Dell D. 04107

Easyriders

October, 1973

75¢

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

A Practical Case Against Helmet Laws!

World's Greatest Choppers in full color!

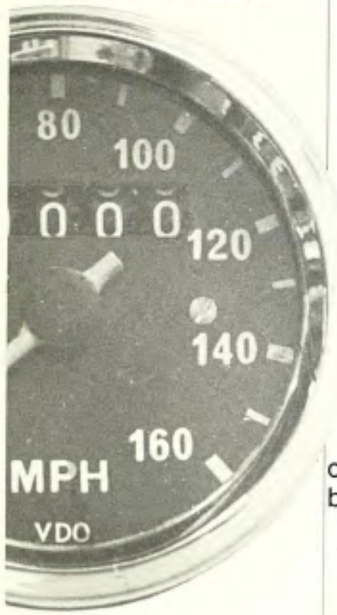
You've Never Seen a BMW Like This!

See page 38

Two-page Dave Mann Painting

160 mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper!

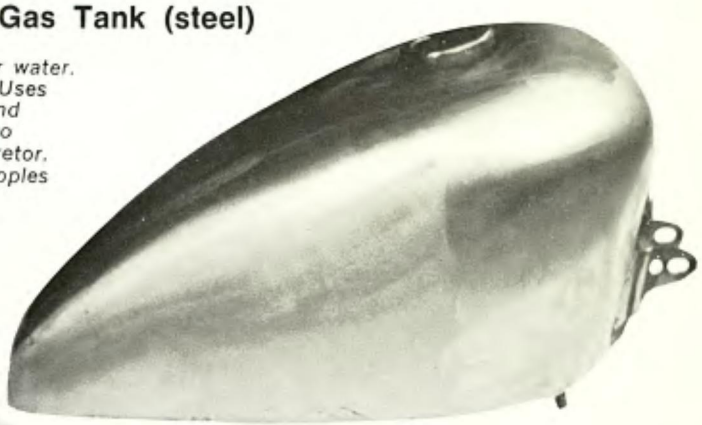
Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2⅜" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.



Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light. **$39.95**

Sportster Type Gas Tank (steel)

Pressured tested under water. Capacity 2½ 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. 2½ gallon capacity. Low tunnel.
$29.95

Fat-Bob Fender

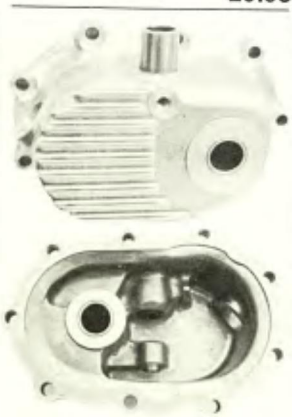
Heavy steel. Ideal for Swingarm 74's **$25.25**

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



74 Kick Cover

Super strong—and reinforced! **29.95**

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.

2½ 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

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ADVERTISING DIRECTOR J. Walker Scott, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265 (213) 457-3171.

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ABATE

MCCSI

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

New Law and Order trip: The Heat in New Jersey have got themselves a super nightstick--or at least it looks like a big nightstick, only it's a little wider and has a trigger in the handle. Is it to whop your gourd with? Poke you in the grommet? No, it shoots small bags of BBs --like bean-bags--that when fired unfold into flat pancakes and "hit with a tremendous force—equal to a heavyweight fighter's hardest punch." The idea (they say) is to knock a dude down, stun him, without permanently injuring him. They say it's a humane way of handling people. I suppose that's assuming the Cassius Clay-like punch isn't to the nose, adam's apple, or the family jewels.

Speaking of Law and Order, the Nixonland (Orange County, California) Board of Supervisors authorized the expenditure of $6,700 to buy an electronic surveillance receiver—an anti-bugging device to detect it if anybody was bugging them!

Can't fool them dudes: The New York City police thought they were playing it cool when they parked empty squad cars in high-crime areas to make people think there were more policemen in the area than there actually were. But it wasn't long before they had to abandon the plan, because the unoccupied squad cars were being stripped of everything that was removable.

Another use for cow chips. No, I'm not hung up on cowshit. It's just that all of a sudden science is finding all kinds of uses for it. If you could smoke it, maybe I'd be interested (during a famine), but you can't, and so I'm here to report that the U.S. Bureau of Mines has developed a way to convert cow potty to methane and ethane, the major constituents of natural gas.

Good friends: During a drinking bout, two dudes in Yugoslavia got into a fight. During the battle one of the guys bit off the ear of his best friend. After things cooled off, the biter dude apologized. His friend told him to go piss up a rope (or whatever they say in Yugoslavia) because he had made him ugly. So in order to remain friends the biter whipped out a knife and cut off one of his own ears. Now they're both ugly—and friends again.

Medicinal file: If you get busted while holding some killer weed, tell The Man that it's for your bronchial asthma. He won't buy it, but maybe you should know that doctors at the Boston University School of Medicine have held tests proving that killer weed relieves asthmatic conditions. They don't know why, but for some reason pot dilates the bronchial vessels and air resistance decreases.

Speaking of bronchial tubes, did I tell you that a California judge ruled that the law against oral copulation between consenting adults was unconstitutional? I did? Well, I didn't want any chicks to miss that vital earth-shaking news.

Are you ready for this? I don't know why they'd have to advertise for them—maybe Man's Best Friend tells 'em to get screwed when they're asked to be finks. Whatever the problem, there was a large advertisement in a newspaper recently that went like this: "Wanted! German Shepherd Dogs. The Air Force Dog Procurement Team will accept donations, or will pay up to $150 for qualified dogs. Qualifications: 1 to 3 years old, 23 inches high at shoulders, 60 pounds. Females spayed—and no all-white dogs. The dogs will be trained to be 'law' dogs for Department of Defense, narcotics, airport bomb detection, and military patrol duties." Now the next time that chowhound of yours screws up, you can tell him to shape up or ship out.

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Everything from A to Z—Complete service information

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

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✓ Harley 45 Service Manual $7.50

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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. Glenoaks, 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

WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

Headache High

☐ In regard to your article titled "The Promised Pot Patch," I'd like you to know that here in Nebraska we ride, smoke pot, diddle, and enjoy life like everyone else. The domestic stuff is renowned for its "headache high," but seven days and a $500 fine for a half-pound or less, along with no helmet law and no scooter hassles, make living here well worthwhile.

M.S.
Chadron, Nebr.

Say What We Think

☐ I like a mag that's not afraid to say what they think — and I think they should put your entire staff in the White House.

One Supporter
St. Petersburg, Fla.

■ What, and fuck up our biker image?

Dumb Drivers

☐ Doesn't it seem reasonable to expect that custom bikes with all their chrome and attractive paint jobs would be more noticeable to dumb automobile drivers than a stock motorcycle — and as a result, safer than stock?

Logical Ass
Vidor, Texas

■ A dumb driver is a dumb driver. Just putt defensively, knowing there are wierdos out there that will nail ya if given half a chance.

What Happened?

☐ In days of old, bikers were bold and rode those full-dress Harleys. Now they buy Hondas. Why? It couldn't be because Harleys aren't made as well as they were in those days of old? It couldn't be because your feet do a little dance off the floorboards at about 70 miles per hour? Or could it be that 70 isn't a good cruising speed in the '70s? Or maybe it's because if we stop for a brew, look out for that vapor lock — hang on, brothers, hang on! Maybe it's that fantastic carb that floats you along for about two minutes after you shut it down between gears. Or could it be that if you're packing someone, you'd better be knock-kneed and pigeon-toed if you want to touch the pavement?

Good ol' Number One had better go back to their '68 model and earlier if they want to stay number one.

Maybe Harley's making their 74's too close to their bowling pins?

A '72 dresser owner
Kenneth Cook
Warren, Michigan

There's a Difference?

☐ At the present time, I'm riding an ex-police, 1967 FLH, and occasionally, my ol' lady — it's a toss-up as to which is the better ride.

R.S.
Meridian, Miss.

Room And Broad

☐ I'm another chick like Daisy in your June column. I'd work two jobs for enough money to keep a biker's scooter on the road in exchange for rent, food, partying and some ballin' on the side. So, if any guy has an ol' lady who doesn't get off her ass to clean his scooter—dump her. There's a lot more chicks like Daisy and me around.

M.O.E.
Clearwater, Fla.

■ So why in hell didn't you send your address?

Yeah

☐ In response to Bruce Carson of Miami, page 8, column 3, in the June issue: And if your aunt had balls, she'd be your uncle.

Rose Edwards
Bay City, Mich.

Come Out More Often

☐ Why don't you guys put in some overtime and get your rag out more often?

Bugs Bugsch
New York City

■ That'll be enough of that "overtime" bullshit.

Digs Harleys

☐ I think Harleys are beautiful. Image, power, guts, sound — everything. I just plain love Harleys — they get to me. I suppose it will always be hard to explain, but any real Harley man will tell you it's in his blood and he'll never let it go — unless it's ripped off like mine was a month ago — along with my soul

Gypsy
Philadelphia, Pa.

Eyeball Strain

☐ Why was that chick on the Milwaukee Iron bike blurred? It was really a strain on the eyes trying to focus on a set of out-of-focus tits.

Harvey Simms
Hollywood, Fla.

■ Those were not staff photos. It was the only nude shot submitted — so maybe she was bashful, or she had an embarrassing tattoo (like "sweet" and "sour"), a mean hickey — or something like that. That dude she was posing with looked like a meat eater.

Dutch Treat

☐ This letter is just to let you know that your magazine is sold in Holland. It is expensive, fl.5 — about two dollars.

I had an A.J.S., but the only chopper parts you can buy in Holland are fuel tanks—all other parts we must make ourselves.

Rob Does
Delfilaan 6g5
Haarlem, Holland

Getting Too Loose?

☐ Somebody must be getting pretty loose around there. On page 19 of your June issue you put a couple of photos of a Sportster engine in the Triumph feature. I guess you dudes were hung up on that foxy lady.

Holden McIntosh
Castro Valley, Calif.

☐ You guys really blew it this time. Maybe you thought we'd all be lookin' at the long blonde and not notice, but shit, she had her clothes on.

Mysterious Mike
Atlanta, Ga.

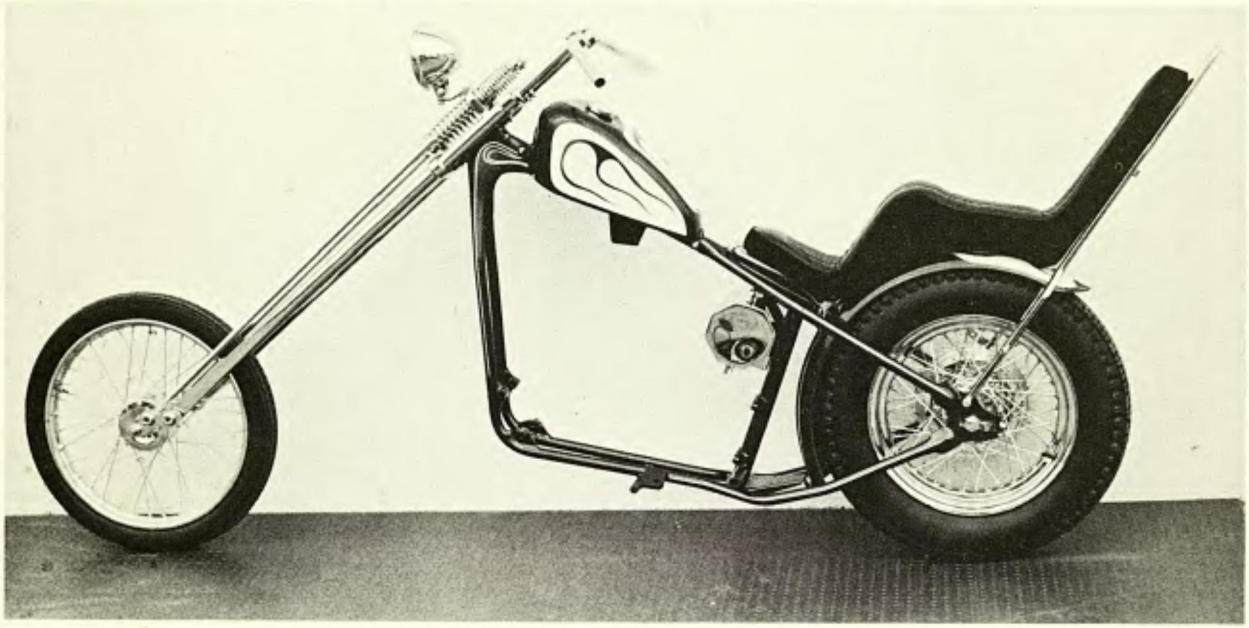
☐ Why did you have two photos of a Sportster mixed in with that damned limey thing?

Ed
El Monte, Calif.

☐ I noticed that a couple of pics of Ed Bond's Trump looked just like my ol' man's Sportster. Have I been rid-

"Haw! I told ya your scoot was a dog!"

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?

Jammer Cycle Products

Member of NCCSI

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

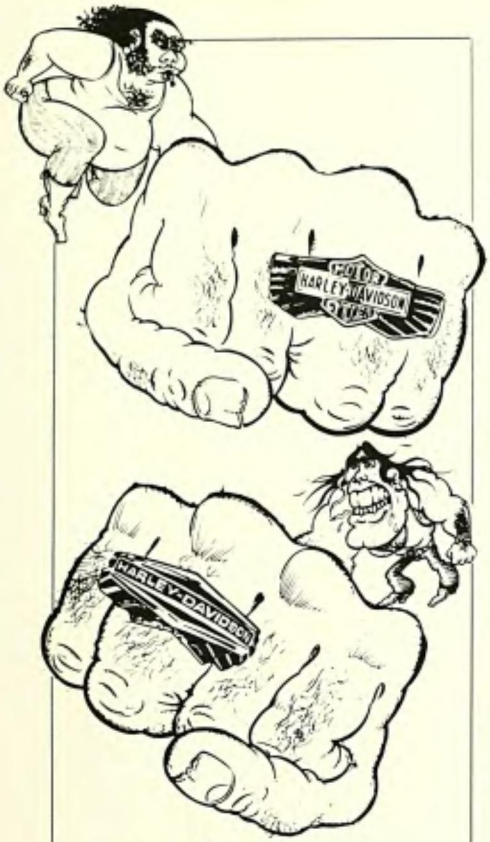
I've read all 1205 words in this ad and still want to know more about the Sportster Jammer. Here's my $3.00 for the 1973 Jammer's Handbook. (This $3.00 will be refunded with my first $20.00 purchase.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip ____

Dealers inquire on your letterhead. *E8*



Sterling Silver Rings

No—don't confuse these with similar rings you may have seen—these are top quality—and they're sterling silver!

You'd expect to hock your scoot for something this good, wouldn't ya? But—get ready—they cost only $14.95 each.

There's two styles available. Style (A) the original Harley emblem design, and style (B), the later style.

A

B

Available in only the following sizes: 6½, 7½, 9½, 11, and 12.

So all you have to do to get one is fire $15.45 ($14.95 plus 50¢ for postage) along with the size and style you want. Who knows—you might be the first one on the block to get one!

Send your order to:

PAISANO

819 South Glenoaks Blvd.,
Burbank, California 91502

ing on the back of a Trump all of these years and didn't know it?

DJ's Ol' Lady
Syracuse, N.Y.

☐ How in hell did you make it look like an in-line twin? Is this some new bolt-on part soon to come on the market?

Kerry French
Fairfield, Calif.

☐ You guys have got to be putting those little goofs in your rag to keep us readers on our toes.

Dave Mann
El Cajon, Calif.

☐ I see you guys finally figured out how to give a Triumph some class — just add some Sporty photos.

Jester
Muscative, Iowa

☐ You slobs must be puffin' or snortin' some far-out stuff to make a goof like that.

Bob
Cincinnati, Ohio

☐ You dudes must have some righteous stuff stashed around the office.

Little John
Sebastian, Texas

☐ You guys really know how to do a number on someone's head. Here I am diggin' your rag and all of a sudden the Trump mysteriously grew another down tube, lost an exhaust pipe, and did a ninety degree turn with its jugs. Does this really happen — or did I finally come into some righteous weed?

Gator
Bridgeton, N.J.

☐ Don't you fuckers know a Harley when you see it without someone telling you? I don't know everything, but I do know that much. Just remember, motorcycles are the ones with two wheels.

Michael Newman
Albany, Oregon

☐ Who was dumbass who put snapshots of a shovelhead in an article about a Limey?

Reggie Watts
Greenville, S.C.

☐ I hope the owner of that Sporty didn't come down there and kick the shit out of you guys.

Terry Sharpe
Winston-Salem, N.C.

☐ Did you guys fuck up, or am I still stoned?

Jungle J.
Revere, Mass.

☐ We'd really like to thank you guys for the fuck-up on page 19 — we all really had a good laugh.

Popeye and the gang
Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Whoever made that mistake should be condemned to having Miraculous Mutha sit on his face while she blasts out a beer fart.

Bikers of
Watch Section Four
Ferndale, Calif.

☐ Whomever made the goof — I know just how you feel.

David Adams
Commercial Artist
Boston, Mass.

☐ It wouldn't surprise me if you guys got your pictures of good-looking chicks and Miraculous Mutha's column mixed up with something outta Big Bike.

Helmut Shunnon
Denver, Colo.

☐ You're not going to tell us that those photos weren't photos of a righteous oil leaker?

Machine, Tex and Turkey
Poisippany, N.J.

■ There's a flat-ass code around here—nobody cops out to anything.

You're Welcome

☐ Our library just received its first free issue of your rag. All of us at this maximum security state prison want to thank you.

Big Al
Thomaston, Maine

Going Down

☐ You guys give a lot of happiness to a lot of people. Someday I'm gonna subscribe to your filthy rag, but for now I'm gonna wait to see if you go downhill like some other chopper mags have done.

Neal Bardwell
Bernardston, Maine

■ Some people think we couldn't go down any further.

Chick Bank

☐ We have an organization going in which we write to outlaws behind bars. Your Mail Call column has helped us tremendously in supplying us with addresses of jailed brethren. We also

"Try not to antagonize him, honey."

have a chick bank. We collect chick names and addresses and send them to brothers throughout the country. Would you print our address so people can contact us?

Walter Younie #123220
Maryland State Prison
954 Forest Street
Baltimore, Md. 21202

Bring-down Of The Month

☐ They're still out there! You may have to crawl through cornfields and shop the livestock columns of your local rag, but where else do you find hogs for sale?

I thought you freaks might get off on this one I

located and zoomed down on for $350. And hang onto your mountain oysters — this old sow was even licensed and running.

Chas. Hunt
Kirksville, Mo.

■ You know how to bring a guy down, don't you.

No Complaints

☐ I though you'd be interested to know that a copy of **Easyriders** goes for three packs of cigarettes in here — and it's worth it. I've got no complaints or suggestions — I dig it the way it is. I hope you don't go out of business for awhile 'cause I got a five-to-life beef.

Mel Doughty
B-44889, 3E41
Tamal, Calif. 94964

Down On Mutha

☐ I like almost everything in your mag, but I think Miraculous Mutha sucks.

Terry Riley
Hobart, Tasmania

■ Does she ever.

Easy Enough

☐ Hey, bastards, wouldya answer one question for us? Why in hell does your rag appear on some newsstands before it shows up in the mailbox? That should be easy enough to answer, even for you guys.

Brotherhood of Bikers
Oronogo, Missouri

■ They are not supposed to. The subscriber copies are mailed first, but they go though the post office, whereas the newsstand copies are shipped by truck. A couple of other reasons are that many newsstands (having sold all of the previous-issue copies) put the new copies out earlier than they are supposed to. Then too, a subscriber to **Easyriders** who works for the postoffice informed us that they work on bulk-mailed magazines only one day a week. The major point in subscribing to this rag is to be certain of getting it rather than trying to buy it at the newsstand before it is sold out.

No publisher these days can honestly use the pitch that subscribers will always get their copies before the newsstands do — it's simply not possible until the postoffice is allowed to hire back a lot of the people they were forced to fire during Nixon's efficiency kick.

Easy Time

☐ Somehow the hours of cell time have a way of speeding up whenever the day gets close for the appearance of **Easyriders** in our library.

Ross Laursen
Folsom, Calif.

■ We'll send free subscriptions to any prison library. All we need is a letter from a prison official saying that it is okay. Send request to Subscription Dept., Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Southern Exposure

☐ I thought I'd let you-all in on what's going down South. Dope is really hard to come by — The Man looks for beer drunks. It's such a dry country that I asked a longhair if he turned on. After I explained what I meant, he told me he didn't want to "get hooked on grass, because it's addicting."

He then told me where I could get some good Tijuana Gold marijuana cigarettes. I told him to screw a cow.

Cockroach
Popularville, Miss.

Minor Problem

☐ Could you tell me how to hook up a motorcycle chain to a Corvair engine? If you tell me how, I'll have half of my problems solved.

Jeff Stefanini
San Diego, Calif.

■ Yeah, you will.

Hard To Believe

☐ Did you know that your magazine is considered contraband in Marine Recruit Training? I thought you might get a rush from hearing this. Oh yes, excuse the crayon.

Name withheld
United States Marines
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

■ You'd think they'd be a little nicer — being right next door to the Western White House and all.

A Great Invention

☐ I've come up with a simple device that can increase the potency of weed 25 to 50%. Is there some way I can patent the idea?

Doodle Bug
USAF, Okinawa

■ Yeah, but be sure to use your name — not mine.

Got To His Ol' Lady

☐ I just wanted you to know that **Easyriders** has gotten my ol' lady to finally accept my 74 as one of the family.

Sunny and Holly
Detroit, Mich.

Gourd Twister

☐ Tell whoever wrote that story about the fucked-up pelican to send me some of that shit he's been smokin'.

Bimbo
Phoenix, Ariz.

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. ■

Two Year Guarantee

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.

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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_____

Immediate Delivery

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.

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! Only **$8.95**

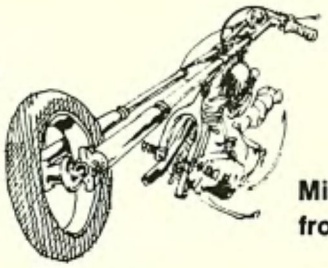
plus $1.00 for postage and handling

ChopShirt

Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Motorcycle air bags . . .

The motorcycle air bag crash test shown on pages 68-69 of this issue were conducted by England's Dr. Peter Bothwell at the Motor Industries Research Association crash facility, Nuneaton, England, last October. Dr. Bothwell's research on airbag performance and feasibility for motorcycles is funded by a National Highway Traffic Safety Administration

. . . As can be seen from the photo sequence, the bag was fully inflated at 50 milliseconds after contact. Although it appears that the bag did not support the rider as he moved forward into the car, the subsequent data taken from the accelerometers within the dummy showed a high degree of cushioning. When compared to data from an identical crash without an airbag, we learned that the difference was that of almost certain fatality and one of minor injury. In other words, the bag worked.

. . . So, whether the airbag or any other add-on safety device will reduce injuries is a moot point at this time. Certainly the bag has several things going for it. It would be kind of neat to see that little thing jump up if you were heading for the side of a truck that had run a light. On the other hand, should every motorcyclist be required to buy a bag because some riders don't ride as well as they should? I don't think so.

—Ivan J. Wagar, Editor
Cycle World

Lousy Drivers...

. . . Let's face it—nearly all of their motorcycle-oriented legislation currently proposed or in effect is based on the theory of accident *survival.* Isn't it about time that they attempted to do something about accident *prevention?*

. . . All this gadgetry to the contrary, the major factor in our highway slaughter statistics is—lousy drivers. A combination of inadequate driver education and plain old 'poor attitude' has brought about stupidity pollution on our roads. *Offensive* driving has become the standard, be it intentional or otherwise. And this is not a 'mechanical' problem—it's a mental one.

. . . Take a look at a problem particularly important to motorcyclists . . . that fallacy involving "I didn't see him". This cliche has produced a 'semi-mechanical' attempt at solution, the headlight-on-at-all-times laws . . . about which I have a great deal of reservation. It has been heralded as the panacea. Never mind that it just may produce depth perception miscalculations and could prove to be a hazard. It's popular just now so let's pass a law.

