

Easyriders

June, 1974

75¢

**Home Remedy
for Motorcycle
Gasoline
Shortage!**
See page 57



**Fantastic
Choppers
in Color!**

**First Magazine
Streaker!**



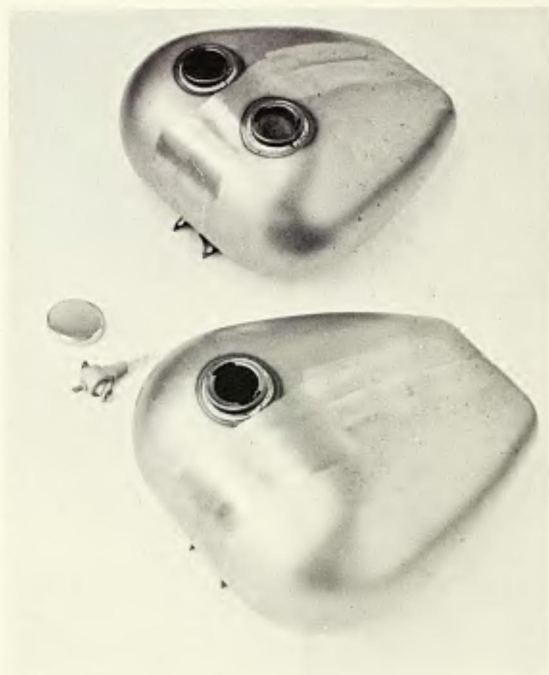
Your Gasoline Hassles Have Ended!

No longer do you have to carry canteens full of gas, strap gas cans to your sissy bar, or stash bottles of gas in your bed roll—now you can buy a FOUR-GALLON tank!

That's right—a big mutha that'll get you there and back and let you give the finger to the gas stations—while not screwing up the looks of your scooter. From the side it looks the same, from the top it looks wider, and it shouldn't change the overall appearance of your bike too much. But if it's too big for your taste, then use it for long runs and then put your smaller tank back on for short putts or profiling.

It measures twelve inches wide, nine inches deep and sixteen inches long. It should fit most bikes. It is made of 16-gauge steel and is heli-arc welded, with a Frisco style tunnel.

There are two styles available: The one-hole costs \$60. The two hole costs \$65. Chromed gas caps (\$2.50 each) and a stock Sportster type shutoff with reserve and filter (\$7.95) are also available to fit this tank.



Vista Chopper Products

Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

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.

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Ten leg-wetting facts from Spider	4
Readers react to the drivel in past issues	6
What's goin' down in other biker rags	11
Just a typical, nice, weekend run	12
A tribute to a downed biker	14
We're on a death trip this issue	15
Mutha's found herself an idol! (A fart artist!)	16
Poems sent in by our creative readers	18
You'd better watch out for the Night Rider	20
Wintertime is cold in New England	22
Red Rider's perfect anti-theft alarm	27
Be careful of what's down the road	28
Jammin' in the wind with our readers	30
Dave Mann outdid himself this time	36
Here's a low ridin' swingarm	38
ABATE brothers make a good run for good	44
You think you've had troubles?	48
Mutha's still in there doin' her best	53
Biker organization keeps up the fight	54
An ideal solution to our gasoline problems	57
Old, dirty, and sometimes funny jokes	60
Our very own marketplace of biker goodies	70



Number 21

STAFF: Office Cats: Igor, White Rat and Omar. Executive Janitor and Contact: Spider. Subscription Hassles: Monica Stewart. Bookkeeper and King of the Assholes: Pillhead Smiley. Another Book Manipulator: Marleen Biehle. Young Man About Town: Lou. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Big Armond Bletcher. Wine Taster and Chugalug Champ: Dudley. Hard Worker and Office Sex Symbol: Deon. The Elusive One: JoAnn Hansen. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Contributing Photographers and Party-timers: James (Billy) Tinney, John Herlihy, Wino Joe, Dave Fitzgerald, Charles Flett. Cartoon Editor: The one and only Weird Harold. Art Director: Art (Hard to Please) Honcho. Artist: Dave Mann. Production: Here today, gone tomorrow Denise. Overworked Editor: Louis (License Plate) Bosque. Roving Reporter: Jake Rocca. Wordhead: Frank (The Hermit) Harding. Photo Editor: Pete (Tit Freak) Chiodo. Associate Editor: Keith (Bandit) Ball. Lecher and good guy: Big Toe Renegade. Editor-At-Large: Mil (Hog Expert) Blair. Managing Editor: Joe (Super Hog) Teresi. Editor: Lou (barf) Kimzey.

Easyriders magazine Number 21, June 1974, Vol. 4. Published every six weeks by Paisano Publications, Inc. with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 457-3171. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1974 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 457-3171. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 457-3171. 1 year \$7.00, two years \$14.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price 75¢. Postmaster: Forms 3579, Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising: Mackenzie Company, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Phone number (213) 457-3171.

Cover Photo of Cheryl Hughes by Pete Chiodo

It could happen here: In Uruguay the members of a jury that had awarded first prize in a literary contest to a short story that was later declared obscene were thrown into jail—along with the author!

Enough is enough department: Okay, so they don't want dudes with long, unkempt hair and with "awful body odor" in Malaysia, but now they've passed a law against bra-less women and see-through blouses—shit, I'll never go there.

Medical fact file: There's a medical researcher who contends that some women get dental cavities when going through a divorce hassle. A sudden lack of root tonic no doubt.

Leg-wetting fact (really!): Californians are the beer-drinking champs for 1973. The slobs drank, chugalugged, guzzled, and inhaled 418.5 million gallons of the stuff—that's four percent more than the previous year. There are no records kept on grass consumption.

Nixon's D.O.T. scooped! All people working in Belgium are now being told that clothing suitable for their work will be compulsory for all trades and professions. Here in the good old U.S.A., it's helmets now, but tomorrow it'll be aluminum jock straps—for our own good, of course.

Word comes from hog farmers in Singapore that they have been cooking with gas derived from pigshit for years. The shit is shoveled into a special air-tight (a must) tank, where it decomposes and

gives off methane gas. They say their pigs have never let them down.

Did you read where the Cleveland chapter of Hell's Angels rode shotgun for gasoline trucks? "We're only using those Angels without felony convictions, or those working to get their records expunged," said Dick Rizzo of the private security firm that hired them. "The Angels are good street people," he said. "They can handle themselves better than some policemen." He said that, he said that.

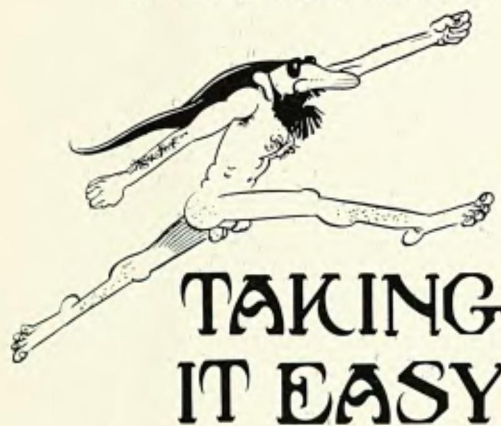
You ready for this? The FBI was secretly watching, listening, and taking TV pictures of some dudes when the dudes discovered the equipment. As the FBI watched on monitors, the equipment was destroyed—and naturally the monitors went blank. So what did the FBI do? They descended on the dudes and busted them for destruction of government property!

Speaking of drinking: Some people inside San Quentin want to legalize pruno—the secretly fermented hooch made by prisoners in slammer all across the nation.

Their inmate newspaper said that after filling out U.S. Treasury Department Form 1541, "heads of households" could make up to 200 gallons of wine yearly for "family use." The prisoners contend that two inmates sharing a cell are, in effect, a family. Well, it was worth a try.

Sit on the toilet for this one: Robert Apablaza was busted in Louisiana for selling a matchbox of killer weed to a narc for five bucks. They sent him to jail for 50—that's right, f-i-f-t-y--years. After serving two years he escaped. Got caught in New York and spent another two years in jail there fighting extradition. Finally the proceedings were dropped, but Apablaza went back to Louisiana to see his daughters and got caught. He pleaded to stay out of jail for the four years he had already spent inside. Louisiana said no and now he's back serving his 50 year term—for five bucks worth of grass!

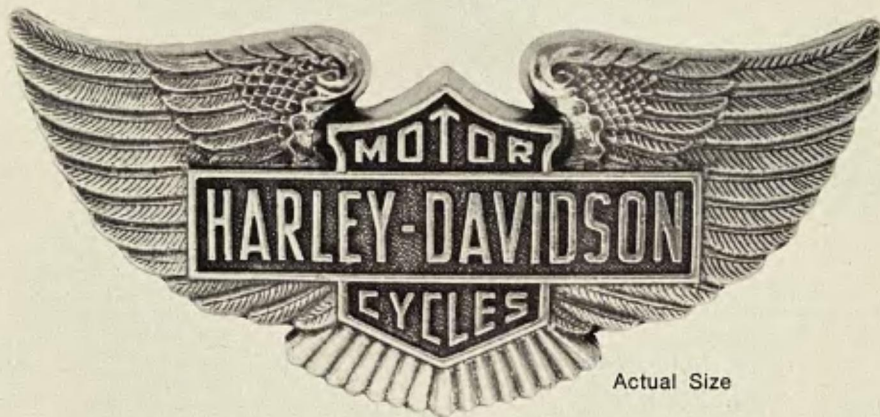
And in the same 50-years-for-pot-land, sex isn't against the law unless money is involved—and only when a man gives it to a woman, not the other way around. Whew! For a minute there I thought that my days as a male whore were numbered. ■



By Spider



What are you waiting for?



Actual Size

Here's absolutely the best Harley buckle, anywhere!

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—solid metal, weighs almost a half pound.

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with a 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send \$15.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

This buckle is of the same high quality as the Righteous buckle you have already received. If you want only a buckle, just send \$10.00 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle.

Full refund
of your money
if not satisfied!



RIGHTEOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

WORDMONGER'S WORD-HARD

Dirty Feet

□ Regarding Beth on your February cover, I think your camera work isn't bad, but your head is. In all my years of reading **Playboy**, I have never noticed dirty feet on any of their models. A sweet-lookin' thing like Beth, a nice chopper—but dirty feet?

Tony Russell
Tombstone, Ariz.

■ California girls tend to run around barefooted. We admit though, we were hung on other parts of her body and forgot all about you feet and toes men.

Crotch Man

□ If there's such a thing as reincarnation I want to come back as a seat, with Beth sitting on top of me. That chick has got to be the best eatin' material I've seen in a long time.

Scum Bag
Orange, Calif.

Not All Bad

□ All "Brother Speed" dudes aren't as fucked as Gary Scott must be. For example, one Logan "Brother" turned me on to his last two reds. Anyway, Scott must have got your bag mixed up with McMullen's rag.

Skosh
Hessians MCOC

□ If it wasn't so far between Ohio and California, I'd buy you guys a case of beer for your answer to Gary Scott's letter.

Earthquake Motherball
Zanesville, Ohio

□ It appears Gary Scott used his ass instead of his mouth. When you told him what to do, it was beautiful. An ol' ridin' buddy of Scott's

□ I realize that your mental facilities won't allow you to intelligently debate an

issue; therefore I was not surprised by your infantile reply to my letter. If you expect me to kiss your ass, you'll have to spit and give me a clue.

Gary Scott, President
Brother Speed M/C
Boise, Idaho

You Tell Him

□ Tell your artist, Robinson, that he's a damned good artist.

Heavy
Jonesboro, Ark.

Why?

True Form

□ In reference to the letter from David Stovall (Feb. '74), who wrote asking for dates and places of biker meetings, your answer was in true son of a bitch form.

L. Kuebler
Royal Oak, Mich.

■ You're probably right, but the word "Detective" in

front of a guy's name sorta screws up our heads.

Got It Together

□ Your mag is the first and only one I've ever seen that's really got its shit together. I only hope you don't go artsy-fartsy. Just keep being the good old down home type rag that you are.

Sam
Ponca City, Okla.

For Helmets

□ At one time I thought the helmet law was a lot of stuff too, until some kid on a Honda hit my rear bumper. By the time I got out of my pickup he was flat out on the pavement. He probably owes his life to the fact he had a helmet on.

McKinney
Bend, Ore.

■ Or because he landed on his ass. As far as we're con-

cerned, it's a roll of the dice.

She's Shocked!

□ I was in complete shock after readin' the last joke in the February Silly Tilly column. I still can't believe, nor can I understand why you published it. Whoever wrote it has got to be insane to think it was funny.

My ol' man said that you must have printed it just to get a reaction. If so, my reaction is that you must be as bad off as the person who wrote it—and I still don't understand why you published it.

Shotgun's Ol' Lady
Youngstown, Ohio

■ Oh, we're such rank little devils.

Well, All Right

□ I'd like to add my two cents worth to a couple of letters in the February issue. To Georgia from Georgia and Norene, man, I say "right on!" I do almost everything but piss and breathe for my ol' man. I give him a bath, wash his hair, run up and down the stairs a hundred times to get things he needs, light his cigarettes, clean and polish his scooter and everything else that enables him to relax and recuperate from me keeping him awake and busy all night when I get him into bed.

Spandangle
Portland, Ore.

Amen.

Wise Ass

□ I'd like to know how somebody ripped off the tire and tube from the springer in the "guaranteed way of preventing your bike from being stolen" photo.

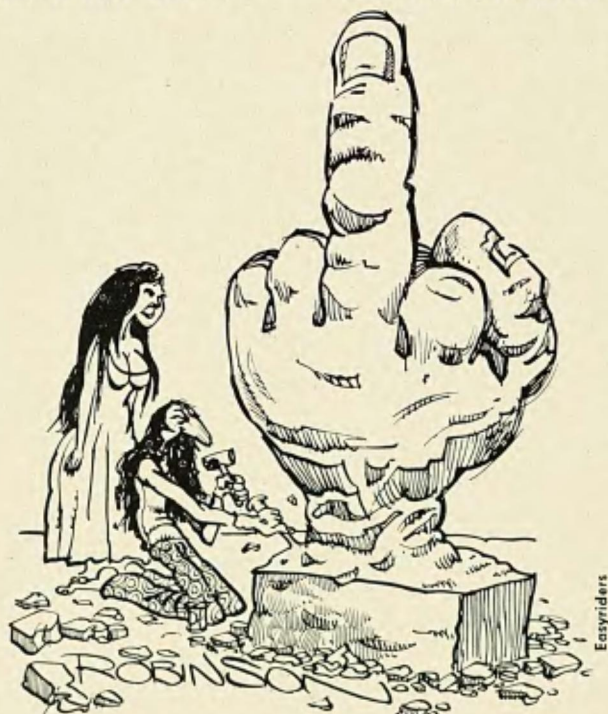
J.P.
Akron, Ohio

■ The bastard sneaked in the back door!

Progress?

□ When my ol' man and I were first married, I couldn't stand anything about your magazine. But now I can really dig on it.

Martha
Richmond, Va.



"I bet they won't even deliver it to the White House!"

—Continued on next page

✓ **Knucklehead
Service Manual**

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

\$9.95

✓ **Harley 45
Service Manual** **\$7.50**

Just Out!



**Only
\$14.95**

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

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

Harley-Davidson Panhead Service Manual 1948-1957 Rigid

\$12.50



Reduced to \$9.95

**(Limit 5 to
a customer)**

Package Specials!

Package #1

Panhead Manual
and Spare Parts
Manual

**Regular
Prices**

\$12.50
\$14.95
\$27.45

Specials

Both for
\$19.95

Package #2

Knucklehead Manual
and Spare Parts
Manual

\$ 9.95
\$14.95
\$24.90

Both for
\$18.95

Package #3

45 Manual and
Spare Parts Manual

\$ 7.50
\$14.95
\$22.45

Both for
\$16.95

Send your order to: **PAISANO PUBLICATIONS, INC.**
819 S. Glenoaks, Burbank, Calif. 91502
\$19.95
Package #1 ☐ H-D Panhead Service Manual \$ 9.95 ☐ Package #2 ☐ Package #3 ☐
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____
(Personal checks
must clear)
Postage
Paid

**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist**

**For
\$31.50**



**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.

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

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery



■ It's like a fungus — it grows on ya.

Dirty Old Man

☐ I had to wait until I was 52 years young to buy a Harley. There are quite a few young gents who say I'm too old to ride — but dirty old men need love too — right?

Ben Lowe
Canton, Ohio

■ That's Mutha's favorite saying.

Slurp, Slurp

☐ By the way, I'd like to know who that yummy-slurp-slurp chickie in the bottom right hand corner of page 59 is—and will her ol' man trade for a trike?

Terry Bryers
Sonny Supulveda
Hal Parker

■ That's our very own Billie—and she doesn't have an ol' man. At least she doesn't admit to having one.

Why? Why?

☐ How come there were only two Robinson cartoons in the February issue? Why isn't Bosque out of jail yet? Why do you put ugly bitches in your magazine?

Bill Gingles
Paris, Kentucky

■ 1. He trips off now and then. 2. He can't remember he's supposed to kiss the parole board's ass. 3. With Mutha running around the office, anything looks good.

On The Take

☐ Sometimes I think you dudes are on the take from H.D. The way you dudes keep pushin' 'em, their sales must really be down.

Ed Ritz
Bethlehem, Pa.

Wide Range

☐ I'm a BMW type and enjoy choppers, but I'm not a freak about them. In about five months or so, when I finish with my BMW, it'll be a cafe racer. That just goes to show you jerks (not you, Armond) that you've got a wide range of readers.

Mike Evans
FPO San Francisco

Mail Call

☐ I want to thank you because through your Mail Call column I've met a real righteous man. I came from Connecticut to be near him (he'll be out in a few months).

Barbara
Salida, Colo.

Mutha-Look-Alike

☐ I would like to suggest a new feature for your rag. A Mutha-Look-Alike contest. The winner's pic could be the centerfold or a special section called "In the Downwind." I'd send a picture of my ol' lady, but she won't come out from under the porch.

Frank the Animal
Troy, New York

A Little More

☐ I'm in Folsom prison with a few of my brothers and we enjoy your rag—it gives us a little more than what we have in here.

Whitey
Hell's Angels
Berdoo

A Fan

☐ Your rag stinks and it sucks. If it didn't, I wouldn't read it.

Guru
Van West, Ohio

Hung Up On Hung

☐ I really dig the boobs on the girl behind the old Hog

in your January issue. Made a bet. I say each tit weighs at least four pounds. It's worth a buck to me if you cats can find out.

Tit Freak
Behmore, N.Y.

■ It'd be worth a buck to us to be able to find out.

Brief Comment

☐ Kit bikes are for kit people.

J. Tarushka
Boston, Mass.

Hurrah For Broad

☐ If it wasn't for ol' ladies, who'd carry the beer on runs? Who'd pick you up when you ran into a ditch after too much partying?

Fest
Boston, Mass.

■ There'd be less lip from a Prospect.

New Zealand

☐ We're a group of bikers here in New Zealand. We would like to start a club affiliation with an American club. Would you print our address so interested clubs can contact us? By the way, your rag is hard to find here.

Dave
29 The Panade
Usland Bay
Wellington, New Zealand

■ They're hard to find everywhere—just ask the dealer to get more copies.

It Did

☐ I'm sitting here at 5 o'clock in the morning reading your outrageous magazine and I finally figured it's out to blow my mind—and it did. Zut.

Big T
Burlingame, Calif.

Not Again

☐ Hey, you guys fucked up again. In the January issue—the hitchhiker photos numbered 11, 12, and 13—the dude doesn't have a bed roll, but in 14 he does.

Rat
Marlow, Okla.

■ That wasn't a bedroll—nude chicks do things to him.

Harley Man

☐ If my idea of a "real



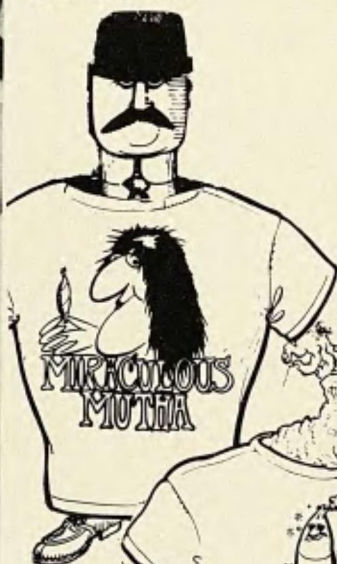
ChopShirts!

Chopshirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

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

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

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



Send your order today to: **ChopShirt**

Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

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

☐ Harley Wings ☐ Triumph
☐ Knucklehead ☐ Shovelhead
☐ Panhead ☐ Skull
☐ Sportster ☐ Miraculous Mutha
☐ Honda 4 ☐ Keep On Tokin'

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

Name _____

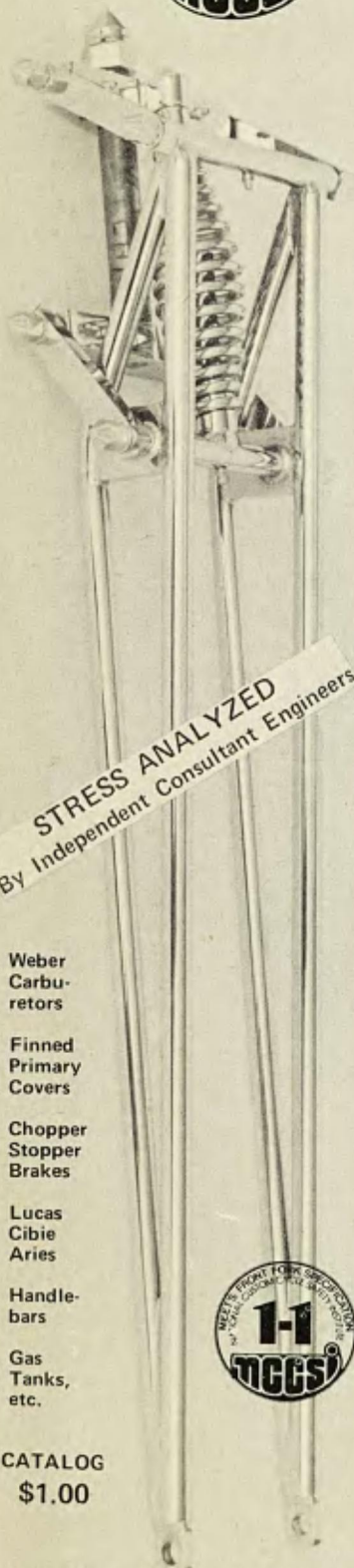
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Durfee

Member of



STRESS ANALYZED
By Independent Consultant Engineers

Weber
Carbu-
retors

Finned
Primary
Covers

Chopper
Stopper
Brakes

Lucas
Cibie
Aries

Handle-
bars

Gas
Tanks,
etc.



CATALOG
\$1.00

EARL DURFEE ENTERPRISES
10650 FERN STANTON, CALIF. 90680
TEL: (714) 826-0250

Harley man" was some scab-faced bullshitter who sat on his can jackin' off while slobbering over some cow-titted chick (who couldn't tell a Hog from her armpit), and who puked four-letter words like rotten barf—I'd say your rag appeals to a real man!

Nola
Albuquerque, N.M.

Do You Think?

☐ Just a tip: the F.B.I. have been watching you people very closely and now have a file on every one of you.

Dave
Ionia, Mich.

■ No sweat—Mutha's got juice.

Warning:

☐ If I don't get \$10,000, you'll never see Lou Kimzey again.

Washington Madman

■ Keep the sonuvabitch!

Sexist Terms

☐ I am not a "chick," "broad," or any of your other sexist terms. I am a woman. Your magazine degrades women by showing them as sex objects only. I am glad that there are some bikers who are liberated and free enough to see us for what we are—their equals.

Sherry Schollian
San Diego, Calif.

■ Yeah, but their attitudes change when they move up from Schwinn's.

Wired

☐ I recently had my engine out to cure a few oil leaks, and when I returned it to the frame, everything fit into place (not even an extra nut or bolt left over). My only problem was wiring—and if anyone has ever tried to follow a wiring diagram in a Harley manual—well, need I say more? Your wiring diagram saved my day. Thanks. (By the way, I'm a female.)

B.
N.Y., N.Y.

Young Riders

☐ You dudes continually put down young bike riders, and I think that's one hell of a stupid attitude. Man, you were there once. A

kid's gotta start somewhere with bikes.

Sherm Ruxton,
Columbus, Ohio

Young Stuff

☐ I used to think your rag was righteous, but why don't you ever have some nice pics of farout 13 and 14 year old chicks — ya know, like the ones with tiny tits and peach fuzz.

Dainty Dick
L.P. City, Md.

■ Cool it, the F.B.I.'s watchin'.

Keep It Up

☐ I will start off by saying you have a real good magazine. I have always been a Honda man and I hope you keep putting Hondas in. In my opinion, Harleys are on their way out. Us Honda riders may wear tennis shoes, but at least we don't wear our underwear backwards.

Babie Blue
El Dorado, Ariz.

From Africa

☐ Out here in the wilderness of Africa we really dig your rag. There ain't any HD's here, but plenty of Hondas and Yamahas. I'm trying to get my bike on the move—but it might take a long time.

Sal Jessa
Box 48061
Nairobi, Kenya

Getting On Mag

☐ In your January issue you explained how to get a bike in your rag. Well, I'd like to know how a chick can get her bod on the front cover. Would you ac-



cept a chick who was a virgin?

Pennsy Two
Philadelphia, Pa

■ The only requirement is for the girl to be 18 years of age or older. Anyone interested in posing for nude or semi-nude photos, like those we have published in the past, should send sample photos to Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Professional photographers are also invited to submit sample photos. Photo rates upon request. Cover models receive \$100. Anyone wishing photo to be returned must send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Virgin? What's that?

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, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



"That sonuvabitch was always holding!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Rigid frames . . .

Believe it or not, from the very beginning the government has had a positive "We don't know about choppers, but we want to learn" attitude. But, as usual, there always has to be a fly in the ointment, and as usual the AMA just happens to be the fly. Evidently, one of their representatives got it in his head that rigid rear sections were dangerous, and was bound and determined to get the government to go along with him. In order to illustrate his point, he stated that under hard deceleration (like when you lock up the brakes) a rigid rear section will cause the rear wheel to hop, therefore causing the rider to lose directional stability (losing directional stability means you can't steer the damn thing). He also stated that a motorcycle with a suspended rear isn't blessed with this problem, a.k.a. no more rigid frames. Luckily, the more intelligent heads are prevailing, and it looks like rigid frames won't be outlawed.

—Larry Richardson, Editor
Choppers Magazine

Real objective . . .

To understand the real reason behind these and future dreadfuls to come from the US Dept. of Transportation, you have to assume that the federal government is not stupid. They know exactly what they are doing and why. You have to know that they are following a plan, carefully designed to achieve a desired end. Desired by them, not necessarily desirable as far as the public is concerned, but "for our own good" nevertheless.

With this premise in mind, look again at the string of laws that have been proposed and enacted since the founding of the DOT in 1966. First, the helmet laws, focusing on the small, stigmatized segment of the motoring public. Then

the automobile design regulations eliminating "fun cars," mandating buzzers, ignition interlocks, "Nader-knobs" and expensive, complex bumper systems. Now the seatbelt, shoulder-harness laws and no-fault insurance which officially declare "open season" on motorcycle riders.

All these actions, taken together, seem to add up to one overwhelming conclusion: the government is trying to split up the public love affair with personal transportation. And the laws against motorcyclists are the thin end of the wedge.

Operating on this premise, Cycle News sent its legislative reporter to Washington, DC, to ask government officials several pointed questions: "Is the thrust of DOT policy to make personal transportation (cars, motorcycles) unattractive to Americans?" And, "If so, is the purpose of this policy to create a market for mass transportation (trains, buses)?"

According to the only official of the Department of Transportation who would comment, and whose name I'd better not divulge, the answer to both questions is "yes."

—Chuck Clayton
Cycle News (Central)

A gas saver . . .

Just ponder this statistic for a moment. If 550,000 drivers switched from cars averaging about 15 miles per gallon to motorcycles averaging about 45 miles per gallon, rode the bikes an average of 21 miles per day, or about 600 miles per month, the fuel savings would roughly total 133,500,000 gallons per month. In a year's time the savings would jump to an astronomical 1,602,000,000 gallons. Why, then, have we not heard one word from the politicians? If their energy saving interests were truly sincere, Air Force One would not make trips to

transport pets, and economical (and rational) solutions to our problem, motorcycles for example, would at least be mentioned and discussed.

—D. Randy Riggs
Cycle World

Interesting statistic . . .

A report is now being readied for Washington D.C. Chief of Police Jerry Wilson to examine the cost of upkeep of the police department's 67 motorcycles. Based on the report, the Chief will decide the future of the police cycles. Detractors say they are expensive and are headed for extinction. One point in their favor, however, is the nationwide accident rate for law enforcement which for motorcycles from last October through December was 25.8 per 1 million miles compared with 37.1 for scout cars.

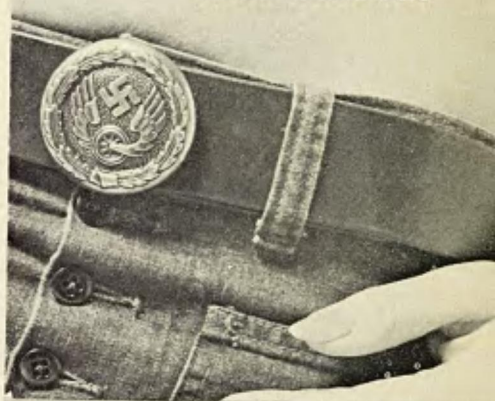
—MIC Courier

Give 'em hell . . .

Why is DOT (whose phony cycle experts have been unable to convince experienced bikers into accepting their synthetic statistics and mandatory Utopia of gadgets) resorting to a national push aimed at the general public to pass mandatory helmet laws now? Aren't they already protecting cyclists in 46 states? Uncle Tom Buchanan's big lie is that helmet laws decrease motorcycle fatalities by 20 percent. Even if I believed him that 20% would apply only to the four states currently without the law and that amounts to approximately 150 people "saved" per year. Do you really expect me to believe the Feds are all that concerned over the welfare of 150 motorcyclists? Bull! Aren't they really after the implied constitutionality of a precedent—and the power to dictate other rules and regulations in the name of "safety"?

—Roger Hull, Editor
Road Rider Magazine

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.





