

Easyriders

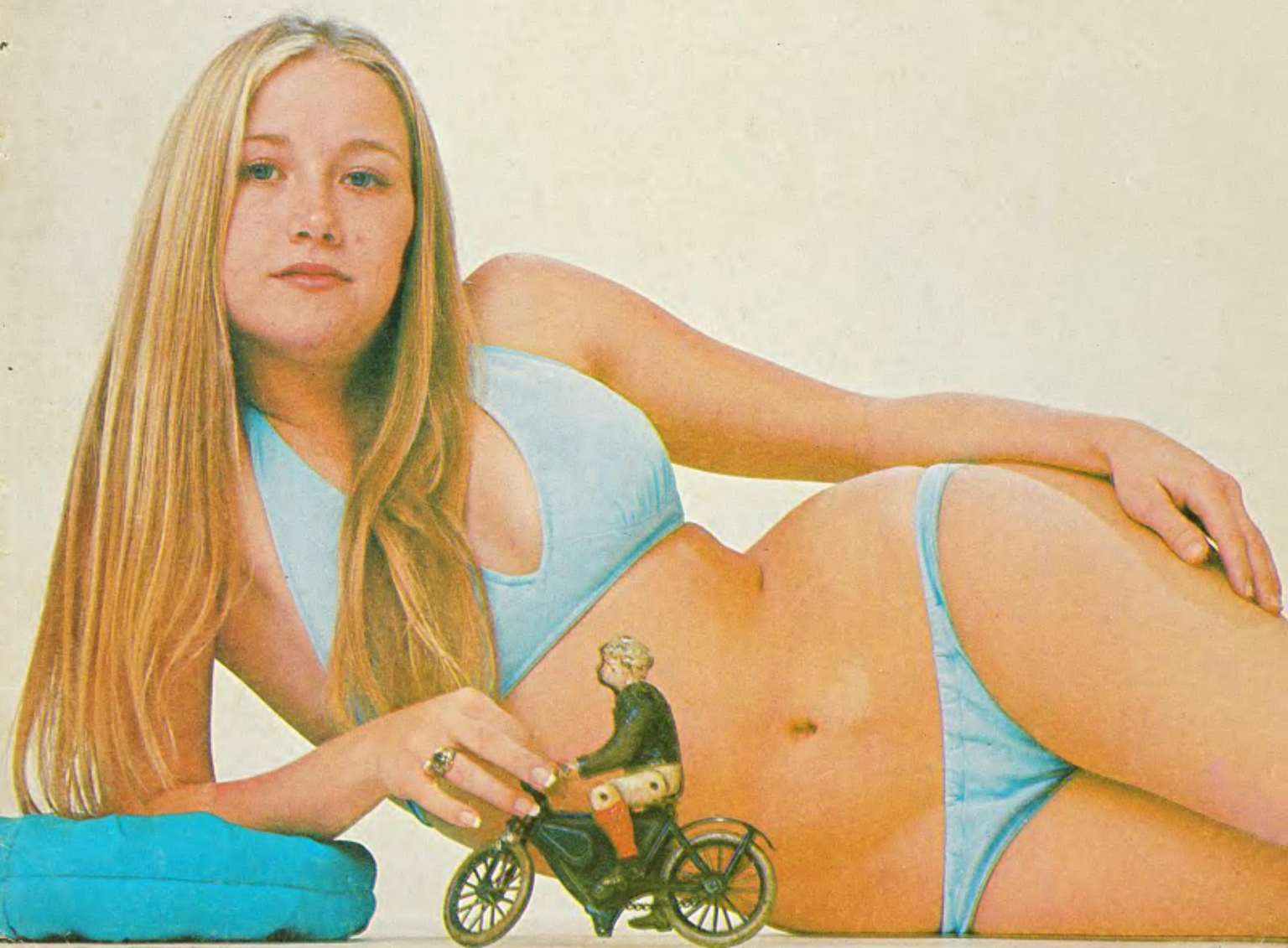
May, 1975
One Dollar

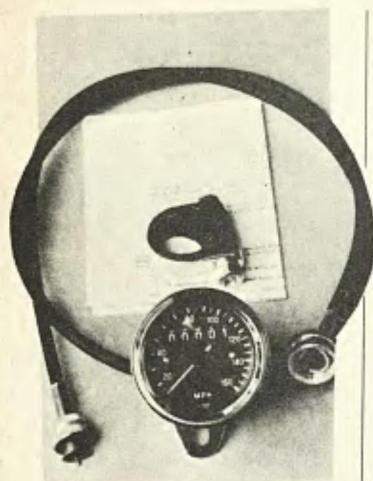
Choppers That'll Twist Your Gourd!

The Tattoo Club of America

Complete Facts About The Speed-E-Shift

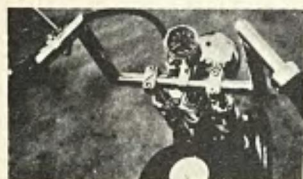
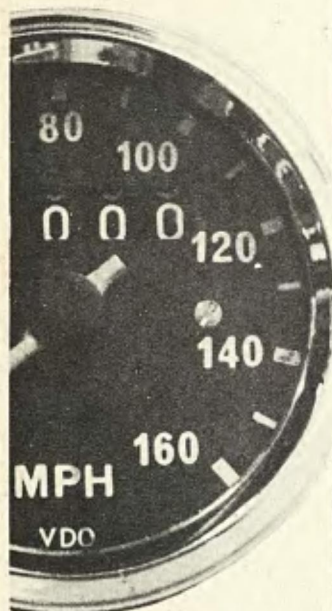
FREE Iron-On Transfer





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

Now for the first time
you can buy this small
(only 2 3/8" 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

Specify 74 or Sportster when ordering.



AXED HARLEY

**GAS
TANK**

3.8 gal. capacity.
Deeper tunnel
gives your bike
the fat bob look!

#818A Single cap **44.95**

#819A Dual caps **49.95**



**SHIFT BRACKET
LEVER**

#203B
7.50

Chromed. Stock
replacement; fits
1936 to 1954 with
foot shift assembly

**HD 74
Extended
Kick Stand
Chromed**

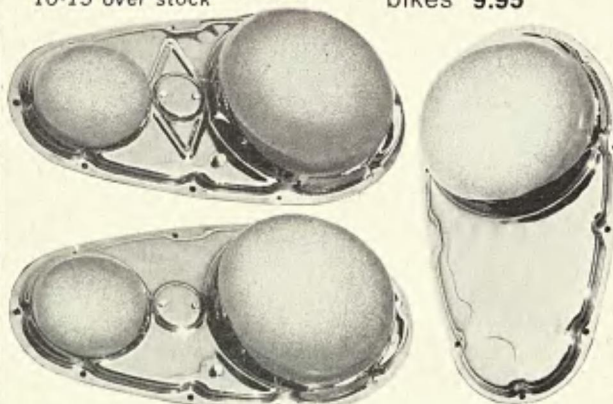
6-10 over stock **\$24.95**
10-15 over stock

**SHIFT
BRACKET**

Chromed stock replacement. Fits
1936 to 1954 with foot shift
assembly, will fit 1955 to 1973
with 3/8" spacer on bushing.

#203A **14.95**

Oil Gauge (Chromed)
Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs.
A must for long rides.
Fitting supplied for 74s
and Sportsters, but you
must specify which one
when ordering. Can be
modified to fit other
bikes **9.95**



OUTER PRIMARIES

HD XLCH Sportster 1958-69

#761 DIAMOND STYLE **33.95**

#762 SMOOTH STYLE **33.95**

#763 SUPER SMOOTH **33.95**

**FOUR GALLON
AXED HARLEY**

4 gallon capacity; 13 1/2" wide, 16"
long, 9" deep. Frisco style tunnel.

#816A SINGLE CAP **42.50**

#817A DUAL CAP **44.95**

**DISC BRAKE
COVERS**

Dress up and protect your brake caliper!
Chrome plated.

#737

Fits 1972 to
present HD 74
with large calipers.

14.95

#737A

Fits 1974 HD
74 with small
calipers;

front only. **13.95**



**CUSTOM
OIL TANK**

FOR ELECTRIC START 74's

4 quart capacity; side fill.
Designed for aircraft style and
FX Electric Start Battery.
Mounting plate and battery
clamp included. #746B **65.50**

HEADLITE BRACKET

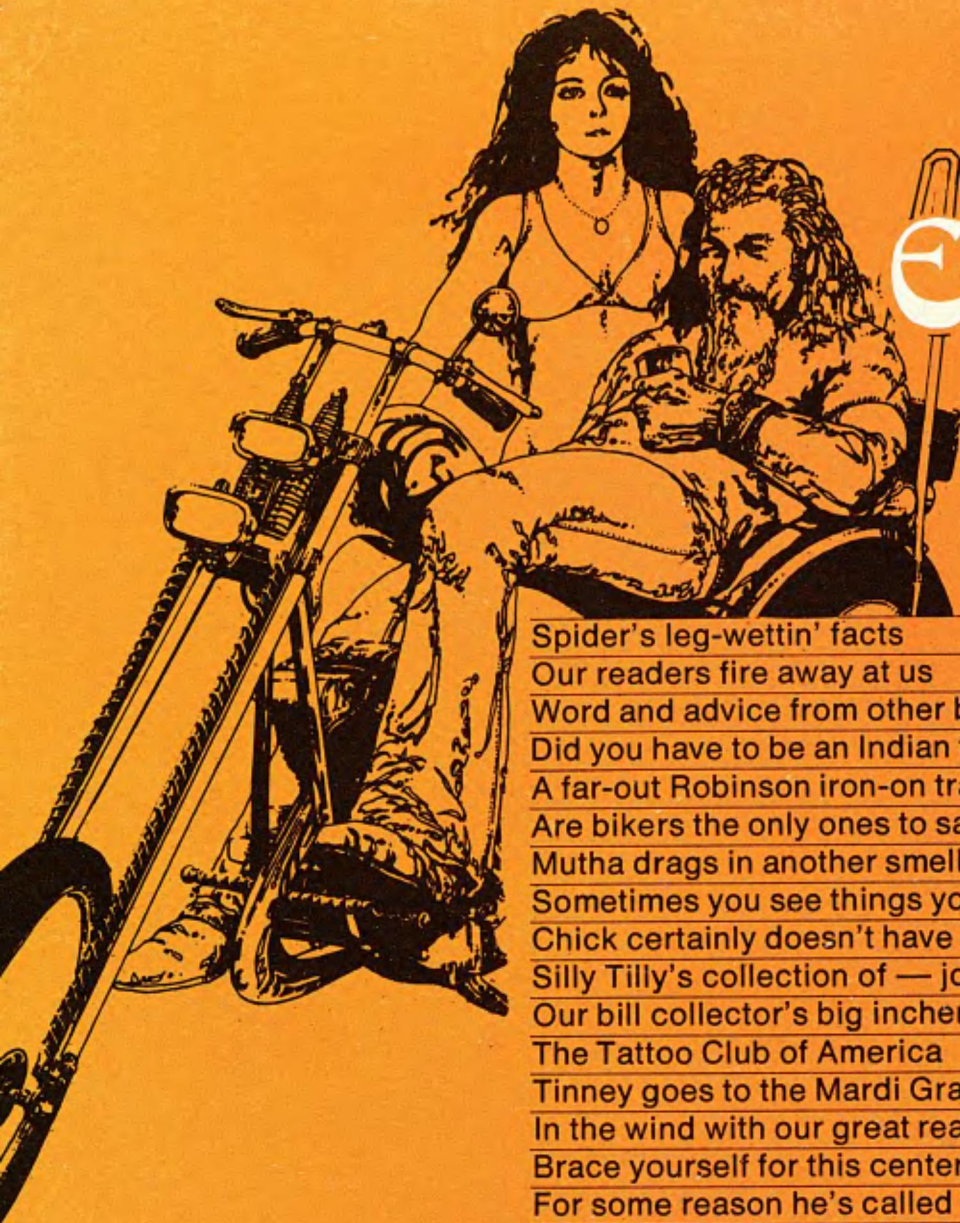
Chromed; use
on extended
front ends.

Fits all 74FX
and Sportsters.

#526 **3.50**

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

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale,
California 91201



Easyriders

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers

Spider's leg-wettin' facts	4
Our readers fire away at us	6
Word and advice from other biker rags	11
Did you have to be an Indian to own one?	12
A far-out Robinson iron-on transfer	13
Are bikers the only ones to say "Fuck It"	14
Mutha drags in another smelly mess	19
Sometimes you see things you don't want to	20
Chick certainly doesn't have any class	22
Silly Tilly's collection of — jokes?	24
Our bill collector's big inch	25
The Tattoo Club of America	30
Tinney goes to the Mardi Gras	34
In the wind with our great readers	38
Brace yourself for this centerspread	40
For some reason he's called "Dirty George"	42
All you want to know about the Speed-E-Shift	48
We shot this scoot after a 6,000 mile trip	52
How you can put on a helmet protest	57
ABATE, a national organization for bikers	58
Latest motorcycle designs	60
Choppershopper, a good place for goodies	78

Number 29

STAFF: Office Cats: Igor, White Rat and Omar. Executive Janitor and Contact: Spider. Subscription Hassles: Monica Stewart. Bookkeeper and King of the Assholes: Pillhead Smiley. Subscription Maintenance, Lori Parker. Young Man About Town: Lou. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Big Armond Bletcher. Wine Taster and Chugalug Champ: Dudley. Hard Worker and Office Sex Symbol: Deon. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Contributing Photographers and Party-timers: Billy Tinney, John (Rogue) Herlihy, Wino Joe, Dave Fitzgerald, Charles Flett. Cartoon Editor: The one and only Hal Robinson. Art Director: Art Honcho. Artists: Dave Mann, Duffy Duggan. Production: Here today, gone tomorrow Denise. Overworked Editor: Louis (License Plate) Bosque. Fearless Photographer: Jake Roca. Wordhead: Frank (The Hermit) Harding. Photo Editor: Pete (Tit Freak) Chiodo. Associate Editor: Keith (Bandit) Ball. Lecher and good guy: Big Toe Renegade. Editor-at-Large: Mil (Hog Expert) Blair. Managing Editor: Joe (Super Hog) Teresi. Editor: Lou (barf) Kimzey.

Easyriders magazine Number 29, May 1975, Vol. 5. Published every six weeks by Paisano Publications, Inc. with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1975 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$7.00, two years \$14.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$1.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Phone number (213) 880-4240.

Cover photo of Vicki Davis by Pete Chiodo

Did you know that prehistoric beavers were as big as today's polar bears? That's almost as big as Miraculous Mutha's!

Are you ready? Here's a mind blower: The Madera, California, Board of Supervisors actually considered paying the Hell's Angels \$1,000 not to hold their annual gathering on Memorial Day at Bass Lake. The Angels have been partying there every Memorial Day weekend since 1965. But the National Forest Service (after admitting that the presence of the Angels did worry the public) said they had as much right to be there as anyone else. The Supervisors complained that additional law enforcement officers for the weekend cost \$20,000 annually. But after all the hand-wringing, they finally decided there wasn't anything they could do about it and decided not to make the \$1,000 offer.

It has been proven that if you can't convince your ol' lady of anything within 11 minutes, then forget it and let her have a knee in the crotch. Studies have shown that that's how long she'll pay attention—not a minute longer.

You've heard of all the fantastic bread Evel Knievel made from his Snake River rip-off. Well, according to California Business magazine, he only netted \$226,000. He said he had to spend \$1.15 million to make the \$226,000. Tough shit.

It went over like a turd in a punch bowl, but Douglas W. Scott, who is serving time at the Southern Ohio Pen, wrote President Gerald Ford a request for full pardons for the 1,200 inmates

at the prison. He told the President: "Since everyone is equal under our justice system and you have seen fit to forgive Nixon for 'misdeeds,' surely we can expect our pardons shortly."

Caper of the month: A dude in Scottsdale, Arizona, put on a guard's uniform, placed an "Out of Order" sign on the night depository at a bank, stood next to it, and waited. Several people gave him their deposits. But he stuck around too long and got spotted by The Man—and you know the rest.

Porno films of apes were used to try and get two gorillas, Chris and Susie, to learn how to screw because they've never been around others and don't know how. So the zoo showed the films to "stimulate" them, but so far Chris just jerks off.

Legal reason to escape jail. A California court has ruled that under limited circumstances, a prisoner is right to escape from jail. The court ruled that the threat of homosexual rape is fearsome enough for a prisoner to justifiably seek escape from jail in order to avoid the attack. (Remember to scream "rape" when you go over the wall.)

Fantastic new facts! A recent study has revealed that pot is by far the most widely used drug "specifically employed to improve sex." They found cocaine to be a more volatile love potion, but pot and hash were used more frequently because they're a helluva lot cheaper. Shit, they didn't even mention Ripple.

Great news! In Madison, Wisconsin, you now can use "any wanton, lewd or obscene gesture in the presence of another." Whoopie!

Women who drop the pill exude less sex odors than those who don't. The smell of sex is what stimulates a dude—at least it turns on rhesus monkeys. Don't ask me what the hell this all means. I just thought someone might be interested. Most of the broads I know are pretty gamy smellin'—with or without pills. ■

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

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

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

Full refund
of your money
if not satisfied!



RIGHTEOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

WORDMONGER

Someone Did a Number On Us—a Retraction

■ Most of you will remember a letter that was supposedly from R. Adams of the City of Angel's Camp Police and was printed in the December 1974 issue.

We need hassles from the police like we need another navel, and wouldn't have used the letter if it had not come in an official Angel's Camp Police Department envelope and had not had an R. Adams' police/business card attached. We had every reason to assume it was legitimate — but it wasn't.

Easyriders was used to perpetrate a joke — malicious or otherwise — upon Officer R. Adams by an individual who apparently didn't give a damn about Officer Adams, or **Easyriders**.

Easyriders is very sorry for any embarrassment the publishing of the letter may have caused Officer Adams, Chief of Police Donald Ross, and the Angel's Camp Police Department.

Easyriders feels that it has been put upon as was Officer Adams — we were used and we don't dig it any more than Officer Adams does.

Again, we're sorry for the hassle we've caused anyone — and we'd also like to say that we'd really like to meet up with the dude who played around with us, and as a result brought the Heat down on us.

— **Easyriders**

Some Advice

□ I'd like to advise people modifying a Hog frame not to remove the brace tube between the down tubes and top motor mount unless you weld some type of gussets in the area. My complete neck section broke off at 70 mph. A check of an

identical frame showed cracks in the same places where mine broke.

Dirty Ed
Richmond, Ky.

Old Harleys

□ **Easyriders** is a low-key, crude publication, but as long as you print old Harley photos, it's worth my buck to scarf it up. The February issue had what I wanted in the way of unbutchered motorcycles.

Rick Brown
Shelby, Mont.

Ain't Worth It

□ I just want to say that I'm doing time on a weapons charge. I got busted during a war with another club. It ain't worth it.

Rabbi
Iron Kosacs
So. Michigan

No Spokes

□ What in the fuckin' hell is wrong with you all? You would fuck up a wet dream. I wanted to put that picture of the "Welcome To Hell" on my cell wall, but you people are on your ass and don't even put the spokes on the wheels. That's pretty goddamned lazy. Your rag is going to hell and you people too.

Fred Kenney
Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas

■ Most people can't see spokes when they're goin' around.

Heat Digs Our Lifestyle

□ I like your mag because I can get into another part of the world that I can never see for myself. I can get into the articles on the different meets and runs around the country through your rag because, although I would like to, I can never participate in any of them.

You see, I am what is commonly referred to as a

pig. I am a police officer, but even with the uniform I wear I still consider myself, even if no one else does, a brother to my fellow bikers. As a police officer, I will not ask the location and dates of the meets or runs, I won't ask you about the different clubs. I will, however, ask you to let me continue to dwell in a world I long to belong to, through your magazine. I know that as a "pig" I could never belong to your world as it happens, but I must ask you to let me participate, through your rag, after the event, and dream of the time I might have been having.

D. R.
Hibbing, Minn.

Wasted

□ I've wasted a shitload of paper trying to write an intelligent letter about women's rights, but all I can say is: women should be obscene and not heard!

The Kid
So. Calif.

Here's A Crock

□ Hey, I think there are enough other bike rags covering all the "pretty boys" and their "Flash Gordon" style motorcycles. Why don't you stick to the man with a motor he rides? You take half the scoots in your mag on a run, and you'd have to take the same number of pickup trucks to bring 'em back home again.

R. Buckner
C. V., Calif.

■ Eat it.

Scary Article

□ Read a beautiful piece of writing in the January issue. It was written by Billy Shore and was called "For Their Own Good." It was also a scary article. Scary because of one thing: I assume it was fiction, but very, very

soon it could become factual. If laws continue being passed like before, it'll only be a matter of time. This may sound like bullshit to some bikers, but we could face extinction just like the wolf. It's not too far in the future if we don't get it together. Don't make the mistake of thinking we're not in a fight for our lives. If being a biker is your life, you're in the fight.

John Kenney
Warren, Ohio

Easyriders On Radio

□ Have been meaning to write you since I heard your interview on CBC radio—which was funnier 'n hell!

Barbara Frum: "What's it really like to have one of those big throbbing machines between your legs?"

Editor: "Well, it's kinda like one of those 'personal vibrators' you can buy in the porn shops."

Barbara: ...

Editor: "That's the kind of answer you wanted, wasn't it?"

Barbara: **Stutter, stammer, blush**, etc.

Up here in the wilds there's not much good radio, so we hear all too much of Barbara Frum, and it was just fine to hear you put the bitch in her place. Thank you.

Sheldon Bickford
South Ryegate, Vermont

From Scotland

□ I often read your mag here in Scotland, and I wonder if you would print this message in your rag.

I am a Triumph Bonneville rider, and I would love to visit the chopper scene in the U.S.A. If anyone there knows where the action is and can perhaps help me out with digs, etc., please get in touch. I would reckon

Here's some Trash for ya



If you have read *Easyriders* for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even *Easyriders* couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the

nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — like his Christmas cards — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me _____ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash**. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(California residents add 6% for tax)

**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist**

**For
\$31.50**

**Two Year
Guarantee**

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

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

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

on staying in America for a couple or three months and maybe a part-time job would help.

Gordon Doyle
32 Bonaly Crescent
Colinton
Edinburgh 13
Scotland

Number One

☐ In a recent issue some of the ol' ladies were bltching about being Number 2. Well, everyone knows they are Number 3. Because the male is Number 1 (if we don't take care of our ass, nobody else will). Our bikes are Number 2, and ol' ladies are Number 3. If they haven't got their shlt together to know that, they're more of a hassle than they're worth.

D. Taylor
Calhoun, Ga.

Pullin' a Train

☐ I like to keep up on the sexual front. After reading an issue of *Easyriders*, I was left with the following burning question: what the fuck do you mean by "pulling a train"?

Virgin Reader
Dallas, Texas

■ That's when a chick is plugged in simultaneously at both ends.

Agrees With Us

☐ I agree with your response to Judge in the February issue. Some of those two-strokes sound like a bee after his ass has been dipped in turpentine—it's piercin'.

Tony
Barre, Vt.

Against Two-Strokes?

☐ I didn't see any reason for your comment about dirt bikers. You say all dirt bikes are ear-piercing? Well, I've heard some damn loud choppers roll through town — pulling wheelies, falling into cars, hitting cars and pedestrians. If you want to play little fun games, go to the fields and tracks made for such stunts — like dirt bikers do!

Bill Kerchner
Freeport, Illinois

☐ Ya know, you guys are fucked in the head. You think everybody that rides a two-stroker is a jackoff or something. But this is

how it is. I party all the time and all I have is a little Yamie, 'cause I don't have the bucks to get what I want. I know a lot of dudes who are righteous partyin' bike freaks and have two-strokes. And we all dig bikes, partyin', and, of course, pussy. So everybody who rides a two-stroker is not a jackoff.

Head
Madison, Pa.

■ Will you turds read my answer again! I did not say all two-stroke riders. I clearly said zit-faced strokes (or, in other words, pimple-faced punks) who ride two-strokes makin' ear-piercin' noise (with expansion chambers, or with their mufflers removed). That is **one** type of biker, not **all**. We don't knock anyone's scooter. It's the punk getting his gun on the noise he makes that screws it up for the rest of us.

Waste of Space?

☐ You assholes really pissed me off with the Harley-Davidson bicycle ad. Why would you put some dumb-ass bicycle bullshit in a chopper mag. Whatta waste of space!

Capt. A.
Atlanta, Ga.

■ You never know what to expect when you pick up a copy of this miserable rag — if you don't dig it, fuck off.

Digs In The Wind

☐ The only feature I liked about your magazine was "In The Wind." The photos really show what most of your readers look like — a bunch of dirty pigs with long greasy hair and scrungy bodies.

Disgusted
Boring, Ore.

■ Watch that "pig" shlt.

Sad Story

☐ When I joined the MP, I thought it would be like being a cop (more or less), but I found out very fast that being an MP is like being a baby sitter. Anyone who's been an MP and has pulled the road for any amount of time has to agree with me that the main function of an MP is being Gate Guard. Whether rain, sleet, snow, or

the gloom of night, he is out there in the middle of nowhere, waving cars by.

SP/4 S.
Seabrook, Md.

■ Cry me a river.

Paradise

☐ If the chicks around here fucked like you bastards write, this'd be paradise.

Pigpen
Naha, Okinawa

Hard To Find

☐ Your rag is harder to find in this town than a cherry in a cathouse. These shithead newsdealers save them under the counter for their favorite customers! The several copies I do have were purchased tattered and torn, from hungover bikers for three times the stand value.

George Antonich
Watsonville, Calif.

How Come?

☐ How come all those jerks who are presently in the joint keep writing to get someone to write them letters? If those assholes were so righteous and upstanding on the streets as they want you to believe, they would have friends who'd write to them.

J. T. Baptist
Windsor, Vermont

■ Only a dude on the inside can understand how quickly they are forgotten, once they're gone.

Ripped-Off

☐ I'm pissed. Some louse ripped my entire collection of *Easyriders*, except for 3 issues. I pray the asshole gets wiped out doin' 90 mph on some stale dog shit — that's assuming he even rides.

Flathead
Morristown, N.J.

Nice Job?

☐ Bet you guys wish you had my job. I look between chicks' legs eight hours a day.

L. Lee
Noel, Mo.

■ No, we prefer touchin' and tastin'.

Male Chauvinists

☐ The cover of your magazine says "Entertainment for Adult Bikers." So why is it entertaining for adult **male**

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.

\$5.95, plus a lousy buck for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

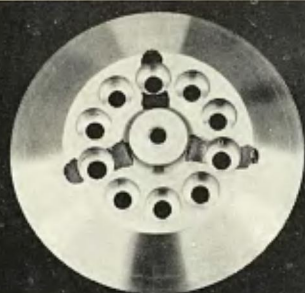
California residents add 5% sales tax.

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.

Quality guaranteed
or money refunded





LIFETIME PERFORMANCE PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's

1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.
2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area, as pressure is applied to face of clutch plate.
3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.
4. Smooth clutch action.

Complete with instructions, installs in 1/2 hour... **\$19.95** (Add \$1.50 for shipping cost)
For immediate delivery, send certified check or M.O., personal checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C



Hi-capacity Fuel Shut-off

All Harleys and big inch bikes need more fuel to obtain maximum performance. This valve will provide increased fuel flow to give your bike an outstanding performance boost.

- Large fuel capacity.
- Permanently mounted screen.
- Standard 3/8" pipe fitting (fits right in H-D fuel tank).
- No loose gaskets to break or lose.
- Precision machined surfaces.
- Banjo fitting for ease of fuel line to carb coupling.
- Uses 3/8" ID hose.
- Viton O-rings on shaft and fuel chamber seal.
- All brass construction, no corrosion.
- Heavy duty spring shut-off for rapid, sure-fire closing.

COMPLETE... **\$22.50 POSTPAID**

For immediate delivery, send certified check or M.O., personal checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C

bikers only? I've got great articles and I enjoy your magazine a lot, but you are chauvinistic. Consider this: In your January issue, there were 23 pictures of women partially or wholly nude, yet never a male. Female nudity may increase your sales as far as the guys go, but how about some well-hung male nudes to entice us female readers to buy your magazine?

Ms. Shayne Monroe
Columbus, Ohio

Reactions to Carol

□ So you wanna borrow my wrench, huh? Well, I'll give it to you! Right across your fucking big mouth, you up-pity wise-ass bitch!

Marty Jansen
Athens, Ohio

□ Are you guys some kinda sadists or what? Another piece of shit by the big-mouth cunt Carol! I know a bunch of dudes who'd like to stomp her ass into the ground! She just wants to borrow my wrench, huh? Well, I'll give her my damn torque wrench right up her stinky twat!

Big Red Fairchild
Massachusetts

□ Far out, Carol! You've said it all! Good to read articles like yours.

Undertaker's ol' lady
Newport News, Va.

□ I admire Carol's nerve, even though I really disagree like hell with her traitorous statements about liberated women. We're "insecure"? Hardly. After all, the reason so many insecure people hate us is that we're "too self-confident," "self-assured," and, of course, "uppity!"

The "Lone Wolf"
Santa Ana, Calif.

□ The article "Aw, c'mon, you guys!" by Carol was great. I agree with her because I'm a weirdo who likes intelligent women.

Emmon Stiles
Orinda, Calif.

□ Are you assholes sliding it to that bitch on the side, or what's your trip with her, that you gotta put three of her bullshit articles in your mag? Don't you give a shit about your readers any more? If that whore wants

to borrow my wrench, I'll give it to her all right! Right against her fucking big fat mouth!

Pissed Off Reader
Litchfield, Maine

□ When my ol' man read her latest trash, he got so pissed off he took it out on me and burned his magazine before I got a chance to finish all the fiction stories.

Lisa H.
Hampton, Va.

□ I agree with her 100% on what she says. We're all human, male or female. We all have our likes and dislikes. Just because some people like different things and like to do different things in this world is no reason to condemn them or call them weirdos.

Mrs. R. A. Vegoren
APO San Francisco

□ Don't you guys know this kind of junk can rot the minds of our ol' ladies and foxy little honeys who could start being like her and lose their respect for us if they start thinking they're as good as dudes?

D. Fineberg
Westfield, N.J.

Wrong Dude Shot!

□ To the bandit who took a fall on 2004: You shot the wrong guy. I am the one who took after the pickup that ran you off the road.

(I tried to help this guy out by trying to get the asshole who tried to kill him, and he shot me in the leg when I went back to help him. I knew he was a bandit because he was wearing colors. I just wanted him to know he got the wrong man.)

Pistol Peter
Galveston, Texas

Helpful Advice

□ I don't know what is

wrong with some of those people who have lost an arm and are now talking about riding trikes. All they have to do is switch either the throttle or clutch to one side of the handlebars, depending on which arm is gone. It takes some practice but you can work both throttle and clutch with one hand.

Lyle Ramesburg
Lakin, Kansas

Digs Us

□ I've been wanting to drop you a line to tell you how much my people and I dig your rag. When I read that open letter from Sonny Barger, I dug it because it's about time he was heard from. He has a lot of people behind him and we believe he will win!

Magoo
San Francisco, Calif.

Money Waiting

□ Preacher, get your ass home. Your lawyer has some money from your smash up.

Freke
Augusta, Ga.

White Power

□ Read the letter from the two dudes calling you down because of the White Power T-shirts. Also noticed there was no ad for the shirts in the following issue. What the fuck is the trip? Let's see the White Power T-shirts in your next issue, or you ain't shit.

Cherry
Detroit, Mich.

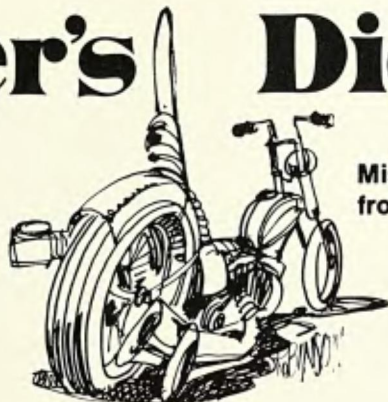
■ The advertisers decide when they're goin' to be in—they're in this issue.

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



"Dear—I think you pulled out in front of that biker back there."

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

What Knievel has wrought...

There is a sort of Evel Knievel syndrome at work here. It's most obvious in Evel's spawn—the others who would cycle their way to fame and fortune. Specifically a lot of the problem comes from his imitators—the inept amateurs who are crashing all over the country (in the stadium and on the roads), thereby providing fodder for that "unsuitable vehicle" school of thought which would take us all off our bikes. These guys provide reporters with a chance to interview a lot of doctors and psychiatrists who, in turn, serve up their expected allotment of dismemberments and aberrations which are then dutifully rushed into print. Never mind the illogic of the comparison.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Motorcyclists are people...

Anti-motorcycle sentiment exists and it is ridiculous. Motorcyclists are people—just like automobile drivers and, therefore, they are entitled to identical privileges. And certainly, bikers should not be discriminated against at a time when the experts are telling us that energy should not be wasted.