". . . 'I didn't see him' is an excuse, not a reason. It has nothing to do with actual vision. If that driver can't see a motorcycle, then he can't see a telephone pole or a stop sign or a pedestrian; he can't even read road signs. He's damn near blind and should not be permitted a driver's license. That pat phrase is an all but foolproof way to disclaim responsibility and thereby avoid punishment. And those who use it know that! As soon as those four little words are mouthed—Presto!—the cyclist is now the one at fault.

. . . No, governmental-types, real highway safety is a matter of accident prevention and that has very little to do with mechanical devices. Helmets and air bags and headlights-on and left-hand shift standards aren't going to do it. The real traffic hazards are in the heads of the people who operate motor vehicles. I think it's high time you guys got your bandwagon turned around and headed up the right road.

Consider one final and hypothetical example: Statistics show that in more than 70 percent of all automobile/motorcycle accidents, it is the automobile driver who is at fault. I'll bet we could reduce the total of such accidents by at least 50 percent overnight — using just one simple psychological ploy. How? Well, what do *you* think would happen if every front page and every newscast tomorrow morning announced that each and every motorcyclist in the country had just been deputized?

—Roger Hull, Editor
Road Rider

AMA against lights-on laws . . .

While the AMA continues to urge all cyclists voluntarily to exercise any measure which they feel to be effective in making their sport and hobby safer, the mandatory nature of existing lights-on legislation appears to constitute yet another operational burden which seems unjustified in view of the statistical information currently available on the subject. Hence, the Association has been active in opposing passage of such legislation in a number of states.

. . . Finally, the AMA's greatest objection to lights-on legislation is the unfair amount of responsibility placed on the motorcyclist in the event of an accident.

Invariably, if a motorcycle is involved in an accident, especially of a front-end nature, the first thing which is destroyed is the headlight, making it nearly impossible for the cyclist to establish that his headlight was burning. Hence, in many states, he may be found negligently liable in an accident which was, more than likely, not his fault.

. . . From the results of this preliminary study it can be interpreted that the burning of headlights is of questionable value at best. Seemingly, legislators in their zest to protect motorcycles from accidents have ignored the most important factor. It has been established that in 70 percent of car/bike accidents, cyclists are victims of a discourteous, unthinking or perhaps even a consciously hostile motorist. Rather than lights-on legislation, the AMA favors motorist-directed educational programs.

—Bob Rasor
AMA News

Three bikers were standing around the campfire bullshittin'. One was a Honda owner, one owned a Triumph, and the other owned a Harley.

The Honda owner boasted, "Hell, I slid two blocks on a gravel road and didn't even bleed."

The Trump owner said, "Shit, man, I rear-ended a '59 Cadillac at over a hundred and got up and kicked the shit out of the owner for getting in my way."

The Harley owner didn't say anything. He just stood there stirring the fire with his dick.

—Mojo
Santa Barbara

The traffic cop was giving the young lady a speeding ticket when he stopped all of a sudden and stared in astonishment as her legs swelled up like balloons. "Good Lord, lady, are you all right?" the cop exclaimed.

"Damn those panty hose," she said disgustedly. "That happens every time I fart."

—Robert Thornburg
Anderson, Indiana

A biker and his ol' lady were jammin' down the road when they hit a wet spot on a curve. After sliding a ways and getting his share of roadrash, the biker ran to his scoot to check it over for possible damage. It was okay, so he then went over to his ol' lady, who was lying on the road. "Are you okay?"

She groaned slightly and said, "I've got a gash eight inches long."

"I know that," he said, "but are you okay?"

—R.J. Duffy
St. Petersburg, Florida

An Avon Lady got on an apartment elevator. Being alone, she farted and then reached into her sales case and got out a can of pine-scented deodorant and sprayed it to kill the smell.

The elevator stopped at the second floor and a drunk got on. No sooner had he got on than he started sniffing. Finally he asked the broad what in hell that smell was.

The Avon Lady, acting aloof, answered, "Well, what does it smell like?"

He sniffed a couple more times and then said, "This may sound weird, but it smells like somebody shit a Christmas tree."

—Jim Watson
Linden, Texas

Two bikers were taking a leak from the top of a bridge into the river below. To impress his chick (who was waiting for him to get rid of his recycled beer), with the size of his joint, one biker said loudly, "Christ, that water sure is cold down there."

His smartass buddy replied, "Yeah, and it's deep too!"

—Bill Morris
St. Louis, Missouri

A gang of badass bikers took over a small town and herded the entire population into a large corral. To frighten everyone in order to keep them in line while bikers drank up the town's supply of booze, the Prez announced to everyone in the corral that his gang was going to tie up all the men and rape all the women.

A rickety old bag, barely managing to walk forward with her two canes, cackled, "Well, hurry up young man—times awastin'!"

—Allen Schrecengost
Creighton, Pa.

"Hey, man, what wou'd you do if you caught your ol' lady ballin' another dude?"

"What would I do if I found my ol' lady screwin' some other dude?" The biker thought for a moment and then said, "Shit, I'd bust the sonuvabitch's white cane over his head and shoot his seein'-eye dog!"

—G. Goretzski
Waupun, Wisconsin

The poker party was over and two bikers were talking about the shit they were going to catch from their ol' ladies when they got home.

"Man, I shut off my engine a half block from the house and coast the rest of the way. Then I take off my boots before goin' into the house, and sneak into bed—but the bitch always wakes up and starts bendin' my ear."

Another biker, overhearing the conversation, said, "You do it all wrong—I never have any problem. I roar up to the garage, slam the door, stomp into the bedroom makin' a helluva racket. When I get in bed I grab my ol' lady's ass and ask her if she wants to ball. She always pretends she's sleepin'.

—Frank Eldridge
Sarasota, Florida

This biker finally got married. His 16-year-old virgin bride went into the bathroom to undress for the wedding night fun and games. When she came out of the head she found her new husband had stuffed cotton into his ears and nose. There being no point in trying to talk to him through the homemade ear plugs, she scribbled on the motel stationery, "What in hell are you doing? Why are you plugging your ears and nose?" The biker answered, "There are two things I can't stand. One's to hear a chick scream and the other's the smell of burning rubber."

—Cecil Gordon
Huntington, W. Va.

Heard any good ones lately? Well, clean 'em up a little and send them to Silly Tilly, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California, 90740. She'll pay $10 for every one she uses.

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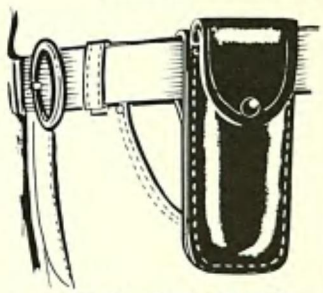

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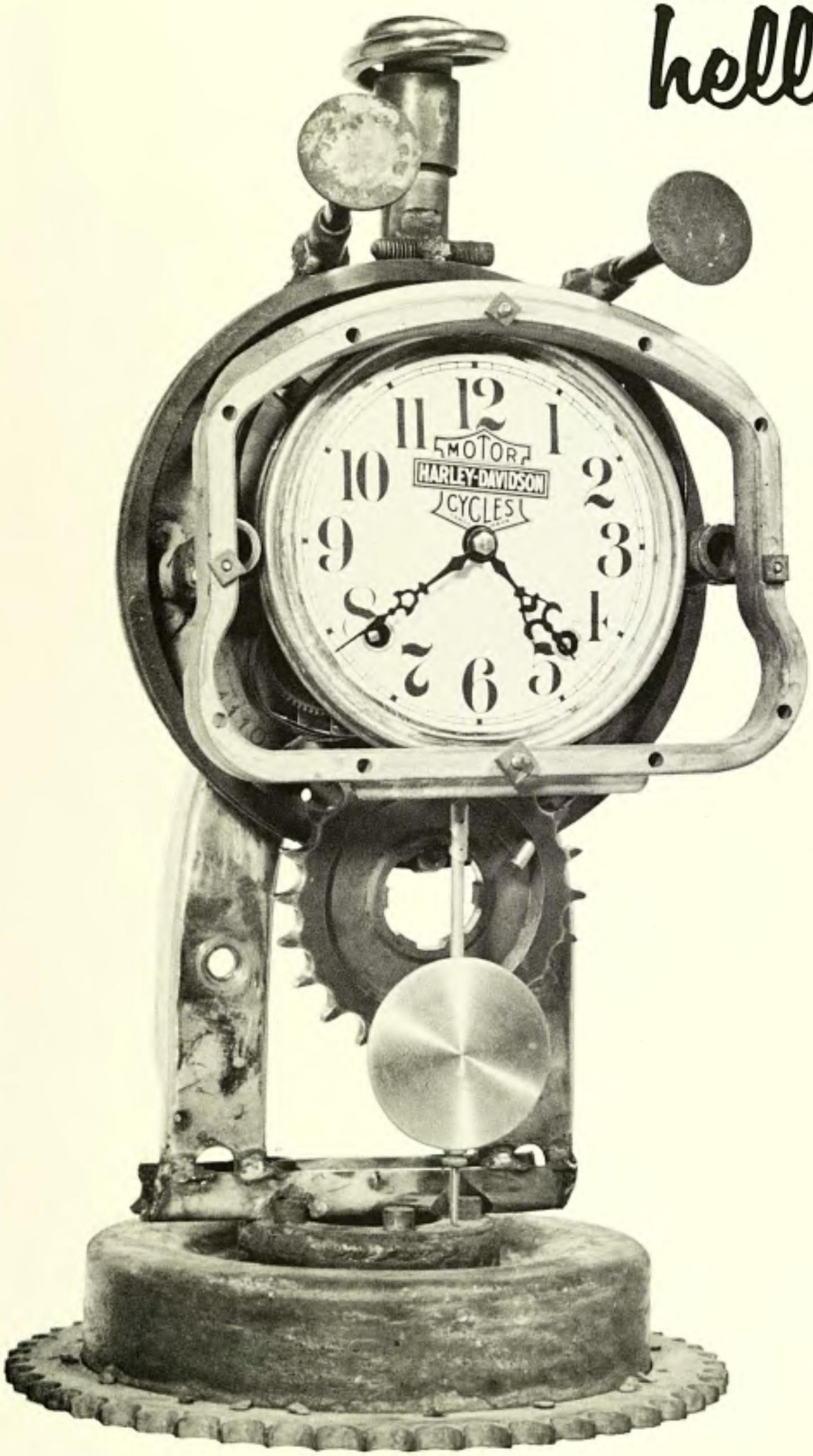
What the hell is that?



You're probably thinking, now what in the hell is **that** — aren't ya? No, it's not a get-rich-quick gimmick from AMF. And it's not some Harley-freak's gift to the Honda factory — although it does tick.

What is it? It's a Harley Clock — what else? But not just any old clock. This custom-built work of art is made up from mostly H-D parts. The movement, face, and pendulum are the only parts that are not from a Hog. The other parts consist of brake drums, four-five valves, panhead ring, rear spring from a trike, generator cover, drum spacers and screws, pan screws and wrist pins.

It even has chimes that ding away every hour and half hour. The chime? A 22-tooth countershaft sprocket.

You gotta admit, this is something every biker's home must have. But don't get puckered, we're not gonna hype you into buying this leg-wetting masterpiece — we're gonna give you a chance to win it!

All you have to do is guess the number (between 0 and 10,000) that Miraculous Mutha scrawled on a slip of paper and quickly stuffed between her sweaty jugs. If no one guesses the exact number, then the person who comes closest to it will be the winner. In case of tie(s) the number with the earliest postmark will be the winner.

Here's how to enter: Put your guess on a postcard or a piece of paper. Put the number at the very top (so we can see it easily). Then clearly print your name and address (including zip code) and the date you mailed entry to Clock Contest, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Contest ends on October 15, 1973. The decision of the judges is final.

The Harley Clock was created and constructed by Gene Elliano, Associated Time Clock Service, North Hollywood, California. ■

One of Those Days

Lying back on his big 80 as he split from his chick's house, Mike grinned to himself as he thought about the weekend run with the club. Ten more hours and he would be able to put the fuckin' city behind him.

Man, it was gonna be the weekend to end all weekends.

He hit the main highway north and started gettin' it on.

With his head in good shape from some bush he'd enjoyed a little earlier, he watched the sun breaking over the mountains to the east, glowing against the snow on the crests. A rare day, clear, without a sign of the daily dose of smog that normally blanketed the area.

The traffic suddenly slowed in front of him, and Mike's attention snapped back to what he was doing. Up ahead, the right lane was gradually being funneled by those fluorescent red plastic cones that usually mean road construction. Mike squinted his eyes. Fuck! The one thing he didn't need right now—the thing any biker dreads—an inspection road block set up by the highway patrol.

Mike instinctively slowed and lugged his 80, pulling to his left, trying to blend in with the cars easing past the inspection trap. He tried to shake off the last effects of the grass, but it still fogged his brain a little. Well, hell, if the fuzz flagged him over he just wouldn't see the signal; he'd be too busy watchin' the traffic—like a good driver should. To help his act, he pulled up close behind a camper and throttled down to keep his bike as quiet as possible. He kept sneaking a paranoid eye from one patrolman to another for any indication that he'd been spotted. For once, he cussed his 10½:1 pistons and open drag pipes; with them, it wasn't easy to keep the big machine quiet.

Finally, he was in the clear; he eased his S.U. into action and started picking up speed. Free from the long arm of the law, he kicked back again and enjoyed the feel of the road rolling past. He quit fighting the effect of the weed and let it do its thing. The center strip of paint on the asphalt started flickering with an almost hypnotic effect. Trippy, Mike thought.

But then he glanced in his rearview mirror. Shit! He hadn't escaped so easily after all. He could spot a patrol car as far away as he could see it. The damn thing looked like a Sherman tank rolling up behind him to have breakfast. Maybe it was the big steel-plate bumpers with the hunks of tire attached. Hell, maybe it was any of a dozen things, but whatever it was, Mike knew that this was a patrol car behind him, and his paranoia told him that the damn thing was coming after him. He glanced ahead as he tried to decide whether to try to outrun it—then decided fuck it and pulled off to the side and killed his engine.

The car eased up behind his bike and a highway patrolman got out and started walking toward him.

"Good morning, sir."

Mike got off his bike and gave the guy his best innocent grin. "What's up?"

"May I see your license, please."

"Oh, yeah, sure." Mike produced it, and studied the cop face while the cop eyes studied the license. Goddam, there was just no way to tell what the guy was thinking. His face looked sorta like a hunk of suntanned concrete—and it held about as much expression. It didn't look friendly or unfriendly, mad or happy, or any other way. It looked—well, hell, it looked like a cop face! That's all you could say.

And those were cop eyes that looked into Mike's as the guy said, "Didn't you see me wave you over back there at the inspection site?" A neutral voice, simply asking a question. Very polite.

"No, sir. I was concentrating on the traffic, officer." Even to Mike it sounded too goddam goody-goody, but he figured he could play that bullshit politeness game right along with anybody else.

The cop moved around Mike and started looking the bike over, handing back Mike's license as he passed. Mike breathed a sigh of relief. Okay so far. If the cop really intended to ticket him, he'd have kept the license so he could refer to it as he wrote. Now, if only the bike was okay . . .

The cop had pulled out his code book and was studying sections of it as he eyeballed the bike. He bent down to check the case numbers, then satisfied that they were okay, he straightened up.

"Okay, you can go now. But the next time you approach an inspection road block, maybe you'd better not—uh—concentrate so hard on the traffic. Just for a few seconds. You might—" He broke off and headed for his car, where the radio had started screaming like a freaked-out banshee. The cop listened, snapped a few words into his microphone, hopped into the car, fastened his seat belt, and started the powerful engine. Just as he got it started, a jacked-up '57 Chevy with headers and loaded down with decals blasted up over a rise in the road. The driver spotted the highway patrol car and tried to cut down his speed and play innocent. But it was too late already. He was still going too fast as he passed the parked cruiser.

By Frank Mueller

Then the jerk-off driver apparently decided to make a run for it. Mike wished him luck, knowing damn well the guy'd have luck all right—all of it bad. The cruiser took off in pursuit. Mike caught a glimpse of the cop face as the cruiser blasted by. That face still showed about as much expression as a hunk of suntanned concrete.

Mike turned back to his bike, stepped over the seat, pulled the old split and torn gloves on, bent over and threw the ignition toggle switch. One kick, and the pan rumbled to life. He was in third and a half-mile away before you could say "Harley-Davidsons are hard to start."

He twisted the throttle to within a quarter of an inch of being nailed wide open. There's nothin', he was thinking, like gettin' it on—really gettin' on it—not just cruisin' down the road at eighty or even ninety, really flyin', with less than a second to decide which way to move, right or left or not at all. The easy curves of the four-lane highway began to look like tight mountain switchbacks at the speed Mike was moving. This was the only way to live, and Mike was livin'. He was also keeping an eye peeled. But he didn't see any sign of the '57 Chevy and the highway patrolman. Two miles from his destination, Mike shut down in easy stages. Nobody is going to stop on a dime from 120; his brakedrum would melt and fall off if he tried. He made the turn easily into a housing tract and began winding his way through a maze of residential streets to Saint's place.

Saint had been a club brother for five years, three years longer than Mike. Saint lived in a one-story corner house in a middle-class neighborhood, a place that any average guy would think of as pretty nice—except maybe for the oil-stained driveway. But to Mike and his buddies an oil-stained driveway was a way of life. He arrived just as Skinhead was walking out of Saint's front door—making his unsteady way out to the 74 parked at the curb. Skinhead was his tightest bro, and wasn't into drinking. Mike knew that the unsteadiness almost had to be the result of reds.

Finally he called out, "Hey there, Skin, been droppin' a few?"

"Fuck you," Skinhead snapped back without looking up.

Mike dismounted and walked over. "Man," he said, "looks like you're primed for tonight."

"Fuck yeah. Tonight we're really gonna get with it." Skinhead straddled his bike, retarded his distributor, and turned the ignition on. His bike was a far-out knuckle with a ¾-inch rake. The frame was completely molded—nothing exceptional, but clean. Along with the flat fender and the peanut tank that was friscoed and molded to the frame, the rest of the works was shot with black lacquer and well rubbed out. The final touch was traditional red-to-yellow flames, super-clean. The front end was a stock 74 springer, extended just enough to set the bike slightly above level with the ground, and it was chromed along with a set of stock risers. Drag bars kept it simple. The engine was black wrinkle with just enough chrome. The only speed work as 10½ compression pistons and tall gearing, but the bike held its own. Skinhead ran a solo seat—no buddy pad—and a simple, short sissy bar. He checked his jockey lid to see if he was in neutral before he kicked the engine over.

Mike stood there grinning and watched the unsteady figure make sure, deft moves to get the knuckle started. Skinhead was about five-six, stocky, with a full beard and thick, bushy hair down below his shoulders. He favored old brown suede boots, well stained with oil, and his brown, bell-bottomed Levis were equally stained. To keep the wind off, he wore a deep-brown, roughed-out leather jacket. His clothes would be considered wiped out by the squares who laid eyes on him, but to his people his outfit was just getting broken in.

The two kept bad-rapping each other while Skinhead kicked his knuckle into life.

"Well, hey, I'll see you back here about eight," Skinhead yelled as he lowered his left hand and put the bike in gear. He let out the clutch—and Mike watched him take off with his lock chain still passed through the rear wheel. The all-chrome 16 munched the chain guard almost instantly and battered the fender from underneath before the bike came to a sudden, lurching stop. Skinhead turned and gawked stupidly at the spokes in his rear wheel.

"Real bright, fucker," Mike commented.

Skinhead mumbled something about he'd never done nothin' like that before, and Mike came back with "Bullshit." He started to laugh, but sobered almost immediately. Who else but good ol' Mike would be expected to replace the broken spokes and true up the wheel? He inspected the wheel. "Aw hell, Skin, that's a bummer, but ya only busted three. It'll hold ya."

Saint, a long-haired Italian, came out of the house at that point and walked up to stand beside Mike. "Good move," he commented as Skinhead tore off his chain guard and tossed it onto the lawn along with his lock and chain. Then he added, as Skinhead pulled out a spoke and tossed it into the gutter, "Save the chrome!"

Mike turned to grin at Saint.. "Ya know, this kinda shit always comes down a day or so before a run."

Saint grinned and shouted "Yeah" as Skinhead gunned his engine, tossed Saint and Mike the farewell finger, and blasted off. They returned the salute and turned toward Saint's front door. "Charlie called a few minutes ago and said he was hittin' it down through town when his clutch cable went south You know Charlie, don't ya?"

Mike was watching Skinhead's Goodyear spinning down the street slightly out of line. "Yeah," he said absently. "I know him." Then he turned to grin at Saint. "The stoplight-to-stoplight freak," he added. "Yeah, I know him."

"Well, I told him that's what caused it. But he didn't go for it. Fact, he got a little pissed. So I told him he could hoof it and find a new cable." Saint shook his head and chuckled. "Fucker ain't had a job in five years. He'll hafta rip off the cable or the bucks to buy one."

Inside, they went into Saint's den, and Mike had the usual feeling he'd lost most of his eyesight all of a sudden. The dark wood paneling always made him feel like that, especially since the place usually had about as much light in it as a weak candle would throw to the far end of an airplane hangar. Right now the place was lit only by a ruby-red, low-wattage bulb in a lamp in the center of the full-wall fireplace. Three chicks sprawled more or less gracefully over the two big easy-chairs in the room, listening to mellow, moody blues from the stereo. Prime female flesh has a way of gleaming softly even in the dimmest of light, and the chicks were showing plenty of gleam, both top and bottom. Bikinis or just plain skimpy underwear, Mike thought—and he

started drooling a little. It was too dark to recognize any of them, but what the hell does a guy care about names at certain times and places? The smoke in the air didn't help clarify vision any, either. And the smell of the smoke told Mike that the girls probably didn't recognize him any more than he did them. They'd already started their weekend run, without the help of wheels. Mike hoped they wouldn't get too much of the grime from the thick-velvet-covered chairs ground into their tender little butts. The grime, of course, came from innumerable sets of naturals that had befouled the chairs over the years. Saint's ol' lady had fought like a tiger at first to save the furniture, but what the hell are chairs for, as Saint had pointed out pretty forcefully, except to sit in? The ol' lady'd given up finally.

Saint paid no attention to the sensuous atmosphere set up by the ruby light, smoke, chicks, and music. He went directly to a door set in the wall at one end of the fireplace. Mike grinned at the chicks and followed Saint out into the garage.

It had been built as at least a three-car garage. Then someone had pushed the back wall out and extended the place another fifteen or twenty feet. But even with all the space, the thing was a mess. There were at least fifteen scooters in various stages of construction cluttering up the place. The one nearest the door was Saint's ol' lady's panhead trike, waiting for Saint to swap the mechanical rear end for a juice-brake setup. Next to it was a swing-arm shovel, waiting for the partially manufactured sissy bar lying on the welding table. Bondo John's knuckle was there, waiting for replacement of a head gasket. Some of the bikes would be ready to go, but some dudes would be pressing their luck if they were to head out of town.

Saint opened the big door that led to the street, rolled his shovel out onto the less-cluttered driveway, and was explaining that he intended to replace his ratchet top springs because his pedal wasn't returning properly, when the phone rang. They shined it on. Saint's ol' lady would get it on the house phone. She did, all right—and Mike wished she hadn't. Somebody was in trouble—as usual—and wanted Mike—as usual.

"Yeah?" he snorted into the mouthpiece of the garage extension.

"Mike? Jerry. We need, uh, somebody to set up a lower end for my shovel so's I can go tonight."

Yeah. Somebody. Guess who. Goddammit! "Okay, fucker. I'll be over. You better have all the parts and gaskets you're gonna need, ya hear?"

He got an agreement, but the quality of the voice at the other end of the wire left him wondering just how much work was waiting for him. Or, when he got there, if there would be anybody to steer him. Sounded like a complete wipe-out, already, at the other end of the line.

He hung up the phone, staring down at the desk covered with manuals and chromed parts. That fuckin' desk, he thought vaguely, is gonna collapse any minute now.

Saint came puffing into the garage, pushing his partly disassembled scooter. "Watch this motherfucker comin' up the street," he panted. "He's either crazy or he's broke a brake rod."

