

Easyriders

February, 1972

75¢

Caution! This Magazine Is Habit Forming!

Another Dave Mann
Chopper Painting
in this Issue!



Featuring the Best Choppers—and in full color!



Pullback Handlebars

Limited offer, while they last!

Come in extra lengths in every direction so you can modify width and length. **\$9.95 a pair**
For use only with handlebar clamp shown - Sportsters - 74s



Available for first time in 10 years!

2.75 x 21 Avon Speedmaster Mark II tires. **\$24.95**
tube 4.85



160mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper!

Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2 1/4" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.

Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light. **\$29.95**



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The final touch to your bitchin' chopper. The hip-looking Maltese Cross taillight. Note new low price!

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Sport fender for custom or chopped bikes
Black steel, rib in center, rolled edges, flared end
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Peanut Tanks

Peanut tank. Steel, and comes in glossy black finish. Tapped at four locations.

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Gas cap 2.50

Banana Tanks

Banana tanks are made of steel and come with a glossy black finish. **\$24.95**

Gas caps 2.50

Chopper Gas Tanks



Tired of spending \$150 for a paint job and having your gas tank spring a leak? Here's a heavy-duty 18-gauge steel tank that should ease your mind a little. Made in the good old U.S.A.—heliarc welded.

2 1/2 gallon capacity. Gas outlets located to accommodate all bikes and get the last drop out.

Only right hand hole is functional—the left is a dummy. Tanks come without caps.

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Yetman rigid frame sections are handbuilt in precision jigs using Shelby seamless steel tubing, and heliarc welded with stainless steel rod. Every tube is beautifully set into the mounting plates to produce a molded effect and to greatly increase weld area for maximum strength.

Each hardtail uses stock chain adjusters and axle hardware, and may be bolted or welded in place without modifying the frame.

Model	Fits	Price
TRS6	Triumph 650, 64-70	69.50
SRS1	HD Sportster & K to 66	69.50
SRS2	HD Sportster, 67 and up	69.50
HRS7	HD Swingarm 74	74.50

The Yetman frame extends wheel base by 3 inches, and lowers it by approximately 2 inches.

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Molded fiberglass Sportster gas tanks.

Tanks available with flat bottom, small tunnel, or deep tunnel. Primed, ready to paint.

Tanks include Sportster-type vented gas caps.



Plain top, Side pattern recessed 1/2" **\$59.95**



Maltese Cross (Pattern raised 1/8") **\$59.95**



Zig-Zag (Pattern raised 1/8") **\$59.95**



Sculpture (Pattern raised 1/2")

Terms: 50% deposit, balance C.O.D.

Send money order. Personal checks must clear before we ship. Allow four weeks.

California residents add 5%.

We will ship cheapest way possible to save you money, unless you specify otherwise.



Easyriders

February, 1972
Volume 2 Number 1

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EASYRIDERS magazine, Volume 2, Number 1, Published bi-monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 596-0408. Copyright © 1972 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, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90704. (213) 596-0408.

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.

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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

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TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Brace yourself for this one: I and a few others on the staff tried their damndest to perform a public service. It's true. The desire hit us all of a sudden, when we read in a newspaper that they wanted some guys to be guinea pigs in a medical experiment. Naturally, being flag-waving muthas, we felt duty bound to do our part for medical science. But as it turned out, there were two jillion other guys who wanted to do their part too. So they had selected all the guys they needed before we could even work our way into the building. The test? The Neuropsychiatric Institute wanted volunteers to smoke marijuana legally, and for money. Can you believe it? A year-long project—financed by the government, hiring dudes for \$50 to \$500 to blast away while being closely watched by doctors (who probably get contact high).

If you're worried about your ol' lady doing you in when you're not watching her—stay out of the kitchen. Statistics show that more women kill their husbands in the kitchen than anywhere else. Husbands usually do their killing in the bedroom. Now I ask you, what other column gives you so much important information?

I had always thought Texas had the most unreal anti-pot laws, but after reading in the Rolling Stone about a poor dude who was sentenced to fifty years at hard labor without parole for selling six dollars worth of grass, I now know that Louisiana is the worst.

Needless to say, the unfortunate dude, named Robert Apablaza, had to find a way out of that insane situation, and did, in 1968, when he climbed a drain pipe, escaped, and split to New York. To make a long story short, he was caught by the FBI in February 1970, and is now in the Queens House of Detention sweating out an extradition order. Governor Nelson Rockefeller, thus far, hasn't refused the Louisiana extradition request; his refusal would automatically free Robert.

If that Louisiana sentence doesn't violate the Eighth Amendment, which prohibits cruel and unusual punishment, nothing does. How could a judge in this enlightened age be so cruel—really, how could he even sleep at night? Let's hope the New York Governor will right the wrong and set the poor guy free, by refusing to send him back into the dark ages.

Speaking of enlightenment, San Francisco's Mayor Joseph Alioto, with perhaps an eye on the young voters, said recently, "I don't intend to use precious police power against marijuana just on the basis of use and possession." Although he is against legalization, he did say the police "are not looking into transoms for marijuana. We don't intend to engage in any discriminatory arrest procedure against young people." That's what the man said, that's what he said.



"I don't get it. With all the police hassles, unfair bike laws, and always being afraid of it being ripped off—I just don't understand why you own a chopper!"

Cobra Seats

(Originals, not imitations)

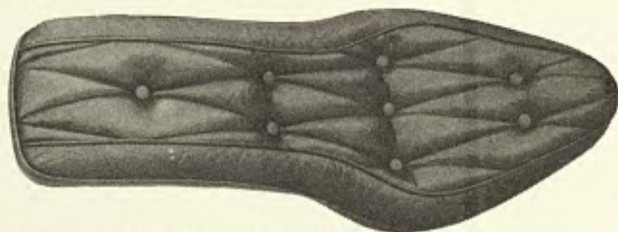
Universal seats—will fit all bikes

Quality-covered on a steel plate

High-density foam—does not lose its shape

Simple to install—your mother could do it!

High-quality black naugahyde Heavily padded



Diamond Leatherette \$39.95



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A

Wasp \$34.95

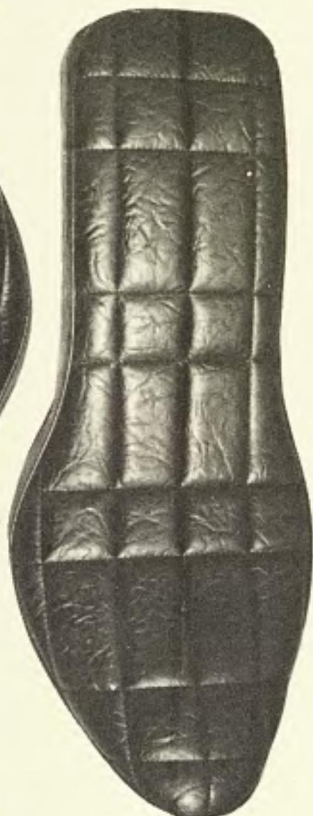


B

Standard \$29.95



Diamond Stitch \$32.95



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Diamond Highback \$44.95



Plain Highback \$39.95

(Also available
without hump)

Terms: 50% deposit,
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Personal checks must
clear before we ship.
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Note: No increase in price for
hump in either style. Be sure
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hump or not

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California residents add 5%. We will ship cheapest way
possible to save you money, unless you specify otherwise.

**Be specific
when ordering**

WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

A Dresser in Full Color

☐ Here's three bucks for a subscription — put the penny toward printing a full-page color photo of a dresser (a full-dressed Hog) in your magazine. I'm not against choppers, but why only feature choppers? Put in a dresser now and then, and see what action you'll get.

Michael Bradley
Lawrence, Mass.

■ Thanks for the sub, Mike, but in this day of terror bombings I think I'll pass.

Nurdy Character

☐ I really dug the fiction article, "Joint Venture" by Louis Bosque, but did he really have to make Littlejohn such a nurdy character?

Joe Littlejohn
Pell City, Alabama

Not All Officers Are Flakes

☐ Recently you told a marine to stay in the service because he sounded like good officer material. This kind of broke my mind. I am a Chief Warrant Officer in the Army, and have been jammin' bikes since 1952.

Enclosed is a photo of my 74 which I was building at Fort Rucker, Alabama, before being sent here to Korea. I did all the welding, molding and painting myself. The springer is extended 9". The entire bike is clean, but no show stopper.

I just felt the need to put you straight, that officers, contrary to popular belief, are human also.

Jerry Schewe CW/2
Korea

■ Jerry, my reply was only intended for that particular writer. He sounded pretty horseshit — and you've got to admit there are some horseshit officers

around. I was originally going to say he was "fragging" material — but I thought that might have been too rank.

We Get Around

☐ Your magazine sure seems to get around. They had three copies in the drug store at Correctionville, Iowa — and their inventory is so small, they don't even carry Time.

Marv Jensen
St. Ansgar, Iowa

A Few Words From Ireland

☐ We wish to subscribe to **Easyridders**. Enclosed is note to cover same. We look forward to receiving it.

Faithfully,
Pat Beary
Your A.J.S. Dealer
Tipperary, Eire

■ Choppers are taking over the world!

Someone Goofed!

☐ You guys should stay off that stuff while editing the magazine, for you referred to Dave Mann as Manning, in your article about him.

Penny Durbin
St. Louis, Missouri

■ Thanks a helluva lot, Penny—you really brought us all down on that one. No one—nobody—noticed that goof. After receiving your letter, I started to kick ass around here, until someone reminded me that it was my mistake. I, of course, pulled rank, didn't cop out to a damned thing, and kicked the crap out of the snotty-nosed office boy.

Different Strokes

☐ Regarding the Strokes For Different Folks bit about the rear cylinder smoking because of the scraper plate. Would a set of 61 wheels in 74 cases do the same thing? Are

the 61 wheels the same diameter as the 80?

John Nelson
Johnstone City, S.D.

■ Yes, 61 wheels are the same diameter, and they will oil.

More On Dave Mann

☐ Hi! I'm Liz. I saw Dave Mann's work in your magazine, and thought it was real super. He's not bad himself.

Liz Meek
Clodine, Texas

Dave Doesn't Build Bikes

☐ I've known Dave for about six years, and I agree he has a great deal of artistic ability and that his ideas have influenced many people building scooters, but I think your readers should be told that Dave doesn't know the first thing about building a bike.

John "Shifty" Sheaffer
Federal Prison
Sandstone, Minnesota

■ Hey, Shifty, what difference does it make? Dave doesn't profess to be a builder. He digs bikes, and does a helluva damned good job of illustrating them.

Like Fine Wine

☐ I thought your first couple of issues were good, but you seem to get better with age, like fine wine, or a good broad. I wanted you to know how some of us hard-core Outlaws feel about your magazine. Keep telling it like it is.

Goliath
Pres., Barbarians M.C.
Tonawanda, New York

Bota Bag Is Redundant

☐ You may know a lot about choppers, but you are unhip when it comes to botas.

Calling a bota a "bota bag" is not only redundant and unhip, but also

silly. A bota is a bag, and a "bota bag" is a bag bag—get it? Your readers may also be thrilled to know that a bota can hold more than a fifth—50 ounces or so, which is closer to two fifths, and that's a lot of wine to be able to carry around so conveniently.

Emile Salvo
Natchez, Mississippi

■ We were hung up on a couple of other botas while doing that feature.

More Broads

☐ How about putting a few more photos of good-looking ol' ladies in your rag—that's the closest we can come to getting a broad in bed with us. It's really hard to get hold of your magazine, since it isn't on the approved list yet—but where there's a will there's a way. Keep jammin'!

Preacher (Seventh Sons,
Covington, Kentucky)
Crooked Dick (Los
Diablos, Hamilton, O.)
Lebanon Correctional
Institution
Lebanon, O.

■ **Easyridders** receives a lot of mail from guys in the slammer, and we know the 10 cents an hour they earn doesn't go far, so we will send free subscriptions to **Easyridders** to any prison library requesting them. We know most prisons have an approved list, so if any of you guys want your joint to get copies, speak to the man, get his approval, then all he has to do is send a note to Monica Stewart, Reader Service, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740 — and remember to tell him it's free.

Wants Info

☐ On page 10 of your October issue are four bikes. One of them is about the coolest bike I've ever seen. Please send me

—Continued on next page

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, and demands for payment, may all be sent to Wordmonger, Easyridders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

Available for the first time!

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Panhead Service Manual

1948-1957 Rigid



\$12.50

Authentic, original
service instructions
by Harley-Davidson

Everything from
A to Z—Complete
service information

Illustrated

Corrected and
updated

For OHV Twin
Models—1948
-1957

\$12.50



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Service Manual**

for the OHV 61 and 74
cubic inch engines and
the side valve 74 and 80
cubic inch engines

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Service Manual** \$7.50

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819 South Glenoaks Blvd.,
Burbank, California 91502**

*"If only I had
this book before
I started shackin'
with my present
orangutan!"*

-Spider



Contained in this book are actual interviews with 25 beautiful girls. They tell you—in their very own words—exactly what it takes to pick them up.

It's easy to handle girls once you've been introduced to them. But what if there's no one around to introduce you? If the girl of your dreams is a gorgeous stranger you see walking down the street?

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has all the answers. Here are just a few of the surefire techniques you can learn and master:

How to make shyness work for you
How to be sexy
Best places to meet girls
50 great opening lines
World's greatest pickup technique
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Send for your copy right away. Within days, you can actually be picking up beautiful girls. This is a serious how-to-do-it book, published by the famous Northern Valley Co. of New York.

How To Pick Up Girls
Box 711
Burbank, California
91503

Enclosed is \$7.95. Rush me my copy of HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS right away.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

everything you know about it, what'd he did to frame, length of forks, and stuff like that.

John Moberg
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

■ Been hitting that stuff pretty heavy, eh? Not being on the same trip, I have no idea which of the four turned you on.

Look Down On Choppers

□ I was glad to be able to purchase **Easyriders** over here, for our magazines don't deal with choppers at all—in fact, they even look down on them.

Grahame Buckley
Lancashire, England

■ Send 'em a copy of **Easyriders**; that ought to knock them out of their trees.

Fringe Benefits

□ The thing I like about your magazine is that the paper is soft enough, so it's not real slippery, and yet strong enough that even when wet, my finger doesn't go through.

Nick Cetrangold
Northfield, Vermont

■ You didn't mention that it is free of phosphates and enzymes. There's nothing we won't do for our readers.

Chick Chopper Builder

□ I have a '62 panhead in about six million pieces. I'm in the middle of making a clean swinging arm chopper (ha, ha—they said

it couldn't be done). It can be done—with cubic money and a criminal mind!

Jane Hammond
Virginia Beach, Va.

Hawg Rider

□ I want to compliment you on your rag. All other chopper magazines appeal to a mass audience, which unfortunately includes 12 and 13 year old kids.

Rex Sheedy
Rosemont, Ill.

Don't Change!

□ Your magazine is really good. Please don't change it. Even though I'm a girl, I really think it is funky. It's the first magazine that gets down to it, but is still understandable to us stupid, dizzy girls. Love on!

Lory Osborne
Hyattsville, Maryland

■ Being the lechers that we are—there isn't anything we wouldn't do for a young lady!

Feature Clods?

□ To the so-called best bike magazine. You state that you are super critical when it comes to selecting bikes for the magazine—no flaws, etc. In other words, the only bikes that are featured are bikes built by professionals. You seem to have forgotten about the guy who gets his first bike and tries to customize it with limited funds and limited knowledge.

Why don't you feature

bikes where the guy is just starting, show all his flaws and mistakes?

The Inexperienced
Builder
La Habra, California

■ Oh, that would make a helluva magazine. I can see it now: "Here, folks, is a nutty way to rake a neck. The dumb ass that built this bike is going to go on his ass the first bump he hits. And notice this chrome-moly springer he built in his high school welding class. Too bad the dumb ass doesn't know that welding chrome-moly changes its molecular structure and it's going to break and he..."

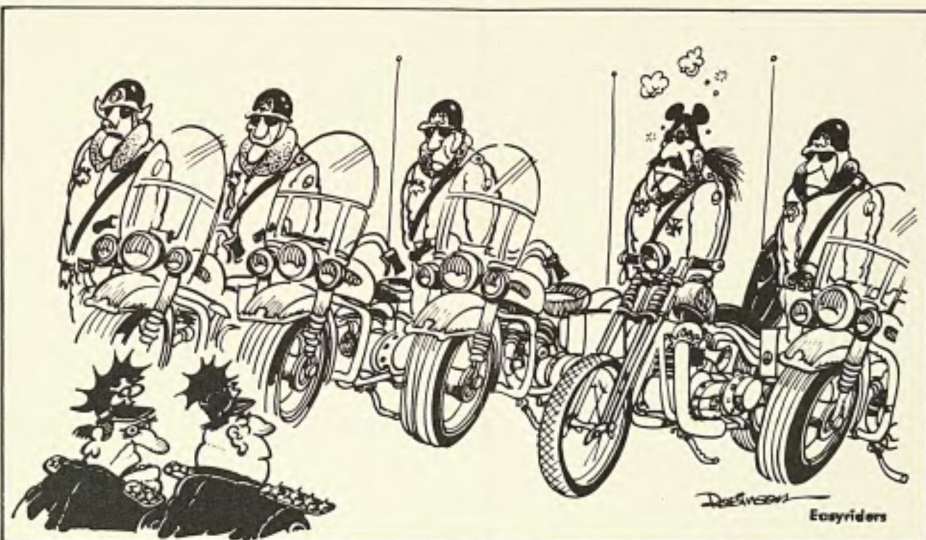
We don't feature less than perfect bikes; the dogs are pretty well covered in other magazines, whose photography is so bad that the flaws don't show up in print. My advice to you is forget **Easyriders**, and read the other magazines. If you didn't have your head up your ass you would have noticed that we do print bikes built by owners. Two, for instance, that were built on farms in Iowa.

The End

□ Just a note to tell you I think your magazine is far-out fine, and that I get a rush from reading it.

I've been wanting to write you guys and so I finally did—you can't lock me up for that.

Steve Zackman
Nipomo, Calif.



"Better keep an eye on that new rookie!"



RIP OFFS ENDED: A PLAN

Would-be ripoff artist (A) Fondles Bike (B), activating finely tuned vibration-sensing device (C), sending radio bleep (D) to mad Cossack (E) hidden in bush nearby, causing Cossack to leap about brandishing sword (F). Sword cuts wire (G) on birdcage (H), releasing pigeon (I), which immediately homes to nearby conning tower (J), alerting standby stunt pilot (K), who buzzes area, scaring turkey (L). Turkey knocks over pillar (M) onto cockroach (N), making squishing sound. Squishing sound is only thing which will wake up hypnotized gorilla (O). Gorilla, being groggy, mistakes ripoff artist for mate, and chases him to Lithuania (P) (not shown), where they set up a rutabaga ranch which loses money the first five years. Other would-be ripoff artists in area jump off bridge (Q) at the thought of having to run a rutabaga ranch, ending problem.

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

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.

When not using it to chain your bike down—you can wear the **Atlas Chain/Lock** as a belt—a massive, rugged, chrome plated belt.

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)

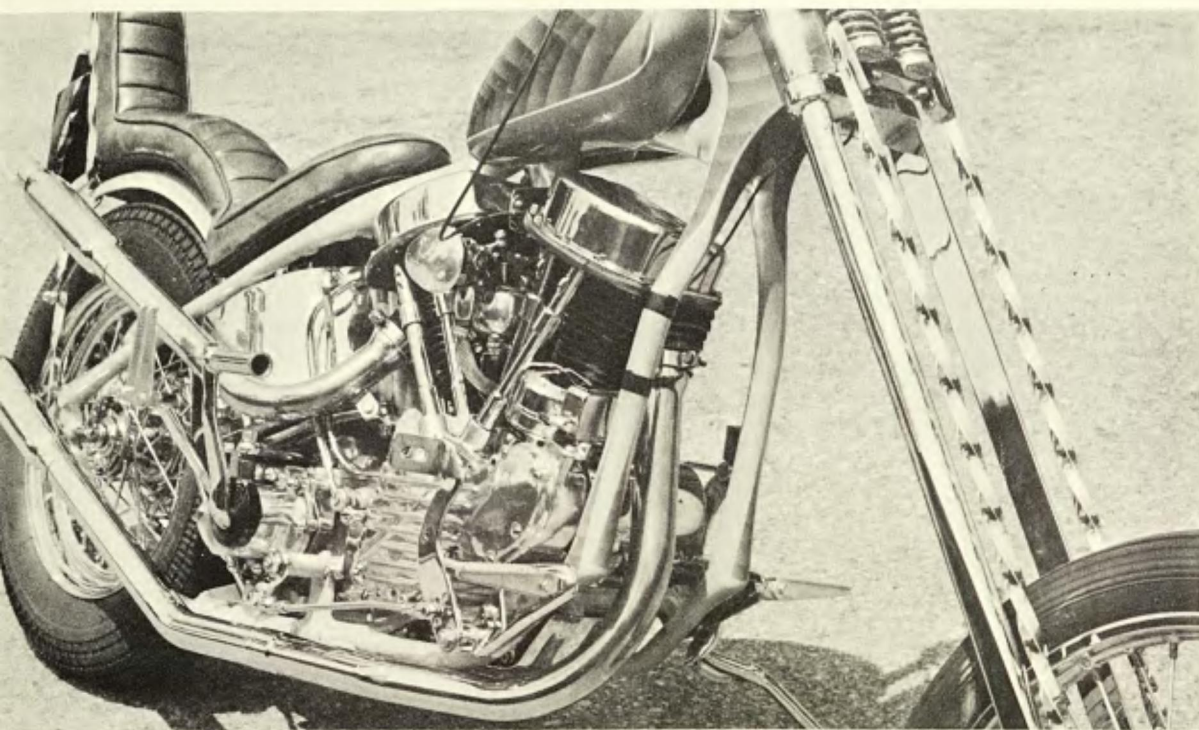
Built to Ride

Usually a guy spends a lot of time planning his bike, slowly working on it, dreaming of the day he can ride it. But Ron Deron is a jammer, and as such, wants a bike to look just good enough to "get the eyes of the chicks," while at the same time being able to get it on, whenever the urge grabs him.

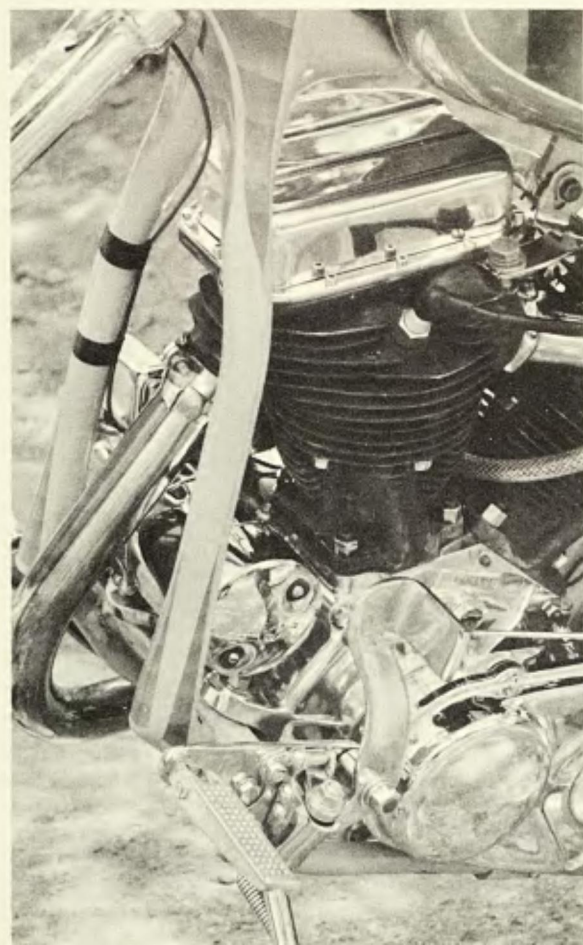
His bike being his only means of transportation, he couldn't afford to tie it up for a long period of time. So he worked a little, jammed a little, and in time got the job done.

