I find out who is the "head" nurse around here!

Forty-fiver
San Francisco, Calif.

● Ask and you shall receive. (Of course, if you ask the wrong one, ya might wind up with the other leg broken, too.)

A Proposal

I think you are the biggest scumbag, slut, barf-breathed, cocksucking, spunk-lappin', fat-assed bitch on two cunt lips ever to slime her way across the universe. Will you marry me?

Love, P-Cock
Cheshire, Conn.

● That's (sob) the sweetest thing anyone's ever said to me. Of course I'll marry you.

Wife Digs Head

Hey, I got this problem. I've got this ol' lady, and she never used to dig givin' head. One night at a party I made her go down on me four times. She digs hell out of it now.

A month ago I got five years in the slammer. Now my ol' lady's givin' all my bros head while I'm locked up.

Stinky
Memphis, Tenn.

● Well what's your problem?

Big Wind

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

A.G.
Bramburg, Germany

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

Loose Moose

We've got a wild bush moose up here that wants to

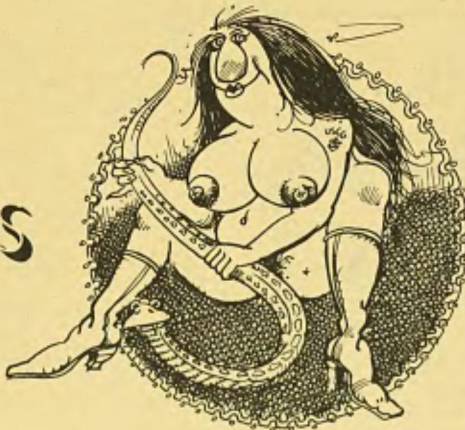
fuck ya. This moose has more meat than McDonald's sold last year, plus he's hornier than a goat with three cocks.

Roney
Sask., Canada

● I'll fuck 'im on one condition—he's gotta make the phone call askin' me for a date.

(Editor's note: Would ya believe this shit? The ol' whore got pissed, dumped her typewriter on the floor, and stomped outta the door. Word around this fire trap is that Snake threatened to cut her off if she didn't get her column finished by noon—she told him to stuff the typewriter—even tried to do it herself—and then walked, muttering, "fuck it, fuck it, fuck it.")

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



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

Gettin' Together



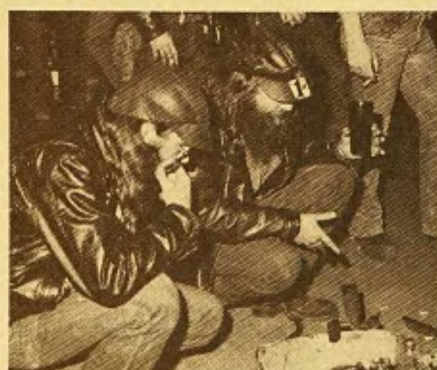
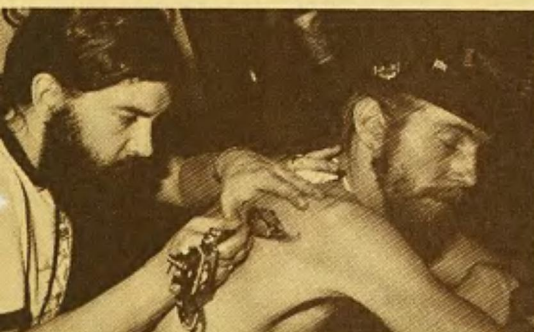
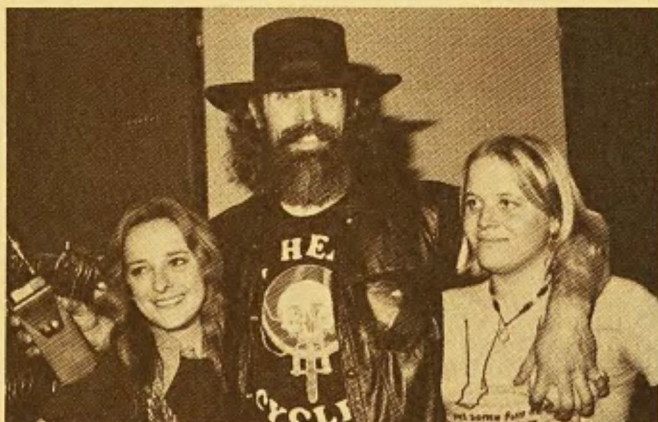
Here it is June and the first 11 swap meets are history. Across the country, thousands of you folks have found just that right part you were looking for. Or, maybe all you did was to stop at the **Easyriders** booth to say hi. That's what an **Easyriders Swap Meet** is all about. It's where good scooter people get together for a good time . . . and it's an ideal one-day putt. See for yourself.

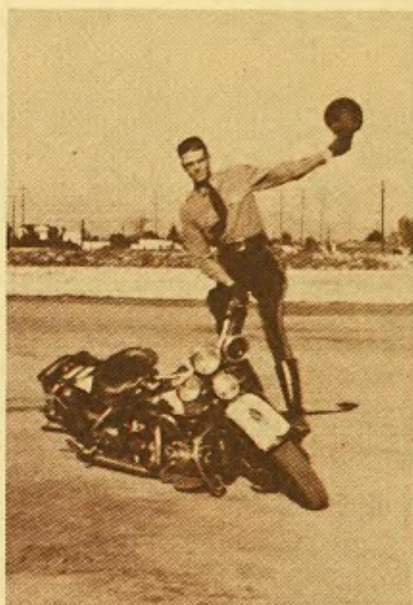
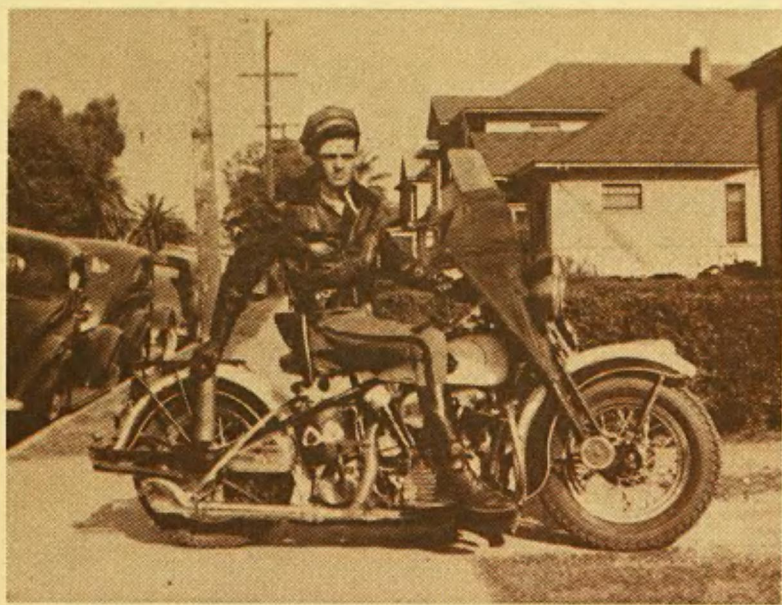
The following is a list of 1978 **Easyriders** Swap Meets. Dates and places are correct at the time we go to press, but are subject to late changes. For the most recent info about a particular meet, write Double Ugly, c/o Swap Meets, P.O. Box 1046, Ventura, California 93001.

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.

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





STUNTS

Victor McLaglen, a famous movie actor thirty or forty years ago, sponsored a motorcycle drill team in 1936. Claude Howell, the stunt rider pictured here, was a charter member, and he rode with the team in parades and exhibitions until 1942, when the group broke up to go to war.

These photos were taken around 1940, and show Claude in motion during practice on the Los Angeles River bottom, as well as Harleys, in them thar days, pulling trailers.

It's of no surprise that Claude still rides H-Ds. He tried a different make in 1937—an Indian Bonneville Chief—but it couldn't handle high speeds for any length of time, leavin' Claude with burned pistons. From the first time Claude began riding at the age of 18, right down to today, he's straddled only Harleys, except for that Indian. The Harleys he's owned include a 1928 61 cu. in., a 1930 45 cu. in., a 1936 flathead 80 (the best bike for stunts), a 1940 61 cu. in. knuckle, a 1941 flathead 74, a 1941 knucklehead 74, a 1951 61 cu. in. EL pan, and a 1966 FLH shovelhead. He's riding the shovel today.

As far as Claude's concerned, Harleys are—and always have been—Number One. All the members of McLaglen's Motorcycle Corps rode Hogs. Claude has kept most of the bikes he's owned for over ten years before shelling out for a new one. 'Course, now that I think about it, I'm ridin' a '48 pan myself.

—Spider



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

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

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

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

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

Fetishes, Cures, and Curses

(an' other bad medicine)

A fetish, the dictionary tells us, is "any object, animate or inanimate, natural or artificial, regarded with a feeling of awe as having mysterious powers residing in it or as being the representative or habitation of a deity. Every individual may have one of his own, to which he offers up prayers and which, if these are not heard, he punishes or throws away."

A lot of dudes—bikers included—carry a rabbit's foot, four-leaf clover, or some other charm or talisman in the hope that it will protect them from harm or discovery, help to get them more young pussy—or just bring a little good luck. If the object doesn't work, they sometimes pitch it away and start carrying a piece, which can, under certain circumstances, bring sudden rescue from an untenable position, enhance their lives with greater respect or, if they're able to get away with it, bring them great wealth. Other times, when the good-luck charm doesn't work, or if it seems to reverse expectations, these dudes will pitch it away and look for some other kind of charm, like a sexy, big-titted mama who is willing to support them.

During the Middle Ages, burglars used a unique charm that doubled as a regular piece of equipment for breaking and entering. It was the hand of a dead man.

Hangmen in those days made a lot of money selling various parts of bodies which people used as talismans, but the hand of a person who had been hanged was especially

sought after by criminals. The hangmen were not discriminatory when it came to such sales, probably figurin' that pretty soon the burglar they sold one hand to would get caught, an' then they'd have two more hands to peddle.

Before it was used by a burglar, the dead man's hand would be dried in a manner that enabled each finger and the thumb to be lit like a candle. Since there weren't any flashlights in those days, and lanterns were too bulky to be packin' around while burglarizin', the crook would enter a house carryin' only a burlap bag and a dried hand.

Once inside, he'd set fire to each of the fingers and the thumb, the idea being to determine if everyone in the house was asleep. If the thumb wouldn't light, the burglar knew that there was someone around who was awake, and he'd boogie out of the place.

By the time the hangman got through cuttin' up corpses' parts and distributin' 'em to the local citizens, he was rich, and everybody had enough remedies, marital aids, and burglar equipment to last for a day or two—or even a year for some items. Dried cocks on a stick probably sold as well back then as today's hot dogs—especially to old maids.

Sometimes a hangman would even sell the rope that was used to string up a poor dude, and if it didn't cure fits, as was claimed, it more than likely caused a few. Bodies themselves have always been credited with specific powers, but a

particularly gruesome example of this belief was when people cut off hands and other parts of men who died on the gallows or who committed suicide. During certain periods of history, people thought such corpses possessed very special therapeutic powers.

Regarding non-criminals, or people who died natural deaths, beliefs and fetishes go back to the early days of man. One of those is "watching the dead," or, the wake. No one knows how far back the custom goes, but it is practiced in nearly every society, and it can often be a tricky business. Some people felt the soul had a way of sneaking out of the body and flying around the room disguised as a housefly or a bee. It was also said that the soul had a sense of humor and was curious to see which of his friends bothered to show up to pay his last respects. If any of the watchers had fallen asleep, the fly would pick out the ones he liked the least and shit on their nose. Unfortunately, the disguised soul was often mistaken for a common variety of fly or bee and was chased out of the room. In this case, there was no hope of the soul ever returning to the body, so if there was any chance that the dead dude would come back to life, it went out the window with the critter.

Sometimes there was actually hope that the dead person might come back to life, and knowing that the soul sometimes flew out dis-

—Continued on page 78

by Dr. John Twatburger



IN THE WIND

Each month we select the pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 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 Daytona '78, Wino Joe



—from Joseph Judkins, Torrance, Calif.



—from Daytona '78, Wino Joe



—from Fred Clark Jr., Clearwater, Fla.



—from James Schweitzer, Canton, Ohio



—from Grover Nunnery, Charlotte, N.C.



—from Woody, Danville, Calif.



—from Lenny Sinnet, Venice, Calif.



—from Bert Terrance, Rochester, Mich.

Judgment

Don't judge a person by the clothes he wears;

God made the person, the tailor made the clothes.

Don't judge a person by the members of his family;

Cain and Abel were members of the same family.

Don't judge a person by the company he keeps;

Christ associated with the dregs of society and still does.

Don't judge a person by the language he uses;

A parrot can talk and his tongue is only an instrument of his mind.

Don't judge a person by his failures in life;

Many of us are too honest to try to succeed where others feel it is absolutely necessary!

—A Biker
Abate of South Carolina



—from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



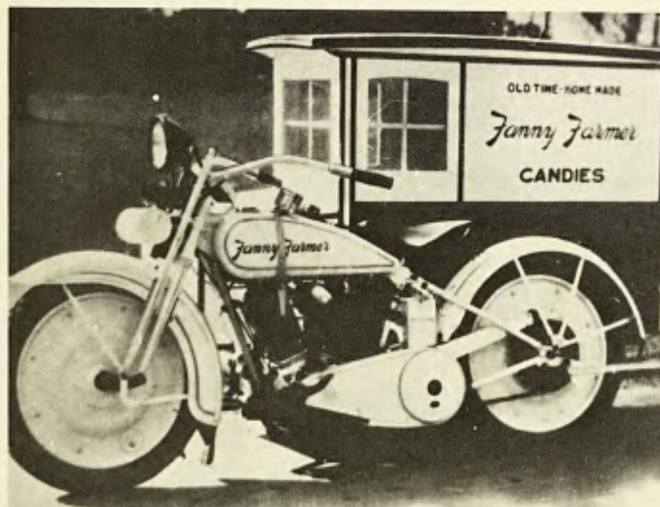
—from Bob Tenny, Pontiac, Mich.



—from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio

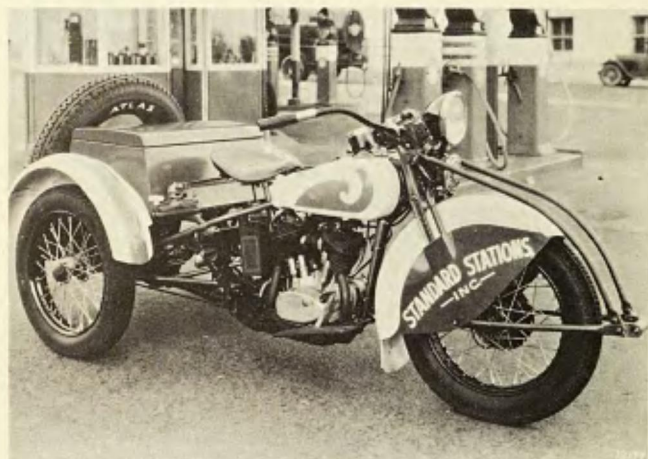


—from Jake Howell, Fresno, Calif.

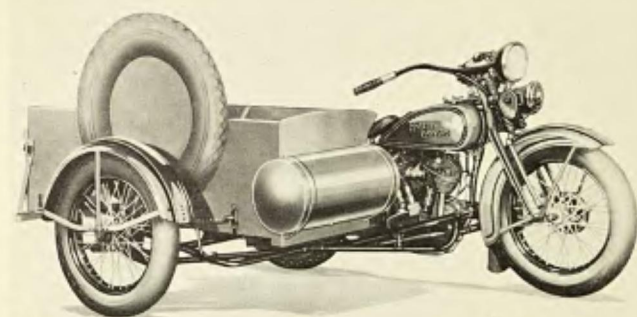




—from Tom Piontkowski, Milwaukee, Wis.



—from Bob Tenny, Pontiac, Mich.



—from Gary Schrempp, So. Lake Tahoe, Calif.



—from Phillip Donovan, Starke, Fla.



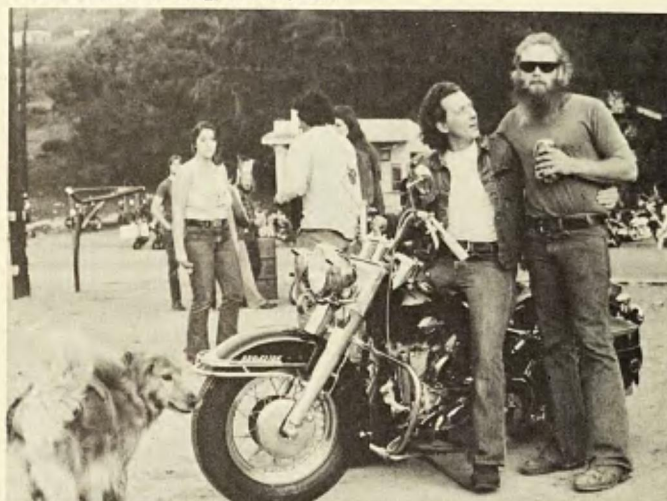
from Bandit Bob Green, New Brunswick, Canada



—from Luanna Walling, Malibu, Calif.



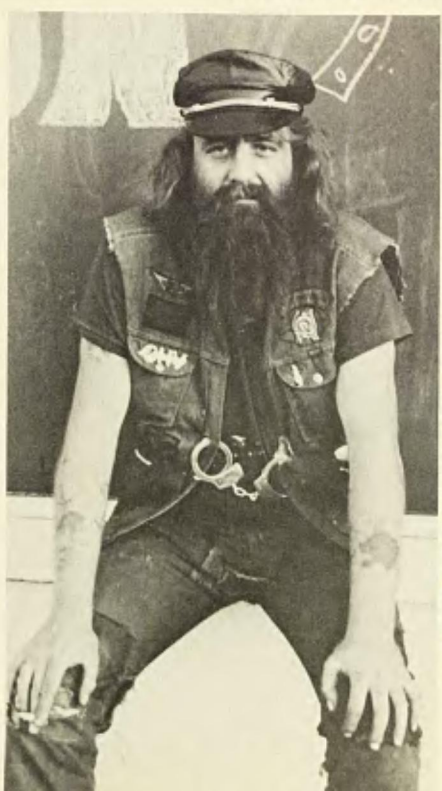
—from Daytona '78, Wino Joe



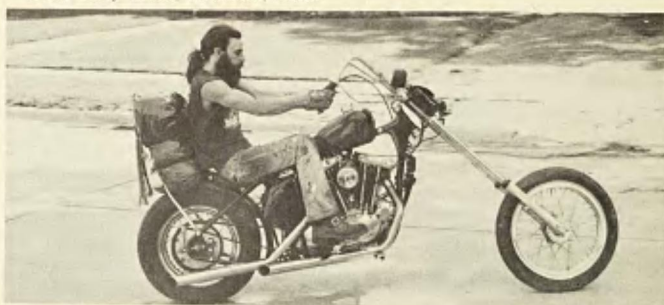
—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Daytona '78, Wino Joe



—from Dan Burke, Mountain View, Calif.



—from Jack Kilmer, Urbana, Ill.





—from Lynn Erickson, Albuquerque, N. Mex.



—from P. W. Sikes, Lutz, Fla.



—from Bill Doyle, Pembine, Wis.



—from Lynn Erickson, Albuquerque, N. Mex.



—from K. Friesen, Winnipeg, Canada



—from Bryce Tumelson, APO New York, N.Y.







