

Easyriders

August, 1973

75¢

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

*"Ain't ya glad
it's summer?"*



***Especially for
Summer Runs:***

**State-by-State
Bike Laws**

**Is a legal bike
in one state
legal in another?**

**Choppers
in full color!**





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



Oil Gauge (Chromed)

Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs. A must for long rides. Fitting supplied for 74s and Sportsters, but you must specify which one when ordering. Can be modified to fit other bikes.

9.95

Steel Braided Oil Lines

Aircraft type for 74s only. Intake, return, and breather—all 3 for only

29.95

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.

\$29.95



Fat-Bob Fender

Heavy steel. Ideal for Swingarm 74's

\$25.25



FX Outer Cover Chromed Steel

Replaces aluminum one. Looks out of sight.

\$45.00



74 Kick Cover

Super strong—and reinforced!

29.95



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
Caps	\$2.50 ea.
Petcocks	\$3.50 ea.
Plugs	\$.75 ea.



Wide 16" Chromed Steel Rim

For Wide
500X16 tires.

\$19.95

HD 74 Extended Kick Stand Chromed

6-10 over stock
10-15 over stock

\$24.95

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.

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale,
California 91201

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Talk about spinning a web!	4	Taking It Easy
Readers take dead aim at editor	6	Wordmonger's Wordhoard
Quotes from other biker rags	10	Biker's Digest
A problem we all face	12	I Didn't See The Motorsickle
Sick bitch rambles on	15	Miraculous Mutha Tells All
Chopper fiction for adults	16	The Twenty Year Run
This bike's something else!	18	The Best Fatbob We've Seen
Situation normal — all fucked up	24	Is a Legal Bike In One State Legal In Another
Knuckles do leak a little	27	Knuckle Gusher
Compiled by ABATE members	28	State By State Chopper Laws
Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls	30	First Biker Bash of The Year
News from everywhere	38	ABATE, The Biker's Association
What does a guy miss while in the can?	41	Red Rider and Little Beaver
Righteous bike and chick	42	Knuckle and Nymph
Talk about abundance	46	There's a Mistake On The Cover
The best place to buy and sell your goodies	66	Choppershopper

EASYRIDERS magazine, August, 1973
Volume 3, Number 5. Published bi-monthly
by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate
and subscription offices at 819 South Glenoaks
Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213)
848-4451. Editorial address is Box 52, Malibu,
California 90265. (213) 457-3171.
Copyright © 1973 by Paisano Publications,
Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the
prior written permission of the publisher.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS: Box 52, Malibu,
California 90265. (213) 457-3171. Anything to
do with the editorial content: letters to the
editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence,
love letters, propositions, porno literature,
money, and editorial contributions should be
sent to this address. Photographic art and
cartoon contributions are welcomed, but they
must be exclusive. All contributions must be
accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed,
return envelope. Although contributions will
be handled with reasonable care, Easyriders
magazine cannot be responsible for un-
solicited material or damage to same in mails,
nor does it assume responsibility for return or
safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Forms 3579 and all
subscription correspondence should be
addressed to EASYRIDERS, Circulation
Department, 819 South Glenoaks Blvd.,
Burbank, California 91502. 1 year \$7.50 in
the United States, its possessions, and Canada.
\$8.50 a year elsewhere. Single copy price
75 cents.

POSTMASTER: Return postage guaranteed
on all undeliverable copies. Return to
819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank,
California 91502.



Cover photo of "Uschi" Digard
by Pete Chiodo

Editor: Lou Kimzey
Managing Editor: Joe Teresi
Editor-At-Large: Mil Blair
Associate Editor: Keith Ball
Photo Editor: Pete Chiodo
Wordhead: Frank Harding
Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque
Art Director: Art Honcho
Cartoon Editor: Weird Harold
Contributing Photographer:
James (Billy) Tinney
Mentor: Miraculous Mutha
Editorial Flunky: JoAnn Hansen
Office Manager: Deon
Wine Taster: Dudley Everett
Arbitrator: Big Armond Bletcher
Young Man About Town: Louie
Bookkeeper: Pillhead Smiley
Reader Service: Monica Stewart
Executive Janitor: Spider
Office Cats: Black Dog, Igor,
White Rat, and Hannibal



They don't have cops like that where I live: Three Des Moines policemen were dismissed recently. Were they on the take? Caught being too nice to bikers and long-hairs? No, they were caught dropping water-filled balloons on passing cars!

Hey, man, you're really stacked! Scare tactic #99387 in the Establishment's bag of anti-killer weed propaganda alleges that there is a connection between the use of pot and enlargement of male breasts! A chemical ingredient in pot is supposed to be similar to a female hormone, and a sufficient quantity will, it seems, cause the male body to develop tits! Would you believe that Raquel Welch is actually Herman Malczynski?

Hell's Angels hold convention: An estimated 250 members converged on Fontana, California (just outside of San Berdoo), and had one helluva weekend-long party to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the club. The only downer was the recent 10 to life sentence handed Sonny Barger on four drug convictions.

The sheriff's department reported only a few traffic citations and one pot bust, but other than that, "It was just a big party," sighed the sheriff with relief.

Women are getting it on sooner: Dr. Clifford J. Sager, after extensive testing--or something--recently announced to the world that, in the past, women reached their fullest sexual potential--their greatest orgasmic ability--in their late 30s. But now, says he, the age level has dropped to 25 and even as

low as 18 in many cases. How does he determine such earth-shaking facts? Hell, I don't know--I never get assignments like that.

Traffic ticket for smoking pot: Grass users can be issued tickets just like those for a parking violation under a new program approved by enlightened Lane County, Oregon--home of the University of Oregon.

Dist. Atty. J. Pat Horton said citations might be issued for incidental or casual use of pot. The determinations of whether to arrest an offender or issue a citation would be based on various factors, such as the violator's standing in the community (that lets out bikers, I guess), satisfactory identification, etc.

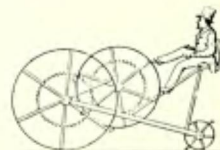
Cowpies, meadow muffins, pasture patties, or whatever you call cowshit in your section of the country, is about to find a use. General Electric has developed "secret bacteria" to be mixed with vats of cow potty at a 130-degree temperature. The bacteria chew up elements in the cowshit and eventually produce a protein-rich microbial cell mass. When the mass is dried it becomes a colorless powder that is 60% protein--an ideal feed for cattle, horses, chickens, and pigs. G.E. says that with 2.3 billion tons of cowshit dumped every year they do not foresee a shortage of raw materials.

No comment: President Richard M. Nixon said with a perfectly straight face: "There are those who say that Law and Order are just code words for repression and bigotry. That is dangerous nonsense. Law and Order are code words for Goodness and Decency in America."

Off-the-wall laws dept. Nothing proves how much we are at the mercy of "well meaning" lawmakers more than looking back on some of the strange laws of the past--like the one in Boston 200 years ago when the lawmakers of that day passed a law that made it illegal to take a bath except when prescribed by a doctor!

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



INTRODUCING THE SPORTSTER JAMMER



If a picture is worth 1,000 words, then the above 1,004 should tell you almost everything you need to know about the new Sportster Jammer chassis from D & D.

But just to be sure we'll add a few more like **style**, **dependability** and **safety** — words backed by D & D's famous engineering know-how and craftsmanship.

If we still haven't said enough, we'll add that the Sportster Jammer will accept any year Sportster engine — electric or kick start. That all parts shown are available in the new Jammer's Handbook except the stock Sportster hub and brake assembly. And that you can assemble the chassis as shown for under \$1,400.

Now, what more can we say?



Member of



For your copy of the Jammer's Handbook, send the coupon or the same information and \$3.00 to:

D & D Distributors
800 (E8) S. San Fernando Blvd.
Burbank, California 91502

OR

D & D Distributors
858 (E8) Decatur Avenue North
Minneapolis (Golden Valley)
Minnesota 55427

I've read all 1205 words in this ad and still want to know more about the Sportster Jammer. Here's my \$3.00 for the 1973 Jammer's Handbook. (This \$3.00 will be refunded with my first \$20.00 purchase.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

E8

WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

Blame Spider, Not Me

☐ Why did that nude chick featured in the chrome reflections always cover her goodie with her hand?

Bro Cohen
Flushing, N.Y.

■ She instinctively grabbed it whenever she spotted Spider eyeballing her.

☐ Come on, man. If that chick in the May issue was supposed to make me pant, then ya did a half-assed job of it.

Lurch
Chicago, Ill.

■ Lurch, if we had wanted to make you pant, we would have shown photos of two dogs ballin'.

☐ Your nude-reflected-in-chrome feature was one more indication of how with-it you people are. You never sit still—you're always coming up with fresh editorial ideas, which in turn makes your magazine so rare.

Sandy Greene
Cincinnati, Ohio

Bikers Go Underground

☐ We might as well plan for it. If the anti-bike laws keep up, we'll all be known as the Underground Bikers of America. When we're banned from the streets entirely we'll run the sewer pipes of all the fair cities of the nation, and believe me, there's going to be a lot of shit flung.

Jack
Deer Park, Michigan

Bad Nebraska Weed

☐ You dudes should get your shit together. The article about dope pickin' in the cornbelt was a bunch of bullshit. Anyone that picks Nebraska weed and then sells it is a rip-off artist.

Boze, Burn and Dan
York, Nebraska

■ If you guys would re-read the article, when you come down sometime, you'll notice that the author said: "Nebraska locals would be more interested in holding the Goodyear Blimp for ransom than in picking local dope. Cornbelt dopers will have nothing to do with the harvest and are somewhat surprised at the numbers of pickers that do materialize. The natives commonly believe that the local herb is just unworthy of their time."

"Unfortunately for the dopers, the soil produces an inferior type of smoking material."

All Hell Broke Loose

☐ Did you guys realize that

the May issue was your 13th issue? You aren't superstitious are you?

Kevin Miller
Collinsville, Ill.

■ We are now. While we were working on that issue, our printer went on strike; Miraculous Mutha got a dose; Keith lost it while jammin' in the rain; your ol' monger here had three pounds of his ass ground off when he had to lay it down, and Spider got a dose—in the nose, of all places.

She Wasn't That Bad

☐ I'm really pissed at you guys. A while back, I sent in some photos of my bike—a good looking bike too.

Yet you returned them to me. All I have ever seen in your In The Wind section is shit. Then in your last issue you put in that chick with her tits hanging out, sitting on the back of a bike. Man, she looked like she had just finished a motocross race in the rain—but you returned my photos of a really good bike. How come?

Jim Bartlett
Mitchell, Indiana

■ The usual reasons for returning In The Wind submissions are: 1. We do not use color prints. 2. Bike image is too small. 3. Print quality is bad or photo is out of focus. We would not return photos merely because of the bike itself.

Killer Weed

☐ I have a complaint to make. As I no longer partake of reefers, I believe any space devoted to the subject could be put to better use.

The Great Abstinence
Toledo, Ohio

Reefers?

Thanks A Lot

☐ If the nation is on its way to being corrupt, your dirty little piece of filth won't make a damned bit of difference.

Big M
Brookings, S.D.

Speaking of Filth

☐ Send me a subscription to your rag—my parakeet prefers crapping on it to doing it on the local newspaper.

B. Fleming
El Segundo, California

Fair Warning

☐ This is to notify everyone that today my Hog was born and anyone caught even looking like he is going to rip it off will be shot regardless of race, creed or color.

Crazy Dave
Atlanta, Georgia

■ Spider dug the birthday present.

Didn't Dig It

☐ I've read a lot of classy shit in your rag, but "Goodbye Wally" wasn't one of them. I'm not bitchin' but



"Are you going to tell 'em we're out of menudo—I'm not."

Authentic, original
service instructions
by Harley-Davidson

Everything from
A to Z—Complete
service information

Corrected and
Updated

Illustrated

Harley-Davidson Panhead Service Manual 1948-1957 Rigid

\$12.50



For OHV Twin
Models—1948-57

\$12.50

✓ Knucklehead
Service Manual

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

\$9.95

✓ Harley 45
Service Manual \$7.50

Just Out!

Only
\$14.95



1941 to 1954
Harley 45, 61 and 74
Parts Catalog!

Original Harley Catalog complete
with names and addresses where
you can buy obsolete parts.

Send your order to: PAISANO PUBLICATIONS, INC.
819 S. Glencoe, Burbank, Calif. 91502
☐ Knucklehead Service Manual \$9.95 ☐ H-D 45 Service Manual \$7.50
☐ H-D Panhead Service Manual \$12.50 ☐ Spare Parts \$14.95
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____
(Personal checks
must clear)
Postage
Paid

WINE

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

Navé Pierson Winery

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



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

CHAIN REACTION Easy Rider MOTORCYCLE CHAIN BELTS

Beautifully chrome plated Motorcycle Primary Chain Belts. Complete with our Special adjustable Handtooled buckles, or NOW you can order our NEW Harley baked enamel crest buckle for only \$1.00 extra (see below). To order, list the Style number and specify your waist size for perfect fit.

STYLE 54
SPORTSTER \$21.00

STYLE 74
EASYRIDER \$21.00

STYLE 80
INDIAN \$31.00

POSTAGE PAID

ORDER TODAY!

Specify your waist size for perfect fit. To order, send cash, check or money order. Or call 312/637-1007

ALTERNATE BUCKLE STYLES
Baked enamel Harley #1 crest. Also, Triumph and Honda crests (not shown) only \$1.00 extra

MM LIMITED DEPT. ST
7191 W. GRAND • CHICAGO, ILL. 60635

DEALER, DISTRIBUTORS AND REPS. PLEASE INQUIRE

I wish you'd get Bosque off his ass and do some more Booze Fighter stories.

Fat Frank
Liberal, Kansas

■ He's in the can at the moment, but he'll be back.

Bloke From Down Under

□ If there's a bloke that you know who would like to gas with a bloke down here —give 'im my address.

Ian Underwood
3 Springbank Lane
Te Atatunth Auckland
New Zealand

Hey, That's a Good Idea

□ How about getting your design freaks to cook up an Easyriders binder so we can keep our copies nice 'n' neat. That's for those of us who don't use 'em for joint paper, paper towels, dog paper, oil drip catchers, etc.

Ken Perry
Sussex, England

■ See ad somewhere in this issue.

Watch Out For State Cops

□ Just a brief note to inform you that Sherry Prince's letter in your May '73 issue was slightly mis-

leading. She was correct in saying you don't have to wear a helmet in Monroe County, Michigan, but only as far as the county and city laws are concerned. If a state cop sees you, he'll write you up, sure as hell.

Dave Messock
Grandville, Michigan

Yeah, She's Uglier

□ I would like to say that it's somewhat unusual to see such literate content in a magazine containing so much "vulgarity." One does not, as a rule, associate the two.

Speaking of vulgarities, I was disappointed in the drawing of Miraculous Mutha that she sent me. She can't possibly be that ugly. I'm six feet, weigh 215, my head looks like a billiard ball, and I'm 51 years old—but even I look better than that!

George Wilson
Arlington, Va.

■ You should see the front! Remember the guy who had a dog that was so ugly he shaved his ass and made him walk backward? That's what we did to Mutha.

A New High

□ I've been in stir for three years and your rag is a high where there is no dope. We get the magazine at our prison library (thanks to you) and all of us bikers gobble it up. Sitting in here, the dudes have plenty of time to read and think Easyriders keeps us up on the scene. Thanks from a silent minority (not by choice).

Lee Langschieff
Mansfield, Ohio

Better Late Than Never

□ I know I should have my balls pinched for not subscribing to your rancid rag sooner—but I'm doing it now.

P. J. Pulesky
Milton, Mass.

Hacked About Something

□ You bastards are the ones that are going to have to look out in the future. Women are people and so are you—even if you don't know it.

Aries

■ Everyone has got to agree that we really got a mess of off-the-wall letters this issue!



"Goddam it, Ethel, just show 'em the menu!"

West Coast Nomads

□ I'm doing time in the U.S. pen at McNeil Island, Washington. There is a motorcycle club here called the West Coast Nomads. We have a shop and we are able to tear down and build bikes all the way to getting them running—but we can't ride them, because chains aren't allowed. It would sure be nice to putt around the big yard.

Kenny Baker
McNeil Island, Washington

■ There are several state prisons that have bike clubs and they allow chains on the bikes that are built—but you know who the head Fed is, which probably makes the difference.

Three other Nomads contacted us requesting manuals, tools, testing equipment, parts—in any condition, just so long as they are usable or repairable. Everything they need to work on bikes is donated. All you have to do is contact them at the following address and let them know what you have and then they will inform you of the approved way to ship it to them. Write Dave Compton, Mel Latoski, or Jerry Hayes, c/o West Coast Nomads, U.S. Penitentiary, McNeil Island, Box 500, Steilacoom, Washington 98388.

Got Their Rocks Off

□ We just got our rocks off over your magazine—basically because there ain't nothing else on this rock to get your rocks off on. We're marooned on Guam in support of some fascist pigs; bombing the piss out of the gooks in Cambodia. The going rate for grass is \$50 a lid! It's scarce as hell here in the asshole of the world.

D ank K
Guam, So. Pacific

National Chopper Club

□ Would you please give the new National Chopper Club of Great Britain a few lines in your magazine? We plan to fight anti-bike legislation as ABATE does. For information, write Pete Gaertner, 33 Benson Rd., Headington, Oxford, England.

John
Manchester, England

□ I wonder if I could take up some column space to announce the newly formed National Chopper Club of Great Britain. Its purpose is to improve relations with the general public and combat anti-bike laws. It costs a pound a year to join. Write Pete Gaertner, 33 Benson Rd., Headington, Oxford, England.

Splash
Derbyshire, England

■ What's a pound go for over there?

□ It has come to my notice that one of our members has been writing to people, including you, on behalf of the club. So, to put the record straight, we have formed a National Chopper Club and are looking for members. We just had the helmet law slammed on us and plan to fight it. I would appreciate it if you would mention our club, for you have many readers.

Pete Gaertner
33 Benson Rd.,
Headington,
Oxford, England

■ Don't you guys speak to each other?

Stop Thief!

□ I recently picked up a copy of your magazine and, having a spare six bits, I stole it and bought a dozen donuts. After reading and

looking it over for an hour or so, I found nothing but hawgs, vile language and loose women. Your mag is beautiful—a breath of fresh air amidst a life surrounded by two-cycles.

Mike Bell
Chula Vista, California

Now She Knows

□ My husband was always buying your mag and I was always pissed off because he left them lying all over the place. Then the other day as I was picking up the latest issue I went through it—and now I can see why the hell he is so nutty about it.

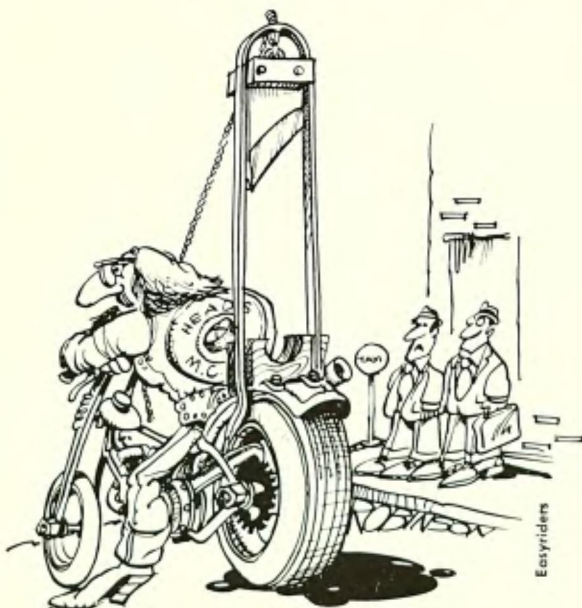
Jane Simpson
Modesto, California

Goin' To The Dogs

□ The way you people are letting your magazine fall apart, it looks like you are going to the dogs. It won't be long until you start putting Honda and helmet ads in it. Get on the stick—or get out of business, you miserable creeps.

U.I.
Pawtucket, R.I.

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, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. ■



"I understand that some of 'em are pretty darn mean."

BUCK KNIVES



"FAMOUS FOR HOLDING AN EDGE"

An Impressive Knife You'd Be Proud to Wear!

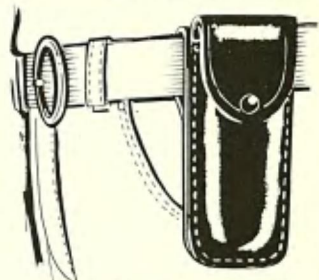
Here is absolutely the finest knife you can buy. The amazing ability of this knife to hold an edge is due to the high carbon content of the steel and the secret tempering process that has been handed down for three generations.

Buck Knives are equipped with a handle of golden-grain Macassar ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. Four-inch blade has positive lock in open position.

They are made of the highest quality steel—steel that has stain-resistant qualities. It is a masterpiece of skilled workmanship and comes equipped with a genuine saddle leather sheath (they are legal to wear on your belt). The initial price is small when you realize that this knife is guaranteed for life according to warranty. A warranty backed by a company with three generations of knife making and tempering experience.

\$19.95

Plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.



Each knife equipped with a saddle leather sheath.

I-R-S LIMITED

Box 3827 Long Beach, California 90803

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Chopper Wallet

A rugged, masculine wallet made from thick cow hide, and riveted with brass rivets all around outer edge, which adds to its rugged masculine look.



Comes complete with safety chain

Only \$9.50
plus 50c for postage and handling.

I.R.S. limited

Box 3827 Long Beach, California 90803



Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist

For
\$31.50

Two Year Guarantee Immediate Delivery

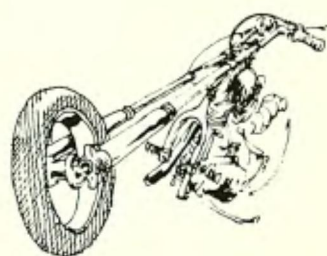
A fine quality 17 jewel slimline movement. Shock-resistant! Genuine leather band. Full color dial with red, white, and blue chopper, speeding ticket, and M.P.H. speedo design.

To: Rapid Mail, Unlimited
3835 Broadlawn Dr.
Hollywood, Calif. 90068

Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid watch(es) price: \$31.50 each. Calif. Residents add 5% tax, \$1.58. Enclosed find ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for \$_____. Please, No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Hail, hail, helmets . . .

To some, helmets may seem a bother but in many emergency situations they offer one significant benefit—life. Like W. C. Fields' tombstone allegedly declares, "On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia." When offered a choice between life above ground anywhere and Mr. Fields' present status, we are inclined to agree. That's why we wear helmets.

—Len Wood
Cycle Rider

Right on . . .

A guy that'll stare at a bike when there's a cute young chickie aboard is a candidate for the retired mechanics' nut house. Either that, or he's the kind of fellow that Marines like to pick fights with in bars.

If you want to look at chicks, you buy *Playboy* or whatever. The ladies are better looking, and they're not so

particular about social niceties like clothes. On the other hand, if you want to look at bikes, you buy a bike magazine.

—Mike Kerley
Choppers Magazine

Fighting for what is right . . .

In general the plan is to show resistance, make them show that noisy roadracers are threats and menaces, demonstrate that the motorcycling establishment will not stand for mud-headed legislation, and if the battle well-fought is ultimately lost, then at least we've gone down in flames and have learned something from the experience. Obsequiousness doesn't work with the government. Money works. Votes work. Laying down and dying guarantees nothing except that sooner or later, sure enough, you're dead.

—Cook Nelson
Cycle Magazine

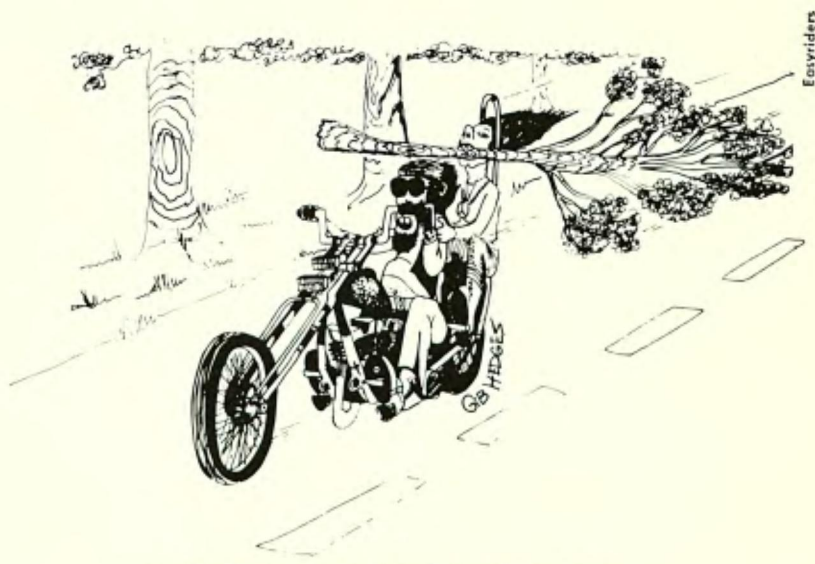
First time in 70 years . . .

On the surface the change

may not appear staggering. For the first time, however, the 200,000 regular members have a voice in what the AMA does, and how it decides what is best for the majority. I know of no national motorcycling body in the world with such a provision. Although the move is long overdue, and certainly was inevitable, there will no doubt be grumbles from some people behind the scenes in industry. Because, not only does the change accommodate the two regular members, but also restricts the vehicle members (manufacturers and distributors of motorcycles) to a maximum of five seats out of the 12 maximum members. And there is, indeed, a provision in the voting where vehicle members could even be less.

