Dell D. 04107

Easyriders

For the Swinging Biker!

August, 1972

75¢

Retailers:
See page 66



"He thinks more of his dumb old motorcycle than he does of me!"

Also in this issue:

One Measly Triumph (Triumph?)
Body Painting (Female, that is!)
Another Dave Mann Creation!
Two Eastern Scoots (Choice!)
More Mutha Goose Rhymes
Miraculous (gag) Mutha
Latest Bike Law Info



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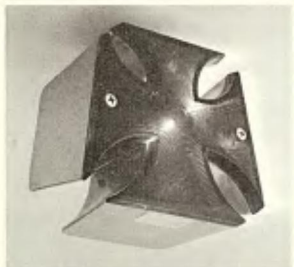
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EASYRIDERS magazine. Volume 2, Number 4. Published bi-monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 848-4451 and 596-0408.

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ADVERTISING: J. Walker Scott, Advertising Director, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. (213) 596-0408.

NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE: Andy Shoemaker AVS National, York Building, Suite 211, York and Figueroa, Los Angeles, California 90042 (213) 254-7355.

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.

POSTMASTER: Return postage guaranteed on all undeliverable copies.

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TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



All kinds of agricultural news this issue: The biggest news, the fact that all the heads in Michigan got to blast away for almost a month without any fear of arrest. Their state supreme court overturned a state pot law in early March, and the new law that replaced it didn't go into effect until April first. This meant that until there was a new law prohibiting it, pot was not illegal. Some dudes even smoked grass on TV!

It's a proven fact that 6 of 10 highway deaths involve alcohol.

Nixon's National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse have determined that marijuana is not addictive, and that the idea that pot smoking escalates to heroin use is "totally invalid." They have also decided that penalties for possession and private use of grass should be entirely abolished. (Nixon and Company are probably still kicking the ass of the person responsible for selecting the 13 members of the Commission On Marijuana, for the commission failed to follow the Nixon/Agnew/Mitchell rule book. They were asked to do a job; to study the extent of pot use in the U.S., the efficacy of pot laws, and the physiological and psychological effects of it, but they took their job seriously. Being intelligent, and the very importantly, enlightened, they didn't bend the facts to the liking of the front office.)

Did you catch that bit about the vapor the astronauts detected on the waterless moon last year being actually piss dumped by the Apollo 14 crew?

New anti-chopper theft alarm: A manufacturer of burglary alarm systems stated recently that the best thing to scare off a burglar is a woman's scream. He's auditioning screamers. Can't you see it? Someone touches your chop and some 300-pound broad starts screaming her ass off from a hidden tape recorder.

The Government's Injury Control Research Laboratory said that their study indicates that persons under the influence of pot are more cautious and less aggressive than drivers under the influence of alcohol. No kiddin'.

Facts you can't live without department: Roasted, an average-sized man could feed 50 to 60 cannibals. (They couldn't be too hungry, of course.) Also, it takes 100,000 houseflies to weigh a pound.

Win a brew department: There are twenty-six different U.S. states listed on the back of a $5 bill. They're hard to find.

There's that dude in Tucson, Arizona, who is getting ready for the legalization of pot by filing for legal right to the use of 55 different brand names on pot. Names like "Marijuana Thins," "Marijuana Longs," and "Too High," were some of his creations.

Voting time is coming, so remember the following: Senator George McGovern of South Dakota, and Senator Vance Hartke of Indiana, back an end to jail terms for pot smokers. Muskie and Humphrey favor reduced penalties, while Shirley Chisholm of New York, and Senator Eugene McCarthy think that it should be legalized.

Nixon, Mitchell, Regan et al, sorta dig the 25-years-per-joint route (for our own good, of course).



"That dude's got to be a nark!"

pistons & rocker arms
removing cylinder head assembly
disassembling cylinder head
replacing valve guides
cylinder head diagram
replacing valve seats
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lapping valve faces & s
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assembling connecting rods
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Corrected and updated

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connecting rod roller & retaine
size chart
engine fitting specifications
servicing pinion shaft rollers
pinion shaft assembly diagram
1955-1957 oil pump diagram
1953-1957 Valve Tappets & Guide
1954-1957 Gear Case Diagram
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55-1957 Complete Lower End
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lubrication front chain
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repairing drive ch
Clutch

assembling starter
disassembling starter
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disassembling gear box
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Wheels
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Installing Forks
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Fork Frame & Handlebar Alig
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changing oil
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disassemble front brake (glide
spection & servicing (glide)
embling front

ger brake diagram
brake diagram
adjusting rear & springer brak
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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

AM/FM Radio on a Chopper?

☐ In your April issue, there was a very righteous cat who asked if you would run a page per issue on a dresser, and your answer was "No." Why? They're a beautiful trip bike, and besides, who ever heard of an AM/FM on a chopper?

Steve Ellis
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

■ Christ, I never thought of that—and just think of all the Arthur Godfrey programs I've been missing.

Dresser Freak Freaks

☐ Sleazy Riders: What's your fothermuckin' trip? You badmouth the guy with the dresser, yet you do a story on a stinkin' Limey, in fact a Limey that somebody butchered some good Hog parts to make. I'd rather look at a dresser than that English shit any day.

I'll give you the benefit of the doubt and buy one more copy, but if it doesn't get better, your book isn't worth my seventy-five cents.

At least the dresser says H-D on it, and that's where it's at.

Craig Lusher
Novato, California

■ I didn't badmouth the dresser dude. I just told him why they won't be in **Easyriders**. As to your six bit threat, you can either stuff it, or buy another reflector or foxtail for your land yacht.

Miraculous Mutha

☐ Mutha is a decent chick, what more can I say?

Dave Ruszkowski
Big Rapids, Mich.

■ You could knock off your bullshit.

Cut Off for a Week

☐ Okay, you muthas, cut me some slack. In your February issue you had an article about one of John Glasow's scoots. My wife is from Pine City (Pine City?), Minnesota, and she got the jaws about that, and cut me off for an entire week!

Chuck Kellar
(APO S.F.)

Good Smokin'

☐ I'm addicted to your rag; it makes the most fantastic rolling papers I've ever smoked. This leaves me no choice but to lie, steal, or cheat to get three bucks for a subscription.

Dino Dattolico
B.A.F.B., La.

■ Well, get it on.

Milwaukee, Japan?

☐ Hey, man, get off Hondas will ya? My 750 is as good as any Limey or Hog. It leaks oil, rattles, and is hard to start. Them guys in Japan know how to make chop material too. Maybe there's a Milwaukee, Japan. Think about it.

Dick Clark
New Castle, Pa.

■ I'm thinkin', I'm thinkin'.

Three Biggest

☐ I'd like to know what the three biggest bike clubs are in the U.S., if you have any idea. I've heard it was the Pegans from around the New York area, the Bandidos of Washington State and Texas, and the Hell's Angels of California. In that order. How's that sound to you?

R. Henry
Tacoma, Wash.

■ Damned if I know—maybe one of our readers knows.

Spider Goofs Again!

☐ Why don't you get that shithead Spider away from the models and make him earn his gas money. He sure isn't helping Pete any. Anyone can see that Sue's bod wasn't 35-32-35!

Howard Dutcher
Waterloo, Iowa

■ **We make up for the goof with a color photo of her on page 47.**

☐ If Spider can't find a better-looking body than 35-**32**-35, he'd better start looking at Mutha.

Mike Quick
Umatilla, Oregon

The Drizzles

☐ I don't want to start a beef or nothin', but it seems I didn't receive my **Easyriders** decal with my subscription.

Either Smiley or the Post Office must've ripped it off, but either way, I think I'm gonna have a bad case of the drizzling shits if I don't get it soon.

A. Reeb III
New Orleans, La.

■ Cool it! Don't get your bowels in an uproar. They've all been mailed, and we're staying up with the current orders daily.

It Pays To Fight

☐ I was recently busted for carrying a concealed weapon. I was wearing a primary chain belt. I took it to court and won, and I am wearing my chain belt to this day, because I went to the trouble to fight.

Eric Medvedeff
E. R. Choppers
Belleair, Florida

■ It often pays to fight. If everyone fought — even asked for jury trials on traffic tickets — maybe some cops wouldn't use that device as a method of harassment.

Digs Hairy Legs

☐ Either put up or shut up. You keep talking about putting in a nude dude centerfold for us gals who like guys, but each month, same ol' thing, Betty Big Boobs, staring at us.

So let's see some action (I dig hairy legs, and the whole bit). We're waiting.

Betty
Columbus, Ohio

Uptight Readers

☐ It seems the chop riders got a thing about dirt bikers. Now don't get me wrong, I love chops, but driving a chop takes nothing but brawn; to drive a dirt bike takes skill. I'll take on the roughest Hog rider you can find, and beat him but bad in the dirt. Dirt biking, like chops, is a different type of biking, so let's watch our mouth, huh?

Motocross Joe
Tempe, Az.

■ I have re-read the letter that prompted this kind of reaction, and I can't see how anyone can feel it was anti-dirt-bike. Read my response below for more complete explanation. I'm glad you qualified your dirt-bike boast. Even someone as dumb as D.R.H. knows that a chopper is a lover's machine, not an exercycle. Comparing a chopper with the dirt scene is like comparing a Ferrari with a VW dune buggy.

☐ I'm writing about a letter and your reply in Wordmonger's Word-Hoard titled "What's Happening?," in your April '72 issue. Read it, then sit back and listen, Jack. In the first place your 350 yamagoochy is a 360. You cut us young bikers down, but you fuckers don't even know a 350 from a 360. If you had any sense, you'd keep your big mouths shut. If us young bikers are punks, then you bohemian butt-fuckers must be oversized punks. So stick that up your ass.

D.R.H.
Afton, Missouri

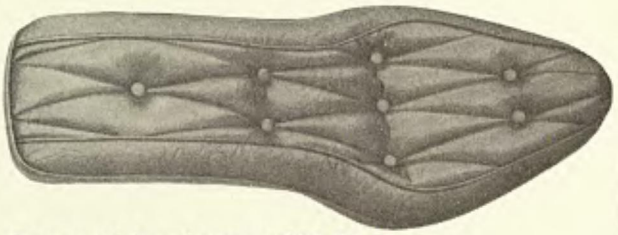
—Continued on next page

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, Easyriders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

Cobra Seats

(Originals, not imitations)

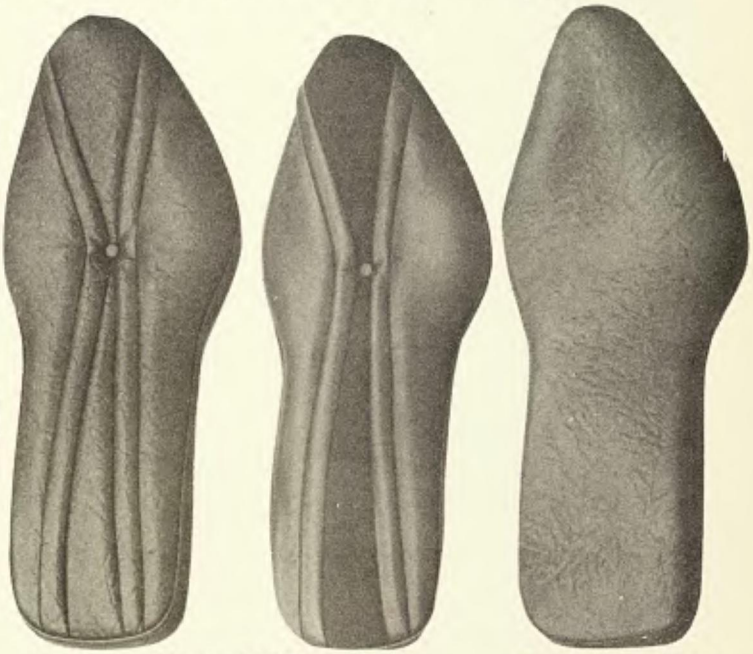
Universal seats—will fit all bikes
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High-quality black naugahyde Heavily padded



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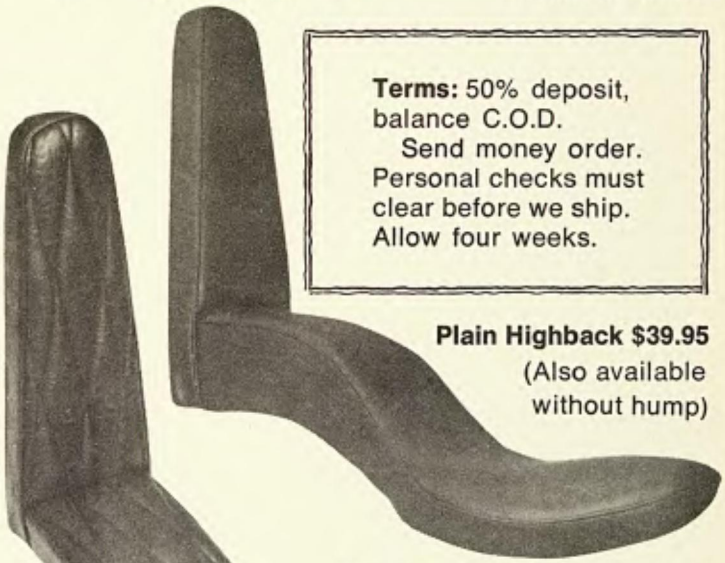


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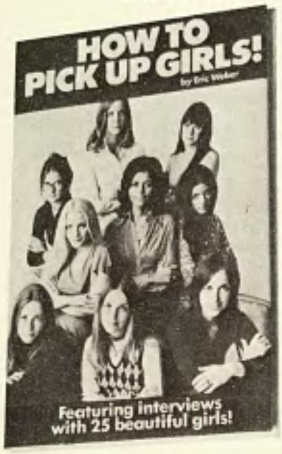
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"If only I had this book before I started shackin' with my present orangutan!"
-Spider



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■ We're so dumb we didn't even know there was a motorcycle named yamagoochy. You're pretty stupid yourself, for you missed the entire point of the letter, and the reply. The complaint was against certain **types** of bike riders, who do dumb things, and as a result, make people press for more restrictive anti-bike laws, that affect all of us.

No one is against all dirt bikes when they say noisy bastards with their expansion chambers should not blast through residential neighborhoods. The point again, numbskull, is that **all** bikes are blamed for the noise, and pay the consequences of some idiot getting his gun from the noise he makes.

To a person with a few smarts, which you evidently lack, it is obvious that we all have to stop the violators who are screwing things up for the rest of us, no matter what bike, no matter what age. It just seems that the worst offender is the young, comparatively inexperienced biker who is the cause of most of the hassles. By no means does that mean **all** young bikers — just those few yo-yos like you.

☐ What's going on? I subscribed to your magazine because I felt you were fellow bikers. Sure, I shine it on when I see certain bikes, but that includes some Harleys I've seen too. I agree that a Harley makes a righteous putt; they've got the look of brute power and the V-shape is outta sight. But I don't get off on Hogs! I ride my bike night and day, rain or shine (rain mostly, since I live on the Oregon coast). I jam on the only chop in town, except for one Hog that never feels pavement in anything but good weather. My bike is a chopped 450 Honda. Yeah, I know, a Jap bike (barf), quick winding, short life. So what? It's what I want. I don't mind rebuilding it because I love my bike; I live to ride. I haven't put down Hogs, but I get put down constantly in magazines. I don't think Hondas rule, nor do I feel Harleys rule. I believe riding (hard riding) and good times are what rules! Save put-downs for the rednecks.

Am I a brother or a childish creep?

Perry Miller
Reedsport, Oregon

☐ I am not a full-fledged jammer of the highways yet, but I do pride myself with having the cleanest, meanest 350 Honda you ever saw. Hey, did I hear a snicker somewhere? I would just like you dudes who have Hogs to realize that we of the less prestigious brand names love jammin' as much as you do, and really feel bad when the putdowns come from the big boys. I live in Pennsylvania, which as we all know says nothing for my rights as a cyclist. Riding a bike in Pa. is like fucking while you use a contraceptive: you feel safe while you're getting screwed. My 10" extensions automatically put me on the 10 Most Wanted list. This state is very hard to beat.

So, my boys, remember, one day soon I too will be jammin' with the best, just as soon as I scrape the bread together. So until then, when a Honda is sighted whizzin' down the road by you big fellas, take heart, he's no fart.

Tim Steen
Coatesville, Pa.

Chick Says It Straight

☐ I really enjoy reading your mag, but I think you're making a big hassle over nothing. I get the impression that dirt bikers are pretty low on your list. Well, whether a bike is ridden on dirt or pavement, it's still a great feeling of freedom that can be experienced no other way. I thought you had a bigger mind than to have a prejudice against other bike riders no matter what kind.

Sandra Sherley
Port Arthur, Texas

■ We're not against all bikers, just **certain types.**

To Each His Own

☐ Dig, man! How come we got to hassle among ourselves! Whether it's a Hog, Trump, dresser, Honda, or what have you, it's still wheels—right?

A "chopper" is an expression of one's self. A thing of beauty. It's his life, his love. When a dude takes his piece of iron, and molds, designs, works, begs, borrows and steals to build it, build it his way, one of a kind, then man, just who in the hell are we, you and I, and all the other smartasses who are so quick to badmouth this brother of ours? Just because it ain't a Hog, or maybe a Trump, or whatever kind of scoot it is. It still is his thing — so, man, don't knock another brother.

Pete Pitts
Rock Island, Ill.

■ As a matter of editorial policy, **Easyriders** agrees entirely with what you say. We're all bikers and in that sense brothers. **Easyriders** goes out of its way to avoid knocking anyone's scoot, but I guess I got a little hard on the dude from Allen Park, Maine — hard enough that some of you felt what was said was aimed at everyone, while actually I was only poking fun at the dumfuk in Allen Park.

Free Copies to Prison Libraries

☐ Got hold of an **Easyriders** and read the part about you guys sending free copies to guys in the slam. Your rag is great; please send it to me.

Jerry Collins
Florida State Prison

■ Jerry, we're sending them free to prison libraries that request them. We can't afford to send them free to individuals—only to libraries, where many guys get a chance to read each copy. Have your librarian write for free subscription.

More Tech Articles

☐ There is one thing I don't really care for, and that is the fictional stories. I realize that there is a shortage of excellent or near excellent custom bikes, but couldn't you use some of those pages for technical articles like speed tips and how-to articles on 74 engines? Anybody can buy most anything for a go-

fast limey bike, but knowing where, what, how, on older engines like my knucklehead, is just about impossible unless you're lucky enough to know some oldtimers.

James A. Foley

■ We dig what you're saying, but **Easyriders** is leaving the heavy technical stuff to the other mags—we're more into a bike, booze, and broads bag.

Sells Out Fast

☐ Wow! It took me two months to get to the newsstand in time to find an issue to buy, just so I could subscribe.

Danny May
Travis AFB, California

Fair and Equal Justice?

☐ I'm in the army stockade in Denver, Colorado. I'm waiting for the generals to get their ass in gear and court-martial me.

Up until four months ago I owned a beautiful Triumph chopper. A drunk car driver hit me head-on. It completely destroyed my bike and almost did my partner and me in too. We spent six weeks in the hospital. The police let the drunk off the hook completely!

My beef is that I'm in the pokey for possession of a joint, and the dude that hit me is out free somewhere. We all know alcohol screws you up more than marijuana.

When is the Establishment gonna see the light and change their laws?

Ed Houston
Covina, California

■ When the old Establishment is replaced by younger, hipper people. Vote.

Did Someone Goof?

☐ Boy, you guys really screwed up. Recall the article in the December issue, "Why You Need 21 Inches," by Joe Teresi? And then you go and print in the April issue an article, "Meet Your Representative in Washington." Quote: "After weeks of testing different components trying to decide such seemingly **trivial** things as whether the front wheel should be 19 inches or 21 inches . . ." Either someone goofed or the articles you write are trivial.

Rob Smith
Wellsville, Ohio

■ I asked Joe to reply: "'Why you Need 21' was directed against the extremely small diameter wheels (17"-16"), and stated that 18" or 19" wheels were desirable although my personal preference was the 21. The 21 is 'slower' handling than the 19—a feeling I personally like. I drove the Jammer with a 21 on it and actually prefer it to the 19 that is now on the bike, but the 19 feels 'quicker' and more like a stock machine. With the purpose of the project in mind (convince the authorities a chopper can handle like stockers or better), the 19 was chosen because it would be closer to what the people testing the bike would be used to and expect."

No Chop for Cop

☐ In Columbia, South Carolina, if you're on the police force, you can't ride, or even own, a chopper without fear of losing your job.

A friend of mine knew a cop who owned a chopper and rode it to work, and they told him to get rid of it or resign. He had to sell his chopper because he didn't want to lose his job, but they told him he could own a Honda!

John D. Cartwright
Augusta, Ga.

■ It could be a little worse—they could have said he could own a Schwinn.

Digs Test Bike

☐ I wish to compliment your magazine and D & D Distributors on the "Government Approved?" Chopper in your April issue.

That bike is by far the epitome of what I think a chopper should be.

I am now working on a similar machine but have run into a few problems. How was the primary cover built and how was the 12v battery put in the oil tank?

If you would tell me who to contact I would greatly appreciate it.

Dave Miecqnikowski
S. Holland, Ill.

■ Write D & D Distributors, 800 S. San Fernando Blvd., Burbank, California 91502.

Reading While Stoned?

☐ I saw something in your magazine that irritated the hell out of me. You people bellyache about unfair bike laws, and then you turn around and tell kids to throw away their minibikes and buy a Hog! How the hell is a beginner going to learn confidence and respect for a bike if he can't even hold the mutha up?

