

Easyriders

Dell D. 04107

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

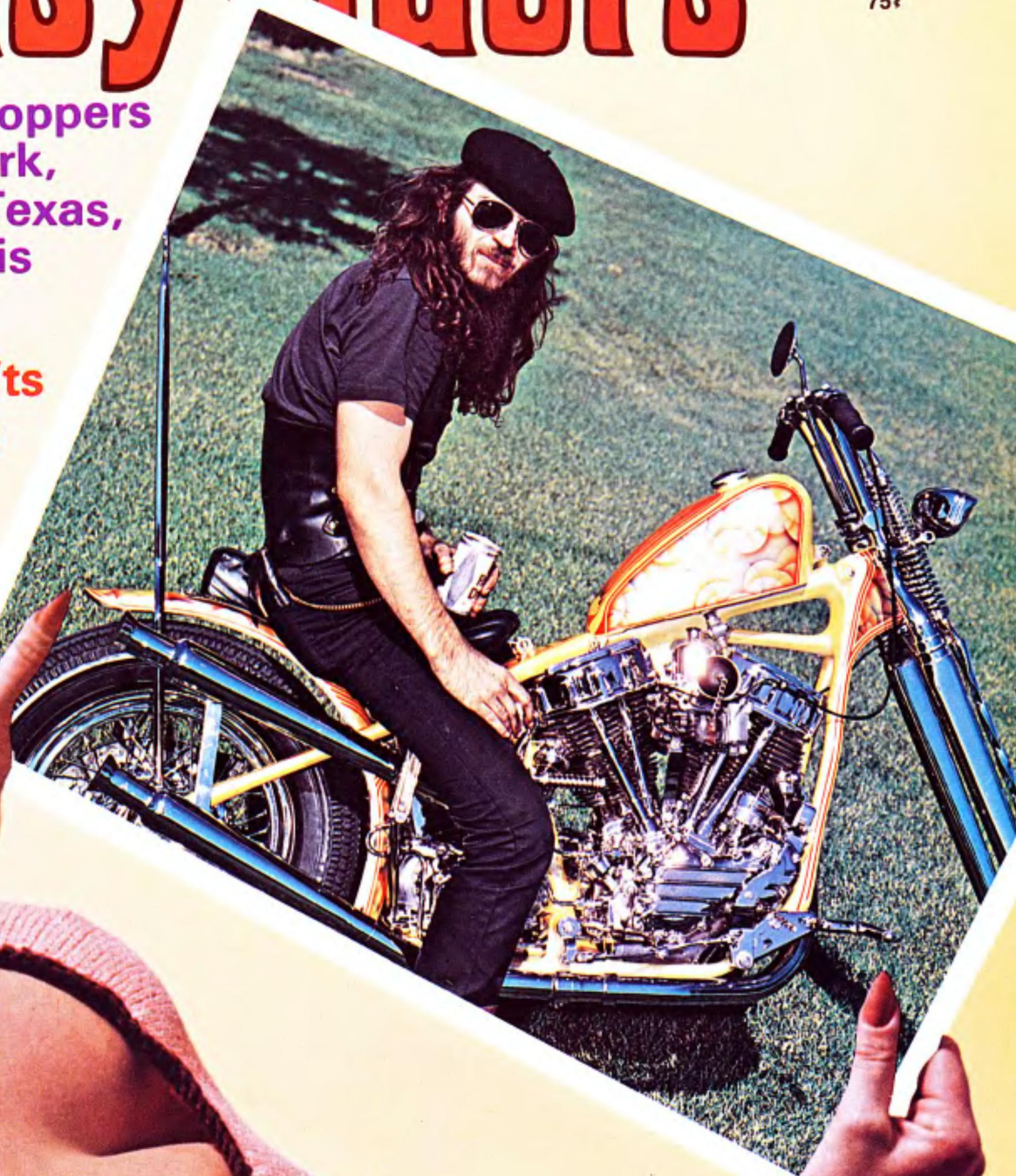
Easyriders

March, 1973

75¢

**Righteous Choppers
from New York,
Delaware, Texas,
and Illinois**

**The
Do's and Don'ts
of Fighting
Anti-bike
Legislation**



**Dave Mann
Centerfold
Painting**

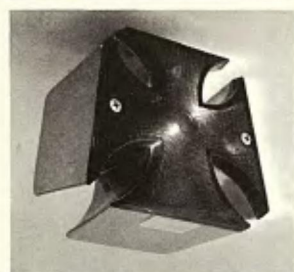


160mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper! and Sportster!

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

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

\$39.95



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

\$9.95

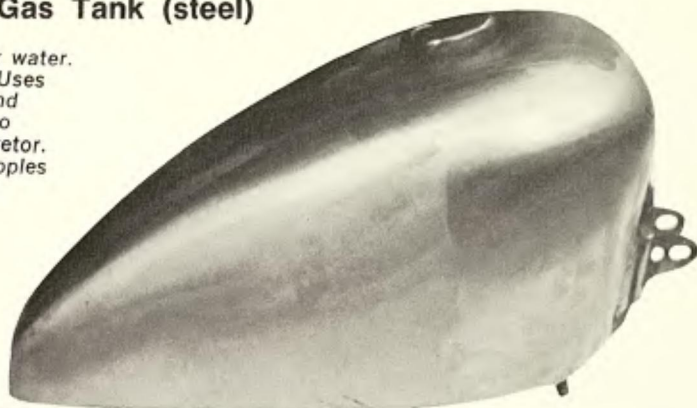
Backing Plate For Maltese Taillight

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Terms: 50% deposit, balance C.O.D. Send money order. Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 5%. We ship cheapest way possible to save you money, unless you specify otherwise.

Sportster Type Gas Tank (steel)

Pressured tested under water. Capacity 2 1/2 gallons. Uses stock Harley gas cap and petcock. Tank vented to accept Tillotson carburetor. These tanks have no ripples or die marks. **\$29.95**



Coffin Tank

Heavy steel. 2 1/2 gallon capacity. Low tunnel.

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Fat-Bob Fender

Heavy steel. Ideal for Swingarm 74's

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FX Outer Cover Chromed Steel

Replaces aluminum one. Looks out of sight.

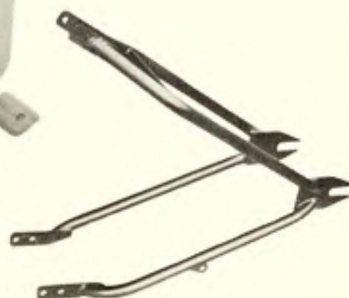
\$45.00



Steel 5" Fender

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

\$7.95



Yetman Hardtails

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

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

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

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

Chopper Gas Tanks



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

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

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

Single cap tank	\$49.95
Double cap tank	\$54.95
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For Wide 500X16 tires.

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HD 74 Extended Kick Stand Chromed

6-10 over stock 10-15 over stock

\$24.95

Vista Chopper Products

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Easyriders

Talk about contents!



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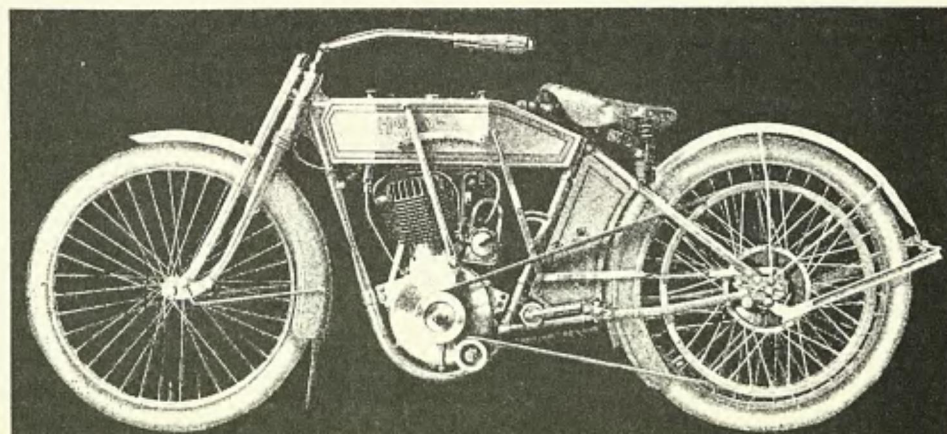


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TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Lack-o'-nookie damages: The Arizona Supreme Court has ruled that women can collect damages if their husbands can't screw any longer because of an injury suffered through negligence on the part of a third person. Do you suppose they'd take your ol' lady's word for it, or would you have to flog your dummy in front of a jury?

Aw, you're kiddin' department: Did you read about the jailers in San Miguel, Argentina, who sent prisoners disguised as cops out to commit armed thefts? No kiddin', the cons went out, stuck up a few places every night and then—get this—and then came back and split their take with their guards. Eight cops have now joined their associates on the inside.

Speaking of prisons: A dude doing a 10 to 20 stretch in a Pennsylvania slammer has petitioned the court to hear his complaint that a prison sentence without ever having the opportunity of a go at a woman now and then is cruel and unusual punishment. Everyone (except for a queen or two) will have to agree with him, and if he wins, it might mean that conjugal visits between shut-ins and their women will be possible. A federal judge has agreed to hear his case. Before I leave Pennsylvania, maybe you'd be interested in the fact that that state's lawmakers have just legalized premarital and extramarital sex!

Don't say I didn't warn you: A dog ran up to a Brooklyn cop and bit him, and then instantly keeled over and died. The cop, rubbing his leg, said, "He didn't

even bark—he just bit me and flopped over dead." Dumb dog shoulda known better.

Latest liver-quivering facts: The bones of a 160-pound dude will weigh about 29 pounds. When you're about to let that guy have five up the side of his gourd, be sure to remember that his head can only be depressed about 10 percent in width before it cracks. (Still waiting for my chick to recover before testing what happens when a head is depressed from the front.)

Pot growers please note: According to a farm magazine, an acre of marijuana (at present prices) has a calculated value of over \$455,000.

Comes in colors: The U.S. is trying to get Asia and Africa to practice birth control by promoting the use of condoms, but the traditional grayish color of rubbers turned the foreigners off. So, with typical American ingenuity, the powers that be came up with some new colors—red, white, blue (of course), plus black, green, and pink. Then they put them in bright packages, inviting the user to "embark on a new adventure." I'd like to put on a green or a black one and watch my chick's reaction when I accuse her of giving me a dose.

Out here in the land of fruits and nuts, we voted on legalizing marijuana (personal use and possession) during the last election. With all the Nixon types voting, the amendment didn't stand a chance, but over two and a half million people did vote in favor of it. So many, in fact, that the legislators are now seriously talking about reducing the penalties for possession and personal use. The actual vote was 66.6 percent against to 33.4 in favor. Good ol' hip San Francisco was the only city where the majority voted in favor of the amendment.

Flipped-out dude committed 'cycle-cide' recently by pumping five .357 magnum bullets into his bike. He said he did it after arguing with his wife about the amount of time he spends with his bike. A buddy of mine who sent me the news item asked the question "Why didn't he shoot his wife?"

STOP IT!



STOP running around to ring-ding suppliers searching for those hard-to-find chopper parts you need! (D&D has the largest selection of new, custom, and obsolete parts anywhere.)

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Actually it's more than a catalog! In addition to the jillion custom and obsolete chopper parts illustrated, it also contains simplified wiring charts, color photos of righteous scoots, technical tips, photos for framing—you name it. On top of all that, you can get your money back, because you can deduct the \$2.00 from your first \$20.00 order!

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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

No Helmet Ads

☐ I can't understand a magazine staff that refuses to accept helmet ads, but will accept ads that depict the SS motorcycle corps as fascinating and perhaps something to emulate. That certainly says something about your values.

Infuriated and anonymous for obvious reasons.
Boston, Mass.

■ And we'll accept wine ads, whiskey ads, jock strap ads, coffin nail ads, and horny ol' lady ads, but never any helmet ads.

Junior Strikes Again!

☐ Anybody who rides around with a 1920 springer front end stuck out three feet, and with no front brake, is an asshole. I was just given a 1972 Sportster and wouldn't chop it if you assholes paid me to do it. You can also tell your friend Peter Fonda that his garbage wagon sucks and wouldn't make it 200 miles.

Anonymous Phantom
Prinebeck, New York

■ And when's your mommy going to let you ride the Sporty?

Almost Split a Gut

☐ That road test of the used fuzz bike was outasight. My ol' man and I almost split a gut over it.

Mrs. S.F.
Lansing, Michigan

I Can Dig It!

☐ I hope that mother in Pennsylvania is bigger than her son, or he might floor her. At our house, though, I'm the subscriber. My son rips off my copy. But like the other ol' ladies that have written you—I can dig it.

Frankie Morse
Wichita, Kansas

Don't Send Any More!

☐ We are angry, to say the least. Our son subscribed to your magazine thinking it was entirely about motorcy-

cles—and that part is fine, but the other, indecent, immoral trash that you have with the motorcycles, we don't want in our home. It's pure filth and garbage. Don't send any more!

Angry Parents
Boston, Mass.

■ Now that your son's 36 years old, don't you think he's old enough to decide for himself?

Parts Made In Japan

☐ You did a piss-poor job trying to evade Steve Hearn's questions in the February issue. Harley-Davidson has come out stinking in more than one comparison test—based on facts, not opinions. The bias involved is obviously yours. H-D had better lower its price tag and increase its ability before boasting the title of "the" super bike. Pretty though it is, beauty is only chrome deep.

Incidentally, other bikers who talk of "piece-o-shit" Jap bikes better look again. The '73 Harleys are copying Honda's disc brake, in addition to having some of their parts "Made In Japan."

Jim Davis
Sutherlin, Oregon

■ Piss-poor answer? You gotta be kiddin'—but let me ask you exactly what Hearn asked me: "If Harleys are so bad, why are the majority of the choppers Harleys?" The way you talk is like not being able to screw the best chick in town, and then going around and telling everyone what a lousy lay she was.

Is It The Same Guy?

☐ While looking over your staff list I noticed the name of Armond Bletcher. When I was in high school in Fullerton, California, I heard of an Armond Bletcher, who had the reputation of being one of the biggest and toughest cats around the

Los Angeles area. Here in San Jose he's also well known. He's kicked the shit out of the baddest guys in Northern California. Is this the same Armond that you list as your "Arbitrator"?

Darryl Chin
San Jose, California

■ Armond and his righteous knuckle were featured in our first issue. Being a six-foot-three 310-pounder who lifts weights daily to stay in condition, he's a perfect arbitrator—who in hell's going to argue with him? He is a professional bodyguard and has many famous clients.

Gorgeous Hunk of Bod?

☐ I want to thank you for the gorgeous hunk of male bod, but what's with the wine bottle? Do you guys know what you did to us poor lonely girls? Also, what's with the boot?

Dawn Ferrara
Orlando, Florida

■ He's a boot sniffer.

We Cheated Her

☐ You slobbs cheated me by covering that guy's schnocker up with a wine bottle. Don't you care about us schnocker lovers?

Patty Winter
Chicago, Illinois

■ And to think we had to use a gallon jug because a quart bottle didn't cover all of him.

If A Guy's Got It—Don't

☐ If you're going to pose a man nude, then pose him nude rather than make a bunch of us girls eat our hearts out because of a damned wine bottle. If a woman can be exposed completely, then there's no reason a guy can't. I'm sure there's a lot of women that agree with me.

J.G.
New Jersey

☐ Who's the asshole that decided what wine to use in

that nude dude photo? I mean that rotgut used to cover that dude's crank. I bought some of that cowpiss and my buddies damned near kicked the shit out of me—and being Polish, that could mean loss of life.

Roger
FPO, San Francisco

Needs '48 Limey Parts

☐ I recently bought a '48 650TT, but when I started to chop it I found out I couldn't find parts for it. I especially need an inner primary casing.

Mark Bullock
Trelawny Resort
US 23 South
Ossineke, Michigan 49766

Trained Dog

☐ Please cancel my subscription—my dog has been trained to go outside now.

Tom Barski
San Francisco, Calif.

■ Yeah, on the neighbor's lawn, no doubt.

Sportsters Cost Money

☐ I'd like to buy a Sportster or a 74, but they cost at least a half jillion dollars over here (they're hard to get). I have a half-chopped bit of Jap shit—you know, high handlebars, seat and sissy-bar—but would you believe that The Man hassles me about it anyway?

Aussie Dick
N.S.W. Australia

Wants To Be Part of The Team

☐ Here's my three bucks to join ABATE. That state by state chart of all the chopper laws was fantastic. You ABATE people have done us bikers a tremendous service and I want to be part of the team from now on.

Bob Wieland
St. Paul, Minnesota

Why Are Limeys Accepted?

☐ We all know that non-bikers and straights in our society have a way of categorizing bikers, and chopper riders in particular, as soon as they see one. They instantly form their opinion of the biker (usually bad) without going any deeper than a mere glance. But did you ever stop to think that we bikers do the same thing to each other? I dig Hogs, but I own a 450 Honda. My

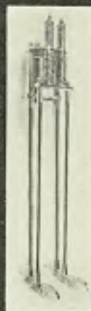
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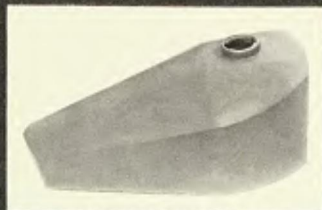
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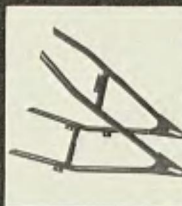
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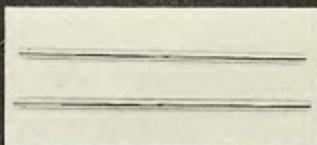
STEEL COFFIN TANKS

All steel construction. Tested for leaks. Uses Harley gas cap. Available in high tunnel tank (2½ gallons) or low tunnel tank (3¼ gallons). \$34.95



HARDTAILS

Belt-on hardtails for Triumph 650 '71-72 (weld-on), Triumph 650 '63-70, Triumph 500, BSA 650 (weld-on) — \$59.95 Harley Sportster — \$84.95. Harley Davidson (weld-on kickstart), (electric start) — \$69.95 Kawasaki 500 (weld-on), Yamaha 650 (weld-on) — \$74.95. Honda 450 — \$79.95 Honda 750, 350 — \$84.95.



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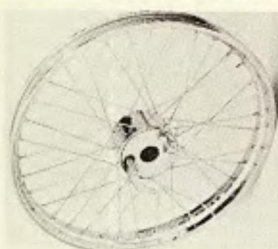
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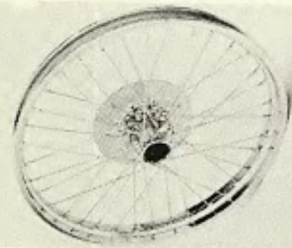
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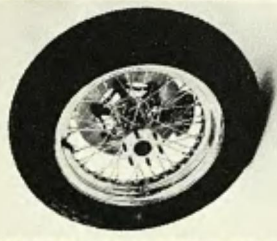
"The Master Wheel Builders..."



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#794 REAR DISC BRAKE WHEEL

444 cc's continually shut down 650 limeys. It starts better than a limey, stays in tune better, and I'm able to boogie all day long on it and still have it run like silk—so I have to wonder why limeys are accepted by Harley freaks and yet Hondas remain a no-no.

Why should we put down each other—do exactly like the non-bikers—just because we're playing an image game? There are flakes on every type of bike—it's the guy, not the machine, that matters. So how about treating each other better, regardless of what we ride, and not be guilty of the same sin as the non-bikers—that of judging a biker at a glance?

You people at **Easyriders** are beautiful—your offer of free subscriptions for brothers in jail is typical of the way you people touch life—the way it really is. You concern yourselves.

Roger
Maywood, Illinois

I Thought You Should Know

□ The Abilene area isn't known for chops, but so far I've seen three or four hawks and one clean limey. I'm writing you this letter just to let you know that everyone who lives in Texas isn't a shitkicker.

Roach
Abilene, Texas

■ Roach, some of our best friends are shitkickers.

Digs Drag Bikes

□ That dude who wrote complaining about your drag bike features is out of it. Why, Cook Nelson (editor of **Cycle**) says drag racing is the next best thing to sex—and I think he's right!

Bonnie Truett
Wichita, Kansas

■ Who in hell can argue with an authority like that? Our problem is that we get so hung up on the best thing, and never have time for the next best.

Are We Hot?

□ Hey, what's with you guys—you on the run or something? You never run any photos of your staff members. What are you, hot or something? Running away from the fuzz? Hell, you didn't even show the editor's photo when you featured his bitchin' knuckle in the last issue.

Pam McDonald
Carson City, Nevada

■ There was a shot of the editor in that article, but you could have easily mistaken him for a fur-covered saddle bag.

I Found a Mistake!

□ Ah ha! I found a mistake! In your August issue you featured a Triumph and said it was purchased for \$40 after a crash. In a later issue of another chopper magazine, it showed the same bike, but said it was bought for \$40 after it had sat for a long time in some dude's

back yard. Somebody fucked up.

PFC Papenfus
APO, New York

■ So why are you writing us to tell us about the other rag's mistakes? And why are you so happy about finding a mistake in that magazine? They have 'em all the time.

Love Your Machinery More Than Women?

□ Seriously now, no shit, tell me exactly what makes you guys ride such risky vehicles as motorcycles. Do you really love your machinery more than women?

Ray Lamirand
Rogers, Conn.

■ Those are tough questions, Ray, so I suggest you flag down a biker or two and ask them personally. If you can, let me know their reactions.

Giving Wrong Impression?

□ **Easyriders** is supposed to be a motorcycle magazine, right? Well then, why doesn't Robinson do more motorcycle type cartoons? His Red Rider cartoons seem to always deal with dope. Don't you think this is giving people the wrong impression of bikers? We're not all dopers, you know.

Wayne Harding
Dallas, Texas

■ No, **Easyriders** is a man's magazine for men who like choppers. No, we do not think **Easyriders** is going to give any intelligent person

"Alright—who's the owner of that illegal chopper out front?"