WEEKEND RUN

by Dirty Pete

Goddam, but I felt good! The first big run of the year, the Rhody Festival, and time to go! The scoots were tuned, there wasn't an engine that was starved for horsepower, and the bedrolls were packed. The stash was stashed, last beers drunk, last joints killed, and everyone rarin' to go! The air was filled with the shattering thunder of powerful Harleys. Crash Higgins led out down West 11th, front wheel pushing air for half a block. With a whoop of appreciation and anticipation, the rest followed. One trike and nine choppers, eighteen fun loving fuckoffs hit the road for the coast.

Now, like most bikers, I hate trikes. With a passion! But let me tell you, that flattie four-five is one righteous scoot! It's the only trike I know of that earns its keep. It has all the usual shit, lengthened front rail, rake, chromed all to hell and gone, big tens on back, and painted a pure black. But the real beauty of that scoot lies in the box. It has a radio. Not the usual piss-up-the-rope radio, but an old tuber. And for a speaker, Bud Bain, the owner, has rigged up a Fender bassman amp. I don't know how the fuck he managed it, but he's got it. Car battery, alternator, the whole bit. And, believe me, that is one loud motherfucker! You can even hear it over the sound of a Harley, in spite of those piss buckets Oregon law requires you to wear.

Half the box has the radio, the other half has been partitioned off, sprayed with some plastic shit. A radiator petcock has been installed in the bottom. It'll hold thirty bottles of beer, with ice. When the ice melts, drain the water, add more beer. Beer and music, anywhere you go, and I

do mean anywhere. Bud has a pair of eight-foot antennas on that mother, and they'll pull in anything. That's one trike that's always welcome, man. 'Course, he always rides tail end.

Sixty miles later we make the coast. Some of the locals say we invade 'em, but you know that ain't true. Sure, we come down, drink some beer, smoke a little pot, screw some strange pussy—some of which is *very* strange—an' get in a few fights, but man, we don't cause no real trouble. Actually it's a biker's dream. The heat is fair; as long as we don't start no mass rumble, everything's cool, no hassles.

After prowling the town to give the locals an eyeful, everyone heads for Bay street. Most of the locals are friendly, a few even wave. But a few have been outraged. Man, you know you got some fucker uptight when you can hear his teeth grit a block away. Those dudes just don't understand, and there ain't nothing you can do or say to make 'em. Hell, man, riding a bike is just part of what they ain't diggin'. When you ride, you're saying—well, hell, you know what I mean. But try explaining to some square dude. Shit, man, it's like taking a piss, ain't no one can do it for you, you got to feel that for yourself.

Bay street is full of bikes; something close to fifty or sixty are backed into the sidewalk. Our group is late, and very thirsty. Everybody dismounts, rips off the piss buckets, and heads for Denny's. Crash pauses outside, listening to a song some bikers are singing inside:

"Rich girl uses a kotex,

Poor girl uses a rag,

But Lulu's cunt's so goddammed big,

She uses a burlap bag."

Crash smiles and says, "Dis must be de place."

Everyone follows Crash inside, except Dogface, Sam, and Skip. Skip wants to start the festival off right, by pissing somebody off. Motioning the others to grab their piss buckets, he leads the way inside. They talk among themselves a few minutes, then Skip says, loudly, "All right! Five bucks!"

They hand the buckets to the barmaid. "Fill 'em up," Skip orders.

"Fill up your helmets?" the girl asks, a little perplexed.

"Yeah, We got a bet on," Skip explains.

"Oh, you're having a contest?" chirps the barmaid.

"Yeah. And careful of the foam, willya?" Turning to the others, Skip says, "Now, then. Anything that floats to the top in the way of hair, lice, fleas, and bedbugs counts. No points for any of that other shit."

"Hey, Skip, You mean to say you shit in that bucket of yours?"

"Naw, man, but I know you jerk off in yours, and I don't want no unfair advantages."

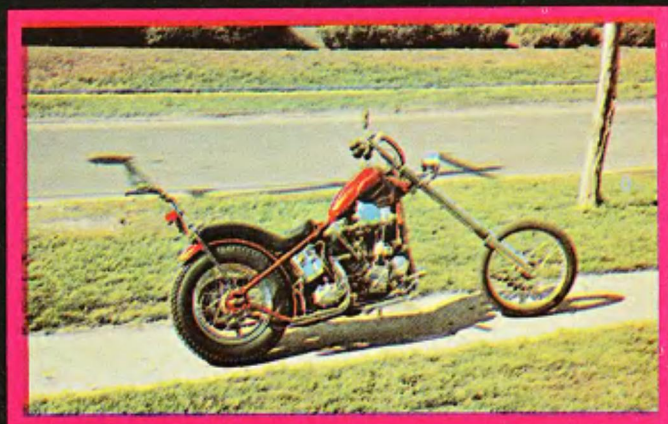
The barmaid's smile has faded. "Why don't you fellows just fill 'em up with water. It'd be a lot cheaper."

"Hey, no shit, lady! I said this was a contest. The loser's got to drink his!"

Silently, the girl filled the helmets. When she had collected for the beer, she turned away. Weak innards.

By nine, Bay street was boozing. Bikers and bitches were roaring and reeling. The locals were out, too. Everything was crowded. Most of the bikers had descended on Frank's. Three pool tables and live music were the attraction. Beer was the

—Continued on page 61



A Knuckle Dusted

Art Dana's bike you see on the page
A road-worthy scoot that never came of age
A distinctive knuckle, a Brother's Son
So proud when hit it wouldn't go down
A Chevy rammed his putter while it was standing still
All that was left was the sissy-bar, rear fender, tranny and mill
Art spent the warm summer in a hospital bed
While the parts of his bike lay waiting in a shed
Art's doctors saved his left leg, though he lost an inch
But he waited patiently to get his hands back on a wrench
His woman broke her leg and was scratched and bruised
But guarded the eighty until in another scoot it would be used
It's bad our brothers must pay the price
For motorists with less brains than mice
It's too bad there's not enough compassion or respect for our fellow man
Maybe someday people will realize *all* the people must share this land

—Renegade

Ride to Oblivion

Just a few minutes now and it'll be quittin' time at this motherfuckin' factory. Man, am I glad today's Friday! I don't have to work this weekend, either. Just do nothing but ride, fuck, and get high!

Ah! There goes the whistle now. See ya Monday, you fuckin' wage slaves.

Walk out to the parking lot. There she is, just like I left her this morning. Jesus, she looks better every time I see her. How ya been, babe? Get on and give her a kick. Whoom. That's it, baby. Talk to me. Yeahh, that's it. Now get me a gear and let's go. Out to the road. Oh, man, this is beautiful! I think I'm just gonna haul ass and not even go home. I'll just ride. After all, we've got all weekend.

Ahh, Jesus, this feels good! The wind, the engine roar, and—all the rest of it. Christamighty, whadaya know, I got a hardon! How d'ya like that! I ride my scoot a half a mile an' I got a hardon! Oh Jesus, I'm gonna come! I'm gonna cream my jeans!

Come on, babe. A little more gas. Faster. Ahhh!

Okay. Now slow down.

Christ! Do I hear a siren? Oh shit! A cop on my tail.

Well, hell, I can lose that mutha real easy. Doin' sixty now. Okay, c'mon, babe, let's lose that fuckin' fuzz. Okay, ninety is good. He's still there? Well, let's try one-ten. Ahh, he's fallin' back. Let's just walk away. One-twenty-five. Good. Left him way back. A few more miles and slow down.

Cool. Shit, man, I'm gonna ride till there just ain't no more road. Ride to nowhere, like.

Gettin' a little hungry now. Think I'll stop someplace and grab some chow. Got to keep the ol' gut quiet.

Right now, I'll pull over and do up a little happy smoke . . .

Ahhh, righteous weed. Great to be high. Any time!

On the road again. Miles and miles—all mine! Shit! These fuckin' bugs! Ptooeey! Couldn't they just find some nice car windshield to get smashed on?

Gettin' low on gas. Two more miles—and there's a station up ahead. Pull in. "Fill 'er up." Shit! Don't spill the shit on the tank, asshole! You bastards are all alike! What's that? Two dollars? Fuck you, Mac! Not after you spilled gas all over my baby! Make a quick getaway.

Down the road again. What's that truck doin'? I think I'll take it easy for a while. Let him pass me. Slow down. Holy shit! He's still comin'. Wave for him to pass. Come on, shit-head!

Christ, he ain't passin'! He's gonna drive that big mutha right up my ass if I don't do somethin'!

I know! Speed up. Yeah! Up to

one-ten—and that mad bastard's still comin'! He's after my ass!

Now look at that! Fuckin' cows in the road! Holy shit. Start prayin'. Hit the brake. Here I go. Hope they got a nice warm bed for me in hell.

Eeeeahhh! Thump! Crash! Tinkle! Crunch!

Man, that truck sure fucked me up.

Oh well, I'm free now. Free forever.

Come on, baby, let's ride. Ride to—and in—oblivion. ■





ZAZ

Robinson

Miraculous Mutha has found an idol!

Fart Fantasia

In the August '73 issue, dear ol' Miraculous Mutha offered some of her profound advice. In her response to a letter, she referred to a man she had heard about who performed on stage. She couldn't recall his name, but he was famous for being able to fart songs—yes, f-a-r-t songs as if his rectum were a musical instrument.

Most of you shined it on, because, after all, Mutha was just being gross as usual and you probably thought this was just one more of her excesses.

Well, a friend of Mutha's—in Paris, France, yet—sent her a book about the fart musician. His name was Joseph Pujol. He was born in 1857, and like all good little boys, went to school until he was thirteen years of age. At that age, he discovered that if he put his head under water and held his breath while swimming, the sea came in through his anus.

At first it scared the piss (sea water) out of him. But after a while he experimented again, and according to an account written by his son, "He went down to the sea for the experiment, and to his astonishment the same phenomenon took place. By helping the penetration of the water by contracting his abdominal muscles, he found he could take in as much water as he wished."

In the beginning, he would panic his friends by running up on the beach and all of a sudden dumping all of the water he had, ah, shall we say, inhaled?

It wasn't long before he practiced "inhaling" air instead of water, and then, as his son said, he would "blow it out with all sorts of noise—otherwise called 'farts'—a veritable fart fantasia.

"The word 'fart' is somewhat vulgar. But my father had transformed this action into an art, since having taken in air that way he used it to make music or, if you prefer it, to modulate sound from the smallest and almost inaudible to the sharpest and most prolonged, simply according to the contractions of his muscles—he did what he liked with his stomach."

He soon created an act and called himself "Le Petomane." He started off by giving ex-

amples of different types of farts. "During the initial silence, my father coolly began a series of small farts, naming each one. 'This one is a little girl . . . this is the mother-in-law . . . this is the bride on her wedding night (very timid) . . . and the morning after (very loud) . . . this is the mason (dry—no cement) . . . this is the dressmaker tearing two yards of calico (this lasted at least 10 seconds) . . . then the cannon.'"

He also inhaled cigarette smoke through his anus (while on stage), then blew out all of the smoke like a jet taking off. He played a flute with his talented asshole, and at the end of his act he blew out several gas jets in the footlights. He also blew out candles.

Le Petomane became so famous that he was hired by the Moulin Rouge and was its main attraction from 1892 to 1900. In addition to public performances, he gave private performances before all-male audiences in which he dressed in a bathing suit so all could see that he wasn't faking. These performances, his son said, he ended by lowering himself "on to a basin containing about two litres of water, pumped it into himself by muscular contraction and then expelled it clean and under great pressure."

He continued until 1918, constantly improving his art to the point where he could imitate dogs, owls, ducks, bees, hens, toads, pigs, and musical instruments. He died in 1945 at the age of 88. His son said that he was never ill, and as for the big question on all of your minds, his son said, "Every morning after his evacuation, he would give himself an enema by the means described earlier, using some two litres of warm water, and he was thus always meticulously clean." (And, we might add didn't gas out everybody.) If it had been Miraculous Mutha, it would have been a wipeout. In fact it is. Ever since she got the book, she's been practicing—she says she always wanted to be an artist. ■

All quotes in this masterpiece are from the book LE PETOMANE, by Jean Nohain and F. Caradec, Sphere Books Limited, London. Copyright © 1967 by Souvenir Press.

THE ANCIENT HAWG RIDER

He is an ancient hawk rider
He rideth his V-twin
The pistons pound between his knees
Like the mauls of twenty men

He bought the bike in '38
Its motor's eighty-inch
And when challenged by a nipsickle,
Victory is a cinch

He rideth near; he rideth far
He burneth rubber always
He rideth on the asphalt streets
And sometimes hardwood hallways

He met his fate on Elkhorn Levee
One dark and dreary night
The hawk that crushed his head was heavy
Oh! what a frightful sight

He rideth now in the azure sky
Upon a golden Harley
Tripping on the ultimate high
Induced by hops and barley

He rideth free; he rideth far
Draped in a golden shroud
On Earth from bar to bar
In Heaven from cloud to cloud
Paul Carney

A BROTHER LOST

A Brother is lost
His soul no more to his body bound
Death was the cost
His head laid to the ground
His family, his bike
They were one and the same
He rode through each night
His scooter wasn't to blame

The waning sound of a bike
No longer with its wheels to the ground
Like breath gasping for life
But none to be found
His bike may have been green
The bleak color we dread
But purple, red or tangerine
A Brother's still dead
A Seventy-Four alongside the road
A tight companion, not a whore
She was his transportation mode
Though not anymore
Though the bike won't lack attention
With the green coat concealed
The rider won't be mentioned
When the new scooter's revealed

Though a Brother lie dead on the highway
No one will assist
A Brother who made his own way
His people don't know he exists
The State is his mortuary
No ceremonies held
His name on the obituary?
No one cares that he fell
The county donates the coffin
The Man the pallbearer
No hearts are softened
No weeping mourners for our Brother
His grave site is distant
The home turf won't be dug
He'll travel one more expanse
Across the border he'll be lugged
And there he'll lie
No stone shows his name
Alone he did die
No one came to claim
Only Death holds feelings
For a Brother laid to rest
Death's tears a-streaming
For a man only he did bless
Death known as evil
Against God people spout
But where were the people
And God's warning shout?
Death held back waiting
He knew nothing could be done
But Death wasn't laughing
When he saw the darkness come

The small animal crosses the lonely highway
The gruesome event has passed
Covered with armor in such a way
That he is sure to last
But what is life
In an encompassing cage
To ignore the strife
And a society's rage
But to stand amidst the elements
Explore each day aware
Traveling swiftly over the pavement
And know the whistling air
The Brother seeks not a cage of ignorance
Nor a naive cover
He reaches out for experience

And fights for his lover
Oh Brother I do mourn you
And so does Death in the dark
Along with the chosen few
Who will not leave their scooters parked
We're Brothers all of us
Who fly with the night
Our scooters are part of us
We ride without fright
But inside we pause
In mournful bemuse
To say a farewell clause
For the Brothers we lose
For the life we live
We can share with no others
Live only to give
And share with our Brothers

—Renegade

A BIKER AGNOSTIC

See the helpless people crying
For Him they have not found
Soon the winds will smell of dying
And graves will fill the ground

Where are you, O Prince of Light,
When darkness fills the sky?
The legends tell us of your might—
Or are they just a lie?

The stench of Death now fills the nose,
and Madness rules the land
An icy wind with fingers blows
I feel it clutch my spine

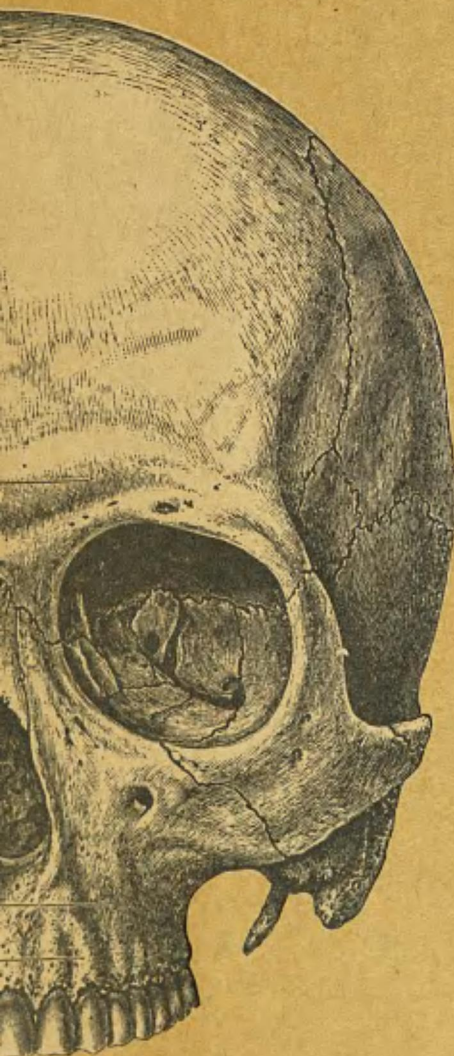
Like this I do not wish to live
I long the kiss of Death
And to you, God, a curse I give
Upon my dying breath

—Wally Greer

SEXUAL CYCLE

I climb on
and begin to feel real good.
I move around
and that feels even better.
Moving.
Motor motion
speeding
sixty
sixty-five
and faster.
Building power
and miles per hour
that I will never
reach
again.
Until the next time.

—Darrell Kitchell



THE BIKER'S CREED

A biker's clothes are denim blue
He'll rape your wife and then fuck up you
Screaming and shouting he'll give you the word
A mean son of a bitch—or haven't you heard?

Harleys and Triumphs he knows are the best
Three wheelers too; to hell with the rest
His pipes to the sky make the only sound
When he's out on the street terrorizing the town

A party to a biker is nothing light
It lasts for a lifetime, not just a night
Booze, weed, and chicks galore
Go ahead, ball her, she's only a whore

A fist in the gut and a boot in the face
When it comes to rumbling a biker's an ace
His putt underneath him and beer on his breath
Peace to a biker comes when he meets death

—Packrat

DEATH AND BROTHERHOOD

My man's a strong man
His chariot is black
All roads are his to play with
The throttle his to crack

Each breath is for his Harley
His pride is without match
Totally his life's concerned with Death
You see, he wears a patch

To protect a man's his duty
A dude we love called Lard
But because of pride within his soul
His job's not all that hard

To know your back is covered
With trust that has no doubt—
That's when you know there's brotherhood
Which is what it's all about

—Cissy

HI SIDE

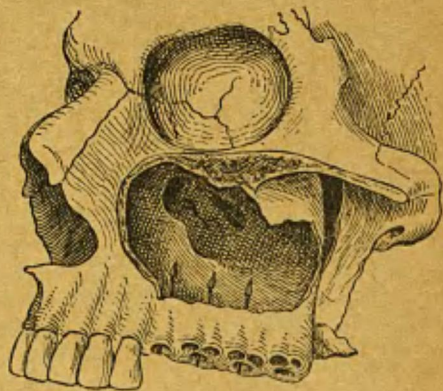
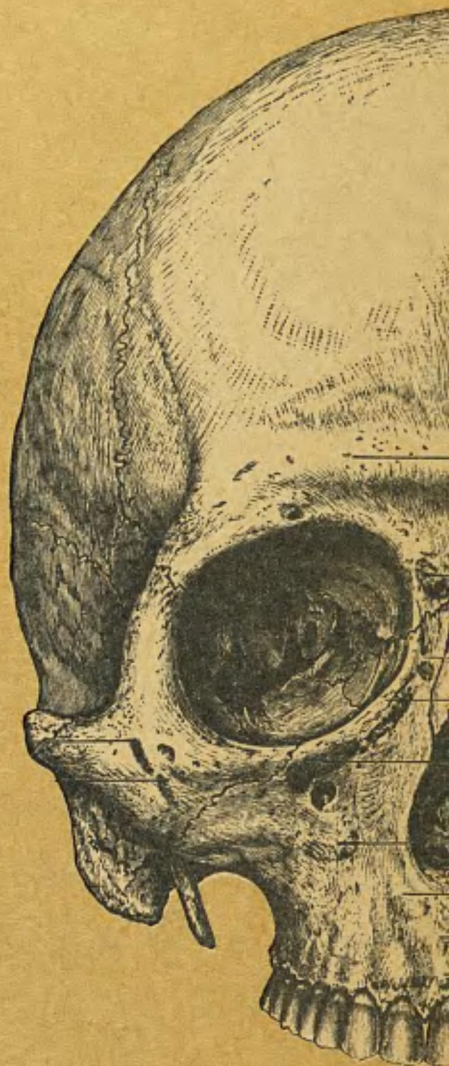
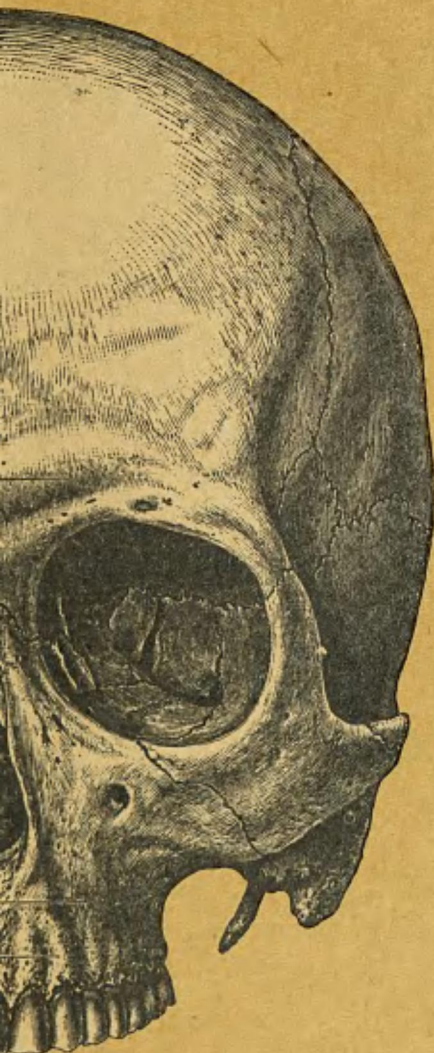
It's almost over, so bend your ear.
I'll tell you how I happen to be lying here
In this ditch all full of pain.
Life is going, I'll not ride again.
I should not have taken that last toke
Or sat and listened to one more joke,
For on my mind there was a girl.
Thoughts of her made my head whirl.
Her love I had wanted so very bad,
But she wanted nothing that I had.
So I fired my bike and rode to a bar.
I drank twenty beers until my brain was ajar,
Then I rode down the line, just a little way,
To party with my brothers on this fine day.
We smoked a lid of very fine weed,
We talked about the kind of life we lead.
Talk turned to which bike was best.
I knew mine could meet any test.
Hold my head up so I can see
My scooter lying there by that tree.
I can feel my ribs broken against my heart.
It looks like my legs have fallen apart.
I can hear Satan calling out my name.
It won't be long until I finish this game.
Bend closer, friend, and I'll finish my tale.
Quick now, for I can feel my heart fail.
We fired our bikes for that race,
And mine was ready to set the pace.
I shot from the line on my back tire,
My Chattanooga belching smoke and fire.
Three bikes running close through the gears.
The wind cleared my brain of all its fears.
I was alone when I hit number four.
My scooter was running like never before.
Up past 100 my engine did strain,
Then the square corner, the crash, and the pain.
Now my blood is pouring all over this ditch.
The Devil still beckons, that son of a bitch.
My time is short; I can hardly see.
The pain in my guts is killing me.
Say goodbye to the chick I loved so well.
Say I thought of her as my scooter fell.
Goodbye, ol' friend, for here I go.
Come on, Mister Death, don't be so slow.
Black Bart is there to lend a hand;
He's trying to help me, to get me to stand;
My pain is gone, at last I'm free!
I look in the ditch; my dead body I see.

—Pat "The Mooch" LeDoux

THE BIG BIKER

A rider all in black with silver chains at his waist
A golden throne with wheels of chrome
A leash on the wind and sun attached to his soul
A red carpet unwinding into a grey ribbon
A tiger under his ass softly cushions the flaws
of a million ruts and holes
His kingdom reaches from sun to sun
And holds power over all the lesser who dwell there

—Cissy



Night Rider



"For christsakes, Tubs, willya quit slobberin' all over me, already?" Crabs reached for the already-soggy napkin and wiped his face for the fifth time in ten minutes. If Tubs heard him, he showed no such sign. The fat slob served himself another beer out of the new pitcher, not for a moment taking his eyes off the potbellied skin dancer on stage. Sure as shit, he kept pouring the whole damned pitcher into his glass until three-quarters of it ran over the mug, across the table, and into Crabs's lap. Crabs was already pretty juiced up, so it took him a second to figure out what was happening. He'd thought at first that he might have pissed in his Levi's, until he looked at Tubs and saw the asshole still holding the empty pitcher over his mug, with that same idiotic grin plastered across his face as he leered at the tassles on the stripper's breasts, spinning like golden propellers on a twin-engined airplane.

"Hey, you goddam pig! Why the hell don't ya watch what the fuck you're doin', ya stupid barrel o' shit!" Crabs was yelling right into Tubs's left ear, trying to drown out the wild jungle music crackling over the cheap p.a. system hooked up to the juke box.

Tubs was turning around to see what his buddy was making so much noise about when he saw the upturned pitcher in his hand. Surprised as hell that it was empty, he looked at Crabs quizzically and asked, "Hey, man, didn't you just buy a fresh dose of booze?" Naturally, he spit the words all over the table, giving Crabs another shower, not to mention a worse case of the redass than the one he already had.

It seemed as if someone had stuck a live wire into Crabs's BVD's; he just sat there, grinding hell out of his teeth, looking like his eyes were about to pop out of his reddened face and onto the table. He was making some kind of weird noise in his throat as he struggled desperately for self-control.

"You okay, Crabs?" Tubs leaned

towards him across the table, setting his hands down on the wet table as he did so. He brought his dripping hands up, looked at them, and the grin of an imbecile who finally understood broke out over his face. "Whaddya do, spill your brew all over the fuckin' place?" Tubs thought that was funny as hell and damn near broke a gut, laughing and spitting all over Crabs at the same time.

Everything and everyone at the strip joint came to a grinding halt as the two bikers demolished their section of the room. Crabs had let out an ear-splitting battle cry and given his friend a good one under the chin. Not having expected the attack, Tubs had fallen backwards over his chair, bringing half of the tiny stage crashing to the floor along with his huge 285-lb. carcass. The dancer, having been on the side that caved in, stumbled and fell on top of him, ass first, landing squarely in his face. There was a muffled but distinctive roar from underneath her buttocks as she tried frantically to regain her balance and dismount her bearded throne. She could've saved herself the effort, because in no time at all Tubs placed one of his stubby paws on each of her creamy cheeks, easily lifting her off to uncover his grinning map with her snapped G-string firmly clenched between his teeth. About ten feet away on the floor, Crabs was guffawing helplessly, holding his sides and rocking back and forth with each new fit of laughter.

The dancer was fit to be tied. She kicked, scratched, and clawed the two bikers all the while they were scrambling to get up off the floor. The two hyenas made it out the back door in time to avoid the bouncer, a former Dallas Cowboy waterboy.

This is the life, Crabs thought. When they had gone into the strip palace about four hours ago, it had been as warm and as calm as one could hope for this time of the year. But now, as Crabs clambered on top of his knuckle, the temperature dropped so sharply as to send a quick

chill up his spine. Then, just as ominously, the wind picked up to an audible howl, throwing dust and garbage from the parking lot all over the two bikers. Crabs shot a glance down at Tubs, who was unlocking the chain that strapped the two scooters together like a pair of mammoth, handcuffed wrists. Tubs had noticed it, too. The strange occurrence had sobered the both of them up almost immediately, and they stood looking around as if an explanation hung somewhere in the darkness around them. As suddenly as it had come up, the gust of cold died away and the air was quiet again. So were Tubs and Crabs—Tubs because he was stupid, and Crabs because odd things happening made him nervous.

With a shrug, Crabs finally slapped his friend on the back. "Someday I'll show you how I do that, Tubby." They both chuckled and fired up their mills, each savoring for a moment or two the sound of his pet love coming to life, then rolling the Milwaukee irons at idle into the street, where they headed out in opposite directions toward home.

Crabs leaned the greasy knucklehead onto the entrance ramp to the freeway that would lead him to his doorstep in about twenty minutes. He remembered when he used to make it in fifteen, but now the new 55mph speed limit slowed him down some. As he revved the engine up to merge smoothly into the light traffic, it happened again. A fierce gust of icy wind struck him full in the face, the cold pricking his face like a thousand cactus needles. He felt his fingers go numb, naked on his tall Z-bars. Crabs had gone without a coat or gloves that night because of the warm weather that had surrounded the area for the earlier part of the week, and he was being knifed cruelly now from head to toe by the cold cutting through his relatively thin clothing. Undaunted, he slid into place behind the first Mack truck he came to, where the air pocket afforded him some relief from the elements. But he hadn't

been tailing the big diesel for more than two or three minutes when it lumbered off an exit to a truck stop. Not my night, Crabs thought to himself as the continuing ondraft of hell made his aching eyes water, blurring what little vision he had with his eyes squinted against the wind.

Even before he passed the city limits sign, the highway traffic had all but vanished, giving Crabs the road to himself—almost. When he checked the rearview mirror, he could barely make out a yellowish light about a quarter of a mile behind him, as best he could judge. He was sure it was a chop, because of the height of the headlight; it was too tall to be a one-eyed car, and the weakness of the light hinted to him that it could be an early model Hog. So Crabs slowed down in order to let the other scooter catch up to him. Misery loves company, he mused.

But the chop stayed behind him, modifying its speed to remain the same distance from Crabs's tail. Well, screw you, too, he thought as he grabbed a fistful of the knucklehead's throttle and held it full back. He was going to blow that guy's wheels off so fast he'd think his bike had stalled on him. But nothing happened. Crabs worked the right grip all the way up and all the way down, with no results whatsoever. He felt the cable where it went into the handlebar housing, and then at the carburetor. It hadn't come loose. His stomach tied up in knots when he flicked the throttle again and felt the cable work the butterfly on his Linkert, with still nothing happening. It was like the Hog had a mind of its own. There was absolutely nothing he could do to control the speed. Crabs watched the yellowish light dancing steadily in his mirror and wondered.

Tubs! Of course, it was Tubs behind him. This had to be a joke of the fat man's. Crabs didn't know how he had done it, but, he told himself again, it had to be Tubs. A joke, yeah. Some kind of joke. But Tubs's Pan didn't have the headlight set up as high as the one behind him—he had a damn near stock springer. So who...?