Thus ends an era. An era that lasted almost three-quarters of a century. An era throughout which industry decided what was good for all of us, and called all the shots.

—Ivan Wagar
Cycle World



"Cool it, bitch—don't hang on so damned tight!"

Righteous Chop Shirts!



Mexican Poncho



The Poncho fits over your head and hangs, half in front and half in back, down to your fingertips. The sides are open.

The Mexican Cut-off is a vest type thing with an open front, and hangs to your fingertips.

Only **\$8.95**

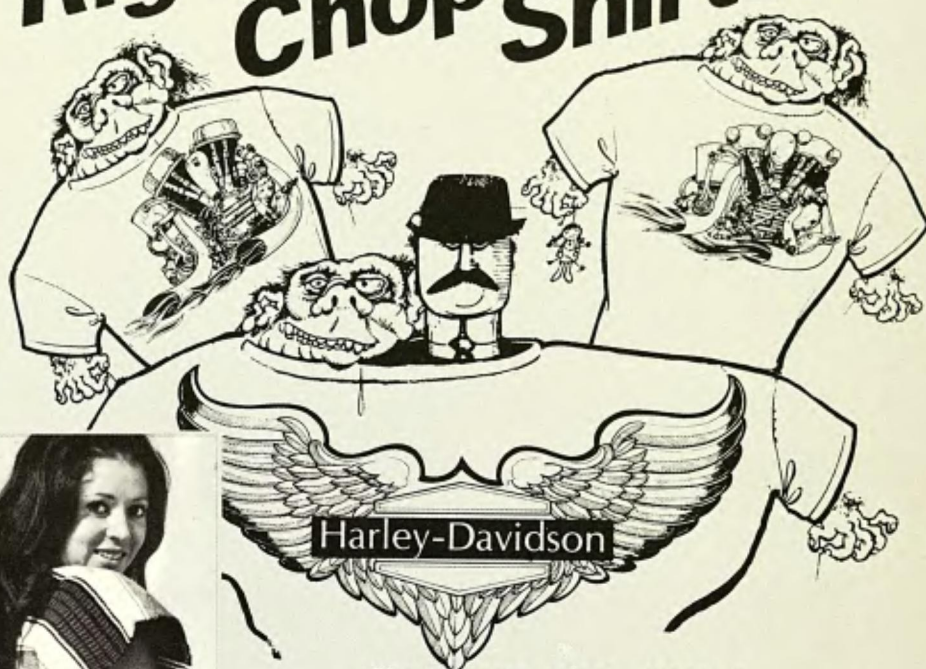
plus \$1.00 for postage and handling

Mexican Cut-off

These two freaky rags became popular during the days when they held the Tecate Runs in Mexico. They're all-around garments—you can use them to keep warm, to sleep on, to grab a fast one on—actually, you name the use and you've got it!

Send your order today to: **ChopShirt**
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.



Show some class—wear a **ChopShirt**, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

Righteous drawings by Robinson, of the Harley Wings, and the Panhead, Knucklehead, Shovelhead, Sportster, Triumph, and Honda 4 engines!

Completely washable, durable, and 100% colorfast. All **Chop-Shirts** are top-quality American-made shirts. Chopper drawings printed in masculine black on a virgin white (what else?) shirt.

If you want a bitchin' shirt, and are proud of the type of bike you ride, and don't want to wear the usual hokey mickey mouse shirts that you usually see—get yourself some **ChopShirts** and show the same amount of class that your bike does.

Send your order today to: **ChopShirt**
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me _____ shirts. I have enclosed \$3.50 for each shirt ordered (\$3.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling).

_____ Harley Wings _____ Honda 4
_____ Knucklehead _____ Triumph
_____ Panhead _____ Shovelhead
_____ Sportster

Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

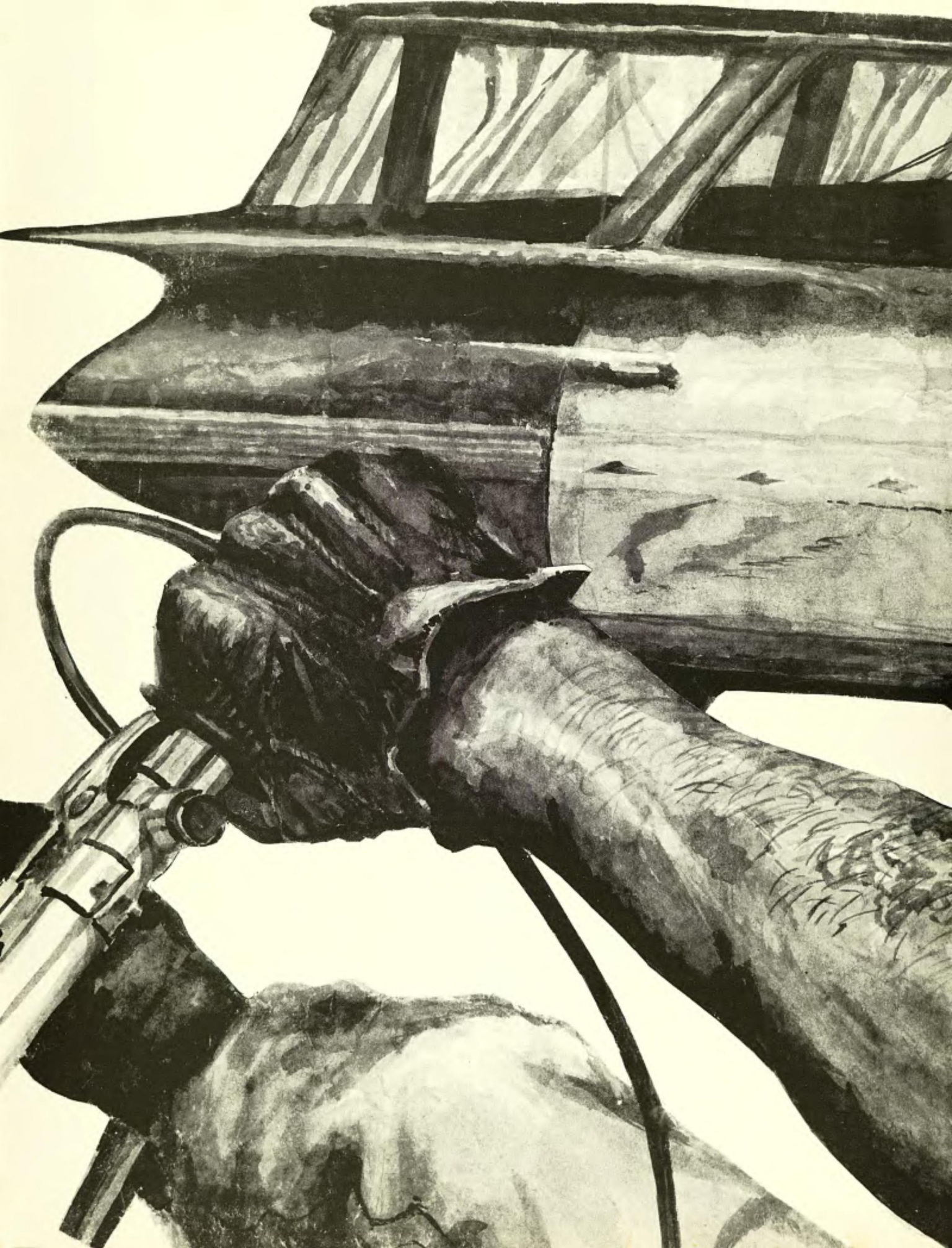
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Must have)





by Albert Lorenza

But Officer, I didn't see the motorsickle!

It was a perfect day for riding. The early spring sun was warm and bright in a cloudless sky. A recent storm had washed away the last of winter's grime and made the color of everything appear brighter.

Or maybe it was actually a gloomy day, and what seemed to make it so bright was the fact that it was the first day I'd been able to ride my scooter since finishing its annual winter facelift. It had been a long — goddam long — winter.

A couple of dry kicks to prime her and then the beautiful beast roared to life. Advance the spark, open the carburetor, and the ol' knuckle engine's rumble smoothed out into a low throaty Harley sound of power. I'd been waiting 4 months, 16 days, 18 hours and 33 minutes for this moment. Goddam, it was good to feel that 500 pounds of machinery vibrate under me. I couldn't resist goosing the throttle a couple of times as I impatiently waited for the engine to warm up.

Clunk. I put it into first gear and then released the clutch slightly as I slowly

walked the big mutha between some parked cars to get to the street. When I reached the street I checked for traffic and then took off — not getting it on too much because I had to break the engine in by not going over 50 for the first 400 miles or so. I didn't mind, though. It felt good just to be on the road again.

I didn't have any place in particular to go; I just wanted to put some easy miles on it. It would have been easy to make one long run, but that wasn't the way I broke in engines — I preferred to do it in short hops, giving the engine a chance to cool off occasionally.

It was going to be a long, righteous summer ahead, and nothing was going to keep me and my scooter from being in the center of all the action.

Christ, it felt good to be puttin' along with the sun flashing in the new paint job and chrome. This was the first year that I'd finally been able to get everything chromed that should be chromed. It had taken me two years to get it to this point — with the last two pieces

—Continued on next page

being a new outer primary cover and a new derby cover.

Although I wouldn't be caught dead in one, I felt that for the first time my bike was good enough to be in a bike show — and now all I had to do was break in the engine.

As I putted, I avoided the expressway. I felt it better to go through the gears. And besides, the chicks were on the side streets. The Hog whapped and popped as I cruised at about 40 mph. It's a good sound, a strong sound, and strictly a Harley sound. Man, it felt good to be on the road again!

Then it happened.

The sonuvabitch had turned left directly in front of me — too close for me to stop. Then in a series of split-second flashes my brain went from disbelief to a sick feeling of helplessness before it started sending frantic demands for action. There was no time to think — only to react. Hit the brakes, turn away from possible death as you lay the bike down on its left side, and together you slide.

It all happened in an instant. One moment a car is sideways in front of you, and the next, you and your bike are on your left sides sliding toward the car. Before the primary touched the asphalt I pulled my foot up out of the way, but the bike's weight lay on my leg, which was in a bent-up position. I lay back on the asphalt and somehow pushed myself free with my other leg as we hurtled toward the car, which leisurely continued to go its way. The bike stopped sliding first. I slid a couple of feet past it, barely missing the rear end of the car.

The car — it was a station wagon, an old beat-up Chevy — drove into a garden supply store's parking lot. I got up from the street with my eyes set on the wagon — I was going to kick the shit out of whoever was driving it. I completely forgot about myself and the bike — I just wanted to get the bastard.

As I approached the rusted and weatherbeaten car, a man got out. Shit!

He was an old man — what the fuck was I gonna do to an old man?

"You dumb sonuvabitch, you turned left right in front of me," I shouted in frustration and anger.

He gazed at me through half-closed eyes. "I had my turn signals on," he mumbled. His breath smelled of cheap wine.

"What the fuck does that mean?" I was ready to explode. I looked at his junk wagon. "Your fuckin' lights haven't worked in years — don't give me that shit!"

He swayed back and forth slightly and attempted to point a finger at me. "You were goin' too fast." He almost lost his balance as he let his arm fall to his side.

"You're fulla shit!" I shouted almost as soon as he got the words out of his mouth.

He looked at me bleary-eyed for a moment and then he must have decided the hell with it. He shrugged his thin shoulders helplessly. "I'm sorry." He stared at me a moment longer. "What more can I say?" He shrugged again. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry my ass! You don't even know where the fuck you are, you goddam wino!"

"You'd better get your sickle out of the street before somebody creams it," a voice from behind me said. Then I remembered — my fucking bike was lying in the street!

Everything was rushing through my head. Should I call the cops? Then I thought, what good would that do? The bastard would be arrested, but he obviously didn't have a pot to piss in. He was too old to kick the shit out of — or even just bust up the side of the head. Shit, it'd probably kill him and I'd go to the can!

I stalked to the bike muttering to myself. I was so pissed that I jerked it up to standing position — something I don't think I could do so effortlessly if I hadn't been so goddam mad.

The gear shift lever was stuffed in and the rubber tip was ground flat on one side. With the shift lever fucked, I couldn't shift it and so I had to shove it to the curb by myself while all the nosepickers stood around gawking, not offering to help.

Once at the curb, I studied the damage. The derby cover was flat, with the bird ground completely off. The primary was bent slightly, but not bad. As I was looking the bike over, the lush in the station wagon slipped

quietly out of the parking lot. I looked up just as he passed. He looked straight ahead. I tried to memorize his license number, but forgot it by the time I got the shift lever fixed. I didn't know whether to shit or go blind. I was completely undone.

"Will you take me for a ride?" It was a little kid holding a funny-faced mutt in his arms who asked. He was the only friendly face in the dumb crowd that were just standing around scratching, as if watching two dogs screw.

It was difficult to control my voice, but as nicely as I could I told the kid that I didn't know what was wrong with the bike and that it wouldn't be safe to give him a ride. He didn't say anything in response — he just stared.

Three kicks and the bastard fired. As it idled I started to put my gloves back on. For the first time I noticed that the palms of both gloves had been ground away, almost down to my skin. My skin? I looked at my pants. The left hip and ass were gone — just shreds. Levi's and jockey shorts looked as if they had been shot by a 12-gauge at close range. It wasn't until I got home that I discovered that the slide had cost me a couple of layers of skin.

I'm going to leave the derby cover as it is — to serve as a reminder that those sonsabitches, consciously or unconsciously, are out to kill me.

Now that it's over and I can sit down a little better, I think about it and wonder if I did right. Should I have called the police? Would I have gained anything by sending the bastard to jail? Would that have taught him to look for motorcyclists on the street? I don't know what to think. In this case the guy was out of it and probably didn't know whether he was driving a car or flying a plane. But what about the people who *do* see a bike and deliberately turn in front of it? How many people even think of motorcycles when they "look to see if a car is coming"?

And what do you suppose the lush would have said if I'd been snuffed? That his turn signal was on? That I was driving too fast? Hell no, he'd use the same cop-out everyone uses: "But Officer, I didn't see the motorsickle."

Bullshit!

Visual Aids

My lover has a problem. It seems that he can't have good sex unless he goes to an X-rated movie first. He must think I have the same problem or that the movies are going to get me all hot and bothered, because he always insists that I go with him, and I simply hate it. I dig sex, but I don't like to be seen in public places that show those types of film—they immediately type you. The kind of sex one likes, I believe, should be one's own private business. Besides, all the other fellas at the show seem to be on the make, and I'm strictly a one-man guy.

Mike Johnson
New York, N.Y.

● Have you tried home movies? Also, for his next birthday, have your bedroom walls paneled with mirrors—ceilings too. Some views are a gas. Of course, some will gag ya.

Sweet Young Thing

I have the best-lookin' chick a guy could have. She's young, has long blonde hair, perfect 38-23-37 body—she's got everything—including one dumb thing she does that she thinks is funny. Every time she does it she cracks up. Being afraid to lose a good thing, I laugh too—but actually I wish she'd knock it off. She's got two older brothers and I suppose that's where she picked it up, but it sure doesn't go with the sweet-young-thing look that she has.

What she does is deliberately hike a leg and rip off a fart. It's so loud you'd think a 200-pound man did it. After she does it she laughs like hell. She thinks the tears in my eyes are from laughter, but they're from the fumes. I don't know what she eats, but she must be dead inside from the

top of her head to the tip of her toes. She thought I was kidding when I told her she should bottle it and sell it to the government for breaking up student riots. The question is, how do I ask her to stop it without pissing her off and losing her? Except for that bad habit she could be in the movies or on stage—she's that beautiful.

Fresh Air Fiend
Omaha, Nebraska

● I know you're not going to believe this, but there once was a vaudeville guy in England whose act was to fart actual songs on stage. All you have to do is get your chick to learn how to read music and you'll make a fortune.

Chain Letter

This chain letter is being sent to you because we know you won't break the chain. This is a fertilizer club and it will not cost you a cent to join.

Upon receiving this letter, go to the address on the top of the attached list and crap on their front lawn. You won't be the only one there, so don't be embarrassed. Then make nine copies of this letter, leaving off the top name, and send the copies to nine of your best friends. You won't get any checks or money, but within a week, if the chain isn't broken, you will have 5,469 people crapping on your lawn. Your reward will be the greenest lawn in the neighborhood. Won't that be neat?

Harry Butt
Columbus, Ohio

● If nine of my friends crapped on a lawn, it would burn it up and nothing would ever grow on it again.

Advice To Small Tits

I'd like to tell that small-titted chick (who had a thing about big tits) a thing or two.

I have big tits and I ain't never had any complaints about being a bum ball. Anyway, jealousy won't get her anywhere, but silicone will!

Fella (Size 40)
Garden Grove, California

More Tit Advice

From a good many "experts" I have it that us size 40s do it more and indeed longer than those wart-chested chicks. Also we're hornier and dudes get more excited by that so-called hassle of our tits being in the way. My ol' man digs mine. I suggest that fried eggs get herself a silicone shot.

Boobs in Defense
Kansas City, Missouri

Cause For Concern

I recently centerpunched a car on my Hog and I'm in the hospital with both legs broken and in traction because I also screwed up my back. My ol' lady and I have had some pretty freaky sex—you name it. Well, I'm ashamed to say it, but I've even taken movies of her and Big Red ballin'. My problem is, my ol' lady is a nympho, and I know she is loyal, but I can't trust Big Red. Do you think I should put him in a kennel until I get home?

Larry
Shenandoah, N.Y.

● Don't waste your money on a kennel. Send him to me; I'll take care of him for you.

A Prospect For Yoga

I just read a book on yoga that says you can clip the tendon under the tongue so as to be able to stick it out for six inches—or more. The process wasn't described, so I was wondering if you could tell me where to find out the details.

Weird Willy
Tulsa, Oklahoma

● Six inches! I'd like to know

too! The entire staff wants to know!

Bright Chick

I have a problem that not many chicks have. One of my friends needed a scooter so I found him one to rip off. I didn't know it was a club bike. Then I took a lot of time to sew his colors on his leather jacket for him, but how was I to know that they were upside down? To make up with him, I washed his originals so he'd have some nice clean clothes for the run. I can't understand why he doesn't like me anymore—where did I go wrong?

Dingy
Detroit, Michigan

● When someone kicked over that rock and you opened your eyes for the first time.

Hard To Believe

I just received the free drawing of you—gag. I'm sorry I wasted the cost of a stamped return envelope to get it. You couldn't be that ugly—nobody is that ugly. As a matter of fact, I don't believe that is a drawing of you at all—if you were that bad, with all those warts and running sores all over that fat hairy body, I don't believe they would allow a skag like you to work in an office. How do you manage it? Blackmail?

Sick Stomach
Las Vegas, Nevada

● Let me tell you something, Sicky. All women look alike in a dark room. And there are women who know how to act (perform) in a dark room (or anywhere else). I may not look it, but I qualify as an expert at anything a guy could dream up.

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



MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



CHARLES CLATRON III

The Twenty-Year Run

Pappy saw the car swerve when the tire blew, saw it go into a skid that the driver couldn't control, and knew what he would have to do before the car even left the road. The car plunged over the bank as Pappy slid the big shovelhead to a halt. He peeled off his boots and levis and dropped them by the bike before sliding down the steep bank into the water. He was upstream from the car but almost missed it anyway because the current was so strong. The car was about twenty yards from shore, resting on its left side with the right side just barely above the surface. Pappy climbed onto the side of the car, jerked the door open and leaned on it, bending it down against the fender so it would stay open. The water was too muddy to see anything so he dropped into the car and felt hands clutching his legs. He reached down and pulled out a kid and set him up on the side of the car, then another kid and, after some groping around, came up with a woman. He went back down and felt around the car but didn't find anything else so he climbed out, lowered himself down the underside of the car and grabbed the two kids, placing one on each shoulder. The water was below his chin most of the time but moving fast and it was hard to keep his footing on the rocky bottom. It was easier than before though, because this time he had the extra weight on his shoulders to hold him down. He made it to the bank about fifty yards downstream from the car, scrambled to the top and dropped the kids in the dirt. The woman was clinging to the side of the car and screaming. Two or three cars had stopped and people were standing along the bank arguing about what to do.

They had all seen Pappy in the water, but with just his head out and a kid on each shoulder they hadn't seen much of him. Now, as

he stumbled toward them panting like a dog, three of the women retreated to their cars. Wearing nothing but a tank-top shirt which clung to his skin so that his ribs were visible, and one muddy red sock, the biker was a spectacular sight. A thick mane of black hair with streaks of gray through it, matted and tangled by the muddy water, hung down over his shoulders, and his full beard lay matted against his chest. His skin looked like a topographic map, stretched over protruding bones, hard, knotty muscles and bulging veins. His long, ropy arms ended in big, bony hands about even with his knees, and not far above his knees dangled what at first glance appeared to be a length of tugboat hawser. Pappy shuffled up to the group, his long body moving as though all the parts had been built separately and then assembled by someone who had read the instructions but didn't really understand them.

"Any of you people got a rope that will reach to that car?" he asked. Silence. Raising his voice to a light roar, he asked again. "I said a rope, goddammit, we need a fucking rope!"

"Ah, no—no, ah, I don't have a rope," stammered a short fat man in bermuda shorts. The rest mumbled around and finally decided that none of them had a rope.

Pappy looked at the car swaying in the current and knew that sooner or later it had to go over. The woman was lying face down on the rear door, hugging the wet steel like a lover and bawling like a cow. Behind him, the kids were sitting on the ground bawling like a couple of calves.

"We should call a wrecker, that's what we should do," said the fat man.

"No," said another, "what we need is the Search and Rescue Team from the Sheriff's office."

"Maybe we could find some logs and make a raft," said a third.

"Christ!" said Pappy and he trotted up to where his chopper was parked, slid down the bank into the water and started fighting his way across the current. He could touch the bottom all right but just couldn't keep his feet under him. The water slammed him against the car and he felt it shift under his weight. It was starting to roll. He tugged at the woman, prying her fingers loose from the door post, and dragged her over the end of the body as the car rolled onto its top and disappeared. The current swept them away and Pappy fought with both feet and his free hand to keep their heads up. Having lost her place on top of the car, the hysterical woman decided to get on top of Pappy. She scratched and clawed at his face, trying to climb onto his head, and he had to use both hands to hold her. The rocky bottom was cutting his feet to shreds, and every time he let go of her with one hand to paddle toward shore, she almost drowned him. They were at least a hundred yards downstream by this time and no closer to the bank than when they'd started, and Pappy was getting a little desperate so he did what came naturally. Holding the woman around the shoulders with his left arm, he smacked her on the chin with his right fist. Swinging across his chest, he couldn't get much into it and she didn't go out until the third time he hit her. He threw the limp body around his shoulders, held her face above water with one hand, and made his way to the river bank.

The crowd had moved downstream with them and some men took the woman and carried her up the bank as Pappy staggered out of the water and collapsed in the dirt. He lay there until his wind came back and his heartbeat settled down to normal. He sat up and looked at the river.

—Continued on page 49

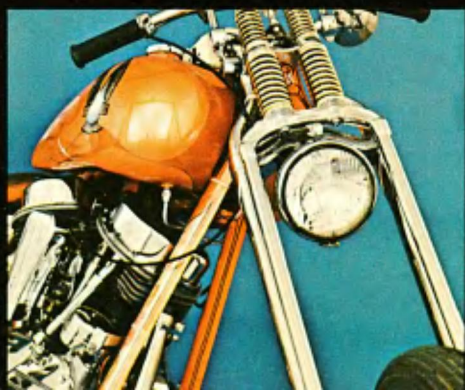
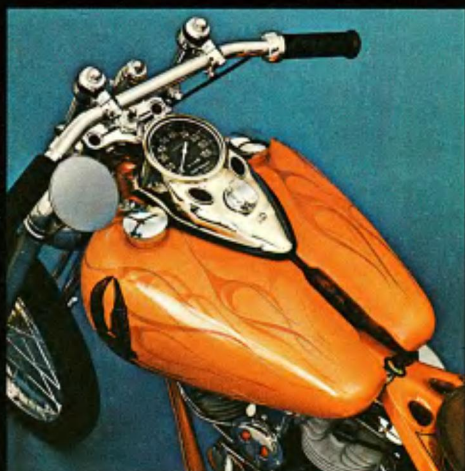
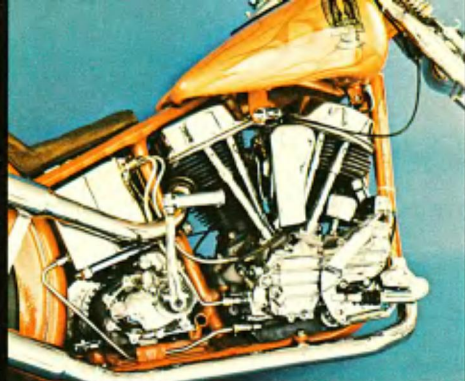
By R. J. Thurlow III



*All things considered
—the design, workmanship,
cleanliness, and the fact that
it's a stompin' street machine—this
scoot is probably one of*

The Best Fatbobs We've Seen









Tony Herrera wiped off his chrome as he waited for Ramiro Gonzales to pack and tell his ol' lady "later." Tony had finished his fatbob a week before and he was itching to get on the road. His first run was going to be to Phoenix, Arizona, a distance of 625 miles from Fresno, California.

Ramiro was ready.

They split for Phoenix and drove straight through. Rested a day, putted around Phoenix and then returned to Fresno the next day, again driving straight through, stopping only for groceries and gas.

