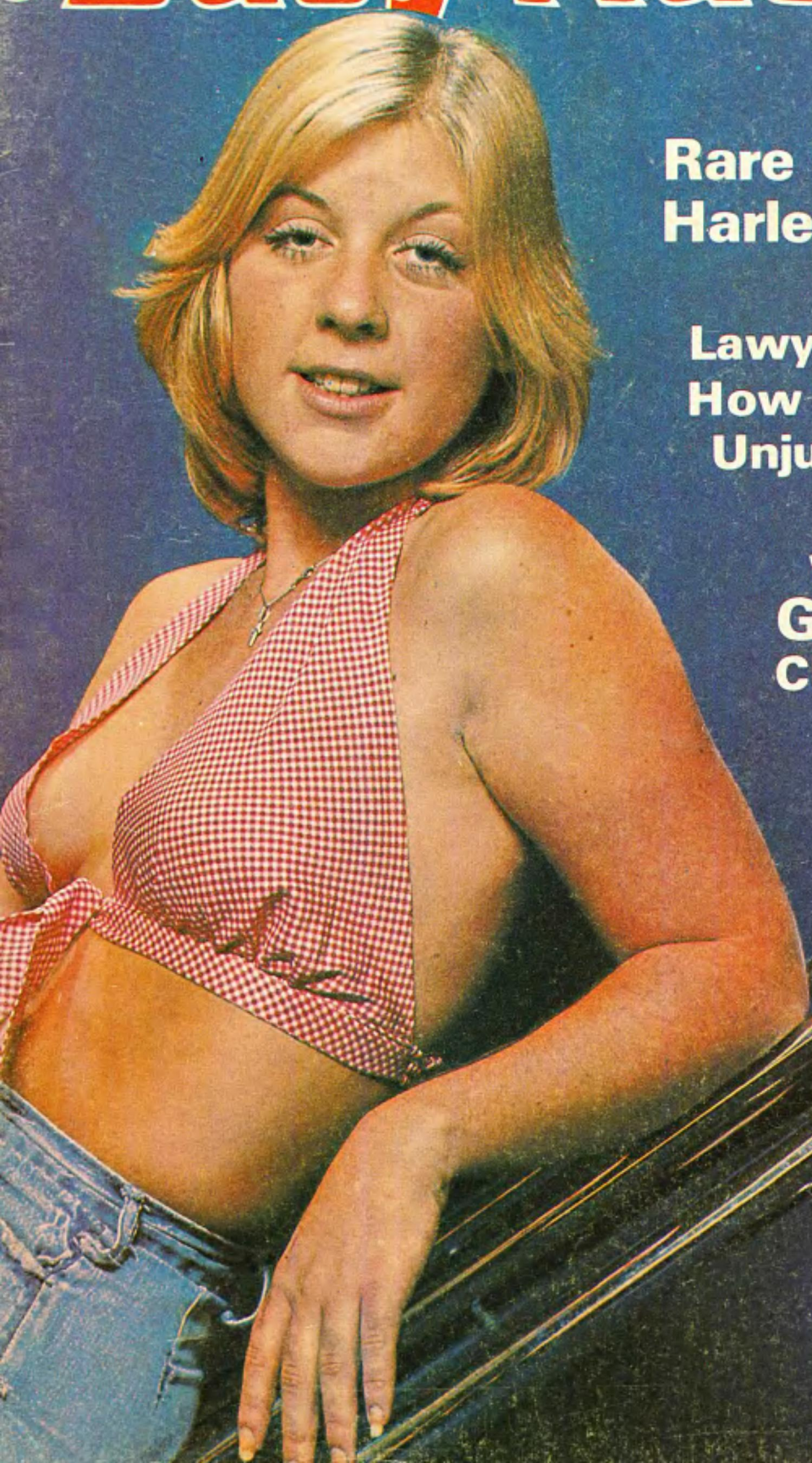


Easyriders

February, 1975
One Dollar



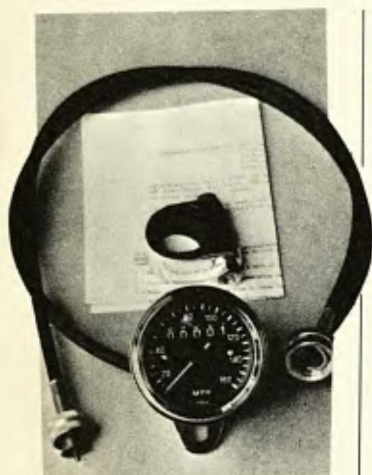
**Rare Old Time
Harley Photos**

**Lawyer Tells
How To Repeal
Unjust Laws!**

**World's
Greatest
Choppers!**

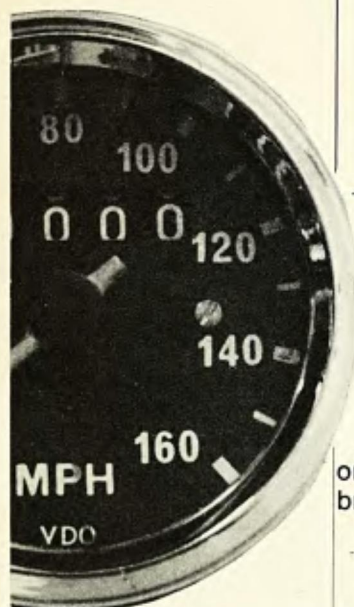
**FREE
Iron-On
Transfer**

Your Gasoline Hassles Have Ended!



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

Now for the first time
you can buy this small
(only 2 3/4" in diameter)
precision, German-made
speedometer



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

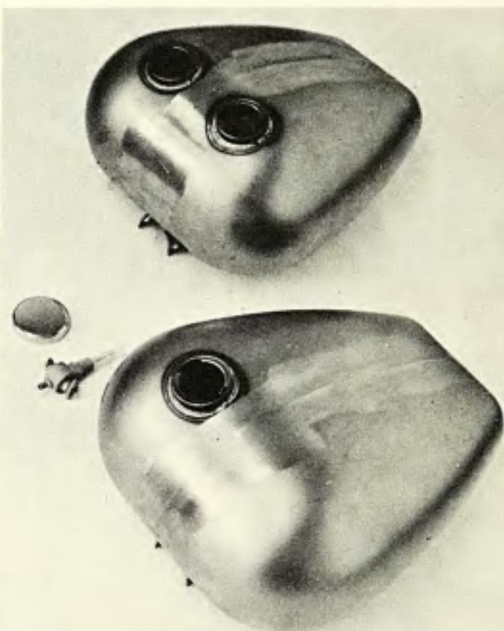
\$44.95

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 scoot. 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.

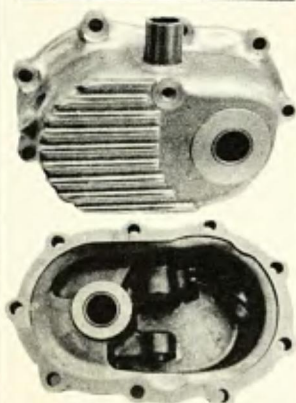
It measures twelve inches wide, nine inches deep and sixteen inches long. It should fit most bikes. It is made of 16-gauge steel and is heliarc welded, with a Frisco style tunnel.

There are two styles available: The one-hole costs \$60. The two hole costs \$65. Chromed gas caps (\$2.50 each)



Steel Braided Oil Lines

Aircraft type for 74s
only. Intake, return, and
breather—all 3 for only
29.95



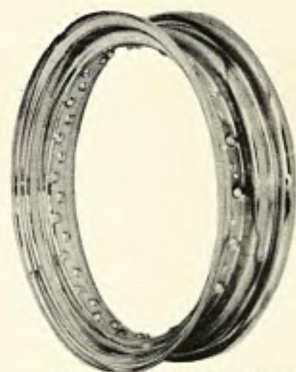
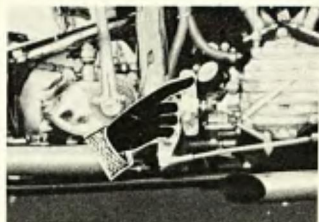
74 Kick Cover
Super strong—and
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Oil Gauge (Chromed)

Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs.
A must for long rides.
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and Sportsters, but you
must specify which one
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modified to fit other bikes

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Wide 16" Chromed Steel Rim

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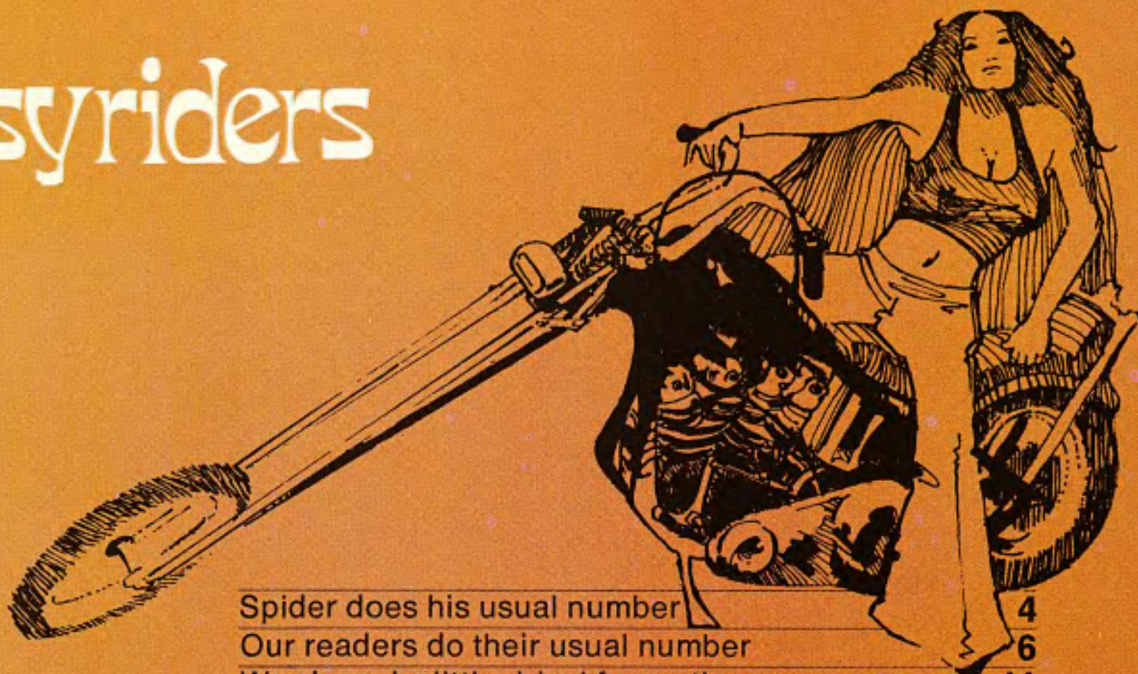
HD 74 Extended Kick Stand Chromed

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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

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Number 27

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Did you read about the dude who went around claiming to be an official breast examiner? It seems that he offered to examine women for breast cancer as a free public service—until he grabbed the wrong tit and got arrested for indecent assault—whatever that is.

The grass grows high in Oklahoma! "I tried weed killer on them," said El Reno Sheriff Jerry Ervin, "but when they got so tall I decided they must be some kind of a tree." The sheriff was talking about a fifteen-year-old grove of marijuana plants that took six men with axes five hours to chop down. Some were over 12 feet—if you'll excuse the expression—high!

Dipshit file: A dude in England was sentenced to jail for stealing a car—now get this—in order to get to court on time to face other car theft charges.

There is some justice: The California Supreme Court has ruled that an inmate can sue for false imprisonment if kept in custody beyond the established release date.

Big deal dept.: In Satellite Beach, Florida, a woman's libber had the wording changed on a purchase order for some man-hole covers to "personhole" covers.

Our sick country: The Reno, Nevada, City Council passed an obscenity ordinance but couldn't—or wouldn't—publish the ordinance in the newspaper as required by law because of the explicit descriptions of sexual conduct. What did they do? They just published the title of the ordinance and shined on the nitty-gritty part—thus breaking the law.

Ah, yes, another example of our fair and

equal justice: Lamar Fountain of Ray City, Georgia, has been in jail six years and still faces another 20 years—for a theft of five bucks! It seems that he felt he'd spent enough time in jail for such a petty crime, and escaped six times. Each time he escaped more time was added until now he faces the unreal twenty-year stretch, while the rich high rollers and government officials get off with a little slap on the wrist.

Speed limit reduced! While we squirm and fume behind do-gooders religiously obeying our national 55 mph speed limit, the French government just cut their speed limit from 87 mph to 80 mph!

Better keep your eye on her: A national survey has revealed that women can murder just as brutally as men—which explodes the commonly held belief that women prefer to poison their victims. The victims, by the way, are usually their husbands, and they are done in with an axe or a hammer.

Leg-wetting fact file: I haven't met any, but it's a medical fact that at least 1 out of every 200 women have more than two tits.

You can legally tap your ol' lady's phone. The Supreme Court has ruled that it's okay to tap your ol' lady's phone without a court order and use the conversations against her in a divorce suit. It said wire tap laws were not intended to regulate marital home life and domestic conflicts. (Remember, she can do it to you too—so cool it.)

Dumdum bullets, which are outlawed by international law, are being used by police in Louisiana, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and, recently, California; .357 magnum revolvers with dumdums are used in Washington, Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Wisconsin, Montana, Utah, New Mexico, Nevada, South Carolina, and Louisiana.

The dum dum or hollow-point, soft-nosed shell, is the most damaging bullet of all because it expands inside the human body. The .357 revolver is a cannon that can stop cars—clearly a case of overkill.

The Civil Liberties Union is fighting against the police using such cruel and inhumane weapons and ammunition because there is no reason for police to have weapons which the U.S. Army isn't allowed to carry. I agree. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



We can honestly say that it's the best Harley buckle you can buy



(Actual size—and it
weighs almost a half pound)

—and at the best price!

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 1¾"-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!



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WORDMONGER

Horseshit

□ Most of the women who write you seem proud that their men treat them like shit. Well, I have no time for a dude who comes home just to eat, fuck, belch, and then putt off again. I can dig he's into his bike and that he needs lots of time alone with it, but there is an implication in your rag that any dude who doesn't put his bike before all else, including his ol' lady, is fucked, and is not a real biker. That's a bunch of horseshit.

E.M.

Richmond, Calif.

■ No—that's toughshit.

Brothers

□ I want to thank all my ol' man's brothers for being there when he needed them most. He got into an accident that fucked him up good. He lost his leg, one kidney, and his spleen. They were there day and night giving him all the love and strength he needed. Because his scooter got all fucked up too, they're building him another one for when he's up and around. Each guy is taking one part of his bike to build my ol' man's. All I could say is thanks a lot and I love you all.

Lightfoot's Ol' Lady
Staten Island, N.Y.

Who? Us?

□ The only thing wrong with bikers is that they are such goddam male chauvinists.

Nicki
Galveston, Tex.

■ Well, hell, whatta ya gonna do?

Man's Job

□ I dunno what the hell constitutes a "man's job," but I can guess. I'm a carpenter, and I dig the hell

out of it! If you ask me, (and my boss!) it's not a worker's sex that matters, but his or her ability to do a good job. I dare any F.O.W.L. chick to tell me to my face that I don't deserve my job, or my scooter, or for that matter anything else I earned with my sweat and hard labor — just because I happen to have been born female! I'll give her three years of martial-arts training in one easy lesson!

"The Lone Wolf"
Santa Ana, Calif.

■ Bet ya can't shake excess wee-wee off your crank.

Digs Mutha

□ I enjoy good old Miraculous Mutha, and if she's the bitch you say she is, send me a picture of her so the next time I come up against a fat, sloppy bitch sittin' on a Hog, I'll know what in hell I'm up against.

Gene A. Touk.

■ She'll probably be straddlin' and groovin' on a fire hydrant.

Enough Is Enough

□ You guys are starting to bore me. Every fucking time I get my hands on your rag and flip through it, I see the same old shit. Hogs, Hogs, and more Hogs. I mean enough is enough. There are a helluva lot of other good-looking scoots, and I want to see them, especially some Limeys.

Moot
Sterling Heights, Mich.

■ Then you'll climax on Limey Scoot in this issue.

Arizona State Prison

□ I would like to thank all the bro inmates here for the cigarettes, coffee, stamps, paper, and other items they have been send-

ing me while I'm being held in isolation. The love they show me makes the time I'm doing easy.

Brother Pollock
Florence, Ariz.

Head Problem

□ I'm a sexy blonde chick who wants to know how to give good head. I also want to ball Sonny Barger.

Janie
Dallas, Texas

■ My dear, you've written to the right people. Just send your address, and out of the kindness of our hearts we'll figure a way of giving you expert lessons—an unlimited number, by the way—in whatever it takes to make you righteous. Now, how's that for being right-on dudes? Sonny isn't available at the moment.

Question

□ If people are supposed to learn from their mistakes, why do I keep buying every issue of your rotten rag?

Hawk
Detroit, Mich.

■ We're like fungus: we grow on ya.

67-Year-Old Reader

□ I get a big laugh and bang out of the Monger column and the articles—especially the bike features, with their excellent photography. I also like the construction charts. I'm 67 years old.

Charles Blair
St. Paul, Minn.

■ True bike lovers are of all ages.

B.S.A. Who?

□ I have one big fuckin' gripe! I'm really getting sick of all this Harley-Davidson bullshit all the time. Every goddamned issue you have belt buckles, shirts, bike parts, ways to improve on

your bike (if it's a Harley) and articles about Harleys built up from scratch! Never anything about BSAs or about the poor bastards who start out with a fuckin' basket case BSA like my ol' man did!

BSA Biker's Ol' Lady
Iowa City, Iowa

■ If you search closely, you'll see a tear stain somewhere in this issue.

Down On Carol

□ Look, guys! How's about getting rid of that fucking Carol bitch! That cunt hasn't got any respect for her ol' man like scooter chicks oughta! Man, if my ol' lady smarted off to me like that bitch does to her ol' man, I'd give her five in her fucking big mouth! Her ol' man must be some candy-ass pussy punk to take shit like that off a broad! That fairy might have a Hog, but it's probably his fucking ol' lady's!

Hulk
Philadelphia, Pa.

One Nice Thing

□ I'd like to make a comment about the letter from Frank Berry (Nov. '74 issue). Bite my ass, dude! I'm not liberated, but I'm still a chick and I'm not stupid. I'm sick and tired of you stupid males thinking that just because you've got a dong, you're better than chicks. What makes you think you're so superior anyway? A man's only got one nice thing about him and you know it's not a brain that turns chicks on.

Chick
Farmington, N.H.

■ You mean two things.

Socially Degrading

□ I'm writing for a few reasons. (1) To run this damn pen out of ink. (2) I think

A black and white illustration depicting a woman with long, dark hair and a pained or distressed expression, surrounded by a chaotic scene of trash and debris. She is positioned in the center, looking towards the viewer. The ground is covered in various items, including a broken chair, a small figure, and other unidentifiable objects. In the background, a building is on fire, with smoke rising from it. The word "TRASH" is written in large, stylized, bold letters at the bottom of the illustration. The entire scene is framed by a thick black border.

(California residents add 6% for tax)

**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist**

**For
\$31.50**

**Two Year
Guarantee**

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

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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

you've got a raustacious
rag, and I enjoy it. (3) I've
got only 90 days left in this
zoo called a joint. (4) I
started my Knuck today. (5)
I'm a little (?) loose. (6) I
got nothing better to do.
Now a sort of explanation.

I hate red pens, and this
is the only one I've got. I
highly enjoy your rag. If
you have to charge a dollar
each, far out. It's well worth
it. The reason I call this
place a zoo is because of
all the weirdos here. That
Mormon sonofabitch of a
librarian won't get your rag
here because it's "socially
degrading and is put out by
a bunch of dirty dope
fiends." I wish we had a
"dirty dope fiend" for a
warden instead of the de-
ranged faggot that's here
now!

Name withheld by Editor
Draper, Utah

■ We're not dirty.

Wants Meat

☐ We're a couple of chicks
who recently got hold of
your September rag from
these bikers we know. It's a
heavy rag, man, but we
would like to see some
meat on a biker once in a
while.

Chicky and Slugger
Houghton, Mich.

Evel Knievel

☐ I don't care what anyone
thinks, Evel Knievel is chick-
enshit. He always rapped
big shit about how if he
didn't make the Snake River
jump, he'd spit at the wall
before he hit it; then the
turkey parachutes out. I
really wanted to see him
splatter his tired ass on the
wall. What a letdown!

Half Track
Concord, Calif.

Suggestion

I think you should start
showing more twats.

Pussy Lover
Etters, Pa.

■ So do I.

She Cried

☐ Hey, guys, I just read
"Ms. H-D" (December issue)
and I really can connect
with it. It was so beautiful I
cried—really! When **Easy-
riders** comes in the mail, I
have to read it—cover to
cover. We subscribe to most
other rags but yours is the

only one I read every printed
word of. I also got off on
that little section on "Ol'
Ladies" (I cried when I read
that too). I can't say what
the rest of the rag is like yet
'cause I had to stop and tell
you how much your beautiful
rag fucked up my head (in
a nice way).

Skip's Ol' Lady
Cranston, R.I.

Forty-four Inches

☐ The kitchen is fine for
chicks when you're hungry
—but I'd rather ride. I'm in
the process of putting to-
gether my first bike, a '48
pan. I've waited a long time
for this mother, and I
wouldn't trade it for any-
thing. It doesn't make me
any less of a woman. With
44-inch tits, who can fight
it?

Mama Lynn
Portsmouth, Va.

■ Amen.

Clean Letter

☐ After all the rotten letters
you get, we thought we'd
send you a clean one. We
really get our nuts off from
your rag.

Big Den and Big M.
Griswold, Iowa

Talk About Frustration

☐ The West Coast Nomads
here in McNeil Island Fed-
eral Prison have five bikes
in our club at present and
are putting together another
four. We're not allowed to
have the rear chains for our
bikes, so we have to limit
ourselves to starting them
up and just letting them
run for a while.

Joe Nanny
McNeil Island
Steilacoom, Wash.

■ Christ, we feel for ya—
but still, it's better than a
jab in the eye with a sharp
stick.

Pissed Off

☐ I'd like to give my thanks
to the four cock-suckin',
mother-fuckin', sperm-eatin'
bastards that ran me into a
steel light pole, and fucked
me up for a couple of
months, but most important,
you puked fucked up my No.
1 so bad that she is still
collecting dust because of
all the green it's taking to
get her breathing again.
How does it feel to be the
cause of a life lying in a

dark, cold corner of a gar-
age collecting dust? You
shitheads!

Oh, let's not forget the
two members of the law.
After finding out (to their
disappointment) I wasn't
dead, they got into their
ambulance, leaving me (ly-
ing on the road) with the
happy and joyful words,
"Sorry, there isn't anything
we can do." To you I say,
"suck off."

Cochise
Pittsburgh, Pa.

She's In Love

☐ I'm in love! Crazy
George's letter in your No-
vember issue was exactly
where my head's at. If I
ever make it back to Ohio,
I'll find him for sure. I'll just
go to a scooter bar, bend
over, and when I hear,
"Cunt, drop your drawers!"
I'll know him on sight
(sound?).

Cunt
So. Calif.

■ Then again it might be
someone from the **Easy-
riders** staff!

Digs Word

☐ Hi, I dig your mag. It's
nice to see or hear people
refer to fuck as **fuck**, not
as **fug** or **made it** or **do it** or
did it. I really like the word
fuck. I fuck! I have been
fucked, and it's a fucking
shame that I am not being
fucked right now!

Cindy
Ardmore, Ore.

■ We'll gladly help—if you'll
send your address. (It was
a great letter.)

Needs A Broad

☐ Is there a biker chick
out there who would like an
outtasight ol' man biker up
here? All we have are fuck-
ing hippy chicks, liberated
asshole chicks, too-fucking-
good-for-you chicks, and
a lot of one-night-stand
chicks.

(The Wolf) Martin
Dover, N.H.

■ There's others?

Parties Instead of Lead

☐ I am a devoted biker and
belong to a club I love. I
am less fortunate than a lot
of bikers, though, because
my crib is in Pittsburgh Pri-
son. I am here with a couple
of my club brothers, and all

A Man-sized Beer Mug!



Holds a
half quart
and weighs
1½ lbs!

Here's a man-sized beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white—it's a bitchin' lookin' mug. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

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YOU CAN HAVE YOUR FUN & DRINK IT TOO!

Wine, Women and Song.*

Wine, beer, cider, fruit wines, etc.

Other wine and brew "paraphernalia" brochure available with each kit.

Send coupon and check or money order to Sandy with the purple feet from stomping grapes.

*You supply the 5 gallon jug, women and song. We will supply you with everything you need to start and how-to recipes.

\$9.50
5 gallon
Starter Kit

BACCHANALIA

Home Wine and Brewing Supplies
1105 Indiana Ave.,
South Pasadena, Ca. 91030

BACCHANALIA

1105 Indiana Avenue
South Pasadena, Ca. 91030

I want to order:

☐ 5 gallon BEER KIT \$9.50
☐ 5 gallon WINE KIT \$9.50

Includes tax and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

You must be 21 to order kits.

the bikers in here stick together. Maybe by the time I leave here, instead of throwing lead at each other, we will throw parties with each other. If the outside shit doesn't stop, the politicians will come down with a new law. And that will be No Wearing of Colors. All I can really say is, think about it.
Hill Billy N.F.G.

Digs Rabbit

☐ Hope to hell you put Larry Cole on as a full-time feature writer. He's one hell of a bro, as well as a talented writer. Hope to see all you rotten muthas in beautiful smoggy city soon.
Jeff
Vacaville, Calif.

Big Smiles

☐ All these assholes who read **Easyriders** and then think all bikers are counter-culture heroes are a pain in the ass as far as I'm concerned. Every time I go out for a putt, I get big smiles and peace signs from citizens and power signs from dudes on chopped 350 Hondas.

Also, all the new riders who have been "turned on" to choppers through mags like your competitors and who don't have the slightest idea what words like "class" mean, make me sick.

Don't get me wrong, I know some righteous dudes who ride Hondas, and some of the new people ain't half bad, but as far as I'm concerned, I'd rather have it like it used to be. Hard, looked down upon, but tight and together people.

Judge
Camden, Ala.

■ **Every biker** is a brother—except some zit-faced strokes on two-strokes who give other bikers a bad name with their ear-piercin' dirt bikes on city streets.

Not Supposed

☐ Every time I bring a regular motorcycle rag to work to read in my spare time, all the men and the boss tell me, don't bring that shit in here any more and get to work. But when I bring in my **Easyriders**, all I have to do is just lay it around. One by one the men (all in their 50s and 60s) come around and look at it. They laugh and

take turns reading it. One time they ripped a book right in half fighting over it. I don't understand these people.

Mark Kmiotek
Flatbush, New York

Big Joints

☐ My ol' lady would like to see more joints—but bigger than my 12 inches—so how about it, anyone on your staff ready (or qualified) to pose?

Frog
Dallas, Tex.

■ We wouldn't want to see you cry, nor would we want your ol' lady to leave home.

Patty's Letter

☐ If you'd like to hear from me again, drop me a line in your next issue.

Patty
California

■ Hell yes, we want to hear from you. Spider and I arm-wrestled over the photograph you sent and he won it—so send the next one to me.

Red Wings

☐ Thought I'd let you know that I earned my red wings last night. It wasn't bad except for so many brothers watchin'.

Diver
Bluefield, W. Va.

■ If your head was buried, how could you see whether anyone was watchin'?

Mail Call

☐ I wanted you to know that I found a ray of sunshine when I started writing a dude in the slammer through your "Mail Call" section.

Moundoggie
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Ol' Mutha

☐ I think that Mutha looks like a dog.

R.S.
Livonia, Mich.

■ She smells and scratches like one too!

What Gives

☐ Hey, you bunch of horse-cocks! Who's the asshole who forgot to put Red Rider in the November issue of **Easyriders**?

Big Ed
Jeffersonville, Ind.

■ Look again, Ed.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, and demands for payment, may all be sent to Wordmonger, **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



"If I had known what 'sentence suspended' meant, I wouldn't have shouted 'I'll get you for this, you asshole!'"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

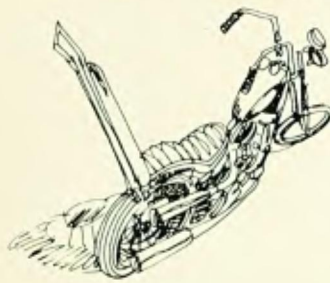
Barger letter and answer in TV Guide . . .

In the Sept. 7 issue of *TV Guide* you carried a program listing that read: "The World of the Hell's Angels motorcycle club is scheduled to be explored by Geraldo Rivera. Interviewed: Sonny Barger, former president of Hell's Angels, now serving a life sentence for murder at Folsom (Cal.) State Penitentiary; rock star Jerry Garcia, a long-time friend of Barger's." I would like to inform you, I am not in prison on a murder charge, but for possession of narcotics. [To be more exact, one gram of cocaine equals a 5-to-20-year sentence; one ounce of heroin equals 10-years-to-life. That equals a 15-years-to-life sentence, which is eight more years than a first-degree murder charge calls for.] I was charged and tried in Alameda County (Cal.) for murder in 1972, but was acquitted of the charge after a jury trial. My reason for writing is that the American public has been led to believe that every Hell's Angel is a murderer. The fact is, there are very few Hell's Angels in prison for murder. I only know of three, and only one of these is first degree.