A FIND

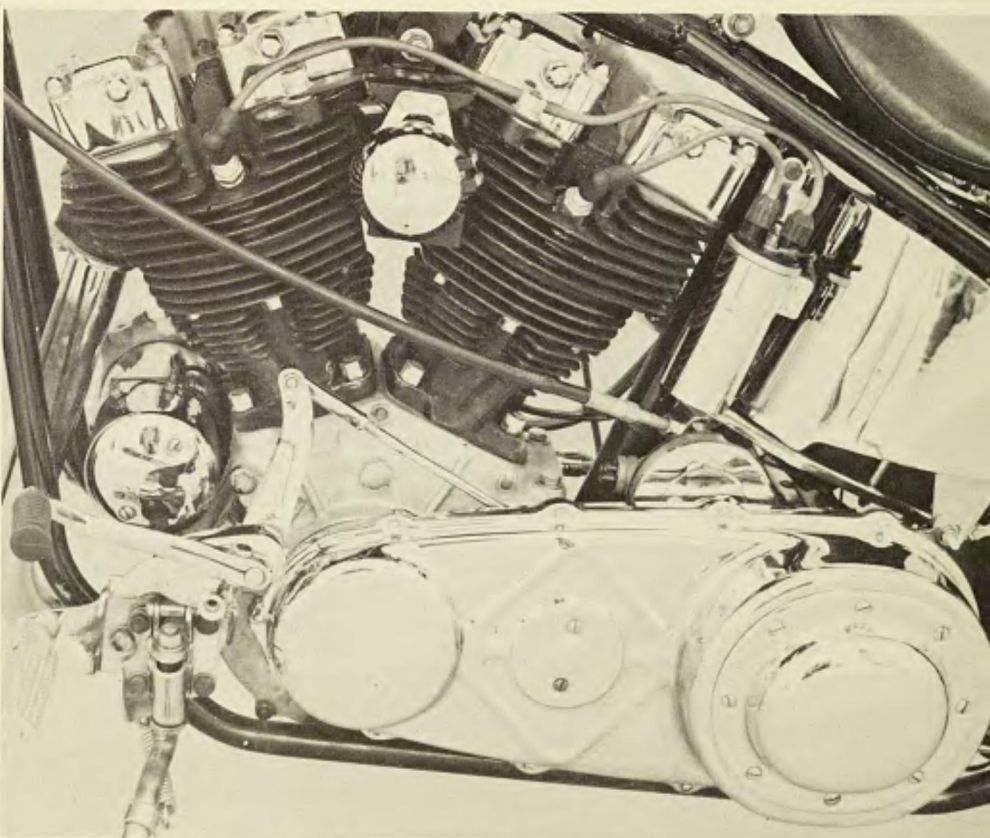
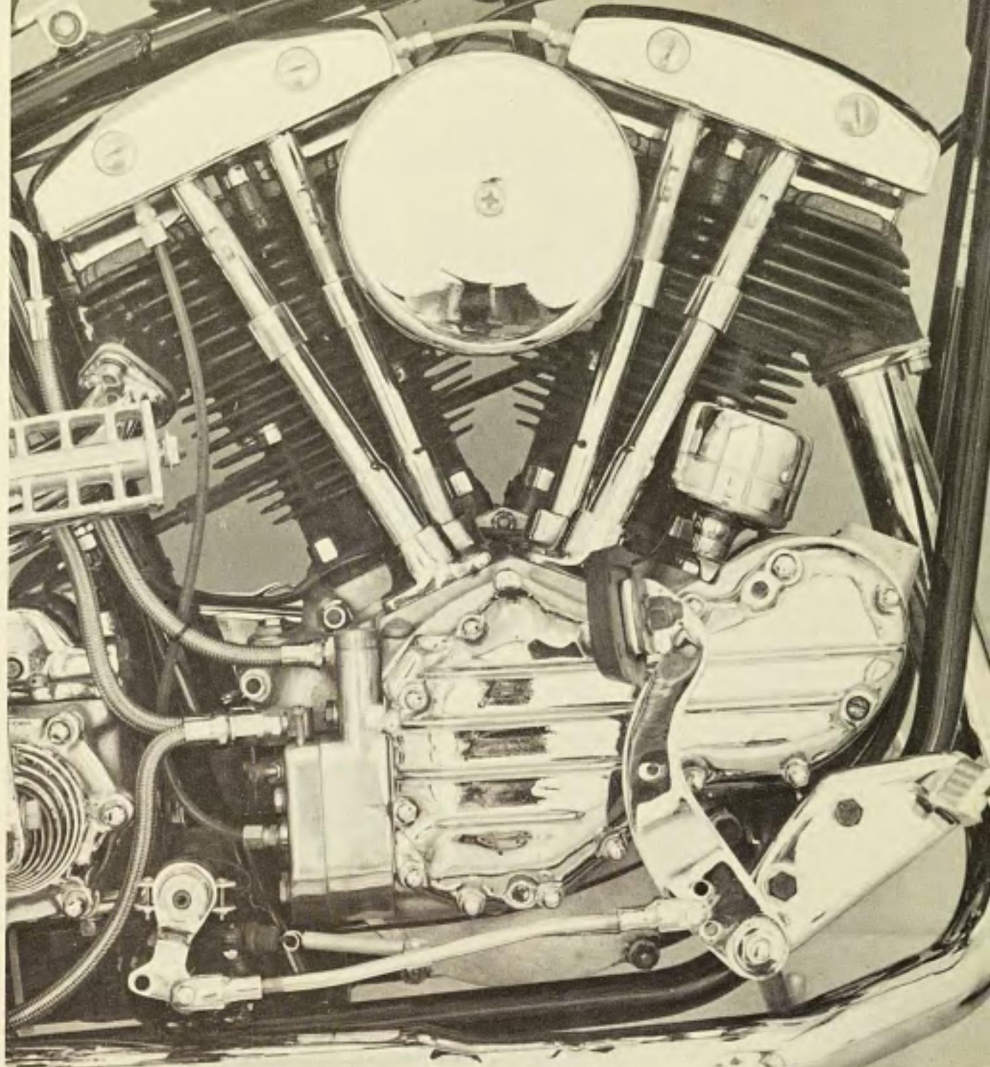
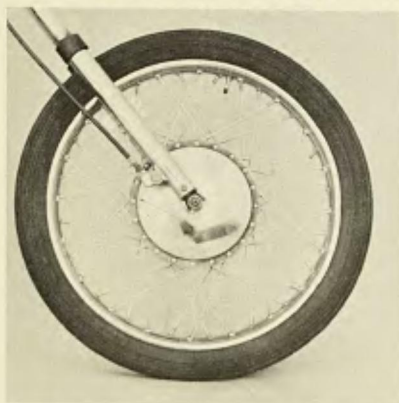
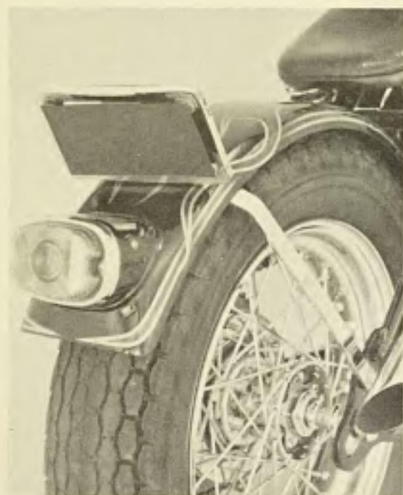
Don't throw anything away

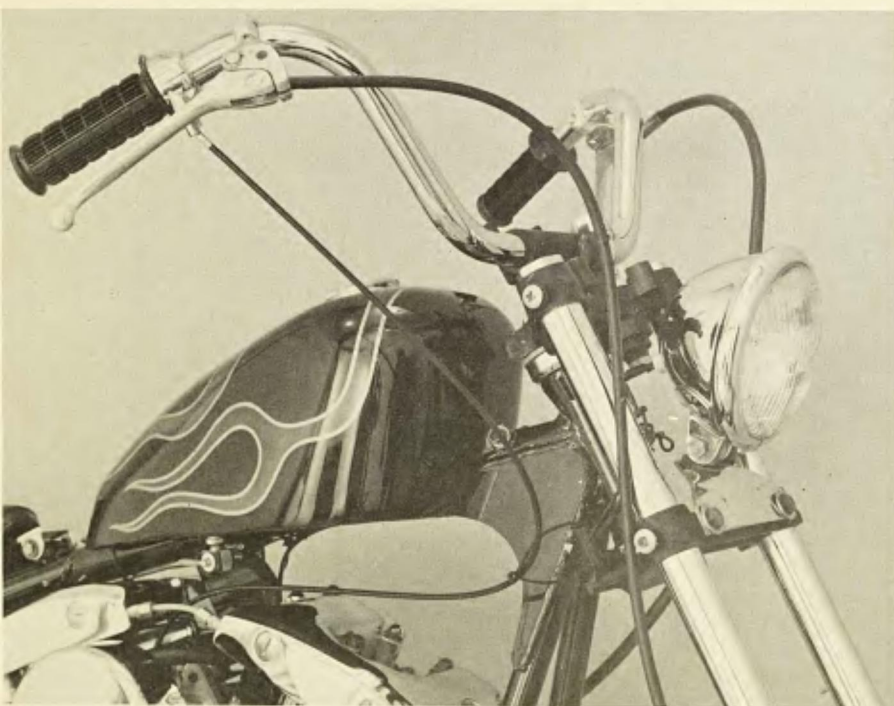
Some bros don't get that next putt puttin' 'cause they're lettin' that green slide into the stash or the stereo. However, this scoot is a good example of a bike that can look decent without a wallet-shattering investment.

"A bike is only a mechanical puzzle," So said Hank Pin in 1928, just before he died from falling off his bar stool. You get the idea—pick up a piece somewhere, stash it in the corner of the

garage. Get a deal on something else. And one day that mental inventory will add up to a complete bike—more or less.

Joe had this engine and trans for ten years before he copped the frame for seventy-five bucks from a shop going out of business. He discovered additional parts in the back of his garage, lyin' in a crate the dog had been pissin' in. The plated chain is twelve years old. It didn't take a decade to put this sled





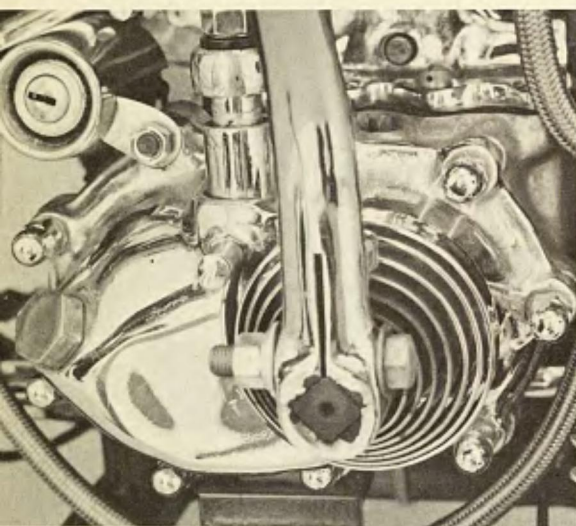
together, though. All of these parts were on various bikes from time to time. Most of the parts came from other scoots that had been rebuilt or torn down. Shit, too often a discarded oil bag could be spot-welded, rechromed, and would be good for another five years.

But Joe was dickin' around in the dust-coated recesses of his garage and found himself stumblin' over one part after another when he realized that a livin' motorcycle was buried there. Joe and Bill, the dude pictured with the bike, shook the dust loose, and in four months created this putt.

Just goes to show, bros—don't throw a goddam thing away. You may stumble into your garage someday, trip and fall, and find yourself straddlin' an almost complete putt. It may not be beautiful, but it'll get the wind in yer face. Two new spark plugs, a throttle cable, and you're on the road—cheap, wasn't it?

—Weed

—Continued on next page



Owners: Joe Troy

City: The Valley, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Bill Joseph

Year: 1977

Year and make: 1977 H-D

Builder: D & D Cycle

Model: special construction

Type: rigid

Value: \$3,500

Rake: none

Assembly by: Bill Joseph

Stretch: 2 inches

Time: 4 months

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Astro Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: repro Sportster

Year: 1956

Risers: stock

Model: FL

Fender(s): 6-in. flat

Rebuilder: Sonny Raslawski

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: coil

taillight: H-D

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: Anderson

Balancing: none

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: MC 10:1

Electrics: 6 V. relay eliminator

Cases: pan

Gas tank: Sportster

Heads: shovel

Oil tank: Paughco

Cam: 412 Sifton

Oil system: stock

Lifters: hydraulics

Primary cover: diamond

Carb(s): Bendix

Seat: solo

Air cleaner: Paughco

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: shotgun

Height: low

Muffler(s): glasspacks

Material: hard to find

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: glide (early Super Glide)

Year: 1956

Extension: 6 inches

Shifting: ratchet

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: trees black

Trans sprocket: 23

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: none

Hub: stock

Hub: H-D

Painter: Tinker

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black pearl, red flames

Tire: Avon

Tire: Beck

Type: lacquer

Brake: stock

Brake: mech.

Special paint: urethane top coat

New lower price!

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

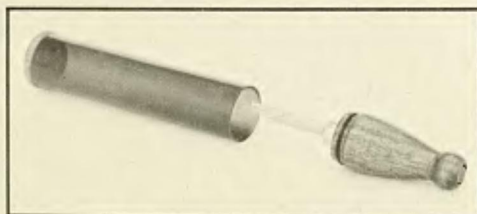
If you want only a buckle, just send \$6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. *California residents add 6%.*



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***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 scooter to scooter while blasting down the road.

No wasted smoke either — if it goes out, smoke stays inside container. Unbreakable. Completely disassembles for easy cleaning.

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The Way to the Wind

By James O. Luken

At this moment, I have a burning desire to spill my mind to the world. It's not often that I reach such an exuberant plateau. In fact, I can't remember when I've ever felt so good. I'm in a state of mind where at any second I could stop, get off my bike, and drop a turd on somebody's doorstep.

I wasn't always so irrational. There was a time, oh such a long time ago when I was riding the wave of success. My accounting firm was booming, my secretary was adept at deep throat, and my lovely daughter Cynthia was making plans for entering business school in the fall. What more could a father ask? Well, I would've liked a little more money. And if my wife had dropped dead, things would have been all the more pleasant. But life is life and we roll with the punches, so I humped during noon hour and bought a new car only every other

year. Get the picture? I was a man at one with the world.

Enter one motorcycle rider by the name of Burnitt.

If only I hadn't been so blind, I could have grabbed my poor Cynthia and dragged her off to another state or country. But no, I tarried because I was taken in by all those slick bike commercials that show this college-type couple riding through the country on an automatic-shift dream machine. "Don't worry," I told myself when Cynthia informed me she was going out with a fellow who owned a motorcycle. "Economy is in today and motorcycles are economical. The poor guy is probably working his way through college."

This is how I prepared myself for the arrival of Burnitt. I was ready to welcome him with open arms—and a bit of advice about bringing my daughter home at a decent hour. I'm no dumbass. In my younger

days, whenever I took out some broad, there was only one thing on my mind: snatch. That's probably why I never tucked in my shirt when I went on dates. It's very embarrassing to walk out of a seven o'clock movie and have to parade past all the people waiting for the nine o'clock show with a large loin busting your zipper. It's even more embarrassing when the movie is a Walt Disney feature.

I knew this guy with the motorcycle was going to have designs on my daughter's meat—and she did have some meat. If I weren't her father, I could have had some real fun with that stuff. But these are the things you forfeit when you decide to raise a child, and if I couldn't fuck my daughter, then by God no motorcycle-riding, peanut-dick was going to fuck her, either.

As Cynthia ran back and forth through the house looking for her hair brush, I stood by the picture

window and calmly told her that she would have to be home by midnight.

"Oh, Jesus," she replied.

"Take it or leave it."

Cynthia ignored me as she walked out of the room. I watched the sweet jiggle of her buns and pulled out my shirt-tail.

Across the street, the neighbor's daughter was sunbathing on the lawn. My fantasies were just forming when a loud thumping sound snapped me to reality and I stood transfixed as a mechanical object rolled into my driveway and then continued its journey through my yard, finally coming to rest in the middle of the newly-planted turf.

"I'll bust his nuts for cutting those ruts," I growled poetically as I stalked toward the front door. But before I got outside, my daughter bumped me aside and ran to meet "it."

"So this is Burnitt," I said to myself as I scanned the stretched-out machine and its obviously strung-out rider. Motorcycle and master seemed to be joined by a common bond of grease, scratches, and wind.

I started walking toward the ugly spot in my yard, and when I was close enough to smell the gas, I was close enough to see the drip, drip, drip, from his carburetor. This infuriated me all the more and is probably the reason why I acted illogically. Instead of grabbing him by the hair and dragging him across the yard to use as a rut remover, I kindly asked him to please park his bike on the driveway. My request was acknowledged by a bloodshot stare and a shrug.

"Right, Pops," he replied, as he kicked the engine.

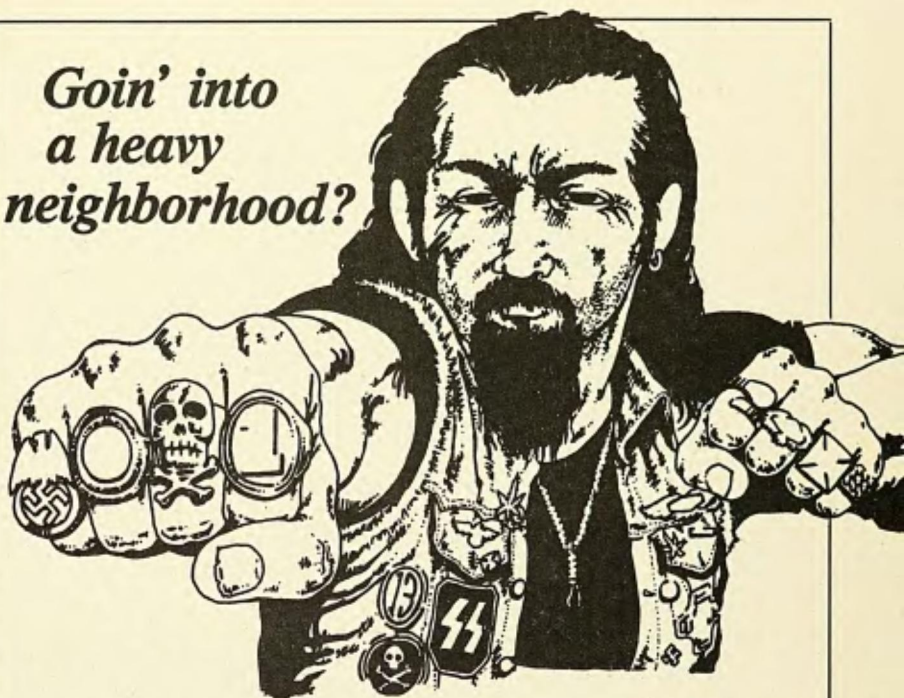
I turned to walk inside the house. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched him cut a big circle and ride onto the driveway.

As soon as they left for godknows-where, I marched upstairs and unpacked my World War II army .45. When that fucker returned with my daughter, he was going to say good-bye and leave for good. If he didn't agree—well, we'd see.

Later that night, I lay in bed and tried to stay awake, but it wasn't an easy task. When you have a hunk of flesh lying next to you that ex-

—Continued on page 70

*Goin' into
a heavy
neighborhood?*



Protect your valuables with this **STASH POUCH**



Won't slide down when jumping or running



Won't open until you open it

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

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

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

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Astrological Profile for Cancer

Cancer rug rats are the real snivelers of the zodiac, an' they're also the tit freaks. They're usually still suckin' away on mom's mam-maries long after they've dried up an' are danglin'. Hell, they'd suck on her elbow if it had a nipple. Cancers are extremely oral—everything going in their mouths, which is why they have giant turds. Because of their bowel habits, they often grow up to be big assholes. Cancers are difficult to house-break, preferring newspapers to toilet.