Crabs was caught by surprise when the Harley that had been behind him shot past threateningly close. It loped ahead for about a half-mile, then slowed to about two car-lengths in front of Crabs, where it stayed. It damn sure wasn't Tubs, but Crabs vaguely remembered that bike from somewhere. Where had he seen it? He twisted the gas handle to ride up beside the guy for a better look, only to be reminded that it somehow didn't work anymore. It didn't make sense; none of this crap made sense.

"Goddammit, work, you bastard, work!" he screamed at the throttle. He was getting scared, damned scared. He was half-frozen on a deserted highway, sitting on top of a bike he couldn't control, with some weird sonofabitch lunatic in front of him riding a scooter he had seen somewhere before, but he couldn't remember...

"Omigod, omigod, no! no! no!" Crabs was howling, after the rider in front slowed to about a foot in front of his Avon, giving him the first really good look at the Hog and its owner. Crabs had recognized both and knew that it couldn't be, couldn't be. But it was.

In frenzied recollection, Crabs saw again what had taken place two years ago. He was crouching between an old yellow Rambler Station wagon and a 1963 chopped Hog, keeping one eye on the front door of the dilapidated duplex while he

listened intently for any sign of someone coming out before he could wheel 63FL7089 out of the small driveway and into the back of the pickup truck waiting around the corner. He remembered sitting in the covered bed of the truck with "his" Harley 74 lying on its side, laughing and laughing as his friends drove him away from the unlucky biker's house. But Crabs also saw in his hysterical remembrance something he had known nothing about. He saw the owner of the bike he had ripped off fly out the door with a shotgun in his arms, letting out a scream of pure misery and rage. He saw that guy trip on the doorstep and fall, the shotgun belching the full load of buckshot into his anguished face.

Crabs snapped back to reality in time to see the rider in front, the rider of the bike Crabs had stolen and sold two years ago, turn around in his seat, facing backwards at him.

The man, instead of a face, had a mass of gore and blood, with a pair of macabre teeth imbedded in the lower part of the revolting array of minced flesh, which parted to emit the most hideous, blood-curdling laugh Crabs would ever hear. This, and the spattering of the rider's gore on his face as the wind blew it toward him, froze Crabs into a gruesome statue of fear aboard his knucklehead.

When the duo approached a curve in the highway, Crabs and his bike did not turn; instead, they ran into the median curb, flipping up on end, and Crabs, with his Hog behind him, hurtled into the wire-mesh fence separating the halves of the freeway. As Crabs's body hung lifelessly on the fence, half-riced through it, the night rider and his laugh faded into silence—dead silence, as the saying goes.

By Savage Williamson

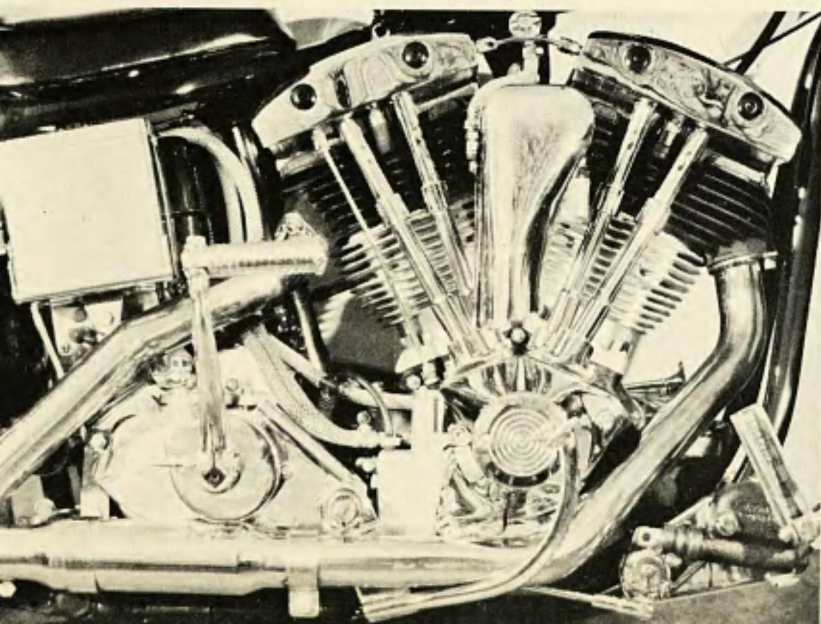
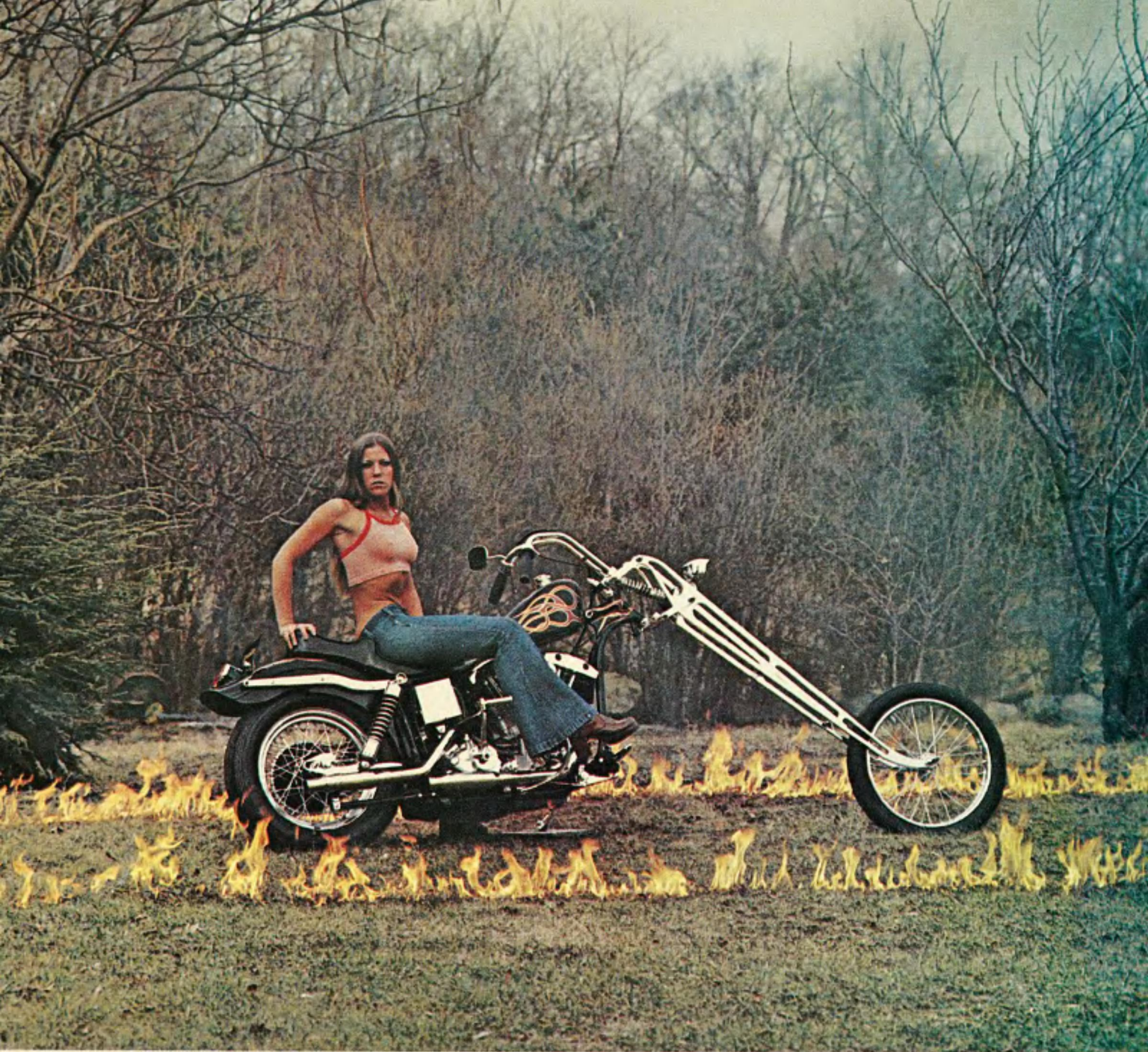


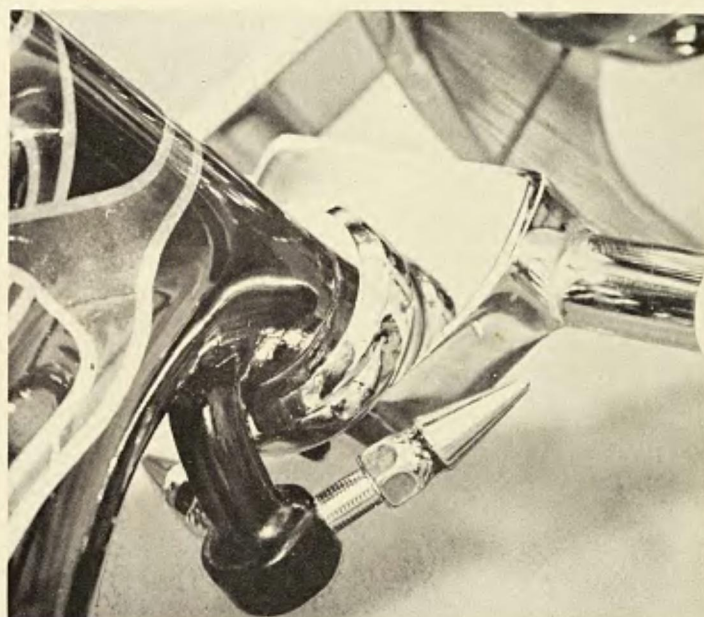
Wintertime is Cold in New England



Now, by the time you're scanning these immortal lines, the price of gas has probably hit another all-time high. So you can well understand the sacrifice that Richard Ostromecki made to call our attention to his scooter.

First of all, he took a whole gallon of the precious slime and set fire to it all around the machine in question. Over the neighbors' objections, of course, who would just as soon have sopped the stuff up with a sponge and wrung it into their empty gas tanks. And since Rich had his bike basted and broiled in Sunoco 260 from a loose fuel hose only last season, you can imagine the courage it took for him to fool around with fire again. He and his brother painted the tank out in their Lexington, Mass., shop with flame patterns—just as a reminder to keep all the connections tight and leak-free.



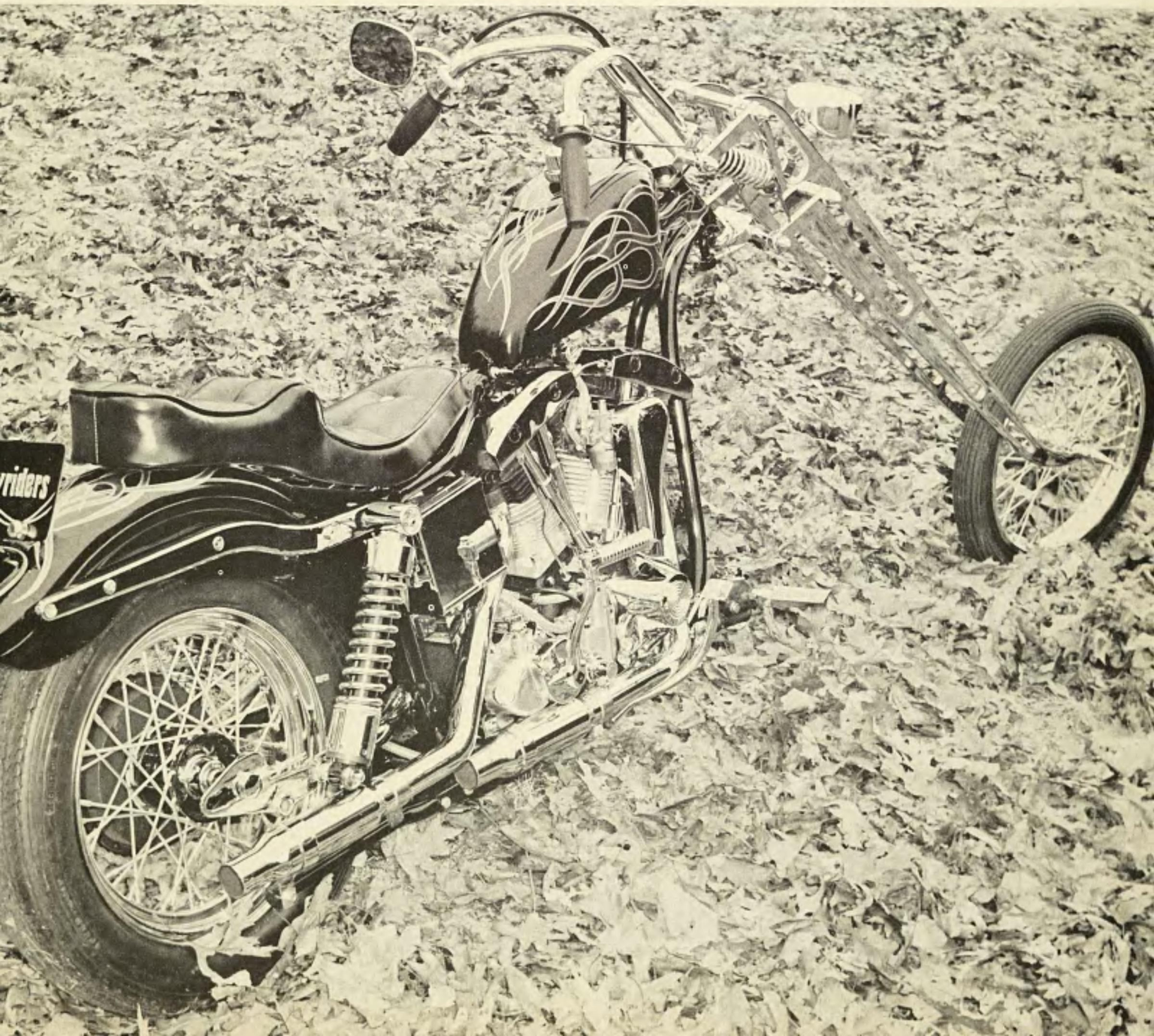




And if that ain't the capper, you'll probably notice a scattering of custom bits all over the machine, like the fork stops, the license plate support, and the fuel petcock that was specially relocated so that it's centered between the two cylinders. The chief pipe-scraper, pavement burner, and gear head had some doubts about the bike's handling qualities with that extended neck and long stretcher front end, but he got overruled somewhere between the fifteenth and eighteenth hit at the last editorial juice session.

Actually, Rich didn't have to go to all that trouble. After laying a pupil on Sue Nordahl and her lovely goosebumps, we were **all** convinced!

—Continued on next page



Photos by Joe Ofria

Owner: Richard Ostromecki **City:** Lexington, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1971 H-D

Model: Superglide

Value: \$3,500

Assembly by: owner and brother

Time: 3 months

Chroming by: Waltham Labs.

Chassis

Frame builder: modified by Place Bros.

Year and make: 1971 H-D

Rake: 1 1/2 in.

Stretch: 3 in.

Rear Suspension: swingarm

Accessories

Bars: pullbacks

Risers: none

Fender(s): shortened fat bob

Headlight: quartz-iodide

Taillight: Sportster

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: Frisco

Back:

Gas tank: Sportster

Oil tank: stock

Primary cover: stock

Seat material: naugahyde

Sissy bar: none

Height:

Material size:

Engine

Year: 1971

Model: Shovelhead

Builder: owner

Ignition: 12V

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Balancing: stock

Pistons: stock

Cam: FX

Lifters: hydraulic

Carb(s): Bendix

Air cleaner: teardrop

Shifter: foot ratchet

Pipes: modified drag type

Muffler(s): glass pack

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: 24

Trans sprocket: 22

Forks

Type: girder

Type front rail: solid

Extension: 22 in.

Builder: EME

Painting

Molding: Pro Cycle Painting

Painter: Pro Cycle Painting

Color: black, gold, red, purple

Type: acrylic lacquer

Wheels

Front

Size: 18-inch

Hub/brake: spool

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Tire size: 3.00 x 18

Make: Avon

Rear

Size: 16-inch

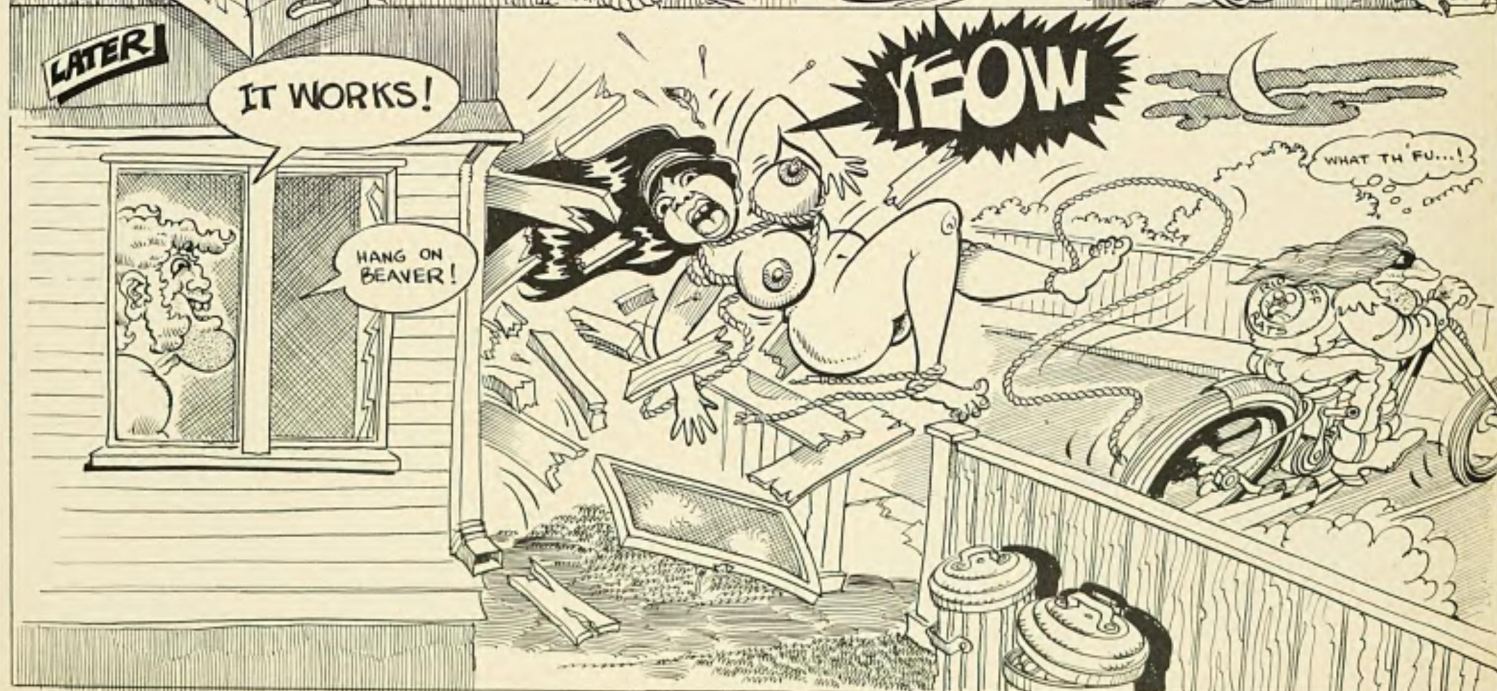
Hub/brake: stock

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire size: 5.10 x 16

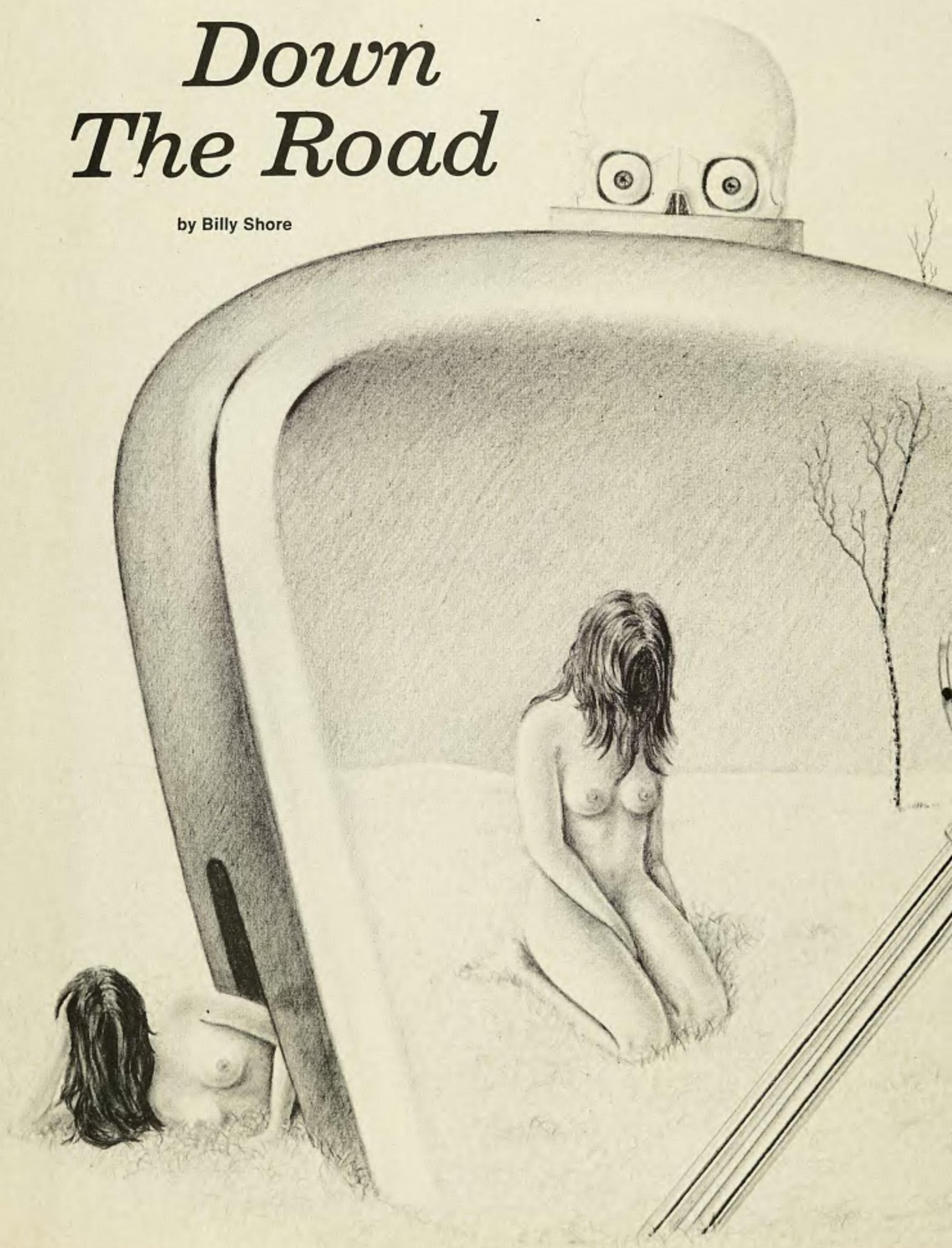
Make: Goodyear





Down The Road

by Billy Shore



The sun dropped past the broken line of city rooftops, the smog turned red, and another day got ready to call it a night. In a dirt-colored shack behind Ace's Wrecking Yard on the South Side, Kirk's eyes came open as the windows went dark. He blinked away some crusted sleep, Kicked out of his twisted

blanket, sat up and came face to ugly face with the shittiest hang-over he could ever remember owning. And without half trying he could recall some righteously shitty ones.

"Uhhh, mutha—" he started, but cut it off, because even the sound of his own raspy whisper hurt like hell. He shut his bleeding eyeballs again, grabbed his throbbing head in both shaking hands and wished he could groan without making any noise.

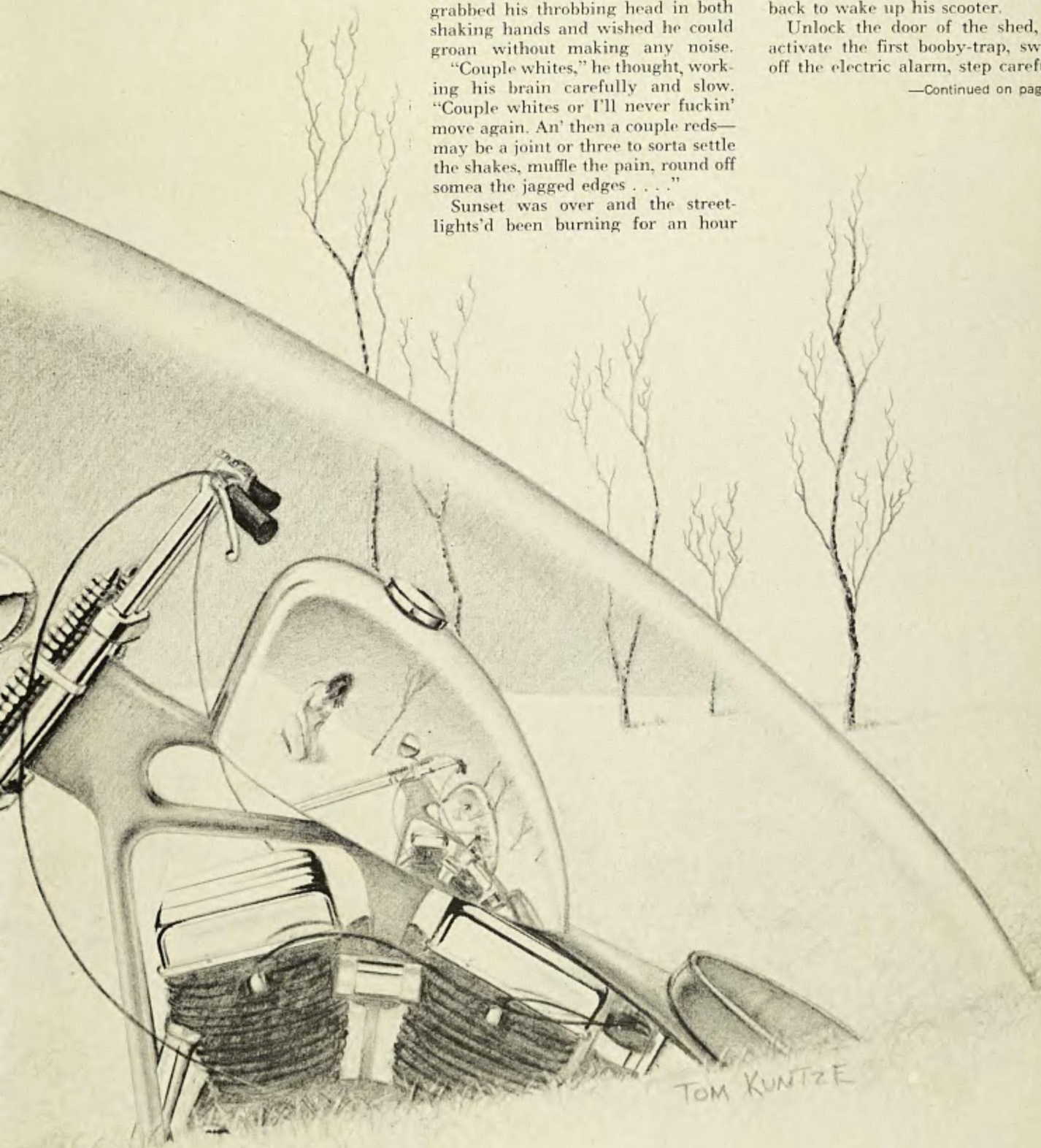
"Couple whites," he thought, working his brain carefully and slow. "Couple whites or I'll never fuckin' move again. An' then a couple reds—may be a joint or three to sorta settle the shakes, muffle the pain, round off somea the jagged edges . . ."

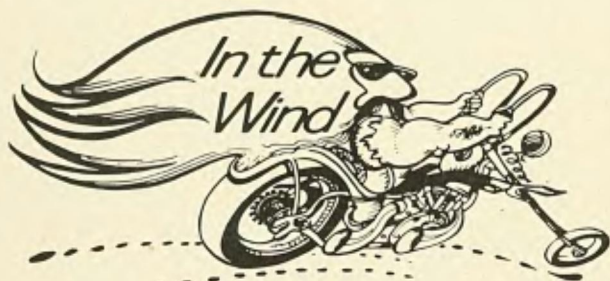
Sunset was over and the street-lights'd been burning for an hour

by the time Kirk had it together enough to find his Levi's. Another half-hour died while he searched for his stomps and then figured out which foot went where. The moon was up, the weed and the speed were partyin' with the downers, and Kirk's head was feelin' pretty close to just fine when he stepped out into the new night and walked around back to wake up his scooter.

Unlock the door of the shed, deactivate the first booby-trap, switch off the electric alarm, step carefully

—Continued on page 58





As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else. As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—
 This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.

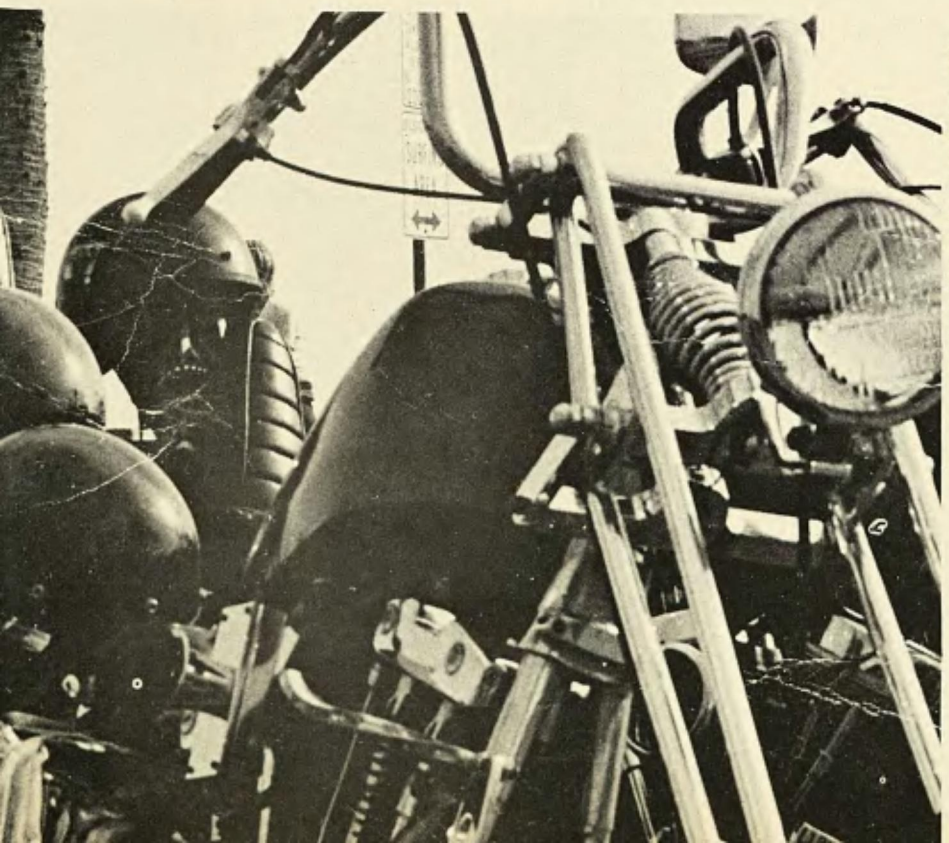


—From M. Dobb, Cheshire, England





—From Paul Hoehn, Garden City, Mich.