Sonny Barger
Repres, Cal.

[We have confirmed that Mr. Barger was not convicted of murder, as indicated in the program note. We regret this error.—Ed.]

—TV Guide

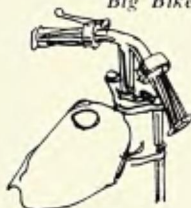


Clods on cafe racers . . .

. . . the classic cafe racer is as unsuited to American riding styles and roads as a Bonneville dragster; most of its practitioners are hopeless clods in pursuit of an imitation reality; and the "sport" itself is as hyped and created an interest as "The Great Gatsby" or "The Exorcist."

. . . Still another big item is a small, thinly upholstered, solo seat. That'll guarantee that cafe racing isn't going to be one of the great "let's go out and meet some girls (guys)" sports. Where are you going to put the suddenly-chance-met love of your life? Riding on the handlebars? Nope, the fairing's in the way. Well, she can always drive along behind you. Such brazen romance leaves people breathless.

—Sandy Cass
Big Bike



The Evel rip-off . . .

. . . Much of the public didn't buy that story. Cries of hoax, con and rip-off filled the jump site and the news media. Those yelling rip-off were justified if they were referring to monetary and logistical nightmares. Those yelling con had to know it was that from the beginning. Evel is not a hypocrite about his hypocrisy. He will sit on national television, clutching a gold-tipped cane with internal liquor compartments, and swear he rarely ingests an alcoholic beverage. He will spin a web of impossible stories and if you are caught up by them, that's not his fault. If you see him clearly and don't like what's there, that's your privilege. He said he

would try to jump the canyon and he did. A 1000-pound steel coffin bouncing off solid rock can't be called a hoax. Evel Knievel isn't an easy guy to like. Temperamental, egomaniacal people are almost always offensive. His bravery is even questionable; most any good rider who hits a ramp at 80 mph will clear 19 cars. Every half-miler or road-racer dares the devil just as intensely as Knievel—and longer. Daytona lasts two hours, but Evel's danger is over in ten seconds.

—Dale Boller
Cycle Magazine

Bull Durham bag? . . .

. . . The Motorcycle Industry Council, all other industry organizations, and all consumer organizations such as the AMA, MMA, ABATE, and the rest if there is any "rest," are incapable of effectively fighting federal bureaucracy because they are simply not structured or chartered to deal with this motorcycle menace as the NCCSI is. Expecting ABATE to do something about unfair laws and restrictions is about like expecting to stem a Mississippi river flood with sand-filled Bull Durham bags.

The role of ABATE, which is actually a consumer organization, is to keep the membership informed of current events in these matters, and to make financial grants to the NCCSI in consumer support. On a number of occasions ABATE has done both of these things. These functions should be the moral responsibility of all consumer groups.

—Larry Kumferman
Custom Chopper

NCCSI fights for industry interests. ABATE fights for the street biker's interests—and ABATE feels that any amount of fighting is better than no fighting at all.—Editor

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

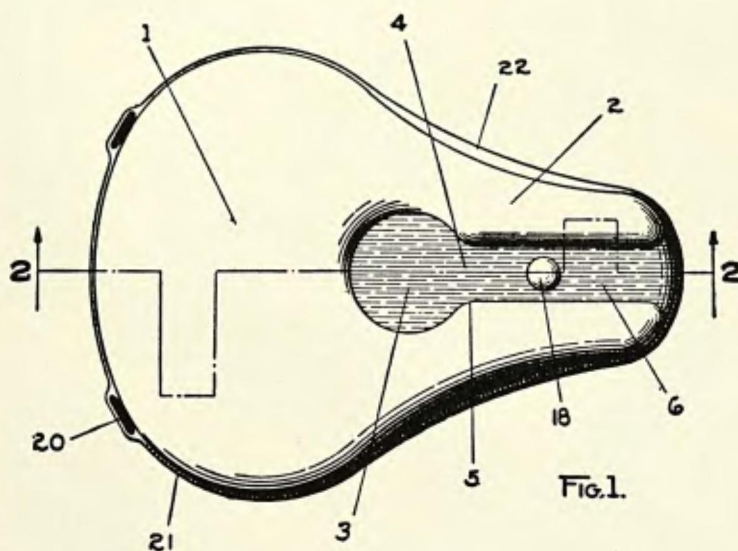
Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.





Bicycle Saddle for the Use of Either Sex

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE
BICYCLE AND MOTOR-CYCLE SEAT

Patented May 19, 1925

1,588,542

Application filed February 16, 1924. Serial No. 693,327

. . . It is a primary object of my invention to provide a bicycle or motorcycle saddle having a suitable cavity properly located to allow comfortable clearance for the private organs of the male rider, said saddle having also a channel adapted to allow clearance for the female rider's private organs, to prevent pressure at the opening of said organs due to the weight of the rider, and tending also to keep said organs in a naturally closed state, the sides of said channel being substantially parallel and bell-mouthed. . . .

Referring to Fig. 1, a somewhat circular cavity 3 is formed on a medial line of the apparatus as a whole, at the junctions of said extension with said larger seating portion. Said cavity is of suitable size, shape and location to comfortably receive the private organs of a male rider and more particularly the testicle region of such rider. Said opening is of bell-mouthed formation, the bell-mouth character thereof being formed on the upper portion of said opening. Such bell-mouthed formation is particularly useful to the comfort of the male rider both during the riding act and also during the mounting or dismounting acts, said organs being slidably lodgeable or dislodgeable in relation to said opening when same is thus covered or uncovered by angular movement as compared to what may be called a vertical straight-away movement. . . .

The thunder of scoots and trikes pierced the desert air, sending a cacophony rolling into the distant hills. Flashing like so many explosions in the night, the bobbing headlights strobed the landscape, throwing surrealistic shadows and figures against barren outcroppings.

Trailing through the choking clouds of dust raised by man and machine came the twin hell wagons with their cargoes of busted scoots, weary bikers, and booze. They were all heading for the peak of the run, that nowhere land away from the fuckin' hassle and bitchin' of the condemned world. They were jammin' to a forgotten land; just a place where they could smile again, and ride easy.

A nameless ghost town near Lost River was the site. Long abandoned, it remained unknown until rediscovered by a couple of brothers humpin' along on a short vacation from The Man. The club staked it, and it remained reserved for those special party times unknown and unwanted by those not of the blood.

In the lead, Pacer's lamps first picked out the shapes of the few remaining buildings up ahead. He grinned at the cordon of beer cans reflecting back at him the righteous times of other days as he wheeled his seventy-four through.

"Ya dumb muthafuckers," he laughed at the top of his voice, kicking out. "Get the fuck outta my way." And with his head in the air and Avon reaching for the sky, he throttled up the dusty street, touching the freedom of the gods, his colors whipping in the wind.

The place was a mass of organized confusion as Pacer wheeled around and putted up to the ramshackle bar. He flashed a quick look at the old place bathed in moonlight; it appeared to be tilting a little more, and the gaping holes seemed just a little larger than the last time he was here. The jutting splinters of glass hanging from the windows made him think of old Lucy, and looking up, he saw her smilin', high in the sky.

"Jesus H. Christ, I gotta be flippin' out," he whispered to himself. But he knew he'd be seeing her again—and again.

The righteous sounds of the big panhead slowly died away after he

shut off the engine, and pulled his ass from the seat. Remembering to set the stand, he punched ineffectively at the dust cloaking him, hunched his shoulders, and gave up.

Bonfires were starting to sprout to the sounds of popping tabs, and the sweet smell of killer weed filled the air. Bustin' himself a jay, he sucked the harshness into his lungs, held it, and then exhaled slowly. Man, that's some fine shit, he thought as he ambled over to a cooler and plucked a brew from its icy grip. Settling back on the porch of the rickety bar, he just sipped and smoked, and let it all hang out as the tensions of the day started to leave.

Everyone was building up for the party when he finally managed to struggle to his feet a half hour later. Filling his lungs with air, he yelled at the top of his voice, "Get all your scraggly asses over here. Now!" But he didn't even disturb the smoke comin' from his second joint. Muthafucker, he thought. Getting his shit together once again, he gave the roar, and it carried almost three feet. Luckily, Gnat was passing by with his three hundred pounds, and caught the message.

"Ay, Pacer. What's happenin'? What ya gettin' uptight for? You just rest yourself, and I'll gather the boys."

It wasn't until a couple of tokes later that Pacer got his voice back, and by then everyone was around.

"Frenchie, Animal. Where the hell is that prospect?"

"He was right here a minute ago," replied Animal. "I just turned around, and he disappeared somewhere."

Pacer felt his throat start to tighten again, and the muscles on his thick neck began to bulge. "Well, get your shit together and find the bastard!" he grated. "If you'd keep pussy off your mind for a minute, ya wouldn't be fuckin' up like this."

Animal started to get pissed, but he knew it was like pissin' in the wind to say anything when Pacer was in one of his moods. Maddox was his responsibility, and he really didn't want to get his head busted.

"Go with him, Frenchie, and shake it," Pacer added. "Tell Mama to get her humpin' ass outta the bushes and get down here. The festivities are about to start." Smiling to the rest of

the dudes, he said: "Ya all know what's comin' down and what to do, so le's get it on." And turning on his heel, he walked right into the bar, or rather, the bar door. A muted "muthafucker" was drowned by the cheers of the brothers as they helped him inside.

Smoke and suds were making the rounds amid the laughter and noise of the brothers. A lantern hanging from a rafter provided the only illumination for the place.

Suddenly, the noise stopped as if by command, and the shaggy head of Animal came into view. Maddox appeared next, being held in tow by the hairy arm of Animal. Mama was doing a two-step with Maddox, and gripping Frenchie behind her. You really couldn't tell if Maddox's eyes were glazed, but he sure as hell had a problem walking.

Pacer's diffused vision focused on Maddox as he said: "What's the matter, fuckup? Ya wouldn't be thinkin' of coppin' out on your big night now, would ya?"

Maddox's arms started to twitch, and his mouth felt full of marbles as he replied: "N—naw, Pace. It's been a bummer tryin' to keep the cool, especially with Mama chasin' my ass all over the place. I ain't had a break since ya put me out, and since then she's been tryin' to put the shine on my meat. Goddammit! A dude can only take so much, ya know!"

A trickle of snickers from the brothers changed into a cascade of whooping and hollering as Maddox tried and failed to pull away from Mama's grip.

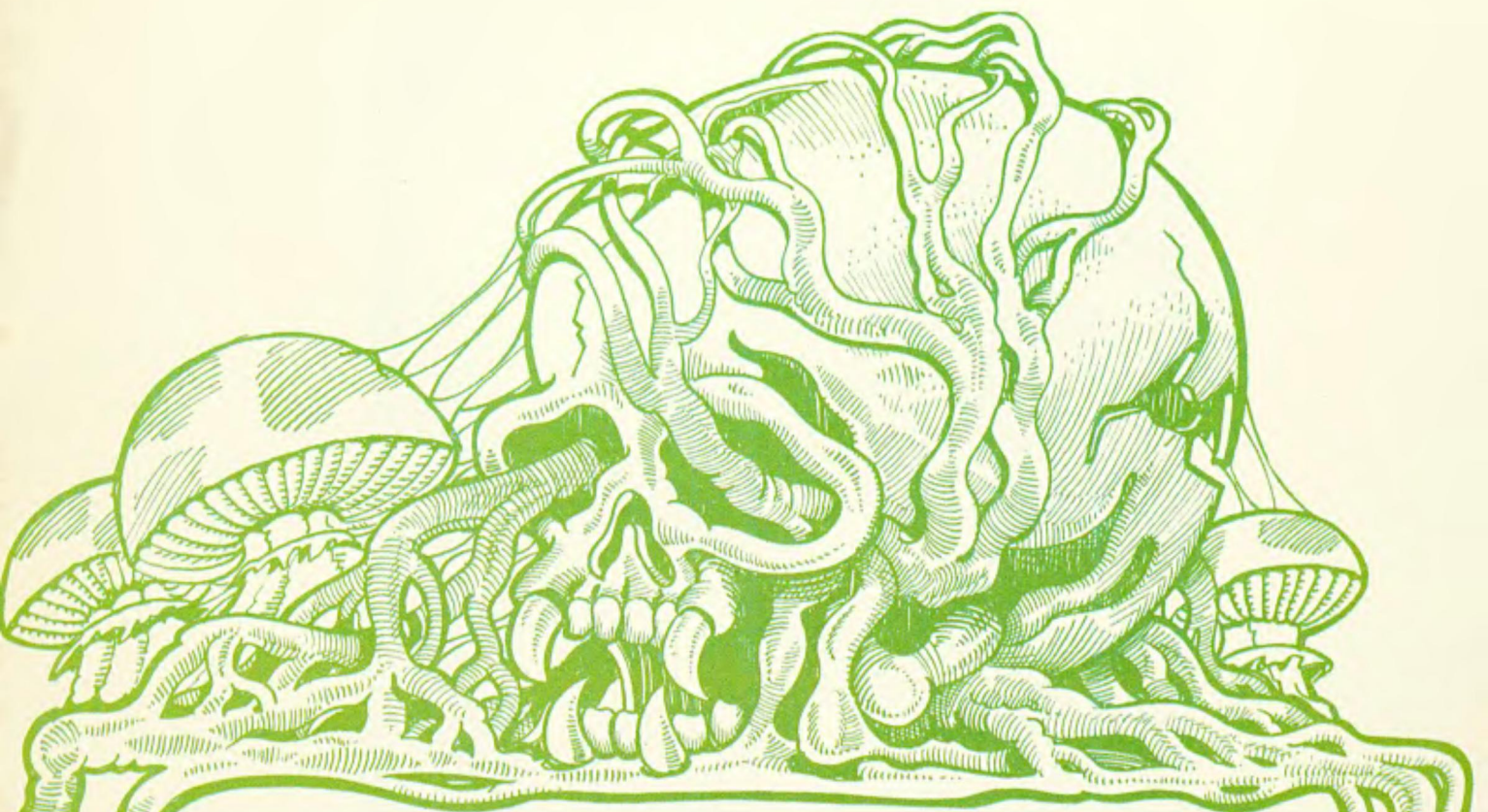
"Pacer!" he groaned. "Wo—wo—woodja tell her to get her goddam hand outta my pants!"

Pacer's gasping for breath turned into a rattling laugh as he tried to steady himself. "What the hell for?" he finally asked, in a choked voice. "Ya know she wants to be human too."

As somebody hit the radio for some sounds, the joint exploded into heavy waves of rock, and Mama, with her everpresent cool, just dug her hand in deeper.

It came to the point a short while later that Blackjack started to swing off the lantern, and Crabs was floating around the ceiling, while Spider

—Continued on page 64



Big Heavy

Dear Manny
Any Joint, U.S.A.

Ol' buddy, I have a story I want to pass on to you. Any similarity to persons living or dead, I leave up to you. You and I are the only living witnesses, so who else is to say?

This much I assure you: The identities of the persons involved have been well established. Many times, in many places, it was my experience to observe the activities and situations of one young man in the process of growing up.

In the story, as well as in life, this dude would have to be known as "Heavy," and, poppa, I mean "Big Heavy."

The first part of the story you already know something about, but I doubt that you've heard the rest of it. So bear with me while I repeat the early part before taking you into the part you undoubtedly don't know.

The town of Waterhole, Texas, is a couple of hundred miles from the Mexican border, and there aren't more than four thousand inhabitants in the complete distance. Waterhole is the home of a cat named Cactus Jack, an old time hustler, now in semi-retirement.

A couple of eastern gents, in the importing business, had come to Waterhole to contact their friend Cactus Jack, because he knew where to score for some of that fine Tobac, which flourishes with great abundance south of the border and is known far and wide for its quality.

Manny and Moe, the eastern gents, spent a couple of days visiting with their old friend and his family, reminiscing some old touches, pokin' on a few tokes, and laying plans for the trip to score.

It was decided that only Cactus Jack and Manny would make the trip, so they are off and runnin' the

next day, a trip which was uneventful.

Upon arriving at Ciudad Villa Acuña, Coahuila, Mexico, which is across the Rio Grande from Del Rio, Texas, they went straight-away to the connection.

After an agreement as to the price per kilogram for the weed, a time was set for the meet that night; and then, so as to be as unobtrusive as possible, Manny and Cactus Jack returned to the Texas side of the border, driving out to where the Devil's River meanders treacherously along its timeless way. Here they pulled off into the bush and underbrush, where they made a dry camp and settled down to await the coming of darkness and the expected pickup.

This being Manny's first trip along the border, he was more than somewhat impressed at the extremity of the air temperature. The car

By Wendell

radio had just announced: "That winds up the noontime news. The present temperature stands at one hundred and fifteen degrees."

Manny glanced at his partner, Cactus Jack, and said, "Jack, I always thought you had a sort of strange look in your eye, and now I understand why. Anyone who can live in this environment has got to be just a little touched in the head; Jeez-us H. Christ, ain't this a hot mother-roo?"

Jack smiled a wry, knowing smile and replied: "Many ol' buddy, if you think this is hot, evaluate the possibility of the heat we will undergo if this Chicano sets us up for The Man. They will fry our asses if that happens, and when dealing with these people, who knows?"

"Do you think this guy will put it on us?" Manny wondered. Jack mused aloud: "Well, I have done business with this dude on several different occasions, and he has always come up right; who'n the fuck knows, though? These people are something else. Especially since the feds give them twenty percent of the street value; and most of the time, give them most of the weed also. Makes it mighty tempting, and has turned many a connection into a fuckin' fink. We'll play it by ear and be real cool; and if we don't like the happenings, we simply back off. Okay?"

After several hours of sweat and fighting a various assortment of gnats, flies, wasps, and one large, ugly, as well as unsociable rattlesnake—which Manny disposed of

with one round of his .38—Ol' Sol, the sun, finally gave it up and sank below the horizon, much of the pleasure and comfort of these two road-buddies.

Entering back into Mexico, crossing the Rio Bravo—or as we gringos call it, the Rio Grande—Manny and Jack proceeded out to the edge of town to the small cantina where they were to make the pickup of fifty kilos of the Mota.

Upon arriving, Jack said to Manny, "I'll go inside and let the stud know we're here; you stay outside and cover me. If anything goes wrong, you'll hear it; this I guarantee."

With Manny holding off the dogs, Jack went in to meet with the dealer.

Now this cantina was a typical one of many in this small border town. It had a ten-foot adobe wall surrounding it. Inside, the wall was lined with very small rooms, or cribs, as they are commonly known, to be used by the young ladies of the evening in pursuit of their amorous and monetary activities.

Inquiring of the bartender as to the whereabouts of the connection, Jack was told he was in a certain crib and was awaiting Jack's arrival.

Entering the crib, the short hair on the back of Jack's neck bristled. The mental bell of warning that had become second nature to him as a combat parachutist sounded, *boing!*

Facing him in this tiny cubicle was a man of Mexican origin, whom Jack had never seen before. A man dressed in dark trousers, white dress

shirt, a black string necktie, and a fine white Panama sombrero.

Having lived among the natives and being aware of the gulf that exists between the affluent, who are Don Jefes, and the po' boy, who is referred to as a peon, Jack mentally surmised, "This is The Man!"

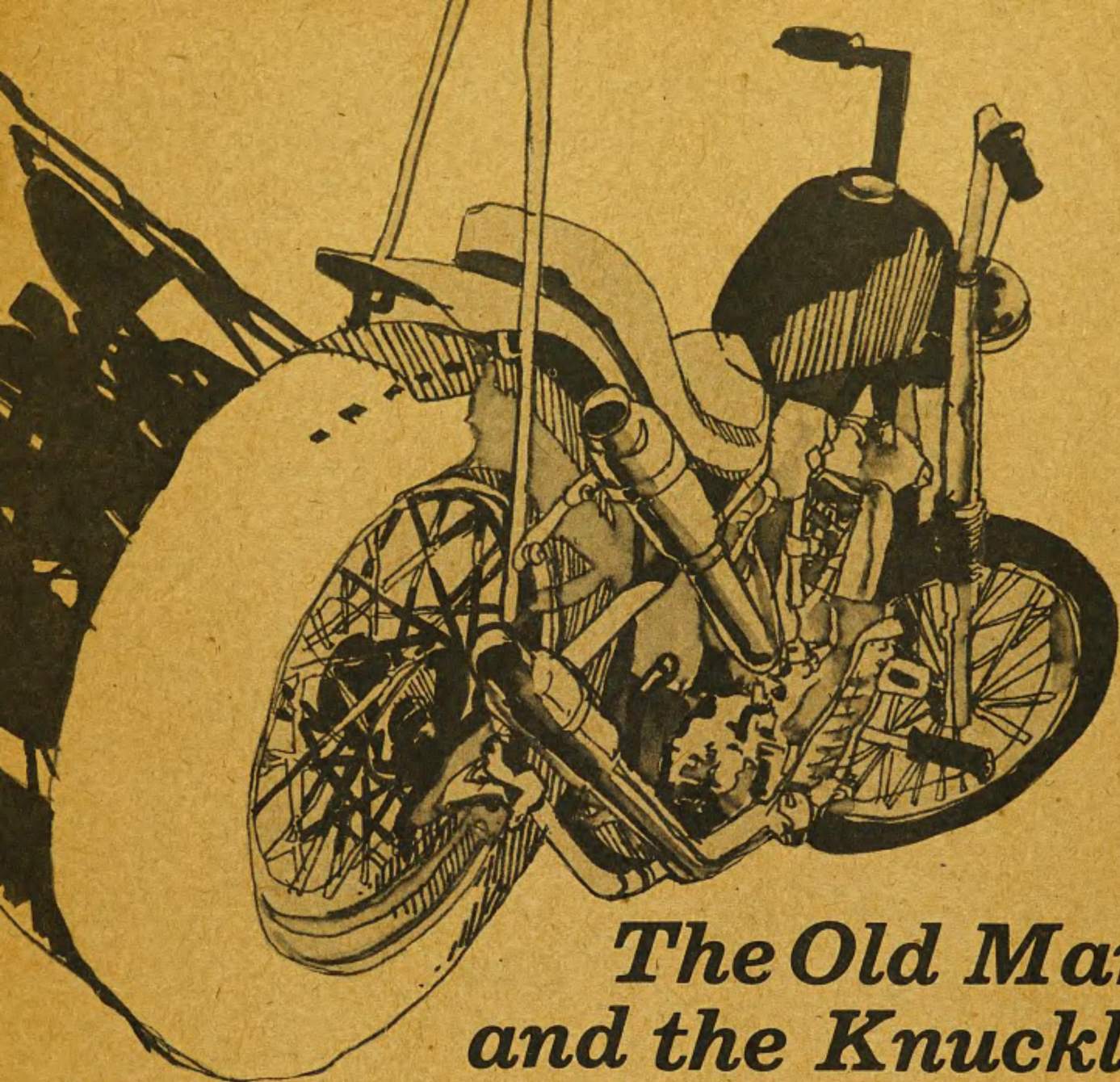
The Mexican opened the conversation with: "Chopo he say he no can be here, but ees okay, for I am the one who ees got the weed, only it will be thirty dullor for kilo"—meanwhile, handing Jack two big fat joints, which Jack lost no time in firing up.

The quality of the grass was of the finest Jack had ever burned; and friends, that boy has burned good Mota for more than thirty years. Yet the animal instinct in him kept saying, o-nay, o-nay, so he told the man that he wasn't prepared to pay that much, and would have to check with his people, as Chopo had set the price at twenty-five a kilo; he would have to get the word from his friends, whether they would go for the raise in price. Promising to return within an hour, he left the man in the crib.

Going out to his car, and finding Manny standing in the shadows of the cantina, Jack said flatly, "Let's get the hell out of here, buddy, we've been fingered," explaining what had happened inside the crib.

"I know a side trail we can take and miss the downtown traffic, and come out just this side of the bridge, which is about four miles from here."

With this, Jack turned off the road



The Old Man and the Knuckle

"Hey, Rabbit! Hold up a second, man!"

I waited as The Man unlocked the big iron gate to let my brother onto the third floor. Ironie, but the only place I'd ever know Smokey was in prison. He was a young dude, only 20, but then again, maybe I'm saying that rather than mention the fact that I'm a bit older. I'm not sure. I am sure of one thing though, when you use the words *class* and *heart*, you're talking about Smokey, as well as a lot of other scooter tramps who walk inside prison walls.

Smokey threw his arm around my shoulder.

"Did you see that bitchin' knucklehead out in the parking lot this afternoon?"

There was excitement in his voice and he didn't even give me a chance to answer before he went on.

"It was one bad motherfucker! Raked, kicked out, with an 18 or 20 springer!"

He was waving his hands for emphasis. "Gold and brown with a Sporty tank! And man, it was chromed to the ass! Musta been a forty-one, or somewhere around there!"

I knew the scooter Smokey was talking about, but he was so engrossed in his description that I had no chance to tell him that!

"And dig on this, Rabbit! I'm trippin' on the scoot, right? Then out of the visiting room comes this old dude, about a hundred and ninety years old, walks over to this bitchin'

knucklehead, climbs on, primes the mutha and fires it up!" His voice had gone high with pure amazement.

"I ain't lyin', Rabbit! No shit! I know this sounds like that little old lady from Pasadena story, but I swear on my patch it's the fuckin' truth! I mean to tell you, I almost shit my pants!"

"Do me a favor, Smokey. Don't shit your pants here. The Man's been on my ass already 'cause my cell's such a mess!"

"You think I'm lyin', huh, Rabbit? You think I'm bullshittin' about the old man and the scooter, huh? I swore on my patch! Ain't that proof? Well? Ain't it?" There was genuine hurt in his voice.

"That's proof enough, Smoke. And

besides, I know you ain't lyin'."

He eyed me suspiciously.

"You do? How? Did you see it too?"

"No."

"Then how do you know?"

"I know the old man, Smoke. That's all."

"Oh, yeah?" He paused in thought. "Goddam, Rabbit! I knew you was old, but not that fuckin' old!"

"Up yours, Smokey!"

His face lit up with a big grin and I knew I had made a mistake by letting him see that he'd hit a sore spot!

"Damn, Rabbit! If you know that old dude, you must be about 90 or so yourself!"

His voice dropped low. "Now tell me the truth, bro Rabbit, what was really written on those tablets that old Moses brought down from the mountain?"

His laughter left no room for response. Besides, it was useless. Smokey was notorious for his quick humor!

"Let's talk about the man instead, okay?"

"The old man?" He paused in thought. "Oh yeah! Where'd you know him from?"

"Tennessee."

"Tennessee?"

"Yeah, a long time ago."

"Well, it sure blew my head to see that old dude fire up that scooter! And it was a kick-starter too! Wonder why he's still ridin'. Man, that dude was old!"

"First off, Smokey, anybody over twenty-five is old to you. And second, maybe that's all he knows. Maybe he's been ridin' so long it's his whole way of life."

"Hell, you said you knew the dude. Why don't we grab some coffee and kick back on the yard? Then you can run this trip down to me, okay?"

"Okay."

Later we lay in the grass, passing the luke-warm coffee back and forth between us. Smokey fired up a cigarette as he waited.

"You were right, Smokey, what you saw today is an old man. You'd insult him if you spoke to him about an electric starter. He always says that when he gets too old to kick that knuckle over, that's when they'll be throwin' dirt in his face at the cemetery."

Old memories flooded my head as I lay there staring at the sky.

"Yeah, he's old. Fifty-three, as a matter of fact. But I remember a

younger dude. His hair was black then, not grey. He wore the old stove-pipe levis and a leather jacket with a dozen chains. He rode a knucklehead back then too. I've seen him with cuts and bruises he's picked up on the way out of a beer joint. Or after layin' it down on a strip of asphalt. Then I've seen him add sweat and a few skinned knuckles to those cuts and bruises, as he worked on somebody's car or truck, to get the money to put his scooter back on the road."

I stopped long enough to finish the rest of the coffee.

"Yeah, Smokey, he's one tough sonofabitch! Except for one time. He was on his way home from a party that him and his brothers were having at the state park in Tennessee. He was pretty loaded and missed a curve, up in the mountains, on old route 25. He was packin' his ol' lady with him. She died on the way to the hospital. The doctors put him back together with steel pins and catgut. His bike was in the garage at home and he never showed any interest in rebuilding it like before. It sat there for months. Then one night, he got extra drunk and headed for the garage. I watched as he picked up a couple of tools and started to dismantle the fallen knuckle. That was the one time in my life I saw him cry. But the tears were soon replaced by sweat and cussin', as he worked."

Turning over, I faced Smokey.

"You ever seen an artist paint, brother?"

"Yeah, a dude in my cell block paints."

"Well then, that's the way the old man works on a scooter. Like an artist. Drunk or sober. His hands get a little stiff. It takes him a little longer. But the artist in him is still there. He used to say to me, 'The bike a man rides is a reflection of what he is on the inside.' That's what you saw today, Smokey. The inside of the man. And to use your own words, 'one beautiful mother-fucker.'"

Smokey shook his head. "That was one bitchin' bike!"