H. H.
Vandenberg AFB, California

■ Confucius say don't try to read while stoned. That is the only possible explanation for your having seen something in **Easyriders** that wasn't there!

Rather Be Whipped

☐ I'd rather be whipped than write a letter, but I felt I had to write and say it's a groove to find a bike magazine written by and about real people.

Don Portwood
Harlingen, Texas

■ You meant unreal, didn't you?

Brown Wrapper

☐ Since reading two copies of your crappy magazine, I have decided to subscribe to it, rather than drive twenty miles out of my way to buy the damn thing. (Does it come in a plain brown wrapper?)

Earl Beardall
Spanish Fork, Utah

■ Yes.

Bike Ripped-Off

☐ Some sonuvabitch ripped-off my Hog! It wasn't even pretty, just a 1953 "74"—chopping material!

It was always chained up out front. Then, with a little help from a chain cutter and a pickup truck, here I sit with two pieces of chain and no bike. I know you've heard it a thousand times before, but the moral is: It's worthwhile busting your ass to protect your bike. I know now.

Should you ever catch someone ripping-off your machine, kick his ass for those of us that didn't get a chance to.

D.L.
Duluth, Minn.

■ Amen.

Straight Ahead Wine

If you live in, or plan to pass through Southern California, how about dropping in on our Winery Tasting Room? Slop up some juice where the heavy people get it on (Miraculous Mutha freaks out on our Golden Angelica).

For a righteous party (orgy?), ask Old Purplefoot about our 5-gallon party jug!

Navé Pierson Winery

Tasting Room One
1204 San Fernando Road, Los Angeles, Calif. 91030
Open 8 to 8, 7 days.
Phone (213) 221-0167

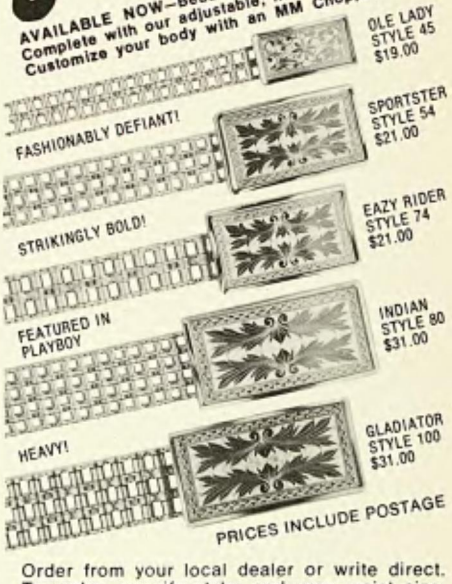


Tasting Room Two
337 Culver Blvd., Play del Rey,

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eazy rider
MOTORCYCLE CHAIN BELTS

AVAILABLE NOW—Beautifully plated chain belts. Complete with our adjustable, handtooled buckles. Customize your body with an MM Chopper Chain.



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Photos by Pete Chiodo

Stompin 82-incher

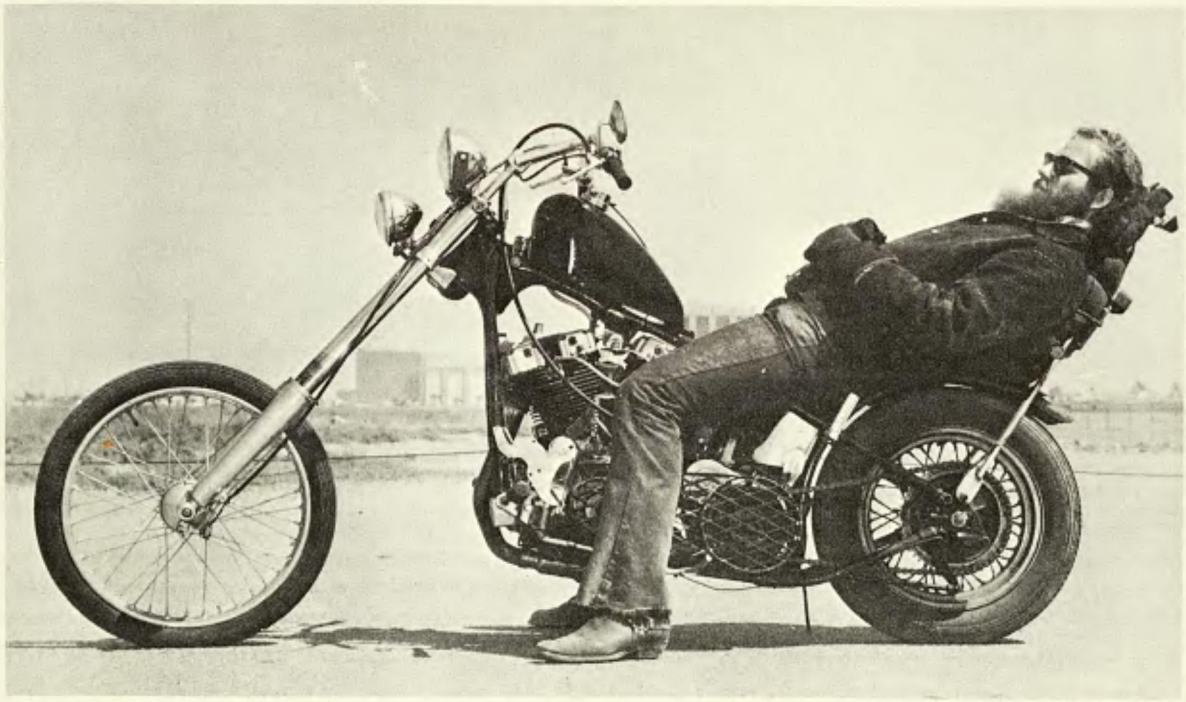
Most of the scoots featured in chopper-type rags are usually touted as "show and go" machines. But one glance at most of them reveals that they'd lose at least 10 pounds of Bondo if they ever left a perfectly smooth street.

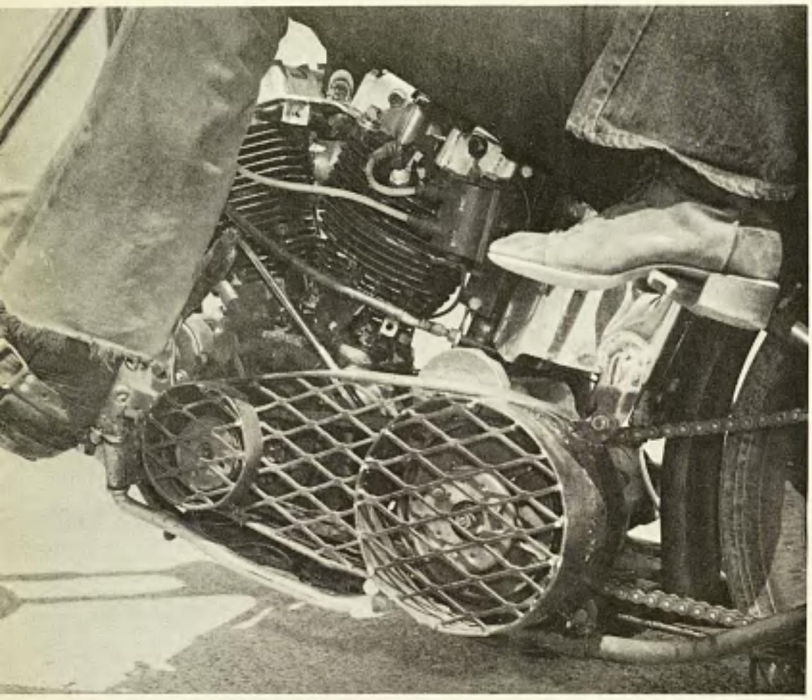
Well, we thought you'd like to see a bike built strictly for go. Go anywhere, that is. Across open fields, in sand or mud—you name it—it goes and goes and goes.

It's respectfully called the Tractor by the chopper freaks who try to ride and stay up with it and its owner, Bandit. It won't win any show prizes, but don't have a go against it for pinks, because it really hauls ass: according to the Highway Patrol, it goes over 130 mph. It's nicknamed the Tractor because everything on it is heavy duty—super strong—like the primary cover and the homebuilt headlight bracket, for instance.

At a glance, it looks like just a dirty pile of iron. No stroker plates are visible because he uses stroker pistons. In fact, none of the good stuff is visible, like the balanced and polished lower end, the 468 Sifton cam, and the other internal goodies—so imagine a dude's surprise when after chuckling to himself as he sits at a traffic signal astride his gleaming factory stamp-out (positioned strategically a few feet **behind** the Bandit's machine, of course), all of a sudden the signal changes and the Bandit gets it on and disappears from sight, leaving factory stamp-out starting to shift from neutral to first gear.

—Continued after two pages of photos







Owner: Bandit

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year & make: 1966 H-D
Model: FL
Value: $2000
Time:
Assembly: owner
Chroming: Custom Chrome

Engine

Year: 1966
Model: FL
Builder: owner
Displacement: 82 cu. in.
Cam: Sifton—468+
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): S.U.
Shifter: ratchet
Pipes: drag type
Mufflers: shorty
Stacks: none

Wheels

Front: 21-inch
Rear: 16-inch

Frame

Year: 1955
Rake: ½-inch
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: drag
Tank: Sportster
Seat: AEE
Material: naugahyde
Sissy Bar: owner

Forks

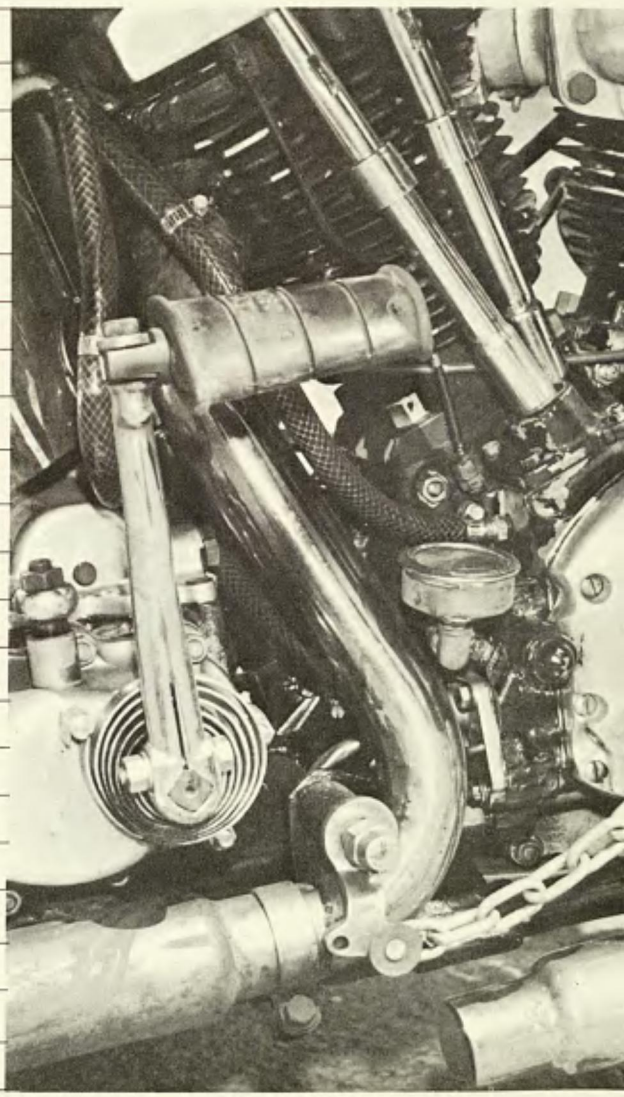
Type: glide
Extension: 10-inch legs
Builder: owner

Painting

Molding: owner
Painting: owner
Color: black
Type: epoxy

Tires

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







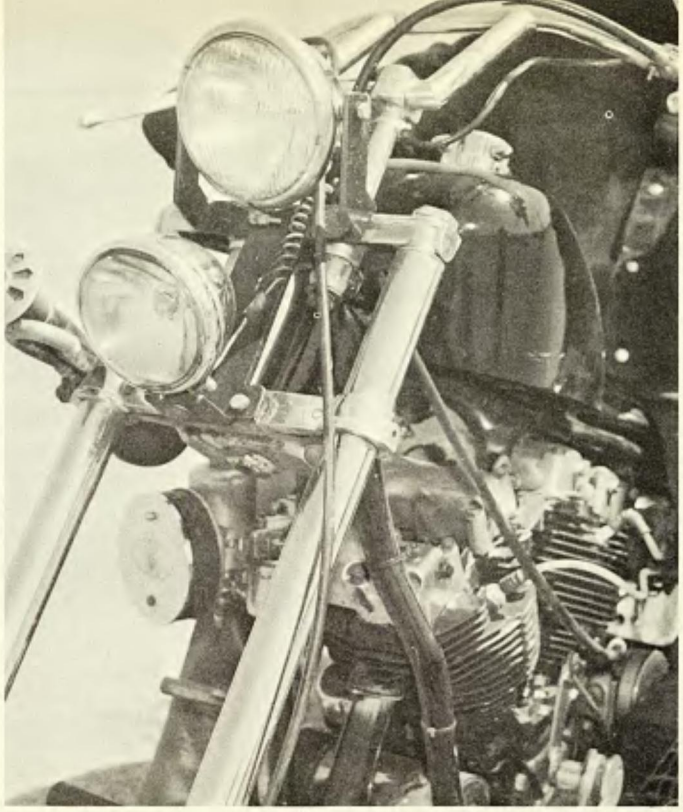


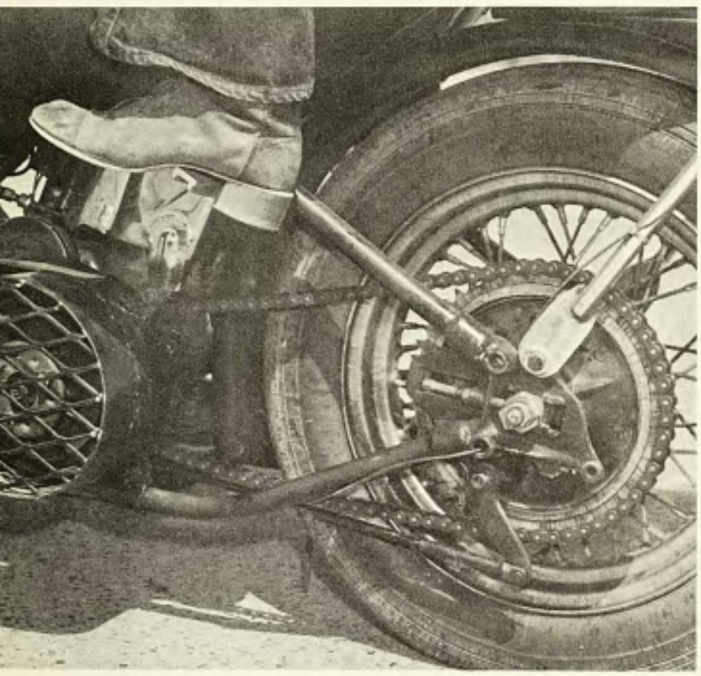
The Tractor runs so well in fact that it's a constant source of hassle between Bandit and the heat. "I don't know, man, I get on the freeway, and I really like to boogy—but lately there seems to be more police, or somethin'—they seem to be everywhere!"

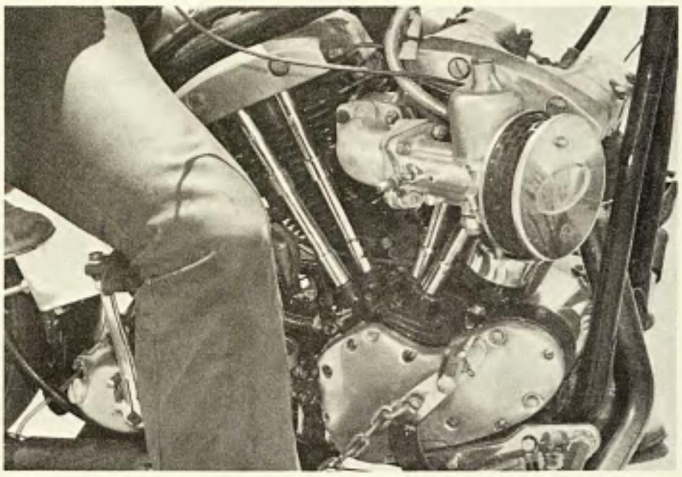
Jamming on the freeway at a hundred per would naturally attract attention, but Bandit doesn't seem to understand that, because he looks so heavy, **he** personally would attract the heat's attention even at 35 mph!

You understand, of course, that I'm not the one to point this out to him.

—Dog Breath











Why Not Do It Right?

"Well, it may not look like much, but I done it all myself, and I didn't use none of them ready-made parts . . ." So says Jay Assrack, standing next to his oil-dripping primer and rust . . . chopper? "Yep, I bet I ain't got more'n a thousand bucks in the whole thing, includin' the Honda engine and the Harley 45 frame. Picked up that Horex front end for ten bucks at the swap meet, and it only cost me a hunert an' a half to rebuild and straighten it. . . ."

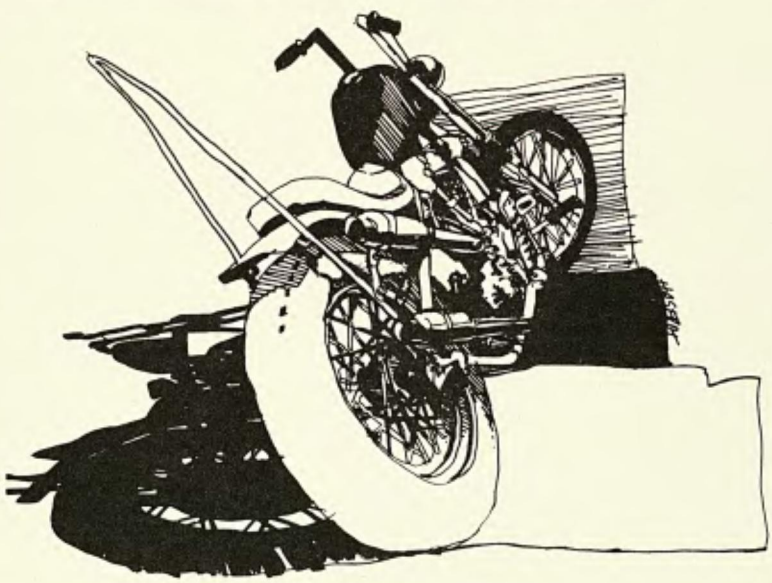
As he pulls away from the curb, belching oil smoke, missing shifts, and with one muffler dragging the ground, you have to say to yourself, "What makes an ass like that tick?" His mother must have started him on hash and reds when he was two years old, for him to wind up with a mind like that.

The day of "I did it all myself" is gone, and it's a good thing, too. I know. I was into it back in the days when you had to do everything yourself because you couldn't buy anything you needed. You spent more time building and repairing than you did jammin'. It was so bad that you could walk up to a group of ten bikers and hit them with "Hey, you turds, let's put it in the wind and head for Elsinore," only to find out that six of them were torn down for one reason or another. Then, two of the four who did go would break down on the way. Those may have been th "good ol' days," but I'm glad they're gone. Today you can get some of the guys and their ol' ladies together and party at the drop of a hat—and you don't have to spend half the weekend alongside the road with a roll of baling wire in one hand and a pair of pliers in the other.

It's true that a big part of owning a chopper is building it, and the fact that it's your own creation, one of a kind, the way you like it. Ready-made parts haven't done anything to change this; as a matter of fact, I think they've done a lot to help originality. All the nitty-gritty parts you need to get your scoot together are available, usually already chromed, which means you can devote your attention to making your chop different in other areas. You have a large selection of forks, handlebars, gas tanks, seats, sissy bars, fenders, and so on and so on, to choose from, and the custom painters are getting better and freakier all the time. It is actually harder to find two similar-looking choppers today than it was ten years ago.

Building a chop today is like decorating your home: There are plenty of items to choose from, but it still takes good taste and talent to get them all together in a package that looks good. One builder can spend just as much money on parts as his buddy does but still have an eyesore because he didn't think out what he was going to do, or got sloppy when he assembled it, or possibly has just plain bad taste. You have to really think out what you're going to do. Look through catalogs. Study feature bikes in magazines. Mock up your bike, using the frame, garbage can covers for wheels, a broom handle for fork angle and length, etc. Then stand back and look at it through squinted eyes and try to visualize how it's going to look overall when you're through. Next, decide what colors to use, and what to chrome—too much chrome, and your bike'll look like a mirror. Chrome has to have color around it to reflect, or you really lose. If your bike is going to be dark red or blue, you should probably paint your engine and trans light or natural vaporhone base with lots of chrome. If you're going a lighter color overall, black wrinkle paint with less chrome might be the trick setup.

Just as there are good and bad interior decorators, there are good and bad chopper designers, and remember that what you end up with will be your own creation. If you're thinking about building a chop, don't let Jay Assrack get you off on the wrong foot by convincing you that you have to do it all to be original. You don't! And you'll be out jammin' and partyin' on a better-looking bike than he'll ever have—while he's home trying to figure out why his doesn't run.