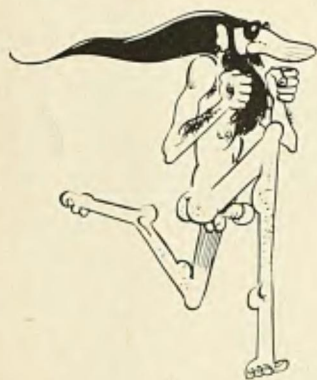
—From Neil Rashba, Rochester, N.Y.



—From R. Gerkens, Lexington, Ky.



—Nick Dekker, Santa Barbara, Ca.



—From T.M. Beers, Newark, N.J.



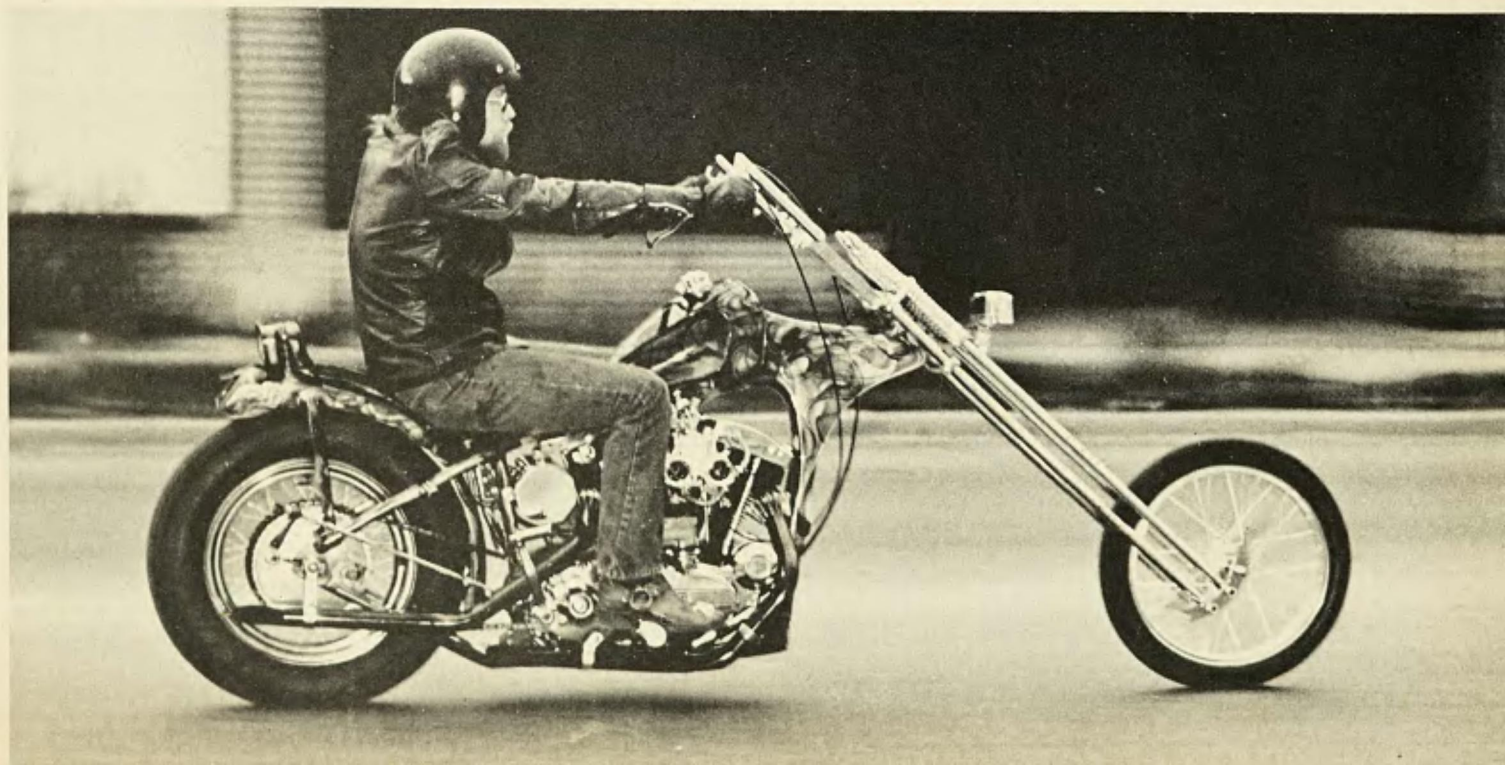


—From Alky Hall, Windsor, Mo.

—From Torch, Ingram, Texas

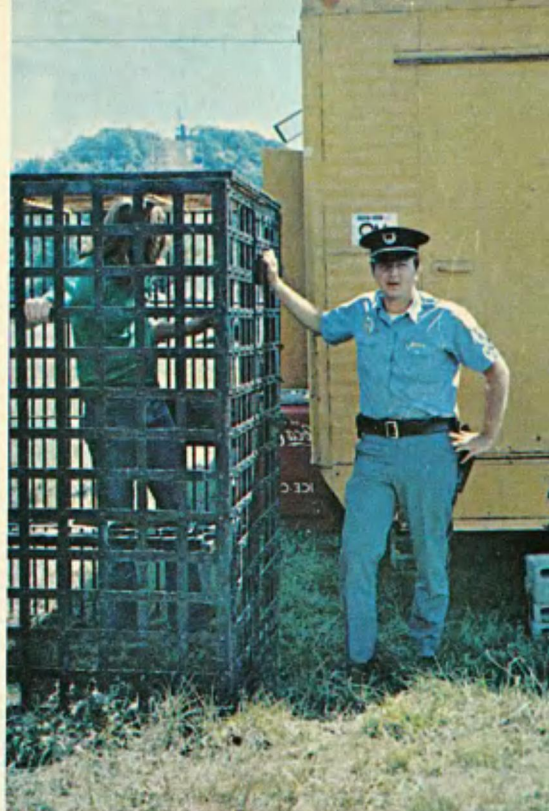


—From Mike DesErmia, Escondido, Ca.





—From Dan Drexel, Rochester, N.Y.



—From Joe Baker, Adrian, Michigan



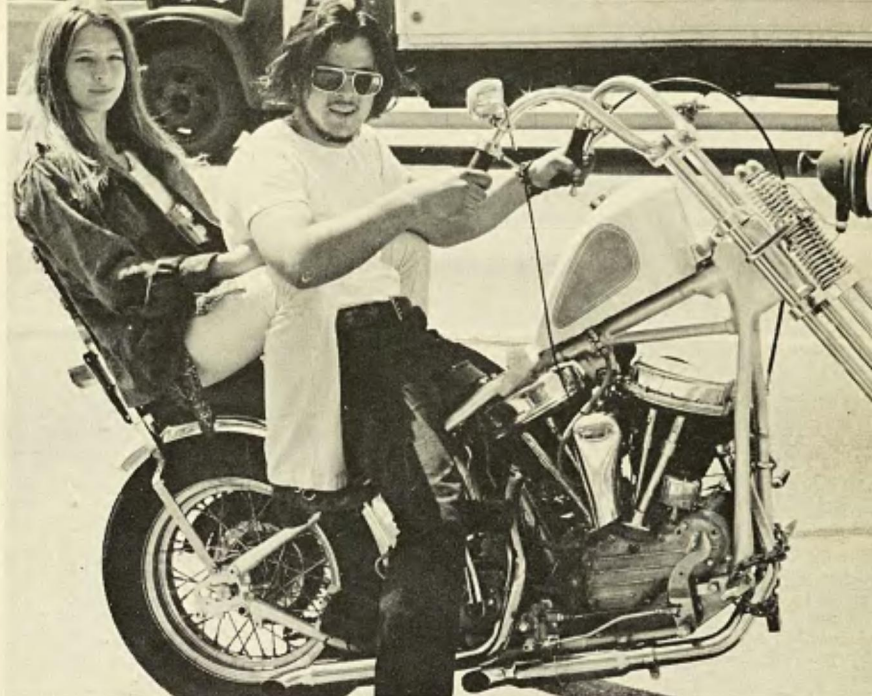
—From Earl Ancell, San Dimas, Ca.



Easriders 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, Easriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. If you want re-jects returned, you must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with submissions. Easriders cannot be responsible for loss or damage.



—From Roger Karr, China Lake, Ca.



—From Dave Fitzgerald, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.



—From Big Tom, Elko, Nevada.



As you may have noticed, we've sorta been on a death kick in this issue and it was all caused by Dave Mann. When we received the painting featured on the next two pages we about had ourselves—it was that great! It turned us on so much that we decided to tie a lot of articles and poems in with it. Turn the page and see if you don't think that Dave outdid himself this time.



666

THE KANSAS CITY TIMES, FRI

MOTORCYCLE RIDER DIES OF INJURIES

Charles U. Eldred, Jr., 20,
Was Injured July 4 at
31st and Bell

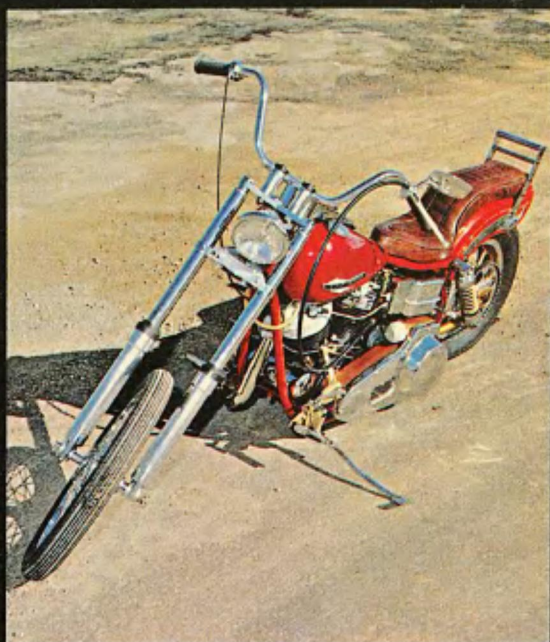
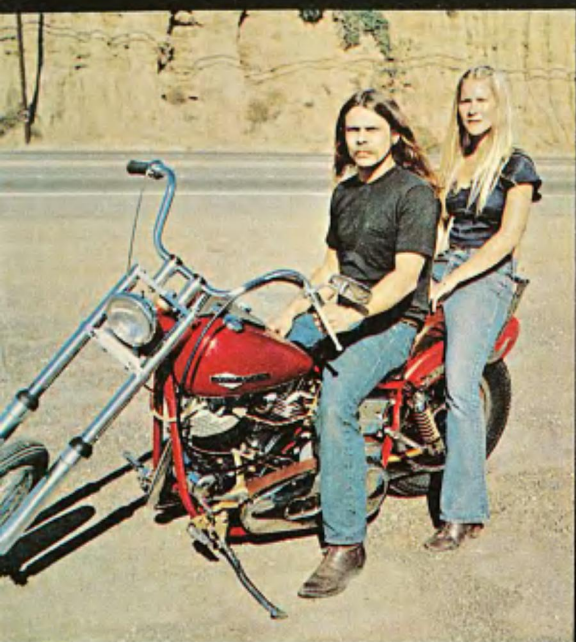
TRAFFIC DEATHS IN KANSAS CITY, MO.	
Drivers	25
Passengers	12
Pedestrians	12
Year	49

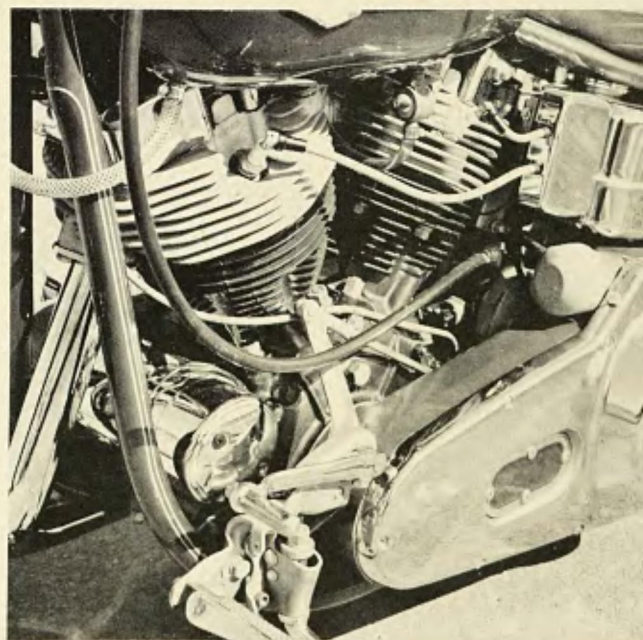
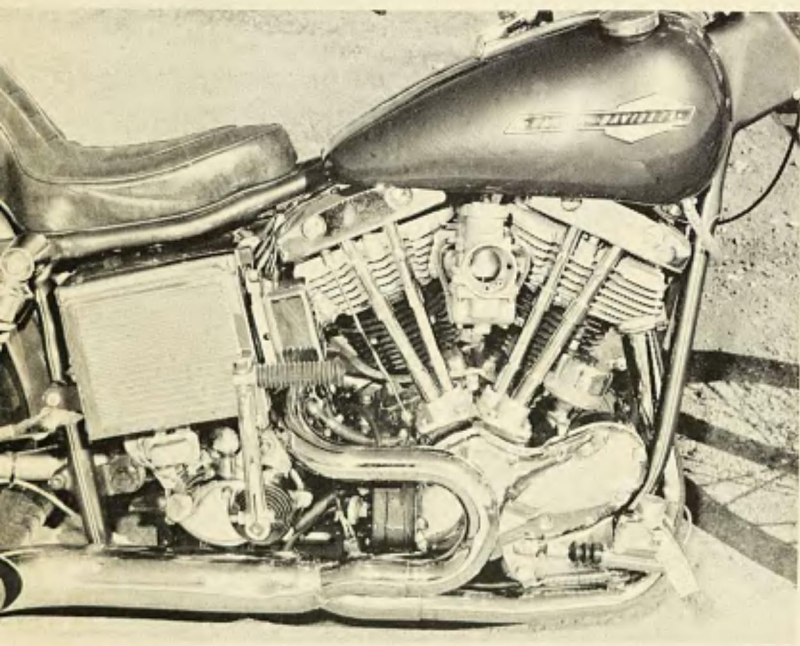


LOWRIDER

A technical gig looked like it might be the way to go with this scooter, especially after Steve Johnson ran down the hassles he went through with his rear wheel. When he began to put this sled together, he decided to run sort of a racing trip on his rear wheel. He started by fingering the front wheel off an Anglia (a 15 inch American mag), but he wasn't quite aware of the hassle he was headed for. First he had to have spacers machined to adapt the mag to a $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch axle, then the wheel had to be recentered and machined for the sprocket and spaced to line up with the trans and the other side was centered and drilled for the disc brake setup. Then for the final racy touch he had his adapters threaded for knockoffs so that the wheel or the sprocket could be swiftly removed. The entire operation took two months, a few bucks, and a helluva lot of hectic running around to different machine shops. Then came the straw that broke the camel's back, or the one more turn that stripped the threads, when a few months later American started









manufacturing their wheels for bikes. Talk about bad news!

Well, so much for technical data. It has always been a good philosophy (with me at least) not to run down a lot of technical crap, because after relating to thousands of brothers the manner in which a particular bike had been constructed, then if after a few months something goes wrong with the scooter, the article did a lot of people a disservice. This is because most bikes featured in bike rags have just been completed before the photos are taken and before all of the bugs have been ironed out.

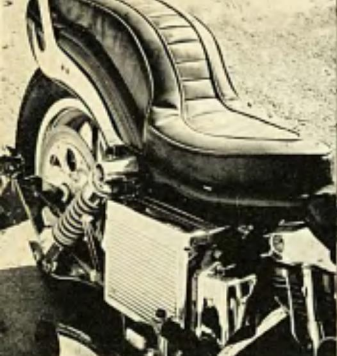
In Steve's case, about three weeks after the bike was photographed and while we were discussing the article with him, he explained that he was in the process of redeveloping his rear wheel brake system, utilizing another set of calipers and a substantially thicker disc, because his previous system was damaging the disc and wasting pucks. The problem did not result from Steve's construction, ignorance or design; the brake worked fine, but it simply had its problems. However, to have described his system would have given it publicity.

When a Brother goes down because his Ford radius rod front end job didn't hold, or when he loses his ass because his frame split, a magazine article rather than his construction methods could very well have been what led to his dilemma. Consequently, it is a good idea to base any new modifications on bikes that have done some time on the road and are still together—not on a newly constructed scooter in a magazine.

—Bandit



—Continued on next page



Owner: Steve Johnson

City: Wichita, Kansas

General

Chassis

Fabrication by: owner

Frame builder: H-D

Year and make: 1968 FL

Year and make: 1968 Swingarm

Model: FL

Rake: 1 inch

Value: \$3,500

Stretch: none

Assembly by: owner

Rear Suspens.: shortened shocks 1 1/2-in.

Time: 4 months

Accessories

Chroming by: Acme Plating

Bars: Jammer

Engine

Risers: H-D

Year: 1968

Fender(s): 1934 stock reproduction

Model: FL

Headlight: Bates

Builder: owner

Taillight: oval

Ignition: 12V

Speedo: stock

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Foot pegs:

Balancing: (lower end)

Front: Anderson

Pistons: MC, 60 over

Back: Anderson

Cam: 412 Sifton

Gas tank: 3.5 gal. fat bob

Lifters: Sifton

Oil tank: stock

Carb(s): Branch Mikuni

Primary cover: reworked stock

Air cleaner: none

Seat material: leather

Shifter: foot ratchet

Sissy bar:

Pipes: EME Headers

Height: 8 in.

Muffler(s): baffle

Matl. size: 1/4 in. plate, .049 tubing

Gearing:

Forks

Engine sprocket: 22

Type: Glide

Trans sprocket: 24

Type front rail: none

Extension: 6 in.

Builder: owner

Painting

Molding: Paint'n Place

Painter: Paint'n Place

Color: candy apple red

Type: acrylic lacquer

Wheels

Front

Rear

Size: 19 in.

Size: 15 in.

Hub/brake: stock

Hub/brake: Airheart

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

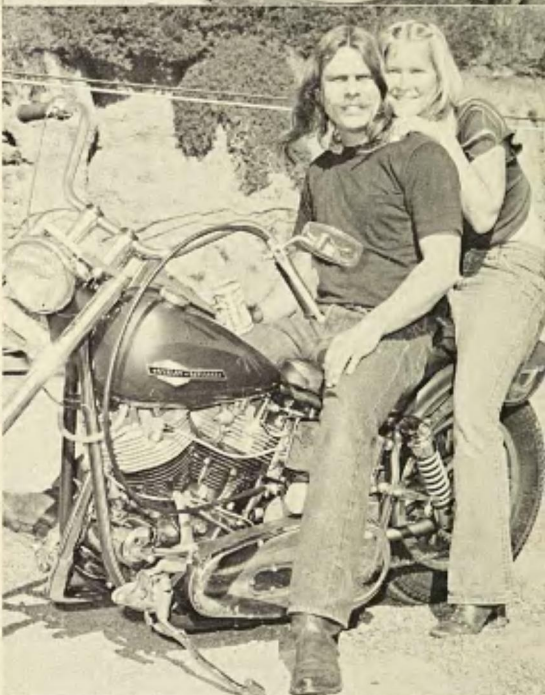
Rim width: 4 1/2 in.

Tire size: 2.75 x 19

Tire size: 555.15

Make: Avon

Make: Contin. Radial





You Meet The Nicest People On a Hog!

... and the nicest people read **Easyriders**. In fact, so many people read it that it is about as hard to find as a good lid. It sells out fast, so be certain of getting your copy by subscribing—and if you subscribe, you'll get a free decal—a spectacularly colorful, fantastically designed, gigantic, super-tough, enzyme-free decal!

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

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

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

Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

21

Check one:

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's \$4.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$8.99 for a two-year subscription.

And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

- ☐ Here's \$5.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$9.00 for a two-year subscription.

Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about Easyriders magazine? _____

A Good Run For Good



Bill Orce, the Illinois ABATE State Coordinator, decided that although people rapped about how hard it is to get people together for a run, he was going to give it a try. His intention was to get all types of scooter people together, and possibly collect a few donations to be sent to Charles Simon to ease the debt he had incurred in his Unconstitutional Helmet Fight.

Bill and his partners, Jerry Timm and Ray Lunsford, recruited bikers from all over the state, and on the day of the run approximately eighty scooters showed. There were dresser riders, stock putters, oriental scooters, bunches of chops, rats, and patch holders mingling around the big parking lot designed as the starting point. There were so many scooters that in one town the road captains blocked off six signals (all the signals in the town) because the pack extended through all six, which was the entire length of the town.

From Palatine, Illinois, to Savanna, Illinois—a 300 mile round trip—everything went very cool. There were plenty

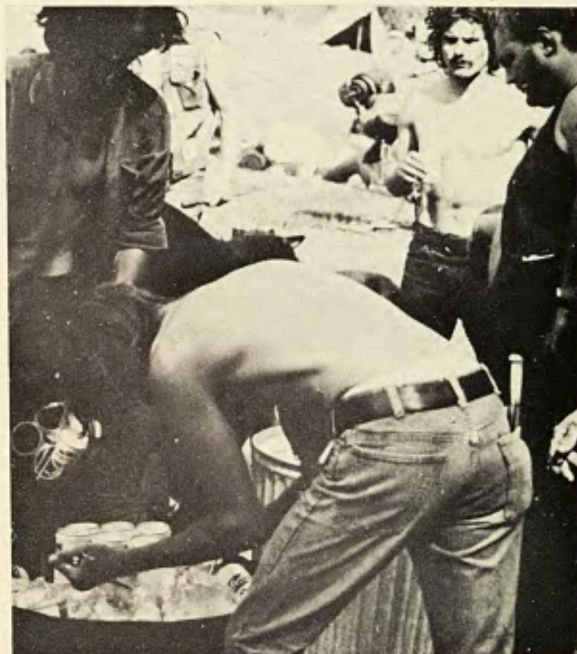
of vans and trucks stocking beer and tools for breakdowns. Only one scooter broke, with a flat. They shoved it into a pickup, the dude got in with his putter and cooked while they rolled on down the highway, and by the time they reached the next gas stop he was back on the road. The score for people going down was low too. A brother and his ol' lady went down when his trusty cable lock got snagged in the rear wheel of his Norton. It was a close call, but fortunately they came through it with only a light case of road rash.

When the run arrived at Palisades



Park, The Man greeted the group, but there were no hassles. The fuzz even shot the shit with some brothers before splitting to let the people have their party. The partying went beautifully without a hitch, except that by the time they were ready to return home the





people were pretty blown out.

All in all it was one of those beautiful scenes that have people saying, "You should have been there," and looking forward to next year. Bill collected \$120 for Charles Simon. He's eager to organize another run and would like to extend a welcome to anyone passing through Illinois. He would also be happy to assist any people willing to organize a run for any worthwhile cause. He can be contacted at P.O. Box 152, Prospect Hts., Illinois 60070.

Bill would like to express his appreciation to Villa Park Harley, Munch Choppers (Chicago), Lake Shore Harley (Palatine), the Palisades Park people, the town of Savanna, Illinois, Hot Dog And the Freewheelers (Chicago), and all the beautiful people that made it happen. ■



The Hell's Angels

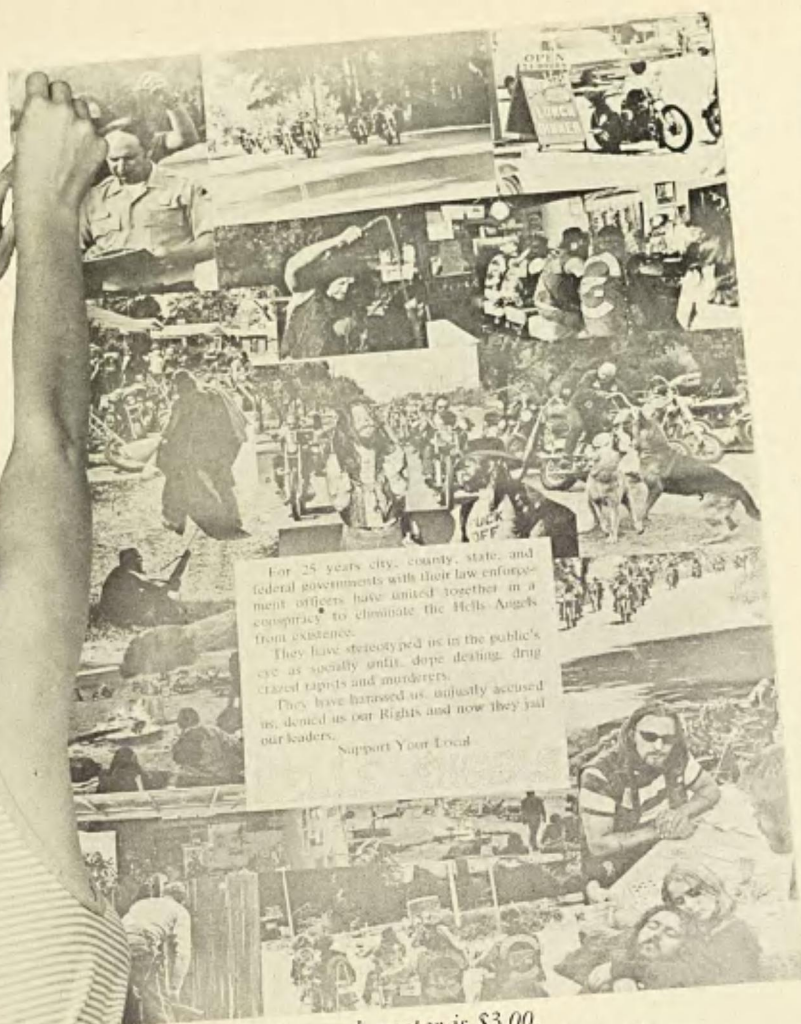
are raising a legal defense fund to finance legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's recent prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels that may need legal assistance.

To do this we are selling t-shirts and tank-top shirts with the lettering "Free Sonny Barger" on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers: One measures 10½" x 3" in red, white, and blue and simply says "Free Sonny Barger"; the other measures 2" x 7", printed red on white background, and says "Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also have a heavy poster that should be in every biker's pad. It measures 2' x 3'. It is black and white and depicts numerous scenes of Angel brothers doing all sorts of things. In the middle of the poster, we state our case—a case in which we're sure you'll agree.

There may be some of you who will want to aid us in our effort, but don't have use for the above items—and would just as soon send a contribution. We can dig it. Any amount will help—legal battles cost money, so contribute what you can.



For 25 years city, county, state, and federal governments with their law enforcement officers have united together in a conspiracy to eliminate the Hell's Angels from existence. They have stereotyped us in the public's eye as socially unfit, dope dealing, drug crazed rapists and murderers. They have harassed us, unjustly accused us, denied us our Rights and now they jail our leaders.

Support Your Local

All we want for each poster is \$3.00, plus 50¢ for postage and a special mailing tube.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★



"Free Sonny Barger" t-shirts and tank tops sell for only \$5.00 each, in all sizes—small, medium, large, extra large.

Send your orders to
Free Sonny P.O. Box 5295
Oakland, California 94605

Please send me the following items:

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5%

For fastest service, send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks must clear your bank before we can ship your order. Allow three weeks for personal checks to clear.



Hard Luck Trip

Did you hear the one about the guy who wanted a bike so bad he could taste it? So after saving 400,000 pop bottles for three years, the day before he planned to cash them in, some freak went snaky in his garage and broke them all, and his Dad made him mow lawns to pay for the car tires that got sorta lacerated when he pulled into the garage. So he started saving aluminum cans, but the bucks went to therapy when he turned into an alcoholic. But that didn't stop him. He went back to mowing lawns which he despised. He'd

almost made enough money when the throttle stuck on his mower and his savings went to buying some old lady a new dog because the mower ate the other one.