Cancers are extremists, an' they often overdo. For instance, Cancer-born King Henry VIII overate, overfucked, and had a kinky way of eliminating his wives. If they cut him off, he retaliated by returning the favor.

Cancers do have a special sense of humor—both Milton Berle and Red Skelton prove that. Two other famous Cancers in show business are James Cagney and Ringo Starr.

Cancers often draw money like a turd draws flies. Several multi-millionaires are Cancers, including the late John D. Rockefeller. (Believe it or not, he drank mother's milk for the last ten or more years of his life. The old bugger had a special building to house his supply.)

Cancers are far from being pussies. Alexander the Great and Ernest Hemingway prove that. They make loyal friends and formidable foes. Furthermore, Cancers can keep secrets, are good with bucks, and thrifty. They may still have their first piggy bank—unopened. They'll often use the same roll of asswipe twice.

On the negative side, Cancers are moody, lazy, and worry about what to worry about. They also pout a lot. They're prone to ulcers and nervous colon (the runway from your mouth to your poop-chute). Later in life, they fall down a lot.

Older Cancer bikers are tit freaks to the end. An' they're courteous enough to remove their teeth while eating a box lunch; gumming clities keeps the horny honeys hanging around for more and more and more.

Note To Women:

How to catch a Cancer? Breast feed him and burp him. Never expect him to pick up the tab. (Remember, he's saving his bucks for the next Easyriders Swap Meet.) Never call him "big shit" or "big asshole." Feed him while you're fucking. Pick him up when he falls down, an' dust him off with your tongue. He's basically a home-body, so give him the keys to your pad and put in a large supply of asswipe.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Early in the month ya might develop an allergy which could easily turn out to be towards "medica-



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

tion." A word of warning—be careful what drugs you're droppin'. Some combinations will put a damper on more than your sex life. In other words, the pimples on your butt may soon be covering your whole body. Also, your finances are a worse drain than a sinus problem, so you'd best relax with some good smokes and a snatch snack or you'll be itchin', twitchin' and bitchin'.

Taurus April 21—May 20

Right now you're healthy, wealthy(?), and wisin' up a little bit. It appears someone close to you has a roving eye, and it's aimed at your property. Most likely, it's your private furburger he's licking his lips over. You'd best either straighten the lame out or flatten him one before you really lose your Taurus cool and stomp a mudhole in the schmuck. Bide your time an' be sure, 'cause pay-backs are a motherfucker!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

By now ya should be kicked back, givin' your buns a break. Your mind may very well be bogged to the max during most of this month. It may even cause ya to lose a few days' work. (Better excuse than havin' the shits.) Ya may be turned on to some unusual drugs that wipe ya out and leave ya with a lost weekend. (What, again?) Otherwise, you're still stickin' and prickin' any gash who'll hold still long enough.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

There's a ball-bustin' birthday bonus coming your way. Be care-

ful, though, it may not be all crotch an' cream. More than your share of sweatbags are out for a munch of your crank. Too much birthday pokin' could be dangerous. So go ahead an' take those lickings—they'll save ya from drippin' later. Besides, who wants to spend his time pickin' off bugs and critters? Try to keep those horny honks at a minimum.

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Someone (or something) out of your past could be 'bout as welcome now as a box of used rubbers. Maybe it's some jackoff like "Jackie Jits" from grade school, who's now a 300-pound porker stopping by on a moped. Whatever (or whoever) it is, ya can sure the fuck live without it—especially if it turns out to be the skunk ya banged a few months back who's ripe as a watermelon and claimin' you planted the seeds.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

Ya may very well be cuttin' a few shit-stirrers loose now. Keep your nose out of the nookie and more to the grindstone. It's not the nutcrackin' time to take off on a trip, either. You're accident-prone all month, so lighten up on the stumblers. Remember, more bucks and less fucks. If ya stay in heat, you'll never get outta hock. Hang in there, an' you'll soon be puttin' an' pumpin' your pud aplenty.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

Watch out for some heavy changes headin' your way, an' don't make any snap decisions.

Some partners may have their nuts in a knot over your good fortune. Shine 'em on, 'cause you've earned it. Go ahead with long-range plans, but steer your buns clear of get-rich-quick schemes. Screw yourself silly, but just don't hump yourself into a fuckin' hernia!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Sometimes it seems like everything ya touch turns to shit. This is one of those months when your wacker won't work right, ya catch a case of crotch critters, or a number of other foul balls come your way. (Both of 'em are yours.) To top it off, ya don't know when to keep that sarcastic trap of yours shut. Spendin' more time workin' on your machine can keep your ass out of a sling.

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

Lucky you! This month is better than a year's supply of poontang. Your ol' lady has finally decided to shit or get off the pot (or both). Extra bucks, strange fucks, an' all those unexpected goodies are poppin' up like pimples. Bros who've owed ya bread since puberty might surprise your bungus into reverse by paying ya back. Now all ya need is to find a pack of gorilla biscuits in your ol' lady's douche bag.

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

After last month's bowel-binding asskicker, you're ready to twist your dog's nuts off. Sorry, but you'll need at least three tubes of Preparation H to shrink your pavement-puckering problems. They could turn out to be some leftover legal problems, or worse, your valuables(?), including those family jewels. Hang on, you'll soon be back in heat again.

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

If you've been workin' your ass off an' gettin' further behind (ya got a lot of company!), ya may need to change jobs. But this is a ball-bustin' time to do it. After all, why jack off in a jar of liver when ya can have a hot pussy? Another choice chance for a raise may be your answer. Best assert yourself on the job, an' tell the turkeys you're worth more. In other words, get out and blow your own horn a little.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

This month brings a climax to a recent problem. You're just so fuckin' irresistible, ya have a hard time cuttin' the broads loose. It's a bitch kickin' out the best suck ya ever had. Worse yet, the cunt ain't got no pride. Everywhere ya go, she's beggin' an snivelin' at ya. Right now, ya best quit fingerin' around an' figure out how to end this situation—unless ya plan to drag the cunt around on your crank.

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

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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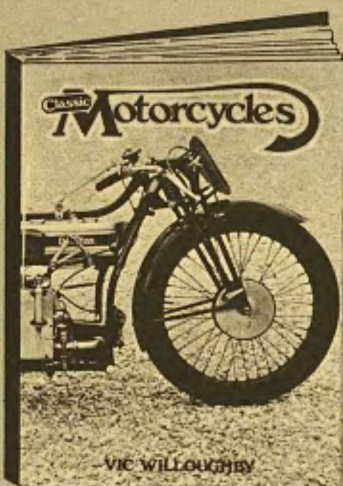
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It's a beautiful hardcover book, with 176 pages (including lots of color photos) of 40 different famous old bikes you've heard about but seldom see any more. This book will appeal to the purist, for the bikes featured are guaranteed turn-ons for the 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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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.

For brother Beece "Viking" Crandall. Rest in peace and ride forever. Grim Reapers and Satan's Bros.

In memory of Ed Summers, from a sister who will always keep you alive in her dreams. Chris Vick.

Bob Watts, you may have been an outlaw to some, but you were a brother to me. Brian, Sons of Dixie M.C.

In memory of Little Patti, a righteous lady who won't be forgotten. Dirty Dave, family and friends. Fairbanks, Alaska.

In memory of Hippy John Roberts. Life in the fast lane is short when shared with an illegal-turning broad. Skip, Jeni, Mike and Swede.

In memory of "Tak," a bro who really lived. I'll always be my brother's keeper.

In loving memory of Helen. I'll miss you and love you forever. Jerry, Nassau, N.Y.

In memory of Barry Muth. One helluva biker. Mike, Ron, Norm, and Tom.

In memory of Goblins, one hell of a bro, who will be remembered forever by the Menekaunee River Rats.

In memory of Max. He rode his Harley to the end, and will never be forgotten. Bob and Marlene.

In memory of Paul. I'll miss you very much, and you'll never be forgotten. Love, Adele.

In memory of Bruce "Foot" Warburton, Williamsburg, Va. The sun has gone down for him here, but his day will never be done. D., Apperson, Va.

In memory of Denny Adamo. Gone but not forgotten. Kathy, Honeybrook, Pa.

In memory of T.C., who was dusted by a pig in Hampton, Va. You'll always be in our hearts. Slow Eddie.

In memory of Dave Mason, who went left of the centerline forever. Slinger, Aeolus M.C., Ohio.

In memory of my ol' man, Mike, of the A.O.A. The finest man to live in memory or in life. T.L., Albany, Ga.

In memory of "Toys," who died as she lived—on the back of a scooter.

In memory of Cecil "Popeye" Poston, who lived and died hard and fast. Gypsy 'n' Rose.

In memory of our baby, Kevin. Though you never got to ride here on earth with us, you're riding in heaven with Eddie, Mom and Dad. Columbia, Md.

In memory of Little Tink, shot down in his prime. Loved ya then and always. Mad Mick the Mole, Australia.

A tribute to Roger "Ramjet" Godwin. Gone but not forgotten. From his bros in California and Texas.

In memory of Billy Ray, the best brother that ever climbed on a Hog. Norm and Lea Anne.

Deeply and sadly missed are you, "Iron Lung." My ol' man, loved and cherished. A Freedom Rider from Seneca Falls. New York, Fla.

In memory of Wop, from his ol' lady. Mouth. He was shot by a fool. Mouth of the South.

In memory of Tommy Richards, who had an understanding with everyone he met. Brenda, Garden Grove, Calif.

In memory of Dan. You rode hard and died too fast and soon. Your ol' lady, Pauline.

In memory of Urs, a true bro and biker who got cut off from life too soon. Love, Nails.

Male Call

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

Would appreciate funky letters from any babe who reads this. Willie James Lindsey #0051419, Box 221-CI-114, Ralford, Fla. 32083.

This crank needs a turn, so let's kick it over. Ladies, Dave "Speedy" Huffman, Ventura School, 3100 Wright Road, Camarillo, Calif. 93010.

I'm a long way from home, lonely, and badly in need of mail and help from righteous ladies. Willie R. Claffin #36451-118, P.P.S., 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33177.

I'm a lonely dude who needs mail from ladies. Phillip Boothe, PMB 23965-C1, Texarkana, Tex. 75501.

Downed dude wants to hear from sluts and sweatbags. Steve Henning #102212, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45006.

21-yr-old dude would like to write to level-headed babes 17-34 for meaningful relationship. Eugene Peterson #053300, Box 518, Mail #361, Zephyrhills, Fla. 33599.

I'm in dire need of correspondence with women who want to be a part of my life. William Dorsey, 102 W. Madison, Phoenix, Ariz. 85003.

Tweety Bird is in the cage and needs mail to help him fly the coop. Randy Simpson #100270, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45006.

Would like to hear from freaky females. Jimmie Pratt #A-047101, M.N. 583, De Soto Corr. Inst., Box 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Need a sweetheart to kick around with. Dennis Hager #73085, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Would like to hear from chicks of all ages. Robert Byrd #031041, 12-3114, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Lonely and need mail. Send letters and pictures. Charles "Gummy" Clark #A-023194, E-18, Box 221, Ralford, Fla. 32083.

I'm lonely and would like to hear from some girl to brighten my world. Don Moyer, Box 7309, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Beauty is on the inside. Appearance makes no difference. Write. I have lots of love to give. Cornell Reynolds #103461, S.C.C.A., Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

No foreplay, just send me your name and we'll get married. Jack Inman #A-047203, Box 352, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

I want to hear from all you sweet, hot and nasty women. "Fast" Chuck Mason #128368, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Looking for some good letters from foxy ladies. Rick Bird #21992-175, D-519, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kans. 66048.

I'm down' life and need mail pretty bad. 26 yrs. old and goin' down fast. Help me get up. M. Celestine #7701, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.

I'm 100% female, incarcerated, and ready for some rap from a few free bikers of the world. Interested? Drop a line. Dawn Lea #C-77141, Box C, Dwight, Ill. 60420.

My scooter is #1, but I could use a #2, so write. James "Abe" Moore #39238-115-A, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

Hey, beavers—write and try to be your most imaginative self, whatever that may be. We're not prejudiced about anything you may say. Write Blaine A. Chapala #066182 and James C. Johnson #046339, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Good-looking young dude seeks correspondence with ladies. Will send photo and would appreciate same. Daniel Lee Helstrom #621485, 6-B-4 Wing, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99062.

Would really appreciate having someone to write to. Kifaru Simone Taylor #137-500, 777 West Riverside Drive, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

To all you universal chicks: I need mail in a hurry. Bernard Ellis #84215-1, Rt. 1, Box 280, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

Mail? What is it? I've been down so long I forgot what I did. Could dig letters from some sweet young thing. Larry D. Hanna, Box 4000R, Fort Grant, Ariz. 85643.

Young scooter tramp needs letters from good-headed, horny babes. Cactus and Little Bit, where are you? Dan Hendrix, Karl Holton School, Box 5600, Stockton, Calif. 95205.

30-yr.-old Italian male wishes to write to me. Ricky Blinson #111394, Conn., or N.Y. area. Henry Renzi, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Lonely bro would like to hear from all interested ladies. Bob Bench, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93401.

Down seven years with a lot more to go and need letters from good ladies. No dipshits. Marion A. Pruett #19871-175, Box PMB, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

If you want to write to a cool dude, write to me. Ricky Blinson #111394, Rt. 1, Box 7, Greenville, Va. 24440.

German, Irish, Dutch and French; I'm royalty that counts, and that's only half. Mike Roby #87764-132, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kans. 66048.

I'm in need of groovy, sexy chicks to write to. J. R. Henson, Box #PMB 39919-115-A-2, Texarkana, Texas 75501.

Hope to die. I need a good ol' lady to help me keep it together. David A. Brooks, Box B-43633-A, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Ex-biker would like to hear from foxy, freaky chicks. Glen Richardson #96306, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Lonely and erotic-minded lover needs attention from some of you sweet young things out there. Virgil Roof #069447, Box 1100, #1723, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Lonely and would like to hear from females of all ages. Will answer all letters. Andrew Johnson #137-908, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Q-lude king needs to hear from split-lits. Billy Shima #23404-149, Box 4000, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

Looking for a dirty ol' bitchass whore to write a nasty ol' kinky outlaw gangster. Wayne Tidwell #C-61490, Box 99, #210 W.C.H., Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Down and deserted outlaw tramp needs correspondence from ladies for spiritual intercourse. Eddie "Tomstone" Graham #88564, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kans. 66048.

35-yr.-old, sincere man with sense of humor wants to hear from ladies my age or younger. Harmon Wheeler #157-886, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

I'm locked up, but life will be better with a letter from you. J. C. Gary, Jr. #30340-120 B/N, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Grim Reaper down for two and a half years wants letters from sexy, crazy chicks who like to party. Stanley "Mad Dog" Arachukavitz #81823-A, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Would like to hear from all chicks who live in California. Bruce Bowersox #B-28523, Rm. 8316, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Lonely man needs woman to love and cherish. Anthony Sullivan #B-87137, C.T.F. Central, Box 686, G-343, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

24-yr. old Gemini loves chess, singing, tender care, and letters from ladies. Earl Jenkins #C-60323, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

California prisoner needs mail and help from ladies or anyone. Eddie Knight #141803, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49833.

Doing time and want to hear from open-minded ladies. Jim Laws #39328 and Tom Wolfe #23542, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Handsome prisoner seeks mail from ladies 18-25. Eddie "Snake" Mitchell #30265-117, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kans. 66048.

Bro down and in need of mail. Keith Webb #032169, Box 1100, #1705, Avon Park, Fla. 33823.

We're down and need some mail. Carl West #A-053279, Frank Morton #062078, Kipp Todd #029694, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Young muff diver with hot head and tongue wants to hear from chicks anywhere. Glen Monroe #74-A-3005, 250 Harris Road, Bedford Hills, N.Y. 10607.

Would like to hear from foxy chicks. Don "Mac" MacCormac #251036, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98384.

Lonely, down-to-earth, liberal, sincere female 34 yrs. old seeks attractive female to correspond with. Charlie Frisbie #27-D-150, 135 State St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

Two brothers down and lonely, needing mail from ladies. Michael J. Rice #25927 and John Moses #26630, Box 539 RR1, Jefferson City, Mo. 65103.

Ladies, please send photos or just write. Doing fifteen hard years. I'm 25 yrs. old. Curtis D. Collins #056155, Box 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

27-yr.-old bro would like to hear from young ladies. Steve Baldrige #B-83644, C.M.C., Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I'm a down, no-good asshole and a tramp, but even the lowest form of life needs mail. Earl "Smoker" Lynd #146-069, Box 511, Apt. 2-B-5, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

A very lonely male would like to hear from ladies who call me Jamie Perkins #059966, S.C.I. Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Doing time and need some chicks to pick me up. Roy "Sly" Kyser #A-036170, Box 158-H, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Lonely, well-hung biker would love to receive letters from any female. Tommy McGlockin #86152, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Forgotten brother looking for a sincere woman who'll help make time a little easier. George Gutridge #99485-131-A, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

Doing time, so drop me a line. M.C. "Skieter" Reinhardt #39186, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Good-looking female prisoner would like to correspond with free-world men and women. Barbara Jackson, Box 1134, Peewee Valley, Ky. 40056.

36-yr.-old Harley lover will answer all mail. Robert M. Rich #31568, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

35-yr.-old male needs letters from ladies with kinky minds. Let's get a good thing going. Richard F. Evans #C-56115, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I'm busted and disgusted and want to hear from ladies 16-60. Vic "Caveman" Johnson #32352, Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

I need mail from ladies, so write to Ron Savage #B-88186, Box 600, L-245, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Looking for fine older ladies. I'm 23 and have been around, so write and send me a photo. Michael Darmanin #200-073, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

In stir and in need of letters. Come on, you lovely chicks, write to me. Mike "Hawkeye" Wright #150-563, Box 511 C.M.R.C., Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Righteous dude up for grails, so come on, girls, and help yourself. Robert Woodward #B-88207, Box A-6389, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Ladies, give me a break and write. Raymond "Spider" Maxwell #047250 D-56, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Need an ol' lady now who is marriage minded. Bud Lenhof #B-88121 R-146, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm 5' 5" with two years to go and need a good ol' lady to love and put with. Russell Udoresk #39484, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

An honest dude needs lady 18-80 with good head and heart. Jerry Nece #9549, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

30-yr.-old dude from Houston, Tex., would love to hear from foxy chicks. William "Buddy" Zahn #40629-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Need mail from young, good-looking women. Jim Furde #15972, Box 7309, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Together dude with good head wants to meet ladies with something on their mind. Robert George #4186, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

This guy of 32 yrs. needs ladies of all ages to help him do his twenty years. Will swap photos. Gerald F. Bell #87353, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Could use letters from females, a little conversation, and a smile or two. Please write. John House, Rm. 8150, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Write to me, foxy ladies. Thank you. Lonnie Hill #15845, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

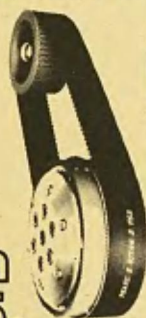
Give a lonely bro a place to get paroled to. Mark W. Smith #98692, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45006.

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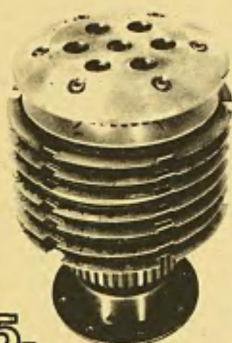
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The Way to the Wind

—Continued from page 65

udes nothing more exciting than an occasional fart, all a body wants to do is fall asleep and dream. But I persisted, and managed to stay awake by experimenting on my wife with some sleep suggestions. Over and over, I whispered in her ear, "Tomorrow you will be filled with an intense desire to drown yourself in a toilet bowl." It was a long shot, but it passed the time.