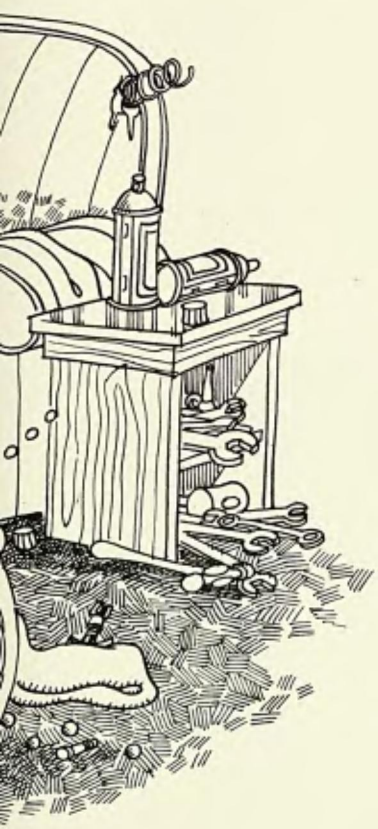
By Super Hog


ARRGGHHH!

The Saga of a Biker's Ol' Lady

By Carol Ivlow

When my ol' man and I met, I had never given bikes of any make or size any thought. In fact, if some old fogey had told me how bad and dangerous they are, I probably would have believed him. However, after a few months with my ol' man, I didn't have much choice in the matter. I had to think about them. I admit, I didn't have very positive thoughts at first; you know, I'd heard more propaganda against them than for them. Then one day I saw my ol' man at the gas station drooling all over some freak's chopper. I admit, it looked good to me, too. The rest of the day he sat around with *chopper* written across each eyeball. He'd had a Harley before he went to do his (barf) patriotic duty, but a friend of his had it now. The friend had never been able to pay for it, so we decided to go see about repossessing it.



Well, we got *it*, all right—and you know where!

The thing had been sitting out in the weather for six years. I didn't think anything could be that ugly and ratty-looking and still start. It was a 1945 Harley 45. Everything that had survived the weather on it was original . . . original seat and fenders. Get this . . . the original *windshield*, too! The wiring looked like the rats must have been awfully hungry or just too goddam cold to care what they ate, and had chewed all the insulation off. The seat looked like a rotted-out ass-shaped breadboard with stuffing hanging out of the rotten, moldy leather. The paint job couldn't exactly have been called cherry. In fact, I am told that it was once bright red, but it had turned more of a faded rusty crap color. There were places on the fenders that looked like the birds must have flown over and dropped acid bombs all over them. Anything that had been chrome now blended in beautifully with the paint job. The engine was one huge, horrible blob of grease covered with several layers of mud covered with more grease. There were dead leaves and tree branches stuck in the mess. I wouldn't have been surprised if we'd found a few lost telephone poles and things in that pile of wreckage. The exhaust was solid rust pipe held on with baling wire, and I don't mean to say the bike burned oil, but when they started it up, the person standing behind the pipe disappeared in a cloud of blue and black smoke and an oil slick for three days. It didn't have any muffler, but that wouldn't have helped it anyway. To top it all off, that windshield! Everyone should have one just so they can say they have one. It looked like somebody used it for a snow shovel, and we all know what happens to plastic when it gets cold. It had nothing but jagged edges, and it wasn't the least bit transparent. It was a hash-dream concept of pop art.

My ol' man couldn't drive it home because we didn't have a battery for it. We pulled it ten miles across country roads, hooked to the back of my car with a chain, and him riding it! People all along the highway watched us and whispered quietly to each other, but not a soul bothered us. ("They won't bite if you don't bug 'em.")

I was under the impression that we were going to tear it down right away and rebuild it. But I was wrong. My ol' man rode it like it was, just around town—which isn't very far—for several weeks. He tied an old six-volt car battery to the back fender with the neighbor's clothesline and tightened it down with sticks. When he rode by the house, head high, grinning like an ape, chest out, hair blowing straight back, he looked like something out of an acid trip that just flashes by. The bike itself looked like something that had barely survived an atom bomb and was groaning from overexposure to radiation.

He finally stopped riding it when the primary chain busted and he couldn't figure out any way to get it started. So, finally, he and my brother started tearing it down. My brother had built a B.S.A. but he'd never had a Harley apart. My ol' man didn't know the first thing about any of them when it came to tearing them apart. When they got to the clutch, millions of tiny little balls came rolling out all over the place. That was fun. We must have stomped at least thirty of them into the ground in the mad rush to catch them. Great sport.

We don't have a garage, so that left only one place to put the pieces . . . in the living room. I tore down the frame and it ended up in the living room too. That was when we really started getting paranoid about the landlady coming over. She'd have freaked out and died of a heart attack if she could have seen her rug. I tried to keep the greasy parts on plastic, but somehow they just didn't want to stay there. When everything was cleaned up and ready to paint, it was too buggy outside so I didn't have much choice . . . the living room. Spray paint has a habit of settling not only on things nearby but far away, too. (Never—but *never*—become a landlady!)

Some of our friends thought it was neat to work on the bike in the living room, but after a sideways glance at their ol' ladies they always had to add that it was far out but not for them. Actually, the main reason I put up with greasy crap in my living room is because I'm basically a pig and it gave me a terrific excuse for not cleaning up the house. By the time it was ready to go back together again there were parts in the bedrooms, the closet, and the other room — called

—Continued on page 51

Article and photos by Jake

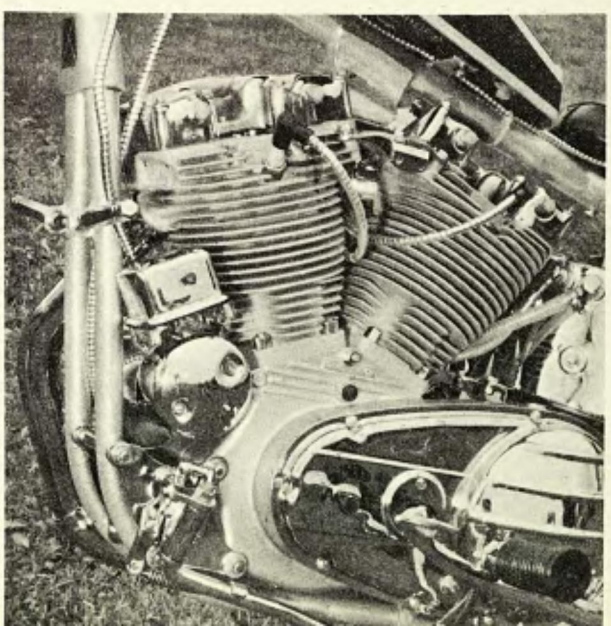
A Beauty from the East (East Coast, That Is)



Susie Shaw is a Pisces, twenty, and beautiful, but she does not own this here motorsickle. It belongs to big brother Bill, who lurks in the Berkshire (Mass.) foothills and has this nasty habit of turning innocent dressers into righteous choppers.

This time around Bill unearthed a '57 XL, granddaddy to all Sportsters, that musta last been run when Sputnik went up and you could still hear Conway Twiddy on the radio. Bill found the old geezer in a barn complete with hay splinters, cobwebs, and mouse droppings, and managed to coax it down the road to his garage. The ancient frame was converted to hardtail fanny, and all the protuberances (we throw these words in once in awhile, to show a little class) were knocked off.

The engine's guts all turned out to be fossil-







ized, so they were replaced with late model stuff including S & S alloy pushrods, high compression M. C. pistons, chrome rings, and PB cams. The years' accumulation of swill on the engine externals was vapor-blasted away, and the heads and barrels were painted with high-temp silver.

Bill is just as much a freak as you are for a super-smooth pimple-free paint job. But when he cranked up the spray gun this time he decided to experiment for the hell of it. So the silver flake base was purposely left unleveled and unrubbed, which left a slightly pebbly surface when topped with the subsequent coats of clear.

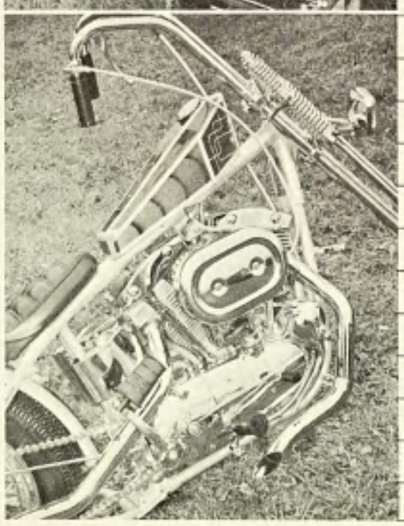
For a final touch of class, Bill adapted a 74 kickstand to the front left engine plate that eliminates the rusty original, and its ugly frame tab. What with all the aluminum, chrome, and metallic paint, you might guess that the bike's called Quicksilver.

Now—back to his sister . . .









Owner: Bill Shaw

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year & make: 1957 H-D
Model: XL
Value: $3000
Time: 6 months
Assembly: owner
Chroming: W. Swirin, N.J.

Engine

Year: 1957
Model: XL Sportster
Builder: owner
Displacement: 58 cu. in.
Cams: PB's
Lifters: lightened
Carb: 1970 Tillotson on S&S man
Pistons: M.C. 12:1
Shifter: foot
Pipes: straight
Mufflers: internal baffles
Stacks: none

Wheels

Front: 17-inch Rear: 16-inch

Frame

Year: 1957 Sportster
Rake: none
Rear susp.: welded-on hardtail
Tank: Coffin
Seat: King & Queen
Material: naugahyde
Sissybar: AEE

Forks

Type: new springer
Extension: 18-inch
Builder: Wheel Specialties

Painting

Molding: owner
Painting: owner
Color: silver/violet flake, black fogging
Type: acrylic lacquer

Tires

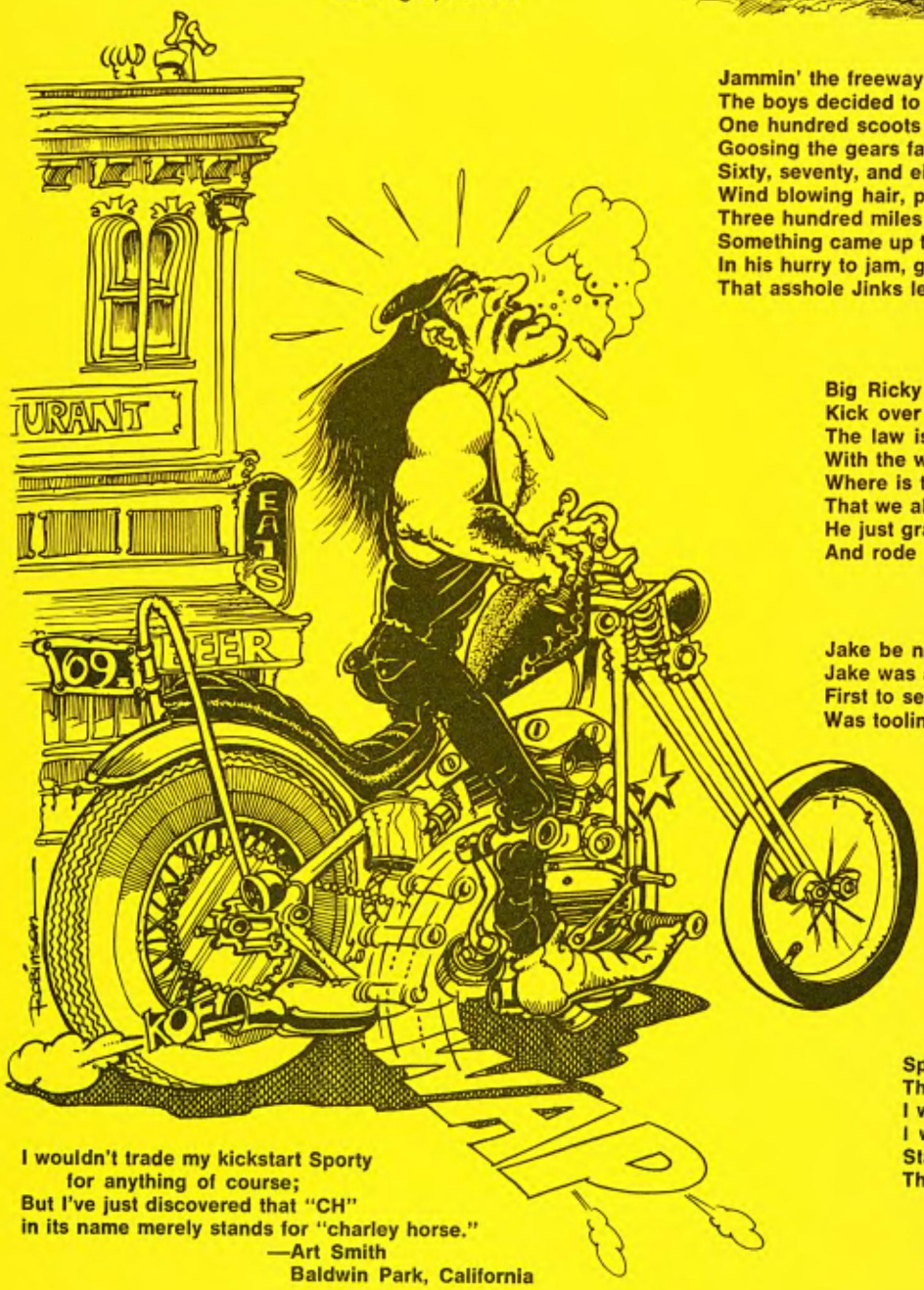
Front: 2.25 x 17
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Goodyear

Mutha Goose

I saw a birdie crappin' on my Norton,
So I came out fartin' and a-snortin'.
I led him down with crumbs of bread,
Then I crushed his fuckin' head.
—Don Stevens & Roger Greene
Duluth, Minnesota

There was an old bitch at the local bar,
She wanted to show me the back seat of her car.
She sold me a ride for not a lot,
But now I'm dying of jungle rot.
—C. Abrams
Las Vegas, Nevada





Jammin' the freeway looked like fun;
The boys decided to go on a run.
One hundred scoots were all polished, the engines roared;
Goosing the gears faster and faster they soared.
Sixty, seventy, and eighty they go,
Wind blowing hair, putting on a spectacular show.
Three hundred miles later in an old camp site
Something came up to make the whole scene uptight:
In his hurry to jam, get in the wind and roam,
That asshole Jinks left all our booze money at home.
—Bob Ranta
San Dimas, California

Big Ricky Rich,
Kick over your hawg!
The law is outside
With the whole riot squad!
Where is the Big Rich
That we all adore?
He just grabbed the stash
And rode through the door.
—John Mehorczyk
Dolton, Ill.

Jake be nimble, Jake be bitchin'
Jake was a wizard at jockey shiftin'
First to second, second to third,
Was toolin' like hell till he hit that turd.
—Michael Tucholski
Toledo, Ohio

I wouldn't trade my kickstart Sporty
for anything of course;
But I've just discovered that "CH"
in its name merely stands for "charley horse."
—Art Smith
Baldwin Park, California

Sparklight, Sparkbright,
The first spark I get tonight,
I wish I may,
I wish I might,
Start this damn Sportster
The first kick tonight.
—Chuck Mayton
Escondido, California

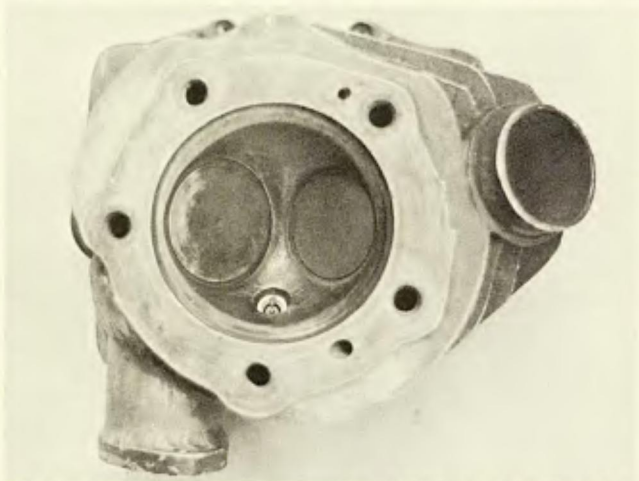
Different Strokes for Different Folks (VIII)

Big valves are an important part of a stroked engine, but more often than not builders go overboard with the big-is-good-so-bigger-must-be-better line of thought. There are other things to consider, such as cam lift, overlap, and timing. A too-large set of valves limits you as to how wild a cam you can run, because of clearances (valves touching each other or the piston). The best combination I've been able to find is 1-15/16" intake and stock 1¾" exhaust.

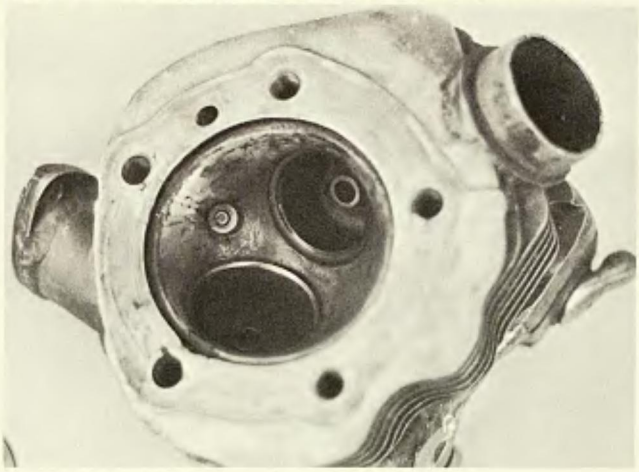
Now, it might seem that if you have a large intake, you should do something for the exhaust too, but the fact of the matter is that in a Harley 74 head all that seems to happen when you use a large exhaust valve is that you block the exit of the expanding gases that are being forced out (it does help to open the port up and run a thinner seat), whereas the intake charge is drawn in around the valve on the downstroke of the piston, and an oversize valve does a hell of a lot better job getting the mixture into the engine.

Another thing that is sometimes done—a downright stupid thing—is installing big valves without enlarging the ports or seats. This will only lose horsepower. The function of a large valve is to stop up a large port at the right time and allow the engine to go through its four cycles. A big valve by itself doesn't do anything but block the entrance and exit of mixture and add weight to the valve train.

When choosing oversize valves, keep in mind that you want the lightest in weight but strongest valves you can get hold of (never run an intake valve for an exhaust or vice-versa). Spare no expense in this area: A snapped-off valve head at around 7000 r's can really make a mess in the cylinder. ■



Big valves are helpful, but you can overdo it. Photo shows 74 head with 1-15/16" intake and 1¾" exhaust, a good all-around combination.



Ports and seats should be as large as possible in relation to the valve being used. Note thin seats.


GARY RUDDELL '72

Chopper
Fiction

By Louis Bosque

Where The Action Is

"An' the bitch just stood there yellin' at me—callin' me a queer, a sex pervert—kin ya believe that?"

Little John was bugeyed with disbelief and disgust, as if he'd just watched his chick balling a St. Bernard. He was telling Reno what had happened to him the night before.

"She whipped the goddam door open an' slammed it against the speaker stand—knocked the fuckin' speaker off the winda—scratched the shit outta my door!"

Little took the last slug out of his beer can and slammed the empty into Reno's trash box over against the wall of the garage. Reno kept on polishing his big 80 and tried to keep from laughing out loud at the tragic recital. Little opened another can of brew, handed it to Reno, opened another for himself, and went on with his sad tale.

"Then she jumped outta the goddam car—yellin' an' screamin'—completely undone—like she'd jus' found a dog turd in her fuckin' Wheaties!"

Reno broke up. He watched Little hop and jump around, waving his arms agitatedly, slopping beer from the can as his hands waved wildly in the air. It was better than watching apes in the zoo.

Little ignored Reno's laughter. "An' wouldn't ya know it'd be the goddam intermission? She couldn'ta done it while John Wayne was winnin' the fuckin' West—hell no, she hadda pick a time when ever'body was settin' around gawkin' an' scratchin', waitin' fer the next pitcher ta start!"

Reno sat back and roared as he visualized the scene, visualized hundreds of people staring openmouthed as the chick screamed at a dumfounded Little John.

Little didn't appreciate his laughter. "Laugh, ya sonuvabitch! But it wuzn't funny—I couldn't shut the cunt up!"

Reno choked on a slug of beer, held his aching sides, and finally managed to splutter, "So whatt'd ya do?"

Little took a long belt out of his can. "Shit, man, what could I do? I started the goddam engine an' gunned it, tryin' ta drown her out. But people on both sides of us wuz really puttin' the burn on me, so I jus' dumped it inta gear and got the hell outta there. Left her standin' there wavin' her fist."

"That'll teach you to stay away from jailbait, man."

"Jailbait? Man, them young chicks've fergot more about sex than the older broads'll ever know. A young chick wouldn't call me a queer jus' because I wanted ta drag my nose through it!" Little took a slug of brew and went on educating Reno on the subject of women. "It's the square, old-fashioned broad that thinks anything but missionary style is out an' out perversion."

Reno nodded in agreement, still chuckling. "So you took an old-fashioned broad out, huh? Who? Some beast from the Joint?"

Little looked suddenly uncomfortable, and his eyes fell away from Reno's. "Uh, yeah—yeah, jus' some broad that wandered inta the Joint." He watched for Reno's reaction to that, and then added hurriedly, before Reno could say anything more, "I bought her a few drinks an' asked her if she wanted ta have a go at my bod."

Reno choked on his beer again. "She blind, man? If she went for that frame o' yours she *hadda* be blind—mainly from old age, I bet." He took a big slug out of his can. "How old you say she was?"

Little took a belt of his own, trying to maintain what little dignity he had left. "I din't say." He was looking for a way to end that particular conversational bit. But Reno was staring at him, waiting for an answer. Little shifted uncomfortably. "Shit, I dunno how old she wuz. It wuz dark. She wuzn't *too* old."

"Whatt'n hell does that mean? None of 'em are *too* old." Reno finished his brew, crushed the can, and lobbed it toward the trash box, missing. "Man, when you said you drew

—Continued on page 51


"Hey, man, where'd ya get the mini bike?"