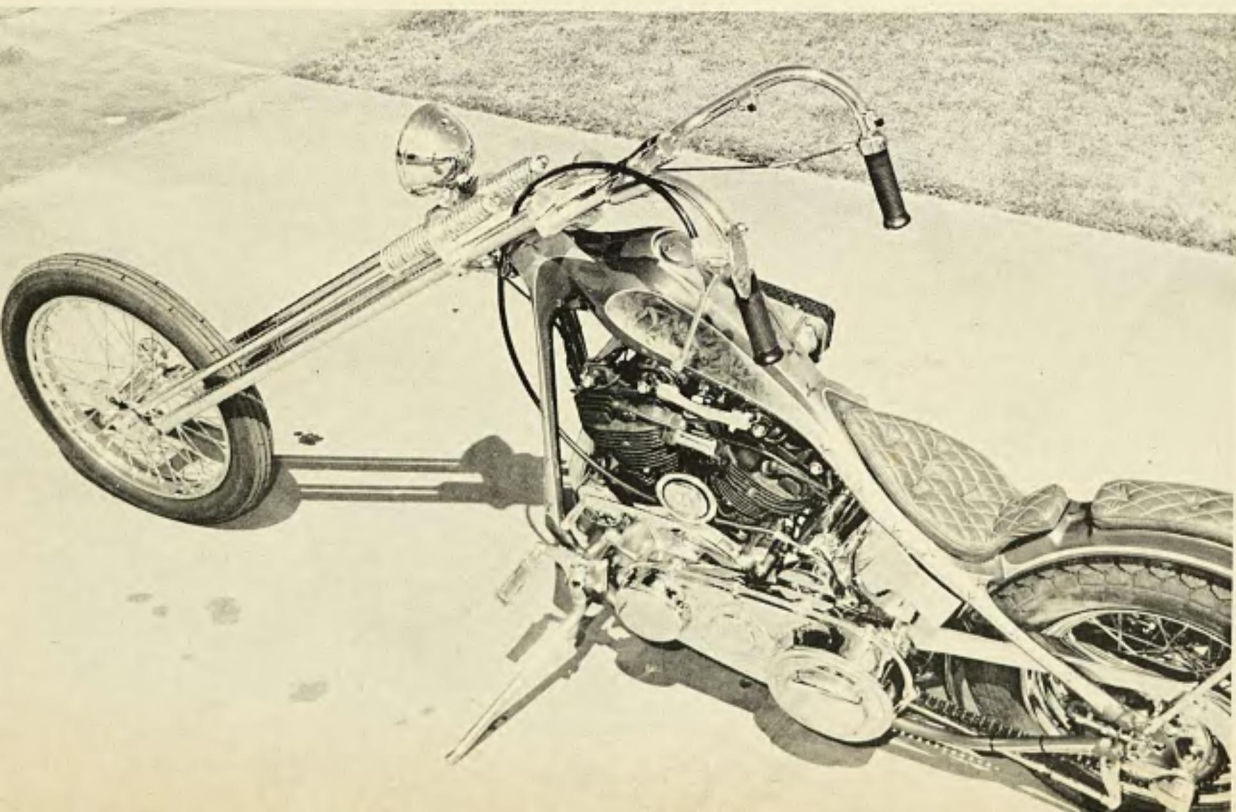
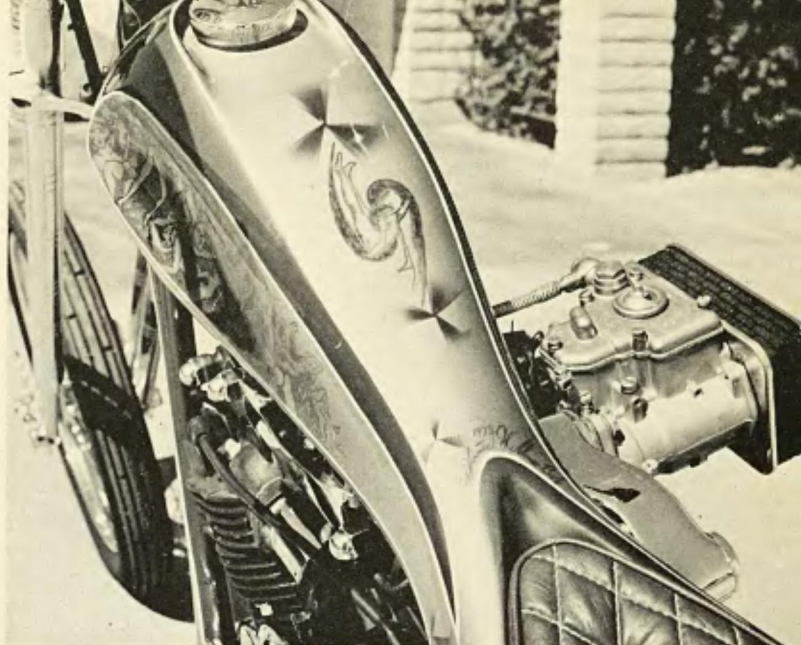
But his lucky day came and he found a deal on a knuckle, so with the last of his cash and his mower he hitch-hiked a hundred miles to pick up the bike. He traded the dude his mower plus what cash he had (less than twenty bucks) for the bike, sight unseen, and was told that the knuckle was in the barn and the guy had to go get the key. The bike,

he was told, ran real fine. Eight hours later he climbed through the window into the barn to find the scooter, both tires flat, no lights, no battery, no spark plugs, but plenty of rust. He was determined, so he started to push it home. Three months later and with four tickets for traveling on the wrong side of the road and one for loud pipes (!), he made it home. Half starved, he found his chick had split and fifteen of his partners were living in his garage.

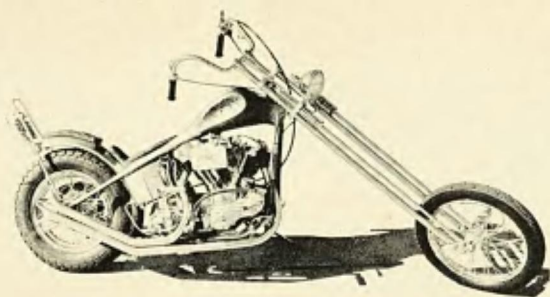
Well, this guy was the type of dude who has to do things right, so he dragged the ol' knuckle down to the local shop behind a borrowed '56 Buick. He left the bike there until he got out of jail three years later for driving a hot car. Fortunately, the bike was finished when he got out, but the bill wasn't and the five bucks a month he saved while bustin' rocks didn't quite cover the wiring, so he took up pool sharkin'. He lost, took up dope dealin'—but nobody gets off on oregano—and liquor store heistin', but bullet wounds get costly. So some years later while working in a gas station pumping hot gas and fencing hubcaps, he managed to save the cash to get his scooter. He paid the bill, but while unloading his beautiful bike, he stumbled and broke his knee cap (the right one), and the last time we saw him he was still in the hospital.

Just goes to show motorcycles can be dangerous. —Bandit

—Continued on next page







Owner: Ron Neal

City: Phoenix, Arizona

General

Fabrication by: The Parts Bin

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Model: EL

Value: \$4,500

Assembly by: The Parts Bin

Time: 1 year

Chroming by: Papago Plating

Chassis

Frame builder: H-D

Year and make: 1947 Knuckle

Rake: 1 1/2 in.

Stretch: none

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: pullbacks

Risers: extended H-D

Fender(s): molded ribbed

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: box type

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: Frisco

Back: Frisco

Gas tank: custom

Oil tank: center

Primary cover: diamond

Seat material: naugahyde

Sissy bar:

Height: 15 in.

Material size: 5/8 in. round

Engine

Year: 1947

Model: 61

Builder: Shetto West, Phoenix

Ignition: 6V

Displacement: 69 cu. in.

Balancing: none

Pistons: 10.5:1

Cam: Lightning

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): Weber

Air cleaner: Bap-Geon

Shifter: foot ratchet

Pipes: Big Tim

Muffler(s): none

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: 23

Trans sprocket: 24

Forks

Type: springer

Type front rail: round

Extension: 20 inches over

Builder: Finch

Painting

Molding: Wild Man Bob

Painter: Wild Man Bob

Color: golds & brown

Type: pearl

Wheels

Front

Size: 19 in.

Hub/brake: Hallcraft

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Tire size: 2.75 x 19

Make: Pirelli

Rear

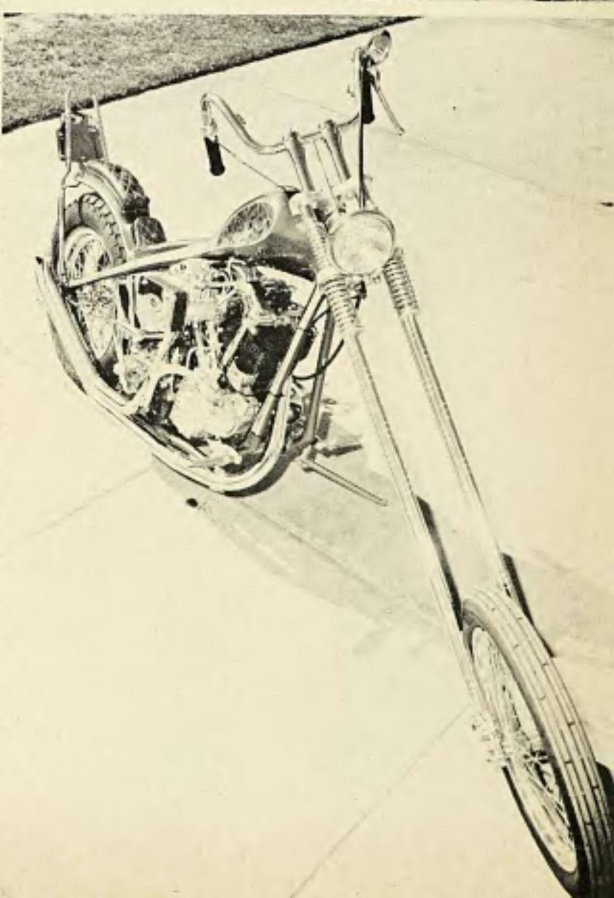
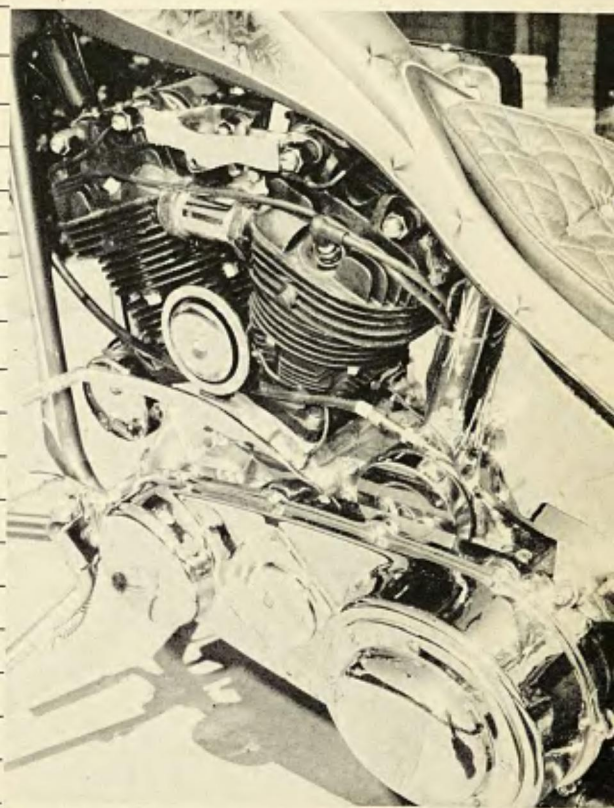
Size: 16 in.

Hub/brake: H-D

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire size: 5.00 x 16

Make: Pirelli



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



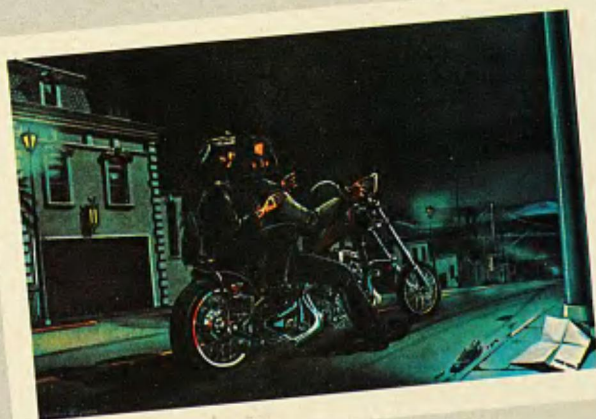
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

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

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

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

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

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-3 ☐ M-4

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5% sales tax

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

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

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

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

Four Inches

My ol' lady has the smallest tits in town and I've only got four inches, but she went for my four inches before she went for my 74. Would you go for my four inches before my 74?

Bruce
San Mateo, Ca.

● Four inches of what? If it's your tongue, I might be tempted.

Dingle, Dingle

I have a severe case of dingleberries. Do you have any suggestions on how I might get rid of them?

Dick
Southbury, Conn.

● Pour two gallons of gasoline and a can of Drano into the bath tub, then sit in it while you finish reading this issue.

Harley Vibes

I took my chick for a ride on my Hog the other day and she got so horny that now all she wants to do is ride, or just sit on it while it idles fast. I tried a hand vibrator, but she said she didn't want any of that lightweight shit—including me. How do I get her off my Harley so we can have sex?

Stinky
Tucson, Ariz.

● If she had any class, and you had any imagination, while the Harley was taking care of her, she could be taking care of you.

Dreaming

I have two problems. First, I'm doing life. Second, I've been waking up after wet dreams ever since there's been talk about conjugal visits. My dreams always seem to have something to do with my Pan. Do you have any

suggestions on how I can get the warden to let my Pan come and visit me?

Stopper
Salem, Ore.

● You might have a problem getting him to go along with the whole bike—but maybe you could talk him into that special part that gets you off.

Flattie

I have the opposite problem of most women—I have a small ass. It's absolutely flat—no meat anywhere, just flesh and bone. Do you have any suggestions on what I can do about it?

Flat Ass
Mansfield, Ohio

● I've said it before, and I'll say it again—all chicks look alike in the dark.

Flare Up

Thanks a lot. Your picture got here and my clap flared up again. Now I know why all your friends have running sores—they're running from yours.

The Lone Toad
Modesto, Ca.

Getting Personal

I'm not sure how to ask this, but it's a question that has been on my mind for some time now. I was wondering if you gave good head.

Monkey
Pacifica, Ca.

● I'm proud to say that I haven't had one complaint from man, woman, or beast.

Scoot Problems

My ol' lady won't let me work on my scoot in the living room. She says that we should keep at least one room in the house clean in

case company drops in. But shit, any company that would come to see me wouldn't give a crap about bike parts laying around.

Pissed
Chicago, Ill.

● Yeah, but the milkman can't get his uniform soiled.

Dirty, Dirty

My boyfriend never cleans his nails. He always has grease or gunk under them. It's such a turn-off that I hate to have him touch me. How can you get turned on knowing the hands that are fondling you are dirty?

Ms Clean
Denver, Colo.

● Easy. I'd be happy if I just had some hands pinchin' and pokin'—any hands. If I didn't like what I saw I'd turn off the lights. That's what they all do around here when they have fun and games with me.

A Lover

I understand that a good lover should tickle a girl's clitoris. What I'd like to know is where in the hell's a girl's clitoris?

Interested
Memphis, Tenn.

● You're kiddin'. But in case you're not, ask your chick to open her mouth. Look inside and you'll notice a little sack-like thing hanging down from the roof of her mouth. That's not the clit.

Lawbreaker

My chick wants to break up with me because I'm always trying to get her to break the law. She says she doesn't want to become a criminal and won't do what I suggest, because it's against

the law. Now all I want her to do is give a little head. Is that asking too much?

Stoney
Dallas, Tex.

● That's a helluva question to ask an old lawbreaker like me.

Hard Time

I'm gonna be doing some time in prison and I just know my chick is going to be hornier than hell while I'm in. What should I do?

Worried
San Diego, Ca.

● Give her my number.

Tit Sizes

I think all of the talk about big tits vs little tits is complete bullshit. It doesn't matter what size the tit is—what matters is the nipple. Man, I dig nipples.

Hot Gums
Detroit, Mich.

● That's what I always say—and especially when there's a mess of hair around 'em.

It's a Herm!

I don't believe that you're a chick. I think your column is written by a man. So come on now—no bullshit, are you a man or a woman?

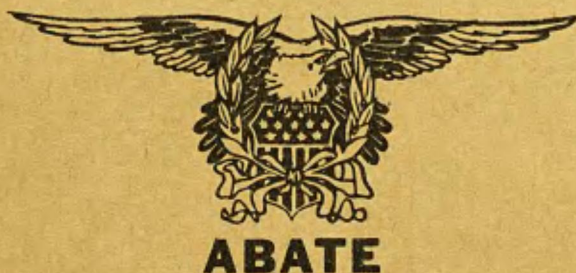
Doubtful
Minneapolis, Minn.

● I'm always being asked that. I've even been run out of women's restrooms. But any guy that's been in the sack with me knows that I'm one helluva woman.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

MIRACULOUS
MUTHA
TELLS ALL





A Few Words Against Safety Bureaucrats

We've said it before, when we've complained against arbitrary anti-bike laws and mandatory helmet laws, but it's interesting to read what the "straight" press have to say about mandatory seat belt laws, for their arguments are exactly what we all have been saying. The only difference is that the seat belt laws affect everyone—the powerful and influential as well as minorities. Because of this, the complaining against Big Brotherism is being expressed in large newspapers and on television—while our complaints were restricted to a few biker rags.

With the national exposure to complaints against the seat belt laws, things are being done about it, and, in time, the law just might get repealed. If it does, then there might be a chance for us.

Read what Paul Harvey, a newspaper columnist recently wrote about the "safety bureaucrats": "Let's suppose there were an epidemic in the United States. It killed 50,000 people a year, maimed hundreds of thousands. Would I not then want government to do whatever necessary to stop that epidemic?"

"... If we construe highway deaths to be 'epidemic' because 57,000 Americans died that way last year, then lung cancer is an epidemic and smoking must be prevented by law; then alcoholism affecting 9 million Americans is an epidemic and booze must be outlawed; then because 2,641 Americans strangled on stringy meat and died during dinner last year all meat must be served chopped.

"Are we sure we want government thus to protect us from ourselves?"

"As was, government was empowered to prevent us from hurting one another.

"As is, government is presuming to protect us from our own mistakes.

"As is, government requires bright-colored hats for hunters.

"In some places, the state government requires crash helmets for

motorcyclists and life vests for boaters.

"If we outlaw all that's hazardous, then boats and bikes must be outlawed altogether.

"Rep. Louis Wyman, R-N.H., fearing where this encroachment on individual liberties is leading, has introduced HR 10277 which would cancel government seat belt standards now in force.

"His mail almost unanimously supports his position.

"If safety bureaucrats have to justify their existence by doing something, let them require roll bars on new cars and mechanically limit all automobile speeds to 70 m.p.h., except for emergency vehicles.

"But the other direction—government restraining you from anything which might hurt you—is going to lead to outlawing lawn mowers and football."

The Even Hand of Justice

Nearly a year ago, ABATE involved itself in a court battle defending a custom sportster which violated, in the opinion of the local sheriff, the altered frame and suspension code and the altered center of gravity laws. Dean Pettigrew and several other bikers were ticketed while passing through El Monte, California, for having scooters with rakes or extended front ends. The tickets involved up to \$200 in fines and would have meant the scooters would have to be returned to stock. Consequently, ABATE felt that defending Dean as a test case would not only set a precedent for other counties in California but ultimately help to discover specifically what the establishment has against custom scooters. We could then attempt to remedy the situation through engineering facts presented by Bill Otto. Well, it turned out to be another case of once a law is

enacted it is almost impossible to change it, no matter how ridiculous the law might be.

The first stage of the battle began with Bill Otto, the defendant, and our lawyer being confronted by two so-called experts and a deputy sheriff (the experts were also retired deputies.) The "experts" presented an extremely emotional case against choppers, with absolutely no scientific facts. After this first session, Bill Otto felt that future discussions would be useless because of the "experts" limited knowledge of engineering basics. Bill and the judge discussed the possibilities of an engineer with similar background sitting in on behalf of the state to listen to the engineering aspects of the case. The judge felt that the only way to alter the law would be to show the California Attorney General the vagueness of the laws as they are now written and the validity of custom motorcycles. Bill Otto and the opposition were to draw up briefs stating each side's arguments and submit the information to the Attorney General for review before the setting of a date for oral arguments in court.

The law was originally written against automobile low-riders, but is now, in many areas being applied to scooters, to which it does not legally apply. Another fact about this law was that no law enforcement officer knew how to judge the center of gravity of a motorcycle, and therefore the issuance of such tickets were arbitrary. Bill offered some guidelines and a basis on which officers could judge whether a bike was really unsafe or not.

Months went by with no word from the Attorney General, who was the only official with the power to alter the law. Finally, almost a year after the ticket had been issued, the word came down that he had refused to review the case, thus leaving a law on the books that could be easily beaten in courts—if every biker who gets such a ticket is a graduate engineer.

The final outcome of the case turned out to be the El Monte judge decided to throw out tickets deal-

ing with altered center of gravity or altered suspensions and frames on motorcycles, and recommended the same to other judges in his district. He also suggested to the local law enforcement agency that they discontinue writing tickets of that nature. Other bikers in the state are left out in the cold and the same situation is beginning to arise in other states. ABATE was left with one vague suggestion by the Judge: that we contact an Assemblyman to initiate a repeal, a repeal of an obscure ordinance, invalid in its content, and unjustly enforced.

No-Modification

Some lawmakers must feel they have beat around the bush long enough, for now they are beginning to take dead aim at our scooters with no-modification laws, and with the usual lack of research they have used to create so many other laws.

In this column, because this could be the biggest bummer law we've ever run up against, we are listing our people who notified us of the proposed laws. Contact these people as to what can be done to help in each individual state.

Thomas W. Marley, 53 Stream, Levittown, Pa. 19055; Honda World, 6221 Hull St. Rd., Richmond, Va. 23221; Debbie Burkett, 131 Winchester Dr., Hampton, Va. 23666; Bear's Custom Cycles, 314-A Maple Ave., Salem, Va. 24153; William H. Black, 909 Friendly Rd., Eden, N.C.; Mike Moen, 217 7th Ave. South St. Cloud, Minn. 56301; Tom Hauser, 2920 Central Ave., Ft. Myers, Fla. 33901; Walt Boober, 90 Rosemary Dr., N. Kingstown, R.I. 02852; Gary Sather, 1035 Jefferson, Bismarck, N.D. 58501; H & R Jack, 2921 Paper Mill Road, Phoenix, Md. 21131; Patrick M. Green, 620 2nd Street, Wausau, Wisc. 54401; James V. Cote, R-5, Box 109, Chippewa, Wisc. 54729.

In this case much of our riding future lies in the hands of the VESC, Vehicle Equipment Safety Commission. VESC standards usually deal with, for example, the size, weight, thickness, and location of a bumper on a school bus, but their most recent project has been to develop standards that will apply to motorcycles. Which could have been the end of us all, except that Bill Otto got involved and at the final VESC hearing submitted counter proposals voiced his opinion that original manufactures are far from being the last word in motorcycle design, and submitted alternative design specifications for their review. When VESC has drawn up the motorcycle standards they will be submitted to 44 states and there's a good chance that the standards could become gospel in many of the 44. ABATE

has reprints of engineering reports available to anyone fighting such restrictive laws.

Although the NCCSI is defending choppers in the VESC hearings, it should be noted that the NCCSI is not involved so much with chops as they are with accessories. A state may pass a no-frame-modification law which applies to modifying a stock frame, and as long as the law does not apply to replacement frames, the NCCSI doesn't seem concerned; in fact, such a law is to the frame manufacturers' benefit. This fact brings out the need for support from individual bikers and concerned state groups to suppress such laws; in other words, we are going to be forced to fight these laws on our own and can expect little or no support from major organizations, so what else is new?

Helmet Front...

In the last ABATE article the subject of helmet laws was covered heavily; however, since most motorcycle publications and major national organizations seem to shine on the helmet issue, this article will review and bring up to date the helmet situation. It is ABATE's desire to get the news out to as many bikers as possible in order to help suppress unfair laws and create more respect for the biker's rights. After you read this, write the people mentioned; then stick this column in your partner's face and motivate him—because laws are not merely going to dry up and blow away. In fact, between the previous issue and now, two new helmet laws have been proposed (not passed yet), and one possible repeal.

Aaron Jaffe, an Illinois State Representative, is in the process of drawing up a helmet law for Illinois. Our ABATE coordinator, Bill Orce, fortunately discovered this proposal before it even left the 4th District Representative's office. Illinois bikers can stop this law before it is even introduced by voicing their opinions against such a law to the originator himself, Representative Aaron Jaffe, 4441 Wilson Terrace, Skokie, Ill. 60076. Or contact him at the House of Representatives, Springfield, Illinois 62706.

Two Brothers informed ABATE that the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration has strongly recommended that the Nebraska legislature pass, among other laws, a helmet law. Nebraska Brothers, ABATE will do what we can, but it's up to you to start punching now.

Iowa is in a similar situation. Whether it was urged by the NHTSA or not, a large package of motorcycle legislation has been introduced, containing modification laws and a helmet law. Unfortunately, we

have not been informed of any specifics yet, but as long as the law has been introduced it is time to go to work on it while there is still a chance of stopping it. Iowa bikers should contact the state legislature as to the present location of the bill and the addresses of the committee members, and write.

Recently a certain brother has contacted ABATE several times with regard to repealing the helmet law in Minnesota. ABATE has supplied him with as much information as we currently have on file, and suggestions as to how to go about repealing the helmet ordinance. If he is going to succeed at this project or make a loud enough noise to let the legislature know that Minnesota bikers are going to defend their rights, he will need a great deal of support. You can give it to him. Contact "Spock," 1367 Breda Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Right now in the State of Washington the helmet repeal is still in the Transportation Committee and will be moving on to the Rules Committee shortly. Below is a list of the names and addresses of the members of the Senate Transportation Committee. The same men, except for Lt. Governor John Cherberg, are the members of the Rules Committee. Sounds odd, but it's the truth. Our initial goal is to get at least 7 out of 13 votes to get the helmet bill out of committee and onto the floor of the Senate. This bill came about through research by the King County Medical Examiner.

Write these people. If the repeal passes, it will help to initiate repeals in many other states.

John Cherberg
Lt. Governor
Legislative Bldg.
Olympia, Wash. 98104

Gordon Herr (Dem)
10617 21st S.W.
Seattle, Washington 98146

Harry Lewis (Rep)
2019 Clairmont Circle
Olympia, Washington 98502

Daniel G. Marsh (Dem)
P.O. Box 1086
Vancouver, Washington 98660

Al Heury (Dem)
Rio Vista
White Salmon, Washington 98672

Robert Bailey (Dem)
Box 146
South Bend, Washington 98586

R. Ted Bottiger (Dem)
8849 Pacific Street
Tacoma, Washington 98444

Don L. Talley (Dem)
1583 Mt. Pleasant Rd.
Kelso, Washington 98626

Perry Woodall (Rep)
P.O. Box 507
Toppenish, Washington 98948

James E. Keefe (Dem)
727 East Sinto
Spokane, Washington 99205

August P. Mardesich
4712 Mermont Drive
Everett, Washington 98203

Sam C. Guess (Rep)
West 408 33rd Avenue
Spokane, Washington 99203

R. Frank Attwood (Rep)
220 Bellingham National Bank
Bellingham, Washington 98225

Ted G. Peterson (Rep)
2345 N.W. Blue Ridge Drive
Seattle, Washington 98177

In New Mexico there is a group of people trying to pass petitions and get a helmet repeal moving. Following is a miniature copy of their petition. Sign it, get your partners to sign, make copies, and sign them.
Send to: Dan P. Nichols, P.O. Box 608, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

I request that the National Highway Safety Act of 1966 be amended to allow citizens 18 years of

age and above, "freedom of choice" in the use of helmets and seat belts, and that the states be released from penalization for failure to consider mandatory helmet and seatbelt legislation.

Name
Address
Name
Address

Mike Armstrong, the Director of COOL in Kansas, writes that the National Safety Council in Chicago is now advocating a federal motorcycle helmet law to cover those states which do not have one. This is a particularly dangerous threat to all of us, for if something of this nature passed we would no longer have a right to repeal it in our states; consequently, we'd better move.

Below is a list of people COOL considers to be their opposition and who should all be contacted by all of us because that is just

—Continued on next page

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 mate-

rial, 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.

The Power!

You can let politicians on every level—federal, state, and city—know your feelings—and in a very effective, positive way.

All you have to do is vote.

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: _____

exactly who it is going to affect, all of us. For more information, contact COOL, Box 8113, Topeka, Kansas 66608.

Mr. Claude S. Brinegar, Secretary
U.S. Department of Transportation
800 Independence Ave.
Washington, DC 20590

Mr. Robert Wright
National Highway Traffic Safety
Administration Region VII
U.S. Department of Transportation
6301 Rockhill Rd.
Box 7085
Kansas City, Mo. 64113

Mr. John H. Reed, Chairman
National Highway Traffic Safety
Administration
U.S. Department of Transportation
800 Independence Ave.
Washington, DC 20590

Dr. James B. Gregory, Administrator
National Highway Traffic Safety Administration
U.S. Department of Transportation
800 Independence Ave.
Washington, DC 20590

Mr. Howard Pyle, President
National Safety Council
425 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60611

Mr. Edward F. Kearney, Exec. Dir.
National Committee on Uniform
Traffic Laws and Ordinances
1776 Massachusetts Ave., NW,
Suite 430
Washington, DC 20036

Mr. Lewis S. Buchanan
N.H.T.S.A.
U.S. Department of Transportation
800 Independence Ave.
Washington, DC 20590

In Kansas recently, Ted Oaks, Kansas and Missouri ABATE coordinator and director of the Dave Mootz Memorial Foundation, introduced a helmet repeal, but the support from local bikers was limited and the repeal died from lack of enthusiasm on the part of the public. If you live in Kansas, Missouri, or a nearby state, and want to work for a repeal that will ultimately assist a repeal in your state, contact Ted at one of the following addresses and find out when he will be pushing for a repeal again: Dave Mootz Memorial Foundation, 2530 S. 37th Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66106, or 6228 Truman Rd., Kansas City, Missouri 64126.

The Connecticut Motorcycle Association has watched the helmet law flounder in their state for years and now there is the threat of its enforcement. For information on how you can help their fight, contact the Connecticut Motorcycle Association, P.O. Box 62, Waterford, Conn. 06385. The official behind enforcement of the law is Motor Vehicles Department Commissioner Edward J. Kozlowski; and an official contesting the law, a man who could use the support of every Connecticut biker, is State Rep. Rufus C. Rose of Waterford. He believes re-

ducing accidents can be accomplished only through a safety promotion program displayed to the public through the news media, safety hints to motorists concerning motorcycles, and safe driving hints directed at the motorcyclist. Contact Rep. Rose through the State Capitol and ask him what can be done to forward his program and to stop the helmet law. The winter is here and it forces many people to stay in-doors; consequently it's a good time to get involved with your local state association and push back some of these laws so you can put in peace when the weather lightens up.

A new helmet ordinance went into effect recently in the city of Gulf Port, Mississippi. The only other helmet ordinance in that state is in Jackson, and neither of these hassle ordinances need be in effect if large groups of bikers would converge on each city council meeting and voice their grievances. ABATE has now three beautiful reports contesting the mandatory use of helmets available to anyone going to city council meetings or sending letters to politicians. We want to see these laws beat, so even if you can't write or send articles, notify us as to whom these should be sent to and we'll send them.

