

Easyriders

90p

September, 1978

\$1.50

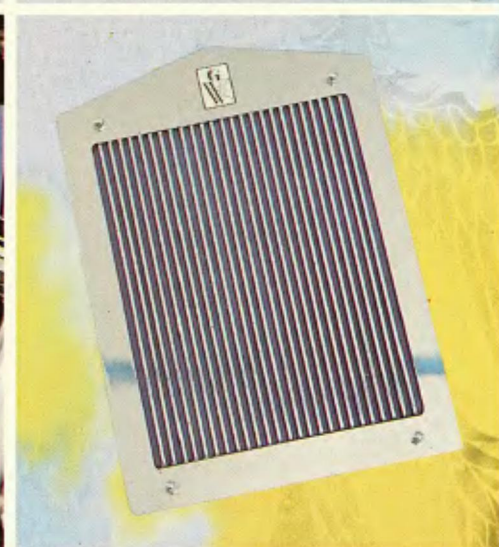
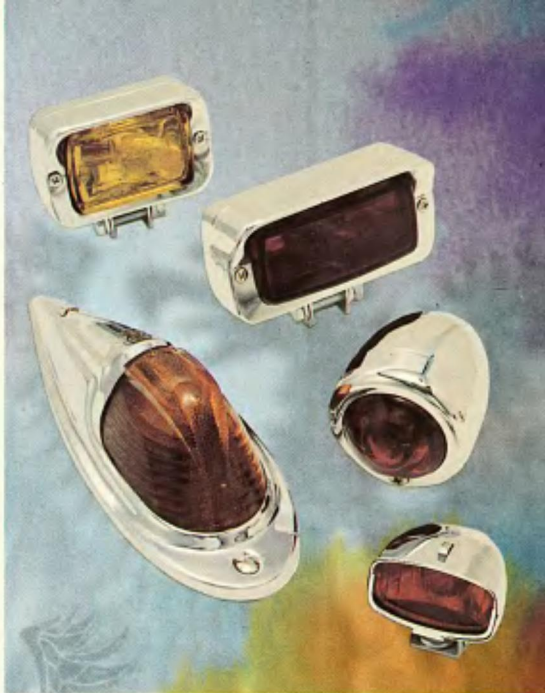
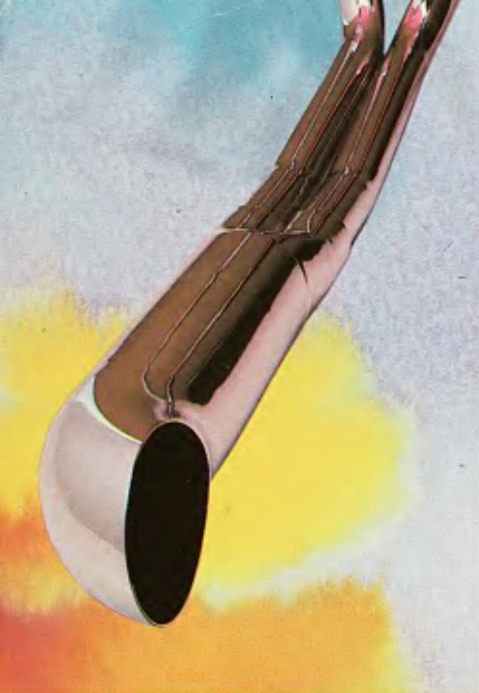
Feds Are Tryin' To Outlaw Your Bike!

The Advantages of Eatin' Garlic

**Our Centerspread
Tattooed On A
Chick's Back**

**—also, fantastic
choppers, wild women,
outrageous humor
—and lotsa
serious stuff!**





DRAG SPECIALTIES

finer accessories for all motorcycles

p.o. box 9336, minneapolis, minnesota 55440 (612) 935-1000



There are **13,001** reasons why Drag Specialties is Number One in the world in finer motorcycle accessories.

5,000 of the reasons are quality products that add comfort, style, and performance to your custom, touring, or high performance bike.

8,000 of the reasons are the dealers around the world who serve you.

1 of the biggest reasons is Drag's 1978 catalog, The Motorcycling Coat of Arms. With 246 pages, many in color, it is the ultimate "wish book" for bikers. You can get your copy by sending \$6.00 to Drag Specialties. (It's refundable with first \$25 order.)



Easyriders

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



Number 63

Spider blows ya away one more time	5
Our readers bitch, praise, and snivel	6
A ballsy bro takes on some heavies	12
Some serious words on Nazi paraphernalia	14
Can motorcycles survive the EPA?	16
Something of interest to everybody—boobs	18
Check out this yellow flathead	20
A tech tip that could save ya some grief	27
A little ditty 'bout leavin' yer skin on the road	28
Dr. Twatburger gives ya the word on garlic	30
Spider trips down Harley Memory Lane	32
Fred—you heard right, Fred—shows ya her wings	34
A departed brother's 45	36
The latest inside dope on bikin'—Easynews	43
How to turn five bucks into a scoot	46
Just how red, white, and blue is your H-D?	51
How to behave when cuntlips come your way	50
A stash box of off-the-wall stuff	52
Find out what your uncle knows about ya	54
In the wind with our great readers	56
In-fucking-credible! Another featured Sporty!	66
This old dude has bikin' in his blood	72
The stars and what they have in for ya	79
Haul ass! It's Space Filler Holocaust!	80
Legal comments in everyday language	82
Locked down bros looking for mail	84
A delicious dish out of a barfly's yarn	87
Another choice crop of Ol' Lady Contest hopefuls	92
Strange ads for and about strange things	117

FTW

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

Easyriders magazine Number 63, September, 1978. Vol. 8. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1978 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52 Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department: Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$11.00, two years \$22.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$1.25. Postmaster: Forms 3579, Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Ca. 90265. (213) 880-4240. East Coast: Bob D'Ambrosio, 342 Madison Ave., Suite 916, N.Y., N.Y. 10017, (212) 697-4339



COVER photo of Linda Greer and Sonny by Billy Tinney

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale August 29th.

IRON HORSE

Watch For It

On Newsstands Everywhere
September Twelve

If you're ever wonderin' why things seem to be fucked up, consider the earth's population growth. From the beginning of time until 1850, one billion people had inhabited the earth (this includes those who had kicked off). In just one hundred years (from 1850 to 1950) the population doubled to two billion living people. In the following twenty-six years (1950-1976) the population increased to four billion. By the year 2000, it is estimated, there will be six to eight billion eatin' off the land, fightin' for jobs, etc., etc. (Anyone for birth control?)

City slicker: He called on doctors late Friday afternoon posing as a TV newsman doing research on drugs. During the "interview" he casually asked if the doc stocked any drugs in his office. If the doc said yes, the "interviewer" burglarized the doc's office over the weekend.

How about the dude who got pinched for picking pockets at a race track. Big deal? Well, it turned out that he was a cop assigned to the Louisville anti-pick-pocketing detail. (He must have learned some things from the people he arrested—but apparently forgot the fact that they had been arrested.)

Speakin' of cops: Two California Highway Patrolmen arrested a broad for drunk drivin' and threw her into the think tank. Then they left the station and immediately arrested a truck driver for drunk drivin' and threw him into the slammer. Then they sharpened their pencils, hit the expressway, and arrested another man for drunk drivin'. (Stay with me—this all happened the same night.) But this guy had in his car the woman they had arrested earlier. It seems that her drunk ol' man had bailed her out and was weavin' his way home. Okay, back to jail, sharpen the pencils,

and hit the streets again. Wham, they arrested another truck driver for drunk drivin', and—ya ain't gonna believe me—it was the same truck driver arrested earlier. (He had stopped by the liquor store, got a jug to clear his head from all the shit he'd been through, got happy, and was then pulled over a second time in the same night.)

No comment dept.: A dude in Michigan was busted on a concealed weapon charge. It seems that the arresting officer found a pistol on the back floorboard near the seat, but when they got the dude to the slammer and checked the serial number (get ready), it was discovered that the pistol belonged to the arresting officer—seems the cop lost his gun and found it again. (Think maybe he got his legal gun mixed up with his throwaway?)

On top of everything else tryin' to kill us on the highways, now there's a new threat—pissed-off bulls. It happened in California. A bull had broken loose, got pissed off at the people tryin' to round him up in cars and trucks, took dead aim at a poor slob toolin' along, mindin' his own business on his scoot, rammed him full bore, wasted the bike, and almost the rider. (That'll teach him for paintin' his bike red.)

How about the two dudes with their jockey shorts over their heads, blastin' into a McDonald's restaurant, leapin' the counter, grabbin' four quarter-pounders, and splittin' out the door. (Man, crotch smells sure fuck up your head.)

If-you're-gonna-go-you're-gonna-go file: A dude in New York strangled himself while ridin' his scoot. He was in the process of helpin' tow another bike when the tow rope got tangled in his rear wheel and choked him to death. Why was the rope coiled around his neck? Don't ask me—I just work here.

Now don't say I didn't warn ya: It's against the law in Michigan to put a skunk in your boss's desk.

Then there were the ten dentistry students who got caught opening graves to rip off gold teeth and fillings. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Mystery Sled

□ My bro and I were tokin' a few numbers while goin' over your June '78 rag and were blown away by the "Mystery Sled." It was the best sled ever to grace the pages of your rag.

A & S
Commerce, Okla.

□ It has to be the most eye-racking, unbelievably beautiful hunk of iron I've ever laid my bloodshot eyes on. That bike says more about what biking is all about than any other bike or description could. And the man who built it gave all the credit to the bike. Far fuckin' out!

Big T
Greensburg, Ind.

□ I busted my back and leg last October and have been recuperating by reading every issue of **Easyriders**. That "Mystery Sled" was one of the nicest looking Hogs I have ever seen. It has inspired me to put my old pan back on its wheels.

Reverend Sheriff
Crow Sunshine
Denver, Colo.

Single Life

□ As a woman who tries to maintain my individuality, I can still relate to A Biker's Widow in the article "The Great Carefree Single Life." I wasn't married to my ol' man, but I loved him more than life itself. He did what he wanted and liked the life, and I accepted it because that was the way he was. He's gone on to other plateaus now and I miss him more than anything. I loved him when he was belligerent, hateful, and even when he was violent. Most of all, I loved him because he stood for what he believed in and was honest to me.

If I ever love again, you'll know it will be a man who lives the "life."

Kaythi
Stockton, Calif.

□ "The Great Carefree Single Life" was very touching. I almost lost my ol' man in '77 when he lost his Harley on a turn. I visited him every day for the whole month he was in the hospital. We give each other shit now and then. Sometimes I wonder if it's really worth all the hassles, but it really is. I don't know why it's that way — it just is. I have a man I love and I thank The Guy Upstairs for it.

Maribeth Pier
Oakland, N.J.

Solari's Full Of It

□ J. J. Solari is full of shit! I tried "J. J.'s Diet" and all that happened was that I gained 20 lbs. and my friends now call me Butt-breath.

B. B.
Ft. Carson, Colo.

■ Something's better than nothing.

Sniveler

□ My ol' man has a beautiful new Sportster that I just love to ride. I love to ride it so much that I'd like to have my own. He says no ol' lady of his is gonna have her own bike and I should just sit back and look good behind him. I don't think it's fair at all. Now he gives the best face I've ever had, and I sure don't want to lose him. What do you think I should do? Is it worth getting my arm broken over? Chicks have the right to own their own Harleys too, don't they?

V. R.
Ashland, Ohio

■ Face it, baby.

Obscene T-Shirt

□ Talk about living in an up-tight town! I bought a T-shirt for my ol' man out of your rag which had "Fuck ya if you can't take a joke" on the front of it. He wore it

into one of the department stores in town and the management called the law on him. They said it was "indecent exposure." It's getting pretty bad when you can't express yourself with a T-shirt without being told you can't wear it.

Linda
Batesville, Ark.

A Pile

□ We were sittin' around the other night blowin' a bowl of some good black Lebanese hash and thumbin' through this month's **Easyriders** and I'll be damned if it hasn't already been sabotaged (pictures missing). Just bought it yesterday and it's a collector's item today. Isn't that a pile of shit for smellin'?

Da Penthouse
Bad Hersfeld,
Germany

Clean Up His Act

□ We are writing you concerning a so-called fellow biker who is a screw at the prison in Vandalia, Ill. He rides with the Mad Dogs out of Vandalia.

He treats bikers in the joint like shit. When he writes a con up for bullshit that no other screw would think of, he is just making the guy's time more of a hassle.

We think he should know, being that he claims he is a biker, that with all the shit and hassle bikers put up with on the streets, they sure as hell don't need his stupid clown act on our ass while they are in the joint. He doesn't give a good impression of what bikers really are. We think that if he really wants to be the biker he brags he is, he should first get to understand the true identity of a biker. We think if he reads this, maybe he can understand just where he's fuckin' up.

Some People in Illinois

No Bullshit

□ I would like a no-bullshit answer to these questions. What in the fuck is the deal with the numbers 69 and 13? And what does "MC" mean when it's placed after the club's name?

A Tramp
Vona, Colo.

■ I don't know nuttin'.

The Real Killer Weed

□ I would like to enlighten you all on a subject that I know a lot about. The subject is Killer Weed. The way you all write about it, it's some kind of real good pot. Well, out here where I'm from, northern Virginia, considered by the Feds (DEA) to be the K.W. capital of the world, K.W. is parsley treated with PCP (animal tranquilizer). If the right person makes it, you have some really good high test or rocket fuel. It should only take 2 hits to put you in the ozone for a few hours.

The only reason I wanted to enlighten you on the subject is the fact that I ain't got nothing better to do while I'm sitting here in jail. The reason I'm in jail is for the same reason I know a lot about PCP.

Long John Silver
Arlington, Va.

■ The phrase "killer weed" goes way back and was originally used as a scare tactic by straights. Today, especially in the East, "Killer Weed" means parsley treated with PCP. **Easyriders** has never advocated taking PCP.

Needs Help!

□ I need help. I've got a good ol' man. And I want to keep him, but my problem is that I'm too heavy. A year ago, I weighed 215 pounds and he asked me to lose it or I would lose him. Hey, I want to be good-lookin' too.

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.

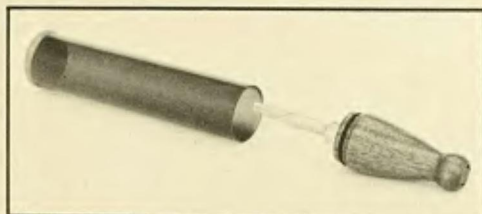
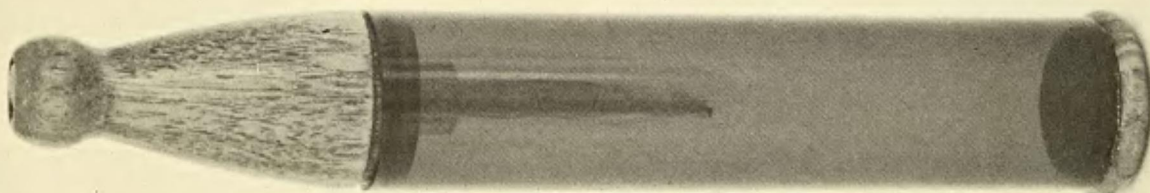
Send \$11.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

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



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

*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.

Smoke the 50% that floats away!

California residents add 6%.

Send \$5.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to:

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29

Calabasas, California 91302



Old Style All Leather

BIKER CAP

Here's an all leather cap that'll keep the scraggly mop you call hair in order and give your overall appearance some class — imagine. It's all black (also in dark brown) and it's bound to win over some broad.



**Righteous
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach,
CA 90740

Enclosed is \$19.95 for each biker cap. I understand that I may return the cap for a full and immediate refund if I am not satisfied with its quality and workmanship. It is the same fine quality I would expect from Righteous Products.

Note: Canadian and overseas orders, \$1.00 for additional postage and handling charges. Add \$2.00 additional postage if you want it shipped air mail anywhere. California residents add 6% tax for Governor Brown.

Be sure to indicate size and color:

Black Brown
Sm Med Lrg. Ex. lrg.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

But shit, it just doesn't drop off all that easy. I'm a good ol' lady. I stand by him all the way. And I have lost 65 pounds. But he's still not happy. You guys want good-lookin' broads. But what about me? I love my man. And I want him happy. I'm still trying but I'm afraid he'll look elsewhere before long. What counts — the shape of a broad or how good she is to you?

Ricko's Ol' Lady
Gleendale, Colo.

■ Tell 'im to fuck off.

Cover Girl

□ In reference to the cover of your June '78 issue — congratulations! You finally got a far out lady on the front who did not look like you were holding a 12 gauge shotgun on her to get her to pose.

Slug-a-Bed
Terra Incognita

Consistent

□ You bikers put out a good and consistent mag every month—how, I don't know, smoked as your staff seems.

D. A.
Sioux Falls, S.D.

Strange Laws

□ The state of Massachusetts is allowing those fuckin' ring-ding, so-called mopeds to drive in the state without making the riders wear helmets. Yeah, it ain't required by law and them fuckin' trash cans will go 30 mph. If you can't crack your skull at 30 mph, then a bear don't shit in the woods.

Martini
Methuen, Mass.

Chicks On Bikes

□ Referring to Kristina of Minneapolis (June '78), I'm an 18-year-old girl who has a '71 Sportster and I love ridin' it. You've got the right idea. Fuck all those guys who think chicks can't ride Harleys. I really don't care what they think. Do you?

Joanne
Bayonne, N. J.

Cop Letter

□ Just wanted to say that the letter by Patrolman Dennis W. Locke (July '78) was well written. That guy knows where he's at and how to

express himself in words. At present, I'm teaching my ol' lady how to ride and I feel that by strapping a skid-lid on her gourd, I'm not going to make her safe. However, a good course on defensive driving, plus training on two wheels will do her more good than the most expensive D.O.T.-approved brain-bucket ever could.

It's people like Dennis Locke who are helping us win the battle of the Fed's "trying to protect us from ourselves" laws.

G. C.
Holbrook, Ariz.

Some Party

□ Well, Hitler finally wrote to you. I'll give him your best when I talk to him again. That was some party he had for his birthday.

Bo
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Digs It

□ I have gotten the **In The Wind** mag. I have a feeling you are going to have to ax-out an additional mail room for all the thanks that are going to be coming in about it. Here's mine. Thanks.

J. J. Solari
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Real Question

□ This land is supposed to be one of great opportunity as long as you conform to the "society's normal image." If you don't, before long you will have people that are supposed to be equal to you comin' to your house with uniforms and a feelin' of power who tell you if you don't stop livin' your life the way you do and become **normal**, they can take the most important thing away from you—your freedom.

People in high positions tell you to go ahead and live your own life. Be your own man. Just don't step out of line. That seems to blow the whole constitutional theory. And if someone thinks he's so much better than you, he's just steppin' all over your rights. You're guaranteed by the Constitution the right of privacy and freedom of your choice. I can't understand it if you go around rippin' people off — they have their rights too. But if you just sit in your house

and get high, wear your hair long, wear the clothes you want, and listen to the kind of music you would rather listen to, how the hell are you hurtin' anyone's rights? I can't follow this kind of reasoning at all. The real question is when will people wake up and take you and me for what we are—not what they want?

Dedicated to J. Leach
From all his bros,
Hudson, N. Y.

■ And have you noticed what the Nixon Court has been doin' to our liberties?

Not Da Chick

□ I see a letter from man English bro who says he got the clap from a New York City chick. I'm not sticking up for the chick. But the dude may be wrong. I'm no doc, but I did get my ass on the same swing once, and it turned out to be that one of my so-called bros had it. See, I fucked the chick. Then my bro fucked the chick. Then I fucked the chick two days later and I got it. So don't blame the chick. It might be one of your bros who gave it to you. But don't blame him either, because that's the price you pay for strange or foreign pussy.

Crazy Joe
Rosedale, N.Y.

Statistics

□ I need some statistics on a certain type of scooter rider. What percent of the U.S. population owns bikes, smokes good dope, loves the shit outta good pussy, and drinks gallons of good beer?

Big R
Many, La.

■ A bigger percent than most straight people realize.

Where Is Everyone?

□ All I got to say is where are all those bikers who love to fuck and putt all over the country? I swear that every day I dream of one of those big handsome guys grabbing me and taking me off somewhere and to fuck the daylight outta me. I mean I give 'em enough hints. I linger by them, giving little hints that I want ta fuck; and when I hear a Harley, I get

I've got something for you...

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

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

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



**Righteous
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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

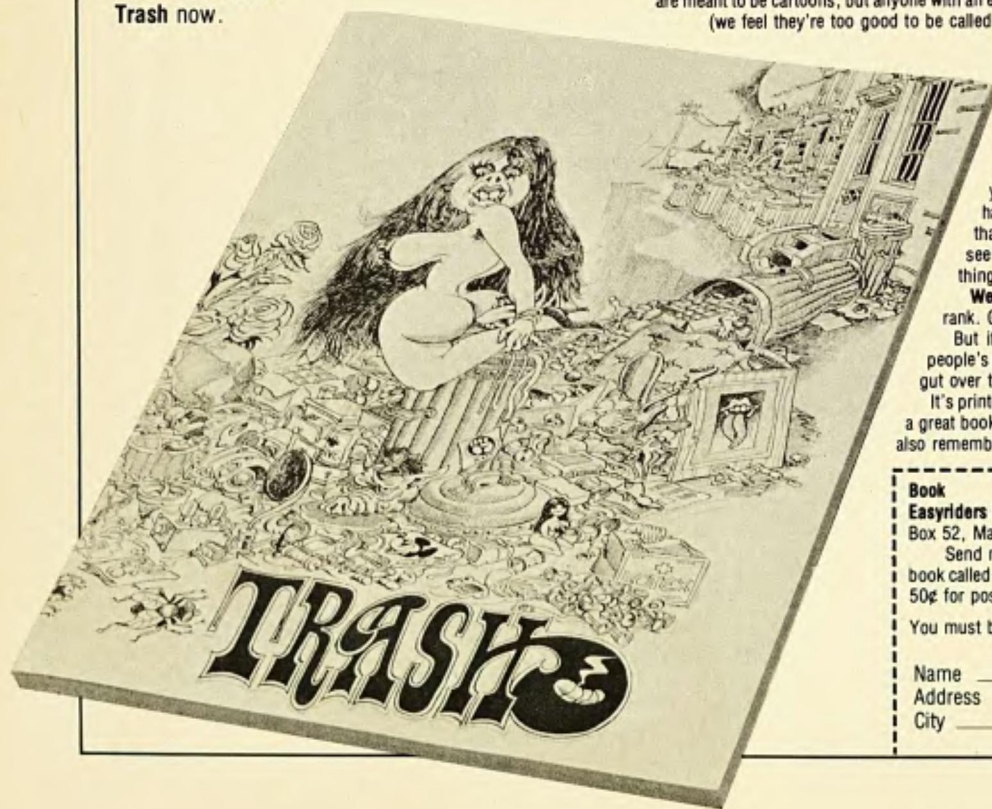
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6%



ROACH LIGHTER



American Made

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

Lifetime Guarantee

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

An ideal gift! (and cheap too)

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

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

horny as hell and watch them ride by. Those ol' ladies ridin' on the back look just as happy as I fantasize when my day will come. So come out of your fuckin' shells and pick up on us unlucky ladies.

Minga
Santa Monica, Calif.

■ Anytime, anywhere, anyhow.

A Few Crumbs

□ I've got this problem. Where the fuck have all the early BSA parts gone to? I've got a '62 650 A10 pre-unit that's been down almost 2 years. Every jackoff that I've talked to who used to handle parts doesn't know of anyone who does anymore. So how's about turnin' me on to some mouth-waterin', leg-wettin' addresses, huh? I know that somewhere in those wine-soaked, smoke-filled gourd of yours we could share a few crumbs.

Harley Monroe
Holly Hotel (#301)
Bradford, Pa. 16701

Where's Da Cocks?

□ My ol' man rides the meanest Sportster in Harrisburg and he really digs on your magazine and all the sexy photos. But I think you are male chauvinist pigs not to display some nice rods for us women folk. When are the cocks coming?

Hot Mama
Harrisburg, Pa.

■ Send me your address. We aim to please.

Swedish Test

□ A Swedish investigation has shown that helmets can, under unhappy circumstances, be a death trap. If you have one on and someone hits you with a hammer, it probably saves your life. But if the helmet and head hit the road, it's a lot like a table tennis ball—resulting in a broken neck.

Mashed Pofaoes
Sweden

Hardcore Women

□ Somehow I get the impression you folks think that all ol' ladies are bitching nags. Not so—I am quiet, polite, sincere, mild-mannered, and lovable. So are a lot of other gals. But I

don't read much about the "sweet and innocent" type gals. Just want to tell ya that we're just as good as the hardcore ones—maybe better, if given the chance.

Patient
Indianola, Neb.

Newspaper Games

□ Not long ago our state repealed the helmet law. But now the newspapers print all the gruesome pictures and facts of every bike accident when the rider wears no helmet — along with the statistics the paper believes will help get the law re-enacted, and there is nothing we can do about what they print. But one of the papers, **Rocky Mountain News**, has gotten hold of some new political ammunition. It seems they heard of a big "gang war" that will take place this summer, and the paper is playing it up for all it's worth. A story like this, of course, makes good copy and big volume sales.

I've lived in this town all my life and have been riding a bike now for about 16 years. When I first started, there was no helmet law. You had to be only 14 to ride and you were left alone by everyone. But after more people moved out here, there were more scooters and clubs started, etc. Around 1966 - 1967, there were so many clubs and wars going on that it was hard for an ordinary bike rider to get gas at a station because of the owner's fear of getting gunned down. And a long-haired, bearded biker on a custom scooter was like the plague—avoided at all places he went, and not served at any bars without some sort of hassle from redneck cowboy types. State legislators went crazy trying to control scooter people with helmet laws, modification regulations, lights-on, and all kinds of other shit.

Now when we've got some freedom like it used to be, they start coming off with this war shit again.

Jeff
N. Denver, Colo.

Withholding Mag

□ Thanks for holding back on your gun features. It's one less reason for these morons to withhold our rag. They have shot down your rag in the past for the ar-

ticles on home brew and iron-on transfers ("We might destroy state property.")

Jim Rodgers
Draper, Utah

□ A special thanks for taking the gun features out. It's damn heartwarming to know someone still cares about us dudes in the joint.

Bill
Lucasville, Ohio

Not So Tolerant Views

□ Just got the latest **Easyriders** (at last) and puked on the H-D "caution" page. Whatdafuck? Who do those pencil jocks in Milwaukee think are buying their sleds? The advertising manager must think the last two loads of Low Riders were shipped to some corporate execs in Topeka, Kansas. Just what I expected from AMF.

Iz
Montrose, N.Y.

□ As far as I'm concerned, AMF can kiss my ass on those two new Low Riders I was gonna buy. If it weren't for you and us, they'd be long gone.

K & K Cycle
Hyannis, Mass.

□ It wasn't surprising at all to see the jellyfish from AMF pull their Harley ad from **Easyriders** (July '78).

By now, most everyone's seen their bullshit ads in other rags, entitled "Less Than A Tolerant View." In which they assault anyone's intentions of putting other than genuine Harley-Davidson parts on his machine.

What the hell is so great about AMF's merger with Harley anyway? Let's see, since they "modernized" Harley's assembly plants, they've had Sportster frames pop apart at the seat area, they've called back groups of disc brake - equipped 'Glides and Sports for various potential brake failures, they've put Jap front ends, gauges and who knows what else on the only "American manufactured motorcycles." Their latest innovations have made the gutsy rumble of Harleys become a thing of history, and they've made the newest Harleys look like cheap Jap shit.

In case they never real-

11





FOX in the Weeds

By George Powers

The chicken wire cage closed in around the critter's red, almost orange fur like a too-tight sandal on a woman's foot. It made Pete Schuyler think back to painted scarlet toenails pushing tiny piles of warm sand toward the ocean.

Crazy thoughts. It was easy for his mind to stray from the business at hand. Ohio's winter grays and browns weren't much of a substitute for a sunset in New Mexico. But Pete was on the run. Buckeye Lake, Ohio, would have to do in spite of the flat, drab fields and the snow that was beginning to fall.

He felt sorry for the fox in the chicken wire cage. The animal was so demoralized that it hadn't even bothered to look up when he rode the FLH around to the rear of the three-cabin camp. The fox couldn't stand up. Its tail was curled around by its side, pressed against its flank and the chicken wire.

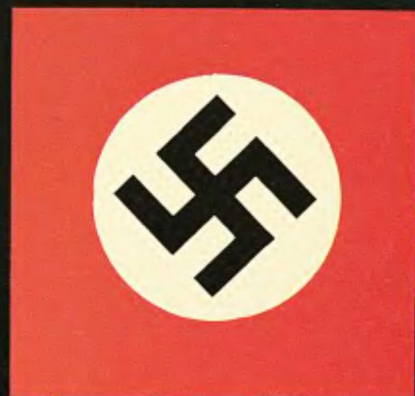
"Son of a bitch," Pete swore. He made up his mind that when he could afford to bring attention to himself he'd spring that fox. "Only an inbreeder would do that," he said under his breath, ignoring the pot-bellied old man staring at him from a window bare of curtains or blinds.

Inside the camp, he took out a plastic bag half-filled with water. He had carried it in a large, zippered pocket in his nylon flight suit. It was damned cold in Ohio in early December. Cold, but the roads had

—Continued on page 102

WEARING THE SWASTIKA

A VIEWPOINT



Editor's Note: It's no secret that bikers receive a great deal of negative publicity in the news media in general and in the press in particular. It's a rarity to read an account of an event involving bikers which fails to mention that many of these "undesirables" were wearing Nazi paraphernalia—the swastika being the item most frequently mentioned. The press seems to be under the impression that this trait speaks for itself—that the "significance" of bikers wearing swastikas is self-evident, and that it represents the bikers' sympathy with Nazism.

The following is a letter we received which offers one man's opinion and interpretation of bikers and their wearing of Nazi emblems. We, the editors of *Easyriders*, do not agree with each and every conclusion presented in this letter. Nevertheless, the letter is well-reasoned, thoughtful, and provocative. In short, it says some things worth considering. We publish the letter for those reasons only—not because we endorse all the conclusions the writer reaches.

In a forthcoming issue, *Easyriders* will publish an in-depth study of the swastika. Among other things, this article will review the history of the swastika down through the ages, documenting its ancient inception as a good-luck symbol, and explaining the rationale behind its use by bikers today. Specifically, we believe that, as far as bikers are concerned, wearing the swastika is not a symbol of their anti-Semitism. If it represents anything more than a doo-dah to wear, it may, for some, be a symbol of white power. We would appreciate hearing our readers' comments and opinions regarding bikers and the wearing of Nazi paraphernalia.

During the summer of 1966, I worked for a United States Congressman in Washington, D.C. I was primarily involved in the field of public relations. Because this position resulted in an intense exposure to the workings of the federal system, and because it demanded an immediate comprehension of virtually every facet of the legislative process, I became acutely sensitive to every nuance of the public relations process that could in any way affect various pieces of legislation and the authors and political personalities involved in those vital issues. I attended many official functions, ranging from committee hearings to dinners and cocktail parties. Of course, at the social affairs, most of those attending drank, and within their own politically comfortable circles no one was adversely criticized for holding a drink while conversing on important matters. The fact that you held a glass of liquor did not necessarily mean that you were considered to be alcoholic. If you could not control your consumption, then most obviously you just might overstep the strict limits that public appearances require and could receive poor notice in the *Washington Post* the next day. It was an unquestioned rule of propriety that one in the public light should never be photographed holding a drink—or apparently deriving satisfaction from alcohol. Obviously, you never knew what maliciousness might be triggered by such appearances, and at the grass roots level, the very fellow who got drunk every night and beat his wife nonetheless not cast his vote for you in November, since you represented just what he opposed morally on Sundays.

Since those days in Washington, I have held various positions, and one of my several part-time occupations is to write a public relations column in an academic journal. Another is to teach history at a local college. My full-time occupation is directing a public library which is the repository for the largest collection in New Jersey of materials relating to internal combustion. This public library is also the only such institution in the United States

to sponsor a motorcycle club. Because of the publicity I have received from this unusual effort, I have been invited to lecture on the current political matters that relate to motorcycling. I have spoken to a variety of groups, including cycle organizations, civic associations, and schools. Questions invariably arise about the so-called outlaw image of motorcyclists, and unfortunately the questions often carry the comment that better treatment of motorcyclists is often not forthcoming from the political types because the "fringe" element of motorcycling attracts the most attention in the most negative manner—i.e., it openly offends many non-cycling citizens. Interestingly, this relates to the reactions that I receive from my college students who are fascinated by the Nazi period in European history and are repulsed by those in this nation who would today attempt to perpetuate such a perverse and violent philosophy. Some of my students are veterans of World War II, Korea, and Viet Nam. That constitutes a great cross-section of ages to be sure, but the reactions are surprisingly close, considering that the opponents in two of those wars were Communists. Basically, the students abhor anyone who would promote repression. This seems to be a normal attitude and not one that most Americans would question.

Based on my observations, therefore, I believe that those who would currently promote Neo-Nazism are overtly rejected in America. There is always great concern in this nation for those who are oppressed. The recent rise in notoriety by the American Nazi Party in California has been critically reviewed by the news media, including CBS television's "60 Minutes." National Educational Television or PBS has provided time to Nazi proponents as well as to their adversaries. Very recently, the "MacNeil/Lehrer Report" examined the public opposition to the proposed march of Nazis in Skokie, Illinois. Even the most neutral observer of this current political and historical trend must note that the vast majority of Americans have once again rejected the purposes and intentions of the

Neo-Nazis. The Nazis are, of course, an organization intent upon political repression. Those who would align themselves with such fascists will find that they will have an extremely difficult time obtaining support or sympathy for their political aspirations.

This is analogous to the issue of a politician's not being seen by the public holding a drink at a political function. Being seen drinking causes the public to question the individual's sincerity and ability. Furthermore, people will question that with which the person aligns himself in political issues. Regardless of its own personal morality, the public does not tolerate immorality in those who seek its political endorsement.

How does this relate to you as a motorcyclist? Quite directly, in too many cases. Generally, one can be safe in assuming that the vast majority of motorcyclists are not sympathetic to Nazism regardless of their own personal prejudices. One can also assume that many motorcyclists are a bit theatrical in attitudes and appearance. This is not, in itself, a negative criticism, since by virtue of the fact that we motorcyclists ride a unique vehicle, we set ourselves apart and often place ourselves in a sensitive position vis-a-vis the more conservative majority. I have had this confirmed by AMA members on full dressers as well as by friends who ride choppers. You have the right to appear and ride upon any variant of the motorcycle that you choose—within certain (often undesirable) legal limits. But by virtue of the fact that you are expressing an independence of spirit that is not sufficiently commonplace in this nation, you are antagonizing certain elements of the populace. And some of these elements are more influential in the political arena than you could ever be.

In light of the foregoing, it is incumbent upon you to be both a bit politic and a bit sophisticated in your approach to your future as a motorcyclist. Crass theatrical displays of Waffen S.S. paraphernalia, Stahlhelms, and swastikas will not

—Continued on page 86



DOES THE EPA SPELL DOOM FOR BIKING?

By John Watson

By the year 1985, just one year later than predicted by George Orwell in his devastating book **1984**, the first serious step toward total outlawing of motorcycles will be taken. Motorcycles, the target of the Noise Abatement Commission, will begin to disappear from the American scene. A revolutionary battle will begin that will make Gettysburg seem like a confrontation between troops using marshmallows and powderpuffs, because on that date no motorcycles will be allowed to make any sound that exceeds seventy decibels on the road or eighty decibels off the road.

Previous steps toward outlawing motorcycles were taken some time ago when some states outlawed the modification of motorcycle parts—frames, wheels, fenders, lights, and what-have-you. Ridiculous laws were presented to voters: airbags, flashing red lights atop roll bars, helmets, goggles, gloves, boots, and even ejection seats. Since most of those failed, **sound** has become the target, even though most motorcycles make less noise than streetcars, trains, jet airplanes, Volkswagens, trucks, and police sirens.

The EPA is currently treating motorcycle exhaust noise as environmentalists have been treating the fluorocarbons contained in deodorant spray cans. They seem to believe that sound never disappears. That it will rise into the atmosphere, to accumulate there until the earth is surrounded by a great, invisible cloak which will, one day, descend on the earth and wipe out everyone in a single, thunderous cacophony of sounds which have risen from the earth since Adam made the first thudding noise by smacking Eve in the chops for refusing to get down.

The sounds must be there, or somewhere, since it's apparently inconceivable to the EPA that **anything** can disappear completely, and they're laying most of the blame on motorcycles, at the suspected urging of auto manufacturers and oil companies who want to sell more of their products and who resent the money-saving freedom of bikers. Besides, motorcycling looks like fun, and anything that is enjoyable comes under suspicion. The subversive motorcycle is going to be phased out, "but," they say, as they lurk there in their woodpile, "we'll make it look like progress." Well, the progress is to the rear.

For the purpose of their plan, the EPA has designated their target as, "any motorcycle equipped with a stoplight, horn, rear-view mirror, turn signals, or any other street-related equipment." For off-road motorcycles, these consist of, "any newly manufactured motorcycles which are intended for use in off-road environments." The trouble with the latter is that environmentalists are slowly passing laws which prevent off-road driving.

In the event that manufacturers are capable of reducing sound levels by producing silencing devices for motorcycle exhaust systems, the EPA has written into its plan some catchy little phrases.

"Federal Law prohibits the following acts or the causing thereof: (1) The removal or rendering inoperative by any person other than for purpose of maintenance, repair, or replacement, of any device or element of design incorporated into any new vehicle for the purpose of noise control prior to its sale or delivery to the ultimate purchaser or while it is in use, or (2) the use of the vehicle after such a device or element of design has been removed or rendered inoperative by any person." Got that? A Federal offense to fuck with your exhaust pipe. Anyone removing his exhaust, to replace it with a custom-

made pipe, will be placing himself in the same category as kidnappers, interstate car thieves, postal robbers, bank robbers, and political assassins. What the hell is the weapon involved—a box-end wrench?

There is so much double-talk printed in the forty-two page EPA statement that it can't be covered effectively here, but the goal is to establish noise-emission standards which are "requisite" to "protect the public health and welfare, taking into account the magnitude and conditions of use of such product, the degree of noise reduction achievable through the application of best available technology, and the cost of compliance."

The EPA supplement says, "The identification did not specify which types of motorcycles or motorcycle operations were responsible for the motorcycle noise problem." On another line, the statement reads, "The proposed regulatory level is not considered achievable with modification to Harley-Davidson engine design," and, "Such firms are not expected to be able to manufacture exhaust systems for regulated motorcycles which comply with these regulations." They then add, "manufacturers will ultimately be forced to switch to alternate product lines or go out of business." This is like telling my mother-in-law she's gotta stop hollerin' at me for punchin' out her daughter, or ordering Miraculous Mutha to stop fartin' before she busts somebody's eardrums. How the fuck do ya phase out either Miraculous Mutha or all the mothers-in-law in the world?

By the time this report was made available to the general public, most of the public hearings on the matter had already taken place, but that's just simple politics. Rape has a lot of disguises, and politicians have been fucking people for years.

There are places one can write to, to complain and raise hell about fucking with changes in motorcycle laws, and bikers who don't complain, loudly and vigorously, either don't give a shit about riding any more or they're not much more than limp-dicked candyasses. Entire memberships, as well as every loner in the nation, should get on the stick **right now** and pen letters to their local congressman and other officials, from the mayor down through every city councilman who appreciates that thirty-thousand-dollar-a-year job he's got. And when voting time comes around, discard all those fucked notions that voting categorizes you as a "citizen," or that you're knuckling down to the establishment if you vote. Votes put good dudes in office. They also take assholes out of office, and any politician who goes along with law changes that affect our freedom is . . . well, you decide. When politicians realize that they're gonna have to give up that Continental, or miss the winter skiing in Maine or at Tahoe, they'll start working for the people. Don't be a candyass! The helmet laws have been beaten in many states. That should be proof enough that campaigning can—and does—work. Write letters and vote down anyone who threatens your freedom to be in the wind, and don't stop with just one letter. There are over nine million motorcycle riders in America. That's nine million letters and nine million votes, and members of the motorcycling fraternity can have the EPA and the so-called environmentalists shaking in their shoes when those letters start pouring in. Be sure to write to the EPA! Let 'em hear your voice. It can be the loudest in the land. Here's one address you can start with: The Environmental Protection Agency, Motorcycle Noise Abatement Program AW-490, Washington, D.C. 20460. ■

TITS

By Sloth

Women sometimes get pissed because guys are interested only in their tits. "I am so much more than my tits," they say. "I am a complete woman, able to do many things—able to dream and hope, able to aspire and try to make the dreams come true. How can they be interested only in two dead weight sacs that can't do a fucking thing?"

Well, it's even worse than that, lady. Them two tits wouldn't be worth a bucket o' cowpuck if they didn't have nipples at the ends of 'em.

You take two average, good-shaped big tits that are stickin' out nude from some grade-A whore—well, if they ain't got no nipples on 'em, shit, you might as well try and get hot from lookin' at a couple o' bent knees hangin' there. You flash me a **Show Us Your Tits** sign that's bein' held up in front of some bitch what's scootchin' an' fiddlin' real careful with her shirt or top to try and expose the whole upsides and undersides and sidesides of her jugs, but still takin' all kinds o' care to make sure her nipples don't show, an' I'll flash you a **Show Us Your Tits** sign that ain't gonna get held up in front of that bitch twice.

No matter how fuckin' huge some chick's tits are, the only thing they're gonna get sucked by is mosquitoes if there ain't no nipples on 'em. But you show me some pancake-flat, wall-fronted flooze who's got two rigid dark and dirty nipples that get hard as solid-rubber thimbles even when just the temperature hits

'em, an' I'll show you a chick who's gonna get the front of her jersey lifted a lot.

You take two waitresses: one of 'em's got jugs as big as a Hottentot's buttocks—she's got all her buttons open, one tit pushin' hard against her undone clothes, big an' round an' not hangin' at all, just a vast smooth dome, with nuthin' between it and your eyes but the air—and a bit of cloth coverin' the nipple; and right next to her is some hundred-year-old skinny Viet Cong standin' dumb-eyed an' slowly sawin' your mother's head off for a salad with her oily fatigue shirt open, revealin' three hundred ribs an' a **nipple** lookin' at ya...

It don't take much thinkin' to figure out which one you're gonna be gawkin' at with your tongue hangin' out.

Even a pussy don't get this kind of attention. Some fat cleanin' lady what's got a permanent bend in her body from her thighs and hips bein' so every bit as huge as her trunk that her carcass don't have no choice but to grow into an eternal and everlasting sideways **V**—she'll be sittin' on a bus bench with her legs spread hard against her white dress, with her stockin's rolled at the knees, an' you'll **know** she ain't got no drawers on, an' that her pussy will be shoutin' "ooooo" at you just as loud as it can. But you won't want to look at it. You will—but you won't want to. Let that same woman reach in an' flop out one o' them mushmellons, coverin' it all up real careful with her hands

except for her nipple—there'll be stickum in your shorts soon enough.

When you're walkin' through a mall or store, an' you see some fox in a T-shirt who's got perfect, space-lady tits underneath it that you can see their shapes of as clear as through glass but her nipples ain't hard—well, your eyes just kind of keep slippin' off 'em an' driftin' sideways, like as though you can't quite get a grip. Right behind her there'll be some near-dead hippie chick whose tits have been drunk into flatness by mites, but her nipples is pushin' rigid and erect against her potato-digger's shirt. It's like your eyes has suddenly sprung hooks on 'em, and they won't unhitch from her nipples no matter **what** the fuck she does; she makes a quick U-turn into the socks department, an' you suddenly find yourself runnin' forward, off balance, like you was tryin' to keep from fallin', and a minute later you're way around in front of her again, your eyes still stuck onto her nipples.

So you chicks what ain't got no tits shouldn't worry that a guy's gonna think you ain't worth a pile o' whatever, or that you're gonna hafta start learnin' transatlantic arithmetic or nuclear phone repair to make some sort o' solitary life for yourself, or that you're gonna hafta spend the rest o' your days fuckin' other women. Long as you got two nipples what go hard real apparent—hey, you got everything it takes to make the grade, believe me.







IRON HEAD

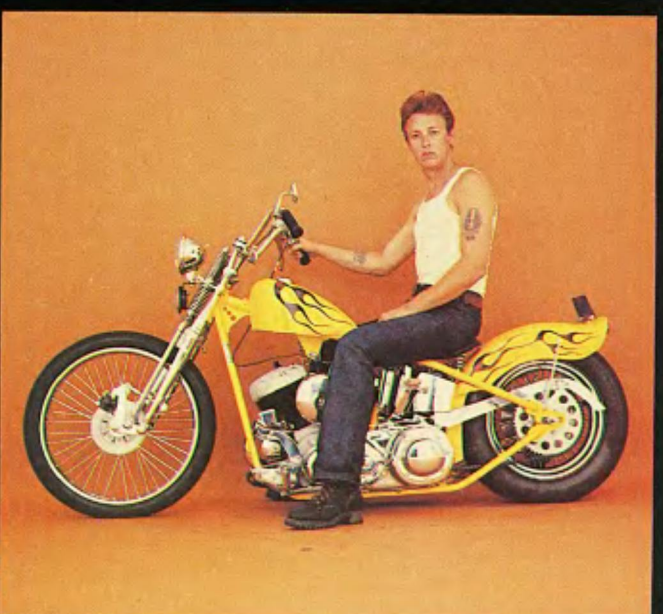
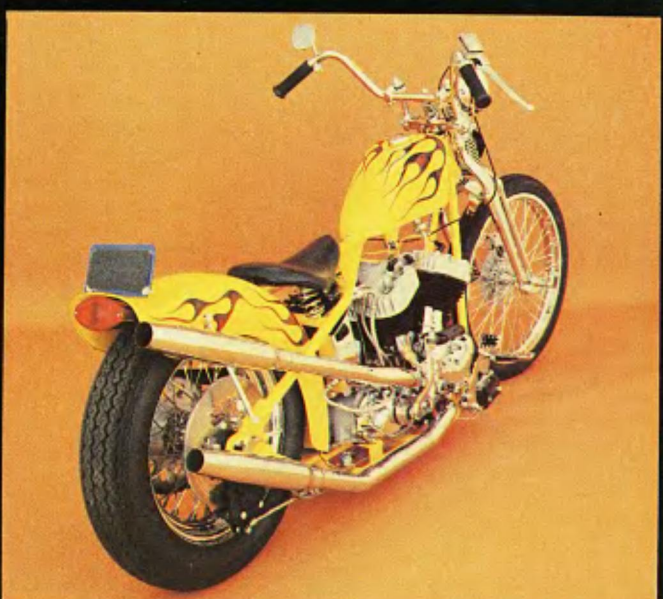
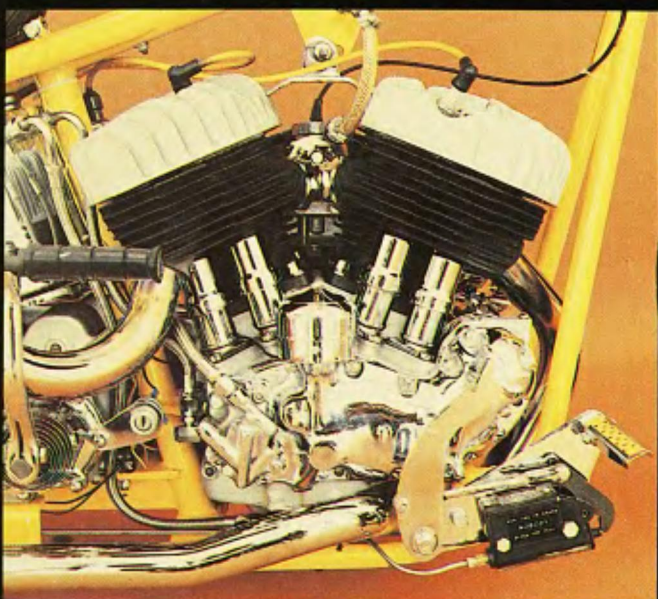
Okay, men, hold onto yer shorts; this is gonna be another illiterate, unreasonable, inaccurate, unreal bike feature—just like all the rest. It's not that I try to write 'em like that. The drug just comes on like that.

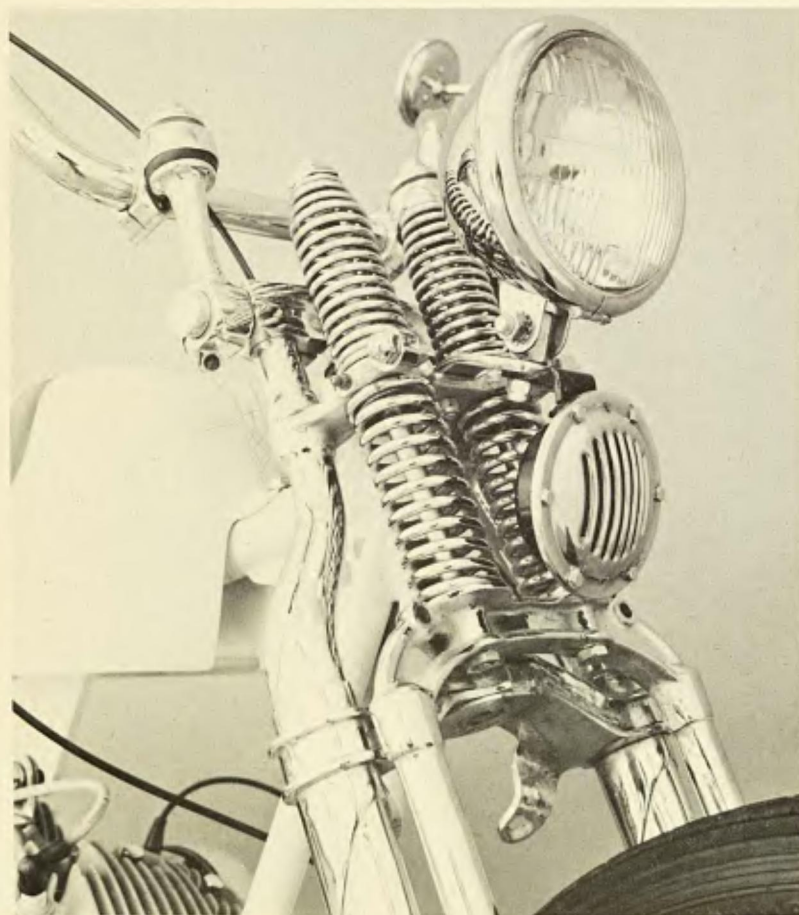
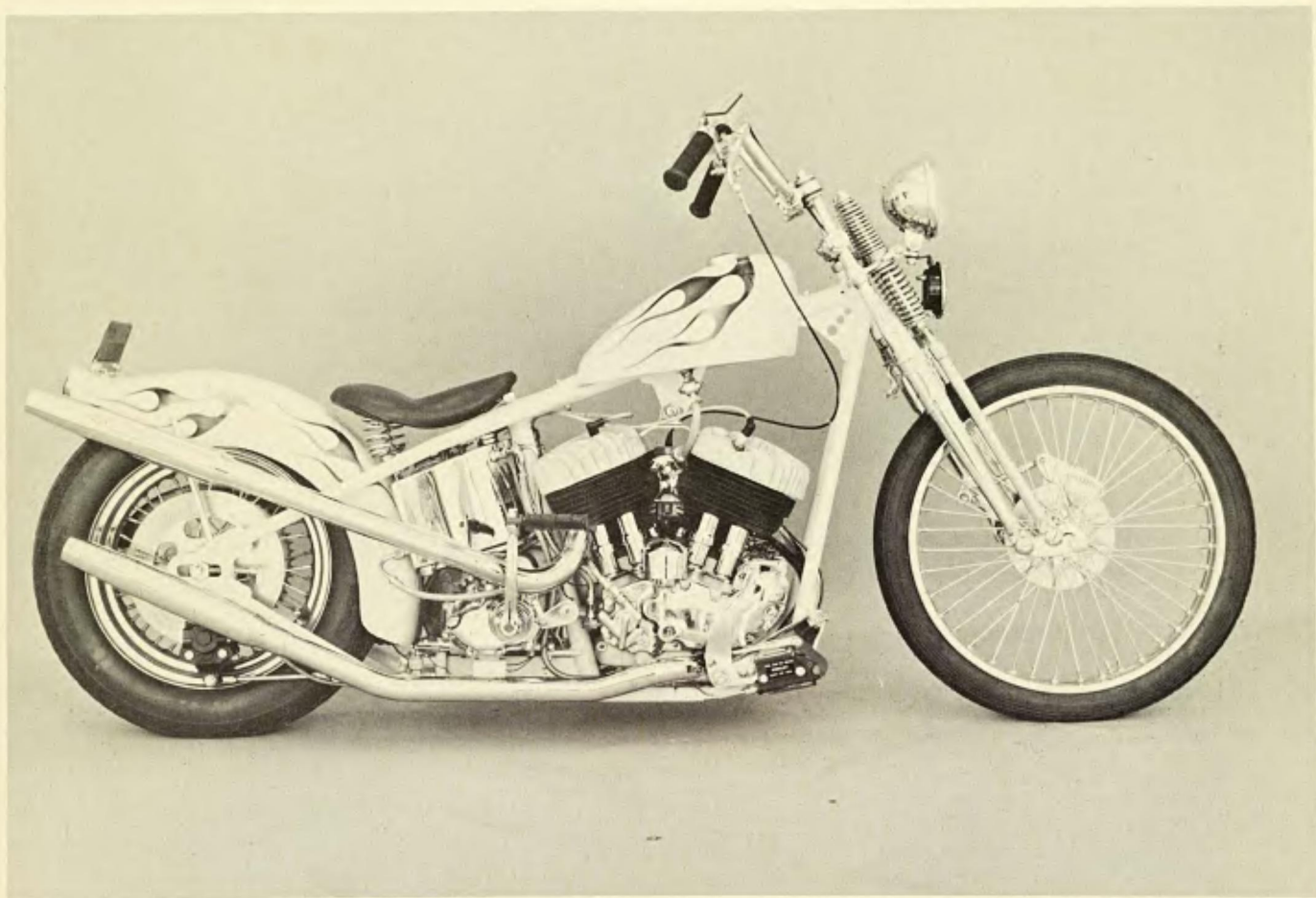
Enough for the copouts. What I want to say—so forty of my bros don't rat-pack me when this gets into the breeze—is that sometimes when ya get advice, it's not exactly sincere. For example, I was trying to balance my ass on a bar-stool one lazy night when this beautiful broad strolled into this joint—like Mae West into the Desert Dust Saloon. I 'bout lost my taste for beer. I ain't the handsomest dude in the streets, but she started lookin' at me real hard. And I started lookin' . . . well, hard was the word. 'Bout then my bro—and I say "bro" like I'm tryin' to enunciate it while chewin' a beer can—a steel one—anyway, this b-br-bro wrapped his arm around me, and droolin' half a pitcher of beer in my ear, he told me that this chick had a case of the Brazilian clap that would make my dick wish it was a belly button for the rest of my life. So a lonely tear ran down my face and I shined her on.