Big Tony (315 pounds) likes to ride, and though his panhead could take top honors in any bike show, it wasn't built for that purpose. It was built for looks and haulin' ass.

"My friends — or a lot of them — tried to talk me out of making it a fatbob." Tony was posing for the photo of him you see with this feature, as he rapped. "But man, I think a Harley should look like a Harley, should be big and bulky."

I was about to say that his huge size made his big and bulky Harley look like a 50cc Suzuki, but I've known a dude to come undone if you even hint about his bike looking inferior. And then too, there's the possibility that he could misunderstand what you said, and you could find yourself being scraped off the walls. So I didn't say it.

"How much gas do the tanks hold?" I asked, changing the subject slightly.

"About five gallons. Two and a half in each tank."

"Are they from any particular model?"

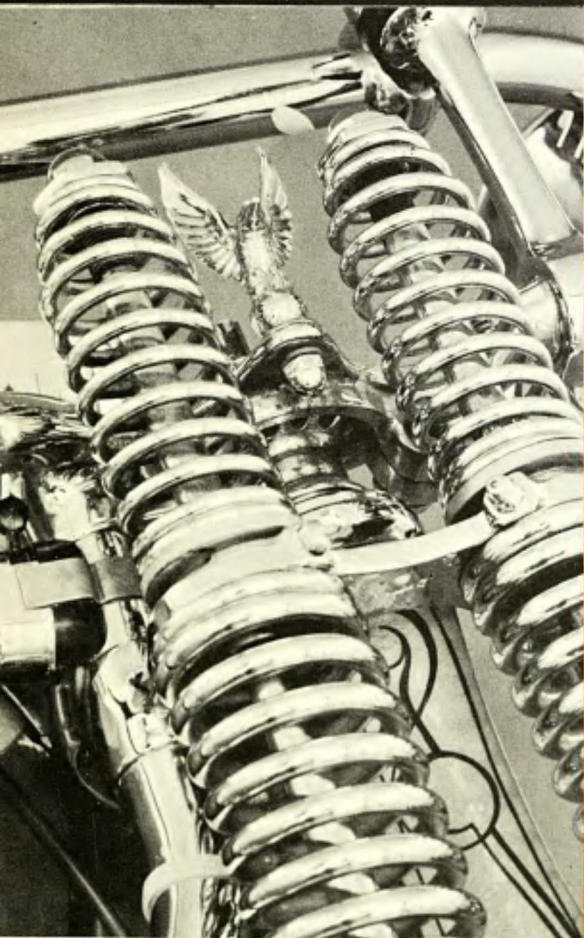
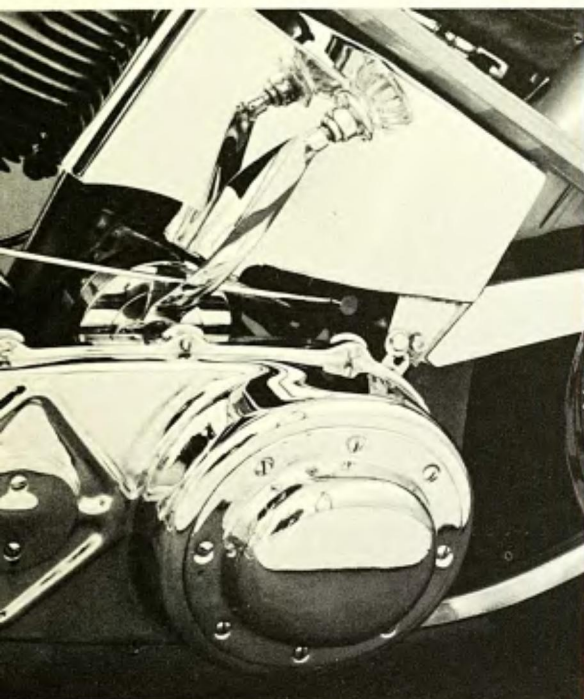
He was off the bike now and wiping off some finger marks he had made while he was sitting on it. "Cudahy John of John's Custom Bikes got them, and he said they were from the early 60s." He pointed to the brass-plated console. "The console is from a knucklehead and Cudahy reworked it to fit — he designed the ratchet jockey shift and he did the all-welded exhaust system, including those far-out tips." He pointed to the rear of the bike.

"He's realy a craftsman, isn't he?"

"You damned right — he's the best thing to happen to Fresno."

Pete asked him a couple of questions to make certain that he got photos of all





Owner: Tony Herrera

City: Fresno, California

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1957 H-D
Model: 74
Value: \$3,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 1 year

Chassis

Frame builder: John's Custom Bikes
Year and make: 1936 Knuckle
Rake: $\frac{3}{8}$ inch
Stretch: 2 inches
Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Chroming by: Custom Chrome

Bars: Bates dragbars

Engine

Year: 1957 Upper, 1964 Lower
Model: 74 Panhead
Builder: Vern's Custom
Ignition: 6V
Displacement: 1207 cc
Balancing: none
Pistons: stock
Cam: FLH
Lifters: hydraulic
Carb(s): Linkert
Air cleaner: Knuckle
Shifter: ratchet (Jockey)
Pipes: upsweeps and fishtails
Muffler(s): shorty

Risers: 6 inch Harley
Fender(s): Custom Fiberglass
Headlight: Sportster
Taillight: Bates
Speedo: stock
Foot pegs:
Front: custom hex
Back: none
Gas tank: stock
Oil tank: Paugcho (seamless)
Primary cover: original diamond
Seat material: leather (Terry's Upholstry)
Sissy bar: John's Custom Bikes
Height: 18 inches
Material size: $\frac{1}{4}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ strap

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: 24
Trans sprocket: 24

Forks

Type: Harley springer
Extension: "Lucky 13"
Builder: Nick Carter

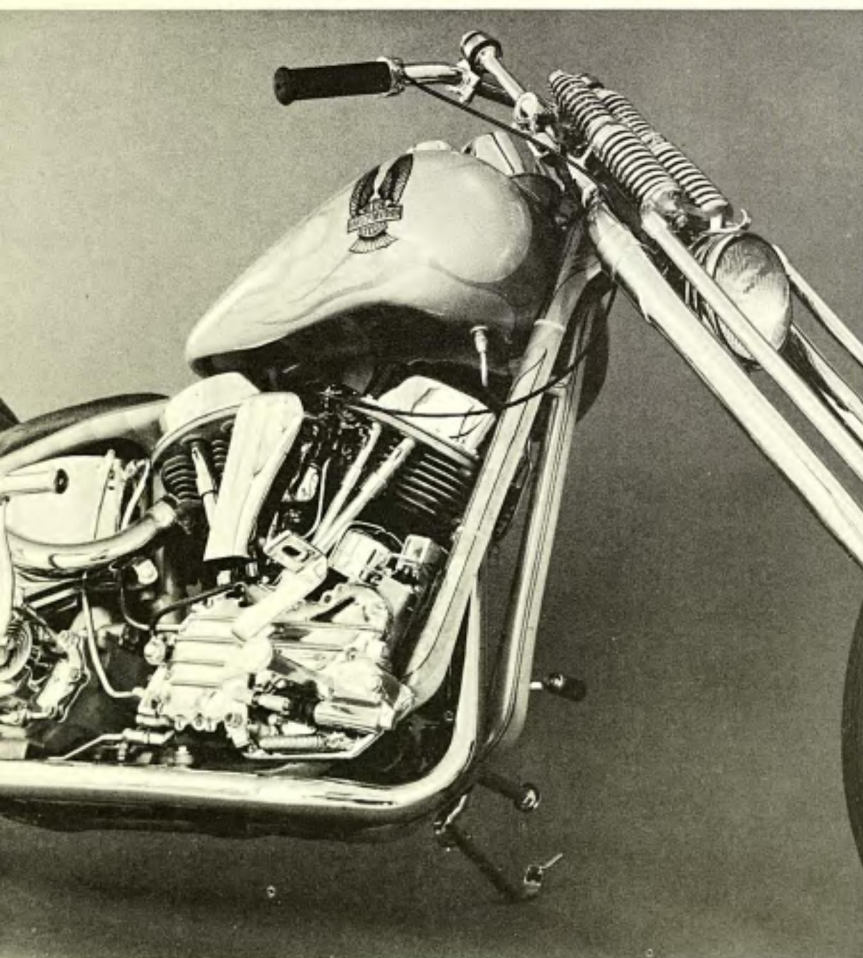
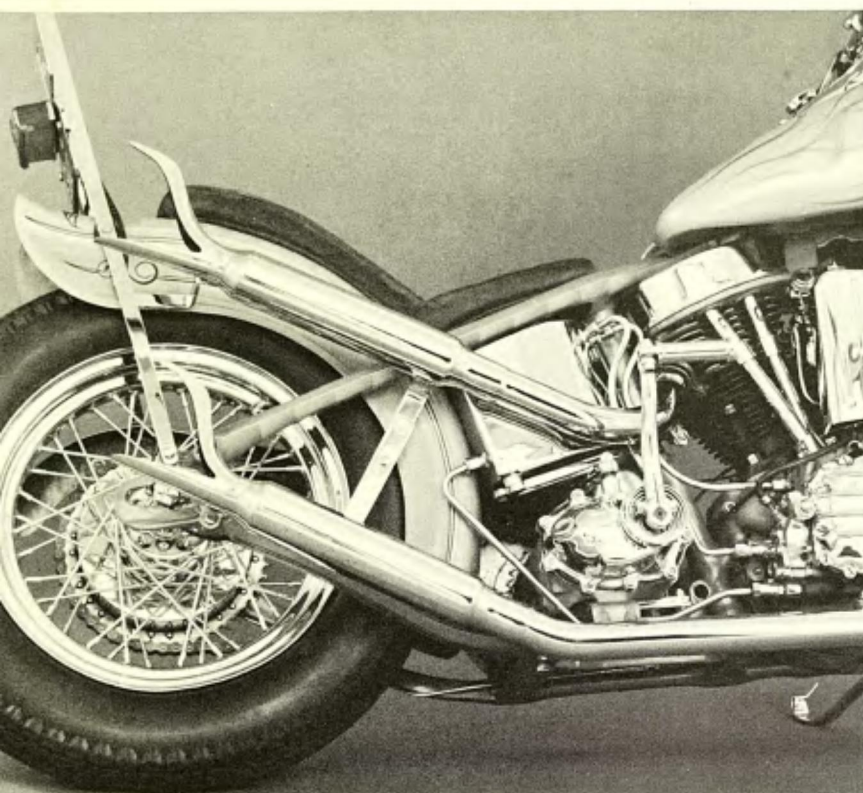
Painting

Molding: Frank McNeely
Painter: John's Custom Bike
Color: pearl orange
Type: acrylic lacquer

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Hub/brake: spool	Hub/brake: stock
Rim width: 2 inch	Rim width: 4 inch
Tire size: 3.00 x 21	Tire size: 6.00 x 16
Make: Avon	Make: Avon

Other special modifications: Speedo cowl is from a Knuckle and reworked to fit.
All molding is peaked. Emblems by Neil Averril. Custom exhaust pipes by John's Custom Bikes.



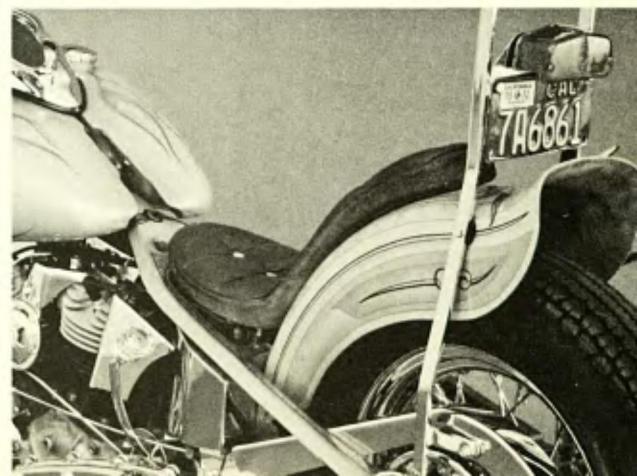
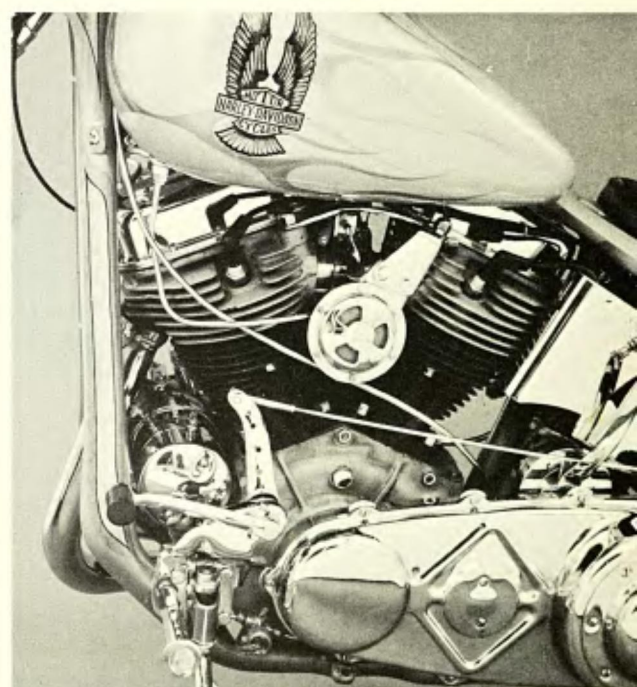
EASYRIDERS photography by Pete Chiodo

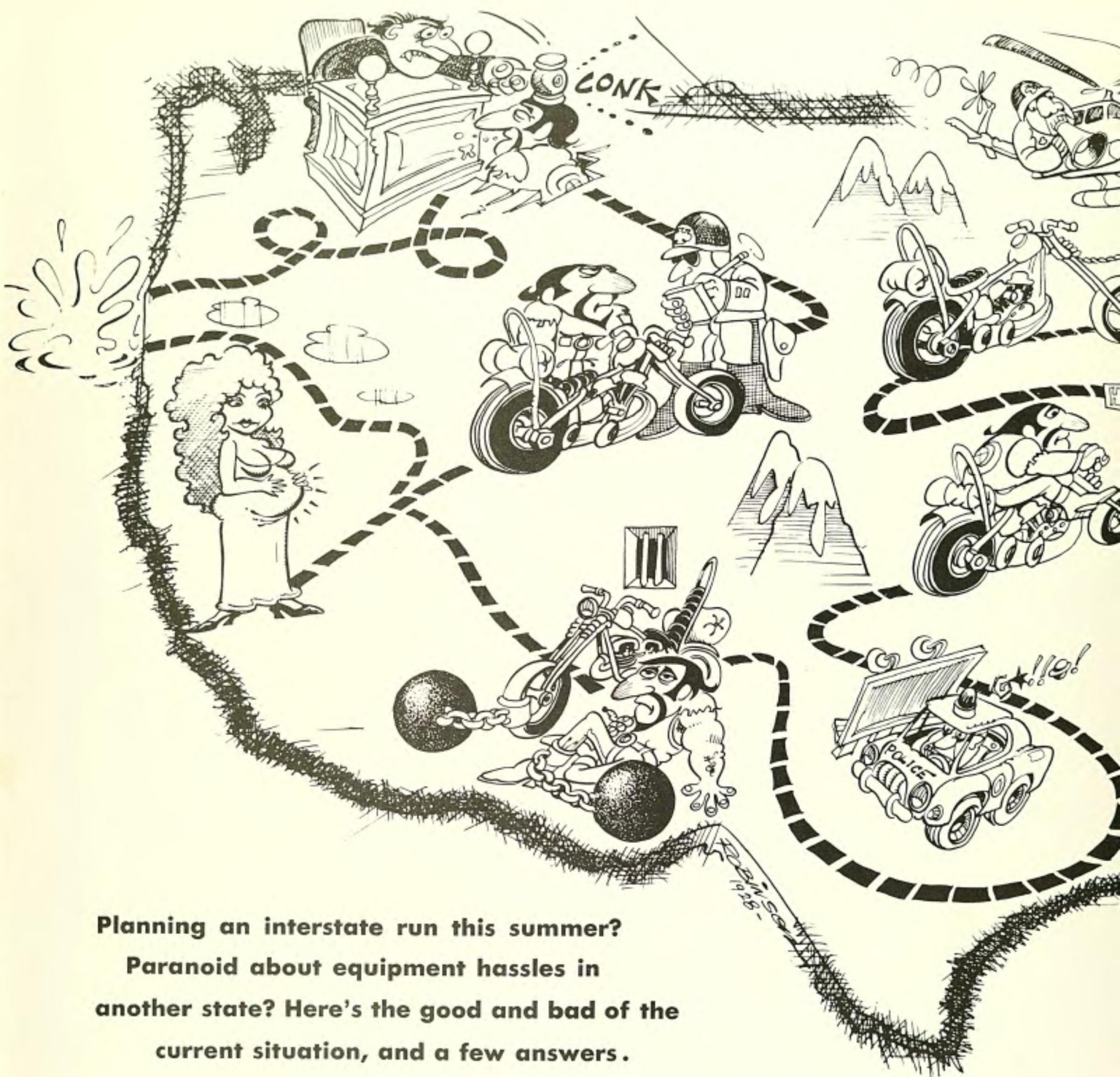
the features — the bike was loaded with them.

As they talked I studied the bike, and I decided right then and there that my next bike — or a revise of my present bike — would be a fatbob. That stopping every 50 miles is a pain in the ass. It's all right for bar-to-bar screwin' around, but for serious puttin' I decided a fatbob was the way to go.

What I liked about Tony's bike is that it successfully blends the bulky tanks to the righteous streamlined chopper look. I think I would do something about the gap between the tanks on top — I don't know what, but I'd do something — but that's unimportant; the main thing is that large tanks can look good on a chopper.

They do make the bike look larger. Not with Big Tony on it, but sitting by itself. Yep, it was a bitchin' bike. I had to agree with Tony — it looked like a Hog — a big, bad, beautiful, bitchin' Hog.

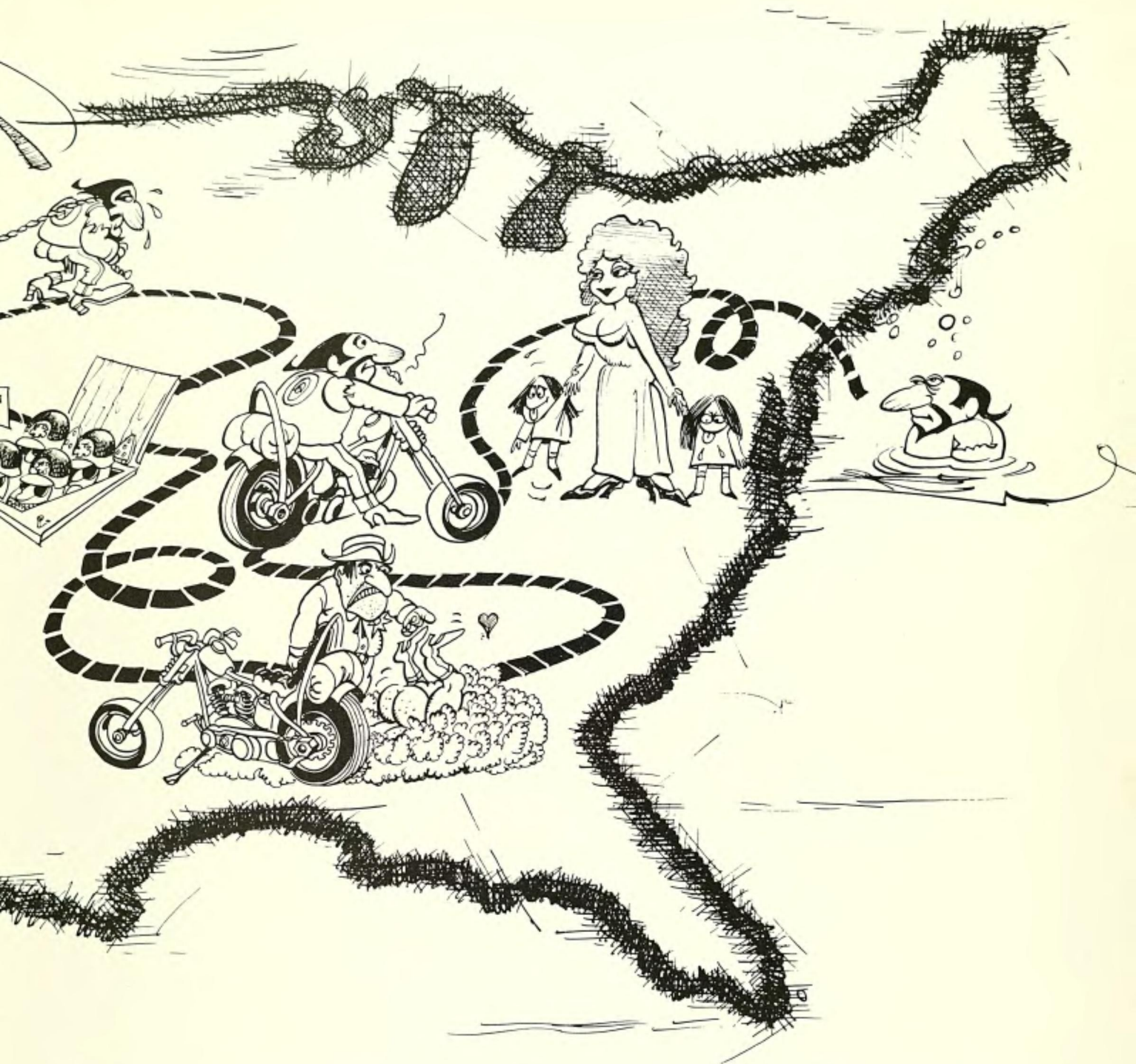




Planning an interstate run this summer?
Paranoid about equipment hassles in
another state? Here's the good and bad of the
current situation, and a few answers.

Is a bike that is legal in one state considered legal in another?

by Grease



With summer coming on, a lot of dudes are getting the urge to do some heavy jammin', but are paranoid about equipment hassles a million miles from home. It seemed logical to ABATE that the bike should have to be legal only in the state of registration if it is only being ridden through a number of states, and the owner hasn't changed his state of residence. Based on this, ABATE got hold of me to see if I could find out just what the situation on this was. I got out the books and got on the phone to law enforcement

agencies in a couple of states. It didn't take too much work to find out that the equipment regulations situation is really a bad-news, good-news joke, and almost sure to increase the paranoia of anyone traveling interstate.

The Federals regulate commercial traffic between the states, but a state may also regulate commercial equipment, if its regulations are not in conflict with the Federal. Also, the states have a right to regulate the equipment of all other highway users, including bikes. In addition, in some states municipalities are al-

lowed to regulate equipment, if their regulations are stricter than those of the state. These regulations can be enforced against both residents and non-residents, but a vehicle can't be banned because it is unusual; there must be a showing that it is unsafe. There is also case law saying that a motorcycle is a lawful vehicle and entitled to all the legal protection of any other vehicle on the road.

The states, in their regulations, may make classifications of vehicles and provide for different equipment on different classifications, if the

classifications are reasonable and the regulations have some relationship to public safety. If this were all there was to it, it would be cut and dried; you would have to abide by equipment regulations of any state you putt in. Your only defense to an equipment ticket would be to show that your equipment did in fact conform to the state regulations, or that the state regulations were discriminatory within the class (motorcycles), or had no reasonable relationship to public safety.

This same basic principle applies to drivers and vehicle licenses as well as safety equipment. It caused so many problems that the various states have, so far as I can tell, all passed laws giving grace periods on drivers and vehicle licenses so that an operator from one state could lawfully operate for a limited time in a different state. If they hadn't, you would have to get a different drivers license and re-register your vehicle every time you left your state of residence. If that sounds pretty far out, just go down to your local trucking terminal and take a look at all the license plates on the interstate trucks. They are licensed on a use fee or fuel tax in each state but the right to do this is based on the same theory. Until large numbers of custom vehicles got on the road, the safety equipment laws did not give enough problem that the states felt it necessary to exempt vehicles from their own safety equipment laws. Vehicle manufacturers would build their vehicles to the specifications of the most stringent state and this would eliminate problems with safety equipment on stock vehicles.

Equipment busts are of three basic types.

1. Lack of required equipment.
2. Improper design of required equipment.
3. Defective equipment.

There is no particular problem with the third category, with the possible exception of mufflers. If a bike has a taillight out, an inoperable brake, something of this nature, any law enforcement agency anywhere in the United States is going to ticket the operator, and if in fact the equipment is not working, the ticket would be almost impossible to beat.

So far as mufflers go, many states are now going to a decibel-testing system which prescribes a reading on a decibel meter above which the noise is unacceptable, which also

leaves the operator little out, except to challenge the accuracy of the equipment and the proficiency of the man using it. There are probably some states which still use an old general "excessive noise" statute which probably can be attacked for vagueness. The other two categories are actually the ones that most dudes worry about, unless they habitually ride rat bikes. This is where the confusion starts and where the fact that the government can't leave well enough alone can be put to good use.

Somebody got the bright idea that the states should keep track of people who are habitual moving violators, even if the offenses were committed in another state. So, the idea of entering into interstate compacts on motor vehicles was adopted. This simply means the states can agree between themselves to honor each other's laws, in regard to drivers from the state with which the agreement was made, and is usually used as a basis to take away the driver's license of someone who has committed a number of traffic offenses in several states.