—Bob Atkinson
Cycle World

Good idea...

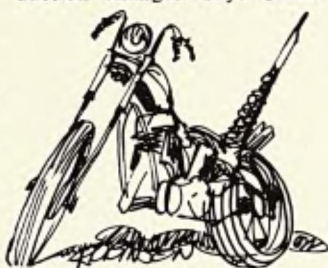
The hot set-up, in these days of sluggardly speed limits, is to fall in behind a truck with citizen band radio antennas and cruise right along. We'd be running at 75 or 80 with a semi when suddenly he'd slow to an indicated 65. We'd slow too, and a radar trap would

mysteriously appear. We'd roll on through, never busted, and gas it up with the truck just beyond the radar's reach.

—John Ulrich
Cycle Magazine

AMF views...

Of course one thing that must first be done in order to sell that ten percent (of the bike market) is to make it. For Harley-Davidson that means making motorcycles as fast as it can sell them, which is something it hasn't been able to do for years. That is the reason for the drastic production changes. Says Grant



McKay, General Manager at Milwaukee:

"We're going through a revolution in manufacturing, there's no doubt about it. We have a whole new philosophy in building motorcycles compared with what we had a few years ago. Every bike used to be hand built; we can't afford to do that today."

—Joey Sutter
Cycle Guide

Cafe racer fad...

Areas differ, as far as what the interests are, and when new interests develop. In some cases, such as the cafe racer fad, it seems as if there is far less interest than certain manufacturers and magazines have wished for.

—Choppers Magazine

A rip-off...

Most all of the motorcycle manufacturers are guilty of robbery. The dealer who sells us a rear wheel bearing for \$12 when it can be obtained from a bearing house for \$3, or the one who sells us a light bulb for \$1.45, when the auto supply houses sell the same thing for 30 cents, is ripping us off. There are hundreds of such parts on most motorcycles.

With the United States economy so screwed up and getting worse, with President Ford's W.I.N. program asking people to make an effort to hold down the prices, conserve energy and pull in the belt a few notches, these guys continue to rip off.

He should talk to the big businesses. The little guy has already taken his belt in, and off.

—Laco Bob
Biker News

Write legislators...

We could also have a campaign to urge motorcyclists to write their Senators and Congressmen. Between the Environmental Protection Agency, the Bureau of Land Management, the Department of Transportation, and state and local governments, our rights are being taken away very rapidly. A ground swell of letters to Congress might stem the tide. There has never been a time when motorcycling was more in need of political activity, lobbying, etc. Maybe a super effort by the (motorcycle) magazines could shake the riders loose from their apathy.

—Don Gately
Street Bike

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 1/4" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 1/4" 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.



Indian Day

February 22

— the biggest annual national event
in the world of motorcycles!

THE day on which the wigwams of over 2800 dealers—all over the United States—will be the gathering places of present and future Indian riders, on edge to get their first personal view of the 1916 models of the Indian.

¶ And what a treat is in store for them when they first see the New Indian Powerplus Motor with new ideals of power, silence, endurance, cleanliness, accessibility, speed! Everybody is talking

POWERPLUS

AND THE NEW INDIAN FEATHERWEIGHT
AND NEW INDIAN BICYCLES

¶ How the old timers will examine the Powerplus makeup and marvel at its completeness, its ability to purr sweetly and silently to the tune of 70 miles an hour right out of the crate it's shipped in!

¶ How the new riders will enjoy the simple, efficient little Featherweight model!

¶ How the youngsters will admire the trim, red Indian Bicycles!

¶ Make an Indian showroom your headquarters on Washington's Birthday.

¶ Get in touch with the Indian riders of your community. Listen to them swap Indian experiences. Let them tell you how the Indian has stood by them year after year *on the road*—and why they consider it the first choice machine from every performing, mechanical and economical angle.

¶ See the 1916 Powerplus models yourself—go over them with one of the experts who can tell you its big points, its honest values.

¶ Don't neglect your Indian education.

¶ Doors open from the time you get up until you get ready to turn in. Stay as long as you like—you'll find something doing every minute.

¶ Indian Day is always the greatest "get-together" event of the year for motorcycle enthusiasts. It'll be bigger than ever this year. Wholesome fun, instruction, souvenirs.

Remember the Date—February 22

Your local dealer's announcement will appear in the newspapers. Watch for it. He'll probably have something special.

HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 701 State Street, Springfield, Mass.
1916 Catalogue Ready. For Canadian Edition, write Canadian Branch, 12-14 Mercer St., Toronto, Ontario



Iron this Iron-On Transfer onto your T-shirt

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work.

Get together the following materials: Ironing board and an iron; razor blade; transfer from this magazine; scissors; sheet of white tissue paper; and a used or new 50% polyester/50% cotton, or 100% polyester T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "wool" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over the ironing board, centering the upper front (or back) of the shirt on top of the magazine.
3. Place the transfer page inside down on top of the shirt, aligning it with the bottom edge

of the magazine. Place a sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer paper.

4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and the opposite bottom corner, through all thicknesses.

5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the pattern, especially to the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting rather briskly from 101 to 127.)

6. Lift the edge of the transfer page after allowing to cool for 60 seconds and peel it off, pulling straight up. That's it! Your Easyriders T-shirt is ready to wear.





Photos by Pete Chiodo

There's a good eatin' joint not far from this jute mill. We fall in there whenever we're overtaken by a severe case of munchies—usually after one of our juice and smoke sessions.

We go there because they serve good scarfin' stuff—by good scarfin' stuff. Hell, we'd go there if we only wanted a cup of coffee to help kick in some whites—because the yummies they have prancing around waiting on tables are worth the trip alone.

Now none of us are on ego trips, so we seldom let anyone know that we're with this miserable rag. The closest we ever came to that was to consider having the Easyriders logo tattooed on our cranks—but, to a man, we all chickened out.

Anyway, here we sit, 'carfin' the food and mentally scarfin' the good stuff waiting on our table as we drip gravy down our beards, take swigs of brew before we get the bottle to our mouths, all because we're so hung up on the chickies.

Finally, one day after consuming a mixture of stuff, we fall into the place. Our heads were right—we even thought about business between dirty jokes and decided to ask some of the chicks to pose for good ol' Easyriders. We knew it would blow the sweet young things' minds if they saw the book—and if not their minds, their ol' men's, parents', boyfriends', whatever—but we thought we'd give it a try.

The first one we asked was Cheri

Harned, who appeared on the February 1975 cover. The second one you see here. Her name is Vicki Davis.

There were a few problems with Vicki: we can't understand why, but her father said, "Whaaat, are you kiddin'?" Her boyfriend said, "No way are you going to appear in that trash!"—he even whispered it so his friends wouldn't know.

Word came down about the problems, and we sorta said what the hell. But we didn't figure on the persuasive powers of a beautiful girl. Finally her father agreed and her boyfriend was told how it was going to be.

So here she is—pretty righteous, eh? (Christ, what we go through for our readers!)

In case you noticed, the antique toys are part of my collection—we had to have some excuse to have a chick on the cover, didn't we?

Want a free photo? We'll give free photos of Vicki to the first 100 dudes (with earliest postmark) who send us her correct measurements or are closest to them. Just put something like this on the back of a postcard (or on the backside of a sealed envelope), 00-00-00, and the date you sent entry to Vicki Contest, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. You can enter as many times as you wish, but the figures must be on a postcard or on the back of an envelope to be considered. All entries must be in by June 1, 1975.

—Spider

Win a free photo of our cover girl!





Some bikers must get *Easyriders* for reasons besides just ogling tits (and bikes) and that means some of them must know how to read, which means some of them may have heard of an old dude named Eric Hoffer.

Hoffer wrote some good stuff in some books, and in one, *The Ordeal of Change*, he got to comparing fruit-tramps of the Big Depression days with the old covered-wagon pioneers. He figured most of the fruit tramps could have made it in the straight world, only they said "Fuck it," and he figured the old-time pioneers were that way. They got a gutful of a world where a guy couldn't fart in public without being jailed, so they piled women and kids into wagons, took rifle in one hand and axe in the other, and split. They were a raggedy-assed, hairy-faced bunch who spit through their teeth and didn't give a shit what Miz Grundy might think about it. They liked to drink and fight, and that's one reason they went West, to find a fight worth getting into, like cutting down all the trees or plowing up the whole country and suchlike.

They had a code, too, which generally held that if one guy screwed sheep and another goats, it was those guys' business. Everybody stood ready to respect his brothers, but also himself, for they realized that respect for others originates in self-respect. And while the code let a guy do his thing, it also required that he support the whole group when the time came to put out a prairie fire or stomp some bad-assed injuns. What's important, though, is that the contribution to the group was an *active, positive* sort of thing, not like the *passive, negative* "Stay in line, don't make waves" sort of stuff that characterizes most group efforts. Anyway, successive waves of pioneers said "Fuck it" and went West, and the straight world followed after to set up jails and temperance unions and so on. When the West got used up, the guys who said "Fuck it" could be hoboes or fruit-tramps, but even then the code remained. The code is the one told about in the history books, and like the covered wagons, it's pretty much disappeared from a world that spends millions to hire narcs to hassle people.

A guy who says "Fuck it" nowadays has no West to run to and probably ends up in jail. He gets out if he promises to be a good little boy and see a shrink and get "counseled"

out of his "anti-social" tendencies. He can't ride freight trains 'cause he might get hurt and the railroad would be liable. He can't hitch-hike, 'cause *some* hitch-hikers hurt people or get hurt, so the law says *all* hitch-hikers have to be outlawed, so *no one* will get hurt and then everybody will be *safe*. If the guy has any self-respect, the government does its best to knock it out of him by doing things like spending a million bucks to produce reports that say bicycles are dangerous, even more dangerous than bathtubs, reports that wind up saying "We gotta have a law to protect people." Oh yeah, a law and a thousand paper-shufflers and investigators to keep tabs on all the people being protected.

If a government type can prove *one* biker suffered because he didn't wear a helmet, then the government won't rest until every biker wears one. Ultimately, the government will say that bikers won't be safe until bikes are outlawed, and that will be the end. All those Hogs will be melted down to make badges for narcs, except for a few that will belong to officially certified "collectors" or museums. Look at the shit with guns.

The important point is that the dudes making the rules are usually miserable little whey-faces who are scared shitless about something. They can't respect themselves, so they can't respect anyone else, and therefore, they can't give anyone any credit for having sense, can't give anyone the right to take a chance. A guy who takes a chance might win and embarrass the shit out of the gutless rule-makers. They don't have the balls even to get on a chopper, much less do a wheelie, so they make laws to prevent anyone from putting them down by doing it. Most of them gravitated into rule-making jobs just so they could put the people down, put them in handcuffs, all the while saying "It's for your own good; it'll make you safe."

So the rule-makers have heaped horseshit over the world and the guy who says "Fuck it" has no place to go. Thus, he has to create a special little world, a world that values something besides 55-mile-per-hour horseshit; hence, bikers' clubs. A guy earns his way in by proving he's got some self-respect and keeps in good standing by respecting the brothers, by giving loyalty to them. Of all the classes and sub-cultures

that can be identified in the country, the bikers' clubs come closest to replicating the code of the pioneers.

Look how the others suck. Farmers took payoffs for agreeing to eat government shit; truckers let the government and the unions rig up payoffs for them, and now they're regulated up the ass (and eventually the rule-makers will drive out the remaining independents who won't be paid to kiss ass); even the so-called "great" universities took all this federal bread (which was taken off the people) and now the rule-makers tell them how many students and faculty they will have of what skin-color and crotch-style; states took a lot of it, and now they buy buses and shift kids all over hell every time some prick in Washington farts. Even the population at large: first they bought pollution-control shit they didn't want and which can't be proved to help anything; then they got buzzers of all kinds, and then cars that wouldn't start if they put a case of beer in the front seat. The bureaucrats ended that only because it stepped on their own toes. But they go on making you "safe."

Look all around: the only place where a guy can try to jump a ditch, if he likes, without being hassled, is in the bikers' clubs, and the bikers seem like the only ones willing to resist, to say "We don't want to eat shit for the sake of being safe."

Bikers probably don't think of themselves as having a particular political/social philosophy, but hang in there till it gets explained.

The Egyptians, way back around three grand B.C., had all these laws. Only the peons couldn't read, and weren't allowed to look at the lawbooks if they could. If some honcho said "The law is you suck," they sucked. They sure as hell couldn't prove otherwise, and to refuse meant going to the slave gangs piling up pyramids. If he got pissed-off and wanted help from Big-Daddy-in-the-Sky, a priest had to do the talking for him and also had to tell him what Big Daddy said. The peon wasn't authorized to talk to Big Daddy and wasn't supposed to know what it meant if Big Daddy answered.

Sound familiar? Try to get a straight answer from DOT or IRS; listen to them; say you have to get a lawyer to talk for you. Just like the Egyptians, the modern scene has

its ways of keeping the peons in line.

Then came Moses and this bunch of Jews. They had all these patriarchs and rabbis and prophets, but these dudes were advisers more than bosses. Whatever, their trip was that any dude having business with Big Daddy had to conduct it himself. He couldn't get a priest to make it easier for him, and neither could a priest mislead him about what Big Daddy said. Now, once every dude got to be equal before Big Daddy, then every dude sort of had to be equal before the law; otherwise, Big Daddy might think the law sucked. Next, once dudes were equal before the law, no one could hassle anybody else.

Now that sort of over-simplifies a few thousand years of history, but the basic conflict is clear, and the conflict is simply between those who want to control everybody and those who don't want to be controlled. History has largely been the story of how the brothers worked to get the paper-shufflers and rule-makers off their backs. By 1776 and all that, especially in America where a guy could say "Fuck It" and split with other guys who felt the same way, a philosophy had developed that justified people in telling the bosses to "Fuck off." Actually, it was more than just a philosophy; it was a way of seeing the world and a way of being in the world.

These people wanted to conserve something. And what they wanted to conserve was liberty. In their view, people have liberty bestowed on them when they are born, and the purpose of a government is to conserve that liberty. In their view, people are born free, individual, and empty-handed. Thus, a dude's freedom can't be taken away unless he overtly threatens somebody else's freedom; he certainly can't be controlled in the name of his own safety. Also, a dude is individual and has no obligation to be like, dress like, or screw like anybody else; in this view, no shagging positions or weeds to smoke would be prohibited. Last, if a guy wants to hustle and lay up bread, he may, and he can keep it; if he wants to sit on his ass, he may, and no one can force him to bust his butt. The role of a government is to do whatever helps every dude do his own thing, whatever helps him do the most and best of what he wants to do. Thus, this view approves of public education, so everybody can read *Easyridders* and chop manuals, but doesn't approve

of compulsory education; similarly, providing highways is more important than providing fuzz to police them.

Now, obviously this position has some weak spots. Without compulsory education laws, some mean pricks would never let their kids learn to read; without some fuzz, the highways would be almost unusable. However, the point remains that this school of thought is very, very slow to accept any kind of government control over people; the need for control must be gross and must be directly related to whose welfare is served.

Not everybody agrees with this view. To some, people are mostly helpless half-asses born into a world that permits no freedom. First of all, the world was already there when they were born, and if they don't like it they really can't do much about it. A guy's ass has to suck wind all his life, if he's to get any bread, and all the time he has to worry about getting fired. If he goes out on the street, some mean bastard might stomp him or run him down with a motorcycle. His choices are controlled by what's available, so he really doesn't have any choice at all. If he splits, he's got no place to go; if he could find a wilderness to escape to, he'd probably get bit in the ass by wild animals. The upshot is that life is a hopeless proposition for the individual. Such thinking leads to the belief that government will liberate the people from all their worries and hassles.

So the government tries to liberate all the scared ones by outlawing everything that frightens them, like motorcycles and long hair. It tries to liberate all the poor folks by ripping-off everybody else. It tries to liberate all the dudes without jobs by hiring people to do jobs (usually badly) that nobody wants done in the first place. It tries to liberate the ignorant from ignorance by requiring them to go to school; sometimes it pays the ignorant, so they sit in classrooms and scratch their asses and get paid for it.

The truth is that these people think everybody is like them, or at least ought to be, which is mainly scared shitless. So they set out to make everybody happy and safe. Of course it never works. They rip-off tax money to do something and the main people who benefit are the dudes who get hired to shuffle paper.

This horseshit wouldn't be so bad if it weren't so never-ending. The

worriers see their programs fail, but instead of quitting, they say the answer is more programs. A politician can't open his face to squeak without calling for "more legislation" to fix the problems the last legislation caused. But since such dudes go after the wrong problems in invariably the wrong way, they never succeed, so they always have to have more. The ultimate result will be just enough people working to support armies of paper-shufflers and rule-makers and investigators and clerks and so on. When the dudes sweating their asses to support all these government lice say "Fuck it," then the government will bring out the storm troops. When the dreamers set out to build the perfect world wherein all is safe and happy, they don't intend to be held back by some uncooperative peons.

That's the worst bit of all: the hard-on to make the world safe and happy becomes a hard-on for raw power. Notice how often some politician uses the word "planning." They just love a world (controlled by them, of course) where the government plans out how everybody will do, not his own thing, but the things the government has approved as safe.

Look over the past 40 years. Practically every federal law passed has had the effect of increasing the power of the bureaucrats. Look how transportation is regulated; look how all the crap about helping education turned into orders to buy buses and move everybody here and there; how all the shit years ago about keeping fuel prices down led to a shortage and higher prices; how occupational safety means all kinds of investigators running around bitching because the shop crapper looks like somebody used it; how they talk one day about protecting privacy and the next day about how to set up a national numbering system for everybody.

The main result of all these laws is to shift power farther and farther from the people, so that as the number of government bureaus increases and as the number of laws and regulations increases, a point is reached where no one, not even a lawyer, can tell what the hell is supposed to be legal; tax laws and transportation laws have been that way a long time. When that point is reached, then no one can say what the law is except the bureaucrats, and no one can argue with them. Then it's just like with those old Egyptians: gov-

—Continued on page 50

Sensitive Situation

I plan to have my tongue extended long enough so that I can lick my eyebrows with it. When it's done, can I qualify to have you sit on my face?

Von Richtofen
FPO, San Francisco

● Any dude who really knows how to eat well, knows that it isn't the depth that does it. I want expertise (maybe with a little ring job thrown in as an extra), because if I only wanted depth, I'd either ball some of the gorillas around this office or use my trusty cucumber.

Makin' It Larger

I've got a sure-fire way of enlarging a dude's cock. All you have to do is massage it with warm oil. The oil softens the skin and allows it to expand to its limit.

Cody
Jeannetta, Pa.

● The dudes I ball don't need any enlargin'—and besides, oil tastes pretty rank.

Takin' It All

My ol' lady likes to give head, but she won't let me climax in her mouth. She pulls it just before the big moment, or she says she won't give me anymore head.

Distressed
Plausburgh, N.Y.

● It's obvious you two haven't been making the oral scene very long. It takes time with some chicks to get them to go the deep-throat route. She won't agree to it now, but as time passes, and the more times you do it, the freakier it becomes. And what are you doin'? Standin' there watchin', or divin' in and showin' her the finer points?

Wants To Be First

If it's okay with you, I'd like to be the first to ball you in your nose—that is, if you don't think it's too perverted.

Little Tom
Paramus, N.J.

● You lose. My dear ol' daddy (who didn't want to get busted for incest when I was a kid) poked me in all the areas not covered by law.

Strange Friends

I have some friends who consider **Easyriders** a filthy rag and your column the most repulsive of all. What should I do?

Weird Harrold
Peoria, Ill.

● Simple. Shit-can 'em.

Wants To Give More

What can I do? I give head, but how do I make my ol' man want it more often—anyplace, anytime?

Heads Up
Cincinnati, Ohio

● One of two things: Give better head or get rid of that numbnuts you're hooked up with.

Juice By The Gallon

Please send me a one-gallon jar of your sweet-smellin' juice. It's my ol' lady's birthday and I want her to have some righteous perfume.

Thoughtful
Seaford, N.Y.

● I would, man, but it just wouldn't be fair to your ol' lady. I've found that it not only turns men on, but all types of animals. Shit, I can't even walk to the liquor store without having a pack of dogs following me—and I never go past the gorilla cages at the zoo.

Really A Manhole

Would you please send me the diameter of your snapper? I'd like to make you a custom-fitted, chrome-plated manhole cover to help keep all the goodness in.

Dice
Dracut, Mass.

● I'll never tell, because the maximum would scare a lot of dudes off. And as to anything else, I've trained my muscles to milk anything—from a pencil on up. You called it right when you referred to it as a "snapper."

Violent Sex

My ol' man really gets off on grabbing me, tearing off all my clothes and raping me. I enjoy it too, but I was wondering, have you ever met anyone like that?

Wondering
Coos Bay, Ore.

● No—damn it! I'm the one that always does the grabbin', tearin' off clothes and rapin'.

Wants Instructions

Just one question from two horny chicks. How in hell do you make it with your ol' man on a bike?

Ro and Barb
Bayside, N.J.

● Get a biker ol' man.

I'm "Contraband"

Dig this. I sent in for your picture to put on my cell wall. Well, I got my envelope back, but no picture inside. On the front of the envelope was stamped "Contraband." Can you believe that shit?

C. L.
Glades Correctional Instn.
Belle Glade, Florida

● Well, I feel for ya; sometimes you can't figure out

what's going on inside some of the officials' minds. But ya gotta admit one thing though—I've got class.

No Problems

I'm presently incarcerated in prison, but I don't have any problems—all I want is a picture of ya.

W.W.
McAlester, Ohio

● Got yourself a queen, eh?

My Secret's Out!

I've heard that your twat is really an asshole from a rhino, but in disguise. Is it true?

Greek
Downers Grove, Ill.

● Who told ya? I've kept that a secret all my life—now you've blabbed it in front of God and everybody.

A Real Goer

My ol' lady says I like to fuck too much, but I don't agree. Whatta ya think my problem is?

Scotter
Elizabethton, Tenn.

● Face it, you're a lousy lay.

Fido Lover

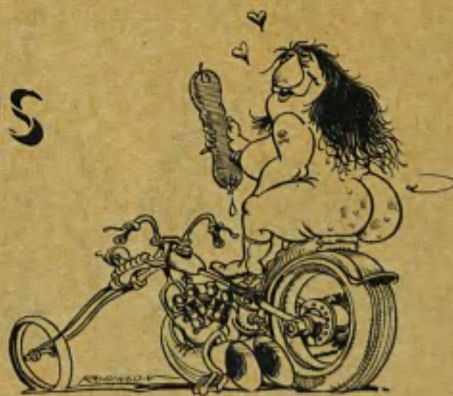
I can't believe it. I simply can't believe that you really dig dogs. I thought that type of thing only went on in Tijuana. Do you really dig 'em?

George
FPO, New York

● Only the big muthas—and really hung.

—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



No Class Chick

by J. J. Solari

Man, I get a chance to join in with an elite club that I've been tryin' to join for five years, man; *five fuckin' years!* All I got left to do is make a simple run from Albuquerque to LA within three days... three simple days. The only rule is I have to act something like a human being with whatever cunt signs up to ride with me... check out my compatibility, or something.

Fuckin' whore dies, man.

Right in the park after putting her name on the card she goes toes up. Like, I'm known for my shitty luck, but this is fuckin' ridiculous.

I went over to one of the judges — Frank, I think his name was — and I said, "Man, I got a real problem chick on my hands, man."

Frank's starin' over at a crowd of guys who have gathered around this chick to see if they could kick her awake again. But she ain't movin'. I don't even have to look to know she went belly-up for good. That's the kind of luck I have. This fucking animal looks back at me right in the eye and says, "Your problems are over, pal. Now you won't have to stop every three miles to let your chick off so she can piss," and he waved me to move on so he could take some more names.

"The whore's pushin' up daisies, fuckhead!" I yelled, pointing to the two pigeon-toed bare feet that were peeking out from the circle of admirers around her.

Frank closed the notebook softly and looked at me again and took a deep breath. "Look," he said, "the rules are simple. The girl who signs up as your partner is the girl you take on the run. Nobody and nuthin' changes that. Now, I admit this ain't never happened before, but

that's the way it is, and I just don't feel like takin' the time to change the rules just because you got teamed up with some weirdo. Now you either take her to LA or you get marked on the sheet as a dipshit and it will be another two years before you can apply for membership. Now saddle up and ride or shut up and scram. I'm busy." And he went back to taking names.

I ain't the smartest fucker in the world, but I was starting to feel pretty strange about all of this, I'll tell you that. I walked over to where my partner was and inched through to the front of her audience. I stood there with my hands on my hips looking down at this clod that I got for a rider. She wasn't even good looking. "Somebody want to help me load this carcass on my putt?" I

asked simply. Everybody turned and walked away, one guy having the courtesy to say "No."

Well, I hoisted this one hundred and ten pounds of pre-processed dog food onto my shoulder and staggered over to my bike, dumping her gently onto the snake seat. I could see that the next thing to do would be to fasten her down.

There was a bike shop across the street from the park and I went in. "Give me about fifteen bunji straps," I said.

The guy bent into a box on the floor and pulls out a handful of rainbow colored straps. "These okay?" he asks.

"Man, you got no respect at all for the deceased," I said disgustedly. "Give me some black ones, man."

The idiot gave me the straps and I paid the ignorant slob and trudged



back to my bike. I had hoped that someone there would be spaced out enough to try and pick up on this deadbeat whore of mine and drag her off somewhere, but nobody did. I cinched her up pretty good across the thighs, waist and back, but I couldn't seem to make any headway with her fucking legs, so I hopped on the bike, hooked them around my waist and wedged them with my own legs against the engine, then took off through town feeling pretty ridiculous. . . .

By the time I got up the hill out of Albuquerque, I smelled this god-awful stink and I looked down and I see that this raunchy chick's ankles have started to melt against the engine.

I really blew my cool.

"Son of a fucking bitch!" I screamed, pulling off the road. I

stormed around the bike a couple of times, feeling rage at this cunt and sorry for myself at the same time. I didn't want to have anything to do with this broad whatsoever, so you can imagine it was some time before I finally went over and yanked her fucking ankles off my chrome. I was so pissed I thought about twisting her legs up around the back of her neck and roping them off, making her look like some weird hunting trophy with feet for antlers, but I decided that that would be too fucked up even for this fucked up situation.

A couple of other bikers on the same run screeched up to me right about then, shut their engines off and looked at me and my girlfriend for a while. Finally, the two dudes and the two gashes all get off the bikes at the same time and walk over to me in unison like someone was directing them from some hidden orchestra pit. They all walk right up to me, stop, and then stare in silence at me. I figure they're checking to see if I'm in trouble so they can help me or give me some advice, so I started gruntin' and puffin' and mut-

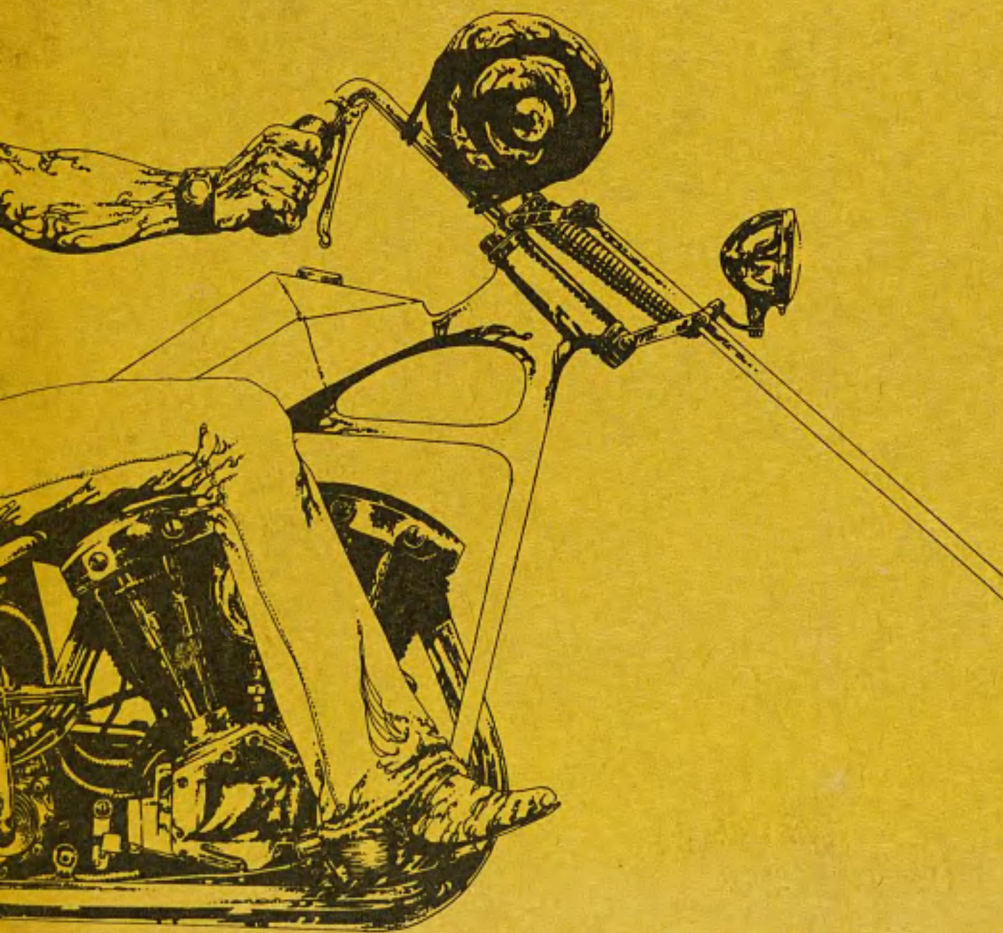
terin' all the time that I'm tryin' to cinch this dead broad's legs into some new position and fumbling around to make sure that she won't capsize off into the street. They still don't say nothin', so I figure they're going to start cracking wise, so I give them a demonstration of strength by making believe I'm really pissed off at something or other and don't feel like being fucked with — bend one of my best fucking screwdrivers in half and throw it off into some shrubs. They still don't say nothin', so I figure they're really going to come up with some bitchin' suggestion pretty soon or at least tell me what a fucked-up deal I got on this run and how sorry they were about it, so I sigh this huge sigh, shake my head in defeat and say with plenty of emotion and self-pity, "Man, this is really the shits, ain't it? . . . having to tote this slab across the country like a fucking meat packer."

None of them said anything; just looked at me like a bunch of paralytics at a wake. Finally one of the broads nudges her boyfriend and he shakes himself into enough alertness to ask, "You gut a extra can opener, man? We gut a bad six-pack what all the rings busted off of."

I suspected at this point that I was dealing with a crowd of real rural trough-cleaners, whose subscriptions to *Brain-Busters Digest* had long ago expired, and I tossed the dumb bastards a can opener and watched them ride off in a cloud of stupidity. I guess I shouldn't talk, really: here I was, stuck with a fuckin' dead broad underneath a blanket of bunji straps and I'm calling a bunch of people who don't want to have anything to do with me and this corpse morons.

Well, I finally tucked her legs under her so she looked like she was kneeling and looking like some dazed blow-job freak, and I pulled out onto the road again.