Mike stepped over an oil pan partially filled with oil (the rest was on the floor). He shoved a late-model pan motor with grenaded cases aside and stepped out onto the driveway where he could see down the street. He saw an extended glide coming at him. He, as Saint obviously already had, immediately realized that he could be in danger. He stepped hastily back into the garage with Saint. The bike blasting up the street was dragging something, but Saint and Mike couldn't make out for sure just what it was. The rider looked familiar, but they were concentrating too hard on the careening bike even to wonder who it might be. Just for a split second, they thought it might pass on by, but no such luck. It headed straight for Saint's property like a cat with diarrhea racing for the sandbox. While Saint and Mike cringed in the doorway of the garage, the bike's front wheel hit the curb, the tire flattening almost to the rim. Then the 21 cleared the curb and was air-borne for a couple of feet—and so was the rider when the rear wheel met the curb, throwing him with his jacket flapping wildly, off the seat into the air. As the rear wheel hit the curb, the front one pierced the small wooden picket fence, throwing splinters, chunks of wood, and then dirt and squashed flowers, all over the lawn.

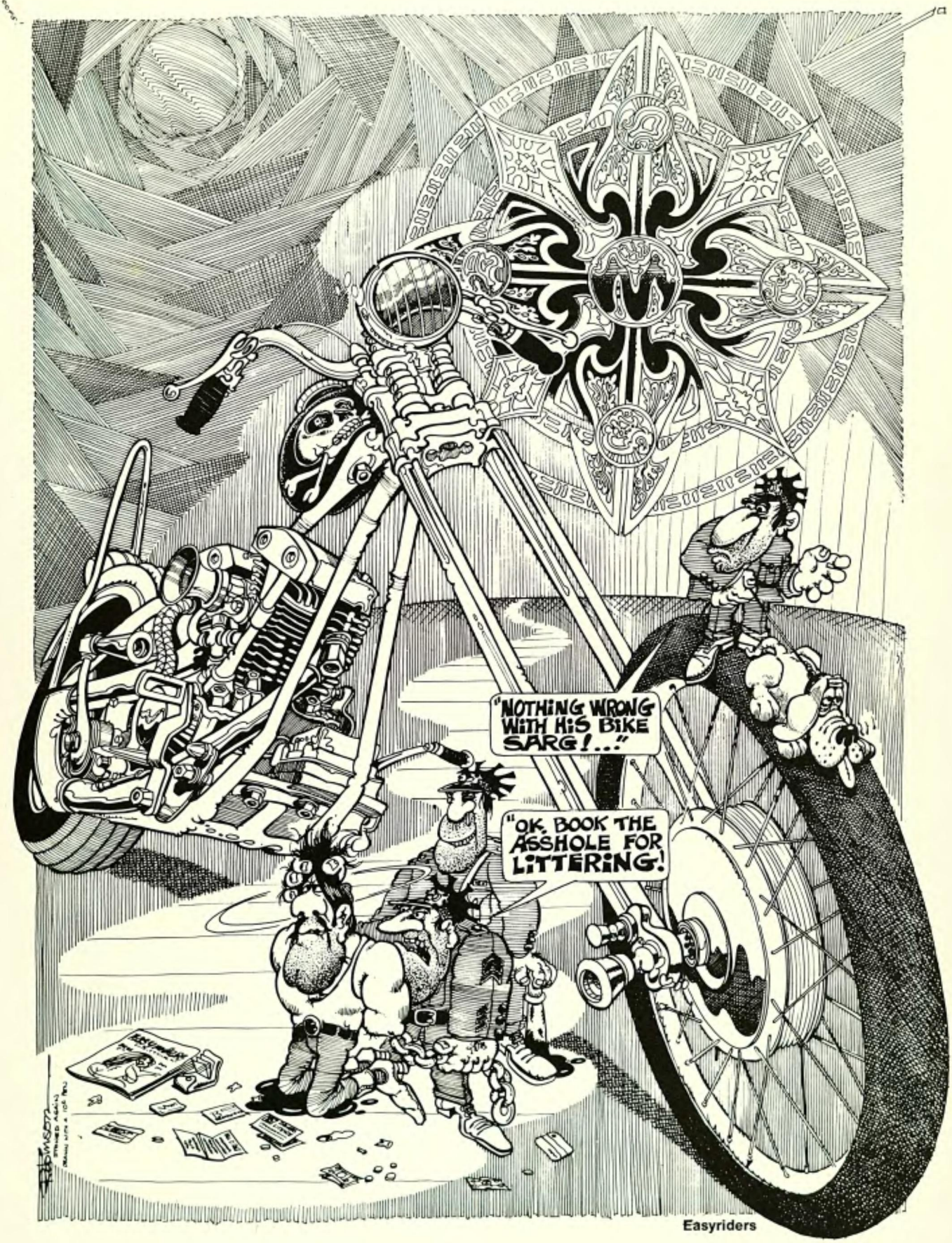
The impact with the curb had slowed the bike a little, but not nearly enough for the driver to get it under control. Mike and Saint stepped back into the garage further, against Saint's ol' lady's trike, and watched the pan start upright across the lawn. Then the thing got crossed up, shooting up grass and dirt as it went into a slide across the lawn, grinding its rider into the dirt until it hit the asphalt driveway leading into the garage. Luckily it headed across the driveway instead of into the garage. Both wheels hit the coarse surface of the driveway at the same instant. Both watchers held their breath as the Arco and the front Avon started sliding because of the grass and dirt in the treads. Then the tires gained traction and the bike flipped upright and over onto the other side, throwing the rider off and over the bushes bordering Saint's property to come to rest on the neighbor's lawn. The pan dug a footpeg into the ground, pivoted, and spun into the bushes.

Mike and Saint shook themselves out of their half-trance and ran over to work their way through the bushes to the neighbor's yard. The dude was already sitting up, shaking his head in an apparent effort to clear the cobwebs, with his pan nosing through the bushes behind him.

"Broken brake rod, eh?" Mike said calmly, holding back a chuckle

—Continued on page 51

"You square bitches never want to try anything new."


"NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS BIKE SARG!..."
"OK, BOOK THE ASSHOLE FOR LITTERING!

Easyriders

Readers react to "chick" articl

In the June issue we had an article by Phygaro Armstrong titled "Don't Call Me Chick!" After receiving the article, the editor wrote Phygaro and told her that he was going to run it without making any editorial comment, in order not to influence reaction one way or another. He also pointed out that the magazine's use of the term "chick" was not meant to put women down—that all the staff members were women lovers, and that although results were predictable, it would be interesting to see how the readers reacted to it.

The following are the unsolicited reactions to the article.

I read the article a couple of times and it seems like the same shit you hear from women's lib. I feel that if a chick, or a woman, wants to be equal to a man and wants to be treated like one, then that's cool. In my books that means if she opens her big mouth at the wrong time she gets punched. I dig chicks, women, broads, bitches, or whatever else you want to call them, but they have to stay in their proper places. The only one that can get fussy and talk back to me is Gertrude—my '59 panhead.

Buzzard
Palo Alto, California

Tell Phygaro Armstrong to get in touch with me. I'd like to know if she'd be my ol' lady.

Crazy Boozer
Montoursville, Pa.

If my ol' lady told me that garbage I'd hit her in the back of the head with a piston. If chicks want to ride on this stud's bike, they'll have to remember who's boss, and I'll call my chick a bitch, pussy, or douche bag if I want to. I'll let a chick oil my crank, but not tell me what to do.

Mangy
Dayton, Ohio

Thank you, thank you, thank you. That article was the best thing any motorcycle magazine has ever done for us. I ride my own Royal Enfield 700 and I've gotten so frustrated because my brothers continually pass me off as a mere "chick".

Ms Micki Hagen
Elgin, Illinois

Shit, her head's not where it's at—her brains are in her box. She doesn't know the feeling of freedom on a bike—the bugs in your teeth and the wind blowing your hair. She doesn't even know that we're already free and have been for years.

She doesn't know what it's like to take pride in your ol' man's bike because it's the best-running and the best-looking in the pack. (He's only hit me once, and that was to get the bread to build it.) She doesn't know the respect of your brothers calling you sister and the fact that we believe our ol' men are super studs—and I bet I can give better head than she does.

Barbara the Witch
Oregon

Man what bullshit. I've been using the term "chick" all my life and never intended it to be an insult. It's not any particular word that's insulting, it's the person and how he or she uses it. How many bikers can take a liberated chick, anyway?

Carlos
Grateful Dead M/C
Mass.

I diasagree like hell with Phygaro Armstrong's claim that "chick" is a derogatory term to women in general and insulting to "liberated" women in particular.

The origin of the word is totally unimportant. What counts is the context in which it is now used: Think, Person Armstrong, do all males use the term "chick" to describe a woman who is good for nothing but a screw? You know damn well they don't.

Also, you make a gross mistake when you throw "chick" into the same bag as "nigger" and "spick" and then make a plea to throw away the labels so we can all be just plain "people." Why not throw away the hate labels and keep the innocuous, non-exploitive ones like "chick"? You would make one hell of a censor. Everyone would have a completely non-offensive number before long.

You unisex creeps are the best friends the plastic, 1984, computer-run, think-tank technocrats have. As for me, I think Women's Lib has been perverted, and I plan to go on committing the unforgivable sin of using the word "chick."

Gary Cape
Bismarck, N.D.

The Women's Liberation movement started out with some pretty strong complaints. They got what they wanted and now it seems like they think they can get anything. The trouble is, they have to make up things to complain about . . . like being called chicks.

First of all, it shouldn't matter what the formal definition of any word is. What matters is the feeling behind it. I've never heard a guy call a woman a chick unless he has some affection for her (or for women in general). When a man calls a woman a "broad," he generally means she's just a little more desirable than a pig (in the midwest anyway). When a woman calls another woman a broad, she generally means she's a bitch.

Secondly, the last definition of "chick," which "liberated" women overlook, is "Something, as an act, that expresses or attracts affection; an utterance of fondness; *a caress; the act of endearing or state of being endeared, hence,* affection, love." *(Britannica World Language Dictionary) That sounds pretty desirable to me.*

Men don't think women are lowly unless they are given a good reason to. Naturally there are things they think they can do that women can't do. But they know there are things women can do that they couldn't handle, too. Men may regard women as a "piece of meat" but they regard themselves the same way. Haven't you ever heard of "beating the meat"? They weren't talking about beating women when they made up that phrase.

As for cackling insanely, women do get a bit obnoxious at times. (I'm speaking of women in general—the majority—not all *women.)*

If a man meets a woman who can do something he didn't think a woman could do, like being a good mechanic, he doesn't put her down for it. She may have to prove it, but when she convinces him, he isn't going to tell her she belongs at the sink. It's the women who put her down for it. They think she's just working on engines to be near men and get a good lay. That's an awful lot of grease and guck and skinned knuckles to get something she could have gotten by spreading her legs.

Certainly men get pissed if they are called chickens. They'd get pissed if they were called chicks, too. But how many women like to be called "cocks" or "sir" or "young man" or "boy" or "old man" or "butch" for that matter? So we all have our little hangups, don't we?

A woman who allows herself to be called a chick is not doing so because she is programed to insults. She's doing so because she knows it's not an insult. Like I said before, it's the feeling that counts. My old man calls me "mean old woman" all the time. I should be insulted according to "liberated" women, But why should I be? It's a lot more personal to me than "honey" or "sweetheart" (yeech!). Besides, I call him "mean old man."

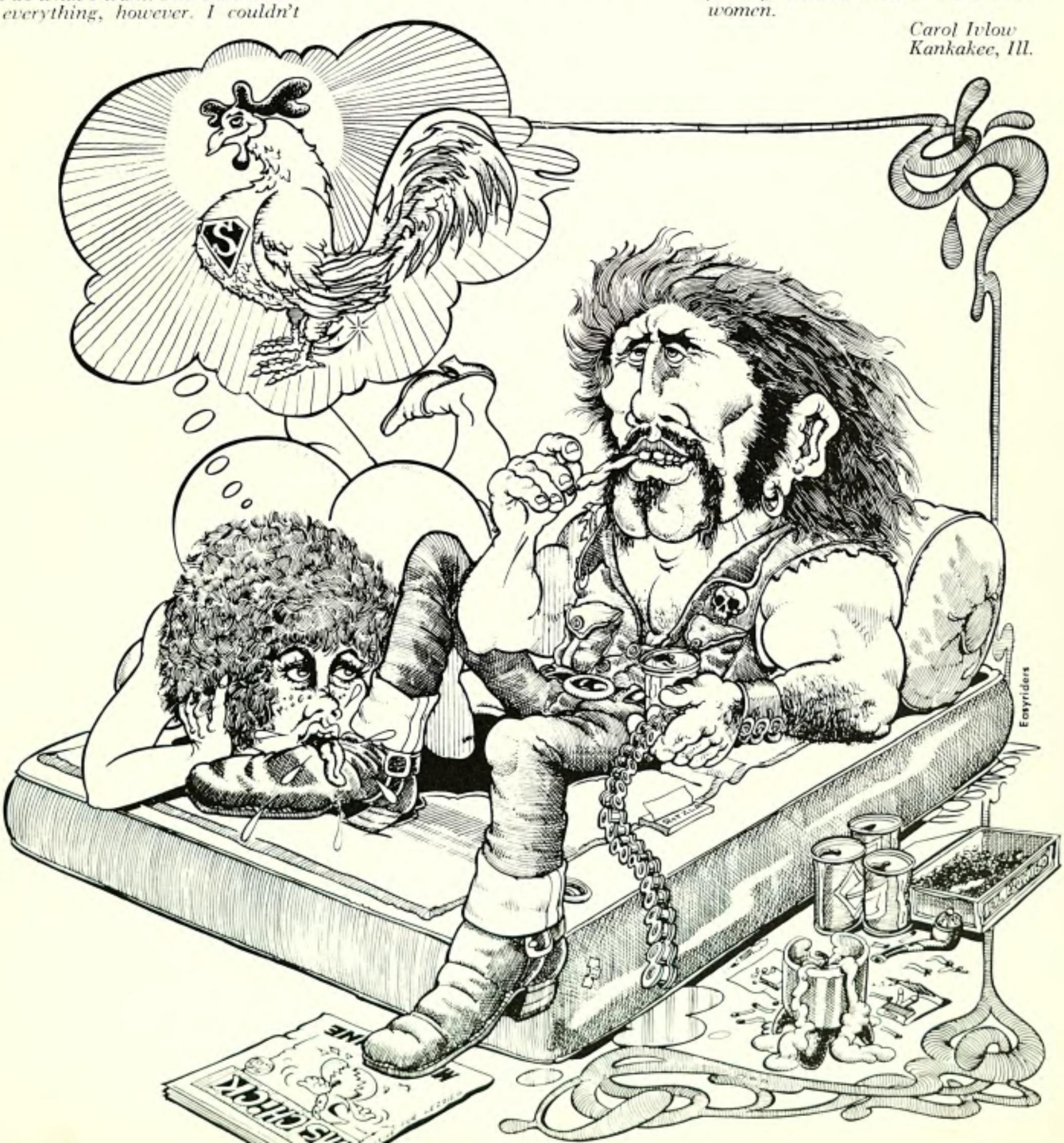
I don't know what Phygaro Armstrong's definition of a "liberated woman" is, but by my definition, I'm as liberated as any woman could get and still be a woman. (I am married and have two kids, too.) I can go where I want when I want and do what I want. There are limits to everything, however. I couldn't go swimming nude in the river because the law wouldn't let me. I couldn't do 120 down the main drag because the law wouldn't let me. The things I can't do are limited mostly by two groups of people: the cops and other women.

Phygaro Armstrong says that "intelligent" liberated women don't care to be called chicks. I consider that an attack on my intelligence. Other letters have all but said that any woman who would allow herself to be called a chick is a fucking bitch and that's why she doesn't mind. Call me a bitch to my face and see how many hairs you have left in your head in ten minutes. I've never been called a bitch by men, but a lot of women consider me a bitch because I get along with men better than women.

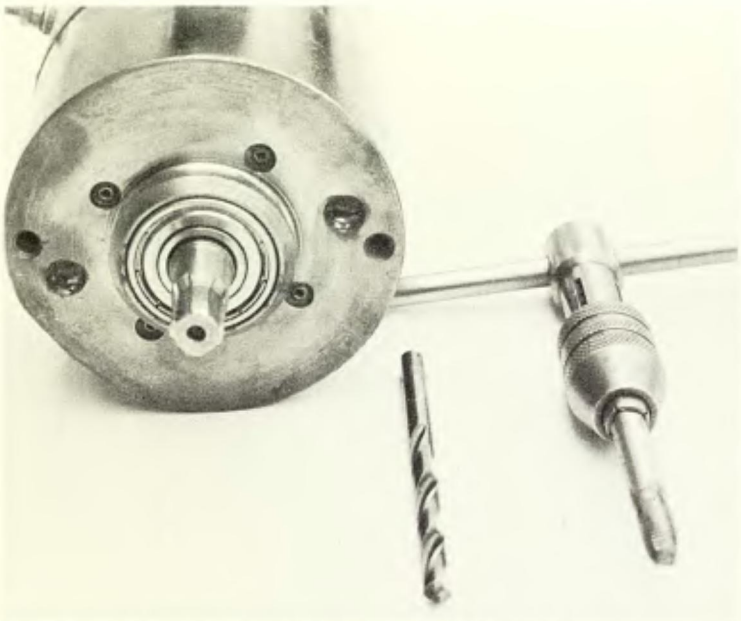
If Easyriders *were to strike the word "chick" from their pages and replace it with something like "foxes" . . . well, that implies that we are crafty sneaks and, even though we are, we don't like to be told so. If it were to be replaced with "broad," there would be more complaints than ever. If it were replaced with "ladies" or "women" the magazine would lose a lot of its character.*

Now, I know that all you "liberated" women out there may be saying that I missed the point. No, I didn't miss it. I just don't think there's much of a point there. My point is that it's not men who are putting down women . . . it's other women.

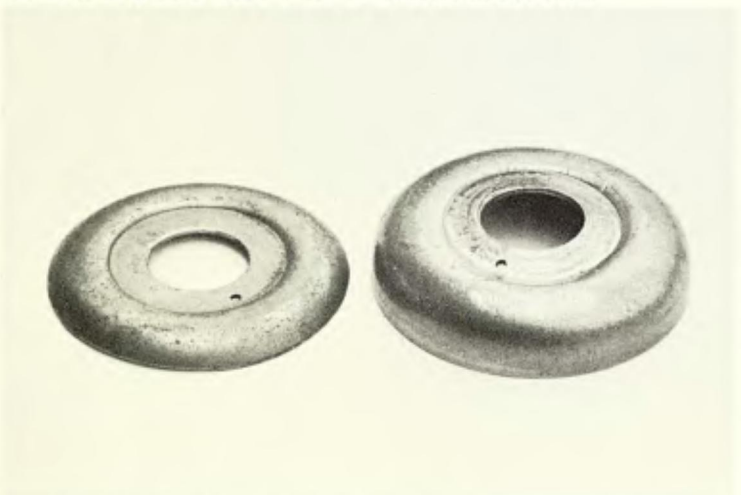
Carol Ivlow
Kankakee, Ill.



3-Brush/2-Brush Swap



Stock mounting holes must be drilled and retapped for larger bolts.



Oil deflector on (left) trimmed to fit through late cases.

Installing an earlier model 3-brush generator in place of the later 2-brush model is fairly common among chopper freaks. The object is to eliminate the large automotive-looking voltage regulator needed to operate the 2-brush and use the smaller relay, which is easier to mount.

The swap is an easy one (after you manage to get your grubby hands on a 3-brush generator, a job that may turn out to be a bitch). All you need to do the swap job is a 17/64 drill, a 5/16 x 24 tap, and a bench grinder. First, redrill and tap the existing holes in the 3-brush generator to accept the larger, late-model bolts that were holding your 2-brush to your engine. Be careful not to get shavings and crud inside the generator; you can usually avoid having to take the generator apart if you drill slowly and have the generator facing in a slightly downward position while drilling. A dab of grease on the end of the tap will usually pick up the chips from the tapping operation.

Next, you have to remove the generator gear so you can trim down the diameter of the stamped steel cup shielding the end bearing. (A gear puller is great here, but you can hassle it off without one.) Be careful in removing the cross pin, so that you can re-use it. The function of the steel cup is to act as an oil deflector to keep the generator from being flooded with engine oil. The reason it must be trimmed down is that it will not fit through the opening in the later model cases.

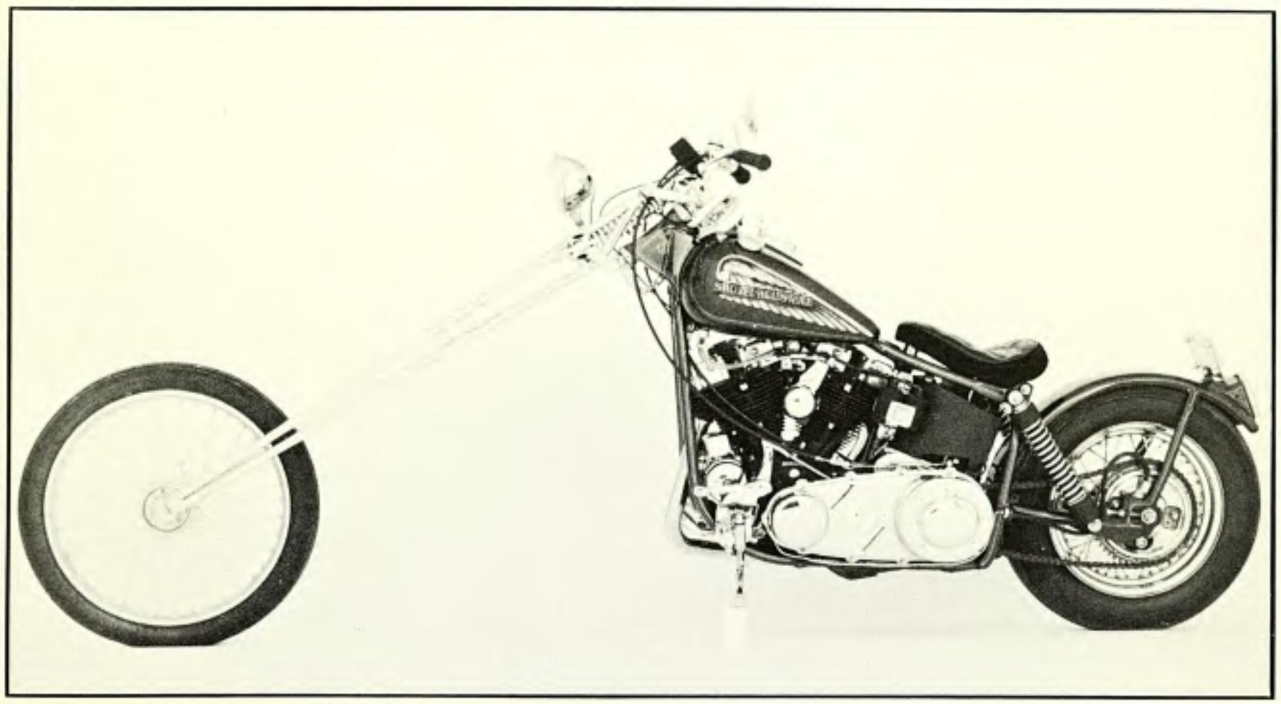
With the oil deflector trimmed so that it is no larger than the portion of the generator holding the bearing, reassemble the deflector and gear (don't forget the spring between them).

Install the generator just as you would the 2-brush. From here on, wire the bike using the relay. Follow a 3-brush wiring diagram (see **Easyriders,** Oct. '71, p. 31.) ■

by Super Hog

You're going to look at a lot of scoots before you find one as choice as this . . .

Free-arm Fatbob



From a rigid frame and a Sportster tank, Jake Lowry went the opposite direction and came up with one far-out, free-wheeling, far-going, fast-fetching, free-arm fatbob.

I drooled all over myself while I watched his scoot being photographed, and compared it with my black, ex-cop grease barge sitting at the curb outside — and creating its usual oil slick. As I dug his bike, I couldn't even console myself with "Well, at least I ride my bike," because Jake's engine is together and he puts it to good use. As he said, "It shits and gits."

