

Easyriders

*How to
Drink from
a Bota Bag*

*Righteous Choppers
from Missouri,
Iowa, and Arizona*

*Let's Organize
Against Arbitrary
Bike Laws*





October, 1971
Volume 1 Number 3

Easyriders

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EASYRIDERS magazine, Volume 1, Number 3, Published bi-monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 848-4451. Copyright © 1971 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Subscriptions: 1 year \$4.50 in the United States, its possessions, and Canada. \$5.50 a year elsewhere. Single copy price 75 cents. Only one year subscriptions are sold.

Advertising: J. Walker Scott, Advertising Director, 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 848-4451.

Editorial, photographic art and cartoon contributions are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. See ads in back of this magazine for specific requirements. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for unsolicited material or damage to same in mails. Send contributions to Easyriders, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Editor: Lou Kimzey

Managing Editor: Joe Teresi

Editor-At-Large: Mil Blair

Photo Editor: Pete Chiodo

Wordhead: Frank Harding

Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque

Art Director: Art Honcho

Cartoon Editor: Harold Robinson

Mentor: Miraculous Mutha

Office Manager: Linda Horn

Arbitrator: Armond Bletcher

Wine Taster: Dudley P. Everett

Bookkeeper: Smiley

Reader Service: Monica Stewart

Executive Janitor: Spider

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Cover Photo. by Pete Chiodo.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Stop me if you've heard this one: A ship wrecked near a deserted island; only two men and one woman made it ashore. Two weeks later the woman was so ashamed of what she was doing she killed herself. Two weeks later the men were so ashamed of what they were doing they buried her. Two weeks later the men were so ashamed of what they were doing they dug her up again.*

Understanding your ol' lady department: Research has shown that the wooden tongue depressor the doc puts in your mouth when he checks your throat or tonsils tastes sweet if he places it on the tip of your tongue. And although it is actually tasteless, you think it tastes bitter if he touches the back of your tongue.

"We must move to make social use of marijuana legal." This earthshaking fact wasn't expressed by your friendly downtown dealer, but rather by Dr. Lester Grinspoon, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. In his new book, Marijuana Reconsidered, he states that a detailed review of medical evidence indicates: "The harm from use of marijuana is of a far lower order of magnitude than the harm caused by abuse of narcotics, alcohol, and other drugs. Marijuana itself is not crime-causing; it does not lead to sexual debauchery; it is not addicting; there is no evidence that it leads to the use of narcotics.

"It does not, under ordinary circumstances, lead to psychoses, and there is

no convincing evidence that it causes personality deterioration. Marijuana use, even over a considerable period of time, does not lead to malnutrition or to any known organic illness. There is no evidence that mortality rates are higher among users than nonusers; in fact, relative to other psychoactive drugs, it is remarkably safe."

Dr. Grinspoon says "adult American society" has tried to stop its use through harsh penalties with permissible sentences that "approximate those provided for such crimes as robbery, larceny, arson, rape and kidnaping." Far from being cowed by these laws, Grinspoon says, many young people feel honorbound to defy them. They regard anti-marijuana laws as a "stupid and hypocritical" attempt by one element of society to impose its views on the others through sheer power.

Needless to say, don't fill up the water pipe and blast away on the front lawn yet. It's still very much illegal and the penalties are of the dark ages—better you should fondle the pre-teen chick next door; at least you'll probably get off with a wrist-slap, instead of a five-ten-thirty-year sentence for the horrible crime of having a toke or two.

80% chance of a free beer: All you have to do is write the numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 on a sheet of paper. Then ask someone to circle any one of them. Repeated tests show that 80% of the people will circle number 3.

I would like to ask my fans (both of them) out there in television-land to join the National Custom Cycle Association (NCCA). The only way we can put a stop to anti-bike laws, influence the modifying of existing arbitrary laws, and promote pro-bike laws, is by all of us shouting together at one time, through a national organization created solely for that purpose. As the man said—there's strength in numbers. See page 16 for complete details. I recommend it.

You won't believe this, but statistics show that women drivers who switch lanes without signaling outnumber the men who do by five to one.

*A free subscription to Jim Ness of Fort Benton, Montana, for this gag. 🍻

There's no such thing as 100% protection! (But you can try)



"There goes the best Goddamned anti-theft chain I ever had."

Protect your most valuable possession (your bike, of course) with an **Atlas Chain/Lock** belt.

Forget your fears of your bike being ripped off. Chain it to a tree, a pole, or any stationary object with this hardened $\frac{3}{8}$ " chain and revolutionary anti-crowbar, circular, hardened steel lock, and then snicker in contentment.

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No longer is it necessary to scratch or chip your bike's paint by wrapping the chain around the frame, or screwing up the looks of everything by wrapping it around the sissy bar when not in use. **You** wear it instead of your bike.

Check these features:

- ✓ One of the toughest chains you can buy. Four feet of $\frac{3}{8}$ ", snip-proof, chromed chain.
- ✓ Revolutionary, German-designed circular lock that is heavy steel welded—without rivets and seams, double bolted shackle, and has all inner parts cadmium plated with the outside chrome plated—completely rust proof.
- ✓ Chain and lock weigh $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Less expensive than other chains advertised, yet has the added benefits of the entirely new police recommended lock design, chrome plating, and dual purpose of lock and belt.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded



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Glendale, California 91201

Please send me the fantastic Atlas Chain/Lock. I have enclosed \$_____ in cash, check or money order. (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

I understand that if within 10 days I am not completely satisfied, then my money will be refunded.

Personal checks must clear before we will ship. Allow 4 weeks.

Atlas Chain/Lock	\$12.95
Additional for chrome	7.50
Postage and handling	2.50

California residents add 5% **Total cost \$22.95**

Send Atlas Chain/Lock to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Please print and be sure to include zip)

We need a name for our \$10,000.00 award to the best chopper to appear in Easyriders!

***We'll pay \$100 to the person submitting
the best name for that award.***

Easyriders' subscribers will vote on all of the bikes that have appeared in *Easyriders* each year. The chopper receiving the most votes will be awarded \$10,000 in cash, merchandise and contingency awards. Complete details will be in next issue.

Meanwhile, we need a name for the award. All of us here at the asylum, have only been able to come up with the typical dumb names like, *Sweepstakes Winner*, and *Chopper of the Year*—but they are too ordinary, too plastic, too much like every other popularity contest name.

The *Easyriders* award will mean the winning bike is the very best to have appeared in the magazine — winning over some bitchin', heavy competition — not merely over weird fiberglass creations. Because it will be judged the best—it deserves the best—even to the name of the award.

We'll pay you \$100, if you create the best name for the award. It should be

short. It should not be a cliché, or plastic sounding.

Here's How To Enter:

1. You may enter as many times as you wish.
2. All entries *must* be on postcards, or on back of a sealed envelope—thus, in a way, becoming a postcard.
3. Unless entries are on a postcard, or on back of an envelope, they *will not* be considered.
4. Deadline for entry is September 15, 1971.
5. The decisions of the judges are final. All entries become the property of *Easyriders Magazine*.
6. Be sure to include name and address.
7. In case of duplication, entry bearing earliest postmark will win.

Mail your entry to, *Easyriders Contest*

Box 2086

Seal Beach, California

90740

WORDMONGER'S WORD-HEARD

We'll Never Tell

☐ Does the name of your magazine indicate the fact that your women are well lubricated?

Lover
New York, N.Y.

Fair Warning

☐ I am a middle-aged office worker who was on a lifeless path until a year ago, when I bought a \$25 used 50cc machine out of boredom, and rebuilt it in my basement. Come spring, I took it out, and some knight of the highway on a chopper—with hair that used to make me go, "tsk, tsk"—gave me the peace sign. I've been a member ever since, and now astraddle a 200cc which I am in the process of turning in on a '39 Hog.

Oen Norten
Williamsville, N.Y.

■ Now let me get this straight. He was a long-hair on a chopper, and you were on a 50cc thing-amajig, and he gave you the peace sign? I don't want to blow your trip, Oen, but are you sure; think carefully; could it have been one finger you saw instead of two? Either way, welcome to the club.

She's Hot

☐ I've got half a notion to come to your office and wipe the floor up with you guys. Just because my boyfriend rides a Jap bike, is no reason to leave his name out of the article (Hang Loose, Hog Freaks!) you did on his bitchin' Yamaha.

Vulva Steinborn
Hollywood, Calif.

■ Hell, being Hog freaks,

we just naturally assumed he didn't want to be identified with a Yamaha. We thought we were doing him a favor. In spite of the fact that our floors need wiping up, we'll print the owner's name right now: Fred Jackson. (Sorry, Fred.)

Fonda's Scooter

☐ I wonder if you could tell me the rake of Fonda's bike in *Easy Rider*. I'd also like to know how long his extended tubes were.

Robert Qualman, Jr.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

■ Our guess would be a 1½" rake, with 18" glides.

We're Forgiven

☐ The title of your magazine hits me as a soon-to-be cliché, but you're forgiven by your good intentions of making a buck.

Sam Mazlack
Seabrook, Texas

■ In the long haul, it's the editorial content of a magazine that is important—not its name.

Parris Island Mail

☐ Never in my life have I been so displeased with a bike magazine. You are actually hurting the bike scene rather than helping it.

What are you supposed to be publishing, a bike magazine or a Playboy? When I want to read about sex, I expect the book to be about sex. When I buy a bike magazine, that's exactly what I want to see and read—bikes! Nothing more; just bikes. I don't care about how many times in a lifetime a guy can ball a chick! I don't care about Superman being turned on! I don't care about the world's ugliest

trike! If a guy doesn't have enough motivation to take a little pride in his machine, and at least clean it up a little, then he doesn't even deserve to be in a bike mag. If he wants people to show him some respect, maybe he could show some of the same!

Stick to the subject, will you? I don't own a bike yet, but I'm waiting for the day when I get out of the Marine Corps to get one.

P.F.C. Stephen Wyatt
Camp Geiger, N.C.

■ Don't get out! Re-enlist—you sound like great officer material.

Horseshit Rule

☐ I'm a non-com in the Marine Corps, and I thought you guys would be interested in knowing that a chopper, or any non-stock bike, is not allowed on a Marine base. Stockers are the only bikes allowed aboard a base, because of a nearsighted rule.

There are a lot of us who are building and jamming while away from the base, and riding the bus back and forth to the base, solely because of this arbitrary rule.

Name withheld by editor
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

■ Anyone who has been in the Services knows that horseshit gets knee-deep at times. We feel for you.

Hacked At Us

☐ Your magazine's pretty good, but two things in the Gary Strand article (June, 1971) pissed me off. First, you said Gary designed and made the hardtail section in his garage; however, any damn fool could plainly see from the photos that what he really did was use the rear frame section off an old 74.

Then the value of his bike was placed at \$1,000, while the other bikes in the magazine were listed at between \$2,400 and \$3,200. I consider this an insult to one of the finest bikes I have ever seen in a magazine.

Doug Peltzer
Pueblo, Colorado

■ The guy in charge of identifying hardtails was hung up on the new secretary's. He had been keel-hauled and sent to bed without dinner for his goof, before we realized that the hardtail section was a homebuilt, made up from various parts of a 74 rear frame section. Note, for instance, brake tabs are on opposite side of frame, than they would be on a stock 74 section. The \$1,000 figure came from Gary; it represented only his out-of-pocket investment, without any value put on the time he had invested. Nor did he consider the original purchase price of the bike.

A Letter From Home

☐ You need one more editor—a good taste editor. An editor who is not so close to your in scene that he forgets how many people there are who might like to read your magazine, subscribe to it, and not have to forbid it to be brought into the ordinary household.

A Mother
Savannah, Georgia

■ Aw, maw, I've told you already, we've hired one—only he can't read or write. And you never did tell me what an ordinary household was. Now, maw—maw, don't get pissed, I was only askin'.

Eureka!

☐ Congratulations! I've finally found a magazine that's got all its shit together.

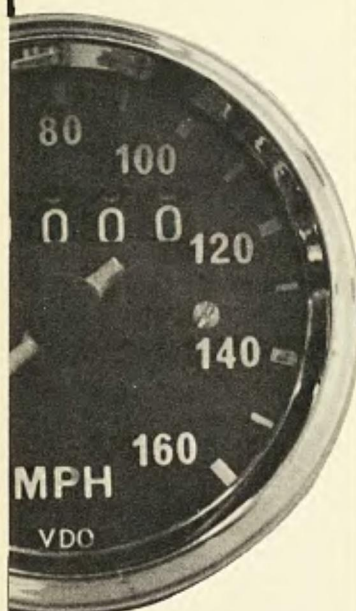
Rich West
Skamokawa, Wash.

—Continued

Have anything to say? Just write the Wordmonger, Easyriders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

**160 mph
Speedometer
Exclusively
for the
74 Chopper!**

Now for the first time you can buy a small precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.



Designed to groove with the choppers custom look, it is only 2 3/8" in diameter. Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and has an odometer. Simple to install.



Order yours today
\$29.95

Price includes, cable, light,
postage and handling costs.

**Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale,
California 91201**

California residents add 5%

■ Cool it, Rich, you're right next to my maw.

Angel The Loaner

□ I'm amazed at "Angel." He's a cool breeze from another scene. A loner is an outlaw's outlaw—he's responsible to himself, and he doesn't need to follow to radiate. He's too much.

R. J. Masalian
Sheppard AFB, Texas

□ "... do away with ding-a-ling jerkoffs on ugly trikes. He's just an asshole who thinks he knows where it's at—but doesn't.

Stephen Bauermeister
Orlando, Florida

Black and White Trip

□ Wow, your magazine gave me the greatest rush I've ever received from reading something. Now, all you need is color photos to be the best.

M. Pelli
Winter Park, Florida

■ Hmmm, rushing from reading—and in all black and white. Do you happen to have free samples of that stuff?

Chick Changes Mind

□ I always had the idea that all bike riders were greasers. I was looking through one of your magazines, however, and the guy I was talking to must have read my mind. He took the book from me and pointed out an article for me to read in defense of the righteous rider. I could not believe it. This article gave the reason for the way the guys dress and the freedom they feel while riding their bikes—and it all made sense!

There was only one thing wrong . . . it was in a magazine that only persons interested in motorcycles would read. That kind of an article should be written in the skies. The people who criticize the motorcyclist surely are not going to go out and buy a motorcycle magazine.

Keep writing those articles and I will do my best to get more people to read them.

Fern St. Vincent
Escanaba, Michigan

Daylight At Three A.M.

□ Thought you'd like to

know there are a lot of scooters up here in Alaska. Winter riding isn't too good, but the summers are great—24 hours of daylight. At three in the morning, the sun is coming up over the mountains, and nobody's on the road except scooters, and cops—and not too many cops.

Tell your readers to get here in July or August and they'll flip out.

Royce Gilbreath
Anchorage, Alaska

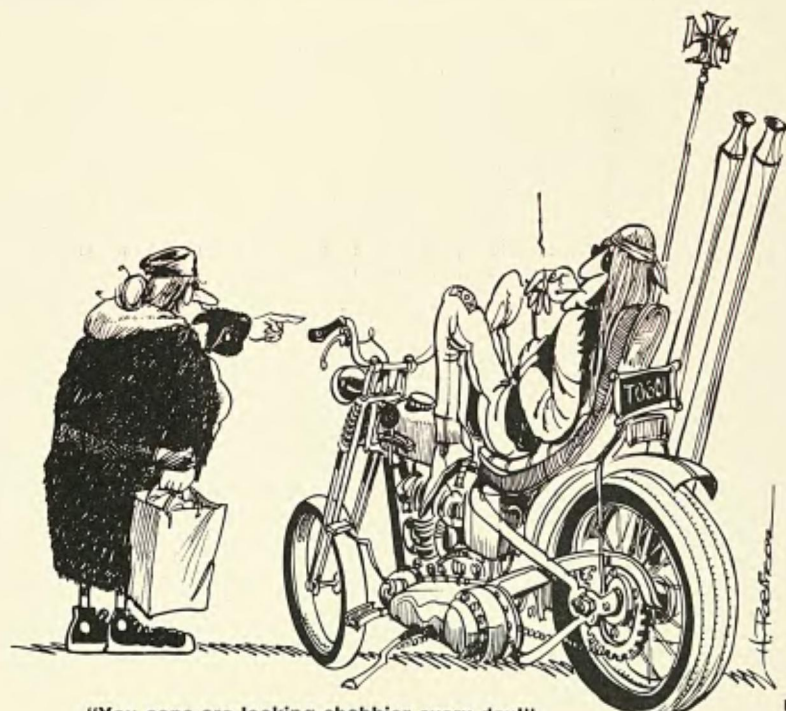
■ 24 hours of sunshine? When do you get any mugging, or ripping-off done?

How In The Hell

□ If the June issue was your first issue, how did you get letters to Miraculous Mutha?

Robert Parker
Toledo, Ohio

■ Hell, I don't know. Why didn't you write her? She's in heat right now, or I would have asked her for you. She's got bad breath when she's in heat—it would gag a maggot. At least, I think it's her breath.



"You cops are looking shabbier every day!"

Easyriders

At Last! A Chopper Alarm!

A loud, noisy, tamperproof alarm that will blast away for 1½ hours after the slightest movement by a rip-off artist.

Designed especially for chopper protection!

Not a bulky addition, it grooves with the chopper's engine and is practically unnoticeable, for it is chromed to blend in—you actually have to look for it to see it.

Small (4½x3x1½), and weighing only 20 ounces, it is completely tamperproof, weatherproof, and has its own self-contained power source. Absolutely no maintenance required and is simple to install on any 74 or Sportster. Designed to fit into a specific area on each bike, so as not to stand out or be obvious.

Not a gimmick. Satisfaction guaranteed. This is a rugged, well-constructed alarm designed to eliminate chopper thefts.

NOTICE!

Also available for overhead garage doors. Requires only a 1" hole in garage door for a key. Lifting door will set off an unreal blast for over an hour.

A few dollars can save you hundreds!

Chopper Alarm
Box 7143
Burbank, California 91505

Please send me a Chopper Alarm ☐ Garage Alarm ☐
I understand that I can return the Alarm within 10 days
if not completely satisfied. Enclosed is my money.

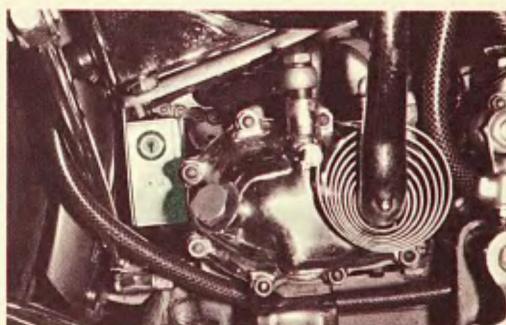
\$24.95 Chopper Alarm	\$19.95 Garage Alarm
2.40 Batteries	2.40 Batteries
1.50 Postage	1.50 Postage
\$28.85	\$23.85

Indicate which alarm: ☐ Rigid 74 ☐ Swing-arm 74

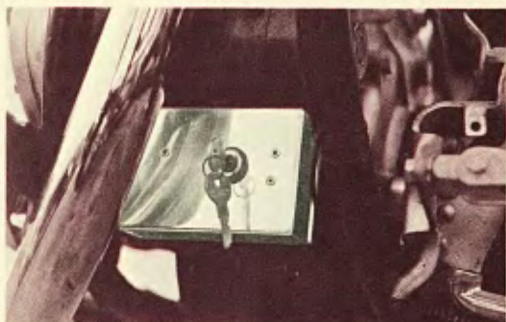
☐ Sportster ☐ Garage

Personal checks must clear before we will ship. Allow 4 weeks. California residents add 5%.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



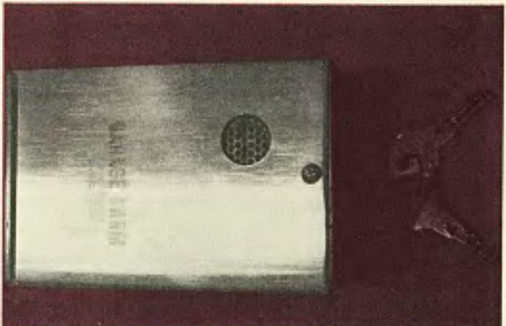
Alarm location on rigid 74.



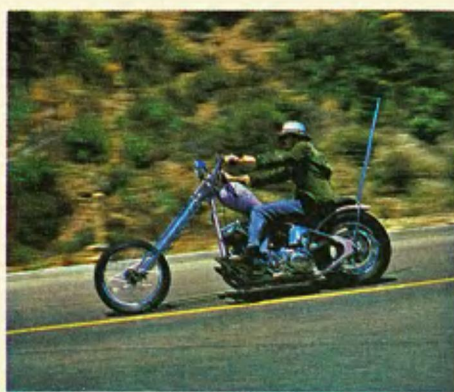
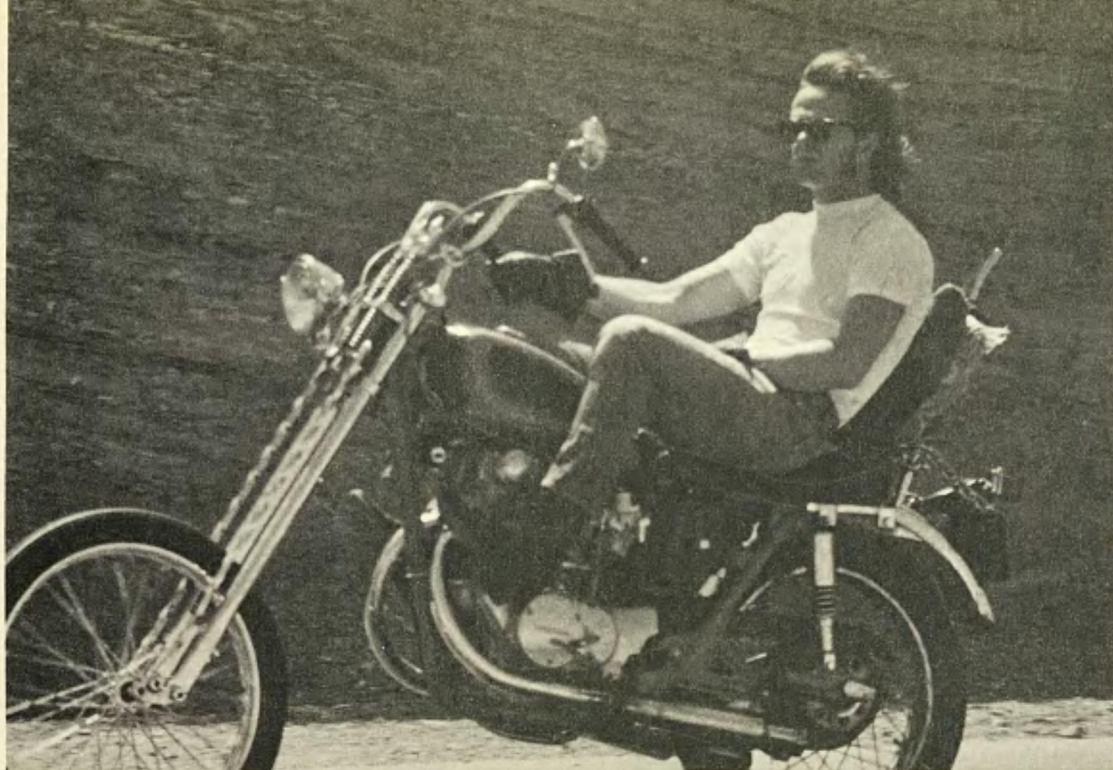
Alarm location on swing-arm 74.



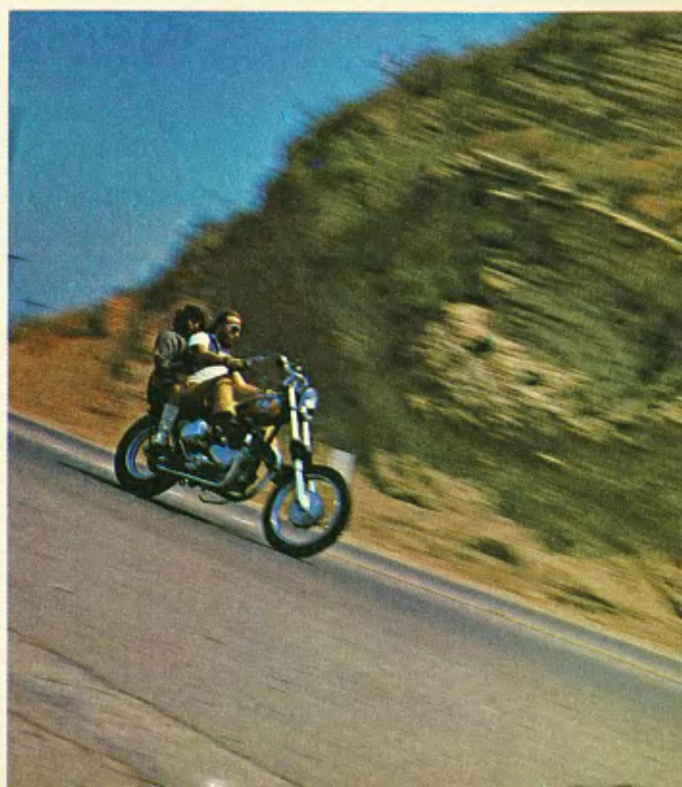
Alarm location on Sportster.