Here he is, all laid out on his righteous Triumph, putting down the road; having just completed the finishing touches, he's all ready for the shouts of praise from his buddies, and the envious stares and drooling of the have-nots. But something's wrong. They're not drooling—they're snickering, and his buddies are laughing and kidding him about it.

"Hey, man, where'd ya get the mini bike?" "Wow, that's the first Taco I've seen that's been chopped!" Talk about bring-downs; Danny McConnell got so hung up building his Trump that he never stopped to consider what he'd look like on it after it was completed. You see, Danny is six-three and two hundred twenty pounds—he was just too damned big for the scoot.

Danny had bought the Trump in assorted boxes after it had been swept up off the freeway following an accident—he paid only $40 for the pieces. After almost a year of work, which included the addition of a rigid frame, he finally finished the job. But he never considered that the scoot would be too small for him. Not that it couldn't haul him around; it could—and then some. In fact, he took on a number of bikes in stoplight races, but as a result



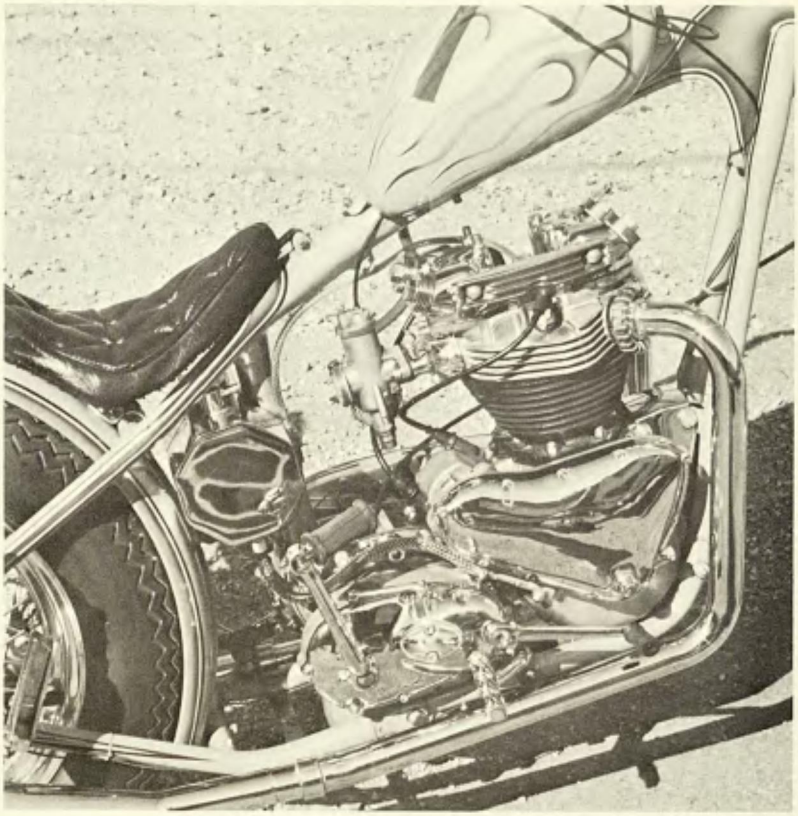


Photos by Mighty Mil

of the Trump's power, the rigid frame, and with all his weight near the back of the bike, he couldn't stop pulling fantastic wheelies. Also, as a nice friendly gesture to his hemorrhoids, he only ran 20 pounds of air in the rear tire.

It wasn't the scoot's performance that made him decide to sell it. It wasn't even the jokes his buddies made about him and his bike, like asking if he was wearing the bike, or "Don't you think you should be riding two bikes that size?" or the fact that even after he wasted two dudes, the wisecracks didn't stop. No—all it took was for him to catch a glimpse of himself in the reflection of a store window. Yeah, he decided, he **did** look a little big on it.

So he sold it. Finished one week and he sold it, and the same afternoon he bought a Sportster engine to build a bike more his size. He bought only the engine because he had found a good deal, and he's not sure whether he's going to build a bike or a trike—but whatever he builds, you can bet he's gonna consider what he and the bike will look like **together,** and not just get hung up on the bike. ✌











Owner: Danny McConnell

General

Fabrication by: B&J Cycles
Year & make: 1962 Triumph
Model: 650 cc.
Value: $1900
Time: 9 months
Assembly: B&J Cycles
Chroming: El Monte Plating

Engine

Year: 1962
Model: pre-unit
Builder: owner
Displacement: 40 cu. in.
Cam: H&C #6
Lifters: H&C
Carb(s): 389 Amal
Shifter: stock
Pipes: '57 rigid
Mufflers: megaphones
Stacks: none

Wheels

Front: 19-inch spool
Rear: 16-inch Harley

Frame

Year: 1962
Rake: ½-inch
Rear susp.: B&J rigid
Bars: pullbacks
Tank: peanut
Seat: Jerry's Upholstery
Material: leather
Sissy Bar: 23-inch, tubing

Forks

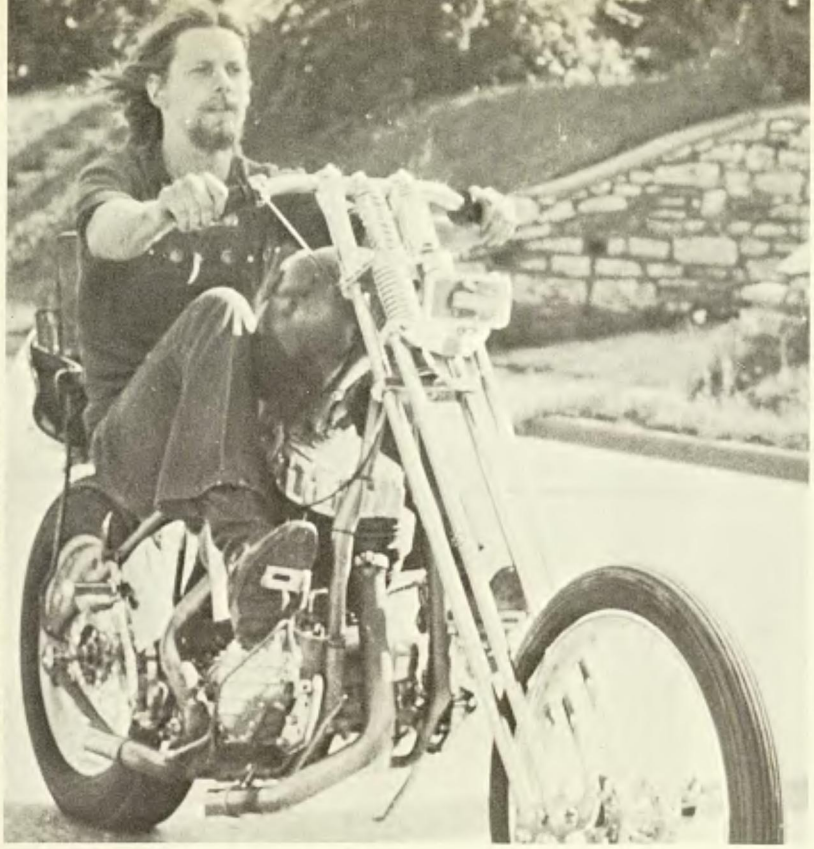
Type: stock
Extension: 10-inch legs
Builder: owner

Painting

Molding: Dave Blower
Painting: Dave Blower
Color: pearl blue
Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: Riker 2.75 x 19
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Arco



—Submitted by Kevin Thomas, Shawnee, Kansas

In the Wind

Here are some photos submitted by our readers. After going through hundreds of submissions, we feel these best typify the exhilaration and the feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere.

As we've said in previous issues, 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.



Submitted by John Carney, Santa Cruz, California



—Submitted by Ken Ritter, Sellersburg, Indiana



—Submitted by Andrew DeVere, Parma, Ohio



—Submitted by David Jacauso, Hyde Park, N.Y.

—Submitted by Neil Primis, Jamaica, N.Y.





—Submitted by Ronald Sikorski, Santa Barbara, Ca.

MORE

In the Wind
CONTINUED





Submitted by D. R. Goff, Granger, Indiana



This is a season,
for a lot of reasons,
To do some dealin',
To get out wheelin'.
To feel free,
As we all should be.
But most of all,
To have a ball.

—Rich Rohn
Columbus, Wisc.



—Submitted by Royce Gilbreath, Anchorage, Alaska

Rumble-Rumble goes my hog.
With hardtail frame, it's like riding a log.
Out on the freeway there is plenty of zip.
Feet high on the pegs, it's my kind of trip.

—Donald Ramsey
Indianapolis, Indiana

Our Harley

Our Harley, who art a chopper,
Hallowed be thy twin V
Thy engine hum, thy tires run,
On dirt, as they do on asphalt.
Give us this day our daily run,
And forgive us our straight pipes
As we forgive those who ride full-dress amongst us.
Lead us not to Suzuki,
And deliver us from The Fuzz, Amen.

—Gerald De Mario
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

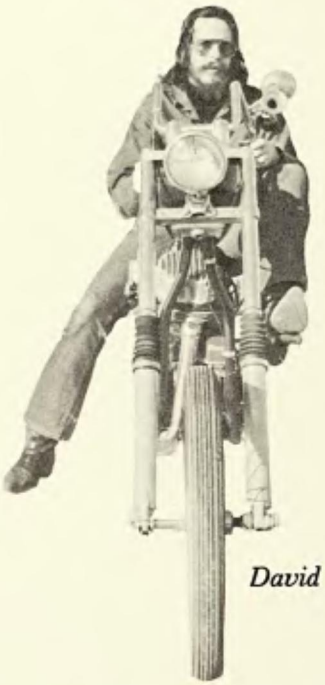


—Submitted by Ken Ritter, Sellersburg, Indiana

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 or color negatives) 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 envelope with submissions.* Easyriders *cannot be responsible for loss or damage.*

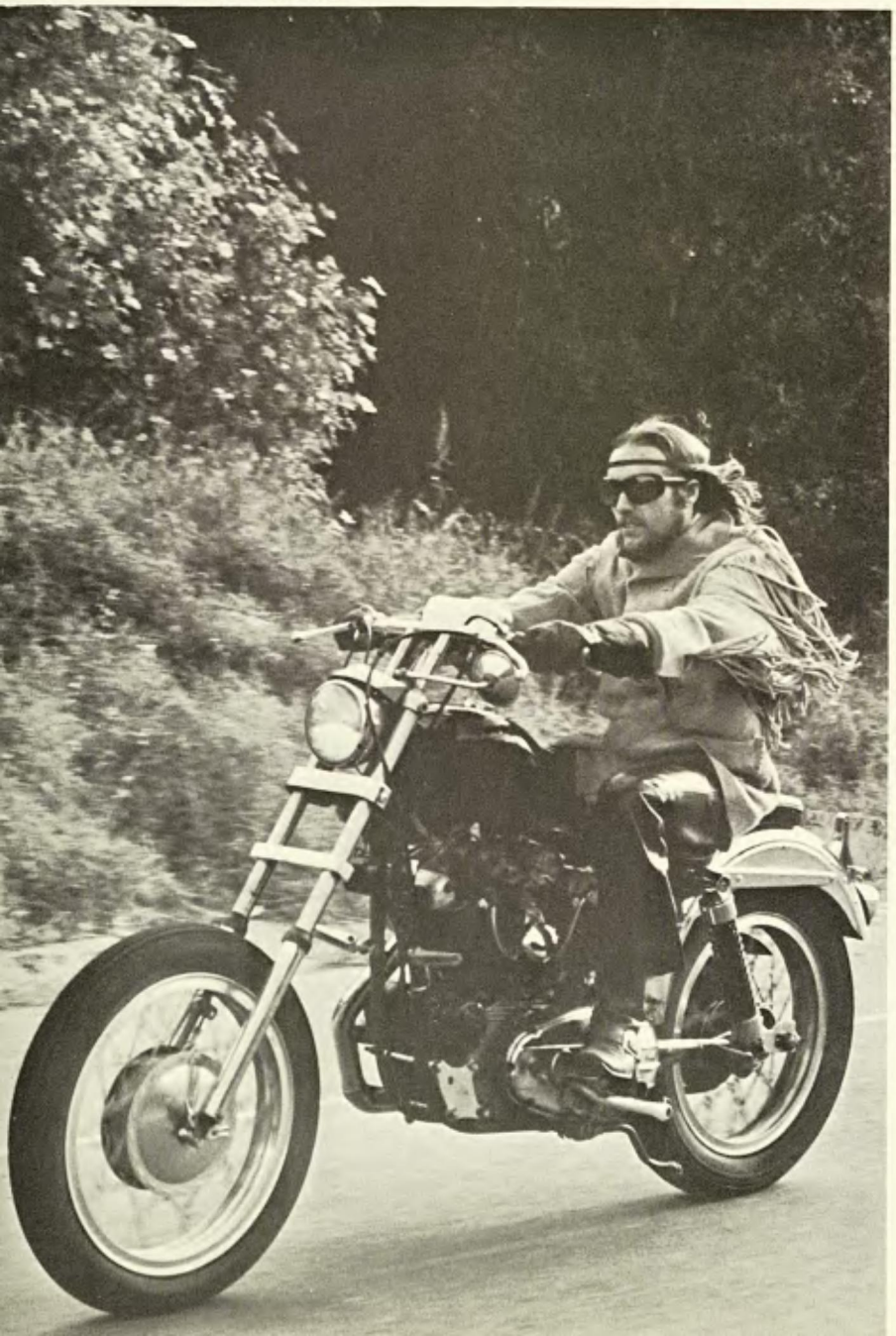


—Submitted by Roy Grimm, San Diego, Ca.



David Mann

—Submitted by Bill's Cycle, Malverne, N.Y.



While these photos illustrate the feeling of complete freedom photographically, Dave Mann, as an artist, is able to add even more to the mood and the feeling of good times. On the following pages is Dave Mann's latest painting: "In The Wind on Friday Night."

The lights of the city are far behind them—along with their cares and problems. They're heading out of town, where the air is clean. Where you can smell the trees. Where the cool evening breeze greets you. You've got everything you need to enjoy yourself—wine, women, song—you name it—so let's ride!


Easyriders Magazine
-Dave Mann-

$10,000 Contest



For months now we have been trying to get a name for our $10,000 award to the best chopper to have appeared in **Easyriders.** We've even offered $100 to the person submitting a name that we like. All we asked was that the name not be too "Hollywood" or plastic sounding, that an award for the best chopper should have a hip, but dignified, name.

So what did we get? Did we get dignity? Did we get names worthy of a $10,000 award? Did we get names with any class? Y-e-a-h, we did. Just look at the following inspirations we've received—and these are the printable ones!

"The Unsurpassed Cunt Bumper," "Best Pussy Catcher," "The Yearly Super Duper Fantastic All American Apple Pie and Broad Next Door Contest," "The Tear Eyed, Snot Nosed Bike Award," "The Hairiest-balled Chrome and Acrylic Beast in Captivity Award," "The Chop That Launched a Thousand Rip-offs Award," "The Number One Twot Oiler Award," and finally, "The Bail Bond Collateral Award."

Do we have to tell you that we're **still** looking for a name for the award? And we'll still give $100 to the person sending in a name we can use. (See fine print at end of this dribble for contest rules.)

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.

That's a damn good reason to have your scoot featured in **Easyriders**—in fact, 10,000 of 'em! Every bike featured in **Easyriders** will automatically become a contestant for a minimum of $10,000 in cash and contingency prizes, with more cash and contingency prizes being added constantly.

FIRST PLACE AWARDS

Easyriders Magazine, $2,500 cash.

Custom Cycle, $500 in merchandise if 50% of the chrome was plated at Custom Cycle.

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.

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.



$10 for your jokes!

We've got a new member on the staff. Her name's Silly Tilly. She got the name shortly after she accidentally overmiked herself a while back. She hasn't been the same since—sorta trips off once in a while—on bells, red lights, car horns, and stuff like that. But when she's together, she adds to her welfare check by editing jokes for this feature. So far we've received only a couple of jokes that have cracked us up. So help the broad out — send her some work to do.

We'll pay $10 for every joke we use in the magazine. We prefer jokes centered around bikes and bike people, or in other words, bikes, booze and broads. They can be any kind of jokes including risque (a little dirty) jokes, just so long as they appeal to men. (Don't send us any that are stolen from other mazazines!)

We know you've heard some good ones lately, so clean them up a little, and send them to Silly Tilly, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Two bikers were being retained at the local funny farm for observation, tests, and some long talk with the shrink.

While they were sitting around in the garden, getting some sunshine, a bird flew over and dumped a load on one biker's head.

The nurse, upon seeing what had happened, said, "Oh dear, I'd better run and get some toilet paper to wipe it!"

Watching the nurse run into the building for the toilet paper, one of the bikers turned to the other and said, "Man, we're here 'cause they think we're crazy—but ***we're*** *not crazy,* ***they're*** *crazy—hell, by the time that nurse gets back with that paper, that fuckin' bird's gonna be forty miles away from here!"*

—Ron Nobles
Beaufort, S.C.

A dude and a chick had just finished making love, and the guy remarked, "Gee, honey, if I'd known you were a virgin I would have taken my time."

The chick looked at the guy and said, "Hell, if I'd known you weren't in a hurry, I'd have taken off my panty hose!"

—Paul Ploeg
Rockford, Michigan



"Nice break."

Easyriders

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



Cheese and Tomato Pizza

In a recent issue you told a guy to grab a handful of a chick as a test to see if she liked him or not. Well, the other night in a pizza parlor this waitress was flirting with me, so I decided to find out if she was kidding or not. When she came up to the table I reached up and grabbed a handful. She didn't jump, scream, or anything like that. All she said was "creep," and dumped a family-sized cheese and tomato pizza on my head.

Everyone laughed, and I was embarrassed. I don't think much of your test.

M.R.
Gresham, Oregon

● Whatta ya griping about —ya got a free pizza, didn't ya?

Uptight Situation

I have a helluva problem. I have been in prison only a short while and I'm having a time keeping the old cons away from me. I don't want to do what they want me to do, and I can't squeal on them, because that isn't healthy. What should I do? Please withhold my name.

Name of individual
and prison withheld.

● In an uptight situation like that, the best thing to do is relax and take it easy.

Ol' Lady Eats In Bed

My problem's weird. My ol' lady, while in bed, eats jujubes, peanuts, potato chips, and anything else she can get her hands on—and I have a hard time going to sleep, not only because of her chomping sounds, but because she drops part of what she eats in bed. Have you ever rolled over onto a jujube at night? It scares the hell out of you—you think it's a bug or something. And lying on broken potato chips is something else. How do I stop her from eating in bed?

● Change her diet — and don't ask me to what.

Chicks Get Hung Up

I've got this problem with chicks getting too damn hung up on me and my chopper. All I want is a good time with no strings. How in hell do you explain that to chicks, who keep saying they love you, without cutting yourself off?

Big Dave
Albany, Ga.

● Lie like hell—and keep on the move.

Period Problem

My chick and I haven't been balling lately. Every time I put the move on her she tries to get out of it by saying, "I've got a headache" or "I'm on the rag." Did you ever know of a chick that was on the rag four times a month for three months? It's not fair. I just don't seem to get the feeling out of Mrs. Thumb and her four daughters, anymore.

Biker Jack
Toledo, Ohio

● Those lame excuses wouldn't stop any of the studs I know—except maybe Square Ronnie the snotty-nosed office boy.

Digs His Palm

I'm married and I have a very confusing question that needs an answer. I can't seem to come up with one.

First, let me give you the facts. (1) My husband and I are very close and we enjoy everything together, mostly bikes. We both dig them. (2) I'm pretty good looking and a perfect 37½-24-36. (3) We have a great sex life.

Okay, you have the facts. So here's the question: Why does my husband jack off? He doesn't know I know he does, because when I walk in on him I act like I don't see him. Sometimes he goes into the bathroom and locks the door! I can't think of one reason why he does it—can you?

P.H.
Lebanon, Ohio

● Well, for one, he could be hung up on that little boy next door. Then on the other hand he might like a tight fit.

Grape Douche?

Can you tell me where I can get some kind of flavored douche powder for my ol' lady? I don't really mind her being clean, but the shit she uses now really tastes like hell. Awaiting your answer.

Preacher
Covington, Ky.

● Try Kool-Aid.

Nose Dose

I've got a big problem. I can't get any of the chicks that I go out with to ball with me. It usually happens like this: when I get a chick on the bed or ground or something, and I'm making out with her, feeling her up, and start to move my head down to her pants or up her dress, she will say that she has to go, or she'll just plain stop me. I need help!

J.K.
Mesa, Az.

● Crotchcannibals have a way of frightening some chicks. Sound her out first.

Tender Rear End

Recently my wife started to sit on a sofa, but accidentally landed on the wooden arm instead. Now she can't sit comfortably for more than fifteen minutes at a time. Summer is coming, my '51 Pan is ready, but my wife is convinced her tail will not be up to par.

Should I prepare to ride by myself, stop every fifteen minutes, or pack a chick whose ass is in good shape?

S.W.
Outcasts M/C
Clarksburg, W. Va.

● You chauvinist sex freaks make me sick. Can't you do it the plain old fashioned way until she gets well?

Wants Sexy Pic

I could dig seeing what you really look like. How about sending me a sexy pic.

Terry L. Wolfe
Columbus, Ohio

● I'll send a drawing Robinson made of me to anyone sending me a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

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

Neither Rain, Nor Snow, Nor Gloom of Night . .