About three hours later I breezed through Gallup, New Mexico, doing the only thing of interest one can do when driving through Gallup, and counted 517 pickup trucks parked in front of beer bars, making it a new record low for a summer night in Gallup. I figured I was pluggin' along pretty good, and a few miles out of Gallup I was starting to feel pretty gamy, so I decided to pull off and shit, piss, jackoff and take care of anything else that needed attention. When I was done, off in the

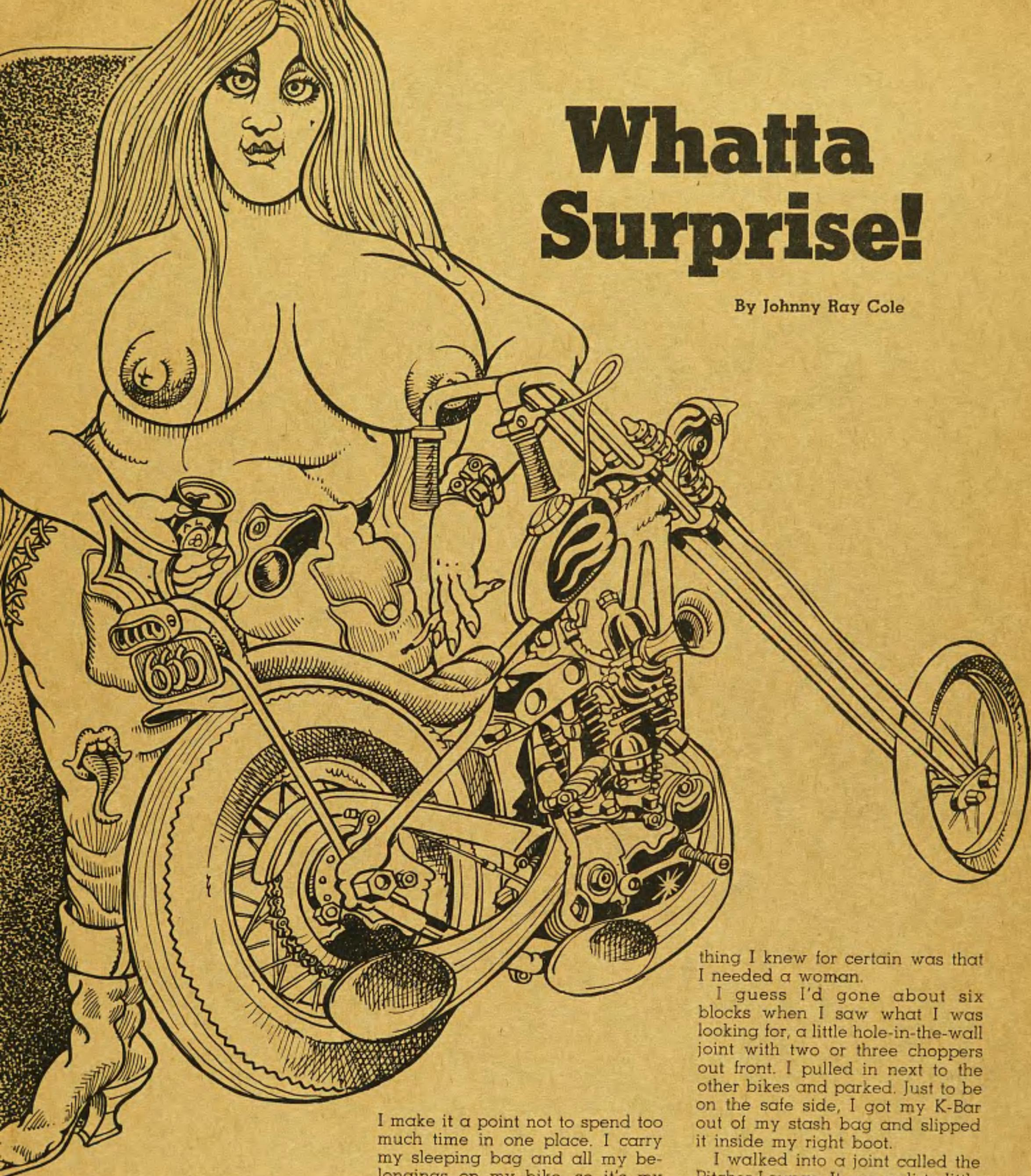


—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

—Continued on page 64

Whatta Surprise!

By Johnny Ray Cole



Man, like the original bummer is ridin' your bike down west Commerce Street in downtown Dallas, Texas, at ten o'clock on a Saturday night and suddenly realizin' you don't know a swingin' dick in Texas, much less Dallas. I guess the only reason I was here at all is because I'm a drifter and

I make it a point not to spend too much time in one place. I carry my sleeping bag and all my belongings on my bike, so it's my home.

Anyway, here I was in Big D, ridin' westward through downtown. When I'd ridden about six blocks out of the heart of town, I came to a street called Industrial Boulevard. On an impulse, I hung a sharp right and cruised along lookin' for a good joint. The only

thing I knew for certain was that I needed a woman.

I guess I'd gone about six blocks when I saw what I was looking for, a little hole-in-the-wall joint with two or three choppers out front. I pulled in next to the other bikes and parked. Just to be on the safe side, I got my K-Bar out of my stash bag and slipped it inside my right boot.

I walked into a joint called the Pitcher Lounge. It was a dirty little place, noisy, and packed to capacity, which was about thirty. I sat down at the bar and ordered me a Jax. When the bartender brought it, I asked him, "Where's all the pussy in this town hidin'?" He said, "Man, are you blind? Look around, you're knee deep in it." I looked about and quickly

saw that about seventeen of the customers were chicks.

One in particular caught my eye right off. She was a little bitty chick with long red hair that reached to the bottom of the cheeks of her butt. She was really stacked. From the looks of her very shapely ass, I'd bet money she could stand flat footed and have no trouble at all shittin' in the back of a dump truck. She sat alone in a corner booth tapping her half-full glass of beer in time to the juke box record that was playing. She wore a gold micro-mini skirt that looked more like a wide belt for all it covered. I looked under the table and saw that she was holding heavy in the legs department too.

I was plotting my best possible approach, when she ended my plotting worries. She caught me eye-balling her legs and reached under the table and began to slowly, and very deliberately, stroke her leg from the knee upwards to her crotch, stopping with her hand cupping her pussy, and with her index finger she made as if she were fingering herself. This had gotten me very aroused, and I discovered that when I looked up, she was looking directly into my eyes and smiling sensuously as she held her beer glass in my direction. I told the bartender to bring us two, and walked over to her table.

"Got room for company?" I asked her. She seemed to be looking me over, with most of her gazing being in the vicinity of my crotch. Then she said in a very husky type voice, "Only if the company's really lookin' for company, and not just some rap and a few beers." I grinned and slid in beside her. "Just what I like, a nice, shy girl," I joked. She laughed.

"My name's Frank," I said, staring at her tits, which I guessed to be a 40 easily. "And, to be just that, I suggest we kill our beers and get a six-pack and go to your place for some real deep togetherness."

She looked amusedly at me and replied, "Well, Frank, you also read minds, I see. I just hope you aren't merely bragging about the deep part, 'cause I'm in need of some really deep, deep togetherness. I've discovered that these guys around here are all rather shallow in that department." I grinned. "No brag, but

I've been told I'm really big for my size." She looked pleased at this and said, "Oh, by the way I'm Cherry." I asked her if that was her name, or her physical status. "Name," she said. "I'm four years and quite a few climaxes past being able to truthfully say physical condition."

We got the six-pack and walked out to my chopper. I put on my helmet and handed her the spare I always carried. She said, "Do I have to wear this?" "Yeah," I replied. "I done been hassled by the pigs in this town and I found out they don't dig bikers at all, and there's no use invitin' a bust." She put it on and said, "Go to the right, and when I tap your shoulder, turn left, then when we get there, I'll tap you again." I said, "You mean when we get there, I'll tap you." She laughed.

I'd gone about three miles when she tapped my shoulder and I turned left. We had gone about half a mile when she tapped my shoulder again. We were in front of a duplex apartment when I stopped. "That's us on the right," she told me. I pulled into the driveway on the right-hand side and parked.

She walked ahead of me to the door, and that sexy butt of hers did things under her skirt that crossed my eyes. She opened the door and I reached and got me two solid handfuls of her ass. There was still about two pounds of cheek left over on each side. She just backed up and, mashing it on me, did a little grind that was outta sight. I reached my right hand around and tried to stroke her puss, but she slipped away from me. I said, "How about a drink?" She said, "I've got somethin' better than that if you like to smoke," and got a plastic bag from the closet. She rolled us two numbers about the size of cigars and we smoked them. It was good weed and I was feelin' real mellow. I told her, "Now, baby, let's jump naked and really get off." She giggled. "I'd much rather jump naked and really get on, and in, deeply in."

We walked into the bedroom and she sat me down on the bed, then walked over and turned out all the lights. It was so dark, I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. "Hey, what's the deal? You ain't goin' bashful on me, are you?" I asked. She didn't answer. I felt the bed sink down as she sat

on it. I took off my clothes and lay down. I reached over and pulled her to me. She came eagerly and ran what seemed like half a mile of hot, frantic tongue down my throat. I unbuttoned her blouse and caressed her tits. She began to moan softly as I started to nibble on them. She said, "Frank, I've got a request to make." I said, "What is it?" She replied, "I really dig back door lovin', so will you do me that way?" I told her sure, after I have me a snack. I started kissing her stomach, lower and lower till I could feel the beginning of her pubic hair on my lips. "Frank..." she pleaded in a scared-sounding voice. "I... well, you see—" I cut her short by biting her hard on the stomach. "Now cool all the rap and just dig on the action," I told her. I caught her bikini panties on both sides and rolled them down to her ankles. She reached down and pulled them on off. She tried to roll over on her stomach, but I grabbed her and roughly pinned her back to the bed. "Cool it, baby, we'll get to that fabulous butt of yours in due time," I told her.

"Frank—don't," she screamed hysterically as I lowered my head to kiss her love box.

Suddenly, my blood froze and I jerked away from her. I lay there mad enough to kill her. She sobbed, "I'm sorry, Frank, I tried to tell you. If only you'd done it the way I wanted, with the lights out, you'd never have known and we both would have gotten fixed." "Been all right, been all right!" I shouted. "You mean it would have been all right if I hadn't found out you're a punk with a ten-inch dick!" She sobbed even louder. "Please don't hurt me, Frank. I can still relieve you. I'll give you a blow job, or you can cornhole me." I laughed hysterically. "Blow job! Cornhole you! Why, you silicone-titted fairy! Here," I said as I grabbed her hand and forced it to my crotch. She assumed my gesture meant I was agreeable to a blow job, for she groped to caress my dick. Then her voice revealed her shock, as she said, astonished, "Oh my God, You mean—? she stuttered. "Yeah, that's right, you limp-wristed bastard, that's a hot, throbbing pussy you feel between my legs! I'm a bull dyke, so you can do me about as much good as I can you!" ■



Silly Tilly

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

Big Red just got in from a run, carrying a skunk he'd caught along the way. The first thing his ol' lady asked was, "What the hell we gonna do with a skunk?"

"Shit," Red said with a shrug, "I don't know—raise you a coat—any thing you wanta do with it."

"But where we gonna keep it?"

"The bedroom."

"But what about the smell?"

"Fuck 'im—let the sonuvabitch get used to it—the way I had to."

—Ron Stone
Robinson, Illinois

One day at school the teacher said she was going to pass out different kinds of meat, and she wanted the kids to identify it. They identified the beef and the ham all right, but when it came to the venison, they were stumped. The teacher said, "I'm doing to give you a hint. It's what your mother calls your dad every day when he comes in from work." All of a sudden a biker's kid jumped up and yelled, "Quick, spit it out—it's an asshole!"

—Sharon and Mack Pearson
Purvis, Mississippi

These two bikers were going camping in the mountains. When they got their supplies at the store, the storekeeper mentioned how lonely they would get. So he gave them each a board with a hole in it and fur around the hole.

A week later the old-timer checked on the bikers and asked how they were.

The one guy said he had to shoot his buddy.

"Why did you shoot him?" the old man asked.

"I caught him sleeping with my board!" replied the biker.

—Mundo Kirkpatrick
Clarion, Penn.

A dude on a chopper was weaving over both sides of a country road, so The Man stopped him.

"What you fuckin' with me for?" asked the drunk biker.

"Look at you, you're drunk," said the cop.

"Who's drunk? Watch this!" The biker looked out into the field at a big black and white bull. He got off his puit and climbed the fence. He staggered up to the bull, grabbed one horn, and punched the bull in the eye.

The bull roared and charged—and ground the dumb shit into the turf. The biker jumped up and, screaming like hell, beat the bull to his knees with fists and feet. Then he grinned and started back toward the cop.

The bull got up again and, lowering his head, hit the guy in the ass. The biker came to rest on top of the cop's car.

He just lay there and waited.

The cop looked at the dude and asked, "Now what the hell you doing?"

"You better take me to the slam," the biker said. "Any time I can't take a dresser away from a fat punk like that, I know fuckin' well I'm drunk."

—Blacky
Salem, Oregon

The one-percenter was sitting at the bar minding his own business when a strange looking dude in a pink suit and white shoes, and carrying a pink umbrella, sat down next to him.

It wasn't long until the pink-suited dude slipped a hand over and rubbed the biker's crotch.

The biker jumped up and kicked hell out of the dude and, for extra measure, shoved the umbrella up his ass.

"Ohhh Christ," yelled the gay dude, "open it, open it!"

—M. B.
Santa Clara, Calif.

A man went to Arabia and rented a camel. A short distance out of town the camel fell down and wouldn't get up. The man called Rent-A-Camel, and they sent a repairman to fix it. He looked at the camel, kicked it in the nuts, and the camel farted and got up. The guy said, "Just what I thought, a vapor lock."

—Chowhound Weber
Seattle, Washington

Remember, yelling "Here I come!" does not constitute foreplay.

—Leslie Walker
Denver, Colo.

An old-timer met a crazy old lady in a nursing home. The old lady took a shine to the old gent, took him to her room, and set out to seduce him.

A couple of weeks later the old timer got a funny feeling in his dick which lasted for two or three days. Well, he figured he should see his doctor.

After examining him, the doctor asked if he'd had sex lately. "Yes," said the old man fearfully. "Why do you ask?"

"Do you think you could find the woman you had sex with again?" asked the good doctor.

"Why yes, of course," replied the old timer.

"Well, I suggest you go find her right away because you're about ready to come."

—Lupo
Butler, Pa.

Two old women were standing in line to sign up for their Social Security checks. One woman remarked to the other, "Age is hell. My ol' man's got so stubborn, he won't have it any way but dog fashion."

The other woman snorted, "You call that hell? At least you get a little. My ol' man can only manage coyote style—lie beside the hole and howl."

—Wolfman
Overland, Missouri

This biker lived next door to a redneck dude who had an outa-sight ol' lady with the biggest tits he'd ever seen. One day the biker and the redneck were talking when the biker said, "Man, I'd give fifty bucks just to suck one of your ol' lady's tits."

Now the redneck is in need of money, so he talks to his ol' lady about it. She says it wouldn't hurt anything and we could use the money, so she lies down on the bed and takes her blouse off. The biker lies down beside her and begins to nuzzle and kiss her tits. He nuzzles and kisses and nuzzles and kisses. Now, the redneck, who's watching from the door, is getting tired of this so he yells, "Go ahead, suck the damn thing."

The biker yells back, "I can't, damn it. I don't have the fuckin' fifty bucks!"

—James Larry Clark
Alamance, N. C.

It was approximately 10:47 p.m. when I received a call on the unit radio that a robbery was in progress. After thanking the radio officer, I proceeded to the area. I had a little difficulty with the traffic en route

to the scene when one of my red lights burned out. Upon arriving at the area, I parked my unit at a distance of approximately 25 feet from the entrance to the store. I slid across the seat, opened the door, and started to get out. Then I noticed that I hadn't removed my safety belt. Once free of the unit, I headed toward the entrance of the store. At a distance of 21 feet (approximately), I saw a male subject emerge from the store. At a distance of 20 feet I noticed that he was holding a gun. It was approximately then that I noticed I had wet my pants. After quick consideration of the facts, I pulled my service revolver and snapped off three rounds, snap-snap-snap. The first round hit the suspect in the left ear lobe, the second one caught him in the left knee, and the third one missed him completely and hit an innocent bystander six blocks away. I then yelled, "Halt." As I approached the suspect, who was on the ground at the time, I could hear him swearing at me. It was approximately then that I learned he was the owner of the store. I told him it had just been one of those days. I then decided to head back to my unit for some band-aids. It was approximately then that I saw the real suspect escape in my police unit.

—Gary Wilkinson
Yorba Linda, Calif.

Question: What do you call a Roman with pubic hair between his teeth?

Answer: A Gladiator.

—Tim Bragg
Los Angeles, Calif.

A biker pulled up to a bar, went in, sat next to a knock-out broad, and eventually offered to buy her a beer.

"You outta your fuckin' min'? Go to a motel with you? Why you ugly biker creep!"

"Wait a minute!" said the biker. "All I asked was, do you want a beer?"

"Go screw yourself, ya ugly bastard. I wouldn't go to a motel with you for any price!"

The biker finally got completely embarrassed, slid off the stool, and went to a corner table with his beer.

Pretty soon the broad approached his table and said, "I want to apologize. You see I'm a student of psychology and I just wanted to see the reaction of the other customers."

The biker shouted, "Seven bucks! Why, you cheap whore, I could get seven broads like you for that much!"

—W. John Conley
Lucasville, Ohio



Big Incher





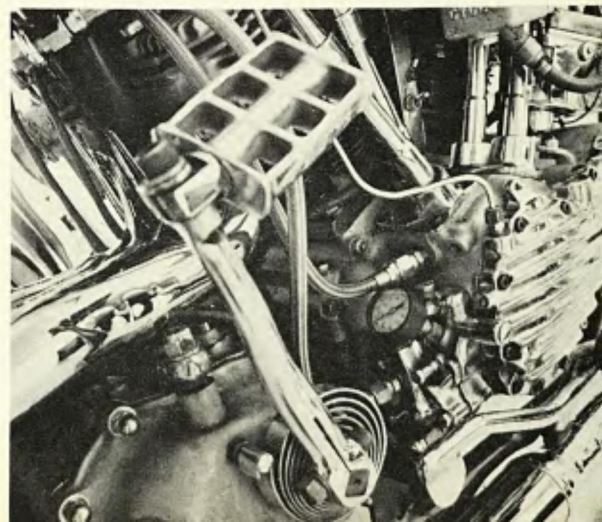
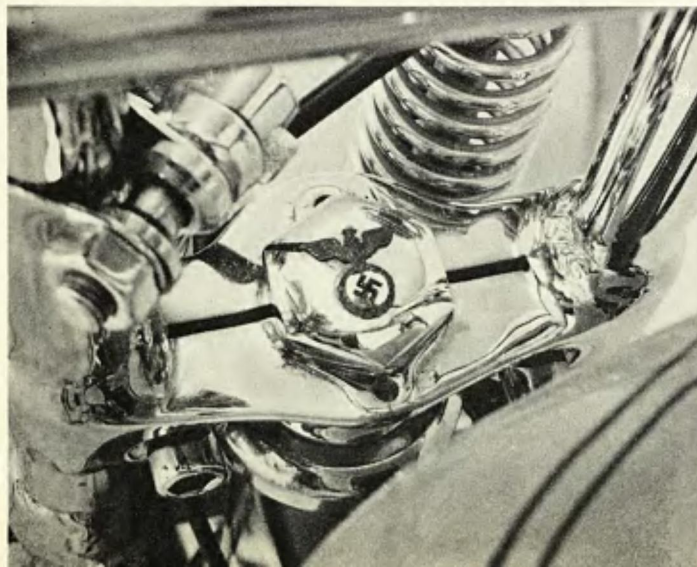
Photos by Pete Chiodo

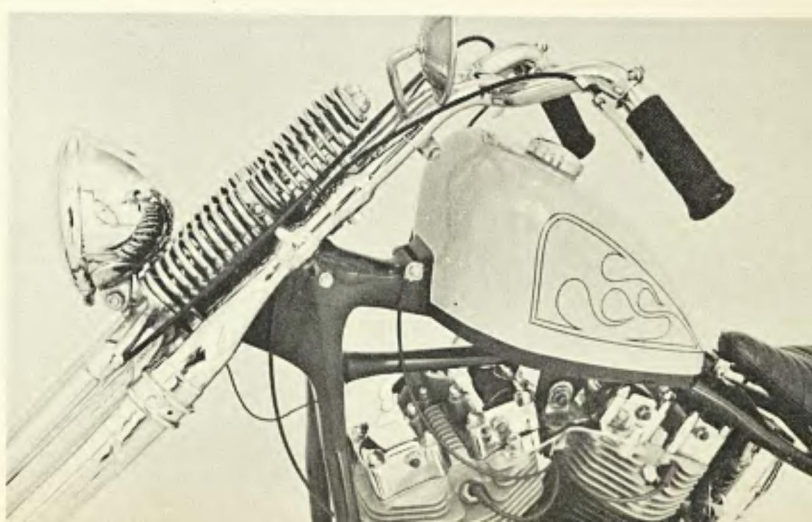


Big Armond has three loves: his bike, his weight lifting, and his people. But we weren't rapping about his ol' lady except when he mentioned how she sniveled over his love for his scooter. 'Course Armond can take care of anybody's sniveling.

Anyway, we got down to the reason why he doesn't do most of the mechanical shit himself, aside from upkeep. Dig this: he keeps his sled in his garage—natch—but he also works out with weights in his scooter's home almost every day. The problem is, he knows that in the middle of a 400-lb. military press, if he notices something he should do to his bike, he may lose concentration and end up with that bowing bar of cold steel halfway through his skull. It gets so bad that if he doesn't cover his bike with a blanket while working out, there's a pretty good chance the weights will collect rust while he's puttin' or devising some new trip on his shovel.

But Armond is the kinda dude people





Owner: Armond Bletcher	City: Oakland, California
General	Frame
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1955
Year and make: 1939 H-D	Builder: H-D
Model: DRF	Type: wishbone rigid
Value: \$4,000	Rake: 1/2 in.
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none
Time: whatever	Other alterations: gussets around trans.
Chroming by: Valley Chrome	Accessories

Engine	Bars: Nick Carter, Brice Grove
Year: 1939	Risers: none
Model: Shovel	Fender(s): ribbed
Rebuilder: Monte, Ventura H-D	Headlight: Bates
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: weird find
Displacement: 90 cu. in.	Speedo: none
Lower end: S & S 4 3/4 in. wheels	Front pegs: custom made
Balancing: Monte	Rear pegs: Sportster shortened
Pistons: .060 over stroker	Electrics: 6V regulator, generator
Cases: sand-blasted	Gas tank: Sportster
Heads: ported, polished	Oil tank: original 3-qt. wraparound
Cams: 468+	Oil system: braided steel lines
Lifters: Sifton solids	Primary cover: stock
Carb(s): S & S gas	Seat: Art McDonalds - Fresno
Air cleaner: velocity stack	Sissy bar: Lloyd Winston
Pipes: Lloyd Winston	Height: 15 in. above fender
Muffler(s): Sportster	Material: 1/2 in. round stock

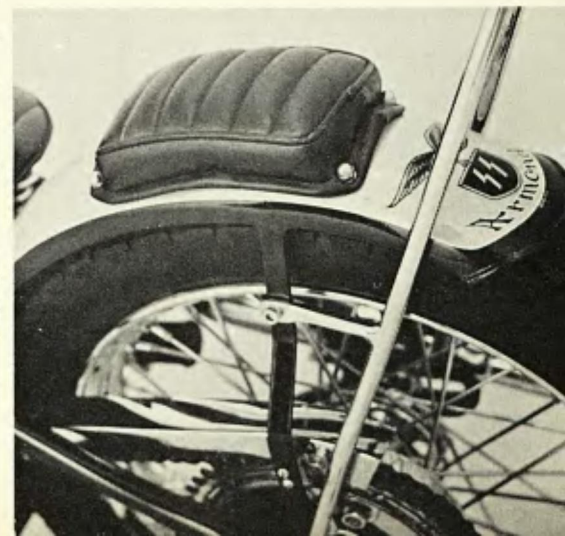
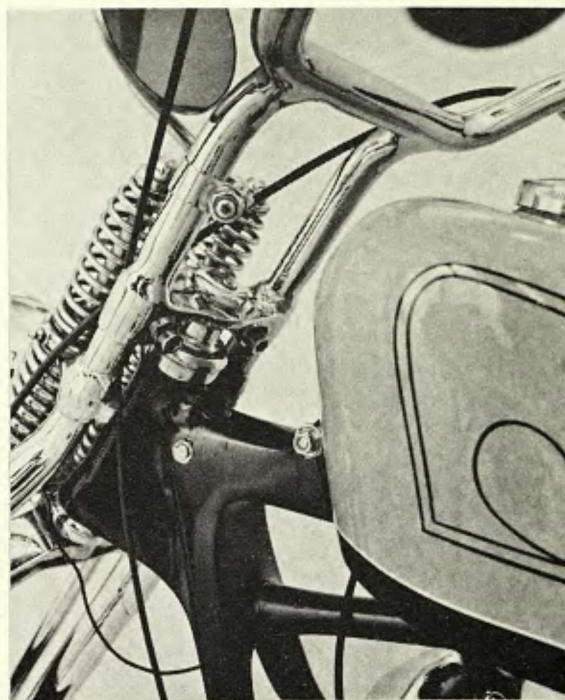
Transmission	Forks
Modifications: raised 1 inch	Type: springer
Year: 1939	Extension: 10 in. over stock
Shifting: Andrews 1st gears	Builder: Nick Carter
Engine sprocket: 22	Special features: bar built to fit forks
Trans sprocket: 26	

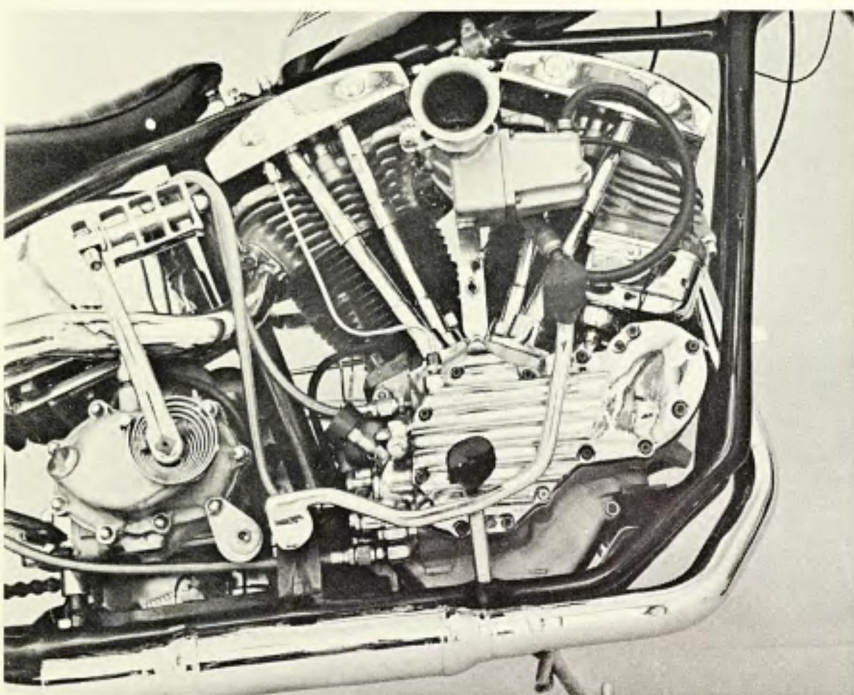
Trans sprocket: 26	Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: stock	Front	Rear

Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 19 in.
Molding: John's	Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Ralph Petersian	Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: Armond's Orange	Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: 4.00 Pirelli
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: stock	Brake: stock

Special paint: striping and illustrations, Neil Thomas Averill

Other special modifications: shifts with Speed-e-Shift, Indian Kick pedal, regulator mounted in oil can. A special thanks to Tony Lucas, Ara Jones and Valley Chrome for the hand.

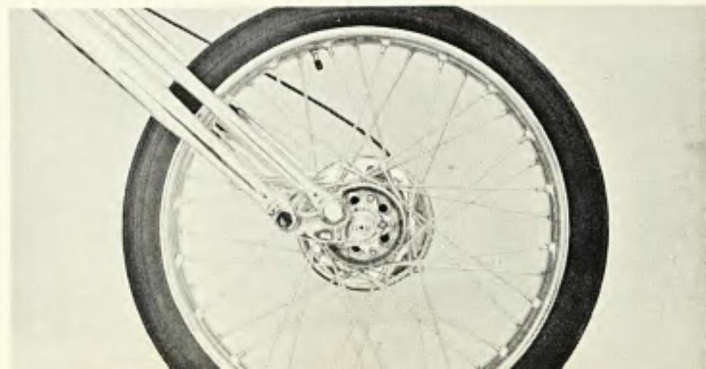
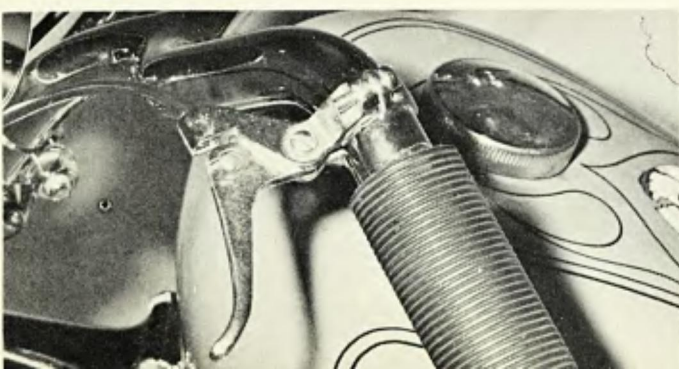




just naturally do exceptionally righteous work for. You just wouldn't want to hand ol' Armond a chrome job that was shabby. He might just push over the building. Ralph, the bro who did the paint, said that some dude came into his shop while Armond's fender was drying. This cat was rapping with Ralph and stumbled into Armond's shiny orange fender. Ralph just covered his face with his paint-coated hands; he didn't want to watch the sticky fender topple off the bench and into the thick bondo dust coating on the deck.

Well, Ralph repainted the fender, but being a man behind the idea of life, he never told Armond who tripped into his fender—glad it wasn't me.

So without doing any banging and bending himself, Armond expressed his ideas to his bros and they put together the ingredients to make up his shovel. A shovel that has what Armond wants to see in a scooter he's gonna putt. —Snake





50% of the people getting tattoos today are women!

We don't have a thing for tattoos—honest! All we did was run a feature about a chick who had the *Easyriders* logo tattooed on her right bun. Then all of a sudden we received letters from everywhere—it seems a helluva lot of people have tattoos. I know everyone on the staff does (including Mutha), but I thought we were just a strange collection of misfits (which we are, tattoos or not, but that's another story).

Out of all the mail we received, the most interesting letter was from Spider Webb, president of The Tattoo Club of America, because (1) it was from an actual tattooist (who aren't known for being extroverts) and (2) the fact that he is the head of an organization we never knew existed.

Spider has been a tattooist for 17 years and holds an M.A. in fine art. He organized the tattoo club so that tattoo devotees all over the world



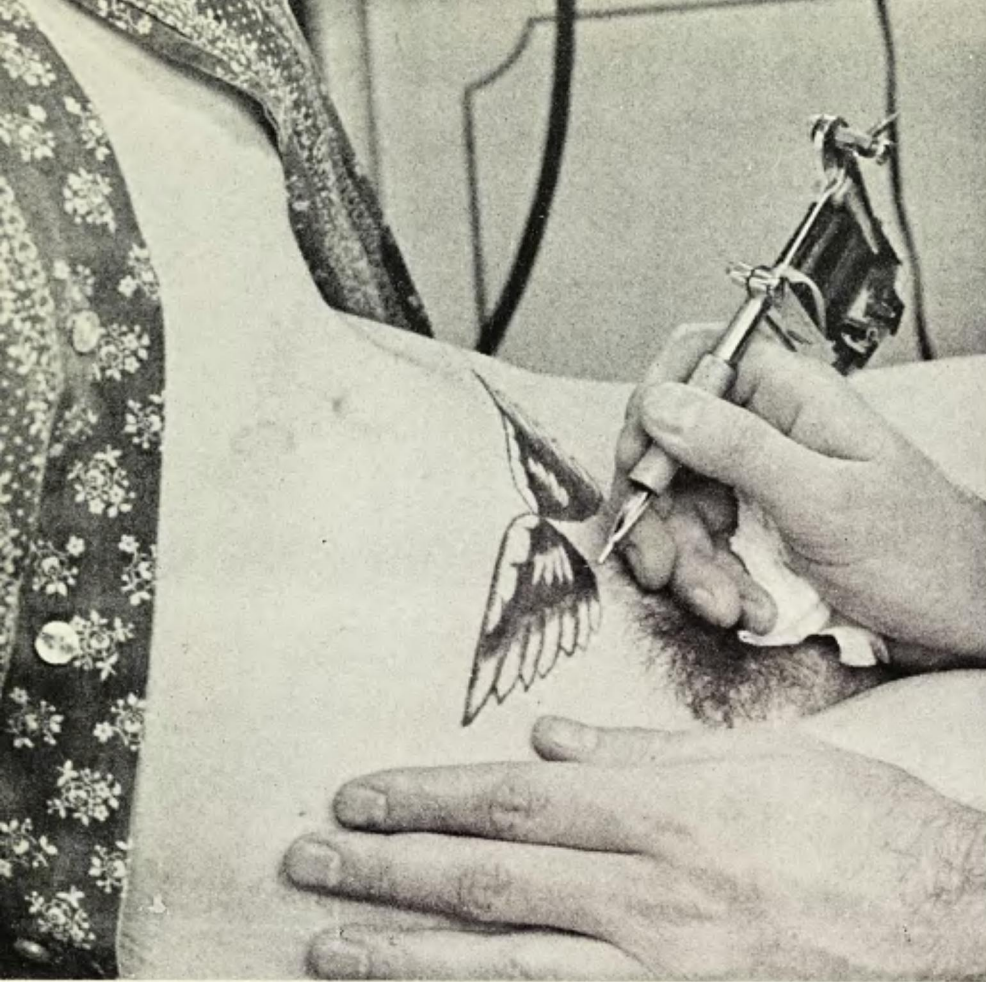
—Anita Baird



—Spider and client







—Steve Wickman

would be able to communicate with each other.

The club membership is free—all you have to have is a tattoo. When you join you receive a professional looking certificate suitable for framing (I have one), and a membership card. All members periodically receive a newsletter which tells you what is happening in the world of tattooing.

Before I forget, I'd better give you the address so you can join or write for additional information: Spider Webb, M.F.A., president, The Tattoo Club of America, 112 West First Street, Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550.