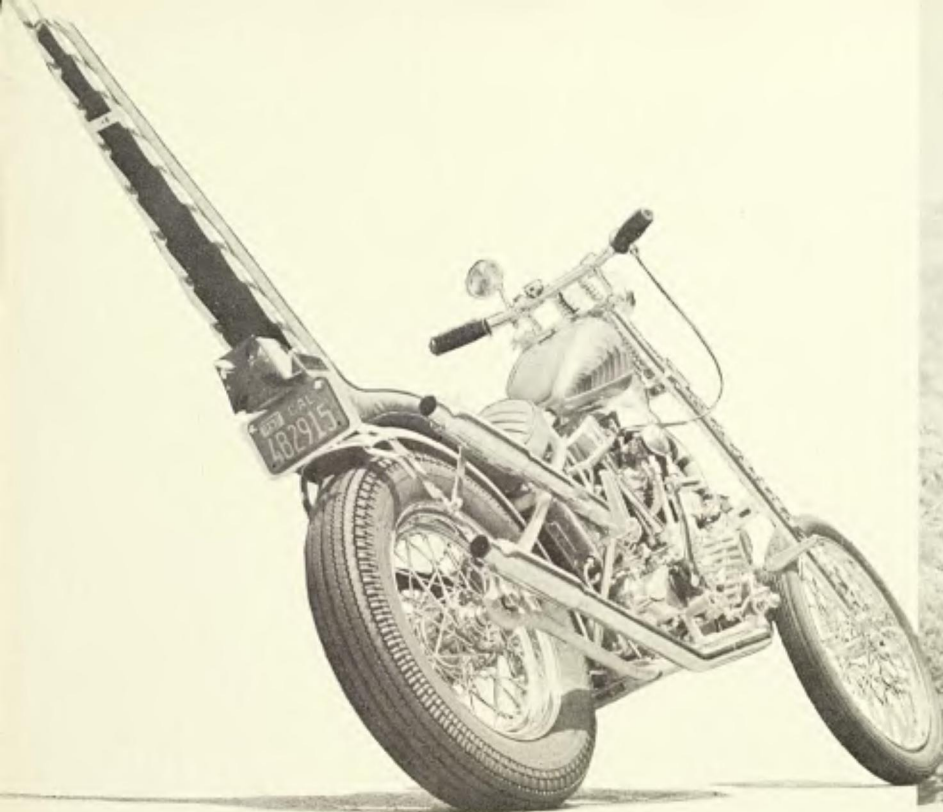
Now that his bike is finished—and obviously he got the eye of one 18-year-old yummy, Karon Burton—there





Ron and Karon rode the bike while he was building it—it was simply a case of if you gotta ride, you gotta ride!





is only one thing he'd like to change. That's the peanut tank. "That stopping for gas every sixty miles or so is getting to be a drag," Ron said, and his pretty chick nodded in agreement.

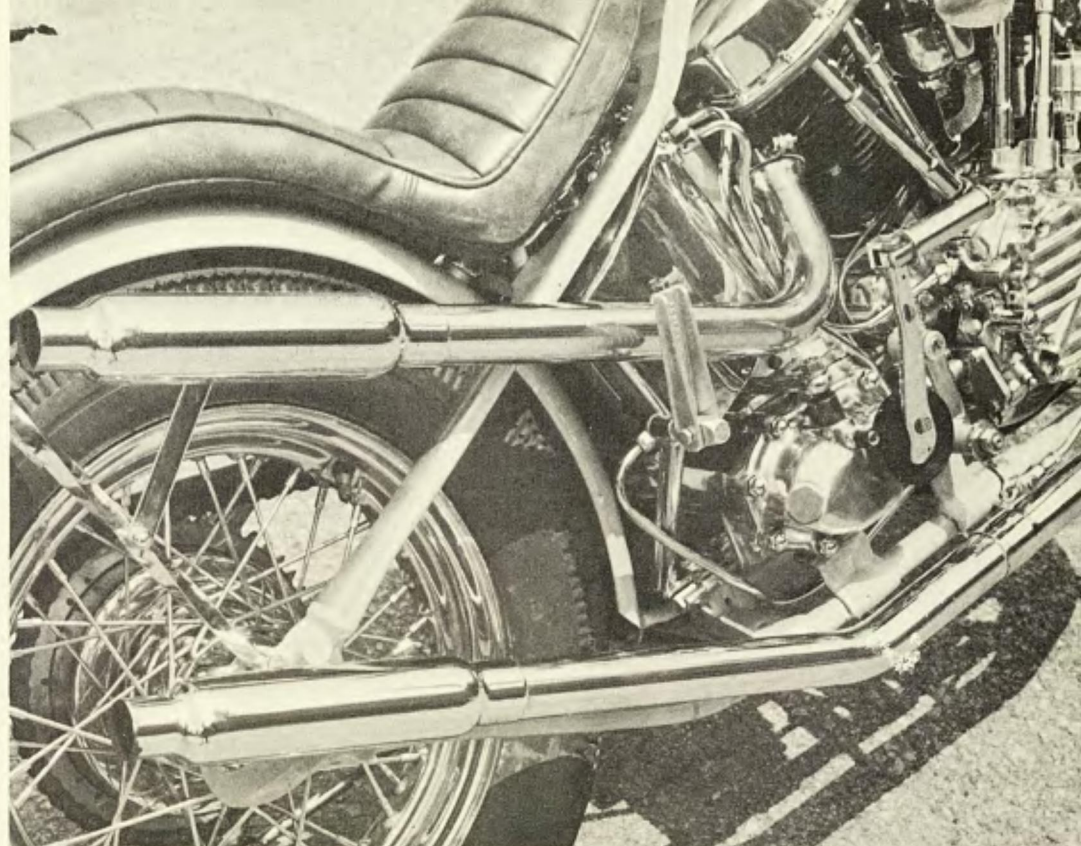
"I really trip on riding. I like the feeling of being on my own, of not feeling obligated to anyone . . ."

"A feeling of freedom," blue-eyed Karon interrupted, "that you can't feel in the city, in any other way."

"Yeah," Ron agreed. "It's like takin' a vacation from your problems—even if it's just a few blocks. It's really good for my head. I especially like jammin' late at night on the freeway, when there's no one else around."

I looked at Karon (as a matter of fact, my eyes had never left Karon). Her head was bobbing up and down as she wrinkled her cute nose. "Me too!"





Owner: Ron Deron

Frame

Year: 1950

General

Rake: none

Fabrication by: owner

Rear susp.: rigid

Year & make: 1950 H-D

Bars: drag

Model: 61

Tank: peanut

Value: \$3000

Seat: Supreme Top Shop

Time: 6 months

Material: naugahyde

Assembly: owner

Sissy Bar: 52" twist

Chroming: father & son

Forks

Engine

Type: custom springer

Year: 1950

Extension: 14 in.

Model: panhead

Builder: D & D

Builder: owner

Painting

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Molding: Terry Robideau

Cam: stock

Painting: Terry Robideau

Lifters: solid

Color: pearl blue

Carb(s): Linkert

Type: lacquer

Shifter: jockey

Tires

Pipes: MCM upsweeps

Front: Avon 3.00 x 21

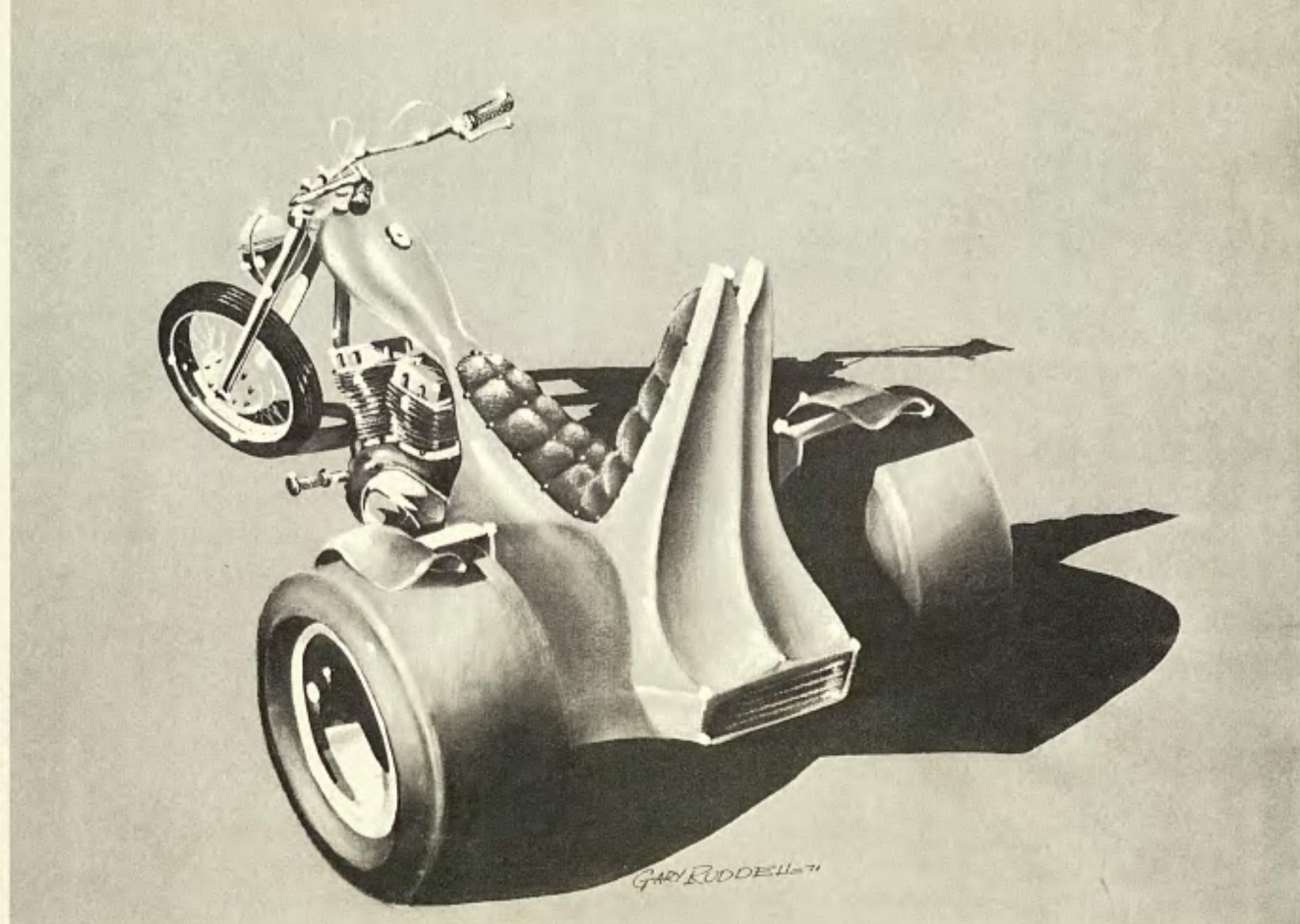
Mufflers: MCM shortie

Rear: Goodyear 5.00 x 16

Stacks: none

Wheels Front: 21 in. Rear: 16 in.

by Gary Ruddell
San Carlos, California



Isn't It About Time Someone Came Up With a Truly Righteous Trike?

by Dog Breath

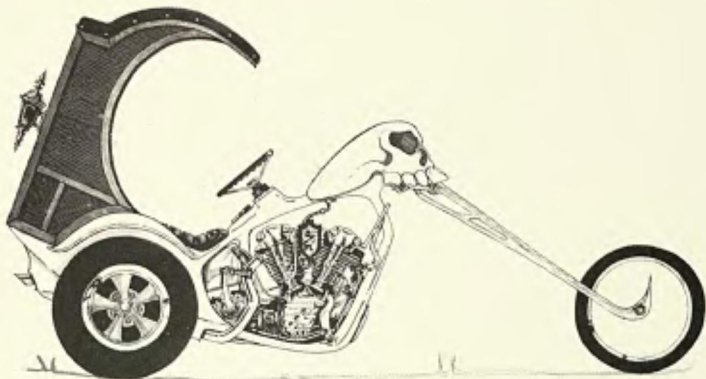
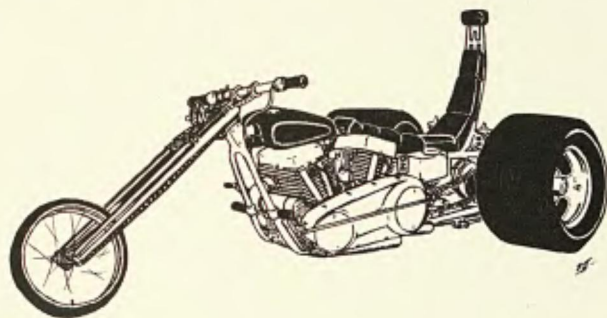
I dig trikes. I wish there were more of them around—that is, I wish there were more righteous ones around. It's been my experience that trikes are either show bike freaks, or they're not quite righteous enough to be featured in the magazine. I know there are some out there; all I'm saying is that I personally haven't run across any.

Most trikes I've seen have a certain sameness about them. Not as much originality as expressed by 74 owners. Why can't a trike be styled to look like it's hauling ass, while sitting still—like a well-designed 74 does! Why do so many trike owners seem to go the humorous route: beer kegs, wine casks, office chairs, outhouses, etc., or the freaky fiberglass route, with Mack truck engines and flying saucer designs, calculated to attract a bike show judge's attention?

I'm just asking. Maybe there are some really great trikes around. If you know of one, have the owner contact me.

The trike drawings on these pages are by artists from all over the country. Some are pretty far out—and impossible to build. But maybe, after looking at them, someone will take some of the ideas that are possible, combine them with their own ideas, and come up with a truly righteous, super-clean trike.

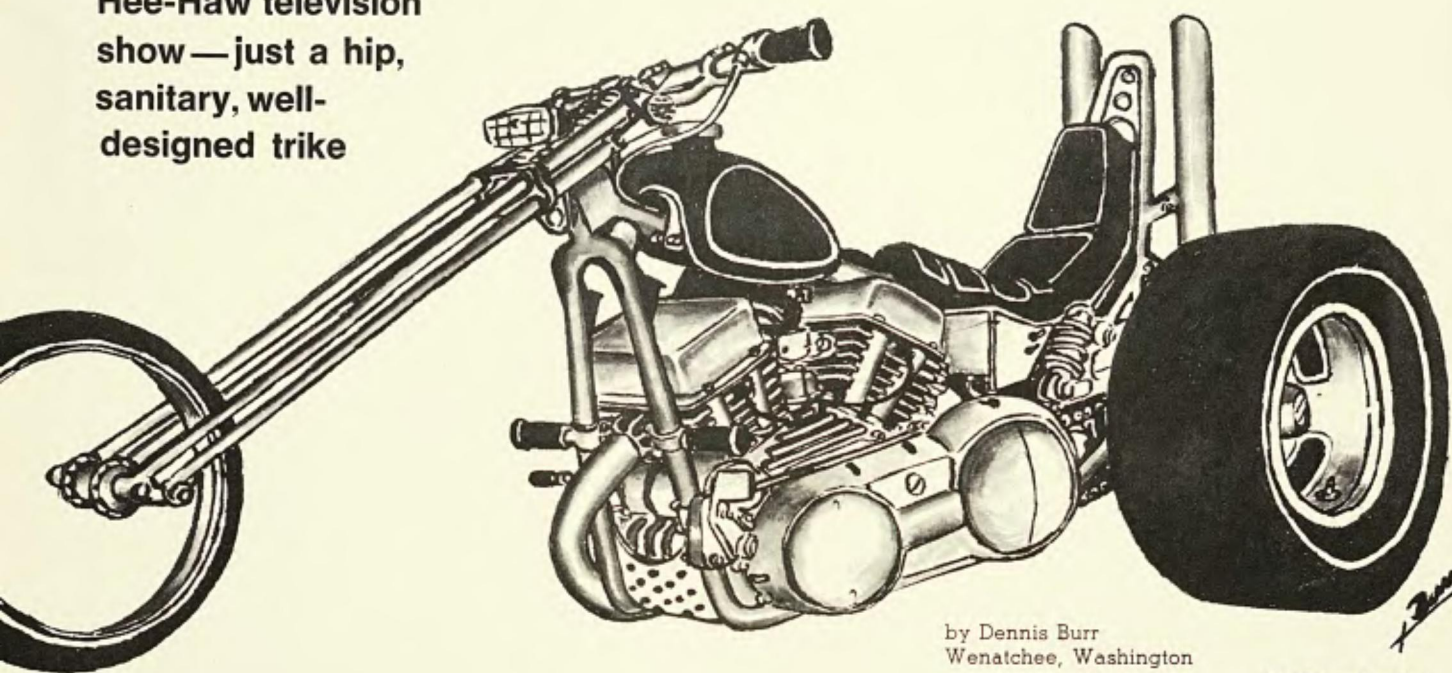
If anyone does, contact me here at **Easyriders**, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.



by Dennis Burr
Wenatchee, Washington

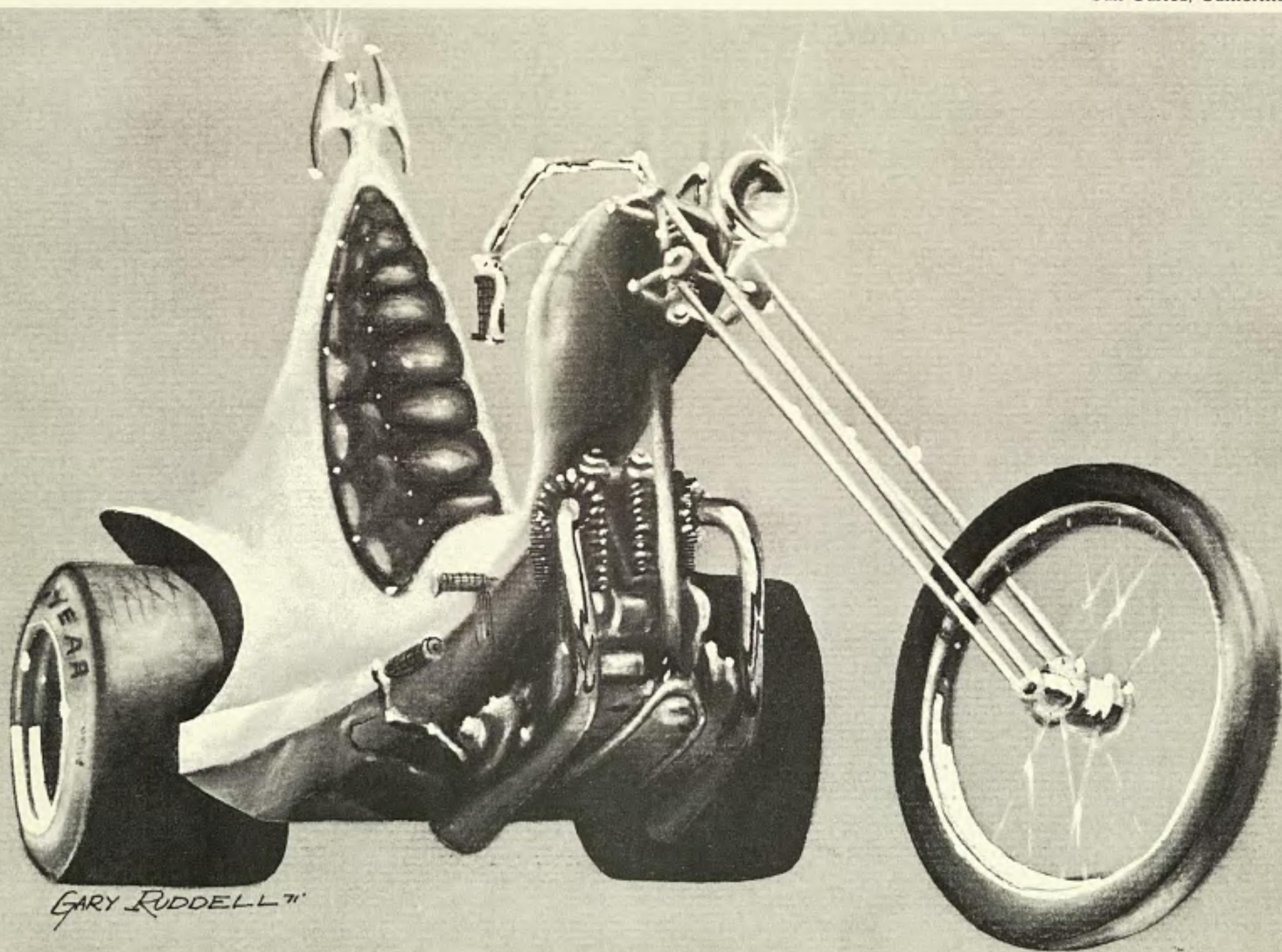
by Donald Garrett
Savannah, Georgia

Not a bike-show freak, or an
escapee from the
Hee-Haw television
show — just a hip,
sanitary, well-
designed trike

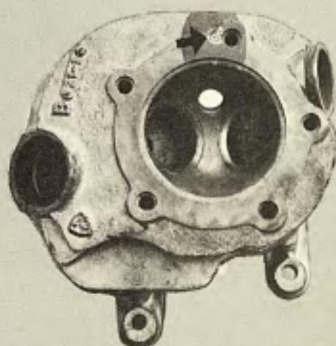


by Dennis Burr
Wenatchee, Washington

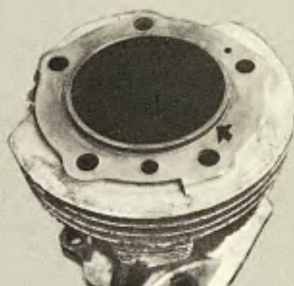
by Gary Ruddell
San Carlos, California



Different Strokes for Different Folks (Part V)

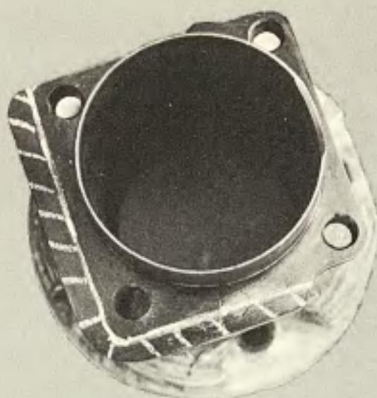


Arrow indicates location of new head bolt.



Lip indicated by arrow must be removed.

Marked area indicates how rear jug may be trimmed to match cases.



Knucklehead owners building strokers have a problem that could prove to be fatal, engine-wise, but this bummer can be prevented by using panhead barrels rather than the stock ones.

Knuckle barrels have in most cases, because of their age, been bored out to at least 50 over when you get hold of them, and usually require a cleanup bore to 60 or 70 over. I personally wouldn't even trust a set of 10 over on a healthy stroker, and I guarantee that barrels bored 60 or 70 over will blow sooner or later. And when I say blow I mean like **boom**, man. I've seen entire barrels, pistons, and sometimes a chunk of the cases just disappear, leaving a gaping hole in the engine, the heads left swinging from the top motor mount. Usually the rider licks out and doesn't catch any of the shrapnel, but I have dug metal out of one unlucky dude I know — and he was wearing leathers at the time,

or it could have been worse.