By the time most of you are laying your eyes on this chop, you'll have probably gone ape in the hot summer sun, but misery loves company, and we want you to appreciate that we almost froze our ass off getting these photos for you.

First, imagine the blustery Northeast territories. It's early December, grey skies, and colder'n a well-digger's ass. Got the picture? Any sane chopper freak has long since packed it up for the warmer climes, or is doing a heavy basement rebuilding scene inside near a warm potbelly (stove, that is).

Except for a guy in Easthampton, Mass., named Mark Picard. When he builds a chop for riding he really means it. So here we are, shiverin' our buns off and snapping pics like mad while one wary eye is kept on the snow squall that's closing in.

Mark began building his tincan earlier in the year, but it took him a while to dig up a straightbar frame, scrounge a lot of internals, and do all the tough stuff right. For instance, all the frame alterations (which included a neck rake, frame tube removal and 4-inch downtube stretch) were done in solid steel to keep things strong. A lot of care was spent

We froze our buns off to bring you this panhead!

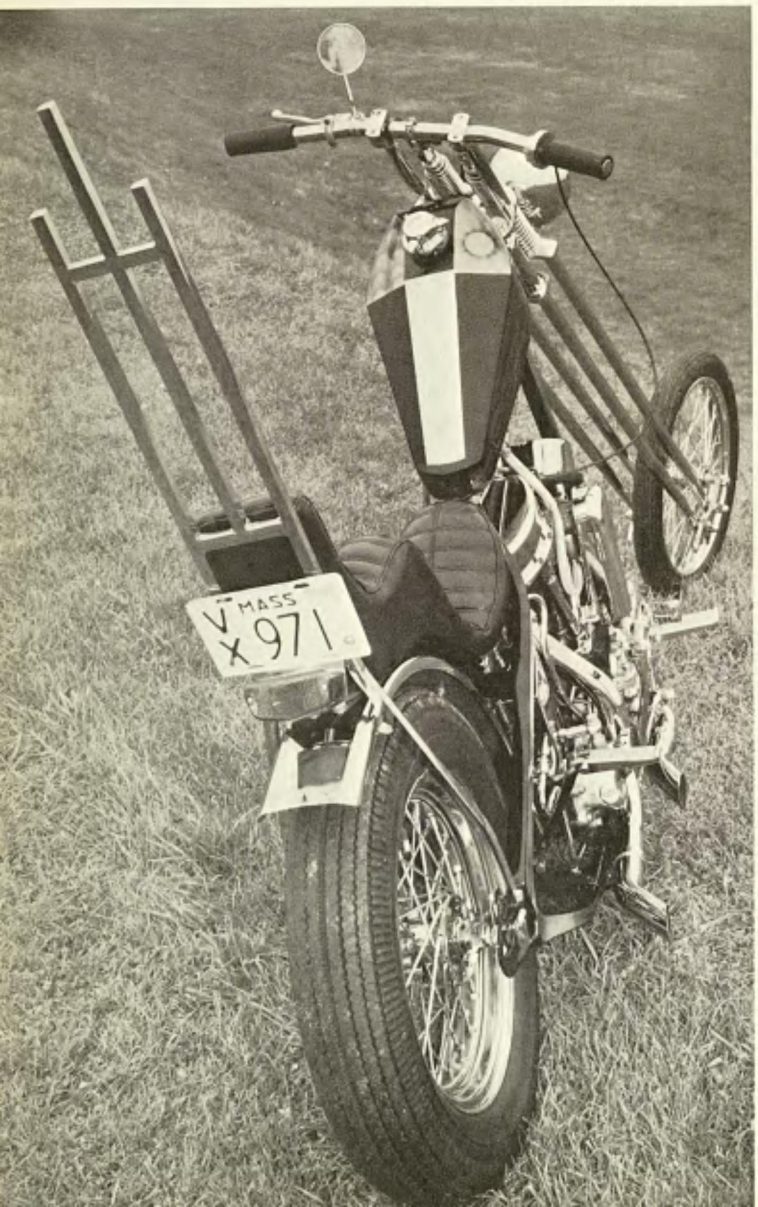
on details, like the rear foot-peg assembly that bolts on behind the gearbox, the ball-ended shift links, the steel valve covers that eliminate the "D" rings, and the use of allen bolts. As a result, Mark didn't get on the road until late in the season, but he wasn't about to let a little thing like winter get in his way. By the time we caught up with him, he had already run up some 4,000 miles.

So, if the photos appear to be a little shaky, we want you to understand that the snow storm mentioned earlier was preceded by a cold wind that shot right up your grommet. In fact, it got so bad that we had to whip out some "anti-freeze," aka snake bite medicine, in order to maintain a livable body temperature.

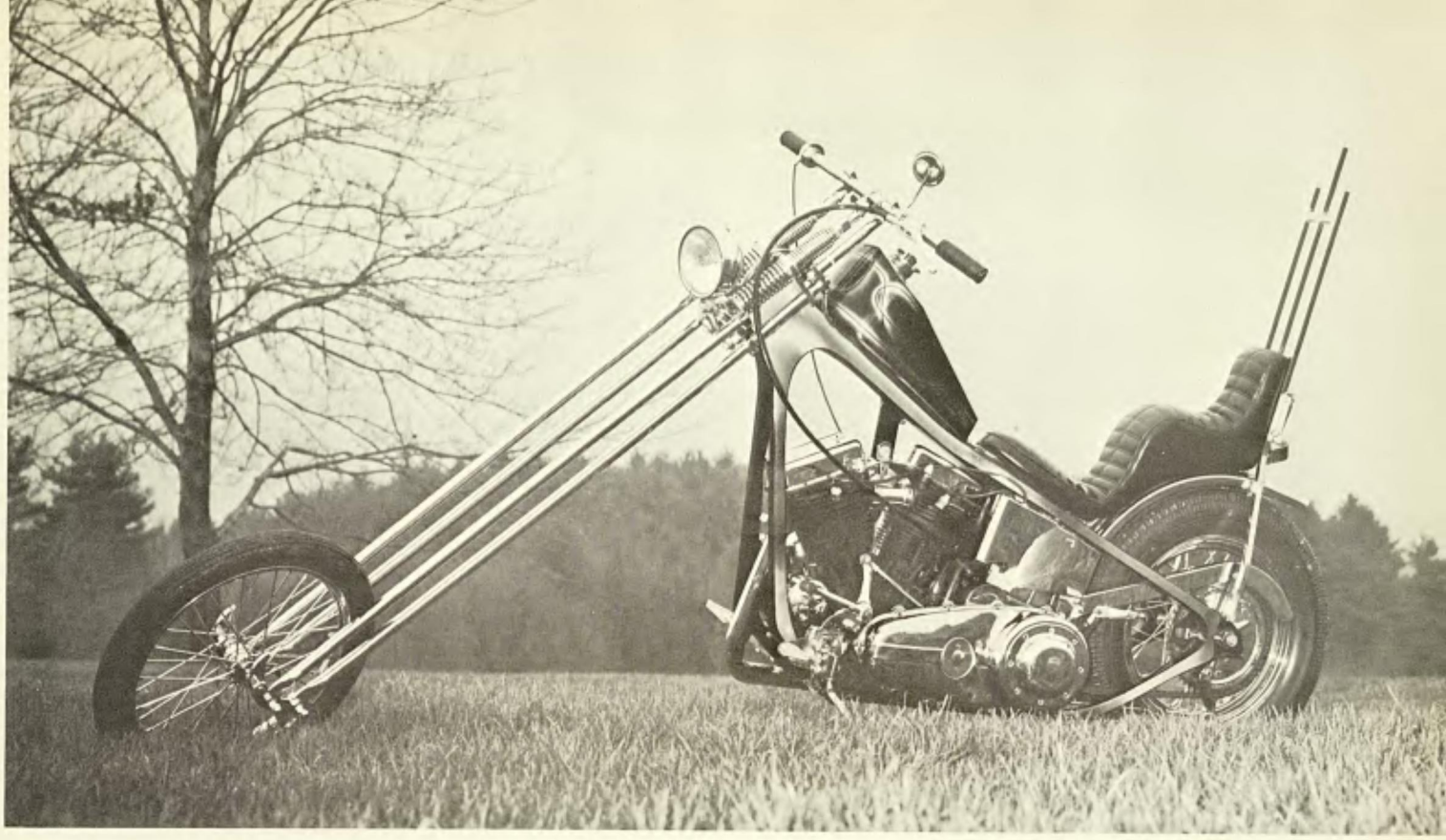
We had to tell you this—that we **suffered** to bring these photos to you—for it would bug the crap out of us if we thought you guys were just layin' there scratchin' and pickin' and didn't appreciate all the trouble we go through.

Article and photos by Jake









Owner: Mark Picard

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year & make: 1957 H-D
Model: 74 FLH
Value: $2900
Time: 10 months
Assembly: owner
Chroming: D C Enterprises

Engine

Year: 1957
Model: Panhead
Builder: owner
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Cam: Sifton 468
Lifters: hydraulic
Carb(s): stock
Pistons: Robbins 10.5:1
Shifter: reworked with ball ends
Pipes: drag type
Mufflers: internal baffles
Stacks: none

Wheels

Front: 17-in. Rear: 16-in.

Frame

Year: 1957 Straightbar
Rake: 1¼-inch
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: drag bar on risers
Tank: steel Coffin
Seat: King & Queen
Material: naugahyde
Sissybar: owner

Forks

Type: new springer
Extension: 25-inch
Builder: Randy Enterprises

Painting

Molding: owner
Painting: owner
Color: rainbow candies over flake; black
Type: acrylic lacquer

Tires

Front: 2.50 x 17 Dunlop
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Goodyear



Dedicated to Freedom of the Road

ABATE

One Way to Fight Anti-bike Legislation

In the last issue, it was suggested that in view of the Federal Government's more tolerant attitude toward choppers (as opposed to the anti-bike attitude of many State lawmakers), we should work to get the State legislators to hold off enacting bike laws until the Government has completed its chopper testing programs to determine safety standards.

It was suggested that we fight every proposed bike law in that manner—as a first line of defense. If we could get the States to hold off passing anti-bike laws until they had all of the Government's facts, we stood a better chance of getting a fair break. At worst, it might only get us a year's grace period, but even this would allow ABATE to grow stronger. At best, the Government's rules and standards could be more lenient than the laws enacted by uninformed, and at times prejudiced, State lawmakers.

Since the last issue of **Easyriders,** a bill for daytime lights-on driving for all motorcyclists was introduced in the California legislature.

Immediately following the introduction of the proposed law, the highest-rated news program in the West (The Big News, KNXT-TV, CBS, Los Angeles) televised an editorial in favor of the proposed law.

As you know, all editorials by radio and TV stations must, by law, allow those with opposing viewpoints an equal opportunity to give rebuttal to their editorials.

Our editor wrote the station and voiced opposition to their editorial and, to our surprise, was contacted by the station and invited to state his opposing views on TV—two minutes on prime time yet.

We are relating all this to you so that you can see how it works—so you may be able to take advantage of any similar situation in your city. Just remember that if a radio or TV station voices an editorial opinion—and in particular an anti-bike editorial—someone has a right and a duty to voice an opposing opinion.

We must answer all such editorials that affect bikes. We should also write to editors of newspapers and magazines, correcting them or at least voicing an objection to anything they print that may be anti-bike.

Following is the text of the TV station's editorial, and following it are the editor's opposing comments that were televised and consequently viewed by at least 850,000 watchers.

We don't know the outcome of the proposed law as of this writing. We don't even know whether the editor's rebuttal did any good. But we tried. (All we do know is that he was petrified, but appeared calm on the outside — thanks to Smiley — and was a fairly good representative of our side—sorta. I guess.)

KNXT Editorial by William C. O'Donnell, Vice President, General Manager, KNXT, CBS-owned, Los Angeles, California:

If you've traveled around Los Angeles recently you may have noticed that police motorcycle officers leave their headlights on in the daytime.

There's a good reason. The officer wants you to see him — so you won't accidentally hit him. It's a safety measure that went into effect about three months ago, and the Department is already convinced that it's preventing accidents.

Now there are proposals in the Legislature to require that all motorcycle drivers leave their headlights on in the daytime. Senator Don Grunsky and Assemblyman Ernest LaCoste introduced similar bills, and we think they have a good idea.

A few states already have such laws, and they're working. Indiana reported a 44% drop in daylight motorcycle accidents when their law went into effect in 1967. Oregon reported a 20% drop in daylight motorcycle accidents the first year their headlight law was in effect in 1967, and almost 40% in the first two years. This when registrations were climbing fast.

There is some opposition from motorcycle owners. They feel they are put upon, or they don't like to call attention to themselves.

Some people might agree that if a motorcycle driver wants to take chances, it's his neck. But safety is not just a personal matter. Accidents cost lives and they cost money. That's why we support the daylight motorcycle headlight law.

Opposing Views to KNXT by our (gag) editor:

To be even seemingly against a safety law is like being against motherhood and dogs, but I feel this rebuttal is necessary.

Three weeks ago I interviewed Mr. Douglas Toms, Administrator of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Mr. Toms is the man responsible for setting up traffic safety standards that **all** states **must**



King Kong was petrified.

follow, or suffer loss of federal highway funds.

I asked Mr. Toms if the Government's extensive testing program to determine the merits of daytime lights-on driving for motorcycles has produced sufficient evidence as yet to warrant a federal ruling for the states to follow. His answer was "No."

Now, in view of the fact the government has not yet reached any conclusions, doesn't it make sense that California should **hold off** passing a daytime lights-on law, and wait for the results of the Government's testing program?

If you agree that California should wait until all facts are in, then write your state Senator and Assemblyman and tell them to hold up action on Senate bill 126 and Assembly bill 194.

Join ABATE—the only national organization that is devoted exclusively to defending and protecting the rights of the street biker. See page 45 for details.

No-Fault Law is Found Illegal in Illinois!

We're not sure how this will help our New York and Connecticut brothers, for it developed as we were going to press, and too late to get a legal opinion, but it looks as if there's hope—especially in Delaware, where the no-fault insurance law has almost put a stop to motorcycle sales.

The Illinois Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional a law which made no-fault auto insurance mandatory for all insurance companies operating in the state. It upheld a lower court's ruling that the law as written discriminated against the poor.

All motorcycle magazines are invited to aid ABATE in its fight for fair motorcycle laws. ABATE is an independent non-profit organization, with no exclusive arrangement with any magazine. (The pages for the ABATE column in Easyriders *are donated to ABATE.)*

To further encourage cooperation from all motorcycle magazines to aid ABATE, all information in this column may be reproduced, quoted, etc., with credit given only to ABATE.

Editors wishing to be put on ABATE's mailing list to receive its newsletter, free feature articles, cartoons, etc., in support of the street biker, should write ABATE, Box 2280, Seal Beach, California, 90740

NEW MOTORCYCLE BRAKE STANDARDS

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration said today that new standards for safe performance of motorcycle brake systems would take effect Sept. 1, 1973.

The rules would require that each motorcycle have either a split hydraulic service brake system or two independently actuated service brake systems. The latter combines a hydraulic brake with a hand-operated parking brake.

Motorcycles equipped with hydraulic brake systems could have a reservoir for each master cylinder, and each reservoir would display a label indicating the proper type of brake fluid.

If the service brake is a split hydraulic type, a failure indicator lamp would be required.

In addition, three-wheeled motorcycles would be required to have a friction-type parking brake.

Super-Secret, Inside Info, Classified Stuff!

After considerable effort and fantastic dedication to duty, we have been able to uncover the top-secret scientific methods used by the Establishment to determine the merits of those anti-bike laws they feel compelled to create for our good!

The procedure goes something like this: They obtain a flea with a high IQ, place it on a desk and finally succeed in training it to jump over an ash tray on spoken command. Then two of its legs are removed. "Jump," the flea is ordered, and he jumps. Two more legs are removed. Again the flea jumps on command. At last the final two legs are removed. "Jump," they command, but the flea doesn't move.

They then write a lengthy report on the project, concluding that "When a flea loses all six legs, it becomes deaf," and then they enact a law prohibiting the removal of fleas' legs to protect their hearing.

Free Service for All ABATE Members

We now have a list of all Motor Vehicle Administrators in every state. From the head man on down. Names, addresses and phone numbers. If you want to know anything about your state's motorcycle laws, these are the top people to talk or write to.

As a service to ABATE members, we will send you your state's list of administrators upon request. **All we ask is that the member requesting his state's list send us a stamped, self-addressed return envelope, and include his membership number with the request.** Send requests to Administrators, ABATE, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Members Now Have ABATE Emblems

Beautiful red, white, gold, blue, and black embroidered emblems have been sent to all ABATE members.

Being a non-profit organization, ABATE didn't charge for the patches, but requested a donation to cover the cost of manufacturing.

ABATE Tries To Help New York Brothers

ABATE mailed letters urging our New York brothers, and all **Easyriders** subscribers, to write to their state Senators and Assemblymen, and included a list of their names and addresses.

As we go to press the legislation is still pending, but it is to be voted upon at any time. Through the usual oversight, the New York legislators were about to pass a no-fault insurance law which was aimed at reducing insurance premiums for automobile owners—but, the way it was written, it would have meant that motorcycle insurance rates would have increased to a point where it would have been impossible to own a motorcycle in New York. Rates would increase to **six times** the previous rates—and, in most cases, cost more than the purchase price of the bike!

It is important that motorcycles be excluded from all no-fault insurance laws, and if your state is considering such a law, be sure to check into it to see if it affects your motorcycle rates.

So Why Don't THEY Have To Wear Helmets?

News item: 47% of all fatal crashes involve compact cars (both foreign and domestic).

Same news item: Motorcyclists are involved in 30% of all fatal accidents.

Again: 35% of the drivers involved in fatal accidents were lushed.

Bite Your Tongue

When writing a letter of protest, remember, we are up against wealthy, slick, articulate professionals, who already have the lawmaker's ear.

Our best offense against this power is to be ourselves. What we want is just. The facts are on our side, so there is no need to be insulting or abusive, for all it will accomplish is to confirm the already low opinion he may have of chopper riders, and as a result play into our opposition's hands.

Insulting or crude letters will only harm our cause. So be specific and straight forward. Keep your letters short. Suggest positive alternatives. Talk to him—don't shout or cuss.

Urgent Message for all Bikers . . .

There is a battle being fought in the federal courts that will affect all of us. The National Unconstitutional Helmet Committee *is fighting to prove that compulsory helmet laws are unconstitutional.*

If they are successful, and should the United States Supreme Court rule in their favor, such a ruling would automatically kill helmet laws in every state. Thus, their fight is our fight—the fight of everyone who doesn't believe they should be dictated to; everyone who believes that such laws are an invasion of personal freedom.

Because it is our fight, we must all help them finance their legal battle. If every biker would send a dollar—just a lousy dollar—they would have enough money to see the battle through to possible victory. One biker, Charles Simon of Foxboro, Mass., has put up $5,000. ABATE has just sent them $250 with more to come.

How about doing your part to strike a blow for personal freedom by sending a donation of any amount to the National Unconstitutional Helmet Committee, *c/o Motorcyclist's Post, Stiles Lake Ave., Leicester, Mass. 01524. Do it today.*

ABATE is Unfairly Attacked!

In an editorial liberally sprinkled with flowery references to ". . . a sinister and pathetic correlation . . . the savage drama that plays itself out on the Serengeti and Botswana . . . the hunting lioness, the zebra and wildebeest . . . ," the editor of **Custom Chopper** has delivered an unfair—and in my

—Continued on next page

opinion malicious—attack on ABATE, along with other victims.

Here is an editor who, up to now, has done nothing—**zero**—in combating anti-bike legislation in his magazine. But suddenly he thinks that there should be an organization created to ". . . develop the power to deal with our adversaries from a position of equal strength and persuasiveness. We must group our abilities, our numbers, our finances, our strength, and fight our enemies from a united, organized, dedicated, and bipartisan front."

Well, good for him—even if he is a trifle late with the idea (and even if we're still not quite clear as to what he means by "bipartisan" in this context). That grandiose conclusion that he's come to (finally) is exactly why ABATE was founded in the first place!

His justification for the editorial is that we are all guilty of complacency and are doing nothing about anti-bike laws. He ignorantly—and again, I believe, maliciously—criticizes the sincere efforts of ABATE with such statements as:

1. "ABATE is not the way to go . . . there has never been any kind of parallel case to ours where a consumer group has been individually responsible for successful halting of adverse legislation."

Well, well. Seems to me that the consumers who conducted the Boston Tea Party in the early days of this country had one hell of a lot to do with getting rid of a lot of unwanted legislation. More recently, how about the effect of the National Rifle Association on anti-gun legislation? Most of the NRA are consumers, not manufacturers or dealers. Or, how about the effect of the female "consumers" responsible for the newest Amendment to the Constitution of the United States? Are they "industry" representatives? But maybe, at least, you'll be impressed with the lovely literary effect of that ". . . any kind of parallel case to ours. . ."

2. "If all we want for our money is the right to pace the floor while our fun is being legislated away from us, then ABATE is for us."

Any of you ABATE members remember anything about being advised to just sit back, or pace the floor while you got the shaft? Maybe I've misread the ABATE bylaws, but I don't remember anything about such a "right" as he mentions.

3. "ABATE offers us the opportunity to collectively petition our elected officials for representation, a privilege that is ours without that organization."

Sure. And workers can "collectively petition" their employers for more money or whatever, too—but they can do it a hell of a lot more effectively with a no-axe-to-grind organization behind them.

4. "Its only possible other function is one of totally negative value . . . it makes you sit back and wait for results, which serves only to heighten the complacency and further defeat the cause."