About midnight, I heard them drive up, so I grabbed my pistol and peeked into the living room through the partially-open bedroom door. I planned to let them get settled, because I knew he'd try to fuck her once they sat down, and then I'd calmly walk out there and tell him to get his slimy carcass out of my house. Oh how crafty I was! Can you imagine the rage? How would you feel if you thought you had a sure piece of ass for the night and then got cut off—not by the ass, but by the ass's father? It was a fine plan and it would have worked if I hadn't hesitated. But what I observed when they came in the living room was so absurd that I acted illogically again.

The two of them quietly walked to the couch and started clearing a spot on the coffee table. Cynthia then rummaged through her purse and took out a small mirror. I watched them busy themselves, and after a minute of tapping and scraping, I watched in amazement as they both took turns sniffing the mirror. I mean, they weren't just sniffing, they were *sniffing*. What kind of pervert would sit in a living room with a nice piece of tail and sniff a mirror? It didn't make any sense to me—unless he was one of those fags. If he was a fag, why the hell was he taking out my daughter? If I was him, by God, I would have at least had a hand on some tit by now.

In the few seconds that elapsed during this personal discourse, I had inadvertently let my eyes drop from the center of attention. When I looked again into the dark living room, I couldn't see a thing. They had disappeared from view.

Now was the time to act!

I flung the door open and walked confidently into the darkened expanse while waving my pistol in all directions. Somewhere, somehow,

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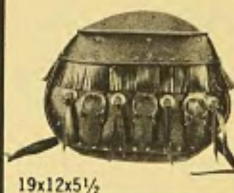
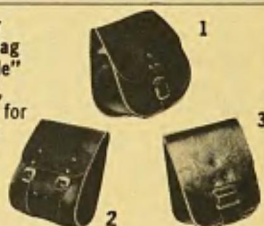
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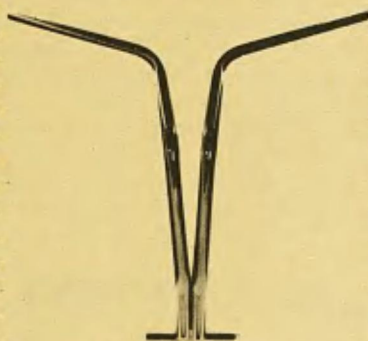
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they had dropped from sight in a matter of seconds. And if I didn't find them soon, that bastard might get his rocks off. When I walked to the end of the couch, there they were, humpin' to burn a hole in my shag carpet. The light was so faint that all I could see was a hairy ass going up and down. It wasn't easy talking to a pumping anal crevice, but I clicked off the safety on my pistol and said, "Git your ass out of my house."

No response.

I cleared my throat and yelled again, "I said git your fucking ass out of my house!"

Still no response. Here I was, watching his ass go up and down and not able to do a damn thing.

"I'll blow your ass off if you don't get your ass up and out of here!"

In between groans and sighs, I heard him say, "Right, Pops. In a few seconds." And then one or both proceeded to come in full glory right before my eyes. To add insult to injury, that hell's humper then raised his ass and farted on the withdrawal.

"Oh shit!" Cynthia said, and then sprinted to her room with tits and ass shaking in all directions.

Then it was just me and Burnitt.

He stood up calmly, pulled on his pants, and then looked at me with a smirk.

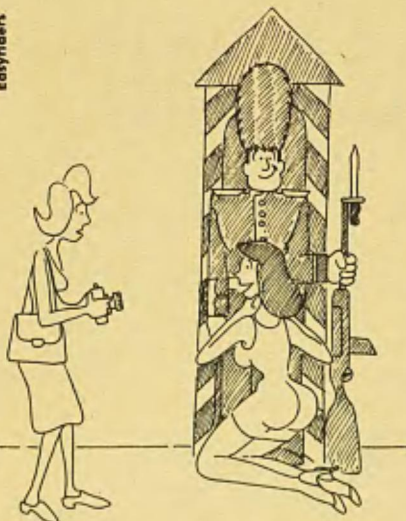
I promptly pointed the pistol in the proper direction to blow off his head if the trigger was pulled.

"Hey man, you can't shoot a person for fucking," he said coolly.

"Watch me," I replied.

"You'd have to shoot yourself

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"I told you I could make him smile."

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after you shot me. It'd be a big waste all the way around."

"Wasted is what you're going to be if you don't make a permanent exit within the next few seconds."

This statement was successful in bringing a large smile to his face. It was not a mocking smile. I could best describe it as a smile of admiration.

Burnitt turned and started walking toward the door. But then hesitated and stopped.

"You know, Pops," he began while pulling his hair back into a ponytail, "I like your style."

"You do?" I asked.

"Yeah, you've got real balls."

I was quickly taken in by the flattery, but my pistol was still raised.

"Balls," he continued, "are an asset that shouldn't be wasted and you're wasting them in this suburban douche bag."

It was bad enough being farted on, but now this guy was tearing apart my very existence. I'll admit, there were times when I felt as though my life was nothing more than a blast in a smelly hole, but overall, I couldn't complain.

"Don't you ever want to get crazy?" he asked with a weird gleam in his eye.

My mind flashed to the little sunbather across the street. There was also a fleeting vision of my laying a big turd on one of those ceramic deer that Harry Manicot has in his yard.

"I'm not the one with problems at this moment, so why don't you turn your ass around and ride out of this douche bag?" I said, hoping to change the subject because it was making me uneasy.

"Why don't you ride out of it with me, Pops?" he asked.

"You're fucking insane," I said.

"I've worked hard to get where I



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"I tried that with a girl once . . . little cunt bit me!"

am and you want me to throw it all away."

"You have nothing," he said flatly.

"I've built a reputation!"

"You've built a plastic douche bag," he said, with a note of sadness that made my pistol drop.

About that time, my wife staggered out of the bedroom with her curlers, cold cream, flat feet, crow's feet, no teeth, loose tits—and various other erotic attractions.

"What's going on here?" she asked.

I looked at her and then I looked at him. He looked at her and then he looked at me. I looked at her and then I looked at me.

"Let's go," I said.

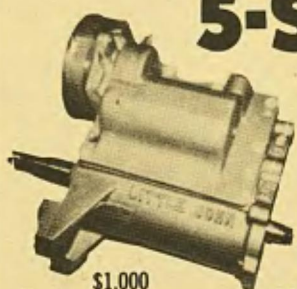
As I look back on the whole episode, the only thing I can regret not doing is asking Cynthia if she wanted to go along. I suppose the social shock of her father becoming a motorcycle bum kinda sent her into a super-straight rage. The last time I talked to her, she was making plans for law school.

I've been living with a bunch of people out in the country, and every once in a while we get on our bikes and ride through my old suburb. It's sad to see those poor bastards with their rakes and their leaves, but I guess they never had the unique opportunity to see themselves quite like I saw myself that night in the living room. In fact, it's so sad that I think I have a duty to improve their existence. That's why, right at this moment, I'm packing the little babe that used to lie out in the sun across from my old house. We're gonna drop by the homestead, snort some toot, and from then on it's just a matter of getting caught in the act of primitive lust by her father, the ailing suburbanite. Life is so fine when you know that you're doing something really worthwhile. ■

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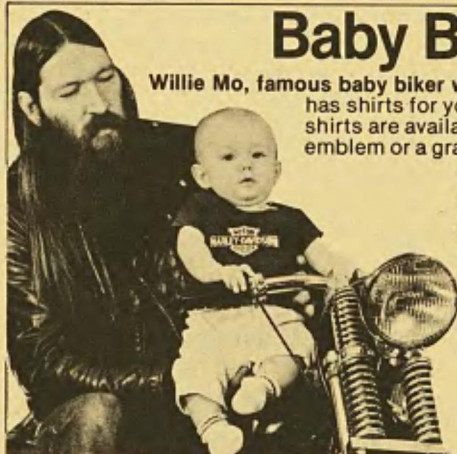
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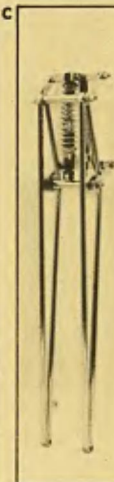
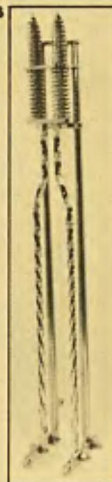
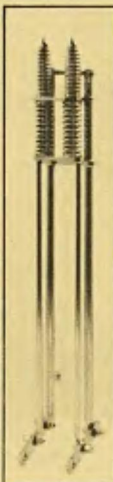
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BURRO BLUES

—Continued from page 13

all came clear. That crazy mutha intended to feed that cute little burro to his maniac dogs. The old man led the donkey toward the pickup, telling us how he'd owned Horace for about three years, but when his daughter had moved out with her kid, he'd decided to find the animal another home. He told Fuzz about how gentle Horace was and how any kid could ride him. Fuzz looked serious and replied that he'd give ol' Horace the best of care and that his kids would really love their new pet.

I had to look away and bite the inside of my cheeks during all this to keep from bustin' out laughing—because I knew the only family Fuzz had were those two overgrown man-eaters that patrolled his house and garage. Fuzz grabbed my arm and told me to give him a hand with the ramp so we could load Horace into the truck. Horace wasn't too crazy about going for a ride and we had a little trouble convincing him to get in. But finally, after a lot of pulling and shoving, we got him loaded and the old man tied Horace's lead rope to a hook on a side panel. The sight of a donkey standing in the back of the little truck was just too much. I couldn't hold back a laugh, so I tried to cover it up by faking a cough. Fuzz gave me a look as he handed the old man fifteen bucks. By this time, every kid in the area had wandered onto the scene to say adios to ol' Horace. Fuzz asked me to drive, so I jumped behind the wheel while he shook hands with the former donkey owner before climbing in. I put the truck in gear and started down the driveway.

We had almost reached the paved road when Horace decided he'd already had enough of this bullshit and went berserk. That little fuckin' truck felt like it was gonna do an end-o. I slammed on the brakes, sending Horace crashing against the back of the cab and driving one of his front hoofs through the rear window. I jumped out of the truck to survey the damage—but Horace was just gettin' started. I stepped back to watch the flipped-out donkey kickin' the shit outta that little Jap truck.

The whole scene struck me as pretty funny, but Fuzz was hot and screaming at Horace like that stupid

donkey could understand him. I looked down the driveway and spotted the old man running toward us, followed by a small army of rug rats. Just as I was about to tell Fuzz help was on the way, the tie-down rope snapped and Horace reared up—coming down on the roof of the truck and caving it in. Well, that tore it for Fuzz. He reached in his cutoff, pulled out his .38, and put a round into Horace's right ear. The donkey dropped like a sack of cement and Fuzz roared, "OK, motherfucker, you're officially dog food *now*, by God!"

The old man was yelling at Fuzz, and when I jumped back into the truck I bashed my head against the caved-in roof. Fuzz was still pissed and probably woulda shot the old fucker and all the kids too if I hadn't yelled for him to get the hell in the truck. I sped outta the driveway with the old man and the kids in hot pursuit, throwing rocks and yelling "Murderer! Murderer!"

Back on the road, what with Horace spread out in the back, I started to laugh again. Fuzz looked at me with blood in his eyes, but I still couldn't stop laughing. Finally, I had to pull over because I was laughing so hard I couldn't see where I was going. We got out to check the truck—the rear window was smashed, the roof was caved in, and big dents marked the side panels, sticking out like huge pimples. Fuzz started to snivel about how was he gonna fix the damage and I told him to sell his scooter—it might bring enough to cover the repairs. He was in no mood for humor, so I shut up.

I tried to cheer him up, pointing out that at least his dogs would eat good for a while. He threw me a sour look and said, "Sure. It'll cost a grand or so to fix the truck, and if this sonofabitch dresses out at 200 pounds, he'll cost me about five bucks a pound. Some deal!"

I did a quick check on Fuzz's math and reminded him of the fifteen bucks that went to the old man. I got another foul look.

Getting back into the truck, I cracked my head again, so I figured it was time to do a little body work. I punched the dented roof from the inside and it popped back to its original position—more or less. Fuzz seemed to be calmin' down just a mite as we neared his house and even offered to buy me a beer. So I pulled into the next liquor store we came to. As we climbed out, we both glanced back at Horace. Fuzz

just shook his head and walked toward the store.

The store was sort of crowded and we had to wait in line to pay. As we neared the cash register, I glanced out the store window just in time to witness a miracle—Horace had risen from the dead and was struggling to his feet. Evidently the slug had only grazed his head, temporarily putting out his lights. When Fuzz saw what was happening, he dropped the beer and made for the door, pulling out his piece as he ran. Horace had already bailed outta the truck and was heading down the street—catching the attention of two cops in a passing patrol car. The black and white slammed to a stop about the same time Fuzz did. By then, Horace had caught fourth gear and hauled ass past the cop car before disappearing around the corner. Fuzz quickly shoved the .38 back in his cutoff and mumbled obscene curses.

Fuzz and I were on the same wavelength, so we kept walking right on past the pickup like we'd never seen it before. The Man saw us, though, and called us over. With a stunned look, one of the cops asked us if we knew anything about that donkey running down the street. We looked at him like he was nuts and played dumb. Luckily for us, the cop let it go at that and began eyeing the truck. Fuzz and I kept moving, picking up speed as we walked away from the scene, and as soon as we were out of sight, we hauled ass. A few blocks later, Fuzz stopped at a phone booth and called the chick who owned the truck we'd just abandoned. I leaned against the phone booth, listening to him tell the girl that her truck had been ripped off and that she'd better call the cops. He came out of the phone booth with a look of relief, saying the broad seemed to buy the story.

We were pretty close to Fuzzy's house, and that was a break, because I never was much into walking. As we approached his property, we were beset by his two man-eaters, both of them snarling at me through the fence till Fuzz called them off. Once inside the house, we dropped into chairs and kicked back without saying much. After a while, Fuzz began reading the classified ads again. I lit up a joint and wondered if Horace was still at large, terrorizing the citizens and blowing the cops' minds. Well, no matter what, there's never a dull moment when Fuzz is around. ■



His Ol' Lady I wish she was mine

Some bros just are never happy; these dudes wouldn't even be pleased if they got a new Low Rider for a birthday present. If I was endowed with a sweet young thang like Jean, this month's cutie, I wouldn't have a complaint in the fuckin' world.

But Jean's ol' man doesn't know how good he's got it. Hell, he's the kind of dude who'd rather smack someone than mutter "thank you" under his breath. An' Jean's got to live daily with that kind of fiery attitude, tryin' constantly to please the guy.

Shit, along with the usual cleanin', she dusts the tubes in the boob box, sweeps off the roof





twice a week, an' washes her ol' man's shorts by hand. She washes walls like some broads wash dishes, an' she scrubs the inside of the oven as often as most folks brush their teeth—whether she's cooked in it or not. The pad is as immaculate as the inside of a sterilization machine—but is her ol' man happy? Fuck, no. He'll smack her if he spots a speck of dust on the groomed lawn.

An' Jean's cookin' is unbelievable. She chops up grub more skillfully than Benihana. It's a rush just to watch her work around the kitchen—like Betty Crocker and the white tornado rolled into one. If she nicks an egg yolk, she'll redo the entire breakfast; she bakes her own bread, cans her own jam, an' drives fifty miles to a fresh-vegetable stand. There's always munchies in the pad, an' if there's less than a case of beer in the fridge, you won't find Jean around. She'll be on her way to the liquor store.

But don't get the wrong idea an' think her cookin' makes her ol' man smile. Hell, this guy blows it if the food for the mutt ain't hot enough.

Jean keeps the bikes and cars so polished you'd think her ol' man's garage was an exhibit in a custom vehicle show. I've even seen her polishin' mags by flashlight at night. She shines his putt before he goes to work, before he goes out at night, and sometimes before he goes to bed.

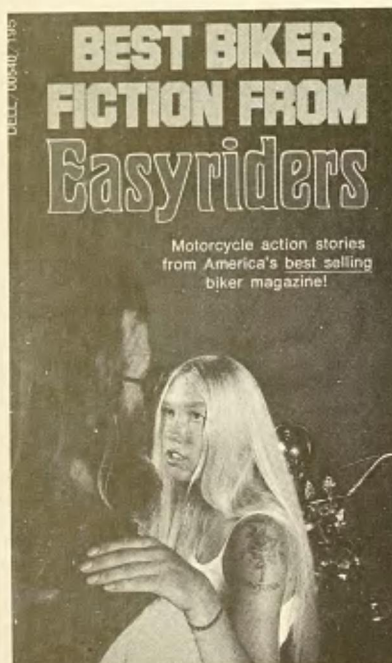
But is he pleased? Is a flat tire fun? This guy goes through the roof if the car parked out at the curb is water-spotted—whether it's his or not.

Jean also works out regularly on her bod to keep it trim and fit. But is it enough that she's the best-lookin', most statuesque an' poised cunt in the city? Hell, no. The other night, after spendin' some time in the garage, he stomped back into the house with a pair of grubby weights made from bike parts and shoved 'em into Jean's pretty face. All he said was, "I want yer tits to be bigger soon or git yer spoiled ass out!"

So now, along with everything else, she pumps iron every fuckin' day like a Joe Weider fanatic. Shit, I think her boobs are fuckin' beautiful, but some guys just ain't never satisfied. Wish Renegade would give this honey a break!

—Snake

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Fetishes and Curses

—Continued from page 48

guised as a bug, the dude's friends would take steps to keep his soul inside his body. To achieve this, they closed all of his orifices—ass-hole, peehole, mouth, nose, etc.—by pinning them shut with fishhooks. But if the dude had any thoughts of returnin', it's doubtful that he'd wanta come back after that kind of treatment from his bros.

The custom of burying favorite goods with the body is practiced even today. A biker often gets his favorite Harley parts, a few bottles of Jack Daniels, and maybe an ear off the fucker that dusted him. The whole trip is just an echo of the burial chambers found in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt. For example, a king like Tutankhamen went away smellin' like a rose—literally—since he was embalmed with sweet-smellin' shit and then surrounded by a couple of tons of gold and jewels. Poor dudes, however, just got buried with a tuft of wool in their hands so that when they greeted St. Peter on Judgment Day, they could show it to him and let him know they had been shepherds all their lives.

In Sweden, the custom was to bury pretty girls with a mirror in their coffin so they could fix their faces and comb their hair before disembarking at the pearly gates. Also, when a dude was buried, and his friends weren't certain about the cause, they put a straight razor in one hand so he could do the job right in case he woke up six feet under the ground.

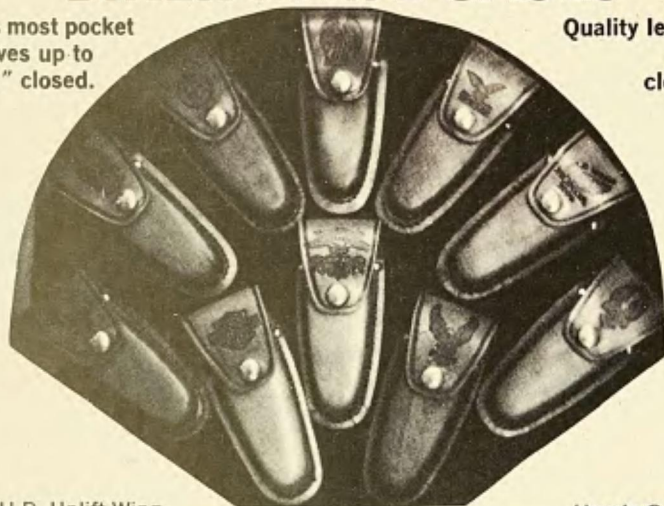
The only effective cure for a wound in the Middle Ages that was firmly believed in and trusted was to take the weapon that was used, whether it was a rusty old nail, an iron bar, or a sword, and keep it greased and polished while the wound went completely ignored. Not surprisingly, most of the wounded folks died of tetanus.