Two days later I was workin' in my garage where I live when my—oh, fuck it—this rumpkin pulled up on his putt. And who was he packin'? You fuckin' guessed it—and they were practically married. I picked up the biggest tool I could find—anyway, he doesn't come around anymore.

The ol' shuck-'n'-jive. Anyway, ya probably get my drift or drunk, maybe drug. If ya don't, light another joint, grab yer ol' lady, toss this rag on the

**Listen to yer bros—
then do the opposite**



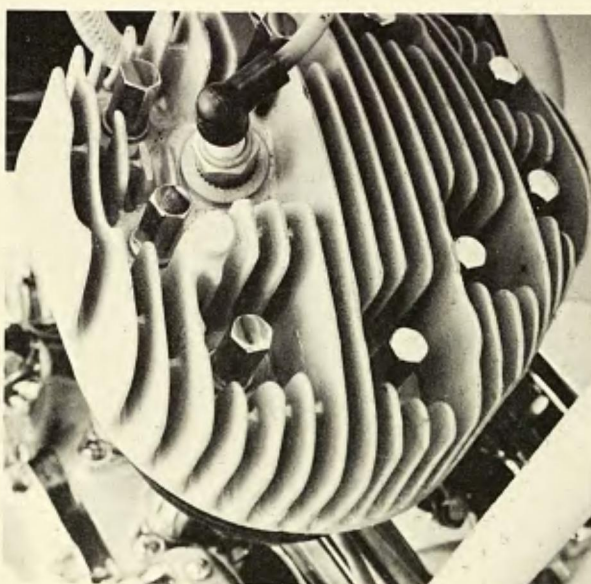
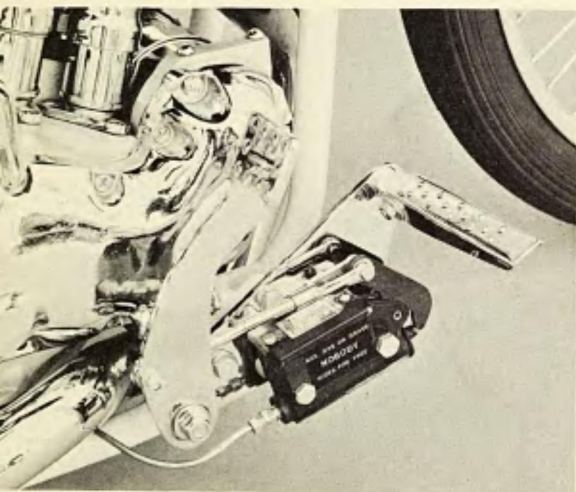


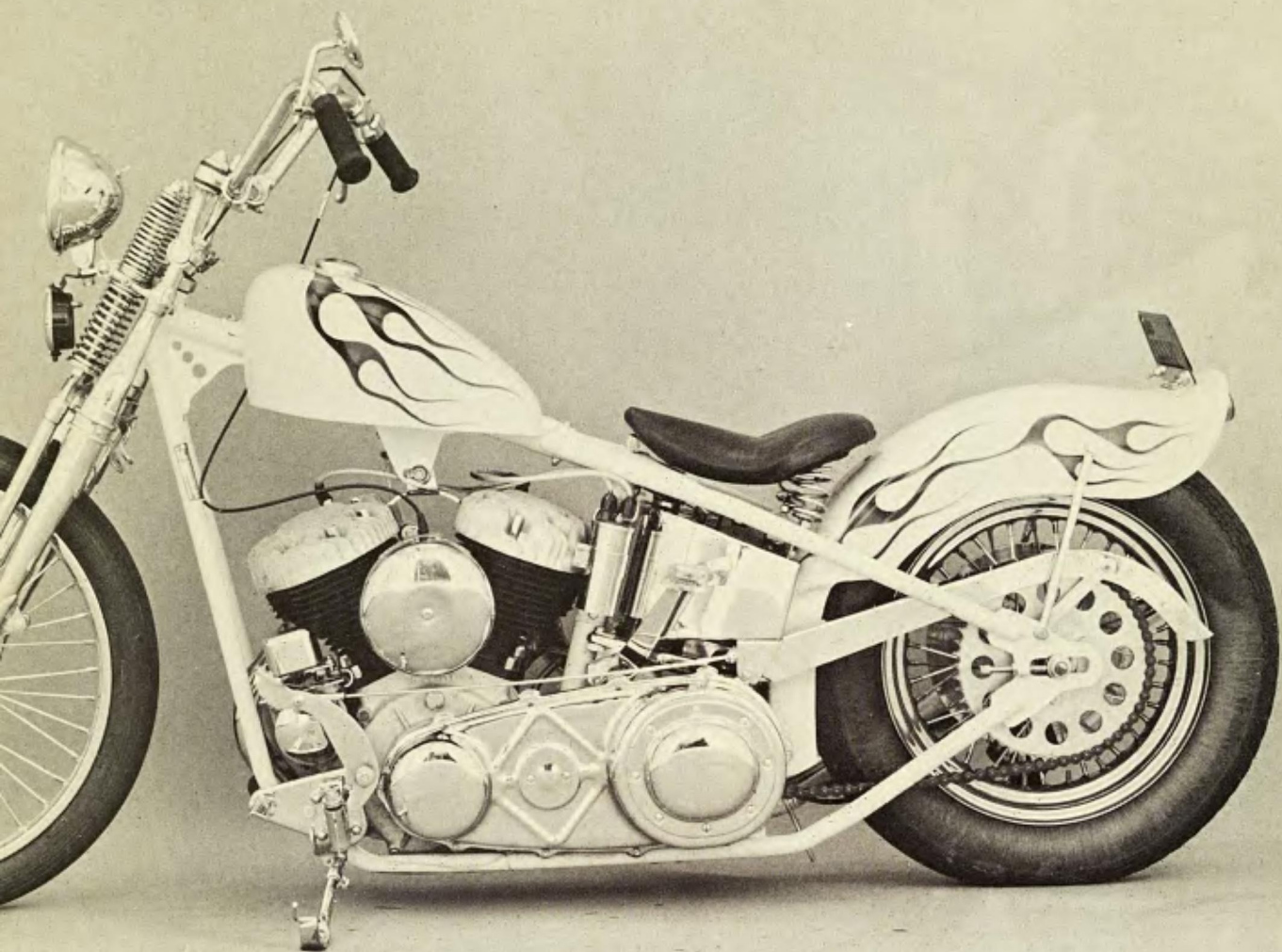
floor—and as yer about to take her sweet left nipple in yer mouth, mumble somethin' 'bout the author bein' nuts. The nipple'll make ya forget ya ever started the article. If ya get it, read on my friend, read on.

Ya see Danny, the owner, builder, lucky sonovabitch who has this cherry flathead, was blessed by a couple of similar circumstances. In fact, he wouldn't be straddlin' this fine machine if he had listened to his b-br-bros (it still sticks in my throat).

He had the opportunity to trade his shovel—which he wasn't that impressed with—for this flathead. The iron-headed monster wasn't in great shape, but he was in love. But his br-bros had him convinced that he was divin' into an empty swimming pool. He was discouraged, driven to a point where he began to walk away from his dream, near to closin' the door—when one of his "pals" said somethin' about "Maybe the dude'll trade for my pan." Saved. Danny told him ta fuck off, went in and made the deal. And today he's got a classic, as ya can see.

More recently, his "pals" pushed another bit of advice his way. Dan lives about six hundred miles from the dump





where we take photos for bike features. We were bummed about the scoot bein' so far away, but we gave him a buzz and asked him if he wanted to bring it to L.A. so we could do the feature right. The bike deserved the best. Dan said he'd see what he could do and would call us back.

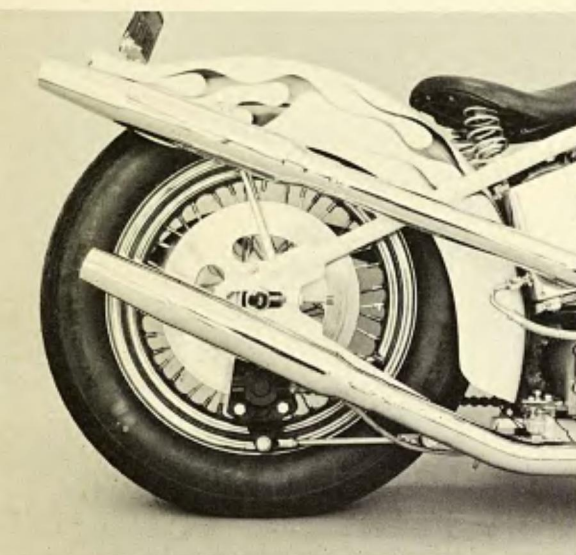
Are ya ready for the advice of his "chums"? "Don't do it, Dan. They're a buncha freaks and are probably settin' ya up to rip off yer bike." Are ya hep to that shit? I can guarantee that no one touched his putt, and he is still the owner.

But Danny had learned his lesson the

first time, and so he said fuck it and brought his sled down. We appreciated hell outta it, and Dan had one fuckin' good time. All Dan could figure was that his bros were jealous when Renegade convinced him to trade his new truck for Renegade's '48 dump Dodge, and the Gimp swapped Dan a lame pit bull for his sumptuous ol' lady. And as they watched the Dodge smoke its way around the corner, they said in unison, "See ya, bro."

—Just Jivin'

—Continued on next page



Owners: Danny Green

City: West Pittsburg, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: Pete Ogden

Year and make: 1946 H-D

Model: UL

Value: Not for sale

Assembly by: Steve Desmond

Time: 8 months

Chroming by: a lotta people

Frame

Year: 1977

Builder: Gary Bang

Type: rigid

Rake: 30°

Stretch: 2 1/4 in.

Other alterations: neck gusset

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1946

Model: flathead

Rebuilder: Carlo Lujan

Ignition: 12v late pan

Displacement: 80 cu. in.

Lower end: stock

Balancing: smooth

Pistons: Robinson

Cases: bead blasted

Heads: shaved

Cam: stock

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni

Air cleaner: H-D

Pipes: Pete Ogden

Muffler(s): Cycle Shack cones

Bars: Flanders #2

Risers: 3 in. H-D

Fender(s): Gary Bang fatbob

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: Gary Bang

Speedo: none

Front pegs: Paughco

Rear pegs: none

Electrics: 12v late pan

Gas tank: Gary Bang, low tunnel

Oil tank: Paughco

Oil system: stock

Primary cover: diamond

Seat: Hap Jones

Sissy bar: none

Height:

Material:

Transmission:

Modifications: panhead

Year: ?

Shifting: jockey

Engine sprocket: 22

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheel sprocket: 50

Forks:

Type: Springer

Extension: none

Builder: H-D

Special features: Paughco sm. prts.

Wheels:

Front:

Size: 21

Hub: Hallcraft

Rim width: 2 3/4 in.

Tire: 2.75

Brake: disc

Rear:

Size: 16

Hub: Hallcraft

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: 5.00

Brake: disc

Painting

Molding: Ron Williams

Painter: Ron Williams

Color: chrome yellow

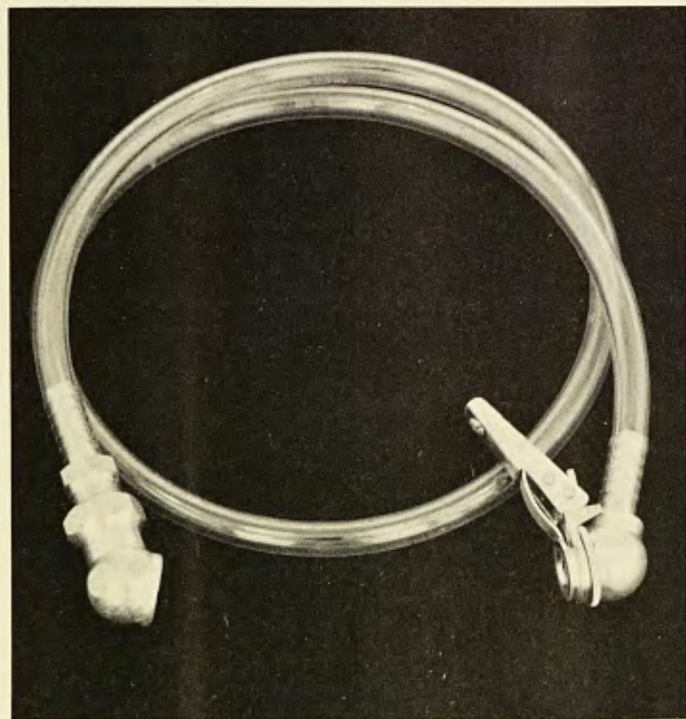
Type: lacquer

Special paint: striping by Frank Mills

Other special modifications: Special Barnett clutch for foot clutch, special valves, new cases (H-D).

Tire Tech:

A TOOL WE ALL CAN USE



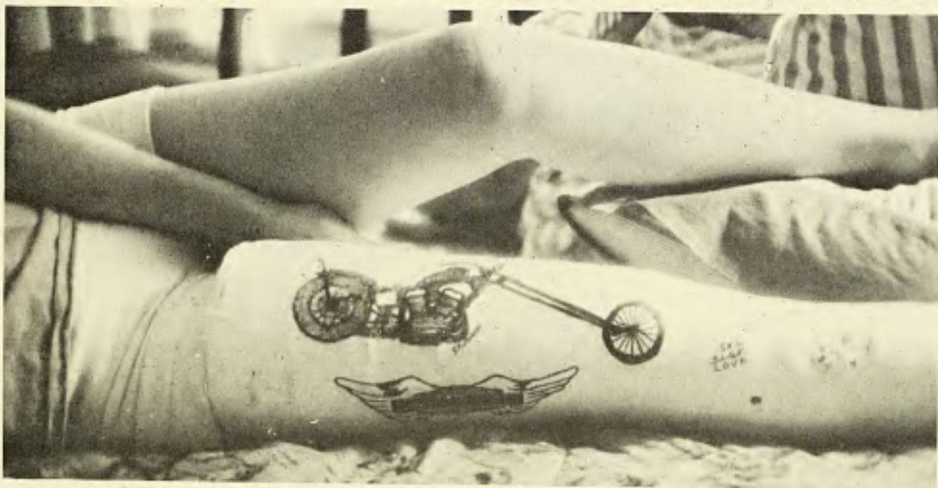
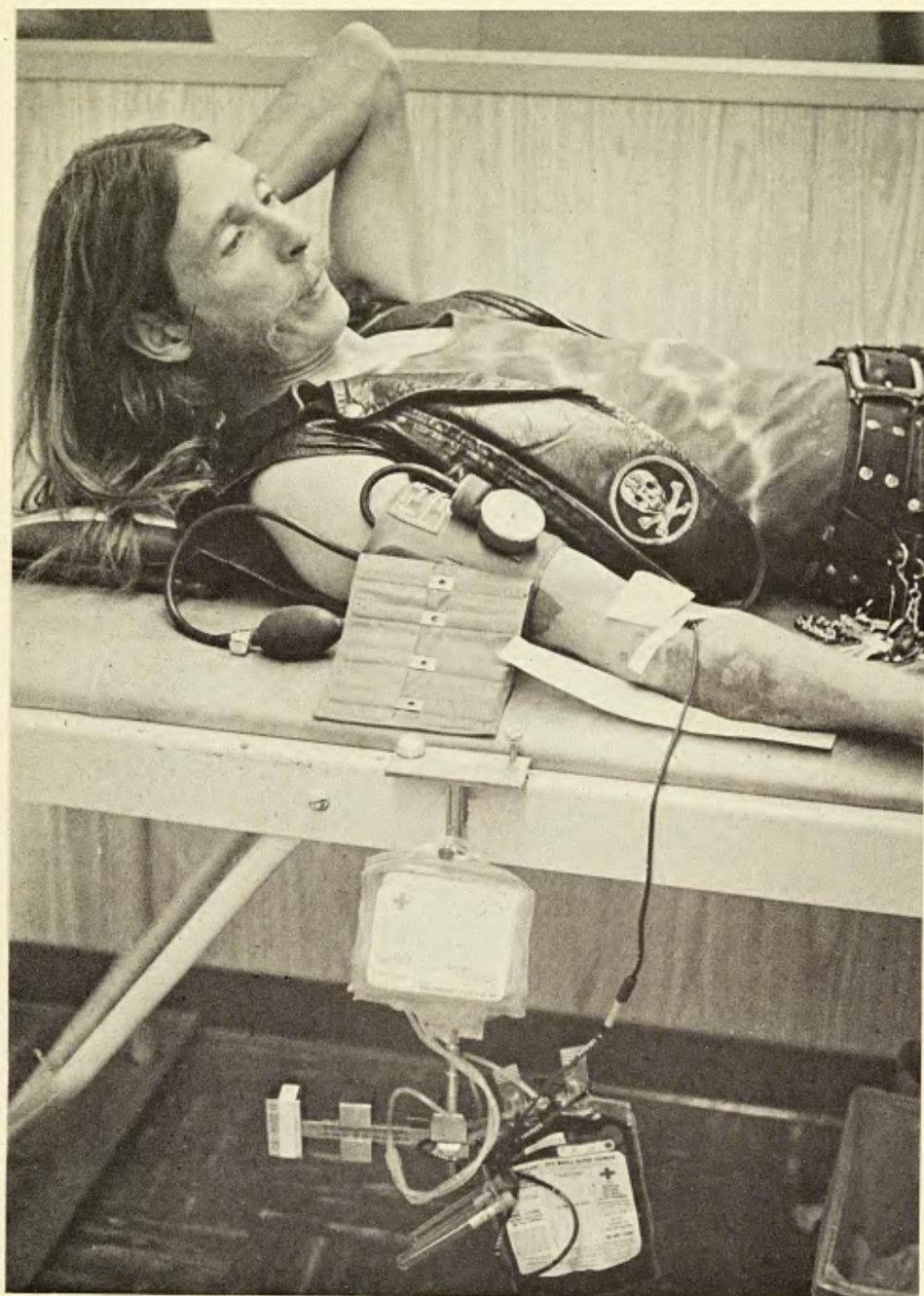
Another life saver

This spare tire came from Steve Worrell in Michigan. It consists of two tire nozzles like the ones used in gas stations, one that locks in case ya can't use both hands, a couple of hose fittings, and a piece of hose three or four feet long.

Now if ya haven't figured the damn thing out, it enables ya to cop a little air outta yer bro's bike or a parked car after you've fixed a flat, or to keep that slow leak from goin' flat. Steve said ya can ooze about ten pounds of mist outta a bro's tire without harmin' his rubber.

At last, a solution to the hassle of fixin' yer own tire an' then huntin' up someplace to replace the air. Thanks, bro.

—Weed





Road Rash Blues

I'm gonna tell you a story
About a fact of life.
It don't matter whether
You live wrong or right.
It will catch up with you
Late one night.
It's called The Road Rash Blues.

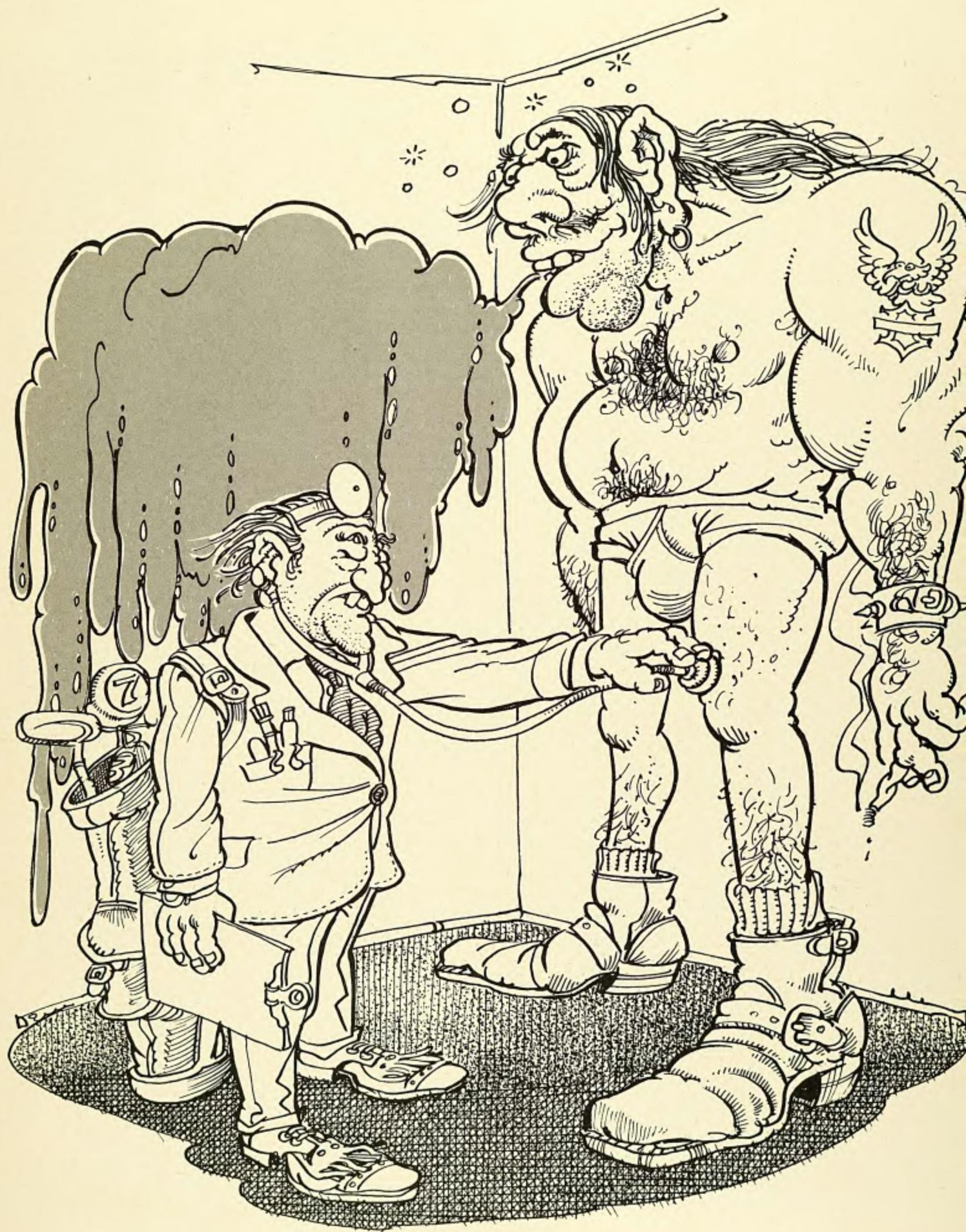
It happens to the best of bikers someday,
And if you ride long enough,
There ain't no way
To constantly avoid
The Road Rash Blues.

The Asphalt Reaper will bide his time
And wait till you're doin' about 95,
And just when you feel you're startin' to cruise,
You find yourself slidin' on your back,
Doin' the Road Rash Blues.

I'm not the kind of dude
Who likes to ride in cars.
I always take my scooter
When I go to the bars.
And that's one of the reasons
I wear the scars
Caused by the Road Rash Blues.

Every person born,
Someday they gotta die,
And if I have my way,
I'll do it while I ride.
But till my time comes,
I'll keep payin' my dues
Doin' the Road Rash Blues.

—Gypsy



Adventures With The Stinking Rose Of Mirth

By Dr. Twatburger

While struggling through the hinterlands of youth, down and out of coin and wondering where my next meal might come from, I was approached by a man who offered me an odd proposition.

The man's name was Bud. He was married and had four children. He also had a bad heart and couldn't get a job because he was unable to pass the physical examination necessary for employment.

Since we were approximately the same age, Bud asked if I would take his physical examination for him, using his name and family history, and he offered to pay a modest sum of money for the effort. In accepting the proposition, I began a short-lived but highly remunerative career as a stand-in for the ailing unemployed.

The physical exam went off without a hitch. The doctor examined me, commented on my great physical condition, and asked a few questions about my life and birthplace. Unfortunately for me, he was born in the same town as was Bud, and when he asked pointed questions about people and places, I was stumped. In spite of the suspicions this aroused, "Bud" passed the exam and got the job in the factory, and two weeks later he died of a heart attack on company property. His wife and family came into considerable money from the insurance, and I suppose they lived happily ever after.

By advertising my health and willingness to take examinations for others, I soon made another contract, and then another, and I turned to taking examinations for men who needed life insurance. My flat rate of one hundred dollars was considered small payment for the dividends that would later be reaped by the man's family.

To shorten the examining session

and keep the doctor and his nurses from getting too friendly or curious, I tried to think of a plan that would make my presence repulsive to them. The answer was, of course, *garlic*, and in spite of all the bullshit written before, garlic is the essence of this tale. I'll cite a few incidents, then get to the meat of the story.

I met a man who, though still in his early thirties, was dying with cancer of the balls. He knew that time was short for him and, being uninsured, he wanted to leave something for his wife and kids. He contacted me, and I agreed to take his physical exam.

Now, insurance doctors are nobody's fools. They are wise in the ways of medicine, wise in the ways of men, and wiser yet in the ways of money. They make lots of bread examining patients for insurance companies, especially when double indemnities are involved. That they also receive large kickbacks from insurance companies is suspected.

Before going to an insurance doctor, I would purchase a garlic bulb, break off several cloves and chew them with vigor, chasing them down with a glass of beer. Then I would report to the doctor's office and announce my presence.

Dressed in shabby clothes, I would go into the examining room and disrobe, making sure that the doctor and his attending nurse noticed that I was wearing holed socks on dirty feet, dirty undershorts, and that I had had a drink before reporting to the office. Whenever the doctor stood near me, so as to listen to my heart with his stethoscope or check my teeth, I would make a point of speaking in an obscene manner and breathing directly into his face.

Some doctors would listen to my heart, take a deep breath, turn green, and get me the hell out of the office, filling out the forms with-

out further examination. I suppose they figured that anyone who could stand to eat garlic and smell like that *must* be healthy.

If a particularly dedicated and thorough doctor was to be the examining physician, I'd gorge myself with beans and fart loudly and frequently throughout the session. My system never failed, and because of its success there are a lot of happy widows living in luxury today.

This system isn't new. Even those who have some affliction can successfully pass a physical by following my example. Doctors, it seems, are more fond of associating with sweet-smelling ladies and gentlemen than they are of standing close to shabbily dressed, farting, garlic-eating beer swillers. Also, they want to get those smelly persons out of the office before the paint peels off their walls or they puke in front of Mrs. Richbitch, who's in the waiting room.

I passed my methods on to a couple of pals who spent most of their time puttin' around the country on bikes. They thought it great sport to eat a dinner of beans, garlic, peanut butter and beer, and then go to the movies at the local theater.

Once inside, they'd pick center-section seats, waddle to them, and commence talking loudly, farting and breathing adenoidally until they found themselves sitting alone in a vast desert of vacant seats where they could stretch out and drink or smoke pot or beat off without being disturbed.

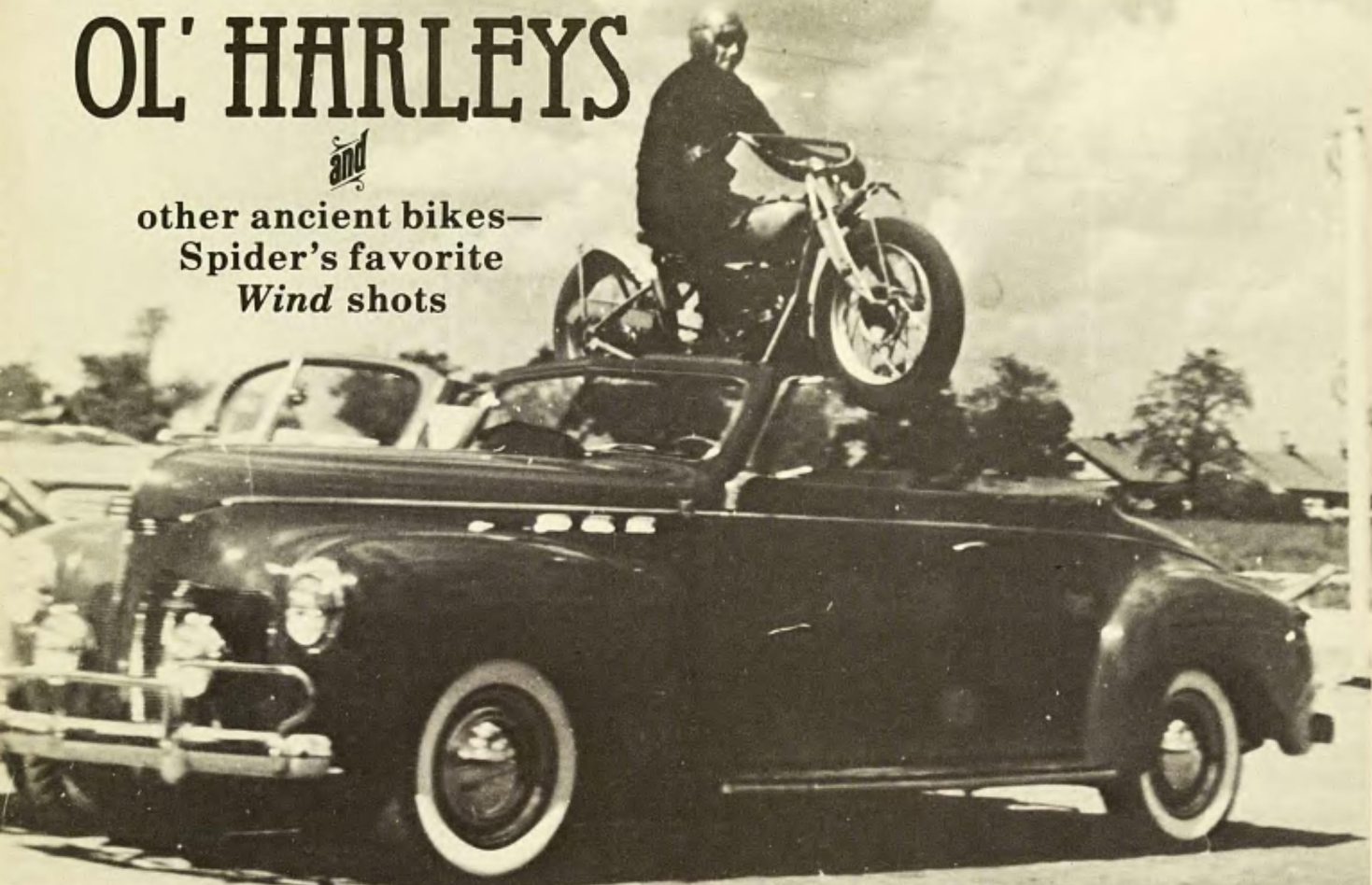
To the best of my knowledge, garlic was first mentioned in writings of the ancient Babylonians, over five thousand years ago. Ancient Egyptian writings show that during the twenty years it took to build the

—Continued on page 99

OL' HARLEYS

and

other ancient bikes—
Spider's favorite
Wind shots



—Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—Sandi, Bell Gardens, Calif.



—Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio





—Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio

—Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio

—Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio



—Stanly Trekell, Lawrence, Kans.



—Richard St. Peter, Hopkinton, R.I.



—Birdhouse, Greene Co., Pa.



—Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio

Mann Art On Skin

How's this for a chick stumblin' into a tattoo parlor and askin' for a little tattoo—like a butterfly on her left nipple? Swede, the Mesa, Arizona, ink artist, had just opened the latest issue of this rag and Dave Mann's centerspread art caught Fred's (the chick's) eye. "That's it," she blithered, "I want it on my back."

Swede really didn't want to be bothered while he gazed at our latest effort—but the prospects of reproducing Dave's art on Fred's back was definitely not just another "Death before Dishonor" job. Ink and needles in hand, Swede went to work. It took nearly twenty hours. Not all at once, bros, a step at a time.

Fred works in a carnival, and whenever she hit town she got the ink—once it was for four hours straight!

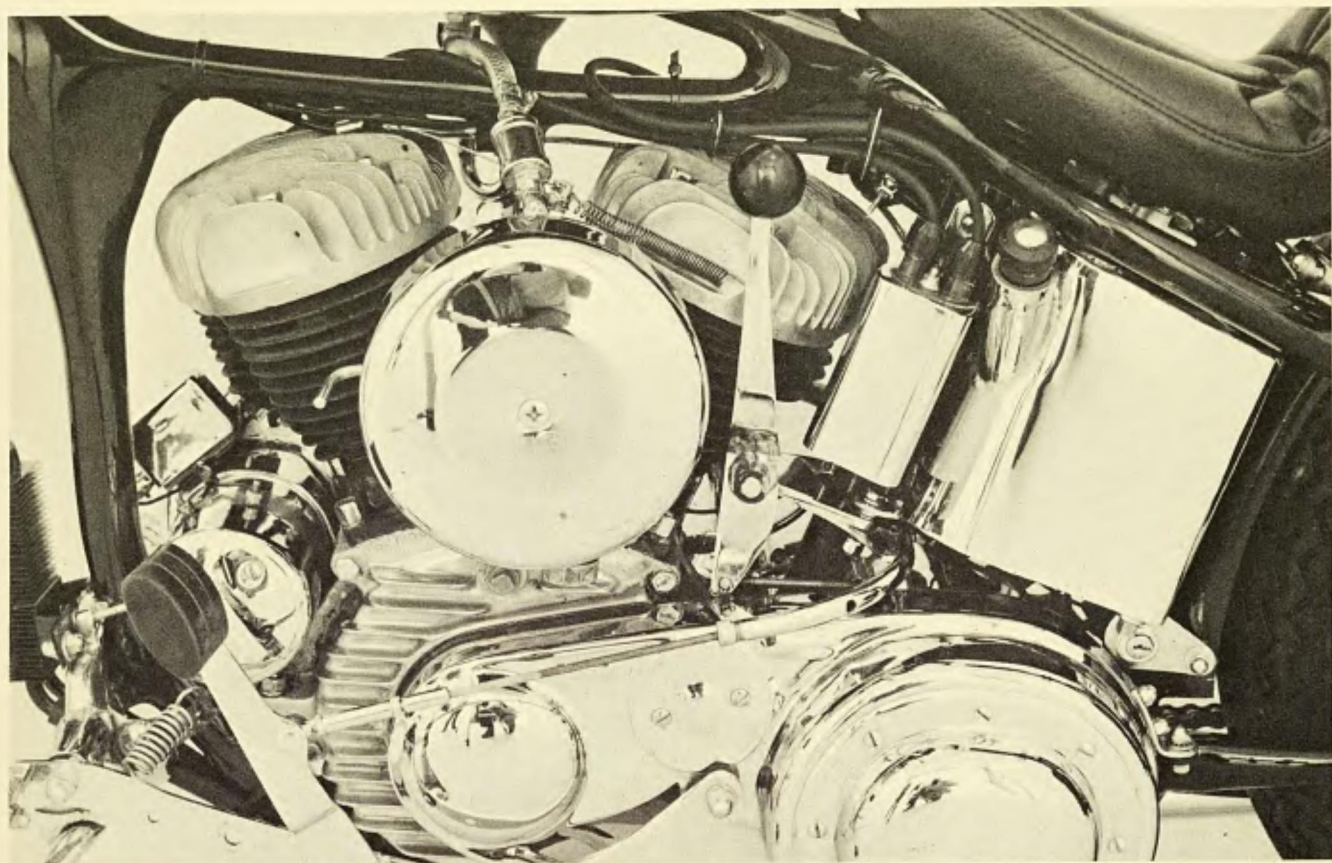
What you're viewing is the finished work—not the usual butterfly, but a Cinerama job that shows one helluva lot of class.

—Weed









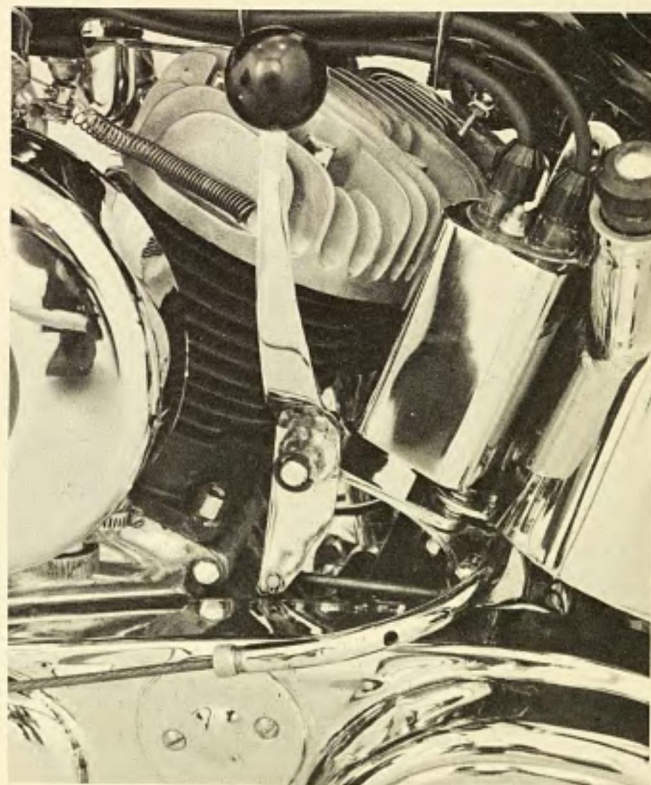
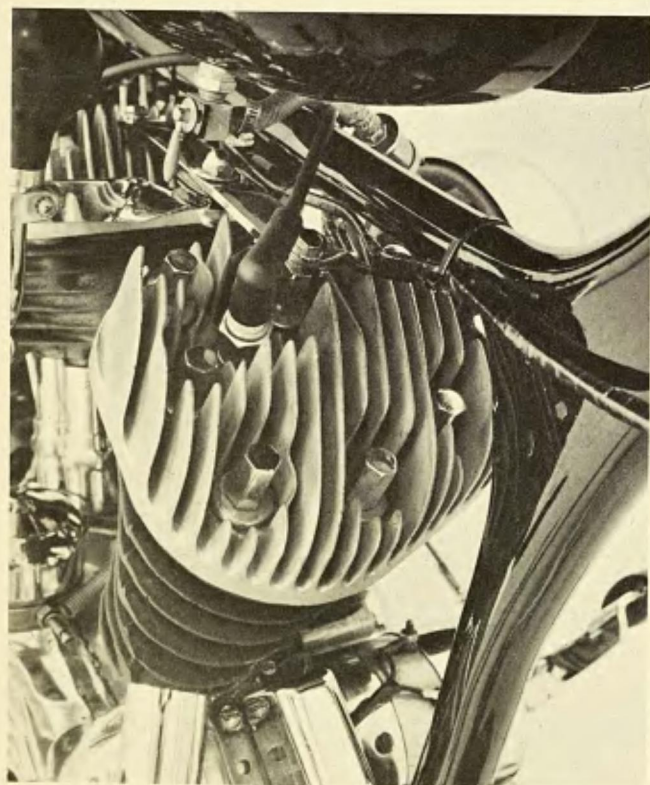
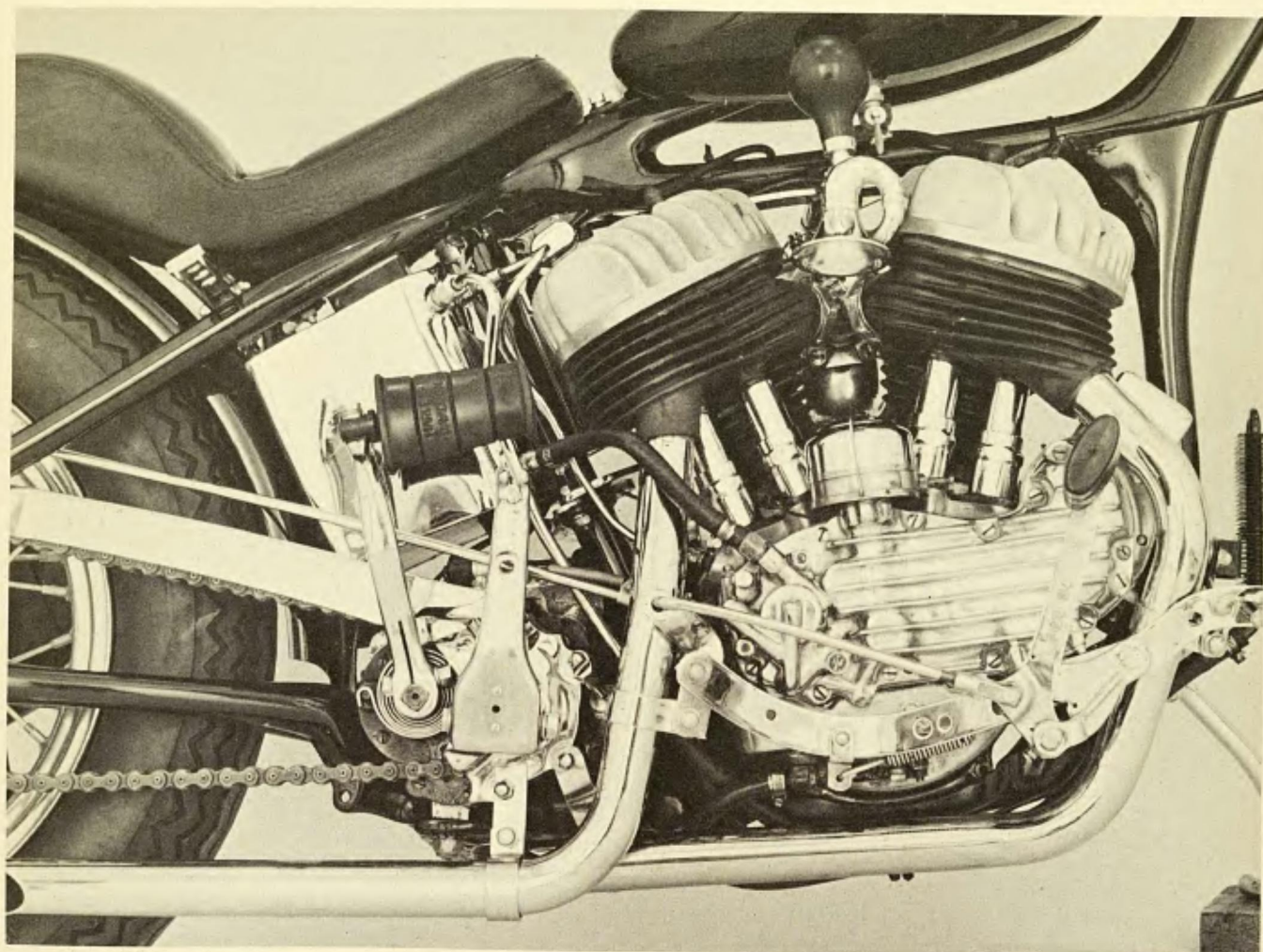
LEONARD'S 45

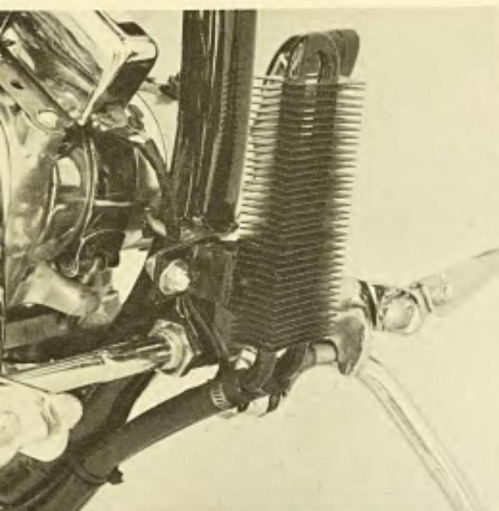


*Laid-back Lenny rides
a faraway freeway now*

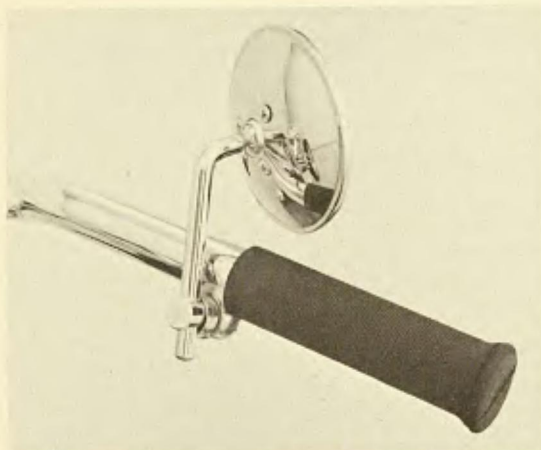
Lenny is no longer with us. A downed bro, a reality we must face too often. But no matter how many times, it never sets easy. We've never lost a feature bike owner before. And we sincerely hope it never happens again.

This feature was something Lenny wanted. So we're going to display his bike with the pride he put into its construction. He loved the 45 and went down with it and with his people around him.





Photos by Pete Chiodo



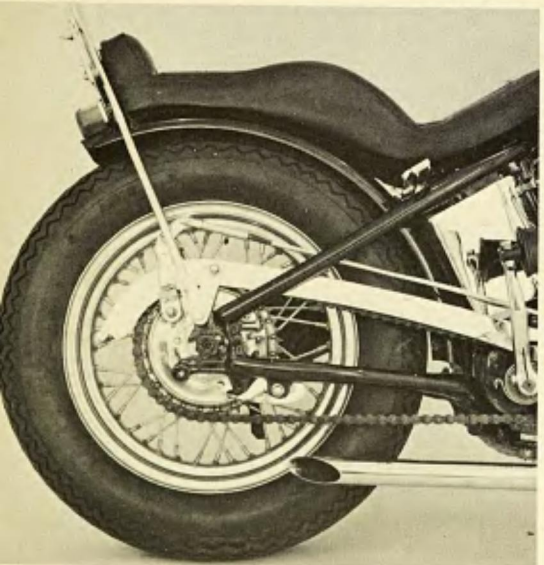
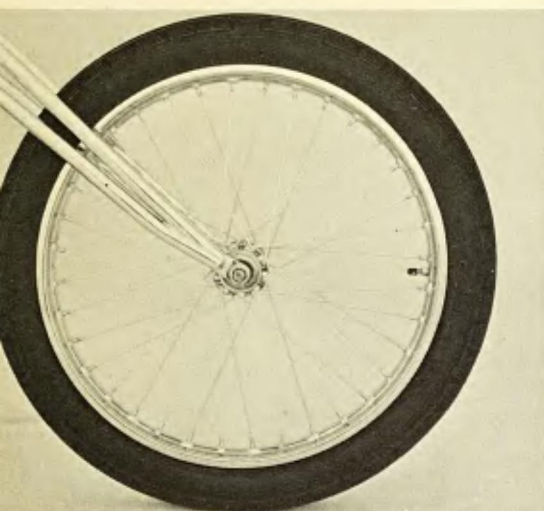
Leonard was a biker to the bone. Active in the Modified Motorcycle Association, he rode to many benefit functions. The bro also hit as many antique bike events as possible. A big dude, but everybody's brother.

What can we say? Any time a close friend goes down for the last time, under another set of Detroit wheels, we find ourselves going through the same changes. And ultimately, on matter how unjustified the scene, the bumner behind it, we've lost another bro.

No more rebuilds, scars to heal, broken bones to mend—it's over. The last breakdown. We have only our bros who have survived to lean on. So while we're still around to ride and party, we should keep Lenny in mind and follow his example. Treat your people right. *Ride safe, dammit!* Remember you're invisible to everyone on the road—and everyone driving a cage is out to get you!

—Bandit

—Continued on next page



Owners: Leonard Albright

City: Visalia, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1947

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: WL

Type: rigid

Value: \$3,000

Rake: 1 inch

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: one year

other alterations:

Chroming by: Valley Chrome

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Drag Specialties

Year: 1947

Risers: one-piece 10-in.

Model: WL

Fender(s): 5-inch flat

Rebuilder: Galen & B.J.

Headlight: Gary Bang

Ignition: 6v distributor/coil

Taillight: Lucas

Displacement: 45 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: Gary Bang

Balancing: H-D

Rear pegs: Gary Bang

Pistons: std. H-D

Electrics: 6v, 3-brush

Cases: clean

Gas tank: 3-gal. mustang

Heads: flat, aluminum

Oil tank: Sportster repro, 3 qt.

Cam: stock

Oil system: H-D

Lifters: H-D/solids

Primary cover: stock H-D

Carb(s): Linkert

Seat: by Smitty

Air cleaner: Paughco

Sissy bar:

Pipes: Paughco drag

Height: 19 in. above fender

Muffler(s): baffles

Material: 1/2-in. round stock

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: reverse removed

Type: girder

Year: 1949

Extension: 12 in. over

Shifting: suicide

Builder: Durfee

Engine sprocket: 31

Special features: coke spoon

Trans sprocket: 17

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 41

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: Mike Belo

Hub: custom

Hub: H-D

Painter: Mike Belo

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black enamel

Tire: 3.00

Tire: 5.00 Arco

Type: emron/clear

Brake: none

Brake: stock mech.

Special paint: Lion mural by Belo

Other special modifications: Ford power-steering cooler for oil.



**Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mugs.
Heavy! (Weigh almost two pounds!)
They're Big! (Hold 12 ounces.)**

\$9.95

Add one dollar
for postage,
insurance, and
handling.

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

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

California residents add 6%

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

Get ready for winter

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

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



Star Wars Gloves

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

Stars can easily be removed with a Buck Knife.

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

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



Ball warmin' Chaps

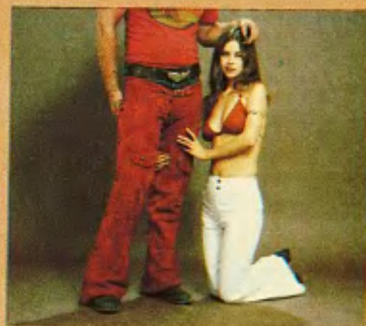
When riding on a cold & frosty morn or evening, freezing your balls off, next to your ol' lady's or your house mouse's warm hands, these chaps will keep your balls & legs as warm as two crispy critters.

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

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

**Leathers from
High Pockets**

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



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

Order today from

High Pockets

Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630



Easynews

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

Bikers Against Injustice

There is a joint motorcycle club in Indiana that goes by the name Our Blood MC, which is endeavoring to strengthen unity among bikers. It's difficult enough for bros behind gray walls to get a club going, but these people did it. And not just to become a brotherhood. They want to stand up for scooter people in the joint, for people having legal hassles in the streets, and for brothers trying to initiate unity among clubs.

They ask only for equal justice. And they'd like to see more clubs put down the strife and get together for equality in the justice system for all bikers — hear, hear.

Bad Medicine

A chapter in the book *Preventive Medicine* (2nd edition, Little, Brown and Company) concerns injury control. This book, written by IIHS's William Haddon and AAAM's Susan Baker, states that some injuries can be controlled by "eliminating production, as of plutonium and motorcycles. . . ."

Speedometer Modifications

Effective September 1, 1979, 1980 model year vehicle speedometers will be limited to 85 miles per hour (140 kph), 1981 model year vehicle odometers will indicate 100,000 miles. These NHTSA regulations will include motorcycles.

Light On—As The AMA Sees It

Requiring motorcycles to be operated with their headlights on during the daytime has been hailed as a boon to motor vehicle safety: the light serves to make the vehicle more visible to other drivers. However, legislators wishing to introduce such legislation should be aware that there may be legitimate drawbacks to such otherwise good intentions. This paper will serve to voice arguments on both sides of this important safety question.