Garage Alarm



Easyriders will also pay \$10 for every accepted photo that grooves with what we are trying to do here. Send any photos you think are good enough to Mighty Mil, Easyriders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. If you want rejects returned, you must include a self-addressed, stamped, return envelope with submissions. Easyriders cannot be responsible for loss or damage done by any mangling by the Post Office.

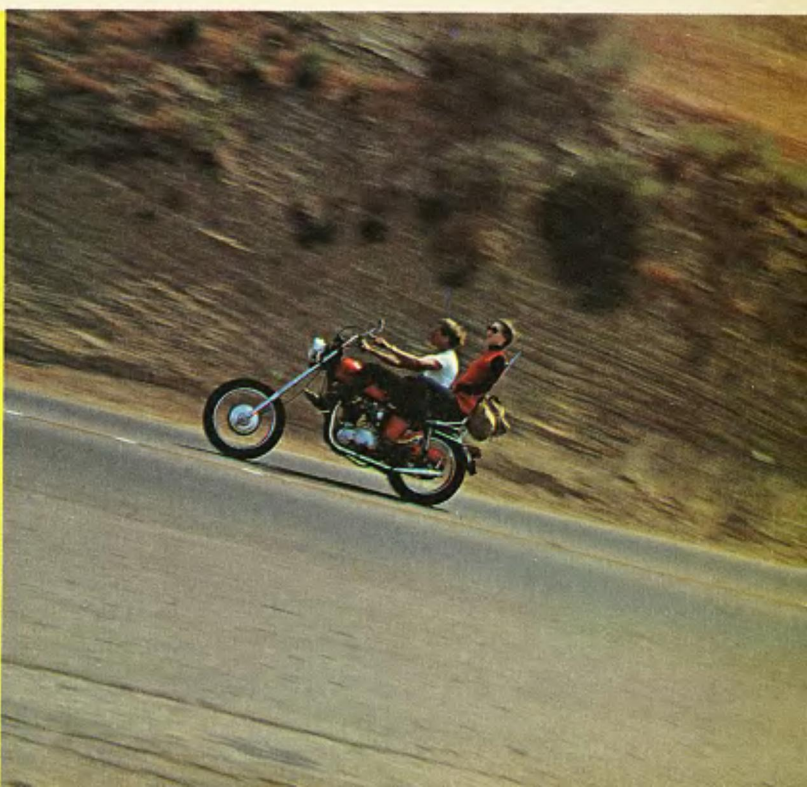


the Wind



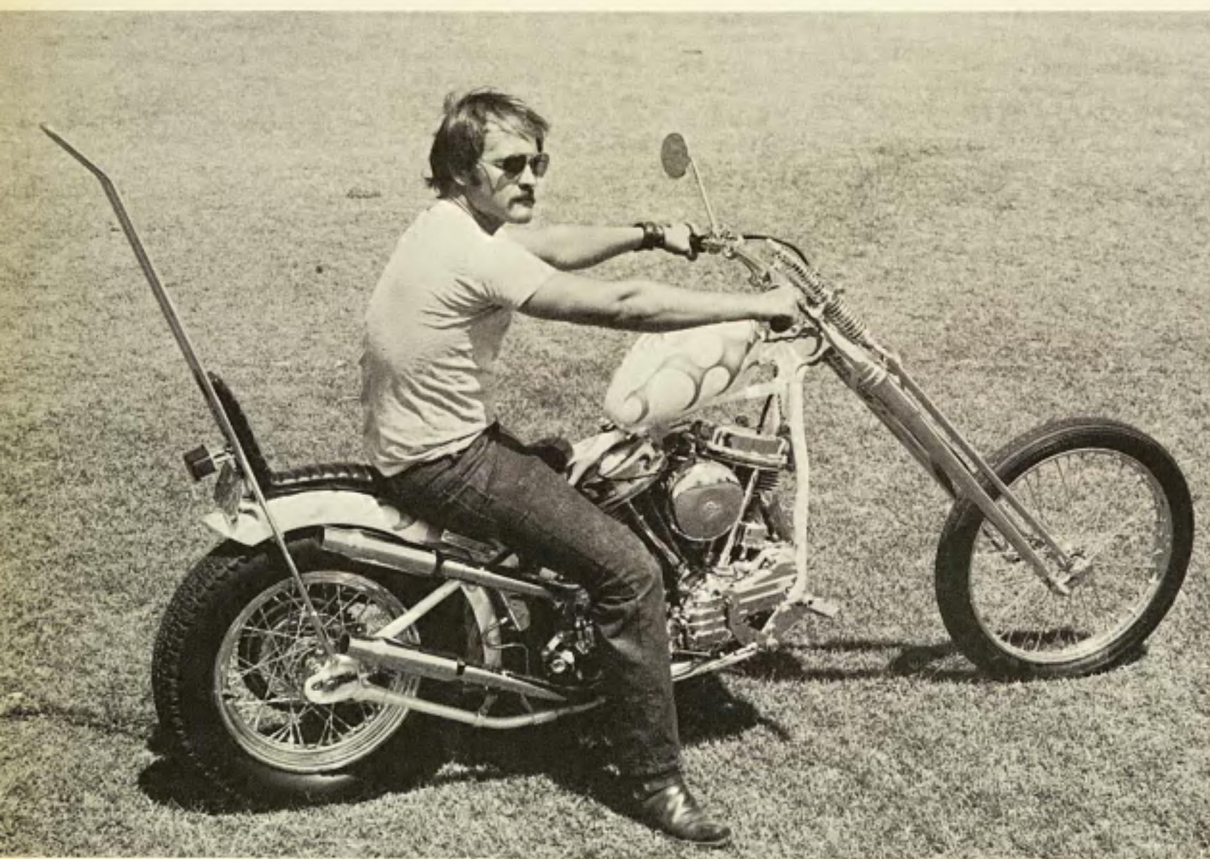
*Ridin', glidin', easin' along
The wind singin' its song
A song of freedom
Not a worry, not a care
The wind blowin' in my hair
Don't know where I'm headed
Don't really care
When I get there, I'll be there*

by Steve Holmes



Super-jaded, Self-styled, So-called, Half-ass Experts agree that This Bike is All Right!

Righteous Arizona Panhead Runs the Gauntlet





Proof of the spreading popularity of choppers is seen in the quality (and quantity) of bikes being built in areas not normally associated with choppers. For instance, we've got a panhead featured in this issue, from St. Ansgar, Iowa. Now, I ask you. Where in hell is St. Ansgar, Iowa? Who would ever think that a beautiful chopper would come out of the corn belt? This is not a put down of Iowa. I'm just making the point that the popularity of choppers is truly nationwide — from the smallest town to the largest.

Easyriders magazine has always encouraged its readers to submit photos of their bikes, in order for our editorial board to review them; to determine if the bike can fit into the magazine. If it qualifies, *Easyriders* will either hire a local photographer in the city where the bike is located, or send a staff photographer. This is the only way a bike in St. Ansgar, Iowa, can compete for the limited space available. We'd like to be able to afford the cost of having staff photographers all over the country, but that isn't practical—besides, we'd rather spend the bread on bikes, booze, and broads.

So, it makes more sense for a bike owner to submit a few snapshots taken with his little brownie, polaroid, or whatever; fire them in to us with a little info about the bike. In this way, no one wastes bike-booze-and-broad money.



Tom Brawner, of Phoenix, Arizona, went through this process with us. He submitted the panhead you see here. There were a few small things that us super-jaded, self-styled, so-called, half-ass experts felt the bike lacked, but they were so small that we contacted Tom and told him we were interested.

The things are relatively unimportant, and we don't want to put our buddy, Tom, down. But I should explain what I mean, so as not to bug anyone.

With the chopper popularity starting on the west coast, many years ago, the cats out here have reached such a degree of sophistication that the smallest thing could be considered un-hip.

This is not to say they are right. This is only to explain the unforgiving nature of the long-time chopper cat and what makes him so super-critical.

I don't think Tom would mind, because it is *only* an opinion, and in the final analysis the bike owner builds his bike to please himself—that's what owning a chopper is all about. So, I'll mention two small, unimportant criticisms of Tom's bike, merely as an example of what I mean.

Among the hip, the rubber on the kick pedal is considered un-hip. Sometimes it's necessary, if the bike starts hard, but it is still looked down upon. A custom kick starter spool is considered "in." The placement of the horn between the front frame legs doesn't cut it. Neither of these things would be noticed by most people. Nor would it necessarily be important to most people—or to the owner. I cite them only as examples.

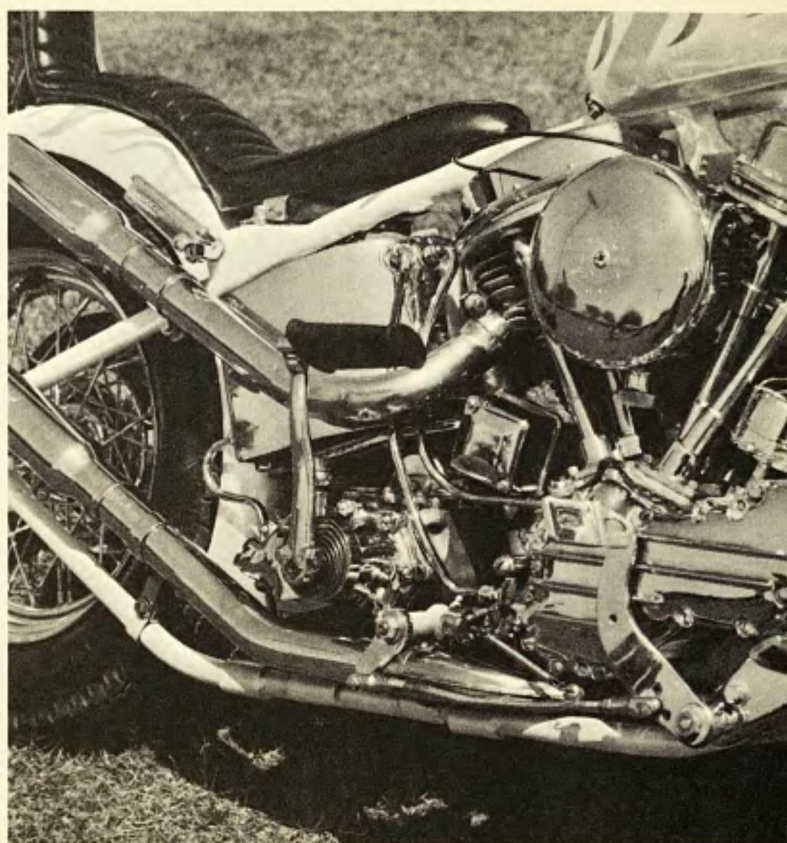
Anyway, the guys on the editorial board thought that the super-critics were splitting hairs, outvoted them, and you see Tom's bike here.

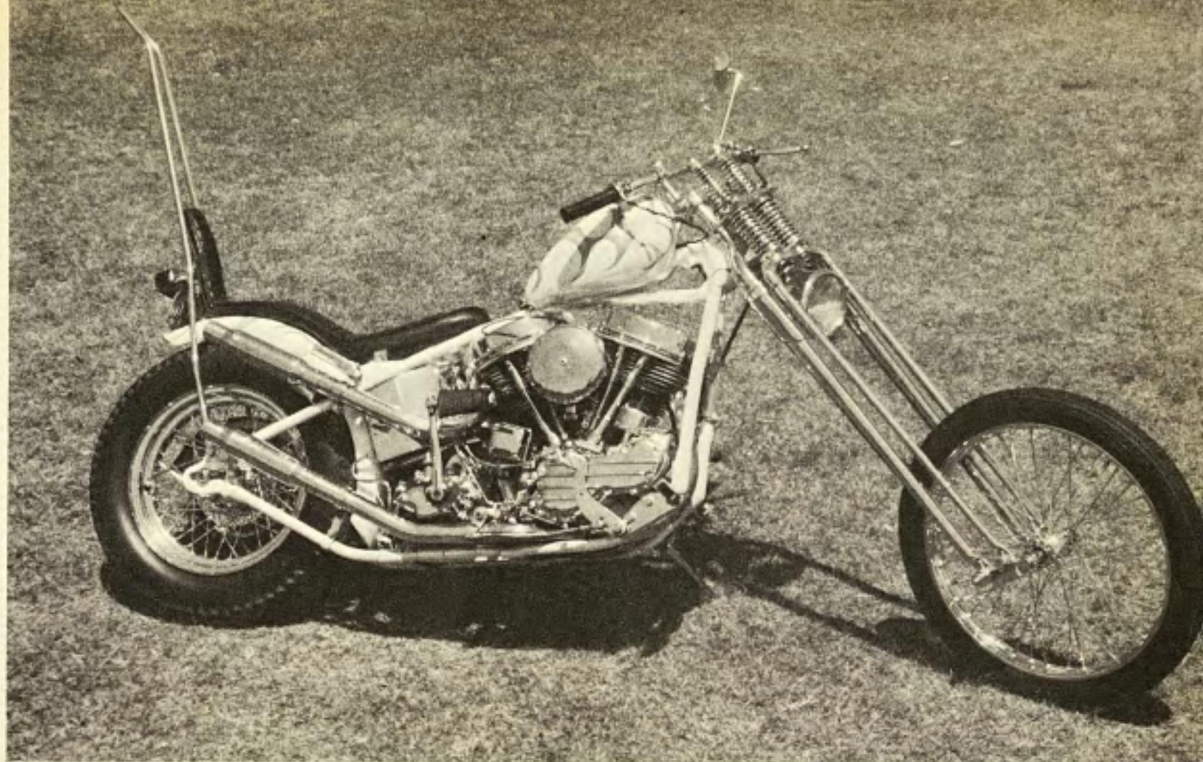
Tom purchased the bike as a '48 panhead, and "as soon as the newness wore off, I started going at it." He retained the lower end, but added '60 heads, and cylinders. "The heads were given a valve job, and the jugs were bored .070 over and fitted with MC pistons."

Tom is a steel fabricator, so he molded the frame with sheet metal and brass. He extended the front end 15", using '40 Ford wishbones.

It took him six months, and about \$1,500, to complete the bike. He said he enjoyed every minute of it. "Having been through the car bit, I find bike building much more satisfying. I hope to open a custom bike shop in the near future."

(Editor's note: An action shot of Tom and his chick is shown on Page 10.)





Owner: Tom Brawner

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year & make: 1948 H-D

Model: 74

Value: \$2000

Time: six months

Assembly: owner

Chroming: Aladdin Metalcraft

Frame

Year: 1948

Rake: $7\frac{1}{8}$ "

Rear susp.: rigid

Bars: drag type

Tank: peanut

Seat: 3-5 custom

Material: naugahyde

Sissy Bar: $\frac{5}{8}$ round, 47 in. by owner

Engine

Year: 1948

Model: Panhead

Builder: Sumpner

Displacement: 76 cu. in.

Cam: FLH

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): Linkert

Shifter: foot

Pipes: upsweep

Mufflers: shorty

Stacks: none

Forks

Type: H-D springer

Extension: 15 in.

Builder: owner

Painting

Molding: owner

Painting: owner

Color: Pearl white and blue

Type: Acrylic lacquer

Tires

Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon

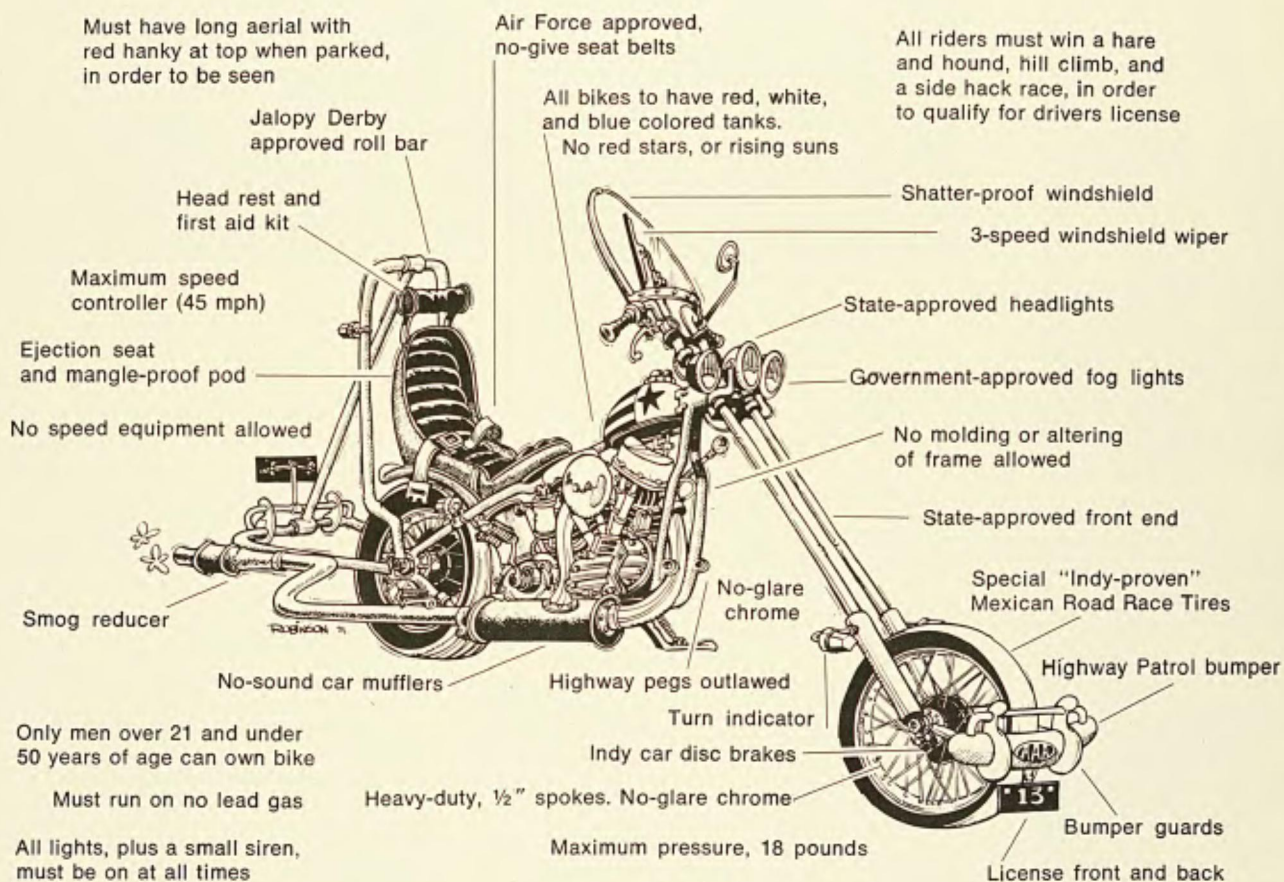
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Avon

Wheels

Front: steel 21 in. Rear: steel 16 in.

Street Legal Chopper

Circa 1973?



You, as an individual, can stand on your roof top shouting to the world about how unjust, how stupid, and how unconstitutional some of the recently passed, or pending, bike laws are — but all you will accomplish is to get yourself arrested for disturbing the peace.

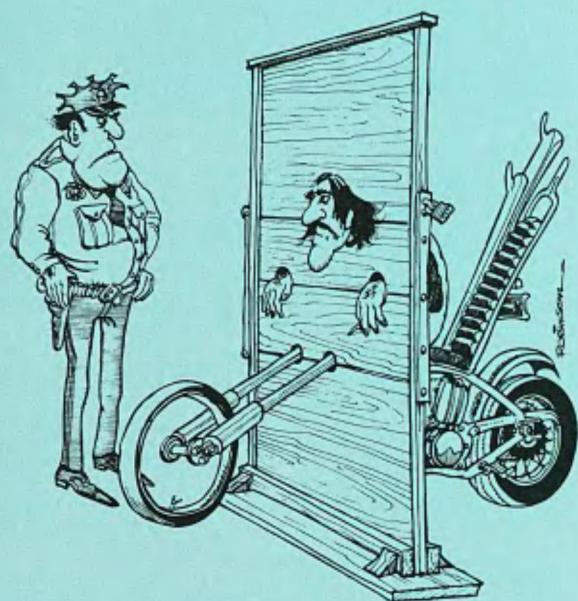
Individual bike clubs can go before city councils, state legislatures, and congressional committees, but as single clubs, and unprofessional at the game of politics, their efforts are usually futile.

Scattered, unorganized, individual efforts have little if any effect against the power structure — it's like hunting big game with a bolt-action .22 rifle.

It takes numbers to command respect, to be heard over the din created by the anti-bikers, and worse, the anti-chopper forces.

The major problem is not any particular anti-bike movement or organization — the problem is that the people who make the laws are people who know nothing about bikes. The little old lady writes her congressman and complains. There is no one offering rebuttal—intelligent, professional rebuttal—to her unfair charges. The congressman, who doesn't hear any arguments against what the old lady said, but does want to please everybody and does want to get elected again, introduces a bill to ban whatever was bugging the old lady. The bikers

in the area don't see the small item, buried in the back of the newspaper along with the hemorrhoid cures, announcing the proposed law for all bikes to have roll bars. Since no one sees it, no rebuttal is offered, and the law is passed. Or if it is seen, and a club or two protest, it isn't a loud enough protest, or it is a disorganized protest, or an unprofes-



"Maybe now you'll think twice about riding without a helmet."

sional protest, and as a result the law is passed.

An oversimplification, yes. But that basically is the problem — broken down into its simplest terms.

We need a national organization of bikers. An organization united together in a common endeavor, and in sufficient numbers to be heard in Washington, D.C., in the state legislatures, and even down to the city councils.

We must offer strong, organized rebuttal to all unfair legislation, no matter what the level. To stop or modify an unfair law in one state is to stop or impede it in another. If it's wrong, it's wrong, and only constant, relentless pressure will stop the trend against bikes. Today it might be Arizona, but tomorrow it might be your state. We must start now to put a stop to bad laws. We must educate the people who make the laws. We must present **our** side of the story, and we must present it from a position of strength, and in a professional, dignified manner.

Already the Government has indicated they are going to press for **national** custom bike

laws ("Safety Standards") for, you guessed it, **our** safety. The Department of Transportation has already issued printed warnings against the "danger" of extended front ends, lack of front-wheel brakes, "and other hazardous features of customized motorcycles."

We're not saying they are all wrong—nobody is all wrong. But what we are saying is that we, us, you and I, bike riders, chopper builders, chopper manufacturers, **everyone** with an interest in the future of bikes, must present **our** side, we must see to it that any laws that are passed are just. We must present our case and defend it vigorously.

What can **you** do? Join the **National Custom Cycle Association (NCCA)**. Let's get together in a mass, so that our voice means something, has the weight and strength of numbers.

The NCCA is a non-profit organization, sponsored by **Easyriders** magazine. It's not a scam. If what has been said above doesn't get you off your ass, if you don't see the pending arbitrary laws, if you don't see that an organized protest is much more effective than a shotgun approach, then what else can we say?

When you join the NCCA, you'll receive a decal, membership card, and NCCA's monthly bulletin bringing you up to date on all bike laws, pending bike laws, and reports on NCCA's progress and activities.

Send \$3.00 for a year's charter membership, to the **National Custom Cycle Association**, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Do it now, for as Satchel Paige said, "Don't look back. Sump'n may be gaining on you."