Another cure for a wound was to scrape the moss off a human skull, preferably that of a man who had been hanged or who had been tortured to death by the local fuzz. By sprinkling the moss on the wound, a cure was effected. To keep from getting wounded, the same moss was sewn in the lining of the jerkin under the left armpit, and as long as it was worn, the wearer was

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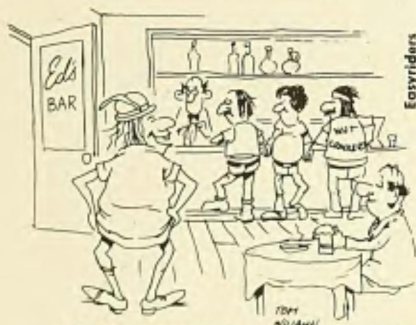
This moss does indeed grow on human skulls, appearing almost daily, in spite of constant scraping, and it was in no way considered to be magic by those who used it. It was of true pharmaceutical value, and was, in fact, listed as one of the ingredients in the old pharmacopoeias under the Latin name of *usnea humana*. The moss was recommended for any disorders of the brain, too, but when it didn't stop a wound from bleeding, another fearsome ointment was reverted to. Here's the recipe, in case ya wanta try it:

"Take a pound each of the grease of the wild boar and the same quantity of a male bear's fat. Gather a goodly portion of earthworms, place them in a pot and burn the earthworms till they are reduced to ashes. Take three half-eggshells of the earthworm ashes, add some skull moss, pressed into the shape of four walnuts, which has grown from the skull of a hanged man or one who was broken on the wheel. Take two ounces of bloodstone and three ounces of sandalwood, reduced to a fine powder, mix all these with the grease, and you have obtained the noble *Unguentum Armarium*, the ointment of war."

Another remedy for bleeding was as follows: "If the bleeding is very strong, prepare a mixture of incense, dragon's blood and aloe, adding some dried horse-dung, and strew it over the wound. You can expect a good result from the droppings of goats reduced to a powder and mixed with vinegar. A dressing can also be prepared from the droppings of geese mixed with vinegar."

So the next time you feel like bitchin' because you don't like the treatment you're gettin' at the clinic, think about livin' in "the good ol' days."

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bleeding, which was a cure for just about everything. It comes from "The Compleat Housewife," a book published in the Middle Ages. "Let the party take of the syrup of stinking orach a spoonful night and morning. Then as follows: take three pints of good ale, boil in it the piths of three ox-backs, a half a handfull of clary, a handfull of nepeta, a quarter of a pound of dates stoned, sliced, and the pith taken out, a handfull of raisins on the sun stoned, three whole nutmegs pricked full of holes. Boil all these till half be wasted; strain it out and drink a small wineglass at your going to bed as long as it lasts. Accompanying not with your husband during the time or sometime before. Be very careful and let nothing disquiet you. Take Shepherd's Purse a good handfull and boil it in a pint of milk till half be consumed and drink it off." Now that's *gotta* cure somethin'!

For people with arthritis and pleurisy, it was recommended that they go to the gallows late at night, have friends lift them up where they could reach the stiff, and then take his hand and rub it on the affected parts. The "Hand of Glory," it was known as, and it cured everything, including a bad case of the blue balls—especially if rigor mortis set in just as the dude's hand was caressin' your nuts.

The rituals, magic, and fetishes that surrounded the birth of a leg-biter is still practiced in many rural areas in these modern times—but some of 'em got pretty heavy in olden times. After birth, great efforts were made to prod, shake, tickle, and stimulate the baby into sneezing as soon as possible, because until the kid sneezed, it was held to be in the power of the fairies. Once christened, though, the brat was fairly safe. An old trick was quickly to stuff some butter, mixed with brown sugar, into the kid's mouth. This habit most likely came as a result of the Biblical prophecy, "Butter and honey shall he eat that he may know to refuse evil and choose God."

During multiple christenings, boys had to be dipped first or they'd grow up to be fags, and girls, if they went first, wound up as bull dykes. Here's a few more quickies.

It's unlucky to weigh a baby before it's a year old. It must be carried head up and high over the nurse's head the first time it leaves the room where it was born or it

will not "rise to life" to better itself. (Now I know why I'm a nobody. My nurse went outta the room whistlin' an' danglin' me by the joint.) If the child is carried low, it will only go downhill. The deep-seated belief about not weighing the baby still has a strong hold on many country people, and the health department is constantly having to fight such things.

The baby must not see itself in a mirror, or crawl through a window for the same length of time, or it will not grow but remain small. If the child is born with teeth—or even only one tooth—it is bad luck. This seems to be plain common sense, as it would obviously be plenty of bad luck to have some little bastard chewin' on his mother's tit like a cat on a sardine.

And speakin' of tits, they were designed to serve only one purpose—squirtin' milk into some yowlin' little bastard's mouth. But they are the best known of all fetishes where man is concerned.

Lots of chicks regard their own tits as a sexual fetish. It turns them on when dudes look at them, or play with them, and they invariably get off when their lover sucks on 'em. Size isn't really important to the person who has a genuine tit fetish, but we've all been brain-washed by movies, television, and magazines that large tits seem to be more stimulating than small ones.

But the size of tits isn't as important as it may seem, especially when it comes to lovin' 'em or suckin' on 'em. After all, how much of a tit can a dude get in his mouth? He'd hafta be King Kong to get some of the bigger tits in his mouth, and anyhow, the fetish began for



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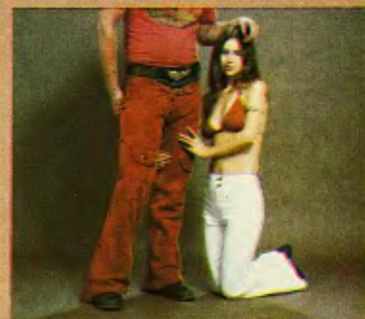
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him when he was a baby, suckin' on his mother's nipple, so it's really the only important part.

Just as lots of dudes worry about havin' a small cock, however, many girls worry about havin' little tits. There are records showin' that young girls have actually committed suicide because they had small tits and couldn't compete with other girls. Other chicks have silicone inserts put in their bodies to make their tits appear larger.

Asses are another fetish that men are into. Women don't often get turned on by a dude's ass, although *Cosmopolitan* magazine once published an article on Burt Reynolds stating that he had a cute ass. They didn't mention anything about his bald head or the size of his joint, so apparently their research program was limited. Usually, when it's a man's ass that's the fetish, the person who has the fetish is a fag.

Another fetish that's appealin' to most men is the female mouth. To some dudes, there has to be a special shape to a broad's mouth before it's appealin' enough to be a fetish, and most dudes will take a chick's mouth any way it's presented to him. Kissin' the mouth often satisfies the sexual urge he feels, but the most popular fetish for the mouth is in the area of fellatio—that is, usin' the mouth as a substitute for the female vagina. A certain amount of rigidity is required before a dude can stick his organ in a chick's pussy, but even the limpest of dicks fits easily into a little honey's mouth—and the result is as good, or better, than gettin' off by pokin' it in the other end.

Since we don't want to write anything dirty in this rag, this concludes today's essay on sex and fetishism. But stay tuned, 'cause there's more great stuff comin' up in future issues.



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Powerful Woman

—Continued from page 26

By the time he arrived in town, the local volunteer fire department had the blaze pretty well under control, but there would have to be some extensive repair work before the locals would once again have themselves a place to sip suds in the enforced absence of motorcyclists.

Five of Earl T. "Cess" Poole's best years had been shot to hell, thanks to his ex-wife. He went to bed horny every night while they were courting—she insisted on "waiting till they got married"—and most of the time thereafter, Gloria being given to headaches at bedtime.

Then he found out she had a boyfriend on the side—a little something to keep her amused while he worked his ass off to support her extravagant lifestyle. The Casanova in question got enough under his belt one evening to do a little bragging—which got back to Cess through a sympathetic bartender.

Cess caught them in the sack one afternoon when he was supposed to be working and beat the shit out of them both, a turn of events which only served to strengthen Gloria's case, as far as the judge was concerned. She took him for everything, plus \$180 a month alimony.

It was good to be rid of the bitch, but he was damned if he was going to spend the rest of his life paying for the privilege. His boss was understanding and gave him a healthy cash bonus when he quit. He used most of it to buy his scooter—no cherry, but one helluva lot more faithful than Gloria ever was. He arranged for the title to be in a friend's name so that it couldn't be used to track him down.

That was eighteen months ago. Since then, he'd been on the road, making a buck when and where he could, but mainly keeping a low profile in order to stay out of jail for non-payment of his alimony assessment.

"Hi there!" the sweet young thing greeted Cess as he once again dismounted in front of the ancient sorceress' dismal shanty. Today certainly was full of surprises, wasn't it? She looked like jailbait, but whatdafuck? Better to do time for this than for non-support.

"Well, hello!" Cess responded. "Where did you come from?"



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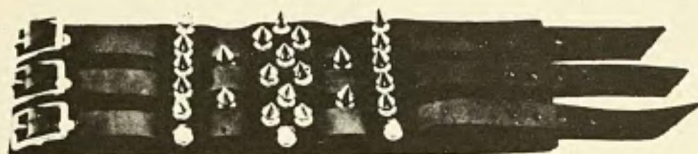


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"I live here," she answered, "with Granny. I was off in the woods gathering mushrooms when you were here earlier. Granny said to tell you she was tired and had to turn in early. Conjuring up a big fire on such short notice took a lot out of her."

"Well, let me tell you I was most favorably impressed by your granny's pyrotechnic display," Cess grinned. "If you think she'll be getting up any time soon, I'd sure like to stick around and thank her in person."

"Oh, Granny won't be up and around again till morning," she advised him, "but that's all right. You'll need a place to stay the night, anyway. It's going to rain, and you certainly don't want to be out riding on your motorcycle in bad weather."

Since leaving Montgomery and Gloria, Cess had ridden in climates far fouler than a mere summer cloudburst could produce, but never because he turned down an invitation from a foxy young broad who acted like she had a twitch to get porked. Funny, though, the sky was clear just a few minutes ago, and now it was heavy with those dark, low-hanging clouds which seldom fail to produce plentiful rain.

"C'mon," the sweet young thing urged, "grab your bedroll and we'll get situated in the shed. Granny might get a little upset if you stayed in the house. I know she talks dirty sometimes, but she's really kinda prudish. This way, we can have ourselves a little party!"

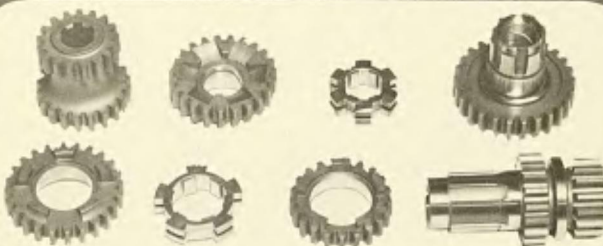
And a very interesting little party it was. Cess had almost forgotten how enjoyable an eager, teenage chick could be. Nanette was her name, Cess discovered, when they



"Would you care to explain the sausage, lady?"

AP

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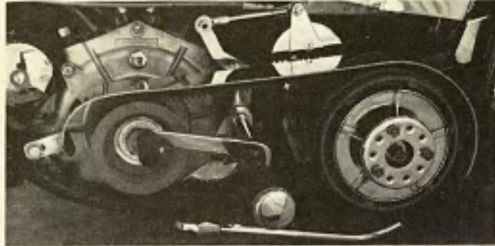
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got around to introductions just as he drifted off to sleep.

"Have a good rest, did you, sonny?" the old witch asked. Apparently Nanette had slipped back into the house during the night so as not to arouse the old broad's suspicions. Too bad. A little more of that would have made a nice eye-opener.

"Yeah," Cess responded, "I feel great. Sure wanta thank you for a shelter from last night's unfriendly skies. I also got a big rise out of the way you remodeled that saloon back in the village."

"Well, I might have done something fancier if you hadn't been in such a damned hurry," she said. "I was thinking of having the place raided for gambling—goes on there all the time, the immoral bastards—but I couldn't manage that because the sheriff always plays on Tuesday afternoons. I also considered termites, but those little cock-suckers are so slow that it would have taken days, and by that time you'd have been long gone. By the way, sonny, still think I was shit-tin' ya?"

"Oh, you got my apologies for any skepticism I might have shown," Cess assured her. "Which brings to mind another matter. Maybe you remember my saying something earlier about being bugged by alimony payments? Well, I was just wondering if I could get you to..."

"Put a hex on your ex?" the ancient one cackled. "It would be my pleasure. You want her dead, diseased, disabled—you name it, you got it. I'll need some personal item, of course, but I expect you got that or can get it."

"I still got a picture of her," Cess offered.

"That'll be fine," the witch informed him. "Now, what's it to be—death, disaster, or disability?"

"Really," Cess answered, "all I want is for her to get married—only not to just anybody. It's got to be to that prick she was fuckin' around with when we was engaged, married, and all that shit. I think she's still shackin' with him."

"It would be easier if you had some personal item belonging to him, too," she said, whereupon Cess produced a small keychain from which dangled a tooth he had knocked from Harry The Ass Bandid's head the time he'd caught the bastard in the sack with Gloria.

"Nothing wrong with that, sonny," the sorceress observed, "but do you mind if I ask why you don't

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after Granny. Couldn't you just stay here with us for awhile?"

"I already have, Sweet Thing," Cess answered. "And besides, your granny ain't exactly helpless from what I seen of her. Man, I'd hate like hell to have her on *my* case!"

"Then don't run off and leave her darling little granddaughter broken-hearted!" Nanette snapped, the tears drying up as suddenly as they had appeared.

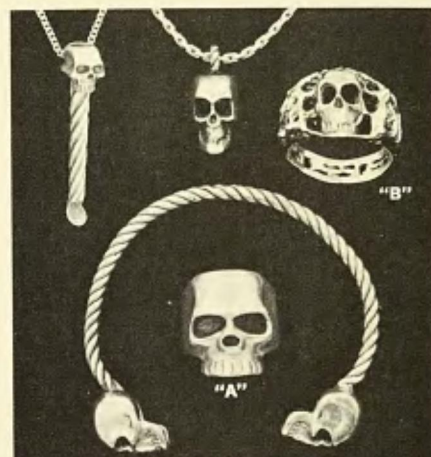
So this was the name of the game. No wonder the old buzzard was so eager to cast spells on anyone Cess wanted spells cast on. She had little Nanette tuned in to the idea of keeping him around—so that he could support both of them, most likely. Well, screw that! He'd had a bellyful of being used and abused, and he wasn't going for any such dipshit arrangement. Not out of gratitude for getting Gloria off his back, not for a dynamite young chick—not for anything! If Nanette was willing to stick around and play nursemaid to some decrepit old sack of shit, then let her. Snotty little bitch had some fuckin' nerve to threaten him, anyway. Piss on her—piss on both of them!

There was, of course, the problem of how to escape the wrath of the old witch. Cess remembered well the old woman's account of what she'd done to the butcher and the hog farmer—a fate worse than death, and it was her specialty.

He was gone before daylight, but not without having first formulated a scheme whereby, he hoped, he would be able to fool both a clever old witch and her not-so-naive, foxy granddaughter.

"Dearest Nanette," the note began, "I don't know just how to say this, but I'm flat broke and I can't ask you and your grandmother to do anything more for me. I've already imposed more than I should have. I'm going to the coast and work for a few weeks or whatever it takes to get some dollars ahead, then I'll be back for you. Meantime, talk to Granny and see if you can work something out with her so that you and I can be together someplace where I can make a decent living. Love, Cess."

There it was, not a dozen miles west of the little rutted road that led from the highway to the little shack in the woods: a bridge over a river. Cess knew there was supposed to be one somewhere around here. All right, so maybe it wasn't the



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raging Colorado, but it would have to do.

Taking a careful look ahead and over his shoulder, Cess confirmed the absence of traffic in both directions. He eased to a stop in the left lane at the approach to the bridge, took aim at the low, wooden guard rail on the right hand side, opened the throttle, and slid off the back as the bike did a wheelie out from under him. The Harley tore a chunk out of the guard rail as it plunged into the river below, its mangled remains coming to rest in a shallow spot by some rocks near shore. Perfect.

Cess thumbed a ride before anybody showed up to investigate, so he figured he was in the clear. They'd find the hole in the bridge, then the bike. They'd assume he'd run off the road and wasted himself. Anything could have happened to the body once it hit the river. The important thing, of course, was that Nanette would hear about the "accident," get worried, and go have herself a look at the wreckage—whereupon she would recognize the bike and conclude that her lover had gotten himself snuffed. He didn't like doing this to her, but it was her own damned fault for trying to run his life.

Two days later, Cess hit Fresno, looked up some friends, and got himself set up. He had a job by the following Monday, and one of his buddies who was doing pretty well agreed to co-sign a note so that he could get another bike.

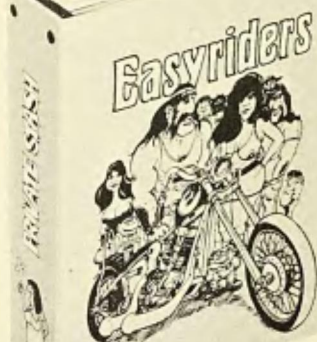
Earl T. "Cess" Poole figured he'd covered himself pretty thoroughly, although he remained a trifle uneasy for a few weeks. If, by some oddball quirk of fate, Nanette did manage to see through his little ruse, she'd tell her granny and Cess would wake up some morning to find his crank turned into a Polish sausage. Fortunately, nothing like this ever happened, so he could only

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surmise that he had been reduced to a fond, fading memory in the mind of sweet little Nanette.

As for Gloria, his bitch of an ex-wife, she was probably making Harry The Ass Bandit the most miserable sonofabitch in Montgomery by this time. Cess would have given long odds that she'd even made the bastard get a job.

Thus it was that he found it singularly amusing when he ran into Gloria's sister, Marie, one afternoon. Marie was older than Gloria by a couple of years, had married well, and was obviously "Ms. Respectable Upper Middle Class" now. Marie always thoroughly disapproved of Cess, especially since that New Year's Eve party when he got drunk and propositioned her.

"Hey, Marie," Cess called, "I don't suppose you might have reconsidered my offer?"

"I beg your pardon," she retorted with a coolness that would have frosted an Eskimo's balls. Obviously, she didn't recognize him.

"New Year's Eve, '75, you sexy bitch," he answered. "I had the misfortune to be married to your sister at the time, but I'm free as a bird today!"

"Earl Poole!" she exclaimed. "You're supposed to be dead!"

So the good folks back in Montgomery thought he'd cashed in, too. Somebody must have traced the engine number from the wreckage of his bike to his friend back in Alabama whose name appeared on the title. From there, they arrived at the obvious conclusion, as had Nanette. No problem—being dead in Montgomery beat the life he'd had when he lived there.

"Sorry I fucked up on that score, Marie," he smiled, "but you always did say I couldn't do anything right."

"I suppose, Mr. Poole, you are aware that you are some twenty months in arrears on your alimony payments to my poor sister!" Marie snapped.