There was a time when people thought it was primarily sailors who got tattoos, but actually tattooing goes back to ancient times. And lately more and more women are getting tattoos. Spiders says that half of his business now comes from women—I guess that'll screw up the thinking of some psychologists who associated tattoos with criminality.

To those who may be thinking of getting a tattoo, remember these words from Spider: "Getting a tattoo is one of the ultimate commitments—it's like losing virginity—there is no going back."

—Dog Breath

Note: Most of the photos are of Spider's designs; his photos were taken by Pete O'Sullivan. Other photo submissions are identified.



—Doreen Soares





—Doreen Soares

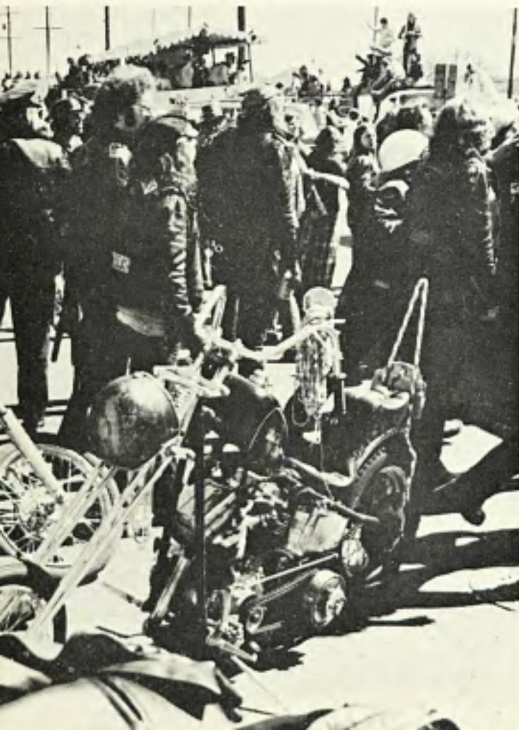


—Anita Baird





To The Mardi Gras



"Tinney's on the horn," the secretary yelled.

"Billy, ya asshole—how they hangin'?" It was always good to hear from Tinney, our roving sex maniac/photog, because he's always up to something.

"I'm thinkin' of hittin' Daytona again," he drawled in his best Houston accent. "But I plan to stop off and party at the Mardi Gras on the way."

"Shit, we both know you'll never make it to Daytona if you stop off to party in New Orleans."

"Well, hell, maybe you'd be interested in a photo story of the party in New Orleans—it's gonna be a biker wedding."

Knowing Tinney, I had to ask. "Yeah, but will it be printable? You know most of that shit you call photography could get us busted."

He laughed. "Hey, man, I throw that good stuff in for Spider. It's the other half that I want to sell."

I thought about it for a moment and then decided I'd better check with the

headasshole. "Just a minute, let me check it out."

I went to the editor's office. I don't know why it is, but it always seems that I've got to ask him something in the morning—and believe me, mornings are his worst time. He's either hungover, strungout, still fucked-up from the night before, hasn't been to bed yet, got a reds attitude, took too many whites, or something—but whatever it is he's rank! If he didn't have a P-38 at the ready in his desk drawer, he'd have been done in long ago.

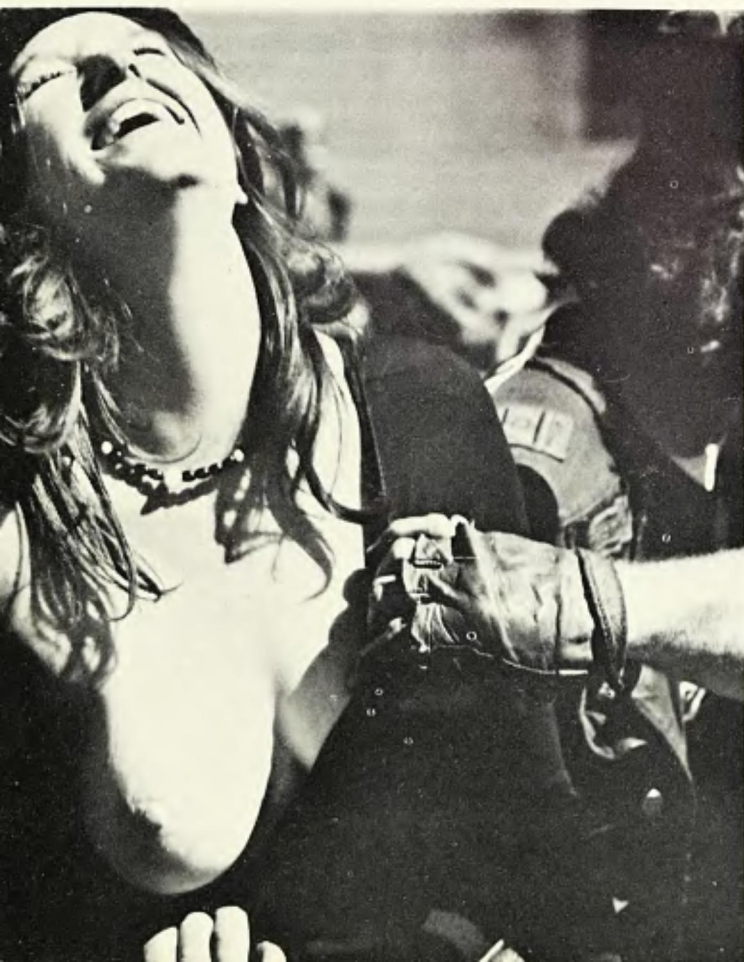
Well, I thought, here it goes.

"Tinney's on the phone."

No response—not even a twitch.

"Uhh—did you hear me? I said Tinney's on the phone."

He looked up, studied me for a moment, as if I were a specimen of semen, or some crud dug out of the caverns of Mutha's navel. "Tell Tinney that Linda Lovelace is giving my secretary head lessons with me as the model and that I'll call him back."





"But . . ." I started to explain.

"But, shit. I feel like hell. I don't even want to talk to Linda Lovelace right now."

I persisted. "All I want to know is whether you care if Tinney shoots a biker wedding bash at the Mardi Gras."

"Does he want any front money?"

"No."

"Tell him to shoot it." He thought for a moment. "And tell the asshole to stay off the stuff long enough to keep everything in focus—we gotta junk three-quarters of the stuff he sends us."

"The chicks all seem to be in focus."

I answered quickly.

"Yeah, but we can't use hair pie shots. Tell him to take the same lovin' care with the scoots as he does with the eatin' stuff."

I went back to my work bench and ran down what the headasshole had said. Tinney gave his scout's honor not to touch anything until he finished shooting the photos.

I'm happy to report that he did pretty well. We only had to throw out half of them this time. Here's some of 'em—the ones we could legally print.

—Snake Shit.

Easyriders photography by
Billy Tinney and E.L. Woody



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 $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$)—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 Jim Gunter, Miami, Florida



—from Jack Mauzey, Denver, Colorado

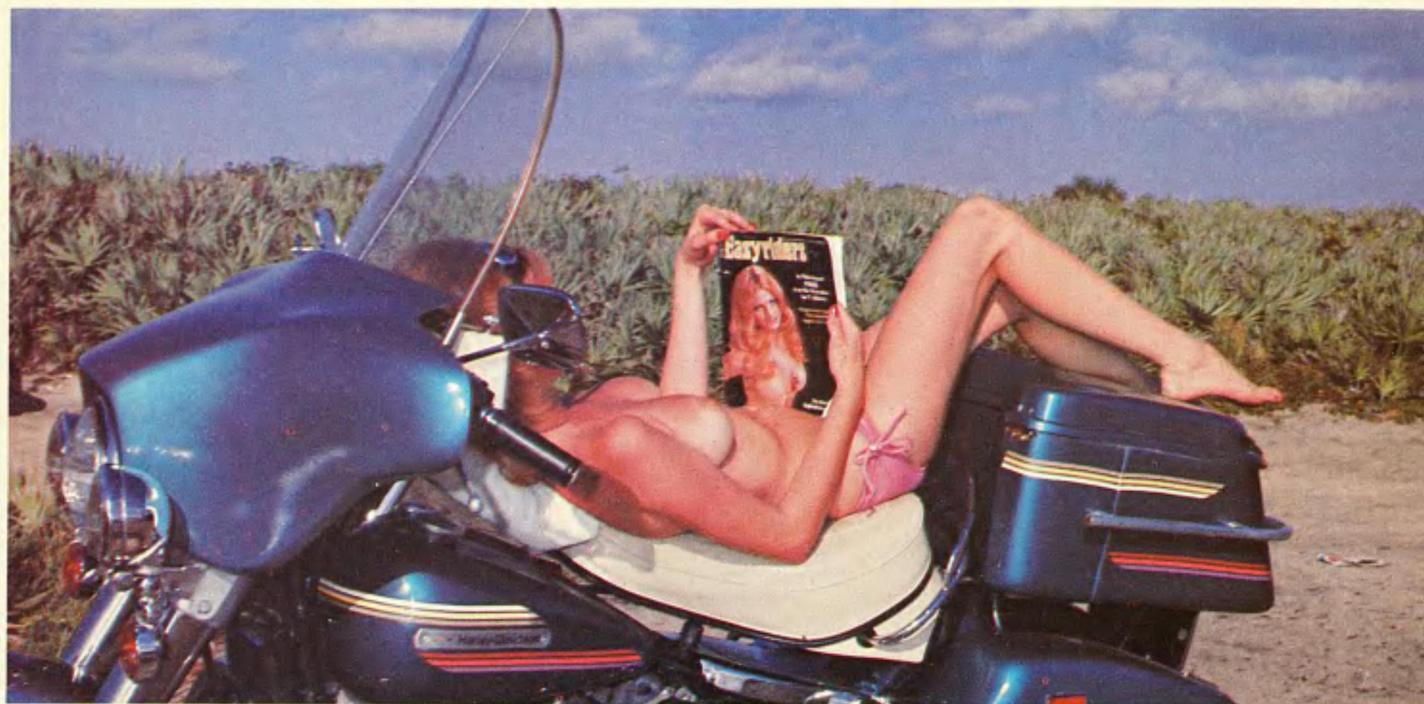


—from H. Johnson, Covina, Calif.



—from Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.

—from Norm Smith, Holcomb, Ill.



—from Poor Boy, Whittier, Calif.



—from R. Buckner, Castro Valley, Calif.

—from A.F. Bosmeny, Titusville, Florida



—from Jim Meeks, Hanford, Calif.



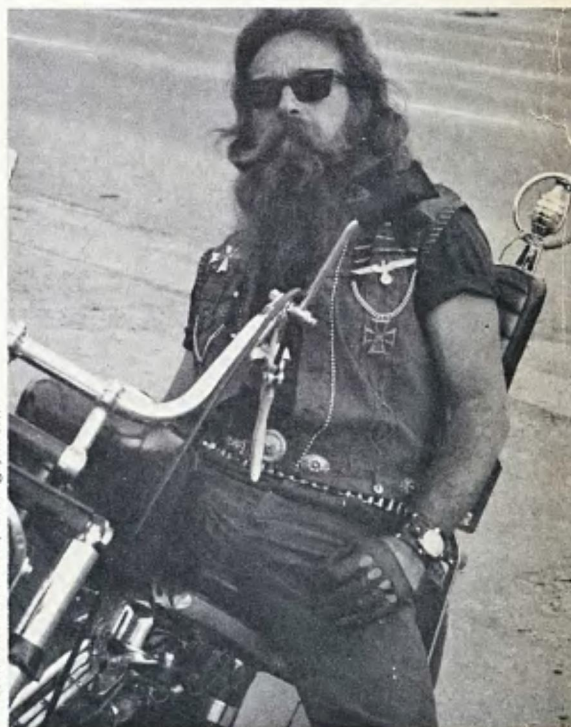


Well, we did it again. We fucked up and lost all of the addresses of the In The Wind photos that appeared in the last issue (April '75). So will you people that we owe bread to, please contact us, so Armond will let up on us? Each person not paid, means one broken bone. Help!

—from Robert Thompson, Tucson, Ariz.



—from Allen Roberts, Billings, Mont.



On the next two pages is a far-out painting by Eric Ladd. No, we didn't shitcan Dave Mann, it's just a case of Eric's having submitted the painting from out of the blue. It turned us all on, and we hope it does the same for you. Dave will be back in the next issue.





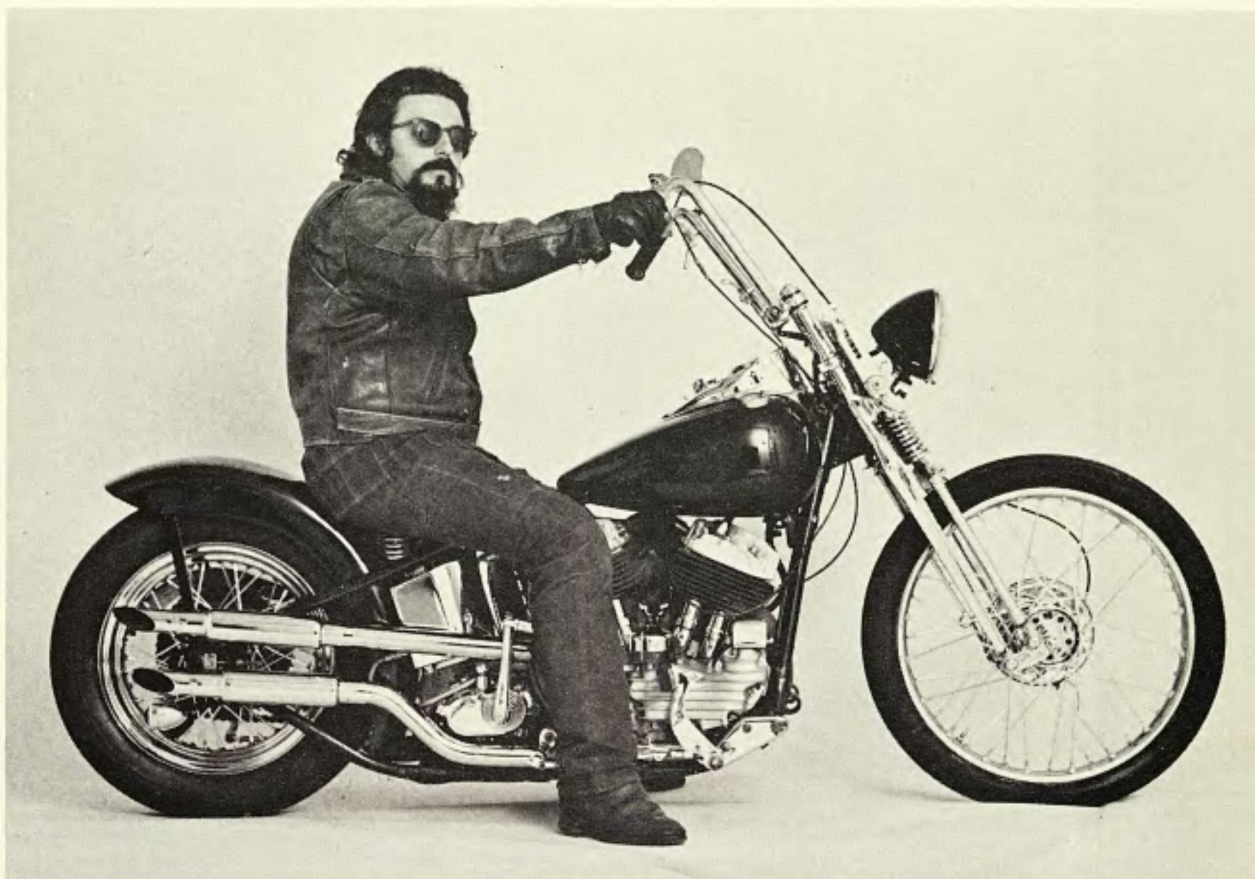
Ain't That Dirty George?

Dirty — nasty — this fucker lives to ride and party — and to hell with the rest of the world. His 80 and some hole-in-the-wall place (where he puts a couple of engines together now and then to bring in a little dust) is this brother's life.

If you look close, you'll notice there ain't no packer-bar, rear seat, or even pegs for a chick. He says, "Fuck 'em.

When they start payin' for all that crap, then they can putt in any style they want." He said he had rear pegs once till some bitch slipped off the back and was dragged down the street, caught on the damned pig — caused his scoot to lug. Then when she got loose, George had to stop, but he yelled back at the chick who was checkin' her road rash, "Come on, we're getting behind." Now that's dirty.





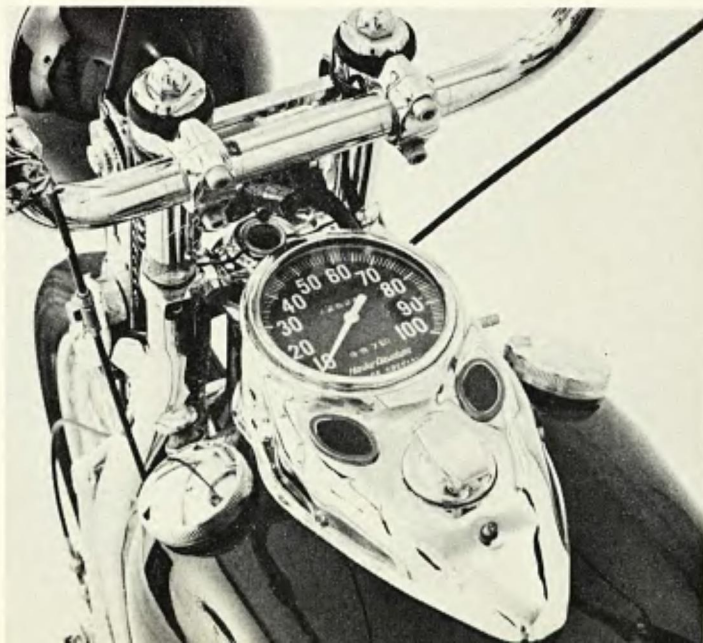
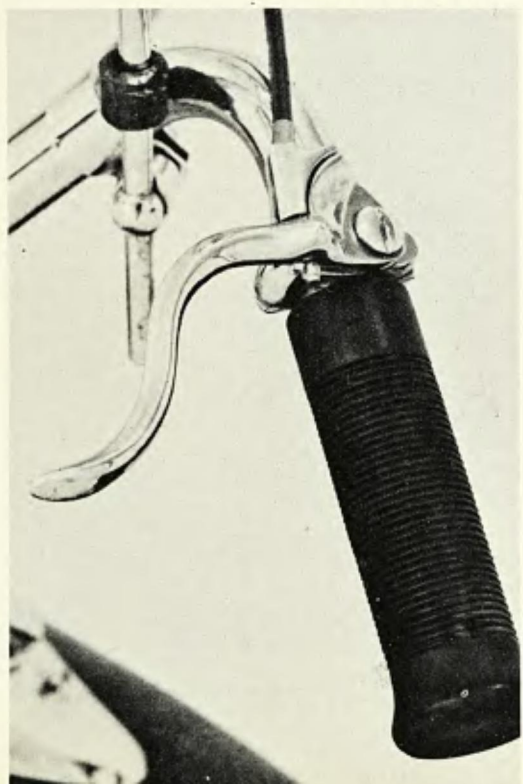
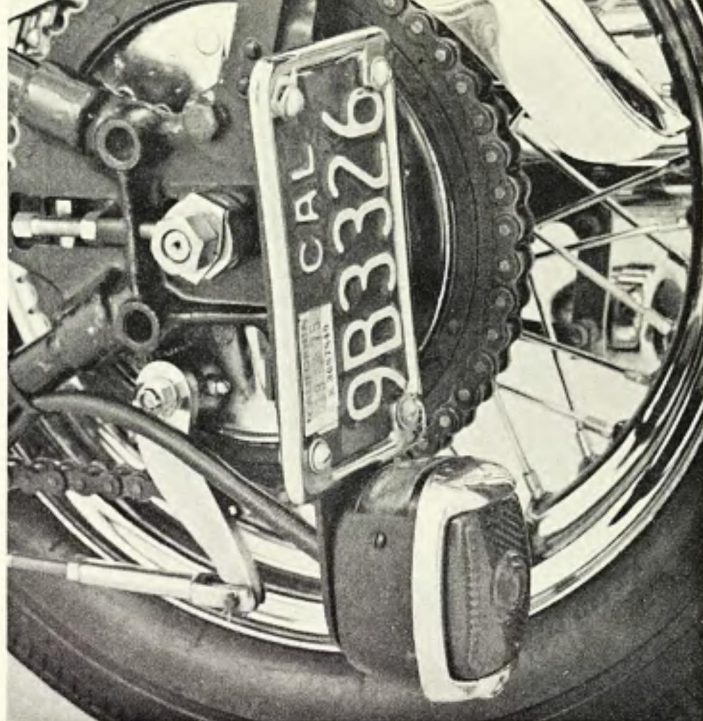
The name Dirty also comes from wearing engineer overalls while he works on mills. He keeps one set until the once-blue, then grease-laden, denims are so wasted that they can stand in for him at work if he's out sick or puttin'.

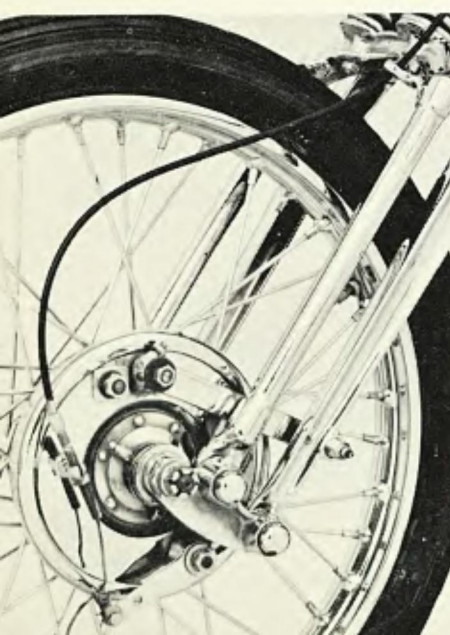
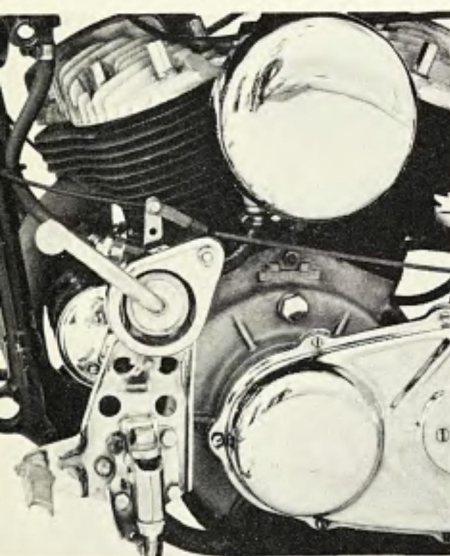
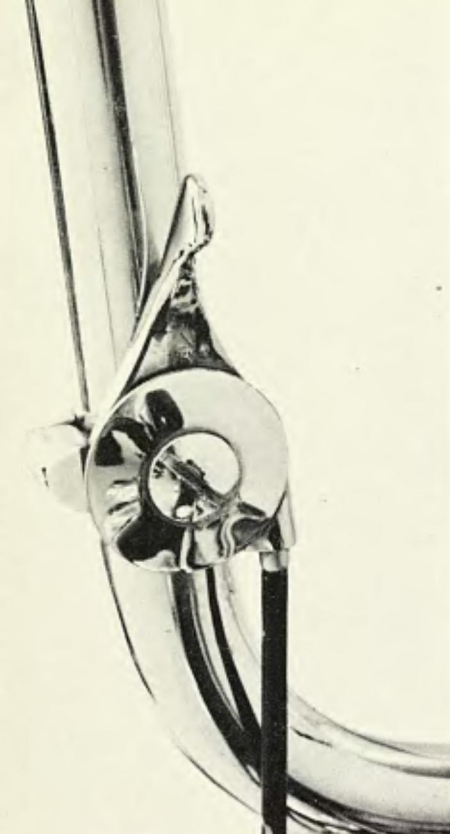
George is so nasty that he even snarls at his two long-haired shepherds, who, if they had a mind to, could easily rat-pack the dude. But he's so ugly that they shy away from him as if they were a couple of white rats. If they get outta line, he jumps down their throats like a starving, rabid mountain lion. He grabs one dog at a time by the long hair around his neck, and eyeball to eyeball with the monster, he bounces him against whatever is solid and handy, till he gets the message.

I hate to put a guy down, but Dirty rides as if they kept that new 55mph speed limit a secret. And his ULH can handle it. So if you're flashin' down the expressway and a cat pushin' an eighty by ape-hangers screams past doin' 'bout 85, either keep up or shine 'im on, 'cause he ain't lookin' back to see if you're still there — he's pushin' on.

But take it from an experienced one: if you blast down the highway at three in the morning with Dirty George, you're gonna get busted. The sound and flash of two scooters hookin' it on a deserted, dark turnpike would attract the attention of two winos fighting over a pint of white port. And when The Man caught up with us, ol' Dirty said he couldn't possibly have been speeding 'cause his scoot was missin' — Christ! — Snake

—Continued on next page





Owner: Dirty George

City: Oxnard, California

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1942

Year and make: 1942 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: ULH

Type: Knuckle

Value: not for sale

Rake: stock

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 4 months

Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Ferriers

Accessories

Engine

Bars: ape hangers

Year: 1942

Risers: modified dogbones by Bates

Model: ULH

Fender(s): reversed front

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: stock

Ignition: stock

Taillight: Chevy truck

Displacement: 1300 c.c.

Speedo: stock

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: whoever

Balancing: 60 %

Rear pegs: suffer

Pistons: Corvair

Electrics: stock

Cases: stock

Gas tank: stock

Heads: flat

Oil tank: stock

Cam: stock

Oil system: braided oil lines

Lifters: stock

Primary cover: stock

Carb(s): Linkert

Seat: Larry Hooper

Air cleaner: stock

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: by Bird

Height:

Muffler(s): shorties

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Barnett Clutch

Type: VL

Year: 1942

Extension: none

Shifting: Jockey

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features: rocker studs by Bates

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: stock

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: none

Hub: stock

Hub: stock

Painter: Max

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black

Tire: 2.75 Avon

Tire: 5.10 Uniroyal

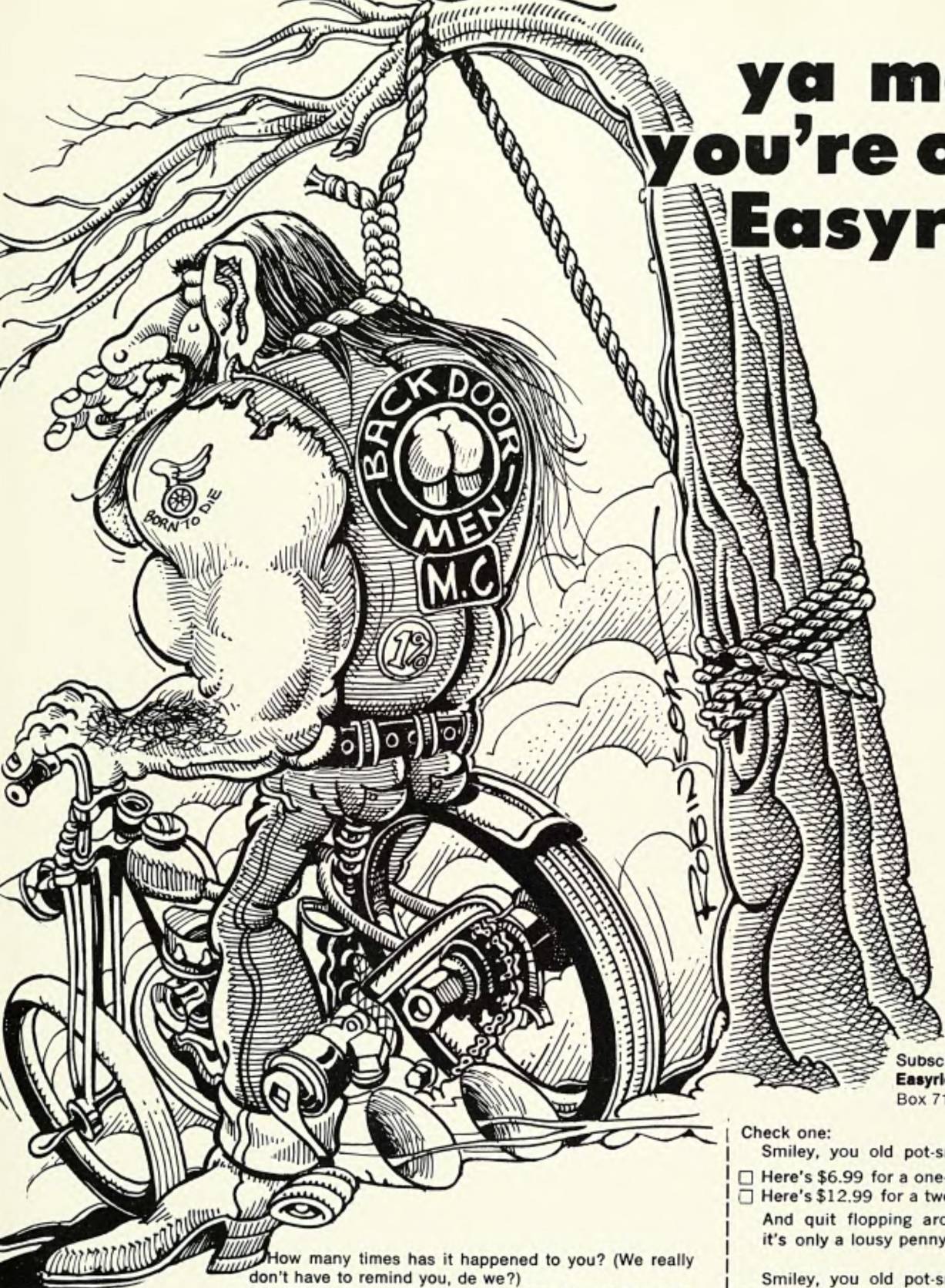
Type: lacquer

Brake: stock

Brake: stock

Special paint:

Other special modifications: Look-out Stanley



ya mean, you're out of Easyriders?

Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

How many times has it happened to you? (We really don't have to remind you, de we?)

Maybe now's a good time to subscribe—while you're thinking about it, and while we're still giving away a free Easyrider decal with every subscription.

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

A spectacularly colorful, fantastically designed, gigantic, super-tough, enzyme-free decal!

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

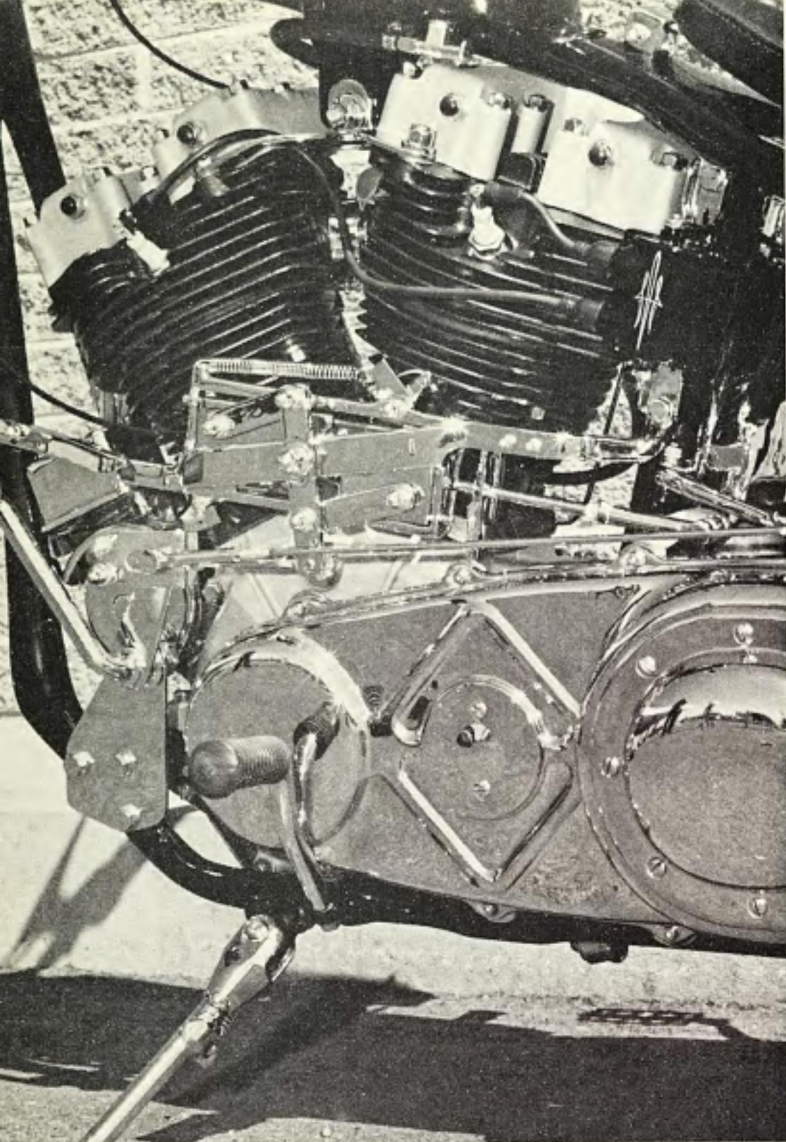
Check one:

- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$6.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$12.99 for a two-year subscription.
 And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$7.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$13.00 for a two-year subscription.
 Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

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



*With one
of these
muthas,
you could
drink a brew
with your
left hand
and ride all
day with the
other!*

We shudda known. The first time we mentioned a Speed-e-shift (on Armond's knuckle in our first faltering edition)* we got more letters about it than blackheads on Mutha's back. So next time around, any other half-horse-power dudes would have been prepared—even though we just touched on Jerry Buttles' Speedy (Sept. '74 issue) in passing. As it was, the local Feds had to rent a blimp just to airmail all the questions, queries, inquiries, and what-the-fucks to this firetrap we call an office.