By now you have probably guessed that my advice is to shine on the knuckle barrels and get a set of panhead jobs. Installing a set is no big deal, but it does require a little machine work. First off, you'll find that only four of the headbolts match up with the holes in the head; the fifth bolt misses by about its own width. The best way to get around this is to run a headbolt down into this hole and cut it off flush with the surface of the head. If you can find a screwed pan barrel, you can cut off the top of the jug and use it for a drill fixture; if not, make an accurate template of the top of a good pan barrel. And be careful. **Don't** use a head gasket for a template! Drill and tap for $\frac{7}{16}$ x 20 panhead bolt (knucklehead bolts are of oddball thread size and you'll play hell finding a tap). Next, the lip on the top of the pan barrel has to be taken down flush like that of the knuckle. You can do this trick with a hand grinder, but be cool and don't screw up the gasket surface. Don't sweat the oil holes in the pan barrel; you don't need them, but they won't do you any harm. The last thing is for appearance only, and that is to trim the rear jug around the base to match your cases.

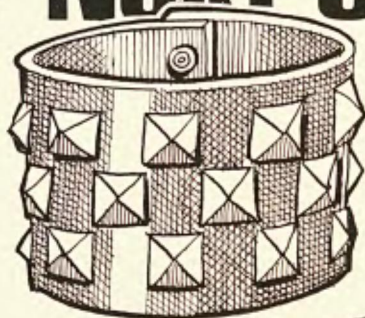
With a set of pan jugs installed, you can be fairly certain you're not going to scatter an expensive mill because of a jug giving up, and you can safely bore to 60 over if you have to.

—Joe Teresi

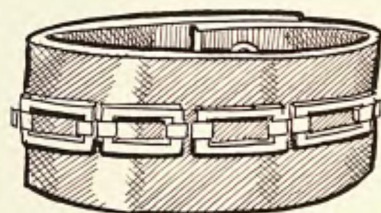
What the Best Dressed Man Will Wear Next Season



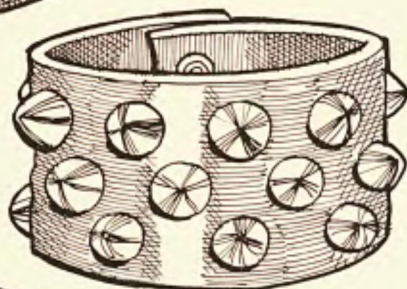
a.



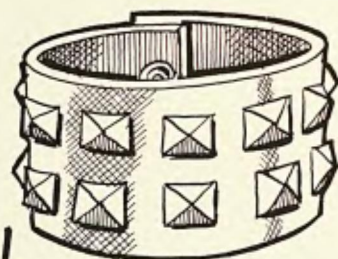
c.



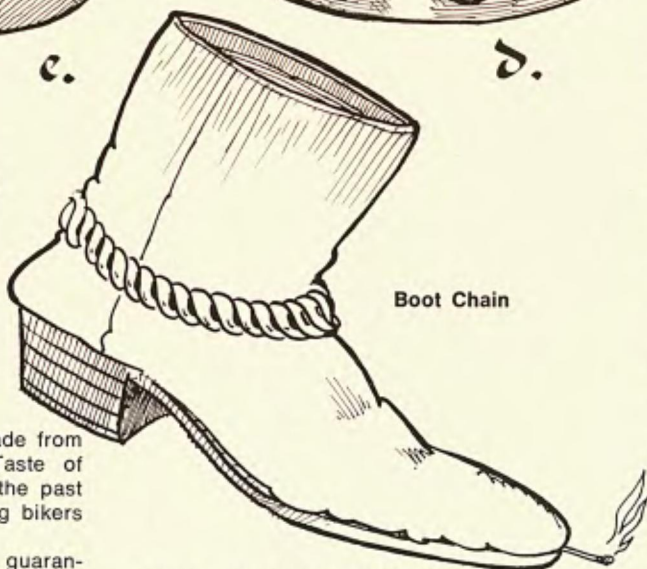
e.



d.



b.



Boot Chain

These wrist bands are made from top-grade leather, by A Taste of Leather Company, who for the past five years have been serving bikers the world over.

Their products are fully guaranteed to be the finest available, to fit perfectly, and to give many years of service.

If you are interested in ordering a wrist band, be sure to state wrist size in centimeters. Add 10% of price for postage and insurance. Send orders to A Taste of Leather, c/o Easyriders, Box 2086, Seal

Beach, California 90740. California residents must add 5% to the price indicated.

(A) \$3.50 (B) \$4.75 (C) 2" \$5.50, 2½" \$6.50, 3" \$7.50 (D) 2" \$5.50, 2½" \$6.50, 3" \$7.50 (F) Boot chain made of heavy duty chrome plated chain. (Continuous chain) State circumference. \$3.95

At our weekly editorial meeting and wine freak-out, Ronnie, our snotty-nosed office boy, suggested it would be neat if we had a fashion feature in this issue. Super Hog, without spilling a drop, back-handed him in the gut—more for using the word "neat" than for his suggestion.

Spider liked the idea, and suggested we feature some freaky fur-lined jock straps that a chick EASYRIDERS reader had mailed him.

Miraculous Mutha wanted to model skimpy bra and panty outfits that guys could give their chicks for Christmas. Dog Breath and Spider didn't mind the bra-panty idea, but wanted to use a model rather than Mutha.

Mutha got insulted (she gets sensitive when she's spaced) and started to argue with Spider and Dog Breath, defending her body and reminding Spider that he hadn't seemed to mind it in the mail room, a couple of hours earlier. To prove her point, she took off her clothes and paraded around. Everyone—even Ronnie—got sick to their stomachs and the meeting abruptly ended.

The next morning, in the clear light of day, it was decided to feature something different—like wrist bands, for instance.

So here are some wrist bands. Not pissy little faggy things but massive rugged muthas, that groove with the chopper look. The metal decorations add to their masculine look—and they are functional, great for raking across your o' lady's face when she gives you too much lip. (You could always claim she fell into a power mower.)

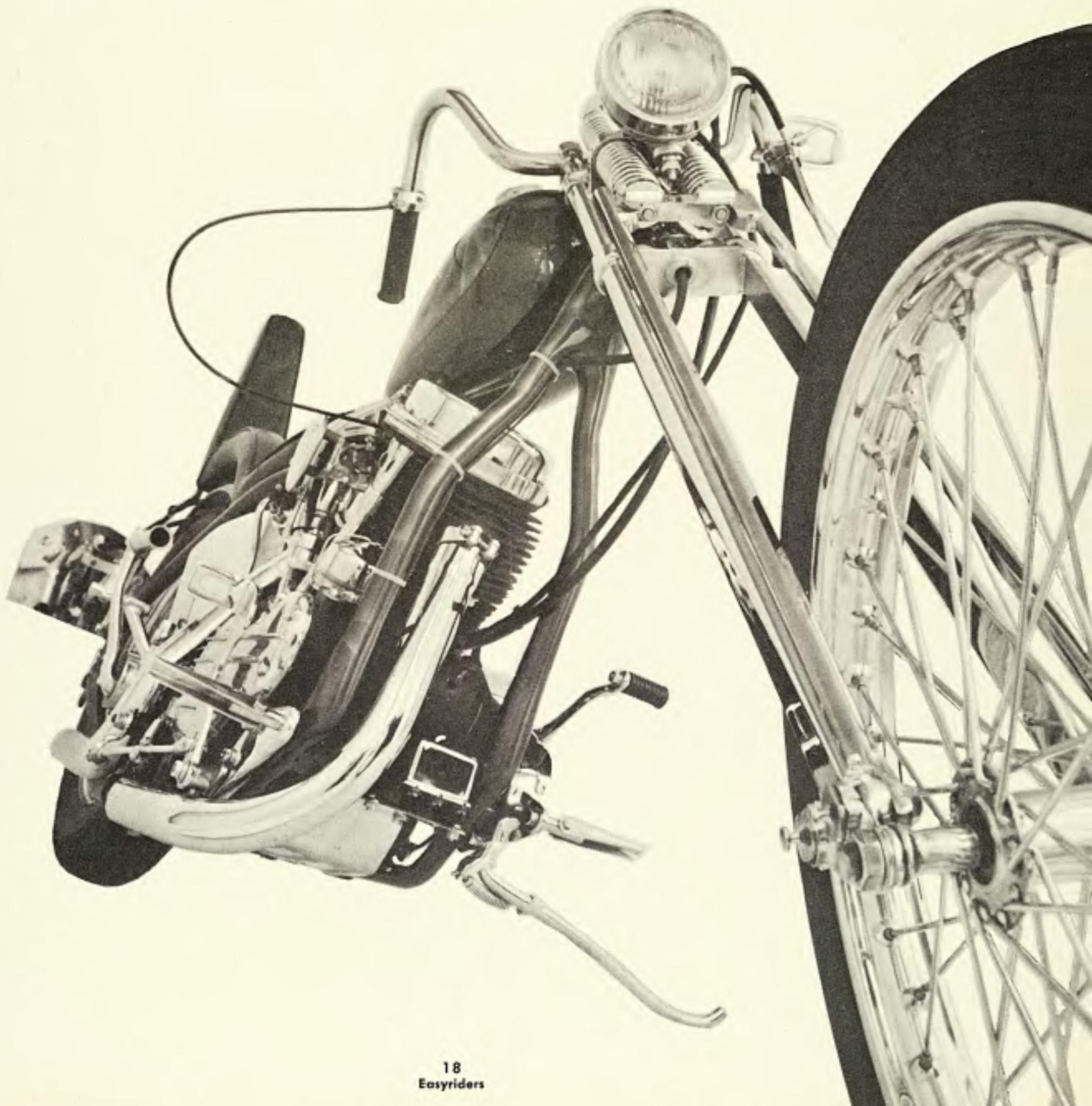
by the panhead's owner, Richard Sharp

My Green Pleasure Machine

I had always wanted a big green pleasure machine. I know there are guys who are superstitious about the color green, but to me it's a happy color, and a color that reminds me of a forest—which is also happy, restful and quiet.

"My dear ol' mom (not Miraculous) always told me that if I were going to do something, do it right or not at all. I applied her advice to my green machine.

"While saving my money to build this bike, I studied many choppers closely and made





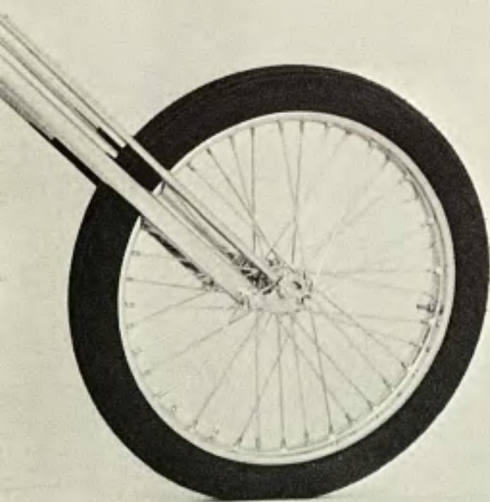


notes on what I would do and wouldn't do, while waiting for the day I had enough bread to start my own. While I studied them, I always seemed to notice small flaws, slight imperfections, no matter how righteous the bike, and they bugged me. It bothered me that a guy would spend all that money and then allow some shortcut, or slip-up, to keep the bike from being perfect. I decided that when my bike was built it would have to be perfect. The right place for everything, and everything in the right place. The frame, molding, everything, would have to be glass-smooth—and as a guy said in **Easyriders** a few issues ago, no Ben Hur crap hanging all over it.

"So what you see here was planned. But

—Continued on next page





Owner: Richard Sharp

General

Fabrication by: D & D
 Year & make: 1957 H-D
 Model: 74
 Value: \$2900
 Time: 3 months
 Assembly: D & D
 Chroming: D & D

Engine

Year: 1957
 Model: 74
 Builder: D & D
 Displacement: 74 cu. in.
 Cam: FLH
 Lifters: solid
 Carb(s): Linkert
 Shifter: foot — mouse trap elim.
 Pipes: drag type
 Mufflers: internal baffles

Stacks: none

Wheels Front: 21 in. Rear: 16 in.

Frame

Year: 1957
 Rake: $\frac{3}{4}$ "
 Rear susp.: rigid
 Bars: pullbacks
 Tank: chopper
 Seat: Ministronie
 Material: leather
 Sissy Bar: 36" hex.

Forks

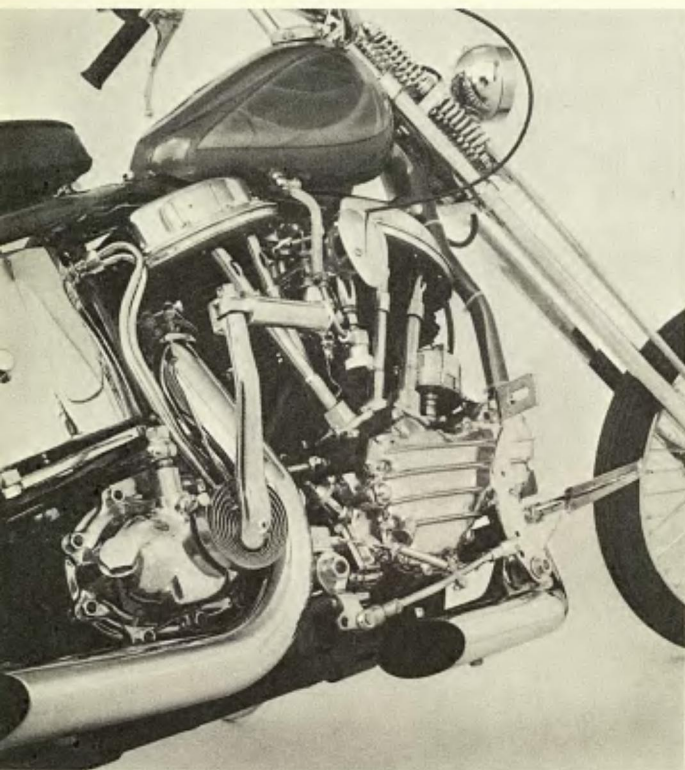
Type: new springer
 Extension: 12"
 Builder: D & D

Painting

Molding: Electric Bob
 Painting: Electric Bob
 Color: pearl green
 Type: lacquer

Tires

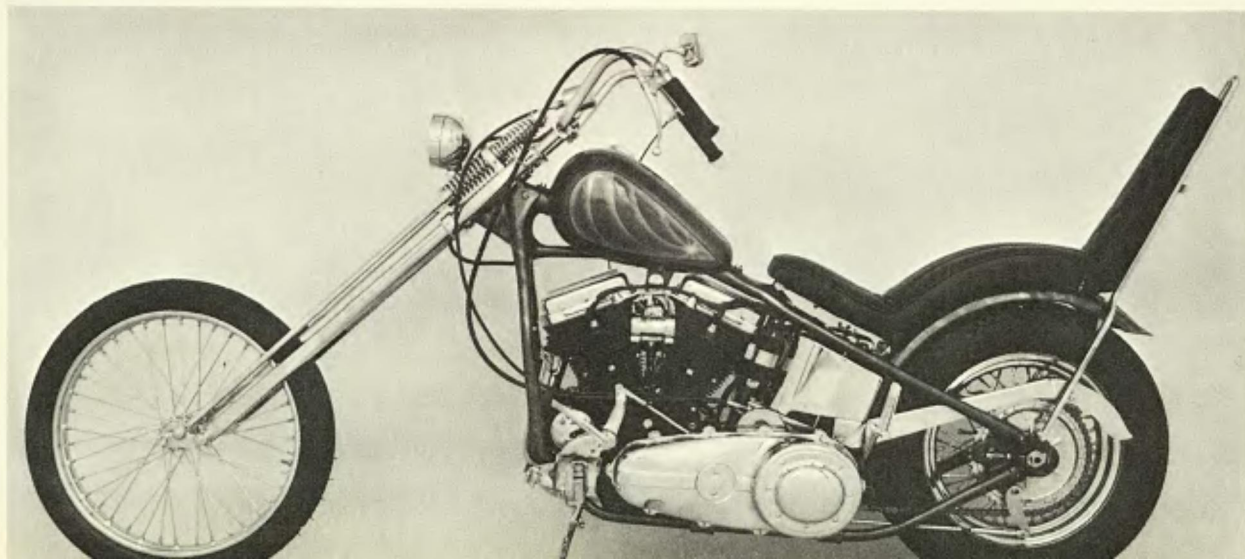
Front: Avon 2.75 x 18
 Rear: Arco 5.00 x 16



you know what? I'm sure there's going to be some guy come along, look my bike over super-close, and then write in **his** notebook about what he won't do when he builds his dream bike. He's bound to find **something** he doesn't like, and that's okay; that's what makes each bike different—every guy sees things differently. And thank God, or else all the blonde chicks could be grabbed up while the other chicks go wanting.

"He might find some things he doesn't like, but he won't find any imperfections. I saved enough bread to afford the best. It took me four years to save the money, and it represents something I have dreamed about for longer than I can remember.

"Hey, what are you writing in that notebook?"



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

Fun House of Sissy Bar Contest

Almost eighty percent of the entries in this contest are strange, freaked-out, impractical, impossible, and sometimes just plain dumb designs.

Because we receive so many of the odd-ball type, we thought we'd devote this issue (and this issue only) to them. It's understood, that the purpose of the contest is to feature good ideas, and we will from now on—but for this one time we thought we'd have some fun. Hope we don't bug anyone. Those who've submitted serious designs, don't panic, we'll be back to them the next time around.

So here are some designs (designs?). Some were sent in as a gag—and some were not. Either way, we think you'll find them entertaining.

**Still Paying
\$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 *Easysiders* magazine. Send your ideas to Sissy Bar Contest, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.



—"Giant clip."



by Rusty Turcott
West Linn, Oregon



—"Each circle contains a small hook, where trinkets, keys, and various souvenirs can be hung."

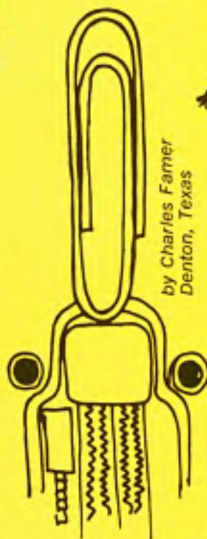


by Gail Snible
Jackson, Michigan

—"Have a fat passenger?
Just pull the cutoff switch!"



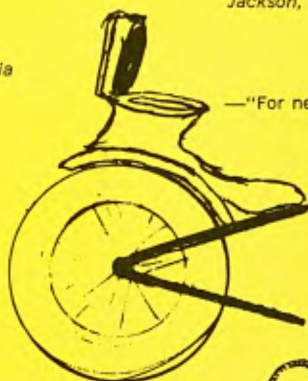
by Jan Harris
Pompano Beach, Florida



by Charles Farmer
Denton, Texas



by Micholt Yvan
Leuven, Belgium



—"For nervous ol' ladies."

by Monte Wall
Burlington, N.C.

—"The shower-bath chopper."

—"Hooks are for hanging bike
chain, when not in use."



by Cheyenne
Bessemer, Penn.



by Gary Jackson
Irving, Texas



by Edric
Vancouver, Canada



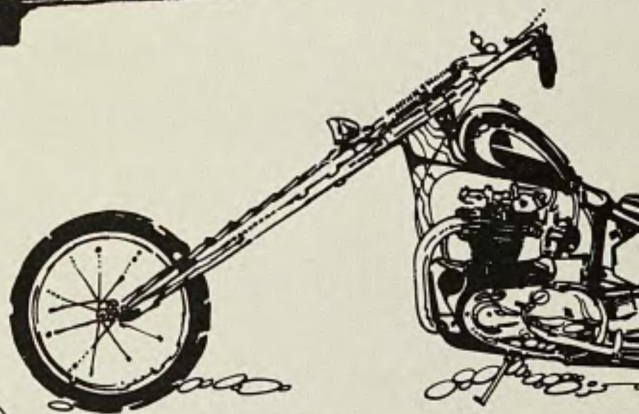
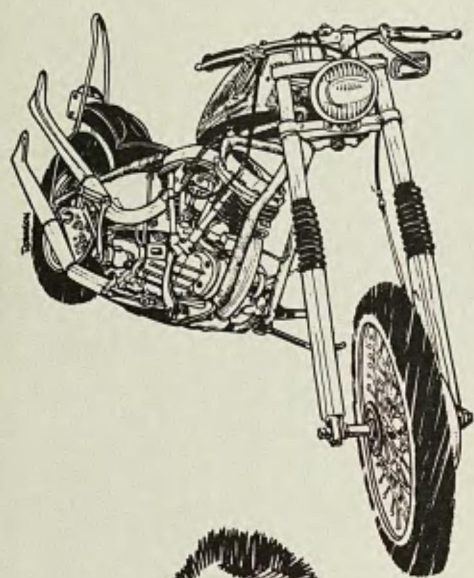
by Rusty Smith
Kansas City, Kansas



THE SISSY
BAR HAS
A WHEELY
BAR WITH
SHOCKS.
by Peter Wires
Plainfield, Vermont



—"Velvet canopy."
by Dan Bush
Denver, Colorado



By Louis Bosque

The Fringe Benefits of Owning a Chopper

How you described old Walt depended on who you were and what mood he was in when you saw him. He'd been variously described as mean, nasty-tempered, cantankerous, *thieving*—you name it, he'd been called it. All but *old*. He didn't care a damn what you called him—as long as the word *old* didn't come into it. Call him old, and you better be ready.

Reno and the Booze Fighters usually thought of him as a feisty old fart. But even they didn't refer to him as old, not at least when he could hear it. They really dug him, but they hassled him unmercifully.

Walt ran his poolroom in the old-fashioned way — you could even call it an archaic way—just as he'd always run it for the past sixteen years. He still insisted on racking the balls himself after every game, whereas almost all other pool halls had turned long ago to the idea of charging by the hour rather than by the game. But old Walt seemed to feel that he made more money by charging by

the game, dashing all over the place to rack balls and collect after each game.

Naturally, this led to most of the hassles between Walt and his customers. If he didn't see the game end, some guys would try to rack the balls themselves and sneak a free game on him. This was damned near impossible to do; Walt seemed able to pick up the sound of balls being racked, through any kind of noise, fist fight, blaring juke box, whatever—the sound of balls clacking against the wooden triangle snapped him up straight, as if someone had goosed him with an icepick, and his beady eyes would automatically zero in on the offending table. His hearing was as accurately directional as a bat's radar. He'd be off his stool and out from behind the counter near the front door before the sound of racking died away. Half-hopping, half-skipping because of a funky foot, he'd elbow and jam his way through whatever crowd surrounded the row of tables, paying absolutely no attention to protests, return shoves, or any-

thing else but his target table, maligning with choice profanities and rare obscenities all ancestors and present relatives of the guys who were trying to put something over on him. What he called the guys themselves would have to be printed on asbestos. Between maledictions he'd repeatedly demand his quarter in a voice that often broke into a shrill falsetto from the sheer force of his aroused emotions.

As might be expected, this performance was directly responsible for a lot of sneaky attempts at racking—or at least pretended attempts. Many a guy who'd felt down when he came into the joint felt that the day wasn't so bad after all as he laughed at Walt's antics.

Nobody knew very much about old Walt. Talking to him was like talking to the six dirty cuspidors that lined the wall. He apparently heard nothing that anybody said to him; his entire attention was riveted on the tables in an effort to frustrate anyone who tried to do him out of a quarter—which included everybody, as far as Walt was concerned. Say good after-

—Continued to page 52

**There are many reasons
for owning a chopper
—most of them are women!**

**Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road**



"Bad laws are the worst sort
of tyranny."

—Edmund Burke
(1729-1797)

ABATE Members in 44 States Have Started Working Toward Our Freedom of the Road

We are off and running, after a slight delay caused by having to change the name of our organization. It was discovered at the last moment that the NCCA name was not available for use as a non-profit corporate name—the initials being too similar to those of another corporate name.

So, as long as we had to create a new name for the organization, it was decided to create a name with letters that spelled a word describing the organization's purpose. It was a bitch to do, let me tell you—try it some time.