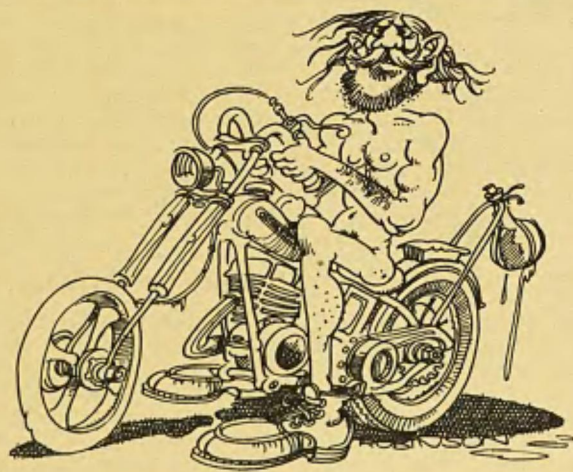
It stands to reason that if such legislation is indeed effective, the number of daytime, frontal, and multi-vehicle accidents should be reduced after passage of that legislation, assuming for the time being that all motorcycles will be able to comply with such a statute. Sixteen states currently have such statutes in effect, but with the exception of North Carolina, none has attempted to gather the above statistics to test the effect, even though the laws have been on the books for ten years in some cases. Examinations by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety have incorrectly used fatalities alone as an indicator, but, of course, that leaves many variables unaccounted for — such as weather changes, registration changes, and changes in other laws. Both above examinations, however, are after the fact.

Because of the central

location of the single motorcycle headlight, it does not serve as a good directional indicator. When motorists begin to take for granted that a single headlight indicates an approaching motorcycle, a motorcycle with no light burning is automatically placed in a hazardous position. Perhaps the bulb burned out, perhaps there has been an electrical failure, or the rider has just forgotten to turn the light on. The result may be that approaching motorists will misjudge the motorcycle's direction of travel by 180°.

With full time lights-on operation, tail and brake lights lose their daytime effectiveness. On motorcycles not designed for this kind of operation, there is not enough difference in intensity between tail and brake lights. This creates a situation in which following motorists may not recognize that a motorcycle is slowing or applying his brakes. It is reasonable to expect that lights-on legislation may increase the incidence of collision from the rear. With the exception of North Carolina, no other state has addressed those vitally important questions.

At present, the federal motorcycle equipment standards do not include the necessity of bulbs and electrical systems capable of operation at all times. Thus, a requirement to that effect may place a



Shoes in Alabama

Alabama legislators are looking out for motorcyclists. While they haven't introduced a meaningful

rider education bill, HB 46 (Smith) provides that motorcyclists must wear shoes!

burden on the motorcycle's electrical system for which it was not designed. The result may be added expense for the operator and increased work load and expense for the dealer. Due to the frequency of headlight failure and the fact that there is no immediate replacement on the machine, operators whose headlight fails may be forced to operate in violation of the law, or leave their machine along the road, where it may be stolen.

One of the first things to be damaged when an automobile turns in front of a motorcycle is the front fork assembly, including the headlight and other electrical equipment. The automobile operator can simply tell the investigating officer that the motorcycle headlight was not burning, and it then becomes the responsibility of the motorcyclist to prove otherwise. Therefore, a

law intended to protect the motorcyclist from the motorist could become an escape from liability for the latter.

A further objection to lights-on legislation is the amount of responsibility it places on the motorcyclist. It seems to be based upon the assumption that the motorcycle should be equipped with some kind of warning device, even though evidence shows that over 60% of the automobile/motorcycle collisions are the fault of the automobile operator. The responsibility for correction of this situation thus becomes solely the burden of the motorcyclist.

The final argument against implementation of lights-on laws is that such laws do nothing toward making auto drivers aware of the rights and limitations of motorcycles as legitimate users of the nation's roadways. Rather, the cyclist bears the bur-

den for "not being visible" to traffic. Legislation has been introduced in Connecticut that would provide for a double penalty assessed against an auto driver convicted of causing an accident to a cyclist; this is designed merely to make those operators more aware of the problem.

Another solution might be to add certain information on the topic of conspicuity to the driver licensing booklet, including certain questions regarding cycle operation for all drivers. Also in order is implementation of mutual awareness material in driver education courses, as well as high-quality rider education, emphasizing the topics of visibility and defensive driving. Legislation based merely on good intentions without regard for potential drawbacks or evidence for counterproductivity is certainly misinformed at best and potentially dangerous at worst.

Killerado

Harsh title, huh? But we've received enough mail to keep anyone a thousand miles away from the rolling hills of Colorado. There are two things to consider—both very important and possibly hazardous to many Colorado bikers. And we don't care for negative news. But each biker in that state at least ought to be aware of what is happening, then make his own decision as to what would be his best move.

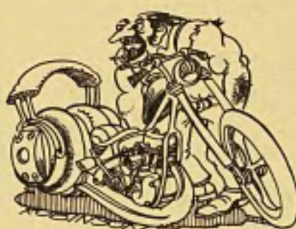
The media there are paranoid about gang wars. Consequently the heat will

be on this summer. What can be done? Who knows? If clubs are pushing other clubs, there's going to be friction. You decide.

The other hot spot is the recently repealed helmet law. It seems that the media and bike law freaks in the legislature are dying to reinstate it. The problem is that if enough throttle twisters eat it this summer, the Man at the capitol will have the muscle and the justification to bring the helmet law back to life. If people maintain for a year, they may never be forced to wear helmets again.

Enough said—ride safe and have a good summer.

Noise Legislation Information



The Motorcycle Trades Association (510 N. Washington, P.O. Box 132, Alexandria, Va. 22314) has developed a fact sheet about how proposed EPA noise regs will affect the motorcycle aftermarket.

Riders Ed. in Ohio

Well, here's a chance for some of our kids and younger brothers and sisters that we never had. H.B. 162, Motorcycle Driver's Education, has passed the House Education Committee unanimously. The major hold-up has been finances. It would amount

to paying \$11.00 for our motorcycle endorsements with a guarantee that the extra money will be used for nothing but motorcycle education. This averages out to about \$1.25 a year for the bikers of Ohio. Bruce Parmalee, ABATE-Central Ohio, testified in

support of H.B. 162 at the House Education Committee hearing. We're not too crazy about the funding method, but if this bill is passed into law, it could decrease the novice rider fatality rate substantially. Remember, 62% of fatalities occur in the rider's first year. We can change that. Write to your area Reps. today and let them know how you feel about it. — from ABATE of Ohio

Alliance of Women Bikers

Women have long been discouraged both consciously and unconsciously from riding their own motorcycles. So last year, the Alliance of Women Bikers was formed to counteract this nonsense. The Alliance prints a monthly newsletter and is genuinely concerned with helping women and motorcyclists get it together. For more information, contact them at P.O. Box 484, Eau Claire, Wisconsin 54701. — from the M.S.F.

Wake Up, New York Bikers

New York State has had the mandatory helmet law since 1967. Up until May, 1975, if New York had repealed this law, it would have cost the state approximately \$40 million in federal highway funds.

May 2, 1978, the first big step towards repeal was achieved. The Assembly Transportation Committee, for the first time since 1967, passed the helmet law repeal bill on to the floor. The Committee vote was 13 Yes, 6 No.

Granted, the bill must also pass the full Assembly, then the Senate—but that first big step has been taken. New York Motorcycle Rights Organization and ABATE worked together to achieve this important victory.

Now is the time for all concerned New Yorkers to write their state legislators. With 29 states already helmet law-free, it is time for New York to be next—from ABATE of New York

Improvements At Last

In adopting President Carter's guidelines designed to improve government regulations, DOT's Adams has ordered that department regulations should be "simpler and in plain English." Furthermore, every proposed DOT regulation now has to be accompanied by estimates of anticipated benefits and costs to the industry, consumer, and local and state governments.

Fight Big Brother

Easyriders magazine supports all bike organizations equally. Everyone riding a motorcycle should support the organization of his/her choice in order to keep Big Brother in line. Everyone must fight for the rights of motorcyclists everywhere. If we don't, we will be legislated off the highways by bureaucrats who don't know the front end of a bike from the back. They must be educated to the fact that, ecologically speaking, motorcycles use less fuel, take up less space, cause less pollution and damn it—that bikers are real people and they have voting power. Join the organization of your choice today. Do something before the bureaucrats do something to you. (All bike organizations are welcome here, to advertise free—and for freedom of the road—for everyone!)

Join the World's Only Organization for Street Bikers!



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

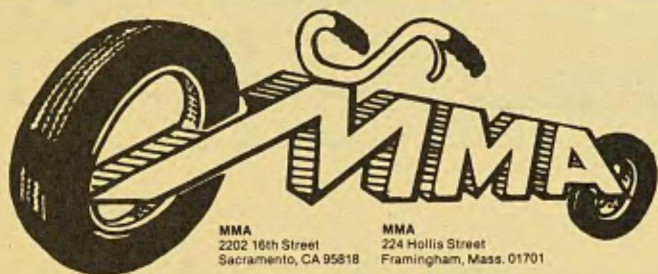
It is National ABATE's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory safety laws. It is also National ABATE's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your areas that are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National ABATE is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. Here's my \$10.00 contribution for 1 year's membership in National ABATE.

I understand that National ABATE will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast, and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest National ABATE chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—we never will.



MMA
2202 16th Street
Sacramento, CA 95818

MMA
224 Hollis Street
Framingham, Mass. 01701

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.

HELP
"N"
HAND
JOIN NOW!



Send your name, address and phone number to:
John and Bonnie Burnside
9283 Tenth Ave.
Hesperia, CA 92345
Donations will be appreciated

Wanted!



California
Members!

To represent in government
Motorcycle Owners, Riders,
and Enthusiasts

\$10.00 General Membership
For Entire Family
PO Box 26062, Sacramento 95826

ABATE

DEDICATED TO FREEDOM OF THE ROAD



ABATE stands for A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments, and it is just that. A brotherhood. A brotherhood of bikers from all over the United States that have banded together all across the country to fight the unjust laws that are endangering our free way of life.

Just fill in the coupon below. It's that simple.

Mail to: ABATE
Box 38094
Washington, D.D. 20020

Coupon

Enclosed find \$10 for my first year's membership []
I am also enclosing \$2 additional for an ABATE patch []

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Area code _____ Phone _____ Age _____



AMERICAN MOTORCYCLIST ASSOCIATION

43081

EXPIRES LAST DAY OF
05 78

port the future of motorcycling
06 78

port the future of motorcycling
07 78

Is your number coming up?

Check your AMA card. If it expires on any of these dates, you should renew now. The membership gals will love you for it and we won't have to send you a special notice. To show our appreciation, AMERICAN MOTORCYCLIST will send you a special 5" AMA decal if you renew with this coupon. Mail with your remittance (\$12 full member, \$6 associate) to: Renewal P.O. Box 141 Westerville, OH 43081

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
AMA number _____ ☐ check if this is a new address
Riding preference: ☐ Road and street ☐ Off-road and trail ☐ Racing



Good Ol' American Ingenuity

...or five bucks, and Pecos was on the road

Pecos reached over and turned off the key. The big Harley coughed once as the engine died and silence was restored to the small garage.

"Well, bro, that's it. I got her runnin' like a jewel."

"You got her runnin'?"

"Well, maybe you did help a little!"

Rather than respond, I chose to ignore his remark, so he sat there with a smug look on his huge face. We opened fresh cans of beer and were in the process of clearing a path to the garage door before he spoke again.

"Shit! Summer's almost here and I ain't got a fuckin' scooter yet!"

"Take it easy, bro, you only been



By Rabbit

outta jail for two months. Hell, it takes a while, ya know."

Pecos looked over at my scooter and nodded his massive head sadly.

"Yeah, I guess so."

It was only two days later that he came over to my house, smiling from ear to ear.

"I got it, bro! I got an idea for buildin' a scooter!"

I guess I was a bit slow in picking up on his enthusiasm, but he ignored me and went right on.

"I was over at the swap meet today and it suddenly dawned on me."

When I still failed to respond, he grabbed me by the shoulders and gave me a shake.

"Don't you see, bro? I can build me a scooter by swappin' things! You know, tradin' and dealin' and stuff like that."

Well, I figured old Pecos had done about one day too many in that slammer.

"Uh, Pecos, you ain't got a fuckin' dime. What the hell are you gonna trade?"

Pecos wrinkled his forehead in thought, then the big grin returned.

"Five bucks."

"Five bucks?" I asked.

"Yep. All I need to start with is five bucks."

I stood there staring at my long-time friend in pure disbelief.

"Now let me get this straight, bro. You're sayin' you can start with five fuckin' dollars and do some wheelin' and dealin' and come out of it with a scooter?"

He slapped me on the back and let out with a loud confident laugh.

"That's right, bro! I'm sayin' I can show you how to build a Harley for five bucks."

I remember shaking my head sadly and thinking to myself, this is a damn shame. I'm standing here watching one of my best friends go fuckin' insane, right before my eyes.

Unconsciously, I drew back, just in case ol' Pecos got violent or something.

"There is *one* small thing though, bro."

I drew back farther and was wondering if I could make the door before this 236-pound maniac could catch me.

Too late! Before I could react, he grabbed me in a bear hug and pulled me close, lifting my feet clear off the ground. As I hung there, I remember thinkin' "... an' please let them bury me with my cutoff on an'—"

"Five bucks, bro!"

I was somewhat stunned and could only mutter a dazed "Huh?"

Pecos released me and I fell with a thud.

"Five bucks," he explained. "I ain't got no money and I need to borrow five bucks from ya!"

I remembered reading somewhere that when attacked by a crazy person, try to go along with his insane suggestions as much as possible. And, since five bucks was a small price to pay, even for my stinking ass, I was more than glad to hand over the bread.

Pecos snatched the bill from my hand.

"Thanks, bro. I'll pay you back after I get my scooter up and runnin'."

The next day was a Saturday and Pecos returned to ask me if I'd take him over to the flea market to shop around. We jumped in my old pickup truck, and I couldn't help but wonder just how Pecos planned to pull off his brag, or should I say his miracle?

We'd spent the better part of four hours looking at all the junk that people drag out of their garages and

bring to such a place for sale. One guy walked by with a wagon that had only three wheels. But then, I guess you never know when you'll find someone who has an old wagon wheel—right? Right!

I stopped to buy a couple of beers from the hot dog stand, and when I turned around, Pecos was walking toward me with a piece of chrome in his hand.

"What's that, bro?" I asked as I handed him the brew.

"Huh? Oh! It's a chromed carb cover. I just bought it for two bucks."

He held it out for my inspection.

I turned the shiny object over and over in my hand, trying to figure out just how the hell this was gonna turn into a Harley.

As I stood there, I heard Pecos order a double burger. I couldn't contain myself any longer.

"Jesus H. Keerist, Pecos! First, you blow two bucks on a fuckin' carb cover and now another buck on a fuckin' hamburger. How the hell do you ever expect to end up with a scooter from shit like this?"

Pecos only grinned and put his arm around my shoulder. When he spoke, he sounded like a very patient school teacher explaining to a dumb student why he shouldn't shit on his desk top.

"Look, bro. I got the cover for two bucks. Right? They cost fifteen at the parts place. Right? So—I find a brother who's blown off a carb cover and sell it for five bucks and I've made a profit."

He looked me straight in the eyes, and I guess he must have seen the doubt registered there.

"Or," he went on, "I can trade it for somethin'."

"And the hamburger? You gonna trade that too?"

My sarcasm was wasted.

"Naw, bro! What the fuck! I gotta keep up my strength for all this dealin' and stuff, don't I?"

I shook my head. Of course! What a "stupid" thought on my part.

* * *

On the way home we stopped at Larry's house and found him out in the garage cussing. To our questioning eyes he began explaining his present state of mind.

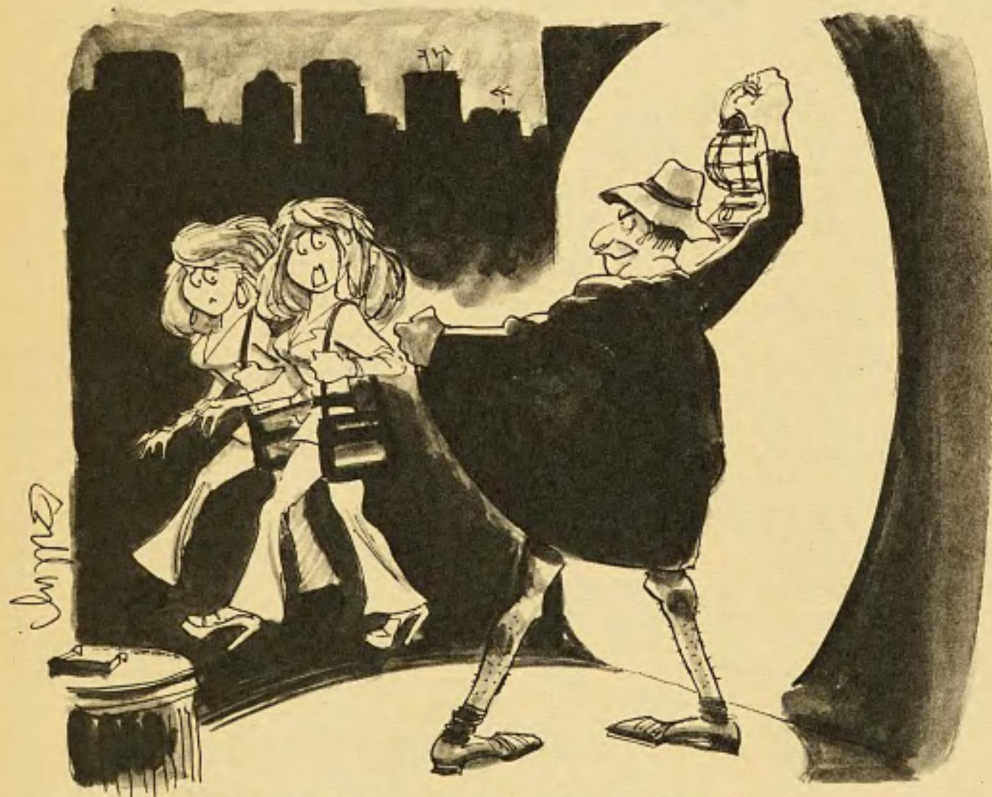
"Blew off my muthafuckin' carb cover! Fifteen fuckin' bucks shot to

—Continued on page 95

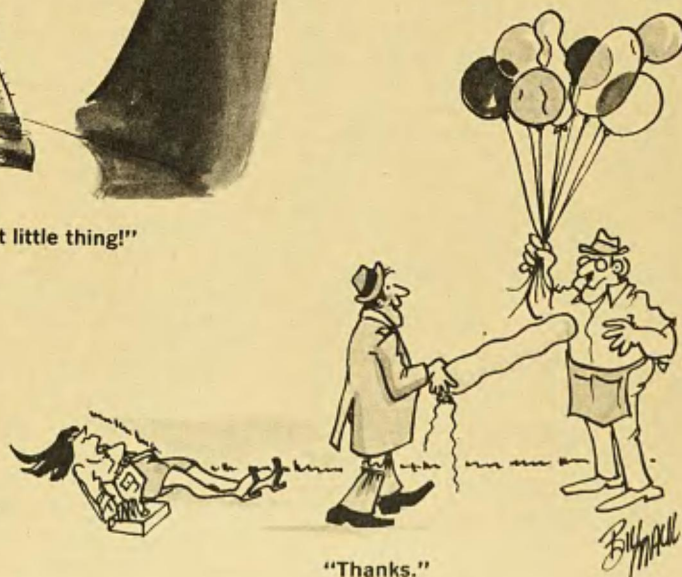
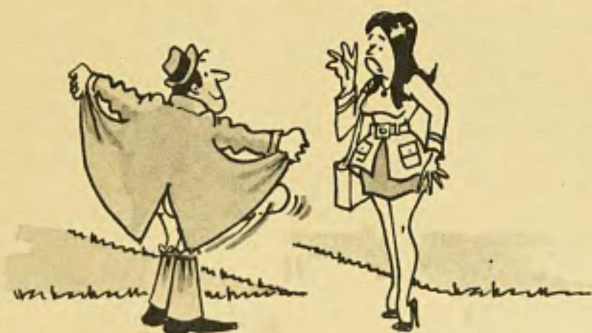
Flash!

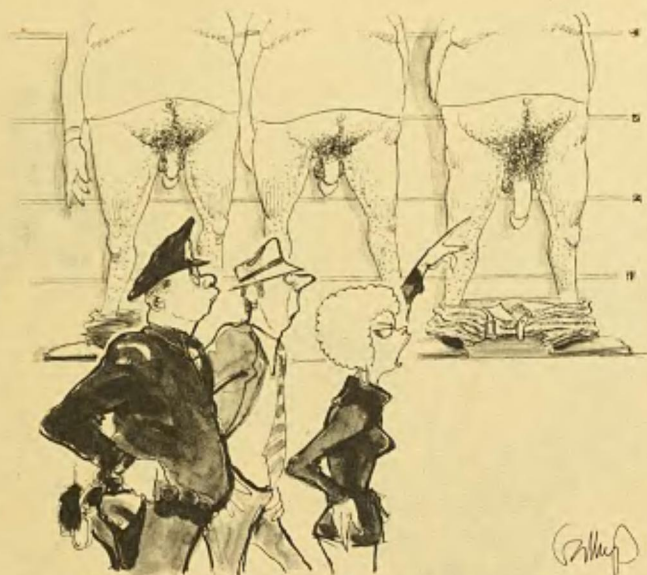


"You may not be the greatest lawyer, but you got a knack for selecting a jury."



"Ya gotta give him credit. It takes guts to flash that little thing!"





"That's him! I'd know that prick anywhere!"



How disgusting, a flasher!



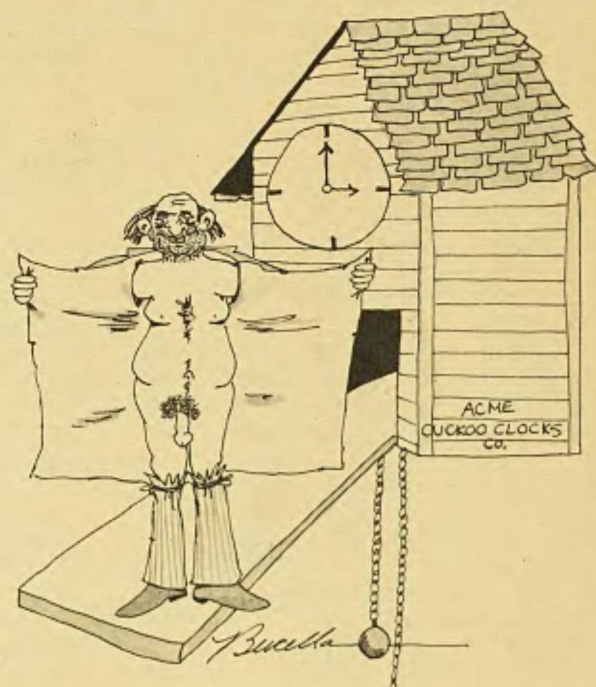
"Aside from that, sir, do you have any other means of identification?"



"Here, Wes—'Window Display Clerk wanted for busy department store.'"



"Poor Mr. Jenkins—he just can't seem to remember he's in a nudist colony."



You're walkin' through a store, when all of a sudden you see some chick in tight Levi's what's got her cuntlips squashed so bad that the seam o' the pants has pushed 'em up into her belly so that they ain't drapin' down into full view the way they're supposed to.

Do you know what to do? Do you know the proper procedures to handle the matter delicately so that you don't wind up makin' her look like a complete fool for bein' such a dunce that she don't even realize when she ain't dressed proper?

Well, if you **don't** know what to do, you can stop worryin' about it. 'Cause this here article will straighten the thing out. Let's just hope you're readin' this before you've already encountered the problem and just stood there, leavin' her to go traipsin' off, unrepaired and makin' a general spectacle of herself.

First thing you do is advise her of the situation.

But you don't do it as though you're takin' the attitude of a superior being—as though you're someone who's never jammed his dickhead into the cogs and wheels of his zipper. I mean, you ain't no boe-vee-voe yourself, you know. I ain't puttin' you down—I'm just gettin' you into the right frame of mind.

OK. So you go up to her and you tell her—**helpingly**, not **cuttingly**—“Excuse me. Your cunt's wedged.”

See? You start with an “Excuse me.” You don't go up and say, “Of all the stupid. . . .” No, you **inform** her. You don't harass her.

All right. So you've told her, and naturally she's feelin' relieved already that someone has taken the time to pass the word to her before she got too far along in the day in that condition, or was seen by too many people.

She will then either say, “Hey, thanks, I sure do appreciate it,” and take care of the problem, or if she's carryin' bundles, she'll ask you to do it.

Now then, if she asks you to do it and you don't know what the hell's goin' on down there between her and her damn pants, you can really make a class-A fool outta yourself by trying to make some kind of gargantuan production out of solving the problem. I mean, all you're gonna be doin' is make a minor clothing adjustment. So don't start makin' any general announcements to passers-by, wavin' 'em off and tellin' 'em not to crowd, and settin' up rubber cones and saw-

horses, and clearin' an area and postin' work hours as though you're gonna be tearin' up a block of city streets. Don't start callin' for sandwiches, glasses o' water, ashtrays, or anything else that would indicate you're gonna be devotin' a considerable portion o' your life to this problem; don't kneel or squat down in front of her crotch and then start flickin' your arms out like Norton-From-The-Sewer for ten minutes as though you were about to compose a complex piece of music, and then start scrabblin' at her crotch like a raccoon tryin' to separate his way through a stack of crayfish to get at an escapin' frog; don't lie down on your back on the floor beneath her legs with both arms reachin' upwards, or go wanderin' off and then come wanderin' back with a mechanic's sled, or do anything else of a preposterous nature as if you were gonna be workin' on some object lodged behind two or three feet of obstructin' metal and knuckle-bruisin' protrusions like you were goin' after a stripped screwhead with only one good turn left to it with a butter-knife by way of the clutch housing. And don't start callin' or escortin'

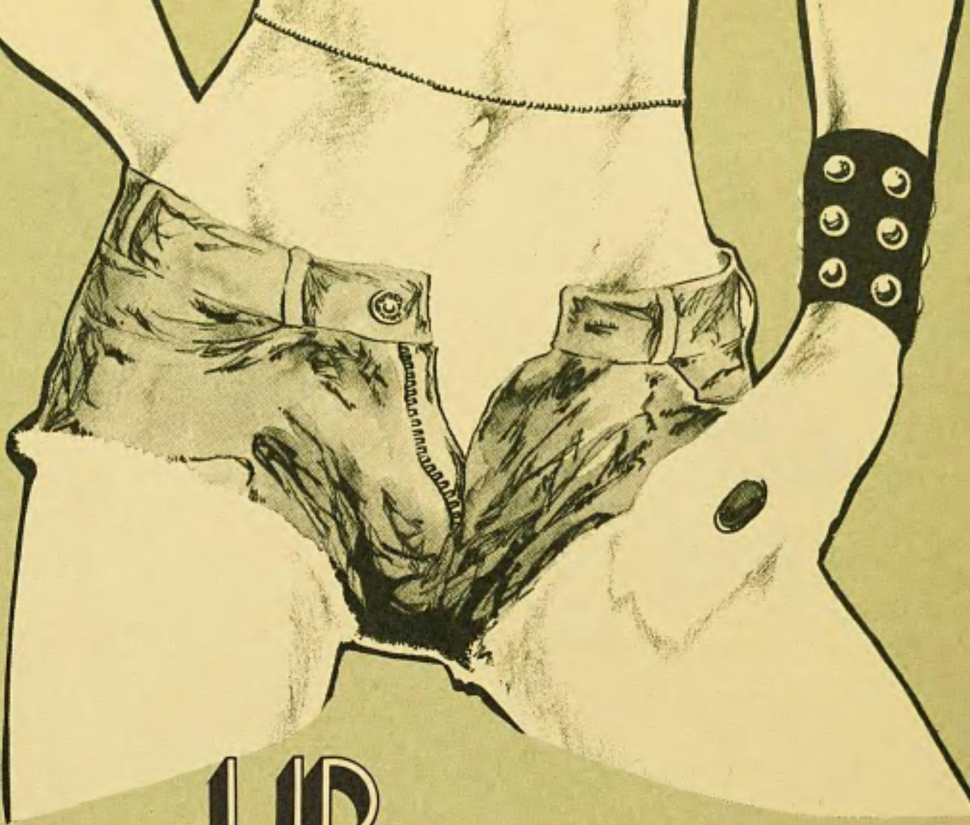
strangers over for consultations, with the two or three of you squattin' down with your hands on your knees, pointin' occasionally at places where you might start makin' explorations, lookin' at each other and noddin' your heads in agreement, then lookin' back and pointin' some more.

Well, what **do** you do?

All you do is, you stand in front of her and put one arm around her back and lean into her as though you were goin' to tell her a secret, and with the middle finger of your other hand, you lay it against the seam of her pants, and press up until the cuntlips flap back out to where they're supposed to be—no big ordeal, no big yahoo circus.

Then you nonchalantly rub your finger across your nose to see if she said “Hello,” or if she said “Good-bye.” If the message comes to your nose through three weeks of dead insects or draining infection, then there's also an article available on how you can properly bring this to her attention too.

Hey, don't thank me, man—this is stuff you should have learned already from your slipshod parents. ■



LIP ETIQUETTE

Foreign Hand On His U.S. Cycle

It was just one of those routine calls that we get here at the newspaper every day.

File it under motorcycles.

Hugh DeLosh, the caller, lives in Virginia Beach. Last summer, after watching those AMF commercials on TV with little people on motorcycles skimming across the highways, DeLosh decided he wanted one.

A motorcycle. Not just any motorcycle. He was conditioned by advertising.

DeLosh wanted an American motorcycle. He is handy with tools and chose to work on a cycle that could be fixed with American tools.

That is why he selected a Harley-Davidson. He chose that cycle because he had done some reading. He read the Harley-Davidson ads that said: "We don't want other people's parts on our motorcycles."

Harley-Davidson is a division of AMF, the people who are going to make all our weekends better. DeLosh—in his folly—took that ad to mean that there were not any Japanese parts on his motorcycle, just American.

After all, AMF stands for American Machine & Foundry, and when he visited Harley-Davidson dealers they said, "Yes sirree, our motorcycles are made in the good ol' U.S.A."

So DeLosh parted with over \$3,000 of his hard-earned for a Harley-Davidson, a 1977 model Sportster.

As he drove away on his Sportster—vroomm . . . vroom—DeLosh could not have been happier.

The spokes of the machine glistened in the sun. With all that power, he felt as macho as John Wayne on a horse with Brut splashed over his entire body.

Birds twittered. He was as happy as the figures in the AMF commercials on TV with rainbows swirling overhead.

Later, when he was cleaning his cycle, DeLosh glanced at his tires. They were made in Japan by Yokohama Tires.

So he began to look further.



Let's see . . . Japanese tachometer, speedometer, and tires.

The fork tubes, entire front end and front shocks, all made in Japan.

And the carburetor and starter, both Japanese.

There were so many Japanese parts, in fact, that DeLosh knew he would have to buy metric tools—the part dimensions are metric in Japan—to work on his cycle.

He was hotter than Evel Knievel's exhaust on clearing the ramp in a jump over 18 buses.

He wrote the state consumer protection agency a hot letter of complaint.

The lady who answered the agency's letter for Harley-Davidson replied with a letter that didn't respond to DeLosh's question about the company's advertising that other people's parts didn't go into their machines.

It said, "We assure you that the application of all components used in our vehicles is closely scrutinized to assure these components meet our high standards of quality."

After getting a copy of that letter, DeLosh breathed a deep sigh and phoned the newspaper.

I phoned the AMF people Thursday.

Talked with a Mr. Bill Dutcher, director of public relations for the motorcycle products group for AMF in Stamford, Conn.

Nice fellow. Said DeLosh's understanding was regrettable.

He conceded that every item DeLosh said is of Japanese manufacture probably is. The company has to use Japanese parts to stay competitive, he said.

But the important thing, Dutcher told me, is that the entire motorcycle is assembled in Milwaukee and York, Pa.

"But what about that phrase: 'We don't want other people's parts on our motorcycles'? Isn't that misleading?"

It didn't appear misleading to Dutcher.

The phrase means that there are no parts on the motorcycle that aren't furnished by original equipment suppliers, some of whom happen to be in Japan, Dutcher explained.

"Look," he said, "if I pull out a radio on my Plymouth and find that it's made by Tashiba in Japan, I'm certainly not going to have a heart attack." And he added that each part manufactured in Japan on Harley-Davidson motorcycles is marked to indicate it is from that country.

Beautiful.

The last time I talked to DeLosh he said he was still finding Japanese parts on his motorcycle. Only the other day he found that the bracket holding his speedometer and tachometer was made in Japan.

"But you have to take the parts off and turn the bracket upside down to read 'Made in Japan,'" he said.

I just hate to phone him back and tell him of the conversation with Dutcher.

I think when I reach him I'll start with something casual like:

"Hugh, I hope you've got a very large metric screwdriver handy."

—Lawrence Maddry
Virginia Pilot

Stash Box

By Tex Campbell and Weed



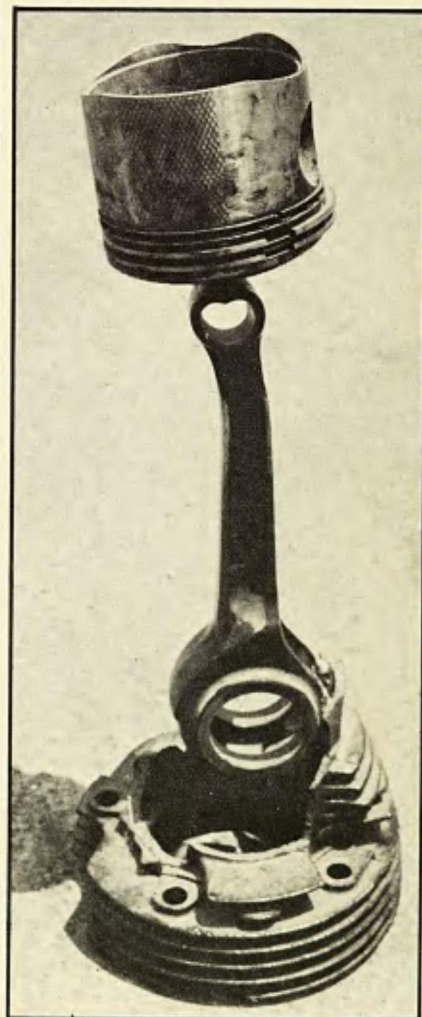
For any of you guys who are into breathin', here's an item ya might want to check out. Occasionally, as we all know, some dude will quit breathin' for one reason or another. And if that goes on long enough, it can become dangerous to his health. In fact, recent scientific research has pretty well proven that if you quit breathin' long enough, you're dead. In some cases, this little contraption could make a big difference—like between a live bro and a dead one. It's a lightweight (48 ozs.), portable oxygen generator. The unit is activated by turning a knob and will then deliver fifteen minutes of moisturized, pure oxygen. Since the chemical that releases the oxygen is

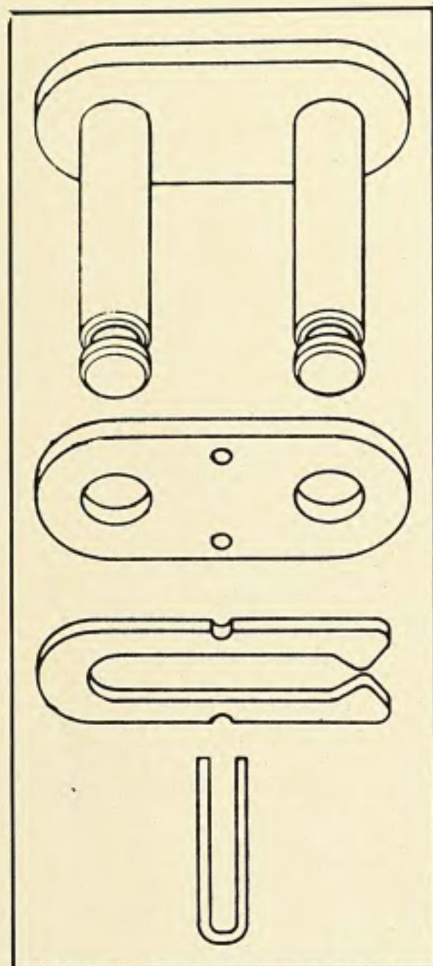
a solid, there's no danger of leakage or explosion, as with traditional tanks. Anyhow, if ya had one of these things, it might come in handy the next time you or one of your buddies get blitzed enough to take the mountain hairpin at 80 while standin' on the pegs. (Also great for hangovers.) It comes with a three-year shelf life warranty and will set ya back \$34.95, plus two bucks for handling and shipping. Available from Green Cross Solid State Oxygen, Inc., 1210 Sterling Rd., Dania, Florida 33004.

Unfortunately, you have to assemble this product yourself. And you have to blow up your engine to get the parts—unless you have a stash of lunched engines.

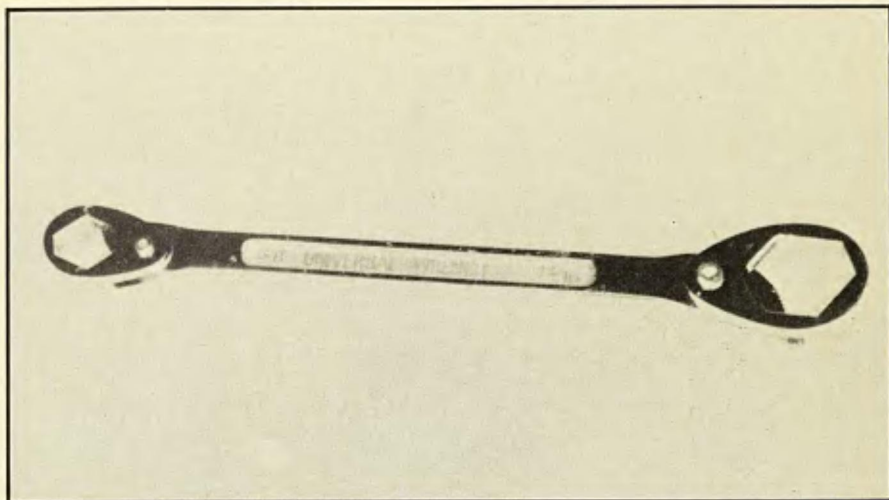
But once the mill is shattered (and you start chain smokin' 'cause you're worried about gettin' back on the road) and if ya can score a torch and bottles, you can manufacture this here ash tray. If ya weld it together strong enough, it can also be used to beat on the mechanic who rebuilt your engine.

If ya don't have the parts—well, you're shit-outta-luck.



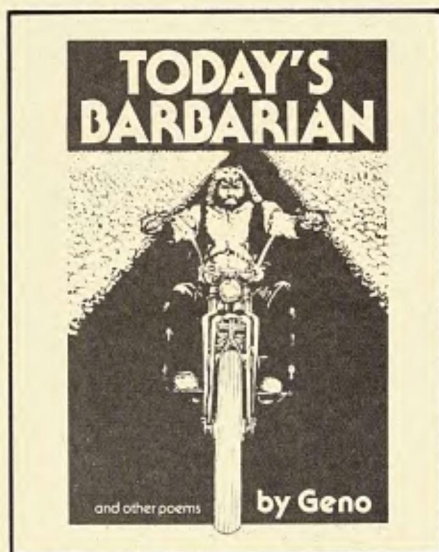


Maybe it's never happened to ya, but take it from one who knows—it's hard to keep a smile on yer kisser when your chain's masterlink takes a shit while you're rollin' down the road between Squat 'n Pee, Utah and Toadbutt, Nevada. Pictured here is the "Wirelock Masterlink," which, according to the manufacturer, will not come off (unless you want it to, of course) and can replace your present link without the use of special tools. It goes for \$2.75 from H D Distributors, P.O. Box 292, Glen Head, New York 11545. And don't forget to tell 'em what kinda scoot you're ridin' so you get the right link.



If it works and will last more than six months—we can't kick. It's a universal wrench that will fit any bolt from 3/8 inch to 13/16 (sparkplug size) or from 9mm to 22mm. It automatically adjusts itself and increases

its grip as the turning gets tougher. Not bad, if it can take it. It goes for \$3.95 (which includes postage and handling) from Five D Enterprises, Box 68295, Dept. EY-4, Seattle, Washington 98168.



It's not often—in fact, it's fuckin' rare—that a biker slows down long enough to write a book. And we've yet, until now, discovered a biker who has ever written a book of poems. But Geno, a Hells Angel, did it. He put all the poetry he's written through the years together to form a book, **Today's Barbarian**.

It's poetry heavy enough to get people thinking. It's about life, the Man, prison—and about being tough enough to make it in the streets. And it was put together by a biker who has been down the road and back. You can score the book through Vantage Press, 516 West 34th Street, New York, New York 10001. It goes for \$4.50, plus 30¢ postage and handling.



Ah, a product no one should be without—genuine Harley-Davidson, transmission lubricant. This 12-ounce can will fill transmissions from a dry state. But before you run out and check your owner's manual—'cause you've been pouring 60 weight engine oil in your tranny for the last three years—wait. This particular oil has a specific use. It's designed for the Harley-Davidson Topper and gasoline golf car, the scootaway transmission (no shit), and a Harley-Davidson gasoline golf car with a reverse unit differential. It's a high-pressure lubricant and should not be mixed with other oils.

You may be asking yourself what the fuck does this shit have to do with us bike freaks. Well, to be honest—not a damn thing.

The federal government recently passed **The Freedom of Information Act**, legislation which, for the first time in United States history, makes it possible for the average citizen to obtain any and all information collected on him by government agencies. Whether the investigative agency be state or federal, it is now required by law to turn over to the citizen, on request, files that have been collected during surveillance or investigation, whether criminal or otherwise.

You may be surprised to discover what the government has on you—things that you thought went unnoticed, from one week to fifty years ago, may very well be written into your record. If you've ever been refused a loan when you knew you deserved it, or been turned down for a job when you knew you were capable of handling

birthplace, and your Social Security number.

Since all states have agencies operating under different names, you may have to look them up individually in local directories. Arrest records held by your local sheriff's department, for example, are now legally available to you, as are the records held by certain branches of local law enforcement agencies. Special Weapons and Tactics teams may also keep a set of records that are now available to you under the Act. A partial list of agencies you may wish to write follows.

Director, Central Intelligence Agency
Washington, D.C. 20505
Att'n: Freedom of Information Act

Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C. 20535
Att'n: Freedom of Information Act

Chief of the Secret Service
United States Treasury Department
Washington, D.C. 20535
Att'n: Freedom of Information Act

Internal Revenue Service
1111 Constitution Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20224
Att'n: Freedom of Information Act

Hooper Holmes Credit Index
393 7th Ave.
New York, N.Y.
Att'n: Freedom of Information Act

Drug Enforcement Administration
Office of Enforcement
Daniel P. Casey, Director
6738 Towne Leaf Road
McLean, VA 22101
Att'n: Freedom of Information Act.

WHAT DO THEY HAVE ON YA?

There's a way to find out just how much the CIA, military, FBI, or the local fuzz has filed under your name.

the work, now you can find out if government-supplied data kept you from achieving those goals.

When writing to any of the various agencies, your letter should be written precisely as follows:

Dear Sirs,

I am requesting a copy of all files and documents held by (name of agency) that are indexed under or contain my name.

I am making this request under the Freedom of Information Act, Title 5, USC 552, and in accordance with the Act, I expect an answer within ten (10) working days.

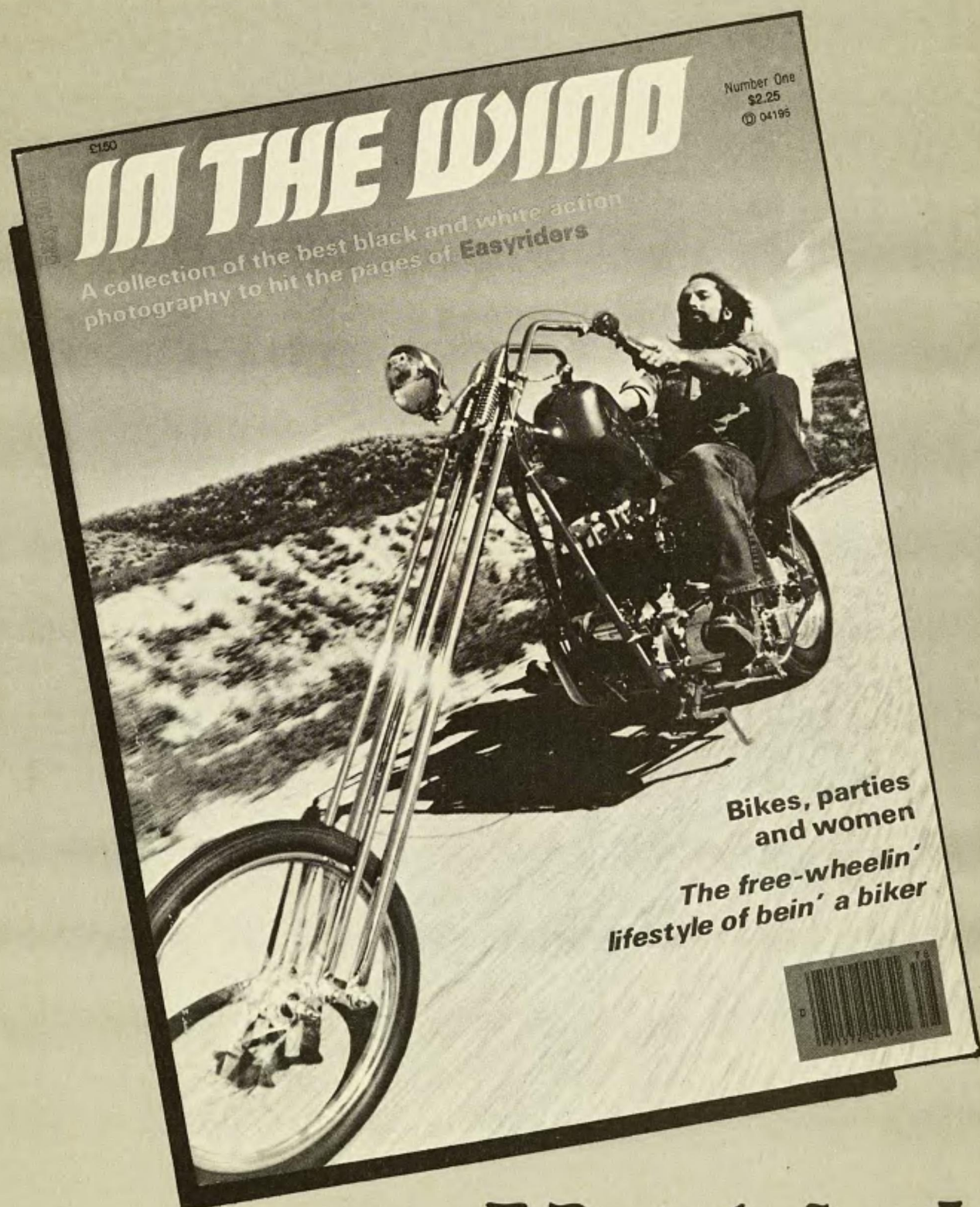
signed (your name)

Sign the letter legibly. Include your current address, your birthdate, your

The number of agencies who might have a file on a private individual is far too great to be published here. But there are several books available in public libraries that contain lists of all information-collection agencies, and the best thing to do is look up that agency which is most likely to be collecting data on your personal life. Some of the books are *The Washington Information Directory 1976-1977*, *Where's What: Sources of Information for Federal Investigators*, by Harry J. Murphy, C.I.A., *The Congressional Directory, 1977*, and *How and Where To Look It Up*, by Robert W. Murphy.

In the book *Where's What*, there are five pages listing various departments of military service that maintain indexed files on personnel, and there are several pages listing every single state agency that gathers information on private individuals. The volume is available at book stores for under four dollars, and it lists the offices and addresses of every information-collecting agency in the United States. These books are also available in public libraries. ■

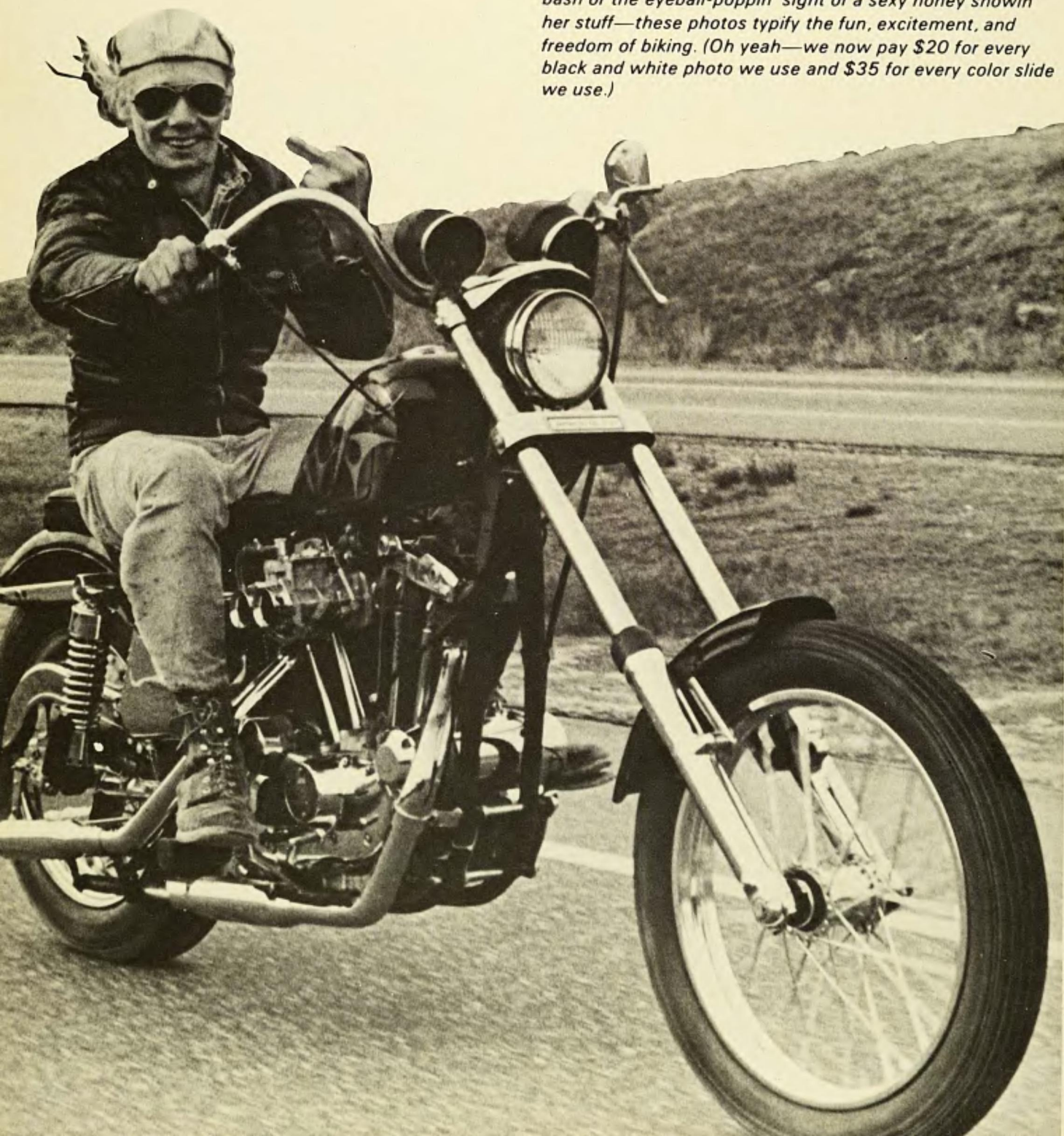
On Sale Now



Watch for it

IN THE WIND

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



—from K.F.K. Cycle, Queens Village, N.Y.



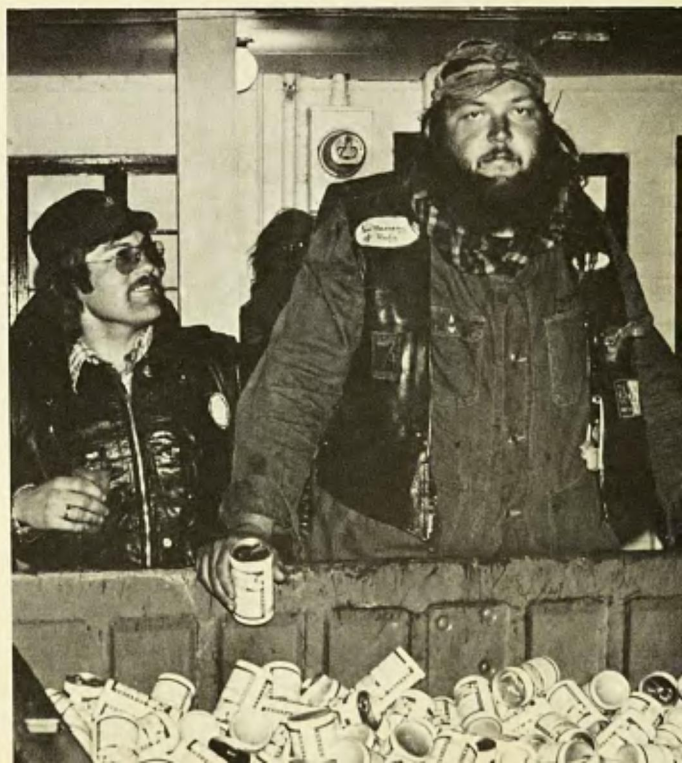
—from Preacher, Pacific Grove, Calif.