NCCA

Box 2086
Seal Beach, California 90740

Here's my \$3.00 for a one-year charter membership in NCCA. Send me my membership card, decal, and monthly bike law bulletin.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____



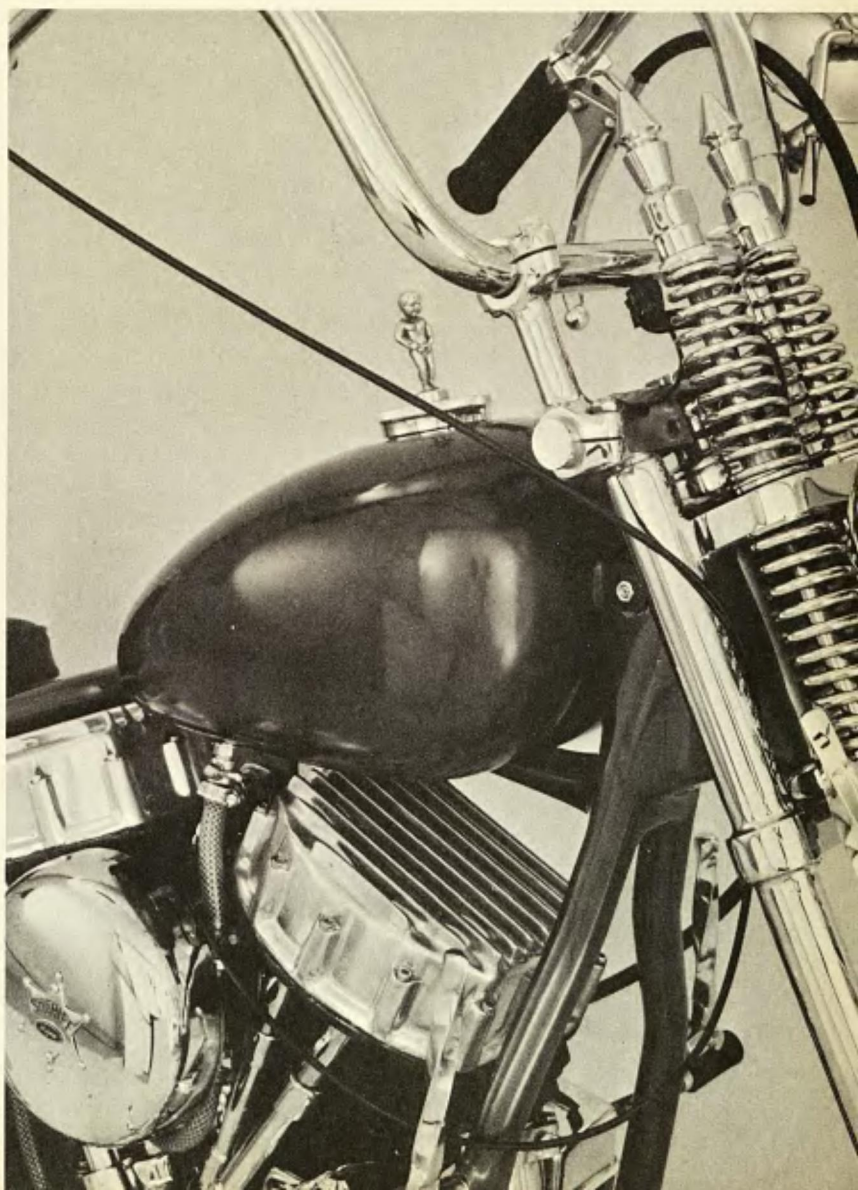
No Twit, Twister Twists Twistables and Twists Twitter

As you can tell from the quality of the bikes we feature in **Easy-riders**, we are super critical when it comes to selecting the bikes that are to appear in this rag. In fact, we see so many bitchin' bikes, we have become a little jaded, and find we must reject bikes for pissy little things like cracked molding, chipped paint, or even a hint of rust. Not because it would make a helluva lot of difference in the price of grass in Brooklyn—we could easily photograph around rough spots or imperfections, and no one would probably ever know the difference—except us.

Although we hate like hell to reject any bike, for any reason, we feel we must maintain a high standard—**everything** has got to be right.

To catch the bikes in perfect condition, we try to photograph a bike as soon as it is finished. We do this because we have found out that the type of owner we feature has his bike cranked-on almost all the time. He uses his bike, plays on it, jams on it, maybe even makes love on it. So we must get the photos before any flaws appear, like paint chips, spots on the seat, cat gut, and other signs of road wear.

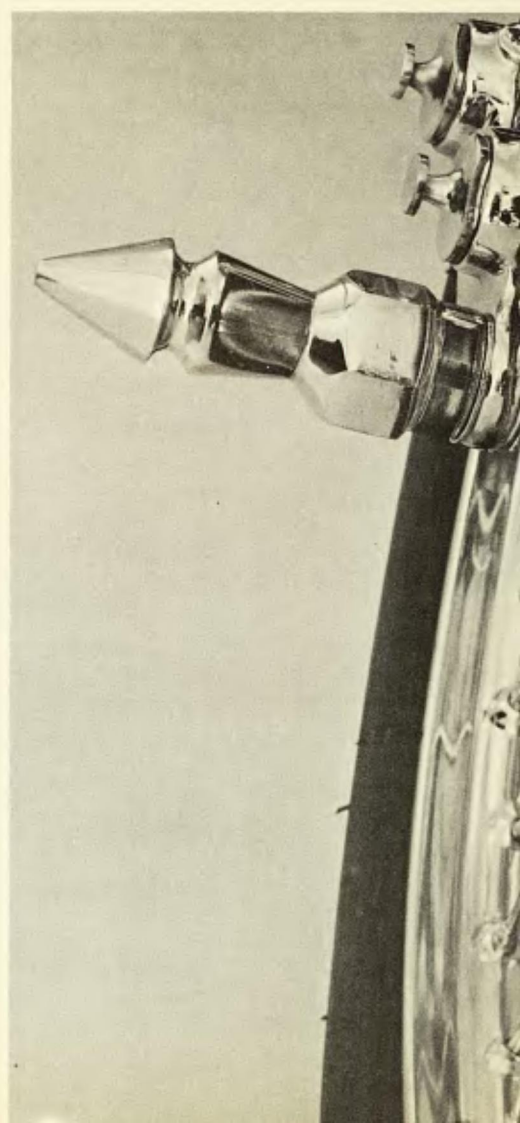
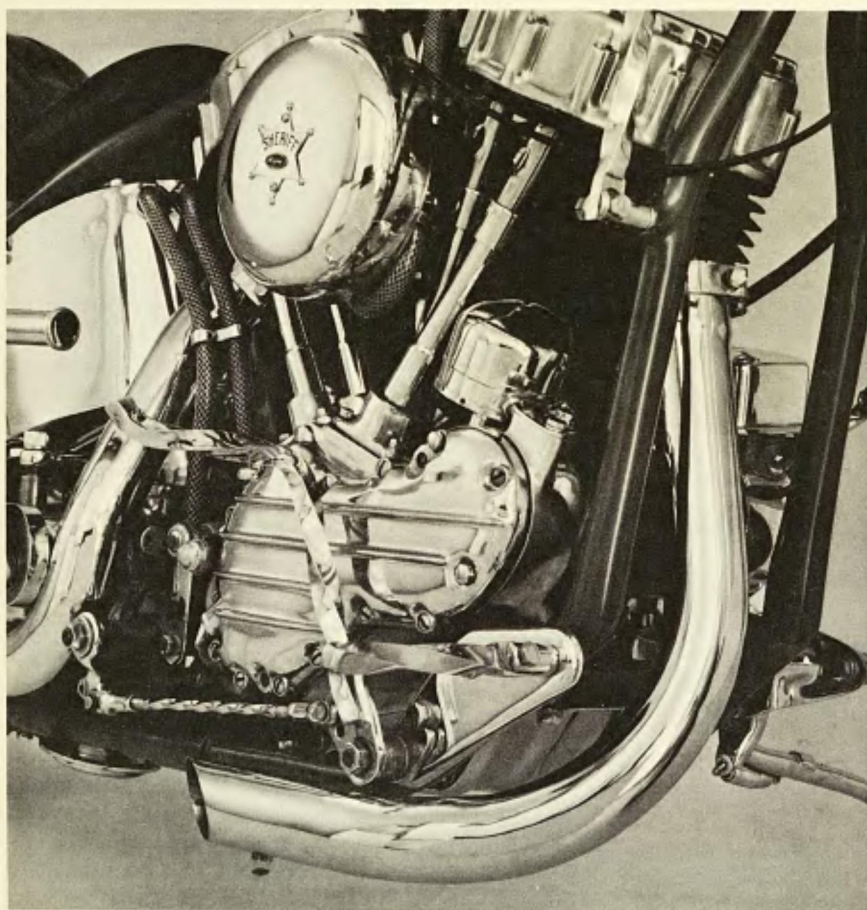
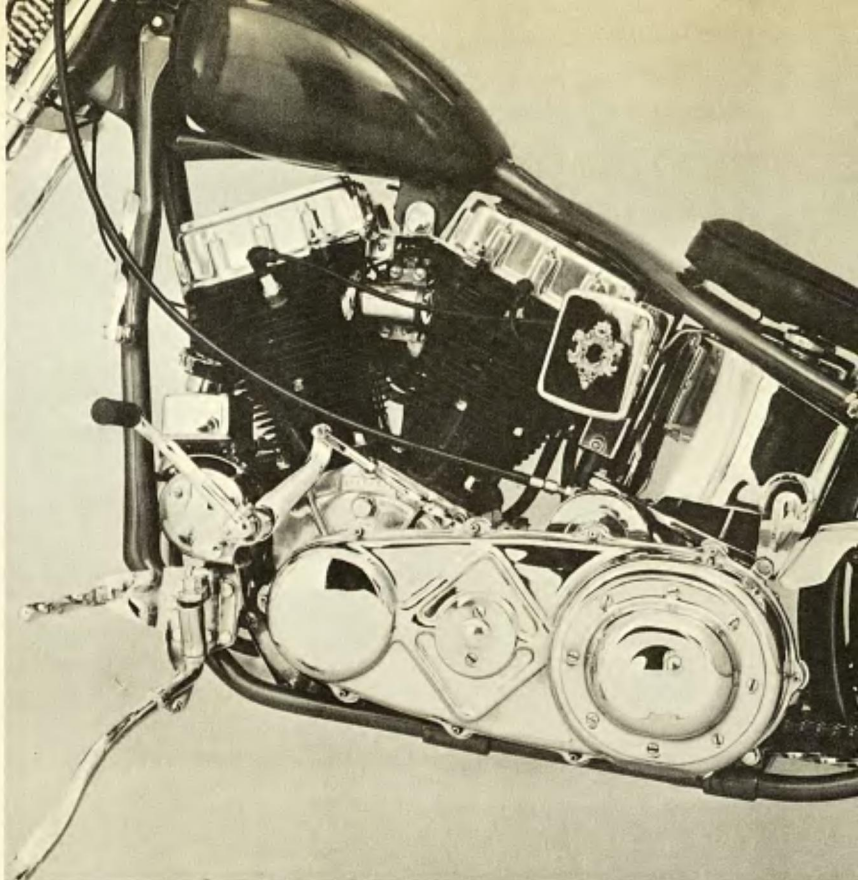
Kres Perkov, the owner of the tincan you see here, is just such a guy. His bike had just been completed three days before our photo session, and already the bike had a nick or two, caused no doubt by such things as being clocked,



with a passenger, on the freeway, at 125 mph, "and still having some left, but I couldn't see too well, so I shut down." He said it matter of factly.

Kres didn't rake the '54 Harley frame, because he wanted to be able to shoot around curves easier. But he didn't miss anything else on the frame. All of it has been filled and sanded smooth, including pit marks. Most of the wiring has been run through the frame, and where he couldn't go through the frame he brazed tubing to the sissy bar and to the underside of the fender, to carry the wires.

If you will look carefully at the photos, you'll see he went ape with twisting. Damn near everything that is twistable is twisted: brake pedals, brake rods, pegs, even the little brackets holding the oil line, the bracket holding the distributor advance, and the choke rod. His springer is twisted and so is his sissy



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Kres Perkov

General

Fabrication by: owner
 Year & make: 1954 H-D
 Model: 74
 Value: \$2500
 Time: 13 months
 Assembly: owner
 Chroming: Annie and Danney's

Frame

Year: 1954
 Rake: stock
 Rear susp.: rigid
 Bars: pullbacks—cut down
 Tank: Bates peanut
 Seat: Ministrone
 Material: leather
 Sissy Bar: $\frac{5}{8}$ " twist

Engine

Year: 1954
 Model: FLH
 Builder: Dean Hummer
 Displacement: 74 cu. in.
 Cam: FLH
 Lifters: H-D
 Carb(s): Linkert M74
 Shifter: foot with mousetrap elim.
 Piper: 2" D&D drag type
 Mufflers: baffles

Forks

Type: new narrow springer
 Extension: 12 in.
 Builder: D&D

Painting

Molding: owner
 Painting: Mike Griffone
 Color: candy red
 Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: Pirelli 2.75 x 18
 Rear: Avon 5.00 x 16

Wheels

Front: 18 in. narrow
 Rear: 16 in. H-D

bar. As Kres put it, "My bike starts in a twist, and ends in a twist."

The engine—although blueprinted by Dean Hummer, the leading side hack racer in the U.S.—is stock, except for an FLH cam, and the pistons being .040 over. Kres says the engine "runs strong and makes no noise at all, which is very strange for a tincan."

The generator is a Sportster type, two-brush, 6-volt. The coil is from a late model Harley dresser. "I have had no problems with either part. The regulator mounts right next to the generator on the left side. The wires are only three inches long, and so, it looks real clean and is less of a hassle."

Kres said he wouldn't own anything but a 74, and that he has \$2,500 invested in the bike, "not counting my labor—but it was a labor of love—so how can I put a price on it?"



Mouse Trap Eliminator

Clutch Booster — that's Harley's official name for a Mouse Trap, and for good reason too. The word **boost** pretty well describes what the thing does: it helps you to pull a heavy clutch. Where did "Mouse Trap" come from? Well, more important than **where** is **why**, and that is pretty clear to those of us who have had the damned thing snap shut with a finger in it! This, of course, is not a common thing to have happen while riding, but it is quite common while adjusting; and as you know if you have one, they always need adjusting.

So what reasons do you have for eliminating your Mouse Trap —aside from a bruised finger and the fact that you have to start adjusting on Saturday morning so you can ride on Saturday night? Well, there are a couple of other reasons. Like that skinny little rod that snaps off every once in a while and sends you out into cross-traffic when you are just sitting there cooling it at a stop signal. The most important reason to the guy building a way-out scooter would probably be the elimination of some more unnecessary garbage that would detract from the clean lines of his bike.

Judging by the mail we received on Francisco's bike and the Motown Scoot—in the August issue of *Easyriders*, and on the Chopper del Chicano knucklehead in the June issue, most everyone can dig the clean appearance; but there is some concern as to whether or not you have to be King Kong to pull the clutch handle, since you don't have a booster helping you with the chore. Well, there's no one big secret to the Eliminator Kit, but many little things—starting at the clutch itself and continuing all the way up to the clutch handle.

The first step is the installation of a clutch with more linings that have more grab on the steel plates in your clutch, thus allowing you to apply less spring

pressure on the clutch to get the same job done. Next up the line is the arm on the transmission, which is shortened so that you need less travel at that point to open the clutch the same amount as stock. Working with this is a special bracket that bolts to the oil tank mounting pad on the frame, and serves as an anchor and adjustment for the bottom end of the cable. This is a very important part of the Kit, because if any travel is lost through the springing or giving of this anchor, the clutch will not open far enough to work properly.

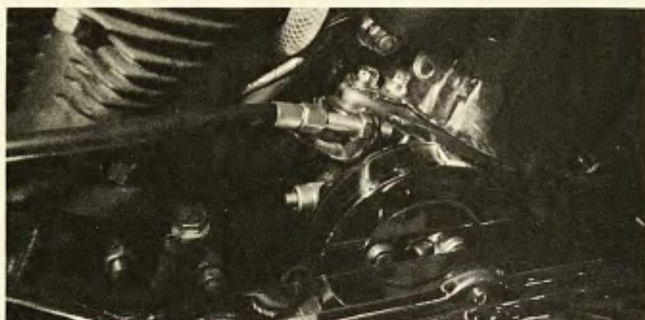
The clutch cable used is a special nylon-lined, low-friction goodie, and it's also a necessity. Its part of the deal is cutting down friction (to less than the stock cable used, and all the friction developed in the moving

parts of the Mouse Trap, which is no longer with us).

The last piece to the puzzle is the special clutch handle, also designed to cut down on friction. It has slightly different leverage points than the stock item, and fits the rider's hand more comfortably.

The result of all this is an easier-to-pull, smoother clutch that stays in adjustment indefinitely after one or two easy adjustments to get rid of the initial new-cable stretch. Not to mention the great advantage from the appearance standpoint.

In case you can't find an Eliminator Kit at your local chopper shop, write us, and we'll advise you where you can buy one in your area. Send inquiries to Mouse, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. ■



By Louis Bosque



Joint Venture

The manufacturing section of the city was always dead on Sunday, its working masses having deserted it in the usual Friday evening fender-bending rush toward home or out to the boon-docks for the weekend. The only visible signs of possible life were the dozens of choppers parked in the lot in front of the bar known as the Joint Venture. But the audible evidence of a hell of a lot of life was obvious every time the Joint Venture's door opened to let someone in or out.

Reno sat there for a minute or two on his Harley, sort of philosophizing about the sleepy quiet of the afternoon out here contrasted with the hellish uproar going on inside the Joint. Sounded like a good afternoon to drop in for beers and maybe a game of snooker. He slid off the bike, stretched, and then got busy chaining up the machine. God-dam, it'd sure be nice if a guy didn't have to ride shotgun on his

own bike every time he took it anywhere. Well, what the hell . . . He gave the chain a last check and headed for the door of the Joint.

He opened the door and stopped dead in his tracks. Jesus, a guy'd have to fight his way every inch, no matter where he wanted to go in there. He grinned, thinking that a sudden, uncontrollable need to hit the john could cause a guy a hell of a lot of embarrassment before he could shove his way through that mob. He recognized some of the bikers and their ol' ladies, and grinned again as he let the door swing shut behind him. Jesus, what a racket! Guys and chicks were drinking, arguing, making out, trying to make out; grooving to, and trying to shout over, the crashing music that threatened to blast the huge speakers off all four walls.

The smells in the Joint were as strong as the noise. Smoke — all kinds of smoke. Years of spilled

drinks. Sweat odors, from fresh to stale. Cheap perfume, leather, gasoline, oil—you name it; it was all there. This was home away from home and Reno loved every noisy, smelly inch of it.

He started fighting his way toward the bar, waving a big hand over his head to get the attention of the hassled bartenders. He could have simply passed his money along through the crowd to the bar and waited for the beer to get back to him hand-to-hand, but he knew damn well that some wise guy would yell out something about "handling charge" and drink most of it. Reno'd be lucky if the empty glass got to him. Hell with that. He kept struggling and squirming until he got to the bar. He waited to get a little breath back before he tried to shout over the blasting of Joplin's *Bobby McGee* from the jukebox and the leather-lunged argument that had just broken out among three guys as to who had

bought the last round. Finally Moose, the owner of the Joint, who was filling in behind the bar, got to within what should be ear-shot even in this insane asylum, and Reno opened his mouth to yell out his beer order. And a voice behind him said:

"You gonna buy one, or be one?"

Reno shut his mouth again, and just stood there, not looking around or making any other move.

A finger poked his arm. "Well, asshole, you gonna buy one, or be one?"

Reno hid a grin. That goddam Little John. The biggest mooch in town. Reno wondered how the guy got away with it, why everybody liked him so much that they'd stand for his chiselin' and never put up a squawk. If Little John ever got around to paying back beers, he'd have to have it shipped in in tank cars. Reno leisurely turned around: "Whatta ya say, tit-head; how they hang-in?"

Little John feinted a right hook to Reno's gut. "Low, man, low. I could sure use a brew to kinda raise 'em up a little."

Reno went into a crouch and feinted back. Little John immediately went into his version of a John L. Sullivan fighting stance — and some of the guys standing nearest broke up completely. Ridiculous was the word for the scene. Little John stood maybe five-one with his boots on and weighed around 125. Reno was six-four in his socks and weighed 267.

Reno cringed back against the bar and covered his face with his arms. "Okay, okay, I'll buy you one."

Pleased, Little John quickly changed the subject. He moved in close, like a conspirator, and even spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"I could also use a little stake at the snooker table, ol' buddy. There's a guy over thinks his shit don't stink. I could sorta show him a thing or two and make us both a little bread — whatta ya say?"

Reno glanced in the direction indicated by Little John's jerked thumb, but with the smoke haze and milling bodies he couldn't even see the tables, much less whoever might be playing on them. He looked down at Little John again. "He any good?"

Little John shrugged. "He thinks he is."

"That's not what I asked you, shithead."

Little John went into his Sullivan routine again. "Watch your language, man. This is a highclass joint."

Reno turned back to the bar and tried to get Moose's attention. At his elbow, Little John said, "Yeah, man, he's pretty damn good."

Reno paid no attention, and Little John decided it was time to use a little pressure. "I think he's a ringer, though. He's better than he's lettin' on—prob'ly hopin' to suck some dumb cat into a big money game."

Reno grinned down at him and put a little of the old needle into his voice. "Some dumb cat like you. Shit, man, if he's that good, what makes you think *you* could beat him?"

"Man, you *know* nobody's as good as me when I'm hot — and baby, I'm hot!"

Reno dug the needle a little deeper. "Your ass sucks wind. You couldn't shoot snooker if your life depended on it."

"I can whip your ass!" It wasn't true, and Little John knew it, but he also knew that if he could get Reno involved in a really big game it would mean a lot of free beers.

Reno was still grinning. "Yeah? Who spots who points—and twenty points at that?"

"Well, hell, that's just to make the game interesting."

Reno turned back to the bar to make another effort at getting a couple of beers, but Little John tugged at his arm again. "Come on, Reno, let's go whip that dude's ass."

Reno shrugged him off. "Shit, Little, I been waitin' twenty minutes to get a lousy beer."

"Well, come on over to the

tables, stupid. Moose's ol' lady is catchin' the tables to help Moose out."

Reno glared down at him. "Shee-it, man, why didn't you say so?"

"You didn't ask, man, you didn't ask." Little John started toward the tables. Reno's big foot swung out, but Little John's tail end was just out of range, and Reno followed him toward the tables.

As they wind their way to the tables; Reno was in his element. He goosed and got goosed, patted a few of the more attractive female fannies, stopped a few times to take a sip of someone's drink or have a few tokes.

Like most really big guys, Reno was usually an easy-going, live-and-let-live type. He had his violent moments, but they were few and far between. On those rare occasions when he did get violent it was almost invariably caused by someone's mistaking his easy manner as an evidence of weakness, as a sign that he was chickenshit. Because of his size, his challengers usually announced their intentions by trying to cop a sunday on him while he was paying attention to something else. Reno then, naturally, felt sort of compelled to teach the challenger the error of his ways and judgment.

Most of the guys and gals who hung out here at the Joint represented the Booze Fighters M/C, and although Reno wasn't a member he liked the crowd and the place. He liked the owner, Big Moose, who was a retired Booze Fighter and encouraged biker business—unlike most bar owners, who panicked if more than two heavy bikers arrived at any one time.