Well, there **is** a reason for all the noise. The Speed-e-shift is the closest thing to a hi-po shifter the ol' '74 ever had. Made in California and sold during

the early 1950s in limited quantities, it was intended as sort of a poor man's ratchet top. Thing is, the few around today still clank cogs faster and better than anything that ever came out of Milwaukee.

Basically, a Speedy is a complicated set of linkage plates (1) that mounts above the primary cover and converts a jockey top tranny to semi-automatic foot shift operation. Every time the foot clutch pedal (2) is fully depressed and released, the Speedy changes gear (either up or down according to a small control lever (3) on the left handlebar). Pull the lever in, and you shift down; release it and you go up through the gears each time you hit the foot pedal. The clutch remains fully operational for slipping during starts, or waiting at

traffic lights if you're not in neutral.

The main secret to all these machinations is the two notched plates (4) that can be seen from the backside. A linkage bar that attaches to the jockey top (5) moves up (by spring pressure from the handlebar control) or down (by gravity) through these notches each time the plates are spread apart by a connection running to the foot clutch pedal.

In the state you find them today, most twenty-year-old Speedies require a little loving care and rework to operate properly. A unit that's not spot-on can ruin transmission gears and even break frames. But once set up, you can bang shifts faster than even that old fart who wants to drag you in his Buick Dynaflo.

The black lining in this silver

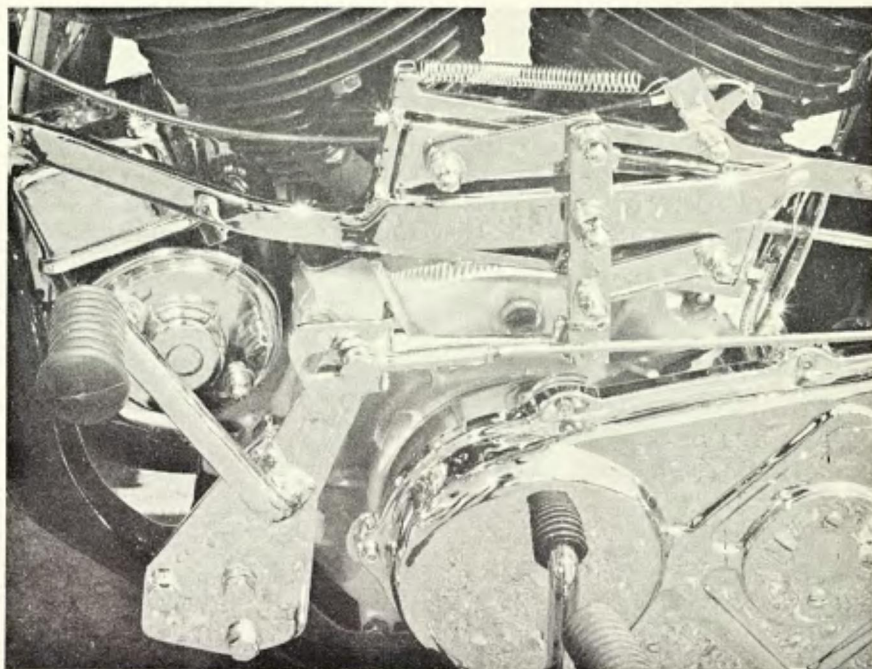
*Also note his new sled in this issue.

cloud? Well, Speedies are rarer than a queer bull, and it usually takes a lot of cash and some fast mouth work to pry one away from a suspicious old-timer. They originally sold for \$45, but we recently heard of one changing hands for a hunert and a quarter. On top of that, there is usually a lot of time-consuming (and sometimes expensive) trial-and-error involved in getting one to work as intended. The slam-bang shifting action tends to be a little hard on both the wear surfaces of the Speedy and gear dogs inside the transmission. Some dudes used to regrind the engaging dogs especially for Speed-e-shift use, and a few Speedies themselves were made later on in wear-resisting chrome moly for longer life.

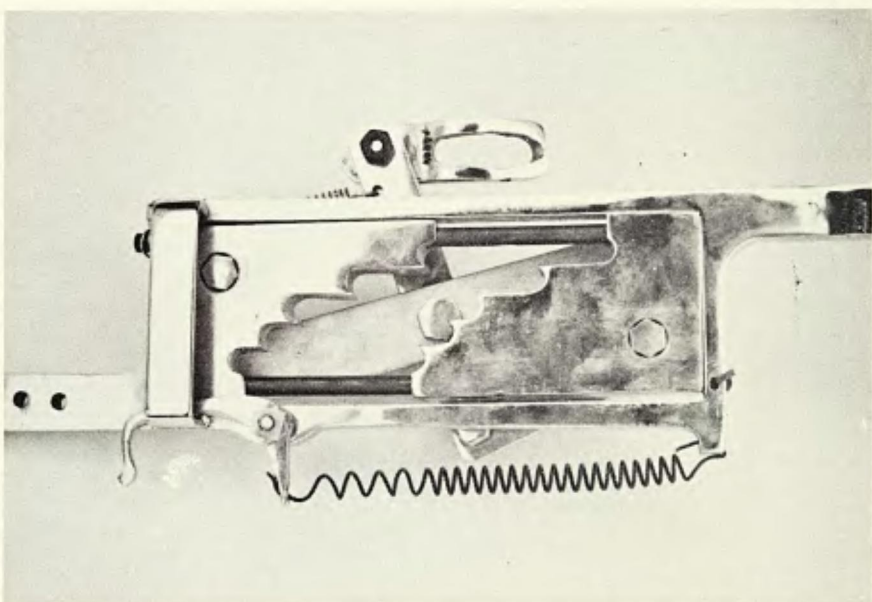
Also, because of semi-automatic operation of the Speed-e-shift, you have to find neutral or 1st gear while your scoot is still rolling. Because once you've stopped completely at a light or intersection, you're obligated to start up in whatever gear is presently engaged, unless you kill the engine and reselect.

So don't eatcher heart out too much. A late model ratchet-top, close ratio gears, and the recent FX through-the-primaries shifter will probably work more reliably—even though it lacks the old-time soul of the Speedy.

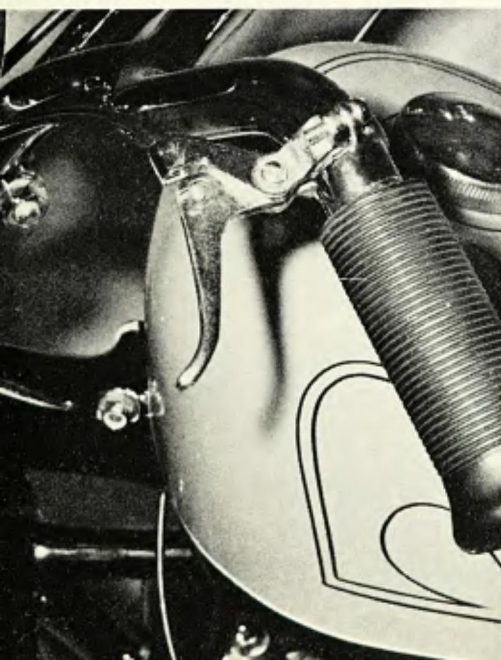
—Jake



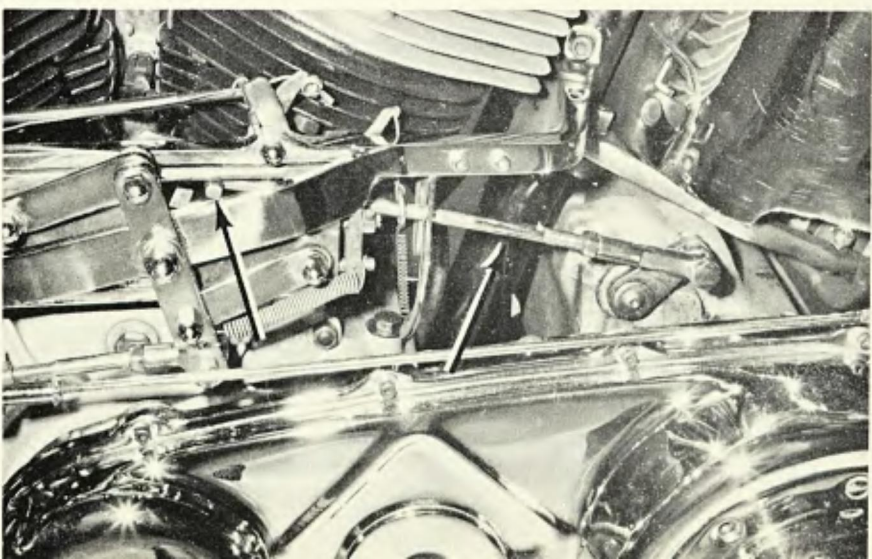
2



4



3



5

**MOTORCYCLE BOOKS
TECHNICAL MANUALS
and other goodies**



Wheels of Rage \$3.95

True story of the notorious Iron Cross motorcycle club. Ride with them to gunfights, dynamitings, and super wild parties. Documented. With bonus chapters on Chopping a Harley (how to save much bread), The Biker and the Law (how to slide out of legal hassles like the pros), and Sponsors (tapping citizens for financial help). 165 pages.

The Poor Man's

James Bond \$7.50

What do you do when Big Brother takes away your guns? Make bombs, of course. Includes how to counterfeiting, arson by electronics, poisons, silencers, and homemade explosives.

The Strength of Samson:

How You Can Attain It \$8.95

Only weight-training course ever based on the Bible. See National Tattler, May 5, 1974, page 20 for photo of 16-year-old boy lifting 550 lbs. while training under this system.

Be the life of the party! Pick up your Harley and walk off with it! Unbelievers send 25¢ for proof.

Suppressed Inventions:

And How They Work \$4.95

50 mpg auto carburetors (modify your 74 for over 100 mpg), fuel substitutes, how to distill gasoline from garbage (a process called pyrolysis), and more.

11" by 17" poster of Pres. of Iron Cross M.C.—ideal for insulting in-laws, repelling relatives, or for dart games at local bar. Shipped rolled in sturdy mailing tube. \$3.00

We stock Paisano, Chilton's, Clymer, and other technical manuals. Write wants or send for free list. We also do aluminum polishing (preferably for Harleys).

The Madison Co.

Box 206-11

Berea, Kentucky 40103

Fuck It!

—Continued from page 18

ernment has been effectively removed from the people and they can't do a thing about it. And the politician grins like a possum eating shit every time he calls for "more legislation," because even if he's not very bright, he still knows where he's taking everybody.

Now, none of this shit would have happened if the majority of the country had any self-respect, for a people who have self-respect couldn't treat other people like cattle, wouldn't even think about people as if they were cattle, much less make laws that force them to be like cattle. Maybe a lot of people still do have self-respect, but maybe they've just been too easygoing about all the shit, maybe they thought the Utopians would quit after awhile (fat fucking chance!), or maybe they were confused and felt too alone. If so, maybe the bikers' clubs are the ones who can remind them that a person can say "Fuck off" to the bureaucrats and maybe get the government back from them. The bikers' clubs might do this because they seem to be the only ones bitching right now.

The politicians who get praised in the news can't all be trusted to do anything either. Some of them seem on the level, but a hell of a lot more are just dying for a chance to put a storm trooper in every dig to prevent people from looking at pictures of tits or getting abortions. What the times call for is someone to bitch up a storm, and the bikers seem qualified to do that.

Just what kind of storm is another question. Riding demonstrations are okay, and letters to politicians, too. Bread for legal hassles is another. Maybe people closer to bikers know what they could do best. The point of this screed is to remind bikers that they seem to be the last of a tradition, and that their tradition of self-respect and "Thou shalt not hassle" is worth saving, that when bikers organize against helmet laws, they're really doing much more than bitch about one law. They are taking a stand against the Big Brother position that wants to guarantee safety by imposing total control. The dimensions of the battle are much larger than would appear, and so is the contribution bikers might make, simply because they seem to be the only ones willing to tell Big Brother to stick it in his ass.



NOW!!

we've got more
than our great
**FUEL TANK
SEALANT**

We go from **A** to **Z**
From our *a la mode*
belts of gleaming
chrome with optional
Maltese Cross buckle



To our.....zymotic
colossal new catalog
for only \$2.00

PRO-TECH
Cycle Products

**924 W. Williamson Ave.
Fullerton, Ca. 92632**

(714) 525-4796

New '75 Catalog!

Jammer's Handbook

Number 3

DELL 04360

Don't Sell Your Ol' Lady!
Buy this book and save 20%
on all chopper parts!

See page 60

\$2.95
Even this purchase
price is refundable!

For Sale

1,000 Parts

Just off the presses—the new '75 Jammer's Handbook is the most complete catalog of latest style, safe, dependable chopper parts available... and you can use your BankAmericard or Master Charge to order.

160 Pages

In addition to 100 pages of parts photos and prices, you'll find 60 more pages of get-down-to-it tech articles, wiring diagrams, and tips on how to build the bike you've always wanted. Plus a new gallery of color chopper photos. You'll also find out how to get your own bike featured in the next Jammer's Handbook (and collect a \$50 gift certificate).

Up to 20% off!

Last but not least—we've included a coupon that can save you up to 20% off on your parts order. Plus details on how you can learn about future specials and be kept up to date on new products and technical tips.

FREE with order!

You deduct the \$3.00 price of the Jammer's Handbook from your first \$20.00 order.

Jammer Cycle Products

800 (E9) S. San Fernando Blvd.
Burbank, California 91502

OR

Jammer Cycle Products

858 (E9) Decatur Avenue North
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55427

Dealers: Inquire on your letterhead.

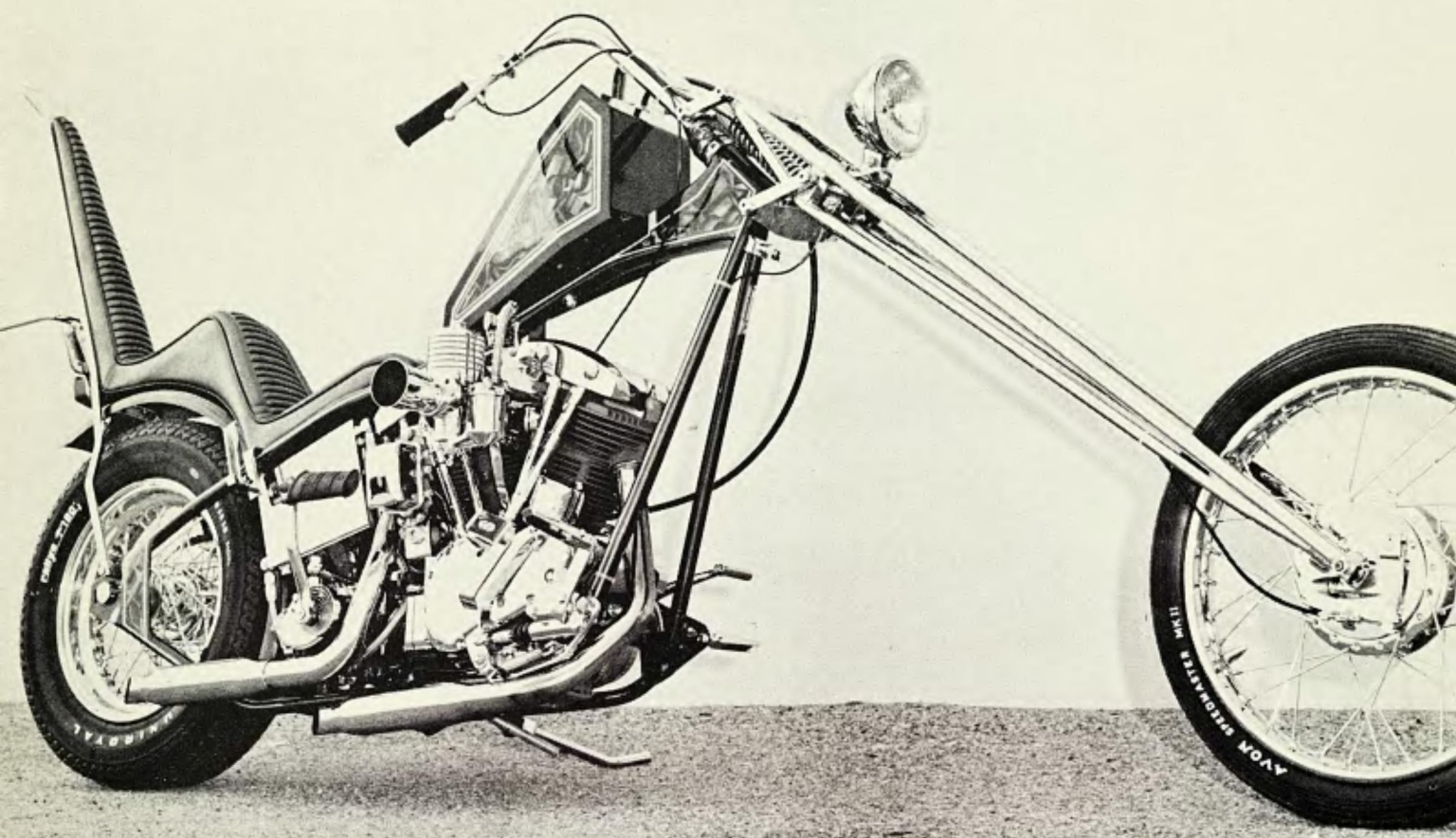
Please send me the new Jammer's Handbook. I am enclosing \$3.00 (\$2.95 + one lousy nickel toward postage and handling).

E9

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



6,000 Mile Scoot!

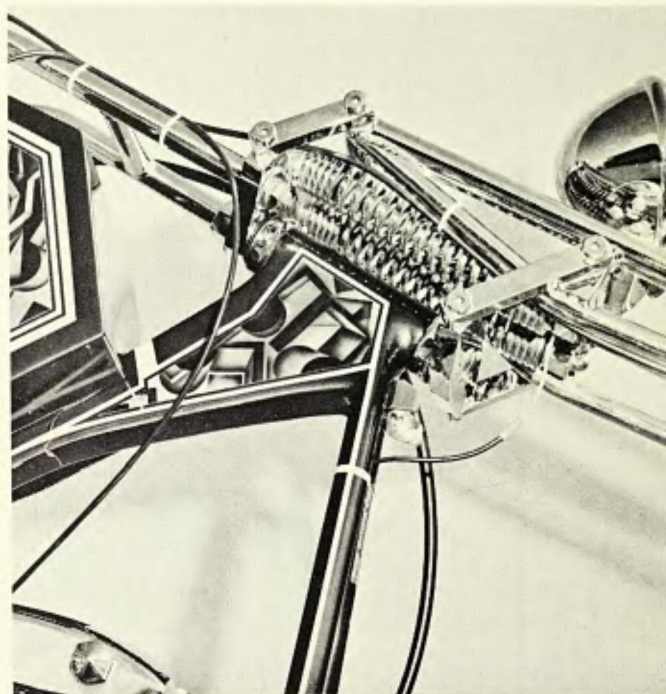


Man, the las' time I went out and bought me a piece of action, I gotta long sweet ride, yea. But that ain't nothin' compared to this Red Whore. Tha's what Chuck and Cricket call their scoot, and it took 'em both all the way from Phoenix to Laconia and back last year. No trailerin', shortcuts, or parachute drops out of a Playjet, jes' enough jammin' to put you halfway across the Pacific. That bike mus' be a cross between Cleopatra and a perpetual motion machine.

And for a puffer that putted that far, the two-wheeled fox don't show too many hash marks on the ol' epidermis. All Chuck did afterward was to have the foot pegs dipped at the shiny shop again, and repaint the flashy jugs (you wouldn't expect a hooker to strut her stuff in a grey flannel suit — even a double-breasted one — eh?). The rest, including the paint, the frame, and all the other metalwork is just as the rest of us stiff



Easyriders photos by Jake





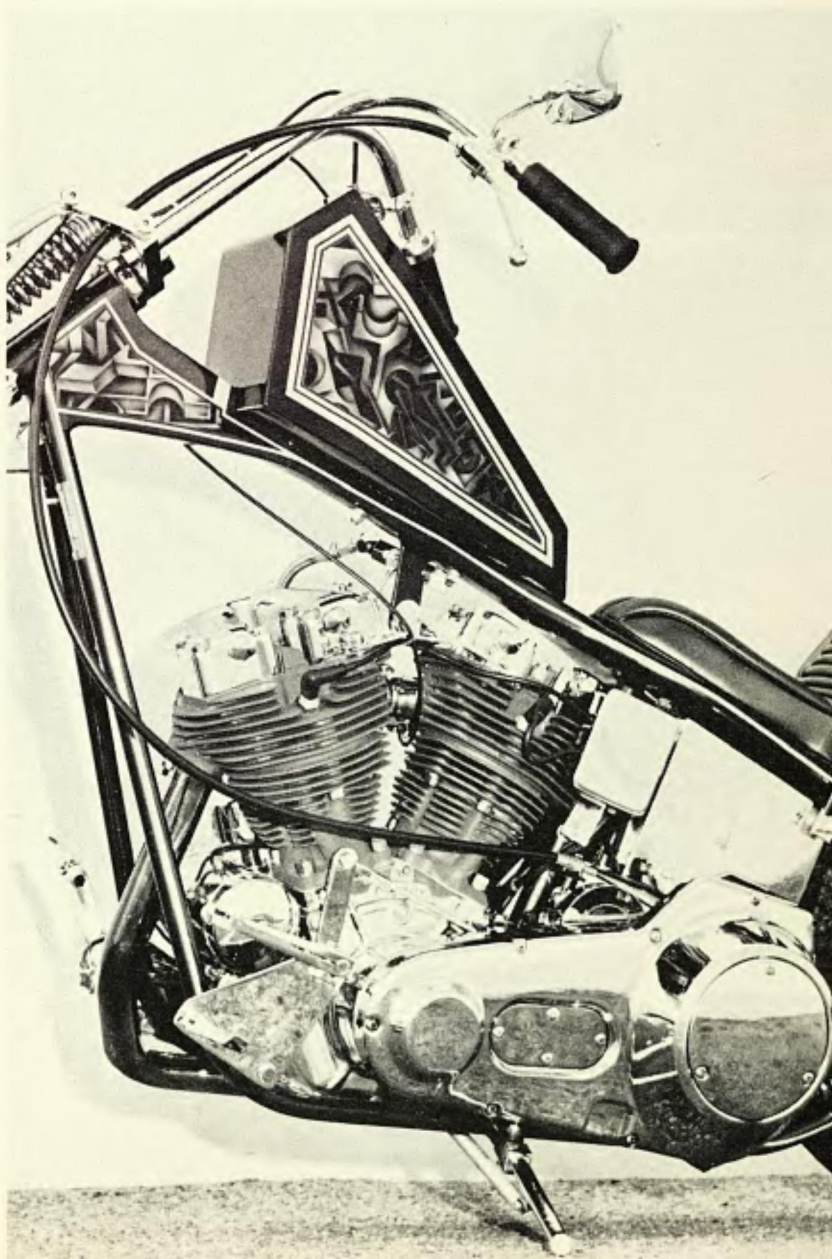
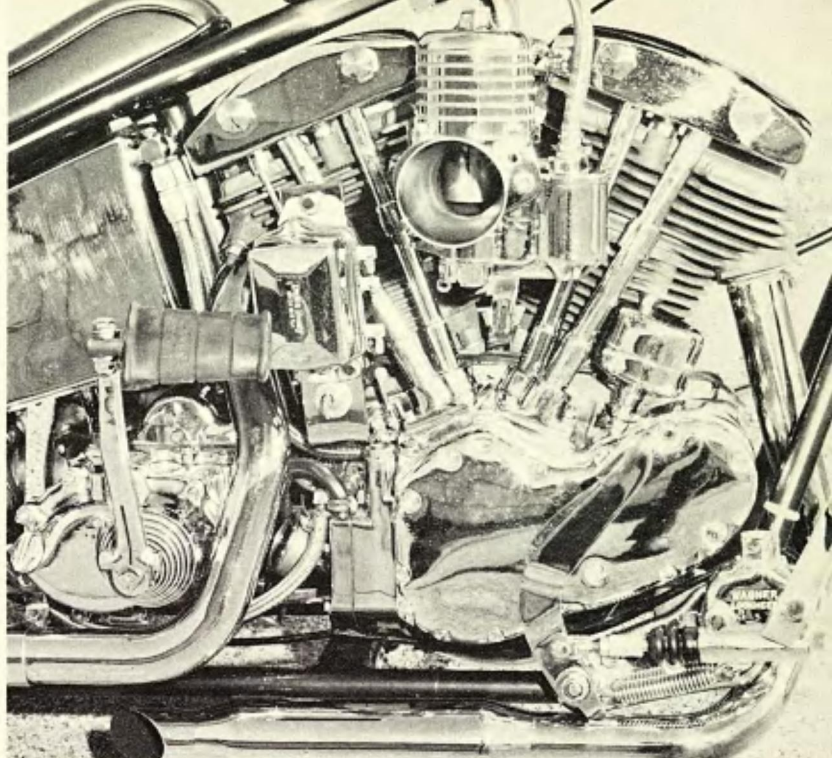
saw it as it rumbled through Podunk, Poughkeepsie, and Pocatello.

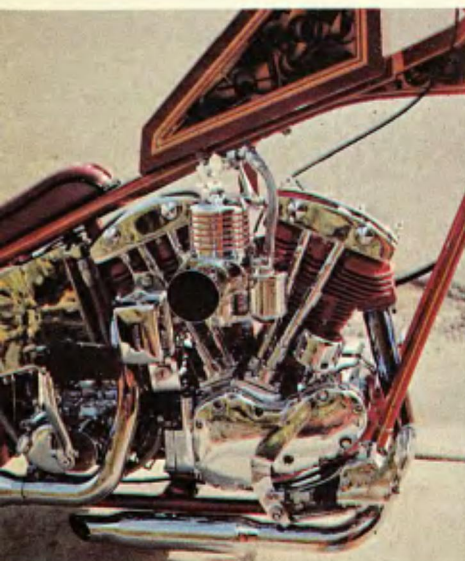
The citizens out there in the sticks musta dug what they saw, 'cos instead of the usual redneck bummer, Chuck and his ol' lady got some of the most righteous treatment afforded bike people since Harley and Davidson decided to shack up. One time he had to stop at a gas station in Amarillo, Texas, to tighten chains. The owner didn't have the right tools at his shop, so he turned Chuck onto his car keys and told him to drive to his home for the wrenches — and a coupla six packs!

So that made the trip easy on the mind, and that skyscraper rear seat gave Cricket a little padding for the body over them long miles. Y'all notice that Chuck had something nice to lean back on, too.

— Br'er Foxe

—Continued on next page





Owner: Chuck Ellavsky

City: Phoenix, Arizona

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1969 H-D
Model: FLH
Value: \$5,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 6 weeks
Chroming by: Thompson

Frame

Year: 1973
Builder: Denver's, San Berdoo
Type: double loop rigid
Rake: $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Stretch: 4 in., front legs
Other alterations:

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1969
Model: Shovelhead
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: 12V battery-coil
Displacement: 86 cu. in.
Lower end: S & S wheels
Balancing: Electronic
Pistons: Venolia, 10.5:1
Cases: chromed
Heads: Branch Flowmetrics
Cam: Sifton 468 S Plus
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): 2 in. Rivera S.U.
Air cleaner: Rivera stack
Pipes: Cycle Enterprises
Muffler(s): 1 piece w/pipes

Bars: Dick's Custom Cycle
Risers: one piece with bars
Fender(s): 4 in. flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Bates
Speedo:
Front pegs: Gary Bang fold-ups
Rear pegs: same
Electrics: owner
Gas tank: Dick's C.C., Covina, Calif.
Oil tank: 5 qt. by Dick's C.C.
Oil system: aircraft lines by Dick's
Primary cover: aluminum
Seat: naugahyde, Azusa Tops
Sissy bars: by Dick's C.C.
Height: 35 in.
Material: $\frac{5}{8}$ in. chrome moly

Transmission

Modifications:
Year: 1969
Shifting: Dick's Shifter
Engine sprocket: 22
Trans sprocket: 23
Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

Type: round tube girder
Extension: 20 in.
Builder: Dick's Custom Cycle
Special features: 4 springs

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Hub: Kawasaki	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Tire: Avon 2.75	Tire: Uniroyal 155 SR15
Brake: Kawasaki	Brake: H-D drum

Painting

Molding: Cricket
Painter: Art's Kustom Kolors
Color: candy apple red
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: white taped outlining by Art's
Other special modifications: fuel shutoff and rocker box nuts by Rivera Engineering, rear rim is VW dimpled and reworked by Buchanan's Frame Shop, kickstand by Dick's C.C., radial ply rear tire.



Biker Protests Can Be Beautiful

One of the main reasons we have so many bum laws hanging around our necks is the existence of an ignorant public and government. And one way to inform people, wherever they are, of our feelings, attitudes, and facts common to bikers, is through a protest. A demonstration can be a totally positive happening with planning and organization. Through the recommendations of the Connecticut MC Association; Warren Bennett, ABATE of New York; Rogue, International President of the Huns MC; and Gary Zager, an ABATE member who held the first helmet protest in Washington, D.C., we have compiled what it takes to pull off a decent, no-hassle protest.

The most impressive and effective ingredient of any demonstration or protest is the number of people involved. Unless the group organizing the protest knows the whereabouts of every biker in the state, it will take some work to get the word out and to get people off their asses. The cheapest way to spread the word is to contact by phone or send notices (and posters to hang up) to all the bike dealers and custom shops. Also get in touch with MC club officers. The difficulty with a mailing is, like so much junk mail, it may be shit-canned. So a phone call or another more personal note should follow the first announcement. Notice of the event must get to the people in at least enough time to find a babysitter or for a bro to take the day off work. Advance notification to newspapers might help, or a note to the "Letters" column, bitching about some law and mentioning the protest, may get published.

If the group has some bucks, they can even throw an ad into a paper that hits most of the state. (Don't forget the biker newspapers.)

A protest leader can confuse and create disillusionment in many bro's if the date, time, or place of the meet is altered, especially the date. The first notice can be sent without definite times and places to let as many people as possible know of an intended protest. But starting with the formal announcement, the date, place, and time must be adhered to. The bikers throughout the state may get hyped on the idea, but if the organizer is inconsistent, it could be fatal to the turn-out. (Rumors will kill a good thing.)

One ingredient any group or organization should have to maintain the success of the

demonstration and see that other protests will continue to be open, is an agreement with The Man. It is a good idea (and has been extremely successful in Connecticut) for the organizers and club presidents to meet with the local law enforcement agencies. It is necessary for The Man to know the protest route, the time, and the place. It can be explained at these meetings that no one will be wearing helmets—or any problem The Man might face. At the same time, the Heat will point out any beefs they may have against such an event. So in the planning stages, everyone involved will know how to avoid any confrontations. It's also a good idea for club prez's to assure the cops that no weapons will be around and that there will be no hassles between clubs or with citizens.

Once all the possible problems are aired with the Heat, run rules can be formulated. A lesson the N.Y. brothers have learned is that for a run to appear orderly, the run rules and assignments must be explicit. If everyone knows why this thing is coming down and just exactly what he or she should do and not do, there won't be confusion and disruption while people are trying to put on a good thing.

The run rules should contain the route and where and how the pack should be formed. Wheelies and showing class should be discouraged, and if someone stumbles into someone else's ol' lady on purpose or knocks over a bike, the beef should be held off, if at all possible, until later. It's also a good idea for a few volunteers, prospects, or ol' ladies to be sure that the location of the protest is clean when the people split. (Don't give the opposition any opportunity to criticize.)

So on a beautiful sunny Sunday, a few thousand scooters are trucking peacefully down the highway to the capital — well, for sure the straight citizens will be gazing. But if the world is to know why all these brothers are so dedicated, the media should be involved. Consequently, all the info sent to the brothers should also be sent to radios, tube networks, newspapers and magazines. If they don't seem to be interested, call 'em the day of the gig and say, "Hey, man, there are two thousand scooters down here at the park, and they're puttin' to the capital to protest the bucket law." It just might not win the news tip of the day award, but at least it should bring them around.