Easyriders

any wrong impression, any more than a copy of **Playboy** will give the impression that its reader is a sex nut. You people who piss and moan about the contents of this rag have one way of avoiding any alleged anxiety—just don't read it.

Spirit of 74

□ We Limeys have a saying: If you can't ride a real bike, ride a Harley. I represent 264 Triumph owners, and we all feel the same way. So fuck you Yanks.

B. Thompson
Manchester, England

A Relative of Smiley's?

□ Sure glad to hear that you lazy bastards finally got off your dead asses and decided to put out eight issues a year instead of six—now how about 52?

Big D and Lynn
Dallas, Texas

Gets High While Eyeballing

□ In regard to your December centerfold, I think there's nothing like seeing a really tough lookin' dude riding a Harley chopper—I get absolutely high at the sight!

Shirlee
Minneapolis, Minnesota

■ There are one helluva lot of chicks who agree with you, Shirlee, but what does that have to do with the December centerfold of the Honda?

The Hollister Bash

□ Thanks for doing the bit on the Hollister bash, but now I want to know if the Booze Fighters M/C still exists. I am especially interested in the colors they flew. The way I figure it, some of the freaks around your place must have ridden with them, or know the guys who did.

Rhino Duke
Los Angeles, California

■ The Booze Fighters M/C was actually a bunch of guys who hung out at certain bars. There were over 25 members at one time—not many by today's standards, but you've got to remember that this was one of the first "outlaw" M/C outfits (during the '40s and '50s). There are a lot of retired Booze Fighters around—some of them are successful businessmen in the bike industry. There's talk of a re-

union, and when they have one, we'll report it.

Their colors consisted of a drawing of a bottle of booze with three x's on the label, with the words "Booze Fighters M/C" going around the bottle. The club name sorta invited being challenged, but nobody gave a rat's ass, because it was that kind of a club—with most of the members just wanting to "eat, sleep, fuck and fight."

Many of the Fighters moved on and joined the original Hell's Angels chapter. There is no active Booze Fighter chapter at present, that we know of.

Advice From Scotland

□ A word of warning to your readers: Don't lend your copy of **Easyriders** to anyone. I learned the hard way. I lent a copy to a pleading friend because he was so gassed over it. Hell, did that magazine ever disintegrate! It was read by so many guys that the pages were completely worn out.

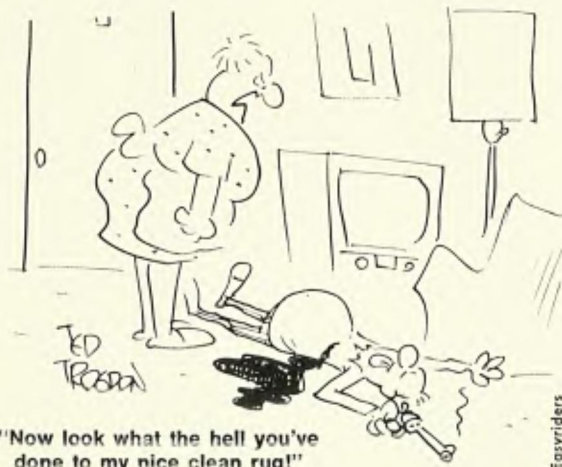
Stuart Urguhart
Glasgow, Scotland

Liked Engineering Report

□ Thank you for doing something positive about anti-bike laws. The second part of the ABATE engineering report on "What Is a Safe Rake?" was superb!

You guys screw around a lot, and put a lot of mind blowing things in your rag, but you always manage to balance it with outstanding and worthwhile features aimed at helping the average street biker.

Will Rogersteen
New Haven, Conn.



"Now look what the hell you've done to my nice clean rug!"

Christ! Another One!

□ You creeps are sick. Never have I seen a Santa Claus depicted the way you cruds showed him in your last issue. It was downright sacrilegious! Santa Claus is an image to be admired by our children. But what would they think if they saw your ugly Santa Claus—and with a roach clip around his neck—really!

Sodie Crawford
Butte, Montana

■ Now how would a wierdo like you know a roach clip when you saw one? What does Big Nick have to do with any religion? I bet you're the type that decorates your store for Christmas the day after Labor day—for the children, naturally.

Young Chick Trip

□ I am an English chick and I dig one-percenters. I would like to hear from some American bikers—especially Outlaws. I hope to come to America someday.

Fran Pollitt
77 Windermere Road
Offerton, Stockport,
Cheshire, England

■ Okay now, you guys be nice to her—she's an innocent thing.

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

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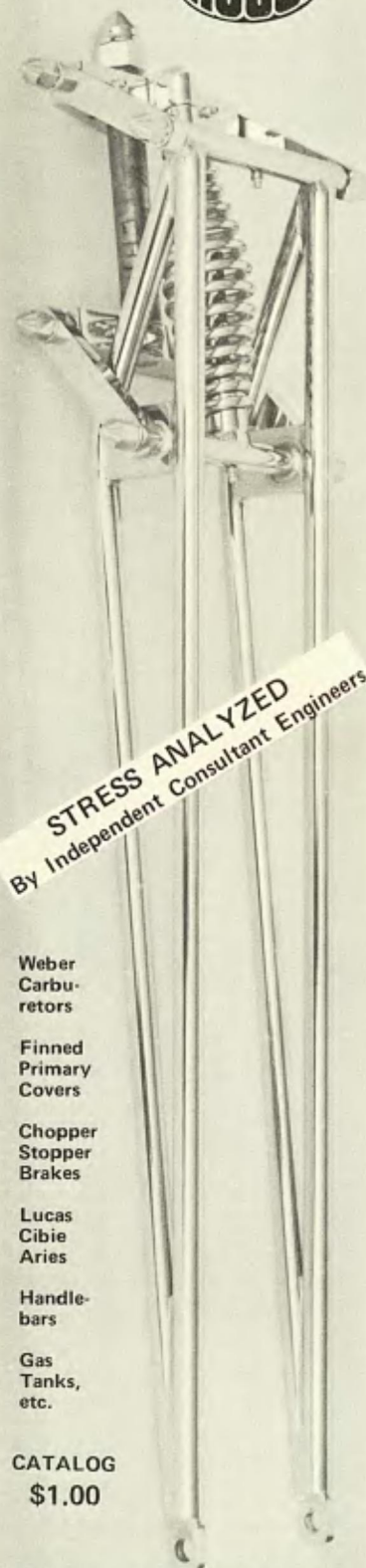


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On Putting Gas In Your Putter

If you've got any kind of paint at all on your tank, you don't need gas all over it—right? It doesn't take long to figure out that a lot of people don't think that way, though.

There are a couple of different kinds of gas station guys. The first kind digs your putt; in fact, he digs it so much that it takes him a half-hour to fill your peanut tank. Then there's the guy who's only in it for the money. One night, Rick's headed over to his ol' lady's place. He needs some gas in his bike (not to mention the fact that he's gotta take a leak), so he pulls in at the local cut rate station, gets off his bike, tells the kid to fill it up, and heads for the can. Well, the kid's busy with John Q. Citizen. He looks sorta pissed off (Rick's tank's pretty small), but he walks over and takes the cap off the bike's tank, puts the gun in, clicks it on fast-fill, and goes back

over to Citizen's sled. Before Rick can get back to his bike, the thing has already puked—so Rick does too.

Then there's the time when we're putting up around this big lake called Big Lake, and we stop in this small town for some gas. Jack gets tired of waiting for the attendant to stop staring at us through the station window, so he starts filling his scooter himself. That gets the redneck up and out the door yelling, "Hold it right there, kid! There's a state law against unauthorized personnel using these pumps!" So Jack does what any other red-blooded young American would have done. He drops the spouting gun right there on the concrete and yells, "Why wasn't I told!"

But I personally found out once why there is a state law.

I pick up my new Weesa and we head down toward Shokoppe—that's about sixty miles, and it's a nice putt. About halfway there I need some gas, and she needs to stretch her legs. So I wheel into this station, get off my bike, and decide to show her how handy I am. I pull the gas gun off the pump, turn the handle, and make those groovy bells ring. I can see she's digging this, so I give her an all-knowing wink and look back down at my almost-full tank. I figure it's full enough—and she's impressed enough—so I let go of the trigger. But nothing happens; it just keeps flowing. Oh no! What do I do now? I finally rip it out of my tank, spray it all over my bike, and then just stand there flooding the lot until this nine-year-old gas station kid comes up and grabs the gun, shutting it off while he says to me, "That's why there's attendants here—two dollars and seven cents, please."





\$10 for your jokes!

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 chicks were walking down the street on a really hot day. Trying to think of ways to cool off, one chick asked the other, "Do you think if we took off our panties we'd be any cooler?"

The other chick said she didn't know, but just then they saw a woman on a porch with her panties off and with her legs spread wide apart as she ate a watermelon. One of the chicks yelled at the woman, "Is it any cooler with your panties off?"

The woman answered, "I don't know about that, but it sure keeps the flies away from the watermelon."

—Betty
North Haven, Conn.

These two gay dudes decided to get married. The morning after the honeymoon, one got up and started getting dressed. The other, watching from the bed, asked, "Where the hell are you going?"

The first answered, "Well, as long as we're married one of us has got to work." He'd started to tie his tie when the other dude got out of bed and started putting a rubber on his joint. "What in hell are you doing?"

"If you're going to work, sweetie, I thought I'd pack you a lunch!"

—Karen
Agesley, Illinois

Following a motorcycle accident, a guy was lying in his hospital bed when the doctor came in. The doctor said, "I'm afraid I have some bad news and some good news for you. First, I'll tell you the bad news. You're going to lose both legs."

"Oh my God!" cried the biker. "What could be good news after that?"

"Well," the doctor replied, "the biker across the hall wants to buy your boots."

—Randy Eager
Marion, Ohio

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Everyone's
familiar with
the detail and quality of
Harold Robinson's drawings.



The Do's and Don'ts of Fighting Anti-bike Legislation

There are many problems for the rider to face in regards to adverse motorcycle laws. Not the least is that he can't always be sure who his friends are, and he doesn't always find out about bad laws affecting his sport or hobby of motorcycling until the law is passed.

Who are the rider's friends? If the riders sit back on their bods and believe that the dealer or manufacturer organizations will look after them, they may suddenly wake up one morning and find that they have to remove the extended forks, or add a crash bar, or leave their lights on all the time, or, for all I know, paint their bikes firehouse red and carry a red flag two feet square five feet in the air. Dealers have their own set of interests, the manufacturers another, the riders, theirs.

Sometimes the interests may match; usually not. Arkansas and Tennessee have a crash bar require-

ment of their use." This is a rather trivial example, but it shows you what you have to look out for. Obviously, some group pushed the lawmakers into believing in crash bars. The lawmakers didn't invent this bill on their own. And it wasn't the riders, that's for certain. The only imaginable group to push such a law would be manufacturers/dealers.

Concerning the problem of finding out about impending bad motorcycle laws: Riders and their clubs aren't usually in weekly correspondence with state lawmakers who could keep them posted. You may or may not see some tiny note in the newspaper about such laws, and then only after they are passed. Dealers? If some law is proposed, for example, that would ban 2-stroke motorcycles because they emit more pollution, yes, the dealers selling 2-strokes will be in there fighting and urging you to write to your congressman. They'll see to it that your clubs are informed. But a requirement for crash bars, or helmets, or unreasonable limits on handlebars or fork extension? These things don't cost them anything, might even earn them a little; you'll not get help here.

The above means one thing. Riders in every state must look out for themselves, either through clubs, rider organizations, or a lobbyist. Hiring a lobbyist, or a spokesman of any kind in a state capital, may pose the question of biases. He may be pro-straight, pro-dirt, or pro-righteous. What's worse, he may be anti one group or another. All riders must be looked after, but unfortunately, legislation restricting off-road riding may not cause concern to the street rider. And the off-road rider generally won't give a damn if the choppers are outlawed. If the riders and clubs in your state decide to support a

lobbyist, and conflict of interest might not work in your favor.

If you can't afford a lobbyist, there is an alternative. The presidents of the various clubs in the state will have to put down their prejudices and get together periodically. Elect a spokesman who will keep in touch with a congressman from his district. Through the congressman, the spokesman must keep himself informed of all pending motorcycle legislation. And remember this: No matter what system you work out to be represented, it will cost some bread. A lobbyist has to live. Even a representative from the rider groups will need some expense money for correspondence and trips to the capital.

Once you have a plan and a representative, what do you do when you learn of pending bills that appear to adversely affect some group of riders? First, make sure you expend time and effort on truly unreasonable legislation. This will be difficult because of biases and temperaments, but some reason must prevail. Don't waste effort fighting a trivial bill and make enemies out of congressmen.

In California, recently, a law was passed requiring off-road bikes to be licensed. The fee was \$15 for two years. Some rider groups got all bent out of shape over this. But it isn't really worth fighting. The law stated that bikes on private land with owner permission need not be licensed. The bill was aimed at public land use, and private when against owner's wishes. There were also side issues, such as what the license money would be used for. It was finally written in the bill that at least part of the money was for development of public land for off-road riding.

The next phase, after getting a lobbyist or spokesman and sorting out good and bad legislation, is how to work within the legislative maze, in order to, hopefully, defeat the bad parts of impending motorcycle legislation.

To use the maze, you have to have some understanding of it. The following describes what happens when a bill is introduced into the California legislature. Other states may differ slightly in detail, and your rider spokesman in your state will have to

"A committee can kill a bill, but can't pass it into law."

ment. I know a guy with a straight Honda 450 who put on a crash bar because he thought it looked neat. (He bumped the garage door pushing the bike into the garage and bent the crash bar out of shape.) If a bike fell over from a standstill, some crash bars might protect something on it. Perhaps the best use of a crash bar is as a place to hang footpegs. But the reason given for the law is that it promotes safety. I wrote to Arkansas to ask their reason for the law, and whether there were statistics to prove the effectiveness of crash bars. Here's their answer: "In regard to your question concerning the use of crash bars, this safety requirement was intended to increase the safety of an individual riding a motorcycle. The use of crash bars will provide protection to the cyclist in the event the motorcycle flips on its side in an accident. The bars will keep the motorcycle from crushing the rider. So far as results from the use of crash bars are concerned, we have no information in regard to the successful-

"There are four basic steps for any group taking on the legislators."

lobbyist, it would be wise, for strength, to make sure all types of riders are represented, but that he doesn't also represent dealers. Dealers have more money than riders, gen-

contact your local congressman or assemblyman, or whatever he is called in your state, to verify your state's procedure. This is critical. It will tell you where in the legislative process you have a chance to effectively make your views heard.

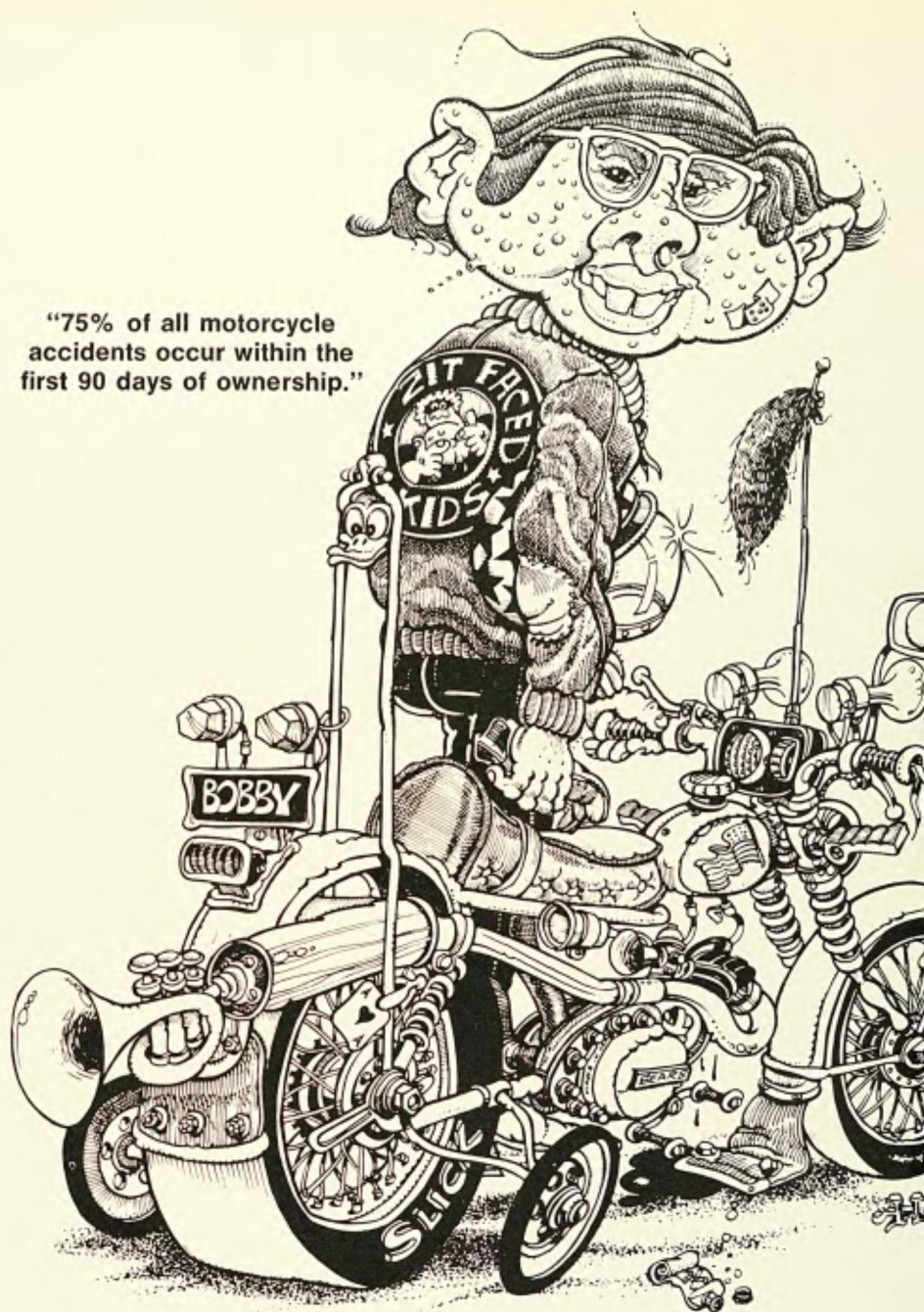
In California, there are two houses, the Assembly and the Senate. (This corresponds to the House of Representatives and the Senate in the Federal government.) An assemblyman or a senator may introduce a bill in his house. He may have any of many reasons. They can range from his personal conviction all the way down to having the bill essentially handed to him by a special-interest lobbyist who may in one way or another be contributing to campaign funds.

The author introduces the bill into the process by a reading before the full house. The chairman assigns the bill to a committee. The committee has many bills, and their schedule of hearing bills is available. In California you can arrange with your local assemblyman to receive a weekly summary of bills introduced, what committees the bills are in, and dispositions.

The committee with the bill is open to views from anyone by letter and by appearing before the committee at the hearing scheduled for a particular bill. Arrangements for appearing on the pro side of a bill can be made through the author of the bill. Arrangements to protest all or parts of a bill, or to get more lenient provisions, should be made through your local representative in the house.

Now back to the general procedure. The committee meets, hears testimony pro and con, and if necessary rewrites the bill. The committee also has the power to not pass on a bill, i.e., kill it. Herein lie mixed blessings. A committee can kill a good bill as well as a bad one. Suppose the bill is voted out of the committee back to the full house, in either its original form or rewritten. The full house then votes on the bill. (I'm assuming that the bill has to clear only one committee. Sometimes there are more.) In the full house, influence on a bill is much more difficult because of the larger number of members than in committee.

"75% of all motorcycle accidents occur within the first 90 days of ownership."



The house can vote down the bill, which ends it. Or it can pass the bill. If passed, it then goes to the other house. There, the same procedure is followed. One or more committees study the bill, hold hearings, and pass or hold the bill. If it's voted out, and the full house passes it, it's a law. If it's been rewritten from the version in which it was received, it has to go back to the first house where it was introduced.

You can see that the path of a bill can be tortuous. There are several times when you can officially and effectively make your views heard.

If a bill is going to more than one committee, for example, you can let it go until it gets to a committee where there is a member whom you know to be on your side. Or you can wait for it to get to the second house, if over there you have a friend on the right committee. The key point is that a committee can kill a bill, but cannot pass it into law. Your spokesman must become familiar with the procedure in your state and learn who the members are on key committees and which members might be either riders or ex-riders sympathetic to your cause.

Remember also that congressmen want votes. If riders work together, their votes can influence close elections. Let the congressmen know you are working together and will vote en masse against congressmen pushing bad motorcycle laws.

The next thing is, how do you carry out a fight once a bill is in some committee and a hearing is scheduled? The steps below were used in California to defeat the helmet-wearing bill. The steps are basic and should be useful to any group taking on the legislature.

1. The responsible rider representative, lobbyist, or rider organization must organize the attack, starting well ahead of the committee hearing.

2. A letter-writing campaign to committee members must be carried out in the weeks preceding the meeting, good, intelligent letters, brief and to the point, and not insulting or sarcastic.

3. At the hearing, organized presentations should be made by not more than three persons. Each presentation must be concise and to the point.

4. All available space in the meeting room must be filled. There must be overflow into the hallways by riders of all kinds. Everyone must be well-behaved.

To explain the above points:

1. The spokesman must organize the attack early. This means knowing when the bill is coming up for hearing. He must contact possible speakers who are authorities on particular subjects and counsel them on what is needed to combat the legislation. He must know exactly when the hearing is scheduled and keep everyone informed, and see to it that the rider club members attend en masse.

At our California helmet bill hearing, several speakers were arranged for by a lobbyist. A representative from a helmet manufacturer spoke on how helmets are tested and the consequent safety factors. Conclusion: Helmets are not a cure-all. I made a presentation on accident and death statistics before and after helmet laws in other states. (See my article, *Easyriders*, Oct. '72, on this subject.) Various other cycle magazines had representatives there, also.