"Yeah. But he's more than that, Smoke. He's a guy who'll fight you from daylight to dark. If he kicks your ass, but you fought a good fight, likely as not he'll help you up and offer to buy you a beer. He'll split his last cigarette with you. Give you half of his last dollar. Stay with you till the wheels fall off, even if you're wrong, as

long as you're his brother! And never turn his back on a friend in trouble. He used to tell me, 'You may not be able to say you won the fuckin' fight, but the important part is, you should always be able to say you was in the middle of the damn thing!'"

I watched as Smokey nodded in agreement. That was the code that Smokey knew well and practiced often.

"I guess by society's standards that old man's a failure. He has no steady job. Has no car or house. And most of the clothes he owns, he's wearing on his back. He can't write too well. Can't spell worth a damn. Talks very little and drinks a lot. Fact is, that knucklehead is about the only thing the old boy owns that has any real value. That is, unless you can put a price tag on his brothers and his friends. Because right there's where the old man comes out on top. He's a rich sonofabitch when it comes to friends. When you use words like *brother*, *class*, *heart*, *respect*, *righteous scooter tramp*—well, he's earned all those titles through the years. And he wears the scars for each, inside and out. Yeah, I guess by some people's standards the old man's a failure. Someone the creeps laugh at, or use as an example of how their son will turn out if he doesn't go to school. But to me, he's a success. He lives his life the way he wants to live it. He's never wasted his time trying to live up to the expectations of other people. He's more concerned with the expectations he sets up for himself. His philosophies are realistic and simple ones, like, 'Don't judge a man on how bad he gets knocked down, we all go sometime; take a look at how he gets back up.' Another favorite of his is, 'Earn respect, don't buy it. Give it away free when it's deserved, don't sell it.'"

I looked at my empty coffee cup and stood up to stretch.

"You say he's old, Smokey? He is. But his philosophies are still up to date. That is, if we use them. Fact is, if all the brothers used them, we'd have a lot more 'righteous scooter tramps' around. He might appear small in the eyes of some people, but to me the man's a giant!"

I started to walk away, and then turned back.

"Oh. In case you're wondering how I happen to know so much about that old man, I'll tell you. You see, brother, he happens to be my dad!" ■

The Substitute Stud

I was about ready to puke. I mean, seeing your best buddy and fearless club leader pacing a jail cell is as jarring as a knee in the groin. Pale of face, bruised and shaken, Jojo looked lower than a crocodile milker's stool. No crap, he looked like somebody'd tried to do away with him in a malfunctioning garbage disposal.

What made the scene even more of a bummer was the sight of Jojo's ol' lady, Thelma Thunderpussy, standing there blubbering all over herself. I wasn't sure if she was grieving more for Jojo or for herself. The fact is, Thelma is about as eager as a mare on Spanish fly. Three days without balling or giving head had left its mark on her well-stacked chassis. She couldn't go on much longer without a good re-bore job.

Man, she was something to see in her skintight denim pants, her belligerent bra-free boobs straining against her chopshirt, with those lewd, pouting lips quivering under a head of shimmering black hair held tight in a beaded Indian headband.

Digging my drooling glance she snapped, "Pull in your eyeballs, you horny bastard. You could be busted for statutory rape!"

"You read me wrong," I lied through my pot-stained fangs. "I, too, am worried about Jojo. But one thing is for damn sure—they cannot legally execute him without first bringing him to trial by a jury of his peers."

"Peers-schmeers," Thelma wailed. "You goddam book freak! Just see how pitiful my loving stud looks."

I had to admit that Jojo did not look well, not well at all. But then who would after being discovered in the pad of a strange and unwilling straight chick, who also chanced to be a karate instructress!

"They should have left his pain-wracked ass in the hospital," I muttered, noting Jojo's out-of-camber shuffling. It was a lopsided kind of

gait, not unlike that of a wounded water buffalo suffering from a severe case of jock itch.

"It looks to me like they've sprung his goddam frame," Thelma Thunderpussy moaned. "He won't be worth a diddly-damn in the sack until I nurse him back to health."

"Just be brave," I said, patting her tempting backside, "and pray that he does not develop lockjaw."

"Don't ever say that," Thelma groaned. "Not even in jest!"

Then, leaving her to worry about that possibility, I cut out of the dank corridor and went to rap with the desk sergeant in charge of the pokey.

"We have tried all over town," I told him in my very best junior college syntax, "to raise the exorbitant bail levied against our friend and comrade, but without success. Is there any chance of having it lowered? You could release him in my custody."

"No way!" the lard-assed fuzz snapped. Then his fat face took on a shit-eating grin. "Why don't you hock your buddy's meat machine and spring him?"

What blasphemy!

I felt like telling him to go take a flying hump at himself, but I thought better of it. I mean, you have to go through the whole goddam humble bit with these shit-heads.

"That's quite impossible," I said from between clenched teeth. "Although Jojo's righteous scot is valued at more than three grand, he would rather remain incarcerated than risk losing it."

Lard-ass shot me a bored glance and turned away. "That," he said, "is tough titty. But I don't make the rules. I just enforce them."

"You must have seen many cases like this one," I said tentatively. "How much time do you think my friend will get out of this?"

Lard-ass shrugged. "For Assault With Intent To . . . ?"

"Intent to what?" I queried.

"Intent to commit rape! They'll probably throw away the keys on him. Unless . . ."

"Unless what?" I demanded.

"Unless the complaining witness, Miss Abigail Lipshitz, drops the charges against him."

I shook my head slowly. "No way," I said. "I know Abigail. Miss Lipshitz is hard-hearted, an odds-on favorite for spinsterhood, and is suffering from terminal frigidity. Billy Graham is more apt to drop his drawers in Madison Square Garden than she is to drop the charges!"

"How come you know the complaining witness?"

"We all live in the same building," I told him. "That's how this funky comedy of errors began. You see, Jojo's ol' lady, Miss Thelma Thunderpussy, lives on the fifth floor. Miss Lipshitz lives on the sixth—directly above her. My good buddy Jojo was slightly high when this alleged offense took place."

"He was gassed to the ass is what he was," smirked the sergeant. "When they brought him in his breath smelled like a condemned winery located in a field of weed. There was a goddam swarm of Mexican fruit flies circling in a holding pattern over his head!"

"At any rate," I went bravely on, "Jojo thought he was entering Thelma's apartment, when in fact he had pushed the elevator button for the sixth floor by mistake and climbed into Abigail's sack."

"Then it'll all turn out okay in court," lard-ass said, clucking sympathetically. "Your friend can explain all that to the judge when he comes up for trial next week."

"But we can't wait until next week!"

"Not that it makes any difference," he said, "but why not?"

"Because," I cried, "after two years of blood, sweat and tears, Jojo has finally established the Maiden-head Wheels M.C. and this weekend

—Continued on page 72





**“Aw,
c’mon,
you
guys!”**

By Carol

Aw, c'mon, you guys! What the hell are us chicks supposed to be doing in the kitchen and the bedroom all by ourselves? The days get long and the nights even longer when we're spending them waiting for you to come home. When we get a substitute for the bedroom while we're waiting for you, you get all uptight and nasty about it. If we wait in the kitchen we get fat and then you bitch about that. So what do you want us to do? Even if you expand the old saying to claim that our place is "in the home"... what do you think there is to do for 24 hours every day in one dump?

People are just people whether they have a cock or a cunt, and all people have individual likes, dislikes, ambitions, habits, etc. It's always been my ambition to get the sprinkler system in a Sears-Roebuck store to come on. I can't figure out how to get the whole thing to going without starting a big fire—and I have no desire to start a fire. But that's a whole 'nother story.

The fact that I'm a broad and not a stud doesn't mean I'm immune to the bug that gets into your blood and makes you want to build machines. That bug doesn't check your pants before it attacks. It gets in through your head, not your sex organs. It doesn't make me any less a woman.

Fuck women's lib! They're just a bunch of insecure females who are mad because mama nature gave each of us only one set of tools and they don't think they got the right ones. They think they should have had a choice and they are trying to trade places with men. Dumb! They are insecure as women, so they are trying to be something they can't be and trying to drag the rest of us with them. Screw them. I'm happy the way I am.

I'm talking about plain ordinary people. The way I see it, the only thing that makes us equal is the right to exist. We all have an equal right to exist and that's where equality ends. Men aren't even "equal" to each other in any other sense, so how can they be equal to women? The same goes for women. I'm not equal to my ol' man and he's not equal to me. We are totally different individuals, so how could we be equal except in the sense that we both deserve to be here as much as the next couple? My ol' man can do a lot of things better than I can. I can do a lot of things better than he can. What he can do and what I can do are all important things, so what difference does it make which of us can do them? Whether any of the things we do are generally associated with one sex or the other is totally irrelevant. "Equal" is another of those words people tack on places where it doesn't belong.

Face it, men! There are some women who are capable of being better mechanics than some men. I'm not a dynamite mechanic. I

am, however, better than some men, as good as other men, and not nearly as good as others. Some men as mechanics make very good dishwashers. As a dishwasher, I'm a very good mechanic.

People who aren't turned on by the pulsing of a sound engine aren't capable of being a good mechanic because they don't want to be. Whether they are male or female makes no difference.

Look at it like this. You like building machines, right? In fact, you love building machines. The feeling it gives you when you get an engine together and running is really far out, right? You dig taking the scoot you just built with your own two hands out to show it off to the world—to be able to say "I built this beauty myself!" Right? Ok. Now your ol' lady says, "It's me or the bike, which do you want?" What a letdown, right? Whether you chose her or the bike makes no difference. It's a still a letdown. It's like someone saying, "Give me that toy!" and smacking you up side the head with it right in the middle of a really fine trip. So what makes you think chicks are immune to that same thing? If I built a machine that I was really proud of, was out profiling on it, and my ol' man suddenly grabbed it away from me and said "Go sit in the kitchen!" it would be the same thing.

Hey, I don't mind cooking for my ol' man. I'm not much of a cook but at our house eating is just something you do to stay alive anyway. I dig being in bed with him. It's what makes the hassles of the day worth going through. I have kids, one ready to drop any day, and will probably have more kids. I dig them, too. I dig playing house with my ol' man. (There's only one thing I despise about that game and that's washing dishes.) But it still doesn't take up all my time and I'm the kind of person who gets bored stiff and hard to get along with when I haven't got anything useful to do. Most of us are like that. I have tits and a cunt like any woman does. There's nothing unwomanly about me. I've never had any complaints from my ol' man. *In spite of* being a woman, I have engines and grease and wrenches and wheels and nuts and bolts running in my blood, and if I were forced to stay "in my place" I wouldn't be any good at much of anything. Take a person's true love away and she loses her desire to do anything. Who wants to live with a zombie?

I don't want to take your manhood. I just want to borrow some wrenches.

P.S. To the guy who thinks "chicks" came from the word *chickens* because we're stupid: It didn't come from the word *chickens* until women's lib got hold of it. Even so, what makes you think "cocks" (male chickens) are any smarter? Anybody who starts crowing at sunup out of choice has got to be stupid. Not to mention inconsiderate. ■

Strange Collection

I've been collecting and hoarding rare and unusual human by-products. I have the largest and finest grouping of such in this man's universe.

The following is a partial listing of my fabulous findings: 37 lbs. of belly button lint, stored in a Holiday Inn pillow case; one kilo of toe jam, neatly bricked and deodorized; two cans of ear wax; six pairs of Tricky Dick's shorts with genuine hash marks, marked there by the biggest brownie in the U.S.A.

My problem is that the bacteria from this collection have given me lofmofadosis. That's when the sweat from your balls runs down your leg and rots a hole in your sock.

Question: Do you know anyone who might be interested in buying fifteen right-foot socks?

The Travelin' Terror
Safford, Ariz.

● Pass.

It Buggers Him

How can I get my man to quit calling me "cunt"? It really bugs me when he calls me that.

Frank W.
Gainesville, Ga.

● Tell him that if he doesn't stop you're never gonna grab your ankles for him again.

Deep Throat

I saw the movie **Deep Throat** three weeks ago, and my joint still hasn't gone down. Please send me your pic in order to scare it down. It's really getting embarrassing to have a hardon all the time, so how about helping me out?

Boze
Rapid City, S.D.

● Just who do you think taught Linda how to do such righteous knob jobs? As to your problem, ring your dog. That might do it—depending on how off-the-wall you are.

Best Friend

I came home recently and found my ol' lady in bed with my best friend—my dog. How could a chick do this to a guy?

Disgusted
Memphis, Tenn.

● Well, she might have thought it was you. And, of course, he might be hung better than you. And besides, Christ knows that all dogs have beautiful long tongues.

Strange Trip

My ol' man has a strange sex trip. He fills the bath tub with lime jello and then we crawl into it and ball.

Cody
Geannette, Pa.

● Yeah, lime jello is a little unusual. I prefer strawberry myself.

Old-Fashioned

I like to ball the typical old-fashioned way, but all my ol' man wants to do is go down on me or poke me in the poop chute. What should I do?

Horny Mama
Oakland, Calif.

● Let him continue his act, and dig on it—but on the side, buy yourself a cucumber. I've found the knobby ones are bitchin'.

Comin' Dust

I have this problem. I am doing time, a 5 to 15 in a nuthouse; they have me on this stuff called Elavil; and

every time I jerk off all I get is dust. But that's not my worst problem. They think I'm getting better and they want to send me back to the prison. Do you think if you sent me a picture of you and I put it on my wall, they would really know I'm crazy?

Crazy Mack
Aurora, N.C.

● They'd have to.

Big Stud

I've been having trouble getting some ass from my ol' lady. I'm 6'4", 280 lbs., and she's 5', 100 lbs. I'm enclosing a self-addressed envelope for your picture — maybe that'll scare her into giving me more. Do you think it's my size that turns her off?

Yogi
Detroit, Mich.

● Maybe she doesn't like the size of your meat. I've seen some huge dudes with cranks the size of an underfed worm.

Can't Imagine

I saw your picture in a recent issue and you were holding a huge roll of bologna. I can't imagine you putting that between your legs.

San Francisco, Calif.
Steve Yanz

● Baby, you'd be surprised at what I stuff or what gets stuffed between my lovely legs.

Big Problem

I got this problem. I'm in the can and I need some help with my chick. Like when she comes to visit me she won't give me any head. But a bigger problem is that when I tell her to pull up her dress so I can eat her she keeps saying no, 'cause she thinks the pig will stop me, but I

don't care about that as long as I can get a quick taste of her dynamite pussy. It's been 5 years since I've had anything.

Dirty Del
Somers, Conn.

● Tell her to sit on your lap. If she doesn't, then break her neck.

Different Spots

I just got your picture, and I want you to know that the fact you're overweight doesn't mean a thing to me. I think it would be far out having a different spot on your body to screw every night.

Dan Way
Texarkana, Tex.

● Why restrict it to nights?

Taking A Bath

How in hell can I get my ol' lady to quit bitchin' because I don't take a bath? I've washed my cock twice this summer, so what more could she want?

Jocko
Mansfield, Ohio

● Shit-can her and find someone who understands (can stand?) you.

Digs Me

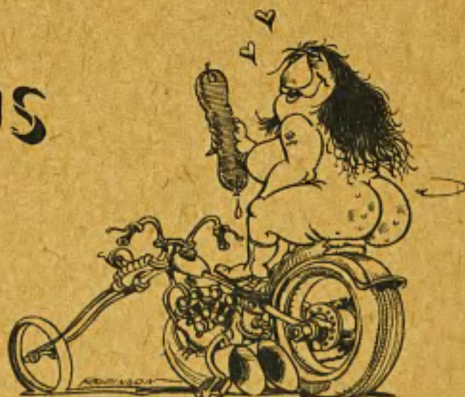
I got your pic, and even though you're an ugly, rotten, scraggy-lookin' whore, you're still better than the fags here in prison.

Dino
Vacaville, Calif.

● Gee, thanks.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

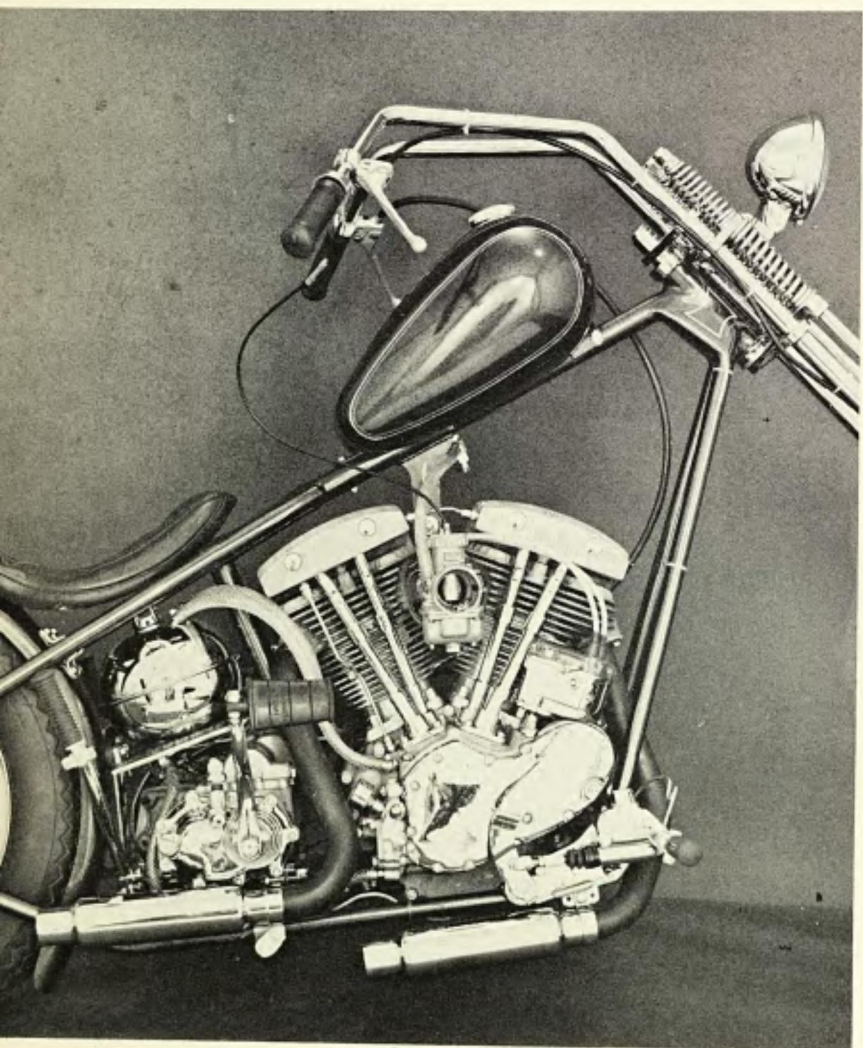




Bandit Takes a Trip

When my first rat bike hit the streets three or four years ago, I felt like the first black to drink from the town's fountain. The damn Man was on me like flies on shit—they musta thought I was straight outta the center of the earth. When I'd fly up to the local Hog shop, people would run out and move their scoots to the other side of the barn. And my puttin' partners would pat me on the back (with beer bottles) and tell me how bad they felt, 'cause they thought the only reason I didn't have a flashy scooter was that I couldn't afford chrome. In fact, for a while I was under the impression that the editor of this shitty rag hired me just to show me the righteous path to building scooters.

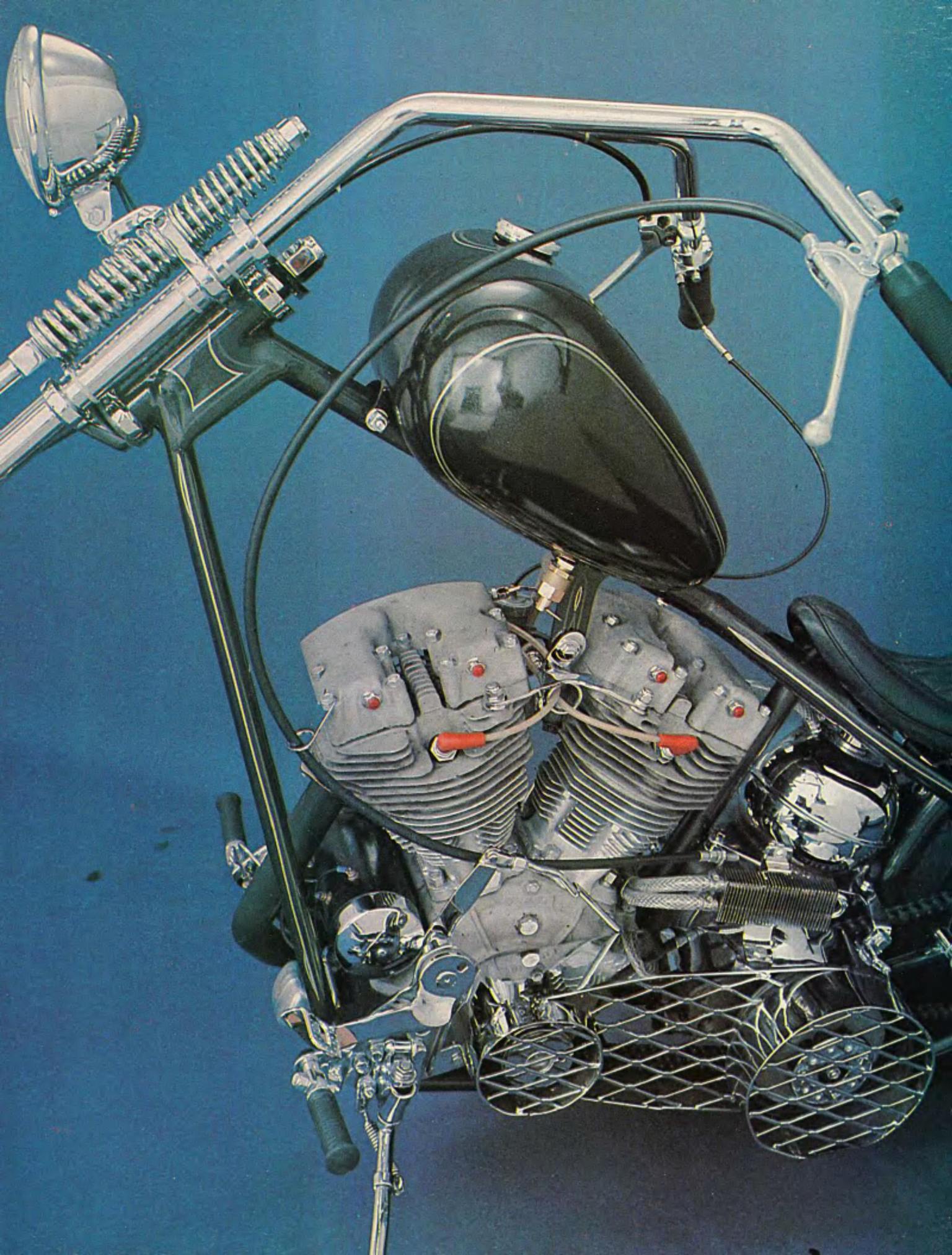




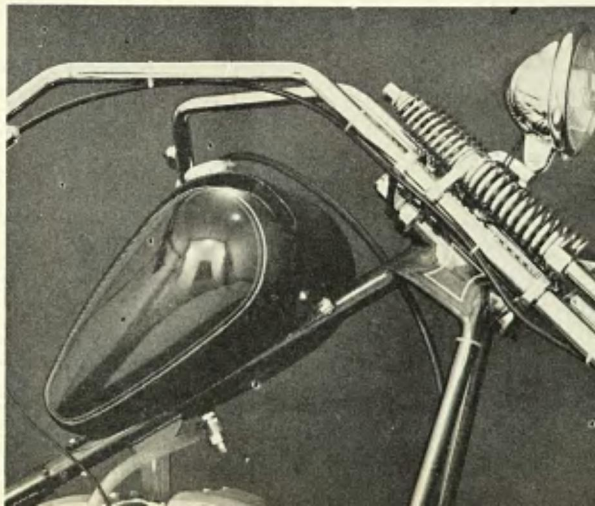
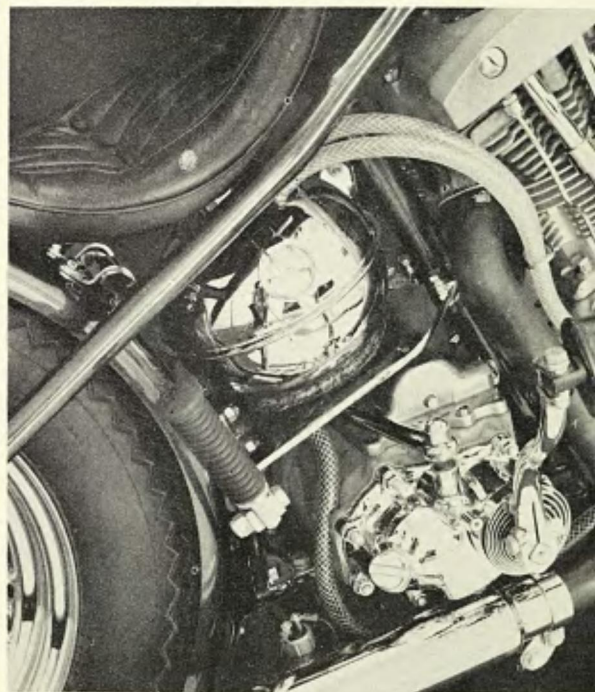
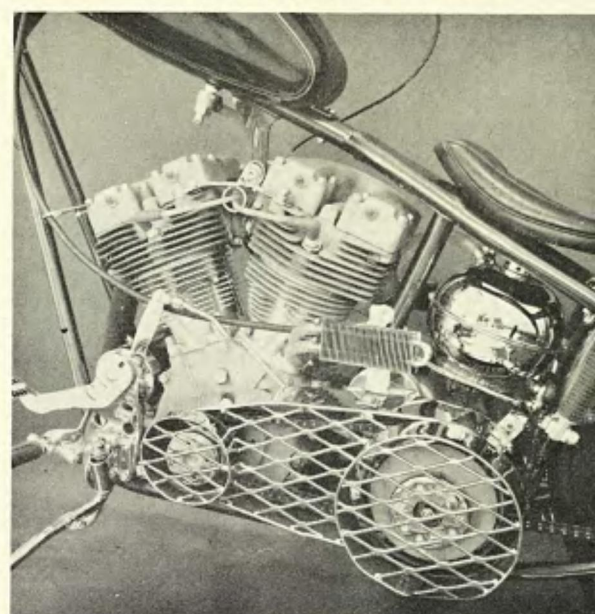
While I putted that bastard, people kept rebuilding their pretty bikes, stopping at water puddles and turning back at dirt roads to keep their scooter's flash. "Save the chrome" was a common line, 'cause two-hundred-fish chrome bills weren't too scarce. And often enough, the same amount went into a super-coated, super-thick, freak paint job. A dude could party a long time on that kind of dust. But my 80 pressed on through those mudholes, over fields, dogs, and into garage doors; without rebuilds, cans of wax or chrome fees.

But time buzzed on and the word came down that rat bikes weren't just for rats. I picked up on some people rapping down chrome, and brothers laying down some shit that next time they were gonna build 'em a rat. One of my people was chasin' chrome outta his threads a year or so ago when he broke the tap off his left case. Now he has a rat. Another partner laid his, just-finished, scooter down in the rain. He's now into spray cans of black rustproofing.

It wasn't long until people were putting together black, beat-up-lookin' beasts and running the muthas without the use of gunk or any such cleaners, for as long as the pistons stayed in the cylinders. Well, one bright day when I staggered outta this ol' gas station (we call it an office) I couldn't pick out my sled from the rest of the basket cases



Owner: Bandit	City: L.A., Calif.
General	Frame
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1974
Year and make: 1966 H-D	Builder: Action Choppers
Model: FL	Type: stretched
Value: whatever	Rake: 10° over stock
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 4 1/2 in.
Time: 6 months	Other alterations:
Chroming by: Supreme	Accessories
Engine	Bars: Denver's
Year: 1966	Risers: none
Model: FL	Fender(s): 5 in. flat
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: Bates
Ignition: Bomar magneto	Taillight: Cat's Eye
Displacement: 76 cu. in.	Speedo: none
Lower end: MC pin	Front pegs: Super Glide passenger
Balancing: stock	Rear pegs: Super Glide passenger
Pistons: MC 10 1/2:1	Electrics: Spts'tr. capacitor and regulator
Cases: sandblasted	Gas tank: Paughco
Heads: polished	Oil tank: owner, smudge-pot
Cam: +1 Sifton	Oil system: Cad cooler
Lifters: brazed solid	Primary cover: owner
Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni	Seat: Cobra
Air cleaner: none	Sissy bar: owner
Pipes: drag	Height: 11 in. above fender
Muffler(s): MCM Shorty	Material: 1 1/4 x 1/4 flat bar
Transmission	Forks
Modifications: H.E.S. press. plate	Type: springer
Year: 1965	Extension: 25 in. over stock
Shifting: ratchet top	Builder: Denver's
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: bars fit into front end
Trans. sprocket: 22	Wheels
Wheel sprocket: stock	Front
Painting	Size: 19 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: Sportster
Painter: owner	Rim width: 3 in.
Color: charcoal	Tire: 3.75
Type: spray can lacquer	Brake: Sportster
Spl. paint: striping, Auto Graphics	Rear
Other special modifications: Cad oil cooler, H.E.S. petcock, bearing support for trans made from inner primary.	Size: 16 in.
	Hub: stock
	Rim width: 5 in.
	Tire: 5.00
	Brake: Juice





parked in the mud. So, loaded as I was at the moment, I had this marvel flash—to pull a mindfuck on these people and build a pretty scooter. Would you believe they weren't impressed?