Once this basic idea got started, a number of states adopted laws governing motor vehicles that had provisions in them that if the state entered into an agreement with another state that had similar laws, vehicles registered in that state would be exempt from the operation of local law. This meant that compliance with the law in one state would be accepted as compliance with the law in any state that had the same basic statute and a reciprocity agreement. These interstate compacts cover such things as registrations, drivers license, vehicle equipment, and safety inspection. The most common interstate compact on vehicle equipment does not have a provision for honoring your state of residence's equipment regulations. Rather, it provides for an agreement for a commission to make recommendations to the various states who are members of the compact, and the states will then adopt such laws as they see fit.

In addition, the Federal Highway Safety Act of 1966 sets up requirements for the states whereby they must, in order to get certain Federal money, adopt regulations covering equipment, inspections, licensing and registration of motor vehicles within certain Federally set standards. Also the governors must be given certain powers to act in conformance with

the Highway Safety Act.

At least some of the statutes providing for reciprocity in a number of the states are geared into this act, and provide that regulations can be set up in the agreement between themselves as to what standards and regulations will be adopted for reciprocal privileges regarding motor vehicles in conformance with the Highway Safety Act.

Due to the impact of Federal money, it can safely be assumed that every state in the union has some provisions to comply with this Federal law which would tend to make the regulations more uniform. California, Idaho, Indiana, Ohio, Oregon, and Tennessee have all adopted the same basic statute, but we have not been able to tell what form of compliance has been taken by other states. It is important to note that this law only gives the states power to enter into reciprocal agreements regarding equipment. It does not mean that they have done so.

Bear Equipment Company, the wheel alignment machine company, puts out a list of states which have annual motor vehicle inspections. Apparently this list is used by many law enforcement agencies as a guide, though it is completely unofficial. According to the latest list from Bear the following states have inspection programs: Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Washington D.C., Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, South Carolina, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. In addition, California, Washington, and Oregon have spot inspections which do not conform to the pattern used by most states, and there are others with other variations and probably some without any. In the inspection statutes that have been adopted by Arizona, Idaho, Indiana, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New York, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Utah, Virginia, and Washington there are provisions for granting of reciprocity for safety inspection.

From what some of the law enforcement agencies tell me, Califor-

—Continued on page 48

by Super Hog

Knuckle Gusher

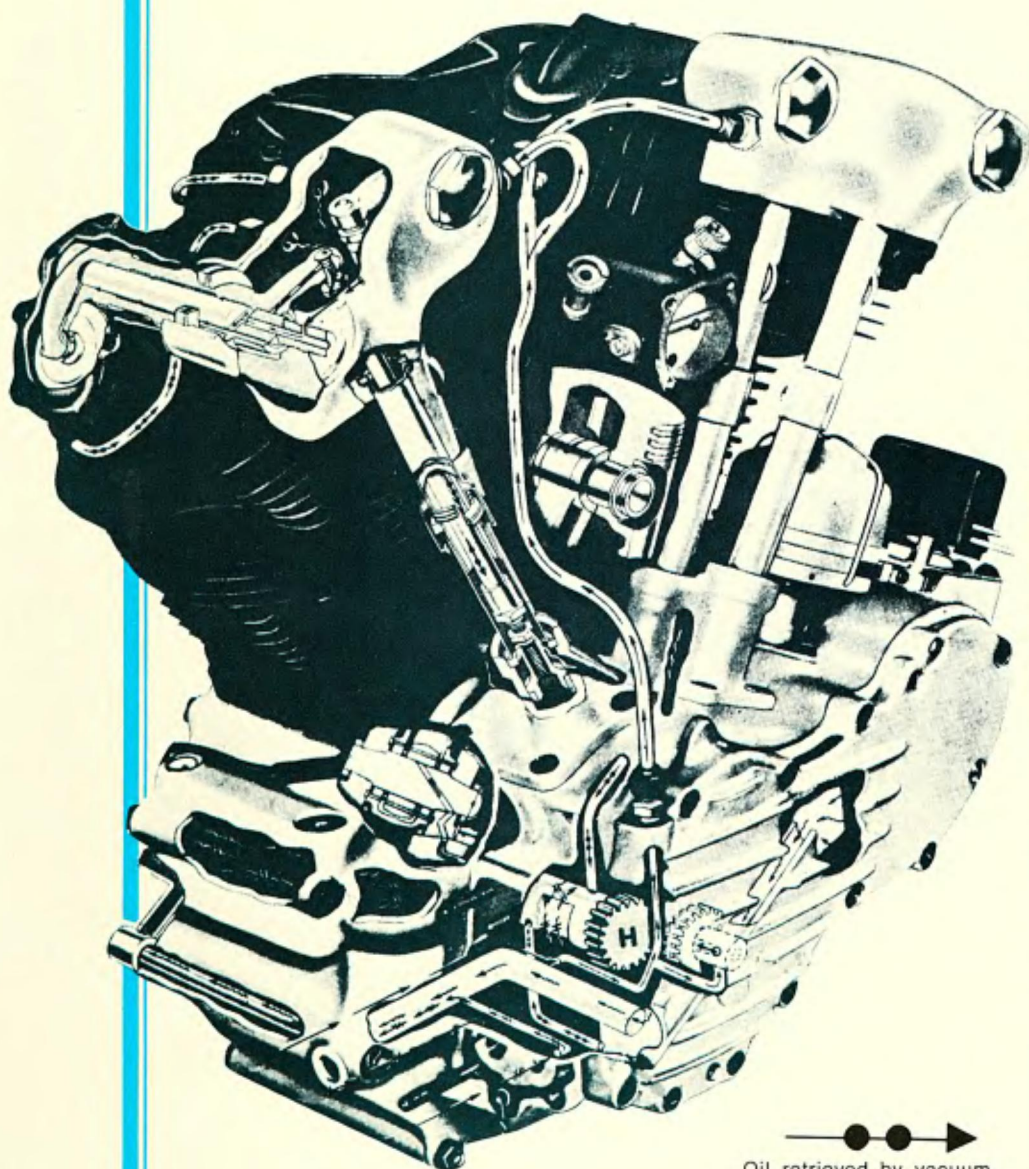
"Knuckleheads are oil-leaking mothers; no matter what I do, the dirty bitch springs oil leaks..."

Almost true. Knuckles do have more places to leak from just because of the way good ol' Harvey designed them. But if you understand how the oil returns from the top end, and if you're very careful in putting one together, you won't have many more leaks than you will with any other Hog engine (though that may not be saying much).

Unlike pans and shovelheads that use gravity to return the oil from the top end, the knuckle depends on vacuum created in the lower end by the pistons moving up and in conjunction with the timed breather (H). As you can see in the illustration, the top end oil is pumped up under pressure through the V oil line to the rocker arms. It is then drawn by vacuum through the steel lines on the rocker boxes to the knuckles and down the pushrod covers.

There are two major things that happen to louse this system up and create top end leaks. One is air leakage in the pushrod covers and rocker boxes; this can be cured by being careful with gaskets, using gasket sealer, and making sure the steel covers are straight. Also be sure to replace all the corks on the pushrod covers, including the corks in the middle of the cover.

The other common problem is carbon-clogging of the steel lines on the rocker boxes. This problem can be cured sometimes, without disassembling the heads, by using a piece of throttle cable about six inches long in a drill motor. Disconnect the steel lines at the knuckle and give them the Roto-Rooter treatment. If the carbon is too hard, shoot some solvent into the lines and let it sit over night and then try again. If this fails, you will probably have to take the heads apart and let them soak in solvent. If these lines carbon up often, you had better look into valve guides and seats, because these are no doubt causing the quick-carboning problem. ■



Oil retrieved by vacuum

Oil under pressure

For your summer runs:

Chopper Laws State-By-State

To aid you guys who may be making inter-state runs this summer, ABATE has updated their list of state-by-state chopper laws and we present them here. If you haven't already done so, be sure to read the article on page 24 of this issue. It answers the question (as best as it can) whether a chopper that is legal in one state is also legal in another.

The accompanying chart of state-by-state laws is the

result of research by ABATE members throughout the U.S. While every effort is made to keep the chart up to date, the laws are constantly changing, and therefore we would like to ask all readers to aid us in keeping the chart current and to point out any errors that might exist. Send corrections and new laws to ABATE, Box 2280, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Have a good ride!

States	Crash Bars	Steering or Frame Modifications	Extended Front End Laws	Brake Laws	Lights-On Laws	Eye Protection	Fender Laws	Reflector Laws	Muffler Laws	Mirror Laws	Handlebar Laws	Helmet Laws	Speedo meter
Alabama									Muffler required No cutouts	Two required		Required	Required
Alaska				Front brake required		Goggles, glasses, or faceshield	Front and rear fenders required	Required on rear of bike	Muffler required	Two required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	Required
Arizona						Goggles, glasses, or faceshield				One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	Required
Arkansas	Required				Required on during daytime	Goggles, glasses, or faceshield		Red. on rear of bike, visible for 300 ft.	Muffler required	One required		Required	
California				1966 and later, front brake required		Goggles, glasses, or faceshield		Rear reflector, visible 300 ft.	Muffler required No cutouts	One required	Handlebar not higher than shoulder height		
Colorado		Maximum 40 degree rake				Goggles, glasses, or faceshield		Helmet reflector sides and back, 4 in. sq. min.		One required		Required	
Connecticut						Goggles	Front and rear fenders required	Required on rear of bike	Muffler required	One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required Not enforced	Required Not enforced
Delaware				Front brake required		Goggles or faceshield	Front and rear fenders required	Required on rear of bike	Muffler required	One required	Shoulder height	Required	Required
Florida				Front brake required	Required on during daytime	Goggles or faceshield				One mirror making road visible 200 ft.	15" betwn seat and top of bars	Required	
Georgia					Required on during daytime	Goggles or faceshield				One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Hawaii		No alterations		Front brake required		Goggles or faceshield	Front and rear fenders required	Required on rear of bike	Muffler required	One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Idaho										One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Illinois		"Frame alterations could cause refusal of registration."		Two means of application	Required on during day	Goggles, glasses, or faceshield			Muffler required	One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Indiana				Front brake required	Required on during daytime	Goggles, glasses, or faceshield			Muffler required	One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Iowa				Front brake required	Required on during day	Eye protection required			Muffler required	One mirror making road visible 200 ft.	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Kansas				Must be able to stop in 95 ft. at 20 mph		Glasses		4 sq. in. on sides helmet	Muffler required	One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	Cannot remove speedo
Kentucky				Front brake required		Goggles, faceshield, glasses, or windshield	Front and rear fenders required		Muffler required	One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Louisiana						Goggles, glasses, or faceshield		One rear reflector		One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Maine		12" max. (glides) 16" max. (springer)		Front brake required		Goggles or faceshield	Front and rear fenders		Muffler required	One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	to work if you have one
Maryland						"Eye protection" or windshield	Two unaltered fenders req			Two required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Massachusetts				Front brake required			Front and rear fenders required		Muffler required	One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	
Michigan				Front brake required		Shatterproof eye protection			Muffler required	One required	15 inches between seat and grips	Required	

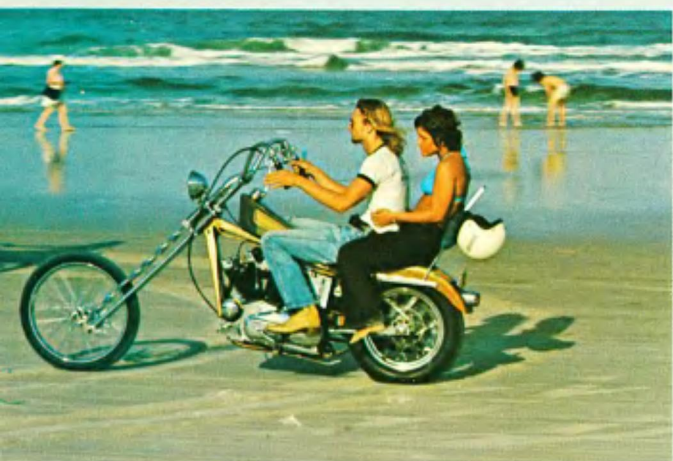
First Biker Bash of The Year



They came from every corner of the U.S. A reported 63,000 of them. They came from the gathering of the clans—the first major biker get-together of the year. They came to the biggest and fastest motorcycle race of them all—the 32nd Daytona 200-Miler.

The week-long bash actually consisted of seven races with over 1,000 entries. Registration commenced on Sunday March 4th and the final race and Victory Dinner was held on Sunday March 11th, with the days in between devoted to registration, tech inspections, driver meetings, practicing, and heat races, with the actual races commencing on Wednesday. But the nights were something else—it was party time everywhere.

EASYRIDERS
photography by James (Billy) Tinney



*Even if you hated motorcycle racing—maybe,
even if you hated motorcycles—you'd still
want to go to this girl watcher's paradise!*





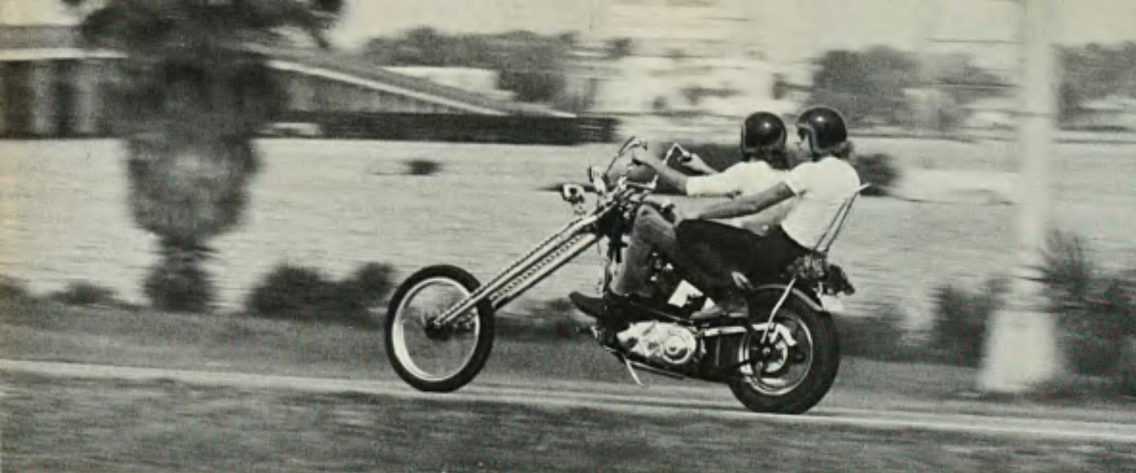
With all of the young studs doing their thing for their factory backers, they either brought with them or attracted a fantastic number of beautiful women. Combine all those women with the bronzed beauties who spend their days exposing most of their bods to the sun. Then add those to all of the righteous women packin' with the street bikers, and you have an absolute girl watcher's paradise.

The guy responsible for making the whole tamale a financial success by buying the tickets, programs, beer and food, is the street biker. Between events he spends his time girl watching, bike watching, partying, girl watching, getting wasted and attending the Official AMA Motorcycle Show, or merely standing on a corner on Main Street and watching a real live motorcycle show pass by.

Part of the price he must pay for all of the fun and games is strict reverence to the local bike laws. Such goodies as: "Motorcycles must be equipped with stock mufflers. Straight pipes are in violation of the law."

"Approved motorcycle safety helmets must be worn when riding anywhere in the area, except on





the beach. Speed limit on the beach is 10 mph during daylight hours and 15 mph at night.

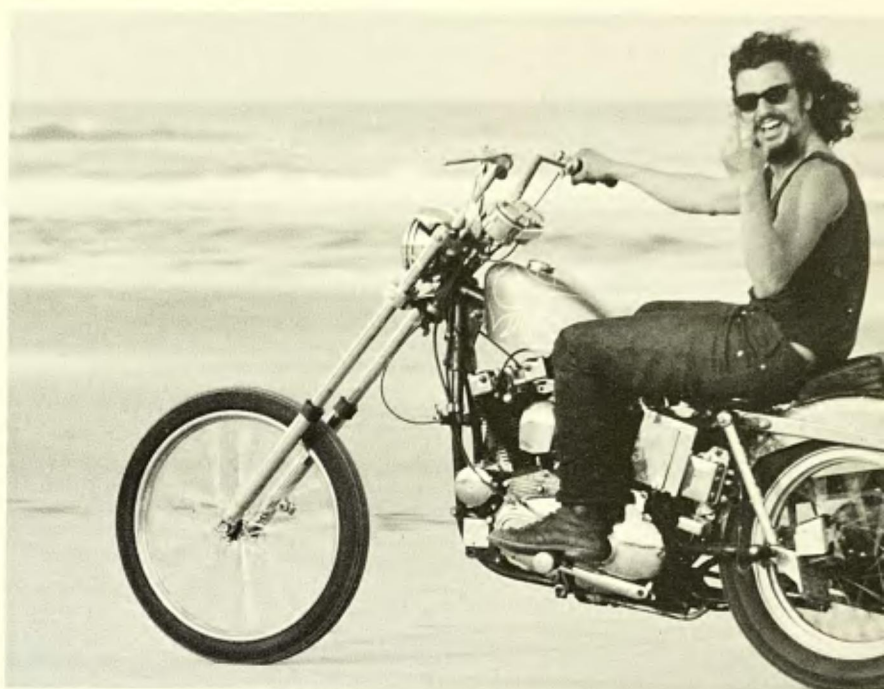
"Handle bars shall not be mounted so that any part of the bars will exceed 15 inches in height above that portion of the seat occupied by the operator.

"Headlights must be on at all times while riding (24 hours a day). Headlight must be positioned at a height of not more than 54 inches and not lower than 24 inches from the ground.

"License plate must have light to be visible at 50 feet. No splitting lanes. Slow down in rainy weather"

As with most major events, there was an abundance of stiff-wigged or hair heavily plastic sprayed Miss This and Miss That. There was even a parade of Manufacturers' Beauty Queens—some with strange hair styles that can best be described as a fag hairdresser's revenge. One chick, after noticing one particularly Martha Washington type hairdo, remarked, "Man,







if she sleeps in that she sure must have lousy sex."

Our photographer covering the event had a local artist airbrush him an Easyriders T-shirt. The reaction to it was surprising. Now, we're assuming that what they did was a friendly gesture—caused by our having printed photos in the past showing people doing it. If not, the photog took his ass in his own hands, not knowing the bikers actually meant it. Anyway, when a lot of bikers—male and female—saw him in an Easyriders T-shirt and taking their photographs, they, almost as if by reflex, flipped him the finger.

Several bra-less chicks even pulled up their shirts and exposed their tits. When asked why, they said they wanted to be in Easyriders. Need we say that every crud on the staff is now walking around with a Swinger around his neck? (Including Mutha.)

The passing parade of scoots and interesting types that milled about on Main Street was really a trip to watch. Some were roll-on-the-ground funny. Others, like the bike with over 100 lights all over it, were unbelievable—we still don't believe it.

Take a look at the accompanying photos. They'll either encourage you to or discourage you from making it next year. If you make it, maybe we'll see you there—but smile when you flip us the finger. Oh yeah, you girls don't have to pull up your skirt or blouse (in public) to get in Easyriders—a telephone number will do. ■



Lights-on bill dead . . .

Idaho: ABATE's Idaho state coordinator, David Swayne, has been advised by State Senator A. L. White that the lights-on bill (#107) "was sent to the House Transportation Committee and remains in committee at this time. Apparently the committee feels as you do and it is their intent that the bill die in their committee."

More laws in Pennsylvania . . .

Pennsylvania: According to ABATE brother Scott Scholl, a new law requires that the height of handlebars be less than 15 inches above the plane of the saddle. It also limits riding to one bike per lane — no more two-abreast riding — and it is now against the law to modify the exhaust or fenders from the original equipment. The lawmakers there must lie awake at night dreaming of ways to hassle the biker.

Lotsa laws in Wyoming . . .

Wyoming: On May 25th, the following laws went into effect: No person shall operate or ride a motorcycle unless he is wearing approved protective headgear securely fastened. Now get this: The law applies only to motorcycles used on public highways, streets and thoroughfares! Off the road, where you really need it, such headgear isn't required. "I don't think it's essential to wear helmets if they're riding out in the hills," said Frank Hicks, Wyoming Director of Traffic Safety.

Hicks also pushed through a lights-on law — all bikes must have lights on when they are being operated. Handbars can't be more than 15 inches in height above that portion of the seat occupied by the operator, and it is against the law to split lanes—to go between rows of cars. ABATE member Steve Smith sent us copies of all the new laws.

Discrimination . . .

California: A school teacher riding a Honda 750 which is set up with all of the jazz for touring was refused admittance to the Bay View public campgrounds. The 40-year-old teacher, who was super-straight looking, couldn't understand why he was refused—especially when

he noticed vans and campers with their dirt bikes being allowed in. He wrote to the state officials about the discriminatory action by the camp.

A State Senator wrote to him and sympathized with him in the same letter said: "The reason is that if you people, or anyone else like you, were permitted to use the campgrounds, then all the other travelers on motorcycles, including the Hell's Angels, would also be entitled to use these campgrounds, and the result of their going into these places, of course, would be to disrupt the entire camp and arouse the ire of everyone else camping there."

Engineering Reports Available To Aid You In Defending Extended And Raked Front Ends

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 *Easyrider*s 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.

The Birth of a Helmet Law

In the beginning was the idea, and then the specification. And the idea was without form, and the specification, it was void. And darkness was upon the faces of the riders affected thereof. And they spake unto their Councilman, saying: "It is a crock of shit, and smells as of a sewer." And the Councilman took pity upon his voters and spake to the Mayor: "It is a crock of excrement, and none may abide the odor thereof." And so the Mayor spake unto his State Representative, saying: "It is a container of excrement, and it is very strong, so that none may abide before it." The State Representative then hurried unto the U.S. Senator and addressed him thus: "It is a vessel of fertilizer, and none may abide its strength." The U.S. Senator carried these words to the Chairman of Finances and Statistics, in the Department of Transportation, and spake unto him, saying: "It containeth that which aids the growth of plants, and it is very strong." And so it was that the Chairman rejoiced and delivered the good news unto the Secretary of Transportation: "It promoteth growth, and it is very powerful." Knowing that the Vice President was normally saddened of heart and was in dire need of encouragement, in the face of many obstacles, the Secretary of Transportation rushed to his side and joyously exclaimed: "This powerful new law will help promote the good of the country." And the Vice President looked upon the law, and saw that it was good. —Lloyd W. Troendle

Kansas Governor Speaks Out Against The Government Dictating Laws To States

A recurring problem for state government officials today is the federal government's attempts to dictate to the states in numerous areas ranging from environmental improvements to highway construction to welfare to highway safety to no-fault insurance. Many times in the past—and we are embroiled in several issues today—I have chosen to stand toe-to-toe with the federal government to win what I have believed to be in the best interests of the people. I do not hesitate to challenge the federal government's faceless bureaucrats who attempt to decree to a people they do not know. Too many times, the federal government attempts to dictate to the states. On the other hand, I believe we in Kansas can best design legislation to benefit Kansans.

I repeatedly have addressed the governors of our nation at our regional and national governors' association meetings to warn of the dangers of federal encroachment. Governors must protect the rights of the states from unwarranted and unwanted federal intrusions. Too often, members of Congress seem to be too far removed from the day-to-day struggles over an issue. It comes to their attention only for a brief time in a committee or debate on the floor. Too often it is impossible to reach them to bring to them the concerns of the people at home. But this is not the real problem. I am not speaking of a Republican or Democratic federal government—but rather a faceless bureaucratic federal jungle which attempts to force its will upon a people it does not know.

As members of the motorcycle industry, I know that one of your first concerns is for highway safety in all its aspects—particularly regarding motorcycles. But I also know that, as experts in your field, you wish to have a voice in shaping effective safety legislation.

An example is the furor over motorcycle helmets.

In 1970, I signed into law a bill which eliminated the mandatory requirement for motorcycle riders over 21 years of age to wear safety helmets. I believe that persons over 21 years old should be responsible adults and be given the option of wearing safety equipment.

The federal government, however,

disagreed. The Highway Safety Administration of the U.S. Department of Transportation warned that the Kansas Highway Commission would be penalized 10 per cent of its federal aid highway funds if the legislature did not comply with the Federal Highway Safety Act requirements, which include helmet laws.

Kansas complied. If the state had failed to comply, we would have lost more than \$6.5 million in federal monies for highway construction—a costly penalty.

I do not look with favor upon federal policies that are based on holding a gun at the head of state governments.

—Governor Robert Docking

Who looks out for all of your interests?

Want to know another reason why you should support ABATE? Well, the main reason is that ABATE is a consumer organization representing solely the interests of the individual street biker. Because of this we see things a little differently than the manufacturer's organizations do. Most of their decisions are based on what is good for business, but what is good for business isn't always as good for the buyer—you and me.

Take a look at the M.I.C. officers and directors and then ask yourself, do you really think your interests are fully represented? Here they are: William Kennedy (Rexnord Co.), President; Lester White (American Honda), Vice President; John Harley (Harley-Davidson), Sec'y/Treas.

The Directors are: E. Colman (BSA), Everett Brashear (Husqvarna), Ed Burke (Yamaha), Thorton Cooke (First American Insurance), Alan Isley (Kawasaki), Bob Meyers (Free State Cycle Co.), and Pete Nicholayson (Petersen Publishing Co.).