For another example, for a hearing on a bill restricting frame modification, get an authority to speak along the lines of the article in the October, 1972 *Easyriders* entitled "Special Engineering Report: Raked and Extended Front Ends are Safe." This should have been done in Massachusetts, and perhaps the following would not have been written into their Vehicle Equipment Standards: "No motor-driven cycle which has a modified front fork may be operated on a highway after Jan. 1, 1974."

At all times the evidence presented must be truthful. Any deliberate attempt to mislead the lawmakers can have disastrous results.

2. There must be publicity through cycle magazines, cycle shops, clubs, letters written to key lawmakers. The man leading the fight should cause to be published, and get into as many hands as possible, the names and positions of the key lawmakers who must be influenced. Remember, all letters must be timely, polite, concise, and to the point, invoking technical arguments rather than emotional. Not even constitutional arguments are very effective, since this is a matter for courts to decide. In the California hearing on helmet wearing, the chairman asked a speaker not to talk about the constitutionality of the bill, since it would start an argument among the lawyers on the committee.

3. One of the problems at the California hearing was that the speakers tended to prepare speeches that were too long and, in some cases, repetitive. The chairman continually urged speakers to cut it short and quit repeating. At times he did this to the point of downright rudeness. The invited speakers should spend time on their presentation, keep the length down to 10 or 15 minutes at most, and present easy-to-understand key points that do not overlap into points made by other speakers. In order to keep the attention of the lawmakers, it is helpful, maybe necessary, to use visual aids.

At the California hearing, I used 30" by 40" charts with key points written out in large letters. This gave visual impact, which tends to keep attention. I was not hassled by the chairman until the end, after I'd

completed the charts and attempted to make additional points. Whatever you do, don't let your spokesman get up with a thick sheaf of papers and start reading.

Handouts at the hearing are usually ineffectual. There isn't time to read and understand them. In my opinion, the only way to get your points across at the hearing is by speaking with authority and with the use of visual aids.

Along with keeping presentations short and to the point, keep down the number of invited speakers; as I've said, three ought to be enough. What happens afterwards, when others from the audience want to come up to make points, is another problem. This should be kept to a minimum by previously advising those riders who will attend to keep their seats. The committee members will see the roomful of motorcyclists who oppose the bill; their presence is effective. All that is accomplished by more of these riders coming to talk is to make the lawmakers angry. The committee will have other hearings scheduled, and time is important to them. Whatever points that may have been made by the planned speakers can be lost by additional repetition and long talks.

4. At the hearing, the room must be full to overflow with concerned motorcyclists, hundreds of them if possible. All the clubs must be represented, from the so-called outlaw clubs to the straights. This sort of thing has a good effect on the lawmakers when the crowd is well-behaved. At the California hearing on helmet wearing, it appeared to impress the senators to see so many riders who simply didn't want to be told they had to wear helmets, and that there were *no* riders present upholding the proposed law.

Your attack during a hearing on adverse motorcycle bills can be successful, as was our fight in California on the helmet bill. In fact, our fight was nearly over-successful! The senator who had introduced the bill commented in rebuttal that it appeared we were trying to prove that helmet wearing *caused* more deaths. If this be true, he continued, a bill should be introduced to *prohibit* helmet wearing in order to *save* lives! ■

Not an Everyday Ripoff

It looked to be a perfect night for puttin'. Pete settled back comfortably, set his booted feet on the pegs, and cracked the throttle. A cold winter wind whipped across the freeway, making it a slight hassle to hold his shovel in the left lane. But Pete didn't mind the wind. With two pairs of Levi's on, a light jacket to serve as insulation under his heavy, black leather one, and tall, simple, black leather boots, he was almost invulnerable to the cold. The wind blast actually added to the high of cruising along at 90 per, even if it did make him squint his eyes to mere slits, which made it a hassle to watch for The Man.

Wednesday night. The end of another fucked up day on the job. Ahead, the prospect of some jammin' with a few brothers, maybe down San Diego way. Man, this was livin'! First, home to get some good, heavy



chow under his belt, and then out again on the road . . . Pete cracked the throttle a little more. Now, if only the ol' lady had chow ready—The thought got chopped off suddenly by another one, one that made him grit his teeth. Shit! The ol' lady! Have chow ready? Hell, she'd more likely be waitin' for him with some more goddam complaints—about his buddies, his ridin', his— Pete threw his head back and let out a howl of pure frustration. "She-e-e-it!"

Pete was not the kind of guy to be aware of the imposing, almost threatening, figure he presented to non-biker eyes. He was six-three and weighed in at 220. He straddled and controlled his bike as if he'd been built onto it at the factory. His outfit of riding clothes were slick and black with oil and grease from years of working on bikes and thousands of miles on the road. Naturally, to

a straight's eyes, he looked like something out of a bad dream. His long, dark-brown hair, wind-whipped into a wild tangle, only added to his nightmarish quality in the minds of the squares during and after a roaring ride. Just another thing his ol' lady had bellyached about more times than Pete liked to remember. Well, fuck 'em all—includin' the ol' lady! He wasn't about to get his hair cut for no sonofabitch!

He gritted his teeth again and forced thoughts of the ol' lady out of his mind. This short freeway ride was for enjoyin', not for gettin' frustrated. He cracked the throttle one last time and then slowed down to take it easy on the offramp, and even easier when he hit the street. This taking it easy always bugged him; he thought for the thousandth time that he could walk home from here faster than he could make it on a

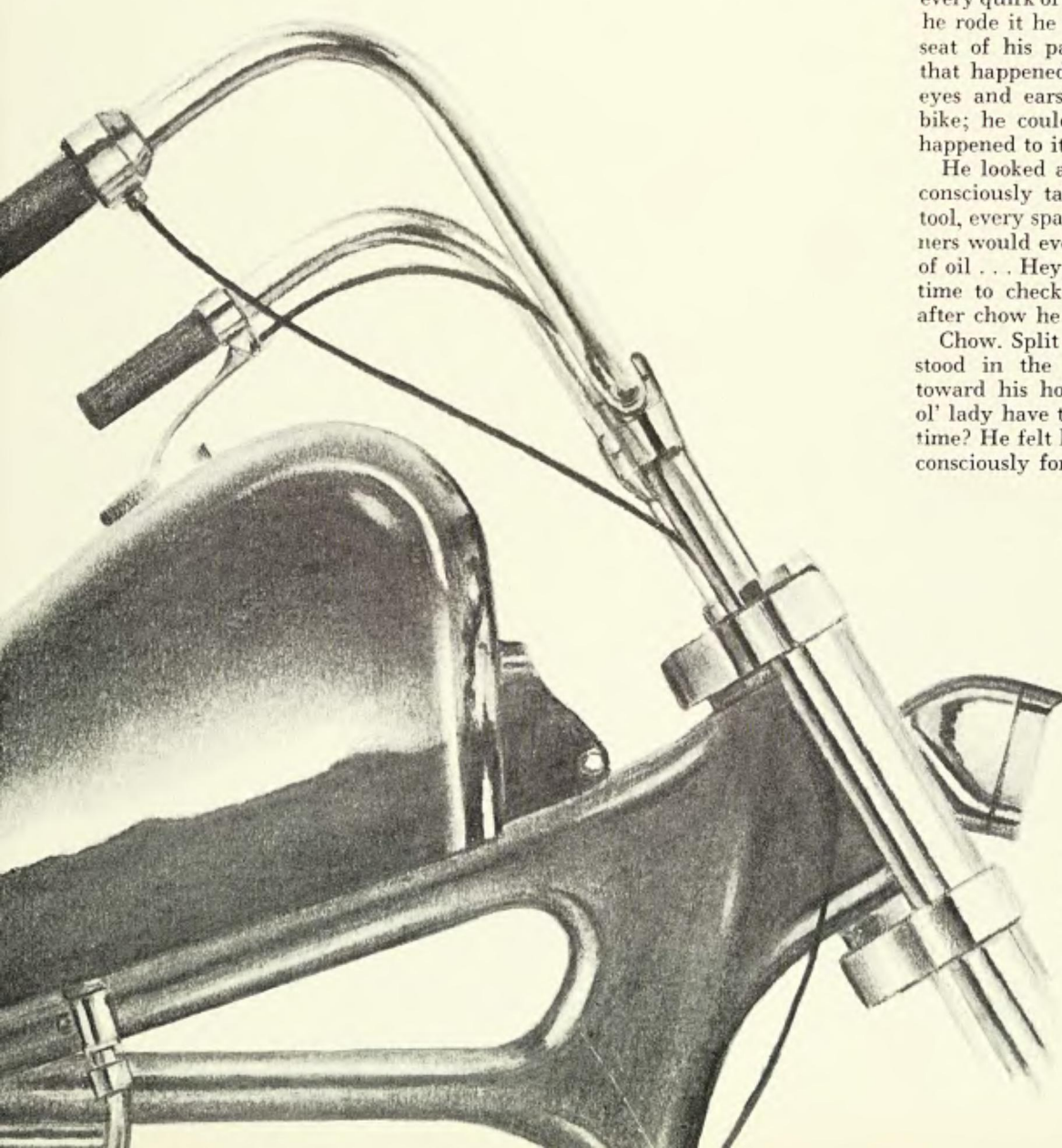
quietly rumbling bike. When he hit his home driveway, he cut the engine completely and let the big machine roll silently up to the garage door. He'd seen the looks the next-door neighbors gave him when he used to come roaring up the drive—and who needed constantly pissed-off neighbors? Not that Pete minded hassles. It was hard to make him lose his cool; but he didn't have to lose his cool to tangle with somebody. That was one reason his people liked him: they could depend on him in a jam.

Turning off the garage alarm, he keyed the big padlock and heaved the door open. He rolled his scooter inside to its resting place and stood there looking down at it with the look that most men save for a favorite chick. He knew every nut and bolt of it—hell, he should, he'd taken them all out and put them back in often enough. He knew every wire, every quirk of the big machine. When he rode it he could feel through the seat of his pants every little thing that happened to it. He didn't need eyes and ears when it came to his bike; he could *feel* everything that happened to it.

He looked around the garage, unconsciously taking inventory. Every tool, every spare part he—or his partners would ever need. The big drum of oil . . . Hey, now would be a good time to check his oil, so that right after chow he could split quick.

Chow. Split quick. Yeah, sure! He stood in the garage door, looking toward his house. What would the ol' lady have to bellyache about this time? He felt his fists closing and he consciously forced them open again.

—Continued on page 49

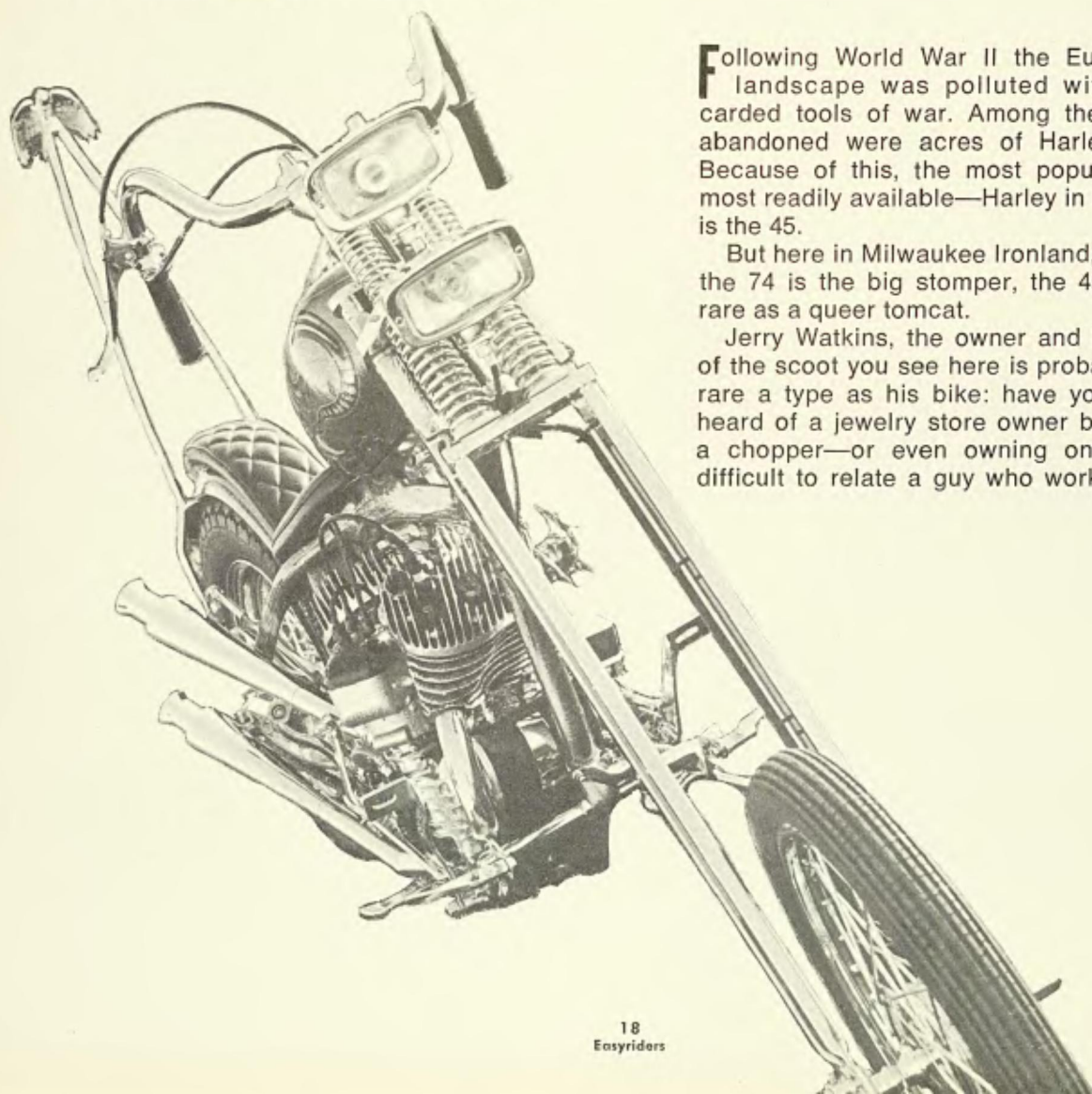


Chopper Fiction

By Frank Mueller



Rare as a queer tomcat.

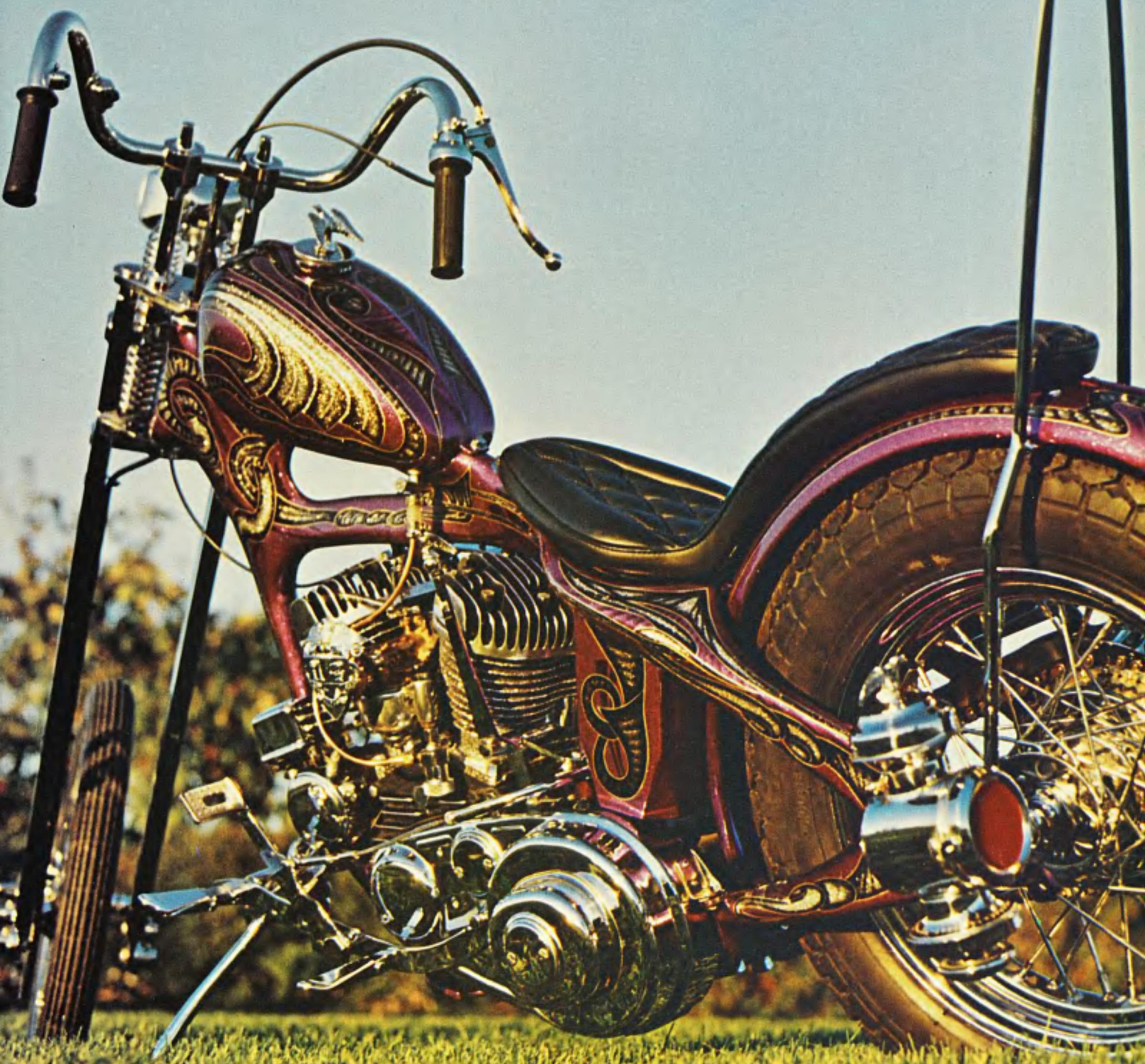


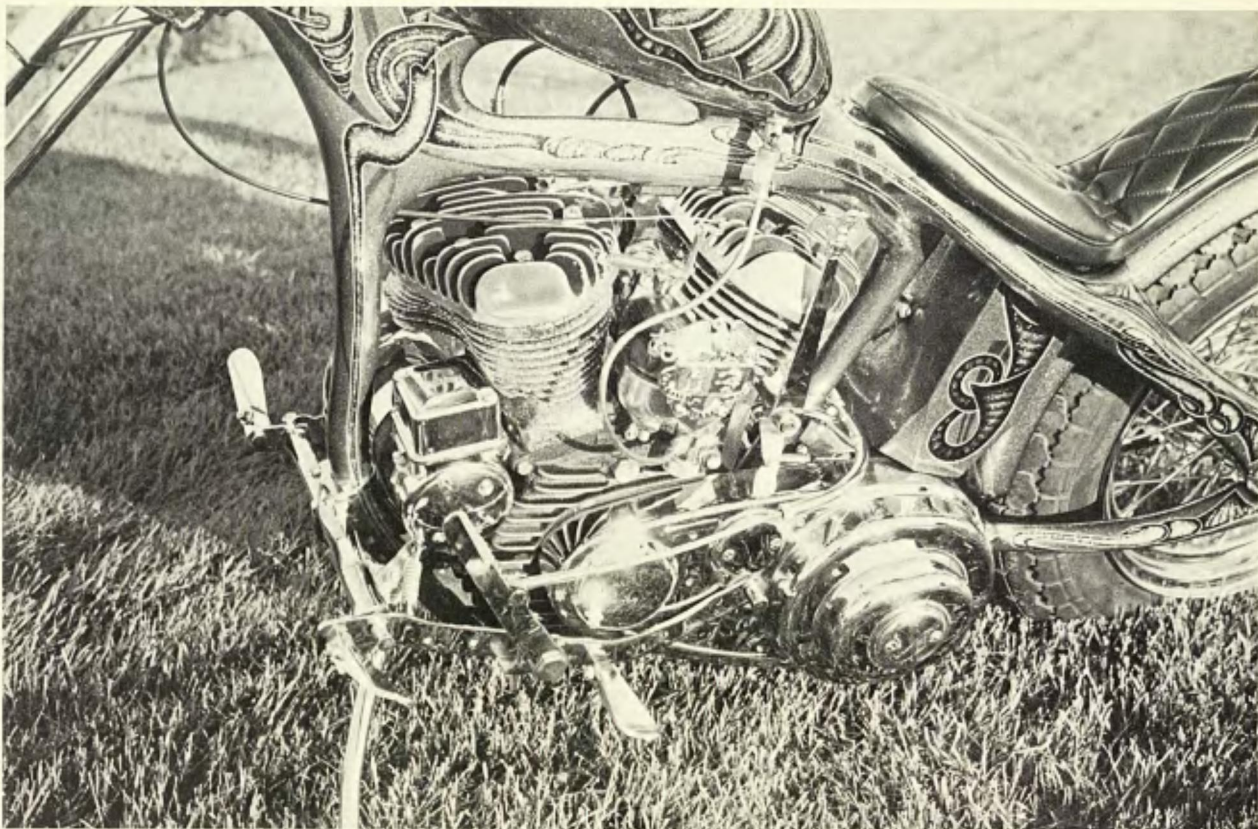
Following World War II the European landscape was polluted with discarded tools of war. Among the items abandoned were acres of Harley 45s. Because of this, the most popular—or most readily available—Harley in Europe is the 45.

But here in Milwaukee Ironland, where the 74 is the big stomper, the 45 is as rare as a queer tomcat.

Jerry Watkins, the owner and builder of the scoot you see here is probably as rare a type as his bike: have you ever heard of a jewelry store owner building a chopper—or even owning one? It's difficult to relate a guy who works with

Would you
believe a 45?





delicate, almost invisible watch parts, to a guy welding a frame, or leaving the usual pound of skin from his knuckles all over a hawg engine. But he did.