After much hassle, we came up with **ABATE** (which means to put an end to; to reduce in degree or intensity; to beat down; to decrease in force or intensity).

The letters stand for **A** Brotherhood Against Totalitarianism i.e., strict control by coercive measures; completely regulated by the state. **E**nactments (i.e. to make (as a bill) into law).

A mouthful, to be sure, but it lays it all out in front of God and everybody, exactly why the brotherhood was formed—to protect individual freedom of the road.

Our mission is positive. We want to educate the lawmakers, to give them our side of the story, **before** laws are enacted, and we are devoted to working aggressively toward the abatement of all unfair, unjustified, arbitrary anti-bike laws—everywhere.

Our insignia is a no-nonsense, uptight eagle (see above) who represents

our firm, no-bullshit resolve to get the job done. **Now**, not tomorrow.

We all know what our problems are, so let's get it on, rather than merely sitting around on our asses, complaining about them.

Project No. 1

As members of ABATE already know, our immediate project to get all existing bike laws, state by state, county by county, city by city, into a computer. To do this, we are asking everyone, ABATE members or not, to go to your State capitals, libraries, police departments, and send us documented evidence of every bike law in your area and state. We want facts, not rumors.

We also want to know what bike laws are pending,

what bike laws **almost** passed and may be back during the next legislative session.

We want names and addresses of all anti-bike and pro-bike legislators. We want to know where the speed traps are, and where the especially anti-chopper police departments are.

We want to get the national problem down on paper in order to intelligently plan our campaigns. ABATE members are already working on this project, and all bikers, everywhere, are urged to help us. There may be some duplicated efforts initially, but it is better that ABATE be oversupplied with information, rather than not having all of it.

Project No. 2

As reported in the last issue, ABATE and NCCSI (the chopper manufacturers association) are presently preparing a chopper to send to Washington, D.C. for the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration to test. We know choppers are safe, but the only way the government is really going to know it is to test them, rather than taking some anti-biker's word for it. Rest assured that the choppers we supply the government with will be good, strong, safe choppers. (Complete photo feature in next issue.)

Project No. 3

ABATE needs members. Only in numbers is there sufficient strength to get the job done. To enter a fight

An Example of the Type of Thinking We Are Up Against

When the Michigan Court of Appeals on April 30, 1968, held that Michigan's protective headgear statute was unconstitutional, the Michigan legislature immediately enacted a new statute that read: "A motorcycle and a motor-driven cycle shall be equipped with, and carry when it is being operated, a number of crash helmets equal to the number of drivers and passengers carried during operation."

The Court of Appeals rules that Michigan's law requiring riders to wear helmets is unconstitutional—so the legislature enacts a law requiring, in effect, that the motorcycles wear helmets!

That strange law was enacted in 1968, and we're checking to see if it's still a Michigan law. We cite it only as an example of what legislatures can do, if they are not watched and directed.

without enough members is like hunting bear with a BB gun. It takes numbers to command respect, to be heard over the din created by the anti-bike forces, and worse, the anti-chopper forces.

But we don't want just members, we want doers. We know there are only some of you who will get off your ass and do something—and we want that group as members. The battle is in 50 different states. The only way ABATE can be effective—and effective fast enough—is to have doers in every state.

Save Our Young Men For War!

Sit down for this one. In justification for protective headgear, a New York judge cited these reasons: "Once a cyclist, passenger, or other person is injured because of the action of an unprotected cyclist, there is a tangible effect upon the public. There is an effect upon insurance rates, public hospital services, income tax revenues, public services to the disabled, and national defense since many motorcyclists are young men."

I'll wait for you to barf on that one. The moral, in case it slipped past your tears, is, protect yourself, men, save yourself for Nam.

Not a doer, but thousands of doers.

ABATE has members in 44 states!

As we go to press, we still need doers in Montana, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Utah, Wyoming, and Washington, D.C.

What can **you** do? Join **ABATE**. Let's get together in a mass, so that our voice means something, has the weight and strength of numbers.

ABATE is a non-profit organization, sponsored by **Easyriders** magazine. 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 **ABATE**, you'll receive a decal (full color as at beginning of this article), membership card, and **ABATE's** monthly bulletin bringing you up to date on all bike laws, pending bike laws, and reports on **ABATE's** progress and activities.

Send \$3.00 for a year's charter membership, to **ABATE**, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Do it now, keeping in mind that, tomorrow, today will be yesterday — and we're already short of time.

If you think you have problems—consider the GI who's at the mercy of arbitrary base laws

ABATE received the following letter, which points up the sorry fact that there are laws within laws. (The states have their laws. The cities add their thing, while some policemen interpret the laws through prejudiced eyes, and bend them to their liking. The GI must obey all those laws and interpretations, and then go onto the base and face a new set of laws, prejudices, and interpretations.)

The letter says: "I am currently stationed at an Air Force base in central Louisiana, and I thought you'd like to know how shitty the GI's have got it."

"I have what I consider a righteous chopped CH. It took me four months and a lot of money to build."

"Recently I was stopped by the Air Police (base pigs). They wanted to impound my scooter on the spot because in their opinion, it was unsafe. They cited ten different items that they considered unsafe, but finally wound up giving me a ticket for one: the extended forks."

"The following day I went to the base commander and asked him why reasonably extended front ends were considered unsafe. I was referred to the man who wrote the law for the base, and wouldn't you know it, it was a guy who had never ridden a bike. I asked him why he wrote such a law. He replied that he had a degree in engineering and in his opinion extended forks were unsafe."

Name withheld for obvious reasons

LATE FLASH!

Colorado Suspension Law Modified!

Colorado's unreasonable suspension law has been modified, as the result of the Denver area bikers getting together and forcing a legal hearing.

With the aid of **ABATE's** and **NCCSI's** attorney, the Denver bikers convinced the State to reconsider the original law, that had resulted in many choppers being impounded, to a new law, that allows a 40 degree angle.

Specific wording of the new law, was finalized by the State on the day we went to press, and too late to get into this issue. **ABATE** members will receive complete specs in regular monthly bulletin.

You see! It can be done!

Join Today!

Don't put it off—
the people who
are making the laws
aren't!

It's not necessary to
use coupon—just put
same info on separate
sheet of paper—get
your friends to join—
we need a loud voice!

ABATE

Box 2086

Seal Beach, California 90740

Here's my \$3.00 for a one-year charter membership in **ABATE**. 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: _____

ABATE

Box 2086

Seal Beach, California 90740

Here's my \$3.00 for a one-year charter membership in **ABATE**. 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: _____

If You Think They're Causing Accidents . . . You're 90% Wrong



Drivers who fail to see motorcycles—not the carelessness of the rider—cause most motorcycle accidents. And even though the young cyclists are not doing the damage, they are the ones who are getting the blame. Watch out for them. After all, we're protected and they're exposed. These young people are having good, clean fun and they're not really endangering you. So when you drive:

THINK . . . SEE . . . MOTORCYCLES!

Believe it or not, this advertisement is defending bikers! Midwest Mutual Insurance Company said they were running this ad nationally to tell the automobile drivers that "it's the motorist—not the cyclist—that causes most motorcycle accidents. Further, the auto driver's own carelessness has contributed heavily to the safety spectre haunting cyclists . . ." Wow, I can hardly believe it—someone actually speaking out in favor of bikers. Midwest Mutual sells bike insurance.

How to Give Your Scoot a Douche

When the editorial staff got a glimpse of the photo that was featured on last issue's centerspread, we instantly decided we should do something for you readers. We decided that we—no, you—should see more of that chick in the photo. So with selfless determination we studied the photo, and we studied it, and we studied it, trying to think of some idea—some way—of using the chick editorially—just so you readers could see more of her.

Once we got past our erotic fantasies, we got down to some serious discussions about how we could use the chick—in your behalf. Spider, Dog Breath, and Bosque were asked to leave the editorial meeting, because they couldn't suggest anything we could print—or dared to print.

After much consideration it was decided to fake a story about her washing and polishing a bike.

We had a new chopper product, about to go on the market, called Scoot Douche. A super-simple cleaner and degreaser, that only required spraying on and washing off with a hose, to make a chopper bike-show clean. Everyone agreed that should be a simple enough operation for a chick to be able to do.

It's not easy to fake the washing of a bike, especially while the owner is biting his nails in fear of the chick splashing water on his leather seat (she did), with a model who had never had such a stupid assignment before, and with a crew of "assistant" photographers shouting conflicting instructions at her. Pete did the best he could under the circumstances—being like all members of the Easyriders staff, there was no limit to what he would endure just for you readers! (Gag)







The Artistry of Cudahy John

John Glasow is a heavy builder of righteous bikes. He only builds Hogs, and only as many as he can comfortably handle. You gather from talking to him that he's not on a money-trip, and just sorta floats through life, rather than fighting everything.

John is known as "Cudahy John". His shop is located in a town called Cudahy, where he just completed the blue beauty you see here.

He split Pine City (Pine City?), Min-

nesota, about eight years ago for the land of fruits and nuts. He got his head into Hogs (motorcycles), about two years later, and it's been there ever since.

His first sale was a K model to MGM movie studios, for use in a chick biker movie. They paid him for the bike, but chickened out of doing the movie, and he hasn't seen the bike since.

He works long hours during the week in penance for his wild weekends, when

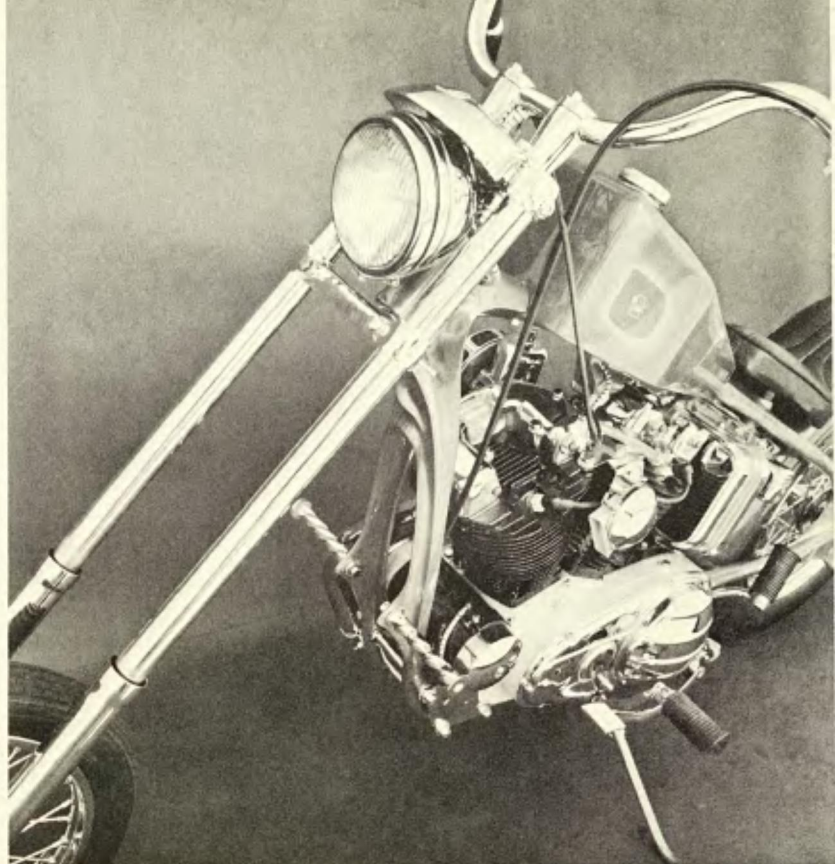




he gets out and jams, and generally lets it rip. "My head gets into a world of its own when I'm jammin'."

John prefers to be a loner—which seems to be the trend these days—mainly because he's found out that he's been better able to stay out of jail by jammin' with Marlene, his ol' lady, and maybe another couple or two, rather than with a band of wine-guzzlin', hard-ridin' freaks.

Come Monday, he's got it all out of his system—well, it might take until Tuesday, on occasion, but usually when he's back at his shop, he turns into an artist. Look at this bike closely—need we say more?



Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: John Glasow

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year & make: 1966 Sportster
Model: XLCH
Value: \$2950
Time: 2 months
Assembly: owner
Chroming: Ferrier plating

Frame

Year: 1966
Rake: $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: narrowed, stock 74's
Tank: coffin
Seat: Ministrone
Material: leather
Sissy Bar: 24"

Engine

Year: 1966
Model: XLCH
Builder: Laidlaw
Displacement: 55 cu. in.
Cam: "P"

Forks

Type: Sportster
Extension: 10" legs
Builder: Jim Long

Lifters: solid
Carb(s): S.U.
Shifter: foot
Pipes: drag pipe
Mufflers: early Sportster

Painting

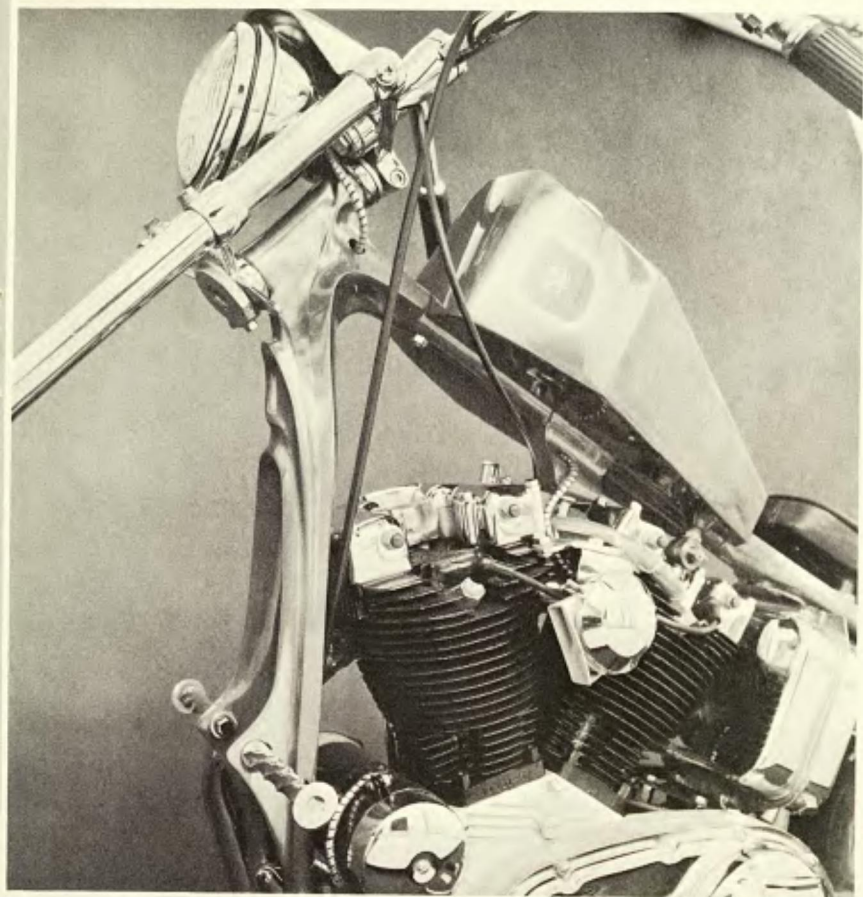
Molding: Jim Fuller
Painting: owner
Color: pearl and candy blue
Type: acrylic lacquer

Tires

Stacks: none
Front: Pirelli 2.50 x 17
Rear: Arco 5.00 x 16

Wheels Front: 17 in. Rear: 16 in.





*Dave Mann has
done it again.*

*He has captured the
feeling of all the
good times a person
enjoys while jammin'
down the highway.*

*Without words, he has
said it all.*

*The wind in the face,
on a strong machine,
the almost unexplainable
feeling of freedom.*

*Turn the page,
and see if you
don't agree.*

Freedom
of the Road
Easyriders Magazine



No-Name \$10,000 Contest

That's right—no name. We had a lot of entries in our name-the-contest contest, but none of them moved us—not even the one Spider was trying to tout off on everyone. It was so bad it had to be from an in-law.

Apparently we didn't get through to you. We wanted a name that was different. Not the same old plastic-sounding, gimmick-loaded name. What did we get? We got Whopper Chopper, Heaven's Super Cycle, Chopperama, Do-wa-dilly Award, Boss Chopper, Menstrual Cycle Award, The 4130 Heliarc Welded, Triple Chrome Plated Award, Holy Chopper, God's Work, Irrational Indifference Award, and the Strung-out Chopper of the Year Award.

Obviously we still need a name, and the offer is still good. We'll pay one hundred dollars to the person who sends in a name we like for the contest. It should not be a cliché, or plastic-sounding. See below for special instructions.

Because we wanted to get the contest going, we decided not to wait for a name. It'll take a year to determine the winner, and during that time we are certain someone will come up with a name fitting for an annual best chopper award.

Commencing with this issue, every chopper appearing in Easyriders will automatically become a contestant in the \$10,000 contest. Easyriders subscribers will vote a year from now on the bikes that have appeared in Easyriders for one year. The chopper receiving the most votes will be awarded \$10,000 in cash, merchandise and contingency awards.

Not having a name for the contest, we held off contacting many people who could contribute prizes; therefore, we are certain that the awards will total much higher than the \$10,000 first prize. It is our plan to have cash,

merchandise and contingency awards for at least second and third place winners, although we can't specifically list them as of this issue.

FIRST PLACE AWARDS

Easyriders Magazine, \$2,500 cash.

D&D Distributors, \$1,500 in merchandise, or \$1,000 cash if winning bike has a D&D springer or frame. If not, \$750 if any other D&D part is on winning bike.

Hallcrafts, \$250 in merchandise. Contingency: Wheel(s)

Mother's Choppers, \$1,500 in merchandise, if winning bike has a Mother's seat. Or \$750 if any other of Mother's products are on bike.

Motorcycle Goodies Inc. \$500 in merchandise. Contingency: Exhaust pipes.

Paughco, \$1,500 in merchandise or \$1,000 in cash. Contingency: Any part purchased from Paughco.

Watch next issue for additional prizes.

Here's how to enter the name-the-contest contest:

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. The decisions of the judges are final. All entries become the property of *Easyriders Magazine*.
5. Be sure to include name and address.
6. In case of duplication, entry bearing earliest postmark will win.

Mail your entry to, Easyriders Contest, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

How far should you go your first time?



How far can I extend my front end before my bike handles bad? How much rake should I put on it? These are probably the two questions most often asked by a guy starting to get a chopper together, and both questions fall into the same category as "How high is up?" A better way of putting it would be: "What length and rake will make my bike handle better than stock?"

That's right, brother. Done right, your bike should handle better than stock when being used for the purpose for which you're building it—which is usually highway jammin'. Now, if you're planning on running your chopper in a moto-cross, your head's in your ass anyway, so just shine it on. The result would be like saying a Rolls Royce didn't handle or ride worth a damn just because a

Porsche shut it down through a slalom course. Whenever you build something for a specific purpose, it has to suffer a little somewhere else, and this holds true for long forks. Generally speaking, the longer you go, and the more degrees of rake you put in your frame, the better your bike will handle at highway speed in a straight line; you suffer slightly at low speed and through tight corners, as does a Rolls or a Cadillac. (The quality of the fork you are using is very important; if the construction of the fork allows it to flex around like a piece of wet spaghetti, you're going to have handling problems, no matter what.)

There are other things to consider along with the handling characteristics, things such as size of wheels, tires, weight, handlebar lev-

erage, and ground clearance. These, in turn, should be decided upon with weight, height, strength, and favored riding position of the owner in mind. Remember that you're not going racing; you're goin' puttin' to enjoy yourself, and you can do this best if you're comfortable.

There is always, of course, Denny Dumfuk, who isn't happy unless he's the most, the hairiest, the biggest, highest, etc. He's the guy who got apehangers outlawed for us. What can I say? You can overdo anything. But let's take a look at the positive side. Take, for example, a stock full-dress '52 Hog and put it up against a chopped version with a 16 on the rear, 8-inch-over narrow springer up front with a 3.00 x 21 Avon. I'll bet a \$100 bill against a week's use of your ol' lady that the chop will crap all over the dresser

on a tight mountain road. Why? Light weight; ground clearance; firmer, more responsive fork; and better weight distribution. True, an 8-inch fork isn't very long by today's standards, but I would guess-timate that you could go 14 inches with a 3/4-inch rake before you went so far as to lose ground to the stocker. Even 16, 18, and 20 over, with up to 1 3/4 rake is believable if it's set up right and all factors are given careful consideration.

On a recent weekend I was down at the river and overheard a conversation between a brother with a righteous knuckle and a Racer Mc-Jackoff type. After what seemed like an hour of bullshit out of the racer dude on the many advantages of his Kawasaki III over the Hog, the brother showed his cool by saying, "Yeah, man, but mine has soul..."

By Super Hog



*M*ere words and photographs cannot adequately convey the exhilaration and the feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers gliding through city traffic or jamming on the highway. You have to get on a bike and ride it in order to appreciate the real benefits of owning one. But short of actually riding a bike, we feel that nothing illustrates this freedom, this leaving all your problems behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy all laid out, his feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with hair blowing in all directions.



Easyriders will pay \$10 for black & white photos, and \$20 for color transparencies, of bikers in action. We prefer bikes in motion, with a guy packing a chick, although we will purchase any sharp, properly lighted action shot.

Send your black & white prints or color transparencies (no color prints) to Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, 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 Post Office.





We forced Angela to make a decision. She didn't want to, because she didn't "want to hurt anyone's feelings—they're all so nice."

"Nice-schmice," I argued. "Pick a winner—pick one that was different from the others."

"But, I can't." She looked at me with those black, sensuous eyes of hers. "How can I tell someone I liked someone else's letter better? A lot of them even said they loved me."

"Well, how about giving a lot of prizes away, instead of just one?" I was getting desperate. She had all of the letters at her apartment, and I was three days away from the deadline—I had to get her to make a decision. "We could give the bota to the second-place winner, and autographed photos to ten others. How does that grab you?"

"Make it twenty."

"Okay, twenty."

"How about one to all of them?"

"All of them? There must be thousands!" I flashed on what Smiley the bookkeeper would say if I suggested that to him. "No, there's no way I could get Smiley to go along with that—it'd cost an arm and a leg."

"So?" She wasn't interested in my problems.

"I can't—really. So pick twenty-two letters, and I'll tell the readers you feel the letters are all equal and that I selected the first and second winners—so that you didn't have to pick one over the other. Okay?"

"Are you sure you can't give everyone a photo?"

"I'm sure."

"Okay then—if I have to."

Now, after all that, here are the winners:
First place: David Sutherland #126960 and Joe Lester #222587, Washington State Penitentiary, Box 502, Walla Walla, Wash.

Aside from the humorous way they wrote their letter, they also had a pretty good reason for wanting the wine-stained shirt.

As part of Washington State's enlightened rehabilitation program, they have recently formed the Washington State Penitentiary Motorcycle Association* Shop and Motorcycle Mechanic's School, with the Harley-Davidson factory donating engines and other parts for the school to work with.

Dave and Joe said they wanted to hang Angela's shirt on the wall "as a reminder that lumpy-chested females do exist."

When I advised them that they were the winners, and to check with the man to see if they could have it, they wrote back that Captain Crowley initially thought they had cracked up, but after seeing my letter, he approved.