Another state in which we have a positive chance is Michigan. Lansing, Michigan, Rep. Perry Bullard, D. Ann Arbor, has introduced a two-bill B333, B334 package that would repeal the helmet law and also prohibit local ordinances from requiring the use of helmets. This man deserves Michigan bikers' support, and that of anyone who believes in helmet law repeal. He says, "State and local ordinances telling a person what he or she must wear in any given situation is an infringement on civil liberties." Rep. Bullard's bill is co-sponsored by the following Republican Representatives: Dale Warner of Eaton Rapids, Warren O'Brien of Warren, Roy Spencer of Attica, Dennis Cawthorne of Manistee, Mark Thompson of Alpena, Fredrick Stakable of Lansing, and John Smeekens of Coldwater. Democratic co-sponsors in the house are Lyn Johndahl of East Lansing and Paul Rosenbaum of Battle Creek. You can write these Representatives at the Michigan House of Reps., Lansing, Michigan 48901.

Jed Tranquill, Statewide Coordinator, has this to say concerning his New York repeal: "New York Motorcycle Rights Organization has bills in for both helmets and headlights, and your legislators are laughing at you except for a few. In the Senate Transportation Committee, bill numbers S3769 and S3770 would repeal helmets and headlights respectively. The same applies to the Assembly with bill numbers A2244 for helmets and A4580 for headlights. A bill originating from either committee will do it. The legislators who are laughing at you are the same ones who last year turned down mandatory seatbelt wearing for themselves as uncon-

tional. If you want them to keep on laughing, don't write the chairmen of the Senate and Assembly Transportation Committees. Assemblyman George J. Farrell Jr. at 116 Carnation Ave., Floral Park, New York 11001, and Senator John D. Caemmerer, 11 Post Ave., East Williston, N.Y. 11596. Also, don't be in Albany with some of your 139,000 fellow bikers in March (date to be announced in your local papers)."

Deacon, owner of D&D Customs in Lowell, Massachusetts, is meeting with Senator Joseph Tulley in order to get the helmet law put on a voting referendum. It seems that it is close to impossible to have a law repealed in Massachusetts, so the next best thing is a voting referendum. So advised Senator Tulley. You can contact Senator Tulley either through Deacon at D&D Customs, 711 Lakeview Ave., Lowell, Mass. 01850, or by writing him directly at Capitol Hill State House, Boston. I'm sure Deacon could use assistance and support from bikers on the east coast.

If we assault each one of these helmet ordinances, there is an excellent possibility that we could get a legal snowball rolling and wipe out every helmet law now being enforced. All it would take would be a concentrated effort by a large number of the beautiful people on scooters across this country to let the political population know that we are not going to sit back and let the government pass one law after another restricting any portion of putting. I have run down nine state anti-helmet projects and one federal effort.

The Feds are applying pressure on the state to pass a mandatory helmet law (at present they have to be worn at speeds over 35 mph) with their old blackmail gimmick of threatening to withhold highway funds. Normally, 1974 would be just a budget session for the state legislature, but because of the blackmail threat, they may also consider the helmet bill. Those who want to help organize a state fight against it can contact Wheelz, Road Capt., Barons M/C, 462 South 1st West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84100.

Free Service for All ABATE Members

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

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

State-by-State News

Kansas: Kelly Wendeln received word from the Safety Department of the Kansas Highway Commission in Topeka that for the year 1973, when the helmet law had been in effect for the first full year, Kansas motorcycle fatalities rose to 40 from the previous year's 22. Almost twice as many fatalities with helmets as without! An interesting bit of information that should be brought to the attention of every legislative committee that is considering a proposed helmet law or the repeal of the law.

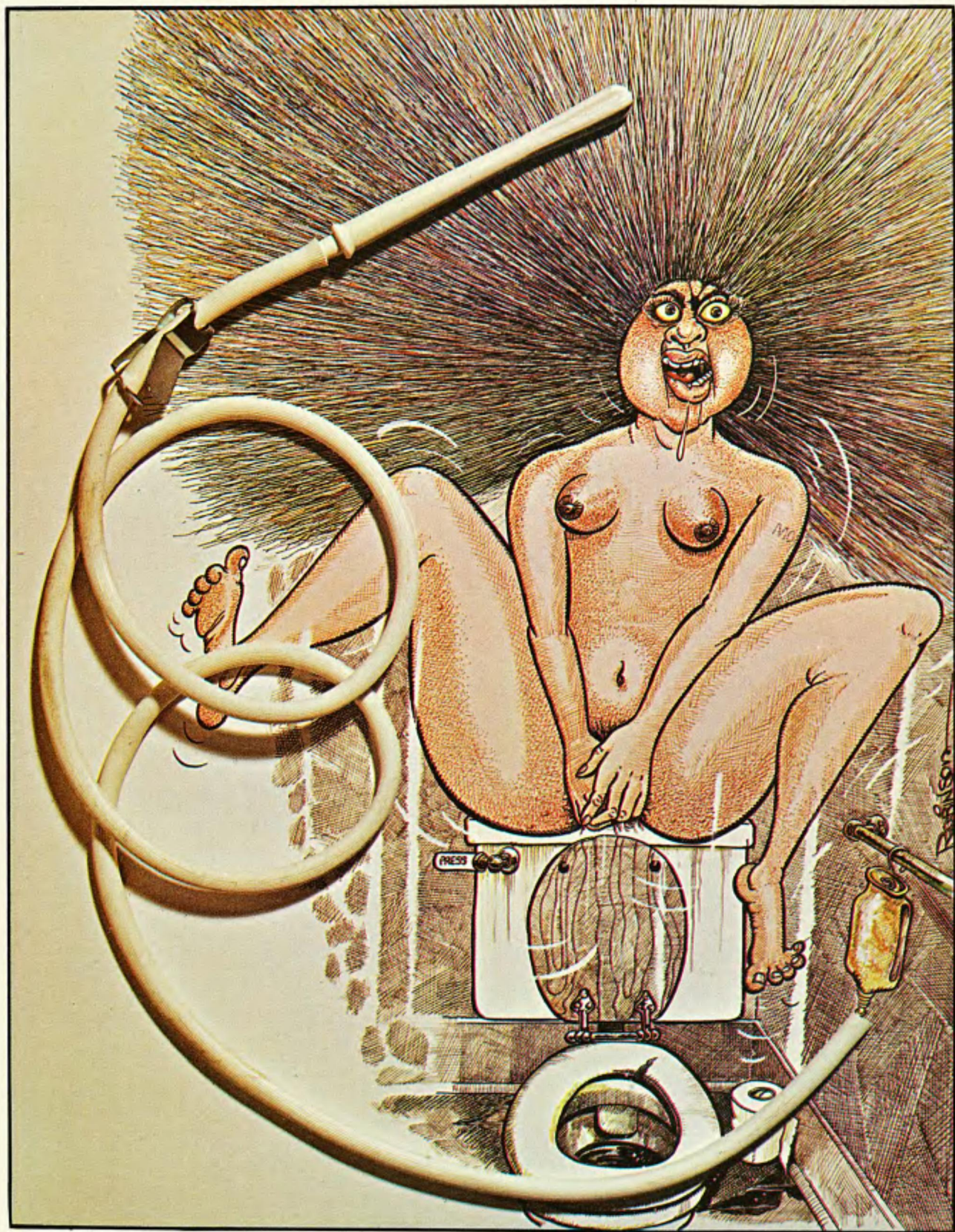
New York and Florida: The Pensacola Journal stated on Wednesday, August 22, 1973, that "Two New York motor vehicle department researchers compared the causes of motorcyclists' deaths in 1966, when helmets were not mandatory, with those of 1967 when they were. The report pointed out that while broken necks were the cause of death in just 5.8 per cent of 1966 cycle fatalities in New York, they accounted for nearly 38 per cent of the cycle deaths the following year. And while the number of accidents was down overall in 1967, there was a 75 per cent increase in the proportion of serious neck injuries."

10% Discount ABATE Members

The following shops are giving a 10% discount to ABATE members. If other shops would like to be listed, just send us your name and address on your letterhead. **Munch Choppers** 3921 South Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60652. **Villa Park H-D** 305 East North Avenue, Villa Park, Ill. **Brothers' Custom Chopper Parts** Oak Drive, Hopewell Junction, New York, N.Y. 12533. **Motorcycle Irene** 2956 Wylamette #1, Eugene, Ore. 97405. **Gordon's Show & Go Choppers** 516 No. Chicago Street, Joliet, Illinois 60432. **Chicago Ray's** 5730 West 87th Street, Burbank, Illinois 60459.

he knows that even though he is more powerful and would no doubt win a fight, but that you'd put up a helluva scrap—and he just might get hurt along with his victory—he'll think twice about hassling you, especially when there are so many other guys in this world who won't fight him and will accept any abuse as inevitable—or will even run.

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



Easyriders' solution to the gasoline shortage—a Chopper Credit Card created from your ol' lady's douche bag hose. It makes a perfect syphon hose—but as Robinson has indicated, be sure to remove all the gas from the hose before returning it!

Down The Road

—Continued from page 29

over hidden tripwire, click on the little 40-watt overhead light—and there she sat, sleek, low and totally beautiful, all black lacquer and bright chrome, dusted with gleaming pinpoint highlights under the shed's single dangling lightbulb. The old reworked '52 Panhead 74 engine resting quiet now in the ridged wish-bone frame, looking powerful and fast even while cold and asleep; ready to roll, waitin' for the word.

And Kirk had the word. He ran his hand across the smooth, cool leather of her seat, patted her tank once, then swung his leg over her back "Okay, Lady," he said, opening the gas-line, "let's get our asses into the wind."

Out through the moonlit wrecking yard, down the alley, with the solid rumble of twin pipes tumbling along behind, bouncing off buildings, filling the dark street with the good thunder sound of *Go*, Kirk rode with the cold night wind in his face, whipping his hair and beard into snarls, blowing the last traces of hungover haze out of his head leaving a fine warm light fog in its place. Down the road.

He cut across town, cruised through a final redlight, hit the highway in third gear and twisted the throttle wide open. The old Pan surged forward with a burp and a roar. Trees, billboards and signposts slid past in a blur, disappeared in the distance. Ninety mph came and went and a flat hundred was just over the next hump, when Kirk rolled the throttle closed and shut her down. Fuckin' perfect! No ifs, ands or assholes about it! Kirk's teeth were cold and dry from smiling at the stiff rush of wind. Fine fuckin' night, beautiful bitch of a bike, righteous fuckin' road! This is the number I wanna do forever, he thought as he swung through an easy S-curve and goosed it. This is the night, this is the road, this is *It*.

Down the road. Running along strong at just under 70, feelin' good, head maybe wandering a little behind the dope, Kirk came over a rise—and had something less than one short second to dig the fact that his headlight beam was bouncing back at him from the side of a semi rig that'd jack-knifed across both lanes of the road. It wasn't anywhere near enough time for his whole life to

pass before his eyes. And it sure as shit wasn't time enough to do anything about missing the truck. He couldn't think of a prayer, but he managed to get off a quick "Ahhh fuck!" He clamped his jaws tight and squeezed his eyes shut, while he waited...

And waited some more. The crash didn't come. He could still feel the night wind on his face and hear the growl of his engine. He snapped his eyes back open, and there was nothin' but the road in front of him. He shook his head hard and blinked twice. But it was still just him, his motor and the road.

"No way," he said aloud, and the words sounded weak over the racket of the pipes. "No fuckin' way I coulda missed that mutha!" But a quick glance over his shoulder told him that he had. There was the semi, getting small in the distance behind him.

His heart was kickin' his tonsils around and he had to swallow it five times before it'd stay down. "Jeezuz H. Keeryst" was one of the things that crossed his mind, followed by a whole lot more. "Musta been the dope," he told himself. "All that party last night, all the wine, an' then... Yeah, sure, it hadda be the dope. There was room to go aroun' that fuckin' rig, an' I just didn't see it. There was a space to shoot through an', sunuvabitch, I done it with my eyes closed!" His knees were shaking, his arms were numb, and he sorta suspected he mighta pissed his pants just a little, but it felt awful goddam good to be alive—and jammin' on down the road.

A dozen miles and ten minutes later, he'd talked himself into a beer or maybe a cup of coffee at the next beanery he came to, and was starting to look forward to the stop. Then he spotted the chick.

She was standing at the edge of the road, outlined in the high beam of Kirk's headlight, legs slightly apart, left fist on one hip, her thumb pointing down the road, asking for a ride.

"Oh yeah, an' I'm just the dude to give ya one," said Kirk throttling down and pulling over beside her.

Up close he gave the chick a long, hard eyeball, and began to wonder if his head was permanently lunched. He couldn't believe it. She was fuckin' fine to be real. Dressed in skin-tight black leather pants, her ass was a buttman's wet dream come true. A thin red silk tank-top that looked like it'd been painted on cover-

ed but sure's shit didn't conceal the high points of a perfectly matched pair of the greatest tits Kirk had ever drooled over, let alone *on*. Her eyes were huge and dark, full of flame-red reflections. One of us has *gotta* be righteously stoned, thought Kirk. Lookit them fuckin' *eyes*! Her mouth was wide-lipped, glistening wet, giving Kirk instant ideas that stretched his Levi's tighter. She carried a small, blood-red tattoo over her heart. At first glance Kirk thought it was a butterfly, but on closer inspection it looked more like a leering skull. Her hair was long, blonde and wind-tossed. She smiled and waited silently at the edge of the road.

As soon's he could get his voice goin', Kirk said, "Climb on." And after she did, fitting herself tight between him and the low stinger, shoving those beautiful soft twins against his back, wrapping firm thighs around his hips, he let his mind water for a couple of sweet seconds, then asked, "Goin' where?"

She did a low laugh that made her breasts bounce invitingly. "Down the road," she said.

"Oh-kay," from Kirk, smiling wide, brain racing. He toed his scooter into gear, let go of the clutch. The rear wheel spun, spit a fan of gravel, and they moved off down the road.

The miles flashed past in the dark. The night wind sang and the bike's engine growled in tune. Kirk couldn't remember when he'd last felt so flat-out fuckin' *fine*. Closest he could come to it was three years ago—the day he'd finished rebuilding the ol' Pan, fired her up and took her down the road. And if things worked out anywhere near the way he had it planned, he figured he'd be feelin' even *better* before this night was over.

Above the engine's thunder, Kirk called back over his shoulder, "You live aroun' here?"

"Down the road," answered the chick.

He nodded, then asked, "You got a name?"

"Yeah," she told him, "I got a name."

He waited but it didn't come. So awright, he thought, if that's how y'wanna play it. Fine with me. Little salt just adds some spice to a cunt. Give us somethin' to talk about later.

More miles. More time. Kirk tried some more words. "I dig those pants you're wearin'," he grinned, making

it a joke, but serious. "How d'ya get into 'em?"

"You don't," she said. "No zipper."

Kirk kept grinning—but suddenly realized that she was telling the truth. There wasn't any zipper, or laces, or snaps, or buttons on those skin-tight leather pants. Hmmm, from Kirk to himself, well now, we'll just see about that a little later. And he kept the Panhead pointed down the road.

Another fifteen miles. And now that beer was starting to sound like something important. Where the hell's a fuckin' beanery? Must be one just down the road a ways. Kirk began checking the roadside for signs—and flashed for the first time that he didn't recognize this particular piece of the road. Which was impossible, because he'd jammed over every inch of every road in the state.

"Hey," he yelled back at the chick, "you know this road?"

"Sure." And there was that low chuckle again. "I live on this road."

"Yeah. . . well, where can I get us a couple beers?"

"Down the road," she told him.

Down the road. Okay, so it's down the fuckin' road. He twisted the grip another notch and let ol' scoot creep up on eighty.

Forty miles and thirty minutes later, Kirk was starting to worry less about beer and more about fuel for the Panhead. Slowing to a quiet crawl, pipes backin' off in the breeze, he called to the chick, "Hey, listen, sweetheart, where the hell's this fuckin' road go, anyhow?"

"Go?" she repeated. "Man, it doesn't go anywhere in particular. It just goes—period."

He did a slow burn, but gritted his teeth and kept it together. "Okay, now look, titmouse, not only do I want a fuckin' brew, I'm damn near outa gas! So, unless you're into helpin' me push all this iron, you really oughta tell me where the fuck we're goin' an' where they're hidin' the muthafuckin' gas stations!"

A pause. Then, "Kirk," she said (which surprised him some, because he hadn't given her his name yet), "for one thing, you got plenty of gas. All the gas you need. Go ahead, check your tank."

With a sneer he unscrewed the gas cap, poked a finger into the hole—and felt his mind start to blow when that finger got wet. The tank was completely full. There was more gas in it now than there'd been when he left town hours ago.

"For another thing," continued the

chick, "the only place we're goin' is down the road. And that's where the gas stations and everything else would be, if they're anywhere, and they probably aren't." She did her laugh again. That same sound—nice, but kinda weird, like it was coming from a long way off. Then she said, "Now c'mon Kirk. How long's it gonna take you to work it out, man? Yoy ain't exactly indestructible, y'know. You really think you can pile into a semi at 70 without puttin' yourself through a few little changes?"

He gave it some serious thought. The Panhead wobbled for a second, but he straightened her out quick. Sunuvabitch—it made sense. And suddenly he knew the chick's name . . .

"I bought it," he said to nobody in particular. "I'm dead."

"Now that's a fact," agreed the chick, holding tight, snuggling up close, her slim, cold fingers low on his stomach, creeping down even lower.

Five or six more miles down the road, five or six more minutes of thought before Kirk had to ask, "Then, this road. . . ? I mean, which, uh. . . ?"

Laughter like the sound of shattering glass. Her hands were crawling down under his belt buckle now—and it didn't feel half bad. "What do you think?" she said, and held him even tighter.

Three more miles down the road. Then, "Ah, what the fuck," from Kirk, shrugging and showing his teeth in a grin. "So far it sure feels like Heaven to me!"

But he slapped his jacket pocket, felt only the two skinny little joints he'd brought along, shifted his ass on the hard saddle of the Hog, pretended to ignore the dull cramp that was starting to grow fangs, remembered that fantastic chick's completely zipperless leather pants, and tried not to think too much about the rest of Forever . . . down the road . . .



Here's what you've been waiting for—a man's size sterling silver Harley ring. The face of the ring is almost a full inch in diameter—and like the famous #1, it's in red, white and blue colors. Only 9½ size rings are available.

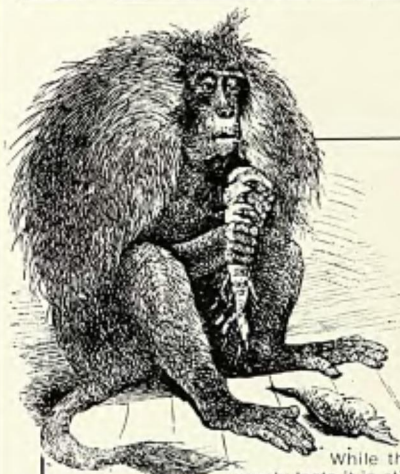
Send \$19.95 to get the best lookin' Harley ring yet.

Vista Box 3536,
Glendale, California 91201

REAL SWITCHBLADE . . . COMB! 9 INCHES LONG



ORDER NOW
WHILE THEY'RE STILL LEGAL
This is a REAL SWITCHBLADE. The blade is a COMB!!!
Terrific GIFT item. Novel and Practical. Protects comb in pocket. Fine tooth comb is GREAT for sideburns and Mustache too! Satisfaction is Guaranteed. Complete with Lock. Only 4.95 + 50¢ Postage. TWO for 10.00 postpaid.
S & W KNIFE CO. BOX 35246 P. CHICAGO, ILL. 60635



While the supply lasts it is still possible for you to get a complete collection of every lousy issue (except #4 and #17) of this miserable rag—and get this: That includes the immortal, historical leg-wetting first issue!

Obviously the supply is going to run out, so you had better whip off a dollar today for every copy you want. We, being heros, will pay all postage and handling costs. All issues at this writing are available (except #4 and #17). This issue is number 21—so figure out which ones you need and fire off a buck today for each copy you want. The cats needs food!

Foreign countries add 50¢ for each copy—it costs more to send it to you.

binder ad in this issue

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

BACK ISSUES

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265



Silly Tilly

Did you hear the one about the two rednecks walking down the street when they spotted a dog with his hind leg up as he licked his joint? The first dude said, "Gee, I wish I could do that."

"You can," said the other. "but you better pet him first."

Clark Elmore
Shelton, Washington

"Do you know what they call a group of young punk riders, riding around in a circle?"

"No, what?"
"A dope ring."

Kim Hunt
Canton, Ohio

Just after he'd hit the sack with this bitch he'd never balled before, she hit him with, "My ol' man gives me 9 inches and makes me bleed."

He thought it over for a minute, gave her three inches three times, and then hit her in the mouth with his boot.

Eddie
Dayton, Ohio

This mean-ass lion was walking through the jungle when a big snake slithered in front of him. He grabbed the snake and roared, "Who's the king of the jungle?"

"You are, mister lion," answered the snake, and he crawled away.

Later the lion spotted an eagle. He snatched him out of the air and roared, "Who's the king of the jungle?"

"You are," squealed the eagle, and the lion let him go.

Then the lion came up to a giant old elephant. He jumped on the elephant's back as he roared, "Who's the king of the jungle?"

The elephant grabbed the lion with his trunk and started bashing the shit out of him, slamming him up against trees and down on the ground. Finally the lion broke loose, jumped back, and looked the elephant straight in the eye. "Look, asshole, you don't have to be so shitty just because you didn't know the answer."

Greg Sciotti
Turtle Creek, Pa

There was this bike chick who had a problem. Every time she sneezed she climaxed. So she went to the doctor and explained the situation to him. When she finished, he asked her if she was doing anything for it. "Just sniffin' pepper," she said.

Eugene Webb
Navarre, Ohio

Two friends were talking about one's recent marriage. "Frank, I can't believe, after all the beautiful women you've been out with, that you'd marry such an ugly hog."

"Well," said Frank, "it's like this. The first time I got into her pants I decided to get married. Have you ever had a horse nibble oats out of your hand?"

Mike Felton
Anderson, Missouri

*Heard any good ones lately?
Well, clean 'em up a little and
send them to Silly Tilly, Box
52, Malibu, California 90265.
She'll pay \$10 for every one
she uses.*

Seats

Hi-Step Seats

Quilted and Diamond patterns. Expanded naugahyde. High density foam.

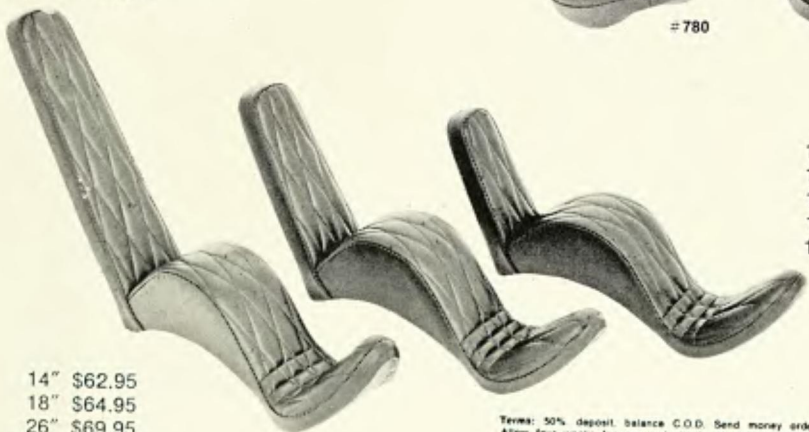
Length: 29½"

Width: 8"

Plate: 12 gauge steel

Will fit rigid frame bikes.

Made in U.S.A.



14" \$62.95
18" \$64.95
26" \$69.95



- #770 Quilted Diamond, built-in sissybar \$64.00
- #772 Quilted Square, built-in sissybar \$64.00
- #752 Quilted Diamond \$38.95
- #754 Quilted Square \$38.95
- #760 Quilted Square with buttons \$44.95
- #756 Diamond with buttons \$44.95
- #780 Quilted Diamond \$44.95
- #782 Quilted Square \$44.95

They fit: (all come with brackets)

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1971 Honda 500 | 1972 up Honda 750 |
| 1971 Honda 750 | 1970 Triumph 650 |
| 1972 up Honda 350 (2 cyl.) | 1971 up Triumph 650 |
| 1972 up Honda 350 (4 cyl.) | 1973 up Triumph 750 |
| 1972 up Honda 500 | 1971 up Yamaha 650 |
| | 1971 up Yamaha 750 |

Be sure to specify your model

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

Weekend Run

—Continued from page 13

main form of ineptitude, but some cats were smoking grass. Policy had been set by the fuzz; no big fights, no hassles. Supercool! The bikers knew a good deal when they saw one, and were enforcing it among themselves.

The four barmaids in Frank's couldn't keep up with the beer orders, 'specially with the bikers playing grabass. The two circulating girls had the worst of it. One was a pocket-sized honey, a real dollface. The other was a tall slender chick, not as lovely as pocketpuss, but still, something really nice. Greasy George was giving her a hard hustle, but she wasn't having any. She stuck her tongue out at him.

"Hey, lovely," he said, "when you do that it's an insult. When I do, it's not."

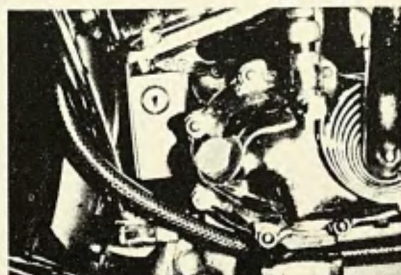
She turned to give him a who-cares look, but it bothered her, so she bit. "Whatcha mean, it's not?"

"Pull down those pants, baby, and I'll show you what I mean."

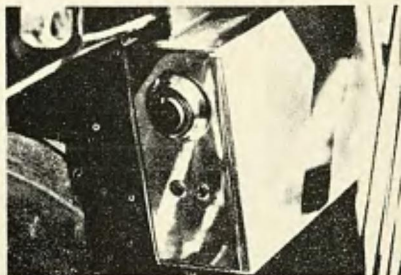
"Listen, creep, it'd still be an insult!" And off she stalked. George just shrugged, said she didn't know what she was missing. Pete almost started a fight when he said she probably did.

The ol' lady had come down with me, and she was getting restless. She wanted to wander around a bit. Me too, so we took off. The Rhody Festival is more than just bikers getting it on; they have a carny, boat races, dune buggy races, and of course, a parade. The ol' lady and I hopped on the scooter, went to check out the carny. Time was, we could raise hell at the carny, but we fucked up and now they won't let us on the rides and things. I don't remember who it was, Whitey, Ralph, and a couple others, I think. Anyway, they were 'bout half shot down, and somebody gets the shit-brained idea of going on the rides. Bad news, man. They got on one of those whirly things that goes round while the seat you're sitting in spins. Loop-aloop, or some such shit as that. They're all tanked up, and hop aboard. Round and round they go, getting greener by the minute. Then this shit-kicker who's running the thing, he sees they're getting sick, so he speeds the fucker up. Pretty soon all those poor bastards are over the side, lettin' go. And that fuckin' thing still keeps twirlin'. Weren't nobody within twenty feet

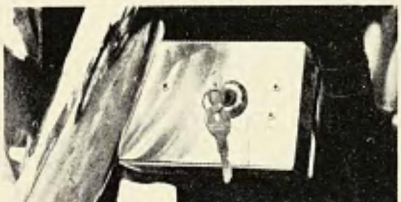
A Chopper Alarm!



Alarm location on rigid 74.



Alarm location on Sportster.



Alarm location on swing-arm 74.

Not a bulky addition, it grooves with the chopper's engine and is practically unnoticeable, for it is chromed to blend in—you actually have to look for it to see it.

**A few dollars can save
you hundreds!**

Please indicate Rigid 74, Swing-arm 74,
Sportster, or Honda Alarm.

A loud noisy, tamperproof alarm that will blast away for 1½ hours after the slightest movement by a rip-off artist.

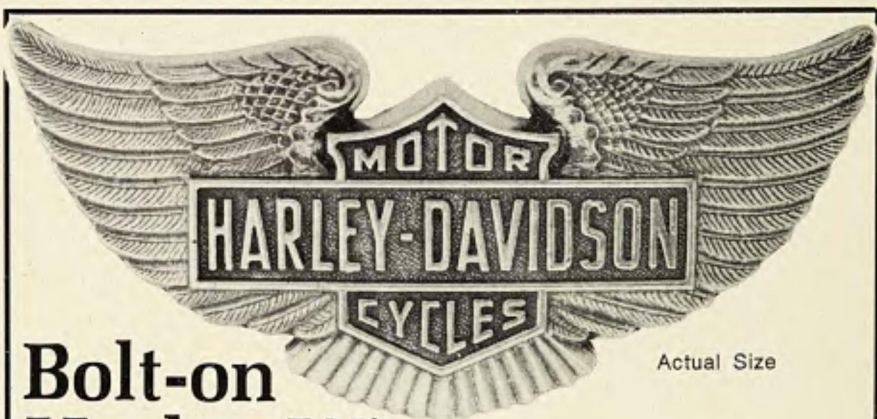
Designed especially for chopper protection!

Small (4½x3x1½) and weighing only 20 ounces, it is completely tamperproof, weatherproof, and has its own self-contained power source. Absolutely no maintenance required and is simple to install on any bike. Designed to fit into a specific area on each bike, so as not to stand out or be obvious.

\$24.95 Chopper Alarm
2.40 Batteries
1.50 Postage
\$28.85

Honda Alarm
\$14.95
(It is not self-contained)

send to: **CHOPPER ALARM**, Box 7143, Burbank, California 91505



Bolt-on Harley Wings

Actual Size

Now you can bolt these huge Harley Wings to your derby cover, sissy bar, or wherever you want—for we have designed expensive dies to include two ¼-inch bolts as an integral part of the wings—one solid unit—not soldered on.

Photo shown is actual size. They're solid metal, weigh almost a half pound. They're individually made and are either triple chromed or bronzed plated for a lifetime of rugged use.

Each unit is of the same fine quality as all other Righteous Products—same high quality

materials, workmanship, and intricate detail.