Now fifteen hundred, two hundred, or twenty thousand scooters sliding into town is definitely gonna create a scene. But to the citizen packin' his bags, it might come off as an outlaw take-over. Or the gathering hordes of people lingering just out of bullet range might dream of the Tijuana Jail Break and wait there for the replay to take place. So it's a positive number to lay out front exactly what the meaning of the invasion is. A van in the pack might have a sign lettered on it, explaining the reason for the protest. Stickers and informative pamphlets could be handed out. And as so many of us have seen, all the griping in the world won't help without support and evidence. Consequently, a few speeches could be made outlining the negative aspects of helmets, and if any official or lawyer is willing to make a speech — great. The more and the stronger the support, the more public support will be gained.

We must realize that the majority of the non-riding public simply figures that the word "helmet" implies protection, and they leave it at that. So it's up to us to clear up the misconception that continues to cause our brothers a daily inconvenience in addition to the jeopardy a helmet can put the biker in. If there is one organization or individual who heads the rally, he should spread his name, address and phone number so that questions can be answered — fast.

A protest is an attention-getter. But later come the hearings, committee meetings, legislation, and research into the law — all heading to the repeal we demand. When the protest is over, don't leave the rest of the fighting to the one who organized it. Stay in touch, write the political officials involved, and stay on top of the issue. It's easy enough to pass a law, but a repeal is like pushing a seventy-four up a hill with a flat — everyone has to help all the way to the top.

Bikers Battle Inspection Laws In South Dakota

Any South Dakota motorist who ever has driven angrily away from a service station with a "rejected" slip instead of a safety inspection sticker on his windshield probably will like Bob Olson's proposal.

The 25-year-old Rapid City and a group of his friends are pushing for substantial modification of the safety inspection law.

They would like to see the law changed to exclude motor vehicles used solely for personal transportation — which happen to be 75 per cent of the vehicles traveling the streets and highways of the state.

So caught up with the idea are Olson and a colleague, Frank Noble of Rapid City, that they are circulating petitions here. If enough public support can be demonstrated, they believe, the South Dakota Legislature will be forced to at least consider the proposal.

Olson says the central question is whether or not the law saves lives.

"It does not," he says. "The only thing that has reduced accidents has been the lower speed limit."

According to statistics supplied by the South Dakota Department of Public Safety, mechanical problems — inadequate brakes and improper lights — were listed as "contributing circum-

stances" in just 248 of nearly 20,000 motor vehicle accidents in 1972, and in only 145 of 17,000 accidents in 1973, he says.

On the other end of the scale, according to the figures, driver error — reckless driving — caused or contributed to 4,737 accidents in 1972 and 4,355 in 1973.

"I feel the safety inspection hasn't saved any lives," Olson contends.

If it hasn't, why is the law even on the books?

"Money," says Olson. "In 1966 the federal government passed the Federal Highway Safety Act. It required the states to have safety programs to be eligible for funds.

"This is a common misconception. People thought the safety inspection law was passed to save lives. But in reality it was a sellout to get money from the federal government. The taxpayer has been used."

"It's discriminatory. The law discriminates against an individual who has created a mode of transportation different or superior to that allowed by law. If you have a modified vehicle, or a home-built, it's very, very difficult to get it licensed for street use."

(Olson is an expert here; he sells parts for and modifies motorcycles for a living.)

"The law is counter-productive to advancement. Take the electric motorcycle. It's clean, quiet and non-polluting. But it won't meet the South Dakota code, because the law contains muffler and exhaust requirements for 'every vehicle.' . . . The code book is loaded with phrases like 'standard factory equipment.'"

And finally:

"The law is a crucial blow to the free enterprise system. We've gotta save what's left of it. The system works on the law of supply and demand: If the public demands something, the producers will supply it. But if the government oversteps the public, the system will be disrupted."

Such a disruption occurred, Olson says, when the government required seat belts in cars, driving new vehicle prices up. Persons who refused to use seat belts when they were optional continued to refuse to use them when they were mandatory, and thus "there is a vast amount of money tucked under the carpeting or in crevices in cars."

He adds, "The whole philosophy behind safety regulations is wrong. The regulations treat only the effect of negligence in maintaining a vehicle. They don't get to the real cause of accidents, which is negligence in driving the vehicle."

"I suggest we do away with safety regulations. Then, if an individual has an accident and the state can prove it was caused by equipment failure, require that individual to attend a course on car maintenance. Education, not regulation. This is where we've gotta go."

Olson is firmly opposed to regulations that require motorcyclists to wear helmets, require car manufacturers to install interlock seat belt systems, prohibit modifications of suspension or exhaust systems and prohibit even the use of patched mufflers.

"We have been Big Brothered to death. The federal government is usurping state sovereignty. But there's very little we can do about it," he says.

"South Dakota has already tried to fight the federal government once (in the billboard matter) and lost. We've got to be practical too. . . . I don't believe we can afford the risk."

Miller says Olson ought to carry his efforts to the national rather than to the state level.

But Olson says it's time the state stopped acceding to "federal blackmail."

"The government is not God," he says. "The individual was and still has to be the most important part of society. Not government, not business, but people."

—Jack Getz, staff writer
Rapid City Journal

Bill Easing Helmet Law Is Backed

This is a serious repeal effort and an avalanche of postcards is needed. Send a card urging repeal to Rep. Walter Miller, South Dakota Capitol Bldg., Pierre, S.D. Rep. Miller is House Majority Leader and has opposed helmet bills in the past. Dakota bikers should contact Olson in Rapid City for petitions, etc.

You might also send a card to Gov. Richard Kneip in Pierre urging the firing of George Bennett, Public Safety Dept. Secretary, for his statement in the Jan. 5 *Rapid City Journal* that "people are inherently lazy" and, thus, the law is necessary to force them to maintain their cars. For a man whose salary is paid by the people of South Dakota, he has a low opinion of them. Such a civil "servant" as this deserves the axe.—Gary Cape

National Effort To Repeal Helmet Laws

The National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances is considering the repeal of mandatory helmet laws nation-wide. This committee develops, considers and recommends various legislation to different states. Their goal is, as their name implies, to form a uniform vehicle code and implement it throughout the country. However, their recommendations are not considered law until each state legislature passes them and the governor of the respective state signs the bill into law. But deleting the helmet requirement from the Uniform Vehicle Code will prevent any withholding of state highway funds if the state does not enact the law.

In the subcommittee hearing held on Feb. 26 the following proposal was first considered:

Motorcycle Helmets — Repeal Use Requirement

Proposal: Delete UVC § 11-1396 which requires persons on motorcycles to wear protective headgear.

Proposed by: A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments (ABATE) and numerous other correspondents.

Effect of Proposal: Would delete all or a substantial part of the following UVC section:

Equipment for Motorcycle Riders

(a) No person shall operate or ride upon a motorcycle unless he is wearing protective headgear which complies with standards established by the commissioner.

(b) No person shall operate a motorcycle unless he is wearing an eye-protective device of a type approved by the commissioner, except when the motorcycle is equipped with a windshield.

(c) This section shall not apply to persons riding within an enclosed cab or on a golf cart. (Revised, 1971.)

(d) The commissioner is hereby authorized to approve or disapprove protective headgear and eye-protective devices required herein, and to issue and enforce regulations establishing standards and specifications for the approval thereof. The commissioner shall publish lists of all protective headgear and eye-protective devices by name and type which have been approved by him. (New section, 1968.)

At the hearing were the following brothers representing ABATE (and although the proposal was voted down 6-4, the subcommittee's Executive Director, Edward S. Kearney requested that they attend the full committee hearing in June when the measure will be considered again): Fuzzy Davy—ABATE (Virginia), 5709 Artemus Rd., Gainesville, Va. 22065; Ted Oaks—ABATE (Kansas), 2530 S. 37th Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66106; Gary R. Zager—ABATE (Maryland), 3328 Curtis Dr. #T-4, Hillcrest Hgts., Md. 20023; Charles Simon, 121 North Street, Foxboro, Mass. 02035; Walter Boober—ABATE (Rhode Island), 90 Rosemary Dr., North Kingstown, R.I. 02852; Don Pittsley—C.M.A., P.O. Box 62, Waterford, Conn. 06385; Ron Roloff—MMA, 2202 16th Street, Sacramento, Calif. 95818; Dale Harlowe—ABATE (Missouri), 6228 Truman Rd., Kansas City, Mo. 64126.

Jack Zektzer, of 6308 1/2 18th N.E., Seattle, Wash. 98115, was unable to attend for lack of funds.

ABATE would like to thank the above bros for their excellent efforts, material and presentations at the meeting. Their addresses were listed above because most of them went to Washington, D.C., with bucks they dug out of their own pockets. And if they are going to be able to show up again in June, they will need the dust to get them there. These men presented the most complete and conclusive arguments against the helmet law to date, and they will need everyone's support to get them back to Washington in June. Let's show the brothers representing us that we are behind them!

New Mexico: With some more support from the bikers in N.M. there is a good chance for a repeal of the helmet law. Chris Derrick, Box 368, Gallup, New Mexico 87301, wants N.M. brothers to know that repeal is not impossible, if he can gain the support needed. Chris would like to pass this bit of info along to active bro's trying to write political officials: "Most of New Mexico's cities are small, so obtaining the addresses of the proper officials through political offices is difficult. Many towns do not have a political office, except during election time, and the elections are over. Any bikers having difficulty acquiring the addresses they need should be advised to check with the City or County library, or call the Magistrate Court (over motor vehicle citations), and ask for the name and address of the person(s) they want. I have found these methods effective."

Washington State: Roger Goodwin, 1807 3rd Street, Cheney, Wash. 99004, met another brother through the ABATE active list and together they plan to put out a monthly newsletter to keep Washington bro's up on legislation. They also have arranged a protest putt to the capitol on the 25th of May. It will come

down on Memorial Day weekend, so if your scooter is up, get in touch with this cat or putt down to the capitol on the 25th and see what's happening.

Connecticut: Don Pittsley of the Conn. MC Assoc., P.O. Box 62, Waterford, Conn., has pushed for the following bill. He urges Connecticut people: Write your representatives to let them know you want the bill passed. If we are to see a repeal through we must at least sit down and write. It doesn't take long to explain on paper a bad experience you or a brother has had on account of a helmet and put it in the mail.

Standard Connecticut Proposed Bill No. 79. Refer to Committee on Transportation. Introduced by Senator Gunther, 21st District, General Assembly, January session, 1975.

An act concerning the repeal of the compulsory motorcycle helmet law. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Assembly convened:

That Section 14-289E of the General Statutes concerning compulsory head gear for motorcyclists and passengers be repealed so that motorcycle operators may decide when head gear will contribute to their safety.

The statement of purpose to eliminate a hazard for motorcyclists under certain conditions. Compulsory head gear can interfere with proper vision and hearing in some instances, and individual operators can make the best decision as to when protective head gear will contribute to their safety.

New Jersey: Carl Stott had saved his brother Richard's life with a rare bone marrow transplant, and just one month ago Richard finally came home after a three-month hospital stay.

Yesterday afternoon a Northampton Township, Pa., policeman had to tell Richard and his mother that Carl had been struck and killed by a Penn Central freight train.

The 17-year-old Council Rock High School senior and his father, Carl Sr., had driven on their motorcycle shortly after noon to the railroad tracks at Bridgetown Pike and Langhorne Avenue, in that township, to take pictures for a school project, police said.

With his motorcycle helmet still on, Carl sat on the tracks and began taking pictures of his father, who was driving toward him on the motorcycle.

Police said Carl, his back toward the 94-car train, apparently never heard the train's whistle because of the helmet.

Why Carl chose to sit on the tracks to take the pictures still is not certain.

"The Penn Central brakeman saw the boy and he had the engineer blow the whistle," a police spokesman said.

Carl was pronounced dead at the scene, before the Trevoze Heights Rescue Squad took him to Warminster General Hospital.—Tim Pettit, Burlington County Times

Illinois: A bill to require motorcyclists to wear helmets will be introduced in the 1975 General Assembly, Secretary of State Michael J. Howlett said.

Howlett said Thursday that Illinois is one of four states in the nation without such a law.

An earlier state law requiring helmets was ruled unconstitutional by the Illinois Supreme Court in 1969.

But Howlett said more recent decisions, including one by the U.S. Supreme Court, have upheld such laws.—Associated Press

Interested bikers who want to fight this should contact Bill Orce, P.O. Box 152, Prospect Hts., Illinois 60070.

Kansas: Ted Oakes, 2530 South 37th Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66106, is at the helmet law again. Ted has fought repeals, spoken before committees and campaigned for office to gain support for bikers. But all his efforts cost bucks and now he's dusted. So he's going at it another way. He has taken the matter to court, by getting cited for not wearing a lid. At his hearing the jury could not come to a decision; consequently the judge pronounced a mistrial. But without presenting any written evidence whatsoever (on account of a move by the prosecution), Ted received a 6-2 favorable vote. For now, he will continue to fight the law in the courts, until he can introduce a bill with an amendment to alter the current helmet requirement.

Alabama: Some bro's down South have formed an organization known as the Alabama Bike Riders. They are after a helmet repeal but feel that the only way to do the job is to see that the right people are elected. Consequently they are circulating the following information card. If you live in Alabama, copy it and get the copies out to your puttin' partners. Then ask them to flash 'em back to James C. McGriff, 306 Upper Kingston Rd., Prattville, Ala. 36067.

I am opposed to the Mandatory Motorcycle Helmet Law (Code of Alabama, Title 36, Chapter 9, Section 138) and would support the political candidate who would work for the repeal or amendment of such law.

Name
Address
Occupation
Age Registered Voter Yes ☐ No ☐

North Carolina: A group of bro's in Charlotte decided that there was a need for an organization in their state. These people began the Concerned Bikers Association, for the express purpose of retaining the freedom to ride. Carolina brothers can contact the CBA in care of Claude W. Chaivis, Jr., 701 Sheryl Circle, Charlotte, North Carolina 28201, or phone (704) 536-8535 or 527-3050.

Arizona: The Senate Transportation Committee Wednesday gave a "do pass" recommendation to a bill which would remove the requirement that motorcycle operators wear helmets.

The bill would require operators to wear goggles or a face shield, and passengers would still be required to wear helmets.

Sen. Bill McCune, R-Phoenix, who introduced the bill, said he does not ride motorcycles but he does believe that the law requiring helmets deprives individuals of their freedom of choice.

Others who spoke for the bill argued that helmets actually increase dangers by restricting

peripheral vision and hearing of the operator, and by contributing to heat fatigue during hot weather.

William Gaines, 33, of Phoenix, who called himself "a free spirit," told the committee he has been riding motorcycles for more than 15 years, including two years with a motorcycle gang known as "The Outlaws."

He said he was opposed to being forced to wear a helmet and said he believed the main reason for the helmet law was to give policemen an opportunity to harass motorcycle riders.

"There's a lot of harassment in this state," he said.

Arizona Highway Traffic Safety Coordinator James Hill opposed repeal and cited statistics showing a decrease in head injuries when helmets are worn.

"A helmet is the only protection you have on a motorcycle," Hill said.

He disagreed that helmets restrict vision or hearing, pointing out that riders should use rear-view mirrors instead of turning their heads and that helmets dampen traffic noise which can cause tension and fatigue.

"The helmet doesn't do anything but increase protection of the head."

Jake Liette of Sierra Vista, who said he drives a motorcycle some 20,000 miles every year, said a helmet offers little protection.

Also opposed to repeal was B. T. Singer, president of the Arizona Consumer Protection Association, who suggested that helmets be modified to meet the objections of riders.—By Gil Neal, The Arizona Republic.

For more information concerning this measure contact bro Jerry Timm, Box 13103, Lake Havasu City, Arizona 86403.

Wisconsin: "Anyone in this state who would like to see something started toward eliminating the fucking helmet law, write me," Robert Vetter, 407 Union St., Johnson Creek, Wisconsin 53038.

New York: Brother Crazy Tony Schelini made the following useful comment: "Brothers sending in info about proposed legislation should always send in the bill's number (example H436 (Dillman) Delaware lights on, etc.). The same should be done with any court decisions that have been handed down favorable to bikers."

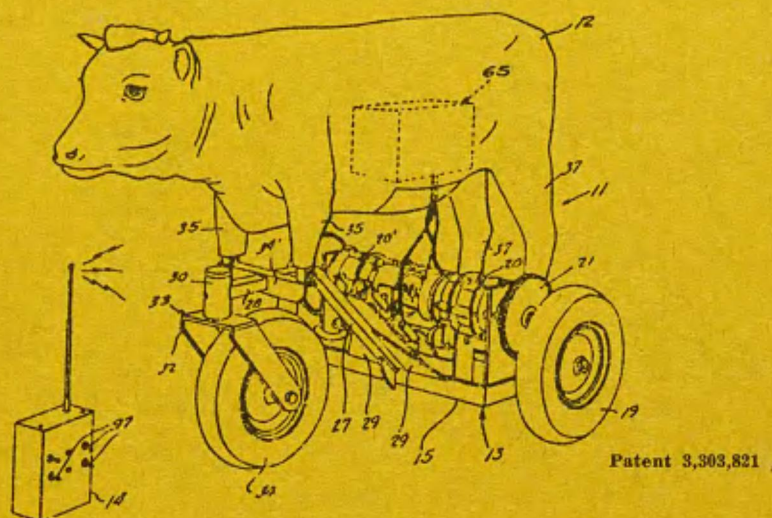
Iowa: The state of Iowa is one of the last free states—from the helmet law. But it looks as though there is a push to put that hassle ordinance onto the books this year.

At high noon on July 6 there will be a protest run to the capitol. If you live in the state, contact C.O.M.E., 1028 4th Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50314—or buy a helmet.

Utah: The Barons MC, from Salt Lake City, would like to challenge and invite every other club and loner in America to meet us in Washington, D.C., on Labor Day 1975, to let our Senators and Representatives know how we feel about the way the Dept. of Transportation is trying to kill us.

"If each club that intends to go would let ABATE or us know, we could put a list in the ABATE column and see if we couldn't develop more interest with each issue.

"We can show America what a bike brotherhood can accomplish if we work together. Let's put 100,000 bikes in Washington on Labor Day." Teach, Pres. Barons MC, 462 S. 2nd West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84100.



Latest Advances In Motorcycle Design



Patent 92,528



Patent 190,644

Whirling wheels in the 00cc class are the two attempts shown here at self-propelled vehicles, as recorded in the U. S. Patent Office files. Slightly faster than a dead horse is Patent 92,528, which allows a dude to crank himself down the road. Its chief advantage: hardly any neighbors ever complained about exhaust fumes or noise.

Patent 190,644 uses dogpower and thus ignores the gas shortage, threat of rationing, and dirty plugs. One major trouble is its performance in the hare scramble type races—sight of a jackrabbit is liable to result in the engine suddenly missing. This model is particularly liked by tender-gender fender-benders because you don't have far to walk home unless the driver has overdone use of the whip. Note the customized heads on the engine, and the furry shade for the tailpipe. The indoor model has not been field tested, but the emission control is said to work well on paper.

The radio controlled mechanical calf (Patent No. 3,303,821) is a 600-pound disguised motorcycle used for training ranch horses. While not ideally suited for motocross, moto ball or road rallies, it does find favor with anxious mamas with little cyclists considered still too young to steer. Electrically operated, it offers another way to spread the bull around without putting your foot in it.

H. Dick Clarke



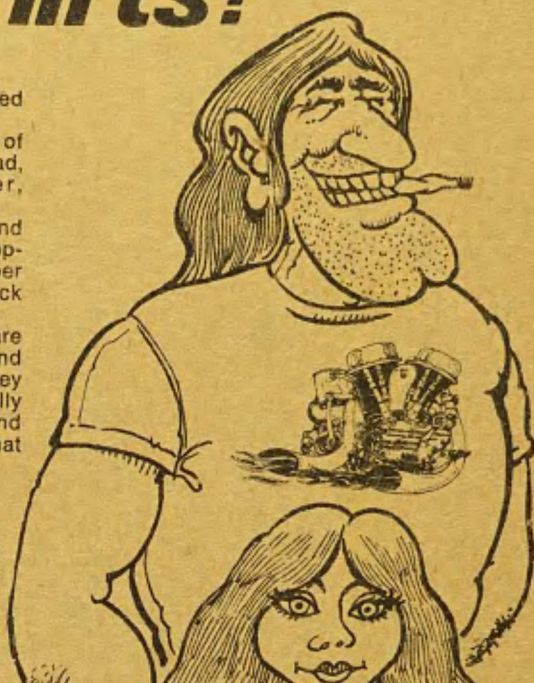
ChopShirts!

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).

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

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

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

ALABAMA
Cycle Rider 3740 Govt. Blvd., Mobile
Dane By Dure, Inc., 3301 Lower Wetumpka Rd., Montgomery, Ala.

ALASKA
Barry's Custom Cycle 2429 Scenard Rd., Anchorage, Alaska

ARIZONA
Mac's Scooter Shop 300 E. 6th St., Tucson, Ar.
The Scooter Shop 4385 E. Speedway, Tucson, Ar.
Male Tech 4405 E. Speedway, Tucson, Ar.
Roadrunner Cycles 1430 W. Wetmore Rd., Tucson, Ar.
Kens Cycle & Supply 816 N. 24th, Phoenix, Ar.
Ocean Side HD 12815 N. Cave Creek Rd., Phoenix, Ar.
T & T Custom Cycle & Supply 1426 E. Broadway, Mesa

CALIFORNIA
B & B Cycle Factory 2001 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Calif.
Bell Garden Cycle 6601 Eastern Ave., Bell Gardens, Calif.
D&G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente, Calif.
Classic Ent. 298 S. Roman Rd., San Jacinto, Calif.
Energy Cycles 630 East Holt, Ontario, Calif.
Discount Choppers Parts 2610 Orangehurst, Fullerton, Calif.
Fat City Cycles 514 E. Haley St., Santa Barbara, Calif.
HD West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey, Calif.
Jackson Motors Kawasaki PO Box 25, Half Moon Bay, Calif.
Knight Custom of Pasadena 2315 E. Fairhill Blvd., Pasadena, Calif.
Mike's MC Shop 4025 Howard Ave., Los Alamitos, Calif.
Donald Myers MC Acc. & Parts 3995 San Leandro St., Oakland, Calif.
Santa Maria Cycle Parts 2160 W. Lomita Blvd., Lomita, Calif.
Moans MC Parts 450 N. Blackstone, Fresno, Calif.
Vischer's Honda Custom Shop 3500 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Calif.
C. J. Custom Cycle Parts 2224 Waterloo Rd., Stockton, Calif.
B & B MC 7412 Talbot Ave., Huntington Beach, Calif.
D & D Cycle Repair 5893 Sierra Ave., Fontana, Calif.
The Shop - Indian/HD 45 Fire Way, Ventura, Calif.
Carl Sperti's HD 3045 Grass Valley Hwy., Auburn, Calif.
Alphahead's Custom West 821 W. Gardenia Blvd., Gardena, Calif.
The Bike Shop 14438 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys, Calif.
Holliday 180 N. Lewis Rd., Camarillo, Calif.
Janner Cycle Products 803 S. San Fernando Blvd., Burbank, Calif.
Marced Custom Bikes 131 W. 17th, Merced, Calif.
Mali Cycles 733 N. Santa Fe, Vista, Calif.
Motorhead Eng. 491 E. Valley Blvd., Calton, Calif.
Uncle Sam's West 45825 Warm Springs Blvd., Fremont, Calif.
Chopper Acc. 5909 Atlantic Blvd., Maywood, Calif.
Cycle Boutique 3320 Crenshaw, Los Angeles, Calif.
Cycle Odyssey 6524 Mission St., Daly City, Calif.
Flakinhorn 15196 Westlake, Westminster, Calif.
Hurdy Cycle Parts 12954 W. Washington Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
MC Emporium 712 E. Alosta Ave., Glendora, Calif.
Hog Power 12617 Lambert Rd., Whittier, Calif.
Easons Cycle Center 3546 Barnett Ave., San Diego

COLORADO
Cycle West 621 W. Church, Colorado Springs
2 Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 28th St., Denver, Co.
The Wind 122 East Mill St., Colorado Springs, Co.

CONNECTICUT
DN Custom Cycle Shop 1160 Wilbur Cross Pkwy., Berlin, Ct.
The Cycle Works 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton, Ct.
The Other Horse 345 Forbes Ave., New Haven, Ct.
Custom Cycle Acc. U.S. Rte. 7, Bridgefield, Ct.
K&P Cycles 2015 Stratford Ave., Stratford, Ct.
USA Choppers 435 Honesdale Rd., Stratford

DELAWARE
Holt Cycles 14 S. Union, Wilmington

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 46th St., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Jackson MC Shop 2725 E. Main St., Lakeland, Fla.
B & D Chopper Shop RE 15 BX 94-A, Ocala, Fla.
Larry's Scooter Depot 14635 Nebraska, Tampa, Fla.
Cycle Rep. 423 S. W. St., Lake Worth, Fla.
Jason's Bike Shop Rt. 3, Box 211, Sarasota, Fla.
C.C. Cycle 516 S. Dixie Hwy., W. Pompano Bch., Florida
MC Rebuilding 1204 Dixie Hwy., Hollywood, Fla.

GEORGIA
The Fit Shop 3123 Victory Dr., Columbus
GT MC Supply 5153 Buford Hwy., Doraville
B & H Motors 104 Greenville St., La Grange

ILLINOIS
British Cycle Sales 3790 E. Williams Rd., Decatur, Ill.
Chicago Ray's 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill.
Senders MC Supply 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein, Ill.
Cycle Janner Shop 3159 25 Ave., Maline, Ill.
Lingo Boring Engines 5902 S. Pulaski, Chicago, Ill.
Chopper Parts & Stuff 1515 W. Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
K & R Custom Cycle 524 N. Douglas St., Shelbyville, Ill.
Bike Bikes 2542 W. 59th, Chicago
House of Cycles 1102 S. Western, Chicago
B & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield, Ill.
Ratz Cycle Shop 9900 Ewing Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Johns Custom Cycle Clay St., Roadhouse
Gordon Shaw & Co Choppers 516 N. Chicago, Joliet, Ill.

INDIANA
B-J Chopper 2122 Colburn St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Charlie Pate's Cycle 106 E.S. "B" St., Gas City
Brand's HD Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash, Ind.
J.M.S. Chopper Spec. 2832 169th St., Hammond, Ind.
S & W Cycle Shop Custom Parts By Gene 809 Mary St., Evansville, Ind.
HD of Michigan City 1804 Franklin St., Michigan City, Ind.
Custom Choppers Unlimited 2820 S. Madison St., Muncie
The Cycle Shop 2422 S. Western Ave., Marion
Frank's Scooters 311 S. Union St., Westfield

IOWA
Contemporary Guild 1732 S. Federal, Mason City
Custom Cycle Design 900 1st Ave., Carrollville
Custom Sport & Service Hwy. 167, Humbolt

KANSAS
Cycle Acc. 409 S. Main, Hutchinson, KS
Jerry's Custom Cycle & Acc. 1128 Main, Parsons, KS
Cycleparts of Manhattan 210 Poynts, Manhattan
C & N Cycles 1020 Jones Ave., Garden City

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

MARYLAND
Bud & Bob's Cycle 7728 Golden Ring Rd., Baltimore
Bout's Cycle Center, Inc. 4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville
Uncle Sam's Cycle 1302 Ritchie Rd., Forestville, Md.
Royal Palm Ice Co. 7418 Swift Ln., Clinton, Md.
One Eyes Custom Cycle 401 Mac Ave., Baltimore
B & R Speed & Cycle 4304 Spauld Rd., Temple Hills
John Spier & Sons Box 3 Rd. 1, Bel Air, Md.
Custom Cycle Choppers 7 H Aylesbury Rd., Timonium
B & C Custom Cycle Rt. 4 Box 110, Waldorf

MASSACHUSETTS
D.C. Ent. 107 Union St., Easthampton, Mass.
Cycle God Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc. 2476 Cranberry Hwy., P.O. Box 624, Wareham, Mass.
Chopper Parts City 99 Sandhill, Worcester, Mass.
Calif. Chopper Spec. 233 Hillman, PO Box 125, New Bedford, Mass.
G & L Cycle 730 Doyal St., Fall River
Southshore Cycle Parts 1385 Wash St., Weymouth
Prime Chopper Shop 11 S. Main St., Uxbridge

MICHIGAN
Putt-Putt 3314 Portage Rd., Portage, Mich.
Detroit Cycle Eng. 6633 Southfield Rd., Detroit, Mich.
Cyclastaf G 5274 Conna Rd., Hitt, Mich.
Dirt & Chrome Shop 800 E. Columbia Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
H&D Custom Cycles 1322 Shakespeare, Kalamazoo
Heavy Custom Cycles 11389 Jefferson, River Rouge
Carlini Cycle Creations 23245 Ford Rd., Dearborn
GM Cycle 8812 Greenfield, Detroit, Mich.
Mild to Wild Custom Acc. 2409 Parkview Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
MM Custom Cycles Rt. 351 W. Farmick Rd., Farmick, Mich.
Michigan MC Acc. 2327 28th St., Grandville, Mich.
J & M Cycles 114 Hollis St., Jackson
Lorris Custom Cycle 132 S. Winter St., Adrian, Mich.
Cafe Racer Customs 20934 Grand River Ave., Detroit
Mation, Inc. 27639 John Rd., Madison Hts.

MINNESOTA
The Chopper Shop 218 E. Clark, Albert Lea, Min.
Northern Leisure Corp. 23 N. Benton Dr., Souk Rapids
Janner Cycle Products 858 Dechar Ave. N. Minneapolis
Northeast Chopper Supply 1854 Central Ave., NE, Minneapolis, Minn.
Valley Enterprises 5625 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, Minn.
B & J Custom Cycle 214 Grant Ave., Egleth, Min.
Bowland HD Box 501, Wadena
B & J Custom Cycle 102 Chestnut St., Virginia
Mary Jorgensen's Chopper City 3126 Lyndale Ave. N., Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI
Mississippi Cycle 832 W. Division, Biloxi, Miss.
Gills Bike Shop The Harley Shop, PO Box 475 Hwy. 11, Purvis, Miss.

MISSOURI
County MC Parts 7348 N. Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Cycle Specialties 2802 Clark Ln., Columbia, Mo.
Doops Choppers 3009 Hwy 10, Avondale, Kansas City
St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph, Mo.
Cycle & Rider Acc. 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas City

NEBRASKA
B & G Cycles RFD, Roca

NEVADA
Shadow Kustom Cycles 3049 Rigel Ave., Las Vegas
Johns Custom Cycle 3031 E. Charleston, Las Vegas

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bills MC Gear Corlies Hill Rd., Meredith
New England Chopper 9 Whitford 111A, Nashua, N.H.
Male Choppers 1181-1183 Main St., Berlin, N.H.

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 Motzown Rd., Old Bridge, N.J.
The Chopper Shop 597 Rt. 1, Edison, N.J.
Cycle Shock 502 Bear Tavern Rd., West Trenton
HD of Camden 100 S. Blackhorse 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 Bailey Ave., Buffalo, NY
J&O Cycle 52 Boulevard Ave., Celoron
All Cycle Acc. Shop Box 54, Helene, N.Y.
R&V Sales C&Y Rt. 400, Walton, N.Y.
Brooklyn HD 1160 Ultra, Brooklyn, N.Y.
The Chrome Link 121 Lake St., Elmira
Cycle Works Inc. 27 State St., Middleport, N.Y.
J&S Chopper Shop Atlantic Ave. & Church St., Box 103, Seville, NY
Diamonds Custom Machine 101-04 101 Ave., Ozone Park, Queens, New York
Cyclomart, Inc. 815 Stanley Ave., Brooklyn
KC Choppers 527 Hasted Ave., Mamaroneck
Custom Fabrication 901 Williams St., Buffalo, N.Y.
East Coast Choppers, Inc. 362A, Broadway, Bethpage

AL's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome, N.Y.
Locomotion Choppers 144 E. Main St., E. Troy
V & L Chopper Shop 8 Little Neck Rd., Centerville
Cycle City, Inc. 111 Sunrise Hwy., Amityville
New York Choppers 161-28 Cross Bay Blvd., Howard Lch.
Urchin Custom Cycle 2323 Boston Post Rd., Larchmont

NORTH CAROLINA
The Custom House Rt. 3 Box 54, Rutherfordton
Indian Chopper Specialties 658 Swantonova, River Rd., Asheville, N.C.
Stans Chopper House 3411 South Blvd., Charlotte, N.C.