They also said that "Murdering Mike," their cell partner, got left out because he had been sleeping when they wrote the letter to Angela. And when it came time to sign it, they tried to wake Mike up, telling him they

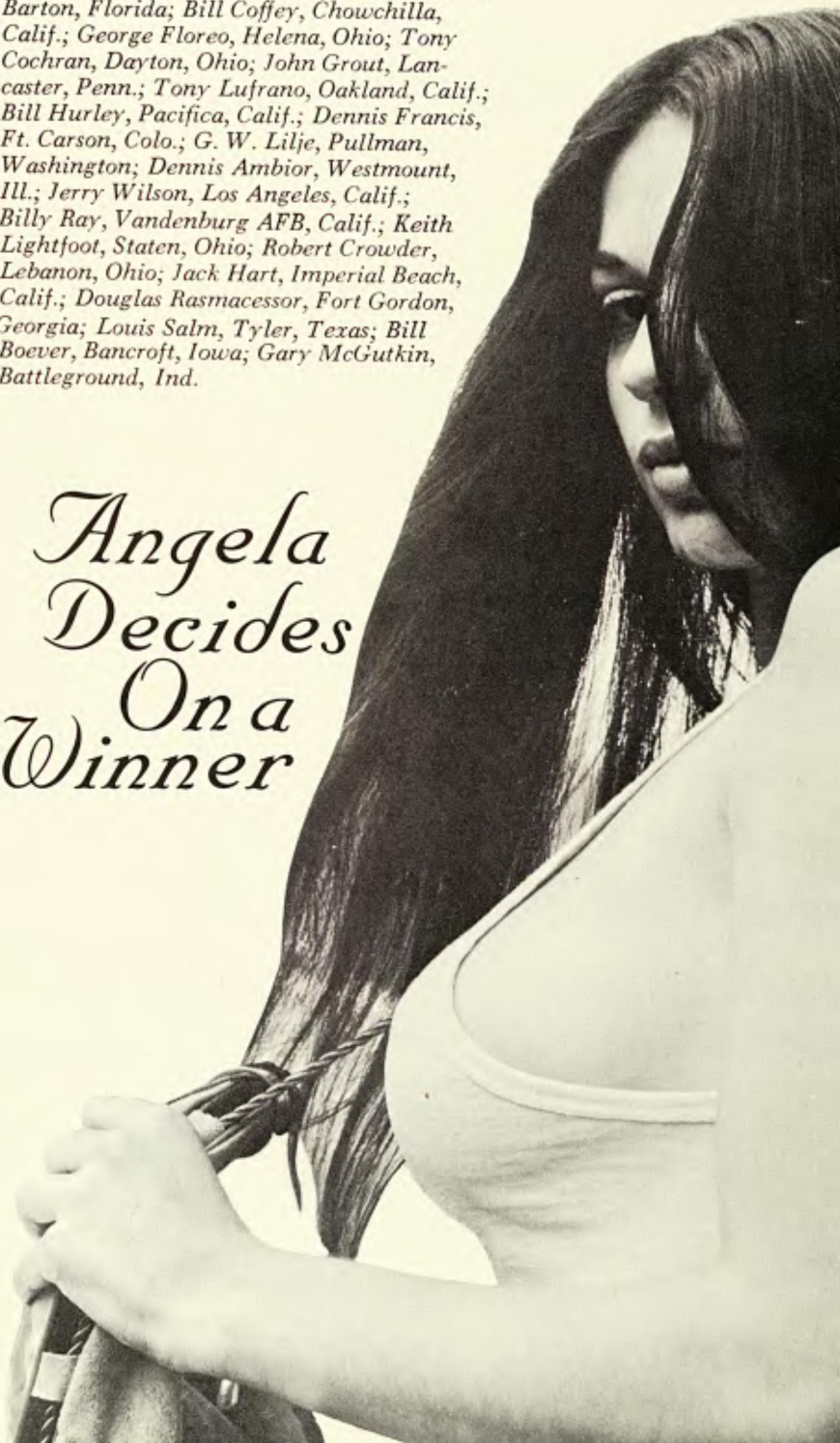
wanted him to sign a letter—that they might win a wine-stained T shirt. Mike, half asleep, thought they had flipped it, mumbled some choice words, rolled over, and went back to sleep.

"Our winning has been a helluva good ego trip and a lot of fun. We haven't had so much fun since—well, something fun happened here about a year ago, but neither of us can remember what it was."

Second place winner: C. Matero, Bernardsville, N.J. We are sending him the bota, used only by Angela.

The other twenty winners, who will each receive an autographed picture of Angela, are: Jeff Sharkey, Mansfield, Ohio; Bill Lash, Barton, Florida; Bill Coffey, Chowchilla, Calif.; George Floreo, Helena, Ohio; Tony Cochran, Dayton, Ohio; John Grout, Lancaster, Penn.; Tony Lufrano, Oakland, Calif.; Bill Hurley, Pacifica, Calif.; Dennis Francis, Ft. Carson, Colo.; G. W. Lilje, Pullman, Washington; Dennis Ambior, Westmount, Ill.; Jerry Wilson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Billy Ray, Vandenburg AFB, Calif.; Keith Lightfoot, Staten, Ohio; Robert Crowder, Lebanon, Ohio; Jack Hart, Imperial Beach, Calif.; Douglas Rasmacessor, Fort Gordon, Georgia; Louis Salm, Tyler, Texas; Bill Boever, Bancroft, Iowa; Gary McGutkin, Battleground, Ind.

Angela Decides On a Winner



*A very exclusive club—Spider.

Chuck Porrazzo wanted to know more about Hogs, so he thought he'd buy a basket case and tinker around with it, while educating himself to the mysteries of the Milwaukee iron.

Little did he know about the Hog's contagious disease, and it took him only two days—count them, two days—to get the bug. He forgot about his self-help educational program, and from that point on he went all-out building a chopper. The fever had him, and because they both used the same garage, he infected his dad with the fever, too. Now there were two wild-eyed Porrazzos eyeballing every chopper in town, and their reading habits switched from the high-class stuff to chopper rags.

As they studied other choppers, trying to decide what they were going to do to make theirs better than the others, they started tearing down the basket-case shovel, piece-by-piece. "We went completely through the bike, from front to back. Every part, no matter how small, was inspected, and, if necessary, replaced."

By this time, they had convinced the boss of the house that the grease marks on the floor and sinks were going to be a way of life—even showed her the design they had decided on. She got so excited that she said, "Eat your dinner, before it gets cold."

Son infects
father with the
fever, and
they have a...

Yellow Zonker







With her words of encouragement ringing in their ears, they started the grand design by raking the neck $\frac{3}{4}$ ". For insurance against the neck cracking while jammin' in the speed lane on the expressway, they added a $\frac{1}{4}$ " steel plate on both sides, and a $\frac{1}{2}$ " plate underneath. They even "strengthened all other parts that could possibly crack from vibration." (I forgot to ask them what the bike weighed.)

His ol' man was really getting his head into it by this time; he built the struts, foot rests, and sissy bar, while Chuck urged him on. Going ape, they removed the primary inspection plate, filled it in and tossed out the mouse trap.

Finally they assembled it, to make certain everything fit properly, before breaking it down again for molding and painting.

While it was assembled, Chuck asked his girl what she thought of it. She said, "I can

Owner: Chuck Porrazzo

General

Fabrication by: owner and father

Year & make: 1966 H-D

Model: 74

Value: \$4,000

Time: 12 months

Assembly: owner and father

Chroming: Mother's Choppers

Frame

Year: 1966 swinging arm

Rake: $\frac{3}{4}$ "

Rear susp.: rigid

Bars: buck horns

Tank: peanuts

Seat: hump seat

Material: leather

Sissy Bar: owner

Engine

Year: 1966

Model: Shovelhead

Builder: H-D

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Cam: stock

Lifters: hydraulic

Carb(s): L & L

Shifter: foot

Pipes: drag pipes

Mufflers: shorties

Stacks: none

Forks

Type: one piece tube

Extension: 15 in.

Builder: Mother's Choppers

Painting

Molding: Mother's Choppers

Painting: Mother's Choppers

Color: freak out!

Type: lacquer

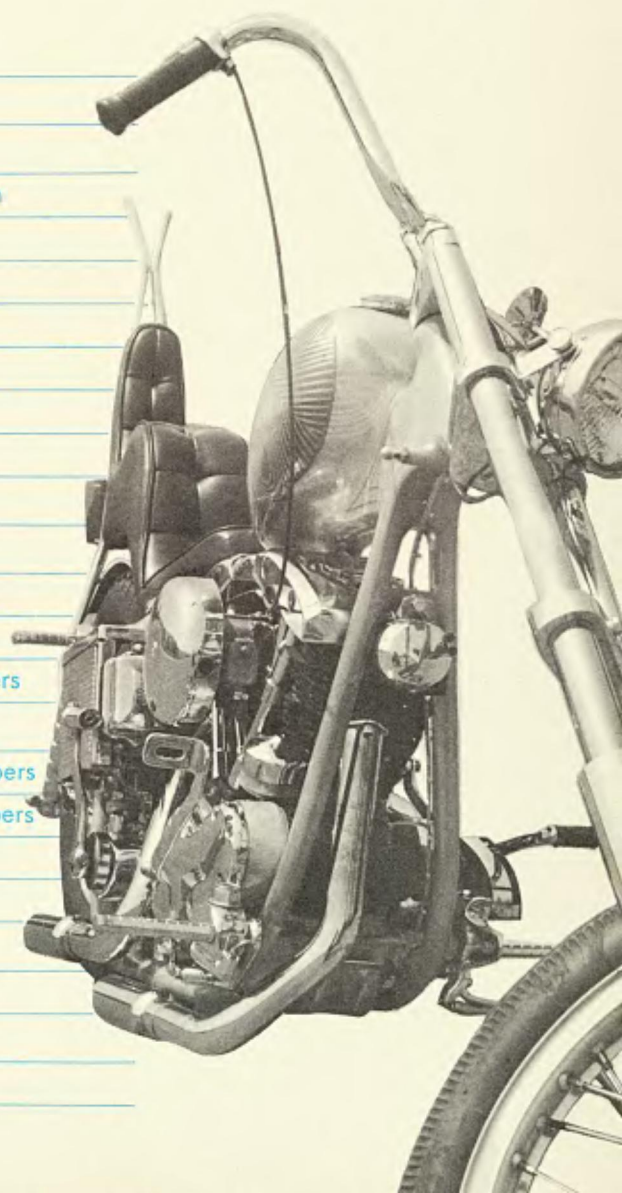
Wheels

Front: 19 in. Rear: 16 in.

Tires

Front: Riken 2.75 x 19

Rear: Pirelli 5.00 x 16





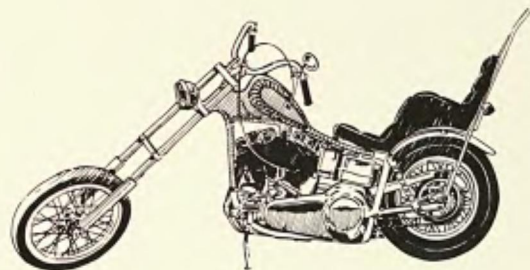
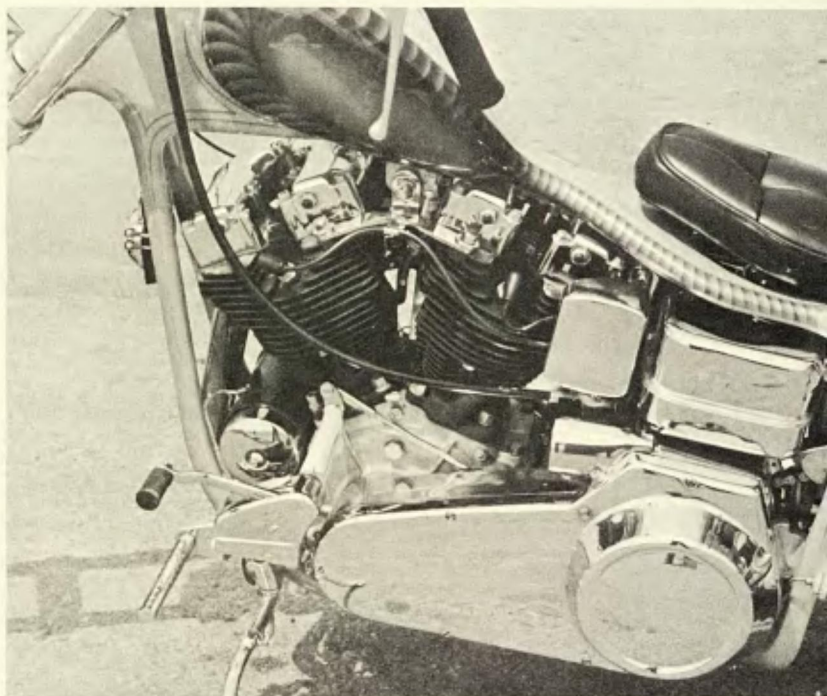
dig it, but that paint job's a little strange."

They disassembled it and took it to Les Fitch at Mother's Choppers, so he could do his thing, and gave him instructions to put on a seat "as comfortable as a king's throne."

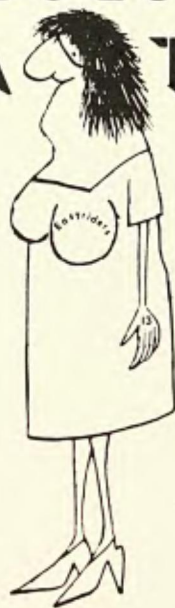
"I've found that riding a hundred miles without stopping will give some people an itchy butt, but that seat doesn't at all. I could go two hundred miles if my tank was big enough," Chuck said.

He also said that jammin' on a chopper "gives a guy a whole new outlook on scenery. You enjoy it more—you enjoy the smells, and you especially enjoy the feeling of freedom that comes over you as soon as you take off."

It had been a long twelve months, but now that it's finished, his dad can hardly get him off the throne.



MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



To Bra or Not to Bra

My chick is built great—and she's proud of it, always going without a bra. The problem is, she sticks out as if she had a bra on, and quivers as she walks, which really turns my friends on. It's one thing to go bra-less if you don't flaunt it, intentionally or otherwise, but if a girl has especially well shaped breasts, it's almost as if she were nude—maybe better—a little covering is sometimes better than none. The question is this. Should I have her stop going bra-less—especially when we're around single men—or should I be bothered that men openly stare at her, admire her, and steal peeks at her, when she's with me? I sorta feel I should resent all the attention she's getting—that the guys aren't respecting me as a male when they openly stare at my girl—especially at her tits.

John Scallor
Prescott, Arizona

● As you can tell from the drawing of me, I have the very same problem—only my jugs look like balloons filled with water—they don't jiggle, they gurgle. I catch a lot of guys staring at me too, like they're going to barf—is that the kind of look you mean, honey? Any girl that goes bra-less knows what she is doing. In hip areas the men will admire her without being obvious. In other areas, guys might whip out their dummies and start pounding. Which means you must be selective about where you display her. You should be proud that she is with you, and that the other guys are so envious. She does put you on the spot, however; some dude just might want to touch them to see if

they're real, or loudly say something about them, which could mean you'd be forced into a knuckle session with your Sunday Levi's on.

In The Joint

I'm writing this letter from the federal penitentiary. I'm a bike freak—had my own shop named the Cycle Works, in Hayward, California (near Oakland), and I'd like to stay in touch with fellow Hog men—I need contact with the free world to stay straight. Would you do this for me, mutha o' mine?

Steve Hone
Box 1000
Morgantown, W. Virg. 26505

● Glad to, Steve. I hope some of our good readers will write you. Check free subscription offer to all prison libraries, in the Word-monger column.

Help! Help!

Me and a couple of guys started a group, and have been hassled by the cops plenty, but that doesn't bother us as much as the lowriders in the area. There's about ten of us, and about 20 to 25 of them. They always call us "dirty longhaired pussies", but never to four faces. When they call us, "asses," they have us outnumbered 3 to 1. We're not afraid to kick ass, but they never call us, "dirty longhaired pussies" to our faces. What should we do?

Mike Kelly
Cleveland, Ohio

● It's late in the afternoon, Mike—and I don't know if I'm screwed up, or if you are—my head can't seem to unravel your letter. As I get it, it's okay if they call you "asses," but it isn't okay to call you "dirty longhaired

pussies." After thinking it over, I suggest you wash your hair.

Why? Tell Me Why!

I want to know why you are called Miraculous Mutha. Don't you have a real name, and what's so damned miraculous about you? What miracles have you performed?

Ric Blanchard
Norfolk, Virginia

● I perform one miracle every day—I drag myself out of the sack, after some ungodly debaucheries, and report to work, on time, all cheery and smiling. When you're big, ugly, hairy, and smell on occasion, you've got to have some other things going for you, sweets—and I perform enough miracles around the office every day to keep my job—dig? Naturally, I don't use my real name; what would my mother think if she saw me in a rag like this?

Putting Lead in the Pencil

Remember when you told a dude that it was all in his head, when he wanted to know how to put lead in his pencil? Well, you are what you eat, mom. What goes in is what comes out. Vitamin E is a necessary cat-

alyst for most vitamins to do their thing.

Good ol' E produces lead for the pencil. Also try raw corn on the cob, and wheat germ, but the best bet is natural vitamin E tablets. Gobble 600 to 1000 international units each day, and feel what happens.

Gary Webber
San Diego, California

● The last time I went ape for vitamin E, I sat on the can the next few days no, come to think of it, it was vitamin C that made me run.

Mutha's Favorite

Mutha, I've been wondering something about you. If you don't think it's too personal, would you tell me what your favorite sex act is?

Jerry Vitoloa
Detroit, Michigan

● When I perform in stag movies, or at home with the shades drawn? As a rule, I usually go along with whatever the guy has in mind—can't be too choosy these days. Only had to refuse one guy in my life—and he was sorta different. He wanted me to run rapidly in place, without any clothes on. But I just couldn't do it very long—his hair kept tickling my feet—besides, I tire easily.

He Blew It

While jammin' down the road on my BSA, wham! I threw my left rod. It went through the crankcase, tearing a hole in it the size of a golf ball. Please tell me how to fix it.

David Stevens
Homestead, Florida

● You go down to your friendly child molester and buy four packs of Double-Bubble bubble gum.



Two-faced 80



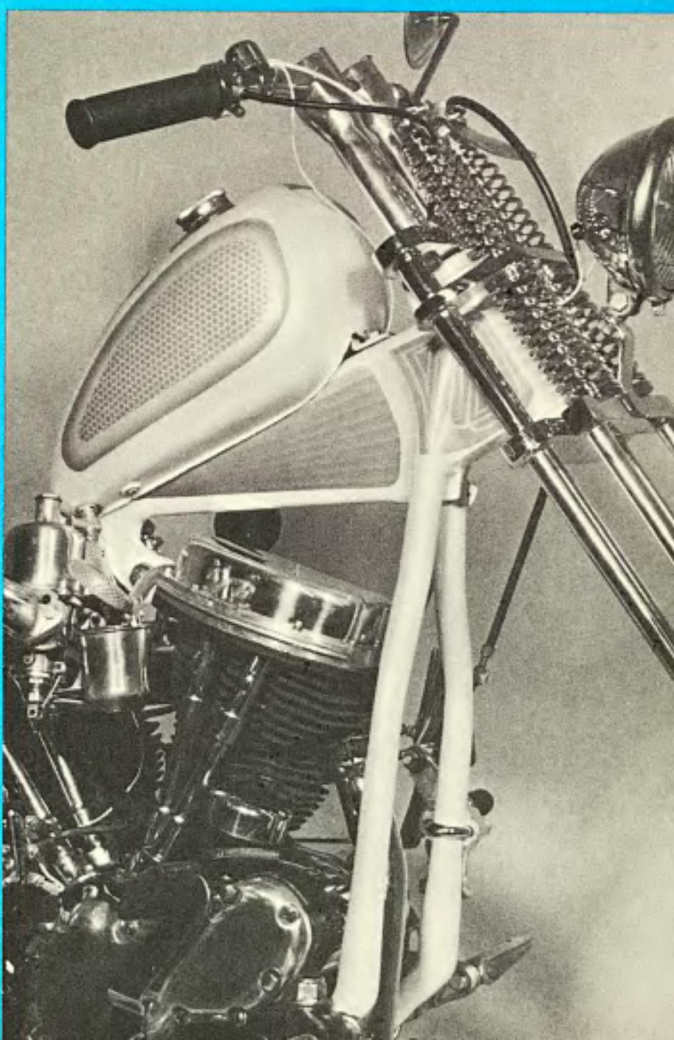
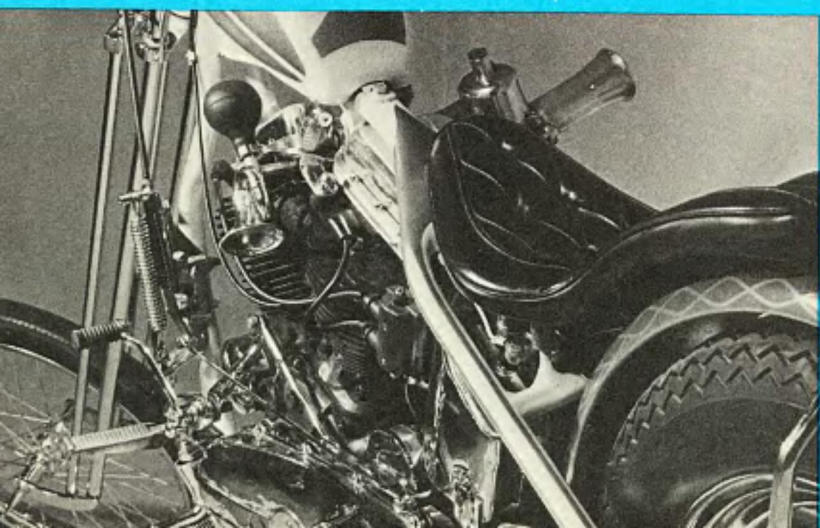
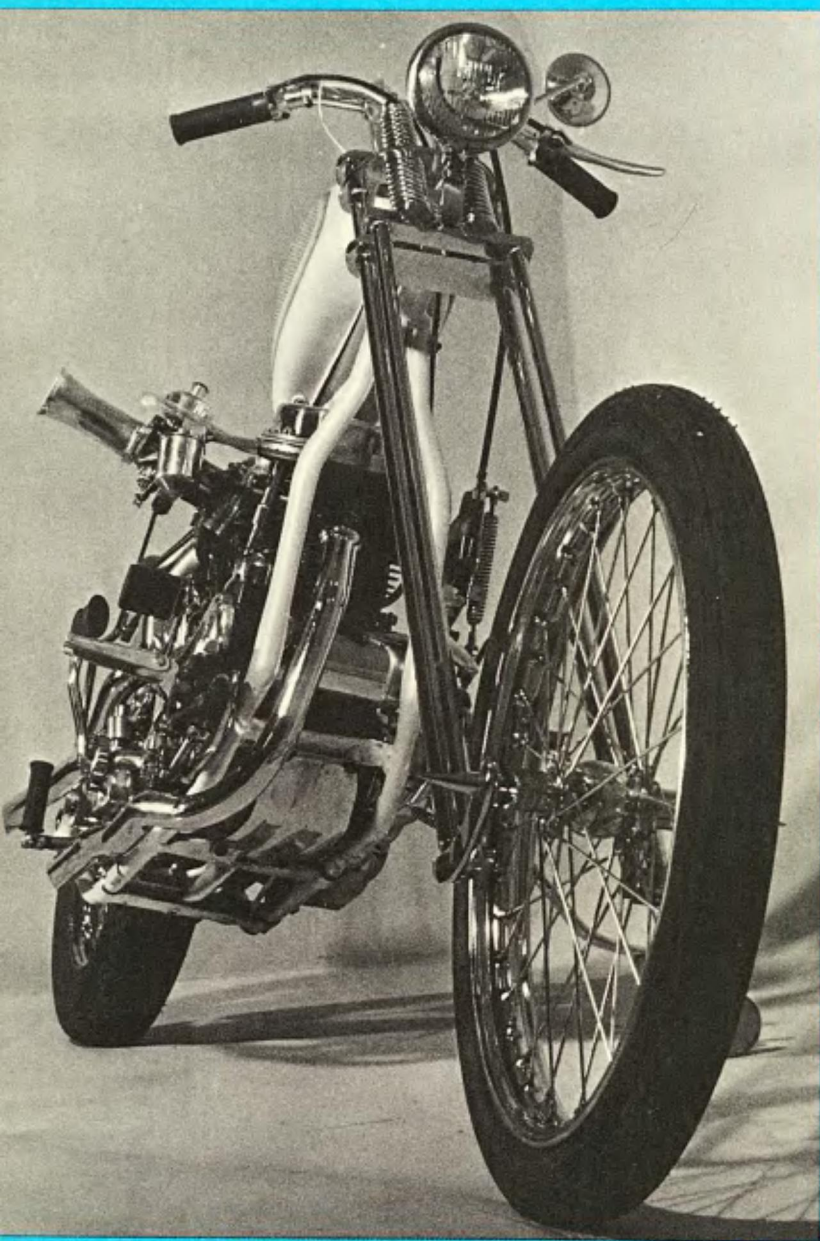
No you are not trippin'—both color photos are of the same bike—it's just that it's painted different colors on each side.