Or how about our own NCCSI? Les Fitch (Mother's Choppers), President; Robert Paugh (Paughco), Vice President; Earl Durfee (Earl Durfee Enterprises), Sec'y/Treas. Directors are: Earl Allen (A&J Mfg.), Dick Amen (D.A. Enterprises), George Barton (Randy Enterprises), Jim Bowman (J&J Cycle), Jan Lowe (Custom Parts by Unlimited), John Oliver (Custom Cycle Delight), and Marv Jonts (A&J Mfg.).

AMA has for the first time allowed two members not associated with a manufacturer to be elected to the board. At this writing we do not have a listing of the new AMA officers for 1973, but even with two members representing rider interests, it is still a case of two rider votes to five manufacturer votes.

While it is true that the good the manufacturer organizations do for themselves can also do good for the consumer at the same time, it doesn't always happen. It is the exceptions — situations more in favor of industry than of the consumer — that must be called to your attention by someone. Someone must be the devil's advocate — the bad guy, the one to probe and ask embarrassing questions, to keep everything honest and to point out areas where it is not — to view everything strictly from the buyer's viewpoint.

That is just one reason you should support ABATE.

Lights-on law introduced .

California: Senator Grunsky has introduced a bill (#SB 126) that would require all motorcycles registered on or after January 1, 1975, to be equipped with at least one and not more than two headlamps which automatically turn on when the engine is started and remain lighted as long as the engine is running.

Join and/or Contribute

Reprints of ABATE engineering reports that prove the safety of extended and raked front ends are being mailed all over the country in response to ABATE member requests for ammunition to fight anti-bike legislation.

This is just one of the services that ABATE performs, and even though there is much being done, we never have enough funds to do all of the things we know, first hand, that must be done.

If you gnash your teeth at the injustice of some laws, imagine the frustration that we feel when we receive pleas for help, for personal appearances at legislative hearings, and are not able to do more than send our printed material, whereas an engineer, in person, would carry much more weight.

We don't want to be corny, but ABATE needs your support—and you need, or will need sometime, somewhere, ABATE's support. ABATE has no commercial ties. Its only purpose is to protect the rights of the street biker.

If you haven't joined, then join today. The need is today. ABATE needs you, and you need ABATE.

Bite Your Tongue

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

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

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

Free Service for All ABATE Members

Through the efforts of the ABATE members we now have a fairly complete file on every state. The laws, the legislators, the highway traffic officials. This information is supplied free to anyone requesting it and sending along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Some noise—any noise—is better than no noise. It's the old story: if the bully thinks he can hassle you and get away with it, he will.

We prefer to bite an ear, poke an eyeball, make a mark—do something, even if defeated—at least we'll know that we fought all the way down, and didn't take any pussy route.

ABATE
Box 2280,
Seal Beach, California 90740



- ☐ Here's a contribution to ABATE to aid in their nationwide efforts to combat anti-bike legislation and to educate and inform lawmakers, the police, and civic leaders to the facts about choppers.
- ☐ Here's a \$5.00 contribution for a year's membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card and decal and keep me informed of laws that affect me as a biker.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____

ABATE
Box 2280,
Seal Beach, California 90740



- ☐ Here's a contribution to ABATE to aid in their nationwide efforts to combat anti-bike legislation and to educate and inform lawmakers, the police, and civic leaders to the facts about choppers.
- ☐ Here's a \$5.00 contribution for a year's membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card and decal and keep me informed of laws that affect me as a biker.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

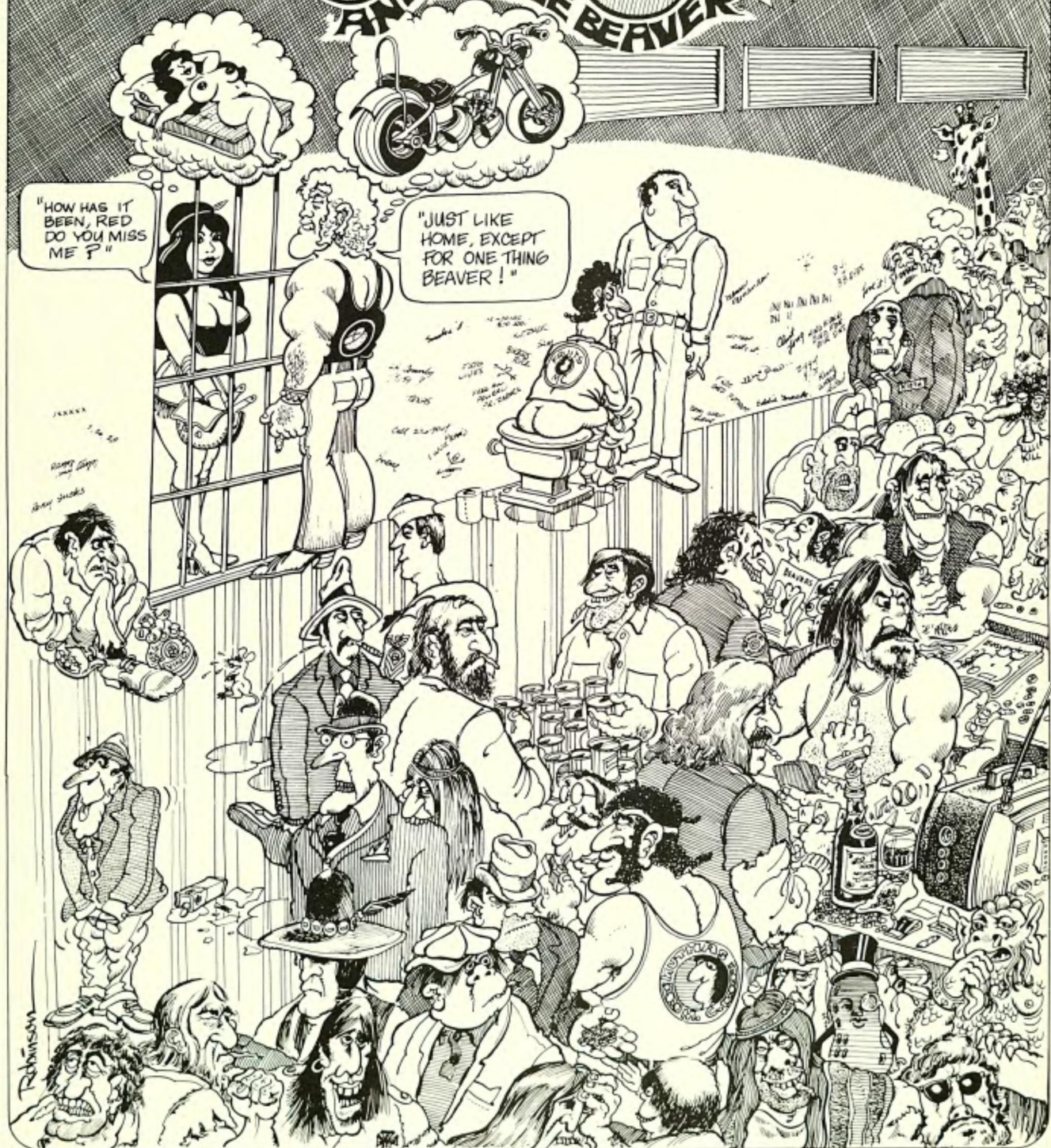
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____

Red Rider

AND LITTLE BEAVER





*For a measly four
bucks you can
have your copy of
Easyriders delivered
right to your home by a
uniformed government
employee.*

Think about it. Eight times a year some classy-looking dude like this is gonna come to your door and lay **Easyriders** on ya—but the neighbors won't know, because it comes in a plain wrapper. Of course, your neighbors are going to wonder what a dude looking like that is doing in the neighborhood—toilets will be flushing up and down the street, and all of the dogs will be let off their leashes as paranoia reigns. But not at your pad. You'll be flaked-out and cracking up over the latest issue of **Easyriders** while the strange-looking dude is done in by the neighborhood dogs (who are deliberately kept two weeks behind in their eating, for just such an occasion). Now, see what you'll be missing if you don't subscribe? (You'll miss out on getting our decal too! It's so neat, you'll wet your pants when you see it.)

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

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

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

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

15

Check one:

- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$3.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$6.99 for a two-year subscription.
 And quit flopping around on the damned floor,
 it's only a lousy penny.

- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$4.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$7.00 for a two-year subscription.
 Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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

Knuckle & Nymph



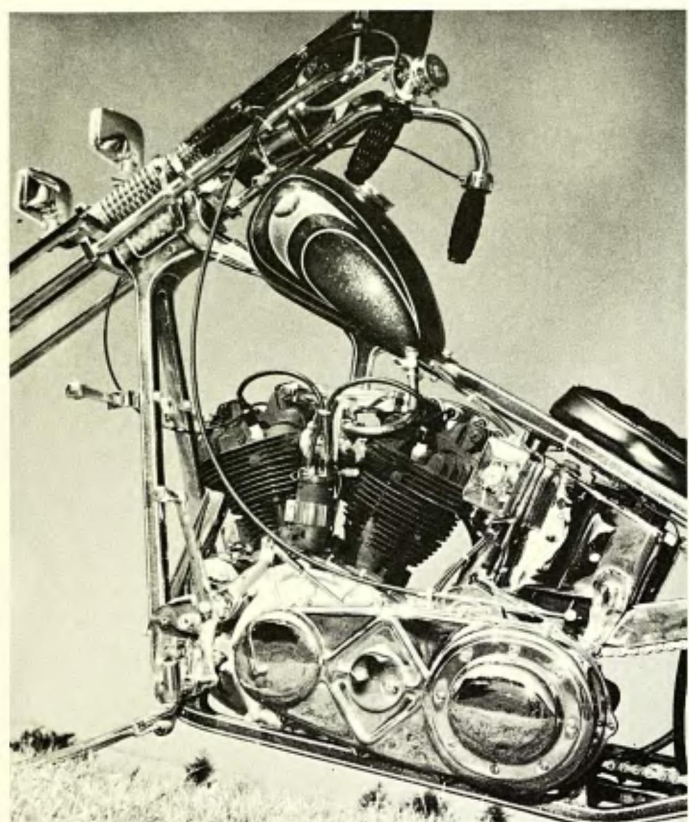
Massachusetts Knucklehead has an 80-inch engine

Steve has had this ol' knuck for over six years, and every so often he gets a weird gleam in the eyeball and does it over completely. As a result you'll see a lot of practical ideas that he's accumulated in that time—like the police model heel-toe rocker that can be more easily shifted from the highway pegs, and the small loom (see arrow) on top of the tranny that keeps the oil lines neatly in place.

As for the knuckle engine—it runs over 80 inches with 2¼-inch intake valves, UL stroker flywheels, oversize pistons, and a genuine (and rare) Isky cam from the 1950s.

Some other goodies worth checking out are the coil, which has been re-



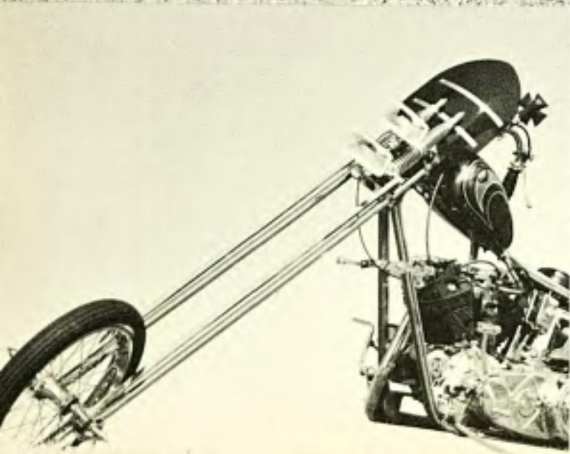




located nearer to the plugs to eliminate some wiring, the custom brake pedal linkage, and the ignition switch which is housed in a regulator cover and is located where the coil used to be. The two-inch D&D speedo is cleverly

hidden between the bars on a special mount so that it's almost invisible—except to the driver.

And for those of you who don't get off on knuckles—Janie Latta is 22 years old and has big beautiful eyes.



Owner: Steve Hitchcock

City: Wakefield, Massachusetts

General

Chassis

Fabrication by: owner

Frame builder: DLG ripid

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Year and make: new construction

Model: FL

Rake: 45°

Value: \$4,000

Stretch: 4 inch

Assembly by: owner

Rear Suspension: rigid, 3-inch stretch

Time: 5 months (this time)

Accessories

Chroming by: Mystic Plating

Bars: 2-piece pullbacks

Engine

Risers: none

Year: 1947

Fender(s): flat steel

Model: Knucklehead

Headlight: Carello quartz-iodide

Builder: owner

Taillight: custom

Ignition: stock, relocated coil

Speedo: D & D

Displacement: 80 inches (UL wheels)

Foot pegs:

Balancing: Charles Boyajain

Front: highway pegs by owner

Pistons: .060" over FLH

Back: owner

Cam: Iskenolerian

Gas tank: peanut with tunnel dropped

Lifters: solids, lightened

Oil tank: stock

Carb(s): Linkert M-74 B

Primary cover: original diamond

Air cleaner: AEE

Seat material: naugahyde

Shifter: foot with heel-toe rocker

Sissy bar: ram horn

Pipes: drag type

Height: 18 inches

Muffler(s): internal baffles

Material size: 1/2-inch square bar

Gearing:

Forks

Engine sprocket: stock

Type: new springer

Trans: sprocket stock

Type front rail: square

Painting

Extension: 30 inches

Molding: owner, all frame tubes sq.

Builder: Randy Enterprises

Painter: Don Hutchison Cycle

Wheels

Color: candies over silver flake

Front:

Rear

Type: acrylic lacquer

Size: 21-inch

Size: 16-inch

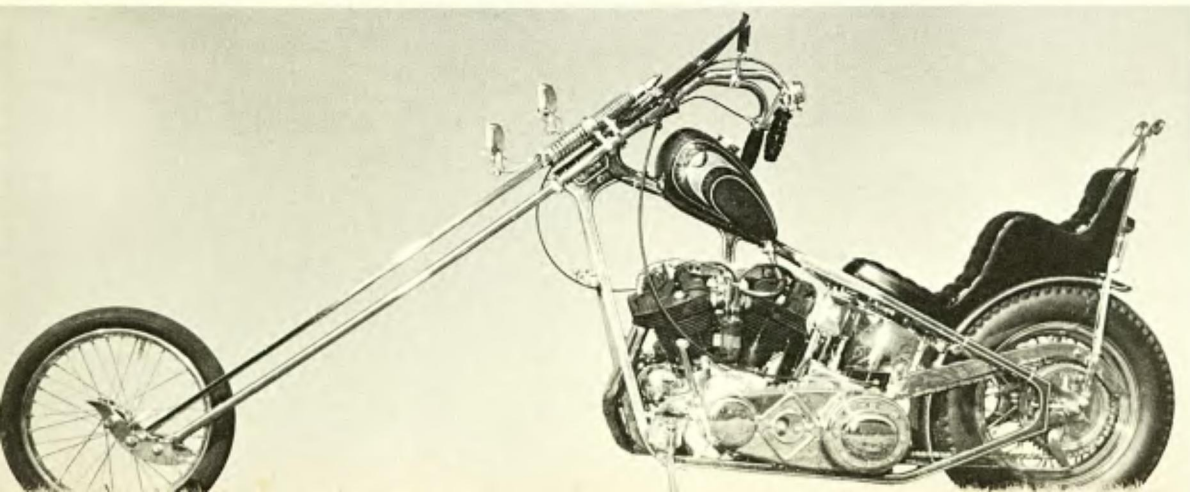
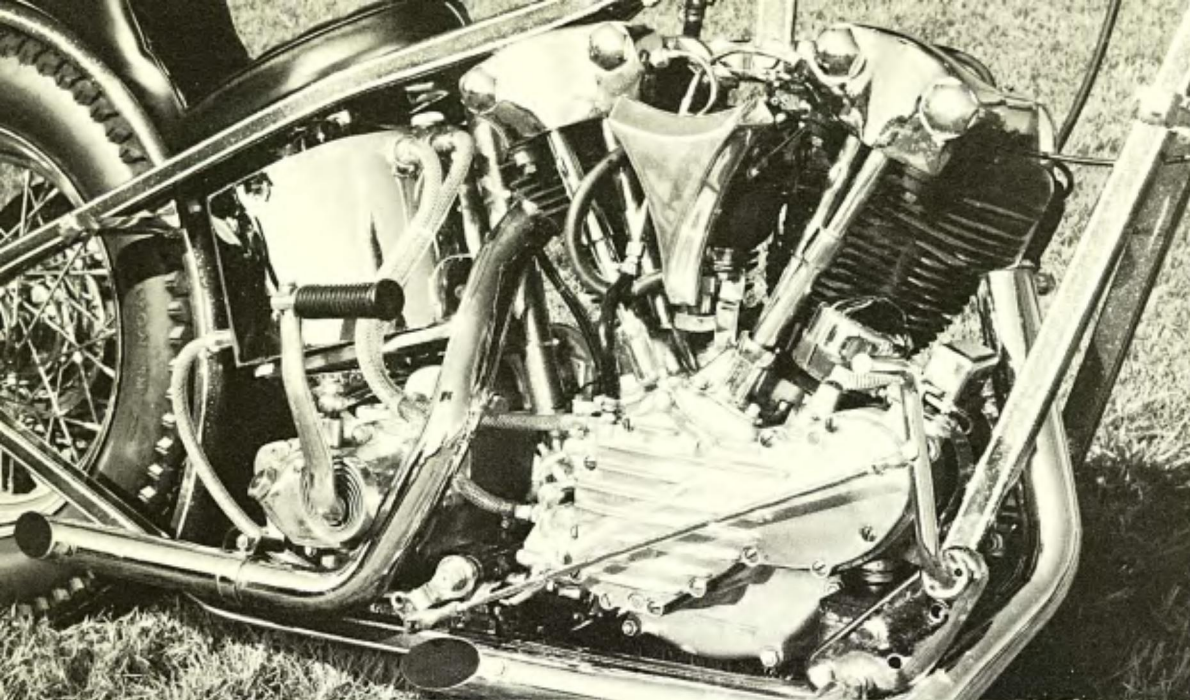
Hub/brake: Hallcraft Hub/brake: stock

Rim width: 3-in. steel Rim width: 5-in. steel

Tire size: 3.25 x 17 Tire size: 5.00 x 16

Make: Avon Make: Avon

Other special modifications: All brake linkage fabricated by owner.



EASYRIDERS photography by Jake



Did you notice it? We're usually very careful about making goofs—especially obvious ones—but in this case we were all a little shook.

It's one thing to hear a model tell you that she's a 40 double-D, but believe it, there's nothing like seeing it—er, them—in real, live, quivering color.

The original idea for the cover was to have a full-breasted girl pose in an *Easyriders* tank-top shirt. We had Weird Harold whip up a design and paint it right on a bright-colored tie-dyed shirt. When the model arrived at our studio we were all bug-eyed with admiration. She was stacked. Her 40s were on a perfect 40-24-36, 5-5, 118-pound frame. Wow.

To keep this saga short, we had her put on our tank-top and it was too small—because of her magnificent appendages, she has to wear a men's medium-size shirt. So we had to use one of hers, from the assortment of clothing she had brought with her. Then we cut the Harley-Davidson wings from another shirt, stuck some two-sided tape on the back of them, and then fought each other to see who was going to press the wings onto the front

In Case You Hadn't Noticed—There's A Goof-up On The Front Cover

EASYRIDERS photography
by Pete Chiodo





of her. The asshole editor finally pulled rank and won. (He said she was firm—damned firm—for her size.)

Well, as you can see on the cover and from some of the photos here, the Harley wings didn't stick too well—Ol' Rank-puller musta been nervous. Pete tried to shoot her from angles where the goof wouldn't show—but wouldn't you know, the best shot of her was one where it showed?

After a high level meeting, and after all of the "Ohs," "Ahs," and "What wings?," we finally decided that our good ol' loyal red-blooded *Easyriders* reader wouldn't mind the goof—especially when it's on top of such beautiful—uh—on such a beautiful woman.

"Uschi" Digard is from Sweden and has been in the U.S. about five years. She has been studying acting and is starting to get good parts in motion pictures. If you didn't notice, she has brown hair and green-brown eyes.

When asked if she saw any difference between American and European men, she said that she was surprised at how much American men were hung up on women's breasts. She went on to say that in Europe "Nudity doesn't have much to do with sex. Clothes are really for warmth in cold weather, don't you agree?" She reached inside the armholes of the tank-top and flicked the nipples so they would stand up.

No one in the room heard her question. Everyone was too busy enjoying a favorite American pastime—tit watching.



Bike Laws

—Continued from page 26

nia is a real bummer because they will not honor out of state safety inspections; consequently other states will not honor California inspection. Washington, on the other hand, even though it has a spot inspection statute, apparently will enter into reciprocity agreements with states having periodic inspections. As we said before, the fact that a state has a provision that it can enter into reciprocal agreements does not necessarily mean that it has entered into this agreement with any given state.

About the only way to tell would be to go to your state capitol or write to your department of law enforcement and ask for a list of states having reciprocal agreements covering safety inspections and/or vehicle equipment. If anybody there knows what you are talking about, they can probably dig it up from the files, since it is supposed to be a matter of public record, but it is not one of the things that the bureaucrats seem to pay too much attention to.

When I called the office in my state capitol which was required by law to keep these agreements on file for public record, they referred to the Bear Equipment list rather than looking up who we had reciprocal agreements with, and of course this list does not tell them that; it only tells which states have vehicle inspection requirements. However, that office indicated that other inspections were honored, with the exception of California's.

The agreements on safety inspections are the ones that give the rider one of his best shots at an equipment ticket. In the usual "catch 22" fash-

ion of governments, the states I checked with claimed that all this reciprocity agreement does is keep them from giving you a ticket for not having a safety sticker, rather than giving your equipment an o.k. However, this looks like the place where the biker, if he wants to go to the trouble to get a bunch of papers and carry them around with him and happens to be in the right state when he gets an equipment ticket, can probably make use of the safety inspection law. To do this, you would have to have not only a safety sticker but a copy of the work sheet which was checked and initialed by the inspector, especially in regard to such items as front brake, mirror, exhaust system, fenders, and frame alterations. Make sure that the inspector marks them either not applicable or tested and o.k. It probably would not hurt to get a copy of the Bear Equipment list and carry it with you.

As for the cop on the beat, if you are stopped you can always show him the papers and stickers and argue the logic of the fact that your equipment has been tested, is in a safe condition and in conformance with your state's requirements, and your safety sticker should be honored by his state. Of course, if he wants to give you a ticket for an equipment violation, there probably is no way you can talk him out of it. The papers that you have will undoubtedly be more effective in court anyway.

The only way to really beat any kind of ticket hassle is to go to court with it. Before you go, you should give these papers to your lawyer and let him see what the exact situation is in that particular state regarding equipment inspections. There is a very good argument that where reciprocal agreements have been en-

tered into on safety inspections, and the safety inspection requires compliance with the state equipment requirements, the agreement applies not only to the sticker but to the equipment inspected as well. This would of course apply only to the first two categories of unsafe equipment citation and not to one for something that was inoperable or damaged. Those of you who live in a state that does have a periodic equipment inspection should make every effort to have some type of certificate of approval from your state highway patrol for your equipment, with special emphasis on any modified parts. The basis argument that a person should have to comply only with the equipment regulations in the state of registration can be used to advantage no matter where you are from or where you are, but it looks as though the people with the best chance are those who live in states with periodic vehicle inspections and reciprocal agreements on inspections, so long as they stick to states with similar laws.

Those brothers from California, unfortunately, can expect less favorable results from this argument, at least from some of the western states. I would imagine that the further east a California bike was, the more likely that an inspection certificate would be honored, or make an effective argument in court.

Again, this is an area where there is only beginning to be some uniformity within the law. It looks as though sooner or later there will be some type of system where not only your driver's license and vehicle license will be honored but also the equipment requirements. It hasn't gotten there yet, but if enough equipment citations are fought on this basis, it ought to speed things up, and in the process we should win a few. Remember, every time a cop loses a ticket, especially on an equipment violation, he is going to be more cautious the next time. In any event, if you are legal in your own state and get an equipment bust, give it a try. It is no sure thing, but it is worth a try.

Here are a few other points to remember. Your appearance is going to make a difference in the number of hassles. A large number of riders in one bunch always puts the cops on edge. Study the state-by-state chart of laws in this issue and plan your trip through states where your scooter will break the smallest number of laws.

Have a good ride. ■



"For chrissake, Nancy knock it off!"

20-Year Run

—Continued from page 17

The car was nowhere in sight. His legs felt shaky as he climbed the steep slope to the highway and he wondered if he was getting old.

There was a large crowd up on the road by now, with cars stopped in both lanes, blocking traffic. Most of the people were up near where the car had left the road. Pappy ambled along the shoulder of the highway, limping and naked but still managing to look nonchalant. He enjoyed the amazed expressions on the faces peering from the car windows as he passed. He wished a water snake would crawl out of his beard. Most of the people were gathered around a highway patrol car. The two kids were huddled under a pile of blankets in the back seat. The woman was sitting in the front seat crying into a handkerchief, and a highway cop was standing beside her trying to quiet her down. The crowd parted to let Pappy through as he walked to his bike, and when the woman saw him, she screamed. The cop spun around and froze as he eyed Pappy from top to bottom.

"Mornin', officer," Pappy said with a grin. The cop snapped out of his daze with "What the hell's wrong with you, boy, walkin' around in front of folks buck naked with all your business hangin' out!"

He grabbed one of the blankets from the kids in the back seat and shoved it at Pappy, trying to cover him up. Pappy draped the blanket around himself like a toga and took a step in the direction of the Hog.