OHIO
The Bike Shop 1112 S. State Rt. 19, Fremont, Ohio
Cleveland MC Supply 4530 Pearl Rd., Cleveland
CW's Motor Shop PO Box 462, Rt. 13 A, Napoleon, Ohio
G & E MC Eng. 627 Dresden Ave., E. Liverpool, Ohio
J&S Choppers 4502 Warren Sharon Rd., Vienna, Ohio
Selmer Custom Cycle 287 N. 15th St., Selmer
Aukland Cycle Supply 286 E. Main St., Aukland
Van And Custom Cycle 3591 Springdale Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Toledo Choppers, Inc. 209 1st., Toledo, Oh.
Mr. Vernon Custom Cycle 305 S. Main, Mr. Vernon
Jammers Discount Cycle 7410 Detroit Ave., Cleveland
Cincinnati Custom Choppers 7711 Blue Ash Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio
Motorcycles, Inc. 15712 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio
L.A. Chopper Shop 670 Wooster Rd. No. 1, Barberton
Anything Cycle Shop 4025 E. Main St., Columbus
Cycle Shop Rd. 1 Box 39, Solonville
Cycle Works 4955 Brimfield Rd., Chagrin Falls
Cycle King, Inc. 8008 York Rd., No. Royalton
Chopper City, Inc. 892 N. Bond Rd., Cincinnati

OKLAHOMA
The Wrench P.O. Box 203, Langley

PENNSYLVANIA
Bill's Custom Cycles Rt. 5 Bloomsburg, Pa.
Chopper Shop Rt. 2842 Somerset Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycle Barn 205, Clintonville, Pa.
Dyson's E-Z Rider Shop 1011 Ehler St., Shadysburg
The Graveyard 8100 Germantown Ave., Chastnut Hill
Action Eng. 823 Randa St., Erie, Pa.
The HD Shop 311 Walker St., Vandegrift, Pa.
Boss's HD 550 E. Main St., Plymouth, Pa.
Scally's Chopper Shop 110 Sherman Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.
Cycledelic Choppers 16 George Ave., Wyomissing, Pa.
Cyclomates Inc. 158 Pennsylvania Ave., West Reading, Pa.
Coe Bee Ent., Inc. 218 S. Main St., Old Re. 309, Sellersville, Pa.
Chop Shop 407 Stanton St., Bridgeville, Pa.
Bunker Cycle Shop RE 2, Smithton, Pa.
H.F. Hawkey Creations Rd. 2 Box 511, Northampton, Pa.
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
D & M Glinne City 2627 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia
Cycle Ingenuity 2749 Rosewood St., Columbia
CP Bassett Cycles 2672 S. Park Rd., Bernal Park
Honda of Charleston 2117 Savannah Hwy., Charleston

SOUTH CAROLINA
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
The Chopper Dan 508 Travis Ave., Saluda, SC.

TENNESSEE
Randy's Cycle Sales 130 N. Tennessee Ave., Etowah
Bundy's Chopper Shop US 11-W. Kingsport Hwy., Blountville, TN.

TEXAS
Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth
R&J Custom Cycles 8745 E. No. Lamar, Austin, Tx.
Mid Cities Chopper Supply 1104 Enterprises Dr., Grand Prairie
Chandler Cycle 3136 E. Lancaster, Ft. Worth, TX.
Lorrie MC Service 217 S. "B" St., Harlingen
Cycle Center 3320 NE Loop 296, Paris
American Sport Riders 220 Interstate 10, So., Beaumont
Harris Cycle Supply 1009 Ferguson, Nacogdoches
Gulley Cycle 2430 Gullway Dr., Port Arthur
J & J Choppers 2210 Grand, Wichita Falls

UTAH
Sand & Cycle 311 24 St., Ogden

VIRGINIA
Cycles Unlimited 106 E. Broad St., Falls Church, Va.
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hill St., Richmond, Va.
Cycle & Hand Boutique 9 Whyte St., Petersburg
Casey's Cycle City 634 Clyde Morris Blvd., Newport News, Va.
Cycle Shed 2003 Mt. Vernon Ave., Alexandria, Va.
Scorpion Eng. 9907 Warwick Rd., Newport News
Jims Custom Cycle 1012 First St., Radford
R & S Cycle Core Rte. 50, P.O. Box 357, Tazewell
C&C Cycle Spec. 1119 W. Broad St., Rt. 7, Falls Church

WASHINGTON
Bradford MC Specialty 3729 S. G St., Tacoma, Wa.
Ro-Vin Custom Cycles 4619 Rainier Ave. S., Seattle
Boonack Choppers 2813-15 Wheaton Way, Bremerton
Universal Choppers 6322 S Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wa.

W. VIRGINIA
Kustom Kastle 422 4th St., Clarksburg
HD of Huntington 4900 Waverly Rd., Huntington, WVA.

WISCONSIN
Chopper Specialties Rt. 2, Box 89-B, Berlin, Wis.
Barnes Choppers Inc. 105 N. Parker Dr., Janesville
Rich's Pit Shop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
Big Al's Pittsperpe Cycle Shop 729 Madison Ave., Ft. Atkinson

WYOMING
Sheridan Custom Cycle 731 S. Sheridan Ave., Sheridan, Wyo.

LATE ADDITIONS
Cycle Mallon Inc. 2741 Martin Luther Jr. Ave. SE, Washington, DC
Gelstein 171 S. Broadway, Blackfoot ID
OZ Performance MC 15 Gooding Ave., Bristol, RI
National Cycle Supply 2338 Grandview Hwy., So. Vancouver BC Canada
Pure Joy 110-4th St., Hood River, Ore.
Mick's Classic Cycle 4811 SE Powell, Portland, Ore.



For 25 years city, county, state, and federal governments with their law enforcement officers have united together in a conspiracy to eliminate the Hell's Angels from existence.

They have stereotyped us in the public's eye as socially unfit, dope dealing, drug crazed rapists and murderers.

They have harassed us, unjustly accused us, denied us our rights and now they jail our leaders.

Support Your Local



Here's our latest T-shirt design. A big photo (12" x 7") of Sonny Barger in the center with the words "Free Sonny Barger" and the drawing of the cuffed hands (3½" x 3¾") to the left of the photo.

When ordering, be sure to specify Photo T-shirt. Oh yeah—it's the same price as the other T-shirt on this page (\$5.00).

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

The Hell's Angels

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

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

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

We also have a heavy poster that should be in

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

There may be

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

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.



"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.

No Class Chick

—Continued from page 21

distance, about a mile from the road, I saw a campfire, and turned off on a dirt road in hopes that it might be some of the other riders bedding down for the night. As I drew nearer I could see that it was, and after I stopped and began walking toward them I could see that the judge who had been taking names was among them and was acting pretty greased like the rest of them were. A can of beer came flying through the air toward me and I caught it in mid stride and had it empty by the time I reached the happy assembly.

"Hey! It's the circuit taxidermist, come to collect some strays!" someone yelled.

"Fuck you raw with a termite-covered ass vibrator till your bung-hole drips shit in your mother's face!" I answered pleasantly.

There was some more back and forth conversation of this kind, each remark a little more putrid than the last, and when it seemed that everyone present had exhausted all the gruesome suggestions and experiments it was possible to construct in the English language, the judge topped everyone by yelling "Shutup!" and pulled out his rulebook. "You're not supposed to do anything without your cunt on a run like this," he said without smiling. "Where is she?"

"My 'cunt' is still only a gleam in the eye of my sex-change surgeon," I said sarcastically. "If you mean where is that corpse that you're making me haul across the Southwest, she's dangling like a side of beef from my sissybar reading a copy of *Arizona Highways*."

"Well, you can mouth off all you want about it," he said, "but rules is rules and you ain't supposed to do nuthin' without your chick on a run like this if you want to qualify for entrance into the club."

Despair, anger and confusion were beginning to pile up in my head pretty fast by this time, and my thoughts went out to beyond the campfire where my date knelt silently in the warm night air, hogtied down like a barrel in a tossing ship, grinning in wide-eyed insanity a humorless toothy grin up at the moon.

"Well, motherfuck, excuse me!" I said in tones of penitence and apology. "I'm nothing but an ignorant

clod." And I turned around facing into the darkness and hollered, "Hey, Brenda, or whatever the fuck your name is! C'mere for a minute!"

About 90% of this collection of drunken lunacy put down their beers and peered out into the darkness waiting in dumb curiosity for the bitch to come strolling into the light, with, I suppose, Oral Roberts leading her by the hand. The judge merely smirked. "Listen," he said finally, "I know you must be pretty miffed about —"

"Miffed!" I shouted. "You've got me assnuzzling a stiff through three states with a one hundred percent probability of buzzards circling over my head the whole way, leaving an 80-mile trail of vulture shit in my face, riding through trackless desert with nothing but a fucking ghost giggling in my ear for company, not to mention the small hassle I'm going to have to face if I'm stopped by the feds, and you say I must be miffed? I'm fuckin' ready to spit aircraft carriers, you jellybrained, piss-breathed jerk!"

"I know you must be pretty miffed about all of this," he said again as calmly as before, "but you've got to understand that I ain't the fucking about all of this," he said again as Supreme Court. We got these rules and that's it. We can't be spending our time figuring the interpretation of the fucking rules, we just go by them, and if you do the rules you're in. The rules say you got to stay with your chick, or at least she's got to join in the activities. Now, I'll be damned if I want her here with us, so you're going to have to sleep by your bike or something, but you just can't go your happy way while she sits out there in the bushes. Now if you want, I can give you some pills or something and you can ride straight through the night into L.A. I don't care. But you gotta stay with her."

"Your father must have fucked your mother with a baboon's cock, 'cause your brains are still up a tree somewhere," I said.

"That's the way it is," he said, draining a can of beer.

While all of this had been going on, I remembered seeing one of the polluted members of the party drag his giant body to its feet and wander off into the night. This gorilla now reentered the outskirts of the campfire light, dragging my queen by one of her scorched ankles with one hand and trying to unzip his Levi's with the other. "I'll show all you

whores that I'm a good fuck!" he said creature-like to the assembly, thrusting his hand far into his drawers and pulling out what appeared to be an acorn but what was really his pecker. He then continued on his way through the lighted perimeter into the darkness once more. We were then treated to an assortment of disgusting moans and groans, coupled with the sound of bones being cracked as if beneath a tremendous weight. He was either fucking her missionary style or he was eating her. Like a ham sandwich. I hoped it was the latter.

"Hey!" I shouted to the rulesman. "How does this set with your interpretation of the Law?"

"You're clear," he said half-heartedly, spreading his hands into his girlfriend's shirt. "She's a part of the activities and that's all that matters."

I went back to my bike and crashed for the night. . . .

The sun awakened me and I rolled over on my stomach, craned my head up and examined the countryside at ground level. The others had gone and I was almost alone in the cool clear morning of the shrub-scattered wasteland. To my right, towering over my head, was my bike, resting silently like an alert servant, waiting to do my bidding once more. To my left, on the other side of the distant remnants of the campfire was a crumple of clothing, with hair and angular extremities radiating out from the central core of piled laundry. The previous afternoon and evening had not been a dream as I had hoped, but an unhappy reality that hadn't even really started yet.

I crawled out of my sleeping bag with more reluctance than I could ever express, rolled it up wearily in despair, and set to preparing breakfast. After eating, I straightened things out, and then walked miserably over to my used-up cargo.

What her lover had done to her during the night defies description. Throwing up every five seconds, I dragged my homely chick with the rotten personality back to the bike, and after many distracted efforts — during which I often just stood around with my hands on my hips looking up at the heavens in frustration — I eventually had her safely tied down to where no harm would come to the rigid ragdoll for the remainder of the trip.

I suspected that, it being daylight, the chances were pretty good that I

—Continued on next page

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



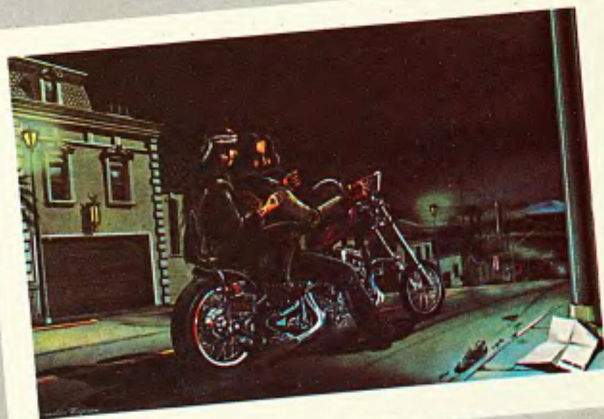
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

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

Easyriders Posters, Box 711, Burbank, California 91502
Burbank, California 91502

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

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

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-3 ☐ M-4

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5% sales tax

All posters shipped in
wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube.

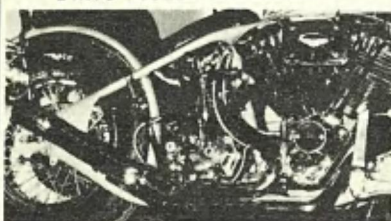
\$3.00 each or all four for \$9.95!

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

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

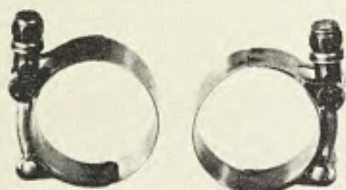
Alphabet's

2 INTO 1 COLLECTOR EXHAUST



2 into 1 Collector Exhaust. Fits all H.D. 74's, Sportsters, Tri., Yamaha, Norton, Honda & Kawasaki. Chrome or black.

MANIFOLD CLAMPS



Stainless steel in. & ex. manifold clamps. Fit H.D. 74's & sportster. Specify model & year when ordering. \$9.00 / Pr.

Send \$1.00 for catalogue No. 1 ER29 Dealer & Dist. inquiries invited.



**Alphabet's
Custom
West**

(213) 327-4430

821 W. GARDENA BLVD., GARDENA, CA 90247

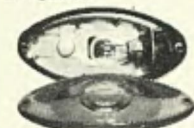
LEGAL LIGHT FOR MOTORCYCLES

**No More
Replacing
Broken
Tail Lights,
No More
Tickets**

If you're tired of replacing broken tail lights—THIS LIGHT IS FOR YOU !!



Sparkling chrome plated metal construction that mounts flush with 1/4" studs and rubber grommet to protect wires. Frosted license plate light, shock resistant tail light socket, thick plastic reflector tail light lens and gasket.



For 6 or 12 volt systems (specify). S.A.E. Calif. Motorcycle approval for Stop Light, Tail Light, License Plate Light.

At your dealer or order direct \$7.95 ppd.

ELITE INDUSTRIES Dept. E
7427 C Orangethorpe
Buena Park, Calif. 90621

would be stopped by the fuzz sooner or later, but I was so fed up with the whole fuckin' business I didn't really care. If I didn't qualify for club membership because of my own fault, that was one thing. If I lost out because of circumstances beyond my control . . . well . . . in light of the shitass miserable time I was already having . . . I just didn't give a fuck.

I did a half-hearted roostertail and spun out toward the highway once more, my homecoming queen's arms and legs flapping around like four spastic tether balls on rotten ropes, making her look like she was waving goodbye to the campsite with her whole body.

My newfound indifference had apparently manifested itself in the shoddy way I had lashed her down and she sailed behind me through the wind looking like an electrocuted salamander, causing passing motorists to nearly twist their fucking necks off to look back as I went by. Cars that passed me going the same direction provided me with an even more exaggerated show; passengers horrifiedly tugging at the driver's arm to tell him the impossible news; kids in the back seat jumping up in mid air, turning backwards and landing in a kneeling position on the back seat, their wide eyes staring at us in amazement. One kid had the good sense to merely stick his tongue out at me and crinkle up his face and eyes in a disgusted manner as if to let me know that he considered my companion one sour-looking broad and that I had absolutely no taste in woman.

After about an hour of this insanity, I no longer took any notice of how I was affecting the nation's motorists, and I just rode on in numb indifference, listening to the drone of my engine and concentrating on heading in a westerly direction. I knew that if I just drove west long enough without thinking, sooner or later this fucking nightmare would be over and I could put it out of my mind forever, much to the sorrow of my as yet non-existent grandchildren who would never hear about it.

About twenty miles past Winslow, Arizona, I was starting to feel pretty fucked again and I thought I'd stop for something to eat. Lo and behold! What do I see off the highway sitting under a bunch of pine trees, but a van, man, surrounded by hippies! I was finally going to get some fun out of this cross-country funeral procession.



WHITE POWER T-SHIRT

Grade A Cotton with transfer that is washable and will not fade, crack or peel.

We also sell these shirts:

- #101 Reality Is a Bitch
- #102 There's No Hope Without Dope
(with marijuana leaf)

- #103 Get Bent! Laid
- #104 Get Out! Laid

Set \$5.50

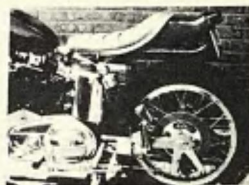
- #105 Payback Is a Bitch
- Still only \$2.98 postage paid.
Sizes:

Small, medium, large, gorilla

Citizen

Box 274, McKees Rocks, Pa. 15136

motorsport INC.



Disc Brake Kits: Available complete as shown. All year Sportsters, and 74's thru 1967. \$225.00. 74 front brake. \$175.00.

Cafe Racer Seat: Fast back styling with air spoiler. Designed 9" wide in rear for tailite and license plate mounting. Available in black or brown naugahyde, fastened with Velcro eliminating snaps for sleek smooth styling. Solo, \$50.00. Dual, \$55.00.

Sportster Motor Mounts:



Front Mount light weight aluminum mount weighs just a fraction of the steel counter part. Aluminum spaces included.

Rear Mount: Indestructible heavy duty aluminum motor mount. May be installed without splitting cases or disassembling engine. Just chisel away what's left of your broken mount and slip this in place. A must for your Sporty even before you require it.

Chrome Plating: We are specialists in steel and aluminum chrome plating of motorcycle parts.

Send \$1.00 for Catalog

motorsport, INC.

668 EAST NORTHWEST HIGHWAY
PALATINE, ILL. 60067 • 312-359-4990
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Man, I hate hippies. I don't know how you feel about the sonsobitches, but brother, they really piss me off.

I cranked the bike off the road and screeched two hundred feet through rocks and rubble, did an all-fucked-up brodie and skidded to a halt about twenty feet from the assholes. Anything the slightest bit out of the ordinary really shakes these people up and what with me and my grisly cargo — the both of us looking like hell — I figured I could have these lamebrains baffled for months afterward with no trouble at all.

None of them said anything. Any normal human being would have put a million machinegun bullets in my head for barging in the way I did, but these saps just looked at me, turning pale occasionally. I got off my bike and walked into the stinking middle of them. I got a real just heard that my mother was found serious look on my face like I had just heard that my mother was found dead on the steps of city hall with a lug wrench sticking out of her twat and I said, "Jeez, man, any you guys think my girlfriend's sick. I don't know what's wrong with her!" and I buried my sad face in my hands.

—Continued on next page

So. Cal. Bikers!

Jam to Burbank and save 20%!

Come on in and see Armond. He's got the biggest supply of the best chopper parts in So. Cal. And he'll give you up to 20% off if you bring along the coupon in before June 30.

Discount Coupon

This coupon is good for:

10% OFF on purchases of \$10-\$100

15% OFF on purchases of \$100-\$400

20% OFF on purchases over \$400

Expires June 30, 1975.



Jammer Cycle Shop

800 S. Fernando Blvd., Burbank, California 91502 (213) 843-0597

HOURS: Tues. 10-5, Wed. 10-7, Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-7, Sat. 9-3. Closed Sun. and Mon.



Seats

Hi-Step Seats

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

Length: 29½"

Width: 8"

Plate: 12 gauge steel

Will fit rigid frame bikes.

Made in U.S.A.



14" \$62.95

18" \$64.95

26" \$69.95

#770 Quilted Diamond, built-in sissybar \$64.00

#772 Quilted Square, built-in sissybar \$64.00

#752 Quilted Diamond \$38.95

#754 Quilted Square \$38.95

#760 Quilted Square with buttons \$44.95

#756 Diamond with buttons \$44.95

#780 Quilted Diamond \$44.95

#782 Quilted Square \$44.95

They fit: (all come with brackets)

1971 Honda 500

1971 Honda 750

1972 up Honda 350 (2 cyl.)

1972 up Honda 350 (4 cyl.)

1972 up Honda 500

1972 up Honda 750

1970 Triumph 650

1971 up Triumph 650

1973 up Triumph 750

1971 up Yamaha 650

1971 up Yamaha 750

Be sure to specify your model

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

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

CHROME PLATING

Ocala Plating Co.

COMPLETE CYCLE PLATING

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

Write the Chrome Man: Irish Davidson

*Please specify make
of bike for price sheet*

Ocala Plating Co.

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

Call 904-629-6818

Moving?

If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks before changing your address. **Important:** Attach current address label and

fill in your name and new address. Your filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.

SEND FOR

FREE CATALOG



FORK TUBES-TWEEK BARS
OIL SEALS- BRAKE HOSE
SPEEDO CABLES- KICKSTANDS
FORK BOOTS AND MORE

WE ARE THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER
OF FORKS IN U.S.A.

EXPERT CYCLE

8756 VANALDEN ST. • NORTHRIDE, CA. 91324 • (213) 886-5349

One of the guys, if that's what he was, was flickin' on a guitar, playing some fucked tune and he ain't hit nuthin but bad notes since I rode in. Judging from his guitar-playing, he was probably the least competent of the bunch to do anything about anything, so naturally this jerk lays his guitar down softly and gets this real serious look on his face like he was finally going to get to perform some miracle of surgery and be of some use to Mankind and the pride of his mom, and he said humbly, "I have helped many of my friends in time of illness."

I pulled my face out of my hands. "Could you..." I said weakly, a sudden shudder of hope in my pitiful voice, "could you... do you think you could... Oh God she's the only girl I ever really loved!" and I fell down on my knees weeping bitter tears all over the fucking environment.

One of the girls came over, looking like a summer sale of ten-year-old car blankets, knelt next to me and sheltered my sobbing body in one of her skinny arms. "We love you very much," she said, after probing the innermost reaches of her foggy brain for something profound to say. I pulled myself together as though this broad had really done something wonderful to give me the strength to go on, and I got to my feet again.

"Not five minutes ago she was singing her happy song of beautiful things, and then she suddenly says that she don't feel so good and shuts up like a clam. I think she's having period troubles."

I noticed that the grubby crew was looking over at my bike with a look in their eyes like they just stumbled into an open graveyard. I turned and ran back to the bike and took one of my girlfriend's hands in mine and cried, "These people are going to help you, Winona my darling! Try and hang on!"

"Winona" looked like she just stepped on six land mines all at the same time. Her eyes were pitch black, her lips were curled back to her ears from the wind in her dead face for the past five hours. Her hair looked like someone started a fire in it. The skin of her face had sunk and sagged against her skull and her million teeth were nearly all visible in a horrifying smile. Her head was tilted back as far as it would go and her fogged-over eyeballs were peering right into the sun. Her clothes were shredded like confetti from her frenzied lovemaking the night before and



18. Born To Die (8 5/8" x 13 7/8")



16. A Taste of Honey (8 7/8" x 13 7/8")



14. Gas Stop (8 3/4" x 14")



6. Bike Wedding (8 3/4" x 13 7/8")



1. Bike Heaven (9 3/8" x 14 3/4")



3. Tijuana Jail Break (10" x 15 1/4")



15. Booze Run (9 3/4" x 15 3/8")



4. El Forestero New Year's Party (8 3/4" x 14")



8. Ride Hard—Die Fast (9 1/2" x 14 3/8")



7. Motorcycle Funeral (9 3/8" x 14 3/4")



13. Building A Chopper (9" x 14 3/8")



17. Outlaw Motorcycle Parade (10" x 13 3/4")



20. Psychedelic Love Temple (8 7/8" x 14")



9. Hollywood Run (10" x 17 1/8")



21. Untitled (11 1/4" x 17 1/4")



10. Tecote Run (10 5/8" x 18")



2. The Blackboard Cafe (12 1/2" x 18 5/8")

Original Dave Mann posters

You've heard about them — well, here they are...



12. Bike Zodiac (8 5/8" x 14")

We scored! We've located all of the original Dave Mann posters — and they're in absolutely perfect condition!

They are not reprints — they are the real thing — and they are as rare as tits on a bowling ball! They aren't for sale anywhere except through this ad.

Printed in full color on heavy slick stock.

mailing tubes to protect them — order yours today. The supply is very limited — after these are gone, they won't be available again. Do it today!

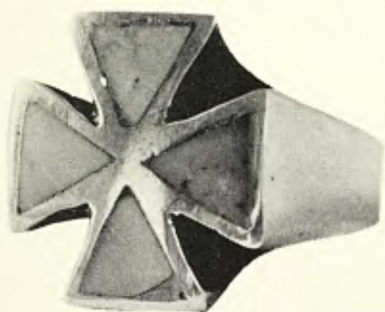
Mackenzie Company
Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

Please send me posters numbered

Enclosed you will find \$3.00 for each poster. (Add 50¢ postage to total order.)

CHOPPER RINGS

A
MASSIVE
SOLID
SILVER
RING



INLAID
WITH
TURQUOISE
STONES

Bikers, here is a ring that not only looks bitchin but can take it also. You can wear it with pride with any type of chopper. It also comes in biker chicks sizes.

Made for bikers by bikers
Just send \$49.50 and 50¢ for ins. & handling to

"THE SILVER CROSS"
P.O. Box 4726
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106

Please allow 4-5 weeks for delivery
We give 10% off per ring on club orders

Don't forget ring size
No checks please

Hand made Seats by Real People

Available for:
Rigid 74
FX & Swing Arm 74
Sportster Rigid
Sportster Swing Arm
Low-Square Backs \$64.95
18" High (wide or narrow) Backs \$69.95

Specify with or without chrome buttons
No-Back Available Upon Request

%" Hex Sissy Bars — \$39.95

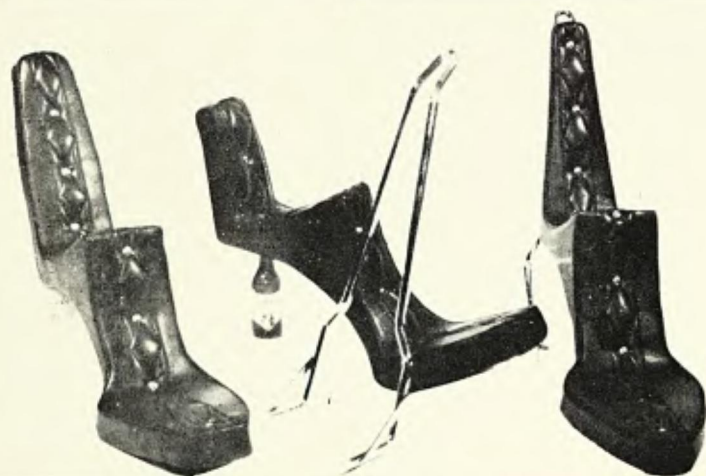
Available for:
Swing Arm FX, Sportster and 74
(Rigids' coming soon)

All our seats will accommodate our Sissy Bars

50% Deposit (No checks please)
Balance COD
Arizona residents add 5% Sales Tax

The Wheel Shop

1740 East McDowell Road
Phoenix, Arizona 85006
602-252-0737



one of her arms was bent back the wrong way like she was signaling for a U-turn into the fourth dimension.

Dr. Kildare would only come so close to me and Winona, and then he stopped short, unable to advance further. I figured if I give this goon a minute to collect his senses, he was eventually going to confront himself with the reality of the situation and realize what an asshole he was, so I started unhooking bunji straps like crazy and tossing them to all points of the compass, yanked the carcass off the bike and dragged it by what was left of its wrist smack back into the center of the holy congregation. "You see?" I said, holding her up with one arm around her stinking waist and gesturing toward the group with the other. "These are our friends. They want to help you!" The panic-frozen bunch of wanderers couldn't have helped a cockroach out of a plate of mashed potatoes in the state they were in, but I pressed on in ruthless joy. "Someone bring water!" I cried. One of the shirtless wonders reached absently for a canteen, picked it up and came zombie-like toward me. "Ah, thank you," I said in tones of eternal gratitude. "Just moisten her lips with it," I begged. Any retarded five-year-old child would have said, "There ain't no way no dead broad is going to drink no water, Jake." But this clown from the happy paradise of the woods just blinks a couple of times and dribbles some water into her mouth, most of it running down her front and splattering in the dust. "Uh-uh-uh-uh... not too much!" I warn with great worry and concern. After a minute to let her get used to this unneeded drink so she wouldn't get cramps, I motioned for the good doctor to give her some more. He was naturally trying to be as helpful and necessary as possible in this great crisis, and he said after a lot of thinking. "Perhaps she would like some tea. This is tap water and might not be too good for her. Our tea has many healing qualities to it."

I pondered this.

I'm standing there, holding a dead woman whose legs were buckled in seven different directions, neither of her feet even reaching the ground; she had a look on her face like someone just fired a bazooka up her twat and this kind man is suggesting tea for the lady. The lightning mind of the hippie never ceases to amaze me and I said, "No. Just give her the rest of the canteen." He hesitated, so I grabbed it from him and emptied it

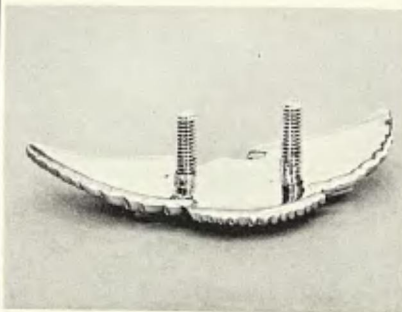
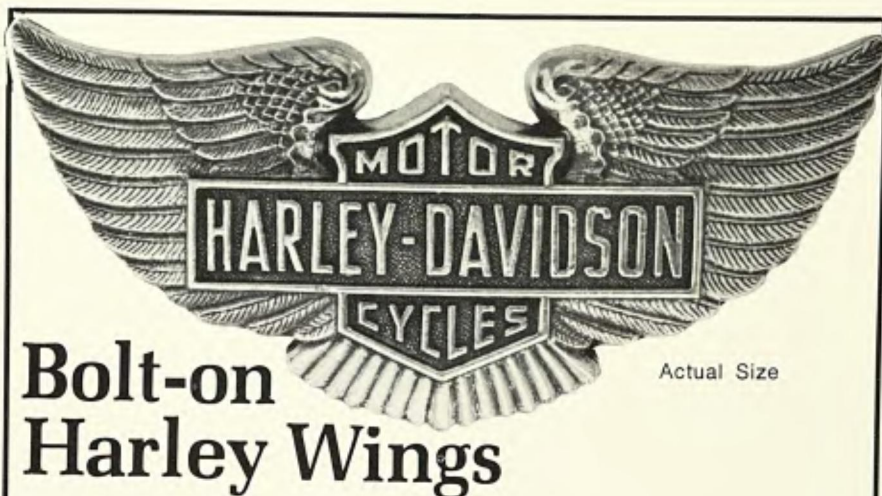
into her mouth, none of it going down her tongue-clogged throat, all of it bubbling back out like a fountain and running down her zig-zagged body. "Theeeeeere," I said finally, shaking the last drops out of the container. "There. You see? She's better already. All she needed was a little water." Everybody smiled a great smile of relief at her recovery, and turning to her and holding her up by the shoulders in a father-like way I said, "Now you rest, my darling. I'm going to have something to eat." Then I let go of her and walked off toward my bike, listening to her fall to the ground like an armful of football equipment. While I ate I watched in silence as the whole assembly of hippies wandered off in different directions to see if they could independently work out the problems going on in their dangerously overloaded minds. . . .

On the road again, I fucked around, driving slow, checking out the scenery to get my mind off the piece of crud sitting behind me, and past Needles and into California I stopped in the desert at a clearing off the roadway to spend the night. I was afraid some other club members might come drifting through during the night, so not to give them any reason to think that I might not be including my playmate in all the fun activities, I unstrapped her and let her plop to the ground in a great stir of dust next to the bike so that she could get a good night's sleep too. I unrolled my sleeping bag on the other side of the bike, upwind, and sacked out, mentally exhausted.

I slept almost as soundly as my date. Maybe even more so, because when the sun's first hot rays woke me up, I forced open my heavy eyelids, gazed lazily through the spokes and saw . . . she was gone!

I like to give people a lot of shit, but deep down I'm a pretty sensitive dude, and when I saw that this rotting corpse apparently didn't like my company any more than most of the other cunts I've hung around with, I started to feel pretty strange; mostly because for the past two days I had treated her a whole fucking lot better than I do most chicks — probably because she didn't spend all her time nagging my ear off.

These weird thoughts were coming out of a not-yet-awake brain, however, and when I finally snapped out of it I knew that if I didn't track this warped skunk down, it might not sit too well for my membership chances. On the other hand, considering how she looked the last time I



Now you can bolt these huge Harley Wings to your derby cover, sissy bar, or wherever you want—for we have designed expensive dies to include two 1/4-inch bolts as an integral part of the wings—one solid unit—not soldered on.

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

Each unit is of the same fine quality as all other Righteous Products—same high-quality materials, workmanship, and intricate detail.