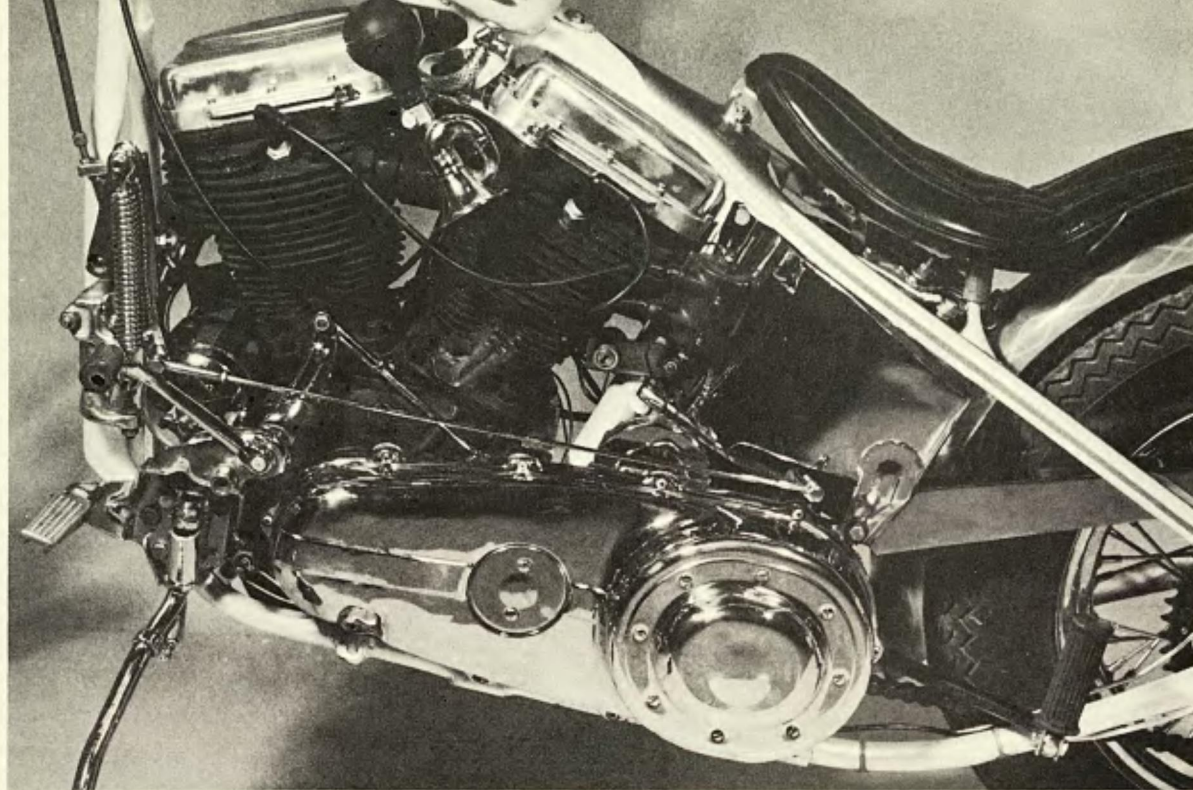
Bruce Hanson of Alamogordo, New Mexico, wanted to paint his bike red, white and blue—but differently. "No Captain America crap." A buddy of his, retired Angel Roy Hall, suggested he paint each half a different color. Bruce dug the idea, and threw the problem along with a peanut tank to Ed Trexler, a hip bike painter in Alamogordo.

Turned on, Ed got it on fast—in fact, so

***Take your choice
—if you don't like
the color on one
side, have a go at
the other!***

Photos by Ted Gaskins





fast that the tank was painted three months before the rest of the bike was ready for painting. When the frame was painted, it was tied into the tank design.

Bruce has a small, custom-made bike parts business that he runs out of his garage. That is, he makes custom parts at home, after he's done his eight as an experimental welder on the sled project at the White Sands Proving Ground.

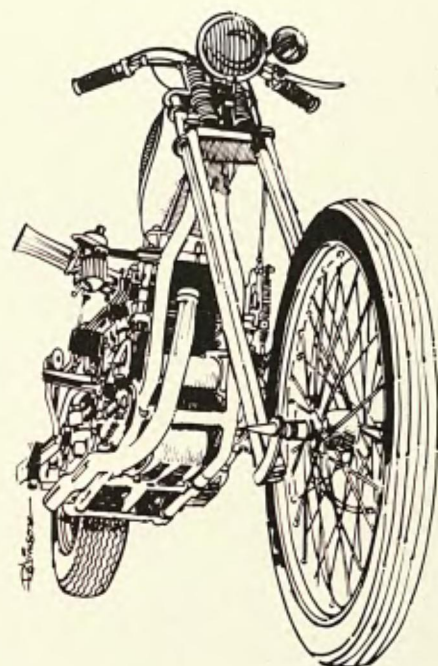
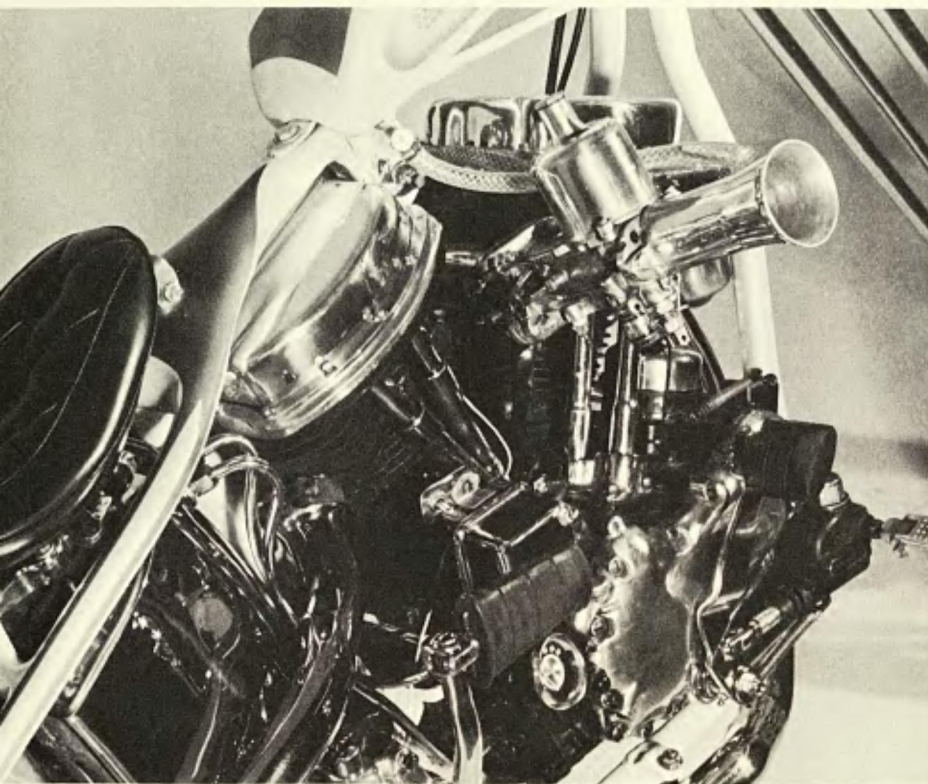
It goes without saying that he did most of the work on the bike himself. He built, among other things, the springer, the pipes, sissy bar, and a special manifold for the SU's. Because of this, he was all smiles as he said, "I've only \$1,200 invested in the bike—and that includes the original purchase price."

He completely rebuilt the engine, transforming it into an 80—punching it out to 60 over, with 2" valves, Sifton cam, lifters, and push rods. "Man, when I get on it—it's enough to make a blind man see!"

He's lived in Alamogordo for two years. "New Mexico is a far out place to live—no police hassles. It's a constant high—one jam through the Lincoln National Forest, and a biker would never leave!"

Bruce has had three bikes, and is presently working on his next one, a shovelhead. The only drag thing about New Mexico bike laws is the one requiring goggles. No helmet law—but they must wear goggles—which look like hell. "But the chicks don't mind. They all groove on choppers, just as they do everywhere. My chick, Donna Henderson, digs bikes—but what makes her special is that she's also hip."





Owner: Bruce Hanson

General

Fabrication by: owner
 Year & make: 1958 H-D
 Model: 74
 Value: \$2800
 Time: 4 months
 Assembly: owner
 Chroming: American Plating, El Paso

Engine

Year: 1958
 Model: F L H
 Builder: owner
 Displacement: 83 cu. in.
 Cam: Sifton #4
 Lifters: Sifton, solid
 Carb(s): S U 1 3/4
 Shifter: foot
 Pipes: Hanson drag type
 Mufflers: none
 Stacks: none

Frame

Year: 1956
 Rake: none
 Rear susp.: rigid
 Bars: drag type
 Tank: offset peanut
 Seat: Cobra
 Material: naugahyde
 Sissy Bar: 5/8" hex

Forks

Type: narrow springer
 Extension: 20"
 Builder: owner

Painting

Molding: Ed Trexler
 Painting: Ed Trexler
 Color: candy red & blue over white
 Type: acrylic lacquer

Tires

Front: Avon 2.75 x 21
 Rear: Goodyear 5.00 x 16

Wheels Front: 21 in. Rear: 16 in.

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The Fringe Benefits of Owning a Chopper

—Continued from page 25

noon to him, and he'd answer—if he answered at all—with some form of "What's so fuckin' good about it?" Nobody really knew him, and everybody liked him, liked to rib him, get him all stirred up and then stand back and laugh at the inventive expressions that spewed out of him in a cracked, husky, penetrating tone—expressions that would put the most hardened old muleskinner or deepwater sailor to shame.

Walt was an out-and-out thief, which probably accounted for his deep suspicion of everybody else. His regular customers all knew it, and were very careful not to leave even the smallest coin lying around unless they didn't mind losing it. Sometimes they'd do it deliberately, just so they could observe his thieving technique, which was as skilled as his vocabulary. Everybody who knew him at all agreed that he could have made a quick fortune as a pickpocket or a sneak thief. The speed of his handwork would have been the envy of the fastest lightweight that ever lived. Walt was perfectly safe in his thieving—and he knew it damn well, although of course nothing had ever been said. The regulars knew better than to trust him. Newcomers sometimes got taken when they got careless or were maybe trying to show off their wealth, but if they ever made the mistake of accusing old Walt, they got their ears singed and their nostrils insulted as he blasted screeched words and the worst case of bad breath in the Western Hemisphere directly into their amazed faces from an inch or so away. Denials and threats of impending violence spewed from him like lava from a volcano. One glance around at the appreciative audience of regulars invariably convinced the accuser that he'd made not one but two mistakes: leaving his money around in plain sight, and then accusing Walt of taking it. The on-lookers were obviously willing, even eager, to back old Walt to the hilt. The accuser was usually thankful to get out of the place with a whole skin. Sometimes a regular would accuse Walt when nothing had been taken, simply to liven up an otherwise dull day. It always worked.

In short, Walt's was a real entertainment joint. The regulars, including Reno and the Booze Fighters, went there because Walt was the kind of guy he was, and because he ran the place the way he did. The guys were comfortable there, no matter what condition their heads might be in.

Smoke-stained signs prohibited

gambling—but everybody gambled. Walt enforced only one rule on gambling: no coins were to be thrown onto the tables; a coin's sharp edge could cut through the thin felt covering.

Other signs warned against profanity or obscenity—and Walt himself was the chief violator of that taboo.

No Drinking Alcoholic Beverages was also ignored as long as you bought your soft drink chaser or mixer from Walt at his inflated prices.

Another popular feature of Walt's was the back door. It was an extra-wide affair that swung back flat against the wall, leaving the opening covered only by a screen door through which a guy at the last table could always cast a quick glance at the parking area out back to see what, if anything, was happening out there. And the beauty of it was that he could do this without leaving the table and thus allowing his partner to pull a shady trick or two in trying to run the table. With so many eyes periodically checking the parking area, the successful rip-off of a bike was a near-impossibility. There was another advantage, too, for the player at the last table. He could step outside for a toke or two and still keep his eye on his partner to make sure he stayed honest.

Walt's pool hall was old-style all the way, the dark, dirty kind, with a green-topped, conical shade on each of the single lights that hung low over each table, leaving the rest of the room in darkness from about waist level up. It was the dingy, no-females-allowed kind of place that supposedly bred crime in the dark, the kind of place that gave pool playing a bad name—the kind of place that preceded the super-clean, carpeted, "family-style" pool hall that breeds crime under bright lights.

Tiny and Jere were playing eight-ball on the table by the back door, and Jere was heartily wishing to Christ he'd never gotten involved in the game. Tiny was impossible to deal with in any kind of competitive situation. If he won, he crowed about it so much that you wanted to shove something—anything—down his throat to shut him up. And if he lost, he bellyached and offered excuses until you felt the same urge. Right now, he was winning—and Jere was gritting his teeth.

"That's a buck seventy-five," Tiny shouted across the table, gleefully chalking his cue for the next game.

Jere took a deep breath, un-

clenched his teeth, and said as calmly as he could manage, "I can count." Jesus, anybody'd think Tiny had just won a hundred bucks. No wonder people tried to avoid any form of competition with the guy—pool, lagging coins, racing choppers, whatever. Crying or crowing, that's all Tiny knew when it came to any sort of contest. Too bad, too. He was such a hell of a great guy in all other respects, one of the best-liked guys in the Booze Fighters M/C.

Jere's eyes watched the huge hands as they chalked the cue. It was almost as if Tiny intended to grind the tip off the damned stick. Jere knew what was coming. Tiny would do his usual break, slamming the cueball so hard that the racked balls would explode in all directions as if dynamited, some of them inevitably slopping into pockets—and Tiny would confuse the slop-shot with his own skill.

Jere's patience slipped a little and he took another deep breath. "Come on, man," he said "you got enough chalk on that goddam stick!"

The 280-pound bear called Tiny grinned wider and slapped the chalk cube down on the edge of the table. He moved to the head of the table to make his break, while Jere cursed himself for letting his impatience show. He couldn't play worth a damn when he was even a little shook, and both he and Tiny knew it. Tiny would take advantage of that fact; he would dig in the needle until Jere blew his top completely, thereby blowing the game. Jere knew this, and he knew that Tiny knew it—and he swore that, by God, this time he was gonna control himself.

Tiny placed the cueball carefully, and then turned and grinned again at Jere. "Whatsa matter, redass? You wanna give up?"

Jere caught himself just in time. He gave Tiny a sneer. "I've got your give-up swingin' right here." He patted the front of his Levi's.

"Swingin'? Bullshit. You gotta tie a string to it to find it."

Tiny bent and sighted along the stick as if preparing for an intricate shot rather than just making a break with the hope of slopping something in.

Jere interrupted the concentration. "Yeah? I got your three inches beat any day."

Tiny straightened and looked the table over carefully, like a mathematician studying an equation. Then he looked at Jere and grinned some more. "No, man, you got it all wrong. That three inches you heard about me is *width*, not length."

Jere's patience slipped again. "Come on, man, play! You want Walt back here swearin' we did him outa his quarter? Crissake, we coulda played two games while you

been screwin' around."

Tiny's needle had scored another point, and they both knew it. Tiny's grin was triumphant as he turned and bent once more over the end of the table, ready to make the break. Jere's eye fell on the huge butt thrust out so invitingly, and his right foot got a sudden tingle in it. He wondered if his heavy boot could kick that can up onto the table.

Tiny finally fired the cueball, exploding the triangle of balls all over the table, a stripper going into a corner pocket and a solid-color into a side pocket.

Jere bit back a pained groan. That sonuvabitch Tiny couldn't do anything wrong. Jere turned away from the table, pretending he hadn't seen the two balls slop in. He clenched his teeth and waited for the gloating to start—just as if Tiny'd planned the shot instead of closing his eyes and ramming with the stick in a dumb, all-out, hope-to-God effort. Jere wasn't sure he could stomach the bragging that would come any second now.

"Hey, Jere, didya see that shot?" Tiny was chalking feverishly as he studied the table. "I sunk two of 'em that time!" He was as childishly excited as a high school football star who'd just knocked over his first virgin cheerleader, and he snickered like Mutley the dog on TV.

Jere didn't trust himself to answer. He simply nodded his head, grabbed his beer from the shelf on the wall near the table, and chugalugged it as a substitute for smacking Tiny right square in the middle of his huge face.

Having sunk both a stripe and a solid-color, Tiny had his choice of types for his next shot. He studied the table—just as if, Jere thought sourly, he knew what the hell he was doin'. Jesus, what a clown. After a long study, the clown picked stripes, and Jere grudgingly admitted to himself that it had been the right choice. The stripes were in better positions than the colors for a run.

Tiny picked the thirteen, for which choice Jere silently and ironically congratulated his wisdom; the damned thing was right square in the middle of the side pocket and only a couple of inches from the edge, anyway. Tiny shot carefully—for him. He needed quite a bit of backspin on the cueball to put him in position for his next shot. He snapped the cueball, and the thirteen disappeared like a gopher into the side pocket. Fine. But he'd put too much spin on the cueball. It backed off across the table and wound up in almost the exact middle of a group of three balls that formed a triangular fence around it, allowing only one way out. It was seemingly impossible to hit a striped

ball without first hitting a solid-color.

Jere held back a snicker and watched to see what the clown would do next. Tiny was neither grinning nor bragging now. He'd gotten himself snookered. To most people it wouldn't be a matter of life or death. Most guys would simply shoot out of the snookered position, letting the cueball hit whatever it had to get out of there. The worst that could happen would be that the cueball would hit a solid instead of a stripe first, and the shooter would forfeit a ball and his turn. Big deal. But Tiny wasn't most people, and Jere got ready to enjoy the sight of the big guy going slowly nuts trying to figure out how to do the impossible. Tiny was not the type to surrender easily any gains he'd already won.

The big clown was studying the table, playing the expert, eyeing for every conceivable bank shot, laying down his cue and aiming along it to see where each ball would go after striking the cushions at various angles. He didn't seem a damn bit upset.

Jere finally flipped. "Fer chris-sake, Tiny, come on. You're only losin' a lousy ball!"

Tiny paid no attention to the outburst, either not hearing it or at least pretending not to. He just went on with his sightings and angle calculations.

Jere whipped around to hang up his cue in disgust, and at the same instant Tiny said, "Hey, Jere, c'mere. I want you should see this, 'cause I don't want you bitchin' about it afterwards."

Jere turned wearily back to the table. "Okay, wonder boy, now what?"

"I'm gonna spin the cueball around this one"—Tiny pointed to a ball two inches ahead of the cueball—"and hit this one." He pointed again, this time at the nine, which was ahead of and in a straight line with the ball he was going around.

Jere perked up again. Maybe he'd get some entertainment out of Tiny yet. What the jerk was planning

was a masse shot—one of old Walt's prime prohibitions. There were signs all over the place warning against it. Jere decided to play it dumb. "Yeah? How the hell you gonna do that?"

Tiny gave him a quick look, as if to ask if he was really dumb enough not to know what was about to happen. Jere tried hard to look as dumb as he could. Apparently it worked.

"Well, stupid," Tiny said smugly. "I'm gonna hold the cue up like this"—he demonstrated, raising the butt of the cue until the stick was pointed almost vertically downward over the cueball—"and I'm gonna clip the front edge of the cueball just right to make it spin like hell and travel in an arc around that ball there and smack into this one here."

"Horseshit," Jere said with scorn, wondering when in hell Walt would spot the demonstration and come roaring up like a wild bull. "Horseshit," he said again, louder, hoping that Walt might at least hear, even if he couldn't see, what was going on. "You can't make a shot like that. Nobody can." Where the hell was Walt?

Tiny was all smiles again. "Watch me, man. Watch how the big boys play this game." He hoisted one leg off the floor and stretched so that he could sight down along the nearly perpendicular line of the cuestick.

"Horseshit," Jere said, for the third time, and even louder than he had before. "What kind of a shot do you call that?" He asked that innocent question in a voice that he figured could have been heard across the street, to say nothing of the front counter where Walt's stool was. Where the hell was the old coot, anyway? Was he gonna let Tiny tear up a table cover with a clumsily missed masse shot? If so, why didn't he take down the damn signs? Any masse shot had to be quick and hard to make the cueball spin right, and if the shooter missed, or didn't stop the jab soon enough, the tip of the stick could really rip up the table cover. And the way Tiny usually shot, the damn tip might go right on through the table itself. Jere wondered gleefully what Walt would do in that case.

Tiny straightened from his awkward pose over the cueball and looked questioningly at Jere again. But Jere still had his dumbest look on his face.

"It's a masse shot, stupid."

"Oh," Jere said innocently.

Tiny hoisted his leg and bent over the table again. Still no bull-like roar or rush from Walt, and Jere gave up hoping.

Tiny snapped the shot, quick and hard—and exactly right. The cueball ducked out and around the



"On second thought, you answer the door!"

blocking ball and smacked into the nine.

Jere closed his eyes. Tiny let out a whoop that spun everybody in the place around to see what in hell was going on. Jere turned and headed for the front counter to get a beer. He'd be damned if he was going to stand still for the crowing Tiny'd be doing now.

"Don't go away mad," a voice said.

Jere turned around. "Hi, Reno," he said, "I'm gettin' some brews for me and Tiny. Want one?"

"Yeah, a Bud."

Jere headed for the front again, and Reno walked over to where Tiny was reliving his master shot. "What's happenin', Tiny?"

"Man, you shoulda seen my last shot. I shot a masse right out of a snooker and hit my goddam ball." Tiny laughed and slapped one big thigh. "Man, if you think Jere didn't flip! He's uptight today—can't play worth a damn anyhow. I'm into him for a buck seventy-five, and he's really burnt!"

Reno just grinned. Everybody knew Tiny. They'd heard it all before. Tiny was Tiny.

Jere came back with the beers while Tiny was still rapping along. He handed Reno a Budweiser, shrugging and rolling his eyes at Tiny as if to ask, "What can you do?" He turned and handed Tiny a brew. Tiny took it without thanks. "It's your turn," he said in a tone that suggested he didn't think much of Jere's chances.

Jere gave him a look but said nothing. He put his beer on the wall shelf and walked over to the powder dispenser, dusting his hands thoroughly to kill the moisture left from the beer cans. He rubbed powder along the cuestick, taking his time. Let Tiny wait for once. Let the big bastard get bugged the way he'd bugged Jere by stalling around.

"C'mon, Masconi," Tiny snapped, "it's only a quarter a game."

Jere felt a slow burn developing. Goddammit, Tiny could still get to him. He ignored the oversized character. It was his turn to study the table like a half-assed expert. Hearing nothing more from Tiny, he finally took a shot, sank a ball, took another shot and sank another ball. He gave Tiny a tight grin and then took his time on the third shot. Missed. It was Tiny's turn again—for both grinning and shooting.