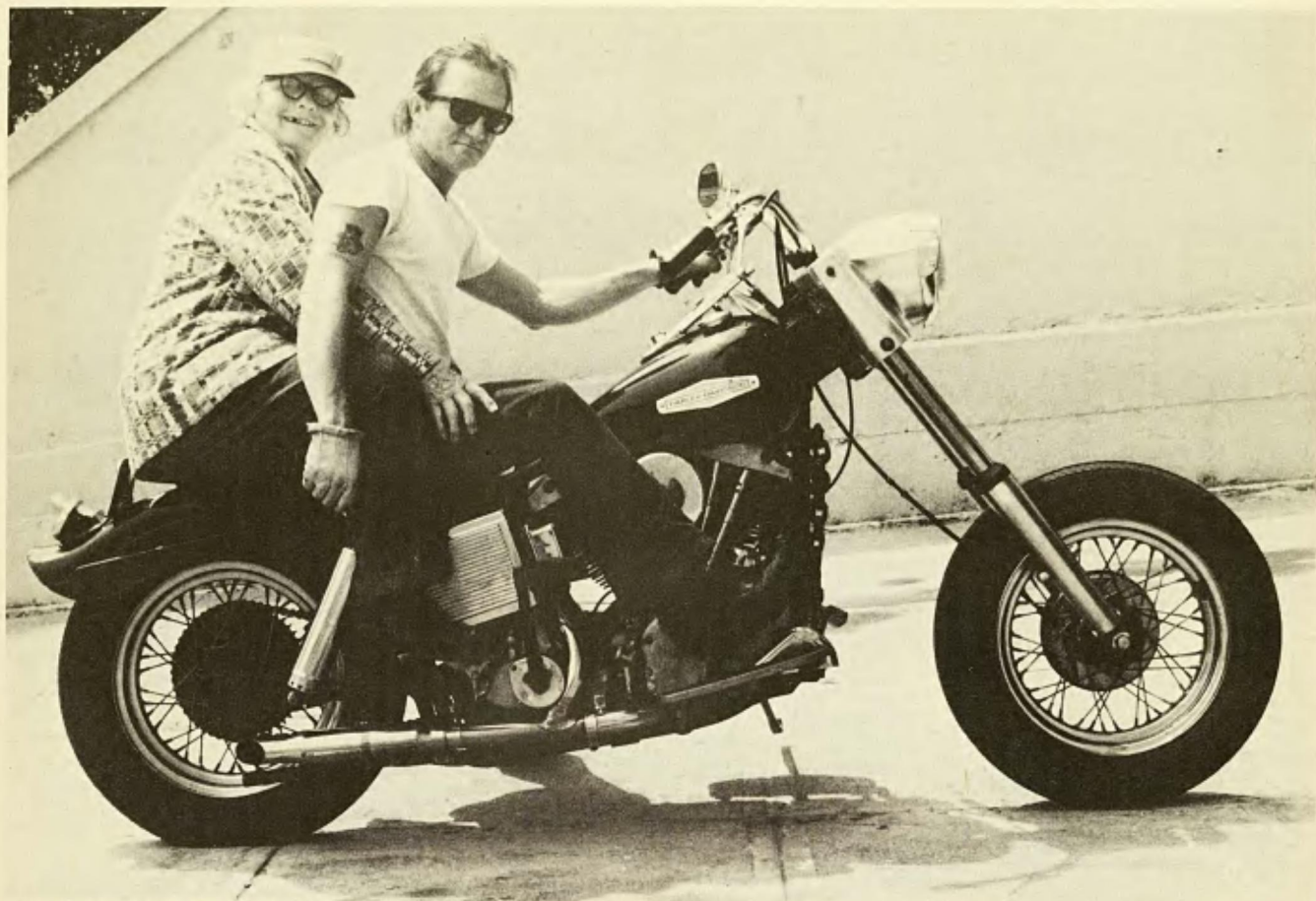


—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



—from Richard, Louisville, Ky.





—from Barbara Cotell, San Francisco, Calif.

—Richard, Louisville, Ky.



—Gypsy, Ventura





—Carlos, Seattle, Wash.



—from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.



—from Debra Tucker, Westbrook, Maine



—James H. Gandy, Jr., Laurel, Miss.



—from Pat Sechelski, Rosenberg, Tex.



—from Phil McCormick, Jackson, Minn.



—from Gaser, Ventura, Calif.





—from James McKenna, Dracut, Mass.



—Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



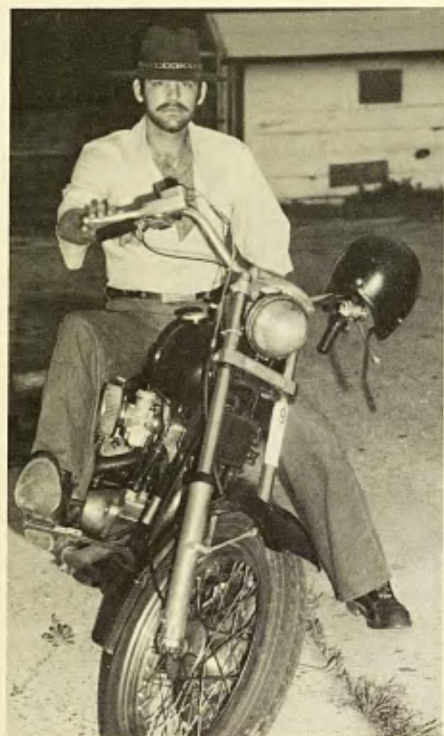
—Debra Tucker, Westbrook, Maine



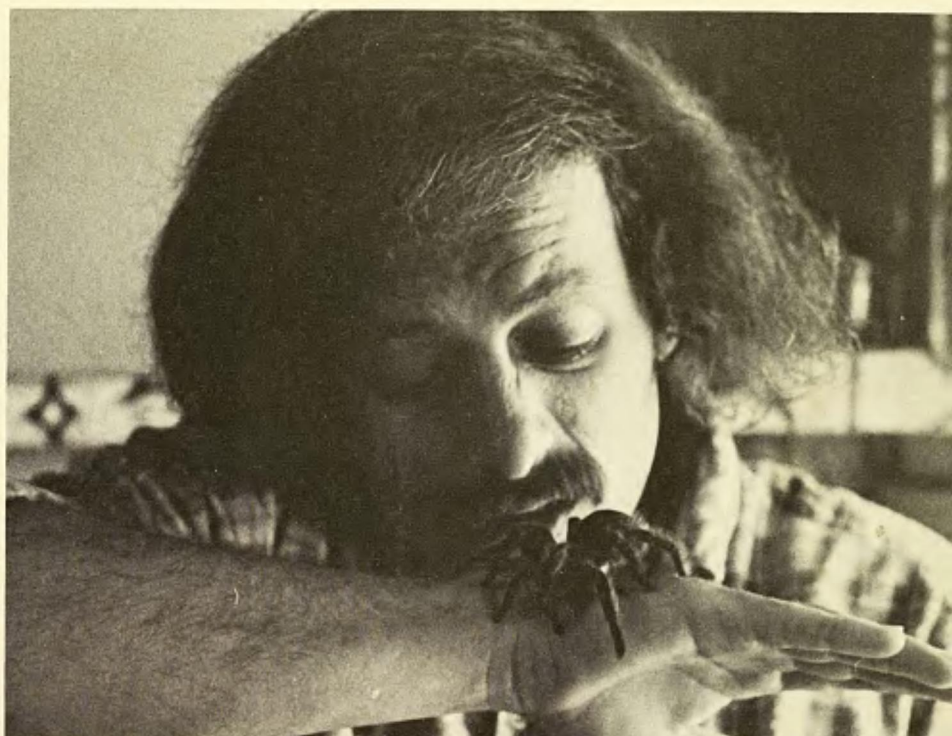
—from Preacher, Pacific Grove, Calif.



—from G. L. Richardson, Marietta, Ga.



—from James Findley, East Brewton, Ala.



—Richard, Louisville, Ky.

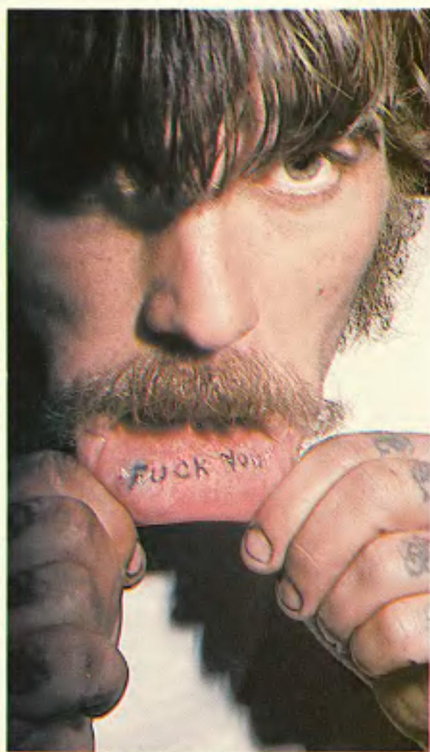


—from P.C., Lompoc, Calif.



—Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



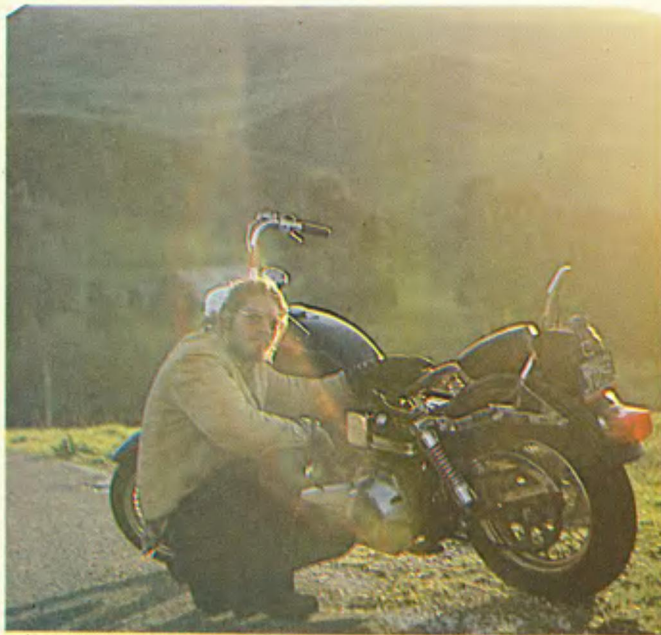


—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.

—from Bruce T. Hall, Ft. Myers, Fla.



—from Windy, Shreveport, La.



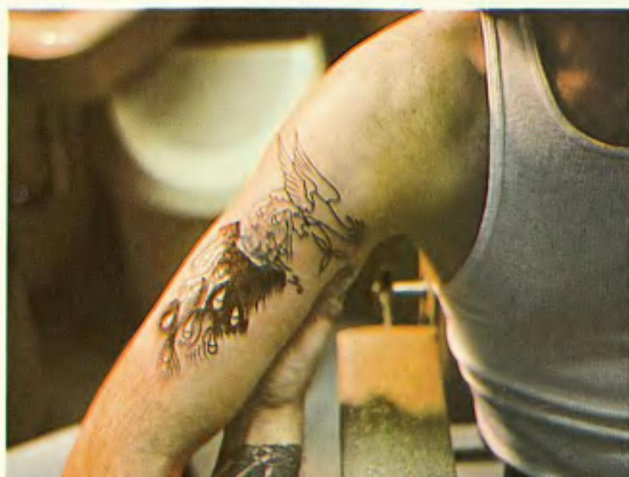
—from Sam, Lompoc, Calif.



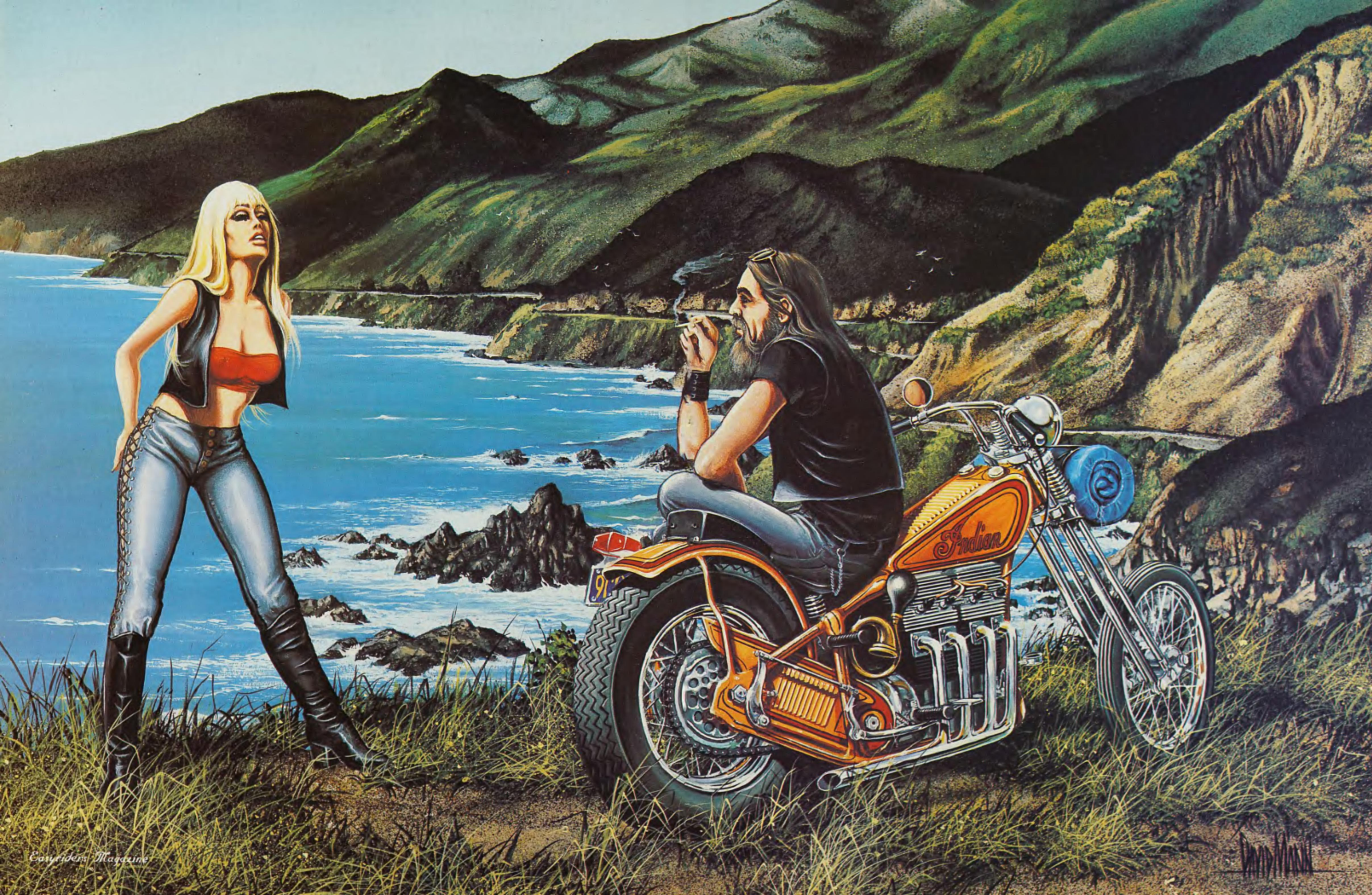
—Cycle Shack, Trenton, N.J.

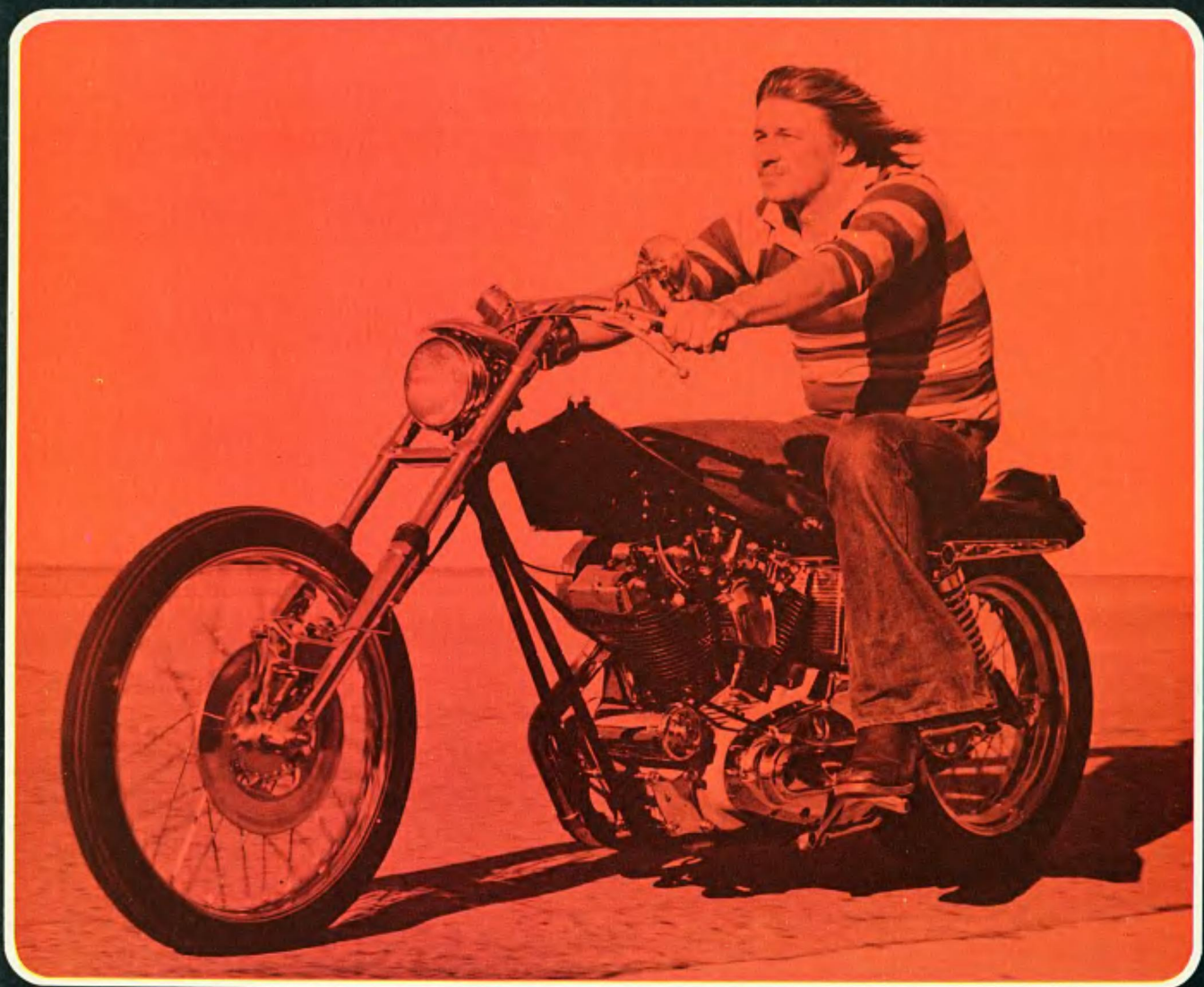


—from Joe Florence, Ashburn, Va.



—from Mike Birietti, Santa Rosa, Calif.



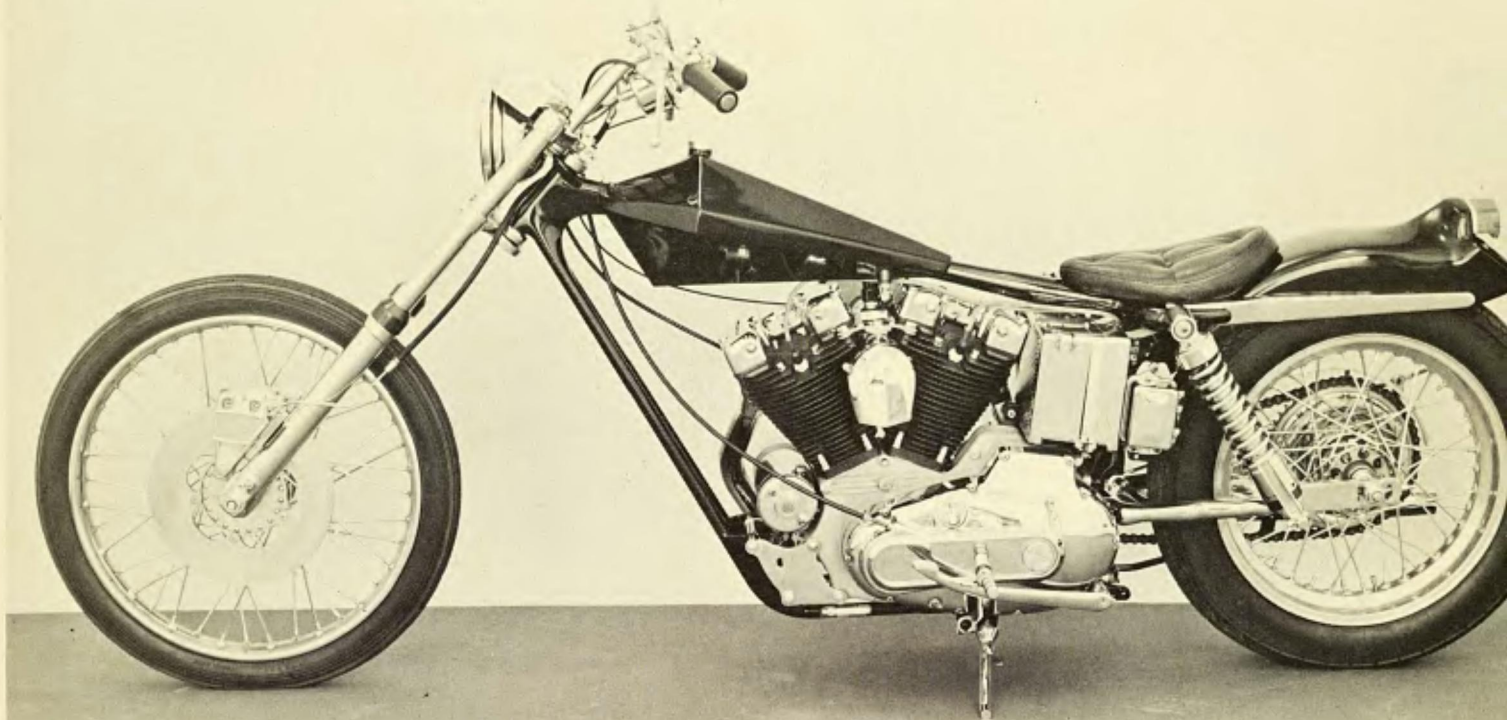


NEVER GIVIN' UP

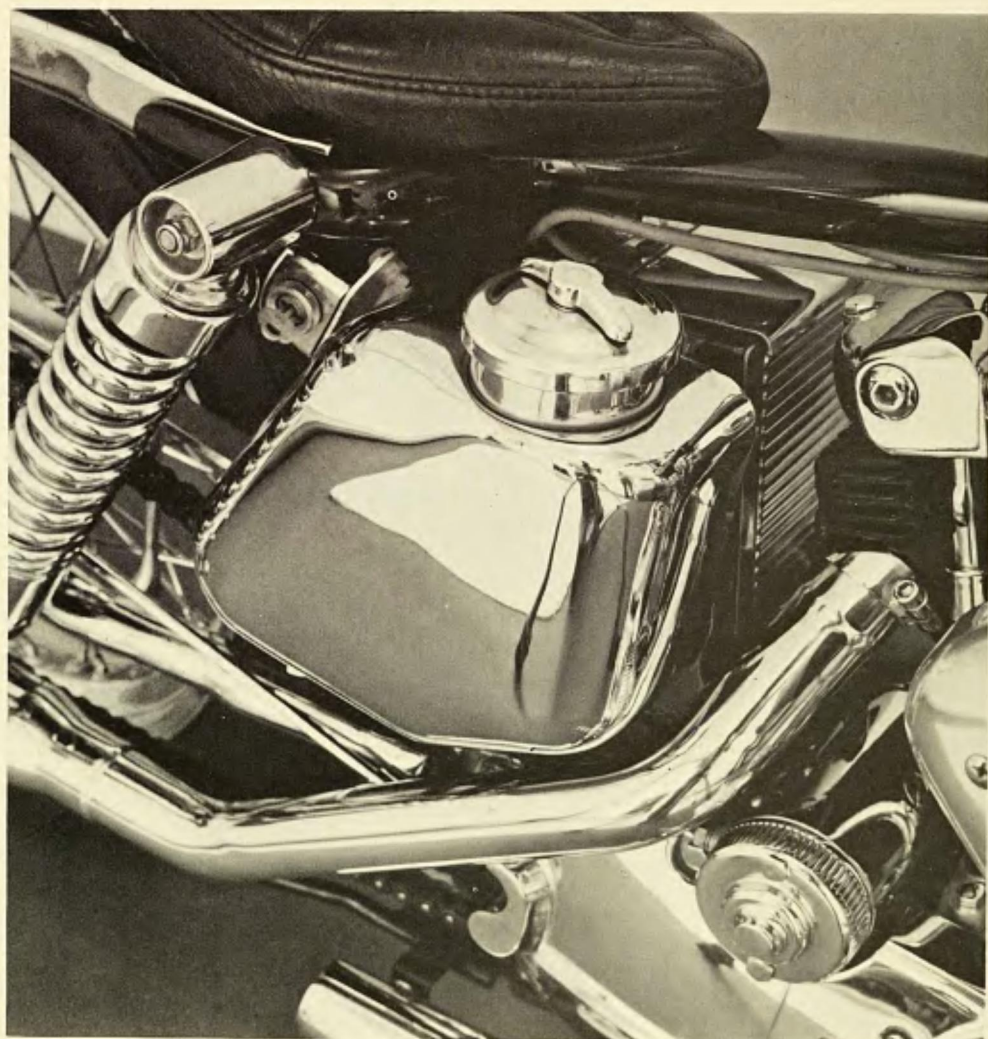
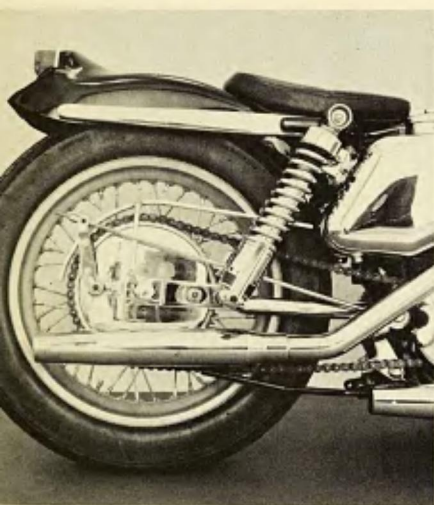
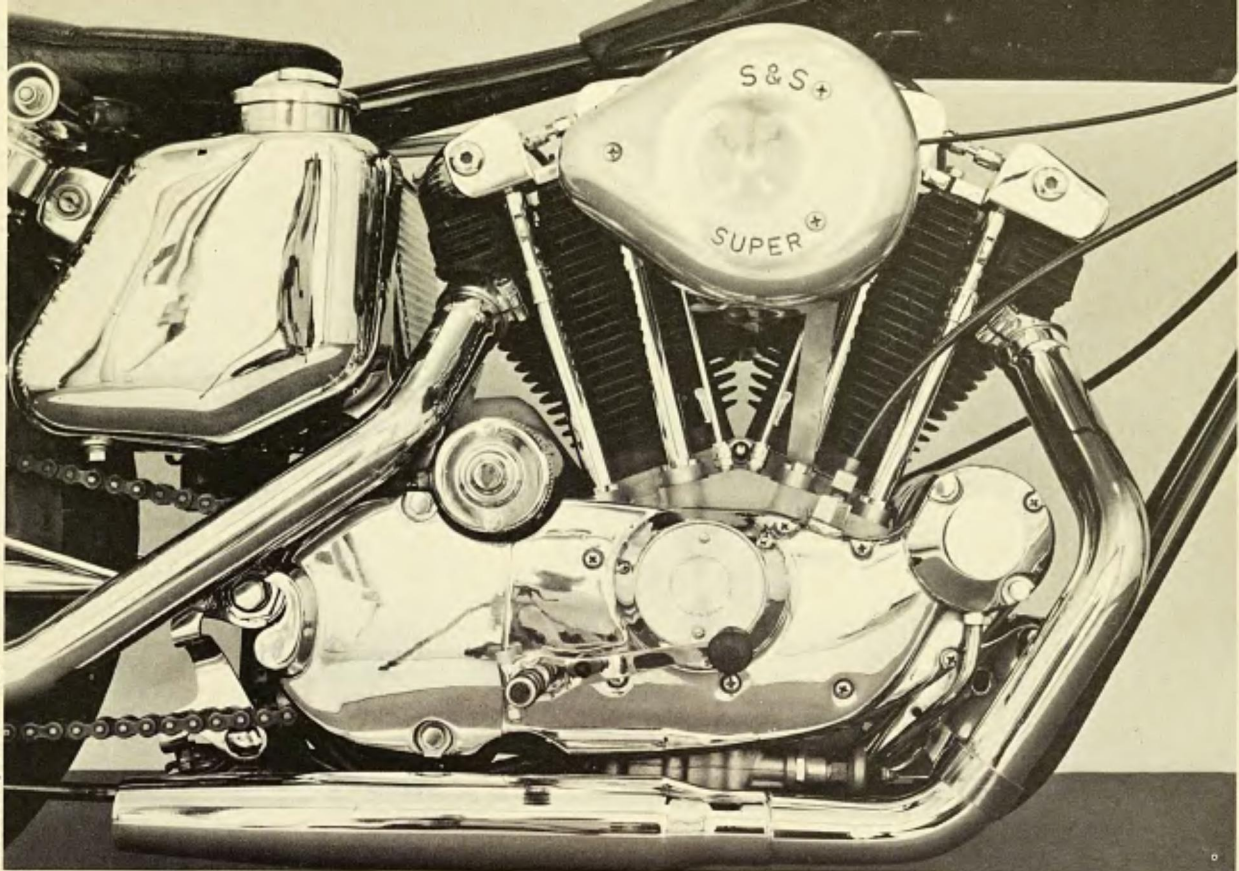
One mention of a slippin' style an' the roof caves in

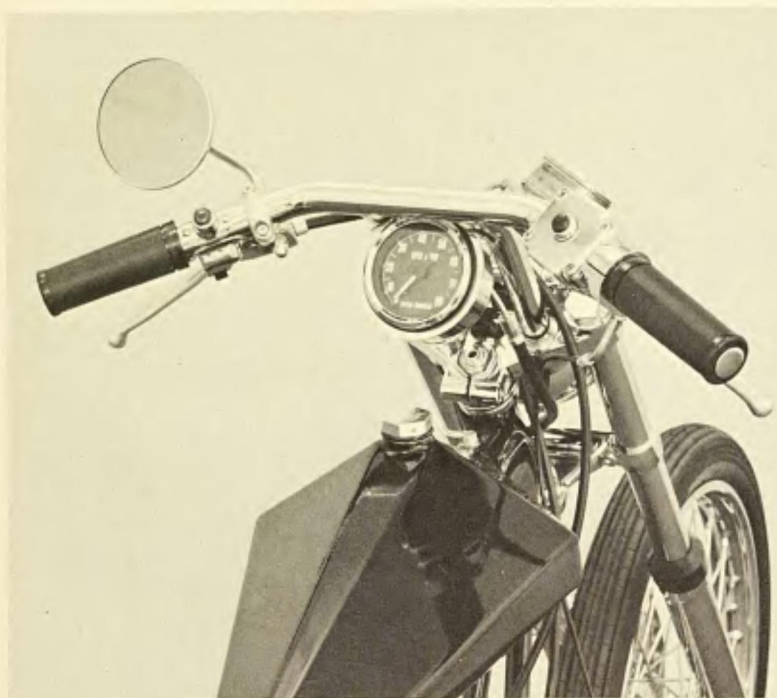
One blooper about Sportsters losin' ground in the V-twin world and four thousand half-a-Harley owners (take it back, bros) stormed our rag shack. I was even tied down and forced to confess that my pan took a shit recently.

This bro showed Sportster class with his low-'n'-sleek, stroked Sporty. He let us know that Sporties ain't finished—as he tried poking his index finger through my chest and told me to my face that



Photos by Pete Chiodo





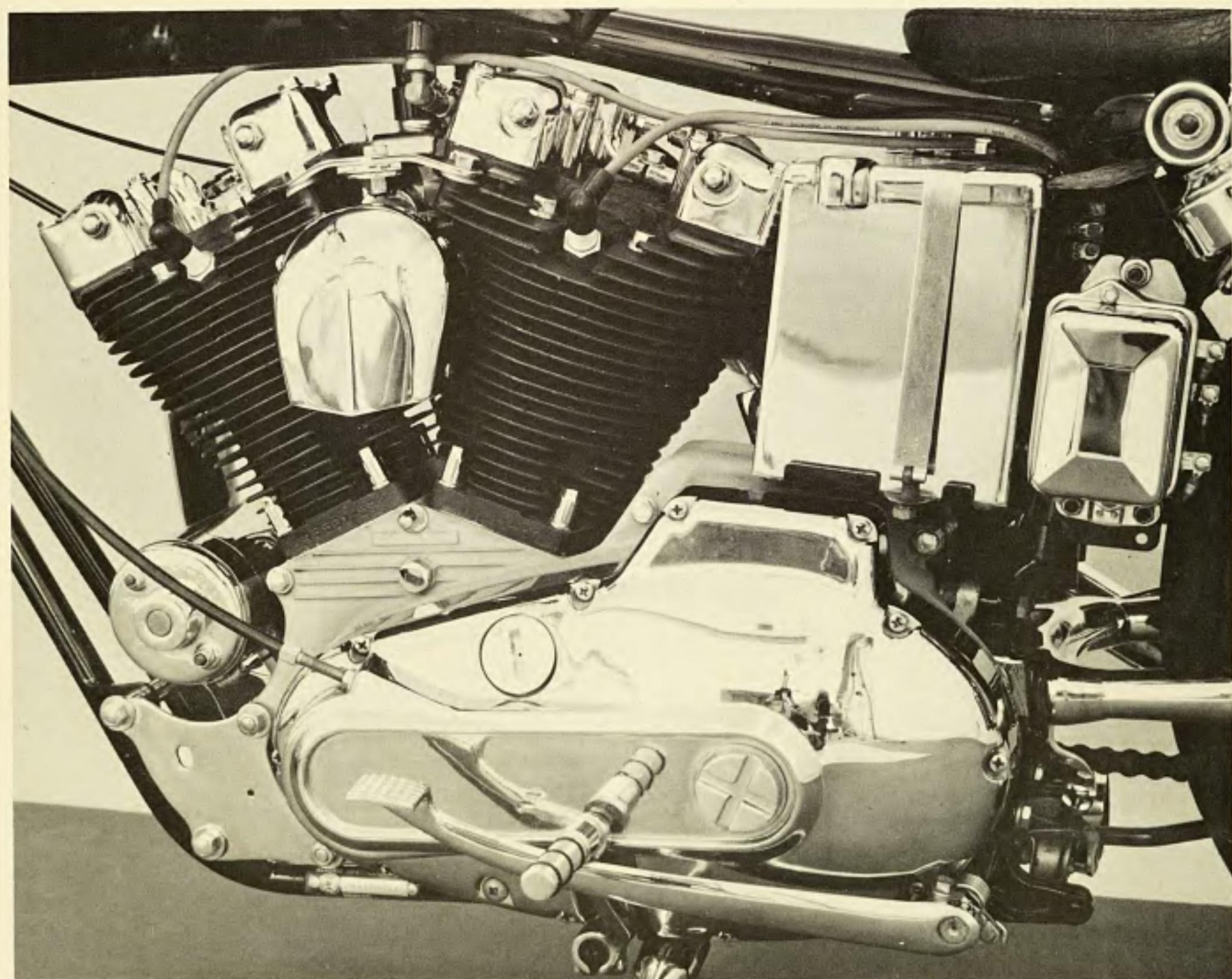
he's owned four Sporties since '72. And he ain't about to slow up.

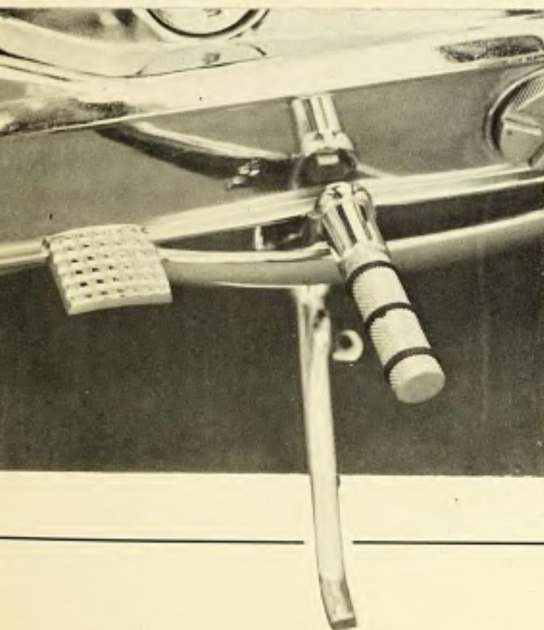
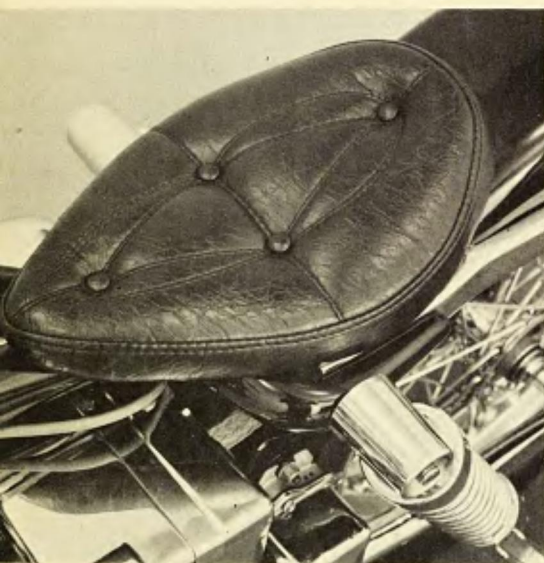
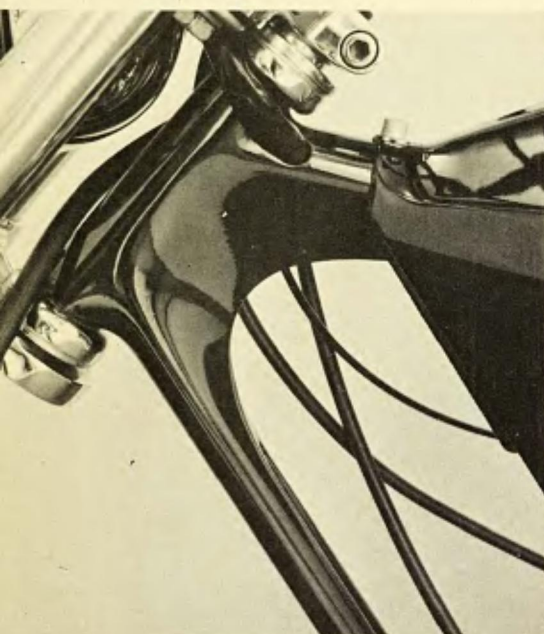
Sporties are his bag and have been since he realized that H-Ds were where it's at. In '72 he bought a '59 kicker, which he got off to a '70 electric start. But in '73 he hit the statistics file and buried number two. Not slowin' up, he purchased a '67 button start and beefed it with four "P" cams. But recently he had the pleasure of puttin' a low-ridin', stroked Sporty in Fresno, and immediately he began to piece together the stroker ya see here. And with the help of Gordon Chappel, he now flies this 61-cubic-inch Sporty around town.

It may not look like it fits him—he must be about 6-4. But he's got Sportster part number 001 stamped on his heart. And I doubt if he'd slow down to talk about anything but half a Har—I mean Sportsters.

—Lost

—Continued on next page





Owners: Frank Wells

City: Ventura, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabricaiton by: Gordon Chappel

Year: 1971

Year and make: 1970 H-D

Builder: Arlen Ness

Model: Sportster

Type: hard head

Value: \$4,000

Rake: 48°

Assembly by: Gordon

Stretch: 8 in.

Time: 4 months

Other alterations: fork stops

Chroming by: Ferrier

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Arlen Ness

Year: 1970

Risers: part of bars

Model: Sportster

Fender(s): Arlen Ness

Rebuilder: Gordon

Headlight: H-D

Ignition: points—coil

Taillight: Bates

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Speedo: H-D tach.

Lower end: 4 5/8 stroke

Front pegs: Arlen Ness

Balancing: Don Smith

Rear pegs: Arlen Ness

Pistons: S & S

Electrics: wired by Gordon

Cases: stock

Gas tank: Arlen

Heads: ported & polished

Oil tank: H-D

Cam: Siftons

Oil system: stock

Lifters: H-D solids

Primary cover: stock

Carb(s): S & S Super

Seat: Larry Hooper

Air cleaner: S & S

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: Gary Bang

Height:

Muffler(s): repro. Sporty

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Trock door

Type: glide

Year: 1971

Extension: none

Shifting: stock

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 34

Special features: turned legs

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 50

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 18

Molding: Electric Bob

Hub: H-D

Hub: stock

Painter: Electric Bob

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Color: black

Tire: 2.75

Tire: M.R. 90

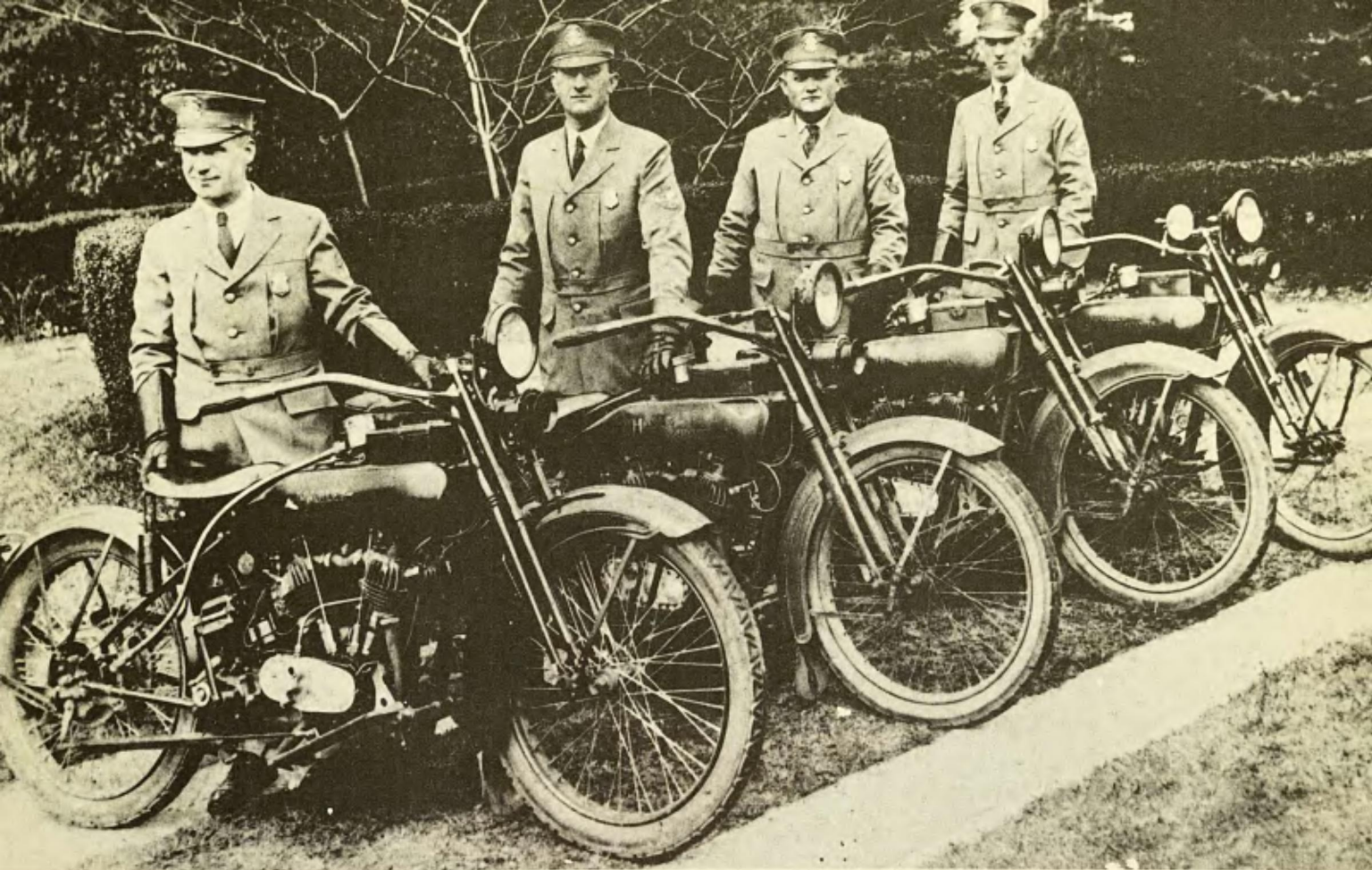
Type: lacquer

Brake: disc

Brake: H-D

Special paint: none

Other special modifications: none



Would ya believe da Man digs *Easyriders*?

Yeah, it's true, they do! Biker cops dig it just like you do. Narcs like to study the pics. Cops assigned to Biker Details like to study the dress, lingo, and doo-dahs. And they **all** dig the women — they're human, too, ya know. (Well, sorta.)

It's amazing — the different types, the various economic and intellectual levels, and the mixture of social groups **Easyriders** appeals to. The rag crosses all lines and appeals to everyone — for each person's particular reason.

Ya wanna know the secret? The rag's dug by all types because it's honest, down-to-earth, up-front, entertaining, humorous, sick, says it like it is — you name it.

Why, it's so popular, you **still** can't find it on the news-stands. So be prepared. Get your copy delivered at home — and we still throw in a free decal!

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

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

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

Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502



63

Check one:

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

- ☐ Here's \$16.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$32.99 for a two-year subscription.

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

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

- ☐ Here's \$17.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$34.00 for a two-year subscription.
Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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

Solo dropped another quarter in the Bobby Orr pinball machine and took a big gulp of beer while the machine racked up two new games with a loud mechanical clatter. When the noise ended, he slowly pulled back on the spring-loaded plunger and then released it quickly—sending a shiny metal ball rolling up the side rail and onto the playing board.

Suddenly, though, his interest in the game ended, and he ran toward the front door, cussin' a blue streak. There was no mistake. He'd heard the sound of his new shovelhead, carefully parked and locked outside, as it came to life with a low-pitched roar. He knew it had to be his bike. Hell, there wasn't another Harley in the world that sounded that goddam good!

The bartender stood with a towel in one hand and a glass in the other, frozen in amazement, as Solo ran by screaming like a mad panther. The customers looked up too, hearing the riled biker yell, to no one in particular, "Some fucker's stealin' my bike! Goddam motherfuckin' bastard!"

Pushing the front door open quickly, Solo recoiled and waited for his eyes to adjust to the bright sunshine. Shading his eyes with his hands, he focused just in time to see an absolutely incredible scene. It had to be some kind of bad joke by his bros—it couldn't really be happening!

His shovel was being ripped all right, but the thief straddling its custom seat was hardly ordinary. He was a white-haired, wrinkled old geezer who was 80 years old if he was a day. While Solo stood in the doorway, trying to make some sense out of the situation, the old dude smoothly let out the clutch and expertly guided the big shovel out onto the shimmering asphalt pavement.

There's somethin' dignified about that old sucker, Solo thought, still not quite believing his eyes as the unlikely thief twisted the wick and started to disappear down the road. To add a final weird note, the old dude was wearing slippers and a white, hospital-type dressing gown that flapped in the breeze, exposing a skinny and very pale ass.

But Solo's brief wonder turned into burning gut anger as the sound of his bike began to fade in the distance. Looking around, he spotted a city police car parked across the street. He ran over to the car, yelling at the cop inside with a wild mixture of urging and obscenities, desperately trying to explain what was happening.

After listening for a few seconds, the cop managed to size up the problem. He quickly started his car, radioed something to the dispatcher, and then floored the gas pedal. The car shot from the parking lot, showering gravel in all directions, and roared down the street in pursuit of the old man on the bike. All Solo

could do was stand in the lot, totally confused and mad as hell.

The old man now had the shovel's throttle screwed to the max, and the cop soon realized the chase was heading toward the Mexican border. When the old dude noticed the police car in pursuit, he expertly went into a couple of high-speed turns and crossed a sandy road shoulder at high speed. The cop was close enough to see the old guy actually kick up his feet and throw his head back to screech in delight.

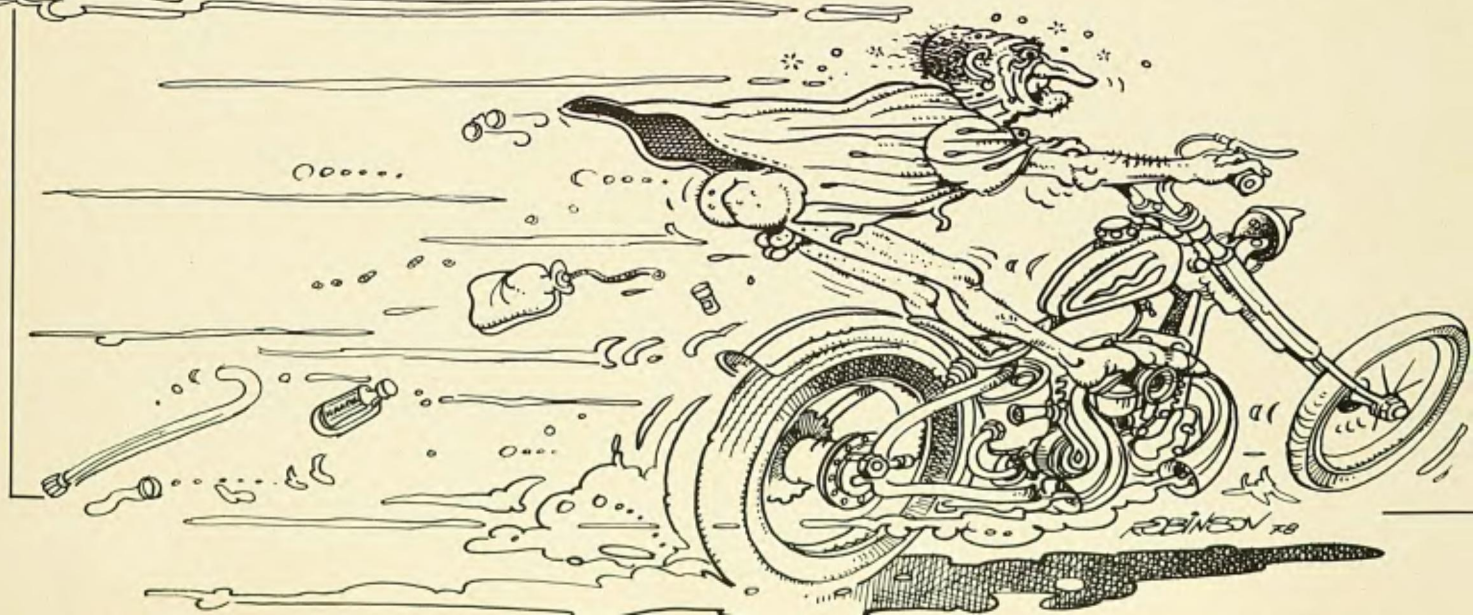
Although the stolen Harley and its strange rider were still far ahead, the cop managed to close in slightly. Attempting the turns taken by the bike, he succeeded until he came to the sandy shoulder. As soon as the car left the pavement, it sank quickly and solidly up to the rear axle. All the driver's efforts only made the rear wheels spin wildly and sink even deeper. For the car, at least, the chase was over, and the cop radioed the dispatcher in frustration.

In a minute or so, another vehicle skidded to a halt alongside the car. It was a Highway Patrol motorcycle cop who'd heard the whole pursuit on his radio.

"What the hell you doin', tryin' to move this four-wheeled lead sled, Lee?" the bike cop asked, grinning. The cop in the car started to answer but was interrupted by the radio on the motorcycle. It was a message from the Highway Patrol communications center, and the highway cop

The ESCAPIST

By David Mathias



shook his head in disbelief as the staccato voice on the other end gave him instructions and information about the old man. When the dispatcher finished, the trooper acknowledged the transmission and took off quickly after the stolen shovelhead. The city cop sat in his car and cursed as the wheels sank deeper into the sand.

By now, the old man on the stolen bike was just a tiny dot on the horizon, and the Highway Patrolman knew his work was cut out for him. The road ahead was completely flat and ran parallel to the Mexican border. The old guy slowed periodically—apparently looking for a safe place to cross over. As the motorcycle cop began to catch up with the stolen bike, he could see the pattern—the old man would ride a few hundred feet, slow down to look for a place to cross, and, seeing no chance, give his stolen prize more gas and try again.

The bike cop was beginning to realize that he was not chasing a novice rider. The old man in the white nightshirt and slippers seemed to know exactly what he was doing. He'd slow down just enough to let the patrolman think he could catch up, and then the old dude would really roll on the wick to get farther ahead.