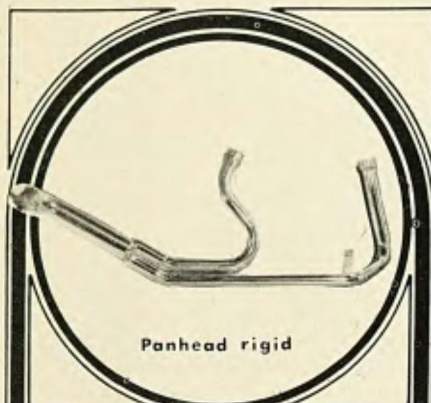
When ordering, be sure to specify that you want the bolt-on Harley Wings, and whether you want chrome or bronze finish. \$10.00 each (we pay postage).

Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund of your money.



**RIGHTIOUS
Products**

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



Panhead rigid

The SYSTEM

HARLEY DAVIDSON HEADERS

DESIGNED FOR THE SIGHT AND SOUND OF TOMORROW. INCREASES PERFORMANCE BY 12 PERCENT. 3" FIBER — GLASS PACKED COLLECTOR GIVES OFF DEEP MELLOW TONE. FIT HARLEY DAVIDSON SPORTSTER, PAN-HEAD, SHOVEL — HEAD AND FX. STATE YEAR, MODEL, TYPE OF FRAME WHEN ORDERING — PRICE \$110.00. 50 PERCENT DEPOSIT BAL. C.O.D. DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED SEND \$1.00 FOR CATALOG

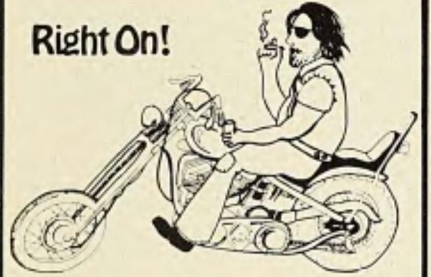


Alphabet's Custom West

E-821 West Gardena Blvd. Gardena, Ca. 90247

GROW YOUR OWN!

Right On!



- ☐ Complete Cannabis Cultivator — Explains in detail how to plant, grow, harvest and cure, with sections on plant diseases, soil problems, etc. **B1 \$1.00**
- ☐ Super Grass Growers Guide — The modern method of growing supergrass with information on hydroponics, lighting, special nutrients, how to produce more females, and other information. **B2 \$1.00**
- ☐ Marijuana Consumers and Dealers Guide — Tells how to extract hash from marijuana, LSD from morning glory, mescaline from peyote and other discoveries, clearly explained. **B3 \$1.00**
- ☐ D.M.T. Guide — Drug manufacturing for fun and profit. Tells how to make the powerful smokable psychedelic D.M.T. and much more. **B4 \$1.00**
- ☐ The Pot Book — The story of pot, history, cultivation, and preparation, many useful facts. **B5 \$1.00**
- ☐ Herbal Highs — A guide to natural and legal narcotics, psychedelics and stimulants, includes illustrations. Over 60 plants discussed. **B6 \$1.00**
- ☐ Supermother's Cooking With Grass — 15 recipes designed for the serious culinary connoisseur. These recipes are guaranteed to produce inspired dinner conversation. **B7 \$1.00**
- ☐ Herbal Aphrodisiacs — A fascinating guide to natural and mostly legal substances which excite erotic desire, also includes a section on nutrition for sexual potency. **B9 \$1.00**
- ☐ Home Grown Highs — A wonderful new guide on growing organic highs at home including information on psychedelic mushrooms, peyote and other cacti, morning glory, woadwren and more. **B11 \$1.00**
- ☐ The Peyote Story — This book explains the peyote experience and all aspects of this drug including information on the age-old Indian rituals surrounding peyote. Perfect bound, 90 pages. **W6 \$2.00**

Please order books by title and code number. Please send cash, check, or money order to:

FLASH MAIL ORDER DEPT. E
P.O. Box 240 San Rafael, California 94902

Add \$3.50 for hnd. Also available, dynamic catalog, send \$2.25 (or free with order). Please allow 21 days for hnd. Ca. res. please include 5% s. tax. Stay high.

safe. So, somebody calls the cops. They stop it, haul those dumb shifts off, an' ask Whitey what the hell's goin' on. Whitey, who's the only one who hasn't let go, points to the dipshit running the thing, an' says, dumbfuck speeded up. Then Whitey barfs all over the cop's feet. We ain't welcome there no more. Nor are we welcome on the ferris wheel. They didn't take too kindly to the dudes swingin' from that fucker, makin' like Tarzan, yells and all. We can go in and play the other games, like maybe bingo, but you can bet your ass there ain't no biker goin' to be caught playin' no pussy games like that. It's not a bad place for pickin' up nookie, though, and a few cats were wanderin' around playin' grab-ass with the local talent.

Willie's there, fuckin' off, pissin' off a bunch of old ladies. He's staggerin' around, smokin' pot, and every time he spots a coupla old biddies, he yells out, "I'm lookin' for me some soo-ent. That's spelled C-U-N-T! Where can I find me some soo-ent?" When there ain't no old pussy to piss off, he'd try to hustle some chick, who was usually about fifteen.

By two, things had cooled down considerably. Those who had found some pussy were screwin' it; those who hadn't were so fucked up by then that it didn't make much difference. The ol' lady and I called it a night. Big day tomorrow, one of our dudes was gettin' married. Right smack in the middle of Bay street, at noon. Everybody wanted to be there to see that it was done right.

'Cause the ol' lady and I had gotten to sleep fairly early, I felt like havin' some breakfast. We were in a cafe havin' a bite when Runt brought some news.

"Hey, man, you hear what happened to Jerry last night?"

Jerry was one of the bikers, by far the best-lookin', a fact of which he was very proud. Tanned a deep bronze, with dark wavy hair and blue

The Winnah!

The winner of that work of art—the assemblage of the chopper featured in the December issue, was a T. Cooper, Box 47, Buena Vista, Colorado. We don't know if "T" is a he, she, or it—but that was the name on the card. The lucky number Mutha had between her sweaty jugs was 6699. T. Cooper sent in number 6693—the closest number to the smelly number Mutha pulled out of her crevice (between her huge goiters).

CHAIN REACTION Easy Rider MOTORCYCLE CHAIN BELTS

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

STYLE 54 SPORTSTER \$21.00

STYLE 74 EAZYRIDER \$21.00

STYLE 80 INDIAN \$31.00

POSTAGE PAID

ORDER TODAY!

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

ALTERNATE BUCKLE STYLES

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

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

DEALER, DISTRIBUTORS AND REPS. PLEASE INQUIRE

FORKING BY FRANK



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

FRANK'S
Maintenance & Engineering
945 Pitner, Evanston, Illinois 60202

Moving?

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

eyes, he got more pussy than any three other bikers. He wasn't much liked 'cause he wasn't much on sharin'.

"Naw, man, lay it on me," I said.

"Well, Mr. Perfect picked up this town chickie last night. Bee-u-ti-ful! I mean, man, she was a walkin' cream-dream. Well, Jerry takes her down to the beach where we got our camp, but a little away from the rest of the gang. He spreads out that big double sleepin' bag he carries, 'cause he knows, man, he knows he ain't goin' to be sleepin' alone. Anyway, they shuck their clothes and Jerry balls the chick half the night." Runt was smilin', like maybe it was him that was ballin' the broad all night.

"Well, sometime during the night, somebody, and no one will own up to it, got up to piss. Whoever it was come across Jerry's boots. So, naturally, the dude pisses in 'em. But he's smart, this cat. He figures the first thing Jerry's goin' to do in the morning is piss and check out his boots, so he just pisses in one of 'em, and sets that one upright. He scoops up a handful of sand, throws it in the other boot, and lays it on its side, like maybe the wind blew it over."

"Sure enough, first thing Jerry does is check his boots. He dumps out the one on its side. Sand. But the other one, it's standin' up. Ain't no way that one can have sand in it. No way! So Jerry, he sticks his foot in it. He's in up to his toes before he realizes he's been had. Then, this broad, this sweetass broad, she says, 'Something wrong, Jerry?'

"Ho! I'da give ten bucks to see Jerry's face! But Jerry he's got this chick really goin', man; I mean, this chick is really eatin' all that shit he's been feedin' her, and ain't no way Jerry is gonna admit to bein' the butt of a practical joke. So Jerry, he says no, an' puts the boot on, piss an' all. Then he grabs the broad an' runs her back to town, an' dumps her. He tells her he's got some business to attend to, an' he'll see her later, an' he takes off, leavin' her wonderin' what the hell's goin' on.

"Then Jerry comes roarin' back to camp, one pissed bastard. He starts yellin', 'Who did it? I'll kill the asshole!' But it's like I said, no one will own up. An' no one even knows what the fuck is goin' on. So Jerry, he tells 'em. An' to me, that ain't too bright. Nobody seems to know about it, which, if it was me, is just the way I'd want it. Anyway, everybody thinks it's funny, an' Jerry, man, he's gettin' madder by the minute. The

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

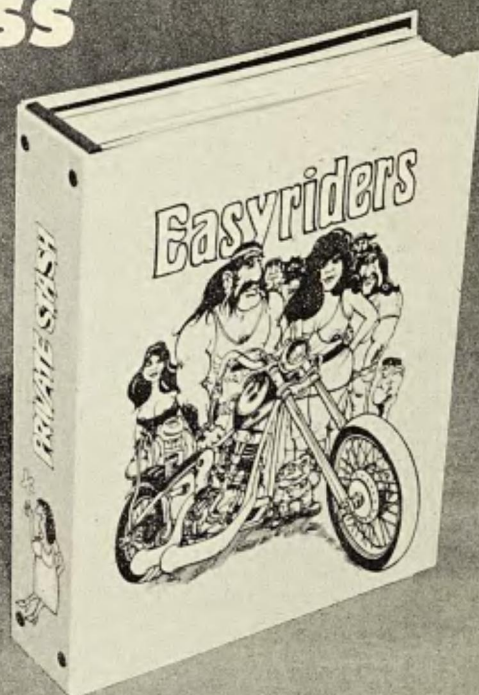
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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

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

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

Class



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

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

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

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

\$4.50

plus 50¢ for postage and handling

Get one free!

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

Mail to: Back Issues

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

☐ Enclosed is \$12.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders**. (except #4 and #17)

☐ Enclosed is \$4.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling for each binder I order.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CHROME PLATING

Ocala Plating Co.

COMPLETE CYCLE PLATING

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| ■ TRIPLE PLATED | ■ STEEL |
| ■ FULLY GUARANTEED | ■ ALUMINUM |
| ■ CYCLE SPECIALISTS | ■ GOLD PLATING |
| ■ BEARING SURFACES
AND THREADS MASKED | ■ LIMITED BLACK CHROME |

Write the Chrome Man: Irish Davidson

*Please specify make
of bike for price sheet*

Ocala Plating Co.

1520 N.E. 2nd Avenue, Ocala, Florida 32670

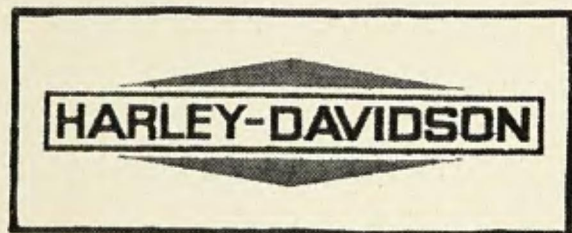
Call 904-629-6818

Biker Patches *High Quality Embroidered Emblems*



ME-35A \$2

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



ME-1-A \$2



Maltese skull - back size large \$2



ME-32 \$1

Only \$1 for front pocket size

Only \$2 for large back size

plus 50¢ for postage and handling

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

Send 25¢ for illustrated catalog
Send 25¢ for illustrated catalog
Dealer Inquiries Invited
(California residents add 5% for tax)

whole crew broke up when Jerry told 'em about how he's takin' the broad back, and every other step goes, squish, sloosh. That chick musta thought Jerry was one strange dude.

"An' now, man, Jerry's really pissed 'cause everybody's callin' him 'Sloosh'."

"And aint nobody admittin' to puttin' the shaft to him?" I asked.

"No shit, man. Nobody!"

My ol' lady spoke up then. "Maybe it was the broad."

Runt and I looked at each other. Outta sight, man! It broke us up.

"Heey, man! That sounds like a rumor that oughta be spread around. Let's pas it that it *was* the broad that did him in. It'll get back to him, damn fast! That'll blow his mind like no broad ever did."

So the rumor got passed, and man, you shoulda seen Jerry! He was just gettin' ready to ride when we laid it on him, and he had his piss bucket in his hands. When we told him, his face got red, his hands turned white, and he slammed that bucket on the sidewalk so hard he broke the damn thing—the bucket, I mean. Man, was he pissed!

All the dudes are out and wailin'. Bay street is ours. I mean, man, we *own* it. Sure, there's local traffic, but them fuckers are goin' real slow. Everybody's out and diggin', and the noise is enough to drive a man to drink, as if we needed an excuse. The cops are keepin' their word, not botherin' us, an' everybody's havin' a ball. Only one time do the heat come in, and that wasn't so bad, they didn't bust anybody. Harry got in a little scrape, not enough to bother with. He just pissed in the Children's Art Workshop. What happened was, somebody bought some wine in anticipation of Harvey's wedding, and everyone was feelin' good. Some more than others. Harry, he's feelin' no pain whatsoever; he's got to piss. So, he does. Right in the gallery. The owners didn't take too kindly to this and called the heat. They come, roust Harry. Then, the bikers catch it, and start shoutin' 'Cut the motherfucker loose!' All those angry bikers get to the dude, and he refuses to sign a complaint. The cops, they say they can't do nothin' without a signed complaint, so they leave. This suits us just fine, and we get on with the good times. Come twelve o'clock its time for Harvey's wedding.

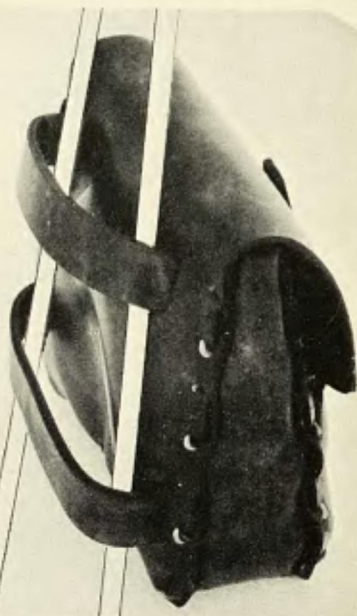
Man, what a wedding that was. We lined the bikes up in two lines down the middle of the street. The street has been closed off for this, and

we make the most of it to give Harvey a good wedding. All the bikes are roarin', and Jean leads Harvey down the line of bikes, supportin' him, like, 'cause Harvey's had too much of the free wine, and can't stand up. The preacher, he's standin' out there, at the end of the line, wonderin' how the fuck he got involved in all this. But, he proceeds to do the job, stoppin' only once, when Harvey takes a pull from a wine jug. Harvey burps once, smiles, and the preacher gets on with it, and marries him. Everybody lines up to kiss the bride. The line is two blocks long, but Harvey don't mind, he just tells Jean not to get so unpuckered she can't give head.

After the wedding, everybody goes back to raisin' hell and things. Mostly drinkin' an' chasin' pussy. A lot of local talent around, but there is some stuff from home, too. At home they'll cut you dead, but here, man, they're beggin' for rides on the scoots. Lotta cats smokin' grass, too, but nobody hasslin' us for it. With the ol' lady hangin' on my ass, I ain't gettin' asked for any rides, an' I ain't all that much into grass, so we give the beach parties a try. Which is a hell of a good idea, 'cause you can float from one party to another without spendin' a dime. The bikers ain't spendin' much, anyway. The locals are buyin' most of the beer. We start the parties, they join 'em, and pay for most of the beer. Fair trade. The bikers get to ball all the local talent, drink the beer, and the locals get to mingle with the class people.

Come six, the sun is goin' down, and me damn near, too. Time for a nap. The ol' lady and I sack out for three hours, and when I wake up, I'm in a mood to catch the fucker that shit in my mouth. Hungover? Oh, fuck, was I ever! Then, the ol' lady says she wants something to eat. Eat? One of these days I'm gonna kill that bitch for speakin' out of turn! I couldn'ta ate mush! But I could drink, so we headed for the bar, her to eat, me to drink. Eat? Get serious!

In the bar, the guys were hard at it. Denny's had run out of tap beer, only bottled stuff left. Frank's was full to overflowing. One or two bikers had passed out, and were swept aside, over next to the wall. Most of the locals had seen how hard the bikers were drinking, and left. Beer orders were shouted, no other way could be understood. My head felt like someone was using it for a snare drum. Drink! The only cure. By the time the ol' lady found me again, I



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

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

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

Made of high quality leather. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added

touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it. **\$16.95** Plus \$1.00 for postage

When ordering, indicate if you want this design (wheel with wings) on the flap. It only costs 50 cents more. Be sure to add the 50 cents to the total.



Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201



KUSTOM PAK
Motorcycle Accs. Co.
WHERE QUALITY IS NO. 1



• SPECIALIZING IN BSA, TRIUMPH AND NORTON •

Custom bike builders,
we offer you three custom packages of
QUALITY parts at reasonable prices, that **WILL** go together.

PAK I
Economy Package
\$295

• Extended Fork Tubes • Dual Headlights-Choice of Rectangle or Triangle • Chromed Steel Dual Headlight Bracket • Chromed Dog Bones (4" or 6") • Custom Rigid Seat (10" or 14") • Tail Light-Fender or Side Mount • Chromed Highway Bar • Handlebars-Choice of 3 • Hard Tail • Sport or Peanut Gas Tank

PAK II
Standard Package
\$755

• Rigid Frame • Fender-5" or 6" • Chromed Oil Tank-Round • Chromed Springer-Round, length up to 18" • Custom Rigid Seat-10" or 14" • Chromed Sissy Bar to match seat height • Chromed Deluxe Extended Kick Stand • Chromed Risers-4", 6", 8" or 10" • Gas Tank-Choice of 4 • Handlebars-Choice of 3 • Chromed Front Wheel with small brake, tire & tube • Dual Headlights-Triangle or Rectangle • Chromed Dual Headlight Brackets • Custom Tail Light-Side or Fender Mount • Chromed Highway Bars

PAK III
Deluxe Package
\$895

• Easy Ride Frame • Fender-5" or 6" • Chromed Oil Tank with battery box • Chromed Springer (diamond, twisted or round) • Custom Rigid Seat (10" or 14") • Chromed Sissy Bar to match seat height • Chromed Deluxe Extended Kick Stand • Chromed Risers (4", 6", 8" or 10") • Gas Tank-Choice of 4 • Handlebars-Choice of 3 • Chromed Front Wheel with small brake, tire & tube • Dual Headlights-Choice of Triangle or Rectangle • Chromed Dual Headlight Bracket • Custom Tail Light-Side or Fender Mount • Chromed Highway Bars

WE HAVE A PAK FOR EVERY BIKE!

Send Now For
Free Catalog & Order Form

KUSTOM PAK, Dept. E
20008 Sherwood
Detroit, Mich. 48234



Wrist/Watch Band

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

Well, now you can do all of those things by getting yourself a Wrist/Watch Band. It's hand-made, two-inch-wide hunk of leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side with the other side snapping shut over your funky riding watch.

The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), or with Harley Davidson design as shown, or with a wheel and wings with "Ride To Live, Live to Ride" surrounding it.

The strap is dark brown and, in addition to brass rivets, it is also machine stitched along the edge and has a two-inch-wide buckle. We guarantee it to be of the best leather you can

buy, and of excellent workmanship, or your money is refunded.

Be sure to tell us if you want the Harley Davidson emblem, or the "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" brand. Send the info along with a money order—you'll crap when you see how fast your strap gets to you.

\$8.50 Plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

BUCK KNIVES

Each knife equipped with a saddle leather sheath. **\$19.95** plus \$1.00 for postage



Chopper Wallet

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

Upon request, and at no additional cost, we will stamp the Harley emblem or the words "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" on your wallet order.

Comes complete with safety chain



Only **\$9.50** plus 50¢ for postage and handling.



Harley Watch

A watch with some class. Harley emblem and wings are in middle of face with simulated gold numbers. Wings are orange and the Harley emblem is red and black.

It's a classic and it's yours for only **\$19.95** plus a buck for postage and handling.

I-R-S LIMITED

Box 275 Port Hueneme, Calif. 93041

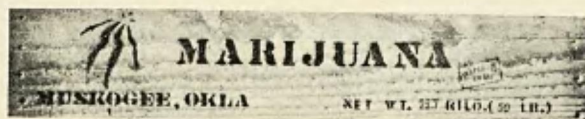


Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Here's a mind blower!

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

\$2.00 Plus 50¢ for postage and handling.



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

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

was pretty much in a fog. So, she wanted to dance. It figgers. The only time I'll dance is when I'm too fucked up to argue. So, we went out there and fell down a few times, which, all things considered, I think is pretty good. One couple out there fell down and just stayed on the floor. There they were, on the floor, goin' around in circles, unaware that dancing is supposed to be done on your feet, not your back. At least, I think they were tryin' to dance. Naw, they couldn'ta been doin' that! Or could they?

As the night wore on, things got wilder. Everyone was drunk. I mean, really drunk. I mean, can't-stand-up-fall - over - sitting - down - piss - in - the-corner drunk! Luckily, no damage was done to anything or anybody. If it hadda been, the fuzz woulda had a field day. By the time they closed, everybody was all bent outta shape. Some cats had to crawl to their bikes. Others just wandered outside, somehow, found an unoccupied spot on the sidewalk, and went to sleep. The ol' lady and I had to lean on each other to get to the bike, but once there, we were fine. Good old bike, it never gets too drunk to drive.

Sunday morning coming down? Nope. More like Saturday night coming up. Nobody got up early Sunday morning. Most of us rolled out at noon, or later, and then painfully. Last day of the Rhody Festival. My hangover was so bad, I had to ball the ol' lady. Everybody was watchin', but I didn't give a shit, it'll cure a hangover. Somewhat. A few of the dudes wer bringin' out the needles, goin' to speed their hangover out of the way. Not for me. I'd rather ball the ol' lady. It made me feel a lot better. But not good enough to eat. Nothing could make me feel that good, so, back to the bars.

We noticed a few of the bikers gettin' packed up, ready to leave. Most of them weren't leavin' just yet, just gettin' ready to roll. After the ol' lady got something to eat (eat?), we'd do the same. On Bay Street, things were understandably quieter. Some few bikers had already left, but most of them were still with it. The parade was over; we had missed it, sleepin' in. Who the fuck wants to see a parade, anyway? The locals were back out, determined to see the festival to a successful end.

I was wanderin' around, drinkin' a bit, takin' in the scene, when Freddy fucked me up, but good. The

IF WE CAN'T HANDLE YOUR FORKING PROBLEMS NOBODY CAN!

10,000 FORK TUBES ALWAYS IN STOCK

If we don't have it
we'll make it.
up to 12"
from \$29.95

- TWEAK BARS \$10.95
- SPRING CONVERSION KITS \$12.50
- FORK OIL SEALS \$6.00 pair
- 4 CYLINDER PRESSURE GAUGES \$49.95

Plus:
Oil Tanks, Highway Pegs, Velocity
Stacks, Extended Kickstands, and lots
more.



EXPERT CYCLE
8756 Vanalden Dept. 00,
Northridge, Ca 91324
Member of NCCSI

TRIPLE PLATED • GUARANTEED

CHROME PLATING

Write for free price list specifying machine
J&J CHROME 1000 Orange Ave.
West Haven, Conn. 06516
Dealer Inquiries Invited • 10 Day Service
PHONE 203-934-8510

"THE BOX"

Distinctive
Ultra Clean
Appearance

CALL
FOR
DISTRIBUTOR
& DEALER
PRICES ON THE
FAMOUS
MALTESE CROSS
TAIL LITE

New all metal case with show chrome finish. Special
built in license plate lite. May be used with 6 volt
or 12 volt systems. Distinctive high visibility farnes
lens design. The BOX, first truly clean looking tail lite
made. Strong, durable Metal construction. Only \$8.95.
Combination bracket and license plate holder, com-
pletely chrome plated. Only \$4.50.

DVW DAVID VAN HEEL SALES CO.
6515 Lyndale Ave., So./Minneapolis, Minn 55423
Dealer and Distributor inquiries welcome
Area Code 612 861-4185

CHROME-PLATING

We specialize in plating motorcycle parts.
Quality plating on steel or aluminum.
Reasonable prices Work guaranteed. Now
available HONDA 750 chromed aluminum
exchange. Dealer inquiries invited. For
information call or write:

BROWN'S PLATING SERVICE
Route #5, Box 534 • Paducah, Kentucky 42001
Phone 502/554-1146

dumb fuck comes up to me and asks
me if I had eaten yet. I told him no,
and that I would prefer that he not
be so foul-mouthed so early in the
day. So he says, "Come on, let's get
somethin'. I'm havin' skunk's butt
fried in snot." That miserable moth-
erfucker! Oh, that bastard! That
fuckers lower'n the laundry atten-
dant in a massage parlor! That
fucker'd eat snake shit, at the source!

The ol' lady joins me and we go
pack up. While eatin', she's found
out there's to be a street dance. We
decide to stay for it, not to dance,
but just for somethin' to do. Some
group had volunteered for it, the
city okayed it, so we would get a
street dance. And I could just about
guess how good they'd be, volun-
teers. But it was free, so why not?

We were waitin' around for the
dance, not doin' much in particular,
and Runt comes up with some more
funnies. It's about Long Sam, so
named because of his size, from a
now defunct comic strip. Long Sam
is big, and strong! He stands six-five
and weighs 340, which makes him
the biggest of the bikers. He looks
like Junior Samples, except he's
taller. And strong? Man, is he ever!
He's the only man I ever saw who
can break off an eight-foot 2x4 that's
been planted four feet in the ground.
It sounds easy, and the normal way
it is—most people could—but the
way Sam does it is to swing those
big paws of his in a sidearm sweep,
and kinda slap it. Those paws of his
are about ten inches across the
knuckles, an' that slow, lazy sweep'll
break the 2x4 at the point of impact.
Sam is nobody to fuck with, an' he
don't take kindly to people pokin'
fun at him, so I was interested to
hear the story.

"Well," Runt explains, "Sam, he
got up this morning pretty much
like the rest of us. I mean he had a
case of the shits. In addition to the
hangover. He's feelin' terrible, man
—like who ain't—so he fries up
some hash. Now this cures the hang-
over—leastways, it makes it so it
don't bother him no more. Now,
man, is he flyin'! He's really up
there, all relaxed an' everthing.
Trouble is, bein' so relaxed, he's
worried about shittin' his pants an'
—worse yet—maybe havin' it leak
through his pants onto his scooter on
the way home. Now, man, that ain't
no way to treat a righteous Hog.
Sam, he tells me he's tryin' to walk
gentle, but man, big as he is, that
ain't possible. Sorta like a graceful
elephant, ya know what I mean?

"Now, Sam, on the best day of

NEW '74 FOR



Parts and accessories
for all types of
motorcycling

GET YOURS NOW!

FAST DELIVERY

Dealer Inquiries Invited

WHEN YOU ORDER FROM
THE WORLD'S BEST

CYCLE CATALOG

This is the big one—the one you've
been waiting for. The world's most
complete inventory of motorcycle and
chopper parts and accessories. Thou-
sands and thousands of goodies
just waiting for you in the brand
new, all new, GIANT 1974 C.C.D.
CATALOG. All for only two bucks.
Send for yours today.

Send \$2.00 to: DEPT.G

620 East Walnut Ave.
Fullerton, CA 92631

PHONE (714) 525 3591



VISIT OUR RETAIL STORES:

BELLFLOWER: 8846 Alondra
FULLERTON: 620 E. Walnut

TRIPLE CHROME PLATING

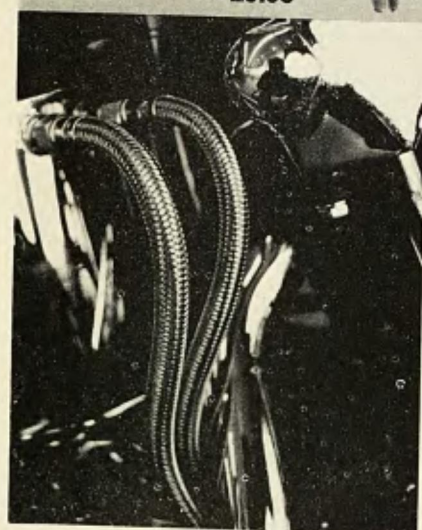
Automotive, Marine, Aircraft, Motorcycle. Immediate service, no wait. All parts are stripped, ground and prepolished. We prepare surfaces that must not be plated. All parts shipped C.O.D. Allow one week for shipping. Quality our specialty. Write for our free price list.

HIGH LUSTRE METAL FINISHERS
748 N. Wellwood Ave. Lindenhurst, N.Y.
11757 Phone: 516-884-3293

Steel Braided Oil Lines

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

29.95



Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201

• ALUMINUM & STEEL PLATING •

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

P.O. Box 1052, Florence, Ala. 35360
Phone 205/764-9487

• Serving the Southeast Since 1945 •

his life, ain't nobody gonna call him no brain, but he gets this idea. He's wanderin' around, mumblin' to himself, an' ain't nobody can understand him. Then, somebody sees him goin' into a back yard, jus' openin' the gate an' walkin' in like he owned the damn place. Everbody's wonderin' what the hell's goin' on, so my ol' lady sneaks back there and peeks over the fence. An' there's Sam, takin' three or four pilla cases off the clothesline. Then he drops his pants an' puts them pilla cases on like a baby's didies, one on top of the other. 'Course, without no pins, he has a helluva time tryin' to keep 'em up an' puts his pants back on over 'em. My ol' lady like to died laughin' while she was watchin' him—an' she damn near died again when she told us about it. Everbody else damn neared died too, hearin' her tell it.

"Well, Sam comes back as unconcerned as all hell, smilin' like a overgrown angel. Everbody's laughin' their asses off at him, but Sam's so spaced out that he don't care. Frankie, though—he wouldn't make half of Sam—he keeps ridin' Sam about it. Sam don't care right now, but the way the guys are all laughin' at him, I gotta hunch Frankie's gonna be hurtin' if he don't watch his mouth."

As promised, the street is blocked off at two, and a band gets up to play. Like I figgered, they're pretty bad. Balls, but are they bad! They stink worse'n my breath! The only ones dancin' are a few drunk locals. Bad as they are, nobody wants it to end. When it ends, so does the festival, and everybody puttin' off the minute they have to tell themselves it's over. Can you imagine that, listenin' to that shit, that horrible shit, and hopin' it'll never end? But it does, finally. Before they can get the things put away, Harvey jumps up to the mike.