Jere turned to Reno. "Thanks a lot, meathead. You were supposed to be here over an hour ago."

Reno grinned. "Sorry, man, but I got hung up. And after all my waiting, Joe's man didn't show, so Joe said he'd be here around two, with some righteous stuff." He glanced at the table and added, "Man, you know I wouldn't have stuck you

here with Tiny if I didn't have to."

Tiny, hearing his name mentioned, turned from the table. "What? What'd you say?"

Jere answered for Reno. "Nothin', man, nothin'. Just shoot. Let's get this stinkin' game over with."

Tiny laughed. "Wanna give up?"

Jere looked at Reno and then chugalugged his beer. Goddammit it, he thought, if I keep slurpin' beer instead of sluggin' that big bastard, I'm gonna be as fatheaded as he is.

Tiny took another shot, too hard as usual. He made his ball, but the cueball also slammed into a tight group, exploding them like bowling pins and sending the eight-ball into a corner pocket. The game was over.

"Shi-i-t!" Tiny roared.

Walt had obviously heard this blast, because here he came, hot-footing it for the table before anybody could move. Tiny's roar had made it obvious to everybody as to what had happened, and now the fun started. Somebody yelled, "Hey, Tiny, get the ball back up there, quick. We'll hold Walt for you." Walt was elbowing and screaming his way through a crowd that kept getting in his way, apologizing, and then getting in his way again. "Hurry up, Tiny," somebody else yelled. "Old Walt'll have your ass if ya don't." That brought Walt to a screeching stop. He glared around. "Who said that?" he demanded. "Who's the lousy bastard that called me Old Walt?" "Me," shouted a dozen laughing voices from all directions. "I did." Walt glared around again, like a tormented bull just before the kill, and then charged off again toward the back table.

Jere was putting his cue back into the rack and handing Tiny a small dose of the old needle. "Ya dumb bastard, if ya'd shoot pool right instead of blasting the balls, ya'd do a lot better."

"Eat it," Tiny snapped, but his heart wasn't really in it. "Who owes who a buck fifty?"

By now, Walt was leaning over the table, gathering the balls into the rack, and Reno couldn't resist the temptation. He reached out and goosed the old geezer with a hard thumb. Walt straightened up with a snap and a screech and spun around to cuss out the gooser. Reno glanced over at Jere and said reprovingly, "Knock it off, man. You *know* Walt's goosey."

Jere looked at Walt's eyes flashing fire through coke-bottle-thick glasses. He grinned down at the old man and got his say in before Walt could do his thing. "Kinda sensitive today, Walt. Run outta Preparation H!"

Walt's face was almost purple. "Goddam you, ya sonabitch, ya keep yer goddam lousy hands offa

me, ya hear?"

Jere corrected him gently. "You mean *outta* ya, don't ya, Walt?"

Reno interrupted. "No, man, he digs it. But you gotta do it in private. Right, Walt?"

For a long moment, Walt looked ready for a straitjacket. Then he seemed to relax all over. After all, he'd been through this sort of thing before—and would be again. He looked from Jere to Tiny and back again. "Where's my quarter?" he asked almost calmly.

Jere pointed over at Tiny, who was racking his cue. "See him. He lost that one."

Almost instantly, Walt was standing behind Tiny, poking him in the back with a bony forefinger. "All right, Tubby, gimme my quarter."

Tiny turned around. His eyes went over Walt's head and he looked around questioning. "Hev," he said, "anybody know where Walt is?" He pushed his big, hard belly against Walt and started walking toward Reno and Jere. "Hey," he said again, still looking quizzically around, "you guys seen Walt anyplace? He didn't pick up his money." Tiny kept moving forward as his big fingers quietly slipped a quarter onto the edge of the table. "Where the hell's Walt?"

Walt, stumbling helplessly backward under the irresistible push of Tiny's weight, kept screeching. "Ya tubba lard, gimme my goddam quarter." His voice rose to a real howl. "Gimme my goddam lousy quarter!" When Tiny finally stopped pushing, near the end of the table, Walt was so infuriated that he hauled back and let the big guy have his right fist in the gut, with everything Walt had behind it.

Tiny absently scratched his belly. "Goddam joint's gettin' full o' mosquitos," he mused. He looked around once more. "Where the hell's Walt?" He shook his head and finally looked down into Walt's apoplectic face. "Oh, there ya are!" Tiny's whole broad face beamed. "Jeez, Walt, I was worried there fer a minute. Couldn't figger what'n hell had happened to ya."

Walt was undone. "You—you—you stupid tubba shit! Gimme my goddam fuckin' quarter!"

"Quarter? Sure. Why'n hell you think I was lookin' fer ya?" Tiny pointed a sausage-like finger at the quarter lying on the edge of the table behind him. "It's been right there all time."

Walt glared speechlessly at him for a long second and then tried to push him aside to get at the quarter. He might as well have been pushing at the Rock of Gibraltar. "Oh, you overgrewed sonuvabitch!" He ducked around Tiny, grabbed the quarter, and headed for the front counter, mumbling to himself.

Reno laughed. "That poor sonuva-bitch, he gets it from all sides."

Jere waved off the comment. "Hell, he digs it. If you don't hassle him he thinks you're pissed at him."

"Yeah," Tiny agreed. "Besides, he hassles more than he gets hassled. Hey," he added, as a thunderous rumble sounded from his big belly, "I'm hungry. How about we go get some chili dogs?"

Reno was all for it. "Crazy. Let's split."

Tiny wanted to race to Whitey's. "Loser pays."

"No, man, let's just go and eat." Jere'd had enough of Tiny's crap for one day. "No racin'."

Tiny grinned knowingly. "Still pissed off about the game, huh? Hey, that reminds me. How about my buck and a half?"

Jere and Reno were already on their way out the rear door, and Jere threw an all-teeth, mocking grin over his shoulder at the following Tiny. "I'd rather owe it to ya than beat ya out of it."

"Bullshit. C'mon, gimme. I earned it fair and square."

"Okay, okay. I'll get change at Whitey's and pay ya. Or maybe you'd like a pinch of what I'm gettin' from Joe this afternoon?"

Tiny put a meaty hand on Jere's shoulder. "Now you're talkin'. I don't give a damn if everybody else does think you're a rotten bastard; I still like you."

Whitey's hot dog stand was five or six miles away, but chili dog experts were willing to drive twice that distance; Whitey made the best you could get.

The three choppers cruised easily through the warm, sunny afternoon, the big engines rumbling contentedly while the riders ogled the chicks on the sidewalks, in the crosswalks, and in the passing cars. Seemed like all the yummies were out today, all in their sheerest, shortest, skimpiest summer dresses, all sights to cause bugging eyes.

Reno caught the eye of an especially luscious dish sitting next a crew-cut dude in a Corvette. She apparently couldn't drag her eyes away from Reno and his big 80, and Reno didn't even pretend that he wanted to look anywhere else. The chick did, though, every once in a while, take a quick peek at her crew-cut chauffeur to see if he was picking up on the action. He apparently wasn't—or if he was, it didn't seem to bother him.

At the next stop for a traffic light, Reno leaned over toward the Vette for a better look at the chick. Long, tapered legs with full thighs and gracefully rounded calves were hugged fondly at the very tops by hotpants of some stretch material that must have been at least three sizes too small. The effect was de-

vastating. So was the thrust of mouth-watering breasts, the slimness of waist, the roundness of arm—oh hell, *everything*. Green-blue eyes and soft, pink lips smiled coyly at Reno as he made his anatomical studies. The chick obviously dug such attentions.

As the light changed, the Vette dug out with a vicious spurt, catching Reno flatfooted in his staring. Oh-oh, the crew-cut dude must not be quite as blind as he seemed. Reno straightened up and goosed his throttle. No goddam jerk on four wheels was gonna make him eat dust, not all that easy. Behind him, other powerful engines suddenly roared full-throatedly as Jere and Tiny gunned out after him.

Reno was pulling even with the rear bumper of the Vette when crew-cut made a sudden lane change, cut-



"Are you sure you've had a checkup lately?"

ting Reno off, forcing him to hit the binders, damn near making him pile up. Jere and Tiny, coming up fast, had to swerve to each side to avoid joining Reno in what seemed an inevitable crash with the Vette. But the Vette was gone, the driver pouring it on in an effort to put plenty of space between himself and three suddenly enraged bikers.

They caught up with him at the next stoplight, Tiny coming up on the left of the Vette, Reno and Jere on the right. Reno roared like a wounded bear at the driver: "Hev, you goddam fruity lookin' pimp! What the hell you think you're doin', cuttin' me off like that?"

The dude kept his face strictly front, just as if nothing had happened. He was apparently both deaf and blind, this time. The chick was no longer coy and smiling. She instinctively scooted closer to the driver. This suddenly ugly-faced biker shouting past her at her escort was not the same one who'd been ogling

her so hungrily a minute or so earlier. This one was mayhem—or murder—personified.

Reno paid no attention to her now. "Pull over an' park, you sonuva-bitch!"

Crew-cut wasn't about to have any of that. The instant the light for the cross street flashed amber, the Vette was out and going. But this time Reno and Tiny were right with it. Jere trailing Reno by only a few feet. Tiny tried a bluff, like a movie bike cop, swinging toward the side of the Vette to force it over to the curb. But crew-cut didn't bluff, and Tiny backed off suddenly as they hit a clear spot in the traffic that would allow the Vette to dart out in front of him, forcing him into the oncoming traffic. Reno backed off too, just in case the guy got the idea of forcing him into the cars parked alongside the street.

They stayed safely behind the Vette, waiting for another light to bring a stop. The guy made two, ran another on the yellow, but Reno and Tiny stayed right with him. Jere had to stop for that one.

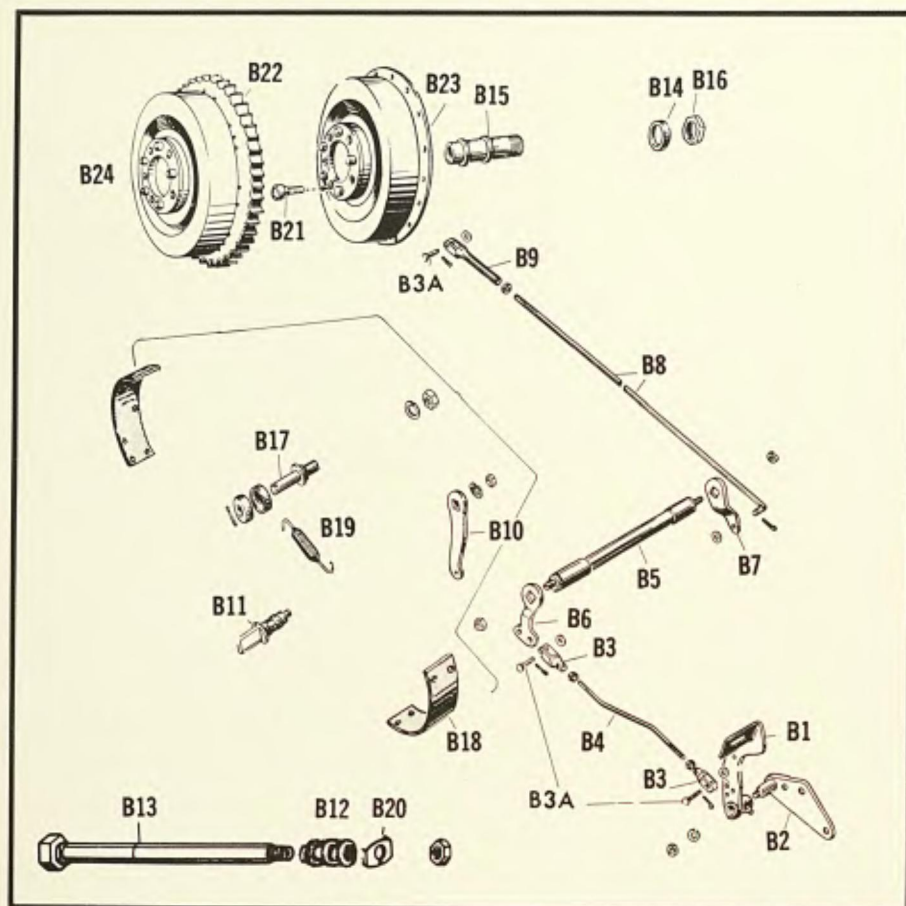
At the next light, the driver of the Vette almost took the red, but decided against it at the last moment. He shrieked to a stop, and again Tiny and Reno were on either side of him. And again, the dude ignored Reno's yelled invitations to park and get stomped. By now, the sexy chick was damn near climbing into the driver's lap to get away from Reno's rage-twisted features. The dude stared straight ahead through his fancy sunglasses.

Tiny finally voiced an obscenity that turned the chick's ears bright red, reached out deliberately and removed the dude's sunglasses, and tossed them onto the hood of the Corvette. Now the bastard would hafta get out; he sure wouldn't risk losin' a small fortune in hifalutin' shades.

But the dude wasn't having any of that, either. He just sat there, as if he'd never heard of sunglasses.

Just as the light started to change, Tiny kicked out in sheer frustration, his heavy boot catching the Vette's door and putting deep scratches in it. The Vette jumped forward with the light, and again Tiny's boot kicked out, this time catching the rear fender and putting a heart-warming big crack in it. Tiny smiled with satisfaction. Then his eye fell on the sunglasses, lying in the street where they'd fallen off the Vette's hood. He smiled again, as he rolled over them. Just behind Tiny, a big Caddy also ran over the wrecked glasses, finishing the wipe-out.

Tiny was fully turned on now, and he roared up beside Reno, shouting the news of the damage he'd done, adding, "C'mon, let's go get



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the sonuvabitch!"

But Reno shook his head, motioning Tiny toward the curb. They both pulled over just as Jere caught up. "How come you guys stopped," Jere wanted to know. "I coulda caught up—there's a straightaway up ahead."

Reno shook his head disgustedly. "Yeah, I know. But I need gas, and I'd sure as hell run out before we got that crew-cut mother to pull over." He opened his gas tank and peered down at it, rocked the bike back and forth. "Sure as hell. Just fumes. And besides," he added, looking at Tiny, "I'm hungry."

"Me too," Tiny agreed, patting his gut. "I could eat a horse. Let's go get them dogs."

Jere chuckled. "A real animal lover, that Tiny."

Whitey's had started out as a small hot dog stand. Being on the most popular route to the beach, it quickly developed into the place for beachgoers to stop for a quick refueling. As business increased, Whitey had added a patio, with picnic tables and long wooden benches. Then he'd added a roof to the patio to protect customers from the hot summer sun. Still later, he'd added walls to protect them from the cold winter winds and rain. Now the place was more like a small cafe, with a juke box blaring continuously from one corner.

Reno and his buddies pulled up in front, headed the choppers out toward the street and backed the rear wheels in against the curb. In fact Tiny, whose eye had caught sight of four bikini-clad chicks standing at Whitey's sidewalk counter a few feet away, almost backed his 74 up over the curb and onto the sidewalk. Reno and Jere had to laugh, and Reno snapped his fingers. "Down, boy," he said.

The chicks had been staring openly at the guys and their sleek choppers, but when the three bikers stared back, two of the girls turned away in embarrassment. Not the other two. They seemed somewhat flustered, but they returned look for look, high color in their cheeks and slight smiles on their lips. Reno walked up and planked his elbows on the counter at the left end of the line of beauties, while Jere took the other end. Tiny simply stopped and stood behind the chicks where he could get an unobstructed rear view of all four. He looked like a big kid staring into the window of a candy store.

Reno was playing his best cool-cat act, but already he'd forgotten the chick in the Corvette. These bikinis, right there where he could reach out and touch any one of them, were something else. They were low-cut here and high-cut there, all in just

the right places to reveal the maximum legal amount of illegal young flesh. The rear view that Tiny was getting must be really spectacular. Reno threw a quick glance over his shoulder, and almost broke up. Tiny could—probably should—have been arrested just for the look on his map. As he turned back to the counter, Reno let his eyes sweep quickly along the line of eight breasts standing out there like soldiers on parade. He lost the urge to laugh. He felt almost as if somebody had his throat in a vise and was slowly tightening down on it. Jesus, talk about spectacular! Those bras were so skimpy that he could actually see a little of the pink, nuzzlable flesh that capped the round goodies. The goodies themselves looked as firm as grapefruit. And they had the solid quiver of Jello every time the girls moved their arms. Reno was lost in thought, as he stared down at the counter.

A soft voice beside him said, "I dig your motorbikes."

Reno's head snapped around and he looked down into wide, smiling eyes. "I told her"—the girl pointed to the one beside her—"that they're Yamahas. They are, aren't they?"

Reno felt a momentary urge to gag. But a sweetie like this one couldn't be wrong—he couldn't be the one to put her down. Trying to keep his eyes above her neck, he said, "Uh—yeah, they're Yamahas."

The chick's face lit up and she spun around to her friend. "See, Jean, I told you they were." She turned back to Reno. "She thought they were Hondas."

Reno was temporarily speechless, but then his eyes dropped to the bikinis again and he cleared his throat. "That—uh—that's okay, Jean. There's hardly any difference between Yamahas and Hondas." He looked into her big, innocent brown eyes. "You were almost right."

Jean stuck her tongue out at her friend just as Tiny walked up to get into the conversation. Reno started to tip Tiny to the put-on so the guy wouldn't screw it up. "Hey, man, this chick thought your bike was a Honda and—"

"A Honda!" Tiny was about to pop a blood vessel.

"Yeah." Reno nodded, and then added quickly, "But I already told her it's a Yamaha. Now she knows the difference."

Tiny opened his mouth to explode again, but caught Reno's faint wink just in time. He stared hard at Reno for an instant and then said, "Jeez, I'm glad you told her. I wouldn't want nobody thinkin' I'd ride a Honda."

Jean glanced up at Reno, who was now openly looking her over and mentally nibbling on every

square inch of her. "I'm sorry," she said, her color heightening as she obviously realized what was going through his mind. "I don't want to seem stupid, but"—she hesitated and shivered a little, as if she could actually feel Reno's eyes sliding over her flesh—"but I—I mean, how does a person tell the difference—between a Yamaha and a Honda, I mean."

Reno pulled himself back from dreamland. "Well, it's—uh—it's hard to tell from a distance." He thought fast. "But—uh—if you're up close you can usually find the name Harley-Davidson on a Yamaha somewhere."

Tiny looked like a man who'd just swallowed a fly.

Jean was puzzled. "Harley-Davidson? Why Harley-Davidson?"

Reno made a great show of rubbing a crick out of the back of his neck. "Well, you see—ah—Yamaha is owned by two former—uh—sumimoto wrestlers who came over here and made a killing wrestling on TV. When they got back to Japan they started a motorbike factory that they named after—ah—their pro wrestling name—The Yamaha Kamakazi Tag Team From The Land Of The Rising Sun—which was fine for Japan, but too long for the U.S. market. So the two guys—Mito Harley and Iwo Davidson—simply called their bike Yamaha."

Jean and her friend had listened intently to every word, and now they nodded in unison—everything was perfectly clear at last. Tiny had stepped aside and seemed to be fighting a hell of a coughing attack.

Whitey had finally arrived to take their orders. Reno looked at the girls. "Can I buy you anything? Beer? A martini? A joint?" Both chicks shook their heads, giggling self-consciously. "No, thanks." Tiny wanted a

chili dog with onions, another dog with sauerkraut, and a Pepsi. Jere and Reno ordered two chili dogs each, without onions.

The ordering out of the way, Reno turned his attention back to the girls. He pointed. "That's Jere down there. This is Tiny, and I'm Reno." Jean introduced herself and her friend, Marjorie. "Those two are Sue and Carol." The latter two were engaged in a conversation with Jere by now.

"Where you from?" Tiny asked, looking from one to the other.

"Jacksonville," Jean answered. "We're all from there—how about you guys?"

Reno wasn't even sure just where Jacksonville was, but he gave her his best surprised and pleased look, saying, "Hey, what a coincidence. That's where we're from too."

"Yeah," Tiny chimed in. "What a coincidence!"

Marjorie studied both guys for a moment. Then she said to Tiny, "I've never seen either of you in Jacksonville, and you"—she grinned at Tiny—"wouldn't be all that hard to see." Her grin widened as Tiny unconsciously sucked in his belly a little.

"That's funny," Tiny came back, "I've never seen you before, either. I know, 'cause I'd sure remember it if I had."

Jean added her two cents' worth. "I haven't seen you guys around Jacksonville, either." And then in an obvious attempt to show how mature and worldly she was, she added, "And I get around."

"But not to the right places," Reno told her with a smile.

"Like where, for instance?"

"The Yamaha Speed Center—where else?"

Jean blushed and looked down at her coke, fiddling aimlessly with the

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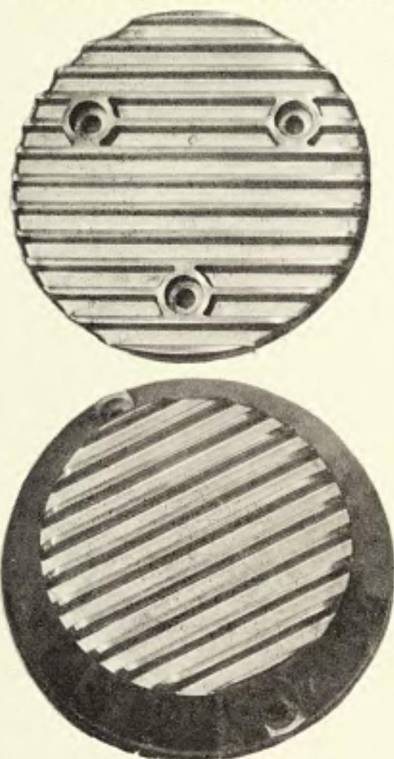
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straw. She looked up again and said softly, "Oh. No, I've never been there."

"Then you haven't lived."

Jean blushed and looked down again. "I know."

"You ever ridden on a bike?"

"A motorbike?" She glanced up, and then down again, her blush deepening at her own stupidity. She giggled. "Of course you mean a motorbike. No, I've never been on one."

"How'd you like to go for a chopper ride?"

"Chopper? Oh. You mean your Yamaha."

"Uh, yeah. That's what us guys call Yamahas—choppers."

Marjorie broke in, answering for Jean. "Oh yes! We'd love to, wouldn't we, Jean!" She looked at Reno with sparkling eyes. "Would you? Take us both for a ride, I mean."

Yeah, honey, I sure would, Reno was thinking. I sure would—any time. And I'd even take you for a ride on my chopper, afterward. "Sure," he said casually. He glanced at Tiny. "Tiny and I'll take the two of you for a ride. Right, Tiny?"

Tiny barely refrained from licking his chops. "Yeah," he said eagerly, "sure. Right now?"

Reno looked at the chicks. They looked at each other. Marjorie suddenly smiled warmly at Tiny. "Why not right now? You wouldn't mind riding me around a little while, would you?"

Reno gave her a sharp glance. Was that question as innocent as her expression indicated it was? He avoided looking at Tiny. If his eyes were to meet Tiny's right now, they'd both blow the whole deal. He looked at Jean. "How about you? You want me to ride—I mean, you want to ride around a little with me?"

Jean's eyes got as sparkly as Marjorie's. "I'd love to!"

Just at that moment Whitey delivered their orders. Reno grabbed a dog in each hand and passed them back to Tiny. "Okay," he said to Jean. "Drink up and we'll go." While she sipped at her coke, Reno wolfed down the first of his dogs in two bites. Jean grinned at him. "Man, you're big all over, appetite and all." Reno munched and grinned back. "Yeah, that's me." He took half the other dog in one bite.