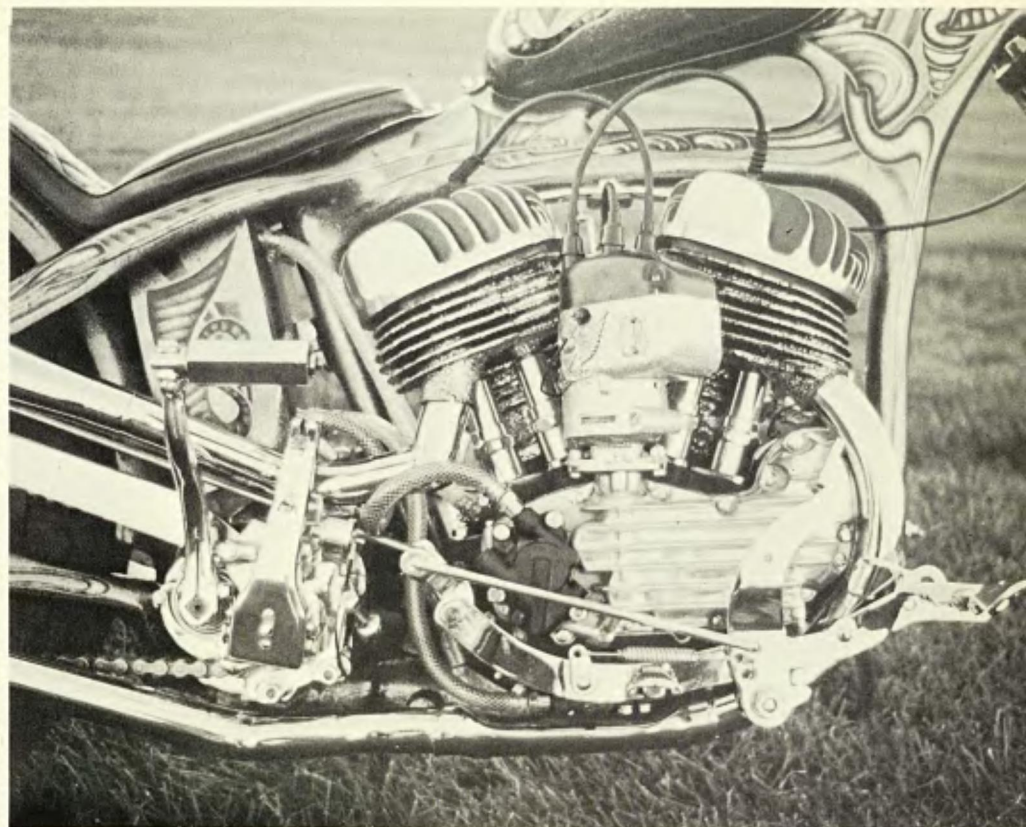
To escape the pressures a jewelry store owner faces every day (like tedious repair work, kissing customers' asses, and trying like hell to sell an item without indicating urgency or hustle), Jerry decided to build a dream chopper.

As is usually the case, he started with a 1942 basket-case 45 that he paid \$100 for. He then involved himself in every single phase of the construction, and after a year of after-hours escaping from daytime pressures, his scoot was finished.

Then, a few weeks later, an expensive engagement ring was returned to his store. Jerry grinned through clenched teeth as he "cheerfully" made the refund—and that very night he started his next escape: A Sportster.

So now, things are back to normal at Normal, Illinois. (That's really the name of the city, honest!) ■





Owner: Jerry Watkins



General

Fabrication by: owner
Year & make: 1942 H-D
Model: 45
Value: \$3800
Time: 1 year
Assembly: owner
Chroming: Decatur Plating

Frame

Year: 1942
Rake: 10 degrees
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: pullbacks
Tank: peanut
Seat: A.E.E. Devil
Material: naugahyde
Sissy Bar: owner

Engine

Year: 1942
Model: Flathead
Builder: Chuck's Harley-Davidson
Displacement: 45 cu. in.
Cam: stock
Lifters: stock
Carb(s): Linkert
Shifter: jockey
Pipes: owner
Mufflers: megaphones

Forks

Type: springer (square)
Extension: 12 inches over
Builder: Chop Shop

Painting

Molding: owner
Painting: Chuck Feken
Color: purple and silver
Type: Acrylic lacquer

Wheels

Front: 19-inch Rear: 16-inch

Tires

Front: 2.50 x 19 Pirelli
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Pirelli

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



Disgusting Remarks

I'm in a mental hospital, but I really dug the drawing you sent me—I have it on the wall near my bed, and I must tell you I got some pretty disgusting remarks about your beautiful bod from the nurses—but they're all drags. Well, I gotta go and get my day's supply of downers from the medicine nurse—little does she know that I am saving them up for an OD.

Steve
New Orleans, La.

Naive Texan?

I am rather naive about socially acceptable methods of relieving that itching, burning sensation in my gonads. I also have a tennis elbow from whipping off so much. Can you help me?

Dallas, Texas
Perplexed

● Anything I know isn't socially acceptable, so scratch, and get a broad.

Mutha In The Raw?

I get spastic everytime I see you in *Easysiders*, but I'd still give up my winter stash for a chance to see you in the raw.

Travelin' Terror
Flagstaff, Arizona

● You can have a free drawing of me by sending me a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Keep your stash; I'm only partly nude.

Bad Breath

My chick cut me off. Do you suppose it's because she smelled F.D.S. on my breath?

Muff Oliver
Pt. Pleasant, N.J.

● I keep tellin' you guys to have your chicks use Kool Aid.

Wants To Shack Up

I've got one helluva problem. I'm going to be 23 this year and I'm still in high school. I want to leave this

hole and get out to your area and shack up with some good-looking broad. Do you know of any chick that would like to shack up with me?

Big Boy
Omaha, Nebraska

● You should get your high school diploma first, Big Boy. Big Boy? Ah—why do they call you Big Boy? On second thought, maybe you should send me a photo of you (nude), and maybe I can do something for you.

Likes Black Rubber

Hey, Mutha, do you know where I can get some racing leathers made out of black rubber inside and out? I have a thing for rubber, so if you don't know, would you ask your readers?

Butch Rider
R. 1719
343 S. Dearborn
Chicago, Ill. 60604

● Sorry, I'm on a toes kick right now.

What Shape?

Something's been bothering me—I'm wondering how you are able to keep your gorgeous shape. Do you wear a bra and girdle?

Undie Freak
Mt. Angle, Oregon

● That's all me, baby. Nothing caresses my body except human hands, lips, and teeth.

Tell Her To Kiss Off

My chick insists that we get married before we can ball. Marriage isn't my idea of fun—but she won't even so much as let me play a little stink-finger. What should I do?

Boar
Green Bay, Wisconsin

● Take her to a rank porno movie and then rush her to a deserted street and have at it. If that doesn't work, just tell her to kiss off—that is, tell her to blow—you know what

them so frantically that I make a lot of noise. Another thing I do that seems to annoy her is that I am compelled to jerk off whenever I see pantyhose commercials on TV. Please tell me what to do.

Weird John
St. James, N.Y.

● Obviously you've got to find a girl friend who's not so finicky. And a girl who won't be so childishly jealous of pretty models on television.

Leaving Home

I don't have one iota of privacy. My ol' lady snoops into everything. I had two of your magazines and a copy of *Screw* and three porno books and she threw them out and burned them. She a Holy Roller, so whatta ya expect? I can't even choose my own friends, or spend my own money the way I want. She's bigger than I am and so I'm the one that gets the beating all the time. If she keeps it up I'm going to leave home and get divorce. Do you think this is advisable?

● I hate to see families broken up. Are there any children—besides yourself?

Enjoys Ol' Lady

The only way I enjoy my ol' lady is after I've snorted some coke. She doesn't smoke. What do you suggest I do to get her head together?

Desperate
Vineland, New Jersey

● It might be a good idea to leave her as she is. If she ever got her head together, and dug on you, she'd probably split.

I mean, tell her to split. (Forget her.)

Turn Your Head and Cough

The last time I was ashore I saw a Wave that looked just like you—same toad-like shape balloon tits, hairy legs—everything. Come across, Mutha—was that you? Did you join the Navy?

Big Walt
FPO, San Francisco

● I tried, but when the doctor (thinking I was a guy) tested me for hernia, he lost his class ring. He rejected me, and would you believe that we still haven't found that damned ring?

Hairy Problem

I have small hair cuts all over the tip of my tongue. How can I keep this from happening?

Lover
Pittsburgh, Pa.

● Have her take a hot bath.

Pantyhose Freak

I seem to do a few things that turn my chick off and I'm wondering if you can give me some helpful advice. I have a mad compulsion to scarf wieners after they've been dipped in hot chocolate. I eat

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

RED RIDER

AND LIL' BEAVER

SUPERSTAR

"WHAT'S THE HURRY,
NOTHING COULD BE
THAT HEAVY!"

"GET IT ON BEAVER
DAMN IT, SNAKE
ONLY SCORED A
COUPLE OF HITS!"

BULLSHIT!

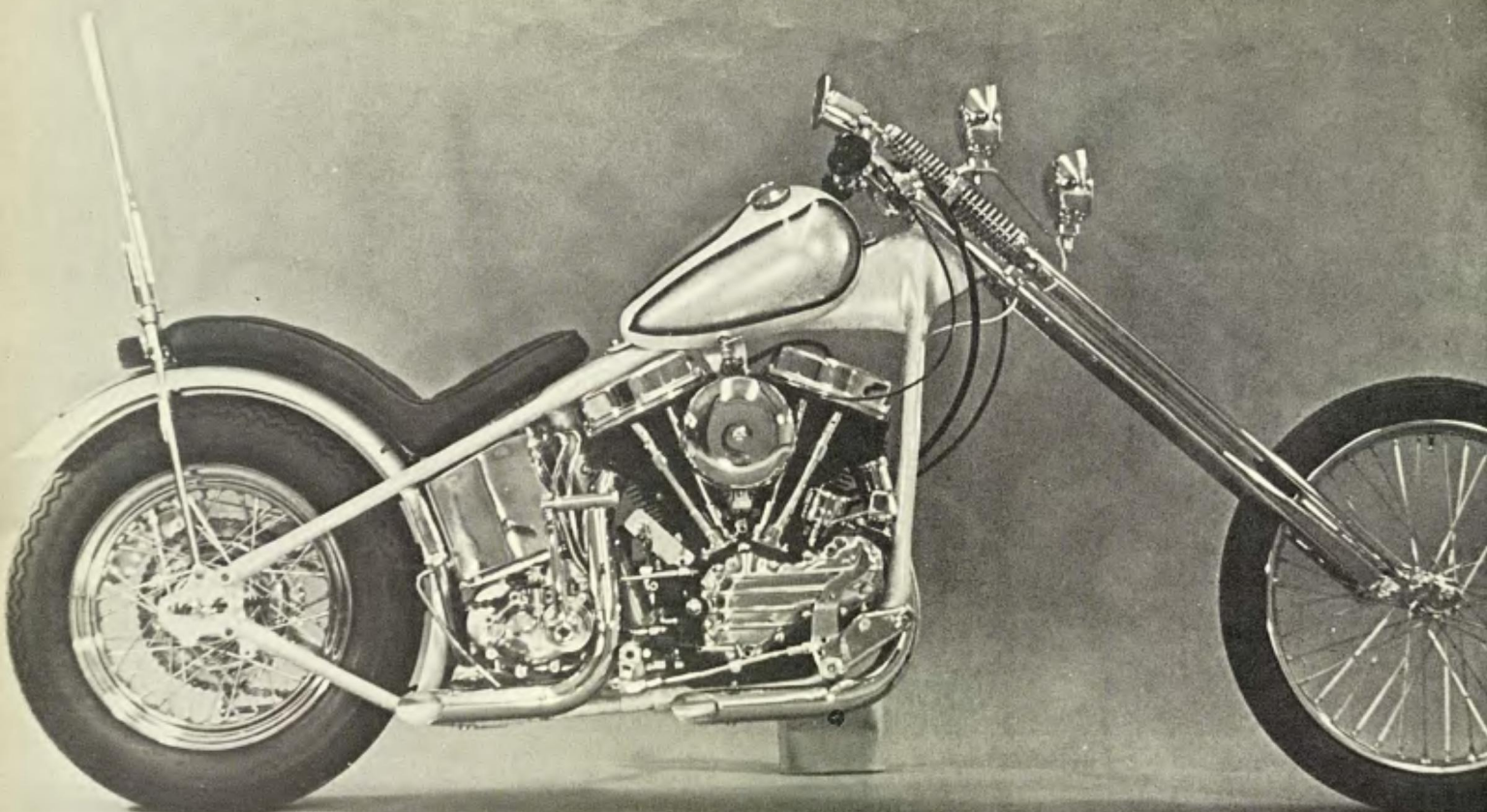
HUCIO
RIDER

"I DON'T KNOW
WHY YOU SWEAT
IT, HE'LL WAIT!"

"YOU AND YOUR
GIRLS!
HELL WAIT CRAP!"

OWON! SMOKE

END



80-Incher from Delaware (Delaware?)



Here's a damned good example of the fact that old Harleys never die—they're just rebuilt. Who can honestly say that this white pearl masterpiece isn't a helluva lot more beautiful than was the original design when it first saw daylight in 1961?

Sure, there are a few people, like the highway officials in New Jersey who seem to believe that a bike is weakened if there is any modification to the manufacturer's original design, but this is like saying a design cannot be improved upon, that we don't gain engineering knowledge through the years, and that manufacturers never make mistakes. The many recalls Detroit makes every year, to say nothing of common sense, certainly refutes that thinking.



***Did you know that
a scoot like this is
becoming an
endangered species?***



ABATE has been answering these critics through a series of engineering reports in an effort to scientifically defend the fact that properly designed and constructed frame alterations and extended front ends are safe—to try and enlighten the head-in-the-sand type thinking of some politicians and state officials.

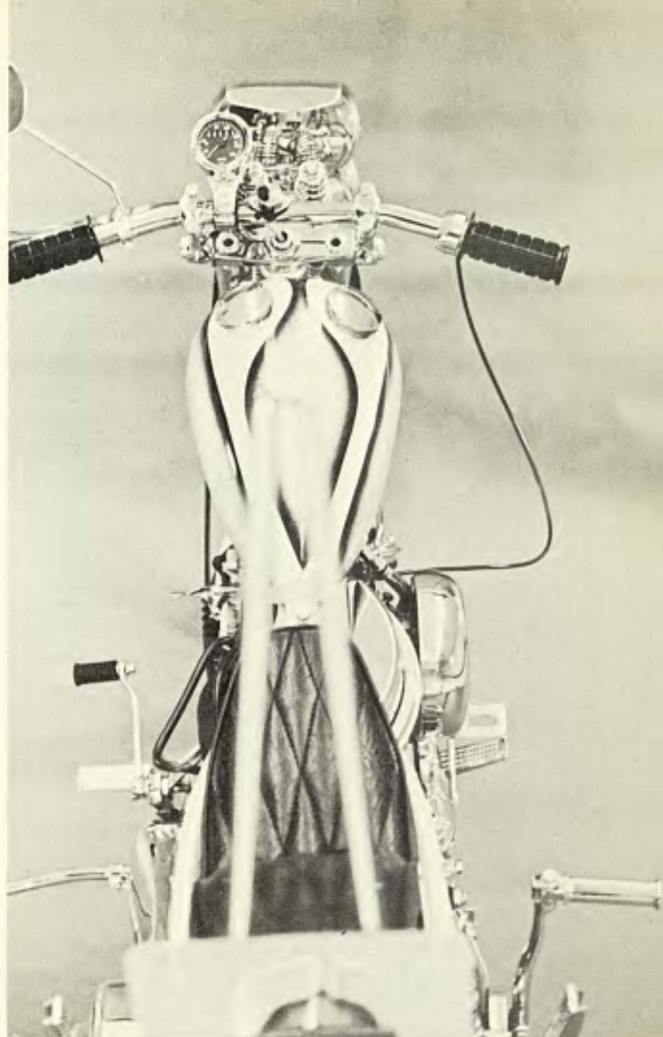
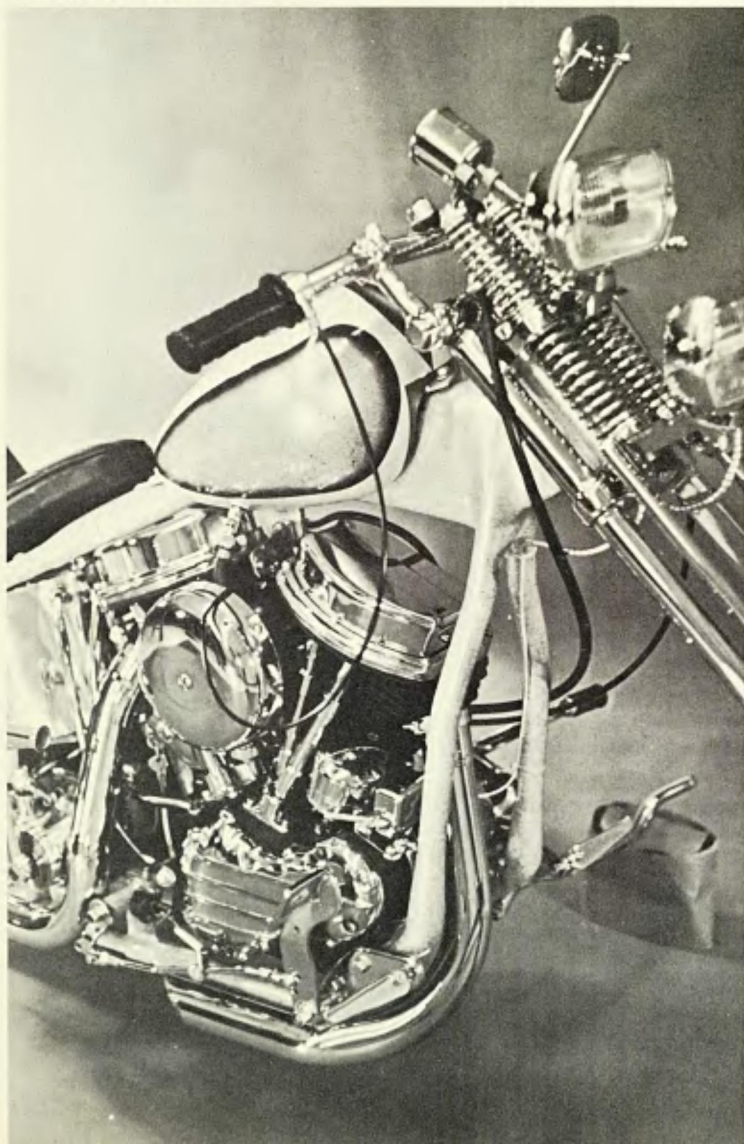
The Chief of Automotive Engineering Standards for the state of New Jersey recently justified their state's law in a letter to ABATE, as follows:

"There have been many accidents in New Jersey caused by modifications which have been in the frame, steering or suspension system of a motorcycle. As a result, a law was passed making it impossible for us to approve a motorcycle which does not have the frame, steering or suspension system in a con-





Photos by Ken Ewan



dition equivalent to the original manufacturer's specifications.

"We have had letters from the Chief Engineers of many motorcycle manufacturing companies stating that extended forks are unsafe because they have a dangerous effect on the handling characteristics. Extending the fork often produces improper rake and trail and also increases the wheel base. This causes an increased stress on the frame of the motorcycle which would cause the frame to break. In addition, the spring action of the front wheel is changed and this can also decrease the safety of the motorcycle. Motorcycles with extended forks often cannot be driven through the test required to obtain a motorcycle operator's license."