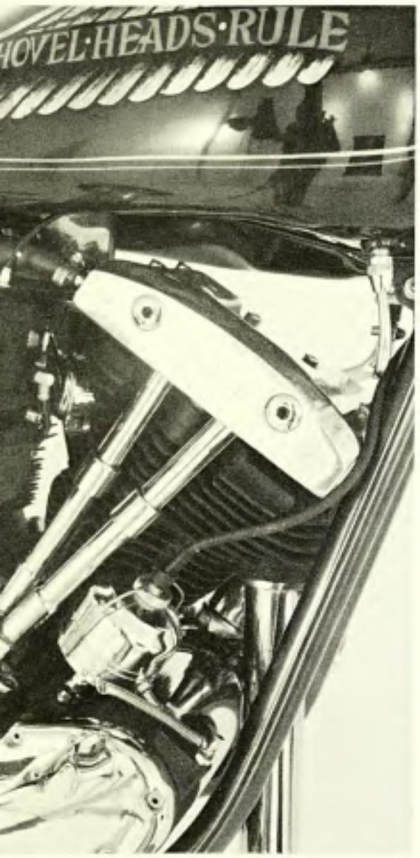
He's even paid his dues, with a 283-foot ride down the highway on his back, when a tire blew out.

After studying his bike I decided there was only one reason mine didn't look like his: get this — my hands break out when I get wax on them. (He didn't buy it either.) In fact, when he got word that we were going to photograph his bike, it took him four days to get it cleaned up. When he pushed it into the studio, he said, "There may be a few rough spots, but at least you know that it's been ridden."

You'll have to study the photos closely. This bike has been crafted rather than built. There's a jillion little things — like all the allen-head screws,

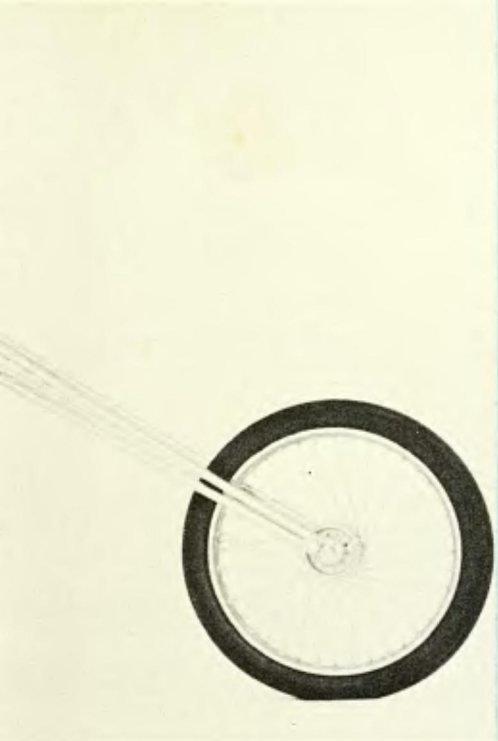
—Copy continues after two pages of photos

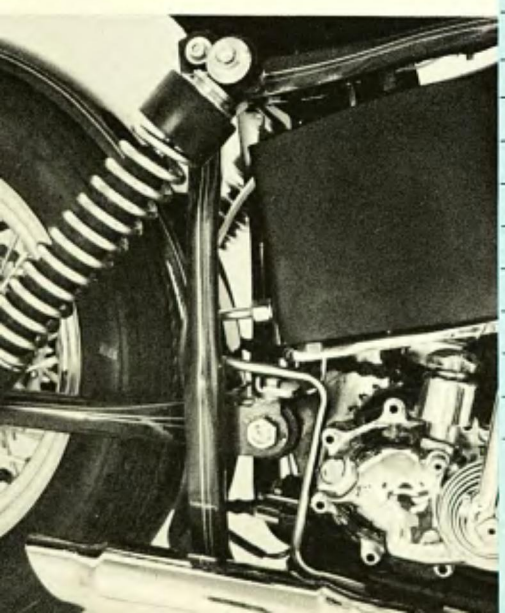
PANHEADS RULE



Easyriders photography by Pete Chiodo

"So I only have to carry one tool." The craftsmanship exhibited here is extraordinary — it is visual proof that the limits of what can be done to personalize or to make a bike one of a kind are entirely dependent upon the individual. To the dumb nose-picker, all bikes look alike — but here's graphic proof that they are not. **By Bandit** ■





Owner: Jake Lowry

City: Fresno, California

General

Fabrication by: John's Custom Bikes
Year and make: 1963 H-D
Model: FL
Value: $4,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 5 months
Chroming by: Meclec Chrome

Engine

Year: 1963
Model: FL
Builder: John's Custom Bikes
Ignition: 6V
Displacement: 78 cu. in.
Balancing: Ditronic Co.
Pistons: MC
Cams: Sifton 468 S
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): Mukuni
Air cleaner: none
Shifter: foot
Pipes: drag type
Muffler(s): shorty
Gearing:
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: 24

Painting

Molding: Fabulous Frank
Painter: John's Custom Bikes
Color: Purple & blue over pearl
Type: lacquer

Chassis

Frame builder: H-D
Year and make: 1965 H-D
Rake: 3/4 inch
Stretch: 3 inches (new legs)
Rear Suspension: custom swingarm

Accessories

Bars: drag
Risers: stock dog bones
Fender(s): 5 inches flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: 1936 H-D
Speedo: stock
Foot pegs:
Front: John's Custom Bikes
Back: John's Custom Bikes
Gas tank: fatbob (3 1/2 gallon)
Oil tank: stock
Primary cover: stock
Seat material: leather (Minestronie)
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material size:

Forks

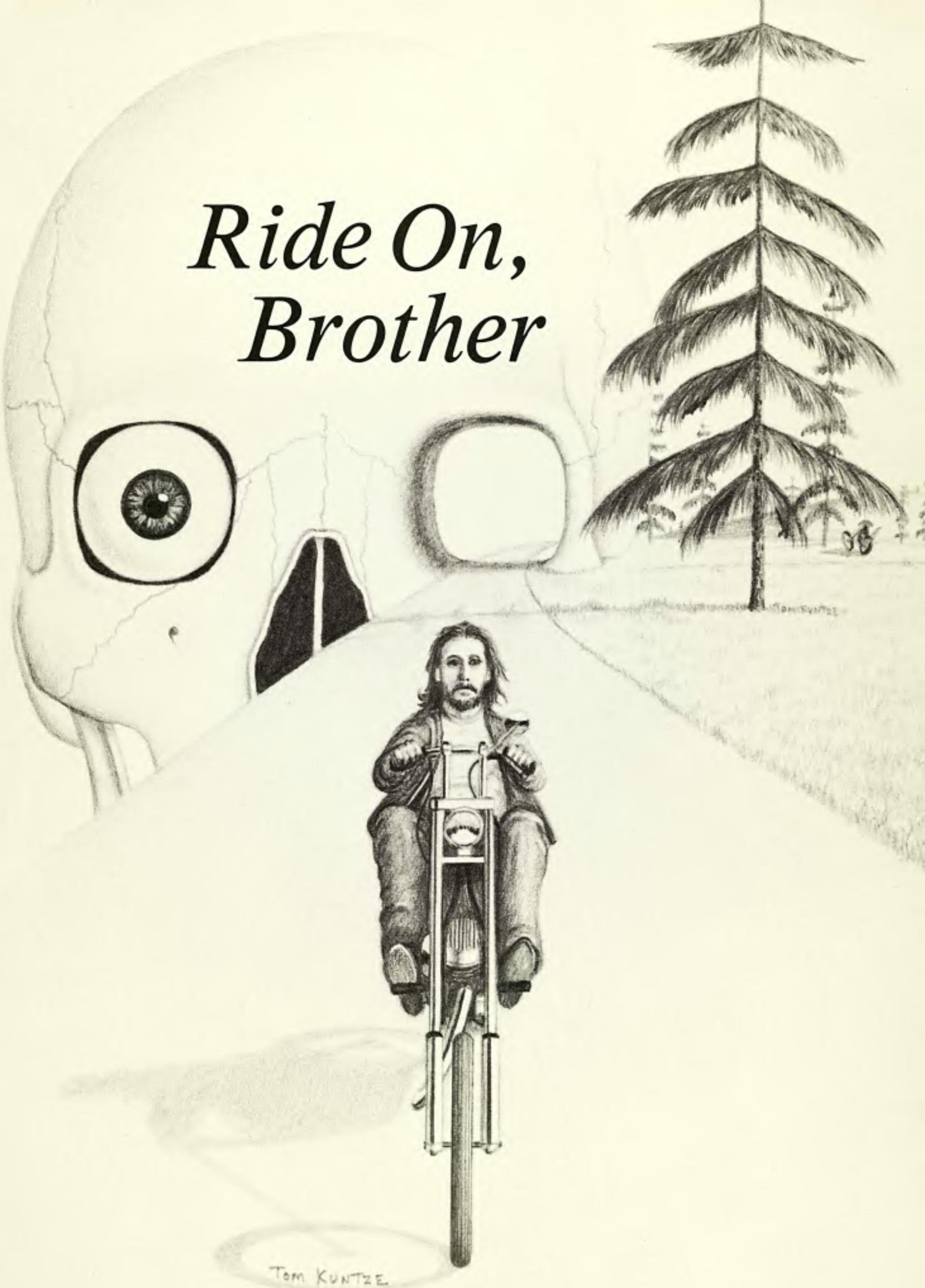
Type: Girder (1937 Indian)
Type front rail: 4130 round tubing
Extension: 28 inches over
Builder: Clyde Rawlings

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Hub/brake: spool	Hub/brake: stock
Rim width: 1 3/4-in.	Rim width: 5-inch
Tire size: 3.00 x 21	Tire size: 5.10 x 16
Make: Avon	Make: Goodyear

Other special modifications: Engine has been ported, relieved, polished and lightened. Has tach. Brass work by Ferrier. Engraving by Walt Rogers. Sportster shocks.

Ride On, Brother



In memory of one of my brothers.
Rabbit, Death Inc. M/C

I remember it all, brother. Right from the start. That yearning deep inside as you hustled and conned and worked your guts out to buy parts for your dream. I cussed right with you as you molded the frame. How very carefully you painted! How artistic you were in your design! But it was only the start, wasn't it, brother? For now you had to choose the parts for chroming. And the engine. You'd settled on a Pan, remember, brother? God, how you labored! How you sweated! And I sweated with you, brother! Through the trans and the clutch and right through to the oil lines. Hey, brother, remember the clutch? Remember who gave you the idea? A suicide clutch! You weren't sure at first, remember? Undecided. Yes, my brother, I know you'll never give me credit for that clutch. You couldn't admit that anyone else had a hand in building your dream! I understand, brother. But I helped. Oh yes, I helped!

You know, I even remember your impatience. How very upset you were when the man told you it would take a few more days for the chrome. But I forgive your impatience, brother. You more than made up for that fault as you worked, so tediously, on redesigning the springer. Tighten and retighten. Adjust and readjust. Again and again. Days to weeks and weeks to months! Then the oil. At long last, the oil! Remember how you stood looking down at that Golden Pan? Remember how you wiped and rewiped the sweat from the palms of your hands? But it came right back! And that first kick, my brother. I felt the anticipation too! And when the engine fired into life, that deep and glorious feeling! Yes, my brother, there was more adjusting and timing to do—but all that's over now. All over.

You pulled into The Place that night and all your brothers crowded around to comment. Your chest expanded to twice its normal size as you showed them your dream and went into great detail to explain how you had done this and why you had done that and on and on. I was proud of you, my brother! So very proud! The skinned knuckles and the sweat and the frustration were all behind you now, my brother. And you knew that it was all worth it!

"Wow, man, what an outasight scoot!" Remember her, brother? That young blonde thing? God, was she built! But could she ball? Well, that's what you were going to find out—weren't you, brother!

So there you were, the expressway unfolding before you and that sweet young thing pressing against your back! You were first in line on the run, my brother. First! Not back in the pack, wishing your scoot looked better, but right up front with the wind in your face and that Golden Pan vibrating through the very fibers of your soul! Yes, my brother, I was there with you that night. I was there indeed! And behind us rode eighteen brothers. Our brothers! I saw you smile, a full and satisfied smile. I relaxed as you did. Resting easy and controlled and content—and, yes, my brother, free! Really free!

He was drunk. You didn't see that, did you, brother? He was married and had three kids. Just old Average Joe from the Silent Majority who'd stopped for a few beers with the boys. But you didn't see that. You weren't fated to see it. I saw it, though. I saw it. What you saw was a late-model car that came speeding from an on-ramp. You saw the tail lights and the speed and the angle of the fender. You saw Dirty Mike, who was next to you, and even heard him cuss as he locked up both brakes. You saw him as he swerved the big Hog across the rear of the car from left to right and off the expressway toward the retaining fence. All this had failed to register in the mind of the drunk in the car. Now, like some fire-breathing monster, the car came toward you and your dream! You lay hard to the left, remember, brother? You lay hard to the left, trying desperately to avoid the car and the destruction it carried! But the drunk came right on over! I felt it all, brother. I felt it all. It wasn't fear, really. It all happened too fast for fear to set in. It was—well, sort of unexplainable. Just a feeling of helplessness. Inevitable! That's the word, brother, inevitable.

Yes, I rode with you through it all. From the time you first carried your golden dream home in a basket, right up to the time the guy from the Street Department put it into another basket. And it was good, brother. The whole trip was glorious and good! And it's the way you really wanted to go, wasn't it, brother? On a golden dream? With a chick and your brothers and the Run. And, of course, the Golden Pan.

Well, brother, I gotta go now. You see, this dude called The Rabbit bought your scoot and he's got this big dream of rebuilding it. So, I gotta go help him.

Make yourself at home, brother. Over there's a scooter I built just for you. You'll notice it's an exact duplicate of your Golden Pan. And that's as it should be. So, ride on, brother! Ride anywhere you want to go. Renew old acquaintances with some brothers you may have forgotten. Because, as I said, I rode with you—now you can ride with me.

By the way, brother, before I go, let me introduce myself.

My name is Death. ■

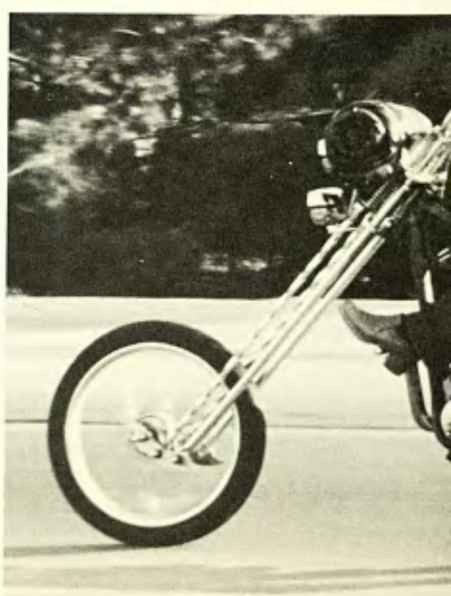
Here are some photos submitted by our readers. After going through hundreds of submissions, we feel these best typify the exhilaration and the feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere.

As we've said in previous issues, we feel that nothing illustrates this freedom, this leaving all your problems behind you, this letting it all hang out groove —better than the sight of a guy all laid out, his feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with hair blowing in all directions.

—Submitted by Brother Al, Atascadero, California

—Submitted by Ed Silverman, Spartanburg, S.C.

—Submitted by Wino Joe, Monterey, California



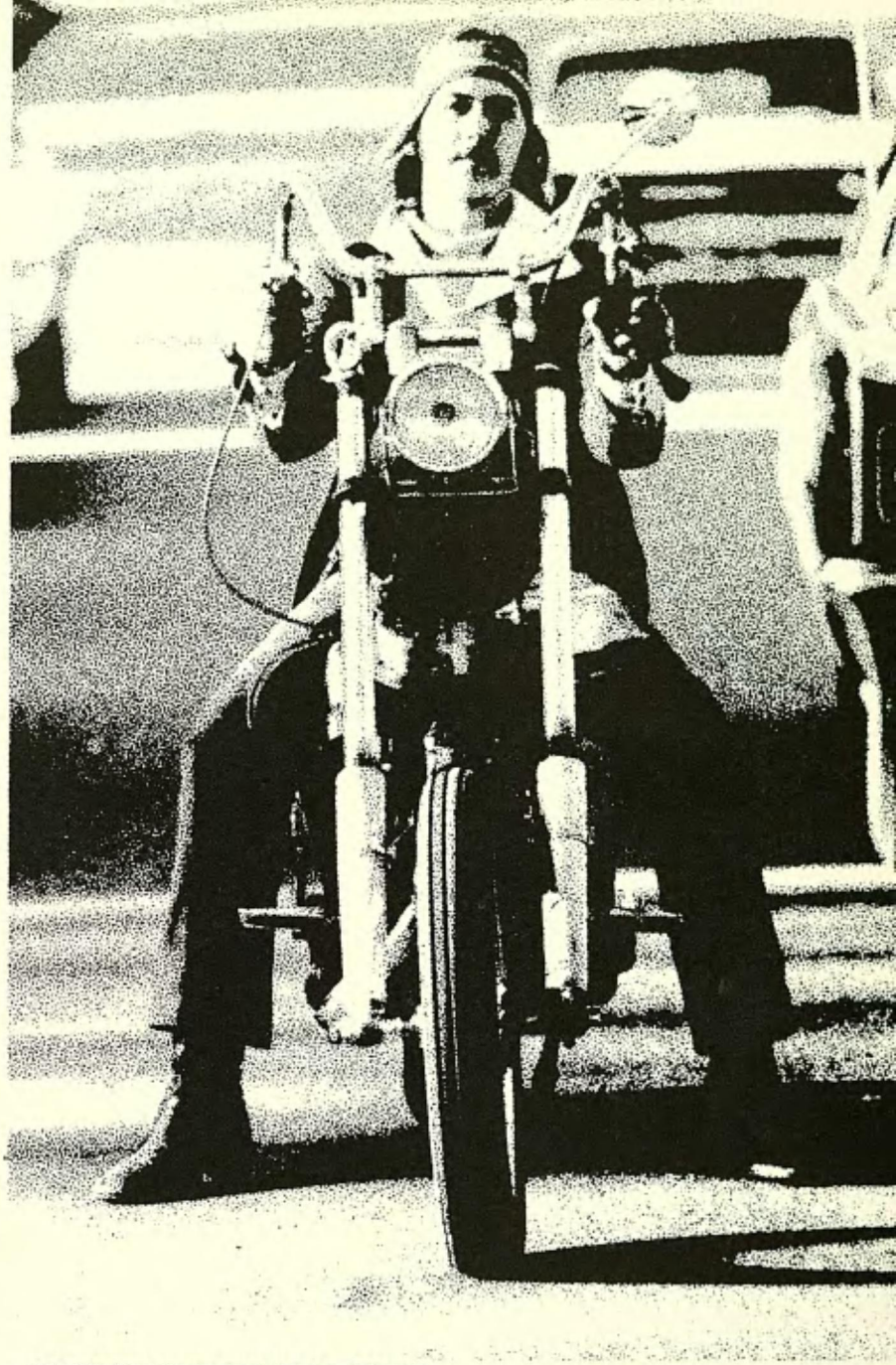
You mean thing,
I love you.
You beautiful bitch,
I'll never give you up.
You have broken my heart.
You have wrecked my home.
You and me, we have traveled alone.
Together we are a team.
Without you I could be free.
You are so strong,
I love everything about you.
You can do no wrong.

You inspire me.
I keep you clean.
You are the best dressed on the scene.
I had you last night.
No one understands
The love I have for you.
I keep you in the house.
I wrap you up at night.
You are my whore.

What is your name?
You are my Harley 74.

Bobby Johnson
Los Angeles, California

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



—Submitted by Charles Flett, Omaha, Nebraska

—Submitted by Richard Kisch, Beatrice, Nebraska

—Submitted by Charles Flett, Omaha, Nebraska

To experience
the sweet nightmare
of booming down
an asphalt snake
on a fishtail chopper
is like getting
a righteous fix
from God!
Yeah!
When you
ease your dirty denims
onto a raked bike
and burn rubber
in some
Bad Town
it makes
all the spills
turn
into thrills
and all
the bad-mouthin'
by squared-up rednecks
sound
like a Hymn
from Heaven!

Ross Laursen

—Submitted by Nancy Almond, Vacaville, California

—Submitted by J. D. Wolfe, Akron, Ohio

Easyriders *will pay $10 for black & white photos, and $20 for color transparencies, of bikers in action. We prefer bikes in motion, with a guy packing a chick, although we will purchase any sharp, properly lighted action shot. Send your black & white prints or color transparencies (no color prints or color negatives) to Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor,* Easyriders *Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. If you want rejects returned, you must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with submissions.* Easyriders *cannot be responsible for loss or damage.*

—Submitted by Nancy Almond, Vacaville, California

—Submitted by J. Johnson, Lewiston, Idaho

by Charles Flett, Omaha, Nebraska

There are a lot of good feelings and eager anticipation enjoyed by a biker just prior to making a run.

There is also a point when an entire new set of good feelings take over—and that's when, upon your return, you are within a few miles of home. Sunburned, windburned, hungover and tired—in a few minutes you'll be home (and making plans for the next run). On the following pages Dave Mann has done his usual great job—this time showing bikers going into a city at the end of a run.

St. Petersburg

Fla 60 West
Clearwater

Downtow
Tampa

Wants To Know

Would you please write me and explain to me about bikes and everything.

Linda Andrews
Rock Island, Illinois

● Which part of "everything" would you like to know about, honey?

Greek Trip

Woman's lib be damned! Equal Rights? Bullshit! My chick and I dig sex of all kinds (almost). But recently I guess I went too far when I made her roll over. Afterwards I tried to justify what I did by pointing out that it's been done for centuries. So what the hell does she do? Goes to her nightstand and whips out a vibrator—you know, one of those battery-powered things that look like a giant thumb. She comes back to bed. "Okay," she says, "roll over — remember it's been done for centuries." We are no longer on speaking terms.

Male Chauvinist
Albany, N.Y.

● What's the matter, sweetie—did she forget to turn on the vibrator?

Lover From Oregon

Mutha, Mutha, I want you for my wife,
Where in the hell have you been all my life?
You're freaky as freaky can be,
For all the damn world to see.
I love you so, Big Mutha,
And, baby, there just ain't no utha.

Dum Dum
Salem, Oregon

● The guys in the office say you're stir crazy, but I think they're full of it—but what's the reason for your name?

Think He'll Know?

I'm 24, but I've been around—even pulled the train with a local outlaw club a lot. Now I've run into a very sweet, shy, square dude who has told me that he is a virgin. I've told him that I am too, and he believes me. My question is, do you think he'll know—is there a way a guy can tell if a chick is a virgin? He's an old codger with a very weak heart. I'm afraid he might keel over and kick off if I were to tell him the truth.

Loose as a goose
Detroit, Michigan

● Marry him, ball him, and as he's panting and gasping afterwards, cop out to your having pulled the train. Then collect the insurance — be sure to give the club their cut (of the bread).

The Burning Bush

I haven't had many girls, so I don't know whether this is unusual or not. My chick's bush is an ugly color—a complete turn-off, believe me. I've tried talking her into making it some more appetizing color—but she thinks I'm weird.

Lost Appetite
Las Vegas, Nevada

● You're going about it all wrong. You can't get her to do anything if it's for some negative reason. Be positive. Tell her how beautiful she is—that she's downright delectable and then pour some pomegranate juice on it. Be sure to get all the seeds, or it'll really bug the next guy.

The Horse Set

Have you ever heard of a girl being in love with a horse? Well, I think my girl is. All she wants to do is ride her horse—and bareback too. I caught her staring at his soft-on one time. Could she have a sex thing for her horse?

Jealous
Seattle, Washington

● There is only one thing better that a horse's backbone grinding and pounding between a woman's legs.

Hanging Loose

My chick goes braless, which doesn't bother me at all, except for one reason. I keep telling her that she'll be sorry someday, because if she doesn't wear a support, she'll hang—and who digs saggin' tits? But she claims that if I love her, I'll dig her tits no matter where they are. I notice that yours are around your waist — what's your story?

Mammary Nut
Phoenix, Arizona

● Gravity has had a lot of help from all the weirdos that have hung on them from time to time. Then there was the time when Big Joe started to fall out of the sack and had to grab hold of something—I've looked like water-filled balloons ever since.

Big Problem

I'm in the slam and my problem is that the only sex that's available here is a 275-pound homo who can bench press 300 pounds. I get horny enough to try the skunk, but I'm afraid to ball him (her? it?) because if I'm not good enough he'll (she'll? it'll?) stomp my ass. What should I do?

Rabbit
Vacaville, California

● Hang up my picture and take a chance on getting a bad case of pimples and maybe hair growing on your palms.