Now there's a real gem. **Makes you sit back and wait**—the diametric opposite of what ABATE is constantly urging on its members. Even the most superficial knowledge of ABATE's goals and methods puts the goddam-lie seal on that one. Besides, what man who really wants something will get complacent when he's made to sit back and wait for results? Having psychoanalyzed the wildebeest, and told us exactly and in detail why the animal stands there and waits for the lioness to kill him, our editor now turns to explaining the inner working of the "complacent" biker's mind. Our friend's evidently in the wrong business; he should be making his fortune in Beverly Hills as a shrink.

Just what does this editor really know about ABATE? He is not a member; he has never talked with anyone at ABATE. He has deliberately and distortedly come to conclusions as to what ABATE is, what it is trying to do, what its attitudes are—everything—without contacting anyone who could give him straight answers. A classic case of "I've made up my mind; don't confuse me with facts!"

Now the question becomes: What is behind his editorial? What is he selling? Well, here's a hint from his own typewriter: "It takes the persuasiveness of an industry organization to push the weight necessary to turn the trick." Aha, so now we know something. ABATE is **not** an industry organization (and hence **not** a rich potential source of advertising revenue for his magazine). We know now that his previous vague references to "some new organization" deal with "industry" (manufacturers—hence potential, if not already actual, advertisers for his pages). Could his unwarranted attack be a wee touch of the axe to the grindstone for advertisers? The first touch of brown on the nose? ABATE ignores advertisers, a policy deliberately set up because we wanted independence from them, which in turn would leave us (the street bikers) free to criticize them if we felt the need—to police them, if you like. Now, what advertiser would dig a situation like that? Or what magazine editor who itched for more and more revenue?

ABATE felt, and still feels, that a manufacturer's organization would be more interested in their own problems than in those of the street biker. ABATE should therefore be independent, in a position to raise hell with any manufacturer who was, for instance, turning out inferior equipment, or to raise hell with the manufacturer's organization itself. As riders, we want to determine our own destiny, and not get into another AMA-type situation where manufacturers determine it for us.

Anyway, now comes the high point of his editorial. And it's a zinger. But first, a little background:

Throughout his claptrap delivery, our editor talks about (in addition to the wildlife of Africa) the AMA, MIC, ABATE, and NCCSI. Having summarily dismissed AMA and MIC as hardly worthy of mention—a conclusion some of us would agree with, I think—he goes into his song and dance on ABATE. Then he begins on NCCSI.

But wait. NCCSI is an "industry" organization, made up of manufacturers, wholesalers, and dealers within the custom bike business. He has to tread a little more carefully here, perhaps? Remember, there's all that nice advertising income . . .

Anyway, whatever his reasons, he starts out by saying all sorts of nice things about NCCSI. For instance: "The NCCSI has clearly defined the problem and an appropriate course of action. They have correctly noted . . . they are gearing for a fight . . . they have two strong assets . . . Pete Sanford . . . Eric Grant . . ." etc., etc.

Well, sounds like NCCSI is **the** organization, doesn't it? Not quite, though, it seems. Despite Mr. Grant's efforts, "he is getting less than adequate support from NCCSI officials." Thus begins the slow but steady teardown of NCCSI.

After a considerable amount of this, our friend comes up with six suggestions for changes in NCCSI, of which Number 5 is that zinger we promised you. It deserves a paragraph by itself.

"5. That the NCCSI establish a non-voting consumer branch where individuals may contribute funds to help finance the fight to save the custom bike."

How about that? **Non-voting consumer branch.** That's us, the bikers. **Contribute funds.** That's for us, too. Earlier in his diatribe, our editor friend had bemoaned the fact that "Not only must we fight the bigoted and irrational charges against the custom bike, we must do it under the handicap of taxation without representation." Now he talks about "a non-voting consumer branch" which may contribute funds. If that isn't taxation without representation, what is? No, of course they couldn't **force** you to contribute—but how would you stand in the organization (provided they didn't kick you out) if you refused? Taxation, man, no less. And no vote, yet!

To add insult to injury, our friend gives NCCSI some ninety days to shape up or ship out. He gives them "a reasonable time from now, say three months," to square away, and then "the industry should start looking for a replacement concept capable of assuming an aggressive leadership role in the fight to save custom biking."

Now that bit makes me wonder about things. There is a certain group of people who were making uninformed remarks about ABATE for months before his slanted editorial appeared. That same group of people seemed to take a delight in disrupting various NCCSI meetings. And that same group of people seem to get an inordinate amount of space in his magazine. Is all that coincidence?

Is it possible that there is a little clique operation going here? Is there a group conniving toward an "industry" organization that will serve their own best interests, but can't bring it out into the open yet (remember that advertising revenue), and openly try to cut the throats of NCCSI, ABATE, and every other sincere organization now in existence? I don't know.

But I have my suspicions. And I'll be fascinated to see what happens after that generously given "say three months."

Incidentally, to spice your literary appetite, the editorial ends with this grand passage: "If we wait longer to run we will surely inflict upon ourselves the fate of all complacent prey—the fate that one by one our numbers shall become pawn and give up life."

by Lou Kimzey

News from ABATE Members

COLORADO: Hard to believe, but brother John Morgan advises us that the Colorado Supreme Court has ruled that it is no longer necessary to post advance notice to the public of new laws, or changes in present laws. That's a constitutional question, if I've heard one!

CONNECTICUT: A no-fault insurance law is being studied by the Connecticut legislature. The Connecticut Motorcycle Association has advised us that "Under no-fault, a biker's insurance company would have to pay the biker's medical expenses in every accident regardless of the fact that 75-85% of the accidents are the fault of the othe vehicle. This is one reason why insurance rates

would increase sharply if a no-fault law were enacted."

(In five states that have no-fault insurance laws, four have excluded motorcycles. The fifth, Delaware, has had many problems, caused by motorcycles being caught in a motor vehicle law enacted with no thought of what it would do to motorcycles.

Be sure to stay on top of any no-fault insurance proposals in your state.)

FLORIDA: An item from the Tampa **Tribune** indicates that police are harassing bikers in that area:

"There have been instances in which the motorcycle rider was ticketed for very minor incidents —incidents which are not against the law.

One boy was ticketed for not having both feet on the pavement while stopped for a red light. Another young man was ticketed for having his rear view mirror on the left side of his cycle instead of the right side.

"Why are law enforcement officers out to get the young motorcycle rider? Most accidents involving motorcycles are caused by an automobile driver."

A bill to **repeal** the daytime lights on law has been introduced in the Florida legislature. The bill number is HB 2962, but we have only the legislator's last name, which is Powell.

ARIZONA: The Tucson Police Department is pushing for a daytime lights-on law and is trying to get the Arizona Highway Patrol to co-sponsor the plan to put heat on the lawmakers.

DELAWARE: Among the items suggested for safety and protection of that state's bike riders is the following: "Roll bars—The use of good, heavy roll bars or skid bars to support the cycle could prevent serious injury in case of a fall.

— Dave Van Hook

INDIANA: Indiana's law requiring glasses, goggles, or transparent face shield reads "in their possession" and does not state that they must be worn. — Steve Lake.

KANSAS: An ABATE brother in Kansas warns everyone to watch the area around Wichita, Arkansas City and Winfield—that area has an anti-chopper state trooper in a Plymouth who digs giving choppers a bad time.

IOWA: The Government is pressuring the state to pass a helmet law or lose 10 per cent of its highway funds. Iowa's Public Safety Commissioner Michael Sellers is pushing for such a law to be passed during the current legislative session. — Jack Thein

What ABATE is all about

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

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

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

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

The major problem is not any particular anti-bike movement or organization —the problem is that the people who make the laws are people who know nothing about bikes. The little old lady writes her congressman and complains. There is no one offering rebuttal — intelligent, professional rebuttal—to her unfair charges. The congressman, who doesn't hear any arguments against what the old lady said, but does want to please everybody and does want to get elected again, introduces a bill to ban whatever was bugging the old lady. The bikers in the area don't see the small item, buried in the back of the newspaper along with the hemorrhoid cures, announcing the proposed law for all bikes to have roll bars. Since no one sees it, no rebuttal is offered, and the law is passed. Or if it is seen, and a club or two protest, it isn't a loud enough protest, or it is a disorganized protest, or an unprofessional protest, and as a result the law is passed.

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

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

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

Already the Government has indicated they are going to press for **national** custom bike laws ("Safety Standards") for, you guessed it, **our** safety. The Department of Transportation has already issued printed warnings against the "danger" of extended front ends, lack of front-wheel brakes, "and other hazardous features of customized motorcycles."

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

What can **you** do? Join **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, 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.

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.

ABATE
Box 2280,
Seal Beach, California 90740

Join Today!

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: _____

_____

_____

Show a Little Class Department:

Smiley thought Robinson should pay Easyriders for the job. Everyone else on the staff grumbled, and felt that they could each do the job better—so who the hell needs Robinson?

We finally determined who was going to do the job by process of elimination—we drew cards. On the first hand Ronnie, the snotty-nosed office boy, drew high card, but he got such hard, menacing stares from everyone, he suddenly remembered he had an Eagle Scout meeting he had to attend, and split. After a helluva hassle, the usual calls for two out of three, charges of second-card dealing, and countercharges, threats, and even one punch-out, the winner was determined—and we might as well have saved ourselves the hassle: the winner was, you guessed it, Rotten Robinson (as he is now known).

The job everyone feverishly wanted was painting the name Easyriders on Susie Stevenson's nude body! Why? Who knows? For want of a better reason, we just wanted a legitimate (?) reason for making up for our goof in the April issue, where Spider got hung up and listed Susie's waist measurement as 32 inches instead of 22.

Of course, it goes without saying that we all had to keep an eye on Robinson to make sure he did his job properly—and didn't cop any more feels than was absolutely necessary (as we ate our hearts out).

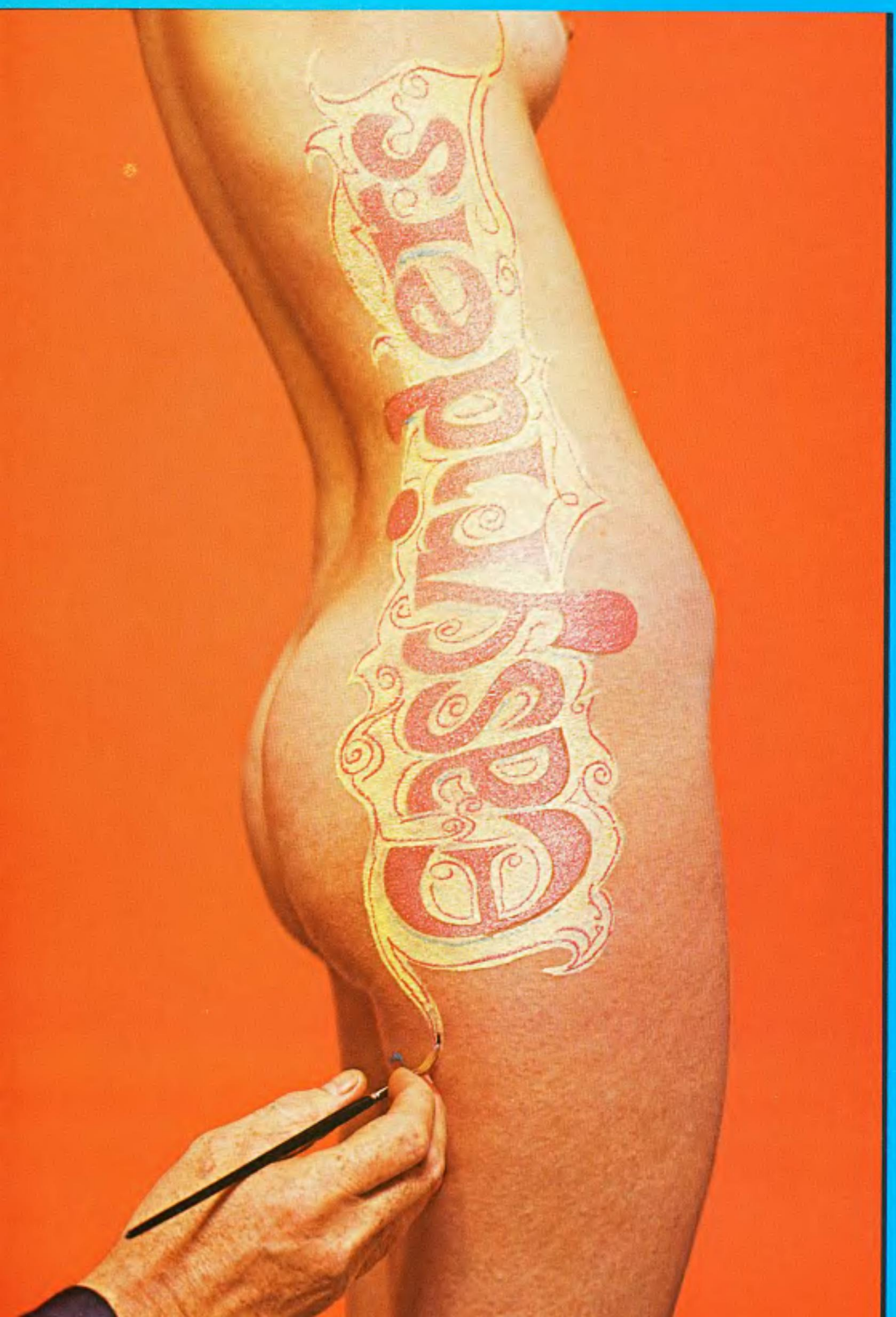
He did have one problem, though. In order to keep Susie occupied we gave her the letters that we had received in the contest, in which guys wrote, giving her their reasons for her to send them her photo. Whenever she ran across a funny letter she'd giggle and move suddenly, which kept Robinson uptight.

To make a long story short, he finally finished the painting. It's not really a good painting—he's capable of doing much better—but we understand—don't we? Meanwhile, Susie selected the 50 winners of her photo, and we were able to present proof that her waist is really 22 inches, and not 32.

Oh yeah—you wanna hear the capper? When Robinson was finished, and we were all standing back admiring his handiwork—touching the paint to see if it was still wet, and stuff like that—Susie snapped her fingers as if she had just remembered something. Then she coyly looked at Robinson. "Could you paint it again on the other side of me?" She looked down for a moment, then continued, "I just remembered my tit on this side is smaller than the other."

Robinson moaned, while the rest of us cracked up, but good ol' smartass Spider piped up and said, "You need a left-handed boyfriend," and then with a nasty grin added, "and I'm ambidextrous!"




Sea Breeze


FREAK
RED RIDER
AND LITTLE BEAVER
ROBINSON
"HEY RED THE NARCS ARE MAKING A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCH WITH A WEIRD NARC-DOG!"
"QUICK EVERYBODY START ROUNDING UP ALL OF THE GOODIES FAST!"
FAR-OUT
"OK START ROLLING THIS STUFF UP IN ANY KIND OF PAPER YOU CAN FIND, WE'LL SMOKE UP ALL THE EVIDENCE!"
"HEY MAN, IVE GOT A GREAT IDEA WE CAN DRESS HITLER LIKE A CHICK-DOG AND BLOW THAT NARC-DOGS MIND!"
"GIVE HIM ANOTHER BOWL OF WHITES AND GET HIM IN THE MOOD!"
WE WONT HAVE TO FEED HIM FOR A MONTH


"IM GETTING HORNY MYSELF!"
GREAT!
PSSSSST
"THIS IS A BUST! C'MON NIXON BOY SNIFF OUT THE NARCOTICS"
YEOW! IT'S A NARC!
FAR-OUT
VICIOUS
WOOF!
YAP YUK
SNAP
ARF ARF
POOT
GRRRRRR
GLOM
ARRRGHHH!
SNARL
GNASH
RIP
RIP
RIP
RIP
RIP
OINK
RIP
RIP
RIP
RIP
RIP

That's It! (ugh) That's It!



Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

8

Check one:

☐ Smiley, you tightwad, here's the $2.99 for a year's subscription to **Easyriders** magazine — and quit flopping around on the floor — it's only a penny.

☐ Smiley, here's $3.00 for my year's subscription to **Easyriders** magazine. Put my penny toward getting something good to calm yourself down.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Do you own a bike?_____ Make?_____
Do you plan to customize it?_____ What do you like best about Easyriders magazine?_____

That's right! That's it—the spectacularly colorful, fantastically designed, gigantic (actual size shown above), super-tough, enzyme-free decal that's given away—think of it, given away—free with every subscription.

(P-s-s-s-t, don't spread it around, but we finally got those meathead chimps trained, and the decals are now mailed the same day subscription orders are received—so help us Miraculous Mutha.)

Unbelievable, but true, one free decal with every subscription! And for **less** than three measly bucks a year. That's right—for less than three bucks, you can have six issues of this great magazine delivered right to your door by a uniformed messenger.

To take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime offer, merely fill out coupon (if you don't want to cut magazine, just put same info on another sheet of paper) and mail it along with the bread. Do it now.

Biker's Ol' Lady

—Continued from page 17

"the other room" because we haven't figured out what else to call it yet. We lived in the kitchen.

Putting it back together was kind of a drag at times because somebody had ripped off a box of bolts and things for it and it was almost impossible to find bolts for a Harley without going all the way to Chicago. That's when we found out that the bolts we needed had an American-made thread but Harley was the only one that makes it. A nearby Harley dealer would sell the bolts as long as you bought the bike they were attached to. The thing that made it a real drag for me was, when my ol' man isn't too happy about something like that, he's a little hard to understand—he mumbles so! Then when he does speak up loud enough to hear, it comes out something like *"AARRGHHH!"* When that happens, his arms grow six inches and his body gets even hairier than it already is and he begins chopping branches off trees with his hands and stomping jagged holes in the ground resembling four-inch-deep footprints. He's not very much fun to be around when he gets that way.

When it was back together enough to start, I had to talk him into taking it outside first. Then, expecting to have to kick it for two weeks before it would start, he kicked it four times and it started. I've never in my life seen anybody prouder of his baby than he was then. I was beginning to think I was going to have to feed him breakfast, lunch, and supper on his bike. But I was wrong. He wasn't hungry.

In a way, we goofed with that bike the first time. We should have waited until we had the money to put it together like we really wanted it before we got it to run, but he couldn't wait that long. Now we will have to start all over and do it right, but at least now we know a little more about what comes off and what goes back on. Someday we intend to have an honest-to-god chopper out of it, but until then, when you read your map wrong and end up lost in Essex, Illinois, you will probably see a weird-lookin' dude riding around the house on the corner on a half-chopped, rather sorry looking bike that's not legal enough to take on the street yet. But as you get nearer, you will probably notice the weird-lookin' dude couldn't care less. It's *his*, and nobody better mess with it if they value their life and limbs!

Where The Action Is

—Continued from page 25

the line at 8 and 80 I thought you were kiddin'. I thought you'd at least stop at 60—especially at buryin' your face!"

Little laughed half-heartedly. He wasn't about to admit that the broad had been a dog. He drained his can and fired it at the trash box. His aim was better than Reno's had been, and he gave Reno the finger. "I dunno how old she wuz—honest. All I know is, she had big tits an' a big ass that slopped over the barstool—an' she din't mind me grabbin' a handful now an' then."

Reno picked up a cloth and went to work on the chrome of his 80. "Well, how in hell did you wind up in a drive-in movie? Only kids go there—to play stinkfinger."

"Well . . ." Little was hesitant, because he didn't want to make the whole thing sound even dumber than it had been. "She din't wanna jus' ball—she wanted ta be 'taken out' first—she wanted ta eat. So, bein' a big-time spender, I said why don't we go drivin' someplace an' grab a pizza on the way." Little's face twisted in self-disgust. "Seven drinks later I'd convinced her ta go to a drive-in." He grinned shamefacedly, shaking his head. "Man, I din't wanna be seen in public with that orangutang."

Reno's ears perked up and he grinned at Little. "Coppin' out, huh?" Little's face turned red, and Reno roared with laughter. "You little sonuvabitch, I knew it was a beast! Who was it? Toenails Mary?" At Little's embarrassed nod, Reno laughed until tears streamed.

Little grinned sheepishly.

"No! Don't tell me you were tryin' to go down on Toenails!" Reno was coming undone.

Little could only grin, and it wasn't very convincing. Every time he started to defend himself, Reno would blurt incredulously, "Toenails!" and break up some more.

Little waited impatiently for Reno to knock it off.

"Christ!" Reno finally managed to gasp. "How hard up can a guy get?" He wiped the tears from his eyes, chuckling spasmodically as he wound down finally.

Little knew that he had to get himself out of his own trap—come up with something that made at least a little sense—or he'd never hear the last of it. He thought frantically, and a sudden idea hit him. He looked at Reno and tried to sound as convincing as he could: "Actually, it wuz all a bum trip. I wuz trippin' on some righteous stuff from Frisco—an' she *wuzn't* ugly—even her toenails looked normal—not the usual green." Warming up to the subject as he saw that he had Reno's full attention, Little rapped on: "It wuz weird, man—you know how ugly people's faces look when you're on acid?" And without waiting for a reply, he plunged on: "Well, believe it or not, she looked good!"

Reno went back to polishing his chrome. "If *she* looked good, then that *had* to be righteous stuff."

Reno's apparent acceptance of the story gave Little John a new lease on life. He laughed with relief and agreement. "Yeah! She kep' sayin' all I wuz innerested in wuz her body—an' I wuz so ripped, I kep' tellin' her what a good mind she had an' (gag) how beautiful she wuz."