"Screw your poor sister with a wet noodle," Cess snarled. "She's married to a very deserving asshole known as Harry The Ass Bandit."

"If you are referring to Gloria's brief and unfortunate marriage to that ne'er-do-well in Montgomery, that has been annulled. Good day, Mr. Poole."

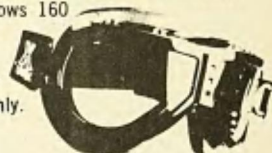
The shit had hit the fan, Cess knew at once—or at least it would soon. Gloria's marriage to Harry

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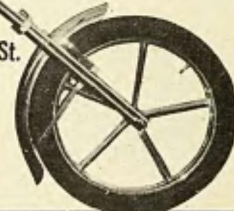
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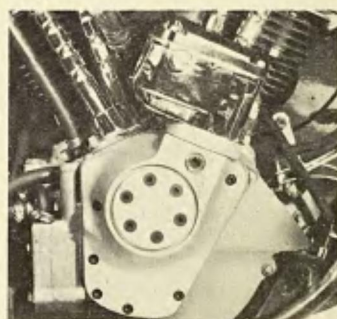
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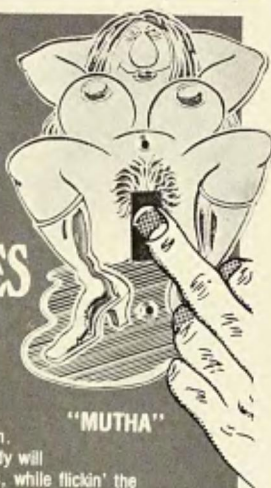
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The Ass Bandit had been annulled. Cess was no shithouse lawyer, but he knew that annulment was alto-
gether unlike divorce, in that it
meant the marriage had never real-
ly existed in the first place. The
parties to an annulled marriage
legally reverted to their previous
marital status, which in Gloria's
case meant divorced and legally en-
titled to collect alimony from Earl
T. "Cess" Poole. Gloria hadn't been
hounding him, but only because she
thought he was dead. She'd know
differently within the hour and
would have the hounds on his trail
within a day or two. She could have
him traced to his job through his
Social Security number. Unless he
split the scene, Cess Poole's ass
would be in the slammer by the
weekend.

What Cess couldn't figure out was
why, if Gloria wanted to get rid of
Harry The Ass Bandit, she didn't
just divorce him in the customary
manner. Granted, he probably
wouldn't have paid his alimony
either, but the vindictive bitch
could have had the satisfaction of
making his life miserable like she'd
done—or at least tried to do—to
Cess. An annulment let Harry off
the hook entirely, and that just
wasn't like Gloria.

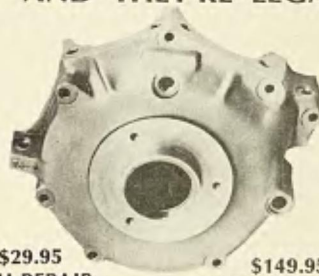
Cess called Montgomery and got
his answers. Gloria got an annul-
ment because that's what she had
grounds for. Harry The (one-time)
Ass Bandit couldn't get it up. She'd
given the judge a song-and-dance
about how Harry had been impo-
tent since their wedding night,
which of course was the first time
she'd had a chance to check him
out—according to Gloria. They'd
been married only a couple of
months, so her story was half-way



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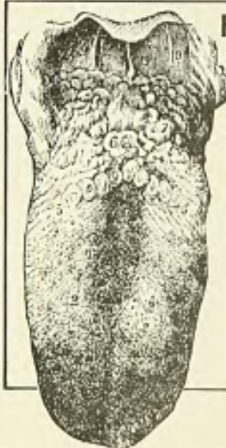
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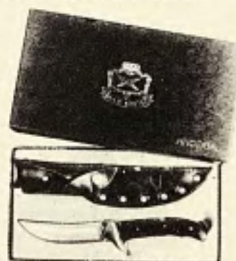


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believable to someone who didn't know her.

That explained Gloria's choice of legal action, but what about Harry's limp dick?

Cess had been such a fool, Nanette thought, contriving that crude little scheme to make her think he'd been killed in a motorcycle accident. Really! In the lining of his jacket, she had sewn a talisman which would have protected him from the charge of a wounded bull elephant with hemorrhoids. There was just no way he could have wiped out and gotten wasted.

No matter—he'd be back. Granny had seen to that. His ex-wife's new hubby had conveniently lost his sex appeal, which in turn meant she'd ditch him. Worthless bastard that he was, and considering the grounds she had, an annulment would be her logical choice. This would put the onus back on Cess when Gloria found out he was still alive, and she *would* find out. Granny had seen to that, too.

"Cess!" Nanette gasped in expertly-feigned terror as our hero rode into her yard. "I thought you were . . . that *was* your motorcycle that crashed into the river—I saw it myself."

"Yeah, well, I managed to make it to the bank and get out," Cess told her. "Then I hitch-hiked on out to the coast. I guess I should have written to you, but I got to thinking maybe a nice young chick like you deserved something better than what I could give her."

"Well, what made you decide to come back?" Nanette asked, just a hint of sarcasm in her voice.

"I found out my ex-ol' lady got her marriage annulled and knows I'm still alive," Cess admitted. What the hell, might as well be brutally frank. "That means she'll be after all that back alimony. I need to talk to your granny right away so she



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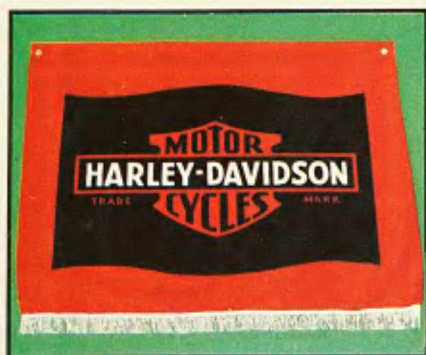


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can get this shit straightened out before I go to jail. This time, I don't care if she turns Gloria's douche bag into a hydrogen bomb—I got to be rid of that bitch!"

"It's late, Cess, and Granny's asleep," Nanette pleaded as she slipped her hand between his thighs. "Get your bed roll and let's go out to the shed. Cess, I just want you to fuck me!"

Being a reasonable man, Earl T. "Cess" Poole allowed as to how matters of business could wait until morning. But in a sense, morning never came. Oh, the sun rose all right, but Granny failed to make her customary early morning appearance. When Nanette finally came out of the shack about 10 o'clock, Cess asked where the old lady was.

"She's running a fever, Cess," Nanette told him.

"Whatdafuck, she's a witch, ain't she?" Cess demanded. "She ought to be able to cure some simple-assed thing like a fever!"

"She's stubborn, Cess, like a lot of old folks," Nanette explained. "She doesn't like to admit she's sick. Cess, I'm worried."

"You ain't alone on that score, Sweet Thing," Cess informed her. "I'm gettin' a little nervous myself. If your granny doesn't get herself cured, she ain't gonna be able to get Gloria off my back—in which case it'll be back to livin' by my wits while being pursued by the jackals of the establishment. I ain't sure I could cut any more of that horseshit."

"Maybe if we just wait a couple of days, Cess . . ."

"Wait, my ass. Sweet Thing, I appreciate what your granny done for me already, but she's got to get her butt up off that bed and get herself cured. Then she's got to finish the job she started on my ex,

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and I'm goin' in there and tell her so!"

Cess pushed open the door and walked into the shack where he'd never been invited to set foot, more hospitable aspects of his earlier visit notwithstanding. All the time, Nanette was pleading with him not to go in there, clutching at his jacket and all that crap, but he just shoved her aside.

"Where the hell is she?" Cess demanded as he surveyed the obviously uninhabited interior of the small, one room hovel.

Nanette began sobbing. "Oh, Cess," she cried, "Granny died three weeks ago. That's why the spell she cast on your ex-wife sort of quit working. She's buried back in the woods. I can show you."

"Never mind, I ain't got time to carry no flowers to her grave. How come you lied to me? You knew I was in a jam. You think I got time to play your stupid-assed little games or something?"

"I was afraid you'd just turn around and leave if I told you," she answered. "Then I'd never see you again."

"Well, don't worry about that," Cess assured her, "you're going to be seeing plenty of me. I didn't come all this way to go off empty-handed, so get your little twat on that snatch pad, Sweet Thing, 'cause you're comin' with me!"

"Cess, I can't!" she protested.

"Well, why the fuck not?" he demanded. "Ain't nobody around for you to take care of now. If you're worried about inheritin' what your granny had here, you can handle that through the mail. C'mon, get your fanny on this scooter and let's ride!"

"Cess, I can't!" she persisted, as he grabbed her arm and forced her onto the bike behind him. He kicked over the engine, not releasing his grip on Nanette's wrist until they were under way.

One nice thing about transporting a broad on the back of a motorcycle—it's easy not to hear what she's saying. She can run her mouth to her heart's content and you're barely aware that she's even talking. After three hours of hard riding, however, Cess became dimly aware that Nanette had finally shut up. He had begun to think the dippy little broad never would.

Well, where did this leave him? A Mann Act violation for sure—he'd already crossed one state line and would be crossing more. Statu-



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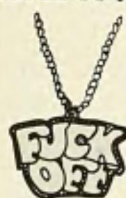


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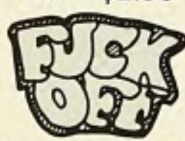
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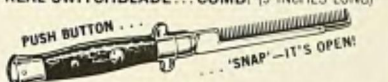
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tory rape—Nanette had to be under eighteen. These things would compound his problems if Gloria ever succeeded in running him down, and she'd damn sure be trying. Maybe he shouldn't have brought Nanette along, but fuck it. Chances are he'd be in jail for non-support by this time next year, so might as well let it all hang out in the meantime.

Maybe he had been a little rough with the chick, he thought. She was young, more on the innocent side than a lot of broads her age, and she did tell him that her granny had raised her since she was three. She probably had some fairly serious hangups about leaving the old homestead, such as it was. She'd gotten a little smartass with him a time or two, but there was no reason why that ever had to be allowed to get out of hand. All things considered, Nanette had the makings of a first-class ol' lady. Properly trained, she could help make a reasonably pleasant experience out of however long Cess managed to evade Gloria and the law. He reached back to pat her on the thigh.

Somehow, it didn't feel the same. Nanette's thighs were full and firm—what he felt wasn't. Hesitantly, he looked in his rearview mirror. At first, he couldn't see much. Then the headlights from a big truck approaching in the opposite lane showed him why Nanette's leg didn't feel just right. Seated behind him on his scooter was not the shapely, pubescent flower child whom he affectionately called "Sweet Thing." Seated behind Earl T. "Cess" Poole as he raced into the night was the incredibly ugly old woman who had obligingly cast spells to accommodate a down-on-his-luck biker whose joint she had admired when he



"Next time ya let go with a beer fart, how 'bout a little warning?"

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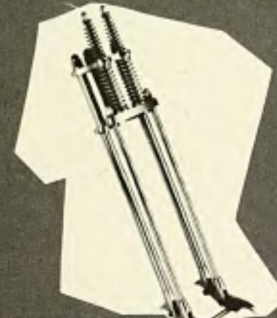
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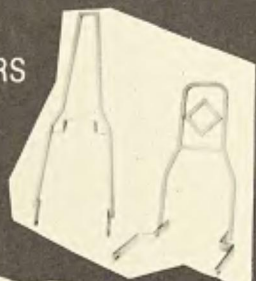


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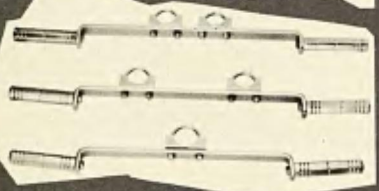
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happened to ride her way one summer afternoon.

This explained why he never saw Nanette and Granny at the same time. It also explained why she didn't want to leave the place. Obviously, that was where she kept the potions she needed to stay looking like a teeny-bopper, and where the herbs or whatever grew that she needed to make up new batches. Cess had forcibly dragged her away from the place before she had a chance to grab up even an overnight supply of the stuff, so the spell had worn off about the time Nanette would normally have gone into the shack after a roll in the shed.

Now, here he was, 200 miles from nowhere, riding through the night with this gnarled old hag on the back of his beloved Harley. The thought of the sexual fantasies which had become reality with Nanette suddenly became revolting as the full impact of the situation hit him. He stared, his eyes fixed on the image in that mirror.

He saw the semi—but too late. The truck driver saw him, too, but there's not much you can do when you're driving a loaded eighteen-wheeler and some maniac on a bike suddenly and for no apparent reason swerves across the center line, right into a head-on.

Cess stood and watched as what remained of his mangled machine burned. The charred remnant of protoplasm in the heap with it could have been anybody, he reasoned, for all that would be left of it. Probably they'd locate the engine number and trace the bike to him, but just in case they didn't, he threw his wallet on the ground near the burning wreckage—after removing his last thirty-five dollars.

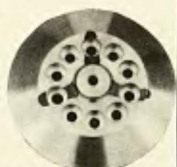
Walking across the highway, Cess figured he wouldn't have much trouble catching a ride with one of the curiosity-seekers who'd been slowing down to survey the wreckage. It crossed his mind that at one time, long ago, they used to burn witches.

What he couldn't figure out was how he'd managed to survive a head-on collision with a semi. He didn't have a scratch on him—just a little dust from where he'd picked himself up at the edge of the road.

Of course, Nanette never told Cess about the enchanted talisman she had lovingly sewn in the lining of his jacket one night, right after they first met. . . .

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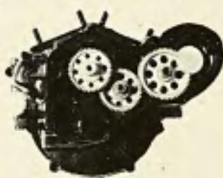


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Hi-flow cam bushing sells for \$7.95 plus \$1.00 for shipping and handling. If you wish, H.E.S. will press this bushing in your cam cover for \$4.00, which is labor and return postage.

When ordering, state year:
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b. 1954-1972

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3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.

4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright, send for price list.

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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.

Not just another buckle. That stamped-out shit doesn't do a thing for me. So I made my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel. And it's handmade, about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a righteous ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price was ten bucks. Send cash only to Weed, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (63)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (61)

Trans Trickery—H-D transmission specialist. Complete overhauls, blueprinting, blasting, performance products installed, belt drives. Discounts to clubs. Write for specific needs. 246-T Lanes Mill Rd., Howell, New Jersey 07731. (201) 367-6529. (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)

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)

Hash from your stash w/o chemicals or screens. Free details. Bleak, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. (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)

Get stoned, blown away, and small, absolutely free! Simple, proven method for \$1 to Action Associates, Box 573, Blytheville, Arkansas 72315. (61)

Have you gone absolutely mad? Then become a Hysterical Landmark. Join The Hysterical Landmark Society. 8 1/2 x 11 official parchment document. Lifetime membership and bumper sticker, \$4.50 postpaid. P.O. Box 7610ER, Santa Rosa, Calif. 95401. (62)

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)

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)

Motorcycle literature, mostly H-D parts, service, sales, 1915-65, 175 pieces. Motorcycle magazines 1923-1970 — 600 issues. \$800 includes shipping in continental U.S. Some Easyriders. \$1 for list. Kenney, Box 82, Stonington, Conn. 06378. (61)

American biker looking for good ol' lady. Would love to write Australian girls. Billy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

Needed: Easyriders #1 through 19, #25, #26, #29 and #31. If you have these and would like to off them, drop me a scribe. Tim Kerwin, 769 Randolph, Jackson, Mich. 49203. (61)

Two valley dolls in great need of? Your letters are your one way ticket to? Will send photo—nothing to hide, dig? Laura Johnson, P.O. Box 1839, PeWee Valley, Ky. 40056 and Debbie Clark, P.O. Box 1991, PeWee Valley, Ky. 40056. (61)

Opium poppy seeds, fertile, the real thing. \$1 plus S.A.S.E. to Jay, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

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Marriage certificate \$10. Birth certificate \$5. Make old-fashioned home beer: recipe \$3. R. Ferguson, 906 McDade Blvd., Folsom, Pa. 19033. (61)

Tall Harley men: This low-rider-lovin' short chick wants to know your height, weight, and age, especially if you live on Long Island, New York, or in central Florida. Vikki, c/o Farm, P.O. Box 034, Oklawaha, Florida 32679. (61)

Littlejohn: I'll always love you, Your Sugar. (61)

Happy 23rd Birthday, David Stoots (5-27-78). Thanks for being you. I love you, Charlotte. (61)

KKK is growing fast! For more info: KKK, Box 624, Metairie, La. 70004. (61)

Professional tattooing in Florida. Licensed. Sterile conditions. High-quality work guaranteed. Tatts Taylor, 18753 W. Dixie Hwy., North Miami Beach, Florida 33180. (305) 932-3023. (63)

Happy Birthday to Doc G. From your ol' lady, Joyce. (61)

Barbara: I love you and always will. Thank you for being a good woman. Love ya. F.B.I. (61)

Cash for your rings! \$5 each for 14k wedding bands, \$8 for 10k class rings, any condition. Ship for prompt payment. We buy nationwide. M. Harris, Box 1491, Burlington, N.C. 27215. (61)

Biker, 32, looking for female who enjoys riding a Harley and life in general (outdoor type). Need someone willing to help make better life; age no problem. Big Larry, 11722 Chadbrook, Houston, Tex. 77099. (61)

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)

New, no-bullshit joint venture program. Easy money, fast. Details, write Allen Cross, Box A37, North Falmouth, Mass. 02556. (61)

To Ago: Your five bucks proves Triumph is shit from choppers. Portland, Australia. (61)

Tattooing: New York City. Clean studio, quality custom work. (212) 475-6064. (61)

Real belt drives for real motorcycles, 50¢ to Super Max Products. Box 285, Gardena, Calif. 90247. (213) 324-2666. (61)

Confederate—KKK: Paraphernalia, flags, literature, \$1. Americana-17, Box 10672, Jefferson, La. 70181. (65)

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. 1-69." 50¢ each or all 5 for only \$2 (cash) with self-addressed, stamped envelope to Stickers, P.O. Box 466, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (66)

Ludes by mail! Follow our copy-righted synthesis to yield pure methaqualone (714s) in your basement. \$10 (no checks) to UNS, Box 333, Brooklyn, New York 11235. (61)

Wanted: Biker chick 18 to 25, to share riding, partying and possibly life. Live in Kentucky, but will travel to other states. Send photo. Clayton Dean, 1021 Grand Ave., Newport, Ky. 41071. (61)

Keep your kid out of jail! Biker, paroled killer (drugs-alcohol), freed on life parole 1970, tells it like it is. Cassettes, \$4.95, on paper, \$1.95. No preaching! Also, free talks before any group, anywhere. "Bill" Boggess, 3420 NE 16th Terrace, Pompano, Fla. 33064. (61)

Happy Birthday, Yellow Prince, 7/4/78. You're an original; that's why I'll always love you, Yoli. (61)

Happy Birthday to Midwest Drifter Coffey. Love, your ol' lady Becky and daughters of Ozone Co. (61)

Butch, Happy Anniversary! I love you just the way you are. Looking forward to more puttin' and partyin' with you and your brothers. Your ol' lady, D.J. (61)

Wanted: Slender, foxy lady for 30-yr.-old male. One-man woman only. Live on 27-foot sailboat. Cramped but cozy. Looking to cruise the world eventually. Al Zapresko, 9555 Blind Pass Rd., Blind Pass Marina, Slip #27, St. Pete Beach, Fla. 33706. Bill Pearce, please write. (61)

Get a real .44 magnum roach clip, \$5, and .357 magnum, \$4. Send money order to A. Kretzke, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

I got the money for the Harley, but who'll help me to stay in USA? Will do everything for it. All contacts or letters will be answered. 19 years. Denmark, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