I had put together a few trick scooters in the past while I was working in a shop, and things hadn't changed, except to get more expensive. The chrome took just as long and blah, blah, blah; we all know the hassles. But I gotta admit, when that monster first barked, fired up, the oil pressure rose, the lights flicked on, the exhaust cleared, and the chrome reflected the new paint, it was far out. I can't describe the rush, but it was beautiful. So don't go jumpin' to any attitudes; a bike that has a little of the ol' skin into it and is lookin' fine is some kind of high. There are bunches of freaky trips a brother can take with his scoot: a rat for fuckin' up and partyin', a pretty scooter for puttin', a stroker for gettin' it on and truckin', a fatbob for the miles, or any combination. Whatever the bike or the reason—they're all a good trip.

—Bandit





“I’d give my
left nut to own
one of these—
how ’bout you?”

When we think of Harley, we usually think of two-wheelers. But thanks to L. J. Ryley and Mike Walsh we are able to show you here some of the wide variety of uses for the ol’ Harley sidehack—from casket carriers to ice cream vendors!

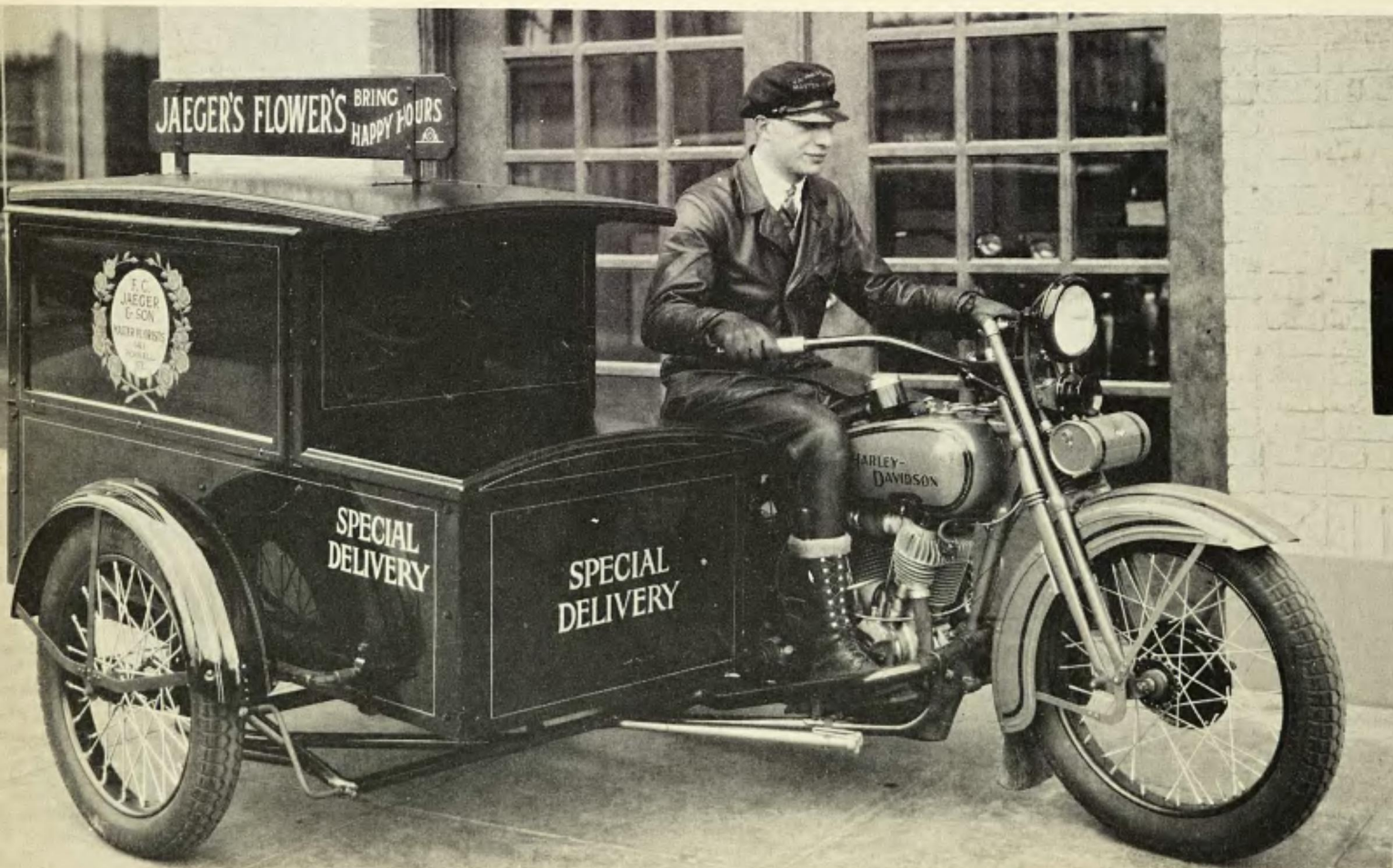
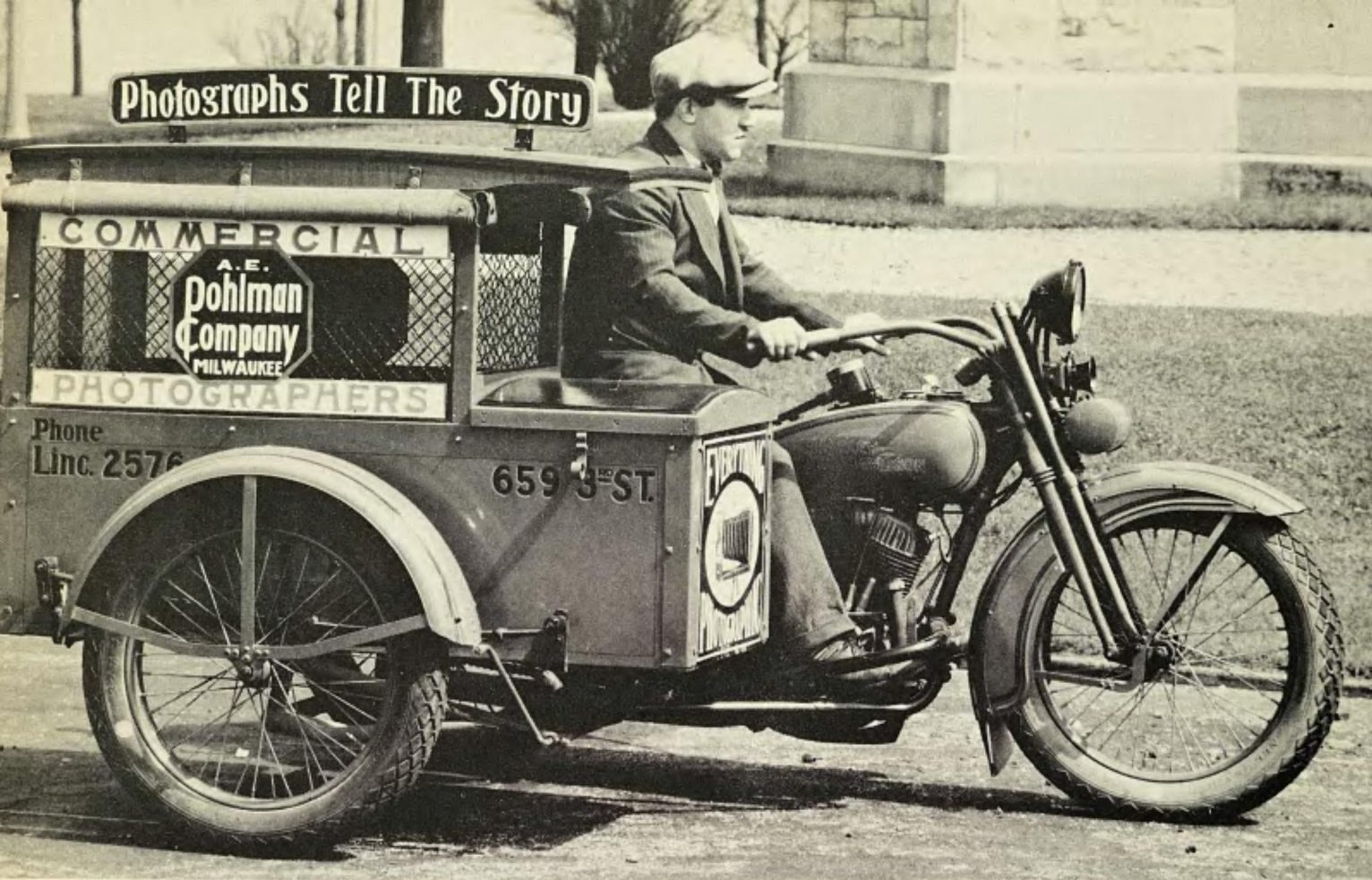
When we receive bitchin’ photos like this, we wish we had a mag the size of the old *Life* rag. But we haven’t, so we’re runnin’ the photos as large as we can without eating up too many pages.

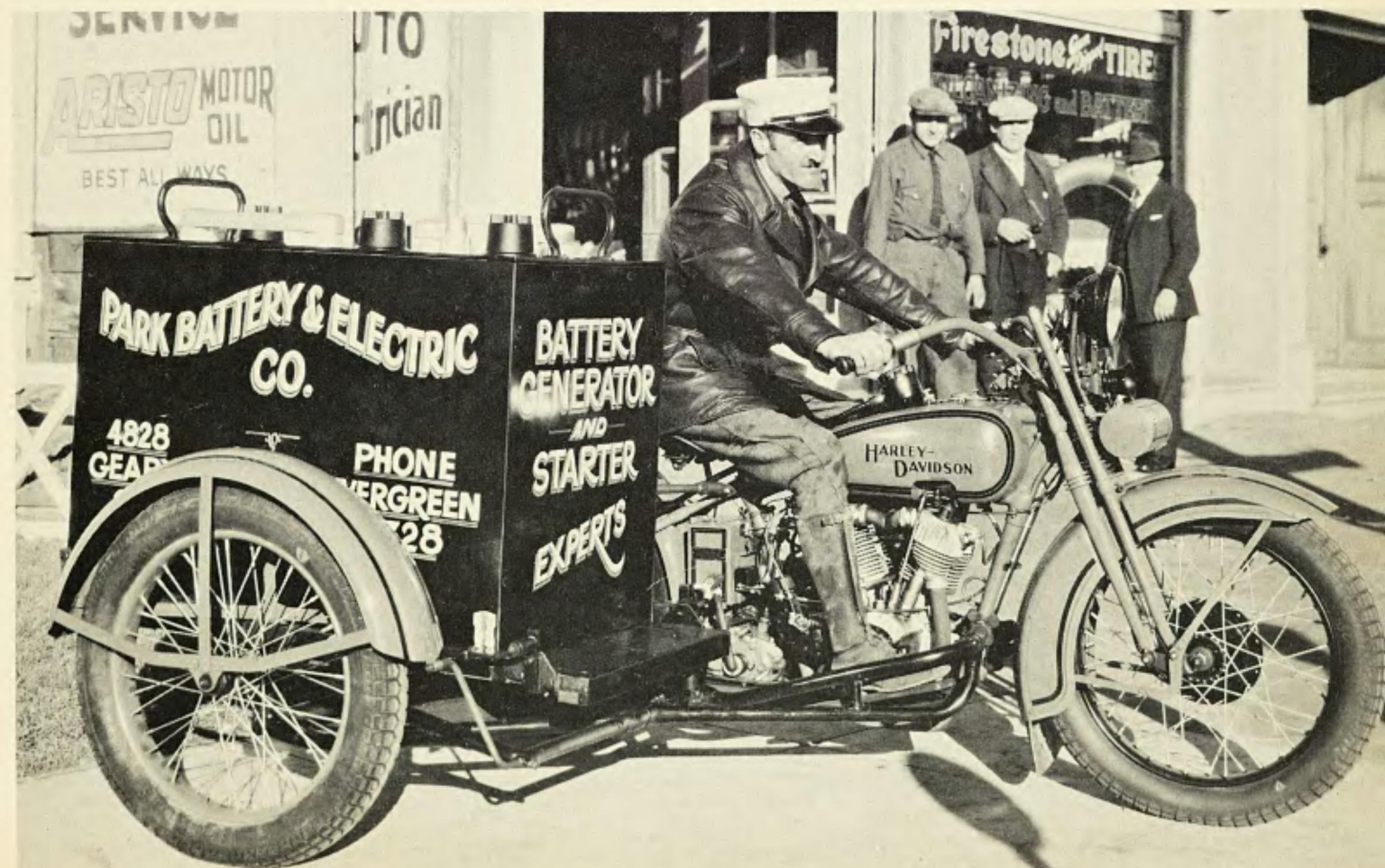
Flash, trip, enjoy on these scoots that I’d give my left nut to own.

—Spider

—Continued on next page





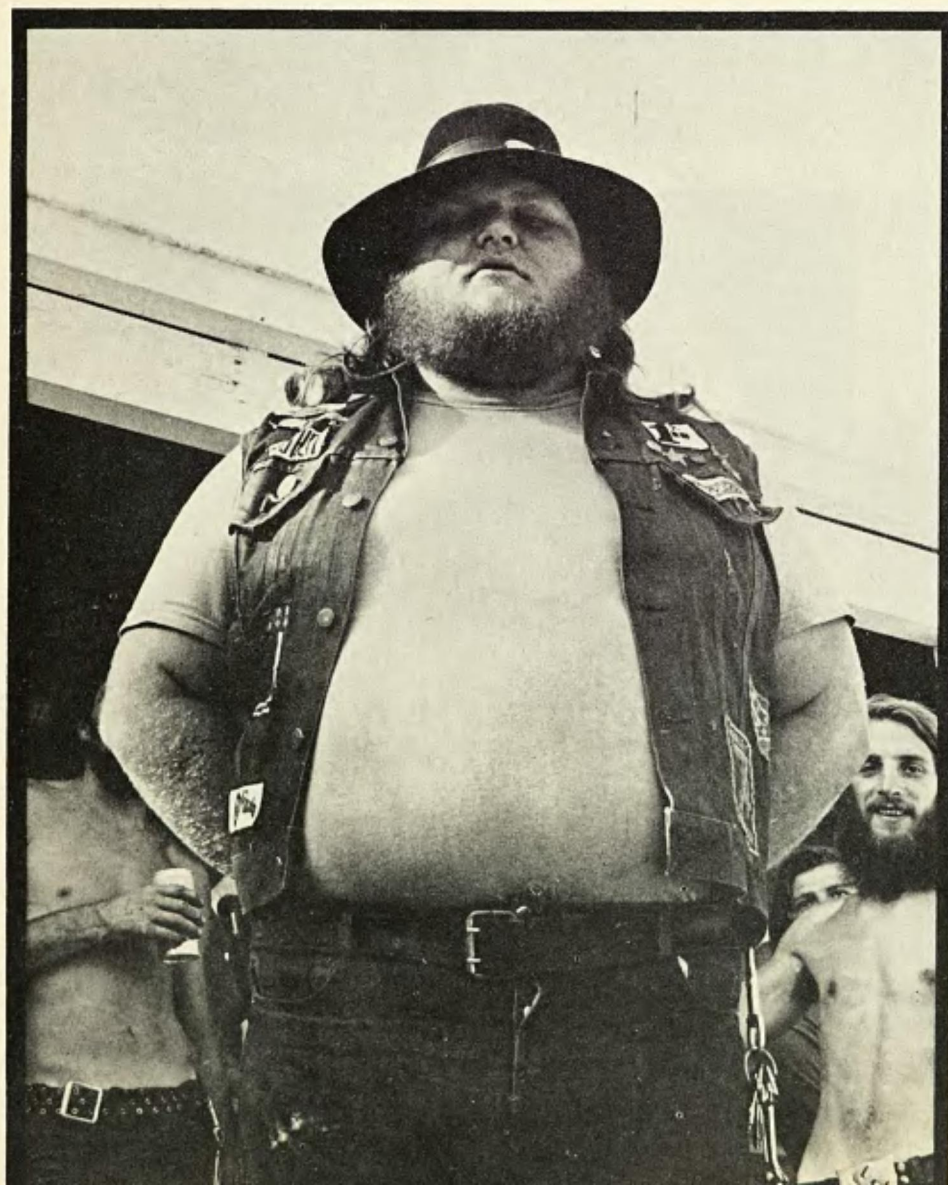
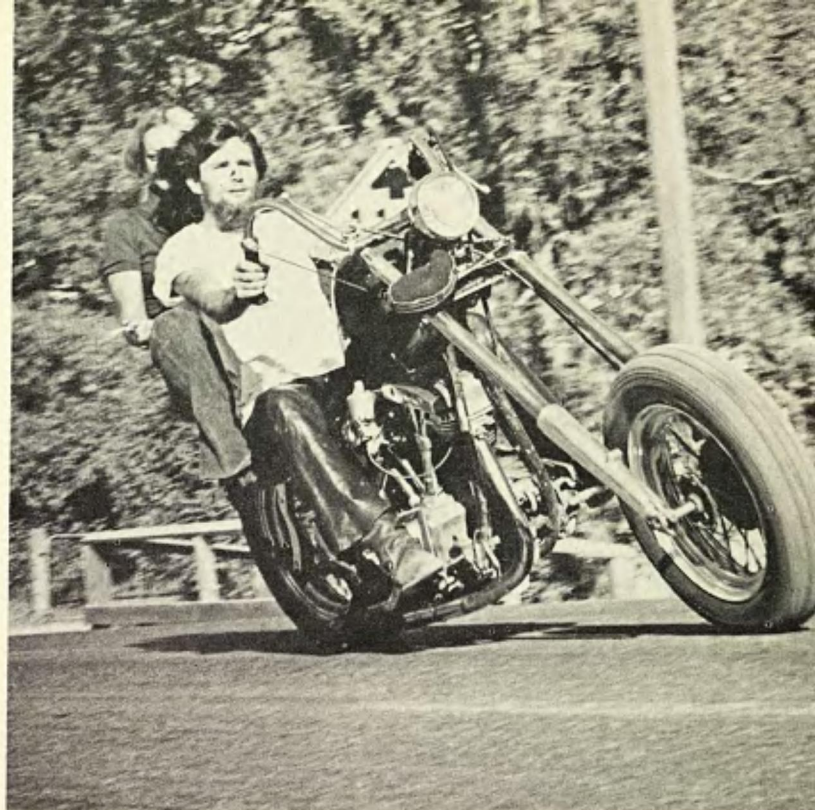




As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else.

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 Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



—from Roger Ulrich, Kalamazoo, Mich.



—from Steve May, Tarpon Springs, Fla.

—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



—from Joe Florence, Alexandria, Virginia



—from Big T., Cleveland, Ohio



— From Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.



— From Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.



—from Top Cat, Long Beach



—from John Reed, Portland, England



—from Choppers Unlimited, Cedar Falls, Iowa



Calif.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



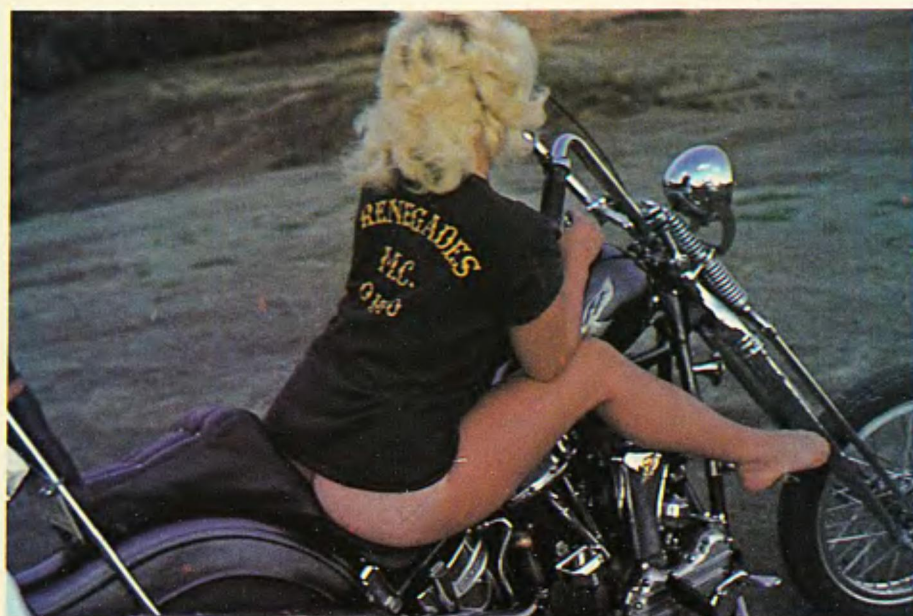
—from Wendy Mills, Painesville, Ohio



—from Eban Medina, Denver, Colorado

—from Ted Thompson, Kirkland, Wa.





—from Cunnilingus Kid, Ohio



—from Kathi, Grants Pass, Oregon



—from J. Alan Hitchens, Spokane, Wa.



—from Sue Zeidler, Grant's Pass, Oregon



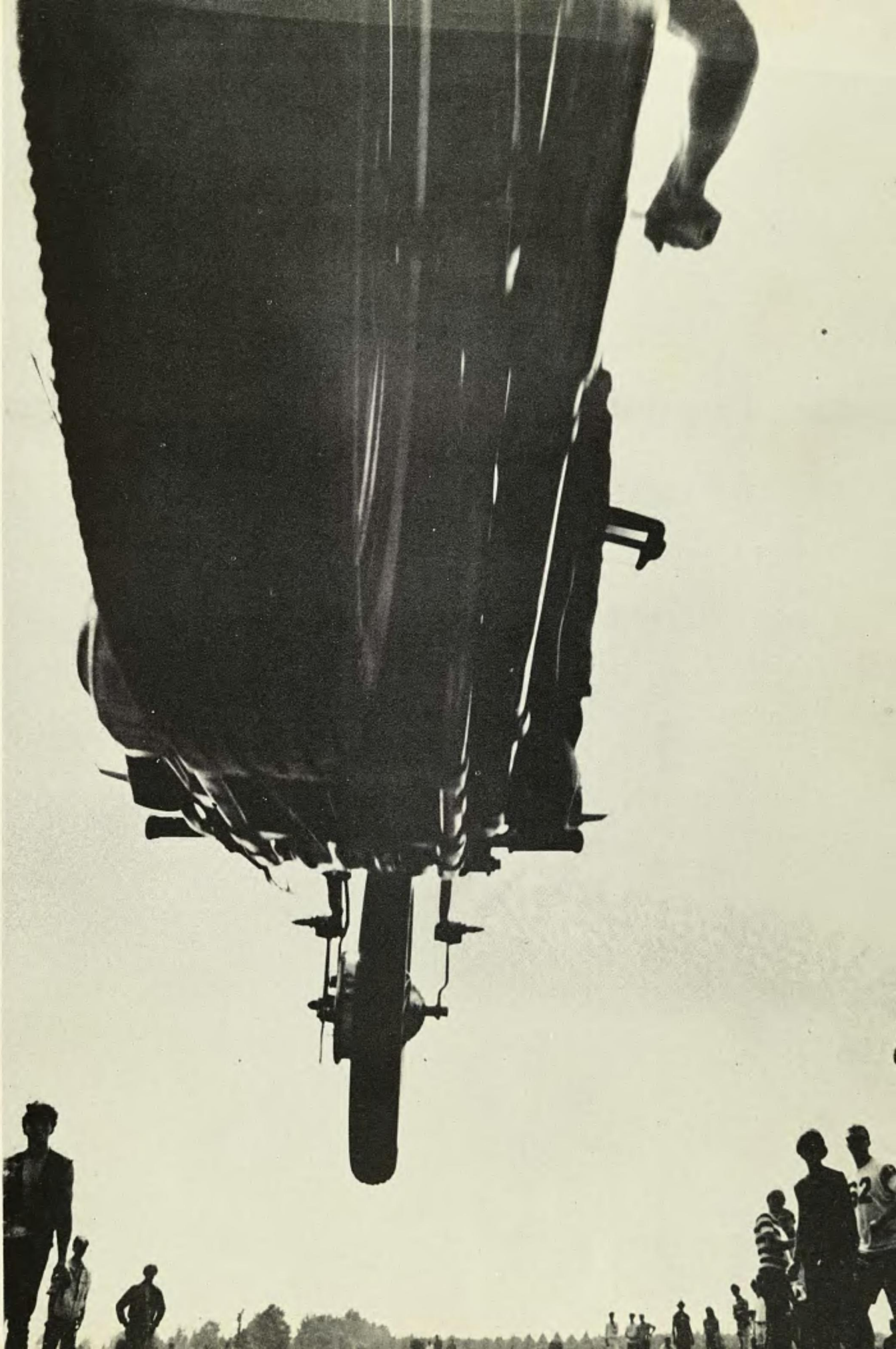
—from Ron Billups, Ill.



—from Virgil Tucker, Palmdale, Calif.

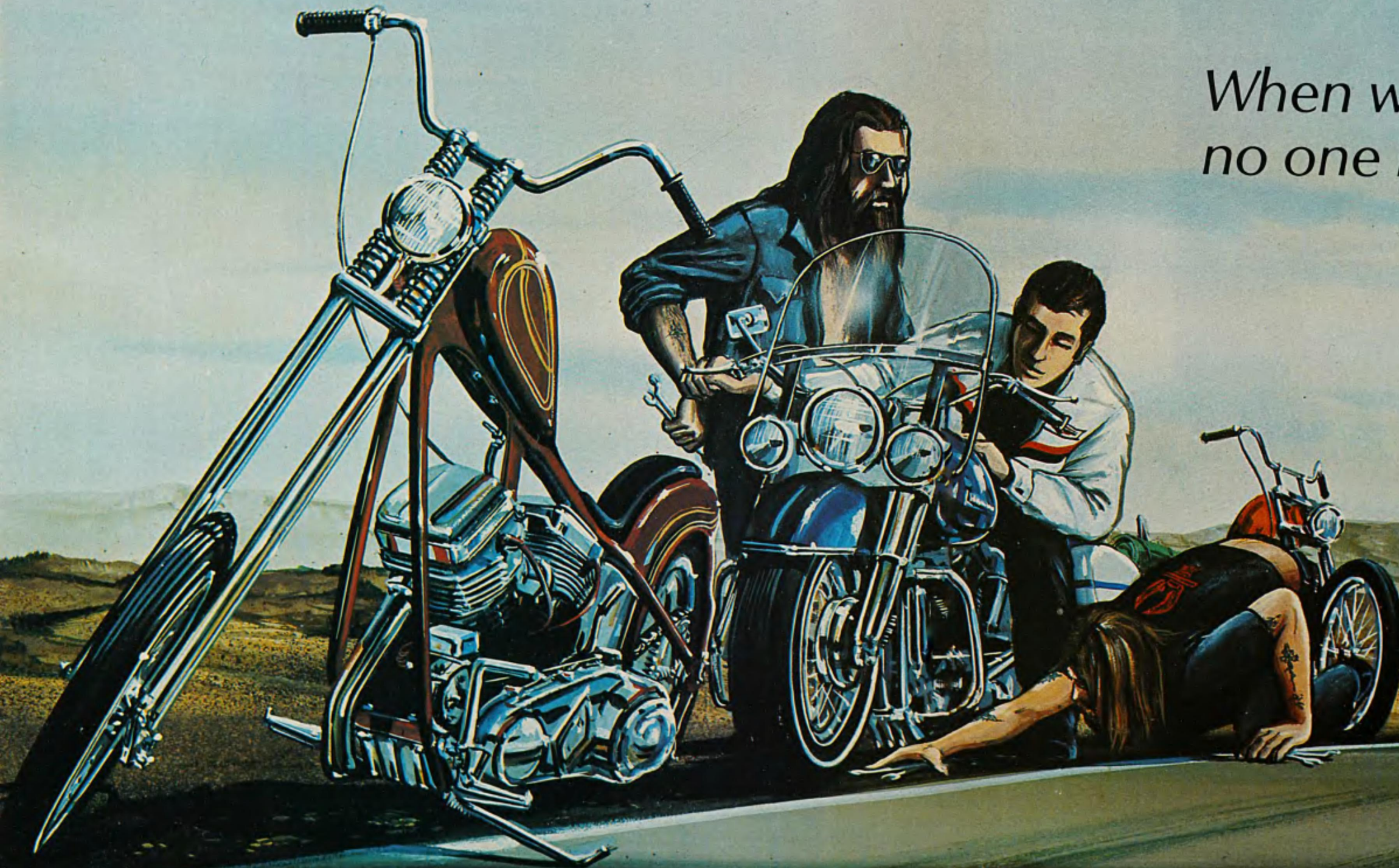


—from Bernd Beisinger, Frankfurt, Germany



*When we do wrong
no one forgets.*

*When we do right
no one remembers.*





Bitchin' Limey



When the photos you see here dropped out of the envelope and into Sniveler's hands, his face lit up with delight. Well—not exactly, but the squinty look in his eyes and the usual sneer on his chops slacked off a little. Mutha looked at them while scraping toe jam. Spider and I exchanged glances over the pile of porno pictures we were shuffling through. Everybody instantly knew. Sniveler had found something new to piss and moan about. And that always makes Sniveler happy, in a half-assed sorta way. We could already see the words forming in his sneering mind: "Goddam Limeys. Nothin' but aggravation. See, this dude even put the message right on the tank-side. **He** knows. All them oddball Whitworth bolts require a foreign wrench



AGGRAVATION

B7744
X MASS 74

Owner: Kelsey Martin

City: Beverly, Mass.