"What about your friend down there?" Jean nodded toward Jere, who was still rapping with Sue and Carol. "Can he take both of them on his bike?"

"How about it, Jere," Reno called, "can you take Sue and Carol both on your bike? Tiny and I are takin' Jean and Marjorie for a little run."

"Run?" Carol seemed puzzled.

"Yeah, you know, a ride." Reno

nodded toward the choppers. "On the bikes."

Carol shuddered. "No. Thanks, but no, thanks. I'm scared to death of those things." So was Sue, it seemed. Reno and Tiny looked at each other. Well, what the hell, it was too good to last anyway.

"But you go ahead," Carol added. "Don't mind us. We'll stay here and talk with Jere." Jere nodded willing agreement.

Reno gulped down the last bit of dog and took Jean by the arm. "Come on," he said, "might as well get the execution over with." He leered down at her. "Scared?"

"I don't think so," she said, timidly.

Tiny was already leading Marjorie over to his 74. Reno followed with Jean. Behind them Jere called out, "Not too long. Remember, we've gotta meet Joe at Walt's." Reno barely heard him. He was busy watching Jean sway and jiggle as she walked. He was thinking of all that luscious young flesh plastered flat against his back as the big 80 roared down streets and around corners. His head was full of buzzing ideas.

Two dudes were looking over the bikes. They glanced up as Reno and Tiny came up with the girls. They hardly seemed to notice the chicks. "Man," one of them said, "we sure dig your Hogs."

That almost made Reno forget about Jean—for a moment. "Thanks," he said, pleased at the recognition of a couple of guys who dug good bikes. The dudes didn't even glance at the bikini-clad chicks as they stood waiting for Reno and Tiny to fire up. They must, Reno decided, be real chopper lovers. Just as he was about to jump on the starter, one of the guys asked, "How much rake did you give it?" He waved toward the neck of the bike.

Ordinarily, Reno would have been happy to stand there rapping about choppers, but he could already feel Jean's curves and bulges pressed against him, and his answer was uncommonly short. "An inch." He jumped on the starter, and then shouted over the roar of the engine, anticipating their next question, "The springer's sixteen over."

The guys nodded and gave up trying to ask questions over the roar, which now included the hard rapping of Tiny's drag pipes.

Reno looked over his shoulder at Jean, who was standing on the sidewalk with her hands over her ears. He jerked his head, beckoning her over to him. She was hesitant, cringing against the powerful sound of the engines, but he jerked his head again, and she sidled out to him. He leaned over to talk directly into her ear, got a whiff of tantalizing, sun-warmed girl-flesh, and had to fight

himself to keep from grabbing her and plastering that luscious body against his front instead of waiting for her to get up behind him and plaster it against his back.

"Okay," he said, "all you have to do is throw your leg"—he patted her tender right thigh—"up and over the seat. It'll be a stretch for you, but hold onto me and the sissy bar for balance." He noticed that she was shivering a little, and he put his hand on her hip, patting encouragingly. "Don't be scared." He squeezed her hip gently, ran his hand caressingly over it. She gave him a hesitant little smile. "Then, once you're on," he told her, "scootch up as close to me as you can." (This, he told himself for the umpteenth time, was one of the better fringe benefits of riding choppers.) "Now remember, that's important—you *must* be as close to me as you can get, with both arms around my waist, so you don't fall off or get blown off by the wind." Then he added an unnecessary but very much a pleasure-producing gimmick that he and Tiny had worked out to add to their kicks when riding with chicks. "Once we're on the highway, throw your legs up over mine and hug me real tight." His palm stroked down over her thigh, and he looked into her eyes. "You got all that?"

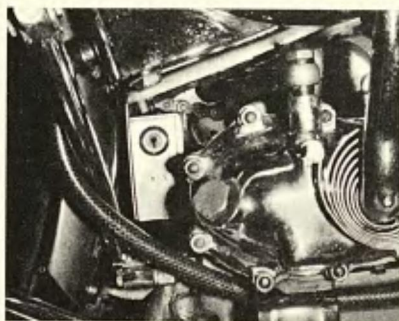
She nodded excitedly, moved to the rear and, holding onto his arm, threw her leg up and over. She scooted forward against him until her breasts flattened out against his back. Her arms came around him and squeezed. He reached back with both hands, on the pretense of seeing that she was properly seated, and ran trailing fingers over curving buttocks and supple thighs.

"Okay, here we go." He glanced over at Tiny, who had Marjorie all wrapped around him and was going through the same "proper seating" routine. He waited for Tiny to finish his manual inspection, and then waved a hand. Tiny slammed his 74 into gear and took off with Reno in hot pursuit, both girls hanging on for dear life, hair streaming wildly in the wind, shrill voices shrieking with happy fear under the gut-wrenching acceleration of the big bikes.

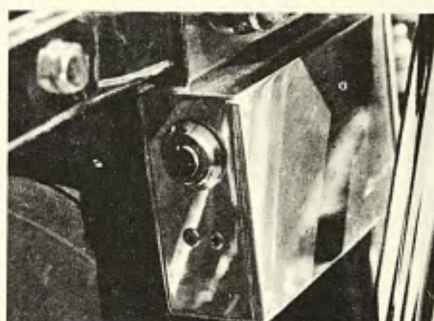
Thirty minutes later, they were back, much as Reno regretted it. Jean's legs, thrown up over his as he'd advised her, must, Reno thought, have had at least half the skin stroked off them by his hard hands—and never once had she complained. And God knows, he thought further, what Tiny had done to Marjorie's legs—or other available parts. He'd been too busy enjoying Jean to pay much attention to Tiny and Marjorie.

The girls, flushed with excitement

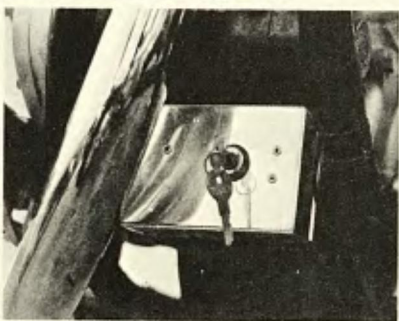
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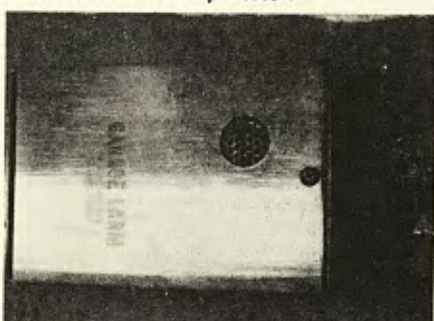
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and rubbing their tender behinds, couldn't wait to tell Sue and Carol about the ride and what thrills those two had missed. "It was wild! Fast and scary, but it was unreal, a sensation you can't explain!" Jean was boiling with excitement.

Reno listened, smiling. He wondered what sensations had been aroused in Jean—and Marjorie—by anything other than the ride itself. For instance, the stroking hands, the brute power of the machines they straddled, the unaccustomed vibration that shook them tinglingly from head to toe. He wondered if they'd ever admit to those thrills, even to themselves. No car could ever get a chick that shook up.

Reno was sorry to break it up, but the three of them had to get back to Walt's to meet Joe. "Hey, Jean," he said finally, "we've got to split." She turned from her excited jabbering and looked up at him, still rubbing her fanny. Yeah, Reno thought, she's feeling something more than the ride. He'd seen eyes like that before—in dimly lighted bedrooms. "How about meeting us here tomorrow," he said. We'll bring along another guy, and by then you'll have Sue and Carol convinced that they've really missed something. We'll all go for a long run. How about it?"

"A run? Oh, yes. You said that before. You mean a ride."

"Yeah, a ride. How about it?"

Jean looked at the others. Marjorie was all for it. Even Sue and Carol looked interested now. Jean answered for all of them. "Yes. We'd love it."

"Okay. Ten in the morning? We can maybe make a day of it."

"Great!"

"Yeah!"

"Swell!"

"Fine!"

"Okay then—it's here at ten. See ya." He spoke to all four girls, but he was looking at Jean. "I'm sorry we have to leave."

Carol spoke up. "We understand Jere explained it was business." She shrugged. "Business is business."

Walt's parking lot was full, so they pulled around to the front and parked at the curb. They didn't like the idea; it was hard to watch the bikes when they were parked there, but then they weren't going to be here long. Once Jere connected with Joe, Jere'd be hot, and they wouldn't want to hang around too long.

They chained the bikes, and Jere and Reno turned on their chopper alarms. They walked in through the

front door, to be greeted by old Walt with even cruder obscenities than usual. Reno grinned. It was easy to tell when Walt had been hitting the bottle. The old coot had started early today, and was well along. Tiny picked the old man up and hugged him like a baby long lost and feared dead. "Walt, you old fart! Where you been? Ain't seen you since the last time!"

Walt struggled like a trapped wildcat. "Put me down, you fat-headed jackass," he spluttered. "And goddammit, don't call me old!"

Tiny gave him another rib-cracking bearhug and handed him over to Reno, who immediately passed him on to Jere. Jere put him down gently onto his feet with exaggerated care and politeness, shaking a reproving finger at Tiny and Reno. "You two slob should have more respect for your betters," he said.

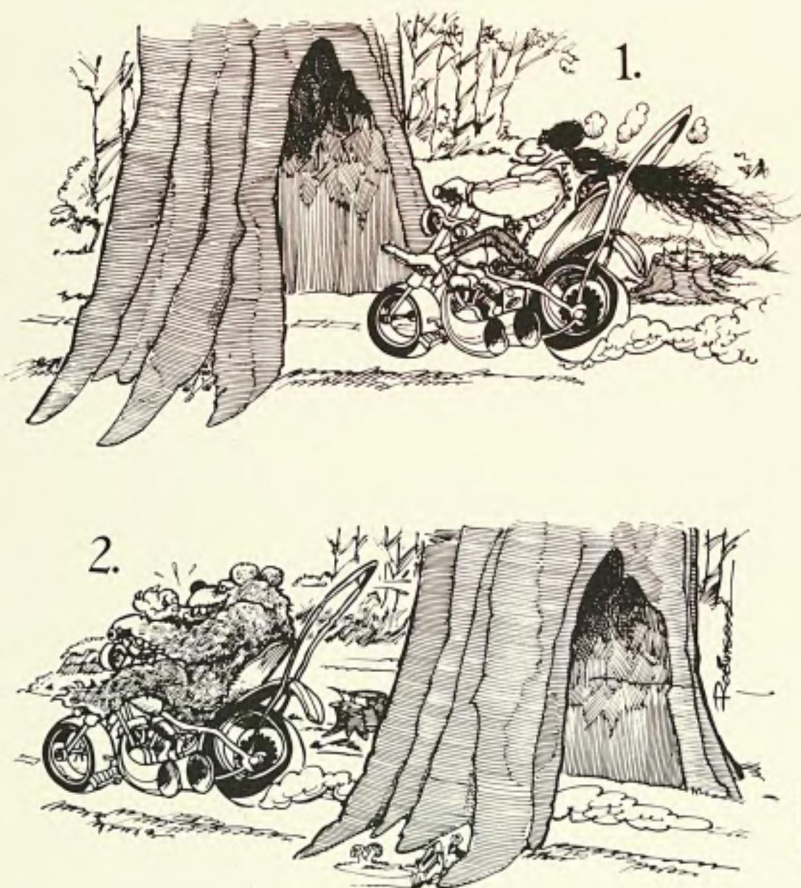
Walt opened his mouth to read off the three of them, but he suddenly stopped and cocked his head. His practiced ear had picked up something non-kosher going on at the pool tables. He snorted at the three bikers and took off to hassle some guys who had tried to rack balls for themselves while he was busy up front.

The three made their way along the tables to the rear, grinning as they passed the table where old Walt had two guys backed up against the wall, blowing his whiskey breath into their embarrassed faces as they cringed away from him.

"Well, whatta ya know, right on time." Jere pointed to the back door. Joe was just coming in. But he didn't make it. He stopped suddenly, with the screen door half-way open, stared toward the front of the place, and then backed out, closing the screen door softly. He disappeared like a shadow.

"What the hell . . ." Jere turned to look toward the front. There were two policemen standing in the front door, looking around at the crowd. Walt was there with them, pointing toward the rear of the room. Jere had a strange feeling that Walt had pointed straight at him. He looked around just in time to see Tiny poke Reno in the ribs and jerk a thumb over his shoulder toward the two cops, who were now walking to the rear, straight toward the three bikers.

The cops stopped in front of Jere, looking him over in silence. One was a sergeant, with a sprinkling of gray at his temples. The other was rookie, out-and-out. Mr. Clean. Brand new uniform, new leather all around, so new that it creaked as he moved. He stood there jingling his keys as he waited for the sergeant to start whatever was going to hap-



pen. Jere waited, too, wondering why in hell old Walt had turned the dogs on him.

The sergeant finally spoke. "Do you own one of those motorcycles parked out front?"

Relieved, thinking it might only be a parking ticket beef, Jere answered. "Yeah, why?"

The rookie moved to Jere's side, facing him. "We'll ask the questions," he said.

The sergeant asked who the owners of the other two motorcycles were.

"Hell, man, I don't know. What other two bikes?" Jere wasn't about to finger anyone.

"Come on, don't try to con me. Walt said all three of you were back here. Now, who are the others?"

"Oh, you mean those bikes parked right out front?"

The sergeant smiled cynically. "Yeah, those three bikes parked right out front. The *only* three parked right out front. The three that are chained together right out front."

Tiny had moved up behind the rookie, and now he boomed, "The bike in the middle is mine—so what?"

Jere, watching, hid a grin. The rookie's body twitched all over, and his hand clawed almost frantically for a moment at his new, stiff holster flap. Jere would have bet that the guy would have to send his nice new uniform pants to the cleaner before he wore them again—maybe even before this shift was over. The rookie moved away, so that he could face both Jere and Tiny. This, without his knowing it, put his back to Reno.

Reno stepped up close behind him and imitated Tiny's bull-like roar. "Mine's the yellow one. Why?"

The rookie nearly came apart. He reminded Jere of one of the old Keystone Kops as he scrambled for a position where he could watch all three at once. It was a hell of a job to keep from laughing in his face. Even the stern-faced sergeant's rocky features twitched a little.

But the experienced cop voice was all business. "Where were you three guys about two hours ago?"

Three righteous voices answered: "Right here." Actually, they thought they had been. Time didn't mean much to them.

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thing about that?"

That crew-cut sonuvabitch of a Vette driver, Reno thought. He decided right then and there that he'd never left the pool hall all day, no matter what anybody said. Nor had Tiny and Jere.

Tiny was indignant. "Why ask us? Do we look like cycle tramps?"

The sergeant's face twitched again. "That's just a figure of speech," he said calmly.

"Bullshit! That was the description, and I'd like to know what a cycle tramp looks like."

"They look like you," the rookie snapped, and then he backed off and his hand hovered over his shiny new gunbutt again as he saw Tiny puff up.

The sergeant ignored the byplay. He looked at Reno. "Where were you, exactly, two hours ago? What were you doing?"

"Exactly, two hours ago, I was sittin' on the can. I'll let you guess

what I was doin'. I remember, because I was holdin' up a big game."

The rookie jumped on that one. "Were you gambling?"

The sergeant gave him a cold glare that shut him up. "Do you have any witnesses?" he asked Reno.

Reno played it dumb. "That I was on the can? No. It only seats one at a time."

The sergeant's mouth twitched once more. "I mean witnesses who would verify the fact that you held up their game, that you were in fact around here two hours ago."

"Sure, these guys," Reno answered innocently, pointing to Tiny and Jere.

The rookie came forward onto his toes, his fists opening and closing with an obvious impulse to teach these three slob some respect for The Law, but another cold glance from the sergeant quieted him down immediately.

The sergeant turned to Jere.

"How about you?"

"I was waitin' to get to the can. You see, I loaded up on a lot of hot Mexican food last night and I've had Mexican heartburn, if you know what—"

The sergeant cut him off with a wave of his hand. "I suppose you've got witnesses too. These two guys, for instance?" He looked at Tiny and Reno.

Jere was all awed, respectful surprise. "Yeah, that's right. How'd you guess?" He jerked a thumb toward Reno. "Especially him. I was screamin' for him to get outta the can—pleadin' with him. If you've ever had Mexican heartburn, you know what I mean, but couple that with a wine hangover and you know—"

The sergeant cut him off again, but this time he couldn't hold back the grin, cold as it was. "All right, all right. All three of you have ID, of course. Let's see it." They produced, and the sergeant started writing in his little black notebook.

The three villains grinned at each other. The sergeant's writing meant there'd be no arrests, at least for the moment. Then Reno caught sight of old Walt hippity-hopping back toward the little group, and he stopped grinning. Old Walt would let something slip, sure as hell, and they'd be back in hot water.

The sergeant stopped writing as Walt skidded to a stop in front of him, weaving back and forth and bluing the air with booze fumes. "These three men," explained the sergeant, "say they've been here all day. It that true?"

Walt looked at each one of them as if he'd never seen them before. "They sure look like criminal types to me. That one there"—pointing at Tiny—"is a child molester if I ever saw one."

The three heavies were on edge. They didn't know which way Walt would go—but they did know that he was glorying in this chance to give them a real hassle.

Walt peered up at the sergeant. "What they wanted for?"

The rookie piped up. "None of your business, pop. Were they here or weren't they?"

Oh-oh, Reno thought, the chump just blew it. Walt had started to straighten up on that "none of your business," and he really snapped up on the "pop." That was a fatal, even if indirect, reference to Walt's age.

Walt pushed his face close to Reno's as if studying the very pores in Reno's nose. Up close, the old coot looked so freaky that Reno couldn't hold back any longer. He roared with laughter. Walt jumped back. "Ya dirty bastard, ya spit on me!" He wiped his face and moved over to Tiny, deliberately stepping on the big guy's toes as he did so.



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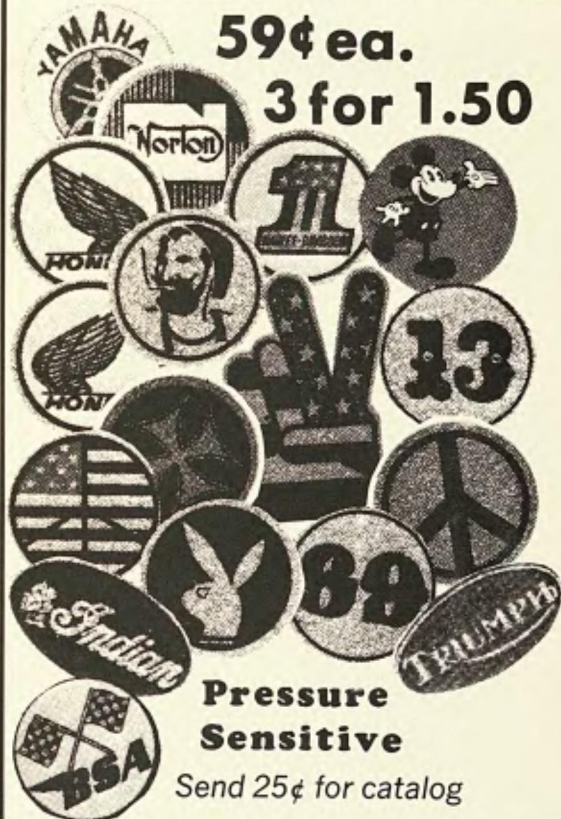
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He shoved his face almost against Tiny's, but backed off fast. "Christ, man, your breath smells like somethin' crawled in your mouth an' died—a week ago."

The rookie's face was slowly turning purple. "Come on. Were they here or weren't they?"

"Jest a minute. Jest a goddam minute. You wouldn't want me to send the wrong guys to jail, would ya?" He took one look at the rookie's face and corrected himself. "Yeah, you would."

He took a good look at Jere's face. "H'mmm. You remind me of a two-bit whore I shacked with one time. Look just like her. Your ma's name wouldn't be Zelda, now would it?" Then, before Jere could react, old Walt turned to the sergeant, pointedly ignoring the stewing rookie. "Yeah, they been here all day, all three of 'em." He turned suddenly to the rookie. "But they beat me outta some games. Can't you bust 'em for cheatin' me outta six bits?"

The sergeant stepped quickly but smoothly between Walt and the rookie. He put away his notebook and thanked Walt for his cooperation. But the rookie wasn't to be put off so easily. He shoved his face around the sergeant's blocking body and almost hissed at Walt: "You're sure they were? We have eyewitnesses!" This last sounded almost like a threat.

Walt grinned scornfully at him. "Bullshit, buster. If you had witnesses worth a damn, you wouldn't be wastin' your time talkin' around here. You'd have these three"—he broke off to turn and leer at Reno, Tiny, and Jere—"these three—gentlemen—down to headquarters lettin' them cool their eartarnel hot pants in your jailhouse."

Without thinking, the rookie blurted out, "We've got two witnesses!"

There was a short silence while the sergeant studied faces. Then he sighed and admitted, "But, unfortunately, their descriptions don't agree."

Walt chuckled. "That sorta screws up your case, don't it."

The sergeant glared at the rookie for a moment and then answered Walt. "One of the witnesses is a young lady, and because of her age, isn't considered as reliable as the more mature owner of the car."

"Or isn't willing to lie for him," Reno snapped, thinking of the way the crew-cut dude had tried to burn the three of them.

The rookie almost jumped down Reno's throat. "Him? Who said the other witness was a male?"

Reno thought there for a moment that his big mouth had trapped him. But then he gave the cop a sneering grin. "If it was a woman, she'd have to be some kind of freaked-out Amazon to jump into a car and start

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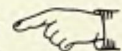
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chasin' bike tramps—now wouldn't she?"

The rookie flushed, but he wasn't about to give up. "Not necessarily. She could—"

The sergeant waved a tired hand. "Come on," he said. "Let's go." He turned to the three bikers. "I'm sorry we had to bother you, but you sure fit the description the car owner gave."

Reno and Jere nodded understandingly, hoping the fuzz would just leave them in peace. But Tiny wasn't satisfied. "How come the descriptions were different? Hell, seems to me two people seen' the same things would come pretty close to agreein' on what they looked like."

The sergeant smiled faintly. "The car owner described the men as huge, fat, filthy, unkempt, beer-gutted slob. The girl described the them as Herculean, sexy men on magnificent machines. Neither of them got a single license number—they said the bikes stayed behind them all the time."

Tiny was really shook now. He sucked in his gut a little. "So what the hell you mean, we fit the guy's description? Do we look—uh—unkempt, or whatever the hell that word was you used? Do we look sloppy and filthy and all that crap?"

The sergeant smiled again. "Sorry. My error. Actually, it was the description of the bikes that brought us here. They fit your machines pretty closely. Especially the colors. When we saw three bikes together—in the right color combinations—the odds were good enough that we had to check them out. You have an alibi, so that's all there is to it."

He thought for a moment. "There's another thing. Most descriptions given by complaining people are exaggerated, to make the culprits appear more menacing than they really are. The surprising thing is that two people could be so far apart in describing the same villains."

"The guy was describing his feelings, not three other guys," Tiny said emphatically.

"Or," the sergeant said knowingly, "the girl is infatuated with choppers and the guys who ride them. To her, such guys are some kind of gods, riding winged horses—all supermen." He turned to the rookie. "All right, let's get out of here."

The three bikers and old Walt stood and watched them leave. "You know," Tiny said musingly, "the chick's right."

Walt sneered at the three of them. "Step aside, Supermen. Go out an' feed oats or whatthehellver to yer goddam winged horses. Gods, huh? Outta the way. I think I'm gonna puke..."

Things were back to normal at old Walt's.

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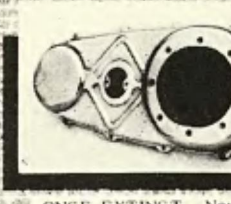
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