Reno had twice been invited to become a *prospect* in the Fighters, but he preferred being a loner. He kept his mouth shut about it, but he had no desire to go the colors route. He stuck with his own "colors," which usually meant a tee-shirt, tight-fitting flared Levi's, expensive boots, and a form-fitting brown leather jacket. Club

—Continued on page 53

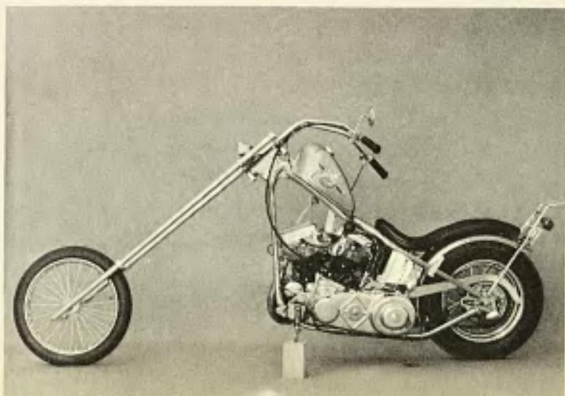


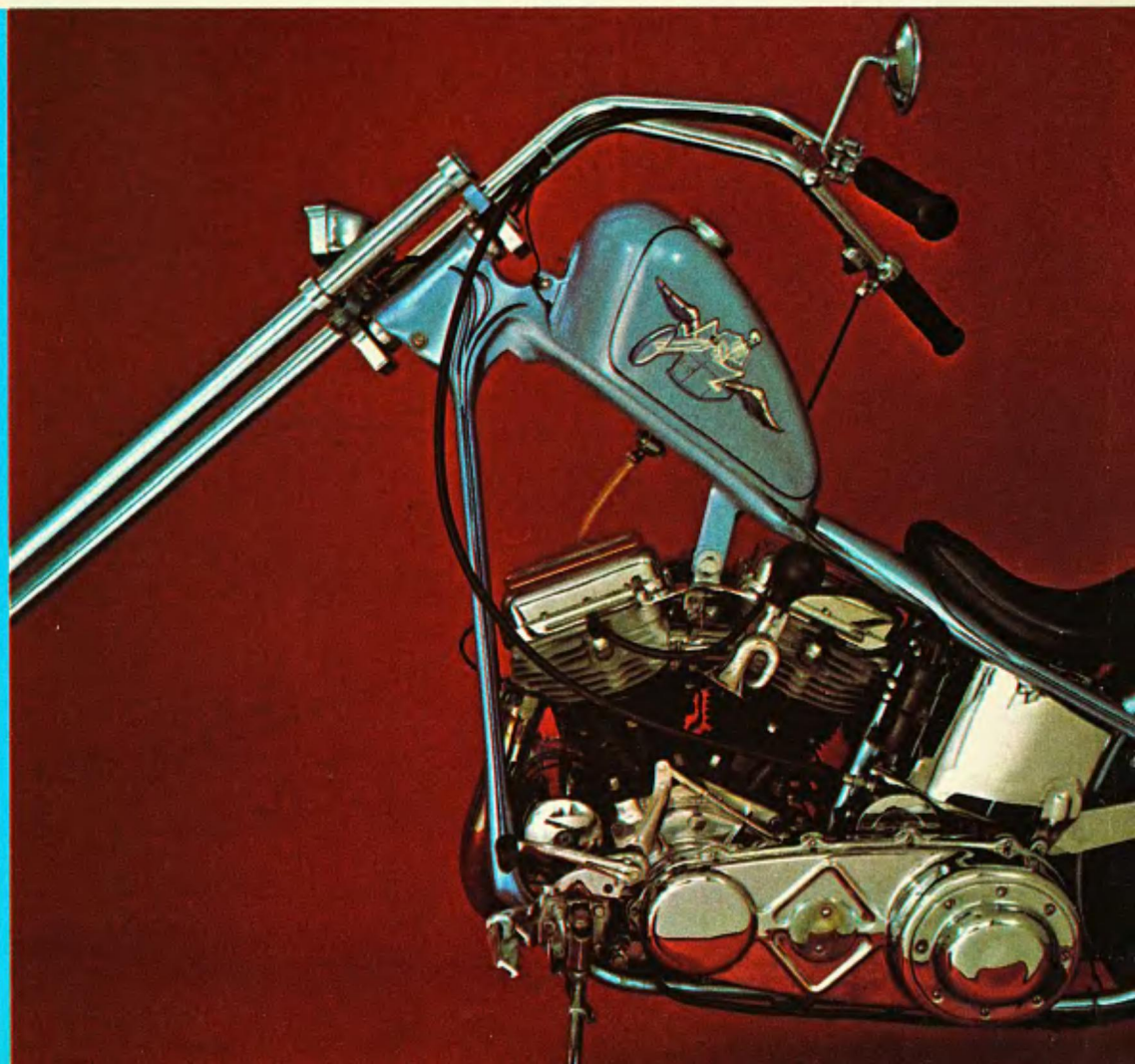
The Grisly Story Behind the Cover Photo

By Dog Breath

The cover we had planned was a ball-buster. With the right chick, and the right guy, we'd have a cover photo that would make the other magazines wet their pants.

The art department worked up a comprehensive, and then we started searching for the people to pose for the photograph. Both had to fit certain







requirements. The guy had to have a certain look, the chick had to have a good build—and it goes without saying, the bike had to be righteous.

Paul Wheeler and his beautiful chick, Suzanne McKeand, were selected for the assignment. They were perfect for what he had in mind, and Paul's bike was just what we were looking for.

Between the shots for the cover, and the color, and black and white photos for the article inside the magazine, an entire day was consumed. Half the day was spent on shooting the cover according to the artist's comprehensive.

At the end of the day, when Pete had two shots left, and after we were sure we had all the shots we needed, I suggested to him that he try some trick stuff—just for kicks.

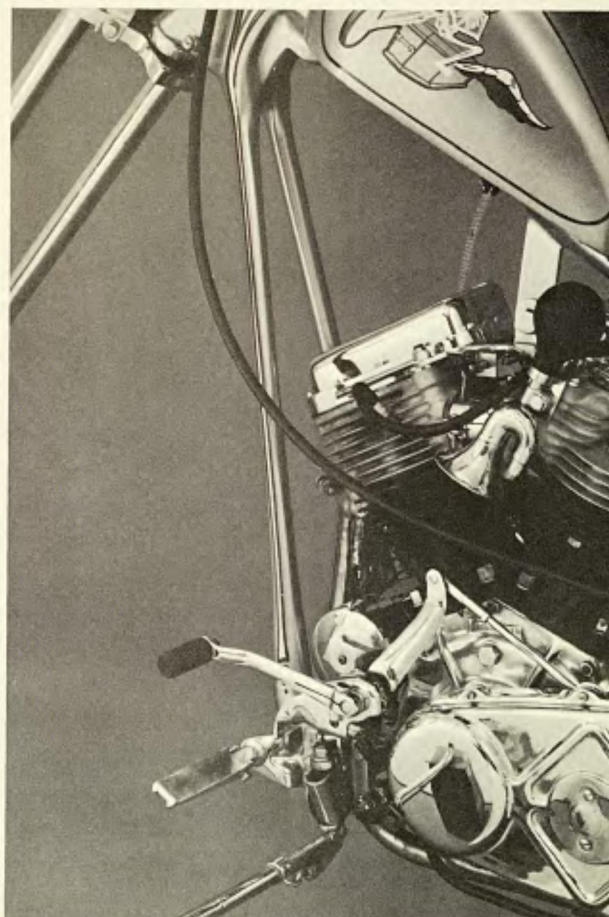
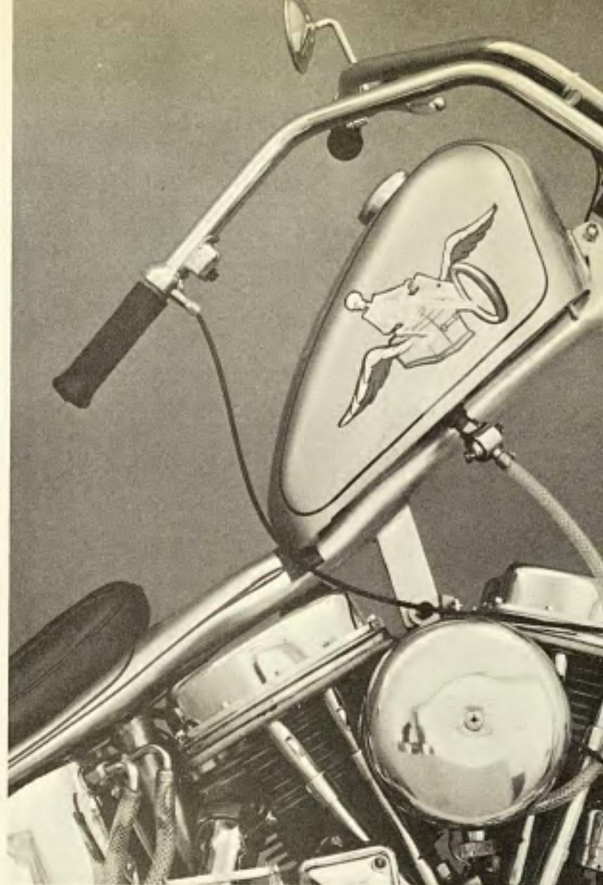
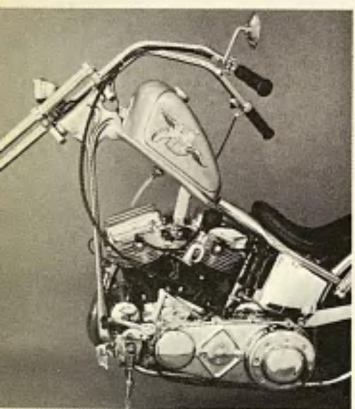
Paul and Suzanne are getting pretty weary by this time, so while Pete prepared for the shots, I rapped with them, "Two more shots, and we'll be finished. We have enough already, but as long as we have two shots left I thought we could try some unusual effects." I was getting the fish-eye from them—they were tired—but I kept rapping, trying to keep their attention off the hot lights. "You know, it's a strange thing, but invariably it always works out that the 'grab' shot is the one that works out the best. You can work your ass off all day trying to get a certain something in a photo. Decide you have it, and then take some extra grab shots—just for kicks. If it goes like it usually does, one of the next two shots will be the one we use."

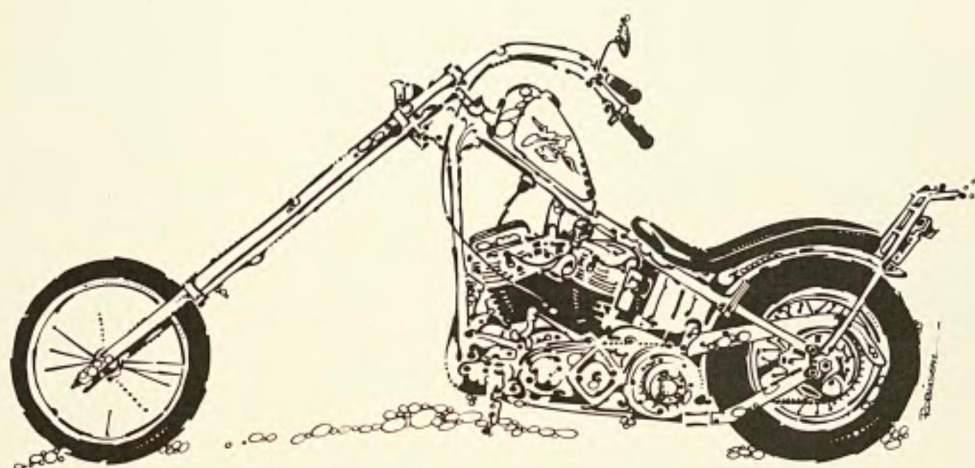
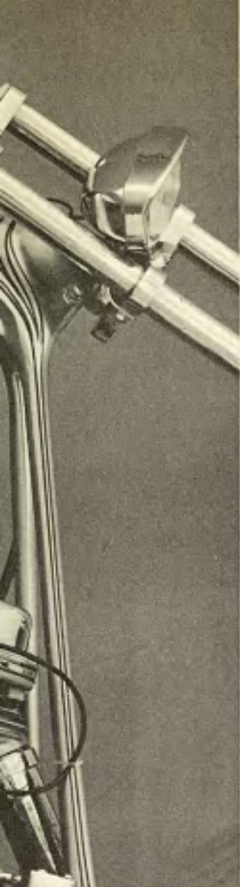
After the film was processed, it was obvious which one was the best photo for the cover. You guessed it. It was the spur-of-the-moment grab shot—and it's on this issue's cover.

The effect we were trying to get didn't work this time, and we'll try again on the next issue—but we all felt that the effort was worthwhile, for this issue's cover is really different—don't you agree?

Paul has the kind of job a lot of us would like to have: He and his brother build choppers. They do part of the job—or all of it. They create ideas, or build to specs.

He's had eight bikes before this panhead, starting with a Cushman at the age of fourteen. His last bike was featured in various chopper magazines before it was totaled by a lady pulling a U-turn **from the curb** right in front





Owner: Paul Wheeler

General

Fabrication by: owner
 Year & make: 1958 H-D
 Model: 74
 Value: \$3000
 Time: 3 months
 Assembly: Wheeler Bros.
 Chroming: B&M Chroming

Frame

Year: 1957 straight bar
 Rake: 5 in. stretch— $\frac{3}{4}$ in. rake
 Rear susp.: rigid
 Bars: lean backs
 Tank: Sportster
 Seat: extended Cobra
 Material: naugahyde and swede
 Sissy Bar: owner

Engine

Year: 1958
 Model: Panhead
 Builder: Dean Hummer
 Displacement: 74 cu. in.
 Cam: stock

Forks

Type: one piece chrome moly
 Extension: 25 in.
 Builder: Bob Hall

Painting

Lifters: hydraulic
 Carb(s): Linkert M 74
 Shifter: foot
 Pipes: shot-gun
 Mufflers: M.C.M.

Molding: owner
 Painting: Jerry Dame
 Color: baby blue pearl
 Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: Pirelli 2.75 x 18
 Rear: Goodyear 5.00 x 16

Wheels

Front: 18 in. Rear: 16 in.





of him. ("But Officer, I didn't see him coming.")

Instinctively, Paul flopped his bike, but while skidding toward the broad's car, his bike dug into the street some way, and he came upright again. He reflopped it, just before impact. Knocked out with a fractured skull for five days, Paul also broke his collarbone, and got a severe case of "asphalt fever."

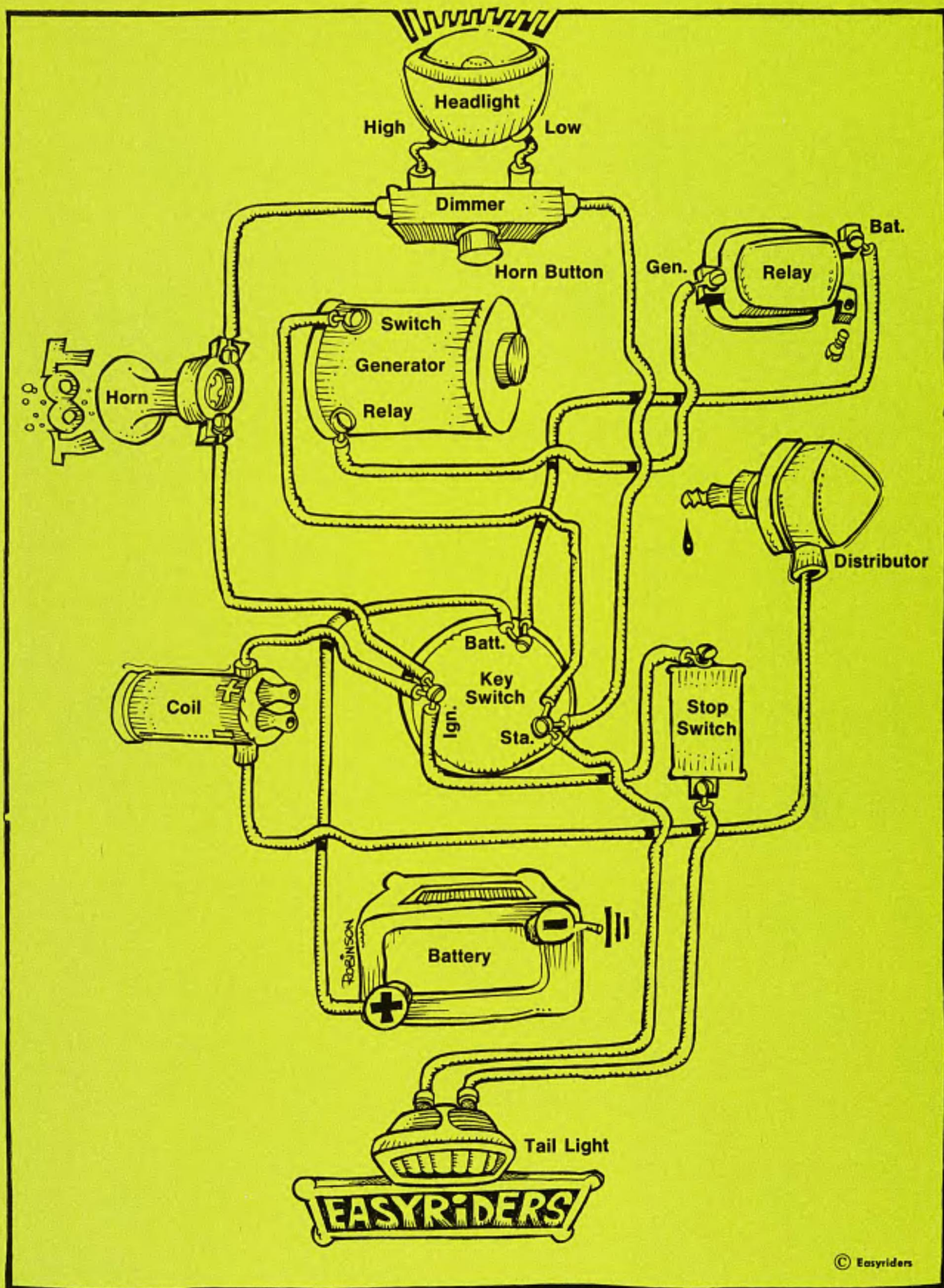
The panhead you see here is his first bike since the accident, which explains the fatalistic "Death On Wheels" illustration on his gas tank.

When asked to describe his feelings

about riding, he said, "Some guys fly airplanes and some guys have boats, to get that feeling of being free. Most guys ride bikes for the same reason." Suzanne added, "It feels good to have the wind in your face. I like being able to smell the scenery—and another thing, if you want to go, you can go, like that." She snapped her fingers.

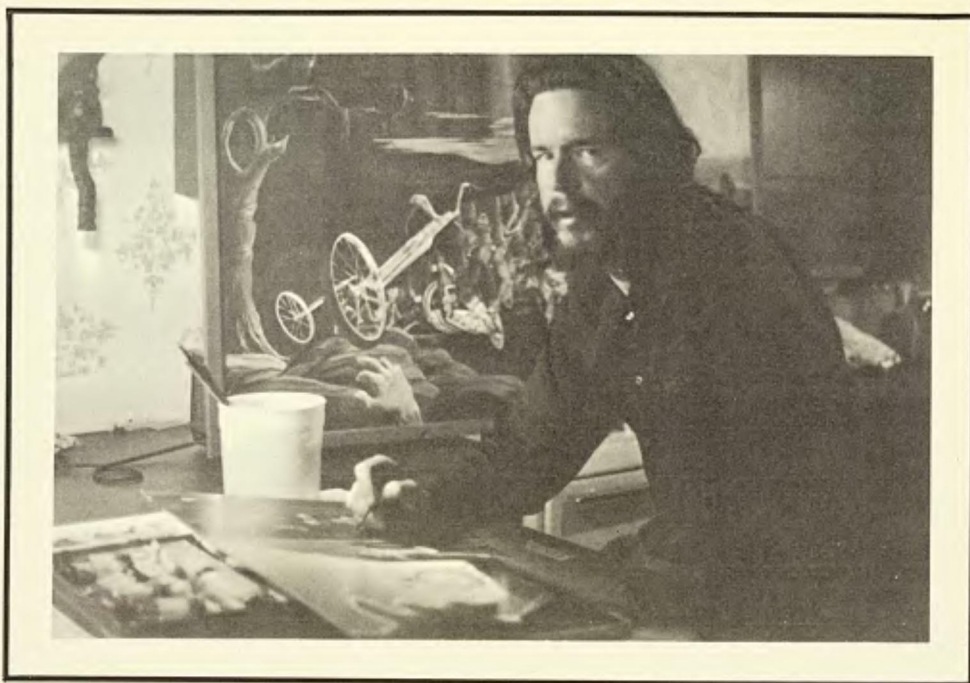
"Something else I like—a rider meets a lot of nice people out on the road—all types of people, and it's fun rapping with them," Paul said, as Suzanne nodded her pretty head vigorously in complete agreement. 🖐️





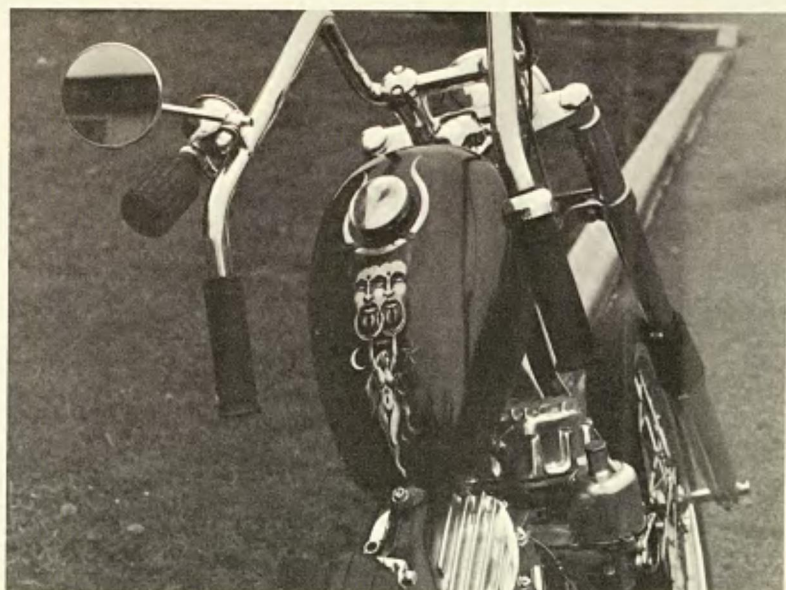
© Easyriders

Simplified Wiring Diagram for 74's with Three-brush Generator



Hip Chopper Artist is Alive and Well in Missouri!

On the following pages is a heavy painting by David Manning—a Kansas City artist, who, believe it or not, is considered to be one of the major influences on the original creation of the extended front end, and the raking, molding, and altering of frames. His outlaw paintings and posters featured chopper designs that were years ahead of their time. They were so radical, so hip looking, that it wasn't long





before they became the basis for the design and construction of many choppers.

He started painting the outlaw posters for Ed Roth in 1966. They became so popular that he painted 28 different posters for Roth, who in turn sold them mail order.

Dave painted the bikes as part of an overall poster theme, and was merely painting, or idealizing the bikes as he felt they should look. But what he didn't know was that his idealizing was turning-on chopper enthusiasts all over the country.

He has had no art school training—everything he knows about art is self-taught. He is presently employed by an architectural firm in Kansas City, doing architectural renderings.

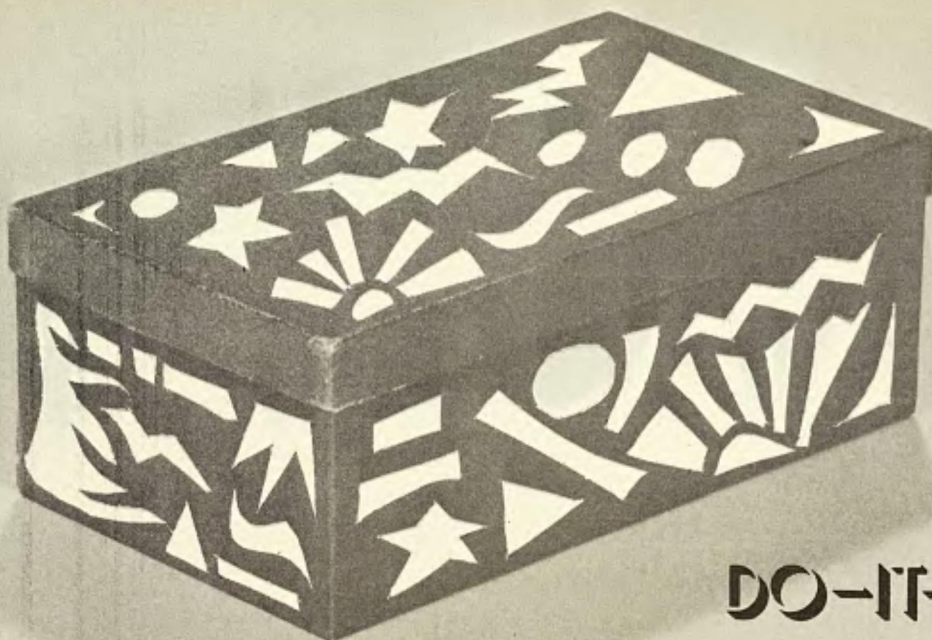
It goes without saying that he's a chopper owner. He built his first chopper in '61, and as he says, "It's been H-D ever since." He bought his present bike from Buzzard, and hasn't made any changes except chroming the front and rear legs, and adding an SU carburetor. The handlebars were made by Buzzard, and Dave hopes that "they're still the only set around like them."

Dave has lived in Kansas City all his life, except for two years in Los Angeles ('61 and '62). He's married, and "she always packs behind me on any runs or trips."

Now turn the page and dig on his latest effort. Let us know what you think of his work; if you like, perhaps we could feature his paintings more often.







DO-IT-YOURSELF LIGHT SHOW

If you've never had the opportunity to witness a light show, may we say this: They're unreal! Of course, there are extremes of good and bad ones, but for home entertainment our do-it-yourselfer is a real gas, and even gives you a chance to experiment with different effects.

The basic essentials are a cardboard box and, of all things, a string of Christmas tree lights. With these two items you can really blow your mind, but for the really **psychedelic** effect there's a more sophisticated sense-expander. However, we'll save that for later on in the story.

First off you'll need a special type of Christmas tree light. Don't worry, you'll be able to buy them; they're not that special! That thing is, they have to be **blinking** lights. Now, there are two types of blinking lights; one type is wired different from the other, so all the lights blink at one time. This is **not** the type you want. What you should look for is a string of small Japanese made **colored** lights that blink in-

dependently. They shouldn't cost more than maybe three or four dollars, and most chain stores should carry them because Christmas is pretty near.