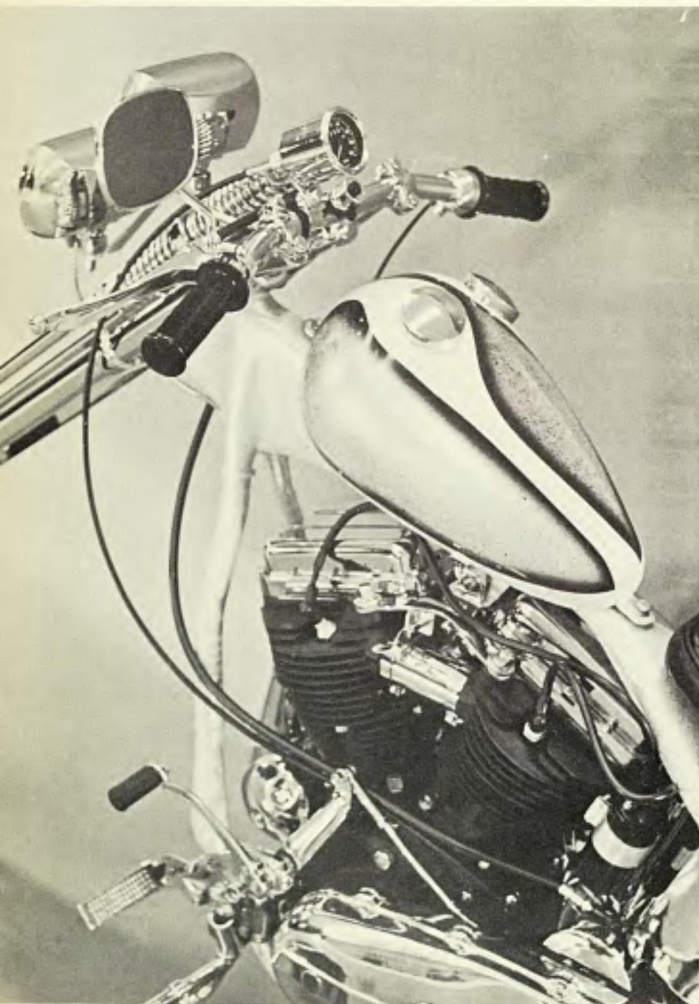
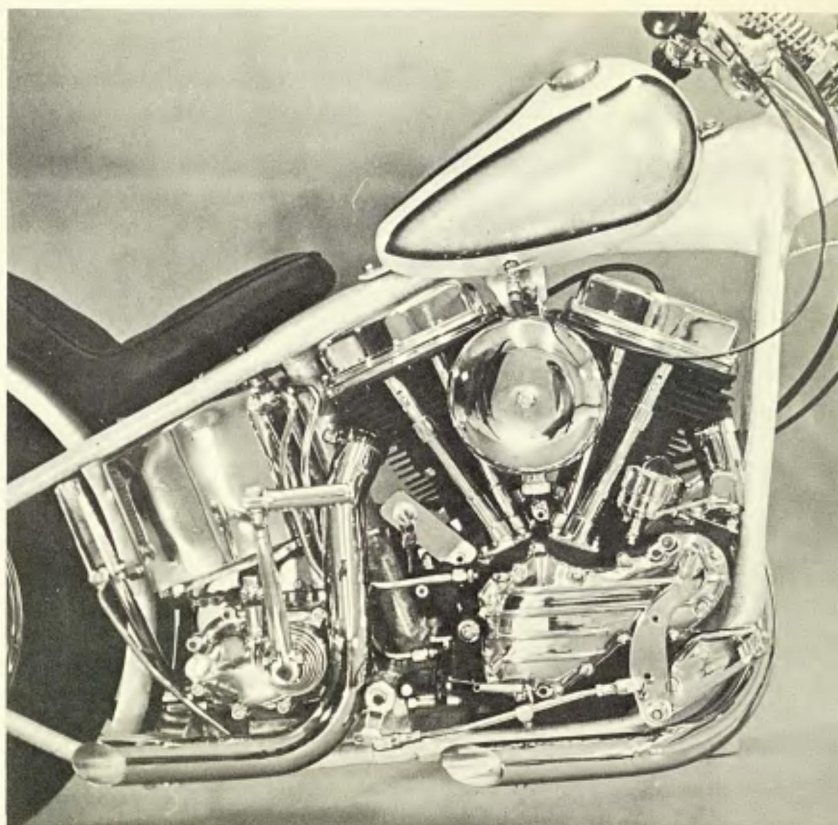
It appears that some unsafe bikes got into some accidents and then the politicians over-reacted and passed a law that affected all bikes. And where do you suppose they got their "expert" advice? As the man said, from the manufacturers—the people who have a financial interest in seeing that only stock machines are allowed on the streets.

—Continued on next page

Sorry I tripped off like that, but I get frustrated when I see a beautiful machine like this and realize that there are those people who would like this type of bike removed from the street. It just ain't right.

This bike of Bing Hammer's would no doubt be declared illegal in New Jersey, and probably wouldn't pass inspection in Pennsylvania, even though its modest 1" rake and 14" over stock springer have been proven safe by ABATE'S engineering research reports. Luckily, Bing lives in Newark, Delaware, and doesn't have this problem.

Bing is not a newcomer to bikes, having owned a B.S.A. and a Triumph before going ape and deciding to do his puttin' on a 74—and puttin' he does (weather permitting); he rides it every day he can. Unfortunately, it wasn't too many days after these photos were taken that his scoot suffered its first ding. ■



Owner: Bing Hammer

General

Fabrication by: Wilmington Cust.
Year & make: 1961 H-D
Model: 74
Value: \$2500
Time: 6 months
Assembly: Wilmington Custom
Chroming: Wilmington Custom

Frame

Year: 1963
Rake: 1 inch
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: drag bars
Tank: chopper
Seat: Ministronie
Material: naugahyde
Sissy bar: 36-in. round

Engine

Year: 1960
Model: 74 FLH
Builder: Wilmington Custom
Displacement: 80 cu. in.
Cam: stock

Forks

Type: narrow springer
Extension: 14 inches over stock
Builder: D&D

Painting

Lifters: hydraulic
Carb(s): Linkert
Shifter: foot (mouse trap elim.)
Pipes: drag type
Mufflers: none

Molding: Tom Owensby
Painting: Tom Owensby
Color: white pearl
Type: Acrylic lacquer

Tires

Stacks: none
Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Arco

Wheels

Front: 21-inch Rear: 16-inch

Spider's Hang-Up





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 James Tinney, Houston, Texas.

—Submitted by B. Morgenroth, Brookfield, Conn.

—Submitted by Don Lehman, Independence, Mo.



Engineer boots, Levi's, leather, and shades,
Riverside bars, risers, bob-job and pegs.
My machine, a chick, a race to win;
Death is my sidekick till he does me in.
I ride for the freedom of being alone,
I ride with a bunch, the road is our home.
The world is my challenge—no love is lost
'Tween guys like me and society's frost.
A chick is fine, 'tho true love I won't find;
Sex is a magnet, but love clouds my mind.
I'll ride come good times, come hunger and strife;
My bike is my partner, my love, my life.





—Submitted by Dave Fitzgerald, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

In the Wind

CONTINUED



—Submitted by Dave Fitzgerald

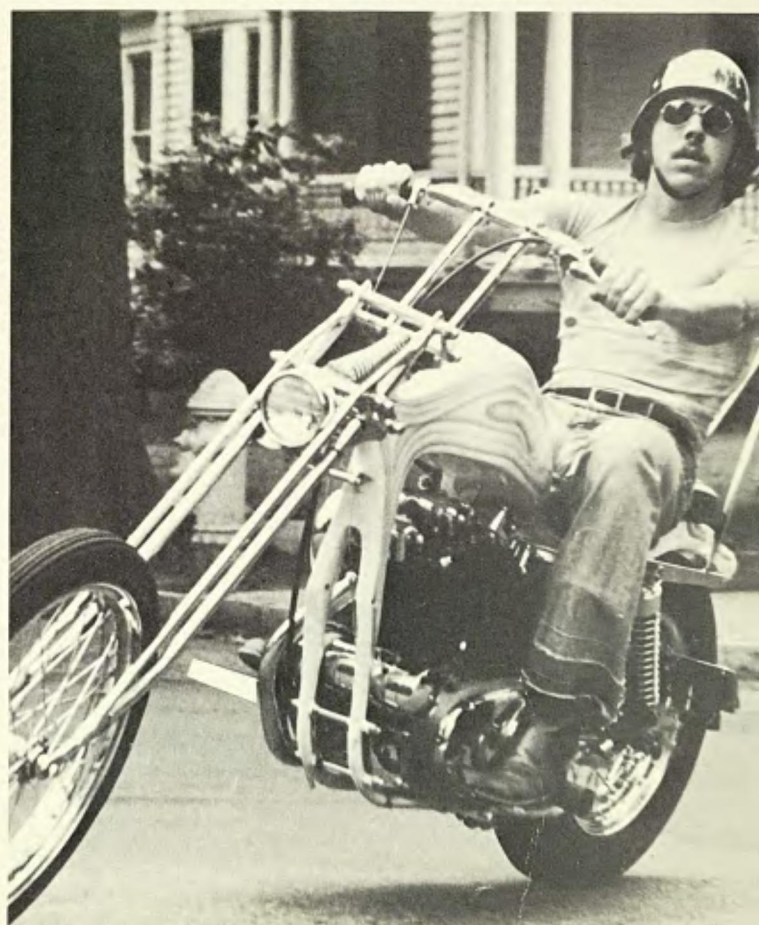


—Submitted by Robbin Rainbolt, Morenci, Arizona.



—Submitted by Ilene Jaffe, Coral Gables, Fla.

—Submitted by David Berendt, Belleville, N.J.





Dave Mann, not too long ago, packed up his belongings and moved from Kansas City, Missouri, to Florida. Coming from an area that had snow every year, Dave understands the frustrations guys go through while they have to wait long months for good riding weather to return.

We had suggested, as his painting for this issue, a scene showing a guy in a warm garage with snow outside, and with the guy rebuilding his scooter in preparation for the first spring run. But Dave had another idea, and instead of showing a biker all cozy inside a garage, he put him right out there in the cold-ass snow! Study the painting on the next two pages. Talk about snow scenes—here's one you can feel!



Easyriders Magazine

DAVID MANN



Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road

Reprints of ABATE's Engineering Reports Now Available

Reports that prove conclusively that raked necks and extended front ends are safe!

Bikers all over the country are being hassled about their altered frames and/or their extended front ends. Wisconsin has a law, to go into effect in January, 1974, that will outlaw extended front ends. Police, everywhere, are using their old "catch all" law (unsafe vehicle) to cite bikes that they feel are unsafe because of some false "center of gravity" mumbo-jumbo caused by the extended front end, or because of an altered frame—or because the wind was going a different direction—who knows?

ABATE, in order to fight all of this, hired an engineering firm to determine whether a raked front end, or an extended front end was safe. In two lengthy documented reports, complete with engineering drawings, the engineering firm concluded that they are safe. Both articles were featured in *Easriders* magazine

(June '72 and February '73).

Now, reprints of the articles are available to aid bikers everywhere fight their battles with scientific facts, not just opinions. The reprints can be sent to legislators and local lawmakers, and used in court to fight traffic tickets.

To ABATE members the first copy of both reports are free—all we need is a stamped self-addressed return envelope. Each additional copy is 10¢.

To non-members, the first copy of each report is 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Each additional copy is 10¢.

Large quantities of reprints are available at reduced prices, for anyone wishing to make large mailings.

Send all orders to ABATE, Box 2280, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740.

NCCSI's Test Machine Completed!

NCCSI, the chopper parts manufacturers association, has unveiled a machine that will test various chopper parts (commencing with springer and girder front ends). They will award an NCCSI seal of approval to all parts that pass the rigid test program. Plans call for NCCSI to set standards that must be met before the seal is awarded—as in the case of the SEMA seal.

Not every manufacturer presently belongs to NCCSI, but most reputable ones do, and once their seal becomes recognized as the

seal of approval in which everyone has faith, then the other manufacturers will have to join up and have their products tested—for we—you and I—the consumers, are fed up with getting burned by inferior, unsafe products and will purchase only approved and tested merchandise. This product testing program is long past due. See the next issue of *Easriders* for the nitty-gritty features of the machine and an outline of the testing programs it will perform.

It appears that the chopper industry is at last beginning to clean house. ABATE will be watching their progress closely and will keep you advised. ■

Fighting Helmet Law

If you have ever been frustrated about being unable to "fight city hall" successfully, or have been disillusioned when friends failed to support you in a time of need, or have become disgusted with people because they wouldn't help themselves when they had the opportunity, or if you've ever been angry after having been kicked in the balls, or have ever been bewildered upon discovering the duplicity of some people or organizations—then you will understand and sympathize with Charles Simon, head of the Un-constitutional Helmet Committee and author of the following letter:

Dear Lou,

I want to thank you for your help in the magazine and the large donations to help fight the helmet laws on a national level. You and your organization ABATE (and *Easriders*) have carried the whole load for all the chopper magazines—and just about all the chopper riders. Bob Greene (*Motorcyclist*) was the only other editor of a national magazine to give me any coverage.

Now—here comes the bomb!

The Supreme Court didn't hear our appeal. The local newspapers carried the story that the Supreme Court unanimously agreed that the helmet law was constitutional. My lawyers tell me that this is not exactly the truth. One week after the newspaper story, my lawyers received a one-line notice from the "High Court." All it said was: "We reaffirm the lower court ruling." There was never any notice of acceptance (or denial). We were forbidden the opportunity of filing the full brief, or making oral arguments. It was as though we had not "played the game" according to the establishment's rules. It was a putdown—they couldn't be bothered.

There are over five million bike riders in this country. They, and their five million passengers, make

up over ten million people (The Court evidently doesn't consider bike riders as people). Surely, ten million Americans have a right to have this controversial question heard by the Supreme Court, and ruled on once and for all.

My lawyers feel that our case was dismissed so lightly primarily for three reasons:

1. An apparent overwhelming lack of interest on the part of the people, particularly the bike riders—the ones most affected.

2. A complete lack of publicity in almost all the trade and consumer magazines and newspapers.

3. Last but not least: We had no major national organization like AMA aggressively campaigning to get this issue before the Supreme Court.

The "nine wise men" figured that a few nuts like you and me were not worth bothering with. My lawyers also informed me of the tremendous pressure exerted in Washington by the dealer organization and helmet lobbyist (MIC). The Department of Transportation and MIC have a lot more money than do little people like me to fight and influence court battles.

I received about twelve thousand dollars, and I have spent over thirty thousand; and the bills are still coming in. If the case had been heard, and I had won it, they (free-riders) still would not have contributed any more than I've already received. I am enclosing the latest donation list. Compare it with any previous one, and you will see what I mean. In some states, the donation was from one man or one shop. For example: Alaska, \$40, Barry's Custom Cycle; Washington, D.C., \$25, one man; Texas, \$115 (\$50 from one man and his "ol' lady"); Hawaii, \$1, from one rider.

I will have to allocate over half of my pay for the next eight years to pay for this foolish excursion into the realm of the so-called American Justice. I guess I'm really mad at myself. I never dreamed

that "bike riders" were such bull-shit artists. All talk and no guts (and no money—not even a dollar).

Now, I'm going to raise hell. My lawyers are filing bills in the legislature for the repeal of the helmet law; of course, we will lose. We'll file for helmets both in cars and on bicycles. I want to see them justify one law and not another. The statistics on deaths due to head injuries for cars and bicycles are worse than for motorcycles. I will just keep filing bills for everything I think we need. My friends in other states are going to do the same. Maybe, after a while, the Supreme Court and the state legislatures will know we are here. So far, they don't even know we exist.

Sorry to be so long-winded, but I feel that I owe you a lot (you and a very few more). I feel bad about what the Court did to us; I feel as though I let down the people who did support my fight. Believe me—I did the best I could. There is a limit to my credit, and that is what I worked on. Without money (real money), I cannot do much on my own.

Thanks again. Keep up the pressure on the lawmakers through ABATE and Easyriders. (Easyriders: the only chopper magazine that cares more about the bike riders than the big advertisers.)

Sincerely,
Charles V. Simon
National Motorcycle
Helmet Committee
Stiles Lake Avenue
Leicester, Mass. 01524

It is a sorry fact, but nevertheless true: there is no way of fighting for and having a chance at justice on a shoestring budget. It takes m-o-n-e-y. Charles Simon spent close to \$30,000 in hard cash, fighting the lower court battle and getting the opportunity to present the case to the U.S. Supreme Court—just to see if they would agree to hear it. If the Supreme Court had agreed to hear the case, it would have taken another \$10,000 to \$20,000.

An attorney who specialized in obscenity laws once told this writer that the cost to take a case all the way to the Supreme Court would be at least \$60,000.

So what do we do now? Do we merely say, "Thanks a lot, Charley—it was a tough break—see ya around sometime"? Or do we try to bail him out of his financial difficulties? (His fight was actually our fight.)

Easyriders feels that we should help him and is kicking in another \$100 in behalf of ABATE, to get the ball rolling. Let's not desert him and leave him with the financial problems as an expression of our "thanks" for fighting a battle that, if won, would have helped every single motorcycle rider in the nation. Send a dollar

to Charles Simon, National Un-constitutional Helmet Committee, c/o Motorcyclist's Post, Stiles Lake Avenue, Leicester, Mass. 01524. ■

Catch 22 in Washington D.C. (and in most states)

In their hysteria to protect us, even though we didn't need or want their help, Volpe and his henchmen blackmailed states into enacting mandatory helmet laws. Well, after 44 states had knuckled under to their demands (usually against the voter's wishes) and enacted the helmet laws, our government finally got around to testing the helmets that glutted the market as the manufacturers all rushed in to grab some of that fine new business.

Are you ready? Out of the 74 helmets tested—helmets that were to have saved our lives, helmets to keep us from becoming a "public burden," helmets that have contributed to innumerable accidents by screwing up a bike rider's hearing and sight, that goddam almighty helmet that allowed some politicians to earn Brownie points by making it possible for them to "do something worthwhile" without hasseling any major, or important section of his constituency—out of 74 different helmets tested only 8 passed the government's tests! And even at that, qualified experts question the standards used for the tests—claiming they were a copout to the major helmet manufacturers.

So, we've had to wear helmets—and for all the questionable reasons that the politicians and police have ranted were the reasons helmets were an absolute necessity. Yet almost all of the helmets on the market fail to do the job. The job that was the basis of our being forced to wear them in the first place, and the basis for having to continue wearing them now. They are supposed to protect us, but it has been proven that they cannot—yet we must wear them! ■

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. ■

MISSISSIPPI ABATE has been advised of a number of motorcycle laws scheduled to be enacted in the near future. We contacted Richard Campbell, Public Information Officer, Motor Vehicle Comptroller of the State of Mississippi, and he said in his return letter: "Enclosed are copies of Senate Bills 1757 and 1760, both of which died in committee during the 1972 legislative session. Similar bills have been introduced in past sessions, but have also failed to pass."

"You asked how individual cities in our state can have helmet laws and do not have to conform to the state that does not have such a law. In most states a city is allowed to pass traffic, or safety, regulations which go beyond basic state statutes—as long as the regulations are not in conflict with state laws. In this case, a city's helmet law is not in conflict since the state has no law regarding helmets one way or the other. Such a law naturally has to be enforced with common sense, and I am not aware if it has caused undue hardship for any riders passing through the city of Jackson or Mississippi."

Again it's a case where the

legislators are ignorant of what the people are having to live with. It is vital that bikers write their lawmakers (at all levels) to keep them aware of your views, to make them remember you when they are about to vote on a bill concerning you. ■

Fight!

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 the news of what's happening to other bikers on these pages hasn't frustrated you, 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—plus programs and plans for positive action. You'll be doing something, rather than sitting around pickin' your nose and complaining. —join us—

—help yourself! Join the struggle, by joining ABATE, the only national organization that gives a damn about the street biker!

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 _____

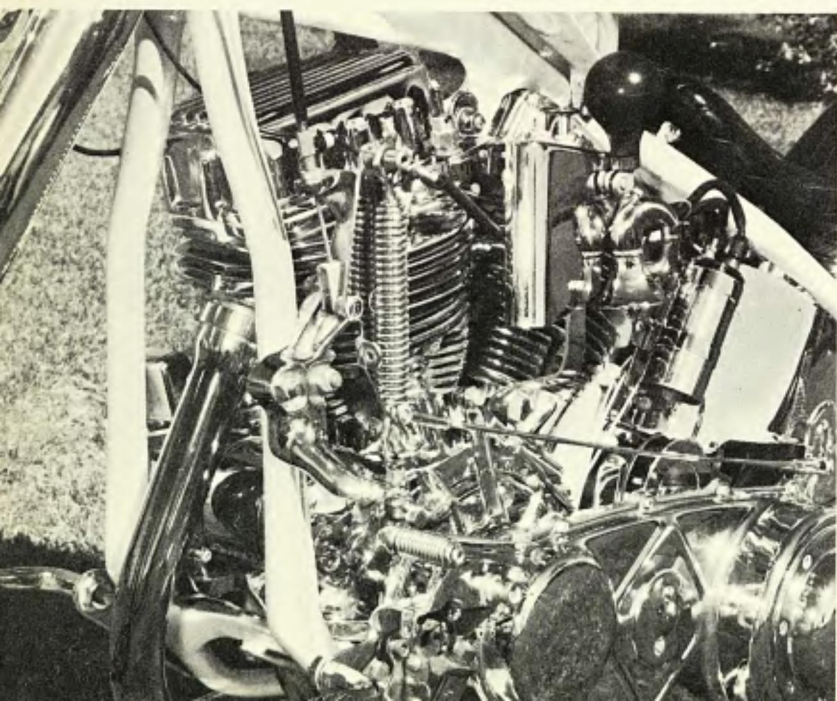
Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____

Not necessary to tear out page. Just send same info on a plain sheet of paper.



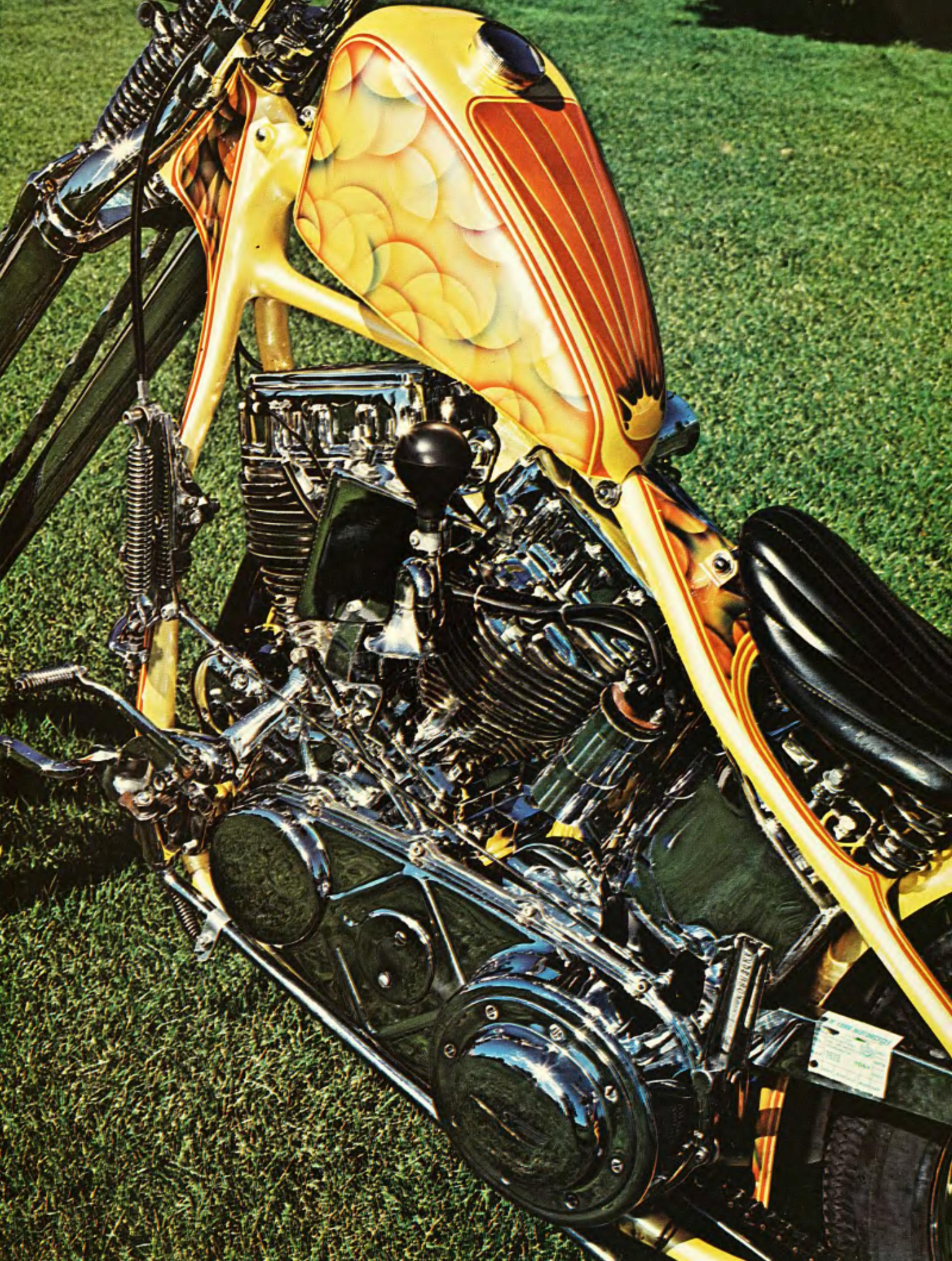
You Meet The Hairiest People on a Hawg!