Swiss boy, 30 years old, quiet type, is looking for hippie or rocker girl from USA to start correspondence. Should, preferably, be able to write in German or use a dictionary. My hobbies: music, motorcycles, cross-country skiing, and traveling. Please reply with photograph to: Ueli Wuthrich, Niederbottigen, CH-3018 BERN, Switzerland. (61)

Turn your FL or XL into a Low Rider. Your shock absorbers reassembled with new heavy-duty short units, \$50 p.p. Show-chrome plating available. Complete details. \$1. Dave, 43 Timberlane Road, Matteson, Ill. 60443. (63)

Extra scooter 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 coke 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)

H-D engine insurance: Simple hookup kills engine the instant oil pressure is lost; also foils thieves by preventing hot wiring. Send \$3 for easy, do-it-yourself instructions to S. Kreps, Box 3415, Pismo Beach, Calif. 93449. (61)

Hayes, we're waiting on you in Jacksonville, Florida. Lots: Sun, Fuck, and Fun. Hurry down, Love, R&R. (61)

Happy Anniversary. Billy. May the next six be as much fun as the first six. Jane. (61)

Bobbie: Happy twenty-third birthday to the beautiful rose in my thorny life. Munchkin. (61)

Right-wing newspapers: Hate-oriented, redneck reading. Send \$1 cash for list to Grim Reaper, Box 159, Worth, Ill. 60482. (63)

Cycle lady, free after 15 years. Need someone older and wiser, who loves Harleys. Please write Little Red, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

Three great new stickers: "God Rides A Harley"; "Harley Is Best Puck 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)

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)

Wanted: Easyriders 1-20. Send individual prices. Harrell, Rt. 1, Box 233-A, St. Landry, La. 71367. (61)

Wanted: Brothers interested in membership in semi-new M.C. Also looking for foxy chicks to party and ride with us. For information, send personal data to J.O.S., 7321 Detroit Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44102. (61)

Jasper, Happy 28th Birthday, "Wooden Heart." Forever Triumph! "Little Bitches." (61)

Need Easyriders 1 through 17 and 19, 29 and 35, in good shape. Gale Denning, 1216 Madison, Piqua, Ohio 45356. (61)

Beaverley and Burntner: We hope your life together is long and happy. OR Randa—Good fuckin' luck. Kegger. (61)

Rodge: Glad to be home; here's to another year. Kim. (61)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium (shop). 4390 So. Archer, Chicago, Ill. 60632. 376-8119. (66)

Hey! Two Hogly riders want two women to putt, party, and play house. Respond with pics and letters to Dave and D.J., 336 E. Aluvial, Sp. 89, Fresno, Calif. 93710. Will respond. (61)

Stiff: Happy 28th. We love ya and always will. Ride free. Suzi and Jon. (61)

Ohio Cycle Jam. July 4th weekend. 1-90 and Rt. 534. Geneva on the lake. (61)

Ohio's largest swap meet, June 10 & 11. Diagonal Rd. and Rt. 303, Lagrange, Ohio. (61)

Highest prices paid for old slot machines and parts. Write Norm Francis, 516 German St., Erie, Pa. 16507. Or call (814) 453-5963. (61)

Jerry: Happy Birthday, Sugarbear, 5/3/78. Love forever. Your sweetmeat, Marilyn. (61)

Motorcycle magazines: Thousands of back issues, including nearly complete set Easyriders. All in like-new condition. Send \$1 for list, and state wants. Woody Barber, Rt. 2, Box 128, Rogersville, Tenn. 37857. (61)

My girlfriends will drive you wild! Enclose stamp. Exciting. Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

Levi haltertops, small, medium, and large, \$8.50. Rattlesnake halterbands, \$18.50. Passion Flower Halter Co., Box 777, Jamestown, Calif. 95327. (62)

Ass, Gas, or Grass, nobody rides for free. Yes, sir, folks tell it like it is with this beautifully designed T-shirt consisting of a black silhouette of a bro and his ol' lady breezing down the highway—and printed right up front is "Ass, Gas, or Grass, nobody rides for free." Shirt colors come in yellow, blue, and beige. Sizes s,m,l and xl. For yours, send \$5 plus \$1 postage to Doug Stiltnier, Box 67, Grundy, Va. 24614. State your size and your favorite color for immediate delivery. (62)

Two down-to-earth sisters (20 & 24) from Sonoma, Calif., lookin' for some no-game, clean riders to ride with. We're new at bikin', and are one-dude chicks (not for trade). Mature bikers please, no phonies. Write and send photos to Startin' Out, P.O. Box 389, Sonoma, Calif. 95476. (61)

Former Harley-Davidson dealer having rough times. Selling entire inventory at one shot. Retail price is \$90,000—will sell for 1/2 or less—willing to negotiate. Contact Acme Metal Products, Bridge and Beade Sts., Plymouth, Pa. 18651. (61)

Give someone some shit! Horse-shit, Bullshit, or Chickenshit. We'll ship a 2 1/2-inch plastic paperweight containing your favorite flavor. Send \$6 check or money order to P&R Enterprises, P.O. Box 459, Hornell, N.Y. 14843. (63)

Don't die without a will! Blank will form protects your brother. Only \$3—guaranteed! Order today! Longhorn Products, 716 Kellogg S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49503.

25-year-old workaday Harley freak looking for housemouse to party, putt, and enjoy east coast with. Send scribes and pic (if possible) to Terry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

FTW patch, \$1.25. Swastika or skull earrings, \$3 each, \$5 pair. Swastika armband, \$3.50. Catalog of stuff, \$1. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

Lonely biker looking for a good ol' lady. Would love to write to anyone. Peter Buckman, Wilga Valley, Boggaline 2382, Australia. (61)

Harley Campbell: It's been a long time coming, love! I love you, daddy, forever and a day! Happy birthday, hon, and welcome back to the free world! Your ol' lady, Cathy. (61)

Gypsy Jokers: If interested in starting midwest chapter, contact Rags, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

Congratulations, George and Flossie. Welcome to the world, eHarley Davidson Harley, USM.C. Florida. (61)

Number 1 through 60 Easyriders. Perfect condition. \$200. (213) 944-1477. Whittier, California. (61)

Complete set of Easyriders magazine issues one through fifty-six for \$200 or best offer within 30 days. Write Howard Jones, Rt. 6, Box 574, Newnan, Georgia 30263.

Tattooing Supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Designs, inks, needles, machines, and tattoo books. Over twenty years of reliability. New 48-page color catalog, \$3. Our gear is like a chopper: it's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, New York 12186. (70)

Tryin' like hell to get job in Santa Barbara, Calif., area. Need help from fellow scoots—got to get out of icebox Ohio, join fellow bikers. Please write Stormin' Norman, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

Warning—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike, don't fuck with it. Clever and amusing sticker; put it on your bike; gets the message across. 50¢ each, 3/¢1. Discounts on larger orders. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-2425, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (62)

Convert Colt AR-15 to M-16, \$3. Silencer plans, \$1. Real bullet key chains, \$2—state caliber. Wayne, 528 Ridge Rd., Wethersfield, Conn. 06109. (61)

Bumper sticker: I'd rather eat worms than ride a Jap motorcycle. Send \$1 to Owl Motorcycles, Suite ER, 56 Park Ave., Bayshore, New York 11706. (61)

Cavemen Motorcycle Club of Ramstein, Germany: Because the fucking paper refused to print a retraction of the defecation they called an article, let us say that we're sorry it came out the way it did. Bombholders Motorcycle Club, Baumholder, Germany. (61)

Azoobides Instant Hashmaker works! Your eyes will bug out on that first tok. Free details: Bleako, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. (62)

Bros and sisters of the wind. I'm a nickname junkie and I need help. All it will cost you is a stamp. I'm pleading with you, people. Please send me nicknames from your families, clubs, or joint. If you send a short description with the handle, that's cool. Willow, 16872 Hay Dr., Chino, Calif. 91710. (61)

Looking for macho man riding around Florida and wherever on black panhead H-D. Last known hangout, Fiesta Bar. Has thick black beard, gentle nature and partying spirit. Babe, can we get it together again? I love you and need you. Come home to the mountains and to me. M. (61)

For Sale: Attractive, hand-built chopper. Excellent condition. Drive on road or show. Bike beautifully hand built, all parts chrome except frame. Gas tank handsomely painted in Imron with rainbow and sunspot design. Six-foot raked front adds masculine touch for rugged men who want excitement and pleasure. Not another bike like it. Pictures and info on request. \$2,500 or best offer. Contact Barry W. Tabler, 111 Greenwood Drive, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740, or 1-301-739-3762. (61)

1962 Harley 74, 18" extended tubes, Raked 45", 18" wheel with small front brake, Lucas lights, king and queen seat, #1 sissy bar, lots of chrome. \$2,500. 1-513-548-7227. (61)

Amazon Riders. Gang of giant female bikers thunder through the midwest, terrorizing small towns. Startling stories and pictures. \$3.95. The Searchers, Box 22778, Rochester, N.Y. 14692. (61)

Biker/photographer — Pentax 35 mm. S.F. bay area. Reasonable. Bikes—ol' ladies. Write Big Mac, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

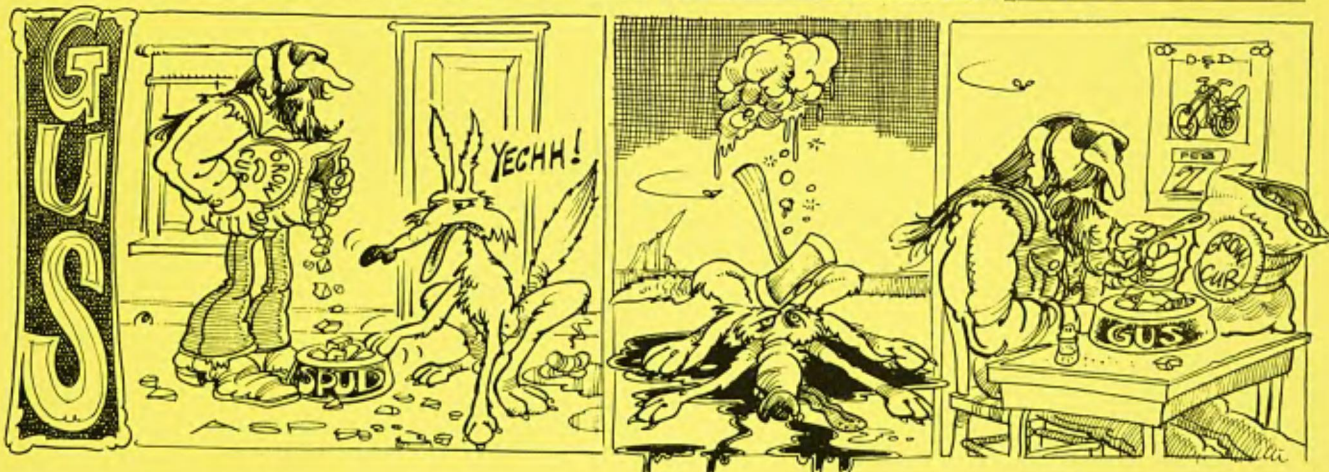
Last chance to get our Easyriders Swap Meet T-Shirt Iron-Ons. Whether you were at the 1/15/78 Phoenix, 1/22/78 Austin, 1/29/78 Charlotte, 2/5/78 Atlanta, 2/12/78 Memphis, 2/19/78 Nashville meet or not, these iron-ons with the Easyriders logo, city, town, and date of meet are yours for only \$1.25 each—or save \$1.50 and get all 6 for only \$6. Send cash or money order to David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Offer good only while supply lasts. (63)

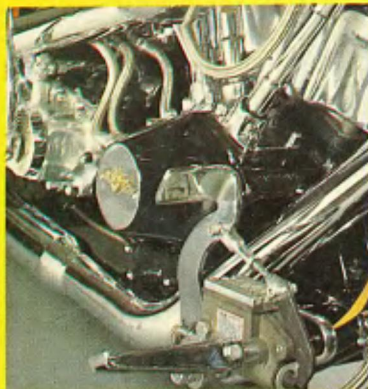
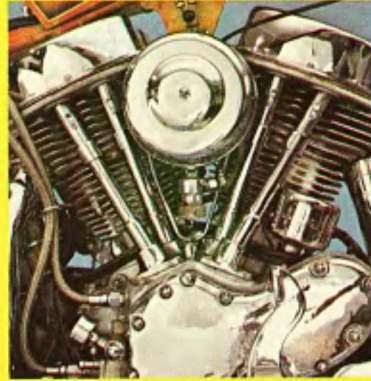
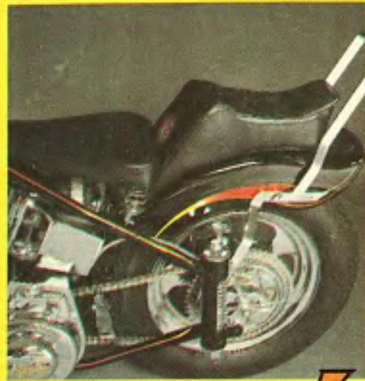
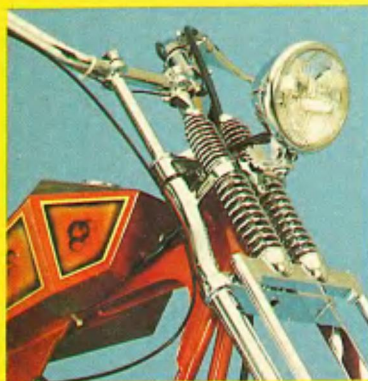
If you are a dude who lives in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, have your shit together, are into mean green, and would like to party with a foxy blonde, write and include phone number. Christy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (61)

Booze mechanics: Never bottle again—convert crocks easily for draft homebrew, raisinjack, and wine. Complete plans and instructions, \$5—recipes included. Make dynamite brandy from homemade wine and raisinjack—plans and instructions for three easily constructed stills, \$5—recipes and hangover cure included. Tedd, Box 454, Meadville, Pa. 16335. (62)

30-year-old female, red hair and single, going crazy in Bermuda. No Harleys allowed here. Would like to write to some hard-riding, hard-loving Harley men. Bonnie O'Toole, USNAS Bermuda, Box 1165, FPO New York 09560. (61)

Poster blowups from photo, negative, slide. We blow up anything. B&W, \$8.50; includes shipping. Fast service. Send money order. Mr. Poster, 6360 Guilford, Indianapolis, Ind. 46220. (61)



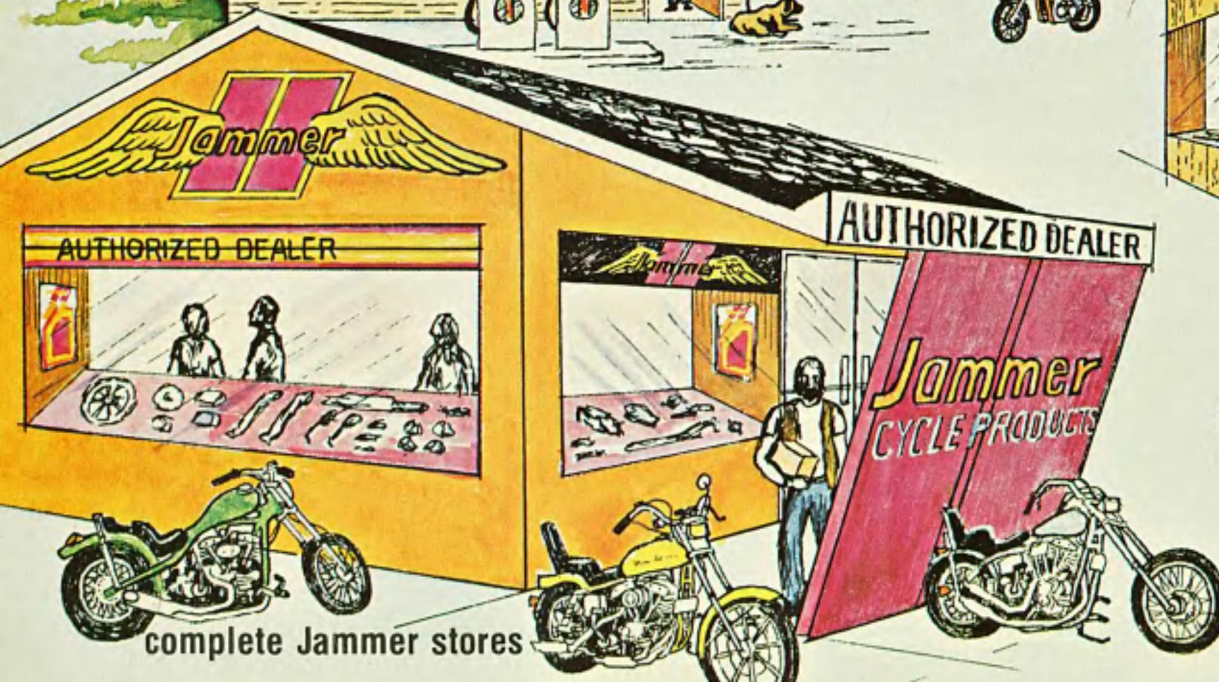
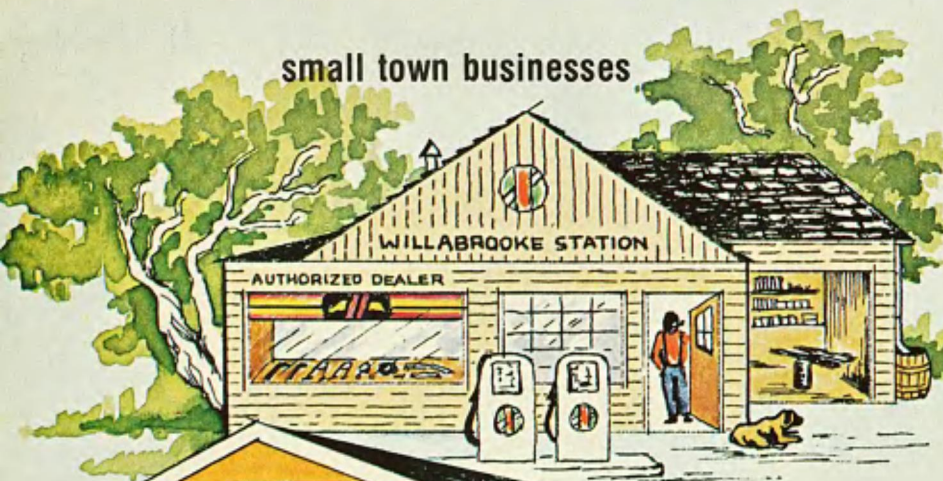


Jammer

OUR PARTS ARE EVERYWHERE!