Reno dropped his rag and started laughing again. Little put a sick look on his face, mainly for Reno's benefit. He walked nearer to Reno's bike. "Well, anyhow, she gimme that 'take me out' bit. An' she wanted ta eat. Shit, man, I needed ta eat like I needed another tit, but I agreed. Well, I finally got her to a drive-in movie—the third one—she din't like the movies at the first two. Kin you believe it—she wuz goin' to

—Continued on next page

Looking for some action, Reno and Tiny found the kind they could do without!



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a drive-in movie ta see the movies!"

Reno picked up his rag again and went back to work. "Man, you sure can pick 'em."

Little ignored the comment. "I shoulda got my clue right there, but I had my hands full, what with trippin' on the lights, rushin' an' tryin' ta drive at the same time, an' all that jazz—an' I jus' wuzn't thinkin'."

"You mean you had your mind on ballin'." Reno laughed some more.

"Yeah, that too. Anyhow, soon as we git parked I dive inta them balloon tits—an' she jus' sets there watchin' the goddam movie. She got about as turned on as a goddam atheist at a prayer meetin'. Nothin', man. She jus' sets there eatin' popcorn—yeah, she made me go git her some—watchin' the fuckin' movie while I slobber away, gittin' hornier by the second—an' it ain't long before I fergit she's Toenails."

Reno looked up with a grin. "Yeah? Bullshit! You've always had the hots for her." He bent down to polish the primary.

Again, Little ignored the comment. "Man, here I am about ta git the stonies, an' that snatch jus' sets there makin' comments about how she digs John Wayne—how *he* gives her the shivers!—while I'm workin' away tryin' ta turn her on. Nothin'. Finally, the intermission comes, an' I, like very smooth, tell her ta twist around an' put her back aginst the door an' scootch her ass forward a little. When I tried ta . . ." Little gave a disgusted snort and was silent for a few seconds. His hands came up and he absent-mindedly rubbed both ears. Then, with another snort, he went on: "Man, she snapped her knees aginst my ears hard enough ta make 'em ring like bells!"

Reno looked up with a dirty little grin. "Her knees rang like bells?"

Little looked down at him. "Naw, ya stupid clown. My fuckin' ears. Man, she damn near busted both of 'em. Well, when that din't stop me, she jumped outta the goddam car yellin' at the top of her lungs about how I wuz a goddam queer—a real low-life pervert . . ."

Reno was laughing again, like a maniac, and Little shut up and waited for him to settle down. Little himself didn't think it was all that goddam funny. And then, as he watched Reno, who seemed to be on the verge of filling his drawers from sheer, helpless laughter, Little's expression turned sick. A nauseating thought had just struck him.

"Jeez, Reno," he said as soon as the big guy's hysterics had calmed down a little, "you ain't never gonna tell nobody else about this, are ya? I mean, like Tiny, or—or . . ." He couldn't go on. He was visualizing hundreds—thousands—of bikers, their ol' ladies, average joe citizens, cops—*everybody*—laughing at him, holding their sides, slapping their legs, throwing fits over what he'd tried doing at that goddam drive-in. And worse yet was the thought of their finding out who he'd tried to do it to. Oh Christ! He never even shoulda told Reno!

Reno was grinning at him."Little, you asshole, it's not that you took that beast out—it's what you tried to do to her that'll gag everybody." He started laughing again, in spite of his aching sides. "The fact that you were on acid might help you if the word gets out." He shook his head and wiped tears from his eyes again. "Man, what a bummer!"

Little was staring at the garage floor. Without meeting Reno's eyes, he husked, "But—but you won't tell nobody, will ya? Will ya, huh?"

Reno jerked him along. "I'll try not to, man—really try—but that has got to be the funniest thing I've heard yet."

"Well, fer chrissakes don't tell Tiny, at least!" Little was pleading now. "Shit, man, I'd never hear the end of it—an' it'd be all over town in no time if that big shit found out about it." He looked at Reno for signs of encouragement, but Reno had picked up his rag again and was busy polishing, shaking his head slightly and chuckling. And then Little really felt sick. He stood there listening to the unmistakable sound of Tiny's Harley coming up Reno's driveway.

Tiny clumped into the garage and over to Reno's workbench. He looked somewhat like a pregnant grizzly until he unzipped his leather jacket and pulled out a six-pack and a big bag of pretzels, which he put on the bench. He glanced down at Reno, who was working with the care and attention of a jeweler cleaning a fine watch. "Shit, man," came Tiny's deep rumble, "you're gonna rub all the fuckin' chrome off."

Reno went on polishing.

Tiny opened the six-pack and tossed a can to Little John. At the same time, he said matter-of-factly, "What's this I hear about you tryin' ta rape ol' Toenails?"

Little John, on the verge of ream-



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ing Tiny for being so goddam stupid as to toss a can of beer like that, cooled down in a hurry as he heard the question. He felt as though he'd puckered from head to foot. Oh Christ, already! But then his dazed mind realized that Tiny'd said "rape." Maybe the big bastard didn't know so much, after all.

"Wha—whatta ya mean?"

Tiny grinned at him, opened a can of beer, and set it carefully on Reno's gas tank, knowing that it would leave a wet ring—just bad enough to bug hell out of Reno. "Shit," he told Little, "she's tellin' ever'body she sees how you tried ta put the blocks to her." He ducked the wet polish rag that Reno threw at him and went on grinning at Little. "Man, she even told Miss Fuzzynuts a'ready."

Now Little was feeling sick enough to barf all over the place. Miss Fuzzynuts, as Tiny called her, was a super-sweet, straight chick that Little John was in love with—forever, he told himself constantly; but at least for right now it was true. He grabbed his head and groaned, "Oh Christ, no! Oh shit—I'm dead!"

Tiny chugalugged the contents of a beer can, paying no attention to the brew that slopped out onto his chin and ran down the front of his tank-top shirt. He roared with laughter at the expression on Little's face, spewing droplets of beer in all directions, a considerable amount of it splattering Reno and his bike.

"Hey, tit-head, park your ass over there." Reno waved toward the other side of the garage where he'd installed a barber chair for visitors.

Looking around, Tiny grabbed the bag of pretzels and another beer and headed toward the chair. "Whatsa matter, you ain't never heard of a spit shine before?" he asked Reno.

Reno didn't bother to answer. He shook his head and started wiping the beer spots off his bike. There was no use trying to shape Tiny up. You let a bull into your house, you can expect to find bullshit on the living room carpet.

Little was really worried. He sincerely loved that chick, and he knew that the fact left Tiny cold. The chick didn't like bikes—and that alone was enough to turn Tiny off. Lost in his thoughts, Little popped the can Tiny had thrown to him, completely forgetting about the beer explosion that was bound to follow the sudden opening of an agitated can, spraying everything and everybody within ten feet. And sure

enough, there it went. As surely as if he'd aimed it, most of the exploding beer went all over Reno's polished 80.

Tiny cracked up. He laughed so hard that he dropped his own beer can, and most of the contents joined Little's in the game of trickling over Reno's bike. Tiny didn't wait for Reno's reaction. He shot out of the barber chair and headed for the garage door, laughing idiotically every foot of the way. Staggering from laughter and all of the brew he'd put away already, before showing up at Reno's garage, he ran right over Little John, who had suddenly developed the same idea of getting the hell out of there before Reno went berserk and started tearing things up. Little went down with a *splat*, almost turning a back somersault, while Tiny disappeared through the door, trailing maniacal laughter all the way down Reno's driveway. Little wasn't far behind, but he wasn't laughing. He was wondering frantically if that big bastard of a Reno could outrun him. He wasn't about to stick around and find out what Reno would do. Neither, obviously, was Tiny. They both knew that Reno would do something. The only question was what.

But the sight of the stampeding elephant trampling over Little John, coupled with Little's almost acrobatic recovery, had left Reno with an urge to laugh as idiotically as Tiny was doing. He watched admiringly as Little John's feet churned over the blacktop. Jesus, another mile per hour and the little bastard would literally take off and fly. He thought about throwing something at the two of them, and actually looked around to see what he could find. But then he'd probably break a goddam window or something instead of hitting either of them. His eye fell on their bikes, parked off to one side of the front of the garage. With one of his dirty little grins, he opened a can of beer, walked over and poured half the contents carefully all over Tiny's bike, turned to Little's and finished emptying the can. He dumped the empty into the trash box and then calmly wheeled his own bike outside to wash it down with the garden hose.



"Man, I'd like to see the size of the dog that laid that one!"

Tiny and Little came sneaking back along the driveway, keeping a wary eye on Reno, ready to take off again at the first threatening move. But he simply grinned at them, gave them a short squirt of the hose, and finished washing down his bike. Finished, he shut off the hose and wheeled his bike back inside to wipe it down.

Tiny and Little edged carefully into the garage and stopped just inside the door, watching Reno as a rabbit watches a hunting dog. When nothing happened, Tiny edged over and opened another can. He tried a tentative crack at Reno. "That's what twats get that polish their bikes alla time."

Reno ignored him completely.

Tiny held out the open can, like a peace offering. "Wanna beer, asshole?"

Reno and Little John answered in unison: "Yeah."

That cracked up all three of them, and the tension was gone—no apologies necessary.

Little went out to hose down his bike, taking a rag with him to dry it afterward. He was lost in his thoughts of how he was going to explain things to his chick.

It was the last can of brew; Tiny decided to keep it. He lolled back in the barber chair, heckling Reno and Little, who had rolled his bike up in front of the garage door to wipe it down.

"Hey," Tiny called to Little, "you're awful fuckin' quiet. Dreamin' about ol' Toenails?"

Little gave him a sickly grin and shook his head. "Man, I've got troubles."

Tiny laughed. "Shit, man, if you'd balled her you'd really have troubles." He tossed a couple of pretzels into his big mouth, crunched on them for a few seconds, and went on: "Why'd you wanna rape a beast like that? Man, she's got ever'thing but rabies."

Little put on a sour look. "Man, I wuz freaked out on acid—an' I fergot who she wuz."

"Christ, couldn't ya smell her?"

"Naw, man—mebbe she took a bath."

"Shit," Reno cut in with a laugh,



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"she doesn't bathe. All she does is walk in the rain. I know a dude that chewed on her awhile in the dark. Then somebody turned on the lights, and the only white spots on her were where he'd chewed and slobbered."

Little got sick again on that one. His belly churned as he thought over the night before. How in hell had he ever let himself get involved with that sow?

Tiny was watching Little's face, and now he grinned wickedly. "You din't maybe suck on her a little, did ya?"

Little shot a quick glance at Reno, who now had his back turned as he worked on his bike and was apparently paying no more attention to the conversation. But his broad back was twitching, and Little knew damned well he was chuckling to himself. Any minute now, Reno'd turn around and spill the whole goddam works.

But Reno just kept working, and finally Little dared to look at Tiny again. "You kiddin', man?" He thought for a moment. "What's she tellin' ever'body?"

"Like how you took her to a drive-in an' tried ta rape her."

"That what she told my chick?"

"Miss Fuzzynuts? Yeah, that's what she told her. I was in the cafe where Fuzzynuts works, an' I heard Toenails give her the nitty-gritty."

Little tried to play it cool. "She say anythin' else?"

"No." Tiny took a slug of beer, and then choked on it as another thought hit him. "Except you told her you love her an' wanna marry her."

Little gave up. He had to get away from there before he puked. He straddled his 74. "Lissen, I'll see you guys later. I—uh—gotta see somebody." He jumped on the pedal. "You gonna go by the Joint later?"

Tiny gave him another dig. "Hell yeah! I wanna take another look at Toenails—I wanna see what you see in her."

Little jumped on the pedal again and the engine fired. Little let it warm up a moment, and Reno got his licks in. "Hey, Little," he shouted over the roar of the bike, "give Toenails my love!"

Little gave them both the finger, pulled a sharp brody, and burned down the driveway with the laughter of those two big bastards singeing his ears.

With Little gone, Tiny turned his attention to Reno. "Well, asshole, now that your scoot looks *almost* as good as mine, whatta ya say we jump over to the Joint for some action?"

It was eerie. Never in all the time Reno and the Booze Fighters had been frequenting the Joint had it been completely deserted while the front door was open for business. Not a sight or sound of anybody, except for Tiny's half-drunken wheezing and the unsteady shuffle of his big boots as he tried to maintain a precarious balance. The place made Reno think of a completely stocked saloon suddenly discovered in a long forgotten ghost town. He involuntarily looked upward, almost expecting to see bats hanging from the rafters. Where the hell was everybody? He thought of those ghost ships he'd read about, where everything was in perfect order but there was no sign of life aboard. He found himself listening for his own heartbeat, and was ready to swear he could hear it, even over Tiny's heavy shufflings.

Tiny was blinking and looking blearily around. He summed up the situation perfectly: "Jeez, it's a spooky fuckin' place, ain't it!"

Spooky was the word, all right. Reno nodded. "Yeah, it's like a goddam tomb. Wonder where the hell everybody is."

They'd stopped just inside the door to look around, but now Tiny clumped over to the bar, picked up a heavy glass ashtray and slammed it down on the bar. The sound echoed through the empty place like a train crash. "Hey, Moose," Tiny roared, "git yer dead ass out here an' give us a . . ." He let it drop, and blinked as Dip came out



"Sonuvabitch—it's him!"

through the small, curtained doorway leading from behind the bar into a room that served as Moose's office and storeroom for booze supplies. "Hey, Dip," Tiny roared a little more softly, "what the hell took ya so long—where's Moose—where the fuck's ever'body?"

Reno moved over beside Tiny, his eyes on Dip, thinking again what an unlucky sonuvabitch the poor guy was. He'd once been president of the Booze Fighters—had the best left hook and right toe in the club. But that was before an old bag had hung an unsignaled left turn right in front of him—so close that she couldn't have missed seeing him if she'd been looking, so close that he didn't have a chance in hell of avoiding the collision. He'd hit her car almost full bore. The impact had sent him through the side window of the car, almost severing his left arm and making mush out of his skull. For months he'd been a living vegetable, and for more months had been completely unable to speak a word. His powers of concentration were still limited and he had difficulty constructing sentences. With that strange mixture of carefully hidden tenderness and blatantly raucous crudity that typifies so many heavy bikers, the gang nicknamed him Dippy, or Dipsy, later shortened to Dip. It was a damn shame, but it could happen any day to anyone who rode a bike; there was no reason to get all mushy about it. Moose, always on the lookout to do whatever he could for the Booze Fighters and their buddies, had given Dip a job in the Joint, starting him out with the simplest jobs, patiently teaching him more complicated chores, until he could be depended on to make change and, in rare emergencies, tend bar.

Dip grinned crookedly at the two of them and went automatically to the beer cooler, took out two bottles, opened them, and set them in front of the two bikers.

"Thanks, Dip." Reno took a slug and set the bottle down. "Where's everybody?" he asked, echoing Tiny's question.

"Ev—ev—ery—one's," Dip enunciated very carefully, "go—gone t-to fun—er—al. Pig—Pigmeat's funer—al."

Reno frowned. "Pigmeat's funeral?"

Dip nodded jerkily.

Reno slammed a big fist on the bar. "I'm a sonuvabitch. Nobody told me about it." He looked at Tiny. "Did you know?"

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Tiny had already chugalugged his beer and was waving the bottle at Dip for a replacement. "Hell no. Who'd think his funeral'd be this soon?" He tossed a five on the bar and grabbed the second bottle from Dip's shaky hand. "They're sure plantin' 'im early—the bastard jus' snuffed day 'fore yesterday."

Dip put Tiny's change down in front of him. "Hey, Dip," Reno wanted to know, "what time's the funeral?"

Dip took a long time answering, but he finally got it all out in one breath. "One o-o'clock t-today."

Reno looked at his watch. "Shit, two-thirty!" He picked up his bottle. Well, hell, ol' Pigmeat'd understand. He raised his bottle in the air. "Here's to Pigmeat!"

Tiny, in the midst of chugalugging his second bottle, stopped long enough to raise it slightly and grunt "Yeah," and went back to draining it.

Dip was turning toward the curtained doorway, but Reno stopped him with: "Hey, Dip, give us a couple more before you get lost."

Tiny polished off his brew and slammed the bottle down on the bar. "Why you figger they had the funeral so fuckin' fast?"



Reno thought for a moment and then shrugged. "Maybe because he couldn't be put on display anyhow, after that goddam truck ran over his gourd."

"Shit," Tiny half-snickered. "Knowin' Pigmeat, he'd a-wanted more'n ever ta be put on display. He'da thought it wuz real righteous ta have a lotta people barfin' all over the goddam place after lookin' at 'im!"

That observation cracked them both up. No doubt about it. That's exactly what Pigmeat would have wanted.

Reno paid Dip for the two latest brews and watched the poor bastard disappear behind the curtain. Then he turned to Tiny. "Ya know, it still bugs me . . ." He paused to watch two strangers walk in and move to the far end of the bar. He felt a prickly feeling in the back of his neck. There was something wrong with those two. He didn't know why, but he smelled trouble. He himself, at 267—but especially Tiny, with his 281—probably outweighed both those dudes put together, so it wasn't that. Reno couldn't pin it down, but he still smelled trouble. One of the dudes wore a bulky-looking coat that came down almost to his knees. The other wore a thick, rough jacket

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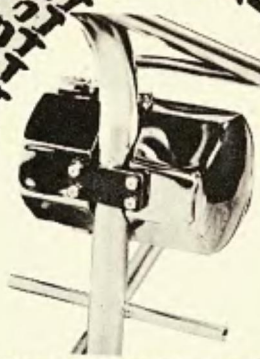
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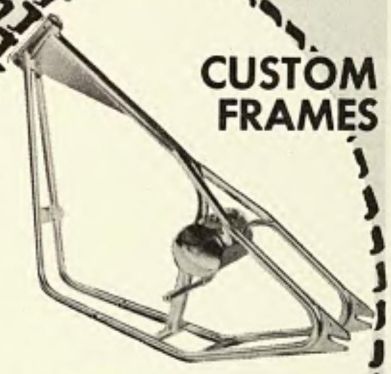
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with a quilted effect. Both were zipped up tight. Damn funny. It wasn't all that cold outside. Both guys were weasel-faced, and both looked as if they'd be all bones under their clothes. And their eyes looked funny as they darted glances all around the place. Reno wondered if they were on the way to pull a job. Or had they already pulled one and then come in here to get out of public view? In any case, they were two of the rattiest looking characters Reno had ever laid eyes on. And, he decided when their eyes finally met his, two of the meanest. He glanced casually at Tiny to see if the big guy had spotted them too, but Tiny was staring numbly and drunkenly at his beer bottle.

Reno picked up where he'd left off talking to Tiny. "It still bugs me that nobody told me about Pigmeat's funeral. Here I am, polishin' my bike while Pigmeat's bein' fed to the worms."

Tiny blinked at him and grinned. "Git off it. You don't give a shit about goin' ta the funeral. You're jus' hacked 'cause you din't git no invite."

Tiny was almost drunk, but by now Reno had a slight buzz on too, and was willing to argue. "Well, shithead, how do you feel? You feel left out?"

"Fuck no! I'll go by his grave later an' piss on it—smoke a joint over it—pay my respects my way. Pigmeat'll dig that." Tiny took a slug of beer. "B'sides, the fuckin' police'd jus' love ta git us all together in one place. Remember Limpdick's funeral? The fuckin' pigs had a roadblock outside the cemetery an' shook ever'body down as they come out. Din't give a shit about it bein' a funeral—somebody dead—all they cared about wuz, they had us all together, an' they took advantage of it."

Reno had to agree. It wasn't even possible to go to a funeral without being hassled by The Man. They took photos of the guys, wrote down license numbers—just as they would at a Mafia meeting.

He took another quick glance down the bar at the two weird-looking dudes. They seemed even antsier than they had when they'd first come in. He yelled toward the curtained doorway. "Hey, Dip! You've got customers!"

He could have sworn that the punks jumped a foot in the air at the sound of his roar, but their reaction didn't make him feel like laughing.

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It made him look very thoughtfully at them. They showed no sign of appreciation for his little favor. They simply gave him a hard stare from two sets of bulging eyes and then ignored him completely. Reno wondered again what kind of dirty work they were up to—and where and when.

Dip shuffled out from behind the curtain, served the two dudes, collected their money, gave Reno and Tiny two more beers, and disappeared again into the other room. Poor bastard, Reno thought again. Dip never liked to hang around other people any more than he had to; that way, he wouldn't have to labor at carrying on a conversation. And, Reno admitted reluctantly to himself, it made it easier for the others too. It relieved them of that constant urge to help Dip over the tough conversational spots, a favor that he sure as hell wouldn't appreciate. Speech impediment—any kind—could be sheer hell for everybody concerned, talker or listener.

He took another look at the pair down the bar, poked Tiny in the ribs, and said quietly, "Hey, man, I think those two dudes are gonna hold up this dump—or they just held up one."

Tiny peered down the bar with beer-dazed eyes, making no effort to hide the fact that he was studying the two guys, who stared back at him. Finally, he turned to Reno. "Nahhh—they're jus' pimple-faced punks. Switchblade types."

"You," said Reno calmly, "are fulla shit. They're up to something."

Tiny was annoyed at this rejection of his appraisal of the situation. "Okay, wise guy, jus' what makes ya so goddam sure?"

"I don't know, but my neck itches whenever I sense something wrong. Some people have gut feelings; my neck itches."

Tiny went back to the beer. "You're fulla shit clear up ta your neck. That's why it itches."

"Okay, you tubba shit, eat it!"

They drank the rest of their beer in silence. Then Tiny slapped Reno on the back with an unsteady hand. "Whatta ya say we blow this firetrap an' find some place there's some action?"