We presume you're wondering what you're supposed to do with the cardboard box, but, since you have already found a box that's too large, take it back and exchange it for one that is about six to eight inches high. The overall width and length are irrelevant, but keep the size down if you have a small house. Now, being careful not to lop off a finger, cut some holes in the top of the box. The holes should be kept pretty small and no two should be cut in the same shape. A few examples would be four, five and six pointed stars, a diamond, a triangle, a circle, a peace sign, and an "S" shaped cut. You could probably think of a few more like lightning streaks or something, but anything will work.

All you need now is a good expanse of white or light colored ceiling. Place the lights in a

circle on the floor, cover them with the carton, and plug in the light cord. Now, turn off the lights in the room, and a beautiful array of colors will be projected on the ceiling and walls. There'll be all different patterns because the lights inside the box are being beamed through the cutout at different angles. There'll be a red star, a blue star, a green star, etc., and they'll be projected as all different and distorted. Wait a minute now, the show isn't over yet! As the bulbs warm up they will begin to blink. First just one, then two, then all of them will begin to blink slowly. Now you'll be able to see the different patterns merge into new forms, and the lights will begin to flash faster and faster. Pretty soon the lights will flash so fast, and the colors will change so rapidly, that the patterns will hardly ever repeat themselves. The whole room will be filled with color, and completely new forms will take shape out of the forms you originally dictated by cutting the holes.

No guy's pad is complete without a mind-expanding light show!

Different Strokes for Different Folks (Part III)

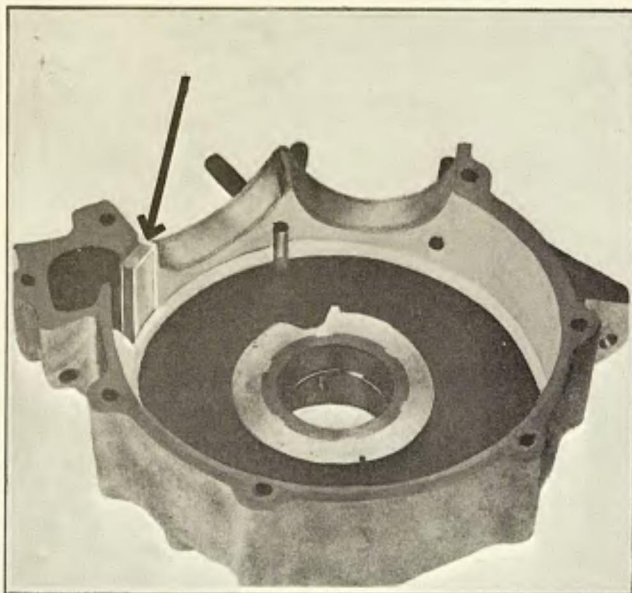
The one thing that is overlooked more often than any other by the amateur engine builder (when building a stroker) is the installation of scraper plates. As a matter of fact, probably 25% of the strokers running around today are doing without them. If you happen to know someone who is belching oil smoke out of the rear cylinder and fouling plugs as if he had a two-stroke, you might do him a favor by showing him this article.

To understand what scraper plates are and why you need them, you should first be aware of how a Harley 74 oil system works. The thing we're interested in right now is how the oil gets back out of the crankcase after it has been pumped through all parts of the engine and has accumulated through gravity in the lower end. The answer is that the oil is picked up by the spinning flywheels and then scraped off by a ledge at the rear of the cases. It then runs through an opening cast into the cases and over to the oil pump, where it is pumped back up into the oil tank for cooling and recirculation. All this is great and works just fine,

except that when you use a set of smaller-diameter 80 wheels — approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ " smaller in diameter than the 74 wheels (see June '71 Easyriders, p. 46)—you have a $\frac{1}{8}$ " gap through which the oil can slip, and slip it does—it slips past the scraper and flies off the wheels at the next big opening, the rear cylinder. The result is more oil gathering on the forward wall of the rear cylinder than your oil ring can fight; this, in turn, causes the

rear jug to smoke and foul plugs.

The answer, of course, is to build the ledge out to meet the smaller-diameter flywheels, restoring them to their stock relationship to each other. This is done by welding two small pieces of aluminum into the cases and then machining or hand-working them into shape. (These are called scraper plates, but they do not actually scrape the wheels—.020 clearance should be allowed, to be safe.) ■



Weld scraper plate in and machine to stock clearance to prevent over-oiling of rear cylinder

RIGHTEOUS!



You're going to find this hard to believe," Moose said, "but I actually got a ticket for excessive rpm! The cop couldn't clock me, because he was out of his car and standing on the side of the highway as I went past him, so he gave me the ticket for excessive rpm's, because he heard them as I went past!

"That did it. That was the last straw. I hung it up right then and there. I was fed up with the rednecks running you off the road—or trying to—and I'd had enough police harassment to last me a lifetime, so I said 'later' to uptight Detroit."

Glenn "Moose" Barton and his strikingly beautiful wife, Pat, put their TV, stereo, and bike into a U-Haul, and cut out for the land of fruits and nuts—California.

Moose had four different bikes before buying the XLCH you see here. All of them were chopped or customized in some way.

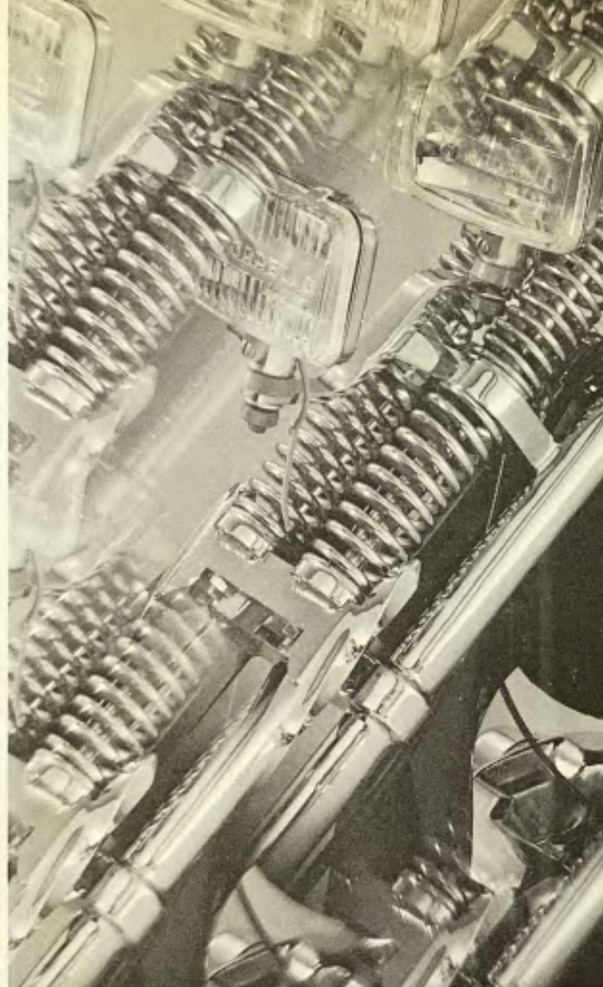
"I've had two Ariels, a Norton, and a Triumph, and I wouldn't trade the Sportster for all of them put together." Moose spoke as he watched Pete Chiodo do his thing with

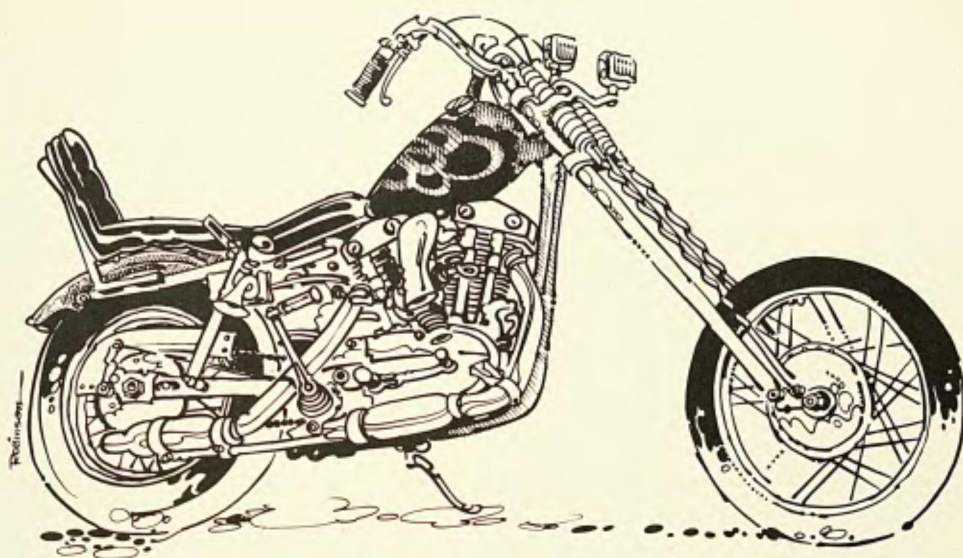




the cameras. "I took one ride on the CH, and that did it. The English bikes are fine, but they don't compare with the really solid feeling of strength and power you get from a Sportster. It seems like you never have enough road ahead to really let it all hang out. The limey bikes have speed, but they peak fast—while that Hog seems to wind forever."

Moose was limping slightly, from a bad case of *Sportster-leg*. It seems he had a helluva time starting the bike that morning—something like 73 strokes, including one whack in the back of the leg, when the starter pedal fired back at him—probably in retaliation for all the strong language he was using on the CH—for both he and the CH knew it was merely a case of the CH doing its occasional, obstinate thing of not wanting to start.





Owner: Glenn Barton

General

Fabrication by: owner
 Year & make: 1965 H-D
 Model: Sportster
 Value: \$2850
 Time: 3 months
 Assembly: owner
 Chroming: D&D

Frame

Year: 1965
 Rake: none
 Rear susp.: solid strut
 Bars: Santee-pullbacks
 Tank: chopper tank
 Seat: Ministronie
 Material: naugahyde
 Sissy Bar: 5/8" hex.

Engine

Year: 1965
 Model: XLCH
 Builder: Sporter Motors
 Displacement: 55 cu. in.
 Cam: "P" Cams

Forks

Type: new narrow springer
 Extension: 12 in.
 Builder: D&D

Lifters: solid
 Carb(s): Linkert
 Shifter: foot
 Pipes: KR type
 Mufflers: shorty

Painting

Molding: Electric Bob
 Painting: Electric Bob
 Color: Pearl brown
 Type: lacquer

Wheels

Front: steel 18 in.

Tires

Front: 2.75 x 18 Avon
 Rear: 5.00 x 16 Goodyear

Rear: steel 16 in.

Pat, Moose's sharp-looking wife, digs riding as much as he does. She had a rough taste of what it's like on a big bike when she got her first (and only) lesson on how to ride: Moose sat her on his 650 Triumph in a deserted shopping center's parking lot; he sat behind her and had the bike running when he turned control over to her. She, carefully following his instructions, put the big bike into gear, let out the clutch too fast, while at the same time giving it too much gas.

The bike leaped forward, throwing Moose ass-over backwards onto the ground; she sped off, hitting a shopping cart that in turn jammed the throttle open. From that point on she just hung on for dear life.

The Triumph took her straight toward a glass store front. Frozen with fear, and not knowing how to turn a bike—she didn't know she was supposed to lean over—she tried to turn away from the store while sitting stick-straight in the seat. Her attempts at turning away from the oncoming store front started the bike in a large arcing trajectory, and lucky for Pat, the arc reached its peak just short of impact, which put the bike parallel to the store front before starting down the back side of the arc. While the bike was parallel to the store front, the foot peg ripped open some large corrugated boxes stacked in front of the store, which in turn slowed her down slightly

and forced her to flop the bike onto its side.

She and the bike slid to a stop, with the engine still on and revving frantically. Other than the obvious psychic trauma from such a trip, a few bruises and burns, Pat was okay. Moose, who went on his head, wound up with a few lumps.

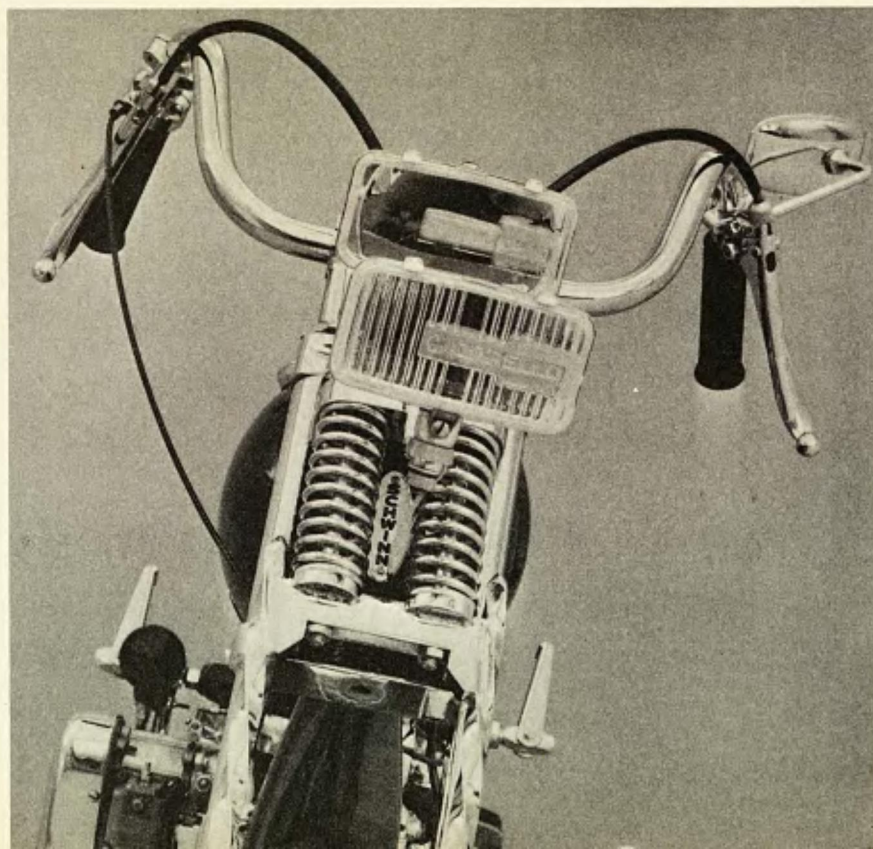
I asked her if she'd try again sometime. She smiled slowly, and with a hint of hesitancy, she replied, "On a smaller bike."

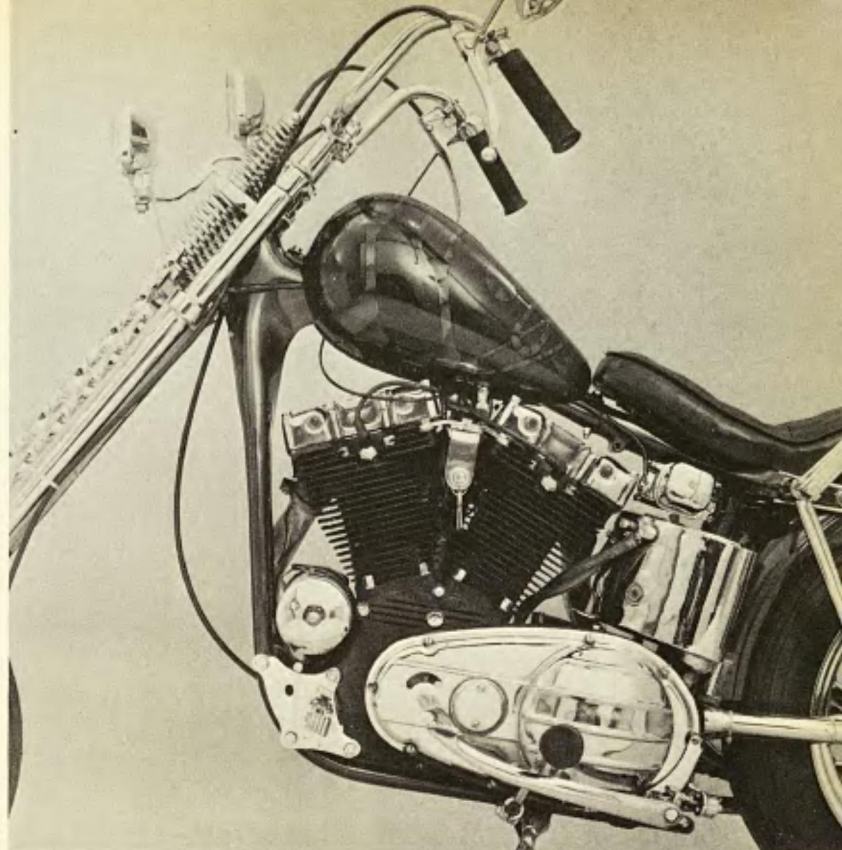
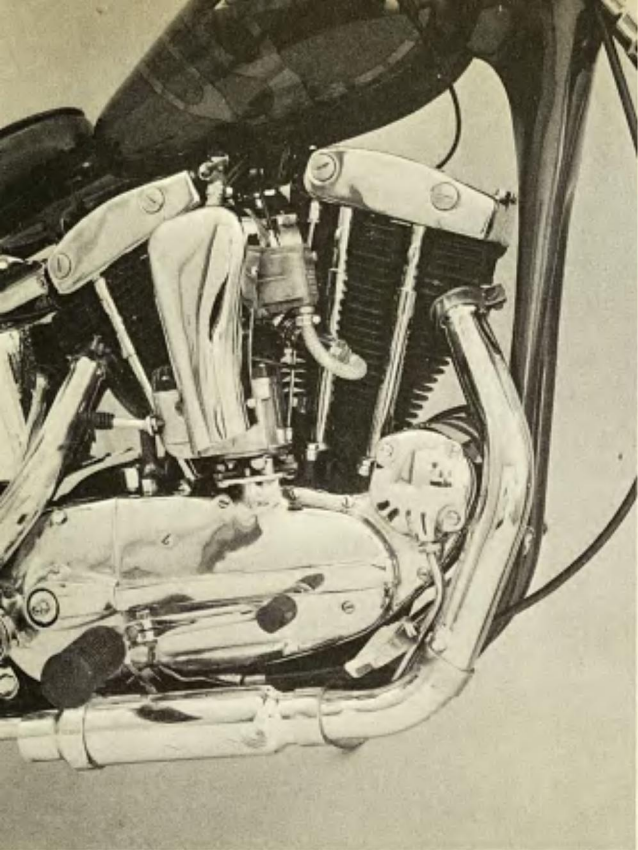
She said she wasn't afraid of riding with Moose most of the time, but gets a little tense when he really gets on it—especially in the mountains. "But I hang in there and don't hassle him about it."

Although they have a Porsche 911-T, they prefer jumping on the XLCH on weekends and heading for the open road. "There's nothing like cracking open that machine to get away from it all," Moose said. Pat added, "It's like being free—like forgetting the world."

He is already collecting parts for his next bike, which will be a shovelhead chopper. Moose sorta turned on when he spoke about future plans. "I want the shovel to be more of an open-road bike. I'm going to ship it back east, and then ride it back across the country—and live!"

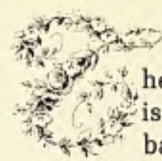
A shovelhead chopper, a beautiful woman, on the open road—I would say that was some kind of living.







The Pleasures of Drinking Out of a Wine-Skin



he bota bag, or wine-skin, is a small, bladder shaped bag, usually made of goat skin, used to keep liquids in—usually wine. It is worn slung over the shoulder with a strap or cord, and hangs out of the way, under your arm.

When you want to drink out of it, you merely squeeze the bag between your upper arm and your chest. This pressure forces the juice out of the nozzle in a thin but forceful stream and (hopefully) into your mouth, depending on how accurately you aim the nozzle.

The advantage to a bike rider—aside from getting juiced—is that you are able to take a drink whenever you want one, without having to stop the bike. Off the bike, you can amuse yourself by doing trick shots while lying down; or sitting, running, in a swing, or whatever. You can shoot streams of wine into your mouth or—if in a sharing mood—into other people's mouths. Of course, you can always play it safe and suck on it, but you'd probably be propositioned.

Being a small (holds a fifth), innocent looking thing, it is possible to take it, filled to the nozzle with 100-proof jazz, or just good grape, into places you'd never think of taking a bottle—like tennis matches, and like that.

With practice, it is possible to become an artist at it—even convince your mother you have talent after all.

In order to show you how to properly use a bota bag and some of the trick shots, we decided to show a little class and get a nice chick to show you, rather than the hairy throwbacks we have around the office. So we advertised for a beautiful Spanish model. After all, who would know more about a bota bag than a Spaniard? (It originated in



"Let's see now—take ahold of it,
and gently squeeeeeze."



"Don't make me laugh
—don't make me laugh!"



"Damn, couldn't you've brought warm wine?"

"Oh, I know how—it's easy."



"The idea is to get it into my mouth."





"You mean there's no more?"



Spain, and most of the bota bags for sale in the United States are from Spain.)

In response to the advertisement, a beauty with long, black hair showed up at the office for the assignment. Through full, sensuous lips, she said her name was Angela Capre. Her eyes were so black that you couldn't see her pupils. I was turned on by her Spanish beauty, her 95-pound, 5-foot, 34-23-34 frame. (I didn't ask, I just have an eye for those things.) I set up a shooting date, after finding out that she was a successful, expensive model (she told me her rates) and an actress, and would be appearing soon in a motion picture.

As soon as she left my office, all of the lechers descended on me. "Wow, was that the Spanish chick you advertised for?" "She's something else—and so small . . ." They were all speaking at once. "Did you see that build!"

Everyone was exchanging leering glances, and so before it got out of hand, I said, "All right, you guys, split—I've got work to do—and Spider, wipe your chin."

They left and shut the door. No sooner was it shut than it was open again. Spider was peering around the door jamb. With a leering grin on his face, he said, "Hey, dad, you didn't say who gets the assignment—you know you can't, your chick would kill you."

I thought a moment. He was right—my sex pot would never understand. "You and Pete can do it—and it had better be a bitchin' job."

His day complete, he grinned. "What else?"

To make a long story short, and so you will understand the accompanying photos, it turned out Angela is Greek—doesn't know a damned thing about bota bags. But she tried, and what with the retakes of photos—and so many different shots—she got smashed. Spider, ever helpful,



"Know what? I think I'm smashed."

tried to show her how, and he, too, got wasted. True-blue Pete, the champion, was so hung up on Angela that he just kept taking photo after photo, and as a result, came up with this all-time greatest, motorcycle magazine, how-to-do-it feature!

Dumb-fun Thing

As sort of a dumb-fun thing, Spider made a deal with Angela to give the wine-stained, tank-top shirt she is wearing in these photos to the guy writing her the best letter telling her why she should give it to him.

Be creative—use your imagination—and mail your letter (or letters) to Angela c/o Easyriders, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

"With practice, they said, I would become an expert."



"You know, that was pretty good grape."



"How's that. After 300 tries, I can do it."

"Do you want to have a go at my bota bag?"



"Oh-oh, it's gone limp."

"I think I've had enough."



**Editors go ape
with ten dollar bills.**

Bride of Sissy Bar Contest

The last time around, a lot of the entries featured designs, showing a hand giving the finger. This time, most of the entries were sex oriented—especially designs featuring the number 69. We selected the best of the 69 designs, and show them here.

Don't give up hope if you've submitted some ideas, and don't see them here. We received more ideas, than we can get old Smiley to spring loose for, so we saved some for the next issue. At 10 bucks a crack, he really acts like he's been gored, when we submit our editorial costs. (But screw him — we're giving away more this issue than last.)

\$10.00 FOR YOUR IDEAS

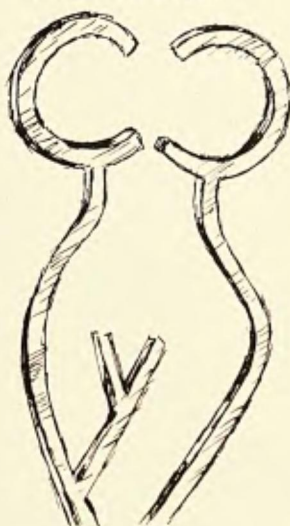
This contest will continue in every issue. If you have already submitted some ideas—submit more.

We'll pay ten dollars for every design idea printed in the magazine.

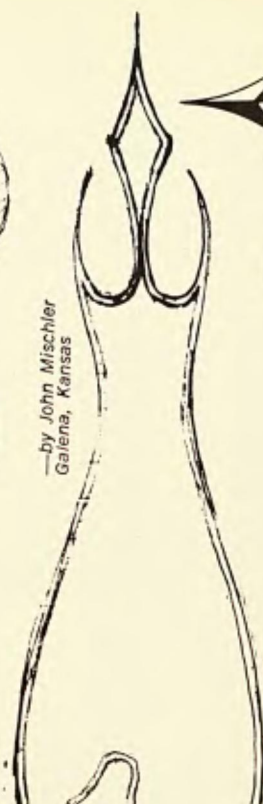
The ideas can be any size and rendered in either pencil or ink. They do not have to be professionally drawn—we'll take care of that—it's the idea we're interested in, but there should be enough of a sketch to show us what you have in mind.