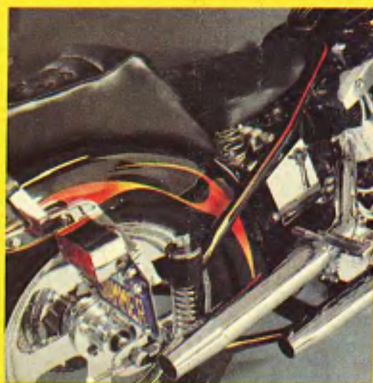
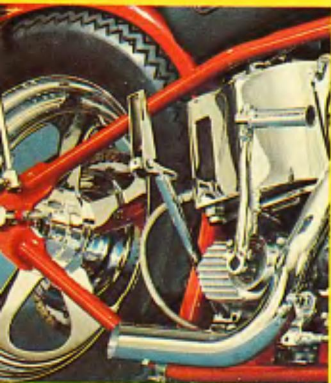
It's a fact...parts that you want, parts that you see on these pages...Jammer parts can be yours right this very minute. You see, everything Jammer can be found everywhere!

small town businesses



major brand
motorcycle dealers

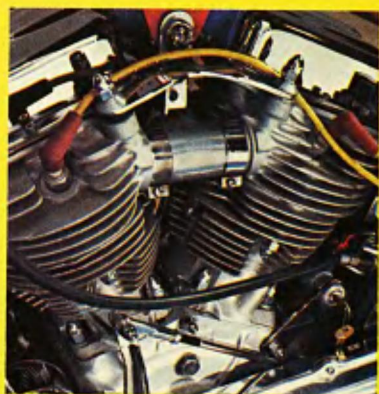
complete Jammer stores



FRANCHISED STOCKING DEALERS... Jammer's new franchise program is booming. Growing daily, franchised dealers are now stocking a large selection of Jammer parts you need and want. See if there's a stocking authorized dealer in your area by lookin' on page 110—if so, there's your everywhere.

OTHER MOTORCYCLE SHOPS... For over a decade thousands of motorcycle shops the world over have either carried or have specially ordered your Jammer necessities. So if there isn't a franchised shop listed in your area yet, don't hesitate to ask them to call us and order your parts. We're sure they will—again, everywhere.

MAIL ORDER... We know that sometimes, not very often though, you might just be too far from our parts. If that's your problem, quit worryin'. You can order anything in this section or in your Jammer's Handbook by mail. (See Page 110)—finally, everywhere.



custom shops

Jammer Wheels



Jammer Hubs

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!

1 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

2 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

3 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

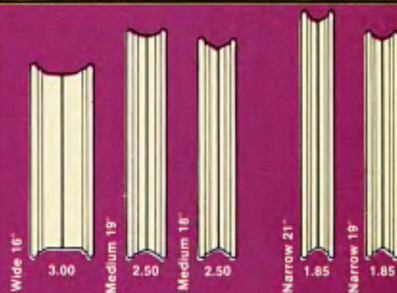
4 MIDNITER™

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

Part #	Description	Price
2101	Harley 1941-1966 FL's. Fits front or rear.	69.50
2102	Harley 1967-1972 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1971-1972 FX. Fits rear only.	69.50
2103	Harley 1973-1978 FL. Fits front or rear. Harley 1973-1978 FX. Fits rear only.	79.50
2104	Harley 1974-1977 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50
2105	Harley 1978 FX and Sportster. Fits front only.	69.50
2106	Harley 1955-1978 Sportster. Fits rear only.	69.50
21051	Spool Hub. 3" wide, 5/8" bearing.	69.50
21052	Universal Blank Hub For other makes and custom brake setups (machining required.)	69.50
Honda and Kawasaki hub kits available soon		

All Jammer Wheels Are Designed to be Used Only With Our Jammer Hub Kits

**COMPLETE WHEEL
WITH HUB
\$149.00
- MOST MAKES**



Seats



LOCATING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page 110

SUPER GLIDE

Super Glide seats include all brackets to assure mounting like stock and easy access to oil filler. All seats have steel base plates and carpeted bottoms.

A. Super Glide Elite II

115032 Black 59.95

B. Super Glide Elite I 14" Back (Built-in Sissy Bar)

115034 Black 69.96

C. Super Glide Duke II*

115039 Black 64.95

D. Super Glide Duke II* 14" Back (Built-in Sissy Bar)

115040 Black 80.00

E. Super Glide Monarch II*

115041 Black 64.95

F. Super Glide Monarch I* 14" Back

115042 Black 80.00

G. Super Glide Monarch Touring II**

116031 Black 90.95

H. Super Glide Monarch Touring I** 14" Back (Built-in Sissy Bar)

116033 Black 105.00

I. Super Glide Monarch Touring IV** Double bucket styling

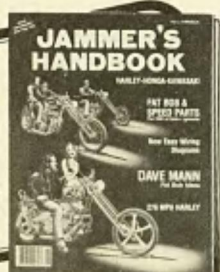
provides a snug cushion support rider for the avid rider.

115043 Black 115.00

All Superglide Seats come complete with brackets.

* Molded foam

** Breathable Naugahyde and molded foam.

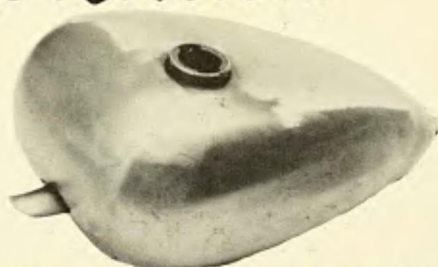


Only! \$2.25 or
You can now call
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1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer
(See Order Blank on Page 110)

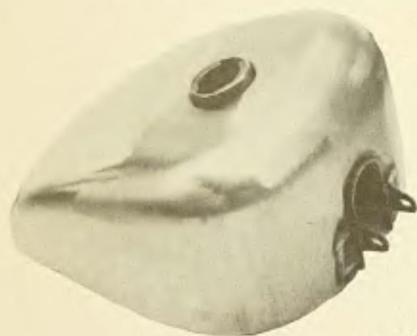
Gas Tanks, Risers, Pegs & Levers

For superior strength, the King Sportster and Mustang Plus are made from heavy 16 gauge steel. Heavier than any imported and most American made custom gas tanks on the market. They also feature welded construction, double reinforced seams, and extra strong mounting flanges. Polyethylene vibration dampers are also included.

NEW!



36019 Mustang Plus. This 3.5-gallon low tunnel tank has everything. Style, strength and fit. Add capacity to help you get more miles from each tank. Uses $\frac{3}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ " petcocks. **41.50**



36034 King Sportster. Extra wide sportster style gas tank 3.5 gallons. High tunnel. 2 inches wider than stock... LETS YOU GET THERE AND HAS GREAT LOOKS TOO. Tab mounts, low tunnel, for any motorcycle. Use a standard Harley gas cap. **49.95**

NEW!

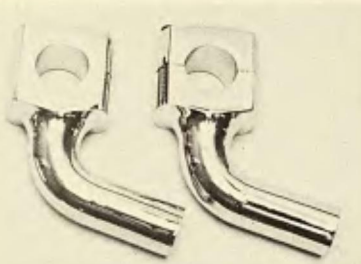
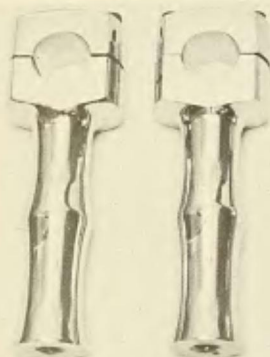


36036 HD Wing Gas Cap. The finishing touch for your Harley. HD wing logo raised from surface of cap. Superb chroming. Fully vented and adjustable to show off HD wing just the way you want it when cap is tightened down. Fits any tank using HD type gas cap. **7.25**



3604 HD Type Gas Cap. 2.75

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)



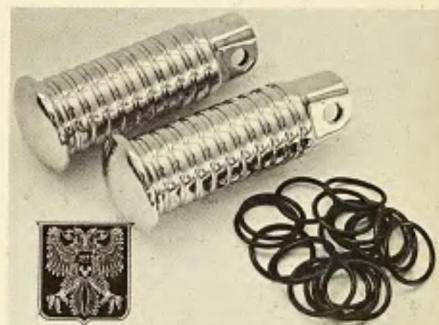
Custom Risers (Glide Type). For 1-inch bar. Billet steel. Four socket-head, heat-treated bolts included. Drilled and tapped at bottom for $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 bolts. Works on any bolt-through application. Also works well on our springer. **Custom chromed. 44025 Stud required**

4401 3 inches high. 24.95 per pair.

4402 5 inches high. 24.95 per pair.

Chromed solid steel, 30 degree bend enables rider to get handlebars back in his lap for maximum riding comfort. Fits 1" bars and may be reduced to $\frac{7}{8}$ " by use of Jammer reducer sleeves #43015. Bottom drilled for $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 threads.

44018 5" Pullback 24.95



154010 HD Replacement Pegs (Pair). Late Model HD Lower Shock Mount Rider Pegs $1\frac{1}{2}$ " - 20 thread. Complete with Rubber "O" Rings. **14.95.**



44025 Step Stud. Use with our springers and risers with $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 threads. **1.25** each, $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 x $\frac{1}{2}$ x 20 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ "

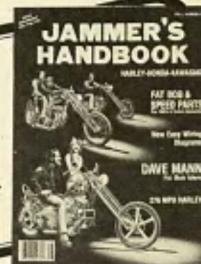


5409 Chrome Lever. Harley clutch and brake 1965 to 1978. **6.75**



54010 Chrome Lever. Harley Hydraulics 1972 to 1978. **7.20**

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)

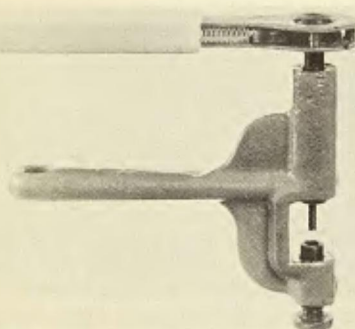


Hitachi Maxco Chains

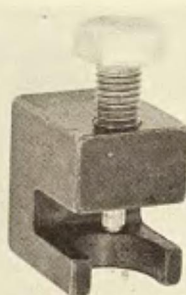
CUT TO LENGTH DRIVE CHAIN Includes Master Link

Standard Chain Size 530			Nickle Plate Chain Size 530			Heavy Duty 50S Chain Size 530		
Part #	Pitches	Price	Part #	Pitches	Price	Part #	Pitches	Price
144070	92	14.95	144078	92	21.95	144051	92	30.95
144072	98	15.95	144045	98	23.95	144052	98	31.95
144073	100	15.95	144044	100	23.95	144053	100	32.95
144074	102	16.95	14405	102	24.95	144054	102	33.95
144075	104	16.95	144046	104	24.95	144055	104	33.95
144076	106	16.95	144079	106	24.95	144056	106	34.95
144077	110	17.95	144080	110	25.95	144057	110	35.95
144067	Master Link	.60	14401	Master Link	.70	144060	Master Link	.95
			14403	Offset Roller Link	.95			

Chain Accessories



144061 Max Chain Breaker. The heavy duty tool for all motorcycle rear drive trains. Features built-in reversible ratchet. **25.95**



14407 Pocket Chain Breaker. A handy little breaker for on the road. **5.95.**



Bulk Chain 25' rolls of standard and nickle plated chain are available from your Jammer Dealer. Ask him about it and save.

**STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page (110)**

REFERENCE CHART

Chain Size	Model	Chain Size	MODEL
Harley		Suzuki	
530/92	Pre-'70 FL, FLH, '70-up Sprint ERS	530/102	GT550J
530/96	'70-up XR	530/104	GT380J
530/100	'69-up FL, FLH, '71-up FX	530/108	GT750J
530/102	Pre-'67 XLH; Pre-'70 XLCH; Pre-'68 GE, '70-up XLR	530/110	1500
530/104	'67-up XLH, '70-up XLCH, '68-up GE	530/102	Triumph '66-'72T100C
530/106	New XLH, XLCH	530/103	'66-'72T100R
530/92	CL/CB 450, K1, 2, 3, 4, CB72, CB77, CB350	530/104	'66-'67 TR6, '66-'70 TR6R, '66-'70 TR6C, '66 T120, '66-'70 T120R, '68 650TR6
530/94	CB350F, CL350, K1, 2, 3	530/106	'71-'72 650 TR6C, '71-'72 T120R, '72 T120RV, '72 TR6CV, '72 TR6RV, '71-'72 TR6R, '69-'70 T150
530/96	CL77, SL350 to 1999999, CB500, CB750 Early	530/107	T140V, TR7RV
530/98	CL72, '71-'76 CB750	530/108	'71-'72 T150
530/100		530/110	TR5T
Kawasaki		Yamaha	
530/90	A7, A7SS	530/91	RD250, RD350
530/98	S2	530/98	YR1, YR2, YR2C, XS1, XS1B, XS2
530/102	H1, H1B		
530/110	H2		
630/92	Z1, Z1A, Z1B, KZ900		

PRIMARY CHAINS.

Harley Primary Chains		
14404	Harley 74, all years.	29.95
14406	Harley Sportsters	28.95

ENDLESS CHAIN

ENDLESS CHAINS				
Part #	Size	Pitches	Application	Price
144066	630SO	88	Honda CB750K/F III	86.95
144064	630SO	92	Kawasaki Z1, Z1A; Z1B, KZ900	90.95
144065	630SO	96	Kawasaki Z2	94.95

Chameleon Sissy Bars

Lookin' for versatility—the Chameleon has got it! Our ever-popular sissy bar can change looks at will—for your swingarm FX/FXE, Sportster or Honda 750K (with or without turn signals). Just check out our jewelry-quality emblems, tombstone and oval plates that'll fit your bar. All you've got to do is choose the proper set of side plates for your model. Nothing to remove—nothing is covered up. Just minutes from out of the box to on the bike.

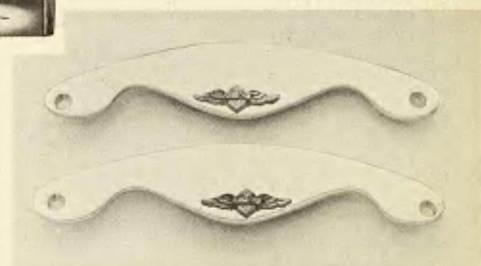


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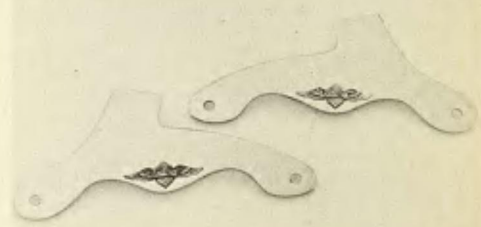


Total \$59.95*

*With Jammer emblem or
chrome oval plate



82011 Side Plates. Fits all Spst. with or without turn signals. For 1977 & earlier **33.95**

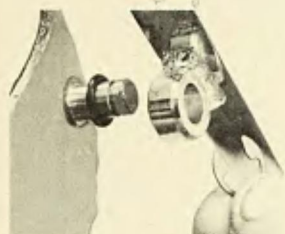


82012 Side Plates. Fits all FX's with or without turn signals. **33.95**

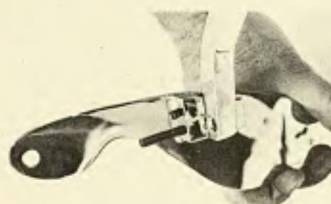
8201 Square Bar. One bar fits both FX & Spst. side plates. **21.95**

8202 Square Bar. Our bar fits Honda 750K model side plates. **21.95**

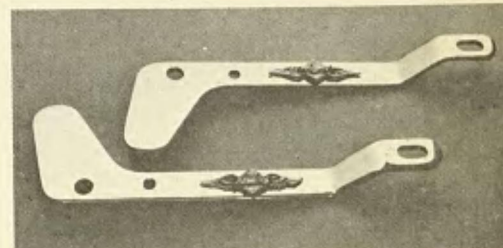
NEW!



Emblem's rubber mount to bar with "O" rings & clips.



Bar mounts to side plates "fast & secure" with roll pins & set screws. (All hardware included)



NEW!

82013 Side Plates. Fits all 750 Honda K models with or without turn signals. **33.95**



8108 Tombstone Plate Chrome 6.95
(Decals not included.)



8109 Oval Plate Chrome 4.05
(Decals not included.)



(These plates mount to bar with "O" rings
& clips same as emblems do.)

Can you believe your eyes... Now you can mount our mirror-chromed Tombstone and Oval Plates on our Jammer Sissy Bars. Since they're unmarked and untouched, there's no tellin' what you'll come up with. We really got off designing the ones on this page. Use a decal, drill some holes for a pin, paint 'em... whatever turns you on. Any way you cut it, the Tombstone and Oval make fine company for our emblems and bars.

NEW FROM *Jammer* TOMBSTONE & OVAL CHROME PLATES

NEW!
EYE-GRABBIN'
JAMMER
WINGS!



8101 Jammer Gold-Plated
Purple and Orange 4.05



8104 Ride to Live Wings &
Wheels Gold-Plated 8.95



8103 FTW Wings
(Gold Plated) 8.95



8105 Skull and Crossbones
Chrome 8.95



NEW!

8107 Jammer Wings
Gold-Plated 8.95

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.

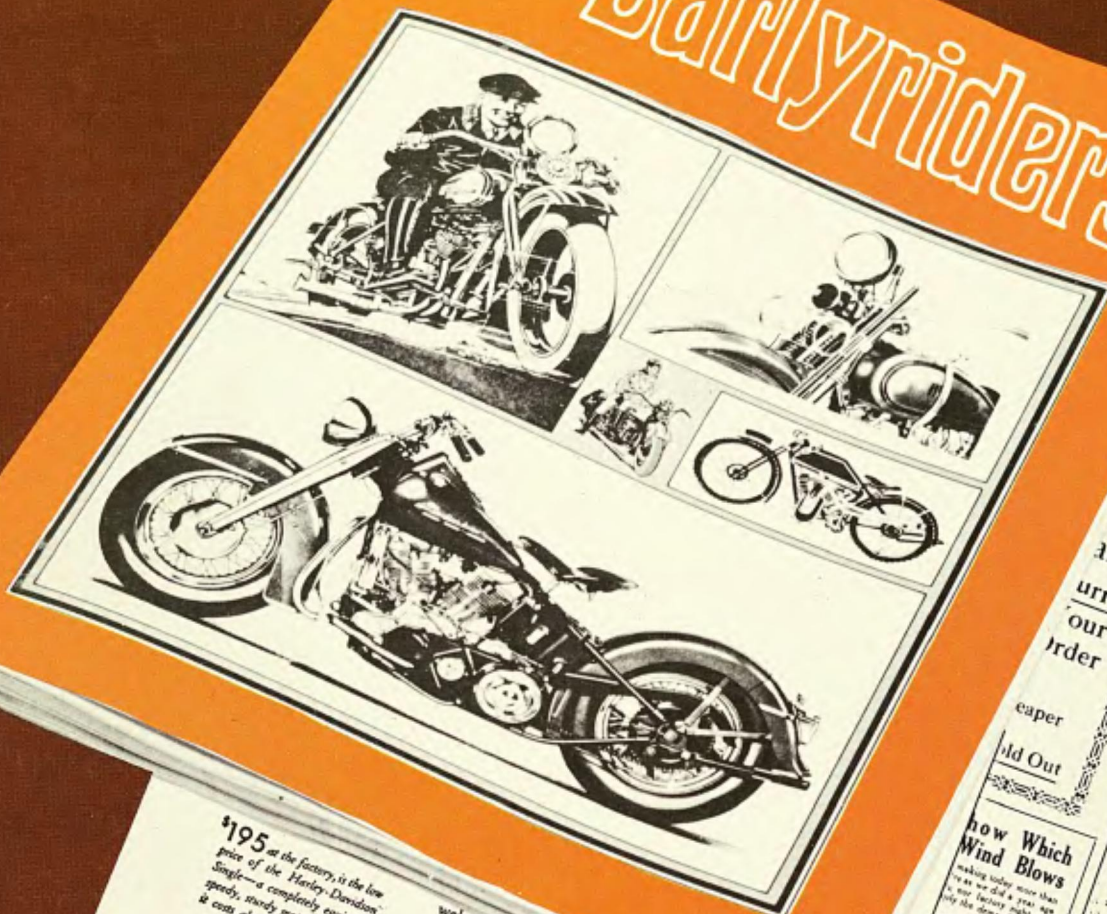
Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Earlyriders



Ride a
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