Going To The Dogs

Hey, I accidentally dropped an issue of **Easyriders** onto the floor near where my dog was eating. The mag fell open to your page and he took one look at your picture and barfed up all of his food. Should I take him to a vet?

Raunchy Rich
Weehawken, N.J.

● You oughta teach that sonuvabitch some manners—and by the way, were you upwind from him at the time?

Dirty Hands

I was in a drive-in theatre recently and I let this chick fondle me. Now my whole crotch area has a bad rash.

Beat Meat
New Haven, Connecticut

● You mean you didn't make her wear rubbers — rubber gloves, that is? You never know where a chick will put her hands these days.

Mad Compulsion

Please help me. Every time I go into the garage and look at my beautiful scoot, I get a mad compulsion to dip my crank into the gas tank. My problem is, my ol' lady is dumping me merely because she's tired of her box smelling like a gasoline station.

Weird John's Friend
Esso, St. James, N.Y.

● I think she's being very selfish. You ought to remind her that she could smell like worse things. The schmucks in the office say I smell like a bait shop.

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

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

RED RIDER
and hitler the dirty dog
GRRRRRRRR
"GOD DAMN DRIED SHIT AGAIN!"
TURDO DOGGIE CHOW
100 LBS NET
"THAT RIPS IT ★@#!!%!@ I'M CUTTIN OUT OF THIS DUMP!"
"BUT FIRST I'LL RIP OFF RED'S MEAT N' HORSECOCK!"
AN TH' GRASS
HEH, HEH!
"THIS WILL FIX THAT CHEAPO BASTARD"
WOOF
ERP
"RED I'M WORRIED, HITLER HAS BEEN GONE 72 HOURS. MAYBE WE BETTER PUT AN AD IN THE PAPER!"
"FORGET IT BABY YOU KNOW THAT SON OF A BITCH CANT READ!... ANYWAY I HAVE A CONTRACT OUT ON HIS ASS!"
"HE MUST BE HALFWAY TO PERU BY NOW!"

Cub Reporter Gets Clubbed

We **had** a new member on the staff recently, but after only one no-no session with Big Armond, the dude decided we were too severe in the enforcement of our rules, took another turn on his tourniquet, and crawled slowly out the door.

But let me ask you — what would you have done? Here's this enthusiastic dude on the first day in our office, eager to get going, brown-nosing a little, getting the editor coffee, letting Miraculous Mutha fondle him, grinning at everybody — wanting to please — when all of a sudden the editor barked out, "Line up a bike to shoot with that chick Super Hog's lined up!"

The dude looked behind him to see who the editor was shouting at. After deciding he was it, he was stoned with disbelief — he'd never expected to get an assignment on his very first day. The editor stopped typing to take a gulp of coffee and, seeing the dude still there, shouted, "Well asshole, stop standin' there scratchin' your balls — get your ass in gear — the damned deadline is day after tomorrow!"

The dude jumped in reaction to the force of the demand. "Yes sir." He thought for a moment. "But where do I find a bike?"

Being short on patience, the editor gave a quick answer to what he considered a stupid question. "In the frozen food department at the supermart — where the hell'd ya expect to find one?"

The dude decided he'd better ask someone else. Spotting Miraculous Mutha busily swatting flies, he went over to her. "Do you know where I can find a good bike?"

She snuggled up to him and grabbed a handful. "Sure, baby, come into my office." Getting turned on at how willing

Easyriders photography by Pete Chiodo

the young dude seemed to be, ol' Mutha really moved in on him. "How much do you wanna pay for one, sweetie?"

Nervously looking around to see if anyone was watching, he answered, "No — no, the editor wants me to line up a bike to be photographed with a model." He backed away from her clutching hands.

She reached for him. "Not now," he protested. "I've got to get going — we're on deadline."

Mutha frowned, then shrugged. "Okay, I'll tell you, if you come into my office."

"Later . . ."

"There — over there." She pointed to a blue file with Harley decals all over it. "All bikes submitted are kept there until they're returned. But be careful," she cautioned. "The fact that they're submitted doesn't mean they're approved for publication." She could have saved her words, because as soon as she pointed out the file, the dude rushed toward it and tuned out whatever else she said.

Pete, the photo editor, never knows what he'll be asked to photograph, and thus never asks questions, and so nothing was said until the prints and transparencies you see here hit the editor's desk.

Some said it was a roar, others said it was more like a bellow. Everyone agreed that it was damned loud. "A BMW?!" The editor was undone. Then he shuffled through more prints — completely skipping over the nude photos that usually hung him up. "A BMW in **Easyriders**?" He shouted at no one in particular: "Who's responsible for this? If Spider's pullin' another one of his gags, I'm gonna stomp the livin' shit out of him!"

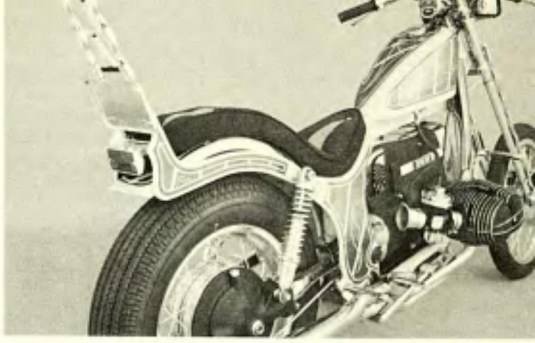
When told who'd done it, he almost blew a blood vessel. "You mean that punk — that — that — **cunt**!" He went through the photos again. "Get me Armond!" he roared. "One day from deadline and I get this. Get me Armond!"* ■

*For those of you who don't know who Armond Bletcher is, see our first issue. He's a giant weightlifter (310 lbs and six-three) who stays in perfect condition for his job as a professional bodyguard — and unlike most bodyguards, Armond uses his fists to protect, rather than a gun or a knife. As **Easyriders'** arbitrator, he gives practical lessons to staff members in why it is advisable not to make mistakes.

The little pretty with the Bavarian Motor Works scoot is yummy Julie Holbeck. She's a tender 18 years old and tips the scales at a mere 109 pounds. The other statistics of interest to girl watchers, lechers, and dirty old men are: 36-24-35.

This is the first time she has modeled. She may or may not continue modeling as a career; she really wants to be an airline stewardess.

Need we tell you that she's also on the cover of this issue?



Owner: Butler & Smith **City:** Norwood, N.J.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1973 BMW
Model: R75/5
Value: $7,000*
Assembly by: M. Capri & H. Kern
Time: 8 months
Chroming by: La Habra Plating

Engine

Year: 1973
Model: R75/5
Builder: H. Kern & M. Capri
Ignition: stock
Displacement: 850 cc
Balancing: none
Pistons: Venolia (10½:1)
Cam: BMW Sport
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Bing 32mm
Air cleaner: none
Shifter: foot
Pipes: headers
Muffler(s): none
Gearing:
Engine sprocket: n/a
Trans sprocket: n/a

Painting

Molding: Wasp Engineering
Painter: Electric Bob
Color: marano pearl
Type: lacquer
Other special modifications:
*Spokes, wheels, carburetors, and many other items on bike are 24kt gold plated.
(Don't ask.)

Chassis

Frame builder: Wasp Engineering
Year and make: 1973 BMW
Rake: ½ inch
Stretch: n/a
Rear Suspension: swingarm

Accessories

Bars: drag
Risers: 2½ inches
Fender(s): custom
Headlight: Lucas
Taillight: Bates
Speedo: BMW
Foot pegs:
Front: stock
Back: stock
Gas tank: stock
Oil tank: stock
Primary cover:
Seat material: velvet
Sissy bar: Wasp Engineering
Height: 20 inches
Material size: ½-inch twist

Forks

Type: springer
Type front rail: twist
Extension: 14 inches over
Builder: D&D Distributors

Wheels

	Front	Rear
	Size: 19-inch	Size: 16-inch H-D
	Hub/brake: disc	Hub/brake: stock
	Rim width: 1¾-in.	Rim width: 4-inch
	Tire size: 2.75 x 19	Tire size: 5.00 x 16
	Make: Avon	Make: Goodyear

ABATE News

Washington D.C. Lewis Buchanan from the U.S. Department of Transportation sent us the following information about the new helmet law in England. The law applies to visitors in England as well as to the locals.

From 1 June 1973, all riders and pillion passengers (but not passengers in sidecars) of motorcycles, scooters and mopeds in Great Britain are required to wear a safety helmet of approved design. The law applies to overseas visitors who use a two-wheeled vehicle in Great Britain. Riders or passengers who fail to comply with the new law are liable to a fine of up to £50.

The types of helmet which must be worn are those marked as complying with one of the British Standards BS2001, BS1869 or BS2495, or with a comparable national standard, for example the American Z90-1 and Snell Memorial Foundation Standards, and the motorcycle helmet standards of most national standard bodies.

California. Members of the National Cycle Safety Institute (NCCSI) are: Jim's Custom Cycle Accesssories, A&J Manufacturing, Alphabet's Custom West, D.A. Enterprises, Catalina Cycle, Randy Enterprises, J&J Cycle, Choppers Unlimited, Gypsy Jack's Custom Cycle, Trike World Limited, Nempo, Inc., Don Crassweller & Associates, The Chopper Shop, Earl Durfee Enterprises, Custom Manufactured Products, Mothers Choppers, Chopper Specialties, Chopper Shop, Odyssey Engineering, H&M Customs, S.K. Bike, Easyriders Magazine, P&T Custom Sales, AK Manufacturing, Performance Engineering, Protec, T.A. Noel, Custom Cycle Delight, EME, Paughco, Quackenbush Specialties, Expert Cycle, Custom Cycle Eng., Bill's Chopper Shop, D&D Distributors, Vickers Honda, DEW Mfg., Triple A Accessories, Cycle Stuff, Garry Bang, Otto Sickling, Vern Heinrich. Custom Parts Unlimited, Motorcycle Goodies,

Kansas City, Missouri: One of the two Class A members of AMA elected to the AMA Executive Committee was Dick Ainsworth of Kansas City. Dick is editor of the Checkered Flag News and is a friend of the chopper rider.

Michigan: Big Frank, ABATE Coordinator in Michigan, wants to inform brothers in the Michigan area that there are too many people puttin' around with their lights on during the daytime. Frank believes that if this practice continues, someone will either create such a law, or the local Man may start pushing for one. This seems to be another example where different segments of the motorcycling sport are conflicting with each other.

All motorcyclists must pull together to keep the few freedoms we have left. Another example is the bikers who conscientiously wear helmets (wouldn't be caught dead riding without one) and because of their beliefs, strongly advocate the use of helmets by everyone else, even if it takes a law to force people to wear them. These selfish people have a devastating effect on any fight to repeal a helmet law.

This attitude creates two problems: One, it divides the total voice cyclists have. When I was first involved with the helmet issue the only influences on my attitude were personal experience and hearsay that dictated that a helmet would protect me as if I were wearing a Brinks armored truck. But through living in a state where the choice was mine, I discovered that I was in greater danger of an accident while wearing a helmet, due to lack of vision and hearing. Then over the past couple of years, reading every document I could find, pro or con, regarding the use of helmets, I found no substantial evidence to support helmets—only, hearsay and strong editorial remarks.

I found that no state had made conclusive investigations prior to adopting a helmet law and that helmets were not tested until well over 40 states had adopted such a law. I found that state statistics proved that helmet laws had not reduced one single death rate in any major state where statistics were available as discussed in Ed Armstrong's article, "A Case Against Helmet Laws." (Oct. '72 Easyriders.) In fact the King Medical Laboratories found a rise in neck injuries after a helmet law was enacted in the state of Washington, and that there was no significant reduction in the death rate during the years the law had been in effect. I also discovered the limited protection helmets actually had, that the average helmet tested was found to be impact resistant only up to 13 miles per hour—therefore in a collision between an automobile and a cyclist at any speed over 6½ miles per hour for each vehicle a helmet's capabilities for protection were doubtful. Facts also began to appear showing that there were detrimental effects on hearing and vision related to helmet wearing.

My point is not to advocate the non-wearing of helmets, but to point out that what seems to be common knowledge or sense is not always true.

The second example that has caused unneeded dissent and another barrier to come between stock bike riders, manufacturers, and chop riders has been the long front end myth. When an average non-riding citizen views the machine I ride, the first comment might be, "Where is your helmet?" The second would be, "How can you handle that long front end?"

ABATE's engineer investigated the subject only to find that no one has studied front end length, rake, or trail since time began and that the so-called test Harley-Davidson makes to place the most desirable front end on their bikes is non-existent. Bill Otto, ABATE engineer-physicist, studied rakes and trail characteristics of different motorcycles and found many stock bikes to have too little trail and rake to afford the stability needed for freeway riding. He also found that if certain loads were placed on the front ends, such as a pack for camping, the added weight on the front end would create sufficient pressure to cause the front end to collapse slightly, reducing the rake and trail of the motorcycle, and would cause the geometry of the motorcycle to fall on the brink if not into unstable region. The bike would then be at least on the verge of instability and extremely prone to wobble at almost any speed. It was discovered that the average chopper was far more into the stable region than any stock motorcycle on the market today. Again, I am not advocating long front ends, but merely pointing out another example of something being condemned and legislated off the road because of ignorance and hearsay.

The point to be drawn from all this is that detrimental propaganda, along with the past reputation that choppers have had, has kept outlaws, straight cyclists, manufacturers and trail riders constantly at each other's throats. This in turn has had a devastating effect on public opinion and has left cycling wide open for anti-bike legislation. The biker's voice has been so dispersed among the various elements of the sport as to make it impossible for us to offer a solid front against bad legislation.

Isn't it about time we helped each other?

—Keith Ball

Maryland: Gary R. Zager had an accident while putting through Washington, D.C., which points out another beneficial point about extended front ends. Gary said, "I had an accident with Joe Citizen on March 24 which was 100% his fault. I plowed right into the side of his '71 Olds. I have a 74 with a 16" extended glide front end with a ¾" rake, and I am of the opinion that if I had been on a bike with a stock front end I would have been injured. With the rake and extension, I feel that 80% of the shock was absorbed by the front end. The impact bent the triple tree (demolished the front rim, naturally), knocked the frame back to the engine, and tore up the primary cover, clutch hub and springs (819 bucks worth). When I finally fell over sideways (not over the handlebars) I wasn't hurt."

North Carolina: Another case of discrimination against motorcyclists. McDonald's hamburger place on Independence Blvd., in Charlotte, N.C., does not allow any motorcycles on its property. The local newspaper questioned the owner about the discrimination, and he refused to reply.—Willam E. Titus

Kirksville, Missouri: Here is a case where the biker's rights were upheld. Joe Eperson and a couple of partners noticed that the city council had raised the price of city bike stickers from $2.50 to $5.00. The three of them went before the city council to complain, but they, being bikers, were treated extremely rudely — so rudely that it raised the attention of the city attorney and he decided to look into the matter. He discovered that the city was in violation of a state statute. Consequently the city council was forced by law to roll the price back to $2.50. In conclusion, Joe wrote, "We now know that bitchin' does some good."

Help is needed

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

Another ABATE Service

While reading a national advertising trade magazine, we noticed a two-page advertisement depicting Uncle Sam pointing his finger out at the reader. Next to Uncle Sam, and with Uncle Sam's arm around him, was a business-type man. Both were frowning or indicating anger. The large headline read: "If Uncle Sam doesn't get you, the consumer will."

The ad was a pitch to manufacturers—any manufacturer of a product that might meet governmental or consumer resistance and therefore might need "the uncompromising eye of a design engineer," and told them where they could find one.

Why would he need one? According to the advertisement, "Because every time you turn around there's a new government regulation or another consumer cry." Because of this products have "to be manufactured under newly defined conditions to meet more stringent requirements and pass more elaborate tests."

"To make sure," the ad continued, "your products survive this attack, many are being resubmitted to the uncompromising eye of the design engineer."

A revealing choice of words, isn't it? "Survive this attack." There doesn't seem to be much sympathy for the consumer, does there? It would seem that complaints about automobile gas pedals sticking, or any number of other complaints that have forced manufacturers to correct **their own** mistakes, or poor workmanship, are the fault of the buyer! And what's this "gets you" business? Are consumers lurking about trying to "get" the poor manufacturers, when all they want is exactly what they paid for? Is the government going to "get" them by making the manufacturers maintain a certain standard of quality in order to protect the consumer?

No one likes to spend money unnecessarily, and from that viewpoint it would be understandable why some manufacturers might drag their feet when it comes to spending additional money to correct a manufacturing or design error, or alter a product to bring it up to a new standard of safety or quality. They would be perfectly happy to leave things as they are, maintain their profit margin, and wish that all the unhappy consumers and do-gooders would blow away.

In our (chopper) industry, a few dedicated manufacturers have formed a manufacturers association (NCCSI) and are in the process of testing their products, establishing safety standards and quality control procedures. We will keep you advised of their progress.

But what about the consumer?

ABATE is an organization made up of consumers. Thus far its attention has been primarily directed at combating anti-bike laws by disseminating educational material and engineering data to individual members for use in their local areas.

From the mail we have received, we have learned that there is an additional area in which the street biker is vitally interested and needs representation, and that area is one of consumer protection.

What products are unsafe? Which companies are rip-offs? Who advertises one thing and sends another? Which ads are misleading? Who's a hassle to deal with? Who does poor work? ABATE is now going to try to answer these and other questions for you.

How will we determine these facts? **We** won't, **you** will. We are going to ask you to send your complaints to us. As part of this regular ABATE feature in Easyriders we will run the Consumer Survey form you see at the end of this column. As we receive them we will compile a profile on various companies and products. This will aid us in determining the quality of products, how advertisers treat their customers, whether they back up their guarantees, how fast or slow their service is, etc. We want you to write us with any complaint you have against any advertiser in this rag or any other bike magazine. We will maintain a file on them and soon we will be able to determine who are the good and bad guys. Results of the continuing survey will be made available.

To back up this program, ABATE will aid you in getting any hassle you're presently having squared away—at least try to get you some answers. We'll write and phone for you if you feel you've been getting a runaround. We can't promise miracles—all we can offer is pressure. We may not be able to solve a problem—a rip-off is a rip-off—but at least we will be able to learn who you should stay away from. If one company receives a lot of complaints, that's got to tell you something.

Fill out the complaint form accurately. Exact dates, names and addresses. Send as much proof as you can. Do not send originals—spend a dime at the library and have documents photo copied. Send photo copies of canceled checks, correspondence and proof that will aid us in getting answers for you.

Fill out the form below or write us and tell us about any hassles you've had: dealers, advertisers, manufacturers, mail order advertisers, etc., even if the problem is already solved. This would be background data for our records. We are interested only in personal experiences, not what happened to your friend, etc.

We recognize that things happen. We're not out to get anybody—we just want ABATE members and **Easyriders** readers to get a fair shake; and rather than just talk about it, we're going to see that they get it.

Space in the magazine is limited, so if you need additional space to make your complaint complete, you may answer questions on a separate sheet of paper. Our staff is very limited, so be certain to include all information in order to keep correspondence at a minimum.

Consumer Retort

ABATE

I want to register a complaint against:

Name of Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Person or persons to whom you have written or telephoned.

_____

Give exact dates of correspondence and telephone calls.
(Send photo copies of all correspondence, canceled checks, etc.)

_____

_____

_____

_____

My complaint is: _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Amount paid: _____ How was it paid? _____
(Cash, check, money order—send proof if you have it.)

Other comments: _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone number _____

ABATE Box 2280, Seal Beach, California 90740

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

Let's get together →

ABATE —*Continued*

The Practical CASE AGAINST HELMETS

You've heard most of the following arguments against the mandatory helmet laws before. We are printing them again because the Anti-Helmet Law Association, a Canadian organization, has put all the arguments together in such a concise, easy-to-read (and understandable) way that we thought you would find it a very useful tool in combating the helmet forces in your area.

The following points constitute some of the more important arguments derived from our lengthy study of the helmet issue. While this study continues, we believe the case presented here will stand as a fair representation of our opposition to the helmet requirement. The statistics cited here will be fully documented and factually supported in our forthcoming brief to the Transport Committee of the National Assembly:

Motorcyclist deaths are essentially the results not of failure to use protective helmets, but of motorcycle accidents. This fact should be obvious, but many sincere proponents of highway safety have been misled into concluding that the universal use of helmets would greatly reduce the high death rate, which in Quebec claimed the lives of 90 motorcyclists during the last year for which figures are available. Let's look at the facts:

1. Roughly 75% of all motorcycle accidents involve a rider having **less than three months** experience.

2. More than two-thirds of all accidents involving a motorcycle and another motor vehicle are determined to be the fault of the other motorist—usually a case of automobile drivers ignoring motorcyclists, or, in some cases, consciously violating the motorcyclist's right-of-way.

3. Statistics from those states and provinces which have enacted mandatory helmet legislation reflect no demonstrable decrease in the ratio of deaths to accidents. On the contrary, many, many jurisdictions have shown a marked **increase** in the death rate following enactment of helmet laws. Overall deaths have decreased in a few areas, but only as the result of a decreased accident rate, due to strict driver education programs, etc., which were invoked along with the helmet requirement. As no one would argue that helmets prevent accidents, **their usefulness can be determined statistically only by comparing the frequency of death when accidents do occur.**

In California, which has never had a helmet law, exist the largest number of registered motorcycles in any state or province on the continent. Due to pleasant weather, many of these machines can be used throughout the year. Even so, California's motorcyclist fatality rate is a comparatively low annual figure of 72 per 100,000. New York, on the other hand, has its riding season severely limited by cold weather and snow. New York has enforced a helmet law since 1967, but still shows an alarming death rate of 136 per 100,000 motorcycles—almost twice the California figure, and appreciably higher than Quebec's fatality rate of around 120 per 100,000. While New York claimed a slight reduction in the number of deaths from head injury after passage of the helmet law, **deaths due to neck injury increased by more than 100%!** (Although we know of no study isolating this phenomenon, the probable causes of a higher incidence of broken necks are (1) the helmet's excessive weight, which combines during a fall with centrifugal force to produce a whiplash action, and (2) the tendency of some or all helmets to transmit otherwise non-fatal shocks to the spinal column, where death results.) Of course, California, New York, and Quebec cannot be compared directly with conclusive results. But it is obvious that if the helmet were of half the value some give it credit for, the above figures could not exist.

The role of a helmet in **causing** accidents cannot be underestimated. And, while we freely concede the ability of helmets to **sometimes** reduce injury once an accident has occurred, there can be no justification for the enforced use of a device intended to save lives, if that very device creates the situation wherein life is lost!

1. Helmets minimize the wearer's ability to hear. This may be an asset during high-speed driving, but in city traffic it is almost suicidal.

2. Vision is often reduced, as well. Glare from helmet face shields (now required by many jurisdictions) has been responsible for more than a few accidents, while others are caused by the occasional loss of peripheral vision.

3. The compulsory helmet is a constant inconvenience to any rider. For example, unless he continually carries **two** helmets, the rider may not pick up a passenger, even in an emergency. Also, the regular maintenance which high repair costs force most of us to perform ourselves is impossible when the rider's hearing is so impaired. Thus, the motorcyclist may be operating an unsafe machine simply because he is unaware of audible danger signals emitted by the carburetor, engine, drive train, brakes, or tires. And, during hot weather, motorcyclists will risk the accident that might be caused by perspiration running from beneath a helmet into the eyes. These annoyances pose many hazards to the motorcyclist, since numerous highway safety studies have revealed that frustration, resentment, and preoccupation with petty discomforts greatly reduce any motorist's ability to drive safely and sanely.

4. Although the Quebec law, like most helmet laws, sets down minimum manufacturing standards for approved helmets, unapproved helmets will remain on the market and will remain in use, due either to ignorance or to unlawful efforts to economize. Violation of the law, of course, cannot alone justify its repeal, but it should be recognized that approved helmet standards will be impossible to enforce, and that the use of "cut-rate" helmets will present the double threat of causing accidents **and** failing to protect the rider once an accident has occurred.

5. Probably the strongest and yet least appreciated argument against compulsory helmet use is the false sense of security which the helmet creates in its user. With the principal sensory organs enclosed in a tight shell of fiberglass and tinted plastic, the rider inevitably assumes a subconscious (or conscious) feeling of indestructibility. The degree to which this is a factor, of course, varies depending on the individual motorcyclist, his experience, and emotional make-up.