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

Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund of your money.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



We've been warning ya and warning ya—and now it's finally happened. We sold out issues number one, three, five, six, eight, nine, eleven, fourteen, fifteen, seventeen and twenty-six. That's right — even the immortal, historical leg-wetting first issue!

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

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

BACK ISSUES

Box 711, Burbank, Calif. 91502

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

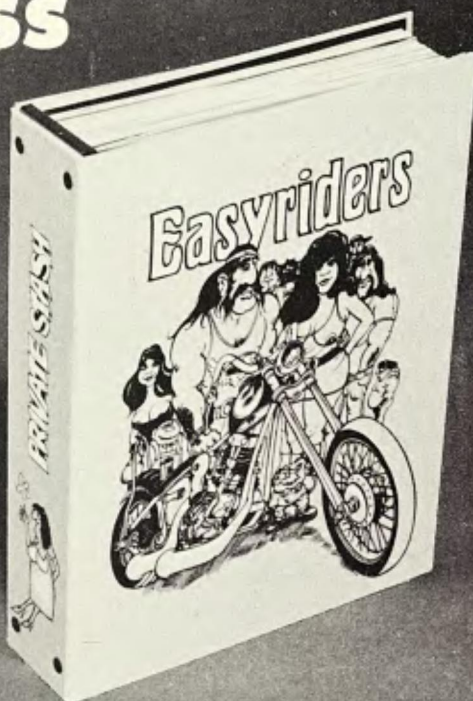
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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

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

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

Class



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

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

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

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

\$4.50

plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

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

Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

saw her, and what she would probably look like after roaming around the desert all night, I was almost ready to shitcan the club idea, cultivate a lisp and become a hairdresser, or something else less demanding than all the crap I had been putting up with lately.

A long drag mark ran out from her original campsite, so I figured either a marine drill instructor had passed this way during the night and seeing the terrible physical condition this woman was in decided to toughen her up by having her do a little ground-crawling, or she was dragged away by some horny desert wino with absolutely no taste whatsoever.

I ran along the drag mark and up a rise, then jerked to a halt at the top of it for two reasons: so that I would not trample my girlfriend who was suddenly almost underfoot, and so that I would not accidentally further injure the most pathetic coyote I had ever seen. Of course, I haven't seen many coyotes, but even if I had had the privilege of being introduced by God Himself to every one of them and acquainted myself with them and their families on a first-name basis, none could have surpassed this miserable creature for sheer ruin. He looked even worse than Lois (the name I had given her for this particular moment), whom he had in his mouth by her elbow. One of his back legs was missing at the knee. He had apparently only recently said goodbye to it, because an ugly scab was still in the process of formation. This awful-looking wound had undoubtedly forced him to turn vegetarian for the brief time he had remaining on earth, and there couldn't have been an ounce of flesh on his whole body. Compared with this poor creature, Lois looked like she had spent the entire night primping and fussing over herself so she would look her best for a wedding reception.

The fondest wish of every coyote is to put as much distance between himself and human beings as possible, if it comes to a showdown, but this fucked-up dog realized that Darlene would probably be his last meal during this lifetime and he wasn't about to part with her. He stood there in icy determination, glaring up at me with a crazed look in his tired blood-red eyes, and growling a low rumbling growl that was a lot healthier than he was. I almost started laughing. One good kick and I could have sent this three-legged

skeleton of dead fur rolling head over heels into Nevada. Even if I had missed, the breeze from my foot would have turned him around a couple of times. But he just stood there all flexed up and ready to defend this new-found banquet with his life.

The little fucker's courage was just too much for me. I figured that at this stage of the game someone might as well get some good from this broad, and if a half dead coyote was willing to do combat with the thing he feared most in life to get her, I couldn't let all that determination go for nothing. I sat down on the knoll and the little shit almost fainted in relief.

It was one happy little coyote that trotted limping away, his stomach four times the size it was when we first met. He dragged himself up a distant sand dune, but before he disappeared over the top, he stopped, turned back toward me, gathered up enough strength to wag his tail and bark a couple of times, and then vanished. I've done a lot of things for people in my own sarcastic way, but that damn little fucked-up puppy was the first one to ever say "thanks" and look like he meant it.

What Betty Sue looked like now would have boggled Einstein's mind, but I dragged her back to the bike, wrapped my parka around her middle—most of which was trotting joyfully across the Mojave—strapped her in again so she wouldn't get hurt and made breakfast.

I couldn't have known that I was dining out in the middle of a red-neck comfort station.

I had stuffed myself with two cans of hash and washed it down with a half quart of hot beer and was sitting there in the quiet of my desert homestead, when, like some fucked-up caravan from Bananasland, two pick-up trucks with gun racks in the windows and filled with hillbillies wearing cowboy hats came roaring into camp. This was all I needed. There I was, sitting in my last stop before LA, cruisin' on a little beer and sunlight, thinking about lighting up a last-leg-of-the-trip joint before rolling into South Pasadena, when the fucking shitkickers come into my life.

I hate these assholes worse than hippies. I'd never kill a hippie.

I figure fuck the joint, I might have some heavy fist swinging to do, so I just sat there sloppin' up another beer. There were four guys, who each weighed about 230 pounds,

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Engine and Transmission Overhauls

Sportster Overhaul	\$185*	45 Transmission	\$ 45*
Knucklehead Overhaul	\$175*	Big Twin Overhaul	\$160*
61, 74, & 80" Flathead Overhaul	\$155*	45 Flathead Overhaul	\$145*
Sportster Transmission	\$ 35*	KH&K Model Overhaul	\$155*
		74 Transmission	\$ 45*

*Plus Parts & Tax

Above prices include, teardown of motor and transmission, all clean-up of parts, boring of cylinders, grinding of valve seats, sandblasting of cases, honing of all bushings, honing of races in cases, painting of cylinders and heads and the reassembly. Chroming can be done at time of overhaul. Chrome costs are \$15.00 per hour (no piecework). You get more for your dollar by the hourly rate!

We also build/rebuild, old style Linkert carbs — \$10.00 + Parts
We install brakeshoes & linings, rebuild master cylinders and wheel cylinders, install sprockets and wiring jobs.

Complete Wiring Job

\$20.00 + Switches

Boring Cylinders

\$10.00 per Cylinder

Valve Grinding

\$ 3.50 per Set

Sleeves installed in Harley cylinders, bring your bore back to standard piston size — \$35.00 per sleeve.

74 and Sportster, lower end rebuilds, (wheels out of cases) \$75.00

Includes: Wristpin bushings, rod races — crank pins & rollers reassembly—and trueing up!!

612 - 722-3389

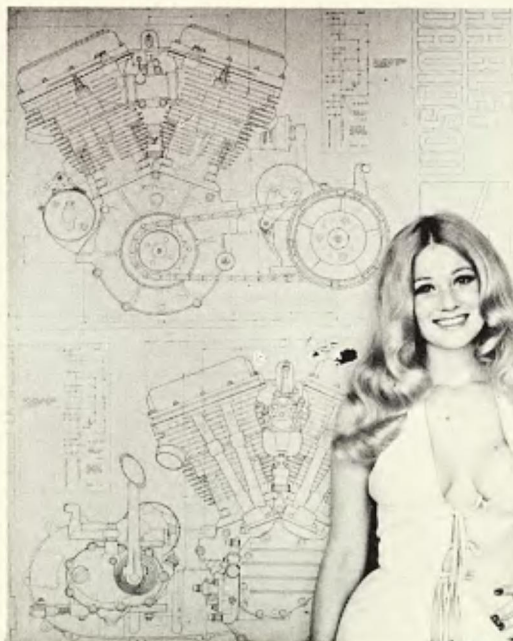
3449 CEDAR AVE. • MINNEAPOLIS, MINN 54407

W.A.S.
Choppers

Moving?

If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks before changing your address. **Important:** Attach current address label and

fill in your name and new address. Your filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.



Full Sized Engineering Drawings

One poster \$2.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling. (Be sure to state if you want the right, or left side.) Two posters (both sides of engine) \$4.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling. Printed on yellow poster paper and mailed in sturdy mailing tubes.

Mail to:

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Just what every panhead owner should have. Full sized engineering drawings of each side of the panhead engine. Accurate in every detail. Drawn by an automotive engineer. Overall size of posters are 25" x 38" (posters of the right and left side of the engine are available).

Biker Patches

High Quality
Embroidered
Emblems

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



\$2



ME-1-A \$2

Only \$1 for front pocket size
Only \$2 for large back size

plus 50¢ for postage and handling
(California residents add 5% for tax)

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

Send 25c for illustrated catalog

CHROME-PLATING

We specialize in plating motorcycle parts.
Quality plating on steel or aluminum.
Reasonable prices Work guaranteed. Give
us make of cycle when writing for
information. Dealer inquiries invited. For
information call or write:

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

TRIPLE CHROME PLATING

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

Moving?

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

and two chicks who each weighed as
much as all four guys and both pick-
up trucks put together. I didn't know
whether they had spotted Stella yet,
but I knew that once they saw her
or got wind of her, they were all
going to make like vigilantes and
either lynch me right there or drag
me to the nearest sleeping cop and
let him do it.

I turned my head back and up in
a lazy sort of way to take a gander
at Stella and see what she could
make out of the whole situation.
Stella was just still sitting quietly,
though, her eyes bugged out like
those of a squashed fish, her mouth
open wide like she was screaming
something only dogs could hear. All
in all, judging from her expression,
she looked like she had just gotten
a good look at herself.

I finished my beer in a grand tilt
of the can and popped open another
one. Sure enough, the six of them
began clomping over in my direc-
tion, every motherfuckin' one of
them carrying a rifle. They got close
enough to where they could begin
making out the details of my girl-
friend, and the two fat pigs stopped
and threw their fat hands to their
mouths in fright. I don't know what
they were so shook up about. My girl
looked a whole lot better than either
one of those two rhinoceroses.

One of the gentlemen thrust his
finger out at me and said, "That's a
daid woman you got thar!"

Rednecks are a hell of a lot sharp-
er than hippies and this fellow was
able to size up the situation with
lightninglike genius.

"Sorry," I said. "I ain't tradin'
her away for one of your chicks for
nuthin'!"

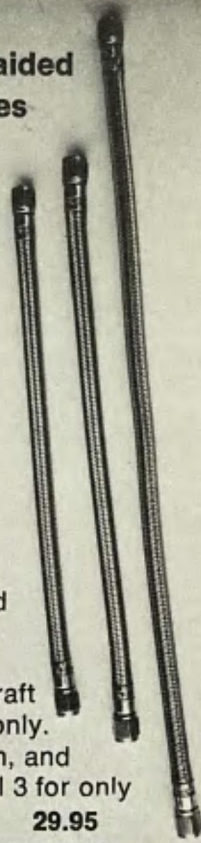
"You going to let him talk to you
that way, Billie Joe?" one of the
skunks screamed. I had expected to
get a little further into the conver-
sation before hearing this favorite
sentence of pickup truck queens but
she was probably new to the scene
and wanted to get her big line in
quick before she missed her chance.

"You watch your fuckin' mouth,
you raunchy creep!" Billy Joe said
to me with feeling. I tilted my head
way back and looked down my nose
in an effort to make this man happy.

"Let's kick the shit outta this fuck-
er!" one of the other guys said to
Billie Joe. "That's a dead girl he's
got there. Probably kidnaped her
and raped her and then killed her."

I jumped to my feet, pointing an
accusing finger at them, and began
screaming as loud as I could: "You
would have too, you stupid bastard

Steel Braided Oil Lines



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

29.95



Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201

TRIPLE PLATED • GUARANTEED

CHROME PLATING

Write for free price list specifying machine
J&J CHROME 168 Peabody Street
West Haven, Conn. 06516
Dealer Inquiries Invited • 10 Day Service
PHONE 203-934-8510

HELMET PROTEST

Tired of being ripped off by poli-
ticians? Hit Des Moines on your vaca-
tion. Ride with us or forever hold
your peace about the motorcycle
legislation. Attend the protest ride on
the capitol, high noon, July 6.

C.O.M.E.
1028 4th St. Des Moines, Iowa, 50314.

"BODE BODY HUGGERS"



FULL
COLOR



WON'T
SHRINK



The closest you'll get to having these sexy Bode Broads on your chest are these full color T-Shirts. Color that's dyed in, and women that won't run.



TK II

Box 27, MIT Branch
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Rush me my sexy shirt:
Short Sleeve () Tank ()
Sm. () Md. () Lg. ()
Broad # 3 4 5 6 7 8
Enclosed is \$5.95 per
shirt (check or M.O.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

jerks, if you knew she was Sow Fat Puta, born Gloria Andrews Chesterton to American parents living in Red China. She was educated in Communist universities and sent here ten years ago to train American Maoists in our universities to demonstrate against the war in Viet Nam. While American sons and husbands were over there getting the fucking jizz shot out of them by God-hating fish heads, *this* (gesturing) twobit whore was over here twisting the minds of American youth into thinking that the poor goddamn Vietnamese were nothing but a poor bunch of ignorant farmers who had no other wish but to grow their rice in peace, when in reality they were hanging American boys by their tongues and tearing their nuts off with pliers. I was one of the poor dumb bastards she twisted into thinking that America was nothing but a shit-pile of murdering warmongers, and I did whatever I could to stop the war effort. But then I learned the truth of what was really happening over there and I swore that if I ever saw this cunt again I would kill her for the traitor she was!

"Yes, I kidnaped, raped and killed her. I found her sitting in some sleazy bar with a couple of chinks in Denver. I kicked the fuck out of the two slope-heads, dragged her into some stinking alley, fucked her with a tire iron and then strangled her with my own two hands. I'm taking her to Sacramento to dump her on the steps of the capitol building, and if my country wants to prosecute... well, they have their job to do. I'm just glad that I had the chance to give her the justice she really deserves, and I'd do it again and again and again, if I thought it would save even one American life!"

The six of them just looked at me with the lumps in their throats nearly poking me in the eyes, and after forming a line and shaking my hand one by one, they brought me a beer, said how sorry they were, and went off into the desert to shoot the piss out of anything that moved — better citizens for having had the privilege of meeting me.

It's okay to kidnap, rape and kill a traitor....

I stuffed two oranges in the exhaust pipes of my trucks and set out again with my agent of international intrigue — who in her heyday probably did nothing more daring than go to a Saturday matinee without any underpants on under her dress.

The rest of the trip was without

MORRO LEATHER CLINIC

Since 1957



IMMIGRANT CAP
FULLY LINED, \$20.00

IMMIGRANT CAP
HAVE ANY NAME
PERMANENTLY ENGRAVED
\$20.00

HARLEY CAP
WORN SINCE 1920
\$20.00

All hand made with genuine leather

BANDS	BAGS	BOBS	BELTS
Wrist Watch Head	Stash Tool Saddle	Key Watch	Kidney Harley Dress

Biker Chaps

Send hat size or head size in inches!
Color: black or brown!
Send 20.00 plus 1.50 for postage and handling!
6% tax in California.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

FREE CATALOG

CLUB DISCOUNT

MORRO LEATHER CLINIC

Send to 435 Morro Bay Blvd., Morro Bay, Ca. 93442

-TRI-BSA-HONDA-CUSTOM

ANDY'S
MOTORCYCLE SALES
1408 E LANCASTER STREET
FT WORTH TEXAS 76102
new-used-rebuilt-obsolete-?
(817) 332-0207

25 oil tank
side fill-mounts easy
SHOW CHROME
comes with fittings
\$69.95

all harley's



Clear plastic plug threads into
crankcase timing hole for ac-
curate ignition timing with
strobe timing light. **\$3.95**



harley 74 & 45
clutch hub
puller **\$19.95**



Used to remove and install
piston pin lock rings (1973 and
earlier).

74 - **\$9.95**

harley oil seal
SPROCKET SHAFT SEAL
send year model
\$14.95 early
\$19.95 late

(all C.O.D. require 25% deposit)
send \$3.95 for catalog (over 350 pages)



Wrist/Watch Band

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

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

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

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

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

Be sure to tell us if you want the Harley Davidson emblem, or the "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" brand. Send the info along with a money order—

\$8.50 Plus 50c for postage and handling.

BUCK KNIVES

Each knife equipped with a saddle leather sheath. **\$22.00** plus \$1.00 for postage



Chopper Wallet

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

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

Comes complete with safety chain



Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery.

Only \$10.00

plus 50c for postage and handling.

California residents add 5%.

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 275 Port Hueneme, Calif. 93041



Harley Watch

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

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

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Moving?

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

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE

(If not possible, print your old address here)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

PRINT YOUR NEW ADDRESS HERE

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

incident: there were minor occurrences... I dumped the bike pulling away from my redneck comfort station, breaking off one of my chick's arms; I was followed by buzzards across much of the California desert; she slipped down against the rear wheel once and scraped off a lot of the side of my tire with her teeth before I smelled rubber burning; and worst of all, two Ben-Wa vibra balls fell out of her box and committed suicide in the chain and cogs of my rear wheel, locking the wheel for a second and nearly killing me. But aside from these pleasantries, not much else happened. If something happened to those who saw us, I wasn't aware of it.

Why I was never stopped by the feds is a mystery I'll never understand. If I had been driving with a license that had expired the day before, they would have swooped down on me like the Japs over Pearl Harbor. But I finally made it into South Pasadena about 6 o'clock that night without setting any precedents for court rulings.

When I pulled up to the club headquarters there was a big fuss going on inside, but I was so fucking depressed about the frightening company I'd been keeping that I just wanted to check in and get out again so that I could throw this fucking slut into the trashcan somewhere and crash for about a week.

I left Julie Lou on the rumble seat and dragged myself into the building and counted out of the corner of my eye alone 15 slits playing push-pull with Cokes to clean themselves out for later on. But I didn't even want to fuck with any of them I was so beat.

I wandered around looking for the rulesman from the Harvard Law School who got me into this fucking mess in the first place, found him, and asked him two things: whether I had made it into the club, and which nut he wanted to keep if I hadn't. He started laughing like a crazy man, jumped up on a table and yelled for everyone to take their peckers out of whose ever mouths they were in for a minute and give a listen. "You scummy slob..." he said... "the poor asshole who had to tote that sleazy dead broad from New Mexico just came in!" A great cheer went up from the whole crowd. I was really thrown off balance. The guy went on, "I don't know whether we should have the son of a bitch thrown in the loony bin or make him president of the whole fuckin' outfit!" I was starting

to feel pretty turned around by this time. "Jake..." he said to me.

"The name's Rudolpho," I said. "Ro-ooo-dolfo..." he said, "you're a fuckin' stoner. You got more balls and just plain snap than all us rummies put together. When you came up to me in the park and said that your rider went belly-up, I knew for sure this run could be a classic."

The whole place was going nuts and I was beginning to think that maybe the whole thing was worthwhile after all. The guy yanked me up on the table, handed me a joint and told me to tell what happened. I took a few good pops and rolled into the weirdest monologue anyone had ever heard. No sooner had I finished than the rulesman jumps up again, yelling through the noise of laughter which had turned the place into a shambles, pointed to the back door and shouted, "And here's the little lady who made this all possible and who is responsible for Ro-ooo-dolfo here becoming the first person to become Dude of the Year the same day he joins up!"

While it was a great honor, my excitement was dimmed somewhat by seeing my traveling companion appear at the doorway between two lumbering Godzillas who looked like they might pass out from sickness at any moment. Sandra was dragged up to the table amid a great wave of silence which had suddenly hit this crowd—my girlfriend being a whole lot of fun to them when she was out of the room but affecting them quite differently now that they had the opportunity to exchange glances with her face to skull. I got the feeling that everyone wanted this sticky corpse out of there as soon as possible, and I could see that a couple of the guys were rummaging around for something to wrap her in before dumping her off a bridge. Seeing as how this would be the last time my sweetheart would be in the company of her loved ones, I hoisted her up by the spinal column and asked her in the great silence if she had any last words for her friends. A bubble of decaying vegetation that used to be her insides chose that moment to burst out of her asshole and a loud long *fwapfwapfwap* echoed throughout the room, filling the place with an even worse stink than it already had. I give this whore the two best days of my life and how does she thank me? She farts in my face during a dinner in my honor! She just had no class at all. ■



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

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

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

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

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

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



Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201

Far-Out Decals



Decal freaks wake up! Here's a couple of Robinson designed decals that will make your leg wet—and at a low leg wetting price too!

Both are in full color. One is Harley wings (5-1/4" x 2-1/2"), and the other is a red skull, with white pills for eyes and a joint sticking out of its mouth. It is the exact tear-drop shape (2-3/4" x 2") to fit on your Linkert carb cover.

50¢ each or 3 for \$1.00

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

FORKING BY FRANK



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

FRANK'S

Maintenance & Engineering
945 Pitner, Evanston, Illinois 60202

• ALUMINUM & STEEL PLATING •

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

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

• Serving the Southeast Since 1945 •

QUALITY ENGINE REBUILDING

45, 61, 74, 80, Flat, Knuckle, Pan, Shovel
Mail order svc. on engines/transmissions
465 Riverside Ave., Burlington, Vt. 05401
ROAD CHOP SHOP INC.
802-863-9170

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 20¢ per word for private individuals; 40¢ per word for businesses, 10 word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded, unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$1.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

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

FOR SALE

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Attention Harley dealers: Sell us your obsolete parts. We need K model parts badly, also all twin parts. Send list of parts. Top dollar paid. Harold's Harley Parts, 19407 Jersey Avenue W., Lakeville, Minnesota 55044. (29)

Pennsylvania biker chick into old Harleys, also owns a street rod and show El-Camino, digs hearing from Harley people interested in riding or showing. Cody, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (29)

'59 H-D trike, featured Jan. '74 this rag. \$3500 firm. Details on request. Bob Butterfield, 6325 Sprague, Omaha, Nebraska 68104. (29)

80-cubic-inch Indian. Remember them? We have parts to beautify or custom your Indian Chief 74 or 80. We have designed custom exhaust, oil tanks and switch systems. We deal in Indian parts exclusively. Send 50¢ for catalog. J & P Enterprise, 11 Churchhill Ave., Arlington, Massachusetts 02174. (29)

Two new, unused Mikunis for 650 Trumpet/BSA with jets, cables, manifolds, hardware, \$70. Dan McAllister, 805 N. Dawson, Uhrichsville, Ohio 44683. (29)

WRITER seeks personal experiences of bikers — weird, unusual, sexual, etc., for book. Will pay for best accounts. Pete Evans, 521 NW 10th Street, Homestead, Florida 33090. (29)

WANTED! Speedy Shift as pic in Sept. '74 Easyriders or info leading to same. R. Adams, 371 W. Padlock Dr. #3-B, Savoy Illinois 61874. (29)

If we don't have it, we'll get it. Lowest prices. Hawkeye Cycle Creations, Junction Rtes. 145 & 248, Walnutport, Pennsylvania 18088. (29)

Remember the Harbor Inn! Hey, Doughbelly, Pigger, Fat Albert, Biff, Dave, Arlen, Corky, Beast, Hairball, T Tommy Triumph, Kline-twitter, Little Bruce and the rest of the derelicts, see ya at the newbies. Merc. (29)

Riding Dresser to L.A. summer of '75. Wish to have friends along the way. Write: Frankie, 68-B-Lakeview Avenue, Leonia, New Jersey 07605. (29)

Mustafa, when our day comes, it will be forever. Debbi. (29)

For the hard-to-find or obsolete Harley parts, new and used, write: Harold's Harley Parts, 19407 Jersey Ave. W., Lakeville, Minnesota 55044. (29)

WARNING — If you value your own life as much as I value this bike, don't FUCK with it. . . Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each, 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-6, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (29)

FUCK HELMET LAWS or Helmet Laws Suck — Pick from these two stickers to show your feelings for helmet laws, stick them on your bike or helmet. 50¢ each, 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. HL-3, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (29)

CASH — Contest. Photos of foxiest bitch wrestling/fighting a girl opponent. Prize for most original/painful/humiliating hold. Topless, bikini, tight denim/leather. Cycle girl vs. non-cycle, blonde/brunette. Send photos, negs to P.O. Box 42, Prospect Park, Pennsylvania 19706. (29)

BEAUTIFUL COLOR SLIDES OF MODELS for the photographer and collector. Send \$1.00 for sample slide and brochure with total selection. Pretty Girl International, 707 Washington, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (31)

Went over high side. Gotta have my scooter again. Ran out of scratch. Contributions would be appreciated. Dave Coll, Box 143, St. Charles, Michigan 48655. (29)

Men looking for something different! Well here it is. Bikini underwear with a butterfly imprinted on it. Sizes: 28-30, 32-34, . . . 46-48. \$4.00 per pair or 3 pairs for \$10.00. Send check or money order to Custom Design, 1748 Gross, Green Bay, Wisconsin 54304. (29)

Harley-Davidson speed parts. Stroker flywheels. 74's are \$165 pr. Sport \$145. Stroker pistons. 10:1 pistons — cams Sifton and regnids. Lots of used parts. Check us out. Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 East 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216 (316-682-4781). (30)

BUILDERS — Avoid the retail rip-off. We've got everything you need to get your scooter together. Guaranteed top name and quality products at lowest prices possible. Send for our catalog. Square Deal Chopper Supply, RR2, Atlantic, Iowa 50022. (29)

I'm a one-man woman. Present ol' man two-timing bastard. Now I'm looking for new ol' man. Must be cool looking biker that's unattached. Skeeter Bug, P.O. Box #531, Lum, Michigan 48452. (29)

Warlocks of Philadelphia, Rogue is trying to contact Lenny or Woody. I have pictures of Woody's wedding. Rogue, P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06601. (29)

"Helmet Laws Suck" — 4" x 15" fluorescent bumper stickers. \$1.00 each to R. Pencak, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (29)

Irish prof. 63 (looks years younger), 5' 8", 140, wants to buddy ride from here on out with HD 74 righteously giant. You call shots. I'm no freeloader! San Antonio, San Francisco, P.O. 1003, Chicago, Illinois 60690. (29)

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL BIKER. Bumper sticker 4" x 14" — only 75¢ each, 3/\$2.00. Send to B & B Cycle Works, 1219 Central Ave., Albany, New York 12205. (29)

Just out of jail, out on a school furlough, lost my machine when busted four years ago and need money to build new machine. All donations greatly needed. Bob "The Tank" Webb, P.O. Box 4-218, Anchorage, Alaska 99501. (29)

Parts Drawings: Coffin tank including cap & neck \$4.50. Triumph hardtail \$7.00. Triumph extended brake rod \$1.50. Honda 750 custom frame \$9.50. All postpaid, Lexington Mfg., Box 982, Buffalo, New York 14240. (29)

Extremely interested in cheap basket case. John R. McIntyre, 8010 Old Canton Road, Madison, Mississippi 39110. (29)

Hog for Sale: '68 Shovel 1200 completely balanced, chromed, and rebuilt. Oil pump work. Sifton cams. Magneto. '68 trans chromed and rebuilt. '48 pan frame raked, molded and multi-color flake painted. Flat-bottom Sportster tank. Barnes rear disc. Hurst-Airheart dual disc front brakes. 12" over round Durfee girder. Many new parts. Runs perfect. All gaskets sealed with silicone and bolts with Loctite. Quartz lite. \$3,600. Phone (516) 727-7234. (29)

For sale: Indian and Harley shop manuals. Parts catalogs. Four-page illustrated price catalog 50¢. Antique Cycle Supply, Box 153, Sparta, Michigan 49345. (29)

SHOW CHROME PLATING. Specializing in aluminum and all types of metals for motorcycles. Augusta Plating Co., Inc., P.O. Box 3181, 2340 Walden Drive, Augusta, Ga. 30904. (404) 763-9450—Jimmy Rose. (30)

German Arm Bands—\$2.50. Swastika Earrings—\$3.95. Catalog of paraphernalia—\$1.00 refundable. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar Street, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (29)

Chrome decal. Warning: If you value your life as much as I value this bike, don't fuck with it. Get the message across: 50¢ each, 3/\$1.00. Chicago Ray's, 5730 W. 87th Street, Burbank, Illinois 60459. (29)

Mail Call

The following names and addresses are of bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from chicks. We've had to condense the listings in order to get as many as we can in every issue. Be sure to use entire address given, exactly as given, to be certain your letter is received. Unfortunately we have only so much space; consequently, we can list only a limited number of the requests.

I could dig it if some chick would say hello. James Taylor, Box 34609, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310. (29)

Need to rap with a young, affectionate female. George Bursanich, P.O. Box W20889-149, Lompoc, California 93436. (29)

Will answer all letters from chicks. Donald J. Salter #12918, P.O. Box W. Lompoc, California 93436. (29)

I would like to correspond with the opposite sex in a meaningful productive manner. Clarence A. Jeter #110349, 954 Forrest Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21202. (29)

Dig puttin' around and ballin'. Please scribe to Gerald Jeannot #35864, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310. (29)

Need scribes from some far-out chicks. Daniel J. Way, P.O. Box PMB 21364, Texarkana, Texas 75501. (29)

Texas bro could dig hearing from some righteous chicks. Joel W. Hamner, P.O. Box B55825, C.T.F. North LB204, Soledad, California 93960. (29)

I'm in the joint and need an ol' lady. Billy "Stubby" Davis #B58598, CTF Central, Soledad, California 93960. (29)

Together dude seeks together chicks. Ray James #35259, P.O. Box 1000, Stellacom, Washington 98388. (29)

Need chick with mutual interest from New Orleans, Louisiana area. Houston N. Free, T.D. 64, Area B, Jackson Barracks, New Orleans, Louisiana 70146. (29)

Horny chicks write and send pictures. Bob Runyon #90893, Mark Seaman #90749, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036. (29)

California biker downed in New York. Need mail badly. Crazy Joe Klein #10128, P.O. Box G, Wallkill, New York 12589. (29)

24-year-old white inmate seeks correspondence with realistic and concerned people. David L. Jones #138-288, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. (29)

Need young ladies who know how to get it on with pen and paper. David Custer #89581, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901. (29)

Doing time in strange state. Would enjoy any mail from nice chicks. Terry Robinson, P.O. Box C, Wau-pun, Wisconsin 53963. (29)

What's happening sweet thing? James Clark #24270, P.O. Box 4000 R, Fort Grant, Arizona 85643. (29)

A letter would be a good trip. Arthur Jennings, P.O. Box 206, Hazelwood, North Carolina 28738. (29)

Couple of bros need positive scribes. Rick Arnette, P.O. Box 36766, Jeff Hayes, P.O. Box 36836, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310. (29)

"Angel" needs scribes. Paul Magnani #041507, P.O. Drawer 1072, Mail #082, Arcadia, Florida 33821. (29)

Write me, dammit! Steven Washington, #012799 P1/N7, Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091. (29)

How 'bout some letters from some sweet young things? Joe Cothran, Box 888-35171, Ashland, Kentucky 41101. (29)

Lonely Pagan in the slam. Clifford F. Dodson #3021, 1701 Fairfield Way, Richmond, Virginia 23223. (29)

Ol' biker would dig writing you biker bitches. David Fore B24060, Cell 1AC 14, Solitary, c/o Adjustment Center, San Quentin Prison, California 94964. (29)

Down an' out—dig! Paul Garwacke #45150 E-1, P.O. Box 500, Borden-town, New Jersey 08505. (29)

A biker in the slam, lonely, loves chicks, write: John Humin #125-003, 954 Forrest Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21202. (29)

I'm lonely, can you dig it! Bobby McCarter #72750, Rt. 1, Turney Center, Only, Tennessee 37140. (29)

✓ **Knucklehead
Service Manual**

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

\$9.95

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

Just Out!



**Only
\$14.95**

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

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

Harley-Davidson Panhead Service Manual 1948-1957 Rigid

\$12.50



Reduced to \$9.95

**(Limit 5 to
a customer)**

Package Specials!

Package #1

Panhead Manual
and Spare Parts
Manual

**Regular
Prices**

\$12.50
\$14.95
\$27.45

Specials

Both for
\$19.95

Package #2

Knucklehead Manual
and Spare Parts
Manual

\$ 9.95
\$14.95
\$24.90

Both for
\$18.95

Package #3

45 Manual and
Spare Parts Manual

\$ 7.50
\$14.95
\$22.45

Both for
\$16.95

Send your order to: **PAISANO PUBLICATIONS, INC.**
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503
☐ Package #1 \$19.95
☐ H-D Panhead Service Manual \$9.95
☐ Package #2 \$18.95
☐ Package #3 \$16.95
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____
 Zip _____
 (Personal checks
must clear)
 Postage
Paid

Jammer



We've been around a long time — since back when chopper was a dirty word — and we plan on being around for a long time to come.

That's why most established bike shops carry our Jammer line of products. They know that we are here to stay and that our parts are helping to make chopper synonymous with safety dependability and style.

So, if you are looking to buy cycle products with the back-up of a company who cares about the quality of the parts you put on your bike, look for this orange and purple packaging or the word JAMMER on the parts you buy.

Catalog \$3.00
Dealers inquire on your
letterhead.

Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

800 (R) S. San Fernando Blvd.
Burbank, Calif. 91502

858 (R) Decatur Avenue North
Minneapolis, Minn. 55427