"Wait a minute!" barked the cop. "Ma'am, is this the person who struck you?" The woman just wailed into the bloody handkerchief.

"That's him, officer, yes that's him." "He's the one, all right." "Beat the poor thing almost to death." This from several voices in the crowd.

"That right, fella?" asked the cop. "Did you hit this lady?"

Pappy stood and stared at the crowd in silence for a moment, then at the cop. "Yeah," he said at last, "I clipped her a couple of times. Y'see, she was tryin' to drown me and I got a little bit excited. I been known to get excited when people try to snuff me. Maybe it was some traumatic experience in my childhood that made me that way or

somethin', but I can't help it, man, that's just the way I am!"

Pappy's voice was pretty loud by the time he finished talking and the highway fuzz said, "Now, son, calm down. There's no need for us to raise our voices to one another. We'll get this all ironed out peaceably."

"You're damned right we'll get it ironed out," growled Pappy. "Didn't anybody happen to mention that I pulled that broad and those two carpet crabs out of the river just in time to save their asses? Yeah, I did, and do you know what the rest of these upstanding citizens here did while I was out there gettin' drowned? They didn't do shit, man, they did absolutely nothin'. Now if it's all right with you, I'm gonna go put on my pants."

Pappy turned and limped toward the Hog. The cuts and bruises on his feet were starting to stiffen up and ache, and each step was an effort. He was sitting on the bike rubbing his feet and cussing under his breath when The Man came striding up.

"Now son," he began, "don't go gettin' all het up when I tell you what I'm gonna tell you. I know about what happened and I know this don't seem right but that lady there, Mrs. Simmons, she wants to file charges against you for assault and battery."

Somehow, Pappy wasn't really surprised. But he was totally pissed. "Ain't that some shit!" he snarled. "So what can I get for assault and battery in this state?"

"Oh, don't worry about that," the cop hastened to reassure him. "There ain't no way you can get convicted on a deal like this. But as long as she wants to file, I gotta book you and go through the motions, right? Now, you got some identification?"

Pappy took a deep breath, bent and scooped his levis off the ground and shoved his hand into a hip pocket. Then he settled back on the seat of the chopper and stared in open-mouthed amazement at the crowd. "I never seen anything like this shit," he said, slowly shaking his head. "Never in twenty years of puttin' have I seen anything like this fuckin' bullshit here."

"What is it now, son?" asked the cop.

Pappy looked up, his eyes still wide. "Somebody ripped off my wallet!"

An ambulance pulled up, followed by another police car, this one from the county sheriff's de-

partment. Pappy pulled on his levis and boots as the two deputy sheriffs approached. One was very fat, the other medium fat.

"Well, Tom," said the very fat one to the highway patrolman, "looks like you caught yourself one of them hippies, hey?"

"No, Harry, I didn't catch him," came the disgusted reply, "he was waitin' here for me. Now I gotta get the names of some of these witnesses, so why don't you boys take him along to the jail and book him for assault and send out a truck for that motorcycle."

"Uh, wait a minute," interrupted Pappy, "couldn't I just ride it in?"

"Nossir!" howled the very fat deputy. "That is positively contrary to regulations. Be too easy for you to make a run for it. 'Course you couldn't escape the law nohow, but I don't expect you're smart enough to know that. Just lookin' at you I can tell you ain't smart and besides you're probably all hopped up on some kinda dope anyway, right?"

"Yeah, Harry." The medium fat one had to get in his two-bits worth. "He probably been smokin' that LDS or somethin'."

"Smack, Harvey. These hippies call it smack. You gotta keep up on their slang so you can communicate on their level. But anyway, boy, we can't just let you go ridin' off on that thing. We'll just put in a call to Sam's Wrecker Service. Sam does most of the towin' for the county, and he'll be right out here in a few minutes, throw a chain around that motorbike of yours and haul her right down to the county equipment yard and she'll be there waitin' for you when you get out, if you get out." He burst out with a loud laugh and looked at Harvey until Harvey laughed too. Pappy rolled his eyes skyward and muttered a short prayer to whoever takes care of bikers.

They put him in the back of the patrol car behind a wire screen and, after some discussion, decided to handcuff him. The car had started to pull onto the highway when the very fat one, who was driving, slammed on the brakes and jumped out. "Goddammit, Harvey, you forgot to search him!" Harvey got out and opened the door for Pappy, who climbed out of the car and assumed the position leaning on the roof, that he knew so well. Harry patted him down, missing most of the good places, and Pappy wondered why he never got busted by dumb fuzz

Gigantic Dave Mann Posters! Over 2-foot by 3-foot size!



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

**The best of the Dave Mann paintings in
beautiful color on heavy art stock!
(26½" x 38")**

Easyriders Posters, 819 South Glenoaks Blvd.
Burbank, California 91502

Enclosed is \$_____ for the posters indicated below. (Plus 50¢
for postage and mailing tube on orders under \$6.00)

_____ @ \$3.00 each All four for \$9.95

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-3 ☐ M-4

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5% sales tax

*All posters shipped in
wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube.*

\$3.00 each or all four for \$9.95!

(On orders less than \$6.00, please add 50¢
for postage and mailing tube.)

Printing quality will be even better than
paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders**,
for posters are custom printed specifically
for much finer quality than a mass-pro-
duced magazine, and posters are printed
on much heavier paper.

like these two when he was holding. Harry took his pocket knife and they all got back into the car and drove on, down a long winding canyon with the river always at the side of the road. Harry and Harvey, in the front seat, congratulated each other on having captured another one of "them commie-loving hippies" while Pappy slouched in the back seat and worried about his scooter.

For four years he had owned this one. Four years of constant work—going through the engine, raking the neck, molding, painting, plating, changing his mind and doing things over, and still it wasn't quite the way he wanted it. There was always something more to do. Currently, he was running fat bob tanks on a swing-arm frame with a half-inch rake and ten-inch-extended glide front end. The gas and oil tanks and rear fender were painted dark brown, the engine and transmission were wrinkle-finish black and everything else was brass plated. Bolted to the sissy bar was a back rest which was actually an upholstered steel box about a foot high and three inches deep. The hinged lid at the top was concealed by the upholstery. This contained Pappy's emergency equipment: A Colt Commander model .45 automatic, two clips and a full box of Super-Vel 190-grain hollowpoints, and a plastic pill bottle full of whites. A case-hardened safety chain and padlock were wrapped around the sissy bar. Rolled into the sleeping bag on the back seat were a spare shirt, leather jacket, and some tools. That was all he owned in the world. His home and his kingdom. All self-contained in an eighty-inch shovelhead Hog.

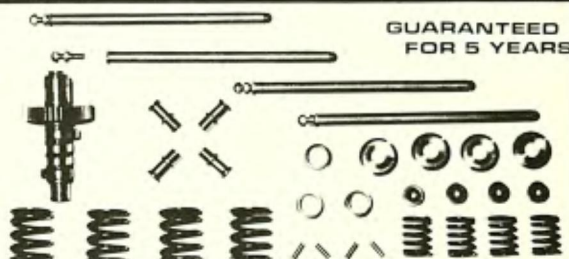
As he sat in the back of the patrol car listening to the two deputies telling dirty jokes, Pappy's biggest worry was that the Harley would be damaged while being hauled in. His second worry was that they would search it and find the gun and the pills. And down at the bottom of his list of things to worry about was that idiot bitch and her assault charge. Pappy doubted that even a jury of hard-core rednecks like the two in the front seat would convict him under these circumstances. It was just a matter of sitting out a few days in the slammer until the trial. He sure didn't have enough money for bail. He didn't even have a wallet any more.

However, Pappy wasn't used to worrying and hadn't had much practice at it, so by the time they reached

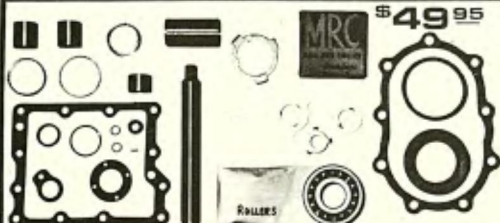
HARLEY DAVIDSON PARTS

"YORK" CAM & KIT 74's

1958 TO 1969
\$150⁰⁰
(ALL YEARS AVAILABLE)

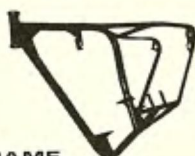


GUARANTEED
FOR 5 YEARS



74 TRANSMISSION REBUILDING KIT

TERRIFIC BUY ONLY \$200⁰⁰



SINGLE LOOP 74 FRAME

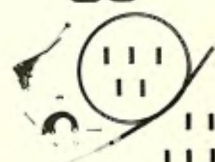
ORDER
NEW
1973
CATALOGS
\$2.00

the MOTOR SHOP
552 X MOUNTAIN VIEW
OXNARD, CA. 93030

74 RACING CLUTCH KIT \$29⁹⁵



THE SAME KIT WITH
MOUSE TRAP ELIMINATOR KIT
\$59⁹⁵



JOE HUNT 74
MAGNETO
\$125⁰⁰
35,000V OUTPUT



Harley Belt Buckle

Here's the one you've been waiting for. A big, strong, Harley-Davidson buckle. It's 4 1/2 inches wide and weighs almost a half pound. Expensive dies insure that each buckle has perfect detail.

They are available in either silver or bronze plated finish for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each buckle comes complete with a 1 3/4" wide belt, made from the strongest, finest cowhide we could find.

This is not some banged out piece of crap. We guarantee you'll be satisfied or your money will be refunded. It's the best you can buy.

Each buckle is individually produced. Solid metal—triple bronze or silver plated.

Belts are hand-made and are 1 3/4" wide and are available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

Send \$12.00, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling, along with accurate waist size, color of belt desired, and if you want silver or bronze finish.



RIGHTeous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



Another righteous Righteous Product!
Braided leather boot straps. Made from thick cowhide with brass rivets and snaps.

All you do is slip them over your old smelly shit-kickers and instantly you've turned your thrift store specials into some strictly uptown stompers.

Add class to your boots with these hand-made boot straps. (We goofed, the photo in this ad shows only one strap braided, but the one you will receive will have the top and back straps braided—

only the piece that goes under boot will not be braided.)

As with all Righteous Products, quality is guaranteed or your money refunded.

Send \$10.00, plus 50¢ for postage and handling for each pair of boot straps you want. That's right—you get one for each boot—and at that measley price! Be sure to tell us if you want black or dark brown.

Righteous Products
Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90704

GET FAST DELIVERY

NEW FOR
'73



WHEN YOU ORDER FROM
THE WORLD'S BEST

CYCLE CATALOG

This is the big one—the one you've been waiting for. The world's most complete inventory of motorcycle and chopper parts and accessories. Thousands and thousands of goodies just waiting for you in the brand new, all new, GIANT 1973 C.C.D. CATALOG. All for only two bucks. Send for yours today.

Member of



Send \$2.00 to:

CUSTOM CYCLE DELIGHT DEPT. 6

620 East Walnut Ave.
Fullerton, CA 92631

VISIT OUR RETAIL STORES: **BELLFLOWER: 8846 Alondra**
FULLERTON: 620 E. Walnut

Dealer Inquiries Invited

Parts and accessories
for all types of
motorcycling.

Plus a complete line of
obsolete and current
H-D engine parts.

the city limits he had given it up. At the edge of town was a fenced compound with some road maintenance equipment inside and a sign on the gate which read: Property of Grant County. Six blocks down the street, in the center of town, was a two-story brick building that looked like a county courthouse and was. Harry pulled into the parking lot behind the building. Pappy looked at the bars on the second floor windows and decided that this must be home.

They went inside and climbed the stairs to the second floor. The very fat deputy knocked on a steel door and it was opened by a bald man of about fifty years who had no eyebrows and was built like an ape.

"Fresh meat for ya, Silas." Silas grunted and shuffled over to a desk and dug around in a drawer until he found an ink pad and some fingerprint cards. Harry and Harvey hustled around making a big production of getting Pappy's fingerprints and filling out forms while Silas sat in a chair and hummed a lullaby. Pappy looked around at his new place. It didn't have much class but it was definitely built to last.

Opposite the door they had come through was another door with one small window, which he later learned was the door to the drunk tank. To the left of the stairway door, about twenty feet from it, was a wall of bars and wire mesh. Beyond this was one big room, the width of the building, with double-racked bunks lining the other three walls and a shower stall and toilet in one corner. A dozen men lounged on their bunks, smoking and reading comic books or just staring at the ceiling. From time to time they glanced at the deputies and the new prisoner without showing much interest.

After the fingerprinting, Pappy stood on a line in front of an old camera on a tripod to have his picture taken. Then the jailer opened a closet behind the desk and handed Pappy a rolled up mattress, an army blanket, a tin cup, and a large metal spoon.

"I want a lawyer," Pappy told the very fat deputy.

"Any particular lawyer?"

"No."

"Got any money?"

"No."

"You'll see the judge in the morning. Tell him. We ain't got none of them hippie lawyers like they have on TV, though. All we got for

lawyers is my brother-in-law, Frank Patterson, and the judge's boy, David. You won't like either one of them. They won't like you, neither."

The jailer took Pappy by the arm and shuffled to the solid steel door of the bullpen. "Take any bunk that's empty," he mumbled as he unlocked the door. "No grabassin', no hollerin' out the window, and the lights go out at ten o'clock."

He locked the door behind Pappy and left with the two deputies. Pappy picked an empty rack of bunks against the far wall and threw his mattress on the top bunk. He strolled once around the room, checking the view from each side. Some of the other prisoners nodded or said hello, most ignored him. Pappy picked up an old copy of *Balls & Biceps* from the massive wooden table in the center of the bullpen, pulled himself onto his bunk and began to leaf through the magazine.

Francis Dewitt Burdon, lately known as Pappy, had been born 42 years earlier in a small town in Kansas. His father ran the only grocery store in town and the fam-

ily was respected in the community. Respected, that is, with the exception of Jake Burdon, Francis' uncle. Francis was 12 when Jake went away to fight the big war, 17 when Jake came back, roaring into town on a big black Indian 80 with straight pipes, chrome-studded leather saddlebags, and whitewall tires. Jake had tattoos on his arms and whiskey on his breath and wonderful stories to tell. He walked with a limp because all the toes were missing from his right foot. Jake's Indian was heard at all hours of the night, blasting through the otherwise quiet streets and in the morning could be seen parked in front of the house of a single lady or that of a married lady whose husband was out of town. Within a week of his return, Jake had beaten the shit out of the half-dozen men who considered themselves fighters and was getting bored so he turned to motorcycle racing. He rode the Indian around the Midwest, racing at county fairs on bumpy dirt ovals, sometimes arriving for a race without time to even check the Indian over before starting. When he was in the

area, he would return home for a few days and everyone in town would get pretty nervous, listening to the Indian prowling through the streets at night and wondering what that maniac was going to do next. The only person in town who didn't see Jake as some kind of freak was his nephew Francis. Jake was the only member of the family who called him Frank rather than "Young Francis."

Francis worked after school and during summers in his father's store and, being a good boy, had saved his money. Near the end of the summer he drew his money out of the bank, hitched a ride to Wichita and came back two days later astride an olive drab Harley 45. Shortly after school started in September Jake stopped off in town for a few days on his way to Mexico for the winter. When he left, Frank was riding beside him, proud in a brand-new leather jacket and Harley-Davidson cap. Frank's mother cried for two days.

Frank was ready to learn about the world and Jake made a good teacher. Frank developed a taste for

1973 year of the LAKE INJECTOR!

... the ultimate in carburetion



The Lake Injector is designed for the ultimate in performance with a minimum of tuning effort. The body design, plus the velocity stack in unison with the throttle slide, forms a venturi which enables the injector to achieve a more perfect fuel/air mixture than any other carburetor on the market today. If it's performance you want, then we offer this fabulous carburetor to you.

- ✓ **HORSEPOWER**
15-25% more...
- ✓ **UNEQUALLED ACCELERATION**
- ✓ **IMMEDIATE STARTS**
- ✓ **INSTANT TUNING**

- **ALL MODELS BOLT ON. NO MODIFICATIONS**
- **DEALER INQUIRIES ON LETTERHEADS PLEASE**
- **SEND CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER**
- **WASH RESIDENTS ADD 5.3% TAX**

HARLEY DAVIDSON

shovelhead model 10-35 81.00 per unit
panhead model 10-35 87.00 per unit

SPORTSTER

900 c.c. model 10-32-6-D 80.50 per unit
1000 c.c. model 10-35-6-D 83.50 per unit

TRIUMPH

650 model 10-29 75.00 per unit

HONDA

750 model 10-25 72.00 per unit

FOR SHOW CHROME ADD...\$22.00
FOR BRIGHT ANODIZED ADD...\$16.00
FOR 24 KARAT GOLD ADD...\$75.00



international engineering distributing inc

13240 NORTHRUP WAY BELLEVUE WASHINGTON 98005 PHONE (206) 746-5750

A **FREE** copy of *Easyriders* is yours, when you make a \$10.00 purchase at any of the following outstanding chopper shops.

ALABAMA

Done By Dave, Inc.
3301 Lower Wetumpka Rd.
Montgomery, Ala.

ARIZONA

Moto-Tech
4406 E. Speedway
Tucson, Ar.
The Parts Bin
2622 E. McDowell
Phoenix, Ar.

ARKANSAS

Mama's Custom Cycles
111 Woods St.
West Memphis, Ark.

CALIFORNIA

CJ Custom Cycle Parts
2224 Waterloo Rd.
Stockton, Ca.
California MC Sales
1465 Magnolia Ave.
Long Beach, Ca.
Chopper Shop
3490 Pacheco Blvd.
Martinez, Ca.
Chopper Shop
2452 Tower Ave.
Sacramento, Ca.
D & D Distributors
800 S. San Fernando Blvd.
Burbank, Ca.
E.M.E.
8561 Roland St.
Buena Park, Ca.
Elson's Cycle Center
3546 Barnett Ave.
San Diego, Ca.
Mother Lode Cycle
31 N. Washington St.
Sonoma, Ca.
Carl Spotts MC Repair
Hwy 49 & Bell Rd.
Auburn, Ca.

CANADA

The Bike Works
608 Portage Ave.
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada
Psyche I
1947 Kingsway
Vancouver 12, B.C.
Canada

COLORADO

Barrys Big Bikes
5401 Western Ave.
Boulder, Co.
2 Wheelers MC Shop
1433 W. 38th Ave.
Denver, Co.

CONNECTICUT

Custom Cycle Acc.
US Route 7
Brookfield, Ct.

FLORIDA

The Cycladic Shop
11598 Seminole Blvd.
Seminole, Fla.
Eastern Cycle Specialties
308 E. Sunrise Blvd.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Ft. Walton Cycles
440 D Racetrack Rd.
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.
HD of Gainesville
4421 NW 5th St.
Gainesville, Fla.

GEORGIA

Glen's Cycle Shop
Route 5
Cedartown, Ga.
Kustom Cycles of Hapeville
540 S. Central
Hapeville, Ga.

New Dawn Custom Cycles
809 Road Ave.
Albany, Ga.

HAWAII

Motorcycle Contractors
789 Mapuna Puna St.
Honolulu, Hawaii

ILLINOIS

Aurora Cycle Eng.
723 Aurora Ave.
Aurora, Ill.
Chopper Parts & Stuff
301 First St. South
Champaign, Ill.
The Engine Room
702 E. Northwest Hwy.
Palatine, Ill.
House of Cycles
10906 South Michigan
Chicago, Ill.
Motorsport Sales & Const.
668 E. Northwest Hwy.
Palatine, Ill.
Psycho Chopper
511 Brush College Rd.
Decatur, Ill.

INDIANA

Cycle Specialties
2012 S. Calhoun
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

IOWA

Contemporary Guild
1732 S. Federal
Mason City, Iowa
Cycle World
1009 S. 4th
Burlington, Iowa

LOUISIANA

Mariero Mech. & Metalcraft
619 Barataria
Mariero, La.

MARYLAND

Custom Cycle Center
9046 Lanham Severn Rd.
Lanham, Md.
Custom Cycle Co.
5224 Fairlawn Ave.
Baltimore, Md.
R & R Speed & Cycle
4804 Stamp Rd.
Temple Hills, Md.
John Spicer & Sons
Box J, Rd 1
Bel Air, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

Calif. Chopper Specialties
233 Hillman
New Bedford, Mass.
Cape Cod Choppers
2476 Cranberry Hwy.
Wareham, Mass.
Choppers Ltd.
169 Main St.
Millis, Mass.
Chopper Parts City
314 Grafton St.
Worcester, Mass.
Honda of Boston
916 Commonwealth Ave.
Boston, Mass.

Mass. Speed & Sport
314 Grafton St.
Worcester, Mass.

New England Chopper
398 Spring St.
Fall River, Mass.

Quality Tools & Supply
271 Washington St.
Haverhill, Mass.

MICHIGAN

Larry's Custom Cycle
4704 US 12
Tipton, Mich.
Maryjanes Custom Motor Cycles
7021 W. Warren
Detroit, Mich.
Michigan MC Acc.
3227 28th St.
Grandville, Mich.
The Pop Cycle Shop
1921 Apple Ave.
Muskegon, Mich.

MINNESOTA

D & D Distributors
868 Decatur Ave. N.
Minneapolis, Mn.
Northeast Chopper Supply
1854 Central Ave. NE
Minneapolis, Mn.
Tri-State Choppers
3901 Grand Ave.
Duluth, Mn.
Valley Ent.
5605 Chicago Ave. S.
Minneapolis, Mn.
W.A.S. Super Stock Choppers
3449 Cedar Ave.
Minneapolis, Mn.
Willmar Custom Cycle
231 Pacific
Willmar, Mn.

MISSISSIPPI

Cyclops Choppers
5022 N. State St.
Jackson, Miss.

MISSOURI

St. Joe HD
402 S. 9th
St. Joseph, Mo.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Granite State MC Sales
RR 1, Box 301
Keene, N.H.

NEW JERSEY

HD of Camden
100 S. Black Horse Pike
W. Collingswood, N.J.
Swirin
2446 3rd St.
Ft. Lee, N.J.

NEW MEXICO

New Mexico Cycle Acc.
3601 Central N.E.
Albuquerque, N.M.

NEW YORK

Annie's Custom Chop
23 Box Ave.
Buffalo, N.Y.
Custom Fabrication
901 William St.
Buffalo, N.Y.
East Coast Choppers
352 A Broadway
Bethpage, N.Y.
Psycho Chop Shop
Railroad Alley
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
Tracy's MC Repair
530 Tonawanda St.
Buffalo, N.Y.
Wellwood Cycle Co.
748 N. Wellwood Ave.
Lindenhurst, N.Y.

World Wide MC Parts
120 Orange Ave.
Suffern, N.Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Chopper Specialties
Hwy. 70
Black Mountain, N.C.
Stan's Chopper House
2639 Tuckaseegee Rd.
Charlotte, N.C.

OHIO

Frasse Custom Cycle
1004 E. Calla Rd.
Poland, Ohio
The Rod Iron Chopper
4135 W. Main Rd.
Conneaut, Ohio
Stormer's Motor Cycle Shop
Rt. 30 & Bennett Rd.
N. Madison, Ohio
Toledo Choppers, Inc.
209 First St.
Toledo, Ohio

OREGON

BC Choppers, Inc.
12425 SE 82nd Ave.
Portland, Ore.
Why Not?
1480 Rogue River Hwy
Grants Pass, Ore.

PENNSYLVANIA

Cee Bee Ent., Inc.
726 Easton Rd.
Doylestown, Pa.
Chop Shop
407 Station St.
Bridgeville, Pa.
Cycle Delicatessen
Rd. 3, Box 51
Elizabeth, Pa.
H.F. Hawkey Creations
Rd. 2, Box 511
Northampton, Pa.
Kennwood Cycle Center
4111 Kennwood Blvd.
W. Mifflin, Pa.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Southeastern Choppers
300 West Ave.
N. Augusta, S.C.

TENNESSEE

Fred's Cycle Specialties
2466 Southern Ave.
Memphis, Tn.

TEXAS

Chandler's Cycle
3136 E. Lancaster
Ft. Worth, Tx.
Custom Cycle Center
Box 5825
Lubbock, Tx.
Cycladic Customs
2208 25th St.
Snyder, Tx.

UTAH

Choppers Image
1974 S. State St.
Salt Lake City, Utah

VIRGINIA

A & C Chopper Shop
1204 S. Boston Rd.
Danville, Va.
Cycle Parts of Va. Beach
836 Virginia Beach Blvd.
Virginia Beach, Va.
5th Dimension Custom Cycle
7221 Centerville Rd.
Manassas, Va.

WISCONSIN

PJS Cycle Shop
1515 W. Forest Home Ave.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

whiskey and got laid for the first time in his life and turned into a pretty fair Harley mechanic. There weren't many Harley dealers in Mexico and he learned to keep the bike running with whatever odds and ends he could scrounge.

In the spring they headed back to the Midwest for the racing season. They traded in the little 45 on a new knucklehead 74 for Jake, and Frank took over the Indian. It had a lot of battle scars by this time, but they went through the engine and it was as fast as the knucklehead. The dirt tracks they raced on made a harsh proving ground for the kid and he liked it.

In the fall, they visited Frank's parents, who tried to persuade him to stay home and finish high school, but he and Jake were on the way to California, and after the last year on the road he knew he couldn't stay at home any more. That was the last time Frank saw his family.