Easyriders photography by Jake

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Kelsey's Kustoms

Year:

Year and make: 1964 Triumph

Builder: Kelsey's Kustoms

Model: T-120

Type: 1969 with Yetman hardtail

Value: \$3,000

Rake: 1 in.

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none (top bar removed)

Time: 6 weeks

Other alterations: neck area squared

Chroming by: South Shore Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Hellings drag bars

Year: 1964

Risers: 5 in. dogbones

Model: 650 Bonneville

Fender(s): 5 in. flat

Rebuilder: Richie Willett

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt mag.

Taillight: aluminum

Displacement: 680cc

Speedo: none

Lower end: late Triumph

Front pegs: 500 Triumph Scrambler

Balancing: Willett

Rear pegs: Bates steel

Pistons: 11:1 Tri., 60 over

Electrics: roach clip kill switch

Cases: chromed

Gas tank: low tunnel peanut

Heads: 9 stud, ported & polished

Oil tank: hex steel

Cam: late Triumph Rs

Oil system: vinyl-nylon lines

Lifters: solid

Primary cover: aluminum

Carb(s): 389 Amal monoblocs

Seat: Naugahyde by Cheatah

Air cleaner: velocity stacks

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: stock

Height:

Muffler(s): Bates megaphones

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Barnett clutch

Type: Triumph glide

Year: 1964

Extension: 8 in.

Shifting: foot

Builder: Kelsey's Kustoms

Engine sprocket: stock

Special features: inner spring conversion

Trans. sprocket: stock

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 49

Front

Rear

Size: 19 in.

Size: 16 in.

Hub: Hallcraft

Hub: Triumph

Rim width: 2.75

Rim width: 5.00

Tire: Dunlop

Tire: Goodyear

Brake: Hallcraft

Brake: Tri. drum

Painting

Molding: Kelsey's Kustoms

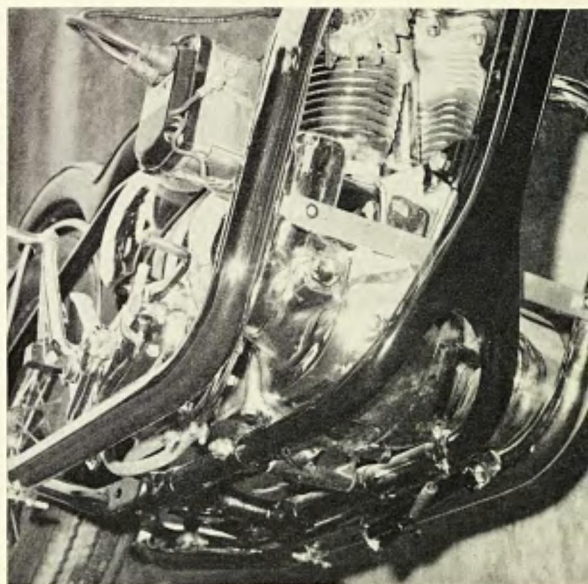
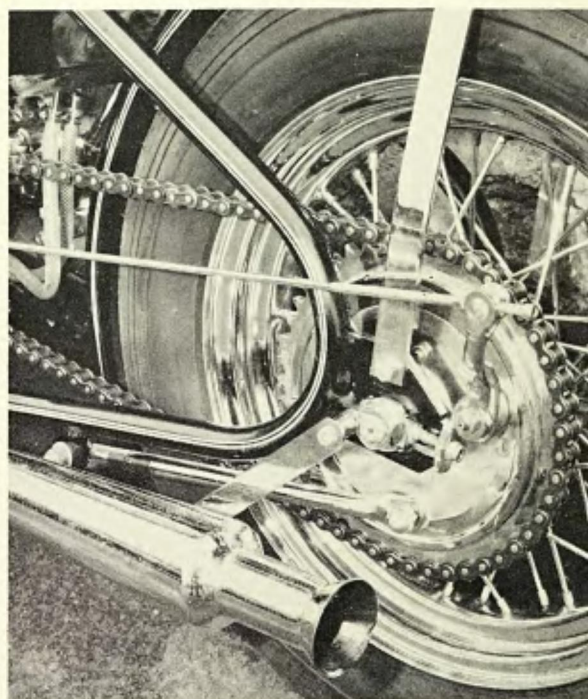
Painter: Kelsey Martin

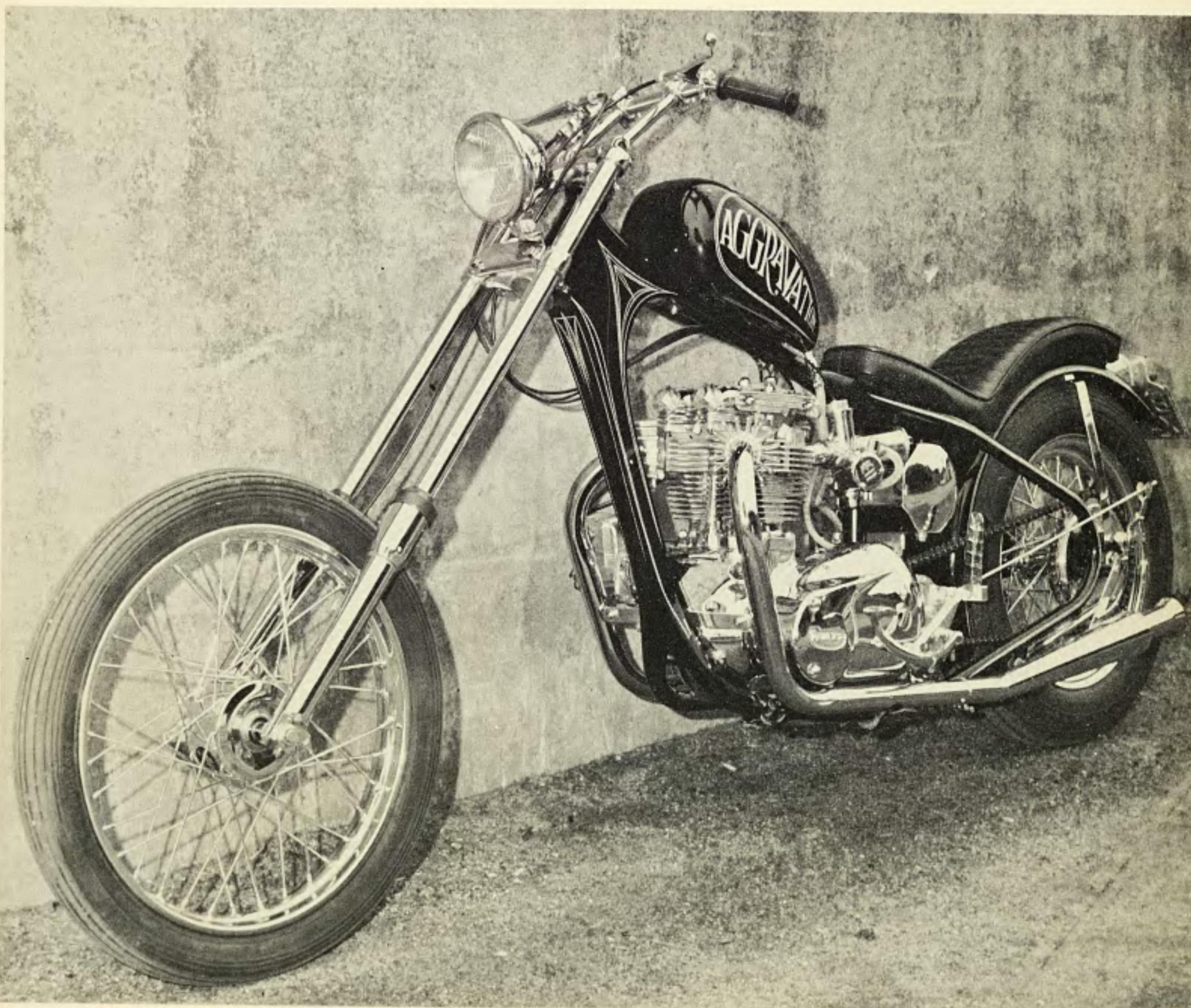
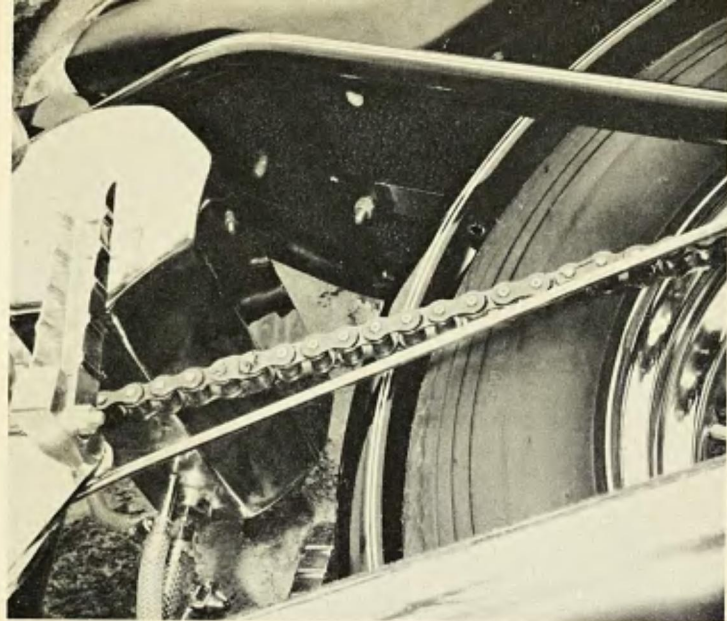
Color: black with pearl

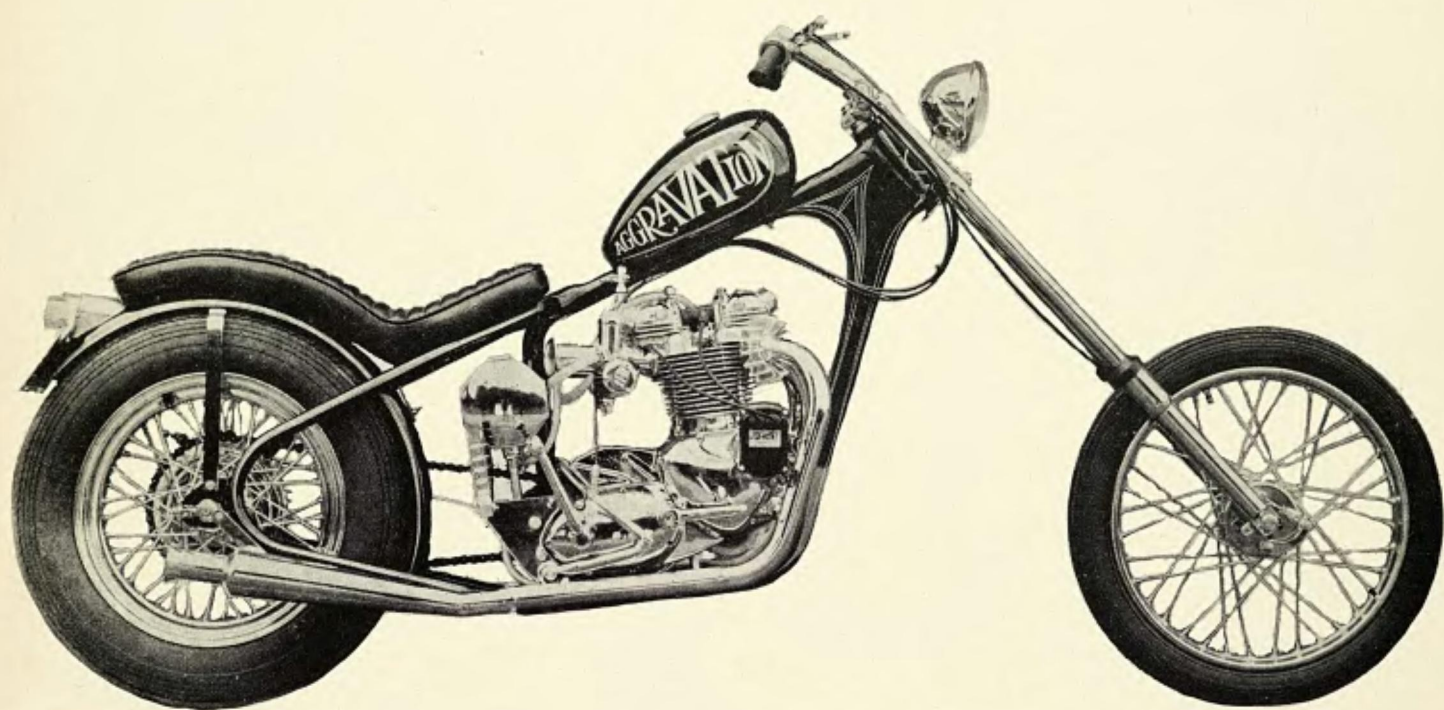
Type: acrylic lacquer

Special paint: pinstriping and lettering by Ray Smith

Other special modifications: cylinder heads polished but not plated, big valves, battery eliminated.





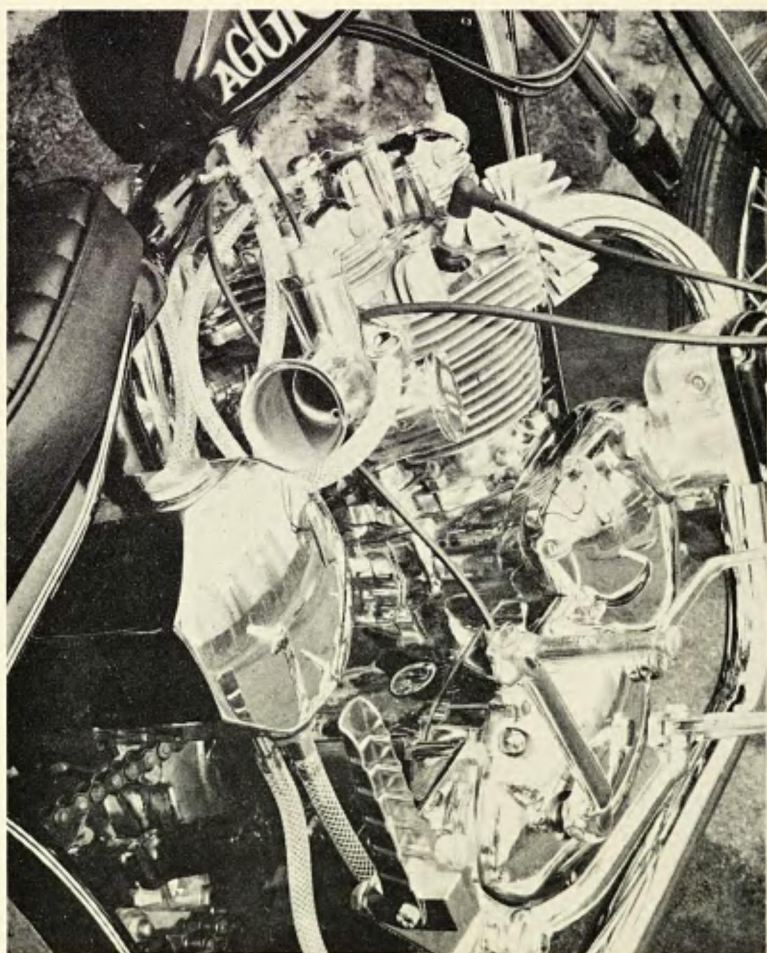


to strip righteously. And in case you get too cocky with the open ends, they usta put them weird BSF and CEI threads inside just to keep you reelin'. Then when you'd finally tied up your bankroll in British taps and dies so you could bugger the holes properly, the fuckers upped and converted everything back to American specs.

"Electrics—don't even talk to me about them wires, zeners, and snap-crackle-farts. But I'll tell you one thing: if they collected the nightly droppin' and garage floor goo from under every Limey in this country, there wouldn't be no oil shortage.

"Sure, the motor's purty. Just like the wrinkles on Mutha's neck, all the fins go the same way. Might make a nice table lamp if you stuck light sockets in the carburetor bells..."

I was gonna tell Sniveler that Kelsey had eliminated the electrical problem by running a mag and a late model alternator, and that he had side-stepped the oil hassle by using American-made gaskets, wiping down the chromed cases and making a weekly trip to the car wash for anything that was left. But what the hell. I didn't want to spoil all the fun Sniveler was havin' with his complainin'. If I did, he'd just search around for somethin' else to complain and snivel about. —Snake





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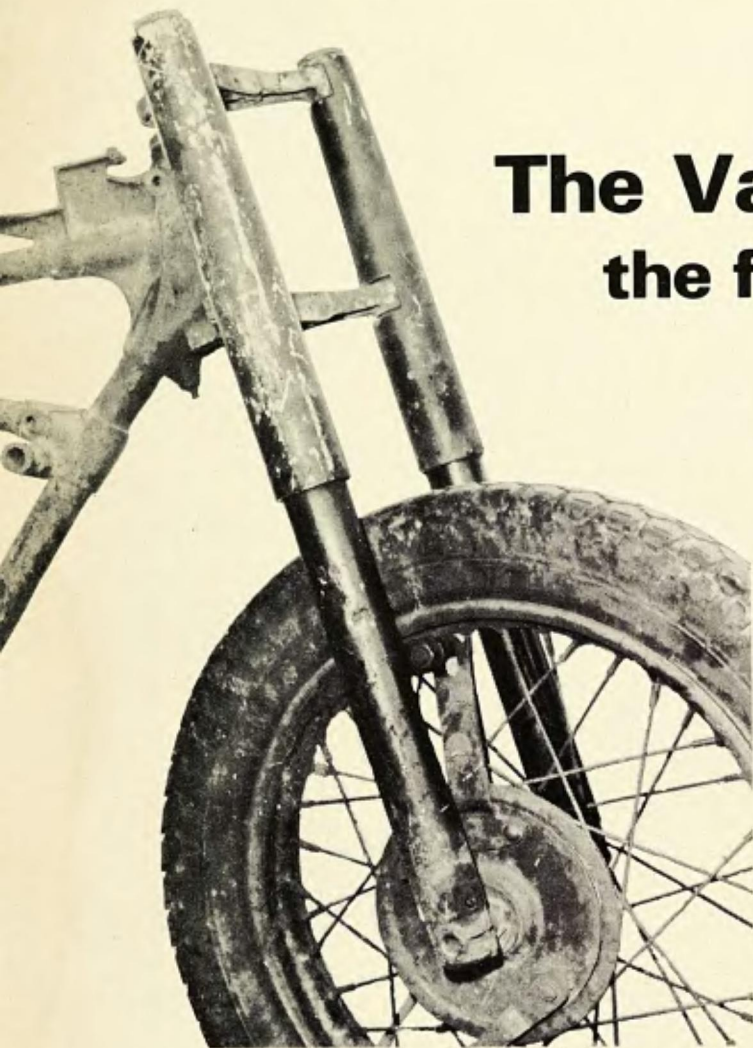
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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



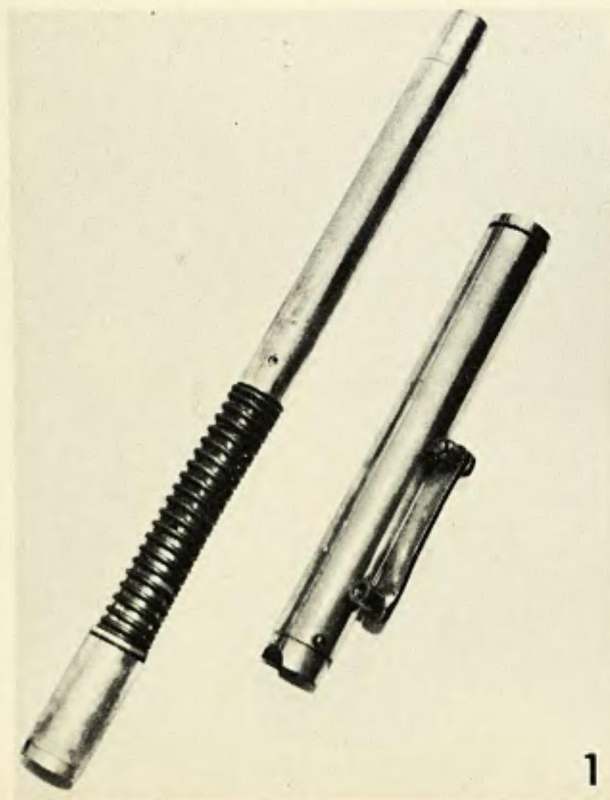
The Vard— a glide before the factory had one!

Better lay low, bro's. Spider lost a bet yesterday—to none other than Ronny, the snotty-nosed office boy—so things are a little squirrely around the shack. Spider, who usually knows his old-timer stuff colder'n a frog belly in February, claimed halfway through the last juice session that Harley had produced the first American-made glide. Well, snot-nose knew better, 'cause his ol' man's uncle had ridden an Indian just after the war, equipped with a thing made by a company in Pasadena, California, called a Vard—and he even dug up some musty old ads to prove it.

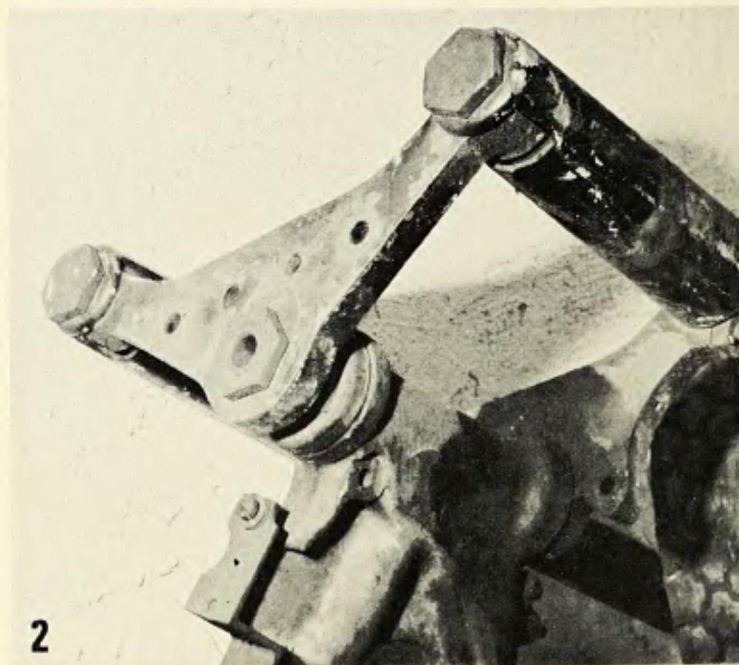
The Vard was an accessory tube front end you could buy for either Indian or Hog to replace the then-standard stock spring-

er. It was introduced in 1946 and production continued until the early 1950s. H-D went to their Hydra-Glide in 1949, so most later Vards were bolted on to Indians, which stuck with their girder except for the last year, 1953. In fact, there is a persistent rumor that the tele forks fitted to those late Indians were of Vard design. Actually the Vard forks are much more similar in design to the early Hydra-Glide, leading some to wonder if H-D copied a good thing when they saw one.

The dudes who made the Vard produced primarily landing gear components for WWII airplanes, but they were secretly motorcycle freaks at heart. So after the war, they pirated a BMW telescopic front end and used



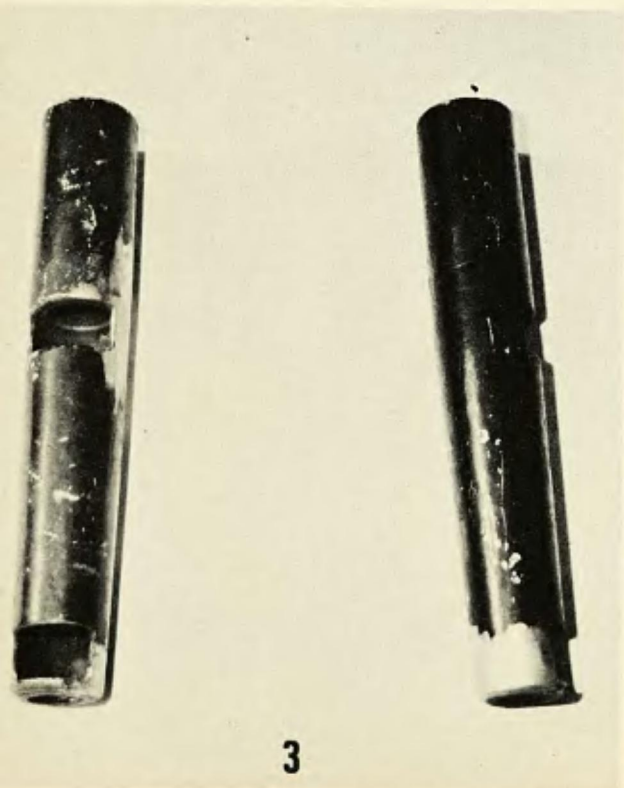
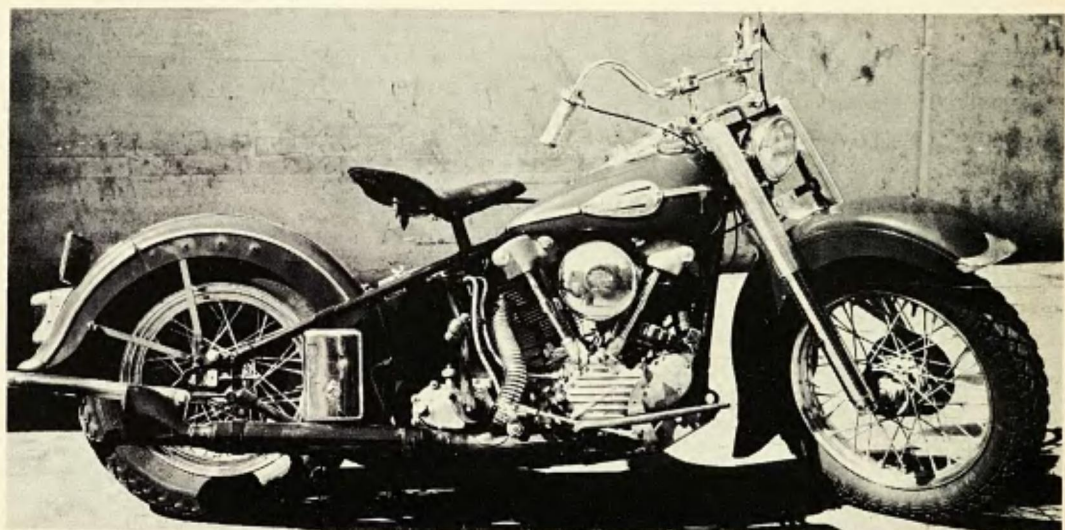
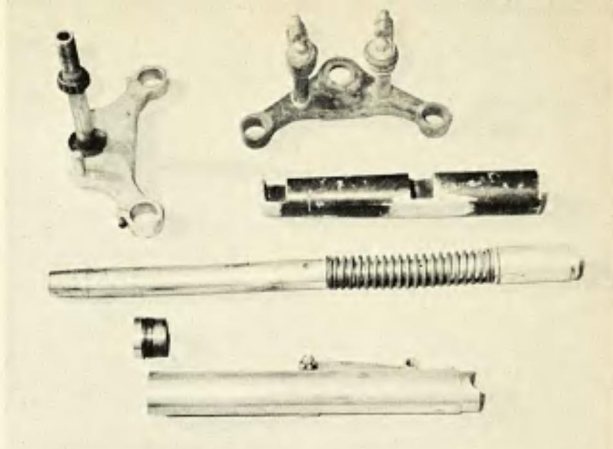
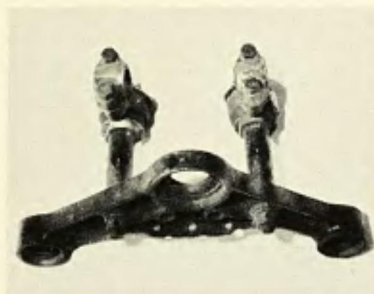
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their additional knowledge of hydraulic systems to develop an oil-damped fork, with steel main tubes and lower sliders (1), manganese bronze triple clamps (2), and cast aluminum upper fork shrouds (3)—which were removed on a bob-job of those days. They even went so far as to design a complete scooter, a little 350cc single, but never constructed more than a few prototypes.