"Hey! People! We want you to know, we had a helluva good time! And you people are the best motherfuckers on earth!"

Many yells, and much clapping. One local yells out, "Bet your ass, baby!"

Harvey is about to say something else, but they cut the amp off. It don't really matter, nohow. The Rhody is over. We *did* have a good time. As a whole, the people took us well. Even the cops, even the one with reddish-blond hair, the one we called peach fuzz. And you can bet your ass, baby, we'll be back. Just wait'll next year. ■

Send 50¢ for catalog of smoking accessories to First National



Burbank, California 91503

Nothing Products, Box 711,

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



It's easy to handle girls once you've been introduced to them. But what if there's no one around to introduce you?

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

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

Send \$7.95 for your copy. Within days, you can actually be picking up beautiful girls.

How To Pick Up Girls
Box 711 Burbank, California 91503

TRIPLE CHROME PLATING

All parts beautifully plated. Give us make of cycle when writing for free price list. Dealer inquiries invited. W. Swirin-
2446 3rd St., Fort Lee, New Jersey 07024.
Phone: 201-947-3082.

That's right—a free copy of **Easyrider's** is yours, when you make a measly \$10.00 purchase from any of the chopper shops listed here.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

ALABAMA
Done By Dave, Inc., 3301 Lower Wetumpka Rd., Montgomery, Ala.
H & B Customs 806 26th St. N., Birmingham, Ala.
Sportster Specialties 664 St. Francis St., Mobile, Ala.
The Custom Center 2909 Huntsville Rd., Florence, Ala.

ALASKA
Barry's Custom Cycle 2439 Spenard Rd., Anchorage, Alaska

ARIZONA
Best MC Repair 1541 S. Freeway, Tucson, Az.
Ken's Cycle & Supply 2190 E. Apache Blvd., Tempe, Ariz.
The Scooter Shop 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson, Az.
The Parts Bin 2622 E. McDowell, Phoenix, Az.
Moto Tech 4406 E. Speedway, Tucson, Az.

CALIFORNIA
Arm & Hammer Cycle Spec. 1900 Artesia Blvd., Redondo Beach, Ca.
B & B Cycle Factory 2001 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Ca.
Bell Gardens Cycle 6601 Eastern Ave., Bell Gardens, Ca.
The Bike Shop 14438 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys, Ca.
Bishop's Custom Paint MC Acc. 292 Atherton Ave., Pittsburg, Ca.
Mike Burke MC 15178 Raymer St., Van Nuys, Ca.
Choppers Ltd. 13380 Washington Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca.
Custom Bike Supply 9292 Bolsa Ave., Westminster, Ca.
The Cycle Works 4864 Power Line Rd., Livermore, Ca.
Discount Chopper Parts 2610 Orangethorpe, Fullerton, Ca.
Fat City Cycles 514 E. Haley St., Santa Barbara, Ca.
Garmal Eng. 441 N. 10th Ave., Hanford, Ca.
Jackson Motors Kawasaki PO Box 25, Half Moon Bay, Ca.
Knight Kustom of Pasadena 2315 E. Foothill Blvd., Pasadena, Ca.
Mike's MC Shop 4025 Howard Ave., Los Alamitos, Ca.
Donald Myers MC Acc. & Parts 3995 San Leandro St., Oakland, Ca.
Santa Maria Cycle Parts 2160 W. Lomita Blvd., Lomita, Ca.
Vern's Custom MC Shop 3900 Foothill Blvd., Oakland, Ca.
Vicker's Honda Custom Chop 3500 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Ca.
C J Custom Cycle Parts 2224 Waterloo Rd., Stockton, Ca. 95205
D&D Jumper 800 S. San Fernando Blvd., Burbank, Ca. 91502
Elson's Cycle Center 3546 Barnett Ave., San Diego, Ca.
Carl Spott's HD 3045 Grass Valley Hwy, Auburn, Ca.
3 Wheels Or Less 2717 Hwy. 50, P.O. Box 9937, S. Lake Tahoe, Ca.
Alphabet's Custom West 821 W. Gardena Blvd., Gardena, Ca.
C&C Cycle Ent. 13019 E. Imperial, Whittier, Ca.

COLORADO
American Super Bike 1936 S. Broadway, Denver, Co.
2 Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th St., Denver, Co.
Midnight Cycle 2960 S. Federal, Denver, Co.
Saks 5th Choppers 4415 W. Colfax, Denver, Co.
74th Dementia 2020 S. Prairie, Pueblo, Co.

CONNECTICUT
Chicken Lips Choppers 2891 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Ct.
The Cycle Works 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton, Ct.
The Other Horse 345 Forbes Ave., New Haven, Ct.
Custom Cycle Acc. U.S. Rte. 7, Brookfield, Ct.

DELAWARE
Hall Cycles 414 Maryland Ave., Wilmington, Del.

FLORIDA
Custom Cycle of St. Pete 2241 Central Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.
Cycle Boutique 515 24th Ave. N., Lake Worth, Fla.
L&K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 NE 44th St., Lauderdale, Fla.
Tradewinds Custom Cycle 7316 N. Tamiami Trail, Sarasota, Fla.
Eastern Cycle Specialties 308 E. Sunrise Blvd., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Pitstops Choppers 412 23rd St., W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Kustom Cycles of Hapeville 540 S. Central, Hapeville, Fla.

GEORGIA
Cycle Graveyard 1245 Glenwood Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
Elliot's Pit Stop 3123 Victory Dr., Columbus, Ga.
Glen's Cycle Shop Rte. 5, Cedarstown, Ga.

ILLINOIS
Aquarius Paint Studio 1605 Kishwaukee, Rockford, Ill.
Big M Cycle 1749 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Ray's 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill.
Kep's HD Sales & Serv. 306 S. Schuyler Ave., Bradley, Ill.
Lake Region Choppers 41 S. Rt. 12, Fox Lake, Ill.
Quality Cycle Rt. 121 & Rt. 9, Tremont, Ill.
Aurora Cycle Eng. 723 Aurora Ave., Aurora, Ill.
Chopper Parts & Stuff 1515 W. Springfield Ave., Champaign, Ill.
House of Cycles 10906 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.
Lingo Racing Engines 5932 S. Pulaski, Chicago, Ill.
Motorsport Sales & Construction 668 E. Northwest Hwy., Palatine, Ill.
Psycho Chopper 511 Brush College Rd., Decatur, Ill.

INDIANA
B-J Chopper 2122 Calhoun St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
B&M Custom Cycle Eng. PO Box 339, Monticello, Ind.
Brandt's HD Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash, Ind.
Cycle Specialties 1612 S. Calhoun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Chopper Shop 103 Hazel St., Daleville, Ind.
Custom Bikes By Bat 414 Western Ave., Connorsville, Ind.

Gypsy Chopper Shop 502 E. La Salle Ave., South Bend, Ind.
J.M.E. Chopper Spec. 2832 169th St., Hammond, Ind.
S & W Cycle Shop Custom Point By Gene 809 Mary St., Evansville, Ind.

IOWA
Tri Pan Cycle 2124 Harding Rd., Des Moines, Iowa
Contemporary Guild 1732 S. Federal, Mason City, Iowa

KANSAS
Bilbo's Choppers, Inc. 2311 Arkansas, Wichita, Ks.
Custom Cycle Builders 311 N. Arkansas, Wichita, Ks.
Cycle Acc. 601 S. Main, Hutchinson, Ks.
Jerry's Custom Cycle & Acc. 1128 Main, Parsons, Ks.
T&C Cycle Spec. 909 N. 18th St., Kansas City, Ks.

LOUISIANA
Jack's Cycle Shop 720 Clairborne Dr., New Orleans, La.
Lee's Chopper Shop 2513 Mission Dr., Baton Rouge, La.

MARYLAND
Rault's Cycle Center, Inc. 4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville, Md.
Royal Palm Ice Co. 7418 Stuart Ln., Clinton, Md.
Custom Cycle Co. 5224 Fairlawn Ave., Baltimore, Md.
R & R Speed & Cycle 4808 Stamp Rd., Temple Hills, Md.
John Spicer & Sons Box 3 Rd 1, Bel Air, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS
D.C. Ent. 107 Union St., Easthampton, Mass.
The Hawg Shop 1183 Main St., Clinton, Mass.
The Chopper Factory Inc. 1195 Bedford St. Rt. 18, Abington, Mass.
Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc. 2476 Cranberry Hwy. P.O. Box 624, Wareham, Mass.
Calif. Chopper Specialties 233 Hillman, New Bedford, Mass.
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton St., Worcester, Mass.

MICHIGAN
Chuck's Custom Choppers 3428 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron, Mich.
Cyclstuf G 5274 Caruna Rd., Flint, Mich.
Dirt & Chrome Shop 800 E. Columbia Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
GM Cycle 8812 Greenfield, Detroit, Mich.
H&D Kustom Cycles 1322 Shakespeare, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Heavy Custom Cycles 11389 Jefferson, River Rouge, Mich.
Hopp's Custom Cycles G 7352 N. Dort Hwy., Mt. Morris, Mich.
Whyte's Sport Center, Inc. 201 Kaiser, Pinconning, Mich.
Carlini Cycle Creations 25245 Ford Rd., Dearborn, Mich.
Larry's Custom Cycle 132 S. Winter St., Adrian, Mich.
MaryJane's Chopper Heaven 20301 Schoolcraft, Detroit, Mich.

MINNESOTA
B&B Customs 1440 S. Concord St., St. Paul, Mn.
The Chopper Shop 218 E. Clark, Albert Lea, Mn.
Northern Leisure Carp 23 N. Benton Dr., Sauk Rapids, Mn.
Ran's Custom Acc. 5 Miles E. on Hwy. 16, Box 424, Fairmont, Mn.
Wes's Sport Center 700 E. 2nd St., Hastings, Mn.
Michigan MC Acc. 3227 28th St., Grandville, Mich.
D&D Jumper 858 Decatur Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. 55427
Northeast Chopper Supply 1854 Central Ave., NE, Minneapolis, Minn.
Valley Enterprises 5606 Chicago Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
W.A.S. Super Stock Choppers 3449 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MISSISSIPPI
Larry's Custom Parts PO Box 167, Loring, Miss.
Cyclops Choppers 5457 Mimosa Dr., Jackson, Miss.

MISSOURI
Choppertown USA 5228 Gravois, St. Louis, Mo.
County MC Parts 7348 N. Lindbergh, Hazelwood, Mo.
Doug's Choppers 4026 N. Cleveland, Kansas City, Mo.
St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph, Mo.

MONTANA
Chop N Shop 730 2nd Ave. S., Glasgow, Mont.

NEBRASKA
JC MC Supplies 4833 Leavenworth, Omaha, Nebr.
West Point Cycle 660 S. Main St., West Point, Nebr.

NEVADA
Shadow Kustom Cycles 3049 Rigel Ave., Las Vegas, Nev.

NEW JERSEY
The Bike Barn 275 River Rd., N. Arlington, N.J.
Bob's Custom Cycles Inc. Rt. 38, Mt. Holly, N.J.
Competition Cycle Inc. 220 E. Blackwell St., Dover, N.J.
Custom Cycle Eng. 703 E. 29th St., Paterson, N.J.
Middlesex Co. Cycle Sales 54 Matawan Rd., Old Bridge, N.J.
Slip's Custom Cycle 128 Main St., Hamburg, N.J.
Tam Choppers 123 Broadway, Long Branch, N.J.
Your Honda 4 Specialists 767 S. 18th St., Newark, N.J.
Cycle Shock 602 Bear Tavern Rd., West Trenton, N.J.
HD of Camden 100 S. Blackhorse Pike, W. Collingsworth, N.J.
Swirin 2446 Third St., Ft. Lee, N.J.

NEW MEXICO
Crusader Cycle Supply 1511 W. Greene, PO Box 121, Carlsbad, N.M.
New Mexico MC Salvage 827 Isleta Blvd. SW, Albuquerque, N.M.
All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold NE, Albuquerque, N.M.

NEW YORK
All Cycle Acc. Shop Box 54, Helene, N.Y.
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome, N.Y.
Bikers World 271 Dewey Ave., Rochester, N.Y.
Bob's 300 Shop 51 West Ave., Arkport, N.Y.
Brooklyn HD 1160 Urica, Brooklyn, N.Y.
The Chrome Link 4678 Ithaca Rd., Horseheads, N.Y.
Cycle Works Inc. 27 State St., Middleport, N.Y.

Frank's Chopper Acc. 16 Ball Pl., Watervliet, N.Y.
R&V Sales C&Y Rt. 400, Wolcott, N.Y.
Pete Smith's Chopper Shop 16 N. Transit St., Lockport, N.Y.
Amie's Custom Shop 23 Box Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.
B&B Cycle Works 10 Plaque Dr., Schenectady, N.Y.
Custom Fabrication 901 William St., Buffalo, N.Y.
East Coast Choppers, Inc. 352A. Broadway, Bethpage, N.Y.
Psycho Chop Shop Railroad Alley, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
Tracy's MC Repair 530 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N.Y.
Wellwood Cycle Co. 748 N. Wellwood Ave., Lindenhurst, N.Y.

OHIO
Beard's Chopper City 3309 E. Main St., Columbus, Ohio
Cleveland MC Supply 4530 Pearl Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
Custom Cycle 1609 Chaffin, Akron, Ohio
Euclid Custom Cycle 455 E. 200th St., Euclid, Ohio
J&S Choppers 4500 Warren Sharan Rd., Vienna, Ohio
Sebring Custom Cycle 287 N. 15th St., Sebring, Ohio
Williams Custom Choppers 831 Barston Rd., Fremont, Ohio
Ashland Cycle Supply 286 E. Main St., Ashland, Ohio
Harley-Barn Rear of 538 E. Town St., Columbus, Ohio
Toledo Choppers, Inc. 209 1st., Toledo, Ohio.

PENNSYLVANIA
Bill's Custom Cycles Rt. 5 Bloomsburg, Pa.
Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Pennsylvania Ave., Reading, Pa.
Dyson's E-Z Rider Shop 1011 Ehler St., Stroudsburg, Pa.
The Graveyard 8100 Germantown Ave., Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Schwartz Kawasaki Rd. 3, Rt. 61, Pottsville, Sch. Hwn. Hwy., Pottsville, Pa.
Scotty's Chopper Shop 110 Sherman Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.
Valley Speed Center 423 Followfield Ave., Charleroi, Pa.
Cyclemates Inc. 158 Pennsylvania Ave., West Reading, Pa.
Coe Bee Ent., Inc. 218 S. Main St. Old Rte. 309, Sellersville, Pa.
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville, Pa.
Cycle Delicatessen 811 Penn Ave. Wilkinsburg, Pa.
H.F. Hawkey Creations Rd. 2 Box 511, Northampton, Pa.
Kennedywood Cycle Center 4111 Kennedywood Blvd., W. Mifflin, Pa.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Action Cycles & Acc. Inc. 1846 Wade Hampton Ave., Greenville, S.C.
Chopper Village Rt. 2, Box 51 Richland Ave. E., Aiken, S.C.
Columbia Cycle Shop 1925 Main St., Columbia, S.C.
Rick's Cycle Acc. 3419 W. Montague Ave., Chas. Hts., S.C.
Southeastern Choppers 300 West Ave., N. Augusta, S.C.

TEXAS
Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth, Tx.
Chandler's Cycle 3136 E. Lancaster, Ft. Worth, Tx.
Cycledelic Customs 2208 25th St., Snyder, Tx.

VIRGINIA
Arlington Custom Cycle 2026 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, Va.
Banded Choppers, Inc. 836 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.
Cycles Unlimited 106 E. Broad St., Falls Church, Va.
Ed's Custom Mfg. 2799 A. Merrilee Dr., Fairfax, Va.
Department Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond, Va.
Cycle Parts of Virginia Beach 836 Virginia Beach Bl., Virginia Beach, Va.
5th Dementia Custom Cycle 90938 Matis Rd., Manassas, Va.
5th Dementia Custom Cycle 90938 Matis Ave., Manassas, Va.

WASHINGTON
Bradford MC Specialty 3729 S. G St., Tacoma, Wa.
Ro-Vin Custom Cycles 4419 Rainier Ave. S., Seattle, Wa.

WEST VIRGINIA
HD of Huntington 4900 Waverly Rd., Huntington, W. Va.

WISCONSIN
Chopper Specialties Rt. 2, Box 89-B, Berlin, Wisc.
Draxler's Custom Service Hewitt, Wisc.
Fancy Colors Custom Design 1652 N. Water St., Milwaukee, Wisc.
Rich's Pit Stop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee, Wisc.
PJS Cycle Shop 2459 Kinnickinnel, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Wild Willy's Speed Emporium 900 Park St., Manitowac, Wisc.

WYOMING
Sheridan Custom Cycle 751 S. Sheridan Ave., Sheridan, Wyo.

LATE ADDITIONS

Mama's Custom Cycles 111 Woods St., West Memphis, Ark.
The Bike Works 608 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada
National Bike Supply 1947 Kingsway, Vancouver, B.C., Canada
Chopper Specialties Hwy. 70 Black Mt., N.C.
Stan's Chopper House 2133 Shamrock Dr., Charlotte, N.C.
Granite State MC Sales RR 1 Box 301, Keene, N.H.
Mels Choppers 1181-1183 Main St., Berlin, N.H.
New England Chopper Corner 17 Union St., Milford, N.H.
Sam's Custom Cycle House 6133 E. Admiral Pl., Tulsa, Okla.
BC Choppers, Inc. 12425 SE 82nd Ave., Portland, Ore.

Choppershopper

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

FOR SALE

EARRINGS: Iron Cross or Swastika—\$5.50 each, \$9.95 pair and 50¢ postage and handling to T&C Industries, Inc., P.O. Box 205, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18701.

(18, 19, 20, 21)

IN NEW JERSEY top quality parts and accessories, chrome plating, service, speed equipment. We have it all. Equal treatment for all bikes. Come and see. Jersey Cycle Specialties Inc., 235 Rt. 46, Fairfield, N.J. 07006. (201) 227-2320. We will not be undersold! (20, 21, 22, 23)

HELP! Been saving for chopper for 3 years. Ol' lady ripped me off. Please send contributions large or small. David R. Dezotell, 4214 S.E. 26th, Portland, Ore. 97202. (20)

FREE SHIPPING? That's right! Free shipping on purchases of \$45 or more to all states, EXCEPT, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, California, Oregon, and Washington. Send \$1 for catalog which features a complete selection of stock, custom, and hi-performance motorcycle parts to: Drag & Chopper Supply, 954 Arcade Street, St. Paul, Minnesota 55106. Phone (612) 771-3072. (20, 21)

German Arm Bands \$2.50. Bullet pipe and clip combination \$2.50. Catalog .50¢. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (20, 21, 22)

FOR SALE: 1947 Knuckle, rake 1/2", 15" over, AEE springer, 21" front wheel and custom brake. Bike in show condition. \$2,500. Phone Bob Flewitt, (512) 736-3791, San Antonio, Texas. (20)

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

CHEAP AD RATES—an ad on this page only costs you 20¢ per word if you're a private individual. Businesses have to pay only 40¢ a word. Damned cheap—especially when you consider your ad will be read by people all over the world. Read top of first column for specific info.

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

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

Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Coffin Tank Kit—includes prints, templates, cap & filler neck. \$4.75 plus 50¢ postage & handling: Lexington Mfg. Co. P.O. Box 982, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240. (21)

Handsome man, 27, desires to meet adventurous girl who likes bikes, camping and travel. Box 161, Janesville, Ca. 96114. (21)

CHOPPER PARTS CATALOG \$1.00. No fancy full-page ads, just lots of goodies at low prices, and we pay the freight. M-R Enterprises, Dept. "E", Box 34, Circle Pines, Minn. 55014. (21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26)

Harley speed and custom parts. Stroker flywheels \$145.00. H.D. 74 flywheels \$165.00 set. Frames \$249.95. Re-grinds, cams \$40.00 exch. Sifton cams \$67.50. Pistons \$34.90 set. We also build complete stock or race engines. Check us out! Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 E. 31st South, Wichita, Ks. 67216. Phone (316) 682-4781. (21, 22)

SAVE SOME MONEY—We charge 10% above wholesale. (Springer retail \$219.00 for \$170.00) Let us know what you want. Smiley's Chopper Parts, 19 S. Center, Marshalltown, Ia. 50158. (21)

Krazy Karl, Brother Speed M.C., Boise, Idaho. Please Write. Urgent. Earl Hastings, Box 428, Hinsdale, N.H. 03451. (21)

Like to hear from an underpriser. Sammie Hewitt, 126344, 954 Forrest Street, Baltimore, Md. 21202. (21)

"TRIPLE CHROME PLATING" On aluminum or steel. Top quality work for street or show bikes. Have it done right the first time. Ten-day service—all work guaranteed. Ocala Plating Co., 1520 N.E. 2nd Ave., Ocala, Florida 32670. Call Irish (904) 629-6818. Specify make and model for price sheet. (20, 21, 22)

CHROME—PLATING We specialize in plating motorcycle parts. Quality plating on steel or aluminum. Reasonable prices. Work guaranteed. Now available Honda 750 chromed aluminum exchange. For information call or write: Brown's Plating Service, Route 5, Box 534, Paducah, Kentucky 42001. Phone (502) 554-1146. (20, 21, 22)

Cycle seat cover kits, any size you wish. Some of the most fabulous material available, fine enough for show bikes. Low as \$2.95. Send 65¢ for complete sample materials, shipping & handling. Box 1565, Lima, Ohio 45801. (21)

IN NEW JERSEY (201) 342-3830. Parts, accessories, custom painting, motor work, chrome plating and service facilities. Stop in or mail order. Customs Unlimited, 327 Hudson St., Hackensack, N.J. 07601. (21)

Buy Army surplus bikes, jeeps, etc. Send \$1.00 for address to: Surplus, 129 Elmwood Ave., Bogota, New Jersey 07603. (21)

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.

See if you can help me with this super-bad problem of life without a chick—please write. Ken Hittner, #97136, Cell #209-E, 500 Spring St., Richmond Virginia 23219.

I am in prison for possession of marijuana and could use some scribes. Lowell Spencer, B50593, P.O. Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

I could really dig getting letters from Southern chicks. Larry Burdett, Box R, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211.

Hope some chick can dig writing a dirty biker. Danny Coates, #554, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

I sure could trip on having a lady to write. Dennis Malasarte, #B-46598, P.O. Box 608, Dorm 1-61, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Help! I'm lonely. I'm stuck in prison and would really get off on hearing from some chicks. William G. Dieckmann, P.O. Box W-2828-156, Lompoc, Calif 93436.

If anyone wants to write to a brother, his address is: Michael H. Schrecongost, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Doin life. I need to communicate. Ron Draves, #36112, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

I am locked up and have no one to write to. Clark Elmore, 128478, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Washington 98584

A lonely Cancer (Charles) and a lonely Capricorn (Artie) could use some scribes. Charles Cardwell, #136-778: Box 69, Artie Woycke, #136-596, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Could dig hearing from any righteous bike people. Thomas Carpenter, #24502, Box 7-1-D, 298, Moberly, Missouri, 65270.

I've got to write some real women. Mike Panarites, K-107, P.O. Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Could dig some mail from any chick. Roland Linhart, Wally Peters, Box C, Waupun, Wisconsin 53963.

I need to correspond with ladies who are on the for-real side and want a good man. Louis C. Potts, 108609, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

If there are any jammin' bitches left out there, I need your letters. Phil Furnish, #53272, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I would appreciate it very much if anyone would write me. Joseph Parrish, #032968, F-22, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

I would like for some chicks to write me. Royce Wiggins, #001531, Cell F-29, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Wanted: man-hungry chicks to write and hook up with two short-time jammin' dudes comin' out in '75. N. Coffey, #160-782, and J. C. Fulton, #157-174, Lorton Reformatory, P.O. Box 25, Lorton, Va. 22079.

I would appreciate some girls' names and addresses to write to. Gary Bennett, #36070, D-554, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

I read this rag, so I can't be all that bad. I need some mail. Andrew S. Oprzedek, #74946, Box 112, Joliet, Illinois 60434.

How about some freaky chicks dropping me a line? Brad Gardner, Box PMB-22847, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

Could dig hearing from some chicks who don't mind writing to a guy in the can. Joe Barnes, W/U #5, #035869, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Would really dig hearing from all the far-out chicks who would care to rap about anything. Orville Arms, Box C, Waupun, Wisconsin 53963.

I'm from Honolulu, Hawaii, with too much on the ball, so somebody get with the scribes. Charles D. Yaw, #16385, Box 7, Terminal Island, San Pedro, California 90731.

I'm a lonesome black biker who is interested in writing some far-out chicks. Address: Hiawatha Nash, 22584, c/o Mrs. Rebecca Nash, 2631 Dickson, St. Louis, Mo. 63106.

I would like to get a few pen pals because mail is about the best thing happening around here. Steven Phillips, #135866, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Would like to hear from some hip country ladies out there in the free world. Freddie E. Lipton, #038726, Dorm A69, 500 Orange Ave. Circle, Belle Glade, Florida 33230.

Would like to get letters from biker chicks. Robert McLellan, #26403, Box 100, Somers, Connecticut 06071.

Conn. trap has me in their lap. Please write. Louis Della Camera, #23728, Somers, Connecticut 06071.

D & D DISTRIBUTORS

We handle more of the best in our 1974 line of Jammer Cycle Products. Over 75 nationally respected companies and their products are represented in our Jammer's Handbook. In fact, you can't find a more complete line of quality custom motorcycle parts. Anywhere.

**A&J Manufacturing • Abus • American Chain • Anderson • Arco
Avon Tires • B & C Enterprises • Barnett • Blueaway • Browning
Carello • Cobra Seats • Condor • Covmo • D & D Specialties
Delco Remy • Diamond • Dorman • Durfee • Flanders • Franklin
Rims • GME • GNS Valves • GS Battery • Gasgacinch • General
Switches • Granturismo • Gunk • Hallcraft • Hanes • Hella • Hoag
Hylon • Ideal • J & R Electrics • Joe Hunt Magnetos • K-D • Loctite
Lucas Lights • MC Company • MCM • MJK • MPD • Maverick
Microdyne • Mikuni Carburetor • Miller • Ministronie • Mother's
Products • NGK • Nikko • Orna Manufacturing
Paughco • Philips • Quality Products
Raybestos • Scooter Seat • Shatz Bearings
Sidewinder • Sifton Cams • Signal Stat
Simichrome • Sparky • Superior • TCME
Tanaka • Tank-Seal • Tie Wrap • Timkin
Trophy • US Gauge • VDO Instruments
Wassell • Weber Carburetor • Wisco Batteries
YEC • Yetman**



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

D & D Distributors
800 (E5) S. San Fernando Blvd.
Burbank, California 91502

OR

D & D Distributors
858 (E5) Decatur Avenue North
Minneapolis (Golden Valley)
Minnesota 55427

Member of



I want only the best. Please rush me the Jammer's Handbook describing your complete line of Jammer Cycle Products. I have enclosed \$3.00 (which will be refunded with my first \$20.00 order).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

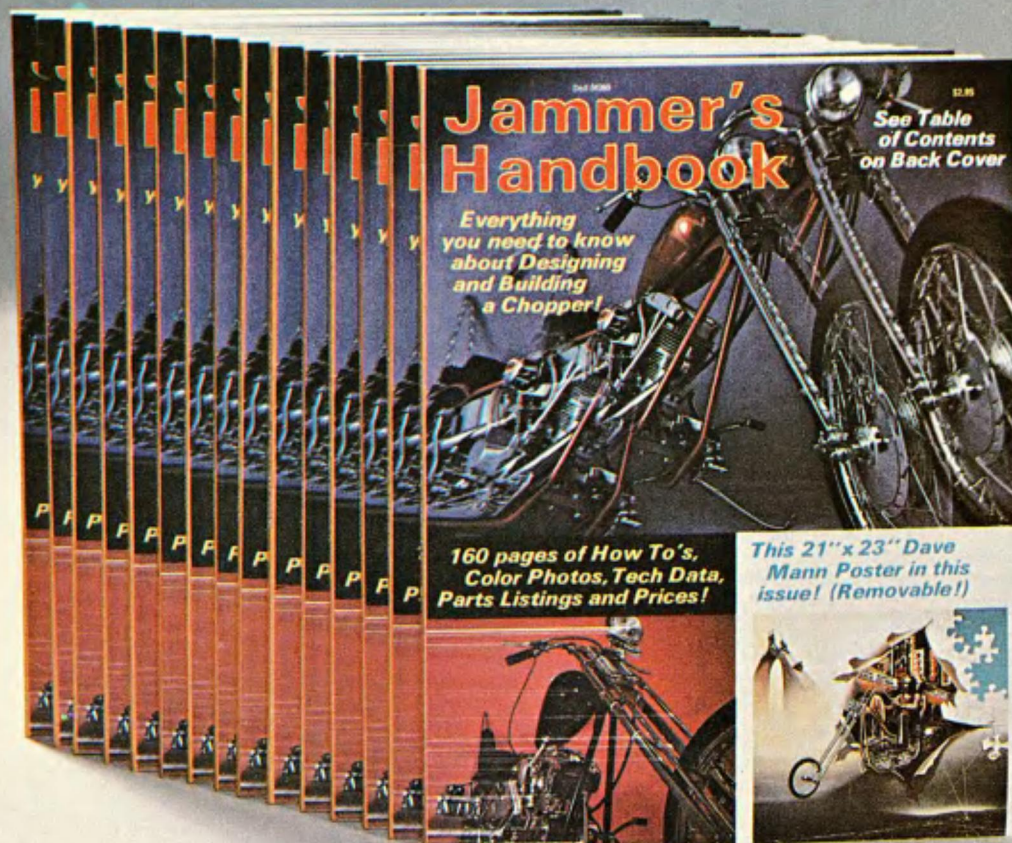
State _____

Zip _____

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

E 5

This book stands alone.



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

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

D & D Distributors, Inc.,
800 (R5) S. San Fernando Blvd.,
Burbank, California 91502

OR

D & D Distributors
858 (R5) Decatur Avenue North
Minneapolis (Golden Valley)
Minnesota 55427

Member of



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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

R5

Dealers: Inquire on your letterhead.