He rode with Jake for a couple of years until an old woman in a Chrysler ran Jake off the road and through a fence. A strand of barbed wire tore Jake's head off. Frank sold the Indian, used the money to bury Jake, and kept the knucklehead for himself. After that came a lot of miles and more towns and women than he could remember and a dozen or so bikes, all Harley 74s. In twenty years he had seen all of the United States at least once and most of Canada and Mexico. He had been in jail several times, mostly for disturbing the peace or assault. Frank was a patient man and quite tolerant of fools, but when he did get pissed off the results were spectacular.

He had worn colors twice but was so used to being alone that he could never stick with a club. In a club there were always people around, and people, even bikers, tended to get on his nerves if he was around them too much. It was the same with women. He could stay with a chick for a month, or two months if she was an exceptionally good one, and then he had to have some room to move around, some time alone.

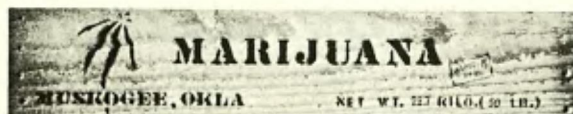
For the last few years he had been called Pappy. There was gray in his hair and he looked old but he didn't feel old. Sometimes he thought about getting a regular job and staying put for a while but he never did. He was happiest when he was jammin' and knew he would stay with it to the end of the run.

And now he was back in the slam-

Here's a
mind
blower!

An authentic looking slat of wood (4 1/2" x 23"), designed to look like it from an original shipping crate that contained marijuana.

\$2.00 Plus 50¢ for postage and handling.



Black lettering, and purple colored Government inspection stamp, makes wooden slat look like the real thing—A fun thing for every pad!

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

mer again, for being stupid enough to try to help someone out of a bad spot. Well, that's the last time. That's positively the last time, he told himself, and settled into a story in *Ball & Biceps* magazine about some WWII commandos invading a secret Nazi love nest in the Alps.

In the morning they took him out and down the stairs to a courtroom and a 90-year-old judge read the charges against him and Pappy requested a jury trial and a lawyer. The judge said he would appoint a lawyer and Pappy was taken back upstairs to wait for the wheels of justice to begin to turn. He lay around for a couple of days and no lawyer and the trial, but Silas what was being done about the lawyer and Pappy was taken back just blinked his milky blue eyes and said he didn't know nothin' about that shit. So he lay around some more and swapped bullshit stories with the other prisoners and fought off a kid called Sally who kept trying to adopt him as a father figure.

Sally was like punks Pappy had seen in other jails. He wasn't really queer, he was just weak. Nineteen

years old with big eyes and a soft voice, he was awaiting trial for possession of one joint and was the special pet of weird old Silas, the jailer. Every night at midnight, Sally would get out of bed and stand by the door, shaking and sniveling, and in a few minutes Silas would come for him and take him into the drunk tank and work him over for an hour or so. Lying on his bunk across the room, Pappy noticed that Silas was not nearly as alert when he brought the kid back as when he took him out. Not that Silas looked especially alert at other times, but he usually checked to see where everyone was before unlocking the door. After one of these sessions he would just unlock the door and throw the kid inside without even looking around.

The only trouble Pappy had was from a big bastard who called himself Slick. Slick had a Marine Corps tattoo and rotten teeth and was the self-appointed prick for the whole jail. He wore his hair shaved flat across the top of his head, spent most of his time bragging about strangling a "gook" to death in Ko-

rea and was an expert on everything. Slick didn't like beards and he didn't like long hair and he didn't like bikers. Pappy tried to stay away from him because Pappy didn't like jail.

From talking to the other men, Pappy learned that his bike would probably be stored in the equipment compound he had seen on the way into town. He tried not to think about what might have happened to it in transit.

Lie around and read comic books and bullshit. Where the hell was that fucking lawyer? The fucking lawyer was not making his usual high fee from this case and would probably take his own sweet time about getting there.

The third night, after the usual delicious dinner of cheese and bologna sandwiches, Pappy was lying on his rack working a fresh wad of Copenhagen between his lower lip and gum when Slick started running his mouth again.

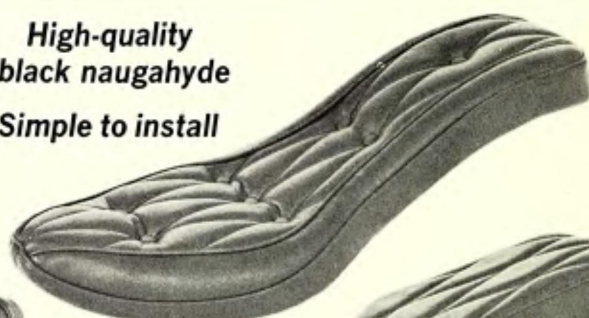
"Hey, sweetheart, you wear all that hair on your face so your mouth looks like a pussy, right? C'mon, sweetheart, comb your wavy hair

Seats

Universal seats—will fit all bikes
Quality-covered on a steel plate

High-density foam
Heavily padded

High-quality
black naugahyde
Simple to install



Diamond Button Seat
\$37.50



Diamond 18" Back Seat
\$44.95



Plain Hump 18" Back Seat
\$39.95



Diamond Hump 18" Back Seat
\$44.95



Plain 18" Back Seat
\$39.95

Ridge Seat
\$39.95

Twist Design Sissy Bar
Chromed.

18" high. 9/16" dia.
Steel. Fits Sportster
74 HD Swingarm.
\$39.95



Be specific when ordering

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.

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

Specify Sportster or 74 when ordering.



A couple of peculiar broads in the back room, who are known to have a thing for leather stuff, asked Smiley if they could sell some things in the magazine. After they explained to him that they didn't mean their hairy bods, he finally agreed.

So what did they do? They came up with some righteous wrist bands—massive, rugged muthas that groove with the chopper look, and decorated with stainless steel ornaments in a tasty design.

Being leather freaks, they know good leather and have made the wrist bands from the finest leather obtainable—thick, rugged cowhide stained to a dark, masculine brown. They love their work (really!), and their craftsmanship is outtasight.

The price? We know you'd expect to pay five thousand dollars for such workmanship—but to you, loyal Easyriders reader, they're only a few measly bucks.

1" wide	\$4.00
2" wide	5.00
2½" wide	5.50
3" wide	6.00

Be sure to measure wrist accurately. Use a measuring tape. Don't measure it too tight, or too loose. It should fit about the way your watch does. If you don't have a measuring tape, use a string around wrist, then lay string out on a ruler to determine length.

Send your order to MOM*
c/o Easyriders Magazine
Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

Okay, you muthas, send me _____ wrist band(s). Enclosed you will find \$_____, plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

Send me the following width(s) _____

Send me the following length(s) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5% tax.

*Mail Order Muthas



At Last a Hip-lookin' Bike Bag That Works!

Adjustable, to fit tight over a sissy bar alone, or can easily be expanded to fit over sissy bar and seat.

It's the kind of idea that makes you ask, why didn't I think of that? The adjustments are made inside of bag, so that when you adjust bag to fit your bike, it looks custom-made for it—it fits that perfectly.

Made of high quality leather. Surface has design

tooled on it, for an added touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it. **\$16.95**

Plus \$1.00 for postage

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201



back so we can see that earring in your purty little ear." Pappy's earring was one of Slick's favorite topics. He just couldn't believe that a "real man" would wear a ring in his ear. "C'mon over here, honey, I got something you're gonna like," he taunted.

"Well, Slick, you old mother-fucker," Pappy said in a friendly tone, sitting up on the bunk, "two or three days now I been listening to that insane bullshit of yours and I don't think I'm going to listen to it any more." Pappy eased his long frame to the floor, stretched, and ambled toward Slick's bunk with that disjointed gait that made him look as if he was about to fall apart. Slick got to his feet, looking mildly surprised. This was the first time Pappy had even bothered to reply to his taunts.

"Hot damn," crowed the ex-marine, "I'm gonna get to kill me a motorcycle meanie. This is gonna be fun. C'mon, hippie sweetie, don't walk so slow. Come to daddy and get your ass beat."

Slick was Pappy's height, 6'4" and a good thirty pounds heavier. As Pappy approached, Slick crouched into a boxing stance with a confident grin. As he stepped into range, Pappy cocked his right as if to throw a TV-cowboy roundhouse and Slick ducked to his right and started a left to Pappy's middle but never felt the thud of his knuckles against Pappy's ribs. What he felt was the toe of Pappy's left boot smashing his balls and then the heel slamming into the side of his knee. As Slick lay curled up on his side, trying to scream, Pappy brought the heel of his right boot down on his ear and turned and strolled back to his bunk. He pulled himself onto the bunk, folded his hands behind his head, and worked the wad of snuff over to the other side of his lip.

Several of the men gathered around Slick and stood looking down at him. "I never seen no one knocked out so cold before," said one. "He ain't even wigglin'."

"He ain't supposed to be wigglin'," said Pappy.

"I dunno," said another man, "I don't like the way he looks."

They drifted slowly back to their bunks and sat looking at the fallen man. Several minutes later Pappy glanced at Slick and saw that he still had not moved. The rest of the prisoners were quiet; some looked worried. Pappy sat up with his feet

AVAILABLE
FOR
MAJOR
BRANDS.



Display of this seal
identifies that this
product has passed
NCCSI test procedures.



EARL DUFFEE ENTERPRISES, INC.

10650 "C" Fern Street Stanton, California 90680 (714) 826-0250



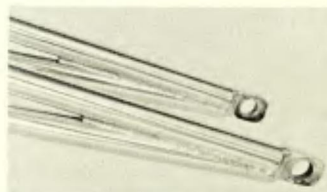
Durfee Girder



The First in the Nation

*EARL DUFFEE ENTERPRISES
is the First custom accessory
manufacturer in the United
States to produce a Production
Girder.*

*The First in the United States to
hire an independent consultant
engineer to stress analyze the
Durfee Girder.*



4130 Chrome Moly
125 Wall Tubing
Hellarc
Show Chromed
Lifetime Shaft
Adjustment
Sizes: 8, 10, 12, 15, 18
Axles set up for 3"
hubs with chrome
spacers and nuts

**CATALOG
\$1.00**

Ace Distributing Co. Peekskill, N.Y.
SMC Inc. South Norwalk, Conn.
IMI Lancaster, Penn.
White's Pit Stop South Holland, Ill.

hanging over the edge of the bunk and looked at Slick's prostrate form, feeling his gut tighten as the minutes passed. Finally he lowered himself to the floor and walked over and prodded Slick with the toe of his boot. No response. He knelt and turned the man's head to look at his face. Slick's eyes were open, staring past Pappy's head at the ceiling. From the front, Pappy could see that the side of his head was slightly indented above the swollen ear. He felt for a heartbeat but there was no heartbeat. Pappy settled back to a sitting position facing the dead man and sat that way for a long time, arms clasping his knees.

The bastard is dead, you dumb fuck, you killed him! Of all the asinine, stupid, mother-fucking, dumbshit things to do! You snuffed this sonofabitch right here in the middle of the county fucking jail! He can't be dead! I didn't kill this fucker, I couldn't have. The hell you couldn't. He's layin' right in front of you—stone fucking dead! Well, Pappy, you fucking fool, it's going to take some doing to get around this and you better get it on. No time to sit here chasing your head around in

circles. Figure it out. Move!

Pappy rose to his feet, grabbed one of Slick's arms and dragged him to his bunk. He pulled off Slick's shoes, lifted him onto the bed and covered him up to his chin with a blanket. He thought for a minute, then removed the blanket and pulled off the dead man's shirt and pants and put the blanket back. He hung the clothes over the foot of the bunk Slick always left them at night and arranged the shoes side by side under the bunk, the way Slick always did. Then he looked around at the rest of the men. Nobody was looking his way. Most of them were lying in their bunks, facing the wall.

"Now listen," he said in a quiet voice. "Nobody here saw shit, dig it? I'm going to be gone in the morning and if anybody makes any noise about this before then—well, I just ain't got much to lose by wasting him too, right? So just stay quiet and mind your own business for the rest of the night. When old Silas comes up to turn off the lights, everybody had better be tucked in and sleeping like a fuckin' baby. 'Cause if anybody says anything, that old man won't be able to get in

here in time to save your ass. And you, kid," he said to Sally, walking over to the kid's bunk, "when he takes you into the tank tonight, you be good and you keep your mouth shut except to suck his dick and make him happy. I want that old man to be so wrung out he can hardly stand up when he brings you back, right? You hear me?"

Sally was almost too scared to speak but he managed to stammer out a mournful yes and then buried his face in his pillow. Pappy hoisted himself into his own bunk and stared at the ceiling.

At ten the stairway door rattled and the jailer came in and looked around at the men lying in their beds, decided everything was in order, switched off the bullpen lights, leaving only a dim bulb burning over the desk, and left. Nobody stirred. Pappy looked around as his eyes got accustomed to the almost complete darkness. The whole front of the bullpen was covered with bars and wire mesh, but the door was solid steel except for a chest-high window. The only place in the bullpen that could not be seen from the outer room was directly behind



HIGHWAY PEGS

(Sportsters)

An entirely new concept - engineered to fit all Sportsters by bolting into the existing holes in the stock motor mounts (check yours out). These unique pegs are bolted on in less than five minutes and will give the Sportster owner the same comfortable riding position as a 74. They'll fit all pipes or headers and are packaged with complete mounting hardware - a true "bolt on" item. \$14.95 + \$1.00 shipping (check or M. O.)

head cycle accessories, inc.

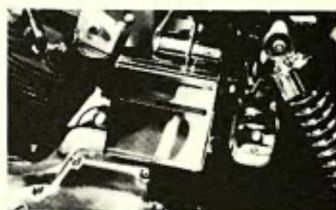
P. O. BOX 1500 (Dept. E)
BETHPAGE, N. Y. 11714

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. Dealer inquiries invited.

Harley Owners

ARE HARD TO PLEASE

Why? - because they demand quality, style and function - that's HEAD CYCLE'S bag. All of our products are precision engineered, show chromed and DIFFERENT - see if you don't agree!



BATTERY COVER

A triple plated, show chromed cover that improves the appearance of your scooter and permits you to check the fluid level of your battery without removal - fits all XLCH and FX batteries.

\$10.45 (includes shipping)



TACH DRIVE BOLT

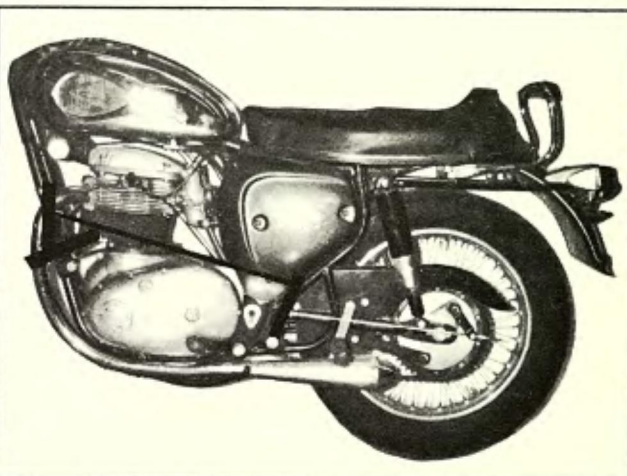
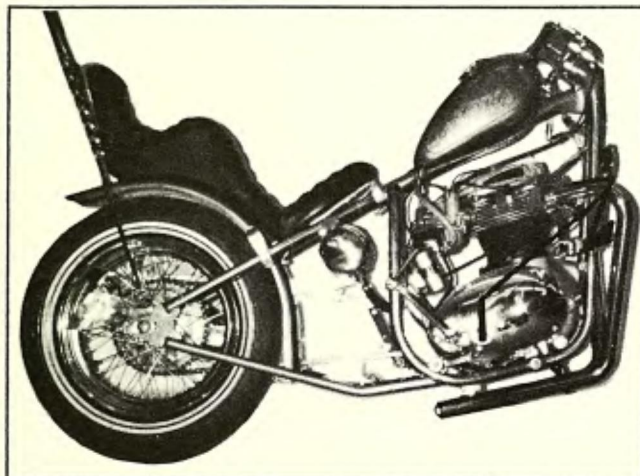
HD's stock tach drive assembly can ruin the clean appearance that you want your bike to have after removing the gauges. Our unit is a show chromed 1/4" high bolt with a recessed head that allows you to glue a penny with the year of your bike into the top - a truly distinctive look for the detail minded custom builder.

\$5.45 (includes shipping)

NEW!

CUSTOM HI-WAY BAR CONTROLS

from
CUSTOM CYCLE, INC.



AVAILABLE FOR:

- HONDA - 750, 500, 450
- BSA
- TRIUMPH
- SPORTSTER

\$75.00
COMPLETE

CONVERTS SHIFTING AND BRAKING
FROM ORIGINAL POSITION TO THE
HI-WAY BAR.

WHETHER COMPLETELY RE-WORKED
OR FACTORY STOCK, THESE CON-
TROLS WILL MAKE YOUR HIGHWAY
RIDING SAFER AND MORE COMFORT-
ABLE.

CAN BE INSTALLED IN MINUTES.
COMES COMPLETELY CHROMED WITH
GUARANTEE.

CUSTOM CYCLE DIST CO

1895 NEWBRIDGE RD., N. BELLMORE, N.Y. 11710
Tel. No. (516) 826 - 8720

Dealers inquire to Custom Cycle Dist. Co.
a division of Custom Cycle, Inc.

Please forward \$1.00 for the all-new
Custom Cycle, Inc. catalog.

PROTOTYPES SHOWN IN BLACK TO FACILITATE ART



Please send me _____ sets of the
Hi-Way Bar Controls at \$75.00 each set.
I have a _____ YEAR _____ MAKE motorcycle.
Enclosed please find \$ _____
(MIN. OF 50% DEPOSIT)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

FREIGHT PAID ON PREPAID ORDERS.



Want to hide that watch Aunt Matilda laid on you? Or protect your going-to-church watch from teeth marks? Or maybe just show some class?

Well, now you can do all of those things by getting yourself a Wrist/Watch Band. It's hand-made, two-inch-wide hunk of leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side with the other side snapping shut over your funky riding watch. The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), or with "Harley-Davidson" branded on it.

The strap is dark brown and, in addition to brass rivets, it is also

Wrist/Watch Band

machine stitched along the edge and has a two-inch-wide buckle. We guarantee it to be of the best leather you can buy, and of excellent workmanship, or your money is refunded.

Tell us your wrist size, whether you're right or left handed, and whether you want the plain or the Harley flap. Send the info along with a money order—you'll crap when you see how fast your strap gets to you.

\$8.50 Plus 50c for postage and handling.



I-R-S LIMITED

Box 3827, Long Beach, California 90803



Tell 'em where it's at! Hog's are number one!

Available as two-way decals. (can be put on inside or outside of window—on any smooth surface, and as beautiful embroidered emblems, ready to sew on your jacket or cut-off's.

Decals and emblems are in three colors—good old red, white and blue. **Cheap too!**

Three decals (3" x 2 1/2") **1.00**

Emblem for front of shirt, jacket,

or cut-off's (3" x 2 1/2") **\$1.50 ea.**
Large size emblem for back of jacket, or cut-off's (6" x 5") **2.50 ea.**

Packable offer—save \$1.00

Package of three decals and a front and back emblem, all five items for only **\$4.00**
Order individually or by package.

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Personal checks must clear before we are able to ship. For fast service send money order or cash to:

Hog Heaven

Box 2648

Seal Beach, California 90740

that door below the window. That's where he would be when Silas brought the kid back. Jump the old man, get his keys, lock him in the drunk tank, down the stairs, and if you make it out of the building, you got a chance, he told himself. They won't know you're gone until morning. Then what?

Steal a car would be the smart thing, change cars every couple of hundred miles, hope they're not reported right away and run for LA. You got people there who will put you up while you see about getting out of the country. Yeah, that might work. But what about the scooter? A lot of time went into that Hog, a lot of sweat, and a lot of money. It's been a good friend. Can you leave a friend like that? Just cut him loose and truck on down the road? Shit, you got to. It's a thousand miles to LA and a guy on a chop is a lot easier to spot than a guy in a four-door sedan. Well, it ain't time yet. Think about it.

But soon it was time. Pappy heard Sally get out of bed and plod over to the door, sobbing quietly. Poor kid. Too bad about him but you got your own problems. The stairway door opened and Silas shuffled in and stood outside the bars looking at the sleeping forms on the bunks. Bet

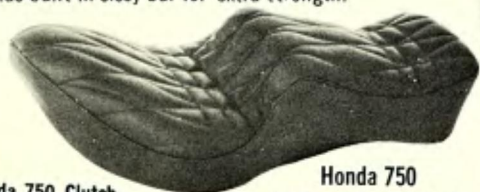
Honda 750 Seats



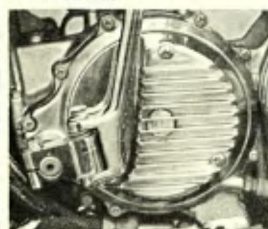
Honda 750 14" Diamond Seat \$59.95

Honda 750 14" Square Seat

Has built-in sissy bar for extra strength.

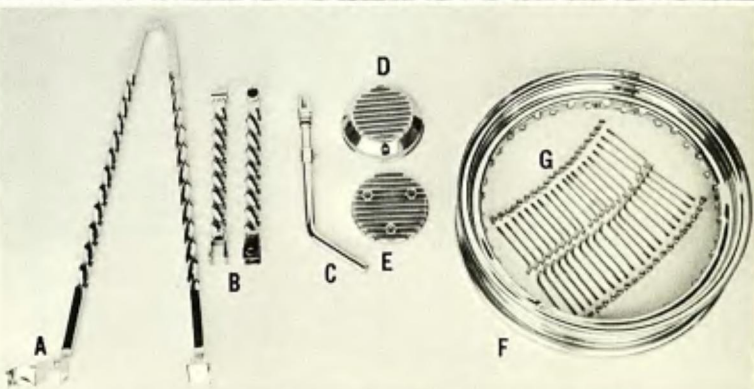


Honda 750 Clutch Cover \$10.95



Honda 750 Diamond Seat \$39.95
Terms: 50% deposit, balance C.O.D. Send money order. California residents add 5%.

Rising Sun Accessories



(A) Honda 750 Sissy Bar
Chromed, 18 inches high. Made of 9/16" steel. **\$31.95**

(B) Honda 750 Struts
Chromed. 3/4" steel. 11" from hole to hole. **\$24.95**

(C) Honda Extended Kick Stand
Chromed. All Honda models. 11/16" dia. Steel. For 6-10 extensions **\$19.95**
For 10-15 extensions **\$19.95**

(D) Honda 750 Point Cover
Die cast aluminum. Polished and finned. **\$8.95**

(E) Honda 750 Dyno Cover
Die cast aluminum. Polished and finned. **\$8.95**

(F) Honda 750 16" (Wide rim, 40 hole)
Chromed. Can be laced to almost any hub. Wide for 500X 16 tires. **\$19.95**
(G) Honda 750 Spokes
For lacing wide 16" rim to 750 hub. **\$19.95**

Honda 750-450 and 350 Gas Tank
2.8 gallon. **\$49.95**



Box 3203, Glendale, California 91201

none of the bastards are sleeping, thought Pappy. Silas let Sally out and locked the door. He led the kid to the drunk tank, unlocked it and followed him in. Pappy looked at his watch. It was 12:05. He climbed out of bed, stuffed the pillow under the blanket and bunched up the mattress to make it look as much as possible like a sleeping man. Then he walked quietly across the floor and sat down against the door to wait.

At forty-five minutes past twelve he heard the drunk tank door open and he crouched against the dark side of the bullpen door. Two sets of footsteps came toward him and paused at the door and he heard the key in the lock. As the door swung away from him, Pappy came up from the floor, knocking Sally aside and swarming all over the old man, hands and feet pumping blow after blow into the thick body. Silas went down and Pappy straddled his chest and got both hands around the fleshy throat and squeezed until Silas passed out. Sally gave a choked cry and ran inside the bullpen to huddle on his bunk. Pappy grabbed the jailer's wallet, stuffed the bills into his own pocket and pulled the key ring from the jailer's belt. He tried half a dozen keys before he found one that opened the door to the stairway, pulled it shut behind him and tiptoed down to the ground floor. Down the hall from the stairway, he could see Harry, the very fat deputy, moving around in the sheriff's office. Pappy waited until the deputy was out of sight, ran across the hall to the back door of the courthouse, and he was out. He crossed the parking lot and headed down the street toward the county yard. As near as he could remember, it was about six blocks from the courthouse. He had gone about three blocks, running across lawns, away from the street lights, before he remembered to look for a car. Hell, he thought, I'm almost there, might as well go ahead and get the scooter. Yeah, and that'll probably get you caught too, you dumb shit.

When he got to the compound, he checked the gate and found it locked with a chain and padlock. He climbed the fence and dropped to the ground inside. He looked around at the rows of dump trucks and road equipment but didn't see the Harley. At the far side of the yard was a garage and he finally found the bike leaning against the back wall of the garage. Both tanks were badly

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

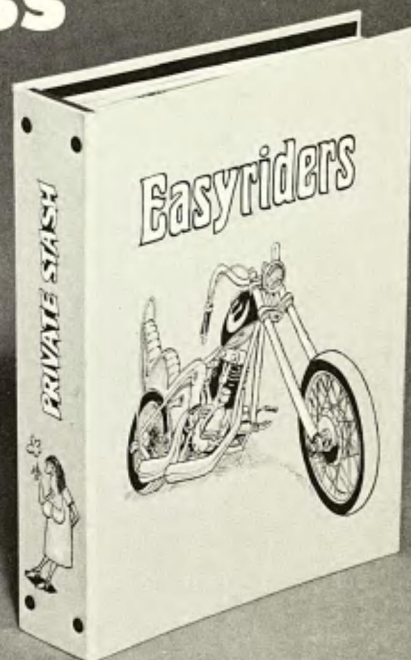
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he

needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York—which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.