The Vard forks had some shortcomings: suspension travel was limited, by today's standards (although longer than most springers), and the trees were a little thin to withstand a lot of rough treatment. But the clean looks and hydraulically damped ride, which we all take for granted now, made the Vard popular among the custom bike builders of two decades ago. The few Vards that are still left usually molder away in a basement or are overlooked in the search for XA springers at the swap meets. If you do decide to add a little 1940s class to your scooter, just remember that those bronze trees aren't beefy enough for much of an extension! —Jake



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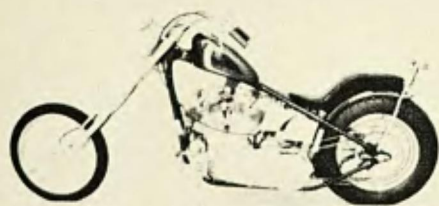
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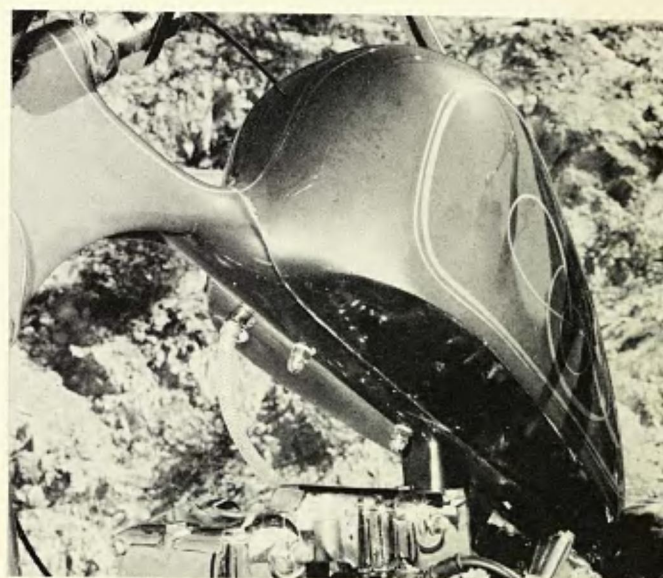
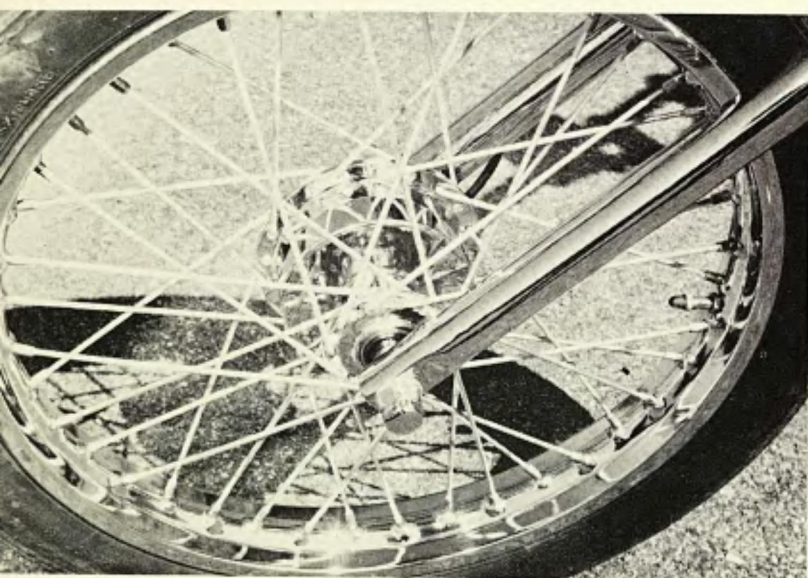
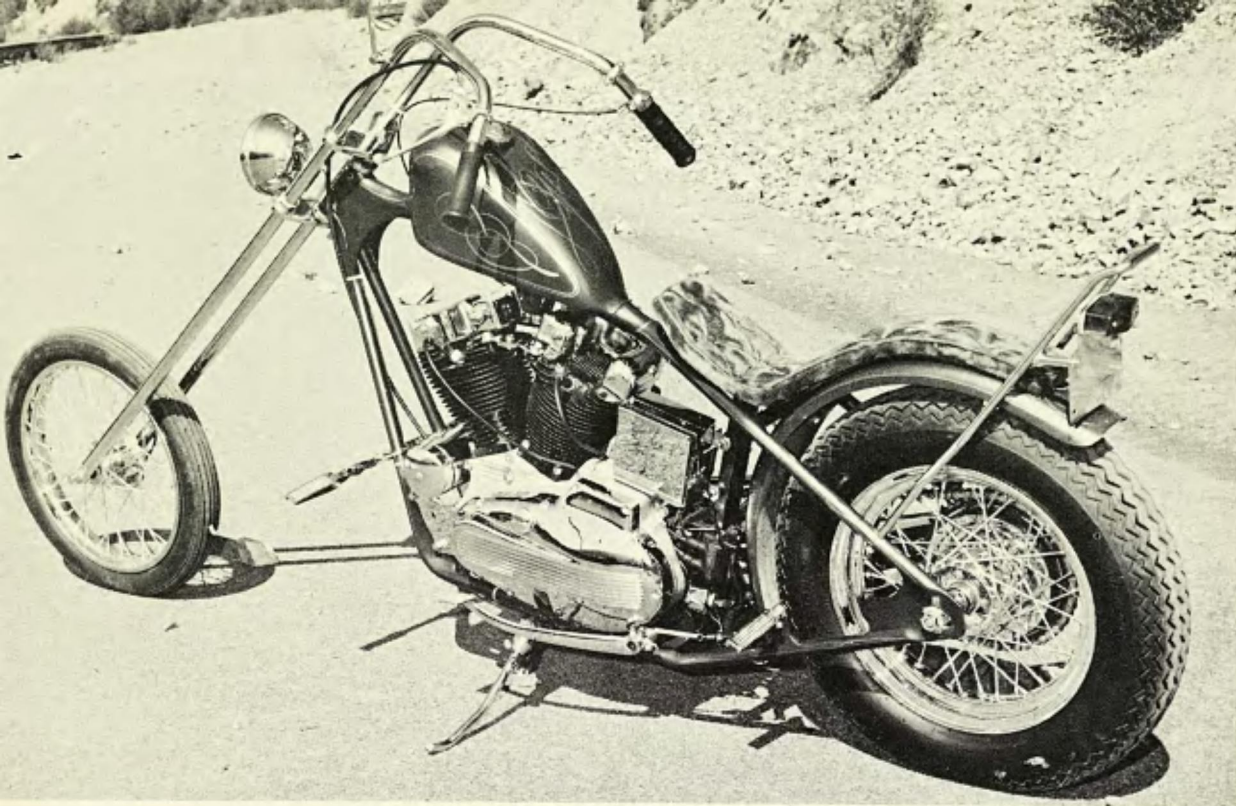
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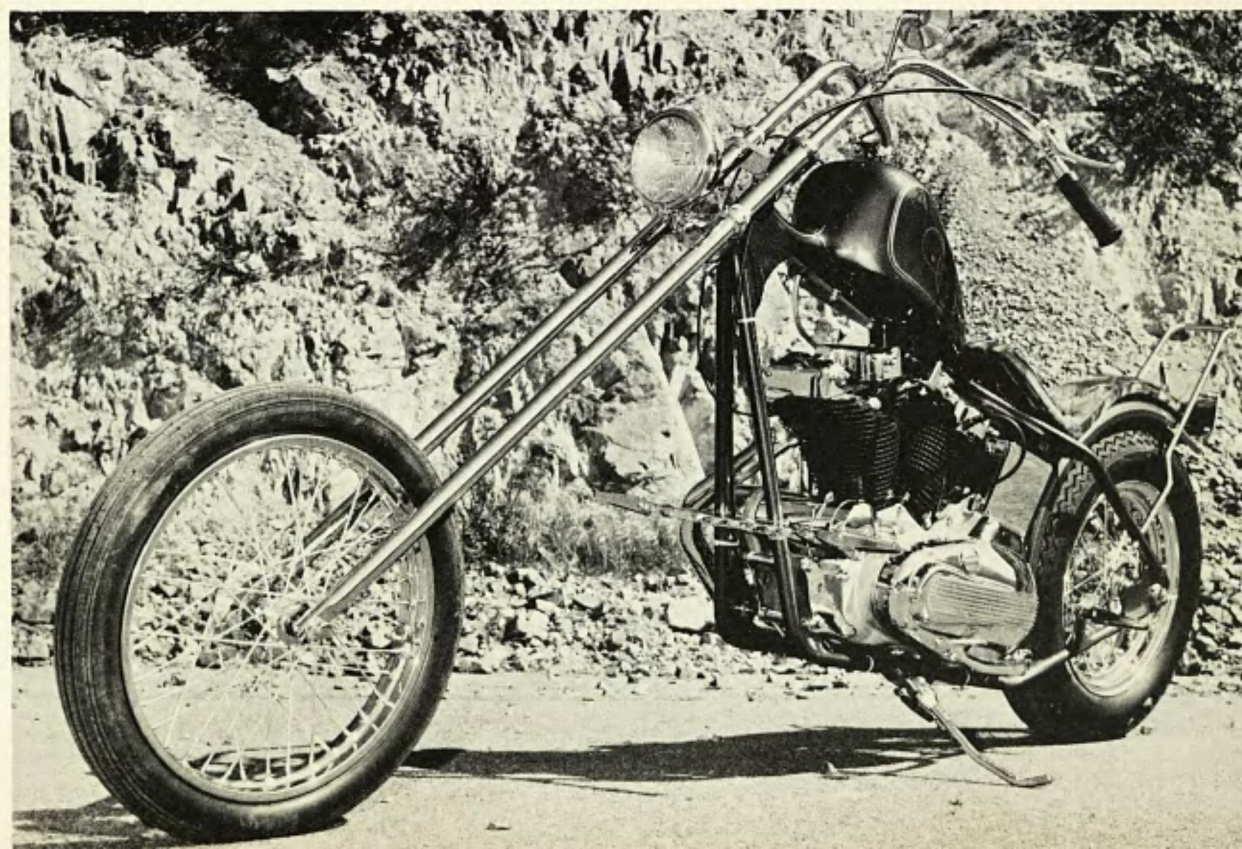
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Who Sez Green is Unlucky?

All you bastards who contend that green makes bad luck in garbage can loads are full of it. Shit, the righteous innards and outards of a scooter ought to be above any two-bit mumbo jumbo like religion, the political process, or superstition. If you don't believe me, look at Turkey's righteous Sporty here. It's got a lime lacquer job and an olive velvet seat and nothin's happened to it. Unless you count the flat tire he got on the mountain road to Lost Lake, where the closest thing to a gas station was abandoned when regular was 16.9. Or the rock slide that almost wiped out his putter right while we were taking









pictures of it—the only rock slide along all twenty miles of that road.

And if that amount of good news don't convince yah, think of all the other nice things in this life that are colored green. Like the barf in the Exorcist. Or split pea soup. Or your face just before you ralph over the rail of the Titanic. Spinach. Snot. Remember in high school how cool you were if you wore it on Thursday? And don't forget British Racing Green. That was brought to you by the British auto industry, which has had the good fortune in recent years to be blessed by plummeting sales, labor hassles, and mergers right and left.

Okay, okay, I'll shine on the sarcasm. Lookit those acres of green fields, green leaves, and green oceans that would have to be explained away. I'll just give up, 'cause it's not nice to fuck with mutha nature, you know. After all, if it weren't for the (choke) wondrous workings of the birds and the bees, where would we get those sweet little yummys who love to pump up our—er—ah—tires after they've gone soft?

—Sniveler

—Continued on next page



Owner: Tom Turner (Turkey) **City:** Victorville, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Denver's	Year: 1974
Year and make: 1970 H-D	Builder: AEE, modified
Model: Sportster	Type: rigid
Value: \$2,500	Rake: 43°
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 4½ in.
Time: 6 months	Other alterations:
Chroming by: Rogers, Anaheim	

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1970	Bars: Denver's, San Berdoo
Model: XLH	Risers: none
Rebuilder: owner	Fender(s): Denver's, 2 qt. oil tank
Ignition: battery/coil	Headlight: Bates
Displacement: 55 cu. in.	Taillight: Lucas
Lower end: stock	Speedo: none
Balancing: stock specs	Front pegs: Anderson
Pistons: 9:1 H-D	Rear pegs: Anderson
Cases: bead-blasted	Electrics: owner, 12-V
Heads: flat black	Gas tank: Sportster
Cam: P's	Oil tank: Denver's, rear fender
Lifters: solids	Oil system: nylon-vinyl lines
Carb(s): Tillotson	Primary cover: alum., stock
Air cleaner: velocity stack	Seat: Denver's, velvet
Pipes: Alphabet's Custom West	Sissy bar: Denver's
Muffler(s): Alphabet's collector	Height: 10 in. above fender
	Material: 5/8 in. round

Transmission

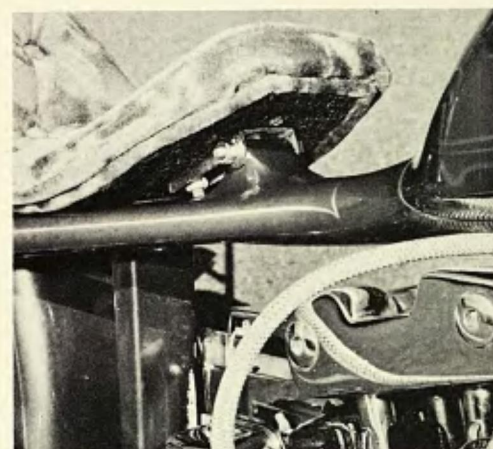
Forks

Modifications:	Type: rigid tubes
Year: 1970	Extension: 20 in. over stock
Shifting: stock	Builder: Denver's
Engine sprocket: stock	Special features: narrow trees
Trans. sprocket: 23	
Wheel sprocket: 45	

Wheels

Painting

	Front	Rear
Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.	
Hub: Santee	Hub: H-D	
Rim width: 2¼ in.	Rim width: 5 in.	
Tire: 2.75-18	Tire-5.00-16 Carlisle	
Brake: half drum	Brake: H-D drum	
Color: lime green		
Type: acrylic lacquer		
Special paint: gold striping		
Other special modifications: electrics relocated behind engine.		





Bikers! Take the law into your own hands — use the Initiative process!

By Grease

Can we do it? Use the initiative to repeal the helmet law? Some of us can if we live in the right states and want to work at it. It will take organization time and money but it can be done.

Initiatives are simple in concept. If a certain percentage of the voters think a law should be passed, the state is required to put it on the ballot at the next general election for a vote of the people. If it gets a majority of the votes cast, it becomes law.

There are about 20 states that have initiatives. Of course, each one will have its own rules for the game and some may have them so screwed up that it just won't work. Of the states I am familiar with, Washington and Idaho both use the initiatives quite often, so I know it can be done.

If you want to do it in your state, check the list in this article; if your state is on it, get with a lawyer and see what has to be done. Don't try to do it by yourself; most state governments aren't too jacked about having the public mess with their thing and will cut you off if you've made the smallest mistake.

You have to get the proposed law written out in proper form and approved, and you have to get the petition made up according to the state rules.

You have to get whatever signatures are required, not only the right number but in the required form. This will probably be about 10% of the votes cast in the last election, so you don't just go out and get them in the neighborhood. Once you get them, get the petitions filed whatever way the law says and the state will take it from there.

There may be some provision about putting out a booklet for and against, either paid for by the

state or you may have to pay part of the cost. This is one of the things your lawyer will be able to tell you.

If a big club with a couple of hundred members wanted to, they could probably get an initiative on the ballot without outside help, other than the signatures on the petitions, in many of the states where the initiative can be used, but getting it on the ballot ain't the half of it; you got to get it passed.

The more bucks you spend, the more talk shows, billboards and ads you get out, the more likely you are to make it.

The next chance we'll have at an initiative in most states will be in 1976. We have some time to get it together, pick a state or a couple of states to work on, and really push. If we pick them off one or two at a time, we can do it in any state that has the initiative and get the helmet laws off the books in almost half the states.

Here are the states we have to work with. There may be a couple of others with the initiative that didn't list the information, but only a couple.

Alaska	Maine	Nevada
Arizona	Mass	North Dakota
Arkansas	Michigan	Ohio
California	Missouri	Oklahoma
Colorado	Montana	South Dakota
Idaho	Nebraska	Utah
		Washington

If enough people get serious about this we can actually get rid of some of the helmet laws without having to bow and scrape to a bunch of state legislatures.

Alternative Laws

It seems that one way to get off a bum bike law is to propose

and pass an alternative bill, in which a portion of the bill will amend the undesirable law. The way our righteous government functions now, you have to be a millionaire, own a large corporation, or have a slobbering bucks-up lobbyist constantly breathing down the politicians' necks to repeal or alter a regulation. For instance, it didn't take any time at all to repeal that seat belt thing—bang, bang, and slam—no more interlock requirements. But thousands of bikers in every state write letters, go to protests (under the threat of being arrested), make appointments to discuss the problems with legislators (to no avail), and join or support clubs, groups, and organizations for years without even a minor law being repealed.

Well, ABATE is fed up with laws being passed by everyone but cyclists, without proper investigation, if any, and without, at least, consulting the affected cyclists. The following proposals are not new or fresh ideas, but should be considered in lieu of helmet or headlight laws. One area they cover is accident prevention, the one ingredient all motor vehicle laws are supposed to be directed toward.

First and most positive, ABATE feels that an enameled sign should be designed to warn cyclists of possible or imminent danger. One sign could be produced with a yellow background to warn cyclists of a dangerous intersection, an especially sharp curve, or even when an oncoming passing lane is ahead. A similar plaque with a red background could be carried by highway patrolmen, city utilities people, and road construction workers to warn cyclists of areas being watered, nasty road obstructions or potholes, accidents, oil slicks, or extreme traffic difficulties. All the helmet laws in the world won't warn a cyclist of an oil slick!

The next idea would not be as effective as warning signs; however it would tend to motivate young and inexperienced cyclists to watch out for their own well-

being. A law should be adopted that would require new motorcycle license applicants to ride with a temporary license for the first six months of riding. If the rider was involved in a cycle accident which was deemed his fault, or he received a harsh moving violation, he could possibly lose a chance at his permanent license. This law would work exactly the same as most learner's permits. ABATE feels that this would motivate young bikers to be exceptionally cautious through that period when the majority of bike accidents occur. There is a problem, though: such a law would leave the novice rider at the mercy of the town's police force, which recently seems to be a constant threat to any biker.

The above suggestions could be proposed with amendments attached to eliminate any undesirable scooter laws. There is that slim chance that if we bikers band together and propose laws to keep each other out of accidents, the people involved in the hobby of pushing us into a cage of regulations might lighten up. The odds may not be great enough to bet on, but we'd be saving our brothers' and our own lives.

New Jersey: Listen-up New Jersey brothers. A bro, Terry Thomas, 1532 Cedar Ave., Haddon Hts., New Jersey 08035, recently attended a helmet protest in New York. And with that inspiration, he intends to start a group in his state. He wants to attack the requirements on modifications, now being enforced in New Jersey.

Following is a memorandum from the Governor's office to the State Senate.

"To the Senate: Pursuant to Article V, Section 1, Paragraph 14(a) of the Constitution, I herewith return Senate Bill No. 754 without my approval.

"Senate Bill No. 754 would amend 'The New Jersey Highway Authority Act' to add motorcycles to the list of vehicles permitted on that portion of the Parkway situated more than 5 miles north of its intersection with the northern boundary of Ocean County. Supporters of the bill, including legislators and others who testified at the legislative hearings and at an open forum I held after its passage, clearly believed that the bill would abrogate a regulation adopted by the Highway Authority which bars motorcycles from the road and that it would prohibit the Authority from excluding cyclists.

"An examination of Senate Bill No. 754 leads me to conclude that its supporters may well be frus-

trated in their desire to accomplish this intended purpose. By another section of its enabling legislation, N. J. S. A. 27:12B-17(b), the Authority may exclude any traffic other than passenger motor vehicles. The mere addition of motorcycles to the list of permissible vehicles does not seem to preclude a prohibition under this section. Indeed, the Authority may well conclude that no additional action is required to preclude cyclists, thereby avoiding any question of gubernatorial veto. In these circumstances, it does not appear desirable to adopt legislation which might not accomplish its purpose.

"A review of the history of motorcycle use on the Garden State Parkway seems appropriate. On February 1, 1961, the Highway Authority prohibited motorcycles from using the road apparently on the basis of a study of the experience for the preceding seven years.

"The Parkway's safety record is excellent. Some contend that this record is a result of the design of the road, while others argue it is in part attributable to the selective exclusion of certain types of motor vehicles, including motorcycles. Others argue that the exclusion of motorcycles from the Garden State Parkway has increased the hazards of other State highways and that the motorcyclists are needlessly exposed to greater risks on more dangerous alternative roads.

"I believe that these questions might be usefully resolved by a reasonable trial period during which the safety experience with motorcyclists on the Parkway can be evaluated. I request that the Highway Authority develop and implement procedures which will permit motorcyclists to use the Garden State Parkway on a trial basis. In the event that a fair test period is not undertaken, the Legislature may then by an effective bill decide to mandate that it be done."

Brendan Byrne
GOVERNOR

Wisconsin: ABATE discovered the following ad in a dealer rag: Consulting Engineer, available for motorcycle chassis and components design, product liability investigations, developing product manufacturing sources. Formerly associated with No. 1 American motorcycle manufacturer. 12 years mechanical engineering experience. John Ingham, 4135 North 133rd Street, Brookfield, Wisconsin 53005. Telephone: (414) 781-3923.

New York: The following article is a strong message from Chuck

Myles concerning New York inspection procedures:

"... bikers do receive 2nd rate treatment in many areas, including that of having their scooters inspected. Four years ago, a fellow working for me was refused an inspection in Schenectady by a Sunday minister who operated a bike custom shop during the week. My mechanic was refused an inspection because his Indian custom did not have a front fender! There was no ruling at that time, nor is there now, about a front fender being mandatory in order to pass an inspection. This inspection station had written their own rule into the procedures, which is illegal, a cause to have their inspection license withdrawn and they chance a fine to boot. For various reasons, this dealer is no longer in business.

"Three years ago, another fellow working for me took his Indian chopper to an inspection station in that same city. Milt was informed roughly that his bike had to be ridden by the garage owner for the brakes to be checked, but he refused to ride a chopper, therefore, 'fella, go elsewhere...!'

"When I heard this, I immediately called the State of New York, Bureau of Automotive Safety Standards, Dept. of Motor Vehicles, Albany, N.Y. 12228 and spoke with a Mr. Ashline, who informed me that the person to speak with was Mr. McConnell, the Inspector-In-Charge at the South Mall in Albany. The phone numbers: 474-2121 or 474-0951. I explained the circumstances to Mr. McConnell, and the following day he sent a State Police Inspector to the inspection station to investigate the incident.

"I waited a week and called the inspection station to ask if they inspect motorcycles. 'Yeah, sure do!' was the reply. 'Bring it in any time! We'll do our best to help you out!'

"Few bikers realize that they do not have to tolerate the insolence of these guys we'd rather bang on the jaw! Pass this info on to your friends; if more persons are made aware of the influence of their verbal complaints, perhaps bikers might once again establish the individual identity that would be most appropriate to them.

"One other point! Ever have someone throw an empty bottle out of a car on the pavement in front of you? Or have someone cut you off while going over a bridge? Just get the license number of the car and write up the particulars in a letter addressed to the Dept. of Motor Vehicles, Complaint Dept., in Albany, N.Y. Your letter will be placed in the permanent driving record of the owner of that vehicle,

and the vehicle owner will be notified that this has happened and that should the Motor Vehicle Dept. receive further complaints, his driving record will be reviewed, etc. etc. etc.

"Stand up for your rights! Let's put the heat on some of these 'big shots' who are trying to ride us over that studded bridge, off the highway or out of the woods. Let's maintain that spirit! Let no grass grow under your wheels and think of the future for more biking progress. Recognize your rights, the violations of your rights, and pursue the adherence to these rights by the proper authorities.

Chuck Myles
Sloansville, N.Y."

Also, a bro doing time in New York feels that bikers in the state should be turned on to a book printed by the Matthew Bender Company at 235 East 45th Street, New York, New York 10017. The book, **New York Federal Court Rules**, shows how the federal courts in New York State operate. Tony says the book lays down court procedures all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court and the means of cutting the establishment red tape. He said that a lot of bro's get screwed 'cause they don't know what's coming down or how to handle it.

Pennsylvania: Little Jesus organized the first helmet protest in his state, which came off without hassles. Any brothers interested in future protests and legislative action can contact Jesus at the Chop Shop, 407 Station Street, Bridgeville, Pa. 15017.

Utah: W. C. Wheelz, 462 South 2nd, West Salt Lake City, Utah 84100, is still pushing for the bikers of his state without much support. Wheelz even took that big step into the Governor's office, and after rapping with one of his aides, Wheelz feels they are willing to listen if he can muster the assistance of all the brothers who flash over the roads of Utah.

Florida: The Highwaymen M/C, 5818 Causeway Blvd., Tampa, Fla., are trying to get something together against the helmet law and they need your support. Also Randy V. Belloms, 580 Teakwood Ave., Satellite Beach, Fla. 32937, feels that—and ABATE agrees—more people should write their legislatures more often. And instead of begging them to alter the laws, tell them how it is and just how it should be. If we don't push hard, these people will cater to the

money interests and not to the people, until they force us to buy chrome tires. It's our vote that gets 'em elected.

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. **The Hawg House** Box 2, 612 S. 17th, Mattoon, Ill. 61938. **Chopper Specialist** Box 97, Liberty, Ill. 62347. **Dan's Hog House** 425 N. 5th St., Lafayette, Indiana 47901. **Cycle Boutique** 515 24th Ave., North Lake Worth, Florida 33460. **Chicago Ray's** 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill. **Don's Cycle City** 3306 New York Ave., Waukegan, Ill. **Gordon's Choppers** 516 N. Chicago St., Joliet, Illinois.

Wyoming: "I have just read an article in the September 1974 issue of **Easyriders**, wherein ABATE's stand on the Motorcycle Headlight Law is discussed. You should be advised that I am an attorney representing a cyclist who is fighting the constitutionality of the Motorcycle Headlight Statute in the state of Wyoming. I am generally interested in securing any help and/or information which might be able to contribute in my fight against this Statute. J. Craig Potter, Counselor at Law, 400 Majestic Building, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001, 307-634-1525."

Montana: "Thanks for the coverage in **Easyriders**. I've received some response, but not near as much as I expected. As I said before, it's really a job to get Montana dudes in gear about anything. Rick's Custom Cycle and Upholstery Shop, 725 South Arizona, Butte, Montana 59701."

Maryland: H&R Jack of Phoenix sent in an application for a motorcycle physical damage and liability insurance policy. On the form it asks if your bike is chopped (extended forks, custom seat, extensive chrome plating, etc.). Then further down it states, "No physical damage coverage written on choppers." The company is The Central National Insurance Co. of Omaha. It's good to know.

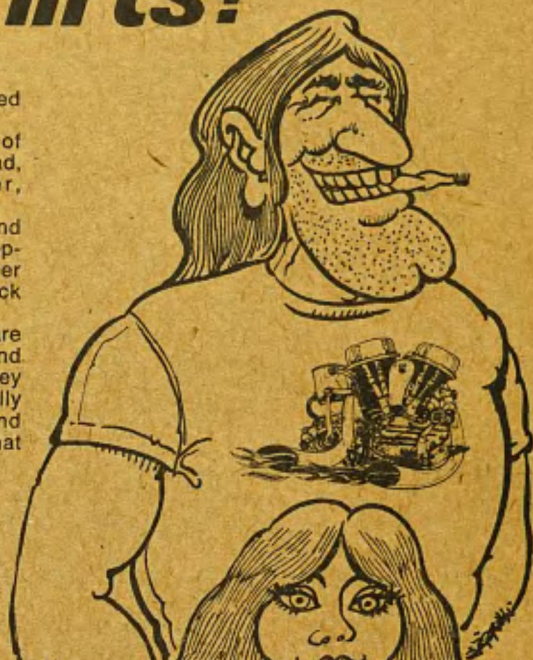
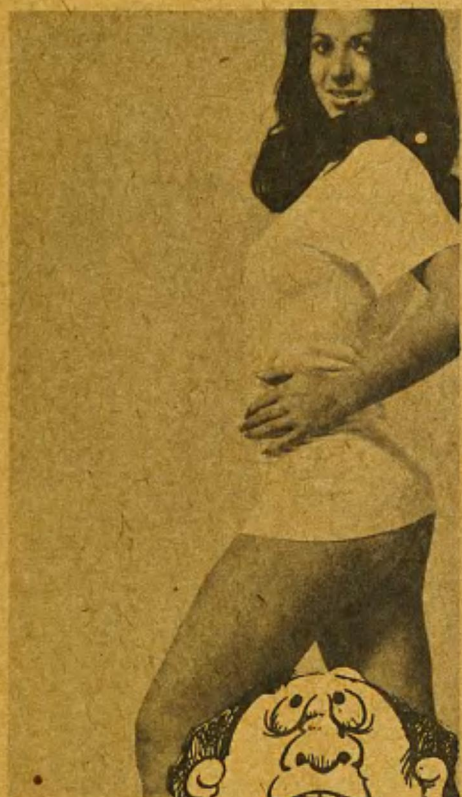
ChopShirts!

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 \$4.45 for each shirt ordered (\$3.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling).