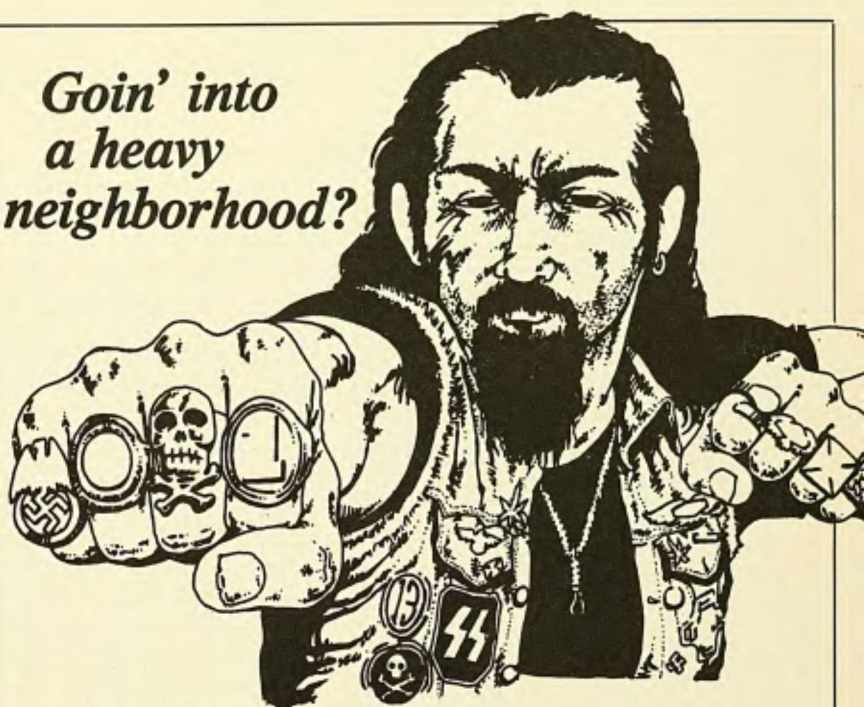
After miles in pursuit of this strange old man, the bike cop began to have serious doubts about the whole scene. Maybe all this wasn't even real. Maybe the old guy in white on the Harley was really some kind of ghost rider who could never be caught. What had he ever done to deserve all this shit, anyway?

But suddenly it happened—and everything became very real. The cop saw the old guy slow down and coast to a stop. He had the old bastard now! As the cop closed in at high speed, the figure in white dropped the Harley by the road shoulder and ran toward the border. It was almost funny—this skinny old fart in a nightgown running bare-assed across the sand like the devil himself was after him.

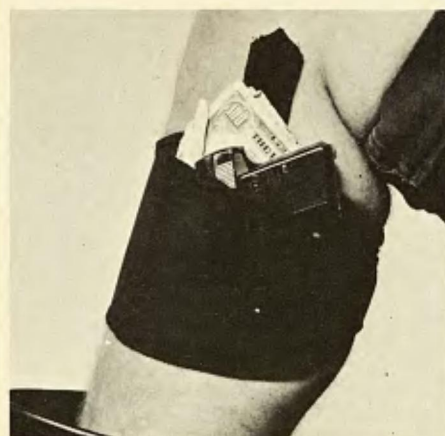
When the trooper reached the spot where the old man had stopped, he too dropped his bike and ran off across the sand after him. The old dude could ride much better than he

—Continued on next page

*Goin' into
a heavy
neighborhood?*



Protect your valuables with this **STASH POUCH**



Won't slide down when jumping or running



Won't open until you open it

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

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

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

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

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

*Mackenzie
Company*

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%

Can't Find It On The Newsstand?

BEST BIKER FICTION FROM Easyriders

Motorcycle action stories
from America's best selling
biker magazine!



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

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

send \$2 to

Best Biker Fiction

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.
California residents add 6% sales tax

SCOOTER ART



Ace of Spades



Facts of Life



Problems

Finally a Primo quality lithograph in the style of art we motorcycle enthusiasts enjoy. Just hang it and you have instant art to enhance your home. There are five ways for you to enjoy this art today. First: Just the lithograph—you supply the rest—\$10 each, plus \$.75 postage and handling. Second: Just the frame package, which includes a bag 11"x14" 100% wood frame with a rich walnut finish, non-glare glass for a no-glass appearance, backing board, you supply the art—\$10 each, plus \$3 postage and handling. Third: Complete package, which includes lithograph of your choice, and frame package—ready to hang—\$15 each, plus \$3 postage and handling for each lithograph. Fourth: Complete set, which includes all three lithographs with frames—ready to hang—\$40 each set, plus \$9 postage and handling. Fifth: Complete set of lithographs without frames—\$25 each set, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

All frames will be packaged in "bubble" wrap to protect the glass. Just send in your order and wait for your art to arrive. (Don't forget, California residents must add 6% for the man, and everyone must add postage and handling.)

P.M.M. Lithos of California

P. O. Box 161755 • Sacramento, California 95816

No C.O.D.'s — Immediate delivery with Certified Checks or Money Orders. Personal checks must clear your bank before shipment, so please allow six weeks delivery. Cal. Res. add 6% Sales Tax Plus Postage and Handling

could run, and the young cop caught him easily as he struggled up a sand dune. It wasn't much of a fight, considering the old guy's apparent determination to escape. The cop simply grabbed one tail of the night-shirt, dragged him down, and sat on him. Still, the old guy had plenty of spirit, especially when it came to words.

"Interferin' young bastard," he yelled in a high, cracking voice. "Dammit—lemme go!"

"Sorry, pop," the cop replied, "I can't do that. I've got to respect your spirit, but you've stolen a motorcycle, and you just weren't fast enough to get away."

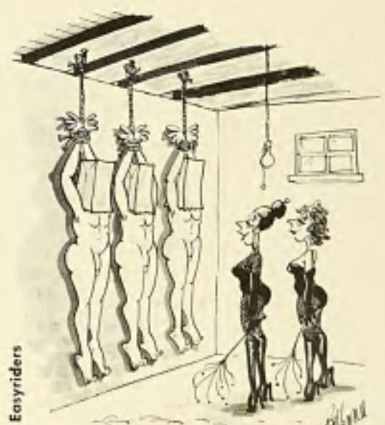
"Why, you stupid young son of a badger pup!" the old dude squeaked. "I was ridin' Harleys when you were still in yer daddy's pants!" The old guy was furious now, and he was struggling harder than ever to escape. Tired of hassling with the old man, the cop decided to handcuff him—just in case.

"You blue-nosed bastard!" the old man yelled, really ranting now. "You'd never caught me ifn I hadn't run outta gas!"

The old man's shrieking was finally interrupted by the arrival of a U.S. Border Patrolman driving a Bronco. Picking up his struggling prisoner, the Highway Patrolman led him to the vehicle's rear door and helped him inside. The cop then turned to the Border Patrolman and said, "This is the bike thief we radioed you guys about. I'd appreciate it if you'd deliver him down to the city station."

"You mean that old guy's the one who gave you all the trouble I heard about on the radio?"

"You're damn right," said the ex-



Easyriders

"Gee—did you ever notice how they all look alike this way?"

TWISTED MOTHERS

RIDE YOURSELF IN

AMERICAN MADE

POCKET T-SHIRTS

FINELY SILK SCREENED

100% COTTON

\$5.95 EACH



STYLE #321 BEAVER BIKER



STYLE #912 EROTIC



STYLE #121 TIGHT RIDIN'



STYLE #221 PUT IT ... YOUR LEGS

ALLOW 4 WEEKS

Send Check or Money Order to:
CHALANT INC.

P.O. Box 25151, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33320
Dealer & Bike Club Inquiries Invited.

asperated cop. "I'll tell you what. Next time, you guys chase him—he was trying to cross the border, anyway!"

"You gotta be kiddin'," the Border Patrolman mumbled as he put the Bronco in gear and headed back toward town.

Now that his prisoner was safely in custody, the motorcycle cop looked over at the roadside, where both bikes lay on their sides. He walked over to the machines and, with some effort, set his police Hog upright and lowered the kickstand. Then he righted the chopped shovel.

Wonder what got into that old guy, he thought, calling for a tow truck to haul the stolen shovel to the city impound lot.

Back at the city police station, an anxious Solo paced the waiting room, impatient for further information. He heard a commotion in the hallway, and his face tightened in anger as he saw the old man being led in.

"Where the hell's my bike?" he shouted. The Border Patrolman eyed Solo with a mixture of disgust and amusement. He turned the old man over to the city police and casually walked up to the nervous biker.

"That there chopper of yours is a little dirty, an' 'pears it's outta gas, son," he told Solo, pausing to see his reaction. "Don't you worry none though," he continued, "it'll be back here in one piece pretty quick—that is, if the boys on the wrecker are real careful."

Solo didn't know what to say. Instead of answering, he simply groaned, walked over to a line of chairs, and sat down, resting his head in his hands. He was really tired, and the last several hours were taking their toll.

At the front desk, the sergeant in charge looked down at the old man, who now looked pathetic as hell, and asked kindly, "What's your name, sir?"

But the old man in the nightshirt and slippers didn't answer. He just held his head down, staring at the floor.

"I can check some of the nursing homes around here," the sergeant continued, "and I can also check any missing person reports filed during the last twenty-four hours." He looked for a reaction from the old man.

After a short pause, the old guy said quietly, "I guess you might as well call my daughter and have her come down. I'm from the Crestview

Class



\$5.50

plus 50¢ for
postage and handling

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip _____

State _____



WRIST/WATCH BAND

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

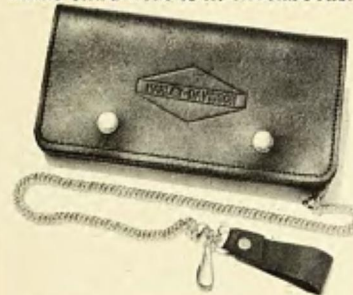
SCOOTER WALLET



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

TRUCKER WALLET

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



Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Foreign orders must include International Money Order

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery

I-R-S LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

California residents add 6% for The Man

BUCK KNIVES



Famous for holding an edge

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

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

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



SMALL BIKE WALLET



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

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

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

convalescent home — about three blocks up the street from the bar where I borrowed the scooter."

The desk sergeant picked up a phone and dialed as the old man was led out to an adjacent room. In a few minutes, his daughter, a pretty, well-dressed woman in her late twenties, arrived at the station and was directed to the front desk. She began to cry softly while the desk sergeant explained the problem.

"This isn't the first time he's done something like this," she sobbed. "He's stolen motorcycles twice before and tried to go to Mexico. He used to ride in those daredevil carnival shows years ago—when he was able to take care of himself. But now he just won't listen to me or anybody else. The doctor at the convalescent home said he had to stop drinking or it would kill him, and he hasn't been allowed to ride since the state took away his license last fall."

The sergeant looked down sympathetically at the tearful woman while she explained her father's state of mind. Sitting on a chair on the other side of the room, Solo listened carefully as she continued. "It's been so hard on him—he used to call himself the best Harley rider in the world. But now he's just depressed most of the time. He hates the nursing home, and he blames me for putting him there. All he can talk about is getting back on his motorcycle and starting another show down in Mexico." She started crying again, the tears rolling down her face.

Offering her a tissue, the sergeant tried to be reassuring. "I think we can arrange for your father to be released in your custody—if you promise to take the old gentleman back to Crestview and calm him down." He looked up and glared across the room at Solo. "Of course, it really depends on that guy over there. It was his bike, and if he insists on pressing charges against your father, there's nothing we can do." All eyes in the room turned and stared accusingly at Solo. He felt like sinking deep into the chair. All of a sudden he wanted to become invisible.

There was a short pause, which seemed like an hour to Solo, and then the sergeant said, "It's all up to you, young man. Your motorcycle is at the city lot, and there has been no damage."

Solo had heard the whole story, and his initial anger had now turned



PRO-TECH



Cycle Products

"HAS MORE!"

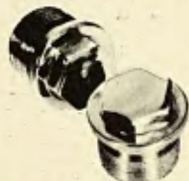
TRY OUR TANK SEALER



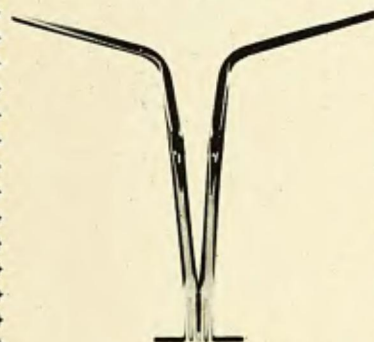
GAS TANK SEALER



H-D TRANSMISSION
MAIN SHAFTS



FORK PLUGS - HONDA,
KAWASAKI, YAMAHA



TRIKE BARS -
7/8" & ONE INCH

GIANT CATALOG, 120 PAGES
ONLY \$2.00

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

into a grudging admiration for the cocky old dude. Smiling to himself, he thought, Nice try, brother—you almost made it. I'll bet we would've had some good times together back in your day. You really gave those cops a run they'll never forget. He felt much better now, and he even managed a slight smile. "There'll be no hassles from my end, sarge," he said. "Let the old guy split with his daughter."

The sergeant looked at him for a moment. Finally he said, "That's a decent thing you've just done, son. Glad you could see it from our point of view."

The old man's daughter also looked over at Solo with a look of understanding in her eyes. "My father and I both thank you, too. He's too old for jail, and in his mind the nursing home is even worse." Solo nodded understandingly and left to look for his bike.

A few minutes later, after the old man had left with his daughter, the cops heard a loud commotion outside. They were just getting up to see what was going on when the front door flew open. The old man's daughter dashed up to the desk.

"It's my father!" she screamed hysterically.

"Heart attack?" the sergeant asked. It was the first thing that came to his mind. But the sound of a Harley 74 coughing to life filled the room. The sergeant, almost by instinct, ran past the distraught woman and out into the afternoon sunshine.

It was too late, though. All the sergeant could see was a skinny old man in a white hospital dressing gown disappearing down the street on a Harley. The old guy's pale and very skinny ass would intermittently become visible in the bright sunlight as the gown flapped behind him. He was half a block away by now, really screwing on the throttle as he shifted the big Highway Patrol dresser from first to second.

Across the street, Solo had been carefully examining his bike for damage. When he heard the Harley and saw what was happening, he fell to the ground and almost puked from laughing so hard.



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 1/8" 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)

RIGHTER'S
Products
Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740



NOW! M19-A™ BB submachine gun...



Customized M19-AH Assault Weapon

includes FREE customizing plans

It's already No. 1 in Shooting Fun: the hard-hitting, freon-powered M19-A BB submachine gun, with a cyclic rate of 3,000 rounds per minute and range over 100 yards! And now you can ADD to your shooting fun by customizing with easy, step-by-step plans to make the M19-AH Assault Weapon (shown above), M19-AT Tommy Gun or M19-AMP Machine Pistol. All three plans (reg. \$3) are now included for a limited time only at no extra charge with your order: Only \$29 plus \$2 handling, shipping for each M19-A BB Submachine Gun and plans—BBS and freon not included (freon usually available at auto, air conditioning and hardware stores).

LARC INTERNATIONAL Dept. ER9

P.O. Box 340007, 2640 S.W. 28th Lane, Miami, FL 33134

All orders must include signed statement of age over 18 years... offer void where prohibited.

Enclosed is ☐ check ☐ M.O. for — M19A BB Submachine Guns at \$31 each, including 3 customizing plans, to be shipped prepaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Florida residents add 4% sales tax to total.

M19-A Annihilator

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.)

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

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

I hereby give Easyriders Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such

photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age.

Witness to Signature _____

H/D OIL COOLERS Still the BEST BUY at \$12.50



ALL SPORTSTERS,
SUPERGLIDES, 74's



ANDREWS PRODUCTS, INC.

9872 FARRAGUT ST. • ROSEMONT, IL 60018

312/678-4014



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Virgo

Virgo, ya usually start out by being a bit bashful, and end up blowing people's minds. Ya can't cop out on your own daily dumps, but you're forever drawing attention to the stains in someone else's drawers. You're a natural-born critic, and what's worse, you're usually right. You're also fussy and picky over the most trivial crap.

Virgo is the sign of the virgin (as far as I can figure, it must mean virgin nose!), but don't take the symbolism too seriously. They're the sexy lovers of the zodiac who smolder with a quiet sex appeal. It's no wonder Virgo Sean Connery was chosen to portray James Bond.

Most Virgos are mechanically inclined, noticing the smallest details. I don't know if Mr. Harley and Mr. Davidson were Virgos, but Henry Ford was.

Virgos are susceptible to imagined ills—which is why their medicine cabinet looks like a drug store. Besides the usual goodies we all drop, they keep everything from rectum remedies to cures for crotch-rot. Seriously, Virgos are prone to chronic pains in the intes-

tinal area, nervous stomach, and liver problems.

Virgos are intellectually versatile, as can be found in three famous Virgo personalities: Peter Sellers, H. G. Wells, and John Lennon.

On the negative side, it can be quite a turn-off when Virgo starts checkin' out a broad's bum for lint or puts on a bib for bed. Next, he might look up your ass with a flashlight an' tell ya how many cavities you've got.

Basically honest, Virgo will tell you where it's at, even if it hurts. They're reliable and can be counted on when the shit hits the fan.

Older Virgo bikers are still picky. In fact, they'll pick up anything that stands still, an' poke it. You can recognize them by the ring around their asshole. It's their trademark. They also often have long, curly hairs on their kneecaps.

Note to Women:

How to catch a Virgo? Since Virgos are practical, it might help to own a bike shop, or at least work in one. Use a tongue depressor to insert your Tampax, but first dip it in twenty-weight oil. Smile, while he runs down you an' your whole damn family. (He's tryin' to be helpful.) Always carry an extra set of tools in your purse, along with a motorcycle manual. If you ain't perfect, at least remember—he is!

Aries (March 21—April 20)

If the last couple of months have scared your scrotum into a slow sag, this one will round it out. Your health is on the upgrade an' you're feelin' cocksure of yourself again. Right now, you can really get your act together financially. Ya may have to work your ass off to do it, but the extra effort will be worth it. One word of sage advice—save, despite an urge to spend on your machine (except repairs), threads, or suckin' up suds.

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

This could be tough titty time again. Things are still on again, off again at home base. The pressure's still there, an' somethin's gotta give, 'cause you're ready to throw in the towel. You're almost better off bangin' a knothole, except your

ol' lady may not have splinters in her slit. Right now, she's still a tast rough around the edges. Hang on—next month you'll ride first class all the way!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

The key word for now is "patience." Don't go off half-cocked an' shoot your wad off in the wrong pair of pants. The same advice applies to on-the-job strategy. Double-check all situations involving long-range plans. Half the crap someone lays on ya just can't be relied on. In fact, even buddies may be bendable these days. Unless it's a question of sex, sleep on it before deciding.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

You're able now to tighten up on problem gaps—except the one in

your favorite gash. (Leave it; that way you can diddle an' dunk doughnuts at the same time.) Stick to what you know, instead of faking people out. Attend to all those mind-bogglin' details you've been shinin' on. Ya ought to flush out friends, instead of wiping on their IOUs. Use the ol' toilet-mouth approach to get back the green that's owed ya.

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Holy hardons! You've got your hands full now. Actually, you may have put your boot in your mug, too. Procrastinating (use the dictionary) can have your golden gonads up for grabs. Stop making promises ya can't handle—or suffer the consequences. Rather than the low blow you'd prefer, ya could end up sportin' a bent prong. (Like bent up your buns!) Otherwise, you're in for a healthy and horny month.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

Your birthday bash could not only leave ya limp, but could signal some fried brains on your part. You're too damn busy partying to keep in touch with reality. It ain't your usual style, but you're liable to let important projects slide now. Go ahead an' pick your nose, knock your nuts together, and do all your everyday gettin' down. Just take time to take care of biz, before the shit piles up on ya.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

There's both radical and progressive changes on the agenda this month. It's time to stop flappin' your jaws about fuck this an' fuck that, and voice your opinion. Right now your head's screwed on right an' your insight into a sucked situation is not only valid but will blow a few bros away. There's still plenty of time to sandwich in some tit-ticklin' and testicle-testin'.

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

This month ya might let your goodies drain dry. It seems like everywhere ya go, some honey with hot lips is layin' a blow-by-blow description on ya. Actually, the only problem to contend with now could be a couple of canker sores on your crank! You're in for some rowdy fun, plus a few welcome sur-

prises. Just don't spread yourself too thin. Remember, no broad wants to swallow a worn-out worm.

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

This month the emphasis is on complete honesty and loyalty. It's what's up front that counts, an' I don't mean your pointed pork, either. Layin' a line on your partners now (unless it's coke) can turn into a heavy head trip ya can't handle. Lay off the midnight munchies—especially all that weird shit brought on by some good smokes. Your system just can't handle it right now. Remember, tell it like it is.

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

Right now, legal hassles and financial contacts figure prominently. Beware of golden-tongued lawyers taking advantage of ya. Don't sign any documents unless you're straight and alert. A snatch out of your past is out to patch things up with a batch of pokin' and strokin'. Enjoy the hell out of it, but think twice before takin' her back. It's possible she has more than the hots for ya—it could be a case of wantin' a free ride.

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

Aquarius, it's in your nature to shine shit on and ignore things. Now, even you have a short fuse! You're not about to grin an' bear it, while some lame tries to hang it in your ass. You're in the mood to derail his tail. Keep the pieces of hair pie even if ya can't keep the peace. Blow off some steam with a little muff-diving. Situations will mellow-out towards mid-month although it may take dotting an eyeball to do it!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

This month you're the "magic meat marvel." You may spread so much semen ya get saddle sores. While givin' your rod a rest, take time to look up a few partners out of your past. At least one bro will turn you on to welcome news concerning ready cash. Your hidden talents surprise ya now. Ya have a shitload more going for ya than a creative crank. Don't hesitate, get out an' go for it. ■

Space Filler Holocaust!

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.

Easyriders



"Cancel my appointment—
I came in my pants."

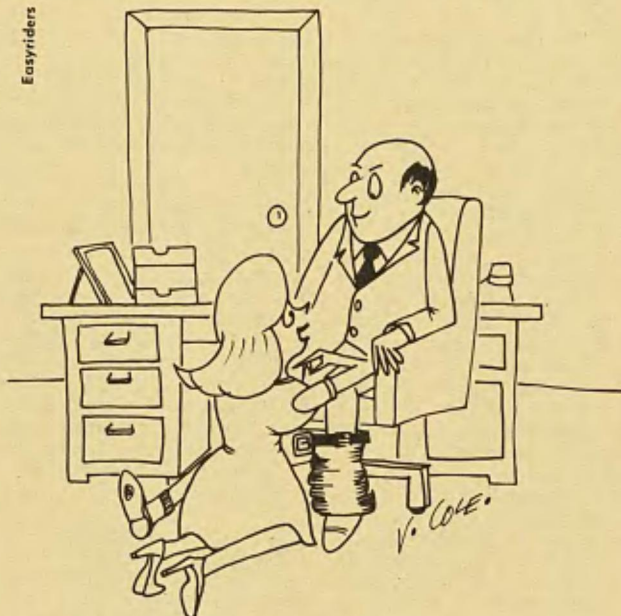
Three buses, each loaded with cops, were returning from the Police Academy when they spotted a lone biker cruising down the road.

"Let's pull over and beat the shit out of that hippie bastard," the head honcho said. They forced the biker to the side of the road, and thirty cops jumped out of the first bus and chased him into a clump of trees. Ten minutes passed, and when they didn't return, thirty more cops ran into the woods. Another ten minutes passed, and the third group of thirty cops ran into the woods. More time passed and none returned.

Worried about the cops' disappearance, one of the bus drivers went to the edge of the woods and called out to them. As he was standing there, a single cop came crawling out of the woods, his clothes in tatters. "Go back," he gasped, "go back! It's a trap. There's two of 'em!"

—M. A. Nowack
San Diego, Calif.

Easyriders



"I thought that would be better than
kissing your ass—like everyone else does."

A biker stopped for the night in a small town and checked into a motel to avoid harassment from the local cops. After he got settled, he called the desk and requested a whore to be sent up to his room.

The owner of the motel told his wife about the request, and she said, "Go up there right now and throw him out."

"Look," the owner said, "I won't do that. He paid for the night—and besides, he's a big motherfucker."

"Well, if you won't, I will," his wife said, and off she went to the biker's room.

For a while there were yells, screams, and the sound of furniture breaking. Then all was silent.

Next morning, the biker calmly walked up to the owner, tossed the key on the desk, and said, "Thanks, man. That was some fightin' cunt you sent up last night, but I finally managed to throw her down and fuck her."

—B. Kinnane
Avon Park, Fla.

Easyriders



"So you're Hartley's ol' lady, huh? From
Fred's description, I'd know you anywhere."

I know a bro whose ol' lady is so ugly that the only time I've ever seen her was when she was beggin' for a Milk-Bone.

—D. B. Lee
Alderson, W Va.

While passionately making love, the couple was interrupted by the phone ringing. The girl answered it, returning to bed a few seconds later. "Who was that?" her companion asked.

"My husband," the young thing sighed, snuggling up against her bed partner. "He wanted to tell me he'll be out late because he's playing poker with you and some of the other fellows."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

Easyriders



"That's what happens, Willy,
when you play with yourself."

"I think you've made a mistake in my bill," said the bar patron, after three drinks. "You've charged me only a nickel for a drink."

"No mistake," said the barkeep. "The tab is only fifteen cents."

"Fantastic!" said the patron. "But at that price, how can you stay in business? Are you the owner?"

"No," the bartender said. "He's upstairs with my wife, and what he's doing to her up there, I'm doing to him down here."

—Mike Petrocelli
South Gate, Calif.

The house detective, hearing odd noises coming from one of the hotel rooms, knocked on the door and shouted, "Are you entertaining someone in there?"

"Just a minute," a girl's voice answered. "I'll ask him."

—Deanie Terkelson
Long Beach, Calif.

Then there was the passionate young miss who was barred from the beach when the lifeguard saw her going down for the third time.

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

Easyriders

ATTACK DOGS



"I can let ya have this one cheap. He's too chickenshit to attack anyone, but he can be nasty as hell!"

A third-grade teacher was instructing her class. "Children, I want you to write a composition on something you definitely did."

"Hey, teacher," Johnny asked. "Does a fart have lumps?"

"No," the teacher replied, aghast.

"Dammit!" he cried. "Then I definitely shit my pants."

—French-Fried Fran
Van Nuys, Calif.

The biker chick went to a doctor to get checked out. He had her lie on the table, legs spread, and began the examination.

"My God!" he said. "What a hole! My God! What a hole."

"For shit sakes, doc," the chick said. "Ya don't have to say it twice."

"I didn't," replied the doctor. "The second time was an echo."

—Robb Tharp
Port Orchard, Wash.

"What's the matter?" the M.D. asked the young girl. "Haven't you ever been examined before?"

"Yes," she replied, blushing furiously, "but never by a doctor."

—B. Kinnane
Avon Park, Fla.

A biker was bragging to his bro about how smart his dog was. "I can even send him on errands for me. He never fails. I'll prove it."

The biker tried something different as a real test, and gave the dog a five-dollar bill, then told him to go to the tavern down the street and return with a six-pack of beer.

When an hour passed and the dog didn't return, the bros began laughing at his owner, so he went in search of the errant critter.

Entering the tavern, he saw the dog sitting in a corner booth with a bitch.

"Rover!" yelled the biker. "How can you embarrass me like this? I told you to get some beer and bring it home with my change. You've never done this to me before. What's the matter?"

"It's the first time I ever had any money, motherfucker!" the dog answered.

—Buddy Litz
New York, N.Y.

A biker finally got fed up with his ol' lady, who insisted he accompany her when she went shopping for clothes. One day in a crowded lingerie department, she held up the briefest of panties and asked if he liked them.

His booming voice forever ended his shopping trouble. "I certainly do! But I don't think your husband would approve of them!"

—Joey
Lancaster, Calif.

A bro was out with a new chick in her little sports car. They were makin' out hot and heavy, but it was obviously too small to screw in. The girl jumped out of the car and headed for the woods, telling him, "Hurry, before I get out of the mood."

The bro yelled back, "Shit! I've gotta get outta the mood before I can get outta the fuckin' car!"

—D. B. Lee
Alderson, W. Va.

Paul and his father were visiting grandpa, who lived a hermit-like existence in a remote area. During a stroll along the river, Paul found a hand grenade, apparently lost by soldiers from a nearby army base while on maneuvers.

"If that's a real grenade, son," Paul's dad said, "you'd better toss it into that old shithouse over there."

Paul pulled the pin and gave it a toss. The crapper went up in a blast of smoke and flame, and out of the shambles came grandpa, his clothes in tatters, splinters and shrapnel in his bare ass and the stub of a pipe in his mouth.

"What happened, grandpa?" Paul asked, running to the old man.

"I ain't really sure, boy, but you can bet your ass that's the last time I'm gonna light my pipe while I'm fartin'."

—Larry Kellum
San Francisco, Calif.

Easyriders



"Yeah. It's him all right."

"I have a friend who thinks he may have a venereal disease," said the embarrassed young man to his doctor.

"Well," replied the physician, take him out and let's have a look at him."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

Drug Delivery

Has your car or motorcycle been used by anyone to transport or facilitate the sale of controlled drugs? If it has, it may have been seized and forfeited in Louisiana under a statute permitting forfeiture of such vehicles. But the Louisiana court has recently ruled that the statute permitting forfeiture is unconstitutional. Here the owner of the automobile was in no way connected with the marijuana found in the car. The court said the statute failed to require any conviction with respect to the underlying drug offense. The statute required no proof that the search producing the controlled dangerous substance was legal. There was no requirement that the vehicle owner know of the illegal drug transaction, had consented to it, or had any connection with it at all. The statute also impinged on a broad "right to property" guaranteed by the 1974 Louisiana Constitution. (Sup. Ct. Louisiana, State v. 1971 Green GMC Van, 9/19/77.)

Cancel Sales

If you buy a new car or motorcycle which, after being driven only 17 miles, burst into flames due to a faulty electrical system, can you rescind the sale? Yes, you can—on the ground of "improper delivery" under the Uniform Commercial Code. In a New York case allowing the rescinding, the court said a repair by the dealer or manufacturer is not sufficient. The court held that, for a majority of people, the purchase of a new vehicle is a major investment, rationalized by the peace of mind that derives from its dependability and safety. Once their faith is shaken, the vehicle loses not only its real value in their eyes, but becomes an instrument whose integrity is sub-

stantially impaired and whose operation is fraught with uncertainty. In a New Jersey case the court allowed rescinding of the contract and return of the purchaser's payments when, directly after delivery, the new car stalled at a traffic light and could only be driven in the lowest gear. In New Hampshire, the court granted rescinding against both the dealer and the manufacturer where the new car became inoperable after three days and over 1,000 miles. The manufacturer cannot claim he is not responsible on the ground that he made no contract with the purchaser. In all these situations where your new car or motorcycle does not perform, consult your attorney immediately and press for a recession of the contract. Repairs are not enough. (N.Y. Supreme Court, N.Y. City, Oddo vs. General Motors, 10/31/77.)

Loaded Rapist

If a person is accused of rape, can he defend on the ground that he was intoxicated at the time? The answer is "No" in California. Here the defendant was arrested shortly after he had, while intoxicated, broken into an apartment where he beat, raped, and committed sodomy upon a mentally retarded and partially blind woman. The court said the defendant had no right to have the jury consider his intoxicated state, which might have prevented him from knowing whether the victim had offered consent to his unlawful conduct. Rape and sodomy are general intent crimes. Thus, inability by reason of voluntary intoxication to form specific intent would not be a defense. If, as a result of self-induced intoxication, the rapist believed that the victim was consenting, that belief would not thereby become either "reasonable" or "in good faith." (143 Cal. Rep. 379, 1/24/78.)

Ass Touchin'

If you are planning a vacation in New York and riding the subway, be careful to keep your hands in your pockets—not to avoid pickpockets—but to avoid the possibility of being accused of the nonconsensual touching of a female's buttocks in a crowded subway train. In a New York court case the accused claimed that the complainant's buttocks were not an "intimate part" of her person, within the meaning of the law, and there was no crime of sexual abuse. But the defendant was convicted, the court saying that "sexual contact" is no longer restricted to the reproductive organs, and that the buttocks may be considered an "intimate part" under the sexual abuse statute. The court did mention that had the occurrence taken place in an area where the social customs condone the unconsented touching or pinching of the buttocks (rumor has it that Italy may be such an area), perhaps the defendant's position might be sustained. However, in New York the touching of a woman's buttocks without her consent is not treated so cavalierly as in some other places. (N.Y. Sup. Ct., N.Y. City, People v. Thomas, 10/28/77.)

The Last Drink

Can a bartender in California be held liable for your wrongful death from overconsumption of alcoholic liquor? The Supreme Court of California has recently said that he can be. Here the patron died of acute alcohol poisoning after consuming ten shots of 151 proof rum in less than half an hour. The court held that the bartender's liability depends upon the application of the principle that an individual himself is liable for foreseeable injuries caused by his failure to exercise reasonable care. Here the bartender plain-

ly acted intentionally in serving the "strongest drink in the house" to the patron. Moreover, he knew that the patron was probably an inexperienced drinker, and he could have concluded that the patron was not fully aware of the radical difference in the potency between the 151 proof rum and ordinary liquor. He also knew that the patron intended to get drunk. Hence, the bartender could assume that the patron would consume an amount of liquor hazardous to his health. The bartender also violated a bar policy of refusing to serve patrons after they are manifestly intoxicated. (Sup. Ct. of California, Ewing v. Bowe 1/6/78.)

Unlawful Arrest

Do you have a right to resist an unlawful arrest? You can in Louisiana, where this has long been the rule. There the courts have said that the right to personal liberty is one of the fundamental rights guaranteed to every citizen, and any unlawful interference with it may be resisted. Every person has the right to resist an unlawful arrest; and, in preventing such illegal restraint to his liberty, he may use such force as is necessary. However, efforts to change this rule of law have succeeded in a few states so that in New Hampshire, Delaware, and Rhode Island, you must submit to arrest by a peace officer whether it is lawful or not.

The right to resist an unlawful arrest has been considered by the U.S. Supreme Court, but the court has never squarely decided whether there is a Fourth Amendment right reasonably to resist an unlawful arrest. The Supreme Court has said that one has an undoubted right to resist an unlawful arrest, but the Court did not say whether this statement rested on constitutional or common law authority. (342 So. 2nd 196.)

Mail Been Opened?

Has the C.I.A. been opening your mail? If it has, you have a good case against it. The U.S. District Court in New York has recently held that the action of the C.I.A. in opening, reading, and copying first-class mail without a warrant and without probable cause for a warrantless search was illegal under the First and Fourth Amendments, as well as applicable federal statutes. Also, the Doctrine of Common Law Copyright protected the plaintiffs. Each plaintiff here was entitled to receive an award of \$1,000, provided the government furnished each plaintiff with a suitable letter of regret and assurance of non-recurrence.

The court said that the American people have already paid a considerable price for the C.I.A.'s illegal mail activities. In addition to the large out-of-pocket expenses in operating the program, there has been a perceptible widespread loss of confidence in the integrity of the mails and in the right of individuals to be free from surreptitious intrusions into their privacy by government officials. Adding to the taxpayer's burdens by awarding damages in these cases may seem like a regrettable additional disbursement for this ill-starred program, but the law requires that plaintiffs be compensated for their special loss. Moreover, knowledge by government officials that individuals have effective legal remedies to enforce their rights may prevent future illegality. (436 Fed. Supp. - 967 1977.)

Uniformed Messenger

The postman may not be a postman at all — but a police officer in disguise. This postal drama happened in California. Officer Jones of the Glendale Police Department went to an apartment in Burbank to execute a search warrant for that residence. Officer Jones had previously been employed by the U.S. Postal Service and still possessed the uniform he had purchased for that occupation. He carried a letter which contained a postal certification (a certified sticker) and wore his postal uniform as a subterfuge to get the door open, prior to confronting the occupants with his true iden-

tity and purpose for being at the location. Officer Jones knocked at the door, which was opened by the respondent Green. He indicated that he had a special delivery letter for the respondent Rubin. The respondent Green said, "There she is over there. Come on in." When Rubin exited the bedroom area of the residence and came into the living room, Officer Jones stepped into the house, pulling his police badge out and identifying himself to Miss Rubin. Jones said, "We are police officers; we are serving a search warrant." Officer Jones then "shoved" or "pushed" respondent Rubin toward another officer, and prevented respondent Green from going into the bedroom. The search warrant was executed, and eight heroin-filled balloons were found in the bedroom of the residence. The court held that the fact that the officer gained entrance to the premises and searched by means of impersonating a letter carrier did not vitiate the ensuing search pursuant to the valid search warrant, notwithstanding an arguable technical violation of a federal statute, where the local postal officials knew of and cooperated in the deception. (143 Cal. Rep. 360. 1/20/78.)

Dogs Havin' Fun

If the state has a statute making dog owners strictly liable for injuries caused by their dogs' biting, worrying, or chasing persons, can you recover if you are knocked down by a playful mutt? "No, playful dogs are excepted," says the Nebraska Supreme Court. No recovery was allowed. It seems rather foolish, as a playful dog may do a lot of damage to an older person and it does him no good to tell him the dog was only joking. *Donner v. Playmate*, Neb. Sup. Ct. 5/1/75.

Viewing A Stiff

If your supervisor commits suicide in the office and you observe his body immediately afterwards and become very depressed and unable to work, can you recover under the Workmen's Compensation law? New York says that you can. The court says that psychological or nervous injury

precipitated by psychic trauma is compensable to the same extent as physical injury. The determining factor is the particular vulnerability of an individual by virtue of his physical makeup. In a given situation, one person may be susceptible to a heart attack, while another may suffer a depressive reaction. In either case, the result is the same—the individual is incapable of functioning properly because of an accident and should be compensated under the Workmen's Compensation Law. The court saw no reason for limiting recovery to cases where there is physical impact. *N. Y. Ct. of Appeals, Wolfe v. Sibley, Lindquist & Curr*, 5/5/75.

About Your Will

What is a codicil to a will? The purpose of a codicil is ordinarily to effect some change in the will as drawn, and when lawfully executed it becomes part of the original will, and the will and the codicil stand as one testamentary disposition. The codicil supersedes the will only to the extent that it is incompatible, and the will is not to be disturbed any more than necessary in order to effectuate the codicil. A competent person, absent a contract to the contrary, undue influence, fraud, or coercion, has a right to disinherit his children.

We do not recommend codicils. If you want to change your will, tear it up and write a new one. *231 N.W. Md.* 234, 1977.

Landlord Rights

If you run out on your lease, is the landlord bound to mitigate the damages by trying to rent the premises to someone else? Sometimes, according to a recent trend. However, the rule in the majority of the states is that the landlord does not have to try and rent the premises. Antiquated real property concepts, which served as the basis for the former rule, shall no longer be controlling where there is a claim for damages under a residential lease. Such claims must be governed by more modern notions of fairness and equity. A landlord has a duty to mitigate damages where he seeks to recover rents from a defaulting tenant. He must

prove he used reasonable diligence to relet the premises. *N. J. Sup. Ct., Sommer v. Kridel*, 6/29/77.

When The Pill Fails

If those birth control pills fail, can you recover damages from the manufacturer? In a recent case, a woman sued a manufacturer of birth control pills, claiming that she later became pregnant. She was not successful. The pamphlet issued by the manufacturer of the pills stated that when taken as directed the tablets offered "virtually 100 percent protection." This, said the court, was not an express warranty of 100 percent protection. The word "virtually" means almost. Clearly, it does not mean absolutely. These brochures on birth control pills, if closely examined, contain no express warranties as to the effectiveness of the product. You simply cannot expect to obtain damages from a manufacturer unless those warranties are present. While birth control pills have been reasonably successful, they are not infallible and it is almost impossible to obtain any damages from a manufacturer if the pills fail. The courts will not require the manufacturer to assume the role of absolute insurer against unusual physiological effects. *333 Fed. Supp.*

Bill Collectin' Blues

Bill collectors may no longer make harassing late-night phone calls, threaten violence, or impersonate police officers, under a federal law recently taking effect. The law covers personal and family debts, including car purchases, charge accounts, and loans for medical care.

Passed by Congress and signed by President Carter this year, the bill also gives consumers the right to a written notice within five days of being contacted by a debt collector.

The law's enactment followed hearings conducted by Rep. Frank Annunzio (D-Ill.) that produced testimony about abusive practices used in the \$3-billion-a-year debt collection industry.

The law, which marks the first federal regulation of debt collectors, applies to agencies hired to recover another company's overdue debt. It does not apply to creditors collecting on their own. ■

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



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

In memory of Mike "Little Mike" Learned. It's a bitch without you, Ken, Ariz.

In memory of "Scruffy," who can now ride hassle-free. Grubb, Pa.

In memory of a helluva bro, Eric Schaffer. Loved and missed. C.K., Pa.

In memory of Lars Billing, killed by a fuckin' train. Hurricanes M.C., Sweden.

For Mike "Little Duke" Houseman. Keep on bikin', wherever you are. Doc, Kan.

In memory of brothers Jim and Tom Liskey, killed in an airplane crash. Jan and Ray Frank, Calif.

In memory of "Sprocket", 'til the winds stop blowing. The Drifter, Ga.

To Steve Handy of Portland, Michigan. Gone but never forgotten. Brother Fred.

In memory of Bob who found his freedom. Loving you always, you sister, Diana, Calif.

In memory of Gary Deimer, one helluva fine dude. Gary and the guys, Ill.

In memory of my ol' man, Billy Craig, who was shot by a stupid punk. Diane, Lex. Park, Md.

To Roger Stanfield, a bro who will ride on in our hearts forever. Kim, Tasia, Deb, and Nina.

In memory of Keith Martin, who was blown away by a pussy punk. Geno and Tim Webb, Wash.

In lasting memory and tribute to Clayton J. Kern, Jr., "The Beard." Never to be forgotten. You were one of the best. Dutch, Conn.

In memory of Phillip Scott Marks, who rode hard and died fast. When will the cops leave bikers alone? Cheryl Muznich.

In memory of Lonnie "Stump" Farnsworth, a real brother who's gone but not forgotten. Ride forever, bro. Len and Hopper, L.A., Calif.

To Fred, a damn good president, and to Luke, our vice-president, who both died too early. Freak Soldier M.C., Hearst, Ontario, Can.

In memory of Ron. I loved you like no other, and there'll never be another like you. Ride happy forever. Karen, Lancaster, Calif.

In memory of "Bobb Huey," a partying motherfucker. Pagans M.C., Lewisburg, Pa.

In special memory of Gerry "Zump" Zumpo, downed on his road to freedom by some asshole. Sundowners M.C., Calif.

In memory of Danny "Tennessee Chopper" Thompson. He lived to ride and rode to his death. Your ol' lady and everyone who loves you on Main St. in Mich.

To Howard "Claymore" Queen, a brother truly loved by all. Ride on, my friend. Cherie L. Waters, Union Lake, Mich.

In memory of brothers Bob Veneman and Jeff Joye, who are now on that endless put together. Don Veneman.

In memory of Bob Bloomquist. From all his bros in Red Oak and surrounding areas near Essex, Iowa.

In memory of Keith, Hell's Henchmen M.C./S.S., Chicago, Ill. You'll ride in our hearts forever. L'il One, Mountain View, Calif.

In memory of Richard Morris and Raymond Smith. What has happened to brotherhood? Casper Hillbilly, Paramount, S.F.V.

Male Call

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

I'm in prison without anyone to write to, so I'd really appreciate letters and photos from ladies. Anthony Marshall #046504, Box 221, Ralston, Pa. 32063.

Age 29 and in need of heartwarmin' ol' lady. Send picture and I'll send one back. Clark Voss, B.K. No. 4571-897, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054.

25-yr-old inmate in desperate need of mail from ladies. Richard Engdahl #30562, Box 25, Oregon, Wis. 53575.

Dope man down for a rest. Would like to hear from women of all ages who like to get high and party. Don Sheppard #12718, I.R., Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

25-yr-old bro needs letters and visits, if possible, from foxy ladies. I'm looking for ladies to love me. Send photos to a lonely outlaw. Michael Gehman #8-79236, Rm. 3291, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

If any of you want to know what I've been doin' in this joint, drop me a line and I'll tell ya. Jim Wileat #254107, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Good bro in San Quentin needs a sweet young lady to bring a little sunshine into his life. Canny Farina, Box B-88790, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Young, handsome stud dying to receive some high-powered mail from some hard core, honky tonk, fine, foxy, and freaky ladies. Isaac Archer #100520, powhatan Corr. Ctr., State farm, Va. 23160.

I've got the time, so drop me a line. Rick Eberth #B-75613, C-1-U-24, Box 500, C.I.M. East, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Downed tramp looking for a right ol' lady who cares about a brother in need. Donny Wing, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Could sure use some mail. Larry Doninger #B-85225, C-1-U-2, Box 500, C.I.M. East, Chino, Calif. 91710.

The loneliest thing in the world is to be stuck in jail without a girl. Write Jerry Lehmiller #279545603, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kans. 66027.

Any of you horny heifers who would like to write this bull of a man, better get started. I'll answer all letters from chicks 16 to 60. Randy Hill #147416, Mich. State Prison, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Lonely convict needs to hear from anyone of any age. Monroe Randle #139083, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Come on, sexy ladies, help me to be not so blue. Write, and I'll answer all letters. Jeff McEver #049487, Box 667, B-18-B, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

I'm a brother who's down for 5 to 25. I'd like to hear from some fine ladies and will answer all letters from those who send pictures. Larry Isaac #150-022, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

29-yr-old Capricorn, open-minded on most issues and in need of correspondence with anyone willing to write. Raymond Watson #125-009, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Foxy or fat, send letters and sexy photos to David Jones #138-288, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Rich, funky chicks or nasty-assed bitches who want to write, just come my way and hit me a lick. Albert Bakstons #41124, Unit 24, M.S.P., Parchman, Miss.

Lonely and in need of mail. Send letters and pictures. Charles Clark #A-023194, A/C F-55, Box 221, Ralston, Pa. 32063.

Gringo tramp has been in "Q" since '65. Want Chicago street-walking mama 23-40 who's into redneck music and don't give a fuck. For mail, visits, and life on a Harley. Dorman Talbot, Box A-91422, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Lovely ladies, write to this bro who's down and out and in need of lovin'. Harvey Notes #151112, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Mail needed from foxy chicks who can give tender, lovin' care to a downed bro. Keith Weiner #125162, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

21-yr-old inmate could really dig letters from chicks. Help me pass the time away and there'll be good times when I get out. David Tingle #70918, Box 100, #D-29, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Six-foot-five inmate will answer all letters from ladies sixteen and older. Photos would help, too. Les Borham #80418, Box 11401, Yardville, N.J. 08620.

I need letters from anyone. Thank you very much. I'll answer all correspondence. Jim Mastrippolito, D.C.C., Rt. 1, Box 500, Smyrna, Del. 19977.

Canadian brother would appreciate mail from foxy U.S. ladies. Mike Bigford #45502, Box 820, Kamloops, B.C., Canada V2S 5M9.

Lonely convict will answer all letters from ladies. Send photos, too. Robert Casson #130391, Box 2000, Rt. 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Lonely young man, 21, would like to correspond with foxy ladies. Will answer all letters. Darryl Burgess #F-7740, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

A downed Mexican bro would like to hear from ladies of any race or color. Albert Montantez #046516, Box 1100, #1725, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Down and depressed. Could use correspondence from intelligent, warm, and friendly lady. Age not important. Austin Dunham #31428, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.

I'd like to hear from foxy ladies who care about a bro in the slammer. Tim Ross, 100 Menchville Rd., Newport News, Va. 23602.

Write to this downed bro, ladies, and you won't be sorry. I'll answer all correspondence. Mike Schmeisser, 100 Menchville Rd., Newport News, Va. 23602.

Need young, sexy chick who gets into life for companion in the Wichita, Kans. area. Looks and intelligence a must. Dan Clark #9423, K.S.I.R., Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.

Need correspondence from some beautiful ladies. Toss a letter over the wall to me, and you won't regret it. David Wright #30333, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501, D-312.

I'm serving a lot of time, and it's a bitch. Foxy ladies' letters can make life easier for me. James Jones #5287, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501, B-403.

Write to a downed bro. How about some foxy lady with some heart shooting me a kite? Paul Hanchett #14456, R.R. Box 5, Ione, Calif. 95640.

31-yr-old inmate wishes to correspond with any ladies who know what it's like to be lonely. Jerry Hembree #055880, Box 221, F-27, Ralston, Pa. 32063.

27-yr-old Leo needs mail from a dependable chick. Horace Cullum, Jr., T.D.C. #250724-A, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

Been locked up for a while and I'm in need of correspondence from chicks who are seeking a future. Bob Wallace, Box 300, Millbrook C.C., Millbrook, Ontario, Canada.

I would like to meet women who are beautiful on the inside. Randolph Harrison #113824, Southampton Annex, Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

I'm looking for women who are beautiful on the inside. Outer looks are no stopper. Charles Fargis #114003, S.C.C.A., Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

I'm doing ten, ladies, so drop me a line and help shorten my time. Brian Rogue #B-84782, Box A-E, #1182, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Lonely and horny biker would fuck a sidewinder if he could hold its head still. I need letters from ladies of any kind. K. Baker #K-3270, S.C.I., Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Judge Roy, a Kansas biker down and in need of mail from foxy ladies who care. Kenneth Bean #31966, Box 7, 3-D-911, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Doing time for a crime and need some dependable chick to write and help me along the way. Donnie Bullock #274362, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

If you're a chick, send me a scribe and we'll ride down the road of happiness together pretty soon. Paul Jennings #041288, Cell S.W.U. 67-206, Box 221, Ralston, Pa. 32063.

I am very lonely and have no one to write to. Francisco Cruz #A-049379, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

28-yr-old con who likes to take long walks on the beach. I'm lonely and in need of mail from ladies who care. Paul Brown #019762, Box 221, Ralston, Pa. 32063.

Lonely tramp needs mail from lonely ladies. Tom Workman #146253, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Write to me, ladies. I need your mail and photos. Fred Beckett #148669, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

27-yr-old Sicilian, down at Folsom Prison, wants to hear from you hot young ladies. 18-30, who live in surrounding area. Will answer with a photo. Salvatore Pellegrino, Box B-55603-A, Represa, Calif. 95671.

32-yr-old dude would dig hearing from all foxy chicks. 18-40. Joe Keesee #88870, 132, Leavenworth, Kans. 66048.

Another scooter tramp down and in need of letters from ladies who care. Bill Hobbs #28521, Box 7, ABD-11, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

A brother doing time needs letters from foxy chicks who want to establish a permanent relationship. Randy Miller #29485, Drawer A, Atascadero, Calif. 93422.

All letters will be answered with love, if only you'll write. Charles Pratt, CCI, Bldg. 1, 4th, 1515 Gist St., Columbia, S.C. 29201.

Doing time and in need of letters and photos from ladies. Clifford Feaster #88838, McLeod Honor Farm, R.R. 1, Farris, Okla. 74542.

24-yr-old biker dude would like to meet foxy women who want to get something together. Michael Magee #N-44309, Dorm 25, Box 3535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Lonely brother needs letters and pictures from ladies. Jim Kwee #16101, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

I'm locked down and in need of correspondence from ladies. Gary Miller #N-42830, Box 3535-34/27, Corona, Calif. 91720.

31-yr-old marriage-minded guy wants to hear from ladies who are interested. Don O'Neal #39087 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

When's the last time you wrote to the living dead? Write now and you'll get an answer. J. C. Moore #39238-115-A, Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

Doin' time for a crime, so, mamas, shoot me a line. Bruce Huffman #058308, DC-3, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Due for parole in two years and in need of a righteous ol' lady who loves to ride and knows how to treat a man who's been down for many years. William Holland #67761, KCI Dorm #7-B-24, 4344 Broad River Road, Columbia, S.C. 29210.