Reno nodded and put his bottle on the bar. "Let's split."

They picked up their change, left a big tip for Dip, and headed for the door.

"Freeze!" The command came in a high-pitched, cracked voice that sounded as though its owner might



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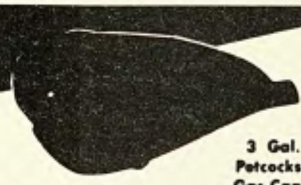
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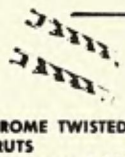
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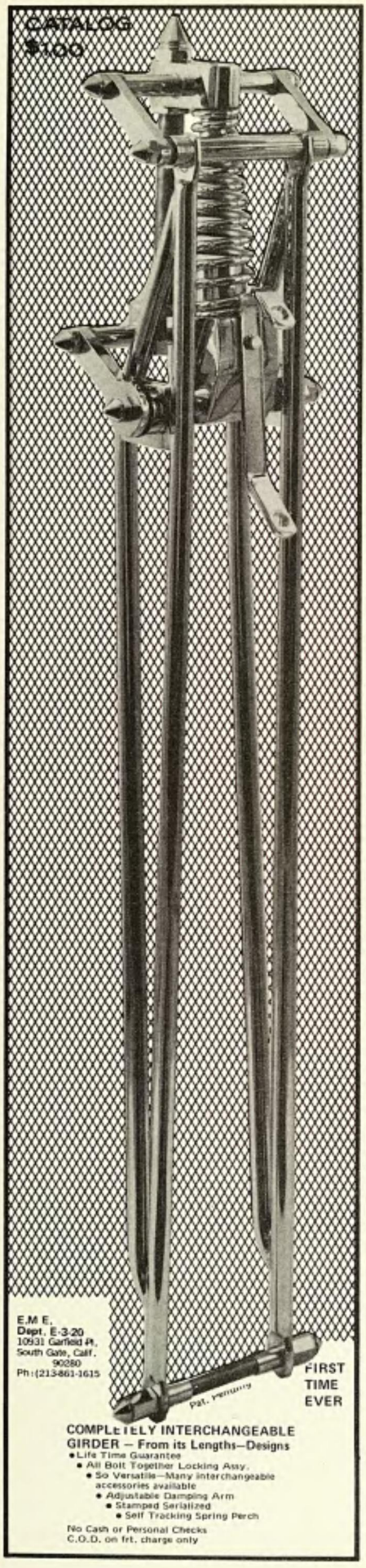
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be on the verge of complete hysteria.

Reno stopped in his tracks. Tiny tried to do the same thing, and almost went on his nose.

"Turn around! Get away from that door!" The voice was a little quieter this time, but it was still shaky.

Reno turned and looked. One of the punks was sitting at the bar with a revolver pointed across it. The thing couldn't have been smaller than a .38. The other creep was standing, holding a sawed-off, double-barreled shotgun waist-high, with his finger on the triggers.

"Put your hands on your heads!" That was the punk with the shotgun, the one with the nervous voice. Reno obeyed, moving slowly and carefully. But Tiny wasn't having any. "You been seein' too many goddam movies, punk," he rumbled, taking an unsteady step toward the dude

"Reach!" the guy with the shotgun yelled—and the scream was back in his voice. He was obviously close to the edge as his thumb fumbled with the twin hammers and cocked them.

Tiny froze at the sound of the sharp double-click. Beside him, Reno's voice was quiet and steady. "Cool it, asshole. That scattergun'll make hamburger outta you—and that sonuvabitch'll use it, too. Put your hands on your head, like he says."

Tiny finally did it, but he still didn't like the idea.

"Move over to the bar." The gunman gestured slightly with the twin bores of the shotgun.

Again Reno obeyed, with careful movements. Goddam it, if he could only get near enough to the guy to make a play for that scattergun! But a bull rush from his present position would only get him a bellyful of double-O buckshot—what else would a punk like that be using in a sawed-off double-barrel?

Tiny took his time. He wasn't about to be ordered around by anybody—shotgun or not.

Seeing this, Reno again said quietly, "Come on, man, that guy's so panicked he'll shoot for no reason at all. Cool it."

Tiny started for the bar, but he was dragging his feet about it. He just couldn't leave well enough alone. "You bastards are makin' a big mistake," he growled. "This ain't some dumb-ass little bar—it's a bike club, an' we'll hunt you snotnose punks down like rabbits."

Reno hissed at him. "Knock it off, stupid. You want a faceful of pellets?"

"I don't give a shit. They gotta be told. Let the cocksucker shoot!" Tiny was eyeing the shotgunner with hungry eyes, and Reno thought for a few seconds that the stupid bastard was about to try rushing the guy in spite of that cocked meat-grinder.

"Well, *I* care, asshole! He might miss you and get me!"

"Chickenshit!" Tiny grumbled, as he reluctantly joined Reno at the bar.

"Kiss my ass," Reno said matter-of-factly. "Dare some nut to shoot you when I'm not standin' next to you—let *me* decide how I'm gonna die."

"Empty your pockets on the bar." The shotgunner was making an obvious effort to control his voice, but there was a visible sheen of sweat on his face.

Tiny sneered. "You assholes are really fuckin' up. We got as many members in jail as we have outside. We'll git your asses yet."

The gunner repeated his command, and his voice was rising again. "Empty 'em!"

Tiny was about to open his big mouth again when the dude with the pistol leaned over and said something to the shotgunner. The gunner nodded, and the dude with the handgun vaulted over the bar, grabbed a full booze bottle and banged on the bartop. "Hey," he shouted, "how about another drink?" Still holding the bottle, he stepped in close beside the curtain over the doorway.

Reno opened his mouth to yell a warning to Dip, but the guy with the pistol cocked the thing and aimed it directly between Reno's eyes.

Dip was grinning and shaking his head as he came through the curtain. Jeez, that Reno and that Tiny—they could sure put away the brew . . . He never knew what hit him. The bottle crashed down on his head, and it was as if someone had turned off the main power switch in a coal mine.

"You dumb fuck!" Tiny roared. "You din't hafta do that—he's a cripple!"

The dude with the pistol was as jittery as the one with the shotgun. He whirled around at the sound of Tiny's bull voice and poked the gun out, his finger spasmodically squeezing the trigger. The shot hit a beer bottle that was sitting almost directly in front of Reno on the bar, shattering the bottle and everybody's nerves. Reno hit the floor instantly;

so did Tiny. Fortunately, whether or not he figured that both Reno and Tiny had been shot, by some miracle the shotgunner failed to react in panic and fire his weapon.

There was a long, tense silence, while the shotgunner nervously studied the two on the floor. Then: "Get up—slow—with your hands on your heads." He patted his shotgun. "This baby don't miss."

Reno got up, hissing at Tiny, "See what I mean, fuckhead? Let 'em take the money and get the hell out of here!"

The shotgunner waited impatiently until Tiny finally made it to his feet. "Okay. Now put your money on the bar. An' snap it up. I'm tired of fuckin' with you two!"

The tone of his voice made even Tiny obey without words.

"Your wallets—and wrist watches too. Move it!"

Tiny got bullish again. "What the fuck you want with our watches? You could hock 'em for maybe a buck apiece. An' there's no money in our wallets."

The shotgunner's voice got shaky again, but this time it sounded more like rage than nervousness. "I'm sick of your lip, fatass. You gimme any more, I'm gonna blow your fuckin' leg off!"

Tiny was again smart enough to say nothing at all. He and Reno took off their watches, pulled out their wallets, and laid them carefully on the bar.

The other punk, meanwhile, cleaned out the cash register and grabbed two bottles of whiskey off the backbar. He rejoined his buddy, who had by now stationed himself directly behind Reno and Tiny.

"Okay," said the shotgunner, "now move down the bar."

Reno obeyed instantly, smoothly, with the same care he'd shown so far. Now, if only he didn't have to move too far—if the shotgunner himself moved up to the bar to grab the wallets and watches—and if only that dumb fuckin' Tiny had sense enough to . . . But the shotgunner screwed that one up. "Come on! Move on down! Don't get any fancy ideas!"

Reno and Tiny moved further down—and the shotgunner waved his buddy forward to pick up the loot from the bar.

Reno fumed. Goddammit, if only . . .

Tiny was sounding off again. "Come on, cocksucker, leave our wallets! There's nothin' in 'em!"

Reno gave him the elbow. "Let

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'em go. Let 'em go!"

But Tiny was really pissed. "I'll git your asses! Sometime, someplace, I'll git your asses good!"

The two creeps ignored him until they had their backs against the door. Then the shotgunner said, "The first guy that pokes his head out this door is gonna get it blown off." He looked directly at Tiny. "Anything to say, fatty? Go ahead. This little jewel ain't been fired in a long time. Go on, tempt me." From somewhere, Tiny gathered enough smarts to keep his big mouth shut. "Okay," the shotgunner went on, "don't say you ain't been warned." The two backed through the door and disappeared.

Before the door could swing shut, Tiny hit it, sending the top hinge flying and twisting the bottom one sadly out of shape.

Reno dived over the bar, remembering that Moose always kept a loaded .44 magnum there in a holster fastened to the underside of the bar.

Tiny watched the two punks jump into a car with a third guy behind the wheel, a car that had been parked in the parking lot alongside the Joint. The car dug for the street. Tiny dug for the key to his chain lock.

By the time Reno hit the street with the big gun in his hand, Tiny was jumping on the pedal of his 80 and the car was getting well under way toward the corner. Reno lifted the cannon and let one go at the back of the car. The recoil of a .44 magnum is no joke—even when you weigh 267. Reno cussed and grabbed the gun with both hands, sighting carefully, and began squeezing them off as fast as he could. He knew he wasn't the world's greatest shot, but he got off the last two as the car screeched into a right turn at the corner, giving him a broadside target, and he was sure he'd scored with at least one. One could be enough. A .44 magnum slug could bore clear through a motor block if it hit right.

The roaring blast of Tiny's engine replaced the booming of the .44, and in seconds the big bike was screeching into the turn taken by the gunmen. Reno tossed the empty gun through the door of the Joint and ran for his own bike. His and Tiny's had been chained together, so he didn't have to fumble with lock and chain. Tiny had already tossed them halfway across the lot in his hurry to get after the two bastards and their chauffeur.

A hand grabbed Reno's sleeve and his head swiveled as he straddled his bike. Little John was shaking hell out of his arm and yelling at him. "What the fuck wuz you shootin', a goddam bazooka? An' what wuz ya shootin' *at?*" Behind Little John, Reno saw Jere getting up from the ground where he'd thrown himself along with Little at the sound of the big magnum cutting loose. "The Joint's been held up. Dip's hurt. Get in there and keep an eye on things till we get back. Call an ambulance for Dip . . ." Reno was jumping on the pedal as he shouted. The engine caught with a roar, and Reno yelled over it: "Hurry it up, you guys. Get that ambulance out here. I dunno how bad Dip's hurt." He kicked the bike into gear and was gone, handchoking the sneezing engine as he went.

When Reno swung the turn into the cross street, there was no sign of Tiny or the car. Goddammit, now what the hell . . . Then he hit his brakes—hard. Not a hundred feet from the intersection, the car had plunged into and across a small parking lot and crashed head-on into a concrete wall. Tiny had the back door open and was leaning inside. So, by God, one of those magnum slugs had done some good, after all. Reno felt a momentary sense of satisfaction. Then he was swinging in beside the car. He realized suddenly that there were a lot of people converging on that car already. Christ, where had they come from so goddam quick? Like buzzards, he thought, spotting a carcass miles away and getting to it in nothing flat.

Tiny straightened up as Reno moved in beside him. He handed Reno a handful of cash. "Here's the loot from the cash register." He reached inside again, and this time came up with his own and Reno's wallets and watches. Reno looked over his shoulder into the car. The dude with the revolver was sitting limply there, his head back against the seat and the lower half of his face and part of his neck missing. There was one bullet hole in the side of the car, at just about the right level.

Tiny was looking down at the wallets with a disgusted grunt. There was blood all over them. He reached inside again and casually wiped the blood off on the pants leg of the dead creep. He handed Reno his wallet and watch, and they both stood back to look over the car.

The left front door was wide open, and there was no sign of the driver.

The shotgunner was hanging halfway through the windshield where the impact had thrown him. He wouldn't be threatening anybody with shotguns again. There was blood, a lot of it, under and around him, too.

Tiny looked at Reno with a grin. "Man," he said, "I din't know you could shoot like that. I'm gonna start treatin' you a lot nicer."

Reno grinned back, but his face was puzzled. "What the hell you suppose made 'em crash like that? The one in the back seat's the one that got shot. How come the driver lost control?"

"Mebbe you hit 'em someplace else."

"I doubt it. The only hole I can see is that one in the side."

Tiny looked thoughtful for a moment. Then his face cleared. "Hell, the driver probably freaked out when he looked around an' saw his buddy's face half gone—or mebbe some of the guy's face splattered all over him!"

"Yeah, maybe. The guy had to have been already freaked-out, sittin' alone in the car, waitin' outside the Joint. His buddies sure took their fuckin' time pullin' the caper. He was probably really shittin' his drawers by the time they came out."

Tiny grinned. "An' then you empty that fuckin' cannon at 'em as they leave. His pal's face blows apart right under his nose—he musta flipped out of his gourd."

"Where do you suppose he is now?"

"He's prob'ly someplace wipin' hisself—Who gives a shit?"

A hand gripped Reno's arm. He glanced around to see Little John staring bugeyed at the car and the two bodies. "Jeez! What a wipeout! You do that with that fuckin' bazooka?"

Reno grinned down at him. "Yeah. And let it be a warning to you, ya little bastard." He sobered. "Hey, how come you ain't back there with Dip? That ambulance there yet?"

Little tore his eyes away from the car. "Nahh. Din't need one. Dip's okay. Jere's with 'im—an' Moose an' some of the guys got back too. They're all in there takin' good care o'Dip. They're all feedin' 'im booze an' makin' over him—man, he never had it so good!"

Tiny and Reno looked at each other and grinned widely. "Well," Reno suggested, "why don't the three of us get on over to the Joint and get some of that joy juice before Dip does away with the whole fuckin' stock?"

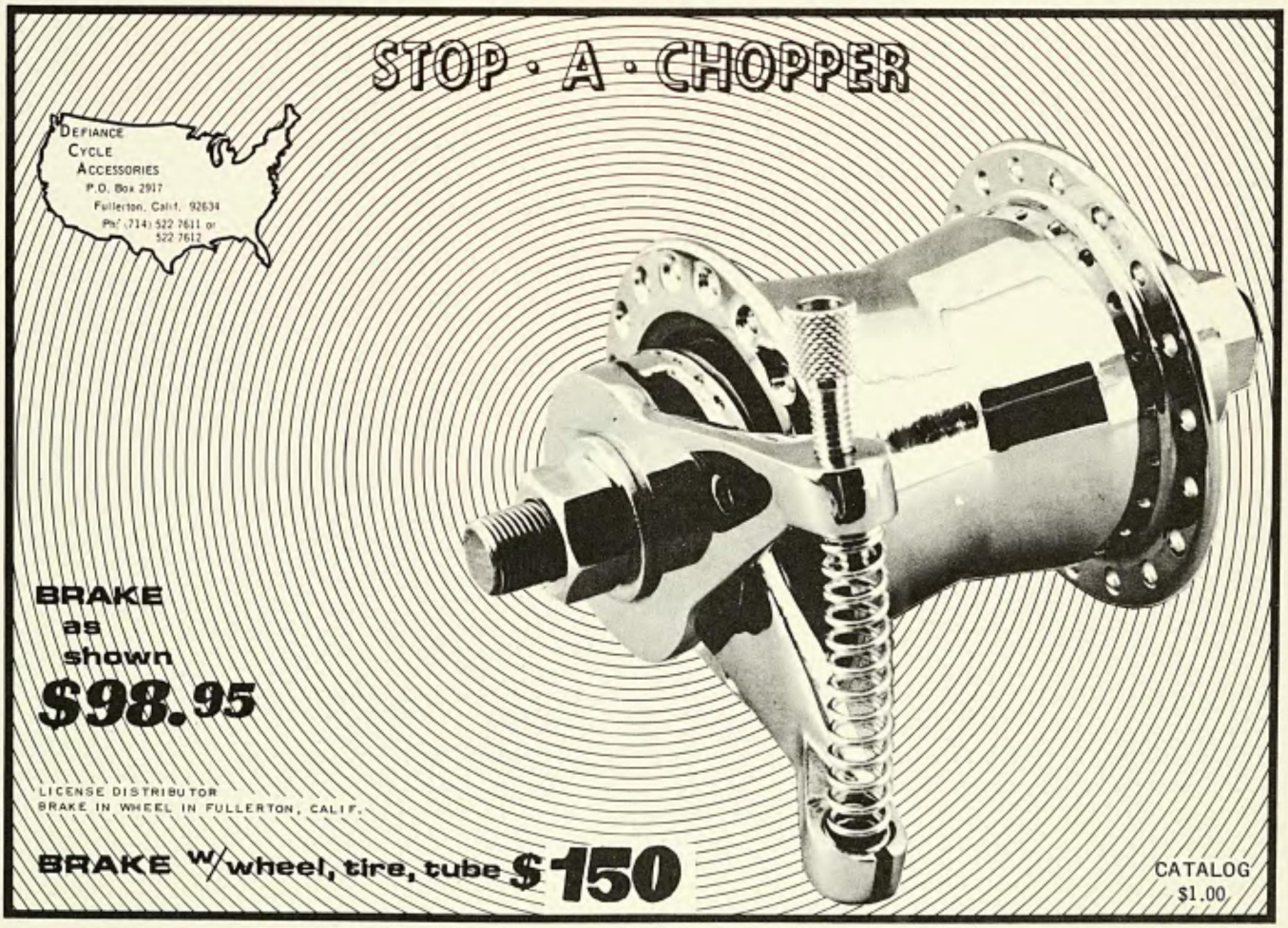
Tiny pointed at the fistful of money Reno had in his hand. "Fuck the Joint—with all that bread we can go to a high class place. He looked at Little. "Shit, I bet there's enough money there that we could all go over and gang-bang Toenails Mary!"

Reno instantly joined in. "Yeah, Little can have sloppy thirds." He looked at Tiny. "And *you* can go first."

"Your ass—*you* go first."

"Not me." Reno snapped his fingers. "Hey, I've got an idea, why don't we let Little go first—and sorta clean things up for us?"

Tiny and Reno roared with laughter as Little grinned through clenched teeth.



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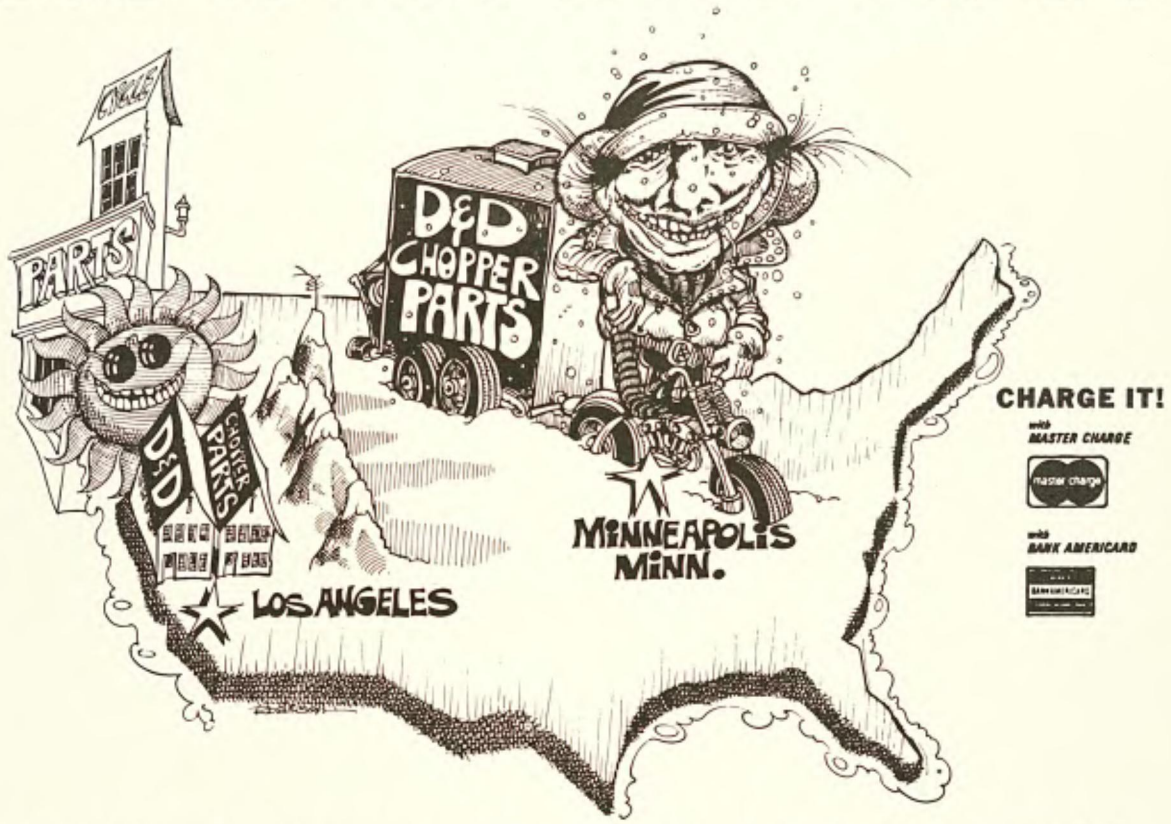
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