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_____ 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 _____

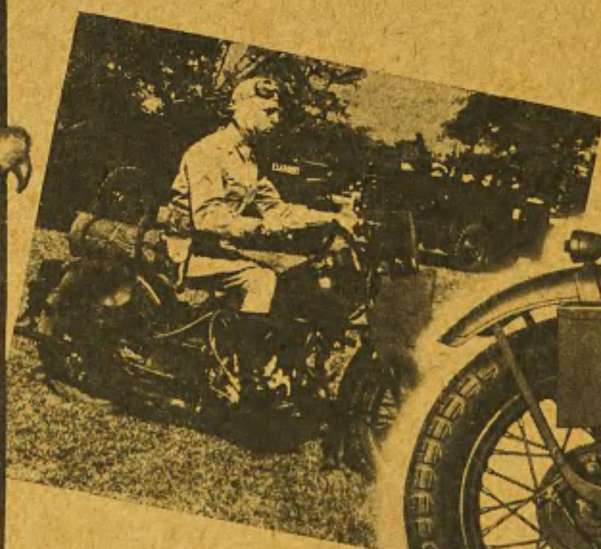
ENLISTED IN

OFF the assembly line they roll—by the hundreds and thousands — sleek, streamlined Harley-Davidson motorcycles for Uncle Sam's forces and the armies of our Allies. Day and night, whirring wheels, clicking automatics, pounding presses roar ceaselessly as raw materials are fashioned into still more Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

Today's Harley-Davidson motorcycles are duplicating the splendid record made by their predecessors back in World War I. The hard-riding scouts who lead the advance of the armored divisions to reconnoiter, spot mines, traps and ambushes, report on road conditions and enemy movements know that the staunch and sturdy construction of their mounts will not let them down. They know that in Harley-Davidsons, reliability and dependability are inbuilt qualities that make them equal to any task that may be assigned to them.

All the exacting care and skill of determined loyal workers — all the resources and experience of the Harley-Davidson organization are enlisted to give freedom's fighters the best in motorcycles. That we pledge until complete victory has been won.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.



Fully equipped, ready for any assignment, this motorcycle scout awaits the command to advance.



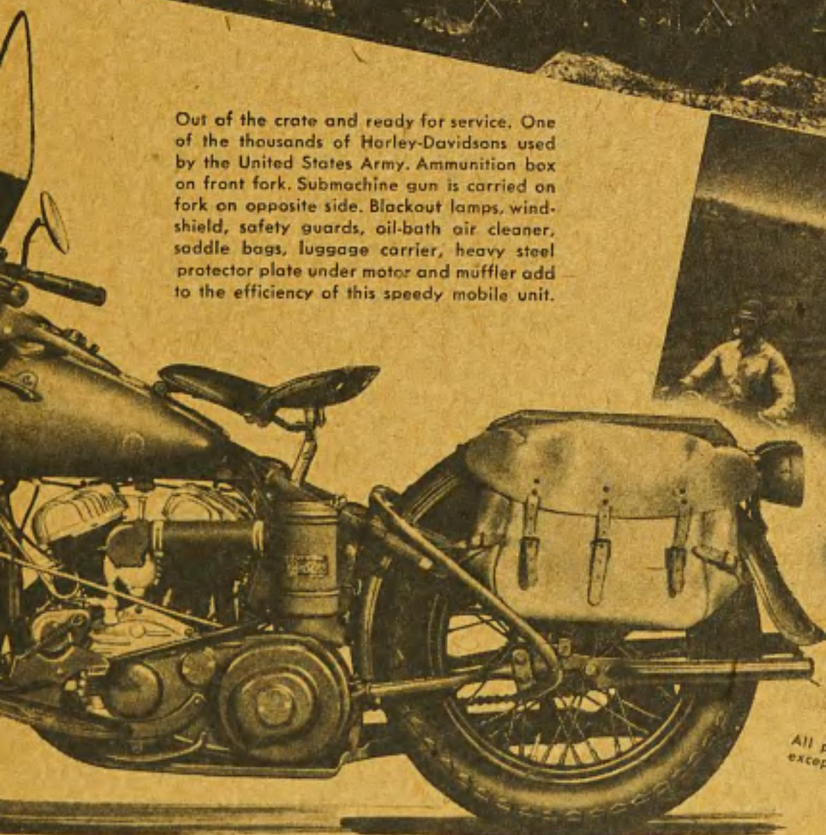
H A R L E Y •

FREEDOM'S FIGHT...



"Inspection Arms" — Armed with submachine guns, these scouts do reconnaissance work for the armored units.

Out of the crate and ready for service. One of the thousands of Harley-Davidsons used by the United States Army. Ammunition box on front fork. Submachine gun is carried on fork on opposite side. Blackout lamps, windshield, safety guards, oil-bath air cleaner, saddle bags, luggage carrier, heavy steel protector plate under motor and muffler add to the efficiency of this speedy mobile unit.



Smooth or rough going are all taken in stride by the hard-riding motorcycle scouts and their sturdy mounts.

All photos by United States Army Signal Corps except photo of solo motorcycle opposite.

A V I D S O N

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

ALABAMA
Wheels Inn 1808 Duval St., Mobile, Ala.
Done By Dave, Inc., 3301 Lower Wetumpka Rd., Montgomery, Ala.
H & H Customs, 3200 12th Ave. No., Birmingham.
Spartan Specialties 664 St. Francis St., Mobile, Ala.
The Custom Center 2900 Huntsville Rd., Florence.
The Choppin Center 2909 Huntsville Rd., Florence.

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

ARIZONA
Kens Cycle & Supply 816 N. 24th, Phoenix, Az.
The Scooter Shop 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson, Az.
Mata Tech 4406 E. Speedway, Tucson, Az.
Roadrunner Cycles 1430 W. Wetmore Rd., Tucson.
Ocean Side HD 12815 N. Cave Creek Rd., Phoenix, Az.

CALIFORNIA
B & B Cycle Factory 2001 Fulton Ave., Sacramento.
Bell Gardens Cycle 6601 Eastern Ave., Bell Gardens.
Bike Shop 1688 Locust, Walnut Creek.
D&G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente.
Custom Bike Supply 2292 Bolsa Ave., Westminster.
Energy Cycles 630 East Holt, Ontario, Ca.
Discount Chopper Parts 2610 Orangefarmer, Fullerton, Ca.
Fat City Cycles 514 E. Holly St., Santa Barbara, Ca.
HD West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey, 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 4023 Howard Ave., Los Alamitos.
Donald Myers MC Acc. & Parts 3995 San Leandro St., Oakland, Ca.
Santa Maria Cycle Parts 2160 W. Lamita Blvd., Long Beach, Ca.

Enley Choppers 620 Wilbur Ave., Antioch.
Vicker's Honda Custom Chops 3500 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Ca.
C J Custom Cycle Parts 2224 Waterloo Rd., Stockton, Ca. 95205.
D&D Jammer 800 S. San Fernando Blvd., Burbank, Ca. 91502.
Elson's Cycle Center 3546 Barnett Ave., San Diego.
Carl Spitt's HD 3045 Grass Valley Hwy., Auburn.
Alphabert's Custom West 821 W. Gardenia Blvd., Gardena, Ca.

The Bike Shop 14438 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys.
Hallides 180 N. Lewis Rd., Camarillo, Ca.
House of MC Parts 291-A El Camino Real, San Bruno.
The Shop - Indian/HD 65 Fix Way, Ventura, Ca.
Merced Custom Bike 131 W. 17th, Merced, Ca.
Mels Cycles 733 N. Santa Fe, Vista, Ca.
Motherhead Eng. 691 E. Valley Blvd., Calton, Ca.
Uncle Sams West 45825 Warm Springs Blvd., Fremont, Ca.
Means MC Parts 450 N. Blackstone, Fresno, Ca.

COLORADO
2 Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th St., Denver, Co.
Midnight Cycle 2960 S. Federal, Denver, Co.
74th Dimension 2020 S. Prairie, Pueblo, Co.
In The Wind 122 East Mill St., Colorado Springs, Co.

CONNECTICUT
DN Custom Cycle Shop 1160 Wilbur Cross Hwy., Berlin, Ct.
The Cycle Works 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184 Grafton, Ct.
The Other Horse 345 Forbes Ave., New Haven, Ct.
Custom Cycle Acc. U.S. Rt. 7, Brookfield, Ct.
K&P Cycles 2015 Stratford Ave., Stratford.

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., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Jude Custom Cycles 1329 S. Dixie W., Pompano Beach.
Florida MC Rebuilding 1203 S. Dixie Hwy., Hollywood, Fla.
Lorrie Scooter Depot 14635 Nebraska, Tampa.
B & D Chopper Shop RR 13 BX 94-A, Ocala, Fla.
Ocala, Fla.
Cycle Eng. 423 S. H St., Lake Worth, Fla.
Jesse's Bike Shop Rt 3, Bx 211, Sarasota, Fla.
Shadow Custom MC 805 Park St., Clearwater, Fla.
Florida MC Rebuilding 1204 Dixie Hwy., Hollywood.
Jackson MC Shop 2725 E. Main St., Lakeland, Fla.

GEORGIA
The Pit Stop 3123 Victory Dr., Columbus.
Glen's Cycle Shop Rte. 5, Cedartown, Ga.
Metro Cycle Supply 2860 Deans Bridge Rd., Augusta.

ILLINOIS
Cycle Delicatessen 811 Penn Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Chicago Ray's 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill.
Kep's HD Sales & Serv. 306 S. Schuyler Ave., Bradley, Ill.
Cycle Jammer Shop 3159 23 Ave., Moline, Ill.
Aurora Cycle Eng. 723 Aurora Ave., Aurora.
Chopper Parts & Stuff 1515 W. Springfield Ave., Champaign, Ill.
Psycho Chopper 3790 E. William St. Rd., Decatur.
House of Cycles 11109 S. Western, Chicago.
B & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield, Ill.
Ricks Chopper Shop Rt. 1, Harrisburg.
Rats Cycle Shop 9900 Ewing Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Sondays MC Supply 20335 Rand Rd., Palatine.
Gordon Shaw & Co Choppers 516 N. Chicago, Joliet.
British Cycle Sales 3790 E. Williams Rd., Decatur, Ill.
Lingo Racing Engines 5932 S. Pulaski, Chicago, Ill.

INDIANA
B-J Chopper 2122 Calhoun St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
B&M Performance 2404 Toal R., Lafayette.
Brandt's HD Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash, Ind.
Cycle Specialties 212 S. Calhoun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Chopper Shop 103 Hazel St., Daleville, Ind.
J.M.B. Chopper Spec. 2832 169th St., Hammond.
S & V Cycle Shop Custom Paint By Gene 809 Mary St., Evansville, Ind.
HD of Michigan City 1804 Franklin St., Michigan City, Ind.

IOWA
Contemporary Guild 1732 S. Federal, Mason City.
Custom Cycle Design 900 1st Ave., Carrollville.

KANSAS
Custom Cycle Builders 311 N. Arkansas, Wichita, Ks.
Cycle Acc. 609 S. Main, Hutchinson, Ks.
Jerry's Custom Cycle & Acc. 1128 Main, Parsons, Ks.

LOUISIANA
Jack's Cycle Shop 720 Clairborne Dr., New Orleans.
Lee's Chopper Shop 2313 Mission Dr., Baton Rouge.

MARYLAND
Waldorf Cycle Rt. 4, Bx 317, Waldorf, Md.
Rault's Cycle Center Inc. 4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville.
Uncle Sam's Cycle 1300 Ritchie Rd., Forestville, Md.
Royal Palm Ice Co. 7410 Shurt Ln., Clinton, Md.
One Eyes Custom Cycle 401 Marce Ave., Baltimore.
R & E Speed & Cycle 4804 Stamp Rd., Temple Hills.
John Spicer & Sons Box 3 Rd. 1, Bel Air, Md.
Custom Cycle Choppers 7 H Aylesbury Rd., Timonium.

MASSACHUSETTS
D.C. Ent. 107 Union St., Easthampton, Mass.
The Hawk Shop 83 Laramie St., Worcester.
Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc. 2476 Cranberry Hwy. P.O. Box 624, Wareham, Mass.
Chopper Parts City 99 Shandish, Worcester, Mass.
Calif. Chopper Spec 233 Hillman, PO Box 125, New Bedford, Mass.

MICHIGAN
Pitt-Pitt 8314 Portage Rd., Portage, Mich.
Detroit Cycle Eng. 8633 Southfield Rd., Detroit, Mich.
Cyclestet C 5274 Canina Rd., Flint, Mich.
Dir & Chrome Shop 800 E. Columbia Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
H&D Custom Cycles 1322 Shakespeare, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Heavy Custom Cycles 11389 Jefferson, River Rouge.
Carlini Cycle Creations 25245 Ford Rd., Dearborn.
OH Cycle 8817 Greenfield, Detroit, Mich.
Mid to Wild Custom Acc. 2409 Parkview Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
MM Custom Cycles Bx 8 351 W Fernwick Rd., Fernwick, Mich.
Jude Custom Cycles 2284 Oakdale, Drayton Plains.
Detroit Cycle Eng. 8633 Southfield Rd., Detroit, Mich.
Lorrie Custom Cycle 132 S. Winter St., Adrian, Mich.

MINNESOTA
The Chopper Shop 218 E. Clark, Albert Lea, Mn.
Northern Leisure Corp 23 N. Benton Dr., Sauk Rapids.
Michigan MC Acc. 3227 28th St., Grandville, Mich.
D&D Jammer 858 Decatur Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. 55427.
Northeast Chopper Supply 1854 Central Ave., NE, Minneapolis, Minn.
Valley Enterprises 5605 Chicago Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
W.A.S. Super Stock Choppers 3449 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bobs Cycle Supply Co. 6629 Penn. Ave S., Minneapolis, Mn.

MISSISSIPPI
Lorrie Custom Parts Harper Rd., Corinth, Miss.
Mississippi Cycle 832 W. Division, Biloxi, Miss.
Gill Bike Shop The Harley Shop, PO Box 475 Hwy. 11, Poyais, Miss.

MISSOURI
County MC Parts 7348 N. Lindbergh, Hazelwood.
Doug's Choppers 4026 N. Cleveland, Kansas City.
St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph, Mo.
Cycle & Rider Acc. 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas City.
Choppertown USA 5228 Gravois, St. Louis, Mo.
Cycle Specialties 2902 Clark Ln., Columbia, Mo.

NEBRASKA
West Point Cycle 660 S. Main St., West Point, Nebraska.

NEVADA
Shadow Custom Cycles 3049 Rigel Ave., Las Vegas.
Carys Custom Cycles 3001 E Charleston, Suite G, Las Vegas, Nev.

NEW JERSEY
R & C Dist. 129 S. Main St., Cape May-Court House.
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.
Middlesex Co. Cycle Sales 54 Matawan Rd., Old Bridge, N.J.
The Chopper Shop 597 Rt. 1, Edison, N.J.
Cycle Shop 602 Bear Tavern Rd., West Trenton.
HD of Camden 100 S. Blockhouse Pike, W. Collingsworth, N.J.
Custom Cycle Engine 703 E. 29th St., Paterson, N.J.
MC Mender 501 Fairview Ave., Fairview, N.J.
Skips Custom Cycle 128 Main St., Franklin, N.J.

NEW MEXICO
New Mexico MC Salvage 827 Isleta Blvd. SW, Albuquerque, N.M.
All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold NE, Albuquerque, N.M.

NEW YORK
Choppers Unlimited 1863 Bayville Ave., Buffalo, NY.
Choppers Unlimited 28 Madison Ave., Endicott.
J&G Cycle 52 Boulevard Ave., Colarón.
All Cycle Acc. Shop Box 54, Helene, N.Y.
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome, N.Y.

NEW YORK
Bikers World 271 Dewey Ave., Rochester, N.Y.
R&V Sales C&Y Rt. 400, Walcott, N.Y.
Brooklyn HD 1160 Union, Brooklyn, N.Y.
The Chrome Link 121 Lake St., Elmsford.
Cycle Works Inc. 27 State St., Middleport, N.Y.
Jett Chopper Shop Atlantic Ave & Church St., Bx 100, Scarborough, NY.
Pete Smith's Chopper Shop 16 N. Transit St., Lockport, N.Y.
Annie's Custom Shop 23 Box Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.
B & B Cycle Works 1219 Central, Albany, NY.
Custom Fabrication 901 William St., Buffalo, N.Y.
East Coast Choppers, Inc. 352A, Broadway, Bethpage.
J & G Cycle, 52 Boulevard Ave., Colarón, N.Y.
Wellwood Cycle Co. 579 Sunrise Hwy. W. Babylon, N.Y.

OHIO
The Bike Shop 1112 S. State St. 19, Fremont, Ohio.
Cleveland MC Supply 4530 Pearl Rd., Cleveland.
CW's Motor Shop PO Box 452, Rd. 13 A, Napoleon, Ohio.
G & R MC Eng. 627 Dresden Ave., E. Liverpool, Ohio.
J&S Choppers 4500 Warren Sharon Rd., Vienna, Ohio.
Sebring Custom Cycle 287 N. 15th St., Sebring.
Van Ard Custom Cycle 4251 Springgrove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Ashland Cycle Supply 286 E. Main St., Ashland.
Harley-Born Rear of 538 E. Town St., Columbus.
Tolado Choppers, Inc. 209 1st., Toledo, Oh.
Custom Cycle 1609 Chaffin, Akron, Ohio.
Mr. Vernon Custom Cycle 305 S. Main, Mr. Vernon.
The Bike Shop 1112 South State Rt. 19, Fremont, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Custom Choppers 7711 Blue Ash Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Motorcycles, Inc. 11712 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.

PENNSYLVANIA
Bill's Custom Cycles Rt. 5, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Chopper Shop II 2842 Sawmill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh.
Cycle Barn Bx 205, Clintonville, Pa.
Dyson's E-Z Rider Shop 1011 Eifer St., Stroudsburg.
The Groveside 8100 Germantown Ave., Chestnut Hill.
Action Eng. 823 Parade St., Erie, Pa.
The HD Shop 311 Walnut St., Vandergrift, Pa.
Boss's HD 550 E. Main St., Plymouth, Pa.
Seely's Chopper Shop 110 Sherman Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.
Cyclodetic Choppers 16 George Ave., Wyomissing, Pa.
Cyclemates Inc. 158 Pennsylvania Ave., West Reading, Pa.
Cee Bee Ent., Inc. 218 S. Main St. Old Rte. 309, Sellersville, Pa.
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville, Pa.
Shanks Cycle Shop RR 2, Smithport, Pa.
H.F. Hawley Creations Rd. 2 Box 511, Northampton, Pa.
Kennywood Cycle Center 4111 Kennywood Blvd., W. Mifflin, Pa.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Cycle Den 3419 W. Montague Ave., Charleston Heights.
Chopper Village Rt. 2, Box 51 Richland Ave. E., Aiken, S.C.
Columbia Cycle Shop 1925 Main St., Columbia, S.C.
Southeastern Choppers 300 West Ave., N. Augusta.
CP Bassett Cycles 2672 S. Park Rd., Bethel Park.
The Chopper Den 508 Travis Ave., Saluda, SC.

TEXAS
Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth.
R&J Custom Cycles 8745 B. No. Lamar, Austin, Tx.
Mid Cities Chopper Supply 1104 Entrepreneurs Dr. Grand Prairie.
Chandler's Cycle 3136 E. Lancaster, Ft. Worth, TX.

VIRGINIA
Bonded Choppers, Inc. 836 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.
Cycles Unlimited 106 E. Broad St., Falls Church, Va.
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond, Va.
Cycle & Head Boutique 9 Whyte St., Petersburg.
Caseys Cycle City 634 Clyde Morris Blvd., Newport News, Va.
Cycle Shed 2003 Mt. Vernon Ave., Alexandria, Va.

WASHINGTON
Bradford MC Specialty 3729 S. G St., Tacoma, Wa.
Re-Vin Custom Cycles 4419 Ramier Ave. S., Seattle.
Beandeed Choppers 2813-15 Wheaton Way, Bremerton.
Universal Choppers 6232 S Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wa.

WISCONSIN
Chopper Specialties Rt. 2, Box 89-B, Berlin, Wisc.
Barneys Choppers Inc. 105 N. Parker Dr., Janesville.
Rich's Pit Shop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee.
PJS Cycle Shop 2459 Kinnickinnel, Milwaukee, Wisc.
R & B Supercycles 1335 Douglas Ave., Racine, Wis.

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

LATE ADDITIONS

HD of Huntington 4903 Waverly Rd., Huntington, WVA.
Cycle Motion Inc. 2741 Martin Luther Jr. Ave. SE, Washington, DC.
Geislers 171 S. Broadway, Blackfoot ID.
OZ Performance MC 15 Gooding Ave., Bristol, RI.
Bundy's Chopper Shop US 11-W, Kingsport Hwy., Blountsville, TN.
National Cycle Supply 2358 Grandview Hwy., So. Vancouver BC, Canada.

National Bike Supply 1947 Kingsway, Vancouver, BC, Canada.
Stans Chopper House 3411 South Blvd., Charlotte N.C.
Chopper Specialties 605 Swannanoa River Rd., Asheville N.C.
New England Chopper 9 Whitford 111A, Nashua N.H.
Granite State MC Sales RR 1 Box 301, Keene, N.H.
Mels Choppers 1181-1183 Main St., Berlin, N.H.
Sam's Custom Cycle House 6133 E. Admiral Pl., Tulsa, Okla.
BC Choppers, Inc. 12425 SE 82nd Ave., Portland.
Mitch's Classic Cycle Cr. 4918 SE Powell, Portland, Ore.

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 10 1/2" 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 find 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.



Silly Tilly

Two bikers were on the front porch step smokin' a joint when a bird flew over and crapped on one dude's arm. He looked down at it and asked, "Hey, man, where'd this shit come from?"

His friend took a hit on the joint and then said, "Colombia, man."

—John Scaglione
Tampa, Florida

A biker from California, riding through Texas, pulled into a gas station and told the attendant to "gimme some fuckin' gas."

The attendant growled, "listen, punk, we don't use filthy language like that around here." Then to drive his point home, he tossed a coin into the air and shot a hole in it before it hit the ground.

The biker was unimpressed. He tossed an apple into the air, at the same time whipping out his Buck knife, and before the apple hit the ground, he peeled, cored, and quartered it. Seeing this, the attendant asked meekly, "Can I check your fuckin' oil too?"

—Doug Cutler
Franklin, Tenn.

The newlyweds were living with the girl's parents. The groom was a square bookworm, and for the first three weeks of their marriage all he did was go to bed and read a book.

Finally the girl had had enough of that and asked her father and mother what to do. Her father suggested that she take off all her clothes and lie next to him nude—that should turn him on.

The first night she tried it, her father peeked through the keyhole

to see if it worked. He noticed that every once in a while the groom would reach over and put his hand on her snatch. Great! It would be only a matter of time.

The mother wanted to peek, too. She watched awhile and then said, "That sonuvabitch."

The father, surprised, asked her what was the matter.

"That rotten bastard is using her pussy as a finger-wetter so he can turn the pages in his book."

—H. Seidl
West Germany

Biker Joe had everything—a good home, righteous ol' lady, a son, and a scooter.

Things were really going great until all of a sudden his ol' lady died. His son was hit by a truck, and his house burned down. Then, as he was puttin' down the highway, he was snuffed by a bolt of lightning.

So he went before the Big Biker in the sky for his final judgment. "Biker Joe," thundered God, "you'll spend eternity in the furnaces of hell."

Joe couldn't believe what he'd

heard. "But why? What did I do to deserve this—after all the terrible things you did to me on earth?"

God sneered, "Nothing, Joe, there's just something about bikers that pisses me off!"

—Kenneth Buis
Hawthorne, N.J.

Red Wings Leon was righteously stoned on tequila and grass, picked up a chick at Kitten's bar, and took her to his pad for some lovin'.

In bed a while later he said in befuddled surprise, "You've got the flattest chest and driest snatch I ever saw!"

"You bastard," the chick snarled in reply, "get off my back!"

—Jody Via
Lucasville, Ohio

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

Earnin' His Wings

—Continued from page 15

started to build himself a web. This might appear a little strange, but what the hell, he always liked to hang around things, and everyone knows that spiders spin webs.

With action like this, you know that the party was just beginning to peak. A momentary breather was just coming up when Mama threw her poncho down on the floor. Latching onto Pacer, who was doing a job on a tapped keg at the time, she grabbed his suicide and pulled him down over her.

The easy sounds of flesh slapping against flesh instantaneously became louder when Crazy fired Pacer up with a can of suds down the spine. Bellerin' like a stuck pig, Pacer rode her like a Harley.

Mama was purring like a scooter that just had an overhaul as she took the others on—at both ends—in unbelievable combinations of physical dexterity. Everyone knew that she was a hard-lovin' biker's mama, and that she had to be feelin' fine.

Time passed and finally the only one left was Maddox. There was, as sure as there's a hell, a glaze in his eyes by this time, as he walked up to Mama and took his place with her.

"Easy, baby," she cooed. "Mama's gonna treat you just fine."

If Maddox had any retorts to make to this dialogue from Mama, they were lost before they got started. Ol' Mama straddled him with her burnin' bush, and he started doin' one of the most righteous deeds ever done. With all the chewin' and chompin', it sounded like the Army at mess time.

It wasn't too much longer before Mama flipped over backwards, bushed out, you might say, and Maddox was helped to his feet and led over to the bar. You really couldn't help laughing; that was one mangy wet faced dude.

"Well, I guess you made it," said Pacer. "Ya all wanna agree to it, brothers?"

The few cheers which were managed (with difficulties due to condition) heralded that Maddox had earned his wings and acceptance as a new member. And Mama, not to be left out, sanctioned it all with the tremendous emission of a king-sized beer fart.

It was time to move the party out anyway, and luckily everyone made it outside before Mama cut loose again.

"I'm sorry, guys," said Mama, as she staggered out of the bar. "Urp. Acid indigestion."

"That's one hell of a Mama," yelled Rocky, rolling on the ground in fits of laughter. "The next time," he gasped, "we're gonna cork that

butt of yours up."

"I know you sure as hell ain't gonna do it, short shit. Ya goddam sure didn't get your money's worth when you got that jockey shift you carry and try to pass off as prime meat." And with a huff and a puff (or two), she ambled down to the river to join the ol' ladies who were getting their fires stoked.

Later, when Pacer met Maddox near one of the campfires, he rapped the new brother down about his feelings on finally becoming one of the lonely percenters.

"Well, it's kinda like this," said Maddox. "It's a hell of a feeling to know that you're finally one of the club, with no holds barred. I guess it's knowin' that whatever happens, or whatever a dude may think, that dude will always remain a brother."

"Yeah, I guess ya said it all," said Pacer.

And in the coolness of the early morning sky, Maddox could see the same reflections of thought in Pacer's eyes. It was just the look of freedom and friendship, and the many miles of jammin' and ridin' into the winds that'll never end.

With a smile, Pacer turned around, stumbled over a log, and fell on his face. "Muthafucker," he groaned. And rolling onto his back, he laughed up at the heavens and yelled: "Well, what the hell ya all lookin' at! Le's party!"

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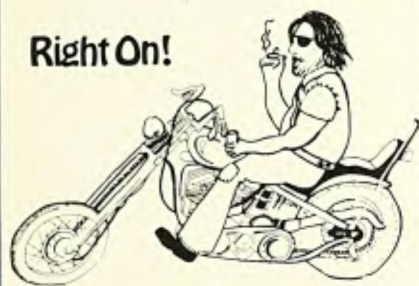
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Big Heavy

—Continued from page 17

and took a side trail that was almost invisible in the darkness and cut off across the desert toward the international bridge, whose lights could be seen flickering in the distance.

After traveling for a half mile, Jack exclaimed, "Shee-it, Manny, we've got a flat tire on the left rear."

Having a spare, both of them got out of the car and, with the aid of a flashlight, opened the trunk of the vehicle and removed the spare from its rack and were preparing to mount the tire.

From out the darkness, two small figures appeared suddenly, two boys of approximately twelve and nine years of age. The bigger of the two, who would weigh in at around ninety pounds, said exuberantly, "Hey, meester, I feex for you."

Shining his light on him, Jack asked if he was strong enough to handle the wheel. With much assurance, the kid replied, "Chure, and my brother he help also." Jack had already broken loose the lug nuts, so the boys didn't have such a big job, and Manny said to him, "Let 'em do it. I'll give them a five-dollar bill."

Just as the brothers got the wheel off the hub, another small boy, about the age and size of the eldest brother, materialized out of the darkness of the desert. He boldly declared himself in on the action, giving an assist in putting the flat tire into the trunk of the car.

Checking the lugs to see that they were secure, Jack closed the trunk and produced a dollar bill, assuming that the boys were all together, extended it, saying, "Gracias, hijos, take this and split it among you"; which was very generous, the monetary exchange being one yankee dollar to twelve of their pesos.

The kid who'd come late and muscled the action, with the speed of a striking rattler grabbed the dollar bill and, just as suddenly as he'd appeared, disappeared into the night so swiftly and completely that he couldn't be seen by the rays from the six-cell flashlight Jack was holding.

The two brothers wailed that they had done the work, and had been robbed. They swore on their mother that they didn't even know the other kid, so Manny laid another ace on them, and he and Cactus got under way again.