Let's get married. I love females, reptiles, and hogs. Douglas Gibbons #B-91950, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

I receive no correspondence at all, and am in need of mail from anyone interested. Curtis Walton #142-562, S.O.C.F., Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

I'm an inmate in need of correspondence from anyone who'd care to write to me. Frank Decker #150-058, S.O.C.F., Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Chicks, if you want to party and putt some day, write to this lonely inmate. Duane Atkins #11550-A, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

Letters wanted from foxy chicks who would like to putt when I get out. John Russell #10074-B, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

This dude needs letters from foxy chicks, but freaks are OK, too. Write to me, and someday I'll put a smile on your face and bikin' miles under your ass. Bob Sexton #13095, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

I've been fucked by justice so much I feel like a whore, so write to me, you foxy chicks, and let my mind straight. Could dig mail from Canadian chicks. J. R. Palmer #40146, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it—just make any purchase of ten bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

ALABAMA

Riders Bike Shop 1324 Tusculum Ave., S.W., Burlington

ALASKA

House of Harley 1304 Chugach Pk., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Casual Choppers & Parts Unlimited 4127 W. 19th Ave., Phoenix
Performance MC 2333 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Phoenix Cycle Accessories 1826 Peoria Ave., Phoenix
The Scooter Shop 4280 E. Speedway, Tucson
High Way Choppers 6727 W. Grand Ave., Glendale
2 Men Cycles 3145 W. McKenney Rd., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

Mike's Chopper Shop Route 37 Box 457 Russellville

CALIFORNIA

H.D. Bell 4112 Magic St., Concord
Riffler Harley Davidson 16211 Lakeside Blvd., Bellflower
New Valley Cycle 1362 N. Blackstone, Fresno
The Purple Pig 642 Pumas St., Tulsa City
Zeeb's Motorcycle Shop 2000 N. Main St., Fresno
H.D. of Glendale 2643 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Main St., San Fernando
Police Choppers Inc. 375 Valencia St., San Francisco
American Cycle Works 43 S. Palm St., Ventura
D.B.C. MC 15214 Ave. Rd., La Puente
Crazy Bover 7880 Old Redwood Hwy., Carls

Knollings Motor Men 2755 E. Belmont Ave., Fresno
Joe Socher's Cycles 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
HD West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina del Rey
Little Home Cycles 2353 S. Main St., San Jose
Hanks-Kennedy of Sacramento 3000 Fulton Ave., Sacramento
Whitely Fabrications 5383 Franklin Blvd., Sacramento
B & B MC 7412 Tallent Ave., Huntington Beach
Just Leather 2210 Dwyer Creek Blvd., San Jose
H.D. of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Motorcycle Emporium 7112 E. Alameda Ave., Glendale
Mike's Cycle Shop 2142 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
Joanette Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank
Bro's Bike Shop 2414 N. Main St., Burbank
Long Leg Cycles 1445 N. Main St., Burbank
American Chopper Den 1845 Yosemite Pk., Merced
H.D. of Glendale 2643 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
A & J Cycle Shop 5545 El Camino Real, Alhambra
Cycle Specialties 301 Main St., Modesto
Dick's MC Accessories 3609-21 S. Atlantic Ave., N. Long Beach
Street & Custom Bids E. Alexander Blvd., Bellingham

AT's Choppers 1119 Main St., Hamilton, Ontario
D & S Manufacturing Co. 253 Huggins Ave., Unit 22,
Oshawa, Ontario
HD Cycles LTD 595 Gerrard St. E., Toronto, Ontario
Brothers Cycles LTD 10742-101 St., Edmonton, Alberta
Muster Cycle Supply Box 477, Munster, Manitoba, Ontario

COLORADO

Flatten Harley-Davidson 200 28th St., Boulder
Chopper Shop 4277 28th St., Boulder
A & B Cycle Shop 4277 28th St., Boulder
Cotton City Cycles 4272 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Fifth, Grand Junction
HD of Colorado Springs 1005 Marcy Blvd., Colorado
Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver

CONNECTICUT

Fire Line Speed & Cycle 37 Main St., Danbury
New London County MC Sales 1416 Gold Star Hwy Ph 184, Grafton
Maine Harley-Davidson 2440-42 Barren Ave., Sear Brook
A & B Cycle Shop 4272 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
M&P Cycles 1023 Wadsworth Ave., Stratford
Bill's Harley Davidson 1023 Main St., Clinton
D&C Cycle Specialties 487 Meadow St., Waterbury

DELAWARE

Hall Cycles Inc. 414 Maryland, Wilmington
M&H for Health & Happiness New Castle Frames M&H
New Castle

FLORIDA

H.D. of Fort Myers 1120 Seaboard, Fort Myers
Bikers Bunch 194 Rappahannock Dr., Niceville
H.D. of Fort Myers 1120 Seaboard, Fort Myers
H.D. of Fort Myers 1120 Seaboard, Fort Myers
H.D. of Fort Myers 1120 Seaboard, Fort Myers
H.D. of Fort Myers 1120 Seaboard, Fort Myers

Flanigan's Harley-Davidson Sales 509 Hollywood Blvd., Long
Lake B.D. Chopper Shop 88 13 St. 94-A, Ocala
Curt's Cycles 1920 U.S. 1, Lake Wales
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

Motorcycle City 1242 Kennedy St., Tampa
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

Motorcycle City 1242 Kennedy St., Tampa
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

Motorcycle City 1242 Kennedy St., Tampa
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

Motorcycle City 1242 Kennedy St., Tampa
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

Motorcycle City 1242 Kennedy St., Tampa
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

Motorcycle City 1242 Kennedy St., Tampa
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

Motorcycle City 1242 Kennedy St., Tampa
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

Motorcycle City 1242 Kennedy St., Tampa
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

Motorcycle City 1242 Kennedy St., Tampa
Joe's Harley-Davidson 2724 N. Dove Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale
T's Cycle Sales & Service 331-A Conwell Ave., Holly Hill

Ray Gator Inc. 1896 Chelton Rd., Atlanta
North Georgia Cycle 939 Alabama St., Gainesville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Alabama St., Gainesville
Southwestern Cycle 463 N. Clarendon Ave., Seaside
Bike Barn 403 Maricopa St., Griffin
K & D Harley-Davidson 2115 Browns Rd., Gainesville

LOUISIANA

Motorcycle Products Co. 2660 Barkville Blvd., Bossier City
Stream Cycles 175 N. Highway 107, Gracia
Acropolis Inc. 16180 Chet Mottou, New Orleans
Custom Specialties Inc. 4823 North St., Baton Rouge
E. B. Choppers 401 Stone Ave., Monroe

MAINE

Page's Machine & Cycle Works 200 Lake Ave., Belfast
Cycles 220 Main St., Rockland
The Chopper Factory 476 Forest Ave., Portland

MARYLAND

Great's H.D. Sales 1 Box 777, Durrington
Custom Cycle Company 7 Fox Avenue Rd., Timonium
Aberdeen Custom Cycles 215 S. Phis. Blvd., 40, Aberdeen
John Spicer & Sons 302 E. 1st St., Bel Air
H.D. Harley-Davidson 7214 Industrial Ave., Dundalk
Fleet 'N' Jaws 4622 Northwood Rd., Baltimore
John's Cycle Salvage 13379 Falls Rd., Rockville

MASSACHUSETTS

De Luca 205 Mumukshu St., Cambridge
Gulf Choppers Specialties 405 Cambridge St., New Bedford
C.C. Works 107 Union St., Easthampton
C.C. Works 107 Union St., Easthampton
F.O. Box 424, Weymouth
Chopper Parts City 214 Franklin St., Framingham
Cycle Parts Center of Boston 156 Brighton Ave., Allston
J & B Cycles 42 Payne St., Lowell
Triumph of Western 184 Worcester St., Wellesley Hills
C.C. Works 107 Union St., Easthampton
Port Stop 1185 Main St., Tewksbury
Horse Harley-Davidson 60 Franklin St., Framingham

MICHIGAN

Lunar Cycle Supply 2620 Richmond Rd., First
United MC Chrome Bikes 759 Wagner St., Kalamazoo
Bradley Cycles & Machine 130 E. Wilson, Comstock
The Shop 23 S. Franklin, Comstock
Bert & Chaves Shop 800 E. Comstock Ave., Battle Creek
The Full Time Shop 7153 N. Telegraph, Monroe
Sally Lee 12895 Granger, Detroit
Cotton City Cycles 9039 South Rd., Dearborn
J & B Cycles 42 Payne St., Lowell

MINNESOTA

Northern Leisure Corp. 23 N. Benton Dr., Sauk Rapids
Cycle Supplies, Unlimited 1430 Commonwealth, Duluth
Mike's Motorcycle Shop 2425 Rice St., St. Paul
D.S. Specialties 2533 Lyndale Ave. South, Minneapolis
N. Minneapolis
Murray's Harley-Davidson 3854 Central Ave., NE Minneapolis
N. Minneapolis
Murray's Harley-Davidson 3854 Central Ave., NE Minneapolis
N. Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI

Ocean Springs Custom Cycle 909 E. Ocean Springs
Cycle & Rider Acc. 4620 Ventura Rd., Kansas City
Westside Choppers 1715 W. College St., Springfield
County MC 7348 N. Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Dun's Cycle Shop 8554 S. Charles Rd., Chaska
Dun's Choppers 3009 Hwy. 10, Audubon, Kansas City
St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th St., St. Joseph
Dun's Cycle Shop 8554 S. Charles Rd., Chaska
Harley-Davidson Kansas City 10329 E. 40 Hwy., Independence
D & P Motorcycle 911 S. Cuyler, Independence

MONTANA

Quality Custom Cycle 2222 Belham, Billings
Don's Chops 2117 O St., Lincoln

NEBRASKA

NEVADA

Nevada Cycle Parts 2525 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas
Fast Harry's Harley-Davidson Cycle 2152 Procter, Sparks
Reid Cycle 1200 Kurell, Reno

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Motorcycles By Alastair 377 Bergen Blvd., Fairview
Cycles 111 Grand Ave., River Edge
H.D. of New York 111 Grand Ave., River Edge
H.D. of New York 111 Grand Ave., River Edge
H.D. of New York 111 Grand Ave., River Edge

NEW JERSEY

Motorcycles By Alastair 377 Bergen Blvd., Fairview
Cycles 111 Grand Ave., River Edge
H.D. of New York 111 Grand Ave., River Edge
H.D. of New York 111 Grand Ave., River Edge
H.D. of New York 111 Grand Ave., River Edge

NEW MEXICO

H & H Harley Davidson 2020 N. White Sands, Alamogordo
Re-Cycle Parts 1200 Carrillos, Santa Fe
New Mexico MC Salvage 2271 Hiem Blvd. SW, Albuquerque
H.D. of New Mexico 2271 Hiem Blvd. SW, Albuquerque
H.D. of New Mexico 2271 Hiem Blvd. SW, Albuquerque

NEW YORK

HD of Hempstead 4 Loyal Ave., Hempstead
KTK Cycle Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens, Village
Breaklyn HD 1525 Queens Blvd. Ave., Brooklyn
Breaklyn HD 1525 Queens Blvd. Ave., Brooklyn
J & D Cycle 1225 1st Ave., Brooklyn
J & D Cycle 1225 1st Ave., Brooklyn
The Study Partner MC Shop 271 Bullis Ave., Melville
A & J Cycle Parts 215 E. Dominick St., Rome
Lexusation Choppers 144 E. Main St., E. Islip
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 222 Section Rd., Brewster
HD of New York 111 Grand Ave., River Edge
HD of New York 111 Grand Ave., River Edge
HD of New York 111 Grand Ave., River Edge

NORTH CAROLINA

Clark's Cycle Shop 101 W. Main St., Burlington
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Gorman St., Fayetteville
1-3rd Cycle Shop Rt. 1, Kings Mt. Hwy. Box 85, Constance
Don's Custom Cycle 1903 Skyway East, Monroe
Custom Scooter 501 S. Main St., PO Box 277, Lexington
Highland Park Custom 211 & 301 By Pass, Lumberton
All-Cycle Accessories Shop 34 Deer River Road, Helens
Savina Honda of Frappant 157 E. Sunrise Hwy., Frappant

NORTH DAKOTA

Forest's Cycle Service P.O. Box 933, Minot
Forest's Cycle Service P.O. Box 933, Minot
Forest's Cycle Service P.O. Box 933, Minot
Forest's Cycle Service P.O. Box 933, Minot
Forest's Cycle Service P.O. Box 933, Minot

OHIO

Custom MC Sales 4614 East 131 St., Garfield Heights
Dun's Cycle Shop 190 N. Summit St., Akron
Cotton City Cycles 190 N. Summit St., Akron
Cotton City Cycles 190 N. Summit St., Akron
Cotton City Cycles 190 N. Summit St., Akron

OKLAHOMA

Kramer Harley-Davidson 1515 N. Lincoln, Stillwater
The Scooter Shop 8717 E. Admiral Pl., Tulsa
Semi Custom Cycle House 6133 E. Admiral Pl., Tulsa
Wild Bill's 3725 S. Harvard, Tulsa

OREGON

Frederick Cycle Works Inc. 7171 Glen St., Southeast Salem
Chopper Shop 2535 S. Commercial, Portland
H & H Center 1468 N. Riverside, Medford

PENNSYLVANIA

Motorcycle Choppers 154 Brighton Ave., Rochester
Zeeb's Motorcycle Shop 154 Brighton Ave., Rochester
Zeeb's Motorcycle Shop 154 Brighton Ave., Rochester
Zeeb's Motorcycle Shop 154 Brighton Ave., Rochester
Zeeb's Motorcycle Shop 154 Brighton Ave., Rochester

RHODE ISLAND

Custom Eng. 222 Washington St., W. Warwick
OT Performance MC 15 Gooding Ave., Bristol
Mottin Stone Cycles 1134 Bold Hill Rd., Warwick
Motorcycle Salvage 4818 Bown Ave., Charlston
Southwestern Choppers 300 West Ave., N. Andover
May Harley-Davidson 4706 White Horse Rd., Greenville
Kitty's Harley-Davidson Sales Inc. 1219 Bluff Rd., Columbia

SOUTH CAROLINA

Custom Eng. 222 Washington St., W. Warwick
OT Performance MC 15 Gooding Ave., Bristol
Mottin Stone Cycles 1134 Bold Hill Rd., Warwick
Motorcycle Salvage 4818 Bown Ave., Charlston
Southwestern Choppers 300 West Ave., N. Andover
May Harley-Davidson 4706 White Horse Rd., Greenville
Kitty's Harley-Davidson Sales Inc. 1219 Bluff Rd., Columbia

TENNESSEE

Jeanner of Memphis 60 N. Cleveland, Memphis
Pepper Custom Choppers 200 Cherokee St., Kingsport
Bundy HD U.S. 11 W. Highway 190, Killeen
H.D. of Tennessee 11 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Bundy HD U.S. 11 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Bundy HD U.S. 11 W. Highway 190, Killeen

TEXAS

Larry's MC Service 217 S. 3rd, Houston
Union Motorcycle Shop 6265 Long St., Houston
Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth
Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth
Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth

UTAH

Chin Draper Motors 872 So. State, Salt Lake City
Quality Motorcycle Parts 3231 South State, Salt Lake City
H.D. of Virginia Beach 3792 Greenway Rd., Virginia Beach
Chin Draper Motors 872 So. State, Salt Lake City
Quality Motorcycle Parts 3231 South State, Salt Lake City

VIRGINIA

H.D. of Virginia Beach 3792 Greenway Rd., Virginia Beach
Chin Draper Motors 872 So. State, Salt Lake City
Quality Motorcycle Parts 3231 South State, Salt Lake City
H.D. of Virginia Beach 3792 Greenway Rd., Virginia Beach
Chin Draper Motors 872 So. State, Salt Lake City

WASHINGTON

D & D Cycle 3221 N. Market, PO Box 6149, Spokane
T.C.'s Custom Choppers 320 South 5th St., Monstano
D.C. Cycle 426 E. 3rd St., N.W., Washington, D.C.
HD of Washington 4267 Livingston Rd. S.E., Washington, DC
Dennis Harley-Davidson 2514 Snowville Drive, Charleston

WISCONSIN

Kennedy Choppers Inc. 105 N. Parker Dr., Janesville
Rick's Ph Shop 5211 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
Tul State Cycle 3926 W. Burlington St., Milwaukee
Bill's Cycle Inc. 2405 Racine St., Racine

WEARING THE SWASTIKA

A VIEWPOINT

—Continued from page 15

endear you to the voting majority of this nation, nor will it positively influence legislators, most of whom are war vets. And if they are offended by these displays, they are not incorrect. What is worse is that in this time of delicate political manipulations which we must make in order to defeat the various anti-motorcycle legislation now on the books or pending before various levels of government, we must not align sub-groups of cyclists against each other. No purpose is served by offending a motorcyclist whose parents might have suffered in a German concentration camp. That guy with a wife and kids in the gas-guzzling four-wheeler will not even think of being sympathetic to your legitimate complaints if you offend his political sensibilities by flashing the emblems of the very political movement that threatened his security in the 1940s. Think about this: Have you ever seen a motorcyclist of any persuasion wearing Communist hammers and sickles? So why wear the insignia of both a past enemy whom we fought in a war and a current threat to our American system?

Some damned fool once told me that his Nazi insignia represented strength and power. He wasn't politically aware of what Nazism represented, but he had incorporated some misinformed legendary tripe into his limited mentality. As an American motorcyclist, this is what the wearing of Nazi garbage really means to you and the public who sees you:

1. Nazism is a violation of First Amendment rights in that Hitler never tolerated freedom of the press in any form. Where would you be if we didn't have the right to choose between, say, *Road Rider* and *Easyriders*? How could we assemble to protest mandatory helmet laws? How could we express our opposition to those who might legislate anti-cycle laws?

2. Nazism violates the Fourth Amendment as we perceive it in America. This concerns unreasonable searches and seizures which, of course, some cyclists have suffered. But under our system, legal recourse is available. Under Nazism, such recourse did not exist.

3. The Fourteenth Amendment, which relates to due process and equal protection under the laws, was a concept fully denied in Nazi Germany under the Nuremberg Laws. That denial led to concentrating in death camps those who were undesirable. How often have you as a motorcyclist been described by your opponents as undesirable? By mentioning these three amendments which are so vital to motorcyclists, I am just barely scratching the surface of legal reasonings of which we should be aware in this matter.

4. Nazism required unbending obedience to authority. No motorcyclist who is concerned with his freedom of choice in cycle-related matters would ever align himself with a politically restrictive, authoritarian group. The AMA, ABATE, and others are working against such authoritarianism.

5. The Stahlhelm (Nazi war helmet) is sometimes worn by cyclists. Why wear a helmet at all if you are opposed to mandatory helmet legislation? But what is even worse is wearing this reminder of brutality. The wearing of the Stahlhelm is not a gesture of defiance against the standard helmet, but simply a means of indicating that you actually accept the idea of wearing a helmet.

6. Nazism is politically defined as a reactionary, rightist movement. Some of the legislators who are sympathetic to our causes are generally rather liberal. As a whole, most cyclists are not the wild, undisciplined scum that some would believe us to be, but instead are moderates or politically conservative, in that we wish to conserve

and retain our Constitutional privileges. Yet we are liberal enough to respect the rights of the individual and we will not deny another his or her individual uniquenesses.

7. Nazism quite obviously represents persecution, and motorcyclists are opposed to the persecution of themselves (or others) as minorities. When you wear Nazi garbage, you are telling the public that you believe in persecution and, in turn, you will be the victim of persecution—most certainly through bad public relations.

8. Nazism is generally (and correctly) thought of in terms of inhumanity and depravity. No legislator will be sympathetic to any group that shows a leaning toward depravity.

9. Very obviously, Nazism is un-American.

10. Historically, Nazi documents were prevarications of the most blatant type. Thus, even the theatrical wearing of Nazi insignia indicates to many that you cannot be trusted.

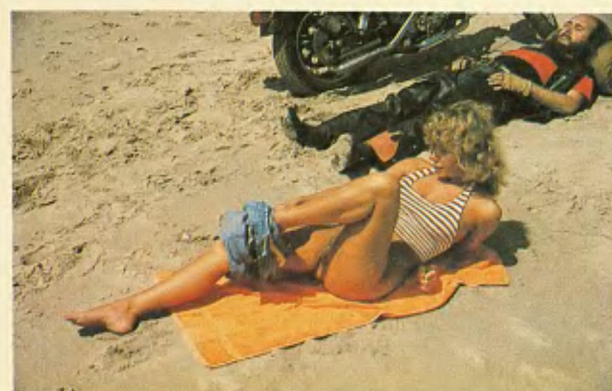
Because of lack of unity, we fail to counter the anti-motorcycle forces.

As it is, we have a tough time making the public support our issues—especially when the cloak of respectability surrounds the manipulated statistics that flow from certain federal agencies and insurance institutes.

11. Finally, an image of violence isn't one of freedom. Someone once told me that some chop riders and outlaw types give the impression of being mountain men from out of the 1830s. The mountain man was different, all right, but he was not a man of violence. He was a devotee of freedom.

Have absolutely no doubt in your minds, fellow cyclists — the Nazi system would never have tolerated us in any way. You are doing immense harm to your own cause—the unhindered pursuit of freedom—if you align yourself in any way with the paraphernalia of Nazism. If you're going to wear something political, wear the American flag. The flag waving over us guarantees us the right to fight those who would reject us and our machinery.

**Those who would
currently promote Neo-
Nazism are overtly
rejected in America.**



A Long Tale

And a barroom fantasy recreated







How many times have ya been in a bar and found some halfway private spot to lean your elbows on, only to have two cases of canned brew stagger up and jar your sacred ground? And then the belly bellows a quart of suds in your ear loud enough to drown out the jukebox and the rest of the drunks in the joint. The bellowin' begins 'bout bikes and eventually works its way into a tale so far-fetched that the beer in your gut starts to turn sour. Yeah—you couldn't count all the tales you've been forced to listen to—even if you had a couple dozen fingers.

Well, bros, pictured here is one of them tales a bro heard just before he reached the West Coast. It happened in the middle of some scorching desert when one of our close people stumbled into a small-town tavern to work on a buzz and give his bike a chance to cool off.

He was there less than five minutes (as he told it) when some half-baked hippie bum slithered up and called him "bro" and started blabbin' about scooters. Now, the dude obviously started off on the wrong foot—but as long as he didn't ask for spare change, our bro let it slide.

It wasn't long until the dude got into a lengthy dissertation 'bout how "farout" the Coast was, and how once upon a time when he hit the beaches on his '46 pan, he crashed





in the soft sand with salt water washing the dust offa his boots. He went on to tell a story of how a bewitching broad sauntered up the beach while he was sawin' three thousand miles of logs, and when she got near him she casually dropped her drawers and began to sun herself—in the raw—only a few feet from his road-weary bod. Our storyteller described her sumptuous figure and how she became curious about her beachmate and began to check out his ride, etc.—juicy stuff, ya see. Natch, as the chick had her quota of sun and began to split, the storyteller awoke, landed a few heavy lines on the lady, and they fell in love—what else?

This lengthy tale took 'bout six beers. But finally, our bro had had enough. He turned to leave, looked the dude over, and said, "I've lived on the Coast all my fuckin' life and nothin' like that's ever happened to me." Rather than wait for a reply that woulda been another six-pack or two long, he left the dude in the dust of the desert and proceeded to hook his way to the Coast.

It may have been just another bullshit story told over and over through years of soured suds. But we had a good time bringing some desert-dweller's fantasy to life.

—Bandit



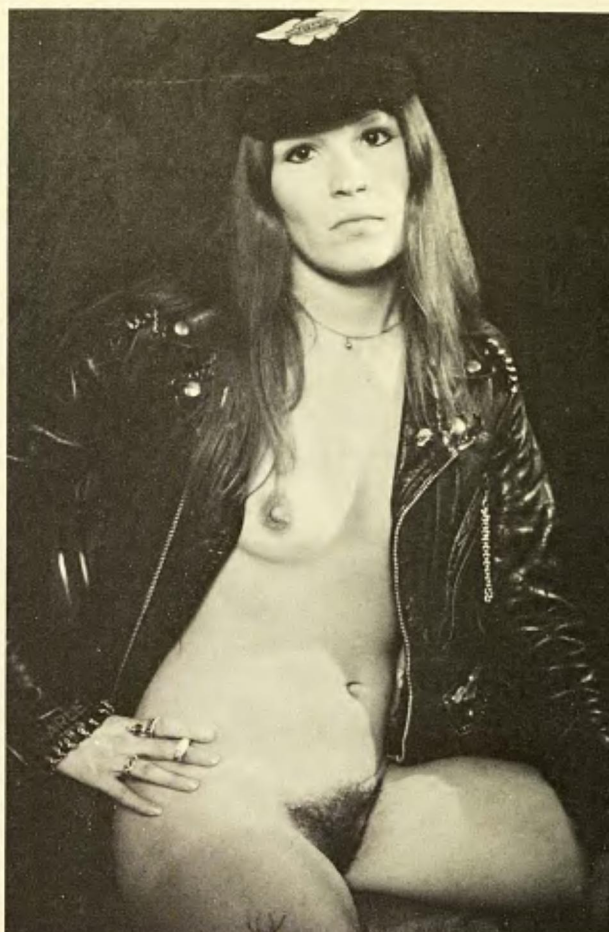
Serena Aragon



Roxette



Dawn Grey Cloud



Paula Purfield

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, tatoos 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. 78 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 October issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be August 31, 1978. Send us a postcard or scrawl on the back of an envelope—all ya gotta do is indicate which contestant gets your vote. Send all votes to #63 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.



Sandy



Pamela Littlefield



Tina Sheianskey



Donna Racine



Barbara Ketner



Here she is, folks—Linda Moyer, the fifth winner in the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Rita Vassillion, Liza Toffling, and Janice Glodfelter.



Bonnie J. Economos



Jessica Kraves



Phoebe Dasler

More contestants on next page

The Ol' Lady Photo Contest



Cindy Walker



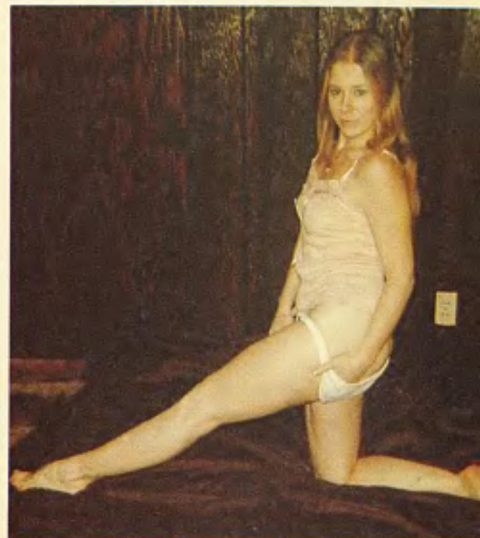
Audrey Vieu



Holly Jean Laird



Jean Tullius



Sweet Tush



Kathy Hamilton



Sheila McRoy



MariAnne Creceluis

American Ingenuity

—Continued from page 47

hell! Third one in six months!"

Pecos looked over at me with a wink.

"Is 'at right, bro? Well, I just happen to have a carb cover that I'd be more than willin' to trade."

I couldn't fuckin' believe it. Not even later when we loaded up the new prizes and handed Larry the carb cover. But there it was, a set of struts for a Sporty!

Larry followed us out to the truck.

"Thanks for the carb cover, bro. If you find anyone who needs some lavender paint, let me know."

"Lavender paint?"

Larry laughed.

"Yeah. I got it for nuthin' down where I work. Some dude was gonna have me paint his car with it, but he changed his mind."

"Hell, I can see why!"

"Hey, Pecos, do me a favor. Don't let Gums know where you got those struts. He's been tryin' to buy 'em but never did get the bucks together."

We assured Larry that we wouldn't let Gums know and got in the truck to leave.

"Where to now, Pecos?"

"Where else? Gums's house, of course."

* * *

We had one hell of a time trying to convince Gums we had picked the struts up at the flea market for a measly twenty bucks. A quick offer to buy a six-pack did the trick, however, and we left Gums's place with his stock shocks, a set of stock handlebars, and a stock left fatbob, slightly scratched.

"Where to now, bro?"

Pecos appeared lost in thought, and then he suddenly smiled.

"Only one place to go with stock parts—to a Harley dealer."

Another stupid question on my part.

Old Cuz looked the parts over sadly.

"You wanna sell these?"

"Yep! Give ya a good deal too, Cuz."

The old man scratched his head.

"Well, I dunno."

Just then a voice came roaring from the back room: "Cuz! Hey, Cuz! We can't fix that fuckin' Sportster! We need a fatbob for the left side and it'll take two weeks to order one!"

Need I say more? Pecos pocketed the twenty-five dollars with a grin.

"You gotta have faith, bro."

Yeah, I guess so.

Back at my house Pecos counted his new bankroll. Twenty-seven dollars! Not bad for a half day's work.

"Who owns that old Chevy next door?"

I walked in from the kitchen and tried to figure out what Pecos was talking about now. I found him staring out the window, and from my position I could see what he was referring to. There was an old, abandoned '51 Chevy in the lot next door. All the glass had been broken, and it was minus all four wheels. Not to mention the seats, which some neighborhood kid had cut and slashed to pieces. I couldn't for the life of me see why Pecos had suddenly become interested in that old wreck.

"Dunno who owns that piece o' shit, bro. It's been there ever since I moved in over three years ago."

Pecos turned the information over in his mind.

"Bet if I checked the plate number with the local cops, I could find out."

"Maybe."

Well, I guess I should have known better by now. But then, I'm not known for catching on too quickly, especially when dealing with a maniac.

Two days later Pecos still hadn't found the owner of the car, but he did find the owner of the property. After being informed by Pecos (who'd learned it from his visit to the police station) that the car was "a hazard to the health of neighborhood kids and therefore in violation of the city code," my next-door neighbor and the owner of the property were more than glad to take advantage of Pecos's offer to re-



"This show could be really big!"

move the car. For a small fee, of course.

So it was that my ingenious brother ended up the proud owner of a '51 Chevy and a check for twenty-five dollars—removal fee.

Pecos promptly sold the frame to the local salvage yard for twenty bucks and talked me into helping him take the body of the Chevy over to Larry's house.

He then talked Larry into selling him the lavender paint for five dollars and offered Larry another seventy bucks to paint the Chevy with the unusual color. The seventy would be paid after the body was sold, of course. Since Larry was laid off, he was more than willing to pick up some extra money.

The next weekend found us back at the flea market with the newly painted Chevy sitting atop a borrowed trailer.

It took only two hours for Pecos to find what he was looking for. The guy tried to talk Pecos into a lesser price, but he soon realized he was dealing with a pro. He was cussing himself for showing his enthusiasm at first sight of the Chevy. This had (and he knew it) encouraged Pecos to jack the price up another fifty bucks.

Pecos pulled the twenty-five-dollar check from his pocket and counted the rest of the cash.

"Now, let's see. Twenty-five for the stock parts, twenty for the Chevy frame, twenty-five for hauling it away, and now a hundred and seventy-five for the Chevy body. Minus two bucks for the carb cover, five bucks for the paint, and seventy to have it painted. And, oh yeah, a buck fifty to fix the body. And your five."

He furrowed his forehead in thought and finally came up with the correct answer.

"Two hundred and fifty bucks minus seventy-nine fifty is a hundred seventy dollars and fifty cents. And that's after I pay off Larry."

I stood there somewhat amazed. By God, I was beginning to think he could do it.

However, my newly acquired confidence in Pecos was absolutely shattered by the next chain of events.

We were on the way home after stopping by to pay Larry for the paint job.

"It ain't goin' fast enough, bro."

I looked over and found Pecos

—Continued on next page

Fine BIKER JEWELRY

(Pin on except where shown with neck chains)

Super Quality Plating & Brilliant Colors

06-900 - 4.90 06-902 - 4.30 06-901 - 4.30 06-903 - 4.30

06-904 - 4.30 06-905 - 4.30 06-906 - 2.50 06-907 - 2.60

06-908 - 2.35 06-909 - 2.20 06-910 - 2.60 06-911 - 3.20

06-912 - 2.50 06-913 - 2.50 06-914 - 2.75 06-915 - 2.50

06-916 - 2.75 06-918 - 4.50 06-919 - 4.50 07-988 - 4.50 07-998 - 4.50

07-997 - 2.10 07-989 - 2.40 07-987 - 2.90 07-996 - 2.60

07-990 - 2.50 07-991 - 2.35 07-992 - 2.50 07-994 - 1.85

07-985 - 2.75 07-995 - 2.35 07-993 - 2.40

BRILLIANT CHROME PRISMA

WARNING
IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE AS
MUCH AS WE VALUE OURS
DON'T RISK WITH IT

12-785 99¢ 12-788 Van 99¢ 12-790 Truck 12-792 99¢
12-789 Bike 12-791 Car

100 PAGE COLOR CATALOG \$1

Use Our Complete Part No. On Every Item You Order

Quan.	Description (Size, Color, Etc.)	Price Each	Price Total
—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—
CATALOG (REFUNDABLE)			1.00
Tax			.75

Postage & Handling only on orders less than \$10.00

TOTAL Amount Enclosed

DEPT. 978-R

2607 Hennepin Av. S.

Mpls., Mn. 55408

Adolf's

staring out the truck window at the passing houses.

"Give it time, bro. It's only been a couple of weeks."

I tried to put a large amount of confidence in my reply, but I don't think it worked. Just as I was about to try again, Pecos let out with a blood-curdling yell.

"Stop! Goddammit, bro! Stop the fucking truck!"

He had the door open even before I got the damn thing stopped.

When I caught up with him, he was standing in a driveway filled with antique furniture and the damndest array of junk I'd ever laid eyes on.

An old chick with an even older smile came from inside the house to greet us.

"Well, well, well! You boys see something that catches your fancy?"

Without waiting for an answer, she went on. "I got all kinds of things. Chairs and sofas and lamps and tables. You're my very first customers."

I stood there trying to figure out just what in hell had caught Pecos's eye. You can imagine what went through my mind when I found him staring at a casket. That's right. A goddam coffin! As I approached him, I could hear him muttering aloud.

"It's beautiful, bro! It's absolutely beautiful!"

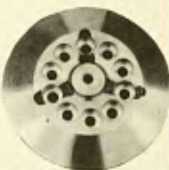
Now I knew that Pecos's old man had once been a woodcarver. And I knew that Pecos had often helped with the business. But they made cabinets, not coffins. Therefore, I couldn't see why Pecos was so overjoyed by a fuckin' box. I figure a



"I knew if they ever made one small enough, ol' Jake would know what to do with it when he caught it."

H/E/S
PERFORMANCE PRODUCTS

LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's



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

Complete with instructions; installs in 1/2 hour

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

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

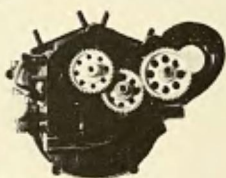


Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

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

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

Lightening Gears for All 74's



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

Dealer inquiries invited.

For immediate delivery, send certified check or m.o. Personal Checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S
PERFORMANCE PRODUCTS

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230 Dept. C

(213) 397-3195

After 5 p.m.

guy gets one of those soon enough. I sure as hell wasn't about to let fate know I was ready.

The old lady walked over to where Pecos stood, mouth open in awe.

"My late husband made that for me. As a matter of fact, he was gonna make one like it for himself. It was a hobby that he spent endless hours on. As you can see, I'm not quite ready for mine yet."

I resisted the temptation to inform her that she didn't appear too damn far from it. She continued to explain.

"I always hated that thing. He'd spend hours on end, hammering and carving. Maybe that's why we never had any children. He was always out here. Well, I made up my mind that I wasn't gonna go. Not until I had myself a real fling at life. So I let him go first."

She let out with a cackled laugh. "No sirree bob! If he wants to go, let 'im go. I'm selling all this stuff and I'm heading for the young sites of Acapulco."

She punched me lightly in the ribs with a bony elbow.

"Young sites! Get it? Young sites!"

She began laughing again.

Pecos finally spoke.

"How much?"

"Huh?"

"How much for the coffin?"

I couldn't believe my brother had said those words. I started to grab him to shake some sense into his troubled brain. But the old lady spoke first.

"Well, you know I just hate that thing. Make me an offer."

"I only got a hundred and fifty or so."

The old lady dropped her head to her chest. When she raised it, she was smiling.

"Son, if you want that damned old box all that bad, I'll sell it to you for a hundred dollars—providing you get it out of here right now!"

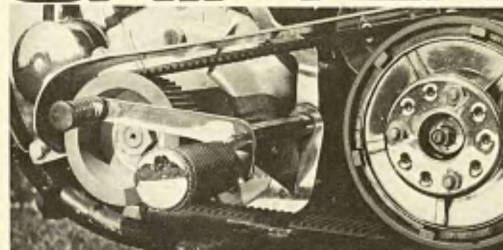
I found myself questioning my brother's sanity once more. And the feeling didn't stop even after I helped him unload his prize into his garage. He was still standing there, grinning, when I left him.

* * *

It was a full two weeks later when I saw Pecos again. He was still grinning and this time so was I. He

CUSTOM

SPEED SHIFTER



FOR HARLEY 74's WITH EXPOSED BELT DRIVE—\$84.95 C.O.D.

Why hassle the problems of a shifter for your Harley 74 exposed belt drive when we can offer you the Speed Shifter with all of these features:

- Bolts up with no modifications.
- Faster more positive shifts.
- Style & appearance to improve the looks of your bike.
- Changes old style ratchet top from 1 down & 3 up to 1 up and 3 down.
- Shifting arm & footpeg are one unit, making shifting as easy as moving your toe.
- Eliminates long linkage rods.
- Shorts shifting throw.
- Works on exposed belt drives of all makes.
- Uses your stock foot peg and shift rubber.
- Quality chrome plated.

Comes complete with shifter, transmission adaptor, longer bolt and stud, linkage and grease fitting.

Distributor Inquiries Invited

For more information, call or write to:

WHEELS & DEALS Used Motorcycles
1168 Park Avenue, San Jose, CA 95126 (408) 294-2731
Allow 45 to 60 days for delivery.

GLASS WALL PLAQUES

METAL FRAMED GLASS PLAQUES WITH INTRICATELY SCREENED DESIGNS BLACK BACKGROUND WITH GOLD OR SILVER PRINT.

G3—GOLD OR SILVER



G8—SILVER ONLY



G9—GOLD ONLY



_____	G3 Est. 1903 H.D. Eagle	Gold or Silver	12x14
_____	G8 H.D. Patent	Silver Only	9x14
* _____	G4 Honda Eagle	Gold Only	12x14
_____	G9 H.D. 75th Anniversary	Gold Only	12x14
* _____	G5 Honda GL 1000	Gold Only	12x14
* _____	G6 Kawasaki Eagle	Silver Only	12x14
* _____	G1 H.D. Eagle	Gold or Silver	12x14
* _____	G2 Ride to Live, Live to Ride	Silver Only	12x14

*NOT PICTURED

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Please send me _____ plaques. I have enclosed \$16.00 for each plaque ordered. (\$1.00 for postage and handling.) Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. U. S. funds only.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

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

the "ANNIHILATOR" AUTOMATIC BB GUN!

Magazine in
handgrip holds
3,000 BBs!



Powered
by
Freon!

Zero in on a target and watch a stream of BBs literally rip it apart! A revolutionary concept in shooting fun, your M-19-A is the first and only fully automatic weapon to be legally offered to the public. Whatever your preference in shooting fun, you'll really go for the hard hitting action of the Annihilator.

That's right, now you can show style as you pepper the cat crossing the street. Or give the rug rat a toy that'll destroy him and waste everything in the house. No shit, slap a can of freon to the pot metal body and pour a few hundred BBs into its belly and it'll throw the little brass balls like water from a shower head. —Spider

Shipped prepaid and insured by mail. Send money order for \$29.95 to:
COCO, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.

(All orders must include signed testimony showing age to be over 18 years. Offer void where prohibited.)

Baby Biker Shirts

Willie Mo, famous baby biker wears 'em and so can you! First quality, 100% cotton shirts are available silk-screened with the original Harley emblem, or a grass leaf, or the Country Toad himself.

Style 101: Black T-shirt w/orange and white Harley emblem. Sizes: 2 yrs., 4 yrs., 6 yrs.

Style 201: Black tank top w/orange and white Harley emblem. Sizes: 2 yrs., 3 yrs., 4 yrs.

Style 301: White T-shirt w/green grass leaf. Sizes: 2 yrs., 4 yrs., 6 yrs.

Style 401: White tank top w/green grass leaf. Sizes: 2 yrs., 4 yrs., 6 yrs.

Style 501: White T-shirt w/green, blue and black Country Toad. Sizes: 2 yrs., 4 yrs.

Send style number, size, and \$4.50 per shirt plus 50c postage and handling to



**country
toad**

P.O. BOX 5328 Dept M.
GREENSBORO, N.C.
27403

Allow 4 to 6 weeks
delivery
Dealer inquiries invited.



CYCLE INTERNATIONAL

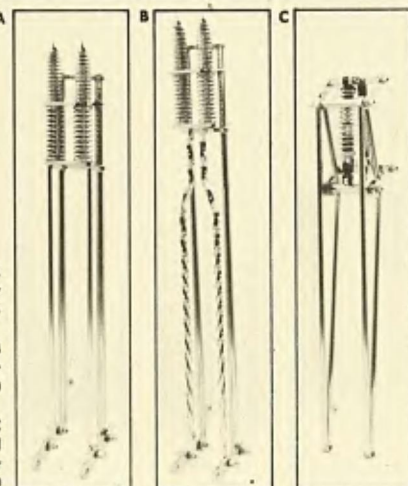
TOTAL DISCOUNT PRICES

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

A
Round Springer
\$169.95

B
Round Girder
\$225.00

C
Round and
Twister Springer
\$195.00



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

patiently explained what had happened.

"I put an ad in the paper, bro, and the next thing I know I get an answer. The guy offers me fifteen hundred, but I hold out for eighteen. And finally I get it!"

I stood there in awe.

"Then I spend another seventy bucks on parts and get her running like a jewel."

Pecos, of course, was talking about selling the coffin for eighteen hundred. The other seventy bucks was the money he had left over after buying the casket. The parts he bought he had used to fix up the '53 panhead. You got it! His newly purchased Harley! I stood there, shocked, to say the least.

He'd done it! The big sonofabitch had pulled it off. And all for five fuckin' bucks. He was ready for the first run of the year. The other bros were all ready to go; we were leaving as soon as we gassed up.

As we sat there in the service station, I walked over to congratulate Pecos again.

"I don't know how, bro, but you did it."

"I told you, bro, you gotta have faith."

I could only nod my head in agreement.

"And you did it for only five fuckin' bucks."

Pecos's smile left his face.

"Say, bro, about that five bucks I still owe ya."

"Hey, Pecos, pay me any time."

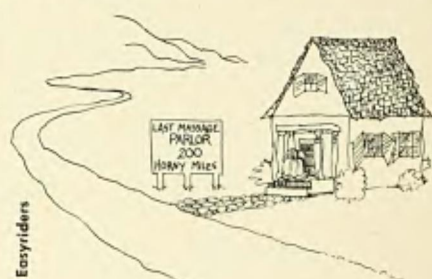
"That's not it, bro. You see, after I bought the scoot and paid for the parts, well, I only got fifty cents left."

"Yeah? So?"

"Well, uh, I ain't got gas money for this run. Would you happen to have another five I could borrow?"

Oh well, what the fuck! So he didn't show me how to build a Harley for only five bucks. Even at ten fuckin' bucks he still pulled it off.

I wonder what he could do with twenty bucks. ■



Easyriders

Stinking Rose

—Continued from page 31

Great Pyramid of Cheops, twenty million dollars worth of garlic was fed to the laborers.

Remember the old saying, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away"? It definitely works, as I've proved. Garlic has been used through the centuries for all kinds of ailments, curing them successfully without the need for a doctor, so perhaps it was garlic, not an apple, that was referred to in the old bromide. Taken internally, it cures dogs and humans of worms, intestinal ailments, insomnia, and nervous spasms. Placed on the skin as a poultice, it is a remedy for everything from athlete's foot to baldness, and can even get rid of those unsightly pimples Miraculous Mutha has all over her face and belly. A clove of garlic shoved up the ass is reportedly good for hemorrhoids, although why one would want to be good to a hemorrhoid is beyond me.

As for headaches, a poultice of garlic placed on the temples is reputed to chase them away, but the biggest headache—bill collectors—can be gotten rid of by chewing garlic and breathing in their faces.

As an aphrodisiac, garlic ranks right up there at the top of the list. It is one of the most powerful sex stimulants known, and unlike Spanish Fly or strychnine, it doesn't destroy your relationship with your kidneys, liver, or your girlfriend—but in the latter case you'd better make sure she's been eating it too.

In the Far East, garlic is used as an instant arousal agent, and the effect is said to be long lasting. Japanese researchers have pointed out that garlic stimulates and invigorates hormonal and gastric secretions, revitalizing man's entire organism and giving him a hardon that a cat can't scratch.

In the Garden of Eden, the famed "apple" may have been a garlic bulb, and when Eve offered it to Adam with the suggestion that he take a bite, the big snake that appeared may have been only his cock, and it was probably the smell of Adam's breath that got them booted out of Disneyland.

Garlic can be eaten raw, swallowed whole, or chopped and put into food, but for some people—especially those with stomach dis-

The Sur Tan brothers, Steve and Rich, with Pauline



SUR TAN
MFG. CO.

Ride with the best... Sur Tan

Complete biker outfits in genuine cowhide leather.

Made the way bikers want it by Sur Tan. Leather caps with the bike emblem of your choice, leather vests with a convenient pin flap and great looking leather chaps in a number of styles and colors. Plus a full line of adjustable saddle bags, studded wrist bands, leather covered ash trays, "fatbob" tank panels, tool cases and more. Most items available with the bike emblem of your choice.

For full color catalog and complete price list, send \$2 to, Sur Tan Manufacturing, 70 Piedmont Street, Worcester, Mass. 01610. \$2 refundable with first order.

**YOUR HOG
BEEN RUNNIN'
LIKE A PIG?**



MARTEK PRODUCTS INC. has developed the all new MARTEK 1000HD high performance electronic ignition for all Harley 1000cc and 1200cc hogs made from 1971 to the present. This little goody'll put punch in your 'chopper' cause it COMPLETELY ELIMINATES BREAKER POINTS giving you PRECISE, ADJUSTMENT-FREE ignition timing, EASY, RELIABLE STARTING, MAXIMUM ENGINE POWER, and SMOOTHER ENGINE PERFORMANCE AT ALL SPEEDS! But the best part is is the price: \$109.95 COMPLETE, with a full ONE YEAR GUARANTEE. It's easy to install, so what-taya waitin' for?

MARTEK
Products, Inc.

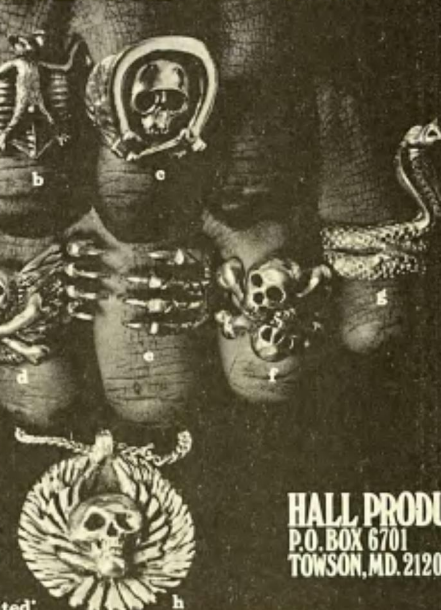
3609 W. MacArthur Blvd.
Santa Ana, California 92704

SOLID STERLING SILVER!

**Guaranteed.
Original
HEAVY DUTY
Design!**

- a. VIPER
- b. THE BAT
- c. BIKERS' LUCK
- d. WINGED SKULL
- e. THE CLAW
- f. BROTHERHOOD
- g. KING COBRA
- h. WINGED SKULL MEDALION

Rings, send finger size, \$29.95 each
Medalion, with 18 in. chain, \$34.95



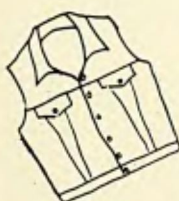
HALL PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 6701
TOWSON, MD. 21204

Free Shipping, Dealer inquiries invited

• Jackets • Chaps • Vests • Pins •

Just Leather

The original leather cutoff with or without collar. Four pockets—two outside, two inside. Your choice silver, brass, brown, or black snaps. All at no extra cost.



—Save—
40% to 60%

Send a buck or stop in for catalog

Just Leather Factory

2370 Stevens Creek Dept. 1 • San Jose, Calif. 95128 • (408) 286-3450

Family operated and owned

Allow 3 weeks for delivery

• Tool bags • Belts • Chain wallets • Gloves •

Guys and chicks

Sizes 32-40 \$49.95 + tax
42-46 59.95
48-60 add \$4.00 per size
Choice of black, nutty brown, gold



• Boots • Saddle bags • Stokers •

If You'll Wear it... We'll Print it...



ON A T-SHIRT from any photo blown up to 8"x10" in full color. Now you don't have to wear the same shirt as a thousand other dudes.

Custom design your own one-of-a-kind class shirt. Put on your bike, your ol' lady, your ol' lady's tits. We don't care — as long as you got balls enough to wear it, we'll print it. T-shirt is top quality polyester blend so it won't turn into a rag after you wear it. The colors from the blowup go into the fabric and are washable and permanent —no bullshit—WE GUARANTEE IT! Custom printing 25¢ per letter

For best results send evenly lit, clearly focused originals.

Send to: PERMA-PIX INC., Dept. FR
1919 Route 110 9-78
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

To order, send any size color or b&w photo, Polaroid, slide, magazine cutout, anything (returned unharmed) along with \$7.95 plus 75¢ postage, or 2 for \$15.50 plus \$1.25 postage. Be sure to include shirt size (S-M-L-XL). For additional print on reverse side add \$3.50.

LAKE SHORE HARLEY-DAVIDSON INC.

HOME OF THE "WORLDS FASTEST SPORTSTERS"

Complete Harley Davidson Engine Building Facilities

Completely equipped facility includes a machine shop with engine balancing and dyno testing plus a full line of H-D High Performance Components. We also repair damaged Harley-Davidson frames.



TOLL FREE
PARTS
ORDER
PHONE

OUT OF STATE? NEED SOME HARD TO FIND HARLEY-DAVIDSON PARTS?

Call our toll free number!

800-323-3138

Please, parts orders only!

10:00 A.M. — 5:00 P.M., 6 Days a Week
In Illinois use number below

Lake Shore Harley-Davidson, Inc.

1424 BELVIDERE ST. WAUKEGAN, ILL. 60085

WE ARE A FACTORY AUTHORIZED HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE DEALER

FOR PATCH AND
T-SHIRT SEND \$4.95

(312) 623-2114

orders—it's best to cook it first. Cooking destroys some of garlic's power and removes a lot of the odor, but enough remains to activate the glands and go about performing miracles, such as giving a dude a haddon or gettin' rid of his ol' lady's crotch pus.

In Japan, a researcher named Yoshio Kato has developed a machine that stimulates health and promotes healing. Those suffering from serious ailments shouldn't rush out and buy one of the machines, however, until more proof of success is made available to the public, and before any garlic therapy is undertaken, a visit to a reputable doctor is first advised.

Kato's machine consists of a closet-shaped device inside which a patient sits. The patient is then sprayed with a garlic solution of from seventy to one hundred percent, following which, one would guess, the sale of perfume and body deodorant must zoom.

Kato claims to have cured such ailments as stomach cancer, gastric ulcer, liver disorders, heart disease, paralysis, tuberculosis, pneumonia, and even constipation. As for the last, I've no doubt. Sitting in a garlic shower would give anyone the shits.

For centuries, garlic has been the protective agent that guarded Europeans from the threat of vampires, those wicked creatures who were men by day and bats by night and who roamed the countryside sucking the blood of innocent peasant chicks in order to earn their red wings. A myth, to be sure, since vampires have never existed in Europe. Their nearest habitat is found in the



"Yes, it's true you have nice tits
—but you're still an ugly cunt!"

jungles of South and Central America, with a few living in Africa and a couple of others working for local loan companies.

When a suspected vampire was captured while sleeping in his casket during daylight hours, his mouth was filled with garlic, strings of garlic were placed around him and in his pockets, and his heart was pierced with a wooden stake on which buttered garlic had been smeared. Then he was either buried or barbecued, depending upon the temperament of the local troops.

During the Dark Ages, when little was known about plagues and viruses, vampires were blamed for just about every catastrophe that befell man, and to protect themselves people hung garlic around their necks or attached it to the front door of the house to keep the evil spirits out.

Mohammedan legends link garlic with Satan, and record the herb in writings that go back as far as the Old Testament and the Garden of Eden.

"When Satan walked from the Garden of Eden, garlic appeared from the ground where his left foot rested and an onion sprouted at his right foot," it is written.

Another legend links Satan with garlic by saying, "Gabriel brought a son to Mary, which made Satan very jealous. Satan threw down his claws at the place of a Sacred Flower, and the claws, circling the flower, turned into the cloves of the rank garlic. The Sacred Flower survived this attack and thrust the garlic and Satan out of the Garden." Since garlic is related to the Sacred Easter Lily, the symbol of virginity and purity, the linking of the Sacred and Profane appears to give some truth to its reputation for magical powers.

That garlic deserves its title of The Stinking Rose of Mirth and that it *does* have the necessary powers to chase people away is proven by a simple saying long recited by subway users in New York City: "A couple of nickels will get you on the subway, but eating garlic will get you a seat." It will also clear the way in a crowd, empty an elevator, or get you a loge seat in the theater. Arresting officers will have a tendency to keep their distance, close scrutiny by *anyone* will be deterred, and it can shorten one's time in passing through customs.

Take it for what it is—garlic is a gas.

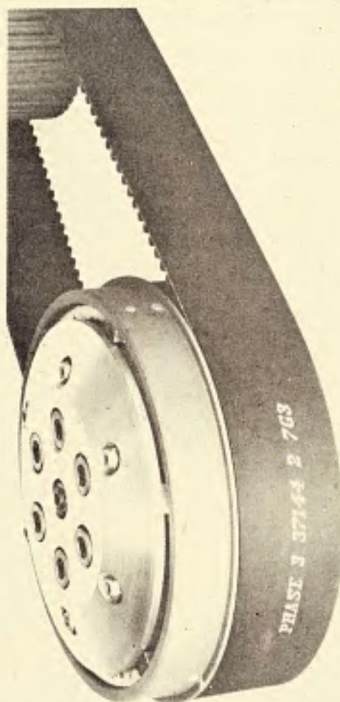
SPEED MADE EASY!!

A home production method to produce 99.7% pure Meth Crystal from a non-prescription item and household chemicals at a cost of under \$20.00 per gram. Also, complete instructions to make

your own THC, Hash Oil, Mescaline, DMT, Psilocybin, LSD, MDA, TMA, MDMA, Cocaine, STP, Angel Dust, PCP Crystal, Rocket Fuel, Amyl Nitrate, Nitrous Oxide, Methamphetamine and many more.

Send a buck for the complete brochure to:

IRVING PENKETHMAN Box 950-BD, Pocasset, Ma. 02559

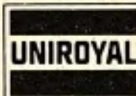


PHASE 3 LEADS ALL OTHER DRIVES IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES:

Dependability • Technology • Quality
Constant Improvement • Originality
Performance • Value • Service

WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE?