For you dudes out there who are— ah— just a bit underdeveloped in the scalp area, we'll give you fair warning: Don't read the following unless you want to eat your heart out. Because not only has Erick Wohlgemuth got the healthiest set of locks this side of Yul Brynner, but he's also built a scooter whose shine would dazzle even Mr. Magoo.

And, believe it or not, Erick happens to be a business man and as pleasant a type as you'll ever meet. He doesn't exactly wear a bow tie or work in a bank, but he does run Erick's Cycle Shop in Lynbrook, N.Y., a shop that—as you might already know—has specialized in building scooters ever since that evil idea filtered in from the West Coast eons ago.

His tall and yellow panhead is not just

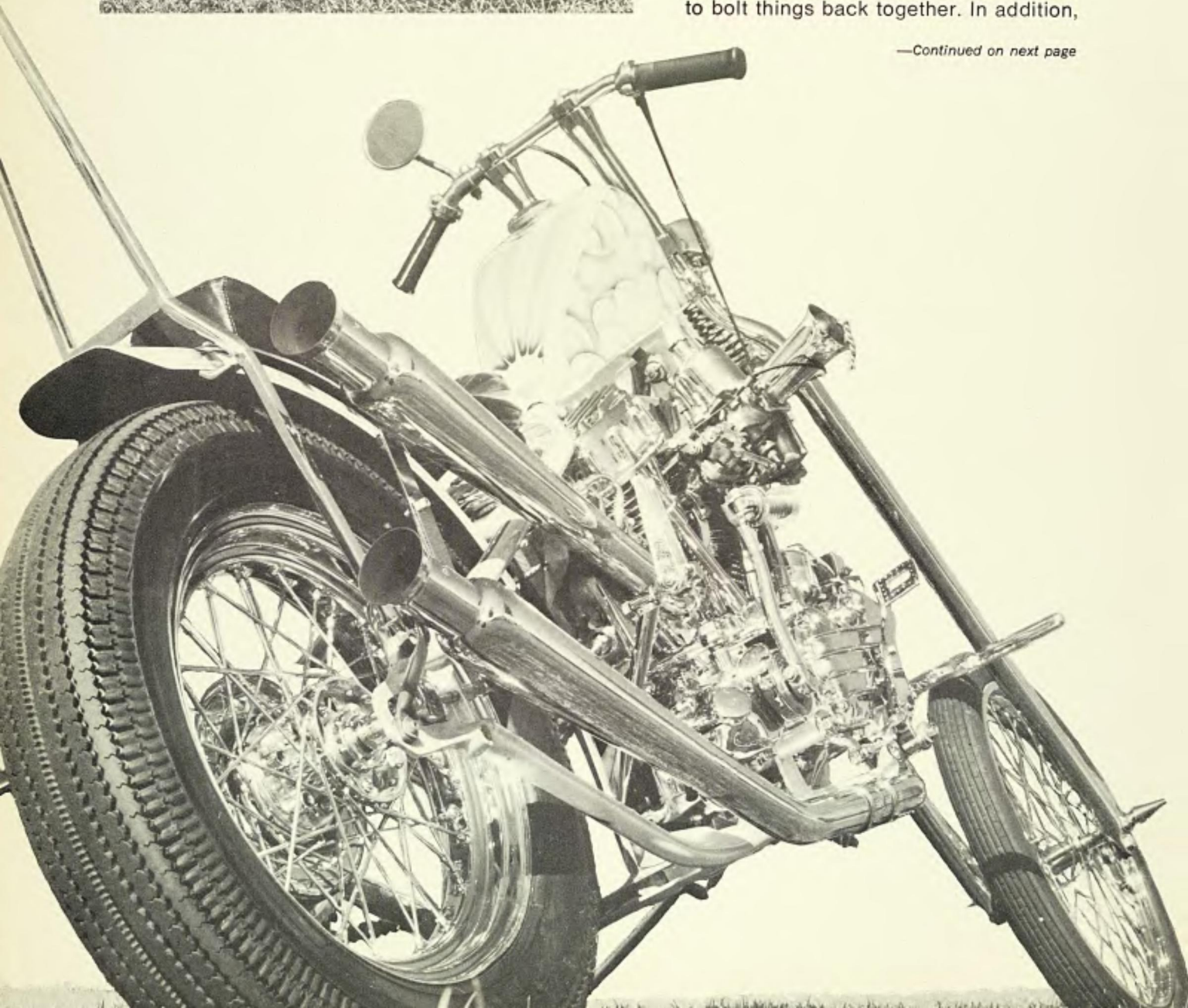


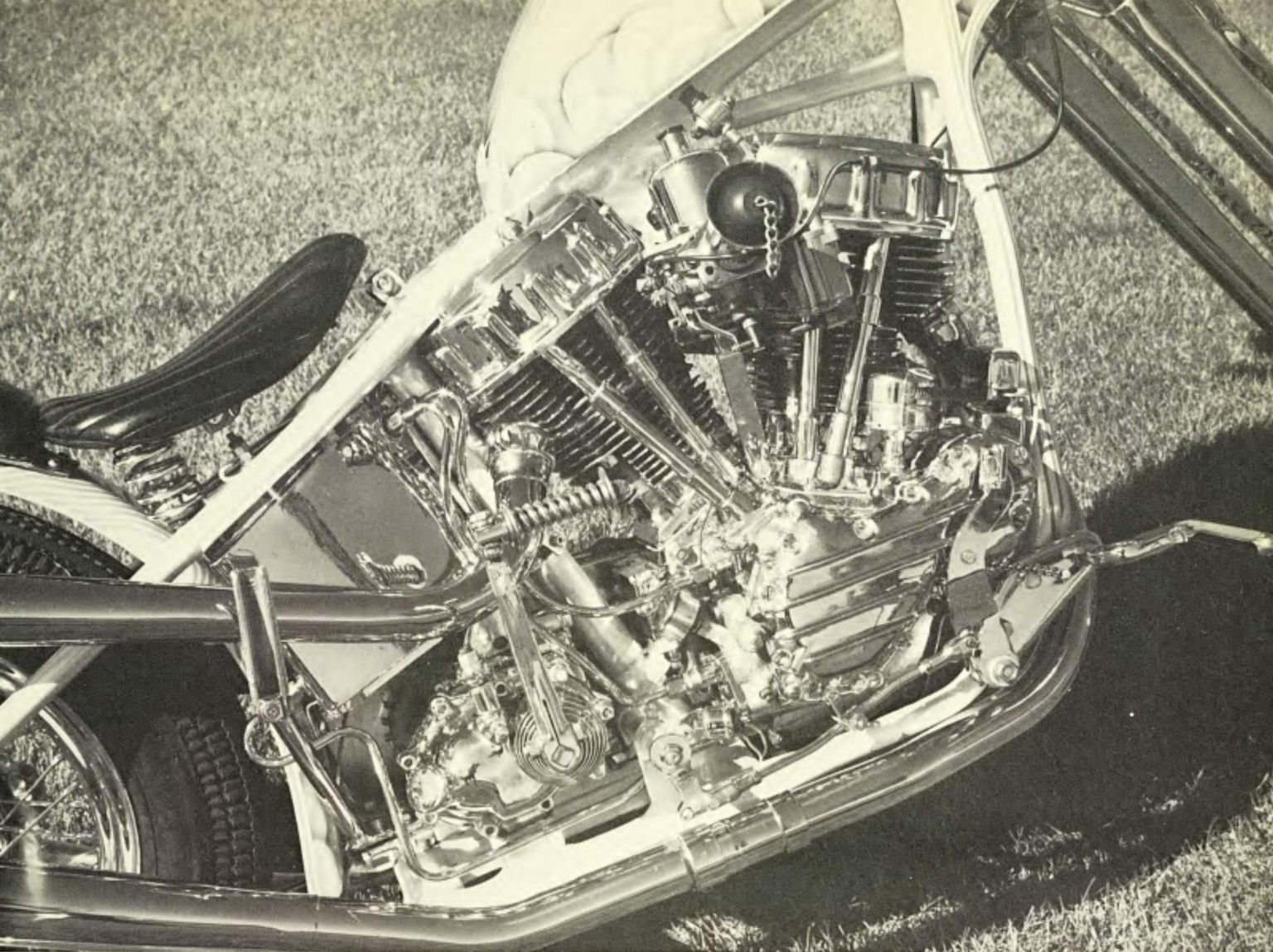


some kind of fancy paperweight show piece, either. Erick says he goes out on it just about every day, chasing errands, and we can believe him, the way he dodged potholes and sliced through Long Island traffic. You don't learn how to drive like that by merely puttin' around the block on Sundays.

As for the construction of the bike and all that chrome plating, it wasn't just a matter of tearing the parts off and having 'em dipped. First Erick filed, sanded, and then polished all the hard-to-plate nooks and crannies by hand—and he has the calluses to prove it. After the plating he chased all the threads, gasket areas, and internal surfaces. And instead of hassling the plater with a lot of small mickey mouse bits to keep track of, most of the old stuff was chucked and new stainless steel hardware was used to bolt things back together. In addition,

—Continued on next page

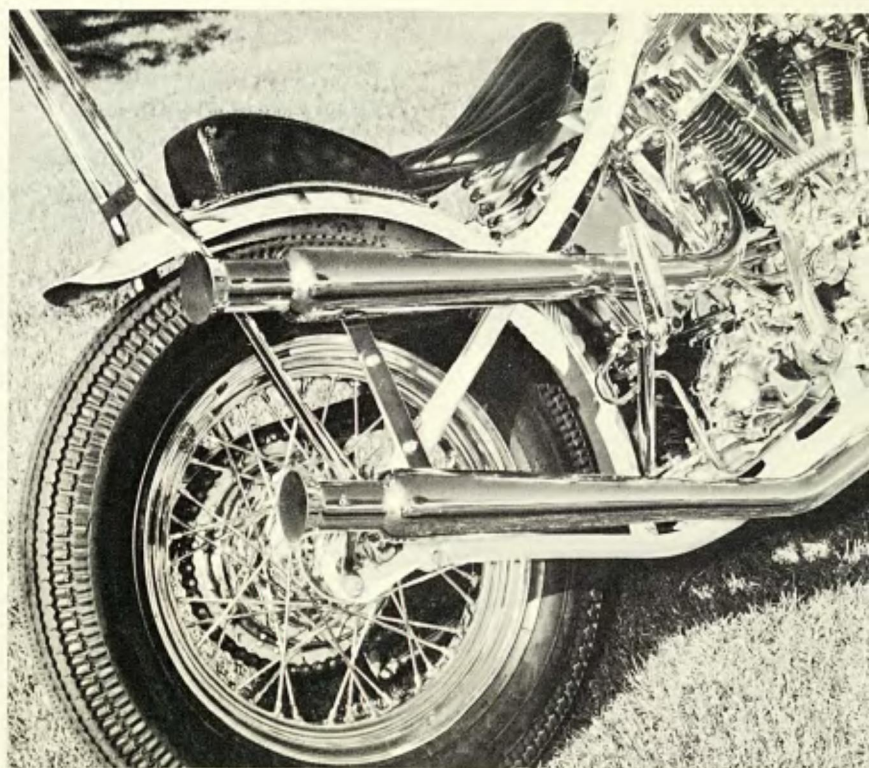




Erick used low-compression FL pistons inside, since plated heads and barrels do not dissipate heat as well as stock items do.

And besides that blanket of shiny metal, we should point out the owner-made front foot pegs, the switch panel between the jugs (which is a converted coil cover), and the pretty, banana-yellow paint layer by Bill Martin of Brentwood, N.Y.

We were gonna end this literary masterpiece by saying that he used the engine as a shaving mirror, but the editor's frown indicated what he thought of that idea. But screw the editor! A guy **could** use it as a mirror—what do you think? ■



Owner: Erick Wohlgemuth

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year & make: 1957 H-D
Model: 74
Value: \$4500
Time: 1 year
Assembly: owner
Chroming: D'Agostino Plating

Frame

Year: 1948
Rake: none
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: drag bars, 8-inch risers
Tank: steel sportster
Seat: Bates solo and pillion
Material: naugahyde
Sissy Bar: Owner

Engine

Year: 1957
Model: FLH panhead
Builder: owner
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Cam: FLH

Forks

Type: reworked H-D springer
Extension: 18 inches over
Builder: owner

Painting

Lifters: solids
Carb(s): s.u.
Shifter: foot
Pipes: dual upsweeps
Mufflers: MCM megaphones

Molding: Bill Martin
Painting: Bill Martin
Color: candies over yellow pear
Type: Acrylic lacquer

Tires

Stacks: none

Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon

Wheels

Rear: 5.00 x 16 Goodyear

Front: 21-inch (spool) Rear: 16-inch



Fun and Games at the Conquistadors Annual Run

Photos by James W. Tinney

Because most of you are shivering your asses off about now, we thought we'd take you back to a warm weather happening of last year—to sorta get your head ready for the good times to come, when good riding weather returns.

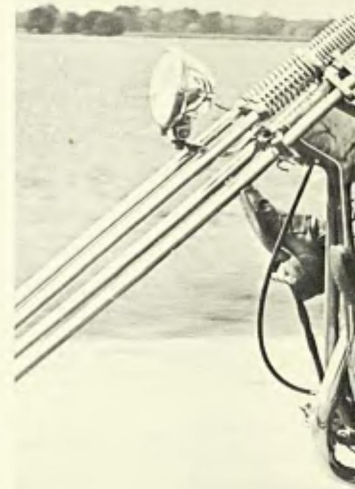
Out of all biker activities, the most enjoyable one (aside from getting a little) is a weekend run. The most righteous run of all is a balls-out, fuck-the-world, there's-no-tomorrow orgy.

A run with brothers from every area coming together at one location for a weekend to end all weekends.

The Conquistadors M/C, with their main chapters in north and south Houston, Texas, held their annual blast for four days and three nights over the last Labor Day weekend at Lake Travis, a secluded lake near Austin, Texas—privacy being of prime importance.

Our man in Houston, James Tinney, gave us a brief rundown on some of the





weekend's activities. Here are some of his comments:

"All through the night you could hear guys like Fat John bellow, bring me a beer!"

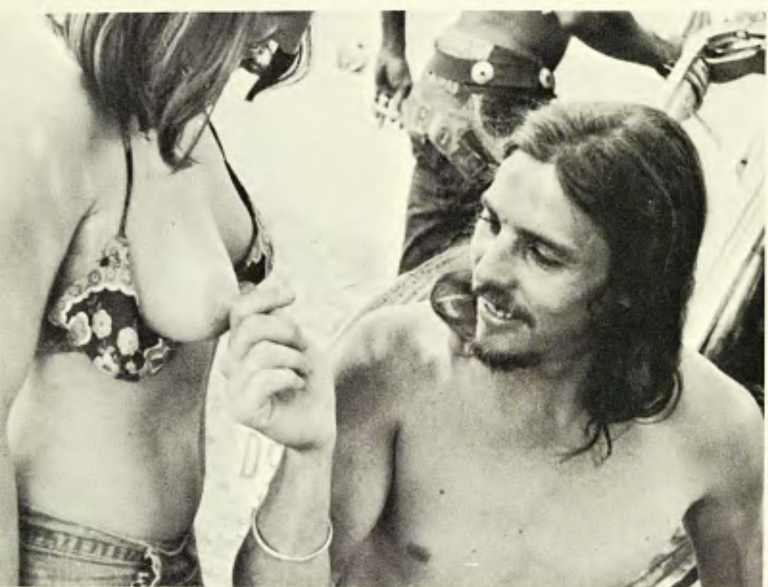
"The first day really got off on the right foot when the ol' ladies got together and whipped up a fantastic batch of Alice B. Toklas pancakes.

"The name of the game everyday was skinny dipping in the lake.

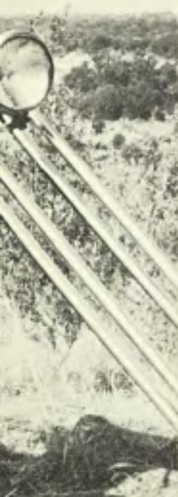
"One guy got caught eyeballin' a chick by his wife, and she clubbed the shit out of him.

"Auggie, a brother who lost both legs in Nam, came roaring into camp on his trike. His throttle got hung up, jumped over a log, and wiped out part of the camp before coming to a stop near the water's edge.









"Some of the guys scored with some cuties in town and brought them back to camp for fun and games.

"One of the ol' ladies got in a fight with a hippie chick across the lake and all hell broke loose.

"A straight came into camp to get someone to help him dive in the lake to search for some eyeglasses he'd accidentally dropped overboard. Gary took the dude's daughter for a putt while he was looking for his glasses. The dude bought everyone beer.

"Crazy did one of his weird numbers and took a bite (honest!) out of a rear view mirror.

"Big Keith dropped his '37 flathead 80 and hurt his foot. Then Black Joe tried to straighten out a curve at 80 mph and lost it. He and his ol' lady went to the hospital with a mess of road burns.

"The first night, 480 hot dogs, 480 beers, and 480 cokes were done in.

"Garbage got Spook to pose for a photograph with a rope around his neck and damned near hanged him. Then Garbage hassled Big Keith until Keith had at him.

"On the way home Li'l Rusty's ol' lady started to sprout just as they arrived back in Houston.

Bruised, sore-assed, tired, bent, broken, road-burned and hung-over—all the rewards of a really righteous run. The brawls, the arguments, the highs, the make-outs, and most of all, the ride—that's what it's all about, Mr. Jones.

So, you guys, lay out your naturals, detail your scoots, call all your people and plan a run—riding weather ain't that far away. Ride on! ■

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Mutha Goose

Harley-Davidsons are a hit;
Makes other bikes look like shit.
Pop them wheelies,
Rev them pipes,
Harleys are made for righteous types.

—Duck
Portland, Oregon

Let me tell you the story of
Hawgrider Mitch;
He claimed he could take on
any old bitch.
Rode into town on his seventy-four,
And said he was ready to ball every
whore.
He lined twenty broads against the wall,
Bet a keg of brew he could fuck 'em all.
Screwed eighteen till his balls turned
blue,
Backed off, jacked off, and then screwed
the other two.

—Billy Roberts
Buhl, Idaho

Joey had a honkin' hawg;
Its chrome, how it did shine!
And everytime he jammed to town,
He smoked and drank red wine.

Joey had a mama, too;
But home he made her stay.
He said that chicks weren't made to jam,
That they were made to lay.

So now his mama stays at home
While Joe goes out a-playin'.
What Joey doesn't know is that
His chick is home a-layin'.

Now you dudes have heard the tale
Of Joey's mama's bangin',
So heed this word: Don't be a turd;
Take your mama jammin'.

—Lois Clark
Lakeland, Florida

There was a dirty old biker named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
Her eyes were all saggy and her tits
were all baggy,
But think of the money he saved.

—Craig Dillon
San Francisco, Calif.

A Different Kind of Ripoff

—Continued from page 17

Why in hell, of all the people in this goddam world, was it that the ol' lady could shake him up so easy, make him lose that cool that everybody told him was unshakable? He stood there thinking about it. He thought about the five-foot-two, the big, innocent blue eyes, the long, flowing blonde hair, the—what the hell did the bookish guys call it?—yeah, the hour-glass figure that used to—hell, sometimes still did, let's face it—shake him up in a really pleasurable way. Goddam, those big tits on that chick . . .

But to hell with that right now. Right now Pete was hearing the whining voice grinding out complaints, complaints, complaints . . . "When we wuz first married, you didn't . . ." "Pete, I wish you wouldn't . . ." "Honey, couldn't we . . ." "Pete, how come you allus . . ." Well, by god, the day was goddam close when that shit was gonna come to a screechin' halt. There wasn't gonna be no Pete around to listen to her fuckin' squawks! He wondered why he hadn't already faded out of her eternally suffering scene. Well, fuck it, he hadn't. Maybe them big knockers and that incredibly lush ass had somethin' to do with it. Pete grinned and relaxed. He stepped outside and pulled the garage door down behind him. No need to set the alarm. He wouldn't be away from the garage long enough for it to matter. He snapped the padlock and headed for the back door of the house.

He grinned, watching her. "Hi, honey."

"What took you so long to get home?"