If you want rejects returned, then you must send a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. All printed ideas become the property of *Easyriders* magazine. Send your ideas to Sissy Bar Contest, *Easyriders* magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. ☐

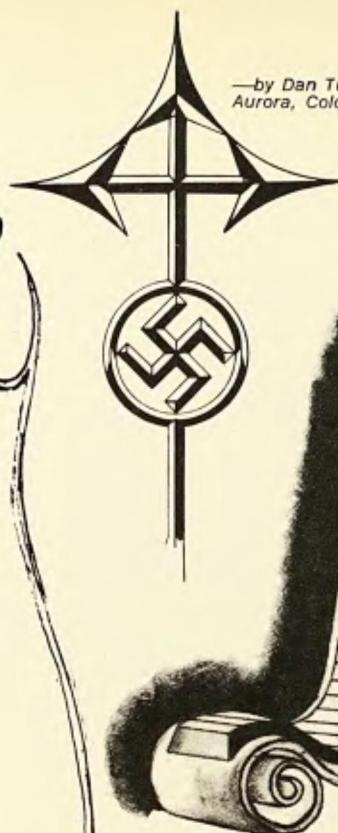
—by Jim Cunningham
Grants Pass, Oregon



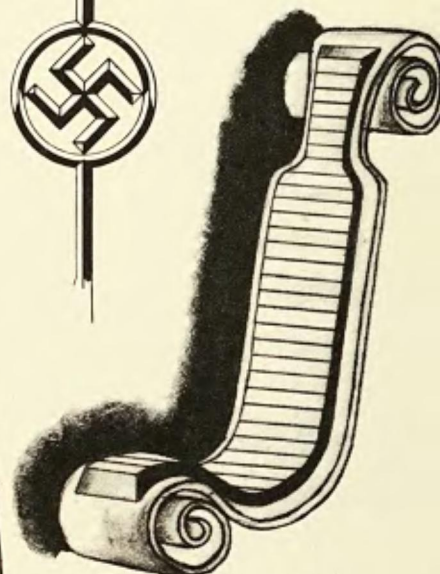
—by John Mischler
Galena, Kansas



—by Dan Turner
Aurora, Colorado

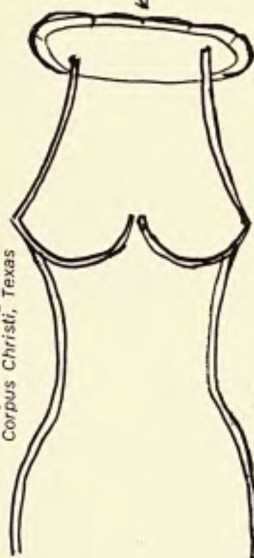


—by Louie Feliz
San Jose, California



HEAD REST

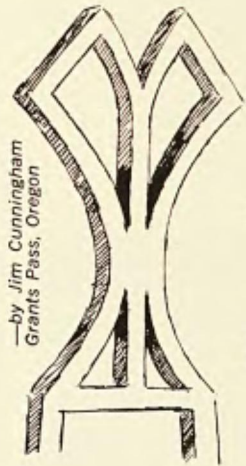
—by Don Morgan
Corpus Christi, Texas



—by Kenneth Yoshikawa
San Francisco, California



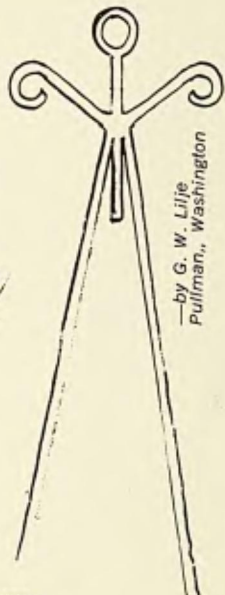
—by Jim Cunningham
Grants Pass, Oregon



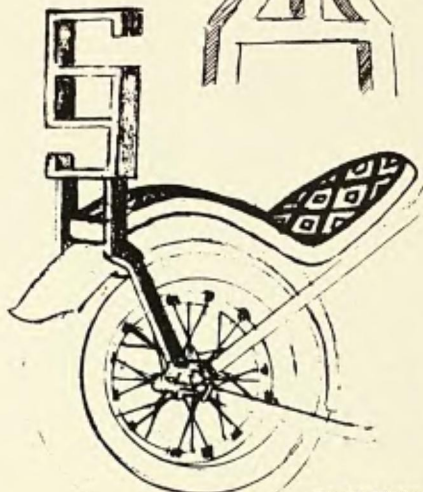
—by Larry Tesch
Saginaw, Michigan



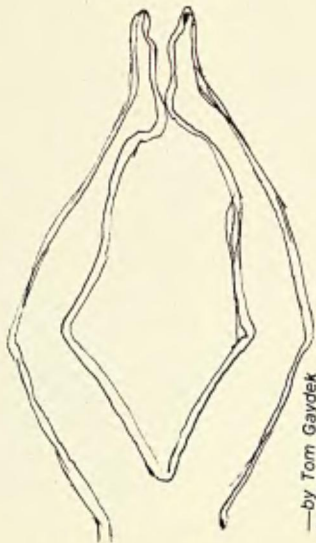
—by G. W. Lilje
Pullman, Washington



—David Hofmann
Brooklyn, Minn.



—by Tom Gaydek
Buffalo, N.Y.





—by Rudolph Garza
San Antonio, Texas



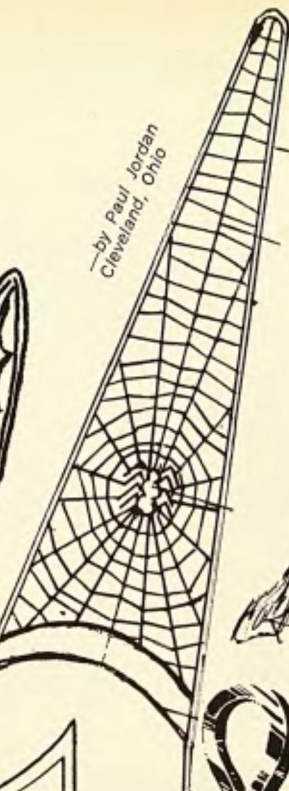
—by Louis Lunetta, Jr.
Trenton, N.J.

SMALL
CHROME
SPIDER

—by Patti Zanin
Greenbelt, Md.



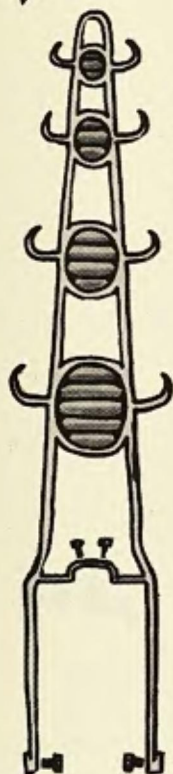
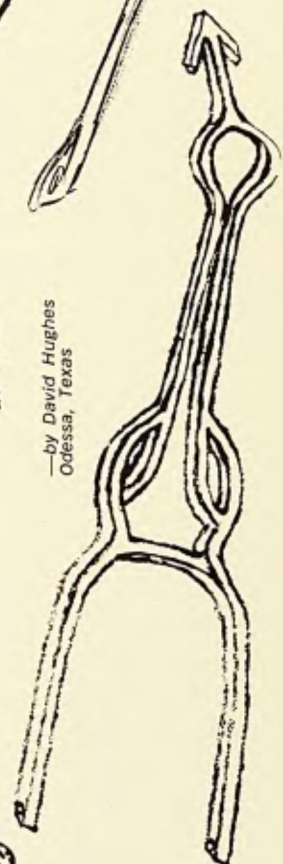
—by Paul Jordan
Cleveland, Ohio



—by Leonard Hoelter
Golden, Colorado



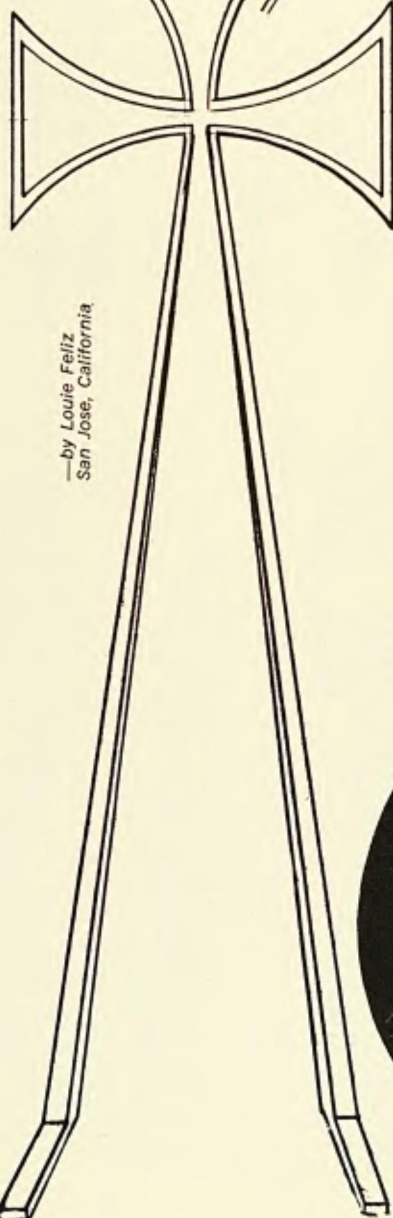
—by David Hughes
Odessa, Texas



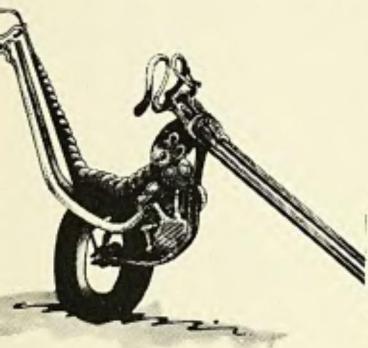
—by Alphonse Gavila
New York, N.Y.



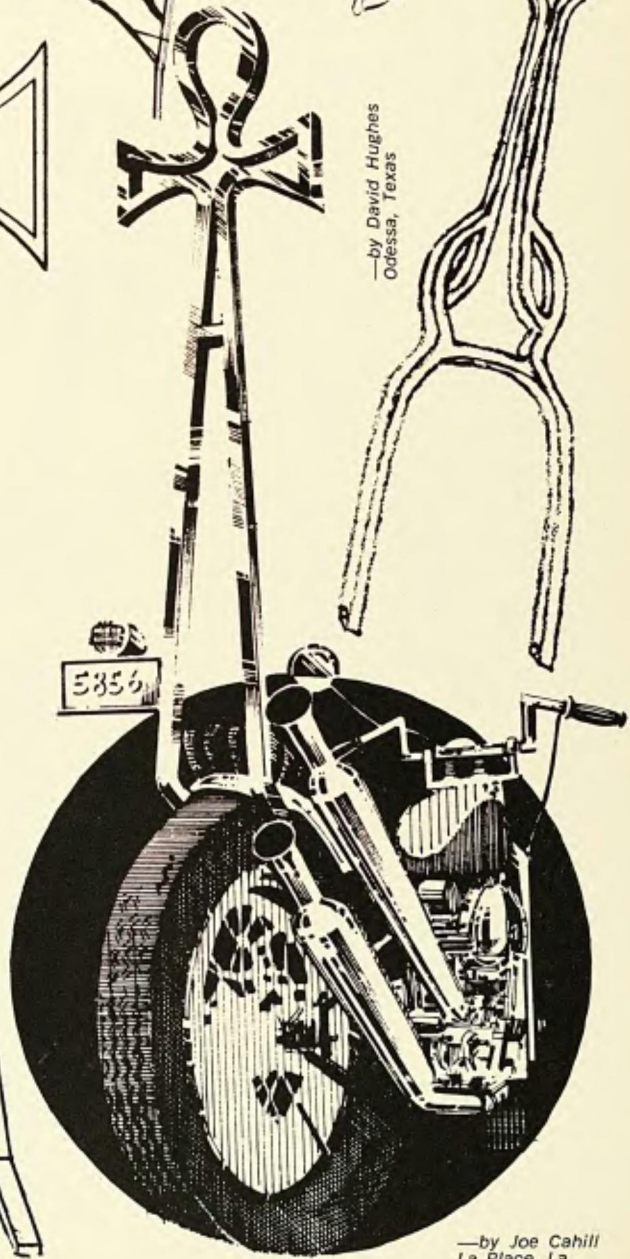
—by Alphonse Gavila
New York, N.Y.



—by Louie Feliz
San Jose, California



—by Brian McBean
Manhattan Beach, California



—by Joe Cahill
La Place, La.



Look What Grew on a Farm in Iowa!

You can believe that, out of all the mail we receive, a letter stating that a chopper was built in a barn, on the family farm, and that the chroming had been done "in the chicken house" grabbed our attention.

As a matter of fact, we sorta snickered, thinking this ought to be a good one, as we opened the accompanying packet of photos. I'm not certain what we had expected to see—but with most of us born and raised in the big city, the words farm, barn, and chicken house created a picture in our minds of a square dude whose built-in-a-barn bike would probably turn out to be an old Mustang—complete with fox tail.

Our snickers turned to respectful approval after one glance at the handiwork of Marv Jensen, the hip looking and very with-it owner from St. Ansgar, Iowa.

But we might have expected it, after featuring Gary Strand's CH in our June issue, for Gary's was righteous, and it was built in Iowa City, Iowa.

Marv stressed in his letter that he did all work himself—including sculp work, paint, upholstery, chroming—everything.

He said that his bike "has a 47 frame (dropped front motor mount), 15½" springer, and a '50 panhead engine, with 88 inches (pork-chop stroker wheels, and the pistons were machined by my brother). The engine also has oversized valves, Sifton cam, alloy push rods, and has been ported and polished.

"The concave design spool hub was turned from a tractor axle, by my brother. All nuts and bolts have rounded heads and have been chromed, as was everything else except heads and barrels. I stayed away from hanging Ben Hur shit on it. I like clean bikes."

Marv said he was also in the process of building another engine, using '56 cases. (He didn't say if he, or his brother, were going to rework any tractor parts for it.)

We don't know how he was able to do it. We don't know what he did to egg production, but we do know that he did a damned tasty design job under what must have been severe handicaps. But no matter what, the bike is just plain bitchin'.





***“I built it
in the barn,
and
chromed
it in the
chicken
house.”***



MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



Sickening Request

I was wondering if you could print a photograph of yourself in the magazine—maybe one of you in a bikini. If you don't want to put it in the magazine, maybe you could send me one.

Bob Graham
Washington C.H., Ohio

• I had a photo taken and turned it in with my column to the art department. One of the guys threw the photo on the floor, shouting, "Kill it, kill it!" as he stomped on it. Another guy shouted, "Don't kill it—catch it and let's see what it eats!" I've been forbidden to print my photo, or even mail it. The guys here like skinny broads like that Angela, who's featured in this issue. All I can say is, their taste in women is all in their mouths.

Pillion Seat Complaint

Is there any way a chick can get used to a pillion pad? My rear end isn't big—but it's full—no matter though, I'm only able to ride a few miles and I start squirming. Don't tell me to tell him to get a regular seat for me, because he likes the looks of his bike and won't change it. So I either like it, or lump it.

Jean Gordon
Chicago, Illinois

• He's got to be some kind of a sadist to expect you to ride any distance on that 9" x 4½" torture rack. He'd have to have a helluva lot of other things going for him in order to get me on that joke called a seat.

How To Get Gourd Cracked

A guy fronted me a pound of grass. While I was bagging it for resale, two police-types came up to my door. In panic, I flushed the pound. Do you think I should pay the guy who fronted me the grass,

even though I didn't get to turn it for profit?

J. E.
Bronx, N.Y.

• You pay. A burn is a burn is a burn is a burn.

Hard Problem To Solve

Tell me honestly, does eating oysters put lead in the old pencil? Does it really work? Do you know anything that does work?

Tim Sheppard
New Orleans, La.

• It's all in your head. If your head says yes, then it does. If you think it's a crock—then it is. Go to church regularly, eat a proper diet, don't drink or smoke; don't cuss or smoke pot or drop acid or shoot speed or molest chicks, and always have good thoughts — and you'll be run over by a truck.

Sloppy Kisser

When I tongue-wrestle with my chick, both of us get all wet all around our mouths. Is there any way of stopping this?

Jack Shumway
Midland, Texas

• You're so hung up on your tongue action that you, she, or both of you are forgetting to swallow. If you swallow normally, even

though "wrestling," you won't slobber on each other.

Your Little Old Matchmaker

My ol' man and I have agreed to take separate vacations this year. I would like to go where there are a lot of bikers, and really live it up. My husband is perfect, but his idea of fun is going to art shows, plays, and sailing a boat—which is all right, but I would like a little action. Have you any suggestions?

M. L. H.
Gross Point, Michigan

• If my mail is any indication, there are heavy bikers in all areas of the country — including your state. Can't suggest any safe way of meeting them—you might get more action than you want. If you'll send me an address, I'll forward any letters sent to me for you. Maybe our readers have some ideas.

Pussy Has Problem

I had my cat fixed, and ever since I had it done he sits around most of the day and masturbates. Do you think anything is wrong with him?

Joe Marshall
Joplin, Missouri

• Other than the possibility of him getting pimples and hair growing on his palms, there's nothing to fear. Our dirty old office cat, Black Dog, does it until he flops over from exhaustion, goes to sleep, wakes up and starts wailing again. I'm jealous.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha c/o Easyriders, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

Joint Venture

—Continued from page 25

colors, in his opinion, attracted undue attention from the heat and from anti-bike rednecks. All he wanted to do in life was to eat, sleep, fuck (all he could), fight (rarely), jam his 80, and be completely free to do whatever else might pop suddenly into his head.

The Booze Fighters had finally respected his loner tendencies and accepted him at the Joint—but only after two of their best brawlers, at different times, had decided to see just how tough he really was—and found out. One of them still carried a tooth on a cord around his neck, as evidence that he had “took the big turd on.”

Reno and two of the Fighters had big 80s, any one of which could (and had proved it more than once, usually in second gear) wipe out any hot 74 in the club. No one was sure which of the three 80s could take the other two. All three would have had to go to the hairy edge, possibly lunching an engine or two, in order to settle the question. None of them thought it would be worth it.

By now Reno was standing behind Little John by the snooker table, watching the action. After a couple of minutes he laid a quarter on the edge of the table, challenging the winner. No other quarters were visible around the rim of the table, and that meant that Reno was up next. He turned for a look around the room, and heard one of the players say, “Hey, mac, this is a private game.”

Reno looked at the guy in silence for a few seconds, and then said matter-of-factly, “That’s okay, but you’ll have to move your private game to another table; this one’s an open table.” He jerked his thumb toward the sign on the table’s score board. “Maybe you didn’t see the sign up there.”

The player glanced at the sign and back at Reno without saying a word. He gave his head a toss not bothering to hide the look of contempt on his face, and turned back to his game.

Reno studied him. The guy put out bad vibes. He was a simpy, faggy-looking type who, for some reason—maybe just because of his looks—made Reno want to punch him.

Reno turned away from the table, putting a hard burn on the dude, who avoided looking at him or even in his general direction.

What the hell was a clown like that doing in the Joint? Reno didn’t like the feeling he was getting, like a warning hunch. The guy didn’t belong in the Joint. He was too pretty, too slick—too everything. He had a lot of hair, but it was sprayed with goop to keep it carefully in place. His hands were too clean. There were no cuts, scars, calluses, burns, scratches, smashed or broken fingernails—nothing to indicate he worked on a bike. Could the creep be a narc? No. Hell, even narcs weren’t *that* obvious looking. Reno turned back to the table to study the guy some more.

His thoughts were interrupted by Little John’s elbow digging into his ribs. “Hey, Reno, did ya see that shot? Not bad, huh?”

Bra-less Sweetie sends Reno on an Unexpected Trip, as the Booze Fighters M/C Comes to the Rescue.

“Yeah, but he doesn’t play position. He didn’t draw his ball back for the next shot.” Reno grinned sourly down at Little John. “Now what’s he gonna do?”

The guy’s next shot was clumsy, and he barely made his ball.

Reno sneered openly. “Is *that* the cat you thought was a ringer?”

Little John had apparently not picked up on Reno’s feelings toward the dude. “Yeah, that’s him. Pretty good, ain’t he.” He looked up at Reno and grinned. “You’re gonna get your ass whipped.”

The dude made his next ball, and slopped another in at the same time. Now, Reno knew damn well he didn’t like the guy. He didn’t like the way the creep played snooker; he didn’t like the way he laughed after making each ball.

A hand appeared under Reno’s nose, holding a beer. Reno took it automatically. Little John must have somehow ordered the thing on the way to the table. Reno set it on a shelf on the wall above the chalk dispenser and turned around to see Rosemary, Moose’s wife, looking a little uptight, probably because of

being overworked and having to fight her way across the room time after time.

Reno looked at her deadpan. “It’s about time you got your dead ass over here.”

Rosemary’s voice was a cracked whip. “Get off it. He just ordered the damn things a couple of minutes ago!”

Reno let a little whine creep into his answer. “I know—but I been in this firetrap *three hours* waitin’ for one lousy beer.”

This time, Rosemary picked up on the kidding. Her glare turned into a faint smile. “You’ll find sympathy in the dictionary, between shit and syphilis,” she said sweetly.

Reno cleared his throat. “Well, here’s *my* money,” he said, loud enough to make sure Little John heard.

Little John actually turned pale. “But—but, Reno . . . Hey, man,

you’re gonna pay for mine too, ain’t ya?”

Reno reached for his beer and took a sip. “After what you said about that asshole whippin’ me? You gotta be kiddin’.”

Little John wondered desperately if Reno might be serious. “Oh come on, red-ass, pay. I was only goofin’ around. Man, you’re the greatest—the greatest snooker player in the world!”

Reno grinned down at him. He’d just had an idea of how he could bug the dude at the snooker table. “Okay, Little,” he said, “I’ll buy your beer, but”—he pointed to the blackboard the dude was using to keep score—“you’ll have to write ‘Reno is the greatest’ ten times on that board.”

Rosemary was still waiting, and her voice got sharp again. “Come on, you guys, pay up. You think you’re the only customers I got?”

Reno paid, and she went on her way, taking with her Reno’s order for two more beers.

Little John, still not sure whether or not Reno was serious about this blackboard bit, had already written

the last figure for each snooker player at the bottom of the board and was busily erasing all the other numbers. Reno grinned at Little's back and called over his shoulder to the departing Rosemary, "Come back in five minutes. If he's done it, I'll pay. If not, he'll pay!" Little John's back stiffened for a second, and then he got busy as all hell. Reno had to choke back a laugh.

"Hey, Reno," Little John wanted to know, "is it i-s-t or e-s-t?"

"E-st, you dumb shit."

Just about then, the snooker players took in Little John's action at the board. Not seeing the numbers scrawled at the bottom of the board, one of them reacted with: "Hey, what the hell you doin', man?" The other — the fancy dude that Reno already didn't care a hell of a lot for—didn't say a word. He simply snarled and charged Little John, who was busily earning his beer and didn't see the guy coming. The cue-stick in the creep's hand went up and came down across Little's back with everything the guy could put into it.

The stick broke, and Little John straightened up with a snap, more surprised than hurt—the stick had obviously been flawed, or maybe even cracked, before the blow was struck, and no other damage was done. But now the creep raised the broken end, ready to take another swing.

Reno didn't wait to analyze the situation. His ham-sized left hand yanked the stick away from the dude and tossed it aside. In the same instant, Reno's right hand caught the creep across the side of the head in an open-handed slap that sounded like a .38 being fired in a small closed space. The dude's knees buckled, but before he could even start to fall, Reno's left hand caught the other side of his head with another explosive slap.

Without wasting a glance at the lump sprawled on the floor at his feet, Reno turned anxiously to Little John. "Hey, man, you all right?"

Color started to seep back into Little's face, and he almost grinned reassuringly, but then thought better of it. Hell, he hadn't had this much attention since he couldn't remember when. He decided to make a production of it. Weak grin on quivering mouth. Straighten and arch the back. Rotate the shoulders, wincing a little with the movement. "Yeah, I guess—I guess I'm okay." Make sure to have just the right amount of uncertainty in the voice. By now, everybody was staring anxiously at him. "Yeah—very weakly —" "I'm fine."

It was not very well done. Reno laughed, a loud and relieved roar. His big right hand whacked Little across the ass hard enough to bow

his back. "You fuckin' ham!"

Little John was disappointed, and more than somewhat embarrassed. His eyes flew around the room in his effort to be nonchalant about the whole thing, and finally fell on the creep on the floor. His face hardened, and he tried to push past Reno. "Lemme stomp that bastard!"