Super -8 (8-millimeter) Belt Drives for Sportster and 74 Harley, kick or electric start, open or closed installation. Competitor clutches. Catalog \$1.50



**PowerGrip
HTD Belt**

PHASE 3 of AMERICA, INC.

7628 Jackson Street
Paramount, CA 90723
(213) 634-2134

PHASE 3 COMPETITIVE DRIVE LINES

Get A Buzz On With The Original Buzzmaster!

Here's a class item that takes all the hassle outta smokin'. No more joints fallin' apart while you're tokin'. No more huntin' for the roach clip you accidentally tossed into the garbage when you emptied the ashtray.

All you do is fill the Buzzmaster with your favorite smokin' mixture, hold a match over the bowl, and press the button. Then hold on to your gourd. The Buzzmaster automatically delivers a righteous toke every time you hit the button. No wasted smoke, no mess, no hassles — clean and efficient tokin' time after time.

Send \$7.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to:

Mackenzie Company
Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302

California residents add 6%.



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

Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 26 and 31, we are now sold out of issues 17, 18, 19, 25, 29, 32, and 35. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wettn' early issues.

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

BACK ISSUES

Box 711,
Burbank, Calif. 91502

Fox in the Weeds

—Continued from page 13

been free of snow until today. There was no way he could press on with the Harley.

There was a fish in the plastic bag. Pete held the bag at arm's length, admiring the critter's clean lines. It resembled a sleek muscle with fins and a powerful-looking head.

It was an Asiatic snakehead and the guy in the pet store boasted that a snakehead wasn't like your garden variety angelfish or weak-finned darter. A snakehead, he told Pete, could jump out of its tank during the night and lie on the floor until morning. It survived because it was an airbreather.

But the real reason he had paid \$20 for this fish was its color—a bright green and white, pure as a frog's belly. The fish was alone in a big tank in the showroom window when he first saw it. It was the same color as the panhead he had been forced to leave in El Paso.

He thought about the green metallflake blending into pure white and the chrome that by itself set him back more than a grand. Well, at least Bobby would take good care of it; he was sure of that.

From another zippered pocket he removed another plastic bag half-filled with water. This one held five small goldfish, purchased at the special rate of five for a dollar. "Only to snakehead owners," the clerk had said, winking. He had informed him that snakeheads, when they were in the mood, munched little fish like humans eat cheese twists. This Pete had to see.

He dumped the snakehead into the bathtub and turned on the cold water. The fish waited patiently to become buoyant, then flipped its tail. Pete poured in the goldfish. They took one look at the predator, then huddled over the drainplug like forlorn commuters at a bus stop on a rainy day.

Suddenly, the snakehead gobbled three of the smaller fish in separate, swift attacks, moving in a blur. It ate the last two more leisurely, then slowly rose to the surface to breathe. Rolling on its side, the fish cast a yellow and black eye up at Pete.

"Looking for applause, huh?" he said, laughing. It was a helluva fish, he thought, hoping the light snow would melt tomorrow so he

1	2	BLACK T-SHIRTS for the true Harley rider 1. Harley's Best Fuck The Rest 2. Harley Riders Eat More Pussy 3. Harley Riders Get More Head 4. Ride To Live—Live To Ride Send size and wording wanted with \$7.50 to: Coco, P. O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360
3	4	

HERE IT IS! OUR FAMOUS

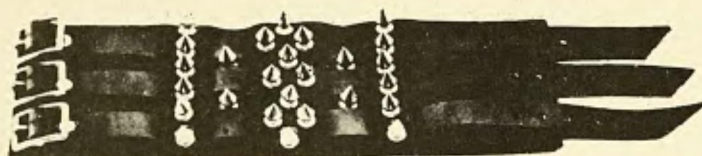
"Don't fuck with me"

\$14.50

postage included

WRISTBAND

COD REQUIRES \$5.00 DEPOSIT



THIS 3 INCH WIDE BAND IS HAND-CRAFTED OF BLACK TOP - GRAIN LEATHER AND HAS 26 CHROME PLATED OVER BRASS SPIKES AND IS MADE TO BE ADJUSTABLE

TO BE WORN FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES ONLY

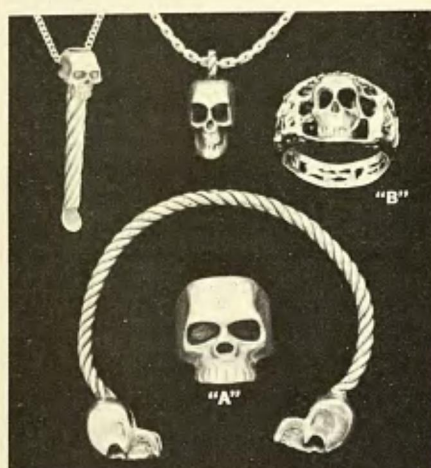
You've seen them at our shop in Daytona Beach for the past 9 years on bikers from Coast to Coast



THE SANDAL SHEAF

P. O. Box 3337
Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018

PLEASE ALLOW 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY



Heavy Jewelry

Handcrafted, Cast, Sterling Silver
Rings, Bracelets and Pendants

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

Skull Ring "A" \$50.00

Skull Bracelet \$55.00

Skull Pendant (without chain) \$15.00

Skull Ring "B" \$45.00

Combo coke spoon and "straw" \$60.00

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



Box 651 Westport, Ct. 06497

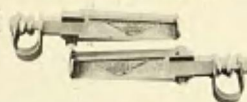
COMPLEMENT YOUR HOG

H-D Wing Gas Cap



The finishing touch for your Harley. H-D wing logo raised from surface of cap. Superb chroming. Fully vented and adjustable to show off H-D wing just the way you want it when cap is tightened down. Fits any tank using H-D type gas cap. \$7.95

H-D Wing Footpegs



These super clean Harley Wing Footpegs are expertly engraved with Harley wing logo, show chromed, with a high lip so your feet won't slip off. Pegs are paired left and right. They work great on front or rear. \$10.95 pr.

H-D Wing Highway Pegs



Motor Mount Highway Pegs—Using the above pegs—Sportster Shown—Also available for H-D 74 (state year), 750 Honda and 900 Kawasaki. \$29.95 pr.

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

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

in his hand and a contract on his head.

He thrust his perforated hand into the cold tub water, feeling the wetness loosen the gauze dressing stiffened by dried blood. The hole was in his throttle hand, through the small muscle just below and to one side of his index finger.

There was a blackish ring around the entry hole. The numbness in his finger and thumb worried him, but at least the wound wasn't oozing pus, just a watery fluid that made the gauze stick.

He shut off the light in the bathroom and walked out on the cabin's screened porch. It was getting colder as darkness fell. He thought back to the night six days before when three guys in a red Mustang roared up to Bobby's trailer and one of them let fly with a shotgun.

The buckshot hit all around the two men, but from the two blasts, the only wound between them had been the hole in his own hand. Maybe it was the way he and Bobby had instantly dropped. It probably looked as if they had each stopped a half pound of lead. The balls punched holes in the thin trailer walls, but only one went all the way through. It lay on the kitchen floor like a dented lead marble.

Watching the traffic roll by in the growing dusk, Pete judged he was in a real redneck town, especially when he saw a Dodge Six Pak pull into Reaper's, a bar by the side of the road. On the front were L-60s on mag wheels, but on the rear was a set of skinny snows, about 7.00s, Pete guessed.

"That thing must really handle," he said aloud.

Inside, he lay back on a musty-smelling sofa, keeping his wound open to the air, hoping it would scab over soon. It was all up to Bobby now, he thought. Bobby Cochran. His best friend in the world.

It was hotter than hell in the apartment in El Paso. Bobby's hands were sweating. The knife dulled quickly, sawing on the match heads, but they were piling up nicely.

Taking a cotton cloth a few inches square, Bobby stuffed it into a shot glass filled with Elmer's Glue. The sticky cloth was then pushed through a five-inch length of thin copper tubing. He filled the tube with match heads and set it aside to dry.

"ROGER LYONS IS DEAD"

Nobody can help him now

50/50
won't shrink



Police Brutality?
Ask Lyons!!

\$1.00
Bumper sticker

Help fight
police brutality!

Against all bikers
You could be next, or
one of your brothers

Order now
\$5.00 plus 75¢ handling

☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL ☐ Bumper stickers

Order one for the ol' lady

Send check or money order to:
Milwaukee Riders Assn.
P. O. Box 401
Cudahy, Wis. 53110



ALL ORDERS HANDLED C.O.D. + PACKING + POSTAGE.
STATE EXACT RING SIZE AND/OR
DANGLE OR STUD LENGTH ON EARRING.
25% DEPOSIT REQUIRED ON ALL ORDERS.
ZANGO BANGO
PO BOX 146 - HERMOSA BEACH, CALIFORNIA 90254
LOCATED IN THE HERMOSA FAIRWAY
1332 HERMOSA AVE. (213) 372-8504
MONEY ORDER OR CASHIER'S CHECK ONLY!

TUBE TOPS!

These stretch-to-fit tubes will put a bulge in your britches. What you'll get is no-nonsense fashion designed to make your lady that much more of a bitchin' fox. And since they fit most any top end in sight there's no hassle with size.

We've even gone to the trouble of screening the **Easyriders** logo on this baby to make sure every dude gets a longer look.

So get on the stick and treat yourselves to some righteous sightseeing in **bandit black** and **rogue red**. At \$5.95 each or \$9.95 per pair you won't regret it.

Send your order today to:

Easyriders Tubes Box 711
Burbank, California 91503



NEW!



...The "FLICKET"

OPENS LOCK-BACK BLADES FASTER THAN A SWITCH BLADE WITH A FLICK OF A THUMB...LEGALLY

Converts most lock-back blade knives to a one hand operation for fast protection. Actually timed at 1/400th of a second... even with gloved hands. Made of heat treated spring steel, nickel plated. Please specify your knife make, model and length of blade when open, when ordering.

Only **\$2⁹⁵** ppd. Knife NOT Included
Cash, M.O. or Cert. check. Add 5¢ if cash

COCO, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

A few minutes later, Bobby turned the tube on one end and tapped it. Match heads fell from the unglued center. An opening large enough to allow a pencil to slip through was left.

Bobby glued a strip of thin emery paper around the pencil and inserted it very slowly into the piece of tubing. It was a full five minutes before the end of the eraser came nearly even with the end of the tube.

Bobby had followed Pete's instructions to the letter. The device was ready for testing. When he suddenly yanked out the pencil, the match heads almost exploded. The device heated so fast that Bobby had to drop the smoking tube. It worked perfectly.

Pete was dreaming about Juarez. He felt he was in a big steel ball. He kept sliding down the inside of it, trying to climb up a hole where the sunlight gleamed. Waking in a sweat, he remembered the hassle of getting 500 pounds of weed out of Mexico without a plane.

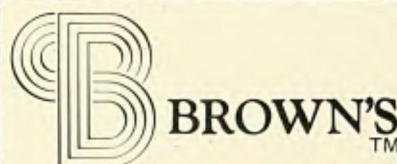
It had started with a chick, Tina Phillips, who had a thing for Bart McDonald, who in turn kept himself in Harleys by running errands for Hector Pardee. Bart was a big ol' Texas boy who tried to make it in football as an offensive lineman but was just shy of the speed and brains needed for the job.

But Hector liked Bart. He was as loyal as a blue tick and every bit as mean. And he knew how to keep his mouth shut.

Like all men though, big Bart had a weakness or two. In his case it was two. The first was Tina, who,



"I never met a bitch I didn't like."



SPECIALIST IN CHROME

AND GOLD PLATING

FOR MOTORCYCLE PARTS

ONLY

- **DEPENDABLE SERVICE**
- **WORK GUARANTEED**

Please Give Make of Cycle When Calling or Writing for FREE Price List and Information.



PLATING SERVICE, INC.

ROUTE #5, BOX 534
PADUCAH, KENTUCKY 42001
PHONE (502) 554-1146

ASS- KICKIN' LIGHT SWITCHES



Here ya are, at last — light switches that'll really turn ya on. You an' your ol' lady will both get your kicks, while flickin' the switch. Bitchin' nickel finish over solid metal. Only \$6.95 each plus \$1.25 postage.



Send your order to:

**Easyriders-
Lite Switches**
P.O. Box 711,
Burbank, Calif. 91503

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



1/4 POUND OF 100% PURE WEED

*Why Not Make This The
Shirt On Your Back?*

This full color silk-screened print is available on yellow, red, blue or black shirts. The shirts are 100% cotton and machine washable. They come in small, medium, large and extra large. Send \$5.95 plus 75 cents postage and handling, to:

MANNED ENTERPRISES

P.O. Box 2562

Anderson, Indiana 46011

(Allow 2 - 6 weeks for delivery)

**Sorry, bros — the
following swap
meets have been
canceled.
Explanation in our
next issue.**

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

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

at five feet, ten inches, was still dwarfed by the huge Texan. And the second was Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

When he saw Pete's glittering green panhead, Bart thought it looked prettier than an emerald—especially since it was pulled up on the sidewalk in front of Rip's Lounge with Hector Pardee's black Eldorado as a backdrop.

"Motherfucker. Will ya look at that? Jes' look at that son of a bitch," Bart said, forgetting his beer, his burger, and his broad.

He paid no attention to Pete, but strode outside and looked closely at the \$600 paint job and the chrome. Bart looked but didn't touch, and Pete did the same with Tina—at least at first.

That night, the three of them ended up at Bart's apartment, pulling on some weed and rehashing road trips through the mountains and deserts of New Mexico.

After that, Pete began stopping in regularly at Rip's place. He soon met Pardee, who treated him with cool indifference. Pardee didn't ride, preferring the plush interior of his air-conditioned Eldorado to a bike's seat.

He said almost nothing to Pete, but from Tina the biker learned that Pardee didn't make his real money in Rip's, which he owned, but in flying some big poundage out of Mexico.

That's where Bart came in. He was one of several dudes Pardee trusted to go to a town 50 miles south of Juarez and make sure everything came down the way it was supposed to. Bart didn't actually pay for the marijuana or, occasionally, the cocaine or brown heroin. Payment was taken care of in advance.

Bart's job was to make sure the merchandise got to the secret landing strip Pardee's pilot used, and to help load it on the plane. The pilot didn't want to deal with any Mexicans, or with anyone who didn't come recommended through Pardee.

Eventually, it got to where Tina was asking Pete to drop over twice a week, when Bart was in Mexico. And from the tall, lithe brunette, Pete picked up enough scraps of information to pinpoint the location of the pickup.

His gamble paid off. It was easier than he had dared hope, and Tina

—Continued on page 110

Our Own Disc

Guaranteed Not To Gaul or Rust
Hard Chromed

FRONT and/or REAR
Drilled \$64.95 Undrilled \$49.95

When Ordering Discs specify year & model. 50% deposit, balance C.O.D. . . . cash, certified check or money order. 4 week delay on personal checks, bank clearance necessary.

FREE ... GIANT CATALOG
Listing over 1,000 replacement parts, up to 60% under factory list. Parts list for all 74's and Sportsters . . . Please send \$1 (refundable with first order) to help pay postage & handling.

MOTORCYCLES, INC.
11717 Detroit Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio 44107
(216) 228-0100

At Last a Hip-lookin' Bike Bag That Works!



Adjustable, to fit tight over a sissy bar alone, or can easily be expanded to fit over sissy bar and seat.

Made of high quality leather with space age nylon straps. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—your name it.



\$19.95

Plus \$1 for postage

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear.

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201



Nasty Feet by Easyriders

Made exclusively for us by Chippewa (the finest engineer boot manufacturer)

These boots are the cream of the crop. As if old man Davidson built you a bike by himself, we went to the best, then asked them to make us a better boot — and they outdid themselves.

Here's some of the nitty-gritty:

Upper leathers are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. Heels are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). Vamps, or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the

uppers to surround the steel box safety toe with, again, two layers of leather and foam padding for comfort. Insoles are sweat-proof leather of the best grade. For improved arch support, you'll find combination fibre-board and steel shanks. Midsoles are all leather. Adjustable straps at the vamps and tops for the sound fit you demand. Your Super Boots meet the following government standard: ANSI Z41.1—1972/75.

If your ol' lady is goin' barefoot, you might break down and buy her a pair too—just remember women's sizes run numerically 2 sizes larger than men's (for example, a woman's 8 equals a man's 6).



Soles and Heels are non-skid oil-resistant Neoprene Cord featuring Goodyear welt construction for strength, flexibility and shape retention. Sole stitching is Dacron® polyester. Your heels are, of course, the broad driving or logger type.



Easyriders logo will be branded on your right, shit-kickin' toe if you check box in the coupon

Send your order today to:
Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

■ 11 in. — \$64.95 ■ 17 in. — \$79.95

In stock sizes 8½—11, D width only
Special order sizes 6—8, 11½—14, B, C, D, E, EE widths (Add \$12 per pair. Allow 8 weeks.)

Circle/fill in your choice ■ Height 11 in. 17 in.
Size _____ Width _____ ■ Color Black Brown

■ Easyriders logo Yes No

I have enclosed \$_____ for _____ pair(s)
(including \$2.50 per pair for postage & handling)
Write same info on separate paper for more than 1 pair

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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



Clean up your act — get an *Easyriders* T-shirt!

Yeah, even your mother will admit she was wrong when she said you were a tramp. Our shirts make you look like a straight citizen. Just look at the shirts above. Now ya gotta admit, that's a good group — a little loose — but a good, wholesome group. Right? So clean up your act. Order your shirt today. All kinds of colors and sizes available. Not cheapo Taiwan imports — these are all American made. Finest quality. Quality you'd expect from us tramps at *Easyriders*.

Look 'em over and order yours today — and don't forget your ol' lady.

FULL GRAIN SADDLE LEATHER HANDMADE

Sold Nationally at custom bike, rod and van shows for the past 13 years . . . NOW also available by MAIL!!!



Featuring:

BIKER KNIFE CASE \$5⁹⁵ (small) to \$6⁹⁵ (large)

Handmade from the finest 8-9 oz. oak tanned tooling saddle leather.

Solid brass rivets and snaps. Handlaced in tanned latigo.



Available in two sizes: (small) 4 1/2" or (large) 5 1/2".

Please specify size and choice of design.

Sorry, NO C.O.D. PLEASE.
Send cash, check or money order.

Send \$1 to cover postage & handling for a complete catalog and price sheet — \$1 will be gladly refunded with first purchase.

**Dealer
Inquiries Welcome**

Include FULL payment with order and we pay postage.

(Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.)

816-252-9012



**L.B.
Merchandising**

1828 Walnut / Suite 10
Kansas City, Missouri
64108

Fox in the Weeds

—Continued from page 106

had provided the timing. Instead of being at her place one Friday night, he was in early that morning. Carefully watching for Bart's van, Pete pulled up to the back of a dirty-looking restaurant. A tall, skinny Mexican emerged, eyeing him cautiously. Pete abruptly handed him three one-hundred-dollar bills, smiled broadly, and said, "A gift from Mr. Pardee."

The Mexican took the bills and looked at the '63 Ford pickup that Pete had acquired two days earlier for \$100. He went back inside the restaurant briefly, reemerging with two Mexicans. Ten minutes later, Pete was driving back north to Juarez with \$20,000 in bricked weed and without the slightest idea how to get it across the border into El Paso.

That was the nightmare which had awakened him later in Ohio. Pete had spent the rest of that day near the bridge between Mexico and Texas. He could see the German shepherds on the American side. He suspected they could smell even a skinny joint wrapped in aluminum foil and stuck up his ass. For a panicky moment he feared one of the dogs had smelled the contents of his crates from 200 yards away. The dog was on a leash and suddenly jumped up, looking in Pete's direction and straining against his collar. Pete started the old Ford with forced casualness and took off.

In the slow-moving traffic Pete spotted a convoy of four trucks a block ahead. He had seen them earlier, making trips back and forth across the bridge. They were water trucks, probably supplying some of the city's better restaurants—or at least those that didn't want to scare the tourists away with drinks that could give them the shits for a week.

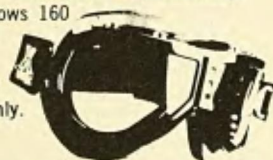
Following the convoy through heavy traffic, and being careful not to flatten any chickens, Pete watched the water trucks pull around and into a fenced-in lot behind a warehouse. He studied the trucks as they sat parked behind the fence. He had lucked out again. One was the really old model with an inspection hatch held in place only by a spring-loaded handle. That was his ticket, he knew, even if his scheme was an incredibly long shot.

A mixture of sounds came from

THE BIKER'S GOGGLE

At last, the airplane driver goggles you bin waitin' for. Glass lens replaceable in clear or smoke (not that kind, shithead). Curved lens allows 160 degrees vision. No C.O.D. Cert. check or money order only.

\$18.00



ORIGINALS!

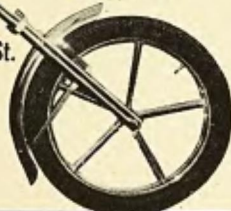
Lower legs come with or without fender and brake mounts. Specify when ordering. Cert. check or money order. No fuckin' CODs. All work and products fully guaranteed.

Fork tubes, show chrome,
Harley-Davidson only \$60.00
Slim lower legs \$60.00
Slim lower legs, with fender
or brake, or both \$75.00
Engine seals (part
no. 24031.55) \$15.00

BARNEY'S SPEED EQUIPMENT

7344 Madison St.
Paramount,
Calif. 90723

213-634-3545



MUTHA PATCH

MIRACULOUS MUTHA



You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains—whatever.

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha



Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

the warm Mexican night as he pulled the pickup into the area behind the warehouse. Although Pete didn't recognize the sound, an iguana in some nearby weeds clucked like a hen. Dogs barked. Some kids came by on bicycles, calling out in Spanish and laughing. They didn't notice the truck parked with its lights out.

To Pete's dismay, the gate to the trucks was locked and he had to climb over. He didn't dare risk smashing the lock. Opening the hatch slowly, Pete lowered himself carefully into the tank, kicking out in an attempt to locate the stainless steel ladder that should have been hanging there. Only there wasn't any ladder. Nowhere. He kicked upwards and out, thinking the ladder might be held by hooks on the underside of the tank.

He hung by his hands, keeping his grip on the soft, spongy canvas that formed a seal when the hatch was closed. Like rotten bark, the canvas gave way, and for a split second, Pete hung by his fingertips. Then he fell into four inches of water.

For a moment he just sat in the water, its unexpected chill shriveling his balls. He stood up slowly and reached above his head. He could easily touch the top of the tank, but the hatchway was raised another foot. By jumping, he got his hands back on the edge of the hatchway, but it was too tight. He couldn't get an elbow back over the edge.

Feeling along the inside of the tank, he searched for a ladder. When that failed, he tried jumping

PERFUME



"Gimme something that'll really turn my boyfriend on—something that smells like this!"



Seen our front end? Better check it out!

✓ Show Chrome Finish ✓ Solid Stock
4130 Steel ✓ Unique No Weld
Construction ✓ Available in 6" to 26"
over stock lengths ✓ 5/8" Axle
✓ Headlight Bracket ✓ Post Risers

REGULAR PRICE \$300.
NOW ONLY \$199.95 COMPLETE

Length of Front End Desired _____
Specify Bike Make/Year _____
Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

Enclose minimum 50% deposit (Cashier's Check or Money Order) on all C.O.D. orders. Foreign orders must be prepaid. Michigan residents add 4% sales tax. Send order to **A.W.I. Distributors, 26857 Lowery, Farmington Hills, MI 48024.**
(313) 669-9330

COUNTERFEIT GUNS

FULL SIZE PRECISION-TOOLED METAL MODELS

DISASSEMBLE LIKE ORIGINALS

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

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG SHOWING 100's OF ITEMS

GOVERNMENT .45 MODEL R300 \$34.95

1051 CIVIL WAR NAVY MODEL R400 \$39.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

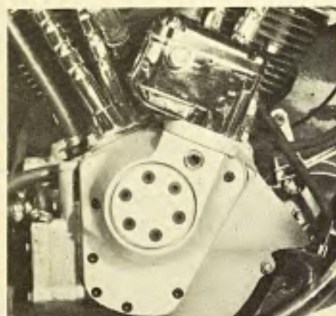
1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

1873 FAST DRAW MODEL R100 \$34.95

**If quality and performance
is what you are looking for,
we have what you need.**

Ratley Ferguson Custom Cycle Parts is proud to present a new vertical mag adapter/cam cover to fit new style Harley 74 engines.



This unit uses a sportster mag. It is fully rollerized, street tested and guaranteed. It allows 180° of adjustment.

This unique design allows easy installation and removal of mag unit with any carburetor.

Price: cam cover only \$140.00
mag and cam cover \$260.00
for show chrome add \$ 20.00

Note: mag does not come chrome plated.

\$30.00 Down, balance C.O.D.

Write to or call

RR-1 Piedmont, Ohio 43983

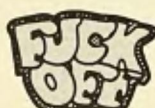
Area code 614, 968-6067

Dealers may inquire.

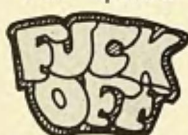
NEW!



Necklace
\$4.50

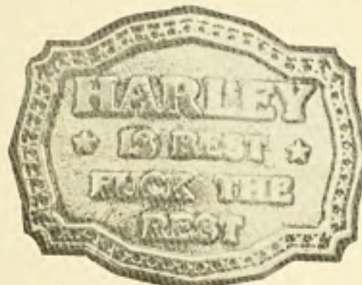


Pin \$2.50



Buckle \$7.50

ALL THREE ONLY \$13.00



Buckle ... \$7.50 Pin ... \$2.50

T-shirt ... \$7.50

All 3 only ... \$16.00

**COCO, Box 3069,
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360**

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

for the hatchway again. He finally stopped, exhausted.

"Well, I'll be fucked," he said aloud, not knowing whether to panic or laugh. Stuck in a water truck with 500 pounds of weed sitting outside in a vehicle registered in his own name. The best he could hope for was to try to float out when the truck was filled.

He was thinking about Mexican prisons when he heard someone climbing on the truck. The glum sky through the open hatch darkened as someone stared into the blackness.

Pete remembered the legend of Billy the Kid, himself a New Mexican resident in the 19th century. Just before Pat Garrett blew him away, the Kid was reputed to have said, "Quien es?" "Who is there?"

"Quien es?" Pete whispered.

The shadow disappeared. Then Pete heard someone climbing on the tanker again. Something fairly heavy slid down the hole. He moved away, not sure at first of what it was, then touched it gingerly.

It was a homemade wooden ladder—there was no doubt about it. Somebody up on top wanted to see him. He climbed the rungs cautiously and raised his head slowly through the hatch.

At first he didn't see anyone. Then he spotted the skinny Mexican kid on the opposite side of the fence.

"Hey, little buddy," Pete called out, "did you do that?" The kid said nothing, but merely stared at the half-drenched gringo walking towards him. "You saved my ass, little buddy," Pete said, fishing around in his pocket until he came up with a twenty-dollar bill. He pushed the wet bill through the wire fence.

"Gracias. Muchas gracias," Pete said in the flat tones of a *guero*. The kid grabbed the money and ran to



**"Well, Mr. Henderson,
it appears that you're suffering
from the wandering ass syndrome."**

CHROME PLATING

**STEEL & ALUMINUM
PARTS
CHROME PLATED**

Quality Plating Since 1945

GRAVES PLATING CO.

P.O. Box 1052, ER, Florence, Ala. 35630
Phone (205) 764-9487

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SPEED

STROKER FLYWHEELS

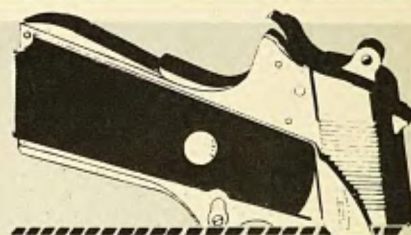
Sportsters & 74's \$170.00
Dealer Inquiries Invited

Ductile Steel with Thrust Washers
Unconditionally Guaranteed

PARTS — Cams, Pistons, Valves, Etc.
Complete Engine Building — Street or Race

TRUETT & OSBORN

3345 E. 31st South
Wichita, KS 67216
(316) 682-4781



PISTOL BELT CLIP

The first practical replacement for the holster. "Pistol Belt Clip" spring-steel clip attachment holds your gun securely inside waistband. Easy to install. Gun will still fit inside most holsters with clip attached. Specify finish (bright nickel or black) and gun model (Colt .45 automatic—Smith & Wesson Model 39—Detonic .45—Smith & Wesson Model 59). \$4.95 each, postpaid. Cash or money order only to:

**COCO, P. O. Box 3069,
Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.**



See-Thru Beer Tankard

Heavy polished aluminum with extra strong handle, see-thru & leakproof glass bottom. 14 oz. capacity. Easily holds full bottle of beer.

\$3.95 Ea. or 4 for \$12.00

DT Sales Company
P.O. Box 1399 Dept. E.
Lafayette, Indiana 47902

ATTENTION ALL BROS

Who want to keep their asses in one piece for a while...

Take a minute to read this article. Remember the last time you didn't know whether you were going to live to see tomorrow, because that animal you ride didn't have what it takes to get your ass stopped in time. One hell of a lousy experience.

We have developed a super brake lining for the big Harleys and the gladiators who drive them. This lining takes the guessing out of stopping. This could make the difference between keeping your act together—staying alive—and the ultimate disaster.

Some of the bros throughout the good old U. S. of A. have gotten back to us. They seem to think we have one hell of an asskicking brake lining. Now that is coming from fellow bikers; if you can't dig that, we just don't know where you're coming from.

If you want to increase the chances of getting wrecked, don't buy our linings.

But if you would like to increase your own chances of being alive in one piece, take a chance on our linings. Not on your life!

- Sportster Rear 34 78 Front 64 72
- Hog Rear 38 72 Front 49 71

\$12.95 per set plus 50¢ shipping and handling.

Illinois Brothers 5% sales tax. Send Certified Check or Money Order to **GREAT LIFE LTD., 4720 So. Monro, Chicago, Illinois 60609.** Prompt Delivery Guaranteed.

Dealer Inquiries Invited.

Your Cheapest Assurance of a Long and Great Life is the best Brake Lining money can buy.

GREAT LIFE LTD. CHICAGO

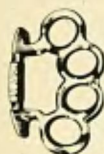
REVENGE 1 1/4 OZ. SOLID STERLING SILVER

HEAVY DUTY.
Guaranteed.
Original design.
\$39.95



*send finger size
Free Shipping

HALL PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 6701
Towson, Md. 21204



KNUCKLE BUCKLE

Practical. Functional. Funkie!
GREAT GIFT!

POW!—The most novel buckle ever made. Expertly hand cast metal buckle. **BRASS PLATED!** Fits all standard belts. For novelty purpose only. Not intended for any other uses. Only 4.95 plus .50 post and handling. Special 2 for 10.00 Postpaid.

S & W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 EZ Chicago, Ill. 60635



OUTRAGEOUS T-SHIRTS!

PLUS WW2 NAZI & SS insignia, badges, flags, daggers, helmets, etc.
catalog \$1 (ref'ble)
KRUPPER BOX 177ER
SYRACUSE NY 13208

the spot where he'd hidden his bicycle in the weeds.

Pete unloaded the 26 crates into the water tanker in a half hour flat. The ladder stayed inside with the grass.

The rest was easy, even though he himself was stopped and searched when he drove the old pickup across the border. But he quickly caught up to the tanker convoy that had been routinely waved through the checkpoints.

Luckily, the last truck in line was his tanker. Pulling the pickup to the curb, Pete boldly got into the passenger side of the tanker at the first stoplight and solved the language problem by waving the last of his money, two one-hundred-dollar bills, at the startled Mexican driver.

But neither he nor Bobby could understand why Hector Pardee would get so damned pissed over the loss of a single shipment of weed. Pardee's boys had somehow zeroed in on the trailer in Ruidoso as if they had followed homing pigeons across the New Mexican landscape.

The buckshot ambush left Pete thinking of nothing but revenge. He had recognized the beefy mug looking down the sawed-off shotgun. It was Bart McDonald. Pete hoped no innocent bystanders would get in the way when he came gunning for Pardee and his heavy-weight goon.

But first there was something he had to get rid of—and in a hurry.

The green and white panhead had to be hidden. It was a dead tip-off for Pardee's rent-a-guns to come back and do the job right. Pete and Bobby borrowed a van and hauled the scooter to the tenants' garage at the El Paso apartment. Pete took the cash he'd been saving in hopes of taking off during the warm months and bought a mostly stock, four-year-old FLH. When he hit Cincinnati, he called person-to-person to Rip's, telling the operator to ask for Mr. Hector Pardee. He also told her to make sure and cut in after three minutes, identifying herself as "the Cincinnati operator."

Hearing Pardee's low drawl, Pete sneered at him, "I'm really going to enjoy your grass," laughing into the phone as the drug dealer asked, "Hey, boy, where ya callin' me from?" When the operator cut in, Pete hung up, as if he wanted to keep his location secret. But he had waited just long enough for the

XX RATED ..DESIGNS..

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH
TO WEAR THIS T-SHIRT?



BE AN OFFICIAL PERVERT!

MULTI-COLOR DESIGNS
ARE ON QUALITY
BLACK T-SHIRTS
WITH POCKETS.



(B) "FLYING FINGER" (C) "RIDING SKULL"

FOR A MERE EXTRA BUCK WE'LL PRINT
"FUCK OFF" ON THE FRONT IN BRIGHT CHROME!



(D) "PERVERTS
RIDE HARDER"

Available in black outline
only. Specify shirt color.

If 18 or over
send for our
PVERT ©
catalogue.
Pervt shirts,
X-rated toys,
"adult games"
etc., etc.
ONLY \$1.00

Refundable
with first order

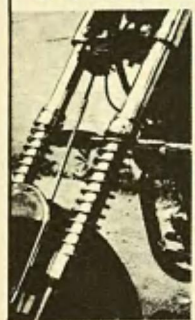
DEALER
INQUIRIES
INVITED

TEMPO'S PVERT
P.O. BOX 2009 DEPT. 69
WESTMINSTER CA. 92683
714-892-5061

STYLE	CIRCLE	SIZES	QUAN.	\$	TOTAL
A	S	M L XL		8.00	
B	S	M L XL		8.00	
C	S	M L XL		8.00	
D	S	M L XL		8.00	
		CATALOGUE		1.00	

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PLEASE

FORKING BY FRANK



Fine fork tubes (there is a difference) and front suspension components for ALL CYCLES in any length, one piece seamless tubing. Springs, collars, crowns, trees, braces, kickstands, spring conversion kits, rakes and decorative fork tube nuts. Reliable fit and freight paid delivery.

FRANK'S

Maintenance & Engineering
945 Pitner, Evanston, Illinois 60202

GOD RIDES A HARLEY

Printed on a Black T-Shirt for him or a Black Tit-Top for her. With every order a bumper sticker with the same saying. \$8.00 per shirt to:

Coco, Box 3069,
Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360

CHROME PLATING

10-day delivery on all cycle parts. Specialists in motorcycle plating. Write for free price list.

CYCLE CHROME
Dept. 69, 2430 Washington
Boston, Mass. 02119 (617) 445-3475

Dealers
please
inquire

Skull Earrings
—WITH SURGICAL STEEL BACKINGS—
\$3.00 EACH \$5.00 PER PAIR
PALIZOLO & CO.
PO BOX 661
MARTINEZ, CA. 94553
AVAILABLE IN PIERCED STYLE ONLY

Catseye Dash Lens
Original Knuckle Mufflers
Old HD Literature
Knuckle Wiring Harnesses
Parts For All Harleys
* \$1.00 For Catalog *
ANTIQUE CYCLE SUPPLY
Box 500, Sparta, Mi. 49345

"KNUCKS"

"Man's Best Friend!"

\$6.00 each 3/\$15.00

Sold as a novelty only
Void where prohibited by law

Atlantic Novelty Co.

P. O. Box 12627, Charleston, S.C. 29412



operator to say "Cincinnati." He hoped the ploy would divert the heat away from Bobby.

Bobby had done as Pete had instructed, going to a Cadillac dealership and carefully checking the undercarriage of an Eldorado to make sure there was an unencumbered flat spot and determining whether the drive shaft could be reached easily.

That same night, Pardee's black Caddy was temptingly parked in front of his club, but Bobby paid no attention to it.

An hour later, a woman with a seductive voice called on the private line at Rip's. She asked for Pardee — "and only Mr. Pardee."

The big man was playing cards in a back room. He took the call looking irritated, but when he hung up, he had a smile on his face.

"Let's go, Bart," he said. McDonald carried a pump shotgun, stock chopped off and barrel cut down to the slide.

Just as the girl had said, a green metallflake chopper was parked on the sidewalk in front of the run-down apartment building. McDonald recognized the panhead right away. He eagerly fingered the shotgun and hungrily eyed the motorcycle. All he had to do was pull a trigger and the bike would be his.

A light was on in a third floor apartment, just as they had been told there would be. This time, Pardee followed closely to make sure Pete Schuyler didn't get away again. A lot was at stake. In Pardee's business, a ripoff such as Pete had pulled was extremely detrimental to the hardass image he must maintain to keep the peons in line.

They hadn't gotten as far as the third floor when they heard the roar of the Harley starting up. The bike was pulling away rapidly when Pardee and McDonald hit the street.

"Go, go, go, goddammit!" Pardee screamed, jumping into the Caddy. The engine burst into life and he dropped it furiously into "Drive." Underneath, the drive shaft rotated, pulling the rawhide cord tight and whipping the pencil out of the copper tube. The match heads ignited, setting afire the inch-long fuse to an M-80 ashcan left over from the Fourth of July.

Wrapped snugly around the device were four sticks of dynamite. The bundle was held like iron to

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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

Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York — which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.



Pacific Island girls want men to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW, **SEND \$2 TODAY.** CONTINENTAL PACIFIC PO Box 3546 — Dept. ER Thousand Oaks, CA 91359



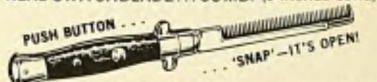
TATXEMO REMOVING

WITH THE TATXEMO METHOD
The Chemical "Do-It-Yourself" Kit

The TATXEMO METHOD will remove any tattoo, regardless of age! Use safely in your home. **ASK FOR FREE FOLDER NO. 07**

ATLANTA COMPANY
P.O. BOX 494 • PICKERING, ONTARIO L1V 2R7

REAL SWITCHBLADE... COMB! (9 INCHES LONG)



This is a **REAL SWITCHBLADE**. The blade is a **COMB!!!** Terrific gift item. Novel and practical. Protects comb in pocket. Fine tooth comb is great for sideburns and mustache too! Satisfaction is guaranteed. Complete with Lock. Only 4.95 + 50¢ Postage. **Two for 10.00 Postpaid.** S&W KNIFE CO. Box 35246 E2 Chicago, Ill. 60635

CHROME PLATERS OF HOUSTON

Quality Plating on all motorcycle parts. Aluminum or Steel. Our work is guaranteed, our prices reasonable. For more information write or call; no collect calls accepted.

404 Broadway
Houston, Texas 77012
Phone (713) 921-0235

the undercarriage with wide strips of duct tape. Pardee had a brief instant to tromp on the gas pedal.

Bobby could hear parts of the Eldorado coming down on the pavement from a block away. The hood sounded like an enormous garbage pail as it landed.

Pete was in Reaper's when he called Bobby and got the news. Immediately after the call, the locals eyed the strange visitor with puzzled looks when he shouted, "Drinks on the house!" But his money was green and plentiful, so they drank up.

Leaving the next morning, Pete took the precaution of sending a registered letter to the apartment in El Paso. Requiring proper identification, the clerk duly noted that on December 8, at 9 a.m., Peter D. Schuyler of El Paso, Texas, sent registered mail from Buckeye Lake, Ohio.

Two thousand miles away, the local papers carried the story that two "reputed members of the city's drug underworld" were wasted in a spectacular bombing.

Pete freed the fox, as he had vowed. It walked stiffly at first, when Pete shooed it away. Then it broke into an easy lope and was gone without ever looking back.

The snakehead rode in a plastic bag all the way to Texas, and took over as chief predator in a warm irrigation ditch where the big fish eat the little fish.

And Bobby was rewarded too. Pete knew only too well what his friend liked and didn't like. For instance, she hated being called Roberta but loved being kissed on her nipples and belly and riding under the stars with plenty of money to smooth out life's rough spots.



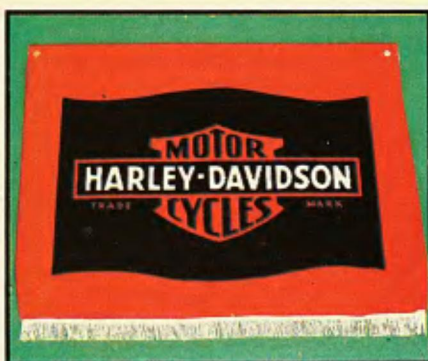
Marble Plaques

Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem. Then

The price for this everlasting marble image is **\$26.95**. Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.



The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches



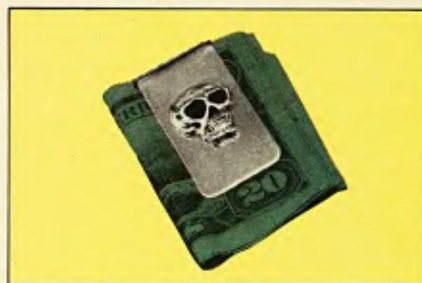
H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

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

Money Clip

A sterling silver skull fastened securely on a strong, polished nickel clip. It'll hold your bills securely for only **\$9**, plus **\$5.50** postage and handling. If you're into swastikas, we can have the skull replaced with a sterling silver swastika.



Strong Silver Rings

We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for **\$19.75** and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.

Be sure to state your size.

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740



California residents add 6% for The Man

GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS!



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

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

All posters shipped in
wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube

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

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



M-10 "Starburst"



M-9 "Hollywood"



M-7 "Run Heat"



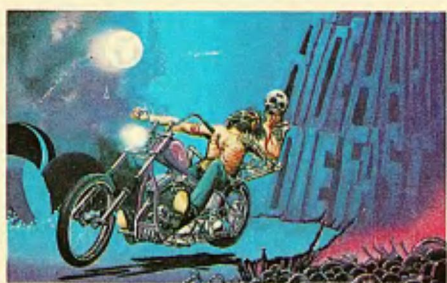
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



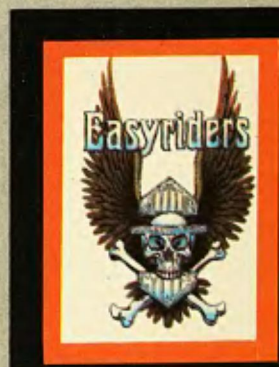
M-4 "One for the Road"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

EASYRIDERS POSTERS,
Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Enclosed is \$_____ for the
posters indicated below.

@ \$3.00 each. Four for \$9.95

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

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-4 ☐ M-5 ☐ M-6
☐ M-7 ☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10 ☐ M-11 ☐ M-12

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6% sales tax

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$1.20 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly-written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty 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 or money order (make M.O. payable to Weed's ol' lady, Melanie). Weed, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

Need help! Birth certificates, HS diplomas. Sent blank with gold seals. \$2.50 each or both for \$4. The Ground Floor, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (64)

Azoobides Instant Hashmaker! Free details: Bleak, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. (65)

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)

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)

Hi, bros! We're a bunch of good-looking broads all stuck in jail on bum raps. If there is anyone who'd like to correspond, we'll be here or farther for a long time. The girls of P.T.I.: Linda King Roberts P.T.I., J.C.C., 505 East 13th Street, Kansas City, Mo. 64106. (63)

Colombia Overland: My newsletter will get you to Bogota from anywhere on the Am-Mex border for approximately \$100—visas, buses, trains, clean \$2 hotels, and more covered. Send \$2 to Sundowners, Box 570, New York, N.Y. 10009. (63)

available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Three great new stickers: "God Rides A Harley"; "Harley Is Best Fuck The Rest"; Born on a Mountain/Raised in a Cave/Biking and Fuckin'/Is all I Crave." Each sticker only \$1 to Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (66)

Sportster Debbie Lives! (63)

Mike: Hey, cunt! Glad you're out! We miss you! Your brothers in Yuma, Randy, Al, Chuck, and Frank. (63)

Guaranteed Photo I.D. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. Secret Process—EZ98, Box 411, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (63)

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)

Looking for a sincere lady who digs puttin' and pleasin' her ol' man. Must be able to relocate frequently. Big girls turn me on too. Send a line and photo to Joe, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (63)

Wally: Happy birthday. Love you always. Your ol' lady, B.J. (63)

Tattooing, professional artists. Clean, sterile, rainbow colors. 10,000 fancy designs. 4126 Erie St., Willoughby, Ohio. (216) 942-3567. (63)

Ohio, seeing parole board for third time, January. Looks excellent. How will it be, lady? Photos answered first. Am of Prussian descent. Write R. T. Stover, Jr. #98433, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036. (64)

\$1,000 reward for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of persons stealing from Tattooer, 508 South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. Send for list, check new tattooers your area. (63)

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)

Tattooing Colors: Large variety of beautiful colors that heal fast and extremely bright. Send for free color list to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (65)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (63)

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

Anyone interested in starting a Prison Motorcycle Brotherhood Chapter in their own prison please contact me. Mark F. Ponsalle #81351. Unit 3-6/8 Station A West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. (64)

Lonely Cheyenne Indian biker down in Va. Needs mail from all you chicks. Larry Wilburn #112694, SCCA Module-C, Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829. (63)

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)

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)

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)

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)

Wanted: Honey to take care of me (39), my bike (74), and my house (135) in S. Illinois. No hardcores, just a chick looking for a quiet place to enjoy life. Must be slim, quiet, attractive, intelligent, and creative. Send photo and letter. Gary, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (63)

Happy birthday, Silvertongue! (7-28-78.) Thanks for letting me be part of your life. Love ya, Barb. (63)

First time! A bong for bikers. Very portable. Almost unbreakable. Utmost in tokeability. Made for bikers. Send \$13.50 to Allied Bong Works, Box 16068, Minneapolis, Minn. 55416. (63)

Wanted: K-model or stock 45 solo. Good running condition. Puff, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (63)

"Itch-Like-Hell" Powder. 3 pkgs., \$1.25. Howellab, Foily Beach, S.C. 29439. (63)

Happy birthday to my ol' man. Love ya, babe. Girly. (63)

Fat Cat: Happy 31st, babe! I'll always love ya! Deb. (64)

Put some fun in your life. Get our catalog of goodies and novelties. Subscription, \$1 yearly. Write J. Bolger, Dept. EY, P.O. Box 704, Bridgeton, Mo. 63044. (63)

Dear David Allen Coe: Always keep in mind, there is no such thing as a bad boy! Loser, Waterford, Mich. (63)

Be legally ordained, perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church, worship your own way, tax free. Reverend Marshall, c/o Faith Gospel Church, 855 W. Tenth, San Bernardino, Calif. 92410. (65)

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

Wanted: Easy lady, no bullshit wanted or given. W/male biker seeks your bod and polishing arm. Must be ready to ride the road and me at a moment's notice. Send pic. Butch, P.O. Box 344, Gardena, Calif. 90247. (63)

Make speed from common organic solvents. No more hassles getting P2P. Send \$10 for sequence of reactions to Schwartz Consulting Co., P.O. Box 278, Jericho, N.Y. 11753. (67)

\$2000 worth of hash from one kilo grass! Ordinary weed to "super weed." Both recipes \$3. Martin, Box 12302, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33713. (64)

Hey, Jackie: Happy Birthday! Luv ya, P.C. (63)

Butch: Call. Come home—we love you. Jeanie. (63)

Guaranteed State Photo Identification Card: Polaroid process—authentic look. Send photo, signature, birthdate, and statistics. Free birth record. Rush \$7 each (3/\$15) to Jeno Chevron Identification Company, Box 1033-EZ88, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (64)

Butcher: You'll always be my bestest friend. Have a good one the 5th, and next year we'll do it right! Love ya, Nicky—Cheek. (63)

Skip (Shadow) Cronan (former owner of Conan): Call your bro (Animal) in California. We're in the phone book, Paramount, California. (63)

For Sale: Easyriders back issues #1-53 except 3, 11, and 14. All in newstand condition, in 5 Easyriders binders. Best offer over \$250. Reply Jim D., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (63)

Angie—hang on a little longer. It's all about us, wind, 74" and things of that nature. Love ya to death. Potts—San Quentin. (63)

Congratulations, Jim and Stephanie. Welcome to the world, Sara (born May 2, 1978). From the staff at Easyriders. (63)

Bill: Thank you for being you. Happy eighth. 6/14/78. Nicky. (63)

Guaranteed identifications: For 5 blank age IDs plus free birth record rush \$3. Triple order \$6. Plastic covers 50¢ pair. Chevron, Box 1033-EZ88, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (64)

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-26, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (64)

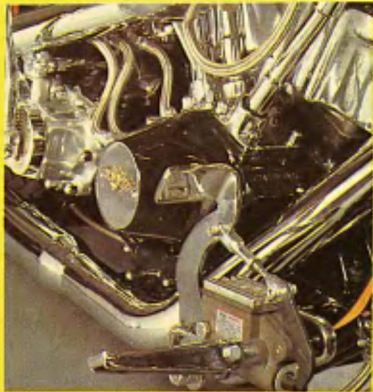
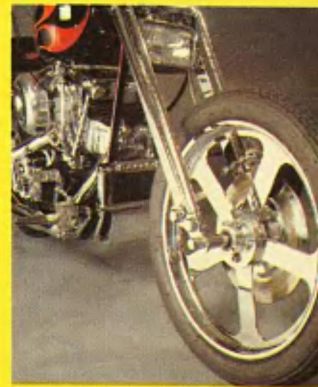
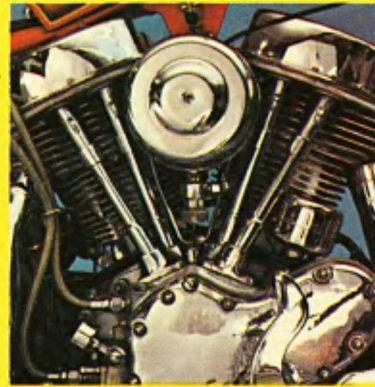
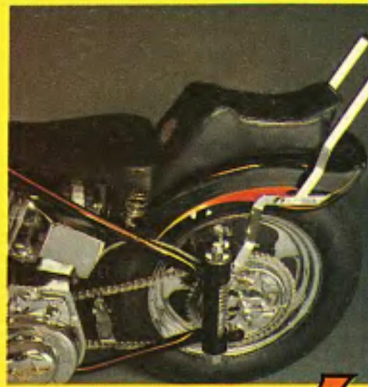
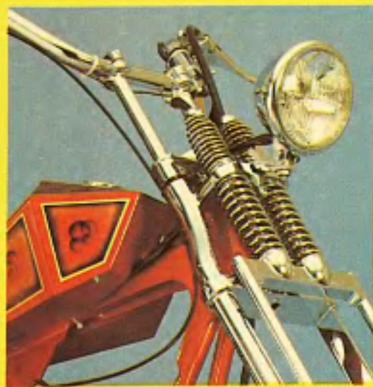
Give someone some shit! Horse-shit, Bullshit, or Chickenshit. We'll ship a 2 1/2-inch plastic paperweight containing your favorite flavor. Send \$6 check or money order to P&R Enterprises, P.O. Box 459, Hornell, N.Y. 14843. (63)

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

You're white because your ancestors were racists! KKK, Box 624, Metairie, La. 70004. (63)

Harley patches our specialty—Motorcycle patches our business. Discounts to clubs. Catalogs—send \$1 to Patchworks, P.O. Box 11506, Columbus, Ohio 43211. (63)

Daddy, thank you for a beautiful year of riding, loving, and partying. I wanna be your ol' lady forever. Happy Anniversary to us. Love, Terri. (63)

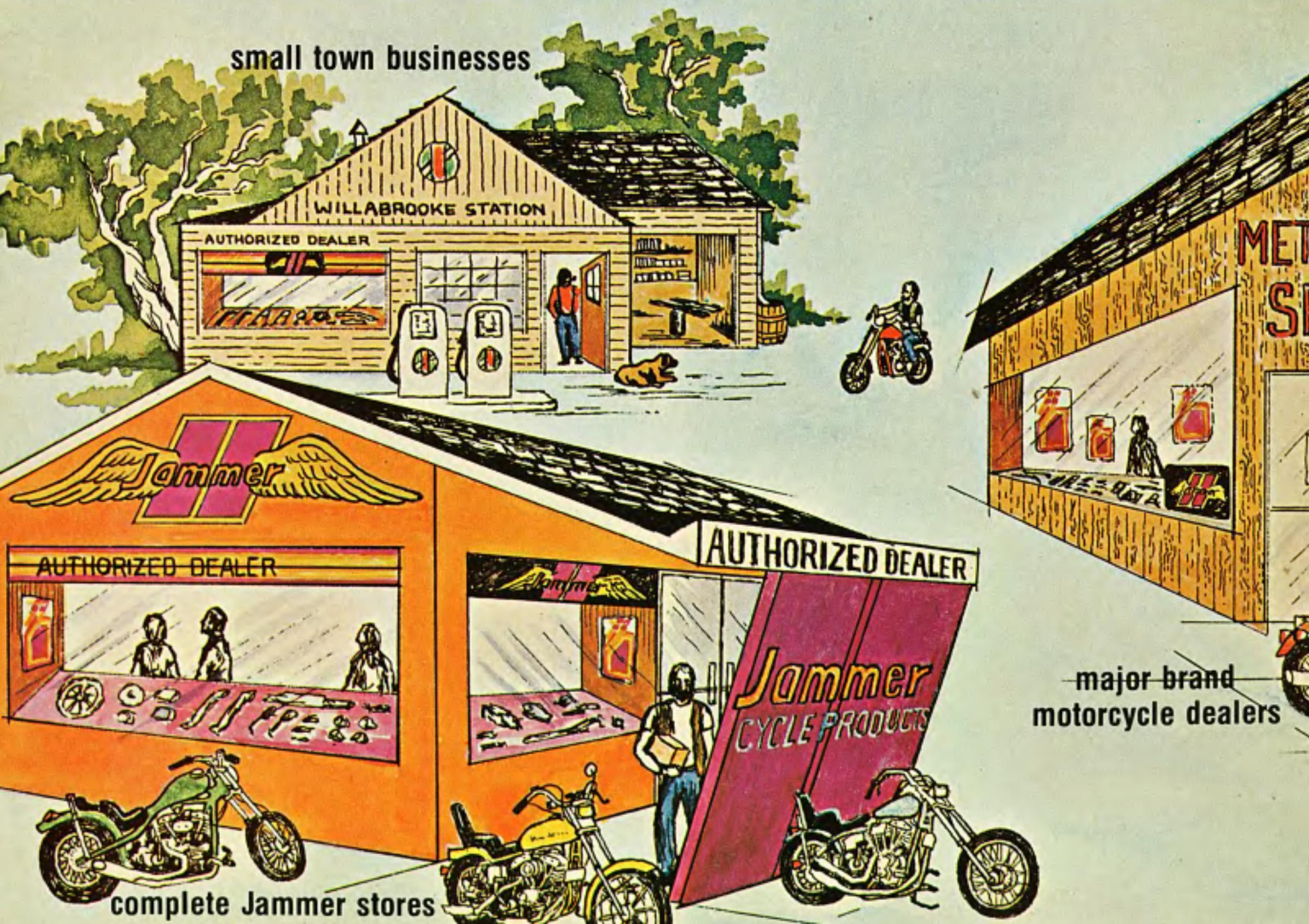


Jammer

OUR PARTS ARE EVERYWHERE!