"Damn it, you can't turn your back on those bikers for one lousy minute!"

Oh shit, here it comes. Pete held his grin. "Took my time." He got very busy stripping off his outer riding clothes.

"You hadda work late?"

"No."

"The bike give you trouble?"

"Nope." Pete sighed, relaxing in his favorite chair and lighting up the first joint of the evening.

She looked at him for a long moment and then started brushing imaginary dust from the table that had started out as a phone company cable spool. "Uh—when you want dinner?"

"When it's ready." Pete was holding that first hit as long as possible, and his answer sounded strained.

"Well, you—you can have it whenever you want." She sounded almost as strained as he had.

"When it's ready," he said again, looking steadily at her.

Her jaw tightened. "Well, don't you know when you wanta eat?"

Pete took another hit and held it while she stared at him. He knew what answer she was waiting for, and he goddammed if he was gonna give it to her.

She stuck to her guns. "Don't you know when you wanna eat tonight?"

Pete was beginning to mellow from the weed. "Does it matter?"

She finally cracked, giving up. "Well, I wuz kinda curious whether you wuz goin' ridin' tonight or not."

Pete, not surprised, but irritated: "What's that got to do with dinner?"

"Well, if you're goin' out right away . . ."

Pete took another hit and said nothing. The third degree started. Pete shined it on for twenty minutes or so, and then he interrupted her whining.

"Okay, goddammit, okay! I'm not goin' ridin' tonight! Now just fix the fuckin' dinner, will ya?"

Man, jammin' down to Dago wasn't worth this hassle, not tonight. But one o' these days . . . Pete took another hit. Man, real soon now he'd be jammin' when and where he wanted. But meantime . . .

The rest of the evening went like all the others when he wasn't working on a bike. He hunched in his corner, watching some dumb-ass flick she wanted to see on television, mumbling to himself: "Jeez Christ, they don't even show a little tit!" He looked over at his ol' lady, flaked out against the back of the couch, her eyes closed, not even watchin' the goddam stupid movie she'd insisted

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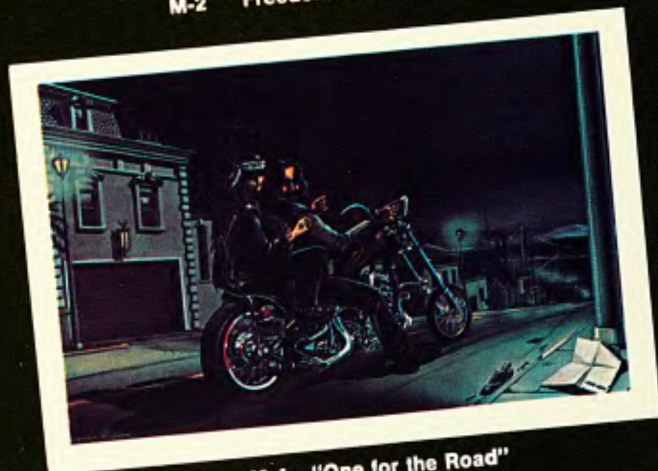
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on watchin' because it was the greatest thing that'd ever happened to tv.

Pete lit another joint, still watching her. Hell, she wasn't a bad chick. He studied the secure, comfortable look on her soft face—the look that any married woman was entitled to. He slammed a hard right fist into his left palm. It's just, goddammit, that I'm no fuckin' family homebody type. His eyes roamed restlessly and settled on a Dave Mann painting on the wall. I shoulda been an asshole and split tonight, no matter what the fuck she thought. Goddammit, it's like some unwritten law that the ol' man should come home at night an' sit on his dead ass instead of doin' his thing. He inhaled deeply on the joint. Well, shit, tomorrow night would be different. Tomorrow night he'd be out on that freeway, and fuck what anybody thought or said. Tomorrow night he wouldn't be staring at this fuckin' idiot box while big-tits smirked in her sleep...

Morning came none too soon. Pete jumped under a quick shower, dumped last night's dinner remains out of the frying pan into the sink, and tossed a frozen tamale into the pan. He scarfed a bowl of cocoa-puffs, dropped a couple of whites, and then gulped down the almost-warm tamale. Then, with a surge of pleasure, it was out to the animal in the garage. On the way out, it struck him that he hadn't turned on the alarm. Goddam the ol' lady...! He set the lock on the back door of the house and slammed it behind him. Halfway to the garage, a cold chill went up his back. Something was wrong. He knew it already. It was like a bum rush from some lousy weed. He half-ran to the garage door and stopped short. The cut padlock was lying near the wide-open door and—as he'd suspected—his scooter was gone.

It had to be a joke. Some asshole had ripped it off just to fuck with Pete's mind. But nobody he knew was that cold, or had a sense of humor that fucked-up. He found himself muttering aloud. "This can't be for real." But it was for real, as his dazed eyes confirmed. Lucky for the ol' lady that she'd already left for work. Otherwise he might have taken it out on her. He had to take it out on something or somebody. He turned blindly and slammed both big fists into the garage wall. But, with both fists protruding through the wall, he realized that doing such a number wouldn't find his scooter. He stared helplessly around the garage. That

oil—those tools—those parts—without his bike, the garage was like an oil can with no oil in it. Useless. Without his shovel the rest of the stuff was useless.

He turned in a daze and stumbled out of the garage. Call up, that was it. Call up... Who? Call up who? Who the hell could help? He finally got the house door unlocked and wandered blindly inside, pulling up short in front of the phone. Who? He scrabbled through the directory. And finally it hit him. Moose! At the Joint! The Booze Fighters! They could find out—if anybody could! Jere and Tiny and Little John and that buddy of theirs—what was his name again? Reno! That was it. Yeah. Them guys got around like you wouldn't believe. If anybody could find out anything, they could!

"Moose? Pete. Some sonofabitch ripped off my bike!" The way Pete yelled it, it sounded like one long word.

"Whoa. Slow down, man." Moose, as usual, sounded as if someone had told him it looked like a nice day. "Let's have it again."

Pete took a deep breath, calmed in spite of himself by Moose's unruffled tone.

"My bike, Moose. Somebody ripped off my bike." And then he added for good measure, "This is Pete."

"Ripped it off, huh?" Moose still sounded like a man commenting on the weather.

"Yeah. Broke into my fuckin' garage right under my nose an' ripped off my shovel!"

Moose didn't waste words. "I'll check into it an' call you back."

Pete slammed down the phone and whirled in his tracks, like a dog about to flop in a strange place for a nap. He grabbed the phone again and called his boss to beg off work for the day. Then he called some brothers to let them in on the bad news. He even thought—for a very short moment—of calling the cops. No way. He'd called the fuzz before, in a similar situation, only to be busted for weed as a result. Besides, if any halfway decent ripoff artist had done the job, the bike would already be stripped and the cases thrown into the ocean. And besides that, The Man didn't seem to want to cooperate with bikers. Pete had known too many brothers who had had their bikes buried in city impounds, never to hit the street again. Now, if a guy was 45 years old and had short hair and somebody ripped off his late model Ford, he would get



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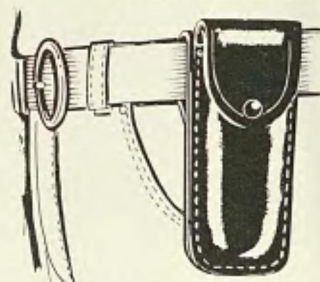
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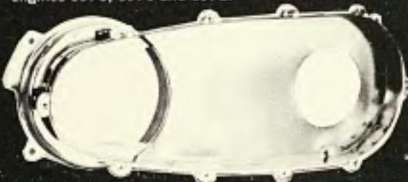
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plenty of cooperation. No, the fuzz was out.

Pete paced around the room, brooding and mumbling about how if he found the dude that'd done the deed he'd . . . He didn't know just what he'd do. He was too pissed to go into the details of the dude's demise. He went on pacing, wearing a path in the carpet.

There was a sudden sound of someone apparently trying to kick the door down. Pete whirled and yanked it open, in no mood to be fucked with.

Mick stood there, scratching his scraggly blond beard with one hand and holding out some reds in the other. He was in a partying mood, obviously. Mick was normally one of Pete's favorite partners, but today Pete didn't have any favorites. He snorted and turned back into the house to go on pacing.

Mick stepped inside, still grinning and scratching and holding out the reds. He swayed slightly on his big feet, and his eyes didn't quite focus right. He shoved the reds out toward Pete. "C'mon, man, let's git ripped an' go puttin'."

Pete went on pacing. "Fuck you," he mumbled.

"Whassa matter, man? Somebody rip off your shovel?" Mick evidently thought this was a very funny remark. "Haw-haw-haw!"

Pete stopped pacing and stared at him, coldly. "How d'you know?"

Mick stopped grinning and scratching. He almost came completely out of his happy daze. "Huh? How'd I know what?"

Pete stared at him some more, and then turned away to pace. "About my shovel," he threw over one shoulder. Mick stared blankly at him, and Pete stopped pacing to shove his nose an inch or so from Mick's. "You're right. Somebody ripped off my shovel!"

Mick evidently couldn't understand it, or didn't believe it, so Pete laid it all out for him. Mick's only response was a dazed "Your shovel?"

Pete turned away, went over to the dresser, yanked open a drawer, and took out roller, papers, and a little weed. The house was as quiet as a tomb while Pete rolled and Mick stared. Pete took the plump joint out of the roller and reached for a match. Mick was beginning to scratch again and shift around in the big chair he'd collapsed into. "Now what," Pete wanted to know. "You got another dose o' crabs?"

"Naw. I was jus' thinkin'. We

oughtta git outta here an' go feel around town. We might come across somethin'."

"Yeah. You could be right. I been hopin' Moose would call, but maybe none o' the outlaws around this area did the job. I'll check with him later. Come on. We'll smoke this joint on the way."

Pete was thinking hard as they headed for Mick's mangled '54 pickup. The chances of the bike being found in a shop the day after a rip-off were a thousand to one. Normally, when a bunch of dudes rip off a bike, they have contacts in shops so that they can sell fast and clear out. The guys in the shop take what they want, or change it, boost the price, and sell quick, all an under-the-counter job. In most cases a bike is never seen in the shop except to change hands, on a weekend, or at night when the shop is closed. And, unless you know the guys in the shops very well, they don't talk much. But Mick and Pete started with the shops they knew, anyway.

Nothing. No one knew or had heard anything.

Finally, after some four hours, Pete grumbled, "Let's knock this shit off. We're gettin' nowhere this way. Let's surprise a few o' them ripoff hypes over on the west side."

"Far out!" Mick hung a left and headed for one of the tighter sides of town.

Ten minutes later, they pulled up in front of some pretty shabby looking pads. Mick looked at Pete. "I think we better lock the truck up here."

"What the fuck for? The whole thing ain't worth twenty-five bucks."

"Well, I gotta ounce o' good hash under the seat."

Halfway up the block they cut between two boarded-up old houses to the dirt alley behind, walked up the alley another hundred feet, and crept through some broken boards in the fence behind a small house that looked as if it had been condemned forty years earlier. They could hear noises and the sound of rapping voices coming through the flimsy back door. They moved quietly up to the door and then split, one to either side. Mick reached out and cautiously tried the knob, while Pete stood ready to kick the door in if it happened to be locked. It wasn't. Mick swung it open with a quick push, and Pete stepped smoothly inside, the length of two-by-four he'd picked up in the yard swinging lightly in his big hand. Two skinny dudes were in there, stripping a stock '72 Super Glide. They looked up with startled eyes as Pete stepped in, and their eyes got even wider at sight of the makeshift club in his hand. Pete ignored them after one hard look and glanced around the room. It was supposed to be a kitchen, but with a Super Glide front end in the sink, oil all over the floor, the rear wheel and fender on the refrigerator, and greasy fingerprints all over the cupboards and stove, it looked more like Pete's garage.

One of the dudes started to stand up. Pete calmly kicked him over and advised him to stay put. The dude knew good advice when he heard it.



"Easyriders? Whatsamatter, lady, ya want us to get closed up?"



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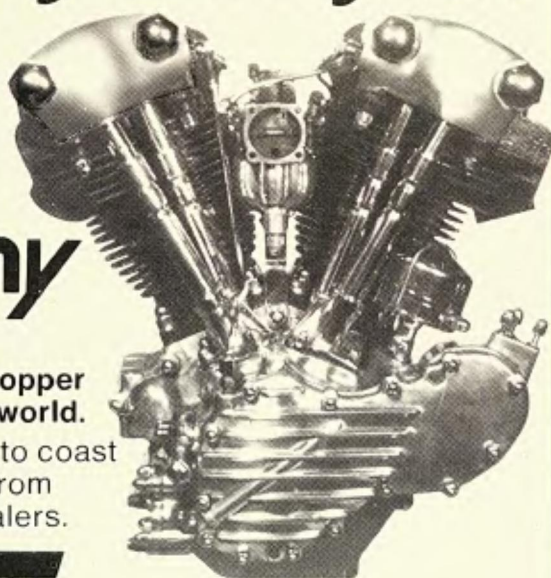
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Pete stepped over the skinny hype and started out to check the rest of the house. Mick stepped through the back door to keep an eye on the hypes. These cats looked as if they hadn't eaten in three months; the tracks on their arms told where their bucks went.

Pete came back into the kitchen, shaking his head. "It's not here." He picked his way over to join Mick at the back door. "You two," he said to the scrawny hypes huddled unhappily on the floor, "are gonna starve to death."

One of the dudes looked belligerently at Pete from blood-red eyes surrounded by patches black enough to look like tires. His words were slurred. "Fuck you, man." But there was no fire behind the words.

Pete and Mick left, not bothering to look back. On the way back to their own part of town, Pete started hammering one knee with his big right fist. "Goddammit," he muttered between tightly clenched teeth, "some motherfucker out there's got my scooter!"

They stopped at another shop, one they'd missed earlier. They looked around and were about to leave when a toothless mechanic type popped up, apparently from nowhere. "Whatta ya need, brothers? Ya lookin' fer shovelheads an' barrels, maybe?"

They both looked hard at him. Shovelheads and barrels . . . Mick spoke up first. "No, but we do need a transmission."

Toothless was all smiles. "Oh, we got lotsa them!" Then he caught himself. "Uh—we might have one left for a big-incher." He was talking to Mick, the potential customer, ignoring Pete completely.

Pete wished he had a rod. But he didn't. So he unobtrusively picked up a piece of pipe from the bench, slipped it into his pocket, and jammed the out-thrust pocket hard into the dude's back. Toothless didn't go for it. He grabbed a fork tube and swung around at Pete with it. Pete barely managed to grab the tube in time. While the two struggled over the tube, Mick jumped over and grabbed the lid off a shit can. He jumped back and swung the lid with a full-arm swing against the side of the toothless dude's head.

"Good shot," Pete said, looking down at the limp body stretched out cold on the floor.

Mick knelt down and worked the dude's wallet out of his pocket. No license. No bike registration. Nothing with an address on it. Mick

tossed the wallet on the floor.

They went to check through the back door. There was an old Cadillac out there. They checked it. Pete found an old service .45 in the glove compartment. He chucked it into a trash can and turned back to the glove compartment. There it was—the registration—behind and under a bunch of miscellaneous tickets.

Mick was anxious. "Come on, man, the creep might wake up."

Pete picked a used toothpick up off the floor, stuck it into the ignition and snapped it off, slammed the glove compartment and the car door, and split. Mick was already jogging for the pickup. "Le's git the fuck outta here!" Pete glanced back and saw the toothless character beginning to stir. "Yeah, man, let's!"

Over the roar of the truck engine, Mick yelled, "I don't think I'll take my pan'there fer a tune up."

Pete threw him a tight grin. "Naw, man, he wasn't much of a salesman!"

According to the registration, Toothless lived about five blocks away from the ratty shop. Mick and Pete parked the truck down the street a ways and walked back.



"My daddy says I can't go out with you if you keep riding that hog, Clem!"

There were numbers tacked to the white picket fence surrounding the front yard of a two-story house. With one set of numbers there was an arrow pointing out that 135½ was at the rear. They walked up the driveway. Out back they saw another small house that should have been condemned a hell of a long time ago. From the handprints on the front door and the tire tracks leading up to it, they knew there wouldn't be a garage.

They had no trouble with the loose front door handle. Pete looked in. Good Christ! It was the big basket case in the sky! There must have been thirty transmissions, and as many sets of barrels and heads. But the dude obviously knew his job. The only parts to be found there were the valuable, in-demand ones: barrels and heads, ratchet tops, center oil cans, rigid frames. The rest was scrap. There wasn't a swingarm frame in the room, not a stock fender, no fat-bob tanks or a speedometer. Everything had been carefully sorted, and only the salable remained.

They searched carefully through the engine parts and freshly sand-

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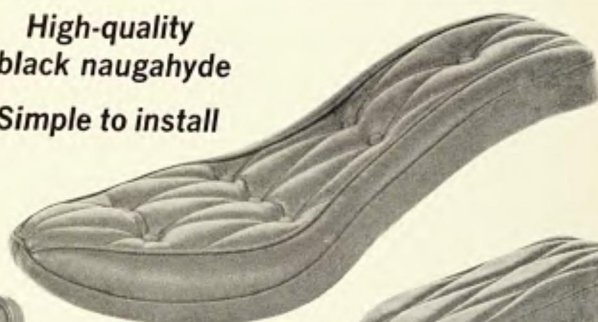
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blasted rigid frames, but Pete's bike formed no part of this dude's inventory.

They left, feeling depressed. It was getting dark, and still no leads. They'd never find his bike tonight; Pete knew that. He also knew that some time or other he would spot somebody with something off his bike, but he'd been hoping he could get to it before it was stripped. He knew he was dreaming. But he knew the city, too. At least he thought he did.

Mick pulled into a station for gas. Pete slipped him a couple of bucks and got out to head for the phone booth over in the corner of the lot by the U-Haul trailers. He called Moose and confirmed his suspicions. None of the outlaw groups—unless there were some unknown and goddam recent new ones around—had had anything to do with Pete's bike being ripped off. Pete went back and climbed dejectedly into Mick's truck.

Mick looked at him. "Well, where to now?"

"Hell, I don't know!"

Mick shrugged, started the Ford, and pulled out into the street. Pete felt like screaming. There wasn't a goddam thing he could do; he had to face the fact that his shovel was gone. "Goddammit!" he yelled—and kicked Mick's dash.

Mick jumped in his seat. "Hey! Take it easy, will ya?" He looked over at Pete's tight face and made a weak joke: "That's the only dash I got!" They went on, both trying to think of some place to check out—some place they'd missed.

Pete finally spoke up, his voice sounding tired. "You might as well drop me off at my place."

Mick nodded—and then suddenly remembered something. "Hey, man, you remember Foxy's bar? They got some outtaight steaks there..." No response from Pete. Mick thought frantically, wondering how he could raise some hope. He snapped his fingers. "An', hey, they gotta lotta semi-outlaw types hangin' out there now!"

Pete was so down that he hadn't even heard that last part. But the part about steaks got a weak rise out of him. "Well, what the hell, we ain't eaten anything all day..."

Mick swung onto the nearest freeway and headed for Foxy's bar. Neither said very much on the way. Pete sat staring out the window in a half-daze from the realization that his shovel was gone—really gone.

Mick pulled into the narrow drive leading to Foxy's back parking lot.

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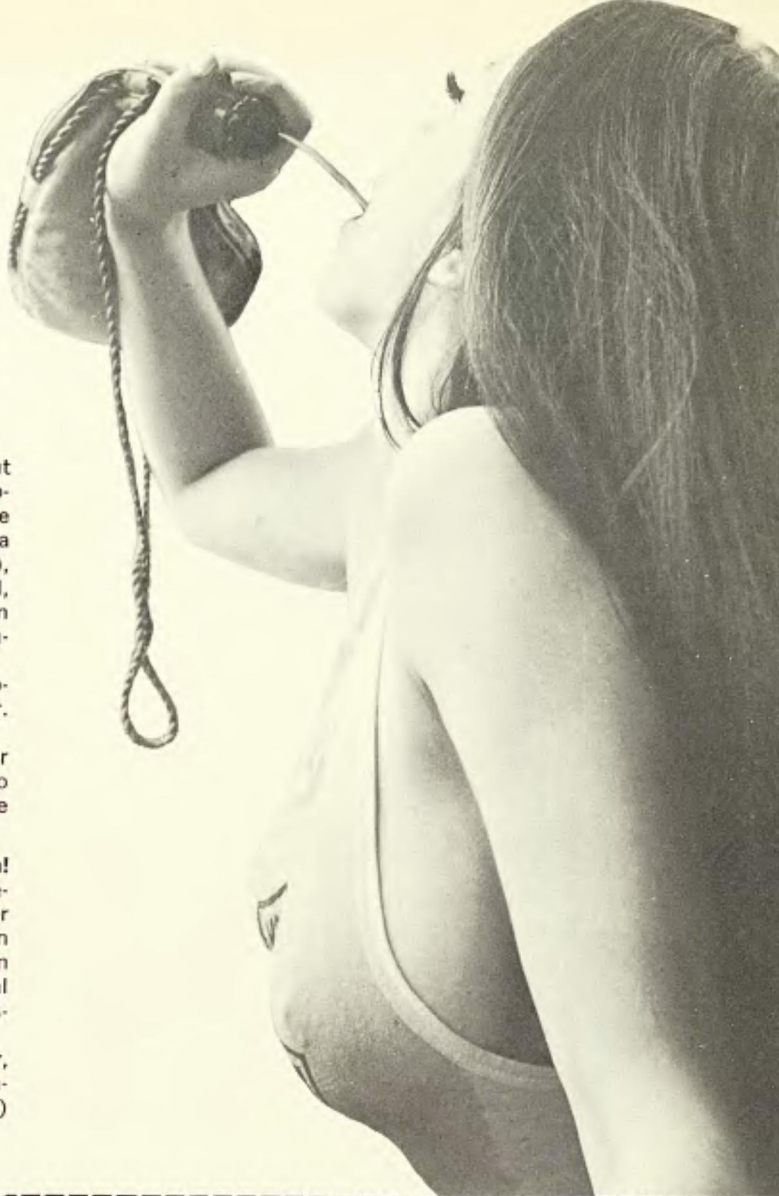
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Well, at least he didn't see any rear ends sticking out into the drive so as to block the way even for bikes wanting to get out. That was something, anyhow. It was amazing how many guys had to be almost dragged out of the joint to move their cars so that bikers could split from the lot. Some people jus' didn't give a fuck for nobody else.