Class



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

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

Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features

scribblings by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

\$4.50

plus 50¢ for postage and handling

Get one free!

You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the past issues at our regular back-issue price of \$1.00 per copy! Better hurry, while Smiley's freakin' out—he might come down at any time.

Mail to: Back Issues

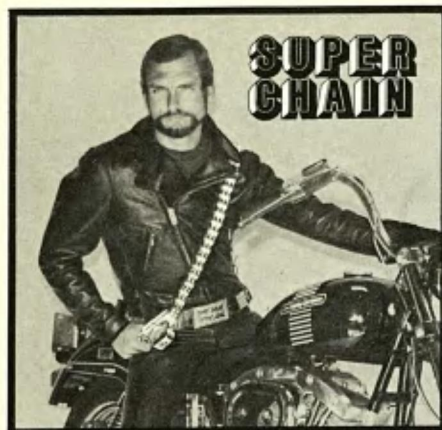
819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502

- ☐ Enclosed is \$12.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders**.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$4.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



STRONGEST CHAIN MADE

SOLID STEEL SECURITY—The STRONGEST Security Chain made. Average tensile strength over 32,000 Lbs. per link, (that's more than the weight of 50 Full Dress Harley 74s). The SUPER CHAIN is made of hardened Alloy steel—cannot be hacksawed or cut by a bolt cutter! Completely Chrome Plated. Available in 2 sizes. The Super Chain features the NEW AMERICAN T-900 LOCK with round, pickproof, burglar alarm type keyway.

SC 1000	2 1/2 Foot Super Chain	less lock	33.00
SC 1050	2 1/2 Foot Super Chain	with lock	39.50
SC 2000	5 Foot Super Chain	less lock	42.00
SC 2050	5 Foot Super Chain	with lock	48.50
T-900	New American Lock with Round Keys		12.00

POSTAGE PAID



MM LIMITED DEPT. ST
7191 W. GRAND • CHICAGO, ILL. 60635



Blaahh!

We found mismarked boxes of the first and seventh issues (we had told you we were sold out!), and so, while the new supply lasts, it will be possible for you to make your collection complete by getting every lousy issue of *Easyriders*, even the historical, immortal first issue!

All issues (numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14) are still waiting for you shrewd collectors to snatch 'em. They cost only a buck (\$1.00) apiece, and we pay postage. So send a dollar for each copy you want. Foreign countries add 50c per issue

Note: Before ordering, see back-issue binder ad in this issue

Send \$1.00 for each copy (we pay postage) to:

BACK ISSUES

819 South Glenoaks Blvd.,
Burbank, California 91502

scratched, the left one had a big ugly dent in it, and the seat was torn, but he could see no major damage. He broke out the rear window of the garage and climbed through. After digging around for a while in the dark he found what he wanted—a large pair of bolt cutters. He stuck the cutters through his belt and climbed back through the window. Might as well get serious about this, he told himself as he opened the compartment in the back-rest and took out the .45. He jacked a round into the chamber, put the safety on and tucked the gun into his waistband on his right hip, far enough back that he could reach it with his left hand. He took out the spare clip and the bottle of pills, stuck the clip into his pocket, swallowed four whites and dropped the bottle back into the compartment. He ran the engine through twice with the choke on, switched on the ignition and kicked it three more times before it started. He felt better then. The rumble of the big engine had a soothing effect on his head. It was telling him that everything was all right, he had the Harley under him now and he was in control again. He parked with the rectangular headlights trained on the main gate and went to work with the bolt cutters. The chain was soft and he was out in two minutes.

Up on the road, running easy until the engine warmed up, he headed west, back out the way he had come into town three days ago. Passing the place where the car had gone



PIPE BELT

Now featuring our beautifully plated hash pipe buckle, easily removable from its heavy leather black belt.

1275

Sizes up to 46" available

KEY CHAIN

WRIST BAND

Sizes 7" 7 1/2" 8" 8 1/2"

425

RIVET ON LEATHER PATCHES

13

175 ea. includes rivets

69

Other patches available

President	Iron Cross	Wings—
Vice President	F.T.W.	Red
Secretary	Nazi S.S.	Black
Treasurer	D.F.F.L.	Brown
Enforcer	Swastika	White
Road Captain		Yellow

Send check or money order to:

ROAD MFG. & DIST. CO.

3204 N. Central Ave. Suite 309

Chicago, Illinois 60634 Dept. E

Dealers & Dist. Inquiries Invited 312-777-1019

Legal Hash??



Comprised completely of organic herbs, plants & vegetables. Gets you off naturally. Satisfaction guaranteed.

5 grams for \$2.50 plus 50¢ hndl.

All orders shipped via Air Mail (Speedy Huh?) from: FLASH - Dept. Q, Box 16098-San Fran., Ca 94116 (Wholesale inquiries welcome)

Sorry, other good in U.S.A. only

TRIPLE PLATED • GUARANTEED

CHROME PLATING

Write for free price list specifying machine

J&J CHROME 540 Orange Ave.

West Haven, Conn. 06516

Dealer Inquiries Invited • 10 Day Service

PHONE 203-934-8510

CUSTOM SHIT

FORTE CYCLES

FT WALTON BEACH - PENSACOLA
FLORIDA (904)244-1913



into the river, he had trouble making himself believe that the last three days had really happened. It was almost over now. If his luck held, he would be safe in LA tomorrow night. They wouldn't know he was gone until morning when they missed the jailer and by then he would be a long way away. The jailer! Goddammit! He had meant to lock the old man in the drunk tank. The stairway door was locked but there was a telephone on the desk. By now the old bastard had surely come to and called out the dogs. Christ, what a stupid thing to do. He could have had a six or seven hour running start and now he didn't have any start at all. There were probably cops all over the damn county, looking for him.

Now he'd take a car if he could get one. Fuck the bike. You're a sitting duck out here. No traffic though, no way to get a car. Fuck it. You've started it now so just hang in there and make your run. Show some class and give it your best shot, and when they catch you, at least they won't be able to say it was easy. But, man, are you going to spend a long time on the inside when they do! At least now you know what you'll be doing with the rest of your life. Makin' license plates.

He had the gas on now, running at 100 mph through the long slow curves coming up out of the canyon, the wind tearing at his eyes. He had lost his sunglasses in the river. As he left the canyon, the road turned away from the river, straightening out through farmland with side roads every mile or so. The sealed beam headlights threw a tunnel of light down the road and the Harley flew through the tunnel at 120 mph, chasing the darkness at the end. Geared high for the road, the shovelhead held 120 with rpm to spare.

Then Pappy saw what he had feared. A flashing red light on a side road a mile and a half ahead. He couldn't beat the patrol car to the intersection so he braked hard, down to 60, saw a road to the left and threw the bike into the turn. He heard and felt the primary cover grinding on the pavement as he powered through the corner, straightened out and kicked it back into fourth. He had no idea where he was going now; he just wanted to keep the wind in his face and feel the Harley under him as long as possible. He turned right at the next intersection, hoping to get back to the highway. The police car was somewhere be-

EMBLEMS

High Quality Embroidered Emblems

Big, beautiful and Embroidered, all ready to sew on your jacket, shirt or?

\$1. FRONT POCKET SIZE
\$2. BACK SIZE - LARGE

(A indicates large size)

CLOTH Ready to sew on

Give the peace sign—day and night with this new taillight. Add that finishing touch to your scooter—and for only \$9.95 plus 50c for postage

SEND TO:
KRAZY THINGS (Dept. ER)
P.O. BOX 2223
IRVINDALE, CALIF. 91706

PLEASE PRINT

Send 25c for illustrated catalog

Please send me the following items (order by item number)

How many	Item Number	Price
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

(No Canadian or Foreign cash—U.S. Money orders only.
Add 50c handling charges.)

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED \$ _____ IN CASH ☐
CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ NO C.O.D.'s

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Dealer Inquiries Invited

(California residents add 5% for tax)

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

-Spider



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

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

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

How to make shyness work for you
How to be sexy
Best places to meet girls
50 great opening lines
World's greatest pickup technique
Why women are dying to meet you
How to get women to approach you

Send for your copy right away. Within days, you can actually be picking up beautiful girls.

How To Pick Up Girls
Box 711
Burbank, California
91503

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

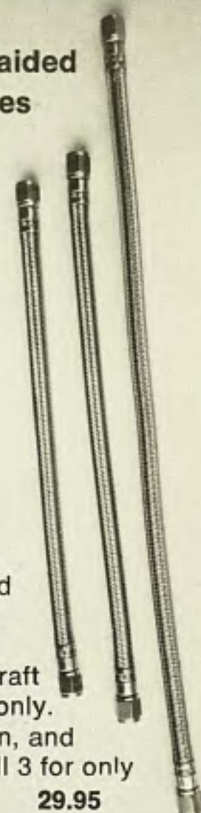
hind him now, but still a long way back. The he saw another flashing light ahead, coming in from the left. God, there were roads all over the place, no telling where the bastards were coming from next. Pappy grabbed both brakes, pulling his speed down almost into a slide, shifted back through the gears as he slowed and turned around, pulling off into the shallow ditch and cutting his lights. The car that had been behind him came out of the darkness, lights flashing, siren wailing and was by Pappy before the driver saw him sitting there in the dark. Pappy dropped the clutch and disappeared back down the road as the cop braked frantically to get turned around.

Pappy took the next road to the left, still trying to get back to the highway. As he approached the highway, the two police cars were a quarter of a mile behind him and then a third car came into sight, hurtling down the highway from the west, the way he wanted to go. Pappy had no choice but to turn toward town, and the patrol car narrowed the distance rapidly as the Harley built speed. The cop pulled to within a hundred yards but couldn't get any closer after the Hog hit top end. Pappy wanted to try for another side road and get turned around, but he was traveling close to 140 mph with the cop tight on his ass and there was no way to slow down. Bet this looks pretty from the air, Pappy thought, the caravan of police cars with all those damn



*"So it's your ol' lady
—and so I dropped my roach!"*

Steel Braided Oil Lines



Super
strong—and
reinforced
where it
counts! Aircraft
type for 74s only.
Intake, return, and
breather—all 3 for only
29.95



Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201

Moving?

If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks **before** changing your address. **Important:** Attach current address label and fill in your name **and new address.** Your filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.

FORKING BY FRANK

Fine fork tubes (there is a difference) and front suspension components for ALL CYCLES in any length, one piece seamless tubing. Springs, collars, crowns, trees, braces, kickstands, spring conversion kits, rakes and decorative fork tube nuts. Reliable fit and freight paid delivery.

FRANK'S

Maintenance & Engineering
945 Pitner, Evanston, Illinois 60202

CHROME PLATING

Try Our Fast Service For your Triple Chrome Plating Needs
GRAVES PLATING CO.

P.O. Box 1052, Florence, Ala. 35380
Phone 205/764-9487

• Serving the Southeast Since 1945 •

Send 50¢ for catalog of smoking accessories to First National



Nothing Products, Box 711,

Burbank, California 91503

TRIPLE CHROME PLATING

All parts beautifully plated. Give us make of cycle when writing for free price list. Dealer inquiries invited. W. Swirin-
2446 3rd St., Fort Lee, New Jersey 07024.
Phone: 201-947-3092.

LOOK MOTORCYCLE PARTS and ACCESSORIES

CUSTOM & "CHOPPER" CYCLE PARTS, SPEED Equipment, Repair Manuals, standard replacement parts too, for most cycles. Send 25¢ (to cover mailing costs) for your illustrated catalog, too.

CALIFORNIA CYCLE SUPPLY

P.O. Box 192 DEPT. ER Fairbury, Ill. 61736

CHANGING ADDRESS?

If you're planning to move, please let us know at least six weeks before changing your address. Attach current address label and fill in your name and your new address. This will serve to insure prompt service on your subscription.

lights flashing and me right up front, leadin' the whole parade. Make a great picture. Something went by Pappy's head with a crack and he threw a glance over his shoulder just in time to see the flash as the cop fired again. Chickenshit bastards are tryin' to waste me. Don't know why they're gettin' so excited. They know I can't keep goin' forever.

He was entering the canyon now, slowing a bit as the road started to bend, jamming balls-out through the corners, scraping exhaust pipes on right turns and the primary cover on left turns. As he was going from a hard left to a hard right corner, something slammed into the small of his back and he almost lost it, got it back in the groove and then felt the fiery pain and knew what had happened. "You shit-assed cock-sucker!" Pappy bellowed into the wind. "You chickenshit pig bastard!" He reached across his back with his left hand and brought out the .45, thumbing the safety down. He turned and squeezed off two quick shots at the driver's side of the car and saw another muzzle flash in return. He had to concentrate on the next curve, then got off three more shots and saw the car swerve, then drop back rapidly and pull toward the edge of the road. The second car in line took the lead and moved closer with gunfire flashing from both side windows. A bullet smashed raw agony into the right side of his back, just below the shoulder, and he had to drop the gun and use both hands to control the chopper.

He almost smiled as he realized that around the next bend was the place where that crazy broad had gone into the drink and started this whole damned mess. He sure was getting tired of this stretch of road. Blood was starting to foam out of his nose and mouth as he came out of the corner and saw the two patrol cars parked nose to nose across the road, and he knew he had finished his run and got on the brakes. He really intended to stop. He had plenty of time to stop. Then his headlights picked up a familiar figure waddling along the shoulder of the road a few yards from the two cars. Harry, the very fat deputy, had stepped over to the river bank to take a piss.

Aw, fuck, Pappy thought with a smile, why not? He turned the gas back on and aimed the Hog at fat Harry.



Lock It Up!

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

Forget your fears of your bike being ripped off. Chain it to a tree, a pole, or any stationary object with this hardened 5/16" chain and revolutionary anti-crowbar, circular, hardened steel lock, and then snicker in contentment.

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

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

Check these features:

- ✓ One of the toughest chains you can buy. Four feet of 5/16" snip-proof, chrome chain.
- ✓ Revolutionary, German-designed circular lock that is heavy steel welded—without rivets and seams, double bolted shackle, and has all inner parts cadmium plated with the outside chrome plated—completely rust proof.
- ✓ Chain and lock weigh 7½ pounds. Less expensive than other chains advertised, yet has the added benefits of the entirely new police recommended lock design, chrome plating, and dual purpose of lock and belt.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

Atlas Chain/Lock

Box 3536,

Glendale, California 91201

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

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

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

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

California residents add 5%, Total cost \$22.95

Send Atlas Chain/Lock to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Choppershopper

Cheap Ad. Rates

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 20¢ per word for private individuals; 40¢ per word for businesses. 10 word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes.

Easysiders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded, unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to Easysiders, Classified Department, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

FOR SALE

COMPLETE CHOPPER SERVICE hex oil tanks reg. \$59.95, our price \$44.95. Harley type 16" rims \$23.95 36 & 40 holes, springs, tubes, rigid frames, hardtails for most all bikes incl. Honda & Yamaha. Steel & glass gas tanks, speed equipment for all makes, exhaust systems, Weber carbs, Hunt magnetos, tires & tubes, handlebars, headlights, seats, small brakewheels, hi-way bars, pegs, fenders, pistons, sissy bars, obsolete parts for Harley, Tri, BSA & many others. Complete bikes built. Your one-stop shopping headquarters. Send \$1.00 for catalog. Dealers inquire on letterhead. Chopper Engineering Mail Order Dept., 122 N. 9th St., Reading, Penna. 19601.

Motorcycle Mechanics School requires top notch instructors. Must have classroom background in Motorcycle Mechanics or heavy experience. Top salaries. Write—N.T.I., 4810 Calvert Rd., College Park, Md. 20740.

DEEP SOUTH CUSTOM BIKE BUILDERS — Not your average shit. Custom painting by David. Send us your wildest dreams; we can build it. H&H Customs, 806 26th Street North, Birmingham, Alabama 35203.

MILL WORK—H.D. engine & trans overhaul. Estimates by mail or phone. Work guaranteed. We build super stockers, W.A.S. Choppers, 3449 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55407. (1-612) 722-3389.

HARLEY PARTS USED/NEW — XLCH, 45, 74, K, Sprint. Reasonable. Andrew Jackson, 5821 28th Ave., Washington, D.C. 20031, 301-423-9869.

SHOW CHROME—Quality plating at prices you can't resist on steel or aluminum. Work guaranteed. Fast service. For information call or write: Brown's Plating Service, Route 5, Box 534, Paducah, Kentucky 42001. Phone 502/554-1146. (13)

CHOPPER PARTS & SERVICES. Showbikes, Go Bikes, H. F. Hawkey Cycle Creations, Junction Routes 145 & 248, Walnutport, Pa. 18088. (TF)

HURRY. Biker needs help. Send help of any kind to J. Bennett, Box 2461, Landover Hills, Maryland 20784. (15)

California biker jamming north mid July. Needs Chick to pack with. Photo helpful. Interested? Contact Phil, Box W, c/o Easysiders, P.O. Box 2086, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (15)

BANGING YOUR LOVED ONE? STOP! FORK STOPS will save your precious paint and molding from being banged by custom front forks. Easily installed, rubber tips, adjustable, available with chrome for \$6.95, unchromed for \$4.95 per pair plus 50¢ for postage and handling. Send certified check or money order to: TRI-STATE CHOPPERS, 4002 Grand Ave., Dept. C, Duluth, Mn. 55807.

BUILDING A CHOPPER? Try us for parts. No fancy full-page ads, but we've got the goodies at out-of-sight prices. We pay freight too. Catalog 50¢. M-R Enterprises, Dept. "E", Box 34, Circle Pines, Minn. 55014 (3).

HOG FOR SALE. 1953 panhead motor in '62 swingarm frame. Engine has new pistons, rings, rods, bearings and cages. Tranny in perfect condition. Tires almost new. Heads are new, O-ring type. Has footshift, mouse-trap. Paint is perfect. Chrome on pipes and handlebars has yellowed. Bike is legal. \$1000.00. Old rigid frame \$100.00. Buzz Eusebio Ayala, San Simon 97-1, Mexico 3, D.F.

BUILDING A CHOPPER? Try us for parts. No fancy full-page ads, but we've got the goodies at out-of-sight prices. We pay freight too. Catalog 50¢. M-R Enterprises, Dept. "E", Box 34, Circle Pines, Minn. 55014. (3)

EASTERN CHOPPER SERVICE — Hex oil tanks \$44.95, 16" rims \$23.95. Z bars \$10.95. Square lites \$9.95. Small brake wheels \$69.95. Springs from \$175. Bota bags \$6.95. Obsolete parts for all makes. Send \$1.00 for 60 page catalog. Dealers on letterhead. AH Custom Cycle Supply, 333 N. 10th St., Reading, Penna. 19501. Phone 215-376-6062.

SPORTSTER SPEED PARTS. Stroker flywheels, \$110.00 a set; chopper or drag frames, \$198.00; reworked 3-3/16 cylinders, \$125.00 exchange; reground cams, \$40.00. We also build complete stock or race engines. Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 E. 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216. Phone (316) 682-4781.

STEEL SPORTSTER TANKS — \$35.00; Rim & Spoke Kits — \$39.00. Lots more at super prices. Write Custom Cycle, Box 28, Franklin, New Jersey 07416. (15)

SHOW CHROME Steel, brass, aluminum parts done, beautifully plated. Custom show chrome especially for bikers. Dealer inquiries invited. Custom Plating Works, 922 Jackson Street, Alexandria, Louisiana 71301. Phone 318-448-1509.

WANTED: Righteous biker from up-state New York. Have super chop. Looking for super chick to jam with. Send picture, phone, and statistics. Frank A. Scholz, 13 Eagle Street, Schenectady, New York 12307. (15)

CHROME PLATING. We specialize in plating motorcycle parts. Quality plating on steel or aluminum. Reasonable prices. Work guaranteed. For information call or write: Brown's Plating Service, Route 5, Box 534, Paducah, Ky. 42001. Phone 502/554-1146.

MAKE GOOD MONEY! Be a Safe & Vault Technician. Start by ordering one or all of the following booklets: 1. Changing and Repairing Combination Locks: \$5.00. 2. Opening—Using Force: \$10.00. 3. Opening—Manipulation: \$15.00 State School of Security Devices, Dept. 101, P.O. Box 4687, Hialeah, Fla. 33014.

ATTENTION SMOKERS! Unbelievable! Electric shotgunner, "The Blaster," \$14.95. 2-joint blaster \$18.95. Also water pipes: two hoses \$8.95; one hose \$4.75; regular water pipe \$2.95. Terrific "sittable" pipe, can't spill \$3.95. Beautiful, wooden hand-carved pipe \$4.75. For the roller: Instant roller \$1.95 (real pictures) Patriotic papers: Flag, Dollar Bill, Draft Card, Camouflage, choice: \$1.50, or 20—\$6.00. Please enclose description of items, quantity wanted and total price with check or money order to C&E Sales, Box 415, Auburn, New York 13021. Giant order list free with any purchase. Special free offer: 1/2 dozen screens with any purchase.

HARLEY RIDERS: We have a complete line of speed and custom parts. We also build complete stock or race engines. Check us out! Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 E. 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216. Phone 316-682-4781.

HARLEY STROKER Flywheels, \$110.00 set. Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 E. 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216. Phone 316-682-4781.

SUPER CYCLES — Chopper and Dirt Bike parts for all makes. Speed Equipment — cams, carbs, pistons. Everything for the performance-minded biker. Obsolete parts for all makes — try us! Our catalog contains thousands of quality items. Not a mickey mouse 20-pager! To assure you of fair pricing and good delivery, we don't sell to dealers. Send \$2 (refundable) for the super catalog. R.P.M. Cycle Warehouse, 39 S. Wyomissing Ave., Shillington, Pa. 19607 (15)

OBsolete PARTS FOR SALE

Most obsolete parts are available at D&D Distributors, 800 (Z) South San Fernando Rd., Burbank, California 91502. Write for information, or send \$2.00 for 96 page catalog. \$2.00 is refundable with first \$10.00 purchase.

SITUATION WANTED

Professional Artist building bikes, fresh ideas. Contact Marv Jensen, RR#2, St. Ansgar, Ia. 50472, phone 515-736-4637.

WANTED

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS—Easysiders are always interested in purchasing professional photos of choppers. Write on your letterhead for rates and

requirements. Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

PROFESSIONAL WRITERS—Read a couple of issues of Easysiders thoroughly, and decide if you can (or barf, willing), to write in Easysiders'. 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

FOR SALE: Harley, '49 Pan, '56 innards, '48 frame, 15" extended. Needs overhaul. \$800. Send \$1 for photo: Box 151, Council, Idaho 83612. (15)

R.P.M. NEEDS HELP. Sell our products to friends and other riders. No experience needed, but you must be familiar with cycles. You take the order — we ship from our warehouse. Write for complete information. R.P.M. Cycle Warehouse, 39 S. Wyomissing Ave., Shillington, Pa. 19607. (15)

JACK: Nothing in life is important with you gone. I'm sorry and I love you. Please get in touch. Carol. (15)

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

LARRY'S CUSTOM CYCLE has one of Southern Michigan's largest assortments of custom accessories. Custom painting and molding. Mail orders welcome. 228 N. Main St., Adrian, Mich. 49221. (15)

Mail Call

The following names and addresses are bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from girls. We've had to condense the listings in order to get as many as we can listed every issue. Be sure to use entire address given, exactly as given, to be certain your letter is received.

Swinging chicks to write a Kiwi Biker. Bruce Lyon, 22 Grey St., Shannon, New Zealand.

Presently held captive in San Quentin State prison. James Glosp, Box B-35888, Tamal, California 94964

You can write the Ironhouse "War Lord" B.F.F.B.F.T.W. Jesse W. Grim #131-203, Ohio State Pen (new) Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648

Robert Runyon #133-520, Kenneth R. Houshel #129672, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648

From California, went to Michigan to party, now doing 2 to 6. Write John Delaney #133776, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846

Jerry Crews #35341, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310

William Saxton, 330/C. C/2 Parchman, Miss. 38738



Smooth, clean lines
Outstanding design
Heavy bronze finish
Finest leather
Hand-made belt

Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear.

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.



Over 2,000 sold—not one single complaint!
Quality is absolutely guaranteed or money refunded.

This book stands alone.



Alone in its field,
at last a complete guide
for the serious bike builder.
Packed with pages of "how to"
articles that explain everything from
installing a springer to tips on mounting
an oil tank. Complete listings of illustrated parts
and prices. Plenty of full-page color photos. And a
giant (21" x 23") full-color pull-out Dave Mann poster.
All in all, 160 pages of chopper gold. Enough to make
Jammer's Handbook stand alone. Best yet, D & D will deduct
the \$3.00 price from your first \$20.00 purchase.

Send the coupon or the same information
and your \$3.00 to:

D & D Distributors, Inc.,
800 (R8) S. San Fernando Blvd.,
Burbank, California 91502

OR

D & D Distributors
858 (R8) Decatur Avenue North
Minneapolis (Golden Valley)
Minnesota 55427

Member of



Please send me the Jammer's Handbook with the free Dave
Mann poster inside. I am enclosing \$3.00 for the whole
thing (\$2.95 + one lousy nickel toward postage & handling).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

R8

Dealers: Inquire on your letterhead.