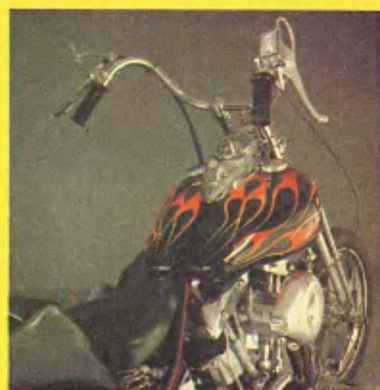
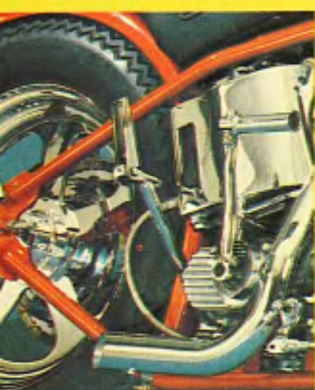
It's a fact...parts that you want, parts that you see on these pages...Jammer parts can be yours right this very minute. You see, everything Jammer can be found everywhere!

small town businesses



major brand
motorcycle dealers

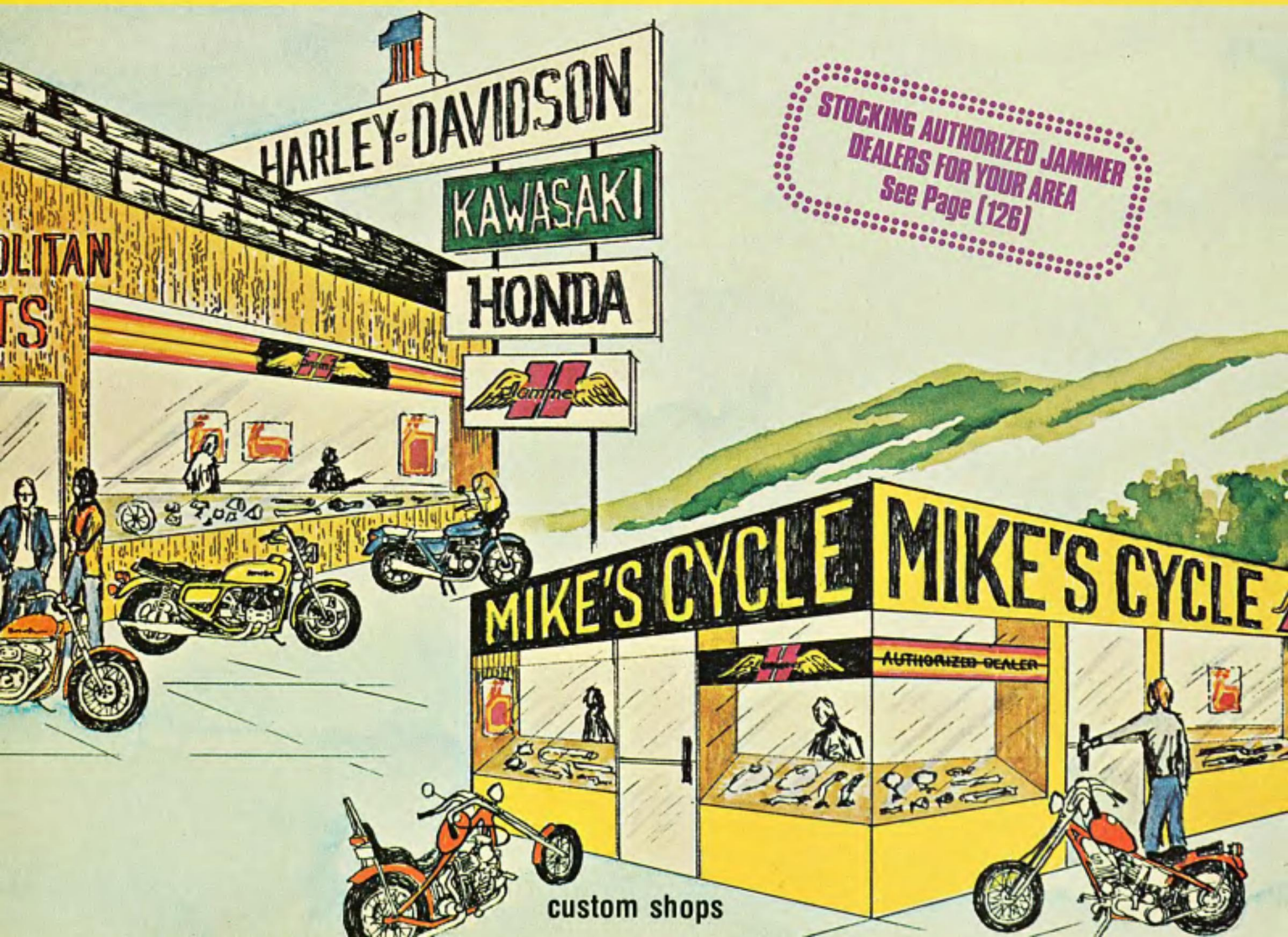
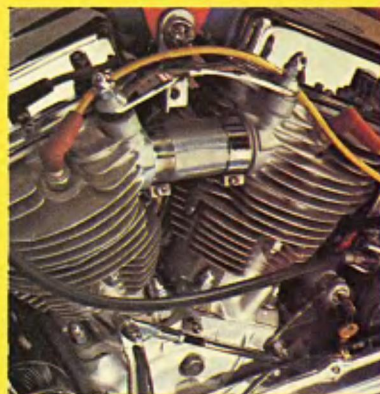
complete Jammer stores



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 126 — 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 125) — finally, everywhere.



All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start):
 74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead and Shovelhead
 61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead
 74 and 80 Flatheads

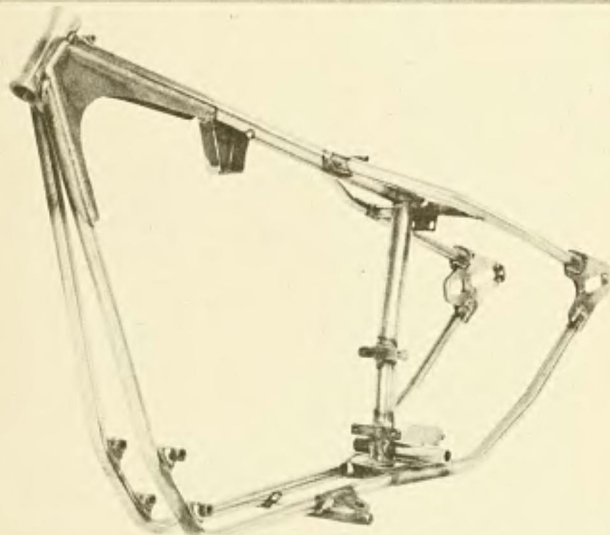
ADVERTISEMENT



➔ **2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame.** Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes. **299.95**

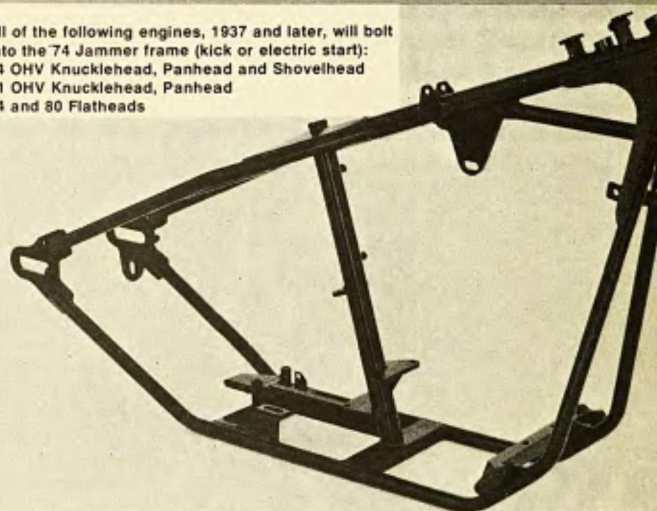
2805 Mechanical Brake Kit. Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required. **19.95**

2801 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame. Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. **324.95**



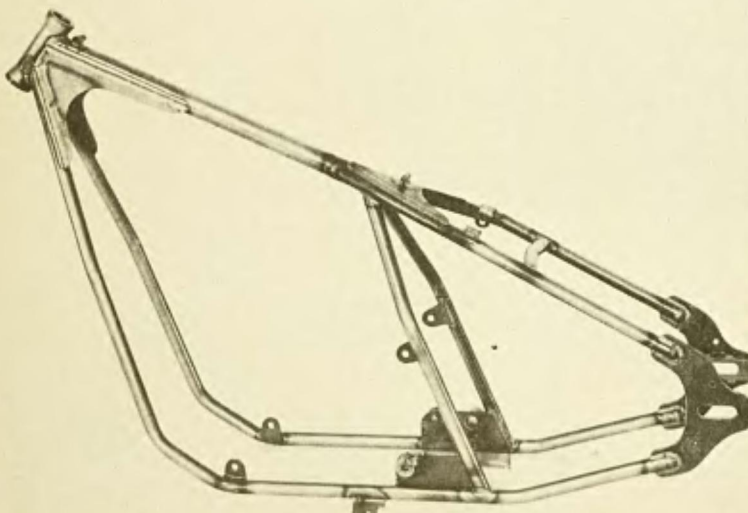
➔ **2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame.** You can bolt any year Sportster engine (kick or electric start) into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, seats, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. **279.95**

All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start):
 74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead and Shovelhead
 61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead
 74 and 80 Flatheads



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

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



➔ **2803 750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame:** Accepts any year 750 engine. Made of mild steel. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our seats, sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. Most stock parts fit with no modification. **269.95**



Jammer

Solid, Safe Construction

Made of mild steel.

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.

Heliarc welded by Certified Welders.

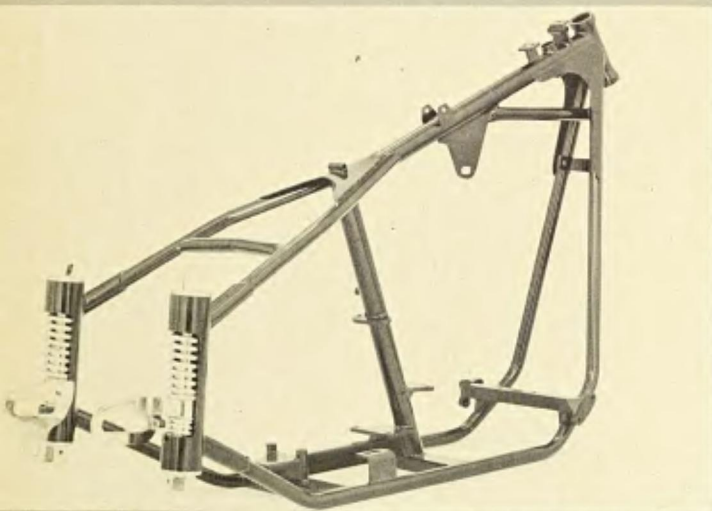
Rigid Frame Rake is 38 degrees.

**STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
 DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
 See Page (126)**

Frames



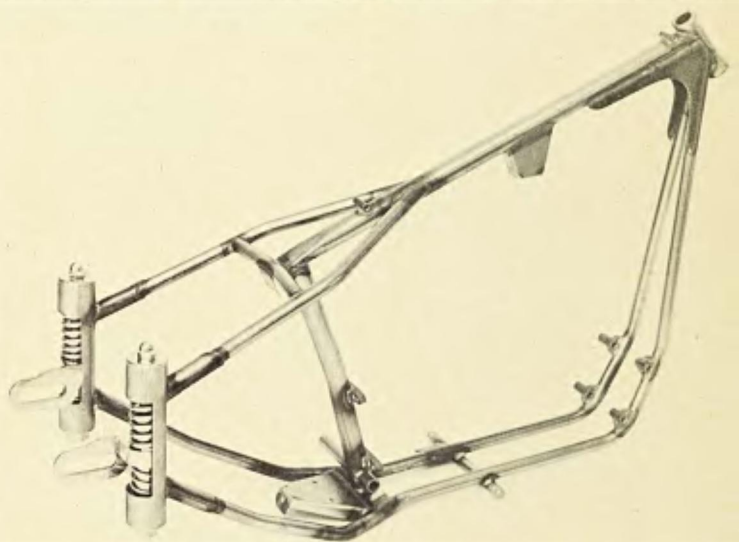
*All Frames will be Shipped with a Manufacturer's Statement of Origin. However, this statement may not be required in your state, and probably is not, unless you are building a bike from the ground up rather than converting an existing registered motorcycle to a custom bike.



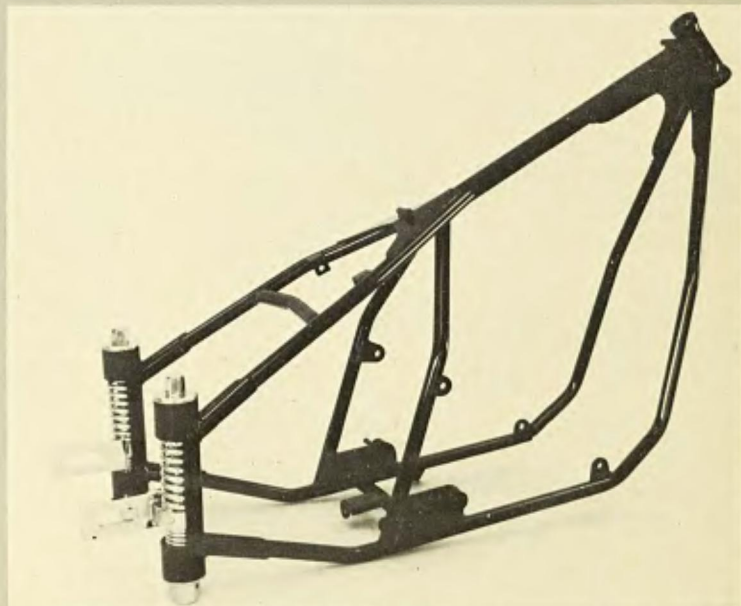
28028 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame. Same as 2807 except with suspension. Hydraulic brake only. **389.95**



28027 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2804 except with suspension) **359.95**



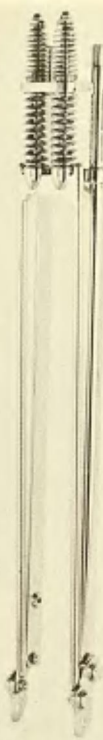
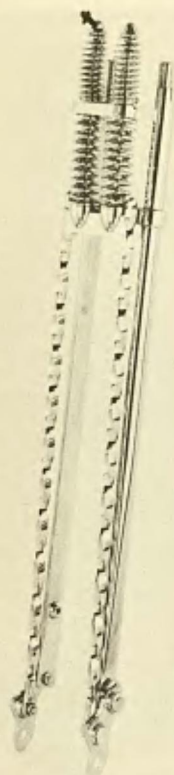
28025 Sportster Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2802 except with suspension) **339.95**



28026 750 Honda Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2803 except with suspension) **329.95**

Jammer Springers

Narrow Springer



Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
60030	3-inch	Twist
60031	6-inch	Twist
6001	9-inch	Twist
6002	12-inch	Twist
6003	15-inch	Twist
6004	18-inch	Twist

299.95

Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
60032	3-inch	Round
60034	6-inch	Round
6005	9-inch	Round
6006	12-inch	Round
6007	15-inch	Round
6008	18-inch	Round

299.95

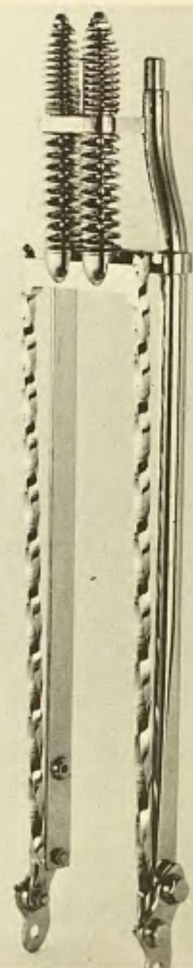
Wide RiderTM Springer

Part No	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
60046	3-inch	Twist
60047	6-inch	Twist
60050	9-inch	Twist
60051	12-inch	Twist
60052	15-inch	Twist
60053	18-inch	Twist
60048	3-inch	Round
60049	6-inch	Round
60054	9-inch	Round
60055	12-inch	Round
60056	15-inch	Round
60057	18-inch	Round

299.95

The Narrow Springer.

Entire fork is polished before assembly. All welding is done by the heliarc method. All come with provision for brake anchor. For HD 74, Sportster, 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; 750 Honda, 450 Honda, 500 Honda and BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal 7/8-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimming and spacing, for the 7/8-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. A rugged, safe fork for the guy who wants only the very best. **Custom chromed.** Order by part number and state year and type of bike.



Don't forget — when ordering a Springer, you will need a triple clamp, crown nut, and top nut.

CAUTION: No alterations should be made to fork (such as reversing rockers etc.) that will affect the geometry and the handling of the fork.

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

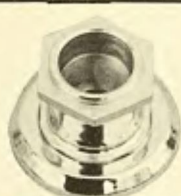
Springer Parts

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER
DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page 126



Top Nuts. For our springer on the following bikes:

- 6101 HD 74s. 5.95
- 6102 Sportsters. 5.95
- 6103 45s. 5.95
- 6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 5.95
- 6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 5.95
- 6106 Honda 750. 5.95
- 6107 Honda 450. 5.95
- 6108 Honda 500. 5.95
- 6109 Universal neck. 5.95



Crown Nuts. For our springer:

- 61012 HD 74s. 7.95 each
- 61013 Sportsters. 9.95 each
- 61014 45s. 9.95 each
- 61015 BSA, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
- 61016 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. 7.95 each
- 61017 Honda 750. 7.95 each
- 61018 Honda 450. 7.95 each
- 61019 Honda 500. 7.95 each
- 61020 Universal neck. 9.95 each



61022 74 Fork Cups. This cup is also called a glide cup. It can be used for replacement of stock part. Can also be used on the Jammer frame when mounting springer. 10.95 each



61021 74 Neck Bearing. Can be used as a replacement for stock part on 1948 and later 74 HDs. Our 74 springer is designed for use with this bearing. The same bearing is used on both top and bottom. 6.95 per bearing (Not chromed).

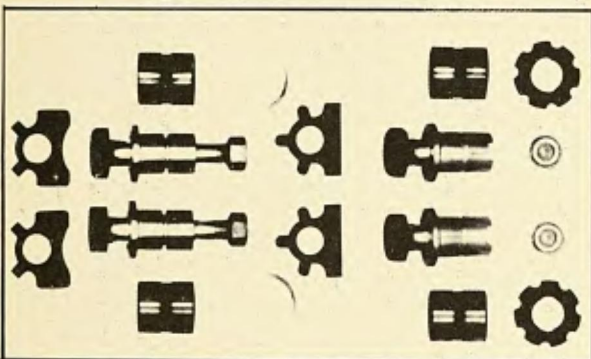


61010 Triple Clamp with Ears. Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. 29.95 each



61011 Triple Clamp without Ears. For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2x20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. 29.95 each

Early Model Spare Parts



60070 Complete Rocker Rebuilding Kit. Contains all components needed to completely rebuild the rockers on 1930 to 1948 '74 springers. Materials, heat treating, and plating are the finest. 75.00

60073 Rear Rocker Stud Assembly. Contains one hardened and ground bushing, one hardened and ground rocker stud with spool spacer and 3/8-24 nut for fender mount, one 1/2-20 hardened mounting nut and one lock tab. 20.00

60074 Rocker Stud Lock Kit. Contains the six lock tabs necessary to prevent loosening of critical fasteners on Harley rocker assemblies. 4.50

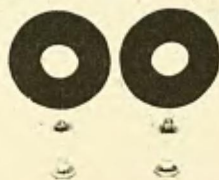
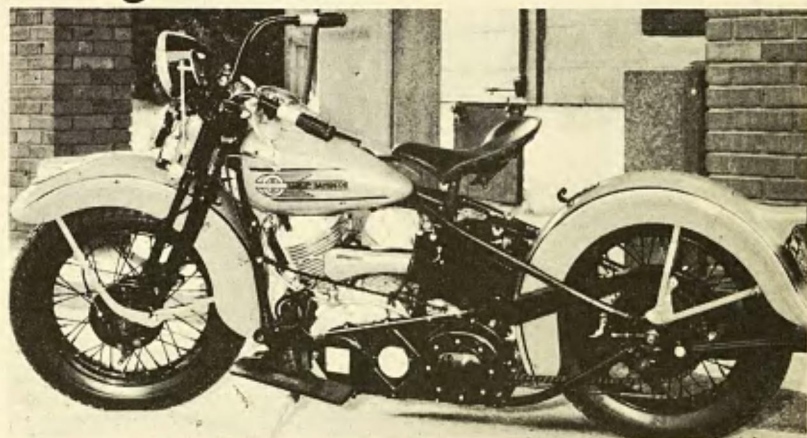
60071 Front Rocker Stud Assembly. Contains one hardened and ground bushing, one hardened and ground rocker stud with end plug, one 1/2-20 hardened nut and two lock tabs. 20.00

60072 Rocker Stud Bushing Kit. Contains four hardened and ground rocker stud bushings, exact duplicates. 18.50



Handle Bar End Nuts for Harleys.

- 41025 1 3/16-24 All models 1931-1935. 4.00
- 41026 7/8-24 All models 1936-1948. 4.00



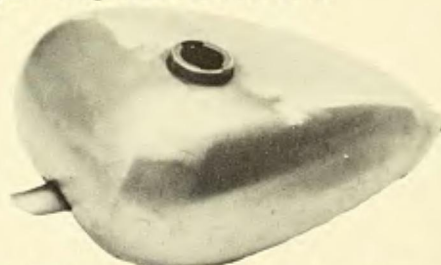
98026 Battery Terminal Kit. Fasteners and felt washers for all Harleys 1926-65. 3.50

Gas Tanks, Risers, Pegs & Levers

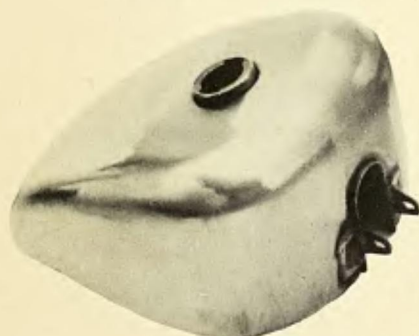


For superior strength, the King Sportsters are made from heavy 16 gauge steel. Heavier than any imported and most American made custom gas tanks on the market. They also feature welded construction, double reinforced seams, and extra strong mounting flanges. Polyethylene vibration dampers are also included.

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. 3.1 gallon high tunnel. Extra wide Sportster styled gas tank. 2 inches wider than stock. Equipped with stock Sportster style mounts. **49.95**

36035 King Sportster. 3.5 gallon low tunnel. 2 inches wider than stock. Has tab mounts for universal applications. **49.95**

NEW!



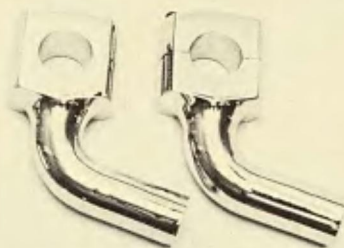
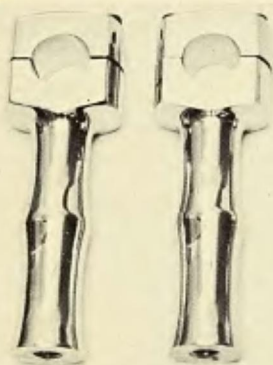
36036 HD Wing Gas Cap.

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 (126)



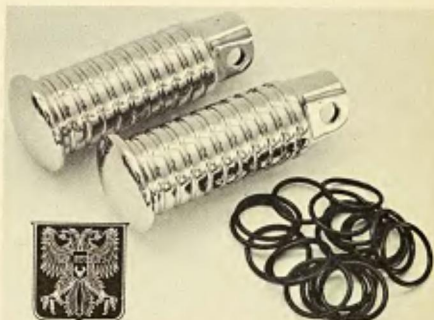
Custom Risers (Glide Type). For 1-inch bar. Billet steel. Four socket-head, heat-treated bolts included. Drilled and tapped at bottom for $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 bolts. Works on any bolt-through application. Also works well on our springer. **Custom chromed. 44025 Stud required**

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. **1.50** 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**



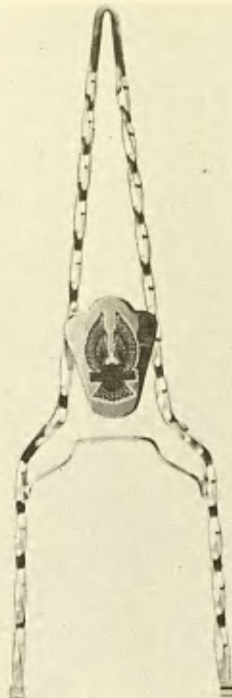
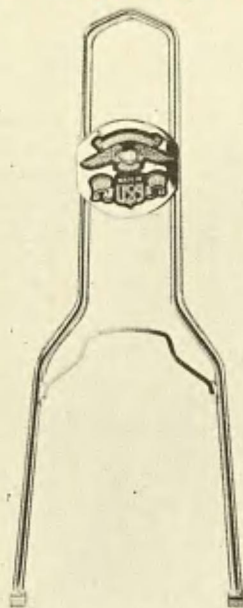
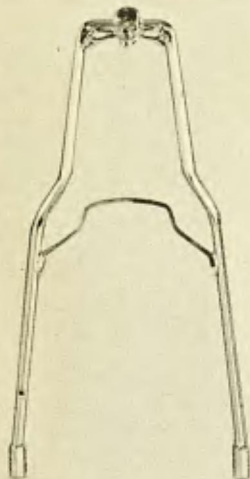
54010 Chrome Lever. Harley Hydraulics 1972 to 1978. **7.20**

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 125)

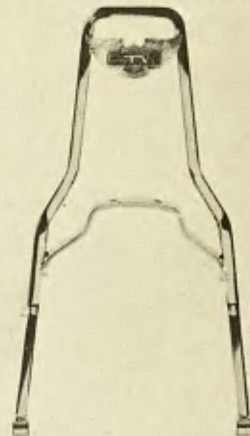


Rigid Frame Sissy Bars

All rigid sissy bars now come with rings for mounting our emblems and tombstone and oval plates.



NEW!
Velvet Ride Sissy Bar



83013 21" Hex 47.95
83014 21" Square 47.95

8309 28" Twist 49.95
83010 28" Round 49.95
83011 28" Hex 49.95
83012 28" Square 49.95

8301 36" Twist 49.95
8302 36" Round 49.95
8303 36" Hex 49.95
8304 36" Square 49.95

83026 Velvet Ride Bar. $9\frac{1}{16}$ " square. 49.95

Jammer CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

For fast service order from:

Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 South Main Street Burbank, California 91506

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Date _____

Name _____ Address _____
(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
(Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Year _____

Make _____

Model _____

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
Sub Total			

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

***Shipping Time:** Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post
☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

Orders: shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Plus tax (California residents add 6%)

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. deposit

Balance Due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A number*

Signed _____

Expr. Date _____

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 7/25/78 ☐ CV SEPT ☐ #63 ☐ AJ



Stocking Authorized Jammer Dealers

ALASKA

HOUSE OF HARLEY (907) 272-0423
1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage, AK

ARIZONA

PHOENIX CYCLE ACCESSORIES (602) 943-4262
1826 W. Peoria, Phoenix, AZ

CALIFORNIA

B & J M/C PARTS (209) 734-0398
1010 N. Court St., Visalia, CA

BILL'S CUSTOM QUALITY CHOPPERS (408) 372-1416
250 Dela Vina, Monterey, CA

CYCLE SPECIALTIES (219) 524-2955
301 Maze Blvd., Modesto, CA

E.L.'S PACK (213) 568-3788
7924 Seville Ave., Huntington Pk., CA

M & M CUSTOM M/C PARTS (714) 658-8955
25798 Columbia St., Hemet, CA

QUALITY CUSTOM (213) 962-1612
15017 E. Ramona, Baldwin Park, CA

STUART'S CHOPPER CENTER (916) 365-6383
4976 B. Parallel Rd., Anderson, CA

COLORADO

COLORADO CYCLE ENGINEERING (303) 473-1074
601 W. Cucharas, Colorado Springs, CO

CONGER'S HD (303) 542-6032
1905 E. 4th St., Pueblo, CO

D & C ENTERPRISES (303) 245-0812
235 Pitkin, Grand Junction, CO

SAKS 5TH CHOPPERS (303) 761-7285
3880 S. Jason, Englewood, CO

2 WHEELER'S M/C SHOP, INC. (303) 433-0564
3232 San Pablo Rd., Denver, CO

CONNECTICUT

NEW LONDON CUSTOM M/C SALES (203) 445-9745
1416 Gold Star Hwy., Groton, CT

RETEP ENTERPRISES (203) 376-0255
RFD #1 Box #214, Voluntown, CT

FLORIDA

CUSTOM BIKE SUPPLY (305) 632-9191
2155 Lake Dr., Cocoa, FL

HOG HEAVEN CYCLE ACCESSORIES (305) 261-5002
7234 SW. 40th St., Miami, FL

MICHAEL'S CYCLE SERVICE (904) 249-3574
3232 San Pablo Rd., Jacksonville Bch., FL

IDAHO

HANNA CYCLE SUPPLY (208) 233-5002
169 Warren Ave., Pocatello, ID

ILLINOIS

CYCLE MANIA, INC. (312) 837-5657
7469 Jenson Blvd., Hanover Park, IL

KEWANE HD (309) 854-6661
623 N. Main St., Kewanee, IL

PRECISION MACHINE & ENGINEERING (312) 479-0997
189th & Wolf Rd., Mokena, IL

INDIANA

CHOPPERS UNLIMITED (812) 448-1058
15 N. Vandalia, Brazil, IN

CYCLE EVOLUTION (317) 888-4346
Wilgus Shopping Center, Greenwood, IN

JME CHOPPER SPECIALTIES (219) 845-2369
2832 16th St., Hammond, IN

RIGGIN & CASH CYCLE PARTS (317) 492-3750
N. Division St., Cayuga, IN

IOWA

CYCLESPOUT COMPANY (319) 322-7415
319 N. Pine St., Des Moines, IA

LAKELAND SPORTS (712) 332-5630
Box #458, Oketoji, IA

KANSAS

CUSTOM CYCLE PARTS (316) 342-2934
9 E. 4th Ave., Emporia, KS

KENTUCKY

PARKER HD, INC. (606) 478-9331
P.O. Box 220, Betsy Lane, KY

LOUISIANA

LOUISIANA JAMMER CYCLE PARTS (504) 279-0883
3517 Paris Rd., Chalmette, LA

MARYLAND

ROUTTS CYCLE CENTER (301) 779-3330
4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville, MD

TRI-STATE HD, INC. (301) 658-6500
Rt. #273 East, Rising Sun, MD

MICHIGAN

FINCH CUSTOM STYLED CYCLES (313) 391-0200
4400 Joslyn Rd., Pontiac, MI

ROCKY'S CYCLE SUPPLY (313) 742-5420
4014 S. Saginaw St., Burton (Flint), MI

THE CHOPPING MAIL (906) 827-3405
2527 U.S. #45 South, Bruce Crossing, MI

MINNESOTA

BOWLAND'S HD REPAIR (612) 763-7513
315 Nokomis, Alexandria, MN

G & G SALES (507) 373-3433
1212 Frank Hall, Albert Lea, MN

LITTLE CANADA CHOPPERS (612) 484-7052
120 W. Country Rd. C, St. Paul, MN

MISSISSIPPI

BYKE BARN (601) 868-3501
406 Pass Rd., Gulfport, MS

MONTANA

HARLEY CHARLEY CHOP SHOP (406) 728-4979
3015 Railroad #7, Missoula, MT

NEBRASKA

CUSTOM WEST (402) 333-8686
14933 Industrial Rd., Omaha, NE

HD SALES (402) 564-8733
1053 27th Ave., Columbus, NE

NEVADA

CUSTOM CYCLE ACCESSORIES (702) 732-0442
2960 Westwood Dr. #21, Las Vegas, NV

NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE SPOKE & SPROCKET SHOP (603) 332-8800
65 Old Milton Rd., Rochester, NH

NEW JERSEY

B & D MOTORCYCLES (201) 388-0414
Rt. U.S. #1, Rahway, NJ

CYCLE SHACK (609) 882-9665
602 Bear Tavern Rd., W. Trenton, NJ

MIDDLESEX CYCLE (201) 238-2250
54 Matawan Rd., Old Bridge, NJ

THE BIKE SHOP (201) 356-1383
81 Main St., S. Bound Brook, NJ

NEW MEXICO

SCOTT'S HD (505) 393-7936
311 S. Daimont St., Hobbs, NM

SNELL HD (505) 327-3733
111 E. Pinton, Farmington, NM

NEW YORK

AL'S CYCLE PARTS (315) 336-8900
111 E. Dominick St., Rome, NY

BRUNSWICK HD SALES (518) 279-1145
RD 1 Box 34 Rt. 7, Troy, NY 12180

JOHNCOX SALES & SERVICE (315) 536-3585
RFD #1, Longpoint Rd., Penn Yan, NY

PHYSO CHOP SHOP (518) 584-6619
Rt. 50 South, Saratoga Springs, NY

R.K.O. CUSTOMS (315) 773-4419
7290 Boot Jack Hill, Felts Mills, NY

SULLIVAN COUNTY HD (914) 482-4575
RT 52, Jeffersonville, NY

NORTH DAKOTA

BENNIE'S CYCLE SERVICE (701) 852-0874
3701 S. Broadway, Minot, ND

KUSTOM KOLORS & CYCLE SUPPLY (701) 746-7546
1321st First Ave. N., Grand Forks, ND

MIDWAY HD, INC. (701) 663-2220
3206 Memorial Hwy., Mandan, ND

OHIO

BROOKVILLE M/C SALES & SERVICE (513) 833-2189
4291 Hay Ave., Brookville, OH

HD OF YOUNGSTOWN, INC. (216) 792-2002
1707 Mahoning Ave., Youngstown, OH

ROEDER HD, INC. (419) 465-2631
US RT 20 W., Monroeville, OH

SPEED ENTERPRISES (216) 825-8157
929 Wooster, Barberton, OH

OREGON

METOLUS CUSTOM CYCLE (503) 546-6791
301 Jefferson St., Metolus, OR

SUNSHINE CYCLE (503) 779-3818
2809 Jacksonville Hwy., Medford, OR

PENNSYLVANIA

CHOPPER SHAK, INC. (412) 881-0433
2842 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh, PA

KOSMIC KOLORS (215) 253-5333
Fiblar St., Easton, PA

PERFORMANCE CHOPPERS (215) 372-0254
528 Lancaster Ave., Reading, PA

RON'S SPEED & CUSTOM CYCLES (412) 445-2591
423 Main St., Chicago, PA

TENNESSEE

JAMMER OF MEMPHIS (901) 722-8524
60 N. Cleveland Ave., Memphis, TN

TEXAS

BIKER'S CUSTOM (915) 772-4827
7278 Alameda Ave., El Paso, TX

NORTHWOOD CUSTOM CYCLES (512) 661-8511
8539 N.E. Loop #410, San Antonio, TX

VICTORIA HD (512) 575-7861
1410 N. Main St., Victoria, TX

UTAH

QUALITY M/C PARTS (801) 467-4834
3231 S. State St., Salt Lake City, UT

VIRGINIA

LYNCHBURG HD/BANDITS (804) 845-5921
3235 Old Fellows Rd., Lynchburg, VA

S & S CHOPPER SHOP (804) 799-6270
1800 Franklin Tpk., Danville, VA

SUFFOLK HD (804) 934-1476
911 N. Main St., Suffolk, VA

WASHINGTON

G.T. CUSTOM MOTORCYCLES (509) 582-5252
2111 W. Kennewick Ave., Kennewick, WA

HD OF OLYMPIA (206) 357-5703
3100 So. Bay Rd., Olympia, WA

HD OF WASHINGTON (206) 746-7070
14210 NE 20th St., Bellevue, WA

SKAGIT HD (206) 293-2217
1253 A. Christiansen Rd., Anacortes, WA

STEPS CHOP SHOP (206) 373-9544
2102 E. 11th St., Bremerton, WA

WEST VIRGINIA

ASHWORTH, INC. (304) 253-1110
100 Connet St., Beckley, WV

MIKE'S CYCLE (304) 475-2342
Rt. 3 Box 467 A, Delmar, WV

WISCONSIN

HD OF APPLETON, INC. (414) 733-2258
2144 W. Wisconsin Ave., Appleton, WI

LEGEND MOTORS, LTD. (414) 923-0001
5905 Lake Shore Dr., Fond du Lac, WI

P.J.S. CYCLE EMPIRE, INC. (414) 482-2453
2459 S. Kinross Ave., Milwaukee, WI

P.J.S. CYCLE EMPIRE, INC. (608) 221-2297
5916 Monona Dr., Madison, WI

CANADA

A.L. CHOPPERS (416) 545-5139
1119 Main St., E. Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

CUSTOM CYCLE OF BRANDON (204) 727-584
24 6th St., Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

RYDERS CHOPPER (604) 942-0114
2773 Shaughnessy St., P. Coquitlam, BC, C.

For
franchise
information
call 1-800
-423-2633

Choppershopper

—Continued from page 117

Big John: Just letting you know that I love you forever! I'll just keep on praying we make it through these tough times. From Pat, or maybe I'll say "Gertrude." (63)

Giant black & white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, bike, favorite nude — any photograph you want enlarged. You name it — we blow up anything. All you have to do is send us your snapshot, Polaroid, color print, whatever, along with \$7 to Big C, 7130 Owensmouth, Box 66A, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (70)

Balance your own engine—Sports-ter or 74. Complete instructions, all details explained. Send \$2 for booklet to T&K Enterprises, 529 Grand Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45205. (65)

Happy 22nd birthday, Dale Burnett (8-19-78). Love ya always, Debbie. (63)

The Lazy Nickels. We are into the ceremonial aspects of marijuana and magic. For information, send \$2 to BGDP, P.O. Box 39436, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039. (74)

Junk: I miss you. Your ol' lady forever. Love, Marie. (64)

A black T-shirt for true bikers only. "Born on a mountain, raised in a cave, biking and fuckin' is all I crave." Send \$7 to Big C, 7130 Owensmouth, Box 66A, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. Send size wanted—s/m/l/xl. (70)

Happy Birthday, Jim Powell. From your ex-ol' lady, Lynn. Miss you much. (63)

Hot-blooded chick would like to meet and write other cute chicks between 21 and 30 who dig bikes. Long Island area: appreciate photos. Angel, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (63)

Solid bronze belt buckles for bikers! Big, heavy! Many designs in stock, including Swastika, Skull/Crossbones, 1%er, Knuckle buckle. Harley and many others! Pendants and personalized buckles our specialty. Send stamp for illustrated price list to A. C. Foundry Co., 13669 Apple Drive, Fruitport, Michigan 49415. (63)

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 Stiltner, Box 67, Grundy, Va. 24614. State your size and your favorite color for immediate delivery. (63)

Chopper rider, 35, seeks mature, unattached, affectionate, cute fox. Tired of plastic chicks. Ages between 21-35. One-man woman only! Send photo, phone number, etc. Have lots of love for the right lady! Am located in central New York. Will reply immediately! Write to C.R., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (63)

Bill: Waiting for you and loving you more each day. All my love. Your Chestnut Mare. (63)

Downed biker with one year left needs a chick to parole to. Write Steve "Crud" Blais B-77867, P.O. Box A-E #5364, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (63)

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)

Easyriders, complete issues #1-60. Excellent condition. Highest bid before Sept. 30, 1978. Kobalka, General Delivery, Fields, La. 70641. (63)

Nick, from Palm Springs: I met you on that M.M.A. Fresno run. Would like to get to know you better. If any of his friends see this, please let him know. Yolanda. (916) 966-6261. (63)

Jim Howard, "Banditos," Houston, Texas. Head wants you to write. Address is A. Akers #95456, Va. State Penitentiary, P.O. Box 27264, Richmond, Va. 23261. (63)

Mark: You're something more special than any amount of looking's gonna find. Happy birthday, poppa. I love ya! Yer ol' lady Liz. (63)

Karin in Boston: Tried to join army, train in Mass. Maybe get it working again? Flunked clearance—got locked up too! Heading for Tucson wench. Sorry—had enuff pain for one life. Goat. (63)

Biker / Doper / White Power / T-shirts, \$3.75 plus postage. Decals, KKK cards, women's clothes. Write for catalog. H.D. Biker, 4112 Modoc Ct., Concord, Calif. 94521. (63)

Miss Daytona run this year, or did you just forget the camera? Black and white and color assortment of scoots at Daytona '78. Send 6 bucks (cash or m.o.) to Daytona '78, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (63)

Two down bros doing hard time would like to hear from some decent chicks. Send pictures if possible: will answer all letters. Write to Robert Dopkowski #137200 and Frank Massengill #139831, Route #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740. (63)

Daytona week Easyriders T-shirt iron-ons. Whether you were there or not, now is your chance to have this great iron-on. Send \$1 to David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

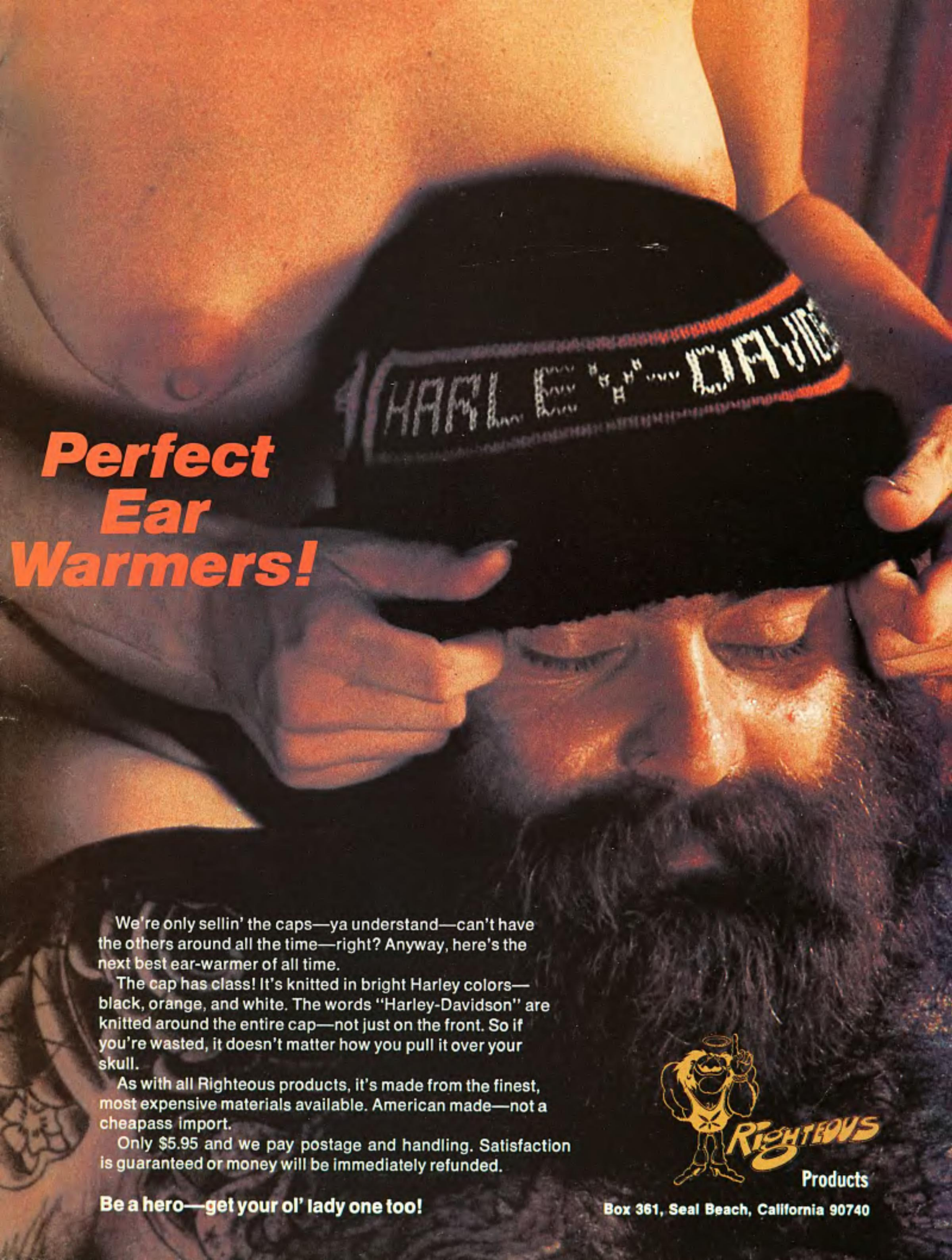
Make \$100 a day! Receive 100 letters daily, each containing \$1. Plans with directions, money-making formulas. Send \$1 to Heinzman, 3130 Avon Road N.E., Carrollton, Ohio 44615. (63)

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-27, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (63)

Poem? I'm in the joint, earning for a scoot. There's one you want? Just send your loot. One dollar down and postage paid, on any subject to paper laid. The Poet. Send to Michael J. Myer, P.O. Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305. (63)

Join MMA: Become a Gold Card 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)

Frogg Eye, Pearls—Brindisi—Abalone. Our own beautiful formulas. Lockwood (R.M. Jobber), 3401 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo. 64109. (816) 753-8055. Closed 2 p.m. (63)

A close-up photograph of a man with a full, dark beard and visible tattoos on his arms. He is wearing a black beanie with orange and white stripes around the middle. The words "HARLEY-DAVIDSON" are knitted in white on the orange stripe. He is using both hands to pull the beanie over his head. The background is dark and out of focus.

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.

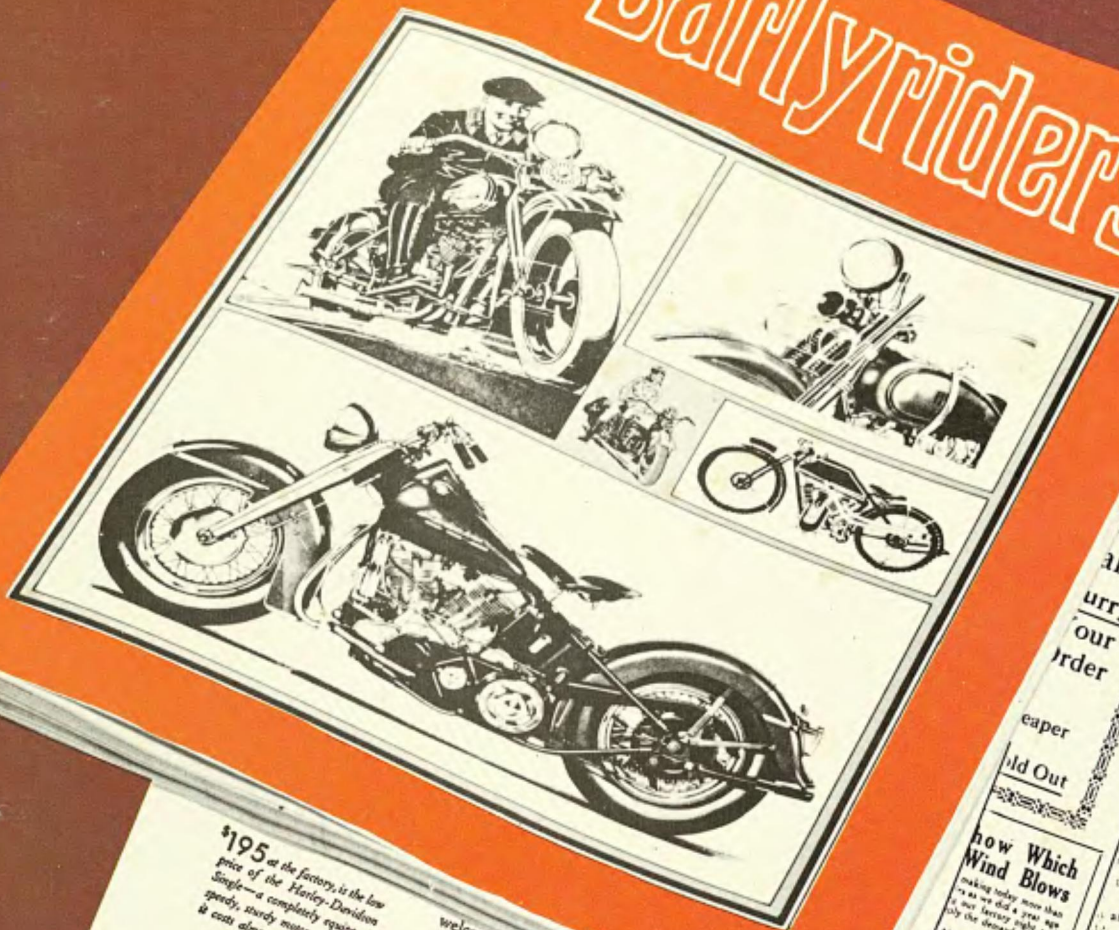
Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Earlyriders



\$195 at the factory, is the low price of the Harley-Davidson Single—a completely equipped, speedy, sturdy motorcycle. And it costs almost nothing to run!

Ride a
HARLEY-DAVIDSON

welcome you to the Sport of a Thousand Thrills. Join them for merry evening rides—week-end jaunts to new playgrounds—wonderful vacation tours! Motorcycling is goodfellowship, sports and transportation combined—and it costs so little! Look over the 1932 Harley-Davidsons at your Dealer's. Ask about his Pay-As-You-Ride Plan. Today!

Mail This Coupon

Harley-Davidson Motor Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Interested in your motorcycles. Send literature.

Name _____
Address _____
My age is () 16-19 years, () 20-29 years, () 30-39 years, () 40-49 years, () 50-59 years, () 60-69 years, () 70-79 years, () 80-89 years, () 90-99 years. Check your age group.

How Which Wind Blows

making today more than we did a year ago. Our factory ships and only the demand is proof.

Motorcycles Give Satisfaction



Manufacturing Co.
Excelsior Bicycles
COUNTY NEW YORK
Bill & Co.
San Francisco

Wm. H. Whitwell
Excelsior
Bicycles
San Francisco
from \$130 to \$200

Indian Motorcycle

through the country. Come rested and refreshed to buy on the partial payment

and extremely economical to operate. 60 to 70 miles to the gallon.

New Low Prices Partial Payment Plan

Ask any INDIAN dealer for a demonstration. Write for free literature.

Address Dept. 37

Hendee Manufacturing Co.
Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer in the World
Springfield, Mass.

U.S.A.

Well, bros, Spider finally got off his ass and put together a 224-page, 8½ x 11 book (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, whatever, can reproduce well) of motorcycle memorabilia. He's collected for the first time all the old-time advertisements ("1939 Harley \$215.00 fully equipped"), the old photos, the old fashions—the boots, caps, clubs, the post cards, the hill climbs—you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called **Earlyriders**. Here's a book any motorcycle bum, scooter tramp, or straight citizen would give his left nut for. It's yours for only \$8.95. We pay the postage.

If you dig iron horses, here's a book that'll bring back memories—a book that you'll read and read and read. It's got heart. You'll dig it—all 224 pages.

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

Be sure to include your zip code.