They picked their way through bikes parked haphazardly all over the lot. Pete didn't seem to be much interested, but Mick eyed each bike carefully as he followed Pete into the bar.

The place was quiet. Since Pete wasn't a guy who cared much for drawing attention, they worked their way along the bar to sit at a back-corner table. They waited in silence for the waitress. Pete didn't feel like talking, and Mick couldn't think of anything worthwhile to say. He could only look at Pete and hope to Christ they'd find the guy's bike somehow.

Mick, in order to keep from having to look at Pete's sick face, studied the walls. They were covered with patches from different clubs and with decals from runs of past years. There were various chopper-oriented posters and even—for chrissakes—a California Highway Patrol patch!

The waitress was definitely a biker chick. She was well redded out, stumbling, dressed in Levi's and a halter top with Harley wings stenciled across the front. Her language was on a par with that of any of the dudes in the bar. She took their orders and then headed back for the bar.

Ten or so members of an outlaw group came in, and the joint started livening up.

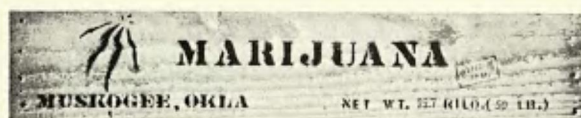
While Pete and Mick ate their steaks, the outlaws were getting pretty well sauced up on top of their daily dose of reds and started really living it up. A few of the club members in their cut-off, greasy Levi's, jackets, and t-shirts came over to rap with Pete and Mick—especially Pete. He'd known some of these cats before they joined clubs and was still pretty tight with a lot of them. They'd heard the word that Moose had put out; they knew about Pete's ripoff. There was a lot of discussion about Pete's possibilities of getting his shovel back, but nobody had any solid suggestions as to how to go about it.

Pete talked to some of the loners and got just what he'd expected—nothing. It wasn't hard to spot the

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loners in contrast to the club members. The loners wore no patches, and few had on cut-off Levi jackets. Most were cleaner than the club brothers. Their Levi's weren't so greasy, and their leather jackets were mostly shiny. None of them could tell Pete a damn thing.

Pete and Mick finished their beers, paid their bill, and headed for the door. They stepped out just in time to watch a battered '59 Cadillac swing into the lot and park carelessly, leaving the ass end sticking out more than halfway across the narrow driveway. Pete nudged Mick and jerked his chin toward the Cad. Mick looked, sneered, and muttered, "Fuck-in' Cad drivers. They'll do it ever' time."

Pete nudged Mick again as the driver got out of the car. "Wouldn't you know it?" It was a cageful of a so-called motorcycle club. The only catch was that Pete had never seen one of them on a bike. They were a grubby looking bunch of dudes.

Mick sneered again. "Well, if it ain't the Caged Motorcycle Club of Long Beach." He turned to Pete. "You ever seen one o' them muthas on a bike?" Pete shook his head. Mick snorted. "One of 'em ever got on a bike he'd be scairt shitless fer the rest of his life."

Pete was studying the raunchy crew. "Yeah, maybe. But these dudes carry a lotta pieces, and they dig poppin' off caps whenever and at whoever they feel like." He exchanged nods with some of the Cad bandits as they filed by, but a glance back through the door as they entered the bar showed Pete how the whole place tensed up as they went in. Pete and Mick looked at each other. Tonight was no night to pick sides. They got out of there while the bar was still in one piece.

Even though it had been a long, unsuccessful day, neither of them wanted to quit yet. But they just didn't know where in hell to go or what to try next. Mick looked at Pete. "You wanna hit it back to your place?"

"Might as well. Nothin' else we can do." Pete sounded sick.

It was a very quiet freeway ride. Mick watched traffic a lot more carefully than usual; he didn't want to have to watch Pete's misery. Pete sat slumped against the truck door, his eyes seeing nothing through the windshield. Mick gripped the wheel hard enough to put welts on his fingers. Goddammit, creeps that ripped off bikes should get at least the same

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treatment that kidnapers got piled
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They left the freeway and headed
down a dingy commercial street—and
Mick suddenly snapped up straight
behind the wheel. He whipped over
to the curb and backed up fast, stop-
ping just short of four bikes parked
at the curb. He jerked his thumb
over his shoulder. "Hey, man, you
ever seen that shop b'fore?"

Pete didn't seem much interested.
He craned his neck and looked back.
"No," he said. Then he straightened
a little. "Looks like it's still open."

Mick opened his door and got out.
"Yeah. Little strange t' be open aroun'
here this time o' night, don'cha
think?"

Pete got out on his side. "Yeah, I
guess it is." His eyes were on the
bikes at the curb. Greasy rat-fucks.
Pete had once been into dirty bikes
himself. Dirty bikes that ran fast.
When he'd ridden with outlaws his
bike had been black and grubby.
He'd never cleaned it; just rode hell

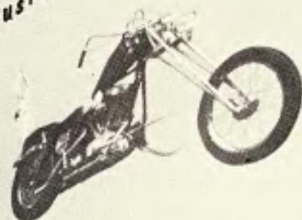
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"Ke-e-e-ris! Whatta sore loser!"

out of it. He'd gone back to pretty bikes, but he still respected a rat-fuck because it was the sign of a rider who put a lot of miles on it.

"Comn, goddammit!" Mick was hot to go.

Pete's eyes switched to the sidewalk in front of the shop. H'm. Funny. No oil stains. No crap of any kind. Not even an oil trail to the door of the shop. And all the bikes were carefully and legally parked at the curb. Maybe the shop boss was an asshole that made guys use the back door and liked clean sidewalks, not all cluttered up with parked bikes. Pete's eyes moved to take in the shop itself. It was a corrugated metal building, painted a sickly green with paint that was peeling like a snake shedding its skin. Somebody had used cheap house paint to slop a white sign on a piece of warped plywood over the front door: *Chopper Parts*. Obviously, the asshole boss's hang-up about cleanliness didn't extend to the shop itself. Either the shop was new, or The Man had been getting down on them about oil on the "citizen's" sidewalk. The Man

didn't give a rat's ass about the condition of buildings—just so the sidewalk was kept free of slippery oil and clutter that might endanger the walking public.

"Let's check it out," Pete said.

They stepped through the half-broken door into what would have been a showroom, except that this one was littered with beer cans and parts none of which were new. Pete perked up some more. Why wouldn't a showroom be filled with shiny bikes and new parts? There was a counter strewn with torn-up catalogs and old manuals. There was an ancient, decrepit cash register that Pete would have been afraid to use for fear of losing a finger or two when the fuckin' thing fell apart as he opened the drawer. Pete felt a surge of hope. If this was a legit shop, he was the fuckin' king of Siam.

There was a door behind the middle of the counter. Pete moved quietly over to it and put his ear against it. He could hear the sound of movement and voices, mostly voices. He gave Mick the high sign to keep his

ears and eyes wide open, and then tried the door. It gave easily and quietly. He cracked it and put his eye to the narrow slit opening. At a quick count there were eight dudes standing in a circle around something Pete couldn't see. They were grinning proudly and making admiring sounds. They looked to be in their late teens, maybe from eighteen to twenty. They looked like adolescent prospects for an outlaw club, but Pete had once been a member of an outlaw club. He knew that none of these dudes would ever have made it in his outlaw days, and he figured outlaw clubs hadn't changed all that much since. So, these ducks had probably set out to form their own club.

The signs were obvious. To begin with, they'd soaked their Levi's in oil in a futile attempt to make them look like naturals—and they'd done the same with their Levi jackets. His gut churned at the sight of some of the rinky-dink patches and other crap they'd sewn on their Levi's and jackets. He knew that people walked around him because he was greasy,

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but for chrissake these cats had hair greasier than his naturals!

One of the ducks moved, giving Pete a clear eye-shot into the middle of the circle, at the thing they'd been admiring. His fists tightened till the knuckles cracked like dry sticks. There sat his shovel, like a crippled lion surrounded by jackals waiting for just the right moment to tear it apart. They apparently hadn't touched it yet. Why? Pete's eye made a quick sweep of the room. Nothing exceptional there. Parts from Hondas, Triumphs, and a few partially disassembled small bikes scattered around the room. Maybe Pete's 74 was the first one they'd ripped off. Maybe they were reluctant to take such a prize apart. Or maybe they just didn't know how to share the wealth. Pete started thinking furiously. Big as he was, and despite the fact that Mick was only a shade shorter and lighter—and despite the reds they'd both feasted on during the day—eight of these dudes against the two of them was a bit much. Even eight ducks could get rough, and Pete wasn't about to lose, this time. Goddammit, he fumed, why didn't I bring my shotgun? I could clean house.

He moved away from the door and motioned Mick to follow him outside. They made some quick decisions. Mick split to his truck and moved it down the block. He left the motor running. He grabbed a rag out of the bed and tore it into strips as he walked back toward the bikes parked in front of the shop. Meanwhile, Pete had sneaked around behind the building to check on possible open doors or windows. No luck. Everything was locked up tight. He started back toward the front of the building, but stopped short and jumped back as he reached the front

corner. A big, fat dude, wearing a bike chain like a bandolier across his chest, had just come out of the back room into the front of the place. Pete's eye caught him just in time through the front window. He hissed at Mick, who was busy with the bikes parked out front.

Mick didn't hear the warning. He was busy stuffing strips of rag down into gas tanks. He dropped the cap of the third tank, and the sound carried sharply in the quiet night. Fat-boy, looking for something in the rubble in the front part of the shop, snapped up and looked out through the front window. He charged out the door like a Sherman tank, pulling a blade as he came. Mick was on the fourth tank when he flashed on the big fella heading his way. The glint of cold steel in the guy's hand sorta upset Mick's gut. This could get kinda lethal. He set himself to meet the charge.

Pete didn't even see the blade. His only concern was that the guy might open his big mouth and alert the other creeps in the back of the shop. He dived out from the corner of the building and grabbed the chain the dude was wearing. He wrapped it around the guy's neck and pulled it tight, digging his right knee into the dude's back. "Hit 'im!" he yelled to Mick. "Goddammit, bust the mother-fucker!"

Mick snapped the cap off the fourth tank and calmly but solidly laid it up alongside Fat-boy's head. Pete took the chain off the suddenly limp neck and dropped it over his own shoulder. "Well," he grunted as he dragged the cold-cocked dude behind a bush at the side of the building, "I got myself a good chain outta this deal, so far."

While Pete dragged the limp duck, Mick got busy lighting the rags



Easyriders

"C'mon mama, one more toke and we'll be ready to putt."

hanging out of the four gas tanks. Then he headed for the idling truck parked down the street. Just as Pete opened his mouth to call after Mick, to tell him they'd have to change plans slightly, that there was no way in or out of the back of the shop, the first gas tank exploded in a big fireball, shooting flames and fiery bits of metal all over the dimly lit street. Seconds later, the other tanks went up. Pete paused to admire the view. Christ, it was like the goddam Fourth of July! Even Mick stopped to look back and grin proudly at his accomplishment.

But then it was time for action. No time now to discuss changes in plan. The ducks were streaming out from the back room of the shop, headed for the front door, yelling like little kids having their candy ripped off—except that no little kids could ever get away with using the kind of language these cats were screaming out at the top of their lungs.

Pete headed back fast along the side of the building. He'd spotted a small, locked window back there earlier, one he'd figured might be too small. But now there was no choice. He grabbed up a shit can and heaved it through the window, fol-

lowing immediately in a headlong dive. He found his bike still all together, except that somebody had disconnected the gas line from the tank. Pete went scrambling for a screwdriver, but one of the dudes had come back into the shop, and he spotted Pete. The nearest thing to hand was a trans lying on the greasy floor, and Pete didn't even stop to think; he launched the trans at the cat with everything he could put behind it. The trans missed, but at least scared the dude off and he went running out front for his buddies. Pete decided to forget the screwdriver. He jammed the line back on the petcock and jumped onto the starter pedal, praying that—at least this once—the damned thing would start on the first kick. No such luck. Another kick. Still no start. Pete wondered if he'd have to make it out through the window. Another kick. The shovel rumbled to life just as the eight ducks came squalling in through the front door. All of them, including the one Mick had coldcocked. Pete didn't bother with first. He hit second, grabbed all the throttle he could, and let go the clutch. The wheel broke loose, screaming against the floor, and the smell of hot

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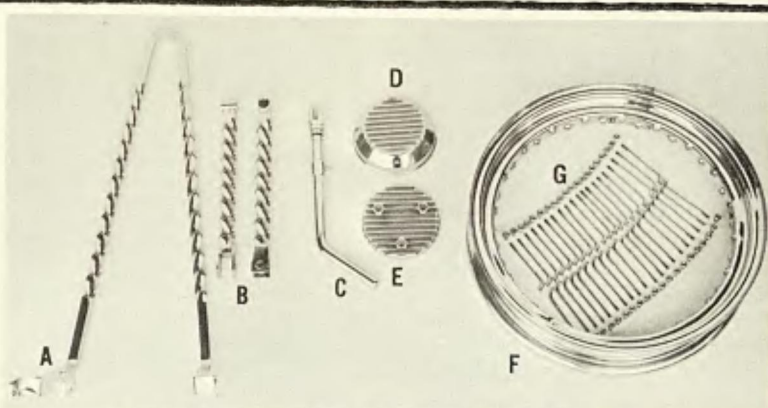
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rubber started filling the room. Pete had originally planned to make it out through the front door, but now that door was filled with screaming ducks fighting their way inside and squalling for blood. And besides, the wheel suddenly hit an oil slick and the bike went almost completely out of control, literally dictating its own way out.

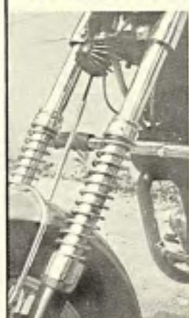
With the wick still turned all the way up, Pete came through the door behind the counter and went into a slide, slamming broadside into the counter, toppling it over. The dudes were so close by now that the old cash register damn near nailed one as it fell along with all the rest of the rubble that had been piled on the counter.

The crashing counter and falling rubble made the dudes pause, but not Pete. With his bike somewhat more upright, and more or less under his control, he headed for the big plate glass window to the right of the entrance. He looked at the window, and then threw a glance at the dudes coming at him, especially at one in particular, the one in the lead, who was already reaching for him with a big switchblade. Nope. No choice. He had to ride for the window. Even so, the blade caught him slightly in the back of the arm. The dude pulled back the blade for another go, but he slipped on something and Pete's sissy bar caught him on the side of the head, spun him around, and he hit the floor as Pete's front wheel smashed through the window. Pete closed his eyes tight and poured on the throttle. Glass flew everywhere. The dudes stopped trying to chase Pete and concentrated on protecting themselves from the glass shrapnel. Then they stampeded out through the front door to meet Pete outside.

Pete came through the window trailing a shower of glass behind him. Before he could open his eyes he was across the sidewalk and out in the street, having no idea of how he had scooted between two of the burning bikes without getting a singe. His bike was still not under too much control. It skidded into the street slightly crossed up, one of the pegs scraping the pavement and streaming a rooster tail of sparks. But the spinning rear wheel was beginning to regain traction on the dry pavement.

One of the ducks on the curb ran out into the street, flashing a .38 in Pete's direction, but Mick's dirty pickup roared up and clipped the

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dude just as he pulled off the cap, which went whizzing up into the air. The gun flew off like a big-assed bird, and the dude landed back up on the sidewalk at his partners' feet. And then both Pete and Mick were out of range of anything the ducks could produce.

Mick lived closest, so Pete split for there, with Mick following in the pickup. It was a small place in a housing tract. Pete wheeled his bike around behind the house and went inside to let Mick's ol' lady cluck and shake her head over his glass-cuts and the stab wound in the back of his arm. Not that she really did much clucking and head-shaking. She rode her own pan trike, and she'd seen action before, plenty of it. And she was good with the antiseptics and bandages and all that shit. While she worked on Pete, Mick rolled a couple of joints for each of them and put some sounds on.

After running down the whole deal for Mick's wife, Mick and Pete kicked back into Mick's den with a couple of joints. Pete flexed his knifed arm. Shit, it was nothin'. Probably wouldn't even be stiff. He flopped loosely into a big easy-chair and grinned over at Mick, likewise stretched out and grinning like a big ape. It had been quite a day. Now that he had his shovel back, Pete didn't regret a minute of it. Neither, obviously, did Mick.

They sat in silence, grinning at each other, taking hit after hit, until they were wasted. Finally Mick spoke up. "Well, where we goin'?"

Pete thought it over. The ol' lady'd be home wonderin' where in hell he was tonight. She'd be stewin', watchin' the clock. She'd be gettin' all her dumbass questions ready, the little needle-pointed questions that always set his teeth on edge till he was ready to twist that pretty little neck he'd once got such a bang out of kissin' till her toes twitched and she wanted somethin' more than kisses. Yeah, he still liked to kiss that neck till she squirmed—but goddammit! how he hated all the bellyachin' that poured up through it and out of her squawkin' mouth! One o' these days he was gonna . . . One o' these days? He looked over at Mick, who was still grinning at him and waiting for an answer to his question: "Where we goin'?" One o' these days . . . Well, by god, today was the day! He stood up and stretched like a big cat. Damn, he felt good all of a sudden! "San Diego," he told Mick. "Come on, let's hit it."

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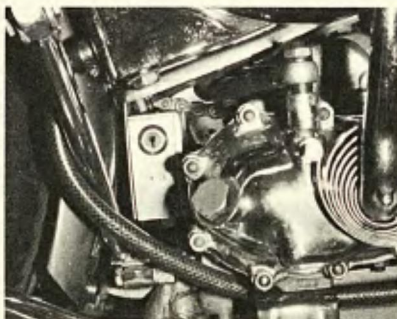
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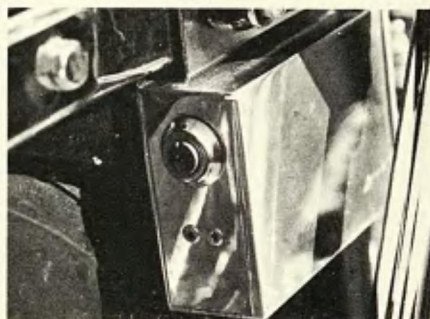
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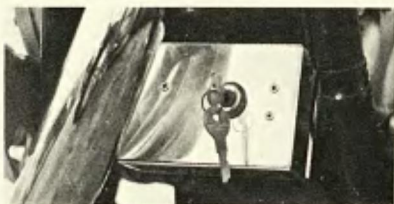
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NUN RAPE, ROCKY AND BULL-WINKLE! Steve "Scum" Richard is looking for brother Mick Hale from Las Vegas, Nevada. He worked with me on the Olsen Carnival Shows in Michigan and Ohio. Contact Steve Richard, 18044 Ray Street, Riverview, Michigan 48192.

Any chicks who could dig writing the Pres. and Vice Pres. of an outlaw bike club write: Dirty Denny or Creepy Craig, Denny Curtiss 033781-C-80, Craig Terry 033781-C-61, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

21-year-old brother would like to hear from girls he could write while in the slam: Ernest Haney, Box R, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211.

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I'm putting together a scrap book of bikers and their clubs and I would like to hear from you people Michel Cook, Box 888-18625, Ashland, Kentucky 41101.

I'm a lonely convict with a decent rap, but need some chicks to write too. Denny Herbst K-0641, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

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PROFESSIONAL WRITERS—Read a couple of issues of Easyriders thoroughly, and decide if you can (or barf, willing), to write in Easyriders'. We want fiction pieces, short stories, poems, short features of interest to hip men. Be sure and read magazine first, don't waste our time with material aimed at Boys Life. Fiction Editor, Box 2086, Seal Beach, Ca. 90740

WANTED—Ratchet lid for 74 transmission and foot shifter and linkage. R. Stillwagon, 6514 Oakhill Drive, West Farmington, Ohio 44491.

CASH PAID FOR INVENTIONS and new product ideas for motorcycles and choppers. Ideas for the bike, the bike rider, or anything related to motorcycle field. Your wild, hare-brained idea may be worth instant cash. S-A Industries, Box 2648, Seal Beach, Ca. 90740

WANTED—74 H-D springer with springer brake; 45 H-D springer 18 in. over with brake; 48-58 H-D panhead and/or 48-58 frames, engines, trans, parts, etc.; 80 in. engine or parts; 60-66 Sportster. B. Leonard, 2006 Oak St. S.W., Warren Ohio 44485.

WANTED—Moving to California this fall. Wanted: Righteous biker to jam with on weekend runs. NO strings. Super-sweet ol' lady of 23 years. 36-25-34. Write to Susy, Box S, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 2086, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740.

TO KRIS IN WATERLOO—I can dig where you are coming from, baby, and I would love to answer your letter, but you forgot the return address. G. L. in the slam.

Special Announcement for Retailers

ANNOUNCEMENT

Dell Distributing, Inc. is pleased to announce that its Display Program now includes EASYRIDERS magazine published by Paisano Publications, Inc. This Display program is available to all domestic retailers purchasing said publications from wholesalers. Under this Program, you will receive payment for each copy of the relevant publications sold by you provided you comply with the display and reorder requirements of the formal agreements. Retailers may decide to participate in any one or all of these programs. To receive copies of the formal Retail Display Agreements which set forth all details, retailers purchasing from wholesalers should write to Dell Distributing, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017, Attention: Circulation Manager. Each Program becomes effective after Dell receives and accepts the Retailer's signed agreement.

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