The Moral Case Against a Helmet Law

We believe in the individual's fundamental right to make decisions regarding his own conduct and well-being, with due regard for the rights of others. We feel that there can be no crime where there is no unwilling victim.

This position has been disputed in a few judicial tests involving the helmet law in the United States, although courts have also often ruled against helmet legislation. The theory of the "public burden" (namely, that the risk of injury involving public compensation, medical care, etc., removes this question from the realm of individual rights) has been invoked in support of mandatory helmet statutes. This, of course, was based on the assumption that helmet use invariably saves lives—an assumption which the facts not only fail to support, but directly refute.

Moreover, we believe that the "public burden" theory represents the greatest potential threat to individual liberty since the rise of National Socialism in pre-war Germany. This theory opens the legislative door to an Orwellian society in which the individual is compelled to wear suits of armour and stay indoors after dark—lest he become a "public burden" as a result of negligent accidents. The same theory could (and should, if it is applied against motorcyclists) be extended to ban such activities as swimming, skiing, skin-diving, mountain-climbing, boating, sky-diving, and flying. With the motorcyclist helmet law as precedent, it is not difficult to imagine golfers and sandlot baseball players being required to wear helmets in the near future. In Quebec, approximately twice as many hunters die annually from their own negligence as do motorcyclists from head injuries. Yet hunters are now being required to complete courses in safety before being licensed, while motorcyclists (whether safe or unsafe drivers) are forced only to wear helmets at all times.

Additionally, the helmet law inadvertently discriminates against motorcyclists. No such requirement is made of automobile drivers, the defence of this being that the automobile provides its own shell of protection. But the facts, again, dispute this: In the United States, approximately 28% of all auto fatalities are the results of head injuries, while the corresponding figure for motorcyclists is only 26%. In terms of raw quantity, these head injuries account for 15,400 dead automobile drivers and passengers, but only 520 motorcyclists. Rather than providing a "protective shell," the automobile claims most of its victims by crushing or colliding with the human occupant—or trapping him inside the "protective shell" and burning or drowning him alive. Even in the case of seat belts (a relatively minor inconvenience), few jurisdictions have seen fit to make their **use** compulsory.

Increased accidents and fatalities are commonly given as justification for compulsory helmet laws. But these accidents (as cited

previously, 75% of all motorcycle accidents involve drivers with limited experience) are primarily the results of greater motorcycle popularity and availability among the very young. Thus, all motorcyclists—however safe, experienced, and responsible—are penalized for the mistakes of the irresponsible.

Accidents are specific and unique occurrences. And, as is the case with many laws, the state is singularly incapable of protecting the individual against the specific. It can provide some protection against the general, but in so doing often needlessly penalizes thousands of citizens for the possible benefit of a hypothetical few.

In summation, we believe that the helmet is a most useful accessory, which can provide an added margin of safety in many instances. But, like snow tires, its universal application is not only useless, but potentially dangerous.

The helmet law is a classic case of treating symptoms (motorcyclist deaths) while almost ignoring the disease (a high accident rate, caused both by inexperienced riders and by media distortions of the motorcycling image, leading to a total disrespect for bikers by a large segment of the general motoring public).

Even if helmets were a cure-all for the problems of motorcycle safety (and they are not), it is only helmet **use,** rather than helmet **legislation,** that could save lives. And, for many reasons (not the least of them being a need to reverse the current trend toward public disrespect for the law, police, and law enforcement), we believe that this end could be better served by public education programs than by government edict.

Constructive Legislation: The Biker's Perspective

The following is a **sampling** of the measures we feel should be given legislative attention by the National Assembly. By no means do we propose to include here the full scope of motorcycle laws which should and should not be. These ideas are directed toward the common good, toward a better future for motorcyclists **and** the society around them.

1. Require a standard and adequate driver training course or skill in driving test for all motorcyclists seeking their first driver's license.

2. Limit operation of motorcycles by first-year drivers to machines not exceeding the 200cc displacement category. For second-year drivers, a 350cc limit should be imposed. (It is currently possible for a young rider with no experience whatsoever to purchase, register, and "drive" a motorcycle capable of accelerating from a dead stop to over one hundred miles per hour in less than twelve seconds. The same bike may have an obtainable top speed of 140 m.p.h.)

3. Require operational maintenance (inspections) of all vital mechanical components.

4. Provide stiff penalties for automobilists and other motorists convicted of willfully or negligently causing or facilitating a motorcycle accident. Each motorist registering an automobile should be required to read an information booklet on motorcycles and the rights of motorcyclists.

5. No legislation requiring or banning certain types of motorcycle equipment for motorcycles "in general" should be passed. Motorcycles vary from portable toys to coast-to-coast touring machines, from all-terrain vehicles to production road-racers. They have no more in common generally than do four-wheeled vehicles—busses, cars, moving vans, dune buggies, and oil tankers, road graders, or tractors.

6. Directional turn-signals, now mandatory for motorcyclists in Iowa, should not be required for principally off-road motorcycles. The presence of turn-indicators on trail bikes presents a serious hazard when driving through dense or overhanging foliage. These devices also lead to rider over-confidence on road machines, since the operator may wrongly assume that his signal has been observed by other motorists. Turn-signals should not be required for even street motorcycles until, over a two-year period, automobiles have been at fault in **no more than half** of all accidents involving motorcycles and automobiles. Until such time, it would be unwise to require signaling equipment on motorcycles when so large a segment of the motoring public does not observe motorcycles themselves.

We urge that legislative measures be undertaken as soon as possible to **prevent** motorcycle accidents, since statistics indicate that an overwhelming majority of accidents and fatalities are preventable, while only a quarter of total deaths are related to head injury. In fact, if the accidents caused by the inexperience of young motorcyclists and the thoughtlessness or incompetence of other motorists were eliminated, only seven percent of the current fatalities would remain. Removing from this total the deaths not caused by head injuries, and allowing for the present use of helmets in the absence of obligatory legislation, only a fraction of one percent of fatalities would remain, representing about one-half of one death! Surely the entire motorcycling public should not be burdened by a statute aimed at this mythical fatality, who is only half alive regardless! ■

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 **Easyriders** 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.

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.

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?____

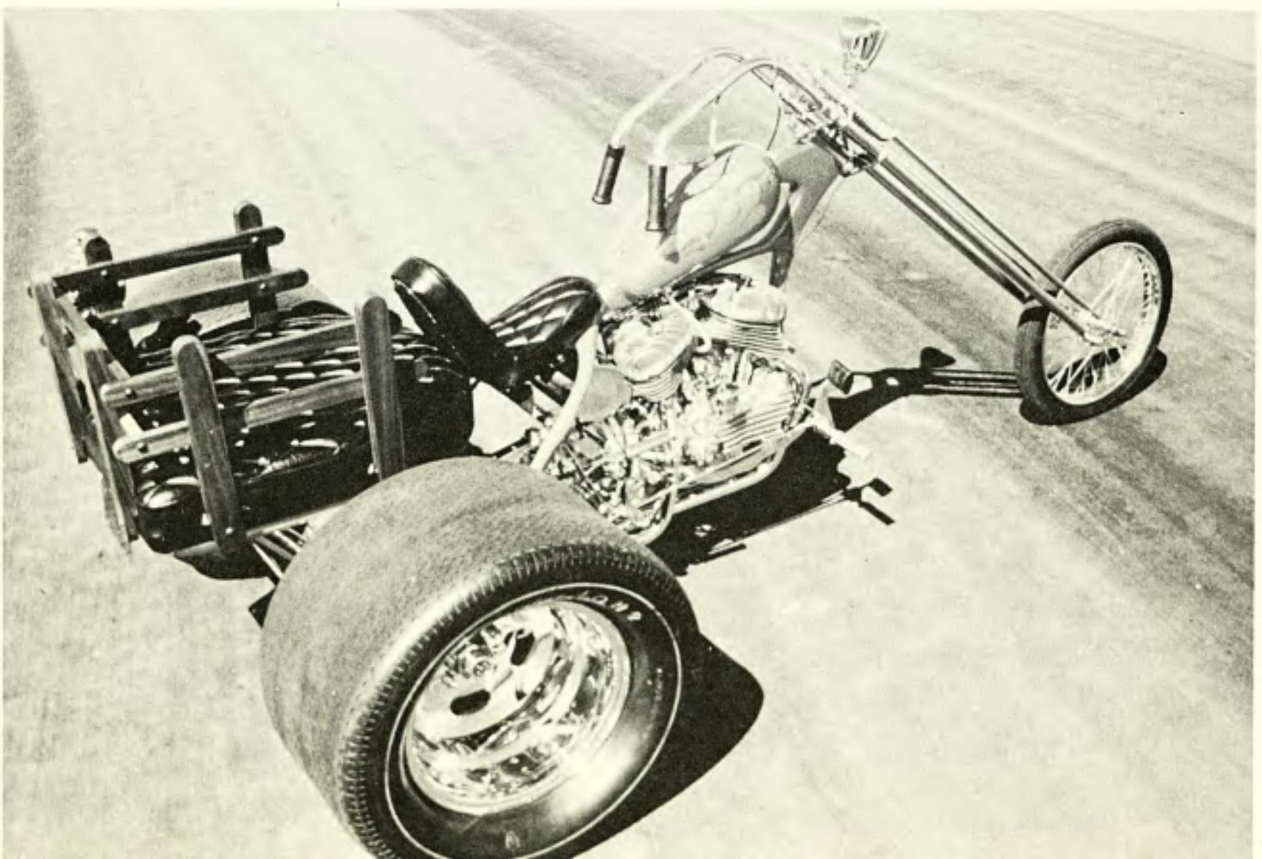
Comments: _____

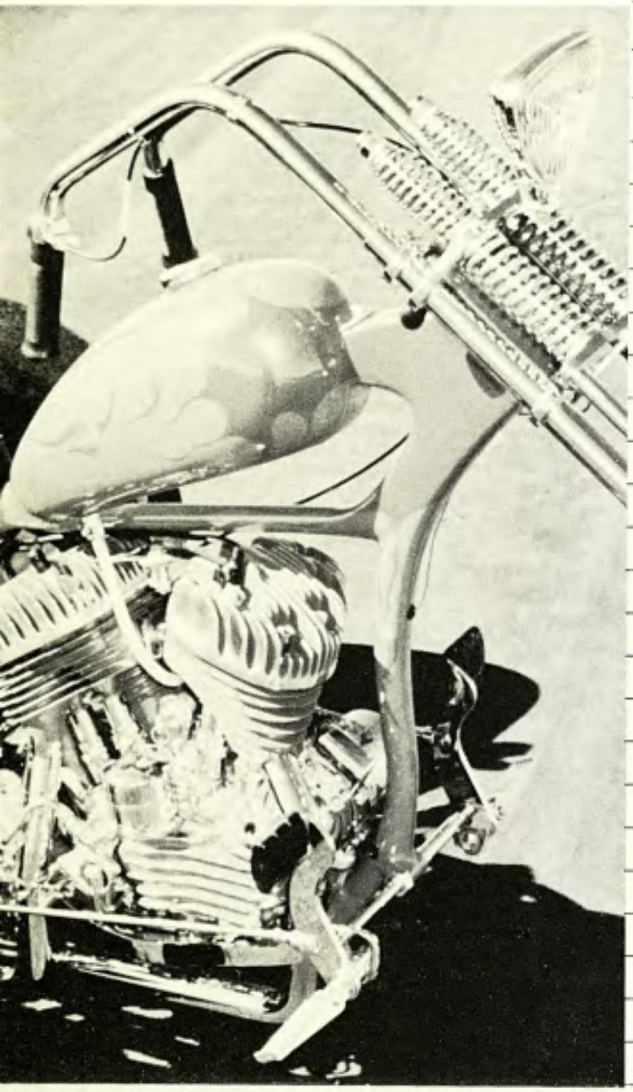
Tasty Trike

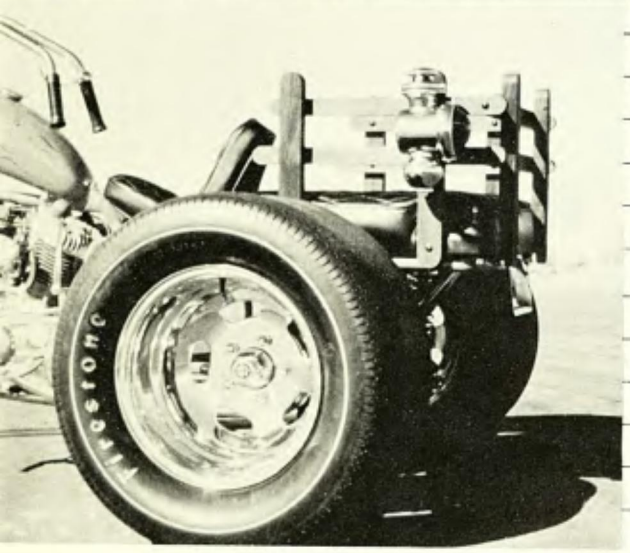
We don't see many that turn us on—but this one does . . .

Most of you, having fumbled through this rag a few times, know that we haven't been all that much into trikes. Mainly because we feel they should be powered by bike engines—which seems to cut out a lot of them these days. Then, we're not into a show-bike trip—and that weeds out a helluva lot of 'em. Occasionally we do run across one that we dig, and we feature it.

Another minor problem is that we discovered there is a dude on the staff who flat-ass doesn't dig trikes. Without knowing Snake's anti-trike views, we gave him the assignment of writing the copy for the







Owner: Gary Nottingham

City: American Fork, Utah

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1945 H-D
Model: 45
Value: $4,250
Assembly by: owner
Time: 3 months
Chroming by: Quality Plating

Engine

Year: 1945
Model: 45
Builder: owner
Ignition: 6V
Displacement: 750 cc
Balancing: no
Pistons: stock
Cam: WLD
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Linkert M-51
Air cleaner: none
Shifter: Jockey
Pipes: drag type
Muffler(s): Glass Pack baffles
Gearing:
Engine sprocket: 31
Trans sprocket: 17

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: owner
Color: candy pearl orange
Type: acrylic lacquer
Other special modifications:
Heads ported and polished.
Rear wheels are 10-inch slotted
rockets.

Chassis

Frame builder: owner
Year and make: 1945 H-D
Rake: 2 inches
Stretch: none
Rear Suspension: stock trike

Accessories

Bars: DLG pullbacks
Risers: none
Fender(s): none
Headlight: Aries triangular
Taillight: early Ford
Speedo: none
Foot pegs:
Front: Frisco
Back: none
Gas tank: Wassel Banana
Oil tank: A & J hex
Primary cover: stock
Seat material: naughahyde
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material size:

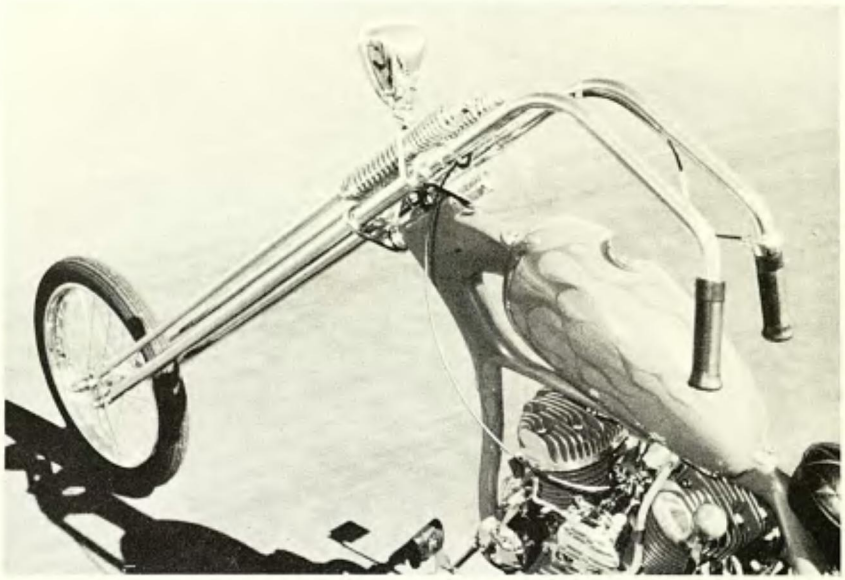
Forks

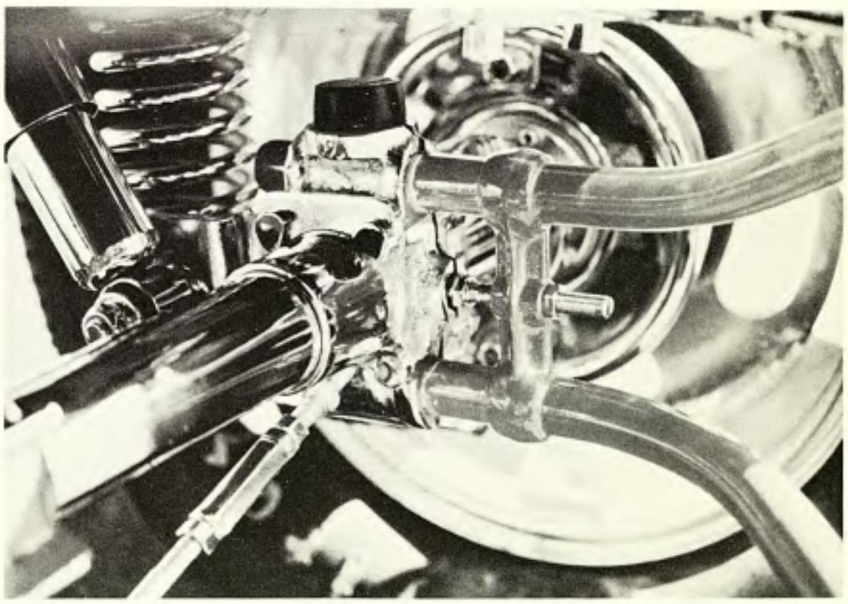
Type: custom springer
Type front rail:
Extension: 25 inches over
Builder: DLG

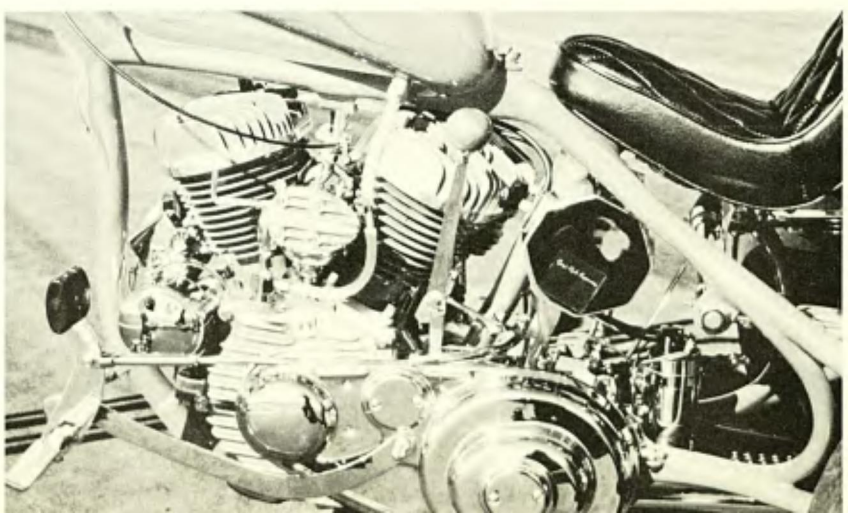
Wheels

	Front	Rear
	Size: 18-inch	Size: 16-inch
	Hub/brake: spool	Hub/brake: mechani
	Rim width: WM-1	Rim width: 10-inch
	Tire size: 2.75 x 18	Tire size: 15.50 x 50
	Make: Avon	Make: Firestone

Easyriders photography by Dennis Anderson







bitchin' trike you see here. The following is what he wrote:

"I built a trike once. Thought I was going to blast through town sweeping the lovelies off their feet and onto my styler. Things didn't work out that way and I got rid of it.

"A trike ain't a motorcycle. Did I hear someone say 'No shit, Sherlock'? Well, relax, engineer, wait up for the finish. Now if you're into 74s, you know the feeling of riding—cutting through traffic, going 80-plus down an open highway and scraping the pegs on mountain turns—you know it like putting your pants on in the morning.

"Well, I feel a trike is like putting on pants with an extra leg—they don't get it. I think the only good thing about a tripod is when you're really fucked—when your head's completely outta shape—when you come to a stop sign and forget to put your feet down and you both fall over (the bike and you).

"Now if you knew me, you'd know I'm not knockin' nobody down because they happen to putt a three-wheeler—especially a clean scoot like the one featured here. I really have to admit that this is the most together four-five I've run across in a long time."

Snake's the only anti-trike guy on the staff, and so when he says something halfway good about one—it's got to be good.

You can believe he won't get any more trike assignments—unless it's a fiberglass abortion that just took the Sweepstakes Trophy (six feet high!) at the local grammar school's P.T.A. Rod Custom-orama and Chopper Exposition. ■

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"

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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-produced magazine, and posters are printed on much heavier paper.

One Of Those Days

—Continued from page 17

as he reached down to help the guy up.

The pissed-off patch-holder glared up at him. "Fuckin' prospect," he growled. "Goddammit, when I get my—"

"Take it easy," Mike interrupted. "Can't you take a joke?"

"Oh, fuck you, Mike, ya big motherfucker." But the guy had a sheepish grin on his face when he said it.

"If you can't maintain your own bike," Saint said as solemnly as a preacher threatening hellfire, "there is no excuse when it goes south."

The guy gave him a sheepish grin, too, and then turned to his bike, grumbling and fuming as he pulled it out of the bushes, wheeled it over to Saint's driveway, set it up and started looking it over. The dude's name was Loney and, Mike was thinking, he was one lucky sonofabitch. He was wearing naturals, engineer boots, black t-shirt, and shades. He hadn't even cracked the shades. He'd come through with mostly grass stains and a few bruises.

Mike chuckled to himself over the day's happenings. It was about par for the day before a run to be filled with breakdowns and dudes trying to get their shit together at the last minute. Mike shook his head and thought about past runs and the bunches of people who couldn't make it or got halfway out of town only to discover that they'd forgotten to bolt down their trans. He walked into the garage and got a piece of chain, cut it with Saint's torch, and helped Loney attach it in place of the stock right-side brake rod. Then, remembering Jerry's phone call, he said "later" to Saint and Loney, went out to his bike at the curb, fired it up, and hit it across town.

He pulled into an alley on the west side of town and rumbled down it, dodging beer cans and broken glass, to the garage where three patch-holders were sitting around on plastic milk crates, drinking Coors and staring at a bare, freshly painted cradle-bar rigid frame sitting on a towel-covered crate waiting to have the rest of the

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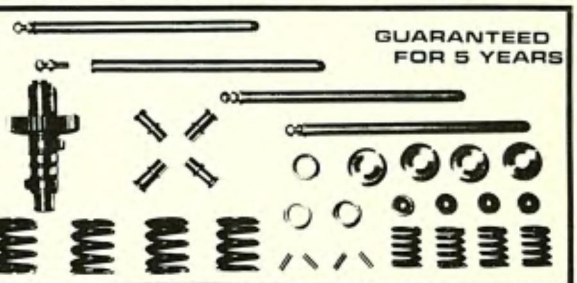

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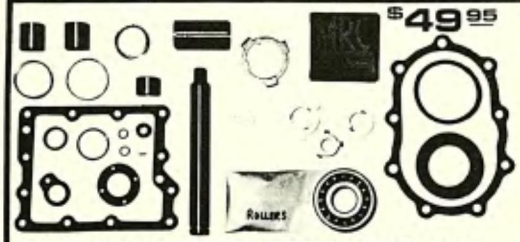

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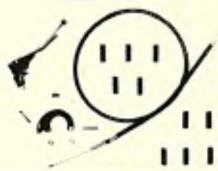

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This is not some banged out piece of crap. We guarantee you'll be satisfied or your mony will be refunded. It's the best you can buy.

Each buckle is individually produced.

Solid metal—triple bronze or silver plated.

Belts are hand-made and are 1¼" wide and are available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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parts added. He got off his bike just as one of the dudes spotted him and shouted in a drunken tone, "Hey, now we'll git somethin' done!" The tall, skinny brother staggered to his feet and tossed his beer can into a pile in the corner of the garage. It wouldn't have mattered much where he threw it in that garage, though. Except for the area containing the frame, the garage looked like the inside of a trash can. The only difference was that most of this trash was Harley-oriented.