Jack produced the remaining joint

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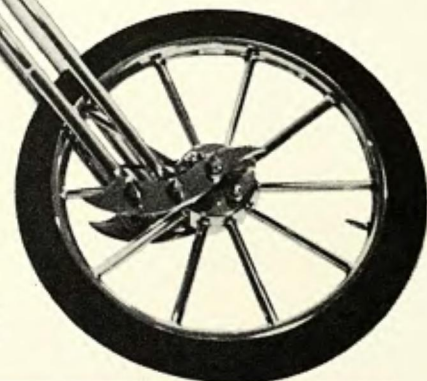
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the man had given him, saying to Manny, "Let's burn this, so when we hit the border inspection we'll be completely clean." They did, and crossed the line with merely a wave and a nod from the fuzz at the inspection station on the border.

Twenty-five miles into Texas, The People—like big fuzz, man—Gee—heat—fell off one of the hilltops and surrounded the car Manny and Cactus Jack were in. There were five cars of them and they were heeled with sawed-offs and choppers.

They made Manny and Jack lie face-down on the shoulder of the road, while they made a complete search of the vehicle, ripping out the seats, floor mats, cutting the upholstery with shivs. Finding nothing, they took Manny and Jack back to the border station, where they pulled off all the tires, and even the gas tank. Those people searched so thoroughly that a pissant would have been found. Zip—goose-egg—double-o—nothing! Everything was clean. The Man just couldn't believe it; he was so sure they had scored.

After five hours, they gave up and sent Manny and Jack on their way. In the next hundred and fifty miles, they were stopped and shaken down twice more by the state patrol; then Jack took the back trails and came into his home town from a different direction, beating another roadblock. The Man had waiting for them at the city limits—as Jack was to learn later.

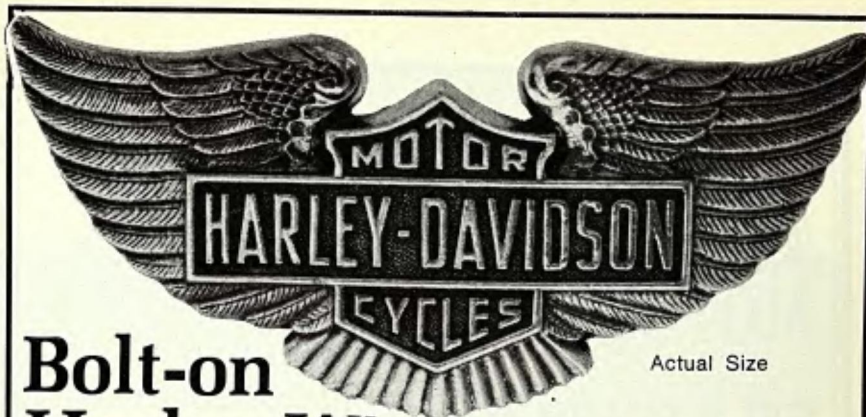
The eastern gentlemen lost no time in getting into their car and heading for points yonder.

A couple of months later, Jack eased back into the barrio of Acuña, visiting with another amigo, who also owned a cantina. Here he learned that the dude they were supposed to score from had been fingered by his ol' lady, and sure 'nuff, the politico in the white hat had been a Mexican narc.

While at the cantina, Jack was hustled by a young boy: "Watch you car, meester? You know me, I help feex your flat tire."

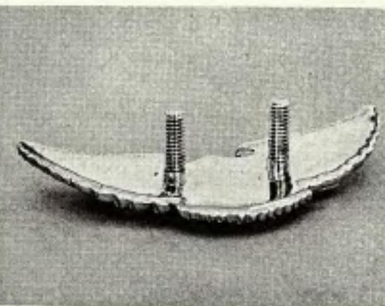
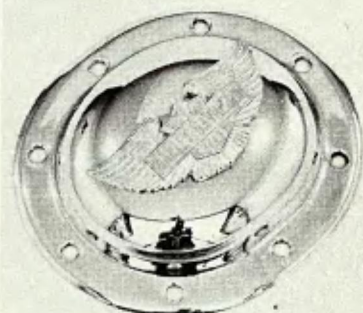
Snapping that this was the kid who had grabbed the dollar bill and run, Jack said, "Man, how do I know I can trust you to watch my car? You cheated your friends, who are of the same nationality. How do I know you won't put it on my car?"

Swelling his chest like a pouter pigeon, the kid answered Jack nonchalantly, "Naw, Señor, dose kids are not of my peoples; dey are no goot; dey tell the poleecia evorting;



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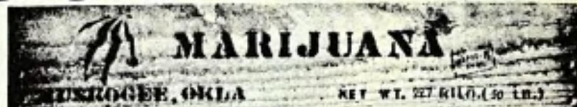
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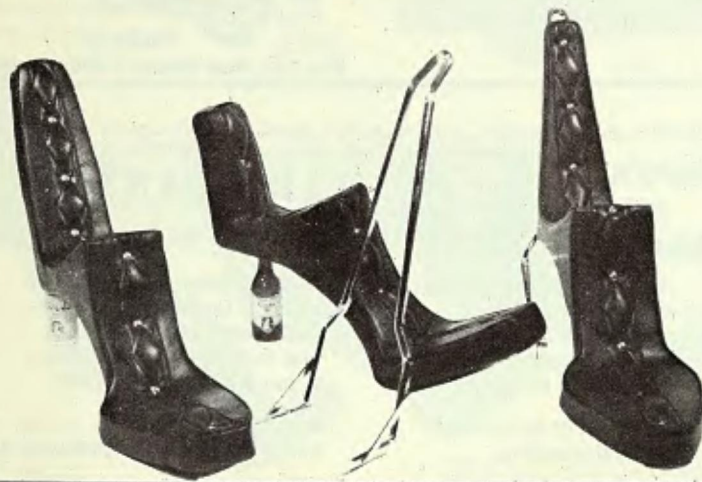
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me, I am mas macho, I gottie mas machismo, and some day soon I will be un pistolero grande, a big man with a gun!"

There is no trail so short that it can't be crossed twice, so Jack got to know the kid fairly well in the next two or three years. On several occasions, the kid scored for him; and Jack witnessed the rise of the boy up the ladder of the underworld.

The kid would hijack both Mexican and gringo alike, any time he got wind of any transaction. When he was nineteen, he, along with some friends, hit the ranch outside of town that was the distribution point for any and all merchandise one could desire.

During the firefight, two of his people were killed and nine of the buscaderos at the ranch had their tickets punched.

The Jefes put a ten thousand reward on the kid's head; and to Jack's knowledge, six gunsels went down trying to collect. In 1972, the kid and the head of the Mexican Secret Police were apprehended in a motel in San Antonio, Texas, with six pounds of H.

The youth from the day so many years past took five hits; yet he survived. The copper later committed suicide (?) by hanging himself in the San Antonio slammer.

After many meetings, a drink here, a joint there, a bit of business on occasion, their trails parted, and Jack saw the kid no more.

The aforementioned took place in 1962, in the first week of August.

The year is now 1974, the ninth day of August, and three Mexican convicts, who have been holding nine civilian hostages for ten days, are ready to make their move for freedom.

This action is taking place in "The Walls" of the Texas State Penitentiary, at Huntsville, Texas.

The leader of the escape attempt is Frederico Gomes Carrasco, who is doing it all, a life sentence for the H caper in San Antone. By the kite, he's had three magnums brought in and has taken over the library, where he was assigned until he recovered from the hits he had received in the bust. He's taken all the civilian personnel as his prisoners, so as to have a mediating factor with the warden.

In these wild days, Carrasco has planned well, having bulletproof vests and headgear brought in, as well as all the food brought in, from the

free world. Never at any time has he mistreated any of the hostages, though one of his cohorts had to bust a cap at one of the men, who had illusions of being a hero.

Carrasco's demands are simple: an armored car to take him and the hostages through the gates. He will set them free as soon as possible. If these demands are not met—Deguello—no quarter asked or given.

He and his people have made barricades from blackboards in the library, taping thick books on them, which will slow, if not completely stop, any lead thrown at them.

As they leave the library, making for the armored truck awaiting them just fifteen yards away, each has a hostage handcuffed to him.

Carrasco comes out in the lead, with a woman guard, followed by his two buddies, all taking advantage of the blackboard shield.

The minute they come into the open, some screws on top of the library open up on them with high pressure water hoses. The three-hundred-pound-per-square-inch pressure of the hoses knocks the blackboards aside, leaving the escapees and their hostages at the mercy of the thirty .44 calibre rifles plus twelve machine guns, backed up by two seventy-five-millimeter recoilless rifles, to be used in case the cons make the armored car.

This action is under the supervision of SWAT (special weapons assault team; a group of the Texas Rangers).

In the first fusillade of shots, the cons as well as their hostages fall wounded. (It has been estimated that over two hundred shots were fired in the initial assault.)

One of the "hooligans," as the guards are called, especially by the old grads, as well as an inmate, since discharged, have testified that after he fell wounded, one of the SWAT team ran over to where Carrasco lay, kicked the bulletproof helmet off his head and fired one round from a .44 calibre rifle into his left eye. A second round took the top of his head off.

Manny, thus died our young dollar-grabbing friend from that dark night so many years and almost forgotten dim trails ago.

He played the game of life heavy; and died in the same way: Big Heavy.

Frederico Gomes Carrasco died "Un gran pistolero; un hombre mas macho; a brave man!"

Adios, amigos, till then. ■

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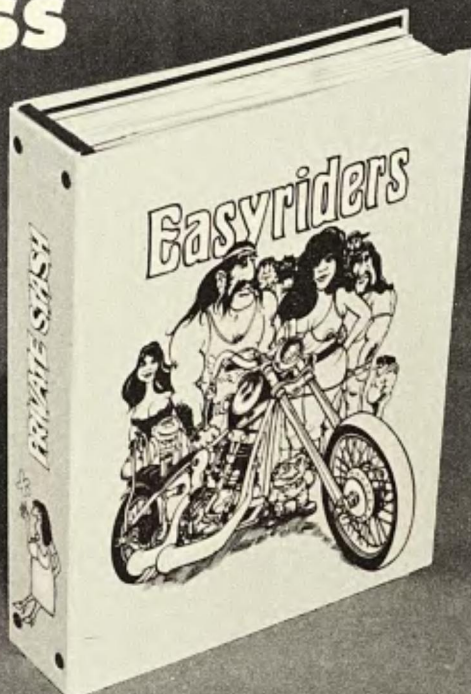
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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.

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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! See back-issue ad in this issue for issues that are still available—some have sold out.

Mail to: Back Issues

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The Substitute Stud

—Continued from page 21

is our shakedown run!"

"Tough shit," observed the sergeant. Then his crinkly blue eyes softened and his voice dropped confidentially. "Just play it cool," he advised. "Although your friend Jojo used his one phone call to you, I made another one for him—to his uncle in Salinas. Maybe the old fart will come up with the bail money."

"Keerist," I moaned, "I hope so!"

"You kids are so goddam impatient," he said. "Things work themselves out if you let them. Like me. Man, I've been in the doghouse most of my married life, but I still manage to get my tail outside once in a while—if you know what I mean!"

I groaned and said, "Thank you, Henny Youngman!"

Then I hustled back to the visiting room to tell Thelma the good news—about the possibility of bail. I mean, Crazily, she seemed unimpressed. As a matter of fact, she insisted that I take her back to her pad. Which was not exactly a chore for me, because Thelma was not only a very beautiful female-type girl, but the prurient object of each and every one of my damp and erotic nightdreams. I drooled all the way to her place, wiping my chin as I escorted her inside.

"It's just no good," she sobbed, reaching for a flagon of Gallo's best. "Jojo's uncle won't help him. He wanted to finance Jojo's education, hoping he'd come into the mortuary business with him. When Jojo chose a charger and the open road, the old fart practically disowned him."

"We seem to be," I said, "up shit creek without a paddle." Then the sergeant's words came back to me.

"Unless," I suggested, "you can con Abigail into dropping the charges against Jojo."

"She'd never listen to me," said Thelma, shrugging and jiggling those huge boobs. "She just happens to hate my guts."

Staring in the vicinity of her indented little navel, I said, "I find that hard to believe."

"It's true," Thelma said. "Abigail was in my gym class in school. I hung the name Captain Kidd on her."

"Captain Kidd?"

She nodded morosely. "Because she had a sunken chest!"

I felt my eyebrows lift. "I was under the impression," I said, show-

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ing off, "that the proliferating glandular tissue had laid an excellent, excitingly beautiful protective covering over her well-formed mammarys."

Thelma laughed harshly. "You think her boobies are for real? She wears falsies, man. That coldassed bitch is a phony. She's so dumb she thinks Peter Pan is a wash basin in a cathouse!"

I started to say something, but Thelma stopped me with a stiff forefinger poked into my gut. "You!" she cried.

"Me what?" I asked, feeling like a dumbass.

"You could talk her into freeing Jojo! I've seen the way she rapes you with her eyes in the elevator. She's got the hots for you, man! The open lust on her face is torrid enough to blow a safe—among other things."

"Are you serious?" I asked. "You want me to—to make love to her?"

Thelma Thunderpussy grinned lewdly. "What I want is for you to ball her everloving ass off! After all, it's for Jojo and the Maidenhood M.C."

I moaned guiltily. I owed Jojo a lot. Like my whole life, man! I mean, the way he took me in tow when I hit town the year before, a green-assed sodbuster kid from Hicksville, was something else. Dumb? Man, I was so dumb I thought a shorty-balone was a dude who wasn't very well hung, and a sissy bar was where the gay boys went to drink! Honest to Christ, I don't know how I lived before Jojo introduced me to all the fine brothers and sisters, to the gut-deep bang of the open road and the thrill and excitement of being a biker. As far as I was concerned, I was only one year old. I was born the day I met Jojo!

But the thought of balling karate-wise Abigail Lipshitz scared the living hell out of me.

"Well?" Thelma Thunderpussy demanded, "are you going to do it? Either shit or get off the pot!"

I shook my head. "I don't think Abigail would go for me. I talked to her in the elevator one night. She said she's never been kissed. She's never petted, necked, screwed, or gone down. She swears it!"

Thelma Thunderpussy giggled wildly.

"What's so damn funny?"

"If it was me," she said with a shudder, "I'd swear too!"

The conversation was beginning to bug me. "Just what the hell," I asked peevishly, "have you got

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against someone who leads a clean
life?"

Thelma, that perceptive little
bitch, stared at me for a long mo-
ment. "Don't tell me," she said, try-
ing to hold back her laughter, "that
you're a virgin too?"

I shifted uncomfortably. I felt
naked all of a sudden. It was like
standing in the middle of a congrega-
tion with my bare soul and balls
both hanging out. "Yes," I admitted
finally. "I am a virgin. But I'm not
a fanatic about it. I just haven't met
the right chick."

"Then this is your big chance to
score!" Thelma cried. "You can help
Jojo, the Maidenhead M.C. and your-
self in one clean sleep."

"Clean sleep?"

"Of course. You'll have to go to
bed with her."

My face turned Thunderbird red.
"But I don't know a damn thing
about making love — especially to
a square chick."

"I'll teach you," Thelma said. "It's
not that complicated, really. It's
something like riding a Schwinn.
Once you've had your ass in the sad-
dle, you never forget. You just mount
up and start pumping."

"I don't know," I said warily.
"From what I've seen among the
fine brothers and sisters, there's only
one thing wrong with sex."

"What's that?"

"It's so goddam habit forming! I
mean, with you cats a sex drive
means a short run to the sack!"

Her oval brown eyes fixed me
with an intense glare. "Oh man,"
she mumbled, "you remind me of
Errol Flynn."

"Errol Flynn — me?"

"Yeah," she said disgustedly. "He's
been dead for years too!" She tossed
off her drink in a gesture of utter
contempt, then took a long drag off
the bottle of Gallo. "Oh well," she
snorted, "you'd probably turn out to
be a hobosexual anyway."

A red glob of anger formed be-
hind my eyeballs. "What do you
mean, homosexual?"

"I did not say homosexual," she
screamed. "I said *hobosexual*. You
would probably make a bum lay!"

Her words stung like a dose of
Blue Ointment on a nest of crabs. I
mumbled angrily and went into the
john. As I relieved myself, I cringed.
Her indifference I could stand, but
not her laughter and scorn. My mind
made up, I rushed back into the
living room. "I'll do it!" I cried. "I'll
be Jojo's substitute stud and make
love to Abigail. I'll do whatever is

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necessary to help my fearless leader!"

Thelma's lovely eyes beamed. "That's wonderful!" she exclaimed. Then she cooled it quickly. "But let's get one thing straight — I am Jojo's ol' lady and private property. Whatever lessons in love I give you will only go so far — and no further. Is that understood?"

I nodded. "Just don't touch my erogenous zone," I pleaded. "I might not be able to control myself." Then, seeing the blank look on her face, I said, "You do know what an erogenous zone is, don't you?"

"Of course," she said, straight-faced. "An erogenous zone is where you park your bike when your sex drive is giving you troubles!"

"That's close enough," I mumbled. "Just tell me what to do."

Thelma Thunderpussy tapped her even white teeth with an impatient forefinger, deciding where to start. "Let's pretend," she said, "that I am Abigail Lipshitz. You've just knocked at my apartment door and I've let you in. What would you say?"

"Let's screw?"

Thelma winced. "No! No! You've got to remember that she's not one of us. You say nothing. Remember, she's got the hots for you. Tell her with your eyes that you feel the same way."

"You mean like this?" I asked, shifting my eyes passionately.

"Oh migawd!" Thelma moaned. "Not like that. You look like somebody just held your head under the covers after a frijole fiesta!"

"I'll do better next time," I vowed. "What's next?"

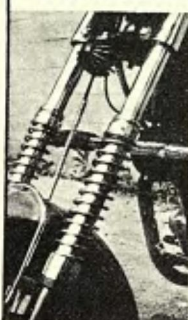
"Being a square female, Abigail will invite you in and make an excuse to go change into something more comfortable."

Putting words into action, Thelma whirled and left me, hotfooting it into the bedroom. I sat on the edge of the sofa and watched as she left the door open a wide crack. I tingled as I saw her disrobe, thrilled and aroused by her flawless nudity, overawed at the sight of the hairiest beaver patch I'd ever seen! Then, too quickly, she covered her naked loveliness with a filmy black negligee and came back into the living room. She sat lightly on my lap, her warm, soft lips nuzzling my ear lobe.

"Just what," she said, imitating Abigail's shrill voice, "is on your mind?"

"Sex!" I cried, carried away by the heavy scene. "Sex, and more sex—what else?"

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"No! No!" Thelma screamed. "Don't think of me as *me*. I'm supposed to be Abigail Lipshitz."

"To hell with Abigail," I mumbled. "It's you I want, Thelma. I love you. I desire you. I lust for you. I must have you!"

"This is ridiculous!" Thelma exploded. "Your technique is for the shitbirds! Man, you cannot just grab a square broad like Abigail by the ass and say, 'let's screw!' You've got to work yourself up."

"Work myself up?" I moaned. "Hell's bells, I'm trembling all over right now like a fox crapping a peach seed!"

"That's not what I mean!" She turned away from me then, still on my lap, and raised her eyes. "Oh, you are impossible!"

Really put down, I lowered my head sorrowfully. Then I saw it.

My goddam fly was open!

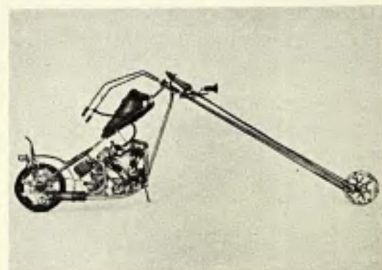
I blinked in disbelief. I squeezed my eyes shut, then opened them again. But it was no mirage. My zipper lay at half mast, my fly gaping open to reveal brightly colored simulated leopard-skin jockey shorts. Hastily, I pulled up the zipper tab.

Then three things happened all at once. Three goddam mind-bending things, like a weird montage from some ancient horror movie.

First: The apartment door burst open. In walked Jojo and Abigail Lipshitz. "Uncle Julius," Jojo announced, "bailed me out of the pokey and explained everything to Abigail. She has agreed to drop all the charges against me."

Second: Thelma Thunderpussy started to get up from my lap, then

Contest Winner



Again, as happened the last time we had a contest winner, we telegraphed for a photograph—but at press time, zilch. So in cold black and white type, the winner of the metal art contest (issue 24) is R. A. Courtwright, 37 Magnolia Avenue, New Egypt, New Jersey 08533.

fell back against me—her filmy black negligee caught in my locked zipper!

Third: A two-hundred-and-forty-pound, jealous, mean-assed mother named Jojo read the entire scene all wrong. He charged into me like a Rotorooter after a clogged shitter!

After that, things became a little fuzzy in my mind.

Well, like I said at the beginning—seeing your best buddy pacing a jail cell, pale of face, bruised and shaken, is as jarring as a knee in the groin.

Jojo was the first to admit it.

"Seeing you pacing a jail cell," he said to me, "is as jarring as a knee in the groin. Man, I'm sorry I stomped you."

"Kind words will not cut any shit with me," I said from behind the bars. "I turned myself in to the fuzz for protective custody, and here I stay until you cool down."

Then Thelma Thunderpussy spoke up. "I've told Jojo the whole story," she said. "He knows now that you were acting in his best interests."

"And he's not pissed off anymore?" I asked.

"No way," she said.

I turned to Jojo. "And I'm still a member of the Maidenhead M. C.—and all is forgiven?"

"You bet your ass, man!" said my fearless leader. "But I am taking you back on one condition."

"Name it!" I shouted.

"Before we start our weekend run," Jojo said, "you gotta get rid of that trouble-making nowhere cherry of yours!"

"But how...?" I stammered.

Abigail Lipshitz stepped forward. "Since I feel responsible for all this hassle," she said, "I think it's up to me to make things right."

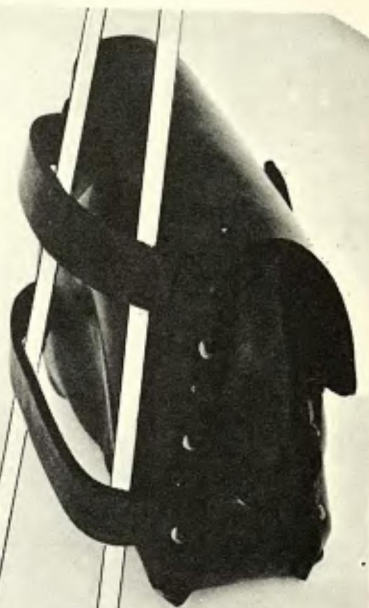
"Just what," Thelma Thunderpussy asked, "do you have in mind?"

"You and Jojo go talk to the desk sergeant and the turnkey," Abigail said. "Keep them occupied. I'll take care of things here."

Fifteen minutes later I met all the qualifications for Jojo's club. I smiled gratefully at Abigail, who was leaning weakly against the cell door. "Thank you," I said. "It only goes to show that there are no bars on sex!"

Abigail grinned foxily as she got up off her knees. "Everything works out fine," she said, "once a woman takes it into her head to make things right."

Drained, all I could say was, "Amen, sister!" ■



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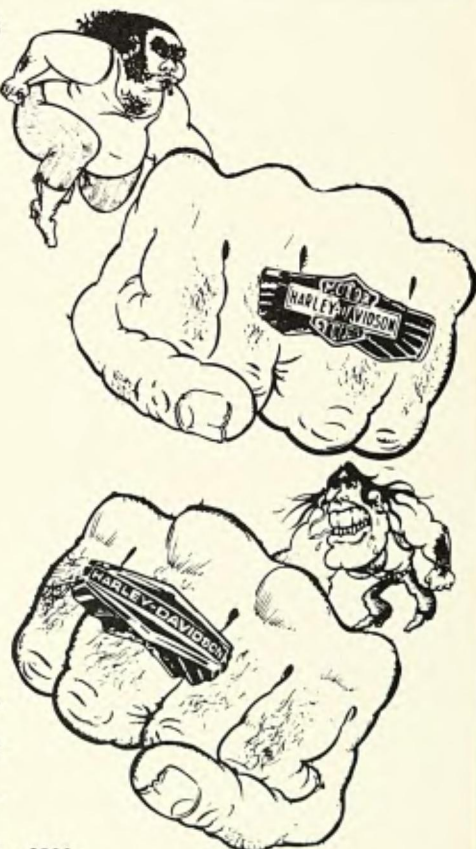


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Chopper parts at B & B Cycle Works, 1219 Central Ave., Albany, New York 12205. (28)

Wanna be a movie star? Cleveland photographer looking for raunchy scot dude and chick for wild flick. No pay. Lots of fun. Copy of finished film to keep. Send photos with letter. Hank, P.O. Box 5363, Cleveland, Ohio 44101. (27)

Harley Flathead 45 engines \$175. Rebuilt \$295. Lots of older Harley parts. Check us out. Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 E. 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216. Phone 316-682-4781. (28)

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.

What it is? Mike Curtion #B54235, P.O. Box 2530, C.T.A. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

A lonely Taurus would like to hear from an Oregonian lady. Yograir Sinclair, P.O. Box 35451, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

Broadminded broads write. Terry Williams #37260, Barney Armistage #36677, Dave Jackson #36674, Karnet Rehabilitation Centre, Serpentine, Western Australia 6205.

Could some lonely sister write a lonely brother? Wayne Nolan, Box 36512, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

Goddammit, where are you people? Donny Frazee #124365, M.C.I., P.O. Box 2000, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.

I swear I'll write back. Floyd Smith #023139, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32080.

Get down on some paper. John Rice #36404, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Even a postcard would give me a rush. John Jolter #40623, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Ain't there any chicks left out there? Jimmy W. Smith, 031960, H-55, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

I know you went to school. C'mon, mama. William A. Marks #038284, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Let's check out each other's mind's. Ralph Blevins 30157-138, Box P.M.B., Atlanta, Georgia 30315.

Black brothers would like to hear from all together females. Jay West, Robert E. Thompson, P.O. Box 2210, Dorm 3408, Susanville, California 96130.

Berdoo Mexican wishes to correspond with crazy woman any age, shape, or size. Alex F. Tapia, P.O. Box 107, V.W.-152, Tehachapi, California 93561.

Three tramps could dig some scribes from some sweet young things. Dennis Corley B#51044A, Greg Campbell B#51839, Slezay Craig Sizemore B#41371, C.T.F. Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

In the slammer. Do I need a hammer to get you to write? Leslie Bruce Boulder, P.O. Box 4000R, Ft. Grant Training Center, Ft. Grant, Ariz. 85643.

Getting ready for a lockdown. Need some mellow lines. Ron Furla, B-55020, Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Like to correspond with righteous female freaks. Johnny Madrigal, P.O. Box B-42860 North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

We're puttin' in a call for mail. Wayne Bourg #42269, Randy Gaines #41929, Roy Coltongame #42330, P.O. Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Black Indian needs some beautiful vibes. Earl Davis #26152, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Shit, write me, will ya? Parker Leach #038666 M-3-5-11, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Send them scribes on down. Rog Shelton, P.O. Box B32665, S.Q. Seg 1-B-15, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Will someone please write me? D.R. Trejo, P.O. Box 51520, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Lovelies, it only takes a pen and a paper bag. Richard Hoinville, #42559, Colo. State Penitentiary, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

What is it? Paul King 3-28, 3405 Deer Park Drive S.E., Salem, Oregon 97310.

Talk to me on paper. Al Lighthart #39185, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

My pen hand is itchin'. Jimmy Perry, P.O. #805, Carthage, N.C. 28327.

What does it take to get some scribes? Alex Bawling #36406, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, California 93436.

Donald Tucker—I need to hear from you or Wesley. I am in the can. Don England #24613, 1B-81, Box 7, Moberly, Missouri 65270.

This ain't no jive, I'm lonely as a sonovabitch. Ben Zimmerlee #38609-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Oklahoma 73036.

Need to hear from some for-real chicks. Donald Patterson #97136-131, P.O. Box PMB, Atlanta, Georgia 30315.

Wanted! Mail-order bride. Raymond Bolton #N-39461, Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Need a woman. Douglas W. Scott #135606, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Can you dig this? Love! Jack Stephen Renick #38869, Mail #206, Desoto Correctional Institution, P.O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Florida 33821.

We're here; where are you? Scott Gerber N39730, Larry Foster N33690, Sonny Clark N39069, Dorm 22, P.O. Box 535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Couple of ducks need scribes: Richard "Doc" Bunch and Ken "Shakey" Napp, Box 250, Draper, Utah 84020.

Any chicks will do fine: Al Lighthart #39185, David A. Bundy #40850, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

All you fine freak bitches and righteous ladies, write. Ralph A. Peters, Box PMB, 92450-131, Texarkana, Texas 75501.

Race is not a barrier as long as you can write in English. John C. Daniels, P.O. Box 107, B-36, Tehachapi, California 93561.

This mad Irishman needs mail. Don Sullivan, Box 35722, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

Good people, be good and write us. John Krebs, Box 36472, Rick Watson, Box 36391, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

We could dig hearing from chicks. Dino Kacmal #120742, Bones Wannagel #131390, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Michigan 49855.

Inside without no outside relation. Please write. Arville Lee Roland, Jr., P.O. Box 2839, Asheville, N.C. 28802.

Writer would now like to change his ways and write to females. (Presently in the slam for writing checks.) Tom McKinley #B35874, P.O. Box A-E, Room 4277, San Luis Obispo, California 93409.

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