Reno held him back. The creep's nose was bleeding and he kept wiping it on his sleeve. Reno figured he must have hit the floor with it when he went down. The guy had curled up in a ball when he heard Little's talk about stomping, and damned if there weren't tears streaming down his face.

"Please," he was blubbering, "please don't kick me. I — I just didn't think. I just got sick of always being hassled in here. Please. Let me go—I'm s-sorry."

Reno watched him in amazement. Damn. The guy was actually crying, whining and sniffing and carrying on like a spanked baby. Reno started feeling sorry for him. Sorry, for chrissake. It was downright weird. Reno seldom felt sorry for anybody. People usually brought their troubles on themselves.

The dude was still spluttering. "Every stinkin' time I come in here somebody hassles me — takes my drinks—puts cigarette butts in my drinks . . ." He paused to wipe the tears and blood off his face. "I'm always hassled in here—I guess this time I'd just had enough."

Reno lost most of his sympathy. "Yeah," he barked. "Especially since the guy you clobbered's just a little shit. You're real brave with little shits, ain't you!"

The dude curled up tighter, with his arms wrapped around his head. "Please," he wailed, and his voice sounded like a soprano's in an opera. "Please . . ."

Reno was sick of this scene. It was like seeing a woman kicked around. "Stand up," he roared at

the dude. The guy just started shaking and curled up tighter still. Reno's mouth twisted in disgust. He reached down and caught a handful of shirt. He yanked the dude up and backed him against the wall. "Split," he said. "Or I'll let Little John stomp hell outta ya."

The dude looked at Little with scared eyes. "P-please. I—I'm sorry —I didn't mean to do it—I wasn't thinking."

Little John shrugged with a screw-it attitude.

Reno gave the guy a little shove toward the door. "And don't come back," he warned. The guy staggered for the door, but Moose's gravelly roar stopped him dead. "That cue'll cost you twenty bucks, creep!" The dude changed direction and headed for Moose at the bar.

Things got back to normal after the outer door closed behind the dude. Reno retrieved his beer and was just about to take a big slug of it when Little's hand closed on the front of his shirt. Little was putting all the show of a banty rooster. "What's all this little shit you're handin' out, ya big shit?" That cracked up the crowd, and the dude was completely forgotten.

Reno finished his brew and went to rack the balls. He and Little flipped for the break. Reno won the toss and exploded the balls all over the table. The cueball jumped the table, costing Reno four points and his turn.

Little John placed the cueball in the triangle and directly in line with a red ball sitting in the mouth of a side pocket. Reno groaned. "Don't mind pickin' on a cripple, do you, asshole."

Little John's snicker was almost obscene. He sank the red ball and left himself in perfect position behind the seven.

Reno groaned again. "Christ, what luck. Just plain old shithouse luck."

Little John slapped himself on the chest. "That's skill, man. *Everybody* knows I'm the greatest." He made the seven but blew his next shot.

Reno sighted in on a red ball, but the cueball kissed another red on the way to its intended target, went off course and into the six, which headed into the nearest hole like a shot-at gopher.

"Shit!" Reno slammed his cue down on the table. "I can't play. That hassle's got me all screwed up. Whatta ya say we go jam awhile, and come back later?"

Little John knew when it was time to be agreeable. "Sure, man," he said quickly, "let's split."

Rosemary arrived with beers just as they were putting their cues back in the rack. Reno paid without comment. He chugalugged most of the



bottle at one go, waited a few seconds, and then polished off the brew. Little John almost strangled trying to keep up.

Outside, Reno drew a big breath of fresh air. "Christ, that smells good," he muttered. "I wish to hell Moose'd get some air in there." He started to take another big inhale, and stopped in the middle of it.

"What the hell..." His voice rose to a roar, directed at the figure he'd spotted standing beside his bike on the far side of the lot. "What the hell you doin'? Get away from there!" The figure stood there for a few more seconds and then took off like a goosed jackrabbit. Reno took off after the guy, while Little John headed for the bike. The guy disappeared around the corner of a factory building, and Reno rounded the same corner just in time to see the guy jump into a waiting car with somebody else behind the wheel. Reno jumped back into a doorway as the car roared past him.

Little John had finished checking over the bike when Reno came back, walking slowly and looking thoughtful. "Nothin' missin'. I guess we got out here just in time."

Reno was panting from the sudden, violent run so soon after that last plugged-down beer. Little John, too, looked slightly green around the gills, even though he hadn't run as far, and by no means as fast, as Reno had.

They stood there and looked at each other until Reno got his breath back.

"Guess who it was," Reno said finally.

"Hell, how would I—Wait a minute. You mean you know who it was?"

"That sonofabitch we hassled with in there." Reno jerked his head toward the Joint.

"No shit? You sure?"

"I'm sure. He had a buddy waiting in a car, and I got a good look at 'em as they passed me." Reno's eyes dropped to his bike, and he frowned. "I wonder what in hell he was up to."

"Was prob'ly gonna rip it off."

Reno knelt and looked closely at the engine. "Yeah, maybe. Unless he fucked with it some way, so it wouldn't run." He peered closer, and sniffed a couple of times. He stood up with a sudden jerking movement and looked at the seat. "That dirty sonofabitch! He's pissed all over my engine—my seat. I'll kill that rotten bastard!"

"Come on, Reno. How do you know he—"

"It's soaking wet—and smell it!"

Little John whistled softly. "What's he gain by that? Jeezus, whatta freak."

"It'll smell like hell as soon as the engine gets hot, and he knows

it. That lousy goddam fag bastard!"

Little John tried calming tactics. "No sweat, Reno. Let's take Moose's hose and wash it down."

Reno cooled down a little. "Yeah, that might work."

Reno unchained and they wheeled the bike around to the front of the Joint. Reno got the hose ready while Little John went inside to get a bar towel or two. Reno hosed and Little John wiped. While washing the tank, Reno noticed the cap wasn't on properly. It was at a slight angle and not screwed on all the way. He grabbed the cap and looked at it. He bent to look closely at the tank neck, inside and out. He looked at the cap again, and then the air started to turn slightly blue around his head. Even Little John had seldom heard such language.

"What the hell, Reno? What now?"

"Why, that mother—that—that..." Reno stuttered, unable to think of just the right word.

"What, Reno? What?" Little John backed away from the wild glare in the big man's eyes.

Reno took a deep breath, held it, and then let it out with a loud *whoosh*. Some of the savagery left his face—not all, but some.

Little John felt an enormous sense of relief. "What, Reno, you mean he pissed in the tank too? How much can one guy piss?"

Reno's voice was very quiet—and when Reno's voice was very quiet—*extremely* quiet, like now—there was real trouble in the wind.

"No, Little," said Reno in that soft tone, "the ass-hole didn't piss in the tank. He put sugar in it."

Little John decided to say nothing, absolutely nothing.

"Now who was that guy? Where did he come from? What's his name? Where does he live?" Reno's voice started to shake ever so slightly. "I shoulda stomped the shit out of him when I had the chance."

Little John started to say something funny to relieve the tension, but decided against it. "Uh, look, Reno, I'll go inside and find out what I can about the guy."

Inside the Joint, Little John told Moose what had happened, and Moose immediately got on the p.a. system to relay the news to the crowd. There was dead silence after he finished. Faces were grim and teeth were set. Of all the rank things a guy could do, harming—or even *thinking* of harming—another guy's chopper was the rankest. This was the first time that the Boozie Fighters had been in complete agreement on what action should be taken—the first time, that is, since a parking lot brawl some time ago that involved thirty-six of the Fighters and thirty or so outlaw club freaks playing the part of bad guys.

Jocko was the only one who knew anything about the dude. His name was Spencer. He was a dealer, and he lived on Westlake Drive in Washington Heights—a rundown area that had been one of the better sections of the city fifty years ago.

"Where on Westlake?" Moose's voice was an impatient blast from the p.a. speakers.

"I dunno exactly. A little bit south of San Gabriel Street, in the middle of the block, on the left as you head south. I dunno the number."

There was a mass rush for the door, but Moose's voice roaring out of the speakers stopped everybody. "Wait!" Then, softer, "Where the hell you all think you're going? You all go clodhopping around over there, the police'll think you're trying to take over something. Let Reno handle it. That punk won't give Reno any trouble."

There were a lot of grins at the thought of the punk giving Reno any trouble—or even the punk and a half-dozen of his friends.

"Besides"—Moose added the clincher—"how many boots can get on the creep at one time? Shit, you'd be breaking each other's ankles trying to get at the bastard."

Laughter and comments—loud, obscene, profane, or all three—followed these words of wisdom, and the crowd returned to their fun and games.

Little John rushed out to pass the word to Reno, but Jere and another guy were already ahead of him, gleefully cluing Reno in as to the general location of the dude's pad. "C'mon, Reno," Jere said with a jerk of his head, "ya can use my eighty." He unlocked the chain from his bike and handed it to Reno. "You get any blood on it, you'll hafta clean it up."

Reno still hadn't cooled down much. He gave Jere a tight grin and said, "Thanks, Jere. Don't worry. I won't use a chain." He locked the chain around his waist and slipped the key into his tight back pocket. Throwing a leg over the massive machine, he reached down and closed the carb. One jump on the starter pedal, bringing a dry heave from the engine. Another jump, another dry heave, as if the engine were some monster awakening and grumbling irritably to itself. Open the carb halfway, flicks on a hidden kill switch, retard the spark, turn the key, and jump on the pedal with full weight. *Whaarroom* from the powerful engine. Beautiful. Reno pulled the brute upright, opened the carb up full, kicked the stand back, and sat there for a moment as the 80 came fully awake.

Jere leaned close and shouted: "Cool it now, okay?"

"Right." There was no need to

say more. Two guys with bitchin' bikes, two guys who loved those bikes more than they would ever love a brother—guys like that, they both knew you don't just up and lend your bike to anyone that comes down the road. And they both knew that Reno would be damn careful with Jere's pet property.

Reno hit the suicide clutch, pulled the jockey shift into first, and weaved away between parked bikes, giving Jere a last nod. Little John, on his own 74, caught up with Reno just as he hit the street.

"Gas. I gotta stop for gas."

Reno nodded acknowledgement, cracked the throttle open and whipped off down the deserted street, that monster engine rarin' to go and bouncing bull-like roaring echoes off the empty factory buildings, with the sound of Little John's engine adding to the uproar.

A stop for gas in both bikes, and then they were on the expressway for a twenty-mile jam across town. Reno felt better. In fact, he felt great. He'd never been able to stay shook-up with fresh air beating at him and a top-grade machine between his legs.

They took the San Gabriel Street turnoff and headed for Westlake Drive, stopping at a hot dog stand on the corner near where Spencer, the dude, was supposed to live. They chained their bikes together in the parking lot behind the hot dog stand, and then without a word Reno took off south for the middle of the block on Westlake, cutting across to the left-hand side. Near the middle of the block on that side there was a big, old-fashioned house with a huge porch fronted by seven or eight steps. Some hippie types were lolling on the steps, drinking wine, and Reno headed for them. A girl was playing some kind of flute thing—now what the hell was it again? Oh yeah, a recorder. Reno'd known a guy once that played one.

He stopped at the base of the first step and looked at the hippies. They looked back, very calmly. Apparently Reno's fairly long hair and not too neat general appearance convinced them he was nothing to worry about. Reno was glad of that; it might help.

"Hi," said a guy on the top step.

Reno smiled a little uncertainly. He didn't know how to start. Ask questions about somebody, and immediately somebody else will think you're a narc. He didn't want to panic this bunch. On the other hand, you get too hesitant and somebody will suspect you, too. He decided to play it straight. "I was wondering if you could tell me where Spencer lives."

"Spencer who?" That came from a chick who was sitting on the third

step up.

"Damn if I know. That's all I ever called him." Reno's stomach gave a little lurch as his eye fell on the chick. Jesus, what a heavy chick! And obviously one of those who feel that a bra is an unnecessary. As a loyal tit man of long standing, Reno knew a first class product when he saw it, and the product—or products—that bulged the front of this chick's tee-shirt were too much. Reno tried hard not to be obvious in his sudden interest.

"Uh, he—uh, Spencer, I mean—was supposed to met me down there at the hot dog stand over two hours ago, and I'm beginning to think I've been burned."

A snicker came from the fourth or fifth step up, where a guy was wrapped in an embrace with another bra-less chick. But hers weren't nearly as yummy as the other's, Reno decided. He almost missed what the guy was saying.

"You've probably been burned, all right. He got busted a week ago and he's probably raising money to defend himself."

"Yeah," the guy on the top step added, "and he's the type to burn you anyway. A real spaced-out weirdo. No one on the street has anything to do with him—too dangerous."

"Dangerous? Not the flake I know," Reno said.

"Dangerous because he's the type to turn someone in—fink to the cops in return for his freedom."

Reno's eyes returned to the chick on the third step. "Sounds like a nice guy. Where do you think I can find the sonofabitch?" Damn, he couldn't keep his eyes off those yummys. Sure was a lot of nice pink there, in sharp, cleancut circles—and the points were a little deeper pink, and damn if they didn't seem to be sticking out there a little more than—Reno jerked his head away and forced what he hoped was a natural-sounding cough, covering it with his hand, of course. This time, he actually did miss part of what the guy on the top step was saying.

"...down—in the rear. But cool it—it's better to be burned than busted."

"Yeah," said Reno. "Now, uh, just where did you say—"

"Hey," interrupted the chick with the pink-pointed, bra-less yummys,



"That'd better be a left-hand turn!"

"that's pretty good. You ought to write that down—better burned than busted..." She was, naturally, putting the guy on, but she had also sort of jumped when she said what she said, and Reno was so flustered from watching the pink-nosed goodies jump around under the tee-shirt that he didn't pick up on the sarcasm.

"Yeah, that's pretty good. Uh, where—I mean—yeah, where did you say the creep lives? I mean, in the back of what—or back of where?" Jesus, he wished the gal would put on a coat or something. No, no. No, hell no, he didn't wish that at all! He didn't know what he wished. "Uh, I mean, I didn't quite catch the first part of the address." Christ, what an interview!

The guy on the top step pointed. "Two doors down, like I said. In the rear. But, like I said too, cool it, man."

"Yeah, thanks, I'll do that."

The guy went on. "They busted him for selling acid to a minor—so you can believe he's got to rat on a lot of people to get off that one."

The yummy chick cut in again. "We avoid him, even cross the street when we see him. We want him to forget us entirely."

"Yeah? Really?" He had to keep her talking, so he'd have an excuse to keep his eyes on her. Maybe nobody'd notice if his look centered slightly below her neck.

The chick took a deep breath and stretched her whole body, arms high overhead and then wide to the sides and then collapsing and letting her hands fall limply into her lap. The goodies bounced—ohmigawd how they bounced.

The chick continued. "Yeah, really. We're nothing—he'll probably have to bust someone big to get off—but we're not taking any chances." She took a swig of wine. "You know, in case he has a hardon for any of us."

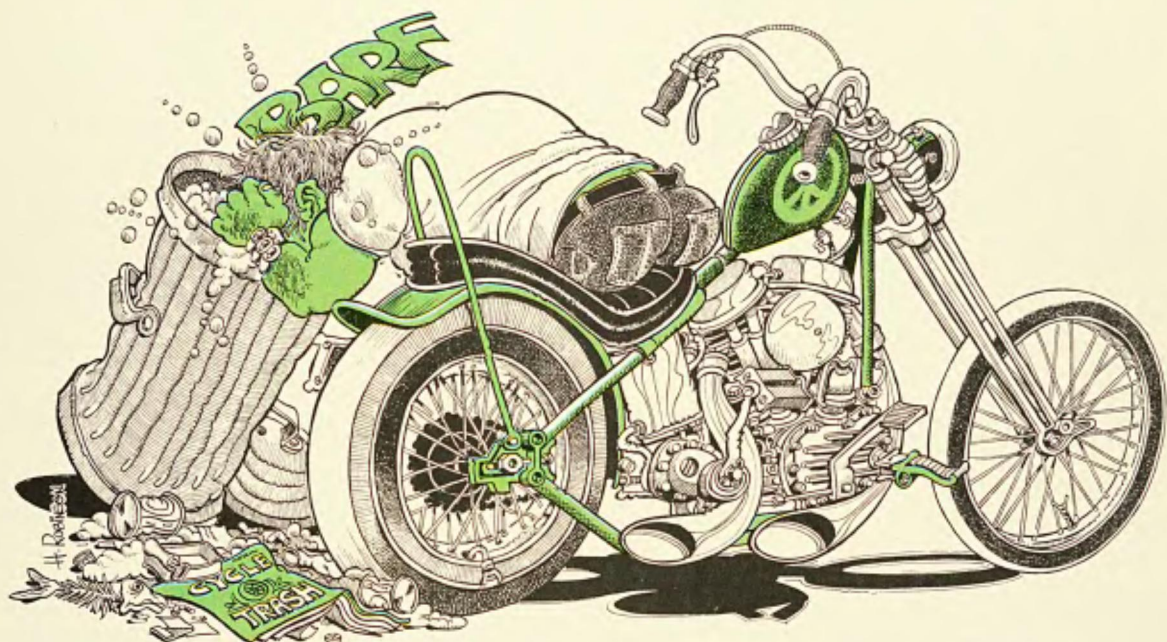
Now that, Reno thought, was one hell of an expression for her to use—especially under the circumstances. His eyes went like homing pigeons to the jutting tee-shirt.

"Thanks a hell of a lot for the scam on the bastard. I'll watch myself," he added, watching the tee-shirt, "but I'll have to do the guy in if he's burned me."

The yummy with the yummys had been fondling the wine bottle, wrapping her sensuous lips around the neck like she was in love with the damn thing. Now she heaved a deep sigh—which almost undid Reno—and held out the jug. "Here, have some before you go."

Jesus, yeah, Reno thought feverishly, I could use a hell of a lot before I go. "Thanks," he said politely, taking the bottle and tilting it up

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for a long swig. Was it spiked with LSD? Reno flashed on that thought, but only for a second. Only two things mattered right then: getting away from there, or getting into that tee-shirt. Reno decided on getting away. He took another good jolt, handed the jug back to the chick, took a last long, lingering glance at the tee-shirt, and turned away from the steps, almost stumbling over Little John. Hell, he'd forgotten about Little John. And no wonder. He was surprised he hadn't forgotten his own name. Tee-shirts had taken on a new, everlasting meaning for him this day.

As the two buddies moved away, the guy on the top step called out, "You'll be doing us a favor if you get that creep out of the neighborhood." And the yummy added—by now Reno knew every inflection of her voice—"Later, man." It was a purr, and again Reno was damn near undone. It was just as well that he had his back turned to that tantalizing chick. He let his hand brush—accidental-like—across the front of his Levi's, making a quick adjustment to relieve the pressure. Aahhh, now maybe he could walk straight. Little John seemed to be having the same sort of trouble. Well, hell, he'd seen that tee-shirt too.

As the two headed for the street, they could hear one of the chicks say to the other, "He was sure hung up on your tits..." Then they giggled.

Reaching the sidewalk, Reno starts to say something to Little John, as Little John cuts him off with, "Man, did you see those beautiful knockers?"

"They were somethin' else, weren't they? Reno said, as he pictured them again. "I guess, I'll never get used to chicks not wearing a bra—it really turns me on, to see them right out there in front of God and everybody."

"Yeah man, I can dig it." Little John drools. "But, we're both titmen."

Reno, coming back to reality, says, "Wipe your chin, you asshole, and go watch the bikes. I may be in a hell of a hurry when I get through here. You have everything ready to roll."

Little John put up a weak complaint about missing the action, but he knew Reno was right. "Okay, man. Give it to him good, ya hear?"

Reno's grin wasn't nice to see. "I'll do that." He turned and headed toward Spencer's house as Little John split for the parking lot.

At the rear of the front house there was a small house, off to the left. It looked deserted. All the shades were drawn. Everything was quiet, except for faint music coming from somewhere. Reno headed for

the front steps of the little house, and the music began to sound louder. Reno's heart jumped. By God, there was somebody there, after all. The dude himself, maybe? Reno rapped on the side of the screendoor. Behind it, the house door was open, and through it came the music mixed with the smell of incense.

"What do you want?" A woman's voice, from somewhere in the house.

"Spencer." Reno peered through the screen, but could see only some furniture. No woman in sight.

"He's not here."

"When'll he be back? I've got to see him."

"Tomorrow."

"Where'd he go? I've got to see him—right away."

"Why?"



"What's a nice chick like you doing in a joint like this?"

"Uh, it's a little setup we got going."

"What setup?"

Goddam nosy broad. "That's between us."

A figure just sort of—materialized—there in front of the screen. A female figure. And a damn pretty one, as far as Reno could tell. It's surprising how much a screendoor cuts down on visibility, unless you're right up against it.

Her voice was more sharp than pretty. "What's your name?"

"Ringo." It was the first thing that popped into Reno's mind.

They studied each other through the screen. Damn, she *was* pretty. And she looked like a sharpie. Reno wondered what her connection might be with the dude.

"Ringo? I don't think I've heard the name before. Except for the Beatle, of course." She was smiling faintly.

"Uh, yeah. Well, Spencer and I haven't, uh, been buddies too long.

You know."

She studied him some more. Another faint smile. "Yes, I suppose."

Reno wondered exactly what she meant by that.

She unlocked the screendoor and pushed it open, standing to one side. By God, she was *really* pretty. "Well," she said, "I guess it'll be all right for you to come in and wait."

Reno was instantly as suspicious as an old maid hearing a sound under her bed, but not as *hopefully* suspicious. He made no move to accept the invitation. "Uh, I guess maybe I better wait out here."

Her smile would have tempted the devil himself. "As you like," she purred, and watched as Reno turned and clumped over to sit on the porch rail. "Excuse me," she said then, and disappeared into the house. Reno watched the screendoor close behind her, and wondered just where Spencer might be hiding in the house, ready to clobber ol' Reno at the first opportunity. Walking into that house would have been like walking into a rattlesnake's den. But the bait was sure as hell nice. Reno wondered if he'd been a damn fool to turn down her invitation. Then he wondered if she was in there calling the dude on the phone right now, warning him about the big character called Ringo who was waiting on the porch, describing this "Ringo" in fine detail.

The screendoor opened and the chick came out. And Reno stopped thinking altogether. He couldn't remember what she'd been wearing before, but he'd never forget what she was wearing *now*. She was wearing, now, a kind of shorts-like thing that on a man would have been called a jockstrap. But it sure—God wasn't a man wearing the thing, and Reno didn't know what to call it. And with the—*the thing*, she was wearing a see-through blouse that would have weighed maybe a pound to the truckload. And under the blouse, which might as well not have been there at all for all the concealing it did, there was no bra, no nothing, except there was all this pink-and-white flesh thrusting up and out like... like... Reno's mouth went dry, and then suddenly watered. He just sat there and stared as she walked right up to stand squarely in front of him, a couple of feet away.

She was smiling again, her eyes were bright and wide and deep, and she apparently didn't even notice his open staring. She raised a wine bottle in one hand and a couple of glasses in the other. Reno hadn't even noticed them before.

"I thought we might have a sip or two while we're waiting."

It was a nice touch, and Reno felt a warmth rising in him. *We. We*

are waiting—together—waiting to kick the shit out of a creep. The two of us. Sexy me, and he-man you. It sounded good. Reno shook his head and came back to reality—a little.

"Uh, I'm not much on wine. Beer and vodka, that's me." How the hell was he to know what she might have put in that wine? He was taking no chances.

The chick looked around sort of helplessly. She wiggled the bottle and the glasses as if wondering what to do with them. Then she simply plunked herself down on the porch in a crosslegged sitting position that nearly made Reno fall off the rail. She put the drinking gear down beside her and wiggled her fanny. "Gee, this porch is awfully hard."

Not only the porch, baby, not only the porch, Reno thought. Then, always the perfect gentleman—especially when it came to chicks with big, firm, quivery breastworks—he stood up and removed his jacket. He spread it out on the porch floor and said, "Here, sit on this."

She gave him a soft, sweet smile. "Gee, thanks." She scooted over onto the jacket, while Reno helplessly watched the commotion under the see-through blouse. She patted the

jacket. "Come on down here and join me."

Well, what the hell else could he do?

The chick poured two glasses of wine. Handing him one, she raised the other to her lips. Luscious lips. Wet, shiny, full lips. Sweet lips. Lips built for kissing and . . . and . . . Reno automatically took the offered glass, staring at those lips and dreaming wild, lewd dreams involving them. His eyes dropped to the fantastic knockers protruding under the non-protection of the thin, transparent blouse.

The chick gave a tinkling laugh—like little silver bells. "To us," she said softly, and clinked her glass against his.