Over to one side, 74s were stacked against each other, minus engines, trans, and various other needed parts. The stripped bikes were dusty, coated with paint and Bondo dust, and had been there for months. In the back there was a shovel rat-fuck piled into the wall. The front end was bent, but the wheel had managed to puncture the wall and stuck through to the outside. The bike had simply been left sitting there. There had once been a shelf above it, but the shelf had been so stacked with parts—generators, flywheels, worn-out heads, ruined brake drums, etc. —that it had collapsed onto the crashed scooter in an avalanche of parts that had almost buried the bike below.

The work bench was scattered with used roller bearings, wristpin bushings, crank pins, shafts, gaskets, and various other engine parts. On one corner of the bench there was a set of cases caked with grease and dirt, with a black cat nodded-out inside.

The skinny brother swayed and bumped his shorter counterpart, who was sitting on another crate with his face in his hands, as nodded-out as the black cat. The dude showed no reaction whatsoever, but he'd been knocked slightly off center, and before long he began to lean slowly until he tumbled off the crate to land with a dull thump on his side, right in the middle of an oily patch on the garage floor. Even then he didn't react. No mumbling. No groaning. Nothing. He just lay there. The third dude, Jerry, sat there on his crate and watched with dull eyes. Finally, he looked up at Mike. "It's cool, Mike," he managed to get out in slurred tones, "I think he's been dead for two days."

Mike nodded and stumbled his way over two fat bobs partially welded together to where the phone was. The wall phone and the area around it were punctured with .38 bullet holes. The old garage wall

was splintered and singed where the slugs had bored through the decrepit wood structure. Some people, Mike thought, just don't dig the noise a ringing phone makes. He lifted the phone with some scepticism, but the dial tone was there and the thing seemed to work all right. He called Skinhead.

"What's happenin'?" he asked when his ring was finally answered.

"Mike!" Skinhead acted as though he hadn't seen or heard from Mike in three years. "Lissen, man, Kenny called. He was comin' down from the mountains an' he got in some kinda trouble. He needs help."

"Well, these guys over here ain't gonna make it. No way. What does Kenny need?"

Skinhead wasn't quite sure, but he did know that Kenny was stranded just out of the mountains at some little cafe at the junction of 138 and—well, some other road. He couldn't remember right now what the other road was. Maybe Mike knew the place. Okay?

Mike thought for a minute. 138 . . .? Yeah. Maybe he did know the place, at that. There was only one roadside cafe he knew of just down from the mountains at any junction with 138. "Yeah, I think I know the place. Thanks for nothin', fucker."

He hung up and stood there thinking some more. He wondered whether Skinhead would be in any condition to make the run. He'd sounded almost as far gone as Jerry and his two brothers.

Mike picked his way through the garage rubble to his bike parked in the alley. As he started his first kick-through, he glanced back at the three wiped-out dudes. The one was still flopped on the oily floor, and the others looked ready to join him any minute. The roar of Mike's starting bike didn't even get a raised eyebrow from any of them.

Mike cut across town to his place for tools, gassed up, and hit the expressway. Kicking back flying out of town, he got behind the ride. The traffic was a slow, 65 mph slalom. When a spot finally broke in the line of cars, he pulled the bike up to 70 and moved it like a chess piece through the traffic until he reached the outskirts of town and things thinned out a little, allowing him to pick up some real speed.

At about 85, all vibration seemed to smooth out. He brought it up to the mid-90s. It was an hour-and-a-half ride that could be cut to an hour if he kept his stops short. He knew, because he'd made almost the same trip a year ago when a brother'd been shot in the same general area he was headed for now.

At his first stop, some fifty miles out of town, he pulled off the expressway into a gas station, reset the pump, filled the tank, grabbed his change, and was back on the expressway in less than two minutes. For one of the few times in his life, he wished he had a five-gallon tank—the only way to make decent time without bustin' your ass.

In just under an hour, he took an off-ramp that put him onto a well-kept road running through a deep canyon studded with big boulders, patches of shrubbery, and some scattered trees. He grabbed his quick throttle hard, winding up to around 90. Objects along the side of the road began to blur past. The big 80 rumbled through the underpass of a railroad trestle, up over a small rise, and there in the distance Mike could see the little cafe at the junc-

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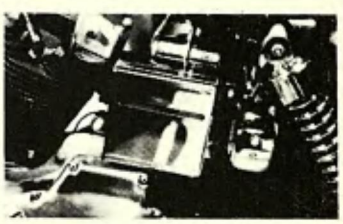

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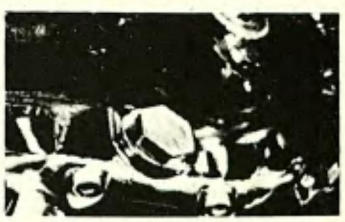

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HD's stock tach drive assembly can ruin the clean appearance that you want your bike to have after removing the gauges. Our unit is a show chromed 1/4" high bolt with a recessed head that allows you to glue a penny with the year of your bike into the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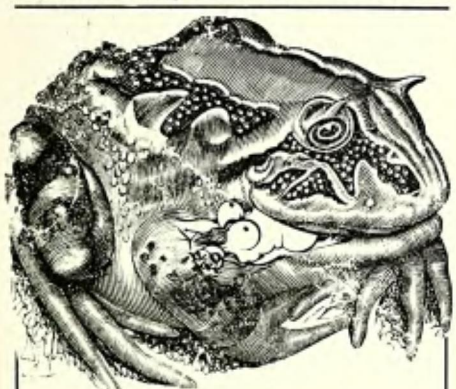

We found mismarked boxes of the first and seventh issues (we had told you we were sold out!), and so, while the new supply lasts, it will be possible for you to make your collection complete by getting every lousy issue of *Easyriders*, even the historical, immortal first issue!

All issues (numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 15) 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*

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tion of 138 and the road he was on. Now, if his guess was right. . . .

He shut down and coasted into the gravel parking lot in front of the cafe, which was built next to an antique gas station that must have closed years ago. The station windows were long gone, wiped out by years of rock throwers, and the paint was peeling from the walls in long strips. The cafe looked as old as the station, but it had a new tin roof and looked well kept.

As Mike came to a halt, a dude came out through the recently painted double doors of the cafe and started across the wide cement porch. Mike congratulated himself on the guess he'd made. It was Kenny, all right, an average-sized dude with long black hair and a Fu Manchu mustache. He was wearing his usual: a pair of dark corduroy levis, black boots, and a heavy wool plaid shirt. He was carrying a pair of battered black leather gloves. He had no shades because, as he always said, he lost them as fast as he bought them.

Mike called to him. "Where's your bike?"

Kenny waved a hand. "Over here." He started across the road, with Mike following. "What the fuck happened?" Mike wanted to know.

Ken looked surprised. "Didn't Skinhead tell ya?"

Mike gave him a sour grin. "Shit, man, you know Skin. He couldn't give ya the time of day unless he was starin' at a clock when you asked him. Then, when he finally figured out the time, he'd forget the question."

Ken grinned back. "Yeah, I know.' He took a deep breath. "Well, I was comin' down the mountain and this Plymouth—looked like an old cop car—ran me off the road. I think it mighta been them cats from the service station back there by the expressway."

"What cats from what station?"

"You remember a few months ago, I told ya about these dudes that wouldn't let me work on the bike at the station? The guys that wised off so goddam much?"

"Yeah, I remember now. Anyhow, what happened then?"

"Well, I tried ridin' it back up the hill, but I blew the fuckin' rivets outta the rear hub an' the sprocket broke loose."

Mike sighed. "Okay, le's go down an' take a look at it."

They made their way down the embankment. The bike was about

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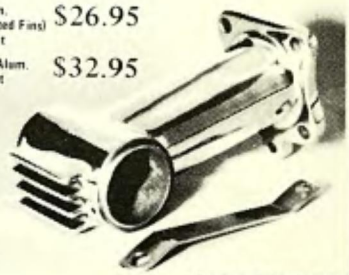

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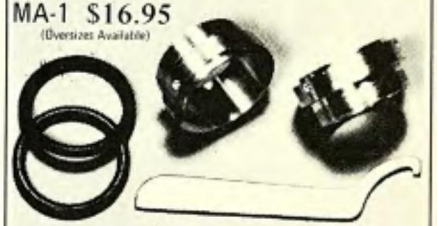

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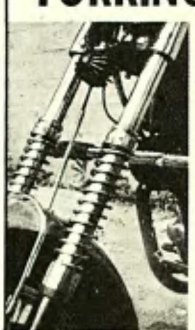

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fifteen feet down from the road, with the rear wheel dug into the dry gravel until the cradle-bar frame rested on the ground. The pan sat low because of a 2-inch rake and a 14-over springer. Mike looked over the situation and finally decided what had to be done.

He turned to Ken. "You got any rope?"

"Nope. But you might be able to find some at the cafe."

Mike studied him for a minute, and then asked sarcastically, "You payin' for this job?"

Kenny shook his head. "No, I . . ." Then the tone of Mike's question got through to him. "Well," he said, "I didn't think I was." He watched Mike's face wonderingly.

"Then what the hell you mean, *I* can find some rope at the cafe? Go get your own goddam rope."

Ken finally woke up to the idea, got off his ass and started up the embankment toward the cafe. Mike followed him up the hill. Back at the embankment, Mike backed his bike as close to the edge as he thought was safe. When Ken returned they tied one end of the rope to the lower end of Mike's sissy bar and Ken took the other end down to tie it around his front end. Mike fired up his 80, brought up the revs, and started to let the clutch out slowly. The rope tightened, but Mike's scooter didn't budge. More revs; still no movement. Mike gave up, exasperated. He turned to look down the bank, and his exasperation turned to disbelief. He didn't know whether to laugh or get pissed off. "Goddammit, asshole, get off the motherfucker! This ain't my day for givin' free rides!"

Ken laughed and gave him the finger. But he also got off the bike and started pushing while Mike poured the juice to his 80. The two bikes finally started rolling slowly. Just as Ken's front wheel was about to clear the top of the bank, Mike shut down and stared at something down at the intersection. Ken stuck his head up to see what was happening.

An old black and white Plymouth was squealing around the turn and heading toward Mike and Ken. It was an old cop car, stripped, and it had four dudes in it. The guy in the passenger side of the front seat had his window rolled down, and as the car screamed closer Mike and Ken could see the muzzle of a 12-gauge shotgun come out the window to point straight at them. Mike dropped his bike and hit the dirt as close beside it as he could get. Ken ducked behind the top of the embankment. The shotgun went off like a cannon, and a voice yelled: "You motherfuckin' bikers better stay the fuck outta this neck of the woods!" Another voice, higher-pitched, screamed a threat that the gang would be back. Mike stared after the speeding car. He wondered if all four of the creeps had pieces of some kind. He turned and looked his bike over. Most of the pellets had seemed to hit the road short of his scooter, but it would only take one to fuck the works. Everything seemed all right, though.

Ken had come up to help him look for holes. "Them cats are the ones that ran me off the road," he said.

Mike picked up his bike and checked the rope around the sissy bar. "We'll take care of those bas-

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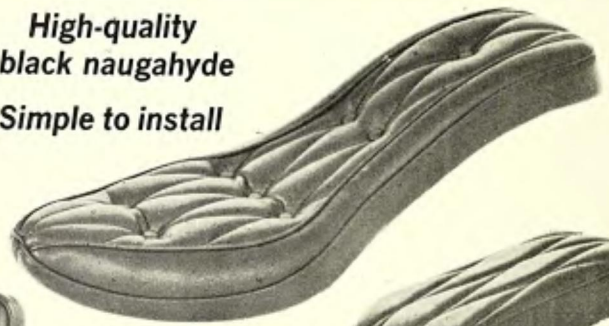

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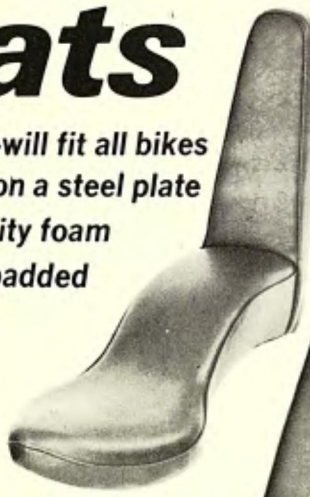

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tards later. Now let's get that thing of yours up here on the road."

A minute later they had Ken's bike on the edge of the highway, and Ken was on his way back to the cafe with the rope and instructions to find out who around here would have an arc welder. He was back in another couple of minutes, but he didn't look very happy. He didn't say a word at first. He just looked at Mike.

"Well?" Mike finally asked impatiently.

"I don't think . . ." Ken paused.

"I know that," Mike said. "So what else is new?"

Ken picked up where he'd left off. "Okay, asshole, listen up for the good news. The only arc welder around here belongs to the fuckers in the black and white. Guess we'll just hafta shine it on."

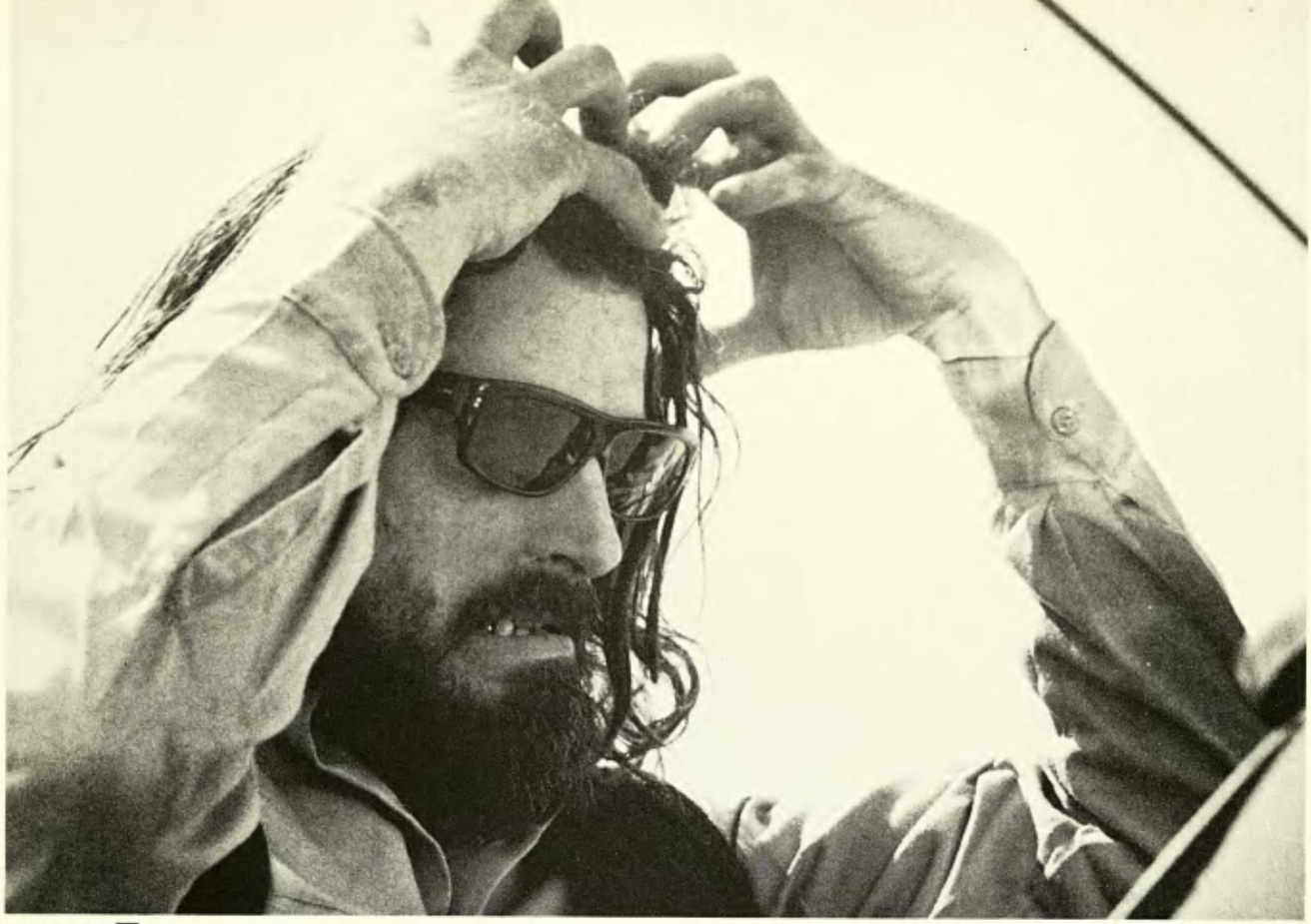
"Bullshit. You're not gonna glue that sprocket on. And remember the last time we used sheet metal screws? Le's at least have a go at it."

It was getting dark by now, and Ken went to call the people in town, to tell them that he and Mike would be late in getting back. They pushed their bikes around behind the cafe, out of sight from the road. Mike broke out his tools while Ken rounded up a big cinder block from a pile over in one corner of the lot. Mike lifted the rear end of Ken's bike while Ken shoved the block under the frame.

Mike got out the big allen wrench needed to take the rear wheel off and, holding one foot on the brake, broke the lugs loose on the hub and spun them off, while Ken undid the axle. The wheel dropped down and out from behind the fender, and the chain was loose enough for the brake drum to be pulled easily off the shoes. The rivets that normally held the sprocket in place were gone. The sprocket had spun free and grooved the chrome on the drum, and Ken stood there staring down at it.

"Goddammit," Mike said disgustedly, "le's get it on!"

Kenny carried the drum and sprocket, and they started hoofing it down the road for the mile or so that the cafe owner had told them would bring them to the ranch where they could find the welder. They hoofed it because they didn't know what they might be heading into and they thought a quiet approach might be better than the noisy comfort of riding Mike's bike into Christ knows what. Besides,



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they could more easily fade into the dark on either side of the road in case of approaching traffic. They hadn't forgotten the shotgun and the shouted warning that the gang would be back. As they walked — and cussed monotonously, because walking was not their favorite activity — they discussed the possibilities of the welder. It would probably be kept in some kind of outbuilding — garage, barn, shed, or whatever the hell kind of structure they might expect to find on a "ranch" in this desolate area. Maybe they could sneak into the storage building and use the welder without the four dudes even knowing about it. Maybe — oh shit, maybe anything. They'd just have to wait till they got there and see what the setup looked like.

They turned off the highway finally into a gravel lane that was deeply rutted from car wheels on each side and humped in the middle, the hump filled with weeds. About a hundred yards from the highway, they rounded a slight turn and saw lights from a house over on the left side of the lane. Something about the lights bothered Mike and he stopped to stare at them. Finally he muttered a vicious "Shit!"

"What? What'sa matter, Mike?"

"Ahh, their fuckin' electrics come from a generator. Even if we find the goddam welder outside the house someplace, we can't use it. The damn thing'd fuck up their house lights and they'd sure as hell come out to see what was happenin'."

"Oh shit. Well, what can we do about it?" They stood thinking for a minute, and Ken had a sudden idea. "Hey! You think we could steal the fuckin' thing, maybe?"

"Yeah, maybe. If it ain't a big, heavy mutha. Well, come on. Le's take a look."

Walking quietly in the rank grass at one side of the lane, they headed toward the house. As they neared the tumble-down building, they could see they'd come to the right place, all right. The black and white Plymouth was sitting in front of the house. On the opposite side of the lane from the house were some small buildings that looked as if they were built out of orange crates. The lane dead-ended into a corral so broken down that it wouldn't have held a dying, three-legged cow.

"Watch the house," Mike whispered to Ken. "I'll check out the sheds."

Ken moved up to the side of an uncurtained window and peeked carefully into it. The four dudes were there, in the front room, drinking, already drunk as skunks, yelling and screaming and laughing like idiots. The room looked as if a tornado had just passed through — or maybe a few thousand red freaks. Yellow-stained walls showed slightly lighter spots where pictures might have once hung, the one chair slouched minus a leg, and torn cushions from a sagging couch were scattered over the floor. Not much housekeepin' goin' on around here, Ken thought, and he moved back from the window to look over the outside of the house. The walls bulged here and there, the roof sagged at one corner, and shingles were slowly falling off to the dirt yard below. Nobody had even bothered to pick them up. The foundation and porch were made of boulders and cement, but most of the cement had

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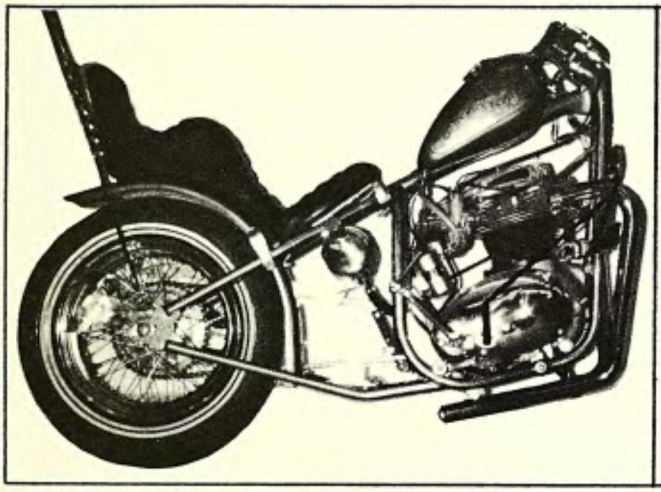

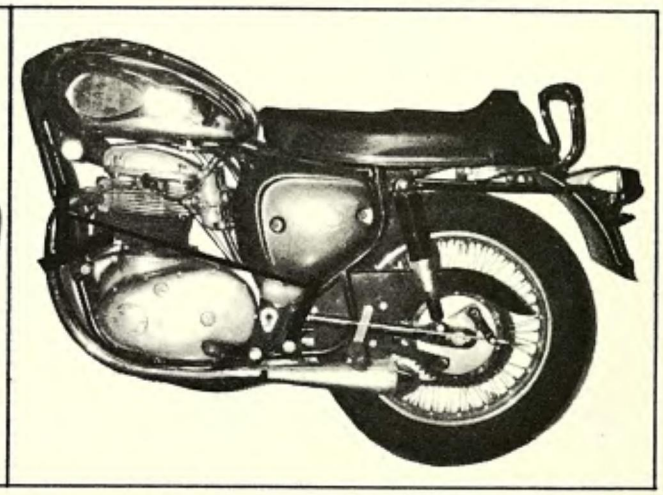

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broken up like dried-out cookies. The whole effect was to make Ken wonder if the damn place might collapse even while he stood and watched.

Meanwhile, Mike fought his way through scattered hay, rusty tractor parts, and old cars, until, in the last shed, he found a small, portable Lincoln welder, along with a pretty good selection of tools. He also found a hood and some welding rod that looked as if it would do the job on Ken's sprocket. Just as he was straightening up from his study of the welder he heard a slight sound behind him. He spun around.

An obviously drunk dude was right in the middle of a full-arm overhead swing with a beer bottle. Mike managed to stop the swing with his right hand, but unfortunately Ken picked that moment to jump onto the dude's back. The drunk plus Ken was a little more weight than Mike had time to anticipate, and all three of them went crashing through the back wall of the shed, blasting shattered wood, dirt, dust, and musty hay all over the place. They landed in a cloud of dust and sand, but luckily Mike managed to twist away to one side and avoid being crushed at the bottom of the pile. The shock knocked the bottle out of the drunk's hand, and Mike grabbed it while the dude scrambled and cussed, trying to throw Ken off his back. Mike put an end to that by nailing the dude behind one ear with the bottle. The drunk's head bounced like a volley ball hit with a baseball bat, and blood, beer, and glass showered Ken as he got to his feet.

A door slammed from the direction of the house, and the sound of running feet and loud voices got rapidly louder.

"Le's get the hell outta here;" Mike yelled, already sprinting for the darkness of mountain terrain

"That reminds me, Gus, how 'bout us makin' a run to the Grand Canyon?"

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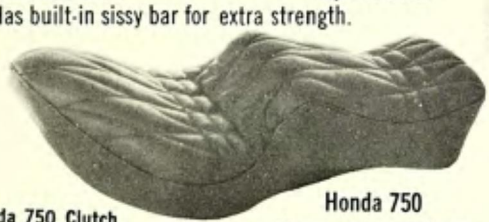

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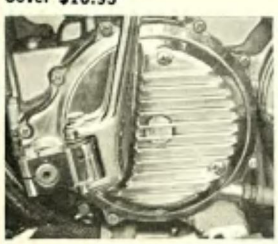

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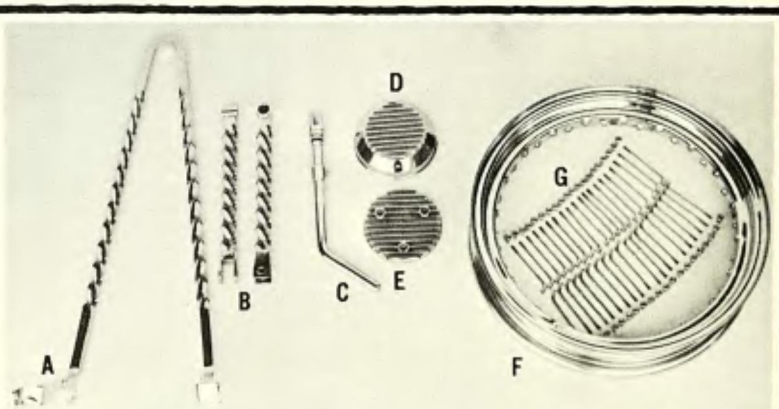

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away from the house, the lane, the road, and every other sign of civilization. All he wanted right now was wilderness, and lots of it. Ken was right behind. A couple of hundred yards out, they slowed their pace and listened. Hearing nothing threatening behind them, they stopped and turned to look back toward the house. They heard the roar of the Plymouth's motor, and in the headlights they could see a couple of the dudes lugging what could have been a dead body toward the car. They heard the slam of a car door and saw the Plymouth move slowly out into the lane and head for the highway.

Mike gave Ken a tight grin. "Musta really snuffed the fucker with that jug," he said without the slightest trace of sympathy in his voice.

Ken didn't sound broken-hearted either. "Yeah," he agreed.

They flopped in the grass to get their breath back, too winded even to worry about rattlesnakes. As they did, Mike noticed Ken's empty hands. "Where," he wanted to know in a dangerously quiet tone, "is the fuckin' drum an' sprocket?"

Ken slapped himself alongside the head. "Oh shit! I left the fuckin' things by the porch."

Mike groaned. "What a goddam klutz you turned out to be."

They stayed down until they could breathe without wheezing too much, and then Mike got to his feet. "Well," he said, "I guess we could steal that fuckin' welder if we can get my bike out here and get away again before those dudes get back. Le's try it, anyhow."

Thirty minutes later, Mike rolled to a quiet stop just short of the lane leading to the "ranch." He turned to Ken. "Go see if the dudes are back yet. Give me a whistle if they're not."

Ken took off through grass and shrubbery like a saboteur sneaking up on the enemy headquarters. He found no sign of life at the house. He gave one short, shrill whistle through his teeth, and almost instantly, he heard the sound of Mike's bike coming up the lane, throwing gravel and filling the quiet of the night with a deep rumble.

Ken retrieved his drum and sprocket from the side of the porch and joined Mike over by the sheds. While Ken balanced the bike, Mike heaved the hundred-odd pounds of welder up onto his buddy seat and strapped it to the sissy bar with thick nylon belting from his tool

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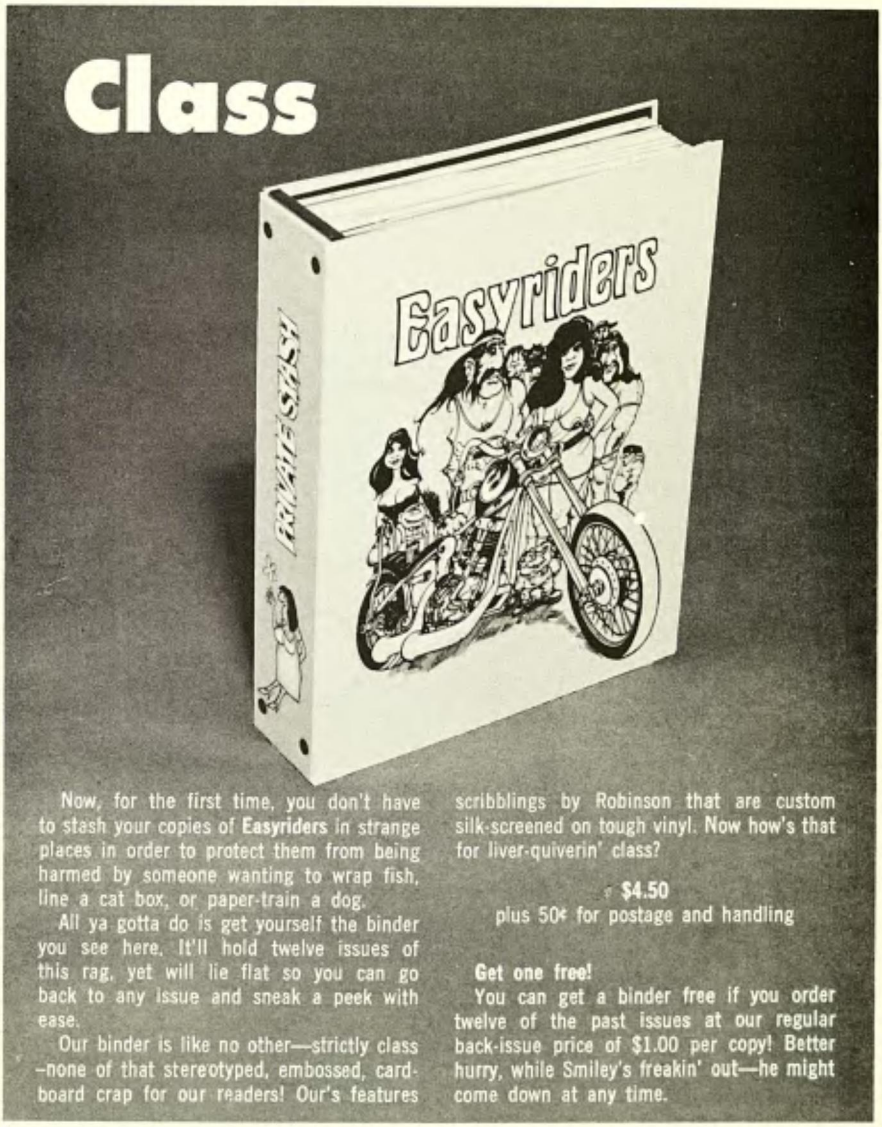

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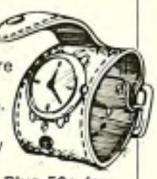

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bag. He went back into the shed and returned with the hood and a handful of welding rod. "Here." He handed the stuff to Ken and took over the bike-balancing job himself. "I'll meet you back at the cafe."

Ken took off down the lane, but was back in a couple of minutes, looking worried.

"Lights down the highway," he said. "I think them dudes are on their way back."

Mike kicked his bike over once and the thing started perfectly. "Take off through the weeds," he told Ken. Then he sat there watching the lane. Sure enough, he saw the glow of headlights from beyond the slight turn in the lane. Before the car could reach the turn Mike had pushed his idling 80 around behind the shed containing the noisily pulsing generator. He hoped the sound of the generator would cover the rough idle of his scooter.

He watched the car pull into the yard in front of the house. He eased his bike into first, keeping his eyes on the car. When the headlights flickered and went out, he nailed his quick throttle to the stops. The big bike lurched forward, the rear wheel breaking loose, spinning, throwing dirt and gravel in a rooster tail. Mike had to fight like hell to keep things in a straight line as the bike screamed past the cats in the Plymouth. The rednecks in the sled went out of their minds. Doors flew open and feet started scrambling for the ground. Then they changed their minds and doors slammed again. The car engine roared and the tires shrieked in a spinning turn for the lane. But that split second of indecision was enough for Mike to be out of sight, running blacked-out, by the time the sled reached the highway.

Ken naturally hadn't had time to get back to the cafe when Mike screamed around behind it, so there was nothing to do but wait. And wait. And wait.

Something had gone wrong. Mike knew it. Ken should have been here by now, even if he'd had to crawl all the way. To quiet his nerves, he unloaded the welder, nosed around the back of the cafe until he found an outlet near the fusebox, and plugged the welder into it. Then he waited some more. There was nothing more he could do, because Ken still had the drum and sprocket. Goddammit, where was the guy?

Finally he started down the road on foot, eyes and ears peeled for the slightest indication of anybody else

on or near the road. He figured he was about three-quarters of the way back to the ranch lane when he saw a car parked with its lights on, pointed somewhat away from the road, as if a drunk had parked the damn thing, or it had cut in front of somebody so as to prevent escape. Mike moved away from the road and eased his way closer. Fifty feet from the car, he could see in the backwash of the headlights that three dudes had Ken backed up against a stretch of broken-down barbed wire fence. One of the dudes, a tall guy with short hair and wearing what looked like overalls, was holding a shotgun on Ken. The other two guys were ranged alongside the tall one. One of these, a short, chubby cat with scraggly hair, wearing a plain shirt, khaki pants, and cowboy boots, was bad-mouthing Ken, shaking a length of the ripped-off welding rod in his face. The third guy, a husky six-footer with a crew cut and dressed like a typical farmer, just stood there and looked happy. He must be the one who had spotted or caught Ken. The three dudes had their backs against the dusty Plymouth.

Ken's face was scraped and bleeding. He looked as if he'd been pushed around a little, but considering that he had a scattergun aimed at him, he looked pretty cool.

Mike eased up closer with his knife in his hand, until he was directly opposite the car on the other side of the road. He listened to the bad-mouthing, and he suddenly realized that he was also hearing a much more interesting sound. The Plymouth's engine was idling—and that gave Mike a great idea. Keeping as low as possible, he eased his way across the road to crouch under the window on the driver's side. He waited tensely, knife ready, but the three cats just kept on entertaining themselves with Ken. Mike slowly raised his head and took a quick glimpse at the inside of the car. On the passenger side of the front seat he saw the hood and welding rod, along with Ken's drum and sprocket. Well, fine. If his idea worked, he and Ken were all set. He put his hand on the door handle, and then paused. Man, this was gonna have to be quick and sure. He took a deep breath, and then paused again as something flickered on the edge of his vision. He realized that there were headlights coming down the road. He waited. Then, as the full glare of the oncoming lights hit the scene, he jerked open the door, slid

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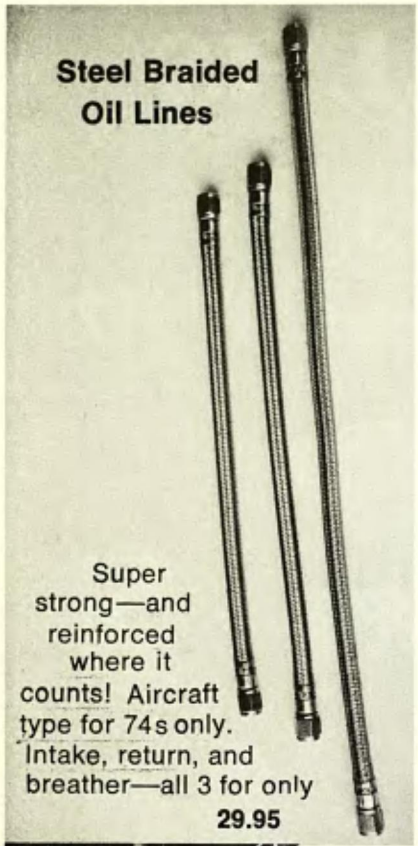

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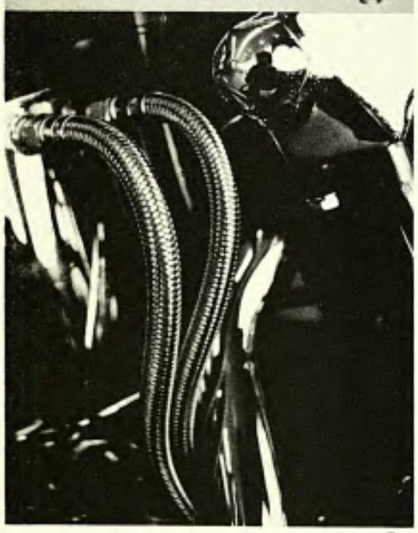

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under the wheel, snapped off the brake, slammed the car into low, and hit the throttle with all his weight. He was banking on the fact that the three cats were wiped out and on the fact of the approaching lights to save his ass from the shotgun — and he hoped Ken would have sense enough to go over the fence when the shit hit the fan. In the rearview mirror he saw the shotgunner raise his piece, hesitate, and then drop the thing down alongside his leg to hide it from the oncoming car. Good. Just about as he'd figured. The other car roared past, and Mike pulled in his neck like a turtle. *Boo-o-m.* Pellets rattled on the back of the car, but by then Mike was far enough out of range to prevent any real damage.

He let up on the gas and got the fishtailing Plymouth under full control. A hundred yards or so short of the cafe, he ditched the car behind a big boulder well off the road, grabbed the hood and rod along with the sprocket and drum, and jogged toward the lot where the bikes were.

Wasting no time, he tacked the sprocket in place and then ran two-inch staggered beads on both sides of it. He was in the last steps of remounting the wheel when Ken came staggering and panting out of the bushes, grinning as if he'd been enjoying himself thoroughly. They kicked the block from under the bike and were ready to go. They quickly strapped the welder back onto Mike's buddy seat, rolled the bikes out to the road, kicked them over, and headed for home, laughing themselves sick at the memory of the three drunks coughing and wheezing in the dust cloud Mike'd kicked up with the screaming Plymouth. They both hoped the bastards'd never find the car.

But their hopes were a little premature. Ken's motor wasn't in the best of shape, and vibration made his rearview mirror almost useless when he really got rolling, but that didn't prevent the glow of lights coming up behind from bothering his eyes. And those lights were coming up fast. At seventy, the lights were gaining. At ninety, they were still gaining. Doing ninety in a pitch-black canyon on a crooked road is no game for amateurs, especially if the amateurs don't know the road too well. The guys in the car were obviously no amateurs at this game on this road. Mike and Ken could hear the screech of tires as the car wheeled around the turns,

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getting closer by the second. On a straightaway both bikes went flat out, but Ken's couldn't stand the gaff. And the car still gained on them because of it. Something besides running would have to be done.

Mike turned and took a good hard look behind. It was the Plymouth, all right. No doubt about it. Mike regretted that he hadn't put a match to the car when he had the chance. Well, too late to worry about that. There was a sudden noise like a blowout. Then another. And another. That goddam shotgun! Man, something really had to be done — and damn quick.

Mike grabbed his knife. He looked back again, judging the distance between the bikes and the car. He waved Ken to go ahead, and then eased off until he figured the car was just barely out of effective shotgun range. They were on a straightaway just then, and the situation couldn't have been better for what Mike had in mind. He took another look around. Now. He sliced the strap holding the welder in place on his buddy seat. He swayed the bike slightly to give the welder a side boost and nudged it with his elbow to help it clear the bike.

A hellish stream of sparks flew up behind as the welder howled its way along the road. The following car went completely squirrely as the driver tried to avoid the bouncing, sliding obstacle.

The two bikers shut down to enjoy the show. It was a real spectacular. The car spun sideways, jetted off the road, bounced a good four feet into the air from impact with a boulder, and went sailing on out of sight behind a knoll. They heard a highly satisfying crashing thud from somewhere out there, grinned at each other, and set off again for home.

They pulled up at Saint's house around three in the morning. As they reached the front door, it swung open. Skinhead grinned at them. "Where'n fuck ya been?"

Mike brushed past. He was in no mood for any bullshit.

"Well," Skinhead yelled after them, "are you guys ready to go?"

Mike started to get pissed. "Yeah, sure."

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WANTED — I'm broke and need a chopper badly. Please send contributions, large or small, to Stuart Smith, 2704 E. Cavett, Shreveport, La. 71104. (16)

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

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.

Been in 38 months, old lady split on me 6 months ago, need communication. Jesse B. Baker, Jr., #35936, P.O. Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Any loose chicks who are willing to write, see my address. Robert (Bed Bug) Ferrel, #30454, Box B-30454, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Would like a chick to write who digs riding and partying 100%. Randy Swensen, #11126-116, H-Unit, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Want to make a go of it in San Francisco in a year when I get parole. Need contacts. Alvin R. Manlich, Box-H, Winnebago, Wisconsin 54985.

Could dig some correspondence plus some snaps to gaze at. Gordon Goretzski, Box C, Waupun, Wisconsin 53963.

Guarantee results to any biker-loving chick who will write an ex-biker. Glenn A. Clark, 3405 Deer Park Drive, S.E., Salem, Oregon 97310.

Tripper's the name, choppers the game. From a chick that's together, I could dig a letter. Michael Levasseur, 035334, 500 Orange Ave. Circle, Belle Glade, Florida 33430.

Got popped 3 years ago for on a possession. Could dig some communication. Billy (Smokey) Greer, B-24598-B, Box 608 6-70, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

My engine went south and I've never been the same; could dig some contact. Roger L. Orren, Drawer 494, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

29 years old and have been behind bars for 12 years. Nick Lazin, #108786, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Direct from the rock pile, ol' ball and chain requests mail. Alan Kauppi, Box 608 D6-12, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Want to get together with a chick who can relate with the problem of my being in the slammer. Brian Owensby, Box R, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211.

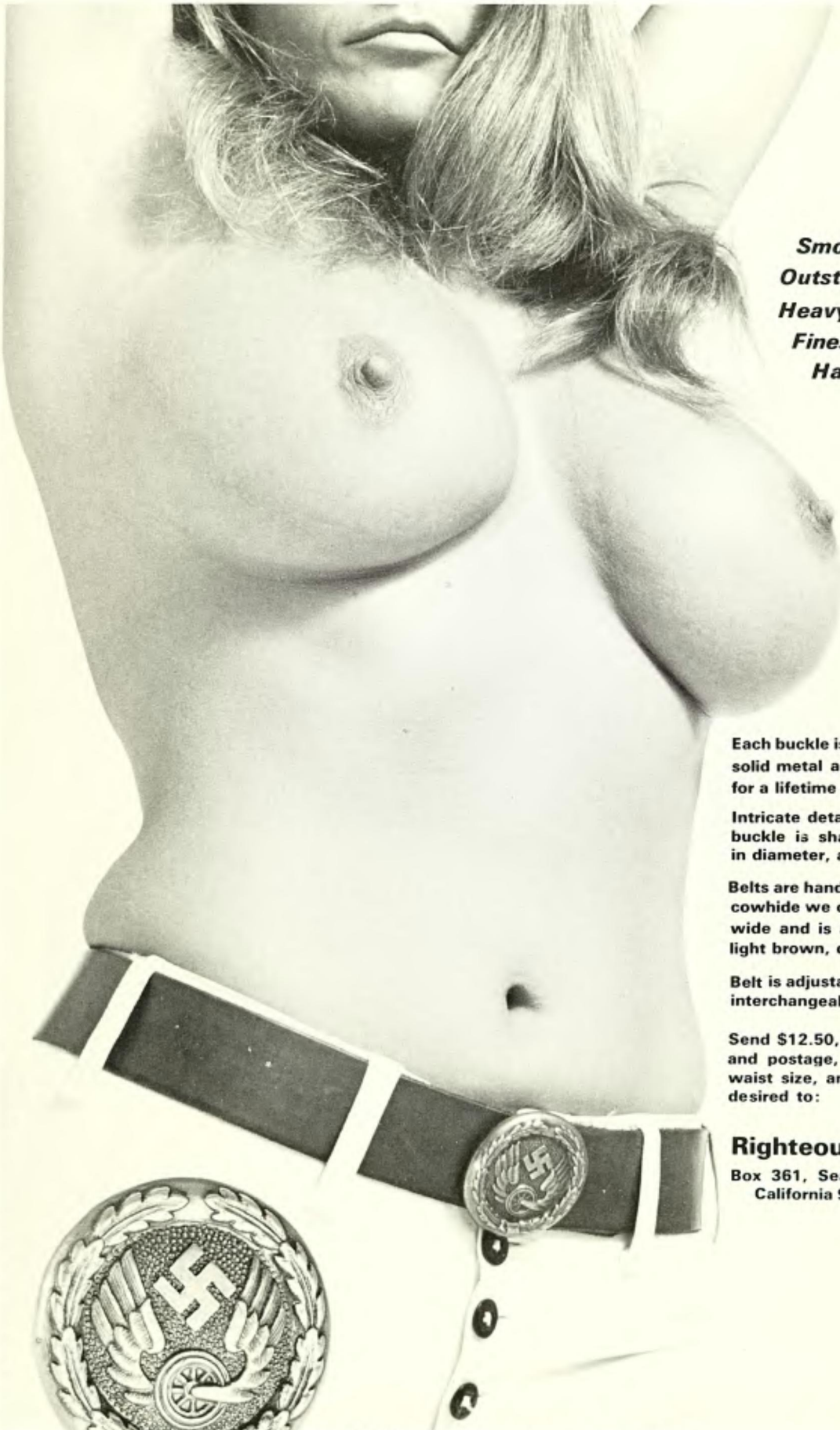
Could really dig hearing from a chick. John "Dutch" Preston, P.O. Box 1000-6, Seagoville, Texas 75159.

Could dig hearing from some down-to-earth bikers and broads. Vick Griska (Buffalo), #12890, Box R, Napanoch, N.Y. 12458.

Brother needs to hear from some chick to help him get his head straight. Eric Von Romberg, C-1, Box 1107, Elmore, Alabama 36025.

Could get behind hearing from anyone out there in the free world. Neil P. Scott, 132804, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Would really dig getting a letter from someone who can relate to brothers behind the big grey wall. Steve (Truck) Clark, B-36784, A-E Rm #3222, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.



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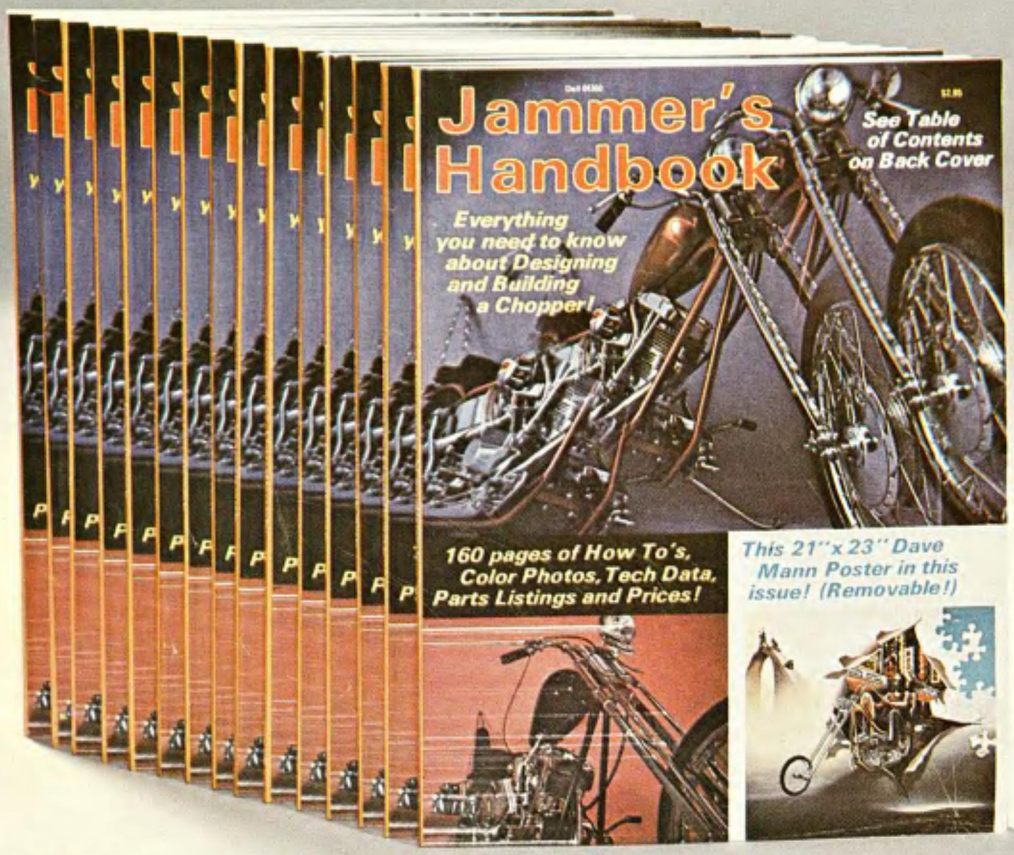

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