Reno again came part-way out of his daze. "Uh, wait," he husked. He traded glasses with her, and again the glasses clinked. "Oh you," the chick said softly, and swallowed half her drink. "See, there's nothing wrong with it." She was laughing at him, but it was a kind laugh, and a very sexy laugh. It gave Reno goose-pimples. He gulped the whole contents of his glass in one gulp, bringing an admiring sound from the girl. She tilted her glass and killed the rest of it.

She poured again. She brought her face to within four inches of Reno's and breathed very softly, "To us, big man." The glasses clinked, and once more Reno took his in one gulp. It took the girl three glugs this time.

The chick's head fell sideways and came to rest on Reno's arm. "Wow," she said in a half-whisper, "that stuff really hits you when you toss it down like that." She turned her face up and her eyes locked with Reno's. Doesn't it? Her voice was soft, her eyes wide and unfocused, her breasts jutting, through the blouse. Her breath was warm and winy on Reno's face.

Without thinking at all, Reno had her in a tight embrace and was laying her back on the jacket. His mouth came down on hers and the plump lips opened obediently. An educated tongue wormed its way into his mouth, and Reno damn near sizzled from head to foot. His mouth left hers and sank into the firm, curved flesh of her throat. She made a pleased little sound and her fingers clutched at the back of his head. His hands yanked the blouse up around her neck and his mouth closed over one upright breast. The girl's hands clutched his head tight-

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er, pulling it against her. "Yes," she gasped. "Like that. Kiss them. Oh God, how I love that!"

Reno didn't really need her instructions, though. He was doing fine all by himself. He kissed. He licked. He slobbered over every inch of those big, luscious things. He kissed her shoulders, her arms. He kissed his way down her belly and teased her navel with the tip of his tongue. His hands reached for the waistband of the thing she was wearing below...

But his fingers were becoming all thumbs. He was dizzy. His arms were getting weak. The girl's hands were pulling his away from her, and having no trouble in doing it. Strange sensations came over him as she was wriggling out from under him. Something was wrong. She was standing over him now, her blouse still up around her neck, and she was looking down at him with narrowed eyes. Eyes he'd never seen before—they were in motion. He just lay there, on his back, and stared up at her. What in hell was wrong here? He didn't feel like even moving. The girl seemed to fade away into the far distance and come back with a rush. Her face was a mass of swirling lines. Everything looked like it was moving and wavery. He watched her bare breasts, shining with the wetness from his mouth. They were bouncing and swaying, and suddenly he could see the blood coursing through them, see the blood vessels squirming and twisting under the pressure behind the blood flow. Now he could see the pulse beat that made the breasts pulsate; he could see the labored breathing that made the breasts sway. She was no longer a luscious

young female, most likely a teenager. Now she was just an anatomical model from some medical school, made out of plastic that flowed and rippled while medical students watched.

"Wha—what is it?" he slurred. "What'd you do to me?"

The girl bent over him, and her face was something out of a nightmare. "Acid, you stupid tit freak! LSD. You know what that is? Well, I overdosed you with it." She straightened, turning away.

"N-no. Wait." Reno felt only a detached, sort of clinical, curiosity. "How? I mean, there was nothing in the wine. Was there? I mean, how did you do it?"

"My tits, shithead. These big, juicy tits you couldn't keep your eyes—or your mouth—away from." She shook them at him. "I dosed 'em good, and then made sure you got a chance to get all you wanted." She paused, and her voice was cold as ice. "You didn't really think that Ringo crap fooled me, did you? Spence described you real good." She turned away again, and this time she kept going. The door slammed behind her and the lock clicked firmly.

Reno lay there and watched the screendoor drift slowly shut. It was a beautiful sight, somehow, the motion all wavery and liquid and graceful-like. His eyes moved around the porch. Everything seemed alive, in motion. He struggled to his feet and picked up his jacket. He studied the wooden porch with its twenty coats of paint. Then he switched to a close-up study of the beautiful pattern rust makes. He started walking across the porch, and it was like he was walking in knee-deep, semi-

liquid rubber. He started down the steps—those steps that stretched down and away for miles, steep, like a cliff overhanging a bottomless ravine. Reno was very, very careful going down that cliff. It was fun, though, and he didn't really worry about falling. Hell, even if he did fall, he'd just float down like a feather and land on that thick, green, live mattress at the bottom.

Now he was down on level ground again, and he dropped to his belly to study the fine detail of the green mattress. It was alive, all right. He could see right into it, all the pretty colors, the liquid gushing through it like blood, except the liquid wasn't red, like the blood in a pair of big tits. This "blood" was... what the hell, it changed colors all the time. But it was fascinating.

Reno felt a flash inside. What the hell was he doing here on his belly, peering at a lot of stupid grass? He laughed at himself and struggled to his feet. He laughed again. Christ, it was really funny. Now, let's see. I gotta go someplace. But where? He stood there, weaving, and thought about it. Oh yeah. Little John. Hot dog stand. Bikes. Yeah, that was it.

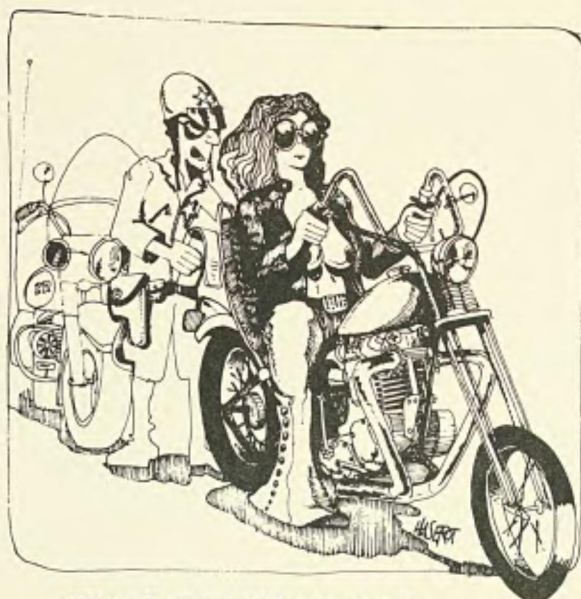
He staggered down the driveway to the street, and stopped again, considering. Which way? He peered both ways along the street. Yeah. That way.

He started out, but it was hard going. Everything was swaying and swinging and wiggling, like to music. He tried to swing with it, and damn near fell on his face. Funny, funny, funny. He laughed uproariously.

A few paces further down the street, he stopped suddenly, feeling the hair bristle on the back of his neck. What the hell was that big green snake doing there, wriggling its way across the sidewalk? Reno stopped to let it pass. He stood—and he stood. Jesus Christ, how long was the damn thing, anyway? It was like waiting for a freight train to pass. The snake wiggled, and Reno waited.

And then he had another flash. Snake? Hell, it was a hose stretched across the walk. A green garden hose. Reno stepped over it and kept going toward the corner.

A roaring sound began to build in his head. He clapped his hands to the sides of his head and groaned. Jesus, all the pressure in there. My goddam skull's gonna bust wide open. Then he noticed that the roar was gone. He dropped his hands from his ears, and the roar came back. Reno's head swiveled. There was something coming toward him through the air, in slow motion. Goddam. A rocket, and it's headed right for me! No. No, not a rocket. It's a plane, and it's gonna crash



"Okay, Buster, hold it right there!"

right on top of me. He cringed and covered his head with his arms. The roar built and built and built... And then it started to fade as the helicopter swept on by and disappeared behind the houses.

Suddenly, without quite knowing how he'd got there, Reno was standing in front of somebody who was staring at him in puzzlement. Behind the guy were a couple of motorcycles. Reno stared back at the guy. Who in hell was he? He sure had a funny face, sorta like a relief map of the moon. Big, deep holes in it, deep canyons around the huge eyes, nostrils that looked like bear-caves. The face drew back into the far distance, like a mile or so away.

"Jesus, Reno, you gonna kiss me or somethin'?"

That voice. Oh yeah. Spencer. No, not Spencer. Little John, that was it. Little John. He had to tell Little John how the broad had OD'ed him. He opened his mouth to speak, just as a car horn blasted somewhere behind him. Suddenly he could hear all the car horns for miles around, some loud, some faint; and then he could see all the taillights, blinding bright, hurting his eyes; and then neon signs were blasting at him so hard that he could even hear them. Sunlight flashed off something on the counter of the hot dog stand, and Reno became aware of how bright even the ketchup is if the light strikes it just right...

Some hippies passed, and even though they were obviously miles away, Reno could hear them clearly. "He must have scored," one was saying. "Amen," said the other. They were staring at Reno across all those miles, and he wondered if they were talking about him.

Beyond the hippies the traffic was heavy on the street. And the street had curved so that it ran right through where Reno was standing. All this traffic was headed straight for him. He closed his eyes and stiffened, waiting for the first jolt...

"Reno! Reno, for chrissake!" Somebody was yelling at him. He opened his eyes to see Little John jumping up and down in front of him. Little John grabbed his arm and shook hell out of it. "Goddammit, Reno, what's with you? What happened?"

Reno's eyes focused somewhat. "They dosed me. Acid. Overdose, they said."

"Jesus, OD? We better get to a doctor."

Reno was hung up on Little John's face again. A sloppy shave had left it looking like a forest with most of the trees cut down but with others left standing, looking ragged and half-dead. The mole on Little's cheek had become a mountain with long hairs like trailing vines dangling

from it...

"How'd they do it? You didn't eat or drink anything, did you?" Little John was shaking Reno's arm again, and his voice was frantic.

Reno smiled dreamily. "Tits, man. Big, ripe, juicy tits—loaded with acid. And I sucked 'em." He licked his lips. "Man, did I suck 'em!"

Little John mounted his bike and kicked it over. "Come on, Reno," he said urgently. "I'm gonna get you down to the free clinic for some downers."

Reno was tripping again. The sidewalks were filthy. Why didn't somebody clean them? A hacked clam here, a wad of chewing tobacco there. Filthy. Chewing gum everywhere, spilled drinks, dog piss, and God knows what caused some of the other stains. Filthy...

Little John had him by the arm. "Come on, Reno, goddammit, get up behind me. We're gettin' the hell out of here."

Reno blinked. "Jere's bike," he said. "We gotta—"

"Forget Jere's bike. It's chained up and I got the key."

Reno had a flash of sanity. His eyes narrowed. "I thought I told you to unchain."

"I did unchain, goddammit. I just chained up Jere's bike again a minute ago. Will you for chrissake get up behind me?"

Reno frowned. Now that was funny. He hadn't noticed Little John chaining up.

"Come on, Reno, quit fuckin' around and get on."

"Wait a minute. We better call Jere first and let him know where his bike is."

Little John cut the switch and slumped back on the seat. "Yeah, you're right. I didn't even think of it." He looked up at Reno. "Okay, we'll call." He frowned as he saw a shiver run over Reno's big frame. "You cold?"

"Yeah, ain't you?"

"No. But if you're cold why don't you put on your jacket?"

Reno looked down in surprise. He hadn't even realized he was carrying the damn thing.

Little John, seeing the blank look on Reno's face, got off the bike and took the jacket out of the big guy's hand. It was dirty, both from lying on the dusty porch and from being half-dragged along the street from the house to the hot dog stand, dangling from Reno's hand. Little John lifted it to slap the dust off. Something flew out of the pocket. Little John stooped to retrieve it. He froze, staring at the little packet. He shoved it quickly into his own pocket and stared at Reno. "Man, I thought you put down pot. What the hell'd you do, forget you were holdin'?"



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Reno stared back. "I did put it down. I told you, Spencer's chick OD'ed me.

"Then where the hell'd you get this?" Little John held up the packet.

Reno's face went blank again, and then filled with fury. "It's a goddam plant. That bitch slipped it in my pocket. I oughta go back there and ... and ... His hands tightened into fists as big as volleyballs.

Little John sneaked a quick look around and opened the baggie. There were some small purple pills—hmmm, they're using purple coloring these days. Besides the LSD tabs there were some mini-bennies and six joints. Enough shit to insure a trip to jail—and in this uptight state, a stay in jail.

Little John went through the rest of the jacket pockets. Nothing. He helped Reno put on the jacket and then headed for the phone booth, telling Reno to stay put. "I'll call Jere and tip him. And you, for chris-sake, try to fight off the little side-trips, okay?"

It didn't take long to give Jere the lowdown, the whole scam on what had happened and where his bike was.

"Okay," Jere said, "but you don't have to take Reno to no clinic. Hell, he couldn't get an OD from suckin' a tit or two. Let the big bastard enjoy it. He's probably having the time of his life."

"He is now, but what if the big bastard goes on a bummer? It would take five guys to hold him down."

"Is there a bar near where you are?"

"Yeah, right across the street. Big Daddy's."

"Well, take him in there and get him hung up on some happy music.

He'll be all right. I'll be right there, with some of the guys."

"Okay, man, but hurry. It'll be a bitch if he gets out of hand."

"We'll be right there, man. Don't sweat it."

Little John hung up and breathed a sigh of relief. God, how he hated making decisions. Now he didn't have to. All he had to do was follow Jere's suggestions. He opened the phone booth door and took a casual look around. He stepped out of the booth, turned to walk along the side of the hot dog stand, made a quick stash, and went back to where the bikes were.

Reno was gone.

Little John damn near panicked. He rushed out of the parking lot and looked frantically in all directions. And there the big bastard was, standing in front of a liquor store, staring into the window. Little John walked over. Reno was all hung up on a multi-colored, moving beer sign in the window. Little John took his arm. "Come on, ol' buddy, let's get a brew."

Reno smiled, turned, and went along. He moved like a figure in a dream. Little John had no problem with him. They went across the street to the bar, with Reno stumbling once in a while from not watching where he put his big feet. Little John wondered if the guy even knew where he was for sure.

At the door of the bar, Little John took one quick backward glance toward the hot dog stand—and froze in his tracks. An unmarked cop car was just pulling up by the bikes. You couldn't—at least Little John couldn't—mistake that small, tell-tale antenna. Two crewcut young guys jumped out of the car, looking around. Narcs, sure as hell. You

could always tell. The dangling-tailed sport shirts couldn't hide the bulge on the right hip. But even without the bulge, you could always tell. ESP or something, vibrations, whatever, you could always spot a narc.

Little John took a quick look over his shoulder. Reno was sitting quietly at the bar, paying no particular attention to anyone or anything. Everything looked okay in there. Little John let the door swing shut, staying outside and keeping well back in the comparative shadow of the recessed doorway. He stood very still, watching the heat do their number.

They did it thoroughly. They went over the bikes like scientists studying bugs. Occasionally they would straighten up to look around. They seemed to be expecting somebody. Who? Reno, who else? They'd been tipped, and they were here to bust Reno. Finally, one of them went to the car and got on the radio. Talking into the mike, he kept his eyes moving over the area, and for an instant they swept right across Little John in his doorway. Little John had a very sick moment, but the cop's eyes kept right on moving. So it was okay. The cop finished his call, went over to talk for a minute with his sidekick, and then went back to the car. He moved it to the back of the parking lot, where it wouldn't be so obvious. Then he and his partner headed for the hot dog stand and a cup of coffee.

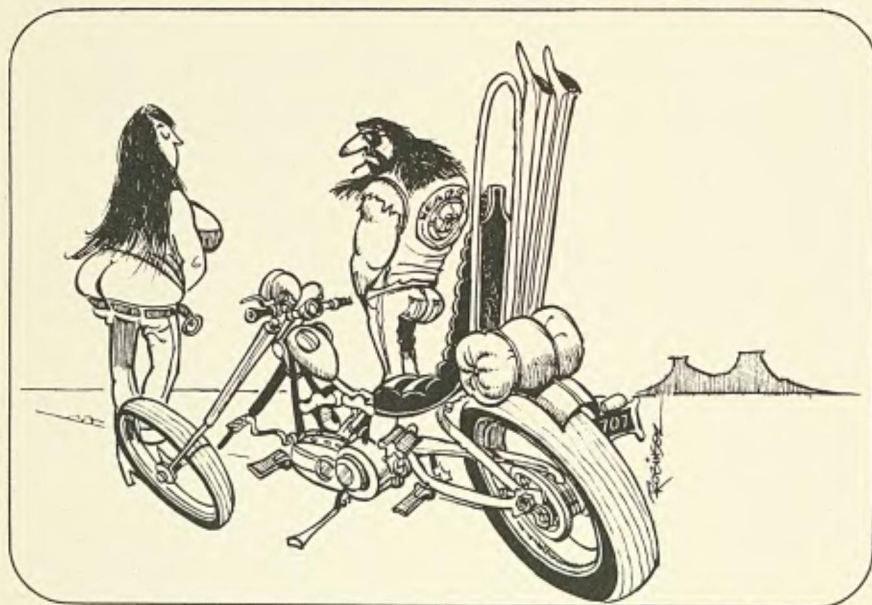
Obviously, they were going to wait for Reno to show up.

Little John took another quick peek inside the bar. Reno was feeding coins into the jukebox. Okay. Little John closed the door again and stood outside, waiting for Jere and watching the narcs.

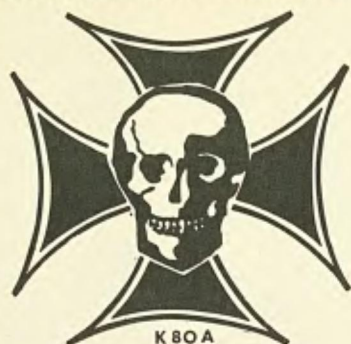
They were trying to play it cool, like straights. Little John puckered slightly at the thought that the cops might be tossing innocent little questions at the hot dog counter man. Jesus, suppose the guy just happened to mention that he'd seen this big guy and this little guy go into the bar across the street. But why should he do that, unless the cops asked? And if the cops did ask—well, this was the kind of neighborhood where any pointing would be done directly away from the right direction.

Little John's thoughts were interrupted by the unmistakable sound of approaching Hogs. The cops didn't even turn their heads to look toward the sounds. They were being super-cool, super-casual. Little John stepped out to the curb to meet Jere, who was packing with Tiny Tim, and six more of the Booze Fighters as they swung in.

Little John was talking to Jere before the engines were shut down.



Ain't you supposed to be sitting down or something?"



K 80 A

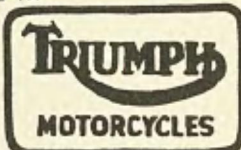
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ME 3



ME 5



ME 7



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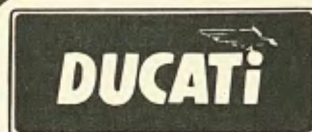
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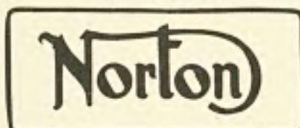
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"Reno's inside. Don't look at the hot dog stand across the street. There's two narcs there, waitin' for Reno to come back to your bike. They're after the dope that bitch planted on him."

Their bikes parked legally and carefully with one wheel against the curb, the group started ambling casually toward the door of the bar. Jere spoke rapidly and softly as they went. "Come back out here in a minute or two. It'll look cooler if the same guy loafs around outside. Somebody else does it, the heat could think it's a guard change."

"Right."

They all trooped into the bar. Little John sneaked a backward look as he stepped inside. The narcs were watching, momentarily forgetting their cool act.

Little John waited five minutes and then stepped outside again. The heat were cooling it again. One was reading a paper, glancing casually around each time he turned a page. The other was apparently hung up on his coffee cup. Little John hoped they got heartburn from too much lousy coffee.

A guy came walking down the street, and Little John stiffened. Ol' buddy Spencer. He walked up and spoke to one of the narcs. Little John slipped inside the door of the bar and let it close except for a small crack. He glued his eye to the crack and watched the actions across the street. He couldn't stay outside. If Spencer saw him. . . .

Spencer was still talking. He pointed his finger toward the two bikes on the lot and shook his head. Both narcs stood up. They seemed to be shook, and they started raising obvious hell with Spencer. It was plain as to what had happened. Spencer had told them that neither of those machines belonged to Reno. And he would know. Hadn't he just pissed all over Reno's bike a couple of hours ago? One of the cops made a move as if to grab Spencer, or slug him. But the other cop grabbed his arm and held him off. They both snapped some more words at Spencer and then turned and walked away toward their car.

Spencer stood there and watched them pull out of the lot and off down the street.

Little John turned to yell, "Hey, Jere!"

Jere was there in two jumps. "What, man, what?"

"The dude's across the street. He was talkin' to the narcs. He musta told 'em the bikes didn't belong to Reno. The narcs got pissed and bawled him out and then split. The bastard's still there."

They both peeked through the crack in the door. Spencer was walking away, toward home. He was too far away to catch right now, and

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the two watched him turn into the driveway that led back to his pad.

Jere was thoughtful. "Reno's still out of it. You better get your Hog over here and take him home or something." He grinned wolfishly. "Me and the others'll go down there and have a toe dance on the creep."

"Shit! I always miss out on the real fun."

Jere tried to soothe him. "I know, Little. It's a damn shame, but we gotta think of Reno."

"Yeah, I s'pose."

Reno was surrounded by laughing Booze Fighters. Man, they'd never seen him like this. He was always friendly, all right, but his brain was never kinked with booze or anything else. He always knew what was happening, and where. Now, seeing him like this, grinning ear-to-ear, shambling around like a big, friendly bear, cracking silly jokes and talking nonsense—this was something else!

Little John shook his head and turned to Jere. "Can you get him out to the back door?"

Jere assured him there'd be no problem.

Still shaking his head, Little John headed for the hot dog stand. He ordered a coke and sipped casually as he cased the area. Everything looked kosher. He put down the coke, slipped around the building to retrieve his stash, and went out to the bikes. He unchained his, carefully recharged Jere's, kicked his over, and cut out for the rear of the bar across the street.

Reno was at the back door, with Jere. Little John handed Jere the key to his bike chain. Jere helped Reno get settled behind Little John.

Little John looked at Jere. "That was a close one. Fix the bastard good, okay?"

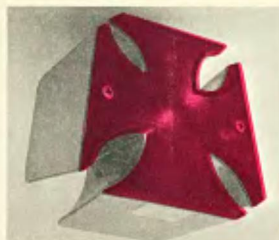
"You can believe we'll fix him good." Jere clapped Little John on the shoulder. He waved a hand to Reno. "Se ya, ya big shit."

Reno, his trip interrupted, said, "No, he didn't shit; he smells like that all the time." He giggled and slapped Little John on the back, damn near sending him flying over the handlebars. "Ain't that right, tit-head?"

Little John gave Jere a helpless whatta-ya-gonna-do look, put the Hog in gear, and dug out, throwing Reno back against the sissy bar.

On the expressway back to the Joint, Reno leaned forward and yelled into Little John's ear: "Hey, man, let's go back to that chick's place. I wanna see if she's got any acid anyplace else on her." He poked Little in the ribs and leaned back with a roaring laugh, bombed out of his gourd, completely oblivious of the fact that they were jammin' on an expressway at 105 miles an hour.

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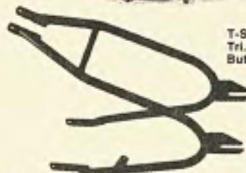
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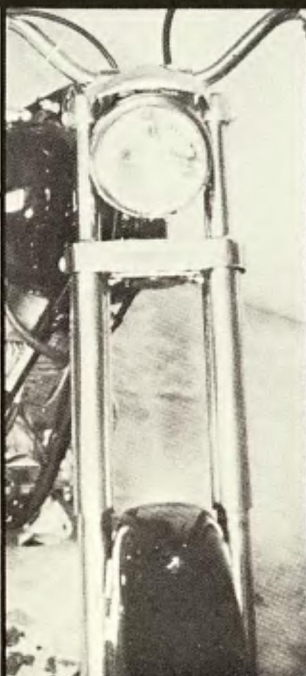
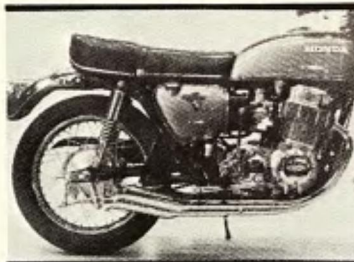
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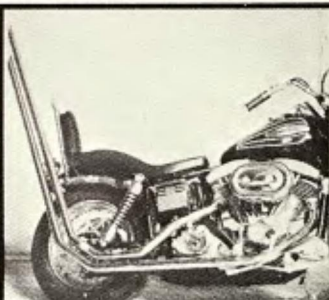
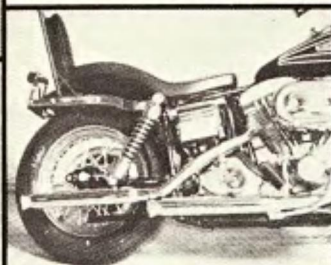
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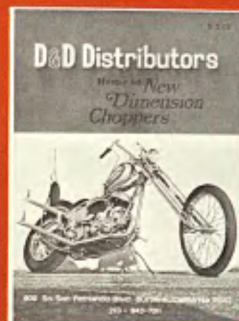
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